

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JULY
1937



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CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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Art Directors: ERIC LUNDGREN, TONY PALAZZO

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

Sing a song of summer time

This is ESQUIRE's fourth July. In July a measurable proportion of advertisers take to the tall timber, not to come out into the open again until the leaves begin to turn, and most magazines enter the summer of their discontent with the editorial menu reduced to famine proportions, resulting in summer editions so light that they could hardly serve as paperweights. Not so with this one. You could use this issue as a doorstep. This July for the fourth time, our song of the season is *Keep the Quantity Up*.

Thought flies east of Miami

Speaking of songs of the season, two words in this month's fashion pages tickle the soles of our feet, and set us dancing with that old itch to get away from it all. Those two little words are Bimini Blue. Boy, to be in Bimini, now that July is here. That's when the big ones come to Bimini. And they don't come any bigger anywhere. Bimini Blues by the gospel of pages 124 and 170 is the color of a dinghy suit, a jumper affair resembling abbreviated pajamas, and very nice, too, for lounging about the beach or boat or boardwalk. But Bimini Blue in our memory book means blue water, bluer than you've ever seen anywhere, and blue marlin, bigger and blacker than you'd believe. They look the size of tank cars when they first clear the water after they've been hooked. Kip Farrington says there'll be more record fish taken there in the next ten years than anywhere else in the world. We couldn't know about that, because the best we've done so far is lose them. But seeing them come out of the water like flying submarines is thrill enough. And it's better to

lose 'em in Bimini than catch 'em anywhere else.

Getting at the facts of life

To get our minds back on our work, we recommend to your considered and careful attention the thesis in this issue, beginning on page 35, devoted to a serious though far from solemn study of *The Facts of Life*. Don't let the forbiddingly scientific aspect of the charts scare you off this piece of homework. If you persist and follow the results of the research done by this anonymous (for darn good reasons) author, as developed out of statistical tabulation of 138 case histories, you will learn, perhaps to your surprise, that "the average girl goes on her first date when she is fifteen years old. She is kissed for the first time within a very few months, and receives her first proposal at eighteen, either in an automobile or in a living room. The proposal occurs in the spring of the year at ten o'clock in the evening. She is married at twenty-three. Three times out of four, she is not a virgin, having been seduced at the age of seventeen by a man of twenty-five whom she had known less than a year, as the result of a heated petting-party stimulated by liquor. Her seduction took place in the spring, at eleven p. m., in an automobile or a living room. If she was never subjected to any penalty, the chances are that she never regretted her seduction, and the probability is that she remained faithful after marriage, except for one or two missteps."

Life and death of two rumors

And now, please, may we here flatly and finally deny that the first issue of ESQUIRE is worth three thousand dollars? May we also, while we are at it, deny that

the first issue of CORONET is worth three hundred dollars? Hardly a day goes by that we don't get letters, a week that we don't get telegrams, ten days that we don't get long distance calls, all in excited inquiry about these two perennial rumors. When we explain that the sale of the first issue of ESQUIRE exceeded a hundred thousand copies, and most people saved 'em, you can readily see how stupid the three thousand dollar a copy legend is. Assuming that only half of them are still in existence after three and a half years, that would still mean a total valuation of \$150,000,000. The putative three hundred dollar a copy valuation of the first issue of CORONET is equally cock-eyed, as there were well over a quarter of a million of those sold, and after a mere eight months there might easily be two hundred thousand still extant. Ergo, a \$60,000,000 total price tag on that item. Now as far as we know there's no first issue of any magazine worth more, as a collector's item at today's prices, than around seventy-five dollars. Yet we have heard in recent months of copies of the first issue of ESQUIRE being sold for as high as a hundred and fifty. The only possible explanation is that somebody, banking on that nine-lived rumor about the three thousand dollar value, was willing to go as high as a hundred and fifty only because he was sure he was putting over a fast one and could turn over the deal at a profit of \$2,850. Here's hoping that all such purchasers have to eat their copies to get rid of them. The value of a copy of the first issue of ESQUIRE, as a collector's item, is actually about twelve dollars and a half. About two years ago, when it was hovering around five dollars, we bought up a sufficiency of those copies, for file and binding purposes, at that price. We don't want any more, not even for nothing. We're sick of the whole silly business.

ESQUIRE
July, 1937
T. M.
Reg.

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Reg.

Mussolini of Music

Local Union No. 10 was nothing but a club till Jimmy Petrillo seen an opening for a smart guy

by **MILTON S. MAYER**

• ARTICLE •

JIMMY PETRILLO sat behind his Florentine desk in his bullet-proof office and explained his new ruling. Hereafter, said Jimmy, no radio station may broadcast any recording made by members of the Chicago Federation of Musicians without paying as many musicians as were used to make the record. And the Federation's board of directors—which is Jimmy—is prepared to enforce the ruling.

