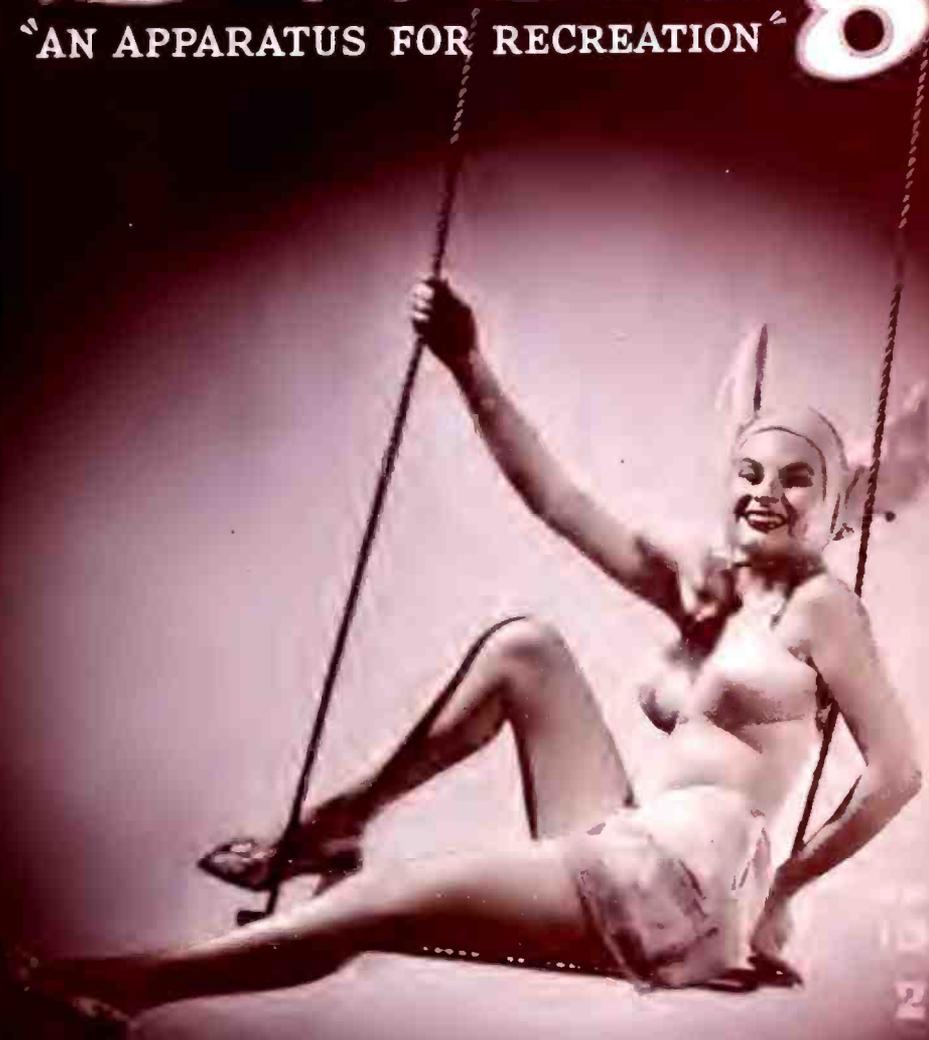


Swing

"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"



APRIL
1946

25¢

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



Pert, titian-haired Donna Atwood, Queen of the Ice, will be featured in the new Ice-Copodes of 1946 at the Plo-Mor Arena during the week of April 4-11. Queen of the king-size beauties of Hollywood is Alexis Smith, wife of Kansos City's own Croig Stevens of the film copitol. Miss Smith was o guest on Showtime recently, on o brief stopover between troins. Queen of WHB's Showtime, Rosemory Howord, seems to hove o crush on that little splinter, Jerry O'Leory, whose manipulator, Bob Evns, hos been colled the King of Ventriloquists, by that master technician, Edgor Bergen.



IT PAYS TO BE SMART—WHB's popular high school quiz show "It Poy's to Be Smart," is wining away with laurels as Kansos City's outstanding weekend radio show . . . Saturdays at 10 p. m. Quizmaster Dick Smith asks the questions and students vie for cash prizes. The show is put on in cooperation with the Board of Education and the University of Kansos City. The series started at Southwest High School when this picture was taken.



**WHB
NEWS
REEL**

APRIL'S HEAVY DATES

In Kansas City



MUSIC

- April 4, Alec Templeton, (A&N) Music Hall.
(Conservatory Program)
April 2, piano students of Alice Rutledge, 3522 Walnut.
April 5, excerpts from opera, Atkins auditorium.
April 9, students of Florence O'Hara, at All Soul's Church, 34th and Baltimore.
April 11, Rosemary Malosca's violin students, at All Soul's Church.
April 8, last concert by Allied Arts symphony orchestra, directed by David Van Vector, in auditorium of Community church.
April 23, Emily Ketting's voice students, All Soul's church.
April 26, Lucy Handy's voice pupils, All Soul's church.
April 30, musical program by radio department at the conservatory.
(Other Musical Events)
April 30, Loretto Academy musicale, Music Hall of Municipal Auditorium.
April 28, concert by Music department of Jewish community center, 1600 Linwood, including Center Symphony, and choral groups.

THEATRE

- April 1-8, Resident Theatre, 1600 Linwood Boulevard. Resident Theatre players, directed by Harry Schwimmer, present "Snafu."

ART

William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art: Loan Galleries; paintings by four Latin-American artists, Carreno, Merida, Bermudez and Tamayo. Fifty Latin-American prints, and 50 Pre-Spanish Peruvian textiles, circulated by Pan-American Union. Print Rooms: Etchings by James McNeil Whistler. Masterpiece-of-the-Month: Terra Cotta Funerary Urn, Etruscan, 2nd century, BC. Final motion picture and musical program April 14. "The Dance in Film," sponsored by Fox-Midwest.

LECTURES

- (University of Kansas City)
"American Ideals" by Dr. Jay William Hudson from the University of Missouri, Monday and Thursday evenings, 7:00-8:15.
"Elementary Russian," Monday and Thursday evenings, 7:00-9:05, by Dr. Samson Soloveitchek, from the University of Colorado. "Russian Foreign Policy" Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7:00-8:15.

DANCING

- (Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main)
Tuesday and Friday nights, "Over 30" dances with Tom and Kate Beckham and their orchestra.
April 3, 4, 6, 7, Lloyd La Brie.
April 10, 11, 12, 14, 17, 18, 20, 21, 24, 25, 27, 28, Ozzie Clark.
(Municipal Auditorium)
April 14, Louis Jordan, colored dance.

CONVENTIONS

- April 2, Heart of America Optometric Congress. President.
April 7-8, Rotary Intl. 123rd District, Kansas City, Kansas.
April 10-12, Missouri Valley Electric Association. Continental.
April 15-17, Osteopathic Children's Health Conference. Little Theatre.
April 24-26, Midwest Hospital Assn. Auditorium.
April 27-29, Central States Shoe Travelers. Phillips and Muehlebach.
April 30, National League of Women Voters. Muehlebach.

BASEBALL

- Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn (Exhibitions).
April 11, Chicago Cubs vs. St. Louis Browns.
April 12, St. Louis Cardinals vs. Kansas City Blues.
April 13-14, Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Kansas City Blues.
(American Association League Season)
April 17, 18, 19, Minneapolis vs. Kansas City Blues.
April 20-21, St. Paul vs. Kansas City Blues (2 games on Sunday).

WRESTLING

- April 3, World's championship match, arena. Sponsored by Sports, Inc.
April 16, Professional wrestling, sponsored by Sports, Inc.
April 17, World's championship match, arena, sponsored by Sports, Inc.

OTHER EVENTS

- April 6, Campfire Girls city-wide get-together, arena.
April 11-12, "Queen for a Day" Broadcast over Mutual and WHB, 1:30 p.m., Municipal Auditorium Arena.
April 12, ROTC Military Circus, arena.
April 14, Eagle Scouts, Music Hall.
April 21, Easter Sunday religious services, arena.

ON THE ICE

- April 4-11, Ice-Capades, Pla-Mor Arena. Giant company of 152 and 10 production spectacles.



No plea for peace . . . Peace is unattainable under the present capitalistic world economy.

by CEDRIC FOSTER

STALIN *Means* BUSINESS

(In a broadcast heard Sunday, February 10, at 5:30 p. m. CST, Mutual's highly rated commentator, Cedric Foster, ripped aside the veil of clouded thinking concerning Joe Stalin, and what he has in mind. Foster is heard weekdays except Saturday at 1 p. m., CST on WHB, Sundays at 5:30.)

IN AN unheralded appearance before the microphone of the Moscow radio, Josef Stalin, dictator of the Union of Soviet Socialistic Republics, told the people of the entire world what they might expect from the Russian people in the next half decade.

He gave this information to the world through the medium of telling the Russian people themselves, on the eve of their elections which took place today, of the tasks which he expected them to perform. The reason that he wished them to perform these tasks, he said, was to prepare the Soviet Union for "any eventuality." He did not amplify that statement by saying what he thought that "eventuality" might be.

I believe that it should be noted first of all, that at no point in his remarks did Josef Stalin refer to the Deity. At no point did he suggest that any Divine Guidance be sought. I believe also that it should be noted that his address was, for the most part, an indictment of the capitalistic system. Lastly, I believe we should

take into consideration that he made no plea for peace, as we would understand such a plea here in the United States . . . a plea for peace to be established through a sympathetic and mutual approach by all nations to the problems of their fellow-men in other countries of the world. He made no such plea, because that which he believed to be the prerequisite to such a peace . . . namely, "the periodic redistribution of raw materials and markets between the countries of the world, in accordance with their economic needs, and by peaceful means" . . . he made no such plea, because this, he said, was unattainable "under the present capitalistic development of world economy."

Holding this opinion, as he frankly stated he did, he told the Russian people that it was incumbent upon them, in the next five years, to produce fifty million tons of pig iron a year; sixty million tons of steel; a half billion tons of coal, and six million tons of oil. Thus, the five-year output which looms immediately ahead

on the post-war horizon would be a quarter of a billion tons of pig iron; almost a third of a billion tons of steel; two billion, five hundred million tons of coal, and thirty million tons of oil.

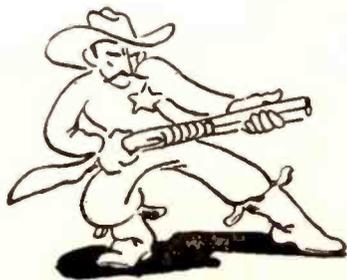
To anyone familiar with the last published figures of Russian production, and it should be stressed that these are Russian figures for the year 1941, to anyone with even a cursory knowledge of these figures . . . those outlined by Josef Stalin in his speech of yesterday are drastically higher. For the yearly output of his coming five-year plan, Stalin demands almost three times the pig iron production of 1941 and almost three times the amount of steel. Coal production for each year of the coming five, if it reaches the demanded half billion tons, would exceed the production of 1941 by three hundred nine million tons. Stalin's demands for each year will not, according to the American Iron and Steel Institute's compilation, reach the level of production in the United States during 1944. But it will be close to it. It will not leave a very wide gap when we take into consideration that American figures for that year were predicated upon war production. It would be folly to argue, of course, that American war-

time production would be as high as its peacetime output.

At the same time that he urged this gigantic effort to be expended by the Russian people, Stalin declared: "Secondly, we are building on a large scale, scientific research institutes to enable science to develop. I have no doubt that, if we aid our scientists, they will not only catch up with, but they will surpass, those abroad."

It was then that he said only when these things are achieved "can we consider our country guaranteed against any eventuality." In his indictment of the capitalistic system, Stalin attributed to that system the wars which have plagued the peoples of the world. These wars, he said, "arose in reality as the inevitable result of monopoly capitalism." He said that the capitalistic system "conceals elements of crisis and war" and that the "development of world capitalism does not follow a steady and even course forward." Rather does it "proceed through crisis and catastrophe. The uneven development of the capitalistic countries leads in time to sharp disturbances in their relation. The group of countries which consider themselves inadequately provided with raw materials and export markets, tries usually to change this situation in its favor . . . and by means of armed force.

"As a result the capitalist world is set into two hostile camps and the war follows." It was at this point that he discussed periodic redistribution of raw materials only to come to the conclusion that this is impossible under the present "capitalistic development of world economy."



There are those today . . . right now, only a matter of hours after Stalin has stopped talking . . . who say that Stalin's speech was for home consumption . . . that it was intended to bolster the structure of a weakened Russian state . . . that its purpose was to shore and prop up a form of government which the Russian people do not want and which they will eventually overthrow by force. In the light of that which has happened in the past, and there is no other way to judge the future, these statements are being made because those who make them hope and pray that they are true. They are not made with any logical reasoning to support them. To the contrary, everything that has happened in the last five years contradicts them. The evidence which refutes them is to be found in Russian preparation for the war with Germany. The evidence which further denies their validity in reason is to be found on battlefields too numerous to count . . . on fields of conflict where the Russians fought . . . not against their own government . . . but against the armed might of the Teuton hordes who would have en-

slaved them. Those battles were defensive and offensive, as Stalin pointed out yesterday when he reviewed the war.

Stalin's words of yesterday should rip aside the veil of any clouded thinking in which we have been prone to indulge. They should reveal, to a realistic capitalistic world, that the Soviet Union is unalterably opposed to capitalism and that the Soviet Union is out to match, in a united effort, the production of that world. Stalin's words allow no misinterpretation. He spoke in the clearest, simplest language. He said peace was impossible under the present capitalistic economy. He made no plea for peace. He merely . . . to use the American vernacular . . . "laid it on the line to the Russian people." He told them what they had to do to prepare for . . . as he phrased it . . . "any eventuality."

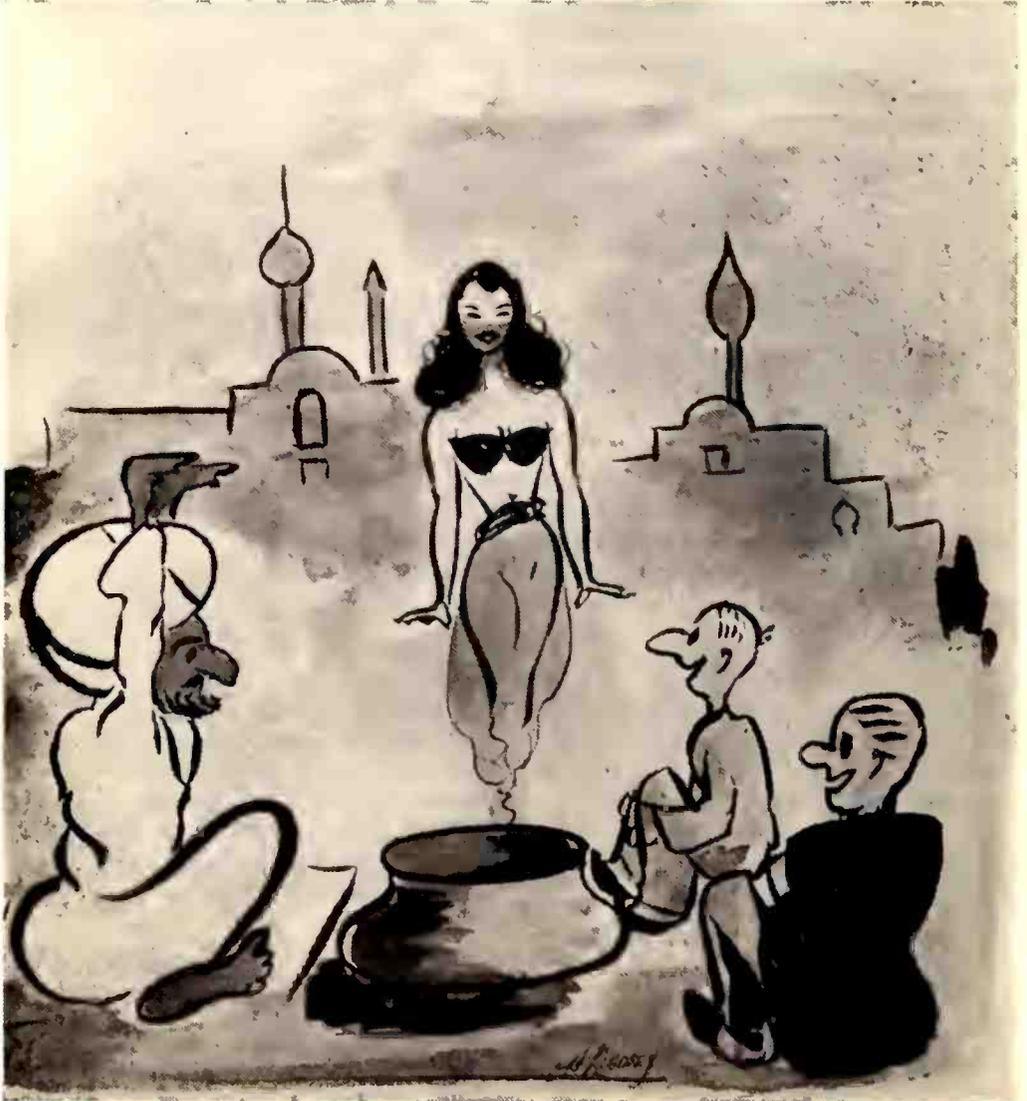
Here in the United States our course is clear. It is to bring an end to the interminable bickering and squabbling between capital and labor . . . to bring an end to it and to put shoulders to the wheel, with far-sighted, courageous leadership. In no other way can we survive. On the foundation of compromise alone, can we face the future. Arrayed against us is a totalitarian mass of tremendous power.

As we correct the inequities in the system which we believe to be the best economic system . . . we are still beholden to maintain an alert vigilance lest the system which stands in opposition to us . . . by its methods of expansion . . . place us in the position of "have-nots." Thus, in the



last analysis, we must work with the Soviet Union. We must appraise her actions as she has stated she is weighing ours. Equitable distribution of raw materials means just what it says. It is just as applicable to us as it is to

any nation. And lastly, as we grant freedom to all peoples, we must be certain that those who espouse the Communistic system do not sweep into their orbit peoples who would remain in ours.



