

Weather:

Get Out
the
Hammock

The Rochester Weekly

FLASH

10^c Cheap
for
the
TRUTH

VOL 1—No. 3

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1937

A POOR PAPER FOR POORER PEOPLE

Mattson Kidnapers Could Do Job Here!! War Drum Beating By Local Foundry!!

LARGE NEW TYPE SHELLS ON HOT GRIDDLE RIGHT HERE

Are the Drums of War finding a drummer boy right here in town? 'Tis whispered among the workers at this large plant, which turned out war supplies during the World War, that some super-extra-special shells are in the process of being turned out by the management of this local "foundry."

(Continued on Page 2)

ARE YOU ONE OF THOSE HIGH-CLASS RESTAURANT PATRONS WHO IS PLENTY WORRIED BECAUSE A COOK IN AN EAST AVENUE EATERY BROKE OUT WITH VENEREAL DISEASE SYMPTOMS ON HIS HANDS?

TWO ROCHESTER KIDS ABDUCTED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT NEAR HOME!

Cruel Brother Damps Unblighted Romance As Gal Returns Home!

Here's a little story of love and love alone, little Valentines, that will warm the cockles of your hearts. Cleopatra and Mark Anthony had nothing on these kids. This harmless tale concerns one

(Continued on Page 3)

Watch out for your kids. We're not going to give you any of the old bull as to how precious they are . . . and all that. Nobody knows that any better than you fathers and mothers.

The Mattson Kidnap-Murder case should be a
(Continued on Page 2)

BEST MAN RUNS OFF WITH BRIDE

F. D. R.'s Son To Be Dad's Super Sekky

Here's a choice little tid-bit for you political-minded kiddies. James Roosevelt, the prexy's son, has taken over

(Continued on Page 2)

It's the Curse of An Aching Heart for one of Flashtown's young swains . . . or maybe the old ditty about "The Pal That I loved Stole the Gal that I Loved" . . . anyhow, here's the tearful tale

The young guy's name is Mike . . . and Mike loved a girl named Joan . . . had for six years. The two were engaged . . . and were supposed to see

(Continued on Page 2)

BLAZES BLAZE WHILE CITIZENS CALL JOURNAL

Here's a little tip-off to the tipsters.

As everybody and their cousin knows the Rochester Jernel pays off 50 smackers a week for the best News Tips they receive each week from six in the morning until mid-

(Continued on Page 3)

ABDUCTOR STEALS KIDS ALMOST FROM HOME FRONT

(Continued from Page 1)

mute warning to all mothers and fathers thruout the country. But, mebbe, folks here need something happening closer to home to wake them out of their tantrums. Well, here's a case of two young kids in this town, brother and sister, ages 10 and 8 who were 'kidnaped' just the other day right in broad daylight.

These kids, the children of Cecil Moorehouse, 30 Langs-low Street, were picked up only about a block or so from their home Corner Elmwood and Mt. Hope Avenues.

The kids were not held for ransom . . . or anything like that. But they were inveigled into an automobile by this stranger, and taken for a ride against their will for miles, out past Scettsville Road.

It turned out that their captor was a pervert which subject is not pertinent to this story.

The thing that is pertinent, tho, is the fact that in the City of Rochester a lone man can creep up on a couple of intelligent children . . . and pile them into his car without attracting any attention.

This fellow had so little fear of detection that he dropped one of the kids off in front of a Hart store on Scettsville Rd. . . . and took the other out past the Municipal Airport with him. Then coming back from the Airport this lug picked up he kid he'd left stranded there . . . and

took both the kids into town, AND DEPOSITED THEM AT THE VERY SAME CORNER THAT HE PICKED THEM UP FROM. About one block from the children's home.

If the complaining father, Cecil Moorehouse, were a man of reputed wealth, the perverted abductor might have suddenly got ransom-minded . . . and then, where are you?

Take a gander at the description of the crazed abductor. In retrospect he becomes as sinister as the mad Mattson kidnaper. The Rochester abductor is "About 40 years old, short and stocky. Black hair. Hands and face dirty. Hands very rough. Black windbreaker. Greasy trousers. He was driving a gray colored auto."

The arm of the law can't be everywhere at the same time. The parents in this town have to keep more of an eye on their kids. Teach them to avoid strangers. Never let them accept lifts.

And how about a few additions to our depleted Police Force?

ZOG HAS TOUGH TIME LOOKING FOR A MATE

(Continued from Page 12)

19-year-old wench.

So Johanna came up to the Albania castle to spend the Xmas and New Year holidays and to bear up under the royal approval.

But the w. e. excursion didn't pan out too well; after a couple of days 19-year-old Johanna took a scam back to her bailiwick.

Can it be that his Royal Majesty had B. O. or wasn't he just the right type?

The native Albanians want Zoggie to take into holy matrimony a native lass, who hastens to the name of Fatima. But Zoggie made it clear that he wanted no part of Fatima, when he put the bee on a score or so of laddies

who were trying to inveigle him into hooking up with the "Cigarette Gal."

Between the Duke of Windsor and King Zog things have reached a pretty pass. The King can't take a trick any more, any more.

Hot Flashes

BOB HEMINGS, piano virtuoso of WHAM, and tenor JIMMY THOMAS are readying a new series of programs for WSAY listeners . . . and psst . . . lend an ear when JIMMY sings "Timber" . . . the new Billy Hill ballad . . . it's swell . . . What north side gent is toting the torch . . . in too big a way . . . and for a gal wrestler of all things???

"BIG BUSINESS, WHAT NOW?"—by Joseph P. Kennedy

The former chairman of SEC, who has been close to the President, poses the question, suggests the answer—and lists a set of financial abuses that must be ended.

"SEATTLE'S ONE-MAN REVOLUTION"—by Alva Johnston

In Seattle organized labor's word is law—but instead of seeking to destroy capitalism, Seattle unionism seeks to marry it and settle down.

"BOER'S LUCK,"—by William J. Neidig

The strange history of a broken diamond, registered as Boer's Luck, which caused a robbery and a murder.

The Best Features—The Best Writers—Every Week

Jan. 15 Issue
NOW
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THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST 5c

Pal Steals Pal's Girl!

(Continued from Page 1)

the parson just last week. But on the day before the scheduled merger . . . Joan took off for New York . . . WITH THE GUY WHO WAS GOING TO BE MIKE'S BEST MAN! The two are now Mr. and Mrs. . . . and it's a question of who was the best man after all!

So now Mike is stuck with the houseful of furniture he'd bought to furnish the little nest . . . and a bosom full of grief.

SHOW FOLK

MARY JANE HOLLIS, petite oriole, is off to a spot in Bradford, Pennsylvania . . . Other out of town bookings from the HARRY (CEAL) STONE office here are VAL MATES, dancer, to Horseheads, N. Y. . . . wherever that is . . . DOLORES DUNN, talented singing and anklng damsel . . . to Waverly . . . KAY MURPHY and JUDY GORDON are now doing their stuff for the customers of Flagg, N. Y.'s playspot . . . The WARD & EARL comedy song and dance team . . . that used to wow 'em here . . . are to be found at the Collegiate Tavern at Elmira.

VERNE ROGERS, who chants a mean torch song . . . is over at the popular Triangle Grill at Brown and King Street . . . HAMAN & KENNEDY, tap team, are also on the bill . . . and MARY WILLIAMS tosses the classic dances . . . Over at the Hollywood Grill, JIMMY DEAMY and his Dad open this date . . . the LEAMYS will do their famous soft shoe stuff along with ROSE and BUDDY SAWYER on the same card.

JANE and JACK SLORAH are at the Cottage Hotel in Fairport . . . also the team of VALMONT and VINCENT . . . LEO PRESTON seems to be set for a long-time record as popular M. C. and singer at MAXIE NUSBAUM'S . . . Also on the Casino bill, and booked by the CHARLES KRAMER office . . . are blues warbler MARY STRAWN . . . tap dancer HELEN YOUNG . . . and acrobatic anklr MARY WINTON . . . The SINGING SAILORS open at the Red Men's Club on North Fitzhugh Street this very eve.

Hot Flashes

MABEL POOLER goes in for those black jersey bloomers for a daytime costume lately . . . but it's okay, cause she's a gym teacher . . . What gent thinks that ANN BACKROW is just a Star that Fell Out of Heaven?? The plaintive strains of melody around the Flash (formerly Elwood) Building on Tuesday . . . have been traced to the guitar of real estate JIMMY SPAMPINATO up on the 5th floor.

Bouncing Baby of the Week: THE EMMETT SHEEHAN'S

MISSUS FLORENCE LINGL found a bunch of keys on Ames Strasse the other day . . . owner may call at 420 Ames . . . ain't we the helpful ones?? EVA and NORB ROTHE hadda swell time at that party . . . until one guest started biting . . . he thought he had rabies and didn't want to be alone in it . . . Calling all would-be swains—MARY HICKS of the west side is an ice cream fiend.

WAR AROUND THE CORNER?

(Continued from Page 1)

Of course, you know there are only two outfits in town which are so set-up that they can turn out these death-dealing weapons.

This is great news on the heels of the announcement by the Bausch & Lomb optical outfit that they were turning down all foreign munition contracts dangling in front of their noses. Estimates of the bundle of kopeks tossed away hover around \$3,000,000.

However, to get back to the concern which is experimenting in so pleasant a thing as model shells. Seemingly, they will see to it that Rochester shall have the opportunity to play an important part in the next war.

It was all very patriotic for this "foundry" to make implements of warfare back in 1917 when the U. S. was in the middle of the War. But the War's over.

To whom does this local concern expect to sell their pretty firecrackers? Legally, their market abroad has been greatly restrained by the President.

However, it is legal for mu-

munition factories to ship their shells to foreign countries, listed among the "non-belligerents." And what could be simpler for the latter countries, than to re-ship the agencies of destruction to the "belligerent" nations for whom the skyrockets were originally slated? It requires two stones to kill one bird . . . but a very proper job is assured.

It is not inconceivable that various European powers are desirous of a generous supply of the hipper-dipper firecrackers for future use. And it is not inconceivable that certain Rochesterians might wish to realize the touch of Midas in this eventuality.

War clouds hang low on the European horizon. Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and the smaller fry are growling at the Dogs of War. Will Rochester's bark hasten the next massacre . . . Shell it or shell it not? . . . which is a hell of a pun for so sad a story.

F.D.R.'s Son Makes Good

(Continued from Page 1)

Secretary Steve Early's office in the Nation's Capitol. And will soon be the first son of a President to be a secretary to that President. You gotta hand it to the Roosevelt's . . . they don't let any moss sprout under their footsteps.

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CALL JOURNAL TO GET RICH QUICK!

(Continued from Page 1)

night. And we'll say this much for that little daily — they're running a right smart contest.

BUT HERE'S THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT!

A goodly number of the citizenry of this village are calling the Jernel's number before they put in a call for the Police Dept. or the Fire Dept. as the case might be.

One memorable case goes way back to the yokel-ite who was clinging from a window-sill . . . with a fine drop to the sidewalk staring him in the kisser. Did the discoverer rush to summon the aid of the gendarmes? He did not. He called the Jernel first. And then bethought himself of the Police numbah.

Just about a week ago or so there was a bonfire in town. Did the discoverer first call the Fire Dept.? He did not. Before ringing in an alarm, he called the Jernel.

Now, folks, this is a very pretty situation. And we're not blaming the Jernel a single bit. They've got a good thing and they're welcome to it. But . . . and it's a big but . . . does the Jernel detail men to put out the fires, do they detail men to pick a human fly off a wall? They do not.

We don't have the statistics on these things. But we'd be willing to bet your last dime that it takes at least a couple of minutes for the amateur newshawk to make his speech to the News Tip Editor. And meanwhile, what the hell do you think is happening to the fire or the automobile accident or the human fly.

Of course, if it's a very polite fire it might stop blazing until the proper fire alarm has been turned in. But somehow or other we never derived the idea from anywhere that fires thought a thing of being polite. Yet, mebbe they do.

