

\$100 TO FLASHTOWN'S MOST POPULAR GIRL—See Contest Rules on Page 8

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(no fool'n')

Weather:

FLUEY

The Rochester Weekly

# FLASH

10<sup>c</sup> Cheap for the TRUTH

VOL. 1—No. 7

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 12, 1937

A POOR PAPER FOR POORER PEOPLE

# Blue Room Holdup The Goods; Gamblers Hi-Jacked For Coin!!

## D'AMANDA HAS GIBBS' JOB!

Scoping the town per usual, kiddies, let us be the first to tell you that Francis D'Amanda, the dapper lawyerman has been tendered the job as State Tax attorney to succeed Milt Gibbs, recently appointed Judge of the Court of Claims.

D'Amanda's official recommendation is now before the

(Continued on Page 2)

## JUROR GOES ON FANNY!

Believe it or not, even sitting on a jury isn't strictly a safe proposition these days!

Harold Brayer, juror who

(Continued from page 2)

## City Higher-Ups Shuffled Cards In The Blue Room; B.S. Democrat Members!

## Clancy To Resign As Legion Head?

The smart boys around town are predicting that the popular Repub. George Clancy, New York State Commander of the American Legion may shortly resign from this office.

'Tis said a Legion Com-

mander can't run for public office unless he has resigned

(Continued on Page 3)

The Blue Room club which was the scene of a holdup mystery said to have baffled the gendarmes of this town, is a mystery no longer. Inasmuch as you can't get the truth any place else you

(Continued from Page 3)

## MAYHEW SUICIDE A SOUR NOTE!

The suicide of Rubie May, something of an odor. Mayhew, an ace ad man with the hew was a heluva fine chap. Jernel, in a city gaol, leaves

(Continued on Page 5)

## MRS. MALLEY NEW SHERIFF!

Mrs. James Malley is definitely the next Sheriff of Monroe County. The recommendation order is now lying on the Governor's desk. Mrs. Malley's name is in, the Governor will jot down his o.k., and the widow will finish up the term of her late husband. She will draw about \$8,000 for filling out the term of office. And more power to our new Sheriff. She rates a good break for a change.

## SCHENK PEELS A POTATO!

Think of it, little lollypops, your old friend Butch Schenk is now a kitchen boy in the wilds of the Attica prison. Butch, while plying his tasks among the pots and pans, might very easily stumble across a paring knife . . . as they are right handy.

Tho there is no definite in-

(Continued on Page 2)

## FINANCE COMPANIES DO RIGHT BY A "LADY OF THE STREET"

Do finance companies finance the "ladies of the street?"

A local demoiselle filed an application for credit (never

for relief) with a local Credit Bureau of irreproachable standing.

In the application the "tar-

(Continued on Page 2)

## GUY EXCITES GAL IN MOVIE HOUSE

A mild sensation was caused in one of the local d. t. Clinton Ave. movie houses (guess which) when a woman's hysterical shriek burst

into the amorous bleatings of a couple of beautiful Hollywooders

Instantly, the audience

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# Her Credit Good; Nuts To Morals

(Continued from Page 1)  
nished lady" listed herself as "Housewife"—also listing her income at \$15 per week.

Inasmuch as this lady had just bought a brand new car of General Motors make, the Credit boys were a bit perplexed about the whole thing.

So they got in touch with the local General Motors Acceptance Corp. office. And here the truth of the matter was learned. Seems that the blonde damsel had a far larger income than the 15 smackers a week—she being a very "high-class" lady . . . and inasmuch as these gals are somewhat in demand, she was able to do very well by herself financially. Though doctors might have put on a stamp of disapproval.

However, strange as it may not seem, big finance companies aren't the least interested in the morals of their clients. It's enuff that they have the regular income, the means of procuring it are very unimportant.

So the lady, being an aristocratic member of the 'world's oldest profession' did not have any difficulty establishing her credit. She's A-1 as far as the credit bureau is concerned.

Yet it must be made clear that this demoiselle is 'high-class.' This alters the moral approach extremely. Every 'business' has its degrees of merit, so why shouldn't the top-notchers of a long established profession have a good credit rating?

# Rabbit For Chicken

Don't get us wrong on this . . . we know we're right about the rabbits but we're NOT accusing any one spot or cafe or hotel or restaurant of switching rabbit for chicken BUT—

We are reliably informed that certain eating-places in town are purchasing quantities of rabbit each week and our investigator informs us that he inspected the menus of these places and nowhere has he seen the word "rabbit" on the printed card.

Does this mean when you order a chicken sandwich or a chicken pie or a chicken anything that you are getting rabbit sandwich or rabbit pie or rabbit anything?

It must be a that a smart chef can make a rabbit like chicken . . . then may we expect a little horsemeat for a chunk of veal?

When we see these words inscribed on a menu we will believe we are getting chicken—not rabbit . . . maybe rabbit is better—but chicken is chicken and we don't care for rabbit . . . we don't go for their sex lives . . . we know the chicken is just an ordinary bird that asks very little of her rooster . . . but a rabbit . . . you know a rabbit. These are the words:

"When you order chicken—we give you real honest-to-goodness chicken . . . not rabbit."

Will there be an uprising?

# RED HOT FLASHES

**SPORT BRIEFS . . .** The Class B. Benson Billard Tourney winds up at JEROME KEOGH's this Soldeve, with BARBARA MEYERS leading in the home stretch and GENE DUGAN, FRANK MERTAGH, HAROLD JACKSON and FRANK YOHAN also in the running . . . GEORGE COLLINS gets his pro job at the Genesee Valley Club for the 14th consecutive year . . . New additions to the Buckleys are scrappy TOMMY McKEON and IRV SNYDER . . . JOHNNY BURBA is getting out some slam-bang boxing stunts at the EIKS' . . . TOY JONES and ROSCOE BATES of Butler U. show here tonite against Kodak Park, along with BILL SCHRAEDER of Notre Dame and SOL SUDITH of Indiana U.

**Prankster of Any Week:**  
DON HARRIS  
(WHAMan)

With that debonair playboy, ARTIE OCORR . . . and JANE HUGHES, pride of the U. of R. . . showing up at WARD VAUGHAN's Colonial Inn on Chestnut Strasse the other curfew . . . looks like old times are

back again . . . ELLIOTT the CUSHING rates a big bunch of gardenias and no fooling . . . for his words on "Yes We Have No Major Sports" on Tuesday . . . Song scribe RAE NELSON is discovered at last . . . but plugging hard at the drug biz . . . Real estate CHARLEY DISPENZA wants to know all about that gal Fifi.

**Convalescing:**  
MELBA SMITH  
(popular young matron)

In the Industrial Loop PETE PERO, WALT NOWAK, and RED COCUZZI are having a battling good time of it . . . with 198, 197 and 196 apiece, with Ritter Molarman are leading by one game . . . with Reeds and Hawk-Eye tied for second honors . . . LEW HEINTZ holds high single of 279 . . . The Taylor Ladies' League finds THELMA and MARION FRITZ pacing with 146 and 140 averages . . . The Compasses snatching high team total of 2078 . . . LUCILLE WOLF has a high single of 199 to her credit . . . and LILLIAN FISHER has the 3-game record of 583.

# DEMS. PICK D'AMANDA

(Continued from Page 1)  
Governor. The affirmation from Albany will only be a matter of form.

D'Amanda is the lad who made such a successful run as an insurgent Democrat in the last election for the D.A.'s office. Due to the split in the Democratic candidacy at the time, Republican Danny O'Mara coasted thru to victory.

Dapper D'Amanda was prominently mentioned for Corp. Counsel a few years back . . . but was side-tracked for Harold Burke, the present holder of the office.

And so there it is, children. D'Amanda never got any place politically until he started bucking his own party. Ain't life funny that way?

# Bond Bread Blues!

The long-drawn-out Bond Bread battle is going into the 14th inning this week, with plenty of bricks inside of bread wrappers hurtling thru plate glass windows at odd hours of the nite. The union is determined to add the Bond Bread drivers to their membership list . . . the General Bakers are equally determined to fight it out and keep their boys out of the unions.

It's the storekeeper who pays . . . what with plate glass windows costing a pretty penny. So now the Bond Bread people are issuing guarantees covering the cracked windows . . . with every order of their particular brand of the Staff of Life!

It must be a whale of a headache for the policy boys.

# HOT FLASHES

Recommended recording . . . the disc of "Top of the Town" . . . one of the nickel-in-the-slot items down at ERNIE BEDINI'S on Lake Avenue . . . LAVERNA SEEGA . . . who runs the doll hospital on Clinton Avenue is no bigger than some of the dolls she operates on . . . Big question of the week around Charlotte is—Did FRANK O'SHAUGNESSY get tired of waiting for the lady . . . at the B. R. & P. station that nite . . . and is that why the lady didn't get met???

**What's Become of Her?**  
ARLENE HILTON  
(the songstress)

Didja know that JOHN BOY-LAN . . . chieftain of the phone company . . . has the cagey phone number of Glenwood 1777. And there ain't no Main 1 . . . but molarman JOHN SCOTT has Main 2777. JOE CIARALDI, the clothier lad . . . wouldn't miss one of those basketball games . . . femme versions . . . for the world . . . Smiling attendant of the week is WALT (AUTO PARK) KRAMER . . . Point Pleasant's gift to FLASHtown.

**Ardent Brightonite of the Week:**  
PORTER WILSON  
(insuranceeer)

# Butch Schenk Handy To Knives

(Continued from Page 1)  
formation that Butch is paring potatoes among other things, still the big, bad killer might accidentally stray across one of the unhealthy implements (unhealthy for

people that Butch doesn't crave) . . . and then, may be heard a number of hurried official excuses and explanations.

Butch, in case your memory is short, shot and killed his daughter.

People, who let children play with fire are sometimes burned. Knives, also, are bad playthings.

This story has no moral.

# JUROR GOES ON FANNY!

(Continued from Page 1)  
was sitting in on Supreme Court cases last week, slipped off his chair one day and landed hard—on the floor. And now Brayer is limping . . . and has entered his claim with the County authorities to recover damages.

We call it the claim unique.

# Hot Flashes

Very cute in that little Easter bonnet . . . is MABEL LANG . . . Handsome TOMMY DI PASQUALE featured that offside floor show at JERRY'n'JOE MICELI'S on Satiddy nite . . . The playground instructors are having a hectic time of it these days . . . over at the Red Cross station at Edgerton Park . . . as witness BOB LINK, FREDDIE MEYERS, JACK MAILLO and JACK EMMONS in those corsets staging a revue . . . ETHEL STROCKMEIER in that old fashioned rig . . . and MABEL trying out these rubber panties.

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# JOE LOTTA & PAT MANGAN TELL BEAUTIFUL STORY

(Continued from Page 1)

might as well get it here. Early last Saturday morning, a hangover of Friday nite, the police got a tip that three gunmen entered the Blue Room Club at its sumptuous quarters at 26 Swan St. and got off with \$700 without the slightest protest.

Despite the assurances of the chairman of the membership committee, Joe Lotta, to the investigating gendarmes, there was a robbery . . . and a heluva complicated one.

The Blue Room Club is a sort of a friendly institution. Here 'friends' gather and mingle in playful games of cards. Taking an important part in these 'playful games' were two expert dealers from Albany. These boys shuffled these cards in anything but a playful spirit at times, tho.

Lotta told the gendarmes that the three strangers had called to see a club member by the monicker of Joseph Cherry. And that they had a friendly little argument . . . and that's all there was to it.

However, the name of Joseph Cherry (a very funny monicker for a habitue of a card joint) was not listed on the Club's official membership rolls.

In fact, the roster of the Club numbers only five members. Among these members are some of the better-known Democrat politicians in town.

Yessirree, five very, very well-known Democrat ward leaders—and even better were listed on the roster of this ultra-ultra exclusive joint.

Pat Mangan, one of the Board of Directors of the outfit, told the gendarmes that he wasn't around the night of the holdup. But the little question as to whether it was Pat Mangan or not Pat Mangan who was confronted by the guys who made off with the 700 smackers isn't too damn important, anyway.

The interesting thing is

that the boys made off with the dough, how they got it, and why the Club's lesser big shots, Mangan and Lotta were so eager to deny anything of the sort had happened.

The three bandits came in and held up the joint. They were ready to clean the shirts of any of the gaming boys with any dough.

And here the "mystery" was born. The Board of the Directors in the person of one of the two Board of Directors (we're not saying which one) didn't go for the idea of having their "patrons" held-up, because there might have been a squawk from here to Afghanistan. As it was somebody, very unfortunately, put in a beef.

So the Board of Directors went into a heavy consultation with the "three strangers." And, the story goes, THEY, THERE AND THEN, AGREED TO DONATE THEIR OWN PRIVATE CLUBROOM PROCEEDS TO THE CAUSE, RATHER THAN HAVE THEIR "PATRONS" PARTED FROM THEIR COIN . . . and cause a little dissatisfaction among the "patron" list which might not have helped business any. No?

This isn't Joe Lotta's first experience as the victim of gambling hi-jackers. In June, 1935 Lotta and a group of three buddies were at peaceable game of cards, WHEN THREE MEN ENTERED THEIR CLUBROOMS — it was the N&N Social Club in the Island Hotel — AND AT THE POINT OF A GUN, HELD UP THE PLAYFUL PARTY OF FOUR AND RELIEVED THEM OF \$1200 OF THEIR HARD-EARNED MONEY . . . AND TOOK A FAST SCRAM.

History almost repeats itself, says H. G. Wells.

Lotta and his pals were then charged as being Common Gamblers on a warrant issued by the gendarmes. But the case was dismissed.

The sumptuous clubroom

quarters at 26 Swan Street is listed in the City Assessor's office as the property of Madeline Hone. And if you know your politics, the name of Hone is a very prominent one in local Democrat circles.

The Blue Room Club nestles right in the heart of Rochester's art center. The two-story brick building is adjacent to the Eastman School of Music Annex, across the way proudly stands as a symbol of tacit reproach the said Rochester Club.

It isn't everybody who'll hand out a neat \$700 just so their customers wouldn't be annoyed. However, there were only a few customers around Friday nite, and anyway people that are robbed quite frequently have the embarrassing habit of yelling to the high heavens.

Many eyebrows might be raised more than a few inches if the names of the club members were released. But Democrat biggies will see to it that they never get out.

Where do they go . . . those Cherry's you know?

And, quite incidentally, why wasn't an official Police Report filed thru the regular channels when the officers from the Precinct went out to investigate the Blue Room Club's very, very unique robbery?

## She Stole The Show

(Continued from Page 1)

sensed a greater drama going on right among themselves . . . and they were right.

A man's attentions to a woman was the reason for the woman's yell . . . attentions are attentions, but attentions in a darkened theater by a complete stranger, just aren't the most reassuring things in the world for the birth of romance.

Whatever this guy did, he must have done pretty fast—because the 27-year-old woman who gave her name as Ruth Bobb, living at the New Windsor Hotel, was so excited as a result of his overtures that she almost broke down.

Such is life. You can't even go to a movie any more to get away from it.

## Hot Flashes

NIGGER HOLTZGARTNER is feeling plenty tough . . . since he missed the Classic by the spare he needed in the last frame . . . chopping the 7-4 one the important ball.

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## Woman Barflies To Land In Hoosegow?

Will women who stand right up to the brass rail and drink alongside their menfolk land in the cooler from now on?

If State Senator Edward J. Coughlin's bill breezes thru the legislature down at Albany, the FLASHtown hoosegow will be filled with any of the local wimmen who dare to walk through those swinging doors!

The good Senator would like to make any gal (or dame) who stands at a bar guilty of disorderly conduct. At least, that's the gist of his bill, which was introduced in the State Senate at Albany a few days ago.

Now, plenty of the dolls in this town are wailing that they have just as much right to guzzle at the mahogany as the male guzzlers. On the other hand, plenty of the hard-shelled guys in town are opposed to sharing foot space at the bar with the femmes. They say that the presence of a few women at a bar can cause no end of arguments and brawls, and they figure that they have a perfect right to make a play for any gal standing at the next glass, even though her boy friend or hubby may be on the other side. That's the rub.

Then too, the problem of what to do with the female souse is a weighty one with any bartender. It stands to reason you can't clip them on the jaw and give them the rush, as in the good old days . . . and you hate to have a positively cockeyed woman around, too.

What a problem!

## CLANCY FOR SHERIFF!

(Continued from Page 1)

from his post leadership six months prior to his running for a public office.

So what does this have to do with George, you say. Plenty. The likeable Mr. Clancy is believed by the boys in the know to be assured the next Repub candidacy for the Sheriff's office. And inasmuch as election time is in sweet November, it appears that George would have to go thru with his resignation to make him eligible for the job.

Smart boys being smart boys, you can look for Mr. Clancy's resignation as the American Legion big gun. Hell, what can you lose?

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# Sprigtibe Is Bot Yet Here!

The FLASHtown climate is playing tricks on the populace . . . First we had April in January, and now we're having December in February. A Holtz overcoat is just the thing to protect your torso . . . and ricochet the cold blasts from the North. And the expense to you is but fifteen dollars . . . thanks to the Holsworth plan of direct selling in their factory show rooms. Visit the Value Corner, at St. Paul Street and Andrews, and be awarded a ten dollar saving on any suit or overcoat . . . ad with the assurance that each garment is the result of fifty years of tailoring experience in the Holsworth, Inc. factory. The show rooms are open on Friday and Saturday evenings until 9:00 P. M.

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# UPTOWN, DOWNTOWN, AND 'ROUNTOWN

Blonde Mary Andrews is Joe Ciaraldi's Valentine . . . And Olga Kane and Stan (Falcon) Swierkos are swapping sweet nothings . . . Biggest and best burn of the week was Norm Ritzenthaler's . . . when he found all those slugs in the new machine.

Lillian Reed . . . of the beauty salon out Bull's Head way . . . in spite of the lotion-and-cream tear in that sector . . . administered 500 permanents umahoo . . . which is a lot of waves.

The wedding reception for the new Tommy Castles the other day was an 18-karat celebration . . . The Schaller famby turned out en masse . . . Carl Dossire, Joe Weidman, and Mike (State Hosp) Anthony were among the merrier . . . Joe Ritchie and his lovely heart beat were in attendance . . . also Al Johnson, who had to leave when his gal threw a surprise birthday party . . . Al Tuschong was the prize bodyguard.

When good taximen get together . . . Andy Hagerty . . . Roy Wilcox . . . and Al Lemke . . . over at Jack's on the West Main Stem.

That book that so many lasses . . . and lads . . . are reading, titled Live Alone And Like It . . . carries a wow line, to wit: "It is generally true that people have more fun in bed than anywhere else, and we are not being vulgar."

When Fincher's new Chevrolet ferri on East Ave. is opened up, will be one of the biggest display rooms betwixt here and Manhattan . . . Is Griff Strong now leading the quiet life of a country gentleman? . . . Jamie Luce, the famous Claire's sister, looked as if she got a bum deal from the photog in that MBM film test . . .

Sammy Buck of the Coastguard cutter U. S. S. Jackson is just now back from that twenty-five day vacation . . . Sammy says Detroit . . . but nobody really knows . . . Up and coming photo man of the week is Charles Levine . . . Mr. and Mrs. Borst of the Brockport Borsts were flashed by our candid cameraman . . . during that gay weekend at Allard's.

Bert Lullarideau . . . the tap room prop . . . says nobody can say anything about him . . . cause he leads such a clean life.

Ping pong champ of the Echo Club . . . says Frank Boris . . . is Frank Boris . . . and all challenges accepted . . . Did Joe Shatzel and his side kick, Johnny Ackerman . . . really go to church on Wenzdevve . . . I or what? . . . What's this about Jackie Warshoff and Lenore Butcher sending . . . or having sent . . . post cards from the Falls . . . and was it all a gag???

Joe Slauer . . . of the Olympic Range out Scottsville Road way . . . has not returned from the southland . . . and has plans all set to go . . . on building that A-Y new ball park across from the airport.

Clayton Faulkner is still on the lookout for a prospective wife . . . even though Leap Year's all over until 1940 . . . applicants should be comely, wealthy, and of a sweet disposition.

Whitey (Jumbo) Fredericks has been on a sit-down strike atop the water tower for wuh into seven weeks . . . which is some kind of record . . . The culinary experts around town tell us . . . that Marie Miller's tomato pickles are quite the thing . . . Marathon birthday celebration of the week was Hazel Cook's . . . it began on Friday and ended on Sunday!

Smiling tavernman of the week is Ralph Masi . . . of the St. Paul Street eat'n'drinkery.

Mabel Lang can sure go into her dance . . . like over at Catali's that other party nite . . . Ed Doran and Dick Boehm are regular customers of the White Front these recent even . . . and what's the attraction???

Harry Newman, this berg's grid mentor of last season . . . winds up on the wrong end of that Arline Judge romance after all . . . Mel Copeland and Jeannie Graves are in the stage where they bite each other's initials out of pretzels . . . A charming local attraction in her FLASH debut—Isabelle Magrin . . . and ditto for Helen Slawe.

Add sounds in the nite . . . boss Meyers of the d. t. paper outfit practicing on that weird musical instrument . . . off-side to Matt Sullivan—If there just wasn't no strike at the D-C . . . how could that little trouble of Soldaymorn . . . when the citizens of the northeast sector complained about no papers . . . and the cortex had to be delivered twice? . . . One of those fixed features . . . is Ruth (cashier) Wagner's smile.

Don Niger bears no small resemblance to Jack Dempsey . . . The ultra popular ditty, When My Dream Boat Comes Home . . . sounds too much like taps . . . played slowly . . . Isn't it about time for maestro Will Corris to go into action . . . and bring some more shows to the Auditorium??? Poetess Emma Magin Bissell's current effort is an ode to FDR . . . What's become of Isabelle (Perky) Perkins . . . the poised brunette who formerly hosted the Sweet Shoppay???

One of those blissful wedded pairs . . . are Al De Marco and Fran Mary . . . Rabbit Maranzillo, the ex. k. baseballer . . . is doing another show soon . . . at St. Sloan's Church this time . . . and with Harry Stone furnishing plenty of other entertainment . . . Prince Mondhi . . . who reads your mind at the drop of a hat . . . is just in from New York to look the burg over.

The newest shade for gals' hose for spring is titled FLASH . . . Heavy question last Washday was whether a lass named Katharine J. . . and a heartbeat labeled Harold H. had really eloped or no . . . and we think no . . . Back in Circulation Dept—gasman Johnny Owens . . . ever since a Buffalo miss said no . . . The love light in sassiety's Jane Fairchild orbs may be traced to a w. k. tunester, right?

Nomination for one of the handsomest gents around town . . . who's never been itened here—William Thorne.

Drugman Sam Engel . . . who used to be in show business himself . . . can give some swell imitations of some of the top flight names in lights . . . The Titian-haired Mrs. Harry Radke is one of the more gracious hostesses around these parts . . . Helen Holmes . . . who used to be a local lass . . . is now basking in the Miami sunshine . . . Jiggs Caruana, clever melody-scribe . . . dropped in at the Times Square for a while the other eve . . . Jiggs is now arranging music for the Ford programs over the national radio hookup.

The big date won't be long now . . . for Doris Richards . . . the madonna-ish blonde of McCurdy's cosmetic mart . . . who's busy collecting trosscan pretties.

## Green Goes Into Heinous Crime Details!

The story of one of the most hideous and gruesome killings in modern times was revealed in detail for the first time last Wednesday during the cross-examination of colored detective, John Roberts, by the prosecuting attorneys in their apparently successful fight to tie the connecting links of a First Degree murder verdict against the colored porter, Major Green, Green's murder of the pretty bride, Mrs. Mary Case, is one of the most dastardly attacks in the annals of crime. Roberts deserves a world of credit for extracting the story from Green while posing as a fellow prisoner of the murderer.

Following are listed the crucial questions which the New York City District Attorney asked Roberts (N.Y.C.'s only colored detective—he has already been awarded the police Medal of Honor . . . for courage, bravery and resourcefulness under fire) and listed are his replies to the D. A., because of which the State stands assured of clinching the verdict against Green.

Q. What did Green say to you and what did he do?

A. He touched me on my legs and said to me, "Hello, pal, what you here for?" I said, "Oh, leave me alone. I am in trouble. I am here for being a fugitive from justice for a murder. I killed my wife in Washington last year."

He said: "Well, we are here together. I am Major Green. I killed a white woman."

He said: "Haven't you read my name in the papers? All the papers all over the world has had my name."

I say, "No, I haven't read your name and I don't know anything about the case at all."

He said: "Yes, I am Major Green—you haven't heard anything about it?—I worked at this place for several years and on Jan. 11 I went to this woman's house. I rang the door bell. She opened the door and I went in. Under my coat, wrapped in a towel, I had a large hammer—a mechanical hammer—I haven't even told my lawyer, and I won't tell him where I got the hammer from."

(Green's lawyers, appointed by the court, have been trying to prove that the hammer was already in the apartment and that the murder was unpremeditated. But Roberts' testimony dashed this defense to the winds.)

Further on in the cross-examination Roberts added this damning testimony:

Q. Did he tell you anything else?

A. . . . (Roberts quoting Green): "She had a ring on her finger which I had taken, but they will never find that . . . I put that in the incinerator beneath the grate, and they will never find it."

Green, Roberts declared, also told him that when he observed Mrs. Case sitting up in the bathtub (after beating her he had thrown her in the water-filled tub to destroy finger-print marks), he "cracked her skull, then I jumped on her with both feet."

Mrs. Case had been reviving from the first brutal beating when Green made his final and most merciless attack.

When Green is sentenced, he will find no executive pardon staying his execution.

Herman Wissel . . . who formerly was the guiding genius of the Windsor-lakeside dancery . . . this week will open his new grill at 136 Monroe . . . A big feature will be the back bar . . . which is the original from the Pan-American Exposition of 1901 . . . which makes it a rare piece of Americana.

Charlie Sabatini's dotter-in-law is now worried that the dauntless restaurateur will tailor some of those fancy pants or something for her . . . and that she might have to wear the handwork.

Ray Lawes, the Kodaker . . . besides being gifted with that melodious verce . . . is also one of the best dancers in all FLASHtown.

Biggest and best party of the week was the 250 guests who took over the Times Square Clubbery on Monday . . . for the Rochester Restaurant Owners' Association's big annual get-together.

The Yankee Revelers band has just hung up some kind of record . . . now going into their 9th year together at the Castle Inn . . . Henry Radke's spot over on Scottsville Road.

A new band will replace Art Taylor's crew at the Barlett every soon . . . is the very rumor hath it . . . Is Walter Fabner's all Flashtown musical comedy just a nipped-in-the-bud dream? . . . Whitey Wissel looks swell in a pair of diaphanous . . . and who is this Gene Raymond anyway?

We sympathize with the Journal . . . in their loss of Weds. A. M.

Shades of the famous Mary Astor diary business are revived in that double bill combination at the Fentynessy's West End Theatre—"Love Letters of A Star" and "The Accusing Finger."

Loew's Lester Pollock is just now coming out of his grapple with the grippe . . . or flu . . . or whatever it is that everybody has . . . John Razzante, the G & E. man . . . says all those gals who want a ride in his new car will have to file applications . . . How is organ grinder J. Gordon the Baldwin coming along . . . with that mustache project???

Fred Schartzmeier, the Philo Vance of the 15th Ward is still trying to work up a sentence using the word "tranquillity" . . . Simon Mike Christie was flashed the other week how . . . growing pensive over jora at the Waldorf . . . Arlene Heberle, little brunette eye-fel . . . is now an attraction at the Main & South Avenue Wahgreen's.

Edward's circulating library must note a big drop in business . . . since Paul Benton's no longer in town . . . Jimmy Sullivan is much given to solitary walks with his dog lately . . . is it Love??? Genevieve Slatery looks like Medusa . . . with that new coiffeur.

Lou (Sunbrite) Almera turned down Chuck Birdsall's offer . . . to play ball this season . . . cause he'd rather haze the fun and headaches of a last place team . . . Joe Kretzke is one of those expert split-pickers on the pin machines . . . What's become of Chris Stephany, good natured gent who presided over many a lakeside party last summer???

Danny Sloan is ultra-proud of his swank bar . . . with the Neon lites and all . . . That new, shiny buggy breezing along the Avenoo these days and nites . . . has wee Marion Lincoln at the wheel . . . August Amato's smile reaches from ear to ear lately . . . Quickest barbecue slingers of the week are the pair who do the late trick at Walt's tiny eatery beside the Driving Park Bridge.

Ask landlord David Goldman of the Elwood Building to tell you about his polloyps some time . . . and their treatment . . . it's a most intrustin' story.

Congratulations to Doc Gerry McGuire, ex U. of R. football captain . . . and Gladys (Gabby) Little . . . one of the swellest pairs to say those words to the parson in many a moon.

Ess Symington, the Geneva blonde lovely who made good via the Manhattan nite spot microphones . . . says she knows a lad who was turned down for an amateur hour . . . because he lacked experience!

Are Ted Klee and Jim Cutlip the new sunshine twins over at the Junnel . . . with Klee sbbing for Dick Smith??? . . . Rumor 'round town hath it that Paul Benton's no longer with International News Service . . . That bum shoulder of Luke Smith's is getting on the mend after almost two years since he took that spill down Joe Sargent's cellar stairs.

Kodak fiend Bum Holly and Butch Blyer (a gal) posing a portrait for himself and a hundred fiends of the Camera Club the other abend . . . Thinner man Art Krolik is piling up a nize record for the bosses over at the Regent, which isn't hurting headman Cadorel's feelings at all. Doris Red is still learning how to be a lawyerman's secretary over at the Powers Bldg. . . . and a year is a long time for learning.

# Everybody On This Lousy Staff Has The Flu.. So What?

## Mayhew Had Letter From His Mother

(Continued from Page 1)  
who was well liked by all the people he did business with. As fellows do once in a while, Mayhew got tipsy and was lodged in a 5th Precinct cell. At 4:05 A. M. Officer Beardsley reported that he heard Mayhew conversing with the occupant of an adjoining cell. And at 4:20 A. M. the body was found dangling from Mayhew's scarf, which he had improvised into a rope. The scarf was tightly wound around the ad man's neck. There is much conjecture concerning his taking his life. First of all—Mayhew was a Canadian, secondly—he was charged with a felony, thirdly—he may have brooded over the attitude of Judge

Gitelman regarding the stringent enforcement of the laws against tipsy drivers. In Mayhew's pocket was found a letter which he had just received from his mother in Canada. Of course, you know, the city's jailers have a certain responsibility toward the inmates. These men are not only confined—but they are in the care of their keepers. However, the complaint heard here and there that the suicide might not have occurred if the jailers had been patrolling the cell sector every half-hour as the rules demand, is obviously negligible in this instance as Beardsley reported that at 4:05 he heard Mayhew talking. It's all very, very strange.

## LOUD SPEAKERS, POOR SPEAKERS, & STATIC

Funniest airwave boner of the week was over that big national hookup the other day . . . when James E. West, National Commander of the Boy Scouts . . . led the whole assemblage in the Scout Oath . . . and made a mistake . . . the crowd followed the whole thing, slip-up and all . . . Ken Sparnon (WSAY) had a swell job last week . . . handling the whole chorus for a big publicity show down in Syracuse . . . 'tis said Ken will move his Lares and Penates to Flashtown soon . . . so he can be home five days per week and away two . . . instead of vice versa. Everybody's wondering just who this Mystery Girl is . . . who has Thurlow Green's heart bumping . . . and he says it's one Jean Arden . . . but the wisies claim it's two other girls . . . Mort Nusbaum and Bert (Sleepy) Allis, the control room guy . . . stayed up all Monday nite at the WSAY studios . . . just to be on time for that test program at 5 A. M. . . . Almost too ravishing . . . in that chic brown ensemble . . . is Betty Scott, the local oriole.

Special FLASH . . . It will be Station WHAM broadcasting the Red Wing ball games this summer . . . after the many years that WHEC has handled the play-by-plays with GUNNAR WIG at the mike . . . Announcer FRANK SILVA will leave for Florida soon . . . for a 5-week tour of the training camps . . . and will come back with a hatful of dope for the local fans.

Mort Nusbaum's Timekeeper program over WSAY will go commercial four mornings per week starting this issue . . . with the Independent Grocers' Association as sponsors . . . One of the newest kind of airings will be Socony's new series over WHAM starting in a month or so . . . a short wave broadcast from a downtown prowl car with safety as the theme . . . Extra-polite motorists will have their licenses announced and Socony will dish out prizes.

## RED HOT FLASHES

Cowboy driver of the week is 6M-75-48 . . . along State Street the other aft . . . And 2M-36-62 learned that Corin'lian Street is strictly a one-way proposition same aft . . . and learned the hard way . . . ANNE COSTELLO and PHIL CREIGHTON are a Valentine flash . . . Nomination for one of the best of all of the local male hoofers — SKIPPY HOLLIS of the Hollis & Joy outfit . . . and the JOY lassie isn't bad . . . either.

Gracious Matron of the Week:  
**MRS. JOSEPH RITZ**  
(K. of C. Auxiliary)

Now that the Missus is off to Florida . . . JERRY McDONALD will get in all the gowf practice he wants . . . says he . . . maybe on the living room putting green???. Orchids to DOLORES CASE, the dancer . . . for contributing to the relief benefit at the Riviera Theatre the other nite . . . Wonder if

that sign on an East Main cleane-gy window is strictly for the wimmen or no . . . that one that reads "Skirts and Pants Cleaned — 29 cents"???.

Best General of the Week:  
**JAKE RILEY**  
(Kodak Park)

SULLIVAN, erstwhile coach of of the Aqu'nas musclemen . . . says even he has to resort to the rule book once in a while . . . OTTO the BAUERLE, d. t. restauranteur . . . should let those pretties wait on table at his eatery . . . says our guy . . . instead of hiding them in the nether regions.

Talk about fun on the farm . . . that's what JOE WIESS and AL NEWBAUER had out at AL's farm that day . . . and 'tis said that both gents made a perfect 3-point landing in a pile of fertilizer at one stage of the game . . . and had to fight their way out!

## SHOW FOLK

The dance team of CARLOS and ESTRELLITA will open at the Chez Ami up in Buffalo on Washington's Birthday . . . VAL MATES, KEN DRAPER and JOAN SAUNDERS . . . dancers all . . . are doing a return engagement at the Horseheads Inn . . . Magician AL DE LAGE and ankle-shirley HEATON are doing their stuff at a Niagara Falls dine and dance spot . . . ELVIRA (MAMMY) JOHNSON . . . when last heard from . . . was over in Cleveland.

Those singing comedians, PEGGY WARD and BETTY EARLE . . . are to be found at Wayland . . . along with JACK EARLY, M. C. . . . and ANNE MOORE, singer . . . Ithaca boasts the present address of the Four Dancing Dandies . . . Ventriloquist BOB BRETHEN now tosses the voice around a Fairport tavern . . . and BARBARA BAKER is tossing the torso around same spot . . . with REED and GESSNER, dance team . . . also on the bill.

The dancing LEE TWINS top the bill at the Rochester Hotel in Bradford, Pennsylvania . . . with LUCILLE PAGE singing . . . Remember little oriole EDITH HUNT? . . . she's over at Elmira where the town's ace spot has claimed her talents . . . Dawn at the Salubria Hotel at Bath . . . ROSE and BUDDY SAWYER are the attraction . . . And the Four Dancing KRAMERETTES are on a short engagement in Buffalo.

BOBBY NEWALL, one of the prettiest of the FLASHtown girl dancers . . . is at a playtime spot in Dansville . . . with the sartorially excellent DAN KILLARNEY as M. C. and singer . . . Magician EDDIE BAUER, BARRIE WILLIAMS, shapely dancer . . . and torch singer GRACE WALSH are on tap at Geneva's one and only hot spot . . . At Elmira, N. Y. . . the ACCORDION TWINS, MARION LYON, and SALLY KANE are the show.

