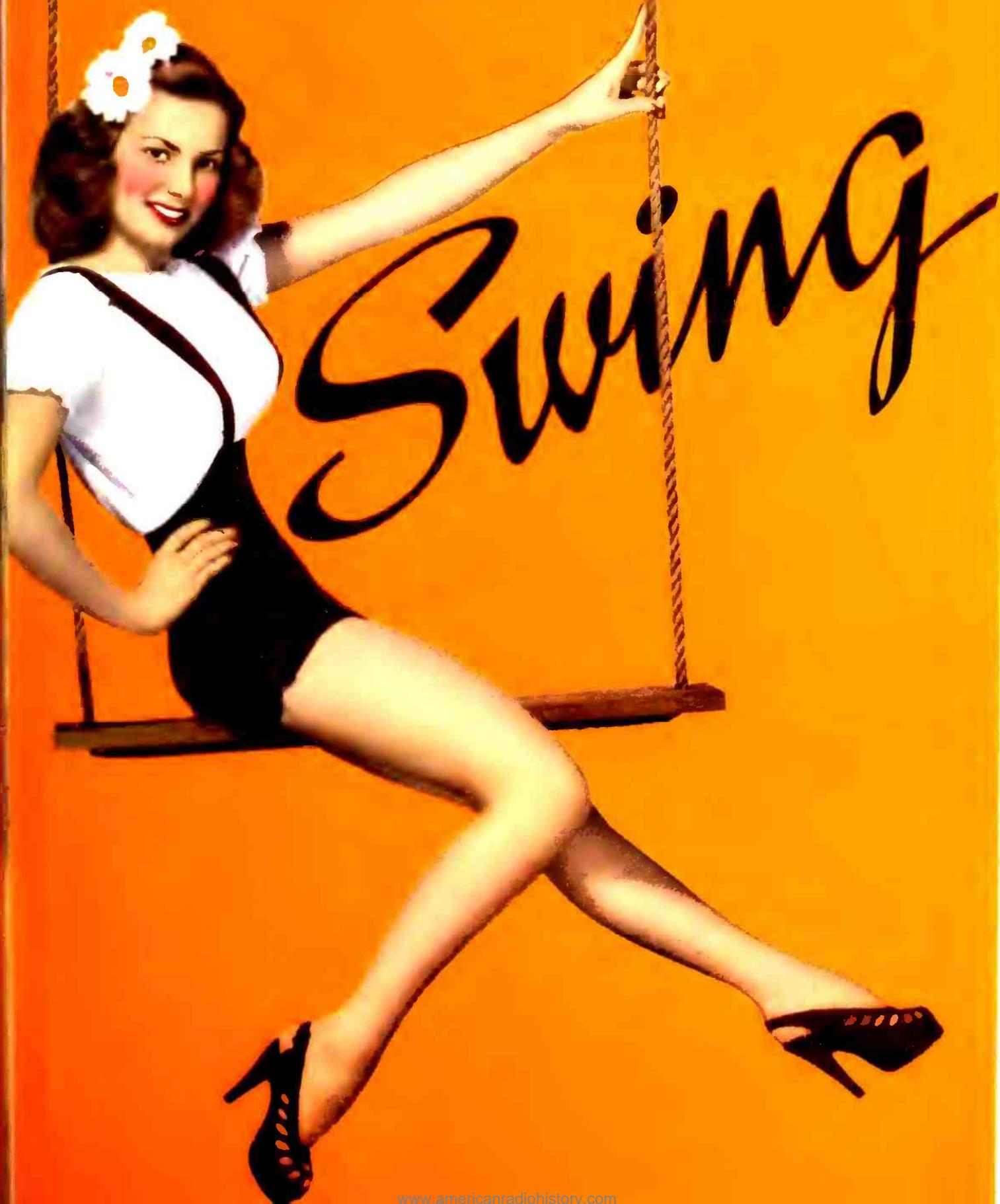


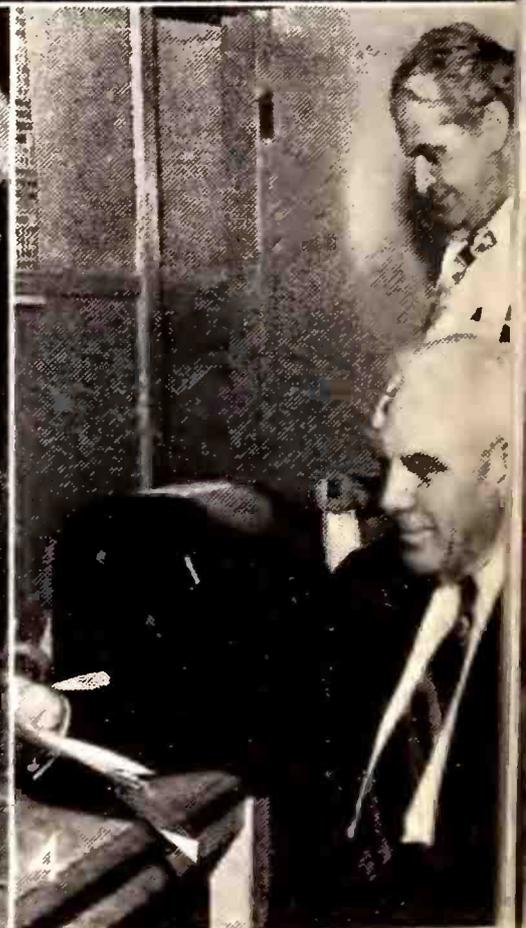
OCTOBER

1948

25¢



# W H B NEWSREEL



1. Dr. Harold Moore warns Kansas Citizens of the grave crisis facing public schools. (See page 37).

2. Discussing home building progress on the *W H B Mirror* (Sunday, 9:30 p.m. CST) are John C. Taylor, president of the J. C. Nichols Company; Charlie Neal, acting president of the Kansas City Home Builders Association; and Jim Hutton, secretary of the Association.

3. Miss America of 1948 poses with the four other finalists at Atlantic City. Second from left is Vera Ralston, sponsored by W H B, who has been selected by a panel of judges as the 1948 Swing Girl.

4. President of the National Chamber of Commerce, Earl O. Shreve, studies news flashes in the W H B Newsbureau before taking the air on *Mutual's Radio Newsreel* (Mon. through Fri., 8:15 p.m. CST).

# foreword for October

ALWAYS with the coming of spring we have had the reckless hope that it would last forever. Winter seems a rumor of horror, a medieval thing, gone and good riddance, and the thought that spring and the easy summer will pass and winter come again fills us with dread.

Yet nature takes care of its own, even its human emotions. By the time summer has curved into fall and October arrives—the brash, bright, incisive month—winter already begins to seem a welcome condition, much to be desired. Summer was worn out, anyway, a wilted old thing in tired ruffles that wouldn't give up through September. But now comes the crisp and taffeta weather with a patina of frost and smoke and the busy sound of blackbirds . . . and the ripe apple somehow more satisfying than the bloom that had us daft and lyrical in spring . . . and the brief red afternoons the shape and length of football games and drives into the country. It is a time of gathering-in, of homecoming, and the door closing to shut out the sudden night and shut in the warmth and good cheer and the feeling of safety. We draw up the chair before the first wood fire and pull the biggest book from the shelf, comfortable and barricaded, involved in a sort of gay conspiracy against the cold and feeling a certain excitement at being brought once more to face the rigors of stern nature, confident as we are that once again, against bleak despair and death for which winter serves as the eternal symbol, we will come through.

*Jetta*

# Swing®

October, 1948 • Vol. 4 • No. 10

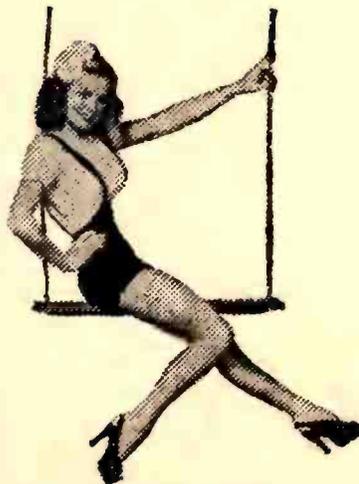
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# OCTOBER'S HEAVY DATES IN KANSAS CITY

## Art . . .

(The William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and the Mary Atkins Museum of Fine Arts.)  
**Loan Exhibitions:** The architecture of George Fred Keck; wall-papers designed by Pacific Coast artists; Chinese paintings (special exhibition in Gallery 24.)  
**Motion Pictures:** October 15, 7:30 p.m., and October 17, 3:00 p.m., *Male and Female* with Gloria Swanson. October 29, 7:30 p.m., and October 31, 3:00 p.m., *Civilization*.  
**Lectures:** October 27, 8 p.m., Laurence Sickman on *Far Eastern Art*.  
**Concerts:** (Sundays, 3:30 p.m., Fridays, 8:15 p.m.)  
 Oct. 3, Joanne Johnson Baker, pianist.  
 Oct. 5, Dr. Victor Labunski, piano recital.  
 Oct. 8, Opera program directed by Gladys Cranston.  
 Oct. 10, Eleanor Beck Watkins, pianist.  
 Oct. 22, Mary Kate Parker, pianist.  
 (No admission charge for lectures, motion pictures or concerts.)

## Music . . .

Oct. 15, Robert Shaw Chorale, Music Hall.  
 Oct. 17, London String Quartet, University of Kansas City.  
 Oct. 19-20, Kansas City Philharmonic concert, Music Hall.  
 Oct. 21, Paul Whiteman and his orchestra, Municipal Auditorium Arena.  
 Oct. 22-23, Katz Philharmonic concert, Music Hall.  
 Oct. 29, Lauritz Melchior, tenor, Music Hall.

## Dancing . . .

(Plaza-Mor Ballroom, 32nd and Main.) Dancing every night but Monday. "Over 30" dances Tuesday and Friday.  
 Oct. 2, Woody Herman.  
 Oct. 7-10, Jules Herman.  
 Oct. 14-17, 21-24, Wayne Karr.  
 Oct. 28-31, Mal Dunn.

## Drama . . .

Oct. 4-9, *Annie Get Your Gun*, Music Hall.

## Conventions . . .

Sept. 30-Oct. 2, Missouri Bar Association, Hotel President.  
 Oct. 4-7, Southwest Clinical Conference, Hotel President and Municipal Auditorium.  
 Oct. 8-9, Tri-State Credit Conference, Hotel President.  
 Oct. 9-10, Missouri State Association, B'Nai B'Rith, Hotel Muehlebach.  
 Oct. 11-14, Missouri Congress of Parents & Teachers, Hotel President.  
 Oct. 12-14, Women's Christian Temperance Union of Missouri, Grand Avenue Temple.  
 Oct. 16-23, American Royal Livestock & Horse Show, American Royal Building.



Oct. 24-26, Allied Clothiers & Jobbers, Hotel Phillips.  
 Oct. 25-27, Missouri Valley Chapter Radio Representatives, Hotel President.  
 Oct. 26-28, Missouri Baptist General Association, 2310 Linwood.  
 Oct. 27-29, Consumers Cooperative Association, Municipal Auditorium.  
 Oct. 29-30, Central Neuropsychiatric Association, Hotel President.  
 Oct. 31-Nov. 1, Western Seedmen's Association, Hotel President.  
 Oct. 31-Nov. 1, Heart of America Cosmetologists, Hotel Continental.  
 Oct. 31-Nov. 1, Central States Salesmen, Hotels Muehlebach, Phillips and Aladdin.

## Special Events . . .

Oct. 4-14, Community Chest, Municipal Auditorium Exhibition Hall.  
 Oct. 7, "Great Books" discussion, University of Kansas City.  
 Oct. 11, Jackson County Progressive Party, Glen H. Taylor, speaker, Municipal Auditorium.  
 Oct. 15, American Royal Coronation Ball. Jeri Ray, Orrin Tucker's Orchestra and Eli Wheat Square Dancers. Municipal Auditorium Arena.  
 Oct. 17, Eagle Scout Ceremonial, Music Hall.  
 Oct. 18, S. I. Hayakawa on "Language, Meaning and Maturity," University of Kansas City.  
 Oct. 18, Sir Hubert Wilkins lecture, Music Hall.  
 Oct. 21-23, Blackstone, magician, Music Hall.  
 Oct. 21, "Great Books" discussion, University of Kansas City.  
 Oct. 25, Arthur Bliss Lane lecture, Music Hall.  
 Oct. 31, Council of Churches, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

## Football . . .

(Ruppert Stadium, 22nd and Brooklyn.) High school games each Friday evening at 8:00 p.m. and Saturday afternoon at 2:00 p.m.  
 Oct. 1, Kirksville State Teachers College at Rockhurst stadium, 8:00 p.m.  
 Oct. 10, St. Benedict's College at Rockhurst stadium, 2:00 p.m.  
 Oct. 29, Hays State Teachers College at Rockhurst stadium, 8:00 p.m.

## Ice Hockey . . .

(United States Hockey League. All games at Plaza-Mor Arena, 32nd and Main.)  
 Oct. 13, St. Paul.  
 Oct. 17, Dallas.  
 Oct. 24, Minneapolis.  
 Oct. 27, St. Paul.  
 Oct. 31, Houston.

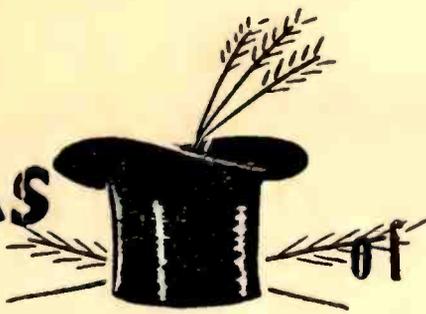
## Wrestling . . .

Wrestling every Thursday night, Memorial Hall, Kansas City, Kansas.  
 Oct. 19, Professional wrestling, Municipal Auditorium Arena.

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# MARDI GRAS



# of the Wheat Belt

by JAMES R. McQUEENY

**K**ANSAS CITY has a great big circle around October 15 on its social calendar. The glittering pageantry of the American Royal Coronation Ball looms as the most important event of the fall and winter season. Combining the brilliant lavishness of a Broadway opening with the warm-hearted gaiety of Mardi Gras, the Ball still manages to retain a distinctive Midwestern air.

For months, civic and social leaders have laid plans to insure perfection for every phase of the Ball.

Dozens of specialists have worked on the problems attending such a large-scale production: the construction of a special box at one end of the Municipal Arena as a setting for the coronation of the American Royal Queen and her court entertainment; the organization and training of hundreds of dancers for square dances, ballets, folk dances, waltzes, and modern specialties; the designing of costumes for the Queen's court and pages; and the hiring of a big-name orchestra (Orrin Tucker, this year). Additional consideration has been given mood lighting and the perfuming of the entire arena—an operation to be conducted by a leading perfumer. The 200-voice Muehlebach chorus is well rehearsed in the Coronation Processional, which was writ-

ten especially for the Queen's triumphal march.

The chairman and chief worrier of the Ball Committee must follow up every detail concerning tickets, invitations, programs, publicity, budgets, and all other items connected with the extravaganza.

With each passing year, the Coronation Ball has become more elaborate. Within the space of a short time, it has become a huge asset to the American Royal.

The Royal, itself, is a tremendous undertaking. Starting in a tent 50 years ago, the event has evolved into a \$300,000 production. It has become a time-honored institution. Like some impish column of smoke, its spirit has curled out of the stockyards district and into the hotels, banks, stores and business concerns along Main Street. While most metropolitan centers go to elaborate extremes to conceal the straw sticking out from their collars, Kansas City prides itself on being a cow town—Cowtown, U. S. A. Grain and cattle built Kansas City, and its citizenry won't let anyone forget it.

Actually, the American Royal is the external expression of the livestock industry's development. The cattleman and the farmer are progressive citizens and they are tireless in

their search for improved breeds, better strains of stock. For them, the Royal is both a classroom and a cheering stand. Here, they compare notes with other producers; here, they hear the applause of city-dwellers whose jobs and well-being are linked with theirs.

For many years, the Royal was a livestock exposition, nothing more. Its current list of "uptown activities," as differentiated from those held in the American Royal Building, stem from the Jubilesta, a civic sojourn into show business during the middle '30's.

When the Municipal Auditorium was spanking new, merchants and other civic leaders dreamed up a three-ring business-stimulator that was staged three successive autumns, beginning in 1936. The big hall became a hive of amusement activity, an irresistible magnet for the people of the trade territory. They came trooping into the new six-million-dollar fairyland to see and hear such top-drawer stars as Bob Burns, Edgar Bergen, Burns and Allen, Rubinoff, and Rudy Vallee. Music Hall attractions included George White's *Scandals* and other Broadway musicals and revues. Kansas City's products were displayed in the Exposition Hall; and in the Little Theatre, there was a reproduction of the Holy City. Street parades, famous dance orchestras, queen contests and other interest-getting features were presented.



There was no business like show business for the civic leaders until they began running up a deficit and running out of headliners. And with three or four events going simultaneously, they found they were in competition with themselves.

It was at this point that Elmer C. Rhoden, moving picture theatre executive, asked the question: Why not replace the buskin with the cowboy boot?

In the American Royal, Rhoden pointed out, the city had an attraction that had more latent possibilities than a dozen variety shows. Here was an event, rooted to the soil, that had been going along for years and was well regarded by stockmen and horse breeders. As an extremely successful showman and leading horse exhibitor, his words carried weight.

Business and professional men who had been indifferent in their support of the livestock and horse show became interested in it. They saw how it could be tied to the downtown district as well as the stockyards for the mutual, year-around benefit of both.

A live-wire committee was named within the Chamber of Commerce ranks to sell the Royal as the city's greatest, most significant event. The queen contest had been the most substantial builder of territorial good will in the Jubilesta, so it was incorporated into the American Royal plan. This contest was to be packaged in a glittering society ball. The ticklish problem of guest lists was entrusted to a mythical social arbiter, Colonel A. R. C. Ball, who, in his one public appearance at the Kansas City Union

(Continued on page 68)

# Head 'Em Off at the **GULCH!**

*Give a man a horse he can ride, a gun he can shoot, a part he can remember. Then watch the money roll in!*

by NORTON HUGHES JONATHAN

THE saddest days ever to fall upon Republic Pictures, a Hollywood studio which specializes in filming what are known to the movie trade as horse operas, were brought about by an incident which had never happened in a Western thriller before.

Roy Rogers was kissed. Not by a horse, but by a real, live girl. She was even pretty. And Roy kissed her back—right on her Max Factored lips. All this was done not too fervently, but, nevertheless, Roy and his leading lady in a sagebrush epic called *San Fernando Valley* definitely kissed in the fade-out scene.

This stirred up a commotion that frightened the chaps off the Hollywood cowboys. Outraged devotees of Mr. Rogers—a mild young man, who, it seemed, had not realized what he was doing—protested by the thousands, by wire, by letter, by telephone, in person. Young and old alike, male and female, were up in arms because Roy Rogers had engaged in a clinch.

Some fans even proposed to come to Hollywood for the purpose of forming a posse to hunt down the erring producer of *San Fernando Valley*. One frightened studio executive was reported to have hidden behind the bar

in Ciro's for two days. Horse opera fans will stand for no change in their beloved art form. In a Western picture men are men who can't want a woman unless the picture costs more than \$500,000 to produce. Only the heroes of the big super-westerns like *The Plainsman* and *Duel in the Sun* are allowed to express a hankering for the heroine.

This is true because the big outdoor spectacles must appeal to a majority of movie fans. Minor-league Westerns are custom-made to please a much smaller segment of the movie-going public, and it is this audience which will countenance no alteration in the traditional format of the horse opera.

All heroes must be virile, brave, honest and absolutely temperate. All villains must be dirty skunks and mean enough to rob a baby's piggy bank. All the characters in a typical Western must be uncomplicated. The audience must be able to recognize good or evil instantly.

The final scene usually shows the hero's horse coming between the poor guy and the girl. Fanatical Western fans seem to like an ending of this kind because it implies that the heroine won't succeed in getting the honest, upstanding cowboy in her clutches. Even when some kind of love story is unreel, there can't be any show of passion stronger than the hero tipping his Stetson after

rescuing the heroine from dire peril.

The fans want to see plenty of action and no love stuff at all. The spectacle of simon-pure heroism triumphing over scheming villainy appeals to both children and adults in big cities and small towns. Ever since the days of William S. Hart and "Broncho Billy" Anderson, Westerns have been steady money-makers. They have made fortunes for their producers and stars, most of whom are never written up in the fan magazines or Hollywood columns.

Names like Trem Carr, Armand Schaefer, Irving Briskin, Nat Levine, and Henry McRae are mostly unfamiliar to the movie-going public, but for 30 years these men have been the Zanucks and Louis B. Mayers of the horse opera industry. The Westerns they have produced and released through companies like Monogram, Republic, and PRC Pictures have featured such indestructible sagebrush favorites as Bob Steele, Ken Maynard, Tim McCoy, Buck Jones, Jack Hoxie, Sunset Carson, and Gene Autry.

The average Western is ageless. Fifteen years ago Columbia Pictures made a routine outdoor epic titled *White Eagle* and starring the late Buck Jones. In 1948, more than five years after Jones' death in the Coconut Grove fire in Boston, *White Eagle* was reissued and made a second handsome profit for its producers.

Many other Buck Jones pictures are still in circulation. Since nothing like the "new look" ever gets into a Western—costumes, scenery, and acting remain the same year after year—Buck Jones will probably remain alive on the screen for another generation.

