

Swing

"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"



**MARCH
1946**

25c

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

And we could have made a movie right in the studios of WHB starting, left to right, Ann Dvorok, Rondalphe Scott and Rhonda Fleming. They were omona the friendliest people ever ta visit us. Fellas, how would you like a Lost Weekend in "Abilene Tawn" with either of these twa lovelies? And, gals, you con wrestle twa falls out of three far Rondy!



PAT GALLUP, Chief of TWA Operations, Tom Slater, Mutual's special events Director, WHB's Dick Smith, and Volter Lone of *Life*, shot while TWA Constellation pauses at Kansas City an one-stop record-breaking transcontinental flight. Breakfast in New York, lunch in Kansas City, dinner in Burbank, and all America in between!



Quentin Reynolds

Calliers' Wor Correspondent, told WHB listeners that Russian occupation farces were mare realistic in treatment of Gernians than the American farces.

WHB NEWS REEL

Swing

AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION

MARCH is the bellows fanning the fires of spring . . . a big blowy month mixing the headaches of tax time with the economies of Lent and the acute awareness of the cleft hoof about to emerge from your foot and caper.

Now while roller skates ring on the walks and the sun sets red and extravagant; while Brideshead is being Revisited, and women cry their men home the wars; while the bread you cast on the waters comes back with cottage cheese on it; while the UNO and all the rest of us look for a place to live; and our girl wears shamrocks on the front cover—we warn you of the imminence of spring, and bid you be wary lest you lose your head and your heart and go addled with stardust and balloons and bluebells ringing in your ears. That's something you can almost always count on with the coming on of spring—the same as in March we can count on kite weather, marbles, and taxes. And we'll leave death out of this. For in spring, death is an old superstition, a thing to be cured by crossing the fingers or hiding the seeds of a pumpkin under a stone. It has no place in the scheme. We ignore it. Now is a time to live. We are emerging from things like winter, a war, a season of strikes in the devious pursuit of happiness. There will be casualties yet. It may be a troubled spring. But the point is—it will be spring. They tell us it comes on forever.

Jetta
Editor



ARTICLES

THERE'S A BLACK CAT.....	Malcolm Hyatt	3
BASKET BOWL.....	Sam Smith	7
LUCKY TABOR, THEY CALLED HIM..	Raleigh Williams	11
IT WORKED FOR GRANDMOTHER.....	Marion Odmark	17
THE GRASS IS GREENER.....	Lee Castell	21
EVERYBODY WRITES BOOKS.....	James R. McQueeny	25
QUEEN OF THE TRAPS.....	Joel Longacre	29
AIN'T LOVE GLAND?.....	Bob Richardson	41
STARS SHINE TWICE.....	George F. Magill	45
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II.....	John K. Hutchens	47
WHAT WONDERS MAN HATH WROUGHT.....	William P. Rowley	52

MISCELLANIES

HEAR YOURSELF THINK.....		16
A STORY ON THE AIR.....		32
MERCY DRUGS.....	John Warington	53

OUR TOWN TOPICS

SWING'S MAN OF THE MONTH, J. C. Higdon.....		37
MARCH'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY.....		2
PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY.....		63
SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS.....		66
SWING AROUND.....		67

OTHER TOWN TOPICS

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

JETTA CARLETON Editor
 DAVID W. HODGINS Managing Editor
 DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS Publisher
 NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN Chicago Editor
 LUCIE INGRAM New York Editor
 JOHN T. SCHILLING Circulation Manager
 PHOTOGRAPHY: Harold Hahn, Brooks Crummett, Ray Farnan, Norm Hobart, Louise Putnam.
 ART: James Gantt, Art Director; Betty Schultheis, Marge Estes, Jane Edmiston, Flaucy Pearson, Mignon Beyer.

Swing is published monthly at Kansas City, Missouri. Price 25c in the United States and Canada. Annual subscriptions, United States, \$3 a year; everywhere else, \$4. Copyright 1946 by WHB Broadcasting Co. All rights of pictorial or text content reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, Chile, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention. Reproduction or use without express permission of any matter herein is forbidden. Swing is not responsible for the loss of unsolicited manuscripts, drawings or photographs. Address all communications to Publication Office, 1120 Scarritt Building, Kansas City 6, Missouri. Printed in U. S. A.

MARCH'S HEAVY DATES

In Kansas City

CONVENTIONS

- March 1, National Automotive Parts Association. President and Auditorium.
- March 5-6, Animal Health Institute. Muehlebach.
- March 11-12, Missouri-Kansas Section, International Association of Electrical Inspectors. President.
- March 11-16, National Association of Intercollegiate Basketball. Auditorium.
- March 13-14, Farmers Union Jobbing Association and Farmers Union Auditing Association. Continental.
- March 13-14, Missouri State Board of Nurses Examinations. Continental.
- March 16-17, International Association for Dental Research. Continental.
- March 18-20, American Association of Dental Schools. Continental.
- March 21-22, K. C. Western Dental College Alumni Association. Continental.
- March 25-27, Central States Salesmen. Muehlebach and Phillips.
- March 31, Heart of America Optometric Congress. President.

OTHER EVENTS

- March 3, Red Cross rally, music hall.
- March 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, Police Circus in the arena.
- March 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, Kansas City Chamber of Commerce industrial exhibit in the arena.

DANCING

- Tuesday and Thursday, "Over 30" dances with Tom and Kate Beckham and their orchestra. March 2, Bobby Byrne; March 3, 6, 7, 8, 10, 13 and 14, Chuck Hall; March 16, Alvino Rey, out of the army and back in the spotlight; March 17, 20, 21, 23, Joe Cappel; March 24, 27, 28, 30, 31, Army Liddell. All at the Pla-Mor. Louis Armstrong, auditorium. March 23. (A&N)



MUSIC

- March 3, Philharmonic "Pop" concert; March 4, Philharmonic school concert; March 6, Philharmonic subscription concert; March 17, Phil Spitalny's "Hour of Charm" orchestra, with nationwide broadcast, sponsored by Pla-Mor; March 20, Kansas City school bands annual contest. March 25, Music Hall, Igor Gorin, Russian baritone. Sponsored by Town Hall.

BASKETBALL

- March 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, in the arena. National Association of Intercollegiate Basketball tournament in which more than 40 top teams of the nation will compete. March 22-23, N.C.A.A. basketball.

LECTURES, MUSIC

- March 4, Music Hall, Dr. George W. Crane, noted psychologist.
- March 11, Brig. Gen. Carlos Romula, (Town Hall).
- March 6, 13, 20, Paul Gardner, director William Rockhill Nelson gallery of art will relate experiences as member of subcommittee on Art, Allied Military government, in Italy.
- March 27, lecture by John Erskine. Special movies at art gallery March 8, 15.

ON THE RINKS

Major League Hockey (Pla-Mor Arena)

- March 3, Omaha; March 10, St. Paul; Minneapolis, March 13; Fort Worth March 17; Omaha, March 24. Ice skating every night except when there are hockey games. Roller skating every night with matinees Saturday and Sunday.

ART

- William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Memorial Exhibition of Miss Frances Logan's collection. Annual exhibit of Kansas City Camera club. Exhibit masterpiece of month portrait, Frances Eakins, by Thomas Eakins.

THEATRE

- "Blackstone and His Show of 1001 Wonders" — Music Hall, Feb. 27-28-March 1-2.
- "Dear Ruth," original New York cast, presented by A & N, Music Hall, evenings March 14, 15, 16, with Matinee Sunday, March 17.

TRACK, WRESTLING

- March 2, arena, Big Six track meet.
- March 19, World's Championship professional wrestling in the arena.



THERE'S A *Black* CAT

*They saw a load of empty barrels,
and immediately the New York
Giants shook their batting slump!*

by MALCOLM HYATT

WHAT is your pet superstition? According to many leading authorities, practically every person on the face of the earth harbors some superstitious quirk in the sub-conscious mind. One may be imbued in deep conversation with a colleague, yet have the awareness to avoid walking underneath a step-ladder standing upright along the way, thus averting the possibility of ill-luck.

Most professional baseball players are superstitious. Many a player carries a rabbit's foot in his hip pocket. "Jumping" Joe Dugan would never throw a baseball to a pitcher; instead, he would deliver it personally to the moundman. Dixie Walker, Brooklyn's "People's Cherce," never fails to step on home-plate at the completion of an inning. Babe Ruth would stand at the plate, swinging his mighty bat and, superstitiously, doff his cap and look in the direction of right-field—the final resting place of many of his home-run balls. Eddie Collins would have a wad of chewing gum stuck on the button of his cap. Only when there would be two strikes against him would he pull the gum



off the button and chew it—for luck!

One of the general superstitions in baseball is that empty barrels mean base-hits. One of the most humorous incidents pertaining to this superstition occurred at a time when the late John McGraw couldn't get his New York Giants out of a severe batting slump. The players used every superstition in the book, such as switching caps, mixing bats, exchanging rabbits' feet, but nothing seemed to help. But one afternoon a few of the players came storming into the clubhouse with overwhelming joy.

"Gee, fellers," one gasped, "we just saw a load of empty barrels! Today the ole slump ends for us!" Sure enough, they started to hit again with renewed vigor and confidence. The next day a few more of the boys saw them, and the following day, until every member on the squad saw the phenomena of empty barrels. For

a week, truck-loads of barrels kept going past the clubhouse, and the boys all started hitting.

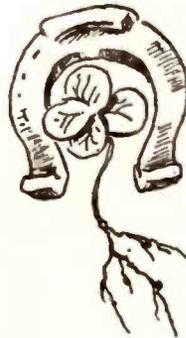
A few days after the incident, a big burly fellow dressed in overalls came to the clubhouse and demanded to see McGraw. They informed him that McGraw was out.

"Well, I want my money," he grumbled. "I've been driving past this place with a load of barrels every day for a week, and I haven't had a cent of pay yet. I want my money!" He finally received his well-earned money but McGraw fought superstition with superstition and won.

Opera stars, like all theatrical folk, are deeply superstitious. Nobody had better whistle backstage. Many singers appear at the Metropolitan Opera House with good-luck charms, pictures, animal figures, locketts and certain kinds of flowers. Some performers believe that a crooked nail, if picked off the floor at the theater, means excellent notices. Ezio Pinza, popular Met star, always has a Dutch doll on his dressing table. When he tours with a show the doll always goes along with his costumes. Some of the German singers connected with the opera believe that a good luck wish brings back luck. So they outwit the evil forces of superstition by wishing each other "Hals and Bain Bruch"—"a breaking of the neck and limbs."

About 18 years ago in Budapest, the International Medical Congress held a Superstition Exhibition in order

to debunk and discourage the practices of quacks throughout the world. This was done because the widespread use of mysticism in the curing of illnesses was appalling the medical profession. People from every walk of life, particularly the poor, turned to superstitions for cures. A yellow jaundice sufferer was told to drink from a yellow wax goblet and his affliction was supposed to disappear. Sufferers of boils and leg-swellings were advised to wear a collar of buttons strung on a string. A chain of garlic around the neck was the superstition to thwart the powers of magic. Corns were supposed to be eliminated by rubbing a frog on them, and bad eyes by an application of red maize. A rusty sickle was recommended to cure a sty in the eye.



Children's diseases were usually combatted with dolls. Nine little dolls made up of white rags and tied around the hip was supposed to cure certain types of ailments.

Three rags dolls placed at any of the cross-roads at midnight by a person suffering from alternating fever was the device recommended by the quacks. The disease would be transferred to the first person picking up the dolls.

These were but a few of the hundreds of superstitions used by people only eighteen years ago in various parts of the world. But even today, when internal medicine and surgery have grown to be positive sciences, humanity seems to incline towards

superstitions and mysticisms after world-shaking events.

According to John R. Saunders, associate curator of the American Museum of Natural History, families of deceased servicemen will undoubtedly be exploited by practitioners promising contact with the dead soldier's spirits. For the past fifteen years Mr. Saunders has studied closely the big business of mysticism which, he estimates, costs Americans at least 125 million dollars annually. "It's a pretty rotten way to exploit human grief," says he seriously. "Mothers and wives will be appealed to by crystal ball gazers, palmists and readers of the stacked deck and tea leaves."

During his youth while attending New York University, Mr. Saunders professes to have harbored one superstition. It seems that after classes he would habitually walk along the north end of Washington Square to get to the subway. He walked along this same route for twelve years. "During that walk," declares the curator, "I discovered that my mind, excited because of lively classroom discussion, worked well. I began getting some pretty good ideas during those walks for research and other scholastic matters." Even today, he admits, his mind seems to "speed up" while walking along this street. "I guess that is sort of superstitious," he admits smilingly.

Many farmers still believe that certain snakes milk cows, that hoop

snakes roll down hills to chase them off the pasture, just as city folks believe that three on a match and the number "13" are definite omens of bad luck. But science explains that farmers who kill milk snakes which hang around their barns, permit the mouse population to increase.

Most American air-force pilots were superstitious as to the clothing they wore during combat missions. A few of them wouldn't dream of making a trip unless they wore their "good-luck" scarfs or ties. On an Essex County air-field in England, fresh eggs for breakfast often foreboded disaster—for a few. Certain songs played during breakfast meant that somebody wasn't coming back.



The luckiest possession of the pilot was a photograph of his sweetheart, wife or mother which he always took with him into the clouds. A few air-corps men regard a gift or memento from their loved ones as a "good-luck" charm. One young pilot received a handsome cigarette case from his sweetheart. On every mission, as he was ready to "take off," he would fondle it affectionately and then show it off to his crew, saying, "Good luck, fellows!" But one early dawning he fumbled through his pockets and discovered it was gone. The crew felt uneasy about the situation but they laughed it off good-humoredly as the plane shot up into the murky darkness. A few hours later the bomber returned but the young pilot was dead

—a tragedy attributed to the missing cigarette case and not to the German anti-aircraft fire.

Americans are prone to be as superstitious as peoples of other lands, but fortunately we are sufficiently advanced intellectually to recognize the stupidity and ineptitude of medical quacks, conjurers and clairvoyants. Yet the majority of people are slaves to superstitions such as walking

under an object or person for fear it would stunt one's growth; avoiding being separated from your partner by a pole or person; not turning back to your house once you're on your way to a certain destination—and many other every day superstitions.

By the way, did you see that black cat cross your path a moment ago? Brother, you're it!



NOW YOU TELL ONE

Little Jimmy was paying his first visit to the farm. His father took him out to see the various animals. At last they stopped before a pen in which lay a mother pig with her eight babies. It happened to be meal time.

"What are those things?" Jimmy asked curiously.

"Those are pigs," replied his father.

"But, papa, why don't you stop those little ones? They are eating that big one up."

●

A flip attorney, stuck for queries with which to irk and harass a witness, said: "Are you living with a woman?"

The judge interrupted to tell the witness he needn't answer. That it had no bearing in the case. "But," said the man, "I'd like to answer it, please."

"Very well," said Hizzoner to the lawyer, "repeat the question."

"Are you," continued the lawyer, "living with a woman?"

"Yes," was the soft reply, "my wife."

●

The owner of the restaurant walked menacingly toward his cashier.

"I see," he barked, "that you're a little behind in your accounts."

"Oh, no," answered the cashier, happily. "The restaurant's behind—I'm a few bucks to the good!"

—Harry S. Donen.

Basket Bowl

*Kansas City will bust out all over
with top collegiate quintets March
11-16 for the N. A. I. B. Tournament*

by SAM SMITH

IN these days of semi-professionalism in collegiate athletics, the expression "the old college try" seems extinct, buried beneath the gold dust of big-time competition.

There's one place, however, where it still keynotes an athletic show. That's the National Association of Intercollegiate Basketball tournament in Kansas City's Municipal Auditorium.

The week-long tourney, played in mid-March each year, and the organization which sponsors it had the wise counsel of the late Dr. James A. Naismith. Today it is the only tourney bearing the personal stamp of

approval of the grand old man who originated the game of basketball.

Basketball as it is played in the N. A. I. B. tournament may not always be as smooth as you can find in the N. A. A. U. or the N. C. A. A. finals. On the other hand, the teams play hard, fast but clean ball from the opening whistle. They're always out to win but the loser has a cheer for the winner.

Emil S. Liston, big gray-haired and friendly athletic director at Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas, is the managing director of the tournament and executive secretary-treasurer of the association.



To meet "Lis" and get, at the same time, an insight into the N. A. I. B., let's go back to early in 1944. Liston was confined at that time to an orthopedic bed in St. Luke's Hospital in Kansas City.

He was having a hard time with a badly fractured leg. It refused to heal properly. He was having a hard time, too, in making arrangements for the seventh annual tournament. It was a bad year for collegiate athletics for most teams still in competition were manned by Marine and Navy trainees who couldn't make long trips.

Liston tried from his hospital bed to line up sixteen teams. Letters streamed from his room but finally he had to give it up. Even then he was talking about the basketball carnival he and his fellow officers of the N. A. I. B. planned for the post-war years.

Last year the tournament came back, a sixteen-team affair instead of the pre-war thirty-two team bracket. It was an excellent show but Frank Casey of Indianola, Iowa, the new president, had this to say:

"For seven years the N. A. I. B. tournament has proven to be successful but we expect to make it a better event next year.

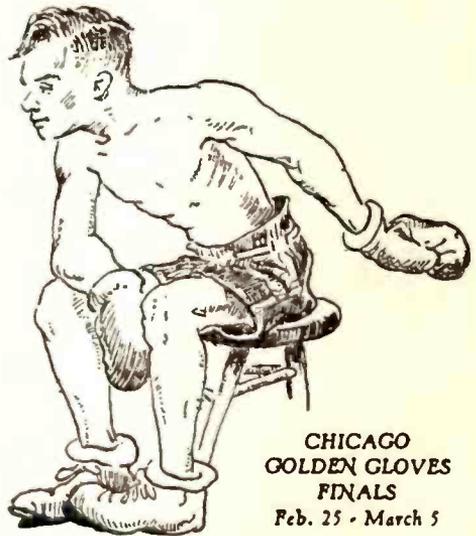
"We are also planning now for the postwar period when the N. A. I. B. can expand its athletic program to reach more boys in the various colleges and universities throughout the nation."

Liston envisions this tournament—the eighth edition of which will be staged March 11 to 16—as a great show and a drawing card for the city,

something like what the Sugar Bowl is to New Orleans or the Derby is to Kentucky, with civic groups rallying around to lend full support.

It's always been a fine week of basketball. With such leadership always striving to make it even better for the benefit of the game and the boys who play it, the tournament promises to gain in stature down through the years.

"We are cooperating with the recently organized Heart of America



CHICAGO
GOLDEN GLOVES
FINALS
Feb. 25 - March 5

Amateur Sports Council," Liston says. "It's an organization which has great possibilities. How colorful and how significant the tournament becomes will depend upon how much responsibility Kansas City takes in making it so."

The N. A. I. B. was born of a feeling among some managers of intercollegiate athletics, particularly basketball, that there was an opportunity for a national program of intercolle-

giate competition in which every standard college or university which so desired might participate.

That idea struck fire in the mind of Dr. Naismith. He became the counsellor of the association's founders and many of his ideas were incorporated.