Fergit the rope trick, Bub, and keep on doin' what you're doin'

Why JAZZ

*A quick look at conditions
that make Jazz inevitable.*

by JAMES B. GANTT



AS THE tempo of American life increases, so does the pulse of its popular music. Since the turn of the century Jazz has charted the history of our living, not as a line upon a graph or a sum below a row of figures, but as the breath of living people. The fluctuating heart beats as it responds to the pressures that bear upon it.

Jazz was born of the social and economic changes that heralded the birth of the machine age. It pulsates from the screens of picture houses, it weaves rhythmically on ether waves, it fills the city night with a voice that speaks of living and labor and love—it's America's way of gauging the pressure on its people.

If it had not been for the submerged black races that were thrown into our struggle for existence on this continent, America might have found a different voice. But the Negro brought a rhythm and a temperament that was suited to fit this changing phase and so we found a music that could set up a mirror to our new reactions.

The old forms are not discarded. They are needed, badly needed to express those timeless basic problems of our existence. This new travail and bloody birth must find a different voice, for it is not like any phase preceding it. Certainly there have been periods of unrest and movement in our history—but they were caused more by the functions of nature operating inside the limits of time and space that insulated the separate ideologies of man.

But now we tear away those barriers and convert them into useful tools. Instead of blocking out the interchange of ideas and products, they now function as a medium of exchange.

This uprooting process is still in progress, and its results are still too far ahead to be familiar to our lives. So, we must readjust our basic concepts, time our thinking and our evaluations to a new standard. This we do or we must perish by the very powers we have set in motion.

Even now, after fifty years the goals are only dimly seen and half embodied.

Because this particular state of mental and emotional evolution had no precedent, it follows that it had no voice. And so it sought those peoples whose reactions were the greatest—whose uprooting had been the most brutal, and whose readjustments were the most severe—the American Negro.

From these distressed and lonely individuals came the cry of that vast unrest that lived in every man; that inability to fathom how or why—the struggle to maintain life with unfamiliar tools in unfamiliar fields. He took the material at hand and gave it a crude rudimentary form, a form devised of hymns—of military marches—of quadroons—and these he flavored with the rhythmic voodoo-pounding that was the heritage of his worship. Thus the form, and in this shape he poured the sum of his experience, rain and cold and hunger, love and death and dice, the aching

loneliness of humankind without a home—for these were strange new settings for the old problems—and the old problems had a strangeness, too, in this new light.

Yes, the Negro spoke of it first—but so adequately and completely that it has now become a living part of our culture—a monstrous business involving tremendous amounts of money—the source of living for a great number of people. Beyond that, it has become the mirror of our change.

Perhaps Jazz is too shallow to carry more emotional content than this voice of unrest. It may be that it is too tailor-made to fit a phase. When mankind has readjusted to his own creations, the need for Jazz may disappear. But while we still exist in this shaky transitional period, torn by wars and political upheavals, Jazz will be the great and noble voice of a puzzled people.



HIS GREATEST ACT

CLOWNS or "Funny Men," as children call them, have caused the world to laugh since the days of Aristophanes. But, perhaps, the most renowned clowns were the Fratellini Brothers of France: Albert, Francis, and Paul. They can be compared to the Marx Brothers.

The most famous of the Fratellinis was Paul. His greatest performance, which was really superb, was given before nine hundred orphan children; their fathers had died in battle. He made the children laugh so hilariously that they forgot their sorrow. Then he went home to a little flowered coffin. His seven-year-old son had died that afternoon.

WAR DANCE OF *Mercy*

The Indians were bent on killing every cursed white man on the fringes of their sacred reserve.

by D. W. HODGINS



FELLA, if you want to get out of paying taxes, pay no gas, water or electric bills, live in a rent-free home, run around the country with no license on your automobile, and enjoy fishing and hunting the year around with no bag limits, shooting hours or any kind of restrictions, here is how it can be done.

You would wander off up to the Menominee Indian reservation in North Central Wisconsin, woo and win yourself a bronze-skinned beauty, and live on the reservation as a "squaw man."

"Squaw man" is the name given white men who marry into the tribe. Of course you wouldn't be a regular enrolled Menominee, but you would enjoy all the privileges of a ward of the federal government.

The Menominee Indians are people, just like you, and you over there, and your neighbor. However, as aboriginal Americans, they enjoy a special status while living within the limits of their 28-mile long reservation.

But the Menominees were not always friendly and cooperative neighbors. In years gone by they felt they had a valid claim against intrusion by the white man. Their differences

now, whether Indian against Indian, or Indian against white man, are settled by the courts. But there was a time when the only language spoken to the outsider was that of the copper-tipped arrow and tomahawk.

Five years after the Civil War, trouble was smouldering on the Menominee reservation. The tribe had roved the big hills and tall forests, and fished the fast streams on the Menominee lands since 1852, when it was deeded to them by the federal government.

Now and then a stage coach, threading a thin and precarious line up through the wilds of Wisconsin to the iron and copper country of Michigan, was held up, plundered and all hands scalped.

The old Military Road, now State Highway 55, was cut through northern Wisconsin when it was believed that the British might send help to the confederate armies through Canada, and attack the northern armies through a back door. After the Civil

War the road was used as a stage coach line.

The Indians became restless and disturbed as the whites trekked up through the woods from Gills Landing and settled on the banks of the Wolf River just seven miles from their reservation. Scouts came back with the word that 200 or more pale-faces were cutting trees, building homes and tilling the land. The Indians feared and hated the intruders, especially at such close range. They visualized the time when the whites would encroach upon their own sacred lands and virgin forests.

Occasionally the redskins would skirt the settlement and send pioneers scurrying with a shower of arrows. But undaunted, the hardy whites held their ground. It was then that the Indians decided on more drastic measures.

Finally a day was set for the beginning of the end—the end of the white colony down at the big bend of the river. Maddened tribesmen in hideously painted faces danced around leaping fires. The echo of tom-toms sounded far into the dense woods. Women and children heaped wood on the fires of war while their menfolk shrieked, beat the drums of war and danced.

From his tent some few rods away, old Chief Oshkosh (for whom the city of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, was later named) peered out through the open flap. His eyes were moist and his heart was heavy. He was thinking of the time when the white man's magic had saved him from an agonizing death.



Some distance beyond the flaming spruce branches, Chief Oshkosh suddenly saw the figure of a man reeling through the forest. The chief got up and watched more closely. The man staggered up to the tent and fell at the chief's feet.

The visitor mumbled feverish words that the colony of whites had been stricken with red plague. Fifty were already dead and more were sick and dying. They were without food or firewood, cattle and animals had not been fed. Would the Indians bring help?

The chief walked slowly to the center of the flaming, dancing, leaping circle. He raised his hand and spoke slowly and clearly in the native Menominee tongue. The tribesmen ceased their war dance, fell to their knees and with bowed heads listened to the message of their wise chief.

Soon there was a scurrying of men and ponies. Food and provisions were brought out from the cavern under Spirit Rock, where the Indians believed it holy to store their winter's supply.

In a flash small bay ponies were streaking through the woods carrying men, merciless, uncivilized red men, on a mission of mercy.

The colony of whites was saved, but the red men lost hundreds of their tribesmen to the red plague which they contracted from the whites. In fact, they were far and away the big losers.

Fifteen years later, when the settlement was incorporated into the village of Shawano, Chief Oshkosh and his

tribesmen sat on crossed legs around the stage of rough clap-board lumber. Tim Wescott, the first village president, spoke for an hour and a half. His speech ended with this prayer:

"May God cast prosperity and perpetual life upon these noble red men. We, who are white, thought we were better than these people, and may God forgive us for that great error. Let history record that people with dark skin, sometimes have whiter hearts than those with light skin."



DEFINITIONS

A fanatic is a person who is highly enthusiastic about something in which you are not even remotely interested.

The game Air Mail is simply postoffice on a higher plane.

Philosophers are people who talk about something they don't understand and make you think it's your fault.

Appetite is so called because when you're eating your 'appy and when you get through your tummy is tight.

An 11-year-old pupil of an art teacher had produced a rather unusual stag in raspberry pink with one antler blue and one yellow. An adult visitor to the studio looked at the picture and remarked, "But, sonny, people don't see stags with one blue and one yellow antler and a raspberry pink body."

The young artist thought a minute and then said, sincerely and soberly, "Isn't that too bad!"

An old Negro preacher once cautioned his flock, "when you're lookin' at your neighbor's melon patch, bredderin, you cain't keep your mouf from waterin', but you kin run."

Mrs. Average Woman has been epitomized as one who marries at 24, quarrels with her husband twice a month, threatens eight times a year to go home to her mother, never learns to drive a nail, ruins three fenders and one garage door, and frequently reflects that she should have married somebody else.

KNOW YOUR STREAMLINERS

JUST below the airliners, the streamlined trains are the fastest and probably most comfortable way of getting places. Even if you have not traveled extensively you should know enough about these famous trains to identify at least half of them, and probably more. 12 to 16 is excellent, 8 to 12 good, 4 to 8 fair, and 4 or less, poor. See how many streamliners you can put on the right track. (Answers on page 55.)

1—The "Rocket" is the pride and joy of (a) The Great Northern, (b) The Rock Island, (c) Chicago and Northwestern, (d) Wabash.

2—The "400" zips along the tracks on the (a) Burlington, (b) Kansas City Southern, (c) Soo Line, (d) Chicago and Northwestern.

3—The "Will Rogers" carries tradition and people on the (a) Santa Fe, (b) Frisco, (c) Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, (d) Missouri, Kansas and Texas.

4—The "Hiawatha" eats up nearly two miles a minute on the (a) Missouri Pacific, (b) The Chicago and Alton, (c) The Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific, (d) Michigan Central.

5—The "Wolverine" makes few stops on the (a) Chicago and Northwestern, (b) Canadian Pacific, (c) Canadian National, (d) Michigan Central.

6—The "Broadway Limited" makes record time on the (a) New York Central, (b) Pennsylvania, (c) Erie, (d) Delaware, Lackawanna and Western.

7—The "Super Chief" carries flags of the (a) Santa Fe, (b) Wabash, (c) Rock Island, (d) Chicago and Great Western.

8—The "Southern Belle" heads south daily for the (a) Union Pacific, (b) Missouri Pacific, (c) Missouri, Kansas and Texas, (d) Kansas City Southern.

9—The "Empire State Limited" is the pride and joy of the (a) Pennsylvania, (b) Baltimore and Ohio, (c) New York Central, (d) Nickel Plate.

10—The "Capital Limited" is a 16-hour train to Washington on the (a) Baltimore and Ohio, (b) Pennsylvania, (c) Burlington, (d) Atlantic Coast Line.

11—The "Zephyr" runs on the rails of the (a) Kansas City Southern, (b) Frisco, (c) Burlington, (d) Great Northern.

12—The "Abraham Lincoln" is a smart train on the (a) Illinois Central, (b) Chicago and Eastern Illinois, (c) Chicago and Alton, (d) Union Pacific.

13—The "Tamiami West Coast Limited" belongs to the (a) Atlantic Coast Line, (b) San Francisco and Southern, (c) Louisville and Nashville, (d) Chicago Outer Belt Lines.

14—The "Eagle" carries the banner of the (a) Kansas City Terminal Railway Company, (b) Missouri Pacific, (c) Chicago and Great Western, (d) Wabash.

15—The "Seminole" is a sleek streamliner on the (a) Michigan Central, (b) New York Central, (c) Central of Georgia, (d) Illinois Central.

16—The "Dixie Flyer" takes people to the warmer climes over the (a) Louisville and Nashville, (b) Illinois Central, (c) Central of Georgia, (d) Bell Telephone Company.

Too many people are like buttons
—always popping off at the wrong
time.

DO UNTO *Others*



Famous Kansas writer-preacher didn't become rich from his book, "In His Steps," but it sold 30 million copies.

by FLORA HAFER

The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, world-known Kansas church leader and author of "In His Steps," died February 24 at his home in Topeka. Sales of "In His Steps" have been exceeded only by the Bible. The religious novel was translated into more than 16 languages and sold more than 30 million copies in 40 years.

"IN HIS STEPS" is an account of a number of persons who make a pledge to live each day as Jesus would live, if He were in their time and place. The book was written in the summer and fall of 1896, mostly out of doors, while a merciless Kansas sun brought the temperature up to a hundred degrees and above. As Dr. Charles M. Sheldon wrote the book, he read a chapter each Sunday to the congregation of his Topeka church.

Late in the fall, while the readings were still progressing, a small church paper, the "Chicago Advance," bought the book for seventy-five dollars and published it as a serial. But many of Dr. Sheldon's friends liked the story and suggested that it be published in pamphlet form so they might have a copy for a keepsake.

The author offered it to three different Chicago publishers, all of whom rejected it because of its "strong re-

ligious character;" but finally the Advance was persuaded to put out a few hundred copies.

It was copyrighted in good faith by the company; but after some 100,000 copies had been sold a slight technical error was discovered in the copyright. By the midsummer of '97 sixteen publishers had taken advantage of the defect. One firm bought several paper pamphlets, put cloth covers on them and sold them for twenty-five cents apiece. Unbound sheets were bought and made into fifty cent books. "In His Steps" went on the market all the way from ten cents a copy to expensively bound volumes selling for two dollars. In England the book was even more popular. It was published by thirty different companies and went out in a great variety of bindings. The author received an offer of \$50,000 to make a speaking tour of the British Isles and Canada. In this country a call came to him from a large church in

the East. To these propositions he applied the acid test that he had set up in his book. "What would Jesus do?" And in both cases his decision was the same; he would stay with his people of Topeka, Kansas, at a salary of \$1,200 a year.

"A man can write books and create values anywhere," the author of "In His Steps" said.

But the fame that had come to Dr. Sheldon was not without its worries. It was generally supposed that the author of this "best seller" had become fabulously rich from the sale of his book, and he was receiving hundreds of letters daily asking for donations to charitable institutions. In one week alone he received nine hundred letters; most of them closing with pleas like this: "Brother, have a heart! What would Jesus do?"

As a matter of fact, with the exception of a London company who sent him twenty pounds after they had sold several million copies of his book, and the Advance publishers,

who paid the author ten cents a copy as long as they were in business, for twenty-seven years the author did not receive a penny of royalty from the enormous sales of "In His Steps."

In 1924 Grosset and Dunlap, New York, though not legally bound to do so, gave Dr. Sheldon a check for \$1,000, which was allowing him one cent a copy on sales as shown on their books amounting to 100,000 copies, and since this time they have kept up this small royalty.

Thirty million volumes of "In His Steps" is a conservative estimate of the number that have gone out to various corners of the earth, and it is still a good seller today. It has been translated into sixteen European tongues, besides appearing in Japanese, Persian, a Hindu dialect and Esperanto.

In speaking of the book's career Dr. Sheldon said: "I lost no sleep over the fact that I did not get rich out of it. The book is being read and that is what books are for."



A mother is a woman who runs a temperature of 103 every time her child's temperature hits 100.

Walter Savage Landor, the English poet, once asked this question: "Why will not men look up to the rainbow unless they are called to it by a clap of thunder?"

"In discipline, erosion is better than explosion."—*Marcelene Cox* in "Ask Any Woman."

The only kind of letters women like to receive are those that never should have been written.

"It is not enough for a prophet to believe in his message, he must also believe in its acceptability.—*Chester-ton*."

A man is never so weak as when a pretty woman is telling him how strong he is.

THE *Grind* AND BUMP

*Burlesque, social phenomena
that is genuinely American!*

by JIM BRITTON

IT IS not with any idea of defending or attacking the business of burlesque that this is written. Certainly a form of theatre that has been able to withstand the crusades in the cause of sweet purity that have beset the enterprise will "little note nor long remember what we say here." Yet, it seems that an art form so completely indigenous is worthy of rather close examination.

Nowhere else in the world does there exist an exact counterpart of the American burlesque theatre. It is a product of culture, or the lack of it, that is found only in the U. S. A. You can call this treason if you will, but only in our country could it find an audience sufficiently steeped in an adolescent attitude toward smut to insure its economic security. From Billy Watson's Beef Trust to Billy Rose's Beauties, the traditions of this tenacious step-child of the theatre have been a controlling factor. Even in radio and motion pictures, its influence is unmistakable.

The names of the

comedians who were developed in its ribald halls are really a tribute to its early vitality. Red Skelton, Billy House, Abbott and Costello, Olsen and Johnson, Clark and McCullough, these and many others worked out their techniques and devices before the footlights of small antiquated showhouses devoted to the preservation of the strip-tease.

The entertainment business has always used these establishments as a school and a pension. A starting point for the embryonic comic—a last haven for those who missed the coy accolade and its rich reward.

The formulas upon which this art form are based can be traced back through the centuries to a more respectable ancestry than any legitimate production can claim, either consciously or subconsciously, and no one connected with the business seems to know or care.

The ancient forms of the Greek Tragedy in its purest state have been revived to entertain the male populace. The component parts and their



rigidity have been faithfully preserved. Chorus, dancer, dialogue, blackout, and repeat the same—and even beyond that the analogy is too apparent to be coincidental. The subject matter is so nearly the same. Rape, incest, violence and elemental comics were the very life blood of the Greek dramatists. It would be interesting to know whether the forms were so elemental as to be inevitable to a rudimentary theatre, or whether some unknown classicist laid down the pattern that should be followed. For it is certainly a kinship too apparent to be ignored.

All of this would seem to refute the fact that Burlesque is a thoroughly American expression. Yet, the fact that it can only flourish financially in American cities is positive proof that we are the creator and consumer of this product.

Why should this be?

To begin with, our Puritan forbears stamped the American culture with taboos that exist in lip service even today. This unnatural restriction has led to an equally unnatural reaction. Both examples are open to

criticism and both seem to thrive on it.

The American system of double standard for the sexes is another good reason for its existence—and the current loss of vitality in Burlesque is a direct result of the increasing disregard for this arbitrary difference. For, when the fair sex cuts itself in on masculine recreation, the city fathers redouble their efforts to supply them with suitable and undesired protection.