He still gets plenty of fan mail from children who have reached movie-going age since his death and from adults with short memories.

Although the million dollar productions starring actors like Gary Cooper and Joel McCrea take months to produce, routine Westerns can be produced by small studios on budgets that are rigidly held down to \$50,000 or less. They are produced with absolutely no waste motion by crews of specialists who think nothing of turning out a complete picture in six days. Temperament is out. So is glamour. The sole idea is to get 15 or 20 Westerns a year produced as cheaply as possible and out onto the screens of the world. A low-budget Western isn't considered a success unless it returns a profit of at least 40 per cent.

The history of a horse opera called *Blazing Guns* will give an idea of how economically a movie can be made. *Blazing Guns* cost only \$35,000. It was hurled together in five frantic days on the Columbia ranch near Hollywood. The completed picture ran a total of 60 minutes on the screen and grossed \$60,000 in the United States and a dozen foreign countries.

There are only five basic Western plots: (1) crooked land grabbers or cattle rustlers; (2) mistaken identity; (3) crooked politicians; (4) stage-coach or train robbery; (5) smuggling. Plot Number Two was used for *Blazing Guns*—the well-worn yarn about the cowboy with the heart of gold who masquerades as a scoundrel to save the heroine's ranch from being gobbled up by the villain. The hero was played by Tim McCoy, who has

been making a dozen pictures a year since 1927, in between rodeo appearances. The badman was Ward Bond, whose villainy is well-known to horse opera fans. The heroine was played by Leslie Brooks, a Columbia contract actress who happened not to be doing anything else that week and so was rushed into the standard heroine's garb—Stetson hat, checked shirt, leather skirt and cowboy boots. The director was Ben Kline, an ex-cameraman who holds an unofficial Oscar for being able to shoot a picture at break-neck speed.

The writer assigned to *Blazing Guns* whipped out a shooting script in a day and a half which kept two objectives constantly in mind—lots of action and very little dialogue.

Dialogue in a Western slows down production and is expensive to record. Lines to be spoken by the cast were reduced to the absolute minimum necessary to explain the action. They were old standbys like, "Head 'em off at the gulch, boys!" and, "Drop that



gun, podner, before I drop it fer yuh!" from the exclamation point school of cinema writing. They were easy for the cast to remember because most of them had been used in least a dozen other pictures.

Close-ups were also reduced to a minimum because they call for special lighting and consume too much shooting time. As many scenes as possible were simple exteriors already available on the Columbia lot or the studio's ranch. Also, by shooting 95 per cent of the film outdoors, the production crew could make good use of the free California sunshine to reduce lighting costs.

Before shooting *Blazing Guns*, Director Kline spent a day in the studio film library thriftily clipping long-shot scenes of hard-riding and fighting out of old pictures. These scenes in which the actors either had their backs to the camera or were too far away to be recognized could be patched into *Blazing Guns* by the film editor. Some 800 feet of previously used film went into the picture.

This economy was possible because the same sets and actors and scenery are used in many pictures and also because costume changes are non-existent. The same hero and villain will appear in the same clothes in five or six pictures. In addition, the fast pace of a horse opera makes identification of actors who are far away from the camera practically impossible. You know who they're supposed to be and that's enough for the Western fans, who don't quibble over details.

Props for *Blazing Guns* were confined to those already available at the studio's ranch. These included several dozen "breakaway" tables and chairs, marked for destruction in the inevitable saloon fight. Several of the special Balsa-wood chairs were not

broken as called for in the script, thus unexpectedly cutting costs.

Very bright and early on a Monday morning, Director Kline's company reported to the Columbia ranch to get down to business. They had instructions not to get mixed up with the actors of three other pictures also in the process of being shot there. Most of the filming was done on the Western street set—a well-worn collection of stage coach offices, banks, saloons, feed stores and hitching posts that has appeared in at least 200 movies.

Later the company moved out into the open country for the riding and fighting stuff. With 60 to 70 scenes a day on the shooting schedule, there was no time for playing Hollywood. Most of the direction given the actors was devoted to telling them where to ride and when to start shooting. There were an even two dozen guns

and they fired more than a thousand rounds of ammunition between Monday and Friday. The total number of dead men in *Blazing Guns* amounted to a grand total of nine—five baddies and four goodies.

The featured players paid little or no attention to the script. In the few dialogue scenes they were told what to say and said it before the cameras after one short rehearsal.

Before the action shots most of the principal players asked only, "Where do I ride? Whom do I shoot? Where does he fall?"

On Friday night, *Blazing Guns* was completed on a studio interior set that had been built months before for another picture. By Monday morning most of the characters involved had forgotten the name and the plot of the picture they'd just completed. They were all busy on another opera, *Thundering Six Shooters*.



## Signs of the Times

On the rear of an auto on a Westbrook, Maine, street: "DANGER. WOMAN LEARNING TO DRIVE."

On a Lawrenceville, Illinois, theatre marquee: "Katy Hepburn, Robert Walker, in a stinker, SONG OF LOVE."

On the door of a New South Wales, Australia, farmhouse: "20 miles from a neighbor, 40 miles from a post office, 50 miles from a railway, 10 miles from water and wood, and 1,000 miles from a city. Whoever finds this farm can have it. We hope they will settle down and help pioneer the west. We would do it ourselves only the missus wants to see life. She has left for the city. So have I."

Near a Pine Bluff, Arkansas, pond: "KEEP OUT. NO FISHING ALOUD."

In all Springfield, Massachusetts, hotel lobbies: "Chaperone Your Cigarettes. Do Not Let Them Go Out Alone."

In a Bangor, Maine, store window: "This place will be closed as long as the fishing is good."—Joseph C. Stacey.



A French lawyer was pleading for an attractive transgressor. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "shall this charming young lady be cast into a lonely cell, or shall she be returned to her beautiful little apartment at 33 Rue Neuve, telephone 88-39-54?"

# Gypsies are his **BUSINESS**

*It's rough and ready adventure—  
sold by the mile.*

by JULES FRANCE

**J**ACK DENGLER, head gypsy of a travel outfit called "Adventure Trails," has hiked, biked, sailed, climbed and paddled some 29,000 miles in 34 countries. With the world for his oyster, he has gorged himself on a menu of travel and adventure for the last 16 of his 35 years. It not only hasn't cost him a cent—but he even gets paid for letting people follow him around!

His strange career began in 1931, when he left Columbia University to tour the world in a small sailboat. No rich man's son, he had earned the boat by the sweat of his fingers—giving banjo lessons to rich men's sons. But after experimental junkets off the Atlantic coast, the project fizzled when his green-cheeked fellow mariners requested to be included out.

Frustrated, Jack sold the boat next year and went to Europe to study art. While on the Continent, he became intrigued by the popularity of cycling as a sport. The European and his bike were inseparable. Slowly the germ of a profitable idea began to tunnel through the convolutions of the Dengler mind.

The following year he returned to Europe, this time to study not her art but her people. He bought a second-hand bike and pedalled up and down

the back roads of the Continent. He loafed at villages and tiny towns, tasting the flavor of obscure paradises scorned by the inflexible route of the *chemin de fer*. Then he hired a foldboat and explored Europe from her rivers.

He learned to speak passable French and German by losing himself in regions where no English was spoken. Sleeping in *pensions* and farmhouses, he not only saved money but met and learned to know grass-root Europeans. And he discovered the youth hostels—a chain of barns, castles and dormitories turned over to hikers, bikers and foldboaters for cheap lodging.

His idea now crystallized, Dengler returned to Columbia for his sheepskin. But he found it hard to concentrate. Little gremlins on bicycles sped across his open books. His classmates' desks sprouted wheels. The walls and ceilings whisked away. And they were all enjoying a higher education in the open classroom of the world . . .

Goaded by his grand illusion, Dengler hounded all the steamship companies in New York. They listened skeptically to his wild idea—educational-recreational bike tours through Europe for students. He emphasized how cheaply these trips could be arranged. Students would sleep at hostels and *pensions*; would substitute healthy, cheap foot power for costly train travel.

The Holland-American line was the only company shrewd enough to see

the possibilities. They offered to provide literature for the project, and play ball on group rates, on three conditions. Dengler would have to do all the promotion himself; get a college professor to lead the group, because he was entirely too young; and finally, drum up enough adventurous gypsies for the trip.

The eager Dengler talked a Columbia professor into leading the expedi-



tion, and persuaded seven students to sign up. Just before sailing time, the professor developed cold feet and dropped out. Dengler promptly appointed himself full leader. Luckily, none of his bookings deserted. The Holland-American people decided to give the 21-year-old adventurer a chance.

So enthusiastic was the boat's little band of gypsies that their gaiety infected the other passengers. Before the *Veendam* dropped anchor in Rotterdam, four students on board asked to be allowed to join the expedition. So where seven young pilgrims followed Dengler up the gangplank, eleven followed him down. One of them was a 19-year-old girl named Helen Dykema, the only female in the group, who later became Jack's wife.

The gallant little band traveled some 2,000 kilometers by bike through Germany, Austria, Switzerland and France, covering as many as 115 miles in one energetic day. Using German bikes with tires of ersatz rubber (Hitler even then had other uses for the genuine stuff), they averaged 15 flats apiece for the trip. Their only other disaster was a group spill one dark night when, cycling 20 miles an hour without lights, one of them stopped without warning to raise himself off his saddle and rub a sore underspot.

Back home, the students were madly enthusiastic about their adventure. They swore to line up again behind Dengler the following year—each of them with one or more friends.

That settled it. In 1935 a New York travel agent named Rose Speck lent a willing ear to Dengler's ambitious plans. She gave him desk space in her office, and Jack invested in letterheads with the impressive name: "Second Annual Student Bicycle Tour of Europe" That summer 50 would-be gypsies responded to his gospel of fun, adventure and education at bargain basement prices.

Dengler divided them into three groups, one of which he led with Helen Dykema as his assistant. The other two groups were shepherded by two college lads from the pioneer trip, in return for free expenses. In the fall, on Helen's 21st birthday, she and Jack eloped to New York's City Hall, where their partnership was reinforced with a wedding ring.

For \$5.00 a week they rented a furnished room with a tiny stove and sink in a closet. Squeezing in a desk,

Dengler hung his first shingle on the battered front door. It read: "Student International Travel Association. Jack Dengler, Pres." The capital of the new company was exactly \$265.43.

Dengler gambled his tiny treasury on one-inch classified ads in the *New York Times*. The copy was simply: "Write for information on the most unusual, low-cost, educational and worthwhile way of seeing Europe." Although the ads were buried deep in the voluminous pages of the *Times*, without benefit of headline, they brought an astonishing flood of inquiries.

The staggered Denglers found that they had 214 customers on their hands by the summer of 1936. They quickly added cycle trips through England and France to their itineraries. Dengler himself experimented further by leading the first American river jaunts through Europe in foldboats. Their reputation spread faster than their ability to cope with new bookings pouring in.

With over 500 enthusiasts—teachers as well as students—eager to follow wherever they led, the Denglers opened an office in New York City. By 1938 they were doing the largest European tour business in the country. In addition, they had expanded

their scope to include rough-and-ready trips through Bermuda, New England, Canada, the West Indies and South America.

Leading a cycle tour in Norway the following year, Dengler's intuition warned him to cut the trip short. He brought his bikers home 30 days ahead of Hitler. With the war on, the Denglers made a stab at staying in the travel business by turning to Nova Scotia and Mexico, and skippering a schooner to Hawaii.

But the war knocked the bottom out travel, and Dengler turned to defense work to feed the four little Denglers he and Helen had managed to produce between trips. With the surrender of Japan, Dengler reorganized his footloose followers under the new name of "Adventure Trails," with offices in Santa Barbara and New York.

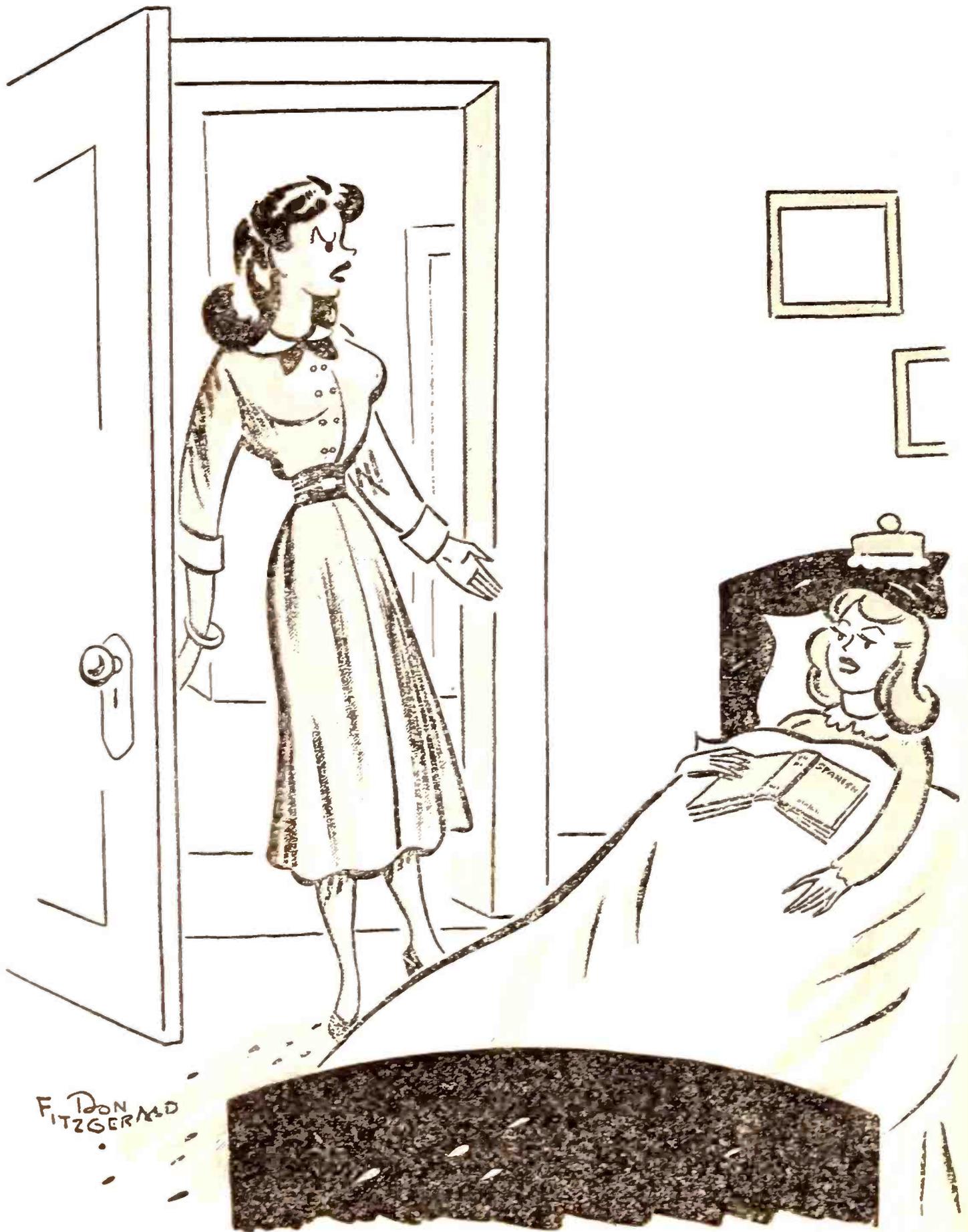
Now once again he's leading groups of youngsters—and some oldsters—on such off-trail itineraries as a camping jaunt through Yellowstone; a bike trip through our national parks; a fishing and hunting trip through Alaska; and bike trips through Europe and Scandinavia. He has just completed his biggest season. Still in the blueprint stage, however, is Dengler's dream of a journey through the moon's craters on pogo-stick.



A certain sportive gentleman got home far too late from a poker party. As a prudent gesture, he gave the family cook a dollar not to tell his wife what time he came in. But when he encountered his wife a few hours later, it didn't take him long to discover that the secret was out.

"Mandy," he said reproachfully to the culinary chauffeur, "I didn't think you'd let me down."

"Now, Mistah Jones," Mandy protested, "I ain' tole the madam a single, solitary thing. She axe me what time you got home, an' I say to her I was too busy gittin' my breakfas' ready t'look at de clock."



*"That's the last time I go out with a quarterback! He spent all evening looking for a weakness in my defense!"*

*We're sitting on top of the world—  
but it's a constant battle to stay there!*

# OUR WEATHER WAR

by HARRY VAN DEMARK

ON April 6, 1909, Admiral Robert E. Peary located the exact position of the North Pole and planted the Stars and Stripes there, claiming the entire polar ice-cap for the United States. At approximately the same time the Army purchased its first airplane.

Since then, those two events have taken on an increasingly significant connection. Development of the airplane and the extension of our knowledge concerning the Far North have progressed in parallel. Today our interest in the Arctic Circle, combined with our technological skill in aircraft development, is taking on the proportions of an "issue"—which sooner or later must run smack into a showdown of some sort.

We are constantly reminded by press, radio, motion pictures and books that the Arctic Circle has changed our whole concept of time and distance. This "polar concept" is rapidly shrinking a world that in many ways is already too small for comfort.

Where two of the mightiest nations face each other across a crack in the ice, planes roar overhead in straight-line courses that bring Tokyo and

Shanghai within nonstop distance of Chicago.

General Billy Mitchell once elicited much laughter from the armchair experts when he said, "He who controls Alaska controls the world." Today the leaders who thought he was wrong are turning gray because he was so right.

Anyway, it is shaping up like that. In a broader sense General Mitchell meant the entire wastes of the great North—not just the trade routes between Ketchikan and Nome. When World War II started our mass movement into Alaska and the Aleutians with our overwhelming supplies and material, it looked at first as if we had stolen a march on danger. But we soon began to learn things about that little-known world.

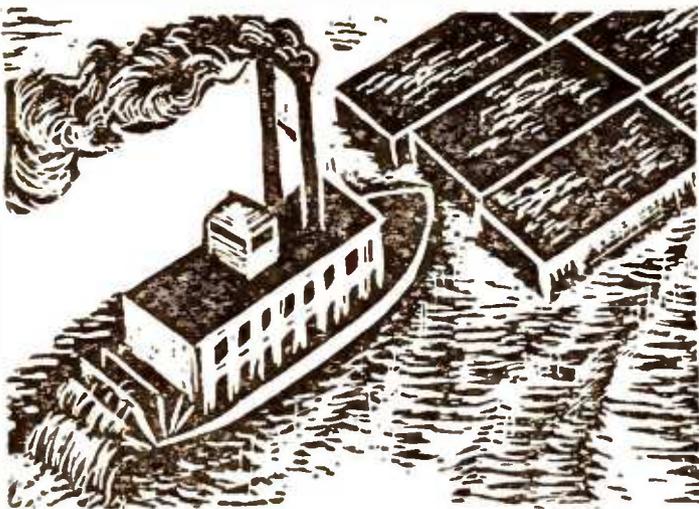
Our best planes, flown in from the States, landed on the new air fields and rolled to a stop. And there they stayed, helpless, once they had cooled off. In the biting cold and darkness of Ladd Field they were dead statues, row upon row, buffeted by the whirling snow and howling winds.

Engine oil congealed, rubber parts got as stiff as burnt toast, and plastics cracked. Grease froze like concrete

and hydraulic fluid spilled out through ruined gaskets and seals.

For a while the normal confused state of Army affairs was as nothing compared to the chaos heaped by the weather upon the sagging shoulders of our Far Northern administrations. The huge hangars, many of them uninsulated, simply could not be heated enough to make repair work feasible.

Mechanics had to work outdoors, in five-minute shifts, running in to get thawed out, while another man dashed outside and took up the job



for a few fleeting moments. Airplanes that were first-line in importance could not be left outdoors at all once the engine had been stopped.

The Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics experts, and the Army's best experimental men from Wright Field, Ohio, were called in to begin work on the tremendous task of winterizing our air forces for service in the Arctic—after we had already arrived in the North!

It couldn't have been done anywhere else but in America. The nation's best metallurgists, chemical wizards and designing engineers pooled

their brains. The "yellow dot" project got underway. Every little part that went into the bewildering complexity of a modern aircraft had to pass rigid tests for its ability to stand up under extreme temperatures. When it had passed, a tiny yellow dot was painted on it.

Before long the big aircraft assembly lines in the States were turning out engines and planes that looked as if they had contracted some sort of mechanical measles. Everything from the propeller blades to the winding stem on the eight-day clock was painted with a yellow dot.

Petroleum experts developed new fuels and lubricants. Super-efficient heating plants were designed for the big open spaces of the Class A hangars—veritable blast furnaces. The men were lectured and shown movies on hygiene and safety in the Arctic regions. Things began to look up.

Then came the jet planes and months of hard work by scientists became obsolete over night.

But by this time the war was about over. Many responsible leaders were in favor of dropping further experimentation on cold-weather equipment. But others, perhaps with a prematurely suspicious eye on nearby Russia, were in favor of continuing the program. It was continued, but at a somewhat slower pace.

Just when the metallurgists, for instance, had developed methods of preventing sheet aluminum from splitting under vibration at subzero temperatures, the newer, faster planes began to come through constructed largely of magnesium alloys.

