

NOVEMBER 1946

25¢

Swing





In cooperation with the National Safety Council, and Rolston-Purina, sponsors of Tam Mix, Sept. 23-Oct. 4 was Tam Mix Child Safety period. WHB publicized this worthy cause by bringing six Kansas City civic leaders to the microphone. Shown with Jahnnny Froser, jr., associate editor of Swing ore (1) Judge

Earle W. Frost; (2) Al Wood, President of the Safety Council, and (3) Henry W. Jahnson, police director of traffic and safety; (4) Francis J. Wornall, director, Kansas City Fire Department; (5) Mayor Wm. E. Kemp; (6) Mrs. T. J. Seburn, chairman, Parent-Teachers Safety Council.

Swing

"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"

NOVEMBER is to October as the Army-Navy game is to sand-lot football; as a praline is to the pecan bumped from the tree: one is an extension of the other. It is to October as a red-cheeked gal in a red sweater and pigtailed is to the same girl turned out in strapless velvet for the Thanksgiving dance. Distill these differences and you have the year at its eleventh phase—the wine of November lifted as farewell to the fall and hail to winter.

In the beginning, November wears the hand-me-downs of its elder sister. Then the month grows up and binds her hair. It takes to the cities and puts on jewels. The come-easy go-easy month becomes a sophisticate, exchanges the crisp out-of-doors for warm rooms heavy with the smell of chrysanthemums and brandy sauce. It trades in a hockey stick for a concert score, and the Hallowe'en mask for the twin masks of drama. The arts are in season, and radio has cut out the coyness of summer-time and settled down to a good wintertime job.

This year over the salvos of Armistice Day we hear the tumult and shouting of the peace-making. This is possibly the angriest peace that ever hung by a hair. And this year the festive board of Thanksgiving Day may groan less audibly than in the old days. But in spite of all confusions, fears, and scarcities, we can count a few blessings this year as every year, and more than a lot of people we could name. We can be duly grateful for a motley list — including books and music; the just and relentless discipline at Nuernberg; more nylons than you saw this time last year if you were looking (and if you weren't, better see your psychiatrist); every new house that goes up; Ella Fitzgerald singing "Stone Cold Dead"; canned pineapple once more; Billy Rose's rosy prose; and a woodfire to back up to on the long convivial nights in November.



Jetta
Editor

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NOVEMBER'S HEAVY DATES

In Kansas City

CONVENTIONS

- Oct. 31-Nov. 1, Missouri Valley Electric Association, Accountants' Section. Hotel Continental.
Oct. 31-Nov. 2, Missouri Valley Chapter of Radio Representatives. Hotel President.
Nov. 3-5, Kansas City Shoe Show. Hotel Phillips, Hotel Muehlebach.
Nov. 3-5, Southwest Automotive Wholesalers Association. Hotel President.
Nov. 6-9, Missouri State Teachers Association. Auditorium.
Nov. 8-10, Missouri Christian Endeavor Union. Independence Ave. Christian Church.
Nov. 10-13, Heart of America Men's Apparel Show. Hotel Muehlebach, Hotel Phillips.
Nov. 14-16, American Society of Plastic and Reconstructive Surgery. Hotel Muehlebach.
Nov. 14-16, United Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Association. Hotel Continental.
Nov. 15-16, Missouri Dietetic Association. Auditorium.
Nov. 19-21, Consumers Cooperative Association. Auditorium.
Nov. 22-23, Central State Shrine Association, Phillips.

FOOTBALL

- (All games at Blues Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn)
Nov. 1, SW-NE, 8 p.m.
Nov. 2, Central-East, 1 p.m.
Nov. 2, Westport-SE, 3 p.m.
Nov. 2, Manual-Pasco, 8 p.m.
Nov. 8, SW-East, 8 p.m.
Nov. 9, Pasco-SE, 1 p.m.
Nov. 9, Manual-NE, 3 p.m.
Nov. 9, Westport-Central, 8 p.m.

PRESENTATIONS

- Oct. 28-Nov. 3, Shrine Circus, Arena.
Nov. 11, Armistice Day Ball, Arena. VFW
Nov. 22, Shrine Ceremonial. Music Hall.
Nov. 25-Dec. 1, Skating Vanities, Arena. Sponsored by Kansas City Firemen.

RING STUFF

- Nov. 12, Professional Boxing, Arena. Sports, Inc.
Nov. 18, Amateur Boxing, Arena.
Nov. 19, Amateur Boxing, Arena.



ART

- William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art.
Exhibitions: Loan Galleries, China Painting. Ceramics Room, English Pottery from the Burnap Collection. Print Rooms, "The Disaster of War," etchings by Francisco Goya.
Masterpiece of the Month: Reliquary, French, 13th Century. Champleve Enamel and Gilt Bronze.
Wednesday Evening Lectures: Nov. 6, Art in the Far East During the War. Nov. 13, An Introduction to Chinese Painting in the Loan Exhibition.
Motion Pictures: 7:30 p.m. Atkins Auditorium, no admission charge. Nov. 1, Broken Blossoms. Nov. 8, The Story of Gosta Berling.
Musical Programs: Concerts are scheduled for Friday evenings at 8:15 p.m. and Sunday afternoons 3:30 p.m. No admission charge.

DRAMA

- Oct. 31-Nov. 2, "Lute Song," Music Hall. Matinee Saturday, Nov. 2 (A & N).
Nov. 8, "Dream Girl," Music Hall. Matinee Saturday Nov. 9. (A & N).
Nov. 13, "Claudia," Music Hall. (Spencer).
Nov. 14-16, "Voice of the Turtle," Music Hall. Matinee Saturday, Nov. 16. (A & N).

MUSIC

- Kansas City Philharmonic Orchestra, Efrem Kurtz, directing.
Nov. 3, "Pop" Concert, Music Hall.
Nov. 5-6, Scheduled concert, Music Hall, with Edmund Kurtz, brother of Efrem Kurtz, guest cellist.
Nov. 24, "Pop" Concert. Music Hall.
Nov. 26-27, Scheduled concert, Music Hall, with Erica Morini, guest violinist.
Other musical presentations.
Nov. 4, Vronsky and Babin, "Premier Duo Pianists," Music Hall. (Town Hall)
Nov. 12, The Icelandic Singers, 36 male voices. Music Hall. (Fritschy Concerts)
Nov. 14, Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. Arena. (Pla-Mor)
Nov. 23, Boys Town Choir, Boys Town, Nebraska. Sponsored by the Shrine.
Nov. 24, Boogie Woogie Cavalcade. Arena.
Nov. 25, Don Cossack Male Chorus. Music Hall. (Town Hall)
Nov. 29, Adolph Busch and Rudolf Serkin, violin-piano. Music Hall. (Ruth O. Seuffer)

ON THE ICE

- Pla-Mor, 32nd and Main.
Lavish Ice Show, "Ice-Cycles," Oct. 30-Nov. 10. Combined shows of "Ice Follies" and Ice-Capades."
Hockey, Major League. Kansas City Pla-Mors vs St. Paul. Nov. 13; Omaha, Nov. 17; Fort Worth, Nov. 20; Minneapolis, Nov. 24; Dallas, Nov. 27.

DANCING

- Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main
Tuesday and Friday, "Over 30" dances with Tom and Kate Beckham and their orchestra.
Nov. 2, Frankie Masters. Nov. 3, 6, 7, 10, Lee Williams orchestra. Nov. 9, Tommy Tucker. Nov. 13, 14, 17, 20, 21, 24, George Winslow orchestra. Nov. 16, Henry Busse. Nov. 23, Tony Pastor. Nov. 27, 28, 30, Walter Bloom.

*No, windmills aren't for Hollanders!
They're for you, to get places quick.*

YOU'LL *Fan* THROUGH THE AIR!

by RICK ALLISON



THOSE American small cities and villages, too small to be served by regular airline service, and not adaptable to non-scheduled service, can soon hope for a different type of air transport to serve their needs.

Their salvation lies in the rapid development and use of the helicopter, the windmill planes which will travel straight up as well as straight down. It will get in and out of places where no other vehicle possibly can. A good illustration of this utility was demonstrated recently when 16 persons were rescued from a 50-foot square steel mat, deep in the tangled unexplored wilds near Gander, Newfoundland. Had it not been for the windmill ship, these 16 persons would have perished on the spot where the big Belgian airliner crashed.

The helicopter has no stationary wing. Lift is provided by a vertical windmill fan powered by a motor. An auxiliary fan is used on the tail to combat "torque," or the tendency of the plane to roll with the movement of the propeller, or in this case the "fan."

If the helicopter's motor should stop in flight, the thing will "windmill" to the ground. It will land at

greater speed than if power were used to check the descent, but not hard enough to damage the aircraft or injure the passengers.

A new type of helicopter is the Platt-LePage job with two fans. One fan combats torque of the other, and there is no necessity for an auxiliary fan on the tail.

It has been found through tests by the Post Office Department, that helicopters will land on the huge flat roofs of metropolitan post office buildings; thus eliminating loss of time incurred in trucking mail out to the airports.

The helicopter is verily "coming home to roost" in this midwestern part of the country. The Burlington railroad has filed an application with the Civil Aeronautics Board for helicopter service to speed rail deliveries. The route would be a non-scheduled operation, at first, but would be

worked out to make train connections possible that are now absolutely out of reach.

The routes asked for cover an important section of midwestern America in which the Burlington now operates buses, the Burlington Trailways. The company is a part of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railway system and the new helicopter line would be known as Burlington Airways.

The 67 cities on proposed routes would include Kansas City, Chicago, Omaha and Denver, important rail, bus and air centers. Smaller communities would include Creston, Keokuk and Shenandoah, Iowa; Hannibal, Chillicothe and St. Joseph, Missouri.

Of these 67 towns on the route, 54 are without air transport service. The principal value of helicopter lines would lie in the provision of rapid connections with large centers whence journeys could be continued on fast

trains, through buses and transcontinental planes.

The Burlington people believe that helicopters could be landed on sites already owned by the railroad or bus lines. Railway and bus personnel would handle many requirements of the helicopter service.

The cost? Well, not too much. Burlington accountants have figured that the company could break even with a fare of about 6.1 cents per mile. Schedules would be tied in with those of rapid transportation facilities at the terminals, and the helicopters would be expected to carry some mail as well as passengers.

And it all goes to prove that windmills are not confined to pumping water for Hollanders, and sooner than you think you may find yourself fanning around the country at speeds and conveniences never before dreamed possible.



The System

A brilliant but eccentric college professor was giving a final written "exam" to his students.

"I'm a firm believer in the honor system," he solemnly announced. "To prove that to you, I'm going to pass out the 'exams' and leave the class."

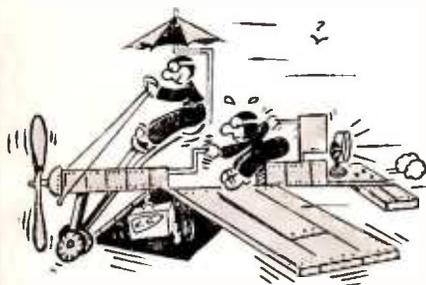
As the door shut behind him, the students accustomed to furtive use of "ponies" and other ingenious devices squirmed uncertainly in their seats for a few minutes.

Finally, a voice from the rear resolved the enigma. "He's got the honor," cracked the wit. "but we've got the system. Who's got the answer to the third question?"

WRIGHT OR *Wrong?*

Us Historians prove Orville and Wilbur were trying to perfect a new bicycle!

by CHARLESKI H. HOGANOVICH



IT'S about time somebody debunked a lot of these myths which have been cunningly fostered by certain persons (names on request) who are connected with the aviation industry. With sly and persistent energy they have spent the past 40 years or so beguiling us into all sorts of fallacious thinking.

For instance, those who are not in the know, generally believe that the Wright brothers invented the airplane. We historians, of course, know that this is absurd. Here, for the first time are—THE FACTS!

On that bleak and windy day when the Wright brothers, hereinafter referred to as the Wrong brothers, first sent their crazy kitelike fabrication of silk and umbrella ribs skittering shakily over the forbidding sands of Kitty Hawk they realized full well that history indeed had not been made.

Wilbur Wrong, who was piloting the wobbling craft a few feet above the ground shouted to his brother, Orville Wrong, who was impersonating the ground crew: "How'm I doin'?"

"Well, you seem to me to be flying," the ground crew averred judiciously.

"Flying!" gasped Wilbur, clutching madly at a kind of a stick which seemed to be in his hand. (N.B. This later became known as a joy stick, not to be confused with a pogo of the same name.)

"That's how it looks from here," Orville, the fun-loving brother, insisted stoutly.

"Get me out of this thing," the unwilling aeronaut gasped. "Why you couldn't get me into one of these contraptions for a million dollars!"

The creaky, inadequate engine obligingly sputtered to a stop and the glorified kite settled slowly to the ground. The two brothers solemnly inspected their creation.

"What do you think we've invented?" Orville asked, a worried frown creasing his brow.

"Damned if I know," was the reply. "I thought we were inventing a new bicycle." The brothers, it should

be explained, were in the bicycle game in a modest way at the time.

Thus, with their fondest dreams shattered the two brothers slunk across the dunes of Kitty Hawk, little realizing that their modest contraption some day would give rise to all kinds of new industries and legends.

Chief among these, of course, is the UNCOMIC COMIC STRIP business. It is more or less allied with the serial show for kiddies on our radios. Every afternoon, allowing ample time for junior to dash home even if he DID get kept after school again, fearless and dauntless pilots roar through the ether in planes such as our two ingenious pals never dreamed of.

In the UNCOMIC COMIC STRIP game innumerable stern-jawed guys of impregnable virtue fly through the pages with jet propulsion jobs of speed approaching that of light. They also seem to have all manner of luscious, blank-faced babes hanging around them, panting, with unmaidenly desire for the men of the skies.

Thus, the good brothers of Kitty Hawk actually invented neither a new Columbia bicycle nor an airplane, but the "bosom beautiful" school of art.

The camp followers who hang around the manly aviators in the comic strips are palpitating proof to our kiddies that uplift is here to stay!

Which is more than can be said for the airplane. It is already on the way out. In fact, without fear of contradiction, it may be asserted that we have now reached the point where the traveler, desiring to attend another peace conference to aid in planning ground rules for another war,

may go to the airport where a pretty hostess will tie him to a rocket and - - - zing, he is face to face with Molotov's back!

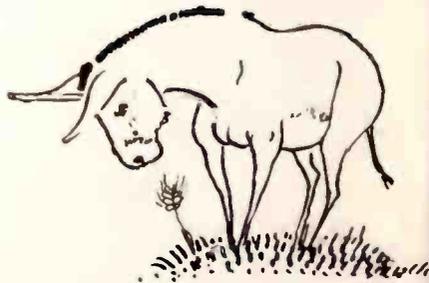
We are in the rocket era! This is the Atomic Age! But scientific researchers already are skulking around trying to devise a feasible method of abolishing the rocket.

I have learned from the highest sources (which cannot be named) that the government is now secretly at work on a project to substitute Wishful Thinking for the rocket.

Under this system a guy with proper priority tickets would merely sit at home and wish to hell he was anyplace else and, presto, there he'll be! With his choice of those beautiful hostesses or stewardesses sitting on his lap, feeding him aspirin tablets and stroking his brow.

This top-secret attempt to render the aviation and rocket industry obsolete any minute now is referred to by Washington as "Operation Brain." (Note: Operation Brain is not to be confused with "Operation Congress," as if anyone would.)

But resuming our debunking, tycoons of the aviation industry try to pretend that a party named Bleriot first flew across the English channel.



Hah! Pure chicanery, and they know it!

Gertrude Ederle first flew across the channel in a coat of winter grease but the Smithsonian Institute refuses to recognize this feat. In fact, the Smithsonian Institute is so old it can't recognize much of anybody, aviation or otherwise.

Despite a 40-year fight, the man who made the most daring flight in a heavier-than-air craft ever to be recorded by science, has been snubbed by the reactionary cabal who hold a clutch of death on the Institute.

He was a tot of eight when he made his famous flight. His name was Wrong-Way Hoganovich, and his historic flight was made from the top of our old barn to the bottom of our old barn. He had rigged up an ironing board with wings and, with a brave shout that he was "flying in search of Icarus" he soared into the air with all the buoyancy of a cue ball bouncing off a snooker table.

But is his flight recognized? No, all he got out of it was a broken collar bone and a broken heart. He didn't even get his ironing board back from the Smithsonian Institute!

It is by such devious and, to be frank about it, dubious methods that a "select few" in the aviation industry propagate the various legends which have been fostered since the Wrights' failure to invent a new bicycle.

To show the baleful cunning of the "Old Guard" in this respect I can state, without fear of contradiction, that even the pretty hostesses themselves are a myth. As proof, I offer

the fact that in 1926 I flew to Denver in a plane piloted by "Cannonball Bill" Branagan.

"Cannonball Bill" hit every place on the map but Denver. From time to time we paused at county fairs where the old, "Cannonball," who claimed he could "fly a dining room table if you'd put wings on it," wheedled the round-hair-cuts into taking jaunts in his jolting jallopy of the airplanes. He also ran a three card monte game with great success.

Well, do you think there was any comely hostess around to stroke my brow and hold my hand solicitously every time we got chased out of one those fair grounds? Not on your life! Even "Cannonball" refused to hold my hand.

This offers proof positive that every thing connected with the aviation industry is a tissue of lies and deception. We have seen that the Wright brothers, for instance, didn't invent the airplane in the first place. They didn't even invent the Yo-Yo, so rightfully esteemed in aviation circles today.

What they invented was a newer, a better, yes a smoo-o-ther bicycle which would GL-L-I-D-E more smoothly over the sands of Kitty Hawk.

Every blessed thing that came after that was a fraud and a delusion.



A rich old aunt was paying her nephew's college expenses and her visitor asked her if it was expensive.

"Well," said the aunt, "Some of the languages run pretty high. My check this month covered \$10 for Chemistry, \$20 for Latin and \$250 for Scotch."

THE LITTLE WOMAN ISN'T

IT MAY be surprising to know that getting back on our national economic feet isn't entirely a matter of politics, policy or party. Much as we hear it is these days. Nor is it the power of Washington, labor, capital, controls or demise of controls, or any of the themes and theories of large and small businesses. The answer to whether we will have economic security in the immediate future may be sitting across the room from you this very minute. It's the little woman. And the fate of the nation is up to her.

