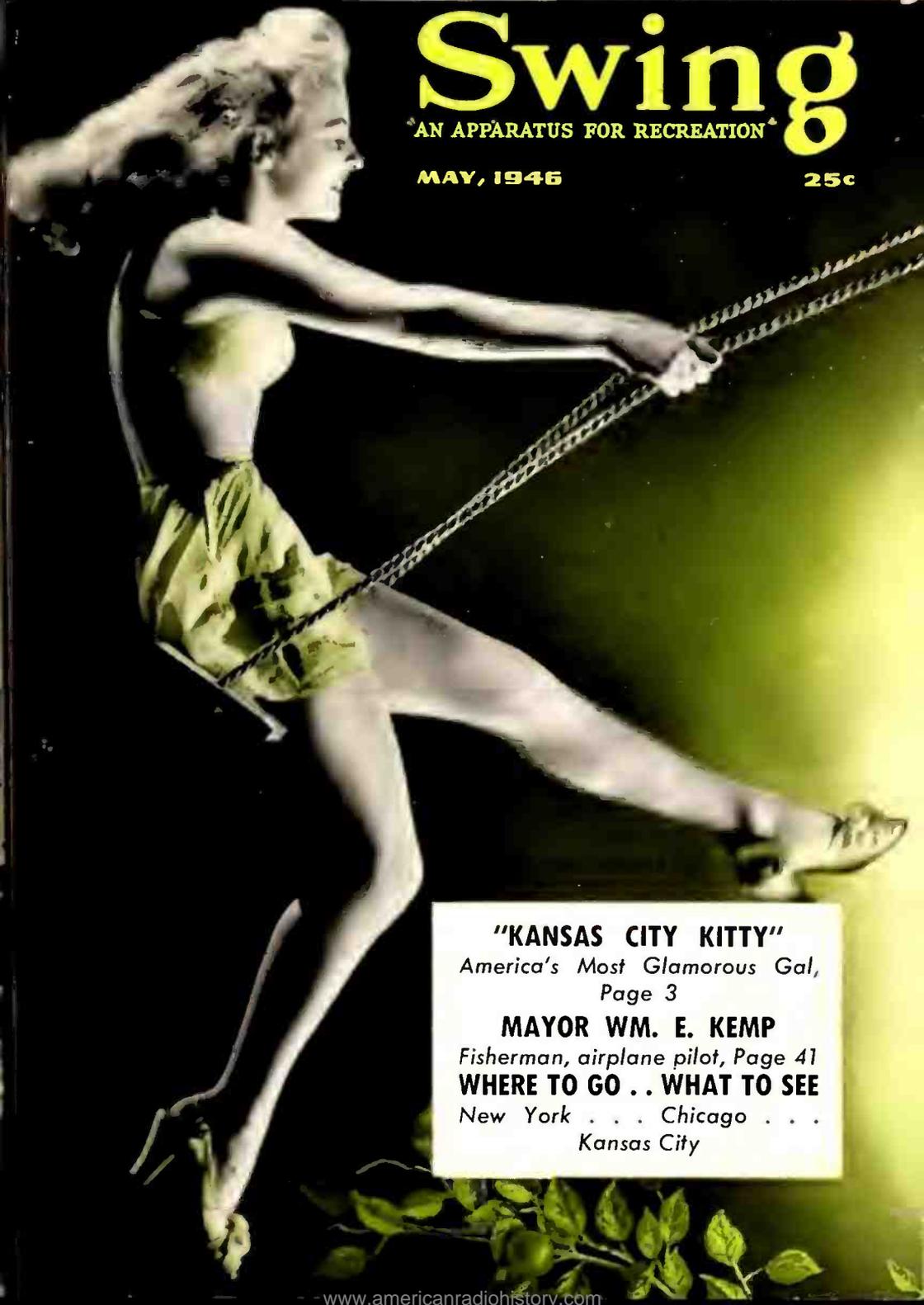


Swing

AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION

MAY, 1946

25c



"KANSAS CITY KITTY"

*America's Most Glamorous Gal,
Page 3*

MAYOR WM. E. KEMP

Fisherman, airplane pilot, Page 41

WHERE TO GO . . . WHAT TO SEE

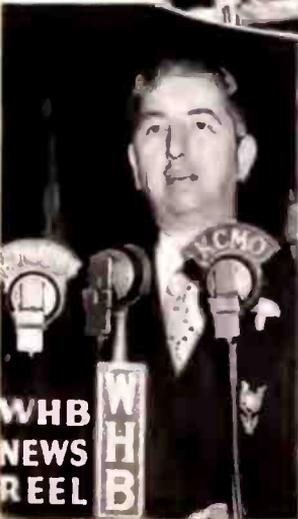
*New York . . . Chicago . . .
Kansas City*

AND JUSTICE RULE
WITHIN THESE WALLS



MAYOR TAKES OFFICE

MAYOR WILLIAM E. KEMP took office before a battery of microphones, the city council and guests, pledging that the cleanup pace set by former-Moyor Goge would be continued. Inset oval portrays Moyor and Mrs. DeLesseps S. Morrison of New Orleans as interested spectators. Lower center: Gov. Andrew Schoepel, Kansos; Gov. M. Q. Sharp, S. Dokoto; Moj. Gen. Lewis B. Pick, and former Moyor John B. Goge, at MVA ceremonies.



COURT STARS

Left, Tom Clark, Attorney General of the United States, spoke to a Kansos City audience recently. Right, John Founce, fourth ranking tennis player in the U. S., told WHB listeners that keeping up the pace is a rough job.



Swing

"AN APPARATUS FOR RECREATION"

VOL. 2

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NO. 5

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Jetta
Editor

THE time of the singing of birds has come, and the ringing of doorbells. And there on our doorstep we find a month like a Mayhasket spilling over with flowers and candies. You never can tell what surprises a Mayhasket will carry. (Take the Freuds of Vienna, for instance. Their Mayhasket surprise was Sigmund. And since then, the spring has never been quite the same. What used to pass for simple spring fever has now become convolutions and vapors arising from the libido, with echoes of infant repressions, and repercussions from such stuff as dreams—purple dreams with green spots—are made of. But—the results are still much the same.)

Given the contents of this year's May, we'd like to do a Mayhasket-turnover and jumble the contents to please our peregrine fancy. What a month you could contrive, if you could do as you like with the ingredients! There'd be a peace parley like no other peace parley in Paris or any other where. We'd have Molotov winding a Maypole to Bidault's rigadon and roundelay, while Byrnes drinks hock beer under a spirea hush and Bevin a Bacchus in English tweeds, fishes for speckled trout, with violets over each ear. All the women, whose May days are cluttered with dust mops and curtain stretchers we'd send with the fleet into the Atlantic—while the Admirals pick new peas in inland gardens, sun-runned and lazy. One thing we'd leave in its proper place. That's V-E Day. This year when the voice of the turtle sounds through the land, you can hear it—because the guns are still. They hegan to stop a year ago. No need to ask if you remember. You do. With a shudder of relief and a terrible gladness. That we'd leave in its place. Only, we might jumble the celebration a hit and instead of parades put in a prayer instead—a prayer sent up from the middle of a meadow and followed by a communion of strawberries washed down with a hit of May wine.

MAY'S HEAVY DATES

In Kansas City



MUSIC

- May 12, Armour Social Club presents Muehlebach Male Chorus. Auditorium.
- May 24, Kansas City Choral reunion. Auditorium.
- May 5, 12, 19, 26, concerts and recitals Sunday afternoons at Atkins Auditorium. William Rockhill Nelson gallery of art.

SPECIAL EVENTS

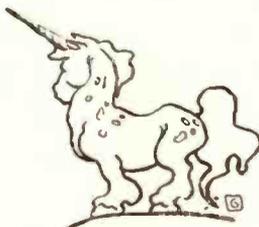
- May 3, 4, Boy Scout roundup. Auditorium.
- May 6, Beau Brummel Minstrels. Music Hall.
- May 7, Junior League, lecture on atomic energy. Auditorium.
- May 10, St. Mary's College Spring festival. Auditorium.
- May 16, R.O.T.C. Field Day. Auditorium.
- May 17, Wheatley Provident Hospital Floor show and dance.
- May 18, Amateur dance orchestra contest.
- May 24, Eastern Star card party and dance.
- May 25-26, Garden Show. Little Theatre.
- May 26, Catholic High Schools haccalaureate services. Auditorium Arena.
- May 29, De La Salle Military Academy graduation.
- May 31, Good will mass meeting, National Conference of Christians and Jews, Frances Perkins, speaker, Arena, Municipal Auditorium.

THEATRE

- May 27, 28, 29, Music Hall, Gloria Swanson in "A Goose for the Gander." (A. & N. Attraction).

CONVENTIONS

- April 30-May 3, National League of Women's Voters, arena.
- May 2-June 10, Women's International Bowling Congress. Continental and Pla-Mor.
- May 4-5, Missouri Association of Chiropodists, Phillips.
- May 7-10, National Association of Corrosion Engineers. President.
- May 11-12, Missouri State Junior Chamber of Commerce. Muehlebach.
- May 12-19, U. S. Rubber Co. Farm exhibit. Auditorium.
- May 15-17, Business Men's Assurance Company "All Star" meeting. President.
- May 19-21, Rotary International, 134th District Muehlebach. Auditorium.
- May 22-24, Kansas Bankers Association. Auditorium.
- May 20-22, Missouri Peace Officers. Phillips.
- May 29-30, Missouri State Association of Letter Carriers. Continental.



ROLLER SKATING

(Pla-Mor Rink, 32nd and Main)

- Roller skating every night with matinees Saturday and Sunday. Speed Derby in arena every night throughout the entire month of May. (El Torreon Rink, 31st and Gillham Plaza)
- Roller skating every night, 7:30, with matinees Saturday and Sunday.

WRESTLING

- May 14, May 28, professional wrestling, featuring world's champions. Sponsored by Sports Incorporated for the American Legion.



ART

- Kansas City Art Institute, exhibitions:
- May 15, end of the year student show, gallery. Vanderslice Hall, 4415 Warwick Boulevard. Fashion show.
- William Rockhill Nelson, gallery of art. Loan galleries, paintings of army medicine from the Abbott collection; print room, etchings by James McNeil Whistler, loaned from Harris Whitmore collection; Ceramics room, English Lustre ware from Burnap collection. Masterpiece-of-the-month, Eruscan, 6th Century, B. C. The Women's Chamber of Commerce will sponsor an evening opening at the gallery Friday, May 10.

BASEBALL

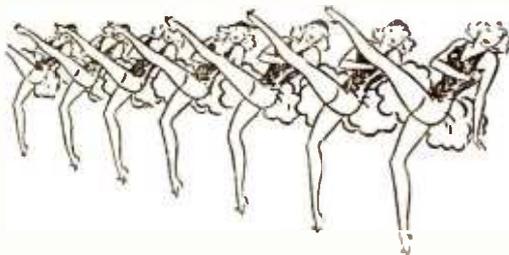
- Kansas City Blues, American Association. All games at Blues Field, 22nd and Brooklyn.
- May 2-3, Toledo; 4-5, Indianapolis; 6-7, Louisville; 8-9, Columbus; 21-22, Minncapolis; 23-24, St. Paul; 29-30-31, Milwaukeec.

DANCING

- (Pla-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main)
- Tuesday and Friday, "over 30" dances with Tom and Kate Beckham and their orchestra.
- May 1, 2, 5, 8, 9, 11, 12, 15, 16, 19, Ozzie Clark. May 4, Raymond Scott and his new orchestra; May 18, Frankie Masters; May 25, Stan Kenton; May 22, 23, 26, 29, 30, Chuck Hall.

Kansas City Kitty

Is the most beautiful gal in the midwest. And lucky Dick Meloan has all her telephone numbers!



by GRIER LOWRY

LET'S face it! Kansas City girls are the most beautiful in the world. Beauty is a commodity as vital in promoting a community as any other natural resource.

To both the professional and the nonprofessional eye, Kansas City has more beauty per city block than any other American city. Dallas, Hollywood, Louisville, all claimants to the title of "Beauty Capital of America," are passed up by the beauty experts, and inexperts, in favor of Kansas City.

Among the staunch admirers of the beauty of Kansas City girls, but who decries our failure to put this lovely talent to work, is bespectacled, round-faced J. Richard Meloan. In his files are names, addresses, telephone numbers, and measurements of over three hundred Heart of America lassies.

Every day forty beautiful girls beat a path to his doorstep. A professional photographer, his latest venture is a school for models, which includes a placement bureau, an enterprise that gives him the envious opportunity to examine, close-hand, the pulchritude of the region. His reactions?

"Local girls have a well-scrubbed look, well-developed figures," says Dick. "In the kitchens, the offices, behind department store counters, on farms, in factories, you can single out pretty creatures who out-class the model whose picture adorns the cover of a popular monthly.

"On every Country Club streetcar southward bound toward the Plaza around five every evening, there is at least one feminine standout, whose fresh personality, healthy air, simple mannerisms, sparkling eyes, would fit her for jobs in New York or Hollywood helping sell everything from breakfast food to beach pajamas. She has thousands of counterparts."

Dick Meloan's career has embraced photography, radio announcing, newspaper reporting—for pin money he used to judge beauty contests. A critical appraiser of the feminine face and form, he eyes the beauty offerings of the East and West coasts a bit disdainfully. He picked up still photography savvy from the Hollywood experts, and during the Hollywood interlude had occasion to scrutinize the vaunted Hollywood conception of beauty.



He cast an approbative eye over the film city lovelies until he came to the faces, whereupon he adjudged them "artificial looking."

"As for the New York models, it is to laugh," says Dick. "The shanky, underfed, tall models which the Eastern crowd thrusts before Mid-Western eyes is outmoded, appears ridiculous to our standards."

At the Meloan School for Models, under the tutelage of a former Powers model, Miss Ideal measures: Height: five-foot-five-or-six; Bust: thirty-six inches; Waist: twenty-four inches; Hips: thirty-four to thirty-six inches. More often than not, the well-fed Mid-Western girls have hips that measure from thirty-six to thirty-eight inches, but it is a remediable condition.

Contemporary standards of facial beauty decree that the photographically perfect girl have well-set eyes, a high forehead, well-balanced features, a generous mouth (the Clara Bow mouth went out with Clara Bow), and an angular face.

There are two major markets for Meloan models — photography and fashions. Fashions is a sprouting industry in Kansas City, and will absorb more models in the future. But photography is the lush pasture where the model collects fees that range from \$3 per hour to \$35 after she graduates from the Meloan school which helps her develop charm and poise.

It is an ever-widening field and the girl who blunderbusses her talents in several spheres will glean the most revenue. The model who isn't camera-shy has another outlet in visual education film. Kansas City is the home of one of the largest producers of this commodity, and the Calvin Company shoots an endless variety of film that requires the use of all feminine "types."

Amateur photography offers still another field for Meloan models to tap. As anybody with a smattering knowledge of photography knows, an amateur is not really an amateur nowadays—not a dilettante. He is called an amateur merely because he does not garner the major part of his income from photography. But he isn't just a snapshooter, with a box camera, who gets his prints developed at the corner drug. Today's amateur has crashed the professional field.

Beauty of the female figure has always been an attractive subject for photographers. Camera clubs on the West coast take a crew of models along on safaris to the desert where they plunk the girls in pretty poses that subsequently go on postcards, cal-

endars, candy boxes, and sometimes become salon prints.

Dick Meloan has introduced the plan of using professional models to Greater Kansas City camera clubs with noteworthy success. The girl next door makes a fine subject up to a point, but for good photography it takes the assurance of a professional model. As every shutterbug realizes, "a picture is only as good as its subject."

Pictorial "nudes" are decent now, and almost every amateur has a secret ambition to see if his artistic talents lie in shooting good nudes. You can't very well ask the neighbor's daughter to pose for these.

The Mid-Western, rosy-cheeked beauty is a "natural" for a wind-blown shot by a picket fence. She is exotic-looking with effective shadow lighting. In evening gowns, slacks, street clothes, bathing suits, she's strikingly beautiful!

It's about time we concentrated on telling the world about her! Publicists, artists, amateur and professional photographers, advertising agency workers, Chamber of Commerce brochure artists, and their ilk, have the opportunity to break the news, pictorially, to Mr. and Mrs. North America that Kansas City has the most beautiful girls in the world.

Come in, Dallas!



Wise men learn by other folks' mistakes. Fools by their own.

What most of us needs is a swift kick in the seat of our "can'ts."

There is an ill wind that blows nobody good. It's the blowing you do about yourself.

This country might not be in such a mess if the Indians had adopted stricter immigration laws.

An optimist is a fellow who looks at his shirt just back from the laundry and says, "Oh, well, we needed lace curtains anyway."

When the average husband sees the kind of men most women married, he cannot help thinking that his wife did mighty well.



THEODORE
LARSEN

*"I find married life a very ticklish
proposition"*

STRATOVISION *Broadcasts*

From airplanes which would go no place slowly, yet beam powerful FM waves, nationally.

by HARRY VAN DEMARK

MOVING broadcasting upstairs—some six miles into the air, in fact—is the present proposal made by Westinghouse Radio, Inc., as the most economical means of handling television and FM programs on a country-wide scale. It is called stratovision.

Giant planes, floating broadcasting stations complete in every detail except for talent, which will be left firmly grounded, will soar in never-ending circles, high up beyond the reach of human sight, flooding the country with television reports of news events, sporting events, and an around-the-clock program of entertainment.

Perched in these airy counterparts of the present on-the-ground broadcasting plants will be an army of experts trained in handling the many controls necessary to keep the system forever in operation over a 24-hour schedule. They will be men and women who come down to earth only when off duty, and whose lives will be spent above the clouds and storms that form the ordinary ceiling of human life on earth, literally living and working high in the heavens.

Fantastic as the scheme sounds, it has been given serious consideration, not only by the parent company, which has mailed interesting leaflets

to its many stockholders explaining and illustrating the plan, but by the Federal Communications Commission in Washington, which has granted permission for an experimental set-up.

Work on the biggest upward movement of any industry in all history is being done at the Westinghouse Baltimore plant, where it is believed the experimental set-up will be installed.

Credit is given Charles E. Nobles, 27-year-old radar engineer, for originating this unique scheme to make a country-wide expansion of television, and of FM broadcasting, possible within a comparatively short span of time.

Cost has been the bugaboo of television, as well as FM developments. Both kinds of waves travel in straight lines. This, for all practical purposes, prevents sending television and FM programs further than the horizon, from any one broadcasting source. With the highest possible towers that present engineers know how to build, this limits the scope of a television broadcasting station to a radius of fifty miles.

To spread it farther, giving the sort of national coverage which ordinary broadcasting affords, means, then, the erection of hundreds of towers, separated from each other by

about 100 miles, all over the country.

A second possibility, and one that may yet be the method chosen, is the use of the very expensive coaxial cable system, and in spite of Mr. Nobles' proposed six-mile elevation of the whole business of television broadcasting, plans of a coast-to-coast nature are already in progress based on the use of coaxial cables.

The experimental set-up by Westinghouse will, according to announced plans, include the installation of four transmitters in one plane. Two of the transmitters will handle FM, a third will be used for television testing, and a fourth will transmit test signals and programs to another plane. A special broadcasting station to feed the flying laboratory of sound and sight will be erected on the ground below.

Nobles' plan of operation, when it becomes full-fledged and in actual commercial use, includes the use of one plane which will be able to broadcast five FM and four television programs simultaneously. Another transmitter and receiver will be used to pick up programs from the preceding plane in the chain of flying broadcasting stations and relay them to the plane ahead of them. Each will do broadcasting and relaying work all along the country-wide chain of air-borne stations, the initial one receiving the broadcasts from a parent ground station.

