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ATHER:
Mostly
headaches
and
hangovers

The Rochester Weekly

FLASH

10^c Cheap
for
the
TRUTH

Vol. 1—No. 1

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 30, 1936

Hospitals Here Face Labor Rows For 1937

Xtry, Xtry!! FLASH!!

Rochester is going to have something new in the way of a newspaper—here it is.

Newspapers are a good deal like people—the older they get the dourer they're likely to be.

The Rochester FLASH is so young it can pretty nearly qualify for being the first baby of 1937.

But—and no kidding—it's a Rochester product all the way through.

Its capital is being furnished by Rochester business men who aren't afraid to take a chance. Its staff—both of 'em—are Rochester folk. It's produced here.

And we hope like hell it's going to be sold here!

In other words WE ARE NOT THE LATE LAMENTED BUGLE dressed up in a new suit of clothes and filled with good New Year's resolutions.

GET THIS STRAIGHT RIGHT AT THE START!

We're not going into the rights and wrongs of the Bugle case. So far as this town is concerned that's a dead issue. It's likely the poor old Bugle did a lot of good here—it stirred up the place anyway—and Mister District Attorney O'Mara says it did a lot of harm. You could say that about almost any sheet from California to Maine.

When any city of 350,000 has only three newspapers, controlled by two men, there ought to be room for one weekly, not tied down to the heavy sugar, which can afford to do the following things:

1. Tell the truth about what's going on.
2. Not worry about what the stuffed shirts think of it.
3. Not take itself too seriously.

And that—mah frans—is what we aim to make The FLASH. We'll promise you at the start that The Flash is going to be clean—we aren't going to build circulation on sex rackets. We aren't going to hurt anyone who hasn't got it coming. But we aren't going to lay off when they have. To put it more plainly we don't care what you or anyone else does—but if you get into trouble doing it don't come around ask-

(Continued on Page 10)

Service Workers At Strong Memorial In Fight On Pay Cuts

He Should Have Sent Them Word About It

Captain Albert Stevens, a tropical explorer of the stratosphere and one of the U. S. Army's ace scientific experts, was here in Rochester just a few days ago. But you'd never know it from reading the daily papers!

Why should Stevens' visit here, and his conference with some of Bausch & Lomb's range-finding experts, be ignored?

Has it anything to do with the general war scares? Your guess is as good as ours.

Hot Flashes

Bandman ART TAYLOR of the Bartlett Clubbery was flashed on Satiddy eve . . . entertaining the two General Hosp nurses and their swains . . . with Wally and Eddie stories . . . and not bad . . . LINK (Kodak) CODDINGTON and his honya stepped out to a Main Stem Joolry shop the other day . . . and inspected the rings . . . which may mean a merger flash any day now . . . Among the best-gifted doggies around the village . . . this Yuletide . . . was Coroner DICK LEONARDO's Fritzie . . . who got a tree and everything else a pup could wish for!

Calling JEAN LOMBARDO of the West Main Stem cleanery—Many thanx for cleaning his half of the walk . . . says the next door Jooler . . . and the good neighbor spirit is much appreciated . . . but how's about returning the nickel found while doing the cleaning?? ANGELO REALE, Wilder Street citizen . . . has built himself a flag pole . . . and now wants to know what to do with it!!! Sympathy to Journal scribe DAVE KESSLER . . . who's now mending in the hospital . . . and minus his appendix.

Is Rochester going to see its first hospital strike in the not so distant future? It wouldn't be any surprise.

Because it seems the hospital under-dogs are beginning to show their teeth and do some growling.

And it's a cinch that if they do strike, the sympathy of the public—and that's what wins strikes and always, has—is going to be with them.

Most folks when they think of hospital, think of selfless men and women "in white."

They forget, even if they ever realized, that scores of men and women in dingier garb are needed to make huge institutions run smoothly.

They meet Nurse Soandso and Doctor Blank, but they don't know much about the boys and girls who do the dirty work.

It's the employees of these "service occupations" who are beginning to show their teeth.

Out at Strong Memorial Hospital—which incidentally has less reason than most of the others for being niggardly—the service employes organized some time ago (no, we know you didn't see anything about it in the daily (papers)).

Out of some 200 "service" employes the union organizers claimed a membership of approximately 175.

Oddly enough, shortly afterwards some sizable pay cuts were handed out by the management and most of 'em seemed to fall on members of the union. About a week ago the union members held a meeting in Carpenters' Hall to talk over their troubles.

The hospital claims it's already paying its service employees the best wages of any hospital in the city—and that's not so damned hot either—and that it has an annual deficit of some 60,000 of the best every year.

Sounds like a pretty weak alibi for taking a few dollars

a month away from a class of workers who already are putting in the longest sort of hours, doing hard and disagreeable work, for wages that are often lower than WPA pay.

After all, ladies and gents, who is that foots this 60,000 smacker deficit of the Strong-Memorial?

Why our old friend the University of Rochester, no less, And if there's any outfit in town better able to foot a deficit, we'd like to have some brother or sister come right out in the meeting and name it.

Whether the moguls of Strong-Memorial will decide that risking a strike of the service is worth the few paltry dollars a month they'll save on the present program remains to be seen. Whether the workers feel strong enough to launch such a strike also remains to be seen. We don't claim to be prophets on this.

But there are several other angles to the labor troubles out at Strong.

The first and probably the most important is the attitude of the other hospitals. So far, we understand, the unionization movement among the service workers is confined to the Crittenden Boulevard sick-shop.

But it's a two to one shot that if the workers at Strong win their case the boys and

(Continued from page 2)

TORCH MURDER MORE HOOD

SERVICE WORKERS AT STRONG MEMORIAL IN FIGHT ON PAY CUTS

(Continued from Page 1)

gals in the other hospitals are going to start beefing on their own account. Right now they're doing some watchful waiting.

The sick-shop bosses know all this well enough. And that, of course, isn't going to make things any easier for the Strong workers in gaining the restoration of their cuts.

The second angle is that no bosses anywhere like the idea of a successful union movement. Naturally the pay cuts aren't the only grievances of the service workers. They complain that too many of them have their work stretched out to 12 hour days, that they seldom get any overtime despite the low wages they receive. They also kick about poor food and abuse on the part of hospital department heads.

Another squawk of the workers is that many of them don't get a full day off a year except during their vacation periods.

It's as clear as Hemlock that a first success for the union is going to strengthen future demands for the remedying of these other conditions.

A third angle is that the hospital bosses can count upon the "co-operation" of the daily press in handling the news of a possible strike and in editorial comment on it.

And there's a fourth angle—

And that is the fact that Rochester hospitals could save a lot of money a year—and not at the expense of the employes or the public—if they would install more business-like methods in doing their business.

It seems fair right here to ask a question. What happened to the complete report on the operation and service of the Rochester hospitals that was made a few years ago by the Rochester Bureau of Municipal Research?

And the answer is just as simple as the question. That complete report still reposes in the files of the Bureau.

The section of the report favorable to the service, etc., of the hospitals was released to the press and duly given columns and columns of space, oodles and oodles of gushing editorial comment.

But the section which was critical of many of the business practices of the hospitals was withheld from the press.

It's only fair to say this wasn't done by Director Welser of the Bureau or the men who worked on the report. It was done by order of the Board of Directors, of which Rush Rhees, then president of the University of Rochester, was head.

But the fact remains that the critical part of the report—which was plenty hot—was held back and never has been made public.

Before the hospitals squawk poverty too loudly it might be well worth their while—only it's easier to get money from the suckers—to see whether they can't save some by better business methods.

It's probably a damned good thing for Rochester that the service workers are organizing.

For a long time the hospitals and their shortcomings have been among the forbidden topics for Rochester newspapers.

Rochester might easily enough get better hospital service for less money if the public had a chance to size up the facts!

Hot Flashes

ARPER, young blade around the west side . . . hid in a hearse the other nite . . . just for a gag . . . but Coach CHUCK YOUNG of the Vay gridgers was the perfect image of a ghost . . . upon sighting him . . . JERRY COEMAN . . . after truckin' all day . . . also enjoys truckin' during the eves . . . which only means that JERRY likes to dance . . . Count her in as extra eye-filling—LILLIAN MARCUS of the Universal Cartery.

LOUIS BLANCHARD, genial proprietor of the Brightview Club . . . tried Kreml, 'tis said, for that sore foot and leg . . . and only succeeded in raising more hair . . . Doc JERRY LEADLEY, the noted medico . . . is in tune with the new spirit of spending . . . and is now tooling a new Studebaker coupe around the town . . . Note to all big-hearted pals—the Seneca Hostelry's BUD DONOVAN is an ardent collector of comb and brush sets . . . HERMAN DRIES, who used to rate as the most eligible bachelor of the Signal Works . . . doesn't, any more . . . and MILDRED LORCHER DRIES is the reason.

Boys Choose Ol' Uncle Tom, Promised Win

Lessee, folks, wasn't it just about a year ago that a bunch of triumphant Republicans were figuring on who was going to get what on Jan. 1?

Seems a long time ago. Must seem thataway to an elephant which got more bricks than peanuts thrown at him in November.

The boys met the other night and picked Tom Broderick, the Irondequoit Lincoln, for another term as county leader. And Tom promised 'em a double-barreled local sweep next fall.

Tom told the reporters that last November was all the fault of Roosevelt on account of more people liked him than Landon.

Mebbe the boy's right, mebbe not.

But it's a cinch that whatever hay and peanuts the elephant is able to pick up for a long time to come will come from local plums.

Tom mebbe is overlooking one factor in the situation. While he can count on the solid silk stocking vote, how about the Labor boys and gals?

They didn't show any overwhelming sympathy for the cause last fall. Is there any reason to believe they'll forget it all, kiss and make up by next fall?

What put over George Kelly for Congress? Not the Genesee Valley Club, that's a cinch!

The story of Kelly is one that Tom and his merry lads had better study with some care. First they said he couldn't beat the regulars . . . and he snowed 'em under. Then they said he couldn't win in the election, but Brother Fritsch looked like something coming out of the wrong end of a sausage machine on Election night.

Now, cross your heart and hope to die, Tom, do you really mean the Roosevelt sweep carried Kelly to Congress?

Ah!—so you won't talk, eh?

Hot Flashes

DICK MILLER and pal BOB PAVIOUR are making those mysterious jaunts out of town very oft . . . is it love?? STAN SALISBURY, of Syracuse U. . . is in again for the holidays . . . and the lad is making a certain East Avenue spot his downtown headquarters . . . Among the snazziest of the winter sports exponents is VERONICA HARRINGTON in her blue outfit.