"It's this way," said Jimmy. "The average band receives in the neighborhood of \$1,500 for a recording. By the time the record has been discarded it has wiped out around \$1,500,000 worth of business for living musicians. Can anyone explain why musicians should help destroy themselves? Hey?"

When Jimmy gets going on the subject of recordings, explaining is out of the question. "Mr. Canned Music" (Jimmy's own phrase) is the red devil that put 35,000 musicians out of work. Radio stations may fox Jimmy by getting their recordings made by the members of other (and weaker) locals of the American Federation of Musicians. Sooner or later, though, the A. F. of M. will adopt Jimmy's ruling. The A. F. of M. adopts all of Jimmy's rulings. Not that Jimmy's the boss. Old Joe Weber, president of the New York local, is the boss. Joe merely takes Jimmy's advice.

Jimmy figures that the radio stations will pay his living musicians \$1,500,000 for the use of a record that cost \$1,500 to make. A fair share of the \$1,500,000 (or less) will go into the union's unemployment fund, which Jimmy administers scrupulously in his losing war with progress. The fewer musicians employed, the more money Jimmy gets them. It won't last forever, but while it does, Jimmy, like Father Divine, is truly wonderful.

For fifteen years Jimmy Petrillo's one-man union has had Chicago by the—we'll say ears; Jimmy would use the purer idiom. He has a revolver in his desk-drawer—which has a habit of being open—and five bodyguards to keep him company. The secret, not of his success, but of his being alive, is that he's honest. No one has anything on him, and it's not because no one has tried to get anything on him. "You just can't buy him," the biggest amusement man in Chicago told me. "I know. I've tried it for years."

Let's say that you're a muscler-in. Most

small unions—and some big ones—have yielded you a nice profit in their time. You call on Jimmy Petrillo. Jimmy knows who you are, but he presses the button under his desk and the door to his office opens. There he sits—alone. You and your friends sit down in the overstuffed sofa and Jimmy pulls open the top right-hand drawer of his overcarved desk. When Jimmy is satisfied that you have identified the blue-steel object in the drawer, he swings back in his chair and grins at you between his jowls and says:

"Well, gents, what can I do for you?"

If you and your friends are smart, you will explain that you have the wrong address and bow yourselves out. If you are not smart, and the chances are you are not, you will offer to put the Musicians' Union on a paying basis. Jimmy will wait until you get through, then he'll say:

"The Musicians' Union has \$10,000 in a safety deposit box that can't be touched except for one purpose—to get the guy who gets Petrillo. Get out." Only he doesn't say, "Get out." He says, "Get out, you sons-of-bitches." Jimmy is a plain-spoken man.

He has never sold out to anyone, and he has licked not only the racketeers, but the radio stations, the movie houses, the theatrical producers, the opera crowd, and the Chicago Symphony Association, and while musicians all over the country are playing for their supper, Petrillo's boys have had their wages increased 400% since he joined the union in 1917. Today they are the highest paid union laborers in the world. (The musicians in the Chicago studios of NBC get \$140 for a 30-hour week.)

Local No. 10 was a typical musicians' union, with a rabbit hutch for its headquarters, when Jimmy Petrillo first appeared on the scene. The musician traditionally performs for what he can get. There are too many of him and he is fit for nothing else. In 1917 Joe Winkler had been president of Local No. 10 since Little David played on his harp. Joe was a nice guy and a pretty good cornetist. But the union was nothing but a club. As Petrillo blandly admits, "I seen an opening for a smart guy."

Jimmy got hold of a trombone (his father was a scavenger) at an early age, and when he was eight years old he was playing in the Chicago *Daily News* band. He was no dreamy-eyed musician. He was, as he recalls, "a tough little bozo runnin' around de streets." And the streets were Taylor and

Halsted—one of the toughest intersections in town. Jimmy went to grammar school long enough to learn that he could learn just as much in and around the saloons at Taylor and Halsted. He was small and hard and fast, and a fighter. And he wasn't a musician. When he joined the union twenty years after his début with the *Daily News* band, he found he wasn't so hot on the trombone. He sat around the clubrooms with the rest of the boys who weren't so hot, and after a while he decided he was a business man.