From the height of 30,000 feet—or nearly six miles—such a high-flying rebroadcasting station would cover the earth's surface in the shape of a huge inverted ice cream cone, measuring 422 miles across—a territory, for example, including approximately



the area of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

The comparative cost, according to the Westinghouse engineering department, is illustrated by the fact that to cover this area from the sky would require but 1/50th as much power as is now needed for a single 50-kilowatt transmitter on the ground, which covers but a radius of fifty miles.

Using wartime discoveries in the making of lighter transmitting and receiving apparatus and smaller tubes, weight reductions necessary to make such an aerial broadcasting station practical are possible, it is claimed.

In order to carry out the scheme it was necessary to provide a special type of airplane which would go no place—and slowly; a sort of reverse development in aviation. This job went to the Glenn L. Martin Company. The result is an all-metal, low-wing monoplane nearly the size of the famous B-29 Superfortress, but

weighing considerably less. Power is supplied by two 1,450-horsepower engines.

These stratovision planes would cruise in a never-ending circle, six miles above the ground, at a rate of less than 150 miles per hour. Aboard would be four television transmitters, five FM transmitters, monitoring equipment and relaying apparatus for the handling of these nine programs. Also radio equipment for crew use. Automatic pilots, turbo-chargers and supercharged cabins would be standard equipment.

In effect, each stratovision plane would be a complete combined transmitting station and antenna. Fed from a ground-based conventional studio, the broadcasts would then be fed to the airborne stations, and rebroadcast and relayed from plane to plane.

The Westinghouse project proposes a coast-to-coast network for relaying programs originating in New York or Hollywood. In all, eight stratovision planes, flying continuously over New York, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Kansas City, Central Nebraska, Central Colorado, Salt Lake City and Los Angeles, would make up the national network.

The addition of six more planes, one each over Durham, North Carolina, Atlanta, Memphis, Dallas, Sacramento and Portland, Oregon, would provide a coverage of 51 per cent of the area of the United States, and include 78 per cent of its population, it is claimed.

The proposed working schedule calls for maintaining a fleet of 56 flying broadcasting stations, four to each station, each plane and crew re-

maining aloft eight hours, replacements taking place at four-hour intervals. This would keep two planes always in the stratosphere and two on the ground for emergency needs.

Meanwhile, keeping considerably closer to the ground, and even digging beneath the surface, the American Telephone & Telegraph Company is going right ahead with its plans for a coast-to-coast television network on transmission by coaxial cable.

Authorization for the plan has already been granted by the Federal Communications Commission, which will permit the installation of a 1,500-mile coaxial cable line between Dallas and Los Angeles. The new link of the coaxial cable chain will cost about \$24,500,000, according to FCC figures, and is the most costly single construction project ever cleared by that board.

When completed, the A. T. & T. Company will have 3,287 miles of coaxial cable stretching south from New York City to Atlanta, and then on to Los Angeles—approximately 7,000 miles of cable in all.

The granting of the A. T. & T. permit to continue its coaxial cable installations, however, guarantees a coast-to-coast television network within four years, according to radio experts.

It is believed in engineering circles that by the stratovision way, as proposed by Westinghouse, it could be done at a much earlier date, providing the test flights for which permission has been granted by the Federal Communications Commission, are successful.

JOHN L. AND HIS SKIN-TIGHT PANTS

JOHN L. SULLIVAN, pugilist champion of the world for 12 years, was afraid of rats. One day while he was sleeping soundly fully dressed, a rat ran up the famous man's leg, inside his trousers. The pugilist became terrified and grabbed the rodent through the cloth and squashed it.



They found the Boston Strong Boy deathly pale, for the event had completely unnerved him. In the scramble he had been slightly bitten. But he was not concerned with the wound, his thoughts were only of his future comfort and peace of mind.

Resolved to end a repetition of the act, he went to Murray the tailor on

Washington street and ordered a pair of trousers built skin-tight. His tailor remonstrated, explaining that John L. would be the laughing stock of town.

But the order stuck and soon the fighter appeared in what was to become the rage of the 80s.

His followers wanted pants of the same style but none were to be had. Then they appealed to Murray to make clothes for them the same as John L. The clothier was swamped with business and his place blossomed in a few weeks into a large establishment.

So, Boston's Strong Boy became Boston's stylist for men.

—Mrs. Florence Webster.



COWBOY EXPLORER

IT WASN'T a famous archaeologist or scientist, but a plain Texas cowboy with the equally plain name of Jim White, who discovered the celebrated Carlsbad Caverns just west of the Pecos river in New Mexico. While riding the range late one summer evening in 1901, White was attracted by what appeared to be a huge tornado-like cloud of smoke boiling from the ground.

His curiosity overcoming him, he rode closer and learned that the phenomena was caused by bats—millions of them—issuing from a crevice

in the rocks. With the aid of a rope he investigated and later interested the people of the neighborhood in further exploration of the caverns. More than a million people now have explored the subterranean wonderland.

Park rangers conduct walking tours on schedule twice daily; the Caverns are reached by an elevator which descends 750 feet into the earth; and luncheon is served to as many as 600 people daily at a cafeteria in one large underground "room." The Caverns are perfectly dry; and the temperature is always 56 degrees.

*Ringmaster of the risque,
the wicked eye, curled lip,
and the voice of a villain.*

Isk, Isk, MR. FISKE

by MARION ODMARK



SHOW business is a fabulous industry. And nobody knows it better than the man who is in it. It's a gargantuan guessing game where facts don't mean a thing, where the gamble is based on intuition, where the unknown element is all important. And the anomaly may just as well be the common rule, as it is in the strange case of Mr. Fiske.

Dwight Fiske is middle-aged, he's bald-headed, and he's a long way from being handsome. He's never claimed to have a voice, which long ago was grooved to an abusive monotone grind. His piano is the melodramatic mediocrity of an old-time movie house player. He assaults every social decorum in the realm of dignity and good taste. There's no glamour about him, and only a smut-ering of personality. He's diametrically insolent to what should succeed in entertainment. But year after year the most consistent money-maker at the platinum palaces from coast to coast is Dwight Fiske. This is how it figures out.

Ringmaster of the risque, inimita-

ble raconteur and a demon with double entendre, Dwight Fiske is unique in amusement annals. With a minimum of physical charm, he has capitalized on and glorified the wicked eye and its elastic

socket, the curled lip and the voice of a villain. For material he specializes in raillery that's an incontinent lot of broad and brothel stories heroizing immoral morons. His fine point of projection runs the gamut from sneer, to leer, to jeer. He has a faculty of dissolving surroundings into one spotlight, a New England Puck and his piano. He's the darling of the prim-minded dowagers, the envied idol of the man about town, the number one sophisticate of a lot of would-be sophisticates. In short, he gets away with murder, makes a fortune and fan-following doing it, and there's no accounting for it.

The seamy side of romance is what composer Fiske sells in his Steinway stories. There's whimsy to his characters like "Ida the Wayward Sturgeon" and her long-famous tryst with

an octopus called Tristan Weisenstein. There's befuddled humor, like "Pokey Brown," a lucky fellow who had faced nothing worse in life than his own cardiograph. There are authoritative lectures on sex, as in his "Mrs. Pettibone." In summary, his is a creative fancy that smacks of a crass Noel Coward. But where Coward specializes in the drawing room, Fiske moves into the boudoir. And for Fiske and his fans, it's obviously a good move.

Under the microscope of word for word censorship, there is nothing that can be pinned to pornographic evidence. It's entirely possible to hear his subverted tales and not know that what's implied is very likely far from proper. But to do this, you should have your eyes closed. What isn't in words is in his expression, or what passes for a reasonable facsimile.

Fiske's career actually began at the age of seven, when his family moved from Providence, Rhode Island, where he was born, to Boston, where his musical education, the usual piano lessons, got under way. In short order he was bored with the customary finger exercises and began to vary the drudgery by improvising charming, if innocuous, melodies. By the time he was a callow fifteen he had achieved a surprising success. His song "The Bird" was sung by Geraldine Farrar during her concert season, and enjoyed a mild triumph. It's still in the repertoire of many sopranos. At six-

teen he was in New York, under the watchful eye of an indulgent aunt, and pointed out by his contemporaries as composer of incidental music in David Belasco's production, "Good Little Devil," starring Mary Pickford. By the time he enlisted in the Army in the spring of 1918, he had no less than forty-eight songs to his by-line credit.

With the armistice, Dwight returned to Paris to study with Philippe, at the Paris Conservatory. Short of funds, and to insure fairly regular meals, he took to playing for private parties, conceiving the innovation of impromptu musical portraits of guests. The late Marie Dressler was one of these, who was so pleased with Fiske's musical impression of her that she commissioned him to compose two special stories for an appearance on a program for the American Hospital.

On the heels of this recognition, Tallulah Bankhead plugged him for a try-out two week engagement at the Bat, then London's popular night club. He was such an immediate hit with nobility that he remained for nine months. A similar series of hits awaited him in America, and continued with increasing glory ever since.

Putting color in the off-color song-story is the Fiske stock in trade. Ask the management of any of the plush supper clubs he plays over the country and you'll find the stock is gilt-edged and the trade is terrific. Only in show business could a fluke like this flourish.

Some girls are afraid to leave home for fear the wolf will knock and they won't be in.

Poultry comes and poultry goes, but Skip somehow is in there for his "share."

THE DOG CRIED *Fowl*

by JAMES GANTT

AMONG those people who burden themselves with the care and training of their personal pets, I have an acquaintance who has been faced with quite a problem . . . and as yet seems floundering about in a manner that is very heart-rending to her immediate friends—not to mention her neighbors.

The pet in question (and I use this word advisedly) is a handsome German Shepherd whose appearance is a pleasure to behold. A sleek beauty even in his present adolescent stage. Perhaps a short explanation anent the distaff side of his impressive pedigree should be elaborated upon here. It may, or it may not, have some bearing on the matter.

"Cubby," the shortened version of a rather poly-syllabic Teutonic name by which she is known to the American Kennel Club, has since gone to her reward, but not without leaving the doughty "Skipper" and a host of somewhat bizarre memories for her



owners to cherish. Even for a lady dog, or a doggie lady, to avoid a short harsh term—she seemed at certain times to respond too enthusiastically to the rhythm of nature. Consequently she dissipated much of her energies in the task of raising nondescript curs as the direct result of her willful ways . . . progeny that had been promulgated by father or fathers un-

known. Sharp vigilance and close confinement seemed to avail but little—and through a long and colorful career that would have made "Forever Amber" quite dull reading, she trod the straight and narrow but once. The result was "Skipper."

Just how much of his mother's mercurial temperament was inherited by Skipper—and what amount of his cussedness is his own idea is a matter for conjecture—but Skipper has developed into that social pariah of the canine kingdom—the chicken killer.

Of course when a puppy does

something wrong, the first step is to lecture him well and belabor his bottom with a rolled up newspaper, or a choice walnut two-by-four—after which said puppy is supposed to mend his ways.

It was a bright and cheerful summer afternoon when Skipper—glowing with pride—and his eyes still sparkling from the excitement of the chase, came bearing his initial trophy from the neighbors' hen house. My friend's mother, sensing that this might be the opening curtain on a series of unpleasant experiences, grabbed a newspaper, rolled it hurriedly and descended upon Skipper and his inflated ego. After this she tried hard to remember which neighbor owned such a hen. Failing—largely because the features of the corpus delicti were somewhat disarranged in the heat of battle—she slipped out quietly after dark and deposited the dank and draggled evidence in the garbage pail.

Morning found the pail overturned and a sprinkling of white feathers reminiscent of a heavy frost adorning the back yard. Skipper was sleeping soundly under the porch. Thus began a monotonously regular occurrence. Skipper would slip off to a neighbor-

ing chicken yard and return heavily laden with booty—and to avoid favoritism, he occasionally raided his mistresses' own poultry. The results of his misdemeanors never seemed to blunt the edge of his sporting instinct. In fact, he seemed to anticipate each varying method of discipline—and there were many.

A friend who considers himself wise in the ways of canine logic, advised that the dog be whipped with the dead chicken. So when Skipper committed his second offense my friend wrenched the chicken from his slathering jaws and grasped him by the collar. She began earnestly to punch him soggly with the cadaver. It was unfortunate that the head was missing and that numerous vents had been ripped in the carcass by Skipper's excited teeth. Skipper was bathed and so was my friend, and the laundry bag that week had an unpleasant odor.

No whit dampened by this messy lesson, the courageous dog slipped out a few days later and dashed the hopes of the home reform movement. But, by this time, my friend had accumulated a goodly supply of hopeful advice.

This time, acting on the suggestion of a second self-styled authority on animal psychology, she snatched up the wilted poultry and hastened to the kitchen. By dint of much shaking and scrubbing about amid ruffled feathers, and reduced to desperation by violent sneezes, she covered the remains quite liberally with red pepper. Then, with an air of pseudo innocence, and dabbing tears from her red-rimmed eyes, she placed the in-



viting morsel before the unsuspecting criminal. She then retired to the kitchen window to await results.

Skipper, aware that the rhythm of events was slightly out of kelter, approached the languishing hen with great caution. Once or twice he was seen to roll it over on the neatly clipped lawn, poking first with his nose and then deeming it rather uninviting to his sensitive nostrils, he pummeled it with his front paws. Both performances sent him off in a paroxysm of sneezing and caused him to drink his water pan dry three times in the space of half an hour.

It was with a feeling of relief that my friend and her mother watched him carefully grasp the chicken in his jaws, scurry to a corner of the flower garden and there bury it—but deep.

At last the formula had been found. Skipper, with a sad and frustrated air about him, lounged spiritlessly about the back yard for the remainder of the day. A nimrod with a broken bow.

With a revived cheerfulness the family partook of the evening meal and retired to sleep with the gratifying knowledge that this shameful thing that had shadowed the household for so many weeks was at last dispelled. Skipper, like many other incorrigible outlaws, had learned that crime, unless organized, does not pay.

But that night, by the light of a wan sliver of moon, Skipper disinterred his prize and devoured it—to sally forth again upon his—by now—grim quest.

Desperation is the only word that fits the situation, quivering, wild-

eyed desperation. My friend sneaks guiltily in and out of her home, her very demeanor arousing the neighbors' suspicion. She avoids the eyes of everyone in the neighborhood, for now the whole world seems to point an accusing finger—and the battle rages unabated. Her latest encounter was as humiliating as each previous one. Still hounded by the unreasonable singleness of purpose that resides in Skipper's black heart, she applied yet another remedy. Somewhere she



had read, or heard, or thought, of a cure that would surely work. Skipper's last chicken was lashed securely about his neck and he was made to wear this badge of shame. The theory was that the warm summer air would work upon the remains and in so doing would forever imbed a distasteful association in the dog's mind . . . laudable logic, but how then, did it work?

Skipper skulked about the yard with his silent white companion and a distressed expression. He tried thumping at it with a hind foot, but aside from sprinkling a few feathers about him there were no results. Vig-

orous shaking had no visible effect. A few clusters of plumage at each corner of the house showed where he had tried in vain to rub it off.

Before bed-time, Skipper was carefully examined to see that the fowl's moorings were intact, a not too pleasant job, for the day had been long and hot, and some faint suggestion of the horror to come emanated from the hen. Doubts as to the advisability of such drastic methods assailed his mistress, but grimly she clung to the belief that the end justified the means—and so she retired to her

troubled sleep. Discipline can be harsh, even for those who administer it.

This morning when she arrived at work she told me the results—frustration lurking behind her usual calm demeanor. Skipper was found placidly asleep beneath the porch and a concentration of feathers like a disemboweled pillow lay in a corner of the yard.

Short of shooting, which seems rather abrupt, and begging the issue anyway—How do you break a dog of killing chickens?



A happy person forgets a lot of things which, if remembered, would only make him unhappy.



Only uncomfortable chairs become antiques. Comfortable chairs are worn out by use in a single generation.



Most girls nowadays are convinced that opportunity doesn't knock. It sits outside and honks.



The doctor asked the patient if he had been leading a normal life. On being told that he had, the doctor's advice was: "Well, you'll have to give up whisky, late hours and women for a few months."



An applicant for a job reported that she had been forced to leave her last position because of illness. When pressed for the nature of the illness, she admitted "because my boss was sick of me."

YOUR *House* IS ON FIRE!



Inflationary fires are burning and wasting the real estate market. Is the end in sight? They say it isn't.

by KARL A. KELLAR

dollars, scorching and searing the hands of those who seek nothing more, perhaps, than a place in which to live.

House buyers are paying 157 per cent more for the same houses than they would have paid in 1940. They are paying from 7 to 10 per cent more than a year ago, and the spiral continues up, up, and up.

These figures were not dreamed up by some free-lance statistician, but were obtained from the files of the Kansas City Real Estate Board, which keeps a close record of every piece of property bought and sold in Kansas City, and for how much.

A year ago this month a Kansas City home was sold for \$5,000. Six weeks later it brought a price of \$6,600 from an out of town buyer. Less than a year later the third party sold it for \$7,500 and with a little dolling up the fourth party may get \$8,500 . . . unless the horrible nightmare of real estate men comes to pass . . . OPA ceilings.

Another house was sold for \$7,500 last August and with less than \$500 repairs there were people standing in line ready to grab it for \$12,500.

Real estate madness is not confined to Kansas City. A home was built in a small Wisconsin town in 1942

HOW would you like to sit out in your back yard some balmy evening and with a few chips for kindling, build a nice bonfire out of a bushel of \$5 bills?

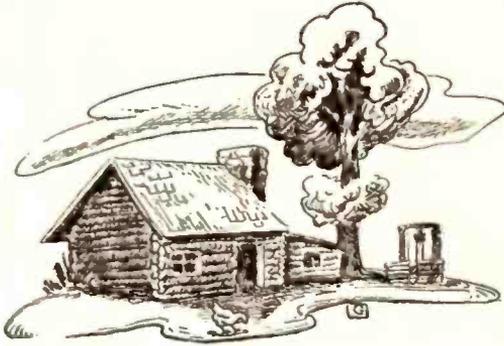
Sounds like a balmy as well as unprofitable way to spend an evening, doesn't it? Yet, that is exactly what is happening, not only in Kansas City, but throughout the entire country today.

People who are going into the real estate market with \$10,000 today can expect to come out, if they come out at all, with about \$6,000 a few years hence, when sanity in the real estate business once more takes over.

Real estate is on fire, burning up thousands of hard and easy earned

for \$3,900. Two and a half years later the owner sacrificed it for \$6,500.

In Southeastern Kansas a small home that neighbors swear up and down didn't cost over \$4,000, was sold recently for \$12,500. New houses, too, are bringing torrid prices. Despite strikes and material short-



ages, builders are getting sizable home building programs under way.

One builder of new homes naively advises his buyers that the Federal Housing Administration has cut the percentage of loan guarantee from 80 per cent to 66 per cent. Therefore a \$10,000 new home requires a down payment of \$3,300, with the balance mortgaged and underwritten by FHA.

However, there is the other side of the picture.

According to Vivian Truman, brother of the president of the United States, and assistant FHA director for the Kansas City area, FHA will underwrite a loan up to 90 per cent of full value on a new house costing \$6,000. They will take 86 per cent on houses costing from \$6,000 to \$8,000.

What is this, then, some kind of a guessing game?

The true answer is that FHA's appraised value and the builder's selling price never agree. FHA allows a "reasonable" profit to the builder plus actual cost. Therefore, the builder is obviously asking about \$2,000 more than FHA thinks the house is worth.

While the real estate merry-go-round spins faster and faster, more and more brokers are getting on for nice profitable rides. An interview with a state real estate examiner, evidence of previous experience, plus a small fee will get a man or woman into the real estate fraternity as a licensed operator. The fee is \$5 for a broker and \$2.50 for a salesman or saleslady. Listings in the want ad columns and a flourishing business is under way.