## Hot Flashes

ART DREXEL, the Senior learned not long ago . . . that he can't always win out in those pinochle battles . . . CHUCK SLATER looks like an Oriental Potentate or sumpin' . . . squiring those telephone company armfuls of curve around . . . Keeping on the jump . . . since purchasing the new chariot . . . is ART (FIREMAN) JOHNSON of Truck 8 . . . Funniest sight of the week was that revolving red sign . . . on the Rochester Savings Bankhouse . . . running along brightly . . . but backwards!!!

Comely R. B. I. Damsel:  
**GILDA MASI**

The postman who always whistles . . . but never rings twice . . . is HARRY WILKEN . . . who covers the Elwood Building . . . A bunch of Sea Breeze lads are now getting out an occasional sheet called the Shanty Town News . . . most amusing and FLASHY . . . MELVIN OHLS is no longer dishing out gazettes at the Four Corners . . . the E. E. Bausch Co. garnered the lad's talents.

Best Radio Voice of the Week:  
**DOC ARTHUR MAY'S**  
(U. of R.)

## Hot Flashes Hot Flashes

That Times-Union scribble on home decoration and such . . . could it be AMY CROUGHTON? . . . must be crimson since that excerpt from the column got into the last week's New Yorker mag . . . in the foolish remarks department . . . Very alluring in that yellow sweater . . . is ISABELLE AMATO . . . Gal Friday of the Legality H. H. COHEN office . . . Hardest working polley man of the week is ROBERT P. B. KIDD . . . says the guy himself.

Genial Publicity Artist:  
**ART KELLY**  
(WHAM)

Didja know that the current smash hit, wow, socko, etc., on Broadway . . . titled "Brother Rat" . . . was both produced and directed by GEORGE ABBOTT . . . who was a localite way back when . . . and was graduated from the U. of R. in '11???. And that other not-so-socko comedy . . . "Spring Dance" . . . to reach the screen soon under Fox Films' guidance . . . was penned by the wife of ROY YERGER, '28 . . . who scribbles under the name of ELOISE BARRAGON???

Personality Gal of the Week:  
**JEAN RIKER**  
(G. M. A. Cutie)

Does GENE SULLIVAN, who presides over the desk at the Monroe Y . . . still remember that long evening spent with Miss Havana???. Thanks to KEN SPARNON, the WSAY guiding genius . . . for directing that matron to the FLASH office last issue . . . This week's birthday congratulations to FLORENCE BIGLOW . . . boss of the lotion and wavery in the Elwood Building.

Do Fred Lashier and Jean have a great time locating one another in the wee hours???

Have (Shades) Maudy greets huge hours extra P. M. and who is the big woman?

**GRAY**  
*The Florist*  
59 Averill Ave.  
Monroe 4377

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45c qt. Serves 2-3 People  
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- ★ HONEY BROWN "Sepia Betty Boop"
- ★ EDITH GIBSON Acrobatic Dancing Star
- ★ TIN CAN Truckin' Waiter

**BILL GEDER'S SWING BAND**  
Phone Main 8286



## WE PROPOSITION HERMIE RUSSELL

Dear Sir and Brother:

It looks very much like things are going to hum pretty soon about the light rates and that sort of thing. Everybody from President Roosevelt down to this sheet seem to want lower rates and it looks like your bunch is on the spot.

Now, Mr. Russell, this FLASH is a charitable organization and we're unselfish as hell. We know if the rates come down—not counting that little reduction that fooled most the people—you're going to find it rather difficult to carry that big building over there and we have a proposition to make.

You didn't know this but we've been thinking of opening a night club in FLASHburg and we've been looking over a lot of spots and we came to the conclusion that your building would be ideal for our purposes, except that the location is a wee little bit out of the way.

Here's our proposition—we'll take over the building, but on one condition—that we don't have to pay for the light. . . It would cost more than we could afford to keep that joint lit up in the style it's accustomed, so we want you to throw in the light . . . you aren't paying anything so it's only fair that we don't.

We promise to keep the riff-raff out of the nite club and just so your building won't lose its identity, we're willing to call it the GAS AND ELECTRIC FLASH NIGHT CLUB, but if we have to buy an electric sign, we'll have to leave off the Gas and Electric.

Let us know when you're moving,  
With due respect, we are  
The FLASH

## PANNING THE SILVER SCREEN

\*\*\*Champagne Waltz, at the Palace starting Friday, February 12.—Gladys Swarthout, the opryhouse oriole, is the big attraction of this extravaganza, which is the official Adolph Zukor Silver Jubilee offering. The lass gives Grace Moore a lot of heavy competition, looking swell, singing, dancing, and even acting. Fred MacMurray, all six foot three of him, is her Big Moment, with Jack Oakie putting in the comedy lies along with Herman Bing. The Champagne Waltzing is done by Veloz and Ynlanda. The picture is not another "One Night of Love" . . . but almost.

\*\*\*The Plough and The Stars, at the Century starting Thursday, February 11.—Ever since Victor MacLaglan made "The Informer" back in '35, and acted himself into the Academy Award and one of the biggest comebacks in movie history, Hollywood has been turning out dramas of the stormy days of Dublin. This one is all about the Easter Week Rebellion, and Barbara Stanwyck, Preston Foster, Uno O'Connor, and a bunch of real Irishers from the Abbey Theatre on the Old Sod all try their best. But the story just isn't there, which is the fault of the adapters and not of scribe Sean O'Casey. Great direction by John Ford.

\*\*\*Women of Glamour, at Loew's Rochester starting Friday, February 12.—Virginia Bruce, always easy to gaze at, is all of the women of glamour in this. LaBruce swishes around the screen in some eye-taking dry goods, and does her best dramatic emoting to date, also warbling a note or two with a voice that should be used more often. Melynn Douglas, the romantic menace in "Theodora Goes Wild," is the guy with Virginia in the clutches . . . and it's all okay by us.

## RED HOT FLASHES

Rapt conversationalists of the week are OLIVER ANGEVINE and HELEN BERMAN . . . when they're chit chatting with each other . . . The ELLIOTT DEWEYS have left FLASHtown and are now nesting in Buffalo . . . JOE SMITH, Bausch & Lomb foreman . . . and MAE CURRIE will page the parson for June 25 . . . They look nize together . . . do LUE LA MARSH and DAVID BABCOCK.

Fanny Farmerette: Non-Farmerish  
EVELYN REVERE

New g oom of the week is OTTO MEINWEISER . . . indefatigable toiler at the Manhattan . . . and is an ambulance pilot titled JOHN the odd man . . . wh4 doesn't win??? LOUIS (COTTON CLUB) KABCOFF was sadly missed from behind the bar on FLASHnite . . . the grippe had him down . . . but Bass LOUIS LIPSITZ filled in very well . . . And all

the fuss down there was over NORWELL JOHNSON, the Buffalo import who middle aised it same aft . . . with a curly-topped local lassie.

Wildest Grin of the Week:  
ANGELO ROSE  
(15th Warder)

JIMMY (RIPPER) COLLINS and GEORGE (TWINKLE-TOES) SELKIRK . . . FLASHtown's biggest contributions to the baseball world . . . have both just sprung for new gas buggies . . . Colonel NORMAN HATFIELD . . . formerly of the Auto Park and now demen Ford sal s-guy . . . reports a very fine biznizz and hopes the G-M strike will continue indefinitely . . . One of the luffliest of the photos in the February Coronet mag is from the camera of Kodak's own KENNETH MEES.

Inveterate Optimist:  
(eh, what?)  
SAMUEL FRAZZETTA

## FLASH FLIPS

D'ya know that the Old Gold pipples have quadrupled their market in Rochester since the inauguration of their funny picture contest? . . . which proves something or other . . . Did Doc Houghton feel silly the other eve . . . when alarmed by a noise out back, he called for gendarms . . . was his face red when the gendarms discovered the cause for alarm was only a garage door banging in the wind . . . Oscar Garrett may have to da a little providing for a spare bit of monnaie . . . since that loss.

There are three Fuehrers here in FLASHtown . . . Dorothy, Jake and Bill . . . and over in Germany they only have one . . . some stuff to us . . . Doris Henderson taking a bad spill when a heel got in the way . . . Mike, the Exchange & Broad newsie, taking much kidding about his peering thru the windows of the Armstrong Shoe outfit from the sanctum sanctorum of the Police corridors . . . 'n the attraction isn't a blonde . . . Our little gal, Fifi, evincing a keen interest in the hamlet of Geneva . . . could it be that Fifi is dreaming of leaving these sheltered Genesee vales?

Herbie Winn, the Pres, at the Taylor Instrument outfit, taking in the Floradora sunshine a bit previous this year . . . because of shaky health . . . Gene Lynch took himself a nice little nap in the restaurant of the 'little red apple' the other eve . . . but the management just wasn't sympathetic . . . Jernelman Ed Dudley back on the job after coming to grips with the demon grippe . . . Dudley, was, as usual, his calm, victorious self.

Bausch & Lomb, Doc Bruce Horsfall, so, so lonely these cold winter evenings, what with the wifey in Washington, D. C. . . . Cate Ginny Corris still very footloose and fancy free . . . which, after all, is the way to be . . . The athletic Marg Kinney ailing . . . 'n the lads are taking turns with the orange juice.

The Taylor Instrument boys quite proud about one of their minions . . . seems he has what it takes to get along . . . (Elie Yoker, he's in the driver's seat, took himself a brand new bride Tuesday nite last . . . It was the third try for each of the bappy couple . . . Ed Rider, the big ice-cream man, takes care of a bankwet by himself . . . this lad doesn't need a knife or fork to go to town . . . Ask 'Murph' Bernstein how he picked up that Erin go Bragh monicker . . . its very funny . . . seems that when 'Murph' was in the army the Irishers would get excused from duties Sunday morning to attend church services . . . well, when these lads filed out Herr Bernstein was always in their company . . . hence the monicker . . . funny, no?

DeFois Seigfried, the Kodak worker, making quite a shine with the Junior Leaguers in the local social whirl . . . which puts Dee right in his element . . . Funny things will never cease, the Kodak pipples are now experimenting with concentrated cod liver oil tablets . . . if the experiment are successful, it may be bye-bye flu for the yokelites.

Gordie Campbell, Teall Ice Cream baron, took in a few rounds with the cue while maestraing at that wellrest last Chewsday nite . . . Walt Reksitis, the Syracuse U. footballer, down visiting his uncle, the meatman, in town here . . .

What's become of DOC NORMAN LEVIN, the Portland Avenue molarman and muselman ? ? ? RITA GOEBEL, fan danseuse . . . has put those two white feather fans down in the permanent loss column . . . Punniest sight of the week was the gent who wandered into the Mecca on Satiddy aft . . . very much fog-bound . . . and hailed the scholarly appearing FRANK CULVER as 'Boy' . . . Among the FLASHnite guests of AGOSTINO CUTALI was ALPHONSE GIOIA . . . head of all the spaghetti tycoon fambly.

Back At Work Again:  
GRACE STROSS  
(Genesee Hosp nurse)

ERNE WARNE, the little giant of the LEO MORRELL crew . . . was interviewed at a press conference at Cutali's North Street spot on Satiddy Eve . . . Maestro ALFRED CUTALI contributed some of his best anecdotes to the occasion . . . PATSY CLEFF, the ol' fiddler arounder . . . was noted doing a brief guest appearance over on Broad Street on same eve . . . it's wonderful how we don't miss anything.

Gotta Ney Four Wheeler:  
The RAY EBERTS  
(Irondequoiters)

EDDIE SCHOENLIEBER, the Love's candy man . . . is smiling over the rush of customers to the newest store . . . over on Elton Street . . . Does SOL NUSBAUM, w. k. man about FLASHtown . . . still get those letters with the N'York postmark . . . and Barbizon-Plaza return address???

## Hot Flashes

Didja know that under the state law in Pennsylvania . . . a bicycle is an animal ? ? ? And in New York . . . under the Pure Food law . . . candies are vegetables ? ? ? And also in the Empire State . . . under a recent decision . . . two limousines and a yacht were considered household effects ? ? ? This winds up our screwy statute department for the week.

Smooth Brunette of the Week:  
GRACE JACKSON  
(sweet shop sweetie)

## BERT'S TAP ROOM

All Legal Beverages  
SIZZLING STEAK 50¢  
DINNER.....  
1548-1550 Lake Ave.  
Glen, 7104

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40 South Union St.  
Where Merrymakers Meet  
FRIDAY NITE—FISH FRY  
Capt. Guenther's Orchestra  
FLOOR SHOW SAT.  
MAIN 8169  
See! Hear! Eddie Dawson

## Soldi's SPAGHETTI

is served in true Italian fashion at all times—Too they have the same Spaghetti and Sauces to take home—Pat and John are your genial hosts.

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"Where Good Fellows Get Together"  
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FRANKIE DELL'S ORCHESTRA  
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JERRY SHAW MARGIE HALE  
NO COVER SPEND WHAT YOU LIKE  
NO MINIMUM  
GLEN, 7202  
3 Dazzling All Girl Revue with Songs, Dances, Comedy—  
Plus Other Acts

## AL FAST THE KING OF JOY

Valentine Presentation

**\$100 TO FLASHTOWN'S MOST POPULAR GIRL—See Contest Rules on Page 8**

(No Tootin')

**Hot-Check Gal Complains  
Fiddler Rubinoff Didn't  
Do Right By Her!**

**HE DID HER  
WRONG!**

The juiciest bits of that blonde hat-check gal's suit against fiddler Dave Rubinoff were deleted from the local dailies. Even the allegations of the violinist's attorney that the hat-check gal was "a member of the world's oldest profession."

When the court-room scene got a bit too hot for blonde Peggy, her lawyerman leaped to his footies and demanded a mistrial. After haggling here and there the Judge assented, and now the trial comes up again this Monday. Was Peggy's face red when Rubinoff's barrister charged her with being tossed out of a New Yawk hotel for having too many 'appointments' one fine evening.

According to blond Peggy Garcia, the strains of comediano-musico Dave Rubinoff's fiddle hit a snag in a battle of romance which she's climaxed with a \$100,000 suit against the curly-haired violinist for such nice things as the breach of promise . . . and "seduction and debauchery" in a Philadelphia Hotel.

According to pretty Peggy's complaint love blossomed at Connie's Inn in Harlem, where Peggy checked hats and gags.

Peggy modestly declared: "I was hat-checking there and Dave came in and started gagging. When he told me he was Rubinoff I thought he was still gagging. I said: 'Oh yeah! If you're Rubinoff, I'm Greta Garbo!'"

It turned out that Rubinoff was Rubinoff and Peggy wasn't Greta. Which wasn't so hot for Peggy, as she would have been much better off if she had been the moneyed Garbo.

She charges in her complaint against the funny fiddler that he remained a gag man to the last. In her complaint she complains loudly and longly that Dave was still pulling his old gags when he vowed eternal devotion and marriage in Philadelphia—of all places.

As to the "seduction and debauchery" business she fingers a

Philly hotel as the scene of her downfall.

Rubinoff, Eddie Cantor's erstwhile stouge, was to n between indignation and amusement.

"Lots of other people stayed in that hotel, too," he said. "And nothing of such a nature happened. Anyhow, my only real love is the violin."

In the meantime the blonde Peggy Garcia's fiddling for dough while Rubinoff burns.

Nero was right. Violins are bad medicine.

**Hot Flashes**

They dance together like they meant it . . . do CHRIS JARVIS and JEANNETTE HERNDON . . . HENRY CLUNE'S Satiddy calm featured a yarn on the two gal wrestlers at BUTCH MARTIN'S Terrace Gardens . . . just like we predicted a couple of issue ago . . . They say around the Portland spots that Valentine's Day took a heavy toll on SNUFFY PAMPAS' biff'd . . . setting the Marriage Fund back in a big way.

**Vivacious Brunette of the Week:**

**ANN KISSEL**

The walls of the venerable St. Stanislaus gym were creaking on Soldeve . . . around that houseful of fans for the Bond-Filaret tangle . . . the biggest turnout of the year . . . GEORGE FORMICOLA and his lady were among the lucky who found seats . . . SOL YATES lost 15 pounds in the excitement . . . Thespian BILL RUSSELL . . . HACK DREMBLE, who bit his own tongue . . . JOHN CERAMI who fell off his seat . . . HELEN CLEARY who had to stand and stand . . . ROGER DOOLAN of the w. s. brotherhood . . . HAROLD DONISH, whose sneeze hit TOMMY HARP-ER'S when the ball tossed by OLGA HANCHAR hit HAROLD . . . such stuff.

**Readying For A Busy Season:  
MORRIE SEIDLITZ  
(real estater)**

Not an ad

PAULINE KADDIUS witnessed the J. Y.—Sengram tussle . . . watching husband JOE'S basketry . . . JOE LAPP, BEDI RAE, HELEN BARONE, and VIRGINIA HOWLAND, we all thrilled to a frenzy . . . with RUTH MOYER among the missing . . . What were TONY MONTRELLA, RAY RAZ, and TONY DI PASQUALE doing on top of that tabl'?? DOC POR-CARI, 9th Ward GOP leader . . . and DOC HERRING were also among those present.

**Affable Legalite of the Week:  
('n guess why)  
RASIL MOORE**

CHESTY ED LEIDECKER, 53-year-old southpaw and veteran muscleman of the Butter-hol: is still showing the young lad's how it's done . . . CHESTY ED was honored lately at a big dinner . . . and told all his fans he trains on FRISCH'S hamburgers . . . The brilliant M. C. was ITCHY SULLIVAN.

**Along  
the  
Mazdas**

NUSBAUM'S CASINO — The Stone Street play place has Mac Mc Ombre and his band, songs, and M. Cing . . . the Maudsley Sisters and the Musical Alberts . . . it's a card full of entertainment.

TIMES SQUARE—One of the town's show places . . . with troubadour Curley Langley, Mary Carroll's personality tap dances, Carlos and Estrellita in a Mexican number, the acrobatic duo of Lou and Evelyn, and Patsy Cliff's music.

BRIGHTVIEW—The new show over at Atlantic Avenue's nitery has Birch and Courtney, just in from Chicago, Kay Merkling, formerly of the Six Bostonettes, Jane Lewis, who M. C.'s and warbles torch songs, and Vic Lewis' Continental Band.

COTTON CLUB — The septa crowd is going to town these nites, with Ruby Logan, Harlem's own Martha Raye, Racehorse Williams, Strawberry Russell, Mabel Cooper, Edna Miller, Betty Boop, Tin Can, and Bill Gede's hot band.

CUTALPS—For the spaghetti fans, The North Street edition has Leo Morrell's music nitely . . . and the new place on Broad Street features the ratbasketball just opened this week.

BROWNIE—The Marble Bar offers radio star Ed Jordan, Frances Knox in ballads, and Pat Keeley's swingtime.

RITZ—The House of Ritz now has a daily Cocktail Hour, Music and dancing Wednesdays thru Sunday . . . and the Chinese food is tops.

BARTLETT — Another good show here, with Billy (I Want A Wife) Morlen as strolling Romeo, Jimmy Thomas' tenor voice, Charles and Libra in ballroom dances, and White & Day, musical comedy dancers.

POWERS—The Tap Room of this famous hostelry features Noel and Joan Shannon doing numbers at your table. Walter Curly Russo is a show all by himself.

GENESEE GRILL — Augie Amato, prop., has Italian food par excellence, in an atmosphere intimate.

HEDGES — Charley Hedges' Norton Street nitery, with Frankie Dell's orchestra, all legal drinks, plus George Einstein to serve and sing to you. Nice food.

RIVER PARK INN—Ray Gleason and his music here over the week ends, are making this a popular spot with the stepper-outers who don't mind a short drive.

ZR-3 — An amateur show on Friday nite promises lots of fun at this State Street eat'n'drinkery. Prizes, music, dancing.

LANG'S GARDEN — There's a floor show, band, and dancing seven nites per week here, with Muzzy's Dixielanders in sweet rhythm.

SENECA TERRACE — A Fast is in an enviable spot this week, surrounded by the Four Dancing Darlings, Peggy Randall, Jerry Shaw, Margie Hale and Pat Warner, Rita McKenna in songs.

ALLARD'S — Bright spot on State St. brings Bobby Newell and Honey Kane in popular dance numbers, with Fred Lashier's Orchestra.

**Irondequoit  
Flashes**

BOB COLLETT, Robert Taylor-ish lad who used to star for the local basketball teams . . . made most of that brig' s say at home last issue . . . and then back to Syracuse U. . . That Summerville tramway that landed way off the tracks on Fishday eve was the cause of many a beedite walking home . . . Leg'onnaire BILL HAR-ter says he'll match his spiggetti capacity with any man's . . . The Point Pleasant Fire outfit . . . better known as the Pea Pickers . . . did plenty of flood relief work around their own sector.

Plenty of new houses going up around the Winona Boulevard station . . . (riastanoo but orange starco number with the chocolate trim . . . Does FRANCES ROONEY ever drop around at EDDIE BENGEL'S lakeside spot . . . any more?? And what's he come of JEAN LEARY?? Luckiest gent of the week is NORMAN STAKELYN . . . who's now the proud owner of a '37 Buick he won via the contest route.

SPEED WILSON, Hobart foot-ball coach . . . and a couple of hundred Irondequoiters will get together this Shadday eve . . . for a big conlab on the game and such at Seneca School . . . Obliging and handsome gasmen of the week are JACK & AL LESCHORN of the Culver Road filling station . . . One for our Remember Way Back 'em . . . Irondequoit department—When HORACE MEDARD BROWN used to run the Forest House . . . during the good old days.

**Hot Flashes**

Is Koda'er LINK CODDING-TON still part of the bachelor ranks?? Swell father and datter combination of the week are brewer ARTHUR BARRY and the sweet'n'lovely HILDA . . . Loudest long-distance party of the week was that ending up in a Four Corners drinkery on Mon-aft . . . starring two gals named MIMI and MARION . . . The JIM (CLAUDIA) KENNARDS are making goo-goo noises at the cutest little bundle of heir you ever did see.

**New Duds of the Week:  
MICHAEL DE ANGELIS  
(He Builds Castles In Spain)**

Adman JACK KNABB and GAK HILL CLEARY just can't wait . . . until those courses get dried up . . . but are talking their st' ts in the meantime . . . What lures JIMMY SULLIVAN over to Buffalo's toperust Delaware Avenue so often?? Tenor man JIMMY THOMAS of the Bartlett Clubbery and radio nikes is now walking around under an iron hat.

DON HENNEKY, the Four Cornersite . . . looks swell since adding a bit of tonnage.

**Comely Tray-Toter:  
LORETTA AMBROSE**

**RIVER PARK INN**

features  
**RAY GLEASON'S  
ORCHESTRA**  
Friday and Saturday nites  
Chicken - Fish - Steak  
DINNERS  
East River Road  
Just Across the R. R.

**FISHER'S**

famous for  
"Sizzling"  
Tenderloin Steaks  
and Well Cooked Food  
courteously served in a  
"Homey" atmosphere  
406 LYELL AVE.

**HOUSE of RITZ**

558 E. Main St.  
CHINESE or  
AMERICAN FOOD  
As You Like It  
Don't Miss the  
COCKTAIL HOUR  
Don Gray's Orchestra  
FLOOR SHOW  
Wed. - Sun. nites inclusive

**ALLARD'S**  
"The Bright Spot on State St."

Eat—Drink  
  
And Be Merry  
with  
All Star Floor Show  
featuring  
BOBBY NEWELL  
and  
HONEY KANE  
Popular Dancers  
PLUS OTHER ACTS EVERY  
NITE BUT MONDAY  
Fred Lashier's Orchestra  
252-254 STATE ST.

**Dance AND DINE**  
Delightful people come here nite after nite. Why not you this nite?  
2 FLOOR SHOWS EVERY NITE  
FEATURING MUZZY'S DIXIELANDERS in Dance Rhythm  
**Lang's Garden**  
330 North St. - Main 7983

**24 PAGES of NEWS**  
16 PAGES Of Comics In Colors  
The Greatest Weekly Newspaper in the World  
24 PAGES Of Features In Colors  
SECRETS OF GREENWICH VILLAGE  
Exclusive Color Photos of the Flood  
— Now on Sale at All News Dealers —  
**NEW YORK SUNDAY MIRROR 5c**

# SOME LUCKY GAL TO BE 100 BUCKS TO THE GOOD!!

For a heluva long time (almost six weeks) the management of this would-be sheet has felt that the younger gals in this town and vicinity weren't getting anything resembling an even break.

That is the reason for this contest.

There will only be one prize . . . that being one hundred dollars (\$100) cash to the pretty (or unpretty) winner of the contest according to the somewhat silly rules.

We feel that if the Old Gold people can toss a contest and dish out a first prize of \$100,000 we're entitled to have one and give a prize of \$100. Which is just about our speed.

Of course, unlike any other contest of a similar nature, there will be no consolation prizes. The winner will receive the \$100 promptly at the close of the contest. There will be no consolation prizes of any nature. We think it's tough enough to get stuck for the 100, without adding to our grief.

The contest begins today, Feb. 12, the birthday of Abraham Lincoln. In accordance with the firm principles of 'Honest Abe' our POPULARITY CONTEST will be strictly an honest count from beginning to end. No favorites will be played.

Any girl between the ages of 16 and 30, who is unmarried and has, furthermore, never tasted the binds of matrimony will be automatically eligible . . . that is, if anybody sends in a ballot with their monicker PRINTED on the official (what airs we give ourselves) FLASH BALLOT which is printed on this page.

Tho we have no prejudice toward married women we feel that their hubbies might be prejudiced parties in this instance. No hubby should be a judge of his frau's popularity.

And anyway we den't want to break up any huppy homes. If a married gal should cop the prize, perhaps the lesser half might start wondering out loud how come she got so many votes.

Furthermore, the married gals are well taken care of. We'd like to see the husbandless girls get a much needed break for a change.

The age limits of this hectic POPULARITY CONTEST have been set at the figures of 16 and 30 for two very good reasons:

1. A girl hasn't lived until she reaches the age of 16, (anyway, she shouldn't have).
2. By the time a girl reaches 30, and is still unmarried, a \$100 could come in very handy.

Any girl between the specified ages in Monroe County is eligible. All she has to have is a bundle of friends and well-wishers.

Beginning today and thru March 19, BALLOTS will appear in each issue of the FLASH. All BALLOTS must be turned in to the FLASH office at 6 State Street before the 25th of March. The name of the contest winner will be published in this paper on April 2.

Be she nurse, school-teacher, student, waitress, stenog, torch singer, debutante, sob-sister, etc., she is eligible for this contest. Only the married, the immature and the aged are automatically prohibited from being entered by your vote on the BALLOT.

There is no hokum, nor catch to this contest. We don't give a damn who wins . . . as long as somebody wins. We feel we owe our monthly surplus to the public . . . for after all, that's just where we got it.

Like any other contest, ours has a duo of well-known judges. But unlike any other contest our judges consist of a well-known local lawyer and the manager of a large, local movie house.

The judges are Les Pollock, manager of Loew's Rochester Theatre, and William Young, a w.k. lawyerman.

We were quite fortunate in securing these men as judges as they are quite busy with other things. For instance, Mr. Pollock is just getting over a visit of the flu.

In case of a tie (we think of everything) the girls will be given the choice of splitting the \$100 evenly . . . or flipping a coin to decide who should cop the gravy. In this remote eventuality the coin will be flipped in the presence of the judges. And they'll be in a position to inform

(Continued on Column 3)



## THE RULES ARE SIMPLE

(Read Carefully)

THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH INC. POPULARITY CONTEST is open to the general public of Monroe County. All residents of Monroe County with the exception of FLASH employes and relatives are entitled to cast their ballots for their choice of the most POPULAR GIRL.

To the winner of the contest (the girl who secures the most Ballots) the FLASH will pay \$100 as of the date of April 2.

This contest is open to all unmarried girls in Monroe County between, and including, the ages of 16 and 30.

All contest ballots (or reasonable facsimiles) should be mailed (or delivered in any other manner) to the FLASH offices at 6 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

The Judges in this contest are William E. Young and Lester Pollock.

Each ballot or facsimile is equivalent to one vote. In the case of a tie (which is highly remote) the girls concerned can share the money in any way satisfactory to them.

It is not essential to purchase a copy of this paper to vote. Any reasonable reproduction of the ballot will be acceptable.

Ballots will be published in five consecutive issues of the FLASH, beginning with the issue of Feb. 12 and concluding March 19.

All ballots must be turned in to the FLASH offices by March 25. The name of the contest winner, together with her picture, to be published in this paper in the issue of April 2.

The FLASH will publish the names of the 25 leading contestants each week as of Feb. 19.

If any question should arise concerning any aspect of the contest the decision of the impartial and disinterested judges will be regarded as final.

## 'ROUND TOWN

*One of the biggest surprises to the local public of Jose Durso . . . the Stouffville of dynamite who seizes the round for the Philharmonic . . . was Jose's becoming a grandfather . . . cause mostly his fans didn't think he was old enough for that sort of thing.*

Luffly Edna Farney now posing for the Eastman beauty row as a model . . . Legalite Bill Marks has a standing movie date on Sundays with his best gal—his mom . . . The best raconteur in town is probably Strong Memorial Doctorman Bastian . . . Ed Staud still rides that nag every wintry morning . . . A little touch of Miami sun wouldn't do the National's Jack Morton any harm . . . that Xmas rush still has him a leetle peaked . . . Deanna Durbin's registering the biggest box-office surprise in the moon-pitchers . . . Skiff Fleming, blond man-about-town, is curraazy over horses, horses, horses . . . and used to play polo a la Tommy Hitchcock . . . Since his new emporium opened up on South and Main, it's the apple of Ben Rudolph's eye . . . and makes him forget the rest of his whole chain . . . What's the permanent attraction at Loew's for blondish Betty Bush??? Ed Dentinger's no longer losing his hair . . . it's all gone . . . That good-looking chappie at WHEC is Perry Estin, but he's happily hitched, gals . . . Bob Dwyer's back from looking over the Congressmen in Washington . . . If ya wanna good chortle, listen to Ed Lorenti at Police Court talking in dialect Italiano . . . Has Fay Blanchard, Times-Union boss, mastered the art of bridge yet??? . . . Closest to the movie type of newspaperman is Louie Regner . . . Didja know that Johnny Mills, one of the country's best shots, made his way across country on no dough at all, paying his way by winning prizes along the route???

(Continued from Column 1)

the girls which is heads and which is tails.

Every eligible girl will be permitted to vote for herself. She's crazy if she doesn't.

The names of the 25 leading contestants will be published from week to week until April 2, when the winner's name and picture will be published in this paper.

As we said before, there are no strings attached to this contest. There are no letters to be written, no chores to be done. You don't even have to tell us you like the FLASH. In fact, we don't care whether you do or not.

With the beginning of this contest this sheet ceases to be a private philanthropy. Taking a leaf from the Government, we're coming forward with our own little 'Share-The-Wealth' program.

This is strictly a POPULARITY CONTEST. Of course, pretty girls are usually the most popular according to Freud, but Freud probably never heard much of the word 'personality'.

The rules of this contest are so simple that even we are amazed. There's nothing to lose, with a 100 bucks to gain.

We aren't the least bit interested in what the winner does with the dough. For all of us she can go out and invest in Amalgamated Ashcan or other equally reliable securities. Once we turn the \$100 over to the lucky gal our worries have ceased. The money will be paid the winner on the publication date of April 2. She will receive one (1) hundred dollar bill . . . crisp and bright from Uncle Sam's factory.

We don't care how many times an individual votes as long as he or she prints the name of their choice for Monroe County's 'Popularity Gal' on the printed FLASH BALLOT—or a reasonable duplicate of same. Your own ballot is as good as ours, even if it isn't on green paper. One ballot is the equivalent of one vote. Simple, eh what, Watson?

Do right by your girl-friend, your sister, your cousin, your niece or your secret passion. Send in her name on an improvised or a FLASH BALLOT. It makes no difference. In fact, nothing makes any difference.

It's worth \$100 to us to learn the name of the most popular girl in these parts.

The Editor of this paper was unfavorably disposed from the first toward this contest. He felt, and very strongly, that a hundred dollar note might more profitably have been tendered to him (and how) as a Xmas gift. There's nothing nicer than receiving a Xmas present out of season.

But the Editor, who is even forced to sharpen his own pencils, was brusquely overruled by the management. As a result some gal's going to be donated 100 simoleons merely for being popular. As we have never been popular, ourselves, we're not very sympathetic.

However, here it is girls. Come and get it! At the end of five weeks, a hundred (100) buck note will be added to the current circulation of the coin of the realm.

As we said: Come and get it!

## FLASH POPULARITY BALLOT

Rochester Weekly Flash Inc.  
6 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Date Feb. 12, 1937

I submit the following, as my choice for the

**MOST POPULAR GIRL in Monroe County:**

Name ..... Address .....

Place of Employment ..... Employer's Address .....

ONE (1) VOTE



# FIFI GIVES B. F. THE SHOULDER!

## He Finds That Life's Just A Bowl of Sour Cherries

Well, I never was so thrilled in my life . . . and I don't even care about Ronnie finding out about me going to Buffalo with that insurance man Alf . . . and getting all those bruises on my . . . Cause I met the most wonderful men all in one evening . . . and I think I will give Ronnie the air for good . . . as soon as I get back that money he owes me from New Year's Eve. The way I happened to meet these fellows wasn't quite nice . . . but they seem very broad minded and I'm sure I am too.

I had to go over to a little hotel the other nite to see the manager about an advertising bill . . . and here were all these good looking men sitting around together . . . And they asked me if I was from the Flash . . . and I said Yes . . . and then they asked was I Fifi . . . and said they'd always wanted to meet me because they heard so much about me . . . So I said they shouldn't believe in a girl like me, with a nice shape and all if I do say so . . . is always getting talked

about by other girls who are jealous. And then they said they were baseball players and they showed me the funny little red wings they had sewed on their sweaters. A word of it . . . as a good look-

They were awful nice boys . . . especially a tall one named Bob . . . and another shorter one with a Southern accent like they have in the movies . . . and they took me to the tap room and bought me Tom Collinses . . . The tall man told me he was awful sorry to meet a nice girl like me just when he had to leave town to go to training . . . and I asked him what he did on the team . . . pitch or catch or like that . . . and he said he was bat boy . . . Now I think maybe he was fooling . . . because he looked like a nice man who would never go out on wild parties.

Then all the boys took me out riding in their car . . . and I sat on the bat boy's lap . . . and then we came back to the hotel and I said I would have to go . . . Bob made me have one more Tom Collins . . . but none of the players would drink anything . . . just milk . . . which I thought was very funny . . . And they didn't smoke either. So that is why I thought I should go . . . as if there is any man I would not trust with my own grandmother . . . It is a man who doesn't drink or smoke . . . Cause everybody has to have some bad habits . . . I wish that I always sy.

Before I went all the boys gave me their autographs on a piece of paper . . . and promised to write me post cards from Bartow . . . which is where they are going in Florida . . . The names are so funny I can't remember . . . One is Joe Di Maggio, and then there is Lou Gehrig, Paul Waner, Tony Lazzeri, and two of them signed just "The Dean Boys" . . . The bat boy is the one I liked best . . . he wrote his name Colonel Jake Ruppert . . . I sure hope to see them again before they leave town.

## Sporty Spiel

The biggest comeback of any sport in recent years is basketball . . . and it looks as though the game is now definitely in as king of FLASHtown's winter pastimes. Basketball had been leader than a dead horse around this town for many a season . . . and who takes the bow for its return to favor? Why, none other than our little girls of the hoops—the BONDS and the FILARETS.