It may well be that the hearty uninhibited article as we and our fathers knew it will disappear entirely, for its economic life is tied up so closely to the fast receding differences between the sexes in our nation. Perhaps someday automobile tires, refrigerators, tobaccos and real estate will be offered to the public without benefit of exposed feminine limbs and torsos. Perhaps the comic strips will retreat to humor instead of sex. Perhaps magazines will go on the newsstands without lavish leg art, that is, perhaps.

But until that day arrives, burlesque will remain as a vital expression of our American culture.



This younger generation of ours is plenty smart. Take the boy who asked his father how wars start.

"Well," said Dad, "suppose America quarreled with England, and——"

"But," interrupted the mother, "America must never quarrel with England."

"I know," said the father, "but I am merely taking a hypothetical instance."

"You are misleading the child," protested the mother.

"No, I'm not," shouted the father.

"Never mind, Dad," put in the boy. "I think now I know how wars start."

I'LL NEVER DO *That* AGAIN

Gas gauges are honest little gadgets but gasoline pumps are a little more reliable.

by RICK ALLISON



CAME the green light from the control tower and we started to roll. With one person in a three-place Piper Cruiser, the takeoff run is always short. We were airborne within 100 feet.

Once off the ground we roared along just above the runway and picked up speed to 90 miles an hour. Then we let the stick come back by itself and the Piper sailed into the air like a rocket. In no time we were at cruising altitude.

The general theory is that from 2,500 to 3,000 feet is safest cruising altitude for small planes, and some pilots go even higher, figuring that altitude is like money in the bank in case something goes wrong.

However, I always liked to pick my way along at a thousand feet or just under, on the theory that you can select a better emergency field where you can see the topography, rather than from way up there where everything looks alike.

We picked up the Milwaukee road

tracks just north of the big bridge over the Missouri. It was so smooth that Sunday morning that hands on the stick were unnecessary except to lift an occasional drooping wing.

In just 30 minutes Excelsior Springs lay out in a neat little pattern below. We caught up to a "doodle bug," one of those gas-electric trains, and tried to stay over it, but the thing was too slow.

From Excelsior Springs to Chilli-cothe the country is rocky, hilly and rugged. The tracks cut through huge stone gorges and wind around hills. It was fun playing crack the whip with the tracks just below; like following a snake slithering through the tall grass.

I looked at the small wire plunger just ahead of the windshield. It was the gasoline gauge, which on a Cub is nothing more than a wire through the top of the gas cap to which is attached a cork. When there's plenty of gas the cork floats high. When it gets towards bottom, your hours in the air are numbered.

Two hours after takeoff time we were circling Seymour, Iowa. It was Seymour all right, because the Milwaukee Road and Rock Island railroads form an unmistakable criss-



cross at that point. In "dead reckoning" navigation you make it a point to learn those things ahead of time.

Just west of town was a small airport, but no activity, and much less a gas pump, could be spotted anywhere near. So, we circled Seymour a couple of times and started back.

On the return trip I selected a course of 180 on the compass, due south, figuring that sooner or later we would come to the Missouri River, running east and west across the state, and then follow it west into Kansas City.

The gas gauge still showed better than half full. We passed over dozens of small towns, few of which were marked. There should be a law that every town must have some kind of identification from the air. You'd be surprised how few of them do.

Two hours out of Seymour the meandering Missouri crept underneath. We had been aloft four hours and the Cruiser is supposed to stay aloft four hours or more with a light load.

But . . . the gasoline gauge still showed half full!

The little Piper bobbed along for another half hour or so, and still no sign of Kansas City, or any familiar landmarks.

Suddenly the plane hit an air disturbance over the edge of the river, and can you guess what happened?

When I looked again at the gasoline gauge, the wire indicator just ahead of the windshield, it was on the bottom. The cork was obviously floating on no gasoline at all. The wire apparently had been stuck.

At that instant the motor began to cough. I reached for the carburetor heat button, hoping, perhaps—but it coughed a couple of times and quit cold. The propeller stood insolently straight up and down. All was quiet except for the air whistling through the struts.

I pushed the stick ahead to drop the nose and put the plane into a glide, and began working on our little 600 feet of altitude. About a mile away was a honey of a field. Nearby was a smaller field, but within gliding distance.

I had to take the smaller, and plowed, field. I side-slipped the plane over the trees on the edge of the field and came down to within five feet of the ground. I pulled up the nose and the ship pancaked in with a thud. What mysterious force kept the Piper from nosing over, I'll never know.

We were down, providentially down, all in one good piece, but out of gasoline.

A nearby farmer had gas but it was of the tractor fuel variety—about 60 octane. The farmer and his hired

hand filled a five-gallon can and it was soon gurgling into the tank.

I held controls while the hired hand propped the motor, which did not sound too healthy. With a chill I looked at the 250 feet or so between us and the fence. There was a 60-foot gap between two trees that had to be made.

As instructed the farmers held both wing tips and I opened the throttle wide. The plane quivered but the farmers hung on grimly. Finally it began to roll in spite of them. The plane lurched ahead and in a few feet we were airborne. The motor evidently didn't like the new diet of gasoline. It was turning up to 2,200, but certainly not 2,500, the required speed for normal takeoff. We skimmed along the ground with that fence just tearing at us.

That instant there was a slight jar, and a "zung" like a violin string breaking under too much pressure. Gaining a little altitude I looked back to see that our landing gear had clipped the top fence wire. Another look revealed that the landing gear had not been damaged.

And we came on into Kansas City, not at 800 feet, not a 1,000 feet, but just as high as that cheap gas would take us, about 5,000 feet.

Yes, the high fliers know what they are talking about. With 2,000 feet I could have made that large and smooth field with no trouble. But at 600, I had to take what was under me . . . just like every other flier who likes to hug the ground.

Well, I'll NEVER do that again!



At a Texas army camp a long eared sad faced mule named Brad had done his work well and faithfully. Just before the outfit shipped for overseas a long list of promotions for the enlisted personnel was placed on the bulletin board. Beneath it some of the men tacked this resolution:

"Whereas the mule, Brad, has performed acts beyond the call of duty, and whereas he has gained the respect and admiration of his company, so be it resolved that, henceforward, he shall be addressed by the more dignified name of Bradford, and that he is hereby promoted to the rank of horse."

There is the story about Tony whose wife passed away and he was almost inconsolable. At the cemetery he collapsed with grief. In the car coming back home his frame shook with sobs.

"Now, now, Tony, my friend," soothed one of his pals, "you mustn't take on so. I know it's a bitter blow, but in six months maybe you'll meet another woman whom you will admire and first thing you know you'll be married again."

Tony turned to him in rage. "Six months," he shouted. "What am I gonna do tonight?"

Jest a Minute!

FUR YOUR INFORMATION.

Mink—When a woman turns around to look at another woman's husband—that's mink.

Sable—When a woman in mink turns around to look at another woman.

Chinchilla—When a woman in sable turns around to look at another woman's husband.

—Advt. of R. H. Macy and Co.

•
“When we were children we were grateful to those who filled our stockings with toys at Christmastide. Why are we not grateful to God, then, for filling our stockings with legs?”—*Chesterton*.

•
How to tell the sexes apart now that both are wearing pants—the one listening is the man.—*Home Life*.

•
Most of us probably live all of our lives surrounded by great discoveries which we fail to see. Therein lies the big difference between the ordinary mortal and the man of genius. Elias Howe invented the sewing machine because he didn't accept what everybody knew—that the only way to make a needle was with its point at one end and its eye at the other.—*C. G. Suits (Heed That Hunch)*.

•
The minister of a local congregation approached the desk of a city editor. “I just dropped by,” he said, “to thank you for the very generous report on my sermon in your morning edition and to register a mild protest.”

“A protest? No serious mistake, I trust,” said the editor.

“That's just the trouble,” said the minister ruefully, “I'm afraid it may be too true. You referred to me as ‘reverend,’ but you spelled it ‘never-end.’”

One morning Andrew Carnegie interviewed two boys for a job. He placed a package in front of each and told them to start unwrapping. One boy carefully untied the string and placed it in a drawer. The other pulled out his knife and snipped the twine and tossed it into a wastebasket.

“Which boy shall I hire?” Carnegie asked his secretary. “Why hire the saving one, the one who untied the string and kept it,” replied the secretary.

“No,” said the Scotchman, “I want the other one. The days of string saving are over. We're time savers now.”

•
Draw your own conclusions—Before rationing ended, point values were: Brains, 3 points; tongue, 6 points.

•
Arriving home earlier than usual one evening, a husband found his wife in the embrace of his friend. The friend asserted himself.

“Now that you've trapped us, let's have this thing out, man to man. I love your wife and she loves me. Will you play a game of gin rummy to decide between us?”

“Sure,” said the obliging husband, “but how about stakes of a penny a point, just to make it interesting?”

•
“Ah, yes,” replied the wily Dean. “Let every woman be permitted to assess her own charms—then she'll be generous enough.”

•
People sometimes grow so broad-minded that their thinking gets shallow.

•
Many a man won't shut his trap until he has put his foot into it.

Radio *Advertisers* Need to Grow Up!

A network news editor takes a pot shot at advertising agency people. How right is he? Swing will pay \$25 for the best answer from an agency man.

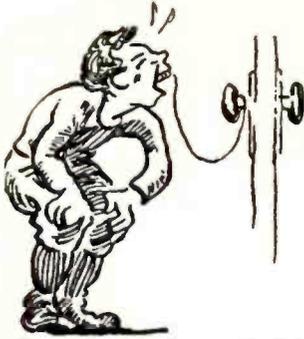
by JOHN BROBERG

RECENTLY, a friend of mine who has gained some prominence as a writer of first rate fiction, offered a radio play to an advertising agency which handles one of the most popular network drama shows on the air. The advertising executive, after carefully reading the script, told the writer that it was an excellent piece of work, but that he could not use it. It was, he said, too good for radio audiences. Rewritten in fictional form, it might be bought immediately by one of the national literary magazines. But for radio audiences, who are used to standardization of plot and theme—who frown on experimentation and off-trail material—it was utterly out of the question. My friend, who bears scars of many a bloody battle with the Philistines, told the executive off, suggested what he might do with his program, and left the office fuming. He swore he would never in his life write another radio script, and I'm sure that he won't—unless advertising men become educated to the fact that not all people are morons.

In past months, many articles have appeared in national magazines harping at radio networks, and telling them they must grow up. But as far

as I'm concerned, the radio networks are not wholly to blame.

It is the advertising agencies, with their bright young men and women, many of whom have never had an original idea in their lives, who are dictating the policy of radio entertainment. Advertisers, with their convincing magic of canvasses and Hooperratings, have devised the moronic formulas by which American radio networks fill in each day of air time. With their commercials which shout of bad taste and ethics, they are striving to make us a nation of hypochondriacs. Their soap operas, drenched with quiet and futile tears, anguish, desperate love and divorce, are designed to distort our thinking, blind us from reality, and make us neurotic. Nine-tenths of the humor in the extremely popular gag shows and situation comedies is strained, intense and so thin at times that set into print, it would not hold reader interest for more than one paragraph. But studio audiences, long trained in instant reflex, never fail to laugh, even though comedians often have to pull chuckles out of them—where chuckles are specified by producers—with quick pantomime and facial expression.



And that vast and puzzled invisible audience, hearing a roar of laughter after a fourth rate gag, wonders if perhaps it isn't up on the latest form of drollery. As an example, right now, any radio comedian only need utter the words "Hubba, hubba, hubba," and people get down and wallow in the aisles. But I'm sure that any tired North Dakota farmer, trying desperately to get a little evening entertainment out of his radio, will stare hard at the floor on that one and wonder just what in hell it is all about! But to the advertising agencies, such moron mash is good copy. It sells cigarettes and soap, toothpaste and coffee like mad. And the well-paid hacks turn it out by the ream. For they decided long ago not to question public taste, as seen through the advertiser's eye. Moral judgments and ethical valuations are not for them. The moola—three, four, five hundred a week in some cases—is what counts.

If soap operas are the solution to the daytime housewife audiences, advertisers have found the answer for nighttime entertainment in the realm of murder mysteries and whodunits. The late trend has been toward the "Psychological Chiller"—that masterpiece of suspense and shock, with

plenty of thunder and lightning, two aged and much frustrated spinsters invariably as main characters—and a bit of Siegmund Freud thrown in free of charge. Radio writers often write with an eye toward the movies, since they make excellent "B" pictures when padded out a bit and given the Hollywood touch. There is also the continuing series of radio mysteries, i. e., "The Shadow," "The Whistler," "The Saint" in which an omniscient man with a mysterious voice leads the audience into the yarn by divers whispers, whistling, gloating laughter, etc., although the whistling seems to have proven the most popular device to date. Creaking doors and high frequency hums have also been used to good effect to both open and close the program and tie it into a neat if not somewhat musty bundle, smelling strongly of the grave until the illusion is shot by the final commercial, which often brings the scent of soap or a delicious table wine out over the airwaves. But the over-all smell—after the program has finally ended, is something else again, and more often than not is so unpleasant that some listeners resolve never to listen again.

A few years ago, when radio began buying air rights to story plots, advertising men suddenly became authorities in drama. With scarcely any background at all, except in some cases a course in Freshman English, the majority of agency men became expert in knowing just what the public wanted in the line of radio drama. There were a few experiments. Some agencies hired good writers, and told them to turn out something good, to

exercise their creative talents to the limit. But at that time writing for the ear was something new and much of it, though basically good, fell flat after a trip through the ether. Audiences reacted badly, the agencies got scared, and decided to use the old formulas, which, though worn to a frazzle, never seem to quite give up the ghost. True Story Magazine filled the airwaves with wild sobs of mothers over their wayward daughters, of daughters weeping quietly on the doorstep, swearing they would never go astray again. True Detective gave us our first mysteries — shrieking auto tires, staccato pistol shots, body falls and the moans of dying men who confessed to bank robberies before finally going out with the tide. The police always got their man, the advertisers always got their audience, and the audience was always very good about buying the product. Everybody was happy all around—except a few sour critics who started to wonder if radio would ever amount to anything, would ever dare go beyond the obvious and commonplace of dramatics.

Well, except for a few minor exceptions, these critics have been right. The advance guard element in radio is a pitifully small one. And where it exists, it is on a sustaining basis, for no agency would dare have the unmitigated effrontery of telling a sponsor that it was a good thing for him.

So the networks bravely step out and give sanctuary to their Corwins, their Obolers and their Orson Welles because there is nothing else for them to do, no other way for them to turn. Whether this gesture is a thankless one or not is philosophical, for, to say the least, it is worthy of praise. Ten, even five years from now may give us an answer, but at present there is little by which to judge. Though a small one, the audience of the experimenters is a fervent one. It hopes that some day the level of radio drama will raise itself up, but it has little or no faith in the guiding hand of the advertiser. He may grow up, but the process is slow, even interminable. After such a long period of adolescence, delayed puberty may set in, and if it does, it will be very bad for all of us. God help us if we are in such a sad state of affairs when the millennium arrives. For if we are, radio is not here to stay, and even the wonders of television won't save it!



"I want an E string for my violin," said a G. I. in a London music store. The girl brought out all the violin strings in the shop.

"Pick hit hout yourself," she said. "I carn't tell the blinkin' 'es from the she's."



OLD Jen



*She died as she had lived,
deathly afraid of water.*

by LUCILLE DAVENPORT

OLD JEN had been fastidious all her life. Even as a young colt she had refused to step into a pool of water, and she either shied off to one side and went around it, or hurdled it with a wild leap. She always objected to getting her feet wet, so we knew that her death was NOT an accident.

One day at dusk, I was riding behind old Jen in what we called the buckboard. It was an open one-seated carriage with a box-like space back of the seat, which could hold two suit cases, or the day's groceries. My brother Harold was driving as we were jogging along toward home, when suddenly Jen came to a puddle of water, and before we knew what had happened we were hurtled off the road and found ourselves over beside the fence, Jen, buckboard, and occupants.

Another day. Jen was teamed with old Nell. They were hauling a load of corn to the crib. Again Jen caught the gleam of a puddle of water in front of her, gave one of her wild lunges, and brought surprised old Nell to her knees in the midst of the mud puddle, while Jen stood over on the

far edge of the puddle, her feet dry-shod, as usual.

Jen was born blind in her right eye, but that didn't interfere with her usefulness, for she always did her share of the farm work beside serving as the "carriage horse." She was gentle and trustworthy—her only peculiarity being her refusal to walk through water.

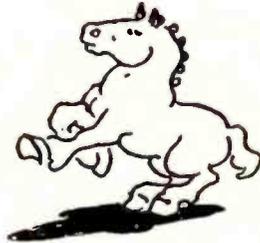
As Jen grew old she gradually became blind in her left eye, too. Finally father turned her out into the orchard to spend her last blind days in idleness. She had been so much a part of the family that we could not bear to see her destroyed.

The orchard was reached by a long lane fenced on both sides, which led from the bars near the barn, through fields of grain, to a gentle slope of land. Here lay the orchard with its thick green grass and its hundreds of trees. The slope fell away to a boggy swamp at the edge of which was a wonderful fountain, an artesian well, that poured forth continuously a stream of clear pure water the size of a man's arm. So old Jen had her green pasture and her fresh water, and her days were full of rest and peace.

Other horses and stock were pastured there in the orchard also from time to time, and one of them was a young colt weaned from its mother. One day this colt came to the bars at the end of the lane near the barn, and whinnied persistently until Harold went to investigate. The colt turned, started back down the lane, then turned back to Harold and whinnied again, even as a dog barks and tries to lead a man. Harold followed the colt and was led through the orchard to the edge of the swamp. There, far out in the watery bog, was old Jen, facing forward, her body almost out of sight in the mud and the water, her blind face lifted up

and pointed out into the swamp. Old Jen who never stepped into a mud puddle, old Jen who had served us faithfully all her life, was now apparently tired of living. There was only one thing for Harold to do; help old Jen finish what she had begun, what she wanted to do. But Harold's heart failed him, so he summoned our neighbor who came and did the task.