He was boisterous and aggressive, and he had a lot of humor. At the weekly meetings he made speeches. His speeches were ungrammatical, oratorical, inflammatory; the burden of all of them was that the man on the floor was oppressed by the employers and the union wasn't doing anything about it. Look at the teamsters. Look at the janitors. Jimmy was right. Prohibition came and the musicians were turned out of the beerhalls and cafés. In 1919 Jimmy was elected vice-president of Local No. 10. In 1922 he took the union away from Joe Winkler and he's been president ever since.

The first thing he did was abolish all meetings. Then he told the men that contracts could be made only with the union's sanction. Then he began raising the wage scale. The union's membership mounted to 8,000 by 1925 and remained there throughout the depression. The men knew that Jimmy was square and they knew he was smart. If Jimmy called them out on strike, out they went. Sooner or later they returned to work with a 10 per cent raise. Jimmy was a despot, a benevolent despot. You couldn't take care of yourself, so you paid your \$16 a year dues and Jimmy took care of you. Before long the musicians of the city discovered that if they didn't join the union they couldn't get work. Chicago had become a "closed" town.

Jimmy's idea of an administrator is Mussolini. Or rather, was. Their close relationship (of which Mussolini was unaware) came to a bitter end a few years ago. It seems that Sig. Giuseppe Castruccio, the Italian consul, invited the local Italian societies to participate in an International Jubilee to be held in Chicago. Now the Italians, with the exception of Jimmy Petrillo, are a musical lot, and every second one of them toots something on Sundays. On week-days they are vegetable purveyors, waiters, half-sole-and-heelers, etc. Naturally, they are not members of the Musicians' Union. When Petrillo discovered the Italian societies were going to jubilate with nonunion bands, he called Castruccio in some heat. Giuseppe tried to pacify Jimmy by reminding him—in Italian—that after all they were com-

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Mussolini of Music

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patriots, that their common ancestors had snagged catfish in the Bay of Naples, that—

"Say," roared Jimmy into the telephone, "do you understand English?"

"Why, yes, indeed, to be sure," said Giuseppe, in English.

"Well," roared Jimmy, in English, "you can go — yourself."

Jimmy's temper, notoriously short, was well out of hand by this time. He decided that he and Mussolini had stood about enough from Giuseppe. So he sent a cable message—costing the union \$175—to *Il Duce*:

"Of the many consuls in this city (it said in part) the Italian consul, I regret to say, is the only one with whom we have ever had a dispute. In every instance the disputes are the result of Sig. Castruccio's determination to use nonprofessional musicians for social and state functions. I feel sure that you will not approve of what your Chicago representative is doing in this matter."

Jimmy was amazed when he found out the cost of sending the cable. "Why," he whistled, "it costs \$16 to call that guy by his full name." He waited for his pal in Rome to give Giuseppe the works, but nothing happened. There was no reply. (Meanwhile the jubilee had been called off.) Jimmy remarked ruefully that he ought to have something coming for them 175 coconuts. But the Man on Horseback was silent. The 175 coconuts never bore fruit.

That was the only licking Jimmy has ever taken in a major engagement—and it took Mussolini to do it. But Jimmy isn't sore at Benito. He holds no grudges. His daily life is composed entirely of disputes, and when they are settled, they are forgotten. Business is business. Both of the grand old parties have courted him because of his influence among the Italians, but when duty has called he has taken up the cudgel against Democrats and Republicans, licked them, and then forgotten about it.

When Big Bill Thompson was running for re-election against Tony Cermak, Petrillo notified the radio stations that the Republican Party was about to be put on the unfair list for using phonograph music on sound trucks. This was "canned music"—Jimmy's No. 1 phobia. He announced, further, that 1,000 union musicians, paid by the union, would parade through the downtown streets advocating the election of all Democrats—unless the Republicans hired living musicians. The Republicans tried to compromise. They made Jimmy such offers as the Republican Party has been known to make before. But Jimmy wasn't interested. They would hire union musicians at \$11 apiece or off the air they would go. Within twelve hours the party of Abraham Lincoln had capitulated to J. Petrillo.

Cermak was elected and appointed Jimmy commissioner of the West Side parks. But when Jimmy got wind of Tony's plan to have a high school band broadcast at his inauguration, he informed the radio stations that His Honor the Mayor was about to be placed on the unfair list. Cermak protested to Petrillo that he had spent \$11,000 on union musicians during his campaign and simply wanted the high school band to have the honor of participating in the glorious ceremony. Jimmy said he didn't care if Tony had spent \$11,000,000—there wasn't going to be no broadcasting by nonunion musicians while union musicians were starving. So the high school band was told off, and Cermak, with aching heart, hired fifty union musicians "out of my own pocket."