The BONDS' ensemble rates plenty of orchids in that they're all local girls, and have been romping around the hardwoods together for two years now. The FILARETS, ROY VAN GRAFLEN's white hopes, are banded together from crack lineups all over the state, and have been practically unbeatable for four seasons.

Last Churchday eve saw the tops in crowds for the year, when the fans stormed the portals of the Norton Street Hall. Seats were sold out at 8 o'clock. Eleven hundred frantic, excited rooters crowded into the small arena, and at least 500 were turned away.

The end came only when the FILARETS, led by flashy OLGA HANCHAR, former Cleveland star, bagged two quick ones to pin a close loss on their rivals. Brows were mopped freely, coats were shed, and plenty of the fans were more exhausted after the fracas than the lasses themselves.

ANNE SOROCHETY starred again for the vanquished . . . and was by far the steadiest player on the court. Both pivot girls, MARTHA DEVONIS and ROSE GRUZZA, played bank-up ball.

Now the 3-game series stands one all, and the deciding fray should pack a house anywhere in the town . . . 'cause when these ten ladies of the hoops get together there's more color and noise than you'd get at any male match.

And now for the guys—After much dickering, the present champs, the SEAGRAMS, and the rival J. Y. M. A. outfit have come to terms. LES HARRISON, who led his longtime champs to 14 wins out of 15, and MANNY HIRSCH's unbeaten J. Y. musclemen will tangle in a double bill at St. Stanislaus on Feb. 21, first of a 3-game series. This should be a natural as far as the B. O. goes, and a good battle in its own right.

FLASHtown's IROQUOIS lacrossers will swing into action this Satiddy eve on the Big Acre against the crack MIMICO MOUNTIES . . . The local Injuns are in a fighting mood after taking that 11-6 defeat from the league-leading Niagara Falls outfit . . . BILL ISAACS and HARRY GREEN, now recovered from the injuries, are out for damage. So are the MURPHY BROTHERS, JOE and MAURICE, of the Mimicos.

## Hot Flashes

In the feature match of the week . . . the Haubner & Stallknechts spanked the Meyers-Freeman brogan team in a hot race . . . FLASH . . . FLASH . . . CHARLEY (GAS BUGGY) SULLIVAN has issued a challenge for a home and home series to JOE SHARKEY . . . on a classy side bet of two hundred Iron Men . . . and is JOE dogging it???

## SALLIES FROM THE ALLEYS

JOHN SOLDI shot a 640 for 3 games at the Eagles Aerie on Tuesday . . . but pal CHARLEY LISK didn't fare so well . . . those marks around 140 pulled down the grand total . . . When all the tickets are counted . . . from that benefit show at Buonomo's last Sundeve . . . when the Kodaks whipped the Bausch & Lombers . . . a check estimated at about a hundred and fifty simoleons will go to the Red Cross.

JIMMY KANADE rolls his best games in those bedroom slippers . . . they do the trick for the Muhs drives . . . witness that 644 totaled the other eve . . . Over in St. Louis the crack Hermann Undertakers . . . rolling in the Classic League, garnered the all time record total of 3797 . . . which means that every man rolled over 700 . . . RAY HOLMES ringing up one perfect game . . . and just missing another . . . Flash . . . DUTCH PRAYER of the Dutch Bar team tossed a 109 the other nite . . . and is now answering his fan mail.

GARY (DISPLAY-MOR) LANSING just wasn't clicking the other Satiddy nite with the Doyle Gulf League . . . how's that 496?? LOU MARTELL, Park Avenue Independent Grocer . . . led the BUONOMO FIVE 'other eve with his 606 . . . And CLAYT KAUL, in the Wedsve Bankers' League . . . turned in a good 651 . . . The match team of the Palace Alleys over in Syracuse will tangle with the Brass Rail match team at Buonomo's on Sundeve . . . beginning their home and home series . . . and fighting for that \$800 purse.

JOE FITZPATRICK, pinch hitting for FRANK GANZER, helped SCOTTY'S Brass Rail boys to win one game on Monday . . . JOE'S second game of 109 doing the trick . . . HAROLD (SPIKE) SPIEGEL of the Sutton team is still chortling over that FLASHnite score of 709 . . . and ELWIN KINGSBURY didn't do so bad with his 706, either.

Among the fairer keglers . . . STELLA KROLL, with the Reeds on Sundaft . . . shot the great game of 248 . . . for a 613 total . . . DOTTY HARTLEBEN second with her 592 . . . ALICE AINSWORTH'S 562 . . . and ERTRUDE HUNT'S 561 were other bell-ringers . . . Too bad about CHARLEY YAWMAN just missing out on that Classic entry . . . by so few pins . . . in that try the other eve.

The State Championship Tourney is set to come off April 16th to May 10th . . . on the Jefferson Academy drives at Syracuse . . . Best showmanship team of the Franklin Alleys, they say, is the KOETHE'S RESTAURANTEURS . . . ART SCHMIDT knows too, too well . . . The Take-It-Easys and the Modern Coats are running neck and neck in the Triangle League with the Koethes one game behind . . . Who's the gal known as BETTY . . . who's doing so well with that 190 average for three games . . . and shouldn't some league sign her up???

That noise around the HENCHEN alleys is only from the buttons popping off LOU MAIRA'S chest . . . all because of that charming cheering section that never misses a game

Leading qualifiers for the Alley Owners' Pin Derby from Muhs are BILL RUTAN with 664 . . . HARRY FIGHTNER with 646 . . . RAY LILL with 631 . . . any PHIL WASHBURN with 627 . . . Best high single game of the week is JERRY KIRCHER'S 274 . . . The Bareis Shoe boys have the best single team total of 1046.

Other ace scorers here and there . . . the Reinhardt's Restaurant lads with 2878 for 3-game addition . . . JOE KADDUIS' 188 average in the Y. & E. League . . . The CUPBOARD'S 979 . . . DAN ROHNKE'S 3-game score of 641 . . . JOE GREICO'S 257 . . . PETE BERL'S 244.

**BOWLING**  
IS SPORT & EXERCISE  
6 New Alleys  
**MUHS BROS.**  
911 N. CLINTON

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Central  
Service  
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275 State St.  
Service With A Smile

**OTTMAN'S**  
Noted for their  
FAMOUS HOTS  
Cold Cuts and Boekwurst  
LUNCHEES AND DINNERS  
Served in Restaurant  
45 FRONT ST.  
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**HIGHLAND**  
GINGER ALE and  
FRUIT ORANGE  
With Premium Caps  
CALL  
Your Dealer or  
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**TATA'S GRILL**  
472 CHILD ST.  
featuring at all times  
RAVIOLI  
and  
SPAGHETTI  
FLOOR SHOW  
Dancing to Perry's Jesters  
FRI. & SAT. NITES

**BUONOMO**  
BOWLING  
HALL  
78 Charlotte St.

**LACROSSE**  
"Modified Murder"  
**ARMORY**  
Every Friday Night  
50c and 75c  
Tickets Now On Sale At  
Adams Bldg., 133 E. Main St.;  
Powers Hotel, Main 4860; Koch,  
Sporting, 11 State St.; Seneca Hotel,  
Main 4718; Spaulding, 114 St. Paul;  
Cross Hall, 322 E. Main St.

**Grand Central**  
Bowling Hall  
14 South Avenue  
Open Alleys  
MON-SAT-SUN

**HAPPY DAYS**  
Are Here Again  
At Genial  
**CHARLIE**  
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HEADQUARTERS  
BOWLERS'

## Hot Flashes

The Thursdeve League at Hemen's has the boys all on a rampage . . . with AL JOHNSON, ANDY MARKS, MARKY CHAFEL, and SAM LA PLACA building up their average in a big way . . . in order, 196, 196, 198, and 195 . . . MARKY holds the high game title with 289 . . . missing 300 by just one ball . . . ED MUHS can't shave because of all those cold sores . . . and now all the boys are calling him Clark Gable.

Culinary Artiste of the Week:  
**PEARL FITCH**  
(Lyll Avenoo)

MILTON TEMP . . . who's used to sleeping in the barber's chair . . . went to sleep in the chair just waiting for the lock-snipper the other day . . . and tried to pay for his trim and shave before he got them . . . WINNIE WEBB . . . little tray-toter over at IRVING NUSBAUM'S . . . is said to be about to take the step to the double state . . . CAREY DUKE LATTORE of the Main 211 outfit . . . and a swell guy . . . has the hard luck of any week . . . with the whole fambly on the ailing list, including himself

# INSIDE AND LOWDOWN

Added to the flu recovery list this issue is the comely Missus "Vessy" Gartland . . . whose spouse is the popular Hetzlerite . . . Bernard Coyne, w. k. young musclemann . . . has switched his allegiance from Aquinas to Jefferson this week . . . Art D'Annunzio the foolerman made a couple of quick trips to Syracuse just lately . . . can it be that the famous brothers are thinking of opening a branch emporium down in the Salt City???

William J. Capareo is now astride the Coca-Cola wagon . . . Nominalbox for some of the smoothest motion in all these parts—Maxon Vernon of the Franklin St. hair cutting studios . . . One of those dicklers in pure English scholasticism in our car . . . that the title "You Only Live Once" on that last week's Theater should rightly be "You Live Only Once" . . . and we pass this on to Sidney Sholsky.

Bernie (J. Y.) Shapiro's nervous temperament is tops of its kind . . . Lillian Dell, the gorjus blonde warbler lately of the Powers Tappery . . . is getting flashes via the mails from a real estimator here . . . Doing right well for herself in a thither organization down in Manhattan . . . is Ruth Yalovich, talented ex-U. of A. lassie who was the works of that drama group here last summer.

Is Bob Seville Lazo-In-Bloomington . . . but again?? Handsomest fire-saver of the week is Dick Stephany . . . Mabel Husband, wee red-head, was flashed hurrying along State St. across the gutter all . . . underneath a green chapeau, which is not a bad idea for a Titian type, our man in art tells us . . . Restaurantier Hugh Harper has now added a whole flock of baseliner teams to his numerous practices.

Have the M. D. Doc David Melen been officially parted . . . or is that stuff just a line of chatter? . . . The new sekittery in lawyermaus Dominic Boncone's office is his sister . . . Tom Broderick is having more trouble with the flu than ever he had with the John Van Voorhis—Jack Ark controversy of last summer. . . Add flicker faults—Flashlights were part of the props . . . in "Lloyds of London" . . . which story was supposed to take place way back when they didn't have such things.

What's all this about Ginny Laphan about to take the big step . . . with a Buffalo gas kind of nooooo?? Raymond Greenman, executive secretary of the Social Hygiene Day at the C. of C. last week . . . was so spruced to find his moultier here . . . Smiling lifeman of the week is Leo Laddler of the Medical Arts Building . . . And since the little information girl, Mavis, has been away from her roomie and alling . . . there's a gauze shield up to keep the germs away from the other life-lings.

Gordon Palmanteer, the Gleason worker . . . met plenty of old pals from Naples . . . over at the German Club the other nite . . . and is reported as among the happier gents around town. . . Also due to be FLASHed is Brother Bill . . . the movie man . . . especially about wearing that yaller shirt . . . National Save Your Sight Week starts Feb. 21 . . . so does National Buy An Artichoke Week and National Buy a Flash Week.

Dan Whalen is now singing "I Wish I'd Been In Dixie" . . . between tears . . . cause if Dan had been on the spot at the Dixie Theatre 'd note be richer by 150 fish . . . And it was all very funny . . . except to the guy in question . . . when that car bumped into Manager Bill (Lyric Theatre) Thompson's buggy . . . parked in front of the place and right under that "Play Bangs Tombs" sign.

Archie Bombom, the film mogul . . . has just added some honeys among antique and enclous flickers to his Magee Avenue studio . . . among them the first complete picture ever made . . . "The Great Train Robbery" . . . made by Edison in 1903 . . . Also Mary Pickford in The Mirror, 1910 . . . and some of the installments from Tillie's Punctured Romance, starring Marie Dressler and Charley Chaplin . . . also of the 1910 vintage.

Who headed gout of the week is Dick (Scotty) Gordon . . . vice poetry of the paper company . . . who isn't a bit Scotch . . . Domesticity fans of the week are Betty McHugh Coyne and lobby Johnny . . . and the new little addition . . . A novel that may be found on many a boudoir table these days has the title . . . "All Their Children Were Aerobats" . . . verrah intriguing.

Vera Wilson . . . ye editress of the C. of C. gazette . . . turns out to be a tiny, chic damsel . . . who knows her editing . . . Cute cashier lass of any week is Lucille Ives . . . Lost Again Dep't—Joy Nelson . . . finder please return to a Culver Road damsel tagged Madeleine . . . and all will be forgiven.

One of the best of the male phono personalities around town says one caller-supper . . . is George (Brahmawee) Meator's . . . What's become of the artist but who used to work at the Rochester Theatre . . . and who did all those scotch sketches that were Terina Nussbaum's backboard?? Pardon Us Department—We mean Bond Girls . . . not Bland Girls . . . last issue . . . but we're glad everybody enjoyed the error so much.

Patsy Inlema, the gas disher outter guy . . . should thank all his lucky stars for all those nice things that happened to him last week . . . first Patsy took a bride for himself . . . then drew a suspended sentence on that little trouble . . . then got mentioned on the raddio . . . and then made the FLASH!

She wears her dimples very well . . . does El Helen Stoll . . . Churchless Place damsel.

Unusual when Gladys Swarthout on her air program Wenzewe sang a duet with Frank Chapman . . . and they were warbling "I Still Get a Kick Out Of You" . . . until Chapman sang the part that runs "You obviously don't adore me" when the lovely Gladys broke in with "But I do" . . . It seems that Swarthout and Chapman are man and wife . . . and veddy much in love . . . The biggest rise in radio popularity for the year is Eddie Cantor's . . . The guy is coming back with a bang . . . Jack Benny is slipping . . . The best of the new programs is Jack Onkie's College, which teaches you how to smoke Camels.

Elinor Glyn used to call it It . . . but whatever it is . . . Sally Berkeley has got it.

How's that gal at the G. & E. . . could the name be something like Madelyn . . . coming along with the mother-in-law trouble . . . or is everything all ducky again? . . . A most vivacious lassie . . . out in the East side neighborhood . . . is Helen Barone . . . Al Schneidell is now getting very busy with his laundry biznizz . . . And who is the young handsome-face who manages the tank car supply place over on St. Paul . . . is what a dozen or so femmes wanna know.

Faces about town . . . Eddie Wegman looking almost too professorish in the new specs . . . Lita Bellamy getting more and sylph-like . . . Lacyerman H. Douglas Van Duser developing new furrows in the brow . . . Felice legatite Chris D'Amavola looking his nervous and looking happier dolly . . . Robert Stevens much basied with his new production.

It's gonna be another little addition soon . . . at the Lloyd Harringtons' . . . Doll like brunette of the week is Ann Kissel . . . What's become of the popular collegians of a couple of years back . . . Topsy and Chet Mallorski???

## D & C WIRES ANNOY GANNETT IN MIAMI!

Frankie Gannett's little sojourn to Miami Beach is being rudely disquieted by telegrams from D. & C. district men. Frankie is taking a well earned vacation (after the splendid job he did for Landon—don't you remember Alfie?) and it's too darn bad he's being put in a position where he has to mix business with pleasure. Of course, tho, there's a heluva lot of places worse than Miami Beach to worry over your business. The moral of this dull tale is: When pleasure interferes with business . . . why, what of it?

Chey Krelax Reina is another flu victim this week . . . Jimmy Kohler is now to be found these days . . . out at the River Park Inn . . . Add to our What's Become of Them Dep't . . . Lucille McKay and Jerry Brown.

Miriam Sombreg . . . Mechanics Institute stummer . . . almost decided to give the local scene the go-by . . . for Ulica, which is the home town . . . but then changed her mind . . . which all makes two localities . . . namely Gordy Moscow and Stan Goldstein . . . veddy happy.

Ice creamer Andy Sykut does a landslide business on those big game nights . . . Andy's the Pop Jenks of Ben Franklin . . . but has a most attractive datter . . . which Pop Jenks ain't . . . Does Mammy Silverman still mean it? . . . about paying the lone lassies' check?? Just a dream walking . . . in that blue outfit . . . is is model Jean Ann Parker.

Alma, De Sutter and Ruth Spitz are two of those inseparable pulsary walsies . . . a guy just ain't got a chance any more . . . For the tops in publicity disher outters . . . see Mabel Lang . . . Baseballer Tommy Castle and the saccharine Lena Sorce are now Mr. and Mrs. to all yonse . . . Over at the Smith—Gormley emporium on St. Paul Street . . . Joe Sob's latest effects in sartorial splendor have all the lads going color blind.

A coast side damsel thinks Elmer Taylor has the nicest lisp in captivity . . . Del Wetherell, the former Red Wing star . . . turns up at lots of local events lately . . . How did Earl Clair fare at his ushering job at that merger???

Bus Blum . . . that great big bundle of joy . . . who used to be a shining star in the local entertainment firmament . . . is now doing right well with running his own hostelry out in the hamlet of Fairport . . . Christine Praser is feeling better now, thanx . . . after the nasty flu germ got her a couple of weeks ago.

Dogs Lowell MacMillan almost say WILLIAM in his station announcements every once in a while . . . even though he's been with the ritual station for a month now! So strong does habit become . . . The gal Friday over at Morris Lynd's live office is a femme by the name of Ladd . . . We're great at digging up stuff like that . . . How does Doctorman Max' Almy feel being a new father-in-law?? Hardest-working couple in town: Mary Lane Berry and Stirling Jones, who tailed down to the w. k. bone to put over that R.B.L. fundation . . . Didja know that Fred Holbrook and Barlow Hill were classmates in the same law school . . . Editor's two cents: They couldn't very well be classmates in different law schools . . . Private Dick John O'Connell got a big kick outa seeing that flicker at the Century last week . . . the one where the detective gets murdered . . . but the killer goes to the chair in the end . . . which O'Connell figures is a moral victory for his trade . . . W.H.E.Croomer Ken French got so exhausted plugging the Red Cross fund that the sorebones told him to get in bed and stay there . . . or else he'd be flopping on his feet.

Is Helen Oviatt Griffin getting interested in radio engineering all over again?? . . . Davie Barrie and his band left the Odenbachery on Thurseve for the flooded Ohio region, where they're gonna play one-nighters for a while . . . If you ask Frank Placerman for his family tree, some nite at the Century theatre, you'll think you're sitting in on a roll call of the League of Nations . . . As far as the gentle passion goes, Dotty Bowen, the comely blonde, has tossed away the torch for all and sundry . . . Florence Colebrook Powers is whiling the time away in Manhattan whilst Craig Powers is negotiating for the sale of the Hostelry Powers . . . Do Tony Lang and Hank Werth drop in on the Century Sweetery so often . . . for the sweets on the table . . . or at the other tables???

Going strong at the J.Y. new clubbery . . . is Brockport's own Jack Friedman . . . What ever became of the combination of Agnes (Sis) Kidd and that banker?? He's getting to be one of our more brilliant conversationalists . . . is Norm Endin . . . County Probation Officer Gray told those jealous co-workers that he's the only gent in the outfit who deserved a FLASH mention . . . since all the rest read his copy.

Is Orkey Carlson expanding his territory lately . . . say out to Batavia?? 7M-89-82 is the cruiser mique . . . trying to get chummy with the gal in the car ahead . . . of all things . . . Is Stella Saloway still handing out a big No . . . to that swain's proposals???

"Swiftly Morgan is a small man as men go, hardly bigger than a jockey, and he has claimed to be a jockey when the occasion demanded . . . In fact, in the past twenty or thirty years, he has claimed to be a variety of characters, and has enacted most of them . . . You meet him at resorts like this (Miami Beach) or Saratoga or Havana or Monte Carlo, and he'll whlop out a fistful of jewelry from his pocket or perhaps he will have an airplane ticket you can have for a bargain . . . He sells everything but his brittle sense of humor . . . He met Charles Evans Hughes once on an ocean crossing, because if Swiftly makes up his mind to meet you, the introduction is only a formality . . . He told the present Chief Justice that he was an Australian jockey, and as he is a great story teller, you can believe that he convinced Mr. Hughes that he was a cross between Tod Sloan, Sande and Fator . . . At the ship-board concert, Mr. Hughes was pressed into action to auction off something for the Seamen's Fund, and during the bidding, he asked the supposedly wealthy jockey what he bid. "Swiftly with great nonchalance retorted: 'One thousand dollars,' and made out the check . . . Mr. Hughes thought that was pretty nice, and he commented at some length on the generosity of the offer . . . Too late, they looked at the back of the check and found scrawled across it: 'My instincts are good, but I ain't got any money in any bank in any country at any time, Swiftly Morgan' . . . He wanted to sell me a watch this morning . . . 'You can have it for 20,' he said. 'Is that a bargain?' I asked politely . . . 'A bargain,' screamed Morgan, 'Why, the police have offered a \$200 reward for it already.'"

Radio man Morris Clark and Joan Harding are having a little outside influence horning in on the duo . . . But the younger Clark and Olive McCue still get along the same serene way . . . Didja know that mining tycoon Ed Morley, all of 78, who just recovered from a pretty serious illness, was voted the liveliest guy in his particular hospital by the medicos and nurses there?? . . . Joe D'Arcy is plotting a brain child that will glorify the A-H Clubs all over the country . . . Jane Williams and Reese Foote, the insurance boss, don't need any insurance on their affections . . . Fred and Matt Odenbach still can't get used to their South Avenue fern being a cafe-terium, tradition being a wonderful thing . . . How does Ken Ives, insuranceers, keep that apple-cheeked youthfulness??

Add petty cash rackets . . . the guy who, so the chatter goes . . . plugs up the nickel-return slot of the toll phones every A. M. . . and takes out the stuffing . . . along with the nickels . . . every P. M. . . Lonsy, no???

Since the departure to the wilds of West Virginia on the part of Mort Waters, Gunnar Wlig is now the head panjandrum at the Gannett air-sawzery . . . A new slant in mortal tags revolves around chummy Elinor Kane over at the Peacockery of Odenbachery . . . cause her maiden label was Kane . . . which gets her all confused when writing checks . . . Little Melvin, the demon paper boy of the Four Corners now tolling for the Bausch specks store . . . Harry LeBrun is going in for the Section Things note . . . giving the old fol-de-rol the go-by.

# Lehman To Lend Ear To Brassier? THEY'LL FIGHT FOR SPAIN BUT HOW ABOUT THE U.S.

(Continued from Page 12)

at Attica Prison.

Friends of the boy's family are reported pulling wires at Albany to secure a committment of the boy's sentence. Governor Lehman must have tossed a spark of hope in the breasts of Brassier and his friends when he commuted the sentences of those 6 New York City killers from the death chair at Sing Sing to life imprisonment.

Things must be going along pretty well as some of Brassier's pals right here in town are speculating whether Glenn will make his home in Rochester or whether he will take up in a place where his name and history are unfamiliar.

During that famous closed hearing in the Fall of 1935, this man's town was agog about the girl's killing, as it has never been agog before or since. Rumor was rife. The story went the rounds

that the Hall girl had done this to Brassier, and that she had done that. However, such rumors were never substantiated by any close examination.

At the time of the trial in November, public sentiment swung heavily toward Brassier. He had never been in previous difficulties, and then too, the movies have always made a figure of sympathy out of spurned lovers.

Brassier had asked the girl to marry him, and she had turned him down—expressing the desire to be footloose and fancy free.

Glen Brassier then fled to Liberty, N. Y.—where he was picked up by the State Police, after being arrested on the complaint of a gasoline dealer, who he tried to get away from without paying. Proving, it pays to pay.

Because of the intriguing complications in the case, Brassier was permitted to plead guilty to first degree manslaughter, rather than be charged with first degree murder.

He received a sentence of from 8 to 15 years in Attica Prison on Dec. 9, 1935. Before Brassier was finally sentenced there was a heluva lot of indecision about the length of the trip he was going to take.

The boy-slayer has now served about 14 months of his time. If his friends are successful in the appeal to the Governor, the lad will be off in six months or so.

It's a 50-50 shot one way or the other.

## Cops To Stop 2 Cars a Night

(Continued from Page 12)

have gone out from Police Headquarters to the ossifers in the prowl cars that two or more autoists must be stopped every night . . . and reports handed in concerning the cars stopped . . . or else the prowl car boys will be back pounding a beat.

And it's high time something like this was done. Cars have been flying around this town nights as if they had been shot out of a rocket.

However, the new order may have embarrassing consequences for a number of the local citizenry. You can just imagine them. After all, if a copper has to stop two cars a night he has to stop them. That's all there is to that. Love, where ist thine sting?

(Continued from Page 12)

52 of FLASHtown's most gullible have enlisted for the wars. 'Tis said that these drum-listening laddies have been recruited by a local Socialist group with headquarters in downtown State St. And this has been very reliably said, too.

So strong have been these stories that Federal Gov't men have been sleuthing about town, reputedly watching the movements of certain higher-ups connected with this Socialist organization.

There have been attempts made to secure a list of the 50 or so war-minded localities who have tossed aside the burdens and cares of everyday existence . . . and have departed for the sunny shores of Spain . . . where all is so sweet and serene.

Of course, these laddies would be cannon fodder for

the cause of the Spanish Loyalist group . . . but, somehow or other Uncle Sam's reached the point where he's wisely decided its a heluva lousy idea for any of his neffews to mix their noses in the troubles of any other nation. We have plenty of our own right here at home that could stand plenty of attention.

It is the Socialist contention that the Fascist's are doing recruiting work too. However, as far as the Law is concerned, its the old story of two wrongs not making a right.

And so the G-Men are on the trail. The Federal Agents are said to be in the habit of dropping around to this particular Socialist group's headquarters to check on their doings.

However, the important thing is that further recruiting should be stopped. This country has had one experience with a European War recently for which it's still paying thru the nose.

It places Washington in a sorry mess when Americans get over to Spain to shoulder muskets for a foreign gov't., then start bleating to the good old U. S. for help when there's a little difficulty.

The funny thing about the whole business (if you've got an especially funny sense of humor) is that these lads who're going to carry bayonets for the Spanish Communist (or Socialist) cause are 9 out of 10 of them 'conscientious objectors' when it comes to either talk or action of America going to war.

It seems a sad commentary on the intelligence of young Americans today . . . that no matter where the trouble is, it isn't too damn far away for them to involve themselves—and more important, their country—in the mess.

It's high time the Gov't took a hand in this business. We've stopped the profiteers

from shipping planes and munitions (or we hope we have) . . . and what could be more essential than taking the American human element out of the Spanish (and the European) war picture? Goodie—goodie for the Gov't.

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## Hot Flashes

Comely RITA BOSS . . . rolling in the Mubs Addison League . . . has that artistic swoop when she lays her ball in the alley . . . BUMP MATILL and HANK MAEDER beat DOM SHERZI and NIGGER HOLTZGARTNER in a match game the other eve . . . taking the boys by a 43 pin margin . . . but DOM's 268 was the feature of the fray . . . The Sachen team of the Wah-Be League are so far in front the rest of the outfits can't even see them . . . 10 games is the margin right now.

Little Napoleon of the Week:  
**LESTER RAPPAPORT**  
(legalite)

IRVING SALKOW, the Chinese food man . . . wants us to know the monicker is spelled thataway . . . and we how low . . . JOE (SMOKE SHOP) SARGENT is added to the list of gripe sufferers this week . . . DOC JEROME COWAN, of the newly opened offices on Cumberland Street . . . finds a flicker player cast in M-G-M pictures every so often . . . titled JEROME COWAN . . . but no relation to the Doc.

Best Gag Artist of the Week:  
**JERRY O'BRIEN**  
(Culver Rd.)

The tables were turned on TINY ROSENBERG in that court fray the other eve . . . his man gave him the works . . . And how's MARTY SENDOW getting along without the two molars he lost in some fracas?? "SPEDDY" PLANK has just presented the frau with an over-size finger blazer . . . Beau Brummel of the waiters around town is STANLEY of BERT FALLARDEAU'S sippery . . . And the courtly manner in which GEORGE (Mecca) TAYLOR helps lordmayor STANTON on with his coat is something to behold.

Genial Gumshoer of the Week:  
**JIMMY MARTIN, JR.**  
(R. P. D.)

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# BRASSER RELEASE FROM ATTICA VIA STRING PULLING?

A PAPER  
THAT DARES  
TO TELL THE  
TRUTH



*The Rochester Weekly*

## FLASH



10<sup>c</sup> DON'T  
PAY  
LESS!

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 12, 1937

# G-Men On Trail Of Spanish Recruiters In Downtown Area!!

### WILL FRIENDS HAVE ENOUGH PULL TO GET GIRL-SLAYER OFF IN SIX MONTHS?

Glenn Brassler, the local lad who pleaded guilty to strangling the ex-East High School girl, Muriel Hall, and leaving her limp body on the third floor of the old George Eastman home at 1050 East Ave., is liable to be released soon from his present lodging-house

(Continued on Page 11)

### More Than 50 Localities Snared By The Spanish Loyalist Sympathizers

### Cops To Stop 2 Cars a Night

Here's good news for you  
noeternal autoists. Orders

(Continued on page 11)

This Spanish War is quite the thing. Modern butchery has reached a scale that has never been excelled . . . anyway not since the time of Torquemada and the Inquisition. Which makes it a heluva business for more than 50 localities to pry their noses into! Right here in town, it is reliably whispered that

(Continued on page 11)



# THOUSANDS GET STUCK WITH PHONEY IRISH SWEEPSTAKE TICKETS

(Continued from Page 1)

these ducats at \$2.50 per! This figures up a lot of dough, even if you subtract.

However, if this isn't bad enough you should take a peek at the pictures of the two different Irish lottery tickets. One of the tickets has a series of four watermarks, the other has three. One is of a light hue, while the other (in reality) portrays the figure of a stately gal who blushes darkly.

Of course, the sale of the Sweepstake tickets in this country phoney or otherwise is illegal as anything can be illegal but as long as the agents are permitted to sell them with a certain amount of freedom, the suckers in this town deserve to get at least a half-way decent break.

It is almost impossible to discern the differences between the two tickets with the naked eye. With a powerful magnifying lens, certain flaws in the forgery become more evident.

It is remarkable when one thinks of the number of poverty-stricken people in this community who scrimp and save . . . deny themselves food and other necessities of life . . . merely so they can get together \$2.50 to purchase one of the tickets. Then, until the drawing is made over in Ireland (in this instance March 15) these people almost make a ritual over the ticket. Every night they go home from their jobs, take out the

and dream grand dreams of copping one of the \$150,000 prizes . . . telling the boss where to get off and living the remainder of their days out in perpetual comfort and ease.

Well, right there lies the grand mockery of the lottery. As far as the public knows, the Sweepstake Lottery is run on the square. As far as we know this is true. And we're not attempting to criticize the Irish sweepstakes (we might mention, here and now, that the suckers who put up the dough don't have one chance in a million of copping any prize . . . not to mention the one that figures up to 150 G's).

SEVERAL PEOPLE IN THIS TOWN HAVE ALREADY AWAKENED TO

THE FACT THAT THEY WERE SOLD 'BIRDS'. ONE PROMINENT MAN IN TOWN, AN INVESTMENT BROKER, AND A NATIVE OF IRELAND, WHO HAS NATURALLY HAD A LONG INTEREST IN THE SWEEPSTAKE LOTTERIES . . . HE'S PLAYED THEM FOR ABOUT 15 YEARS . . . STARTED COMPARING ONE OF HIS TICKETS WITH ANOTHER IN HIS POSSESSION. IT FINALLY DAWNED ON HIM THAT HE'D LANDED A 'BALONEY' WAS HIS FACE RED? IN FACT, THIS GENTLEMAN WAS QUITE PERTURBED TO THINK THAT HE, A NATIVE SON OF BRIN, HAD BEEN DUPED BY A FOREIGNER.

And there have been hundreds of other cases like this in this berg. Only a few of which have been called to our attention.

Loads of these fake tickets are said to seep thru to here from Canada . . . via Niagara Falls and Buffalo. A clever engraver and the correct textured paper . . . and these gentlemen (whoever they might be) are set to land themselves some easy dough . . . by the simple means of uncracketing a racket.

The newspapers and the movies in this country, inadvertently, do much to help along this phony racket. By playing up the winners of the heavy awards in the bona fide Irish drawing, and by dwelling almost gloatingly on the

(Continued on Page 5)

## Gov. Earle

(Continued from Page 1)  
12:30 by the Democrat County Comm.

The Gov. is in town as a judge in the dog show at the Armory. George will be judging the best dog in town. Roy Rumpff, the genial Chairman of the Show, had lots to do with bringing the famed Governor to town.

And the funny thing about it all is . . . nobody's in the dog-house.

## Bank Goes Nuts!

(Continued from Page 12)

judgment of several hundred smackers at the boy . . . which left him feeling uncomfortable as hell to say the least . . . and on top of that he's got alimony payments coming up every week.

Now this guy is pretty honest as honesty goes, but the judgment was the last straw, he decided to go bankrupt. So he consulted a reputable attorney in the Union Trust Bldg. near the Four Corners. Here he learned it would cost him a couple hundred bucks to go bankrupt.

Well, the problem was: where to get the two or three hundred fish. So he hiked himself over to a bank where he was fairly well-known . . . 'n asked for a loan of \$300. And, unlike most of us, he was able to get it.

He put up the necessary collateral, and was all set to get handed the dough, when one of the officials (merely thru curiosity, it seems) asked the borrower what he was borrowing the dough for.

So the lad, being very naive, told the banker that he wanted to go bankrupt, and he needed the money to take care of the necessary expenses, incurred therein.

Imagine the lad's surprise when the money figuratively grabbed from right under his nose. And the banker heaved a heavy sigh of relief. Relief because he had asked the question in time.

Wouldn't it have been very funny otherwise? 'Cause the little loan would have enabled the guy to go bankrupt . . . 'n one of his first creditors would have been that bank which provided the boy with the ways and means. But it's still a good laugh.

## YW Gal Claims He Slapped Her Down

(Continued from Page 1)

torum sanctorus of chaste womanhood, Rochester's Y. W. C. A. by Peter Cowie, reputed to be a worker in the Reed Glass Works.

The Riley gal issued a warrant for the guy's arrest, claiming she was assaulted by the guy right in front of the noble portals of the "Y".

Several years back Cowie was brought in for attacking a miss by the name of Olga Wusthoff, but for some obscure reason the charges were dropped. Then less than a year ago, another warrant was issued for his arrest. This time the charge made was the same . . . attacking a young girl.

But Cowie's lawyer got in touch with the powers-that-be and told them that his client would thereafter be a good boy . . . and act according to Hoyle.

However, it seems that the lawyerman and his client couldn't arrive at any work-agreement, since the last alleged attack on Kay Riley indicated anything but the behavior of a good boy.

Now, because of this latest assault, almost right in front of one of our noblest pillars of virtue, the arm of the law (which is sometimes so inconveniently slow to wrath) is somewhat aroused.

The old warrant has been dug up, the one which a slick lawyerman put the taboo on, and together with the one just sworn out by the Riley girl will be used against the alleged molester of fair, American womanhood.

What can happen in Buffalo, can happen in Rochester. It's been proven before, and, unfortunately, it may be proven again.

Incidentally, the Riley girl complains that this is the second time she has been attacked by Cowie . . . which just about rounds out to perfection one heluva mess.

We shall see what we shall see.

It's high time for a little action where these dastardly attacks are concerned.