From the house, the sound of the shot was muffled and distant, and sounded to us like a farewell salute to an old family friend. Old Jen, brave, blind old Jen, had made her last hurdle, crossing the boggy swamp into a greener orchard.



SWINGIGGLES

It's generally the case that the hand that is held out for money hasn't any corns on it.

Legislators casting about for a new source of tax revenue seem to have overlooked a promising proposal once offered England and the world by Jonathan Swift.

"I propose," said the satirical Swift, "that a tax be levied on female beauty."

"But could we make women pay enough to make it worth while?" inquired a listener.

"I am never well and I can't say why," said the patient. "I get a sort of a pain, I don't know exactly where, and it leaves me feeling, well, I don't really know——"

"This," said the doctor, "is a prescription for I don't know what. Take it I don't know how many times a day for I can't think how long, and you'll feel better, maybe, I don't know when."

During a war some nations think it pays to hate. Later they hate to pay.

AN *Overnight* ARMY

That's what we need. Otherwise we might be blown to pieces by morning . . . Would be too late then.

by CAROL WHITE

MUCH has been written about the universal conscription of the young men of our nation for military training, but so far, most discussions have not brought out the most pertinent argument against such conscription—the fact that a large body of partially trained young men would be almost useless in the type of war that the next one will be.

By now, everyone knows that the next war will be one of terrible swiftness. In the space of a few hours, the attacked nation will have its major industrial and population centers obliterated—literally vaporized off the face of the earth, by rocket powered atomic bombs that are radar directed to destroy their targets with awesome certainty. After such an attack, the power of our nation to wage war would be destroyed. Destroyed months before our army could be mobilized, if we were to depend on forging partially trained soldiers into an effective fighting force. The war would be over long before we had an army capable of defending ourselves.

Proponents of universal conscription are thinking in terms of the last war we fought. A little thought, based on our experiences in organizing and training our armed forces

in that war, will show how futile such a program would be. It is planned that military conscriptees would not be trained by the army, but would be given schooling in essential skills, along with a grounding in military fundamentals. There are two things wrong with this idea. First, our technology changes so fast that men who had completed their training as recently as the previous year would have to be retrained, with the consequent setting up of another enormous training program that would not only take months to set up, but would mean months of additional training. Second, the basic training in military fundamentals would have to be added to, which would mean more time consumed in training. Time which we would not have. Also, in such large training programs, the course must be adapted to the average needs of the group. That means that many men would be wasting time reviewing things that they had learned recently, while others would be inadequately trained because it had been too long since their original training.

Let us determine the time needed to weld men into an effective fighting unit. Assume we were forming a Rocket Bomb Interceptor Group, whose mission would be to launch

missiles designed to search out and destroy radar-detected bombs that were aimed at our shores. We can get a fair idea of the time required to complete such an organization by considering the formation of a heavy bomber group in World War II. First, the men had to be inducted. Then they were given basic training. Next they went to various specialized schools where they learned the hundreds of skills that were necessary. This phase required from two months in the case of a clerk, to about a year in the training of a pilot. Next, these men were sent to distribution depots, from which were drawn men with the various qualifications needed to make up the squadrons of the group. Then, after these trained men were assigned to their group, it required three months of constant work to unite them into an organization that was a potent fighting force.

Grant the unlikely possibility that men who are products of universal conscription would be so trained that they could be sent directly from an

induction center to their fighting unit. It would still take three months of hard work to be ready for action. Three months which we would not have. Such a program is obviously not the answer to our needs.

Instead of spending billions of dollars training men who will never get a chance to be mobilized, let us do the wise thing—the common-sense thing. Let us make our money and energy count for us by maintaining an adequate professional army, already organized, and highly skilled in the new techniques that have already made the tactics of World War II obsolete. Let us keep working on our program of development and research to maintain our superiority in new techniques. Then we will have units that are ready for instant defensive action and counter-attack. Then we will have an effective fighting force that will be ready when we need it. Then and only then will we have a chance of survival if we are the victims of another surprise attack.



An army sergeant was home on a furlough and his wife told him it was high time he told Junior about the birds and the bees.

The sergeant protested that he hated to go through with that song and dance, but his wife insisted. "He's 11 years old," she said, "and no telling what trouble he'll get into." So the reluctant father got his son into a room and said: "Son, do you know where babies come from?"

"Why of course, Pop," said Junior. "I've known that for years."

"Thank Heaven," sighed the relieved father. "Well, Junior, it's exactly the same with birds and bees."

AND EVERY GIRL A Queen!

Wanta dance in the streets in a Molyneux gown? Wanta make a parachute jump from the Empire State Building? Then maybe you wanta be "QUEEN FOR A DAY"—and who doesn't! That's why one of Mutual's most delightful shows is the answer to a lot of women's prayers. See and hear it at the Kansas City Municipal Auditorium Arena, April 11-12th.

CINDERELLA'S Fairy Godmother had the idea first—but that was before radio. And besides, all the chick got out of it was a glass slipper and a Prince. Today's Cinderella gets a ride on a circus elephant, a night at the Stork Club, a radio audition, luncheon with her favorite star, a night at the Waldorf-Astoria, and the doggone moon. She does—if she's lucky enough to be chosen "Queen for a Day." And if you've ever listened to Mutual's fabulous, funny, and charmingly cockeyed show, you know we aren't just kidding.

"Queen for a Day" went on the air-planes from New York last year. By year's end it had moved to Hollywood and copped the award in the 10th Annual Motion Picture Daily poll as the outstanding new program idea of 1945.

The thinker-uppers of "Queen for a Day" did not underestimate the power—or the whims—of a woman. For the whims of the wimmen who take part in this program make the thing sure-fire. The whole show revolves around the fulfillment of wishful thinking. And women think up the daggumdest things!

You probably know how the show operates. Six potential Queens are chosen from the studio audience, along with a judging committee of

by JETTA CARLETON



five men and women. My, yes, the show draws men, too, who may or may not be looking for a queen.

Then the six contestants sit on the stage and emcee Jack Bailey has at it. Between wise cracks and high jinks, he drags out of the candidates their heart's desire—what it is they want most of all, in case they get to be Queen. Usually, the one with the most unusual request is chosen. But that's all up to the five judges. And when the Queen is selected, she gets the works.

Just for instance, Mrs. Evelyn Lane of Arcadia, California, the wife of an officer in the Army Transport service, was chosen Queen one day. She got a trip to New York and everything she

wanted for twenty-four enchanted hours. She rode in a golden chariot and on the back of an elephant. She drank tea with Ray Milland (no week-ends were lost); dined at the Stork Club; met Beatrice Lillie, Frank Fay, and Frederic March. She danced at El Morocco, stayed at the Ritz Towers, and lunched with a bona fide count. And at the end of the joyous season, her fondest wish was that a transcript of the program could be sent to her son in the Pacific. The Queen's wish was her command, and the transcript was sent.

Everybody has fun when "Queen for a Day" is on the air. But probably Jack Bailey has more fun than anybody. Jack is the man who at Christmas time had his own personal greeting cards made. He had himself and his dog photographed in peasant kerchiefs with tears rolling down their faces. That gives you some idea.

The Bailey was born in Hampton, Iowa. After Drake University he studied dramatics in New York and later under Max Reinhardt. For three years he trouped with the Ralph Bellamy Stock Company.

He didn't get around to radio until 1933, during the Chicago World's Fair. Then followed a season with Larry Philbrick and his orchestra as their clowning emcee, and a trek to Hollywood in 1936 as a free lance actor.

When the next World's Fair struck on the West Coast, it found Jack Bailey barking for some midgets. It was one of his chores as assistant manager of the concession. And unaccustomed as he was, he did such a good job of it that he won first prize

in the Fair's barkers' contest. A gay dog, this Jack!

When the Fair closed, Jack went to work for radio station KGB in San Diego, and he hasn't been out of radio since. His KGB stint was the early morning six-to-seven program. He has an agile tongue and does a variety of dialects. He used to produce them all by the dawn's early light, to the delight of his fans. Another feature of the show was a daily stunt performed by a porter whom Bailey salvaged from the night shift at the Pickwick Hotel.



Once Jack threw a picnic for his faithful following. When the guests had assembled at the grounds, Jack made a grand entrance to the dubious tune of a couple of sirens. He'd put the Pickwick porter in a chauffeur's uniform, himself in an old Civil War costume, and had hired the most battered hack in town. The entrance was effective.

At the picnic, one of the fans presented Bailey with a bag of avocados, slightly over-ripe. Bailey decided to present them to his guests—one at a time. He did, and his aim wasn't bad. Just a new switch to the old routine. And the Bailey fans loved it.

One of the pet tricks on one of his morning shows was the Worry Box. Jack advised all his listeners to equip themselves with a little box with a slit in the top. Each day they were to write down on a slip of paper whatever it was that worried them, and slip the paper into the box. Then sometime during the program, Jack would devote thirty seconds of air time to dead silence—while his listeners sat down and worried about what was in their box.

When he isn't tied up with his Queens and the royal duties, Jack likes to swim and play golf, to cook, and collect pictures of babies. He likes working with Little Theatre groups, too. But his "Queen for a Day" commitments keep him pretty busy. And because he gives his uproarious all to his task, that's probably one of the bigger reasons for the show's success. His ebullient sense of the ridiculous and his inherent showmanship can send the studio and radio audience into hysterics. But at the same time,

Jack Bailey has the happy ability to put each Queen candidate so at ease before the microphone that she feels perfectly at home—as if she were in her own parlor eating bread and honey.

Assisting on the show are Bud Ernst, the producer; Bob Cummings; and Mark Houston, the announcer. Ernst and Bailey work throughout the theatre, inviting members of the audience to come up to the stage and participate. Both are excellent comedians of the screwball species, and the show off-stage is often as funny as the one on-stage before the mike.

Any woman lucky enough to squeeze in on the show has a chance to be elected as one of these six Queen candidates or the five judges. But if you see the line forming to the right and the left of Earl Carrol's Theatre Restaurant in Hollywood, where the broadcasts originate, that's not nylons—that's "Queen for a Day." The doors open at 10:30 a.m., and it takes three policemen to keep the girls from storming the gates. The house seats two thousand, but at every performance, scores of people are turned away.

"Queen for a Day" is Aladdin's Lamp, the magic formula, the "Open, Sesame." Because we are such stuff as dreams are made of, and because our lives are mostly a devious pursuit of the end of the rainbow, who is there who wouldn't like to be queen, even if for just one day! And that's where Mutual's most rewarding program packs its appeal. When it goes on the air, every day's a holiday and at least one woman is a queen!

So far there have been more than

two hundred Queens, age 16 to 85. They have been housewives, glamour girls, and career women. And each of them has had twenty-four hours of dreams-come-true. One danced in a chorus line; one did a rumba with Xavier Cugat. Another asked for a singing audition for her husband, and got it. Another one flew to a cold climate to rid herself of an allergy, and one of the Queens met a troopship and kissed the boys hello.

One wanted to be whistled at on a street corner; one wanted to meet a marriageable man. One of them wanted to ride down New York's Fifth Avenue on a fire engine—and she did. And still another realized her

yearning to sit in a high chair, eat oatmeal, get it all over her face and in her hair—and have somebody else clean it up. One Queen even decreed that an apartment be found for her. She got the apartment. That's "Queen for a Day"!

The entire "Queen for a Day" cast will appear in person at the Kansas City Municipal Auditorium Arena for two coast-to-coast broadcasts, Thursday and Friday, April 11-12—with WHB as "host" station. Free tickets are available from WHB advertisers in greater Kansas City.

Like poker, it is such dear madness—one might always win! And someone always does!



The small son of the house had been told that he must always wait patiently until he was served at meals and never must he draw attention to himself. One day he was dining at a friend's house with his mother and somehow he was accidentally overlooked. Nobody noticed, and for a time he was patient, but at last he could stand it no longer. Leaning across to his mother, he said in an audible whisper:

"Mother, do little boys who starve to death go to heaven?"



Words for Our Pictures

A CROWN, FOR SOMEBODY . . . Jock Bailey, imaginative, hilarious entrepreneur of the famous Mutual air show, "Queen for a Day," seems to be rehearsing for his appearance in Kansas City, April 11 and 12. The show will be broadcast nationwide from the Arena of the Municipal Auditorium at 1:30 p.m. on those afternoons. WHB will be the Mutual key station for that broadcast. Tickets may be obtained by writing to WHB,

Scorritt Building, Ninth and Grand, Kansas City, Missouri.

WRONG NUMBER PLEASE . . . Kay Booth, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer beauty may have the wrong number, but who would dare say she hasn't the right figure for something like this?

MAN-OF-THE-MONTH . . . Murrel Crump, president of the Advertising and Sales Executives Club is Swing's "Man-of-the-Month" for April.



WASH. OKLAHOMA ARKANSAS IOWA VIRGINIA GEORGIA MONT. DELAWARE
NEBRASKA NEVADA NASH. ALABAMA TENN. VERMONT MAINE NEW YORK PENN. OREGON MICHIGAN CONN. TEXAS MINN. N. MEXICO N. DAKOTA S. DAKOTA WYOMING R-I.







Swing's

MAN OF THE MONTH

Murrel Crump

"He Makes Things Jump"

BORN August 22, 1901, Santa Fe, Monroe County, Missouri. Came to Kansas City June 3, 1920. Married March 10, 1934, to Helen Louise Smith of Beloit, Kansas. Lives on Walnut Ridge farm near Olathe, Kansas, with wife and two children, Robert Owen, 9, and Constance Louise, 4. One year in cashier's department, Santa Fe railroad; advertising department of Long-Bell Lumber company seven years; advertising agency business seven years; with Sinclair Coal company past nine years; now advertising manager of Sinclair and of the Locke Stove company, nation's largest producers of coal heating stoves. Member of several national coal and marketing committees; president of Advertising and Sales Executives club; president of A. & S. E. Building corp.; first vice-president Kansas City Merchan-

dise Mart; director Kansas City Business Bureau; director Kansas City Area Council, Boy Scouts of America; immediate past-director National Federation of Sales Executives; member Executive Publicity committee Kansas City Art Institute; chairman public relations division, Jackson County War Finance committee; chairman Speakers' Bureau, Red Cross; has served as vice-president of local Committee for Economic Development; serving on various other committees including emergency housing, Citizens Planning Council; War Chest. Member of Kansas City Club; trustee and steward of Old Mission Methodist church which he helped organize and develop. Owns and lives on Walnut Ridge Farm, Johnson County, Kansas. Belongs to Johnson County Farm Bureau, and Olathe Saddle Club.

FAVORITE FOOD: Roast beef with rich, brown gravy.

FAVORITE CIGARS: La Coronas, and about eight or ten daily.

FAVORITE READING: Newspapers and magazines, time permitting.

FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAMS: Blood and thunder mysteries, chillers.

FAVORITE COLOR: Red, but not when it pertains to business.

FAVORITE ACTOR: Orson Welles; used to be Lon Chaney.

FAVORITE SPORT: Used to be golf, now Palomino hosses.

FAVORITE CROONER: Better run for your life, brother.

FAVORITE ACTRESS: Has none; sees about one movie a year.

FAVORITE DRINK: An occasional Bourbon, for conviviality only.

IDEAL WOMAN: Her telephone number is Olathe, Kas., 14-F4.

HOBBY: Raising Palomino riding horses, pure-bred shorthorns.

AMBITION: To make Walnut Ridge farm simply outa this world.

HOURS AVAILABLE: Whenever you're lucky enough to catch him.

INEVITABLE SUBJECT: The "Ad" club of which he is president.

ORDINARY PET HATES: Politics, careless drivers, traffic lights.

EXTRAORDINARY PET HATES: Delays, red tape, procrastination.

PET PROJECT: The "Adverettes" of which Mrs. C. is president.

MAJOR PROJECT: The Kansas City Merchandise Mart.

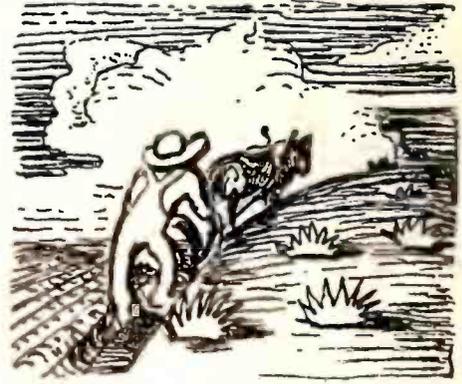
CUTE LITTLE PROJECTS: Robert Owen Crump, Constance Louise Crump.

“LOOK, Murrel, if you want to take a good picture of a hawg, you gotta get right down behind it. From that angle you took it, why, your hawg looks more like a rabbit.”

The camera expert speaking was Harold Hahn, who probably knows more about portraiture than does Winston Churchill about wangling loans out of Uncle Samuel. Harold was saying, in no classic language, that Murrel Crump may be president of the Advertising and Sales Executives Club, and dozens of civic committees, but that he was no Rembrandt with the lens, and certainly didn't know the photographic angles of hogs.

Why would the man who turned down a chance not long ago to be candidate for mayor want to photograph hogs anyhow? Well, it's because this miracle man of business raises fine hogs on his Johnson county farm, and fine hogs don't live forever. A fella can have his memories, can't he? Even of super-duper hogs? Yes, Mr. Crump's ambition is to make Walnut Ridge farm, a mile out of Olathe, Kansas, a mecca for admirers of Owensdale pure-bred short-horn cattle, Palomino horses, and Duroc hogs.

Every weekend Murrel works as hard as any dirt farmer in Johnson County, driving tractor, feeding and currying the thoroughbreds, and directing the help. Trailing along on every mission that will permit are his two tots, Robert Owen, nine years old, and Constance Louise, just past four. Like their daddy, they, too, are sold on the freshness, freedom and exhilaration of farming. Bobby says



when he grows up he's going to have twice as big a farm with twice as many horses, hogs, and tractors as his dad has now.

The telephone jingles loud and often at Olathe 14-F4, because Murrel has so many strings all tied together and so many irons in the fire in Kansas City that Mrs. Crump is often prevailed upon to become a full time secretary. She does, and very efficiently, too.