It was a little male vital statistic at Genesee Hosp the other day . . . as a Yuletide gift for the TED (HELEN LAUSHEY) KUHNs . . . NORBERT KECK and TED MANDELL, the Old Gold guy . . . got a ride on a milk truck one sundown not long ago . . . when they wanted it least! . . . One for our Fond Recollections Dep't—Remember when Maestro DAVE RUBINOFF used to drive the corner drug store soda jerkers to a frenzy . . . with his orders for special concoctions?

Calling all pals and public . . . of crooner SAMMY LEE—The new professional tag is SAMMY CARLISLE . . . The newly-wedded state has made a teetotaler out of KEN SEROW . . . as far as the nickel machines go, that is . . . What's all this . . . about CHICK SOBIE, the big blond fighting man and Buffalo U. muscleman . . . walking home from the Chateau the other nite . . . and why???

Few Think Farm Lad Is Slayer

When is a torch murder not a torch murder?

When it happens in Livingston county.

Local citizenry read with appropriate horror recently of the way a young farm hand was burned to a crisp on a state road near East Avon.

As a result of the tragedy young Scott Crane of Livonia spent his Christmas in the Livingston county jailhouse and it looks as if he was going to stay in the coop there until April, unless District Attorney Elliott Horton decides to call a special grand jury to indict or free him.

Hardly anyone in the neighborhood believes that the entire tragedy was more than an accident, direct result of too much rotgut whiskey. Crane had no possible motive for burning his companion to death and the accident theory remains unshaken.

Mebbe the state cops did the right thing by taking no chances and putting Crane away.

But on the other hand it's pretty tough on a lad to be jailed under a murder charge when hardly anyone who has investigated the business believes there's any real foundation for it.

Hundreds of responsible citizens of the community have signed a petition urging the release of Crane on bail.

Well, why not?

He isn't going to run away. And if the district attorney can't permit bail on the first degree charge it can be reduced to bailable proportions—if the D. A. is willing.

There seems to have been the usual press orgy of making a mystery where there wasn't any in this case. Actually, it's a safe bet that a good many people had the REAL story right within a few hours of the tragedy. And a lot

A Ritzy Dame And A Retort Court

Down Gotham way, the blue-blooded Mrs. Virginia nestock is being sued for \$10,000 for alleged defamation character by a member of New York's Boys in Blue. The charges that the society be applied a "four-word epithet" to him . . . but doesn't go on to say what the epithet was.

But if you get your imagination to working, it isn't hard to figure out . . . and a suggestion to all the local who might face the same situation is this—Carry your birth certificate with you at times.

of people in Livingston county know this.

That's why, pals, it wasn't to get signatures to the petition in Crane's favor. Livingston county farmers and villagers, mostly old American stock, they have a natural dislike for justice—they also know the cussed boy and have good common sense.

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WEEKLY

WILL FRIENDS SPRING BRASSER?

Rumor Effort Being Made To Win Release

Are his friends trying to spring Glenn Brassler from Attica Prison?

Looks that way. There was considerable division of opinion in the Brassler case. Some folks held he was just a young fellow, infuriated by jealousy, who strangled his sweetie in a fit of rage. Regrettable, surely—but understandable.

A somewhat more hard-boiled section of the public admitted the provocation, but held that if such practices were encouraged the supply of frails around town wouldn't begin to meet the demand.

Of course, you'll remember the circumstances of the killing.

Muriel Hall, 18-year-old East High girl, lived with her father in the East Avenue home of H. Hewes Sullivan, blueprint machinery magnate. Hall had separated from his wife and Sullivan, an old friend, had offered him a small apartment on the third floor of the old George Eastman home at 1050 East Avenue, which Sullivan had purchased several years before.

Glenn and Muriel were a lot more than friends and young lovers; the evidence seemed to show, wanted to make it permanent.

Read This And Weep, Sad Tale Of Cop's Bull

This is a very sad story, indeed. Once upon a time—and not so very long ago, either—there was a cop. He was ambitious to get a soft detail in police court.

Finally he put it over. But two days later he was pounding a beat again.

It all happened thisaway: The ambitious cop's first task was to go over to the jail in the morning and bring over to court the job lot of prisoners being held for hizzoner.

He formed them in single file, marched them across Exchange, then column lefted 'em down to the mouth of the alley leading up to the entrance of police headquarters' bull pen. When they reached the mouth of the alley he right columned 'em into it.

As the line turned a humble little man kept walking right on up Exchange.

"Hey, there!" roared the bull, "git back into the line or I'll bust you one."

With a scared look the little fella got back into line.

Long after court had adjourned somebody looked into the bullpen.

Sitting there was a humble little fellow, looking dejected and miserable.

"Whatcha doin' in here, bo?" demanded the intruding cop.

"How in hell do I know, mister officer?" said the H. M., "I was goin' to work this mornin' and just as I passes here a big bull yells at me to get into line or he'd bust me one. I dunno what I'd done, but I never argue wid cops. I gets into line and he brings me up here and I'd been here ever since."

Well, give the cops credit. They squared the little guy's absence from work with his employer.

And the ambitious cop went back to pounding a beat.

ment. The Brassers themselves were a highly respected, hard working family.

Muriel couldn't see it thataway. She'd been going with other lads as well as Glenn and she wasn't so sure she wanted him on a permanent basis.

Oct. 9, 1935, Glenn went to the Sullivan home, entered by an unlocked side door and, meeting no one in the house, went to the Hall apartment where he waited for the girl to return from school.

When she did, they had an argument. It became a furious quarrel on the marriage question and ended when he left her limp, strangled body lying on the floor and fled from the house. Again no one saw him.

Late that night Glenn escaped from the city in a light delivery truck and made his way as far as Liberty, N. Y., where he was arrested on the complaint of a gasoline dealer, irritated because Brassler had fled from his station without paying for five gallons of gas. Glenn had left here practically penniless.

It took the state police about five minutes to identify Glenn and his truck from the teletyped descriptions of both flashed from Rochester.

Glenn, dazed and seemingly repentant, was brought back and formally charged with first degree murder. He was permitted to plead guilty to manslaughter, first degree, and after long conferences behind closed doors between judge, prosecutor and defense attorney, Maurice Lynn, was finally sentenced, Dec. 9, 1935, to from eight to fifteen years in Attica Prison.

Then the arguments started. Some held the judge had been too severe, others that he hadn't been severe enough. It all depended upon how you looked at it.

But the latest dope, boys and girls, is that if Lawyer Lynn and others of Glenn's friends can find and pull the right wires in Albany and elsewhere, Glenn may soon get out of the jailhouse.



MODESTY, THY NAME IS MILLIE

Mr. Editor:

Here's something I've been wanting to comb out of my hair for a long time. My pet gripe is the way customers are treated in some of the dress shops around town. The other day one of those super-salesgirls herded me into a fitting room, and then left me standing there in my scanties with the curtain pulled back, and two or three of those smart male floor-walkers parading by! I called the girl and said, "Could we keep that door closed? There's some men out there." The girl said, "Oh, that's all right. They're used to it." I hope I squelched her when I said, "But I'm not!" But probably didn't.

MILLIE.

Dear Sir:

Why should the traffic lights in Rochester go off duty at around one o'clock in the morning, some as early as twelve o'clock? Believe me, the kind of drivers who cruise around town in the wee hours are the ones who need the lights. A few bucks' worth of electricity is one way to cut down on the million-dollar annual damage bill!

J. S.

IT'S ALL IN FUN, ANYWAY
HOT WORDS

Dear Flash:

I live out St. Paul Boulevard way, and drive in to do my daily stint of work downtown every day. And every day I'm just one of the Big Parade—and I mean the those St. Paul antique model street cars along the street. The 1902 vintage tramways shuffle along about 6 miles per hour; they stop at every corner; you can't get by them because of other

cars parked along the street; you can't go around them because it's against the law to pass a street car on the left.

Is all his talk about getting busses for St. Paul Street just another one of Aesop Tilton's fairy tales? I've heard it so often that it should be set to music by now.
HE WHO WAITS.

INSOMNIA AGAIN

Dear Editor:

Did you HAVE to start a weekly paper of Rochester NEWS? And just when I was getting my allotment of sleep lately, with reading the Gannett and Hearst rags exclusively!

DISGUSTED.

PARKING OVER RIVER?

Dear Sir:

How about putting in a plug for a project that would be worth while? I mean how about having the Rochester Solons get together and solve the downtown parking problem once and for all by building municipal parking lots across the river in the business area? I'm no engineer, but it sounds like a sensible proposition to me.

R. J. S.

If the Genesee Valley Clubbers have to mix their own drinks on New Year's Eve—well, it wouldn't be the first time—they've had lots of training.

This Bird Seems To Like Old Homestead

Eugene Farley, local gent, will be getting his mail out at the Monroe County Jug for a year to come. It would seem that Sir Farley has been arrested just 58 times, up until a short time ago, when a 3rd degree assault charge landed him in the coop for the long stretch. All of which goes to prove, as the Palace cinema shows this week, that YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT.

Why not let 'em park in the subway and find a use for the damned thing besides hauling Gannett Company paper.

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HOWARD OFF TO REFORM WORLD

Little Giant To War On "Sword & Saloon"

"Clint" Howard is leaving town dictating the will of the drys to editors, politicians, policemen. We are going to be a moral community, whether we liked it or not.

The famous Little Giant is giving up the home at 210 Lexington Avenue, where he has lived for the last 40 years.

Clint is going to Washington to take on the job of reforming the nation—and the rest of the world—as superintendent of the International Reform Federation, succeeding the famous Canon William Sheafe Chase.

Peace and prohibition are the main objectives of Clint's program, so it looks as if he had picked himself a lifetime job.

In his own always picturesque language, he says he's out to abolish "the sword and the saloon."

Both are reasonably ancient institutions and have taken a lot of manhandling in the past. No doubt they can take it and no doubt Clint will find it both pleasant and profitable to dish it out.

For more years than we can remember Clint, with his black frock coats, his broad brimmed, flat crowned black hats, his gates-ajar collars and flapping black ties has been one of the few really individual characters in our midst.

Whether you hated the man or admired him, there wasn't any question but that he was out of the ordinary. He has shown himself a great showman—he might have been a Barnum easily enough—he's a bitter fighter, a remarkable speaker and possessed of more energy per linear inch than any man in this town.

For years when prohibition was the dream of a handful of fanatics, Clint fought for it day in and day out. It was far from a popular cause and seemed so hopeless, even a few years before it became an actuality, that the legions who opposed it regarded Clint's efforts with ribald amusement rather than apprehension.

Then came the great drought!

The nation, and Rochester along with it—didn't understand really what had happened. Dully the average man knew that something had been put over on him. But it didn't make sense.