- For Scholars,
- Gentlemen,
- Gentlewomen
- and Judges of
- Good Food
- **Brownie's**
- MARBLE BAR
- & SUPPER CLUB
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Awaits you at either location—if you haven't tried Spaghetti a la Cutali or those delectable Ravioli Dinners—

107 North Street <b>LEO MORRELL'S</b> Orchestra for DANCING	25 Broad Street <b>PAT CLEFF</b> <b>ELWOOD WALTERS</b> at Noon and Dinner
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## BARTLETT

"The House of Hit Shows"

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The Two DeCanos  
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Master of Ceremonies

**EVANS TRIO**  
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ART  
★ **TAYLOR'S BAND**  
Society Swing Music

## Hot Flashes

Was KAY CIPURAS' face red when she walked in the Ridge Bowling Alley, Sunday nite wearing a red and white striped sweater, and the bowlers began to sing the Prisoner's Song. ("Oh, I wish I had someone to love me.") Orchids to her; she sure can take it! . . . ROY CLOHESSY becoming a steady customer of that certain restaurant . . . is it the food? . . . CATHERINE BOLAND, Austin Street lass, giving one young gent a lot of pain, in the region of his heart . . . Applicants will be considered this week for the position of collector for the Home for Blind Mice.

## ATTENTION, PLEASE!

In an issue of Feb. 5 the FLASH referred to one, Thomas O'Neil, convicted of a statutory offense as the nephew of an Ex-Mayor. The public at large for some reason inferred that the man who was handed down a Susp. Sentence was a nephew of former Mayor Martin O'Neil. In the interests of Martin O'Neil we would like to inform our readers that absolutely no such inference was intended. Martin O'Neil was not the man referred to, as the Ex-Mayor. He has called the inference to our attention, and we are more than glad to print a denial of his relationship, as we had never suggested such a connection.

## SIBLEY HIRELINGS GET GATE IN WHOLESALE PLANK-WALK

We're usually first with the latest news on the latest shake-downs in town . . . but this time we come to bat with the latest shake-up in that emporium of respectability, that castle of commodities . . . Sibley's deptomint store, you know, the one at Main & Clinton.

It seems that New Yawk pipples are being imported to take a lot of the fancier gray jobs . . . while lots of the yokels who have been "doing and dying" for dear old Sibley's for more years than we like to mention have been getting the w. k. bounce.

Jimmy Benzie, the Juniah, and Charley Page, both ultra-ultra buyers in linens, have been showed down the ladder . . . right now they're in the category of clerks. Bill Huff, the likable buyer of dress materials, is a clerk now with one of those yellow pencils behind the ear.

Dick Powers, who'd been on for yeahs and yeahs . . . he's the lad who bought the books you liked to snuggle in bed with . . . very abruptly "resigned." When you have a good job, its termed "resignation" . . . otherwise you've just been sent on your way.

And still more New Yawk

pipples move into the gray jobs. The popudah Pauline Fuller, buyer of the elegant sportswear, also had a quick "resignation." Tho, until the time she resigned, Pauline was very happy over her job.

The w. k. Jean Gordon, with the ad dept., and formerly with a Gannett sheet, also had her connections severed with the local soup-to-nuts outfit on Main & Clinton.

And lots more of the locals, too, are now kicking their heels in the air. We'd mention a few more, but by this time you oughta have a pretty good general idea of what's happening. The localites are making way for the smart city slickers from New Yawk.

Mebbe, our man who thinks of these things is kind of scarooey . . . but it appeared to his simple mind that when he strolled into Sibley's cascade of culture, he noticed oodles and oodles of the locals spending their pennies on various odds and ends . . . 'n not even one teeney-weeney New Yawker did he get a gander of . . . not even one New Yawker investing three cents for a three cent stamp.

Far be it from us to tell anybody how to run their business . . . we can't even run our own.

## Ozzie Solem's Frau Caught Napping!

Ozzie Solem's frau made a big hit when she and her hubby were guests of honor at the Hotel Seneca here several weeks ago. But the fair lady's reception in Syracuse was not so auspicious.

While bewildered Rochester alumni were still wondering whether their Syracuse University alma mater would go big time in football, the natives in the Salt City were enjoying a hearty chuckle at the expense of the institution of learning that has earned the sobriquet of "the school

without a chancellor, an athletic director and until recently without a grid coach."

F. Gordon Smith, who holds the mystical title of executive secretary of the university, has departed westward in search of an athletic director. Smith, whose official duties

(Continued on Page 5)

## HOT FLASHES

Julius (Achter's) Kaplan cuts a mean finger in the new o'coat . . . Frank Silva, the sportscaster of the Stromberg-Carlson air wavery . . . did a great job on refereeing the relief benefit game on Tuesdeve . . . and turns out to be a baldish, genial gent with a nize set of pipes . . . Ira the great Sapozink of the parks and playgrounds publicity outfit . . . gave up the attempt at a play-by-play spiel over the mike after four plays . . . and stuck to officiating . . . which he did with class.

Aspires to greatness:  
RITA FLEMING  
Xmas Card Gal

"The way that Millie Pash, braunette eyelet of any sock . . . and Eddie Biletti gaze at each other is something . . . Frankie Andriano, the orkstar . . . says that 48-hour work day with him is too long . . . and nobody's arguina . . . Sena Laska remember the reigning floor show queen of the Point Pleasant Hotel two summers ago? is back in the Western N'York territory again . . . at McVau's in Buffalo . . . Did Grace Clayton ever get that phone call on Tuesdeve??"

Old Age Detective:  
MARION MARR  
(Stenog)

Here is an unusual tale of a Con man as narrated by Columnist Ed Sullivan and because we figger it as extra funny, we pass it along to youse:

Cub Reporteress  
INA ZEILMAN  
(TYPIST)

Joan Eberking, cuborn haired charmer . . . is in a dancing mood . . . seems like . . . since returning that big e-scent rock to the Boston heart . . . And was that Dick Mansfield, the Seneca Tappery massira . . . all dismissed in dark cheaters . . . and strolling down the avenue the other aft with Joan on his arm??"

Loves to meet people:  
JEAN CASH  
(Rock Wool Insulation)

JOHN PATRICK "RED" McDONALD achieved a life-time ambition when he hit a 700 score at the Carboneau Hall . . . he walked away with a case of beer for his efforts . . . "RED" SMITH, that well known sports announcer, is ill in Veterans Hospital at Batavia . . . When is that plucky little welterweight, LEO HOFF, going to give fight fans a treat again?

Why is ANGIE SCIDA, she spends hours at the State Hospital, so anxious to get hold of an Oniji Board . . . does she want to see how much longer she can go on cheating Mother Nature by no sleepy?

Old Age Nursery:  
LILLIAN GOLDBLATT  
(But Not Any More)

Must be the Doctor's fool agrees with MADGE BURTON if the increased poumdage (since she's been cooking for the State Hospital staff) means anything . . . JACK RHODES figures you're never too smart . . . that's why he attends Mechanics every morn . . . It must be love, when some guy named VAN asks MARCELA HEINRICH to be his Valentine with a two pound heart-shaped box of sweets . . . Where is EDDIE BETTETI lately and is MILLIE PASH still the secret passion?

## KIDDIES GET JAZZ

(Continued from Page 1)

would fit the purse of the natives.

The thought rings good to the besmirched orifices of this Rochester pillar. Flashtown hasn't listened to a good dance band in years except via the raddio. Keep your panties on after that remark, ungentle readers, but it is the turrible truth.

In comparison to nearby bergs of lesser population and cabbage Rochester's rhythm seekers have been on the outside looking in. Are we nice . . . and why not? Look at Syracuse which weekly boasts such notables as Bert Block, Tommy Tucker and others at their hotels. Red Norvo, after fulfilling an engagement in Syracuse, said he wouldn't consider playing in Rochester, alleging the town too cheap. Now he's a headliner at the Black Hawk in Chicago.

Plenty of old geezers and young ducks would appreciate a good band at Odenbachs and the Hotel Seneca for a change. Why should they

## Hot Flashes

What is it about "UNCLE CHARLIE" TAYLOR that attracts all the women—could it be that musician's haircut—or maybe that trusty little Stearns Knight of his.

Piercing orbs:  
RENA CLARK  
(ultra-dramatist)

have to canter off to Buffalo and Syracuse to round out their Astaire complex?

So three cheers for love and the promoter who intends to bring "Music that satisfies" to a city that clamors to be satisfied via the dance floor. What can you lose?

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AL DeLAGE N  
Master Magician N  
VIRGINIA BROWN N  
SHIRLEY HEATON N  
VERA MATIN N  
Dancers Extraordinary N  
Drinks That Satisfy — Foods That Hit the Spot N  
N N N N N N N N N N

What to serve during  
LENT - may we suggest  
**PERPLEXED KIM'S**  
mushroom-vegetable  
Chow Mein?  
**KIMS CHOW MEIN**  
DELIVERED HOT and READY TO SERVE  
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# UPTOWN, DOWNTOWN, AND 'ROUNTOWN

Manie Nusbaum, famous for his Casino's, makes the biggest splash in Western N. Y., with his new horseshoe bar decked out in that chromium plate that you love to touch . . . which is the reason for the broad grins on the maps of mixologists Mack Doyle and Willie (the Kapeel) Keeler . . . Ad flash Bob Murphy of the D&C and pretty Rose Murphy (not a relative) are billing and cooing . . . you gotta hand it to the Murphy's . . . they cling together.

Charley Freeman, the local Ziegfield, and publicity flash, Harv Nash, running a high-pressured bowling tourney of their men . . . these athletes think nothing of bowling a dozen games or so . . . of course, for a little pot on the side . . . Last week we told you that the Bausch & Lomb foreman, Joe Smith, and pretty Mae Currie were tying the nuptial knot as of June 25 . . . this week, we're amending . . . the couple would like nothing better than this . . . but ole man matrimony will have to wait a bit longer . . . life is like that . . . 'n we're sorry.

Barry Wilson . . . he's the Junnel's 2nd deputy police reporter . . . carting the body around in a new Packard . . . while 1st Deputy Ed Dudley is transporting the figure in a new (to him) Plymouth creation . . . The Chief of all the Deputies, Frank Thompson, still nurses the old crate . . . this is the height of something or other . . . proving that you can't keep a young blood down . . . incidentally, 2nd Deputy Wilson, 'tis said, is nearing the holiness of the altar.

Harold Neimer, Glen Haven Boat Clubber, sends his love to the contributors to his shindig . . . from which the do-re-mi went to the Red Cross relief fund . . . Manny Silverman musing a throat ailment . . . he's missed from the usual spot . . . Irwin Rockastle's invitations have the watchers on the floor . . . but not for what you think . . . the lad is good . . . Lil (songstress) Palugreen 'n Georgie Peters, the Junnel, to middle-nite it some sweet day in June?

D'ya know that the hirelings of Gannett's morning sheet are forbidden from dating each other? . . . Of course, we're speaking of the boys 'n girls now . . . yet, nevertheless, the kiddies do a little playing on the side . . . Frankie accuses Roosevelt of dictatorship . . . 'n then does a turn-about by telling his employes who they can . . . and can't . . . go out with . . . What price glory?

Her friends wanna know what ever 'came of Helen Kosel's rosy cheeks . . . sometimes referred to as that school-gal complexion . . . Freddie Lashier and little Jean were apart for 72 whole hours . . . 'n the story goes Freddie relishes no such separations . . . Aside to Louise Rice . . . what happened to that New York 'schiashun? . . . anyway, home's the best place . . . Johnny (Songbird) Green doing his best at the Jefferson Grill these nites.

'T looks doubtful about Joe (Allards) Anderson catching up with his dates . . . however, 'tis said, they may catch up with him . . . Christine Huber, luffly blonde charmer, going distingway with the new Oxford eye-pieces . . . Jim Gunter and the better-half, he's of the Coast Guard cutter Jackson, sojourning in the Orange Country for the next three months . . . The rumor goes around and around and comes out here . . . Are Sax Warshoff and the g. f. Lenore hitched? . . . or are they not?

Brookport's bundle of pulchritude, Jean Wentworth, touch-and-go with a new heart beat . . . answering to the name of Bog Reep . . . Mary O'Neil still pondering of that long, lost b. f. . . but there are far too many fish in the sea, yet uncaught for such meditations . . . How come Billy Morlen hasn't located that gal with the 10,000 smackers as yet? . . . is he slipping?

Nadine DeVoe of the Merry-men has wandered from the sunshine of Allen Johnson's neighborhood . . . Handsomeface Norm DeRoo's frequent jaunts to Springwater are that much shorter for the presence of the glamorous Ruth De Long on the other end.

Tony Cowdery's dissections on the Los Angeles' Times classified ad section are things of beauty without cracking a smile Tony will tell you they have a staff of almost 200 . . . 'n they carry four pages to the Democrat, three . . . Charlotte Rosenberg and her lawyerman from the Capitol, Munny Freedman taking the trap . . . Albany looks like home.

Jean Walrath, the ex. k. Gannett sob sister, has hooked on with the Buffalo Times . . . she's a kid sister of May, the D&C classified ad tycoon . . . Pauline Kull, pretty-faced H&B tray-toter, a bit provoked the other eve . . . but then, love's such a funny thing . . . Comb. drug and likker man Deutsch complaining about too much time on his hands . . . seems the lad goes from one job to the other, which all in all leaves him seven hours of leisure 'n he just detests roasting them with sleep.

The departure of Ernie Phillips, the yachting expert, from the hallowed halls of the U of R remains something of a mystery to the lad's classmates . . . Ernie, who hails from California, came to Charlotte for the boat races . . . and he liked the locale so much he decided to stay on . . . and in the interim he swained the appealing Eileen Doyle . . . Now Ernie is gone . . . 'n his going is shrouded with mystery . . . The guy is well-liked all the way around.

## Beware, Rochester Pappies!

Rochester papas and mamas give heed to the words of the Brooklyn Solomon, Magistrate Mark Radich, who lays down three rules by which young girls should govern themselves.

- In brief the magistrate decrees:
- (1)—Smoking—No gal was ever ruined by a cigarette.
  - (2)—Opposite sex—If the old man says "no" to letting him in the house, sneak outside for the rendezvous.
  - (3)—Late Hours—Start in at 11 P. M. as that is the hour at which young people usually start to enjoy themselves.
- This dictatum was all brought about when a Brooklyn dunsel, aged 19 had her father hauled into court on a charge of disorderly conduct.
- The darter claimed that Papa laid down an 11 o'clock curfew, no boy friends and raised particular hell about smoking. The offspring got out a summons for her begetter when he threatened to lay violent hands upon her if she associated with gals who partook of th nicotine. Ah, the influence of the evil weel.
- The magistrate showed himself to be one member of the judiciary who follows Frankie Roosevelt's addresses. The arbiter ruled that the father's idea wre okay when sparking was done in a buggy behind a horse, but that those days were no more. Such a smart Judge.
- So if your daughter gets mulish remember the words of the Brooklyn Solomon and "Beware, parents, beware!"

Attention Eastman Dormitory . . . Why not give up the Music entirely and really go in for the awails? Bouquets to Mrs. William Herpich (Otilia C.) Turneress, extraordinaire, you surely have the right idea in making pals of your swell kids . . . Offside to Gny Frasee Harrison, don't pull that hair at rehearsals too hard 'cause Hair restorers aren't too effective, so says our man who experiments in Dermatology.

Danny O'Mara came thru his raddio spiel with flying colors . . . D. A. O'Mara's presentation of the law to the layman, was quite surprising, inasmuch as it was one of the few talks of this nature that we've heard that the much abused man on the street could have understood without the use of a Bar & Bench dictionary.

A little private foud is going on over to the Police Dept. . . . Eddie Rice and George Gast, the Records boys, in a friendly squabble as to which of the two Romeos has the nicest g. f. . . all veddy harmless, and in good fun . . . Roy Miller, Lincoln-Alliance biggie, 'n Eastman accountant Nesbit Holland talk over their personal problems together.

Kay Stebbins takes the nod as being attractive lassie of the East Ave. gang . . . Rosemary the Nugent (nuts to you) is the comely lassie who's writing the Chit-Chat about those mugs who call themselves society . . . Those people listening to Feeellthy stories in that Advertising Emporia on James Strasse ought to wear masks and especially with a hang over because said ad biggies' juvenile sense of humor prompts them to end the story with a bang—in the pus—And especially thatmean s you Lonny Casler . . . Gert Anderson of the local printerie rates the plum for being this or any other week's comely lassie of forty summers.

Thanks, Senator Kelly, for changing that picture on the head of the column in the Junnel . . . Who in el told El the Messner, The Onion cartoonist, he was a bowler . . . and to Dick the Countryman, what are you doing hanging around the Dental Dispensary, cherchez la femme, n'est-cepas??? A little tip to a well known M. D., better lay off that well known finger-nail parer . . . it's getting noised about just a little too much and of course we don't want a scandal to break because it would keep us up nights writing copy and we would rather sleep.

D & C Bob Fisher got himself a chunky promotion . . . the new lad covering the police beat has the pleasing monicker of Kimey . . . its his first stab at the netshatek game . . . 'n lots of luck to him . . . he'll need it . . . Healthy-complexioned Ed Duffy, the ace gendarme, with his nose to the earth . . . seems as if there are too many missing people around (or not around, should we say) and therefore Ed has lots of sleuthing to do . . . incidentally, most of the missing parties are young gals.

Leon Fanning relegated his new Chevy to the ash heap after that neat but not gaudy crackup on Plymouth Strasse Wedmorn . . . Add Love in bloom-ring and evthing . . . Joe Reynolds insuanceer and that Edwards' lassie nee Barnsdale . . . Is the mill of separation grinding over Kodexecutive Carter and the Missus over an eight year old romance??? Add helpful pals in need, Lou Predmore, the Portland Ave. party . . . Spring in the air again Mary Mathis and lawyerman Franny Paternoster demon Laywers Coop. Pen pusher . . . Our man who ogles the pretty gals noted Dottie Bastian at the Manhattan last eve.

Joan West has gone rural on us . . . the lass was seen in the arms of Rush Rustie swinging the light fantastic . . . Add servey sights seeing U. of R. Biggie swigging good old water at a corner table in Oved-en-buckery. . . Offside to Chet Champion, you certainly were taken in at D'Apriles Flash Eve by that Bogus French Count he has a PHD and majored in English . . . and the same goes for pretty little girl Pauline Krill but the interpreter sure took a scorch . . . And to Al D'Amunda, howe old a knockdown to that dark-eyed Secretary???

Add genial gees Paul Koetter and Frank Hahn . . . Heard that Dick Dinsmore MC and Orkleader has gone into The Travellers Insuranceorium . . . we wonder if he really wants to starve to death?, Too, too bad that Leo Kavanaugh, most genial of all barkeeps, was shipped back to LeRoy by that Spring Street Drink and Eateria . . . Offside to Roger Dolliver, why not reserve a couple of tables for your old patrons when it is the Apple-knocker night in the big village???

To Elsie Frickie (both in name and looks), charmer of Rudolph's bauble store . . . why are you so cold? . . . give the little lad a break . . . Our man who ponders over things wonders if Ina the Pilmore is enjoying poor health, or else??? Swell hostess Marge the Bristore Walker has at last wored that illustrious husband back from the door of Pneumonia . . . Whatincl was Sid the Weinberg, ex Old Spain Ork Leader, doing at the paperman's convention . . . could it of been the ends??? or was it because he wanted sheets for the sheet music??

Hart the Taylor of the instrument woiks and Hetty Hatch are again warming . . . Add swell programs over the ether waves, that put on by Al Stewart of the Stew-art Hanford Framage-ry, called Melody Lane . . . Why can't more programs be less lousay?? Swell guy and pingponger of parts goes to Charley Stark on same programme . . . Added Appendia . . . Karl the Schnaple is getting a hell of a break for being one of the best profs in this little man's towns Educatorium . . . in being relegated to the Ash Heap of boring research on why a fly's eye doesn't blink . . .

Swell disposition of any week goes to the comely little narselady Eleanor Moses of the General Hospital . . . And the redheaded crown goes to Rusty the Bauer of the same sickery . . . We hope that Annie Worth has landed that job . . . Dick the Gardner has returned from Baltimore with the Fran and all the Psi U's will be glad that their house will be put on a paying basis . . . Bert Van Horn, the Skunk hunter, of Hewletta High School, should be a little less steen in his discipline while hiking thru Mendon Ponds Park.



# IRISH SWEEP

(Continued from Page 2)

sad aspect of the individual's poverty before winning one of the big prizes, the newspapers and newsreels fire millions of Americans, a few of them wealthy, but by far most of them in desperate circumstances, with the hope of some way, thru some gift from heaven, perhaps, of snaring the award and living the happy "Life of Reilly."

So you can imagine the damn tragedy. Here are thousands upon thousands of people in dire straights planking their last hopes (and what's more important, their last dimes, on a cute, little ticket which cost them \$2.50 . . . and which isn't worth the price of the paper it's printed on.

There's only one possible way to make sure you have a bona fide ticket . . . and that lies in your getting your "official" receipt from Ireland . . . stamped with an Irish postmark. If your agent tells you he'll hand you your receipt, you can begin (perhaps no) to smell a rat.

The funny thing about the whole business is that printed on each and every ticket (fake and otherwise, of course) is a statement to the effect that any person who aids in the conviction of any other person for manufacturing fraudulent tickets will be given a reward of \$1,000 by the people in back of the lottery. This is all very lovely, and it shows that the Lottery big shots across the ocean, realize that every once in awhile some

wise lad is going to get energetic and print himself up a couple million of the ducats . . . and cut himself in on something juicy. Which is what is happening right now. However, the Lottery is technically as illegal in the U.S.A. as the selling of phoney ducats . . . so where are you?

To the several localities who called the attention of this sheet to the phonies which they had been stuck with, we had only one suggestion—to wit: If you want to make sure you don't get stuck with a phoney Irish Sweepstake ticket, don't buy any. And it's a cinch you haven't a chance of losing \$2.50 then.

Around about March 15, when the drawing is made in Dublin, . . . and if you haven't got your receipt in your possession marked from Ireland, you've got just a little bit less of a chance to cop the coveted prize . . . We say "little bit" because your chances were slimmer than Garbo on a diet before, and they're just nil . . . without the receipt.

Barnum is probably turning over in his grave. He missed the graviest racket of all times . . . be it phony or no.

Don't yell that you've been robbed, if you get a phoney . . . because, remember, we told you so!

Never was the illegal counterfeiting of illegal tickets done with greater skill.

The suckers form on the right!

## Coach's Wife In Politico Wrangle

(Continued from Page 3)

are tinged with mystery, has taken on himself the right to dictate the football policy of the Syracuse school.

"Hitler" Smith's handling of the press has been decidedly undiplomatic. Two weeks ago he attempted to suppress the news that Mrs. Solem, wife of the newly appointed coach, who was a total flop at Iowa, had arrived in Syracuse.

The Hearst paper in that town got wind of the arrival of Mrs. Solem. She refused to pose for a picture as Smith had told her not to have any photos taken. But the Journal scooped Smith, and the Solems, by sneaking a picture in the traditional Hearst manner and captioned it thus, "This is an unposed picture of Mrs. Ossie Solem who has been ordered not to pose for newspapers until Saturday by F. Gordon Smith."

No sooner did this flurry die down than the afternoon papers were further enraged when the Post-Standard, the morning paper, was given the break on the appointment of Bud Wilkinson of Minnesota as assistant to Solem. F. Gordon and his committee were alleged to have released this on their own initiative, with no reference to the publicity department of the university.

To add to the tale of woe the Standard published a comparison of the records of the defunct Vic Hanson and the newly appointed Solem. Hanson, despite his poor record of last year, had much the better of the debate. Syracuse alumni were further enraged when the list of Solem's assistants were announced.

"Why didn't they do as much for Hanson was the cry. After all he's only a Syracuse alumnus."

Now comes the news that a member of the specially appointed athletic committee has stated that Syracuse will use all legitimate means to bring in talent. Again the cries go up, "Why didn't they do this for Hanson?"

So, fellow citizens of Rochester, we have something to be thankful for as the U. of R. builds character and does not go in for big time football even if it makes it boring as all hell for the townfolk. For our neighboring city of Syracuse is rent by civil strife that overshadows the Spanish tiff as far as Central New York interest goes.

And so in the undivine words of the Bard of Rochester, "To Be Solem or not to be Solem. That is the question." Let Syracuse decide it. This

## 'MEMBER WAY BACK??

(What's your pet memory? Smiling since the Depression accepted? Send 'em in and we'll do the rest)

When Edgerton Park was Expo . . . and the Fourth of July fireworks were the big event there . . . and a gad who did cornet solos with Maestro HERMAN DOSSENBACH's Park Band was the musical sensation of the year??? When everybody paid their gas bills in the back of Sibley's . . . and the Democrat and Chronicle sold for one cent . . . and there wasn't any FLASH? (and now lookit!) . . . When STEVE HALAIKO was slugging 'em right and left in the light heavy-weight bouts??? And playwright PHILIP BARRY covered sassiety for the Gannett rags???

When JOAN BLONDELL played in a summer stock outfit at the old Lyceum . . . during the halcyon days of HATTIE LUTT's reign??? When CAPTAIN WARMACK and his Algerians band were the big thing with the local dance fans . . . and the septa outfit left town sooon suddenly??? And HUGHIE BARRETT was bouncing up and down on the piano bench at the Seneca . . . just about the time that GUNNAR WIIG began as sportscaster at WHEC . . . when it was the Hickson Electric station???

When DAVE RUBINOFF was the big contribution to gaiety in the nite life circles . . . and RUDY VALLEE made his local debut at the Eastman in '29 . . . and was mobbed by an army of debbies at the stage door . . . and had to blow the whistle for protection??? When PAUL BLANSHARD was a Junnel hireling . . . and ROSE HOBART was playing in high school dramas around town??? When Broad Street was first built . . . and half of the citizenry wanted it named The Tow Path???

When the town was full of billboards titled "Give For the Future" . . . during the time of campaigning for funds for the new Campus??? And everybody wanted the subway . . . until it was built??? And ex-D. A. RAY FOWLER was the guiding light of the Lincoln Republican Club . . . during the big inter-party war in the middle Twenties??? And CLINTON WUNDER was still a preacher . . . and drawing big crowds to the Baptist Temple every Sundeve???

## RED HOT FLASHES

PHIL (DIAMOND) GITLIN of the North Clinton Avenue joolry shop now has the mart all remodeled . . . but the trip to Europe is still in the offing . . . Off-side to PAUL TATA—Come around without that mustache hereafter . . . is what the wisies advise . . . FRANK MAGGIO of the swingers is laying them in the aisles nite with hi comedy . . . Does fashion play AMBROSE McSWEENEY still drop around to kid the help at the Powers Taperery of a Soldaft???

DON GREEN, the ex-Syracuse U. lad . . . dropped in to see his old newspaper pals on Friday morn . . . DON's now covering the state for a big outfit . . . not like the old circulation grind days, eh what??? Still a news-SAMMY FINKELSTEIN who plys the downtown area . . . Among the baton swingers we find MAURICE (Muzzy) DEPUTER over at Lang's Garden . . . Glimpsed Solday eve at a famous spaghetti eatery GEORGE (Armorer) JENKINSON from hat and all.

Recommended Drink of the Week:  
**HOT LEMONADE**  
(with or without)

Genial fourth estater of the week is STANLEY WORRIS . . . state editor of the Junnel . . . Hard working clubman of the week is SOL ENGLE of the Elks' brotherhood . . . The JOE MEYERS . . . he's the St. Paul Street copper . . . lost out on that trip after all cause the destination happened to be in the very wet Midwest . . . and it would have been the first trip since the welding, too.

Smiling Molarman of the Week:  
**DOC ROBERT ROWAN**  
(s. w. sector)

Gorgeous is the word for VELMA WRIGHT . . . who takes pulses out at the State Hospital . . . Editor CHOLLY DAVIS, Journal chieftan . . . is back on the job again after two or three weeks of battling grippie, etc. . . and Florida's the next stop . . . Did TOM GERVIN, dimicutive Napoleon of the local coiffeurists . . . and JOE LAMONOCO . . . s'x feet of man . . . stage a velly funny hair-pulling match all their own that nite???

Kegling Twins of the Week:  
**JERRY SPRINGER**  
**CLEM KREUZER**  
(Wedseves at Henchen's)

That Dictaphone Purr!  
**MARGERIE WATERHOUSE**  
(Call Long Distance)

is Rochester. Where alumni write letters of appreciation to fired coaches after they've done their darndest to hasten their departure!

## Hot Flashes

Thirty to HAROLD RITZ . . . for the favor received on Friday . . . PETE NEAL and his Mississ . . . he's the former catcher for the Buffalo Baseballers . . . celebrated PETE's birthday at RITZ's same eve . . . Nomination for one of the best . . . and best looking . . . bankers in town —the HANCOCK gent at the Central Trust.

**LEARN TAP DANCING**  
ENROLL NOW  
BALLROOM DANCING TAUGHT  
... IN 5 LESSONS ...  
**Chas. KRAMER Studio**  
81 EAST AVE. MAIN 9081

SIMPLEX MOLIMUM  
PISTON RINGS  
**SIMPLEX MOTOR PARTS CO.**  
529 MAIN ST. E.  
CALL  
Jack Morse - Main 3492

**OTTMAN'S**  
Noted for their  
FAMOUS HOTS  
Cold Cuts and Bockwurst  
LUNCHES AND DINNERS  
Served in Restaurant  
45 FRONT ST.  
Main 632 We Deliver

**Dance AND DINE**  
Delightful people come here nite after nite. Why not you this nite?  
2 FLOOR SHOWS EVERY NITE  
FEATURING MUZZY'S DIXIELANDERS in Dance Rhythm  
**Lang's Garden**  
330 North St. - Main 7983

**TIMES SQUARE SUPPER CLUB**  
Rochester's Smartest Rendezvous  
Broad & Exchange Sts.  
PRESENTS Smart Music for Your Dancing  
"The King of Swing" and His Violin  
**PAT CLEFF AND HIS ORCHESTRA**  
WITH **CONNIE GANGE** Rochester's Sweetheart of Song  
in Smart Entertainment for Your Enjoyment  
WITH AN ALL-STAR SHOW FEATURING  
**CARLOS and ESTRELLITA**  
Beautiful Mexican Dancers  
**LEW and EVELYN HARRY COLONIAL**  
Versatile Acrobatic Team Sensational Guitarist  
**RAY OLSEN** Dancing Specialties  
NEVER A COVER CHARGE  
TWO SHOWS NIGHTLY

# WE SOLVE OLD GOLD PUZZLES WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE

Some of the lads on this lofty-minded sheet got their noodles together and figured out the pro's and con's of that Old Gold eggie picture puzzle contest. After checking their answers with each other over a wash-tub of not too pale ale, the boys got the following crazy answers . . . 'n do they think they're right? They do.

Here's the solutions the boys arrived at . . . 'n they'd feel very, very hurt if anybody copped their answers as they're seriously thinking of what they're going to do with the first prize of 100 G's. In fact, they've already got their "I like Old Gold because . . ." letters written in their most flowery style.

Here's the boys' answers . . . 'n they're probably scaroony:

- Puzzle No. 1—Noah Webster.
- Puzzle No. 2—Geoffrey Chaucer.
- Puzzle No. 3—John Stuart Mill.
- Puzzle No. 4—Henry Clay.
- Puzzle No. 5—Juliet Capulet.
- Puzzle No. 6—Admiral Dewey.
- Puzzle No. 7—Artemus Ward.
- Puzzle No. 8—Napoleon Bonaparte.
- Puzzle No. 9—William Shakespeare.
- Puzzle No. 10—Charles Lamb.
- Puzzle No. 11—John J. McGraw.
- Puzzle No. 12—Daniel Boone.
- Puzzle No. 13—William F. Cody.
- Puzzle No. 14—Sam Houston.
- Puzzle No. 15—Alexander Hamilton.
- Puzzle No. 16—Betsy Ross.
- Puzzle No. 17—Caesar Borgia.
- Puzzle No. 18—August Belmont.
- Puzzle No. 19—Becky Sharp.
- Puzzle No. 20—Anatole France.
- Puzzle No. 21—Montagne Glass.
- Puzzle No. 22—Andrew Jackson.
- Puzzle No. 23—Rudyard Kipling.
- Puzzle No. 24—Oscar Wilde.

Tho the boys have no copy-right on their answers they'd feel very badly if anybody took advantage of them for their own private, selfish purposes.

But it has long been our motto that it is much, much better to give than to receive. Don't ya think?

## Hot Flashes

VICTOR FISHER, Lyell Avenue restaurant . . . jaunted out to Sodus the other day . . . just rushing the fishing season . . . A most interesting gent to meet . . . is FRANK (EASTMAN THITTRE) SMITH . . . HUGHIE (FUEL SERVICE) COSTICH is much missed from the usual haunts lately . . . and pals wanna know why . . . Friedly couple of any well are the GEORGE LIEBLS . . . he's the Muenchener Loewenbaum distributor . . . like at their pet sippy the other Heifetz nite.

## Hot Flashes

FRED GALBRICHT knows the answers to the following questions: How far can a man walk into the woods? . . . What is the difference in a duck? . . . Ask him, but don't bet on the duck . . . Legally BASH MOORE is looking for the one that sent him a Valentine, 'tis said . . . LEW SPALL wants a new gas buggy for Easter . . . BORIS NEWCOMB has gained 17 pounds by sticking to a milk diet.

Embryo radio writer:  
HILDA CAMPBELL  
(Twenty-two and single-o)

Who is that flashy brunette who's seen every Sunday in the Century Sweet Shop with NICK (Hawkeye) VINKUS . . . looks like love . . . ROGER GULEK, male Florence Nightingale at the State Hospital, was so thirsty the other night he couldn't turn he knob like a gentleman, but practically slid through the door of a certain South Ave. liquor store—such thirst . . . maybe the lad didn't want that redhead to get impatient waiting for him.

All Enthused & Stuff:  
DOROTHY ROUSOS  
(Indefatigable U. of R. alum)

Where is that hundred-dollar bill that ROY VAN GRAFLAN, power behind the Filaret Girls, used to flash and then challenge anyone to bet with him . . . maybe he lost it at that first Bond-Filaret game and then again he might have turned it in for floor . . . incidentally, seeing as how the next game between these two teams will be the deciding game and therefore a probable sellout, will the proceeds go to the Red Cross, as planned or??

She gets around!  
RUELAH SPAULDING  
(Macedon Schoolmarm)

RAY HYLAN, local aviator, doesn't think much of Canadian-flying fields in the wee small hours after having to make a landing the other morn with nothing more than headlights of a car, two flares and last but not least, a flashlight . . . Who takes up the little yellow plane commonly known as the "DOODLE-BUG" and then has to have a couple of airport attendants run out on the windy field and escort him in?

Genial Prof of Any Week:  
DOC WALT LEIGHTON  
U. of R. Mathman

What ever became of ALICE SMITH, one time Terminal Star? . . . FRANK FITZ PATRICK, another one time court star . . . FRED BEGY, singing heartbreaker . . . MARIE ANDRE, cute little blonde with one dimple . . . HUBIE WILCOX, another "love 'em and leave 'em"?

## Hot Flashes

JOSEPH (bakerman) TRIPPE went and done it . . . the boy got the girl-friend, PHYLLIS BONAVILLA, the promised ring . . . it's a solitaire according to our findings . . . GRACE LATTIME of Kodak Park is once again on good terms with Doerner's ace driver, Shrimp . . . The KISSEL sisters of the Camera Works Basketball Team sure are plenty tough on the floor—at least, one of the Brockport lassies thinks so after acquiring a broken wrist in a recent fracas.

Puts Type in typing:  
ALICE J. SADLER  
(Speedy on the Keyboards)

After working so long behind the Men's socks counter in Sibley's, ALICE VAN DUSER turns out to be quite an authority on men, gals . . . In case you need any assistance in picking them out . . . Speaking of Dept. stores, little HELEN DOMENICO makes an eyeful at Lincoln's counter.

Devoted Couple of the Week:  
PHIL AND BETTY FABRY  
(Shortsville to the Big City)

You wouldn't think that being backed by such an up and coming firm as Bond Clothing Co. that two of the Bond lassies would be unemployed, would you? . . . By the way, what is the big attraction out in that little town of Pittsford for the Bonds every Saturday nite?