The weapon the American woman holds exclusively in her possession is the decision to save or spend. It is she who will or can control inflation. It is she who will be responsible for the restoration of thrift in the American way of thinking, and to promote it as zealously as she did in buying war bonds. Women own 70 per cent of the nation's wealth. What they do with it is the final test of patriotism.

Recently in Chicago over a thousand women attended the first "Finance Clinic" sponsored by the Women's Finance Forum of America. This is the only organization in the country of women principally concerned with the dollar sign. At this meeting, four na-

tionally prominent financial and business experts of the opposite sex took the stand and in no quibbling terms pointed out their responsibilities, their flagrant failings, and what they ought to do about both.

One speaker decried the fact that the American woman hasn't fully exerted her voting rights to assure clean elections and economic budgeting in national affairs. But first she must decide to purchase only what is really needed, and thereby put "national horse sense into the national house-keeping."

A bank president pointed out that the women of the nation are beneficiaries of 80 per cent of the nation's insurance policies, own more than 50 per cent of its bonds, 65 per cent of its savings. He advised the purchase of government E bonds to prevent inflation and "know what you're buying before you do." Other speakers emphasized the importance of saving as a safeguard against depression, the salvation of the state of the union.

Next time the little woman points out how she saved a few pennies, give her a pat on the back and encourage her. It's the saving grace that counts!

—Marion Odmark.



Headline in a New York newspaper
"Father of Ten Shot—Mistaken
for Rabbit."



Women are wise about fact and figures. A girl with a good figure soon learns the facts.



All men want to succeed. Some want to succeed so badly they're willing to work for it.

Many a fellow comes out of his shell when a girl eggs him on.



"I shouldn't be offering you wine should I? You are the head of the Temperance League, aren't you?" remarked the hostess to her male guest.

"Oh, no, I am the head of the Anti-Vice League."

"Well, I knew there was something I shouldn't offer you."

Author of "Adventures In Good Eating" transformed his hobby into profit for himself, service for other travelers.

"HINES WAS *Here*"

IN those halcyon days before the war, when new automobiles were begging to be purchased and fine new tires were piled high in every filling station, America's excellent highways were crowded with motorists. In those good old days, also, it was seldom that a hotel clerk had to say, "Sorry, we're all filled up," to a tired applicant for a room. Travel was easy, not only by automobile but by rail and air as well. The railroads were competing for passengers and thinking up all sorts of new thrills to entice them.

But there was one flaw in this travel picture. The tourist, arriving in a strange city at mealtime, was confronted with a variety of eating places. He had no way of knowing which were good and which were bad. The experienced traveler knew that the frilliest places could serve poor food at high prices on not-too-clean plates. He knew also that good restaurants were the exception, not the rule.

Napoleon once declared that an army travels on its stomach. The same thing applies to the traveler, whose day can be ruined by a bad meal.

Could nothing be done to make it possible for the stranger in town to know just where to go to find a good eating place?



by HAROLD S. KAHM

A traveling salesman, Duncan Hines, thought a good deal about this. His work took him to small towns, big cities, tiny villages and he, perforce, took his stomach, protesting, along with him. Hines, a sincere and worthy exponent of the joys of the table, used every means he could devise to discover, wherever he went, which was the best restaurant in town. He button-holed his fellow travelers, cross-examined well-fed local merchants, to discover a good place for lunch or dinner.

Because of his constant traveling and the likelihood that he would someday retrace his steps, Hines made a note about each of his finds. He recorded the name of the place, address, kind of food, prices, and various personal observations.

Before long this list of notes had grown into a lengthy list of eating places spanning the country. His list of nearly 500 good eating places was a highly useful as well as a pleasant hobby.

At first these notes were haphazard, but on week-ends and vacations

he compiled them into an orderly list, by cities, towns and states.

One day Hines had an idea. It occurred to him that he was being selfish, that he was using something for himself which should be freely shared. So, instead of sending out Christmas cards that year, he sent out mimeographed lists of his good restaurants to fellow travelers.

The result was an article in the Saturday Evening Post, followed by American, Readers Digest, and others. Thousands of people wrote to him asking for copies.

Hines would have gone broke had he undertaken to supply this growing avalanche of a demand out of his own pocket, so he published a small book with a gay red cover titled, "Adventures In Good Eating," selling it for \$1.50 a copy. It soon became a national best seller.

A new and larger edition followed while restaurant owners all over the country clamored to have their places listed. Hines refused. If a restaurant was worthy, it would not have to pay. If not, it couldn't get into the book for any price. He would not mislead readers who trusted his recommendations.

Throughout the country bad restaurants found themselves losing busi-

ness and strove to make themselves worthy of inclusion. Those that did get in the book advertised that fact widely.

Finding of good hotels and tourist camps was another sticker. Hines had a wide knowledge of such places, and with additional personal research produced another book, "A Lodging For The Night." This too became a best seller.

Today Duncan Hines' books, published in his home town of Bowling Green, Kentucky, have reached sales of over a million copies. When automobile and tire production permits, and millions of tourists again roam the highways, there's no telling how many more will be sold.

Of course the war has wrought a great number of changes, and many of these recommended restaurants may be out of existence that were flourishing five years ago.

But Hines has the answer for that one, too. "A good restaurant will stay in business year after year because it is that, a good restaurant. After all, who is anxious to kill or sell the goose that lays the golden eggs?"

(Reprinted from Good Business, publication of the Unity School of Christianity.)



CLUB DATE *Champs*



Meet the Barry Brothers, whom you may never have even heard, or of!

by WILLIAM WALLER

ASK any musician, and he'll tell you that anything can happen in the music business. But for sheer variety of experience you must ask the boys who play club-dates — the fellows who play a swank wedding at the Waldorf-Astoria one day, and a dizzy clambake at the seashore the next; a very stiff, formal dinner for a high-ranking admiral at a Long Island mansion one night, and the following night a golden wedding celebration at Kaplan's Katerers on New York's Second Avenue!

Take the Barry Brothers, for instance. The names probably don't register unless you've heard them play at such places as the Roosevelt in New Orleans, the Wardman Park in Washington, the Marcy at Lake Placid, the 800 Club in New York—or, for that matter, a social function in Canarsie. At one time or another, it is possible that you may have heard them over the air via one of the major networks. The chances are, however, that you've never heard the Barry Brothers at all, for they specialize in

club-dates. This means that mostly they play one-night stands, pick-up jobs, any old job at all. That's when the fun really begins!

Club-dates are so lucrative that first-rate musicians like the Barry Brothers prefer them to more routine jobs, which are known as "location jobs." Many a musician from radio or pit orchestras will play a club-date after his regular work is done. Musicians' rates come high. Moreover, whatever the rate may be, it is only for four hours work, after which the musicians are paid overtime. Regardless of when the boys start playing, however, at one o'clock the rate becomes overtime. Now let's watch how the boys milk the golden calf.

The Barry Brothers are playing a wedding reception at Sherry's, let's say. All evening they've played soft, sweet music, with a fair share of waltzes thrown in for good measure—until James Barry notices that it is now twelve thirty. He directs the band to play something slightly on the "hot" side. By five minutes to one, the joint really is jumping. Then the number ends, and James seeks out the head-man.

This individual, it seems, is feeling just as rosy as everyone else in the

crowd. Nevertheless, James reminds him that it is now almost one o'clock. After that, the rate becomes overtime. "Should we stop?" he asks the head-man.

"Stop?" says the head-man. "Why should you stop just when everybody's enjoying himself? Nah, nah, stay another hour!"

This hour, of course, is apt to extend to two or three. Everyone has a good time—including the musicians, who collect their overtime.

Very seldom, however, do musicians play for minimum rates these days. When the boys do accept such rates it is most likely the result of expert inveigling practiced upon them by a certain species of booking agent, known to musicians as the "whiner type." This fellow always has a convincing story to the effect that the affair is his second-cousin's wedding, or a lodge brother's testimonial dinner, or his wife's brother's son's confirmation party—and they couldn't possibly pay more. This type of agent has been known to lose a client when, at the end of an evening, the head-man inadvertently has handed the bandleader a check for six hundred bucks for what was supposed to be (according to the agent) a \$175 job.

How do musicians break into band business? As often as not, they just drift into it. Back in the Terrible Thirties, James and Paul Barry were both studying law. To help pay for their tuition, they organized little bands which played at proms and neighborhood dances. This proved so profitable that they abandoned their plans to become lawyers. Combining

forces, they organized the Barry Brothers and their orchestra. Their first engagement was at the old Surf Club in New York, and engagements followed at such far-flung places as Monaco's in Cleveland, the Park Lane in New York, and the Marcy at Lake Placid. The band obviously was on the map—but the manager of a certain southern hotel apparently never had heard of them. He demanded an audition before signing a contract.

The booking agent called up James Barry. Outside, New York was being treated to an all-day drenching. Nevertheless, it was imperative that the Barry Brothers come downtown immediately for an audition. "Okay," James replied, although he knew that half of the band was unavailable as a result of an epidemic of the grippe.

Rain or no rain, outside Charlie's at 7th Avenue and 51st Street loitering musicians were holding their usual sidewalk meeting. From their ranks, James rounded up several good musicians. There was no time for rehearsal; so he told them what they



would play. The rest lay in the lap of the gods.

Ordinarily, an audition is pretty much a cut-and-dried affair. This one was destined to go down in musical history. As the boys were tuning up, Paul Barry, who plays the violin and doubles on bass, accidentally dropped the bass. It cracked wide open, and the tony hotel manager did a marvelous double-take.

The audition proceeded without further ado until the sax player, a handsome, Van Johnson type, began singing "Too Romantic." James Barry happened to look his way, and promptly burst into wild, uncontrollable laughter. The romantic tenor was doing his soulful solo in farmer's rubbers that were two sizes too big!

James' unprofessional attack of the giggles was terminated somehow when his turn came for an accordion solo. He lifted the instrument, pulled it wide—and the entire thing came apart in his hands!

That brought the audition to an abrupt close—and P. S. they didn't get the job. (Afterwards, James learned that one of the musicians he had picked up had playfully loosened all the screws on his accordion — a practical joke which cost the Barry Brothers a job). But a little later, on the strength of their reputation and with no audition whatsoever, they were booked into that same hotel for a four-week run. Their music proved so popular that they stayed on for seventeen weeks. The Barry Brothers got quite a kick out of the hotel manager. Every now and then he would scratch his head and say: "Don't I

know you boys from somewhere?" The Barry Brothers never enlightened him.

Another time, someone with a better memory did trip them up. They were booked for a one-night stand into an exclusive Westchester beach club as an authentic gypsy band. Accordingly, the boys first went to a costumer and were outfitted in gypsy garb. They were billed as the Yrrab Gypsy Duo — Barry spelled backwards, of course — and everything went according to plan until late in the evening. Then a somewhat inebriated financier came over and said: "Stop the nonsense, fellows! I heard the Barry Brothers at the Roosevelt in New Orleans." After that, it was strictly a request performance, with the Barry Brothers ranging from rhumbas to hot jazz.

Their attempts at disguise, which have been dictated by necessity on occasion, have been more successful at other times. Once they were booked into a high-class Borscht Circuit resort as "Los Hermanos," an authentic rumba band. With the aid of considerable pseudo-Spanish double-talk on the bandstand, they got away with it. Another time, they were billed as "The Original Oldtimer's Trio from Chicago," and came disguised with fake beards, powdered grey hair, synthetic wrinkles, and an amazing repertoire of old-time songs. To this day, the audience remains blissfully unaware that the eldest member of the sensational "oldtimer's trio" was under thirty-five.

While all this comes under the heading of honest deception and good clean fun, band business is not with-

out its hazards, too. Take the Barry Brothers playing a clambake thrown by the top executives of a nationally-known concern. The picnic lasted several hours, during which the Barry Brothers did their musical best while the guests put away a ton of seafood and assorted liquid refreshments. By the time lunch was over, several of the executives had reached the conclusion that the only way to settle an argument, which threatened to disrupt the party, was to choose up sides and play a baseball game.

Accordingly, the band was given instructions, and the ball game started. Standing right behind the catcher, the Barry Brothers played "Take Me Out To The Ball Game," "In The Good Old Summer Time," and other rollicking tunes. James says he and Paul never hit so many off-key notes as on that afternoon. The pitcher, they dis-

covered, never had learned that baseball and bourbon do not mix. The boys were kept mighty busy dodging wild pitches.

That very same night they played a formal testimonial dinner tendered a high-ranking admiral. The setting was a Long Island mansion, a neat little shanty of some twenty-two rooms. The boys played their most dignified tunes until James, out of sheer boredom, decided to throw in an unscheduled Irish jig just to shake the party out of its lethargy. It worked—perhaps too well. Momentarily forgetting his dignity, the admiral began hopping madly all over the place. It seems the old boy had a drop of Irish in his blood.

Yes, ask any musician, and he'll tell you that band business is screwy—but screwiest of all are the things that happen on club-dates.



Rural Free Delivery

An old Negro had just paid the last instalment on a small farm when the realtor who sold it to him said: "Well, Uncle Joe, I will make you a deed to the farm now since it has been paid for."

"Boss," the old darkey replied, "If it am all the same to you I had much rather you would give me a mortgage to de place."

The realtor, somewhat surprised said, "Uncle Joe, you don't seem to know the difference between a mortgage and a deed."

"Well, maybe not," said Uncle Joe, "but I owned a farm once and I had a deed and de Fust National Bank had a mortgage, and de bank got de farm."



The Magic of "Casey's Creek"

ONE OF THE most interesting stories concerning the hidden powers of radio emanates from WOR's transmitting station at Cartaret, New Jersey. And according to Ed Franke, station supervisor, there is definitely more to radio than meets the ear.

In the vicinity of the station is a small tributary which the radio men have dubbed "Casey's Creek." It seems that different kinds of music cause various electrical frequencies which are transmitted to "Casey's Creek" by the miles of underground wire. When a soprano manages to reach high "C" the fish in the creek suddenly turn over and float belly-up. Apparently a soprano creates frequencies which gives the water a soporific quality. "The fish seem to get paralyzed," says the baffled Ed. "They simply can't move! Just lie there still till the soprano stops her warbling. Then they roll over sleepily and dive for the bottom."

Symphony music has a military effect on the creek's population, causing them to line up snappily as though they were about to execute a close order drill. "Of course they don't really march," admits Ed, sheepishly.

A realistic radio engineer, Ed is nevertheless constantly amazed at radio's hidden powers. Recently a few home owners, living in the vicinity of the station, complained that they heard the station every time their water faucets were turned on. It seems that the water picks up electrical energy as it flows from the faucet to the drain, creating "singing water." Then there was the farmer whose chicken-coop lights wouldn't turn off, resulting in greatly increased egg-production. The hens, thanks to the free current furnished by the radio transmitter were put on a 24-hour shift.

What has really confounded Ed is what radio does for the grass on the station's 33-acre tract. Whatever it is, he opines, it is good, for neighboring farmers jump at the chance to graze their cows there. They claim their cows yield milk twice as rich as that produced by cattle grazing on other pastures!

One day last summer a man was found bathing his feet in one of the ponds on the transmitter property. They approached the trespasser who informed them that the water would be able to cure a bad case of athlete's foot. Upon investigation, it was found that the copper sulphate solution which engineers dump into the pond is a recognized treatment for the ailment.

"Yes," says the affable Ed, "we've got our problems. Who said life is dull around 'Casey's Creek'?"—Malcolm Hyatt.



A golfer trying to get out of a trap, said, "The traps on this course are very annoying, aren't they?"

"Yes," said the second golfer trying to putt, "would you mind closing yours?"

Careful WHO YOU KISS



It's the germs who cause it! Nasty little things.

by DEWITT WILCOX, M.D.

how absurd that sounds when every man of experience knows that if he stopped to take any precautions, he'd *never* kiss! It's only because he gets into a state of absolute blind germ staggers that he wants to kiss at all. It's the germs which cause it—nasty little things!

"A kiss is a secret told to the mouth instead of the ear."—CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

SOME doctors tell us that it isn't sanitary to kiss, but I can't wholeheartedly believe that anybody ever kissed for sanitary reasons anyway. We're told that we may catch the measles or whooping cough if we kiss indiscriminately. I once told my wife that—merely to make conversation, understand. She laughed in a nasty key and hazarded the opinion that measles would be a picnic compared to what I'd catch if ever she found me kissing indiscriminately. She also mentioned that even pinching out-of-wedlock would bring afflictions to dwarf the epizootic diseases. That's when I evolved a little proverb all my own: "There are worse eruptions than measles!"

We are told we must take anti-septic precautions before we kiss;

If our present precautionary trend continues, the time is not far distant when a lover will say to his sweetheart: "Darling, I am going to kiss you." (The sanitation laws requiring him to give her from forty to sixty seconds notice, on an operational frequency). Then, taking a small vial of collodian and a camel's hair brush from his upper left vest (or kissing) pocket, he will gently paint her lips, and his own. Finally, with that palpitation of heartstrings born on high, he may passionately impress a sticky kiss on her collodian. She may return it, provided this does not produce a combined lip temperature greater than 92 degrees Centigrade (as specified in Article 39253, Section C, Paragraph 4-a; Board of Health Kissing Regulations of 1948).

Personally, I'd as soon be Pyramus kissing Thibe through a chink in the stone wall and running the risk of stone bruise or chinkinitis, as to duck

exposure with the collodian type of germ-proof veneering.

Of course, baby-kissing is quite different from babe-kissing. (At a nickel a word, one might as well labor the obvious). Babies have everything to lose by kissing, and nothing to gain. I say, let them wait until they're old enough to decide for themselves whether the bliss is worth the risk, then let them take their chances like

their mothers and fathers before them. After all, how do they think their mothers and fathers *got to be* mothers and fathers?

There's serious doubt that any young man runs greater risk in kissing his wife or sweetheart than he does in eating her cooking. As to the risk which the girl takes, women never have hesitated . . . "where duty calls, or danger."



Questions and Answers

"What is College Bred, Pop?"

"College bread is a four year loaf made from the flavor of youth and the old man's dough."