Now, let us pose this question:

Are there more people in America today than there were six years ago, are there less houses, or what? It seems that wherever you go, from small crossroad towns to the large cities, everybody is outbidding everybody else for houses.

The answer seems to be that many young men who left as boys from a family five years ago are now coming home from service as men, many of them married men, seeking a home. Farmers flocked to the cities during the war to take high paying jobs. The jobs have petered out but the workers enjoy city life and would like to stay.

There are vacant houses in this country, but where are they? The department of agriculture could answer that one because they have been recording a steadily decreasing farm population since 1940 and the

trend, even now, is still to the congested cities.

Why doesn't OPA stop the carnage in housing? Because neither OPA nor congress know where to begin. They know that any house ceiling program would be widely discriminatory. Costs means little in this maelstrom. Location, convenience to schools, churches and shops wield severe influence on property values. OPA would have to appraise, and adjudge separately, every house that was bought or sold. What would they go by, how would they arrive at a

fair price? They would have to guess, and there seems to have been too much of that in the past.

Real estate men are unanimous against OPA ceilings on housing. They believe that production and release of materials, plus a drastic cutting of red tape and formalities, will spur the building program. They believe that when there are enough, or nearly enough, houses to go around, the universal law of supply and demand will step in and operate on the basis which, up to now, has made this the finest housed nation in the world.



KNOW YOUR HOTELS

SUPPOSE that your business dealings demanded an extensive tour of a number of midwestern cities. Where would you stay, even if you could get reservations? So that you won't be stumbling into the wrong hotel in the right town and getting yourself all mixed up with the police, besides having something to explain when you get home, SWING has decided to throw this Hotel Quiz right in your face. 8-10 is super; 6-8, good; 4-6, fair; under 4, better stay home. See if you can put the hotels in the right towns.

(1) MILWAUKEE: (a) Mayo, (b) Statler, (c) Schroeder, (d) Lowry.

(2) KANSAS CITY: (a) Netherland Plaza, (b) Brown, (c) Drake, (d) Muehlebach.

(3) CHICAGO: (a) Muehlebach, (b) Schroeder, (c) Drake, (d) Pennsylvania.

(4) ST. PAUL: (a) Lowry, (b) Mayo, (c) Schroeder, (d) Brown.

(5) ST. LOUIS: (a) Mayo, (b) Lowry, (c) Jefferson, (d) Statler.

(6) LOUISVILLE: (a) Jefferson, (b) Brown, (c) Muehlebach, (d) Pennsylvania.

(7) CINCINNATI: (a) Statler, (b) Netherland Plaza, (c) Drake, (d) Schroeder.

(8) MINNEAPOLIS: (a) Curtis, (b) Lowry, (c) Mayo, (d) Drake.

(9) TULSA: (a) Brown, (b) Drake, (c) Jefferson, (d) Mayo.

(10) NEW YORK: (a) Statler, (b) Lowry, (c) Drake, (d) Pennsylvania.

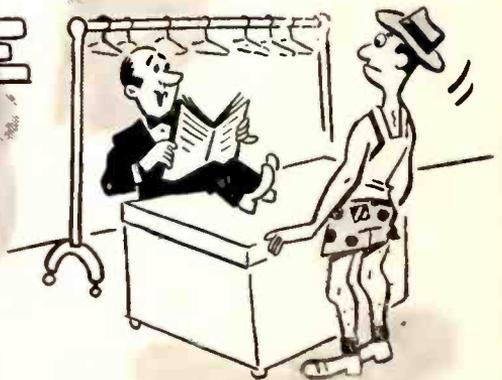
(Answers on Page 68)

A STITCH in TIME!

DON FITZGERALD investigates the men's clothing situation and reports that everything will work out in the end!



"Crap game, nuthin'! I don't
-a a suit!"



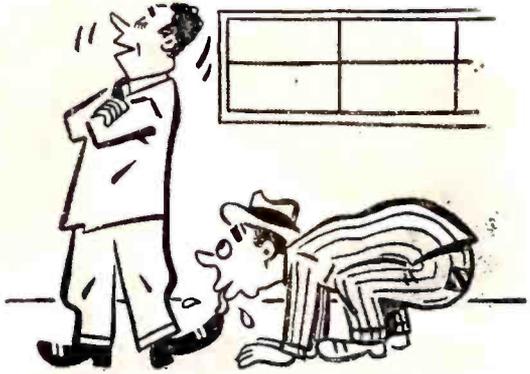
"Try us again next month".

"...Er, about that suit my wifa gave
you fellova last fall..."

• I. GOLDBERG - TAILOR •

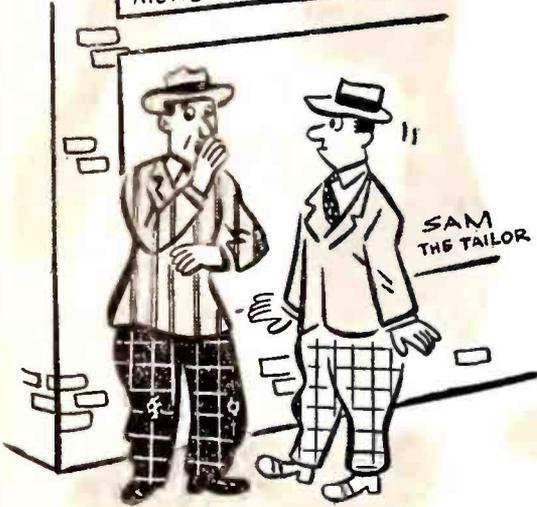


Don
FITZGERALD

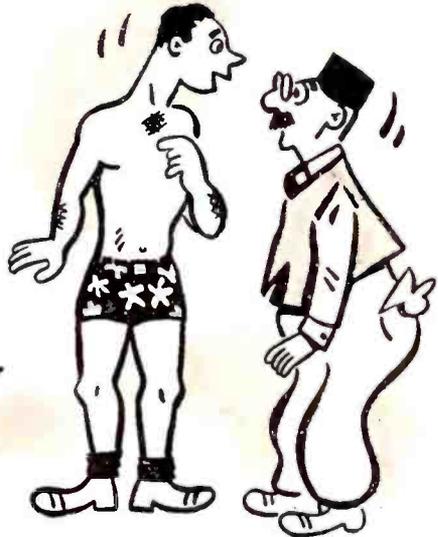


"It's no use, Mr. Hunt... I haven't a thing for you!"

SAM SILVER
MEN'S CLOTHING



"I think I'm making some progress. Sam smiled at me today!"



"It's not that I mind wearing bathing trunks. I don't have anyplace to pin my discharge button!"

Jest A MINUTE!



A Russian staff sergeant, commissioned to obtain food, addressed a Moravian farmer. "Take me to a field where I can get food for my men."

"Immediately, sir," said the old man. He led the sergeant down into a fertile valley. In half an hour they approached a field of barley.

"This will do admirably," said the sergeant.

"Wait," said the farmer, "and I'll show you better." In a few minutes more he had led the sergeant to another rippling field. "Here," he said.

"This field is no better than the first," replied the sergeant, "and you wasted much valuable time. The first field was fully as good."

"Perhaps the second field is no better," assented the peasant, "but it isn't mine."—*Pulpit Digest*.

The wife of a junior senator from Iowa was scheduled to "pour" at a reception for the Trumans at the Congressional Club. She arrived, looked up the flurried chairman of the arrangements and asked for instructions.

"Now let's see," mused the chairman. "Mrs. Olin Johnson of South Carolina is pouring at the same table. Which of your husbands is the senior senator?"

"They came to congress at the same time," said Mrs. Hickenlooper, the Iowa's wife.

"Goodness," said the badly worried hostess. Then she brightened visibly. "Which state," she asked, "came into the Union first?"

Mrs. Hickenlooper pointed out that South Carolina had been one of the original colonies and that Iowa had been in for a scant century.

"Ah," said the relieved chairman. "Then Mrs. Johnson pours coffee. You pour tea."—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

Two Alabama farmers were wrangling in front of the village postoffice. A traveling salesman asked the cause.

"Oh," explained the postmaster, "they swapped mules here awhile back and now each is accusing the other of skinning him."

"Well," suggested the salesman, "why don't they trade back?"

"Why," said the postmaster, "they're afraid they'll get skinned again."—*Judy's Weekly*.

Two brothers were convicted of stealing sheep and were branded with the letters "S. T.," meaning sheep thief.

One brother, unable to stand the stigma, tried to bury himself in a foreign land. But men asked him about the strange letters. He wandered away, lived a short life of bitterness and was buried in a nameless grave.

The other one said, "I can't run away from the fact that I stole sheep. I will stay here and try to win back the respect of my neighbors and myself."

As the years passed he built a reputation for integrity. One day a stranger saw the old man with the letters branded on his forehead. He asked a native what they signified.

"It happened a long time ago," said the native, "and I've forgotten what the letters means, but I believe they were put there as an abbreviation of the word 'saint.'"—*Macartney's Illustrations*.

LAST *Curtain* CALL



Old Charlie was an actor to the end. He had to come back for one final footlight bow.

by JAMES R. McQUEENY

TWENTY dollars, that was every cent we could raise to keep Charlie Hurt from being buried by the county. I had chipped in \$2.50, which is little enough, but you know how things are for a city hall reporter with school girl scruples.

Charlies wasn't what you'd call a loyal party worker so we couldn't ask his precinct captain to contribute. Nor could we get any help from the boys who were around every week or so selling tickets to their ward dances or taking up a collection for flowers to send to the mayor's aunt's funeral.

The burial fund, such as it was, had come from a few of us who had known Charlie during life and felt poorer at his passing.

Charlie had picked an inopportune time to die. A city election was coming up and the paper's trained seals were all over the city hall rewriting all the old chestnuts with a generous sprinkling of such words as *bossism*, *disfranchisement*, and *mulcted*.

Everyone connected with the organization was jittery. Tim Tyler, councilman at large, was a silent partner in an undertaking firm handling most of the city's business but I knew it wouldn't do any good to call Tim

about burying Charlie because the mention of my paper made his temples throb.

We all felt Tony LaSalle was our best bet and I volunteered to see what could be done as I was supposed to stand in good with him.

You see, when I first went to the city hall Tony was one of the minor bosses in one of the older wards. He used to come into the press room occasionally and when his daughter, Rose, was asked to sing at the mayor's Christmas party for the orphans, I succeeded in getting the city desk to go whole hog on the item by using a half column picture of her. Tony thought that was fine.

A couple of months later when they read Tony out of the organization for trying to do his own collecting, I phoned in a short item about it but the rewrite man in the office evidently was busy with a page one story about a cat rescuing a fireman out of a tree or something and forgot to turn in the story about Tony. Of course Tony thought I had used my influence in keeping the news out of

the paper and thereafter he stood ready to go to hell for *his frand*, but he couldn't bury Charlie for less than \$35. I said all right and gave him the address of the hotel where Charlie had been found dead a few hours before and we set the funeral for the following afternoon.

Tony said he'd take care of everything. He said he'd fix Charlie up just like he did the boys, even Willie Stone, the numbers man, only he hoped Charlie's face wasn't messed up the way Willie's was. Charlie was intact, I assured him, and wouldn't need much fixing as acute alcoholism, not gang trouble, had caused his death.

On my way back to the city hall I stopped at the Paddock cigar store to see Izzy Grumm who operates the handbook there. Izzy, without ever having heard of Charlie, kicked in \$5.

But raising \$10 more was next to impossible and I was on the point of calling Tony to tell him the deal was off when Bud Grady, a bookkeeper in the water department, picked up the typewriter that Joe Wares of the opposition paper used and carried it across the street to Solly's place. A few minutes and he came back with \$10 and a pawn ticket.

When Joe Wares clocked in for work he complained bitterly about his typewriter being gone but when I explained we had cut him in on Charlie's funeral he didn't say another word but went over to police headquarters to see if the desk sergeant couldn't

get him another typewriter out of the stolen property room.

We ran into another snag when Tony called up about the grave lot. Somehow, we had overlooked this detail but again Joe Wares, who, ordinarily is pretty much of a stinker, came to our aid. He felt sure he could get the lot from Eddie Reiser, the make-up editor of THE BEE, as Eddie had been pressured into buying a grave lot several years ago when everybody was promoting cemeteries and miniature golf courses. Joe said Eddie didn't have any use for it because he had become interested in a book he had found on an owl car on his way home from the office one morning and was charmed with the idea of making himself into a bonfire when his liver refused to take any more punishment.



The lot was worth \$60 but Joe said he thought he could get it for nothing and with that he left to look up Eddie at the Fourth Estate Recreation where Eddie spent his afternoons waiting for the results of the last three races at Hollywood park before going to THE BEE.

Eddie didn't know it but if there was anything Joe Wares could do better than split infinitives it was play pool.

Joe, I learned later, first suggested to Eddie they play a game or two to kill a little time between the race calls and Eddie was all for it. To plant the larceny in Eddie's heart Joe said

he appeared nervous and off form and Eddie, being quick to notice this, suggested they play for keeps. Eddie must have been surprised at how playing for keeps steadied Joe's game and by the time Eddie had to quit to get back to the office, Joe owned the cemetery lot and Eddie's check for \$1.25.

WHY we went to so much bother to have a funeral for Charlie calls for an explanation and Charlie is hard to explain.

When I first started covering the city hall, I thought Charlie worked there. You could find him in the corridors or draped across somebody's desk barbering with the boys. When the boys found it necessary to vote the tombstones to carry the silk-stocking wards, he would scurry from polling place to polling place with a list of aliases as long as a clothes line.

These missions he regarded solely as larks and didn't expect even so much as an invitation to the victory barbecue in return. Otto Schmitt, who dispenses the patronage, once offered Charlie a \$125 a month job in the Welfare department but Charlie graciously refused.

I will never forget the first time Charlie stalked into the press room. With a princely flourish he put his walking stick and lemon colored gloves on the desk and launched into a rhapsody on Maurice Evans' *Macbeth* he had seen the night before. It was just as if he were a pitchman making his spiel on a new fangled can-opener in a handy doorway. His

resonant, dramatic voice could be heard out to the elevators but Joe Wares, busy pecking out a true life detective yarn, did not bother to look up from his typewriter. Joe was used to such goings-on.

At first glance, he was as a bellows to the fires of your imagination. He was sixty-five, maybe older, and though not tall, the military erectness of his body made him appear so. On second glance you could see alcohol and poverty had ravaged his face; a deep furrowed bitterness had been etched into his massive features. His steel gray, deep-set eyes had lost much of the luster you knew had been theirs, still they were penetrating and expressive.



His once yellow polo coat with tie belt had faded into a neutral gray, yet it failed to hide his purple shirt and green cravat. When he removed his coat, inquisitive sunrays were quick to find splotches of green in a black suit that looked as if it were patterned on a Cruikshank illustration. An ill-fitting toupee and two-tone button shoes removed any lingering doubt but that you were in the presence of a poverty racked actor whose earlier days had been studded with triumphs in a forgotten theatre. He was shabby-looking, yet he neither pitied nor apologized for his appearance; he reveled in it.

For all his poverty, Charlie, I learned in subsequent months, was as much a part of the theatre as Forbes-Robertson or James Herne. Talking to him was like reading a plump book

of reminiscences stage producers are forever putting between covers. He would sit far into the night talking of the *Black Crook's* opening at Niblo's Garden, of the final American pilgrimage of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, of Ada Rehan's *Katherine*, Mansfield's *Prince Karl* and Eleanora Duse's *Camille*. Lefty Crain, the owl eyed dramatic critic, once pointed out during one of Charlie's lectures that he must have been a babe in arms at the *Black Crook's* premiere as it happened in 1879 but Charlie didn't pay any attention to him. Dramatic critics are too technical, anyway.

His pockets were chock full of clippings from theatrical periodicals. He was hard to pin down regarding his own performances but he was continually having jousts with agents over parts and commissions. In his inside coat pocket he carried a wad of manuscript on which was written a part in a play Brock Pemberton or some-



body was going to put into rehearsal shortly. The memorizing of these lines was done almost exclusively in crowded lobbies and street cars.

Once the conversation veered from the theatre, Charlie would excuse himself, pay for his beers, if any, and be off to his hotel which was bedeviled with bedbugs, curbstone medicos, and tarts as shabby as himself. Charlie ignored the vermine, discussed the decadent condition of the theatre with the snake-oil impresarios, and bowed to the harpies as if they were reigning queens of the drama. If given the opportunity, I doubt if he would have moved from his wretched surroundings; the hotel had gained the dubious distinction of being the stopping place for show folk of another era and that was all that mattered to Charlie.

Between engagements in the theatre, as he put it, Charlie sold canned tuna and salted mackerel for a mail order fishery on the Pacific Coast. He might have become a good salesman and built up a prosperous business if he had applied himself but there were too many interesting things about the theatre to talk about that were closer to his heart than the merits of canned tuna.

Peculiarly enough, Charlie would have to look through every pocket to find a price list on a ten pound tub of salt mackerel or a case of forty-eight clam chowders, items he had been selling for ten years, but he could recite with all the fire of Irving Mathias' lines in *The Bells* without a moment's pause. When he would rise to a dramatic climax, his toupee would skid over on one ear but this would not deter Charlie and he would carry on to the end before adjusting it.

If the power to convey feeling to an audience is the essence of acting,

Charlie was a star of the first magnitude. Even Joe Wares, whose interest in the theatre started and stopped with the Margie Harts and the June St. Claires, would sit enthralled when Charlie spoke of the curves of Pauline Markham, Lydia Thompson, May Howard, and other stars the world has forgotten since they quit putting pin-ups in cigarette packages.



TONY LaSALLE'S regular hearse was out on another job so Charlie was borne to the cemetery in sort of a hotshot car Tony used in hauling flowers from the undertaking parlor to the graveyard.

Halfway to the cemetery, a back tire gave up the struggle with a sickening whine, smack-dab in the center of a busy intersection. Horns tooted, street car bells clanged, and the traffic cop began making noises with his mouth until we reminded him it was a pity a guy couldn't even go to the graveyard without getting a lot of lip from a fat-head copper. We all pushed the truck off the car tracks and while Tony was slipping on a spare, we dropped into Rabbit Parker's bar to have a short one while ruminating on the fact old Charley was probably playing to his biggest

audience, and what a shame it was he couldn't be there to enjoy it.

Amid profuse apologies, Tony got the car ready to roll and a half hour later we pulled into the cemetery. A \$35 funeral at Tony's doesn't include an imitation grass covering for the clay dug from the grave and it was piled nudely along one side. We didn't have any money for flowers, either, but Tony took care of this, adequately he thought, with two wax wreaths and a bouquet of dust-laden crepe paper roses, which Charley's esthetic sensibilities would have considered unsuitable as props for a parish entertainment.

The theological student corraled to conduct the last rites came directly to the cemetery; he was seated on a tombstone with a stem of grass in his mouth when our car, followed by the black wagon, rolled into the grounds.

In the next few minutes, Tony, busy with other details, neglected to tell the young cleric either the name or sex of the late departed and in the brief service, when he mentioned something about the "memory of the patient smile of this pious mother remaining ever in our hearts," we all blushed for Charlie.

But that wasn't our last blush of the afternoon. Just as we were getting ready to lower Charlie into the grave, eerie sounds rippled across a row of wind-swept graves. The wind shifted momentarily and out from behind a granite marker stepped Dolly Blackburn, a blonde rumpot from the floor show at the Barrel O' Fun, to sing. The fresh air evidently affected Dolly and *The Rosary*, which was Tony's idea of religious music, took

an awful beating. That must have disturbed Charlie's eternal peace considerably.