A year of brain-wracking had gone into the problem of de-icing for propellers. Finally an "electric glove" was made and was perfected just about the time propellers became passe for first-line fighters. A "hot-edge" for the forward line of the wing was invented. It melted off hard ice with a delightful degree of efficiency. But the new jet-fighters, with their razor-thin wings, had no room for such a device inside.

We are still in the throes of many such problems. Most of them will succumb to ingenuity and time. Others perhaps will always remain as formidable bulwarks. The weather is an everlasting danger.

One of the toughest technical nuts to crack is the problem of shrinkage and expansion of metal under extreme changes of temperature. The turbine wheel in a jet engine is fringed with hundreds of tiny steel "buckets," each one about the size of a man's thumb. The buckets catch the blast of hot gases and deflect it at an angle, causing the wheel to spin.

When the airplane has been cooling off out on the flight line, those buckets are at normal outdoor temperature—about 60 degrees below zero much of the time. When the jet engine is started, if it starts, the buckets are subjected to a searing heat of 1500 degrees within a matter of seconds! How can metal stand such treatment without cracking, warping out of shape—and, especially, without varying more than a thousandth of an inch in size? It can't be done—yet!

But the day is coming, perhaps sooner than we think, when it can be done. At this time the 94th Fight-

ers of the Hat-in-the-ring squadron are at Ladd Field, where their jet-propelled planes are undergoing extensive and rigorous trials for top operating efficiency under the most severe conditions. That is why they are in Alaska—for laboratory purposes, not for the disturbing reasons sometimes suggested.

Tons of data are being compiled on the vicious and unpredictable Aleutian weather and on flying conditions over the endless tundra and ice fields that stretch to the north. From the eastern Yukon to the coast of Siberia lies a vast, terrifying wilderness of rolling mountains and eternally frozen plains. If there are material treasures there—gold, coal or petroleum—they exist in small quantities not worth a concerted effort to obtain.

Surely our interest in the region is not one of development and homesteading. Nor is there as yet conclusive evidence to back up the rumor of large uranium deposits. The "atomic" metal has been found in the Canadian Yukon—but it has also been mined in Nevada. Neither source is prolific.

It seems reasonable to assume that our only interest is one of military security. And the biggest enemy to date is the weather. Forecasters are too often forced to change their predictions in the middle of a sentence. From the western coast blows a prevailing wind carrying dense, blinding fog in an unbroken thick carpet for hundreds of miles inland—day after day, sometimes for weeks on end.

When the mercury drops, that fog is a lethal gas-attack, "burning" human skin when it touches, and freez-

ing fast to everything—literally everything. Doors won't close or can't be opened. Rubber tires freeze to the ground. Airplane wings lose their smooth contours because of ice, and, therefore, lose their ability to lift.

In the high latitudes the magnetic compass goes berserk without warning, the needle spinning crazily because of the proximity of the magnetic pole. Aurora Borealis, the "northern lights," raise cain with radio reception. The sun goes 'round and 'round in circles, or can't be found at all. You fly at night in the daytime.

Slowly but surely we are learning

to cope with the great Northern world. Someday, somebody is going to be able to operate a mighty air fleet efficiently over these frozen expanses—and it had better be us! Across the narrow straits of the Bering Sea near Nome lies Siberia, actually visible on a clear day. Which recalls the remark of a Russian lend-lease officer at Sitka, during the recent war:

"Our Czar sold Alaska to the United States without the consent of the Russian people. Therefore we of the new Russia do not regard the sale as legal."



## Boomeranging Brainwaves

<i>Creator</i>	<i>Brainwave</i>	<i>Boomerang</i>
A Boston burglar	Tried breaking into a variety store via a chimney.	Police had to chop away most of the chimney in order to extricate him.
A Greenwich lawyer	To prove dog—on trial for biting a child—was tame as a kitten, put his hand into the canine's mouth.	The pooch bit his hand.
A Dallas, Oregon, man	Wrecked cops' "Black Maria" because they'd jailed his brother.	He found himself jailed, too.
Two Detroit men	Counted their combined wealth of \$1,600 by spreading the bills out on a sidewalk.	A passer-by scooped up the money and fled.



A mother was having a hard time persuading her five-year-old daughter that a bath was healthful. Finally she decided to appeal to the young lady's vanity.

"A daily bath will give you a beautiful figure," she coaxed. Then noticing the little girl's skeptical look, she questioned, "Don't you believe me?"

"Yes," the little lady promptly answered. "Only, Mother, have you taken a good look at a duck lately?"



Elderly lady: "Isn't it wonderful how these gas pump people know where to set up pumps and get gas?"



# Hereford Heaven

*Thank your lucky steaks for the farsighted pair who played Burbank to the livestock world!*

by DEREK CARTER

“**L**OOK at that rump!” said Governor Simpson.

Charles Gudgell nodded.

“There,” thundered the Governor, “is your answer.”

It was Chicago, in 1880, and the pair was inspecting a bull named Anxiety. Their inspection changed the course of cattle breeding in America.

For what Gudgell and Simpson—a young banker and an old mule trader—saw was a Hereford bull with heavy hindquarters. It startled them, because the Hereford breed was called “cat-hammed” by American cattlemen of the period, and spurned as a bloodline to upbreed range cattle. The reason was an unfortunate smallness of rump which limited the animal’s choice meat areas and, in turn, his market value.

Anxiety changed that—Anxiety, some other cattle, Gudgell and Simpson. They changed it to the extent that, today, Herefords constitute fully 85 per cent of the commercial cattle and 73 per cent of the beef cattle coming into central markets. Herefords now produce the largest amount of quality meat, at the lowest cost, in the shortest possible time. They are—hold onto your Stetson—a 1200 million dollar-a-year business!

But the biggest single event in the Hereford world will take place this month, when 136 exhibitors from 26 states bring their animals to Kansas City to compete in the 50th Annual American Royal Livestock and Horse Show. Between the 16th and 23rd of October, 958 Herefords will vie for \$75,000 prize money in the white face cattle division.

The breed originated in the middle of the 18th Century, when an Englishman named Ben Tompkins became alarmed at the increasing industrialization of his homeland. If the remaining farmers were to supply the growing population centers, Tompkins figured, they would have to develop a breed of cattle which could be fattened for market in fewer than the ten years then required.

At Herefordshire, a small district of good pasture lands, he began a series of experiments he hoped would culminate in a breed of early maturing beef cattle which would be easy to keep and could be fattened quickly.

He established the beginnings, sound beginnings, of such a breed, and the name of the area has clung to it ever since. Henry Clay brought a Hereford bull and two heifers to America as early as 1817, but their identity was soon lost in crossings

with Shorthorns. Other white face cattle subsequently made their way across the Atlantic to Canada, New York, Maine, Vermont, Maryland and Ohio.

But it remained for Simpson and Gudgell, who between them hadn't enough theoretical knowledge of genetics to wad a shotgun, to achieve the results Ben Tompkins had envisioned more than a century before them.

The partners were a story book team. Both were Kentuckians who had migrated to Missouri. Gudgell, a college graduate thoroughly grounded in finance and business administration, was a student of livestock history. Simpson was old enough to be Gudgell's father. He had, in fact, once been a business associate of the senior Gudgell. He wore a black campaign hat, a white goatee, and was called Governor by nearly everyone. A former liveryman, his formal education was slight and he had no interest in paper work, but he was one of the best all-around judges of livestock who ever lived. He was sharp on a trade and had the happy ability to foresee the results of certain matings.

The pair ran their herd on a 480-acre farm near Pleasant Hill, Missouri. They began raising Herefords in 1876, and three years later held a Hereford sale in Kansas City, the first west of the Ohio River.

The Kansas City stockyards were then five years old and expanding rapidly. Livestock dealers were making money hand over fist. Every pure-bred breeder had his eye on the richest

prize of the era, the Western cattle market.

Simpson and Gudgell were well aware of the situation's potentialities.



When they found Anxiety, they felt they had found the answer to a cattleman's dream.

This, in itself, was a tribute to their perspicacity, because Anxiety was not highly regarded, even though he had won a few important English shows. A delicate, sickly calf with a deformed left foot, he was called Anxiety because his original owner feared the animal wouldn't survive. He didn't. The rigors of the show ring proved too much for him and he died at the end of the 1880 season when he was four years old, after having sired only two crops of calves.

Gudgell and Simpson were determined, however, to find a bull with Anxiety's conformation. They went to England and returned with 60 bulls, but none resembled Anxiety.

In 1881, Simpson made another buying trip. He went immediately to Leominster, where T. J. Carwardine, the breeder of Anxiety, lived.

There he found Anxiety 4th, a yearling with a block rump, full neck, short, wide head and short legs. By this time, word about Anxiety had gotten around, and the experts of two continents had come questing. All had seen his great-grandson, but none wanted him. Not so the Governor.

Even when Mr. Carwardine spoke deprecatingly of Anxiety 4th, and

confided that he, personally, didn't think the bull was worth buying, Simpson went on to make an offer.

It was accepted.

A few days later, at Woodhouse, Simpson ran across some very thin cattle. One cow caught his eye, so he bought her.

"What are you going to do with that skeleton," someone asked, "start a boneyard?"

Governor Simpson shrugged. "That cow," he allowed, "is a pretty tough proposition. But on Missouri corn and bluegrass, she'll come around fine."

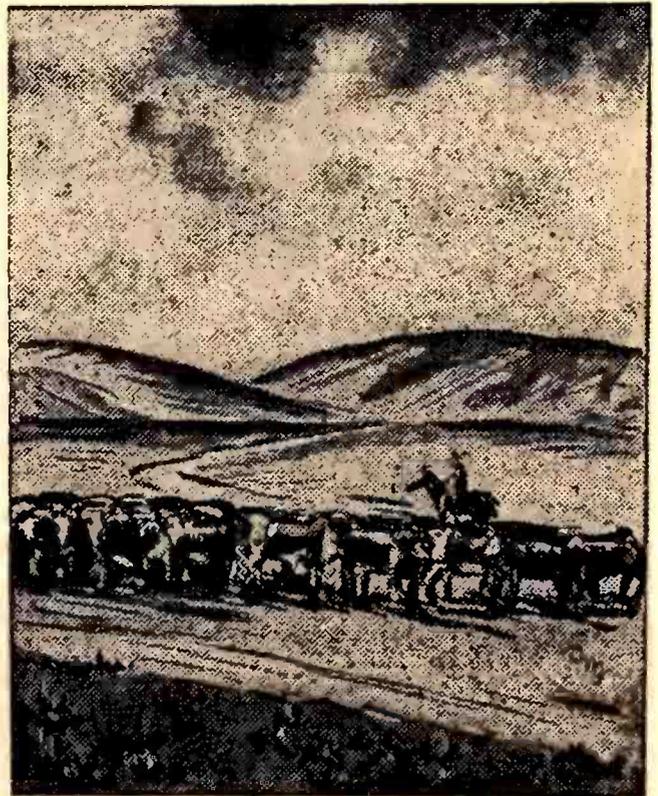
She did: she was Dowager 6th, who with Anxiety 4th formed the celebrated combination that brought fame to the herd. Together they produced the compact bundle of meat which has become a citizen of the world. Today's Hereford is a prolific breeder and good rustler, an economic beef machine that is at home in the corn belt, the Southwest, the pampas of Argentine and the grazing lands of Australia.

This is the animal that will hold the spotlight in the 1948 American Royal, in the biggest Hereford show ever held. Also honored at this year's edition of the gigantic livestock exposition will be R. J. Kinzer, the Kansas Citian who has been the backbone of the American Hereford Association for 37 years. The Hereford show is dedicated to him.

Kinzer was secretary of the Association from 1911 to 1944, and has served as chairman of the board since then.

At the Royal's golden anniversary, the champion Hereford bull will be assigned number 5,360,681 in the hand book—exactly 5,000,000 more than the first entry Kinzer made when he became secretary.

That champion will sell for a fabulous sum. Every cut from his meat-packed frame will be specially stamped and decked out in blue ribbons. In royal style, he will go to his Hereford heaven—a tribute to R. J. Kinzer, to Anxiety and Dowager, and to Messrs. Simpson and Gudgell, who made an everlasting contribution to the livestock world.



OUR BACK COVER shows the vast cattle range of the Great West. From these herds, a million dollars' worth of livestock a day enters Kansas City. (Photo courtesy Union Pacific.)

# The Friendly Feather

THE month of October is Red Feather time throughout the United States—not by official proclamation nor national edict, but by tradition and common consent.

Nearly a thousand cities and towns will conduct their Community Chest campaigns during this period. The estimated total of all the goals of the nation's Community Chests is \$180,000,000.

The Red Feather means many campaigns in one. Nationally, it is spokesman for 12,000 voluntary Red Feather services. Locally, Community Chests may include anywhere from half a dozen separate organizations in small communities, to hundreds in the largest. No national fund is raised. Each community sets its own goal, raises and spends its own money.

The significant fact is that, in every case, each of these organizations would have to conduct a separate campaign for funds were it not for the once-a-year

united effort under the banner of the Red Feather.

The Community Chest campaign combines many different campaigns into one. One campaign makes for greater efficiency and economy of operation. It conserves the time of the unpaid volunteers who work in the campaign to raise the funds. But most important, it saves money. It saves the people of the community from being contacted for funds by each of these Red Feather services separately.

Community Chest services help provide nursing and medical care, child care, family counselling, informal education, youth leadership and special attention for aged and handicapped people.

When you give to your Community Chest during the campaign in your city, remember that you are helping your neighbor . . . that you are helping yourself by building your community.

Wear a Red Feather . . . it's the sign of a good neighbor!



Mother was chiding Johnny. "I was hoping you would be unselfish enough to give your sister the largest piece of candy. Why even that old hen will give all the nicest dainties to her little chicks and take only a tiny one for herself."

Johnny watched the hen for a while and then said understandingly, "Well, Mom, I'd do the same thing if it was worms."



The composer of *The Vestal* was in the habit of wearing all his decorations and medals.

During a gathering in his honor one of the musicians remarked to a friend, "Just notice how Spontini's chest is covered with medals. And to think that Mozart didn't have any at all."

Spontini, who had heard the remark, replied serenely, "My dear sir, Mozart didn't need any."



Uncle John related to the rising young lawyer, Oliver Wendell Holmes, a little story about a Roman emperor who, on a day of particularly great glory, was passing down a street of the capital, acknowledging the tumultuous applause of the admiring public, when out of the corner of his eye, he glimpsed a small boy derisively sticking out his tongue. His triumph instantly vanished.

"Remember," Uncle John concluded, "that there is always an urchin at the edge of every triumph, Wendy, to remind you that your crown isn't on straight."—*Christian Science Monitor*.



The boy next door is a devilish fellow. The other day when someone asked him whether he said his prayers before eating, he replied, "I don't have to; my mother is a good cook."

# Magician in



# Manhattan

by PAT DENNIHAN

ONE of the world's greatest showmen has hit the top. From a humble beginning in a neighborhood nickelodeon, Gus Eysell's star has risen meteorically, guiding him through dozens of theatres all over the country before gently depositing him in one of the most important positions in New York City.

As executive manager of Rockefeller Center, Incorporated, Mr. Eysell is top man in the city of the sky. He directs the welfare of some 32,000 daily workers and 7,000,000 yearly visitors. Fifteen of the world's tallest buildings, occupying more than 12 acres of Manhattan's wealth, stand majestically under the watchful Eysell eye. That's where he is now.

But back in 1916, as a student in Kansas City's Central high school, Gus was about as far away from his glittering goal as he cared to be. He and a good friend by the name of Walt Disney had set their hopes high, but little did either realize how many of them were to come true.

Young Gus started early in show business. Even while in school, he utilized his free time to throw handbills for a nearby theatre, the Isis. However, this job didn't satisfy his industrious nature. Before long he was taking tickets, writing advertising copy, carrying film and putting up

special "fronts" in the lobby. By the time he had finished school, Gus was a 16-year-old assistant manager.

Devoting all of his time to his career, Gus became treasurer in a large downtown theatre. Since he had to be on the job seven nights a week, social life was just not in his vocabulary; but that didn't seem to bother him. Eagerly, he took over as manager of one of the smaller Kansas City houses, then after proving himself, came back to head what was then the city's largest theatre, the Newman.

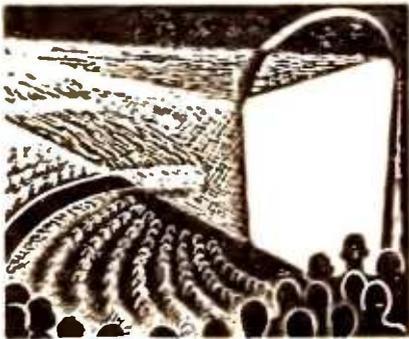
In 1925, the Million Dollar Theatre in Los Angeles beckoned, and Gus headed west. As the Million Dollar manager, he sponsored many important premieres. Following this, he headed a larger Los Angeles house for Paramount Publix, where he gained valuable experience with stage shows. Realizing the young man's unusual executive talents, the firm sent him to Texas as district manager of de luxe theatres in Dallas, San Antonio, Houston and other cities.

A year and a half later, Gus crossed the country to New York, where he became city manager for the same company, with such theatres as the Paramount, Rialto, Rivoli and Brooklyn Paramount under his jurisdiction.

And then came 1932, the year when Gus took his most important step. In a country swept clean by depression, the opening of the gigantic Radio

City Music Hall seemed incongruous. In the opinion of almost everyone, the move was slated for disaster. But among the appointments to the executive staff was the name of Gus Eysell, and that meant anything but failure. Before one year had passed, Gus was assistant manager of the world's largest and most famous theatre. Instead of dying its dusty death, the Music Hall developed into the most successful enterprise in the show world, its prestige commanding the respect of the entire globe.

Ten years later, Gus was appointed president and managing director of the Music Hall. He came to be known as the world's most potent individual movie exhibitor. Hollywood producers referred entire pictures to his judgment, because playing the Music Hall meant success for any flicker. The



big house was actually a trend in itself—every studio, domestic and foreign, wanted a showing there. In addition to the pick of the movie crop, Gus Eysell presented giant stage extrava-

ganzas which played to audiences packing the auditorium's 5,945 seats. During a single week, the Music Hall would take in from \$110,000 to \$125,000, and seat as many as 186,000 people.

As if the Music Hall weren't big enough for him, Gus simultaneously became the managing director of the Center Theatre, live-entertainment house featuring vaudeville and the top ice revues of the country. Under his leadership, the Center Theatre drew 2,000,000 people a year.

Yes, Gus knew the formula for success which some people refer to as "magic." All people really want, says Gus, is a good show—and he has constantly given them the best.

The climax, to date, in Gus' eventful career came last May. New York's largest midtown development needed a manager—so Mr. Eysell is now the mayor of Rockefeller Center. He continues to buy and book films for the Music Hall and manage the Center Theatre, but he spends most of his time bossing the world's greatest and most interesting show-place.

His story reads like stage make-believe, but Gus, still a young man not finished with his forties, would have you understand the success he has achieved is due to his associates. That may be true, but just the same, keep your eye on Eysell!



While at the county fair, a middle-aged farmer took his wife into the tent where the kootchie dancer was doing her act. The farm wife stared for a moment at the active terpischorean and whispered, "Sam, I think we better get out of this place."

Sam pointed to the platform and said, "Let's wait till she gets over her stage fright, Ma. The poor little thing's so scared, she's just shaking in her shoes."

# BROADSLIDING

# TIME

*It's hell on wheels when the hot-shoe artists dig in their heels and open the throttle wide.*

by **GEORGE STATLER**

**A**LL through the summer and fall, in more than half the nation, the splutter and moan of two-wheeled hellriders shatter the Sunday afternoon quiet. It's broadsliding time, and the motorcycles are racing.

The sport has regained the ground it lost during the days of shortages, and once again the nearly 50,000 bike jockeys can guarantee their ever-growing crowds of fans a fast, roaring time.

Not so long ago, the main event of a motorcycling afternoon was the hill climb, and every crazy guy with two wheels, a one-lung steed and a tank full of gas was out there bruising a kidney for prizes. This vertical torture course was limited, however, and participants not always easy to find; consequently, it lost favor to the Southern-born cross country obstacle race and the more spectacular flat race, which today are the standard events for every motorcycle club.

Local clubs compete all spring and summer in sectional meets where their members gain experience. Fans who gather from miles around seem to take little notice of the sign at the gate

which proclaims in red paint: "DANGEROUS—You Enter These Grounds at Your Own Risk!" Besides giving motorcycle clubs their day to perform and to thrill the townspeople, these local meets serve to condition the top racing artists for the big motorcycle race of the year—the 100-mile classic at Langhorne, Pennsylvania, held in September and known as "The Indianapolis of Motorcycle Racing." More than 300 riders compete. Late in February, the Number One Go is the 100- and 200-mile grind on Daytona Beach, Florida, for \$4,000 in prizes. These are the big money races, one in fall and one in winter, for which the professional, money-winning speed demons are pointed.

But there are many, many other races all over the country which, though they offer prizes, owe their popularity to the fact that they are fun. They give club members plenty of kicks and bounces and let the fans enjoy the spectacle, too. The more daring spectators ride their own motorcycles outfitted with every new gadget in the catalogue. Club members dress up in fancy "kidney belts," riding breeches, rakish caps and shiny leather boots—but confine their speed to the open highway. They follow their racing idols all over the country, from home town to Langhorne. For them is reserved a section just inside the gate of every small track, where all kinds

of motorcycles are parked, from battered relics to glittering new models.