"The idea of democracy, the opportunity for any school regardless of size and type of education offered to compete were guiding principles of Naismith's which underlie the foundation of this organization," Liston says.

"Dr. Naismith didn't care much about rules governing the eligibility of a boy, whether he was a freshman, a transfer or playing his fourth year.

"His chief concern was that of the reason for which the boy was going to college and the reason he was playing basketball."

The James A. Naismith memorial trophy in honor of his wife goes to the winning team in the annual tournament. It is the only basketball tournament in which the name of the founder of the game lives so intimately.

Teams are chosen by district committees, the association now having such organizations in 38 states. Consequently, teams bracketed for the tournament competition are of top grade. The week-long play is marked by one and two-point margins.

No school has yet won the title twice, although the previous winner is given a chance to defend the cham-

pionship. That's another commentary on the sharpness of the competition. These teams come from schools with as few as 108 students and as many as 11,000 and little David has an equal chance of whipping Goliath.

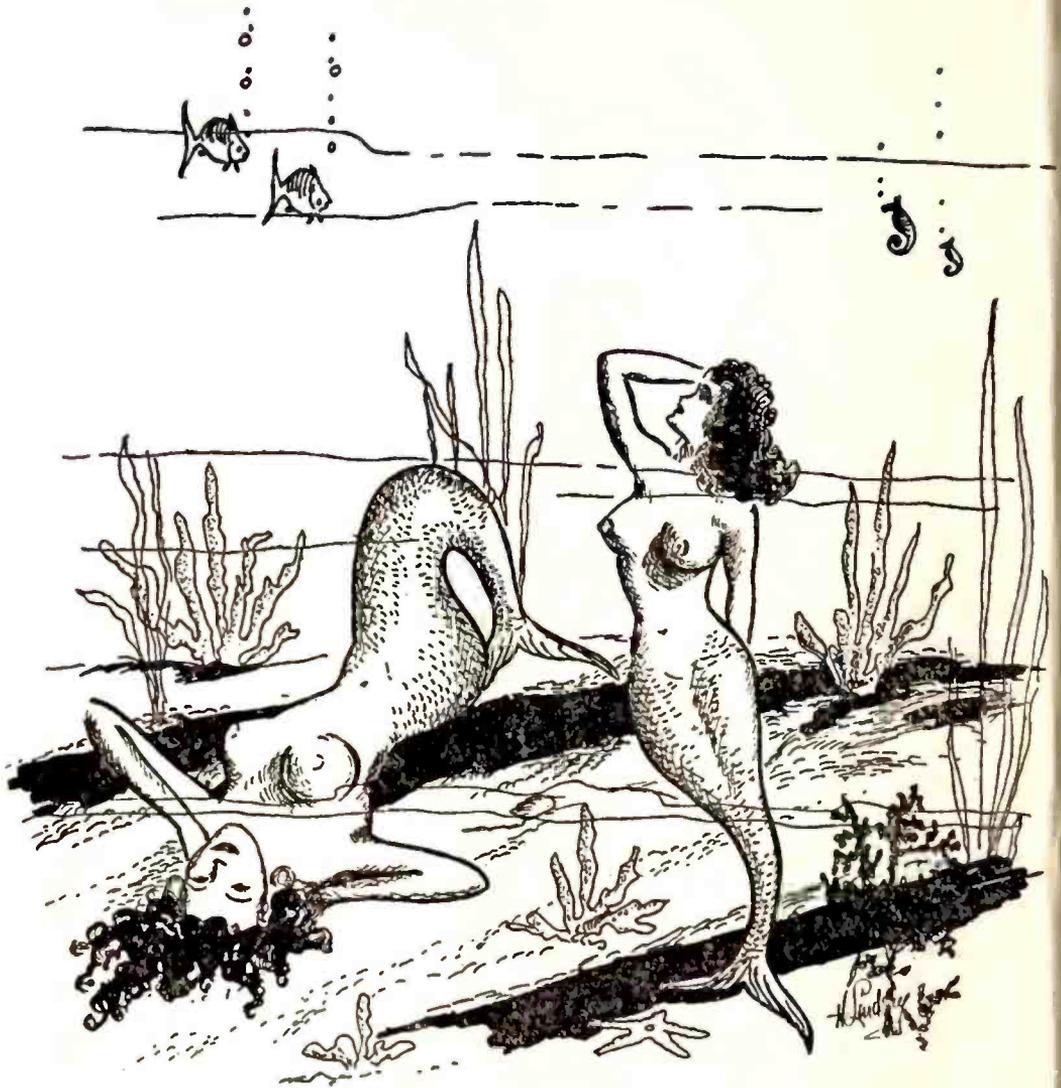
Some of the finest collegiate basketball players in the business show their wares in N. A. I. B. play. Last year there was an ex-Marine by the name of Fred Lewis, wearing the colors of Eastern Kentucky college. He's a natural, good enough to win a starting spot on any collegiate team in the nation today.

The association is establishing permanent headquarters in Kansas City. It plans this year to resume a full-scale clinical program during the tournament, as well as the convention of coaches. These phases of the week's program are as important to basketball as is the court competition.

For a basketball mentor, a trip to the N. A. I. B. is an invaluable post-graduate course in the game. Here he can study basketball as it is played in every part of the country and watch the various types of offense and defense in action.

Right now the N. A. I. B. is working to strengthen its district organizations, scattered the length and breadth of the United States. It knows that the more interest it can arouse in the precincts shows directly in the caliber of play in Kansas City's "Madison Square Garden of the Midlands" come March every year.

Professional—A person who does the same thing for a livelihood that others do for pleasure.



*.... and furthermore, she has no more
personality than a fish.*

Lucky TABOR, THEY CALLED HIM

Two miners asked for a grubstake. They went out and uncovered the fabulous "Little Pittsburgh."

by RALEIGH WILLIAMS

ONCE upon a time in a fabulous city of the old west there lived a great mining king; the mountains opened their hearts to pour a golden stream into his coffers, and all the city that constituted his court paid him homage—that is, all but one. For this court, too, had its jester, and the jester was Eugene Field. The city was Denver, in the roaring days following the rich mineral strikes in Colorado; and the king was Horace A. W. Tabor, multi-millionaire mine owner, father of the almost legendary "Silver Dollar" Tabor, sublime egoist and untutored early-day Babbitt whose activities did much to transform the Silver State capital from a small and uncultured mining town into a great city.

The story of these two men and the roles they played in the serio-comedy enacted in the Colorado metropolis in the early '80s is brought vividly to the fore by the recent announcement of plans to raze the famous old Tabor Grand Opera House. Once it was the glittering pride of the one-time silver king who was the butt of keen shafts of ridicule from the pen of the jester, poet and satirist who was then managing editor of the old Denver Journal—a journal in keeping with the spirit of the times, undaunted by shib-

boleths and unfettered by any blind adherence to the exact truth.

The Grand was the fruition of Tabor's grand dream to provide Denver the world's finest theatre, a monument which would stand forever as a memorial both to the city and the man who built it.

When Field entered the Denver scene about the time Tabor's dream was taking shape, the mining king's star was at its zenith. Lucky Tabor, he then was called, and lucky he was, indeed. A Vermonter, he went to Kansas as a stonemason but alternated most of his time there between farming and politics. The discovery of gold lured him on to Colorado and for twenty years he traded and prospected there. Late in the '70s he opened a supply store in what later became Leadville. Two miners asked him to "grubstake" them. He did, and the miners went forth in search of fortune.

The miners returned, discoverers of the fabulous Little Pittsburgh mine. For the half interest which he received for his "grubstake" deal, Tabor obtained one million dollars. A short time later luck again played into his hands. He bought a mine from a prospector who had salted the prop-

erty with ore Tabor himself had given the man when the prospector was down on his luck. After realizing the swindle, Tabor decided to explore the property further. He struck a rich



vein and sold out for a half million dollars. With $1\frac{1}{2}$ million in his possession and title to numerous other mining properties then being developed, Tabor descended upon Denver, seeking new worlds to conquer. He immediately plunged into all sorts of ventures which gave him wide publicity and made him the mark of the politician and the promoter.

At first people laughed, but as the wild speculations which he made one after another turned out to be rich investments the laughter ceased. At one time he was reputed to be worth 20 million. A peculiar glamour surrounds the possessor of such chunks of the world's goods. A town does not laugh at its richest citizen. The representative of an English real estate syndicate once offended the Midas by some laughing remark. Possibly because of it, possibly because

the man was one of those "foreigners" for whom he had such little use, Tabor purchased a great amount of land and turned the city's growth away from the syndicate's holdings. Power, too, has a way of sobering injudicious laughter.

Such was the condition of affairs when the iconoclastic journalist appeared, newly from Kansas City and probably still exuding a faint reminder of that cow town's most pronounced odor. Tabor was king, but beneath the velvet gown and toga Field saw only the vain, untutored and arrogant stonecutter. Never a respecter of persons and untrammelled by truth, Field besieged the monarch. His weapons were fashioned from the thing most effective against persons in whom vanity is great—ridicule. Tabor's peculiarities and shortcomings were uncovered before a populace which chuckled inwardly but dared not laugh aloud.

Little stories of the Midas flowed from the facile pen of the young detractor. One such told of a campaign tour Tabor was making with James Belford, a brilliant Colorado congressman and one of the state's foremost orators.

Belford closed an impassioned speech with the classical allusion:

"Tomorrow we meet the enemy at Philippi!"

Tabor, in Fields' account, arose from his seat and cried:

"Judge, you are mistaken—it's at Montrose Junction!"

Tabor divorced his first wife shortly before he left Denver to serve a short term in the United State Senate.

In Washington he married again, and according to a story attributed to Field bought himself a complete trousseau, including a \$300 lace-work nuptial nightshirt. And for quite a while after his return to Denver he was known in the convivial circles in which Field revolved as "Ex-Senator Nightshirt."

There are many other stories lampooning Tabor, most of them having to do with the Tabor Grand Opera House, built by Tabor to gratify his desire to give Denver the most costly and elaborate theatrical edifice in the United States. No expense was spared. Rosewood veneer columns were ordered replaced with solid rosewood when Tabor learned that veneer had been used. How many of the stories circulated about the opera house and its builder, and generally accredited to Field, actually originated with the writer is unknown, as is the number of Field's stories which were purely products of his fertile imagination. However, one of the best of the lot tells of a visit to the opera house by Tabor in company with several friends while a painter named Hopkins, a noted decorator of the day, was painting a huge bust of Shakespeare near the top of the curtain.

"Who's that?" Tabor asked.

"That's Shakespeare," a friend answered.

"Who the hell's Shakespeare?"

Tabor demanded.

"Why, a great English playwright," the friend replied.

"What did he ever do for Colorado?" Tabor demanded, grandly. "Paint him out and put my picture up there!"

The opening of the theater was a great social event. Aspiring to obtain the most magnificent opera company on earth, Tabor selected Emma Abbott's organization. The programs were printed on silk, flowers were in profusion and, capping the climax, Tabor was presented with a gold watch and fob on which were represented some of the milestones of his road to success. It was a great moment in Tabor's life. In honor of the event Field wrote a poem, beginning:

The opera house—a union grand

Of capital and labor—

Long will the stately structure stand

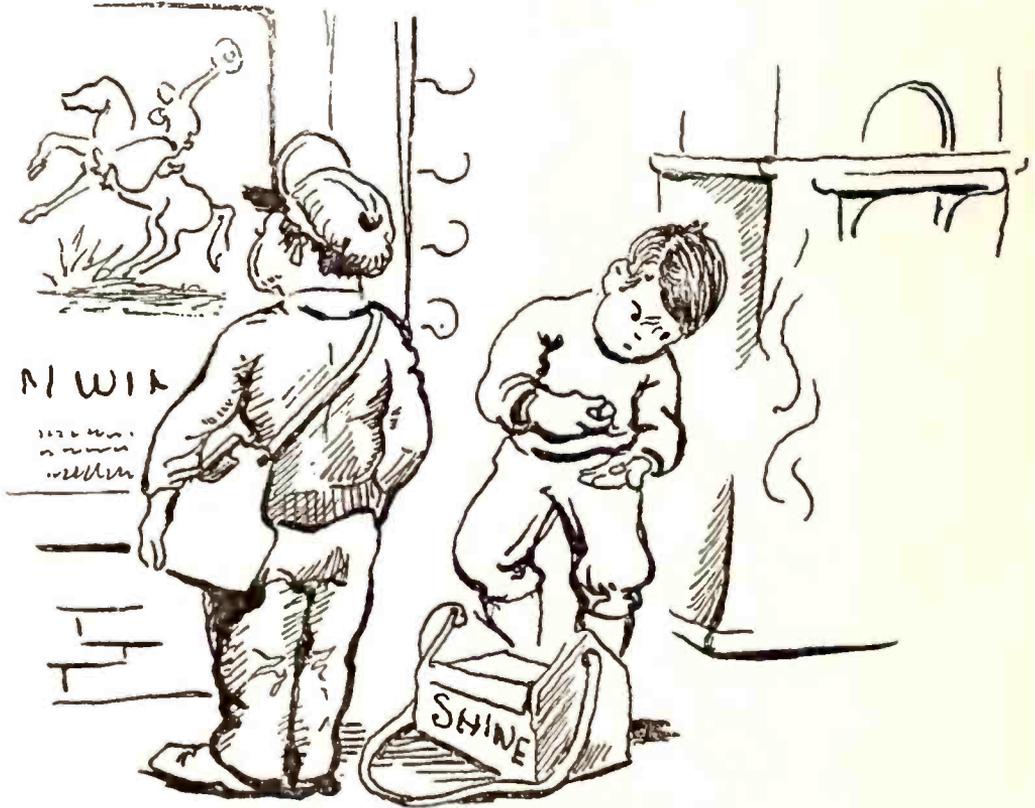
A monument to Tabor.

The reputation of the theater spread rapidly, partly because of the real magnificence of the structure and the constant desire of its owner to present only the best entertainments; but more so because of the stories Field wrote of its builder, its personnel and the players who appeared in it. Mr. Tabor, his son, Maxey, and William Bush, the manager, were eternal targets. When Bush went to New York shortly after the opening to arrange for other attractions, Field



published daily bulletins of his experiences there, asserting that he was the personal guest of Emma Abbott and that his drawing rooms were packed constantly by Booth, McCullough, Fanny Davenport, Mary Anderson, Lotta and other stage luminaries of the period.

Colonel Bjbush, the popular manager of the Grand Opera House, was admitted, and for half an hour conversed pleasantly with Mme. Nilsson in the Swedish tongue. While they were talking Mons. Maxey Tabor was ushered in. He was accordingly



When the Christine Nilsson company appeared in Denver in 1882 Field composed the following:

At 9 o'clock in the evening Mme. Nilsson was handed a card as follows: "Bjwilliam Bjbush." "Some old Swedish acquaintance," she murmured, "show him up." In a few moments, in accordance with the diva's wish,

received most cordially, and the madame and he talked French together for twenty minutes or more.

At the conclusion of Minnie Maddern's engagement in 1883 Field invited her to supper, and afterward, amid great acclaim, in which "General" E. K. Stimson was master of ceremonies, she was presented a huge

pair of "diamond" earrings which had cost the young writer \$2.50. Again, when Modjeska appeared in Denver in 1883, he concocted a tale to the effect that someone had tried to poison her, and every edition of the Journal contained new "developments" of the case. He also wrote a poem extolling the actress, and it is related that he tossed her a big bouquet of roses at her opening performance, only to pull them back by means of a hidden string when she was about to accept them. When Oscar Wilde appeared at the Tabor Grand, a big parade was planned for the distinguished esthete. Field, beating him to it, hired a hack, and, a few moments before the parade began, rode in triumph through the thoroughfares, bowing to the cheering populace.

Another story about the theater's builder which is usually attributed to Field tells how a reporter approached the Tabor private box at the theater one night to obtain the names of its

occupants. Mrs. Tabor and the senator's two beautiful young daughters were in the box, with Tabor and several friends.

"Why don't you have a picture of your wife and children printed in the paper?" a friend asked.

"When I have their picture made," Tabor replied, "I will go to Europe and have one of the old masters paint it."

Field left Denver in 1883 and Tabor and his theater were permitted a more tranquil existence. Later the builder lost all but a remnant of his great fortune, and the theater of which he was so proud was converted into a motion picture house. The king passed on and his memory grows dim. Even his fabulous monument, The Grand, now also is doomed to dust. But the jester reached the stars and endeared himself to all generations with such lasting monuments as "Winken, Blinken and Nod" and "Little Boy Blue."

Λ Λ Λ

Drink or Die Young

*The horse and mule live thirty years
And nothing know of wines and beers;
The goat and sheep at twenty die
But never taste of Scotch or rye.
The dog at fifteen cashes in
Without the aid of rum or gin.
The cat in milk and water soaks
And then in twelve short years it croaks;
The cow drinks water by the ton
And when eighteen is almost done;
The hog when young is laid to rest
And never knows a cocktail's zest;
The modest, sober, bone-dry hen*

*Lays eggs for noggs and dies at ten;
The lower animals are cursed
Because they lack a liquor thirst;
Oh, not for them the merry quips
That freely flow from wine-wet lips.
From birth they play a tragic part
And stop before they fairly start.
All animals are strictly dry,
They sinless live and swiftly die,
But sinful, ginful, rum-soaked men
Survive for three score year and ten.
And some of us, tho' mighty few
Stay pickled 'til we're ninety-two!!*

—Anonymous.

Hear Yourself THINK

LISTEN, fellow American, can't you hear that voice?

It's the voice that told Hirohito to get down off his high horse . . . the first voice he ever obeyed.

You can't mistake it. It's the same voice that scared Hitler to death—to a death like a rat's, in a cellar.

It's a clear, hearty, honest voice.

Approaching Normandy it whispered, "God, I'm scared." But a few months later it shouted, "Victory!"

It's a humble, sincere voice. The voice that says, "Thy will be done . . ."

That voice is speaking to you. The same voice that said, "More war bonds? Sure. More production? Okay."

It's not the same voice under a Top Hat or a Brass Hat . . . It's not the voice of Labor, or Management, or Farmer, or Lawyer . . . Or Salesman, or Store-keeper . . . No, not any ONE of them . . . Because it's the voice of them all.

In it you'll hear your own voice. For this is the voice of America:

"Forward, sure. That's the only way we can go. For look what we've got to go on!

"The war showed us for the first time our real strength . . . We never knew we could produce so much or fight so well. Our enemies didn't either.

"Can anyone dare to think this country won't find a way, in peace, to solve its minor domestic ills?"

"Say, what do you take me for? I can read a balance sheet."

AMERICA'S BALANCE SHEET

ASSETS

Greatest money accumulations in U. S. history

All-time-high investment portfolios,
both private and institutional

Highest U. S. national income on record

Continuously increasing production
per man hour of labor

Greatest production record
ever established

Highest payrolls in history

The greatest demand for homes in our history
calling for at least a five-year accelerated building
program just to "catch up"

An unprecedented, pent-up demand for goods and
services of all kinds

Low inventories

Birth of new industries,

with their rich promises of new products, employment

American inventive genius

Vast natural resources,
many still unrealized

An efficient and prosperous agriculture,

producing an abundance of foods for our people and
raw materials for industry

The highest level of culture and education of any people

More than 12 million gallant men
who, in the Armed Services, proved the strength of
the American heritage

The national protection of victorious Armed Forces

First real progress

toward world peace and unity, under American leadership

A land of unsurpassed beauty,
with coming opportunities for travel and recreation
never before dreamed of

A land of 140,000,000 people

the strongest, most progressive and most undaunted
people on the face of the earth!