"Can you describe your assailant, lady?"

"Of course I can—that's what he hit me for."



The woman at the insurance office inquired as to the costs, amounts paid, etc.

"So," she finished, "if I pay \$5, you pay me \$1,000 if my house burns down. But do you ask any questions about how the fire started?" When told that a careful investigation would always be made the woman flounced toward the door in disgust, saying,

"Just as I thought. I knew there was a catch in it."



"Pop, what is a low brow?"

"A low brow, my son, is a person who likes the funny papers, snappy stories, girl shows and the like and doesn't mind saying so."

"And what's a high brow, Pop?"

"A highbrow, my son, is a low brow who won't admit it."



"So you deceived your husband, did you?" asked the judge gravely.

"On the contrary, your honor, he deceived me. He said he was going out of town and he didn't go."

WHAT *Fur*?

What the Astors built an economic empire upon, Missouri does well, too.



by SAM SMITH

HE WAS just an average Missouri farmboy, probably still a student in the consolidated high school the PWA had built a few years ago in the nearby town, but as he came up from the creek in the dusk of the January afternoon he walked in the shadow of the pioneers who pushed civilization's frontier westward across the face of the Louisiana Purchase.

He wore overalls and a denim jacket instead of buckskin, and the rifle he carried under one arm was a single shot .22 instead of the big bore guns of the prairie days. But in his free hand he carried the fresh pelts of a brace of muskrats.

The youth had been running his trap line in the creek which sliced across the back forty of his father's

place. The pelts meant almost four dollars in spending money.

It doesn't matter what his name was for this boy has thousands of counterparts throughout Missouri and much of the nation. Civilization may have pushed entirely across the continent, swallowing the Indians' hunting grounds and smudging rivers with its foul by-products, but the ancient art of trapping goes on just the same in the shadow of big cities and near concrete highways.

Fur means literally millions of dollars each year to the farmers and professional trappers of the United States even in these years when the frontier is just a chapter in history books.

Since the beginning of history, fur has been one of the most important of nature's commodities as far as man is concerned. Then it meant warmth and life to the trapper. Nowadays, it means luxury to its wearers — and money in the pockets of farm boys and professional woodsmen each year.

More than a century and a half ago St. Louis was founded by French traders and that point became one of the world's greatest fur markets. Today it still is a major market for that commodity.

The French traders expanded westward along the rivers and from their trading posts grew cities such as Kansas City and St. Joseph in Missouri. Behind the French moved the bearded,

sharp-eyed American plainsmen and mountain men to search out the beaver sign and swap trinkets with the Indians for bales of fur.

Behind them, in the parade of expansion, went the cavalry and the Stars and Stripes and then it just was a step to the era of settlement with its wagon trains fighting westward against the Indians.

Fur, more than any other commodity, opened the West. Men fought and killed for it, and in the world's glittering cities women preened themselves in its luxury and men prized their high quality beaver hats.

The Astors built an economic empire on it and England spread its hold into the farthest recesses of Canada under the banner of the Hudson Bay company.

When Jefferson bought the territory called Louisiana from France in 1803 for \$15,000,000, he obtained for the infant republic an area of 883,000 square miles. In 45 years of this century, farm boys and trappers of Missouri have taken furs valued at one and one-half times that purchase price from the creeks and ponds of that one state.

The average citizen, with an all too vague knowledge of our national history, associates the era of the fur trapper and mountain men with a vast vacant land and believes that with its settlement we turned to the recesses of Russia, Alaska and Canada for our supply.

Then listen to this: In a six-week-long trapping season in 1944-45 Missouri trappers alone took almost 580,000 pelts, valued at \$807,000. It was

not an unusual harvest. Three years earlier, the state's fur harvest was 583,000 pelts. That was, incidentally, 212,000 more than the territory of Alaska produced in that year. The



pelts from Alaska naturally run higher in value but it is an eye-opener to compare the figures on the harvest.

Missouri, first state carved out of the Louisiana Purchase and "queen mother of the west" in the days when the trails stemmed from Independence and Westport, consequently provides a fair cross section picture of present-day fur production.

Its cities followed the trading posts of pioneer fur men, its settlers moved up the rivers and trails marked by the voyageurs—and today they still are taking fur.

Missouri has an excellent conservation commission which can supply the current picture because it is helping constantly to preserve the furbearers and make possible the continuing harvest.

Another surprising fact is that the best portion of Missouri's fur comes from the northern part of the state, where the corn grows on the rolling prairie just as it does a few miles north in that "tall corn state of

Iowa," rather than from the lonely spaces of the Ozarks which cover a big part of southern Missouri.

The Missouri conservation commission estimates that at least 80 per cent of the state's fur harvest is taken by farmers. They've learned that the ponds they built for stock water provide excellent muskrat water and provides crayfish, mussels and frogs for coons and mink.

The commission keeps a close eye on furbearers. In 1940, after the coon population hit a severe low, the commission and the coon hunters got together, approved a reduced open season, a bag limit and a program of habitat restoration.

That year 11,000 coons were taken. In 1945, a total of 40,000 was bagged.

The same picture applies to muskrats, the state's biggest fur producer. Relief from the drought of the Thirties and improvement and expansion of water areas resulted in a much better population of muskrat.

Stated simply, we still produce millions of dollars worth of fur in this nation yearly because we have learned to cultivate it as a crop, to care for it properly and to permit its harvest

only when it is in prime condition during a short mid-winter season.

What is true in Missouri is true throughout the country. In Kansas, the flat "breadbasket" state of the country, fur is taken annually in all parts and rough estimates indicate that farm boys of that state receive a quarter of a million dollars for their harvest every year.

Missouri's fur figures include no rabbit nor squirrel. In the central region those pelts are not of suitable quality. Last year 11,000 mink were taken in the state, worth about \$10.50 per pelt. In states farther to the north, rabbit and squirrel pelts make up a big part of the annual harvest, North Dakota taking 1,403,233 pelts in 1942 with 1,117,256 of them jack-rabbit hides.

The boy who came up from the creek with those two muskrat pelts learned how to set his traps from his father, and he from his father. Under the methods we have learned to use to encourage furbearers and to preserve them, he'll be able to pass the knowledge along to his son and there'll be game for his rifle and furbearers for his traps.



A farm hand took his girl out for a buggy ride and nine miles out in the country the horse dropped dead. "Oh dear," sighed the girl, "and I am so tired." "Suppose I give you a nice kiss," said the farm hand. "that will put life in you." "In that case," answered his date, "you'd better kiss the horse."

Hitch Your Wagon to a Star

A BRAHAM LINCOLN said: "Friends put me in the White House." William Howard Taft held the three highest positions in the United States—President, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Secretary, State Department — not because of exceptional ability, other men had far greater talents, but because he had learned the knack of getting-on with people.

Would you be successful? Happy? Make an outstanding contribution to mankind?

Discover, at your earliest possible age, your great gift, a talent that is distinctly your own. Everyone has one. Develop the gift and use it to the utmost.

Probe your faults. Face them. Go all out to correct them.

Guard your health; be moderate in all things.

Never flatly contradict anyone.

Never belittle a competitor.

Never yield to a sudden impulse.

Never boast about yourself. Nothing stamps you as ill-bred like self-laudation.

Never shout, not even over the telephone.

Never bore your friends with wearisome tales.

Never make the same blunder the second time. Correct your blunder instantly and resolve never to do it again.

Never intrude on a busy man's time.
Never neglect your personal appearance.

Never delay paying your bills.
Never shift responsibility. Hold up your load.

Never become angry when thwarted.
Never gossip unwisely.
Never overstay your visit. Be alert. Watch for signals.

Never linger at the door.
Never indulge in personalities.
Never boast about how much money you make, how much you spend for this or that.

Never elbow your way past others.
Never use common slang.
Never assume authority.

Never fail to stand up when you should.

Never speak in too loud a voice.
Never force an opinion.
Never interrupt a person speaking.

Never greet strangers with undue familiarity.
Never show impatience when you have to wait.

Never complain about anything, not even the weather.

Remember: to be loved you must be lovable.

—JOHN WARINGTON.



Humiliation is an emotion caused by suddenly shrinking to our normal proportions.



A chip on the shoulder always indicates that there is wood higher up.

FIRST LADY OF THE Theatre

Helen Hayes has an "Oscar"—but she prefers the legitimate stage.

EVEN before Helen Hayes portrayed royalty on the stage as Mary of Scotland and Victoria of England, she has been given the title of First Lady of the American Theatre.

Critics and columnists have been trying for years to bestow the title upon Miss Hayes or Katharine Cornell, because both actresses have been seen by huge numbers of people, possess great drawing power and have done more than anyone else in recent years to keep the theatre alive throughout the country. It is notable that neither Helen Hayes nor Katharine Cornell have shown any interest in the controversy; in fact, both actresses would like to forget that there is such a title.

"Victoria Regina" played 123 weeks on Broadway and in some forty-five cities on a coast-to-coast tour. It did a gross business of over three million dollars. In all but two of the cities, the play broke local box-office records—records which, in every city were to be broken a few years later when Miss Hayes went on tour portraying "Harriet."

In the many years she spent in the theatre—she made her professional debut at the tender age of eight—Helen Hayes has become a past mistress of the art of make-up. Her highly developed technique along



by ABNER KLIPSTEIN

that line, though a minor accomplishment compared to her superb gifts as an actress, has been an invaluable aid in the projection of a wide variety of roles. Her current starring vehicle, "Happy Birthday," is the first role in five years to give Miss Hayes an opportunity to appear in modern dress. One of the most difficult problems in make-up which she has had to solve in her career was that presented by the role of the Queen in "Victoria Regina," in which she had to age from Prince Albert's young bride to the dowager Empress. She achieved such a complete transformation in her facial contours that many in her audiences found it hard to believe that the lovely young girl in the opening parts of the play and the majestic old lady in the final scenes were portrayed by the same actress.

To create a facial resemblance to the Queen in her old age, Miss Hayes

had her dentist make two gutta-percha supports to be slipped inside the cheeks. They were soon discarded because they proved uncomfortable and interfered with the clarity of her speech.

Charles Laughton, the British actor, then suggested the use of half an apple in each cheek, a device he had tried in "Henry VIII." For a while Miss Hayes played the part in this manner but she found that the pieces of apple softened quickly, and she was constantly tempted to swallow part of her disguise.

The final solution was Miss Hayes' own idea. For the rest of the long run of "Victoria Regina" she used two wads of absorbent cotton moistened with a liquid antiseptic.

The stage experience of Helen Hayes, though she is not so old, bridges the period between the extravaganzas of Weber and Fields and the modern theatre.

At the age of eight, she appeared with and under the management of the two famous comedians in "Old Dutch." In the show, too, were John Bunny, Vernon Castle and Ada Lewis, and Victor Herbert conducted in the pit. On the opening night, Lillian Russell and Diamond Jim Brady in all their splendor watched the performance from a stage box. On her way home from the premiere, little Helen blithely skipped up Broadway, making and throwing snowballs as she went.

Since that memorable evening, Miss Hayes' leading men have included virtually all the important actors of

our times, from John Drew and William Gillette to Vincent Price and Louis Jean Heydt.

Some of the plays in which Miss Hayes has appeared include "Clarence," "Bab," "To the Ladies," "We Moderns," "Dancing Mothers," "Coquette," "Petticoat Influence," "The Good Fairy," "Mary of Scotland," "Ladies and Gentlemen," "Candle in the Wind," "Victoria Regina" and "Harriet." She won an "Oscar" for her motion picture performance in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," and followed it with a highly praised performance as the young nurse in "Farewell to Arms." In spite of these successes in films, Miss Hayes has not deserted the legitimate stage. After a lengthy run on Broadway, the star generally goes on a tour of the country.

Miss Hayes' continued loyalty to the stage is partly attributable to movie producers' proclivity for type casting. Now that Miss Hayes has triumphantly played Queen Victoria and the aging Harriet Beecher Stowe, Hollywood understands that she knows how to play old ladies, and she has had some fabulous offers for pictures. One recently was made by a producer who wanted her to play a grandmother. Miss Hayes mildly protested that she was tired of playing old women and would like to do another contrasting role for a change. The movie producer demonstrated that Hollywood too, can be flexible. "O. K." he said. "In this picture we'll make grandma young."

NARROW GAUGE *Popularity*



by WILLIAM ORNSTEIN

UP to a few years before the war much had been said about visual education. Little was done, however, until the war was well under way and then the Army showed what could be accomplished with a well-organized program of narrow-gauge film, principally pictures produced for trainees and the peoples of Europe for whom we had a message of vital importance to get over. There is no question that the messages brought home to the trainee and the peoples abroad were effective. So much so that the numerous interests in the motion picture business who had given up their jobs to make the Army's program a far-reaching one now are destined to keep up the good work and further the educational program with entertainment subjects.

One of the first motion picture executives to launch a 16mm program

Junior width films carrying light and friendship to the entire world.

of educational and entertainment films for exhibition in the remote corners of the World is Arthur M. Loew, president of Loew's International and M-G-M International Films. His plan is to employ mobile units, special trucks with projectors and screens that can be put up on fifteen minutes' notice and show the various types of films in places where theatres do not exist.

The films will be made in the language of the country where they are to be shown. The men who will be in charge of these mobile units, none of whom are American, are being trained for their jobs. They are being brought to the United States from all parts of the world for an eight week course, which includes all phases of production, exhibition and schooling in the handling of projectors under varying circumstances.

Loew was among the important film men who gave up his job to coordinate the Army's program and is convinced that his new undertaking will do more in goodwill for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and the United States than he can ever expect in the way of profits.

Schools, churches and other institutions in all countries that can benefit by the 16mm films to be produced under Loew's setup will also get the

pictures, provided they meet requirements that do not conflict with normal established exhibition marts.

Numerous inquiries already have reached Loew. For instance in North Sweden, where winters are very long, the Swedish government has been anxious to secure a mobile unit to entertain the habitants and have them remain at home manning the mines instead of leaving their cities for other forms of divertisement. Already a Swedish private enterprise, in collaboration with the government, has set aside 500,000 crowns (close to \$100,000) for the purchase of portable projectors.

From Palestine, too, has come a request for the new type education-entertainment unit for servicing farm communities.

Swiss trade unionists want cultural shorts on the United States for their meetings: material on American industry, sociological subjects and on housing. Turkey has also requested educational subjects on the narrow gauge film. Chung-King has asked for such pictures as "Young Tom Edison," "Edison the Man," and others on 16mm for use in schools on a non-profit basis.

The Ministry of Education in France recently voted a special budget for showing of 16mm subjects in 5,700 auditoriums in 1946. The country will produce most of the pictures to be shown, but in addition a number of American subjects which lend themselves to the program the Ministry has in mind also will be exhibited.

Great Britain and Canada have started 16mm educational programs

and are well pleased with the progress made so far.

J. Arthur Rank, who controls most of the theatres and production in



England, some time ago inaugurated special Saturday morning shows in many of his theatres. These morning shows have the specific purpose of showing educational films and touch upon every conceivable subject.

In the United States there are more churches and schools today using 16mm educational films than ever before. Special companies have been formed to produce the types of films preferred by these institutions. Some use devotional and others educational films.

Within the past year approximately fifty independent producing and distributing companies of 16mm films took root in the United States. These companies provide subjects for large industrial firms as well as churches and schools.

Recently formed in New York was the Protestant Film Commission for

the production of narrow gauge films with pledges from Methodists, Southern Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Northern Baptists. Co-operating in the move are the YMCA and YWCA, and other national groups.

Cathedral Films and Audio Visual Devotional Films Aids and Post Picture Corp., the latter with twenty-nine Hymnalogues in its library, has been serving many Sunday schools with specialized subjects.

Many industrial corporations have been employing the narrow width film for educating employes and newcomers. For instance, one large insurance company made a special subject on detecting forged money and counterfeit checks. Lockheed, Boeing, Northrup and Consolidated Vultee

made quite a few shorts on training pilots and engineers. Some theatres have even used the small sized film for training ushers and other personnel.

All in all, the 16mm has become an important instrument in educating the people all over the world, showing them how to live and make life worth living. Insofar as the entertainment angle is concerned the best of the 35mm films have been reduced to the small size since the war and will gain in circulation as new avenues open up with the expansion of the mobile unit idea.

Visual education is a step in the right direction. Bravo to the men who had the foresight to use this means of creating a better understanding among all the peoples of the world.



Things to Remember

If you cannot win, make the one ahead of you break the record.



What the future holds for us depends on what we hold for the future. Hard working 'todays' make 'high winning tomorrows'.



Little girls want an all-day sucker; big girls want one just for the evening.



People who haven't time to stop at grade crossings always find time to attend the funeral.



No rotten stone or cracked beam was ever laid in the edifice of any man's character that he did not put there with his own hands.



Makes no difference what it is, a woman will buy everything on which she thinks the store is losing money.

The Battle of Westport

FEW KANSAS CITY people realize that their peaceful Country Club Plaza district of today was once the scene of the bloodiest battle of the Civil War west of the Mississippi. On this same ground which is today covered by a beautiful and unique business section, Confederate General Sterling Price's army was annihilated by two Union armies on October 23, 1864, just 82 years ago.

After this last battle of the Civil War on Missouri soil, fought when Kansas City was a young river town of only 38,000, Price fled into Arkansas with only tattered remnants of his once powerful army.

Price figured that a break-through in Kansas City would mean the capture of Fort Leavenworth, a move that would cut off the entire west, and might possibly divert troops from the sorely pressed eastern front.

Price's army of 10,000 drove into Fredericktown, Missouri and proceeded up the Mississippi to menace St. Louis. However, a massing of Union troops discouraged that idea, and Price decided to drive west. The Missouri Volunteers, under General Pleasanton, came out of St. Louis in hot pursuit.

As the armies passed Jefferson City, the Federals drew closer to Price and gained strength from the Home Guards pressed into service.

While this was going on the Kansas Volunteers under General Curtis moved an army of 15,000 into Kansas City and Shawnee Mission and prepared for a stand. First action took place at Lexington, Missouri, when Curtis sent a small band of "feelers" against Price. The Union boys were quickly driven back.

In Kansas City a line of earthworks was thrown up along the bank of the Big Blue River, several miles east of the city.