Among these small track events in the East are the Paterson and Woodbridge races, in New Jersey; Reading and Harrisburg in Pennsylvania. Glamor-studded with actors, on the other end of the continent, is the famous Saugus-to-Big Bear Lake 140-mile Hare and Hounds climb in January.

August found the Ohio-Kentucky-Indiana Gypsy Tour in action, as well as the National Hill Climb in Muskegon, Michigan, which last year drew a record crowd of 25,000. September saw the Tourist Trophy championships at Marion, Indiana, before 8,000 people on a half-mile track; the Class C Hill Climb at Beloit, Wisconsin; the 500-mile Jack Pine championship endurance run at Lansing, Michigan, involving 100 riders from 13 states. At a banquet the night before this contest, each contestant is presented with a little bag of Michigan sand—sly reminder of the stuff he'll eat plenty of on the morrow. A club in Terre Haute gives as its booby prize a rear-view mirror on which is etched the word "Booby." Why? "So the man who comes in last can see where he's been even though he doesn't know where he's going!"

Winchester, Virginia, has its meet in October. November is the month for the Turkey Classic at Hartford, Connecticut. Mobile, Alabama, throws its Pirate Treasure Chest Run at the same time. Dubbed "Southland's newest big-time motorcycle event," this scramble covers 450 miles of swamps, rivers, and rutted sand. Starting one minute apart, 72 riders follow as best

they can the clues to the treasure while hidden checkers watch, ever eager to deduct points for rule-breaking.

Also in turkey month is the 100-mile Pacific Coast race at Riverside, California. Town fathers there are still burned up at the antics of rough-riding fans who all but tore the town apart during their recent meet in July.

Girls as well as men are cycle addicts. They have their own organization—"Motor Maids of America"—and hobnob with the male tireburners from coast to coast. Most racing enthusiasm centers around the flat race, which in most places draws 20,000 to 30,000 excited fans. Some onlookers are interested in the technical aspects of the sport, others in seeing two fast gentlemen collide on a turn.

On small tracks, the riders must pair off. At the flag, they gun for pole position. On hitting the first turn, they dig in their heels to "broadslide," or skid the turn. This is "hot-shoeing," and most big-time riders have iron-clad heels for just this purpose. Though the track is full of bumps and as crooked as an old hairpin, these guys hit 55 and better on the turns. Though they eat dust on an S-turn today, they hope for a chance at Langhorne and Daytona, the glory and the rewards, tomorrow.

Every jockey carries extra gear changes, tires, and tools to handle almost any kind of accident. Each has his favorite gear ratio, and keeps fiddling with spark and throttle for more speed, more speed. Riding technique is as varied as the temperaments of the riders. Champion Bill Huber of

Reading, Pennsylvania, rides flat on his stomach, while California's Ed Kretz straddles his rear fender.

Thus, all over America, on half a hundred small tracks and courses, the hotfoot artists tool their Harleys, or Indians, or Ariels or whatever they swear by. Daytona had its first fatality last year—but hardly a small track in the country can boast the same. The small ones are the most dangerous. For safety's sake, motors and gas mixtures are regulated by the



American Motorcycle Association. Though speed may be thus reduced, it is still much too easy to lose control on a skid or a bounce, or get dumped

in a squeeze. But the boys with the gas-bikes between their knees know the chances they take. For the thrills they're willing.

"Anybody who rides a motorcycle is enjoying the greatest sport in the world," Ed Kretz insists. He's been riding for 15 years. He won the Langhorne feature three times and set a record that still stands. Other old-timers bear out his feelings about it. They, too, keep on riding.

Perhaps the most significant aspect of broadsliding is that it makes the thrill of watching a fast, dangerous race possible for thousands of small-town dwellers. And these people reciprocate by crowding the stands at every event. They've boosted to nationwide popularity such favorites as Huber and Kretz, Sam Arena and Ted Edwards.

Watching the thunderbikes roar by is hell on wheels to them, and because of their cheers the sport of motorcycle racing just grows and grows.

## Sure Cure

As happens to all authors every now and then, the late Bob Benchley once found himself mired deep in a creative rut. Ideas simply refused to come, and no matter how hard he tried, every sentence he wrote came out wrong.

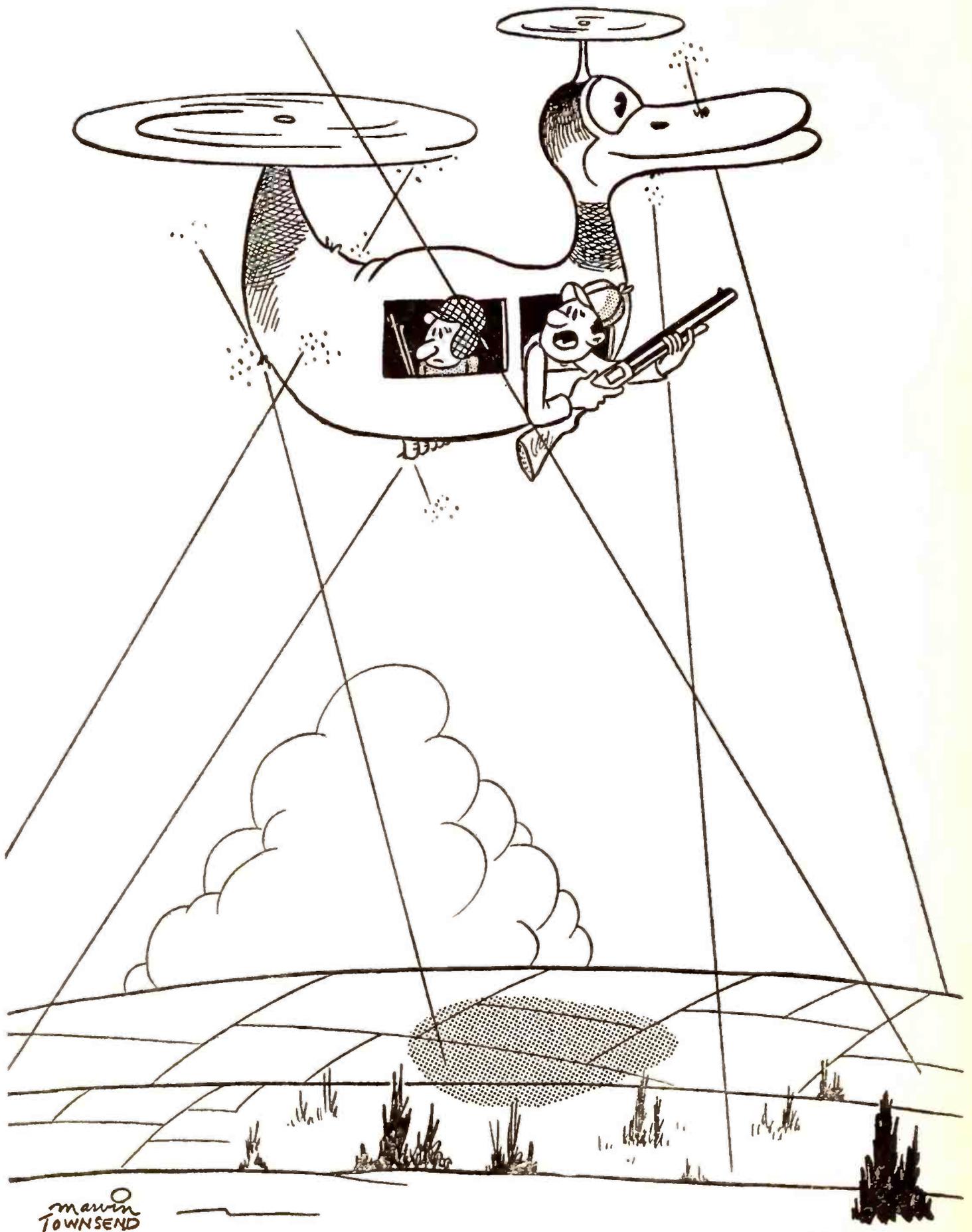
Hearing of his plight, a friend gave him what he guaranteed to be a sure cure. "Just slip some paper into your typewriter, tap out the word 't-h-e' and the rest will be simple. Your subconscious mind will take it from there, and you'll be pounding out saleable stuff again."

Benchley went home, slipped a sheet of paper into his typewriter, tapped out the word "t-h-e," sat back, and waited to be inspired. He sat there staring at that single word for two solid hours. Then he rapidly wrote "hell with it," got up and left the house.—*Joseph C. Stacey.*

An optimist and a pessimist were discussing the future. Even the optimist was none too cheerful about it.

"If these political troubles, financial catastrophes, and economic crises continue," said he, "we shall have to go begging."

Said the pessimist, "Of whom?"



*"You gotta admit it sounded like a good idea!"*

*Mother Nature's space-rates are low, but copywriting comes high.*

by JAMES L. HARTE

## WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE

“ISN'T it monotonous,” he is often asked, “writing the same thing over and over again?”

The moon-faced fellow rubs a hand over his black, grey-flecked hair. “Well . . .”

“Like a kid in school, writing the same line over and over again as punishment?”

Andy—he's the kind of friendly guy you immediately call by nickname—just grins, and the wisp of black mustache on his upper lip accentuates the gleaming white of his teeth. Then, “No,” he says. “In my medium it's different every time. I'm like an artist setting a brush to the same scene, but each time there's a new thrill in it.”

Andy Stinis of Baltimore writes the largest letters in the world. He only writes two words, at a staggering word rate, and he's been writing them steadily for 12 years. In his free-flowing style each letter of each word runs a mile in length. He writes in the air and his “blackboard” is limitless. Andy is a skywriter.

He is, in fact, a pioneer in skywriting. He started in 1932, with four years of commercial flying already behind him, and he's been at it since. In 1936 he signed on with a national skywriting advertising firm which has but one client, a soft drink concern.

Andy's been writing “Pepsi-Cola” in the air ever since.

The firm he works for maintains 18 airplanes which are used to limn the two word message against the sky. The planes are located in various parts of the country. Andy is based in Baltimore and covers the area south to Richmond and north to Philadelphia. He flies an SNJ-2.

“I work between 10,000 and 16,000 feet over a city,” says the smokewriter. “It's a fine height for safety, and best to give people below a good view of the writing. On a clear day, writing at this height can be seen by observers on the ground 25 miles away.

“The smoke is formed by a special oil chemical manufactured for the purpose. This oily stuff is poured, under pressure, into the plane's hot exhaust pipe. Heat from the engine fuses it into white smoke. In the plane's cockpit is the control valve to regulate the flow of oil into the exhaust.

“The two-word message usually takes a half-hour to spell out. With a full load, I take about 20 minutes to climb to the proper level and to find a smooth layer of air. I look for the layer between 10,000 and 16,000 feet, and if I don't find it, I call it a day and come down without doing any writing.”

The smooth air is a prime requisite to keep the letters from disintegrating as he writes. "When I find the right layer, I begin. I can do the two words in ten minutes."

Andy says the letters of smoke are readable for ten minutes, on an average, although he has had some words remain intact for as long as an hour.

Every letter is written opposite to the way in which it would appear on paper. It has to be written backwards from the plane so that it is legible to those who look up at it. For instance, Stinis makes his "P" horizontally with the loop to the left, but it shapes up correctly when seen from below.

"It took me a year of hard work and practice to get the hang of it," Andy relates. "I used to use a stopwatch, too, to make sure of timing my strokes to their proper length. Now it comes naturally, and I'm sure I could write the words blindfolded."

Andy is perfectly at home in the air. He sees no great hazards in his work, and his one great gripe is the weather. He likes to move through the ozone spelling out his thirst-quencher trade name, but he can work only on cloudless days when there is no wind or haze. He still moans about being grounded for 12 consecutive days early last summer while waiting to spread smoke over Washington, D. C. On such days he wanders about the airport, chafing and squinting at the sky.

There is no winter for the sky-writer. When the frost and the snow appear in the areas where Stinis is

stationed, he is sent south to carry his message to the skies over Florida, Cuba and occasionally Mexico.

Andy says he has worked some jobs with a partner. It's faster, fancier, but more difficult. With two planes in the air it calls for precise timing to guard against collision.

"It works like this," Stinis says, "let's say I'm making an 'E': I do the stem and swing off to start the next letter as my partner flies in fast to roof the E. As he finishes, I've got a designated portion of 'P' completed and he comes in to finish it from a given spot. It's tough, and it isn't safe without a lot of practice."

The chubby Andy has never messed up a tandem job, but there was one time when he and a buddy named Southlea were so pleased with their performance that they went on to play a game of tick-tack-toe in the wild blue yonder.

"We drew the frame and then began to fill in the spaces," Stinis says. "Southlea drew circles and I made with the Xs."

The display brought a talking-to from the Aeronautics people, who are inclined to take a dim view of high-altitude high-jinks. But Stinis just laughs. "Well," he says, "I won!"

That's the story of a typical smoke-spreader. A guy who, at 39, with 12 years of spelling two words across America's sky, still approaches his work with enthusiasm and hopes to be smoke-writing with the same enjoyment 12 years hence. Why not? On the basis of wordage, he's the world's best-paid writer!

▲  
The fellow who says, "It goes without saying," goes right ahead and says it anyway.

# There's **DANGER** Over Forty!

by DON F. HOWELL

**M**OST men suck in their breath, straighten their shoulders, and turn a little white when the 40-year mark rolls around on the calendar. There's a fatalistic quality about the 40th birthday which spells "over the hill" for many an otherwise vigorous and attractive male.

Harry Burns, successful accountant, was such a husband. Married for 15 years, Harry never dreamed of looking at another woman until one autumn day shortly before his 40th birthday. He was inspecting his receding hairline when a sudden, stabbing pain touched him—the pain of realizing that he was no longer a slender stripling with wavy hair, to whom life was an endless challenge and adventure.

For the first time in his career, Harry began to feel jealous of younger men, to compare his looks with theirs, to remark sneeringly upon their budgets and their taste in women. Almost before he knew what was happening, the accountant was spending afternoons in cocktail lounges buying drinks for strange women, taking a wondrous delight in the companionship—however short—of a young woman on a bar stool.

Then it happened. He met Mildred, 23 and already twice divorced. She took Harry for his bankroll. When his wife learned about the affair, she

was horror-stricken and couldn't understand why her husband—the father of two children and hitherto a devoted spouse—could get involved with a barroom pick-up.

Actually, Harry's affair resulted from one simple fact: the attention of the younger woman soothed his ego. Psychiatrists and marriage counselors say that more than half the cases of philandering husbands which come to their attention could have been averted had the wives learned that their mates required more than just an occasional bit of flattery. In essence, the skirt-chasing phase for many men is simply the ego at work, seeking recognition when it is taken for granted or ignored at home!

But there are six other reasons why middle-aged men become unfaithful, say the experts, and you can check your husband against this list to see if there's any danger that your own man may kick over the traces.

1. *Men who fear women.* It's odd but true that many husbands—who for years are considered ideal mates—turn from their wives for seemingly no reason at all.

John Peters was such a man. At 50, he abandoned his conservative way of life and dressed and acted like a zoot-suited boy of 18. He became involved with a night club hostess;

separated from his wife and his two children.

Finally, after a friend yanked John to a psychiatrist, the truth came out. John, successful banker that he was, had suffered from a lifelong distrust and fear of women! His mother had been tyrannical and had watched his every move when he was a boy. His teachers he had disliked because they were "old-maids," querulous women who thought small boys were a shade worse than mischievous puppies.

He had married young—too young. The resentments against womanhood in general still smoldered in him as he took the marriage vows. Small wonder that his repressed antagonism toward women took a strange turn: unfaithfulness to his wife, whom he really loved, but who represented the sex to which he basically was hostile.

When the involved mental attitude responsible for his actions was explained to his wife, she returned to John, who finally understood how absurd and juvenile his attitude was. The playboy excesses stopped, and at 51 John finally reached mental and emotional maturity.

2. *Adult "infants."* Pete Millen was one of these. At 45, he had been married three times and was still having extra-marital relations. His wife couldn't understand it. Even Pete himself was miserable over his frequent infidelities. To the marriage counselor he finally visited, the reason for Pete's behavior was soon apparent. He had indulged in sexual activity at a precocious age, and as the years went on he demanded stronger

and more numerous sexual excitements.

One woman simply couldn't satisfy Pete, though he honestly hoped that each of his marriages would work out. He was always seeking new experiences, new partners in love-making. For such a man, there is little that can be done clinically; and luckless is the woman who marries an individual of this unfortunate physiological and mental make-up.

3. *Fear of impotence.* Many males go haywire sexually simply because they fear they are "slipping" and will be senile and impotent by the time they are 55 or 60. This is bunk, say the psychiatrists and physicians, for most men, if they are healthy, may expect to retain their virility until they are 65 or 70. The famed Kinsey report shows that many men of 70 and older still make satisfying mates.

James Kenyon, a rich farmer, was one of these men. He married a woman 20 years younger than he, and after a decade of marriage began to worry that his wife might seek the company of a younger, more virile man. Finally, his worries developed into morbid fancies and he unfairly accused her of being romantically interested in a 30-year-old neighbor.

A country doctor, to whom Kenyon confided his fears, succeeded in talking the older man out of his mental anguish and suspicion. The doctor then talked with Mrs. Kenyon and suggested that she show more romantic interest in her spouse. "Compliment him on his looks, his energy," the doctor urged. "Such praise is meat and drink to the man nearing 60." She followed his counsel and Farmer

Kenyon's morbid spell of jealousy and self-doubt vanished. Without sensible advice, he might have gone on to a nervous breakdown—or even suicide.

4. *Ignorance of the menopause.* When their wives reach the time for menopause many men have a curious hesitancy about making sexual de-



mands. They have an odd mixture of misinformation and superstition about this subject, and many believe that the sex act is unthinkable and repellent to the woman who is undergoing the change of life. They therefore seek company elsewhere, leaving their distraught wives to wonder bitterly at the selfishness of men.

Actually, the menopause should give no husband the feeling that his attentions are no longer wanted. It merely signifies that the wife is going through a normal physiological alteration. Husband and wife should discuss it frankly with their physician and acquire a real understanding of the menopause which will make for continued marriage relations.

5. *Learning to play too late.* Sumner Andrews is a prosperous chain store owner who was a millionaire by

the time he was 47. Since he was 12, he had worked like a beaver, amassing money and prestige. Then he sold his holdings for a huge sum and became an idle millionaire at a still youthful age.

He tried golfing, yachting, globe-trotting and other pastimes, but only became more fidgety and restless. A highly-rouged manicure girl in a barber shop became his companion. The town gasped when Andrews' wife sued for divorce, naming the girl as co-respondent. Actually, Sumner didn't want to cheat at all; idleness was more than he could stand, and he had tried adultery dispassionately with the same motive which led him to golfing—to see if it would prove a satisfying substitute for work.

Husbands who learn to play and relax are safer when they reach the dangerous 40's. Give your man a hobby today and you may hold him tomorrow!

6. *Sympathy seeking.* Everybody thinks his own troubles are the world's worst. Lou Nobeck was no exception. When his factory had labor troubles, he wanted to talk with his wife about it. But she was busy with a dozen civic ventures, infant aid groups, and bridge clubs. She never had time to sympathize with Lou, a little boy grown up.

When Lou's middle-aged woman secretary commiserated with him, he began to view her through rose-colored glasses. Soon he was taking her out of town on week-end fun jaunts. When the rift with his wife was climaxed by a divorce, his friends murmured, "Poor Lou! What does he

ever see in that frumpy woman he's running around with? She's not half as pretty as his own wife was!"

True enough. But the dowdy secretary gave him the thing he yearned for—sympathy. He could tell his troubles to her, a simple enough privilege. If his wife had taken an hour a day to talk things over with Lou, he would be a contented, happy

husband today, instead of one more member of the army of miserable cheaters, misjudged and excoriated by their friends.

So, spare a thought for your husband's mental state and act now to keep him tethered. An ounce of foresight on the part of an understanding wife pays off in hearts when a man reaches the Dangerous Age!



Middle age: When a man stops wondering how he can dodge temptations, and begins to wonder if he's missing any.



Cultivate good manners and you'll be mistaken everywhere for an usher or a salesman.

## Words for Our Pictures

1. WHB-FM is on the air! Technician Ed Hall is shown at the new transmitter, which operates on 102.1 megacycles (channel 271) and has an effective radiated power of approximately 6,000 watts.
2. Kansas City drivers are taking it slow these days. The reason? Motorcycle cops in plainclothes. Here Bill Berns of the Mutual Broadcasting System wire records an interview with Captain William J. McLearn and Patrolman Dale Hadley, for presentation on the *Mutual Radio Newsreel* (Mon. through Fri., 8:15 p.m. CST).
3. Home of WHB-FM in Kansas City is the imposing Fidelity Building. The transmitter is located on the 33rd floor, and the site of the permanent antenna is 502 feet above average terrain.
4. Jim Green and Ben Hilliard, candidates for national Commander of the American Legion, outline their campaign platforms for WHB listeners. Green commands the world's largest Legion Post, at Omaha; and Hilliard is past commander of the world's second largest post, in Denver.
5. Chairman of the Small Business Committee of the House of Representatives is Walter Ploesser, shown addressing the Midwest Manufacturers Association.
6. Jeri Ray and Orrin Tucker are featured stars of the American Royal Coronation Ball, high spot of Kansas City's social season. The lavish Ball will be held October 15 at the Municipal Auditorium. (See story on page 3).