Ho-hum. We're only jealous.

'Flush' With The Inside TELLS OF AMERICA WINNING THE WAR

Hot Flashes

Very cute with that permanent wave . . . is ANN GOLDSTEIN, the Pittsburgh flash . . . Genial gent of any week is FRANK BECHTOLD . . . route manager of the Brighton Place Dairy.

(EDITOR'S NOTE)

This is the inside dope from "Flush". Flash, Flash's foreign goose-writer on how the next World War will get under way.

"Flush" makes no bones about it. He gives you the straight story as only "Flash" can.

By "FLASH" FLASH

Folks, it's all going to begin with an arbitration conference. It has been my profound experience that most battles start there. The French and the English will start needling Adolphus about his Spanish intentions. And Mr. Hitler will go right ahead chewing his moustachios while Eden and Blum get violent.

Eden will rave and Blum will storm. The Spanish Loyalist delegate will froth at the mouth. After the "Peace" Conference press releases will report that the trouble has been smoothed over.

Three weeks later Hitler will declare war on Spain, Russia, France and Britain. Five minutes later Austria will declare war on Spain, Russia, France and Britain.

Italy and Japan will declare war on each other just to be socially correct.

America will start getting nervous. The report will be launched that America is in danger. American democracy is being threatened. In order, by Germany, Austria, Japan, Italy, Russia, France, England and Spain. Finally, to avert an invasion which would wreck American freedom, the United States will declare war on Germany, Austria, Japan, Italy, Russia, France, England and Spain.

The Bands will begin to play and the khaki will begin to march.

The foreign powers will find the going tough. Leaving them only one alternative—they will have to borrow money from the good old U. S. to keep the camp-fires burning. They will put the loan up to old, reliable Uncle Sam as a sporting proposition.

And Uncle Sam, his sporting blood all pepped up, will come through with a few trillion pesos. This will make everybody happy, as the War will now be able to go on bigger and better than ever.

After the War is over the foreign countries will send their unemployed to America, where they will join the jobless here . . . and join the Union Square and Columbus Circle clubs of New York City. Play, boys, play.

Aunt Becky Says —

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have a girl who used to be very affectionate, but lately she won't let me kiss her good night, and even if she does, it isn't like it used to be.

ANXIOUS HERMAN

Dear Anxious Herman:

This is no cause for alarm. Conditions are terrible everywhere.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a man about 60, and for the last few months I have known a very nice girl about 40. Now I have reason to believe that she is going about town with other men, and was seen at the Seneca Tap Room the other night with a good looking fellow. I am about to make my will and am wondering if I should leave my fortune to this girl or not. What should I do?

ANTHONY

Dear Anthony:

Do nothing until you have called Aunt Becky at Main 2718.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a young lad of 29, have never smoked, used profanity, or drunk liquor. Also I have never gone out with a girl, much less kissed one. I guess I just never felt the urge to have a date, because I am much happier with my boy friends. But last night as I was getting onto a Lake Avenue street car my hand accidentally touched the hand of a beautiful red head who was also getting on the car, and I was so thrilled. Could this mean anything?

WALLY

Dear Wally:

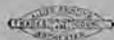
Not to you.

Trust in God but tether your camel.—Old Arabian Saying.

* * *

Just who the hell is running the Democratic party here anyway?

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There's Nothing Like Love!

(Continued from Page 1)

attractive gal, Dorothy Leonard, from Lovelace, that eminent English poet: "Love is everywhere. So what!"

So all evening she tags along with her Michael. Michael, being an upright young man, is at thought's end. So he takes the pretty miss to his brother-in-law's for the eve.

And still the gal doesn't want to leave. So he takes her to his brother's home. Aha, now enters the non-hero of the piece—barberman Phillip Triassi. Brother Phillip urged the girl to leave for her home. He had no sympathy for a fine, unselfish devotion. "Go," he told the girl.

But she would not go. Her love was of the stuff that martyrs are made. Phillip confronted by the obstinacy of a love-lorn woman, had only one recourse—the Law. Cute, little Dorothy was then returned safely and soundly to her home. For the Law is a notorious damper to love. And thus the couple were divided.

But let us quote our moral

But let us quote our moral

But let us quote our moral

But let us quote our moral

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Hot Flashes

11-15 GIBBS EAST AVE.

Ddes JENNIE STOLBRAND

count to ten . . . before answering those witty remarks of JACK WEAVER and DICK BROOKS???. Up and coming partners of the week are IRVING SOKLOW and ISAAC MANASEWICH . . . the kosher lads who are the push behind the rising business for Kim's Chow mein . . . Friends to J.R.S.—The Flash number is Main 2718.

Getting Ready For Heavy Business:

WILLIAM EDELL
(Dura-Bilt Homes)

Isn't it about time to revive the "Duffy-Powers Building for City Hall" talk???. And what about the new county pen???. What about Bogus Point???. What about a new city airport? What about a new subway???. Are the Comic Councilmen laying down on the job???

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UPTOWN, DOWNTOWN, AND 'ROUNTOWN

John Pattis . . . the Greek Ambassador of Good Will who runs the Palace Eatery . . . has bought himself a new Buick . . . and will that speed the urge to go to the Falls???

Ed McGrath is the clever guy who does all the sign inscribing for the Lincoln Stores . . . Has Kirkland Road's little Eleanor too much embarrassed . . . when the two rival swains showed up on the same nite . . . and is the lassie considering issuing passes???

Parker and Kate Osborne . . . The Fulton Avenue noolites . . . will whoop it up this Flashnite on what promises to be one of the larger birthday parties around town . . . and question—will Jim Culton attend? . . . Bill Mac Keever thinks life would be sunny . . . with plenty of money and a date with Pat Short, the west side warbler . . . Art Mackay, local sign painting artist . . . is an authority on rare forms of literature.

Nomination for the ultra-connemal in welded couples—the Adolph Neths of Woodbine Avenue.

Have Rita Kenney and Florence O'Grady . . . Kodak Park colleans . . . both got their pretty orbs on the same electrician? . . . Frank Martone was most perturbed the other day . . . to find that little pink tag on his four wheeler . . . and he just ran into a store for three minutes . . . quoth Frank . . . The newly-merged Guy Spades . . . all of a chirp . . . are doing the town in style lately.

Does Frankie Gannett know . . . that if he'd look his surname up in the dictionary . . . he'd find that it means "a zool-footed bird very strong on the wing"???

What's happened to the due of Clara Platt and Eddie Bennett? . . . if anything . . . is what a writer-inner wants to know . . . The Wilson gent who works for the G. & E. . . and who called down in Irondequoit on Tuesday about one of those automatic heaters . . . will learn here that he brought a live lady bug into the house! . . . Maybe being Scotch and opening the waller had something to do with it . . . Very swankish in her new furs—Missus Frank Brown, the gasman's frau.

Mausie's man, Angelo Malinori was flashed in the market . . . A dozen or so of her admirers want Henry Milke . . . the candidate . . . to bring the lovely arseful around to their pat nery main . . . What may be blowing his horn these nites . . . just a annoy Veronica Harrington . . . the bubbling-personality, nurse-lady???

Flash and more flashes . . . Louise, the charming proprietress of the chapeau shoppay of the same title . . . is now back in the local circles after having it unwound way out west.

It's a tossup . . . whether the Anthony Del Vecchios go into that new business enterprise . . . or if the Missus gets the new fur coat . . . Add monniekers you like to repeat—Basil Bibby . . . he's the callitich professor out at Old Flash-town . . . new campus . . . Penny Doyle, the McCurdy's ten shoppay lass . . . looked several nize while pinch-hitting at the hostess' job the other day.

The Bud (Ruth) Donovans want those Reno rumors spikled . . . all's well over at the s. w. sector manse.

Donald E.H. Wells and the Camera Works have pft . . . maybe it's only a tempert pft . . . anyhow it's a pft.

At Yahn, Martinot Strasse gent . . . finally up and got generous . . . inviting all the co-workers to come up ad share i the half barrel . . . Wanna have fun? . . . ask a certain gee monniekered Marsden how he came by the cuts and scratches on his physiognomy . . . clue—it wasn't a doorknob . . . Is Phil Trevis, who spends most of his time around the Burke Building . . . getting over the post-holiday lassitude?

Who's Who and What For?

There's one for the basket . . . Repul' Arthur Lyba was elected to the House of Reps at the last poll time from New Hampshire. A recount was demanded . . . and the results were found to be a tie! Then another recount showed Democrat Alphonse Ray to be the winner. And just when Mistah Ray was set to go to Washington, the lads had themselves another recount, which gave the office back to Repul' Leabz by ten votes. Democrat Ray is now looking forward to another recount. Whatta bizness!

Phil Mancini, popular floristman who retired about a year ago . . . found that he just couldn't stay out of harness . . . and he's now among the working army again . . . but it's at Gleason's this time and not at the posy business . . . does the little gal whose heart beats only for Tommy Taylor, Hotel Rochester oilman . . . know where Tom was on Monday . . . or ain't he confessed? It's amazing here we know everything.

Good to see Pearl Bretmeier back from toasting on the sands of St. Petersburg . . . and greeting local pals over at the Wildmore Road hangout . . . Vera Mc Dermott and Howie Woodworth are one of the happier duos around town . . . the big day isn't so far off . . . Is there a sizzling feud springing up at the Seneca Hostelry . . . starring David Fatke and Phil Casserino . . . but all in the spirit of friendly competition???

Harold Davies is playing sleuth this week . . . he's right hand man out at the West Disinfectant Company that was lately relieved of cash one dark nite and otherwise turned inside out . . . Harold's Sherlock Holmes stuff . . . he hopes . . . will solve the mystery without the aid of mirrors or cops.

NATHAN TELLS GYPSY ROSE OF FINGER STRIP-TEASE!

Dignified George Jean Nathan has novel ideas regarding that darling of the hour—strip-teaser Gypsy Rose Lee, in which, from long experience, he advises her how to improve her style.

"Instead of disrobing slowly as she currently does, let her come out on the stage at the start stark naked. Then very slowly to the accompaniment of, say, the Chorfreytag music from Parsifal, let her slowly dou stockings, garters, panties and all the other articles of dress until she is fully clothed. That is, let her do the strip-tease in reverse. And if that doesn't derive the presently blasé and apathetic boys half-crazy I don't know what I'm talking about. The trouble with Gypsy Rose is that she hasn't studied up on sex psychology, particularly present-day theatrical sex psychology. Twenty years ago, her strip-tease might have galvanized the libido of male audiences outside the low burlesque houses. But today, what with music shorts, cabaret floor shows and many other shozes choek-a-block straight-off with girls without any clothes on, the spectacle of Miss Lee only gradually taking her clothes off is simply an ex-cursion of coals to Newcastle. There's no kick in it; it's too late. And her falling my advice and gradually putting clothes on and the Winter Garden won't be big enough to hold the crowds."

What Rochester News guy of the Church Street outfit sustained a serious loss . . . during the course of a shindig t'other nite . . . and tried to locate the missing meat choppers at the disposal company the next morning . . . but all in vain?

Victor Verna, the popular Clifford Avenueite . . . is now in the jazz stage . . . of cultivating the new facial adornment . . . one of the most personalityish of all the Sibley lineinas is Alice Winney . . . Plymouth Avenue lass who officiates at the glove depotnint . . . The affable e-ee-c of the State Likker Commish in the Central Trust Building . . . who lives down at the lakefront . . . is hereby thanked for the Wenzdaggen favor.

Recommended . . . the new Victor platters by the lady known only as Hildegarde (free plug) . . . Pennies From Heaven on one side . . . and the other's For Sentimental Reasons.

Faces about town . . . Jimmy D'Apriles, the big bond-zeber . . . all of a smile as usual . . . Dotted line Donald T. Edgards full of enthusiasm for his company's new sick-and-accident policy . . . Lawyerman Harry Sessions deep in the finer points of the profession over the Mecca's noon cloth . . . Jean Anne Parker, the sweets model . . . rushing up the Main Stem in the latest in dry goods.