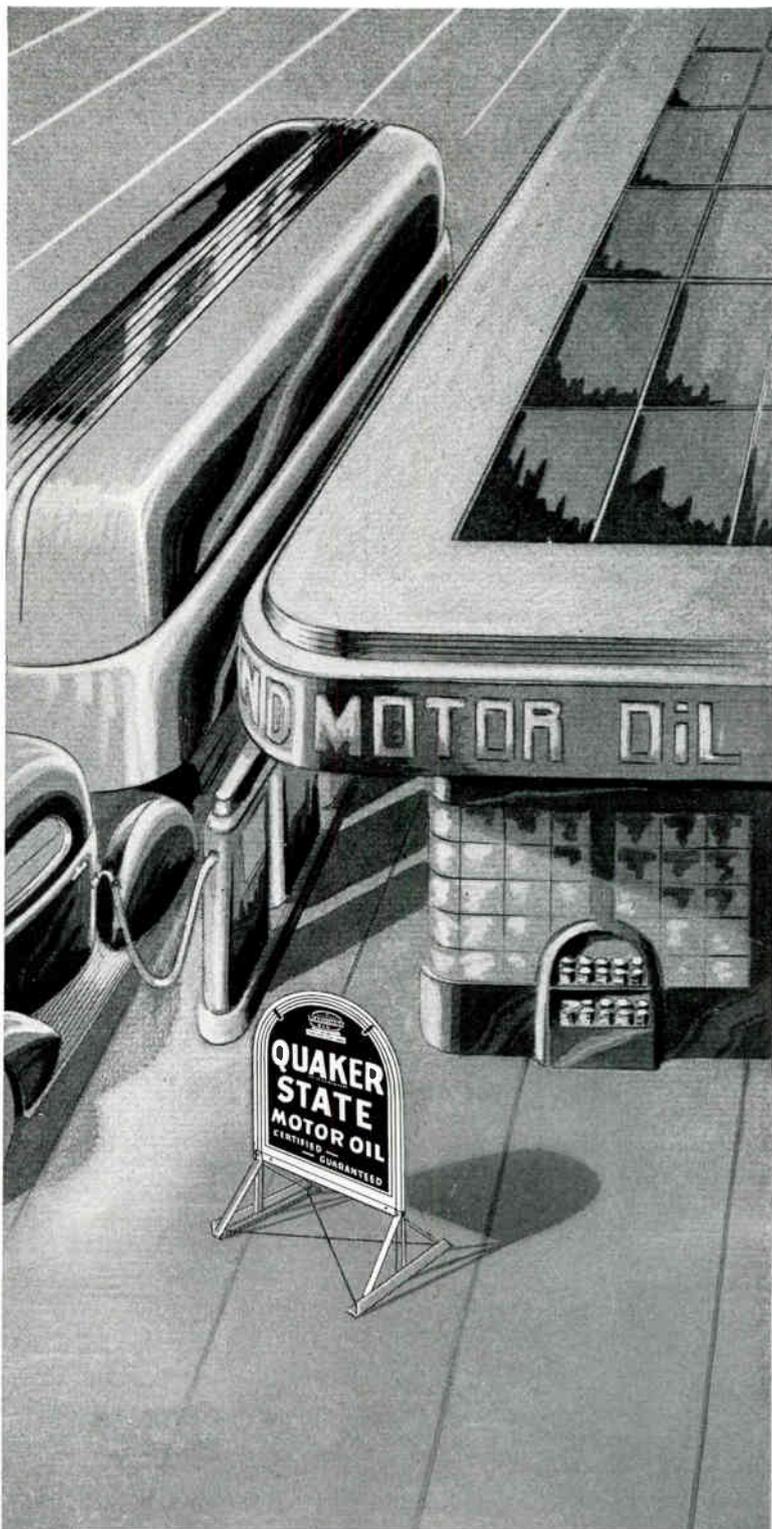
A couple of years later, Cermak lay dangling on death's edge in Miami while the Chicago Federation of Musicians dedicated its new \$100,000 building with a fanfare befitting the occasion, Jimmy stepped up to the microphone (the radio stations saw to it that commercial programs didn't interfere with *that* broadcast) and said, "I set the dedication of this building for the 28th because my good friend Mayor Cermak said he could attend that night." And Jimmy's tears rolled out into the ether.

Petrillo's first act as park commissioner (after accepting a diamond-studded star from Local No. 10) was to announce that the eighteen recreation halls in the park system would be closed to nonunion musicians — including high school bands. As usual, the Chicago press—Petrillo's peons, since the papers all owned radio stations—rose to the occasion and said nothing, except for the *Daily News*, which had just sold its station to NBC. The *News* smote "the dictator" hip and thigh. The order stood. Clubwomen flooded the governor with letters of protest. "— them clubwomen," said Commissioner Petrillo, laconically. "Every time you take a —, they write to the governor." The order stands to this day.