LIABILITIES

The national debt

(greatly increased during
the war)

Private debts and mortgages

(greatly decreased, however,
during the war)

Unemployment

Current temporary work
stoppages

The indigent and sick

Moral laxity . . . delin-
quency . . . crime

Social intolerances

Fear

—Reprinted from
an Advertisement by
The Curtis Publishing Co.

IT *Worked* FOR GRANDMOTHER!

A torpid liver disappeared when the only beverage was hard cider, taken freely and frequently.

by MARION ODMARK

HOMELIFE in the elegant eighties ran according to recipe. And the good Victorian wife and mother had a recipe for any problem—from how to honor thy husband to how to prevent the hair from turning gray.

Marital happiness was a simple conformation to rules that said reverence your husband, conquer him with love, forsake all for him, don't conceal your affection, confide, cultivate personal and physical attractiveness, and incidental attentions. The wife made a concentrated effort to retain her modesty and delicacy of youth, to preserve sunshine, the better nature of her husband, his interest and character. She followed the directions from mother and manuals of the day with results that are still on the model side.

Her social life was regulated by a code that said do not make a call of ceremony on a wet day, don't talk of yourself or of your friends or deeds, never leave a room with your back to the company, never read what you do not wish to remember.

These and some hundred other promissory prescriptions

assured heaven in the home. Without bedevilment of career, divorce, psychoanalysis, domestic labor, politics or keeping abreast a barrage of current events, her mind was a free and self-possessed file index of what she lovingly labeled "receipts."

Whether she called it hartshorn, sal volatile or ammonia, she used it to restore colors taken out by acid, or with a moistened sponge to remove grease from coat collars. No professional furrier ever saw her fur jacket once she took it home. She renewed its luster with a hearty shaking and whipping, then brushing. The finishing touch was a careful cleaning with a cloth soaked in boiled flaxseed. Old silk was made like new by sponging the outside surface with strong, cold black tea, pressing when dry.

Cleaning kid gloves was done in the kitchen, not by professionals. In one saucer was a little new milk, in another, a piece of white soap, between the two, a folded flannel cloth. The flannel was dipped in the milk, then soaped, and used in a rubbing process on the gloves. It was



also a favorite method to use a Parisian recipe, washing gloves in a basin of spirits of turpentine, if time and wardrobe allowed for a prolonged airing.

Cologne was concocted at home, with a minimum of trouble and expense. To one pint of alcohol was added twelve drops each of oils of bergamot, lemon, neroli, orange peel, rosemary and one dram of cardamom seed. The longer it stood, the better it became.

Her sure cures were many. Moth spots on the face caused by biliousness and a torpid liver disappeared when the only beverage was hard cider, taken freely and frequently. Feverishness was cooled off by sucking a lemon with sugar, and both the adviser and the patient had faith in it. Neuralgia was relieved by grating horse-radish mixed in vinegar and applied to the affected area.

Among her household ornaments, you'd find a common pine cone with canary seeds planted in its crevices. This was placed half way in a hyacinth water glass; the seeds soon sprouted, sending out feathery blades that filled the whole upper portion with a festoon of verdure. Another idea, she would scrape out a large turnip, fill with earth and plant a clinging vine or morning glory. Or, she would take a tumbler, fill it nearly full of soft water and then tie a bit

of coarse lace or cheese-sacking over it, pressing this down into the water and covering the top with a layer of peas. In a few days these would sprout into thread-like roots going down through the lace into the water, later the vines above being trained to twine around the window, even prettier, a frame.

Her favorite mantel ornament and pride was a suspended acorn, hung half an inch or so above a vase of water. After it had remained so for several weeks, roots would burst forth seeking the water, and shooting upward would be a straight and tapering stem adorned with glossy green leaves.

When the mother of the mauve age retired, it was to a dry straw bed or, even better, a hair mattress. Her doctor had told her that a feather tick debilitated the skin by retaining heat, moisture and waste matter thrown off by the lymphatic. If she couldn't sleep right off, there was a remedy.

The great recipe for slumber at will was known as Blinn's system, a report published in London in 1842 and worked wonders for insomnia sufferers. The principal feature of this theory was for the patient to fix his attention on his own breathing. "He must depict to himself that he sees the breath passing from his nostrils in a continuous stream, and the very instant that he brings his mind to con-



ceive this, apart from all other ideas, consciousness and memory depart; imagination slumbers, fancy becomes dormant, thought subdued; the sentient faculties lose their susceptibility, the vital or ganglionic system assumes

sovereignty—and he no longer wakes, but sleeps."

And so grandmother ended a day of recipes with another. They worked like the proverbial charm.



SWINGIGGLES

Pat, thinking to enliven the party, stated with watch in hand:

"I'll present a box of candy to the loidy that makes the homeliest face within the next three minutes."

The time expired, Pat announced: "Ah, Mrs. McGuire, you get the prize."

"But," protested Mrs. McGuire, "go way wid ye! I wasn't playin' at all."

"Did you mail those two letters I gave you, Norah?" inquired the master of the house.

"Yes'm," Nora retored, "at the postoffice, but I noticed that you'd put a two-cent stamp on the foreign letter and a five-cent stamp on the city one."

"Oh, dear, what a blunder!"

"But I fixed it all right, ma'm," Nora said. "I just changed the addresses on the envelopes."

Felice had a new dime to invest in ice cream. "Why don't you give your dime to missions?" asked Felice's mummy, Sophie.

"I thought about that," said Felice, "but I think I'll buy the ice cream and let the druggist give it to the missions."

"How is it that young Posner has been attending church so regularly of late?" queried a friend of an author.

"Why," Joel the listener spoke up, "he says that he likes to go where he is always sure of having his contributions accepted."

A teacher came upon her urchins getting into their clothes on the bank of a stream.

"Go ahead, boys, I won't look," she shouted reassuringly. But the boys all plunged back in the brook saying:

"We don't dast risk it, teacher!"

AWARD YOUR OWN "OSCAR"



Nominations for Motion Picture Academy Awards have been made, and Swing gives you an opportunity to embarrass the experts. Make your own selections, and if you have four out of six right, you're in the wrong business. Winners will be announced on March 7.

BEST MOTION PICTURES OF THE YEAR

- Bells of St. Mary's
- Anchors Aweigh
- The Lost Weekend
- Mildred Pierce
- Spellbound

BEST PERFORMANCE

By an Actor

- Bing Crosby in "Bells of St. Mary's"
- Gene Kelly in "Anchors Aweigh"
- Ray Milland in "Lost Weekend"
- Gregory Peck in "The Keys of the Kingdom"
- Cornel Wilde in "A Song To Remember"

SUPPORTING ACTOR

- Michael Chekhov in "Spellbound"
- John Dall in "The Corn is Green"
- James Dunn in "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn"
- Robert Mitchum in "G. I. Joe"
- J. Carrol Naish in "A Medal for Benny"

BEST PERFORMANCE

By an Actress

- Ingrid Bergman in "The Bells of St. Mary's"
- Joan Crawford in "Mildred Pierce"
- Greer Garson in "The Valley of Decision"
- Jennifer Jones in "Love Letters"
- Gene Tierney in "Leave Her to Heaven"

SUPPORTING ACTRESS

- Eve Arden and Ann Bluth in "Mildred Pierce"
- Angela Lansbury in "The Picture of Dorian Gray"
- Joan Lorring in "The Corn is Green"
- Anne Revere in "National Velvet"

BEST DIRECTOR

- Leo McCarey, "The Bells of St. Mary's"
- Billy Wilder, "The Lost Weekend"
- Clarence Brown, "National Velvet"
- Jean Renoir, "The Southerner"
- Alfred Hitchcock, "Spellbound"

THE GRASS IS Greener

*An answer to Barbara Frye's
"A Day at the Office" in the
January 1946 issue of Swing*

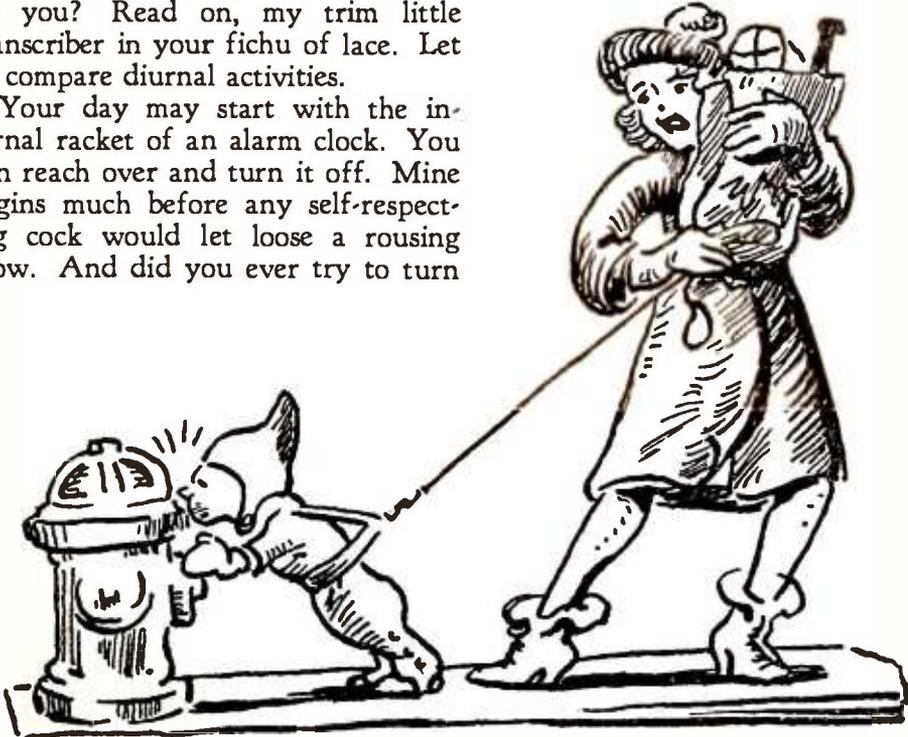
by LEE CASTELL

"A DAY at the office." The words dance before my eyes and stir up tantalizing echoes of my former life. I, too, was a "career" girl, a white collar slave within the sacred portals of an office. Five years ago I exchanged my "Yes sir" for "I do," and since have known the so-called dull and placid house-frau's life.

So you think you'd rather be on the wielding end of a dripping mop, do you? Read on, my trim little transcriber in your fichu of lace. Let us compare diurnal activities.

Your day may start with the infernal racket of an alarm clock. You can reach over and turn it off. Mine begins much before any self-respecting cock would let loose a rousing crow. And did you ever try to turn

off the piteous wail of a hungry baby? Nothing but a full measure of warm milk seeping through a nipple will stop Lou Ann's indignant howls. In the half-light of that hour you can never find your slippers, your husband softly mutters unprintable things, the blast of cold air from the ice box adds new shivers to the old ones, your numb fingers clatter the pan, and the milk takes unending minutes to warm.





What's more, the baby is wet. You change her.

But you can go back to bed, you say? Yes, you can. And do. You huddle in the warmth of the covers and fervently wish for sleep while tasks you must remember to do flit through your mind. Gradually, gently, you fall into a righteous slumber. It seems but a second before the alarm goes off in your ear. Does friend husband turn it off, and bid you sleep? No! He shakes up the fire noisily, roars in his shower and breathes fire and brimstone at his razor! You get up!

Breakfast is a simple matter. Or should be. But complications arise. "Complications" is a good name for Master William, the four-year-old. You fry eggs with one hand, mix cereal with the other, and maintain your balance despite the clutching fingers of your son.

You're never sure just how, but eventually your man is out of the house and on his way to the office.

William is by now calmly depositing lumps from his oatmeal on the tablecloth, and you swallow the last drop of coffee and the last bite of toast, both cold.

If it rains, you might as well make up your mind from the beginning that there will be chaos, with urgent demands for something new to play from the four-year-old and a mutual restlessness from the baby.

If the weather is pleasant, you can dress Master William and send him out to play. Of course, this doesn't preclude frequent interruptions for the purpose of kissing a bruised finger; admiring found treasure like a broken lead pencil, a bottle top or a half-rotted acorn; or aiding in trips to the bathroom.

At about nine o'clock, you can start. You pick up toys from the kitchen floor. Then you clean the children's white shoes. You start the breakfast dishes. Just as you're deep in suds, the back door bell rings. To get rid of the persistent peddler you buy a pair of shoe laces too long for your shoes and too short for your husband's, you discover later. Then the front door bell peals. A cosmetic salesman persists with a line of chatter intended to reduce your sales resistance. It creates only a hearty distaste and you finally manage to insert a hearty "No" between his glib paragraphs. The bell has wakened the baby. She is wet. You change her. You wheel her into the kitchen where you are still finishing the breakfast dishes. It is 10:30 and you give her a bottle, noting with dismay that it is the last of her formula.

You sweep the kitchen floor, carry out the garbage. Then you run down to the basement, fill the washing machine with water, and search in vain for soap flakes. You are obliged to chip bar soap, laboriously. The phone rings.

It is your husband's voluble aunt, who drones on for a half hour, during which time you fidget and fume helplessly. You remember the baby's formula and cut the conversation as short as possible. While water boils, then, you clean bottles, start their sterilization, let the water cool off, measure the formula, add the water and stir, fill the bottles, cap them and store them in the icebox.

Then down again to the basement you go, to throw in the baby's diapers. It is 12:00 noon when you've hung them to dry. Master William demands his repast. You're hungry, too, but nothing in the icebox looks appealing. You open a can of soup, spread crackers with cheese and drink the last of the morning coffee in the pot. The four-year-old pleads to be out again, and off he goes with cookies and apple clutched in his hand. The baby, blissfully, is asleep.

From 12:30 to 2:00 you finish the lunch dishes, pick up more scattered toys and clean house. You mutter fiercely at the curtains you've been meaning to take down, for the last three weeks. It's unbelievable, the dust that settles on the floor and furniture in twenty-four hours. You skimp a corner here and there, resolving to get to it Saturday.

At 2:30 you call in Master William, do a bit of fast talking to get

him to bed for a nap. The baby wakes. She is wet. You change her and give her another bottle. By 3:00 you can tackle the mending of the bedroom curtains and iron a white shirt for your husband. It is one of his last three and you have to be very careful of it.

At 4:00 both children wake with a clamor that can't be ignored. The baby is wet. You change her. Then you bundle them both, tuck the baby in the buggy, and trot down to the store. At the meat market, you wheedle what you hope is a more choice cut of meat from the dour-faced butcher. You leave with a feeling your sweetest smile has made no impression and you've fared no better than the long-faced woman next to you. Getting the buggy in and out of the grocer's door is a trick requiring four hands. You sometimes regret you are a normal human with the usual allotment of two. You have to discourage your four-year-old's tendencies to stray under counters or into corners; and keep a weather eye on the buggy; all the while trying to give your order and make sure you're getting the most solid head of lettuce, the most crisp stalk of celery, fair weight on apples.

At a quarter to five you're rushing



home as fast as Master William's little legs permit you to go, and five o'clock finds you peeling the potatoes, the baby gurgling in her play pen with a fresh change, Master William coloring pictures quietly, and the late evening sun making a pale gold puddle on the kitchen floor. It's then you know you wouldn't exchange this

"humdrum" domesticity for any of the pulsating throb of business life.

Only, once in a while, the verdure of your own back yard may seem to pale a little. Excuse me while I go turn off the potatoes, change the baby and give her a bottle, and mop up the coke Master William has just spilled on the kitchen floor!



SWINGAGS

Flash: A woman went on a hunger strike and twenty Scotchmen proposed to her.

•

Remember: The old-fashioned man who had a good head for figures now has a grandson who has a great eye for them.

•

Have you heard about the efficient house detective who struck while the eyein' was hot?

•

Hubby: "So you were face to face with two dozen of my torn socks—what did you do?"

Wife: "Darned, if I can remember."

•

The feed store clerk answered the telephone.

"Please send up a bale of hay," came a voice over the phone.

"Who's it for?" asked the clerk.

"For a horse, you dumb fool," snapped the voice. "And hurry up with it, too."

•

A nut was smoking a cigarette—but he was placing the lighted end in his mouth. A passerby watched the nut for a moment, and then couldn't stand it any longer.

"Hey, you!" he shouted. "What's the idea of putting a lighted cigarette in your mouth?"

The nut shrugged.

"It's the best I can do," he sighed. "I can't afford a cigar."

Everybody WRITES BOOKS

Moonstruck monarchs, empire builders, actresses, generals . . . All of these possibilities are closed to me!

by JAMES R. McQUEENY

THE other day I bundled up a book manuscript and sent it to a publisher.

I'd like to say a well-known book publisher had offered me \$500 in advance royalties for putting something between covers but the truth of the matter is I don't know any book publishers and I'm sure none knows me.

Anyway, I feel a lot better.

The book isn't worth the postage it cost to send it east and I can't imagine any publisher in his right mind doing anything with it. And if anyone should know I do; I know its author personally.

Book writing isn't my dodge and I never wanted to write one in the first place. Of course, I might have done a literary hay roll on the order of Forever Amber only I was frightened by a big book when I was a very small boy and I can't bring myself to read—let alone write—anything bulkier than 350 pages.

And with the meager knowledge of world affairs I've picked up from bar wipes and old ladies on street cars, I can't very well stretch the

McQueeny Plan for Lasting Peace into more than a couple of pages triple spaced.

Moonstruck monarchs, empire builders, actresses, generals, or great scientists have not sought asylum in my counsel so all these book possibilities are closed to me. I have never been imprisoned anywhere except, inadvertently, in a pay toilet in the Union Station. I haven't any substitute for the moldboard plow or any ideas, old or new, on helping our decadent democracy, our decadent agriculture, our decadent cities, our decadent press, or even a decadent McQueeny. Being the shallow, superficial type, I'm not smart enough to tell whether anything is decadent or not.



I'm constrained to report also I'm barred from the Little-Did-I-Dream school of book writing. This, by the way, is a very productive field of casual letters open to beauty operators, bellhops, bookmakers, fry cooks and others who meet the public.

Possibilities are unlimited and the melody goes like this: "Being a hotel

man I frequently ate out, very often in a little side street cafe known as Ptomaine Tavern where a curly-headed (tow-headed, black-headed, block-headed, albino-colored) youngster was earnestly trying to entertain the guests on the saxophone (drums, piano, glockenspiel, zither, etc.) and Little-Did-I-Dream that one day all the world would know him as Rudy Vallee (George Gershwin, Eddie Cantor, or Dimitri Demopoulos). My only trouble here is that the boys I knew as little punks grew up to be big punks and whenever one of them gets sent to the penitentiary for shooting somebody I'm not the least surprised.