Those were the days of Clint's glory. He went around

town dictating the will of the drys to editors, politicians, policemen. We are going to be a moral community, whether we liked it or not.

And—so stunned was the poor public at the calamity which had befallen—for a time he and his friends succeeded in getting away with it!

Then with our typical ingenuity for beating laws, we pass, but don't like, the great dry dam began to leak.

Clint was frantic in those days. He roared for enforcement and more enforcement. He rejoiced when the Jones "5 and 10" law made the penalties for prohibition breaking more savage than ever. He was always in the fore front of the fight, traveling thousands upon thousands of weary miles annually in his hopeless crusade. There was something a little pathetic about the tiny, upright figure as Clint walked the streets in the early days of '34 with the abhorred saloons opening to right and left of him.

Clint has always been a savage fighter, but he fought fair.

He always has been sincere. We believe his worst enemies will concede him that.

We believe, too, that he leaves Rochester with the best personal wishes of thousands of men who never have agreed with his principles.

So long, Clint, and good luck!

Hot Flashes

Question—Will Howard Higgins, the St. Lawrence U. lad . . . make his vacation social calls . . . as per usual . . . on the local Post Office and Fire Dept's ???

LOUD SPEAKERS, POOR SPEAKERS, & STATIC Hot Flashes

One of the best Christmas parties in town was staged at the WHEC studios . . . and was tossed by the management for all the boys and girls who dish it out over the Gannett mikes . . . The WSAYers are getting to be the globe-trottingest bunch in town . . . 'cause last week Program Director Ken Sparnon was in Syracuse . . . Owner Gordon Brown was in Washington . . . and Commercial Mgr. Ken Johnson was in New York . . . Lee Tanger trotted his dramatics group out for the big holiday program over WSAY . . . and Francis Ballard, who bossed the Civic Theatre outfit here last summer . . . was among the Thespians . . . We say congrats to the station on bringing the local acting talent into our loudspeakers.

The clever lady who passes on the shopping tips for WSAY . . . and who goes under the nom de mike of Roberta . . . announced t'other day that Laverne Fuller and Mort (Timekeeper) Nusbaum would be judges in her letters contest . . . without asking the two first! . . . But now Mort and Laverne are good humoredly judging . . . which proves that chivalry ain't dead . . . Warbler Jimmy Thomas is pulling in fan mail aplenty these days.

Helen Oviatt Griffin, the ex-WHAM airwaver . . . is spending her New Year's Eve basking in the Havana moonlight . . . and was the unseen hostess at that studio party on the terrace of the Sagamore on her sailing day . . . Christine Frazer, the tiny and talented lassie who usta warble with Hughie Barrett . . . is clicking in her two WHAM song-fests per week . . . and Eddie Warren, one of the best ivory ticklers in town . . . accompanies.

Organ grinder Tom Grierson's 8th anniversary broadcast . . . from the Palace the other eve . . . was his 4,000th airwaving . . . and Frank Kelly, the announcer who put Tom on the air 8 years ago . . . did it again . . . Dick Brown, formerly of WIBX, Utica, is the pleasant new voice of the WHAM kilocycles . . . and is also doing some very okay continuity writing.

It's a big general shakeup over at WHEC! . . . Nick Pagliara, the rotund and popular gent who's served WHEC as musical director for ever so many years . . . is taking off to a new job bossing the music for WCHS, Charlestown, West Virginia. And Cleto Lochner is also leaving the local fold for the berth of dramatic director at same WCHS . . . Who's gonna move into WHEC here is a toss-up . . . Both boys are swell eggs . . . we're sorry to see 'em go and wish the best.

What was all the mistletoe doing around the WHAM studios all last week . . . or are we getting too fresh?

Seems the WHEC lads are going domestic and have got the nest-feathering urge . . . with Franklin (Hutch) Hutchinson, the control room wizard . . . building a new house out in Irondequoit . . . and the Morden (Gertrude) Bucks doing the same in Forest Hills . . . Funniest gift of the Gannett station's Yule shindig was secretary Madeline Cleary's . . . a pair of long woolies from Harry (Swivel-tongue) Le Brun!

The operetta staged recently . . . at John Marshall High . . . showed some very promising talent in Johnny Manchester . . . He showed his wares against Andy Varipapa, ace bowler of them all . . . did Ed Ellenshon over at Muhs Hall the other day . . . Al Thompson and Bernice Robertson are a romantic flash . . . And what little overheard from Dover Street . . . toured the town on Saturday eve . . . with Joe Kretovic the muscleman ???

A pair of 18-year-old lads . . . Gene McCoy and Marko Bianchi . . . are going into business by themselves . . . opening up a hamburger salon at 520 Main Street West. Miss Mary Pites . . . General Hospital nurse-lady and most attractive . . . is taking time off for an operation of her own . . . to Mary . . . a quick recovery . . . Max, the Reed glass works chap . . . proved that he's no mean amateur magician . . . when he made that set of silver disappear . . . at the Rogene St. wedding in Charlotte the other day . . . But he made it appear again . . . so all's well.

PROBLEMS!!

Who, in this muddled world, hasn't problems of a business or personal nature which require serious consideration and capable, careful handling?

You can safely let your problems be ours—Our efficient confidential service assures you of complete satisfaction.

Why be in doubt on any problem, business or personal?

Consultations free and strictly private at your convenience.

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Specializing in complete investigations of all natures.

D'APRILE'S

82 S. FITZHUGH

For the Best Dish of
SPAGHETTI and
MEAT BALLS In Town

—25c—

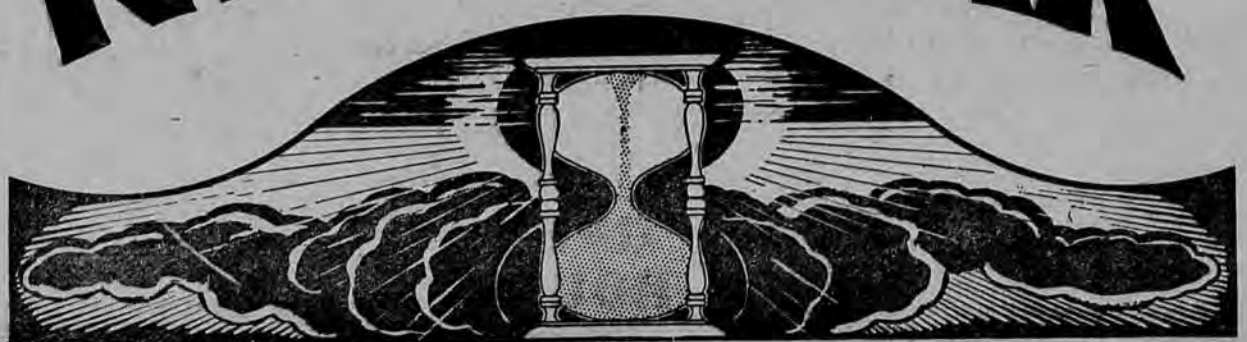
MUSIC

Saturday Evenings

Facilities for Card Parties
Private Dining Rooms

Main 7953

HAPPY 1937 NEW YEAR



PARKING BAN POLL PLAIN BUNK

Big Shots Just Won't Stand It

There seldom has been a sweller piece of hokum put over on the sucker public than the divers polls being conducted on the question of parking or no parking in the downtown section.

The answer is briefly—nuts! For years downtown parking has raised hell with Rochester traffic conditions.

Every safety czar since they had the hitching posts in Main Street has known this. Every traffic cop knows it. Every motorist knows it.

But the parking business stays right with us. This recent Christmas season the no-parking ban was laid on and traffic got a chance to breathe in Main Street, East Avenue, and downtown generally.

Does anybody believe that ban is going to stay on after the holidays?

That's not really a question—it's just another gag.

The big downtown stores don't want a no-parking ban. They want the cash—and credit—customers to be able to get downtown, park and shop. You can't blame 'em for that. But that's just where the parking shoe pinches and will continue to pinch.

No newspaper in Rochester can come out hard for a no-parking ordinance or order—without hearing in very short order from the advertisers. You don't have to be any expert to know that surely.

Furthermore, our City Hall—like city halls everywhere else—is mighty careful indeed when it comes to offending the heavy sugar.

All that's human nature. Which is why, brethren and sistern, all this hooey about polls on the parking business is just that—and nothing more!

PANNING THE SILVER SCREEN

(Ed. note: The Flash is practically the only paper in the world that reviews pictures before they come to town. But here it is—the straight dope from our Hollywood previewer. Pictures marked with one star mean "Okay if you haven't got a think to do and have passes." Two stars mean "Fair enough," and three stars mean "Simply Titanic!")

**—THAT GIRL FROM PARIS, at the Palace starting Friday, Jan. 1. Lily Pons (pronounced Leely Ponz), the pocket size colostrata, romps all over the screen in this latest of the musicolossals. It's sugar coated culture for both the masses and the classes. Andre Kostelanetz, the CBS baton waver who is Lily's heartbeat offscreen, did a loving job on the musical settings. Jack Oakie, Gregory Gaye, Mischa Auer, Frank Jenks, and Gene Raymond are Lily's five boy friends, and there's some swell slapstick comedy mixed up with the aria and cadenzas. Okay for our dough.

*—GREAT GUY, the new Jimmy Cagney opus, holds the screen at the Century from Thursday on . . . and on. It's another of those racket-expose things, with Jimmy running around uttering tough wise cracks, showing people up, and socking everybody but girl friend Mae Clarke. We'll still take vanilla.

***—AFTER THE THIN MAN, at Loew's starting with a midnite premiere New Year's Eve. A flicker could be not quite as good as The Thin Man and still be a socko hit, which is what this one is. This is a guess proof murder mystery with The Thin Man' author, Dashiell Hammett; with The Thin Man's stars, Myrna Loy and Bill Powell; with The Thin Man's dog, Asta . . . need we say more? And here's dollars to doughnuts you won't guess who the Bad Man is until Powell unravels it all with his usual plastered finesse.

Gannett Moguls Now Facing Unionized Circulation Depts.

1937 is bringing one present to the Gannett newspapers in Rochester which they weren't expecting.

That's more unionization! This time it's in the circulation departments, where organization work is reported to be going on rapidly.

This is going to be as welcome as skunks at a garden party in the offices of the higher-up on both the Democrat & Chronicle and The Times-Union.

But just the same it's a fact and a fact which probably will have to be reckoned with out of these days.

Warm Florida Hospitality Ain't So Hot

A long, shuffling limousine bearing New York State license plates with the letter M, a uniformed chauffeur at the wheel, comes to a stop before the State Troopers' station at the Georgia-Florida state line. The state officer gives the car and its occupants an admiring glance, and then motions them on with a cordial wave and a smile.