Two years ago the Chicago park systems were consolidated, and Mayor Kelly appointed Jimmy one of five commissioners of the entire system, with its \$50,000,000 budget. In 1935 Jimmy built a bandshell in Grant Park, on the lake front, and the union paid for a summer of free nightly concerts. They were a tremendous success; almost 2,000,000 people attended. Last year the park system appropriated \$50,000 to cover the cost of the summer concerts, and 3,000,000 Chicagoans attended. Everybody—not the least of whom are the musicians who were given work—agrees that the Grant Park concerts are one of the best things that ever happened to Chicago.

The Italian consul, the Repub-

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Before gleaming gasoline palaces,

and before the back-roads garage, you find the familiar Quaker State green-and-white sign. It's the greatest common denominator of motoring. The supreme lubricating luxury the millionaire can lavish on his Rolls-Royce... the most economical lubrication the thrifty man can buy. Quaker State gives the utmost in protection to any motor. And it is economical because you don't need to add oil so often between changes. Retail price, 35¢ a quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

IT'S SMART . . . TO USE QUAKER STATE

vacationing ?

here's authentic advice to the fun-bound

Esquire's

HOLIDAY HANDBOOK



Right now or in the next few weeks, the great American Public will make some great American decisions testing whether this family or that family will take to the mountains or the sea-shore, to a ship or the rails or the car or the air and whether their vacation period this summer will be spent in hunting, fishing, golf, tennis, bathing or just sitting...or perhaps a combination of all activities.

Then come the questions of where to go, what to wear, what to take along and what to do when you get there. Don't be alarmed. Lean back. Take it easy. You've had a hard winter. "Esquire's Holiday Handbook" has been especially designed for smart vacationists. It will answer all your "wears" and "wheres."

Esquire's "holiday handbook" comes to you for 25c in stamps to cover costs of handling.

Esquire

FASHION STAFF 366 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mussolini of Music

Continued from pages 60-171

licans, the Democrats, and the clubwomen are all in the day's work for the Mussolini of music. The tough assignment has been to defend the organized Muse against the radio, the talkies and the depression. Here the real struggle has been Petrillo vs. Nature. And Nature is just one more rugged individualist in the clutch of Jimmy's maw.

"The coming of radio," said Jimmy in one of his expansive moods, while the press hung upon his words, "caused a great fear to grip the hearts of musicians—a fear that this marvel of science would do away with orchestras in theatres, dance halls, hotels and restaurants. Today the radio stations within the jurisdiction of the Chicago local pay musicians in excess of \$1,000,000 annually."

How did it happen? Jimmy "took the necessary means," as he likes to phrase it. On March 21, 1924—musicians were broadcasting just for the publicity in those days—Petrillo announced that henceforth no union musician would be allowed to play over the radio without receiving a minimum of \$8 for three hours or less. In addition, action would be taken at the forthcoming convention of the American Federation of Musicians to demand a 50 per cent increase in wages for hotel orchestras broadcasting by remote control.

The effect of this announcement was immediate on both fronts. Local No. 10 acquired 1,000 new members. (The initiation fee is \$100. If an applicant fails to pass the entrance test he is admitted anyway.) The radio stations, in their first frenzied dash for cover, turned to phonograph records. This was a bad move. Jimmy conferred with President Joe Weber of the A. F. of M., with the result that the Federation sent a lobbyist to Washington and convinced the Radio Commission that it was unconstitutional to broadcast music from a radio record without announcing that it was a transcription—a poor substitute for the flesh-and-blood artist. Then for good measure Local No. 10 slapped on a regulation that the man who turned the phonograph records would have to belong to the union and receive \$18 an engagement, whether he turned one record or a hundred.

Jimmy pushed the wage scale up fast. In December of 1931, with the scale at \$140 a week, a rumor reached Jimmy that the radio stations were going to retrench. He at once waited on the Chicago Broadcasters Association with his demands for the 1932 contract: 1. Wages were not to be cut. 2. Working hours were to be reduced from 35 to 30 a week. 3. Station orchestras were to be increased from 10 to 15 men. 4. The man who "monitored" the control board—an engineer—was to be a union musician. 5. Record-

ings were to be eliminated from commercial programs.

Demands No. 4 and 5 were dummies. Petrillo always includes one or two points that he has no interest in winning, and then concedes them, one at a time, with the combined effect of convincing the public that he is willing to compromise and at the same time enabling the opposition to save its face by winning the dummy points. The stations refused to sign, and Jimmy called a strike for New Year's Eve. Anticipating that the stations might get the national chains to "pipe" them music from other cities, Jimmy ran down to New York for a conference with Joe Weber and returned with the announcement that if the chains tried to feed programs to the Chicago stations, "the strike will spread." This meant that the U. S. would have no music that New Year's Eve.