Price drove through and reached a point on the high ground just south of the Plaza. The Kansas army under Curtis took up positions in the valley that is now the Plaza while the Missouri general and his 6,500 troops held forth on a line near Troost avenue.

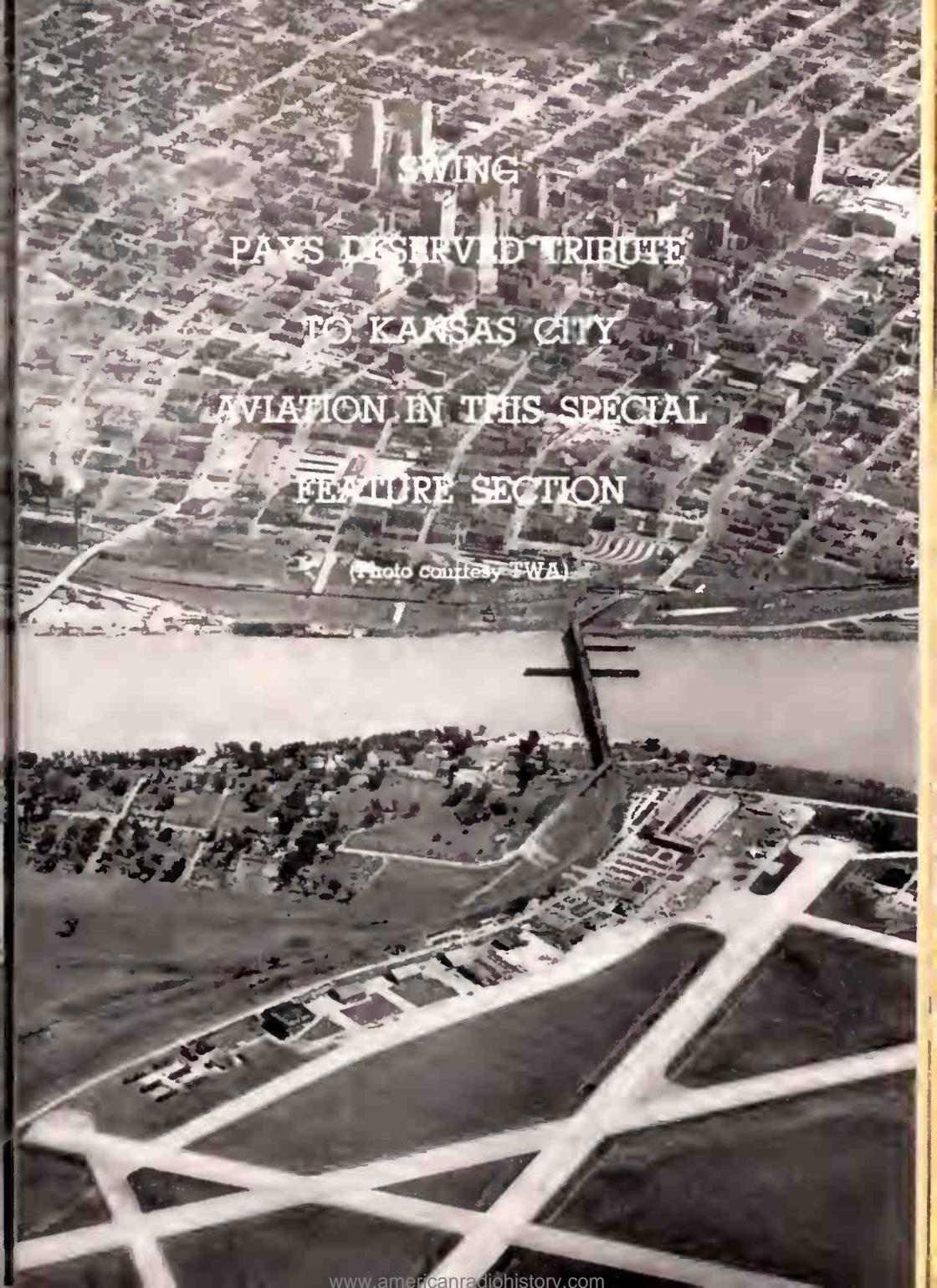
Came Sunday morning, October 23, and Price charged down the hill. In the meantime Pleasanton and his Missourians began a drive from their Troost line. Price succeeded in getting one company north across Brush Creek, but they were quickly driven back, with the Federals following up the hill. Price fell back to 51st, then to 63rd Street, with the Missourians ramming him from the east and the Kansas troops from the north. The retreat became a rout and the roads were clogged with disorganized troops moving south. After dark the two armies broke off and the battle of Westport ended in a complete victory for the North.

Compared to Gettysburg in the East, the battle of Westport ended the Confederates' challenge west of the Mississippi.

An accurate count of casualties in the battle was never made, since Price's army was disintegrated and the Kansas-Missouri forces disbanded.

However, historians estimate that over 1,000 men lost their lives in the three day battle and many more thousands were wounded. —John Harvey.





SWING
PAYS DESERVED TRIBUTE
TO KANSAS CITY
AVIATION IN THIS SPECIAL
FEATURE SECTION

(Photo courtesy TWA)



Swing's

MAN OF THE MONTH

Lou Holland

"In the Beginning"

By R. S. (SWEDE) Knowlson

YEARS and years and years ago, as years have gone in aviation, Louis Edward Holland (Lou to you) was engaged in conversation with the late Henry F. McElroy, then city manager of Kansas City.

As almost anyone might suspect, the conversation had to do with aviation. More especially the talk was about a municipal airport for Kansas City.

"No one but a damn fool would fly," remarked the then city manager. "Why do we need an airport?"

Fortunately Mr. Holland did not feel that way. In justice to all concerned, it also should be related that Judge McElroy—if he really did feel that way at the time—soon got safely over the idea. That is one little bit of history in connection with the Kansas City airport.

But, according to my assignment, this is to be somewhat of an aeronautical history of Lou Holland. I already have told him of that assignment and have warned him he'd better move before it is too late. At first he thought it might be a good idea.

"But on second thought," he added, "I guess I'll stick around regardless.

I've weathered some pretty tough storms in my time and maybe I can stand this one. You're not half as tough as you'd like to be."

All of which indicates that Mr. Holland knows what he's talking about. There are just a heck of a lot of persons who understand that and it is one good reason why today, among many other things, he is the chairman of the mayor's aviation advisory board. It also is why those who hold forth, or hold anything else in the City Hall lend an attentive ear when our Mr. Holland speaks.

The Holland conversation with Judge McElroy did much to bring about a municipal air base for this community. Subsequent Holland conversations with many other men also have accomplished much for Kansas City. Mind you, these accomplishments have not all been in aviation. Far from it.

Of course you've been in the main Kansas City post office building. Who knows? You may even have bought a stamp there. Anyway, somewhere in that big structure is another of those very blasé, but not so subtle inscriptions which says something

about this building having been erected in the administration of F.D.R. An even more fitting inscription would read something like this:

"Lou Holland had this structure assured for Kansas City before the passage of the federal bill which authorized this and other post offices."

Mr. Holland can tell you the story. Yes, and he can tell you plenty more of things done out of aviation as well as in it. But this is supposed to do with Mr. L.E.H. and a smattering of the part he has played here in aeronautical development.

The word "smattering" is used advisedly. For Lou Holland has had a municipally inclined finger in so many aeronautical pies having to do mostly with Kansas City, that it is not possible to cover each in this issue. Without, I think, becoming too enthusiastic, this writer has no hesitancy in stating that the highly important presence of the T.W.A. headquarters base at Kansas City constitutes a distinct monument to the tireless and persistent efforts of L.E.H. for the betterment of this community.

As to how much better incertain ways this community has become because the T.W.A. base is here— Well, consider this: As of almost right now, the air line concern employs 6,283 persons here. That is more than one-third of the total number of persons it employs in its worldwide organization.

It has been estimated officially by T.W.A. that there is an average of three persons for every T.W.A. family at Kansas City. That means there must be 18,849 men, women and children in this city who depend upon

the annual company payroll. And to just what do you think that payroll amounts here? It is in excess of 15 million dollars.

In addition to T.W.A., Mid-Continent Airlines is also based in Kansas City, with general offices in the Wal-tower building. About half of their 1,500 employes are based here. Kansas City is also served by Braniff International, with headquarters in Dallas, and Continental Airlines, flying in from Denver and the west.

It's hard to believe, but between the rising and setting of the sun over Kansas City, there is a total of 170 arrivals and departures of scheduled air liners by four major companies. In addition, there are several hundred non-scheduled flights.



All this of course, keeps the control tower pretty busy, but they handle the traffic like clock work. Since the first of June it has been an airport rule that all planes using the Municipal as a base must be equipped with a radio receiving set. Thus all takeoff and landing instructions are flashed by radio, rather than

the old-fashioned and sometimes confusing red and green lights.

The government weather bureau is operated in the administration building, making it convenient for fliers to obtain weather information first hand. Moreover, the airlines operate their own weather bureaus, and there have been occasions where a pilot had his choice of several predictions.

Although such modern gadgets are a far cry from the pioneer days when Lou Holland and his associates finagled the first air mail run through here, the gadgets are here, and in use. The one we refer to particularly is the "Ground Approach Control Unit," an aid to blind flying.

Probably as you are reading this, T.W.A. check pilots will be checking out their younger and less experienced brethren on the rather mysterious art of blind approaches, landings, and takeoffs.

One side of the cockpit, where the student pilot sits, is completely hooded, thus shutting out all view of the ground. His sole guide to safe landings is a dial on the instrument panel which tells whether or not he is on the glide path. It signals with colors, blue and amber, as to whether he is veering one way or the other. Of course there's more to it than that, but you have the general idea.

As metropolitan airports go, the Kansas City Municipal is a fine layout. The long runway, north and south, stretches out 5,209 feet. The next longest runway is the northeast-southwest strip, which is 5,049 feet long. The east-west runway is something we don't like to talk about. Hemmed in by the Missouri River on

the west and the Burlington, et al., on the east, it is less than 4,000 feet and seldom used by commercial airliners.

However, Lou Holland had this fact in mind years ago and it still holds good today . . . and that is the proven fact that Kansas City's Municipal airport is nearer to the downtown business district than any other airport in any metropolitan city in the United States. And that claim includes Boston, which has an airport nearly—but not quite—as close to downtown.

The number of private operators varies from time to time, but the field is hemmed in with hangars. A recent count revealed that 165 privately owned airplanes are based at the Municipal. Add that number to the daily gist of visiting ships and sometimes it very nearly blackens the sky.

From his office at 816 Locust street, Lou Holland can look out over Kansas City rooftops on this wonderful layout. With the important role Lou has played, he should indeed feel very proud of it all.

Lou Holland has been an aeronautical booster for Kansas City throughout more than a score of years. Today he remains one of the city's, indeed one of the country's, greatest air travelers. His is an abiding faith in aircraft and airlines. His also is an abiding faith in the capabilities of those who fly, not only the airlines, but who fly—period. He knows many of them. Many of them know him.

From where I sit, it seems to me that Kansas City can thank Mr. Holland any time it wishes for the fact that it received its first air mail; that

this city was placed on an air mail route. I once borrowed \$10 from Lou Holland. Whereat he remarked:

"It's the little personal touch that counts!"

It was the "little personal touch" that counted, too, in the matter of Kansas City being placed on its first air mail route. In this case it was applied by Mr. Holland, except that he applied it for Kansas City rather than in his own behalf.

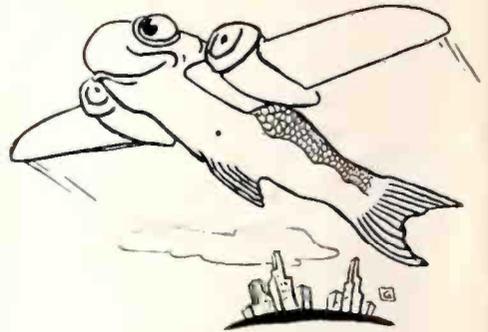
Along about 1924 the Chamber of Commerce had heard that air mail service was to be expanded in these United States. Through the high Holland position in the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, Lou had had many and intimate contacts with officials high in the post office department at Washington. He can tell you the why and wherefore of those contacts if he wishes. I beg to be excused from attempting to do so.

Anyway, because of those contacts, Holland was asked to take up at Washington the matter of air mail for Kansas City. Accordingly, he went to the top of the postal heap, the postmaster general, Harry S. New.

"See Henderson," said New. "He is the second assistant postmaster general. He handles air mail. He developed night air mail. He is the man to talk to."

Holland went to Henderson. The latter was, and is, Col. Paul Henderson, who subsequently became the head of Kansas City's first air transport organization, National Air Transport. Henderson gave to Holland a few valuable pointers on how to go about circumventing a substantial amount of crimson tape. The "little

personal touch" of our Mr. Holland was put to good use. Kansas City's first air mail service was inaugurated May 12, 1926.



It is interesting, I think, in that connection to know that the Holland-Henderson contact of that day in 1924 rapidly warmed into a prevailing friendship.

"And it certainly has been prevailing, hasn't it, Lou?" I asked him a few days ago.

"Yes, it certainly has," he said. "It has been one of the finest friendships, I think, between any two men."

There are not very many things finer than a lasting friendship. Your airport correspondent, sitting quietly on the sidelines so far as this Holland-Henderson friendship is concerned, has seen much of it and certainly has admired, if not envied it. Perhaps the mellowness of oncoming old age (on the part of this writer) adds to that idea, but, whatever the reason, I think the mutual understanding, the tolerance and the will to do for each other between these two men is something worth applying in any relationship.

It is the hope of this writer that whoever may read this will forgive the seeming already mentioned mel-

lowness in regard to Lou Holland. I have had the pleasure of knowing him many years. That is why I had no hesitancy in replying in the affirmative when I was asked to write an item for "SWING" regarding this gentleman.

Lou Holland's interest in aviation goes far beyond his interest in the matter of air mail for Kansas City. Years before his meeting with Paul Henderson he was flying about the world, not because it was essential to his business, but because he believed in air travel as a means of getting from point to point. He believed in it then—about 1920—and he believes in it now.

From all of this do not get the impression that Mr. Holland has not made mistakes. Who hasn't? Remember what the Quaker said:

"Everybody's queer but thee and me and sometimes thee is a little queer!"

The Quaker might have added also that it's better to turn 'round than to turn turtle. Mr. Holland has done just that upon many occasions. It is the smart man, it has been said, who realizes his mistakes and who is governed accordingly. Once having real-

ized his error, Lou Holland has done his own investigating and eventually changed his mind. But invariably the mind-changing process has had to be based upon really worthwhile evidence.

I have no apology to make for this all-too-brief sketch of Louis Edward Holland. Still looking at the character from where I sit, I think he is worth a book. There is not that much space here, of course.

Someday Kansas City may realize just what its potential is in aviation. Today there is little indication that Kansas City does realize that possibility, or, if you prefer, that potential. When it does come to realize just how much of a part it can play in this business of the air, this more or less literary disquieter, who also has had his disagreements with his good friend, Lou Holland, hopes that this community may recognize the part that Mr. Holland has played in this city's aeronautical development.

If, when and how that part is recognized—, well, there will be a permanent monument erected here to the everlasting memory of a man and a gentleman who has done much and said little—Louis Edward Holland.



THE *High* ROAD

- *Bill Gremp says: "Don't tell me you can't fly . . . You can drive an automobile can't you?"*

"The two-control, spinproof, two-place, post-war Ercoupe, in the opinion of its manufacturers, has a more widespread ownership among the consumer class of private owners than any other private plane in the market.

SO spoke the magazine *Private Flying* in its issue of September 23, 1946.

"The rush is on to feed and groom the private airplane. Some 25,000 of these little single-engine planes buzzed in American skies at the start of this year. The total is expected to soar to 100,000 by the end of 1947."

SO spoke the *Wall Street Journal* in its issue of August 29, 1946.

You can accordingly assume that the much heralded Air Age for Mr. and Mrs. Joe Doaks is not just around the corner but is, on the other hand, here today—right in our laps. Leading exponent in the realm of private flying in America is Parks Aircraft Sales & Service, Inc., headed by Oliver L. Parks, eminent aeronautical authority of St. Louis, Missouri. It is significant that Mr. Parks' organization is exclusive distributor for the most modern plane yet designed, the Ercoupe, in seven midwestern states. It is equally significant that Mr. Parks regards his base at Kansas City one of the greatest key operations in private flying anywhere. But behind all of this there is a story.

Up until recent years flying an airplane was always regarded as a Herculean task requiring some espe-

cial talents and bravery. Airplanes at that time were far from foolproof, and before a man could learn to be a pilot, it was necessary for him to be indoctrinated in an extensive period of training, based on coordination between his feet and his hands. For, as you probably know, the average airplane has three principal control media—two of them operated by the hands and one, by the feet. In such a procedure of piloting it has always been—and remains—necessary that the pilot coordinate his aileron and elevator controls (operated by a stick or wheel with his hands) with his rudder control (operated by two foot pedals with his feet).

One thing was needed to remove private flying from the professional to the amateur stage: one thing was needed to convert personal aviation

PARKS AIRCRAFT

Sales & Service, Inc.



BILL GREMP, Vice-President of Parks Aircraft and General Manager of Kansas City Base, discusses the use of an Ercoupe in business with **Mr. Ralph DeVoll**, a Bendix Radio Representative, who covers the United States in an Ercoupe.

into a tangible factor within the easy grasp of Mr. and Mrs. America. That thing was simplification, which brings up the next part of the story.

In 1943, Mr. Parks visited the plant of Engineering and Research Corporation, Riverdale, Maryland, and found that this firm had designed an airplane with simplified controls. It is quite possible that if he had not expressed such a keen personal interest in this airplane, the Ercoupe as we know it today would never have bloomed into full life. Because it was through his enthusiasm for this air-

plane and through the cooperation of the factory that the present-day Ercoupe was marketed.

