

Swing

AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION



SEPTEMBER
1945
25c

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



NEWS REEL

SHE CAME ALONG . . .

Sa now we're in a class with Harper's Bazaar! V
you have photographed Lizabeth Scott Stealing t
entire WHB newsreel far this manth, and completely upsetting all the annauncers, car
this haney calared gal out of Hollywood. Hal Wallis' "Threat" makes her first ma
appearance as a first magnitude star in "You Came Along." The farmer understudy
Talullah the Bankhead (in "The Skin of Our Teeth") has a voice as husky as a half-ba
and six ar eight times as fascinating; a haarse and infectiuous giggle; irrepressible ga
spirits; and a tendency ta say, "Gadl" in a creamy exclamatory manner right into t
micraphanel She has pretty gams, she can act, and she has a White Russian math.
We hope every Russa-American alliance pruduces such happy results. Great Scott! V
think she's terrific!

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KANSAS CITY . . . Celebrates VJ Day . . . Goes to the Saddle & Sirloin Club Horse Show . . . And to a Picnic par excellence with the Ad Club—33-40 • WHB Newsreel (Elizabeth Scott), Inside Front Cover • The Old Mill Stream (old custom mill on Indian Creek at Dallas, Missouri. Photograph by W. H. McCrum).



THE old order changes—not with a whimper, but a bang. Not with the languid curving of summer into fall, so that you never know where one begins and the other leaves off. This is abrupt as a right angle. Man's release of nuclear energy through the atomic bomb precipitates the new world upon us so shuddering bright, so delicately balanced between creation and destruction, that we scarcely dare to look upon it. We know it so far only obliquely, by its smoke and its vibrations . . . And yet, September comes again, the month of dusty orchards and fields full of Spanish Needles and the smell of long-shut schoolhouses. And children with primers and baseball bats will gather together again to learn fraternity and otherness and communication. And though the old order changes, man remains much the same. He still will play, will look for a way to build a better mousetrap, will harangue about his future, will make jokes, and probe about to see if he was really created in God's image . . . A little of all these phases of man is contained within these pages. A fair cross section of some men's thinking and their enthusiasms at a time when violet rays are still effective in Japan, and the peace is still quicksilver on the loose.

Editor

SEPTEMBER'S HEAVY DATES

In Kansas City

BASEBALL

(Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn)
September 5, 6, 7—Kansas City Blues vs. St. Paul.
September 8-9—Blues vs. Minneapolis.

FOOTBALL

(All games at Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn)
September 22—Kansas University-Texas Christian. (Night.) High School Games:
September 28—Westport-Southwest. (Night.)
September 29—Southeast-Paseo (Afternoon—1:00). Northeast-Manual Training (Afternoon—3:00). Central-East (Night).

OTHER EVENTS

September 2-3—Midget Auto Races, 6:30 p. m. 15th and Blue River.
September 12-15—Antique Show, Little Theatre, Municipal Auditorium.
September 15-16; 24-25—Mexican Fiesta, Arena, Municipal Auditorium.
September 13-16—Rodeo, sponsored by American War Dads, Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.
September 20-October 7—National Roller Derby, Pla-Mor, 3142 Main.

THEATRE

September 13, 14, 15—TEN LITTLE INDIANS. (A & N Presentation). Saturday matinee. Music Hall

DANCING

(Pla-Mor Ballroom, 3142 Main)
September 1—Sonny Dunham
September 2-3—Ralph Slade.
September 4-16—Ozzie Clark.
September 4-16; 19, 20, 22, 23, 26, 27, 29, 30—Ozzie Clark.
September 14—Jimmy Dorsey. (A & N Presentation.) Arena, Municipal Auditorium.
September 18, 20, 25, 27—"Over 30" dances with Tom and Kate Beckham and orchestra.

ART EVENTS

WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART, 45th and Rockhill—September exhibit: Modern British Art, collection assembled in England and sent to this country in exchange for an exhibition of contemporary American art. 144 works including painting, etchings, drawings, and sculpture.

KANSAS CITY MUSEUM, 3218 Gladstone—Display of minerals, including uranium. Closed Monday.



SCHOOLS

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS CITY, 51st and Rockhill Road; JA. 1135—Freshman program, September 13. Registration, September 17.

KANSAS CITY JUNIOR COLLEGE, 39th and McGee; LO. 3174—Freshman orientation, September 5, 9:00 a. m.; registration, September 6, 9:00 a. m. Sophomore registration, September 5, 1:00 p. m.

KANSAS CITY CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC, Armour Boulevard at Walnut; VA. 6644—School opens September 6. Registration any time prior.

KANSAS CITY ART INSTITUTE AND SCHOOL OF DESIGN, 4415 Warwick; VA. 2854—School opens October 1.



Who Will Win the *Peace*?

We have won the war. But the peace—is it wonderful? A timely note of warning is sounded—

by ROYAL ARCH GUNNISON

(We here reprint a broadcast made by Mutual's news commentator, Royal Arch Gunnison, on the afternoon of Saturday, August 11, just three days before the Japanese officially accepted Allied peace terms. . . . To Mr. Gunnison, the Japanese are not stronger. He spent two years in the prison of Sonto Tomos; was the last Allied radio correspondent in Manila before its fall. He made the first radio correspondent's eyewitness report on the liberation of Manila on February 4, 1945. Now, in the midst of jubilation, he speaks urgently for caution and vigilance in our dealings with Japan. . . . "It's a time for some prayerful thinking.")

IN the midst of all this excitement over the answer the United States has made to Japan's surrender offer—an answer the United States has made in behalf of all the Big Four—two or three factors stand out. And they must not be overlooked in trying to figure out what the Big Four reply means.

On the surface it looks as though President Truman and Secretary of State Byrnes have made a counter-provision for the Japs to accept or reject—a provision that keeps the Emperor on his throne, thus saving face for the Japanese, but taking away all the Emperor's power to govern in Japan.

But examine this closely. Get below the surface. No Japanese is going to quit hating the foreigner as

he does. No Japanese is going to give up the hope or the plan to try this again, regardless of how long it takes . . . and no Japanese is going to see in this surrender anything but a temporary relinquishment of "surface" power to the hated foreigner. That's us. No Japanese is going to believe that the real, the motivating power of the Emperor or Emperor System has been high-jacked by the United Nations.

I firmly believe that the Japanese are quitting at this moment, that they'll accept this latest condition from the Big Four, because they believe they've defeated us by keeping us from landing in Japan and because they have retained the Emperor System. This is what they meant when they used to say to me and to the others of us who were prisoners of the Japs . . . "You will win in the fighting . . . but we will win the peace . . . for you are suckers . . ."

We have offered to Japan a situation something like this: It's as though we went into Germany and said to the high Nazis such as Goering, Goebbles, and Himmler . . . "All right, you fellows give up and we'll take Hitler and govern Germany through him. After a reasonable time we'll say to the German

people, 'Now you decide what form of government you want in Germany. If you want to keep Naziism and Hitler, it's all right with us.' . . . Of course we hope you'll see the light and won't be bad boys again."

That's what we've done in effect with the Japanese. And I believe we'll see within the next twenty-four hours acceptance of this offer like hot saki at a Sukiyaki dinner.

And there'll be celebrating at the Imperial Palace.

We have offered the Japanese a peace that is not un-conditional surrender. However, what's done is done . . . and there's no use crying over spilt milk . . . except to be alert to the new plan of Japanese block, stall and delay. And don't think for a moment that the Japs don't have a plan. They do.

The Japanese always have taken the attitude that the man, the nation, that has the greatest power should use it, and to that nation's best interests. That's what they have done. When we have the power, the Japs expect us to use it . . . and hold only contempt for us when we don't use it. Naturally, they aren't going to give up any more than they have to.

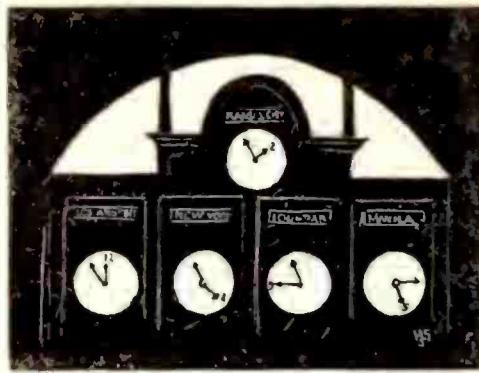
What is likely to happen in the next days . . .

V-J Day will not officially come

until the Japanese Chief of Staff flies probably to Okinawa and puts his red-ink chop on the document, the Imperial Peace Rescript already signed by Hirohito. Doubtless General MacArthur, and perhaps Admiral Nimitz and some high British admiral and a Chinese officer, will be present. That will be VJ-Day. But when the Japanese come back tomorrow or early Monday with the acceptance of the

deal . . . for it is a "deal" . . . it isn't unconditional surrender in any sense of the word . . . when they report they have accepted it, that'll be the sign for the end of hostilities.

I know I'm probably in the minority. . . . But I've learned from some pretty grim personal experiences with the Japanese before the war in the Far East, during the war, too . . . and I'd go very easy on the "all out" celebration of victory. So much depends now upon how tough we are with the Japanese, and how severe we are in our occupation and how long we occupy Japan and upon how great a change we make in their educational system, and upon how thoroughly we go about debunking the Emperor System. It must be clear that most of Japan's 100-million population have suffered very little from the war. To be sure, a number of Japanese cities have been destroyed and life has been lost. But Jiro



Japanese, the average Jap, hasn't had his country invaded. He hasn't been told of all the American and Australian and Chinese victories. In other words, he has not been defeated mentally. It's not the uniform that makes the enemy—it's his thinking. We are at this moment at the peak of Japan's psychological warfare against the outside world. We've defeated them militarily. But you know the old slogan: A man may be down . . . but he's never out. That's the attitude in Japan today.

Some of our politicians in Washington say it doesn't matter what the Japs think or what they do now . . . that we have the military power and we'll see to it the Japs don't grow into a military nation again . . . and anyway, the new United Nations organization will prevent the Japs from burbling over again.

But anyone who was at the San Francisco Conference can tell you that the new United Nations League of Nations has few teeth in it—and has many "outs" for nations who wish to be belligerent. It must be revised if it's to enforce the peace.

Everything now depends upon how persistent we are . . . how cool and intelligent we are . . . how insistent we are in occupying Japan and in eliminating from Jap thinking over the next fifty years the idea that they can come back and do this again. We have given them the right to choose their own system of government within a reasonable time. But for a people whose thinking has been controlled for generations—for centuries—a reasonable

time is going to mean a matter of more than one generation before the Japanese mentality is capable of accepting freedom of thought and therefore capable of intelligently choosing its own system of government.

But we have one weapon left. We must insist—whether people here think it's Christian or not—we must insist that there be no return to religion in politics, the type of religious fanaticism that has brought the Japs to the peak of emotion that brought on this war. Or we will find—rather, our children will find—another fight on their hands, a fight with atomic bombs and worse . . . bombs and germs and gas and other horrible instruments of death that will be developed in the next generations.

One very interesting angle to this peace situation is the build-up in Japan by the Japanese Government of the Imperial Crown Prince, a little fellow by the name of Aki-Hito, Hirohito's son, about 13 years of age. This indicates one thing and one thing only to me. The Jap overlords expect to permit Hirohito to sign the **Imperial Rescript** for the surrender . . . and then pull a switcheroo on us. They'll do one of two things. Hirohito will commit **Hara-kiri** (suicide) in disgrace for having let the people down and not winning the war . . . or Hirohito will relinquish the throne to little boy Aki-Hito, and there'll be a regency, made up of princes of the Imperial family with an officer of the United Nations sitting in as advisor to the little Japanese. Thus

the Japs in effect say to the United Nations . . . "You see, we punished Hirohito for not winning. We put a new little man on a new little white pony." And to themselves they say . . . "Sure, but we saved the Emperor System, and pulled the wool over the eyes of the hated foreigner."

Frankly, I expect Hirohito to commit suicide . . . and good riddance, too.

But regardless of suicide, assassination, or retirement, the end of Hirohito would not mean the end of the Japs' attempt to salvage every bit of their plan, as stated in their Shinto political-religious tenets, "to subjugate the 10-thousand nations of the four seas." How are the experts

in Washington, London, Moscow, and Chungking (who are so solicitous of the feelings of the Japs) going to handle that situation? How are they going to let Japan's daily life go on unhampered and keep their hands out of Jap religious problems when the political and religious life of Japan are one and the same thing? The religious tenets of Japan call for the Emperor System to take over the world. Certainly, we can't agree to the Japs keeping that point of view in either their political or religious code.

I'm pessimistic, I'll admit. This to me is a time to be very thoughtful rather than blindly jubilant. It's a time for some prayerful thinking . . . and very cool and cautious action on the part of our government.



UNIFORMITIES

Sergeant: Stop worrying, Mesenjouskiwitzerhofer, there's no bullet with your name on it.

—from Old American News

"Say, this is one helluva rough infiltration course you have laid out here, Captain. How often does a man get killed running it?"
"Just once."

Mess Sergeant: Why don't you eat your fish? Something wrong with it?
Private: Long time no sea.

—from Kansas City Kornettes

G.I. at the front: Migosh, Sarge, war is almost as bad as basic training!

Paradise Enow!

by HANNAH FRY

Concerning the presence of books in all bars—the changing of saloons to salons, and what it might do to society! Truly, 'tis perilous to think upon!

IN Sussex, England, the Cherry Tree Inn at Copthorne has been making a play for added business by installing a 300-volume library in its pub. For an extra tuppence, a novel is now served with a pint of bitter, and what's more, the customer may keep his book for a week. Same can not be said for the pint of bitter.

This innovation in drinking habits may well revolutionize the entire imbibitory structure of society, if it happens to get carried far enough. And except for a few minor drawbacks—such as one's not being able to focus after the first four or five—this new idea may come into its own and into the bars and lounges of our native cities.

Consider, then, the repercussions, the change in decor and attitude that may take place. The tired business man, after a tough day at the office, drops into the corner bistro where he is wont to while away a daily hour or four or five. From the shelves lining the wall, he selects the latest whodunit, orders a bourbon and soda or reasonable facsimile, sinks into a comfy old leather chair and a coma, and soon is escaping the trials of the day's occupation in a stimulating

never-never land of murder and mirth. Ponder upon it! A whole roomful of tired business men and career girls drinking beer and reading the newest book of the month! Instead of the usual yak-yak of shop talk and the hysterical squeaks of relaxing nervous systems—there'll be a comfortable quiet interrupted only by the taffeta sound of turning pages, the hiss of escaping beer bubbles, and the Falstaffian rumbles of ole beer burpers.

There will always be among those present one or two of the species who just have to read certain passages aloud from time to time. This practice may be eliminated by seeing to it that the offender has so many drinks that he—or she, as the case may and probably will be—can no longer follow a straight line along the page. After that he/she may want to argue in loud tones, or sing “Bell Bottom Trousers” or “I Love You Truly”. At that stage, you might try hitting him/her over the head with “Forever Amber”.

Your Englishman has always liked to read as he drinks. Dickens expatiates at length on the pleasures derived from reading a book in the

clean cheery pub with a sanded floor, and a plump barmaid beaming upon Mr. Pickwick or Tupman or Snodgrass, as they perused the latest Spectator. (To say nothing of Pickwick, Tupman, and Snodgrass beaming upon the barmaid.) The French book-worm tucked his volume of verse under his arm as he wended his way toward the sidewalk cafe. And even the Japanese combine reading and drinking. They gather at the liquor houses at the end of what's left of

their streets every evening to drink their daily ration of sake and read the newspaper. Conviviality, comrade-
rie over the written word and the cup
that cheers! WHAM! Shucks, another atom bomb. Well, it was cozy while it lasted.

We do not predict such a fate for all combiners of cocktails and copy. On the contrary, if Americans could only learn to relax over a book as they top off their daily quota, the problem of highspeed living might be partially solved. What we need to do is slow down—with a drink in one hand and an essay in the other. (Preferably some cheerful tidbit such as the sermons of Thomas Browne, or that thing about the opium-eater.)



*"I must go down to the sea again,
To the lonely sea and the sky."*

For one thing, our unhappy habit of polishing them off, one after another until even the bartender refuses to pour another libation would be scotched. (So would the barfly.) And the customer, deep in the problem of who killed Cock Robin, would sip away at one Manhattan for a solid hour and never realize how time was passing. He might even consume the glass, clear down to the stem.

Brash gentlemen who like to start conversations with young ladies (or

vice-versa) are sometimes discouraged by frigid refusals because their approaches are too bald. So are their pates, many times. A library in the downtown snake pit should certainly help the situation. A smooth, "I notice you have 'Julius Caesar' in your hand," should get results. (Especially for J. C.) "Have you reached the place yet in the fourth act where Portia takes poison?" And you could follow up with, "How about a drink with me? Name your poison!"

Books in bars should also take care of querulous chaps who like to argue. If the subject is anything that facts could prove, they can always settle matters between the bookends instead of out in the alley. This, of course, is based on the assumption that the arguers can read. Let them adjourn to a corner where the written page could be consulted, and the altercation closed with a simple, "There it is in black and white, old boy!" Loser could always appeal to an earlier edition.

A literary chaser for every drink could completely change the American way. Give us more *savoir faire*, more subtlety, a richer vocabulary, more significant talking points than what happened at the office today and why not. Silly little girls who know nothing but clothes, men, and filing (and Lord knows why they need to know more) could enhance their gum beating with quotations from the Bard and Emersonian innuendoes; and names such as Heathcliffe, Maigret, Buddenbrooks, and Caitilin Ni Murrachu would roll

trippingly off the tongue. Think of the rise in the cultural level and the broadening of interests—as well as beams! The more you read, the wider the horizons, the more you drink, the more of 'em.

Also consider the convenience of having more things to throw in case of a brawl . . . and the beauty of being under a table with Thorne Smith.

Liquor advertising, too, would shift its gears with a grind and a bump. The advent of books among bottles could result in something approaching literary history. Along the highways you might read: "Concentrate with Old Grand-Dad"; "Take Teacher's Highland Cream to Finnegan's Wake"; "Let Four Roses Help You Wade Through Walden"; "Dixie Bell is best with Eddie A. Guest"; On the tables tucked in among the bistro book shelves you mightn't be surprised at such slogans as "Waterfill Frazier with 'Measure for Measure'"; "Hadst thy Pabst today? What's choicer with Chaucer!"; "Fall into Vat 69 with George Sand"; "Two of our Texas Steers and you'll have no Remembrance of Things Past."

This country which for years has been throwing it down and tossing it up in its mad quest for excitement would do well to emulate the Cherry Tree Inn at Copthorne, Sussex. What we need is more bar libraries—(and we don't mean the kind where attorneys pore over case histories)—and more books of verses with our jugs of wine. Ah, Wilderness! Ah, dreams!

Favorite War Stories

(The first one is told by Fulton Lewis, Jr.)

When overseas recently, reporting for Mutual on the progress of the European war, I was driven up to the German town of Rott at the front lines. Returning that evening, we were forced to travel a bad road, that had been made progressively worse by shell craters that pitted the pathway.

A short way out of Rott, we were hailed by two soldiers who were hiking 19 miles to keep a date they had made in a recently liberated town across the German border. We stopped and picked them up.



After a mile or two at this snail-like pace, one of the soldiers, impatient for his date, remarked that if we only had a flashlight of the dimout variety issued by the Army we could make much better time.

"Hm-m-m-m!" mused the second soldier sighting an MP standing by the road. He leaped out as we stopped, went over to the MP, asked some strictly unnecessary questions about directions, put his arm around the man and started telling him a joke.

After the MP had finished his laugh, the soldier came quickly back to our car, hopped in and said: "Now, let's get out of here fast!"

When we had left the MP five minutes behind, the soldier proudly produced —a dimout flashlight. The military cop had had his pockets very professionally picked, and needless to say, we proceeded at a much faster pace.



(The second comes from Cecil Brown)

When the U. S. First Army moved into Belgium, a group of its signalmen paused one day to admire the spunk of a little puppy.

The love of an American boy for a dog prompted these hard-bitten signalmen to make friends with the unknown pup. They named him "Tuffy," and when it was time to move on toward the German frontier, Tuffy went along as mascot.

East they went across Belgium—the First Army and Tuffy. Day and nights in fox holes, long rides over shell-pocked roads in jeeps, snacks from cans of army rations, fitful but trustful sleep in the arms of American doughboys —such was the life of Tuffy.

Then came the German breakthrough in the Belgian Bulge. German tanks and infantry came pouring into the American lines. Doughboys fell back. Some hid; among these, one little group of nine, plus Tuffy, in a handy cellar.

Suddenly heavy footsteps approached. The cellar doors were flung back. The Americans froze to the walls as did Tuffy. Two Germans peered in.

The Americans exchanged whispers of mutual joy and relief when the Nazis left. Tuffy, seeming to sense the elation of the men, could contain himself no longer. He barked!

The strong, slim fingers of an American doughboy closed over Tuffy's nose and mouth. When he continued to bark they slipped to Tuffy's neck and tightened.

Footsteps came and went. The hours dragged on. Finally, there was silence.

Then, trying hard to be matter-of-fact about it, the nine battle-hardened American soldiers went up the cellar stairs and into the sun, to dig a grave for Tuffy.

Life in Your Veins

The story back of the Blood Banks and that life-saving pint of blood you gave—or can give—to some American fighter . . . Story based on "The Human Adventure" series, originating at Station WGN, Chicago, and broadcast over the Mutual network in collaboration with the University of Chicago.

by JAMES G. HANLON

MAN normally can lose a third of his blood and live. Beyond that he dies—unless, that is, he receives new blood by means of transfusion.

It would seem relatively easy to replace lost blood by transfusion. Yet the first recorded attempt ended in death—the death of Pope Innocent the Eighth and the death of three young boys who acted as blood donors. That was in the year 1492.

The Pope's death cast a long shadow over the development of the transfusion principle. Men were afraid to try again. The next notable attempt did not take place until 1667 when a daring young French doctor, Jean Denys, transfused a small amount of blood from a sheep into a young man weakened by blood-letting.

Again the result was disastrous. His experiment was a dramatic success but it led to a wave of transfusions and a tide of tragic errors.

Man's early notions about blood transfer were fantastic. For 500 years it was commonly believed that the blood transferred the donor's religion

or temperament or race. To be transfused with the blood of a Quaker, for instance, was erroneously thought to put Quaker "blood" in the veins. The blood of a Negro transferred the race and the color of a Negro. A sheep's blood would cause one to bleat like a sheep.

The loss of life brought about through the practice of transfusion, following Denys' successful experiment, was so great that France finally banned the practice altogether. But although scientists did not let the matter rest at that point, it wasn't until 1869 that the next important step was taken.

Creite, in that year, discovered the mystery of agglutination and was able to announce that animal blood clots man's blood. We must use the blood of the same species, he advised. Dog's blood for dogs, man's blood for man.

Landois substantiated Creite's theory a few years later and was able to add the knowledge that, in some instances, the blood of one species dissolves the blood of another species. This he called hemolysis.

In Vienna Landsteiner made the next important discovery in 1900, when he reported that agglutination and hemolysis may even occur within the same species. One man's blood, he noted, may clot or dissolve that of another man. He also observed that in some cases there was no reaction: this made for a successful transfusion. To assure success, he learned, the blood of the donor and the recipient must be typed.

It took the rich opportunity for experiment offered by the first World War to bring two British doctors working in the Near East to the conclusion that the blood of all men and all races conforms to four different and easily discernible types. These variations, they found, have nothing to do with origins or skin color. They further substantiated the fact that in transfusions of whole blood, all that is needed is that the blood types match. Once the types conform, men's blood is interchangeable. This fact was confirmed again and again in field hospitals on the Western front.

It was in a British field hospital where the next notable life-saving discovery was made by Professor O. H. Robinson of the University of Chicago, who was serving as a captain in the British Medical Corps.