Occasionally bowls a 200:  
WILL HAHN  
Beech-Nut Packing hopeful

JEAN SCHULTZ, flashy blonde, well known at Rochester high spots, returned for a week to paint the town red . . . now dwells in Syracuse . . . MARTHA DEVONIS attracted a few passersby the other nite when she went into her street dance after a trip from Waterloo in the wee small hours . . . Most conscientious waiter of the week . . . TOM NEWHART of the Manhattan

Genial Sugar Man of the Week:  
NEIL COLLINS  
Rotund E. Main Operator)

Favorite hangout of the week . . . Ritz Hamburger outfit on Portland Ave. . . Truck-drive, STALEY and GERT FOOTER romance still going strong . . . After all the wondering VIRGINIA HANSS finally turns up in Sibley's Cafe . . . Critics Ice Cream taking Tracy's place at the Bullhead . . . we will miss CHARLIE.

Coy Phone Line:  
SALLY LEBOWY  
(Green's Style Center)

This "Natural," however, would have been forced on the shelf if PAUL BRIGANDI and ROY VAN-GRAFFEN hadn't stretched their three game series to five . . . each team has a one point victory to their credit, making this the third of the series . . . the fourth to be played on the BONDS home court

# Today & News-Week Do Submarine Act

The weekly newsmag, TIME, did a little private gloating in the hottest manner this past week. TIME wrote the obituaries of its two leading rivals, TODAY and NEWS-WEEK, in a very, very consoling manner.

NEWS-WEEK cost its list of prominent investors over 2 million bucks which they shelled out over a period of four years.

The funny thing about the whole business is that NEWS-WEEK was launched by a Capt. Thomas Martyn, a former editor of TIME mag. Here's what TIME mag has to say about their former editor . . . and so say are the TIME folk:

"Salesman of NEWS-WEEK to its charter investors was an ambitious Englishman . . . Through his second wife, a Cheney (silk), and other connections, and using TIME'S revery as a sales argument, he was able to enlist the following sums from the following principals for original and salvage financing:

Ward Cheney (cousin)	\$200,000
Wilton Lyod-Smith	200,000
Howell van Gerbig	208,000
Jock Whitney	300,000
Starling Winston	
Childs Jr.	800,000
Paul Mellon	325,000

TIME then goes on to relate that both NEWS-WEEK and TODAY are looking to the McCALL mag organization for help . . . and Capple Martyn is on the outside looking in.

And, of course, TIME had to mention that their original capital (Time, Inc.) was only \$86,000.

The mag TODAY is now a thing of yesterday. Its editor, Raymond Moley, an ex-brain-truster of Prexy Roosevelt, was financed by Vincent Astor and William Averell Harriman, the railroad magnate. Their publishing bill at the end of three years totaled about \$1,000,000—in the red.

TIME gets quite a kick out of the whole business. For instance they quote verbatim the lofty announcement with which NEWS-WEEK sprung the latch:

"We believe there is a field unexplored and we are sharpening another plow . . . NEWS-WEEK's ample treasury is the sum total of more than 120 individual investments, made by men and women who believe that thousands of Americans want and need the

Straw Boss of the Week:  
T. CAMERON COLLINS  
(Nattily Dressed D. and C'er)

. . . which will be the K. of C. . . but the fifth and deciding game of the series must be played on the ST. STANISLAUS floor.

particular kind of a news-magazine that NEWS-WEEK is."

TIME had quite a gloat over the whole affair. Their chuckle at the funeral reminds one of the ghost at the feast. However, any outfit that's making the dough which TIME is obviously making has the right to gloat. And anyway, what's a gloat or two among friends?

**ZR-3**  
RESTAURANT  
and TAP ROOM  
109-113 State St.  
**AMATEUR**  
FLOOR SHOW  
Fri. Nite, Feb. 12  
SNAPPY RHYTHM  
ORCHESTRA  
PRIZE ENTERTAINMENT

**RALPH'S CAFE**  
458 St. Paul St.  
**PIG ROAST**  
Sat., Feb. 27th  
35c per plate  
Orchestra - Dancing  
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BEST SPAGHETTI  
Hqur - Wine - Beer  
Dinner all hours  
Phone: Main 8055  
RALPH MASI, Prop.

**ALLARD'S**  
"The Bright Spot on State St."  
Eat—Drink  
  
And Be Merry  
with  
All Star Floor Show  
featuring  
BROOKS  
and  
HYLAND  
Eccentric Dancers  
PLUS OTHER ACTS EVERY  
NITE BUT MONDAY  
Fred Lashier's Orchestra  
252-254 STATE ST.

29 PAGES OF NEWS  
BEST COMICS IN COLORS  
44 PAGES OF NEWS  
New York's Picture Newspaper  
12 PAGES OF PICTURES IN COLORS  
IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE  
4-Color Pictures of Your Favorite Radio Stars  
GEORGE BURNS and GRACIE ALLEN  
FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOPPA  
— BUY YOUR COPY NOW —  
**NEW YORK SUNDAY NEWS 5c**  
AT ALL NEWSDEALERS

**HOUSE of RITZ**  
558 E. Main St.  
CHINESE or AMERICAN FOOD  
As You Like It  
Don't Miss the COCKTAIL HOUR  
Don Gray's Orchestra  
FLOOR SHOW  
Wed. - Sug. nites inclusive

**Come Where Hilarity Rules!**  
7 NIGHTS 7  
EDITH GIBSON Tapping "Goin' to Town"  
RUBY LOGAN Sings "Marcha Real"  
MABEL COOLER Balladeer of Torch Songs  
EDNA MILLER Popular Song Stylist  
HONEY "BOOP" BROWN The Heat Wave Rhythmic  
Bill Geder's Swing Band  
**COTTON CLUB**  
176 JOSEPH AVE. MAIN 8286

# SADATORIALS

## Crying Need For Comfort Stations!

We don't want to hurt anybody's feeling . . . but it might be an excellent idea for that Mutual Admiration Society (sometimes known as the Chamber of Commerce) to inspire a little movement in this town for a book of Comfort Stations. And if you think there isn't a dire need in this town for a few of these relief bureaus, you're nuts.

It is commonly agreed by the greatest scientific minds in the world that the citizens of this berg are no different than those of any other hamlet in one respect . . . that being . . . when they gotta go, they just gotta go . . . and that's all there is to it.

There comes a time in every man's life when he feels the rude promptings of Nature. Now, what is this man to do? Go to Syracuse (a town half again smaller than Rochester) or should he go native, regardless of the human traffic in the vicinity?

Almost every other berg in the country has Comfort Stations, and has them in a convenient central location. Are the bigwigs of this town trying to persuade themselves that residents here are differently constituted than the residents of these other towns. If they are, they should carefully read some volume of comparative anatomy. This might destroy any illusions that they entertain.

The Rochester Publicity & Convention Bureau does their damndest to bring Conventions to town and scatter good will where they may. However, it's a pretty tough assignment to get strangers in for a Convention to like this town, where they're unable to perform the one or two fundamental acts of nature that that they have no trouble with at home.

In these troubled days it's mighty hard to even attain the simple pleasures of life . . . which isn't as it should be. Two nice Comfort Stations are all we're asking for. The localites can always, if the worst comes to the worst, stray into some friendly office building where they know their way around. But what are the Convention-goers to do? After all most of them are past the age where they can let Nature have its way . . . publicly.

In all seriousness this bustling city needs a few Comfort Stations. They don't have to be anything colossal. Just the necessities for the relief of honest men and women.

Let's take some of our relief out of the Welfare Dept. and put it into a few Comfort Stations, where it will be appreciated. If you ever get stuck downtown, where no friend can lend you a helping office, we're sure you'll be for the Comfort Station.

When it's time to go . . . it's time to go. Comfort and necessity sometimes go hand in hand. Life without Comfort just isn't life.

# PANNING THE SILVER SCREEN

(Ed. note: This stuff is the straight goods on the flickers due to play this burg this week. Our man dashes all over the country to get his previews straight and pass the dope on to our fans. Four stars means super-super colossal; three stars means super-colossal; two stars means colossal; and one star means only Titanic.)

\*\* On the Avenue at the Palace, starting Friday, February 19—Any gentleman would have a tough time deciding whether to prefer the blonde Alice Faye or the Blonder Madelaine Carol. Irving Berlin's latest ear-catchers furnish the means for the bulging Faye lass and her fellow troubadour, Dick Powell, to use their vocal chords to good effect. As usual, the fair Madelaine gets her man, after a sinister plot to break up her romance is revealed. The Ritz brothers break the musical monotony with their mad antics.

\*\* Sea Devils at the Century, February 18—He-Man Victor McLaglen has his usual role of the rough suitor with the heart of gold. Crisp dialogue with Preston Foster furnishing the opposition to McLaglen for the heart of the petite Ida Lupino. As the second feature moon-faced Victor Moore and Comical Helen Broderick consulse as good citizens called to jury duty in a farce called "We're on the Jury."

\*\*\* The Last of Mrs. Cheney at Loew's Rochester starting Friday, February 19. William Powell and Frank Morgan usurp the acting honors from Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery. Morgan is at his best. Joan Crawford as the five and ten girl determined to crack society, does not come up to the performance turned in by Norma Shearer when she enacted the role, but manages to fill her part capably. Jessie Ralph and Nigel Bruce appear in support. The breezy story rates three stars. Sophistication is the motif.

Likes Etchings:  
BEATA MACK (Miss)  
(Gregory St. Darling)

Sister Act of the Week:  
ERMA BITTETTI  
Ormond St. Ice Creamery

## Unclassified Adv. Dept.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE YOUNG GIRL to do washing, ironing, shovel snow and take care of furnace; must also assist in caring for 4 children and cook and wait on table. Mistress very fussy and dizzy. Salary usual 3 bucks per week. Maid sleeps in cellar. One day off each month. Call at Box 851 FLASH.

FLAT FOR RENT BUSINESS WOMAN will share 6 room flat with widower or bachelor without children on account of rent going up and coal being high; must respect washes or laundry and adhere to rules on smoking and drinking. Marriage will be considered to offset large overhead. Apply in person. Box 387 FLASH.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MARRIED WOULD LIKE nice job with big salary. Can't work but 6 hrs will do little odd jobs for night party. No agents need apply. Box 398 FLASH.

SITUATIONS WANTED—Female AVAILABLE for houseparty. Can drink and eat with the best of them. Fresh guys not considered. Will go out for fun with night party or salary from others. BOX 400 BUGLE. others. Box 400 FLASH.

## Hot Flashes

ESTHER (PEGGY) HOLCOMB is gonna be a Woman in White . . . little PEGGY's all set for the fall class at Strong Memorial Hosp. . . . JOE GIOR-DANO can tell us amusing anecdotes as ever you did hear . . . Brokerman OTIS DENNISON looks like Hollywood's RANDOLPH SCOTT . . . if you look quick . . . Lawyerman FRANCIS D'AMANDA . . . new State Tax Attorney . . . looked extra slick on Fishday last . . . with the white carnation boutonniere . . . and receiving congratulations on the appointment.

Loves her public  
GRACE HOLAN  
(Ten years a stenog)

JIMMY KOHLER and the missus are all set for the formal opening of their new venture the River Park Inn this Satnite and report indications of a sellout . . . JOHNNY BEHRICH is the prop of the new Better Beverage outfit over on Dewey avenue . . . SLIM KIGGINS of the Famous Kiggins Korners looks very much up and fit these days after that seige he had with old man sickbed . . . Chummy Newly wed are the HANK DELLS and is he an insurance man???

Nice Form of the Week:  
RITA BOSS  
(Muhs)

Speaking of State Hospital, did HILARY GRATTEN ever receive those sour Valentines picked out for him???. MIKE (CUT-ALP'S) DI QUATTERO came out Mon. eve all dolled up in a new pair of specs—result:—He saw so much better, he saw his way clear to buy himself a new car.

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## RED HOT FLASHES

Absent from the usual haunts DA's, while he was diling at the sign of the Red Apple . . . BOB and wonder where he's at now . . . EDDY, politico of the 10th Ward, now a booster for the FLASH Bldg. elevator is something to behold . . . MAJORY NELLS complains the Bus Service on the crosstown route is getting worse and worse.

speedy recovery AL, watch the splinters. ERNIE (little giant) WARREN with Leo Morrell's ork is sporting a new coupe . . . yow-sah Ernie does a nize job of piloting as well as piano key pounding . . . 'SHORTY' HOWARD and the missus are on the best of terms despite reports to the contrary so we learn . . . He greets the customers over at the Cotton Club.

Wants to move into city:  
JEAN HENDERSON  
(Hub Theater, Sea Breeze)

TED NOEN, handsome local youth who took to the high seas some time ago . . . is now vacationing in Pragnay, of all places . . . and posting from his job at the Buenos Aires Herald . . . Drugman GEORGE BEACH of the Paine pillhouse found last Friday's aching wisdom tooth (she has too got one!) . . . For the tops in genital salesguys . . . see ROBERT (CAPPELLINO'S) BRUCATO . . . Thank to ROMERO MATTOLO . . . smiling blonde gent behind the Cutall's bar . . . for the charge of suds . . . as of Thursdeve.

Footballer Turned Bowler:  
CARL WOLLENHAUPT  
(24th Ward League)

His Honor, THOMAS ROTUNDA, Real Estater DeLuxe, dines in the Waldorf during the cold days . . . MATTHA MAIRVIN and hubby RAY, the accountant are planning a new car . . . JAMES D'APRILE always in a hurry, but still finds time to look like a fashion plate . . . JOHNNY RYAN—going big in a little store . . . Ain't love grand—asks HUB BAXTER of Perry's Flower Shop . . . ask no questions 'n you'll hear no lies!

JOSEPH SHATZEL wants to be known by one and all, that he can consistently bowl a score of 99 any Friday nite in the week . . . FRANK CAMILEO chips, the only way JOE SHATZEL (Santor St.) can make news is to bite a dog . . . FRANK HARRIS, of the Associated Cleaners, tells the story about the 16 Scotchmen getting hurt in a taxiab . . . many eyes were focused on that new overcoat of ALFRED D'AMAN-

## HOTEL UNION

40 South Union St.  
Where Merry-makers Meet  
FRIDAY NITE—FISH FRY  
Capt. Guenther's Orchestra  
FLOOR SHOW SAT.  
MAIN 8169  
See! Hear! Eddie Dawson

## Formal opening RIVER PARK INN

Sat., Feb. 20th  
TURKEY DINNER  
8 P. M. 'till? \$1.00  
New Management  
East River Road  
Just Across the R. R.

## BLUE FRONT

442 WEST MAIN ST.  
features  
VIC O'BRIEN'S  
Swing Band  
Dancing and Dining  
FLOOR SHOW  
TUESDAY to SUNDAY INCL.  
Steaks, Chops, Spaghetti  
Wines — Liquors — Beer  
JIMMY DALE—Prop.

## Saldi's SPAGHETTI

is served in true Italian fashion at all times—Also they have the same Spaghetti and Sauces to take home—Pat and John are your genial hosts.

THE SWING TRIO  
FRIDAY and SATURDAY  
"Where Good Fellows Get Together"  
482-486 Jefferson Ave.  
Member Monroe Restaurant & Liquor Operators Ass'n

## HEDGES GRILL

1129 NORTON STREET  
features  
FRANKIE DELL'S ORCHESTRA  
EVERY NIGHT  
Entertainment by the Orchestra—plus Geo. Eliasfield, your old favorite. We Cater to Afternoon Parties, Banquets, Weddings, etc. — MAIN 8.12  
NO COVER NO MINIMUM CHARGE FREE PARKING

## SENECA TERRACE SUPPER CLUB

Beautiful Girls  
Most Sensational  
Show Ever Seen  
NO MINIMUM CHARGE  
Orchestra and Floor Show  
7 NETS



# BARBARA ALAN HAS SLIGHT LEAD IN POPULARITY RACE!



## ENTER CONTEST NOW!!!

Pretty brunette Barbara Alan is nine votes ahead at the end of the first week of our soft contest for a \$100. Barbara, who makes her home at 254 Alameda St., has most of the boys in that neighborhood this way and that way, from all reports. At any rate, the lads from the U. of R. stand by the bubbling Barbara.

We've only listed the names of the first 25 gals . . . which is according to the rules as stipulated. Only nine votes behind Barbara Alan is the dance studio charmer, Betty Barron . . . 'n' only five away from her is nurse Mary Richardson. And that's the way it goes right down the line.

Even the gals who haven't had a single vote cast for them have an elegant chance to cop the cash prize at the present time. As it's a cinch only 75 votes can separate the top gal from the bottom(O) at the present writing.

As we announced last week, there are no flaws, no catches in this contest. Only one prize will be awarded . . . and that is the 100 bucks to the winner. The contest balloting officially closes March 25. On April 2 the cash will be handed out to the girl with the most votes. Each ballot counting one (1) vote.

We're really terribly surprised at the results of our own POPULARITY CONTEST. In little more than a few days more than a thousand ballots were turned into this office. And more are coming in each day. The tabulation over to the left is complete only as up to Wednesday nite. Since that time other ballots have poured in . . . but they will not find their way to the tabulation sheet until next week.

NAME	EMPLOYED	VOTES
BARBARA ALAN	EASTMAN KODAK OFFICE	73
BETTY BARRON	GLADYS BLISS STUDIO	64
MARY RICHARDSON	GENERAL HOSPITAL	59
CATHERINE BOLAND	TAYLOR INSTRUMENT	52
RUTH ELLIS	CAPITOL WINE & SPIRITS	49
PEGGY JOYCE	EASTMAN KODAK OFFICE	47
BETTY FINUCANE	BAUSCH & LOMB	44
ANNA BROUN	TAYLOR INSTITUTE	37
NELLIE BRENNAN	TAYLOR INSTITUTE	37
MILDRED MARTIN	WALDORF	21
ISABEL AMATO	ATT. H. H. COHEN	18
MARY RUDOLPH	HAWK EYE WORKS	18
ESTHER GOUGH	GLENWOOD EXCHANGE	17
ROMA JONES	WSAY	17
PEGGY MUNSTER	HIGHLAND HOSPITAL	16
MAY WALRATH	D. & C.	16
ESTHER BURKE	MUTUAL ENTERTAINMENT EXCH.	15
PEGGY WILBUR	UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER	15
EDNA FARNEY	ODENBACH'S	15
ELSIE PINKNEY	COUNTY HOSPITAL	15
STELLA RIZZO	POWERS BLDG.	15
LORETTA AMBROSE	BROWNCROFT GRILL	15
BEATRICE SPENGLER	SIBLEY'S	15
NARENE ATTRIDGE	SEVILLE DRIVE	15
ADELAIDE IRWIN	ROCHESTER JOURNAL	15

## THE RULES ARE SIMPLE

(Read Carefully)

THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH, INC. POPULARITY CONTEST is open to the general public of Monroe County. All residents of Monroe County with the exception of FLASH employes and relatives are entitled to cast their ballots for their choice of the most POPULAR GIRL.

To the winner of the contest (the girl who secures the most Ballots) the FLASH will pay \$100 as of the date of April 2.

This contest is open to all unmarried girls in Monroe County between, and including, the ages of 16 and 30.

All contest ballots (or reasonable facsimiles) should be mailed (or delivered in any other manner) to the FLASH offices at 6 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

The Judges in this contest are John E. Roger and Lester Pollock.

Each ballot or facsimile is equivalent to one vote.

In the case of a tie (which is highly remote) the girls concerned can share the money in any way satisfactory to them.

It is not essential to purchase a copy of this paper to vote. Any reasonable reproduction of the ballot will be acceptable.

Ballots will be published in five consecutive issues of the FLASH, beginning with the issue of Feb. 12 and concluding March 19.

All ballots must be turned in to the FLASH offices by March 25. The name of the contest winner, together with her picture, to be published in this paper in the issue of April 2.

The FLASH will publish the names of the 25 leading contestants each week as of Feb. 19.

If any question should arise concerning any aspect of the contest the decision of the impartial and disinterested judges will be regarded as final.

## 'ROUND TOWN

*DePhonic Siegfried, the Kodak flash, and one of the sons of George Clark's clan are chomping it . . . For the record, there are two Charlie Excemans one block away from each other . . . one is boss of the Century and the other boss of the Democrat-Centinel . . . For your fault of valuable information: Didja know that if anyone sends you a dining notice or asks you to pay a bill on a postcard that you don't have to pay and the sender is liable to a five thousand dollar fine!!! . . . We just thought you'd like to know, 'cause many collection agencies pull the postcard guy to embarrass pipples and make 'em pay quicker.*

James Dimas, the young lad who's being held in connection with that death in a downtown cafe the other day . . . is sonny boy of the Nick Dimas who used to run the Dinty Moore eatery here.

## Flash Popularity Ballot

Rochester Weekly Flash, Inc.  
6 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Date Feb. 19, 1937

I submit the following, as my choice for the

**MOST POPULAR GIRL in Monroe County:**

Name ..... Address .....

Place of Employment ..... Employer's Address .....

**ONE (1) VOTE**

From all indications it appears as if the girls their support to one of their personality girls. Now's the time for every well-wishing boy friend to get behind his favorite gal and plug. And more power to outfits in town are giving them.

# CONTEST CLOSES MARCH 25; GAL WITH MOST VOTES TO GRAB OFF PRIZE OF \$100 IN CASH!!

# Sporty Spiel

The local IROQUOIS La Crossers will swing into high tonite against the crack AKRON TORNADES on the big acre at 8:30 sharp . . . The Injuns taking no chances with the former rough and tough Hornellians. A loss tonight would push them out as title contenders . . . The local aggregation has retained Lyle PIERCE, cutting the squad to 15 . . . League ruling . . . BILL WAACS, M E L MILLER, and MAX MARTIN going to town against all opposition with BUCKY MILLER playing a bang-up game in his first year. Next Friday night \*the notorious BUFFALO BISONs appear on the big acre in what may be more than "Modred Murder."

That grand old king of winter sports, BASKETBALL—has the fans dizzy with developments coming up fast. Local enthusiasts have been scratching their craniums as to why Managers couldn't get together on the double-header "Natural" for Red Cross flood relief.

## LACROSSE

"Modified Murder"

### ARMORY

Every Friday Night  
50c and 75c

Tickets Now On Sale At

Adam Hats, 133 E. Main St.; Powers Hotel, Main 4880; Roch. Sporting, 11 State St.; Seneca Hotel, Main 4748; Spaulding, 114 St. Paul; Brass Rail, 337 E. Main St.

## GAS and OIL

Central  
Service  
Station

275 State St.

Service With A Smile

## HIGHLAND

GINGER ALE and  
FRUIT ORANGE

With Premium Caps

CALL

Your Dealer or  
GENESEE 333

## HAPPY DAYS

Are Here Again  
At Genial

CHARLIE

HELBERG'S

1260 North St. Main 8234

FOR THE BEST

In

FOOD LIQUORS  
WINES BEERS

## BUONOMO

BOWLING

HALL

78 Charlotte St.

# Along the Mazdas

NUSBAUM'S CASINO — The Stone Street play-place has Mac McComber and his kings of swing. Mac, the genial M. C., ably supported by Al DeLage Magician, Shirley Heaton, Virginia Brown and the Vera Matin Dancers. The new circular bar is something to behold!

BARTLETT—A swell show here with the smiling clowning Billy (I want a wife) Morlen, the DeCanos Spanish team, The Evans Trio (Father, Mother and very attractive daughter) in dance nevelities.

TIMES SQUARE — One of the town's most novel spots, with the swell singing of Connie Gange, Ray Olsen, the tap artist; Harry Colonial, the strolling toubadour, and the interpretative dance of Carlos and Estrellita from sunny Mexico—all to the lilting music of Patsy Cleff and his boys.

COTTON CLUB—The smartest of smart—All in Black and Tan. The Hottest of swing under the baton of Bill Geder, the trucking of Ruby Logan, Hot from Harlem R. K. O's 'Racehorse Williams, fresh from the boards and rarin' to go; Strawberry Russell, Mabel Cooper, Edna Miller, Betty Boop, Tin Can, what an atmosphere.

CUTALIS — Music by Morell, red wine, spaghetti, the pride of Sunny Italy at its best featured at both the rathskeller on Broad St. and the hospitable spot on North St.

BROWNIE'S — The Marble Bar offers the radio star tenor Ed Jardin Frances Knox in Ballads, and Pat Keechley's swingtime.

RITZ—The House of Ritz has steady and the, any them hhm a daily Cocktail Hour. Music and dancing Wedsntes thru Sunday . . . and the Chinese food is tops. HEDGES—Charley Hedges Norton Street nitery, with Frankie Dell's orchestra, all legal drinks, plus George Einsfield to serve and sing. Nice food.

RIVER PARK INN — Popular spot for the stepper-outers who don't mind a short drive. There is a formal opening Saturday this. It's going to be a great event. Don't miss.

ZR-3—An amateur show on Friday nite promises lots of fun at this State Street eat'n'drinkery. music, dancing.

LANG'S GARDEN — There's a floor show, band and dancing seven nites per week here, with Muzzy's Dixielanders in sweet rhythm.

SENECA TERRACE — Al Fast in an enviable spot this week; he will spring a real surprise on the customers.

ALLARD'S — Bright spot on State St. brings Brooks and Hyland, eccentric dancers, with Fred Lashier's Orchestra.

## Hot Flashes

Well, frans, it's in now . . . the lads met tother eve and decided to go on with the show, which means just this . . . on next Saturday nite Managers PAUL BRIGANDI of the BONDS . . . ROY VANGRAFLAN of the Champion FILARETS . . . MANNY HIRSCH of the J. Y. M. A. . . LES HARRISON, JACK NEIMAN and TRINIE HARRIS of the Champion SEAGRAMS will bring their leading clubs together in games which will have the fans storming the portals of the Main Street Armory for the first time since the demise of our crack CENTRALS.

Help to any doc:  
ANN ROSS  
(Learns quick, too)

# SALLIES FROM THE ALLEYS

Best looking he bowler of the week ALEX DEVONIS, and always by himself, how come ALEX? . . . MARKY CHAFEL the best MUSSOLINI bowler in town is having another banner year. Must be that good old spaghetti . . . Ice Mouse JOHN KONDOLF, Elm Hall "landmark" threatens to buy the FLASH. Just a burn EH? John? Still he always buys one. OSCAR GROVE local BARNEY OLDFIELD certainly enjoys his kegling, he's from the SMOKE SHOP too . . .

JOHN MORIARIFY local barman is a dead ringer for "GARY GREEN" "No Fooling" . . . Hollywood Producers should have been to the Elks Club for the mixed doubles past Tuesday Eve. What Eye-fulls BILLIE BURKE, IRENE MARGRANDER, MRS. STALKNECHT, SUSIE SARGENT, ANN OHAMA and an awful of others, and what awfuls too . . . Last Sunday's AD WANTED another bull dog, signed BUCK O'LEARY, we like dogs too BUCK . . . FRANK RUTZ boss of the Rutz Academy is quite a GABLE with the fair sex you know sort of a fatherly interest ? ? ?

SAM LAPLACA Fashion Plate extraordinary has a new rival for his honors in DICK GALIATTE Eastern Grill bowler and SAM demands a jury trial to hold his honors . . . THE SIZZLE OF THE WEEK BUTCH JOHNSON Secty. of the ROCHESTER BOWLING ASS'N . . . ELM HALL who's weekly prize for the best looking Garbos, MARIE BLAZINS, FRITZIE HILL, MARY WARD, CARRIE ADAMS, and a lot of others.

CHAS. PRENTICE the HAWK EYE COWBOY will soon hear those wedding bells, why OLLIE how cold you? . . . PHIL KLOS the Culver Leaguer certainly makes it tough for the other boys with his candy and flowers. RALPH TOWNE ELKS LEAGUER deserves a medal for his gameness 125, 136 and those 118's. Still he keeps bowling . . .

GEO. SMYLLIE local G-man has again returned to the Elks alleys but with the same results 146 average . . . DAVE BERGER "BROWNIES VALET" is going great guns, 2 or 3 match games a week and winning most of them too . . .

MARVIN "AUGUSTUS" LUSCHER the local supply guy should be in Hollywood, how he can pick those GARBO's . . . JOE SARGENT THE CITY CHAMP is laid up with the flu, better hurry and get well, it's getting late . . . Thinking of the fair sex . . . the little girlies over at Holy Family drives are hitting the 1-3 pocket with regularity . . . EDITH CLAUS is high with a mean 223 . . . then comes diminutive ANN HOYSACK with 205 . . . BERNICE DECK HAS A GOOD 180 . . .

KAY CHURAH, HELEN SLOWE also in the running with 160 & 161 respectively . . . The charming cheering section over at the FRANKLIN slides happens to be BETTY MUHS and JEAN GAGNIER and is the KOETHE BEST Team the proudest . . . NOW that "LIEUTENANT" BURNE sprung for new shoes the boys are looking forward to better scores . . . Sargeant Schutzen is the finger of the much razed "sausage ball" maybe we're in a fog . . .

OFFICER JACK REYNOLDS is tagged the VARIPAPA of Reynolds Hall . . . The reason for the calmer atmosphere around the Franklin alleys 'other eve was "causa "Yea Bo" SCHMIDT was missing . . .

St. Paul Streets big doubles match saw JIM McINERNEY throw 3 balls in one frame leaving the 1-7 & 1-10 standing then proceeded to sewer the next . . . such stuff ! ! ! Incidentally he bowled a huge score of 113 . . .

The windup is all even making another match necessary . . . the bowlers you say? . . . JUGHAD PROCTOR & HOWIE "ELKS" FRECKLETON opposing CHUCK BIRDSSEL & JIM . . .

# HOW TO GET YOUR GIRL TO ORDER BEER

The following letter hit our debris-laden desk this week and we hasten to give our views via these columns of education and enlightenment:

Dear FLASH:

I am a young man about 26. I have a job that pays me \$20 a week. I have to give some money home. I have about \$8 left to spend on my girl. My girl and me like to go out and we go to the movies and then we go to a joint for some drinks. I always order beer but she orders drinks that cost from 25c to 40c. She knows I don't have too much money, but she says she don't like beer—so by the time payday comes around I'm broke and I wonder how a fellow can take a girl out if she don't drink beer. I would appreciate it if you would suggest something.

(Signed) M. C. K.

Dear M. C. K.:

Your letter interests our own Voice of Experience and as we stated above, we hasten to reply. If your girl loved you, she would order sarsaparilla and be happy enough—it is a clear case of a girl pulling the leg of a fellow. If we were you, young man, we would hasten to get a girl who drinks beer to supplant your present girl or we would pursue the following method to get your present girl to drink beer. You might try scaring her by telling her that whiskey isn't good for young girls . . . if she says, "Oh, yeah," then try telling her that if you ever get married you wouldn't be able to afford whiskey at 40 cents a drink and she'd have to stick to beer, and if she said, "Oh, yeah" to you, we would suggest that you trade her in for a simple miss like our Fil. To you, young man, we say you either need a better job . . . or you will be making a mistake marrying a girl who drinks whiskey as a whiskey breath is bad for young mothers—it causes their children to drink . . . and, dear M. C. K., we say in closing that you are a sap for not taking out a nice wholesome girl who doesn't drink . . . and it's not for moral reasons, but because they're not so damn expensive. Does that answer your query?

Object of Whose Affection  
Now?

AILEEN DOYLE  
(Gulftown Pride and Joy)

Betsy Bagler of "Brightened  
Corners"

GRACE MERZ  
(“Fearless Dishwasher”)

## Hot Flashes

The fans are keenly interested in the outcome of both series with wagers freely on the J. Y.'s to beat the SEAGRAMS . . . incidentally, the North Street lads are undefeated, while the Champs have lost one to the crack NEWARK ELKS . . . the HIRSCHmen hold two verdicts over the same club.

Tonight the BOND GALS stack up against the crack TULSA OKLAHOMA Lassies, who hold the National AAU Championship . . . on the St. Stanislaus hardwood at 8:30 . . . with the FILARETS playing hostesses to the same club Saturday nite . . . the same floor . . . the same time . . .

It's a bit ahead of schedule, but you might as well know that one of the classiest girls' teams ever to grace local diamonds is being organized right here and now . . . Thus far sixty-seven promising girlies have signed to report for indoor practice . . . Such performers as ANNE SOROCHETY, RITA BUKOWSKA, RUTH FRANK, and SARAH PILETERE in a big way . . . stars of other years also to turn out for the drills . . . It's said that the team is being organized with eyes on the tournament to be held in Chicago in the summer, which means there's a chance Rochester will be represented for the first time.

## BOWLING

IS SPORT & EXERCISE

6 New Alleys

MUHS BROS.

911 N. CLINTON

If You are curious to  
know where you can  
get your watch re-  
paired by experts—

—At a Real Saving See

ALBERT'S JEWELRY

SHOP

490 W. Main opp. Gen'l Hosp.

All Work Guaranteed for 1 Yr.

## Brass Rail

352 Main St. E.

HEADQUARTERS

BOWLERS'

## SERVICE!!

We can offer you a real service on your problems, business or personal. Our staff, both male and female, are thoroughly experienced. No matter too small nor too large to receive confidential and efficient attention.

Why not avail yourself of a private interview without charge, at your convenience?

## The State Detective Bureau

Licensed and Bonded

829-839 Granite Bldg.

Rochester, N. Y. Stone 162

Specializing in complete investigations of all natures.

# INSIDE AND LOWDOWN

A great big orchid to Kate Rex for not making it tough for that errand boy . . . who slipped off with her purse in a weak moment . . . It's a blessed event with youthful Frances Swan . . . Populah Miss Ellison of the Church Home, plenty burned at the mad antics of that ex-employee . . . There's no justice in this life, we're afraid . . . a lad by the monicker of Earl Lawrence was journeying from house to house in the discouraging task of looking for work . . . some ninny phoned in a complaint to the gendarmes . . . 'n the lad was given a severe verbal spanking for going from house to house looking for odd jobs . . . Relief is so populah these days that a man who's desperately searching for an honest job is condemned almost automatically . . . or so it seems . . . and another funny thing this well-deserving lad lives on Amity St.

*Milly Horvitz' spill down a bundle of stairs wasn't the least bit funny . . . for Milly . . . One of the day's oddities . . . a gal by the name of Jean Stappebeck stepped on the head with a ruler by a lift-and-ram guy . . . Florence Schles a bit up in the air about that phantom lad who's annoying too- too many of the gals . . . The boys up to the U. of R. deserve to dig a hole and die, into it . . . a Genesee Brewery truck was stranded on their campus for the better part of a day and night . . . 'n the boys didn't even know by the smell . . . how collitch life has changed.*

Prowlers of the nite around Highland Hosp. have the cute little nursies ga-ga . . . 'n no perhaps.

*Ken Sparrow, ye olde piano maestro, hiked down to the Salt City as a part of the splurge bankwet for Judie Hower Walsh . . . Aside to Walgreen's Bob Russell . . . won't you ever stay put . . . pull-case . . . Heinie Climo's anonymous column on Walter Winchell was a honey . . . Heinie, in his inimitable way mentioned that Winchell used the sacrosant word "Flash" to initiate his Sunday eve broadcasts . . . and it was all too, too horrible overred Heinie . . . Heinie remarked that Winchell (who he didn't mention Walter's name) then went on to talk about the doings of "cheap people" . . . In his last broadcast Winchell mentioned among others, Amelia Earhart and Franklin D. Roosevelt . . . overred, Heinie probably thinks he's still right.*

Agnes Walsh now busy-beeing in the office of the Daily Record . . . Ruth Weinert, that ultimate in'poisonality! now the flashy correspondent at Genesee for the little Junnel . . . Beauteous Ginny Carey has a secret admirer . . . he'd like to tell the luffly gal all about it . . . but he just hasn't the nerve.