Thus, a milestone in aviation was reached through the joint efforts of a distinguished manufacturer and a determined leader in aviation. The results can now be studied at first hand. At Municipal Airport in Kansas City, for instance, the Parks organization is represented by one of its extraordinarily capable and far-sighted vice-presidents, Willis D. Grempe. Under Mr. Grempe's supervision, more Ercoupes are taken to the sky every

day. And the people who are flying them are not pilots as such. They are, on the other hand, civic leaders, business men, students, housewives, etc. These people, in turn, are pilots in the sense that they have complete control and extreme confidence in their airplanes; and the pleasure and utility they are currently getting through use of their Ercoupes are things phenomenal to behold.

The reasons are three-fold:

(1) The Ercoupe can be piloted by anyone who can drive an automobile, mainly because of its simplified control and because of the fact that people who operate it are not required to learn coordination; the coordination is, of course, actually built into the airplane.

(2) The Ercoupe is the ultimate in safety, mainly because it is spinproof. It is, for that matter, certified as being spinproof by the United States Government, and it enjoys the distinction of being the only spinproof airplane being delivered today.

(3) The Ercoupe is not only sold, but also serviced by the vast network comprising the Parks organization. This means the Ercoupe is always kept in apple-pie order, and that tremendous service advantages are available for those persons who conduct their operations from a Parks base. Mr. Parks set his standards high and has endeavored to supply the owners of personal planes with every possible aid and convenience.

A trip to the Parks base at Kansas City is more convincing than any words. There the Ercoupe can be examined at first hand. You will find

that because of its tricycle landing gear it is guided on the ground like an automobile. You will find, also, that the Ercoupe can be soloed in a period averaging five hours. After an average of twenty hours of solo in an Ercoupe, a person can obtain a private license, which entitles him to any and all privileges except carrying passengers for money.

By the same token, a further investigation reveals that many hundreds of people within flying distance of Kansas City are saving time and reaping rich rewards in pleasure in their Ercoupes, principally on cross-country flights. Ercoupes go everywhere by that greatest short cut in the world—through the sky.

It is amazing to find out how many small communities have airports, airparks, or landing strips. Recently Mr. Grempe and an official from the home office of the Parks organization toured the state of Kansas, and even they were surprised to learn of the tremendous utility being afforded to farmers and to ranchers through the use of their Ercoupes. To such people the personal airplane has virtually revolutionized their lives.

Typical example is Mr. Bernard Lund who lives near Dodge City, Kansas. He goes from one of his ranches to another about once a week, a distance which is approximately 50 miles by air and at least 65 miles by road. "The air trip generally takes me between 25 and 30 minutes, but the same trip by automobile takes three hours," Mr. Lund declares. "Mrs. Lund and I do all our shopping by air," he added. They shop at Plains, Kansas, 30 miles from his Dodge City



W. D. (BILL) GREMP, Vice-President of Parks Aircraft Sales & Service, Inc., and General Manager of the Kansas City Base.

ranch. At Plains the airport is only three blocks away from the general store. "It is naturally much easier and much faster and much more fun," says Lund. "Also, I am convinced it's safer. Actually, I would rather take a licking than go to town in an automobile over those dirt roads."

Utility and pleasure of the Ercoupe are, of course, not confined to the wide open spaces. Kansas Citians are using Ercoupes more every day for their holiday trips and for business jaunts. From all over the Parks sys-

tem Ercoupes by themselves and Ercoupes in mass flights, journey to such spots as New Orleans, Florida, New York, Wisconsin, etc.

The Air Age is not only here, but it is here for Mr. and Mrs. America. The airplane is taking its place alongside the automobile as a typically American mode of travel. Yet the airplane is newer, faster, and more fascinating than any other medium of transportation. The folks of Parks Aircraft are consequently mighty proud about the role they are playing.



RENT IT AND *Fly!*

*The safe and convenient way
to travel anywhere . . . fly!*

“NO penicillin, please!” cried young Bill Saunders. “For God’s sake, no daring rescues!” Then the 26-year-old president of private flyings’ newest venture, the Saunders’ Fly-It-Yourself System, sat back and theorized.

“That’s the trouble with aviation today. The public thinks of it in terms of hairbreadth happenings. When Eskimos are perishing and the dog-sleds break down, take to the air! That sort of thing. It’s inaccurate.”

“Actually, flying is an attractive, clean, convenient, and economical mode of travel. The Saunders’ System is organized on a strictly business basis, catering to the business, rather than the recreational, flying trade. Businessmen are learning that by flying themselves, or with a charter pilot, they can save time. Time’s money. They can arrange their own itineraries to go and come as they please, independent of regular commercial routes or schedules. Not only that, they like it. It’s pleasant.”

Apparently, young Bill knows whereof he speaks, because more and more Kansas City businessmen are taking to the air on their own. The

Saunders’ System offered various executives sample trips, to prove the practicality of the service, and since then enthusiasm has grown to the point where several corporations are drawing up exclusive contracts with Fly-It-Yourself. Bill is ordering more new equipment to meet their needs, and the companies are guaranteeing a minimum of so many hours or days per month. The exact prices involved were arrived at after considerable experimentation, and are satisfactory to all parties. It’s the Saunders idea to adjust rates to create volume, rather than to make a large profit on a few flights. At the present time, it’s possible to fly a Saunders plane for an average cost of only eight cents a mile, or to charter one with a pilot for only ten cents a mile.

There’s been a lot of talk, lately, about the possibility of arranging a network of stations throughout the nation, where planes could be rented or could be left at the end of a one-way run. But Bill doesn’t hold out much hope for it, because of seasonal changes. His family has been in the automobile renting business since 1915, and they experimented with

one-way rentals. The result was most displeasing, because during the winter all their cars were in the South, and in the summer all their cars were in the North. "If it doesn't work with automobiles," Bill says, "it isn't going to work with airplanes. It might be all right between cities in the same section of the country, but the climate lines will cause trouble."

One of the first services young Saunders offered his clients was a tie-in between auto and air transportation. He arranged for car rental agencies in almost 300 cities to meet Saunders Fly-It-Yourself planes with Drive-It-Yourself automobiles. This is known as licking the transportation problem "from the ground up."

A businessman may be bound for Dallas from Kansas City, with several stops in between. He'll set down first at Chanute, Kansas, say, and step from his plane into a waiting automobile. When his business there is completed, he gets back in the plane and he's off for Coffeyville or Ardmore or Tulsa,—at any or all of which he can have the immediate use of an automobile if he desires it.

The Saunders' System of winged hacks is only in its eighth month, but it's going strong. Nothing amazing about it, according to Bill. "It bears out what the prophets have been saying for years," he comments. "The airplane is the convenient way to travel—anywhere."

BUSINESSMEN FLIERS . . . Ted Brown and R. C. Corbin, executives of the Associated Bearing Company, Kansas City, embark on another "Saunders Fly It Yourself" business jaunt.



MEET MR. *Impossible*

*It can be done unless Blick says it can't—
and he's never yet said that!*

HARRY PUREL, purchasing agent for Trans World Airlines, was having a bad time of it trying to locate a certain obscure part for which company engineers were clamoring. TWA shops couldn't produce the item, and no fabricator would touch the job.

"It just can't be done," Harry sighed. "It's impossible. So—I guess it's another one for Blick." And he picked up the telephone.

Three minutes later he dropped the receiver back in its cradle and reached for a cigarette. "Thank God! Blick says he'll have it ready by eight o'clock. Plenty of time."

And that's an introduction to Herb Blickhan, an unorthodox character who has knocked the "no" out of no-can-do, and has built a worldwide reputation for himself in the knocking. Blick is one of the biggest fabricators of aircraft component parts in America, and is far-and-away the most versatile. He specializes in the hard-to-do; anything that's impossible is right up his runway.

The War Production Board called the Blick Manufacturing Company "the most diversified shop west of Chicago." Certainly their ability and performance are recognized by nearly every airline in the United States and abroad, because orders are on hand from all of them.

It was complete conversion to war production, incidentally, that paved

the way to Blick's postwar success. For years prior to the attack upon Pearl Harbor by the Imperial Japanese Navy, the Blick Company had been steadily advancing to the top in the manufacture of gift and art objects and novelties. They were the nation's third largest manufacturer of these items, and had established a reputation for handling tricky fabrication and assemblage problems. When war came, it was apparent that much of this knowledge and skill was readily translatable for application to the more difficult phases of aircraft manufacture. Accordingly, they were called upon by North American Aviation's modification center to rework tools, dies, and many components of North American Aircraft.

The union of Herb Blickhan's trouble-shooting outfit and the aviation industry was a huge and immediate success. Planes earmarked for service in Russia would suddenly be needed on some Pacific fighter strip in the Torrid Zone, and the climate differential necessitated hurry-up modifications of design. Call Blick. The boys were waiting and the goods had to be delivered. Herb Blickhan never missed a delivery.

So, for over two years, Blick devoted 90 percent of his facilities to pulling North American out of tight cracks. At the same time he was building ramp equipment for the Navy. "Ramp equipment" is a trade phrase used to describe a multitude of



START ONE! . . . Calls the crew chief, and the first engine of the big Constellation whirs. He is standing beside the "chore boy," a mobile auxiliary power plant designed by TWA and completely fabricated and assembled by the Blick Manufacturing Company of Kansas City. The stainless steel unit furnishes power to start engines, pumps water to the plane for passenger use, and contains fire fighting equipment.

items for ground use; such as passenger loading stands, cargo racks, and service wagons of all types. Most of the stuff was routine, but a lot of it just couldn't be made. That's why he got such a kick out of making it. He was the man to see when the chips were down and the situation called for a miracle with a welding torch in his hand.

Since then, Blick has been turning out more and more equipment for the airlines. Two years ago he moved his operations to a plant four times the size of his former location. Now he's erecting an additional two-story build-

ing, mostly to supply the growing demand for air buffet and food service equipment. He is rapidly expanding and cataloging a line of standard items, and he has added to his facilities until he is in a position to handle the needs of any and all airline departments: modifying, designing, engineering, ramp equipment, food and passenger service—the works!

The strange thing is that Blick had made all arrangements to reconvert at war's end, but his airline customers wouldn't hear of it. So now Mr. Impossible is fabricating for flying—to the immense satisfaction of all!

Friendly CHARLEY TOTH

*Shows you the fine points
of the New Navion, Culver.*

IF you happen to be probing around Kansas City's Municipal Airport sometime and your journey takes you to one of the largest aircraft operations on the field, you would know without looking at the big sign over the door that the place is Charley Toth's.

If a fellow walks up to you, puts a friendly arm on your shoulder and joins in the conversation about that gleaming new airplane, that friendly fellow is Charley Toth himself . . . probably one of the most agreeable men in the aircraft business, anywhere.

His graying temples reveal that Charley is not exactly a youngster. His ruddy complexion tells you that he is an active, out-of-doors man. Well, that wind-blown complexion is the result of peeking out from behind the windshield of aircraft in flight. Yes, aircraft dating way back to the old baling wire Jennys of 1919, powered by snorting OX-5 motors. Yes, Charley Toth is a pioneer in Kansas City aviation, and the position he now holds as one of this area's leading operators, was earned every inch of the way.

You talk with Charley and at the same time look over the new post-war airplane, a product of the builders of the famous Mustang, the new North American Navion, four-place personal airplane. You agree, too, that it's a marvelously engineered aircraft.

It will take off in 695 feet and climb at the rate of 830 feet per minute. It cruises at 150 miles per hour at 75 per cent of normal horsepower. It will fly 700 miles on one filling of gasoline, and consume no more per mile than the average automobile.

The Navion is upholstered like an automobile, with plenty of leg room and wonderful visibility. The hatch slides straight back, enabling passengers to get in and out with ease. It is rugged, all metal, and safe as an airplane can possibly be built.

Charley has a Navion demonstrator right now and will gladly give you a demonstration ride, just like he did this visitor. Of course you will ask the same question we did: are they available?

The answer is that North American is one of the largest aviation manufacturers in the world. They built thousands of Mustangs during the war, and are tooled and equipped right now to pour the coal on the Navions. An order now will assure quick delivery.

And while looking around Charley's array of aircraft, our attention became glued on that New Culver, a two place plane at considerably less money than the Navion. The Culver is here, right now, and in numbers. Fliers call it a revelation in easy flying. The secret is the "Simpli-Fly," a gadget which not only thinks, but acts

for the pilot. It adjusts position of the flaps to insure utmost efficiency and safety during the various stages of flight. Once in the air, you fly by wheel alone, just as you would drive an automobile.

The Culver is a rugged, roomy aircraft that will cruise well over a hundred miles an hour and will go 720 miles on one filling of gasoline. Its retractable, tricycle landing gear, makes landing a soft touch.

But Charley has many other airplanes around there, too. Most of them are used for GI and civilian

flight training and are busy the daylight hours around the clock. Toth's is an accredited GI flying school and many GIs have gotten, and are getting, their wings.

However, because of expanded operations, there is still room for the civilian who wants to learn to fly, too.

Is that all? Heck, no!

Charley sells gas and oil, hangar space, aircraft accessories and parts, and maintains a complete service department. Moreover, he operates a charter service to anywhere. What more could you want?

FATHER AND SON . . . Charles Toth, operator of the Toth Flying school, and his 22-year-old son, Jimmy, believe that the new North American Navion is the airplane that will solve the busy executive's transportation troubles. This picture was a "breather" for Charley and the Navion, because the gleaming new, 150-mile-an-hour craft was busy the rest of the day on demonstration flights. Many new orders were written on that day, and since.



THE BEST WAY... *Airway*

*For Airway Flight Service
business is going up, up!*

THESE are busy days for aircraft service operators everywhere, but probably very few are buzzing and zooming like Kansas City's two year-old Airway Flight Service, Incorporated.

In 1944, Flight Service bought two planes and a barracks building at the Municipal Airport, in order to acquire space on the field. The project was largely sponsored by three Kansas City doctors who were aviation enthusiasts, and willing to start on four wings and a prayer. An office was set up and operations begun on a small scale. But under the pleasant, bustling guidance of Karl McAnally, great changes have been wrought. The company has continually progressed and expanded. Today, Flight Service has a large hangar, a suite of offices, training and class rooms at Municipal Airport; and a branch operation at Grandview, Missouri. They have fifteen new Taylorcraft, Cessnas, Luscombs, Sky Rangers, and Rockets, with more on order. They are area leaders in aircraft sales. In addition, their four instructors work a full schedule. And all this in two years time!

For its fine new equipment and tested teaching methods, the school has won the approval of the State of Missouri, the Civil Aeronautics Association, and the Veterans' Administration. Now, by dozens of dozens, civilians and ex-GI's are studying

there to earn private and commercial flying licenses, and instrument or instructor's ratings.

"Quite a number of our students," says manager Karl McAnally, "are businessmen. It's getting to the place where a man thinks of an airplane as standard equipment, like an automobile.

"It used to be that an airplane was a recreational device, but those days are long gone. Flying is still fun; but it's also so safe, so economical and practical, that it has become a primary means of private transportation."

He paused to chat into a recurrently summoning telephone, then continued: "For example, one of our former students bought a Cessna 140 when he completed his training. He's a salesman, and for the first time he used the Cessna to travel his territory last week. Boy, he's certainly sold on it now! In five days he covered the ground which normally requires two weeks by automobile. Instead of spending the week-end in a strange town, he was home by Friday afternoon. He flew the whole distance at car mileage, and figures he saved twenty dollars in transportation costs!"

It happens that the particular salesman Karl described is not alone in his discovery of the airplane as a time and money saver. A number of students are buying their own planes for



GLAMOR HATH WINGS when lovely Betty Curnutte takes to the sky with her new Cessna 140. She's an instructoress at Kansas City's Airway Flight Service, Incorporated, and as competent with the controls as she is with a compact. Popular with her pupils? Put this magazine down, son—you're too young to read!

business use. And the Cessna seems to be the popular choice. It's an excellent performer, an all metal airplane with an 85-horsepower Continental engine. It will climb 680 feet per minute at sea level, cruise across country nicely at something more than a hundred miles an hour, and carry gasoline for four and a half hours in the air—making 400-mile hops just a breeze.

Inside, the plane is tailored for travel. There's a large, roomy cabin, highly soundproofed. The side-by-side seat is deep and comfortable, and allows ample leg room. Behind the seat, a luggage compartment will accommodate two large suitcases, a hatbox, and a couple of briefcases. The plane is

easy to fly, and inexpensive to maintain. In all, the Cessna is ideal for week-end trips, vacations, business, or any other activity that calls for quick, comfortable, cross-country transportation. Airway Flight Service handles Cessnas and several other types of planes, and offers service on all of them.

"We've got plans for the future, too," Karl says. "They're somewhat dependent on things the city does or doesn't do, so we're not ready to talk about all of them yet. But we're not through growing!"

And everyone who has seen the rapid rise of this lively operation will heartily agree. For Airways Flight Service, business is definitely going up!

AN IRREPARABLE LOSS

WHILE I have not been officially notified. I am willing to take the paper's word for it—my poor beloved relative has disappeared.

True, the Ape Man of Java was only a distant relative. But he was one of the few relatives who never sidled around trying to put the bite on us for gall bladder operations. With a dignity befitting his years the Ape Man (or Uncle Jake as we of the family always called him) kept his distance. Most of the time he maintained his residence in Java where, I understand, he was beloved by all in the village.

So I never got to meet Uncle Jake before the Japs swept into Java and swiped Uncle Jake. At the present time, according to the news dispatch, hordes of eager scientists and an army or two of yawning GI's are beating the bushes of the mysterious east in search of the Ape Man.

He should be easily recognized. Uncle Jake is described by all who knew him as a rather stony, lethargic citizen without any clothes on. He has an aggressive, eager expression accord-

ing to his portraits. His teeth stick out as though he is just on the verge of biting a hunk out of a mastodon.

Furthermore, the Ape Man is ossified like a deb at a cocktail party and petrified like a congressman's brains.

Then, too, this beloved relative of mine is getting along in years. According to the school books which I cracked now and then in my salad days, Uncle Jake was at his prime in the days of the pterodactyls. It is believed that some time back there in his flamboyant youth the Ape Man got drunk and fell into a bank of clay. He was still plastered when some scientist dug him out of the ditch about a hundred years ago.

But alas, after weathering the storms of the intervening centuries, the Ape Man of Java finally has vanished completely.

The scientists who are conducting the posse for Uncle Jake say it is presumed the Ape Man of Java is dead.

The family requests that flowers be omitted.

—Carl Revere.