Transfusions were helping to save men's lives on the battle field. The demand for blood was great. In a single day when he could have used

eighty pints a maximum of eight were available. And these had to be taken from other soldiers in the field.

He knew that civilians back home would gladly give blood donations but the problem was to get it ahead of time, store it and prevent it from clotting.

Sodium citrate, he knew, keeps blood fluid for a while—but not long enough to be shipped from collection points to far-flung field hospitals on the fighting fronts. To do that would take, at the least, a couple of days.

Finally he hit upon the idea of refrigeration, storing blood like milk in an ice box. This made it possible to store blood for a period of ten days and only in limited quantities—which meant that use would have to be confined to the most desperately wounded. This was still not practical enough although a Russian doctor, Sergius Judin, perfected a method of recovering blood from bodies a few hours after death. Also it was not enough because thousands of men who were only slightly wounded died of shock.

Following World War I, a number of nations appointed medical committees to study shock and search out a treatment for it. It was found that in shock the respiration of a person is shallow—indicating asphyxiation. It was found that in shock circulation is impaired—meaning the red blood corpuscles cannot move oxygen to the tissues. It was found that in shock



some sort of a chemical liberated that penetrates the capillaries and paralyzes them, letting the plasma escape. This lowers the blood pressure, pointing the way to asphyxiation.

In the United States, the Surgeon General of the Army appointed a commission headed by Walter B. Cannon of Harvard University to study shock, determine its causes and find a cure.

Piecing together the findings of his commission with the research reports from other nations, Dr. Cannon advanced the idea that shock could be treated successfully by transfusion of plasma. The most important aspect of his findings, however, was that treatment of shock does not require whole blood—that the red corpuscles were not needed. This eliminated the necessity for matching blood types because the plasma from anybody's body can be given to anybody else.

This posed another storage problem because at that time no method was known that would permit plasma to be stored in large quantities.

The storing of plasma—the drying and preservation of the vital blood fluid in a form that was stable, easily transported and readily liquefied by the addition of distilled water—is an American process so recent that not one in a thousand can name the scientists who brought the discovery into being shortly after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. They are: Doctors W. J. Elser, John Reickel, E. W. Flossdorf and Stuart Mudd.

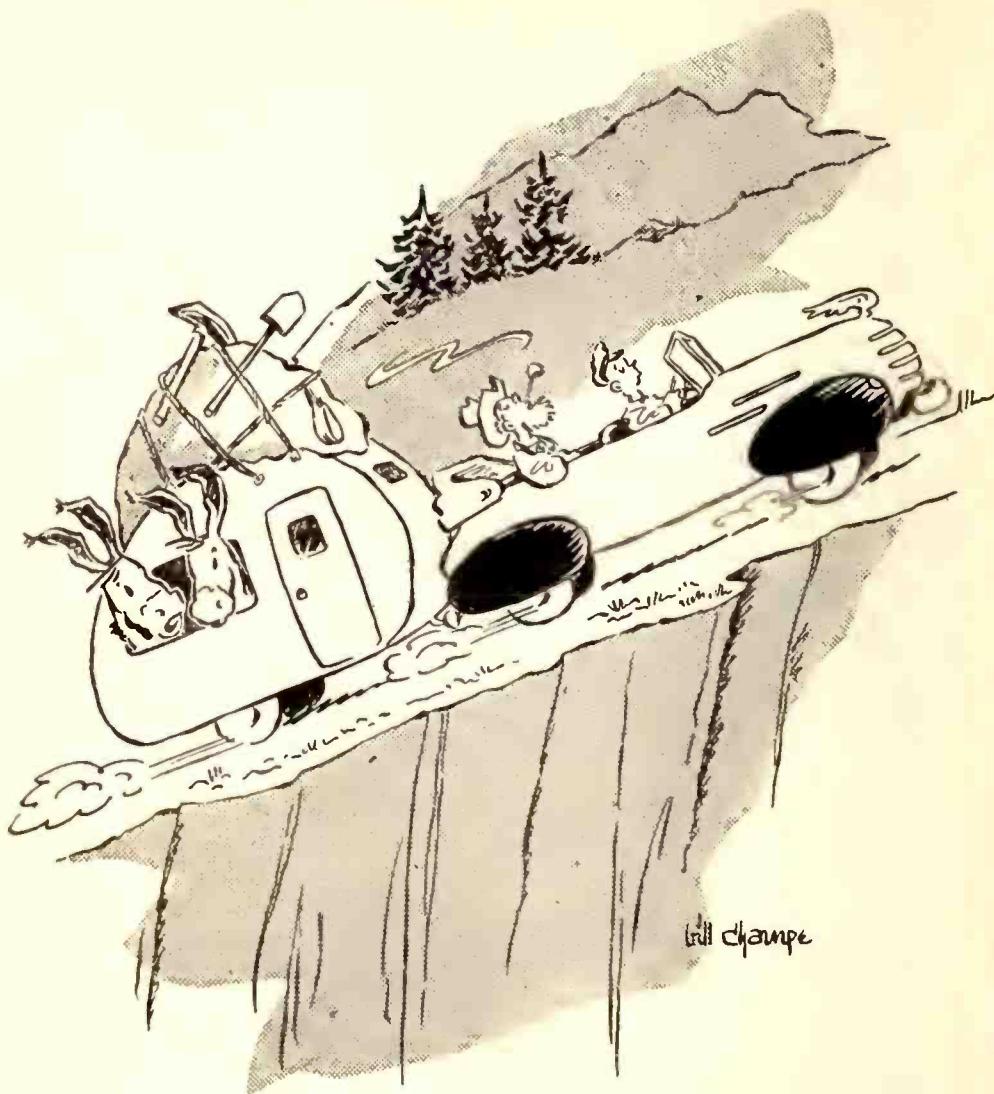
Because of the prompt administra-

tion of stored blood plasma for light as well as severe wounds, American battle casualties today number fewer by half the fatalities for similar wounds in World War I. More than twice the number of World War II wounded will recover—will live—will come home.

YOU WIN!



SWING'S Apperception Test proved at least two things: Some folks are reading the magazine; and regardless of whether they know which side their bread is buttered on, they surely know which side the milk comes from! To each Gentle Reader who wrote or called in his correction on last month's case of the Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow from the wrong side, Swing was pleased to send a prize: one package of Kraft Powdered Whole Milk (newest food account on WHB). And just in case you prize-winning ole cowhands think you know all about milk, may we advise you not to keep this powder dry!



"This must have something to do with that
nugget he found the other day."

"THE JAPS CAME *Back* ... to Manila Today"

by CEDRIC FOSTER

Tribute and warning at the beginning of the peace.

(This is Swing's first article by Mr. Foster since his return from the Pacific, where he spent some weeks during mid-summer and where, on July 4, he sat with General MacArthur three hours after the General had announced the liberation of the Philippines. We reprint the partial text of Mr. Foster's broadcast over the Mutual Network on Sunday, August 19, the day officially named by President Truman as a day of prayer in appreciation of victory and in remembrance.)

ON this day we can afford to remember the men and women of Corregidor . . . the men and women who have fought on all fields of battle that the torch of liberty should not flicker and die. As General MacArthur said of Corregidor . . . "They need no comment from me. They sounded their own story at the mouth of their guns. They scrolled their own epitaph on enemy tablets. But through the bloody haze of their last reverberating shot, I shall always seem to see the vision of those grim, gaunt, and ghostly men . . . still unafraid."

The Japs came back to Manila today, not as a conquering host bent upon grinding the necks of free men under the hob-nails of their trampling boots. They came back in surrender to those men. Men whose spirits never

flagged, whose courage never waned, whose determination never died . . . even in the face of what the world described as insuperable odds. The Japs came back to Manila today to see their own handiwork . . . a ruined and gutted city. The Japs came back to Manila today to smell the nauseating stench of their own dead, still lying in the rubble of the once-glorious monuments of the Commonwealth of the Philippines. They came back to see with their eyes and to so report to their War-Lord Emperor Hirohito the might and the strength and the power which a free people fashioned with their own hands . . . which they transported tens of thousands of miles on ships which they, themselves, had built . . . to the scene of the fleeting Japanese triumph.

The Japs came back to Manila today to be greeted by American officers who stood with impassive face, who subconsciously started to accept an outstretched Japanese hand, but who in the flash of the next second ignored the gesture . . . to officers who gave only a slight curt nod of recognition when interpreters carried through the formal introductions.

The Japs came back to Manila today to hear with their ears and to so report to their Emperor Hirohito the terms of surrender which will be imposed upon them. They came back to Manila today and they will return to Tokio to follow out MacArthur's instructions. Their dream of world conquest lies beneath the broken and twisted buildings of the Philippines capital.

Today in a spirit of Thanksgiving and prayer the people of the United States, at the request of their president, reflect upon the happenings of the last six years. It was six years ago, on the third of September, that the trembling voice of Neville Chamberlain announced to the world that the British people had taken up arms against Germany . . . to fight, as Neville Chamberlain said, against "evil things." Although the United States was not then in the war, nevertheless, the dies were cast. The United States were irrevocably committed to that war because in their long history, they have always fought evil on the side of right and justice and freedom and liberty. It was not until the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor—and it should never be forgotten that the German people gave to the Japanese the opportunity to so strike—it was not until the 7th of December, 1941, that the youth of the United States marched into battle, backed by the sinews of American production. The war, militarily, has been won. For that we give thanks to Almighty God

today. For that we stand in reverential tribute to those who gave their lives in that victory . . . for those whose sacrifices contributed in no matter how small a manner to the accomplishment of our triumph.

On this day of prayer we face two facts. Although conquered militarily, neither the Japanese nor the German minds have been changed. The task of altering those minds and channeling their thoughts into our ways of thinking, lies before us. It is imperative that we accomplish that task. But if we should fail, the other fact looms and it is undeniable. Ahead of us are years of occupation of Japan and Germany, lest the marauders once more break loose to destroy our homes, to kill our children, and to lay waste our lands. We pray today that God will guide us in the reconversion of our enemies.

We pray that if our efforts are unavailing that He will give us the courage to shoulder our share of burden to enforce the peace of the world. On this day of prayer, may we ask that God forbid we ever condemn our children to suffer as the armed forces of America have suffered in this war.



CATEGORY

"Have you any children?"

"Yassuh. Ah's got foah."

"How old are they?"

"Well, now, le's see—Ah's got one lap chile, one creeper, one porch chile, and one yard youngun."

Guaymas—Tomorrow's Playground

*New resort under the sun—another Port of Call
for anglers complete or incomplete.*

by AL STINE

If, in addition to a new automobile and a butcher that can lift a pork chop without a bracer from your last bottle of Scotch, your post-war plans include a winter vacation, look long and well toward Guaymas, Sonora, Mexico, on the California Gulf.

It's true that a Guaymas sunburn has less flair than one from Palm Beach. Nevertheless, you can tan at any winter resort; the trick is in getting out with your skin. For instance, try keeping up with the international set at Acapulco, Mexico. You'll soon learn that wild oats make a lousy, costly breakfast.

Miami and Tucson are America's winter glamour spots. Both are always over-crowded with that select group PM is mad at. Much to Marshall Field's disgust, his reluctance to shine on them isn't shared by the sun. The less publicized Mississippi Gulf Coast with its gambling casinos is no less crowded but, like a zoot suiter's pants, shines under cover.

After having learned all these things through actual experience, the neighbor's maid, and *The New Yorker*, my carefully considered winter resort vote goes to

Guaymas because, pro primo, it has a reliable, warm, dry climate; pro secundo, you can secure a hotel room or cottage without resorting to the influence of your Congressman and your rich Uncle Ferd; pro tertio, no less an authority than the National Geographic sets up Guaymas fishing waters as "among the world's most exciting, most incredible."

The Geographic article continues, ". . . sail out from Guaymas, on the Sonora shore, any fine morning and watch for flocks of diving birds. Hasten to the spot and you see the ocean foaming—lashed by acres of big, hungry fish." (In two months of fishing these waters the only time I saw the ocean lashed into foam was when we tried to recover a bottle of beer lost overboard.)

However, don't let that cause you to sell the Geographic (or Guaymas fishing) short. I sat in a boat with Craig Ferguson, famous California sportsman and ichthyologist, and watched him pull in forty-five plump Spanish mackerel in one hour! Fifteen mackerel fell victims to my wild efforts during the same period and I spent fully half the time untangling the hook from a life jacket and Ferguson's hair.



Guaymas waters grow 'em big. The natives and seasoned fishermen there are hard to impress. Luis Canalizo, cordial, Latin-correct host at Miramar Beach Hotel, curls his lip at anything under five pounds even if it's caught by a paying guest fishing off-shore with light bait-casting equipment. If you're fishing from a launch, using regular deep-sea equipment, anything you can carry yourself won't elicit too much comment.

During the winter season (October to May) you can tie into Totoaba (white sea bass), rock bass and spotted rock bass, silver sea trout, jewfish, Spanish mackerel, and yellow tail. The summer season (May to September) offers you your pick of tuna, sailfish, rooster fish, shark, giant ray and, of course, the king of game fish, marlin. July and August are the hot months.

Hotels include the Southern Pacific's luxurious La Playa de Cortes and the popular Miramar Beach, both on Bacochibampa Bay, near Guaymas.

Tariffs at the Miramar start at \$3.00 for a single room. Attractive, comfortable three and four room cottages, just a good cast from a sandy beach, are also available. Dinner at the same spot starting with all the famous Guaymas shrimp you can eat and offering a selection of steak, lobster, wild duck, fish, or venison brings a check for \$1.00, American money.

If the resort employed a publicity agent he could shoot "cheese-cake" on the beach 365 days a year and not worry about goose bumps spoiling the pictures. The air—sinus suf-

L STINE is a tanned blond jumping bean. Officially, his beat is Atchison, Topeka, and all points mid-west where the Associated Press might conceivably reach. And where Stine reaches, there the PA takes root. He's a Field Representative. Before joining forces with the PA, Al served a year in the Army Air Reserve Corps, and before that, was probably the wackiest member of WHB's sales force. Before that he had been born (some thirty-odd years ago); kicked out of high school for a whole month, because he wrote an all-too-clever parody on the school song; and had gone into his father's undertaking business for a spell. He's probably the only onetime gag writer in the world who holds a funeral director's license. At promotion they don't come much better. Al is married to Carol, a red-headed gal with a sparkling good nature and freckles. Recently they visited Guaymas during Al's recuperation from an operation. And that's how come SWING got this story.

ferers take note—is warm and dry, even on the shores of the Gulf. No measurable rain falls during the winter season.

Abelardo I. Rodriguez, Sonora's present governor and one of Mexico's most able and progressive leaders, is driving hard to pull his state and Guaymas to the front. The parade has started. Give him time and he'll have Hollywood's stars shining in Sonora's sun!

The other day an old man who had lived all his life in one house puzzled his friends by moving next door. They asked him why he'd bothered.

"Eh," he told them, "I reckon it's the gypsy in me."

—from *Old American News*

They Take a *Swing* at My News!

Who's more amazing than people! The author of last month's "Write Back At You" sends in more excerpts from a news commentator's fan mail.

by FRANK SINGISER

THE grim days of 1942 sometimes seem like only yesterday. Blacked out coast lines, air raid drills, spy landings from submarines, the sinking of precious tankers in broad daylight, bomb scares—these were all very real just three years ago.

Yet we have come so far during the past thirty-six months, that 1942 also seems to be part of ancient history. I didn't realize just how far away those months were until the other day. I was glancing through some letters in my files, letter written by listeners to my news reports when they were pretty grim. There was little good news that the American broadcaster could offer his audience three years ago, little except hopes.

The listening public was quick to express its reaction to any misstep or false emphasis, whether intentional or not. At one time, it seemed as though there must be an organized group of "volunteer monitors" listening to every newscast. I suspect that many of these good listeners were peacetime mentors of correct pronunciation. I have always felt a debt of gratitude to "volunteer monitors" who often are the only authority available for the accepted

pronunciation of out-of-the-way places, or otherwise unknown people.

These same aggressive helpful listeners during the days just after Pearl Harbor took it upon themselves to nail any broadcaster who seemed to be giving aid and comfort to the enemy, no matter how often the phrase "Passed by censorship for Broadcast" was used. A quotation from the radio address of a commanding general in the U. S. Army occasioned this blast after a newscast:

"Dear Sir:

In tonight's broadcast, you openly stated that one of our cities has no protection or any guns to repel an enemy. That is what I got out of your remarks. I am a faithful listener to your nightly program and I will say right at you too, if you don't know any more than to make cracks like the above, made tonight, I think it is time to shut you up. You know as well as I do that your voice on the air-waves carries to the enemy; so why aid and abet them, or am I misled and are you a German? I'll be listening!"

An announcement made at the request of the War Department got this warning for me:

"Frank Singiser:

By what authority do you have the right to broadcast military information? You are treading on dangerous ground and giving aid to the enemy. I heard it

and felt like reporting you as careless, or a premeditating 5th Columnist. This country will soon get hard-boiled in actions towards our internal enemies, and don't forget when a Yankee becomes hard-boiled, he really becomes T O U G H. Remember that"

In peace and in war there is the "statistical listener" who writes. I picture him sitting by the radio with adding machine and pencil handy.

"Sir:

I know how many hospitals there were in England before the war. Have listened to all your broadcasts since the war started, and have kept a record as reported on the air by you. In fact, I have several boys in my block who listen to you, and have a record of the hospitals destroyed or damaged by German planes. You have nearly reached the total of the hospitals before the war; so be careful in the future broadcasts not to mention any more because you will then have mentioned more hospitals and movie houses than ever existed. What a bunch of boobs you must think your listeners are"

I could have replied (but didn't) that regardless of the boobs, it was evident there were a few extroverts listening in.

All in all, I have been grateful for the sometimes brusque attention given to my broadcasts by the "volunteer monitors". I hope they continue to keep me on my toes.

Quite often a letter comes from someone who is bursting to tell of a stroke of personal luck. Occasionally a listener will write just because he is so pleased that he has to tell someone about his good fortune.

One gay blade played pinochle far into the night and came up with a dream hand, and regardless of the hour of his homecoming, he had to tell it to the cockeyed world. What's



a fellow to do when he lacks a sympathetic ear? Right! There is nothing handier than a pen and a sheet or two of paper

"I was sitting there in a game of three-handed bid pinochle with the three cards of the kitty in the center of the table, TURNED FACE DOWN . . . I held the double ace of diamonds, the double ten, king and double jack, and when I got the bid, boy oh boy, there in the kitty were two little queens of diamonds looking up at me just as cute as you please. How is that for luck, Mr. Singiser?"

And he then proceeded joyfully for three more pages to tell the same thing again. More power to him and may he continue with his luck till that day when every hand will be a 650 bid!

Not all listeners complain to the sponsors about the newscaster: a few actually complain to the newscaster about the sponsor:

"Mr. Singhauser:

Ordinarily I'm no old meany to squawk about anything, but by golly, when your announcer in his interminable twaddle about your sponsor's product, talks about easychairs and the fireplace on a summerish night as hot as this, I do want to register a protest. ??!!:œ!**! Do we have to listen to this fireplace stuff on the 4th of July?"

Incidentally, that letter was dated and sent in March.

There was another listener, quick on the receiver, who had this to say:

"Dear Sir:

Your sponsor's advertising this evening made a very interesting forecast, to wit: 'It looks like white Christmases will be few and far between this year.' I am wondering just how many Christmases, white or otherwise, can be expected in any one year. Perhaps it is a logical sequence to the multiple Thanksgivings of several years ago. Please enlighten"

What would you answer to that?

There are always letters, too, from inventors looking for someone to put their ideas to work. These ideas range from perpetual motion machines to solutions of all the technical problems in radio. Members of the Royal Society of Moochers and Sample Seekers help swell Uncle Sam's mail-roll. One choice specimen began:

"I am deeply interested in a very worthy case of a sick man who is unable to buy the product you advertise on the radio. I have been getting him samples, but lately they are difficult to obtain. Maybe you had better mail them to me and I shall be more than happy to see that he gets them, whatever it is that you are now advertising."

That was one letter I did not forward to my sponsor.

But fortunately, the newscaster is often the bringer of good news to

those who listen to the war bulletins more with their hearts than with their ears.

"Dear Mr. Singiser:

I was advised by two friends that you mentioned some air-corps men who had received honors in the Pacific area. They thought that one of the names was that of my son, Thomas, and I would deeply appreciate it if you would send me the exact words of the news item that night. I know you are busy but this means so much to me, I know God won't let you regret the time it takes to get this information for an anxious father"

Another one:

"—I just heard you quote an operations officer on information about the captured Americans, and then you gave his name. I was so excited that I could not be sure that it was my husband's name you said. I have had no news from him for some months. Would you please check on that broadcast and see if I heard correctly? It would mean so much to me and to my family if we could hear just a little news about my husband"

Sometimes the first items of bad news are replaced by other later items of good news. An American warship flashed on our newswire—twice. The first time it was reported sunk in action and all hands missing. Next of kin had already been notified before the news of the sinking was broadcast. And then some weeks later, this same reporter had the thrill of reporting the good news to the fathers, mothers, wives, and sweethearts of those boys: the crew, almost to a man, had miraculously reached the shore of a nearby island and were safe and alive! It would take a braver man, indeed, to repeat any of the letters received after that broadcast.

Now Is the Time for All Good Girls . . .

That's what YOU think! Better read up on the male-female situation as statistics go, and if you want to get your man, O Sister, you better get goin'!



by BOB RICHARDSON

THE war's over. Our boys are coming home.

And so you pretty young things are having dreams of hitting the matrimony jackpot the minute GI Joe comes marching home?

Gone, you say, are the days of dateless Tuesdays, lonesome Saturday nights, and endless Sundays. Gone are the days of going out with 4-F Homer, whom you tolerated only because of the man shortage. Now is the time for all good girls to land a husband.

That's what you think!

Ever hear of the law of simple arithmetic? Well, that's what you single girls will be bucking from here on in. Population experts in this country are worried. Since 1930, when there were a million more men than women, the masculine edge rapidly disappeared until now there are more than 300,000 women in excess of men. This includes servicemen.

Oh, well, you say, what's 300,000 surplus females in a country this big? That shouldn't be so alarming, should it? Here are two answers to those questions:

First: Today there are something like 4 million young girls, age 20 to 34, in this country eligible for the altar. In the same age group, there are only 1,700,000 young men (including servicemen) who are unmarried. Simple subtraction gives us 2,300,000 girls whose chances of getting married are as gloomy as the proverbial snowball's prospects in Hitler's Hangout. (At least we hope that's where he's hanging.)

Second: There are the inevitable psychological repercussions. Tradition tells how hard it was to influence a man into marching through the rice-and-old-shoes routine, even back in the manflush days. Now the boys are going to sense their advantage. Girls who once depended on the proper application of Max Factor products will have to bring a bigger bat to the plate with them now. And foreign girls have given GI Joe a heap of attention and honest adoration. A lot of dogfaces are going to be kind of choosy.

Detailed studies by a major insurance company uncovered the fact that 6 to 8 million American women are doomed to spinsterhood.

You women can blame your constitutions as one cause of this girl-surplus. Nature devised a trick to put more males than females on earth by fixing the birth rate of baby boys to exceed that of baby girls. But Nature didn't fix it so boys would be as rugged as girls. By the time a generation reaches 21, the young ladies have an edge in numbers because they are hardier. This continues through the life cycle. Widows greatly outnumber widowers in the nation. The life expectancy of a man is 63 years, for a woman 68 years. The man who refers to a girl as a "frail" or to women as the "weaker sex" is just kidding his male ego.

Social scientists predict a drastic change in our future society—all because of this female surplus. One thing seems almost certain. Nearly all of the last tenets of chivalry will be wiped out. Not that men will go around belting women on the jaw. Nor is the social change expected to be sudden and violent. But certain minor courtesies and customs will be dropped by the wayside.