## Centerpiece

Gracing SWING's center pages is Ann Miller, a dark-haired, Texas beauty. Miss Miller started dancing at the age of three, crashed movies when she was 14. Her latest display of legs and talent is with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland and Peter Lawford in *Easter Parade*.

# SWINGSHOTS









. . . *presenting* DELOS JOHNS

*Swing nominee for*

MAN OF THE MONTH

by MORI GREINER

“IN an alphabetical age,” says Delos Johns, “I intend making the letters E.S.C. as familiar to the public as the name of any government bureau.”

October is slated to be a month of intense activity for the E.S.C., and if for no reason than that the cryptic designation fits so neatly into a headline, around Kansas City the odds on Mr. Johns making good his boast are currently quoted at seven to five.

Johns is an affable, energetic man nearing 50. A smooth but pointed speaker, he is much in the headlines himself, and so is the organization behind the letters, the Emergency School Committee.

The Committee was formed in Mayor Kemp's office last spring during a meeting of parties interested in the Kansas City public schools: labor unions, voters leagues, educational and civic groups, the Chamber of Commerce. It resulted from a resolution introduced by Mr. Johns.

At the moment, the school situation was critical. Under the antiquated Missouri School Tax Law of 1931, the Kansas City Board of Education was attempting to meet inflation-era costs with a depression-era income. It was going to fall, a hasty reckoning showed, about two million dollars short for the 1948-49 term. An attempt had been made to finance a

four-year school program by authorizing a property levy increase of eight and a half mills above the constitutional ten-mill limit.

Hotly contested by real estate interests, which took the position that state legislation should be amended to provide other sources of revenue, and only lukewarmly supported by the public, the levy proposal was annihilated at the polls.

The public's negative reaction stemmed from lack of confidence in the incumbent school board, rather than any shortage of civic pride. The board was split by disunity, and so racked with petty bickering as to be almost ineffectual.

Delos Johns suggested that while a short-term compromise levy was being worked out for the voters' approval—something that would insure normal operation of the schools for at least a year—a committee begin an investigation of possible revenue sources which might be recommended to the state legislature. So the E.S.C. was born.

Two weeks later, a one-year, seven-mill levy was submitted to the people and voted down.

Obviously, some immediate remedy was indicated. But more than that, the basic situation was in need of thorough examination and overhaul.

A program of sound school financing, for years ahead, had to be set up.

It was the long-range study Johns had in mind, although Mr. Johns—



an extremely ambitious citizen—stood ready to hack at whatever dragons raised their heads.

When it became apparent that toes were apt to be trod upon, someone asked him just what the E.S.C. hoped to accomplish. Johns left the door wide open. "The purpose of the E.S.C.," he said, "is to provide Kansas City children with the best possible education. Every aim and goal, except that prime purpose, is elastic and flexible."

No grass grew under his feet. He took ten days away from his business to set up a 50-member executive board drawn from every section of the city. The public opinion committee and finance committee were at work in less than a week.

In October, activities will move into high gear. A comprehensive study of all school departments—business, administrative and instruction—has been completed by Doctor John Guy Fowlkes, Dean of Education at the University of Wisconsin. The Committee will act upon his recommenda-

tions, and upon material gathered in the course of its own surveys.

It is probable that it will undertake a statewide program, organizing campaigns in all large Missouri cities in an effort to secure legislation which will provide for school taxation at the state level. In all likelihood, the goal will be a one-cent increase in the state income tax.

"The school board situation is going to be cleaned up, too," Johns says. "Members will be placed on an elective basis, subject to recall."

A popular song in vogue the past season stressed that "miracles can happen," but Johns and his co-workers found this to be a sad untruth. To date, no immediately available source of revenue has been located to bolster the present school term, although it is likely that a 40-week year can be financed by "throwing all the chips into the game," as Johns puts it. That's a colorful phrase he employs to include the Board of Education's insurance policy, current operating fund, and all other assets. The decision on how many chips to chuck, however, rests solely with the board.

Delos Johns comes by his interest in education honestly. His father was superintendent of public schools in Flat River, Missouri, and later held the same position in Farmington for more than 30 years. Now retired, he still keeps his hand in by teaching a part-time high school schedule.

One member of the Johns family is completely unperturbed by the possibility of an abbreviated school term. That's Dick, who is 14 and a freshman at Southwest High School. There are

three boys in all. Tom is a junior in the engineering school of the University of Missouri, and 22-year-old Bill, a veteran of the Philippine campaign and the occupation of Japan, is out of school and married.

Mr. Johns is known to fellow Kansas Citians as a peerless parliamentarian, particularly adroit in the chair. Debate seldom ruffles him. He expresses himself with facility and great candor—as the president of the Board of Education, who is no longer speaking to Johns, will testify.

For many years, he lived a quiet life: working in his yard on long summer evenings, playing bridge in winter, reading. His debut in civic work came three years ago, when he was asked to accept a post as chairman of the board of governors of the Citizens Regional Planning Council.

The work led him into numerous phases of public activity. He became associate chairman of the highly successful Citizens Bond Committee. As a member of the Jackson County Charter Commission, he is currently engaged in drawing up a new county charter.

On the side, Delos Johns works for a living. He is vice president and general counsel of the Federal Reserve Bank of Kansas City, and serves as counsel for the bank's branches in Omaha, Denver and Oklahoma City.

"Sometimes I work nights," he says, "but it isn't too hard to keep up." Then he adds a little sadly, "Practically nobody ever sues us."

Johns was in general law practice in Kansas City for 22 years prior to

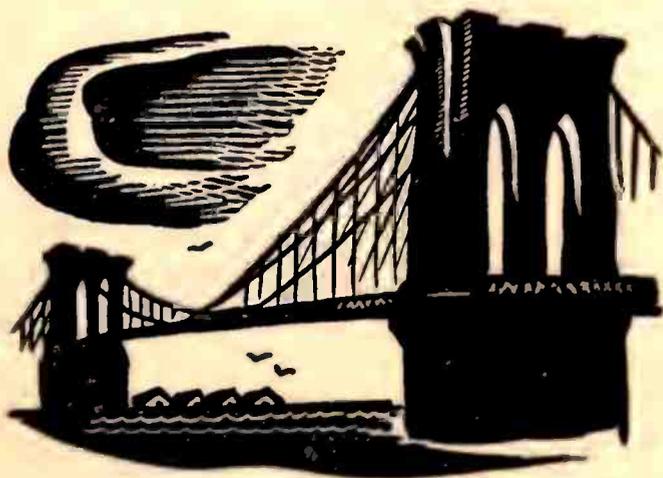
his association with the bank. He studied law at the University of Missouri, where he was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Delta Phi and the Order of the Coif.

In college, his chief exercise was carrying a tuba in the University band. He also played string bass with the orchestra at a local theatre, furnishing mood music for one silent movie every afternoon, and two every evening. He held various jobs in the library, and was much envied one year when he taught history at Stephens College for Women.

His education was interrupted by a year and a half of service in the United States Marine Corps.

In 1923, he entered the Kansas City law firm of Morrison, Nugent, Wylde & Berger (later Morrison, Nugent, Berger & Johns). There he met and married a German girl from Paxico, Kansas, Rose J. Schuetz (pronounced "Sheets").

Mr. Johns' first name, incidentally, was inherited from a boyhood friend of his father's. It is subject to what he calls a "multiplicity of pronunciations." He prefers "Dee-lahss," but will answer to any reasonable approximation. Few people care to



struggle with it, so he is generally known as "D.C."

A hearty but not indiscriminate laugher, Johns thoroughly enjoys his public contacts. It's a good thing, he will admit, because his work with the Citizens Regional Planning Council will keep him in the fore of civic work for some time to come. The Council deals with the problems of business, transportation, housing, employment, industry, education, health and public service over a five-county

Missouri and Kansas area.

Delos Johns is a modest man, inclined to depreciate his own accomplishments. He has no special hobbies, but he takes great pride in his lawn and enjoys working on it—even to the drudgeries of digging crab grass.

"Crab grass," he says, "keeps you humble. A man who spends a couple of hours each day down on his knees in the dirt can't possibly develop a feeling of self-importance!"



A Quaker pioneer, walking from his clearing to the meeting house, had his trusty flintlock ready. A non-believer accosted him, saying, "Brother Nathan, is it not your belief that what is destined will be?"

"Yes."

"Then if all the Indians in the province attacked the meeting house and your time had not come, you would not be harmed?"

"No," answered the Quaker.

"But if your time had come," pursued the other, "then no matter what you did, it would do no good?"

"That is right."

"Then why do you carry your gun to the meeting?"

Gravely the Quaker replied, "On my way to or from the meeting I might see an Indian whose time had come."



The small boy's parents were strict. The walls of the sitting room were lined with tracts, and the cane was kept behind "Love one another." One day everything went wrong, and the boy was punished eight times.

After this he said between sobs, "Don't you think it's time to take the cane from behind 'Love one another' and put it behind 'I need Thee every hour'?"



We are faced with a choice between a UN with teeth or a world with cavities.—P M.

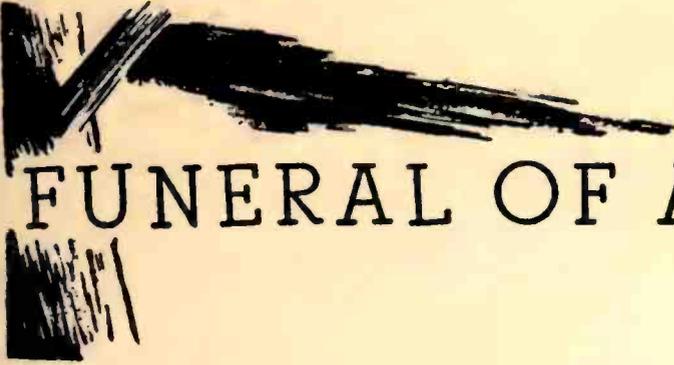


A Peoria businessman finally hit upon what he thought was a sure-fire way of collecting some money owed him. His somewhat irresponsible debtor had successfully ignored all pleas for payment, and so, as his last resort, he wrote a tear-jerking letter and enclosed a snapshot of his small daughter. Under the picture he wrote: "The reason I must have my money."

Much to his surprise, he got a reply, but there was also a photo with this letter—a voluptuous blonde in a bathing suit labeled, "The reason I can't pay!"



Winning a million bucks at the race track is now within the realm of possibility if you're a horse.



# FUNERAL OF A

# F R I E N D

*Tippie was a cow dog, a good one. When he died, it precipitated a family crisis.*

by FRANK G. HARRIS

PAPA said, "Yes, Tippie is going to have a funeral."

"He is not!" said Mamma. "Have you no respect for your God, Papa, to have a funeral for a dog? Funerals are for humans with souls . . ."

"Don't dogs have souls?" I asked.

Mamma glared at Papa. "See what you've done to that boy? You have him thinking dogs have souls!"

"Go along, Son," Papa said, "I'll talk to your Mamma and maybe by morning she will change her mind."

It was the summer that I was 12. Tippie was the same age and I couldn't remember when he hadn't been on the farm. I walked down to the barn, where Papa had fixed up a wooden box for Tippie, and I looked at my dog there so still and quiet and I cried. Up until then I had been too shocked to cry. Now the tears flowed freely and I didn't try to stop them, because I wasn't ashamed. Tippie was dead and gone and wouldn't ever bring the cows in any more or anything.

When I heard the cows bawling I stopped crying and from force of habit started to milk. Papa came in the barn, then, and told me not to

worry, we'd have a funeral for Tippie the next day.

"What about Mamma?" I asked. "Won't she be mad?"

"Don't worry about that, Son," said Papa. "Maybe dogs don't have souls like people, but that's no reason we can't give Tippie a funeral. That's what you want and that's what we will do. Maybe Tippie had some kind of a doggy soul . . ."

"Why don't we kill that old cow that killed him, Papa?" I asked. "I'll bet she hasn't got a soul!"

"That's enough about souls, Son. Mamma's right, you are going to church next Sunday. Maybe the preacher can explain things to you." Papa's eyes softened and he placed his hand on my shoulder. "Now let's get the milking done," he said, "and then we'll decide where to bury Tippie. I never was much for religion, like your Mamma, but I guess I can think of a few words to say over a dog's grave."

"I don't guess Bessie meant to kick Tippie and kill him did she, Papa?"

"It was just an accident," Papa said. "It might not seem so now, but maybe it was better this way. Tippie was getting old and it was over quick."

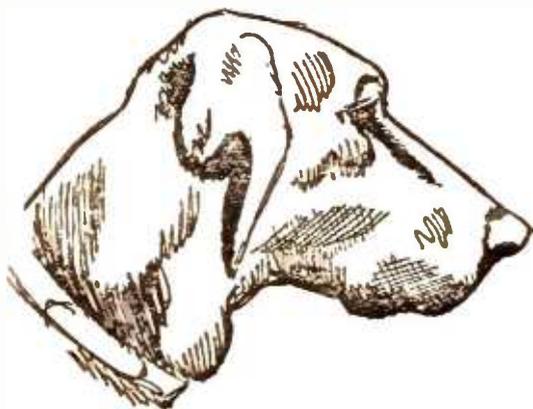
Now finish the milking, boy. No more crying."

The next morning the sky was overcast and when I got up Papa had already had breakfast. "Your Papa is digging," Mamma said, "back in the pasture by that big shade tree. He said that's where you wanted Tippie buried."

I didn't say anything and Mamma filled my plate with bacon and eggs and hot biscuits. I wasn't hungry. "Are we going to have a funeral, Mamma?" I asked. "With the Bible and everything?"

"That's enough of that nonsense!" Mamma said. "Tippie was just a dog and now he's dead. Just like a chicken when you kill it. Or that bacon you have on your plate. Funerals are for people with souls. I thought just as much of Tippie as anybody, but I can face facts. Now eat your breakfast!"

I guess it was the first time I had ever seen tears in Mamma's eyes. It made me feel like doing something special for her, so I tried to eat just



to please her. But it was tough going, and nothing had much taste to it.

Papa came in the kitchen and said, "We'll start now, Son. It's starting to drizzle, so put on your raincoat. Might rain hard before we finish the funeral."

"Papa!" Mamma said, "I'm not going to stand for this. You can't bring the boy up that way. Teaching him that dogs have souls!"

Papa didn't look at Mamma. He said, "I didn't say Tippie had a soul. I just said we were going to give him a decent burial just like we would any other friend. Come on, Son."

"Son!" I stopped at the door and started fastening my raincoat. "Listen to me, Son!" Mamma said.

Papa called to me from the back porch. "Coming, Papa!" I yelled. "Papa says for me to start going to church next Sunday, Mamma," I said, and ran out of the house.

Papa had fastened long poles to each side of the box that contained the body of Tippie. He had nailed a cover on the wooden casket and the rain started to splatter on the cover as we took our places. I picked up the front and Papa the back, and we started out slowly to the hole in the ground beneath the shade tree in the pasture.

I helped Papa lower the box into the ground and we stepped back. I thought of all the good times I had with my dog and almost started crying again. I looked around and everything seemed unfamiliar without Tippie. Nearby the cows were grazing, indifferent to what was taking place. Bessie stood among them, not knowing what heartbreak she had caused by kicking a dog in the head. And I remembered, the evening before, yelling, "Get 'em, boy! Faster now, we haven't got all night!"

And now Tippie was dead and Papa and I were burying him. Never

(Continued on page 47)

TALK ISN'T



CHEAP!

*Professional speakers are the "fifth estate" in American society. And what a nice estate it is, too.*

by ROGER SWIFT

**I**F you're a flagpole sitter, marathon runner, Congressman, atom bomb worrier or spy catcher, don't waste breath telling your views and exploits to the next-door neighbor!

Instead, sign up with one of America's 50 top lecture bookers and you may be rolling in moolah shortly, giving one-hour dissertations for as much as \$1,000 per spiel.

Now as never before, 15,000,000 palpitating Americans eagerly await the tribe of visiting speakers who descend monthly upon clubs, schools, churches, Parent-Teacher Associations, trade conventions and summer resorts. These high-priced word-slingers may earn enough on a three-month speaking tour to coast along on gravy for the remaining nine months of the year.

Titan of the lecture industry is W. Colston Leigh of New York City, a burly, tough operator who frankly tells the world that lecturing is a business like selling shoes or iceboxes. Leigh is the big dollar man among the agents: he asks and gets fabulous fees for celebrities.

Such names as Thomas Mann, H. R. Knickerbocker, Lawrence Tibbett, and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt get

sums as high as \$1,000 and \$1,500 for single addresses, thanks to Leigh's astute management.

Though statistics in the spiel trade are hard to nail down, veteran agents concede that 1948 may bring \$15,000,000 in fees. For this is the year of the Atom Bomb Scare—and when people are stewed up and fretting, the lecture industry thrives.

That's because we naively expect the answers to all our problems: inflation, housing, war clouds, these troubles will be lifted by glib speakers who sell their wordage and theories at high price.

American infatuation with lecturers began in 1816, when a smart New England gent named Holbrook advertised:

"I will give disquisitions on science, superstition, politics, or theology, for what you shall deem worthy to pay for my living."

Holbrook was deluged with invitations to speak before the entertainment-hungry. He started something which has snowballed to multi-million dollar dimensions. But today most lecturers use agents—high-powered, smooth business men and women who often earn commissions as high as 55

per cent on lecture fees paid their clients.

Almost any kind of expert can get bookings galore. An Indian girl named Te-Ata who lives in Manhattan is in great demand for her talk on tribal folk lore. The veteran Burton Holmes is America's dean of the lecture platform. He has presented his travelogues more than 10,000 times, and is as popular today as he was a quarter-century ago.

Martin Hughes of Chicago is a lecturer with a new twist. As the phony "Countess Maria Pulaski," he speaks fervently on "My Life as a Spy." He gets his audience all steamed up about Continental intrigues and plots. Then, at the climax of his address, the "countess" whips off a blonde wig and reveals the features of a man!

Psychologists and psychiatrists often find the lecture platform more lucrative than private practice. Anybody talking on the human mind and how to make it behave is assured of a rich season of speechifying for profit.

Economists, too, are in constant demand. Everybody wants to know about the stock market, inflation, and taxation. One Minneapolis joker, who'd never been inside a college classroom, had handbills printed describing himself as "Professor Mortimer Snafu, international authority on inflation."

Purely as a gag, he sent the handbills to program chairmen of various clubs. To his amazement, his telephone jangled constantly with bids for his speaking services. Accepting several of them, he talked learned balderdash to his audiences and was applauded

enthusiastically after saying literally nothing for 45 minutes. And he was well paid for his services!

Despite the commercialism of the lecture trade, its hyped publicity, and the arrant nonsense displayed by some of its self-styled "experts," the phenomenal growth of the speech-making clan is a healthy thing for democracy. Says Dr. Gregor Ziemer, education director of New York's Town Hall:

"In many nations, the idea of a man or woman getting up on a public platform and saying what he or she thinks is simply incredible. In Germany, for example, even now, few people would think of standing up and challenging a speaker or asking a question. Such democratic actions seem incredible and bizarre to them; they can't envisage an America in which 140,000,000 citizens exchange opinions freely!"

Occasionally, lecturers perform unusual public services in the course of their work. One of them is Joan Brandon, a young woman who specializes in trapping fake mediums and ersatz ghosts. After her talks, she invites personal troubles and has been able to "de-spook" many worried individuals who feared their houses were haunted.

Another debunker is Professor Bergen Evans of Northwestern University, whose book, *A Natural History of Nonsense*, is a best-seller.

Evans is at his best explaining away the popular superstitions which clutter up our mental attics. In the course of his talks, he has gathered enough fables and superstitions to fill a companion volume for his first book.

(Continued on page 51)

*When is a corpse not a corpse? James Graham learned the answer.*



## THE CASE OF THE *ghostly avenger*

by TED PETERSON

**A**FTER a present-day murderer has converted his victim into a corpse, he has only the police to worry about as he tidies up the clues.

If things had been that simple for an Englishman named Mark Sharp, he probably would have got away with murder. As it was, the ax-murder he committed turned up one clue that he couldn't hide—the ghost of his victim, who kept bobbing up around the neighborhood until the law strung Sharp from the gallows.

Sharp was executed without even the satisfaction of knowing that his case would go down in history as a British crime classic. The ghost business, for one thing, gave it a special twist. But more than that, Sharp bore his victim no grudge. An obliging chap, he killed her to help out a pal who found her presence inconvenient.

The restless victim of Sharp's pick-ax technique was a young woman named Ann Walker. She lived as housekeeper to a well-to-do widower in Chester-le-Street in northern England. Her employer, a relative, also was named Walker, but all accounts of the crime have shorn him of his given name.

Ann and her employer lived cozily together until neighbors began gossip-

ing about the young woman's approaching motherhood. Loungers at the local pub gave odds that Walker himself was responsible for her condition. Perhaps to get away from the sting of acid tongues, Ann hustled off to a village six miles away, where she moved in with her aunt.

The aunt was a kind woman, but she too had a villager's curiosity about her neighbors' business. She kept asking how Ann intended to support the expected baby. Ann told her that its father would provide for it. Well, then, the aunt wanted to know, who was the father? Ann wouldn't answer that question. But the aunt thought she had the answer one night when Walker, accompanied by Sharp, called for Ann and took her away.

No one ever saw Ann, in the flesh, after she left her aunt's home with Walker, and no one fussed about her disappearance. "She's gone away to have her child," someone remarked. Someone else added something about "hiding her shame," and the rest of the folks nodded knowingly. They thought they had seen the last of her. They hadn't.