So You're a Bowler!

Did you know that the game of "tenpins" was originally a game of "nine pins"? The first covered alleys used nine pins set in diamond form, but during the first part of the nineteenth century the game was prohibited by law. To circumvent the restrictive legislation a tenth pin was added, thus establishing the game as we know it today.



FLY AT *Low Cost*

by TIM SCANLON

*You need not be a millionaire's son
to fly today! Join a "flying club."*

A GI friend of ours who had flown as an unenthusiastic passenger among gasoline barrels aboard a C-47 wheezing over the hump from India to China, came out of the army saying he was filled up with flying way up to here! He vowed that his future aerial junkets would be aboard elevators only.

Back in blue serge, he picked up where he left off as a radio announcer with no thought of the air except as measured in kilocycles.

However, around the radio station, he made with fellows and gals who were interested in flying. One already had his license and three others were taking instructions under the GI plan.

One Saturday afternoon he found himself at the airport, unwillingly of course, fondling the controls of a new Aeronca Champion. The next Monday he was at the Veterans Administration office getting his papers in

order, and before the end of the week he already had in two hours of dual instruction.

It was no time at all until the former GI had soaked up his \$1,200 credit and was possessing a private license and nearly one hundred hours in the air. Not being in the upper salary bracket, he found that shelling out \$10 to \$20 each week-end for flying was not a pleasant experience. Moreover, Mama, who was sitting home knitting little duds, couldn't reconcile that amount of dough each week with impending expenses.

And then one day our friend got acquainted with a member of a large flying club, 30 members. He found that it cost \$200 to enter, \$7 a month regular dues, plus \$3 per hour flying time.

Well, the fella went out and corraled some extra work, electrical transcriptions and the like, with the

net result that the \$200 was accumulated with no hardship on the prospective family. He found that he could afford the \$7 a month and \$3 per hour very easily. In fact, many people spend that much in front of bars. Some, more.

The club he joined has an Aeronca Champion, an Aeronca Chief, an Interstate Trainer and a new four-place Stinson 150. With that number of planes our friend has never had to "sit it out." There has always been a plane available and more often than not, the plane he wanted.

The club has a nice cross-country plan, too. The member pays \$5 per day plus gas and oil, going as far as he cares to go, with no limitation on number of days. Such an arrangement probably ranks with hitch-hiking for low-cost transportation.

There are 40 or 50 such clubs around Kansas City and a variety of deals for getting in. Some seem to be better than others.

And then right away somebody brings up the subject that everybody can't enjoy the privileges of a GI—learning to fly gratis.

The answer to that one is that any normal person can learn to solo an airplane for \$100 or a little less. After solo a fella is ready to join a club.

From then on he can take check time from any licensed instructor, and mosey right on through to his private license.

Speaking of good flying deals, five boys living near Hortonville, Wisconsin, have one of the best. They bought a Cub trainer and planted it on the farm of one of the members. They got together a couple of Sundays and graded some runways. Next they built a wooden T-hangar out of odds and ends. An instructor came out from a nearby city once a week and they all learned to fly. Now they charge themselves \$2 per hour for use of the plane and have enough money in the "pot" to pay for operating expenses, periodic checks and complete insurance coverage.

However, there are many fliers who can hardly steal enough time from business to keep up their flying technique. Maybe it's half an hour a week or an hour a month for them.

The answer to such problems can be provided by the regular aircraft service operator who makes a business of renting planes at nominal prices.

It all seems to boil down to the fact that if you really want to fly, there are ways it can be done without murthering your pocketbook, or working hardships on yourself, the boss, or anybody.



Chicago Letter . . .

by NORT JONATHAN



ONE of those amazing tangles that only lawyers and realtors, aided and abetted by the courts, can think up is currently occupying front page space in the Chicago papers. The stories highlight the difficulties between Roosevelt College, which has been skimming along in temporary headquarters, and one Abraham Teitlebaum, a windy city landlord and landowner for many years.

Roosevelt versus Teitlebaum explains something like this: The college, with a large financial assist from the Rosenwald Foundation, purchased the old Auditorium Hotel building, more lately the home of Mayor Kelly's Servicemen's Center Number Two, only to make the unhappy discovery that Mr. Teitlebaum owns part of the building. It seems that Mr. T. owns that part which adjoins his Fine Arts building—and won't sell for what the college considers a reasonable sum. Mr. T. owns part of the Auditorium Theatre stage and half the dressing rooms. He owns the heating plant, but the college owns the smokestack and the elevators. Mr. T. has shut off his part of the building by erecting a fence across the corridors on every floor. The college wonders what it can do with a stage minus orchestra pit and most of the electrical equipment. They're on Teitlebaum property. The local legal eagles are having a field day unscrambling this merry real estate mess.

Alas, last month's Chicago Letter was too hasty when it announced that the excursion tub, City of Grand Rapids, was being converted into a floating hotel to help ease the hotel situation. Commodore Tom McGuire, the upper Michigan Avenue shipping magnate, was unable to devise a satisfactory plan for heating the old girl without chopping numerous costly holes in the decks. So the Grand Rapids sadly waddled across the lake to its usual winter hibernating spot in St. Joseph, Michigan. The boys and girls on Adver-

tising Row will have to struggle along without 250 midget-sized staterooms within staggering distance of the Wrigley Building bar and the New Horizon room of the Continental Hotel.

Unfortunately crowded conditions are not confined to the hotels. If you read the recent article "What's Wrong With the Airlines" in Fortune Magazine, you'll know what a sad place Chicago's air terminal is these days. The crowds sitting and standing (mostly standing) all have the look of having been there hopelessly waiting for a plane since the end of the war. The clusters of servicemen hoping to get space on the last possible plane back to duty have been replaced by tired mothers and crying infants.

If you're an animal (especially an expensive one) the treatment is much better. Three reporters, two photographers, three publicity men, and numerous airline officials of varying rank and boredom recently were on hand to greet the arrival by United Airlines Cargoliner of a blue-blood Guernsey cow and calf on consignment to the Curtiss Candy Company's farm at Cary, Illinois. This was a new version of the old "cow jumped over the moon" jingle. Enough of one anyway to interest the newspapers. The only excitement came when it was discovered that Bossy had thoughtfully consumed and digested almost the entire contents of a box of orchids being sent to a girl in New York by a romantic swain on the west coast. This posed something of a problem: (a) Was the airline or the owner of Bossy responsible for the loss? (b) How to replace the orchids without

giving away the loss, since Bossy had also eaten the accompanying card.

The town has broken out in a rash of fashion shows. Most of the hotels with swank eating and drinking rooms have come forward with at least a show a week, and a couple of the nightclubs have announced similar plans. This sabotage against Papa's bank account has proceeded to the point where its not safe to let feminine members of the family out at night. Whether sponsored by the State Street stores or by the bistros, the shows parade the latest and most expensive creations in the most locally glamorous surroundings.

The models for all these shows are provided by the greatest collection of so-called agencies and schools since John Powers got into the limelight. Apparently the supply of Chicago girls who want to become models (whether or not they have anything approximating the talent and curves needed) is practically inexhaustible. The modeling school has replaced the radio school as the number one get-rich-quick scholastic idea. In fact, only one model agency in town doesn't have some kind of school gimmick attached to it—Connie and Al Seaman's Models Bureau. Connie claims that she can teach any girl who has what it takes how to be a successful model in five or six hours—free. And that's exactly what she did with the girl who was one of Chicago's top models for two years—a young lady from Rockford, Illinois, named Barbara Hale, who hasn't been doing so badly in the movies lately. Connie Seaman discovered her while waiting for a Sheridan Road bus.

These days its a long wait between husses, incidentally. The cowboys who pilot the double-decked "Queen Marys" that lumher over Chicago's streets and boulevards are out on strike as this is written.

Ditto the motormen and ticket-takers on that creaking electric interurban line, the Chicago, Aurora, and Elgin. It is better known however as the "Horror and Elgin" or just as the "rancid transit." The line, which apparently hasn't made a dime in years, may be scrapped if the boys can't get together. This transportation trouble, even if continued into November, shouldn't bother the visitor from out of town. The bus strike does not seem to have added much to the usual transportation jam on the street cars and elevated lines—and it seems as though most of the discharged G.I.'s in town who could buy a second-hand car have gone into the taxi business. A casual survey would indicate that veteran cabs now outnumber Yellow and Checker cabs considerably.

Radio actors who have found their source of livelihood snatched away to New York and the west coast are finding a new source of income at the six or seven important commercial film studios in and around Chicago. The largest of these Wilding Pictures, occupies the old Essanay studios on Argyle Avenue. Here years before Hollywood became the glamour capital of the world, such oldtimers as the Keystone Cops, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, and Charlie Chaplin made the one reel comedies which launched their careers and made Essanay famous. During the war, Wilding, like most other commercial producers, was tied up with hush-hush government production. But now that commercial films are going strong again fifty to a hundred actors a day emote before the cameras. "Ham" has moved from the stockyards and the broadcasting studios to the commercial movie lots.

November 1st means that the hockey fans come out of hiding and make for the Chicago stadium and their precious Blackhawks. Mayhem on ice takes over the sport scene.



Responsibility means growth for the wise man, inflation for the simpleton.

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

by MARION ODMARK



Chi-Chi

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

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

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

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Rand. 7500). Hilton ownership is enhancing the tradition of this loop landmark with remodeling now under way. Reopening around the holidays.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (Har. 3800). Spacious and airy Avenue favorite for cocktails and dinner-dancing.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 3300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). Terraced magnificence, most sizable dance floor, large, string conscious orchestra under the baton of Stephen Kisley and a Dorothy Hill revue of color and originality.

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

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

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

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph near LaSalle (Cen. 0123). A pleasant, hospitable scene—excellent cuisin—and neat but petite floor shows.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). Imperialistic charm in the Boyar Room, the rustic theme in the lounge, excellent Russian delicacies in both and gypsy airs by George Scherban's ensemble. Host is that character of all characters, Colonel W. W. Yaschenko.

Star Shows

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

★ Variety revues, with comedian, the customary dance team, singer and addenda dancers at **COLO-SIMO'S**, 2126 S. Wabash Avenue (Vic. 9259) . . . and **VINE GARDENS**, 614 W. North Avenue (Div. 5106).

Light Fantastic

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

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

Scene Changers

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

★ Miscellaneous interior magic of Old English vintage at **IVANHOE**, 3000 N. Clark Street (Gra. 2771) . . . French Victorian majesty at **L'AIGLON**, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070) . . . Bavarian setting of Eitel's **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph Street (Fra. 1892).

Dining Tips

★ **AGOSTINO'S**, 1121 North State Street (Del. 9862), for spaghetti and spumoni . . . **STEAK HOUSE**, 744 North Rush Street (Del. 5930), for all cuts of you know what . . . **BLUE DANUBE CAFE**, 500 West North Avenue (Mic. 5988), for heavy Hungarian feasting . . . **SINGAPORE**, 1011 Rush Street (Del. 0414), for wonderful barbecued ribs . . . **KUNGSHOLM**, 631 Rush Street (Sup. 9868), for superb Scandinavian dining and puppet-recording operas . . . **885 CLUB**, 885 Rush Street (Del. 0855), for gourmet dinners and unusual selections . . . **IRELAND'S**, 632 N. Clark (Del. 2020), for fifty varieties of seafoods . . . **TRADE WINDS**, 867 Rush Street (Whi. 9054), for quality steaks and chops . . . **A BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1015 Rush Street, (Del. 1492), for abundant smorgasbord . . . And for chop suey and all its derivatives: **HOUSE OF ENG**, 110 East Walton Place (Del. 7194). **HOE SAI GAI**, 75 W. Randolph Street (Dea. 8505), and **THE NANKIN**, 66 West Randolph Street (Sta. 1900).

Burleycue

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

Legitimate

★ "STATE OF THE UNION" at the Blackstone, 7th near Michigan. Judith Evelyn, James Rennie and Neil Hamilton divide honors in this timely political play.

★ "HARVEY" at the Harris, 170 N. Dearborn. It's Joe E. Brown as the playmate of the six-foot plus invisible rabbit.

★ "DREAM GIRL" at the Selwyn, 180 N. Dear-

born. Judy Parrish is the title in this dream of a play.

★ "I REMEMBER MAMA" at the Studebaker, 418 So. Michigan. Mady Christians and a superb company dramatize John van Druten's success that ran two years on Broadway.

★ "FOLLOW THE GIRLS" at the Shubert, 22 W. Monroe. Gertrude Niesen stars in a robust musical of pretty lavish proportions.

★ "SWEETHEARTS" at the Opera House, 20 N. Wacker Drive. Limited engagement of the Victor Herbert operetta with Bobby Clark.

★ "HAMLET" at the Erlanger, 127 N. Clark. beginning Nov. 25. Maurice Evans' G.I. production of the Shakespeare favorite.

Ice Show

★ "ICE FOLLIES OF '47" at the Chicago Arena, Nov. 1-17, the handsome Shipstads' and Johnson's famed spectacle on ice.



Ports of Call from All Over

What's YOUR Favorite?

How about putting in the good word for your favorite Port of Call, no matter where it is—in any town, state, or country?

Beat out a blurb about that Greasy Spoon in Vulture Gulch—the one with the atmosphere and the blue plate special . . . or that exclusive saloon *en grande tenue* in Butte, Montana, or Rio de Janeiro.

Tell us something about the food, the service, the decor, the entertainment, the people who run the place and the people you meet there. Also

the address—and the phone number if you happen to know it. SWING readers do get around. And the next time they land, SWING-in-hand, in Trinidad, Winnipeg, or on Third Avenue, they'd know just where to go, thanks to your directions.

Dash off a description in one hundred words or less—preferably less. Send it to SWING, 1120 Scarritt Building, Kansas City 6, Mo. For each Port of Call printed, SWING will send you one buck—enough to buy yourself a drink next time you visit your favorite Port of Call.



We never used to be able to find granny's glasses, but now she just leaves 'em where she empties 'em.

There isn't much to be seen in a small town, but what you hear makes up for it.

New York Letter . . .



by LUCIE BRION

MANHATTAN is still on the sick list . . . strike fever. Although the hotels are filled to capacity and the streets crowded, there is a general feeling of unrest. The average man in the street is muttering in his beer, "Nobody wants to work anymore." Even though some strikes are settled, or partially so, new ones break out. And each affects in some way the city as a whole. Current rumors say that nothing will be really settled until after the November elections: so Manhattanites are putting up with ridiculous shortages and inconveniences in the hope that this may prove to be true. Certainly that post-war boom that we all looked forward to has taken some severe body blows . . . and its likely to take the count if the confusion of purpose and lack of production isn't cleared up within a very short time. No store here will take an advance order on anything and the merchandize on hand is a pretty sorry looking sight. The traffic problem, one that is at least tangible, is trying out a new wrinkle . . . no parking from nine till five from way down town up to fifty-ninth street.

Report on the success of this plan later. Any regulation which will ease traffic congestion will be welcome.

Fish and fowl, fish and fowl, plain or disguised, . . . that's the tune of restaurants. If, occasionally, there is red meat on the menu one has to get there early. It doesn't last long. One small restaurant, when able to list meat, offers it as "The Real McCoy" in the hope that too many people won't catch on too quickly and thus avoid a stampede. One of the most delightful little restaurants in Manhattan is the Newport, Eighteen East Sixtieth, where even the most banal food is so attractively cooked that one can forget it's the same old thing. Newport is very tiny and very popular with Manhattan regulars so its essential to make a reservation.

The Seeing Eye is about to swing into its annual campaign. It's a very quiet sort of campaign but, due to its fine record and fundamental need, it seldom runs into any opposition. When the Seeing Eye dogs perform in Rockefeller Plaza to encourage new sponsors, crowds gather, and there is always a noticeable hush as they watch. The dogs are unbelievable in their caution and understanding. They won't even let their master walk under an awning for fear of hitting his head. Needless to say, the dog and his master are welcomed everywhere no matter the regulations about "No Dogs Allowed." And the very sight of the pair make everyone pause in sympathy and admiration. All donations are asked for by mail . . . but there isn't much doubt about the campaign going over.

There is a new way of asking for an airline ticket at the last minute . . . ask for a "No-Show." As with most new expressions, this one has been taken up in force **NO, THERE'S NO SHOWS TODAY!** by the younger generation. The idea behind the approach is this: a great many government officials and important business executives make a series of reservations on a certain day or evening so that they can get out of town despite any snags or unforeseen, lengthy conferences. Being able

to use only one reservation at a time it leaves the other suddenly available. These "No-Shows" may also be the result of a change of mind on the part of just plain people but . . . anyway . . . its the thing to ask for. And the best place to be when asking for a "No-Show" is AT the airport.

For a great many years there was a little racing boat on Long Island Sound called The Fanny Dunker. In reporting news of the races all papers in Manhattan referred to the little boat by its full name. That is, all papers but the New York Times. Holding steadfastly to its policy of "All The News That's Fit To Print" the Times always referred to the boat as "The Dunker."

Seen and heard at the swank Colony, Sixty-first and Madison . . . a woman be-decked and be-jeweled, with two large Birds-of-Paradise on her hat (something one always connects with Grandma or smuggling) saying to her five dining companions: "No matter what you say, he's till a stinker."

More and more Manhattanites are buying homes in Bermuda. With that fair spot now only an easy two-hour hop away the Pan-Am airlines are practically run-

ning a commuting system. After all, measured by time, Bermuda is no further away than Philadelphia. At present the hotel facilities there are not equal to the demand but no doubt this demand will create a building boom in the near future.

Finding an unfurnished apartment here, and furnishing it, are two separate things entirely. If one is lucky enough to find a home spot in the first place, one is stumped by how to live in it in the second. For instance: drapes take from two months on to have made . . . and that's providing one can find some just passable material; furniture is terribly scarce with no promise on delivery; rugs, with the exception of orientals, are impossible with a six to eight month wait for delivery. By the time one could make the little home inviting it would be time to move again. Most everyone is sticking right where they are . . . furnished or unfurnished . . . and the rental offices consider a new turn-over cause for celebration. No let-up in sight for at least a year.

South American travel is ready to boom in a big way . . . it's just beginning spring down there . . . all waiting for the strikes to settle down. And so it goes . . .