A little after 7 p.m. of December 31, the stations capitulated. The customary Petrillo compromise had been reached—Petrillo got everything. The broadcasters were bitter. The new contracts, they said, would mean 150 per cent increase in operating expenses. Jimmy was so jubilant that he called a meeting of the union and made his dignity-of-labor speech. "Look at the teamsters—a 10% cut. Look at the musicians—a 15% raise." The musicians were glad they weren't teamsters.

Year after year, Jimmy has pushed up the minimum number of musicians for each station. When NBC and CBS went into the booking business, Jimmy, who didn't believe it was fair for the chains to force hotels and cabarets to hire chain-managed orchestras on the threat of refusing to broadcast the programs, "took the necessary means," including a strike of hotel musicians, and a couple of months ago the two national chains abandoned the booking business. Did Petrillo have anything to do with their decision? "You bet he did," said one of the chain officials bitterly.

The coming of "canned music" to the movie houses accounts for the deepest wrinkles in Jimmy Petrillo's bald forehead. It wasn't a question of the wage scale, which was \$86—although in the course of "negotiations" his home had been bombed and he had to double his bodyguard and carry a gun himself. The real difficulty lay in the disinclination of the small picture houses to retain the old four-man orchestra in every pit.

The operators of the big houses saw an opportunity to hamstring Petrillo and joined the cause of the little fellows, pleading that the ruling would put the little fellows out of business. Strikes were called year after year, and "Petrillo compromises" were effected each time. The big houses dared not come out in the open; they were using stage shows, and the stage-hands' local, working

hand-in-glove with Petrillo, was ready to call out its men at a signal from Jimmy.

Early in 1929 Petrillo ruled that every picture house must employ a union organist. Some of the small houses that had mechanical organs bucked the order; they were losing their pants as it was, without hiring any goddamned union organist. Several of these houses caught fire—mysteriously. Stink bombs were thrown in others—mysteriously. One was broken into and the organ chopped to pieces—mysteriously. The union filed suit against one owner for insinuating that it was responsible for the vandalism. The owner went out of business soon after. The suit never came to trial.

In August of 1929 Jimmy demanded the usual 10 per cent wage increase. (At that time the city's 400 houses were employing 800 musicians, in contrast to the 1200 they employed before the advent of the talkies.) The exhibitors demurred and the union struck—on Labor Day. The wage increase was granted, but Jimmy took a voluntary defeat in his war with nature—he let the minimum number requirement slide. But a few weeks ago, with something under 100 musicians in the Chicago picture houses, Jimmy announced that no theatre charging more than 25 cents admission may use any sound film made in Chicago (there aren't many) without paying as many musicians as were used in making the film.

The legitimate theatres were easier to bulldoze, because of the working agreement between Jimmy and George Browne of the stage-hands' union. Every playhouse operating in Chicago has to maintain a five-man orchestra in the pit at \$500 a week, whether the men are playing or not. Plays that have no use for orchestras have to hire them anyway. A show that brings its own orchestra to town with it has to hire Jimmy's boys, man for man, before the imported band can play a note. When pictures like *Romeo and Juliet* have their premières in playhouses, pit orchestras cannot possibly be used—but they have to be hired.

Jimmy's tacit ally in his disputes with the crasser commercial enterprises is the public, which listens with well-earned satisfaction to the groans of the oppressed magnates. This indifference vitiated the late Chicago Civic Opera Company's efforts to break the union's strangle hold. (The members of the orchestra were getting \$170 a week when the company folded.) Insull's tony regime had about as much sympathy from the public as did Kahn's in New York. But the Chicago Symphony Orchestra was different.

Year after year the Orchestra announced that it would have to disband in the face of Petrillo's demands. Year after year his demands were met. In 1927, the Orchestra really meant it, it seemed. Jimmy figured that his new wage scale would increase the expense

of the season \$30,000. He suggested the amount be raised by popular subscription. The *Daily News* (which still owned a radio station) raised the \$30,000. Petrillo had compromised.

But in 1932, Jimmy gave in, dramatically accepted a wage cut, and was hosannahed as the savior of the Symphony. Last year he demanded, and got, a restoration of the wage cut and an increase in the number of players.