And, of course, not being a doctor it would be difficult for me to write one of those books doctors are forever writing. This is more or less a closed shop proposition, however, and at the moment the field's overcrowded. There are so many doctors writing books it's little wonder there's any left practicing medicine any more.

In view of all this, you're still probably wondering why I wrote a book in the first place.

To be frank, I was driven to it.

Take a typical case.

Before I started working on this project I frequently ran into genial luses in bars. The dialogues, like most bar conversations, followed a definite pattern, even though the personalities changed.

After telling me how well he knew Harry in the old days out would come a snapshot of his kids and before long he'd be asking my advice on a business property he was thinking of buying.

Finally he would say, "What's your business, Mac?"

"Oh, I'm a writer," I would answer with slight deprecation in my voice.

"Books?" he would inquire.

"No—just articles and light pieces."

"But you are working on a book," he'd persist.

"No," I'd say, "I don't ever intend to write a book."

At this he would wink slyly and



wait for the punch line. But when I would try and explain I was serious he would look at me as though I were something out of Universal's script department.

"Imagine a writer not writing a book," he would say over and over, and then, triumphantly, "why even newspapermen write books."

"Some of my favorite authors are newspapermen," I would assure him. "In fact, I think literature would be much better off if the book people were put to writing obits and newspapermen were turned loose on novel writing."

That doesn't shut up my chum.

"I'll bet you could write books if you put your mind to it," he would say. "Man—you've got talent. Anyone can see that—"

"Well, thanks."

"I mean it," he would say. "And book writing, say, there's money in that. Millions." He gulps his drink and then comes the payoff: "My life would make a book. Not a great book maybe but a lot of people would read it and I'll bet Hollywood would buy it—"

While he's entranced by the magnitude of his biography I get my hat . . .

My wife also has commented upon my book sterility. Personally she doesn't care whether I write a book or not and with her endearing frankness, admits she probably would never get around to reading it unless they closed the rental libraries. She is a study in absorbing interest when I tell her about a 96-page booklet on hemorrhoids that an advertising

agency has asked me to do; but she yawns outright at the mention of a he-said-and-she-said story plot. She likes fiction stories and she appreciates how much more soul satisfying they are than hacking out mange cure pamphlets but she knows from experience it's the latter that buy the olives and potato salad for the family picnic.

Once a writer, even a hack, gets into a book writing frame of mind, he graces into a painless form of composition. Instead of sweating it out at the typewriter, doing the customary leg work and research at the library he walks around the house in a tweed jacket and literary haze. He dreams of characters, backgrounds and situations for his book and he has all his friends standing on one foot while he gives them an outline. Bread-and-butter writing's forgotten while he dreams of *The Book*.

I had three weeks of this idyllic existence and then decided I'd better write the book, get it out of the house, and then go back to writing *Ten Ways to Brighten a Room with Ivy*, *Raising Chinchillas for Profit*, and *How the Beautiful Model Was Stuffed Down the Drain*.

With no more preliminaries than taking a piece of paper and inserting it into the typewriter I wrote a 90,000-word novel. Once it was finished I felt 10 years younger. I was a book writer at last. No longer must I feel inferior to the inferior of the craft.

Unfortunately, however, there was a good bit of uneven writing in the first draft; some characters in the

hind side of the book for whom no provision had been made in the early chapters. The whole job called for a thorough revision that would take two or three months.

I put it away and after a bit I was closing up the tattoo parlor and going into the navy. On my first leave home I couldn't bring myself to read it. After eating navy chow for 3 years I could stomach anything, so I went out to my office, which is 100 yards or so from the house.

When I opened the desk drawer a mouse jumped out and I was surprised to find the manuscript chewed into bits and five tiny mice with eyes un-

opened nestling amid my deathless prose.

I found comfort, however small, in the fact that I had held the mother mouse's interest for, evidently intent upon getting to the finish, she had eaten the heart out of the story.

I'm no authority on mice and know nothing of how environment affects their lives but out of deference to my first book (of which the recent attempt is a rewrite) I do hope the little mice grew up to be intellectual snobs and shamelessly parade their erudition before other mice coming out of homes fashioned from, say, True Story magazine.

JUVENALIA

Five-year-old—"This world is full of disappointments, mamma; I started to make my doll a bonnet, and it's come out a pair of pants."

Bobby—"Mamma, I have eaten my cake all up, and Charlie hasn't touched his yet. Won't you make him share with me, so as to teach him to be generous?"

"Whatever you do, my boy, begin at the bottom and work up." "But, father, suppose I were going to dig a well?"



QUEEN OF THE *Traps*

Not even the legendary Annie Oakley could match her with a shotgun.

by JOEL LONGACRE

A PRETTY little woman stepped to the firing line at the 1945 Grand American trapshoot at Vandalia, Ohio. She hunched over an old 12-gauge Winchester pump gun and called "p-p-p-pull!"



It was a familiar sight and a familiar call. It meant to the trapshooting sport that Lela Ammon Hall, queen of the traps, was back, firing to win her sixth North American women's clay target championship.

The five-foot-five-inch Lela was running a slight fever and shaky from months she'd spent flat on her back in a Tucson sanitarium to overcome tuberculosis.

She went to work slapping the trigger of her \$40 gun and on successive days she splintered 96 out of 100 of the flying discs to regain the crown. Trapshooters everywhere said it was fitting and proper for Lela Hall had never known when she was licked, at the firing line or in hospitals.

Lela is a pressure shooter, best when the going is the toughest. That's the way she faced two major operations in two years and the way she took the news when doctors discovered

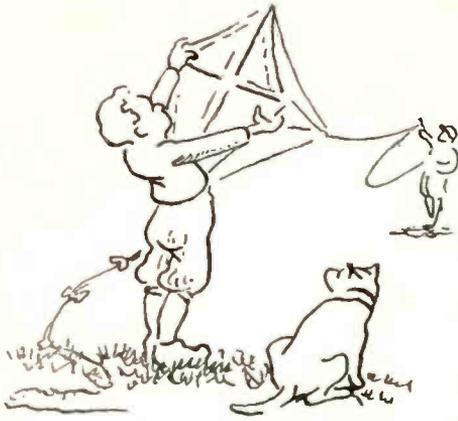
during a routine physical checkup that she had tuberculosis.

From her bed in the sanitarium, she wrote friends that she was winning her fight to live and would be back at the traps as good as ever. It took time but she didn't get impatient.

Back on her feet a year later, she began dry-handling her gun. It was steady, tiresome work as she slowly regained her muscle tone and whittled her weight down to her normal 130 pounds.

The 38-year-old East Lynne, Missouri, woman fired rounds in two or three practice shoots. Her scores were nothing extra. Then she underwent a check for an abdominal condition and hurried to the 1945 Grand American.

Lela had turned in better totals than she did in that competition but to the trapshooters assembled there it was her greatest pair of days. The



big-timers in the game hadn't even expected to see her back to watch, let alone to win.

From the point of view of correct shooting style, Lela Hall does nothing right, except to fracture the clays. She hunches over her gun, slaps the trigger, squints her left eye and fires while slightly off balance. It's her natural style.

Using it, she has turned in such runs as 284 and 359 straight clays. For five consecutive years she was a member of the All-American trap-shooting team. There never was another woman who could match her consistently with a shotgun, not even the legendary Annie Oakley. With it all, Lela is known as a real sportsman.

Lela stammers slightly, making her call at the trap long and drawn-out. A realist, she never lets it bother her, though. For several years they asked her to speak over the radio in connection with the Grand American.

Finally, she decided to do some-

thing about it. She said she didn't mind speaking at all but that she thought she was taking too much time, what with that stammer, and please would they just forget about her. They agreed.

Lela won her first Grand American women's title in 1935. She sold cold drinks in the harvest fields around East Lynne to get some spending money and rode to the shoot with other Kansas City entrants. She repeated for the next three years but an attack of appendicitis shelved her in 1939.

She regained the title in 1940, lost by one target in 1941 and then illness kept her away until this last season.

Lela Hall learned to shoot as a tomboy. She was the favorite child of H. C. (Hod) Ammon when he took to the fields around East Lynne. Hod used to say "you have to slap the trigger if you want to powder pigeons" and Lela does just that to this day.

One of the outstanding teachers of correct form at the traps cornered Lela at the Elliott shooting park in Kansas City, her old stomping ground, several years ago.

"Lela, you ought to take some lessons and smooth out that form," he started in. "You'd raise your average if you wouldn't do so many things wrong."

"What was your average last year?" she asked, her blue eyes twinkling.

He told her it had been 95.

"Mine was 97," she grinned. "When you can better my average, we'll talk about it. I'll just stick to my own way until then."

As yet, she hasn't taken those lessons.

Lela took her first shots at the clays when she was 15. Her mother had forbidden her to go to a turkey shoot but she went, anyway. Hod Ammon saw her and, instead of giving her the tanning she expected, allowed her to shoot. She won a turkey.

Then Hod took her to the old Elliott shooting park in Kansas City. Russell Elliott, himself once a Grand American champion, remembers her that day.

"She was a little, stringy girl with a freckled face and she was wearing a gingham dress but she created a mild sensation with her natural shooting ability," he said.

The gingham dresses are gone now. She prefers plainly tailored sports clothes which, with her naturally curly brown hair and trim figure, make her an attractive and well-poised woman.

Her hobby and her life is the outdoors, the traps, fishing and hunting. She excels at all of them. She cares nothing for cards or the niceties of the social whirl. They bore her and she'll tell you so quite frankly.

Lela was married when she was 21 to Harold Hall. He operates a successful general store and chili parlor

in the tiny town of Strasburg, Missouri, a few miles from East Lynne and about 35 miles southeast of Kansas City. Many of her early trophies mingle with the goods he has for sale in the show cases of his store.

There have been just two guns in Lela's career. The first was a double barreled gun her daddy promised her if and when she broke her first 25 straight targets. She says she broke 24 many times before she collected that gun.

It was stolen, however, and Lela had plenty of trouble. No other gun seemed to suit her until one day in 1934 Circuit Judge Leslie A. Bruce of Pleasant Hill, Missouri, lent her the Winchester pump. He said he'd sell it for \$40—he had other guns he liked better.

She never gave it a nickname. Parts have been worn out and replaced—a faulty firing pin handicapped her on the first day of the 1945 Grand American—but she clings to the battered old blunderbuss. It has been copied exactly by gunsmiths but Lela says the new editions just don't feel right.

It's a tired-looking old gun and Lela Hall was a tired little woman when final scores for the 1945 competition were posted. But they're still unbeatable as far as women shooters are concerned.

The amiable old lady was overheard talking to herself as she left the church along with the crowd that had attended services:

"If everybody else would only do as I do, and stay quietly in their seats 'til everyone else has gone out, there wouldn't be such a rush at the door."



A STORY GETS THE AIR

We often think of the great debt radio owes to famous literary works but overlook or forget the fact as to what the world of letters owes to radio.

Some years ago a man was riding his bicycle along a lonely road in England. It was a foggy morning but the rider wasn't concerned with the weather. He was trying to think of an idea for a story which the "British Weekly" had commissioned him to write for the Christmas edition. He had only a few days left in which to do it. Suddenly, his worried brow cleared for an idea had struck him and he pedaled furiously for home. Four days later the story was finished and when published became a success in a matter of hours. The writer's name became a household word throughout England.

A famous radio commentator in this country happened to see it. This commentator, a master of English prose and a renowned critic, was so delighted that he spoke of it on his program in no uncertain terms. Because of his comments the story was published in book form and became a best seller in a very short time; the author became internationally famous in a matter of days.

The writer was James Hilton; the story "Good-bye Mr. Chips" and the commentator, the late Alexander Woollcott. A wonderful combination indeed! Without radio, however, it would have been a long, long time before the public became aware of a new and brilliant author.



Words For Our Pictures

THE MORGAN MANNER . . . Dennis Morgan, star of many films for Warner Brothers, including "Christmas in Connecticut" and "God Is My Co-Pilot," was grounded recently in Kansas City enroute to Milwaukee to help celebrate their 25th anniversary of broadcasting. From early afternoon until his train pulled out at midnight, Dennis was entertained by admiring Kansas City friends in the Penthouse of the Muehlebach hotel. Dennis, whose real name is Stanley Morner, doesn't play the piano any better than you do, but isn't it a nice picture?

Insert is of Paul Draper, tap dance partner of the harmonica wizard, Larry Adler, who was

a guest of Rosemary Haward on WHB's "Show-time" program.

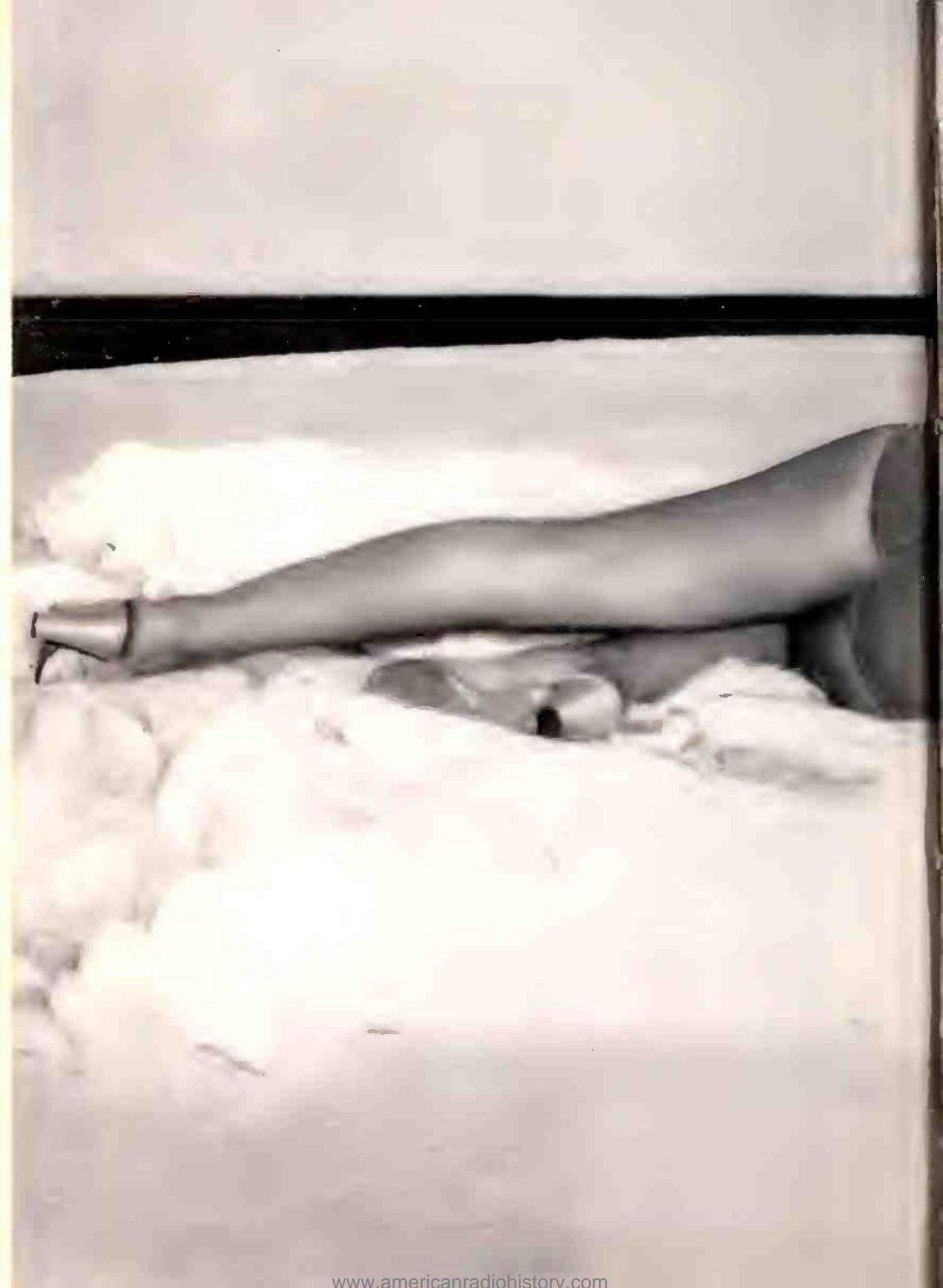
DREAM GAL . . . No well-regulated dream should be without at least one such sample of the provocative feminine touch, who in this case is the lovely Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, Eve Whitney. The thought of closing the book at this point is revolting, isn't it?

MAN OF THE MONTH . . . J. C. Higdon, President of the Businessmen's Assurance Company and general chairman of the 1946 Red Cross drive, is Swing's "Man of the Month."



W
H
B

W
H
B







Swing's

MAN OF THE MONTH

J. C. Higdon

"Organization—that's it."

It was not only what he said and how he said it, but the perfect sequence with which one humorous story followed and complemented the other. Missouri's weekly newspaper editors, a pretty sharp clan, were pleasantly impressed. Here was a convention speaker jumping the old ruts. They liked it, they liked him, and told him so.

Thus the President of the Businessmen's Assurance Company, and General Chairman of the Red Cross Drive for 1946 took on another host of followers and believers. That number is now legion.

The barometer needle of Jay Higdon's life points consistently at organization. From those dizzy days back in 1919, when as vice-consul at Tabriz, Iran, when he dodged bullets and brickbats through 12 revolutions, up through the years to where he stands now, Jay Higdon has stressed organization. He knows what to do, and how to tell other people what to do so that it will be done.

Let's hear Jay tell in his own words of those exciting months in Tabriz.

"At Tabriz, we experienced what might be described as a shower of boulders and brickbats. Large boulders were catapulted into our garden at all hours, day and night. One was always concerned about being hit.

"After a few days we appealed to

local authorities. We were informed we shouldn't be too concerned. It simply meant that the djinns had it in for us and there was nothing we could do except give some food to the poor.

"This didn't seem to be a very practical suggestion, so we didn't follow it, and the shower of brickbats continued. When the shower continued we appealed to the American Consul and guards were posted.

"One night when activities were unusually heavy, I joined the guards. None of us could detect anyone responsible for throwing of the boulders.

"Suddenly, after about a week's time the whole thing stopped and peace and quiet reigned again. There was never any satisfactory explanation of cause, but the affect was apparent. I am still just as baffled about the experience as I was at the time."

He has a soft voice with a little Missouri twist, a sparkling sense of humor, watchful brown eyes, a profound knowledge of problems at hand, and a compassionate understanding of other people's problems and viewpoints.

Since he became associated with B. M. A. in 1921, the company has grown from three million dollars policies in force, to two hundred and twenty-five million this past year. Of course Jay shuns credit, but it takes something more than "luck" to head

such an organization as B. M. A. He joined the company in the life insurance department, became secretary and actuary in 1926, a vice-president in 1931, executive vice-president in 1944, and president in 1945. He holds at least a dozen positions among national life insurance, statistical and specialized groups and committees.

Benefits of more than five million dollars were paid to over 43,000 policyholders in 1945. It is the aim of the company to provide complete personal protection to as many people as possible at lowest possible cost. Moreover, policy premiums go right to work earning interest to reduce the original cost to policyholders.