One Monday morning Murrel wasn't at the Sinclair Coal company, where he is advertising manager; he wasn't at home, and he couldn't be located at the Kansas City Club. There was only one answer, and it was right.

We picked up Murrel hurrying out of the Advertising and Sales Executives Club and chased him back inside. During the next half hour or so the story of the remarkable growth of an advertising and sales fraternity was unfolded piece by piece. Mr. Crump is an expert at crawling out of credit or personal glory, but we had him dead to rights there.

When Murrel took office as president of the Advertising and Sales

Executives Club four years ago, the club had a membership of 207. Its outside activities included only the public speaking division. Weekly luncheons were held at the Hotel President, and aside from the natural conviviality of men in kindred businesses, there was little else.

Within a few months Murrel was successful in getting the membership to change its name from the "Ad Club" to the Advertising and Sales Executives Club. When membership reached 600, a club building corporation was formed with Mr. Crump as president. The building at 913 Baltimore, formerly the Kansas City School of Law, was purchased and remodeled into a club home. All activities are now centered there.

The membership on January 1 of this year numbered 1,400, and the club now has an enviable balance sheet.

Activities have grown to such an extent that plans are in the making to add two floors to the club home.

Educational activities include public speaking classes every night except Saturday and Sunday. Sales schools are held Monday and Tuesday nights and an advertising school on Wednesday night. Four Spanish classes are

held each week and a letter writing clinic was recently concluded. Other activities include sales round table discussions, town halls on marketing, all in addition to Monday noon luncheons with prominent businessmen of the nation as guest speakers.

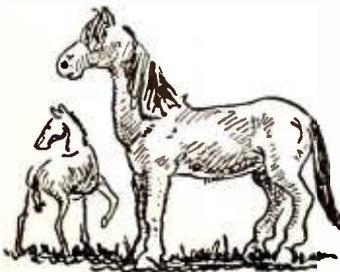
In May, 1944, the Women's auxiliary was organized under the name of "Adverettes." Knowing that leadership runs in the Crump family, the women named Mrs. Helen Crump as president, and she still holds that position. Auxiliary membership is now nearing 300 and continues to grow.

In March, 1945, under the leadership of Murrel, the club and its building corporation voted to sponsor a Merchandise Mart for Kansas City. Tenants started moving into the Mart at 2201 Grand Avenue last January and plans call for completion of the Mart and a grand opening early in the summer. Out of town buyers will have an opportunity to select innumerable lines of merchandise all under one roof. The Mart is patterned along the lines of the famous Chicago Merchandise Mart.

The club, through various enterprises, has contributed generously to all worthy civic enterprises in Kansas City, and will continue to make civic philanthropy an important function.

Much to the surprise of members who invested in club building stock, the corporation has been paying a dividend of eight per cent on \$10 per share par stock, while steadily increasing its surplus.

While Murrel admits that the Advertising Club has been doing all right, he believes that he himself has



been a great personal winner. He values, above everything else, the friendship and confidence of the 1,400 members who looked for, and received, sound leadership. There was a time when Murrel couldn't get up and make a speech before a gathering without turning the color of some of his best garden beets. He credits the coaching and guidance of Prof. C. C. Fairchild, public speaking instructor, for banishing his stage fright. Speaking assignments on coal industry conventions are now all part of the day's work.

Building, planning and improving; making the best better, is perhaps the psychological keynote of Crump success. When the Ad club reaches that point in stature, perfection and operation for which he and the members strive; when the Sinclair Coal company is selling all the coal it can buy, mine, beg or borrow, and when every farm home in the nation is fitted out with a Locke coal stove, the Number One candidate for sympathy will be Murrel Crump. . . . Poor guy, he won't have anything to do.



VICISSITUDES

By a misplaced blow with a hammer, a man disabled one of his thumbs. "That's too bad," a friend said several days afterward. "No, it isn't," replied the man. "It was one of the best things that ever happened to me. It has taught me to appreciate that thumb. I never knew its value before. I found out by actual count the first day that there were 257 things I had been using my thumb for every day of my life without ever giving it a thought and that the thumb was almost indispensable for doing every one of them. We never value our commonest blessings until we are in danger of losing them."

The young matron listened attentively while her doctor prescribed a remedy for her nervous condition. "Madame," he said, "you require frequent baths, plenty of fresh air and you should also dress in warm clothes."

That evening she told her husband all about it, but in these words. "The doctor says I'm highly distraught and that it is essential for me to go to Palm Beach, then to a dude ranch out West and to buy myself an ermine wrap."

When a man marries his secretary he sometimes finds she then becomes his treasurer.

2,000 MILES OF *Funeral*

Big Medicine held the hostile arrows of the Indians. Willie Keil's dad kept his promise.

by SAM SMITH



HOSTILE Indians of the plains and mountains were sworn to stop the westward flow of the whites, yet they launched not a single flashing arrow at the long white-topped caravan in which Willie Keil and his friends rode to Oregon.

The Keil party was armed with big medicine, the power of music. The emigrants sang constantly, their dirges and hymns rippling outward on the prairie winds or echoing through the mountain passes.

It was Willie Keil's funeral procession, the longest and strangest in American history. There is nothing to compare with it in the annals of the trails which fanned out from Missouri a century ago.

Willie had dreamed of this great adventure, of seeing the endless sweep of the prairies and watching for the first faint line of clouds which would mark the mountains. He couldn't see them now but, riding there in the lead wagon, he earned for his friends safe passage through country marked by skeletons of man and beast who had fallen victim to the hostile red men.

Nineteen-year-old Willie Keil died at Bethel, Missouri, four days before that wagon train pulled out for Oregon. He'd wanted so badly to go with his father and friends that they preserved his body in alcohol in a lead-lined coffin and made the first wagon his hearse.

For 2,000 tiresome miles, the 75 families who made that strange odyssey sang to the accompaniment of the violin and guitar, flute and clarinet, zither and drums.

Awed and intrigued, the Indians watched spellbound as the creaking Conestoga wagons disappeared into the distance, its music floating over it like a protecting blanket.

It was on the morning of May 23, 1855, that the wagons assembled on the main street of Bethel. That Missouri community was at the time the center of one of those remarkable colonies which developed on the western frontier.

It was a town born of a doctrine of "without money and without price," a communistic settlement of Dutch from Pennsylvania and Ohio who had followed Dr. William Keil



to the Missouri Utopia he had preached to them.

Now Dr. Keil was moving on with 75 families, headed for a new community of "Aurora" he planned in the Pacific Northwest. Behind him he was leaving a group of settlements mushroomed around Bethel to prove that his ideas would work.

He was a saddened man as he gave the signal to pull out. Willie was dead but he'd promised his son that he'd not be left behind. The father had prepared an ambulance wagon for his son. In the final days at Bethel, it was made into a hearse, to be drawn by six horses all the way to Oregon.

As this prophet of communism waved the train out of Bethel, his followers began to sing the dirge he had composed to be sung at Willie's distant grave.

Again and again along the road Dr. Keil received solemn warning from plainsmen and scouts to turn back. Stragglers from burned and plundered trains told of Indian attacks and death along the rutted road. But Dr. Keil just shook his head because he'd promised Willie they'd go to Oregon.

News of the charmed company traveled ahead of the wagons. Large bands of Indians frequently approached the train but they never made a hostile move.

The mystery and sacredness of the hearse, the songs and music of the travelers, earned it safe conduct. Never before had the red men seen such a thing, nor had they previously been treated with such kindness and trustfulness by whites.

By November 23, six months after leaving Bethel, the train was at Willapa, Washington, and there Keil decided to stop. The day after Christmas in 1855 they buried Willie, still singing the song composed at Bethel for the occasion. It was the final scene in that unique funeral.

One of the colonists, according to records which have been preserved, had this to say about it:

"Some people would have laughed at the story as a freakish whim of an old man, but we who knew Dr. Keil and his plan of life appreciated the solemnity and seriousness of the act. It was not a pleasant task to escort this boy's body two thousand miles and to have with him amid that wild

and lonely country the depressing influences of his boy's remains. But he had given his word to his son."

The elder Keil was one of those odd characters who appeared along the frontier a century ago. He was called the "founder, prophet, priest and king" of the Bethelites. Born in Prussia, he came to Missouri by way of Pittsburgh.

He'd been a Methodist minister but his preachings had strayed far afield from the accepted line of thought and his theological fathers had stripped him of the cloth. Although seemingly none too well educated, he was an eloquent and forceful man.

Keil preached no particular creed after his days in Methodism. He modeled his theology after certain of the primitive Christians and based his gospel on the Bible. Believing in a communal life, he preached so brilliantly of a Canaan in the west that about 500 colonists followed him to Bethel in 1845 from Pennsylvania and Ohio.

Unlike their attitude toward the Mormons, neighboring Missourians became friendly with Keil's Dutch and the colony prospered. Its industries and farms did well. But no man had more than the next, be he farmer, artisan or Keil himself.

Keil did live in a mansion house, from which he ruled his colony in excellent fashion. At one time more than 4,000 acres of rich north Missouri land was under cultivation by the Bethelites. Keil's mansion, however, like the flour mills and farm land, was community property.

The Bethelites built a church. They had no particular creed, no records, nor ceremonials. But the church was filled every Sunday, just the same.

There never was any ill feeling. All property was held in the name of Keil, to be deeded by him in a general warranty to his successor. The Bethel property was so deeded over when Keil made his march to Oregon to spread farther his gospel.

Both the communal projects he founded flourished until he was laid to rest beside his son in 1879. With the leader gone, the colonists decided to split up their communal holdings. Representatives from the two centers met and, to complete the strange drama, worked out readily enough an amicable division.

There wasn't a man among them who said it wasn't fair—which is as odd in its way as was Willie Keil's funeral procession.



The three-year-old and his father were being pushed toward the rear of a rapidly filling elevator. A kindly woman turned to the father and said, "Aren't you afraid your little boy will be crushed?"

"Not a chance, lady," answered the father. "He bites."

RATS ARE *Smart*

RATS are cunning. Not long ago I read about a rat which coveted a side of beef hanging in a small country slaughterhouse, but was unable to reach it. He contrived to get some of it, and did.

He brought in some of his rodentary relation and by stacking themselves, tumbler style, the top rat was finally able to reach it. He nibbled off bits and dropped them to the floor until a good sized heap had been built up. The formation broke up and each rat had his meal.

Thus I was reminded of other stories heard over the years, actual experiences with this clever, nauseating, and incidentally, growing enemy.

One man lived on the edge of a large city, far enough out to raise chickens without bringing down the board of health. Eggs for breakfast, eggs for lunch and eggs to gather when he returned at night. He was completely tired of eggs.

Rather than offend his mother by asking her to amit the dailiy hard-boiled egg from his packed lunch, he merely tossed it away with the waste paper.

One day, going to the basement of the store where he worked, he saw a rat rolling an egg across the floor toward a hole in the wall. He stood quietly and saw her push it into the hole and come back for another egg. He decided to catch the rat.

He bought a trap. A fancy arrangement it was, which invited the

rat to walk through a maze of wires, funnel fashion, then through a push-in door toward the bait. Once in, the rat was due for dunking in a pail of water. Or at least, so the salesman said.

But things didn't work out that way. The bait was always gone and no rat was trapped. So, one day the man waited and watched, just to see what actually happened.

Soon a female rat came from the hole, followed by three little ones. She went through the funneled wires and held the trap door open while her babies ate and backed out. By wriggling, she, too, managed to get through the wires.

This man was smart, though. Next time he made a slight noise and startled the mother so she lost control of the trap door, held open for her young. She, too, was caught in the process.

Such stories always seemed more plausible than others which credit rats with long time planning.

The slaughterhouses of our great meat industry wage constant war on rats. One of their most effective weapons is dry plaster. Mixed sparingly with crushed grain, this nearly tasteless substance is consumed by the rodent. Very shortly the rat starts to petrify from within—thus creating a problem that neither Mr. and Mrs. Rat nor their families and children have been able to solve—as yet.

—Theia A. Gebbie.



BOOM TIMES FOR WHALES

NOW that the war is over, whale shooting is going to be terrific. Since 1940 the whaling industry has been at a standstill, while herds have increased rapidly.

Modern whaling is very different from the romantic and hazardous days of "Moby Dick." Today whales are hunted with harpoons shot from cannons and the carcasses are processed at sea on huge "factory ships" equipped to reduce the blubber to oil and other products. As a result of the improved methods of handling and processing the whale, plus the discovery of new uses for whale oil such as margerine and soap, the whale is as coveted a mammal as it ever was in the past.

Whales have been hunted for more than a thousand years. When whales were pursued in small ships and the killing done with hand harpoons by a few men in small boats propelled by oars, whaling was necessarily limited to whales that floated when killed, such as: The Right Whale, the Bowhead, and the Sperm Whale. The larger "finner" whales including the Finback, Blue Whale, Sei Whale, and the Humpback Whale, sink when killed. Moreover, these "finner" whales were too speedy and dangerous to be hunted successfully until the perfection of the harpoon gun about the middle of the 19th century. This also permitted the use of a heavier line by which the "finner" whales could be hauled to the surface, pumped full of air and floated.

Large toothed whales, such as the Sperm Whale, have throats big enough to swallow nearly anything that lives in the sea, including giant squid, seals, and sharks. Such whales could easily swallow a man; but if he managed to pass the teeth without getting bitten, he could not long survive the powerful gastric juices of the whale's stomach. Other types of whales have no teeth but instead are equipped with flexible blades of whalebone which hang down from



both sides of the upper jaws in strips with hair-like bristles on the inner sides of these blades. These whalebone blades are called baleen, and the baleen equipped whale lives on small fish and shrimp-like crustaceans that live near the surface. The whale's method of obtaining this food is to swim through schools of fish with its mouth wide open, then when the whale's maw is sufficiently full the whale closes its jaws, and forces the water out. The baleen strips act like a sieve and the food can be swallowed at the whale's leisure, as this type of whale has a throat only a few inches in diameter. A large baleen whale may be one hundred feet in length yet can swallow nothing larger than a herring.

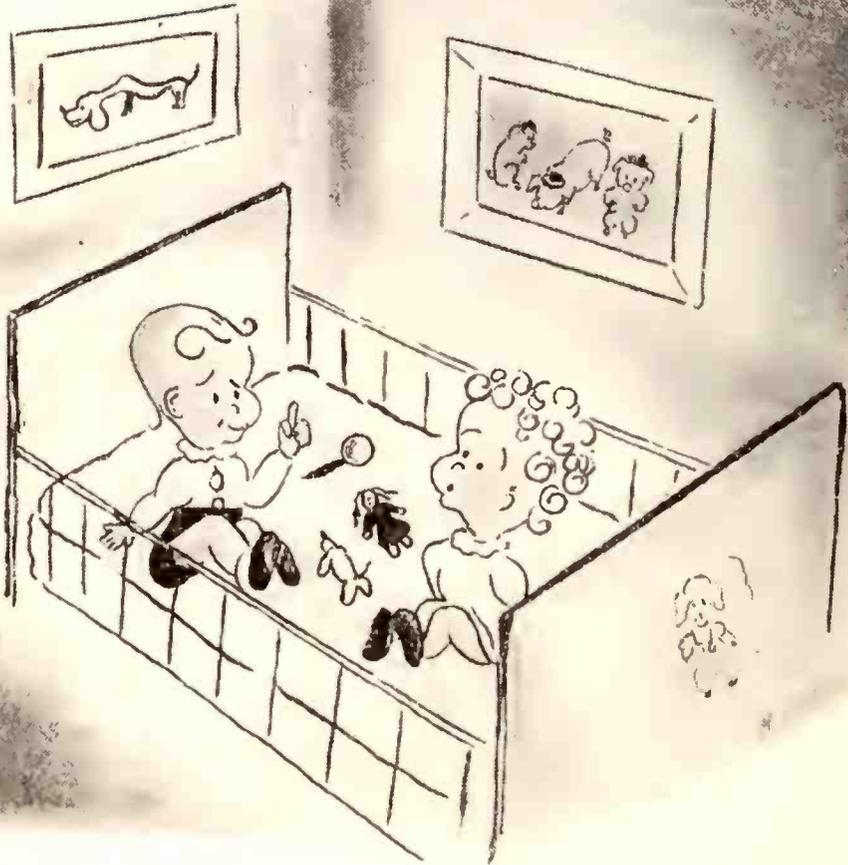
Though whales look like fish and can live only in water they would drown like any land animal if they could not surface frequently to breathe. For breathing purposes whales have a nostril or blowhole on the top of their head. Toothed whales have no blowhole and baleen whales have two blowholes.

Present day methods are such that a huge factory ship (one of the largest is six hundred and thirty-three feet long and is rated at thirty thousand deadweight tons) goes into good whaling locations and just cruises slowly around while the catcher boats supply the whales. At the bow of the "catcher" boat is a small

maneuverable cannon which fires the harpoon into the whale. The harpoon has strong barbs that open upon entry into the whale's flesh. The killing harpoon contains an explosive charge that kills or fatally wounds the whale. Whalers used to just mark their catch with a white flag, then radio the factory ship of the

location; but that method was not very satisfactory. Storms would come up and so scatter the carcasses that many would be lost. The whalers now equip each carcass with a radio beacon costing five hundred dollars. Losing a whale is like losing fifteen hundred dollars.

—Rowland G. Bird.



... and if the stork had overshot his landing fifty feet I would have been a Jones.

Smoke Sign IN THE SKY

Pilots play Tic-tac-toe with blue sky as a scratch-pad.

by LUCILLE H. BECKHART

USING a plane for a pen and the sky as a writing pad, the Sky-writers spread their advertisements above the city.

This is not as simple a matter as it might seem. In the first place, the plane (or pen) weighs a ton, and rapid maneuvering is necessary. To add to this difficulty, the flyer cannot see what he is writing without dropping below, or climbing above his line of writing.

Sky writing may be divided into three classes. (1) The purely personal aspect in which pilots play such games as Tic-tac-toe, using the sky for a scratch pad. (2) The decorative aspect where the sky-writer uses his smoke belching plane to draw graceful plumes against the blue sky. (3) The third aspect is the commercial phase and is the most important of all.

