

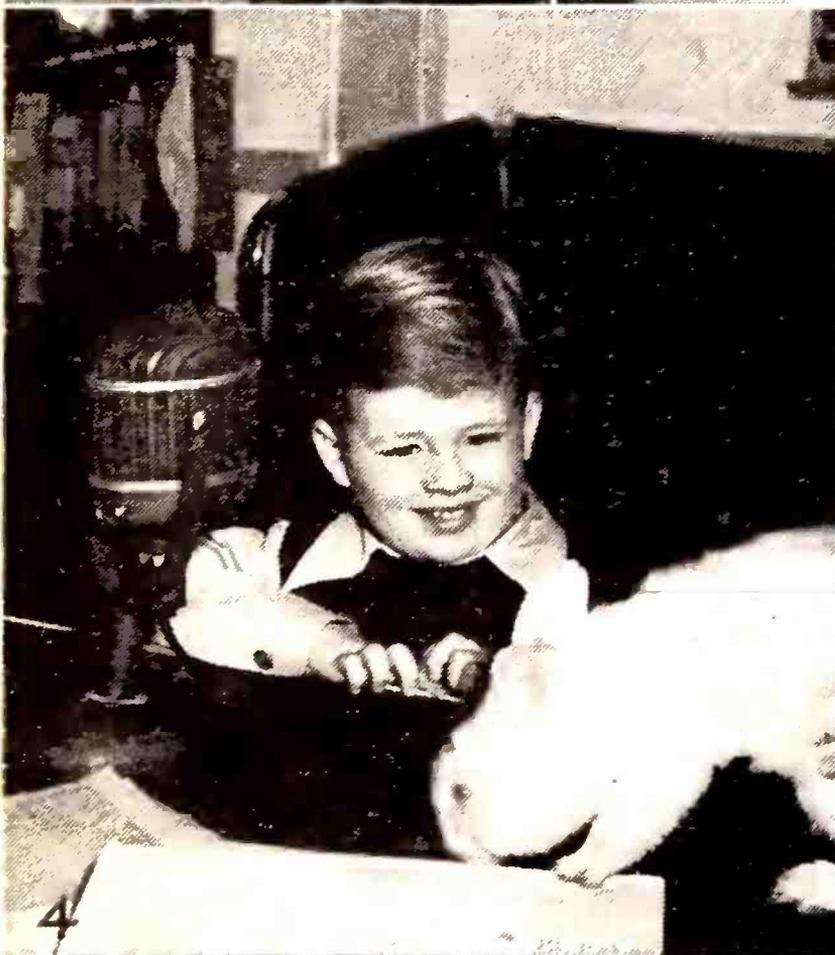
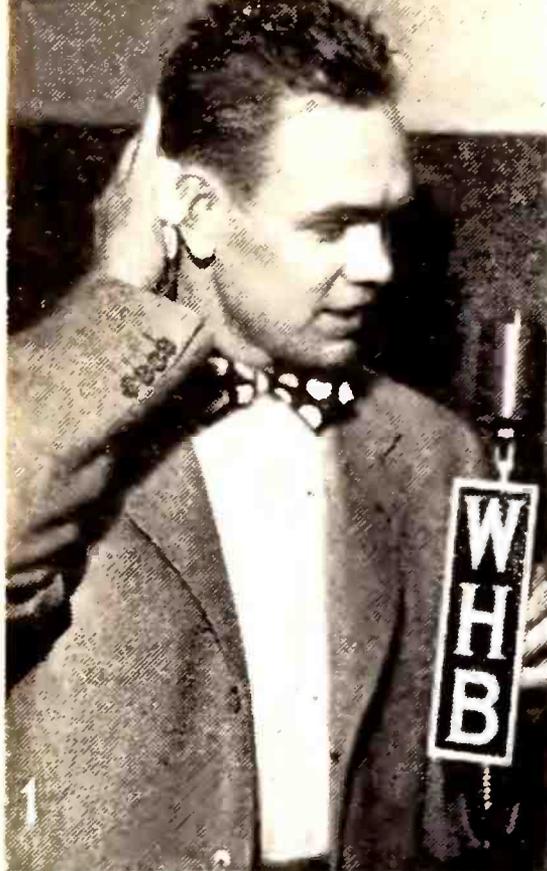
MAY

1948

25¢

Swing





1. United States Amateur Tennis Champion Jack Kramer perspires more before a microphone than he does on the court, where he is currently facing Bobby Riggs in extended match play.

2. Champion Alice Marble gives some tennis tips to WHB listeners.

3. Newest idol of the bobby-sox set is Marshall Thompson, M-G-M player currently appearing in *B. F.'s Daughter*.

4. Richard Pilley, winner of a photo contest sponsored by the Rembrandt Studio, receives a big bunny as an extra prize.

5. Dr. J. L. Zwingle, new president of Park receives the congratulations of Mrs. Douglas president of Wellesley. Mrs. Horton is the Captain Mildred H. McAfee, wartime director of the Waves.

Foreword for May

THERE was a time when the month of May bloomed with pleasant special days: May Day itself, connoting flowers and dancing, Mother's Day, dedicated to love and gratitude, and VE Day, signifying the beginning of what the whole world hoped was peace.

To keep the meaning of any holiday alive, its traditions and qualities must be renewed each year. But it is not days of love or of victory or of May baskets that are renewed this season. The emphasis is changing. It lies on Memorial Day. Two world wars gave it its meaning, and unless the old familiar plot of history is turned in its course, the day will soon have added meaning, eclipsing all the rest of May. The month will sag with Memorial Day as some great stretcher with the weight of its dead.

Hurray, then, for a gruesome holiday! Down with the May poles, away with love and peace! Let us fire salvos for a greater Memorial Day and wallow in maudlin emotion. We like our heroes dead! Or so it would seem. And infinitely great is the pity.

There must be another way out of this maze, without a third mass murder. But who is to lead the way? One by one, the great men have been killed off. The time is ripe for the emergence of another, greater still—and alive, armed with wisdom, courage and honesty, instead of bombast. History has set the stage for him, arranged his momentous entrance. The cue has been given. The mob scene is in process, the tumult loud, the center the stage empty and waiting. Enter The Hero now, bearing perhaps a sling and a small bag of philosophers' stones.

Jetta

Swing

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Editor

MORI GREINER

Art Editor

DON FITZGERALD

Business Manager

JOHNNY FRASER, JR.

Publisher

DONALD DWIGHT DAVIS



Contributing Editor: Jetta Carleton. *Assistant Editor:* Patrick Dennihan. *Associate Editors:* Rosemary Haward, Evelyn Nolt, Verna Dean Ferril, June Thompson. *Chicago Editor:* Norton Hughes Jonathan. *New York Editor:* Lucie Brion. *Humor Editor:* Tom Collins. *Music Editor:* Bob Kennedy. *Circulation Manager:* John T. Schilling.

Photography: Hahn-Millard, Sol Studna, Johnny Fraser, Jr., Foto Service.

Art: Don Fitzgerald, Hugh Broadley, Rachael Weber, Frank Hensley, Rannie Miller, John Whalen, F. E. Warren, David Hunt.

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MAY'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

Art . . .

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)

Loan Exhibitions: 12th Ceramic National Exhibition. Significant War Scenes by Battlefront Artists.

Masterpiece of the Month: "Portrait Bust of a Legislator," Roman—1st Century A.D.

Concerts: Sundays, at 3:30 p.m. in Atkins Auditorium.

May 2, Two-piano concert by the Nettletons.

May 9, University of Kansas City choir. Kirkwood Hall.

May 16, Piano recital by pupils of Gladys Schnors.

May 23, Mu Phi Epsilon Young Artist concert.

May 30, Two-piano concert by Mr. and Mrs. Miles Blim.

Drama . . .

May 1, 2, *Private Lives* with Talulah Bankhead. (Matinee Saturday), Music Hall.

Music . . . (Music Hall)

May 3, Beau Brummel minstrel.

May 4, High school chorus.

May 13, Concert by the Kansas City chapter of the Central College Alumni Association.

May 25-27, Spike Jones and his orchestra.

Dancing . . .

(Pla Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.) Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday.

May 1-2, Hank Winder.

May 6-7, Don Ragon.

May 8, Raymond Scott.

May 13-16, Skippy Anderson.

May 20-23, Bob Berkey.

May 29, Jack Fina.



Special Events . . .

May 7-8, Boy Scout Round-up, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

May 14, Shrine Ceremonial, Music Hall.

May 23, Catholic baccalaureate service, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

May 28, De La Salle Military Academy commencement service, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

May 28, Lillis High School commencement service, Music Hall.

May 30, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Post 4092, city-wide memorial service, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Baseball . . .

Kansas City Blues, American Association. All games played at Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.

May 1, 2 (2), Toledo.

May 3, 4, 5, Columbus.

May 7, 8, 9 (2), Louisville.

May 17, 18, 19, St. Paul.

May 30 (2), 31 (2), Milwaukee.

Wrestling . . .

Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.

May 4, Professional wrestling, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

Conventions . . .

May 2-4, Central States Sb Travelers, Hotels Phillips and Muehlebach.

May 3-4, Southwestern Automotive Wholesalers, Hotel President.

May 4-6, Kansas State P.O.I. Kansas City, Kansas.

May 5-7, Missouri Valley Electric Association Sales and Run Conference, Hotel President.

May 7, Missouri Association Postal Supervisors, Hotel Phillips.

May 7-8, Polled Shorthorn Congress, Show and Sale, Hotel Phillips.

May 9-11, Allied Clothiers and Jobbers, Hotel Phillips.

May 10-12, Osteopathic Conference and Clinic, Municipal Auditorium.

May 12-13, Missouri Valley Wholesale Grocers, Hotel President.

May 15-16, Fourth District Spiritualist Episcopal Church Missouri, Little Theatre.

May 16-18, Central States Salesmen, Hotels Muehlebach, Phillips and Aladdin.

May 17-18, U. S. Army Mother Missouri Department.

May 19-21, Missouri Association for Social Welfare, Municipal Auditorium.

May 24-25, Missouri Automobile Dealers Association, Hotel President.

May 27-28, Missouri Valley Electric Association, Accounting Conference.

May 27-30, American Rose Society, Hotel Continental.

May 28-30, 612th Engineers Li Equipment Company, Hotel Commonwealth.

May 28-30, International Printing House Craftsmen, Hotel President.

May 30-June 1, Heart of America Men's Apparel Show, Hotels Muehlebach and Phillips.

May 31-June 1, Holstein-Freize Association of America, Hotel President.

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Beyond the blue horizon lies your own back yard!



by DR. JOHN H. FURBAY

Director of Air World Education
Trans World Airline

TODAY, a new concept of teaching is sweeping the country. Just as "readin', writin' and 'rithmetic" have long since been expanded to encompass higher mathematics, the sciences and various technical fields, so must today's teacher of American youth revise his standards of education to include a new doctrine—the Global Concept.

Spearheaded by the nation's airlines, a move is underway to "air-condition" the youth of our country. This "air-conditioning" process is intended to make them more air-minded so far as civilian peacetime transportation is concerned. It is designed also to play a major part in our national defense—in making them understand the position and the purpose of airplanes in the modern world.

Teachers in our public schools today frequently have a feeling of inadequacy when they become conscious that the children in their classrooms know as much or more about airplanes than they.

These children are of a new generation—the Air Age—and they look upon airplanes as a form of transportation that is completely safe. You can almost gauge a person's age by what he says about riding in airplanes, almost to the day and hour he was born. The older the person, the more he is inclined to say, "I want to keep one foot on the ground." The younger he is, the happier he is to get into the air. It is one of the truest axioms you can find.

Some writers have predicted that the airplane will change civilization and culture as radically as did the Industrial Revolution. People who live in the transition years between one epoch and another almost never realize that one period is ending and another beginning. Thus, the man in the street does not yet comprehend what the new air world will do to him, and for him.

It is an historical fact that patterns of culture follow routes of trade. Much of the early literature, music,

art and great works of architecture arose where trade and transportation were best developed—around the Mediterranean. For several thousand years this culture didn't get far away from the Mediterranean, because of inadequate transportation to the outside world.

Later this culture spread slowly to other areas, but the spread still was limited by land and water transportation. Now that civilization has come to the era in which man has left the earth and its barriers and has taken to the air, new methods have become necessary for both peace and war.

We used to think that a nation which controlled the seas could control the world. We used to think that mountains could stop armies. But now we have seen men, tanks, guns and ammunition, whole hospital units—everything necessary to carry out a military campaign—delivered right over any bottleneck of the seas, mountains, deserts or Maginot Lines. We have had to revise the tactics of fighting in an air world where man is no longer earthbound. Even a seaport is no longer necessary for a jumping-off place, as we can take off by air for any part of the world from inland locations.

The airplane is destined to bring about shifts in population and open vast new markets which will mean more business for all forms of transportation. Towns in South America without a highway or railroad were, for centuries, totally isolated. Now airplanes are dropping right into those cities, bringing them in touch with every other city in South America and the world.

Cities which, within the last few years, have not developed good airport landing facilities for this new world of aerial transportation are going to be on their way out as much as were the cities a generation ago which failed to provide themselves with good railroad facilities.

This air world is bringing a change in man's ideas of geography. We were taught that the earth is round yet most of our maps tell us the earth is flat. It is an unfortunate contradiction.

When we entered the last war the Air Force found that one of its biggest jobs was to teach global geography—the concept of our earth as a globe. We had learned too much geography from “flat” maps that can never be wholly accurate.

We were too accustomed to the Mercator Projection. It is true that at the equator the Mercator Projection is completely accurate, but the farther north and the farther south one goes, the more inaccurate the map becomes. Mercator's projection makes Greenland and Iceland appear many times their actual size. Look at such a map, then look at a globe, and you will see these disproportions. The newer polar projection maps are many ways better, but we need to study geography much more from globes.

The Air Age gives us many new concepts of direction. If we are going to Europe from Kansas City, the shortest way is not to New York, then east across the ocean, as travel by surface transportation has always implied. We leave Kansas City in a northeast direction and proceed

Paris, leaving the United States at either Chicago or Detroit. This is a different concept of direction and space from that used by railroads and ships.

Suppose we are flying from Kansas City to China. Do we take a plane to California, continuing on via Honolulu to China? No, we go northward from Kansas City to China, taking off from Chicago or Minneapolis. These are the jumping-off places for China and the Orient now, and the routes go north by northwest through Alaska.

North is destined to be an important direction in this Air Age. The reason is this: In the northern hemisphere lie the major populations of the world—the Orient and Russia, the Middle East, Europe and North America. If you connect the United States directly by air with any of these other areas of population, whether Paris, Cairo, Moscow or Shanghai, you find that the routes go northward.

Peacetime trade and passenger traffic are now going far to the north over the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, skirting the Arctic circle. As a result, new population centers are springing up along these northern air routes. There are other respects in which we are changing our ideas of geography. The world has shrunk in size and distance. During a two-week vacation, we once could get no farther than a few hundred miles from home, but today we can go around the world in that length of time and spend 11 days of it fishing or vacationing in as many different

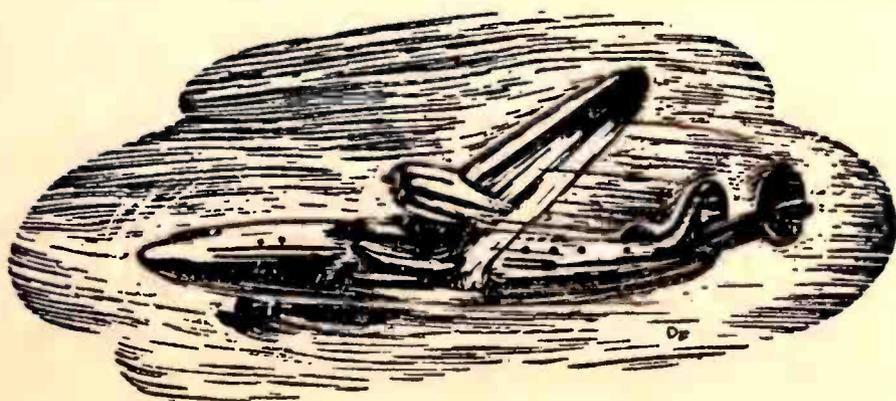
countries, if we like.

Now we can have breakfast in Chicago and supper in Paris, all the same day. That is quite a different kind of world from father's and grandfather's. And as the world shrinks in distance, it *expands* the horizons for each of us, since we can go much farther in a given length of time.

In Chicago recently I met a business man who had just flown in from Paris. He said that in less than a month he had made three trips to Paris. In setting up branches of his business all over Europe, he maintains one office in Chicago and another in Paris, and commutes between them. He is one of a growing number who do the same thing. His world suddenly has expanded and he can carry on business in what once were considered faraway places.

The airplane may be bringing together the people of the world faster than they are ready for it. We have a big task to prepare the minds of people for living and doing business in One World. We are still thinking too much in the horse-and-buggy days.

We must get acquainted with our new global neighbors. If the farthest is only about 40 hours away by air, we can't call them "foreigners" any more. The whole concept of other nationalities being alien to us has to



go. And if we are going to get along with these people as *our neighbors*, we are going to have to know who they are and what they are like.

We are going to have to get used to neighbors who speak different languages. We are a one-language country. American travelers frequently are embarrassed to find that in many countries they visit, the natives speak several languages. We are probably the only major country in the world whose educated class, as a whole, speaks only one language—its mother tongue.

This is a real problem for airlines and other business firms which are trying to staff their offices in several countries. It is difficult to find American employees who can speak several languages. A business representative can't say to a prospective customer, "If you only knew English, I have something good I could sell you." We must learn other languages if we are going to have a place of leadership

in the world, either commercial or political.

Tourists, too, are faced with the same problem. It is time we are beginning to prepare them to travel intelligently. Only when they go to another country, aware that the people of that country may have developed some things better than we have, can they profit by their contacts. It may be music, art, poetry, philosophy or a sense of humor, as in Ireland.

Before we travel abroad, let's learn to look for things others have done better than we. Then we shall be prepared to travel and make friends.

Where airplanes have dropped missiles of destruction, they now can bring together peoples who wish to be neighbors. It is the boundaries of our minds that are keeping the world apart. Airplanes can transport people; but the real job is going to be to break down the barriers in the thinking of the people who travel and to build a world of friendship, understanding and appreciation.

▲
Life is like playing a violin solo in public and learning the instrument as one goes along.—*Samuel Butler*.

▲
On a Pan American flight, a prominent Brazilian was conversing with the hostess for the obvious purpose of proving he could speak English.

"How high is deese plane?" he asked.

"Ten thousand feet," she told him.

He nodded, and seemed to assimilate the information thoughtfully. In a moment he called to her again. "How wide is it?"

▲
A political candidate was giving a series of 20-minute campaign speeches. He spoke extemporaneously and never looked at his watch, yet he always concluded his remarks after exactly 20 minutes.

He was gaining a growing reputation for phenomenal timing when disaster struck. One night he talked for an hour.

Later, his campaign manager demanded to know what had gone wrong.

"It's a trick," the politician confessed. "I always slide a cough drop under my tongue when I get up to speak. It melts in exactly 20 minutes, then I know its time to stop. Tonight I talked for an hour before I realized my cough drop was an old Willkie button!"

Germany ABORTION MADNESS!

Another war is over, yes. But all the returns are not yet in.

by L. HAROLD WILSON

THERE'S a pale, sweet-looking girl in Frankfort, Germany, who—like her counterparts of the same age in America—is known by a nickname.

"Here comes Abortion Annie!" the doctors quip, when they see her standing docilely in the crowded outer lobby of the hospital. For "Annie" has had five abortions in the last six years, by her own admission.

"I'll never have a child—*never!*" she announced defiantly to a doctor who warned her of the dangers inherent in abortions. "European girls would be brainless to have children in this terrible world. Why? To grow up and be in another war? I can barely feed myself; how could I care for a baby?"

Annie, rather than being an exception, displays an attitude typical of the 1948 German girl to whom abortions and miscarriages are as commonplace as sore throats.

In the maternity ward of the Frankfort Municipal Hospital, one-half of all pregnancies wind up disastrously in miscarriages, according to harassed medics of that under-staffed institution.

"It's because most of our German girls tried crude abortions on themselves before coming to the hospital for aid," says one doctor. It's the same story, too, at the Municipal Hospital in Wiesbaden, which reports abortions reaching the new high of 40 per cent of all miscarriage cases.

Certainly, abortions are risky business, in Germany as well as in any land. But desperation and bitter hunger drive the daughters of bankrupt Nazism to cut short the lives of their unborn children.

Three per cent of the girls and women practicing abortion on themselves wind up as cadavers in German morgues. In scores of other cases, infection ensues, and long ghastly periods of illness spell a drab finale to romances which are sparked by the desire for a slice of bread.

Peculiarly, according to a survey by the *Neue Presse* of Frankfurt-am-Main, it's the married women of Germany who most frequently practice abortions.

Typical is Frau Gertrud Muller, a desperately thin, highly-rouged for-

mer secretary whose husband is still a prisoner-of-war in Great Britain.

Twenty-four-year-old Gertrud has been intimate with at least twenty-five men in the past two years, according to her hospital report. She stoutly denies she is a prostitute.

"I did it for chocolate bars, cigarettes, hosiery, handkerchiefs, and other small items, and I'll do it again!" she maintains. "When you're hungry and in need, abortion is a small price to pay for these things!"

Gertrud has had four abortions since the war ended. After her last one—self-administered—she lay screaming in agony for two days and doctors managed to save her life only after gigantic doses of penicillin.