Higdon history goes back from the present home at 5927 Grand Avenue, Kansas City, to Indianapolis where he was born March 20, 1897. A Phi Beta Kappa graduate from the University of Texas in 1917, he married Aimee Vanneman, daughter of Dr. W. S. Vanneman, Presbyterian missionary to Iran, on August 17, 1918. Soon after he was in the army, teaching radio at an aviation school at Austin, Texas. Lieutenant Higdon also did special investigation work in wireless at Columbia University.

He is a member of the Advertising and Sales Executives club, the American Legion, Boy Scouts of America area council, finance committee, Chamber of Commerce; Conservatory of Music, vice-chairman of the Housing Authority, Y. M. C. A. board of directors, and a member of the Second Presbyterian church.

Other activities include the Kansas City Club, the Lions (Mercury)

club, Saddle and Sirloin Club, and the Mission Hills Country Club.

The Higdon family has five children, Pvt. William E., AAF, Holyoke, Mass.; Robert V., research engineer, Norden Research Laboratories, New York; Mrs. Kenneth P. Knudtson, wife of Navy Lieutenant Commander, Charleston, S. Carolina; Kenneth, of Kansas University, and Donald, student at Pembroke Country Day School.

The entire surroundings of his daily life are as neat, orderly and organized as Jay Higdon himself. He knows the cop on the corner, and stops to talk often. His employees are relaxed, friendly and cordial, and you can pretty near always find Jay Higdon at his desk and ready to hear your problem. Demands on his time as a public speaker are terrific, but he manages to get in as many as he can.

As for occasional golf, Jay says he can hold his own with Elmer Pierson, Swing's Man of the Month for February, but that's about all. Of course Elmer might have something to say about that, too.

Right now, Jay would rather talk Red Cross than any other subject. He believes it gives people an opportunity to do collectively, what they would like to do individually. He considers Red Cross one of his greatest of all humanitarian causes.

Jay would like to have you go on a word visit to the Red Cross chapter headquarters at 222 W. 11th. He feels certain that the responsibilities of the 1946 drive will be felt even more deeply than they are now. Shall we go?

SUPPOSE that a great fire were to sweep one of the residential sections of Kansas City, who would be there first? The fire department, of course.

Yes, but right behind would be the disaster squad of the Jackson County Red Cross chapter with doctors, nurses, stretchers, first aid equipment, field hospitals, field kitchens, and every conceivable kind of equipment for the relief of human misery.

But suppose that it was a major disaster, something with which the Jackson County Chapter was unable to cope immediately? Within hours would come relief and reinforcements from St. Joseph, Des Moines, St. Louis and other places far and near.

The American Red Cross is, and always has been right on the job to relieve human suffering in peace, in war, and in time of disaster.

To carry on this program for 1946, the Jackson county Red Cross chapter needs \$595,000. Certainly not a wartime budget, but sufficient to carry on a program that would meet any emergency that might come up. Of this amount, a percentage goes to the state and national chapters, but the bulk of it stays right here.

Millions of servicemen are on their way home, but another two million or so more will remain in the armed forces even after this major demobilization period. Red Cross is pledged to continue its assistance in services to these active servicemen and women.

All but the actual administrative and operative work in Red Cross is contributed by men and women of America. If it were not for this voluntary system of giving, it would be

impossible to carry on a program even one fourth as large or far-reaching.

Part of the budget money this year will go to finance the operation of 16 chapter branches.

Then there is the camp and hospital committee, which among other duties attends to the needs of the Wadsworth Veterans hospital. Rays of light and hope are sent into the sick bays at this and other Veterans' hospitals with books, gifts, games and other items to help disabled veterans pass the long and heavy hours.

Four hundred and fifty cookies a week baked and packed by school girls and distributed at each veterans' hospital through the Red Cross can be, and are being handled regularly with only administrative costs involved. If such a project, among many others, had to be financed commercially, or through taxation, it probably would not be done at all.

The Disaster Committee of the Jackson county chapter saw action at four large fires, two plane crashes and one flood during the past year. In each case aid and relief came from the disaster stock on hand, and not from government, private or other sources, or financed by taxation. Practice alerts are held regularly, and the group is ready to move into the wake of any disaster.

Then there is the first aid, water safety and accident prevention squads which are kept busy constantly. The life guard who watches over your children in the pool, holds a Red Cross life saving certificate. He or she volunteered their own time to learn life saving from an instructor

who, very likely, volunteered his or her own time.

The home nursing program is still very much alive. Many wives of servicemen beginning married life with their new homes and families, can obtain this training. It is open to others, too. The course includes practical care of the sick, and enables doctors to give instructions over the telephone that can be understood and carried out. The Red Cross believes that to insure the maximum community health, one person in each family should know the fundamentals of home nursing as taught by the Red Cross.

Many and difficult are the problems of the Home Service department. They handle emergency furloughs, assist in filling out government forms, handle requests for dependency discharges, transient military problems, lost pocketbooks, sick babies, distressed wives of servicemen, loans and financial assistance, and the housing problems, among others. During the year 50,460 servicemen and women received assistance, while 14,897 veterans and 2,940 civilians were served.

Other categories of service include Junior Red Cross, nurse recruitment, nutrition, public information and pro-

motion, administration, canteen corps, home service corps, motor corps, nurses aide, personnel recruitment, production corps, staff assistance, and many others.

What Kansas City and all America will get for their Red Cross donations this year can best be judged by what the Red Cross did last year. Here is a recapitulation: Thirty-three workers lost their lives in service; \$83,000,000 worth of food packages, medical and food supplies sent to prisoners of war; 1,300,000 messages and inquiries handled; 3,700 field directors serving with troops; maintained 350 clubs in leave areas; enrolled 20,000,000 in Junior Red Cross; served 52,000,000 meals in Red Cross clubs; provided 50,000 tons of food for foreign relief; provided 8,500,000 beds for weary warriors; gave 400,000 globulin protection from measles, and sent 500 field representatives to maintain liaison with the people of America.

Milton C. Tainter, manager of the Jackson county chapter, summed up the work of the Red Cross in this way:

"With the glamour of the war period passed, the noise of celebration faded, our servicemen, veterans and their families, know the true meaning of our motto: 'Red Cross has served, is serving, and will always serve.'"



AIN'T *Love* GLAND?

*Are you thymo-centric, little teeth,
and do your trousers look like slacks
on a gal? Or are you post-pituitary?*

by BOB RICHARDSON

YOUNG Pansy Elvira Smythe has just moved to Kansas City from Beatup, Missouri. She is pretty, intelligent and just 19. She has a good job and her soul is untroubled. Yet, life offers her one perplexing problem—whom should she choose to marry? In these days of man-shortage, husband hunting might be a tough assignment for the average girl. But Pansy isn't average. Her trouble is too many suitors, all taking her out to the best places in town and showering her with proposals of marriage.

She is flattered, but she is also discriminating—she doesn't want to grab the first offer; otherwise she would have married Marmaduke Prudd, owner of Prudd's Groceries and Notions back in Beatup.

So what to do? Did Pansy trust to luck? Did she select her husband-to-be by eenie, meenie, minie, moe? Did she write to Dorothy Dix?

No, Pansy did not! Instead, she rushed to the nearest pub-



lic library and studied up on endocrinology. Endocrinology is a dreadfully complicated business concerning the glandular makeup of men and women. It will put you to sleep and make you suspicious of mankind in general; but, like Pansy, you will learn a lot about the personality of human beings, too, from this devastating means of searching into the tickings of Jack and Jill.

Yes, sir, the study of man's glands has progressed to the point that the blushing maid and dashing young man need no longer trust to by-guess-and-by-gum when choosing a mate. Indeed, if the science of endocrinology progresses much further, our grandchildren may court each other with such unseemly remarks as: "Let me see your teeth." Or: "Do you blush easily?" Or: "Do you perspire freely?" The young man may demand a strand of the young lady's hair — not to press lovingly in a favorite book; but to measure with a micrometer



to determine its relative thickness—and his girl friend's personality trend.

The height, the weight, the formation of the skeleton, the texture of the hair, skin and nails, the shape of the nose, the development of the teeth, in short, the whole body depends on the gland activity. And, just as surely, the personality is greatly influenced by glands.

In determining personality by gland analysis, there are four primary colors of human pigment from which to paint the entire personality canvas. It should be emphasized, however, that there are no "pure" types in endocrinology; there are merely dominants around which the body (and personality) chemistry swings. The four basic types are:

(1) Adrenal. (Adrenal glands dominant.)

(2) Pituitary. (Pituitary gland dominant.)

(3) Thyroid. (Thyroid gland dominant.)

(4) Thymo-centric. (Thymus gland dominant.)

Remember, there are innumerable shades and combinations springing from these four types, but it is possible to determine personality trends by certain physical characteristics that tip off the dominating gland. Expert endocrinologists can very nearly determine a stranger's personality trend in a glance.

To illustrate, let us suppose Pansy had four boy friends, each of whom represented a definite gland type. Upon investigation of their endocrine makeup, Pansy could observe something like this about each of them:

Mike is the adrenal type. Mike is freckled and has dark red hair which is coarse, stiff and curly, and which grows low on his forehead. Mike's teeth are strong, but slightly discolored (reddish-brown tint), with remarkably strong canines. He has great energy, vigor and persistence. He is extremely aggressive, speaks loudly and laughs loudly. He is brave as a



lion and is likely to settle his street differences with other males by punching them in the face with great force and frequency. On the other hand, his quick, resourceful intelligence enables him to act quickly in emergencies—to "think on his feet." The late Lieut. Gen. George S. Patton was likely a strong adrenal type.

Franklin is a pre-pituitary. Franklin is tall, with a well-developed strong frame and good muscular structure. His feet and hands are large, his knuckles large and the backs of his hands and forearms covered with crisp hair. Franklin's eyebrows are thick, his forehead high and broad, his nose broadish and long, his jaw prominent. His teeth are large, square and white; there is a small spacing between the upper middle incisors. Franklin is very intelligent and, with proper educational guidance and environment, may become the controlled genius type. He is rational and, for intelligent, thoughtful courage, is the bravest type man. Ac-

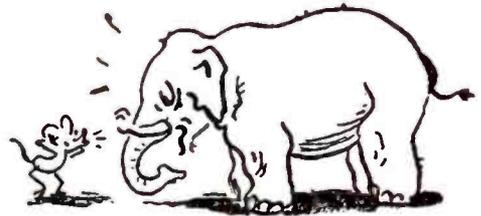
According to Dr. Louis Berman, eminent endocrinologist, twenty-three of thirty-four winners of the Congressional Medal of Honor for extraordinary bravery in World War I exhibited definite pre-pituitary signs. Men like Gary Cooper, Abraham Lincoln and George Bernard Shaw belong to this type. (When the pre-pituitary gland is overactive, such giants as Primo Carnera are the result.)

Jack is the thyroid type. Jack is the life of the party; he's a live-wire, bubbling with vitality and personality. Everybody likes Jack. He is lean and wiry, with cleancut features. His hair is glossy, thick and wavy; his eyelashes thick and long. The most distinctive feature of Jack's person are his large, brilliant eyes. Jack is the kind who catches on quickly, and has a fast comeback for any remark. A tireless, restless energy keeps him on the go all the time. He frequently lies awake nights, but this doesn't bother him, for he needs little sleep. Jack is sensitive and likely to become upset over a trivial remark. Actors, singers and other public figures who betray symptoms of "temperament" belong to this category. Percy Shelley seems to have been a thyroid type.

Then there is Freddie, the thymo-centric. Freddie is fairly tall and walks with the grace of a ballet dancer. His hair is silky; his teeth small, thin and translucent; his eyes blue and babyish. His hands are soft and long. Freddie's complexion is creamy, with little hair on his face; his chin is weak; his mouth underdeveloped. His trousers look on him like slacks on a girl. Freddie lets

other people make decisions for him and push him around. If presented the opportunity, he may become a gigolo. His type is easily adapted to that profession, since they have so little *genuine* regard for the opposite sex. However, with strong support from another gland, thymo-centrics may become brilliant and little-understood geniuses. Oscar Wilde is believed to have been a thymo-centric.

(It should be pointed out that there are other gland-dominants, most of them too grotesque to be considered. However, there is one fairly common type that should be mentioned. He is the post-pituitary man. Domineering women should be interested, because he's the most henpecked of men, the classic browbeaten mate to the Carrie Nation wife. He is short, round and chubby and will develop a paunch early in life; his hands and feet are small, his head looks too large for his body. His manner is placid, kindly and gentle. He is greatly influenced by cyclic periods of activity, feminine in character—the post-pituitary is what makes a woman womanly, although the post-pituitary man is not



normally effeminate in the popular meaning of the word. Therefore, he is almost abnormally attracted to the rhythms of music and poetry. Some of our greatest composers, musicians and poets belong to this group.)

After making these observations and armed with such a slather of academic knowledge, Pansy has a good slant on which man she might choose for a husband.

In Mike she would get a hustler who would always bring home the bacon, but who might get a little tiresome with his aggressive, lord-of-creation attitude. However, Mike is no crass dummy; he's as smart as he is tough (disproving the low-forehead conception of intelligence), and might prove to be a thoughtful, though dominating husband.

Franklin seems to be the masculine ideal, from both the feminine and male viewpoint. He would be steady, without being dull; brilliant of mind, without violent displays of temperament, and a good lover, without straying from home.

As for Jack, he's the epitome of

the line: "You may have been a headache, but you never were a bore." He would keep Pansy interested one way or the other; but he also would give her a lot of anxious moments with his moods and flights of temperament—and an eye that seems trained to follow a good-looking girl down the street.

Pansy would, in time, just merely feel sorry for Freddie.

Oh, yes, which man did Pansy marry? Mike, Franklin, Jack or Freddie? Nary one of them! By the time she waded through volumes of lore on endocrinology, morphology, constitutional psychology, anthropology, and so on, one of her glands went out of kelter and Pansy suffered a change in personality. So she went back to Beatup, Missouri, and married Marmaduke Prudd of Prudd's Groceries and Notions.



STARS SHINE *Twice*

*But the second time they visited
crippled childrens' school there
were no photographers along.*

by GEORGE F. McGILL

NEWSPAPER reporters, photographers, and radio newsmen had a big time recently photographing and interviewing Randolph Scott, Ann Dvorak, Rhonda Fleming and others in the movie party who visited Kansas City in the interests of the Infantile Paralysis campaign.

But they missed the biggest story of all when Randolph Scott and his wife, Pat Stillman, slipped away alone for a secret return visit to the DeLano School for Crippled Children.

If you'll pardon us, Randy and Pat, the story is too good to keep. We want the rest of the folks to see you as the teachers and the crippled kids saw you that day.

The first visit of Randolph Scott and the movie party to the DeLano School was an official publicity jaunt, accompanied by the flashing of camera bulbs, carefully prepared interviews read from script into microphones, and all the fanfare of a movie public appearance. A half hour radio program was broadcast from the stage of the School auditorium. The stars entertained the children, signed autograph books, saw the physiotherapy equipment, the classrooms and the playrooms and everybody was happy in the white light of movie glamour and publicity

that follows ever in the wake of Hollywood.

The next day things had fallen back into the usual routine at DeLano when one of the teachers "Paul Revered" the news through the school that Randolph Scott was in the building again and was coming to all the rooms. He was! He did! Touched by what he had seen the day before, he and Mrs. Scott had slipped away from the gang of reporters, camera men, and all the rest and had come back to really get acquainted. They visited every room and every teacher and talked with every child that could talk.

The Safety Council of the school was having a meeting and Randy attended it. He told the kids the safe way to fall off a horse, as if any of them could even get on a horse, much less fall off of one. But they loved it . . . and him.

Next, they took Randy to the Tower, the upstairs room where the kindergarten is, little folks five years old and, of course, all twisted and crippled in one way or another. You really have to be able to take it to visit there. But the teacher, Miss Davies, is one of those people and she really makes the sun shine for her unfortunate little charges. She has a

little Scotty dog, Lulu Belle, who comes to school every day and considers herself part of the faculty, which she is. Lulu Belle loves to ride in a wheel chair. She keeps everybody laughing. You just can't be down-hearted or think too much about yourself while she's wagging around.

They have in the Tower one of those wishing wells which we used in the Infantile Paralysis campaign and Miss Davies thought it would be nice to drop their pennies in the well and make a wish with Randolph Scott. One little guy hobbled up to put in his money. He stopped and looked mutely at the teacher. He couldn't make a wish because he couldn't talk. One of the spastic cases, his vocal chords paralyzed.

Miss Davies knows how to boost them over hurdles like that. In her hearty manner she said to another little fellow, "George, why don't you help a guy out? Don't you want to help Jimmie make his wish?"

So George grinned, mounted his crutches, and stumped up to the well.

He took hold of Jimmie's hand, and while Jimmie dropped in the pennies one by one, his pal made the wish:

"I wish that he can talk."

And Randolph Scott, athlete and movie star, sun-tanned hero of a hundred horse operas, who has sailed the celluloid seas with "Captain Kidd" and shot it out with the desperadoes of "Abilene Town" . . . stood there in a school room with tears streaming down his face.

He wasn't acting a scene now, he was seeing life . . . the ugliness and the tragedy of it and the sublime beauty of the human spirit that can rise above it.

A day or two later, the school got another thrill, a personal letter from their new movie star friend, saying how grateful he was for the opportunity of visiting them, that he was arranging for a special showing of his latest movie release at the school and that he would see to it that it was a real party, topped off with all the ice cream everybody could eat.



The antique dealer was trying to sell an old violin.

"This is the very fiddle," he said, "on which Nero played while Rome was burning."

"But," objected the customer, "that is a myth."

"Well, didn't I say so?" said the dealer. "The name of Myth used to be on the case, but it's so old it's got worn off."

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Showman artist on Broadway, but not of it, who at 50 looks more like an ex-college football star.

by JOHN K. HUTCHENS

IN THE bright and usually tinsel world of the musical shows the performer and the composer share, as a rule, the spotlight of curiosity and acclaim: Marilyn Miller in Jerome Kern's *Sunny*, Helen Morgan in Kern's *Sweet Adeline*. The librettist and lyricist are the forgotten or, at least, overlooked men, even when they are one man and he is capable of writing a libretto like that of *Show Boat* and in it such a lyric as:

Fish gotta swim,
Birds gotta fly,
I've gotta love
One man till I die . . .

Odd as it now seems, Oscar Hammerstein II, the librettist-lyricist of those three musicals—and, before that, of *Wild Flower*, *New Moon*, *Desert Song*, *Rose Marie*—arrived fully in the public eye only in 1943 with *Oklahoma!* and *Carmen Jones* and, last spring, *Carousel*; and this despite the fact, well known to an appreciative, professional Broadway, that he had always been a careful

craftsman, sometimes successful, sometimes not, and at his best an artist. Even a non-Broadwayite could quote the tricky lyrics of Ira Gershwin or Cole Porter and ascribe their authorship correctly, but Hammerstein's was a name coupled vaguely, if at all, in the casual theatregoer's memory with those of Kern, Sigmund Romberg, Vincent Youmans or whoever was the composer with whom he might be working. This was the more mysterious because, you would have said, the best of his lyrics were certainly as memorable as those of his more sophisticated contemporaries; more so, perhaps, because their appeal, like those of Stephen Foster, is to the heart, where the folksong lives.