A conscientious man named James Graham was miller for the countryside, and his work kept him at his

mill at late hours. One night after midnight had just slipped past, he trudged upstairs to dump some corn into the hopper. As he returned downstairs, he saw a sight that almost toppled him from the steps.

Standing in the middle of the room was a woman, her long hair bloody



from five gaping wounds in her head. Pale, silent, she stood staring at him.

"God protect me!" Graham cried, and his voice trembled. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"I am the spirit of Ann Walker," came the reply. While the frightened miller shivered, the ghost told its story. Walker was indeed the father of Ann's child. He had told her not to worry. He would send her away to a quiet place some distance away until after the baby was born. Then she could return with it to his home, and they would settle down as comfortably as before.

The night Walker fetched her from her aunt's home, Ann thought she

was bound for the promised haven. Sharp was to see that she reached it safely, and she set off with him late at night. As the pair crossed a lonely moor, Sharp cut the journey short. He bashed her over the head with a pick-ax, which thudded five times before he was satisfied that she was dead. Then he dragged the corpse to a pit and threw it in. He tried to wash the blood from his shoes and stockings but without success. He hid them with the ax. Alone he returned to Walker to make his report.

"And now, James Graham," the ghost said when the story was finished, "I come to you, that by revealing this bloody act my murderers may be brought to justice." It added that Graham had better get busy spilling the story to the law or it would haunt him.

Graham went home to sleep on the idea. He wasn't keen on blasting the reputation of Walker, who packed a hefty bankroll and a bit of influence about the countryside. After all, he had only a ghost's word for the story. "Maybe if I just keep quiet," Walker said to himself, "the ghost will tell the story to someone else."

The ghost, however, had no such intention. It turned up at the mill a second night. In a sharp tone, it asked how come Graham hadn't tipped off the law about the murder. Graham didn't even answer. He just lit out for companionship.

Next morning, hoping to end his chummy relationship with the ghost, Graham cornered a justice of peace. After taking an oath, he repeated the story that the ghost had told him. A man of action, the justice straightway

sent for Sharp and Walker. They tried to laugh off the whole affair. Their laughing stopped when searchers found Ann's corpse, wounded in the same places as the ghost, and the bloody ax, shoes and stockings belonging to Sharp.

Sharp and Walker stood their trial at the next assizes in Durham. Even before the jury retired, there was little doubt that the verdict would be "guilty." For the jury foreman swore

that throughout the trial, the tiny ghost of Ann's unborn babe hovered incriminatingly over Walker's shoulders.

The judge must have noticed it, too. As soon as he heard the verdict, he popped up and sentenced the prisoners. And never before in the whole history of Durham, the people remembered, had a prisoner been sentenced before the judge had heard the rest of the cases on his docket.

## FUNERAL OF A FRIEND

(Continued from page 42)

again would my dog stretch out in the shade of the big tree beside me. Papa cleared his throat and started to speak.

"Papa!" I said. "Look!"

Papa turned and squinted through the rain. A smile spread over his face and he said, "I thought she'd come."

Mamma walked up to us, one hand tucked inside the front of her raincoat. "You don't know how to conduct a funeral, Papa," she said. "Stand back!" Papa stood on one side of Mamma and I stood on the other.

"Oh, Lord," said Mamma, raising her face to the rain, "maybe I'm doing wrong by speaking for a dog, but Tippie was a good dog! He protected my son and twice saved him

from being drowned. Tippie was the best cow dog in the county and was well liked by everybody. He was a great comfort and help to Papa and me all these years. Oh, Lord, maybe Tippie didn't have a soul like a human, but he was a good dog and served faithfully here on earth. If You could help him, wherever dogs go when they die, it would be deeply appreciated, Lord. Amen."

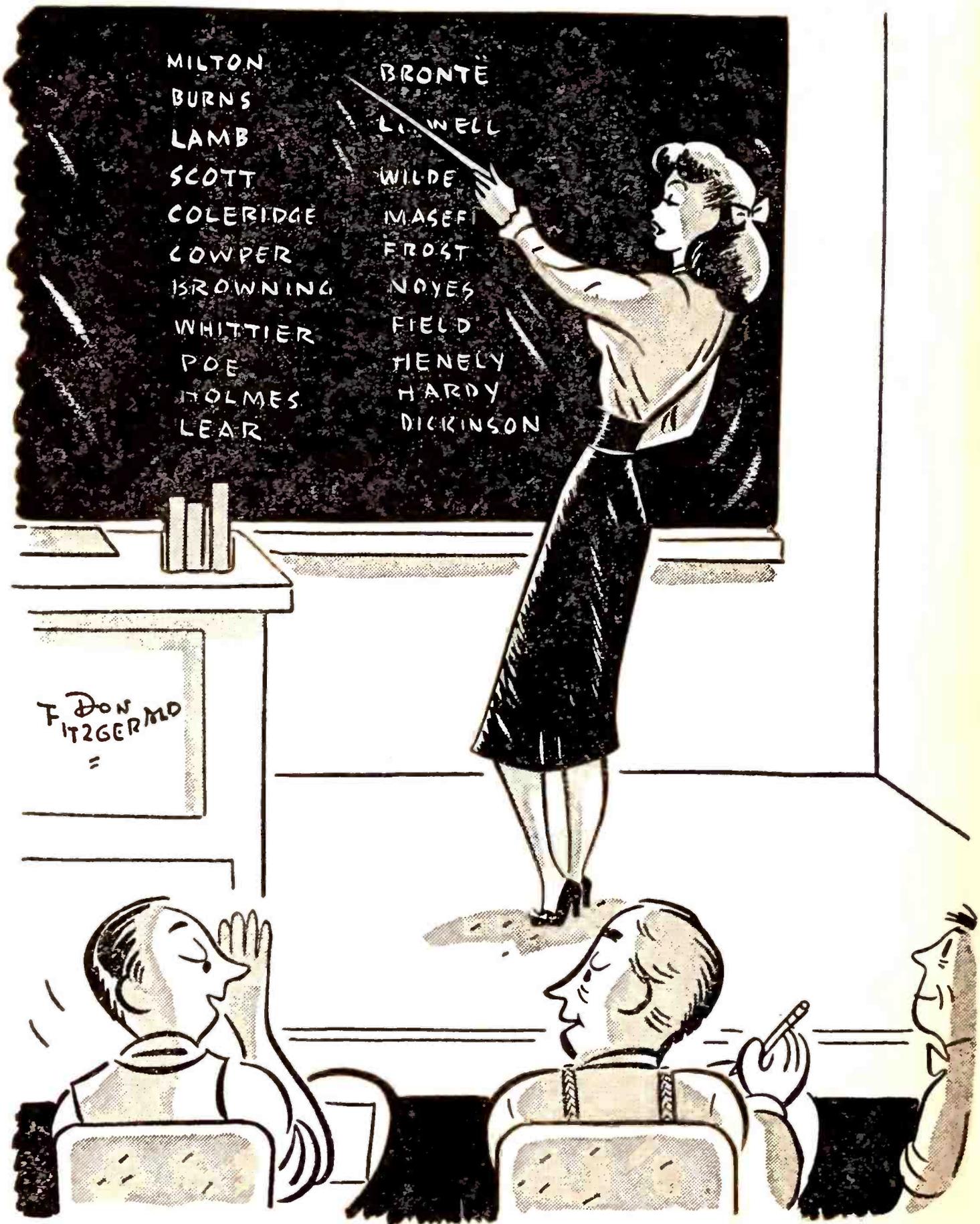
"That was mighty nice, Mamma," Papa told her, wiping his eyes.

"Thanks, Mamma," I said, "I'll bet Tippie sure liked that!"

Mamma pointed skyward. "I guess I didn't do too much that was wrong," she said, "the sun is coming out." Mamma took her Bible from inside her raincoat and walked back toward the house. She was smiling.



During a railway strike, a volunteer performed the remarkable feat of bringing the train in 20 minutes ahead of schedule. The passengers went forward in a body to thank him. A pale-faced man got down from the engine. "Don't thank me," he gasped, "thank God. I just found out how to stop this damn' thing five minutes ago."



*"I'm waiting for Kinsey!"*



George Washington

Slept **WHERE ?**

*Genuine antiques for sale—factory fresh!*

by EMMETT T. MANSFIELD

**A**N Illinois woman, who had lived figuratively from hand-to-mouth for many years, suddenly became prosperous and bought a house, a farm and two cars.

Curious neighbors learned that virtually overnight she had become an antique dealer, specializing in early American brass candlesticks. Wealthy antique hunters beat a path to her door, paying as much as \$500 for choice examples of Colonial metalwork.

Everything was smooth sailing for her until an angered husband—disgusted at the price his wife had paid for a pair of candlesticks—poked into her business via a private detective agency. The operative uncovered her hidden workshop where “antiques” were manufactured in 24 hours for delivery to gullible and moneyed clients.

“She takes new candlesticks, treats them roughly to produce nicks and dents,” reported the detective. “Then she applies acid to them to produce the greenish, ancient look which genuine Colonial candlesticks have.”

The irate husband publicized his findings, and her lush business took a nose-dive. Although she is out of business today, there are several hun-

dred other fake antique racketeers flourishing, thanks to boom times and the insatiable desire many people have for ancient furniture and bric-a-brac.

One authority on the cult of fake antique merchants describes them as “the world’s most cultured criminals.” Says Herbert Cescinsky, another distinguished antique expert, “Almost 80 per cent of all the so-called antiques sold in England today are fraudulent.”

And even the august New York Times was moved to comment editorially:

“It is obvious that the antique, as never before, has become Big Business. And any man whose home is a gathering place for the fine craftsmanship of another day can cast his eye around and be pretty sure that some of it is bogus!”

Not surprisingly, women outnumber the men in the fake antique crowd. One New England lady with impeccable lineage and a smooth tongue earned almost \$75,000 peddling alleged Colonial beds until she was unmasked. Then it was learned that she had artificially aged her products with a sanding machine and exposure to stormy weather. The “worm holes,” which looked so authentic, had been drilled by an instrument that bored

straight, whereas real worms unfailingly bore crookedly!

As a clincher, the experts proved she had frayed and weathered her upholstery by exposure to rain and chemicals obtainable at any drugstore. Faced by the evidence, she promptly disappeared, leaving almost 500 customers wailing that they had been bilked.

Recently, it was learned that a gigantic ring of antique fakers in New York had sent crews around the country, buying up old houses containing oak and maple. These houses were promptly torn down and the wood was carefully packed and shipped to an obscure furniture factory in Brooklyn.

In no time at all, the Brooklyn woodworker had turned out new "antique" beds and rockers from the old, well-seasoned wood!

As fast as one crooked antique dealer or manufacturer is unmasked, another flourishes in his place. But usually they are detected because they overlook little details. For example, one crook purchased a small chest for \$15 and weathered it for several months on his farm. He then sold it for \$800 to a wealthy woman, assuring her that it had been turned out by hand in George Washington's day.

The woman was happy with her purchase until a friend who knew something about antiques dropped in.

"You've been rooked, my dear," he said. "The chest looks real enough, but these

nails are machine-turned. In Washington's day, they were made by hand. Here, look through this magnifying lens!" He was right.

Don't ever be taken in by the glib antique salesman who talks knowingly about "signature" pieces. Remember, really old furniture bearing the printed signatures of established craftsmen of the era is truly rare. The crooked antique people employ skilled printers to concoct labels which have that aged, dyed-in-the-wood look. They use battered type and weather their own paper for this nefarious purpose.

Today, Florence, Italy, is once again becoming the fake antique capital of the world, according to travelers and expert furniture dealers. Before the war, Florence, followed closely by London, had a dim reputation because of the number of fraudulent antiques sold there.

Indeed, in London one year there was held a "fake antique exposition," at which notable frauds were shown to the public as a warning. A prominent Philadelphia collector, Dr. Edwin Atlee Barber, followed this up with a similar show in the United States, hoping to keep people from being gyped.

After viewing the 372 clever fakes collected by Barber, many people went right out and managed to get gyped again by unscrupulous dealers!

Oddly enough, the fakers do not adhere rigidly to the genuine antique models they are copying, but they often fall prey to an urge to improve upon the old masters. Consequently, they will add a flourish or a scroll to a Hepplewhite or Chippendale piece, merely because they think it looks



better that way. Experts can soon detect these efforts to improve upon the old timers.

A fake antique sleuth will use calipers and T-square in his search for fraud. The calipers show the shrinkage of truly old wood. The T-square reveals if the wood is ruler-straight; if it is, you have no antique, because aged wood is almost always warped and out-of-true.

Another practice which doesn't fool the experts is that of "piecing out" an antique bed, thus producing two beds where one was before. This is done by making the head and footboard of a real antique bed be-



come the bases for two new beds which are palmed off as the real Revolutionary War stuff.

Nobody knows how much is lost each year on spurious antiques. But it ranges from \$20,000,000 to \$30,000,000, according to some estimates from legitimate dealers.

Whatever the loss is, keep a tight rein on your wallet until you're sure that the piece you covet is everything the dealer claims it is. If in doubt, summon an expert. It's better to pay an expert \$50

for his opinion than to waste \$500 on a faked piece not worth a tenth that sum.

## TALK ISN'T CHEAP

(Continued from page 44)

Not infrequently, men and women get into the lecture field quite by accident. That's what happened with Tom Collins, Kansas City newspaperman, who amused an audience one day with droll tales and anecdotes culled from his journalistic grab-bag.

Before he knew it, Tom was doing more speaking than writing, and withdrew from newspaper work to enter the "fifth estate" of the lecture platform. Today, because his dry humor and salty quips are a refreshing contrast to deep thinkers, Collins has more lecture bids than he can accept. He is primarily a "banquet speaker," which is a minor field of specialization, since 90 per cent of the talk-for-

pay boys are on the lyceum and town hall circuit.

The biggest lecture "draw," if he would consent to speak in America, is the aged George Bernard Shaw, who takes a dim view of speaking for money.

An important Chicago booker, speaking of Shaw, said wistfully:

"I've booked dozens of the world's great, but the only one who would really earn a fee of \$5,000 per talk is Shaw. He could have a million dollar lecture tour any time he wanted it—but he has always considered the idea absurd. Can you imagine a guy nowadays turning down a million—just for talking?"

# It Pays to Advertise

Westminster (California) HERALD: "Wish to trade—Bridal gown, hope chest, other accessories for shotgun in good condition."

London TIMES: "Bank manager, just released from prison, seeks employment."

Worcester (Massachusetts) TELEGRAM: "Lost—A large swarm of Italian honey bees. Finder please dial 5-2062. Reward."

Honolulu STAR-BULLETIN: "Furnished roof for rent."

New Delhi STATESMAN: "Brigadier Cane leaving for the United Kingdom desires to thank his British and Indian friends for many kindnesses. He further desires that his enemies should not indulge in wishful thinking. He is coming back."—Joseph C. Stacey.



The justice of the peace, in pursuance of his duties, had to perform an occasional marriage ceremony. He found it difficult to dissociate the various functions of his office. Everything had gone smoothly until he asked one bride, "Do you take this man to be your husband?"

The bride nodded emphatically.

"And you, accused," the justice said turning to the bridegroom, "what have you to say in your defense?"



A customer owed a bill for several months and payed no attention to statements, so the store wrote him that if he did not remit at once, the account would be placed in the hands of a lawyer for collection.

In the next mail came a letter.

"Enclosed find check to cover account referred to in your letter of the tenth inst. Thanking you for your past favors I remain, Yours truly.—P.S. This is the kind of letter I would write you if I had the money."



It was little Jane's first visit to the country. The night was warm, the window was open, and the insect noises were strange.

"Mummy," whimpered Jane, "it's dark here. Everything buzzes, and I'm afraid."

"Don't be afraid, Janie," comforted Mother. "Remember, the angels are watching over you. They are there with you." There was a pause, and then the whimper changed to a loud wail.

"Mummy," cried Jane, "one of the angels just bit me."



Once a year the newsboys of a certain district of London are taken for an outing on the Thames by a gentleman of the neighborhood, where they can bathe to their heart's content.

As one little boy was getting into the water, a friend observed, "I say, Bill, ain't you dirty!"

"Yes," replied Bill, "I missed the train last year."



The head of the house approached the young man.

"Look here," he said, "you've been calling to see my daughter for a long time now. May I ask what are your intentions?"

"Well," said the suitor, "I had hoped to become an addition to the family."

"Let me tell you," was the reply, "there's nothing doing in addition. You'll have to subtract."

# The Swing IN WORLD AFFAIRS

by FRED ALEXANDER

The situation in Berlin is acutely uncomfortable, and there is no indication that it will improve.

The Reds are determined to have Berlin, and possession is the first step that will ultimately lead to control of Germany and later the whole European continent. The economy of war dictates that an aggressor nation should attempt to attain all of its objectives by inexpensive, peaceful means. The Russians will fight, but they naturally want to postpone it as long as possible.

Meanwhile, Russia is attempting to gain economic control of Berlin by controlling the currency. It has suggested that the Americans stop issuing currency and withdraw all United States money. In return, the Russians will lift the blockade. This can only lead to an impossible situation. With Russia in economic control of Berlin the rest would be easy.

The monkeyshines which the Reds have pulled during the last month have merely heaped coals on the fire. The Russians with their planned kidnappings are trying to make life as difficult as possible for the Western powers in Berlin.

The people are restless and unstable in the U.S.S.R. They must be appeased by being shown new gains that are made. When the Russians are blocked from making any visible gains, war will be imminent. War keeps people busy and occupied. It knits a nation together with a common objective. War is wonderful for dictatorships.

War preparation takes money — lots of it: High level officials know that war is hovering near, yet their hands are tied because the military does not have enough money. During the fiscal year ending in June of 1949, the total expenditure for military purposes will have been in excess of 14 billion dollars. For the next year,

the military has asked for 30 billion, the amount that is actually needed to put the nation in fighting trim. The Administration said that was too much—it would have to be scaled down. So down it came to 20 billion—still too much. Now it has been whittled to 15 billion, certainly not enough to take care of the authorized strength of 18 Army divisions and 70 air units. But 15 billion is the amount that the Administration will adhere to in the January budget recommendations. The armed forces will have to be skeletonized because of insufficient funds.

Since it is now pretty well accepted that Truman has little chance to win, the plan is to leave military spending to Dewey and his aids. When Dewey inherits the Presidency, it will be his task to raise the military budget to 17, 18 or perhaps even 20 billion dollars. Such a hike in appropriations will necessitate increased taxes. But the Republicans hesitate to raise taxes immediately upon taking office. They hope to wait until 1950, but in reality a tax increase may come long before that.



Industrial preparations for "defense," which are actually moves toward rearmament, will soon get up more steam. Machine tools will be in great demand, being the foundation stones of all large scale industrial development. In the last war this was the bottleneck, but now industry says it can supply quickly everything that is needed.

The National Security Resources Board is consulting with many businessmen right now. People have thought these talks to be secret, but it's not necessarily so. Conversations between businessmen and the government have been open but unpublicized. The NSRB has neither the facilities nor the money to do much good yet, but it shows promise of growing into

one of the larger departments of the government.



Governor Dewey and his advisors are a live-wire outfit. They are working feverishly on campaign strategy and even actual administrative problems for the time when Mr. Dewey assumes the Presidency. As usual, the Republicans hold divergent views on the campaign. Some say the election will be very close; others claim it's in the bag. The important thing is that both agree a strong and vigorous campaign should be conducted in order to garner every possible vote and assure the party a firmer foothold in Congress and throughout the country.

The big Republican show will flash up in Missouri, where Dewey will put on an old-fashioned cracker-barrel political fight. In Missouri and everywhere, the Republicans will shout Pendergast, Kansas City politics, incompetence, protection of Communists and waste.



The Democratic strategy is to dig up old Republican dirt and scatter it to the four winds. Such names as Teapot Dome, Harding, Daugherty, Jess Smith and Fall will be back in the news after a quarter-century in hiding.

Both sides will point to scandals and

mud will fly in all directions. From the standpoint of old-fashioned dirty politics, this campaign is shaping up like a three-ring circus.

Few people are predicting victory for Truman, and when they do, it is purely for the sake of promoting their own interests and those of the Democratic party. Wallace has hurt Truman's chances badly. Without Wallace in the field, Truman might have had a chance. Labor has come out half-heartedly for the President, but the laboring man is potentially a Republican voter as well as Democratic. The Taft-Hartley Act is no longer an issue; many laboring men like it.

Truman is trying by every wile at his command to woo the liberal vote into his camp. Hopes are not high for success. Mr. Truman has proved himself to be liberal in statement but conservative in action—a mixture not dissimilar to oil and water. The liberal element of the country is, for the most part, entirely cognizant of Mr. Truman's views concerning left wingers. Roosevelt was the darling of the leftists, but Truman, who can not understand why a Missouri horse trade won't work in Washington, has not done well in filling the liberal shoes of Roosevelt. The act is just not convincing. November will tell the story.



One night a young Kentucky mountaineer was standing guard at an Army post, when an officer nearly seven feet tall approached.

"Halt," challenged the Kentuckian. "Who goes there?"

"Major White," the officer replied.

"Advance and be recognized."

The major approached. The sentry stood at port arms. Suddenly the major's huge arm lashed out and jerked the rifle from the soldier.

"You're one devil of a soldier," the major barked. "Here you are, rendered completely helpless."