Says Professor Heinz Sauermann, sociological adviser to the American Military Government:

"We mustn't be shocked at the abortion madness in Europe. It's the logical result of despair, hunger, defeat and inability to give children the necessities of bare living.

"It is quite likely that German women, because of their refusal to bear children, will be responsible for a 50 per cent cut in Germany's population within the next 50 years."

Back in the roaring days of Nazism, abortion was a dread offense—not on moral grounds, but because it thwarted Hitler's wish to have many sons for Germany's future warriors. Today the laws against abortion are still on the books. But in at least one German city unmarried girls have formed an abortion club in which they pool their assorted knowledge of birth-prevention techniques.

Many women bribe corrupt doctors to attest that they cannot have children safely because of hormone disturbances, inflammation of the womb, deformed pelvic structures and other valid reasons.

One Berlin physician, when arrested, possessed a fortune made in



the last three years in the abortion racket. Police estimated that he had performed 200 abortions in a single three-month period. Significantly, he had amassed a hoard of gold which he had stashed away in Swiss banks to escape detection.

That the abortion craze is mounting dizzily is shown by the grim municipal statistics of Frankfort: 710 deaths in one month, contrasted with only 443 births! Let that ratio continue for a period of years and abortion-minded women will have accomplished the depopulation of Germany.

So great has the abortion hullabaloo become that it has even permeated German politics. One party loudly proclaims it favors contraceptives and legalized abortions; several other parties vociferously oppose the practices, both on religious and sociological grounds.

So bitter and widespread is the debate that Professor G. J. Spiegler, head of Frankfort's Municipal Maternity Hospital, has thrown his influ

ence on the side of legal contraceptives.

"These at least do not endanger women's lives," one of his associates explains. "It's better to sell them openly and to depress the birth rate, than to endanger thousands of abortion-mad women and push the birth rate down anyway!"

But Professor Spiegler, a wise psychologist, intends to give German women counsel as well as contraceptives.

He envisages many sex advice centers throughout Germany and other lands where desperate women may be talked out of their desire for abortions.

By once again instilling in them the normal desire for parenthood, despite the stringencies of life in 1948, the professor and his aides believe that frank and sincere reasoning may halt the abortion climb even though law and punishment have failed!

A Cure for Highway Cowboys

DON'T be surprised if your own town starts it. It worked wonders in traffic-laden Los Angeles, and that's a criterion.

It's a sure-fire method of stopping the habitual traffic-law violators. "Put yellow and black stickers on their windshields and they'll begin to consider other folks," says Judge H. Leonard Kaufman.

And Judge Kaufman ought to know. It was his idea. A year ago, he started dishing out the stickers, along with fines, and he reports "100 per cent success."

Those stickers, incidentally, are not pretty. The letters are large and yellow and read "TRAFFIC VIOLATOR." The background is black.

About 300 persons go through Judge Kaufman's busy traffic court each day. That's normal. What irked the safety-minded judge were the habitual offenders, the out-and-out, shameless repeaters.

"There were 170 of them so regular in their summons to court that the court clerks knew them by name, on sight," the judge reviews.

Those repeaters were responsible for the "branding" plan. Judge Kaufman offered offenders who appeared four times or more a choice. They could go to jail, or they could be placed on probation. There was a stinger—and a sticker—attached to the probationary clause. Their windshields had to wear a "TRAFFIC VIOLATOR" sticker during the probationary period. At the end of the period, the drivers could return to police headquarters to have the stickers removed.

Of course, some tried to get rid of those brandings before the time was up. One violator went so far as to have new windshields installed. He served a jail sentence for not reporting the change. Others, however, were more prudent. If they changed cars during that probationary period, they reported to police and got new stickers on the new windshields.

In one year's time, Judge Kaufman cured those 170 repeaters. They don't go to court any more. They've learned.

The judge's method has been adopted by some other cities and towns, and predictions are that it will spread to many others, especially since Judge Kaufman reports "mission accomplished."

Also a part of the Los Angeles court's safety education is the film "Death Rides the Highway," which is shown to violators. The National Safety Council has praised this practice highly.—Barney Schwartz.



"That reminds me, Herb, let's put in some tomatoes."



Million Dollar

Cowboy!

*Gene Autry is the silver-plated
King of the Westerns!*

by BETTY and WILLIAM WALLER

IN HOLLYWOOD, boy always meets girl, loses girl, gets girl—but the most successful star the flickers have ever known is a man who never has kissed a girl before the cameras!

Once, though, he almost embraced his leading lady just before the fade-out. It worried his fans like all get-out. A middle-aged woman, viewing the picture in her local movie house, is said to have risen from her seat and screamed: "Don't kiss her, Gene. Please don't!"

Wisely, Gene Autry didn't. But he never came closer to losing his multitude of fans, who never for a moment would have countenanced such slush. It is a cardinal principle in the rigid formula for horse operas that the hero never clinches with the heroine—and not even the all-time King of the Westerns can get away with it.

A first-rate judge of what strikes the public's fancy—and an uncommonly astute business man—this boots-and-saddle actor never deviates from the successful pattern which has enabled him to carve out a nice little

economic empire of his own. His fan mail averages 80,000 letters a month, by official post office count, and it amounts to more than that of any three other Hollywood stars combined. He requires his own post office with three clerks, just to handle the volume of mail which exceeds that of any other star, past or present.

His pictures have played in more theatres and broken more attendance records than those of any other star. They are revived and replayed over and over again due to the fanatical devotion of his followers.

His radio program has millions of listeners, and his phonograph records outsell those of any other singer, male or female.

Yet this is only part of the fabulous Gene Autry one-man financial show.

About 40 or 50 products on the market make use of Autry's name and pay him handsome royalties. Included are suits, hats, shirts, belts, guns, ties, neckerchiefs, hatbands, toothpaste, hair oil, suspenders, shoe laces, stationery, paper-weights, letter-openers and pencils. But Autry knows where to draw the line. Because he doesn't smoke or drink, on screen or off, and also because it might affect his small-fry fans adversely, he once turned down \$5,000 to endorse a cigarette. But with all his other interests, that was five grand he could well afford to lose.

What with four profit-making ranches, book and magazine tie-ups, a sizeable piece of the nation's largest rodeo show, his own movie producing outfit and interests in newspapers, radio stations, a theatre chain, a flying school, music publishing, stock raising and real estate, Autry can be said to be doing a pretty good job of keeping the wolf away from his door.

It wasn't always so, for he was hardly born with a silver spoon in his mouth and he has had to make his own way in the world. He was born in Tioga, Texas, and raised in Ravia, Oklahoma, so both states proclaim him a favorite son.

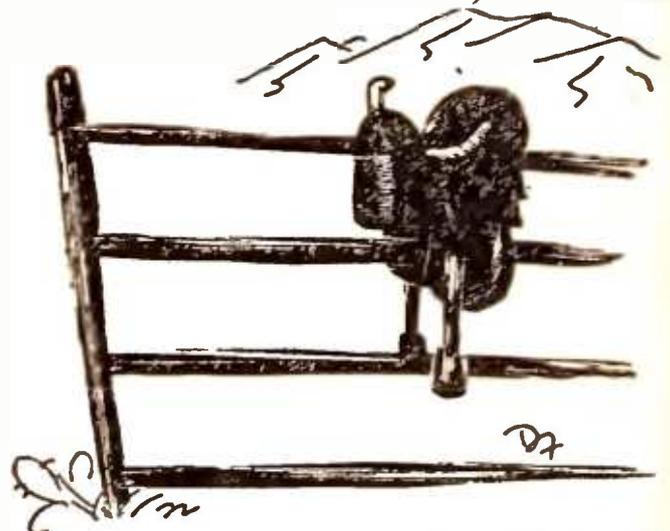
Gene's father was a cattle buyer, and there were lean days in his childhood. As a boy, he learned to ride and to sing. A grandfather was a Baptist minister much given to "packing" his choir, and Gene early was impressed into it. A medicine show came to town when he was 16, and Gene joined it for a two-month tour before returning to school. With the net proceeds he bought a saxophone, but soon traded it for a guitar with which he could accompany himself while using his rather undistinguished tenor voice.

At 18, Autry went to work for the Frisco Railroad in Sapulpa, Oklahoma, and eventually became a telegraph operator. His ambition was to rise to train dispatcher or, with great good luck, to yard master. But by this time he had become accomplished at singing and playing ballads on his "git-tar." When he met Jimmy Long, a fellow railroad man with similar talents, he recognized a kindred soul. The pair wrote many Western bal-

lads, including *Silver Haired Daddy of Mine*, later to become one of the biggest song hits of all time.

Often Gene sang at local affairs, and frequently he strummed his guitar to while away lonely hours at the whistle-stop railroad station. Then one night a stranger came in to send a telegram, and heard Gene singing a ballad. With a genial smile, the stranger took the guitar and sang a song, too. Then he remarked that Gene's talents might take him places some day. Reversing Horace Greeley's famous dictum, the man advised Gene to go East. After he left, Gene sent out his message and learned his name. It was Will Rogers.

That was in 1929, and shortly afterwards Gene took Rogers' advice. Availing himself of his railroad pass, he journeyed to New York. There he met with the usual indifference accorded to newcomers by radio and



record company moguls. Only his persistence and the startling appropriateness of his Western garb won him an audition, and then he got the stock answer: "Get more experience, and come back in a year."

Autry did just that. Returning to Oklahoma, he managed to wangle a job on station KVOO in Tulsa, as

"The Oklahoma Yodeling Cowboy." Inside of six months, he was a sensation in the Southwest. *That Silver Haired Daddy of Mine* was so successful that it won him a recording contract and eventually led to a network radio show. It's not going too far to say, in fact, that the song was the real foundation of the amazing Gene Autry success story, for out of it stemmed his phenomenal career as a movie, radio and record star.

Although Autry has never busied an actress on the screen, his private life has not been without a romance. When he was still a \$35-a-week telegrapher he met an Oklahoma girl, Ina Mae Spivey, who was attending a teacher's college in St. Louis. Their 15-year-old marriage is considered one of the most enduring in Hollywood.

Today, Autry and his pretty wife live on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, where Autry indulges his passion for horses. He rides his favorite mounts—the famous "Pal" and "Champion, Jr." Where a patio ordinarily is situated, Gene has a fully-equipped tanbark riding ring.

Next to horses, he likes baseball best, having once played on a semi-pro team in the Southwest. He's still a rabid baseball fan, and usually has batting averages at his finger tips. He likes to play golf, too, although he doesn't do it well. Occasionally, Gene and his wife get together with neighbors and friends for a quiet game of bridge. The Autrys have no children, but, in a sense, Gene has millions of them, for he's the idol of American boys everywhere.

The heir to the mantle of William S. Hart and Tom Mix is the perfect hero to a small boy. He dresses the part, too. About the only place that he ever wears conventional shoes is at the Lakeside Country Club, which is frequented by Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and other golf addicts. Otherwise, Gene sticks to high-heeled, hand-made Texas boots, intricately and colorfully decorated, which set him back plenty. The rest of his attire is similar to that seen on the screen, too—cowboy suits that cost \$150 to \$200, colorful blouses or shirts for which he pays \$40 to \$75, and \$50 to \$75, ten gallon Stetsons. He doesn't even own a business suit. Aside from his cowboy outfits, he has his Army Air Forces uniform (he was a co-pilot in the Air Transport Command during the war and had a fine record) and a dinner jacket which Mrs. Autry inveigled him into buying when they were once in London, and which he has worn exactly three times since buying it almost ten years ago.

On the screen and in personal appearances he packs a gun for looks. He's a fair shot and can actually use a lariat, but he confines his demonstrations to the screen. His bill for cleaning and pressing is enormous, but he doesn't have a valet. His wife keeps an eye on his wardrobe for him at home, a handy man cares for it on the movie lot, and his horse trainer takes on these duties when Gene goes on tour with his rodeo.

Autry's popularity is by no means confined to kids. People in every walk of life, all over the world, are his fans. While formerly Westerns depended mainly upon small-town

audiences, nowadays they draw almost as well in the big cities. To some extent the horse operas have been streamlined—as witness the vogue for singing cowboys like Autry—and now find more favor with urban moviegoers. One of Hollywood's best good will ambassadors, Gene travels more than 100,000 miles each year—partly in his own plane, a Beechcraft which he pilots himself—to make personal appearances and speeches. He is much in demand as an after-dinner speaker for such organizations as Kiwanis, Rotary and Chambers of Commerce, and frequently lends his talents, gratis, to worthy causes.

While most celluloid cowboys get a hearty horse laugh from those who actually live on the range, Gene stands aces-high with cattle men and cow punchers. They've even admitted him to the Rodeo Cowboys Association, a signal honor for a movie star.

The million dollar one-man show

seems destined to go on and on, for its protagonist has built his house on solid foundations. A shrewd businessman and organizer, Autry undoubtedly will never be forced to return to his telegrapher's job. By now, he is an institution, and the remarkable part of it all is that he runs it almost single-handed. He has a few valued employees, but the reins are entirely in his hands, as befits a rootin'-tootin'-shootin' man. If anyone ever clips him in a business deal, it's apt to be some canny antique dealer. Mrs. Autry is an enthusiastic collector of antiques, and always has Gene on the lookout for a fine piece of furniture or bric-a-brac on his tours. Autry, who otherwise swings a neat business deal, doesn't know a Chippendale from a Hepplewhite. Some dealer might put one over on him yet, but even that is doubtful. Thus far, he's always brought back the bacon for the missus. Part of the Autry luck, no doubt.

Time Moves

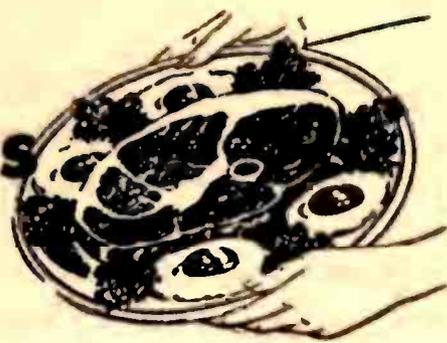
AFTER being established nearly 300 years at Greenwich, the Royal Observatory is moving out of the smog of that industrial district of London to Hurstmonceux Castle, which was built in the reign of Henry VI near Eastbourne on the English Channel. It will take about five years to complete the necessary buildings and to install the telescopes and other instruments on the 370-acre estate.

The old observatory was built in 1675 to help shipping with astronomical aids, and was so successful that 158 years later, in 1833, it was chosen by an international conference in Washington, D. C., as the official time center of the world. While time will be figured from Hurstmonceux, signals will be adjusted to Greenwich longitude to preserve the long historical association with that name.—*B. Davies.*

In a New York City courtroom a tall, badly bruised man and his wisp of a wife stood before the Judge's bench.

The august man of the law focused his shrewd eyes on the woman, but before he could utter his routine questions she said quickly, "Please, your Honor, don't ask a lot of questions. Just try to understand. We live in a one-room apartment and have different tastes in radio programs!"

Get Rid of Those Food Notions



A down-to-earth report on what and how to eat, designed for the man who doesn't know a calorie from a liver sandwich.

by MARY McILVAIN

NOTIONS about food are always getting the better of people. Millions of little girls have eaten carrots and more carrots, hoping to get curly hair. Millions of little boys have grown up to the tune of, "Eat your spinach, Henry."

And there are still people who gorge themselves on fish when they have some extra thinking to do, in the belief that fish is a brain food.

But some people are beginning to realize that cold waves are much better than carrots for curly hair. They can see, too, that spinach isn't as important as Popeye makes it seem. Any other green vegetable can do as well—some, perhaps, better. And nobody ever got smart by eating fish. The fact that fish and brain tissue both contain phosphorus doesn't prove a thing. As a matter of fact, scientists are certain that no particular food can feed any special body organ.

Plenty of faulty notions are still common, however. They hang on from the days when food habits were matters of superstition—not science. For instance, folks used to think there was just one important element common to all their foods—a magical some-

thing that kept them warm and repaired their body tissues. Now we know that there are 30 or 40 different essential substances in the foods we eat.

Today, dieticians and doctors are busy teaching people how and what to eat. Often they find themselves working to get rid of food fallacies that members of their own professions helped build up. Before much was known about dietetics, even food experts had mistaken notions about eating. Too often their personal tastes and experiences influenced the food advice they gave.

Fresh fruits and vegetables have had a bad time on their way toward public favor. Sometimes they used to be banned as poisonous substances. In recent years, vegetarian faddists have exalted them as near cure-alls.

Considering the unsanitary conditions common in early times, perhaps it was just as well that people ate only cooked vegetables. Certainly they ran the risk of getting typhoid fever whenever they consumed raw vegetables grown in polluted soil, or washed in dirty water. People became suspicious, too, when they saw that

epidemics usually struck in summertime, when fruits and vegetables were in season. They painfully noted that they often got indigestion after eating large amounts of fresh fruits and vegetables. But as the years went by, people had more money in their pockets and could buy other foods than bread. Fruits and vegetables became fashionable eating, although many people still had false notions about them.

For instance, homemakers thought cucumbers should be soaked in salt water to draw out the poison in them. They cooked vegetables a long time "to make them digestible," while modern women cook them as quickly as possible in order to retain vitamins and minerals.

The fruits and vegetables once shunned like poison are now known to be valuable protective foods, essential to a healthy person's diet.

But once people accepted fruits and vegetables they couldn't get enough of them. The value of carrots and spinach was highly over-emphasized. Unnecessary vegetarianism became the rage.

Meat has produced its share of fallacious theories. Medical men once believed it to be one of the causes of several ailments—among them Bright's disease, high blood pressure, rheumatism, gout and arthritis. When doctors began forbidding their patients to eat meat, the vegetarians stood up and cried that everybody would be much better off without meat. The truth is that meat is one of the best sources of protein, the tissue building food substance. A diet with a proper balance of protein calls for at least one

good serving of meat or a substitute each day, in addition to one pint of milk and an egg.

Many people refuse to eat some of the most nutritious meats, liver, heart, and kidneys, just because they are animal organs. Yet they have no objection to roast beef, which certainly is animal flesh, but apparently less objectionable to them.

The meat addicts, of course, can see no need for other foods. They point to the health of the old Eskimo to prove their point. The Eskimo, however, ate much more than just the flesh of the animal. He obtained many essential substances from the internal organs not usually eaten today.

Plenty of people dote on rare roast beef because "the rich red juices build the blood." Those who prefer their beef well done can be just as healthy, however, even though the red juices do contain some minerals.

Animal foods don't really make people any more aggressive either, although there are those who apparently would like to put prize fighters on a raw meat diet.

Ordinary white flour and sugar have at times been considered unhealthful by some faddists. Whole wheat flour was considered much superior to white. Since white flour has been enriched with vitamins and minerals it is about equal in food value to whole wheat. Whole grain flour has more coarse fiber that in some cases may aid in elimination. But both are considered perfectly wholesome foods.

Sugar doesn't make people more energetic, but it does release chemical energy into the bloodstream more

quickly than some other foods. A doctor once boasted, however, that he had been responsible for a championship football team. He said he advised the coach to have each player put a lump of sugar in his mouth just before going into action.

Many people wince at the idea of eating milk and acid foods together. Some won't have strawberries and cream. Others wouldn't be caught dead eating milk and cherries at the same meal. Yet the same people will eat cherry pie a la mode and never think of what it might do to them.

Other notionists refuse to eat fish and milk together, yet the popularity of creamed tuna shows that the combination is not harmful. The common sense rule that people often forget is that if foods can be eaten separately, they can be eaten together.



Milk is not constipating, as some people have supposed. The same folks rely too much on drinking milk to prevent tooth decay. Milk is the best source of calcium and phosphorus, the principal tooth minerals, but alone it may not be enough to maintain perfect teeth. A well-balanced diet is necessary.

For a long time people have supposed that butter is far superior to oleomargarine in food value. Since oleo has been fortified with Vitamin A, however, it is completely acceptable as a butter substitute so far as food value is concerned.

Many folks won't have a brown egg when they can have a white one. It really shouldn't matter so much to them, since the only difference is in the color of the shell. The food value of eggs varies not with color but with the diet of the hen and the season of the year.

Vitamins come in for their share of notions too. The super-salesmanship used to sell them to the public has resulted in more vitamin nonsense than good sense. For instance, few people realize that too much of Vitamin D may produce a bad effect as well as too little. Most people who eat sensibly don't need drugstore vitamins, since Nature is pretty generous with them in food.

If extra vitamins are needed, however, they should be taken according to a doctor's prescription, and not bought at the drugstore on the spur of the moment. Drugstore vitamins have the same chemical composition as those in food, but food ought to have the first chance.

Present day diets seem to be just one notion after another. In addition to new fangled notions, several old fashioned ones creep in too. More families than you'd think follow a generation old diet pattern—just from force of habit. They eat on the theory that food good enough for grandfather is good enough for them too—balanced diet or not. Could be—but

grandfather got sick and died when he was 55, remember?

In addition to the raw-meat-for-prize-fighters group, there are those who want all their food raw. The only trouble is that most food, except some fruits, juices, and salads, are more quickly digested and much more palatable if cooked. Although prolonged cooking can destroy certain vitamins, proper preparation doesn't need to.

The eternal reducing diet fads, changing from month to month, have recently included the banana-milk, grape juice, fruit-nut, lettuce-orange juice, Hollywood, and 18-day diets. Certainly these may succeed in stripping off weight. But if continued long, they may also result in plain malnutrition and seriously damaged health.

Some oldsters advise not to drink water with meals—it dilutes the contents of the stomach. But it doesn't, really, not unless the food is simply washed down without chewing.