Nevertheless it was *Oklahoma!* that first made the public generally aware of one who had been writing the words of hit songs and the books of long-lived musical comedies for more than twenty years. If there is a mild irony in this there is also, obviously, a reason: here was no pro-



duction tailored to the talents of a particular star but a fully integrated musical play, with a stout narrative of its own, whose people had a life apart from the personalities of its players, whose lyrics and music (by Richard Rodgers) told a story. To a degree Hammerstein and Kern had achieved this in *Show Boat*, *Sweet Adeline* and *Music in the Air*; but Hammerstein, at least, had not hitherto been concerned in any musical so organically conceived (Even *Show Boat* paused for "specialty numbers.") The play, at last, was the thing, even in the song-and-dance business. Something new had come to a department of Broadway where convention had long ruled, where a reasonably experienced audience was accustomed to being as little surprised as the patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House. Broadway knew this, on that opening night of *Oklahoma!*, when the curtain had scarcely risen before the young cowboy-hero came out to sing one of the show's most appealing songs. By all standards of musical show procedure it is against the rules to introduce a hit tune thirty seconds after the performance has started. In *Oklahoma!* it set the mood of the play and the audience, it was a positive factor in the dramatic pattern, and it has been so ever since.

An utterly modest workman (and that probably has something to do with his lack of public renown), Hammerstein disclaims credit as an innovator. There have been, he points

out, cohesive musicals before—*The Merry Widow*, for instance, and the Gilbert and Sullivan works. But they were essentially operettas, with all that that implies of rigid convention. In *Oklahoma!*, *Carousel* and *Carmen Jones*, whether he admits it or not, he has developed a musical play that is at least on nodding terms with theatrical realism. For, as he also observes, the distinction is enormous between the musical play, on one hand, and the musical comedy and operetta on the other. Apart from structural and production differences, the dialogue of the musical play approximates living speech; in musical comedy and operetta it is a caricature or fantastic heightening of speech, a series of cues for the songs that carry the burden of such emotion as may be lurking in the piece.

Having written his share of them, Hammerstein, does not scorn the operetta. He is grateful for the training he received there; he might even return to that form, Broadway being an unpredictable place. The point is, just now, that as a writer he has gone beyond it by the margin between, say, the lush romance of *Rose Marie* and the vivid immediacy of *Carmen Jones*. Or, as he says: "In the operetta you do as much as possible with songs, you speak as little as possible." But in a musical play like *Oklahoma!* a writer writes. Although he must always be thinking of the song that ends a scene, and must be as careful as any playwright not to repeat, he



nevertheless has room to build character and situation. In the earlier days Hammerstein wrote the libretto first, then the lyrics; now he writes them together, the speech and the lyrics and the composer's music subtly balancing one another. When that happens the dialogue, if it would not actually stand alone (and of course it is not meant to), has a power and impact of its own, as in any one of Hammerstein's three recent great successes. He is not writing musical comedy or operetta when, in the last moments of *Carmen Jones*, he transforms Carmen's death outside the bullring to a murder outside a prize-fight arena:

Joe. I ain't goin' to let you go! . . . Ain't goin' to have no man laughin' at me while you rollin' in his arms!

Carmen. Lemme go!

Joe. You come wid me or— or I'll kill you!

Carmen. Kill me, den! Kill me now or let me go!

Joe. For de las' time—

Carmen. For de las' time . . . Here's dat ten-cent store ring you give me— Da's de end of you!

Joe. You bitch! You gimme love—den you kill it right in front of my eyes! Y'ain' never goin' to do dat to no man again!

It is beside the point, I think, that each of Hammerstein's three latest works was an adaptation—*Oklahoma!* from Lynn Riggs' *Green Grow the Lilacs*, *Carousel* from Molnar's *Liliom*, *Carmen Jones* very freely indeed from the Meilhac-Halevy *Carmen*. In each, Hammerstein, as librettist, was working creatively (although he was quick to say that in *Okla-*

homa! he left many of Riggs' lines untouched). *Oklahoma!* became a sunny story of a young land; *Carousel*, retaining the wonder of *Liliom*, added a bouncing humor to Molnar's wistful allegory; *Carmen Jones*, shot through with a counterpart of its original's freight of gypsy doom, was a moving tragedy of the American Negro. None of them was a starring vehicle. Each had a strong "story line."

A story line. Even as a neophyte Hammerstein believed that the book and lyrics of a musical show would do well to make sense, if only in the somewhat improbable terms of a Broadway charade. It is significant that while some of his librettos date, the best of them endure, certain of the old ones turning up on municipal opera schedules around the country twenty-odd years after their original Broadway productions; and that not less than seven shows to which he has contributed book and lyrics have run more than a year in New York—a one-man record and almost self-evident proof of his contention that a musical must have a story and that the story must have a heart. He has had, of course, his failures—*Rainbow* (a "flop" never satisfactorily explained by Broadway historians), *Sunny River*, *Very Warm for May*, *Free for All*, *East Wind*. Not only does he not forget them; he chooses to learn from them. Of *Very Warm for May*, for example, he remarks,



"I was trying to be someone else—I was trying to imagine what would be popular. When you do that, you're cooked." Hollywood, Hammerstein thinks, was partly responsible, though he is more inclined to blame himself than Hollywood. The idea of turning in a quota of material on a weekly salary, the material to be passed upon by a battery of executives, depressed an individualist from the theatre. But, worse than that, in the Nineteen-Thirties when he was in the celluloid El Dorado, he lost touch with the stage; and this really threatened his career, because "something mysterious happens to you when you get away." The barren spell was broken by only one show he liked, the Kern-Hammerstein *Music in the Air* (1933), which had a loyal public too small, however, to carry it at the box office. In 1943, after another fairly dismal Hollywood session, he joined forces with Richard Rodgers, the musical member of the prolific team of Rodgers and Hart, which had recently been dissolved by the death of Hart. The authorship of two solid "smashes"—*Oklahoma!* and *Carousel*—was under way.

This partnership has been, one suspects, a good thing for both parties. Rodgers' music, always bright and charming, took on a new richness, forsaking its gay and sometimes shallow inventiveness for a wider sweep, a deeper, more compelling melodic line; Hammerstein's lyrics, seldom merely competent even in his lesser shows, acquired a new simplicity when he was writing in the near ballad form, as in *Oklahoma!*, a new and defter humor and dramatic sense



when he was telling a story in song, as in *Carmen Jones*. Even his lyrics for *Show Boat*—and their romantic lilt is now almost a part of American folk music—do not match the haunting lyricism of the lovely opening song of *Oklahoma!*—

All the sounds of the earth are like music—

All the sounds of the earth are like music.

The breeze is so busy it don't miss a tree

And a ol' weepin' willer is laughin' at me!

Oh, what a beautiful mornin',

Oh, what a beautiful day.

I got a beautiful feelin'

Ev'rythin's goin' my way . . .

And, in the same play, what would be soulful romance in an operetta is a quizzically comic yet moving love song:

Don't praise my charm too much,

Don't look so vain with me,

Don't stand in the rain with me,

People will say we're in love! . . .

Or he can be both amusing and vivid, as when—in *Carmen Jones*—he is fitting new words to the Habanera:

Love's a baby dat grows up wild

An' he don' do what you want him to.

Love ain' nobody's angel child

An' he won' pay any mind to you . . .

I tol' you truly,

If I love you dat's de end of you!
 When your love-bird decides to fly
 Dere ain' no door dat you c'n close.
 She jus' pecks you a quick good-bye
 An' flicks de salt from her tail, an'
 goes!

Now at 50, Hammerstein writes less easily than he once did, although he was never facile. He is more self-critical than he was, the standards he has set himself are higher. A Hammerstein libretto and its lyrics are six months in the writing, and even then he must work in the solitude of a Pennsylvania farm, away from the interruptions of Times Square. For the great Oscar Hammerstein's grandson is on Broadway but not of it, in the usual Broadway sense. In appearance he is more the ex-college football player than a man who has spent his life in the frenetic atmosphere of the footlights. The fact is, despite his theatrical heritage, he was a long time in getting around to the theatre at all. He had always wanted to write, but not specifically for the stage. His fabulous grandfather played no part whatever in his life, except to give him a lasting distrust of grand opera, into which the Hammerstein fortunes were forever disappearing. His father, William Hammerstein, who managed the Victoria Theatre (vaudeville) for the great Oscar, did not want Oscar II to go into the show business, nor did the young man decide to do so until after he got his B.A. and his law degree at Columbia and spent a year in a New York law office.

Then the theatrical talent belatedly emerged. He asked his uncle, Arthur Hammerstein, the musical comedy producer, for a job, and got it on

the condition that he would not write a line for a year during which he would learn about the working theatre as an assistant stage manager. "The best advice I ever got," he calls it now; and very likely it was. For, while an author no nearer to Broadway than Seattle may write an acceptable play, the musical show is a complex affair drawing on many sources and demanding an intimate working knowledge of stage mechanics. Hammerstein acquired it then, and it has stood him in fine stead ever since as author, director and producer. He does not overlook, however, the education he acquired subconsciously from his youthful, weekly attendance at the Victoria, where he learned the fine art of timing from the vaudevillians he watched there.

What the Hammerstein story comes to is this: in a quarter of a century a painstaking, methodical worker has become the leading showman-artist in his field of the American theatre, the fine example of the practical theatre man who is also a poet. It does not happen often, even on a street accustomed to minor miracles.

(Reprinted with permission from Theatre Arts).

¹ From "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man o' Mine," *Show Boat*; copyright T. B. Harms Co.

² *Carmen Jones*, published by Alfred Knopf.
³ From "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'," *Oklahoma*; copyright Williamson Music, Inc.

⁴ From "People Will Say We're in Love," *Oklahoma*; copyright Williamson Music, Inc.

⁵ From "Dat's Love," *Carmen Jones*; copyright Williamson Music, Inc.

THE police memorial statue at Fifteenth Street and the Paseo stands as a daily reminder. We are often prone to remember only those police who have issued us traffic tickets, forgetting the members of the department who have given their lives in the protection of the community.

The statue, a memorial to all those slain in the line of duty, was designed by Robert Merrill Gage. It depicts a stalwart officer holding a baby in one arm. Protection of children is one of the chief duties of the department, and indeed it is fortunate that children have this strong arm to support and protect them. Most children come into this world under a terrific handicap. The moment they are born, relatives on each side of the family gather to look them over and diagnose their characteristics. Comments usually run something like this:

"He's got his father's ears." (His ears are his father's most sensitive point.)

"He has his Uncle Harry's well shaped head."

"His brow's a Hogan through and through."

His eyes belong to Aunt Belleau."

"His mouth is surely Uncle Joe's."

"I'm sure he has his grandma's nose."

"The way he hits the bottle is surely Uncle Will." (This is intended as a joke, Uncle Will being the family lish.)

Only grandfather rates a compari-

What Wonders Man Hath Wrought!

VI

The Police Memorial



(Editor's Note: In this sixth of his series of articles on statuary, William P. Rowley, who soon will place on the market his remarkable radar device to detect and deflect singing soap commercials, treats with the Police Memorial statue at Fifteenth Street and the Paseo. Professor Rowley is an authority on police methods and procedure. Anyone seeking verification of the fact can find ample evidence on the blotters of the Kansas City police department.)

son on teeth, neither having any.

When the comparisons subside the poor infant's features are distributed among members of the two families to such an extent he is left without a single one of his own.

It's a good thing the poor child has a friend in the Kansas City police department. He really needs one.

The Fifteenth and Paseo memorial should cause us all to remember that

the lot of the policeman is not an easy one.

So the next time you hear a siren and pull over to the curb, remember the lot of the police is a trying one. Ten minutes later that same officer may be shooting it out with a pair of desperadoes.

And sometimes the police lose. The police memorial is a tribute to the men who lost.

MERCY DRUGS

ONE bucket of cow's blood, one bundle of decayed sweet clover and keen, scientific minds share credit for the development of two life-saving drugs—dicumarol and a vitamin K aspirin tablet.

It all started when a Wisconsin farmer asked help of the University of Wisconsin scientists. Why were his cows bleeding to death? What was the mystery which caused the bossns' to die shortly after feeding?

It didn't take Dr. Karl Paul Link of the biochemistry department long to discover the white crystalline substance in the spoiled hay. When put through tests it was found that this substance (salicylic acid) contained an anti-coagulating agent which had caused the excessive bleeding. So the farmer's problem was solved by merely changing his cows' diet.

Then it occurred to the Badger state scientists that if they could isolate and synthesize this mysterious substance it might prove valuable in the prevention of blood clotting. A packet of the substance was forwarded to the Mayo Clinic, Rochester. They found the substance—dicumarol—helpful in the prevention of blood clotting in trombosis, embolism and similar cases.

The second discovery grew out of the first. Dr. Link and his research assistant knew that salicylic acid is one of the active ingredients in aspirin. So could aspirin be used to slow up the blood clotting processes? Link and his scientists began experimenting.

As the maid in Link's home had for sometime been bothered with violent nosebleeds, Link suggested that she eliminate the aspirin she had been taking in heavy doses. The nose bleeds ceased.

Link now began a series of "guinea pig" experiments on himself. Taking aspirin week after week, he found that only four to six five-grain tablets were required to make his blood clot more slowly, but that an occasional or limited number of aspirin caused no ill effects.

Continuing his research, Link discovered the hemorrhagic effects of aspirin could be controlled by administering vitamin K. This in turn led to a new combination tablet—aspirin plus vitamin K. In this tablet, aspirin performs its usual pain-killing function while the vitamin K aids clotting to assure against hemorrhage.

—John Warington.

Chicago Letter...



by

NORT JONATHAN

There has been some talk around town to the effect that Mayor Edward J. Kelly is a splendid fellow and the Great White Father of all Chicago servicemen and veterans. The boys around the city hall point with particular pride to the three giant servicemen's centers, all of which dispense the mayor's brand of free hospitality to G.I.'s in the name of the city of Chicago, and His Honor's numerous boards, committees, bureaus, etc., for the solving of any stray problems the veteran may happen to have lying around, or on his mind.

In view of all this solicitude on the part of the city administration for the returning and returned soldier, sailor, or marine, the current taxicab mess puts Mr. Kelly in something of a spot. The "Boys Who Know" intimately that the 1937 Chicago taxicab ordinance, which granted the Yellow and Checker cabs a virtual monopoly and tacitly recognized a cartel arrangement between the two companies, was hastily shoved through the city council with the

benign approval of the mayor's Democratic machine—better known as the Kelly-Nash organization. Further, the "Boys Who Know" allege that this was called "the little black bag ordinance" and intimate that some money may have changed hands.

All this has recently become very embarrassing to the brass hats in the city hall. How were they to know, 'way back in 1937, that the mayor would become the friend of the veterans—and that veterans would want to go into the taxicab business? Returning G.I.'s formed the Chicago Veteran's Taxicab Company—and promptly discovered there were no licenses available. Yellow and Checker had them all, and, what's more, intended to keep them all. No more could be issued—except to Yellow and Checker.

The veterans put G.I. heat on the city council; the Yellow and Checker companies sobbed aloud to the public in a series of inept newspaper ads. Practically everybody, after reading them, decided it would be an excellent idea to give the boys a chance. In the first clash between "big business" and the veterans, the latter group won the first round. The city council hurriedly announced that unless Yellow and Checker had all their cabs limping around on the streets right away, the unused licenses would be forfeited and given to the veterans.

So the veterans got their licenses and the Yellow and Checker people got an injunction, based on the 1937 **ROUND THREE** ordinance. Round three is now in progress. The injunction is still in effect, but the vets are ignoring it. Abandoning hope of getting anywhere with the city council, the boys have piled into their cabs and driven to Washington; a modern, mobile Coxy's Army.

The cab companies, the city council, and the police department all wish the veterans would forget about the cab business and enter some politically safe occupation, like running a tavern. So does Mayor Kelly, His Honor is slightly stuck with all those fine words about Chicago being the city of opportunity for returning G.I. guys and gals.

Chicago decidedly is the city of opportunity for anybody who wants to have a good time. If you can get a Pullman reservation and a hotel room, there's a happy time in store for you along Randolph street.

For one thing, Griff Williams and Meriel Abbott have gotten together on what rates as one of the Empire Room's best shows. Fresh out of the Navy, Griff is providing the best dance music in town and backing up the best floor show since the John Hoysradt-Larry Adler triumph of fond memory. Top laugh-maker of the bill is young Irwin Corey, who as the "world's greatest authority," bumbles his pathetic way through a refreshingly different routine.

Corey is a genius of the unfinished sentence; a champion of the changing trend of thought. He gets many of his laughs by not saying things, and his phonograph pantomime to the strains of "Old Man River" is of show-stopping calibre.

Another hit in the Empire Room is Dorothy Shay and her differently done hill-billy songs. That's gold in them there hill-billy numbers the way Dorothy does them.

Now to Griff himself. The man's considerable personal charm gives a lift and lilt to his music that's impossible to imitate. The Williams touch is still there, after three years in the Navy. He has his own way with a piano, and the band he quickly organized following release from active duty is rapidly approaching the top form achieved by his pre-war crew. You can hear the highly listenable result almost any night on Mutual.

The theatrical spotlight is turned on Mary LaRoche, who stepped into Betty

Garrett's part in the Olsen and Johnson laugh marathon at the Shubert. It's one of these Cinderella stories retailed by the

fiction magazines, but this time it happens to be true. Miss LaRoche is pretty; she can sing, and she has a way with a song that makes the customers forget the only average quality of the specialty numbers. For once the tunes in an Olsen and Johnson show get a chance to be remembered.

"Second Guesser"—a baseball comedy scheduled for the Civic Opera House—will transplant baseball from the Loop to

an area not usually occupied by athletic entertainment. Al Schacht, who arrives in town with the billing "the clown prince of baseball" is cast as a fanatical Brooklyn fan (is there any other kind?) who inherits a broken down ball club. Mr. Schacht will take it from there.

This athletic extravaganza was written by Harold M. Sherman, the eminent author of books for boys, whose last try on the local scene was the ice-bound turkey, "Alaskan Stampede." Rumor has it that the staid Civic Opera House will be turned into a baseball park for the run of the play, complete with bleachers and rain checks. It is to be hoped that odor in the air on opening night will be that of arnica—not burning turkey.

The winter "book" on the warm weather concert season isn't complete, but the odds are in favor of a big season. In addition to orchestras scheduled or rumored to be scheduled, there's a new deal in store for that hardy and philosophical music-lover, the outdoor concert fan. At both Ravinia and Grant Park improvements are contemplated which will shelter the audience from the uncooperative elements. The luxury of a new parking lot, minus timber, is one of the changes under way at Ravinia. It will no longer be necessary to curl your car around a tree. As for Grant Park, the free concerts planned for the summer months will no longer require a music-lover to risk double pneumonia. Ten thousand seats will be protected from bad weather by a huge two-piece roof hovering sixty feet above the audience which can be pulled back or closed on the drop of a gadget. Don't ask how it's done.