From another viewpoint, supposing the proposed 60-million-jobs program goes through. Nearly every woman who wishes to will be working. This might bring about a subconscious revolt by the girls to kick aside the yokes of social behavior men have imposed on them since the Year One.

The fair sex has made gigantic strides in the past five years. In the first place they are, as a class, better educated than men. The war brought about a breakdown of taboos against

letting women work on certain factory jobs. And with the perfection of factory machinery, the stress is gone from muscular superiority. It now takes brains to operate a factory precision machine. All the professions have an increasing number of women representatives. Only recently it was revealed that a woman contributed greatly to the development of the atomic bomb that knocked Japan out of the war. Opportunity has clanged the doorbell—and women have opened the door.

Say, what is this!

Is it possible that the world will become a woman's domain? Will the girls turn this so-called "social problem" into a device whereby they will win political, economic, and all other dominion over the United States?

Oh, well. Just so long as they don't grow hair on their chests and learn to chew tobacco.



ON THE NEXT PAGE

You will find a "Financial Guide for 1945," which SWING had prepared quite some time before the Rising Sun took a notion to set. Evidently we were pessimists, or conservatives, to say the least. The end of the war, arriving when it did, dropped a sort of atomic bomb on the timeliness of this Guide. Not that we would have put off victory another month till we got the Guide published! Don't get us wrong! But anyway, we decided to print these statistics, even if in a reminiscent mood. Because a good bit of research went into it and it's authentic. Besides, they're still drafting fellas. Some of you gals may still want to know how much lovely lucre they'll be drawing down. So just flip over the page—and you'll find out.

FINANCIAL GUIDE FOR 1945

A Pattern for Designing Young Females

Every citizen who has reached the Age of Discretion (variously estimated at 21 to 24½) has some vague idea of the "base pay" of Army and Navy personnel. But it is a vague idea—"you know, he'll make \$250 a month, plus sumpin-other for subsistence, plus somepin-other for being overseas and gosh, I don't know what else."

SWING believes that a passel of folks (and particularly narrow-eyed young minxes putting price tags on eligible M/S Whoozitz and dashingly eligible Lt. (j.g.) Whatsitz would like to see the rank and file expressed in \$ and ¢.

Wherewith, SWING does just that.

NON-COMMISSIONED (Food and Lodging Provided)

ARMY INSIGNIA	RATING	NAVY INSIGNIA	BASE PAY	Complete With 20% Overseas Pay	Complete With 60% Flying or Submarine Pay	Complete With Sea Duty, Submarine or Overseas Flying Pay	NON-COMMISSIONED TABLE
[Army insignia]	Pvt / Apprentice Seaman	[Navy insignia]	\$ 50.00	\$ 60.00	\$ 75.00	\$ 85.00	NOTE: In addition, both officers and enlisted men are entitled to longevity or "tode," pay—an extra 5% of base pay up to 50% of base pay, for each three years' service. Non-flying officers whose duties compel them to fly frequently get an extra \$60 per month. Enlisted men who are holders of the Congressional Medal of Honor are given \$2 per month, and certain other decorations carry a similar financial advantage.
[Army insignia]	Pfc / Seaman 2 Cl	[Navy insignia]	54.00	64.80	81.00	91.80	
[Army insignia]	Cpl / Seaman 1 Cl	[Navy insignia]	66.00	79.20	99.00	112.20	
[Army insignia]	Sgt / 3rd Cl Petty Officer	[Navy insignia]	78.00	93.60	117.00	132.60	
[Army insignia]	Staff Sgt. / 2nd Cl Petty Officer	[Navy insignia]	96.00	115.20	144.00	163.20	
[Army insignia]	Tech. Sgt. / 1st Cl Petty Officer	[Navy insignia]	114.00	136.80	171.00	193.80	
[Army insignia]	Master/Sgt. / Ch. Petty Officer	[Navy insignia]	138.00	165.60	207.00	234.60	

COMMISSIONED (Expressed to the Nearest \$1)

S—Single D—Dependents

ARMY INSIGNIA	RATING	NAVY INSIGNIA	BASE PAY	Complete With Rent & Subsistence	Complete With Overseas Pay	Complete With Flying or Submarine Pay	Complete With Overseas Flying or Submarine Pay				
[Army insignia]	Warrant OH./ Warrant Off.	[Navy insignia]	\$150	\$216	\$252	\$231	\$267	\$291	\$327	\$327	\$342
[Army insignia]	2nd Lt. / Ensign	[Navy insignia]	150	216	252	231	267	291	327	306	342
[Army insignia]	1st Lt. / Lt. (j.g.)	[Navy insignia]	167	248	284	265	300	331	367	348	384
[Army insignia]	Captain / Lieutenant	[Navy insignia]	200	296	332	316	352	396	432	416	452
[Army insignia]	Major / Lt. Comdr.	[Navy insignia]	250	361	418	386	443	486	543	511	568
[Army insignia]	Lt. Col. / Commander	[Navy insignia]	291	417	474	446	503	563	620	592	649
[Army insignia]	Colonel / Captain	[Navy insignia]	333	459	495	482	528	626	662	659	695
★	Brig. Gen. / Commodore	[Navy insignia]	500	626	662	676	712	876	912	926	962
★	Maj. Gen. / Rear Admiral	[Navy insignia]	667	793	829	859	885	1,126	1,162	1,192	1,228
★	Lt. Gen. / Vice Admiral	[Navy insignia]	667	793	829	859	885	1,126	1,162	1,192	1,228
★	Vice Admiral	[Navy insignia]	708	834	870	904	930	1,188	1,224	1,258	1,294
★	Gen. of Army / Adm. of Fleet	[Navy insignia]	667	793	829	859	885	1,126	1,162	1,192	1,228
★		[Navy insignia]	850	976	1,012	1,060	1,086	1,401	1,437	1,485	1,521

Opera for Dessert

by MARION ODMARK

*Chicago's Kungsholm Restaurant is the only place in
the world where puppets sing for your supper . . .
Not a who-dun-it, but a how-dood-it!*

A CHILDHOOD hobby, a belief in the better, more beautiful things in life, and a connoisseur's appetite are pretty slim promises of success in the restaurant business. Yet these three factors put Frederick Chraemer and his Kungsholm restaurant, Chicago, in the national spotlight. It's a spotlight, incidentally, that's all his. For no other restaurant in the country affords grand opera for dessert, at no extra charge, without leaving the dining premises.

Chraemer began his restaurant career with three strikes against him, the three successive failures of earlier leaseholders of the Leander Hamilton McCormick mansion on Chicago's Gold Coast. There was dramatic elegance to this imposing, three-story edifice. But, once seen, the curious public found it unrewarding in interior warmth, cuisine distinction or hospitality.

And then Frederick Chraemer, against the counsel of his friends, took a try. He enlivened its sprawling rooms with color richness. He resurrected the type of dining made famous by such names as Rector's, Kinsleys, Richelieu and the old Grand Pacific. He called it Kungsholm, specializing in a bountiful smorgasbord and rich Scandinavian feasting

and wining. The final clinch to recognition was adding his hobby, puppet operas.

What was once the ballroom on the top floor he converted to the Kungsholm Miniature Grand Opera Theatre, approached by the grand staircase, the Swedish decor of the spacious theatre lounge, two charming foyers flanked with massive Italian torcheres from the original home. The general royal blue decorative scheme of the auditorium is modernistic, with soft restful contrasts. As large a group as 125 may be accommodated at one time, with comfortable chairs that may be placed at will. Needless to say, there's never a hat in the line of vision.

This illusionary and musical program brings into play the twofold fascination of life-like puppets acting to opera recordings that Victor and Columbia successfully garnered from the world's two greatest opera companies, La Scala Milan and L'Opera Paris. To present Chraemer's repertoire of 14 operas, 40 musical masterpiece albums are reproduced. By simple addition, that's a total of 420 records, 840 sides. And the guest artists include, naturally, such celebrated stars as Melchior, Flagstad, Tibbett, Jepson, Pons and on down the line.

The staging of one of these operatic masterpieces is a highly technical art, even though the finished entertainment is unruffled, seemingly untouched by human hand, mechanically a miracle. A personnel of eight people is required to perform the numerous understage and backstage operations, including manipulation of the stringless puppets, operating the electric control board, and sound system, wigs and make-up. The 300 puppets who sing, dance, love, fight and die in Kungsholm productions are operated from below the 48-square-foot stage, by five trained operators who are also music students knowing each opera note for note.

Further mechanical equipment includes an extensive wardrobe consisting of more than 500 opera costumes, supplemented by hats, boots, accessories, etc. Each costume is an exact copy, in miniature, of those worn by Metropolitan

and La Scala artists. The lighting equipment covers 48 footlights, 48 proscenium lights, 10 floor and 12 miniature spotlights, plus 500 border bulbs. The opera orchestra has a personnel of 25 puppets with a diminutive conductor, "Tosci," leading his musicians in perfect tempo with the music. Stage properties, faithful copies of period furniture, are, for the most part, constructed in Chraemer's own workshop with painstaking, loving care.

With programs changed every two weeks, the grand opera season is year 'round for those who want it: Those who want it are music lovers, the stars themselves when in Chicago, and crowds of men and women who wouldn't think of going to "live" opera. Reservations are now required two weeks in advance for dinner patrons who intend to end the evening with operatic highlights.



Advice to Wives Contemplating Shooting Their Husbands

Insurance statistics show
That husbands are the first to go;
Patience, gals, hence will mean,
Avoidance of a nasty scene.
There's really no need to go blast 'em—
Just sit at your ease and outlast 'em!

—Wm. P. Rowley

Arabians on Bluegrass

A Kansas City business man raises Arabians as a hobby—the most beautiful hobby horses in the world.

by JETTA CARLETON

THE prophet Mohammed once made a two-week march with his attendants. During this time there was no water to give to the horses, until one day near the end of the two weeks the group arrived at the river. The horses strained toward the water, toward the cool relief to their great thirst. Just at the moment they reached the river the call to retreat was sounded. Of all the horses rushing to drink, only five heeded the call. They were five mares whose sense of duty and obedience was greater than their desire for water. These five mares of the prophet became the fountainheads of the five principal strains of Arabian horses.

At least, that's the legend, and indicative of the quality of the Arabian horse and the romance attendant upon him.

There are twelve million horses in the United States. Only 2200 of them are pure Arabians. And Walter Ross owns twenty-one of these.

Walter Ross lives on a country place about 35 minutes out of Kansas City, and drives in to his office five days a week. He's connected with the Grolier Society, on the Board of Directors for the Encyclopedia Americana, and directs Beta Sigma Phi, international sorority for

young business women. He collects first editions and raises Arabian horses. And the horses are what he likes to tell you about.

It began when Mrs. Ross learned to ride a horse which her husband was supposed to ride for relaxation and exercise. Then Walter Ross took up riding. Then they passed through Pomona on a visit to California. In Pomona the United States Government keeps the largest existing herd of Arabian horses, given the Government by W. T. Kellogg.

The Rosses took a look at the Arabians; wrote back later asking about the purchase of a foal; were informed that the foal they wanted had just been sold to the Prince of a foreign country. That did it. "I was hooked," Walter Ross said, "by the romance of the thing."

Now he raises romance on a Missouri farm—eighty acres of grassland spotted with modern hay barns, brick stables, and a mellow old Victorian house complete with a couple of pillars. Here, only a farm or so removed from the land that belongs to President Truman, run the beautiful horses whose connotations are sand and moonlight, dusk-purple pyramids, and Arab chieftains who look like Rudolph Valentino.

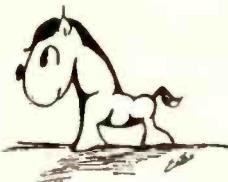
The Arabian—and Walter Ross always speaks of the horses in the generic sense as "he"—is the oldest living breed of animal. From the time of the earliest existing records of him, he has not varied. He's still of the same fine structure, delicate and dainty as a Dresden figurine, yet sturdy; sensitive as a compass, and still gentle with the gentleness bred into him through the generations he spent as honored guest in the tent of his master. On the walls of the ruined Parthenon they found a picture of the Arabian. He looks exactly as he does now, running in the pastures of Graceland in the middle of America.

That's rather enough to rocks you back on your heels—when you consider that this horse cropping the blue grass of Missouri in this year of the great victory is the first horse in all the world. All other horses are simply his devious progeny. And that takes in Hook, Jr., Percherons, and the horses that clop around town with the Manor Bread wagons. From the Arabian—the generic—all the "specialists" are developed. He is the fountainhead. And he has the longest pedigree of any living creature, not excluding the D.A.R. Western horses, who are almost true types many times, and very tough, are descended from Arabians left in this country by the Conquistadors.

It was the custom in Egypt and Arabia for the women to ride the stallions, the men to ride mares. This may seem strange, since the stallion is usually considered the more spirited

mount. But the stallion also had a habit of screaming at inopportune times and giving away the master's location to the enemy.

In Arabia the horses are ridden without bits. There is simply a bridle—made of a couple of chains woven of shells and yarn and passed over the nose—and usually a sheepskin. The Arab, we learn, rides by balance, while the American grips with his knees. And instead of placing his hand on a holy book to swear, the Arab places his hand on a spot just above the horse's nose—a spot called the jib-bah—and there takes his solemn oath.



There are not more than five thousand Arabians in the world just now. In the desert they've been largely replaced by automobiles. But at least five hundred horsemen and those caught by the romance and the beauty of the horse keep the breed alive. These five hundred comprise the Arabian Horse Club, organized in 1910, and headquartering in Chicago. They keep a registry for every horse in America, his number and complete lineage, and all transfers are handled through this office. If you own even one pure Arabian, you're eligible for membership; and Walter Ross says every member knows every horse in this country—all twenty-two hundred of them.

It all started when, at the close of the Civil War, the Sultan of Turkey made Ulysses Grant a gift of

some Arabians. Twenty-four others were brought back by Homer Davenport, who lived for awhile with the sheiks on the desert, became a tribe member, and returned to the United States with his precious horses. Since 1915, W. R. Brown of New Hampshire imported several; and one of the most active contemporary importers is Henry Babson of Chicago. A number of Walter Ross's horses were brought over from Egypt by Mr. Babson. One of the fifteen sizable breeders in this country today is Roger Selby of Portsmouth, Ohio. Any woman who yearns over the advertisements of fine footwear in *Vogue* will recognize the name. And she's right.

With such people Arabians are a minor religion. And understandably. They're a beautiful horse—small, fine, spirited, and gentle. Their most remarkable characteristic is not obvious to the layman. He has to be told—and will be, by any devotee of the Arabians. And this is, that the Arabian, the original horse, has one less vertebrae than other horses. This accounts for the admirable arch of his back. (Where the rest of the horses picked up that extra vertebrae wasn't made quite clear. But we didn't want to be niggling. Walter Ross's trainer, Harry Thomas, told us about one lady who niggled. She was an anthropologist and couldn't believe the Arabian actually had one less vertebrae. She wound up in a sanitarium. But maybe the one less vertebrae wasn't the cause of that.)

The Arabian, for all his spirit

and lightness, is not particularly noted for speed. His forte is endurance. Each year in Des Moines and other cities they hold endurance rides during which the more spectacular horses may average around sixty miles per day for five or six days. An Arabian always wins, and the last few years the winner has been an 18-year-old. Eighteen, Walter Ross explained, is in horse-years equivalent to eighty man-years.

The Arabian stands only $14\frac{1}{2}$ to 15-1 hands high, which is not very high as hands and horses go; and he will weigh from 800 to a thousand pounds. Although he looks quite fragile, he can carry as much as one-fourth of his own weight as far as any man can ride.



Walter Ross attributes the Arabian's endurance to the "quality of bone and the way he handles himself". The horse is a featherweight because his bone is light. But that same bone is fine and strong, and second in density only to ivory. They've tested it to find out. The feet have a flinty hardness; the ankles are wonderfully slim. They look positively brittle, but though the bone is light, it is tough.

Arabians can live to be thirty years old, possibly even more. That still gives them longevity superior to human beings. Their thirty is the same as our ninety or a hundred. And a mare may foal as late as twenty-six. One of Walter Ross's mares, 19-year-old Beribeh, is now in her thirteenth foaling.

Two of the Ross herd are stallions, one a deep bluish gray and the other a glossy chestnut. Bay is the only other common color; now and then a white one is foaled, and very, very rarely, a pure black. They are always solid colors with occasional white feet and white markings on the head.

In the clean brick stable Harry Thomas and his eleven-year-old son, Jimmy, led the stallions out from their individual stalls. The 3-year-old gray was still in process of being trained. Yet he was as tractable as a housecat and a sight more responsive.

"His name is El Ahmar," Walter Ross told us. "His sire is owned by the King of England. His dam was an Egyptian mare."

"Look at him," said Harry Thomas, and he stroked the long shining tail. "He has bloom!"

Bloom according to horse breeders and trainers is style; it's the flower-like emergence of wonderful form in the horses, so that their decor is pretty and their carriage magnificent. But bloom is the right word for it, and the only one.

Harry explained that Arabians are economical to keep. On the deserts feed was scarce, and the horses evidently got used to it. At times, even, when mare's milk was scarce for the feeding of the foals, camel's milk supplemented the diet. They can stand almost any sort of weather—the heat of the deserts, the cold of a mountainous country. One breeder in Boulder, Colorado, keeps his herd during the summer high up in the

Rockies near Netherlands, not too great a distance from the Divide at Milner Pass.

Arabians have three principal gaits—walk, trot, and canter. "But," Harry added, "they can do all of 'em." To Harry Thomas, Arabians can do no wrong. He loves them. And he knows them well. Harry once received a degree in Physical Education at the University of Illinois. But he gave up that career for horses. He was with Ruth Hanna McCormack until her death last year, when he came down to Graceland and Walter Ross, bringing his wife and three children to live in the neat brick bungalow within sight of the stables and the small sleek horses.

Harry reads up on his horses, too. There's a writer called Carl Raswan of New Mexico whom he mentions from time to time. Raswan is the author of "Drinkers of the Wind" and several other books, and is himself the owner of Arabians. "He puts bloom in a book," Harry Thomas said, "the way a horse has bloom."

"Say anything that's good about any horse," Harry will tell you, "then you can double it and it'll be true of Arabians. . . . What I like about 'em is they're so smart. You can look in their eye and see things! And they're docile. Now you take Burka—Mrs. Ross rode Burka the second time that horse'd ever been ridden!"

In the pasture the seventeen mares and the two foals gathered softly around us. There was Sabdaan, called by the experts the best bred

horse in America. There was Fadurra, a matron of "flea-bitten gray"; and Burka, insistently attentive; and Asje the Fourth, a shining chestnut mare whom Henry Babson brought out of Poland just six months before Hitler got there. Asje's brothers and sisters stayed on to help the Russians drive the Germans back to their own borders.

In Poland Arabians are sometimes raced. But in this country they contest only in endurance rides. We understand they do drive well in harness, also. For casual riding there's none better. They're easily managed, eager to please, and, Harry Thomas impresses upon us, not a one-person horse but a family horse.

The Rosses all ride—dark haired pretty Mrs. Ross; 17-year-old Jack,

who looks like a fresher edition of Hurd Hatfield and studies agronomy over at Kansas State College; Walter W., III, when he isn't in the Pacific in uniform; and Walter, whose rosy tan is handsome with his early-grayed hair.

They've lived only a year at Graceland. The name, incidentally, goes with the farm. That's the name an early owner gave it and the one each subsequent owner inherits. But it fits well. A view across the front yard has a rolling, rurally voluptuous greenness. "Like a Tom Benton painting," Walter Ross describes it. And the front yard itself is the unmarked site of a historic moment in Missouri history. It was on that spot that Order Number 11 was executed. That event softened by the years gave the Rosses their decorating cue, and above the living room fireplace hangs a large old print, Bingham's conception of Order Number 11.

Graceland's house has a serene, horizontal feeling about the interior. The Rosses have dressed it carefully—and casually—in excellent taste. There's a party line, and good plumbing—thanks to the water line bestowed on that region during the Pendergast regime.

The Ross farm lies twenty-two miles southeast of Kansas City; only a few miles from Lees Summit; and by Arabian mare, probably not more than an hour from Independence which is you-know-whose home town!

It's a busy farm, too, and few days pass without distinguished callers. "Just to give you some idea,"

QUICK TAKES

by Baer



"Just wait till local 802 hears about this!"

Walter Ross says, "one day may come the Secretary of Agriculture of Venezuela. The next day it may be a cowboy, or a millionaire from Chicago; and the next, a ranch hand from New Mexico. The people are an interesting part of raising the horses." When Ibn Saud and his sons passed this way a few weeks back, they were scheduled to visit the Rosses and have a nostalgic look at the Arabians, but the exigencies of travel in these times prevented their getting there.

It's a prize collection Walter Ross has in his Arabians. "I regard them," he says, "as capsules of blood. . . . When you collect paintings, for instance, you have just that; you can't breed more paintings from the ones you acquire."

There's something about Arabians. They have a contagious and lasting charm. The breeders of this country seem to love them only a shade less than their earlier and original masters. There's a story Walter Ross likes to tell in his frequent talks before various groups all over the country. It's the story of the shiek who owned the fleetest mare in all the Euphrates Valley.

The mare, of course, shared the tent with her master. But for added

protection he had secured her by a thin strong cord attached to his own wrist. In the night a thief broke in and severed the cord between mare and master. He might have made way with the beautiful steed if he hadn't yielded to typical desert bravado and called out in loud and exultant tones outside the tent to let the chieftain know he had stolen the mare. Immediately the chieftain leaped into pursuit. He rode the horse which was next best in the land. He sped after the thief and the beautiful mare in inspired desperation. And so great was his urgency that he began to overtake the thief. Little by little he gained on him. The beautiful mare was beginning to lose her lead. Any minute now she would be overtaken. They came within shouting distance. Suddenly the chieftain called out to the thief, "Pull her right ear and whisper the name of the prophet!" The thief leaned forward. In an instant, the mare had skimmed over the horizon and out of sight and was gone forever.

The chieftain's friends wondered at his action. He only answered, "I could bear losing my mare, but I could not bear seeing her lose the race."



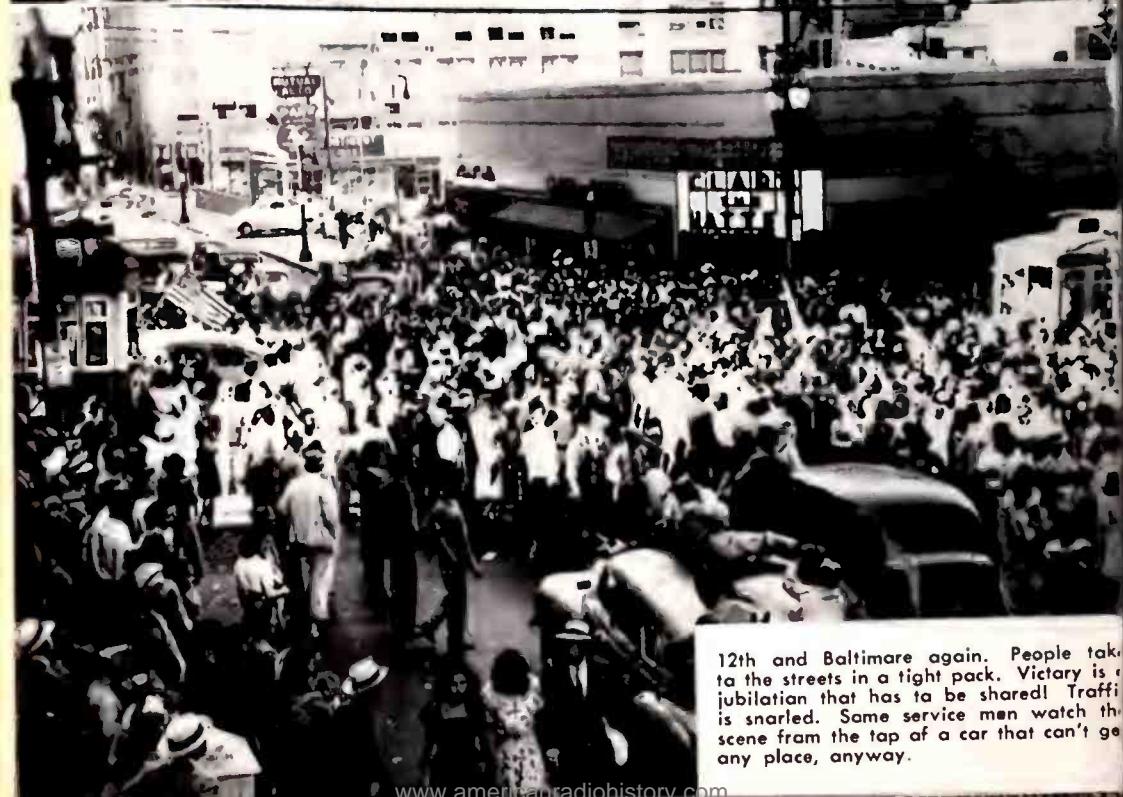
The one great draw-back to the air age: Who's going to hold up the Burma Shave signs?