Many grandmas have said that fried foods are hard on the stomach. Fat does remain in the stomach longer than other foods, but isn't indigestible. Fried eggs are as easily digested as boiled eggs. Fat in a doughnut or well made pie crust is used by the body as easily as if it were in any other form.

Today's dieticians preach the virtues of a balanced diet—one that will make grandsons better men than their grandfathers ever were. And if the grandsons come out ahead, it will be because their eating had reasons, not notions.



IT WAS the two daughters of Louis XI of France who were responsible for the distinctive feature of the long gown that is still in use for formal dress occasions. The king's daughters had exceptionally large feet. To conceal their defect, they had the Court dressmaker design long gowns. The ladies of the Court soon followed the royal example, establishing the style that has lasted through the centuries.

But it was the queen wife of Phillip III of France who launched the frill lace collars that were in vogue for many years. The Queen had a giraffe-like neck that caused her considerable social embarrassment. She endeavored to hide this deformity by means of the frill collar which became the rage throughout Europe and England.—O. H. Hampsch.



"Smith," the boss said to one of his firm's correspondents, "this collection letter is entirely too harsh. Tone it down. Be diplomatic. Don't underscore 'you crooks' more than once."—*Phoenix Flame*.



THE veteran decided not to inform his little son Allen of the impending arrival of the stork, but as the months progressed the secret grew more difficult to conceal. Finally the stork dropped his bundle from Heaven and the father broke the news to his son.

"The stork has been flying over our house," explained the father. "He's swooping around."

"I hope he doesn't scare Mommy," replied the lad. "She's pregnant, you know."

T H E O L D S K I N G A M E



The artists who work on human canvas are as popular now as ever!

by VICTOR NELSON

LIKE everything else these days, the price of artwork on your epidermis has shot sky-high, to the point where a full-rigged sailing ship in four colors will cost you \$25 in the better tattoo parlors.

This inflationary trend worries Sailor Jack McCarthy, whose State Street tattoo salon in Chicago boasts 2,000 designs which Jack can needle into your hide with very little pain.

"Twenny-fi' bucks for a ship—and I used to get a measly fiver for the same beautiful pitcher!" Jack marvels. "Well, needles cost more, so does electricity and rent, and the imported inks I use are up 500 per cent in cost."

Come inflation or deflation, tattooing is a business which has remained undisturbed by economic cycles for more than a hundred years. Last year, for example, the total take was \$1,500,000, estimated by such skin game specialists as Jack Julian in Los Angeles, Harry Lawson of San Diego, and "Navy" McKee at Long Beach. They predict even better business for 1948.

One former sailor has had five new tattoos engraved on his skin since he was discharged from the Navy. "I won't be satisfied until I have 50 de-

signs," he says, "but this hobby costs dough."

An Army veteran, upon obtaining a divorce, had the memorable date needled on his forearm so he would always be reminded of his freedom. Two years later, after another parting of the matrimonial ways, he had the second historic divorce date commemorated on his skin. "I've got plenty of room on both arms," he says confidently.

Year after year the best-seller in the needle parlors is a famous picture by the great Charles Dana Gibson called "The Eternal Question." It costs \$25 in the better places but, like Tennyson's brook, it goes on forever as a perennial tattooers' favorite.

Other currently popular tattoo designs include Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, the Army and Navy discharge insignia, and Greek letters for the high school fraternity set.

Nowadays, the tattooing process is not especially painful. A cluster of regular sewing needles powered by a small electric motor punctures the skin 3,000 times a minute. With each plunge of the needle, a minute quantity of ink is inserted into the tissues, and a modest design can be applied within 15 minutes.

There's a slight burning and itching for three or four days—but that's all. The redness and swelling subside and your design is on forever, unless

you pay a tattooer to remove or alter it.

Among tattooed celebrities were the Pharaohs of Egypt, Queen Olga of Greece, Sweden's King Oscar, Russia's Czar Nicholas II, and Jack London, the sailor-author. Eugene O'Neill, the playwright; Dorothy Parker, famed lady wit; and Linton Wells, foreign correspondent, are among today's devotees of the needle men.

Even Winston Churchill's mother, a proud and aristocratic American society girl, boasted a snake indelibly worked into her left wrist. The late King George V of England once started an international tattoo vogue when he visited Japan as a youth and returned home proudly bearing a brown, red and green dragon stamped on his left arm.

There are many uses for the tattooers' art. Thousands of tattooed citizens have their social security numbers worked into their epidermis. In Britain, the admiralty for years has approved tattooing of sailors, because these marks are excellent identification when it comes to settling death claims or putting the finger on deserters.

Thousands of young people today bear inconspicuous tattoos placed on them by worried parents after the Lindbergh baby kidnaping in 1932. Indeed, some parents have their newborn babies tattooed by professional skin pricklers who visit the maternity wards with portable equipment.

If it is performed hygienically, there is small risk to tattooing. But

many parlors still lack sterilizing equipment and some practitioners work with dirty hands. In fact, several disease cases among American soldiers recently were traced to a West Coast tattoo shop whose owner had neglected to boil his instruments.



"Scotch sox" were once the craze with social minded young Britons. These were gay plaid hosiery tattooed on men's feet. Another time, a hot debate was kicked up in the dignified *London Times* by an English sociologist who urged that all married people be compelled to have their wedding bands tattooed on the third finger of the left hand.

Many clergymen argued that this practice would be a deterrent to divorce, but the controversy died, though some British women still have wedding bands inked into their fingers.

Girls by the hundreds flock to tattoo parlors to get permanent ruby lips via the needle technique. A New Jersey skin artist, Trixie Richardson has affixed 15,000 beauty spots, for get-me-nots, small hearts and lovers names on feminine skin in the past decade.

Many Milwaukee society women though they wouldn't tell you, have had eyebrows drilled into their skin in a hideaway tattoo parlor with an unlisted private telephone.

Changing your mind about a tattoo once it is on always poses problems. Tattooers can bleach out designs, but the resultant mark usually is white and raised, sometimes not

bled. It's much neater to rework an embarrassing design and change it into something else.

One man, who had the word "Elsie" worked lovingly into his shoulder, broke up with the girl and hated the sight of her mark in his mirror. He soothed his pride by paying ten dollars to have the word "traitress!" etched in red underneath the fickle

one's name.

Another individual—a prominent Boston businessman—had the word "Jeanne" etched on his biceps. When he married a wealthy and jealous widow named Helen, he was in a quandary, but it was resolved when a Boston needleman reworked the letters in Jeanne into a gorgeous green butterfly. Price, \$35—and worth it!

The Curious Case of the Literary Doctor

SOMEONE once asked Arthur Conan Doyle why he gave up his doctor's calling for a literary career. The creator of Sherlock Holmes replied, "One stormy winter's night I received a call to come at once to a farm home six miles from town. The farmer's little daughter had suddenly become critically ill. I hitched my horse to my sleigh and started. Snow was falling quite heavily and the wind was blowing a regular gale. When still over two miles from my destination, my horse sank down in a drift from which I could not get him to extricate himself. So I left horse and rig where they were and started forth afoot.

"By the time I reached the farmer's yard, my face and ears had become frost-bitten. In order to reach the stoop I was forced to struggle through a snowdrift up to my waist. Just as I reached the stoop a gust of wind whipped around the house corner and snatched my hat. I went in pursuit of it, again wading through the waist-deep drift. After a half hour search in the darkness I found my hat. A third time I floundered through the deep drift and reached the stoop.

"In response to my knocking, a window opened somewhere in the house's second story, and a voice called down: 'Who is it?'

"'Doctor Doyle,' I answered, none too pleasantly.

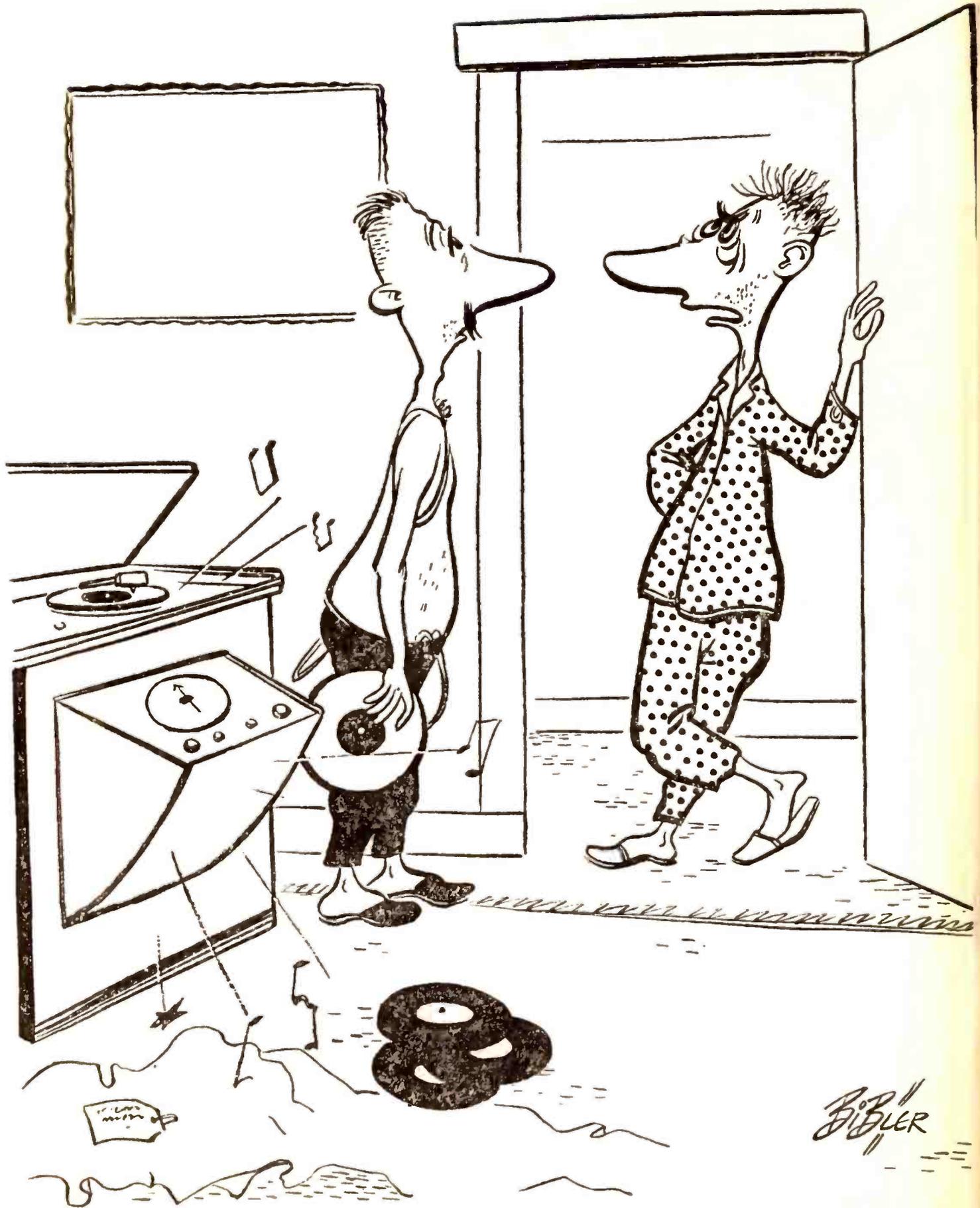
"Came the voice again. 'Sorry to 'ave put ya to the trouble of comin' out, doctor, but little Marian is much better from what she was. So ya needn't bother t'come in. G'night.' And the window slammed shut.

"Muttering under my breath I started back, once more floundering through the big drift. A second time the wind carried my hat away. I started after it, and then above the wind's howl came a 'hey, doctor' from the upstairs window. Half hoping that the little patient had taken a sudden turn for the worse again, I started back to the house, battling my way through the drift a fifth time. As I reached the stoop step, came the voice again, 'Say, doctor, ya won't charge us anythin' for this trip, will ya?'"

—William P. Schramm.

A man asked a naturalist if he knew where he could find a house. The naturalist replied: "House? Boy, you're getting soft. Why don't you live out in the open air; let old Mother Nature cover you with a blanket of stars; and have the blue firmament above as a roof?"

"Frankly," replied the man, "I had in mind something a bit smaller."
—Successful Farming.



"Your new radio-phonograph has wonderful tone, dynamic volum. excellent shortwave reception, you can pick up ships at sea and citi abroad, I live in the apartment next door, it's after three a. m., an would you mind turning the damned thing off?"

*Everything's up-to-date in Kansas City!
Even its dance is modern!*

by HANNAH FRY



spectacle—that is, any dancing which is staged for spectators—concentrates entirely on decorative effect. It may be dramatic or merely pretty, but the purpose is the exploitation of movement for its own sake. But modern dance has something to say through movement. It is an expression of the dancer's awareness and knowledge of life, and his observations on it. Nothing is barred that seems to the dancer to be a part of truth. He realizes that the world is not all sweetness and beauty, that there is ugliness and frustration, and that people don't always flutter about in a bunch of sequins, making graceful gestures. Modern dance admits that the spirit of an armored tank can be as essentially dancable as that of a butterfly—and there are those, naturally, who will insist that modern dancers look more like an armored tank than a butterfly. This is often a legitimate claim. The fault here is partly the dancer's, but it is no less the fault of the spectator. Too often the audience is so uninformed about the dance as to miss its intention entirely. Without giving it a fair chance, they throw up their hands in horror and hysterical laughter and run screaming for the Rockettes. At least the Rockettes are pretty, and they don't make any demands on the intelligence.

Which is not to say that the line of beautiful girls at the Music Hall is appreciated only by dolts and low-brows. That isn't true. The Rockettes are facile and versatile, and as preci-

WHEN "Miss Hush" of 1947 turned out to be Martha Graham, modern dance got the widest publicity it has ever had. Perhaps never in its history has the term been bandied about in so many households. Where radio reaches, the name of Martha Graham was heard, and you don't speak of Martha Graham without speaking of modern dance. She is its high priestess.

The very voicing of the term, however, doesn't mean that it is understood. "Modern" dance is an inadequate title at best. Even the dancers admit it. "Modern" somehow has connotations of plumbing. The word is used nowhere so frequently as in real estate advertising. "Modern facilities," the ad will say, and you know the house has electricity and running water.

Well, it isn't so different with the dance. Modern dance is electric; and basically, it admits of plumbing—of plumbing and machinery and politics and war and hunger and prejudice and advertising and anything else that is a part of life, whether it is pretty or not. Therein, you might say, lies one of the big differences between modern dance and any other kind.

Almost all other dance intended as

sion goes, sensational. Nevertheless, the chief effect of their dancing is decoration. The main purpose of modern dance, which can also be extremely decorative, is comment and communication.

By the manipulation of the human body, modern dance says to its spectators, "See here, this is the way such and such a thing affects us; this is our emotional experience translated to you by means of movement." It's as simple as that—and also as difficult, since no two people react alike to the same stimulus. The reactions may be similar, but they will never be identical. Unless the spectator can recognize the quality of the dancer's reaction to a given subject, he is lost. Fortunately, the quality is always recognizable if the dancer is any good at all. So that even if the spectator doesn't understand the language, he gets the idea. This is possible because the dancer's medium is the body—and every spectator has one. Furthermore, that body of his, even though he never had a lesson in his life, responds to the dancer's movements. The average watcher can walk, turn his head, move his hands, bend over, turn around, and jump up and down. Essentially, that's all a dancer does. The difference lies in the degree, the intensity, the skill, and the purpose. But that doesn't prevent the spectator from enjoying what is known as a kinesthetic response. As John Martin, the foremost dance critic, once said, "It must be kinesthetic, or it will be anesthetic."

Modern dance is never anesthetic. Nobody sees it without a definite reaction, either for or against. You love it, or you think it stinks. It moves

you, one way or another. If it doesn't, it's because you've never been exposed to it. And this is quite possible. The stronghold of the dance is the East. It pops up in a few other places: in Chicago; on the West Coast; in the Southwest, where Elizabeth Waters is adding the dance to the other arts which flourish in that region; in almost every college, and in occasional cities where a lone pioneer tries to hold her own against tap dancing and ballet schools. Such schools are plentiful, and for the most part they have an easy enough time of it. Thousands of mamas throughout the country think it's just dreamy if their babies can come out on a stage in mascara and a satin bellhop costume and make a lot of noise with taps to the tune of *Shuffle Off to Buffalo*.

Because of these all too prevalent schools, the great mass of people believes that dancing is merely something for children to undergo. It isn't even "child's play," for no child's play ever overtaxed young muscles to that extent, or threw bodies out of line forever with shoddy ballet technique.

Please understand, the quarrel here is largely with the way such dancing is taught to children, not with the type of dance, itself. Child dancers need to be developed carefully, not pushed and pulled and forced into unnatural line.

It is little wonder, then, that people think dancing is a matter of fluffy costumes, too much make-up, the doing of splits, and the making of fairly rhythmic noise. That's what they've been led to believe. Even the dancing they see in the movies consists largely of tap and exhibition ballroom rou

tines—most of it very handsome and technically brilliant. But the scope is limited. It is logical, then, that audience reaction should range from bewilderment to wild amusement to downright resentment when a troupe of modern dancers descends on the town—without any taps or toe shoes, without conventional music or patterns or any of the ordinary paraphernalia that is generally considered the dance. It's so new and different that it takes awhile to get used to it.

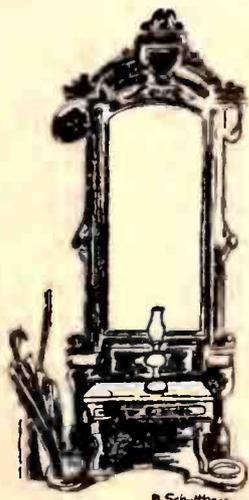
Actually, modern dance is not a new thing. But it is still an evolving thing. It began, perhaps, with Isadora Duncan, who in an early part of the century took off her shoes, put on some flowing robes, and danced the great musical classics as the spirit moved her. Fortunately, she had a terrific spirit. Though her style is passe today, or ought to be, her unfettered performances onstage and off did a great thing for dancing. She pioneered a new freedom, broke away from the rigid routine of classical ballet, and indicated what dancing could be—and was with primitive man in the very beginning: an expression of genuine feeling, not just a set of fixed movements performed like a machine.

Once the great Duncan had kicked over the traces, dance went berserk. Those were the years of the flung scarf, the cheese-cloth shift, and the pseudo-Greek dances. They were also the years of Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, whose dancing was an amalgam of Oriental, Indian and Aztec influences, plus something of their own. Though their

style, too, became outmoded, it had splendor in its time, and great historical importance. Out of the Denishawn company came many of the foremost modern dancers, including Graham and Doris Humphrey.

Dance which broke from ballet and from tribal or distinctly regional influences, has been known by many names: natural dancing, aesthetic, interpretative, expressional. For the most part, it was rather willowy and sentimental at first, and it was only natural that there should be violent reaction. That came about with early "modern," which bore only a faint resemblance to modern dance today. Fifteen or twenty years ago, it was all angles and sternness, much concerned with temporal social issues, and hell-bent on not being "pretty." It had to go through its own Machine Age before it could swing back, discard part of its early vocabulary, and admit that the softer accents had something, after all. Visually, the dance began to be more beautiful, because beauty is also a part of life, and all was not lost. Today, dance at its best combines the best of ballet with the best of modern and anything else that can help the dancer say accurately what he wants to say; and the whole thing passed through the alembic of the dancer's own personal vision makes very good dance indeed.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that it has a limited public, and like the handwriting on the wall, is generally misunderstood. Even in the East, where any dance concert



draws capacity crowds, there are still larger crowds who wouldn't be dragged in on a bet. Many persons in the East or anywhere else, think the dance is something indulged in by young women with muscles and young men of dubious masculinity. Regardless of personal attributes, most male dancers could pick up Joe Louis or Trygve Lie and toss him across the street.

As for the young women, it must be faced. They do have muscles. You can't be a professional dancer without them. However, it is not altogether necessary for a girl to look like Mr. America. A careful dancer keeps her muscles stretched and supple, and although they are strong, they don't have her looking like a bag of borsch with the beets left in. A lot of this is due to the teacher, the best ones can develop dancers without tying them up in knots.

Almost every major dancer in the country is also a teacher, and though the East continues to hold most of them, a few venture into virgin territory in spite of all obstacles.

As dance goes, the Midwest is almost the forest primeval. Not quite, however, for it has been penetrated by a few serious dancers on tour, and by a few who came and stayed. In Kansas City, the entire problem of modern dance has been tackled by one lone professional who for ten years has been making the slow steady progress which is about the only kind dance can make.

Dorothea Spaeth arrived in the Midwest with her father, Dr. J. Dun-

can Spaeth, the first president of the University of Kansas City. Though modern dance was non-existent in the territory, there was a demand for it—not much, but enough to count. Having the fortitude and enthusiasm of a pioneer, she stayed.

Some dancers are born to dance, others are converts at a later age, and it is often these who have the most devotion. Dorothea Spaeth was a convert; she was into her twenties before she found that dancing was for her. Studying first in New

York with Grace Christie, she later attended "The Bennington School of the Dance." There and in New York she studied with Martha Graham, Doris Humphries and Hanya Holm. After a number of concert and teaching engagements, she arrived in Kansas City and opened a studio. She has been there since, except for a trip to Europe in 1947 which gave her the opportunity to work with Jooss in England and Mary Wigman, one of the greatest of the early moderns, in Germany.