The Sky Writing Corporation of America has a monopoly on this. The smoke they use is formed by a patented mixture of gas, oil, and chemicals. These are mixed in a complicated exhaust device. Watching this device alone, with its six different indicators and adjusters, is a complicated job.

Summer time, with its gentle winds and blue skys, is the best time for sky-writers. An altitude of 12,000

feet, well over two miles, is considered the best. Although freezing cold at all times, the air at this altitude is generally free from bumps.

The letters made by the smoke plane are huge. A capital letter may be one-half mile high, while the smaller letters are a mere one-third of a mile high. A six-letter word may be two miles long.

Comparatively long distances are covered in the writing of a sign. The dotting of an "i" may make it necessary for the pilot to fly back a mile.

Sky-writing pilots have certain "tricks" to which they resort in their trade. In order to keep the letters in an upright direction, the plane flies directly toward, or directly away from the sun. The size of the letters is determined by count, the small letters of a sign all receiving the same count, and the capital letters a few more.

Writing the letters in a straight line is difficult. This is overcome somewhat by what is called a "staggering" of the letters. The first, third and fifth letters of a sign are written on a slightly higher plane than are the second, fourth and sixth. This enables the pilot to see the base line, not only of the last letter, but of the preceding one as well. The differ-

ence of the height of the base lines, or of the "stagger," is so small that it cannot be detected from the ground.

Wind conditions are something that the pilot cannot control, therefore he must learn to counteract them. This he does by flying at different speeds. For instance, in a 40-mile-an-hour wind, all upstrokes are made at 60 miles an hour, and the down strokes at 160 miles an hour.

All work is done by diagrams. Banks and turns are carefully charted before the pilot leaves the ground.

The sky-writer must work fast so as to complete the advertisement or sign before the smoke falls apart. A good sign should last about twenty minutes.

A ten letter advertisement may cost as much as \$1,000 for one "copy." It would be poor business to use sky-writing as a means of advertising unless one were sure that thousands of people would see the sign. For this

reason they are used mostly above large cities or at special events which draw large numbers of people together, such as County and State fairs.

Great care is taken in training pilots for sky-writing. Much of the work must be done by "feel" and all pilots are not suited for this. Since they may view their sign from various angles, it is necessary that the pilots be able to almost automatically read and think backwards.

Mistakes can be made in this profession just as in any other. Perhaps the most embarrassing, as well as the most puzzling one, was made by a pilot over New York. He had been assigned to write the words, "Air Show." He worked from his diagram and all went well with the first word—Air. But in writing the second word, he omitted the letter "h" and sailed off, leaving the puzzled populace to gaze and speculate on what an "Air Sow" might be.



A business man when on a hunting trip to Maine became separated from his guide. He wandered about for several hours and became panic stricken. He saw in his imagination a searching party finding his body weeks later. Then he recalled some advice his guide had given him.

"If you are lost, climb a tree and look around. From up there you may see something that will help you."

The lost fellow climbed a tree and found to his chagrin that the supposedly impenetrable forest extended for only a quarter of a mile and that his camp and guide were less than a mile away.

Charles Steinmetz, the electrical wizard, often worked in the General Electric laboratory long after the rest of the staff had gone home. A fellow worker chided him about it. "Don't be such a fool, Steinmetz. You get the same pay check every week no matter how hard you work."

Steinmetz looked up from his test tubes. "It doesn't matter whose payroll you are on, my friend," he said, "you are working for yourself."

*Rest is the only known cure for Tuberculosis;
even if a lung has to be collapsed to do it.*

T. B.—Painless DANGER

By CONSTANCE RIVARD

DANGER is lurking on every doorstep in America . . . danger, in the form of tuberculosis, which is the chief cause of death of all Americans between the ages of 15 and 24 and the second chief cause of death of all Americans between the ages of 25 and 44.

At least half the people in the United States, if not more, harbor the tuberculosis germ. Some time during their lives, the tubercule bacillus has entered and stayed in their bodies. So long as resistance is high, few of us are ever troubled by the germ. But when overwork, too much exposure or crowded living breaks down our resistance, or when we get another infection from a tuberculous person, the tuberculosis germs go to work. They change the body tissues, filling them with decay, pus and blood. In this way, every year 500,000 Americans in every walk of life—clerks, truck drivers, debutantes, lawyers, students, bankers and teachers—develop active tuberculosis.

Were tuberculosis to come with as many identifying marks as the common cold, its presence would be easily detected and its treatment applied immediately. But, so painless is *early*

tuberculosis that man has taken thousands of years to recognize the nature of the disease. Tuberculosis appeared in so many guises that man thought he was fighting many diseases.

One of the most prevalent forms of tuberculosis was scrofula, or "King's Evil," which our ancestors thought could be cured by the touch of a royal hand. Another torment was known as Potts' disease. Today we know it is tuberculosis of the spine. The twisted bones of men hump-backed by Potts' disease have been found by archeologists as far back as the prehistoric period of Neolithic Man, 7,000 years ago.

But the most widespread kind of tuberculosis was, and still is, pulmonary tuberculosis, often called consumption of the lungs or phthisis, from the Greek word meaning "consume" or "waste away." With all their wisdom, the Greeks could not halt that mysterious consuming of the lungs. But in the 4th century B. C., Hippocrates, Father of Medicine, carefully studied case after case and recorded the symptoms to aid other doctors. Hippocrates noted that consumption most commonly occurred between the ages of 18 and 35. Its at-

tack brought a dry cough, a spitting of blood, chest pains, fever and a wasting away of the victim.

These, as we know today, are symptoms of *advanced* tuberculosis. For more than 2,000 years men tried to detect tuberculosis in its early stages, and had failed. Then, in 1761 at the Holy Trinity Hospital in Vienna, Dr. Leopold Auenbrugger, while holding an autopsy for his students, discovered that the lungs of consumption are lungs torn with holes. Auenbrugger longed for a way to see through the chest to the lungs, so that consumption could be discovered before death, rather than the way he had discovered it that afternoon, on the autopsy table. His class dismissed, Dr. Auenbrugger walked to his favorite Viennese cafe for his afternoon coffee. A few feet away from his table, Franz, the waiter, tapped on the wine kegs in order to find out how much of the delicious liquid remained for his customers. The doctor watched him, and as he watched he began to realize that here was the solution to his problem. Why not tap the chest and tell by the different sounds if the lungs contain air or liquid!

Putting to work his brilliant power of observation, Auenbrugger learned that the sound elicited from a healthy chest over the lungs resembles the stifled sound of a drum covered with a thick woolen cloth. In contrast, he learned that a chest yielding only a sound like that of a fleshy limb being struck, like your thigh, carried disease. Using this new technique of percussion, he found he could also discern cavities in the lungs.



Auenbrugger's discovery of percussion revealed for the first time that tuberculosis begins to injure the lungs long before it shows any outward symptoms. The development of the stethoscope by Laennec in 1819 enabled physicians to hear, in the breathing of tuberculous people, the rattle-like sound, or rales, which denotes fluid in the lungs or bronchial tubes. But still science knew no way to halt the consuming disease once they found it.

Some doctors advised fresh air. Others recommended cold baths, horseback riding, eating more to gain weight. But so little effect had any of these treatments that many doctors simply eased their patient's suffering pain with opium or morphine and waited helplessly for them to die. As late as 1874, one despairing French physician said—"There are only two cures for consumption. Morphine and lies."

But a way to healing was found. The cure was discovered by a young

American doctor, who himself had been struck down by tuberculosis. On a May day in 1874, in New York City, young Dr. Edward L. Trudeau, weak with fever, faced what he believed to be certain death. He asked his young wife to take him to the Adirondacks where he wanted to spend his last remaining days in the quiet of the woods. Over a twisting road, the young doctor was carried 42 miles in a wagon bed to a remote hunting camp. Strangely enough, he regained his strength, and in six months he and his wife returned to the city. But a winter of activity again broke him with fever and exhaustion, and the following spring he was brought back to the mountains, remaining there with his wife and children, to be again healed mysteriously.

One day, in 1882, while looking through a British medical journal, Dr. Trudeau read of a European, Dr. Brehmer of Silesia, who believed that rest was the cure for tuberculosis. This Dr. Brehmer had built an institution for tuberculous people, which he called a sanatorium, where they could rest in bed all the time and be cared for by doctors.

Trudeau vowed he would start such



a sanatorium in America. With the enthusiasm of a crusader, young Trudeau sought subscriptions among the rich and poor alike. He offered his medical services if only others would donate money. He must have been a good salesman as well as a good doctor, because in a short time he was able to start building his sanatorium on the quiet shores of Saranac Lake.

That pioneer sanatorium at Saranac Lake brought the first true treatment of tuberculosis in the United States. From Trudeau's beginning have sprung the nation's some 600 modern sanatoriums, where men, women and children rest their way back to life.

But while Trudeau and Brehmer were showing that early tuberculosis could be healed, science still did not know what caused the disease. At that time, few even thought it was contagious. General ignorance encouraged tuberculosis to spread from person to person.

In 1881 Robert Koch, a German pathologist, set out to discover the tuberculosis germ. Eight years later he found the tubercule bacillus, the beautiful, thin rod-like germs, the parasites that formed modules in the lungs. Koch's brilliant investigations brought even greater findings. Examining tissue from scrofula and Potts' diseases, he proved that these also were caused by the tuberculosis germ. His experiments demonstrated that the tuberculosis germ usually enters the lungs first, and usually remains there. But the germ can be carried by the blood to any part of the body, where it can cause tuberculosis of the bones, the internal organs, the eye, the skin, or even the brain.



When Koch's work proved that tuberculosis was contagious, Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, in 1889, persuaded New York City to make the first effort by a municipality to halt the spread of tuberculosis in the United States. The New York Public Health Department sent agents into the tenement areas to post orders on the care and prevention of tuberculosis. And to prevent people from hiding cases of tuberculosis and so infecting others, the National Tuberculosis Association, early in the 20th century, obtained laws in most large cities compelling doctors to report their tuberculosis cases to public health authorities. The National Tuberculosis Association also established educational campaigns and health programs throughout the nation.

This work lowered the death rate from 200 persons per 100,000 in 1900 to 43 per 100,000 in 1942. But during the exhausting years of the second World War, resistance fell and the rate of active tuberculosis rose sharply.

To prevent further spread, every incipient case must be X-rayed and given intelligent treatment. There is no quick, easy treatment. No medicine or drug cures tuberculosis. The only proven treatment is rest, which gives the lungs time to heal themselves. In every step, the treatment of tuberculosis is rest. Even in surgical tuberculosis, the goal is rest. To give an infected lung the maximum rest, surgeons may collapse the lung by removing one or more ribs. To heal tuberculous bones, after the diseased part is removed, the patient is placed in a cast to rest immovably, for weeks or months. Even convalescent patients must have regular rest. They may look the picture of health, but without the proper rest, a relapse may occur, worse than the original attack.

Just as important as the discovery of the disease in a person is the convalescent period. The patient must be kept under proper care until completely recovered. In the sanatorium tuberculosis patients are cared for by those who know how. They are occupied with small tasks which take their minds off of their troubles and at the same time keep them from doing exhausting work.

When a new case of tuberculosis is discovered, let him not become discouraged. Rather, let him remember that history is brilliant with the courage and persistence of men whose lives were wracked by tuberculosis . . . the 18th century violinist Paganini; one of England's greatest poets, John Keats; Voltaire, whose words were mightier than royal power in 18th century France; and the author

of "Treasure Island," Robert Louis Stevenson.

Today's tuberculosis cases have new life and hope ahead, thanks to the modern sanatorium, public health precautions and the men who made the

discovery and treatment of tuberculosis possible.

(Adapted from a recent broadcast of "The Human Adventure" of WGN, Chicago outlet for the Mutual Broadcasting System.)



*No, I am not listening
to the radio*

Chicago Letter...



By NORT JONATHAN

Feminine beauty is having its day in the public prints. Practically every daily paper except the sedate Journal of Commerce, which no doubt thinks of cheese-cake strictly as a food, is either sponsoring a beauty contest or promotng one. These days no edtion is complete without plenty of leggy pictures of luscious damsels with their skirts coyly pulled up to reveal their knees.

There's "Miss Fashion Rhapsody," "Miss Forget-Me-Not," "Miss Photo Flash," and even "Miss Hubba-Hubba." Minor queens, of which there seem to be dozens, have less glamorous titles, like "Miss Irving Park Shopping District," and so on.

The local beauties—none of whom surpasses SWING's cover girl—have been dashing happily from contest to contest, hopping in and out of bathing suits and evening gowns with a speed which would astonish a veteran fireman. A few days ago the Daily News sponsored the finals of its "Fashion Rhapsody" contest, with no less an authority than Nils T. Granlund on hand to pick the fairest of the fair. The moans of the losers had hardly

died down, less than three hours later, when the Herald-American picked its "Miss Outdoor Sports" from practically the same group of non-blushing maidens. In fact, the quick and frequent changes into bathing suits on the part of so many attractive females trying for some title or other may have something to do with the present flu wave among Chicago's models.

However, no one is complaining about the current display of loveliness in the press. It gets the day off to
NO COM-PLAINTS a great start to open up the morning paper and discover "Miss Broken Flash Bulb" curving out at you from among the obituaries or want ads.

The press photographers have picked their queen and have had their annual ball—complete with the usual banquet fare of tired salad, cold ham, and iced coffe, all served on midget-sized banquet tables. The event was adjudgd a great success by one and all. Tony Martin, who could hardly make himself heard above the happy din, sang. So did numerous others—from Rufe Davis, the hill-billy comic, to "Two Ton" Dick Baker, the overweight Sinatra. Even the occasional fist fights which broke out toward five o'clock in the morning failed to subdue the joy of most of the revelers.

The place was so noisy that even the customary pistol shots which Olsen and Johnson use to herald their personal appearances failed to create a startled hush. They were scarcely heard over the roar of conversation, the tinkle of glasses and the gurgle of bourbon. When the press photographers relax, the noise can be heard all the way to Wilson Avenue.

The appearance of Olsen and Johnson was not unexpected. The boys can always be counted upon to show up at benefits. The photographers' fund for veterans benefited from their banquet, and at other recent affairs for worthy causes, either Ole Olsen or Chick Johnson, and sometimes both of them, have been on hand to help the show with their clowing. In fact

Olsen worked at so many benefits with a bad case of laryngitis that his doctor finally ordered him to bed.

Competing for attention with the numerous benefits and beauty contests was the International Sportsman's show at the Coliseum. There the populace gaped at the new boats and planes and lovingly handled fishing tackle, shooting irons, and golf clubs. Most popular exhibitors were the air aces, Don Gentile and John Godfrey, who between them bagged 69 Nazi planes, in town to show off the new Swift personal plane which looks like a sleek junior edition of a Navy fighter.

The sports show highlighted a fact well-known to most localities—that Chicago is practically a summer resort in itself. Within "L" fare distance of the Loop are more than a half a hundred public fee golf courses, a score of swimming pools, amusement parks, and beaches. And thirty minutes west of the lake in suburban Riverside is the famous Brookfield zoo, where instead of cages and bars, wide moats separate the spectators from the animals, or vice versa. Brookfield is also the happy home of Mei-Lan, the photogenic panda.

If the weather is bad this spring, which is quite likely to be the case, the visitor can wile away the damp hours in Chicago's famous Museum of Science and Industry, or the equally celebrated Field Museum. The Museum boasts eight acres of exhibits, including a wonderful working model of a coal mine. For those who haven't hardy arches, there's a replica of an old-time Nickelodeon which features a program of ancient movie thrillers. It's the place to rest your weary legs, especially if you missed "The Perils of Pauline" when it played your neighborhood theater years ago.

The Field Museum also has miles of

exhibits illustrating practically every "ology" known to the college professors. If a glimpse of prehistoric man is your dish, you'll find a whole colony of early birds at the museum.

On the lake side of Chicago sight-seeing entertainment, there are those two venerable tubs, the SS City of Grand Rapids and the SS Milwaukee Clipper. The "Grand Rapids" plows across the lake to St. Joseph, Michigan, every day during the outdoor season from its berth at the Michigan Avenue bridge. The "Clipper" can be said to clip up to Milwaukee on a similar schedule, but "struggles" would be a more descriptive word. There are all kinds of deck sports to enjoy while you're watching the shoreline inch by.

If indoor April entertainment is your meat and drink, then there's Dick Buckley and Beatrice Kay over at the new Frolics Theatre Cafe. Dick is a new kind of emcee, who looks like George Sanders and talks like Noel Coward. His jokes can safely be enjoyed by nice old ladies from Gravel Switch, Kansas, as well as buyers from Detroit. Beatrice Kay is the gal who sings those old-time ballads in a heart-rending fashion. Her version of "Run Into the Round House, Nellie, Because He Can't Corner You There" will bring tears of laughter to your smoke-filled eyes.

"On the Town"—the hit musical—will probably be with us on April 1, or shortly thereafter. It'll join the present quartet of stage hits, "The Late George Apley," "Anna Lucasta," "Dark of the Moon," and "Laffing Room Only" in the long-run sweepstakes. None of these shows signs of withering away at the box office, so they'll undoubtedly be around to entertain spring visitors.

Indoors or out, it looks like a big spring season—but you'd better bring along your umbrella and a small, portable boat.

Answers to Streamliner Quiz

1—b	5—d	9—c	13—a
2—d	6—b	10—a	14—b
3—b	7—a	11—c	15—d
4—c	8—d	12—c	16—a

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Top Drawer

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). A palatial play spot and a platinum production of name acts and name bands, like Frankie Masters, current attraction.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). A cheerful luncheon, dinner and supper rendezvous; dancing in the evening is to a small, rhythm-minded orchestra that usually goes on to the bigger time of New York.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan and Walton (Sup. 2200). Dorothy Draper designed this cushioned jewel box setting and there are society tempos by Bob McGrew and his orchestra.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Hilton ownership is enhancing and tradition of this loop landmark with the best show in its history—Griff Williams' orchestra, society hill-billy Dorothy Shay and Damon Runyan's favorite comedian, Irwin Corey.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (Har. 3800). Spacious and airy Avenue favorite for cocktails and dinner-dancing. Tricky tune-fare by Sande Williams and his boys.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 7th and Michigan (Har. 4300). Great dignity of atmosphere, stately as a minuet and the smart set's first choice. Two shows nightly of one name star only.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Terraced magnificence, most sizeable dance floor, large, string-conscious orchestra and a Dorothy Hild revue of great color and originality.