This ordeal over, I was anxious to see Charlie lowered into the ground before we had to suffer the embarrassment of seeing a sacrilegious wind whip the purple bunting from the pine boards of the casket. I signalled for action but either in my enthusiasm to conclude the services, or through some fault in the equipment, something went wrong. The web on which the casket was resting started slipping and poor Charlie went hurtling into the grave feet first.

The funeral was over, as far as we were concerned. We left Tony and the grave digger to lift the casket out of the hole and then lower it in the proper manner. We could hear their gruntings and cursings as we rode away, dry-eyed but still blushing.

On our way back to Rabbit Parker's I wanted to let the boys in on something but I couldn't bring myself to do it: Charlie had been a living lie. He'd never set foot on a stage; his whole career had been in giving people the impression he was of the theatre. In his cups one night Charlie told me how he'd aspired to a bit part with a kerosene circuit repertory but that his family had nipped the ambition in the bud. Physically he was lost to the stage thereafter but in spirit was one of its immortals. I decided to make his secret mine.

We rode for several minutes without a word and then Joe Wares said, "Old Charlie was an actor to the end, wasn't he? He had to come back for a bow—"

The others nodded and then gave me the fish eye and I wondered if the secret were all mine.



Sales girl: "Our girdles come in four sizes, small, medium, wow and holy mackerel."

Housewife: "Hilda, how did you happen to break that plate?"

Hilda: "I threw down the dish towel and then found out it was in my other hand."

Judge: "I'm sorry, but I can't issue a marriage license until you have properly filled out your form."

Gal: "If my boy friend doesn't mind, I don't see what business it is of yours."

Where would be the logical place to hide diamonds? It seems Riley had the answer.

DIAMOND *Cut* DIAMOND

by RALEIGH WILLIAMS

ME, I'm Joe Gallagher. I'm a detective, only I don't call myself that. I call myself an investigator, and I operate an agency that specializes in running down stolen jewelry for a group of big insurance companies. Yeah, stolen—or reported stolen. Sometimes it is and sometimes it isn't. Usually I find out and get the jewels back. But once in a while I miss, like I did on Riley Milliken, but only once in a while. Agencies like mine don't keep their big accounts through failures.

Maybe you never heard of Riley. The case never got into the newspapers and even the police didn't know, officially. Usually I operate on the q. t. The insurance companies don't like jewel theft publicity. It gives too many other people ideas.

Riley got away with \$10,000 in diamonds from the Boulevard jewelry store where he clerked. I know he did it, but I can't prove it. And I know he's gotten rid of the stones now, but I can't prove that, either. I just know,

and Riley knows I know. He also knows I know there's nothing I can do about it.

A bachelor about 40, Riley was popular with his fellow employees and his customers. Old Man Jacques, the proprietor, liked and trusted him. Jacques isn't his name, of course. Neither is Riley's last name Milliken. Even when you're sure of something the libel laws still operate unless you can prove it. Riley used to help old Jacques put away the trays of diamonds in the big vault at closing time. After they'd locked the vault and set the time device they'd ordinarily leave together. Riley usually would flag a cab at the curb and go home.



Most of the things I'm telling you I found out later. You can't tail a guy for nearly a year without finding out a lot about him. Riley liked to read, chiefly whodunits, and wrote humorous verses and an occasional detective story that sometimes found their way into print. He also liked prizefights, symphonic concerts and

football, which made it fine when I was tailing him because I go for those things, too.

The night the stones disappeared he and Jacques closed up the place as usual, only they didn't set the time lock on the vault. Old Man Jacques had an important evening customer and he didn't want the whole police department to come charging in on the transaction. He had notified me, as he always did in such cases, and I sent two operatives over to supplement the store watchman just in case. They got there just as Riley and Old Man Jacques finished fixing up a special tray of diamonds for the old man to show his evening customer. There were twenty stones worth from \$1,000 to \$2,500 each, insurance coverage. Riley took the tray back to the vault, set the regular combination, and then the two closed up, leaving my men and the watchman in the back room.

At the curb Riley flagged a cab and the old man went on to his club for dinner. Two hours later when Jacques opened the vault to show the tray of diamonds to his customer half the stones were missing. No one had been in or out of the store in the meantime and, of course, the vault had been locked. That left only Riley. It had to be him because it couldn't have been anyone else. I hurried over and the old man and I decided to go see Riley and find out what he had to say.

Checking up was easy. The cab had taken Riley directly home without stopping. He had a little studio

apartment on the first floor, second apartment on the right as you enter. The old girl in the first apartment gave us the number and volunteered the information Riley was in, that he had come home in a cab, hadn't gone out and hadn't had any visitors. I guess there's one like her in every apartment. This one even kept her door open so she wouldn't miss out on anything.

Old Man Jacques explained what had happened. Riley appeared more puzzled than anything else. Naturally, he denied any knowledge of the stones. They were all there, he said, when he closed the vault. He seemed genuinely concerned and eager to co-operate. I knew it was an act, but he certainly put it over good. The stones had to be there, either on him or in the apartment, because nobody else could have taken them and there was no place where he could have gotten rid of them. I had put the screws on the taxi driver and was sure he told the truth. When I suggested an unofficial frisk he consented quickly. "Go as far as you like," he said, "but you won't find any diamonds here."

I thought it was going to be easy: fifteen minutes and the diamonds, Riley, Old Man Jacques and I would be headed for the nearest police station. He hadn't had time to hide them except in some readily accessible place and it was only a small apartment. Fifteen minutes, I thought—maybe thirty. Ycah, thirty minutes at the outside. That was more than a year ago and I still haven't seen those diamonds. Now I know I never will.



But I do know, too late, where he had hidden them. It was so simple I never even considered it.

I been in this business nearly thirty years. When I shake down a joint it's really shook. A person of my experience knows where to look. As I said, I thought it was going to be easy. After an hour I wasn't so sure. After three hours me and my boys had to quit. There simply wasn't any place else to look. We had gone over the place with a fine tooth comb.

We'd probed the mattress, the divan cushions, the pillows, suitcase linings, shoe heels, the food, garbage and sifted the flour, sugar and other things in the cupboard. Yeah, we even emptied the milk, catsup and mustard jars. When we quit the place looked like the scene of an atomic explosion, but there weren't any diamonds.

I left a man to tail Riley in case he went out and Old Man Jacques and I talked things over. We decided the police wouldn't be any help, that the best thing to do was to keep Riley on at the store where we'd have a better chance to watch him. I figured that way it would be easier to trip him up. Of course, we kept a watch on all the shady dealers on the off chance we might catch the diamonds if they showed up for sale, but I didn't have strong hopes. The missing diamonds were the hardest kind to detect—expensive, but not big enough to be obvious. Besides, being in the business, Riley probably knew more outlets than we did. Naturally we kept a tail on Riley. At night I often took over the job myself.



One night Riley called me up. He suggested as long as we were going the same places, anyway, we might as well go together. We had dinner and took in some fights. After that we met often. We liked the same sort of things and before long I had a genuine liking for the guy. He was smart, too. I told you he read a lot of mystery books and he had some pretty definite ideas about cases that came up in the newspapers. Nine times out of ten he was dead right.

He even helped me out on a couple of problems that had me puzzled. One night, half joking, I asked him why he didn't quit the jewelry business and take up investigations.

"I've been thinking about that," he replied gravely. "I just had an aunt die out west and leave me \$10,000. I figure with that, what I can make writing and an occasional case or two I can do as well as I can at the store."

I knew then he'd gotten rid of the stones and I'd never see them again. I sighed. Well, a guy can't succeed every time.

"Tell me something, Riley," I asked. "If a guy was going to hide some diamonds in a small apartment, where would you consider the best place to hide them?"

Riley grinned. "What do you call diamonds in slang parlance?"

Then I got it, only I got it a year too late. Boy, was it beautiful! Now whenever I look for diamonds the first place I go is to the ice box. Who but Riley would have thought of hiding stolen "ice" in ice cubes?

“QUEEN FOR A DAY”

TWENTY-TWO thousand singing, screaming, stampeding women all wanted to be “Queen for a Day” when WHB brought Mutual’s Cinderella show to Kansas City, April 11 and 12. The huge Municipal Auditorium Arena received a terrific beating those two days as there were some forty thousand requests for tickets. Women began pushing on the doors as early as 6:30 on the mornings of the broadcasts. Many brought their lunches and either sat or stood it out until Jack Bailey began selecting candidates shortly before one o’clock. WHB engineers put the show on the air at exactly 1:30 p.m. and it went out to the 299 Mutual stations throughout the nation.

Follow the numbered pictures to see what happened:

First Page: (1) Queen Esther Turner of 2030 E. 81st St. Terrace, wanted a small tiled room in her house to replace the diminutive structure in her back yard. Queen Esther, receptionist for a doctor and the mother of six children, not only got her lavatorial wish but a trip on Mid-Continent Airlines to New Orleans, and was queen of the Coronation Ball at Pla-Mar, in addition to receiving many lavish gifts and all the new clothes that could be draped on her by Berkson’s. (2) Queen Mayme Deacy, of 4938 Baltimore, was selected Queen for a Day, April 12, and was awarded a Santa Fe trip to the Grand Canyon by Gorman’s, plus gifts and honors, clothes and the usual adulation due her Majesty.

Second and Third Pages: (3) Here is an usher’s eye-view of the Municipal Auditorium Arena during a broadcast. Only a small part of the 11,000 spectators were caught by the camera lens.

Center Pages: A gamble-gambol “Roulette” Queen. What can you lose when

both the red and black are covered with something like this? Who would have the conscience to ask odds from the beautiful Yvonne De Carlo of Universal Pictures?

Sixth Page: (4) Queen Esther Turner headed a mammoth parade from the Municipal Auditorium, through the downtown district, south to the Country Club Plaza. Top picture shows several of the 21 busses which brought 750 Queen fans from Jefferson City, Sedalia, Springfield and Japlin, Missouri, and from Emporia, Atchison, Salina and Great Bend, Kansas. Lower picture shows the procession entering the Plaza from where the busses fanned out homeward with their excited feminine cargo. Inset picture shows WHB’s Showtime Gal, Rosemary Haward, broadcasting a description of the parade from WHB’s mobile short wave transmitter, the Magic Carpet, with Announcer Bob Kennedy and a cordon of cops.

Seventh Page: (5) Nan Zimmer and Larry Hanlon of the Arthur Murray Studios give Jack Bailey and Queen Esther a rhumba lesson at the Coronation Ball (6) Hanlon bows to the Queen. (7) mmmm—Jack kisses Queen Esther; (8) A little miss, chasen from the audience, selects the Out of Tawn Queen. (9) Jack samples angel food cake brought along by a prospective Queen. (10) “I like it here,” says Jack. (11) Queen Esther dances with Larry Hanlon. (12) Audience vote is taken when the judges tied and Mayme Deacy is chosen by applause. (13) “I would like to spend 24 hours with my husband,” says this candidate. (14) Bailey, remembering he was once washed overboard, keeps his distance from this WAVE candidate. (15) WHB broadcasts departure of Queen Esther for New Orleans on Mid-Continent liner.

Last Page: Mayor William E. Kemp is Swing’s “Man of the Manth.”





Celebrating WHB's 24th Anniversary

3

City welcomes "Queen for a Day"

WHB
KING OF THE AIR

WHB
KING OF THE AIR





AMERICAN RADIO HISTORY

TEL

P. TRUCKS

EMPIRE PARKING



4



6



8





Swing's

MAN OF THE MONTH

Mayor *William E. Kemp*

"Let's Keep It That Way"

BORN February 18, 1889, on a farm near Lamont, Missouri. Grew up as a farm boy, attended country school and Lamont High School. Decided on a teaching career and was graduated from Warrensburg State Teachers' College in 1912. Turned to the legal profession in 1913-1914 at the University of Missouri. Went on to George Washington University, Washington, D. C., to obtain his law degree. Enlisted in the armed forces in 1917. Became a field artillery instructor at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, as a First Lieutenant. Mustered out of service in 1919. Came to Kansas City as a junior partner in legal firm of Cooper, Neel and Wright. College romance climaxed in 1921 when he married Margaret Johnson, daughter of a

Warrensburg banker, and a Phi Beta Kappa at Wellesley College. Was appointed to Kansas City Court of Appeals in 1939 as presiding judge. Resigned June 1, 1940, to become City Counsellor under Mayor John B. Gage. President of the Missouri Law School fund; past-commander of William J. Bland post of the American Legion; past-Chef de Gare of the 40 et 8; past city chairman Legion central executive committee; past-president of Kansas City Lawyers' Association; is a member of House of Delegates, American Bar Association; Deacon of Country Club Christian Church. Lives at 1011 Romany Road with Mrs. Kemp and 15-year-old daughter Belinda, student at Southwest High.

- FAVORITE FOOD: Fish, preferably acquired by Kemp technique.
- FAVORITE SMOKE: Camel cigarettes, —not as many as you and I smoke.
- FAVORITE READING: Opposition says it is the Kansas City Star.
- FAVORITE COLORS: Pleasing blends, but not what you're thinking.
- FAVORITE SPORT: Fishing and missing trains enroute thereto.
- FAVORITE RADIO PROGRAMS: Election returns on the night of March 26.

- HOBBY: Gardening, but from a considerable distance.
- AMBITION: To catch a fish big enough to feed entire council.
- HOURS AVAILABLE: Less and less and less and less.
- ORDINARY PET HATES: Busy signals on important calls.
- EXTRA-ORDINARY PET HATES: Machinery, city hall variety.
- NEGLECTED PROJECT: The community garden near his home.

THE guide's oars cut the shimmering blue waters of the Canadian lake with the expertness of a butcher slicing minute steaks.

Bill Kemp and Paul Koontz, Kansas City lawyers, checked their fishing equipment carefully. Excited as small boys, they had driven more than a thousand miles for a few snaps at the wiley walleyes. But to the guide, it was just another day's work.

"Bill," said Paul Koontz, interrupting the rhythmic beat of the oars, "in which pocket did you stick our fishing licenses?"

"Oh, they're right here," assured Kemp, while increasing the speed of his fumbling fingers from one pocket to the other . . . "that is, I thought they were . . ."

Well, Bill had forgotten the licenses, and there was nothing else to do but deposit Paul on a small island while the man-to-be-mayor and the guide oared back several miles after the licenses. They gave Paul a book to while away the two hours.

With nearly half a day wasted, Paul and Bill were soon throwing daredevils at the alleged walleye haunts. On the second or third cast Bill's rod was bent almost double as he pulled in a fighting monster. Paul helped as they flopped the 15-pound fighter into the boat. The guide, motionless up to then, picked up an oar, bopped the big fish across the back of the neck and threw it back overboard.

Kemp and Koontz, stunned, and tempted to give the guide the same treatment, pressed for a quick explanation.



"Them Jackfish," replied the guide in delicious Canadian, "dey ain't no dem good . . . ain't fit to eat . . . I tink you fellas call um Pick'el or nordern pike. We call um snakes, and snakes dey is."

Yes, Bill Kemp and his law-college pal, Paul Koontz, have been on many fishing busts together. Some of them were busts, but many were not. And, they have not veered far off the same path politically, either, because wherever Bill Kemp stands, on any question, Paul Koontz is within handshake distance.

Paul is councilman at large in the new Kemp administration. They have worked, fished, played golf and shared each other's ups and downs for more than 30 years. In fact, the only automobile accident Kemp ever had occurred when he was driving to Paul Koontz' wedding.

A day or so after the March 26 election we called on the new mayor in his law offices in the Insurance Building.

"Well," remarked one of his secretaries, "It looks like Little Willy is late this morning."

"Little Willy," we exclaimed, "I'll

bet you don't call him that to his face."

"I did one morning," the girl explained. "You see, the opposition tried to tear him to pieces one night in a radio address. His opponent little willied Mr. Kemp all over the air lanes. The next morning when he came in I said good morning Little Willy. Well, Mr. Kemp grinned a little and said my voice sounded like sweet music after what he had heard the night before."

When a person sits across from Bill Kemp in his office, there is an inescapable impression that the man has gained the wisdom, poise and judgment of years, while retaining the vigor, buoyancy and perspective of youth. There is none of the stern or phony political hack in his makeup. He is a strong advocate of sports and promises that the Kemp administration will do everything within its power to further the cause of sports in Kansas City.

About a year ago City Manager L. P. Cookingham and Counsellor Kemp decided to learn to fly. Cookingham went right through and now has 25 or more solo hours to his credit. Kemp did nearly as well but he's not an avid a birdman as the city manager.

Kemp takes a composite view of problems for what they are, what they might develop into, and tries to act accordingly. He is a good listener, and for that reason receives lots of advice. He is a hard man to go with or take any place because somebody is forever grabbing his lapel and opening a barrage of words.

The campaign which resulted in Kemp's election as mayor of Kansas City sizzled with charges, counter-charges and smoking vituperation. The Kansas City Star, standard bearer in the cleanup brigade since 1940, liberally salted campaign write-ups of "machine" activities with such expressions as "bossism," "mulcted," and "city hall raiders." They made repeated references to the "wild thirties" and "Pendergastism."

However, in Bill Kemp's campaign there was none of that. He fended off "machine" charges, real or fancied, with satisfactory explanations. Others, which he obviously considered beneath the dignity of aspirants to Kansas City's first office, he completely ignored.

The Democrats, led by Robert K. Ryland, charged that the Gage Administration was hatching a personal sales tax, favored certain sections of the city in building and location of improvements, had no post-war program, collected millions more in taxes than any other administration, failed to provide for veterans, and even blamed traffic deaths on the Gage boys for fostering "outmoded traffic controls."

The Democrats (machine) promised to correct all of this; to free the city from "bossism, domination and control of the Kansas City Star;" to get immediate action on homes and jobs for veterans and veterans' hospital facilities.

Kemp made no wild promises; felt he didn't have to. But he vowed that the Kemp broom would sweep just as clean, into the corners and under

the rug, as the Gage broom had swept Kansas City during the six years previous. He ended his campaign with a promise that the "money

changers" would be kept "out of the temple."

Who believed whom was told in of the final tally of votes March 26.



HEY! WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

THAT'S what your Doc told you five months ago.

But you're so busy, so extremely busy; you have so little time. It is with you as it is with many Americans.

Out of bed you tumble, gobble a skimpy breakfast, dash to work, lunch in a crowd, race home, rush to a movie, steam home, a few hours sleep, and you start the whole routine again.

Nervous exhaustion! Not you, never; you have stamina. You don't need time for relaxation; time for peace of mind. You're no weakling, you're a regular fellow. And you even include Sundays in your dizzy ecstasy of speed.

And what happens? You become as nervous as a spider. Nervous irritation sucks at your throat; you quibble and quarrel with your best friends over trifles. With your family you're everything but a saint.

Oh, your poor stomach! Hurried, skimpy meals, with no thought whether food and drink had the right temperature, has wrecked your stomach. With one hand you clutch the bottle, with the other your poor stomach. You're as thin as a crane's neck.

But your poor heart! How it suffers! It is so very sad, so very tired, so very worn out. It wants to stop, call it all quits.

And once your heart was so happy. It sang and purred. Then you started to race about. Your heart was game; your heart just wouldn't let you down. But now . . . your heart can't make it much longer.

Your Doc says, "To mend your heart, you must mend your ways."

You must take it easy. Get plenty of sleep. An abundance of good food. Stop racing about with the speed of a racehorse. Stroll along leisurely, take time to gaze lovingly upon the nicely arranged flower-bed in the square, to admire the gorgeous painting in the shop window. Stretch out for a fifteen minute rest period forenoon and afternoon.