It was, needless to say, rough going. Few people had any conception of dance and even fewer wanted any. A lack of knowledge and understanding breeds hostility. Nevertheless, the more enlightened took an interest, and gradually the dance took hold.

Dorothea Spaeth and her Barn Studio have become something of an institution in Kansas City. Naturally enough, they have absorbed a quantity of skepticism and ridicule. But as it was once said of the Ballet Russe, "Only the great deserve the darts of satire."



The studio is the first floor of what oldtimers call the old Goodman Barn. In its day it has housed, at separate times, horses, servants, amateur theatricals, and now a dancer. Living quarters are on the second floor, and the living room is only slightly smaller than Madison Square Garden.

The Barn is considered by some as the Greenwich Village of Missouri. When it isn't swarming with young dancers upstairs and down in leotards and bare feet, it is open house to itinerant celebrities, to members of ballet companies, concert musicians, painters and writers, or eager young politicians. The Barn is open to all because its owner comes as near to fulfilling "love thy neighbor" as anyone can in these suspicious, ungenerous times.

What Dorothea Spaeth has offered Kansas City is two-fold: the functional part of dance which everyone can use every day, and some knowledge of the dance as an art form.

The functional part includes body-building, posture control and the simple ability to walk correctly, which isn't as simple as it sounds. The physical and psychological benefits of dance movement are something anyone of any age can use. You don't have to start a dancing career just to learn how to keep your chest from sagging into your stomach.

The Five-Point Posture Program which Dorothea has worked out is a departure from the old gym-class method of walking around with a book on the head. It avoids that chin-up, chest-out, sway-backed distortion that is too frequently considered good posture.

Spaeth students are not little children only. Their mothers study, too. And sometimes even the fathers. One of her earliest classes was organized in one of the city's most aristocratic front parlors, where a number of solid citizens and their wives lay down on the lush blue rug and learned to do a stomach contraction.

Classes in body-building include young matrons, young women in business and industry who dance for recreation and relaxation, and fashion models. Dorothea has also worked with many art students, particularly with sculpture classes.

In general, she attempts to give her students the freedom of movement, the naturalness and ease which have a tendency to disappear as one grows up. As for children, she helps them retain this freedom, and learn to express their imaginative impulses through the body as a controlled, understood instrument.

The other half of her work is actual dancing, in solo or with her small semi-professional group. She has danced all over the city—in the Nelson Art Gallery and the Community Church, in high school auditoriums and the Resident Theatre, as well as in studio recitals at The Barn. Often a recital is what she calls a "dance demonstration," in which the actual dancing is preceded by a demonstration of techniques, allowing the audience to see some of the mechanical aspects from which the art form evolves.

Since her arrival in the Midwest, she has been connected with most of the arts in Kansas City—with painting and sculpture, music and drama.

She has served on the staffs of the Art Institute, the Conservatory of Music, the Jewish Community Center, and the Y. W. C. A.; and has collaborated on productions by the University of Kansas City drama department. Last February she directed the movement for the production of *Alice in Wonderland*, presented by Kansas City Junior College.

Principally through Dorothea's efforts, a number of well-known dancers have been brought to the city, including Martha Graham and her company; Elizabeth Waters and her famous barn-storming troupe called "Dancers Enroute;" and Jane McClean of New York.

Dorothea Spaeth's own dancing at its best has a certain powerful dignity about it. She is not entirely versatile, but in her own genre is splendid. Her style is at once strong and lyrical, and she dances with slow, flowing, sustained movements, great dynamic control, and a quiet earnestness that is unfailingly effective.

This summer she has granted herself a leave of absence and gone East for awhile. But her holiday will be the old busman's variety. She will continue to dance, as student again rather than teacher, and plans to put into professional production some ideas for the dance that have accrued through the lean Middle Western years.

▲
A MARINE was carried into a first aid station during the fighting on Okinawa. A Japanese Samurai sword extended from a wound in his left side. "Wait a minute, Johnny," exclaimed a medic. "I'll pull that thing from your side and fix the wound."

"Hell, no, I'm keeping it till I get aboard ship," the wounded lad told him. "Otherwise some damned souvenir hunter will swipe it."—*David Deutsch*.

▲
 Barry Kroeger, narrator of "The Big Story," says that a timid friend of his has just returned from a hunting trip through Africa.

"Every morning," revealed his friend, "I went out hunting tigers with a club."

"I imagine you were frightened," observed Kroeger.

"Oh, no, not at all. There were 50 members in the club."

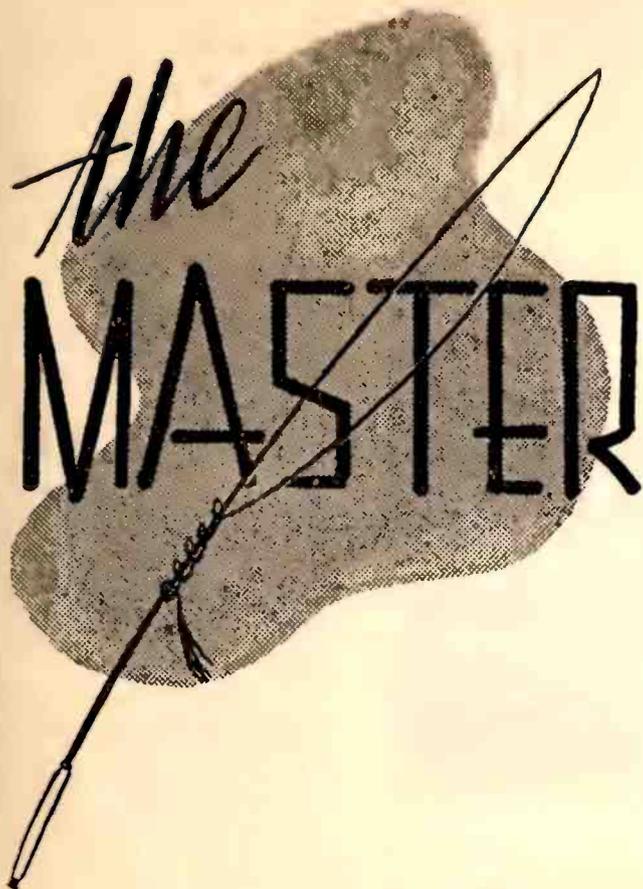
▲
 Too bad this is an election year! A lot of good could be done for the world if nobody cared who got credit for it.—*Platteville Journal*.

▲
 After the recent cyclone in Oklahoma, a rancher told Eastern guests that it was quite "unusual weather." His guests were skeptical.

"But that wind really was unusual," insisted the rancher. "Why, you can see for yourselves it's blowed down trees that never was blowed down before!"

▲
 When George Washington entered the House of Burgesses at the close of the French War, a vote of thanks was passed for his valuable service in the field. When the young soldier hesitated in making a reply, Speaker Robinson came to his aid by saying, "Sit down, Sir; your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language."—*Toastmaster*.

He was the master, but her servility ruled—and ruined . . .



by J. T. SAUNDERS

HE WATCHED her from across the dinette table. Watched her looking at her plate or at the napkin on her lap or at the salad bowl—but not at him—touching these things with long fingers that were nervous under his gaze.

Her eyes bulged beneath deep, wide lids. In contrast, her nose was tiny and blurred at its edge with a quiet quivering that echoed the confusion of brown, wispy hair. Her paper-like body held constantly the attitude of being before a wind.

He watched. He wondered how much longer he could stand it.

He had for five years. And added to that was one year of standing without knowing he was having to stand anything. For, after all, he had married her in love. Her hair had been

beautiful then; her nose stubbed to charming; her eyes almost too large.

More than that, she had shown to him a meek obedience that had made him want to slap his chest with an "I, the Master" blow; as if she were eternally on knees, dedicated to catering. This desire to please had given him great satisfaction and a sense of tolerant pride. So, because he saw the chance of kinship with masterly men and because, too, he was touched, he had taken her hand in his and thought well and not too deeply of the shy flutter under the bridal veil.

He looked at her now. A hand dared again, alarmed at its own daring, pushing a plate of bread toward him. A hand saying, "Remember there is bread on the table; you must eat bread; bread is good for you." Her mouth stayed closed, her eyes down, only her hand insisted.

He took a slice of bread and remembered the time when her voice, her whole being had insisted. He had been touched again and again by her meticulous care of him and the knowledge that things would be picked up after him, that orange juice would be ready by his morning bedside, that his mail would be there on the breakfast table.

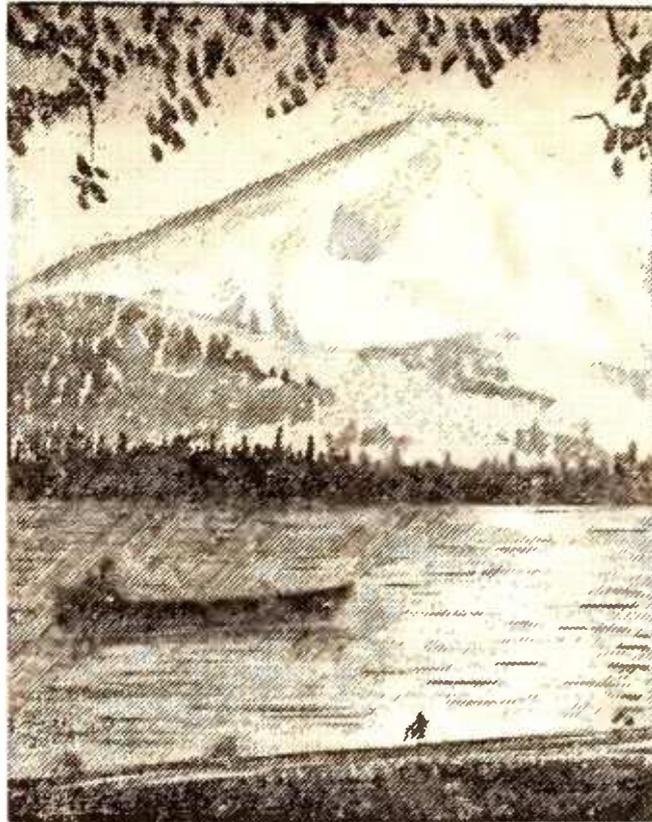
Slowly, however, this pleasure had become a fading background to the small, pricking annoyances that were part of her care. They were only timidly obtrusive, for she was not stern or domineering and could never be that positive. But, even lacking force, she had begun to manage his life. do-

ing it with a soft sidling that seemed gentle at first and then was like sandpaper against his nerves.

With the faint humming of a housefly, she would hover over him, cutting his tomatoes to small pieces that insulted, placing his napkin in his lap. Sweetly inserting her thin body between him and capability, she forever waited on him until he found that he could not lift a finger before she was there, doing for him. Irritation crept into him and swelled to desperation.

He had thought of a dog. Another object for her to fix her attentions on. A present to his wife with a leash to hold in her hand, tying it to her for pampering. The dog he had chosen was frail and appeared to yearn for the comforts of feminine tenacity. It had delighted her and she had been birdlike in her gratitude, her hands swarming over the warm animal body. The housefly had hummed.

For a day she had hovered over this someone else. Then, with a sudden, worried look, she had tucked the dog away, segregating it in a screened box in a corner of the kitchen. She returned to breathless leaning over her husband's plate and intense concern. With that he had known that the dog



OUR BACK COVER—A boater on Spirit Lake is silhouetted against the twilight loveliness of Mt. St. Helens. (Photo courtesy Union Pacific.)

would be loved and given attention only when he was not at home. When he was, the dog would be efficiently hurried out of the master's path. And though he would often hear a feeble, plaintive barking, always quickly following it was the voice of his wife close beside him.

One night, when she had left on an errand, the dog's calling had intrigued him into opening the box to take the pleading creature in his arms. It had looked suspiciously up at him at first and then pushed into his armpit with the friendliness of sanction. Setting the dog down on the linoleum floor, he had tousled with it, an invigorating catch and push, making them both gasp a little with the pleasure of exertion.

All at once she was standing at the door of the kitchen, staring. Snatching up the dog, she had said as sharply as the soft, twanging voice would allow, "Why, you naughty dog, you! Breaking out of your nice, little home and disturbing my tired husband . . . how could you! Shame, shame . . . Making a nuisance of yourself when a man must have peace and quiet! Oh, aren't you a bad dog . . . There, a bad, bad dog! Oh my—"

"Goddamn! Goddamn you!" Suddenly all the emotion of frustration had leaped up inside him to form a jumbled, derisive shouting. "You and the dog! Go to hell—both of you! Both of you!"

He had heard in a dream his inane screaming, had seen himself grip a small porcelain-potted plant that rested on the kitchen table. The plant rode heavily toward her only to miss and graze the dog's trembling ear, then crash loudly to the floor.

There had been quite time enough for the noise of the crash and the short, high cry of the dog to linger on long and penetratingly. Making a swift stab into the silence she had hugged the dog with a sigh and felt its body with searching long fingers that shook. Fright made her cringe even as she tried to be protective.

The next day a strong compulsion that grew feverish had made him unable even to begin work at his office. He sat behind his desk and swiveled around often to gaze out over the city, with his hands pressing white into each other.

At the end of the day, the pulling insistence had forced him to stop at a sporting goods store on the way home to buy a gun. But on reaching the apartment he had broken out in a sweat of guilt and sneaked the gun into the bedroom to find a hiding place her neatness would not reach. Then he had come back to her and her fear. For now there was continually fear of him in her. He could see her, almost palsied with it, still waiting on him as if this were some awful duty that had been imposed irrevocably upon her. No matter what

he had tried to say to her, his words seemed lifted into blasting by the very attitude in which she held herself prepared for cruelty. He felt at last that he *was* cruel, merciless . . .

The dog had never since been allowed to enter into his sight. She had smuggled it fearfully into an existence safe from him. And when its plaintiveness seeped through the box, she would clatter the dishes in the sink to outdin the whimpering.

He watched her. No necessity for clattering now.

Six hours ago he had met her in the street as she was walking the dog, her figure relaxed, unsuspecting that he had left his office earlier this day. When she saw him coming down the busy shopping street, her eyes had come farther out of the thin face and she had dropped the leash. Immediately she darted to seize it back, to hold it tight against her husband. But the leash had disappeared.

The dog had hedged crazily up and down the gutter as she stood frozen in panic. He had found himself running, trying to catch it; but, on seeing him, the dog tried to dash behind a car to hide. There was a brake squeal, a yelp, a whimper, a murmuring crowd.

She had run to get to the dead body before he would, to pick it up in her arms and cower with it in the wide circle of people, using the crowd as a fortress against him. When she saw him approaching nearer and nearer, her face had held not anger but a fright so condemning that he turned and walked away.

He had walked through the streets for miles of tortured feeling; quick,

hurried steps to sweat out the meanness that turned in him; to exhaust the hate of her. But speed seemed only to activate his mind into clear, racking venom. Finally he had returned to the empty apartment and had not been able to stop his tired feet from pacing the small rooms.

Later she had come in, pale, not talking, furtively hanging up her coat. Seeing her go into the kitchen to prepare dinner, he had marvelled with a kind of contempt at the obeisance that made her serve a master who had killed something she had truly loved. For he knew that, to her, he had killed it.

He watched her and despised her. Sniveling before him in fear, she was a hateful reminder of his wickedness, the wickedness she had read into him and which, with the reading, had slowly become his. She did not lift her eyes. Closed against him, they were glazed slightly with an oil that seemed to him the secretion of horror. The glaze was a mirror, reflecting him in bestiality. He wished urgently for her to open them and disperse the reflection. She stayed, silent, and did

not change, except for little reflexes of nervousness that twitched her body.

His teeth clenched. He was fiercely angry. She stood up to clear away the plates and her eyes did not look at him. His hand reached over the table and closed around her forearm, his fingers meeting at the vivid blue line that veined its soft underpart. Her whole body jumped convulsively. Then her eyes opened at him and, popping in tight, brown points of fright, they shocked him.

He pulled his hand away with a force that made her stagger back against the dinette wall. The impact seemed to loosen her from her silence and she whimpered. He got up. He was an ogre standing over her. Sharply he turned and walked out of the kitchen. He went through the hall, into the bedroom . . .

The police found him not long afterwards, with the gun still warm in his hand. The right side of his head was stained with blood that spread like long, quivering fingers from the bottomless bullet hole over his ear.

Words for Our Pictures

1. Clyde McCoy, of muted trumpet fame, spins his famous *Sugar Blues*.
2. Bandleader Sammy Kaye plugs Victor on a Saturday afternoon "Swing Session."
3. In behalf of the Crusade for Children, national chairman M. Lee Marshall addresses old friends in Kansas City. Mr. Marshall is board chairman of the Continental Baking Company.
4. Stan Kenton demonstrates progressive jazz for WHB listeners.
5. Pretty Pat Laird, Russ Morgan's vocalist, visits "Swing Session."
6. WHB's Bob Kennedy chats with Sondra and Jon Steele, newly famous for their Damon recording of *My Happiness*.
7. Anita Colby, ex-cover girl, is interviewed by Sandra Lea, the WHB Shopper.

Centerpiece

SWING lovely for May is Rita Hayworth, star of Columbia Pictures' *Lady from Shanghai*, which will be released this month.









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... *presenting* J. C. NICHOLS

Swing nominee for

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

FEW people realize that Jesse Clyde Nichols, known to the world as "J. C.," is a sick man.

For over 50 years he has suffered from an unfortunately rare malady which can be diagnosed only as "crusader's fever."

The disease is practically painless, but it tortures the victim into an intense state of activity which knows no abatement. It has made Nichols the country's greatest city-builder and suburban planner. It has brought him posts of national honor and an unprecedented position in his own community.

At 67, Nichols is a hard-driving, wholehearted executive who works 60 to 80 hours a week in a four-room penthouse office on Kansas City's Country Club Plaza—the shopping hub of his company's 5,000-acre residential development. He smokes incessantly, usually shoving the cigarette to the left side of his mouth and forgetting about it, letting ashes fall where they may; talks rapidly and forcefully, often thumping his massive oaken work-table with the side of a hand for emphasis; and carries always a black leather notebook so that he can make notes of things that catch his eye when he's "out in the District."

The fever of accomplishment first

struck Nichols when he was a student at Olathe High School. He organized the first football team the school ever had, and the first alumni association. Despite numerous extra-curricular activities and several outside jobs, his marks upon graduation set a new scholastic record.

Those were early stages of the affliction. As it grew, Nichols learned to sense a good fight. A clever, practical visionary, he has done battle under more than a dozen standards, in every case carrying the colors to victory. But he is a friend-in-need only. When the goal has been attained, he moves on to scenes of new action.

His services to Kansas City, beyond the scope of his immediate business interests, are legion.

As a member of the Board of Education for eight and a half years, he was credited with saving the city over \$500,000 in the administration of a \$5,000,000 building program.

Thirty-five years ago he became president of the Kansas City Art Institute, then a heavily indebted institution. He held the job eight years, waging a vigorous fund campaign which produced money enough to clear the Institute of debt and move it to new quarters at Armour Boulevard

and Warwick. He hired good teachers and built up enrollment. He personally solicited memberships from prominent townspeople, and many "ten-dollar patrons" who joined, "because J. C. asked me to," later became genuinely interested in the work of the Institute and contributed heavily to its support. His work resulted in the present Art Institute buildings and the ten-acre site they occupy.

Throughout his presidency, Nichols strongly advocated a practical course which would develop designers for Middle Western industry. Partly as a result of his enthusiasm, the highly-successful School of Design was subsequently incorporated into the Institute.

As chairman of a Real Estate Board committee some 30 years back, Nichols spearheaded a drive to stimulate local purchases of goods manufactured in Kansas City. That was before the days of the million-dollar ad agencies, but he masterminded a "Buy Kansas City Products Week" and an extensive telephone campaign which chased the spectre of bankruptcy from the doors of several Kansas City factories and started them on the road to success.

While the cheers still echoed, Nichols embarked on another civic charge. He stepped into the presidency of the underfinanced and wobbly Conservatory of Music, applying to it the tactics which had bolstered the Art Institute. For ten years he plugged away for a larger student body, a better faculty, a stronger financial position.

But his work with the Conservatory consumed only part of his 16-hour day, so he took over the fight to im-

prove navigation and flood control of the Missouri River. He organized the Missouri River Navigation Association. Then he descended upon Washington as a lobbyist for the cause, badgering both senators and representatives for an appropriation to support the badly-needed project. Since it was impossible to ignore the sense of what he said or the intensity with which he said it, the necessary funds were voted.

He was chairman or vice-chairman of every World War I bond and Red Cross campaign except one; and was vice-chairman of the combined Liberty Memorial and Community Fund drive which raised the largest amount ever donated by Kansas Citians in a single campaign, over two and a half million dollars.

Government service has occupied much of Mr. Nichols' time, talent and money. He set up federal housing plans for the first World War, and during the thirties he was called in as an advisor for both the Federal Housing Administration and the Home Owners Loan Corporation. He has just resigned from the National Capital Park and Planning Commission, to which he was appointed by President Coolidge in 1926. In his 22 years on the Commission (without pay), he served under four Presidential appointments, made 150 trips to the capital, and contributed a total of more than two and a half work years. He is credited with having a greater influence on Washington's appearance than any man since L'Enfant, the French architect who planned the original streets and the location of Federal buildings.

During World War II, Nichols was a dollar-a-year-man. For 17 months, or a little less than a dollar and a half, he headed one of the seven Advisory Defense Council divisions under General Knudsen. On his arrival in Washington, Nichols was shocked to learn that not a single airfield, training camp or defense plant had been planned for the Midwest. The Council was blueprinting all strength in positions east of the Mississippi or west of the Rockies. Here was a crusade Nichols could throw himself into with vigor!