Without Petrillo, most of the musicians of Chicago—and of the other towns that have followed his lead—would be starving. There simply is no replacing the men displaced by the talkies, the radio, and the disappearance of the great brass bands of yesteryear. With him, those who are working—up considerably from the 1932 low of less than 50 per cent—make exorbitant money, those who are starving are fed by the union. Jimmy himself, with a heart as big as a bass viol, takes care of a score or more of them. The annual dues of \$16 is probably the lowest union dues in the country, and it carries a thousand-dollar life insurance policy. The employment fund, maintained by 2 per cent of the members' earnings, has distributed \$300,000 in the past ten years, paying the unemployed brothers union wages to play at charity institutions. The books of the union are open to any and all.

The principal source of Local No. 10's income is fines. The fines are stiff. Jimmy doesn't permit any backsliding. Fines of \$25,000 and \$50,000 have been levied on bands that hired out ostensibly at the union scale and "kicked back" to the employer. At a typical meeting of the Trial Board \$1,860 in fines was levied. The Trial Board meets once a month.

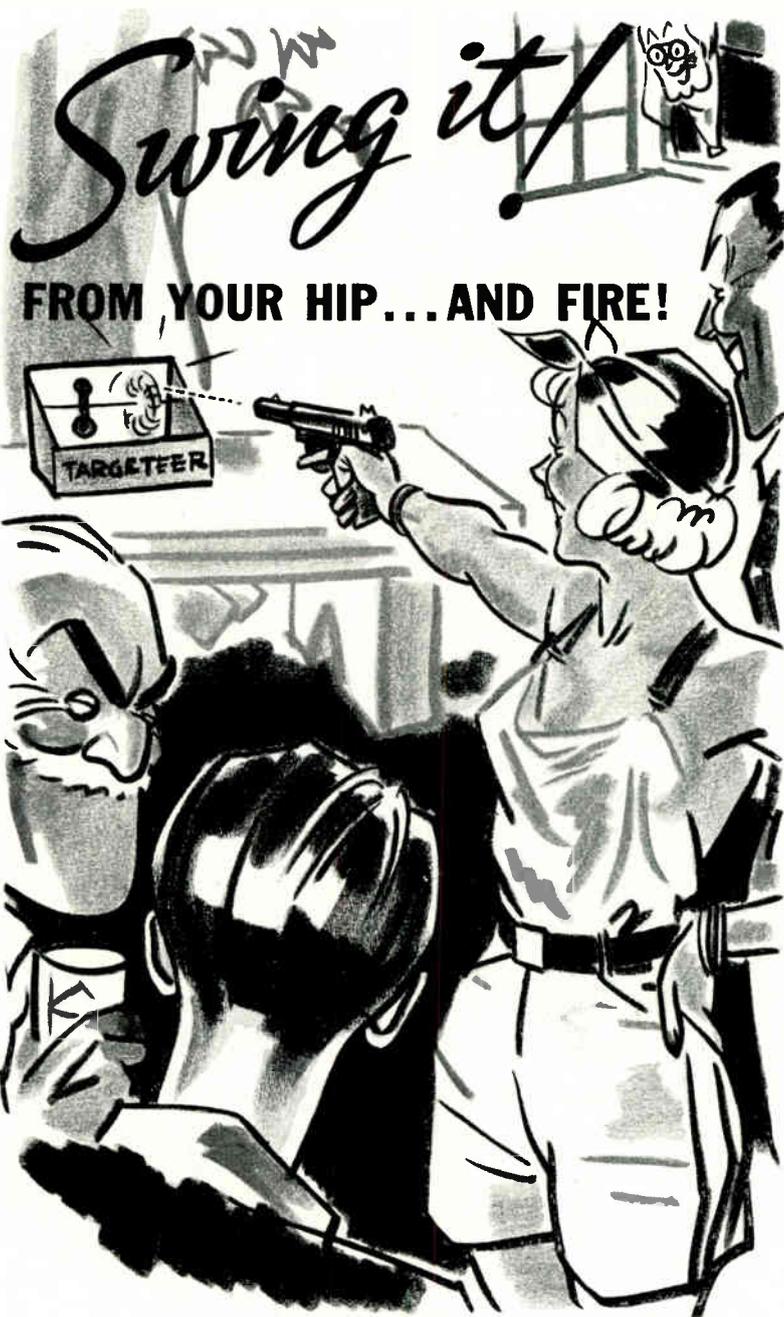
Salaries of the union's officers are fixed once a year in an open meeting in which the officers have no vote. Jimmy's \$500 a week (plus a Lincoln and chauffeur) tops a generous payroll. Jimmy is satisfied.

Even if he wanted to turn out old Joe Weber as National President, he wouldn't want to move to New York and surrender his diamond-studded park commissioner's star. On \$500 a week it's no trick to have a wife and three kids and tickets to the fights and enough to drink and a summer cottage in Michigan. What else is there?