—Norma McCallum

Kansas City... Celebrates V-J Day!

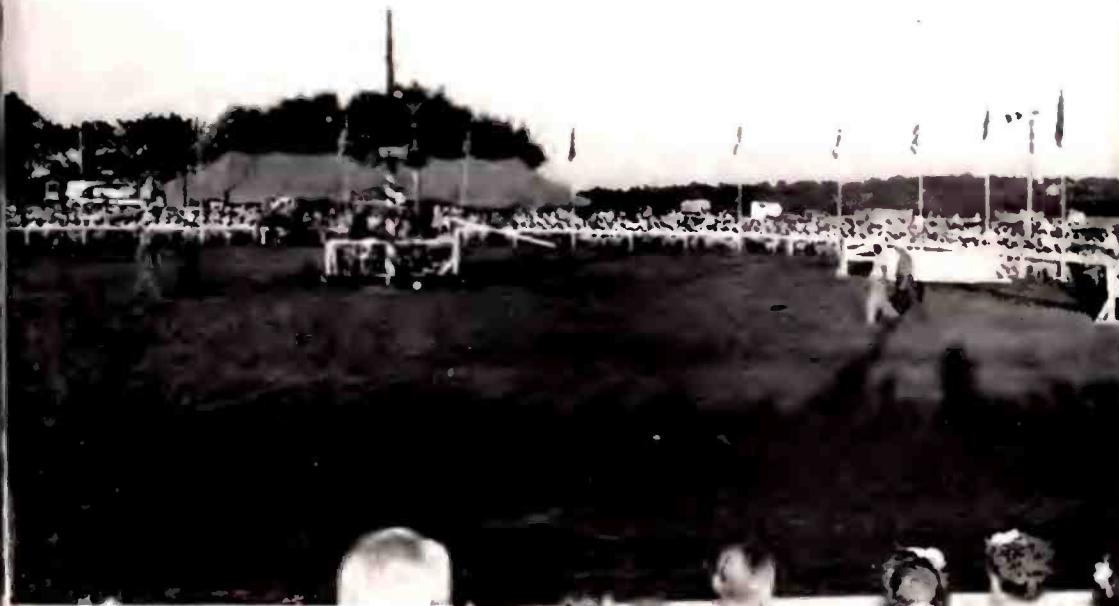


The wave of celebration started the day before in New York, roared across the country, reached Kansas City late afternoon, August 14, and inundated the whole town in tumult and shouting, confetti and streamers. The cameraman looks down historic 12th Street across Baltimore Avenue, the hotel and nightclub district.



12th and Baltimore again. People taking to the streets in a tight pack. Victory is a jubilation that has to be shared! Traffic is snarled. Some service men watch the scene from the top of a car that can't go any place, anyway.

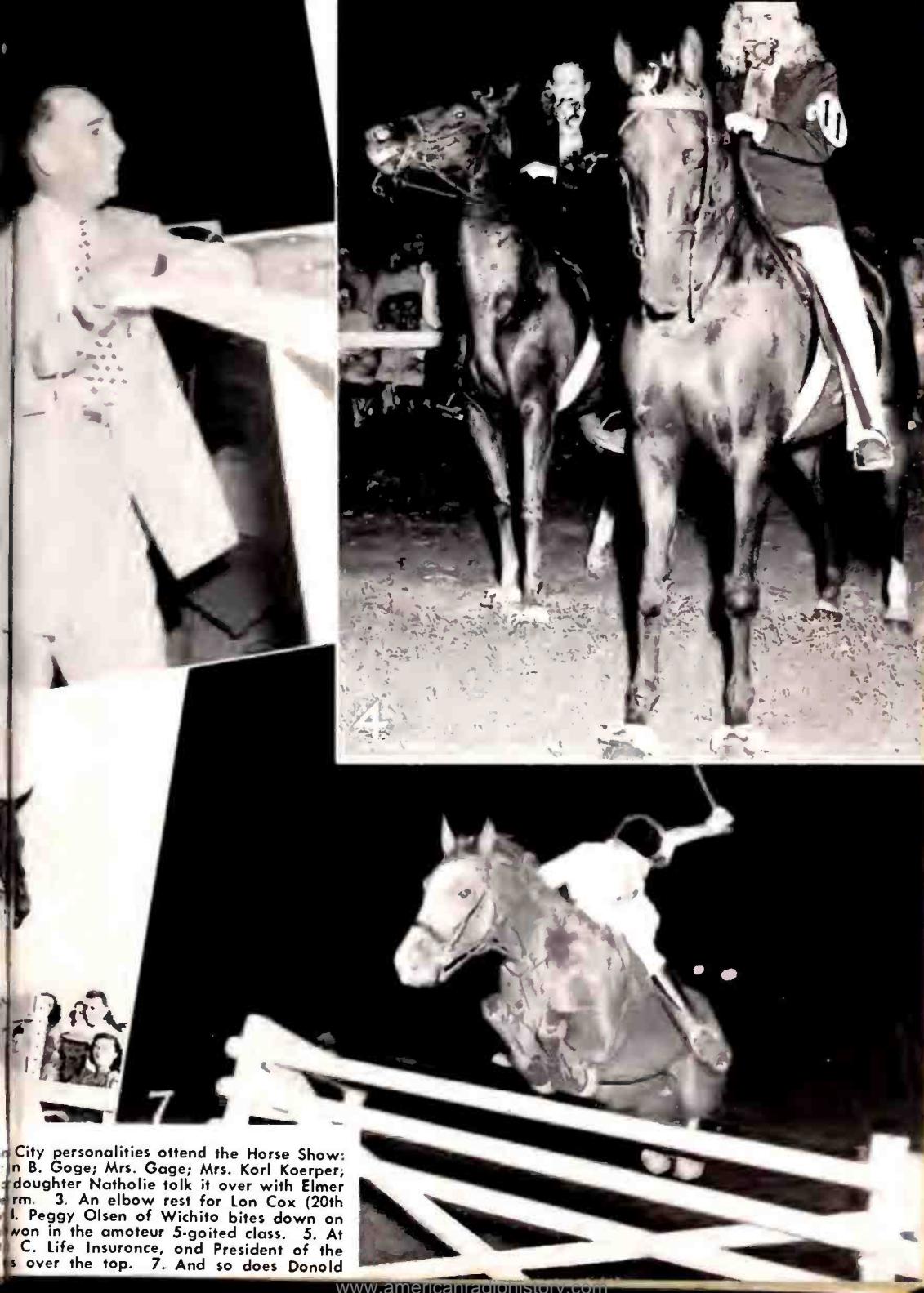
... goes to the Saddle and Sirloin Club Horse Show



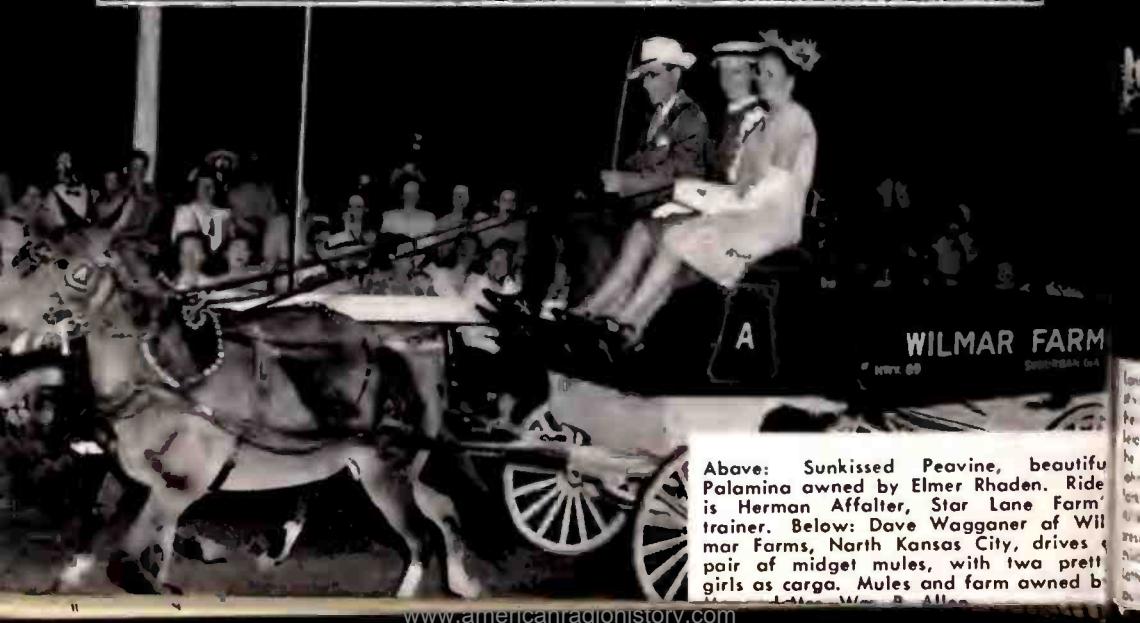
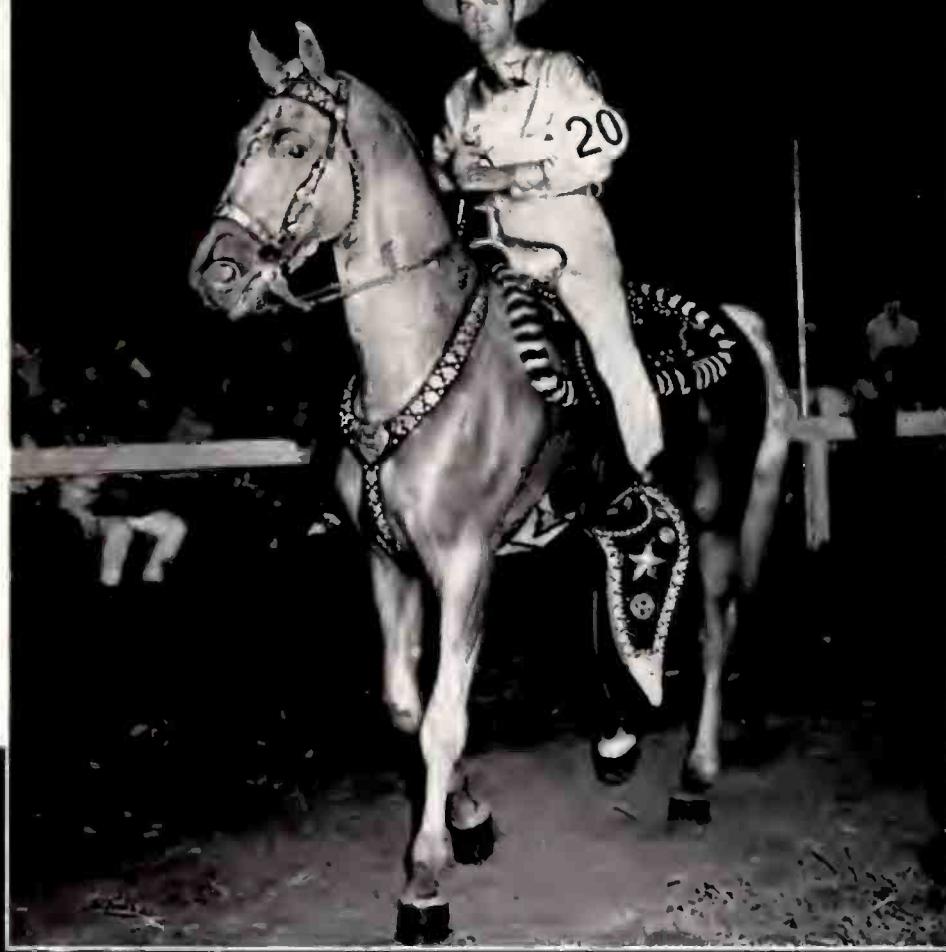
Above: Kansas City's Saddle and Sirloin Club stages annual Horse Show at Saddle and Sirloin Club Ranch. Attendance is indicated by the acres of cars under the sun. Below: Afternoon sun casts shadows of hundreds of heads on the arena where blooded horses compete in various events.



Sodaddle and Sirloin celebs: well known Ko
1. City Monoger L. P. Cunningham; Mayo
Mrs. Cunningham. 2. Roy Nofziger (left)
Rhoden of 20th Century Fox and Star Lo
Century Fox), Secretary of the Horse Show
shot blue ribbon which her horse, Town T
the mike, Dallas Alderman, Vice-President
S & S Club. 6. Mrs. George H. Bunting

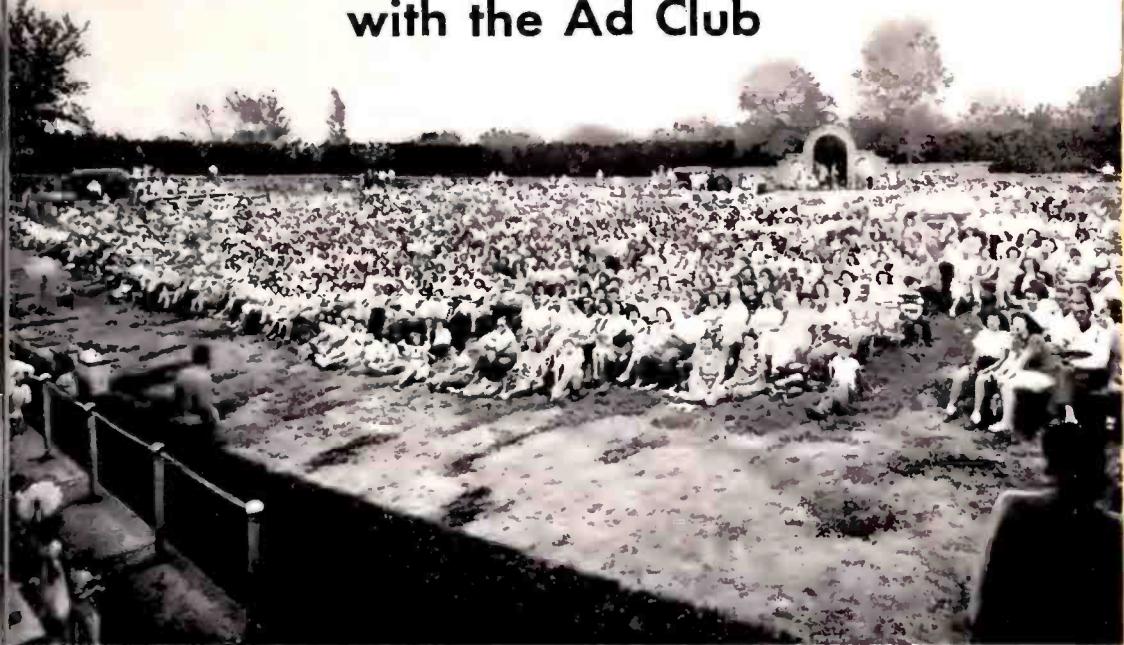


City personalities attend the Horse Show:
1. B. Goge; Mrs. Gage; Mrs. Karl Koerper;
daughter Natholie talk it over with Elmer
Arm. 3. An elbow rest for Lon Cox (20th
L. Peggy Olsen of Wichita bites down on
won in the amateur 5-goited class. 5. At
C. Life Insurance, and President of the
is over the top. 7. And so does Donald



Above: Sunkissed Peavine, beautiful Palamina owned by Elmer Rhaden. Ride is Herman Affalter, Star Lane Farm's trainer. Below: Dave Waggoner of Wilmar Farms, North Kansas City, drives a pair of midget mules, with two pretty girls as cargo. Mules and farm owned by W.W. Allen.

...and to a picnic par excellence
with the Ad Club



Kansas City's Advertising & Sales Executives Club takes its 1300 members and their families on a picnic at Unity Farm. Below: "Fun was had by all"—thanks to the committee. Front row: Ansel Stubbs, John Hilburn, E. H. Scurlock, Garden Parkinson, Roy Lockard. Back row: Marion Miller, Alex Alberg, Murrel Clump (Club president), Leo Kennedy, Prof. C. C. Fairchild, A. J. Stephens, Jerome Galvin, Kathryn Knappenberger, Ed W. Jones, Louis Giblin.



Above: Mmmmm-girls! Winners in the bathing beauty contest are spotted at extreme left, and 4th and 5th from left. Center: Troubadours—part of the day's extensive entertainment. Below: Distinguished guest of the Ad Club—Miss Margaret Truman of Independence and Washington, with Sam Wear, new U. S. District Attorney, and A. J. Stephens, 2nd Vice-Pres., Ad Club.

The Eclectic Series of Readers



Excerpts from McGuffey's little moral tales—nostalgic to those who read them once, uproarious to those who never saw them before.

by CHARLES HOGAN

THE fellow next door, who spends his spare time burrowing through dusty piles of books in Salvation Army stores, struck pay dirt the other day. He bobbed up with numerous volumes of small books which exerted a profound, if not lasting, influence on the life of our immediate ancestors. They were various copies of the "Eclectic Series of Readers", known to practically everybody's old man as "McGuffey's Reader." From them, father and some generations of boys and girls before him got most of their literary lore and no small measure of moralistic homilies which too often faded like old tintypes with the passing years.

Mere mention of these small books painstakingly compiled by Dr. William Holmes McGuffey brings a dreamy gleam to the eyes of those who grew up with them. They look back to drowsy Friday afternoons with the enticing sounds of late spring buzzing outside the school windows and some pupil woodenly declaiming in front of the class:

"At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour,

When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent

Should tremble at his power."

One perusing these old McGuffey readers is immediately struck with the realization that his old man grew up in a world of sordid gloom and in a period in which "quick consumption" or diverse other miseries were sure to befall anybody who fell into sin, be it mortal or venial. After several years of McGuffey it's no wonder the old boy turned out, in his mild way, to be such a rip and took to hanging around stage doors and following the Floradora girls home. Consider this passage:

"He clung with a death grasp to that bosom which had long been his sole earthly refuge. 'Mother,' he said with a smile upon his wan features, 'He is ready for me, and I desire to go to Him.'"

According to McGuffey, this lad of the sad and wan features was a living (but apparently not for long) example of the horrors of intemperance. He was the patient victim of a brutal and bad-tempered father. The old man flew off the handle like a 10-cent hammer and according to the

book the poor boy lived in "terror of his natural protector and gradually wilted away like a wilted flower."

The father's temper in the beginning of this saddening yarn was about as much under control as the tail of a kite and as the lad developed annoying tendencies to run and hide whenever his "natural protector" showed up, the old brute went completely berserk. He told his wife, in effect, that living with a wilted flower wasn't his idea of high old fun and fell into the habit of tossing a kick or a cuff at the flower every time it sneaked out of the closet. Thus, the lad finally laid himself down to wilt completely away.

The father, stricken with remorse, "regretted, but alas, it was too late." He reformed for a while and probably took to buying wine-balls for little girls of the village but in the end his temper conquered his will-power. He went to the dogs, but utterly!

"And thus," says McGuffey, "we see that intemperance, like the strong man armed, took possession of a soul."

Another variety of intemperance regularly aroused the McGuffey ire. The books are well salted with diatribes against the Demon Rum. He used all the stock horrors carried by the crusaders of his day and apparently ground out a few items of his own to add to the line. Madness and similar fates overtook anybody who even tipped the wine cup slightly. Confirmed lushests not only went nuts but "died with fires raging within."

On this subject, there is a verse in the fifth reader which begins:

"Come to the festal board tonight,
For bright-eyed beauty will be there.
Her coral lips in nectar steeped,
And garlanded her hair."

Stanza by stanza, bright-eyed beauty fades before the ravages of the 19th century equivalent of the Double Zombie, until—

"And where is she whose diamond eyes
Golconda's purest rays outshone,
Whose roseate lips of Eden breathed
Say, where is the beauteous one?"

Just as you expected, "the beauteous one" wound up buried under "yon drooping willow" and you can read on her "urn"—"A broken heart".

Once in a while, by accident, Dr. McGuffey stumbled into a smooth and simple style. Thus: "The thin, placid features wore a smile. She composed the shining locks around the pure forehead and gazed long on what was to her so beautiful."

Naturally, he's talking about another corpse. McGuffey missed his calling. He should have been a coroner.

In other yarns the good doctor showed a disturbing tendency to get all snarled up in his own adjectives and adverbs. "The Orphan", a tear-jerker with a Cindcrella motif, wanders off to this involved start:

"On a dark, cold night, in the middle of November, as Mr. Lawrence was traveling in a stagecoach from London to Norwich, he was roused from a sound sleep at the end of the stage by the coachman's opening the door of the carriage and begging leave to look for a parcel which was in the box under Mr. Lawrence's seat."

One thing to be said for McGuffey—he'd get in all the facts if he had



to cram them down with a crowbar.

At any rate McGuffey goes on to relate that when the door was opened it "admitted a violent gust of wind and rain which was very unpleasant to the feeling of the sleeping passengers."

However, Mr. Lawrence wasn't even irked. He just bailed out the pockets of his coat, squeezed two or three gallons of water from his hat and with disgusting serenity remarked: "I hope, coachman, you have a good, thick coat on, to guard you against the cold and the wet."

"I have a very good one, sir," the coachman proclaimed. "But I have lent it to a poor little girl we have on top. My heart bled for her—so little clothing to keep her warm."

This news served one good purpose. It jarred Mr. Lawrence out of that pestiferous dead-pan calm of his.

"A child exposed on the outside of

the coach on such a night as this!" he exclaimed. "I am sure it would be very wrong in us to let her stay there. Do let us have her inside."

That idea went over like an iron balloon!

"Oh, no!" cried a gentleman sitting opposite. "It is quite out of the question. The coach is already full and she will be wet. Besides, she is a poor child, in charge of the master of the workhouse, and one does not know what she may have about her."

The coachman treated this snide comment with the withering contempt it deserved: He pointed out that she had very little about her.

"The girl is clean but delicate," he asserted. Naturally she was "delicate" because she was a McGuffey urchin. If he ever found one good, sturdy child, full of vitamins, wandering by accident into his books he'd kill the youngster off if he had to get a shotgun to do it.

They brought her inside where she cuddled up against Mr. Lawrence of the sterling qualities, who apparently didn't worry about anything the orphan might have about her.

The girl unfolded an amazing story when questioned by Lawrence. She was the most consistently abandoned child in history. It seems that she once lived with her mama and her papa but her mama left the house one day and never returned. Then she went to live with her Aunty Mary. Same thing happened—Aunty Mary took it on the lam. The orphan bounced back to papa who had remarried. Well, sir, it wasn't long before papa ran away to sea and got

washed off the boat and drowned.

You can guess what happened next. The step-mother bundled the child up one day and took her into a large city. She told the girl to park on a doorstep and wait until she came back. That was the last of the step-mother.