He did. By telephone and telegraph he contacted groups of industrialists in Tulsa, Omaha, Lincoln, Des Moines, Denver, Wichita and Oklahoma City. He got them to Washington to lend their support and give their assurance that Middle Western locations had much to offer a comprehensive program of defense. He fought against a concentration of vital establishments only along each coast, and argued that Midwestern manpower could be best utilized without undue geographical displacement. Figures furnished by Roy Roberts of the *Kansas City Star*, which showed that Kansas City alone was shipping 500 workers a week to East and West Coast defense plants, helped win his case.

Those who opposed development of the Midwest for defense later admitted they were wrong, but that was small satisfaction to Nichols. He had known it all along, and by then he was busy on a new project. The idea had come from those very opponents, who said that Middle America could furnish no adequate research facilities.

Nichols looked up some big-time researchers who told him what modern research could accomplish, and explained the important part an institute might play in analyzing for industrial use farm and mineral products of the Kansas City area.

That convinced Nichols, and Nichols with his mind made up is a man of immediate, unrelenting action. Returning home, he called together a group composed of R. L. Mehornay, Joseph F. Stephens, the late Roy Cross, Earl McCollum, Willard Briedenthal, Ben C. Adams and other forward-looking Kansas Citians. They agreed that Kansas City needed research facilities, and set out to seek further support.

And so in December, 1944, the Midwest Research Institute opened its doors. Dr. Harold Vatborg, formerly of the Armour Institute in Chicago, and one assistant made up the entire staff. Now the staff numbers a hundred. Three-quarters of a million dollars in voluntary contributions has been accumulated. Last year the Institute conducted a half million dollars worth of research for private industry, on about 125 separate projects. Present plans are to increase the staff to 300 members and triple the annual volume of research, working primarily for small industries in small Midwestern towns.

J. C. Nichols, of course, is still fighting for the Midwest Research Institute. As chairman of the board of trustees, he is participating actively in a drive to raise a million dollars for a new building which will be erected on a ten-acre tract in the middle of

Kansas City's mile and a quarter long educational, scientific and cultural center.

Also located in the center are the University of Kansas City, Menorah Hospital, Barstow School, Rockhurst College, the Art Institute, the Linda S. Hall Scientific Library, the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts. Nichols is chairman of the board of trustees of the William Rockhill Nelson Trust. The board manages the \$11,000,000 fund and supervises the direction, purchases and management of the Art Gallery.

To top man of an art gallery from vegetable huckster is quite a climb, but that's the road Nichols traveled.

He started clerking in an Olathe, Kansas, grocery when he was eight, and summers he worked as a farm hand. For two summers when he was in high school he operated a huckster wagon in Johnson County, cooking over an open fire and sleeping under the wagon at night.

At 17 he opened a wholesale meat market at 1611 Grand Avenue in Kansas City. He ran it for a year, living in the back room and saving money for college.

Just as Mary did, he took a little lamb to school—also pork, beef and sweetbreads. He set up a wholesale meat route in Lawrence which paid his way through the University of Kansas. Additional revenue came from the *Kansas City Star*, for which he was a correspondent; and he got free

meals by serving as steward of his fraternity, Beta Theta Pi.

He worked during vacation periods, too. The first summer he sold Rand-McNally wall maps house-to-house in Utah. The second, he toured Europe via cattleboat and bicycle. The third, he sold mining stock; and the fourth and hardest he took contract to load potatoes in the Kaw River Valley, doing most of the work himself.

Even in the cloistered corridors of college, so widely-bruited as sanctuaries of ease, Nichols smelled out a scrap. He instituted a movement to obtain larger state appropriations for the university, carried the fight to Topeka, and won. When the university's chancellor recovered from his amazement at the energy and political savvy of this mere undergraduate, he called Nichols "the student who has done most for the finances of this school."

Nichols was manager of the K.U. football team, general manager of athletics, a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and graduated with the second highest marks accorded any student until that time.

Then he went to Harvard for a year, acquiring another A.B. degree, total indebtedness of \$50, and an interest in land development.

Fresh from the classroom, he plunged into the colonization business and failed miserably.

His plan was to form syndicates which would buy up large tracts of raw land in the Southwest. Then he would scout up herds of people from over-populated cities and turn them



loose on his prairie utopias—for a fee, of course.

Several railroads granted him passes, and farm friends he had huckstered for in Johnson County financed him. He found plenty of land, but not enough capital. At the end of a year he was forced to admit failure for—as far as anyone knows—the only time in his life.

Returning to Kansas City, he sought the counsel of two Beta friends, F. E. and W. T. Reed. They were older than Nichols, and already established as lawyers. The Reeds advised him to turn to building, and told him of several hundred vacant lots in Kansas City, Kansas, which were to be disposed of at a bankruptcy sale.

The farmers who had sponsored the colonization flyer financed Nichols again, and this time he justified their confidence. He got the lots and built houses to sell for \$800 to \$1,000, splitting everything he made with his backers. Within two years he had paid off the entire loan plus a profit of 65 per cent!

That was in 1904, and overhead was low. Nichols paid two dollars a month to stable his horse and buggy. Rent on his office, which was behind the pharmacy counter of a drugstore, ran five dollars a month, and he moved when the druggist tried to charge an extra dollar for use of the telephone.

With the proceeds of his initial venture, he bought 10 acres of land south of Kansas City. Between Fiftieth and Fifty-first Streets, it stretched from Main to Grand Avenue.

Not without reason, people said he was crazy. Only a few farmhouses

had been built in that locality since before the Civil War. All growth was either northeast or southeast.

Despite those objections and others, Nichols decided to go ahead. Maybe, he figured, he could make his development attractive enough to change the direction in which the city was growing.

In 1905 Nichols took unto himself a wife. He built her a house at 5035 Walnut, an ungraded street. It was a block to the nearest spring for water, and a mile to the carline.

The same year, he became an "organization." He was joined by John C. Taylor of Emporia, Kansas. Taylor has been with him ever since, assuming the presidency of the J. C. Nichols Company when Nichols became chairman of the board in 1940.

The team's first venture was to "improve" their development. They bought a barn at Twenty-sixth and Grand, and dismantled it. Hauling the timbers to newly-christened Rockhill Park, they sawed them into two-foot lengths for board sidewalks. They then began to advertise, "Beautiful Rockhill Park — With Board Sidewalks!"

Through the years, holdings of the Nichols Company have grown. Their Country Club District is the largest and most beautiful privately developed residential area in the world. In it they have built lakes, parks, boulevards, six golf courses, and have spent half a million dollars on outdoor art objects.

The District extends across the state line into Johnson County, Kansas, but more than nine-tenths of the real estate taxes paid by the J. C.

Nichols Company go to Kansas City, Missouri.

By virtue of his accomplishments, Nichols is regarded as the outstanding authority on city-building. He credits his success to hard work.

"What this nation and every other needs," he says, "is for the people to go back to hard work. There's no way to succeed in building except by working and improving.

"Do it better, I always say. Do it better, but make it pay!" He thumps the table, and ashes from his neglected cigarette spill down the front of his suit. He thumps again. "There are too many subsidies already. In a free enterprise system a thing has to pay its own way. We've proved that imported well-heads, marble columns and fountains are practical adornments for a residential district if they're handled properly. People want to live in pleasant surroundings. But a lot of planners go too far; they get impractical ideas and go broke. That helps nobody.

"One thing about a builder, he knows what won't work."

Short life housing restrictions were the first thing which Nichols discovered wouldn't work. Restrictions used to expire at the end of a stipulated period of time, unless renewed by all the owners in the subdivision. Then gas stations and hot dog stands moved into residential areas, ruining property values.

That conflicted with Nichols' theory that houses and neighborhoods should be good for at least 100 years, so his company got busy on the problem, evolving what is known as the "Covenant of Self-Perpetuating Re-

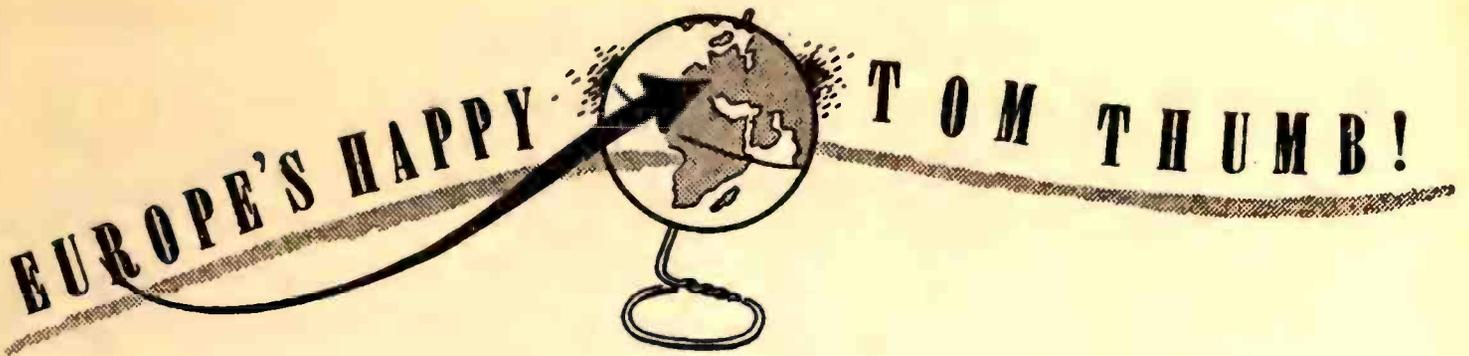
strictions." It works in reverse: restrictions are automatically extended unless a majority of owners vote to the contrary. The covenant plan has been upheld by the United States Supreme Court, and is in wide use today. No one has ever even attempted to change a set of self-perpetuating restrictions.

Nichols has built up an outstanding organization of architects, building and landscape engineers, legal advisors and sales experts. Employees say he is unusually lenient, but he drives himself mercilessly. His 80-acre farm 20 miles southwest of Kansas City is unable to hold his interest more than one day at a time, because inactivity galls him. But he loves parties, and at a social gathering he is everywhere at once, applying as much fire and energy to cocktail conversation as he would to a building conference.

As a business and personal policy, Nichols supports the entire Kansas City area, not just his own part of it. For years he has advocated better trafficways and parking facilities to serve the downtown district. He led the fight in Missouri for legislative authority to set up city planning commissions and zoning boards. His company holds stock in 32 Kansas City industries. Nichols himself has been a director of the Commerce Trust Company since he was 26 years old. He helped organize and is an original director of the Business Men's Assurance Company and the Kansas City Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

All three Nichols children are con-

(Continued on page 47)



Meet the San Marinense—big men in a little nation!

by STANLEY S. JACOBS

THANKS to the stamp collectors of the world, there's one nation in Europe which is always prosperous, has no income tax, no stoplights or traffic cops, and a military band of 80 musicians which is larger than its total army!

Though it sells airmail stamps by the tens of thousands, this nation—San Marino—hasn't a single airplane. Yet philatelists have made the 14,000 citizens of the pigmy country debt-free and tax-free. The stamp presses of this happy Tom Thumb land—it's 38 square miles in area—roll day and night, turning out colorful issues and "commemoratives" which reap as high as 10,000 per cent profit in stamp marts everywhere.

Until recently, the only publication issued within San Marino's borders was, appropriately, a stamp collectors' trade journal.

If you like the reassuring feel of hard money, San Marino is your dish. Its citizens dislike paper money and will have none of it. So the government obligingly circulates coins only.

If you owned a six-room house in the little republic, your taxes would amount to 34 cents a year. And your chance of getting hit by a car is re-

mote: there's only one auto in the whole country.

Nor are its people harassed by the rushing minutes of each day. The dials of their watches and clocks are divided into four quarters. Why be a slave to the minute hand? the San Marinense ask innocently.

A stubborn Dalmatian stone-cutter named Marinus, who later was canonized, established the doughty vest-pocket republic more than 1,600 years ago.

The story goes that Marinus, a peace-loving fellow, became indignant when a bear killed his mule one day. Tracking the beast to its lair, Marinus punched him into submission, slipped the mule's harness over the bear's head, and thereafter used the animal to plow his land.

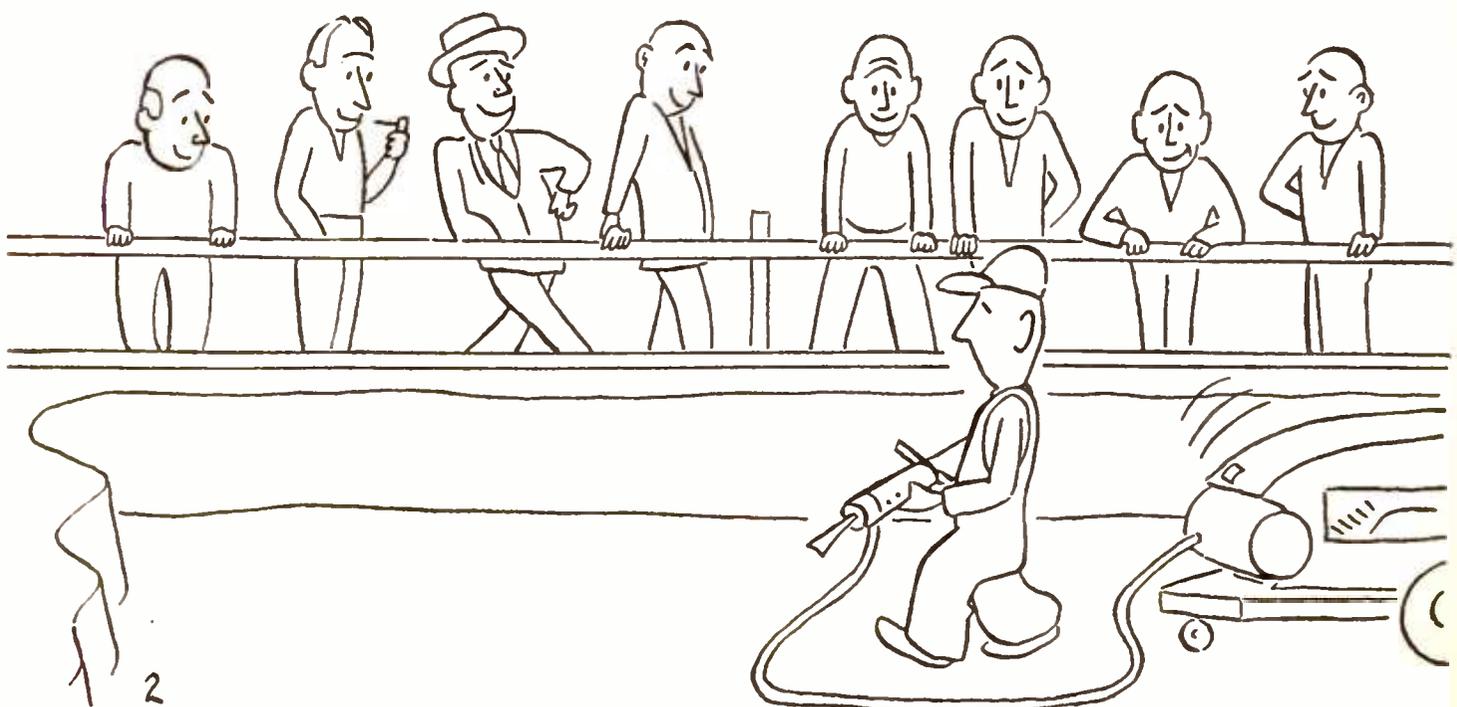
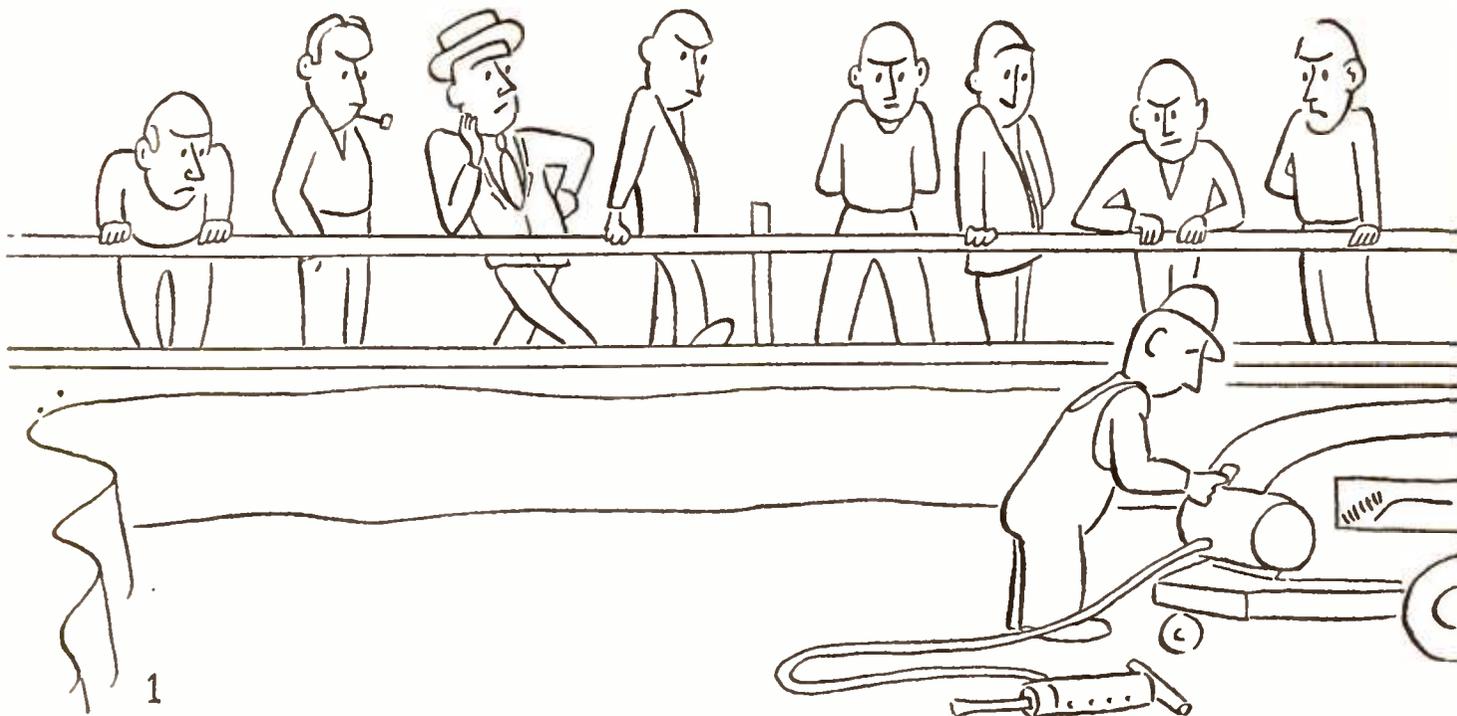
True or not, this beloved San Marino legend speaks well for the nature of these busy beavers who rate laziness a sin slightly less horrific than murder. In fact, indolent citizens are sentenced by the nation's one judge to be hauled through the streets on mule-back, wearing only nightshirts and carrying umbrellas. The loss of dignity to these proud folk is a more severe punishment than flogging.

When they hold an election, the San Marino citizens don't listen to

windy speeches of politicians. For there are no professional politicians in the land. The two highest office holders, the Regents, serve their country for five dollars a month. They are glad to exit at the end of their six-month terms to make way for new chief executives, who make less than

the street sweeper. Besides, if a citizen refuses to accept nomination for this high office, he is subject to a stiff fine!

The little country is governed by a 60-man Great Council, similar to the United States Congress. Every male in the land is eligible for a six-



month term. Illiterate for the most part, all men are required to vote—for how else could you take the public pulse in a nation of 14,545 people?

An upper house, or Senate, is composed of a dozen members of the Great Council. Most of these upper-bracket solons can read. And from the Senate come nominees for the twin posts of Captains-Regent.

The San Marino people are wary by instinct. They fear one-man decisions. So they have, in effect, two Presidents—each keeping a sharp eye on the other's acts!