You must take time to relax. Listen to good music, play games, go hunting, go horseback riding, play with the baby, sit in the sun. Complete weekend relaxation is a must.

"You must," your Doc says, "if you don't want to join the harpists."

—John Warington

WHILE *We* WERE GONE

by JOHN QUINN

An ex-GI haunts the old familiar places as his first civilian detail and finds there's no place like Home Town, U. S. A.

AFTER an absence of four years and numerous delays enroute, we have returned to our good old Home Town, U. S. A. It could have been any home town—Chicago, New York, Kokomo or Grandview. It just happened that ours is Kansas City.

Our return was not without tremblings of emotion, for the great question mark over our civic curiosity while we were gone was, "How has the old town stood the rigors of war-time?"

Our first detail, after doffing a troop suit and donning a drape suit for our droop shape was to give the town the O.P. treatment and see what new wrinkles time hath wrought in her beauty mask and with what new gimmicks she greets the unwary traveller.

During our stretch (in service) we learned about towns and cities. In training camp we had our ears pinned back by gabby characters who sounded off endlessly about their civilian stomping grounds.

At first their home-town plugging sounded like wondrous stuff. We confess we listed agape to the wonders of remote spots like Bang-up,



Me., Lumber-on, N. C., San Paper, Cal., and Wallawa, Wash. These fellows have really lived, yes sir, was our impression in basic. They have lived to the depths, while all we did was to put in time in our lil' ol' Home Town.

We never thought home was so bad. Steak fries in Swope Park or on waterworks hill; yum. Dancing at the Lighted Fandango or the crystallised ballroom on payday nights, oh boy. The juke joint where we could dance all evening on three cokes, or beers, between paydays. Tri-weekly movies at two bits (balcony) per throw. We liked it, anyhow.

After learning we could do the obstacle course in two minutes, somewhat flat, we took stock in our own point of origin. We gabbed right back at the gabbies about our home town. But we never fully realized the old town is a great place until after basic.

Then the Army began moving us

around, and we saw Bangerup, Me., Lumber-off, N. C., San Piper, Cal., and Whatofit, Wash., not to mention



the life-is-cheap crossroads of Los Angeles County. All nice little spots, you understand, but eye-openers.

Our voice box opened with our eyes, and from then on, brother, we told loudly, clearly and often of our own Home Town, U. S. A. We told some pretty tall ones and our first echelon check-up was to make certain she is all we said she is.

Mainly she is, but there are a raft of changes. The skyline still has its points. Many big buildings have cleaner faces, however, and they say they have been scrubbed, virtually, with tax dollars. The gang told us the scrubbing could be charged off to maintenance, under the Treasury Department's own articles of war. It seems clever of the Treasury to encourage such civic enterprise.

We recall telling a buddy about the home town's feather-down boulevard system, and we drove around to see for ourselves. Still is pretty good riding, and lots of streets have new coatings the color of tan camouflage paint, M1. Some streets persist in being rugged, and some thoroughfares

have chuckholes which would have been issued as deluxe foxholes at Cassino.

Prospect's new paving is a pride. This now gives the Southeasterner an even break with the Broadway-Brookside drivers in the 5 p. m. tearing-home sweepstakes. Many other streets have their ups and downs, as always.

The welcome-home effect which touched us closest is the full-fledged road block at Twelfth and Main. What would a city be without torn up streets? But tearing one at the downtown crossroads is a master welcoming stroke. The road block theme is carried out on a number of other city streets.

Civilians seem to have taken over the old Army game, standing in line. Lining-up was one of the great occupations of troops, standard operating procedure for the Army. Such lines were the first haunt for M. P.'s searching for AWOL's. One old buck was known to turn down a discharge because he got to fourteenth in line and could not bear to leave his vantage point.

On our first day back we saw three lines a block, or more, long. From service-engendered habit we quickly learned that one was for nylons, one for white shirts and the third for a movie.

We remember out-shouting a buddy about show lines at home. Two bits, we bragged, admitted you to every colossal, mammoth production, except two Wind specials, *Gone With the*, and *Reap the Wild*. The two-bit seat was in the balcony, naturally, but if the picture wasn't good you

could watch couple pitching woo all over the place.

That's gone now, of course. Today's admissions are in the sixties, topsides or deck seats (our amphibious vocabulary creeping out). At those prices young love can't afford the luxury of pitching woo. They must pay strict attention to the program to get their parents' money's worth.

We found department stores now favor charge customers where they were very discouraging about such matters when we went away. Charge accounts seem to be the way to get scarce items. The wife now has two pair of nylons, and we have two white shirts, due to charge accounts.

This way, the stores beat the "liners." These ruthless people buy



a scarce item at the regular price, and then resell at a nice dark profit on the sly. Thus the charge account also whips into the black market. The poor working goil who doesn't have time to stand in line also gets an even break on the charge method. Yes sir, the old home town is hep.

Every nite club with four square feet of dance floor now has an en-

semble and a covert. Our favored little spot where we formerly could dance the evening away on three soda pops now has five piece jive, a buck minimum, and never an empty table.

We took a party for a fling to an old haunt in the Plaza. Three beers and two ginger ales, straight, with covert, minimum, sales and federal taxes came to \$3.30. Although our position was untenable, we held our ground until they threw us out to close the joint. Hereafter, we are confining flinging to epithets.

Many home town wonders grew more wondrous in the telling. The highest building had only 33 stories and twin towers in the first telling. But after Sgt. Munchausen tried to tell us the Umpire Straight building had 102 stories and a mooring mast for zeppelins, and after Cpl. Kamin-sky tried to tell us the Brooklyn Bridge was not for sale, we weren't so strict about the physical truths of our home town.

At the separation center parting the 33 stories had mushroomed to twice that number, and the building had not only push-button elevators with electronic controls, but cars which stopped flush with the floor, every time.

Some of the stretchy things we told got us up in arms and down on our buddies' lists. But when the gab-bies tried to run down our town or brag up their own, them was fightin' words. We figure we can say anything we want to about our old home town. But let anyone else say anything about her—it had better be good. That's all, brother.



*"Cute girl... too bad she doesn't know
how to dress"*

Little Verses Are *Big* Business

Corny, yes, but people are buying sentiment, not literature, at the rate of 70 million dollars a year.

by WILLIAM P. ROWLEY



IN almost every drug store in America, prominently displayed, as well as in stationery shops, department stores, the five and tens, gift and novelty shops and other establishments, you will find sentiment for sale in the form of little verses printed on brightly colored cards, designed to express almost the entire gamut of human emotions. Sometimes the displays are elaborate, sometimes merely a small case set on top a counter. In either instance they are highly important, for from them each twenty-four hours millions of Americans make their selection for a suitable greeting for whatever the occasion may require.

America's greeting card industry has come of age. Little verses now are definitely big business. In 1945 the estimated total sales of greeting cards for all occasions was \$70,000,000 at wholesale and represented some three billion individual units. Sales of stamps for the mailing of these cards provided about one-tenth of Uncle Sam's total postal revenue receipts.

Buying a greeting card is a comparatively simple task, but the planning and work that goes into its manufacture give employment to thousands of persons. Greeting cards are planned some eighteen months in advance. The larger companies employ a dozen or more staff writers and maintain large art departments. Regular conferences are held in which writers, artists, editors and company officials participate. Chances are, when you stop at the corner drug store and buy a card costing perhaps 10, 15 or 25 cents, it was the subject of a lengthy discussion in conference participated in by some of the highest paid executives in the business some year or so ago.

Like the movies, the greeting card industry sticks pretty closely to tried and true formulas which have proved sure-fire in the past. The films never get very far from the boy meets girl pattern and the greeting card producers rarely get far away from the "roses are red, violets are blue" me-to-you type of greeting. From a

purely poetic standpoint many of the verses are pretty corny, but the greeting card industry is selling sentiment, not literature. As long as the sentiment is there the cards sell.



Rhyme, meter and simplicity are the three vital requirements for any successful greeting card verse. It must be general enough to have the widest possible appeal, yet manage to convey the impression to the recipient that the card was designed expressly for him or her. An example of a standard best seller carrying out these requirements is this:

Though sending you this birthday
card

Took just a half a minute
No one could ever measure

All the friendliness that's in it.

Foremost and largest of these sentiment factories is located in a block long multi-story building at 25th and Grand Ave. in Kansas City. It is operated by the three brothers Hall—J. C., Rollie and William—who once sold candy in Nebraska. Doing business under the trademark of Hallmark, for a quarter of a century, now, they have been engaged in the profit-

able business of putting poetic expressions of sentiment in other people's mouths.

The business was started by J. C. Hall in 1910 in a little one-room office in downtown Kansas City. At first, he turned out only comic post cards. Two years later he started producing greeting cards. From that time on the business has enjoyed a sure and steady growth, even through the depression years, until now the company has somewhere in the neighborhood of 2,500 employes, runs neck and neck with Walt Disney's studios in the maintenance of the largest art department in the world.

While it is not the policy of the company to quote figures on the number of its employes or its volume of business, the big plant is almost a veritable city in itself, with its own big cafeteria and many other employee attractions. About the only thing it lacks is a well-stocked commissary for the sale of nylon hose. Boy, what a concession that would be! Most of the employes are young women, and in the years in which the company has been in operation thousands of Kansas City women and girls have at one time or other been included upon its payroll, which forms an important contributory factor in the city's economic stability.

Before the war, Hallmark cards were sold the world over. The war, of course, with limitations on paper and other handicaps, tended to be a disruptive factor, but now peace has come company officials look forward to an upward surge that will continue as the peoples of the world become more and more greeting card

conscious. Sentiment, properly marketed, is a commodity everywhere.

Greeting cards are not seasonable. They sell the year around with upward swings on certain holidays. About 48 percent are produced for Christmas, the other 52 percent being divided among cards for Valentine's Day, Easter, Mother's Day, Father's Day, Thanksgiving and New Year's, with a sizable number for everyday occasions such as birthdays, anniversaries, get-well cards, friendship greetings and those with expressions of sympathy or condolence.

Mother, of course, receives more greeting cards in the course of a year than any other member of the family, sales indicate. Next in the average person's affections comes Sweetheart. Sweetheart cards are usually sexless, so that they may be sent either by a man or a woman. Tests conducted by the industry have revealed four

out of five of the greeting cards sold are purchased not so much because of their appearance but because of the sentiment expressed in the greeting.

There is quite a knack involved in writing verses for greeting cards. For that reason, virtually all the verses are composed by staffs of trained writers which each big company maintains. Although tons of rhymes are submitted to the card companies each year by contributors in all walks of life, the bulk of the stuff is impossible. The negligible amount accepted usually must be worked over by the staff. The trained staff writers know how to dress up sentiment to bring the dimes and quarters into the tills of the corner store merchant.

Those dimes and quarters, multiplied by the thousands, mean millions. Yes, little verses spell business with a capital BIG.



It was just before closing one Friday in a school penny savings bank established for the pupils. A small boy came up and withdrew two cents. Monday morning as soon as the bank opened, he returned and deposited the two cents.

"So you didn't spend your two cents," observed the teacher-teller.

"No," said the lad, "but a fellow likes to have a little cash on hand for the week end, you know."

There was a Swede who lived practically on the border between Minnesota and Wisconsin. For years he wasn't certain in which state he lived. Finally he got a state surveyor to make an investigation of the problem.

The surveyor decided that the farmer lived in Wisconsin. Hearing the news the Swede threw his hat in the air and cheered.

"Thank Heaven," he cried. "No more of those terrible Minnesota winters."



*What if you could do it by pushing a
button . . . you'd never find the button.*

NOVELTY-SONG *King*

Creator of "Mairzy Doats" has many more profitable and "goofy" ideas!

by WILLIAM WALLER

IN Forest Hills, Long Island, there lives in a modest, modern apartment house on a tree-lined, quiet street, one of America's most enterprising songwriters. If you've ever heard "Mairzy Doats"—who hasn't?—then you've had a fair sample of his work. His name is Milton Drake, and thinking up new ideas for crazy songs is his business.

Any illusion you might have that Milton is one of those moon-June, love-dove songwriters encountered in Hollywood musical films is quickly dispelled as soon as you enter his home. The bookshelves are lined with works ranging from Saroyan to Anatole France, from Dos Passos to Dorothy Parker. In addition, you notice a number of rather bedraggled-looking tomes, which prove to be Americana. This is a rather recent hobby of a man who has many hobbies. Before the war put a stop to such innocent pleasures, he was a radio "ham," a licensed amateur radio operator with his own station, a powerful transmitter which carried his voice to all parts of the world. Radio amateurs in South America, Australia, England and other points north, south, east and west will remember him as W2JPN or W6PBT (his Hollywood call-letters). This happens to be a hobby which dates back to the crystal set days, when Milton was only about ten years old. The

war put an abrupt stop to his broadcasting, as it did to all "hams," and for the duration he had to content himself with experimenting with home-recording devices and walkie-talkies which he built for his air-raid warden service. With re-conversion under way and "hams" going back on the air, it probably will not be long now before Milton Drake's "CQ" is heard on the ether again.

Despite the fact that Milton is a partner in the songwriting and song-publishing firm of Drake-Hoffman-Livingston, he finds time for his other hobbies, too. One happens to be the taking of home moving pictures. The high point of an evening at the Drakes' sometimes comes when Milton yields to the pleas of his friends and shows his own movies. One is apt to be regaled with some very funny cinema stuff, and, now and then, something a little on the serious side of life. A splendid example of this is the short he filmed of a three alarm fire in an adjoining apartment house. No news-reel is more exciting than this.

Another hobby of Milton's is the making of fine, hand-made furniture. A good example of this is the bed he made for his little daughter Niela, the little girl who became famous as the "Mairzy Doats" kid, for she is supposed to have given her Daddy

the idea for the song. There is another little daughter, Lorna, age three—and before long she may be giving her Daddy ideas for songs, too.

Not that Milton is ever lacking for ideas himself. Well-known as a songwriter in both Tin Pan Alley and Hollywood long before he wrote the lyrics to "Mairzy Doats," Milton has had other song-hits to his credit, amongst them being "Bless Your Heart," "Champagne Waltz," "Java Jive," "Fuzzy Wuzzy," and the recent "Don't Squeeza Da Banana," which has become synonymous with one of the bobby-soxers' favorites, Louis Prima. At various times, Milton has worked with such celebrities as Milton Berle, George Jessel, and Oscar Levant, as well as his first partner, Walter Kent, who wrote that big hit of the war, "The White Cliffs of Dover." Nowadays, however, Milton confines all his collaborations to his present partners, Jerry

Livingston and Al Hoffman, and the trio have followed up their big hit, "Mairzy Doats," with a number of other novelty tunes which they have published themselves.

"Mairzy Doats" was the outstanding novelty song of all time, topping such previous zany ditties as "Yes, We Have No Bananas," "The Music Goes Round and Round," "Three Little Fishes," and "The Hut Sut Song." It is not likely that the boys will come up with another tune that will prove even more popular than "Mairzy Doats"—but they're in there trying. Novelty tunes, as they've discovered to their profit, are eagerly received by a considerable portion of the American public. If anyone ever does dream up a better novelty song than "Mairzy Doats" it is likely to be that song's creator, that man of many hobbies, the novelty-song king himself—Milton Drake!



NO PLACE LIKE HOME

A little boy dashed wildly around the corner, and collided with the benevolent old gentleman who inquired the cause of such haste.

"I gotta git home for maw to spank me," the boy panted.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "I can't understand your being in such a hurry to get spanked."

"I ain't. But if I don't get there fore paw, he'll gimme a lickin'."

The applicant for position of cook explained to the lady why she had left her last place:

"To tell the truth, mum, I just couldn't stand the way the master and the mistress was always quarrelling."

"That must have been unpleasant," the lady agreed.

"Yis, mum," the cook declared, "they was at it all the time. When it wasn't me and him, it was me and her."

SHE LEARNED THE *Hard* WAY

"I ain't goin' to let you-uns see the first letter—Now!"

by ANNE HAMILTON



DE name iss Fannie Crall; but you-uns kin call me 'Granny'. Dat sounds more friendlier, still," said the trim, sturdy, little seventy year old Pennsylvania-German whom I had just engaged to help me in the care of my baby.

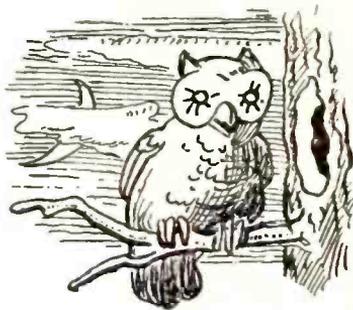
Granny seemed to possess all the virtues that we ascribe to the Pennsylvania-Germans, except one; in spite of the greatest industry and frugality throughout her long life, she—together with her husband during his life-time—had not been able to accumulate enough to allow her a respite from wage-earning toil, not even after the Biblical three-score-and-ten had been passed. Perhaps this might be accounted for by the fact that they had left their native habitat and had emigrated to the wilds of Missouri.

Our country school was at some distance from our farm, making it inconvenient to send our seven year old son; so I taught him at home. Granny became an absorbed listener, paying avid attention especially to the spelling and writing lessons. She explained: "We lived so far from de school dat I did not go much. I went

long enough to say de a-b-c's, ony not to read or write 'em, still." And then one day she ventured: "Will you-uns let me borrow de writin' book w'en he ain't usin' it? I sink I learn me to write letters, still." "Why, certainly," I answered, "but better than borrowing I will get you a book of your own; and I will be glad to help you." "No, sank you for help," she said, "but I sink I mek it out minese'f. Anyways, I try it minese'f, still." There was no opposing such a dignified refusal, and so Granny began her patient study by herself.

Every day after that, Granny could be seen poring over her writing book, which contained the alphabet and many blank pages for writing. Laboriously she would say the alphabet over, and point to each successive character as she went along; then she would say "d" or "a" or "f"—letters in any haphazard order—and write them over and over again.

At last the day arrived when she proclaimed: "Now I know all de letters an' kin write 'em in any w'ich way; so de time fur letter writing iss here, still." She again refused help; quite by herself she evolved her own



system of spelling. "I ain't goin' to let you-uns see my first letter, *now*; but pretty soon I go to visit my son an' den I sent you-uns a letter, still."

She had one great passion: her love for her son and his wife and children, who lived on a poor farm in the sticks. Faithfully Granny served us until she had accumulated a neat little sum of money; then she went on her visit. Said the daughter-in-law when she came by in a two-horse wagon to take Granny home with her: "Oh, how we love to have Granny visit us! She is so good and sweet."

During her visit the promised letter from Granny arrived. It became one of my prized possessions. Her natural, phonetic spelling was remarkable for the accuracy with which it reproduced her brogue. It read as follows:

"der Ana i sink i kom bek tu uns sun i mek mi babe kilt and i gif him kilt wen i se him gift mi luf tu de oder chap stil Grane"

Here is the interpretation:

"Dear Anna: I think I come back to you-uns soon. I make my baby quilt and I give him quilt when I see him. Give my love to the other chap, still. Granny."

Yes, her presence was welcomed by

the daughter-in-law as long as her little hoard lasted. But when the savings were exhausted, Granny promptly became *persona non grata* and had to go out to accumulate some more.

So before long she returned—with a beautifully made quilt that she intended for an heirloom in the family of the baby! A really attractive pattern of a green tree on a white ground. Even the baby loved it.

When I praised her letter she exclaimed: "An' you sink dis ole Granny iss smart enough to learn herse'f to write letters? But, you know, I did not learn myse'f to say dose a-b-c's—I learn dat over sixty years ago in school. An' I listen w'en you learn de udder chap his spellin', still." But she was greatly encouraged and elated; she continued to write diligently and sent a number of letters to her son's family.