The summer concert season opens early in July, with the Chicago Symphony orchestra scheduled for Ravinia and a long series of guest orchestras and conductors planned for the nightly free concerts in Grant Park. Both series are well worth a vacation trip to hear.

You'll be fairly safe, too. The latest crime wave has petered out, with the usual shakeup in the police department and the usual inertia on the part of the local citizenry. The average Chicagoan is much more interested in finding an apartment.

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Ultras . . .

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Colorful . . .

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

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

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

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

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

Casuals . . .

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

★ **GUEY SAM.** Delicious and authentic Chinese foods, gay hospitality in the warmest of Oriental

tradition. And all very reasonable. (SOUTH) 2205 S. Wentworth. Vic. 7840.

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

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

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

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

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

Theatre . . .

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

★ **DARK OF THE MOON.** (Blackstone, 7th near Michigan. Har. 8880.) American Theatre Society presents this legend with music by Howard Richardson and William Berney.

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

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

★ **SUDS IN YOUR EYE.** (Great Northern, 26 W. Jackson Blvd. Cen. 8240.) Hilarious comedy based on the best seller of the same name, with June Evans as Mrs. Feeley.

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

★ **THE JOYOUS SEASON.** (Selwyn, 180 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240.) Philip Barry's play is revived with Ethel Barrymore in the leading role.

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

★ **THE PASSING SHOW.** (Erlanger, 127 N. Clark. Sta. 2459.) Willie Howard heads a large musical comedy cast of stage and cafe favorites.

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

New York Letter



by LUCIE INGRAM

The Manhattan shut-down due to the tug boat strike was the most amazing and bewildering thing that has ever happened to this city. Perhaps it was a good thing for although it only lasted a day, it made people realize the seriousness of a strike and how much one faction of trade can affect all others. There was a hush over the entire city as radios gave out information and warnings for the emergency and sought to avert any panic that might arise. One may forget that Manhattan is an island and completely dependent upon shipping until something like this happens. It's a strange feeling to know that despite all the wonders of this city there are only enough of the main essentials of living to last a scant few days. The feeling about the strike, both for and against, was at a very high pitch and nerves were ready to snap. The shop losses were tremendous, to say nothing of the bars and shows. When the shut-down order was rescinded at six o'clock in the evening it was too

late to get things going. Most all of the theatres opened . . . but opened late, and there were so many empty seats that they looked like the days in the early thirties when Broadway suffered its greatest depression. There was no standing room anywhere that night; one could sprawl about and smoke cigarettes in the lobby without the slightest inconvenience. And the ticket brokers went slowly mad. If the shut-down happens again no doubt Manhattan will be better prepared to handle it but it is definitely something to avoid.

There is a little jewelry shop on Madison Avenue between 65th and 66th that is run by a Japanese by the name of Tanaka. Evidently he has been there for years and evidently he was apprehensive of the strong feeling against his race during the war, for framed on his wall is a check and letter from Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt . . . payment for a repair job he did for her. Also there is a letter from Miss LeHand expressing President Roosevelt's thanks for a gift which Tanaka had sent. And also a letter from Henry Morgenthau, Jr., thanking him for his cooperation in buying war bonds. These framed testimonials of prestige can't be missed in the shop and there is a distinctly oriental flavour in the way they are presented . . . silent but obvious.

The selection of the U. N. O. site has the Greenwich section of Connecticut in a complete dither. Very few residents up there will even tolerate the idea. They went there for peace and quiet **QUIET,** in the first place and as far as **PLEASE** they are concerned it's going to stay that way. Even residents on the opposite side of the beautiful Merritt Parkway whose property won't be touched, are aroused and attending the frequent meetings of protest. Clare Luce, whose home is on the proposed site, said, "Anything for peace." But it looks as though there is going to be anything **BUT** peace in Connecticut if the deal goes through.

Whenever the weather forecast says "Fresh Winds" in Manhattan it's a good time to stay off of Fifth and Sixth Avenues. (Pardon me, I should have said, "Fifth Avenue and the Avenue of the

Americas," but this new name for Sixth Avenue has served no purpose or change for hurrying New Yorkers. It's too much of a mouthful to bother about. Someone got to put up a lot of new street signs and it was probably fun while it lasted . . . but it's all over now.) The wind gets a good running start before it hits these avenues and doesn't give up until it has made walking a thoroughly miserable affair for hours on end. Try Madison Avenue on these days . . . it's always much quieter and more reasonable.

"O, Mistress Mine" has been lauded and applauded all over Manhattan but leave us say that words are frail implements indeed to describe the humor and grace of this production. The Lunts have hit it again . . . better than ever. There is never a dull moment, the settings are perfect and, under Mr. Lunt's direction, no character is ever standing around with nothing to do other than feign an interest in someone else's lines. There are so many laughs that the whole thing seems to be over in fifteen minutes. The Lunts never looked younger or better and the Theatre Guild never had a surer hit. "The Lute Song" with Mary Martin may not become the tremendous hit that some of the other shows are, but for daintiness, charm, color and beauty, it can't be surpassed. It holds quite truly to the Chinese translation which gives the lines a mood delightful to the ear. And the music is haunting and lovely. "Mountain High, Valley Low," stays with one long after the final curtain and "Monkey See, Monkey Do," which Miss Martin sings to a group of children, brings spontaneous smiles and warms the heart. One could go on and on about the current shows on Broadway . . . they were never better.

Manhattan never waits for the first robin to herald spring. Shop windows are full of ensembles and violets. Hats haven't awakened from their Dali dream

QUELLE yet; most anything edible or
HORREUR smellable goes as long as it's
piled high enough. Hair is
up and down all around the
town. It's getting so that a gal doesn't
know her own type. What is smart for
. . . "Modam" in one shop is completely

"Quelle Horreur" in another. There's nothing like a tailored suit to keep eyebrows in their place. We still think that those blouses and hair bands which say, "Ce soir?" and "Peut-etre?" are terribly intriguing and we still wonder who ever wears them. Anyway, Manhattan gets ready for the Easter Parade long before the weather bureau has a chance to dampen, literally or actively, Modam's new spring outfit.

Tip for a successful evening . . . always **KNOW** where you're going. Select the restaurants or nite clubs that you want to visit beforehand and make a reservation. Otherwise you'll just flap around and never get in the really good places. That's Manhattan.

Some time ago a woman we know came to Manhattan to live. She had no friends here and, as so many persons do, she found Manhattan to be the busiest and the loneliest place in the world. She felt empty inside and when

TRY THIS she looked at her
FOR AN IDEA empty mail-box in the
hotel day after day,
she felt emptier still. Rather than go
under with loneliness and give up the
interesting life she felt must be here for
her, she decided to do something about
it. The something was to call at travel
agencies, stores, Civic Movement offices,
charities and so forth and get on the mailing lists. Soon her mail-box was crammed with mail and she began to feel important. The result of her idea was that she became genuinely interested in some of her correspondence and soon found herself on various committees, tremendously active and with a host of new friends. Now she has to get out of town for a rest. Just an idea . . .

A youth went to work in a country store. He was ambitious, and the proprietor told him one of the ways to make himself more valuable was to learn every article in the store.

When a young woman came in a few days later and asked for powder, the youth had an opportunity to demonstrate his knowledge.

"Face, tooth, gum, or bug?" he asked.

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

For Festive Fun . . .

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

★ **400 CLUB.** Woody Herman and his orchestra sound to the dance amid the tumult and shouting of this very gay spot. They're on from 6:30 each

evening. Cover after 9 is \$1. Saturday, \$1.50. One East 43rd. Mu. 2-3423.

★ **EDDIE CONDON'S.** What you can hear in full dress in Town Hall on certain Saturday afternoons you can hear informally every night at Eddie Condon's new hang-out for hot musicians. Up a few steps from one of the more junky and Villagy of the Village streets you'll find a narrowish room with walls the color of a lemon, and too many pillars even if they are covered with mirror. The place draws a clientele that listens intellectually to the pure emotion flowing from horns and drums, and looks upon this facet of sex as a science of a sort. Well, bless them, and bless Eddie Condon. It's a fine jazz joint (with a two buck minimum). The kitchen sends out some very decent food; but you don't find the maestro dining here; he's likely to be around a few corners at Helen Lane's. He'll be in in a minute, though, to sit in with the boys—including Brad Gowans, Wild Bill Davison, Jack Leberg, Tony Parenti, Gene Schroeder, Bud Freeman, George Wettling, and Joe Bushkin. Joe Sullivan plays piano sweet and hot between jam sessions. 47 West Third St. GR. 3-8736.

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

★ **LEXINGTON.** In the Hawaiian Room, Hal Aloha's orchestra and a pleasant Oahu revue. \$.75 cover after ten. Higher weekends. Lexington at 48th. Wi. 2-4400.

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

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

★ **OLD HOMESTEAD RESTAURANT.** In the market section, for gorgeous steaks. Used to be for men only; but now they let the ladies share the wealth. Small, and you'll have to wait—but the service is speedy once you get a table. Prices from \$2.50 to \$3.50 for food that would cost twice as much at some of the better known restaurants. 56 Ninth Ave. CH. 3-3346.

★ **ROOSEVELT.** In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's dreamy music for dancing daily except Sunday. Also Mr. and Mrs. Melody's piano interludes. Palm Room for tea or cocktails with music by

Esther Vela's string ensemble. Madison at 45th. Cl. 5-6150.

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

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

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

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

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

★ **TAVERN ON THE GREEN.** Walter Perner's orchestra specializes in sweet tunes, varying them with an unusually good collection of Latin-American rhythms. Art Baker's trio takes over from time to time. Minimum after nine, \$1; Saturday, \$1.50. Central Park West at 67th. Re. 4-4700. and Dooley Wilson. Evenings except Sunday, 2:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

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

NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays

★ **ANTIGONE AND THE TYRANT.** (Cort. 48th, East. BR. 9-0046). Katherine Cornell in a new play co-sponsored by Gilbert Miller, and described by one critic as presenting "the acting of a decade." Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Lyceum Theatre, 45th E. of B'way. (CH. 4-42-56.) "An uproarious delight," says Barns of the Herald Tribune. A brand new comedy hit, with former sports announcer Paul Douglas a solid success in his first acting role. Evenings except Sunday. Matinee Wed., Fri., and Sat., 2:30.

★ **DEAR RUTH.** (Henry Miller, 43rd, East. BR. 9-3970). A bright comedy about a kid sister who writes love letters to soldiera and signa her older sister's name. You can imagine what happens, and it does. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **DEEP ARE THE ROOTS.** (Fulton, 46th, West. Cl. 6-6380). The authors of "Tomorrow the World" present their plea for racial tolerance under guise of a drama. Although they reach no concise conclusions as to what should be done about the problem, they do write an honest and sometimes stirring play. A good cast, with special honors to Barbara Bel Geddes. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **DREAM GIRL.** (Coronet, 49th, West. Cl. 6-8870). Prolific playwright Elmer Rice turns out another vehicle for his wife, Betty Field, an uncommonly good actress. This time it's a comedy about a career girl who daydreams too much. This dreaming means a field day for fantasy, and it's all good fun. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

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

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

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

★ **I REMEMBER MAMA.** (Music Box, 45th W. of B'way. Cl. 6-3646.) Hilarious, funny, tender and touching. It's about a Norwegian-American family and its wonderful mama. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **HOME OF THE BRAVE.** (Belasco, 44th, East. BR. 9-2067). How the war in the Pacific affected one Jewish soldier. Psychological study that almost becomes drama. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **JANUARY THAW.** (Golden, 45th W. of B'way). A new comedy riot, termed by Mortimer of the Mirror as a smash hit. Evenings at 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ **JEB.** (Martin Beck, 45th W. of 8th Ave. Cl. 6-6363). A brand new play about a returning GI with Ossie Davis, Clay Clement and Laura Bowman. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

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

★ **O MISTRESS MINE.** (Empire, Broadway at 40th. PE. 6-9540). The Lunts once more! Alfred L. and Lynn Fontanne come to town in a new comedy which they acted recently in London. It's by the young Englishman, Terence Rattigan, was formerly called "Love in Idleness," and presents this spirited team at their spirited best. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

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

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

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco, 45th, West. Cl. 6-6230). Sweet comedy about a soldier on a week-end pass, and a little actress who is afraid to fall in love again. John Beal comes home again to play the soldier and very nicely; Martha Scott is vivacious and appealing as the girl; and Vicki Cummings wears the kind of hats a gal would wear who says the kind of lines she says! All three are splendid; it's a lovely play. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **THE MAGNIFICENT YANKEE.** (Royale, 45th, West. Cl. 5-5760). Louis Calhern and Dorothy Gish in a fine story about Chief Justice Holmes, written by Emmet Lavery. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **THE DUTCHES MISBEHAVES** (Adelphi, 54th E. of B'way, Cl. 6-5097). A frolicsome musical comedy with Jackie Gleason, Audrey Christie, George Tapp, Paulla Lawrence. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **THE WOULD-BE GENTLEMAN.** (Booth, 45th W. of B'way. Cl. 6-5969.) Called the tops in town for sheer fun, starring Bobby Clark. Evening except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Sunday, Friday and Saturday, 2:35.

Musicals

★ **ARE YOU WITH IT?** (Century, 7th Avenue at 59. Cl. 7-3121). A lot of capable people including Joan Roberts, Johnny Downs, Lew Parker, and Dolores Gray get with it to give out with song and dance and comedy in a show having something to do with life in a carnival. Rather more

fun than not. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **BILLION DOLLAR BABY.** (Alvin 52, West. Cl. 5-6868). The madly twitching twenties break into song-and-dance, with Joan McCracken and Mitzi Green doing most of the honors. Adolph Green and Betty Comden who turned out "On the Town" also did book and lyrics for this one and they've scored a hit once more. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

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

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

★ **LUTE SONG** (Plymouth, 45th W. of B'way. Cl. 6-9156). Michael Myerberg presents Mary Martin in a love story with music. A beautiful affair, quite unlike most others. A high, wide and handsome holiday. Evening, 8:30, except Sunday. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

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

★ **THE DAY BEFORE SPRING.** (National, 41, West. PE. 6-8220). A very pretty musical concerning a lady who attends a college homecoming, and discovers you can go back in place but not in time. Irene Manning, Bill Johnson, and John Archer head a capable cast. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **THE RED MILL.** (46th St. Theatre, W. of B'way. Cl. 6-6075.) Revival of Victor Herbert operetta is made lively and amusing by Eddie Foy, Jr., Michael O'Shea and Odette Myrtil. Herbert music sounds grand. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **SHOW BOAT.** (Ziegfeld, Ave. of the Americas at 54th. Cl. 5-5200). One show which, like the river it sings about, just keeps rollin' along. This revival of the Edna Ferber story comes in handsome proportions with a fine cast. The music wears well. With Carol Bruce (doing pretty well in the part Helen Morgan set the precedent for), Kenneth Spencer, Jan Clayton, Ralph Dumke, and Buddy Ebsen. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **SONG OF NORWAY.** (Imperial, 45th, West. CO. 5-2412). Grieg's life set to Grieg's music, and very pleasant listening. With Irra Petina, Lawrence Brooks, Helena Bliss, and Robert Shafer. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

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

PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY



Just for Food . . .

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** Airline pilots, the weatherman in person and the Van Johnsons and Edgar Bergens are in and out of this fine anti-diet institution day in and day out. It is one of the finest places to eat in the terminal of one of the nation's finest airports. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ **CALIFORNIA RANCHHOUSE.** From Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, the old cow trails meander all over the walls of this interesting eatery. A fine place to bring your little lamb, and to brush up on your brands. Food and service excellent. LO. 2555.

★ **KING JOY LO.** Cantonese cooking. A roomy and comfortable upstairs restaurant convenient to the downtown shopping district. Luncheon and dinner. 8 W. 12th St. HA. 8113.

★ **MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.** Busy, bright, convenient and orderly, where the service is as good as any place in town. And all of this in traditional Muehlebach style. Open all night. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** A neat and appetizing sea food house, specializing in just exactly what the name implies in great variety. Open 10:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. Scarritt Arcade, 819 Walnut. HA. 9176.

★ **MARTIN'S.** One of the largest places on the south side with two large bars, a night club, table and cafeteria service. It is all very fine including music by the popular "Four Tons of Rhythm." On the Plaza. 210 W. 47th. LO. 2000.

★ **MYRON GREEN'S ON THE PLAZA.** A bright dining room with broad, low windows and artistic decorations, forms a wonderful setting for a pleasant meal. For family dinner parties, the downstairs Cameo Room is recommended. 4700 Wyandotte. WE. 8310.

★ **NANCE'S CAFE.** Their neon sign says, "Just Good Food," but that isn't half the story. Their untold secrets are quick service, varied menus, and, as the man said, "just good food." In the B. M. A. Building, first floor. 217 Pershing Road. HA. 5688.

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

★ **TIFFIN ROOM.** A large and pleasant room featuring luncheon only, and serving Wolferman's famous food. On the second floor of Wolferman's downtown grocery store. 1108 Walnut. GR. 0626.

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

★ **WEISS CAFE.** Kosher style cooking and the town's most varied menus. The food is rich and satisfying. Service is quick and orderly and the checks are pleasantly reasonable. Whole families like it for Sunday dinner parties. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999.

★ **Z-LAN DRIVE IN.** Drive in if you like for curb service, but to walk in is much more comfortable these chill March days. Plenty of tables and booths inside. On the Plaza. 48th and Main. LO. 3434.

For Food and a Drink . . .

★ **AMBASSADOR RESTAURANT.** All the aplomb of the good old days, and by wise planning the menus for luncheon and dinner are as appetizing as ever. Here's a choice selection to show off to your visiting friends. Hotel Ambassador. 3650 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ **BLUE HILLS BARBECUE.** An ideal place for a perfect evening from good eats right on through. Features barbecued ribs, beef and chicken for dinner or supper. Then to make it perfect, step into the cocktail lounge where Ralph Aldridge entertains nightly from 9 to 1:30 a.m. Eddie Cross, well known for making a distinctive place of the former Jan's Grill on the Plaza, is your host at Blue Hills. Closed Sundays. 6015 Troost. JA. 4316.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** The headline attraction here is Joshua Everett Johnson, famous Decca recording artist, who does things on the keyboard that you wouldn't believe possible. A natural horn boogie pianist, who never took a music lesson in his life, yet is nationally known. Weird black light helps you follow the tenuous fingers of Joshua. 3545 Broadway. VA. 0926.

★ **CONGRESS RESTAURANT.** Legislation here is for big Congress steaks and fine dinner salads. In fact it is the law of the land at 3539 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ **DOWNTOWN INTERLUDE.** Two months ago they started something just across the street from the Municipal auditorium that has caused a population shift. The attraction is the Downtown Interlude where Roooc Ray frolics in Zanzibar fashion on the illuminated keyboard of the Steinway. Hotel Robert E. Lee, 13th and Wyandotte. VI. 0022.

★ **FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT.** A big and chummy place with a couple of enormous circular booths for larger parties. The blonde and buxom Pauline Neece entertains at the Hammond organ. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

★ **GUS RESTAURANT.** The newest entry in the Downtown District Derby. The former "Colony" has been redecorated in grand style, modern and cozy, with a spectacular entrance and attractive bar, Gus Fitch, formerly of the Muehlebach, is on hand to welcome you . . . and the food is rather special. 1106 Baltimore. GR. 5120.