*Roy Labov and Eddie Zapf are taking their meals off the mantel after that Seneca Lodge initiation . . . Lillian Marcus confides to a redlock . . . Chuck Weigand hoarding the old mazuma . . . can this again be love in bloom?? Jimmy Ingles, Allards Smiling, mixologist has such fetching curls.*

Frank (G&E) Nolte going in for housewarming in a big way . . . Weeper of any time goes to taximan Dick Plaige when he's taken in the W.K. games . . . Big Baby Zapf now sporting the tag Cabin Boy and we wonder why?? Limy Grey says that lamp post was walking down the sidewalk and gave him that shiner . . . Comely Virginia Seigfreid now among the great army of the unemployed . . . are wedding bells in the offing?? Who gave Skippy McMullen that Boatman's hat?

*We hear Mike the taximan takes three hours to walk home from work on payday . . . tush . . . tush!*

Matty Goege and Frances Shenan "Drinking Only With Thine Eyes" at the Nusbaumery Wedseve . . . Packy the MacFarlin and Bucky Lynos have patched up their tiff and were in the reminiscent department at that genial emporia . . . Fuzzy Rogers, the waiter extraordinaire, enjoying the vacation in Gotham.

*Nine tons of pretzels tied up traffic at Main and Clinton . . . think of all the souls that are required to eat up NINE TONS of pretzels.*

Sis Schaeffer seen for once without that w.k. M.D.'s son from Notre Dame . . . Ruby Logan takes the nod for being the queen of swing at the Cotton Club . . . Our man on the west side finds that Art Taylor goes into the private concert Dept. at that snooty clubbery on East Ave. . . Comely Couples looked to their laurels when Tony Schiffino of Sound Equipment came arming with Gladys Fichett at the Bartlett.

*Dick Cross the best dressed gee in the Camera factory . . . Pete Billick and Ruth Hettig, the Blond Bomber, are scurving at all local hot spots . . . Who's the little bundle of brunetness seen daily with Nick (Flukeeye) Vincus?*

There will be many a lonely heart when Allen Johnson goes back to The Wharton School of Finance . . . Harry Wicks bought a Chariot but didn't have enough left over for the plates . . . Was Jack (Dominie Builders) surprised when fishing for a little mackrel, he caught a big kingfish . . . and do we adore his Florida tan?? Dick Balco looks as if he was poured into that fireman's suit or was it that his mama took it in a little too much while altering???

Neal Collins . . . he's the segar maestro . . . was a one man band down to the Big City . . . Neal took in the gaiety of the Cotton Club . . . 'n tis said he put Cab Calloway (another local lad) to shame . . . Lee Beach, the ice cream lad, thinking of importing his heart interest from the town of Syracuse . . . Jerry O'Brien's salarium goes the way of all flesh . . . the lad should dip his fingertips in glue.

Lucky Virtuccis and her little "Honey Lamb" took the fatal steps . . . must be spring is in the air . . . Mary Dubois visited New Yawk for a week and returned with a broad accent . . . My! such quick learning ! ! ! Lucille Kavanaugh will be smiling soon as the big moment is returning . . . Love is everywhere.

*Jim Bennett's frau a bit startled the other eve when she caught a strange naxg looking into her window . . . Bobbie Austin and Millie Hehir like to gander to the talkies together . . . Genial he-man, Al Atterburk wishes he were back in collitch again . . . and who the hell doesn't?*

Ruth Butler is the little lassie, who likes to see her pals done right by . . . Ad-flash Bob Austin being pestered by calls from a persistent femme . . . alas, there's no romance in the matter . . . the matter is strictly business . . . Some lad with the gleam of love in his eye brought seven Popularity Contest ballots into this dismal office . . . and all seven listed the attractive Roma Jones, WSAY efficiency gal . . . the boy's blushes were a thing of joy to behold.

*It is getting to be a hell of a world, for instance . . . a sign saying "no men allowed to play unless accompanied by a woman" . . . Sign to be found in Eastman dorm . . . Peggy Wilbur takes the nod as being considered the svelte looking coed of any week . . . Speaking of humanitarian but foolhardy subjects, Bob Chick, sales manager, came home at five P. M. and found a Skunk all bollaed up in a tin can and he spent forty-five minutes in the perfume department liberating same . . . Please don't tell us where you buried your clothes, Bob . . .*

Ralph Hoyt's Little Frau better come back to town soon or those Bar Bills will be unsurmountable . . . Dot the Donovan surely looks svelte all dressed up with Orchids, etal, Flasheve . . . By the way, Dot, how is George?? Has Elmer Kern bettered the disposition since the last little tiff with the very charming Mrs.? . . . Mary MacMahon, cute little lassie from the Genesee Strasse sector, has three little things that inspire Irishmen (Lace Curtain or Shanty or Bog) to write songs about Colleens. . .

Milt Beilby is the lad who pounds a mean drum for Tommy Gray's ork at Ritz's . . . Chewsday nite the Rest, and Likker operators have their hot festivities in the Chinese Room of Brownie's Marble Bar . . . the gong rings at 7:15 pronto . . . Seems as if the D&C helped Dan Cupid in the person of Ivan Conkling . . . Ivan glimpsed the gal's picture in the Sabbathday sassiety page of that sheet . . . 'n is still falling . . . Love marches on.

*Helyn Keller of the Welfare is so, so pretty . . . Jimmie Thomas, golden voiced tenor of the Bartlett, going to St. Mary's for a spinal operation . . . we'll miss his warbling.*

## LOWER DOWN THAN EVER

Clayt Keck and Tom (Snooky) Savage were all of a burn when they were served with pigs ears . . . Lovely and charming is the w. s. Ruth Haegneur . . . Pet Scorch of the week was that of Ernest Irvings when he had to pay off the bet . . . Going steadier are George (Aquinas) Yahn and Marge Brickell . . . Funniest twosome of any time is Joe Sanfillipo and his inseparable relic (29 Chevy) . . . Where did Don Niger leave the car the other night? . . . and how did he get in when the wag locked the doors . . . Frank Silva, WHAM sport-caster has a sudden interest in the Bond Girls . . . Could it be publicity gal Mabel Lang?

*How come Dot Nealon of Hudson Avenue almost lost out on the candied Valentine? . . . Woe betide those who muss up Ann Sorochety's new*

*permanent . . . the Valentine comely Martha De Lomis received was from the wrong party . . . Stan (Falcon) Szwierkas is now haunting Bond Girls practices . . . would the reason be Olga Kane? . . . Effic Harder Hunt Fashionest and stylist ever at the McCurdy mart . . . is most popular, they say . . .*

Stranded in Churchville t'other eve . . . Don Niger and Jimmie Nolan . . . Kibitzers of the week . . . Don Harris and Tony Ciaraldi on the morning alarm clock program . . . Ellis Schechtman & frau now spending a few weeks at Hollywood Beach, Florida . . . Don (Taximan) White losing all his money to Joe Fanning and friend cabbites . . . and is it true that Morgan Stearn don't like it because no tips come in . . . does he ride the hat???

### Buck Orchids

At last kiddies you are going to be able to listen to a radio programme without having to wade through ads for Bambeles Soup, Squigleys Gum, ad museum . . . WHEC is putting on two new programmes without a sponser. At 7:30 every Friday a string ensemble will play classical music that even we can understand and they have promised us some of the semi-classical too. The biting beauty of the Viennese Waltzes. At 10:30 on Friday we will have a variety program to delight our ears, with the genial Morden Buck acting as M. C. . . . Ken French at the warbling, Gordon Baldwin swinging it on the organ, and last but not least Sax Smith and his svelte Ork. What more can life offer?

Roundaboutowner Tommy Ciaraldi has one most complete collection of candid camera shots of nite club entertainers in the city—including (and will she be surprised?) Terry Circle in her dressing room . . . Offside to Johnny Predmore since you have that spinach on the upper lip you are beginning to look gogolish . . .

Why doesn't Mary Hall recognize old friends when she sees them in a soda fountain . . . this would be excusable in a sippery . . . Juvenile Betty Burke better wait until she is fifteen-before she starts calling men for dates . . . George Strasser, maestro of the Reedery, ill in bed with the flu . . . Joe Zimmerman, the policer, does his riding with two rods, a .38 and a .22.

*A nod to the attractive Beth Hart . . . Sine Collins . . . Mary Brown . . . Marge Tanney . . . Elizabeth Culver and last but not least Patsy MacDonald . . . they have total makes basketball games interesting . . . Paul Bazaar, local ABC Exec has stopped purchasing canine food for the slim, cast (?) hounds since returning from Florida . . .*

Roller and Pauline Murphy are warming again, kiddies . . . spring in the air and ditto goes for Eleanor Mandell and Journalman Joe Seckel . . . Wonder who administered the scratchings on Art (Kessler as in liquor) Schmidt's pan . . . Agnes (Falcon) Klein was feeling chirpy on return from Waterloo . . .

# Stanton Getting Gannett Hirelings Railway Plum? Stuff The Ballots

(Continued from Page 12)

it on to you for what it's worth. In this instance it looks like the goods.

Cholly Stanton, our clevah speech-making Mayor, and the source has authority and weight) will have the long awaited appointment as Commissioner of Railways within ten days. The appointment being scheduled for next week.

In the likely event of this new set-up Vice-Mayor Joseph Silverstein is scheduled to step into Stanton's shoes... in the story goes, Doc Anthony Scinta then moves into the shoes left vacant by the elevating of Vice-Mayor Silverstein.

The fight for the Democrat appointment to the Railway job has been a heluva keen one since the death of Charles Barnes last fall. Homer Storey, a relative of Don Dailey's, had been mentioned for the job. But the wise boys probably figured that the connection was a little bit too close... and here might be pointing fingers.

The job of Railway Commish is quite a plum... 'n don't forget it. The

salarium is \$7,500 a year, which isn't tough to take in any man's language. And there isn't a heluva lot of toil attached to the job... which is our idea of something nice.

There's been a lot of hemming and hawing about filling the Railway job for the simple reason that political plums like the aforementioned don't come along every day.

The appointment was supposed to have been made a couple months back, but the energetic and conscientious Julius Hoesterey had led a one-man movement to have the job abolished all together. But the appointment is coming thru anyway. And, incidentally, it's also reliably rumored that Julius is in for something bigger and better as a result of the wholesale promotion occasioned by Cholly Stanton's reported jump from Mayor to a post that has more of a permanent tinge attached. Charley Barnes was Railway supervisor for a goodly number of years.

Next week you can remember that we told you about it first.

out which 'funny pictures' were the most and the least popular so that they could govern their publication accordingly.

And so promotion man Bill Bryan was put in charge of the public balloting.

When the results began to turn in at first it seems that "Moon Mullins" brought up the rear, "Orphan Annie" was first and "Pam" was second.

Tho, there wasn't too much interest in the balloting outside of the kiddies, certain lads on one of the Gannett sheets, whose work brought them in close contact with oodles and oodles of papers in the bulk, weren't satisfied with the way the balloting was going. It appears that the boys were devoted admirers of the funny antics of "Moon Mullins."

So wholesale clipping began to take place. Unknown to the promoters of the contests the lads began to clip 50 or more ballots at a time and send them in with the name of "Moon Mullins" as their topnotch choice.

All in all about 5,000 ballots were handed in. All in all, more than 3,000 of these

were turned in by Gannett hirelings, who in the spirit of fun, and unknown to the higher-ups, decided that they'd sway the comic policy of the Gannett sheet.

They did plenty of swaying, as "Moon Mullins" who had been last until the wholesale clipping began, wound up a heavy choice for No. 1 Popularity, among the people who make comics a cult.

As a result of this comical, comic ballot several comic strips were dropped and others added. For instance, you don't see "Andy Gump" anymore. And if you look at the D&C closely you'll notice that "Moon Mullins" heads the list.

The funniest thing about this comic business is that until this very day, the gentlemen in charge of promoting the contest didn't even know what was going on.

However, lots of us don't know what is going on more than half the time... so this is no crime.

Yet it isn't very often that a 'comic ballot' turns out to be just plain comical.

You can thank us. We have the latest dope on all the comics.

## Health Dept. Putters As Gal Suffers!

(Continued from Page 12)

silitis and grippe.

In her ugly little room her condition grew worse and worse until a kindly neighbor, somewhat frightened, notified the Health Bureau. These lofty and well-nourished gentlemen were informed about the desperate condition of the Smith woman at 3:30 o'clock. And they promised to dispatch a doctor right pronto.

At 4:50 the Police were notified by the worried watcher at the bedside of Grace Smith that she was growing worse... and that no doctor had been sent by the efficient Health Bureau. Mind you, 1 hour and 20 minutes had elapsed after the first call to the gentlemen whose job it is to take care of the City's needy cases... at least, as a last alternative.

By this time the Good Samaritan who had called for assistance was so genuinely alarmed himself that he was able to get the idea vaguely across to the official mind that a woman needed help immediately... or else...

However, still no help was forthcoming from the Health Bureau. So a humane police officer summoned a local ambulance which hurried to the woman's dwelling and dispatched her to the Hospital. At last report the woman was still in serious condition.

This story isn't intended as a rap at the Health Bureau, even tho it's mighty difficult to coastrue it as anything else. But the state of human

relations have reached a heluva low plane when certain gentlemen of the esteemed medical profession (these are few) start counting dollars before they go out on calls. Especially, when they are in the service of the city.

Roosevelt's 'forgotten man' is still very much forgotten. This sheet would like to see a little justice done where justice is due.

## Ginsberg Hams

(Continued from page 12)

hams from house to house the other day.

A lad by the name of Nell Henry took a burn at Mr. Ginsberg's non-kosher hams... 'n' put in a beef to the gendarmes. These worthies, in turn, informed Mr. Ginsberg that he'd have to get a license to market his rare hams from door to door... 'n' until that time nix on the hams.

It appears that Julius bought up a great quantity of the smoked hams at quite a decent figure... 'n' figured that as long as the public masticated hams with pleasure, they might as well consume Ginsberg's hams as any other. Indeed, a good idea... but unfortunately, in the wrong place.

## Hot Flashes

There's one poor unhappy fellow in this berg wanting to know if GENEVIEVE ("Junior") SLATTERY ain't got no romance in her bones—must be she spurned a would-be admirer.

Hospital Couldn't Hold Her:  
LILLIAN HACKETT  
(Commercial Credit Gal)

Swelegant Nurse:  
LOIS MINARD  
(General Hosp. Attraction)

## BERT'S TAP ROOM

All Legal Beverages  
SIZZLING STEAK 50¢  
DINNER.....  
1548-1550 Lake Ave.  
Glen. 7104

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FOR  
Every Form of Entertainment  
"The Office of Distinction"  
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The Biggest Reader  
Interest In Town

## RED HOT FLASHES

Is it true that LAURA DENNY and JOAN FALWELL have dates with two red-blooded lacrosse players... and will they hit the high spots Saturday nite?... Who is this Buzz that is buzzing around IDA SCHTRUM, flashy forward for the Bond quintet and who pastimes during the day at a Lake Avenue candy shop?

Future Dorothy Parker:  
JO PERRY  
(LeRoy Hopeful)

If you don't think it's quite a hike in from Lloyds on West Henrietta Road, ask EARL WAR-

REN—he can tell you from experience... BOB INGALS in an awful rush to get out to Rush the other night... you guessed it... it's a gal.

Hopes for a Kindly Cupid:  
LOUISE WOODRUFF  
(Piano diddler extraordinary)

MARGARET GAUCH takes the prize for pretty brunette of the week... RAYMOND TINDALE putting on a lot of weight lately—must be something he ate... We miss the CASES, JOSEPH and LUELLA, once of Flower City Park... don't you?

## 30 SHOPPING DAYS TILL EASTER

The Easter parade starts at 11:00 A. M. sharp at HOLSWORTH, INC., corner of St. Paul and Andrews... Be ready when the great day comes... Don't have that "shoddy, shabby" appearance for \$17.50 or \$22.50 will purchase a Holtz Suit or Overcoat and this will save you \$10.00 for they sell only thru our factory retail plan. A Holtz Suit and Overcoat will give you that prosperous look of the well dressed man and you will enjoy that Easter sunshine with the warm comfortable feeling that you look the part you are taking in the Easter Parade. Holsworth, Inc. remain open until 7:00 Friday and Saturday Evenings for your convenience.

A PAPER  
THAT DARES  
TO TELL THE  
TRUTH

The Rochester Weekly  
**FLASH**

10<sup>c</sup> DON'T  
PAY  
LESS!

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 19, 1937

# STANTON QUITTING TO TAKE JOB AS RAILWAY COMM.?

## SILVERSTEIN TO BE MAYOR AS STANTON GETS RAILROAD PLUM AT 8 G'S PER ANNUM; DOC ANTHONY SCINTA TO BE VICE-MAYOR?

## D & C Comic Ballot Too, Too Comical!

Every once in a while a pretty reliable whisper trickles into our sumptuous offices. And we pass  
*(Continued on Page 11)*

### Bank Loans Guy Dough To Go Bankrupt—Almost

Life is just a riot of lulls over to the staid Democrat & Chronicle quarters. This story goes back a couple of months . . . but take a good gander at it, and forget your worries and cares. - - as its memory lingers on.

Sometime ago the Gannett & Co. ran a little contest to determine which of their comic strips were getting the biggest lull from the public. Of course, the Gannett promoters were trying to figure  
*(Continued on Page 11)*

### Ginsberg's Un-Kosher Hams Get Beef From 'Customer' & Sleuths

Here's one for the books, Julius Ginsberg, who makes his dwelling at 306 Ormond St., was around peddling rare smoked  
*(Continued on Page 11)*

Here's the week's most hilarious story . . . it would be funny even if it weren't true . . . but it happens to be true.

One of Rochester's local d.t. breadwinners was beginning to feel the pressure of unfortunate business dealings. And on top of that some outfit had just slapped a  
*(Continued on Page 2)*

## Health Bureau Deaf To Sick Woman's Pleas!!

Some energetic outfit (like ourselves, for instance) ought to give the local Health Bureau a good prod where it would do the most good. If

we know what we mean . . . and we think you do. Take the case of Grace Smith, a poverty-stricken woman of 38 who's a Welfare

case. Besides being in desperate circumstances the woman was unlucky enough to come down with a bad case of ton-  
*(Continued on Page 11)*

# Kodak Girl Leads In Popularity Race

(STORY ON PAGE 8)



# Private Bath Vs. Mother Love Plea In Custody Fight!!

Weather:

Let's all  
sing like  
the birdies do

The Rochester Weekly

# FLASH

10<sup>c</sup> Cheap  
for  
the  
TRUTH

VOL. 1—No. 9

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 26, 1937

A POOR PAPER FOR POORER PEOPLE

# Police Scarce As Lad Loses Eye At Leo LaMay Brawl!

## Harry Discounts Florida Divorce; But Remarried!

Just one month ago this paper came out with the story of the impending court battle for the custody of Patricia Jean Thomas, between the father Harry Thomas and the child's mother, Laurette Thomas.

(Continued on Page 2)

## WILBUR-ROGERS' GAL NAILED IN PRIVY BY CURIOUS MOUSEY!

Every once in a while a funny tale comes our way . . . 'n after we get thru our convulsions on the hard-wood floor, we give it to our dear public.

It all happened in the Wilbur-Rogers' dress store on

(Continued on Page 2)

## SUEING FOR 10 G's FOR LOSS OF EYE AFTER WITNESSES TRIED VAINLY TO GET POLICE HELP

It's resorts like Leo LaMay's Eastern Grill that Julius Hoesterey must have been thinking of when he declared that a few of Rochester's cabarets were of the type that would bring back prohibition.

Nestling on Monroe and Clinton, right across the

(Continued on Page 3)

# PRIVATE BATH FOR THE KIDS!

(Continued from Page 1)

Two days ago the dailies in town mentioned the child controversy, but with a characteristic ineptness they failed to get at the heart of the matter.

As we mentioned a month ago Harry Thomas remarried after the consummation of a Florida divorce, marrying Ida Lunt, the widow of the socially prominent Prescott Lunt.

By the terms of her separation, and later, her divorce agreement Loretta Thomas was awarded the custody of her children, and at least \$100 a month for the maintenance of the two kiddies. However, for the last two years, it's alleged, Harry Thomas has only been contributing an average of ten bucks a week for the maintenance of the kids. In the year 1933 he is said to have contributed nothing.

However, this is more than a story of dollars and cents. The ex-Mrs. Lunt, now Thomas' wife, contends that IN HER 11-ROOM HOME the 9-year old Patricia Thomas finds the surroundings suitable for the girl.

Ida Lunt Thomas, who has no children of her own, tho she has adopted three kiddies, holds out the enticement of her "own room and a private bath" for the child. Of course, a mother's love and attention fades into nothing when so soul-stirring and uplifting an inducement as a "private bath" figures into the question of the child's custody.

It matters nothing that Loretta Thomas, when she lost her job in Rochester, took another in Buffalo so "she could help provide for her child. It matters nothing that she kept . . . and is keeping . . . the child at the home of her sister's, Mrs. John Ehrstein who with her husband resides at 92 Ravenwood Ave. in this city. It matters nothing that every week-end, and often during the middle of the week, Loretta Thomas would hurry back from Buffalo so she could be close to her child.

Ida Lunt Thomas declares in her petition that she is well-equipped to serve as a mother to the child, among other reasons, because she has been a "Director of the Big Sister Council for several years, President and National Vice-President of the Girls' Friendly Society of the Episcopal Church, a member of the Board of Directors of the Rochester Community Home for Girls, Director of the Female Charitable Society and an officer of the Oak Twig of the Rochester General Hospital; all of which organizations are concerned with child welfare." Now this is a pretty long list of endeavors . . . and, perhaps, an intelligent person might be forgiven for wondering how Ida Lunt Thomas could find time to mother young Patricia, when she has so many extra-curricular activities. Charity isn't the only thing that should begin at home.

Ida Lunt Thomas declares she employs, among others,

a cook and a couple of maids. We don't want to seem cynical, but since when did domestic servants supplant the position of a mother, who loves a child as only a mother is able to love her own flesh and blood? This story is even starting to get us.

Harry Thomas, who once tried to prove Loretta incompetent, (and she is too good-looking a woman to even suggest that) claims, in his petition for the custody of the child, that Loretta's Florida divorce (which awarded her the custody of the children and a maintenance allowance of \$100 a month) wasn't just the proper thing. He maintains that he did not appear in the divorce proceedings, nor did he in any other manner submit to the jurisdiction of the Florida Courts. Mebbe, we're nuts, but if the decision of the Florida court was sufficient evidence for Harry Thomas to remarry, why wasn't the court sufficiently weighty with Harry in the matter of its disposition of the custody of the child? Oh, why, oh why . . . do we ask such questions?

Harry Thomas declares that young Patricia is "boarding" with John Ehrstein and Elizabeth Ehrstein, and that they are without children of their own . . . he also declares that they are not qualified or equipped to have the custody of the child.

However, in spite of these assertions of Harry Thomas, the Ehrsteins live in one of the nicest localities in town, they occupy a single-family dwelling, they have a car, are respected by all their neighbors . . . and what is far more important, this is the haven the mother, Loretta Thomas, can come to and spend a couple of days each week as a child's mother should be able to. As to the Ehrsteins not having any children of their own, this is silly . . . for where are Ida's? And if six rooms aren't enuff for three people, one a child, the days of the arena are with us again. Ehrstein has been employed by the U. S. Government for 26 years, no mean character reference, in itself.

Loretta declares in an affidavit that it was Harry Thomas' "boast in and about the City of Rochester that he did not and would not pay for the support and maintenance of his children" and that it became necessary for her on one occasion to bring proceedings in City Court to compel Harry to contribute to the support of the kiddies.

And Loretta further con-

# Eastman Kids Go Jammy!

We'd be willing to bet your last dime that the favorite number of the Eastman Dormitory kiddies is Felix the Mendelssohn's sprightly ditty, the Wedding March. Felix must have been thinking of the children over to the late George Eastman's get prodigy, the Moo-sick school.

Take a gander at what a matrimonial nest the little place is blossoming forth into:

Mebbe Shakespeare didn't say: "Love where is thine sting?"—but, so what? It proves the embryo musicians either think Shakespeare is a novel way of spouting a scuttle or suds . . . or else, they prefer Tom Swift and his Electric Skyrocket.

Here's some of the gals' moon-lickers 'n their hopeful ball 'n chains . . . of the future, p'raps.

Priscilla Brown tripping the fantastic with Jim Beekwith . . . Mid Wolfe 'n Ray Barry deeply discussing octaves and crescendos . . . A gal who had to come all the way from Panama to enslave the affection of populah Mal Clement . . . Laura Howard has that fatal charm for Bey Blakesly . . . Jane Mangon has th Jovial Jack Stevenson ga-ga and goo-goo . . . Al Woolston would give his all for the pretty named Lyvonne Clinton.

# Love At The Conservatory!

Still more!—Anne Grove and Derek Freddie Marsh paddling the same canoe . . . Eleanor Lo-watesch and Don Alton on the pier or floating up their noses . . . 'n why not? . . . Betty Ward and Bill Meyers are whooping the loop . . . Millie Banasik 'n George Liedum chip the leden a la solo . . . Vola O'Connor 'n Hashy Harry Jacobs telling it to the birds and the bees . . . Betty Lindsay 'n dapper Don Menz right pally with every living thing.

Charley Stack and Ruth Clemens pouring over the waltzes of the Strauss boys . . . California cutie Barbara (Babs to you) and George Yaeger doing a goose-step . . . Charlotte Kitch and that handsome gent, Clark (the Gable) Brody have their own little cinema romance . . . Eve Easton and Roger Boardman don't let a thing get by the board . . . It's Don Cupid for sure with Jasmine Jane Allen 'n the irresistible Harry Hoffman . . . Peggy Kennedy and Al Astle don't care who knows it . . . Fred Fernal and the heart throb . . . Dot's snuff . . . have their emotions funnelled (ouch) . . . and all that.

Incidentally, kiddies, in case you're in dire need, the tel. no. is Monroe 1428. We're always first with this sort of thing. Cute, huh?

# Hot Flashes

We ovy HERB (Madison) BROWN and RAY YAWMAN cuz we are unable to join them in their trip to the southland next w. e. . . . JANE BERNI's longing for that vacation and dancing reminds us of the mailman's day off . . . Hoping you get well soon NAN LYDEN—now mending at the Highland . . . Lucky number holders of the week are RAY RAZZ and TONY MONTRELLA . . . don't spend it all in one place, laddies . . . Aside to BILL (Politico) MOWSON . . . the reports we get are that you should bolster your position in your home ward . . . somebody's gunning.

# Mouse Does Better Than Man

(Continued from Page 1)

East Ave., where all is usually serene and lady-like. One of the salesgirl pretties, being as human as the next one, tripped off to the store privy . . . 'n the reason's none of your business.

We'll, about a minute or two after the lass entered the sanctum sanctorum of femininity, a loud screech emanating from that closet reverberated thru the garment castle. With the break of the shriek the colored porter working in the place sidled somewhat diffidently into the women's closet. There he saw the salesgirl standing on a chair in a somewhat incomplete and embarrassing state of attire.

And lying very snugly on the floor was a mouse! Horrors.

But the porter wasn't equal to the situation. Almost blushing, he dashed out of the room. And we still don't know whether it was the girl or the mouse that got him.

However, he came back with reinforcements in the person of a handy expressman. Bravely the two came to the gal's rescue, armed solely with a basket.

While they were trying to convince the mouse to be a nice boy and jump into the basket, the gal remained shivering in her footless, one-hand holding on to those 'un-mentionables' or should we

say undies. A picture never to be forgotten.

Fortunately for the gal, the mouse finally jumped into the basket . . . or the photographers might have gotten to the scene. And what a snap they would have had.

The moral of this story is . . . never get caught with your pants down!

Life is so complicated.

**OTTMAN'S**  
Noted for their  
**FAMOUS HOTS**  
Cold Cuts and Bockwurst  
LUNCHES AND DINNERS  
Served in Restaurant  
45 FRONT ST.  
Main 632 We Deliver

**BERNARD J. HENSLER**  
DIAMONDS  
WATCHES  
JEWELRY  
Repair Work a Specialty  
205 Commerce Bldg.  
Phone 1987  
Res.—507 Colvin St.  
Genesee 1728-R

# Hot Flashes

Velly popular T-dance goes LAURA KAMM and HELEN EHRlich were much busy on Fri-last at the Chicken Hut with soon many playmates . . . Falcon Hall boasts of VINCE and his hot-dogs and velly good basketball games . . . Bond clothery proud of WALLACE BATTY and the missus they rate the happiest couple of any week . . . Aside to MILLIE PASCH and ED (Ref.) BITETTI you do choose some of the most conspicuous spots for those embraces . . . CHARLEY (Quality) JONES that scholarly looking gent behind the counter nites at that Brown St. eatery.

Verra Chic:  
DOROTHY BACKERS  
TONKIN

**Dance AND DINE**  
Delightful people come here nite after nite. Why not you this nite?  
2 FLOOR SHOWS EVERY NITE  
FEATURING MUZZY'S DIXIELANDERS in Dance Rhythm  
**Lang's Garden**  
330 North St. - Main 7983

"WHY THE JEW IS PERSECUTED"—  
By David Lloyd George  
Former Prime Minister of Great Britain  
This remarkable article by one of Europe's greatest living statesmen takes the reader back over the centuries . . . Their bondage in Egypt — their exile in Assyria . . . Ham'n's dastardly attempt to destroy the Jews compared with that of Hitler in the present era. Mr. George says:  
"Surely the Jews are the most remarkable race that ever dwelt on this earth, and there is warrant for their claim to be the chosen people of the Deity."  
This article exposes much of the false propaganda now being spread by anti-semites. And Mr. George also says: "The most brilliant and successful general in the British army during the Great War was an Australian Jew — General Monash."  
The best features by leading writers—every week  
March 6 Issue NOW ON SALE  
**Liberty** 5c WEEKLY



# UPTOWN, DOWNTOWN, AND 'ROUNTOWN

Maestro Beany Morgan just sprung for a new squeeze box and the same set him back a cool grand . . . Russ (Gannetteria Pilot) Holderman threw a wing-ding at which were present several big-wigs of the rag . . . duck dinner and all that . . . with giggle juice . . . Rochester Playboy . . . Charlie Hunt 'n Gracebelle Springstead, welfare pretty, arm and arm at the Rochester Clubbery Sateve . . . As were Johnny Barhite and Dottie Omish at the University Club. ....

It is understood that the pastor of that ultra-ultra swank east side church was seen buying Moment Supreme a Jean Paton creation in the Smell dept . . . Add swankery—the Surrealist party at the Corner Club where was displayed a cup with a lining of ermine . . . we'd rather be confined to the psychopathic ward when we get the D.T.'s . . . Add Anklers at the R. Clubbery—Helen Connors, W.P.A. cutie, squired by Clute Nordhansen, Sales Mgr. for that w.k. Clothierie . . . The Art Sutherlands got a small female addition to the grocery bill this issue. . . Frances Mansfield is that veddy gorgeous crinette who is the cousin of that w.k. ork leader. ....

The Richard Moore's of Winbourne Road drew a little feminine bundle from heaven this issue . . . Nice going Ruth . . . Offside to Earl Claire . . . how about attending that little matter . . . before the wolf of that certain Bank Bldg, barks . . . Mark Rainear finally broke down and gave the old Buick a pension . . . This week's nod for cute tricks to Loretta Caldwell of Mechanics. ....

Bob (the one and only) Van Uoorlis, genial artistman and book-pusher at that little pile of bricks on the bend of the Genesee, has just completed another mask and it's a honey . . . Jean the Britton appeared in an evening get-up made of black oilcloth . . . What next will these women do?? Add Arrow Collar ads—Leo Granger, demon radio man . . . Running a close second . . . Tad Forber, insurance.

Winnie (the Pooch) Martindale arming with a man in black at that w.k.d.t. nitery . . . Can this be again love? ?? Art the Erway, demon detective, has slid on the wagon . . . and Smitty, his henchman, has sprung for a new Buick . . . (Customers' man) Bloss and Missus E. A. Chapman, Community Theatered it 'tothereve . . . Add Comely couples:—Willie Macy and his new frau from New Yawk . . .

Pete Erickson Perkins (Brokerman) looking hale and hearty . . . glad to see you around again, Pete . . . wonder if Roy (B&L) Warren and his swelte missus have had any more breakfast parties? Mike (Fincherman) Darcia praisling bag-calling to get in readiness for kidding the ball-players on opening day? ....

Quite a party thrown in honor of that new Central Ave. Dam . . . most of the big wigs attending with the possible exception of the City Manager . . . Who is that tall dark and handsome who's been dating that pretty private sec. of Doc. Hanson's, she's Mabel Maestro . . . for the last six months . . . Looks like wedding bells . . . How does Jane Ewell get away with making her Daddy run errands for her? ?? Jane should run a few for herself, just to keep in shape - - - 'n we mean just that. ....

Al Stoefel leaving for New Yawk to make the good old varsity try for Annapolis . . . hope the team is sewed up tight enough to get by . . . Mania of the week . . . Tom Pryor's obsession for ping-pong . . . Add Acute ping-pongitis, with tables going day and night . . . the Alpha-dells, the D.U.'s, and the Psi U's . . . Louis Saveriano this week's best three slap bass players . . . What attractive young married women of the Blossom Rd. sector made a "Flying" trip to Buffalo with that scion of that upper-crust East Ave. Family? ....

Nick Komati of the Eastman School threw a wing-ding Sateve . . . and . . . the men were attired in women's clothes vice versa . . . How come Daryl Gifford got the job of playing swing-time at the U. Clubbery?? A certain dept. store has a buyer for cosmetics who, for the last eight years, been awaiting one of his depts' lassies in front of the East Ave. entrance of a w.k. salon . . . This must be love in full bloom!!!

The cute kiddles from the Mechanics' Art Dept. threw a spaghetti bender at Cutali's moonnoon . . . To Fred Fennel . . . are you still thalateasy about Dorothy?? Lawyerman Les Fanning squired Mary Wrights to the Cornell Clubbery shindig . . . How did Kodak (State Street) Spark Kirkie get all steamed up?? was it because Betty Walker, took a gander?? Clark (Spook) Schaeffer, the lanky basketballer, again gallezanting over the landscape . . . we'll wager that Joyce Freemore (Farman's Pretty) is happy once more. ....

The Douglas (Aetna) Joneses awaiting that son and heir . . . Andy Anderson took a dive into that steak dinner . . . Still the best sippery comedy team, Jimmie the Schlottman and Howie the Cameron . . . This week's vote for the most attractive young married couple goes to the Orin (D&C) Hackmans, Beth and Bill to youse . . . Add cute tricks Myrtle (Mutt) Reed, budding young artist . . . The Walt (Michael Stern) Meyers moving into that new domicile. ....

## U CAN'T GET CIGGIES WITH YOUR LIKKER!

Here's a few of the peachy rulings made by the N.Y.S. ABC board . . . 'n we're just giving you a few of the surprising CANTS and DON'TS. Don't try to do these things . . . or you'll break a law.

1. Get a pack of cigarettes delivered to your home with a bottle of liquor.
2. Buy and take home more than three gallons of liquor at a time.
3. Play cards in a tavern for money.
4. Buy a bottle of whiskey at a grocery or delicatessen.
5. Drink in a barroom which has window blinds which obscure vision from the outside.
6. Have a drink before 8 A. M.
7. Drink in any hotel or restaurant which does not have a kitchen, chef and food service.
8. Stand at a bar that has more than "incidental equipment".