Definitions

A real executive is a man who can hand back a letter for the third typing to a red-headed stenographer.



No power is strong enough to be lasting if it labors under the weight of fear.



The best place to find a helping hand is at the end of your arm.



A rich man is one who isn't afraid to ask the clerk to show him something cheaper.

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

by JEANNE TAYLOR



For Festive Fun

★ **ADMIRAL.** For oysters, shrimp, fish, and chowder—plus big baked potatoes. There's a bar, too. Open daily from noon. 250 W. 57th St. CI 7-8145.

★ **AMBASSADOR GARDEN.** Leafy, quiet, and pleasant. Jules Lande's sedate music for dancing. Park Avenue at 51st St. WI 2-1000.

★ **ASTOR.** There's that bar where everyone meets and up in the Columbia Room Sammy Kaye makes with the schmaltz. Times Square. CI 6-6000.

★ **BEEKMAN TOWER.** Romance on the East River, in the tiny and congenial Elbow Room, 26 floors higher you'll find good food, moderately priced. First Avenue and 49th. EL 5-7300.

★ **BILL'S GAY NINETIES.** English, Irish, and American ballad singers do a continuous routine in the manner of the Mauve Decade. "I Had a Hat" and "The Night That Paddy Murphy Died" go an easy 50 choruses a night—by request. The atmosphere is loud, lively, and guaranteed to keep any party going. 57 E. 54th St. EL 5-8231.

★ **BLUE ANGEL.** A long and pleasant evening with the town's top supper club entertainers. Good food, too, but no dancing. 152 E. 55th St. PL 3-0626.

★ **CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** Always reliable entertainment and distinguished music at the Josephsons' spot just off Park Avenue. Minimum, \$3.50. 128 E. 58th St. PL 5-9223.

★ **CARNIVAL.** A busy, barny place. There's a trapeze act and Milton Berle, who also does nip-ups for laughs. Dancing by the paying guests. Eighth Avenue at 51st St. CI 6-4122.

★ **CHRIST CELLA'S.** A down-and-under spot where shirtsleeved waiters serve some of the world's finest food. Chops, steaks, lobsters, and slabs of roast beef in no uncertain terms, while little carts of chopped parsley and sauces trundle among the tables. 144 E. 45th St. MU 2-9557.

★ **COPACABANA.** A huge show and two orchestras (one Latin, of course), all doing business at the same familiar stand. 10 E. 60th St. PL 8-1060.

★ **DOWNBEAT CLUB.** A 52nd Street storefront: long, low-ceilinged, and little. But great, big music that's well-worth the hearing. 66 W. 52nd St. EL 5-8773.

★ **EDDIE CONDON'S.** The old Howdy Club in the Village has had a face-lifting and is now jumping to the music of jazzdom's outstanding hot guitarist, abetted and accompanied by other big names in swing. 47 W. 3rd St. GR 3-8736.

★ **EL CHICO.** Cozy, cheerful, and pleasantly pseudo-Spanish in atmosphere and music. 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Square. CH 2-4646.

★ **EMBASSY.** Vaudeville still lives at the ornate Embassy, where there are two kinds of dance music and a show reminiscent of the old Palace. 149 E. 57th St. PL 3-8435.

★ **HELEN LANE'S RESTAURANT.** New England has come to Greenwich Village, and is doing nicely, thank you! Scrubbed oak, burnished copper, and superb food. Lunch from 85 cents, dinner from \$1.50. Closed Sundays. 110 Waverly Place, off Washington Square.

★ **LEXINGTON.** All "island" music in the Hawaiian Room, plus a shapely Hawaiian revue. Oahu was never like this! Dining Sundays, but no entertainment or dancing. Lexington at 48th St. WI 2-4400.

★ **LEE CHUMLEY'S.** An inexpensive and interesting restaurant in the Village, rife with atmosphere. Gamesters around an open fireplace, that sort of thing. 86 Bedford. CH 2-9512.

★ **MONKEY BAR.** They sing them dirty and sometimes funny at this uptown bistro where waiters and barkeeps join in on the tag-lines. Fun for the uninhibited and the slightly crooked. 60 E. 54th St. PL 3-1066.

★ **MOTHER LEONE'S.** Stellar food, both Italian and American. Everything is wonderful, but especially the anipasto, shrimp sauce, and spumoni. There's neat, inobtrusive piano in the background, and nearly anybody at all at the next table. 239 W. 48th. CI 5-5555.

★ **NICK'S.** No dancing, but wonderfully hot music by Miff Mole, Mugsy Spanier, PeeWee Russell, and others of the ilk. It's a popular nightcap rendezvous for the younger set. Seventh Avenue at 10th St. CH 2-6683.

★ **OLD HOMESTEAD RESTAURANT.** This former "men only" eatery down in the market section now allows ladies to dine. It's a privilege, because the steaks are gorgeous and the prices half those of better known restaurants. 56 Ninth Avenue. CH 3-3346.

★ **RUSSIAN YAR.** Balalaikas, beef Stroganov shashlik, dagger dancing, and blintzes where Muscovites gather for bilingual fun. 38 W. 52nd. EL 5-9746.

★ **STORK CLUB.** Sherman Billingsly's much-discussed play pen, from the movie of the same name. Beware columnists in your Vichy-soisse! 3 E. 53rd St. PL 3-1740.

★ **SPIVY'S ROOF.** As always, Spivy headlines her own show with musings on the lives and loves of Manhattanites. 139 E. 57th St. EL 5-9215.

★ **TOOTS SHOR.** Deservedly, one of the town's best known food palaces. Steaks and roast beef are the specialties, but you just can't go wrong. Entrees from \$1.60. Open Sundays at 4 p.m. 51 W. 51st St. PL 3-9000.

★ **WEDGEWOOD ROOM.** Two orchestras against the swank background of the Waldorf-Astoria. There's a two buck cover charge after nine. Park Avenue at 49th St. EL 5-3000.

★ **WHALER BAR.** Atmosphere from the days of wooden ships (iron men), and as salty as a six months' cruise. Lunch ala carte. Madison at 38th St. CA 5-3700.

★ **VERSAILLES.** Fine food, music, and entertainment. All very lush and rather expensive. Minimum \$2.50 weeknights, \$3.50 weekends. 151 E. 50th St. PL 8-0310.



New York Theatres

(Names and telephone numbers listed at the end)

P L A Y S

★ **A FLAG IS BORN.** (Adelphi) A propaganda pageant advocating resistance against England in the Jewish homeland. Super acting by Luther and Celia Adler, and we guess the show does what is expected of it, although it is overwrought in spots. Evenings except Monday at 8:35. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 2:35.

★ **ANNA LUCASTA.** (Mansfield) A problem drama about a errant girl redeemed by true love, played by an excellent all-Negro cast. Meticulously directed by Harry Wagstaff Gribble. Evenings except Monday at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ **BORN YESTERDAY.** (Lyceum) A sharp, sly, yet serious play written and directed by Carson Kanin. About a bland ex-chorine who is subjected to some "Pygmalion" treatment by a "New Republic" writer. Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **CYRANO DE BERGERAC.** (Alvin) An excellent revival of the Rostand classic and some good acting by Jose Ferrer, Ralph Clanton, Frances Reid, and Paula Lawrence. It seems to have the earmarks of a hit. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **DEEP ARE THE ROOTS.** (Fulton) A challenging, controversial play about race prejudice in the South. Fine direction, excellent acting, with Frances Waller, Gordon Heath, Edith Atwater, Edwin Jerome and Theodore Newton. Evenings except Monday 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ **DREAM GIRL.** (Coronet) Elmer Rice's play concerns a young girl who almost but not quite substitutes day-dreaming for real life. Superb production and fascinating sets by Mielziner. With June Havoc, Edith King, Richard Midgley and large, good cast. Evenings except Sunday at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **DUCHESS OF MALFI.** (Barrymore) A spine-chilling murder mystery by John Webster, with a cast of Elisabeth Bergner, Donald Eccles and John Carradine. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **HARVEY.** (48th St. Theatre) A delightful comedy fantasy about a genial booze hound and his six-foot invisible rabbit. Beautifully played by Frank Fay and others. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **ICEMAN COMETH.** (Martin Beck) A new play by Eugene O'Neill produced by the Theatre Guild. Cast includes James Barton, Dudley Digges, Carl Benton Reid and Nicholas Joy. Because of its length, play starts at 5:30 p.m. nightly except Sunday. Intermission, 6:30-7:45.

★ **LOCO.** (Biltmore) A Dade Eunson-Katheline Albert comedy with Jay Fasset, Jessie Busley and Elaine Stricht. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **LIFE WITH FATHER.** (Bijou) Immensely amusing dramatization of Clarence Day's book, particularly about how Father got baptized. With Donald Randolph and Mary Loane. Evenings except Monday at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ **LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN.** (Cort) Oscar Wilde's classic play with Cornelia Otis Skinner, Harry Daniell, Penelope Ward, Douglas Loudon, John Buckmaster and Estelle Winwood. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **LYSISTRATA.** (Belasco) Revival of the Aristophanes farce with an all-Negro cast including Etta Moten, Rex Ingram and Fredi Washington. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **MR. PEEBLES AND MR. HOOKER.** (Music Box) A new play by Edward Paramore with Howard Smith, Rhys Williams, Jeff Morrow and Dorothy Gilchrist. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **OBSESSION.** (Plymouth) An able successor to Hidden Horizon, which, it seems, didn't go too good and had to close. Basil Rathbone does fairly well as a husband with a past marriage to a woman in love with her "godfather." The sparks fly thicker and thicker. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **O MISTRESS MINE.** (Empire) A sophisticated comedy in the very best Lunt-Fontanne tradition. About an English cabinet minister and his mistress whose affair is almost wrecked by a serious adolescent. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **STATE OF THE UNION.** (Hudson) Probably the best laughs in town. Lively, timely and telling comedy-drama concerning a liberal industrialist who takes to politics, and with a wife who likes to tell



the truth too well for her husband's own good. Evenings except Sunday at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco) John Van Druten's skillful play about a girl who entertains a sergeant on a weekend pass. Beatrice Pearson, Alan Baxter and Vicki Cummings are the whole show. Evenings except Sunday at 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

MUSICALS

★ **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (Imperial) An exceptional musical about sharp-shooting Annie Oakley and her life and times with Buffalo Bill. Engaging tunes and lyrics by Ethel Merman and Ray Middleton. Interesting dance sequences by Tamiris. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **CALL ME MISTER.** (National) Extremely entertaining hit in the revue category. Skits, sketches and songs woven about theme of the returned veteran, but not limited to him in appeal. Harold Rome's songs are worth the price of the show alone. Evenings except Sunday at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

★ **CAROUSEL.** (Majestic) Superlative and moving musical drama based on "Lilliom," set in 1870 New England. Another top-notch production by the Theatre Guild. Music and lyrics by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **GYPSY LADY.** (Century) An operetta set to composite of Victor Herbert scores with new lyrics by Robert Wright and George Forrest. The book is by Henry Myers and Melville Cooper heads the cast. Produced by Edwin Lester. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **HEAR THAT TRUMPET.** (Playhouse) A new musical with a jazz background. With Bobby Sherwood, Frank Conroy, Audra Lindley, Ray Mayer and Sidney Bechet. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **OKLAHOMA.** (St. James) The Theatre Guild's

great musical. If you haven't seen it, do. With Jack Kilty, Betty Jane Watson, Ruth Weston and Owen Martin. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **THE RED MILL.** (46th St. Theatre) Amusing, lively revival of a popular Victor Herbert operetta. The plot is slightly pedestrian but Jack Whiting and Odette Myrtil make you forget it. Evenings except Monday at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 2:40.

★ **SHOW BOAT.** (Ziegfeld) Edna Ferber's book turns up again, this time in a very fast moving revival with Carol Bruce and Kenneth Spencer. The physical production is brilliant and the old songs seem to be lovelier than ever. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **THREE TO MAKE READY.** (Broadhurst) Ray Bolger's dancing, from old soft shoe to modern pantomime, makes this latest Nancy Hamilton-Morgan Lewis revue one of the current musical treats. With Jane Deering, Brenda Forbes and Rose Inghram. Evenings except Sunday at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **YOURS IS MY HEART.** (Shubert) Richard Tauber's magnificent voice and Lehar's lovely songs are almost lost in this stiffly-mannered operetta. With Stella Andruva and Fred Keating. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

MISCELLANY

★ **ICE TIME.** (Center) For ice show addicts only, this gaudy skating extravaganza is tailored to order. High spots include comedian Freddie Trenkler, clowning Three Bruises, leaping James Caesar, and ballerina Joan Hyldoft. Produced by Sonja Henie. Evenings except Monday at 8:40. Sunday evening, 8:15. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40. Sunday Matinee, 3 p.m.

NEW YORK THEATRES

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

Adelphi, 160 W. 44th.....	CI 6-5097	E
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.....	CI 5-6868	W
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th.....	CI 6-0390	W
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	E
Bijou, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-8215	W
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th.....	CI 6-9353	W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th.....	BR 9-2067	E
Center, Rockefeller Center.....	CO 5-5474	
Century, 932 7th Ave.....	CI 7-3121	W
Coronet, 203 W. 49th.....	CI 6-8870	W
Cort, 138 W. 48th.....	BR 9-0046	E
Empire, B'way & 40th.....	PE 6-9540	
Fulton, 201 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6380	W
Forty Sixth, 226 W. 46th.....	CI 6-6075	W
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th.....	BR 9-4566	E
Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....	BR 9-5641	E
Imperial, 209 W. 45th.....	CO 5-2412	W
Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....	CH 4-4256	E
Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....	CI 6-0730	W
Mansfield, 256 W. 47th.....	CI 6-9056	W
Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th.....	CI 6-6363	W
Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....	CL 6-6230	W
Music Box, 239 W. 45th.....	CI 6-4636	W
National, 208 W. 41st.....	PE 6-8220	W
Playhouse, 137 W. 48th.....	BR 9-3765	E
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....	CI 6-9156	W
Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....	CI 6-9500	W
St. James, 246 W. 44th.....	LA 4-4664	W
Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th.....	CI 5-5200	

PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY

by Mori Greiner and Johnny Fraser, jr.

Just For Food . . .

★ **ABOUT TOWN COFFEE SHOP.** An urbane eatery just five steps up from the Phillips' lobby, tailored for busy people. Fast service here, and late news flashes in mimeographed form accompany the menu. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. Gr. 5020.

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** Might see nearabout anyone here,—local or national celebs, or the little lady next door. Different for after-theater supping, with lots of activity all night long. There's an observation deck topside if you're waiting for your ship to come in. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ **BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** An outstanding array of fine dishes at remarkably reasonable prices, all in a glittering-clean setting. The mezzanine-main floor arrangement assures you of a table, and there's room for your car in the private parking lot out back. Just south of Linwood at 3215 Troost. VA. 8982.

★ **BROOKSIDE HOTEL.** Emphasis on atmosphere of the quiet variety. You'll find all the right people here on Thursday night and for Sunday dinner—testimonial enough as to food and service. 54th and Brookside. HI. 4100.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** Business is so good that Glenn has taken to farming out his chowder. He's also put all his famous seafoods in carry-home packages, so your other half can see where the lunch money goes. If he ever packages his black walnut waffle, he'll make a million. Open 7 a.m. to 8 p.m. Closes 5 p.m. Saturday, all day Sunday. Scarritt Arcade, 819 Walnut. HA. 9176.

★ **HOOVER'S COFFEE SHOP.** A far-south affair with a large family following, especially recommended for Sunday evening! Counter, booths, and tables. 201 East Gregory. HI. 3518.

★ **NU-WAY DRIVE-INS.** People are talking about these brand-new twins. Inside or outside, you'll find quick service and good food ranging from sandwiches to full course dinners. Main at Linwood, and Meyer at Troost. VA. 8916.

★ **PLA-MOR COFFEE SHOP.** A cluster point for the lads who play with big marbles. The homemade pie will probably restore the pound or two you managed to lose in the course of the evening, but better have some anyhow. It isn't quiet here, but you can hear a pin drop. Pla-Mor, 32nd at Main. Va. 7848.

★ **UNITY INN.** A large, cool-looking room with latticework and flowers and an all-vegetarian menu. The salads are delightful and the pastry may be highly and unequivocally recommended as the city's finest. Luncheon and dinner Monday through Friday. Sunday dinner 11:30 to 2 p.m. Closed Saturday. 901 Tracy. VI. 8720.

★ **WOLFERMAN'S WALNUT BALCONY.** Huge salads, incomparable English muffins swimming in whipped butter, and the lushest milkshakes in—conservatively—the world. All in all, a shopper's paradise. Fred Wolferman, Inc., 1108 Walnut.

★ **Z-LAN DRIVE-IN.** This nippy weather should remind you, in case you've forgotten, that Z-LAN is the home of wonderful fried rabbit and chicken dinners. Hamburgers, too, and nothing prosaic about them. Week days, 11:30 to 1 a.m. Sunday, noon to



midnight. 48th and Main, on the Country Club Plaza. LO. 3434.

For Food and a Drink . . .

★ **AMBASSADOR'S CAFE FIESTA.** An underground hideaway hosted by the genial Mr. Weiss and a hospitable retinue of helpers. The decor is Latin-American, but you'll find gefultafish, borscht, and krelock on the widely varied menu. Everything is just right. Hotel Ambassador, 3650 Broadway. VA. 5040.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** D. T. Turner, who made night club managing history in Chicago and the South, has taken over the former McConkey spot in the Uptown district. The accent is on good food and continuous entertainment. "Silents" flicker over the bar, while Juliette, Eddie Oyer, and Eugene Smith take turns at the pianos. 3535 Broadway. WE. 9630.

★ **DIERK'S TAVERN.** Dark panneling and mahogany booths provide the friendly setting for this congenial, sunken grill. Popular with business lunchers, and with late afternoon and evening drinkers or snackers. On 10th, between Grand and Walnut.

★ **GUS' RESTAURANT.** Gus Fitch, formerly of the Muehlebach, has taken unto himself a couple of partners and opened on his own. The prices are stiff, but the food is good, and in the background there's the resourceful jump pianoing of Joshua Johnson.