"'I am afraid she has lost herself,'" the child remarked guilelessly to Mr. Lawrence.

Afraid she had lost herself, forsooth! That girl knew darned well the old lady had "lost herself". Past experience, if nothing else, must have taught her that any time she let the adults out of her sight for a minute they were out of her life forever.

Despite the plain implications of this horrible saga Mr. Lawrence decided to adopt her. "He pressed her more closely toward him and rejoiced that Providence had thrown in his way this sweet child whom he resolved to add to his own happy family," is the way McGuffey puts it.

It would be interesting to know how long it took the "happy family" to walk out and leave Lawrence and the brat leaning, but the old moral-twirler is significantly silent on this point.

Probably the most downright fascinating character in the whole series is the central figure in a McGuffey classic, "The Maniac".

This party was collector of the revenues in Berlin back in those days. He was described as most scrupulous in his dealings and assiduous in his duties. (As what collector isn't?)

But one day in "casting up his accounts" he discovered a deficit of

10,000 ducats. He couldn't figure out how this had come about especially since he violated every tradition of a city collector and came up short, himself, in the mess. So off he trotted to his boss, the minister of finance, and told him the books had thrown a shoe.

While the minister thought the collector was a Square Jackson, nevertheless he called in the auditors and threw the collector in the clink while they grubbed over the accounts. They pounced on the crux of the situation in a hurry. It seemed the collector had merely made a mistake in multiplication, quaint fellow. Instead of saying "once one is one," he had said "once one is two," McGuffey relates.

News of this discovery completely unhinged the old boy, knocked him right off his trolley. He went around bashing lightpoles like a slap-happy prize fighter and became a pathetic figure on Unter den Linden.

"'Once one is two,' he muttered, ceaselessly. 'Once one is two.'"

If anybody stopped him and corrected him he'd stare blankly at a passing burgher and mutter: "'You're right. Once one is one.'" And then away he'd amble, murmuring: "'Once one is two. Once one is two.'"

His was a pitiable case which McGuffey, somewhat smugly it appears, saw as proof that "the human mind is thrown easily off its balance, especially when it is stayed on this world only and has no experimental knowledge of the meaning of the Scriptures."

It's not exactly clear what the Scriptures had to do with this mad

collector but a little thing like consistency never fazed McGuffey. He could drag in a moral and hang it on a ghost and make it stick.

But reasonable or not one must feel sorry for that poor, long-dead madman. Why, he was a pioneer, a voice crying in the wilderness, a man born ahead of his time.

With that talent for side-tracked multiplication, if the old boy were alive today he'd have medals struck off in his honors and statues built for him. He's just the kind of a guy that could clean up in Washington nowadays—just the pathetic genius they've been needing. Poor cuss, it was his loss and ours that McGuffey had him born in those insane days!



—from *The Wasp Nest*

"His wife is calling . . . "

AT WAR WITH THE GROCER

Neighborhood incident—almost ANY neighborhood in this speakeasy age!

by

BETTY SCHULTHEIS

THE back room era is booming at our neighborhood sorry-but-we're-out-of-that store, and has been for some time. The under-the-counter period was only intermediate. When bananas, chocolate, toilet tissue, soap flakes, and certain brands of almost anything could no longer be contained in the space under the cash register, they were moved to the back room.

Though trying to all, the back room era has proved toughest on the shopper of foggy memory who does not make out a list and who has always been accustomed to scanning the shelves with a faraway look as if waiting for a revelation. Unless she saw what she wanted, she remembered only on the homeward journey. Now, with the choice articles moved out of sight and into the nether regions, she is out of luck and so is her family. Unless, of course, she is on the royalty list, one of the favored who surreptitiously are given sacks of bananas, soap, etc., whether they need it or no. Choice items always are kept under a sack and passed swiftly over the counter.

Many crises have centered about the butcher at our store but the day he left for good was a particularly black one in the eyes of the entire neighborhood. It was not that he personally was a lovable character. Our meat carver was by nature one of the gloomiest of men and his profession did nothing to sweeten him. For more

than two years, day after day, he had said in stentorian tones, "Yes, the meat situation looks bad . . . but it's going to get worse!" "Could it be any worse?" thought the buyer to himself or out loud, according to his character. When the real meat pinch came, it was felt at our store first. The butcher never did seem to have much of an "in" with the source of supply.

One of the severest black marks against him was that he had favorites. This was a sour grapes charge slung at him by those not in his good graces. There was a difference in his attitude. He turned it on either warm or very cool. Picture two women approaching his showcase one week day morning.

To one he murmurs: "Good afternoon, Mrs.—, you're looking like the first rose of spring. How about a nice roast?" Mrs.—, who intended only to buy two pounds of hamburger replies: "Why, thank you very much. And how about two pounds of hamburger?" He gives her the roast and the hamburger and turns to the next woman with a gruff "hullo." She is definitely not in the upper swim—she is brow-beaten by her butcher and shows it.

But when he cleaved his last bone at our store one day everyone, favorite or not, was alarmed. What he had held a wake about every day for years had



come to pass. There just wasn't enough meat for a professional chopper to worry about.

The first days after his departure were hard on the women clerks, who made mince meat, more or less, of what little animal flesh arrived. Then one day George, the postman, happened in while a particularly stubborn carcass was being dismembered and I mean dismembered. They were going at it with everything, including vocabulary.

George (I will not reveal his last name because a man of his diverse talents is worked hard enough as it is) is a black man with a cheerful whistle and a disposition which marks him as an impartial friend of humankind. In addition to carrying the mails, he is a minister of the gospel. But until recently no one knew of another talent of his.

He took one look at the snarl in the meat department, dropped his heavy mail

bag, and in a shake was wielding the meat axe like the veteran he is. He once had been a butcher and soon had the meat properly partitioned. Regard for the postal department immediately soared.

One good thing about the butcher's departure is that the long-suffering "outs" are "in" for a change. The slate was wiped clean and with a new administration some neglected ones (including our family) who had forgotten how good a ham can be are back in the meat-eating class again.

The high school set, gangling teen-age boys with muscle, have taken over in the meat department this summer. When school begins again, who knows who will carry on! We'll doubtless sooner or later come to the conclusion that George Bernard Shaw, who they say is the world's greatest vegetarian, is also the foremost prognosticator, and jumped the gun on the rest of us in preparing for meatless days.



LITTLE LESSONS in ENTOMOLOGY

A worm is a creature than which there is nothing that turns more. It can turn from either end and go forward or backward or vice versa. The worm is a spirited creature for it hasn't a leg to stand on but it gets there just the same. Never spurn a worm for it can do things you can't . . . for instance, did you ever try scratching your nose with the seat of your pants? Worms live in holes just as some of us do and if they want they can crawl in the hole and pull it in after them. They are very helpful to the soil and save the poor tired farmer from boring millions of holes in the ground after dark to keep his crops alive. Worms are nudists and don't seem to give a hang. They are built like artists, usually long, slim, and tapering and they move somewhat like a debutante at a bullfight. Some of my best friends are worms! Now it's your turn.

—Bob Grinde

A Better Go for *GI Joe*

Separation Counseling is designed by the Army to put Joe in the know about veteran benefits and privileges; to help him fit into civilian life once more with the greatest ease.

by JENE LYON

DEMOBILIZATION is like a marital separation. And vice-versa. Both entail a lot of details. As of right now, we're seeing the largest scale mass separation in the history of the world—as the men in uniform take their amicable leave from the services.

Army slogan at the termination of this war is: Don't repeat the demobilization mistakes of World War I. If your memory stretches back that far, you may remember when those millions of soldiers threw down their equipment at a more or less appointed place, grabbed their discharges, and took off for home like that big bird any soldier can patly describe for you.

Most of these men had only the vaguest idea about their insurance, disability, and other legal benefits. Few were aided in finding employment. The result was a confused mess that ended with many of the men unemployed, denied pensions because of their ignorance of existing statutes, and thoroughly disorganized.

In an effort to prevent the recurrence of the situation in 1945, '46, '47, etc., the Army—with the cooperation of the United States Employment Service, the Veterans' Administration, Selective Service, the

American Red Cross, the Civil Service Commission, and other interested groups—has established a procedure of Separation Counseling.

The plan, as now in effect, is to interview personally each soldier at the time of his discharge. Counselors are on duty at the various Separation Centers in each service command, and are completely familiarized with the employment, education, and social problems in the area which the center serves. An effort is made to separate men from service in the vicinity in which they live.

When the separatee enters the counseling booth he is urged to ask questions. He has already had explained to him most of the matters which will affect him, and has been given a check sheet to mark any problems which may still bother him. By referring to this sheet and other military records the counselor is able to determine to a certain extent the course of the interview. Naturally, the success of any such counseling job depends upon the ability of the staff, and qualifications and training standards are high.

This, then, is a synopsis of what takes place when a soldier is about to be discharged: After due medical examination and orientation lectures,

he is ushered to the counseling section by a guide, also a trained counselor. Once in the section, he is assigned a counselor who, with the separatee's military records in hand, begins the interview.

Techniques differ, but the main job is, first, to answer any questions the man may have about *any* problems, military or domestic. When it is impossible, or inadvisable, to supply such information, referral is made to the suitable agency or source of information. This is probably one of the chief benefits to the soldier. He is told exactly whom to see and where to go. He generally receives the information in written form with the name and address of the person and agency.

Rights and privileges under the GI Bill and other legislation are explained in terms closely associated with the individual—in terms he can understand. Effort is made to stress the various phases of educational training, vocational training, unemployment compensation, loan privileges, Civil Service credits, disability compensations, rights to campaign ribbons and decorations, and any other subjects which will be of direct help to the soldier about to re-become a civilian.

Sometimes the situations are pathetically funny. One soldier, a separatee, had married a girl overseas, in one of our allied countries. Now

in the counseling section it is standard practice to illustrate how a foreign wife may be brought to the States. But this GI wanted to go back to the home of his spouse! His chief hope was in finding a U. S. Government job in her homeland—or stripping down to the waist and going for a long swim!

Then there was the soldier just back from a long tour of duty overseas. The moment he had seated himself in the booth, he sighed and announced to the startled counselor that, "I guess I'm just gonna have to go home and kill my wife!" And he wasn't kidding! Questioning revealed he had heard stories of her "carryin' on" with another man. Needless to say, the Army can not solve a predicament such as this. But the soldier was urged to consult his pastor before taking any action—and to make whatever action he took strictly legal!

Frequently men must suffer some disillusionment when they discover that their benefits do not include financial support for the rest of their lives. It is not rare for a man with four or five offspring to want to stay in a while longer.

Although the counseling program is designed solely for the benefit of the outgoing GI, it now and then comes up against some reluctance on the part of the GI to cooperate fully with the program. After a couple



of years in khaki, he knows how fast the Army can change its mind! But once he hears of the benefits and privileges he has as a veteran, he usually loses some of his reserve and reluctance.

Just how effective the counseling service is will be seen in the next

ten years. Certainly it is wise for the Army to want to see that the soldier finds employment and completes or acquires his education. And as for the soldier, it is only right that he should take advantage of all advantages offered—and capitalize in this way on his hitch in the AUS.



HOW TO DICTATE

Under no circumstances speak distinctly. Imagine that you have a mouthful of soup or oatmeal.

If you cannot do this, it is best to say a few words in a low tone rapidly, and then say several to yourself. Stenographers are good mind readers.

Never think what you are to dictate until the stenographer gets to your desk. She probably needs a nap anyway.

Never look toward her when dictating. She can hear much better if you turn your back or gaze out of the window or get up and walk around the room.

Telephone everyone possible while dictating. Then strike out what you have dictated and start all over again. This is very good discipline for the stenographer—teaches her to control her temper.

When making corrections, do not fail to make them in ink. This will prevent the stenographer from correcting that letter and will cause her to rewrite it, thus improving her speed on the typewriter.

Always blame the stenographer for any mistakes in punctuation or for long involved sentences. Also, blame that "dumb stenographer" for any other errors, no matter if you did make them yourself.

If you have an article to dictate, it is best to write it out and then read it off to her from 250 to 300 words a minute—using all the technical words possible and then refusing to give her your copy for reference.

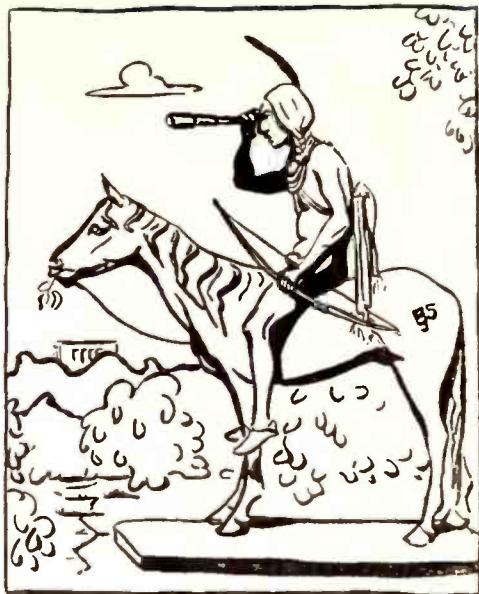
Always save a long rush job until the last minute and then ask your stenographer to do it in half an hour. Then stand over her shoulder and help her—she loves it!

—from *The Lasso*, Will Rogers Chapter, National Secretaries' Association, Tulsa, Oklahoma

What *Wonders*

Man Hath Wrought!

I—*The Scout*



Bibliograph: Funk & Wagnall's New Standard Encyclopedia; "You, Too, Can Chisel Your Way to the Top," (Nu-Way Correspondence School of Sculpture Press); Webster's Collegiate Dictionary (fifth Edition).

(Editor's Note: This is the first in a series on the world's great sculptural masterpieces written by William P. Rowley, the eminent authority who was the first to advance the theory that Rodin's "Thinker" was a chess tournament player because he could sit so long without making a move.)

PROBABLY the most widely known of Kansas City's sculptural treasures is The Scout, who day after day and night after night sits astride his pony in a beautiful tree-shaded natural setting atop a knoll in Penn Valley Park and looks down with undeviating intensity upon the city's mart of trade.

The Scout is the work of Cyrus Dallin, the famous Boston sculptor who although himself of pure Caucasian stock drew great inspiration from the imposing figures of the

noble red men of the plains and devoted his foremost artistic efforts to the sculpting of Indians. In this he effected a complete reversal of Western tradition, for in the old days—with a few notable exceptions—it was the Indians who sculpt the whites. Quiet, please, the professor is speaking. And even if it is corn, it's better than you can buy at the vegetable stalls.

One of the aforementioned notable exceptions was Daniel Boone. He also was a sculptor of note. This phase of Boone's fullsome and many faceted life has never been accorded the attention it so richly deserves, but we have ample verification, carved by his own hand. Most of the trees on whose trunks the carvings appeared have long since gone their

way to the mills. However, in Kentucky, eastern Missouri, and other parts of the West where Boone's fiddle feet carried him, one still occasionally may encounter an ancient survivor bearing the carven legend in the quaint chirography employed by the woodsman to chronicle his activities:

"D. Boone Chilt a Bar here oct. 12, 1768," or "Here D. Boone sculpt a injin, 1773."

On larger trees where he was not cramped for space, the legend might read: "Here D. Boone chilt three bars and 2 injins and sculpt the last but not the bars."

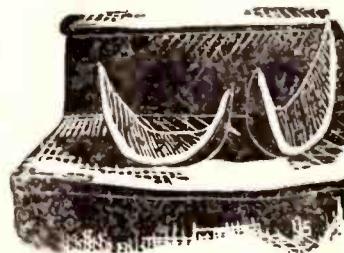
It seems the larger the trunk, the greater his deeds. We might conclude that Boone tempered his sculpting activities to the size of the tree available for recording his prowess. Fortunately, he never visited the land of the giant redwoods and mighty sequoias. If he had, literature would have been the loser. Helen Hunt Jackson could not have written her poignant story of Ramona. Boone would have left her no material to work with.

A great many persons viewing Dallin's Scout have wondered what he is watching out for. No one can answer that question except The Scout himself, but it's a 10 to 1 shot he's on the lookout either for a bachelor apartment or a pair of shorts. As an old bachelor, studio, or just plain kitchenette apartment and male underwear hunter I am in a position to

state authoritatively that the Scout's method probably will prove equally as effective as chasing around haberdasheries, department stores, and apartment rental agencies, and far less wearing.

In the old days the melodramas made quite a point of the fact that many a sturdy and honest heart beat beneath a ragged coat, although it was never made quite clear why rags were an essential attribute to a sterling character. (It always seemed conceivable to me that a man could wear a well-tailored suit without harboring a secret desire to experiment upon his wife's throat with his shaving utensils.)

In these days, however, a freshly pressed pair of pants



may often conceal the true poverty that lies beneath. Personally, I have been running about with shorts of such a raggedy aspect it would be embarrassing no end to take my pants off in public. I feel that if ever again I encounter a pair of shorts in open display on a merchandising counter I shall remove my safari helmet and advance with outstretched hands, uttering the historic words of greeting: "Doctor Livingstone, I presume."

On the other hand, it may be The Scout is not on the lookout for shorts. He has been a chronic victim of the shorts shortage—as a study of his nether garments will reveal—for such a long time he probably has become inured to his state. All he needs, anyway, is a strip of old sheeting to

gird about his loins with the ends tied in the sort of knot employed in tying the type of neckwear affected by those redcoated gentry who yoick to the call of the hounds. Almost anybody could provide him with an old sheet—in fact, that's about the only kind anybody has these days.

Until the shorts shortage becomes less acute, conservation of the tattered remnants we still possess can best be accomplished by these simple

measures: (1) Remain on your feet as much as possible to avoid deterioration through friction; (2) as washing tends to lessen the life of the fabric, it is advisable to try dry cleaner, and refrain from striking matches on the seat of the pants; (3) join a nudist cult, or (4) rip up an old sheet and climb up behind The Scout. Maybe his horse has been trained to ride double.

STRICTLY FROM HUNGER

BY ODELL TRENGOVE

THE fowl and animal life of this country must be starving to death. It says so in the newspapers. Porcupines, turkeys, and puppy dogs are lurking in the ditches these days, watching passing autos for square meals. So what, you say? Throw 'em a doughnut, an apple core, remains of a ham sandwich. Why get excited?

It's not that simple, explain various harassed car-owners from Carolina through to Oregon. What the animals like to eat are the tires and the license plates.

Seems that one Illinois farmer recently caught one of his gobblers eating large chunks from his 1945 tag. "Go away," he said in considerable agitation. "Eat some corn."

"No," the gobblers stated flatly. "I like soy beans." And took another bite.

Another gentleman, address Wyoming, reports with chagrin the loss of four nice synthetic tires plus spare. The culprit, a porcupine with large grieving brown eyes.

"I didn't mean it to be an open act of sabotage," he said, picking his teeth with a convenient quill. "But what with candy being so scarce and sugar rationing, I ate the tires because they were sweet. Chewy, like caramels."

Puppies in Springfield, Ohio, also have been observed eating parts of automobiles. "Yoicks," they cry. "These Packards smell like bones."

All of which adds up to one important warning. If you're going to drive a soybean product with imitation tires—watch your highways and your parking lots. Our birds and animals have gone vegetarian!

America—Here We Come!

The dove of peace descends on the Ole Bird Man and his family!

by GEORGE MaGILL

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S announcement that the Japs had finally quit touched off a lot of celebrations, but somehow we didn't seem to get in on it much. Oh, we drove around some and yelled a little and ran the car battery down honking the horn, but we were kind of dazed, I guess, by the suddenness of the end after the long suspense while Tokyo Charlie was making up honorable mind.

Next morning we slept late. After we got up, we wandered around half dressed, repeating to each other remarks like, "Gosh, the war is really over" and "Ain't it wonderful?" At breakfast Mom put on hot biscuits, bacon, and a whole pound of butter. It seems that the grocer got enthusiastic and sold her a lot of stuff without points, "Just to celebrate," he said. During breakfast, the radio announced that gasoline rationing was off, beginning immediately. He said we could tear up our coupons right now. Boy, we could hardly wait to finish breakfast to check on that statement.

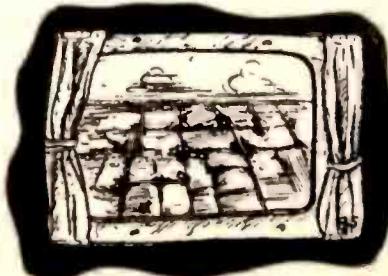
We piled into "Blondie," the family conveyance, and headed for the nearest filling station. The attendant said he had heard it on the radio, too, and had opened up for a couple of hours just to give a few folks a thrill. So I said, "Fill 'er up," and by golly, he did! The funny part is that the tank only took $8\frac{1}{2}$ gallons. The gas gauge has been out of whack for a couple of years, so we drive by the trip mileage on the speedometer. By our reckoning, we had only about

a gallon, or maybe a gallon and a half in the tank. The darn things should hold about 15 gallons. The only way we can dope it out is that the tank has shrunk the way your stomach does when you have been on a starvation diet for a long time.

Well, anyway, with the tank spilling over, we threw our swim suits into the back of the car and headed for the open road and one of our old swimming holes at Mauer Lake at Excelsior Springs. We actually got to the outskirts of Liberty, about half way, before one of the rear tires begin to thump out an alarming rhythm that we have all come to recognize.

We pulled over to the edge of the highway and I got out for an inspection. Yep, there was a nice big cantaloupe-sized tumor on the sidewall of one of the rim pads which we laughingly refer to as tires these days. I got out the tire tools and the bumper jack. They're in good shape and not rusty like they used to be, having had plenty of exercise lately. I eased off the suffering wheel and put on the spare, which is an old re-re-re-tread and in no shape to be taxed with the task of carrying such a huge pay-load of gasoline and people. We turned around and crawled carefully home, everybody sitting light, and hung our swim suits back in the closet.

But we saw enough of the highway to know that it's still there . . . all the swell Missouri scenery, the way the road takes those long roller coaster dips to the bottom of the valley and up the hill and out of sight into the sky, the



farms by the roadside with real little bacon-pigs playing in the field, and a mare with a wobbly long-legged colt, and cattle crowding up to the fence, and roadside stands loaded with sweet corn and tomatoes and stuff, and signs that say "Fresh Eggs, 40c," and off there somewhere, the Lake of the Ozarks and Taneycomo and Storm Lake and Arrow Rock Tavern and the Rocky Mountains and California . . .

Of course, we've got to have the growl taken out of "Blondie's" differential first and get some tires and maybe some work

done on the motor and a few little items like that. If they gave retirement points to old cars as they do the Army boys, say a point for every thousand miles, "Blondie" would rate 89 points. She's long since overdue at Gulkos' junk yard, but she's got to hold out till those slick new, super-streamlined, atom-powered, post-war models come along . . . and until we can afford one!

Meanwhile, the wars are all over and the family is back on wheels, or soon will be. America, here we come!

There are two kinds of discontent in this world: the discontent that works, and the discontent that wrings its hands. The first gets what it wants, and the second loses what it has. There's no cure for the first but success; and there's no cure at all for the second.

—Gordon Graham

Have You Read Your Bible Lately?

The letters of the Apostle Paul to his chosen churches are lasting examples of the wisest and most kindly counsel. This month we suggest readings from those letters written from Philippi to the Corinthians; from Rome to the Ephesians.