Our man on statistics has made a horrible discovery this week . . . seems that on the average a graduate of Vassar only has three quarters of a baby!

With the Bond Bread war subsiding, what's Labor Boss Dan Kelly gonna do for his daily excitement???

Today Jack Harrison is a man, paying Milton Berle . . . or a lawyer anyway . . . 'cause all the barriers and veil bife have finally been lifted . . . Al d'Amanda's hair is getting grayer all the time, but he claims scories ain't got nothing to do with it . . . If you want to listen to a good hour talk, get Lenalle Bob Dreyer to tell you about some gold mines . . . The gal with the weirdest spelling to her first toy is town is Joann Lynn . . . and redd's party, too.

UP, DOWN AND AROUND
Whenever things get dull in the Comical Council the good old solons pick on the old parallel streets gag for a little excitement . . . now Julius the Hosterery and Lester Rapp are feuding over the old Broad St. bizness . . . with Julius on the right side of the fence this time . . . 'cause it seems that Julius no likee the idea of some of our eminent citizens selling their lots to the city for about triple what they're worth . . . and then going down to bask in the Florida sun and get sentimental over the poor taxpayers.

Have Nat Natapow, the hotel man, and Leon Ehrmantraut still got that alliance working???

Was there the devil to pay in Odenbach's Peacockery when somebody gandered a photograph of two jackasses and a driver, with the names of two of the jernt's big shots labeled thereon . . . and the whole thing was stuck on the bulletin board where one and all could see!

Gannett'er Fritz Brozenell almost finished his Wenzewe news broadcast in golden silence when he suddenly caught himself a case of something-big-in-the-throat . . . According to the reports floating about, everything ain't so kopasctick over at WHEC since Boss Clarence Wheeler elevated his son and heir to the business manership of the place at about six or seven times his old salary . . . and did a regular uprising arise as a result???

A lassie named Nellie Carr announced she was gonna get hooked up to the b. f. right after the first of the year . . . and then last week comes through with the news that they'd been secretly married for nigh onto twelve months! . . . Fashion Note: Lawyerman Walter Cherry is putting on some heavy avoirdupois around the midsector . . . The Funnch gag about Laborite Harmon Smith snapping the pix of all those customers at the H & B eater t'other day for the strikers is that most of the customers are lawyers from that part of town around the Four Corner . . . yet none of them could think fast of a way to stop it . . . Newshound Dave Kessler back striving for Mr. Hearst's since Monday, but going around minus that appendix . . . Didja know that Bill Clay is one of the major first edition collectors in these here parts . . . we're generally first with this sort of scoop.

Announcer Harry LeBrun is getting a little croupy when he sells his stuff over the Gannett stations airwaves . . . maybe the weather, no? . . . but the famous diction is slipping . . . Dal'oney Siegfried, the Kodak chemical genius, and some Junior League lassie are on fire . . . This shows something or other . . . 'cause Olga Godman came here from outa town just a leetle while ago and wouldn't leave for twice her salary . . . maybe Rochester isn't as bad as it's cracked up to be . . . but we refuse to believe it . . . Richard Smith, the journalist, will be the subject of a murder if he keeps on calling Jim Cullip, Elbridge . . . Offside to Gunnar Wings Those high school basketball games have more than a slight smell . . . we'd rather listen to the broadcast of a chess game.

Believe it or not, though it hasn't been getting much space in the daily rags, there's a flu epidemic going the rounds right now . . . that's almost as big as the famous one of about 16 years ago . . . and might wind up by being worse . . . The adonis of the Kodak Park soccer booters happens to be Anton Fuerier, but that didn't help much when the K. P. lads ran into the Pittsburgh Lithuanians on the Heidelberg team . . . Alexander Woolcott's back on the air, guys and gals, and don't miss him . . . Last Chewday eve he took Greta Garbo apart and actually made her tick.

Lucille Owen, the Oak Hill gal, and Annie Carr, the Lynde gal, tech down for a leetle tanning of the hide under the Florida sun in a fortnight . . . Impresario Nat Glass just entered his Stephen dress shoppay . . . must be prosperity come around that corner and the corner was Clinton and Mann . . . Labe Smith is another one of those Temple thirtee basketball fiends . . . Recommended for the dial twisters—Jack Oakie's college for Camel cigarettes . . . only Oakie better watch out solo he gets for his quest stars . . . last week Frank Fay stole the whole show away from him . . . Fay used to be Barbara Stanwyck's hobby . . . note Barbara is the a. f. of Robey Taylor who loves Garbo only at Lora's this week . . . One gent who's watching those General Motors headlines nowadays is Harold Weisberg . . . his Chapin-Owen firm just started distributing their Defeo heating stuff.

For the first time in history a bunch of Republicans chose the Democratic newspaper over the Democrats' own votes when the G.O.P. gave that juicy tax list plum to the Journal, though the Democraprs wanted to give it to Johnny Corey's rag . . . but the Repub supervisors had more votes and they won.

CARLOS & ESTRELLITA

(Spicy Spaniards at the Times Square Supper Club)



They'll make you think Spain is a Paradise.

LOUD SPEAKERS, POOR SPEAKERS, & STATIC

WHEC unbelted with a half hour studio party on Mondeve that must have garnered a flock of listeners . . . so good was it . . . (but alas, no sponsor) . . . Morden Buck was straight man . . . Kenny French and Charlotte Edwards put on some skits . . . Harry (Swivel-tongue) Le Brun warbled the news flashes . . . and the new addition to the staff, Ross Woodbridge, did the announcing . . . Not to mention Gordon (Harlow) Baldwin, who did his stuff on the piano, organ, and squeeze box.

The "Biding My Time" airing on Wenzdeves over WHAM is among the more listenable . . . what with Ed Jardon's enacting . . . Charles Siverson's band . . . and Glenn Brown at the Vibraharp . . . Brown, by the way, tried out with Fred Waring's ork a while ago in a New York auditorium . . . and as soon as his Flashtown teaching contract is up he'll join the Waring crew as soloist.

Helen Oviatt Griffin is back from that cruise to the West Indies plus heavy tan and many a tall tale . . . and resumes her thrice weekly stuff this week . . . Ross Woodbridge, the new WHEC spieler, is Dartmouth's contribution to the mike . . . What local couple who were celebrating their 10th wedding anniversary phoned what station . . . to ask for "any appropriate request number" . . . and what announcer had the ork play "Lord, You Made the Night Too Long?"

Congratulations to WSAY for offering Norbert Klem's music . . . Betty Scott's songs . . . and also Ken Spencer, talented colored baritone . . . all on one program . . . Thurlow Green, light fingered lad in the WSAY control room . . . feels very happy now that he knows somebody loves him . . . Thurlow's now in proud receipt of his first fan letter . . . Would Timekeeper Mort Nusbaum be surprised . . . if he knew that the special delivery request that came from a lass who's lots more than seven . . . and it wasn't even her birthday? Or does he know it's from Alice Ahern?

Hot Flashes

The snazzy new traveling bag on EDITH CLAUS' shelf was gifted by JOE RATKE . . . LES

HARRISON made a field goal that was a honey . . . during that game the other nite . . . but the only applaus was two feeble claps . . . and those from the gal fran.

Class Joints Cleaning War Sends Prices To Cellar

(Continued from Page 12)

BROWNIE'S—Frances Knox, popular singer of ballads, returns to the famed Marble Bar after too long. Music, cats and atmosphere all in the Brownie's tradition.

ALLARDS—The bright spot on State Street, with Irene Beverly and Barbara Bake heading the bill.

BARTLETT—One of the best in floor shows, Paul Green, the Pretzel Man, the Dancing Russells, and Manners and Marcia, ballroom team.

POWERS—The tap room is featuring Noel and Gene Shannon, strolling troubadours, this week. Food good, beverages ditto, tariff oke.

THE TOWNE TAVERN—Smooth spot for dining and quiet sipping. The new interior is a thing of beauty.

SENECA TERRACE—Big Dewey Avenue spot, this week featuring song artist Phillips and Demosaco, with Al Fast's M. Cing.

COTTON CLUB—Joseph Avenue's little Harlem. Honey Brown, the sepiu Betty Boop, and Luella Brown, the Heat Wave from Cleveland, are new here.

TIMES SQUARE—Carlos & Estrellita, Spanish dance team, fresh from a run at the Paramount in New York, with Xavier Cugat's band, are at this big d. t. ritery for one week. Curley Langley strums his guitar.

FLASHTOWN now has two of the famed Cutali spaghetti houses. The new one is over on Broad Street, near the T-U Building. Service and everything is up to par.

LANG'S GARDENS—A new floor show, good music, nice atmosphere make this a pet spot of the stepper-outers, 336 North St.

CASINO—Max Nusbaum's Stone Street ritery features Les Preston, M. C. and singer, Mafy Winton's acrobatic dancing, Mary Straw's torch singing, and Helen Young's tapping.

HOLLYWOOD—Empire Boulevard's merry-making spot, Jimmy Leamy and His Dad, novelty and soft shoe team, open this date . . . also Rose and Buddy Sawyer.

SOLDIERS—There's music by Angie Costa's ork week ends, Pat and John are the genial hosts.

Hot Flashes

VERONICA PARRIS and EDIE THOMAS are making June plans . . . One of the best sales-guys around FLASHTOWN is BUCKET LYONS . . . who also officiates at those pro grid frays . . . They shall not pass (without ducts) is the motto of JIMMY ACHILLE and VINCE LUPKVICZ . . . ELVAH TURRY is still toiling for the MAY CORRIS cause . . . and brother and sister JOE and AMELIA are giving their all for the Whitmore-Jackson outfit . . . which covers the TURRYs for this issue.

Again A Weiking Gail: FLORENCE MORTE

at No. 555 Thurston Rd. . . course, you know the A&P and soaked 39 cents for a job of cleaning and pressing. Tailorman John Rozzi and others in this locale came down to this figure from the 6 bits they'd been taking.

So the first week in December the Swan takes a bow to 29 cents. One week later Rozzi goes down to 27 cents.

Two days later the Swan cuts their figure to 24 cents.

Two days later Rozzi set up a price tag of 21 cents. But this didn't bother the Swan any.

The very next day the Swan cut their dry-cleaning and pressing price to 15 cents. This last one left Rozzi reeling a bit from the shock.

Now let's take a gander at the situation. The ownership of the Swan is clouded with mystery. One of the girl clerks told a customer she'd be fired if she told anybody the name of the people that ran the place.

A number of complaints, it is alleged, have been lodged with the C. of C. regarding the benevolent purpose of the Swan. The story goes that the Swan is now part of the Dollar Dry Cleaning Co. Of

Hot Flashes

Lots of localities think that BERTHIE BENTON . . . frau of the departed (to France) T-U guy . . . has accompanied her spouse . . . but the lady is still right here in FLASHTOWN and doing her radio and shopping calm stuff in the good old way . . . Sartorial note—LOUIS B. TOMASELLI of North Plymouth Avenue has joined the old prevention club this week . . . by sporting a cagey pair of spats . . . Do we detect a lonesome look . . . on the handsome pan of DAN CONNORS . . . the Siebert's Stoveman . . . of late?

Muscleman of the Week: MILT GLENDE (N. Clinton Sector)

- Where to Go
- Where to Dine
- Where to Dance
- **Brownie's**
- MARBLE BAR
- & SUPPER CLUB
- 63 State St.

Continued Entertainment

PROBLEMS!!

Who, in this troubled 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 cared for efficiently, confidentially, promptly, and with complete satisfaction.

Why be in doubt on any occasion?

Consultations free and strictly private at your convenience.

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Specializing in complete investigations of all natures.



Thank You! Mr. Rochester

For your appreciation of our newest restaurant at 25 Broad Street where so many of your sons and daughters enjoy the variety of temptingly delicious Italian food so expertly prepared in true Italian fashion.

PAT CLEFF
Swing Violinist
ELWOOD WALTERS
With his Accordion

Cutali's Restaurant
25 BROAD ST.

Opp. City Hall

DON'T BE MISLED!

The Quality of Milk should Never be judged by it's Cream Line

ASK YOUR DOCTOR

TRY DAIRYLEA VITAMIN "D" MILK

KORTS DAIRY

15 HENRIETTA ST.

PHONE: MONROE 674

We cordially invite you to visit our plant

FIFI ON MAKE FOR POLICY MAN

BUT SHE WANTS RONNIE TO MAKE HER A GOOD WOMAN

It's terrible hard to keep my mind on my work lately . . . There's a man who works in an office in the Wilder Building . . . that's another one of the Four Corners . . . and he looks out of his window over into my window quite often . . . and it makes me nervous, as he is very good-looking and has very good clothes for an insurance man . . . The other day he looked over and just then I was standing at the window pulling up my stockings and so he waved and I waved back . . . I wonder if he is married, and if he is a big man with his company or just one of those two-bit agents.

I wonder if a girl like me, with good looks and all, isn't just wasting time slaving around an office like this one and chipping the nail polish off on the keys of a dirty old typewriter? . . . It ain't like the men around here were real gentlemen, either . . . sometimes they use such funny language . . . All newspaper men are stumble-bums anyway . . . I would like Ronald and me to get married, but Ronnie always says that conditions are too bad and an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure . . . But if Ronnie and me ever do get serious I'm going to have it understood from the start that I'm a good girl . . . and we'll really have to get married and got just do light housekeeping like so many couples. They should be ashamed.

Ronald took me out last night and we had such a good time . . .

First we went to the movies because the manager sent me two passes . . . and then we went to the Peacock Room and Ronnie said I should order anything I wanted . . . So I said I wanted cocktails . . . but Ronnie said I should have beer, as cocktails are bad for me . . . So we each had two beers and then we went home as Ronnie said he had a big day coming up on his job at the Kodak Works . . . It isn't every girl that has such a romantic boy friend . . . always thinking about my health and not letting me do things that are bad for me, like cocktails.

It seems a little bit funny . . . but Ronnie has never mentioned about the three dollars he borrowed from me on New Year's Eve . . . But I won't say anything about it, because I wouldn't want to embarrass Ronnie for the world . . . and three dollars probably don't mean nothing to a big man like him . . . I think I will make a date with my insurance man in the window across the street and then Violet . . . that's my girl friend . . . will tell Ronnie and it will make him jealous . . . Ronnie is always so cute when we make up after a battle.

Our editor said something today about I should get a little more work done . . . and he asked me if I would stay after five o'clock tonight . . . I knew right away that he is probably one of those skunks in lamb's clothing . . . so I said it was a principle with me never to work overtime . . . and furthermore I was a good girl and didn't stay around offices with men at night . . . He said something sarcastic about all he wanted from me was Hot Flashes . . . and then he said something else about "a girl is good until she's found out" or something like that . . . Sometimes I think this office is a very demoralizing place.

Hot Flashes

Biggest hearted gee of the week is TOM (SPOOKY) SAVAGE . . . who lent a pal a buck and furnished transportation . . . for a date with TOM's own heart interest!!!! Glimpsed theatre-going on FLASHNITE were the lovely MARIE OWEN . . . hanging onto Ottman's ace dog artist, ABE MANDELL . . . A certain musician wants to know . . . if SAMMY BUCKS lives on the S. S. Jackson or on Plymouth Avenue . . . so do we.

Hail And Farewell: THE PARKING BAN

The 5'n'10 salesgays around town are a little bit closer to being million dollar babies than ever before . . . that raise this issue is the reason.

LOUSY SITUATION

(Continued from page 12)

both hogging teaching jobs, traipsing off to Europe every now and then to take a gander at the Mona Lisa, and living out in Podunkville someplace, where the strife of Big City life doesn't get them down.

It's high time Jimmy Spinning, our capable school head, gave this situation the once over. We can't understand how both hubby and wife can hold down two jobs, one of which is sufficient to support the average couple . . . when some young, intelligent grads of our own Normal School are selling trinkets in some 5&10. Especially when these kids ARE residents of this burg.

Let's get things Spinning!

FLASH FLIPS

Herbie Argento, ex-Rochesterian, sends love to Roma Jones, University Ave. charmer . . . Ruth Willis doing her bit in a honky-tonky nite club in Syracuse . . . under the cute monicker of Carol Burke . . . Relatives in Syracuse ship their love to lensman Carroll Bausch via the Flash . . . Cute Narene Attridge down to that collich town to hi-dee-ho with the b. f. the week-end last.

Cinema Bill Powell sure the popular man in Rochester this last week . . . with Carol Lombard at the West End in "My Man Godfrey" . . . showing with Myrna Loy at the Strand in "Liberated Lady" . . . and playing with the same lady at Les Pollock's Loews in "After the Thin Man" . . . whatta man is this Powell . . . such fun over the lot.

Lost . . . Adelaide Hayes' famous little smile since Brian Quigley has been away on a sojourn . . . all is forgiven 'Doc' . . . Jean Arthur's progenitor of all cocktail shakers gets quite a cackle from the audience during the spilling of "The Plainsman" . . . this is quite an affair and the sound effects are terrific . . . Marg Bismett and hubby are tossing pots and pans . . . Bob Sweeney and Al LaVaser up in the air over a coat . . . Frederick Martin rates an orchid for being so lenient with his erring maid.

Lost again, found again—describes the antics of Don Allen and that carbonized finger-gilding . . . D'ya know that the Men in Blue can only bowl once a week . . . they're supposed to get their exercise on their beat . . . Seems that a window-peeper crept up on Horace ~~pull on the other eye~~ in the best Horace could do was scare the interloper away . . . which is plenty good enuff at that.

Georgie Chamblay didn't make much of a hit when he coasted his chariot over that nabor's lawn . . . The Mazie O'Neils are having pot & pan trouble . . . You gotta hand it to the Firemen at Truck No. 5 on Genesee Strasse . . . they were the first to notice the wandering of a 28-year-old woman through the darkened streets in pink pyjamas . . . These guys must get pretty sharp-eyed from looking so close to fires.

The Arlington Schwartz's are having their troubles . . . n they're not little ones . . . Irene Adams, Mechanics Inst. charmer, sees ghosts in the night . . . Flash Frank Strauss is a firm believer in the AAA . . . that is, he believes in giving the farmers plenty for nothing . . . Tom English and frau having a reconciliation . . . Add still another Peeping Tom . . . this one prowling the Chili Ave. sector . . . a Missus Peters did the spotting.

Not a week passes without some major airplane catastrophe . . . 'n curiously enuff they all seem to occur West of the Rockies . . . which might mean any one of 10 things . . . or exactly nothing . . . 'Tis said the reason the Junnel gave such a blast to Jean Dalrymp'e and her "lucky panties" . . . ya know the story about the maid swiping her lingerie in Detroit . . . came about when the Junnel was told that the Times-Union had promised not to run the story. But the Junnel was stung when they withheld the juicy item from their first editions . . . But the power of the press rose in all its wrath in the later edition . . . and thus a cutish story on panties . . . Life is like that.

Advance dope from the Community Playahs tells us . . . that HARRY ODGSON will be a vow in his pretending for "That's Gratitude" . . . MAESTRO MICHAEL COVERT's crew will leave the Seneca Tappery in a couple of weeks . . . the new band set to come in is rumored to be RED NORVO'S.

5c
TIGER'S MILK
5c

Hot! Hotter! Hottest!

Floor Show in Town
Complete New Show

HONEY BROWN
"Sepia Betty Boop"

Heat Wave from Cleveland
LOUELLA BROWN

THE **COTTON CLUB**
176 JOSEPH AVE.
3 FLOOR SHOWS

Bill Geder's
Swing Band



Continuous Entertainment

HOUSE of RITZ
for
REAL GOOD—
FOOD
DRINKS
TIME
558 E. Main St.

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
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ALLARD'S
"The Bright Spot on State St."
Eat—Drink

And Be Merry
with
IRENE BEVERLY
in songs
NORMA and AL
Dance Team
JOE ANDERSON
popular clowning waiter
BARBARA BAKER
Danseuse
Fred Lashier's Orchestra
252-254 STATE ST.

BERT'S TAP ROOM
All Legal Beverages
SIZZLING STEAK 50c
DINNER.....
1548-1550 Lake Ave.
Glen. 7104

Dance AND DINE
Delightful people come here nite after nite. Why not you this nite?
2 FLOOR SHOWS and MUZZY'S
Dixie Landers Nitely
Lang's Garden
330 North St. - Main 7983

"UNANSWERED QUESTIONS ABOUT THE PRESIDENT-ELECT"
An authoritative survey of plans and policies by Dr. Stanley High, one of Roosevelt's most trusted advisors.
"AN APOLOGY FOR MY LIFE"—Joe Louis
A sensational fighter tells of his past and justifies his place in a world of clean living
"WHO WILL BE THE MOVIE STARS OF 1937?"
A look at some rising candidates for fame on the screen—and in radio.
"THE WIDOWS KNOW THE TECHNIQUE"—
An Important Editorial by Bernard MacLadden
The best features by leading writers—every week
Jan. 23 Issue
NOW ON SALE
Liberty 5c
WEEKLY

Same Old Junk! Roosevelt Fights Social Disease!

It gives the editorial staff of the FLASH great pleasure to be the first with the tidings of the Western New York Junk Peddlers' Association reprint an exclusive announcement from the Secretary of the Junk Peddlers' Union.

"A conference is going to be held from the National Junk Peddlers Associations at their headquarters in Buffalo, N. Y. With representatives of the Junk Peddlers Union, to be held January 17th and 18th, 1937. Important questions concerning Junk Peddlers in general will be discussed at that meeting. From Rochester, General Executive Members Sam Sheiman, Dave Pies, Local President, Sam Miller, Sec'y, and some of the executive members will be present at the conference.

"We have also succeeded to sign contracts with six Junk Dealers.

"At present in the Waste Material line things are running fairly between Local Union and The Waste Material Dealers.

"Headquarters has been opened lately for the Convenience of the Junk Peddlers."

Hot Flashes

The JACK (FRANCES) QUACKENBUSHES still living up to those New Year's vows at this scribbling . . . ED (Kodak Pk.) BELL and BETTY KINGSBURY will have the knot tied some time around the last of this month . . . and JIMMY GERHITY and EARL CLAIR are rehearsing for the ushers' jobs . . . Add smokers of mean pipes—KAY MURDOCK over at . . . SLATER still flashing around the Central Avenue sector???

Irondequoit Flashes

The best fish yarn of any week is being banded about Brodericktown by RED GIEBEL . . . since pulling that man-sized pickerel outta the Bay the other nite . . . To the attractive BLANCHE SEMPLE and pal BILL MAYER goes this week's award for host and hostessing . . . since they put over that Flashite dance in such fine shape . . . Question—Wasn't the St. Paul Exempt Fire-eaters' big Christmas tree . . . that's just now dismantled . . . bigger than the Palace Theatre's . . . that was supposed to be the biggest in the world???

All the Baysiders want us to nominate BENNY DE MAY as the best cook of the week . . . Do HAPPY CONGIE and his Missus . . . over on Winona Boulevard . . . still toss those 18-karat patties in their mansion on the riverside??? Best Tom and Jerry's of any week could be dished up by rotund FRANK MORSE of Bengal's likeside spot . . . with the spirit moves him . . . 'cause FRANK is regarded by fellow mixers all over town as one of the finest.

Hot Flashes

Calling all gals who frequent that N. CLINTON druggery—How's about laying off the smoke screen . . . while some of the other customers are trying to down their groceries???

ARE YOU A VENUS, BORGIA, APOLLO, ROMEO OR SHYLOCK

(Continued from Page 12)

your soda. A 'Siren' he can tell you is a wayward wench who's out for no good. For this piece of tidings he remembered his Homer and Odysseus.

Right away he knows that a Delilah is a gal who's out to get some Samson. A Don Juan is a chappie who's a bit more successful than a Casanova (still another one).

He understands that a Enoch Arden is a guy who's taken a lam from his wife. A Godiva, he figures to be a gallant blonde taking a runback to Nature. She may or may not have to be on a horse.

Galahad is a guy who's sucker for a maid and a Sir Walter Raleigh recalls visions of some gent spreading his coat-tails out for some damsel to stamp in the mud. Helen of Troy and Cleopatra he knows to be a couple of peaches who can do a fella plenty of good . . . and plenty of harm.

In Greek mythology the reader is a wiz . . . He knows that an Adonis is some young & healthy led with a bronzed back, and Apollo is a handsome face of fair complexion; a Venus is a lush beauty with plenty on the ball.

Judas and Benedict Arnold are symbols of treachery. A soft-hearted yegg means Robin Hood. Solomon implies a smart gentleman . . . a solver of crossword puzzles and the like.

Just mention the name Shylock and the Flash reader has a picture of some Scrooge trying to squeeze blood out of a rock. A Svengali is a sinister lad who gives the dolls the beady eye . . . He knows that a Midas refers to one of the local bankers, everything they touch turning to gold. To be "rich as Croesus" is a cinch for them.

Our readers are steeped in classical literature of the hoary past. Stevenson's Jekyll-Hyde signifies a two-faced, double-crossing, upperclass bigwig. While Janus just means a guy who's been trying to pull the wool over the public's eyes. The latter hasn't the distinction of the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Fagin is a rat, a big-nosed viper . . . using innocent kiddles to fleece the public; Machiavelli is the dyed-in-the-wool city slicker . . . he's the smoothie who's trying to foreclose on your grandmother's farm, while he's smooching with your aunt.

History is nothing. When you've crossed the Rubicon you've burned your bridges behind you. say the experts of tabloids . . . and when you meet your Waterloo, it just means simply that you've led with your chin.

Oh, he readers of the FLASH are a larned lot. They are prolifically numbered among the literati, the intelligensia and the people who eat regularly.

For the first time in the history of the U. S. a President is leading the fight against the scourge of syphilis . . . and Frankie deserves a heluva lot of credit.

President Roosevelt informed the Venereal Disease Control Conference in Washington: "I am glad to convey to you this expression of my deep interest in the success of your effort. The Federal Government is deeply interested in reducing the disastrous results of venereal disease."

The "Syphilis Fighters" have been allocated \$10,000,000 to fight the disease, and are now trying to wrap their fingers around another 15 million mazumas to keep up their good work.

Dr. Thomas Parran, the forerunner of the movement, last week called together 600 medicos to plan a campaign against the virus. However, the boys are finding the going tough, because the "respectable" dailies throughout the country are just like the ones in Rochester. It's a question of "spit at the end of your cigar" being something unmentionable.

University of Pennsylvania syphologist, Dr. J. Hinchman Stokes, declared in no uncertain terms: "Our researchers have indicated a sensible trend in venereal disease away from intercourse

between the sexes, and towards sodomy and pederasty. (We had to go to the dictionary for these, too.)

For the benefit of the 12,000,000 victims of gonorrhea and the 6,000,000 of syphilis throughout the country, and for those who might pick the disease up in the meantime, a regular program is going to be followed:

1. Appointment of full-time venereal control officers in every State dept. of health; 2. Free distribution of anti-syphilitic drugs to rich and poor alike. (The rich aren't immune.); 3. The greater use of dark-field microscopic examination in the diagnosis of early syphilis; 4. A greater attempt to obtain reliable morality and morbidity reports. (What reading these would make!)

5. Development of more clinics. There is only one clinic now for every 130,000 pippls in the U. S.; 6. More careful supervision by the states before recognition is given syphilis and gonorrhea clinics; 7. More money for direct expenditures in the control of the venereal diseases.

And so that's the way it goes, folks. The "respectable" civic leaders are doing the ostrich act while the medicos are trying to do something useful. By the time venereal disease relief has become a thing of the present, the "good" people of this town and other towns will be ready to step in and take the credit. But right now, while the subject of syphilis is honestly faced by no less a man than F. D. R., the good burghers are "Tut, tut, tutting" with their eyebrows chinning themselves on their respective scalps.

Let's be as honest about syphilis and gonorrhea as we are about taking a bath! . . . Farethewell to the mossbacks.

HAPPY DAYS
Are Here Again
At Genial
CHARLIE HELBERG'S
1260 North St. Main 8234
FOR THE BEST
In
FOOD LIQUORS
WINES BEERS

TATA'S GRILL
472 CHILD ST.
featuring at all times
RAVIOLI
and
SPAGHETTI
DINING - DANCING TO
SNAPPY RHYTHM
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HOTEL UNION
40 SOUTH UNION
Fish Fry Friday, 15c
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OUR PHANTOM PHOTOGRAPHER ABOUT TOWN WITH HIS INVISIBLE CAMERA



We sent our cameraman out with his coded camera to see what he could see. Our cameraman had a very busy day - - - bending his elbow on the most select bars in town, so this is the net result. Above is a very rare picture of three of our most socialite citizens, members of the Rochester Country Club, hard at work getting the Countr. Clu's famous greens ready for the golf season. No expense was spared or allowed in obtaining this exclusive photo.



Here you see in a striking action pose, Fifi, the edit'r's girl Friday, about to get what she has coming to her from the boss. Fifi and work are getting to be total strangers. Fifi has lovely features and a very fine faunyola to boot, which is just what the boss is gonna do.



Here is a very lovely specimen of what men will be wearing on their arms this winter at all the best dances. This girl is classified by society experts as what is known as a debbie. All you have to do to get a debbie is have, 1, a fat checkbook; 2, a big car; 3, a country estate; 4, a broad accent; 5, a marriage license. Since the depression, the debbies have loosened up a little and you can do okay without No. 3. A debbie might be called a Class A investment made by her mama and papa who wants a dividend in the form of a son-in-law who gets dividen's.



Above, kiddies, is a very snappy shot of the famous Genesee Valley Hunt, wich is supposed to hunt the fox. The members of the Hunt are those on the horse's and not those afoot. Some of the boys on horseback seem to be more interested in the gal on the left than in the fox. Experts believe that the main reason the fox is so board to catch in these huats is because of those phoney uniforms, which scare the critters right into the next county.



INSIDE STORY OF A COMICAL COUNCILMAN: Here you see the evolution of Henry Has enpfaffer, a guy who became a City Father. These three very choice pictures dug up by our cameraman tell the story better than we could, and as the pictures don't tell it so hot, you can imagine how lousy we'd be. In the first shot you see the guy right in the heat of action, just before election. He is ridiculing his hoorable opponent, whom he privately considers a tramp, for claiming he has a monopoly on being a "frand of the peepul." Second, you get a glimpse at Mr. Hassenpfaffer findig out t'at the public is as big a sucker as ever, meaning that he just learned he was elected. The third shot is a fitting finish to our story, though unhappily not to Mr. Haesenpfaffer. It's h's characteristic pose ever since Elect'n Day. Mr. H. is a sound man—you can hear him for blocks around.

SALLIES FROM THE ALLEYS

EDITH CLAUS was right up in her stride at Henchen's on Tuesday . . . cracking the maples for consistent scores of 173, 176 and 1177 . . . Copper BUCK ALLEN also showed a mean right arm for the Traffic Bureau 4 . . . with 200, 212 and 146 . . . RAY COATES . . . sponsor of the Pure Quill femme crew . . . saw his team lose three close matches on Churchday aft . . . to the TIM KELLY Oyster Bar gals.

CHARLEY JOCKEY BUONOMO rolled a mean 737 for the Doyle-Gulf League on FLASHITE . . . good enough to win ten bucks in the Pin Derby . . . but just a week early for the Classic . . . He tossed the best game of them all in the Cops' League the other eve—did BRONSON AVENOO WILDEY . . . IRENE MARGRANDER and ALLISON MILLER . . . Doyle-Gulf Gals attractions . . . used the schedules for book marks on Sunday . . . and so missed out on 3 games.

Cagey Kegler of the Week:
JIMMY ANSINI
(Rochester loop)

Everything's set for the big Annual Bowlers' Dance and shindig, a couple of Frideves from now . . . on Feb. 5 . . . at Eagles' Hall . . . and from the advance reports . . . there will

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be plenty of strikes and nobody spared . . . All the keggers around Buonomo's want us to tag JOE (HOUND) LUSARDY . . . as the Prima Donna of them all . . . WALT HADLOCK of the Hadlock Paint Team . . . explained the ultra-lousaye scores of Mondeve . . . as the result of too much Geneva on Sunday . . . whatever that means . . .

Add Coming Events: THE MUHS' DOUBLES (this Soliday)

CHARLEY (SILVERLOCKS) SULLIVAN . . . dauntless bowler and gas buggy salesguy . . . gave that prospective customer such a line of chatter 't'other eve that the p. c. got all gassed . . . and shocked one and all by buying a Buick from BUTCH JOHNSON!

JOHN SULLIVAN, 'tis said . . . is in the market for a new team member . . . since RAY COATES turned in that 123 on Mondeve . . . but then again, the boys may just be trying to wound JOHN's feelings . . . Who are the four pretty pulse-takers from Strong Memorial . . . flashed building their averages at Henchen's lately???

JOE LENZO, the Brightview's Vuripapa . . . is swelling the scores of the White Linen outfit. Something lots of fans would like to know—Who elects the Goat of the Week at Buonomo's . . . or is it just one of those mysteries like the electoral college???

Spit Ball of the Week: JIM GUERNER'S (St. Stanislaus slides)

Over at CHARLEY HENCHEN's west side drives . . . there's gonna be another Mixed Doubles Tourney on Sunday, Jan. 24 . . . an average of 340 is the limit for entries . . . everybody's hoping the prizes will be as appropriate as last time . . . when slightly baldish TONY BUONOMO won a bottle of hair tonic.

MRS. LOU STALLKNECHT was the center of attraction over at Henchen's the other nite . . . both on account of her scores and her new Personality Wave . . . RUTH YOUNG rolled a 211 on Tuesday . . . MARY STEINER a sizz'ing 225 . . . JENNIE WALTERS a high of 206 . . . and EDITH CLAUS topped 'em all as usual with a 226 . . . High individual scores for the season over at the Genesee drives are for singles . . . FLORENCE MANDELL'S 287 and EDNA SMITH'S 247.

Very funny . . . when MILT STETSON rolled two strikes in the 10th frame . . . over at the Genesee on Wednesday . . . but both were fouls . . . and in the second game . . . the same thing happened . . . MILT called it disgusting . . . ROY WILFERTH'S 275 is still good for high score in the Butterhole League . . . CHARLEY HOFFMEIER'S average is a round 200 . . . HANK MAEDER'S right up in there with 193.

EDDIE DOMM is shattering

Sporty Spiel

Music may be everywhere, but our local hoopsters of the hardwood are striking many discords in their sweet feud.

At present it looks like the Seagrams led by affable LES HARRISON. But MUGGSY SOLOMON, leader of the reorganized CENTRALS, avers his club is in the running and claims LES is trying unduly to monopolize court honors.

The CENTRALS present a spectacle on the Temple stage every week. Thus far their record for the season compares with that of the likker lads.

MUGGSY claims he has top-ranking performers in SAUS RABIN, BO MINK, FRANKIE GERVASI, BELLO SNYDER, and JACK WILLIAMS. If necessary, he can throw in plenty of power with SAMMY MINK, EDDIE MYMIT, JERRY LEVINE. All the lads have pro experience and say they can take the SEAGRAMS on any court.

He Rolled A 300: GUERNEY EDMONDS (Elm HaH Mondeve)

The local lassies have much the same to offer. Last Sunday Coach DON NIGER and Manager PAUL BRIGANDI of the BOND girls accepted the challenge of ROY VAN GRAFLEN to a five or seven game series to decide who wears the city crown.

Last year the BONDS, then playing as the DREXELS, walked off the floor in a huff because they felt the pressure was being applied. This year, however, with the club much stronger, the FILARETS are promised plenty of bruises.

ANN SOROCHELY, MARTHA DEVONIS, IONE BOGARDUS and MARY ANDREWS are most outstanding with OLGA KANE, IDA SCHUTRUM, HELEN DOMENICA, LORRAINE LATHAM and GENEVIEVE SLATTERY equal to the task.

To date the BOND tossers are winning nine of eleven games, losing only to the crack JANE LEAR damself of Buffalo by close margins.

Best Form of the Week: MARY ANDREWS (on a basketball court)

This Sunday the Rochester ATHLETIC GIRLS oppose the BONDS on the Falcon hardwood with the BUFFALO ST. STANISLAUS opposing the FALCONS.

CAPTAIN OLSEN'S crack IRO-

the pins tight and left . . . his 39-game average is 239 . . . SAMMY REBMAN'S is 203 for 36 games . . . CLAYT BERL is on the record for 24 games at a 202 average . . . and TOPSY OWEN'S 42 games give him a 197.

The Genesee Ladies line up in order like this . . . for the three game totals . . . ALICE AINSWORTH'S 597 . . . BETTY LEWIS 560 . . . MARCELLA ZELLER'S 557 . . . and FLORENCE SEIDEL'S 549 . . . The Bartholomay dairyboys have won 13 games and dropped just 11 . . . and 2676 the Genesee record for a total.

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!")

**Rainbow On The River, at the Century starting Jan. 14—If you like the warbl'ing of little Bobby Breen, latest child wonder of the airwaves on Eddie Cantor's show, you'll like this. Bobby turns out to be a plump, curly-haired tyke of 11 or thereabouts . . . who promises to be a romantic menace in a few years which his voice has changed and all. The plot doesn't matter much . . . it's The Green Pastures all loked up with a golden-voiced orphan, a colored mammy, and group singing of spirituals. But pleasant enough.

**Gold Diggers of 1937, at the Palace starting Jan. 15—The Warner Brothers unbert with their annual classic and none of the familiar stuff is missing. Dick Powell looks cute in his mustache . . . and sings and sings . . . Joan Blondell looks cute . . . The big Busby Berkeley ensembles are so colossal that they're practically terrific . . . Need we tell you there's a happy ending, with everybody well married and rolling in dough?

"—Camille, at the Rochester starting Jan. 15—We find that we previewed this last week, two weeks before it opens in New York at the Capitol and more than one week before it was due here. What other paper gives you service like this?

QUOIS Lacrossers are girding themselves for the onslaught of the BRAMPTON TIGERS and the FERGUS THISTLES on successive fishdays.

The local stick-wielders have lost but one fracas on the home acre this season, that at the hands of the rough and tough MIMICOS.

Goalie CLIFF TABER, TREMAINE GENERAL, SMILEY YOUNG and HARRY GREEN playing a bangup game for the Braves, while BILL and LANCE ISAACS have the distinction as the game's outstanding forwards.

CAPTAIN OLSEN having a most successful season, ringing the bell for five sell-outs, which proves the fans want slam-bang action.

JEROME KEOGH, congenial proprietor of the Billiard Academy, is doing big things by attracting world-renowned billiard artists to this city.

Last week National champion GEORGE KELLY exhibited his wares, losing to a local champ. On February 4th "MAN OF MYSTERY" and on March 4th the World's three-cushion champion, WELKER COCHRAN.

GENE DUGAN, HAROLD JACKSON, HARRY HICKMAN, and DOC DAVE MARTIN are some of the local cue-men who will compete in the Class B three-cushion tournament to be held Monday nite.

At present the Pro pug promotions look bad. According to JAKE CAREY the facilities here are inadequate to handle the large attendances needed to assure professional cards, therefore unless something is done to remedy this fault the sporting gents may despair of seeing the leading battlers of the country in action here.

JAKE says, "You can't raise the price, because the fans will not pay it. Sports are on the upgrade, yes; but the fans expect major league attractions for minor league prices. You can have it all, I'll have none."

Matchmaker JOHNNY BURBA is more optimistic along the amateur lines. For three consecutive weeks the hit-miss-and-run pugs have been packing them in, turning them away in fact, with such belters as SAMMY GORITZ, SARGE SAMMY LETA, TONY DICARLO, JOHNNY EATHERN, and JIMMY REINA among the heavies.

In the lighter division EDDIE SMITH, HENRY SMITH, JOHNNY BARNATONE, and DON PIANO are slinging plenty of leather.

RED SMITH, Rochester's champ

announcer, says the reason for turning away fans at the Elks is due to the slam-bang action featured throughout the cards; those who choose to slide along are boosted out the door with a helpful kick. ACTION is more desired than SCIENCE.

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INSIDE AND LOWDOWN

Lordmayor Charley Stanton got his photo in the New York Daily Mirror on Monday . . . right next to the Winchell column . . . The shot is of Hizzoner being presented with an anniversary Sunday Mirror by Joe Larkin, the Four Corners newsman . . . and the shutter-snapper managed to catch Stanton relaxed in a smile . . . no mean feat!

Jack Gallagher, Connie Russ, and Earl Schaffer journeyed over to the morgue in the wee hours of the other dawning . . . to identify a pal's body . . . only the pal is still very much alive.

Back From Canada: PAULINE ALLARD

Is it a romance . . . with Sally Martin and Al Merkel??? Isabelle Pirano is now sekittering for the new law firm of Sam Di Pasquale and Charley Mondo . . . Feb. 2 will be Groundhog Day . . . as maybe you already know . . . If the groundhog sees his shadow we'll have six more weeks of winter . . . if the shadow sees the groundhog that's news.

Did the gent known as Sy Kemp, a w. k. lakesider . . . get the cowbell down at Ernie Bedini's emporium on Lake Avenue on Soldaft . . . because he got into the wrong room . . . purely by mistake???

Mae West, buxom and bucksome siren of the screen . . . is the second highest-salaried citizen in all these States . . . pulling down close to half a million in cool cash for her flicker antics during '36 . . . But her latest, "Go West, Young Man," flopped in every city but N'York! . . . How does she do it?

Romance through the reindote note—Kay O'Brien and Johnny May.

Mrs. Ada Schiffauer, popular Murray Street matron . . . and Missus of the big brewery man . . . lost out at Tata's Grill the other nite . . . tossing the dice with that FLASH reporter.

Robert Taylor's only Rochester rival turns out to be Harry Patrick, the electrician boss of the Sagamore Hostelry . . . Who is this Duchess of Child Street anyway??? Also noted at Tata's the other curfew was the one and only Gerald Fischer, Apollo of the 10th Ward . . . greeting all his pals and admirers.

Financial Wizardess: GRACE LE GENDRE

Louis Kabacoff . . . jovial barman of the Cotton Club . . . carried on at the job on Flashnite in spite of the depressed condition of his health . . . Sudden thought—Florence Colebrook Powers, the dancing maestra . . . suggests Billie Burke of the flickers in appearance, manner, and disposition . . . Lowell (Mac) Macmillan . . . one of the tallest and best mike spielers in captivity . . . is now doing his stuff for WHEC . . . leaving the WHAM staff after ever so many years.

Johnny [Sax] Penn is going in for fisticuffs lately . . . Also flashed while doing the taxen on Saturday nite was brother saxman Al Lincoln . . . The little stunner handing onto Eddie Densted's brassy arm . . . at the shindig . . . might have been Adeleine Plain of the Park Avenue Plains . . . no relation the Park Avenue Penners.

Chesterfieldian manners of the week belong to Albert Goldman . . . Wilder Building lawyerman who makes his Flash debut herewith . . . Thank to Buffalo Bill Palmentier, the theatreman . . . for Bill knows what . . . Cameraman John Mac Farlane's clever photo . . . titled "Eight Day Bachelor" and showing a sinkful of dirty dishes and milk bottles . . . is one of the ace attractions of the International Salon of Photography.

What's become of George (Goatee) Knopf??? Mary Ann Weidman . . . west side damsel . . . might have "At Home At the Range" for a theme song . . . on account of she's one of these gals that can cook . . . Does Stan Goldstein, handsome lad of the raiment selling clan . . . still remember when the name Kay used to make the cardiac system work a little faster?

Verrah Nize Lass: KATE YARTON (Bond Gals)

The Dixie Theatre has just discontinued two of the most attractive features over there . . . one being china nites and the other being cashier Nan Barham . . . For an eye and careful of gracious receptionizing . . . get a load of Massa H. J. Marks of the Bausch & Lomb reception room.

Kay Bobby of the Delco Works just can't take her eyes off that third finger these days . . . it's one of the larger pay-rocks around town . . . When those groups of stammers from the campus stroll along the street . . . gasman Nelson (Barney) Nelius just takes time off to gaze . . . The pickets who've been striding up and down in front of the Lyric Theatre on North Clinton for the past year are now doing their picketing in better light . . . 'cause the theatre's just installed a new and ultra-brilliant marquee!

What's Become Of Her? RUTH HETTIG (sweet blonde)

The Bond Gals' basketball fray the other nite drew a houseful of fans to Falcon Hall . . . among them the stunning Verhag twins . . . Dot and Vera . . . James Pecorei and his frau . . . he's the 9th Ward GOPolitic . . . also the Jack (Adeline) Mailos . . . and the Frank Ockenwans of Penfield . . . Millie (Flash) Pasch was an eyeful in her green outfit . . . and Kate Yarton took care of the score card.

Kodaker Link Coddington would like it to be known . . . that the reports of a welding starring himself and heartbeat Mae . . . on New Year's Eve . . . are just so much bologna.

Fuzzy Rogers, the smiling tray totter over at Maxie Nusbaum's . . . thinks that songstress Julie Miller is zimmerful . . . and does Fuzzy get a little green-eyed . . . sometimes???

Popular Sec'y of the Week: JEAN WILCOX (Four Cornersite)

Lovely brunette department—Rachel Tata of the w. k. grillery . . . And what's this about the gee known as Pete the Goose Killer . . . having a heavy crush on one of the sector's young lasses??? Who's the schoolmarg tagged Miss Sheehan or something similar . . . who haunts the Manhattan eatery around midnite until two? . . . Clue—Chesterfields are her pet ciggies.

What causes the happy grin on Charley the Herndon? . . . Alma Vanderwheel and Frank Flack are keeping the phone company busy . . . Goin' to town on the entertainment bills about town are Lew Simms, Sammy Carlisle, Charley Gilbert and Frankie Gillette . . . it's a tap team.

The new monthly mag of pictures . . . titled "Look" . . . is said to be giving "Life" a run for its money . . . The chatter also is that "Life" didn't do itself any good by being so hard to get for the first few issues . . . Maybe the bigtime magolas have their troubles, too.

Is it a mysterious Sally . . . who's making life intrustin' for Horace the scion of the spaghetti Gioias?

Flashman Melvin Ohls has moved back to the old stand at the Four Corners . . . Offside to Earl Schaeffer—what's this about not paying up on those bets? . . . The reddest faces the other night belonged to Olive Hoyt and Doris Ryan . . . they say the wrong door at the right time had the world to do with it!

She takes her job very serious . . . does Carrie Musatella of the White Linen Laundry Lassies . . . Henry Bauer is taking good care of that gleaming new gas buggy . . . Add attractive Madisonites—Jean Russo.

What does that sign imply . . . on the ad truck going around Flashtown—"Nitey Caller—Any Hour"?

Just a friendly tip to the big-wigs of the Rochester Trust Co. . . might be a good idea if you could quiet the group laughter of your employees congregating on your doorsteps about 4:45 P. M. or so. Too much laughter and merry-making might give the clients ideas . . . if ya know what we mean.

M. C. (Marty) Rutherford, the stocks and bonds magnate . . . is ultra busy these days and eves . . . it's all for the sake of the Aven Gold Mines' business . . . This is National Buy a Flash Week . . . as well as National Eat an Apple Week and National Don't Kick Your Grandmother When She's Down Week . . . Congrats to Frank Radde of Genesee Park Boulevard . . . who took the important step last issue.

Frank Dreschler, who just last week was retired from the Michaels-Stern Clothery . . . worked there a total of 42 years . . . beginning when he was 13 . . . To veteran Dreschler . . . see bow low.

Howie De Bart . . . young and eligible bachelor of the east side . . . makes his Flash debut . . . about the flaming red hair . . . The season's greetin's are hereby flashed to scribe Ted Noun . . . formerly a localite . . . and now somewhere in Buenos Aires.

What little schoolgal at one of Flashtown's Junior Highs became a Missus this week . . . and the groom is just past the age where life is supposed to begin???

Archie Bourbon, of the Magee Avenoo photo studio . . . displays the FLASH along with Fortune, the Beaux Arts, and other mags on his reception room table . . . because, says he, he wants his guest to have the best and the worst, whichever they prefer . . . now, which is which?

John Barr, "Toots" Quackenbush, and the Speedy guy are still just like that in spite of anything . . . which information will cost Clem Heffler three bucks . . . The sad report is that Bert "Tap Room" Fallardeau . . . Flashtown's oven Chevalier . . . isn't up to par ever since the holidays . . . She gives you a big smile along with your change . . . does cashier gal Dorothy Mahoney.

Late New Year's greetings to Bob McCoy, the hamburger king . . . Lucky anklers at the big dance fest the other nite were Betty Fuller, Leo Fisbaugh, Betty Connelly and Davis Burkhardt . . . you ask 'em to show the trophies . . . Somebody wants us to say that Leona De Sutter is just as nize as big sister Alma . . . which is plenty nize.

Terrace Gardens' Best Customer: TOMMY CIARALDI (Portland sector lad)

Add lovely objects in a Flash-green dress—Jeannette Dietrich.

What's become of Toby Kinney, the handsome likker and brogan guy???

Art Argyries, the ace bookerman and head of the Mutual Entertainment Exchange . . . will take himself a much-needed vacation starting next Tuesday . . . Art will head for the southerly climes . . . especially Texas . . . and will look up some of his far-flung pals and kin.

That very funny and icky yarn that went around last summer . . . about the gas station with the non-paying customers . . . finally reached the airwaves in expurgated form the other nite . . . They've substituted I. W. W. for the original W. P. A. gag . . . which makes the yarn fit for public consumption.

Artistic Window Trimmer of the Week: ARTHUR ELLIS (Biltmore Hat Shop)

Vivacious and comely damsel of the week is Virginia Siegfried . . . her poppa and mamma are the w. k. dance team.

Sally, the Bardo's check gal . . . is wearing a diamond that big . . . but is reticent about the hero's name . . . Bertha Horton is no longer a lotion and wave lass at the Kenwood Beautyery . . . she's given it all up for the hearth and home stuff . . . What's all this . . . about Bob Canfield selling the crown jewels???

Ruth Frank . . . Babe "Shutout" Kretz . . . Helen Dominica . . . Red Bukowski, and Anne Sorochety are all signed up . . . 'tis said . . . for one of the best gals' indoor baseball teams in sight.

Gonna Be a Barberman: MIKE CHRISTOPHER (Holley lad)

One of the hosps' has just sprung for a new ambulance . . . a good hospital motto might be "Be the Stiff Who Rides One" . . . the new bus is a Packard.

Curley Langley, the strolling troubadour, is now doing the M. C.ing at the Times Square supper clubbery . . . and a swell job it is . . . Much-liked matron of the week is Missus Frank O'Brien of the R.B.I. . . . Publisher Anthony J. Ritz of the Flower City Press birthdaxed the other day . . . and was gifted with something extra special by the frau.

Harry Vosburgh and his overhead were missing from their usual Sunday haunts . . . reason: The pair went a bit highbrow and looked over the current show at the Art Gallery . . . The question's still a question whether Eva Ruff really had appendicitis New Year's Eve . . . What's become of Lucille Predmore . . . the ice cream baroness of the Portland sector???

Eyeful of blonde department—Ruth Cabcic . . . who's also one of the more ardent bowling fans over at Hennen's.

What's going to happen to the Avon Shoppe now that they've lost their bulwark, inimitable Ann Goldstein? Ann, it seems has transferred her affections to the Wilbur-Roger's outfit . . . 'n bizness there will likely start booming in the near future.

Jim Wilson, snappy m'g'r of the Waldorf, going for her early morning stride Thurs. last . . . Peter P. Karley recovering from a teeney-weeney attack of the bronky tubes . . . James Waring, let it be known, is the busiest lawyerman of this wonderful week . . . Some guy has a secret pash for Stella Rizzo, beauteous stenog at the Powers Bldg.

Tommy Murphy enjoying the weather . . . Whatever happened to the great Paul Benton . . . 'n why didn't he go to Europe like we said? . . . The flu has frozen from the bedside of Mike Suetta . . . Just can't understand why Johnnie McGovern the Jamiah is still a bachelor . . . with all those lovelorn glances cast in his direction.

Over at Allard's State Street spot the boys and gals all wanna know . . . when's proprietor Fred going to take that vacation?? Jackie (saxatooter) Warshoff and Leonore Butcher will page the parson soon . . . right?? And what dark, lean, Gable-ish number is torch-singer Irene Beverly's A-1 fan???

Norman D. Ball, accounting man for the HOLC, just sealed his citizenship papers . . . Esk Clara Burke, the loan service gal, to tell you one of her cute, little stories . . . they'll keep you in stitches . . . or take somebody out of them . . . Louise Ruthven is said by her friends to have pulently on the ball . . . or sumpun' like that.

TIME SCHEDULES MAKE BUS MEN BREAK LAW!

Our last issue flashed a yarn about the Barney Oldfield bus drivers around town doing anywhere from 40 to 47 miles per hour along Flashtown's streets.

And have we been hearing from the drivers ever since!

It seems the answer to all this high speed business is NOT that the drivers are reckless. The answer is to be found on that big schedule board at the N. Y. S. R. R. barns on State Street—take a look and you'll understand all.

The overworked bus pilot has to act as driver, conductor, and cashier. Lots of time things happen that make the bus a minute or two late on Mr. Tilton's carefully worked out schedules. And woe to the driver who doesn't wind up his route on time!

There's the answer. How do you like them apples?

STRIKING GALS YELL MURDER

(Continued from Page 12)

sanctimonious seal of wedlock right at the present time! This gal pointed out that the restaurateurs in this silly berg expected their girls to sling hash in a sophisticated manner. The eyebrows had to be plucked just so, nails manicured to the correct tone, hair finger-waved at least twice a week, certain shade and grade of silk leg-wear and natty uniforms.

Page Hollywood

She alleged that a girl has to look like a Myrna Loy or a Ginger Rogers to wait tables at the Seneca Hotel. Here, she said, the gals got 25 cents for each meal . . . which at the most could only assure them 75 cents a day. Very elementary, folks. Three meals a day do make.

Of course, the gals have to pay for their own uniforms. And, of course, they have to pay for the laundry fees. However, what do five or six bucks for uniforms mean to a gal who's getting the colossal figure of four bucks for her week's work!

They Tip Hats

AS TO TIPS, OUR STRIKING WAITRESS DECLARED "THEY AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE." TOO MANY WOMENFOLK DINING OUT THESE DAYS WAS THE EXPLANATORY COMMENT.

SHE TOLD OF THE SASIETY 'HEN PARTIES' WHERE THE 'SWELLS' CAME IN ALL FLUFFED UP IN THEIR FINERY, PLUNKED THEIR ELEGANT FANNIES DOWN ONIES OF GASTRONOMICAL THE SOFA, GORGED THEMSELVES ON A SERMASTERPIECES, AND THEN DAINTILY PICKED THEIR WAY OUT OF THE PARTICULAR EATERY NODDING BRIGHTLY TO THE TRAY-TOTERS, EVERY NOD BEING A TIP.

A couple of the serving gals were quite eloquent about Laube's Old Spain. They said that tho they didn't have much use for bull-throwers, they went a little bit less for the 15 cents an hour they were being lavished with by the people of Old Spain.

Here's the Gripe!

Here's a few of the things the gals are griping at in general! They complain that they have to eat all the left-

over stew, they have to chip in to pay the bus boys(tho they don't begrudge the bus boy his few pennies, they think the owner oughta pay their bit) they have to take care of banquet parties at some of the Hotels for free . . . if they're on the regular 75 cent a day staff.

The girls add that they're not asking for much. And even the most cynical will admit that the ten bucks a week they're holding out for wouldn't keep a lot of that East Ave. crowd in hairpins.

Where will they go? . . . those waitresses you know. Will they be kept by a decent living wage . . . or will they just be KEPT? And is this the sort of a situation the good burghers of this town want?

HOLLEY FLASHES

BETTY BARBER has left the old home town . . . and somewhere in California is the new address . . . They tell us that the Joe E. Brown of Hurlburton is PETE NENNI . . . ART BIDWELL, w. k. musician . . . slings cider barrels to keep in condition . . . THE VAL-ENTINES have also migrated . . . to Michigan . . . For an awful of 18-karat wit . . . lend an ear to ARCHIE SMALEY . . . formerly of the soda SMALLEYS.

The big celebration last issue was for the merger starring THERESA PENNA . . . the reception was over at Bondi's . . . but we dunno the new groom's monnieker . . . FRANK CAROSELLI's doing okay in welding business . . . he'd have youse know . . . and is also willing to sell a bit of gas on the side . . . The two best coppers and the tops among sheriffs — BENNY GENNARINO and HARLAN RUGGLES . . . and RAY HUDSON.

JOE PIEDMONTE blew in from Fort Niagara the other day to give the natives a treat . . . SLIM SALERNO and SADDIE PADUANO are now one . . . ditto for DICK DE PALMA and CORA CHARLES . . . Baseballer GENE DE PALMA and the lovely WANDA PASSARELLI are also a flash.

Vivacious Matron of the Week:

MRS. HELEN DAVID
(the store exec's frau)

HOLLYWOOD HOWLS AND HYSTERIC

JACK BENNY's Yule gift to frau MARY LIVINGSTONE was a flock of diamond and emerald clips . . . MARLENE (LEGS) DIETRICH is set to start work on a flicker to be titled "Angel" . . . GAIL PATRICK and BOB COBB . . . who had one of those rubber-stamp mergers at Tia Juana a few weeks ago . . . got married all over again last issue . . . but in a church this time . . . ELEANORE WHITNEY and JOHNNY DOWNS are winning so much dough on the nags that pals are asking them for tips.

Everybody's wondering how the MARY PICKFORD-BUDDY ROGERS duo will turn out . . . America's Sweetheart being 10 years in age and two marriages up on BUDDY . . . BING CROSBY has to have his konk graced with a toupee for the closeups . . . so thin are his locks . . . CHARLES BUTTERWORTH and DOROTHY (TARZANA) LAMOUR have each sprung for a new car.

Among the Flashtown boys and girls making good in Cinematown are BENNY BAKER . . . GEORGE CUKOR . . . ROUBEN MAMOULIAN . . . SYLVIA SIDNEY . . . CAB CALLOWAY . . . and RALPH BELLAMY . . . at least they all usta live here and did time with the local stock companies . . . Warbler GLADYS SWARTHOUT and husband FRANK CHAPMAN had themselves a vacation together out in the desert . . . before GLADYS left for concert appearances in the East and South.

JOEL McCREA is spending lots of time in the hospital lately . . . but only to get atmosphere for his next opus . . . "Internes Can't Take Money" . . . They say that of all the dynamite temperaments in flickertown . . . SIMON SIMONE takes the first prize for cussedness . . . CLAUDETTE COLBERT and groom DOC JOEL PRESSMAN had a reunion the other day . . . in a place called Ketchum, Idaho . . . where CLAUDETTE started on "I Met Him In Paris."

Hot Flashes

The sweet voice of the Ledger Printing Company information desk turns out to be BERTHA KOREN . . . an attractive and plumpish brunette . . . How's real estater HYMIE COHEN coming along . . . in those big stud and draw parties at the Elks'???. One of the most genial medicos in all Flashtown is DOC C. V. COSTELLO of the Medical Arts Building . . . One for our Remember Way Back colm — When BOB (HIPPO) FOTHERGILL and MARSE GEORGE STALLINGS were the brawn and brains of the old Tribe?