A few minutes later a dusty lad in hiking clothes tugs up the road, stopping to give a pleading thumb to any car going his way. At the state line, the Florida troopers are on the job.

"Where ya from?"

"Rochester, New York."

"Where ya goin'?"

"Miami, I hope, if I can get a ride. Why, that last fellow that stopped for me was so big hearted, he—"

"Never mind that. What ya goin' to do in Miami?"

"I hope to get a job waiting on table at the Miami-Biltmore."

"What do you mean, 'hope'? Got any money? Got a railroad ticket home?"

"No, you see, this fellow who manages the dining room there lives in Rochester during the summer, and he promised me a job. Here's his card."

"Gimme the card . . . Well, okay, go ahead. You Northern bums are getting on our nerves."

And that's the experience many a job-seeking Rochester lad has with Florida hospitality! If the lad hadn't been fairly sure of a job for the winter he'd have run into trouble with the Florida gendarmes, and maybe been turned back.

The State of Florida, like California, is glad to see rich northern tourists come down and pour their dough into the state's hotels and stores. Northern money has made Florida, and while the sunshine state is not at all particular about how many New York millionaires winter there, it gets very finicky indeed about taking a cross-section, the workers as well as the spenders.

So the best advice for any Rochester boy who wants to join the southern exodus and make a little money is just this—Know where you're going; have money enough to get home; don't talk back to the small time big shot at the state line of Florida. Because this southern hospitality just doesn't work at all times!

Church Queer Spot To Raise Cash For Reds

A church seems a funny place to raise funds for the use of a political cause in a foreign country, avowedly devoted to abolishing Christianity in that country.

Equally it seems a ridiculous proceeding for Americans to dig down into their pants to the tune of nearly 500 berries to help finance one side in a foreign civil war.

Yet that was just the amazing spectacle presented to Rochester the other night at the Baptist Temple where impassioned addresses by some Spanish students sufficiently roused the audience to make its members kick in with \$482 for the cause of the Spanish loyalist government, now defending itself desperately against the Franco rebellion.

The audience was told that the dough would be spent on medical supplies. What difference does that make? In time of war any sort of supplies are useful and the 482 Rochester dollars—if really spent for medical supplies—merely means the Spanish Communists will have \$482 of their own to spend for bullets, bombs and similar toys.

Whether Spain ends up as a Fascist or a Communist state doesn't seem to be the business of Americans. Therefore it's hard to understand just why Americans should lay their hard earned cash on the line for either side. Or maybe the audience was composed of Communists of their sympathizers?

Just as much could be said on the other side if the money had been raised for the Franco Fascists! But it wasn't!

To select a Christian church as the proper place to hold a meeting for raising money to go to the aid of a foreign political group

which has been spending the last six months burning churches and butchering innocent priests and nuns—well, write your own ticket on what you think of that. Seems cockeyed to us.

Holiday Spirits at Their Best!

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LIQUOR STORE
1853 East Ave.
Phone Monroe 931
"WE DELIVER"

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RESTAURANT
1851 East Ave.
AT WINTON RD.
"Good Food"
"Moderate Prices"

ALL NITE
ALLARD'S

The Bright Spot on State St.

will celebrate
New Year's Eve
with a Big Floor
Show and Party
including—

The Ford Sisters

Dances and Accordion Solos

Frank Kelly
Eccentric Dancer
Plus the Popular

Geo. Einsfeld
and Other Acts

Lashier's Orchestra

Don't Miss This Event!


252-254 STATE ST.

GO - Where the Crowd goes
CUTALI'S
famous for SPAGHETTI
NEW LOCATION 107 NORTH ST.



A HAPPY and
Prosperous NEW YEAR
to all our friends
LEO MORRELL
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
(Now playing at Cutali's)

THE TALK of the TOWN!!
FOAM CREST MIXED DRINKS
Just Add Gin or Whiskey



NO MUSS - NO FUSS - You don't have to know how to make a
Tom Collins Golden Fizz Mint Julep Pure Lemon Juice
Silver Fizz Royal Fizz Tom & Jerry Pure Lime Juice

8 and 16 oz. Bottles—guaranteed fresh ingredients—No Preservatives used—
Try them for your next Bridge or House Party and for the Holidays
at your neighborhood store or—

H. T. WARREN CO. — Monroe 7586

KEYHOLE EXPERTS TAKE EACH OTHER TO TOWN IN N.Y.

If you don't think Walter Winchell, the New York Daily Mirror's ace keyhole artist . . . and Ed Sullivan, the New York Daily News' ditto . . . are feuding in a big way, get an eyeful of this!

The following is taken from Walter's December 16 colm in the Mirror:

OUR THIS-IS-WORTH-MONEY-DEPARTMENT: You probably have a secret yen to run a Broadway column—who hasn't? . . . If the job comes along take this free counsel from one who has been at it for a long time, and good luck to you . . . Never be so presumptuous as some people and publicly claim that Mitzi Green's engagement at the Versailles was extended because you gave her a good notice . . . Because Mitzi Green's exceptional talent and genius is the only reason her engagements are extended . . . Make sure that the elopement story of Bert Lown's ex hasn't appeared in your own paper (when the marriage took place) before you run it two days later as news . . . If you intend to go to war with another in the same craft, don't use his items two weeks later, such as Sarah Churchill going to marry Vic Oliver before they both return to England. It will make you look too third-rate . . . If the name of a new story is "The Show Is On" don't call it "The Showdown"—because that doesn't permit you to fingerpoint at others who make unimportant errors . . . By all means, if you intend printing news, don't come out at this late date, after it has been front-paged all over town, and announce that Kermit Roosevelt Jr. and Mary Gaddis have set a date in June . . . And just one more thing . . . Before you say a chorus girl prefers a certain person make sure she wasn't married only two weeks ago. Such things cause tragedies.

And here's Ed tossing it right back, in his December 17 colm in the News:

SO-YOU-WANT-TO-PLAY-DEPARTMENT: On Saturday he wrote that Katherine Burke, Mrs. Bill Hardy, was employed at Milgrim's as a model . . . Sunday he apologized to Miss Burke and Milgrim's and Bill Hardy, and explained that he didn't know that Evelyn Groves was married to Bill Hardy . . . Monday he announced the engagement of Dorothy Mackaill and Lord Brecknock, Lord Brecknock is happily married . . . His mid-week scoop was that the staff of Liberty would be ousted, but the next day he apologized for the "erroneous report" . . . Then he turned to football and revealed that Marshall Goldberg, of Pittsburgh, was half-Irish . . . He apologized to Goldberg's parents the next day for the inaccuracy, and explained another writer was to blame . . . "Doris Dudley and Johnny Maceo are blazing" was his big romance item . . . The next day she married Jack Jenkins . . . He was rocking on his feet now, so he turned from Broadway and sport to art, and reported that famous John La Gatta was going blind . . . He retracted the next day, with an apology . . . Hastily swerving, he invaded the field of "Hamlet" and reported that John Gielgud had failed to show up at a party in his honor given by W. Powell at 277 Park Avenue . . . The next day he apologized to Gielgud, Host Powell and 277 Park Avenue . . . His next "inside" story was that the headwaiter at the Rainbow Room managed Milli Monti, and the regular apology followed the next day, tis time to Rockwell-O'Keefe . . . Te next day he "scooped" the town by reporting that Rudy Vallee would charge a \$4 cover in Toronto . . . He apologized to Vallee next day, and explained that it wasn't Toronto, but Montreal . . . Hey, Stinky, wanna play some more?

New Year's Shindig Hot Spots

CAVE—Dancing to Anton Miles' swingopation . . . lots of fun here and the perfect spot for a rendezvous . . . with or without a dream . . . Good food and drinks help out. 443 W. Main.

COTTON CLUB—Real Harlem hi-de-ho . . . with Bill Gedder's band . . . and Mabel Cooper, Josephine Roundtree, Strawberry Russell, Edna Miller, Ward & Ward, Lester Briggs, and Tin Can will greet you. 176 Joseph.

ODENBACK PEACOCK ROOM—Bobby Lyons and his band are back in town and goin' to town . . . Swell beverages and solid groceries make this the younger set's pet spot.

CUTALI'S—Smiling Signor Guy Cutali still presides over the best Italian eatery in Rochester. Tariff reasonable, drinks oke . . . Leo Morrell's works with Eddie Warren at the piano.

LANG'S GARDENS—Plenty of fun and frolic . . . Muzzy's Dixielanders . . . with Jane Somerville the singing M. C. . . Edith Vapkin, the Rooshian dancer . . . Jerry Moore's acrobatics . . . and Eleanor Brown's tangoing.

BROWNIE'S—Downtown nitery with plenty on the ball . . . Just a big time to greet '37.

D'APRILES—The nite hawks always seem to find their way here for spaghetti, liquids, and a chat with Uncles John and Jake. No fan dancers, no cover, just an open house frolic. 82 S. Fitzhugh.

TIMES SQUARE—Beautiful d. t. spot . . . Show includes Claude St. John, the gold dancer . . . the 4 Queens of Rhythm . . . Eddie Jardon . . . Rita Marie's acrobatic stuff . . . and Curley Langley the strolling troubadour.

ALLARD'S—State Street's bright spot . . . The Ford Sisters, Frank Kelly's eccentric dancing, George Elmsfeld, and Willie the Weeper are all lined up for the big party. Fred Lasher's band.

NUSBAUM'S CASINO—Stone Street playground promising a wow Watch Night celebration. Max and all the boys and girls claim there's more up their sleeve than their arm.

DAILEY'S—Joe Cummings, great warbler and M. C. heads the bill here . . . with hand and gal show. 112 W. Main.

TERRACE GARDENS—New Year's bill features the Girl Wrestlers, Jean Carpenter, the 4 Debutantes, and Marvel the tapper. Everybody knows that Martin's food'n'drink rate. 1151 Ridgeway.

SENECA TERRACE—Harry Wittenburg's music . . . Al Fast and Margie Stewart . . . De Monaco & Phillips . . . Barocas & Blanca . . . Fast & furious. 1683 Dewey.

CHATEAU—Mac McOmber's back! . . . Ork is good . . . the bar crowd is a merry one . . . show sounds promising. Monroe at Winton.

RITZ'S CHINESE AMERICAN—They're promis'n' a hotcha party for the Big Night here . . . all the needed eats and more than the needed drinks . . . plenty of bubbles for all . . . and bromos the next mornin' for them as needs 'em. This ought to be one of the brightest spots in town . . . an' the address is 558 East Main . . . don't forget it.

UNION HOTEL . . . Hy and Jen Day . . . gental props and hosts . . . say there will be everythin' anyone needs and then some . . . looks like a big nite at this spot and the customers aren't likely

That New Fire H.Q. Is Probable Death Spot

Of course that new Fire Headquarters in the triangle between Cumberland, Andrews and North isn't open yet for business.