Sat., Sept.	1—1 Cor. 1:1-25	Sun., Sept. 16—1 Cor. 15:35-58
Sun., Sept.	2—1 Cor. 1:26-2:16	Mon., Sept. 17—1 Cor. 16:1-24
Mon., Sept.	3—1 Cor. 3	Tues., Sept. 18—2 Cor. 1:1-2:4
Tues., Sept.	4—1 Cor. 4:1-5:8	Wed., Sept. 19—2 Cor. 2:5-3:18
Wed., Sept.	5—1 Cor. 5:9-6:20	Thurs., Sept. 20—2 Cor. 4:1-5:10
Thurs., Sept.	6—1 Cor. 7:1-24	Fri., Sept. 21—2 Cor. 5:11-6:18
Fri., Sept.	7—1 Cor. 7:25-8:13	Sat., Sept. 22—2 Cor. 7:1-8:15
Sat., Sept.	8—1 Cor. 9	Sun., Sept. 23—2 Cor. 8:16-9:15
Sun., Sept.	9—1 Cor. 10:1-22	Mon., Sept. 24—2 Cor. 10:1-11:15
Mon., Sept.	10—1 Cor. 10:23-11:16	Tues., Sept. 25—2 Cor. 11:16-12:10
Tues., Sept.	11—1 Cor. 11:17-12:11	Wed., Sept. 26—2 Cor. 12:11-13:14
Wed., Sept.	12—1 Cor. 12:12-13:13	Thurs., Sept. 27—Ephes. 1:1-2:10
Thurs., Sept.	13—1 Cor. 14:1-25	Fri., Sept. 28—Ephes. 2:11-3:13
Fri., Sept.	14—1 Cor. 14:26-15:11	Sat., Sept. 29—Ephes. 3:14-4:24
Sat., Sept.	15—1 Cor. 15:12-34	Sun., Sept. 30—Ephes. 4:25-5:21

Chicago Communiqué . . .



Schultheis

CHICAGO has a V-Day hang-over. A "beaut"—as they'd say on North Clarke street or in the lobby of the Hotel Sherman.

Chicago, like a dozen atomic bombs, burst into V-Day ecstasy. It surged, whooped and cried, kissed, screamed and danced—and popped the civic buttons from its pride-inflated chest.

Chicago blew its top.

The frenzy started with a deluge of ticker tape, old radio scripts, and shredded copies of the Police Gazette and the Garden Guide, well scrambled. This was merely an expression of slightly previous enthusiasm on the part of office workers who were about to go home for the night and couldn't bear the thought of leaving without letting go with the piles of confetti they'd been manufacturing all day as they huddled at their radios.

Later on, with the dusk, came the real demonstration. Came and stayed. At midnight packed busses, trolleys, and elevated trains were still inching their way into the Loop. The crowds took over—and nobody wanted to go home.

People rushed into Randolph street like the curious appearing from nowhere at the scene of an accident. There were

be-ribboned fighters just back from Europe. There were bobby-soxers, whooping their joy at this Mardi Gras which was far surpassing anything they'd ever experienced on New Year's Eve or at River-view Amusement Park. All of Chicago seemed to be riding on a stupendous roller coaster.

That is, all but a relatively few thousands. In churches of all denominations—all faiths—the devout gave thanks with little outward show of emotion, without ostentation. And there were those who offered prayers for loved ones who would not return to worship beside them.

And there were those who labored: the newspaper and radio men, huddling over their teletypes and controls, taking time out only long enough to send down to Pixley and Ehlers for a cup of coffee . . . the transportation workers who had to smile when crowds danced on the car tracks, or blocked the bus routes . . . the firemen, policemen, and hospital employees who worked harder than ever.

But the rest? Who were they?

They were the happy girls and women, with eager, promiscuous lips—giggling, shoving, and screaming in happy abandon.

They were the middleaged, tolerant of youth's jubilation, wearing a smile that seemed to say "that boy" would soon be home.

They were that humble, saddened minority, who smiled bravely to conceal loneliness, and whose thoughts were of a grave on foreign soil.

They were the derelicts along West Madison Street and South State Street, looking on—never a part of the celebration. Unable to join it because they had never really been a part of the war that was responsible for it.

Some fainted. Some were hurt. Others cried, but mostly they just howled and pushed. Children were lost. Families were separated. But no one cared. A formidable enemy had been beaten to its knees.

Entire orchestras went out into the streets and played when taverns and night clubs prudently closed. By seven o'clock, State Street from Wacker Drive south to Van Buren street was jammed with pushing humanity. Through the crowd came Rescue Squad Number One, sirenning its way to a false alarm at the corner of State and Madison. When the truck returned to its station, a dozen sailors rode off with the grinning firemen. To a man they were smeared with lipstick.

In spite of traffic obstacles, a three block-long parade, led by two women who had somewhere found a couple of large drums, formed in State Street. Made up of cars, trucks, and bicycles, it ran head-on into a crazily zig-zagging conga line which was several thousand celebrators long.

A large group of overall-clad older women roamed down Madison street singing: "We've been working in the war plants . . . all the livelong war."

Marines blossomed in full-dress uniform . . . were loudly mistaken for bellboys, theatre ushers, cab starters. For the first time in the proud history of the Marine Corps, they didn't seem to mind.

Soldiers began to take on the appearance of Indians in full war paint. They had that much rouge and lipstick smeared on them. Two lovelies at State and Washington yelled: "We haven't kissed a Seabee yet!" A sailor swooped out of the crowd, kissed them thoroughly, and yelled: "I'm a Seabee, gals."

A Lieutenant Commander standing in front of the Morrison hotel suddenly walloped a seaman on the back and boomed: "Hi, mate!" They went off down the street together.

Hats were flung into the air. Anyone's hat. It didn't matter. A male Corporal grabbed a WAC Captain and shouted: "I'm gonna kiss an officer." He did. At least a hundred people cheered; the

Captain blushed.

Over on Randolph street three soldiers in a jeep rebuilt to resemble a miniature locomotive were recruiting railroad workers. On the stroke of seven they abandoned their project, but not the "locomotive." They toured the Loop, with their public address horn bellowing, "Show Me the Way to Go Home."

The Red Cross, operating seven first aid stations downtown, handled more than three hundred first aid cases, including heart attacks, faintings, and contusions. Eight ambulances were sent into the Loop. Theatres were used by the police for the ill, so acute was the bed shortage at first aid centers and hospitals.

Chinese Americans met the day according to ancient custom. In Chinatown out came the Sacred Lion to swing to and fro in front of the "city hall" on Wentworth avenue. But one thoroughly Americanized Chinese celebrated victory with a bottle of bourbon in one hand and a red flag in the other. He stopped each street car he encountered, offering the motorman a drink.

Each block and neighborhood had its individual celebrations. There were conga lines of shouting youngsters, grown-ups tooting auto horns, and juveniles on bikes that trailed strings of tin cans. And they found a use for those air raid sirens that the Civilian Defense block wardens had been zealously guarding for three and a half long years. By pressing buttons the celebrators discovered that the horns really worked, emitting eerie noises heard before only in horror pictures.

These people—all of them, mothers, dads, sweethearts, wives—forgot the fears and toil and violence and sacrifice of war. Theirs was a cry of triumph. Theirs was a shout of elation with a cheerful note for a hopeful future.

It was the voice of victory.

—Norton Hughes Jonathan



CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Ultrae . . .

★ BAL MASQUE. One of Chicago's most distinctive glamorations, featuring Sandra Star (NEAR NORTH). Hotel Continental, 505 N. Michigan Ave., Wab. 4100.

★ BEACH WALK, EDGEWATER BEACH HOTEL. Wayne King's rockabye music; Dorothy Hild's productions. "Band of the Week" nightly at 8, Sundays at 6. (NORTH). 5300 Sheridan Road. Lon. 6000.

★ BOULEVARD ROOM, HOTEL STEVENS. Breath-taking, lavish entertainment in Chicago's thousand-acre hotel, spotlighting Frankie Masters and stageful of name acts. 7th and Michigan. (LOOP). Wab. 4400.

★ CAMELLIA HOUSE, DRAKE HOTEL. Elegant setting wherein a select clientele listens to the restful rhythms of Nick Brewster's orchestra. (GOLD COAST). Michigan at Walter. Sup. 2200.

★ EMPIRE ROOM, PALMER HOUSE. Blue and gold setting for Eddie Oliver's music and a show featuring Patsy Kelly, Barry Wood, and Eddie Peabody. Also the Victorian Room, charmingly old English, with Ralph Ginsberg and the Palmer House string ensemble. State and Monroe. (LOOP). Ran. 7500.

★ MAYFAIR ROOM, BLACKSTONE HOTEL. Plushy, rose-frosted magnificence. With Dick LaSalle's orchestra. (LOOP). Michigan at 7th. Har. 4300.

★ PUMP ROOM, AMBASSADOR HOTEL. Restful white and blue shelter from the whamming outside world. Exquisite dinners and dancing among people you read about. (NEAR NORTH). 1300 N. State. Sup. 5000.

Casual . . .

★ BAMBOO ROOM, PARKWAY HOTEL. Chummy, talkative, relaxing. Smart act has stamped approval on this one. (WEST). 211 Lincoln Park. Div. 5000.

★ BISMARCK HOTEL. Emil Pettit, his orchestra and revue in the Walnut Room, the McLoodears, Earl Roth's orchestra and some featured acts in the tavern. Randolph and LaSalle. (LOOP). Cen. 0123.

★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT. Harry Cool, the old heart broker, and his new orchestra. Dancing nightly. Tea dancing Sunday afternoons. (LOOP). Randolph and Wabash. Ran. 2822.

★ SHERMAN HOTEL. Jerry Wald and his orchestra are beginning an early fall engagement in the Panther Room. (LOOP). Randolph and Clark. Fra. 2100.

★ TRADE WINDS. Put Hy Gannis at the head of the class for offering one of the most desirable places in town. Organ and piano music during the dinner hour. Open all night. (NORTH). 867 N. Rush. Sup. 5496.

Colorful . . .

★ BLUE DANUBE CAFE. European classic, and the mood supplied by Bala Babai's Hungarian Gypsies. (GOLD COAST). 500 North Ave. Mich. 5988.

★ DON THE BEACHCOMBER. South sea atmosphere, enriched with rum-based cocktails and excellent Cantonese Cuisine. (GOLD COAST). 101 E. Walton. Sup. 8812.

★ CLUB EL GROTTO. Sunny Thompson's orchestra and Latin-sepia revue. (SOUTH). 6412 Cottage Grove. Pla. 9184.

★ IVANHOE. Reincarnation of Old England in the 12th century. Catacombs, wine cellars, brrrrr, but modern musical fare. (NORTH). 300 N. Clark. Gra. 2771.

★ L'AIGLON. In the French-Victorian motif. Finest of southern European cooking. (GOLD COAST). 22 E. Ontario. Del. 6070.

★ SINGAPORE. Malayan background of pre-war days, pit barbecued ribs and chicken. (GOLD COAST). 1011 Rush st. Del. 0414.

★ SARONG ROOM. Bali-Javanese atmosphere. Entertainment by Devi Dja dancers. (GOLD COAST). 16 E. Huron. Del. 6677.

★ SHANGRI-LA. Cantonese cuisine and drinks. An oriental retreat for the connoisseurs of the unusual. 222 N. State. Cen. 1001.

★ YAR. George Scherban's Gypsies entertain nightly in the atmosphere of Czarist Russia. Colonel Yaschenko keeps this one of the more fascinating places to go. Closed Sundays. (GOLD COAST). 181 E. Lake Shore Drive. Del. 9300.

Entertainment . . .

★ BROWN DERBY. Here's the place to cure your grouch. An all laugh show! (LOOP). Wabash at Monroe. Sta. 1307.

★ CASINO. Rather spacious but cozy night club featuring fine shows and tops in revues. (SOUTH). Halsted at 75th.

★ CHEZ PAREE. Joe E. Lewis starred in one of the city's most lavish productions. (GOLD COAST). 610 Fairbanks Court. Del. 3434.

★ CLUB ALABAM. Flaming crater dinners and sizzling shows share attention. (GOLD COAST). 747 Rush. Del. 0808.

★ CLUB FLAMINGO. The essence of sophistication. Ray Reynolds is still around. Quite a show, no minimum or cover. (WEST). 1359 W. Madison. Can. 9230.

★ CLUB MOROCCO. Frankie Quartell's variety show with Carrie Finnell, Billie Carr and music for dancing. (LOOP). 11 N. Clark St. Sta. 3430.

★ CUBAN VILLAGE. Latin-American atmosphere with sun-tanned revue. (NORTH). 714 W. North Ave. Mich. 6947.

★ 885 CLUB. Ample variety in entertainment and food in an elaborate setting. (GOLD COAST). 885 Rush. Del. 1885.

★ 51 HUNDRED CLUB. Pianistic acrobatics by Maurice Rocco land a bridgehead for a fine show. Dinner at 7. (NORTH). 5100 N. Broadway. Long 5111.

★ L & L CAFE. If beautiful girls make you happy you can't improve on this place. The Averyettes do some nice dancing. (WEST). 1316 W. Madison. Sec. 9344.

★ LATIN QUARTER. Broadway in character with solid revues, headlined by Ted Lewis and "When Mah Bebby Smahls at Me." (LOOP). 23 W. Randolph St. Rand. 5544.

★ LIBERTY INN. The show and disposition of this place are for the daring, exclusively. (GOLD COAST). 70 W. Erie St. Del. 8999.

★ PLAYHOUSE CAFE. It may be the oldest of Chicago's risque centers, but the cute things you see around there aren't antique. (GOLD COAST). 550 N. Clark St. Del. 0173.

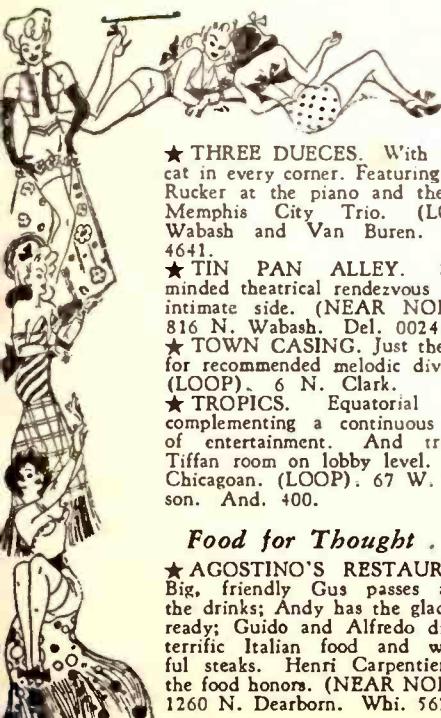
Bars of Music . . .

★ CLOVER BAR. Lew Marcus and his music seem to magnetize the smart set. Bert McDowell hatches some good pianologues. (LOOP). 172 N. Clark. Dea. 4508.

★ CRYSTAL TAP, HOTEL BREVOORT. A place to go to get acquainted with that good looking neighbor in an inviting setting. (LOOP). 120 W. Madison. Fra. 2363.

★ REVIEW COCKTAIL LOUNGE. New and super-duper cocktail rendezvous with music to match. (LOOP). State and Randolph.

★ RUSSELL'S SILVER BAR. An array of tunesters and fun makers carry on from the back bar. (LOOP). State and Van Buren. Wab. 0202.



★ THREE DUECES. With a hep-cat in every corner. Featuring Laura Rucker at the piano and the solid Memphis City Trio. (LOOP). Wabash and Van Buren. Wab. 4641.

★ TIN PAN ALLEY. Swing-minded theatrical rendezvous on the intimate side. (NEAR NORTH). 816 N. Wabash. Del. 0024.

★ TOWN CASING. Just the place for recommended melodic diversion. (LOOP). 6 N. Clark.

★ TROPICS. Equatorial finery complementing a continuous melee of entertainment. And try the Tiffan room on lobby level. Hotel Chicagoan. (LOOP). 67 W. Madison. And. 400.

Food for Thought . . .

★ AGOSTINO'S RESTAURANT. Big, friendly Gus passes around the drinks; Andy has the glad hand ready; Guido and Alfredo dish up terrific Italian food and wonderful steaks. Henri Carpenter does the food honors. (NEAR NORTH). 1260 N. Dearborn. Wbi. 5620.

★ COLONY CLUB. Smartly planned menus and the music of Tito Rodriguez. (GOLD COAST). 744 Rush St. Del. 5930.

★ GUEY SAM. Old Chinatown atmosphere, unpretentious, but the best Chinese food you could ask for. (SOUTH). 2205 S. Wentworth. Vic. 7840.

★ HOE SAI GAI. Variations on a solid theme. Chop Suey in all its delicious versions, plus fine American food. (LOOP). 85 W. Randolph. Dea. 8505.

★ HARBOR VIEW, WEBSTER HOTEL. Exquisite dining room overlooking the harbor. Graceful furniture, flowery draperies, and good food. We also recommend the Bamboo Bar. (NORTH). 2150 N. Lincoln Park. Div. 6800.

★ HENRICI'S. Traditional in all Chicagoland, as well known as the Chicago fire, and their pastries and apple pancakes will probably live as long in memory. Try Henrici's at the Merchandise Mart, too. (LOOP). 71 W. Randolph. Dea. 1800.

★ KUNGSHOLM. No good Swede or hungry wayfarer of any nationality would pass up this place. Smorgasbord! (NEAR NORTH). Rush at Ontario. Sup. 9868.

★ LE PETIT GOURMET. If you're up on your French, the name describes the place exactly. A lovely little spot. Closed Sundays. (NEAR NORTH). 619 N. Mich. Del. 0102.

★ NANKIN RESTAURANT. How about a Chinese-American dinner down town to climax an afternoon of shopping? (LOOP). 66 W. Randolph. State 1900.

Chicago Theater . . .

★ ANNA LUCASTA. (Civic Theatre). An all-Negro cast in a fine gutsy drama first discovered in Harlem, and brought up to Broadway for a long run. Opens September 24.

★ BALLET RUSSE. (Civic Opera House). The Monte Carlo group, starring Danilova again, with Frederic Franklin, moves in for twelve days of dancing.

★ DEAR RUTH. (Harris, 170 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240). Moss Hart's direction, an expert cast combine to make this a real hit. Features William Harrigan, Leona Powers, Herbert Evers, and Beverly Chambers.

★ GOOD NIGHT LADIES. (Blackstone, 7th and Michigan. Ha. 8880). Now in fourth record breaking year, with Skeets Gallagher and Edmund Glover. Nightly except Monday.

★ THE OVERTONS. (Great Northern Theatre). Comedy of marriage manners, and how one happy home almost gets broken up by meddling friends. With Jack Whiting.

★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE. (Selwyn, 180 N. Dearborn. Cen. 8240). A tender comedy about a serviceman who gets jilted right into true love. With K. T. Stevens, Hugh Marlowe, and Vivian Vance. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ CARMEN JONES. (Erlanger, 127 N. Clark. Sta. 2459). Billy Rose, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, and a man named Bizet have combined forces to produce an all-Negro version of the opera "Carmen" which is one of the sensations of many seasons, and magnificently dressed by Raoul Pene du Bois. Muriel Smith of the original New York cast sings the title role.

New York Communiqué . . .

THE announcement made by President Truman of the invention, discovery, or whatever you want to call it, of the atomic bomb made such an enormous impression on Manhattan that REACTION it is impossible to describe the reaction. There was no evident rejoicing. Everyone was awed, appalled and somewhat frightened by the whole thing. The most general reaction was to thank God that the knowledge of how to harness atomic force had been granted to us and not to the Nazis or Japs. People with loved ones in the Eastern Theater of War hoped that this tremendous innovation would mean that our boys could come home soon and that this whole dreadful holocaust was at an end. No one could sell the idea that the atomic bomb is going to be popular or on the best seller list . . . mostly, everyone felt he would like to dig into the side of a hill and pull the hole in after. If there was an amusing slant to the situation it came from the various publishers of popular magazines. In a frenzy to cater to public demand they kept their wires hot trying to find writers who could explain to the lay mind the theory of atomic force. This left all concerned more or less up the pole. They'd rather talk about income tax or some other trivia. Some brave soul did venture to say that after the explosion of the bomb, the entire devastated territory remained magnetized for a long time and that if one were to walk near the inner radius of the area he would immediately become sterile; and if he walked in the outer radius of the area, his children would all be three headed or something! This theory, however, didn't create much commotion, as the question uppermost in everyone's mind was, "What are we going to do with it?"

One of the most exciting events of the summer theatre season took place when



Clare Boothe Luce decided to turn her hard earned vacation into a stock company portrayal of *Candida*. Perhaps Stamford, Connecticut, needed a boost or a little pepping up. Whatever it needed, it got it. Broadway moved to Stamford the opening night. Critics tore their hair out by the roots trying to determine whether to judge the effort on a professional basis or to sugar it up as an encouragement to amateurs. The performance itself was unquestionably bad. Miss Boothe (as her name appeared in the program) was breath-takingly beautiful, mechanically perfect, but completely devoid of the warmth, tenderness, and emotional depth of Mr. Shaw's *Candida*. Her exquisite hands seemed awkward . . . as if they could not, or would not, follow the intense meaning of her lines. Her dynamic personality seemed

frail and half frightened behind the foot-lights. When she faltered on a line she corrected it immediately as if to be certain that there were no loose ends of dialogue. She is slender, graceful, and completely feminine . . . so much so that her remarkable accomplishments seem unrelated to her. Something like an impressive oak tree growing in the center of a dainty rose garden.

The supporting cast of "Candida" gave good performances but were at a definite disadvantage, as the audience was either concentrating on Miss Boothe or waiting for her to make another entrance. The Strand Theatre is a funny little long, narrow arrangement poorly equipped and poorly ventilated. It is used almost entirely for summer try-outs and though it has quite a large seating capacity it doesn't compare in comfort to Kansas City's Resident Theatre. "Candida" was booked to run a week but with people pouring into Stamford from the shores, hills, and three states, the temptation to continue for an extra week caused a meeting of the board. One thing sure, Miss Boothe, actress or not, can pack 'em in.

Despite all requests to the contrary visitors continue to pour into New York. Hotels are packed as usual and amusement places are booming.

FASHIONS Store windows along the Avenue are filled with fall fashions and fur coats. Fortunately the weather has been temperate so that the fur coats don't look too repulsive. Just what the smartest drape for the femme fatale is going to be next season is still anybody's guess. Practically anything but a bustle ought to pass. With Paris again in on the what's-what-my-dear, there's likely to be a lot of confusion. Why not relax with a tailored suit and a pin or a scarf? You can't go wrong in New York night or day with an outfit like that unless more formal dress is specially indicated by a host or hostess.

Boat trips around Manhattan Island are very popular now and will continue to

be so as long as the weather permits. Any hotel porter or information booth can give you the low-down on the various schedules. These excursions are one of the most interesting and relaxing forms of entertainment you could ask for. The average trip lasts from three to four hours and gives a perspective of New York from both the East and West rivers that you cannot possibly get from a car or plane. Other shorter-but-fun boat trips take you to the Statue of Liberty and to Staten Island. You'll always be back in time for a cocktail even if you do miss a matinee.

Perhaps Manhattan's gayest season is from the first of October to the middle of January. Already new shows are arranging opening dates and **DINING OUT** theatrical booking offices are buzzing. Plans are in the making to cater to every whim and appetite of cafe life. One thing to remember . . . places which have floor shows seldom have excellent food. For some unknown reason the two just don't seem to go together. If your palate is particularly sensitive, choose some small restaurant that specializes in food alone for your dinner; then pop into a floor show place later for entertainment and that night-cap.

Not swank but amusing . . . Two little restaurants on the two corners of Fifty-first and Broadway called Ham and Eggs. Delicious food cooked ranch style and served in small skillets. Waitresses wear blue jeans and plaid shirts. Motto above entrance: "The eggs we serve tomorrow are still on the farm."

Amusing derivation picked up round-about: The word "scuttle-butt" used as a name for so many small, chatty publications has an interesting origin. Long, long ago "scuttle-butt" was a drinking fountain for the public in general. One could almost always find a crowd there . . . consequently, much gossip and chit-chat . . . consequently it became an appropriate name for all printed news of that type.

The vaporish news of Japan's surrender was hailed with great rejoicing by crowds on the street and on the radio. There wasn't as much celebration as on V-J V-E Day however. Almost immediately after the first hurrah, heated arguments started over what to do with the Emperor. Some feel that we should remind his majesty in an "atomic" way of a few events which he, no doubt, has for-

gotten in his sweet new interest in mankind and peace on earth.