Since the repeal of the w.k. amendment, kiddies, we're confronted with not only these dreary facts, kiddies, but one of America's best loved institutions has passed into the discard and, in fact, is taboo with the ABC board. Alas, poor Yorick, we knew him well . . . Of course, the Free Lunch. All us youngsters can remember when the pater went in for his sip how we would raid the free lunch and grab the finest of turkey legs, and what have you! . . . But now a few stale pretzels, and a yesterday's popcorn. We get tired of it all, don't you?

News Item:—We saw a robin this morning and this coupled with all the love in bloom means that SPRING IS HERE!!! Honey telephone voice at the County Hospital is that of Anne Jaemson . . . Why doesn't scribe Hurry Wood come out of the Spencerport seclusion?? Ward (the M.D.) Williams is wagoning it . . . and an ogle goes to that blond see Ruby . . . For a swell shape, gander Rose Mantel . . . and the same for Carolyn (Officer St.) Williams. ....

Jim (innocent) Walter's busy love is blooming with Marge Bent . . . Have you found out how flowers grow yet Jim?? Don Phillips of the splash team of the U. of R. is a swell diver, probably the finest this burg has seen, but should remember pride goeth before a fall . . . Good losers of the week . . . Bud (yes we are collegiate) Spies and Bob Brinker . . . Open letter to Jim Glasgow—"Dear Jim: Which was more important . . . spending that dough on that frill in the southland . . . or finishing up that boat you have been trying to build for many a moon???

Add swell cosmetician Marian Bruff . . . Orchids to the new program on W'HEC . . . for local talent you were veddy, veddy good but we will still listen to Jack Benny . . . many thanks to Norm Steynus, insurance tycoon, for the favors . . . Tray-toler with a swell sense of humor is little Helen at the H&Berie . . . Richard (lawyerman) Lamm is supporting a nice overcast this issue . . . 'Twas a very funny story about Laurie (doctorman) McCaffery getting that cough medicine mixed up with a specimen and taking a big swig of the same . . . veddy funny, at true . . . but such things just don't happen. ....

The way the boys follow the quaking curves of Ruby 'round the Cotton Club is a sight to behold . . . The gal can move any portion of her dusky anatomy independently of any other part, like a horse getting rid of a fly . . . Offside to George Leidum and Mildred Banasik . . . Why stand for an hour and a half in the vestibule after each and every date—aren't the divans in that w.k. dormitory exclusive enough???

Milk investigator, George Rogers, seen tying into a fire buckets of suds at that w.k. sippery Moonnoon . . . as was Roy (County Clerk) Bush . . . Add swell guys Abe (T. U. City Desk) Miller . . . Lou (the helpful) Predmore convalescing . . . Add personable radio voices Rog (W'PDR) Greenman . . . Engaging smiles from the Manson Newsery are those of Alma Salzer . . . Offside to Heinie the Clue—about time you bought yourself a new sky-piece . . . 'n then exodus to the big, bad flu, perhaps. ....

The drawerupper of those svelte DONALD DUCK cartoons is none other than Localite Joe Margot recently of the Art Center, but now a Hollywooder, working for the Walt Disney Syndicate . . . Doc McVey takes the nod as fashion plate of the pill peddlers in this man's burg . . . When are wedding bells going to ring for Eleanor Smythe, after an engagement of all these years?? Don Barnes is really married, Girls. ....

The Brothers Eber are putting on a mean display for that new Seagram product called the Silver Dollar, a svelte new schnapps . . . From the slant of the wise boys in Monroe County, Eddie Dentlinger is the real guy to take over the reins of the G. O. P. . . . The vote for the best dressed insurancéer goes to Hap the Pyc . . . Bob Holland, D&C ad-flash, has love on the brain . . . and strictly on the brain. ....

Barbara Olsen of the Canterbury Rd. Olsens takes the cake as being one of this year's best hoofers . . . What is the secret of the popularity of one Bernice the Taylor, Ex of the U. of R. . . . Offside to 2M-60-62 you have a very engaging smile toots . . . Doris Hubbell left Flashtown in a hurry . . . Why?? Add-Lancey Thompson, Kodaker, left for a hurried trip to N. J. . . . Why all the mystery Lan?? To M-015-477 . . . Do you want all of Court Strasse?

Pauline Paulsen and Ray Spare were reported hitched . . . but according to our man who checks on such things—faint so . . . Bill Hanks 'n Bill Coe demon Hobartians, in that w.k. d. t. hostelry awaiting a couple of frills from Oswego . . . A sort of a return engagement after that little tete-a-tete, eh, boys?? Peg Doerfel, Helen Groves and Marion Burke were those three ale-ing girls in that d. t. sippery . . .

For an authority of Irish Folk lore go to Steve (D&C) Fitzgerald . . . Could the shortage of glycerol antifreeze solutions for automobiles have anything to do with the manufacture of munitions?? Well it has; and yet we are supposed to be a peace loving nation . . . Huskiest gee of any week goes to Chuck (WHAM) Snyder . . . good looking, too, gals . . . Louie Imhof, due to recent sickness, lost an even ell around the waist. ....

Hank Klein is thalateasy about that Ewell miss . . . Hank a big-time compus dance producer . . . so what? . . . Mary Rush has dropped out of sight . . . but not out of the minds of many erstwhile swans . . . Please come back to us, all of us . . . If Gus Bardó doesn't keep that smelly stuff off of his hair, people are going to be saying sad things behind his back . . . Come, Gus, patent leather is out! Who is the tall laddie following Ruth Ford of the U.R. Lib. around, swoofing at her heels hopefully . . . can it love of the puppy sort? ....

Thelma Panzer is that cute little bundle who grabs your coat at the Seneca Tappery . . . Dick Mansfield the ork leader tripped to Buffalo Flashday . . . Could it be that he wants to find out how his ex-boss Rudy Vallee does it?? . . . Webster's Mary Smith, answer to male dreams, seen tripping with Jerry Bartlett's kid brother . . . We have a pension for marivaudge . . . Bus the windy Warden and Roy Corrigan tophatting it with two little armfuls. ....

## Loretta Fights For Her Child!

(Continued from Page 2)

tends that all this while Harry was patronizing the ritziest clubs in town.

Ida Lunt Thomas declares in her petition that she is "fond of the child" and would like to have her live with her. It wouldn't be at all surprising if Loretta were more than a little bit "fond" of her own child. Mothers are very funny that way. Thank the Lord.

Ida insists in her petition that she is familiar with the "upbringing of children". To the best of our knowledge, nobody is more familiar than an orphan asylum with the "upbringing of children".

In regards to the all-important matter of church and religion; . . . Loretta swore in her petition that Harry violated their parting agreement, whereby Harry was

supposed to see to it that the children attended a Roman Catholic Church for mass on Sundays during the times they were with him . . . and that often she and her friends had to call and pick up the children as of a Sunday morning, and see that they got to church.

Nowhere does Ida Lunt Thomas declare in her affidavit that she encourages the religious training of children, tho she does encourage "the children in their activities of music, drawing, dancing, etc."

And so goes on the court battle for the custody of the child. On one hand we have little Patricia being offered a "private bath" . . . and on the other, a mother's love . . . which as you all know is the helpful spirit that carries so many of us thru the boring and miserable things of life

## Becky Begs "Love to Love"

Dear Aunt Becky:

We are three young girls of 23, 24, and 29, considered goodlooking and are snappy dressers. We live in an apartment in Monroe Avenue and just lately we have been bothered with red ants. Please advise.

BILLIE, BABE, AND TOOTS

Dear Billie, Babe, and Toots:

You might call Aunt Becky, but she has been bothered until lately with red ants herself. Call Harold at Main 2748 at once.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a man of 35 and very embarrassed about my ignorance. My girl friend, the other nite, said that the old Colonial custom of bundling was a good thing these cold nites. What does this mean?

ERWIN

Dear Edwin:

I can only say that bundling is something that combines the maximum of temptation with the minimum of resistance. Forewarned is forearmed.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a girl of 23. Now, my mother insists that I should wear red flannels at all times. Do you think there is any danger of my losing my glamour?

ANXIOUS

Dear Anxious:

There is great danger of you losing your glamour. But Aunt Becky guarantees that there is absolutely no danger of your losing anything else.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We have two questions for you. Please give us your wonderful advice. 1—We have been secretly married for two years. What is the best way to announce this to our family and friends at this late date? 2—What is the proper procedure for christening a child of four?

GEORGE & EMMY

Dear George and Emmy:

Aunt Becky is stumped.

Personal notes to:

BETTY—Suggest you receive present first.

GRACE—Auditions are held only in a studio. This guy's etchings are probably no good anyway.

JOE—Don't.

## RED HOT FLASHES

JOE MICELI . . . the Demseyish and genial maestro of the North Straese bar . . . was ultra-lucky the other eve . . . on drawing the high card on those cuts . . . For a gent with the tops in equable temperaments . . . for the newspaper biz . . . Journal JOE WHITCOMB is the guy . . . RONALD (Curley) LANGLEY much missed by local song fans . . . since he's way down to Bradford, Pa.

JIMMY (Quality Lunch) DELL, the boys want to know how to get that tired and still not show it in the ayem . . . IRENE GOLAMB sure proud of the new b. f. tagged "RED" from Kodak . . . Was BLONDY CARREO all of a burn when he couldn't find that beloved Model-T the other eve? . . . Establishing a record for operations is JOE DE ROSE . . . he's about ready to add another.

She Never Talks:  
HELEN HARMON

She's A Good Listener:  
IRENE GRZYWINSKI

## Who's The Smartest Dog In Town?

Can your dog bring your slippers, light your pipe, or turn on the radio? Can your little poochie sit up on one foot . . . or sing bass?? The FLASH is conducting an investigation to find out just what canine pet in town is the smartest, so here's your chance to bring fame and glory into your home.

We hear that the dog named "Queen," out at Al Weinstein's Green Tavern on Goodman Street, is pretty darned clever. Queen, who is half Spitz and half Chow, can fetch anything you mention, can roll over six different ways, and do lots of other cute things. And then there's Ed Dean's well-known pooch, "Demon," out at the Monroe Avenue gas station. Demon is a popular character in the section and among his achievements are the ability to cross Monroe Avenue with the traffic lights, never venturing out unless the green shows, even when there's no traffic coming!

Don't delay! Get YOUR pet into the race. Fill out the box below with the dog's name and address, and some of his best tricks, and send it to our harassed secretary. The pup who gets the most votes will be awarded a year's subscription to the FLASH, or rather the pup's master will. The winner will be announced in these green pages very shortly. Here's your chance, dog fanciers!

The dog's name is \_\_\_\_\_

Owner's name \_\_\_\_\_ Breed of dog \_\_\_\_\_

Some of the dog's best tricks are \_\_\_\_\_

(State whether housebroken or not \_\_\_\_\_)

## RED HOT FLASHES

HAROLD KETCHUM . . . ex-U. of R. lad . . . now an Albany financier . . . dashed home on Church-day and brought his intended with him . . . a lovely lassie tagged JOAN . . . Has MORT the NUSBAUM got any side bets . . . on that FLASH popularity contest . . . and is he rooting for a charming damsel . . . freckled a la MYRNA LOY?? Nomination for one of the most Duchinesque of all the local piano pounders . . . CHUCK WOOD . . . who goes to town on that swing version of Moon Glow.

Alloofish (Alas!):  
ADELAIDE IRWIN  
(Sob Sister)

A certain lady would like to know what took place on that Buffalo trip city accountant, HARRY REED, and colleagues MIDGE HAWKINS and HUB HOWELL took . . . Those lads from the goosey town of Halley swarming all over our proud city . . . Wrestler WHITEY TRUMBULL . . . LOUIS SANTORE . . . TONY DEPHILIPS . . . and MIKEY ROC-EO . . . Add comely brunettes: . . . LOIS FLETCHER visiting from Rush, New York . . . DICK the COLLAMER, now handing over the bottled spirits ala retail at the Manhattan on Genesee . . . We understand it shouldn't be long for the FRANK HELGET and LUELLA HENSLE combine.

Good Natured Red-Head:  
MABEL GALLOWAY  
(Marks and Fullers)

Platinum Stenog LILLIAN FORD and KEN HANLEY will soon take that long awaited step . . . JOE ALESSI (towelman) and DAVE (Elwood Bldg.) GOLDMAN philosophizing in their own inimitable ways . . . The boys covered everything from the Supreme Court to the janitor's dirty britches.

Bodacious Blonde:  
ALICE GREEN  
(Socialite)

## Hot Flashes

TONY (Manson Newsers) GAGHER is proud pappa of a new son and heir . . . It fits in on the Lenten menu . . . mushroom vegetable chow mein . . . EDDIE DAWSON's tender voice heard these Satves at the UNION HOTEL TOMMY GIARALDI (demon photographer) back in seclusion . . . EDDIE ROSS now on a milk diet . . . WALT RYBACKI, Greek God of the FLARETS, lost his sheepskin at Edgerton Pk . . . Never mind WAIT some flood victim is now warm . . . MABEL MYERS back in town after three years-away . . . GUS SCHWARTZMEIR adds signs of spring by cleaning the chariot.

**BE POPULAR**  
ENROLL NOW  
BALLOON DANCING TAUGHT  
IN 3 EASY LESSONS  
Chas. KRAMER Studio  
81 EAST AVE. MAIN 0001

- Those who know
- The Best never
- Say "No" to an
- Invitation to
- **Brownie's**
- MARBLE BAR
- & SUPPER CLUB
- 63 State St.
- Continuous Entertainment Niteley

ATTRACTION  
STONE 2044  
FOR Every Form of Entertainment  
"The Office of Distinction"  
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**BARTLETT** "The House of Hit Shows"  
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Dance Novelties

**BILLY MORLEN**  
"AM I CRAZY"  
Master of Ceremonies

2 SHOWS NITELY  
Never a Cover Charge

The TWO DeCANOS  
Spanish Ball room Team

★ TAYLOR'S BAND ★  
Society Swing Music

NEXT WEEK — NEW SHOW !!  
with Ray Duffy's Orchestra in Rhythm of Tomorrow

# FIFI HAS TROUBLE WITH BLONDE

## Ronnie Breaks Date and Turns Up With Peroxide Blonde Gal

Oh, I'm so tired of it all. Ronnie told me that he had an important engagement with a fellow, as he had to sell him a bill of goods. Well, last night after Ronnie broke his date with me

to sell that fellow of his a bill of goods, I was feeling kind of low, so I called Doris. I don't really like Doris, tho' I'd never let her know this for the world . . . but I called her, as I figured she'd be better than no one in a lot of cases, especially when you're out sipping cocktails by your lonesome.

So Doris and I went over to the Powers to have a few cocktails, and see what was going on. And anyway, that's where Ronnie always goes whenever he has any important business in mind. Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather. There was Ronnie as big as life. Ronnie hadn't told me a lie . . . he was trying to sell somebody a bill of goods. But that somebody was an old hen of a peroxide blonde.

Ronnie's face must have fallen about three yards when I walked over to his table. Right away I stopped him from making any excuses. Never mind any excuses, Ronnie, I told him. If that's the kind of people you want to go out with, well, it's all right with me. For, after all, I said, I don't have any ties on you. You're a free man. You should have seen that dirty blonde look at me, but as I said to Doris later, I didn't work in a drug-store's months for nothing. These dames that use peroxide in their hair are the same kind who'll steal your man from right under your nose.

I didn't even look at her. I wouldn't give her that much satisfaction. And I'll bet she was burned to a crisp—the old hen—she's I told Ronnie (just like Myron Loy told Bill Powell in his latest movie at that nice Mr. Pollack's moving picture mess) that he wasn't too particular who he was going out with lately. Of course, I was being very subtle, but I think Ronnie knew what I meant, even tho' he blonde looked as if somebody had dropped her on her head when she had her first tooth-aching. From the looks of her that must have been about the time all the boys were remembering the Maine.

I hope Ronnie doesn't think I'm jealous of him, because I'm not. I just like men who say something and stick to it . . . even if they're out for no good.

## HOW ABOUT A BIT OF SWING SONG!

Of a Suneve, for the munificent sum of two bits, the lads and lassies arm it to the so called Pop Concerts. Sometimes the big-wigs dip into that music fund; throwing a wing-ding that call itself an American Composer's Concert . . . Gratis . . . It should be!!! Sounds like junior playing band with the Missus' pots and pans. The tin orchestration is accompanied with the percussion of steelworkers bucking rivets in a locomotive boiler.

Consider the composition of Schostokowitsch (pronounce it and you can have it), The NOSE . . . The main object as admitted by the author is to employ all notes from the highest of the piccolo to the lowest of the tuba . . . swell noise this!!! Or the cave man idea that is supposed to be portrayed by Charles Vardell's, JOE CLOCK STEPS OUT . . . just a cream puff, this . . . Another honey Victor Alessandro's, SERANADE FOR STRINGS . . . School days and Earl Phillips' SELECTIONS FROM MCGUFFEY'S READERS . . . that lalaloosa SINFONIETTA from the ramblings of George McKay . . . or that good old plug for a local brewery TAM O'SHANTER by localite Eugene Goosins.

May this humble rag offer its suggestion for a real "Pop American Composers Concert"? Here they are from the goodness of our hearts.

Tunes from Jerome Kern's SHOWBOAT.  
Sigmund Romberg's DESERT SONG.  
Irving Berlin's A PRETTY GIRL IS LIKE A MELODY.  
Heagy Carmichael's STARDUST.  
Rudolph Friml's FIREFLY.  
Ferde Groffe's GRAND CANYON SUITE.  
Stephen Foster, MELODY OF HIS WORKS. A whole evening of this.

Duke Ellington's arrangement of Liszt's HUNGARIAN RAPSOODY.

Andre Kostalnetz arrangements.  
Paul Whiteman's arrangements.  
Grab a medley of these modern numbers and arrangements and the w.k. SRO sign would be out as often as a FOR RENT sign on a Florida swamp . . . We Thank You!

## RED HOT FLASHES

Nobby spring fashion display for men is found over on Theatre Row where Al DeMARCO holds forth . . . Believe it or not Al LEVASSEUR is not and has never been employed by this publication and we hope he's not further annoyed by those who believed otherwise . . . JAKE LAVERY looks kind of lost since the heartthrob went to the big city . . . Penfield's fairest maidens journeyed to town in search of basket-ball material and found "TINY" HARTER to add to their crack five.

Manners of a Chesterfield: Molarman IVAN COTTRELL

For tales of the Firefighters we refer you to GEORGE RABIDEAU . . . HARRY O'CONNELL and HARRY BRENNAN are nomi-

When I rushed out of the Powers (it was so silly of me to have forgotten all about Doris) I ran plumb into Mr. Morris, the famous lawyer. And he said hello to me with the nicest smile. Of course, I know that Mr. Morris is married, but I think he's a very good lawyer. And he has the loveliest fur coat. Just the kind I was going to ask Ronnie to give me.

Oh, well, I don't care. My mother once told me that there were lots of fish in the water that weren't even worth catching. And I guess she must have been thinking of Ronnie. It's too bad that Mr. Morris is married, because he has such a lovely coat. Not that I'm a gold-digger or anything nasty like that. But a man with a coat like Mr. Morris' must have lots of other nice things that a good girl like me would like. Anyway, I'm thru with Ronnie. I'll go out with him tonight if he calls me, but just so I can make it straight that I don't want to see him again.

Ask insurance dotted liney BABE CARSON about the story about the little pig . . . Little PEGGY HOLCOMB ultra teig in that new blue uniform . . . take a look.

Takes A Great Photo:  
DOTTY HARTLEBEN

## BLUE FRONT

442 WEST MAIN ST.  
features  
VIC O'BRIEN'S  
Swing Band  
Dancing and Dining  
FLOOR SHOW  
TUESDAY TO SUNDAY INCL.  
Steaks, Chops, Spaghetti  
Wines - Liquors - Beer  
JIMMY DALE—Prop.

## HOTEL UNION

40 South Union St.  
Where Merry-makers Meet  
FRIDAY NITE—FISH FRY  
Capt. Guenther's Orchestra  
FLOOR SHOW SAT.  
MAIN 8169  
See! Hear! Eddie Dawson

## NEAPOLITAN SPAGHETTI

at the  
GENESEE GRILL  
is a new taste thrill  
you should not miss  
945 GENESEE ST.  
BEER • WINES • LIQUOR

## HEDGES GRILL

features  
FRANKIE DELL'S  
Orchestra  
Plus George Einsfield  
Your Old Favorite  
We cater to afternoon parties,  
Banquets and Weddings  
— Main 8312 —  
1129 NORTON ST.

**RIVER PARK INN**  
features  
RAY GLEASON'S ORCHESTRA  
Friday and Saturday nites  
Chicken - Fish - Steak DINNERS  
East River Road  
Just Across the R. R.

**Soldi's**  
P A C H E T T I  
is served in true Italian fashion at all times—Also they have the same Spaghetti and sauces to take home—Pat and John are your genial hosts.  
THE SWING TRIO  
FRIDAY and SATURDAY  
"Where Good Fellows, Get Together"  
482-486 Jefferson Ave.  
Member Monroe Restaurant & Liquor Operators Ass'n

**ALLARD'S**  
The Bright Spot on State St.  
  
All Star Floor Show  
featuring  
IRWIN ROCKCASTLE  
Mimic - Impersonator  
MAC LEVAY  
Ventriloquist  
GINGER ROGERS  
Dancer  
PLUS OTHER ACTS EVERY NITE BUT MONDAY  
Fred Lashier's Orchestra  
252-254 STATE ST.

## 23 SHOPPING DAYS TILL EASTER

Now is the time for all men to prepare for that Easter Parade. Now is the time to assure yourself of that prosperous look. How can you feel that you belong to that army of go-getters unless you are properly dressed and have the front that only a well-dressed man can have? The Holtz Clothing Factory's retail store, Holsworth, Inc., over at the Value Corner . . . St. Paul and Andrews Streets, will take care of your appearance and for only \$17.50 will clothe you in a suit or topcoat at that will be a positive aid to your personality. At the same time, you'll be saving a ten spot on each garment you buy, and there's your new hat and shoes to complete the ensemble!

What more could anybody want???

We are open Friday and Saturday until 9:00 P. M.

## 24 PAGES of NEWS

16 PAGES Of Comics In Colors  
The Greatest Weekly Newspaper in the World  
24 PAGES Of Features In Colors

IN THIS WEEK'S ISSUE

The Mirror's color camera goes to work.  
Natural-color photos of science's battle to cure crippled children.

Also a full page picture in colors, of Ruby Keeler, suitable for framing

— Now on Sale at All News Dealers —

**NEW YORK SUNDAY MIRROR 5c**

## Porch Sitter Gets Nod

(Continued from Page 12)  
pairing of ever getting the dough, amounting to \$3 bucks.

Finally, he got the bright idea of hiring a big negro, named Harold Lovely, whose appearance really didn't suggest his name, to park himself on the lawyerman's University Ave. porch until he forked over the \$80 due. The accountant promised his colored porch agent \$10 . . . or half the debt . . . upon collection.

After the gentleman of color had lolled about the porch for an hour or so, a frantic wife called her hubby, telling him what the gee wanted, and asking him to come home and get rid of him. Well, hubby came home . . . struck a bargain with the man and sent him on his way.

Several days later, the accountant was walking downtown when he came across his erstwhile negro emissary decked out in splendorous regalia. Curious, he asked the gentleman where he got the dough for the new duds.

The colored gent's story was very simple. The lawyerman told him that he didn't have the \$30 bucks, but he could give him 40, so they made a deal. The negro taking the 40, which was his share according to his agreement with the accountant . . . and he added, "I collected my half all right, boss, but I'm having the darndest time trying to collect yours."

Some days you can't make a dime.

## Loses Hair!

(Continued from Page 12)  
town for the loss of more than half a head of hair, resulting from her hair being entangled in the pulley of a sewing machine . . . which had no safety device, she declares.

This equipment being new, no guards had as yet been attached to the machine, she complains. It all happened when she stooped over to pick up a fallen scissors, her flowing hair got snagged in the pulley-rope, 'n having such force that the physical shock blackened both her eyes and bruised her face at the same time.

Then she pulled her head away, and her hair broke away in armfuls. Besides being in an embarrassing condition, Mrs. Joswick can't stand the sensations of either hot or cold on her head. Why do little things like this have to happen in our local plants?

## Hot Flashes

SAM (La Guardia) GIOIA was a bit downcast when ROY YAN-GRIFLAN did not choose to cover his wager against Roys five . . . better luck next time Sam . . . Among those who helped ABE RAFF celebrate the twentieth anniversary of wedded bliss were JOE CIRAOLDI, MARY ANDREWS, MABEL LANG and FRANK (WHAM) SILVA . . . Add genial host of the week . . . JIMMY DALE . . . Several gals in the tenth ward close to Dewey carline want bigger and noisier alarm-clocks cuz they can't run fast enough to catch those flyers when they take an extra forty winks.

Genial Maitre D'Hotel:  
SHORTY HOWARD  
(Cotton Clubbery)

## SADATORIALS

### Speedsters Snuff Dogs As Coppers Lecture Kids

The gendarmes might do well to check up on that speeding situation around Midland Ave., in the n. s. of the town . . . 'n for that matter much closer to home . . . right in the shadow of headquarters . . . at the Court & Exchange corner, to be exact!

Last Friday and Sattiday two dogs, pets of people of the Midland Ave. locale, were killed by speeding cars, one travelling on the wrong side of the street. And both dogs were left lying in a mangled condition on the pavement.

It's bad enuff that 'man's best friend' has to be the victim of these speeding vehicles, but there's even more food for thought when you consider that the street is a school zone.

Residents of that district complain: "Other drivers don't bother to stop for corners, they just go around on two wheels and take up most of the adjoining street. There is supposed to be a safety campaign in town but one would never know it."

The people of that vicinity complain that the only time a police car does put in an appearance, it's not to check up on speeders, but to lecture the kiddies about playing ball near the school. The first thing we know the kiddies may be driven to play on the streets by the coppers. And then, what with the speeders, the situation will be complete.

## PANNING THE SILVER SCREEN

\*\*\*Green Light at the Palace, starting Friday, February 26—The story of a physician seeking to regain his confidence in himself and in his fellow men after an operation causing the death of a woman when his chief went to pieces in the midst of the work. Errol Flynn, as the doctor, with Margaret Lindsey as the nurse who knows the truth, take the acting honors. Anita Louise looks good while Walter Abel, Cedric Hardwick are capable. Good story with moving dialogue.

Century—February 25th—John Meade's Women . . . starring Edward Arnold, Gail Patrick and the ascension of a new star, Francine Lavinmore . . . A mixed up muddle, where a hard-headed industrialist finds that his fiancée is only in love with him for his wealth . . . Afterwards a spite wedding with one who is socially beneath him but, oh, how she loves him . . . but finding out the real reason behind the marriage, she leaves him and raises all kinds of hob. Such fun.

When You're in Love at Lowe's Rochester Starts Friday—with Cary Grant, Aline MacMahon, Henry Stephenson, Thomas Mitchell, and Catherine Duerst . . . starring Grace Moore . . . A musical comedy farce in which Grace Moore tries to enter the U. S. A. by marrying a vagabond artist she grows to love . . . It abounds with songs such as MINNIE the MOOCHER and OUR SONG, which has been a romantic hit from the pen of Jerome Kern. Don't forget IN THE GLOAMING!

## LOUD SPEAKERS, POOR SPEAKERS, & STATIC

WSAYings-Fox Movietone gave WSAY's studios a nice little plug by choosing them for a movie short which consisted of forty little fingers rambling over the keyboard . . . The young Ivory tiddlers were EVELYN PERKINS, BETTY (Ripper) COLLINS, MARION MAURER, and RUTH ALBARIAN . . . and are RIPPER and his missus strutting around the studios!!! Three new programs going on the airways: ROCHESTER PERSONALITIES OF YESTERYEAR, FIRE FIGHTERS to be put on by the volunteer fire companies in Monroe County, and a guest artist program sponsored by THE JEWISH RADIO GUILD.

WHECing-LOWELL MAC MILLAN is leaving for the southland with the Ball Club to make a series of transcriptions with WHEC's latest equipment . . . Rumored that WILBUR O'BRIEN will be enjoying a bit of southern sunshine as recording engineer . . . The whole staff required to attend an English class to improve the quality of speech . . . NICK PAGLIARI's family leaving soon to join MCK in West Va. . . Fashionplate REN FRENCH has blossomed out with the greenest shirt . . . Oh, Ken.

WHAMing-Orchids to The German Hour which featured the TECTONIA LIEDERTAFEL, under the able direction of HERMAN GENHART of the Eastman School and announced by the golden voiced ARMAND PAUL . . . Too bad there aren't more programs of the same calibre to tickle the ears of Rochester's music loving public!!! The boys planning to erect a new antenna at Victor . . . It will surpass the present one by about 600 feet and will be a single tower affair . . . The tallest in western New York . . . BEN WEAVER recuperating down in Texas after contracting a bad fever while broadcasting the flood from Louisville.

## RED HOT FLASHES

JACK WHITE going in for jazz-gals with kindness only when he's around that popular Ball's Head entry . . . True that MIKE (Flash) Capone likes to go to the Times Square to get advice on how to serve the ladies in a hash-house???

BUTCH CORDARO popular w. s. baseballer found out the two don't fit in a phone booth . . . ROMERO MOTTOIA, fair-haired boy of CUTALI's is hereby sent greetings from the Southern Tier . . . RUSS (Journal) WEINERT and the tall-'n-lovely blonde MARGE KALLSTAD took in the Saneve Concert . . . How come EDNA KENNELL no longer spouts the news for the Gannett radio flashes???

Blonde Eyeful of the Week:  
ELEANOR COLE  
(tennis fiend)

DUTCH GALLOWAY learning how to play Pinochle and wants the lads to know he can lead a trump! . . . EDDIE FINLO, demon barologist, seen strolling down the avenue in the wee hours looking down 'stead of up . . . A certain b. f. of MARIE KERR would like to know what happens to the car in the afternoon . . . how about nites, FRANK???

Helpful Damsel of the Week:  
ROSE SCHWEIZER  
(rolls a mean 200)

MARVIN (Wollensak) FOX has finally given up blondes . . . the reason for it all is the charming brunette tagged GRACE WEBER . . . JEAN GAGNIER and BETTY MUHS had to pay the Dean over at Nazareth a half-a-buck a piece before they were allowed back in class . . . it's a fine, kiddies? . . . That certain young lady was very much perturbed when she had to cough up 2 simoleons for that tire change on University Avenue in the wee hours of the ayem . . . MAIME FIGHTNER gets the nod for the most boisterous HA-HA of the week . . .

Sense of humor of any week:  
CHARLOTTE BORNEMAN  
(Cosmetician)

Those four rouga and tough gents . . . BRUNO (Bosco) MONTTELL and GERVASI are going in for those Sunday afternoon tea-parties in a big way . . . so we hear . . . What's this? . . . must be spring, we see HATT HATTERSAN walking his g. c. thru Highland Park . . . Two of the lovelier gals all males like to meet: JEAN and ANITA PETERS . . . Add sveite brunette . . . BETTY RYAN of Birr strasse . . . OFFICER KIEFER so writes in a fan . . . bruises, breaks, and kills his

### BERT'S TAP ROOM

All Legal Beverages  
SIZZLING STEAK 50c  
DINNER.....  
1548-1550 Lake Ave.  
Glen, 7104

### HOUSE of RITZ

558 E. Main St.  
CHINESE or  
AMERICAN FOOD  
As You Like It  
BUCK DINNER 50c  
Sunday, Feb. 28th  
Don Gray's Orchestra  
Plus CORA DARROW  
Zylophonist  
FRIDAY and SATURDAY

### ZR-3 RESTAURANT and TAP ROOM

109-113 State St.  
AMATEUR FLOOR SHOW  
Fri. Nite, Feb. 12  
SNAPPY RHYTHM ORCHESTRA  
PRIZE ENTERTAINMENT

### RALPH'S CAFE

458 St. Paul St.  
PIG ROAST  
Sat., Feb. 27th  
35c per plate  
Orchestra - Dancing  
Sat. Nites  
BEST SPAGHETTI  
Liquor - Wine - Beer  
Dinner all hours  
Phone: Main 8055  
RALPH MASI, Prop.

## Rochester's Most Glamorous Array of Sepia Stars

Mabel Cooper Mistress of Ceremonies  
STRAWBERRY RUSSELL and RACE HORSE WILLIAMS Vocalists Comedians  
Ruby Logan, Sepia Martha Raye Edna Miller, Song Stylist  
Edith Gibson, Female Bojangles Olive Sayles, Added Attraction  
TIN CAN, That Dancin' Walter  
BILL GEDER'S SWING BAND  
Continuous Floor Show 7 Nights

**COTTON CLUB** 176 JOSEPH AVE.



# BETTY BARRON HAS SLIGHT LEAD IN POPULARITY RACE!

## 'ROUND TOWN

Don McGill (Rochester Electro) squiring a veddy, veddy svelte blond number t'other eve and the way they looked at each other was too, too divine . . . Johnny Thomas, Babe Brown and Jimmie Hill sure get some blue notes . . . but Bill Geder tickles a mean piano . . . For a well-dressed man take a gander at lawyerman Alcott Neary . . . nize looking couple of the Cornell Club dance goes to the Elliott Gumaers with Franny Paternoster and Mary Matthews as a close second.

*Vic and Honey Gregory, ex of the Brightview Clubbery, bonned into the burg on their way to Buffalo and tried their best to toss all the spaghetti at Catali's down the hatch . . . And he sure to lamp the new sign that adorns the top of the bldg across from McAudry's . . . you would be surprised who designed it!!!*



## THE RULES ARE SIMPLE

(Read Carefully)

THE ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH, INC. POPULARITY CONTEST is open to the general public of Monroe County. All residents of Monroe County with the exception of FLASH employes and relatives are entitled to cast their ballots for their choice of the most POPULAR GIRL.

To the winner of the contest (the girl who secures the most Ballots) the FLASH will pay \$100 as of the date of April 2.

This contest is open to all unmarried girls in Monroe County between, and including, the ages of 16 and 30.

All contest ballots (or reasonable facsimiles) should be mailed (or delivered in any other manner) to the FLASH offices at 6 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

The Judges in this contest are John E. Roger and Lester Pollock.

Each ballot or facsimile is equivalent to one vote.

In the case of a tie (which is highly remote) the girls concerned can share the money in any way satisfactory to them.

It is not essential to purchase a copy of this paper to vote. Any reasonable reproduction of the ballot will be acceptable.

Ballots will be published in five consecutive issues of the FLASH, beginning with the issue of Feb. 12 and concluding March 19.

All ballots must be turned in to the FLASH offices by March 25. The name of the contest winner, together with her picture, to be published in this paper in the issue of April 2.

The FLASH will publish the names of the 25 leading contestants each week as of Feb. 19.

If any question should arise concerning any aspect of the contest the decision of the impartial and disinterested judges will be regarded as final.

## Along the Mazdas

BARTLETT . . . brings a brand new show that will start Monday eve. . . all supported by the swingtime of Ray Duffy and his boys . . . Don't miss this!

NUSBAUM'S CASINO . . . New formica-zepplin bar, only one of its kind between N. Y. and Frisco . . . Mac Macomber, music maestro. Al DeLage, Magician, with Mary Strawn, song stylist, plus a bevy of dancers.

TIMES SQUARE . . . One of the town's most decorative spots . . . New floor show featuring Nixon and Andre adagio team . . . the Five Lucky Lawrences, comedy song and dance act . . . lilting melody of Pat Cler . . . Connie Gange warbler . . . and Harry Colonial, the strolling troubadour.

COTTON CLUB . . . Little Harlem features this week "Minnie the Moocher's Wedding Day" . . . trucking of Ruby Logan . . . Racehorse Williams, Strawberry Russell, Mabel Cooper, and Edna Miller, plus Olive Sayles.

CUTALIS . . . Featuring as always excellent Italian foods. Music by Morell at the North St. restaurant and the spot on Broad Street under the jurisdiction of that head waiter of all head waiters, Frank Mancuso, Patsy Cleff's swing Trio.