But maybe the city papas had better be giving some thought to safeguarding the public when it starts doing business on a paying basis.

As things stand the situation is going to be dangerous.

As usual the real story back of the fire headquarters site selection hasn't been told. It's a clinch no responsible official of the F.D. ever approved of that selected.

This doesn't mean they didn't approve on paper. But it does mean that they approved because their private protests about it had been ignored.

The Cumberland, North, Andrews site is bad because of the almost continuous stream of heavy traffic which goes in all directions around the Island in it formed by the new headquarters.

When apparatus answers an alarm it has to move—and move fast.

To move apparatus at high speed out into congested streets isn't too smart, is it?

Naturally, the harm's been done now. They're going to have the new headquarters where it is—it can't be torn down and moved.

But something can be done to safeguard the lives and property of citizens who may happen to be driving by at the time of an alarm.

A special system not only of traffic lights but warning bells

Hot Flashes

Doc Jerome Cowen has just opened up new offices on Cumberland Street . . . Flash . . . flash . . . Pete Tracy . . . one of the biggest and best car salesmen in town . . . is planning a globe-circling jaunt . . . which may be the reason you see so many Fords go by . . . Albert . . . the maestro of Albert's joolry shoppe on West Main . . . made a quick trip to N'York and back by air . . . bringing back a 4-carat diamond . . . which is now in the possession of a noted local surgeon.

Adolph Hoffman, Commerce Building fooler . . . is now resting after the strenuous Yule season of working far on into the night . . . Ed Weller of Melrose Street . . . who's a localite on and off . . . is in town again . . . Calling Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Bovee of Warren Road—Are those borrowed books returned yet . . . is what a pal wants to know . . . Richard D. Donovan is now about to desert the bachelor ranks . . . and sign up with the Benedicts.

to have anything to growl about . . . except if they bring their growls with 'em . . . at 40 South Union.

"HARUM-SCARUM" By John Randolph Phillips

Concerning the romance between an irresponsible boy and an equally crazy girl—two people who didn't have much sense, but had a lot of fun.

"ILL MET BY MOONLIGHT" By Leslie Ford

A mystery writer new to the pages of THE POST—and he brings you a thrilling murder story which will buffet you from the beginning right through to its exciting end.

"DARK CHILD" By Edwin Robinson

You've heard a lot about men whose lives have been wrecked by the horses—well, read this story and it will be a horse on you.

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Rollicking!
Hilarious!
FUN!
ALL NITE!

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—A Sensational Act—
Topping the Four-Leaf
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Two Beautiful
GIRLS . . .
whose antics will amaze
you—direct from sensa-
tional triumphs in the
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PLUS
JEAN CARPENTER
Vell Dance
THE 4 DEBUTANTES
Charming Singers and
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4 STAR REVUE
4 BIG SHOWS
4 Dollars Per Person
FROM DUSK 'TIL DAWN

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Are Here Again
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HELBERG'S**

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FOR THE BEST

In

FOOD	LIQUORS
WINES	BEERS

ALL NITE
NEW YEAR'S EVE
Party at

TATA'S GRILL

472 CHILD ST.
\$2 per couple

featuring
AT ALL TIMES
RAVIOLI
and
SPAGHETTI
DINNERS

DINING — DANCING TO
SNAPPY RHYTHM
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THE HOUSE OF RITZ

558 E. MAIN MAIN 8749

Hail the
NEW YEAR

In an atmosphere of
CHEER

New Year's Eve \$3
Turkey Dinner 3
per person

Don't wait too long to re-
serve your table—Call
Main 8749 now so you too
can partake of the cham-
pagne, Dancing, Noisemak-
ers, and other New Year's
Eve features all nite.

Today
with
the NEWS
of
TOMORROW
THE
FLASH
PAYS
IT'S
ADVERTISERS
Big
Dividends

MAIN
2718

Bosses and Bonuses! Save Your Thanx for FDR and Congressmen

A lot of pople who have been getting some fat bonuses from their bosses this Christmas season undoubtedly have been thanking these same bosses.

Might not be a bad idea for them to save their thanks and give them where they're due—to Franklin D. Roosevelt and his tax specialists.

Mebbe not everybody has heard about that tax bill which puts a pretty heavy burden on the individual surplus savings of corporations.

Looksasif a lot of the big boys have decided they'd rather give some of the dough to the folks who work for them—and make the profits when you come to

brasstax—rather than hand the pelf over to Your Uncle Sammel.

Facts are there've been a surprising number of bonus announcements this year—or mebbe we've forgotten it's been so long since we've seen any—and it just seems dumber than usual not to hook up this sudden rush of Christmas spirit with the new tax bill.

There's no particular reason to name names or single out any particular set of bosses.

But it's a cinch that those people, who for the last six years have taken their payments with the advice "be glad you've got a job," needn't bubble over with gratitude because they're getting a little of their own back on account of the U. S. will get it otherwise.

Hot Flashes

Signor Agostino Cutali, of the well known restaurant family . . . will soon open up a new spaghetti specialty house . . . over on Broad Street, next to the T-U . . . where a paint company used to be . . . Add expert bowlers of the fair sex—Rose Schweizer . . . who rolls over at Buonomo's . . . Tony Polizzo . . . onetime champ amateur boxer in the city . . . is now in the charcoal biz.

Calling Bill De Ford—Huck Young and Earl Gerstner think

More jobs for everybody.

they've already waited too long . . . for that promised feed . . . Congratulations and all that to Bill Kramer of the Gleason Works . . . upon his successful wooing of Number 3 . . . An extra personable couple around town . . . are Francis Clarke and Marge Smith Clarke . . . ever since the merger just a few hours ago.

Harold Kliesley's very favorite spot lately . . . seems to be the Ritz on the East Main Stem . . . Victor Verna of Clifford Avenue . . . and whose pappy is a parson . . . is one of the best dish hand-

More jobs for Socialists.

lers at the Manhattan . . . Would the ditty . . . "To Mary With Love" . . . fit in okay with George (Signal Works) Kohnmiller's plan lately ??? Sugar and spice and everything nice . . . plus a few orchids . . . to the dark-haired lass at the Sibley stamp window . . . who kept her good nature and smile throughout the Yule rush.

The Franklin Bowling Alley fans claim . . . that Manager Norb Minch smokes the meanest pipe in town . . . Is it a romance

More jobs for Republicans.

over at the big'n' bustling Sibley mart these days . . . starring Art Wright and Pat Lawson ??? And Susie Fancher . . . who usta toll in the tube room . . . has now added the degree of Mrs. . . . and Vernon Esker, electrical wizard . . . is the new groom . . . Over at the Universal outfit . . . How's come Ray Bahrer is known as The Brown Bomber? ? ?

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TIGER'S
MILK
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40 South Union
GALA
ALL NITE
NEW YEAR'S
EVE PARTY

O-AT-KA
HOTEL
SCOTTSVILLE, N. Y.
GALA
ALL NITE
NEW YEAR'S
EVE PARTY
INCLUDING
Turkey Dinner
\$1.50 per person
DINING - DANCING
Sat. & Sun. Nites
Matinee Sun. Afternoon

Nuts to Republicans.

Nuts to the Democrats.

Nuts to the Socialists.

Smitty's
Inn
2001 E. MAIN
Guess who the chef is?
FISH FRY FRI — BEER & ALE

FAMOUS
for Genuine
MEXICAN
HAMBURGS



NOTICE

Watch for opening announcement of the
NEW
CUTALI'S Restaurant
25 BROAD STREET
in this publication

AL FAST

Master of Activities
MARGIE STEWART
In Songs, Dances & Comedy

Girlesque Revue

ALL NITE NEW YEAR'S EVE
HARRY WITTENBERG'S
ORCHESTRA

SENECA TERRACE
1683 DEWEY AVENUE
SUPPER CLUB

DE MONICO &
PHILLIPS
Comedy Song
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BAROCAS &
BIANCA
Sensational
Ballroom Team



GALA
NEW YEAR'S EVE
PARTY
Make Your Reservations

Music by
BILL
GEDER'S
SWING
BAND

ALL NIGHT LICENSE

The Greatest
Entertainment
Ever Offered
Rochester
Before!

STEAK
CHICKEN
DUCK
DINNER
\$5 Per
Couple
1 Bottle of
Champagne
with Each Dinner

COTTON CLUB

Fun
Galore!
Novelties
Noise
Makers

176
JOSEPH
AVE.



MAIN 8286

UPTOWN, DOWNTOWN, AND 'ROUNTOWN

Nobody got more holiday greetings . . . via the mails . . . than Loew's Theatre mogul Lester Pollock . . . who's still wading through at this writing . . . Ben Weaver, who up until a short time ago was one of WHAM's ace spielers . . . is now dickering with a bigtime air outfit in Manhattan . . . Sudden thought—Dan Kelly, the truck drivers' union boss . . . could double for James J. Walker, formerly Hizzoner of N'York.

Mike Anthony, former Hearstman and now a State Hosp exec . . . is in what looks like a romantic glow this week . . . Congratulations to Jack Harrison on passing the big hard exams . . . and now it's Lawyer John Harrison to youse . . . Is it true what they say Mike (Universal) Blake having a new guardian appointed . . . for those trips to Buffalo . . . and could the guardian be Skippy Mc Mullen?

The basketball frays on the Temple stage are pulling in the customers as much for the between-halves horseplay as for the game itself . . . Best hand of recent dates went to Johnny Muruhy, the Central's hero . . . and his two little lads aged 4 and 5 . . . who put on a basket shooting exhibition.

Tony and Louis Chiappone, popular brothers who run a west side butcher shop . . . claim they owe their success to their father . . . who used to be a barber . . . Nomination for one of the pleasantest lasses in white—Ruth Rakestraw of the General Bedhouse . . . Will Rudy Elliott trek back to the farm life . . . as per threat . . . if the plant manager job doesn't pan out okay?

The daily papyri ran the photo of a little femme Christmas present for the Johnny Coynes . . . but didn't mention that the new mamma is the former Betty McHugh, of radio and Marble Bar fame.

What Camera Works underling is still nursing his wounded feelings . . . and whatnot . . . after sitting on that chair the other day . . . ~~after a fellow underling had loaded it with thumb tacks . . . all of which meant a trip to the nurse?~~

Tom Rodda, philanthropist and good cheer spreader . . . is back on the job and in A-1 condition . . . after the accident at Kodak . . . Lost—Warren Carhart . . . from St. Lawrence University . . . finder please return and no questions asked . . . Distributor Moey Manson is hereby thanked for the very nize gift . . . and challenged to any kind of a match using same gift . . . Did Davy Lighthouse take a jaunt to Niagara Falls last issue . . . and who's the new Missus?