★ **NEW HORIZON ROOM**, Hotel Continental, 505 N. Michigan Avenue (Whi. 4100). A fabulous show-case in Shangri-La motif, not inexpensive but worth it in dining and orchestral fare.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Headquarters for visiting celebrities, gourmets who appreciate flaming sword cookery and music lovers of David LeWinter's orchestra.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph near LaSalle (Cen. 0123). A pleasant, hospitable scene—excellent cuisine—and neat but petite floor shows. Benny Strong's crew in the bandstand.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 131 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Imperialistic charm in the Boyar Room, the rustic theme in the lounge, excellent Russian delicacies in both and gypsy airs by George Scherban's ensemble. Host is that character of all characters, Colonel W. W. Yaschenko.

Top Shows

★ The big three of night clubs, name acts, three or four supplementary numbers, lines of dancing beauties, and stable dance bands at **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434) . . . **RIO CABANA**, 400 North Wabash (Del. 3700) . . . and **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544).

★ Variety revues, with second-rate comedian, the customary dance team, singer and addenda dancing at **BROWN DERBY CAFE**, Monroe and Wabash (Sta. 1307) . . . **COLOSIMO'S**, 2126 S. Wabash Avenue (Vic. 9259) . . . **CLUB MOROCCO**,

11 N. Clark Street (Sta. 3430) . . . and **VINE GARDENS**, 614 W. North Avenue (Div. 5106).

Light Fantastic

★ **AMERICAN ROOM**, Hotel LaSalle, LaSalle and Madison (Fra. 0700). Florian ZaBach's light as air dancing arias, plenty of three-quarter time romance tunes.

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Chuck Foster's handsome assortment of musicians, several vocals and the maestro, a very good-looking backbone of entertaining music.

★ **PANTHER ROOM**, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and LaSalle (Fra. 2100). Cream of the swing bands, both colored and white, alternating in usual two-week engagements.

Scene Changers

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

★ Miscellaneous interior magic of Old English vintage at **IVANHOE**, 3000 N. Clark Street (Gra. 2771) . . . Bali-Java color at the **SARONG ROOM**, 16 E. Huron Street (Del. 6677) . . . French Victorian majesty at **L'AIGLON**, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070) . . . Bavarian setting of Eitel's **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 West Randolph Street (Fra. 1892).

Dining Tips

★ **AGOSTINO'S**, 1121 North State Street (Del. 9862), for spaghetti and spumoni . . . **STEAK HOUSE**, 744 North Rush Street (Del. 5930), for all cuts of you know what . . . **BLUE DANUBE CAFE**, 500 West North Avenue (Mic. 5988), for heavy Hungarian feasting . . . **SINGAPORE**, 1011 Rush Street (Del. 0414), for wonderful barbecued ribs . . . **CHEZ EMILE**, 180 East Delaware Place (Del. 9713), for an out of this world Chateaubriand . . . **KUNGSHOLM**, 631 Rush Street (Sup. 9868), for superb Scandinavian dining and puppet-recording operas . . . **885 CLUB**, 885 Rush Street (Del. 0855), for gourmet dinners and unusual selections . . . **IRELAND'S**, 632 N. Clark (Del. 2020), for fifty varieties of seafoods . . . **TRADE WINDS**, 867 Rush Street (Whi. 9054), for quality steaks and chops . . . **A BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1015 Rush Street (Del. 1492), for abundant smorgasbord . . .

And for chop suey and all its derivatives: **HOUSE OF ENG**, 110 East Walton Place (Del. 7194), **HOE SAI GAI**, 75 W. Randolph Street (Dea. 8505), and **THE NANKIN**, 66 West Randolph Street (Sta. 1900).

Hot Spots

★ Call it exotic dancing, stripping, or the higher arts of exfoliation, the all-girl show goes on from 9 to 4, usually continuously, at the **BACK STAGE CLUB**, 935 Wilson Avenue (Rav. 10077), **CLUB FLAMINGO**, 1359 West Madison Street (Can. 9230), **L & L CAFE**, 1316 West Madison (Sec. 9344), **CLUB SO-HO**, 1124 West Madison Street (Can. 9260), and the **PLAYHOUSE CAFE**, 550 North Clark Street (Whi. 9615).



New York Letter...



Things seem disordered and strange for a while. It's an ungraceful and awkward period. This reaction takes place after a mere vacation. Think what a terrific reaction must take place with returned veterans who were shipped off, without choice, to far away places where every semblance of their former lives was replaced by orders, regimentation and battle. If they can settle down within a year after coming home it's a good average.

Cheery note for gals hitting middle age: the leading ladies of six big Broadway hits are comfortably past the "Life Begins" year. All of them are gracing the stage with a beauty and charm that holds their audiences spellbound. There's Mady Christians in "I Remember Mama," Dorothy Gish in "The Magnificent Yankee," Katharine Cornell in "Antigone," Lynn Fontanne in "O Mistress Mine," Gertrude Lawrence in "Pygmalion," and Laurette Taylor in "The Glass Menagerie." Young actresses will have to look to their laurels to keep up with them. Also, though not on the boards at the moment but seen at LaRue's, Twenty-One and thereabouts, Gloria Swanson and Mae Murray looking chic, streamlined and gay.

Many Kansas Citians may recall hearing of, or meeting, the famous artist Ernest Lawson who lived in our town for awhile in the early thirties. His death in Miami several years ago was

FALSE REPORT reported to be a suicide.

This report was quite a shock to those persons who were acquainted with his gentle manner and facile brush which could be so bold and yet so delicate. And so, it may be gratifying to hear directly from Paul King, one of his close associates and one of America's outstanding artists, that the report was false. Mr. Lawson died of a heart attack on the beach as a subsequent examination proved. Though his body was found in the shallow washing of the waves, there was no water in the lungs and he had begun his walk when the tide was out. Mr. King also states that no one who accepted life as

hattan... other day or so there is a threatened strike about something or other that is going to affect seven million five hundred thousand people. Most of the threats seem to arise from the buxom chest of one Michael J. Quill who apparently has an unlimited capacity for dreaming up cute little nightmares for Mayor O'Dwyer to shake off. The recent threat of a transit strike had everyone getting out their old walking shoes and reorganizing the old war time "share a ride" idea. Fortunately the strike was averted... it would have made a mess out of this island; and what would have been left of the rolling junk we call "taxis" here couldn't be pushed down a hill.

The unrest and confused state of mind of returned war veterans is most evident in the East as no doubt it is everywhere. It should be accepted as a natural consequence and not wondered at.

COMING HOME- After all, every housewife and business man knows that the coming home again after a vacation takes a certain amount of mental readjustment to get back in the groove.

did Ernest Lawson would have concluded his span in such a violent fashion. The suicide account was published in *Art News* and various other papers and never retracted. It's a matter of word of mouth now to correct the false report.

Entree into restaurants and nite clubs seems to be settling down to a reasonable basis. And getting theatre tickets is not quite the ordeal it was. This doesn't mean it's easy . . . just not quite as grim as it was. But, hotel rooms are still harder to get than a snowball in August. It's still the old routine of being kicked round with a time limit . . . if you can find a hook to hang your hat on at all. Perhaps this situation will become more rational when the locals get a whiff of spring and head for summer cottages. It's just a faint hope for transients. So far, supply and demand aren't even on speaking terms. Proposed apartment buildings which are still a mass of lines on an architect's table are already rented. Where do all the people come from?

There's a lot of talk in Manhattan about pre-fabricated houses. Wanamakers have given over a whole floor to these houses, set them up and furnished them and everything. They call it the "Village of Vision." There are always long lines of people waiting to go through

them. The prices, which range from four thousand dollars up, are very misleading . . . the price doesn't include foundation, painting, plumbing, fixtures, decorating or any of the little surprises that come with being master of all you survey. These small houses are fetching, neat and appetizing and the idea of a ready-made domicile is most appealing. However, beside the ultimate price, which is a vague guess on anybody's part, one can't help but wonder how they would hold up in a wind storm. The whole thing seems too easy somehow in this vale of tears.

Calamity Janes and Joes are having a field day predicting the doom of practically everything. They seem to be ubiquitous . . . one can't avoid them. They're in every party every

wit.
A leagu... calls worry "bad mental hygiene" and advocates reading a light story before turning in for the night. Perhaps we could all benefit with a new mental diet and less, a lot less, doom talk.

WOMAN IS LIKE . . .

A program—subject to change without notice.

An automobile—often runs people down.

A lamp—apt to flare up and get turned down.

A banjo—often picked on by her friends.

A thermometer—often of very high degree.

A cigar—inclined to be puffed up at times.

A church—men make sacrifices for her.

A stove—often needs a new lid.

But the average man admits that there is nothing like her!

the Iridium Room—GLO...
with Paul Sparr's orchestra and
at the organ alternating through-
for dance music. Maximilian's
at luncheon, which is yours for
er from \$3.50. In the Maisonette,
acia Bright and her little songs, and a
orchestras making music for dancing.
ily—from \$3.50. Closed Monday. 5th
55th. Pl. 3-4500.

VERN-ON-THE-GREEN. Rambling little es-
shment in the midst of Central Park, and very
arming it is. You may dance from 6:45 on—
to music by Walter Perner's orchestra and Art
Barker's Trio. Dinner from 5 to 9 and from \$2;
opens at 5 on weekdays; 1 o'clock on Sundays.
Central Park West, at 67th. Rh. 4-4700.

★ ZANZIBAR. Big and gaudy inside and out—
with a show Winchell brands as "Zanzational."
currently the revue stars The Ink Spots, Ella Fitz-
gerald, Maurice Rocco, and the music of Cootie
Williams and orchestra. You'll see them at 8, 12
and 2. Minimum after 10, \$3.50. Dinner 9-9:30,
from \$2. Opens at 6. Broadway at 49th. Ci.
7-7380.

Bread and Wine . . .

★ ASTI'S. Hunks of Italian bread, sharp wines,
and opera. Most of the attendants drop into the
dining room and give out with arias from time to
time, and the customers, most of them, are known
by their first names and join in on the antiphonal
between mouthfuls. Dinner from \$1.50. Closed
on Monday. 79 W. 12th. Gr. 5-9334.

★ BARBERRY ROOM. Probably the silkier of
the swank spots. A deep, dim room with stars,
or a reasonable facsimile, in the high ceiling, and
elegance dripping all over. Lunch and dinner both
a la carte and not what you'd call inexpensive.
Opens at 4 on Sundays. 19 E. 52nd. Pl. 3-5800.

★ BARNEY GALLANT'S. Excellent man-food
and good liquors, to the random accompaniment of
a wandering accordionist and a pianist (not wan-
dering). A place of honest hospitality. Dinner
from \$2.00; opens at 5; closed on Sunday. 86
University Place (11th). St. 9-0209.

★ BEEKMAN TOWER. Top O' the Tower Cock-
tail lounge has one of the better views short of the
Empire State Building. It's a shallow, high ceil-
ing room on the 26th floor, overlooking the East

★
not
own
Barney
are young
brown Mary
who blows a good
makes one of the mo.
at 8:30, 12 and 2:15; dinner from \$2.50; mini-
mum, \$3.50. Closed Sunday. 128 E. 58th. Pl.
7-9223.

★ CAFE TOKAY. Notable for its gypsy music,
excellent wines, authentic Hungarian food, and an
occasional bit of authentic czarding that may ap-
pear on the dance floor from time to time. Closed
Monday. 2nd Ave. between 82nd and 83rd. Re.
4-9441.

★ EDDIE CONDON'S. Hallowed ground for dis-
ciples of hot jazz. They tell us the brand here is
Dixieland. We couldn't prove it—but it's intri-
cate and amazing stuff, anyway. The band in-
cludes brand names in the world of classic jazz:
Dave Tough, Gene Schroeder, Wild Bill Davison,
Joe Marsala, and Bob Casey. And Mr. Condon
himself sits in with his hot guitar when the mood
strikes him. Between staves, Joe Sullivan touches
off some of the best piano in these parts. The
place is open from 7:30 to 4:00. Dinner and
supper come a la carte, and the waiters are usually
nice to tell you if the chicken is better than the
ham tonight. Minimum, \$2.50. 47 W. 3rd. Gr.
3-8736.

★ LATIN QUARTER. Where the Yankee dollar
goes fast, but you get your money's worth in en-
tertainment. Revues at 8 and 12 (and at 2 on
Saturdays) are big, fast, and varied, and the whole
thing is Hollywoodish. Our favorite is Arthur Lee
Simpkins who sings Pagliacci and Alouetta with
equal effectiveness. There's an intricate arrange-
ment of prices but if you want to know how they
go, here 'tis: Minimum, week nights, first show,
\$2; second show, \$2.50; Friday and Sunday, \$3;
Saturday, \$3.50. 48th and Broadway. Ci. 6-1737.

... taste by the
... courses, all generous.
dinner, \$1.50-\$1.75. Sunday
66 W. 11th. Al. 4-4658.

★ **HELEN LANE'S.** Excellent served up in straightforward New a New England setting. Brick walls mellow light—and spotless scrubbed— service is friendly and fast, and the Luncheon around 85c; dinner around \$1 on Sunday. 110 Waverly Place, off Square.

★ **JUMBLE SHOP.** A tradition of a s. enduring traces of the Village as it was in when. The walls still welcome the paintings local artists, so you have an art show with your lunch or dinner (or Sunday brunch). 28 W. 8th (just off MacDougal's Alley). Sp. 7-2540.

★ **LONGCHAMPS.** There are a flock of these around town, but you may as well know what they're mostly about, in case you don't. You may get a weighty feeling from visiting the one topped by the Empire State Building. It's festive enough, and the food and drinks are satisfactory. Lunch and dinner come a la carte; the menu is varied, moderately priced, and the servings are large. 5th Ave. at 34th. Also at Madison and 79th, 5th Ave. at 12th, Lexington and 42nd, City Hall, and a few other places. At Madison and 59th they're open all night.

★ **ONE FIFTH AVENUE.** A lot of piano playing distinguishes the extensive dining room and bar from 5:30 on. Luncheon from 75c; dinner from \$1.75; and the entertainment is continuous. 1 5th Ave. (just like it says). Sp. 7-7000.

★ **PENTHOUSE.** A room with a view—overlooking the Park, and offering very good food to the tune of very nice dinner music. There's also a palmist around for diversion. Luncheon from \$1; dinner, \$3-\$4. Opens at 1 p. m. on Sunday. 30 Central Park S. Pl. 3-6910.

★ **PETER'S BACKYARD.** Another old Village living room, where the drinks are somewhat better than the food, although a lot of people seem to like it. Luncheon, 90c; dinner, \$1.50 and a la carte. 64 W. 10th. St. 9-4476.

★ **RUMPELMAYER'S.** The New York representative of the famous international (more or less) restaurants. Excellent foods, good drinks, and not just the plain garden variety. You'll probably be somewhat inclined to drool, whether it's an ice cream soda, Turkish coffee, a full meal, or one of their delectable and displayed desserts you choose. In the St. Moritz, 50 Central Park S. Wi. 2-5800.

... 47th W. of
... drama played by
... Mack, Charles Swain,
... and Claire Jay. Evenings except Monday, 8:40.
Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ **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 soldiers and signs 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

career girl who daydreams too much. This dreaming means a field day for fantasy, and it's all good. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

FLAMINGO ROAD. (Belasco Theatre, 44th E. B'way.) A new play by Robert and Sally Wilder, adapted from Wilder's recent novel. With Francis Felton, Judith Parrish, Philip Bourneuf and Bill Geer. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

THE GLASS MENAGERIE. (Playhouse, 48th E. 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 overseas. Maurice Evans, under the aegis of Walter Michael Todd, presents the tragedy of the loomy 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 he 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.

HE WHO GETS SLAPPED. (Booth, 45th W. of B'way.) A Theatre Guild production with Dennis King. A new version prepared from Andrew's original play by Judith Guthrie. With Stella Adler, John Abbot and Reinhold Schunzel. Evenings 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 LIKE IT HERE. (Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th. CI. 6-6740). A new comedy by A. B. Shiffman with Oscar Karlweis and Bert Lytell, and very capably directed by Charles K. Freeman. Evenings except Monday 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday 2:30.

I REMEMBER MAMA. (Music Box, 45th W. of B'way. CI. 6-3646.) Hilarious, funny, tender and touching. It's about a Norwegian-American family and its wonderful mama. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee 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. CI. 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 Cahill. 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. (Barrimore, 47th, West. CI. 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 politicians, and his wife who likes to tell the truth, never mind who is listening. Evenings except Sunday at 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Morosco, 45th, West. CI. 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. CI. 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 DUTCHESS MISBEHAVES (Adelphi, 54th E. of B'way. CI. 6-5097). A frolicsome musical comedy with Jackie Gleason, Audrey Christie, George Tapps, Paula Laurence. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ THREE TO MAKE READY. (Adelphi, 54th, E. of 7th Ave. CI. 6-5097). A loose-jointed musical starring loose-jointed Ray Bolger who certainly makes more sense than the story—and would, with one talented foot tied behind him. Brenda Forbes and Rose Inghram help liven things up a bit. Bolger is superb in spite of the handicaps of the show. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

Musicals . . .

★ ARE YOU WITH IT? (Century, 7th Avenue at 59. CI. 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 Mitzl 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. L.A. 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 Myrtill. 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.

★ **ST. LOUIS WOMAN.** (Martin Beck Theatre, 45th W. of 8th Ave. Cl. 6-6363). Edward Gross presents this new musical play with music by Harold Arlen and lyrics by the inimitable Johnny Mercer. Starred are the Nicholas Brothers, Pearl Bailey, Rex Ingram, Ruby Hill and June Hawkins. Nightly except Sunday at 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.