"I am not supposed to steal," says Jimmy. "When I want anything, I ask for it and the boys give it to me. I take care of them and they take care of me. I have had to fight them, as well as fight for them. But the wage scale has been raised, and the men live better and raise their children better. Ain't it worth it? How about a shot?"

Jimmy Petrillo sees himself as a symbol, a symbol of the Musician. The Musician, as Jimmy sees him, is an inalienable appendage of every form of human diversion, and the union is the

Continued at top of page 174



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Mussolini of Music

Continued from pages 60-171-173

musician's only hope of survival in a brutal world—even if Jimmy has to forbid an American Legion band to play at an old soldier's funeral. That *Hamlet* should be staged without a five-man orchestra playing *Is It True What They Say About Dixie?* is unthinkable. That a great artist like Mickey Mouse should be accompanied by a phonograph record rather than a full symphony is blasphemous. That a dance hall should replace a band (at \$1,000 a week) with a radio (at \$200 outright) is an affront to the Muse whose business agent is J. Petrillo.

Economic forces don't interest Jimmy. He assures his boys that the radio and the talkies will soon lose their popularity, "and when that day comes, the living, breathing player of the fiddle and horn will once more enter into his inheritance."

Against that day Jimmy is bleeding the capitalists, just as the capitalists would bleed Jimmy if they were smart enough. Sooner or later he will be bleeding the capitalists all over the country—if there are any capitalists left—because he is only forty-four and Joe Weber, who is in his seventies, can't last forever. It is paradoxical that the fate of so ethereal a business should rest with so coarse a gent as Jimmy Petrillo. His philosophy of getting his boys not a reasonable amount of money, nor even an exorbitant amount of money, but all the money he can get, is as anti-social as it must ultimately be unworkable. He believes with Herbie Hoover, whom he does not otherwise resemble, in the theory of dog eat dog. The main difference between them is that Petrillo's dog happens to be the under one. ‡

The Whole World Is Outside

Continued from page 45

"Yes, Mummie," they said together.

"Now go and leave the door a tiny bit open; just a crack. And Peter, take your sister's hand when you are outside. The whole world is outside and may God love you and watch over you."

The fingers of one hand were close to her mouth but the other hand she reached out from under the quilt and waved very slowly.

The children stood at the door and also waved to their mother. They saw her smile and they smiled back, not a full broad smile, only a little stifled smile. Slowly they backed out and Peter closed the door leaving just a crack.

As they walked down the stairs Ellen suddenly stopped, waved her arm and called: "Good-bye, Mummie."

"She can't see you from here," said Peter. "Come."

As soon as the door had closed the woman in bed could restrain herself no longer. Cast iron would have melted long before this. She put her fingers in her mouth and sobbed, and a tiny rivulet in zig-zag path streamed down her face and into the pillow. And now the last hold was torn away and it seemed easy to stretch her limbs and close her eyes.

It was a dozen blocks to Grand Central Station and these the children walked hand in hand. They were now walking in the great world that is outside. Now and then they paused to look into the shop windows where toys or novelties were displayed and when they had paused long enough Peter said: "Come."

Once they stopped before a movie house and looked at the big colored poster showing a man embracing a woman. This was a kind of love; but they hated this love and thought it quite unnecessary. It was not like the love their mother had for them. They

did not tarry long.

At the station Peter paused beside a newsstand and bought a strawberry lollypop with five pennies that he happened to have in his pocket. He gave it to Ellen as though she were a child and he the parent.

They walked to the information desk and displayed the card.

"So you want to go to Fairwoods?"

"Yes," he showed the dollar.

"Who is this person in Fairwoods?"

"Our Auntie Pauline."

The clerk called a colored porter who brought them to a ticket window and bought them two one-half tickets to Fairwoods. There was a little change from the dollar which Peter put in his pocket.

"This way," said the porter.

As they crossed the big hall Peter drew out the silver watch and compared it with the station clock. Ellen looked at him to see if he was doing this worldly business properly. And while she looked at him she sucked on the strawberry lollypop.

While walking down the platform the porter spoke to the children.

"Where your mother is?"

"She has gone away."

"On a trip?"

"Yes."

"Where did she go?"

"She went where people go when they go to die."

"Lordie, Lordie. Is that so?"

"Yes sir. She did not want to tell us but we know."

And Ellen nodded her head to say that this was true.

Jerry nearly jumped out of his skin when he discovered the children walking up the drive hand-in-hand. He knew now that he would have someone to play with. He ran out on the lawn and found his rubber ball and brought it close to the house.



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