Attractive blonde department—Amy Baker of the Mechanics Institute staff.

Coming event for 1937 . . . for all the local ping pong fans . . . will be that match between Packy Mac Farland and Mac McInerney . . . over at Spaulding's . . . Rushing business of the season is Phil Toby's . . . over at the Alpine dinery . . . Flash . . . Elmer (Lefty) Hilbert is now saying, "Make it a Coca Cola, please." S'funny . . . that the coming of "Romeo and Juliet" . . . which the wisies say will cop all the cinema prizes for the year . . . to the Eastman Theatre on the 15th . . . has been given practically no notice in the dull ulies.

Harris Masterson has pfft with the D-C circulation depottmint . . . and is now working on an independent venture all his own . . . What's become of the about-towner tagged Art (Junglebreath) Creegan? . . . Our man who looks over the local beauty situation begs you all to cast an eye . . . on a vivacious little bundle of loveliness titled Jeanne Conrad.

Bob Mullen, that popular gent . . . has left the International outfit on Front Street desolate this week . . . Bob's on sick leave . . . Peggy O'Neill, who began her singing career right here in this village . . . is now charming the customers at a Buffalo nitery called The Car Barns . . . That handsome lad flashing a new '37 model buggy around town turns out to be Bob McChesney, the radio guy.

**WAS YOUR MONNICKER
FLASHED HERE THIS WEEK?
IF NOT
HOLD YOUR BREATH UNTIL
FRIDAY A. M., JAN. 8
WHEN WE FLASH OUT WITH
'OUR SECOND ISSUE
(on all newsstands)**

Art Argyries, Rochester booking agent and head of the Mutual Vaudeville Exchange . . . has a long signed yarn in the Billboard, theatrical mag . . . Great stuff.

Add flicker faults—In "The Garden of Allah" over at Lester Pollock's Loew's house this week . . . Marlene Dietrich is on a long caravan trek through the desert . . . but after two or three weeks of bouncing around on the sand she throws a dinner party . . . with her locks in a perfect coiffure . . . and in a spotless white satin gown! Well, Allah's well that ends well.

Do we get it straight . . . that a Red Seal gasman titled Art . . . and a 10th Ward drug-gery lass . . . staged an elopement just a few hours ago?

She sees nothing . . . hears nothing . . . tells nothing . . . tells nothing . . . does Mary Walker of Taylor Street . . . just a local Garbo! . . . Alice Winney of Plymouth Avenoo North . . . and Eleanor Allen, both crackjack glove salesgals at Sibley's . . . are still trying to figure out if they were in a real earthquake the other nite . . . What Ames Street shoe tycoon is most anxious . . . to meet Miss Pat O'Reilly . . . who slaves at the 17 School playground?

The Frank Radde . . . over on Genesee Park Boulevard . . . Say it Isn't So !!!

Charley Lisso . . . the Kodak gent . . . holds down the title of the biggest man in Spencerport . . . as far as sheer bulk goes . . . and tops the scale at six foot three and three-eighths . . . Eugene Stage is said to be extra busy lately . . . just making up New Year's Resolutions . . . for the extreme pleasure of breaking 'em . . . Adelaide Radke's bowling is up to her usual form lately . . . and Adelaide's form is among the better.

Delores Case and Gail Rogers are taking plenty of new steps . . . but only new steps in their tap dancing routines . . . Herb Wanderlea . . . the popular lift man of the Powers Building . . . requests one and all to cover their schnozzles while sneezing in his elevator . . . cause he catches cold too easily.

Most confirmed bachelor gal of all the west side . . . is Mary Malone.

When will Al Schmidt and the comely Loretta Weins give us that merger flash??? Rip and Jake, the well known Riley boys . . . were out looking for a good buy in pipes the other day . . . but both decided it was no pipe to find one . . . Calling Mrs. Davis' little boy Tom, now nesting over at the Hotel Seneca . . . Our gal still wants to know . . . or maybe you'd explain that story yourself???

His pals all want us to give a rising cheer to Wyndham De Jong . . . and wish him more of the same for '37 . . . Gladys Gehrig's tongue is not in hed cheek this week . . . but in that saxophone . . . practicing her trills and hot licks. To Bi Roseberry over in Buffalo . . . Not bad for a hurry-up job . . . how're we doin'?

Now that Wally and Eddie have turned down that offer from M-G-M . . . to make one picture to be called "The Right To Love" . . . paying the pair one million in cold cash . . . the M-G-M people probably feel better.

Why did Joe Kretovic buy that gift . . . and then tear it to bits? . . . Out at the Blue Mountain Lake CCC Camp good ol' Joe Razzanti is the cream of the athletic crop and leading in many a sport . . . Johnny Martone and his Missus expect what?

Thanx to Bill De Lorm of Sea Breeze . . . for Bill knows what.

We catch up with about-towner Ro Milanetti . . . and find that he's doing right well down at the Cornell school of learning . . . and is greeting new pals and old here this week . . . Among the most consistent toilers at Sibley's is Ray Hastings . . . Willie Caparco, Portland sector and U. of R. laddie . . . must have got an overdose of holiday cheer . . . anyway, he's on the ailing list now . . . Paul Longo recommends orchids . . . for the Veterans' Facility at Sunmount, N. Y.

Among the funniest of the current greeting cards was "Ice" Hock's . . . with the donkey, the clown, etc. . . And what's all this about that Al Hoffman guy and his pals? . . . Ambrose Fredericks is again haunting the old spots . . . Big Boss Louis Wehle of the bakery and brewery gifted each driver with one of his own fruit cakes . . . Francis Testa and Frank Suraci promise nothing but the best of service . . . at their brogan repair shoppay.

Winnie O'Keefe, of the Manson News staff . . . is on the mend at Highland Hosp after the sudden parting with her appendix on Satiddy . . . "Etsy" Reifstack . . . who starred for the old Russer grid outfit way back in the good old days . . . is now going into his 8th year of showing the kidlets how . . . out at Le Roy High. Why does Aurea Rodenback wait so patiently . . . for sister Bernice, and does it have anything to do with a fair-sized check?

Add gags of the week - - Boy—"I hear your brother just got back from Penn State and is living at the Park Central." Girl—"No. He just got back from the State Pen and is living in Central Park!"

Are Sam Di Pasquale the legalite . . . and Charley Mondo about to form a partnership? . . . Marge Voelckel . . . after reading all the front page stuff in re Hollywooder Mary Astor . . . has resolved to keep a diary! . . . Helen Dominica is now adorning the Lincoln mart at St. Paul and Main . . . and also gracing the Bond Gals' basket ball squad in the spare hours.

Plenty of car-owners about town had slight palpitations of the heart . . . and so did the insurance policy tycoons . . . when that \$1 raise in rates for car liability was misprinted on Satiddy . . . in the august Daily Record . . . as \$4!

Corky Joe Connors, the dotted liner and bowling king . . . slipped up on his usual form (kegling) on Mondeve . . . and paced his team . . . for bottom honors . . . One of the best trumpet swing artists around town is Carl Kaufman . . . who does his stuff with several crews . . . Didja know that Doc Gaspar . . . of the General Staff . . . never misses a midnight mass?

Frank Murphy, the Buffalo bookerman . . . flashed into Rochester on Tuesdeve . . . and had a swell time rescuing the upholstery of his Packard when it burst into flame over on Times Square! . . . The Gallic wit flows aplenty . . . when WHAMan Ed Jardon and his papa get together.

WRITE OR PHONE US YOUR NEWS

HOW HUMANE IS HUMANE SOCIETY?

Gets City's Dough For Short Hours

How humane is the Humane Society?

Where do the Society's supporting funds come from? What work is done for the money? And is the deal a bargain for the city . . . or just another case of too much payment for too little work?

The facts read with a bang . . . so here they are with no trimming.

The Rochester Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is under contract to the City of Rochester to maintain 24-hour a day service at the rate of 18,500 snickers per year. There is also an appropriation from the County of Monroe, amounting to 2,500 bucks, which is paid as a salary to the Director of Humane Education, a Mrs. Brown, for speaking on kindness to the children of city and county schools. Mrs. Brown is the sister of Mrs. Wesley Angle, secretary of the Society, and Mr. Angle is treasurer.

The towns of Irondequoit, Brighton, and Greece also kick in with 720 iron men per year each on separate contracts, so it all amounts to a goodly amount of dough.

But are the taxpayers getting 24-hour service . . . and is the money well spent?

A dog was run down in Seio Street the other day, after 5 P. M. The neighbors called the Humane Society, got no answer, and the dog died in the street. Another dog was run down in Culver Road recently, also after the mysterious deadline hour of 5 o'clock, and the Humane Society just wasn't functioning any more . . . with the result that Commissioner Cox himself was called and the cops took care of the stricken animal.

A woman who lives on Sunset Street called the Society a few days ago, and told them her dog had abscesses in both ears, that she could not afford to pay for care, and was wondering if there were any kind of free dog clinic in town. The Society, through one of its well paid spokesmen, said it knew of no such place.

But—the Dog Protective Shelter on Scottsville Road has a free animal clinic, which does this work, as the Humane Society has every reason to know!

Was it humane deliberately to withhold information from this unhappy woman?

Why can't the sucker taxpayers GET service on a 24-hour basis, as long as they're paying the shot

Almanack Flashes

January, 1937

Oh Jan. it is a stormy mo. When folks with dough all go away *Oh Jan. it is a bitter mo. With wind and sleet and snow*
To Cal. and Fla. and other spots *And I would not be in Roch., N. Y.*
Until the mo. of May. *Had I any dough to go.*

JAN. 1.—Happy New Year, all! Lincoln delivers Emancipation Proclamation Jan. 1, 1863. Sale of alka-seltzer and bromos reaches new high in Rochester this date, 1937.

JAN. 2.—On this date, 5641 B.C., Adam says to Eve, "See? I can take it or leave it alone"—and takes it.

JAN. 4.—Weather colder. Suggestion—Tom and Jerry is a warming drink. 87 per cent of Resolutions made Dec. 31, 1936, already broken.

JAN. 6.—January's flower is the snowdrop; January's gem the garnet. Persons born on Jan. 5 should avoid stepping into manholes. The sign of the Zodiac is Aquarius or the Water-Carrier. Aquarius subjects trying to carry anything else will run into trouble.

JAN. 11.—Alexander Hamilton born Jan. 11, 1757; no ancestor of GOP chairman John Hamilton who made such a good showing in Maine and Vermont in November, 1936.

JAN. 14.—If you were born on this date you should find a suitable mate under the sign of Pisces or The Fish. If you don't find a suitable mate don't blame us. The stars incline but do not compel.