The Post-War era arrives—piece-meal, but it arrives. Now we'll probably spend the next ten years trying to learn how to push buttons to make things happen with all the new inventions that have been promised us.

—Lucie Ingram

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

★ AMBASSADOR. Except on Sunday, there's dancing to the music of Jules Lande at dinner and supper, and concert music by William Adler at luncheon and cocktail time. Dinner from \$2.50. Minimum, Saturday after 10, \$2.00. Park Avenue at 51. WI 2-1000.

★ ASTOR. Sammy Kaye's lilting dance music. Cover after 10 p. m., \$1.00; Friday and Saturday, \$1.25. Closed Sunday. Times Square. CI 6-6000.

★ BAL TABARIN. Montmartre girls in a Parisian setting. French cuisine, better than average and inexpensive. Dance music by Lou Harold and his band. Revue at 7:30, 11:30, and 1:30. Minimum, \$1.50 on Saturday and holidays. 225 W. 46. CI 6-0949.

★ BELMONT PLAZA. In the Glass Hat, Payson Re and Nino, dispensing dance music, regular and rumba, respectively; a revue featuring the Kathryn Duffy Dancers at 8:30 and 12. Food is better than average. Minimum after 10 p. m., \$1.50; Saturday, \$2.00. Lexington at 49. WI 2-1200.

★ BILTMORE. Henry King's orchestra alternates with Mario Hurtada and his rumba rythms. A show at 7:45 and 11:45. Cover after 10 p. m., \$1.00; Saturday, \$1.50. Madison at 43. MU 9-7920.

★ CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN. Imogene Coca, Cliff Jackson, and Mary Lou Williams appear in a show at 8:30, 12, and 2:15. John Kirby's orchestra plays for dancing. Minimum, \$2.50. Dinner from \$1.75. Closed Monday, 2 Sheridan Square. CH 2-2737.

★ CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN. Reopens Sept. 4 after brief closing. Shows at 8:30, 12, and 2:15 filled with excellent entertainment. Dancing between stints. Minimum, \$3.50. Dinner from \$2.50. Closed Sunday, 128 E. 58. PL 5-9223.

★ CASINO RUSSE. Russian and American foods surrounding a show at 8:45 and 12. Cornelius Codolban's orchestra plays for dancing. Minimum after ten, \$2.50; Saturday and holidays, \$3.50. Closed Monday. 157 W. 56. CI 6-6116.

★ COMMODORE. In the Century Room, Misbel Gorner and the orchestra still play for dancing. 7:30, weekdays; 10-2, Friday and Saturday. Cover after 9:30, \$1.00; Saturday, \$1.50. Lexington at 42. MU 6-6000.

★ COPACABANA. Enric Madriguera, his orchestra, and a diverting show at 8, 12, and 2. Dancing. Minimum, \$3.00; Saturday, \$4.00. 10 E. 60. PL 8-1060.

★ EL MOROCCO. Dancing, to a musical beat by Joe D'Andres and Chiquito and their respective bands. Excellent food. Cover after 7, \$2.00; 154 E. 54. EL 5-8769.

★ ESSEX HOUSE. In Casino-on-the-park, Stan Keller's orchestra sounds to the dance all evening long. Minimum, Saturday after 10 p. m., \$2.00. No dancing or entertainment on Monday. 100 Central Park S. CI 7-0300.

★ LEON AND EDDIE'S. Sophisticated revues, 8, 10, and 2:30, with Eddie Davis. Minimum after 10, \$3.50; Saturday and holidays, \$4.00. 32 W. 52. EL 5-9414.

★ LEXINGTON. Hal Aloma and his orchestra play in the Hawaiian Room where dancing is without benefit of grass skirt. Atmospheric revue at 7:45, 10, and 12, except on Monday, when Jeno Bartal's orchestra takes over and the show show at 7:45 and 11:30. Cover 75c after 10; Saturday, \$1.50. Sunday from 6-10 p. m., minimum, \$2.50; after 10, cover 75c, no minimum. Lexington at 48. WI 2-4400.

★ NICK'S. The kind of jazz they write books about, sent by Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, and Pee Wee Russell, the old flame-throwers. Minimum after 10, \$1.00; Saturday, \$1.50. Dinner at \$1.50-\$2.75. Opens at 6. 170 W. 10. CH 2-6683.

★ PENNSYLVANIA. Woody Hermann and his orchestra play for dancing in the Cafe Rouge. Dinner, \$2.50-\$3.50. Cover, \$1.00; Saturday, \$1.50. Closed Sunday. 7th at 33. PE 6-5000.

★ PIERRE. In the Cotillion Room, Stanley Melba's orchestra plays for dancing from 7:30, interrupted (pleasantly) by a show at 9:15 and 12:15. Minimum, \$2.00; Saturday, Sunday, \$3.00. Dinner a la carte. Sunday, open 6-11, show at 9:15. Closed Monday. 5th Ave. at 61. RE 4-5900.

★ PLAZA. Persian Room reopens the 26th, with Gomez and Beatrice—in addition to Jimmy Savo of the guileless smile and the balmy comedy. Shows nightly except Sunday, 9:30 and 12:30. Garwood Van and his orchestra play for dancing, alternating with Mark Monte and his Continentals. Cover after 9:30, \$1.50. In the Palm Court Lounge, cocktail dancing, 5-8 p. m. to Leo Lefleur's music. Minimum, \$1.00; Saturday and Sunday, \$1.25. Closed Sunday. 5th at 59. PL 3-1740.

★ ROOSEVELT. In the Grill, dancing to the music of Eddie Stone and his orchestra daily except Sunday. Dinner a la carte. Cover after 9:30, \$1.00; Saturday and holiday eves, \$1.50. Madison at 45. MU 6-9200.

★ ST. REGIS. Dancing to the music of Paul Sparr's orchestra, alternating with Theodore Brooks at the organ. At luncheon (from \$1.85) the music of Maximilian's Ensemble. Minimum, \$1.50; Saturdays, \$2.50. For cocktails at noon or night, the Penthouse; for lone wolves, the King Cole Bar till 4. After that, the ladies may come along. 5th Ave. at 55. PL 3-4500.

★ SAVOY PLAZA CAFE LOUNGE. Roy Fox and his orchestra alternate with Clemente's marimba band to play for dancing from five o'clock on. Minimum, 5-9, \$1.50; Saturday, Sunday, \$2.00. Cover, 9 to closing, \$1.00; Saturday, \$2.00. 5th Ave. at 58. VO 5-2600.

★ SPIVY'S ROOF. Something to look at and listen to throughout the evening, with Spivy in person appearing for an occasional song. Cocktails from 4:30, dinner from 8-9. Liquor minimum, \$1.50; Friday and Saturday, \$2.25. 139 E. 57. PL 3-1518.

★ STORK CLUB. Alberto Linno and band play rumbas, Eric Correa's orchestra supplies rhythms of a less Latin sort. Luncheon and dinner come a la carte, and there's a \$2.00 cover after 10; Saturday, \$3.00. 3 East 53. PL 3-1940.

★ TAFT. In the Grill, Vincent Lopez and his orchestra play for dancing at luncheon and dinner, except Sunday, when they skip the midday stint. Lunch from 65c; dinner from \$1.50. 7th Ave. at 50. CI 7-4000.

★ TAVERN ON THE GREEN. Dance music by Lenny Herman and his orchestra and Buddy Harlow's Trio, from 6:45. Minimum after 9, \$1.00; Saturday, \$1.50. Central Park West at 67. RE 4-4700.

★ VERSAILLES. A line of lovely languid show-girls; excellent food under M. Alfred La Grange supervision. Joe Ricardel and Lopez, each with his own group, make music for dancing. Shows at 8, 12:30, and 2. Minimum after ten, \$2.50; Saturday, holiday, opening nights, \$3.50. 151 E. 50. PL 8-0310.

★ VILLAGE BARN. Hey-hey day every night—with square dancing and games and Tiny Clark. Revue, with Eddie Ashman's orchestra, 8, 11, and 2. Minimum, \$1.50; Friday and holiday eves, \$2.00; Saturday, \$2.50. Opens at 6; dinner from 8. 52 W. 8. ST 9-8840.

★ VILLAGE VANGUARD. Down-cellular festivities with the Art Hodes Trio, Don Frye's piano playing, the Lion and his Calypso songs, and your own dancing from time to time. Minimum, \$1.50; Saturday, \$2.00. Dinner to \$2.50. 178 7th Ave. CH 2-9355.

★ ZANZIBAR. Big flashy revue starring Cab Calloway, Pearl and Bill Bailey (in separate acts), and a lot of others, at 8, 12, and 2. Dinner, 6-9:30, from \$2.00; a la carte from 9:30. Minimum after 10, \$3.50. Opens at 6. Dancing. Broadway at 49. CI 7-7380.

Way to a Man's Heart . . .

★ ALGONQUIN. Even the artists must eat. Writers and actors seem drawn to the place; maybe it's the art of fine cookery that packs them in. Lunch from \$1.15; dinner from \$1.75. Cocktails in the Lobby or the Bar. 59 W. 44. MU 2-0100.

★ AUX STEAKS MINUTE. French food, inexpensive and good, and accompanied by beer and wines. Closed Tuesday. 41 W. 52. EL 5-9187.

★ CHAMPS ELYSEES. Generous helpings of French food well prepared. Lunch a la carte; dinner from \$1.35. There's a bar, too. Closed Sunday. 25 E. 40. LE 2-0342.

★ BARNEY GALLANT'S. Unobtrusive music counterpoint to superlative food and liquors. Opens at 5. 86 University Place. ST 9-0209.

★ BARBERRY ROOM. Luncheon and dinner with eclat, and not exactly inexpensive. Opens Sunday at 4. 19 E. 52. PL 3-5800.

★ BELLE MEUNIERE. Agreeable restaurant featuring French and American foods. 12 E. 52. WI 2-9437.



★ BEEKMAN TOWER. Work your way up from drinks (Elbow Room, first floor), to food (first floor restaurant) to more drinks (Top o' the Tower cocktail lounge, 26th floor). Open 5-midnight. 49 and 1st Ave. EL 5-7300.

★ CHRIST CELLA. Hearty foods, not inexpensive, but more than worth the price. Closed Sunday and holidays. 144 E. 45. MU 2-9557.

★ DICK THE OYSTERMAN. Featuring seafoods, naturally, plus steaks and chops, and all of it pretty superb. A la carte. Entrees 85c to \$2.75. Closed Sunday and holidays. 65 E. 8. ST 9-8046.

★ DICKENS ROOM. Take one piano; add some old English atmosphere, plus sketches of Dickens'

characters wandering around in the murals; top it off with satisfying American food, and you've got the Dickens Room down in the Village. Open at 5 during the week; Sunday brunch, 12-3; dinner, 2-9. There's a bar attached. Closed Tuesday. 20 E. 9. ST 9-8969.

★ GRIPSHOLM. Swedish food the way it ought to be. Luncheon, \$1.00-\$1.25; at dinner, smorgasbord, dessert and coffee for \$1.50, or regular dinner at \$1.75. Pleasantly cool here, too. 324 E. 57. EL 5-8476.

★ HAMPSHIRE HOUSE. Good food accompanied at luncheon and dinner by the string ensemble music of Francis Dvorak's group. Lunch from \$2.00; dinner from \$2.50. 150 Central Park S. CI 6-7700.

★ JACK Dempsey's. Of the heavyweight champion Dempseys. The connotations, plus excellent food, draw a constant crowd. No dancing, but there's entertainment all evening. Broadway at 49. CO 5-7875.

★ JUMBLE SHOP. Informal exhibit of paintings by the younger artists distinguishes this atmospheric dining room and bar that have been a Village landmark since way back. 28 W. 8. SP 7-2540.

★ LITTLE SHRIMP. Newish and attractive place specializing in seafood, charcoal broiled fish, steaks, and chops, and New Orleans pecan pie. Lunch from 75c; dinner a la carte. There's a bar attached. 226 W. 23. WA 9-9093.

★ LUCHOW'S. A tradition of a sort. Orchestra music as background for famous food. Luncheon from \$1.25; dinner from \$2.25. Closed Monday. 110 E. 14. GR 7-4860.

★ MADELEINE'S LE POISSONNIER. A good bit of good entertainment throughout the evening; dinner from 4 p. m. and around \$2.50 with drinks, \$2.75 without. Closed Sunday. 121 E. 52. EL 5-9706.

★ SHERRY NETHERLAND. A room with a view—Central Park over the coffee cups—and serene surroundings for luncheon and dinner. They're a la carte, beginning around 80c and \$1.85. Cocktails in the lounge. 5th Ave. at 59. VO 5-2800.

★ TOTO'S SHOR. Luncheon and dinner a la carte; entrees from \$1.60 mostly chicken or duck; steak or roast beef, and who could ask for anything more. Opens at 4 on Sunday. 51 W. 51. PL 3-9000.

★ ZUCCA'S. Italian foods at luncheon and dinner, a dollar and a dollar sixty, respectively, preceded by heaping antipasto. 118 W. 49. BR 9-5511.

New York Theatre

PLAYS

★ ANNA LUCASTA—(Mansfield, 47, West. CI 6-9056). A hit from Harlem, brought uptown and still going strong. Hilda Simms heads the cast of this earthy, humorous drama directed by Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ A BELL FOR ADANO—(Cort, 48, West. BR 9-0046.) Fredric March and Margo in a dramatization of the year's Pulitzer Prize novel. An impressive play. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ DARK OF THE MOON—(46th Street Theatre, 46, West. CI 6-6075). The ballad of Barbara Allen, splendidly retold by a competent cast that includes Carol Stone and Richard Hart. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ DEAR RUTH—(Henry Miller, 43, East. BR 9-3970). Comedy concerning a little sister who writes letters to men in the service and signs her sister's name. Laughs, love, and Lenore Lonergan. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ FOXHOLE IN THE PARLOR—(Martin Beck, 45, West. CI 6-6363). How it is to become a civilian again. Montgomery Clift is the returning soldier; Grace Coppen, an unsympathetic sister. Nightly except Sunday, 8:45. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:45.

★ THE GLASS MENAGERIE—(Playhouse, 48, East. BR 9-3565). Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross in a superb story of a faded southern belle, now the conniving mother of a delicate dreamy daughter and a ne'er-do-well son. They're all fine; Miss Taylor is magnificent. The play, by Tennessee Williams, won the Drama Critics' award. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ HARVEY—(48th Street Theatre, 48, East. BR 9-4566). Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and an invisible white rabbit poke wonderful fun at psychiatry. One of the gayest plays in years. Winner of the Pulitzer prize. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ I REMEMBER MAMA—(Music Box, 45, West. CI 6-4636). From Kathryn Forbes novel, "Mama's Bank Account," dramatized by John Van Druten. Human comedy enacted by Mady Christians, Oscar Homolka, and others—who do a fine job with a fine play. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ THE LATE GEORGE APLEY—(Lyceum, 45, East. CH 4-4256). George Kaufman's dramatization of the book by J. P. Marquand, with Leo G. Carroll. He's tremendous. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ LIFE WITH FATHER—(Empire, Broadway at 40. PE 6-9540). You know about this one, of course. Wallis Clark and Lily Cahill are the latest couple to play Father and Mother. In its 6th year. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE—(Morosco, 45, West. CI 6-6230). Sweet sin, the wages of which are love. John Van Druten's comedy has reopened with Martha Scott, one-time Missourian, in the lead role. Elliott Nugent and Audrey Christie complete the cast. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

MUSICALS

★ BLOOMER GIRL—(Shubert, 44, West. CI 6-5990). Very pretty period piece with some pretty songs and a lot of pretty people—including Joan McCracken and Nanette Fabray. Agnes de Mille ballets. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ CAROUSEL—(Majestic, 44, West. CI 6-0730). The Theatre Guild presents an excellent musical version of "Liliom," with Jan Clayton, John Raftt, choreography by Agnes de Mille, and songs by Rodgers and Hammerstein II. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ FOLLOW THE GIRLS—(Broadhurst, 44, West. CI 6-6699). Gertrude Neisen and a lot of sailors. Cheerful, loud, and entertaining. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ HATS OFF TO ICE—(Center Theatre, 6th Ave. at 49th. CO 5-5474). Probably the most elaborate ice show ever. Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz are the producers. Sunday evening, 8:15; other evenings except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40. Sunday, 3:00.

★ MARINKA—(Winter Garden, Broadway at 50. CI 7-5161). "Mayerling," the poignant old Hapsburg tragedy, redone with music and a happy ending. Joan Roberts and Harry Stockwell are in it; also Romeo Vincent and Luba Malina. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

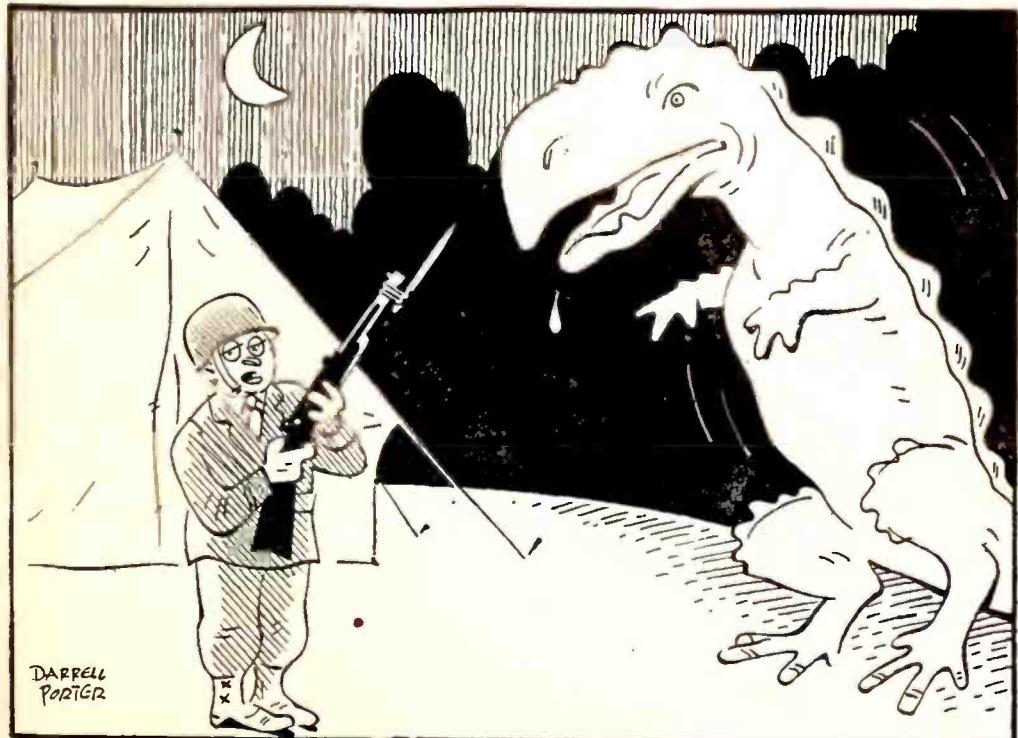
★ OKLAHOMA!—(St. James, 44, West. LA

4-4664). A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," produced by the Theatre Guild, with music by Rodgers and Hammerstein II, and choreography by Agnes de Mille—and it's just as wonderful as everyone says it is. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ ON THE TOWN—(Martin Beck, 45, West. CI 6-6363). A lot of resilient boys and girls romp through some ballets by Jerome Robbins, to music by Leonard Bernstein, and it's all pretty terrific. With Sono Osato, Nancy Walker, and Betty Comden and Adolf Green who wrote the book. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ SONG OF NORWAY—(Imperial, 45, West. CO 5-2412). Musical biography of Grieg, with Helena Bliss, Lawrence Brooks, and Robert Shafer. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ UP IN CENTRAL PARK—(Broadway, Broadway at 53. CI 7-2887). Noah Beery as Boss Tweed, surrounded by Sigmund Romberg music, dances created by Helen Tamiris, handsome settings and costumes, and romancing by Wilbur Evans and Maureen Cannon. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.



The Peace—and Allied Matters

DON'T give up now! Just because the war's over and the boys are coming home, now's no time for you to skip the daily letter. As long as he's away, he wants news of home, and now more than ever. Ernie Pyle once said that a letter from home is a "five-minute furlough." So give him five minutes of homecoming every day—until the day he's home for keeps. . . . And remember that V-Mail flies. It gets there first.

A small, secretive French boy aged six is now a problem for his parents. He won't talk freely, he won't confide in anyone, he distrusts all strangers and he rarely relaxes. Here's his story: For two years Paul was very active in the French underground. His father had to go into hiding. Paul was only four years old but had to be taken along. He was a bright child, he was around when secrets were told. Therefore it was necessary to teach him and train him to protect his own safety and the safety of all. Paul soon learned that his name wasn't Paul—it was Robert, that his father whom he saw every day, wasn't his father and that everything his little mind knew and believed was no longer so. At the age of four, Paul had learned so well that he became a very active member of the underground. Being small, just a baby, he carried messages and was never suspected, he listened and reported what he heard on the streets, and he never failed.

Today Paul is six. Will he ever completely un-learn those two years of underground training and experience? Will he ever be a carefree youngster again? It's hard to say.

(Reprinted from a special release by the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration.)



The Kansas City Canteen will be continued for at least six months longer, according to latest staccato reports from bouncing, buoyant, and hatless director John Thornberry. May that be a kindly reminder to Canteen volunteers that their services are still in demand and still very much appreciated. As boys and girls in uniform cross the country on their way home they'll be stopping in at the Canteen every day. So stick around won't you, and help make them welcome?

. . . Mr. Thornberry says they "still think cut flowers look pretty swell," so you might take in a big armload of zinnias or any fall flowers or hangers-on from the summer garden. . . . Just for your information—the Canteen features continual art and photography exhibits. On the mezzanine the current exhibit is paintings in a circus motif by the Art Institute's Mildred Welsh Hammond. In mid-month, a new artist comes in. These exhibits are arranged by Mrs. Fletcher Cowherd, one of the town's most vivacious ladies and an artist of some ability and reputation herself. On the fourth floor the Photographic Society of America provides from time to time an exhibit of pictures that have been shown in other salons. This was originally John Thornberry's idea; he suggested that the Society lend these collections to service organizations and they took him up on it. Now they show them around at various places about the country where service men and women may enjoy them. We think it's a fine idea.

It is well for a man to respect his own vocation, whatever it is, and to think himself bound to uphold it and to claim for it the respect it deserves.—Charles Dickens.

SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

PICTURES EXPECTED IN SEPTEMBER • KANSAS CITY

LOEW'S MIDLAND

WEEK-END AT THE WALDORF—One of those kaleidoscopic pictures as full of personalities as the Waldorf is full of paying guests. Through the glamorous media of Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Phyllis Thaxter, Van Johnson, Walter Pidgeon, Robert Benchley, Edward Arnold and several dozen others, we learn that life can be beautiful. Mostly comedy, with a dash of melodrama and a good bit of typical Cugat music by Xavier and his men. An MGM picture, of course.

OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES—Simple and appealing chronicle of one year in a child's life. Folkways of a Wisconsin family, presented for their own sake and adding up to a rather fine comment on humankind. With Margaret O'Brien and Jackie Jenkins, plus Agnes Moorehead, Edward G. Robinson, James Craig, and Frances Gifford.

NEWMAN

INCENDIARY BLONDE—Previously scheduled for August, but delayed by a long run of "Out of This World," Betty Hutton's new picture now moves in to stay awhile. It's the story of Texas Guinan, which means a lot of rowdy goings on, a lot of comedy and song, and Hutton's own blowtorch touch to the whole procedure.

DUFFY'S TAVERN—The famous radio show turns into quite a picture; thanks to some good producing (Paramount) and the presence of Ed Gardner himself, the one and only Archie the Mug. Ann Thomas is Miss Duffy; Victor Moore and Barry Sullivan are also in the cast.