BROWNIE'S . . . The Marble Bar offers the singing of radio star Ed Jardin, Franny Knox's ballads and swingtime of Chet Kechley.

RITZ . . . The hospitable house of Ritz offers good food and drinks with dancing Fridays and Saturdays.

HEDGES . . . The home of the singing waiter, George Einsfield, with tunes of Frankie Dell's Orchestra.

RIVER PARK INN . . . An intimate suburban winery in an atmosphere, conservative but not stiff. Featuring Chicken Steak and Turkey Dinners with dancing to Gleason's Orchestra every Saturday nite.

ZR-3 . . . The amateur show Friday nights is a lot of howls at this State St. eat-an-dance-and-drinkery.

SENECA TERRACE . . . Al Fast remains in that enviable spot this week with more surprises to spring on the customers.

ALLARDS . . . Bright spot on State St. brings Irwin Rockcastle, popular mimic, to provoke hilarity with Fred Lashiers Ork.

GENESEE GRILL . . . Offers their famous Neapolitan Spaghetti with music and dancing.

LANG'S GARDEN . . . Floor show which is filled with hilarity . . . plus Muzzys Dixielanders providing sweet rythm for dancing.

NAME	EMPLOYED	VOTES
BETTY BARRON	GLADYS BLISS STUDIO	129
BETTY E. MORRIS	H. O. L. C.	107
RUTH ELLIS	CAPITOL WINE & SPIRITS	94
ROMA JONES	WSAY	92
BETTY FINUCANE	BAUSCH & LOMB	90
ELSIE PINKNEY	COUNTY HOSPITAL	88
MILDRED MARTIN	WALDORF RESTAURANT	81
ANNA BRAUN	TAYLOR INSTRUMENT	80
LORETTA AMBROSE	BROWNCROFT GRILL	78
BARBARA ALAN	KODAK	78
CATHERINE BOLAND	TAYLOR INSTRUMENT CO.	65
PEGGY MUNSTER	HIGHLAND HOSPITAL	62
PEGGY JOYCE	EASTMAN KODAK OFFICE	62
MARY RICHARDSON	GENERAL HOSPITAL	62
BEATRICESPENGLERS	SIBLEY'S	47
PEGGY WILBUR	UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER	41
ESTHER BURKE	MUTUAL ENTERTAINMENT EXCH.	37
NELLIE BRENNAN	WESTERN UNION	37
MARY RUDOLPH	HAWKEYE WORKS	35
MINNIE SOPPE	H. & S. VAUDEVILLE EX	29
ADELAIDE IRWIN	ROCHESTER JOURNAL	27
STELLA RIZZO	POWERS BLDG.	25
MARY DENMARK	STAUB CLEANERS	21
EDNA FARNEY	ODENBACHS	21
MARJORY HICKEY	EDWARD'S STORE	18

CLIP COUPON AND MAIL TODAY

## Flash Popularity Ballot

Rochester Weekly Flash, Inc.  
6 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

Date Feb. 19, 1937

I submit the following, as my choice for the

**MOST POPULAR GIRL in Monroe County:**

Name ..... Address .....

Place of Employment ..... Employer's Address .....

ONE (1) VOTE

**CONTEST CLOSES MARCH 25;  
GAL WITH MOST VOTES TO GRAB  
OFF PRIZE OF \$100 IN CASH!!**



# SALLIES FROM THE ALLEYS

Most enthusiastic bowling team in the Franklin League we nod to the CHATEAU LUNCH . . . in the same league FRANKLIN GRILL five leads the pack by four games with the EAST SIDE ROBINS and STONEWAY GRILL scrapping for second place honors . . . NORM SCHOEN and DOC BROWN head the first 15 bowlers on the list with a mean 203 and 200 respective averages . . . the other 13 are all above the 190 mark . . . the FRANKLIN league has already qualified 12 bowlers for the Alley Owners Derby which comes off the latter part of March . . . the ADCRAFT gang of the Triangle League led by DAN SPRAGUE with 649 garnered the high single team total of 1,059 for the week . . . beating out the

KOETHS REST team who had 1,034 . . . KAY MURDOCK is shooting a mean 196 average for 66 games to lead the pack with 194.

Siren Smile:  
**MARION FOX**  
(Bond Clothier)

In the Franklin League the East Side Robins hold high three game team total of 3,070 . . . the Journal Sports Flash Team have high single team of 1,077 and DON PECK has high single of 279 . . . In the TRIANGLE League ITCHY BIL-LER splintered the maples for a hot 280 high single . . . with HERB JANSEN'S 279 on his heels . . . BENNY MANGIN and TONY GALBO hold high three game totals with 691 and 683 respectively . . . we wish MIKE ANTHONY one of the better pellet slingers around town, a speedy recovery from the big bad Grippe . . . MOD-ERN COAT team beat out the TAKE-IT-EASY five for high game total by 3 pins, knocking off a good 2,877.

Swell personality:  
**ISABELLE CULHANE**

JACK CARBONNEAU as Prexy . . . ART MAGIN is the Vice-Prexy . . . HAROLD "SPIKE" SPIEGEL jots down notes and counts the dough as SEC-TREAS- . . . of the ROCHESTER BOWL-ERS ASSOCIATION . . . and the Bowd of Directors lines up with CHARLEY BUONOMO, FRED MAIER, FRANK KOLEY and FRANK RUTZ . . . the local RBA is also affiliated with the Bowling Proprietors Association of America Incorporated . . . Civic Pride! and how!

Benny Sent Him:  
**BENNY**  
(H&B)

AL MORS just 25 simoleons to the good since defeating HARRY WAGNER in that match game at FRANKLIN . . . the peppiest lead-off man on the Franklin drives is NORM WEISS of the Nav-a-Lunch five . . . That ball that GEORGE REUSCHLE flings is much too fast . . . The KOETTER & SAYRE crew will tackle BAREIS SHOE team in a special latch Sunday noon . . . KESSELRING GRILL pulled the sprize of the week when they set the LILLS SPECIAL out-fit back 3 games . . . Last nite over on the Henchen slides CLEM KREUZER splintered the maples for a sweet 70. total . . . BILL RUTAN and HARRY EVERSON have swell fade balls.

Stepperarounder:  
**INA (D&C) DILMORE**

The scorehiest team in the 17th Ward Democrat League is the GROSSMAN gang . . . JIMMY ANSINI is still knocking them over at CARBONNEAUS with this

# Sporty Spiel

The crack IROQUOIS Lacrosse team stacks up against the notorious BUFFALO BIONS on the armory floor tonite with blood in their eyes and murder in their hearts . . . and the reason . . . in the past week BUFFALO PIERCE, MAXIE MARTIN, SMILEY YOUNG, and MEL MILLER, who broke his finger in three places in the first minute of last week's game . . . are all hors de combat with injuries . . . The BIONS were defeated twice before this season by the local stick-wielders and are loading up aplenty for this tussel . . . CLIFF LICKERS will replace JUDY GARLOW, dismissed for indifferent playing . . . AL STAATS, ART BOMBERRY, JOE LOGAN, NELS MARTIN and RED PARSONS promise to show the Injuns plenty of heels and will make them think nothing short of a cyclone hit them.

BRIEFS: . . . LES HARRISON thrives on boos . . . BOB MAXWELL learning to referee games . . . RUSS BROWN, local semi-pro hurler, pastimed with the Akron club in the Middle Atlantic league, being released to the St. Augusta nine in the South Atlantic circuit . . . RUSS returned his contract back unsigned . . . In the HOUSE OF DAVID-SEAGRAM game RED LaFLAME pulled a sleeper while sitting with the crowd when the liker boys were shooting for the foul . . . GARCY MINK sat with him and tried to weight him down but RED flipped him over his shoulder for a loss . . . about 30 fouls were committed in this game—no foul rule of course . . . ROY VAN-GRAPLIN claims his club rates 1-2 with none, threatens to chuck all the suits in the river if his FILARETS lose to the BONDS again . . . PAUL BRIGANDI counters with: I was very much surprised that my BOND GIRLS beat the FILS by but one point in the first game and can't understand how we lost the second . . . MUGGYS SOLOMON of the CENTRALS picks the SEAGRAMS to cop the title against the J Y's . . . also challenges the winner of the series to a single or three game series for city honors and for a nize little side bet . . . game to be played anywhere anytime.

week's high of 692 . . . MARION WITTMAN and AL DeBRUYNE copped first money in Reynold's mixed troubles tourney with MIKE ZELLAR and EDNA HUSS taking second . . . This sabbathday Culver Hall stages a Class B Tourney for teams with a lumbined average of 350 with a guaranteed prize list of 100 bucks . . . An Adams Hat goes to HARRY DEYLE who garnered a high single game of 278 on the Reynolds alleys . . . LOU STALKNECHT rolling consistently on the Holy Family drives with this week's high single of 235 . . .

Up and coming snapper:  
**MARY MacMAHON**

MILTON WOODS rates high 3 game laurels with a sweet 725 for Elms best . . . LEW LATOY is Genesee's best with a good 700 . . . In the HENCHEN Thursday nite league HAUBNER STALKNECHT'S BRAYERS DUTCH BAR VOELKLS HOTEL and the MEYER-FREEMAN SHOES are having a sweet race for top honors . . . all teams are one game behind the leaders . . . RAY BENZON leads the league with a 69 game average of 202 . . . DOM SHERZI is topping the pins for a 200 even with AL JOHNSON and MARKEY CHAFEL hitting averages of 198 and 197, respectively.

# Try This Fancy Recipe

NEW DEPARTMENT—

In keeping with the times, this sheet has a few recipes for the tired old housewife, the same as the Journal has. Our recipe guy is Mischa Pippick, who is now out of a job on account of his last place didn't like his cooking.

Here's Mischa's recipe for a dinner to please the fastidious. It ought to.

- 1 swig of gin.
- Another swig of gin.
- 1 bowl of dry soup.
- Another swig of gin.
- ½ pound of potato chips.
- Season with salt and pepper.
- 1 more gin.
- 1 bag of peanuts.
- (Go to rest room and return).
- One more gin.
- No dessert.

This makes towards a damn fine bit of eating.

# Hot Flashes

Next Thursday eve WELKER COCHRAN, World's Champion 18.2 Balkline artist who is two-time 3 cushion champ, meets Newark's pride in an exhibition match at JEROME KEOH'S Billiard academy . . .

Next Saturday and Sunday the COLLINS & FELLER Golf school will sponsor a table tennis tournament and all Monroe County players are eligible providing the 50 cent entry fee is paid . . . JOHN-NY KILBOURNE will defend his title with JACK COWLEY of Cleveland rating as leading contender . . . DICK DEAN, DICK CURTIN, HOBIE FERRIS, and diminutive DANNY GOLDMAN have also entered . . .

Nize nurselady:  
**HAZEL VENTRESS**  
(General Sickery)

TEDDY SMOLKA makes so many dates with the comely JEAN Thomas, but that's all . . . like last Wedseve!!! . . . Gene MALIN was to have celebrated his 20th birthday at g. f. STELLA's domicile but mama says no, no . . . so what???. . . No Party! . . . MARY DeLUCLA giving her all for the Dixie movie-house . . . NONA WHALEN doing likewise for Fanny Farmer . . . DOM (Tubby) BRUNO was all of a burn when he couldn't beat his own high score of 370 on that skee-ball contraption . . . One of the more congenial mixologises is FRANK PALOZZI at the Blue Front . . . he's a brother to the up'n'coming amateur boxer . . .

Dapper Dan Sculptor:  
**BOB VAN VOORHIS**

Raconteur:  
**FELIX LIPPAN**  
(Adman)

**LACROSSE**  
"Modified Murder"  
**ARMORY**  
Every Friday Night  
50c and 75c

Tickets Now On Sale At  
Adams Hats, 132 E. Main St.;  
Powers Hotel, Main 4802; Roch.  
Sporting, 11 State St.; Seneca Hotel,  
Main 4748; Spaulding, 114 St. Paul;  
Cress Hall, 507 E. Main St.

**HAPPY DAYS**  
Are Here Again  
At Genial

**CHARLIE HELBERG'S**  
1260 North St. Main 8234  
FOR THE BEST  
In  
FOOD LIQUORS  
WINES BEERS

**BUONOMO BOWLING HALL**  
78 Charlotte St.

**BOWLING**  
IS SPORT & EXERCISE  
6 New Alleys  
**MUHS BROS.**  
911 N. CLINTON

**IF** You are curious to know where you can get your watch repaired by experts—  
At a Real Saving See  
**ALBERT'S JEWELRY SHOP**  
490 W. Main opp. Gen'l Hosp.  
All Work Guaranteed for 1 Yr.

**GAS and OIL**  
Central Service Station  
275 State St.  
Service With A Smile

**HIGHLAND GINGER ALE and FRUIT ORANGE**  
With Premium Caps  
CALL  
Your Dealer or  
GENESE 333

**Brass Rail**  
352 Main St. E.  
HEADQUARTERS  
BOWLERS'

**SENECA TERRACE SUPPER CLUB**  
1683 DEWEY AVENUE

Beautiful Night Spot  
AL FAST  
Presents an All Star Floor Show  
Colorful Girls The Talk of The Town

NO Cover Minimum { MUSIC 7 NITES } Gen 7:00



GO - Where the Crowd goes  
**CUTALI'S**  
Famous for SPAGHETTI

NOW  
**A NEW TASTE THRILL**

Awaits you at either location—if you haven't tried Spaghetti a la Cutali or those delectable Ravioli Dinners—

107 North Street  
LEO MORRELL'S  
Orchestra  
for DANCING

25 Broad Street  
PAT CLEFF  
ELWOOD WALTERS  
at Noon and Dinner

# INSIDE AND LOWDOWN

The Doc Billy Berwald's . . . he's the popular young Highland Hosp. M.D. . . soon to have a sacred addition . . 'n incidentally the lad is headed for the Mayo's . . . Nurse Janet Sibble down to Palmyra for dinnah . . . which is a heluva long way to go for dinner, if ya know what we mean.

Ritzzy street scene . . . Mayor Cholly Stanton pointing a last week's copy of the FLASH under the nose of genial Frank Cutler, the Alcega Maestro . . . Strong man Max Rosenstach angling for a booking with the Schine Theatre chain . . . Dick Mansfield, the Seneca servander of parts, chipping a love ditty for the edification of that ducky couple last Saturday nite . . . 'n did they cuddle close? . . . Nightingale Lois Minard nose down, nose up . . . with a bad side.

Prentiss Morgan, the local Richard Harding Davis, fuoting Shakespeare ad lib the other eve . . . 'n mingling it all with a few of Morgan's own pearls of wisdom . . . Is Alma Vanderwheel stepping out on sweetie, Frank Fleck? . . . How these rumors get around! . . . Al Sigl, the rapid-fire radio caster, should have dropped words instead of nickles into one of those machines . . . it would have been pleasanter . . . for Al.

Locks installed on doors in Mechanic's dorm since scare over alleged prowler . . . Employees of Sibley's not allowed to eat in buffet or Torcer restaurant without their hats . . . soho . . . trend of fashion and selling course compulsory in under nourished hirelings who must attend without customary overtime . . . Add contests, that pic making and eating controversy won by Kera Whitecomb, now N. Y. state champ.

Luffly brunette Dottie Davidson apparently has a yen for the Bobs' . . . 'n every Sattiday nite seems to be sport roadster nite . . . And don't let anybody kid you, folks, even the over-worked Tel. operators have their crop of romance . . . 'number please' gal Min Fumia has a sparkler dangling from that certain finger . . . 'n from a student of law, no less.

Laddy Palmer, Taylor Instrument tycoon, chips 'four favour all the way to New York . . . We feel plenty prezed and hurt . . . why is it that Walter J. Kane doesn't address any of those super-special letters to this dept. . . we repeat . . . we feel hurt, Walter . . . Is that cute kid gal's cardiac thumping (she's an East Avenueer) all the way to Hamilton Colliery for steward John's Adler?

Condolences to Ted Copenhagen (ice tycoon) for losing that route book with \$200 accounts receivable therein . . . what a fix! . . . Reward!

Can it be that Marge Gibson, the gal with the beautiful orbs, is planning a trip southward . . . as a part of a honeymoon? . . . J. R. Wolk, the demon tissue man, said by his friends to now be a member of good standing in the Knights of the Dog House . . . but how do they know . . . when they can't get near the lad? . . . Joan Eberling sizzling 'cause her mouicker has been coupled with that Seneca smoothie organ-grinder . . . 'n did that tall, blonde and handsome have anything to do with the fateful ring going back to Boston?

Lawyerman John McInerney having his difficulties spaghetti-bending at Cut-ali's . . . Angelo Rose gone into retirement . . . Junnelman Ed Kreckman supposed to be very fond of bowling? . . . we know why, but we're not telling . . . Alan Gould A. P. sports editor would have been anything but joyful if he had glimpsed his mal-treated sports article in the first edition of Wednesday's D. & C. . . a lamentable hodge-podge . . . Dick Smith (junnel-flash) nearly went flooey recovering from the fluey . . . oh, phooey.

Tuesday found all the lads from the Monroe County Restaurant and Liquor Dealers Association throwing a bank-reet at Brocenes . . . Frank (I've Blew You) Hayes returned from Florida with the 70 k. coat of tan to attend . . . For entertainment the famed Bernita with her fans, Edra Cooper plus the snakes, with Franny Knox and Eddie Lardin doing the warbling . . . all the lads from Hotel (prezy) Smith's roster were in evidence.

(D&C) Brizee and Marguerite (Honey) Unterborn of the B&Beery planning a nest off St. Paul Blvd. . . . Joe Quirk has moved from the ZR-3 to Maxie Nussbaum's . . . Offside to 12-M-24 . . . why the big rush going up Stone Strasse . . . we like to be pedestrians with a bit of right for life and limb . . . The birthday patty thrown for the Missus Cholly Freeman by Tom Field ultra-svelte . . . among those bank-wetting Peg and Harold Wyles, Eleanor the Plant, Marion Bundy, Flossie Steele, Bud Smythe, Dick O'Donnell, with the quips of Bus Smith . . . Cholly Freeman sprung for a big sparkler in honor of the birthday, but did Marion ever enjoy dancing with Irishman Dick O'Donnell??

Servey story of the week goes to Sanford Sloan who called cops when two fish flopped off tub in basement . . . Must have been big fish or how could Sam hear them when he was ensconced on second floor . . . Art Nussbaum complains that thieves are growing too bold . . . they swiped a \$200 chair from under his nose . . . The Rowe El. complain of non-busking of alleys . . . Offside to Violet Williams—watch those duplicate keys and your jewelry won't go the way of all flesh.

Hugh Harper, beer baron, believes in advertising his own wares by sampling . . . Dean (Air-conditioned) Quinby arrived in Arizona for conditioned air . . . frau will join him from coast . . . Prexy (Teall's Ice Cream) Brigham is likely to be the delegate for the Rotary International at the convention at Nice, France . . . Enid Margro, frau of Walt Disney's Joe Margro, stopped off in town on the way to join Joe in Hollywood.

Every time Harry Bernstein is an authority on floods . . . he makes Noah look ignorant . . . Lee Beach, demon popsicle man, was splashed to the high winds Monday morn . . . when a Terraplane whizzed up a little mud . . . 'n so were all Lee's elegant ice cream cone displays.

## Toler Tells Off!

Quite a sensation occurred in Chamber of Commerce circles when James P. Toler, the well-known Major, reportedly, drew himself up to his impressive height and inferred to an equally well-known professional man and writer that his articles on National Defense Week were out of order . . . and that he, James Toler, solely had sufficient authority and seniority (whoops!) to generate so weighty an article. "Address me as 'Sir'", the good Major is reputed to have told the "officious" writer of the article. Ho-hum . . . people have more fun than anybody.

Dan Donahue rates an orchid from his slaving for the Citizen's Tax League . . . 'n it's a damn good idea if the taxes on real estate were reduced . . . Ed Winters, Delco demon, still gets most of his pleasure thru thinking of those gay Princeton days . . . Why doesn't some enterprising politician get an ordinance thru banning snow, cold and sleet . . . they'd have something there . . . how about it, Jake?

Kay Wendy 'n Harold Kent preparing to take that fatal step . . . Betty (Kodacuthe) Anderson claims a beast of a time in Buffalo . . . Don Merriam has a beautiful barroom baritone . . . Eddie Burke (Brighton Hotel mixerupper) gazes for hours at the monkey in Hart and Vicks' window . . . Sid Grymin (vacuum cleaner tycoon) claims an offer of a doxery of eight grand . . . so what!

Has the partnership of John Kelley and Jimmie Hart gone bust?? Claire Mooney has retired from circulation . . . Franz Schlaffer cops the cookies as champ sudser . . . Trick horse of last week's cavalry horseshow was imported and was not troop horse as gullible public were led to believe . . . Chuck (Lyell Ave. mfr.) Ansley has been understudying to Alfred Lunt . . . will make debut in Rochester in IDIOT'S DELIGHT.

Offside to 2M-7428, such goings on in the back seat!!! and to 4M-6029, the scenery in Genesee Valley Park is so beautiful in the moonlight . . . What sort of an explosion separated that much-in-love couple, the lovely Daltonite, Harriett Kelley and her gent Bob?? don't they realize the grass on the other side is no greener?? Blum from Swan's wants to know who Flashed him . . . In answer to that certain guy's question . . . Kay Gillis is the pretty, selling tickets at Newell Grinnell's Ticketorium.

Among the missing Jack (Sax) Warshoff's smiles . . . Did Honey Kane receive the ring from Morris Lipson? . . . Jim (Kodaker) McDonald, whose heart throbs lives on the w. k. west side blvd, rates the nod as being this week's best dresser . . . Charming while arming . . . Lorette Conroy and Lawyerman Art Chamberlain . . . Carl Wolfe b. s. Buffalonian, calls weekly at the Seneca for a rendezvous with Forman's pretty buyer . . . Harry Evans, tenor photographer, takes in more territory in that new gas buggy . . . Bill Schauch recuperating at the General Sicker . . . Joe Anderson, tray toter, returned to Allards from Little Falls.

Ark (Yings Square) Argyries taking meals off the mantel after horsebacking at Brooklea . . . Seniorita Bianca takes the nod as champ window kicker-outer . . . Ed Murphy consulting all text books on Supreme Court . . . he ready for splash!!! Lawyerman Aaron Shapiro almost stooped over carrying 24 briefs—pages and pages of unappreciated effort . . .

Joe Duell and Mabel Herman supposed to have had fun in Elmira . . . but why charter that plane to get back to town?? Can it be that all those fish that Mike (bakerman) Sepian are supposed to have caught are still in the fish market? . . . Is Eva Baird the lassie who is going to launder all those new towels for Bill Dingwald's hideaway at Canandaigua Lake? Adam Clumbly reported writing a novel entitled "From Coal Heaver to Vacuum Cleaner Salesman."

Darling Dictaphone Operator of the week Dorothy (French's) Berkowitz . . . Paul (schiskers) Benton now in Gotham with a w. k. news agency . . . Where did Dick (Ork Leader) get that cupie doll that stuck out of the pocket on his ramble down Clinton Strasse . . . Isie Bernstein and Dave Solomon—Front St.'s busy boys . . . Demon counter-man of the week Al. (Requa Electric) Lamphier . . . Blonde matron of any week Claire (Mrs. Marsden) Fox.

Rabid Sports:  
BETTY HART  
&  
SUE COLLINS  
(and soooo nice)

## Dogs Have Dog's Life!

Disgusted dogs resigned to fate peer languidly out of cages at gushing guys and gals whose chief remarks seemed to be "Isn't (or Ain't) he the cutest little thing." We imagine that some of the Great Danes and St. Bernards are cute like the Grand Canyon. How would you look in a nice little cage? We'll take the dog.

Offside to Bud Chasey . . . what attraction makes you spend so much time in that w. k. reading room?? That grapefruit juice licked the cold of Fitzhugh Street's Betty Dailey . . . Heard that George Einsfield busts the buttons off his vest and keeps all Flash clippings concerning him . . . Bowler, euchreman and restaurateur Pat Soldi should qualify on Major Bowes program with that harmonica . . . Vic (Rubinoff) Hedges made debut over WESG at Elmira.

## OLD GOLD!

Several of our readers would like us to draw a blueprint as to how we arrived at the name Ruddyard Kipling in answer to Puzzle No. 23 of the Old Gold Contest.

Rud may mean one of two things in this picture . . . a corruption of the word ruddy which means the color of the paint in the bucket, or it may be the joint of a mast and a yard, rud; the yard is that cross member upon which the gob is parking his fanny . . . So now kiddies we have RUDYARD.

A kip is the untanned hide of a 6-week calf; a li (pronounced lee) is a small weight, and the NG is in the dialogue of the sailor with a nose like Durante's . . . If this isn't right try Huey Long, we don't care!!! After a strenuous week's work we smoke Camels for jangled nerves anyhow.

Springeruppers:  
M. C. R. A. L. D. A.  
(Guess What?)

## Nuts Come To Nuts Or Vice-Versa

Rochester Weekly Flash  
Dear Editor:

There's a friend of mine who has a tame squirrel she feeds at her house every afternoon promptly at 3 o'clock and is so tame he even comes in her house when the window is left open.

But would you give the young lady a good idea for a pet name that she could call this animal. The owner is Florence King and I'm sure she would be much obliged for any good suggestion to what you feed such animals as nuts are scarce and too expensive.

Signed—A Friend

Dear Friend:

Suggest that you call the animal FLASH, as we are all a bit squirrely on this sheet. But, dear reader, we must take exception to your observation on the scarcity of nuts. There are plenty of them walking around downtown. Seriously, have you ever tried a good nut?

Editor of Animal Dept.

## Sunderlin Complains He Wasn't Divorced Right

(Continued from Page 12)

the shoe heiress . . . or does he just want to know whether he's single or no?

The material tangles of Marian Thing-Sunderlin-Judd, heiress to the million buck Thing shoe fortune are getting funnier and funnier. Suit has been made as you all know by ex-hubby Lathrop Sunderlin, East Ave. jeweler, in which he questions not only the legality of the Reno divorce which parted him from his million dollar frau . . . but speculates right out loud if the hubby she is now living with is really her hubby.

In other words, kiddies, Sunderlin is contending that the divorce which his wife secured from him in Reno, Dec. 7, 1935 is not binding. The inferences drawn from this are rather complicated . . . 'cause Marian was wedded several months later to Leland Judd, Lincoln-Alliance bank sekky, and ex-roomie of Sunderlin's at Penn U. It's a great thing about roomies in college they get the habit of sharing each other's neckties and shirts . . . 'n some-time they even go further than that.

Marian and Leland were married almost a year ago today, in fact, they're probably making plans for their first anniversary celebration this Sunday. The marriage took place six weeks after the Reno-vation.

However, Sunderlin and his frau arrived at a separation

agreement on Oct. 23, 1935 . . . in which a trust fund of \$23,000 apiece was created for each of the kids, Everett, 16 and Jean 12 . . . with the father getting the custody of the boy and the mother the custody of the girl.

But, this is all beside the point. The issue is Sunderlin's claim that the divorce granted in Reno was not valid . . . which would make Marian Thing's marriage to Judd just one of those things.

Marian got her Reno divorce (the decree being granted and entered at this time) Dec. 7, 1935 at 11:29 A. M. Which means the whole business was transacted in a course of two hours or so. Marian, thru her attorneys, claims that Sunderlin was served with the necessary papers on the same date here in Rochester, while Sunderlin claims nothing of the sort ever happened.

The latest development in the case right now is the issuing of a court order for examination of Edward Lunsford before trial takes place in Monroe County Supreme Court. Lunsford's the Reno lawyerman who handled Sunderlin's interest's in far away Reno . . . where it's easier to get divorced than married.

The Judd's are now dwelling in the domicile where the Sunderlin romance crashed at 1674 Highland Ave. And ex-hubby Sunderlin claims that they're not living there the way a man and a woman are generally supposed to.

And so there you are . . . Sunderlin claiming he never appeared in the divorce action, himself, and his frau contending that he had been properly served according to the law . . . and that she is living within the holy bounds of matrimony.

Now what's the motive of it all . . . it appears that Lathrop Sunderlin has been thinking the matter over . . . and has come to the conclusion that he got a right raw deal . . . from all parties concerned. And not only that, it wouldn't be a bit surprising if Sunderlin feels pretty lonely without the company of a woman he had been as one with . . . for more than 15 years.

### Hot Flashes

Lots of the local boys and gals are gonna trek down to FELIX (THE CAT) MILLICAN's big and beautiful Leicester Casino this Fishday eve . . . to hear sepia BLANCHE CALLOWAY do her stuff . . .

## GORTON!

(Continued from Page 12)  
well-liked mentor only had a couple of years of collitch . . . 'n no degree.

In these days of much, much learning a man isn't supposed to be capable of brushing his teeth unless he has a flock of degrees tied on after his handle. Gorton coming under the classification of an instructor, was nominally subject to the same rules as any faculty man.

It didn't make much difference how well he taught the boys their track, he just didn't have a proper degree. It looks like you have to have a PHD these days to even get in the bread line.

We don't want to hurt anybody's feelings, but if Doc Edwin Fauver, the head of the U of R's physical ed. dept., didn't fire the populah coach . . . who the hell did?

However, Gorton shouldn't fret. Degrees or no degrees, he's a good track coach. He'll get along.

## FARR OUT

(Continued from page 12)

there will also be a curtailment of classes at the Allendale school. Junior and Senior high-school grades being dropped. Among other things it seems that the school enrollment has dropped off almost 50 per cent over a small period of time.

Some time ago when the Columbia and Allendale schools were combined, a debate was supposed to have arisen between Barclay and the Board of Trustees, numbering such illustrious gents as Sam Durand and Dean Quinby, as to the selection of the prefectress at the Columbia Preparatory School on Goodman St. And overruling Barclay, the Board is reported to have chosen the prefectress, Mrs. Simpson, without consulting Barclay at all.

However, as that may be, Mr. Farr can be busy making other plans.

Swell Cartoons:  
JO METZER'S  
(D. & C.)

### Reno-ations On Fire In Albany!

Assemblyman Matthew J. McLaughlin has introduced a bill under which divorcees obtained in other states would only be recognized under conditions that would apply in New York State. This means infidelity. Concerning out of state divorcees, he says:

"This method of dissolving the marriage is not available to the poorer class of citizens who cannot afford the luxury of such a convenient method. The foreign divorce bill will prevent such discrimination by denying validity of such a divorce where it is obtained by the citizens of New York State."

In other words if you still insist in getting your divorce out in sunnier climes, be sure that it is granted on infidelity and not some such poppycock as mental cruelty. Bye, bye, Reno!

## LITE CO. FINDS LOCAL EDISON?

(Continued from Page 12)

around with one of their super-special electric meters in the cellar of his domicile at 20 Bacon Place so that the fella didn't have to pay a bill . . . at any rate, one to speak of. If this is so, Torre's got something there.

Here's what the Gas & Electric laddies are kicking about: (while Torre is said to be busy blaming the contrivance on his wife . . . who is busy denying she was in any-way connected with her hubby's alleged inventive genius).

In their warrant against Torre ('tis said his real name is Terra, meaning earth, but that he changed it to Torra, meaning tower — indeed, a simple way to get up in the world) the little Light Co. is accusing Torre of "the crime of interfering with an electric meter," which they claim he committed in this manner.

Torre, they allege, "with intent to defraud did obstruct and prevent the action of a meter used to measure the quantity of electricity" in his house.

Now here's how they claim the lad showed his Edisonian powers . . . but put them to poor use. Of course, everybody knows that the meters are connected with the various wires of the company's, so that the electric current passes thru the individual meters (where it registers thru the means of a revolving disc inside the meter) . . . and the number of revolutions to the disc just about tells John Public how much he has to dish out to the G&E pipples.

Leslie Sheldon, the Gas & Elec.'s super-sleuth in these kind of things, claims in no uncertain terms that when he was snooping around Torre's cellar, prying into the meter he "found a wire running thru the left wing nut hole of the electric meter into the meter and resting on the metal disc inside the meter."

Senor Sheldon also brought

out the point that because of this rigging the turning of the disc was so obstructed, that it prevented the quantity of electricity used by Torre from being properly measured."

And when Senor Sheldon says "properly measured," he means that Torre's light bills were just about nil.

This is a very sad story. However, there is one shiny lite . . . if Alphonse Torre (or Terra) did all the G&E pipples said he did, General Electric is losing a good man . . . and Torre is wasting his time. Edison would probably have loved a guy like him.

Now listen, folksies, let this be a lesson to you. Don't go too close to your own electric meter . . . and better still, stay out of your cellar. 'Cause some kinds of economy just don't pay.

Be honest. Be brave.

Popular Aviator and  
Obstetrician:  
Doc JEROME LEADLEY  
(Genesee Strasse)

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(No Story)

A PAPER  
THAT DARES  
TO TELL THE  
TRUTH



The Rochester Weekly  
**FLASH**



**10<sup>c</sup>** DON'T  
PAY  
LESS!

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 26, 1937

# SUNDERLIN AVERS SHOE HEIRESS IS STILL HIS WIFE!!

**DECISION AGAINST RENO DIVORCES WOULD MAKE THOUSANDS ROAR . . . AND LOOK TOO, TOO FUNNY AND SINNY FOR WORDS**

**HEIRESS MARIAN THING, LELAND JUDD SET TO CELEBRATE 1ST ANNIVERSARY AS EX-HUBBY CLAIMS THEY AREN'T EVEN LEGALLY MARRIED!**

Is E. Lathrop Sunderlin hankering for the affections of his ex-wife, nee Marian Thing? . . . she's

(Continued on Page 11)

**GORTON FIRED FOR NO DEGREE**

Frank Gorton, the popular son, kiddies. And it really U. of R. track coach, had the isn't much of a secret. The can tied on him for one rea-

(Continued on Page 11)

**Colored Gent Bests D. T. Lawyerman And Big Shot Accountant**

Here's one we give Walter Winchell permission to pick up:

An w.k. accountant in the City Hall Annex had a bill for services rendered to a w.k. lawyerman in the Powers Bldg. . . . and was des-

(Continued on Page 7)

**WPA Foremen On W. K. Spot?**

Just a little more trouble in the WPA . . . 'n really nobody should get alarmed. But the story goes that a Federal sleuth is working out on one of the WPA jobs in this burg . . . posing as a laborer of the soil . . . and, in the meantime, keeping a brite eye on the activities of a couple of the WPA foremen on the jobs.

And the cause for all this super-sleuthing? . . . Well, the stories have been going the rounds quite persistently that a couple of the WPA foremen have been merchandising job materials . . . which is a heluva illegal way to coin dough, if ya know what we mean. We hope the foremen don't read this and get scared.

**BARCLAY FARR OUT AT RITZY SCHOOL**

Barclay Farr, the gentlemanly head of the exclusive Allendale School, is definitely reported thru as principal of this school at the close of the current school year. Farr, a brother-in-law of the redoubtable Harper Sibley, has been rumored on his way out for the last several weeks. But this time it's final. As soon as this term ends

(Continued on Page 11)

**Lite Co. Yells That Guy Did Tricks With Meter**

If you don't use candles or oil-lamps, you'll get a kick out of this. The Gas & Electric boys are up in the air to a fare-the-well. Right now they're alleging that a gee by the name of Alphonse Torre monkeyed

(Continued on Page 11)

**WOMAN LOSES HAIR IN SEWING MACHINE; FILES CLAIM AGAINST MICHAELS-STERN CO.**

As a result of one of the most unusual accidents in this town, Mrs. Anthony Joswick is filing claim against the Michael-Stern clothing outfit in

(Continued on Page 7)

**Betty Barron Takes Lead In Popularity Contest**

SEE PAGE 8