"Ah don't know about that," the young mountaineer replied, and the major found himself looking down the barrel of a .38 revolver which had unaccountably appeared from the soldier's shirt. "All ah kin say, Major, is that you'd better hand over that rifle. It ain't loaded, but this pistol is."

—*Richland Press.*



When asked why Southerners are always so slow and deliberate, a Georgian replied, "Son, it just doesn't pay to be in a hurry. You always pass up much more than you can catch up with."



Everyone in a small town knows the news. He reads the paper just to see if the editor gets it printed correctly.

## Platter Chatter

**K**ANSAS CITY'S own tune, *My Happiness*, continues to roll up greater sales throughout the country and abroad. The Damon Studios will soon release a sequel to *Happiness* (see Highly Recommended), hoping that it, too, will be a hit. Already, 37,000 orders have been placed, most of which were chalked up before the buyers even knew the title . . .

Toni Harper, youthful 11-year-old sepia singer and star of Columbia records, will be featured on the Cantor air show when it resumes this month . . . Hal Derwin, Capitol crooner, and his band will return to the West Coast after a successful series of dates in the East and Middle West . . . Eddy Duchin will reorganize and open at the Waldorf in New York this month . . . Former Jimmy Dorsey thrush, Helen O'Connell, returns to the entertainment field this fall after baby-

sitting arrangements are made for her new daughter, Jenny . . . Paul Weston, in addition to his network *Supper Club* chores, may take over as conductor of another major network variety show . . .

Ted Weems and orchestra are now at the Aragon Ballroom in Ocean Park, California, and may be heard nightly via Mutual, coast-to-coast . . . *Constellation*, latest Capitol recording by Sam Donahue and his orchestra, is an original composition by the young sax-tootin' maestro, inspired by the famous airliner, the TWA *Constellation*. It swings, but nice! . . .

Tommy Dorsey's *Until*, featuring the Clark Sisters, the Town Criers and Harry Prime, is pulling in the nickels on the jukes . . . Jazz pianist Nellie Lutcher is bringing in the customers at Cafe Society in Greenwich Village . . . Freddy Martin, Victor's smooth dance-band leader, has two changes in the band—Robert Spiker on the piano and Merv Griffin, who replaces Stuart Wade on vocals . . .

Frankie Carle is traveling through the Midwest and East this month for a series of one-nighters. He's still looking for a singer to fill in for Marjorie Hughes, his daughter, who remained on the West Coast due to illness . . . Decca's recording starlet, Jeannie Leitt, is back at work in Kansas City after a tonsil operation . . .

El Casbah, Kansas City's swank nitery, can afford to boast about its entertainment menu. The top harmonica group in



with **BOB KENNEDY**

the country, the Harmonicats, is opening October 4.

### *Betcha Didn't Know . . .*

. . . That Dick Haymes was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, on September 16, 1916 . . . Bill Kenny of the Ink Spots claims to have sung *If I Didn't Care* 5,258 times . . . Although Kate Smith and Ted Collins are a business combination, there has been no written contract between them for 17 years . . . For sentimental reasons Carmen Cavallero opens every dance date with *The Very Thought of You*, even though it isn't his theme.

### *Highly Recommended*

**COLUMBIA 38291**—Frankie Carle and his orchestra. *October Twilight* plus *A New Kind of Song*. On the first side Nan Wright sings the pensive vocal as Carle paints a dreamy piano picture of *October Twilight* in a manner reminiscent of his famous *Sunrise Serenade*. The reverse is something new and different in a love song, done in slow boogie rhythm by Frankie and company. Nan again does the vocal and Frankie is in with the solid 88. Smooth and delightful, and a must for Carle fans!

**DAMON 11130**—Jon and Sondra Steele with rhythm accompaniment. *I Want To Be The Only One* and *Love Don't Get You Nothin' But The Blues*. Here's the long-awaited sequel to *My Happiness*. *I Want To Be The Only One* is the "A" plug side, but whether the

public will turn it over as in the case of *Happiness* remains to be seen and heard. The "A" side is a dreamy ballad worthy of merit, featuring Jon and Sondra at their best, with an added piano solo by Jon for good measure. The flipover is a blues opus done up neatly by the duo and the instrumental trio. Back to back, they're two potential hits!

**CAPITOL 15171**—Jo Stafford with Paul Weston and his orchestra. *Trouble in Mind* plus *Baby Won't You Please Come Home*. That lovely songstress is here again with a coupling of fine tunes. *Trouble in Mind* finds Jo sharing honors with a fine harmony guitar, and they work together beautifully. The tune is in that slow and bluesy style Jo does so well. The reverse is that old standard with Nat King Cole on the piano, appearing in the spotlight at brief intervals. Jo sings it—but good!

**DECCA 24448**—Louis Jordan and his Tympany Five. *Run, Joe* and *All For the Love of Lil*. Louie Jordan fans, gather 'round and hear the news. Here's one of the best two-sided waxings the boys have put out for a lon-n-n-g time. *Run, Joe* is done in Calypso-Afro tempo and concerns a guy named Joe—who ran out of dough—and so-o-o. Well, we'll let you hear the rest of the story. The reverse is three minutes of solid Jordan with a vocal by Louie and featuring outstanding sax and trumpet solos. If you're hep to the beat—the record's complete!

**\*Jenkins Music Company, 1217 Walnut, VI 9430.**

**TEMPO 652**—Brother Bones and his Shadows. *Sweet Georgia Brown* plus *Margie*. Above the record title you read: "A novelty recording of"—and that puts it mildly. It's a recording sensation because of its use of the bones, an almost obsolete musical contrivance. Together with the Nova-chord and baritone sax, it perhaps constitutes the oddest combination on wax

today. Brother Bones and the boys present a novelty rhythm coupled with a whistling solo that can be appreciated only when it's heard. But we'll guarantee the rhythm will have you toe-tapping in no time. Novelty wax entertainment plus!

**CAPITOL 15153**—Paul Weston and his orchestra. *Clair de Lune* (parts 1 and 2). Paul Weston and his excellent orchestra present a brilliant arrangement of one of Claude Debussy's greatest and most popular musical works. *Clair de Lune* is the type of music that appeals to all tastes, and after hearing this Weston version, you'll agree it's a must for every record library. Brilliant shading and phrasing by the orchestra under able direction make this a Capitol classic.

**COLUMBIA 38292**—Les Brown and his orchestra. *A Woman Always Understands* plus *Floatin'*. The first features Eileen Wilson in a wonderful, torchy commentary on a well-known feminine attribute. The band supplies most appropriate mood music, with a sax and clarinet blend adding extra color. The flip-over is a solid, strictly instrumental effort. It was penned by Bob Higgins, now doubling as arranger and trumpet man with Les. Two fine sides with the Les Brown touch!

**VICTOR ALBUM P 214**—Andre Previn at the piano, featuring Al Viola, guitar, Lloyd Pratt, bass, and Jackie Mills, drums. Here is one of the latest young men to take top honors at the 88. He's a German lad who landed a job at M-G-M studios arranging movie music; and it was Victor who made the wax contract. His touch, modern chord arrangement and versatility is displayed well in this eight sided album, including such favorites as *Hallelujah*, *My Shining Hour*, *Just One of Those Things*, *Should I* and many others. If you like piano, try this one on your record player for size—you'll like it.

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

▲  
Note to brides: Always come to breakfast looking your best, because on the day you fail to do so the boy may be late with the paper.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

# CHICAGO *Letter*

by NORT JONATHAN

**W**HENEVER comedians playing the local bistros want to entice a loud guffaw out of an otherwise not-too-responsive audience, they pull a gag something like this, "If the Cubs and White Sox don't play better ball and win a few baseball games, send 'em all to the Parichy Bloomer Girls."

Such a sally never fails to evoke the desired response. Everybody in the audience—with the exception, perhaps, of the few who have seen the Bloomer Girls play baseball—breaks into loud laughter. The implications are that the Bloomer Girl team is a baseball Siberia, that nothing worse could happen to a big leaguer, that the gals just futilely poke at the ball, lobbed across the plate by a fugitive from the Vassar daisy chain.

Maybe it's the funny name that garners laughs. "Parichy Bloomer Girls" inevitably brings up memories of a feminine undergarment that both sexes are happy to forget. Perhaps it's masculine superiority that causes the mirth. The men in the audience believe that even the modern woman is pretty helpless on a baseball diamond.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The Chicago Cubs and White Sox—undoubtedly in the cellar at the end of the 1948 season—could use some of the Bloomer Girls' star players. Instead of threatening the big league ballplayers with the Bloomer Girls, those hapless individuals should be happy for a berth on a team that consistently plays good baseball and usually wins the girls' professional baseball title.

The girls play heads-up ball. Their funny name goes back to the days when girls did wear bloomers when playing baseball. Now the Bloomer Girls wear shorts and a regulation baseball jersey—and look pretty well in them. The Parichy Bloomer Girls baseball team is one of the pioneers in the feminine game. Years ago, when feminine opponents were hard to find, the gals took on male teams in exhibition matches—and often won. For some 15 years they have been filling Parichy Stadium out on the west side of Chicago, five summer nights out of seven.

The Bloomer Girls are the top team in a girls professional league which was started a decade ago by the late Charley Bidwell, longtime owner and chief booster of the Chicago Cardinals football team. The diamond is smaller than big league size, and the game is usually faster. Professional coaches and umpires are on hand at every game. Most of the team managers are big league or semi-pro ballplayers somewhat past their prime. The girls themselves make from 80 to 100 dollars a week during the season. Spring practice is usually held somewhere in Florida.

Phil Wrigley, always quick to catch on to a good thing, owns a rival girls professional league which includes teams from a number of cities in the Midwest. It has been suggested to Mr. Wrigley rather pointedly that his girls seem to play a smarter brand of baseball than his dismal National League collection of misfits, the Chicago Cubs.

All girls' games around Chicago are played under lights. The ball is larger than big league size, yet anything but soft, and the pitching is incredibly fast. The girls are not afraid to slide into home plate and are not far behind the male sex when it comes to thinking up nasty things to say to the umpires.

However, even in baseball femininity prevails. A few nights ago out at Memorial Stadium, Alice Kolski, pitching for the Chicago Queens, lost a particularly tight game when a member of the opposing team knocked one of Alice's best



pitches out of the park. After three runs had scored Miss Kolski burst into tears and refused to be consoled.



Lest you think we have our seasons mixed, talking about baseball in the football season, let us hasten to add that Chicago's three professional football teams are off on another big season. The Chicago Rockets, revamped and revitalized, seem to be 100 per cent better than during the disastrous 1947 season. The Bears and the Cardinals are their old championship selves—or so it seems at the time this is being written. Not having a crystal ball handy, it's hardly wise to go out on a limb.

It is, however, safe to say that there is scarcely another city in the country with more top-notch football on tap from late August to early December. In addition to the three professional teams, Northwestern University's Dyke stadium is only a 30-minute "L" ride from the Loop. Notre Dame is in nearby South Bend, and the University of Illinois is practically in Chicago's backyard.



After this bit of boasting, it's a little hard to admit that our town is losing one of its best local radio programs—for the usual reason. No sponsor. For several years a good many Chicagoans have been enjoying an unpretentious but well-done little show called *Howdy, Mr. Lincoln*. Its ingredients were a little nostalgia, a lot of well-remembered music, and a narrator named Norman Barry. But WMAQ, the local station producing the program, apparently feels that something else in the *Howdy, Mr. Lincoln* air time might stand a better chance of bringing some more dough into the NBC treasury.

It's too bad because Norman Barry, with a few records and a well-written script, has a fine facility for creating first-rate entertainment.

However, we still have Jim Hurlbut. Mr. Hurlbut is on the same station six nights a week at 11 o'clock with a local news commentary that really isn't a commentary at all. Most of the time his 14-minute broadcast is a straight, factual report of what he has seen and heard during the day in Chicagoland. Mr. Hurlbut seldom depends on news machines or second-hand reporting. He spends most of the 14 hours a day he puts into his job chasing police cars, ambulances, fire engines, politicians, visiting characters, and just plain people who happen to find themselves in the spotlight. The result, as aired at 11 o'clock each night, has the colorful flavor of really good reporting.

Jim Hurlbut was the first Marine combat correspondent to see action in the Pacific. He brings to radio a brand of personal journalism that usually considerably outshines the excited script-reading of our other news commentators. What is more important, it's good radio listening.



The bus was almost at a standstill in the heavy traffic in front of one of the city's largest churches. Two colored women were fuming at the delay as it inched along.

"Lawd a'mighty," said one in vexation. "It's gittin' to the point where a decent person can't even get to work on time on Sunday mornin', jest for the people crowdin' the streets goin' to church!"



Finding fault is one of the unskilled employments.

# CHICAGO *Ports of Call*

*Very High Life . . .*

by JOAN FORTUNE

★ **BOULEVARD ROOM**, Hotel Stevens, 7th at Michigan (WAB 4400). The ice show, now running into its fourth month, is called "Icecapers, USA." Benny Strong leads the current band.

★ **BATTERY**, Ambassador West Hotel, 1300 N. State Street (SUP 7200). Just across the street from the Pump Room, this delightful spot for luncheon, cocktails or dinner has its own following. People discover it for themselves and come back often. There's a small band and usually a gal singer.

★ **CAMELLIA HOUSE**, Drake Hotel, Michigan at Walton (SUP 2200). Paul Sparr plays the kind of music that the regular trade here likes. It's music with a "bourbon beat"—because no matter how many too many Daddy has, he can usually manage to keep time to the music.

★ **EMPIRE ROOM**, Palmer House, State at Monroe (RAN 7500). Here we have Florian Zabach now, the "Gene Raymond" of the local orchestra business, and a man named Liberace, who plays a wonderful piano. It is hard to pronounce his name correctly without considerable help, but his music is the most important thing about the current Palmer House show.

★ **GLASS HAT**, Congress Hotel, Michigan at Congress (HAR 3800). A modernistic glass decor in gray, blue and yellow. Open daily at four for cocktail hour dancing, with Jerry Glidden's orchestra pleasing the dancers month after month. He's also around later in the evening.

★ **MAYFAIR ROOM**, Blackstone Hotel, 7th at Michigan (HAR 4300). Phil Regan, that dashing grandpa, reopens this ultra-ultra room for the fall-winter season. The Irish thrush will be making his eventh appearance here, after playing tookey for one season at the Palmer House. Apparently all has been forgiven.

★ **PUMP ROOM**, Ambassador East Hotel, 1300 N. State Street (SUP 7200). This being a "must" oasis for all visiting movie stars, disc jockeys, beauty con-



testants, bookies and people who have only money, you'll find that the guests provide most of the entertainment. David LeWinter's orchestra plays during lulls in the allegedly brilliant conversation.

★ **WALNUT ROOM**, Bismarck Hotel, Randolph at Wells (CEN 0123). Bands have been whipping in and out of this room so quickly of late that only the MCA booker has the faintest idea who will be on the bandstand when you read this.

★ **YAR RESTAURANT**, 181 E. Lake Shore Drive (DEL 9300). If you're really serious about eating heavily and well, this is the spot for you. Plan to spend an entire evening over a leisurely dinner. And plan to have a Brinks money truck meet you outside when the check comes around.

★ **MARINE DINING ROOM**, Edgewater Beach Hotel, 5300 Sheridan Road (LON 6000). George Olsen is playing another return engagement in the majestic Marine Dining Room. One of the oldtimers in the band business, George is playing a style of dance music that's attracting hordes of teen-agers on Friday and Saturday nights. Other nights, people over 21 can dance with safety.

★ **SHERATON LOUNGE**, Hotel Sheraton, 505 N. Michigan (WHI 4100). They've tried everything here, including waitresses with exceptionally good legs and exceptionally transparent skirts. Currently appearing with the skirts are Don

Gomez and Leigh Baron, an organ-piano duo. They're good and deserve a better spot.

*The Show's the Thing . . .*

★ CHEZ PAREE, 610 Fairbanks Court (DEL 3434). Most of the big names in what's left of the night club business play this gilded restaurant in the course of the year. Sophie Tucker, the last of the red-hot mamas, is the reigning attraction. Ted Shapiro assists ably at the piano.

★ RIO CABANA, 400 N. Wabash (DEL 3700). After about ten years of exhibiting some of Chicago's better bodies in as little as the police would allow, the Rio Cabana has converted its beauty parade into a Conga line. The joint has gone South American. Freddie D'Alonso is currently hitting that gourd.

★ VINE GARDENS, 616 W. North Avenue (MIC 5106). The Mirror Terrace Room here usually has an entertaining show. It's a new spot on the near north side of town which is attracting a lot of customers these days.

★ JAZZ, LTD., 11 E. Grand Avenue. Continues as the hang-out of the jazz cultists. Strictly from Dixie.

★ BLACKHAWK RESTAURANT, Randolph at Wabash (RAN 2822). Al Trace and his Silly Symphony have really clicked here. If you can stand hearing Al play his hit recording arrangement of *You Call Everybody Darlin'* about eight times a night, this is a good spot for inexpensive fun.

*Strictly for Stripping . . .*

Nature study is the main entertainment in these north and west side joints. Any taxi driver can get you there and home again with reasonable safety. Now that the Rio Cabana has switched its show policy, try these strongholds of stripping deluxe . . . the FRENCH CASINO, 641 N. Clark Street . . . EL MOCAMBO, 1519 W. Madison Street . . . PLAYHOUSE CAFE, 550 N. Clark Street . . . L. and L. CAFE, 1315 West Madison . . . the 606 CLUB, 606 S. Wabash . . . the

TROCADERO CLUB, 525 S. State Street. If you're heavy with dough, a police escort is suggested.

*Gourmet's Delight . . .*

★ MIKE FRITZEL'S, State at Lake Streets. A fine place to dine, in the tradition of the famous hash houses of yesteryear. If you have telephonitis, you can make a phone call from one of the cozy booths.

★ WRIGLEY BUILDING RESTAURANT, 410 N. Michigan. Lou Harrington presides over the bar in this hucksters' hangout. "Pete" makes life miserable for self-important characters who demand a table at once during the luncheon rush.

★ BARNEY'S MARKET CLUB, 741 W. Randolph. Barney's hearty greeting is well-known from coast-to-coast. The food is fine, the service is fast.

★ CIRO'S, 816 N. Wabash. You can get a good meal here at two or three o'clock in the morning. The food is reputed to be the same at other hours, too.

★ GIBBY'S, 192 N. Clark Street. Fine place for a steak.

★ HENRICI'S, 71 W. Randolph. An old time spot where you'll meet most of the members of the Randolph Street Post and Paddock Club poring over the racing form. Recommended for food or a good tip on the sixth at Sportsman's Park.

★ JACQUES, 900 N. Michigan. That French charm! That French cuisine! That big check!

★ LE PETIT GOURMET, 619 N. Michigan. You'll find real charm here. Also good food.

*Other Top Choices . . .*

A BIT OF SWEDEN, 1015 N. Rush Street . . . SHANGRI LA, 222 N. State . . . SINGAPORE PIT, 1011 Rush Street . . . OLD HEIDELBERG, 14 W. Randolph Street . . . RED STAR INN, 1528 N. Clark Street . . . ST. HUBERT'S GRILL, 316 S. Federal Street . . . IMPERIAL HOUSE, 50 E. Walton

▲  
A marshal of France had risen from the ranks to a dukedom by his own ability and perseverance. When snubbed by some hereditary nobles in Vienna, he retorted, "I am an ancestor; you are only descendants."

# NEW YORK *Letter*

by LUCIE BRION



TELEVISION is opening new worlds to many people who heretofore have had nothing more to rely on than hearsay. Recently I sat spellbound for eight hours, watching and listening to the House Committee on Un-American Affairs question and take testimony in the Hiss-Chambers case. It was just like being there in person, only better. As one observer remarked: "With television, these men are not only on trial before a committee, but before the world." It is difficult to describe how impressive and how electrifying this procedure was. Despite contrary reports, the dignity with which the committee conducted the hearing was something of which Americans can be proud. Some people under the fire of investigation complained quite heartily about being "smeared;" but the committee has had its share of smearing, too. After being at the trial in person, so to speak, one could only say that it was conducted quite fairly.

As television progresses throughout the nation, the public is going to get a first-hand knowledge of events that will clarify many issues—there won't be any need for second or third-hand versions.

With summer over, Broadway is plunging into a series of new-show openings. The chance of success is something like one out of ten, which is the reason for so much of the high blood pressure and graying hair among producers. Practically every known type of show is sched-

uled to open sometime this fall. Ray Bolger is featured in *Where's Charley?* coming October 11, and it should be sure-fire. Among the musicals are two called *Magdalena* and *Love Life*; and *All the Way Home* will be here if you like your theatre on the dramatic side. The Theatre Guild will produce *Set My People Free*, and if you want more, there's a tentative list a mile long. While waiting for the verdict there is always a laugh with last year's hits—*Make Mine Manhattan*, *High Button Shoes*, *Mr. Roberts* and, for the serious-minded, *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

Among the most popular new enterprises in Manhattan is a house cleaning service. This is truly the housewife's delight. In response to a call, an agent comes to the house, or apartment, and makes an estimate on the work to be done—and it's amazingly reasonable. Then, on a specified day, trained workmen with all the proper, modern equipment take over. In no time the home is done and shining like a new penny. With no effort and no fuss, this service will close a home or open it up. In fact, they do everything but order the groceries. All the family has to do is get out of the way. What next!