RKO ORPHEUM

WONDER MAN—Danny Kaye blew in the last of August and will probably stay most of this month for obvious reasons. One of the big, big comedies that's as funny as they say it is . . . On the same bill, THE FALCON IN SAN FRANCISCO—a timely mystery with the usual ingredients, involving Tom Conway (as the Falcon), and little Sharyn Moffat.

BACK TO BATAAN—John Wayne as an American colonel who leads Filipino guerrillas against the Japs, from the fall of Bataan and Corregidor to the Yank landings on Leyte. Good strong story, played with admirable restraint, and well photographed. Authentic and exciting. Anthony Quinn and Fely Franquelli make a nice romantic team.

THE THREE THEATRES

Uptown, Esquire and Fairway

CAPTAIN EDDIE—The story of Eddie Rickenbacker told in flashbacks from the raft where the Captain and his crew floated those historic twenty-one days or so after the crash of their Army transport. Faithful if not terrifically brilliant account, with everybody from 20th Century Fox having a hand in it—including Fred MacMurray in the title role, Lynn Bari, Charles Bickford, Thomas Mitchell, Lloyd Nolan,



Jimmy Gleason, Spring Byington, Richard Conte, and Darryl Hickman.

JUNIOR MISS—Delightful little comedy, previously scheduled for August, and presenting Miss Peggy Ann Garner at her captivating best. With Allyn Joslyn, Michael Dunne, Faye Marlowe, and Mona Freeman.

STATE FAIR—Skillful retelling of the familiar story once put on the screen by Will Rogers, Lew Ayres, and Janet Gaynor. This time the four sweet young people are Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, Dick Haymes, and Vivian Blaine, with Charles Winninger, Fay Bainter, Frank McHugh, and Donald Meek in the supporting cast. Songs come from that successful team, Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II (of "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel"), and Mr. Hammerstein also wrote the screen play. Nostalgic, middle-western and altogether likable.

NAUGHTY NINETIES—Another one of those Abbott and Costello things, with the same horseplay thinly disguised by period costumes. Fun if you like it. With Rita Johnson, Alan Curtis, and Lois Collier.

TOWER

On the stage—a new bill each week, plus the Tower orchestra and pretty Norma Werncr. On the screen—double features designed solely for entertainment.

You get your money's worth. Mondays at 9 a.m. are "Discovery Night." Such dear madness—some one always wins!

THE FOLLY

Open season again at the town's only burlycue house. Gags and girls and a surprise in every pack!

PORTS OF CALL



Just for Food . . .

★ AIRPORT RESTAURANT. You don't have to have a priority to enjoy the airport's excellent foods and service. But you may have to wait in line. While you wait, take a look around at the pinkish and pretty murals put there by Gertrude Freyman, designed by Earl Altaire. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ CALIFORNIA RANCH HOUSE. Wear your boots and spurs if you like, but leave it to steaks, pies, and giant hamburgers to spur your appetite. If you're a dainty eater, try a California Salad Bowl—while you trace the old cattle trails on the east wall map and brush up on your brands. You'll find the pictures and an occasional Long-Horn wandering just beneath the ceiling. Linwood and Forest. LO. 2555.

★ EL NOPAL. A small and unpretentious place offering a delicious if limited list of Mexican dishes. Chili, tamales, fried rice, beans, and tortillas are on the menu; better choose what they call the Combination. Place is owned by Lala and Nacho who have the cutest new daughter we've ever seen. Hours are 6 p. m. to 2:30 a. m. Open Friday, Saturday, and Sunday only. Across from Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral, 416 W. 13th. HA. 5430.

★ GREEN PARROT INN. As long as fried chicken holds out, you may expect it at its best at Mrs. Dowd's lovely inn. Better have reservations. Closed Monday. 52nd and State Line. LO. 5912.

★ JOY'S GRILL. (Formerly known as Jan's). Eddie Cross works night and day to fill your plate with fine food. Open 24 hours, 6 days a week. Closed Tuesday. 609 W. 48th. VA. 9331.

★ KING JOY LO. Chinese and American food, served smoothly in a big upstairs restaurant overlooking Main Street. Luncheon and dinner. Upstairs, 8 West 12th. HA. 8113.

★ MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP. Distinguished mostly by good service, pleasant hostesses, a 24-hour shift, and the best chocolate eclairs around. Entrance from 12th Street or the Muehlebach Hotel lobby. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ MYRON'S ON THE PLAZA. One of the well known Myron Green establishments, recommended by Duncan Hines, and one meal here will tell you why. Gracious surroundings; excellent food. Downstairs Cameo Room useful for private dinners. Closed Monday. Plaza Theatre Building, 4700 Wyandotte. WE. 8310.

★ NANCE CAFE. Spacious and pleasant dining rooms close to Union Station. Duncan Hines smiles upon this one, too. On Union Station Plaza, 217 Pershing Road. HA. 5688.

★ PHILLIP'S COFFEE SHOP. About Town Room. Cool and comfortable cafe just a few steps up from the Phillips lobby. Mostly for food, though you may have a drink sent in if you like. Lenore Nichols at the novachord during the dinner hour. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ TIFFIN ROOM. Luncheon only, but it's enough to keep the room open and patrons coming back for more. Excellent food, unusual variety, and probably the richest pies in town. On the second floor of Wolferman's downtown store, 1108 Walnut. GR. 0626.

★ UNITY INN. Meatless meals the way they should be done—with the accent on big salads and rich desserts. It's a cafeteria managed neatly by Mrs. Anderson. Luncheon 11:30-2:00; dinner 5:00-7:30, Monday through Friday. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ WEISS CAFE. Reopened after its late summer vacation with a fresh paint job, etc. The food remains the same, however and thank goodness. Kosher-style cooking, lots of variety, and reasonable prices. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999.

★ Z-LAN DRIVE-IN Now that you're driving again—here's some place to go. They're open noon to 1 a. m., weekdays; noon to midnight, Sunday; closed Monday. Flash your lights for service, or you may go inside if you'd rather. On the Plaza, 48th and Main. LO. 3434.

For Food and a Drink . . .

★ AMBASSADOR RESTAURANT. Luncheon and dinner in comfort and style. It's under Weiss direction (Mr. and Mrs. Martin Weiss, Jr.) and features the same continental foods as the downtown Weiss Cafe. Food is wonderful; if the service happens to lag, Mr. Weiss himself pitches in and helps! He's all over the place making you welcome. Go early unless you have time to wait in line. Hotel Ambassador, 3560 Broadway. VA. 5040.

IN KANSAS CITY

★ BROADWAY INTERLUDE. Where Joshua Johnson beats out boogie at a white piano, and two-reel comedies appear from time to time on a screen above the bar. Luncheon, dinner, after-theatre snacks. 3945 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ CONGRESS RESTAURANT. Informal cocktail lounge and dining room, with entertainment by Alma Flatten, who plays a return engagement at the Hammond organ. 3529 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT. In addition to good menus and drinks, there's entertainment, too. If you hurry you may catch pretty Pauline Neece at the piano from 6:30 till 1:00. Piano melodies sing out from the tap room, 6:30 till 1:00. George Gust still has charge of the kitchen, and the food is prepared by Jaclin, an experienced chef who is as French as his name. No tax. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

★ ITALIAN GARDENS. Miles of spaghetti dished up daily (except Sunday) by Signora Teresa. To that you may add meatballs, mushrooms, chicken, and what-not; or you may prefer steaks or chops (available!) prepared by Elbert Oliver. (Frankie and Johnny insist that such things are a man's cooking job.) Open 4 p. m. till midnight. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ JEWEL BOX. Blond and blue room for dining and drinking. Inexpensive luncheon—to 65¢; dinner from 5:30 till 9:30, usually with steaks or fried chicken on the list. It's Herb Cook's hangout this month, with Norman Stokes tuning up for a song any time between 8:30 and 1:00. 3223 Troost. VA. 9696.

★ KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT. Luncheon and dinner for business and professional people roundabout. Kenn Prater features a fine menu, and keeps open a jovial and busy place. But we'd still like to see some portholes in those south-side booths; it's kinda dark. 9th and Walnut. Gr. 2680.

★ MISSOURI HOTEL BAR. Barbecue and the beasts. What once was the splendid lobby of a splendid hotel is now a big barny dine-and-drinkin' room festooned to the ceiling with taxidermy. Buffaloes and moose, sailfish and squirrels look down on your barbecue ribs. Which, by the way, are pretty fair barbecue. Gus Fitch, who used to float silently about the Rendezvous, now owns the Missouri, in partnership with his brother. 314 West 12th. HA. 9224.

★ PHIL TRIPP'S. A bar in front, dining room in back. On the menu, spaghetti, steaks, delicious meatball sandwiches, and maybe the best salad dressing in town. Overhead, some nice lights hung with beer steins and stuff. Across from the Pickwick Bus Station, 922 McGee. HA. 9830.

★ PICCADILLY ROOM. Attractive but chilly blue room downstairs from the bus station. Music from a radio in one room probably is coming from KMBC, some eleven floors up, and those fellas relaxing at the bar may possibly be announcers. In the Pickwick Hotel, 10th and McGee.

★ PLAZA BOWL. Best food on the southside, in this smallish restaurant just off the bowling alleys. Cocktail lounge adjoining. Anybody looking official roundabout is likely to be one of the managing Eddy's—George, Sam, or Ned, who are retiring as the Hyde Park Duncans take over. 430 Alameda Road, on the Plaza. LO. 6656.

★ PLAZA ROYALE. Where the ensigns and lieutenants from Olathe Naval Air Base quaff, laugh, and listen to sweet music. Latter is furnished by Mary Dale. Graphology for fun by Kay Van Lee. Luncheon and dinner. 614 W. 48th. LO. 3393.

★ PRICE'S RESTAURANT AND COCKTAIL GRILL. Exceedingly busy spot three times a day. We like it best of a morning—when they have those gooey wonderful chocolate doughnuts—and in the late afternoon when the downstairs grill is a swell spot to sit, sip, and sag. 10th and Walnut. GR. 0800.

★ PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM. Comfortable room of no definite shape, but offering booths, tables, and bar stools for your comfort; piano melodies by Martha Dooley for your easy listening; and dinner or drinks or both. Opens at 4 p. m. Hyde Park Hotel, 36th and Broadway. LO. 5441.

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. Luncheon, dinner, drinks, noise, music, and everybody you know. If they made the place any bigger it might ruin their trade. People seem to like it this crowded. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ RENDEZVOUS. One of the better barrooms—also serving luncheon and dinner at the usual hours. Excellent liquors, usually, and efficient service from waiters who act as if they know what they're about. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ SAVOY GRILL. A genial carry-over from the days when. Dim and slightly dignified in an old retainer sort of way, with excellent food and drinks. Lobsters are the piece de resistance. Open 10 a. m. till midnight. Closed Sunday. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ STUBBS' GILLHAM PLAZA. Noisy ole neighborly ole place where you don't need a tie and if you have one on you'll probably take it off. Chief attraction is a bumptious gal at the piano, who plays loud boogie and sings rowdy little songs in the biggest deep voice we've heard this side of Laurent Bacall. The name is Jeanie Leitt (as in light) and she has a lot of fun. So do you. 3114 Gillham Plaza. VA. 9911.

★ VERDI'S RESTAURANT. Italian foods in a slightly medieval setting, a few steps down from the street. Incidental piano music. 1115 East Armour (just off Troost). VA. 9388.

★ WESTPORT ROOM. Favorite waiting room for people about to take or meet a train. They come down early a-purpose. Next door is the big dining room that's usually crowded around the dinner hour, and no wonder, for the food is better than most. Union Station. GR. 1100.

Just for a Drink . . .

★ **ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** Little bitty lounge, comfortable, and nice to look at. Between 3 and 5 p. m., two drinks for the price of one. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **CABANA.** Just off the walk, a few steps up from the Phillips lobby. This is where you find Alberta at the novachord—and do! Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **EL BOLERO.** Nice little neighborhood lounge, where Marguerite Clark plays piano and sings requests, and the liquors are of good quality. Hotel Ambassador, 3560 Broadway. VA. 5040.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** Bill Caldwell entertains at the piano, and around the walls the Tentmaker still advances his philosophy of the grape. You get into this room from the street, from the lobby, or through a door off the stairs on the Baltimore side. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** Hip-pocket edition of a cocktail lounge, featuring ancient two-reelers on a screen at one end of the room, and pink elephants parading around the walls. State Hotel, between Baltimore and Wyandotte. GR. 5310.

★ **THE TROPICS.** One of the prettiest cocktail lounges in the town. It's on the third floor. Mary Jean Miller is at the Hammond organ off and on from 5:30 till 11. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** Round and raucous Jane Jones (late of "Nob Hill" and "Incendiary Blonde") sings at the piano; alternating with the really excellent Latin songs by Joaquin and Diane, old acquaintances out here. You'll remember them from a year or so ago. Diane, you know, was the voice of Snow White in the South American version of Walt Disney's picture. Open at 11 p. m.; entertainment from 3 p. m. Hotel Bellerive, Armour Blvd. at Warwick. VA. 7047.

With Dancing . . .

★ **CROWN ROOM.** Roomy lounge with a small dance floor around the corner in front of Judy Conrad's orchestra. His trumpet player, Billy Snyder, is the smallest in the world. You'll find the Glass Bar on beyond the dancing area. Hotel LaSalle, 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ **CUBAN ROOM.** Kansas City jazz in the traditional manner, played by the Herman Walder Trio, and listened to by most of the town's experts in that art. There's food available if you can take time out from diggin' the jive. West Linwood, just off Main. VA. 4634.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** A wonderful place to lunch, dine, and dance when you're feeling in a Hattie Carnegie mood. Jack Wndover and his orchestra hover over the tiny crowded dance floor, for jam sessions—and we don't mean it's the music that jams. Food is usually pretty fine. Try the Drum Bar for incidental drinking. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore. GR. 5440.

★ **ED-BERN'S** at the Colony Restaurant. Notable mostly for the food presented by the Ed-Bern's who have charge of the kitchen. Luncheon, dinner, and after-theatre snacks, with incidental music for dancing. 1106 Baltimore. HA. 9020.

★ **EL CASBAH.** Great goings on in Barney Goodman's ornate night club, where they're celebrating an anniversary, come the 14th. Drop in up till then to bid farewell to Charlie Wright, his orchestra, and his beautiful wife, Dawn Roland. They're leaving after a long stay here and they'll be missed. But the room's original orch will be around for anniversary week—Harl Smith himself, an ole WHB alumn. He'll be followed by a top comic, Professor Backwards. Now to get down to the gory details: there's a cover, except at the bar, weekdays, \$1.00; Saturday, \$1.50. Dinner from \$1.50. And don't forget the Saturday cocktail dansants, 12:30-4:30, when there's no cover, no minimum, plenty of entertainment, and free rumba lessons. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ **MARTIN'S PLAZA TAVERN.** Where the cliff dwellers from the Locarno, Biarritz, and the rest of the tall Plaza apartments gather nightly for chicken-in-the-rough, late snacks, or some drinks. By day it's a cafeteria. There's a good sized dance floor in the back room with a juke box handy. 210 West 47th. LO. 2000.

★ **MILTON'S TAP ROOM.** Noisy, amiable place where a lot of people dance to Julia Lee's music and the rest of them just sit and listen. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

★ **PENGUIN ROOM.** Frenchy LuCerne hovers about this big handsome dining room where Stan Nelson and his orchestra play for dancing, 7 p. m.-1 a. m. No cover or minimum. Closed Sunday. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **SKY-HY ROOF.** Saturday night dancing to the music of Warren Durrett and his orchestra. Other nights, the Roof is available for private parties. Mixed drinks served at your table; no set-ups. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Suwanee suavity with music by Dee Peterson and his orchestra, excellent food, and green walls backing white pillars and pickets. No bar; mixed drinks will be served at your table. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Until mid-month you may continue to "dance with Joy" as Jimmy and all the boys play sweet and hot. Blonde gal singer is Gerry Ann Royce who only a few months back used to sing a daily dozen over WHB with Bob McGrew's orchestra. Music at luncheon; dancing at dinner and supper. No cover or minimum. Tra la. For reservations, give Gordon a ring. Hotel Muehlbach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.** Now that you're driving again . . . Tootie's establishment is notable mostly for its genuine jazz, produced by Dave Reiser, Ray Smith, Ray Stinson, and a few others. Food, drinks, and dancing until something like four in the morning. No stags, please. 7852 Wornall Road. DE. 1253.

★ **TROCADERO.** Pretty cocktail lounge just off Main, with a small dance area and a juke box. No kitchen. 6 West 39th. VA. 9806.

Swing Around



NOTES on a day that will never happen again . . . It may be that war will break again. It may even be that that war will have an ending which is not total destruction by atom bombs or the next miracle of man's devising. But there will never be another Tuesday like that Tuesday in mid-August, when at exactly five seconds after the appointed hour, the end of World War II was announced. That was a day!

It fell in the midst of the August cold snap. Here in the middle west, about the time of the August moon, the nights turn cold and brilliant, and the days bloom all dazzling blue and yellow and the trees are spankin' clean and the sun shatters on the leaves.



It was much that sort of a day, Tuesday, August 14, 1945. The sun went down grandly in a very voluptuousness of red-orange. And over the city V-Night came softly with an adolescent moon but no one noticed. It didn't take long for the tin horns, the paper hats, the confetti, the tumult and the shouting to emerge. On Times Square there had been celebration since the day before. But we here in the middle west are slower. We're the conservatives. And there was little jubilation in our town until the official and undeniable announcement came. Then the furore.

On a wall flanking a parking lot a middle aged workman stood attentive to a row of bottles—six of them, with the seals unbroken. It was his booty acquired just before the closing of the bars. His explanation was simply a grinning, "I'm gonna get drunk!" . . . Along Grand Avenue a quietly blissful sailor wandered by himself among the crowd, wearing an absurd pur-

ple paper hat. . . . In the Phillips Hotel some of the ones who invariably confuse celebration with destruction ripped open the pillows and snowed feathers on the mob below. . . . Others, from the Phillips, the State, and the Muehlebach, expressed their joy in the war's ending by pouring gallons of water onto the heads of the crowd. But no spirits were dampened. . . . Probably a good half the thousands of people swarming the streets were happy-drunk, noisy-drunk, or skonk-dronk. . . . Everybody kissed everyone. . . . A banker we know, a sweet and joyous gentleman, trundled up the stairs in the wee small hours singing, "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" His wife appeared on the landing. "Not up to now," she said. . . . Around 18th and Vine, colored people stood on the streets, quiet, a bit stunned by it all. . . . One lone man sat out the celebration in a downtown theatre, the only person in the house for the last half of the picture. . . . Our favorite bon vivant spent most of the evening transporting people who couldn't get where they were going by ordinary means of transportation. His pick-ups included two ladies and a little boy who were trying to get to the Union Station from downtown; a pretty waitress trying to get home with four gift bottles of liquor; a soldier and his bride en route, under hazards, to their hotel; and two frightened nuns trapped at the Union Sta-

tion with no way of getting to the haven of St. Francis Xavier. With the waitress and the bottles in the front seat and the two little nuns in the back, our man drove his gay red convertible all over the east end of town, trying to find the convent. He found it, with the help of a policeman who he says was right out of a book—one of the jolliest on record. . . . One of



the little nuns said, "I'm really just a hillbilly!" . . .

Churches were open; there were many whose jubilance found expression there, with the deep thought, the remembrance of the less joyous days, a prayer giving thanks and asking for wisdom.

But for the most part, the people came together in the streets, where the most people were, seeking their own kind in the aggregate, and finding their release in shouting, in pushing and shoving, and adding their bit to the mass jubilation. Singly, their own exultation was inadequate. Here was a thing to be shared.

And so V-Day came and went in Kansas City, and there will never be another one like it . . . nor, we hope in our hearts, a need for one.

PEACE GOODS

On the Day After, all the stores advertised victory. We liked the newspaper layouts indicating preparedness on the part of advertising if of nothing else! There was T. M. James with a succinct, "At Last!" And Adler's with only a big splashy exclamation point. There were a good many cuts of the Statue of Liberty and several flags and eagles and V's. But we liked best of all Woolf Brothers significant simplicity: Twenty-two hats—civilian, military, and none alike—tossed into the air. That's all there was to it and that was all it needed.

ALL WOOL THE YARD WIDE . . .

A big beautiful stone house out on fashionable Ward Parkway has on its landscaped front lawn two live sheep that graze daily in a woolly and businesslike manner, just as any sheep would in the pastures of any farm.

HOME THOUGHTS . . . A letter that came recently to a lady of our town started like this: "Dear Mom, I'm stationed in the land where Christ was born. I wish to Christ I were back in the land where I was born . . ." Appended to the letter was a note from the censor: "Should have cut this out, but I couldn't do it!"



SWING

"An Apparatus for Recreation"

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The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City

...and the fishing is fine for these
64 Local Advertisers who use WHB

In this list of WHB advertisers you'll find most of Kansas City's biggest, smartest merchants. When you decide to use WHB, you're backing your good judgment with theirs.



Ladies' and Men's Ready-To-Wear

Adler's
Berkson's
Farrar's Corset Shop
Foreman & Clark
Frances Welsh Shop
Jack Henry, Inc.
Jay's—On The Plaza
Mindlin's, Inc.
Missouri Dept. Stores, Inc.
Palace Clothing Co.
Paul's Style Shop
Rothschild's & Sons
"Stores Without A Name"
Wolf Bros.

Furniture

Alexander's, Inc.
Davidson's Furniture Co.
Duff & Rapp Furniture Co.
Mehornay Furniture Co.
Wilco Furniture Co.
Wyandotte Furniture Co.

Dry Goods

Leiter's Dry Goods
Lloyd's Silk & Fabric Shop

Girls and Tots

E. M. Harris Linen Shop
Plaza Girls Shop
Stork's Nest

Department Stores

Emery Bird Thayer Co.
Gorman's, Inc.
John Taylor's (Grill)
Jones Store Co.
Montgomery Ward
Peck's Dept. Store
Sears, Roebuck & Co.

Ments and Groceries

A & P Tea Co.
Bacher-Cunningham
Rose Kepo Food Shop

Millinery

Edward's Hat Shop
Fashion Lane Hat Shop
Halper's Exclusive Millinery
Hattie's Hat Shop

Automotive

Allen Bros.
Allied Motors, Inc.
Geo. H. Welsh Motors

Jewelry

Goldman's Jewelry Co.
Heizberg's Diamond Shop
Mace's, Inc.

Drugs

Katz Drug Co.

Furs

Alaskan Fur Co.
Gerhardt, The Furrier
Lou Hoffman Fur Co.
Meltzer Fur Co.

Miscellaneous

Barnard's Photo Supplies
Camera Shop
Dermetrics Salon
Insul-Wool Insulation Co.
Swyden Rug & Drapery Co.

Shoes

Eileen Shoe Stores
Fitch Shoe Co.
Katz Shoe Stores
Richardson Shoe Co.
Royal College Shop

Restaurants

Allen's
Forum Cafeteria
Plaza Bowl Restaurant
Z-Lan Restaurant

For WHB Availabilities, 'phone DON DAVIS at any "Spot Sales" office

Fall schedules are still "fluid"... and we've room for more advertisers who'd like to use programs or spots in the booming Kansas City market. You'll like doing business with WHB—the station with "agency point-of-view"... where every advertiser is a client who must get his money's worth in results. Swing along with the happy medium in the Kansas City area!

Kansas City.....	Scarrift Building.....	Harrison 1161
New York City.....	400 Madison Avenue.....	Eldorado 5-5040
Chicago.....	360 North Michigan.....	Franklin 8520
Hollywood.....	Hollywood Blvd. at Cosmo.....	Hollywood 8318
San Francisco.....	5 Third Street.....	Exbrook 3558



KEY STATION for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK