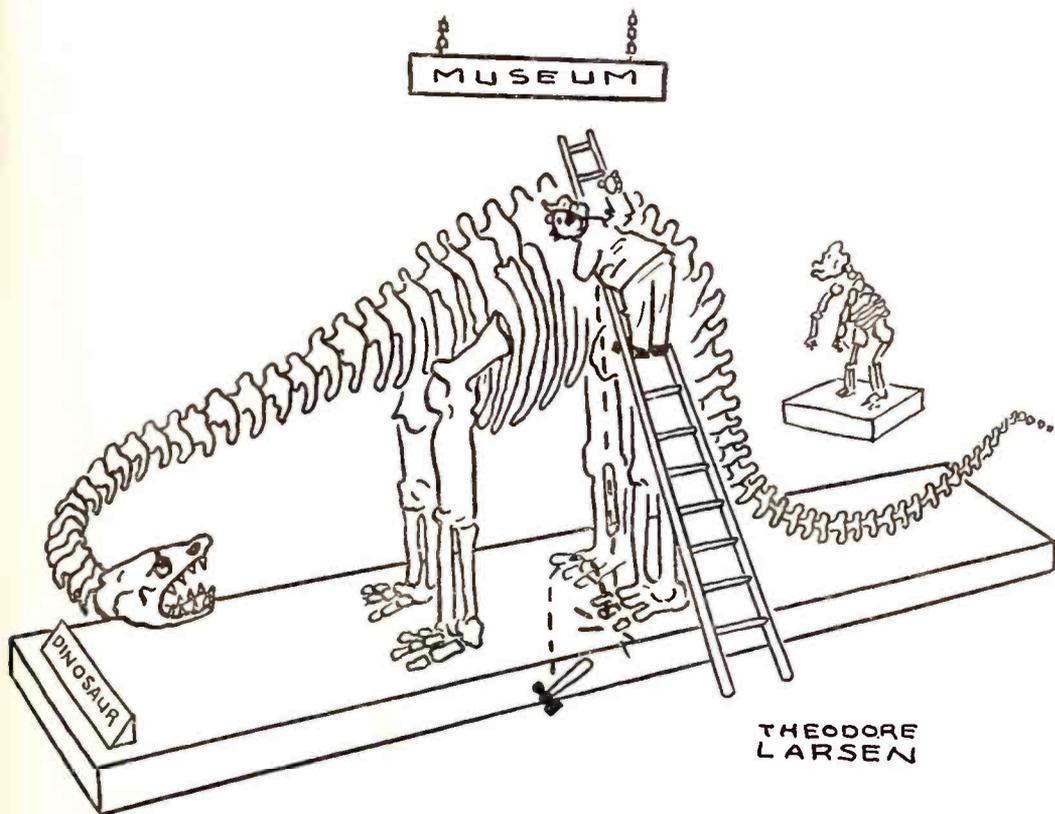
Then one day our front door was violently jerked open and the daughter-in-law stormed in: "Where's Granny?" And as Granny appeared the woman shrieked: "I don't want you to send us no more of them things you call letters! You think you're smart. I want you to stop disgracin' us! You'll have the postmaster and all a-laughin' at us." I said to the shrew: "It is you who are a disgrace. Granny is a great soul and a smart woman; but you aren't even smart enough to appreciate her wonderful letters." The daughter-in-law's last words, as she stormed out, were: "Keep your wonderful letters to yourself. I don't want to see no more of 'em."

As might have been expected, Granny took the rebuff with quiet

dignity; but she sent no more letters through the mails. She still wrote a little for her own edification, but evidently the heart had gone out of her hobby.

In due time she again took her ac-

cumulated wages and went back to her people for her periodic visit—and that time she did not return to us. Later, on inquiry, we learned that Granny had taken her last trip—“over the hill to a pauper’s grave.”



"Ouch"

Chicago Letter...



By NORT JONATHAN

CONTRARY to the general impression, the most popular joy spot in town is not that home of the large check, the Chez Paree. Neither is it that local seat of sophistication known far and wide as the Pump Room of the Ambassador East hotel.

In fact, the most popular joy spot in Chicago isn't one place at all, but twins. The Aragon and Trianon ballrooms, both known from coast to coast as huge palaces of the waltz and fox trot, between them share the distinction, if any, of being the town's largest places to which a guy can take his girl for a little rug-cutting, or perhaps a stately waltz. Even a minuet isn't unknown—or laughed at. The twin ballrooms cater to all kinds of dancers. Large and small. Old and young. And some of the older ones had their first date at one or the other of the huge dance palaces which Andrew Karzas built in the nineteen twenties.

Both ballrooms are as popular today as they were twenty years ago. Both are

KING GOT HIS START huge, sedate, and specialize in the type of music which Wayne King, Art Kassel, and Guy Lombardo have been playing since the days of "Valencia" and "Mary Lou." Wayne King was the first band to gain national renown at the Aragon and Trianon. With the exception of the strictly jump outfits, he has been succeeded by almost every major "name" in the band business, playing either one night stands or for months on end. For years Aragon-Trianon bands have broadcast on a six nights weekly schedule over WGN and the Mutual network, helping to build Mutual's reputation as the top network for popular band pickups.

Except for the west coast, which also has several large ballrooms, the Aragon and Trianon are unique. They are huge—looking like huge movie houses with all the seats scooped out—and eminently respectable. Both have done much to retrieve the commercial ballroom from the cheap dance hall level. The music is highly danceable, the air is pure, the floor slick and expansive, and the prices popular. For less than what a couple of rounds of drinks would cost at almost any hot spot in town, a man and a maid can dance all evening long to Sammy Kay or Eddy Howard.

A high level of conduct is expected of the customers. Suave young men who don't look like bouncers unobtrusively dampen the spirits of the too athletic dancers and too ardent lovers. Soft drink sales outnumber stronger potions at both ballrooms. The Aragon doesn't have a bar, and it apparently isn't missed much.

Bill Karzas, who took over the operation of both ballrooms on the death of his father several years ago, says that the romantic role played by the ballroom has been badly neglected by writers. "They come here because they're in love or because they want to be in love. They like the music because its frankly sentimental. The floor is large enough so that a fellow can hold his girl in his arms for twenty

or thirty minutes and dance with her without being buffeted around the place."

Mr. Karzas also takes pride in the legions of romances which have sprung up at his two pleasure palaces. "Kids come up and tell me their parents met at the Aragon or Trianon," he says, "and they seem to be pretty happy about it."

Whether you enjoy dancing, show-going, just sitting on a bar stool, or exposition-hopping, Chicago is the place for you these days. Exposition-hopping is an entirely new amusement, developed by the bumper crop of trade shows and expositions which have been around recently. First there was the Sportsmen's Show, followed quickly by the Sport and Travel Show, the Trailer Coach Show, the Boat Show, the Fashion Rhapsody Show, the Ice Carnival and, most recently, the Travel Fair. Certainly anybody who wants to go anywhere—by any conveyance with the possible exception of a dog sled—will have all problems solved by the first of June.

The best exposition, or what have you, of the lot was the Herald-American's extensive cavalcade of muscles at the Chicago stadium. The show, which included some touring movie stars, ran for a full week to packed houses. At each performance Sharkey, the trained seal, neatly stole the show from the less amphibious performers. The highlight of his act was a race the length of the long tank against two decorative young ladies with rubber fins attached to their feet. Even with the help of the fins and a good headstart, they were no match for Sharkey. He finished each race with a burst of speed that far outdistanced his competitors; and then happily leaped out of the pool to demand another fish, slapping his fins noisily.

Another big show—of another kind, of course—was the Army Day visit of enough brass hats to fill an officers' club. This correspondent is well aware that President Truman is an old sight to Kansas City readers, but for the record it should be mentioned in this space that Chicago liked Harry S. Truman very much.

The merchants along Chicago's famous State Street are getting ready for a little celebration of their own.

HONOR They'll be honoring one of **LYTTON** their own pioneers this time—

Henry C. Lytton, president of the big store at the corner of State and Jackson and one of the fourteen original founders of the State Street shopping district. Mr. Lytton will be one hundred years old early in the summer, but that won't stop him from coming down to the store every day.

On the theatrical scene we have "Laura" coming into town for an extended run. Miss Miriam Hopkins, who was last around in Eddie Dowling's "St. Lazare's Pharmacy," will play the role Gene Tierney made friends and influenced people with in the movie. Otto Kruger will be seen as Waldo Lydecker, who in Vera Caspary's novel was the late Alexander Woollcott's waspish disposition in Orson Welles' body. The play will be confined to a single set—Laura's apartment—and will be designed by Stewart Chaney, who knows about such things.

That fascinating fossil — "The Late George Apley"—is still with us and seems content to remain into late spring. But Olson and Johnson are getting restless and will shove off for Atlantic City just before this reaches print. Ole Olsen in a recent talk to the members of the Publicity Club summed up the partners' idea of good show business neatly in a single sentence: "We like to invite people in to have a good time."

That might well express how most of Chicago feels this first Maytime since 1941. People will have a good time—and maybe there'll even be a few cool breezes around to make a ride on the lake something to recall with pleasure when the tropic winds start blowing across Kansas.

"Four fifths of the perjury in the world is expended on tombstones, women, and competitors."—*Lord Delvin.*

CHICAGO PORTS OF CALL

Show Cases

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th and Michigan (Wab. 4400). Those beautiful Boulevard-Dears have a way of stealing the show here, even from name acts and fullsome hand attractions.

★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). Phil Gordon is the little pianist-entertainer who has taken the Windy City by gale. Don't miss him.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (Sup. 2200). Frank Ahmstadt is the very suave gentleman of service direction in this plush-perfect old southern mansion.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (Ran. 7500). Ted Straeter's orchestra has moved into the handstand limelight along with a new Merriell Abbott hit revue.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (Har. 3800). Dancing to rumba fare begins at 2 and by 6:30 changes over to more American numbers.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, Michigan at 7th (Har. 4300). Ernie Hecksher's strong-strings hand keeps the society crowd dancing. Single name act twice a night.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (Lon. 6000). In June the Beach Walk opens for under the stars divertissement and movie-set romance.

★ **NEW HORIZON ROOM**, Hotel Continental, 505 N. Michigan (Whi. 4100). James Hilton would love this spot and so would Ronald Colman for that matter—very old worldish.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (Sup. 7200). The Stork Club of Chicago in clientele, magnificent dining and chi-chi atmosphere. Phil is the man to know.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph and LaSalle (Cen. 0123). Sherman Hayes is the handsome new maestro and the revue is usually a dance team and novelty act.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, Lake Shore Drive Hotel, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (Del. 9300). An impact of dramatic continental decor, Russian dining delicacies and gypsy melodies by George Scherban's ensemble.

Star Acts

★ It's a quartet of name night clubs now where the entertainment world's greatest personalities head the show and specialty acts and a line of dancing girls are handsome accessories of the evening: **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (Del. 3434), is definitely number one . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (Ran. 5544), has Martha Raye until July . . . **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (Del. 3700), always has class acts . . . And the **FROLICS CAFE**, 70 W. Madison (Fra. 3300), is newest in the big-time bracket . . . Less impressive show-fare of the emcee-comedian, dance team and girl act variety at **BROWN DERBY**, Monroe and Wabash (Sta. 1307) . . . **COLOSIMO'S**, 2126 S. Wabash Ave. (Vic. 9259) . . . **CLUB MOROCCO**, 11 N. Clark St. (Sta. 3430) . . . and **VINE GARDENS**, 614 W. North Ave. (Div. 5106).

Dancing Dates

★ **AMERICAN ROOM**, Hotel LaSalle, LaSalle and Madison (Fra. 0700). You'll be seeing Florian ZaBach and his violin in the movies soon—meanwhile his dance tunes here are superb.

★ **BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT**, Wabash and Randolph (Ran. 2822). Chuck Foster and his boys are proving a greater than ever hit at this cafe celebrating its 25th year of hand history.

★ **PANTHER ROOM**, Hotel Sherman, Randolph and LaSalle (Fra. 2100). Greatest name band booking ever made, with a sequence of first flight stars in two-week engagements.

Something Different

★ Lure of the islands at **DON THE BEACH-COMBER'S**, 101 E. Walton Place (Sup. 8812) . . . **SHANGRI-LA**, 222 N. State (Dea. 9733) . . . and **BAMBOO ROOM**, Parkway Hotel, 2100 Lincoln Park West (Div. 5000) . . . It's Merrie Englande at Ralph Jansen's **IVANHOE**, 3000 N. Clark (Gra. 2771) . . . Parisian-Victorian charm at Teddy's **L'AIGLON**, 22 E. Ontario (Del. 6070) . . . Old world color at Eitel's **OLD HEIDELBERG**, 14 W. Randolph (Fra. 1892).

Menu Magic

★ **AGOSTINO'S**, 1121 North State (Del. 9862), for Italian dining . . . **STEAK HOUSE**, 744 Rush (Del. 5930), for filet mignon, sirloins, tenderloins . . . **BLUE DANUBE CAFE**, 500 W. North Ave. (Mic. 5988), for Hungarian specialties . . . **CHEZ EMILE**, 180 E. Delaware (Del. 9713), for superb chicken specialty and lobster thermidor . . . **KUNGSHOLM**, 631 Rush (Sup. 9868), Scandinavian dining at its finest . . . **885 CLUB**, 885 Rush (Del. 0855), bill of fare long on taste-appeal . . . **A BIT OF SWEDEN**, 1015 Rush (Del. 1492), coast to coast famed smorgasbord . . . **SINGAPORE**, 1011 Rush (Del. 0414), for barbecued ribs and meats . . . Best of the chop suey establishments: **HOUSE OF ENG**, 110 East Walton (Del. 7194) . . . **HOE SAI GAI**, 75 W. Randolph (Dea. 8505) . . . **THE NANKIN**, 66 West Randolph (Sta. 1900).



Honky-Tonk

★ Sophisticated, all-girl revues have a way of a marathon performance at the **BACK STAGE CLUB**, 935 Wilson Ave. (Rav. 10077) . . . **CLUB EL MOCAMBO**, 1519 W. Madison (Can. 9407) . . . **CLUB FLAMINGO**, 1359 W. Madison (Can. 9230) . . . **L & L CAFE**, 1316 W. Madison (Sec. 9344) . . . **CLUB SO-HO**, 1124 W. Madison (Can. 9260) . . . **PLAYHOUSE CAFE**, 550 N. Clark (Whi. 9615).

Ballrooms

★ **ARAGON BALLROOM**, 1100 Lawrence Avenue . . . **RAINBO GARDENS**, Clark and Lawrence . . . **TRIANON BALLROOM**, 6201 S. Cottage Grove . . . All spotting well-known orchestras.

New York Letter...



by DAVE HODGINS

CHARLEY BUSCAGLIA has named his new restaurant on 46th Street "House of Buscaglia," a rather overpowering monicker, but to most of his following it will never be known as anything but "Charley's Place." He has built up a following of friends made in the ten years and two he managed the Place Elegant, during the prohibition era. As a subtle reminder of those days, the new restaurant has no name on the marquee, just the plain number, 330.

You enter a walnut paneled bar with a few strategically spotted tables, and then come into one of three small dining rooms. The walls are a soft red and gray, the table linen is snowy and the silver glistening.

Though prices are not low, the quality of food and service is high, and reservations are suggested.

The Embassy Club has started rumba matinees every Saturday afternoon, with Noro Morales' band making the music. Joe Dosh, who sings popular ballads at the Casino-on-the-Park (Essex House) is a former FBI agent who served under J. Edgar Hoover during the war. An awful poor place to start something, Bub.

Easter just couldn't get by at the Plaza Hotel, 38-year-old-plus landmark on the brink of the park, **THE PLAZA** without the management going all out on decorations. Even the war didn't squelch the resurrective enthusiasm of Eastertime and it was "flowers as usual."

This year, however, Easter Paraders found the Plaza as flowery as ever, and possibly more so.

Floral flotsam and jetsam in the form of potted plants, vases and greenery, burgeoned all over the vast caravansery. However, in the 59th Street lobby, spring was the springiest. The area was transformed into a garden that should rival anything the Flower Show had to offer. A 20-foot dogwood tree blooming away like crazy was the central figure in a sunken garden, which included pools with fountains and goldfish, statues, masses of azaleas, pink hydrangeas and caladium, all enclosed in an ivy-clad trellis.

Although the present Plaza was built only 39 years ago, it is considered an old-timer by most New Yorkers. Yet, it is actually the "new" Plaza. The old Plaza, and of course you can't remember that far back, was the marvel of the 80's.

Swains in peg pants and the ladies of the bustle were agog over the old Plaza's

Cutler Mail Chutes, **OBSCOLESCENCE** mosaic bathrooms, and its pink "ladies parlor."

A brightly colored lithographed pamphlet was distributed at the Chicago World's fair in 1893, and one of the features which the management was especially proud was that "water and ice used is distilled and frozen on the premises and its purity certified by Professor Chandler of Columbia College."

But obsolescence rushed along then as it does now, and plans for extensive alterations were brewing by 1905. The new structure cost seventeen million as against three million for the old suit-case palace.

In the course of the years, most of the world's great have flowed through the Plaza for one reason or another. When it opened October 1, 1907, the

occasion was observed by a very exclusive dinner party. Even cabinet officials were present.

The Plaza bowed the knee to the growing dance mania in 1912 when the grill was opened for dinner and tea dancing. Such things had been unheard of before. Joseph Smith's orchestra played for two-steps and waltzes, and whirling about the glistening floor were such well knowns as Basil Durant, Margaret Hawthorn, and Diamond Jim Brady was a frequent visitor. Mae Murray, Constance Bennett and Gloria Swanson were constant habitués. The latter, still a frequent visitor to the Plaza, is, in the opinion of the older employes, hardly changed at all.

As usual Yankee stadium is a madhouse this time of the year, and there are many who believe that Marse Joe McCarthy can't miss. With Bill Dickey, Flash Gordon, Charley Keller and other greats of the diamond back from the wars, Yankee followers are sure that McPhail has enough material left over to cut out pennants for Newark, Kansas City and the other Yankee satellites way down to Fond du Lac, in Class D company. Kansas Citians probably felt the pleasant impact of that lush of players recently when half a dozen or so were sent to Bluestown.

Nobody, except the Bums themselves, give the Dodgers much of a play. The

There was a Swede who lived practically on the border between Minnesota and Wisconsin. For years he wasn't certain in which state he lived. Finally he got a state surveyor to make an investigation of the problem.

The surveyor decided that the farmer lived in Wisconsin. Hearing the news the Swede threw his hat in the air and cheered.

"Thank Heaven," he cried. "No more of those terrible Minnesota winters."

book boys eye you queerly
YOU NAME IT when you try to nudge for some kind of odds that the Brooks will be in the first division by the first of July. Y'know, you can bet yourself crazy, and the Books say the best way to do it is bet on those unpredictable Bums. You can walk in almost anyplace and somebody will take your money that the Yanks, Dogers, or Jints will be in first, second or third place on such and such a date. Naturally the Yanks wouldn't pay much on such a parlay.

Riding high after an extremely successful season the Ballet theatre closes on May 5. Ballet, which is having as big an influence on American life these days as is baseball, is the theme of a new Ben Hecht movie story, "Specter of the Rose," a murder-mystery sort of thing.

The hotel and taxi situation in New York is still somewhat more than awful. Your best bet is a bench in Grand Central Station and a sleeping pill. A TWA pilot told us not long ago that he knows for a fact that business travelers to New York have been known to sleep in the waiting room at LaGuardia Field five or six nights in a row. A quick shave in the lavatory and necessary changes of clothes in places where privacy can be assured for the price of one small coin, and you're ready to step out and do business.