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** Pretty crowded at dinner time, but service is fine and you usually don't have to wait long. Native Italian foods and American cooking. Service from 4 p.m. until midnight. Closed Sundays. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ **JEWEL BOX.** An attractive blue and gold room with bar, tables and booths, and now under the management of Glenn E. Wood. 3223 Troost. VA. 9696.

★ **KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT.** Until Kenn gets around to building a whopperdo of a place on the present location, the status quo is even more than satisfactory. It's a noonday gathering place for radio personalities and many other people you like to meet. Good food, fine service. 9th and Walnut. GR. 2680.

★ **MISSOURI HOTEL BAR.** Could be a taxidermy school, but no . . . you are the one who gets stuffed with fine foods and inspiring mixed drinks. Sky-high ceilings and unique decorations, 314 W. 12th. HA. 9224.

★ **PHIL TRIPP'S.** You enter the bar, grab one, and then saunter on to the dining room for spaghetti, steaks, or delicious meatball sandwiches. Across from the Pickwick bus station. 922 McGee. HA. 9224.

★ **PICADILLY ROOM.** A cute little silver and blue room downstairs from the bus station where the KMBC boys catch their breath. You'll hear some fine lines, gals. In the Pickwick Hotel. 10th and McGee.

★ **PLAZA BOWL.** To keep that shape ship-shape, bowling is your Vitamin A. Take off two pounds crashing the pins and then reel into the dining room or cocktail lounge and win it all back. Goes just like that. On the Plaza. LO. 6656.

★ **PLAZA ROYALE.** An attractive lounge, the south-side sister of the Town Royale. Mary Dale is your musical delight and inspiration at the console of the silver and gold Hammond organ. The place is spacious yet cozy, and on the Country Club Plaza. 614 W. 48th. LO. 3393.

★ **PRICE'S RESTAURANT.** A pleasant and popular gathering place for food, drinks and general conviviality. Cocktails, those great levelers of humanity, are simply superb in the downstairs grill. 10th and Walnut. GR. 0800.

★ **PIONEER ROOM.** A pastel and old rose room in the new Westport Arms Hotel. A divan all the way around makes it pretty easy to get acquainted. Happy Stilts is your host. Westport Arms Hotel. 301 W. Armour. LO. 0123.

★ **PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM.** It seems that Gus Pusateri and Dale Carnegie have pretty well mastered the art of influencing people. And Gus has a lot of influence among those who like good food, good drinks and good times. Piano melodies during the dinner and supper hour offer a stimulating obligato to whatever you're up to. Hyde Park Hotel. 36th and Broadway. LO. 5441.

★ **ROSE'S COCKTAIL BAR AND RESTAURANT.** In the heart of Waldo is a gathering place

for the kind of folks you like to meet. A large place with modernistic bar tinted with indirect lighting. An attractive dining room is just a little separate. Above the bar are some masterful murals. 405-07 West 75th St., in the heart of Waldo. JA. 9796.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** In the historic section of Kansas City, and not far from the main business section, is a businessman's and businesswoman's hide-away in just the kind of atmosphere one usually looks for but seldom finds. The subject is food. The predicate, fine drinks. Closed Sundays. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ **STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA.** Friendly, neighborly place where the five star attraction is Skeets Light, boogie piano player who has come over for an indefinite stay. The place is usually crowded, but there's always rum for one more. 3114 Gillham Plaza. VA. 9911.

★ **TOWN ROYALE.** A beautifully appointed, dimly lit, downtown spot, and mighty popular with the Kansas City Sundodgers and Dayhatters. Zola Palmer came in from the down south Plaza Royale to play piano and solovox, very, very well indeed. 1119 Baltimore. VI. 7161.

★ **VERDI'S RESTAURANT.** Italian architecture. Romanic appointments, plus fine food and pleasant piano interludes. A nice place to go for a quiet, conversational dinner. No drinks. Armour. East of Troost. VA. 9383.

★ **WESTPORT ROOM.** Colorful and bustling cocktail lounge and dignified restaurant, located in one of the nation's largest railway stations, the Kansas City Terminal. Next door is the popular and busy Fred Harvey lunch room. Union Station. GR. 1100.

Just for a Drink . . .

★ **ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** A diminutive place, tucked away in the Continental Hotel where greenbacks work overtime. The bargain "two for one" cocktail hour from 3 to 5 daily is somewhat worth elbowing your way into. Hotel Continental. 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **CABANA.** Latin American in decor and atmosphere. Hazel Smith at the Novachord afternoon and early evening, with the pretty, charming and talented Alberta Bird of WHB featured in the evening. Hotel Phillips. GR. 5020.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** Dim, friendly and inviting, where Omar furnishes the vintage of the grape or a reasonable facsimile, and there is singing, or its equivalent, in the wilderness. A fine place to get acquainted. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **THE TROPICS.** Equatorial background, with continuous entertainment by Mary Jean Miller at the Hammond organ and the Steinway. The tropical storm, thundering in at planned intervals, is a thrilling experience. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** A smooth, soft green lounge with amber mirror tables, just a few steps from the main lobby of the magnificent Bellerive Hotel. Entertainment toppers this month are Seers and Haymer, pianistic clowns, Wayne Muir, impressionistic and boogy pianist; and Sandvol, the Latin Troubadour. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

With Dancing . . .

★ **CROWN ROOM.** In a year, Judy Conrad has built up a tremendous following at this daylight haters' mecca. Billy Snyder, billed as the world's smallest trumpet player, is featured. Dinner dancing from 6 to 1:30. Hotel La Salle, 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** You can't beat it. Of course you can't dance much either, because the junior size floor is always jammed. It's one of our favorite plushy places for luncheon, dinner or supper. Joseph Samarino and his orchestra are now featured. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR. 5440.

★ **EL CASBAH.** One of the classiest places in the midwest, featuring the stars of the Zephyr room as well as Russell Swan, magician extraordinary, playing a return engagement, and Charley Wright's smooth orchestra. Saturday afternoon cocktail dancers, no minimum or cover and free rhumba lessons. Hotel Bellerive. Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ **MILTON'S TAP ROOM.** An amiable place where lots of people dance and talk with lots of other people and everybody listen to Julia Lee, pianist and "Baby" Lovett, drummer. They are nationally known Decca and Premier recording artists, and some of their platters are collectors' items. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

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

★ **PLANTATION.** Vic Colan and his Chicagoans are still going strong at this popular suburban supper club. Highway 40, East. FL. 1307.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** One of the more ultra downtown spots done up to live up to its name. Dee Peterson and the boys play for dinner and supper dancing. No bar, but excellent drinks at your table. 1425 Baltimore, GR. 5130.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Chaiparelli pink walls, with strategic mirrors refracting the glow of cleverly concealed lights. Dim, not too noisy, yet cozy and congenial. George Stern and his orchestra are in for four weeks. Call Gordon Ewing for reservations. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.** Glenn Williams and his new band are back for a popular return engagement. The west coast went crazy over the outfit, and so will Kansas City. Food, drinks and dancing until way late. 7852 Wornall Road. DE. 1253.

★ **TROCADERO.** A chummy cocktail lounge just off Main, west on 39th. No orchestra, but all the latest platters are served from a juke box. VA. 9806.



THAT'S WOMEN FOR YOU

A Kansas City businessman of some repute told me the other day in a tone of grudging antagonism:

"I'm sorry I ever voted for woman suffrage. Women are beginning to act just like—like human beings!" And he added for final emphasis:

"We should have kept them bogged down where they belonged!"

Wanting to make sure we had not seen a current movie, we called the theatre and asked the following question:

"Say, is that Priscilla Lane or Mary Martin in 'Birth of the Blues'?"

Without hesitation, the cashier chirped happily:

"Well, there's no one here but me, kid, and my name's Sylvia!"

SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

R.-K.-O.

CORNERED—Dick Powell, Walter Slezak, Micheline Cheirel, Nina Vale. In this corner, Powell is a Canadian flier who stages a post-war hunt for the collaborationist responsible for the death of his French bride. The locale switches from France to Belgium and Switzerland, and finally lands in Argentina—which seems a natural hang-out for Fascists of the variety Mr. Powell is cornering. Romantic interest of a sort furnished by the slinky, unscrupulous femme menace, Nina Vale.



Warner Brothers

Twentieth Century-Fox

A WALK IN THE SUN—Director Lewis Milestone takes a period of a few hours, a handful of G.I.'s and a beach at Salerno, and transforms them into one of the—if not the finest movie recordings of World War II. The G.I.'s are identified singly and collectively as they proceed under enemy fire from their landing craft to their destination six miles beyond. Sincere and convincing performances by Dana Andrews, Hunt Hall and Herbert Rudley.

Paramount

MASQUERADE IN MEXICO—Dorothy Lamour, Arturo de Cordova, Patric Knowles, Ann Dvorak, Mikhail Rasumny. Amusing account of what happens to an American night-club singer when she poses as a Countess in order to get a job singing at an exclusive Mexico City cafe. Dottie gets herself involved with jewel thieves, and later in a marital triangle. Dottie, a great believer in twosomes, sets out to charm away the third party of the triangle, none other than Arturo de Cordova—a torrid wolf who chases bulls for a living and ladies for a pastime. Watch for Ann Dvorak's excellent performance.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
ADVENTURE—Clark Gable, Greer Garson, Joan Blondell, Thomas Mitchell. Gable plays a tough, swaggering, romantic bos'n who has made love and trouble in every port on the seven seas. Garson's a girl whose greatest adventure is a picnic on Sunday. You can get the rest. **ADVENTURE** puts Gable back in his pre-war lusty, gusty he-man roles—socking and getting socked by the lady of his choice. Excellent supporting cast of Tom Tully, John Qualen, Richard Haydn, Lina Roma and Harry Davenport.

MY REPUTATION—Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent. A young mother, unexpectedly widowed, feels she must choose between a life of seclusion and one in which she plays a normal role. George Brent, as a dashing army officer, helos Barbara Stanwyck make this decision.

Tentative Schedule in Kansas City

NEWMAN

LOST WEEKEND
MASQUERADE IN MEXICO
MY REPUTATION
KITTY

LOEW'S MIDLAND

HARVEY GIRLS
ADVENTURE
ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
SAILOR TAKES A WIFE

UPTOWN, ESQUIRE, FAIRWAY

BECAUSE OF HIM
LITTLE GIANT
SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

RKO ORPHEUM

THREE STRANGERS
DANGER SIGNAL
TOMORROW IS FOREVER
CORNERED
RIVERBOAT RHYTHM
SARATOGA TRUNK

TOWER

Double Feature plus Stage Show
(Not Posted in Advance)

Paramount

LOST WEEKEND—Ray Milland, Jane Wyman, and a character known as The Bottle. A superb adaptation of Charles Jackson's novel about an alcoholic. Winner of the 1945 New York Film Critics' Award as well as a host of other notable awards. Milland plays the alcoholic who says he is not drunk—but a drunkard; Jane Wyman, his fiancee, whose only rival is The Bottle. The picture takes Milland graphically through the biggest binge on record . . . proceeding from the first nerve-twitching banking for a drink to the point where little things, bats and mice specifically, drive him nearly to distraction. The picture's excellence lies in the fact that it doesn't preach—just presents the facts for your inspection. And be sure to inspect them!

R-K-O

TOMORROW IS FOREVER—Orson Welles, Claudette Colbert, and George Brent. A fine example of what can result with a superb cast, excellent direction and production, and a helluva poor story. But here's the plot; judge for yourself. Orson goes away to World War I, leaving behind wife Claudette (who works for chemical magnate G. Brent). Orson is reported missing, and after a **DECENT INTERVAL**, Claudette bears his baby and marries Brent. Twenty years later, Orson returns—crippled, bearded, and a chem whiz from the old country. Claudette doesn't recognize him (not even the Welles voice), practically turns him out of the house. But undaunted, Welles helps to solve her family problems and dies, just as Claudette begins to have a faint suspicion of his identity. The acting and the direction will be worth the price of your ticket, even if the story isn't.

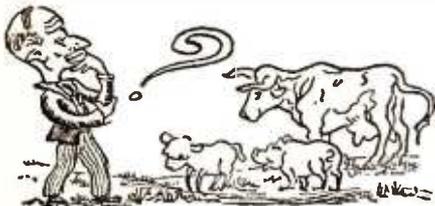
Swing Around

E. W. Phelps, general manager of the Swift and Company Kansas City plant, has a check stowed away with a stack of others upon which is scrawled in palsied penmanship: "I hereby confess that I do not know beef liver from pork liver from veal liver from lamb liver when properly prepared in the Swift kitchen."

If and when Mr. Phelps does try to cash that check, the banker may chuckle a bit as he reaches for the "NSF" stamp.

It all started in a casual sort of way, like most arguments that end up in financial violence. It we hadn't snorted at the Phelps statement that various livers are practically impossible to tell apart, it might have saved some embarrassment.

The challenge was made, met, and a day set for the protein duel. We were there early and strolled about the immaculate Swift kitchen with its 21st century cooking gadgets, hoping against hope that maybe the culinary artists themselves had labeled the brazing pans for their own edification.



Martha Logan, the Swift home economist, is charming and gracious, but she couldn't be charmed into giving even the slightest hint of which was which. The pans were labeled A, B, C and D, and you could start from there.

The test was run off and of course we lost. Later, across his big glass top desk, Mr. E. W. Phelps dictated assignment of the check with professional satisfaction.

After debts were squared and the conversation drifted over into coagulated butterfat solids, we and our big mouth again got into difficulties. We said we could and Mr. Phelps said we could not distinguish butter from oleomargarine, and a date was set for another kitchen skirmish.

"We shall designate it as B.O Day,"

remarked Mr. Phelps, noting the date in his calender.

But if Braniff, TWA, Mid-Continent, Continental or Ozark airlines can't do anything about it, a buck slipped in the process of a hearty handshake with a certain gatekeeper will get us onto a train going in some direction on B-O Day.

PAGING MR. HANNEGAN . . . If mail clerks only knew the value of some of the precious stuff they cart around the country, and were permitted by Postal Laws and Regulations to open profitable-looking letters upon impulse, our gray-jackets would be a clan of billionaires.

But unfortunately, federal judges scowl upon such practices, and when the mail does reach its destination, many of us are too stupid to take advantage of good deals when they do come up.

A cent and a half stamp brought these offers to our desk this morning:

Intimate letters to brides, recognizing certain facts; 50 miniature photographs for a dollar and a half. (exclusive, maybe?) a vibrant expose of vice conditions in the nation's capital, first aid tablets for lumbago; formula for a soapless rug cleaner; Big Thoughts on Money, 10 for 10 cents; a book of great secrets; a pamphlet that would cause the bird of matrimony to sing oftener and sweeter; a "fool your friends kit" for 10 cents. (two dozen of these, please); a booklet titled, "Don't be a sucker—mail order sales amount to more than a million dollars a day—are you getting your share?"; a technical book on printing; specimen of an ad in poet's paper that brought the writer \$93,000; instructions on how to publish a trade magazine with \$1 capital; and a sample of snappy sayings and jokes of which the following is a sample: "Could you make a truthful statement about a night club? Answer: The customer is always tight."

AND ALL THIS, TOO . . . With that gracious and gorgeous Ann Dvorak on a recent visit to Kansas City was a





gregarious tuft of heavenly-tinted rose petal, Rhonda Fleming. Some fellas, and there were several that evening, have no difficulty spanning or ignoring a sharp age differential.

NEVER A DOLL MOMENT . . .

The gentleman in, up, down and around that corner of Twelfth and Baltimore in Kansas City, advertised as 21 stories of comfort, Mr. Charles Phillips, was extremely uncomfortable the other night when same larcenous, imbibing kidnaper snatched a Hawaiian doll from that haven of dolls, the Tropics.

Dapper Deputy Delahunty of the sheriff's office, who is forever "happening" upon just such scenes, volunteered to conduct a one-man tropical woman-hunt. So he made the rounds, not saying how long he stopped at each.

Finally, perched in the middle of a table at Pusateri's New Yorker, was the curvaceous figure. Gus Pusateri, always on top of any trick play, said that the guy who toted the doll in there was in substance the same way, plastered.



HIS ACHILLES HEEL . . . Newspapers, so it seems, have the annoying habit of burying important stories on the inside pages just because it is sometimes old news. An Associated Press story under a recent date was printed at the bottom of page 2 by the Kansas City Star in this manner:

"**NUERENBURG**—(AP)—A German general said today that he believed Hitler's downfall was started with the bomb attack on his wife July 20, 1944."

GIMBELS HAD NYLONS . . . "Don't think we want to run this advertisement," said Gimbel's recently in the N. Y. Times. "We have nylons—26,000 pairs of them. But, believe us, having nylons is almost worse than not having them. If we advertise nylons we'll have a riot—and a riot hurts us more than it hurts you (see hurts listed below). If we don't advertise them, what'll we do with 26,000 pairs, hoard em? Shall we put them under the counter and dole them out to pet customers? We haven't any pets. Shall we send them to charge customers? We love cash customers, too. Besides, 26,000 pairs are a drop in our 100,000 charge customer bucket. We've taken this large space to point out how uncomfortable you will be—'uncomfortable' is the adjectival apogee of understatement. Come if you must. Every pair will be pre-packed. No mail, no phone, you must be here. When you come, give us your size—leave color, brand, gauge, denier, and price to us. Take escalators to the Fifth Floor Rear.

DON'T be distressed if you leave Gimbel's with your coiffure looking like a sparrow taking a bath!

DON'T be upset if some gentlewoman barks your shins, tickles your tibia or thwacks your fibula!

DON'T come at all unless your strength is as the strength of ten because your heart is pure!

DON'T ask for a brand—we'll have Van Raalte, McCallum, Phoenix, Mojud, Hudson, Gotham, Athena, and others!

DON'T ask for a special price—we'll have nylons at \$1.20, \$1.35, \$1.40, \$1.45, \$1.55—take what you get and be happy!

DON'T try to get in line again. No repeaters. One pair to a customer. Every pair perfect, first quality.

DON'T think we exaggerate—remember this is the third time Gimbel's has advertised nylons and Gimbel's knows."

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



MARCH brings a Kansas City favorite back to WHB's evening schedules at 6 p. m. Mondays through Fridays—Fulton Lewis, Jr., with "The Top of the News" from the nation's capital. Also new (and worth hearing) is "It Pays To Be Smart,"

produced by WHB in co-operation with the city's high schools and the University of Kansas City. Hear it Saturdays at 1:30 p. m. This is the kind of audience-building programming that makes WHB your Number One advertising buy in the K. C. market.



For WHB Availabilities, 'Phone DON DAVIS at any ADAM YOUNG office:

New York City, 18	11 West 42nd St.	LONGacre 3-1926
Chicago, 2	55 East Washington St.	ANDaver 5448
San Francisco, 4	627 Mills Building	SUtter 1393
Los Angeles, 13	448 South Hill St.	Mlchigan 0921
Kansas City, 6	Scarritt Building	HARRison 1161

KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK