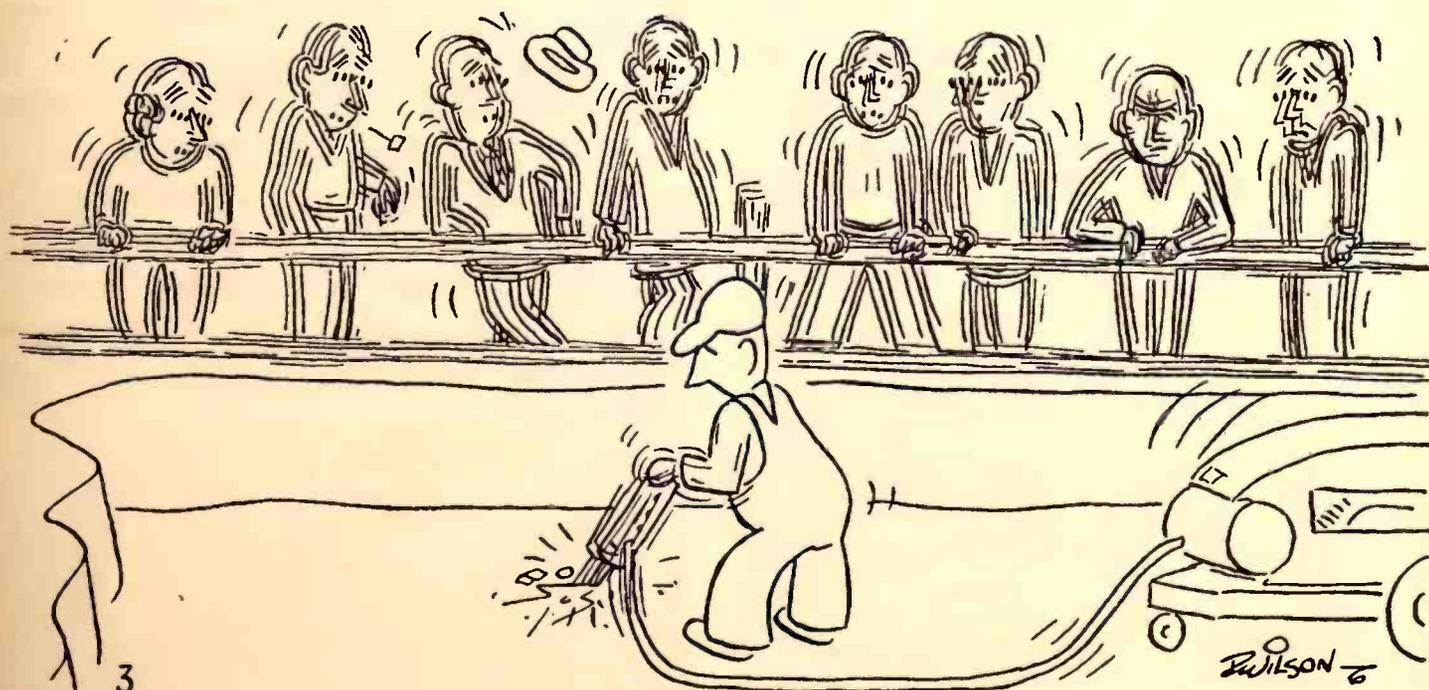
Despite San Marino's storybook nature and harmless size, most big nations have respected its sovereignty and maintain a hands-off policy. Once when an Austrian army hotly pursued the Italian patriot Garibaldi, the troops had to halt abruptly at the border of Tom Thumb land and watch helplessly as the San Marinense welcomed Garibaldi to his new sanctuary.

In the first World War, the Germans accused San Marino of spying on the Kaiser's forces via the wireless station on Mount Titano, 2,437 feet above sea level. The San Marinense—Europe's most poker-faced people—expressed chagrin at the charge, but continued reporting German movements to the Allies.

All during the years of Fascist power, Mussolini was nettled by the Lilliputians across the fence who snickered at his roars and welcomed refugees from his goon squads. Finally, the pressure became compulsive and San Marino silently allowed the Duce to force on them a handful of professional men with Fascist badges.

Musso became truly enraged after San Marino celebrated America's Independence Day in 1937—an old custom arising from their admiration for Abraham Lincoln, whom they made an honorary citizen in 1861.

The Duce had dispatched agents from Rome to report on the unveiling of a statue presumed to be that



of a Fascist big shot, probably Mussolini himself. Instead, on this American holiday the San Marinese with a flourish uncovered a figure of Lincoln. The Duce's men exploded in wrath, but the people only laughed. They recalled with pride what Lincoln had written to them in 1861:

"Although your domain is small, your State is one of the most honored in all history. It has demonstrated the truth—so full of encouragement to the friends of humanity—that government founded on republican principles is capable of being so administered as to be secure and enduring!"

SAN MARINO'S disinterest in warfare and its consequences was demonstrated after the first World War when its statesmen forgot to show up at Versailles to sign the peace treaty. As it had proclaimed itself on the Allied side, San Marino thus remained at war with Germany—on paper, at least—for the next 25 years. But nobody made an issue of it.

Yet, when the tide of battle swirls close to its borders, the pint-sized mountain nation can get hopping mad. During the last war, Yank troops slugging their way up Italy stopped in astonishment at the base of Mount Titano where a string of illuminated signs proclaimed:

"Keep Out! This Is Neutral Country!"

"Switzerland is the nearest neutral, but it's 200 miles away!" muttered a puzzled captain. A careful hunt through his guidebook showed him his error: he was face to face with San Marino's single frontier guard, who looked like a hero out of an his-

torical novel as he aimed an ancient rifle.

The troops smiled and by-passed San Marino, whose inhabitants peered down from the mountain crags on the Adriatic side of the Apennines.

Pressure from Italy in 1940 had compelled the minuscule nation to declare war on Great Britain. But the San Marinese never fired a gun. In fact, a petition signed by several thousand citizens was furtively forwarded to Winston Churchill, to whom they expressed hope of an Allied victory.

Even Napoleon got a taste of San Marino's philosophy when he carved up the Italian peninsula and offered the microscopic country a huge slice of territory.

The Regents turned Napoleon down flat, citing the cherished words of Marinus:

"We do not want an inch of other's lands and we will not give up an inch of our own!"

Amused by such cheek, Bonaparte laughed and gave orders that San Marino was to be left strictly alone.

Everybody seems to be related to everybody else in San Marino, where intermarriage of close relatives poses many social and genetic problems. To avoid charges of favoritism and discrimination, the canny San Marinese usually import from Italy their twelve policemen, one civil judge, and one priest.

In former years, you could become a duke or a marquis of San Marino for American dollars or British pounds. But the citizens began to feel that the conferring of titles for money was undignified, even though the

proceeds helped to balance the budget. Selling stamps has proved more profitable a hundredfold.

It's the income from stamp sales which supports the University of San Marino, a doctor whose services are free, a government veterinarian, a Mutual Aid Bank for the poor, and a Public Oven where officials bake bread and sell it at cost.

Though they don't have luxuries, the San Marinense have an unbending pride and belief in the value of work. A syndicate of gamblers learned this

one year when a handsome offer was made to the Great Council in return for an annual license to operate a casino in competition with Monte Carlo.

To their surprise, the gamblers were escorted to the border by a comic opera squad of soldiers. A subsequent plebiscite among the voters resulted in a smashing defeat for the gamblers' proposition.

When you have stamps, who needs roulette?

Man of the Month *(Continued from page 42)*

nected with building, one way or another. Son Miller is salesmanager of the J. C. Nichols Company. Daughter Eleanor is married to Earl W. Allen, an architect who designs many of the Country Club District's finest homes. And son Clyde sells supplies for both commercial and residential builders.

Throughout all his busy career, Nichols has been free with advice. It is sought constantly by builders and planners in other countries, as well as in the United States. He obliges whenever he can, charging nothing for his counsel, but recently was forced to turn down blank-check offers to redesign two foreign cities. Last summer he devoted two months to writing a large portion of a practical handbook for development of outlying city districts. It was published in a limited edition by the Community Builders Council of the Urban Land Institute, of which Mr. Nichols is chairman. It sold out, at \$12 a copy, and a second

edition of 10,000 copies is being prepared.

In February, at a convention of the National Association of Home Builders, Nichols was awarded a plaque. The inscription read:

"On behalf of the Home Builders of the United States and the American families who enjoy better neighborhoods because of him, the National Association of Home Builders is honored to present this testimonial of their high regard and admiration to Jesse Clyde Nichols, of Kansas City, whose leadership has guided into greater achievements those who create homes and neighborhoods. By his example and the generous sharing of his knowledge, he has encouraged Home Builders everywhere to bring into being the nation's finest communities and to add richness to American family life.

"If you would see his monument, look around'."



"I can give you thirty dollars a week to start—plus dinner out now and then!"



IF YOU'VE ever run a probing finger through your hair and gazed anxiously into the mirror at your thinning locks, you're a potential client for the hair-growing cultists who want to boost their present \$20,000,000 annual business into even greater proportions.

Maybe you think you're impervious to glib talk about falling hair panaceas. But on that coming day when a friend looks at you and murmurs, "What a fine head of skin you're gonna have!" you'll hot-foot it to the hair wizards for any ray of hope they can offer.

Yes, there are some honest hair specialists who candidly tell bald-headed men that they might as well save their money and quit the search for luxuriant locks. But for every honest practitioner, there are a dozen "scalpers" who would persuade a billiard ball that it had a fine chance of growing ringlets!

Slickest of the hair racketeers was a New Yorker who called himself "professor" and advertised for "the most hopeless bald-headed men in the nation to send me microscopic samples of their hair." He then "analyzed" the hair clippings and, in a suavely-phrased form letter, prescribed an expensive course of treatment "tailor-made for your own scalp disease."

*"It falleth as the gentle rain . . ."
and when it's gone it's gone!*

by C. ROY KANE

One suspicious fellow sent him some beautiful cuttings from a woman's fox fur coat. Back came a letter from the hair scientist reading:

"As I suspected, a microscopic examination of your hair reveals that its roots are suffering from malnutrition. If this condition persists untreated, you will lose your hair completely. But by diligently following my orders in my new course—specially priced at \$98.50—you can save your hair and restore what you have lost!" Then the skeptic sent the phony professor some hair from the hide of his German shepherd watchdog. The "expert" sent the same letter giving the identical somber warning and cheery advice following the "microscopic examination" of the dog's hair!

When the rascal was exposed, did the bottom fall out of his business? Not at all. He attracted more clients than ever, such are the uses of publicity.

WOMEN, too, are hooked for big fees by the self-appointed scalp magicians. One Chicago widow spent \$800 in a vain effort to grow hair which she had lost after a long illness. When her funds ran out,

she was ready to mortgage her bungalow to keep up payments to a "scalp stylist" who promised her that "any month now your hair will return in a burst of glory."

She was saved from further financial loss by a smart brother-in-law who took her under protest to the Better Business Bureau. There she learned that her expert was a slick swindler who just managed to stay within the law, and she gave up her valueless treatments in disgust.

At the national offices of the American Medical Association in Chicago, scientific sleuths track down peddlers of nostrums for baldness. Through its own bureau of investigation, the A.M.A. has assembled file cases filled with evidence proving that Americans allow themselves to be mulcted of millions of dollars every month in their quest for hair.

One prize specimen unmasked by the medicos advertised:

"Four Men in Seven Are Bald at Forty. But Thanks to my Product, Only Five Men in a Hundred Need Ever be Bald!"

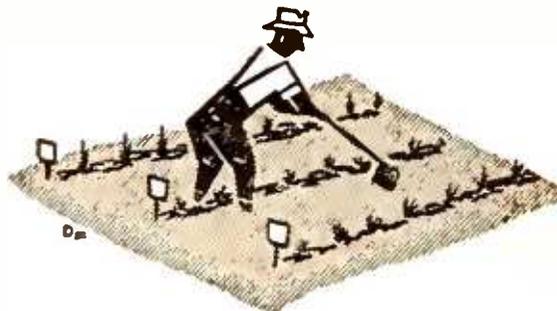
His expensive hair cure-all was a tube of harmless and valueless fluid costing several cents, which he re-



tailed for prices as high as \$12. It was fitted with a rubber cap from which perforated points projected.

The idea was that this "hairgrowing

elixir" would flow through the perforated points, stimulate sluggish hair follicles, and cause a verdant growth of brush overnight.



"Absolutely worthless!" said the A.M.A. But the manufacturer managed to reap an incredible profit before the A.M.A.'s blast closed the door of advertising media to his product.

Ever fall for the "Scalp-o-lator" of a short time back? This device, costly and cumbersome, resembled the headgear clamped over a prisoner in the electric chair. The American Medical Association health detectives declared the gadget actually harmed the head by severely restricting the supply of blood to the scalp. Yet thousands of people bought it, to their injury and discomfort.

You don't need a license in most states to set up shop as a hair expert. That's why rogues and downright crooks turn from cruder swindles to the hair game.

As an average Joe Citizen, you have 120,000 hairs on your pate—or should have. If you haven't, then age, glands, disease or other causes have affected your scalp health.

There's not much hope of regaining hair you have lost. But you can correct the underlying cause of dandruff and prevent further fall of hair

if you are diligent. Says Dr. Oscar Levin, famed dermatologist of Columbia University:

"Baldness, gray hair, and dandruff are unpleasant, but not exactly the cause for devastating despair. The action of glandular secretions and the balance of the diet are elements which have a direct bearing on the health of scalp and hair."

This expert and other medical researchers blame heredity in large part for the loss of hair. Nor do they take any stock in preparations which are claimed "to banish dandruff permanently." Dandruff, Dr. Levin says, is merely the "superficial danger signal of more complex scalp infections."

EVEN severe eyestrain may be a contributing cause of baldness. Mental upsets, nervous breakdowns, alcoholism, accidents, operations, childbirth, diabetes, cancer and tuberculosis—all may leave their ravages on your scalp and produce early baldness.

Actually, doctors know pretty well what type of person is most likely to have serious dandruff and excessive loss of hair. He is high-strung, intelligent, given to extremes of mood, and probably the holder of a sedentary job in an office.

Truly, the more intelligent and

physically sluggish you are, the greater likelihood that your head will glisten with the saddening lustre known as bald man's Simonize.

Yet, baldness can be the bond that unites in fellowship. Today there are 38 chapters of the Bald-Headed Clubs of America, and new ones are forming all the time. Among the clubs' founders were such heavyweight thinkers as William Howard Taft,



William Jennings Bryan, Chauncey Depew, and Nicholas Longworth.

The club members now number more than 10,000, consisting of businessmen, bankers, lawyers, doctors, salesmen, teachers and others. Not surprisingly, their favorite indoor sport is telling each other how many dollars they squandered on trying to retrieve their hair!

▲
A widower is a man who yearns to get married again and take a new leash on life.—*Woodmen of the World Magazine*.

▲
Mary had a little wolf and fleeced him white as snow.—*English Digest*.

▲
Two people can live as cheaply as one what?—*Redbook*.

▲
The reason Cupid makes so many bad shots is that he is shooting at the heart while looking at the hosiery.

The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

Everyone wonders who will be the next President of the United States. To predict the outcome of any election or to forecast the action of a nominating convention is most hazardous. Politics have always been unpredictable because they involve the human whims of political manipulators, and, more often than not, are based upon the emotions of the electorate.

Both major parties are in a state of confusion. The Democrats think they need a better candidate than President Truman to swing the election. Two members of the Roosevelt gang have already announced this publicly, to the accompaniment of many Southerners who are embittered over Truman's civil rights attitude. The Democrats know that they're up against a powerful and rejuvenated Republican party. They realize that a Republican candidate has a better chance of winning than at any time in the past 16 years.

The Republicans, on the other hand, are faced with the problem of everyone wanting to get into the act. There are many potential candidates, but a lack of unity throughout the party on any one, two, or even three men. Every Republican feels that "this is it"—that the man who gets the nomination will be President.

Harold Stassen, who snowballed delegates in the Wisconsin and Nebraska primaries, is the man to watch. All eyes are focused on the Ohio primary, May 4, where it is to be expected that favorite-son Taft will finish in the lead. However, at this point, Stassen looks like the best bet in the Republican stable, with Vandenberg looming as the best compromise candidate.

• • •

On the domestic front, expect nothing drastic until after the fall elections. Neither Congress nor the Administration is desirous of placing radical restrictions on the

freedom of the American people. There will be much vacillation on the part of government agencies which will be cloaked in the term, "careful consideration." The present inaction of Congress on important measures will continue until after November, and this is a dangerous loss of time.

This political stalling may well prove damaging to world peace. There is every indication that manpower should be in the process of being trained right at this very moment, but Congress will not pass any legislation that will supply manpower in the number needed.

Military training is out—probably never will be passed. Resumption of the draft is a must, but will not be voted until after election, if then. President Truman claims that taxes should not be cut at this particular time for several reasons. Putting more money in the pocket of the consumer is highly inflationary, for one thing. For another, Congress knows full well that the military appropriation is going to be huge within coming months, and it must realize that, after the election is over, taxes will have to go back up to where they were before the cut.

If the draft is finally voted, it will probably specify service for a limited time only, but that will mean nothing. The time will be made to fit the emergency. Other draft laws will follow. Girls who are free from family obligations will find themselves following closely on the draft list. They will free men from administrative duties for other important tasks of a more strictly military nature.

Not far behind will be the enlarging of the draft law to take in veterans of World War II. There may be more stringent drafts if the world conflict finally breaks. It is entirely conceivable that men up to the age of 65 may see service in the period ahead.

The draft machinery is gradually being resurrected. General Hershey will probably head the office once more. All men 18 through 30 will have to re-register in order to bring records up to date. It will again be compulsory to carry a draft card. It is entirely possible that every man, woman, and child soon will have to carry cards of identification.

Economic controls on a nationwide basis are now being prepared, one set for mobilization, and one for actual war. These controls will be stricter and more rigid than controls in the last war. There will be price-fixing, rationing for both consumers and industries, wage controls, transportation controls, allocation of manpower, and other regulations which will tighten the national economy.

Industries manufacturing war materials may be put into full production in the near future. Several aircraft plants have announced that they are reopening and will begin recruiting workers soon. This will mean another temporary lift to the economy, but will be nothing like the boom in the last war.

The overall national picture for war mobilization is not good. There may be much rebellion at the new restrictions. The recent hint that the Negroes might refuse to accept the draft unless all features of our Army which they disapprove be changed is only one instance of what may be in store. The carefree attitude of

the last war will most certainly be missing if there is another conflict.

Evidence is quite strong that there may be much treachery within the United States. Communist propagandists in this country are busy softening up minority groups and radicals. The Communists are attempting to drill their doctrine into the minds of many Americans, day by day. The number of these traitorous individuals, who think they are actually helping save the United States, would be overwhelming were the total actually known. They find source material for their propaganda in such statements as that of Henry Wallace that Russia has not taken a single step of aggression—that her absorption of all of eastern Europe was a geographical necessity to protect her own borders.



When will war come? It is the opinion of many military men that the United States will be involved in a conflict with Russia within the next three years. However, this time is being shortened every week. An accident could set off the powder keg, but this is not likely. The Russian plan of aggression is too detailed, and methodical military men in this country do not believe that Russia is ready for war yet. The United States certainly is not. Military preparation on a large scale by the United States could forestall war.

The whole point is that war looms, and in the near future unless the right steps are taken now!

Daffynitions

Thirty: When a woman's youth changes from the present tense to the pretense.—*Weekly Progress.*

Dominating Personality: Something that is of no consequence if the other fellow is driving a truck.—*Alexander Animator.*

An Infected Tooth: A condition which drives you to extraction.

Ignorance: Something that gives rise to about nine-tenths of the world's conversational output.

Eisenhower Stockings: The kind that won't run.

The New Look: A glimpse for which you look twice as hard to see half as much.

Platter Chatter

Rumors concerning Les Paul's condition are unfounded. He's returned to Hollywood, and, although confined to bed for awhile, doctors say he will have complete use of both arms and will be able to continue his guitar playing . . . Jon and Sondra Steele, the *My Happiness* twins, will soon be making theatre and personal appearances, breaking into the "big time." Their hit record, pressed by Vic Damon, is sweeping the country . . . Eddie Heywood has his ups and downs. He's down now, but hot piano fans are hoping he'll be back in good health soon . . . Another jazz star is reported to be "mighty low" at this moment—drawing unemployment compensation under the name of Johnny Bothwell . . . Francis Craig of *Near You* fame is credited with being one of the squarest guys in the business. He never fails to give a fellow musician a helping hand . . . Dennis Day went down the aisle the other day with Peggy Almquist . . . Xavier Cugat will fly his entire orchestra to Manila early this month to ballyhoo a new Philippine airline . . . Freddy Martin is leaving Hollywood for an extended tour east . . . Mel Powell, 25-year-old pianist and former arranger and composer for Benny Goodman, will soon be featured on Capitol Records . . . The Perry Comos are making plans at the moment to adopt a baby daughter. Perry has a fine new album out called, *A Sentimental Date with Perry Como* . . . Stan Kenton, Capitol star, is having large success with his concert tour. His latest "progressive jazz" release is termed, *Thermopolae*. It is rumored that his records will be sold only in album form, hereafter . . . Sophie Tucker will open at the Casino Theatre in London late this month . . . Nellie Lutcher is scheduled to return to Los Angeles this month after a number of successful appearances in the East . . . Tommy Dorsey with his re-organized band is opening late this month at the swank Surf Club at Virginia Beach . . . Joe Venuti and his hot fiddle are booked into Kansas City at the College Inn, May 11 . . . Julia "Snatch and Grab" Lee's two newest recordings are: *That's What I Like* and *Crazy World*.



with BOB KENNEDY

Betcha Didn't Know

. . . That Skitch Henderson once toured the vaudeville circuits as accompanist for Cliff (Ukulele Ike) Edwards? . . . That Mel Torme was asked by Harry James to join his orchestra while Torme was still in high school? . . . That Dinah Shore was christened Frances Rose? . . . That Carmen Cavallaro played the piano for Al Kavelin, Rudy Vallee, Enric Madriguera and Abe Lyman?

Highly Recommended

COLUMBIA 38156—Harry James and his orchestra. *Love of My Life* and *You Can Do No Wrong*. Harry offers two of the top tunes from the new picture, *The Pirate*. The first side is a Cole Porter beguine with pronounced Latin rhythm—Marion Morgan picks up the second chorus and it ends up in a strong four-four beat. The flip is another fine Cole Porter tune with a smooth vocal and the James trumpet. *You Can Do No Wrong* is not only the title of one of the tunes—but also sound advice about buying it!

COLUMBIA 38157—Kay Kyser and his orchestra. *Cincinnati* plus *My Fair Lady*. The Midwestern city tune is another to follow in the footsteps of such pop ditties as *Kalamazoo* and *Talahassee*. On this platter you'll hear fine vocalizing

by Goria Wood and the Campus Kids, with fine, solid rhythm ably provided by the band. On the reverse, Harry Babbitt takes credit for the vocal on the first chorus. The tune is a sweet love balad and Kyser's masterful presentation assures that this record will be another of the Ole Professor's successes.

SIGNATURE 15190—Page Cavanaugh Trio. *Blue Moon with Body And Soul*. Through numerous radio appearances everyone should be familiar with the Trio's work. Here on Signature they bring two old standards that are as bright and shiny as the Ben Franklin half-dollars. *Blue Moon* features a vocal by the trio and some cute ad lib lyrics. The under side, which is instrumental, includes some of the finest piano, guitar and bass work this trio has put out for a long time—good for listening and dancing!

* **Jenkins Music Company, 1212 Walnut, VI 9430.**

M-G-M 10162—Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra. *My Guitar and You Turned The Tables On Me*. It's Dorsey again—and in top style. The first number, a melodic, moderate-paced rhumba, features Jimmy's alto and young Bill Lawrence's smooth vocal. The oldie on the reverse side is one which the JD combo should bring back to Hit Parade popularity. It has a solid beat and jump rhythm and introduces a new vocalist, Carol Scott, who really knows how to sell a song. It's a must for any record library.

CAPITOL 15031—Stan Kenton and his orchestra. *Soothe Me and Lover*. *Soothe Me* is a slow blues number which gives the Kenton crew opportunity to display its unique musical combination. Vivacious June Christy does the lyric with exciting vocal interpretation. The flip-over is an old standard all dressed up in modern jazz. Instrumental throughout, it begins with Stan's piano—the beat is picked up by Safranski's bass—and it ends up with full Kenton brass. Jazz fans will love it.

CAPITOL 15045—Red Ingle and his Natural Seven. *Cigarettes, Whusky and Wild, Wild Women plus Pearly Maude*. The evils in the first title are portrayed in satire, and you'll find many surprises on this platter with a "tipsy" bystander heckling Red. The other side is a take-off on two French numbers, *Parlez Moi D'Amour* and the familiar folk song, *Jolie Blon*. It features one Mlle. Fifi Y'Okum. They are both all for fun—so be prepared when you first hear them.

* **Brookside Record Shop, 6330 Brookside Plaza, JA 5200.**

VICTOR 20-2761—Sammy Kaye and his orchestra. *Tell Me a Story and I Wouldn't Be Surprised*. The top side is a song that's fast becoming a country-wide favorite. You'll enjoy the smooth rendition by the Kaye group featuring Don Cornell and the Three Kaydets on the vocal. The swinggy little ballad on the reverse should put you in a dancing mood. Laura Leslie and Don Cornell complete the musical picture with a vocal duet. It's another "Swing and Sway" hit!

DECCA 24379—Bing Crosby with John Scott Trotter and his orchestra. *Haunted Heart and Moonlight On a White Picket Fence*. Here's der Bingle again with his latest platter. Needless to say you'll enjoy the result. Taken from the musical production, *Inside U. S. A.*, the first number is an unusual ballad which Bing sings with ease. The flip-over, a John Scott Trotter original, is another "June-Moon-Croon" tune, but it is superbly done by Mr. Crosby. His fans will have to own it.

MERCURY 5112—Jan August with rhythm accompaniment. *Misirlou and Zigeuner*. Jan is now an established star on the 88, so his fans will undoubtedly welcome this bit of good news from the Mercury people. August has a new contract and managed to cut quite a few sides before P-day (Petrillo day)—among them his hard-to-get *Misirlou* and *Zigeuner*. You'll want several copies of this for posterity's sake!

▲
Hindsight: A mistake viewed from the rear.

CHICAGO *Letter*

by NORT JONATHAN

THEY buried Marshall Field's noble experiment in Chicago journalism not long ago. Of course, the burial was technically called a "merger"—but the combined *Sun and Times* looks remarkably like the old *Chicago Daily Times*, which was purchased by Field less than a year ago. Only a few original *Sun* features survived the merger—notably Billy Rose and Steve Canyon. The more intellectual reader will look in vain for the columns and special stories, all liberally slanted, upon which the *Sun* prided itself.

Although Field has publicly been all out for the Common Man for many years, this has never prevented his captains and lieutenants from running his various enterprises just like all other businesses that expect to make money. Just as on Wall Street, with Field enterprises the comptroller is still king. Most of the *Sun* staff was fired pronto, with very little conversation heard from the management about the Brotherhood of Man.

With *PM*, the *Sun's* New York little-brother-in-the-red, slated for sale or abandonment in the near future, Marshall Field seems to be getting out of journalism, where such rowdy characters as Colonel McCormack and William Randolph Hearst have given him quite a beating. Even though the *Sun-Times* is a Field enterprise it is run entirely by the old *Times* crowd—a shrewd bunch of practical newspapermen who launched Chicago's first tabloid newspaper in the late lush twenties and didn't let the depression keep them from building a strong and powerful liberal newspaper. On the other hand, Field with all his money was able to accomplish very little over a period of seven boom years.

Field's radio enterprises, however, are a different story. For example, one of his most profitable radio stations is Chicago's WJJD. Another is WSAI in Cincinnati, Ohio. In both cases he bought well-established stations and has never interfered with the happy inclination of their man-



agement to make lots of money.



While we're on the subject of radio, it should be noted that the local crop of disc jockeys is fast exhausting the carefully hoarded supply of new tunes recorded before Mr. Petrillo—a Chicago citizen of whom we're not too proud—said, "No more recordings!" Every disc jockey wants to play the new records—first. So the tune-pluggers have to keep running back to their storehouse, to return with another armload of "green" records.

The Big Four among our town's record-spinners—Dave Garroway, Ernie Simon, Lynn Burton, and Eddie Hubbard—have just concluded a two-week stint at the State-Lake Theatre, where they shared the billing and the bobby-soxers with Mel Torme and Ella Fitzgerald. One cynic was heard to remark that this stage show was just what vaudeville needed—to kick it right back into its grave.

The day of the specialist in the disc jockey sweepstakes has arrived. For example, Ed Wiebe is practically a teenager himself and talks only to the teenage audience. Al Benson is Chicago's most popular Negro platter-spinner. His following is formidable, feverishly rushing right out to buy everything that the Prophet plugs on his many shows.

Rosemary Wayne is one of Chicago's career girls. Starting in the night club business some years ago, she switched over to radio early in the forties. Now

"Rosemary Wayne Spins" is one of the most popular afternoon record shows. The gal is only about four feet eleven inches tall—a slight height deficiency which she calmly overcomes by wearing the dizziest platform shoes in town. Wobbling around Radio Row on these stilts, she reminds the beholder of a little girl playing "dress up" by wearing her mother's high heels.



Another Chicago career girl who has what it takes is personable and pretty Alice Young, who owns and manages one of the best summer resorts in Wisconsin. Although only in her twenties, energetic Alice tackled the king-sized job of catering to the whims of the vacationing public three years ago, when she returned from overseas service with the Red Cross. Her family's 50-year-old Resthaven Resort near Rhineland, Wisconsin, needed a youthful touch, so Miss Young rushed up to Pelican Lake and pitched in. During the winter months she figures out ways and means for getting more dollars into the Resthaven Resort cash register. From early April until late September she's busy on the scene of action. That means painting, cleaning and repairing until the first hardy vacationists start northward on Memorial Day. Then for the next three months she's busy 16 hours a day keeping everybody happy. If you know vacationers, you'll agree that's a gigantic job. It includes a reasonable facsimile of everything from bed-making to bartending.

When a crisis arises, Alice Young usually takes care of it with dispatch. Only once has she been forced to resort to the well-known last weapon of embattled womanhood. That was one gloomy

Sunday when the chef wanted to walk out on her right in the middle of the dinner rush. Alice faced him bravely in the kitchen, gave him a piece of her mind—and burst into tears. The chef retreated in confusion to the stove and remained tractable thereafter.



Thoughts of spring, summer and vacations bring to mind the fact that Chicago is represented in the major leagues by two baseball teams—the Cubs and the White Sox. Every team but the Cubs and Sox, it seems, has great plans for the new season—new players, revived old players, and the firm desire to win a championship. Chicago's teams, however, seem destined to descend quickly into the cellar of their respective leagues and remain there snugly until October first. The sports fans are wondering aloud, as they do every year, when Chicago will have a couple of ball clubs worthy of big league baseball.



Chicago now has two television stations in daily operation. The *Tribune* got its station on the air with the usual *Tribune* fanfare and pomp and circumstance. The fanfare included a gigantic three hour show which put to shame anything previously televised in Chicago. The pomp and circumstance featured the usual cast of characters, including Governor Green and Colonel McCormack, the proud owner of the new station.

The Governor in his dedication remarks spoke as though television were something he had personally discovered just the day before. While listening to him speak, a terrible thought dawned. Politicians making speeches via television will now be seen as well as heard.



Where There's a Will

Andrew Jackson had an old family servant, a Negro, who was devoted to his master.

One day a visitor in the home asked him, "Do you think General Jackson will ever get to heaven?"

The old fellow replied, "'Deed, I dunno, sah; dat jis' depen's."

"Depends on what?"

"Jis' depen's, sah, on ef de gin'al wants to go, sah, er not. Ef he don' want to go, den he won't; but ef he does, den he'll be dere, sho'."

CHICAGO *Ports of Call*



Very High Life

- ★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th at Michigan (WAB 4400). Connie Hilton's entertainment tycoons dreamed up an ice show for this top room, and Chuck Foster is on the bandstand again.
- ★ **BUTTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State (SUP 7200). Phil Gordon is packing them in again, having returned for the third or fourth time. The food is of the best.
- ★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUP 2200). Charming elegance, plus Ron Perry's music in a charmingly intimate setting. A best bet for dinner or a dance date.
- ★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State and Monroe (RAN 7500). The current Springtime revue is starting a long run. Skinnay Ennis' orchestra and dancer Chandra Kaly are featured in the entertaining show.
- ★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (HAR 3800). Jerry Glidden's band is the large attraction here, with Kiki Ochart's rhumba outfit providing provocative cocktail hour music.
- ★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 7th at Michigan (HAR 4300). This is an elegantly tiered and decorated room. Lucienne Boyer and Ray Morton's orchestra share honors in a bright new show.
- ★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Parkway (SUP 7200). Good food, served stupendously, mostly in flames. If you're a Hollywood actor,

by JOAN FORTUNE

the Pump Room is a must for that boring stop-over in Chicago between the Super Chief and the 20th Century. Just the place for a Stinger and a snack.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CEN 0213). A beautiful spot for dancing to the suave music of Joseph Sudy's orchestra. A paneled bleached mahogany decor that's somewhat unusual.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (DEL 9300). There's a wide choice of Russian dishes, most of which we can't pronounce, let alone spell. You won't go wrong if there's romance on your mind. George Scherban's gypsy ensemble is unobtrusive but effective.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road, (LON 6000). George Olsen's orchestra is being held over for the second time. The show is tops, featuring such favorites as Gil Maison and his animals, and ballet dancers Myrtil and Picaud.

★ **LOTUS ROOM**, LaSalle Hotel, LaSalle at Madison (FRA 0700). Chuck Cavallo plays for dinner and dancing. It's a handsome dining spot with yellow and green colors carrying out the lotus pattern.

★ **SHERATON LOUNGE**, Sheraton Hotel, 505 N. Michigan (WHI 4100). This is the New Horizon Room dressed up in the new look. It should be added that the "new look" consists mostly of eight or ten beautiful hostesses in extremely revealing gowns.

The Show's the Thing

★ **CHEZ PAREE**, 610 Fairbanks Court (DEL 3434). It's a big show starring Connie Haynes and the Jack Cole dancers. Marty Gould's orchestra and Don Chiesta's rhumba band take turns seeing to it that there's always music available.

★ **LATIN QUARTER**, 23 W. Randolph (RAN 5544). This spot has become the stronghold of the rhumba.

★ **RIO CABANA**, 400 N. Wabash (DEL 3700). Flossiest of the flesh spots on the near north side. Strictly for entertaining out-of-town customers, or lightening those post income tax blues.

Strictly for Swing

★ **JAZZ, LTD.**, 11 E. Grand Avenue. Worthwhile if you're a hot music addict. You'll find on tap swing sessions featuring most of the top musicians from ten at night until four or five in the morning.

★ **COLLEGE INN**, Sherman Hotel. It's a gay, bright setting with a large attraction for the juvenile element. Give it a try only if noise doesn't bother you. Herbie Fields and the College Inn models are currently featured.

★ **GLASS HOUSE**, Graemere Hotel, 113 N. Homan. Don Fielding and the Towns-men have succeeded the deservedly popular Don Orlando band. Everybody hopes that the Orlando outfit will be back soon. This is meant as no reflection on the current crew. Orlando is just a hard musician to follow.

Strictly for Stripping

If nature study is your entertainment goal, you can't go wrong in these north and west side strip palaces. The shows are educational and sometimes expensive at spots like the **FRENCH CASINO**, 641 N. Clark Street . . . **EL MOCAMBO**, 1519 West Madison Street . . . **THE PLAYHOUSE**, 550 N. Clark Street . . . the **L and L CAFE**, 1315 West Madison Street . . . the **606 CLUB** at 606 South Wabash . . . the **TROCADERO CLUB**, 525 South State Street.

Gourmet's Delight

★ **BARNEY'S MARKET CLUB**, 741 W. Randolph. Barney's greeting of "Hello,

Senator!" is his trademark from coast to coast. The steaks and lobster are extra good.

★ **CAMEO RESTAURANT**, 116 E. Walton. Sophisticated dining in a jewel-like setting. The food is unsurpassed anywhere in Chicago. Ditto the prices.

★ **FRITZEL'S**, State at Lake. Chicago's newest dining spot in the famous tradition of Rector's. Reasonable prices, too.

★ **HENRICI'S**, 71 W. Randolph. Old and honored rendezvous for politicians, newspaper characters and musicians. Even this combination doesn't keep the public away. The food is that good.

★ **LE PETIT GOURMET**, 619 N. Michigan. Open hearth fires in winter, garden tables outdoors in the summer. French food in an extremely charming atmosphere.

★ **RED STAR INN**, 1528 N. Clark Street. Hearty German food served in equally hearty surroundings.

★ **ST. HUBERT OLD ENGLISH GRILL**, 316 S. Federal Street. This first-rate restaurant resembles an old English inn. Wear your tweeds and enjoy a strictly British (pre-war, that is) bill of fare.

Cocktails and Conversation

George Merienthal's bright **LONDON HOUSE** at the Michigan Avenue bridge . . . the **WRIGLEY BUILDING BAR**, presided over by Lou Harrington, master of the martini . . . Fred Harvey's **UNION STATION BAR** . . . the boisterous **CELEBRITY TRAIN** in the Hotel Sherman . . . the masculine **MEN'S PUB** at the extreme south end of the Stevens Hotel . . . the warm, quiet **PARK ROW ROOM** at the extreme north end of the same hotel.

▲
The only place ends meet now is on the gridiron.—*Louisville Courier-Journal Magazine.*

▲
Both mansions and cemeteries are filled with men who took chances.

▲
Lecturing his son who had been avoiding school, the father asked sternly, "What do you mean by playing truant? What makes you stav away from school?"

Replied the son, "Class hatred, father."

NEW YORK *Letter*

by LUCIE BRION

SPRING has come to Manhattan! The pushcarts are out with their loads of bright flower pots, Central Park is full of greenery and romance, and the canine population is demanding longer and better walks. From these facts we gather that Spring is here, and hope it will stop over awhile.

Amateur photographers are doing a thriving business around town, since there is a very active market for their work with both magazines and newspapers. Many are expert, but by not having steady jobs, they can't classify themselves as professionals. Manhattan has everything to offer the candid camera; it's just a matter of keeping the clicker handy. This remunerative hobby isn't confined to any age group; one is as likely to see an oldster at work as a teenager. And with the photo market what it is, the whole thing can be a pretty exciting venture.



Turning back time to the Easter Parade . . . the day was cold and raw. But despite the temperature, many an Easter bonnet "with all the flowers upon it" was snapped for the rotogravure. The best bonnets of all, however, were those worn by the horses which faithfully pull traditional carriages from the Plaza Hotel at Fifty-ninth and Fifth Avenue through Central Park. These horses wore straw

hats loaded with flowers and tulle—each with a flair of its own.



Political arguments in Manhattan aren't nearly as prevalent as they have been in past election years. It seems as if everyone is waiting for something, or someone, definitely to fight for, out of the maze of national and international problems. And mud-slinging isn't what it used to be, for which we can all be thankful. Many people are reading Maurice Milligan's book, which was titled *Missouri Waltz* before the publisher changed it to something much longer. The Republicans are determined to fight the campaign against Pendergastism. When the political conventions are over and party leaders and platforms are picked, personal feelings may run much higher. Most fair-minded people, regardless of party affiliations, are sorry to see President Truman's stock sagging because he refuses to drop his civil rights program. It is regrettable that anyone should be so castigated for upholding the laws of the land. As a Southern lady said recently, "Truman didn't write the Constitution and its amendments; he's only trying to enforce them."

Veterans around town have a song about Henry Wallace. It is sung to the tune of the *Too Fat Polka*, and the lyrics go, "You can have him, we don't want him, he's too red for us . . ." Which brings to mind the fact that Comrade Gromyko isn't gaining any sympathy here by driving around in a huge black limousine resplendent with livery.



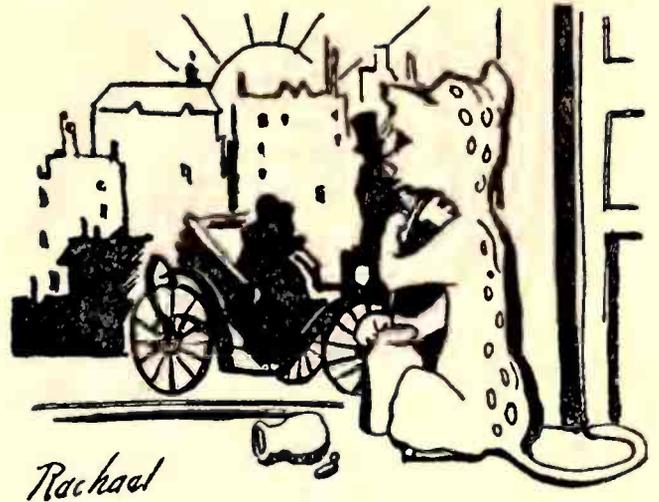
Upper Park Avenue and vicinity have had the cleverest little jewel thief of late. This light-fingered guy gets in through windows from over roof-tops. He empties jewel cases and pocketbooks but leaves nothing in disarray. He is immaculate. Even the fluffiest of lingerie is put back in complete order after his search. It is only by chance that several people have

discovered their losses quickly. With no apparent reason to suspect a robbery, such as drawers turned inside out, one could go for days without realizing what had happened.

• • •
Despite all rumors, skirts are not getting any shorter. Paris collections for spring showed hems from 15 down to 8 inches from the floor for day, though American designers place them between 14 and 12 inches. Shoulders have lost all pretense of padding, and waists continue to strive for the vanishing point. Up ahead, the bonnet and plateau are leading current fashions. Shoes keep adding more and more straps; the curving Louis heel is back; and the newest shoe form is the scooped out shell, which barely manages to keep the shod from the sod.

• • •
There is a new small machine on the market which plucks chickens or any other

type of fowl. Unless one has had a personal experience with this ordeal, it is difficult to understand how welcome this news is. The machine, operated by electricity, plucks a fowl absolutely clean within ten minutes. What next?



Creme a la Glace

SOME folks eat to live; others live to eat. A chosen few live to revolutionize the eating habits of mankind. Charles E. Menches, for example.

The scene was St. Louis during the 1904 Exposition. A young salesman at the time, Charlie Menches' fancy lightly followed the perennial path of youth. One evening, fortified with a bunch of flowers and an ice cream sandwich, he paid a visit to the maiden he was currently courting. She accepted the gifts graciously. Then consternation shadowed her pretty face. There was no vase! What was to be done with the flowers?

With real feminine ingenuity, she quickly removed the upper biscuit of the ice cream sandwich and twisted it into a suitable container. How she prevailed upon this improvised vase to stand erect is something of a mystery. However, it seems this biscuit-twisting business started to become a habit.

For by now the ice cream was becoming a bit soupy. Inspiration struck again. Removing the bottom layer of the sandwich—which must have been a very neat trick—she fashioned a second vase. And there was a dainty, edible receptacle for the ice cream.

Ice cream was not manufactured commercially in those unenlightened days. Although some public eating houses made their own and there were ice cream booths at the Fair, for the most part it was frozen privately at home.

Young Menches was quick to realize the possibilities of the twisted biscuit. In that moment the ice cream cone was born. And, when dairies began producing ice cream, the cone proved to be a super salesman. That humble, hand-twisted cone can honestly be said to have built the ice cream industry to its present level.—David R. Kennedy.

▲
The man who imagines himself a budding genius is often just a blooming nuisance.

NEW YORK Theatre



Current Plays . . .