It was just before closing one Friday in a school penny savings bank established for the pupils. A small boy came up and withdrew two cents. Monday morning as soon as the bank opened, he returned and deposited the two cents.

"So you didn't spend your two cents," observed the teacher-teller.

"No," said the lad, "but a fellow likes to have a little cash on hand for the week end, you know."

NEW YORK CITY PORTS OF CALL

Bread and Wine . . .

★ **ITALIAN BREAD, sharp wines and opera at ASTI'S.** 79 W. 12th (Gr. 5-9934) . . . **BARBERRY ROOM:** Probably the silkiest of the swank spots. A deep, dim room with stars and lots of big name customers. 19 E. 52nd (Pl. 3-5800) . . . **BARNEY GALLANT'S:** Excellent he-man-food and good liquors. A place of honest hospitality. Closed Sunday. 86 University Place (11th) (St. 9-0209) . . . **BEEKMAN TOWER:** Affords one of the better views of the Empire State building. Start at Elbow Room, first floor, work up to dining room, 26th floor. 49th and 1st Ave. (El. 5-7300) . . . **DRURY LANE:** Small crowded room just off Park Avenue where you get the same food as around the corner at Town and Country. Luncheon from 95 cents, dinner from \$1.65. Sunday Brunch 12-4 p. m., 47 E. 49th (Pl. 8-3017) . . . **ENRICO & PAGLIERI:** Guess what kind of cooking they have here? It's all very good, in five generous courses. Luncheon from \$1; dinner, \$1.50. 66 W. 11th (Al. 4-4658) . . . **HELEN LANE'S:** New England style cookery, brick walls, old copper, mellow light and spotless oak tables. Moderate prices. Dinner from \$1.50. 110 Waverly Place, off Washington Square . . . **JUMBLE SHOP:** The walls groan with paintings of Gotham artists. Enduring traces of the village in the days of when. 28 W. 8th (Sp. 7-2540).

Epicurean Epithets . . .

★ There are a flock of these around town, and this one happens to be in the Empire State building. The name? Yes, it's **LONGCHAMPS.** This one at Madison and 59th is open all night . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE:** A lot of piano playing distinguishes this cozy dining room and bar from 5:30 p.m. Prices reasonable and entertainment continuous 1 5th Ave. (Sp. 7-7000) . . . **PENTHOUSE:** A room with a view, overlooking the park and offering good food to the tune of smooth dinner music. Luncheon from \$1; dinner \$3, \$4. Open 1 p.m. Sunday. 30 Central Park South (Pl. 3-6910) . . . **PETER'S BACK YARD:** Old Village living room where drinks seem better than the food. Luncheon 90 cents, dinner from \$1.50. 64 W. 10th (St. 9-4476) . . . **RUMPELMAYER'S:** The New York version of the famous international restaurants. Excellent foods, good drinks and you should try some of their Turkish coffee. In the Hotel St. Moritz, 50 Central Park South (Wi. 2-5800).



Fun and Stuff . . .

★ **BLUE ANGEL.** A jewel box done up in gray velvet, with a 21-k show starlighting Mildred Bailey. Cocktails from 5; liquor minimum \$3.50. 152 E. 55th. Pl. 3-0626 . . . **CAFE SOCIETY DOWNTOWN.** Hot jazz, folk ballads and dancing. Fine array of talent comes and goes but Josh White stays and stays and stays. Dinner from \$1.75. Minimum \$2.50. Closed Monday. 2 Sheridan Square. Ch. 2-2737. . . **CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN.** Current and chief attractions are ballad singer Susan Reed and coppery Mary Lou Williams at the piano. Dinner from \$2.50. Minimum \$3.50. Closed Sunday. 128 E. 58th. Pl. 5-9223.

★ **CAFE TOKAY.** Notable place for gypsy music, excellent wines and authentic Hungarian food. Closed Monday. Second Ave., between 82nd and 83rd. Re. 4-9441. . . **EDDIE CONDON'S.** Intricate and amazing stuff turned out by brand names in the world of jazz. Still better when Eddie himself sits in and thumps a hot guitar. Open 7:30 to 4 a. m. Minimum \$2.50. 47 W. 3rd. Gr. 3-8736. . . **LATIN QUARTER.** Big, fast and varied revues. Week nights \$2, Saturday \$3.50. 48th and Broadway. Ci. 6-1737. . . **MONTE CARLO.** A big, beautiful club with a lot of glass, white gingerbread and pink paint. Dinner from 6. Minimum \$3, weekends \$4. Madison at 54th. Pl. 5-3400. . . **NEW YORKER.** Dazzling ice show in the Terrace Room at 7:45 and 11:45. Lunch from \$1.10; dinner from \$2. Cover after 9, \$1; Saturday and holidays, \$1.50. 8th Ave. at 34th. Me. 3-1000. . . **ST. REGIS.** In the Iridium room, sparkling ice show at 9 and 12. In the Maisonette, Patricia Bright and her songs. Two orchestras for dancing. Dinner only from \$3.50. Closed Monday. 5th Ave. at 55th. Pl. 3-4500. . . **TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN.** Rambling little establishment up in Central Park and very charming. Dinner from 5 to 9 and from \$2. Central Park West at 67th. Rh. 4-4700. . . **ZANZIBAR.** Big and gaudy with the Ink Spots, Ella Fitzgerald and Maurice Rocco. Dinner 6 to 9 from \$2. Minimum after 10 is \$3.50. Broadway at 49th. Ci. 7-7380.

And More, and More . . .

★ **ST. MORITZ:** Most fun of all in the Cafe de la Paix is the variety of accents within earshot. The food is American. Be sure to take in the Club Continental, too. 50 Central Park S. (Wi. 2-5800) . . . **SEA FARE:** The kind of finny foods even fishermen lay awake nights and dream about. Usually crowded, but queue up, you'll get there by and by. No drinks; moderate prices. 41 W. 8th (Or. 4-3973) . . . **TOOTS SHOR:** Fine foods, good drinks, colorful atmosphere and the satisfaction of being seen in one of the right places. Always a star to steer by. Opens Sunday at 4 p.m. 51 W. 51st (Pl. 3-9000).

NEW YORK THEATRE

Plays . . .

★ **APPLE OF HIS EYE.** (Biltmore, 47th W. of B'way. CI. 6-9353). Walter Huston and a superb cast in an authentic, realistic and very simple story of a farmer past his prime who takes a fancy to a young hired girl. Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40. . . **ANNA LUCASTA.** (Mansfield, 47th W. of B'way. CI. 6-9056). Sensational drama played by an all-Negro cast. Valerie Black, Charles Swain, and Claire Jay. Evenings except Monday, 8:40. Matinee Saturday and Sunday, 2:40. . . **ANTIGONE AND THE TYRANT.** (Cort. 48th, East. BR. 9-0046). Katherine Cornell in a new play co-sponsored by Gilbert Miller, and described by one critic as presenting "the acting

of a decade." Nightly except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

★ **HE WHO GETS SLAPPED.** (Booth, 45th W. of B'way.) A Theatre Guild production with Dennis King. A new version prepared from Andrew's original play by Judith Guthrie. With Stella Adler, John Abbott and Reinhold Schunzel. Evenings except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **HARVEY.** (Center, 6th Ave. and 49th. BR.

9-4566). Delightful comedy about a genial boozier and his six-foot invisible rabbit. Evenings except Sunday, 8:40. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:40.

★ **I LIKE IT HERE.** (Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th. CI. 6-6740). A new comedy by A. B. Shiffrin with Oscar Karlweis and Bert Lytell, and very capably directed by Charles K. Freeman. Evenings except Monday 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday 2:30.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

★ **THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.** (Morosco, 45th, West. CI. 6-6230). Sweet comedy about a soldier on a week-end pass, and a little actress who is afraid to fall in love again. John Beal comes home again to play the soldier and very nicely; Martha Scott is vivacious and appealing as the

girl; and Vicki Cummings wears the kind of hats a gal would wear who says the kind of lines she says! All three are splendid; it's a lovely play. Nightly except Sunday, 8:35. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:35.

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

★ **WOMAN BITES DOG**—(Belasco, 44, East. BR. 9-2067). Sam and Bella Spewack who turned out such frothy delights as "Boy Meets Girl," give us a new one which should, like the implication of its title, make news. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

Musicals . . .

★ **ARE YOU WITH IT?** (Century, 7th Avenue at 59. Cl. 7-3121). A lot of capable people including Joan Roberts, Johnny Downs, Lew Parker, and Dolores Gray get with it to give out with song and dance and comedy in a show having something to do with life in a carnival. Rather more fun than not. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

★ **ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II present Ethel Merman in what promises to be the musical hit of the year. Music and lyrics by Irving Berlin. Evenings except Sunday at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

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

★ **CALL ME MISTER.** (National, 41, West. PE. 6-8220). A new musical starring Betty Garrett and produced by Melvin Douglas and Herman Levin. Nightly except Sunday, 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 8:30.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

★ **ST. LOUIS WOMAN.** (Martin Beck Theatre, 45th W. of 8th Ave. Cl. 6-6363). Edward Gross presents this new musical play with music by Harold Arlen and lyrics by the inimitable Johnny Mercer. Starred are the Nicholas Brothers, Pearl Bailey, Rex Ingram, Ruby Hill and June Hawkins. Nightly except Sunday at 8:30. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30.

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

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

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

PORTS OF CALL IN KANSAS CITY



Just for Food . . .

★ **AIRPORT RESTAURANT.** Many large airports in the country have long, smooth, unobstructed runways and excellent mechanical facilities for airplanes. But somehow or other you can't eat this fine equipment. Kansas City, however, has everything that a good airport should have, plus the prettiest and most appetizing eating place of any of the larger air terminals. Murals on the walls were designed by Earl Altaire, and put there by Gertrude Freyman. There's always a crowd at breakfast, lunch, dinnertime and between hops. Municipal Airport. NO. 4490.

★ **BLUEBIRD CAFETERIA.** The food inside is just as tasty as the exterior is colorful. Usually crowded, especially on weekends, but well worth the waiting. The food is fine and in wide variety. Reservations not necessary. 3215 Troost.

★ **BRETTON'S.** The tradition Harry Weiss set up as a restaurateur is being carried on most capably by his successors, the Brettons. The food is rich, luscious and plentiful, and prices are reasonable. They specialize in filet mignon, roast young goose and broiled lake trout. 1215 Baltimore. GR. 8999.

★ **CALIFORNIA RANCHHOUSE.** The walls are decorated with blown-up reproductions of Paul Wellman's book, "Trampling Herd." Old cattle trails meander all over the east wall. Giant hamburgers, full course meals and between-time snacks attract an epicurean parade. Linwood and Forest. LO. 2555.

★ **GLENN'S OYSTER HOUSE.** Sure fishing is good in Lake Lotowanna, but we'll guarantee you'll have better results at Glenn's. Everything from large, luscious Chesapeake oysters straight through the piscatorial category, all excellently prepared and served promptly. Open 10:30 a.m. to 7:30 p.m. Scarritt Arcade. 819 Walnut Street. HA. 9176.

★ **MARTIN'S.** "Chicken in the Rough" is still going strong here, and they have a wide variety of other foods, too, in this mammoth red and gold

eating oasis. In connection are two large bars and a night club where the "Four Tons of Rhythm" are currently holding forth. On the Plaza, 210 W. 47th. LO. 2000.

★ **MUEHLEBACH COFFEE SHOP.** Paneled and mirrored room, bright but dignified, with murals by Maxfield Parrish and specializing in good food. Grab a table or park yourself at the horseshoe. Open all night. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **MYRON'S ON THE PLAZA.** Neat and attractive with accent on quality cooking. No place in the Southwest puts out more meticulously prepared food, and all with the endorsement of Duncan Hines. The Cameo room downstairs is recommended for family gatherings. 4700 Wyandotte. WE. 8310.

★ **NANCE'S CAFE.** A large place that specializes in good food at modest prices. If you're in the neighborhood of the Union Station around lunch time it's probably one of your best bets. Parking just across the street. Located in the BMA building, first floor. 217 Pershing Road. HA. 5688.

★ **PHILLIPS COFFEE SHOP.** An about town room, cozy and congenial. An ideal interlude for any well-planned shopping trip. Features an array of substantial food as well as tricky sandwiches. Just a few steps from the Phillips lobby. Hotel Phillips. 12th and Baltimore. GR. 5020.

★ **PLA-MOR COFFEE SHOP.** Red and beige cuisine corner of the big Pla-Mor bowling alleys, featuring home made pies, cakes, and tender, luscious steaks. A stopover here is a "must" on anybody's bowling schedule. Pla-Mor, 32nd and Main. VA. 7848.

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

★ **VERDI'S.** American-Italian restaurant, formerly known as the Rathskeller. Open daily and Sunday 4 p.m. till 4 a.m. Full course dinners, choice steaks and chops, with dinner music by Monica Triska. Armour at Troost. VA. 9388.

★ **Z-LAN DRIVE-IN.** Savory service station for those who wish to fill their tummies. Flash your lights for drive-in service, or go inside where the service and surroundings are 14-karat. On the Plaza. 48th and Main. LO. 3434.

For Food and a Drink . . .

★ **AMBASSADOR RESTAURANT.** Martin Weiss is the ambassador of good food and congeniality in this attractive room in one of the nicer south side hotels. Thick steaks and crisp French fries and wonderful desserts. It's the kind of place where you can take your grandmother or your granddaughter or your date. Hotel Ambassador. 3650 Broadway. VA. 9236.

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** For more than a year crowds have been coming and coming back to see and hear Joshua Everett Johnson perform on the "black light" keyboard. The food, too, is top drawer. The midnight interlude from midnight

Sunday to 1:30 a.m. calls for standing room only.
3545 Broadway. VA. 0926.

★ **CONGRESS RESTAURANT.** You can leave your car in the Congress garage and walk in thru the back door, or drop in the front way. Either way you'll find Alma Hatten turning out melody at the Steinway console. Casual atmosphere. 3529 Broadway. WE. 5115.

★ **DOWNTOWN INTERLUDE.** Small and cozy like bugs in a rug, but with Rockin' Rozco Ray at the piano one keeps looking out of the corner of one eye for the fire department. His digical musical contortions are traced in black light, similar to Josh Johnson's cavortings at the Broadway Interlude. Both are under same management. In the Robert E. Lee Hotel, across from the Municipal Auditorium. 13th and Wyandotte. VI. 0022.

★ **FAMOUS BAR AND RESTAURANT.** Famous for lobster, shrimp, Colorado rainbow trout, fresh crab meat; famous as a meeting and eating place for the famous, and famous for the organistics of Pauline Neece, heard nightly. 1211 Baltimore. VI. 8490.

★ **GUS RESTAURANT.** A few months ago the popular Gus Fitch took over the Colony club, gave it a face lifting, dolled up the bar and accoutrements in Zanzibar style, and now it is one of the show places of the town. Gus, well known as official greeter at the Muehlebach, is kept busy pumping hands and welcoming old friends. 1106 Baltimore. GR. 5120.

★ **ITALIAN GARDENS.** A roomy Italian restaurant with pretty latticed hooths, which are worth waiting for, and that's usually the case. Miles and miles of genuine Italian spaghetti are unwound with each turn of the clock. And there's fine American cooking, too. Closed Sundays. 1110 Baltimore. HA. 8861.

★ **JEWEL BOX.** A tidy little room where you can drink, listen to music and have a chicken dinner. The new owner is Glenn E. Wood, well known about town. 3223 Troost. VA. 9696.

★ **KENN'S BAR AND RESTAURANT.** One of the most popular down-town luncheon spots where everybody and his brother gathers to gah and gobble. The businessmen's lunch appeals to everybody's pocketbook, and more elaborate dishes are available, too. The bar is right handy. 9th and Walnut. GR. 2680.

★ **PHIL TRIPP'S.** A bar out front with dining room connected by an arch door. The mixed drinks are rather special, and so is the food, including spaghetti, steaks and delicious meathall sandwiches. Across from the Pickwick bus station. 922 McGee. HA. 9224.

★ **PLAYHOUSE RESTAURANT.** Chicken and steak dinners, plus a star-studded revue. Weekdays 1st floor show at 10:30. Charlie Rankin, M. C. 2240 Blue Ridge. IND. 5702.

★ **PLAZA BOWL.** Take off that avoidupois in the howling alley and put it back on in the Bowl's restaurant. The alleys open at 9 in the morning, and Sundays find a lot of businessmen bowling themselves into shape. 480 Alameda Road. LO. 6656.

★ **PRICE'S RESTAURANT.** Decor by Janet Waldron, and there's ample restaurant space for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, plus a cozy lounge downstairs for after-five relaxation. 10th and Walnut. GR. 0800.



★ **PIONEER ROOM.** Growing in popularity is this new room in the town's newest apartment hotel. Beige, pastel and canton decor, strategic indirect lighting, and a red leather divan all the way around which, of course, makes it pretty easy to get acquainted with other people. Happy Stilts keeps everybody happy. Westport Arms Hotel. 301 W. Armour. LO. 0123.

★ **PUSATERI'S HYDE PARK ROOM.** An attractive dining room offering tables, booths and bar stools, with inspiring piano melodies by Helen. Opens at 4 p.m. Hyde Park Hotel, Broadway at 36th. LO. 5441.

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** An extremely popular downtown spot, always crowded and people seem to like it that way. Other reasons for coming back again and again is the marvelous food, and the pianistics of Willie Weber. 1104 Baltimore. GR. 1019.

★ **ROSE'S COCKTAIL BAR AND RESTAURANT.** Where your friends and neighbors get together for a few quick ones and general conviviality in the Waldo district. It's a large place with a modernistic bar and indirect lighting. An attractive dining room is just a little separate, featuring noonday lunch, dinner and ala carte after nine p.m. In the heart of Waldo. 405 W. 75th. VA. 9274.

★ **SAVOY GRILL.** In the historic section of Kansas City, and not far from the main business section. People who like good food, served in a quiet and friendly atmosphere, are very partial to the Savoy. And the drinks are something to rave about, too. Closed Sundays. 9th and Central. VI. 3890.

★ **WESTPORT ROOM.** Colorful and hustling cocktail lounge where people always find an easy excuse to wait for a train or somebody coming or going. Right next door is the famous Fred Harvey restaurant. Union Station. GR. 1100.

Just for a Drink . . .

★ **ALCOVE COCKTAIL LOUNGE.** A microscopic little place, but big in hospitality. It's popular with people who like to make their greenbacks do double duty. The hargain "two for one" cocktail hour is featured every day from 3 to 5. Who said

two couldn't be happy as cheaply as one? Hotel Continental. 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **CABANA.** Latin American in decor, with tables and circular booths. From the cigarette girl to the man at the amber fluted spigots, the atmosphere is Aca Pulco. Hazel Smith caresses the Novachord in the afternoon and early evening with the popular and talented Alberta Bird of WHB featured in the evening. Hotel Phillips. GR. 5020.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** If you're looking for a book of verses underneath a bough, better bring your own. But Omar will furnish the vintage of the grape. A room of constant dawn or twilight (to suit your mood), with that incredible mirror over the bar. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **PINK ELEPHANT.** This hip-pocket edition of a bar is one of the most popular and hard-to-get-into spots in the downtown area. But it's worth several tries. Don't worry if you see pink elephants parading around the place. They're really there. On 12th between Baltimore and Wyandotte. State Hotel. GR. 5310.

★ **THE TROPICS.** Accent is on atmosphere. Take the elevator to the third floor of the Phillips, turn left, pass the gift shop and go down the long hall and there you'll emerge into what many people think the south sea islands are like. You sit in deep leather and bamboo chairs, with your drink before you on a low table. Solid comfort while you hear Pauline Lamond at the piano and Bob Jones at the Hammond organ. Also Margaret Arrow, numerologist. Hotel Phillips. 12th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** A smooth, soft green lounge with amber mirror tables, just a few steps down from the lobby of the Bellerive hotel. It is a mecca for celebrities and show people, where the highest calibre of entertainment is caught enroute from New York to Hollywood and vice-versa. Program changes every two weeks. Hotel Bellerive. Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

With Dancing . . .