★ **IL PAGLIACCIO.** A beautifully appointed restaurant-bar now in its fourth month. The drinks are suspiciously weak, but you'll like the Italian food, including spumoni. 600 East 6th. HA. 8441.

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** Spaghetti and meatballs in a setting that looks something like an ad for Italian Swiss Colony Wine. In the latticed booths, under the autographed pictures of various celebrities, don't be surprised if you find those various

celebrities—winding yards of spaghetti and drinking the dry wines Frank and Johnny like to serve with their fine Italian foods. The Gardens is a habit with most show people who pass this way—and with most of the natives, too. Closed on Sunday, 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ **PLAZA ROYALE.** The talk is even-Stephen late dates and new babies, when the campus queens of the last two decades hold regular Saturday night court at this southside gathering place. Everybody is there sometime in the course of the evening, so you'd better go early to get a table. The kitchen closes at nine. Mary Dale is at the piano-solovox. 614 West 48th. LO. 3393

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** Famous for salads, steaks, French fried onions, and—almost especially—roast beef. High in the not-to-be-missed class come Gene's adroit Martinis. The room is small, but if you love good food and drink, Jerry will find a place for you. Willie Weber, happiest man in town, plays an unobtrusive piano good. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** Like The Blue Fox in San Francisco, Christ Celle's in New York, and Antoine's in New Orleans, the Savoy has a reputation of long standing with food lovers throughout the nation. The venerable chophouse has been culinary tops in the Midwest for generations, but the service hasn't slowed a bit. There's a fine choice of hard-to-get wines and liquors. Better phone for reservations. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ **TOWN ROYALE.** Harry Newstreet's heart-of-town rendezvous is still going strong; partly because it's convenient for meals, cocktails, or nightcaps; and partly because downtowners like the smart interior, soft lights, and music by Zena and Zola. 1119 Baltimore. VI. 7161.

Just For a Drink . . .

★ **CABANA.** From the cryptic peon on the door of the gent's room to the tamale-skinned drink-bearers, this Twelfth Street retreat is all-out Latin. But we'll thank you, South America, to leave it where it is! Alberta Bird, the charming WHB staff organist, is at the Hammond with the solid stylings that have brought her fame. Lunch, but no dinners. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** Pretty girls have an affinity for the Omar Room, so if you've an affinity for pretty girls, you know the answer! It's dim, overstaffed, and the good drinks inevitably taste like one more. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **THE TROPICS.** A smooth, distinctive lounge on the third floor of the Phillips. You'd never find it unless someone told you, but now someone's told you. There's the utmost in clever decoration, and exotic drinks a la Trader Vick—perfect for them as likes the effect, but not the taste. If you can't make it to Honolulu this winter, you'd do well to settle for the Tropics. Mutual's Tommy Ott is at the Hammond. Hotel Phillips, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

With Dancing . . .

★ **BLUE HILLS.** Eddie Cross' hospitable hangout is still the long range favorite of the southtown crowd, and small wonder! Barbecue is the chief drawing card, but don't sell short the drink-and-dance music of bombo beating Tony Caracci. Continuous music from 6:30. 6015 Troost. JA. 4316.

★ **BOWMAN'S RESTAURANT.** Eastside diner with canopied cocktail bar and dancing to the Three Sharps. Fried chicken is featured, but where isn't it? 3210 East 15th. BE. 9390.

★ **CROSSROADS INN.** Sort of a tollhouse affair, with antiques galore, that has grown right popular for dinners and end-of-the-evening feasting on chicken, barbecue, or thick sandwiches. There's a small bar and a large dance floor, where the music is tax-free, because it's served up on platters. The Swope Park car runs right to the door. Swope Parkway and Benton Boulevard. WA. 9699.

★ **CLUB FIESTA.** A spacious spot, midtown, featuring danceable music by Joe Myers' orchestra and interim entertainment by Shorty Frear at piano and solovox. The floor is large enough to permit the Lindy Hopu or hijinks of like cut with no danger to innocent dancersby, in itself an overwhelming recommendation. Drinks by Sherry. 12 East 39th Street. VA. 9579.

★ **MARY'S.** Certainly the biggest and best floor around, and uniformly excellent music. It's "out in the country," so the joint jumps after hours, especially on Saturday. All newly redecorated, by the way, and looking mighty pert. Setups only. 3013 Wornall Road. JA. 9441.

★ **OLD PLANTATION.** Al Duke, the Irish ballad-singer, is still around, because the folks won't let him leave. And the same goes for the Jerry Gilbert Trio. The beautiful colonial mansion is a few minutes east. Massive columns, spacious rooms, and convivial atmosphere. Highway 40, East. FL. 1307.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** The traditional choice for a full evening of fine eating, drinking, and dancing—this last to the competent rhythms of Dee Peterson. It's all quietly exciting and very pleasant. John is the sitter-downer, under Mr. Maggio's watchful eye. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5129.

★ **STUBB'S GILLHAM PLAZA.** The kitchen is open again, and the barbecue you love is back. But most important, Jeannie Leitt is still giving that big piano what-for and singing 'em naughty to the obvious delight of a packed house. She has a left hand that could move mountains. 3114 Gillham Plaza. VA. 9911.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** Some of the best known hotel bands take the stand at the Muehlebach's tastefully decked-out basement bistro. There are no reservations on Saturday night, but tables are available—for a price. Minimum; no couvert. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.** There's a floor show, a big band, and lots of dancing room at this huge, but friendly after hours spot just south of the city limits. Skylarking 'til four of a morning, so don't be afraid of keeping Tootie up. \$1 couvert. 79th and Wornall Road. DE. 1253.



SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

RAGE IN HEAVEN—Ingrid Bergman, Robert Montgomery, George Sanders, Lucile Watson, Oscar Homolka. Another best-seller by James Hilton, author of *Lost Horizon*, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, *Random Harvest*, in on celluloid. This one is about a good engineer, a weak-brained industrialist, and a lovely lady who unwittingly precipitates towering jealousy, attempted murder, and eventual suicide. It's a psychological thriller that should keep you on chair's-edge throughout its entire running time. The setting is an English steel town, and the climax comes with a perfect crime, a missing diary, and the hero incarcerated in murderer's row.

GALLANT BESS—Marshall Thompson, George Tobias, Clem Bevans. A sixteen year-old Texas boy leaves his ranch to join the Seabees, under pressure from a fast-talking recruiting officer. While home on his last leave before embarking, the youngster's favorite horse, Bess, dies in foal. He unjustly blames the Navy for the horse's death, and has a highly unhappy time of it until he finds another horse on a Pacific island. He adopts her, christens her "Bess." The horse later saves his life and eventually is allowed to accompany him back to the United States. Back home, the new Bess drops a foal, and Tex's lifelong dream of owning a horse ranch is on its way toward reality.

Warner Brothers

THE BIG SLEEP—Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Martha Vickers, Dorothy Malone. The Bogarts are back under the direction of Howard Hawks, who coached and paced them through their first (and highly successful) co-starring venture, *To Have and Have Not*. This time it's a racing breath-taking yarn from the keyboard of the ace mystery writer, Raymond Chandler. The plot concerns an aged orchid grower, his two spoiled daughters, blackmail, and a tough private "eye." Of course Bogart is the shamus of the piece. He displays his usual competence in stepping over warm corpses and kissing on the run; while wife Lauren makes with the eyes and sings sultrily in her big, fish-wife's voice.

RKO Radio

SISTER KENNY—Rosalind Russell, Alexander Knox, Dean Jagger, Philip Merivale, Beulah Bondi, Charles Dingle. The story, unfortunately timely, of an Australian nurse and her long, courageous fight against poliomyelitis. There were two loves in her life—one for a man whom she never found time to marry, and the other for the children of the world threatened by a crippling disease. It is too bad that the film leaves theatre audiences with the strong but completely mistaken idea that Sister Kenny's methods of treating infantile paralysis are the only correct ones. That belief is as yet unproved, and the picture industry has no right to implant such a dangerous fallacy in the public mind.

20th Century Fox

MARGIE—Jeanne Crain, Glenn Langan, Ann Todd, Barbara Lawrence, Alan Young, Lynn Bari. Family fare with a flashback to 1928 and the story of very involved love-life of a young high school girl. It seems there's a beau she's got but doesn't want, a gay dog she wants but can't get, and a French teacher. There are hip flasks, sports roadsters, and school proms. Incidentally, the heroine winds things up by snaring all three men.

Tentative Schedule for Films Showing in K. C. in November

RKO Orpheum

SISTER KENNY

LADY LUCK

CRACK-UP*

(Thanksgiving)

CLOAK AND DAGGER

Loew's Midland

MR. ACE

SING WHILE YOU DANCE*

RAGE IN HEAVEN

BLONDIE KNOWS BEST*

NO LEAVE, NO LOVE

GALLANT BESS

Newman

BIG SLEEP

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE

MAST

Esquire

THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN

BLUE

MARGIE

SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM

*Companion Picture

Paramount

TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST—Alan Ladd, Brian Donlevy, William Bendix, Barry Fitzgerald, Howard da Silva. An excellent film of the old sailing days. There are marvelous shots at sea, and there's a bang-up male cast to carry the heavy, action-jammed story. Howard da Silva does an outstanding job as the implacable disciplinarian who rules the crew of the brig Pilgrim with an autocratic hand and an omnipresent "cat o' nine." The two-master is out of Boston, bound for California around the ice-bound Horn in attempt to set a record; but scurvy, mutiny, and murder intervene. The rebellious crew finally wins command and returns the ship to Boston, there to wage a successful fight against the injustices and inhumanities of maritime practices of the period.

COLUMBIA

SING WHILE YOU DANCE—Ellen Drew, Robert Stanton, Andrew Tomhes, Amanda Lane. A glamour-seeking young maiden who wants to be a song-plugger, and a personable young man who is, engage in a race to secure an additional song from an obscure composer whose first tune has already scored a success little short of sensational. The search leads them to an isolated hamlet named Graves Corner. There they deduce that the writer was a millionaire, now dead. They are arrested while rifling his deserted mansion, and when they eventually gain possession of the song it turns out to be not-so-hot anyhow.

United Artists

MR. ACE—George Raft, Sylvia Sidney, Stanley Ridges, Sara Haden, Jerome Cowan, Sid Silvers, Alan Edwards, Roman Bohnen. The story of a Congresswoman with an estranged multimillionaire husband and a ven to sit in the governor's chair. In order to get there she has to play games with a bigtime racketeer named Eddie Ace. There's a hack-and-forth love-spat between the two that ends with the lady in the state house and Ace in the state pen. Both their terms expire in four years, however, at which time they plan to marry—so you could probably call it a happy ending.

Swing Around

DEFINITIVE DRUNKENNESS . . .

Been obfuscated lately? Potvaliant? Quiffy, tumulentive, bosky, top-heavy, or sozzled? It's possible, you know. My, yes! That's what happens when you swill; or when you lush, bib, tipple, tope, swig, booze, bouse, guzzle, soak, sot, carouse, sacrifice at the Shrine of Bacchus, bend the elbow, drain the cup, tip the pot, crack the bottle, kill the keg, or splice the main brace. You may become tipsy, intoxicated, inebriated, in your cups, fuddled, fou, mellow, cut, boosy, fresh, merry, elevated, plastered, befuddled, disguised, flushed, flustered, lit up, high, groggy, beery, gin-happy, potentent, overtaken, whittled, tight, primed, oiled, corned, raddled, sewed up, nappy, muddled, muzzy, maudlin, crapulous, looped, loaded, gassed, glassy-eyed, paralyzed, buzzed, dead, blind drunk!

Should that happen, people will be very hard on your character to be sure. "A drunkard," they will say, "a sot, toper, tippler, rum-pot, wine-bibber, dram-drinker, soak, soaker, sponge, tun." Others will add, "A lovepot." A thirsty soul, a reveler, a carouser, a Bacchanalian, a dipsomaniac."

But you won't care! You'll have a katzenjammer, a big-head, a wallowby, butterflies in your stomach and gnomes in your head, d.t.'s, a morning after—oh, hell! The word is hangover!



PUBLIC ELATION MEN . . . Yes, all of the airlines have them. They call the newspaper and remind the city desk that the St. Mary's oofball team is coming through at 4:10 a.m. tomorrow, and to be sure to get a picture, and the more mentions of the airline the better. Another



makes damn sure that he's standing around close when the photogs mug Governor Thye of Minnesota at a big airport opening. The picture comes out captioning Governor Thye very happy to meet said paid advertiser. Each night the public elation man spends an hour and a half soaking calouses off his thumb and forefinger, the combination that holds the two-ounce glass. His wife gets out the ironing board and presses out the foot-prints of magazine, newspaper and radio execs from the seat of his pants. They open a can of 24-point, bold-face Bodoni italics, heat it on the fire of his over-worked imagination, and eat on a table of new schedules going into effect Tuesday which have already been changed.

Airlines public inflation men have funny bones where other people have ribs and skulls and stuff. Take W. R. (Bob) Moreland of Mid-Continent Airlines. He is sure to pounce on you in the Rendezvous of the Muehlebach or some other far off the path, unsuspecting place and ask you confidentially, "Do you think the airplane is here to stay?"

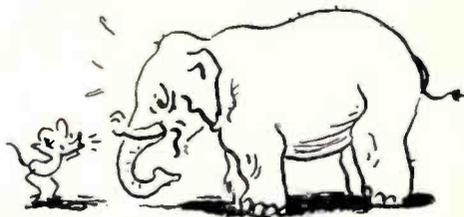
Clay Irwin of TWA strokes his chin sagaciously, strides to the window, spends five minutes in profound thought, and then solemnly informs you, "I still think your best bet is a horse." Hal Grayson, also of TWA, adds, "I can't get you a reservation, but I have a lot of nice pictures."

Mr. Shepherd of Braniff has a stock excuse for everything, including the scarcity of Scotch. "I guess there's mechanical trouble in Dallas."

Mr. Buchanan of Continental (1/2 fare for kids) insists that "Despite whatever

aeronautical engineers may say, I still don't think the damn things will fly."

To which we add: "Get off that oven door, grandma, you're too old to ride the range."



DEBATABLE QUESTION . . .

It seems that the universal question to be debated this year by all Kansas City high school debate teams is worded something like this: "Resolved that there should be compulsory conscription for all 18-year-olds." When asked, one Westport high school girl innocently reported to her parents, "The debate question? Oh, yes, let's see . . . it goes like this: 'Resolved that there should be compulsory conception for all 18-year-olds!'"

DEAD RECKONING . . .

Tex LaGrone, one of Kansas City's pioneer pilots, doesn't believe too much in these new fangled ideas such as radio beams. Tex reasons that an aircraft radio just makes a lot of noise and wears out your battery.

Last fall Tex and his hunting partner took off in the LaGrone Waco for the pheasant country of South Dakota. The weather was fine when they left Kansas City, but up around Creston, Iowa the skies began to close in. Tex had turned the controls over to his partner and was snoring like a Pratt & Whitney 202. The pilot, unable to see the ground, wallowed around in the fog, probably going in circles. He hated to awaken Tex and concede a navigational defeat, so he snapped on the radio. The noise of the radio brought Tex to life and he reached over and snapped it off. He looked around, saw nothing but fog. He took the controls and the Waco scudded down through the layer of clouds. At 400 feet they came out of the fog bank directly above a town. The name on the

watertank revealed that it was right on their route.

"You see," barked Tex. "You can't go by those damn gadgets. We were right all the time."

Which might go to prove that some guys can fly better in their sleep than some other people can wide awake.

WHICH LANGUAGE DO YOU SPEAK?

Room with a bath—
A buck and a haff,
Room with a bath—
Four and a hawf.

TONGUE TWISTER . . .

H. C. Sexton of the Kansas City Electric Association failed to win a five dollar prize when he was given the opportunity to rattle off the following:

That Bim is slim
Said Min to Tim
That Bim is Tim, Min
To her said Tim.

Mr. Sexton progressed slightly past the first line and was lost.



QUOTATIONS:

Oscar Wilde: "It was as if a rose shook in her bloodstream and shadowed her cheek."

Stephan Crane: "The moon had been lighted and was hung in a tree-top."

Aldous Huxley: ". . . like butter in the mouth of August."

". . . the warm, living darkness behind closed lids."

Thomas Wolfe: "Two dimples sentinelled a platoon of milk-white teeth."

F. Scott Fitzgerald: "There was the silvery 'hey!' of a telephone coming from the room."

MARKETLAND-INGS

here's progress in the air over Kansas City! On four major airlines, seven hundred thousand passengers annually arrive, depart, and pass through this second largest air connecting point in the world. Besides that, air traffic here has increased more than twenty-seven per cent in 1946! Indisputably, business is "going up." That's the reason why we're proud of our town, and of our radio station. Both are up-to-date, sky-minded. And Kansas Citians are in line with the times' listening and buying habits, too. They themselves have made WHB Kansas City's dominant Day time Station. So, if you've an idea project in Kansas City Marketland, take to the air. Let WHB pilot you to the results!

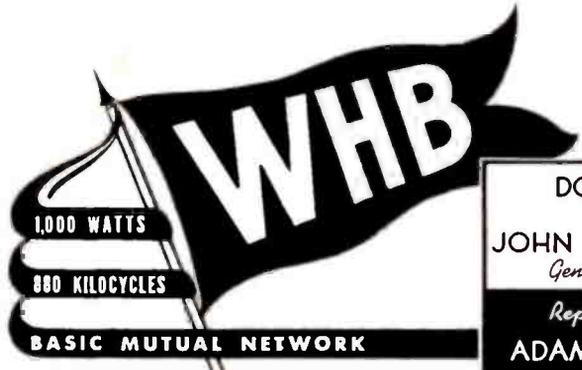
Let's Face Figures

- Kansas City has:**
- 3 major municipal fields
 - 4 major airlines
 - 2 international airlines
 - 170 daily scheduled passenger flights
 - 10,000 aviation employees

- Kansas City is:**
- World's 2nd largest airline headquarters
 - World's 2nd largest air connecting point

- For WHB availabilities, phone DON DAVIS at any Adam Young office . . .
- NEW YORK Longacre 3-1925
 - CHICAGO ANDover 5448
 - SAN FRANCISCO SUtter 1393
 - LOS ANGELES Michigan 6203
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