Famous Husbands of Successful Women

MANY of today's women are as successful as their famous husbands. Because they use their career or maiden names, we don't always know who their husbands are. But it's fun to guess.

So try matching the name of a successful woman with the name of her famous husband. Give yourself 10 points for each correct match. A fair score is 70, a good score is 80, an excellent score is 90. You know what a 100 is. Let's go! (Answers on page 68.)

WIFE	HUSBAND
1. Paulette Goddard	a. Jack Benny
2. Pearl S. Buck	b. Turk Greenough
3. Cornelia Otis Skinner	c. Buddy Rogers
4. Betty Grable	d. Antonio Luhan
5. Frances Hutt	e. John Boettiger
6. Anna Roosevelt	f. Harry James
7. Mary Livingston	g. Thomas E. Dewey
8. Mary Pickford	h. Alden Blogett
9. Sally Rand	i. Burgess Meredith
10. Mabel Dodge	j. Richard J. Walsh

PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY



Just for Food . . .

- ★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** One of the finest eating places in one of the finest administration buildings on one of the finest airports in the country, and the service and food is thoroughly in keeping. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.
- ★ **BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** Justly called one of Kansas City's finest suburban eating places, with a large selection of foods and emphasis on luscious salads. 3215 Troost.
- ★ **BRETTON'S.** What formerly used to be the Weiss Restaurant, now flies the banners of the Bretton family. They specialize in filet mignon, roast young goose, and broiled lake trout. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999.
- ★ **CALIFORNIA RANCHHOUSE.** Just what it says, a ranch-style restaurant in a nice and convenient location, for a quick or leisurely gastronomic stopover. LO. 2555.
- ★ **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 down-

stairs 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.

★ **Z-LAN DRIVE-IN.** Little effort and modest stipend is required to take on nourishment here. Eat in the car if you like, or, go inside and sit in a nice red and blonde booth, and a nice red-head or blonde will wait on you. 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 Tony Curuchi and his Latin music, with Betty Lee, vocalist, are featured. Your host is the genial and well known Eddie Cross. 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 born boogie pianist, who never took a music lesson in his life, yet is nationally known. Weird black light helps you follow the tuneful 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 Rocco Ray frolics in Zantibar 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 Snudays. 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, crawling 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 obbligato to whatever you're up to. Hyde Park Hotel. 36th and Broadway. LO. 5441.

★ **ROSE'S COCKTAIL BAR AND RESTAURANT.** A favorite gathering place of friendly people in the heart of Waldo. It's a large place with a modernistic bar tinted with indirect lighting.



An attractive dining room is just a little separate, featuring noonday lunch, dinner, and a la carte after nine.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** In the historic section of Kansas City, and not far from the main business section, is a businessman's and businesswoman's hideaway 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.** Boogie with a college education, yes, boys and girls, that's Jeannie Leitt, who is back at Stubb's after a short vacation. A friendly, neighborly place where everybody knows everybody else. 3114 Gillham Plaza. VA. 9911.

★ **TOWN ROYALE.** A beautifully appointed, dimly lit, downtown spot, and mighty popular with the Kansas City Sundoggers and Dayhaters. 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. 9388.

★ **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.** A treasure trove of melody which you'll discover at the Tropics when you hear Pauline Lamond at the piano and Bob Jones at the Hammond organ. Also Margaret Arrow, numerologist. The tropical thunder storm is a thrilling experience. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** A smooth, soft green lounge with amber mirror tables, just a few steps down from the lobby of the Bellerive hotel. This place has been written up and discussed nationwide, and as such is a mecca for celebrities visiting Kansas City. The Zephyr room is the halfway house of the nation, where the highest calibre of entertainment is caught enroute from New York to Hollywood, and vice-versa. Program changes every two weeks. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

With Dancing . . .

★ **CROWN ROOM.** Helen Dittmore, her violin and her orchestra, is the gorgeous successor to Judy Conrad who held forth at this popular night spot for more than a year. 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.** The glamour spot of the midwest, where name stars are something to be expected. Bob Evans, called the nation's greatest ventriloquist, Russel Swan, the master at magic, and in a

few weeks the great and incomparable Dwight Fiske, he of the kingly leer, form a constant parade of entertainment stars. With the stars of the Zephyr room coming in several times during the evening, it is all just too perfect. Saturday afternoon cocktail dansants are featured with no minimum or cover charge and free rhumba lessons. 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.** Paul McNabb and his orchestra are creating somewhat of a sensation at this smart downtown spot. No minimum or cover at any time. Closed Sunday. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **PLANTATION.** A popular supper club and just a nice, convenient drive out in the country. Cliff Anderson and his orchestra are now featured every night. East of Kansas City on Highway 40. 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.** Schaiparelli pink walls with cleverly concealed mirrors reflecting the glow of strategic lighting. Bill Bardo, well known, to Kansas City, comes in April with a fine new orchestra. Call Gordon Ewing for reservation. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.** Joe Myers and his fine band have moved into this south side night club for an indefinite stay. Lots of room in this place and always something doing until quite 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.



"It's an odd thing about this universe—although we all disagree with each other, we are always all of us right."—Logan Pearsall Smith.

"I was made a producer," exclaimed one of the actors in Hollywood.

"Yes," said his friend. "I overheard the big shot tell you to produce or get out."

SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

Twentieth-Century Fox

COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S RAID—Charles Coburn, Joan Bennett, William Eythe, Allyn Joslyn. C. Coburn plays Colonel Effingham, who settles down in a sleepy little Southern town and awakens it with a bang. He stirs up a lively romance between a reporter and society editor of the local rag. Then, instead of retiring quietly, the Colonel begins a raid on a local political scheme to re-name the Confederate Monument Square to Toolen Square. Adapted for the screen from a Book-of-the-Month-Club selection.

DRAGONWYCK—Gene Tierney, Vincent Price, Walter Houston, Anne Revere, Glenn Langan, Spring Byrington. Gene Tierney plays Miranda, who goes to live at the home of her distant cousin (Vincent Price), a member of the landed gentry of early New York. He is unhappily married to a chronic complainer, a woehogone woman who mysteriously dies one day. Her death is unexplainable to her doctor (Glenn Langan). The doctor is taken up with other things, such as Miranda, to whom he proposes marriage only to find that she is already betrothed to her now widowed cousin. The marriage between Miranda and her cousin takes place, but becomes intolerable when M. learns her cousin-husband is insane and his first wife's murderer . . . and now intends to kill her. But luckily there's a doctor in the house and the situation—as well as Miranda—is saved.

R-K-O Radio Pictures

THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE—Dorothy Maguire, George Brent, Ethel Barrymore, Kent Smith. Hollywood's latest plot dealing with diseased minds—and one of the heat to date. Dorothy Maguire plays Helen, a mute, and speaks only 9 words throughout the film. She is a servant in the house of Mrs. Warren (Ethel Barrymore). In the neighborhood of the Warren house several physically defective girls have been murdered. Indications are that Helen will be the next. It becomes obvious that one of the Warren household is the murderer as he almost manages to kill Helen. He fails, but not before you have many eerie, suspenseful moments.



Paramount

THE VIRGINIAN—Joel McCrea, Brian Donlevy, Sonny Tufts, Barbara Britton, Fay Bainter. A re-filming of the good old western that brought Gary Cooper fame once upon a time. Joel McCrea takes his place—and ably—while Sonny Tufts portrays the Virginian's wayward pal. Barbara Britton is the school m'am who comes out from the east to bring larn'in to the small Wyoming town. She is wooed, if you remember, by both the Virginian and his huddy, the latter of whom becomes involved with rustlers and is hanged. **THE VIRGINIAN** gives the usual hair-raising round of gun duels and cattle stampedes seasoned with homey barbecues and country dances. Good entertainment.

Tentative April Showings in Kansas City

ESQUIRE, UPTOWN, FAIRWAY

COLONEL EFFINGHAM'S
RAID
HOUSE OF DRACULA
PILLOW OF DEATH

NEWMAN

THE VIRGINIAN
ROAD TO UTOPIA

LOEW'S MIDLAND

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES
THE SAILOR TAKES A WIFE

ORPHEUM

SARATOGA TRUNK
SPIRAL STAIRCASE

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES—Big budget production consisting of the following 12 acts: (1) Esther Williams in **A WATER BALLET**; (2) Keenan Wynn in **NUMBER PLEASE**; (3) James Melton and Marian Bell sing **TRAVIATA**; (4) Fred Astaire and Lucille Bremer in a dance story, **THIS HEART OF MINE**; (5) Fanny Brice wins a **SWEEP-STAKES TICKET**; (6) **LOVE**, with Lena Horne; (7) Red Skelton demonstrates what will happen **WHEN TELEVISION COMES**; (8) **LIMEHOUSE BLUES**, dramatic pantomime, Fred Astaire and Lucille Bremer; (9) a great lady has an interview, Judy Garland; (10) Fred Astaire in **THE BABBITT AND THE BROMIDE**; (11) **BEAUTY**, sung by Kathryn Grayson.

Warner Brothers

CINDERELLA JONES—Joan Leslie, Robert Alda, S. Z. Sakall, Edward Everett Horton. A curvy little torch singer (Joan Leslie) inherits 10 million dollars from an eccentric uncle who has stipulated that she gets the money only on condition that she marries by such-'n-such a time and ties the knot with a man whose I.Q. is 150 or better. Though the singer really loves hand leader Robert-Gershwin-Alda she goes out to seek a brainy mate at a college, of all places. Of course, everything is taken care of nicely when it's discovered that the band leader has an I.Q. of over 200! The two struggle happily ever after on the 10 million dollars.

SARATOGA TRUNK—Gary Cooper, Ingrid Bergman, Flora Robson, John Warburton. The tempestuous demimondaine, Clio DuLaine, arrives in New Orleans, vengeance-bent and fortune seeking. She meets Clint Maroon, a cattle man from Texas and subsequently shocks her smug relatives and all of New Orleans by her affair with him. Clint leaves town but meets the wily Clio again in Saratoga Springs, where she has gone to snare a millionaire husband. Clio's intentions go astray though when Clint is seriously injured in a railroad fight. Ingrid Bergman, as Clio, wins all the acting honors plus a slightly dazed Gary Cooper, as Clint.

Swing Around . . .

B.O. DAY . . . "This is to acknowledge that the nutritious, delectable flavor of Swift's Allsweet Margerine equals that of butter and cannot be distinguished from butter in a scientific kitchen test."

Yes, we had to raise our right hand and repeat those words from Mr. E. W. Phelps, general manager of Swift and Company's Kansas City plant after tests had been made to prove that we didn't know what we were talking about when we boasted we could easily tell the difference.

We had every intention of crawling out of this one, after having been embarrassed to the amount of \$1 and other considerations some weeks ago for not being able to tell various types of liver apart. Because of the obvious purpose of the test, Mr. Phelps decided we should call it butter versus oleomargerine, or "B.O." day.

The test was made in the gleaming Swift test kitchen with the lovely and charming



Martha Logan and her two luscious assistants baiting the trap. Of course we wouldn't be so unsportsmanlike as to say that they pared the margerine with a sharp razor blade, and melted the butter and shot it on the toast with an atomizer.

They spread crackers, toast and ordinary bread with the two products, with no other identification than "A" and "B".

There was only one consolation, and that was that Mr. Phelps, who also took the test, couldn't tell the difference either.

STILL ALIVE . . . We like the story about the electrician who asked his helper to put his hand on one of two wires. The assistant did. "Feel anything?" asked the electrician. "No," was the reply.

"Good," said the electrician. "Then don't touch the other one or you'll drop dead."

AWFUL TRUTH . . . The boys in the crime detection laboratory at Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., were playing around and decided to do something super. They got in touch with a psychiatrist who brought in one of his patients, a full-fledged nut. They asked the nut if he were Napoleon. The nut craftily said, "No." The lie detector showed he was lying.

LITTLE ESSENTIALS . . . Mrs. Meade of the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, has the full time and unpleasant job of stalling off applicants for telephone service. Unless the need is proved essential, installations cannot be made immediately, the applicants are told. One day an outraged young girl yelled into Mrs. Meade's ear:

"Certainly it's essential! I want a telephone to make dates and get married and have children with."

STAND STILL . . . Dale Carnegie tells this one on his home town, just a few miles southeast of Kansas City.

It seems that some out of state visitors were trying to find the place, and they came to a cluster of cabins at a crossroads. Stopping his car one of the strangers hailed a native.

"I'm looking for the town of Belton, can you direct me to it?"

"Stranger," said the native, "don't move a damn inch."

WORTH CROWING ABOUT . . .

From Don Bunker, Associated Press field mechanic who roams the territory of Missouri, Kansas and part of Oklahoma tinkering with teletypes, comes this tidbit of predatory connivery.

Out near Garden City, Kansas, Don claims he saw an aged farmer striding back and forth across a plowed field, his hand dipping into a grain sack at his side and his arm swinging rhythmically as he apparently broadcast the seed. Stopping to talk to the old man about that part of the country, and to snap a few pictures, Don was surprised to find the sack empty and no grain fell from the farmer's hand.

Then he noticed a large flock of crows following the sower, seeking the grain that wasn't there.

The farmer explained that he continued this performance every day at the beginning of the planting season every spring. When the black robbers finally give up, exhausted, they depart for more profitable pastures, leaving the man to sow his grain without loss.



SINGLE, OF COURSE . . . A friend of ours applied for a driver's license at the city hall. The mechanically operated clerk asked, "Name?" The gal replied, "Evelyn, no middle name, only Evelyn." When her driver's license arrived by mail a few days later it was made out to "Evelyn Only Nolt."

AGE BEFORE DUTY . . . One day not long ago the local police department received a complaint of an ugly dog bothering a neighbor. The officer went out, made an investigation, and finding that



the dog was 13 years old, made this notation on his report:

"Complainant stated neighbor's dog chased him frequently and demanded I make an arrest. I did not, as I believe the dog couldn't get out of his own yard without the aid of a cane."

OVERHEARD OVERHEAD . . . Ernie Byfield, the nation's keenest collector of nut stories until he cornered the caviar market in Chicago, admits riding in a Michigan avenue bus the other day and winchelling two conversations between the driver of the bus and an overstimulated male passenger, who persisted in admonishing him to drive carefully and not run into any of the nice pedestrians.

"Five yards closer," he cried, "and you would have hit that nice old lady square in the bustle."

The bus driver told the drunk that everything would be all right if he would only take his alcoholic breath and anxieties to the upper deck. The drunk did as requested; but almost immediately returned to his stance near the driver's back hair.

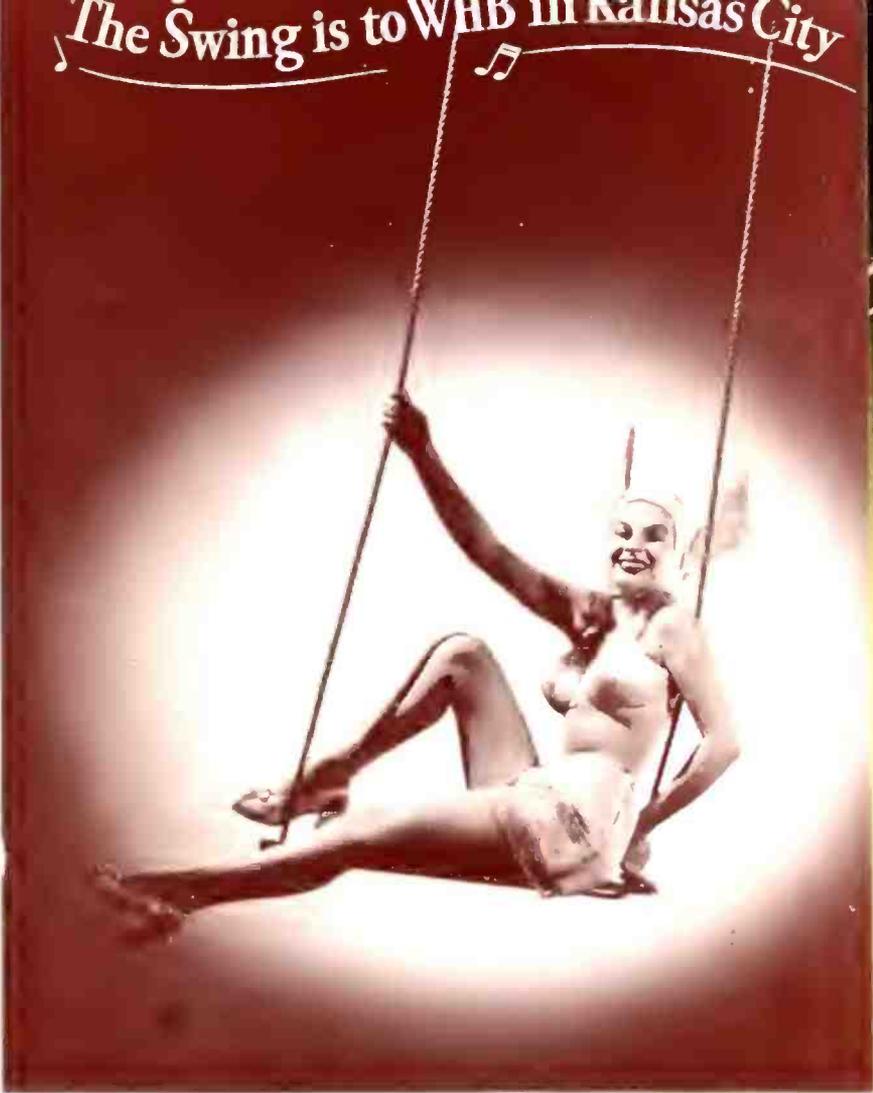
"Why," demanded the exasperated driver, "didn't you stay where I put you?"

"Too dangerous—no driver up there."

ANSWERS

- | | |
|-----|------|
| 1—i | 6—e |
| 2—j | 7—a |
| 3—h | 8—c |
| 4—f | 9—b |
| 5—g | 10—d |

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



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