★ **CROWN ROOM.** The popular Judy Conrad and his Beguine Rhythms are back and ready to set more good listening records. Billy Snyder, the yard-high trumpeter is Judy's standout performer, both with the little pretzel horn and on vocals. We like this place because it is lively without being too noisy. You will, too. Dinner dancing from 6 to 1:30. La Salle Hotel. 922 Linwood. LO. 5262.

★ **DRUM ROOM.** Enter at the sign of the drum, or go in via the lobby through that magic eye door. Luncheon, dinner and supper available in the Drum Room proper, two steps below the bar, where Johnny Kaihuae and his Hawaiians continue whispering sweet nothings throughout the month of April. A worthy successor comes in May 1. No cover; dancing at dinner and supper. Hotel President. 14th and Baltimore. GR. 5440.

★ **EL CASBAH.** The glamour spot of the midwest where name stars are the usual rather than the unusual. Wayne Muir, formerly of Glenn Gray's orchestra, and a boogie, impressionistic pianist with the heaviest beat you ever heard, is arrayed with a large number of nationally known stars. It is all just too too. Saturday afternoon cocktail dan-

sants are featured with no minimum or cover and free rhumba lessons. Hotel Bellerive. Armour at Warwick. VA. 7047.

★ **MILTON'S TAP ROOM.** Famous for a number of reasons including the line drawings of famous faces about the walls; the casual friendliness, and Julia Lee, Decca recording artist whose pianistic platters have become collectors' items. And with Baby Lovett massaging the drums it is one of the finest combinations in town. 3511 Troost. VA. 9256.

★ **PENGUIN ROOM.** Roy Mack and his band have moved into this popular place for an indefinite stay, probably through the entire month of May. Supper dancing nightly except Sunday. No minimum or cover. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **PLANTATION.** A cheerful dinner and supper rendezvous, with dancing to the small but rhythm-minded Jerry Gilbert trio. East of Kansas City on Highway 40. FL. 1307.

★ **SOUTHERN MANSION.** Spacious and airy Baltimore avenue favorite for cocktails and dinner dancing; the latter to the pleasant and hospitable music of Dee Peterson's orchestra. No bar; mixed drinks at your table. 1425 Baltimore. GR. 5131.

★ **SKY-HIGH ROOF.** Dancing Friday and Saturday nights to the music of Kenny White and his smooth orchestra. Other nights the roof is available for parties. Mixed drinks served at your table. Hotel Continental, 11th and Baltimore. HA. 6040.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** The standard by which all other supper show places in this part of the country are measured. For nearly two decades the Grill has been the mecca for top flight orchestras and the people who like that kind of music and entertainment. The interior features Schiaparelli pink and silver decor, amber glass mirror tables. Bill Bardo and his orchestra will be there until May 1 when Ray Pearl, back from three years of service in the armed forces, brings in his new band. For reservations phone Gordon Ewing. Hotel Muehlebaach, 12th and Baltimore. GR. 1400.

★ **TOOTIE'S MAYFAIR.** A spacious night club on the south edge of town that stays open later. The show now features Joe Myers and his orchestra, Smokey Joe, novelty dancer, Virginia Clark, contortionist, and Diana Lee, K. C.'s favorite vocalist. Chicken and steak dinners. Dancing 10 to 4 weekdays; 8:30 to 3:30 a.m. Saturdays and Sundays. 79th and Wornall Road. DE. 1253.

★ **TROCADERO.** A friendly and albeit noisy cocktail lounge where mixed drinks, conviviality and juke box music form an ideal combination for an exciting evening. Just off Main, west on 39th. VA. 9806.

ANSWERS TO HOTEL QUIZ

1-c	6-b
2-d	7-b
3-c	8-a
4-a	9-d
5-c	10-d

FEARS OF THE FAMOUS

WHEN we are certain that the cough we cannot shake in spite of all the medicine the doctor prescribed indicates that we have developed tuberculosis; when that hangnail looks infected and we fear that we are going to be minus a digit; when everything looks very dark and gloomy and we cannot shake off our depression; it may be encouraging to know that other people who are now famous have had fears that seem a match for our own. Here are a few:

No less a personage than Bette Davis suffered so from shyness that she nearly swooned when addressed even by friends.

Jean Arthur's bugaboo was not being able to endure having people look at her.

William Boyd's fear of making small talk kept him from accepting many dinner invitations.

To avoid meeting friends on the street, Janet Gaynor used to duck into doorways.

Ochlophobia, a fear of crowds, still dogs Greta Garbo.

A fear of enclosed spaces, known to doctors as claustrophobia, torments Norma Shearer and Billy Rose.

Nyctophobia, fear of the dark, and acrophobia, fear of heights, are Joan Crawford's bugaboos.

In school when he was called upon to recite, Charles Farrell blushed and stuttered painfully.



It happened in the income tax department. A resident with his form all filled out approached the "pay" window and laid a quarter on the ledge.

"What's this for?" asked the clerk, glancing at the total of the tax, which was for more than a hundred dollars.

"Why, that's for my income tax. It says at the top you can pay it a quarter at a time, and here's my first payment."

A boarding house keeper told a new maid fresh from the country to knock on a soldier's door and awaken him in the morning. The maid reported later that she couldn't arouse the soldier and finally had gone into his room and had shaken the sleeper awake.

The shocked landlady said: "Didn't you know better than to go into a soldier's room?"

The maid replied: "I do now."

Farmer Corntassel retired and moved to the city. In the morning, after spending the first night in her new home, his wife said: "Well, Pa, ain't it about time you got up and built a fire in the stove?"

"No, siree," said the old gent. "I'll call the fire department. We might as well get used to these city conveniences right now."

Mrs. Longsham, giving instructions to her new servant, said:

"Before removing the soup plates, Ellen, always ask each person if he or she would like any more."

"Very good, mam."

The next day Ellen, respectfully bowing to one of the guests, inquired: "Would the gentleman like some more soup?"

"Yes, please," was the reply.

"Well," said Ellen, "there ain't any left."

SWINGIN' WITH THE STARS

Metro-Goldwyn Mayer

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE—Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn. Celluloid version of the James M. Cain best-seller, not a pretty story, but as grimly dramatic as you'd want! It concerns a triangle made up of (a) Lana Turner, the provocative wife of a roadside restaurant proprietor; (b) John Garfield, footloose hitch-hiker who takes his love where he finds it; (c) Cecil Kellaway, Lana's unimaginative and unwanted husband. Besides the triangle, there's a juicy murder and a bloodhound district attorney . . . but nary a sign of a postman. The film has more surprise twists than any you'll see this year.

BAD BASCOMB—Wallace Beery, Margaret O'Brien, Marjorie Main. With the three scene stealers, Beery, O'Brien, and Main, on hand, **BAD BASCOMB** can't miss! It's a wild, whoopin' tale of the bad hombre being tamed by a little orphan girl, with all the gun battles, Indian attacks, chases, and stream fordings of any three westerns rolled into one. Best scene: Margaret O'Brien tells Beery he's got to wait 'til she grows up so that she can marry him! And oh, yes—Marjorie Main comes in for her share of the action as the unwilling Beery's hatchet-faced girl friend.

R-K-O Radio Pictures

FROM THIS DAY FORWARD—Joan Fontaine, Mark Stevens. Love docs triumph over adversity, after all! The adversity in this case being that the husband works nights and the wife, days—that they are besieged by inlaws—and that unemployment and The Law rear their ugly heads. The solution seems to appear (to the amazement of all the World War II veterans in the audience) when friend husband goes off to the army. But since the aforementioned is about all that any cinema couple can take, hubby and wife are reunited at long last to begin a blissful life together.



Universal Pictures

SO GOES MY LOVE—Myrna Loy, Don Ameche, Bobby Driscoll. You'll remember this as "A Genius in the Family," the leisurely and pleasant episodes in the life of Hiram Percy Maxim. And yes, Ameche is an inventor again, and Myrna is again the wife every man longs for. The setting is Brooklyn of 75 years ago. The plot concerns the relationship of the various members of the Maxim family. It's a light and inconsequential tale, airily and well told.

Twentieth Century-Fox

DO YOU LOVE?—Kathryn Grayson, Dick Haymes, Harry James. Katie Grayson, as the dean of the Hilliard School of Music, goes to New York to arrange for the school's summer symphony festival: En route she meets hand leader Harry James who tells her she's not the slick chick she could be. This ruffles Katie's feathers, so she gets a complete glamorizing job in the big city. Next she meets crooner Dick Haymes. From then on out Haymes and James are out after the dame's favor. But why talk about the plot when there's so much nice music in the picture?

Tentative April Showings in Kansas City

ESQUIRE, UPTOWN, FAIRWAY

SEVENTH VEIL
SO GOES MY LOVE
DO YOU LOVE ME
NIGHT IN PARADISE

NEWMAN

ROAD TO UTOPIA
KITTY

LOEW'S MIDLAND
TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON
BAD BASCOMB
THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS TWICE

ORPHEUM

DEVOTION
***DING DONG WILLIAMS**
FROM THIS DAY FORWARD
***DICK TRACY**
(* Companion Pictures)

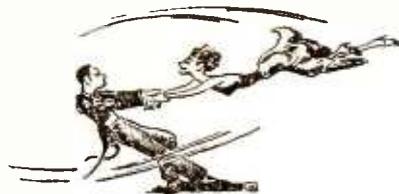
Warner Brothers

DEVOTION—Ida Lupino, Olivia de Havilland, Paul Henreid. The Bronte sisters, Emily and Charlotte, their brother, father, and sister come to the screen with all the poignant drama of a complicated and some times unbalanced family. Pau Henreid, as the neighborhood curate, shares the love of both Emily and Charlotte . . . takes his place as the hero of the novels of each, "Wuthering Heights" and "Jane Eyre." The film traces the Bronte sisters' lives through their trials as governesses, the labor pains of their first manuscripts and their subsequent success and tragedy.

Paramount Pictures

KITTY—Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, Cecil Kellaway. Goddard's got the man who lost a weekend! A rambunctious account of the rise of an illiterate Cockney waif to a position of nobility. Paulette Goddard outdoes herself as the flirtations hussy who makes five men do her bidding, marches three to the altar, and finally forsakes all for the ingratiating scoundrel, Sir Hugh Marcy (that's Ray Milland, of course). Good supporting cast.

Swing Around . . .



GOOD OLD DAZE . . . The "white collar" man has come a long way since the days of his grandfather as witness the following instructions to employes issued by a local store proprietor in 1870:

"Any employe who smokes cigarettes, uses liquor in any form, gets shaved at the barber shop or frequents pool halls or public dance halls will give his employer every reason to suspicion his integrity, worthy intentions and all around honesty.

"Employes will sweep floors, dust furniture, shelves and show cases; fill lamps and clean chimneys. Each clerk shall bring in a bucket of water and scuttle of coal for the day's business.

"Men employes will be given one evening off each week for courting purposes, or two evenings if they go regularly to church. After any employe has spent his 13 hours of labor in the store he should then spend his leisure time in reading good books and contemplating the glories and building up of the Kingdom of God."



DAYLIGHT SAVINGS . . . Gateman 13 at the Union Station tells this one as gospel. It seems that the Southwest Limited from Milwaukee is late more often than it is on time. One morning the Southwest rolled into the station exactly at 7:45. The overjoyed commuters got together quickly and presented the blushing conductor with a small but significant purse.

"I jist can't accept it," said the Irish ticket puncher.

"Why not?" prodded the commuters' spokesman.

"Cause this is yestiday's train."

AND HERE'S YOUR CHECK . . .

Jim Castle, who gallops about the midwest yelling at people that Paramount has another academy award winner, got a seat in a railroad diner one day. "Do you like split-pea soup?" asked the waiter. "No," smiled genial Jim. "Chicken croquettes?" "No." "Prune pie?" "No." The waiter took the napkin off the table. "Good day," he said. "You is had your lunch."

ART OF REJECTION . . .

Ten years ago as an unfound Arthur Brisbane free lance writer in Chicago, we sent an article to the McClure syndicate. We asked the editor kindly to read and publish the story immediately as we had other irons in the fire.

The manuscript came back with the note: "I have read your story and advise you to put it with the other irons."

LETHARGY LEGEND . . .

A local paper salesman was driving through southern Iowa and stopped his car long enough to keep from running over a litter of little pigs oozing through a gaping hole in a fence. A farmer sat nonchalantly watching. Exasperated, the salesman asked:

"Why don't you repair that fence so that your pigs will stay off the road?"

"Tain't no use," he answered deliberately. "In a few weeks the pigs will be so big they won't be able to git through it."

ALL RIGHT THEN, WHO? . . . Our spy over at Kansas University who knows every blade of grass on Mount Oread and just how it got bent, reports that at a quiz recently one of the questions was: "Name two ancient sports." A freshman wrote: "Antony and Cleopatra."



HEAD WINDS . . . Oscar Tennenbaum, government weather observer at Kansas City, picked up the phone one day and an articulate feminine voice asked him what the weather was going to be June 18. It seems that the lady was planning a swanky outdoor wedding for her daughter. Oscar replied that they couldn't forecast more than 36 hours ahead.

"What's the matter," snapped the woman. "Don't you have an almanac?"

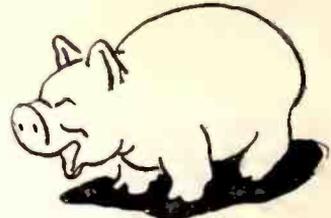


A couple of days later a pert little news writer for a local station called up Oscar and chided him on the haywire prediction made just a few hours before.

"We have decided now that it isn't going to rain," was Oscar's reply.

"What did you do, look out of the window?" pressed the feline inquisitor.

"Oh, no," replied Oscar. "That would be cheating."



EXTRAVAGANCE . . . "Will you tell me exactly why you want a divorce?" queried Judge Cowan of the Jackson county divorce court.

"That wife of mine keeps asking for money night and day. She even calls me up at work and pesters me."

"Well," replied the judge, "what does she do with all that money?"

"I don't know, sir . . . I haven't given her any since last December."

UPPER CUT . . . Our friend Gorge the barber says that as a boy he learned the trade from a bear-pawed, slashing, whisker mower of the old school in a small town in Southern Missouri.

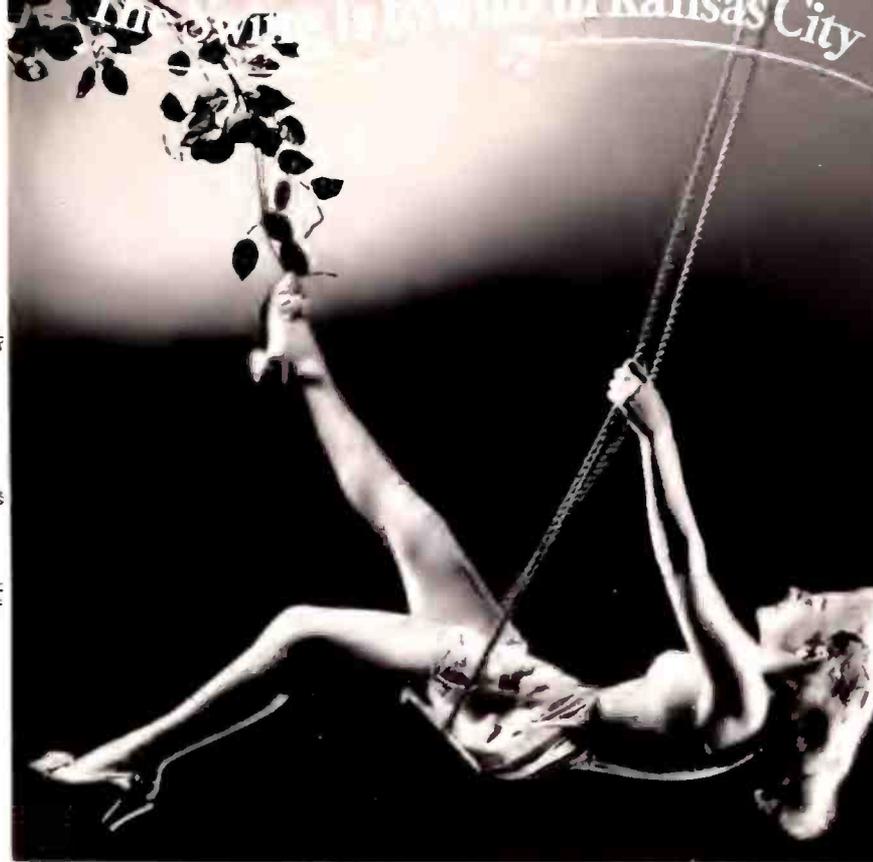
One day a leather-skinned farmer plunked down in the boss's chair and began to absorb his expected punishment. He squirmed as the tonsorial mason wielded his dull steel, and finally the customer sat up in the chair and stared around.

"Have you got another razor?"

"Why, yes, but this 'uns the best, why?"

"I want to defend myself."

COLLECTOR'S ITEM . . . If more deputy sheriffs had a sense of humor like that of a couple over at the County Court House, their routine reports would be better reading. A few weeks back, when the weatherman let it snow, let it snow, because he couldn't do anything about it anyway—the following item turned up in a report sheet of the night's work of two of the deputies: "While patrolling on 24 Highway, near the entrance to Mt. Washington cemetery, we found a man lying along the road. We took him to the Independence Bastille to sober him up and thaw him out. He was stiff in more ways than one, as the temperature and his bottle were both low."



month gave another demonstration of WHB's terrific pulling power, when for a Day" visited as City. All 22,000 "radio audience" tickets requested by mail listeners eight days in advance of the Queen's performance—as a result of thirteen announcements offering admission. "studio" was the name of Municipal Auditorium . . . biggest hall in Kansas City . . . and was jam-packed from floor to footlights with 100 spectators at each performance. Back in 1937, WHB celebrated its 15th Anniversary staging a "Birthday Party" in this same arena. In record of those days stands: WHB is the radio station ever to attract that immense audience with spectators for strictly local radio show! It was a show by local talent, promoted exclusively over WHB (no newspaper ads, no newspaper publicity). WHB did the job alone! That same success-building "punch" will be effective at WHB ready to go to work selling your goods or services!

KANSAS CITY HOOPER INDEX FEBRUARY '46	WHB	Station A	Station B	Station C	Station D	Station E
WEEKDAYS A. M. MON. THRU FRI. 8 A. M.—12 Noon	25.5	24.7	14.8	20.3	7.3	5.7
WEEKDAYS P. M. MON. THRU FRI. 12 Noon—6 P. M.	17.1	22.4	25.6	15.3	16.1	2.8
SUNDAY AFTERNOON 12 Noon—6 P. M.	24.5	29.1	25.2	9.1	10.6	1.2
SATURDAY DAYTIME 8 A. M.—6 P. M.	25.0	31.7	15.5	5.6	18.3	3.9

DON DAVIS, President • JOHN T. SCHILLING, Gen. Mgr.

For WHB Availabilities, phone DON DAVIS at any

ADAM YOUNG office:

- New York City, 18 11 West 42nd St. Longacre 3-1926
- Chicago, 2 55 East Washington St. ANDover 5448
- Son Francisco, 4 627 Mills Building SUtter 1393
- Los Angeles, 13 448 South Hill St. Mchigon 0921
- Kansas City, 6 Scorrirt Building HARRison 1161

KEY STATIONS for the KANSAS STATE NETWORK