JAN. 17.—Benjamin Franklin born Jan. 17, 1706. The last of the 1936 Christmas gifts is exchanged for cash this date, 1937.

JAN. 19.—New moon. Weather cold. Cleopatra asks Mark Anthony to go and look at some mink coats with her, Jan. 19, 31 B.C.

JAN. 21.—As the days begin to lengthen the cold begins to strengthen. (American folk saying). Louis XVI beheaded Jan. 21, 1788.

JAN. 22.—Persons born this date should order Dr. Miles' Little Liver Pellets and Early Risers at once.

JAN. 28.—Full moon, also the Almanack Editor's birthday. Favorite flower—the orchid. Favorite gem—the diamond. No questions asked.

JAN. 30.—Weather cold. Charles I of England beheaded on Jan. 30, 1649. Wally Simpson has 21-minute phone conversation with Eddie Windsor, 1937.

JAN. 31.—Last quarter. Weather cold. Time to have your red flannels overhauled for the mid-season stretch.

MY! MY! WEREN'T THOSE BOYS JUST THE FINANCIAL WIZARDS---BACK IN '29

Here's the advertising plug that appears on a little bank calendar now on our desk. Some gagster sent it in:

If only you could look ahead into the coming years you would see what a big difference even the little sums you save regularly now will make when you are 24 or 45.

Think of this and get into the habit of systematic saving now, while you are young.

The calendar is for October, 1929 . . . and was issued by the Salt Springs National Bank of Syracuse . . . which moneyhouse soon afterwards went into the hands of receivers!

Hot Flashes

Calling all west siders who were aroused by that big crash at the West Disintectory the other eve—It was only a very happy gent . . . who mistook the plate glass window for the door to a drinkery . . . and just went through! . . . Manager H. A. Markwell is still recovering . . . 'cause everybody thought the smashup was a misplaced Bond Bread brick.

AVON
Gold Mines, Ltd.
Information on Request
MAIN 289
M. C. RUTHERFORD & CO.
313 GEN. VAL. TRUST BLDG.

GALA NEW YEAR'S EVE.
CELEBRATION

featuring
Jane Summerville
Singing Mistress of Ceremonies
Elinor Brown Edith Vapkin
Tango Dancer Russian Dancer
Jerry Moore
Aerobic Dancer

MUZZY'S DIXIE LANDERS
furnish the music

Choice Reservations Are Still Available—Call Main 7983 and they will tell you about the full course turkey dinner augmented floor show and all the other New Year Features.

Lang's Garden
330 North St. Main 7983

for it to the tune of \$23,160.00 per year?

And why isn't the Dog Protective outfit subsidized in proportion to the amount of work it does?

Hot Flashes

Art Mackey, the sign painter . . . is still peeved 'cause that certain tome . . . at a book store of the Bull's Head section . . . was sold when Art had just reached the most intrustin' part . . . Stewart Dongvan, of the Seneca Hotel . . . and flicker emoter Bull Montana are quick glance look alike . . . Is it a fact that Vera Parks . . . telephone plugger-inner at the Journal . . . applied for a job in that new show about to open at a theatre here . . . and was accepted . . . and it was all a gag??

Brokerman Scotty Latimer . . . the big sox and bounds man of the G. V. T. Building . . . is now happily without the cast on his left foot . . . There's a red hot . . . but not blue . . . feud sprouting around the sporting circles . . . between Muggsy Solomon and Les Harrison . . . right ??? Bo Mink, 10th Ward confectionery prop . . . is due for retirement soon . . . say his prize cowboys . . . Did Beryl Gadova, popular young damsel . . . really play the drums out at the Log Cabin Inn that party nite ???

YOUR NEW YEAR'S PARTY worries are over when you PHONE KIMS CHOW MEIN

delivered hot and ready to serve

Open All Nite
December 31st

254 N. CLINTON

STONE 2856 PROMPT DELIVERY



**“YOU
PRESS
the
BUTTON..**

• About forty years ago the Eastman Kodak Company originated their famous slogan, "You Press the Button—We Do the Rest" to show how easy it was to take a Kodak picture. To them we gratefully acknowledge the inspiration for this advertisement.

FLASH!!

(Continued from Page 1)

ing us for sympathy—and silence. You'll find what we laughingly call our editor has gone to see a man about a dog.

And that goes for everyone in town from Chatham Street to East Avenue.

We're going to do a lot of kidding—but we're not going to by Paul Prys snooping to get dirt on people's personal affairs.

We don't know what politics is—but distrust most politicians on general principles. If anyone says we're partisan, now or in the future, please tell him from us he's a liar. If he isn't too big and tough send him up to the office and we'll tell him.

We're going to let the dailies have a complete monopoly of all the Chamber of Commerce rodeos, solemn editorial discussions of trivialities, traffic accidents (when they aren't holding back the real angle), drives for this 'n' that, pictures of sweet little tots building snow men, eating watermelons, and what not.

If from time to time we flash our torch on some of the garbage heaps in the dark corners of Rochester don't blame us—blame the people who piled the garbage, and we'll tell you who they are.

But don't get the idea we're in the reforming racket. There's plenty of reform in Rochester—and Gawd knows there's plenty of reformers working at the trade already. We see no object in muscling in on an already over-crowded profession.

So—if you pleeze—just set us down as nice fellas, who want to get along, make all the dough we can, pep up the town a bit, give you a laugh and now and then give somebody who needs it badly a good swift kick in the pants.

That's us.

Just a belated package for Rochester from Santa Claus!

WE DO THE REST!

NO wasted time when you toss your advertising problems in the Flash's lap. No wasted effort, no misspent advertising dollars! No grief, no worrying, no uncertainty. From rough idea to finished proof the entire responsibility is ours. You simply "press the button"—we do the rest.

You press the button and our plant begins to move. Layout service, copy suggestions, typography advice are all furnished free. Every facility of our skilled organization is yours for the asking, this week, next week and all the year.

You press the button—we do the rest! From front office to carrier boy our staff is yours. Geared for service, the Rochester Weekly Flash is a modern, completely equipped newspaper, ready at all times to produce advertising that will sell more goods at less cost to you!

**Advertise in
ROCHESTER WEEKLY FLASH**

KONKEYITES' FAMILY ROW BOILS

Kelly And Burke Need Soft Soap

The big Democratic family fight is getting pretty close to the final round.

With Congressman George E. Kelly back from his Bermuda honeymoon and Leader Harold Burke waiting for a whirlwind attack, the stage is set.

The outcome of the fight is going to determine whether the Kelly-Labor crowd or the old line Democrats are going to run the Monroe county organization.

Whatever of fact this scrap has been in the making for four years.

There have been previous signs of it. The D'Amanda independent candidacy which put O'Mara in the district attorney's office two years ago was one sign. Other minor battles in the wards here and there have been signs, too.

When the old liners tried to soothe Kelly with a hunk of baloney in the shape of a redesignation to the state senate last summer the pot boiled over. Everyone knows what happened.

Of course, there may be a compromise. Lotsa scraps are settled thus. The old liners have power—but they ought to have sense enough to know that a divided party isn't going to win any city election next fall. Probably they have. But sometimes personal political antipathies get so strong that bigger issues drop out of sight.

A possible compromise would be—mebbe—that Kelly might withdraw his opposition to the naming of Burke for U. S. District Judge to succeed Elmer E. Burke. In return could quit as leader and turn that job over to the Kelly faction. Mightn't be a bad idea at that.

Question is, though, would Kelly be willing, would Burke play ball?

Question also is—what part is the old maestro Rippey going to play in this pic? Of course no judge of the Court of Appeals of New York State has any bizness being a political leader at home as well. But is that tradition going to mean anything?

One thing, however, stands out like a couple of sore thumbs in the whole battle.

Democratic success in these parts has been made possible by the votes of the working men and women of this city—and that means the white collars as well as the hard handed.

And that vote—right now and probably for a long time to come—is for Kelly and what he stands

Journal Scoop Artist Burned Up By Car Fire

Here's a cute little riddle. When's a news story not a news story?

The answer is just as simple and cute.

When it happens to a reporter! The reporter in question is Richard J. (Scoop) Smith, ace scribe of The Journal.

Now probably no reporter in town has covered more fires in these parts than Dick. He's such a nut on the subject that he often gets up in the middle of the night to dash off to a three-threes.

Naturally, he knows the routine of the F. D. as well as the chief himself.

The other day Dick was coming down Andrews Street in his Cadillac (Yes, I know, Cadillacs and reporters don't go together, but this Caddy was a 1928), when he stalled on the State Street car track.

Dick steps on the starter. No dice. He tries again. Same result. A small crowd gathered and traffic began to be congested. Dick's feet felt hot and his face was a bit red. A pedestrian walked over from the sidewalk and leaning in the window remarked casually:

"Say, Mister, you car's on fire."

Dick jumped out and noticed flames shooting out from under the hood. A few feet away was an F. D. alarm box.

Did our hero pull the box? Oh, no, frans, he didn't. He knew that he'd call out everything from the fire tower to the Safety Council if he did. A box alarm from that section *would* wonders.

Thinking with the accuracy of an adding machine, our Dick rushes into a nearby store, gets the fire operator, tells him who he is and reports the burning car.

"You'll only need a chemical wagon," concludes Dick.

He walked out of the store with

for in the Dem. ranks.

If the leaders of both factions wanta keep on winning elections around here—and that city-county election next fall is going to be almighty important for them—they'll have sense enough to get together.

If hey keep on back biting and scrapping—BLAM!

If results count, the Kelly crowd are entitled to run the local show.

It would be good party service and good grace for the old liners to make their peace and go into 1937 with a united local party.

a glow of civic virtue. Years of fire chasing were bearing fruit. He knew enough not to lose his head and call nough apparatus to put out a three alarm.

Just as he hurried back to the burning Caddy an eager faced lad broke from the crowd, crashed the box and pulled the alarm!

Inside of two minutes engine companies, truck companies, hose companies, the fire tower, chemicals, battalion chiefs came whooping and howling to where X marked the spot.

It took an hour of hard work to straighten out the traffic tangle; Dick took the ribbing of a life-time from his firemen pals, the Caddy was a total wreck and when he got home he found his insurance on it had lapsed.

And then, just to rub it in, a fireman called him on the phone:

"Hey, Dick, that wouldn't 'a' happened if you'd taken my advice and sent that crate to the Smithsonian years ago."

Aunt Becky Says

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a young man of 23 who lives on Culver Road. There is a beautiful girl who lives across the way who is driving me crazy, because she always forgets to pull the shades down before she undresses to go to bed. Lack of sleep is interfering with my business, as she sometimes does not come home until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. What shall I do?