★ **THE CUP OF TREMBLING.** (Apr. 20, 1948). Elisabeth Bergner is at the head of the cast in this Louis Paul adaptation of his novel, *Breakdown*. Produced by Paul Czinner and C. P. Jaeger, with Beverly Bayne, John Carradine, Hope Emerson and Arlene Francis, under the direction of Mr. Czinner. Music Box, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **FOR LOVE OR MONEY.** (Nov. 4, 1947). New and refreshing June Lockhart continues to charm the public despite the weak plot of this slight comedy. The unbelievable antics concern a receptionist and a matinee idol. Assisting in the cast are John Loder and Vicki Cummings. Henry Miller, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **JOY TO THE WORLD.** (Mar. 18, 1948). Life in Hollywood is portrayed by Alfred Drake and Marsha Hunt. The result, though not very penetrating, does maintain a lively pace. Plymouth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **MACBETH.** (Mar. 31, 1948). The ambitious Scot and his wife are played by Michael Redgrave and Flora Robson. Produced by Theatre Incorporated and Brian Doherty, it is under the direction of Norris Houghton. National, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **ME AND MOLLY.** (Feb. 26, 1948). Brooklyn home life as taken from *The Goldbergs*, a radio serial, loses some of its savor on the stage but remains fairly engaging. The author, Gertrude Berg, and Phillip Loeb are the principals. Belasco, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40.

★ **MISTER ROBERTS.** (Feb. 18, 1948). Henry Fonda is a perfect lead in this stirring dramatization of Thomas Heggen's penetratingly hilarious war novel. It's one of the best of the season. The able supporting cast includes David Wayne, Robert Keith and William Harrigan. Alvin, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THE RATS OF NORWAY.** (Apr. 15, 1948). A play dealing with a spiritual search for the perfect love. Heading an impressive cast are Colin Keith Johnson, Richard Ney and John Ireland. Directed by James S. Elliot. Booth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE.** (Mar. 16, 1948). Meg Mundy achieves a personal success in Jean-Paul Sartre's drama of race hatred. It is preceded by *The Happy Journey*, Thornton Wilder's confusing one-act curtain raiser. Cort, evenings, except Monday, at 8:45. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3:00.

★ **STRANGE BEDFELLOWS.** (Jan. 14, 1948). This is centered about the women's suffrage movement in the 90's. A period almost painfully-familiar to theatregoers but still productive of laughs. The cast of the comedy includes Joan Tetzl, John Archer, Carl Benton Reid and lots of others. Morosco, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday at 2:40 and Sunday at 3:00.

★ **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.** (Dec. 3, 1947). Acclaimed by critics as the year's best, this Tennessee Williams hit is superb. Jessica Tandy turns in an excellent performance and Marlon Brando is outstanding. With Karl Malden and

Kim Hunter. Barrymore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **YOU NEVER CAN TELL.** (Mar. 15, 1948). An early Shaw comedy which is interesting as historical material and occasionally charming. The wit is typically Shavian but enjoyable still. Leo G. Carroll, Frieda Inescort and Ralph Forbes are among the cast. Martin Beck, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .

BORN YESTERDAY. (Feb 4, 1946). Judy Holliday and Paul Douglas as an ex-chorine and crooked junk dealer, respectively, in this still wonderfully funny Garson Kanin comedy. Lyceum, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . .

COMMAND DECISION. (Oct. 1, 1947). An expertly written drama concerning our Air Force in England. The all-male cast includes Paul Kelly, Jay Fasset and Edmon Ryan. Fulton, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40 . . .

HARVEY. (Nov. 1, 1944). Jimmy Stewart, Josephine Hull and some rabbit. 48th Street, evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . .

MAN AND SUPERMAN. (Oct. 8, 1947). A 1903 version of Shaw's ideas on women and marriage. Maurice Evans stars in his own production, supported by Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcom Keen and Chester Stratton. Hudson, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . .

MEDEA. (Oct. 20, 1947). In this Robinson Jeffers revision of Euripides, Judith Anderson gives a powerful and frightening interpretation. Dennis King and Florence Reed are in the supporting cast. Royale, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . .

THE HEIRESS. (Sept. 27, 1947). Wendy Hiller supported by Basil Rathbone in the Goetz adaptation of Henry James' *Washington Square*. Biltmore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:35. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:35 . . .

THE WINSLOW BOY. (Oct. 29, 1947). A worthwhile

play centered around a famous lawsuit against the crown. The cast, which is from England, includes Alan Webb, Frank Allenby and Valerie White. Empire, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

Current Musicals . . .

★ **ANGEL IN THE WINGS.** (Dec. 11, 1947). The small revue which features Paul and Grace Hartman is wonderful except for those numbers which don't contain the Hartmans. Others in the cast are Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae and Peter Hamilton. Coronet, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

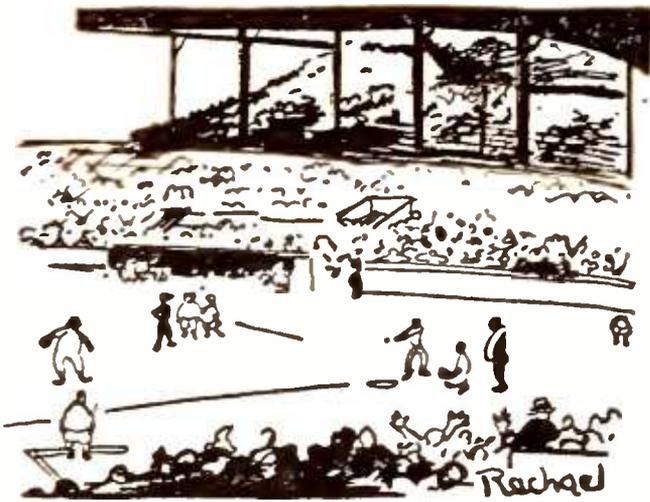
★ **THE D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY.** (Dec. 29, 1947). For Gilbert and Sullivan, this London group leads the field. Martyn Green and Darrell Fancourt are starred in the successful cast. New Century, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **LOOK, MA, I'M DANCIN'!** (Jan. 29, 1948). The adventures of a ballet company on tour are staged in gay colors as Nancy Walker clowns through her pirouettes. Knowledge of dance is helpful, but not imperative. The choreography by Jerome Robbins is sometimes quite good. With Harold Lang, Janet Reed, Katharine Sergava and Alice Pearce. Adelphi, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **MAKE MINE MANHATTAN.** (Jan. 15, 1948). Wonderful for light entertainment, with songs by Richard Lewine and a book by Arnold B. Horwitt. The crazy antics are handled by comics David Burns and Sid Caesar. Broadhurst, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

Established Hits . . .

ALLEGRO. (Oct. 10, 1947). Richard Rodger's music carries the burden as Oscar Hammerstein and Agnes deMille ride along. The book and the ballets add little to the production. In major roles are Annamary Dickey, John Conte, Robert Jonay and John Battles. Majestic, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees



Thursday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . AN-NIE GET YOUR GUN. (May 10, 1946). Loud and irresistible Ethel Mer-man still going strong. Imperial, eve-nings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . BRIGADOON. (Mar. 13, 1947). A

musical fantasy with dancing and singing and David Brooks and Marion Bell. Zieg-feld, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:30. . . . FINIAN'S RAINBOW. (Jan. 10, 1947). A leprechaun comes to Missitucky and an accomplished cast takes it from there. 46th Street, evenings, except Sun-day at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . . HIGH BUTTON SHOES. (Oct. 9, 1947). Delightful non-sense with Nanette Fabray at her best. Also, Jerome Robbins' Mack Sennett bal-let is wonderful! With Phil Silvers, Lois Lee and Joey Faye. Shubert, evenings, ex-cept Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednes-day and Saturday at 2:30 . . . OKLA-HOMA. (May 31, 1943). Still the toast of the musical comedy world. St. James, evenings, except Monday, at 8:30. Mat-inees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

NEW YORK THEATRES

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

Adelphi, 152 W. 54th.....CI 6-5097	E	International,	
Alvin, 250 W. 52nd.....CI 5-6868	W	5 Columbus Circle.....CI 5-4884	
Barrymore, 243 E. 47th.....CI 6-0390	W	Lyceum, 149 W. 45th.....CH 4-4256	E
Belasco, 115 W. 44th.....BR 9-2067	E	Majestic, 245 W. 44th.....CI 6-0730	W
Biltmore, 261 W. 47th.....CI 6-9353	W	Mansfield, 256 W. 47th.....CI 6-9056	W
Booth, 222 W. 45th.....CI 6-5969	W	Martin Beck, 402 W. 45th..CI 6-6363	W
Broadhurst, 253 W. 44th....CI 6-6699	E	Henry Miller,	
Century, 932 7th Ave.....CI 7-3121		124 W. 43rd.....BR 9-3970	E
Coronet, 203 W. 49th.....CI 6-8870	W	Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....CI 6-6230	W
Cort, 138 W. 48th.....CI 5-4289	E	Music Box, 239 W. 45th....CI 6-4636	W
Empire, Broadway at 40th..PE 6-9540		National, 208 W. 41st.....PE 6-8220	W
Forty Sixth, 221 W. 46th....CI 6-6075	W	Playhouse, 137 W. 48th....CI 5-6060	E
Forty Eighth, 157 W. 48th..BR 9-4566	E	Plymouth, 236 W. 45th.....CI 6-9156	W
Fulton, 210 W. 46th.....CI 6-6380	W	Royale, 242 W. 45th.....CI 5-5760	W
Hudson, 141 W. 44th.....BR 9-5641	E	Shubert, 225 W. 44th.....CI 6-9500	W
Imperial, 209 W. 45th.....CO 5-2412	W	Zeigfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th..CI 5-5200	



The young wife greeted her husband affectionately when he returned from the office. "Poor darling!" she said. "You must be tired and hungry. Would you like some nice soup, tender chops with golden brown potatoes and green peas and mushrooms on toast?"

"No, darling," her husband answered firmly. "Let's save the money and eat at home."



A highbrow is a person who can use the word "whom" without feeling self-conscious.



A river first becomes crooked by following the line of least resistance—and so does man.—Sunday School Times.

New York PORTS OF CALL

Fine Food . . .

★ **LEONE'S.** Theatre great and near-great have been eating here for years; but even in competition with such interesting patrons, the food claims all attention, as it deserves to. A perfect before the theatre restaurant. Don't forget to pronounce the final "e" if you phone for reservations. 239 W. 48. CI 5-5555.

★ **SAVOY PLAZA.** The Cafe Lounge is charmingly small for dancing. The music is Latin American, for the most part, and very good too. Not so crowded as many rooms, but for a table on the wall be early. 5th Ave. at 59, VO 5-2600.

★ **SWEETS.** Spring is the time to wander down to Fulton Fish Market, watch the water-front bustle of boats bringing in the day's catch, and those who work on the docks. Then to Sweets to order the freshest and best of fish and seafood. 2 Fulton. WH 4-9628.

Entertainment . . .

★ **HAREM.** Uncommon to the Great White Way—a name that tells all. Nearly an hour and a half of the Sultan's reigning beauties parade and dance, interrupted only by the current spotlight entertainers. Two shows nightly, with dancing between. You'll have to hear this to believe it—as you may have seen something like it before. Broadway at 49. CI 7-7380.

★ **Le DIRECTOIRE.** Opened too late to make the April listing. But don't waste a day of May getting to the site of the late Cafe Society Uptown. Wonders have taken place, created by master showman

Jacoby, who handles the Blue Angel. Entertainment by Kay Thompson and troupe is exciting, captivating, and, to be brief about it, a knock-out. 128 E. 58th St. PL 5-9223.

★ **LESLIE HOUSE.** Remember Tommy Lyman?—the first, and many think, the greatest of the crooners. Certainly he's the softest; and he sings nightly after the theatre at 30 West 56th Street. "Saloon singing," he calls it—and it's worth hearing. CI 5-6052.

★ **PENTHOUSE CLUB.** Sky high, overlooking Central Park. Food and drink is served from noon on, and for the first time here, late entertainment recently has been added for after theatre callers. If you're visiting New York you'll want to zoom up here at least once. 30 Central Park South. PL 9-3561.

★ **VANGUARD.** Those who think "The Village" has been somewhat warmed over, or has lost considerable originality, note this name. Some of the up-towners begin here. Then others come back for the fun. 7th Ave. and 11. CH 2-9355.

Away From Manhattan . . .

★ **BLACK BEAR RESTAURANT.** Food comparable to this in New York would be in the luxury class. It's all cooked to order and unbelievably good. Imported beers and wines are additional reasons gourmets come here. 112 Belmont, Paterson, N. J.

★ **EMILY SHAW'S.** Westchester will never be lovelier than now. After such a drive this is an inviting, satisfying destination. The finest country inn food, beautifully served in an artistic setting. Make reservations, and allow ample time for driving out. Poundridge, N. Y., Bedford Village 9371.

★ **SILVERMINE TAVERN.** Deep in the hills is this rustic and beautiful old landmark beside a mill pond. You may dine or sip on the platform terrace by the water, watch the reflections of tall trees and waving grass on the mirrored surface. Fine food, well prepared. Reservations needed ahead for guest rooms. Norwalk, Conn., Norwalk 6-2588.



KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

Magnificent Meal . . .

★ PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER. There are usually more people standing than sitting—because there's more room perpendicularly. Always crowded, and with good reason—partly those Pusateri steaks, the roast beef, and the salads with garlic dressing. If you'd like to chat, music by Muzak provides a very nice background. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.



★ SAVOY GRILL. Here's an institution with a glorious past, a busy present and a future! Everyone knows the old Savoy. There's a mellowness about the place—from the dim browned murals, the high leather booths, to the favorite old retainers. Headwaiter Brown can't remember how long he's been here. The food is traditional in style, up-to-the-minute in method. Marvellous steaks are always available and the lobsters, slowly broiled in butter, are as large as you like them. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

★ WEISS CAFE. Menus here range from live Maine lobster, choice steaks and roast duckling to excellent chicken. Mmmh! Always crowded; so be sure to come early, especially at lunch time. Incidentally, the Weiss salad bowl is a grand luncheon suggestion. An ornate fireplace at the north end of this cafe dates back to 1867 when the Coates House was in its hey-day. Be sure to look it over. We like to go to Weiss' for cocktails. You'll like it too! Coates House. VI 6904.

evening. Charles Phil Provost, a fast man on the "88," blends the Solovox and piano in a delightful way. Convenient to downtowners. Hotel Commonwealth, 1216 Broadway. HA 4410.

★ PUTSCH'S. This beautiful restaurant features popular Freddie Heikel, his violin and trio, direct from the "Ram," Challenger Inn, Sun Valley, Idaho. He has been a featured attraction at New York's Roxy Theater many times. Putsch's serves truly distinguished food—excellent dinners as low as \$1.65. Choice steaks, air-expressed Colorado mountain trout and roast prime ribs of beef are dinner suggestions. The "In a Hurry" businessman's luncheon is a treat and is priced at a dollar. A typical luncheon includes short ribs of beef, a nice salad, rolls and coffee. If you're taking visitors on a tour of the city, Putsch's "210" is a "must!" There's a beautiful cafeteria on the Wyandotte side serving a variety of dishes at reasonable prices. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

★ RENDEZVOUS. A room with no entertainment except what you stir up with table-talk at your own or an adjoining table. You can order steaks and things if you're hungry. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th and Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ ZEPHYR ROOM. A soft, cozy lounge with the piano music of Dave McLain and Betty Rogers. The room has a sort of intimate neighborliness. It's about half-way home—and you're a better man than we are if you can pass it by! The Zephyr Room is just down the hall from El Casbah. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

To See and Be Seen . . .

★ DRUM ROOM. There's a bar on the corner under the sign of the big red drum. Enter here or go in via the lobby and that magic eye door. Luncheon, dinner and supper available in the Drum Room proper, a flight below the bar. The Drum Room music for the merry, merry month of May will be by Jimmy Ellyn and his orchestra. Incidentally, the President coffee shop

Class With a Glass

★ BLUE DAHLIA ROOM. Prominent athletic figures make their headquarters here and the place exudes friendliness and good cheer. The seating is plushy and comfortable



and the drinks are well-mixed—a good combination for a pleasant afternoon or



serves excellent breakfast snacks as well as delicious luncheons. Hotel President, 14th and Baltimore, GR 5440.

★ **TERRACE GRILL.**

The big parade of name bands goes rolling on. If you're looking for a quiet

evening during May, drop down to the Muehlebach (basement floor) and dance to the music of Bernie Cummings. Your choice of tables. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **EL CASBAH.** The customers who haunt the Pump Room in Chicago, the Stork and "21" in New York, are the ones you'll find in the Bellerive's beautiful El Casbah. From the Flaming Sword dinners and Flaming desserts to the full length mirrors on the right as you enter, this supper club blends food, artistic decoration and good music *superieurement*. Musical attraction for May is Ralph Sterling and his society band, direct from the Camellia House in Chicago's Drake Hotel. Maitre d' Herman Hermany will take your telephone reservations. Remember—no cover charge! And come to the tea dance on Saturday afternoons, 12:30 until 4:30. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .

★ **BROADWAY INTERLUDE.** Black magic at the piano still has us in its spell. Joshua Johnson, to be specific, is still terrific. Boogie — bouncin' boogie! And, good food in the form of fried chicken and tender roast beef. Salads, and at noon, the businessman's lunch. Riley Thompson mixes a he-man drink—they're strronngg, so Sunday night, late, if your whistle is kinda dry, come out to the Broadway Interlude and wet it! Dale Overfelt will be there to wish you a happy Monday morning! 3560 Broadway. VA 5040.



★ **CABANA.** Not exactly a cabin in the sky but take it from us, you can get sky

high here anytime—and in a short time! The waiters wear flashy mess jackets. Alberta Bird, WHB staff organist, makes her Hammond hum at noon, for cocktails and in the evening. The place is always crowded—and no wonder. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ **LA CANTINA.** Down the stairs from El Casbah you'll find this cool, brightly decorated room. There's a bar, you can order delicious and inexpensive snacks and drop nitchels in the juke box which is turned soft and low. A favorite of the young set from the Country Club District. No tax. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

Something Different . . .

★ **BIRCHWOOD GRILL.** Charming Grace Ortega is hostess at this conveniently located restaurant on Broadway, just south of Twelfth. Those juicy, 16-ounce sirloin steaks are personally prepared by chef "Buster" Rohovit, who does a magnificent job. Along with your steak you are served a generous portion of long branch potatoes, Birchwood Chef's salad, bread and butter—all for \$2.50! House specialties include prime ribs of beef, Southern fried chicken, fresh fish and filet mignon. The service is quick and efficient. Highly recommended. Hotel Commonwealth, 1216 Broadway. HA 4410.



★ **KING JOY LO.** When better Chinese food is prepared, King Joy Lo's will prepare it! What could be nicer than a plate of beef chow mein accompanied by a bowl of dry, steamy rice, homemade soup, tea and cookies? Various combinations of chop suey and chow mein rank high in popularity, but you'll also find such delightful dishes as egg foo yong. American specialties include lobster, golden fried chicken and steaks. Booths for privacy—or sit by the huge picture windows and watch the world go by below you, at the intersection of 12th and Main. 8 W. 12th (2nd floor). HA 8113.

★ **UNITY INN.** Meatless meals the way they should be done—with accent on

clever substitutes, big salads and rich desserts. It's a very neat and spotless cafeteria operated by the famous Unity School of Christianity. The food is inexpensive and this charmingly decorated Inn is really quite convenient to downtowners. Try it! 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

★ LLOYD'S COTTAGE INN. Craziest place you ever saw. Full of more surprises than a barrel of monkeys. Bartender

"Punkins," the rotund little man with the sweetest whisky tenor around these parts, greets all comers. LIFE magazine (or is it TIME?) is going to do a feature on the place, they tell us. Right across the street from Rudy Fick's on McGee. No use giving the 'phone number. Some customer always answers, says, "Nobuddy heah but us chickens," and then slams down the receiver.

The Fiddle Doctor of Steinway Hall

IF THE violin of a famous artist suddenly dropped to the floor and smashed, one of the very few men in the country who would be able to put it together without affecting the tone of the instrument is Joe Settin.

In New York City only a few weeks ago Mischa Mischakoff, concert master of the NBC symphony orchestra, was going home in a taxi. His violin was placed on one of the jump seats, which suddenly folded up, crushing the instrument—a \$25,000 Stradivarius. The heartbroken artist quickly rushed the pieces over to Joe Settin's shop in Steinway Hall, and in a few days the instrument looked and played as if no accident had ever befallen it.

Recently a Canadian artist fell down the steps of his home with his instrument in his hands, brushed himself off, and hurried to the concert hall where he was appearing as guest soloist. He opened the violin case on the stage and almost collapsed as he noticed the condition of the instrument. Without a moment's hesitation, he boarded a train for New York to see Joe.

According to Joe, the most famous artists in the world are sometimes troubled with damaged violins. From time to time men like Elman, Gimpel, Ricci and Kreisler have had to rush to Joe's shop for some fiddle-doctoring.

"I just can't understand how some of these accidents occur," says Joe. "Sometimes it's unavoidable, but most of the time it's pure negligence!"

Joe also makes appraisals. Perhaps the most disappointing incident along this line occurred a short time ago. A young lady came all the way from Arizona to have Joe appraise the Amati which had been in her family for many years. With nervous anticipation she removed the instrument from the case, handed it to Joe and said, "This is my family's most precious possession. What is it worth?"

After a moment's scrutiny, Joe looked at the girl and said, "Young lady, I must be honest with you. This is a cheap imitation of an Amati. It's worth about \$40!" The silence which followed attested to the girl's sudden state of depression.

When a musician calls for his instrument and places the bow to the strings to hear once again the tone he thought was lost forever, Joe stands there watching with quiet reservation. As the notes come pouring forth, the inevitable smile begins to form on the musician's face. It is indeed a thrill for Joe Settin to watch a broken heart heal and a lifeless instrument sing again!—Malcolm Hyatt.

The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City



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