While discussing Greece and other distressed nations the other day, a prominent Greek shipping magnate said, "What these countries need is police protection against the Soviet Union. The people are willing and eager to work with their hands, with any available material, if only they may work in peace. They want to be self-supporting. That is the only true way towards reconstruction. Shipping large amounts of food and donating large amounts of money will do no permanent good if the people feel insecure. Give them a shield and they will do the rest."

There are many, many foreigners in the East now. Some are here on matters of commerce and international relations

some, like King Peter and Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia who, incidentally, speak fluent English with no detectable accent, are in exile; and many others have arrived in all types of small sailing boats in a desperate attempt to escape from behind the Iron Curtain. Their chief desire is a chance to prove themselves worthy citizens.

• • •

Now that the college girl and her wardrobe are off for the winter, the rest of us will have our chance at fashion. Apparently the trend toward Empire lines and other 19th Century fashions is gaining momentum. With the exception of tweedy country clothes which always remain the same, everything is extremely feminine. Hair in ringlets, hats with plumes, ruffles, lace, embroidery, skirts with a full back and very dainty shoes are the winter's demand. Old-fashioned evening wraps in satins, brocades and velvets are back again. Fashion changes are indeed a nuisance but a lot of fun.

Despite their caustic remarks, men like them, too.

• • •

Remember when you absolutely had to have a reservation for any sort of night life? And you surely recall passing out folding money from the entrance to the kitchen. But it isn't that way anymore. You can go as you please, where and when you like. You can send back a dish if it isn't what you ordered, and you can tip at the old ratio without having the chair pulled out from under you. People can request and get the brand of drink they want and linger as long as they choose. Why this change? Nobody knows exactly. There is still a lot of money flying around, but it's no longer being squandered. All the gyp tactics and the gotta-know-someone-to-get-tickets angles were too tiresome to last. People no longer think they must go certain places constantly in order to be in the swim, and consequently there is room for all. The shoe is on the other foot now—and what a pleasure.

## NEW YORK *Ports of Call*

### *Eating . . .*

★ JANE DAVIES. Homesick for home-cooked food? Here is the unpretentious kind of good eating which cures the dining out colds. The well known specialty is *turkey*, cooked in different delicious ways, fresh from the farm the day it's served, too. 145 W. 55. CI 7-0176.

★ LE MIRLITON. Back with us again in a new setting of gracious French charm. The address of the former La Salle du Bois is a familiar one, as is the name of Le Mirliton, from several years back. The same well prepared, piquant French dishes are served as of old, at luncheon and dinner. 36 E. 60. PL 5-7269.

★ MASSOLETTI'S. During the week lunch and dinner are served to the host of friends this downtown restaurant draws. The fish dishes are perfect—crab meat Norfolk, filet of sole amadine, are but

two outstanding mentions. For out of towners who visit the financial district, it is convenient to locate by taking the subway to Wall Street. 70 Pine St. WH 4-5865.

★ MECCA. Syrian cooking at its best is to be found here. All of the fine Middle Eastern dishes, which are most noted for



meats and pastries, receive their proper due at the hands of an accomplished chef. If you are unfamiliar with the menu, let the waiter suggest a pleasing combination for your meal. Luncheon and dinner daily, except Sunday, when service is from six to ten. MU 4-8586.

★ NINO. Adjectives are so plentiful when people describe Nino's, it is difficult to be modest about his accomplishments. From lunching time until 1 a.m. superlative food and drink are served. If only dropping in for cocktails, it's an experience because the appetizers are so delectable and passed as often as you like. When remaining for a meal it's well not to fill up before dessert. Those souffles are irresistible! All of this gastronomic delight, with or without wine, will come to quite a sum, so be prepared. 10 E. 52. PL 3-9014.

★ PEN & PENCIL. Just a few steps down from the street brings you into the main dining room of this famous steak restaurant. Lobsters and steak are the favorites of the clientele, but a large menu assures you of other good food. The lighting is soft, the wall murals and decorations as well as the low ceiling make an instantly comfortable and pleasing atmosphere in which to enjoy a real man-sized meal. Not inexpensive, but well worth the cost. 203 E. 45. MU 2-9825.

★ MIYAKO. If Japanese cooking is a mystery, there's no better opportunity to solve it than here and now. Sukiyaki is prepared at the table before your eyes, and the waiter will be glad to assist you in choosing a memorable, delicious meal. 20 W. 56. CO 5-3177.

#### *Dancing and Entertainment . . .*

★ RALEIGH ROOM. Music is back in town for the winter—every kind for everyone's taste. There's no more satisfying piano orchestra than Jan August's for dancing or just listening. This widely acclaimed, and therefore copied, gentleman has such a cult of followers it's sure there'll be a long engagement here. The music begins at 10 p.m. and reser-

vations are suggested. 65 W. 54. Warwick Hotel. CI 7-2700.

★ VERSAILLES. Alternate orchestras play here for those who like both jazz and rhumba rhythms. The entertainment begins at 10 p.m. but dancing goes on during the dinner hour. Less crowded and noisy than most night clubs, the patrons seem to keep this among the favorite places to go after dark. 151 E. 50. PL 8-0310.

★ WEDGWOOD ROOM. October will be a gala month for those who have waited long and devotedly for Eddie Duchin's return. This beautiful room opens with his engagement for the season; so no more can be added than to put your name on the waiting list and be patient until the day of the reservation. Waldorf, Park at 49. EL 5-3000.

#### *Out of Town . . .*

★ GAGE & TOLLNER. Not so far out of town, either. Just a quick subway ride to Brooklyn, or a more pleasant autumn drive by cab to enjoy the meal which awaits. From the authentic old exterior to the spotlessly kept interior this is one of America's finest chop houses. Seafood is the chief reason so many Manhattanites journey here, though the chops and steaks are likewise superb. 372 Fulton, Brooklyn. TR 5-5181.

★ HOMESTEAD INN. Near Long Island Sound, the Homestead has long been a vacationing resort. For those who wish to stop over here the reservations may be made with American or European plan. The food is delicious, cooked with the Southern touch, and beginning with a good, hearty breakfast. New Milford, Conn.

★ STUDIO CLUB. Opening daily at 5 p.m., and serving through supper until 1 a.m., the Studio Club is known throughout Westchester for excellent food and hospitable surroundings. Not too far to drive out from the city, it also attracts many New Yorkers as a most pleasant spot to have dinner. 7 Brookdale Place, Mt. Vernon.

▲  
Someday some statesman will earn a gigantic reputation for himself by hitting on the expedient of having a peace conference before a war instead of after one.—*Boston Globe*.

# NEW YORK Theatre

## Current Plays . . .

★ **MISTER ROBERTS.** (Feb. 18, 1948). A skillful account of some trying and hilarious days aboard a Navy cargo ship during the war—the war against monotony which 90 per cent of the boys fought 97 per cent of the time. Always entertaining, this Joshua Logan-Thomas Heggen comedy is the finest in many years. Henry Fonda leads a very capable cast which includes David Wayne, Robert Keith and William Harrigan. Alvin, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **THE PLAY'S THE THING.** (Apr. 25, 1948). This highly entertaining, though rather superficial, Molnar comedy reviews the light-hearted antics of the Riviera set. Among the players are Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, Faye Emerson, Ernest Cossart and Claud Allister. Booth, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **THE RESPECTFUL PROSTITUTE.** (Feb. 9, 1948). Jean-Paul Sartre presents a somewhat clarifying picture of the events leading up to a lynching in the South. It's definitely an improvement over similar attempts by other playwrights. Ann Dvorak is now playing the lead. *Hope Is the Thing With Feathers*, Richard Harrity's one-acter, serves as a curtain-raiser. Cort, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:45

★ **A STORY FOR STRANGERS.** (Sept. 21, 1948). Written and directed by Marc Connelly, this play stars James Dobson, Joan Gray, Joann Dolan and Grace Valentine. Royale, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **GRANDMA'S DIARY.** (Sept. 22, 1948). A comedy written and directed by Albert Wineman Barker. Richard Wilder, Eileen Prince and Leonard Elliott have the leading roles. Henry Miller, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **TOWN HOUSE.** (Sept. 23, 1948). Mary Wickes, June Duprez, Peggy French



and Reed Brown, Jr., in a comedy by Gertrude Tonkonogy. Produced by Max Gordon and directed by George S. Kaufman. National, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

## Established Hits . . .

**BORN YESTERDAY.** (Feb. 4, 1946). Jean Hagen and John Alexander as an ex-chorine and crooked junk dealer, respectively, in this still wonderfully funny Garson Kanin comedy. Lyceum, evenings, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:40 . . . **HARVEY.** (Nov. 1, 1944). Joe E. Brown, Josephine Hull and some rabbit. 48th Street, evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40 . . .

**A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE.** (Dec. 3, 1947). The toast of Broadway, this Tennessee Williams Pulitzer Prize winner mirrors the tragic end of a woman's life. Uta Hagen, Marlon Brando, Karl Malden and Kim Hunter star in the superb cast. Barrymore, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

## Current Musicals . . .

★ **HEAVEN ON EARTH.** (Sept. 16, 1948). Peter Lind Hayes stars in a musical comedy with book and lyrics by Barry Trivers and music by Jay Gorney. John Murray Anderson is the director and the show is produced by Monte Proser and

Ned C. Litwack. New Century, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **HILARITIES.** (Sept. 9, 1948). A full-length vaudeville show headed by Morey Amsterdam. Gali-Gali, Betty Jane Watson and Connie Sawyer appear also. Produced by Ken Robey and Stan Zucker, the score and lyrics are by Carl Lampl, Stan Arnold and Buddy Kaye. Adelphi, evenings at 8:30; extra performance Saturday at 11:30. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.

★ **INSIDE U. S. A.** (Apr. 30, 1948). The show is big, colorful, and there's Beatrice Lillie. For looks, this revue is tops, which may or may not cover up the deficiency in the material. With the assistance of Jack Haley and dancer Valerie Bettis, the evening is filled very pleasantly. Majestic, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **MAKE MINE MANHATTAN.** (Jan. 15, 1948). Fresh, funny and tuneful, and centered about New York. Arnold B. Horwitt wrote the sketches, a couple of which are hilarious, and Richard Lewine composed the light, catchy songs. Comics Sid Caesar and Julie Oshins just act silly. Broadhurst, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

★ **SMALL WONDER.** (Sept. 15, 1948).

A musical revue with Alice Pearce, Tom Ewell and Mary McCarthy heading the cast. George Nichols III is the producer and it's directed by Burt Shevelove. The music is by Al Selden and Baldwin Bergersen, and the lyrics by Irma Jurist, Phyllis McGinley, Billings Brown and Millard Lampell. Coronet, evenings except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:40.

★ **MAGDALENA.** (Sept. 20, 1948.) This is a musical with a score by Heitor Villa-Lobos and a cast headed by Irra Petina and John Raitt. Ziegfeld, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30.

*Established Hits . . .*

**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN.** (May 16, 1946). Ethel Merman is back again, louder and funnier than ever. Imperial, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30

**FINIAN'S RAINBOW.** (Jan. 10, 1947). A leprechaun comes to Mississippi and an accomplished cast takes it from there. 46th Street, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2:30 . . .

**HIGH BUTT-TON SHOES.** (Oct. 9, 1947). Delightful nonsense with Joan Roberts at her best. Also, Jerome Robbins' Mack Sennett ballet and Joey Faye. Shubert, evenings, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 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.....CO 5-1173	
Barrymore, 243 W. 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. 45.....CI 6-5969	W	Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th..CI 6-6363	W
Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th....CI 6-6699	E	Henry Miller,	
Century, 932 7th Ave.....CI 7-3121		124 W. 43rd.....BR 9-3970	E
Coronet, 230 W. 49th.....CI 6-8870	W	Morosco, 217 W. 45th.....CI 6-6230	W
Cort, 138 W. 48th.....BR 9-0046	E	Music Box, 239 W. 45th....CI 6-4636	W
Empire, Broadway at 40..PE 6-9540		National, 208 W. 41st.....PE 6-8220	W
Forty Sixth, 226 W. 46th..CI 6-6075	W	Playhouse, 137 W. 48th....BR 9-2200	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 6-5990	W
Imperial, 249 W 45th.....CO 5-2412	W	Ziegfeld, 6th Ave. & 54th..CI 5-5200	

# KANSAS CITY *Ports of Call*

## *Magnificent Meal . . .*

★ **PUSATERI'S NEW YORKER.** Look no farther. This is the place to go if you want delicious steak. Just ask the man who's had one. Host Jerry will be waiting for you at the door, and from then on, all you have to do is enjoy yourself. An unlimited variety of good drinks is served from the bar, so try a couple. Pusateri's 85-room New Yorker Hotel and Restaurant will be opening any day now. Completely air conditioned, it's the finest of its kind. 1104 Baltimore. GR 1019.



★ **SAVOY GRILL.** Here is regal atmosphere suited to people of distinction. Everything from the famous historical murals to the dignified waiters retains a stately poise. Specialties include lobster broiled in butter, swordfish, red snapper and excellent steaks. Located conveniently for downtowners, the Savoy is an ideal choice for luncheon. Bring your friends in time to sample some of the fine stock of imported and domestic liquors. The beautifully-decorated Gold Room is opening this month. 9th & Central. VI 3890.

★ **WEISS' CAFE.** Crowds rush this way from every direction to feast on live Maine lobster, choice steaks, roast duckling and excellent capon. Just follow the people and you're sure to see someone you know. The cocktail lounge with its soft seats is inviting, and you'll take to the drinks with gusto. The service is courteous—it makes you want to come back for more. Coates House. VI 6904.

## *Class With a Glass . . .*

★ **RENDEZVOUS.** Above the soft tinkling of glasses the mood is warm and friendly. When the occasion next arises for a party or celebration, reserve a corner of the Rendezvous for revelry in smart surroundings. The bartenders have their reputation at stake, so you can rest assured the drinks are going to be good.

Light luncheons or full meals can be ordered at your convenience. 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.

★ **ZEPHYR ROOM.** With soft strains from Betty Rogers' piano and the light-hearted cadenzas of Florence Nay at the Hammond, your cares will fade and silently steal away. There's a modern little circular bar, soft seats, soft lights and it's cozy as a picture. Just a carpet's length away from El Casbah. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **PUTSCH'S.** For the Midwest's smartest surroundings, visit this beautifully-designed restaurant and bar. The dining room is styled with a New Orleans wrought-iron-and-rose effect which plays magic with your appetite. People who go in for private luncheons usually choose the lovely Victorian lounge. Dinners are available for as little as \$1.65! You'll go overboard for the juicy steaks and the mountain trout which is air-expressed from Colorado daily. For a short noon hour, don't pass up the "In a Hurry" businessman's luncheon at only a dollar. 210 West 47th Street. LO 2000.

★ **OMAR ROOM.** When that all-important date prefers something quiet and sophisticated, stroll down Kansas City's "Great White Way" and turn in at the Omar Room. Constance Duin and her melodious trio are entrancing. Moreover, whatever you order to drink, you won't be disappointed. The Alcove, a restful little retreat directly off the main lobby, is just the ticket if you want to sit and talk in whispers. Take advantage of the two for one cocktail hour. Hotel Continental. 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.



★ **TROCADERO.** Friendly people who are partial to cheery neighborhood spots agree that the Trocadero is Kansas City's finest. A stimulating evening here will put you in top spirits. Bob Ledterman, the new and popular manager, has introduced a wide assortment of mixed drinks;

there's nothing you can name that he can't get for you, and he hasn't been stumped yet. The "jb" music is soft and perfect for dancing. There's no food, but you'll never miss it. 6 West 39th. VA 9806.

### *In a Class by Itself . . .*

★ **PLAZA BOWL.** All devotees of good, clean, wholesome exercise take it here. With 32 splendid bowling alleys, a bright, attractive restaurant and a comfortable cocktail lounge, who wouldn't? A treat on the restaurant menu is a tender filet mignon with potatoes, hot rolls and butter for — you won't believe this — only \$1.45! For a short snack, try the huge green salad bowl or a "super sandwich." The lovely Green Room upstairs may be reserved for private parties. 430 Alameda Road. LO 6658.

### *To See and Be Seen . . .*

★ **TERRACE GRILL.** A haven for the social set, try the Grill for an evening of dining and dancing. It's an institution, of course. Head Man Gordon will take expert care of you and your party. Good food, good drinks, good music. Hotel Muehlebach, 12th & Baltimore. GR 1400.



★ **DRUM ROOM.** To welcome the autumn spirit, step through the door under the big red drum. There's always a cheery circle of friends and gay clatter. On the lower level is the Drum Room proper, where Gordon Duderio and his orchestra play for dinner and dancing. The floor show features Randolph the Magician. Hotel President, 14th & Baltimore. GR 5440.

★ **EL CASBAH.** People are flocking here in droves to catch a glimpse of America's foremost mouth organ group, the Harmonicats. Ed Cullinan's piano and orchestra make music that is sweet, low and irresistible. The menu features flaming sword dinners, flaming desserts and excellent drinks. There's a luncheon dance on Saturday, but whenever you come,

you'll have a wonderful stay. No cover charge: no minimum. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

★ **PENGUIN ROOM.** Take the lovely little lady to the Penguin Room for a night she'll remember. It's the perfect setting for a perfect evening. Bill Warren and his Moods in Music will have you dancing on a cloud. Marvelous dinners are served and the drinks are tall, cool and delicious. Just ask for a table for two, and take it from there. Hotel Continental, 11th & Baltimore. HA 6040.

### *Eatin' and Drinkin' . . .*

★ **ADRIAN'S MART RESTAURANT.** For deep-down eating enjoyment try the Mart, 'cause among people who know good food best, it's Adrian's all the way. Just a whistle away from the Union Station, Adrian's offers dollar dinners of fried chicken with hot biscuits and honey. The smorgasbord is wonderful before your dinner or by itself. With reasonable prices in both the restaurant and cocktail lounge, the Mart's popularity is heading for the sky. Merchandise Mart. VI 6587.

★ **UPTOWN INTERLUDE.** Some people never pass through the Uptown district without a stop at the Interlude. You won't either after you've tasted that golden fried chicken. It eludes adequate description. The inexpensive businessmen's luncheons and green salads are a treat if you're there around noon. Riley Thompson will keep you happy at the bar while Joshua Johnson, the boogie-beating Kansas City favorite, burns up his piano. Come on over when you're thirsty at midnight on Sunday. It's fun. 3545 Broadway. WE 9630.

★ **CABANA.** In this gay Latin atmosphere WHB's staff organist, pretty Alberta Bird, Hammondizes with consummate skill. A luncheon specialty is a tender little steak, all wrapped up in a bun — plus a late mimeo'd news flash. No meals in the evening, but the drinks are wonderful. Ask for a seat by one of the



glass-muralled walls and see how smart you look in the Cabana. Hotel Phillips, 12th & Baltimore. GR 5020.

★ LA CANTINA. The charm of the pert and bright Cantina suits any mood. For a quiet conversation over a couple of smooth drinks, just walk down a flight of carpeted stairs from El Casbah. Delicious snacks may be ordered from a special menu and the "jb" music provides a soft background. The tariff is pleasantly low. Hotel Bellerive, Armour at Warwick. VA 7047.

### *Something Different . . .*

★ KING JOY LO. Strictly for eating comfort, a better place is hard to find. Try some of the most tempting Chinese

food you've ever tasted, or American either, for that matter. Lobster, chicken and steak are stand-outs. You can have a private booth, or look down at the bustling traffic through huge picture windows while congratulating yourself for coming to King Joy Lo's. 8 West 12th Street (2nd floor). HA 8113.

★ UNITY INN. Here's a bright little cafeteria that's just what you want for a short luncheon or a big dinner. Business people find it a favorite, and they're usually hurrying this way at noon. Meatless meals, with big salads, tasty desserts and splendid vegetable dishes. The pastry is especially fine, and everything's inexpensive. You'll like it! 901 Tracy. VI 8720.

## Mardi Gras of the Wheat Belt

(Continued from page 4)

Station for publicity purposes, bore a strong resemblance to a member of the Chamber of Commerce staff.

The committee members concentrated upon corralling queen candidates in five states, whipping up an eye-filling coronation ceremony and entertainment, and staging a rootin', tootin' street parade that would epitomize the growth of the Middle West from the time of the Pony Express to the present.

A personality around whom the ball might revolve was needed and someone suggested ebullient Elsa Maxwell, who was much in the news as an entertainer and amusing hostess.

But teaching old-fashioned parlor tricks to salon society was one thing; and being host to several thousand dancers and spectators in the huge Kansas City Auditorium, another. Elsa took one look at the assemblage, almost fainted. Committee members, for a time, felt they would have to

borrow a team of Clydesdales to drag her onto the stage.

At length, however, Elsa Maxwell went on under her own power, but her performance wasn't considered sufficiently overwhelming to warrant return bookings.

Buoyed by its success, the group returned to the promotional task the following year under the chairmanship of Daniel L. Fennell, traction official, who still heads the uptown end of the Royal.

Since then, each year has brought expansion and increasing success. At its present peak, the American Royal Coronation Ball is the area's largest social fling. It is a gay, colorful celebration with important economic undertones. As one of last year's reveler's remarked, bent on spreading more than his share of good will, "Until now, I never knew business could be so much fun!"

*The Swing is to WHB in Kansas City*



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GOT *Troubles,*  
MISTER?**

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Reach *and sell* the golden Kansas City Marketland at rock-bottom rates which include expert assistance in merchandising and promotion.

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