INSOMNIA.

Dear Insomnia:

As long as you are failing in business because of this dame, you might as well make some money. Sell tickets, is what Aunt Becky at Main 2718 advises.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am 50 years old and wish I were 25 again. Is there any way for a woman of my age to recapture the glamour of youth?

DELIA.

Dear Delia:

There are a lot of things you might try, but the terrible fact still remains, that at 50 you are twice as smart as you were at 25, but you can only do half as much. Aunt Becky, at Main 2718, knows and knows.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a young man of 25 who lives on East Avenue. Have quite a lot of dough and am considered good-looking, but I can't seem to make any time with the girls, in spite of my good looks, money, and new Packard. What can I do?

WORRIED WILLIE.

Dear Worried Willie:
Call Aunt Becky at Main 2718 at once.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have just moved to Rochester and am working at Kodak. I don't make very much money, but there is a girl, a beaut, who works in the next department and whom I would love to date. Even though I don't know this honey, would it be okay if I phoned her some time, anyway, and asked if she had a free evening?

MICKRY.

I am afraid that you will find that whenever a dame says she has a free evening, it's bound to cost somebody something. Under

Bell Hopper Pages Judge Crater's Ghost

All was quiet around the Hotel Rochester the other afternoon, with a few of the guests sitting about and sipping their holiday Tom and Jerry, when one of the pranksters about town got an idea.

Which was why a bellboy went the rounds, chanting "Paging Judge Crater; paging Judge Crater" . . . and all in vain.

Because Judge Crater happens to be the Supreme Court Judge who took a powder in Manhattan years ago, and hasn't been seen since.

no circumstances call Aunt Becky.

Dear Aunt Becky:

A while ago I fell in love with a wonderful girl and gave her a big diamond ring. Imagine my disgust when I found out that she had taken the ring to a jeweler to be appraised, and not only that, but has since become engaged to the jeweler's son! The next time I give any girl a ring, it will be a ring around the bath tub.

ALL DAY SUCKER.

Dear All Day Sucker:

I hope you have learned a lesson. But if you ever change your mind about giving away rings, call Aunt Becky at Main 2718.

Personal notes to:

Dear Worried:

It's no disgrace, is it?

Dear Wondering:

You'll find out soon enough.

Dear Jeremiah:

She always did.

Hot Flashes

Is FRED (Golf) WOOD, the Travelers' Insurance policy potentate . . . about to reveal the date?? Add domestic tragedies (west side division) — LORNA McCURDY found out that salt instead of sugar is n. g. . . which is why the dinner guests sad no lemon pie the other celebrationeve! . . . Always a perfect model of domestic bliss . . . are the Barrister EDWARD M. OGDENS.

And then there's that little anecdote out of the Chamber of Commerce at the big eat'n'talk fest the other noontime . . . when the guest speaker was asked "How did you enjoy the Rochester summer?" . . . And the g. s. nifted back with, "I don't know . . . I was sick both days."

Is Your CAR READY?




CENTRAL SERVICE STATION
275 State Street

For the Tops in Entertainment!
THE H. S. VAUDEVILLE EXCHANGE
Booking
Nite Clubs—Theatres—Celebrations—Clubs—Smokers
HARRY STONE, Mgr.
Office Stone 2031 | 10 Copeland Bldg.
Residence Glen. 2238-M | 133 Clinton Ave. S.

CHILDHOOD SONGS OF


More mothers prefer New York State Milk for their children; it builds resistance to winter colds by building vitality and energy.



THE MILK - BLOWER

I like to blow my milk
And make it hubble-bubble,
Not when there's comp'ny
Or there'd be trouble,
I like to sing in my milk
High-ho bum-de-bummle,
It makes a noise just like
A choo-choo in a tunnel,
Little Jackie has to drink
His milk in his crib,
But I like to blow my milk
And spill it on my bib!

Only WILLIAMSON can give you all these advantages as standard equipment



The New **TRIPL-IFE FURNACE**
20 Year Guarantee

With Automatic Humidity Pan Filler, Automatic Heat Control and 15 other modern features that you should see **\$59.95 up** BEFORE buying a new furnace.

Furnaces Cleaned by Hand or Vacuum

E. J. BARNER
485 DEWEY AVENUE—Glenwood 4515
Asbestos Siding — Sheet Metal Work

Eatery Workers Win In City Wide Strike

WE HEREBY DO HIGHLY RESOLVE

MAYOR CHARLES W. STANTON—"To look more dignified during 1937."

TOM BRODERICK—"To let my right hand know what my left hand doeth."

CONGRESSMAN GEORGE KELLY—"To win over all my bachelor friends to try double harness."

HAROLD MAC FARLAND—"To go to Congress when Kelly retires."

HAROLD BAKER—"To observe the Anti-Noise Campaign by talking less."

HAROLD BURKE—"To put my dough on the right horse henceforward."

JAMES P. B. DUFFY—"To look both ways next time."

PAPA ELVIRE DIONNE (special flash from Callendar, Ont.)—"To make this a bigger year than ever before."

ALL HOTEL MEN—"To be nicer to the hired help."

HERMAN RUSSELL—"To cut all my gas and electric rates."

JOHN P. BOYLAN—"Fewer wrong numbers and busy signals."

GLENN SIMPSON—"To find a new political racket."

FLETCH SMITH, CHRIS & ELMER RAITHEL, AND

Who's back of the parking ban—nebbe the parking spot barons.

We need an office cat—boys only.

TINY ETTINGHAUS—"To try out the Hollywood 18-day diet."

JULES BAUMAN—"More grunts and groans on bigger and better cards."

JOE SARGENT—"To hang up the Classic medal again."

LUKE SMITH—"To get pari-mutuel machines for Rochester."

BENJAMIN TILTON—"To hang on to that juicy receivership."

GOVERNOR ALF LANTON—"To keep on staying out of politics."

BILL BOOTHBY—"To get more dog races for the Monroe County Fair and Rochester Exposition."

GEORGE DONAHUE—"To keep on avoiding publicity."

COUNTY MANAGER CLARENCE SMITH—"To get a higher tax rate. Let 'em eat cake."

ROY BUSH—"To fix it up for more low license plates."

PAUL NOETH—"To launch another noble experiment."

JACK MORTON—"To remember that clothes make the man."

Will Rochester spend more dough in '37 than in '36—will a duck swim?

More jobs for Democrats.

MANY SPOTS SIGN UNION CONTRACTS WITHIN 24 HOURS

HOLLYWOOD HOWLS AND HYSTERIC

Flickertown isn't doing a thing to film titles lately . . . For instance there's the new Grace Moore—Cary Grant musical, that was first dubbed "Interlude" . . . and now has the much flashier title of "When You're In Love" . . . Jean Arthur and George Brent will emote together in a sobfest from the story, "Help Wanted Female" . . . but now the name is "More Than a Secretary" . . . "The Depths Below" has been changed to "Devil's Playground" . . . and Dolores Del Rio, Richard Dix, and Chester Morris will star in the depths . . . A yarn tentatively tagged "Mule Skinner" finally emerges as "Westbound Mail" . . . it's an old-fashioned horse opy with Charles Starrett and Rosalind Keith.

Comedian Roland Young has a collection of 500 china penguins . . . so comedienne Alice Brady gave him a real one to top it all off . . . Clark Gable tells of a Chinese barber whose window bears the sign, "Chinese Clipper" . . . Chic Sale will do his next flicker sans the familiar whiskers . . . Irene Dunne's fan mail tripled . . . during the three weeks after "Theodora Goes Wild" was released.

Kenny Baker, the sweetness and light boy of the Jack Benny air-wave program . . . gets the big H'wood break soon . . . and will warble in the Warner Brothers' new production "The King and the Chorus Girl" . . . Joan Blondell, who's in the same flicker . . . makes two phone calls every hour . . . one to groom Dick Powell . . . and one to the nurse of her 3-year-old kiddet.

Bob Burns, the Arkansas Traveler . . . will play a guitar in his next picture . . . giving the famous bazooka a rest . . . Emoter George Bancroft has never cashed a check . . . and lets the Missus take care of all such trivia . . . Of all the glorified gals . . . Bette Davis is adjudged to have the best shape, color and physiognomy for colored pix . . . so her next opus, "Marked Woman," will be done in plain tones . . . which is Hollywood for you!

Rochester workers won an outstanding victory in the last ten days when the waiters, waitresses and cooks of the city's eateries succeeded in raising their wage level, improving conditions and obtaining contracts with their union from most of the restaurateurs in town.

The strike came suddenly when it did come, although it had been expected for several days.

At 6 p. m. on Dec. 21 there was a general exodus of cooks, waiters and waitresses from most of the eating places of importance in the city.

Hotel dwellers and restaurant owners sought out the humbler beaneries that night for their coffee and cakes and it was not long before the majority of the restaurant owners saw the light and signed union contracts. In fact the original trickle to do so became a flood within 48 hours after the strike had become effective.

Virtually, the only establishments, with the exception of a few downtown restaurants, to hold out were the major hotels and clubs.

In some cases, notably those of the chain hotels, the local managements were controlled by out of town ownership in dealing with the strike.

Even the hold-outs were willing to concede virtually all demands save that for union recognition and contracts.

On Dec. 27 the bartenders voted to join in the strike if it was not settled before New Year's Eve. This move nat-

urally affected only the bartenders working in the hold-out hotels, clubs and restaurants.

As The Flash goes to press reports strongly indicate that the strike will be settled before the bartenders' deadline and that the Musicians' Union was the straw that broke the camel's back in the case.

The hold-outs had announced that they expected to carry on New Year's Eve celebrations even if they had to do so without waiters, cooks or bartenders. However the threat of the musicians was a potent one and the hotel big shots could see all prospects of a fat and profitable New Year's Eve fading into the well known nowhere.

The strikers can congratulate themselves upon having won their fight, regardless of the ultimate action of the hotels and clubs. The union forced recognition from the majority of the restaurant men within a few hours of their walk out and were compelled to resort to picketing only in the cases of the hotels and a few restaurants.

Honest Weeklies Response To Demand of Fooled Public

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This is just as true in the newspaper field as any other.

For a good many years the public has been more than suspecting that it didn't always get all the facts, the straight and honest facts and the honest interpretation of them, from the daily press. The editors of daily papers do the best they can—because they're news men. But the publishers have their own axes to grind and the editors work for 'em.

In the last few years, in many parts of the country, weeklies are meeting this demand for the facts that the dailies don't, won't or can't print. Some of them have failed, more have succeeded.

If you take a peek back into newspaper history you'll find many of the greatest papers of today were started for the same reason and made good for the same reason.

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JAN.-8th

EVEN BETTER THAN
THE PRESENT
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