Ubiquitous Ditty of the Week:

EASY TO LOVE

Those ecstatic newlyweds . . . MAX WEINSTEIN and SYLVIA, formerly WEISS . . . are just back from the New York honeymoon and will nest in Flashtown from now on . . . HELEN KOSEL says those Post Office games and other kiddlet pastimes are okay . . . as long as you don't get a wrong number . . . What's CLAYTON PAULKNER doing to while away the long eves now . . . since SIS SHAEFER is touring Urop???. And ain't love something? . . . just look at CLAIRE LANSING and JACK FAHY.

Cameramen of the Week:
THE H-B PICKETERS

MOOCHERS LEAVE IN HELL OF A HURRY!

(Continued from Page 12)

four couples banged their way thru the front door. And began partaking of sundry liquid refreshments. Missus Iamonoco looked at her son thinking them to be his friends. He looked at his mother thinking them to be her friends.

And not for an hour did it dawn on the Iamonocos that the visitors were nobody's friends.

Then with the coming of the dawn, one of the invited guests, a 6 ft. 4 in. gent familiarly known as King Kong, loudly mentioned his intention of ousting the visitors in a none too gentle manner. But Missus Iamonoco restrained the wrath of a boy . . . saying it

wouldn't be in the spirit of the occasion.

But the eight party-goers couldn't help understanding the desire of King Kong to remove them from his vicinity. So they quickly took a powder. So quickly, that one of the lads left his coat behind him. Brown overcoat — size 38. No questions will be asked and the owner may have same by calling at 183 Salisbury St. . . . without his friends.

Shiniest Manicures of the Week:
MAX GREENHOUSE'S
(C. P. A.)

Crosby's JANUARY FUR SALE

HERE'S the event of the fur season in Rochester! The usual saving when buying furs from Crosby's is even greater during this January sale during which the newest 1937 fashions, and of course the finest furs you can find anywhere, are featured. We've listed thirty typical examples, and their sizes below

Every Coat in Stock
Reduced to Save you **20%**

No. In Stock		Size	Reg. Price	Sale Price
1	Northern Seal* Krimmer Collar	14	\$74.50	\$59.60
1	Northern Seal* Premier Banded	18	95	76
1	Northern Seal*	16	95	76
1	Mendoza Beaver*	18	95	76
2	Mendoza Beaver*	16	87.50	70
1	Mendoza Beaver*	14	87.50	70
1	Ombra Mendoza* Princess Style	16	110	88
1	Ombra Mendoza Beaver*20	110		88
1	Dark Raccoon	18	250	200
1	Dark Raccoon, drop skin	18	275	220
1	Russian Fitch	16	225	180
1	Brown Caracul	16	157.50	126
1	Black Caracul	16	195	166
1	Black Caracul	16	218	174
1	Black Caracul	16	135	108
1	Black Caracul	16	210	168
1	Striped Lapin*	40	82.50	66
1	Russian Grey Squirrel	18	210	168
1	Hudson Seal** Princess Style	16	237.50	190
1	Hudson Seal**	16	195	156
1	Natural Raccoon	32	235	200
1	Natural Raccoon	34	235	200
1	Leopard	16	450	360
2	Northern Seal*	36	150	135
1	Bombay Lamb	34	275	230
1	Bombay Lamb	36	300	240
1	Hudson Seal**	30	250	225
1	Hudson Seal**	34	250	225
1	Scotch Mole**	36	237.50	210

*Dyed Coney **Dyed Muskrat

BUDGET PAYMENTS IF PREFERRED

20 percent Down — Balance Monthly

CROSBY FRISIAN FUR CO.

For the Best in Furs

752 LAKE AVENUE

Glen. 206 Free Parking

SENECA TERRACE

1683 DEWEY AVENUE

SUPPER CLUB

AL FAST
Master of Activities

RITA McKENNA
Popular Song Stylist

featuring
DE MONICO & PHILLIPS
Comedy Song Syncopators

NO COVER CHARGE

Minimum Sats. only

Plus Other ENTERTAINMENT FEATURES
EXCELLENT SWING-DANCE MUSIC

The Lack Of Money Is The Root Of All Evil!

(we made it up)

A PAPER
THAT DARES
TO TELL THE
TRUTH

The Rochester Weekly
FLASH

10^c DON'T
PAY
LESS!

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1937

STINGY DAMES LEAD STRIKERS TO WORRY & WOE!

Trolley Nips Panties From Gal On D. T. Corner

Passers-by at the corner of St. Paul and Main (Flash-town's windiest corner) got a thrill not on the books on Tuesday morning at 11:40. A pretty gal about 20 summers old was getting out of a Main Stem tramway when the door closed on her skirt, one of the wraparound kind that all depends on one button. The lass kept right on going, and in a trice she was exposed to the St. Paul at Main breezes, clad in her panties!

A passing motorist played the Good Samaritan. He got out of his car and wrapped a blanket around the shivering and embarrassed victim. Our man who witnessed the whole thing didn't get the license number of the kindly motorist.

He was too busy looking elsewhere.

Almost as good as the Journal's "pantie story." Eh, folks?

Cleaning War Sends Prices To Cellar!

We're always first with this sort of thing, lollypops.

There's a dry-cleaning and pressing war going on right now in this hamlet which has shoved prices for cleaning and

pressing men's suits right down to 15 cents.

The trouble all began back last May when Swan Dry Cleaners opened an emporium

(Continued on Page 5)

GIRLS CLAIM THEY HAVE TO BE GARBOS FOR FOUR BUCKS A WEEK

MOOCHERS LEAVE PARTY AND COAT!

It happened New Year's morn., after the bells had ceased tinkling . . . The lamonoco domicile on Sallsbury S. housed a swarm of guests making merry in the old-fashioned way. Whatever way that might be.

At the height of the merriment
(Continued on Page 11)

Where do they go? . . . those waitresses you know.

What happens to the little gals after they draw their stupendous wage of \$3.50 or 4 bucks a week? Here's the sad little tale, kiddies, as told a representative of this colossal sheet.

Speaking for her sisterhood one of the striking tray-totresses declared in no uncertain terms: "We've either got to get married . . . or else". The 'else', not pertaining to suicide, but to a mode

of existence in which a woman is extra-legally dependent on a man.

Not Many Weddings
And, of course, too many waitresses aren't getting the
(Continued on Page 11)

ARE YOU A VENUS, BORGIA, APOLLO, ROMEO OR SHYLOCK

Just to prove that the regular reader of the FLASH is of a more intelligent calibre than you supposed:

The Flash reader goes back to Shakespeare when he reads about "what young Romeo and that certain Lothario."

Delving into history he knows that a Borgia is a femme with malice in her heart and cyanide in
(Continued on Page 7)

LOUSY SITUATION IN SCHOOLS HERE

Too many school teachers in this town—of both sexes—are married to each other, both teaching in the Rochester school system . . . and both living outside the confines of the city, where they don't have to pay city taxes that, in turn, the long-suffering public pays to pay these same school teachers.

The tragedy of the whole business lies in the fact that so many aspiring graduates of Rochester's own Normal School are unable to get jobs . . . these kids are looking not for jobs for their whole families . . . but just for themselves.

Yet we have two members of a family-hubby and wife—usually they stop there,
(Continued on Page 6)

Old King Zog Can't Find a Wife

Old King Zog is a merry old soul . . . but it just don't do him any good with the ladies. Old Zoggie, who happens to be the King of Albania, has been trying to get himself a wife for the last ten years. But it's still no soap.

Zoggie went so far as to offer European marriage brokers 5,000 fish if they'd find him a willing queen. Well, the King took a yen for the picture of Hungarian Countess Johanna Von Mikes . . . a
(Continued on Page 2)

WISHMAN'S CIGAR STORE, INC.

ENGLISH WRITERS DIFFER WITH WINCHELL, WHO
CLAIMS ROYAL DIVORCE IN OFFING!

Weather:
Indifferent
not
Delightful

The Rochester Weekly
FLASH

10^c Cheap
for
the
TRUTH

VOL. 1—No. 4

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 22, 1937

A POOR PAPER FOR POORER PEOPLE

Duke of Kent Plays With Divorcee As His Wife Has Baby!!

Ghost at Genesee Sassiety Bankwet!

Though none of the local papers gave it more than a line, the most famous Genesee Valleyan at the whole shooting match was Carl Carmer, the author who turned out the famous "Listen for a Lonesome Drum" . . . and the howl of it all is that Carmer, in his w. k. work lampoons Rochester.

(Continued on Page 3)

VINCE DAILEY GOES FROM LOANS TO SUDS

Here's the way the story goes, children. Vince Dailey, the New York state head of the Home Owners Loan Corporation is leaving that public spirited dept. after being the king-pin for better than two years. Vince, as you likely know, is the brother of Democrat chieftan Don Dalley, and was formerly located with the Duffy-Powers organization in town. And strong rumor carries the driftage that Vince is shortly to become the directing manager of the giant King Brewery outfit in the Big City. Suds what?

KING'S BROTHER WINES DIVORCEE AS EMPIRE ROCKS AND GROANS!

Thief Creeps In Bed With Robbed Girl

We've heard of people being assaulted . . . but the height of daring occurred two nights back when a "sneak, thief, robber" poked his head thru the window of a house at 205 Lake Avenue.

(Continued on Page 3)

It's beginning to look as if the American press has taken to heart the criticisms of its British colleagues over the public airing given the Wally Simpson-Edward VIII nashy affair.

And the reason for this statement, folks? At the present time a torrid romance is going on in the peaceful isles that may be the straw that will break the camel's back . . . the camel, in this instance, being a badly-shaken British Empire.

(Continued on Page 2)

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS TAKEN IN BY COY STRIKE-BREAKER

2-Buck Trap On East Ave.

Yessir, kiddies, it's gonna cost you two bucks to drive out East Avenue if you don't watch out. It's field day (or nite) out at the intersection of the Avenue and Clover Road in Brighton, with the

(Continued on Page 2)

Are reverberations of the Bond Bread strike still filtering through the air of Rochester's embattled Union War?

It seems that important concerns are bearing pressure in hiring all kinds and types of strike-breakers, who do all sorts and kinds of things.

At this writing a lad by the monicker of Jack Lee, turning out to be a Harry Levy, claim-

(Continued on Page 5)

Clint Howard To Raise Hell With Congressmen Thru Watchful Peeping

Much has been said about Clint Howard's going to Washington . . . and if usually reliable whispers become barks much more will be said.

The now defunct Anti-Saloon League which passed out with the venerable Herbert Hoover had a catalog system which was a thing of wonder.

The various failings and lapses from approved convention of the honorable members of the U. S. Congress were re-

(Continued on Page 2)

FLASH'S MAMMOTH CUTIE LEG CONTEST!

Page 8

WILL DUKE OF KENT FOLLOW EX-KING INTO AMOROUS EXILE

(Continued from Page 1)

The Duke of Kent, Edward's youngest brother, and the only guy in the royal family who stuck to the Duke of Windsor, is now involved in a romance that makes Eddie's fall-in with Wally look like another of those Eskimo affairs.

The thing that makes the young and handsome Duke's cardiac attachment so damaging to Royal prestige lies in the fact that he at the present time is already married. And what makes it even worse (or better—it all depends on your viewpoint) is the fact that Kent was chasing about with "his friend" WHILE HIS WIFE WAS CONFINED TO HER CASTLE WITH HER SECOND CHILD!

Like his older brother Kent has a yen for a divorcee who later remarried. At the present time the gal's name is Mrs. Allen. She was the Marquise de Casa Maury . . . and before that she was Paula Gellibrand, a London mannequin.

The American press have been very childish about the whole affair. Little or no mention has been given the public dawning of this new Royal Romance. Yet the English papers, which criticized the American newspaper airing of Wally and Eddie, are now in their turn, shooting the works on the 'latest British Royal scandal.' But the American press was chastised by the moth-eaten British publishers . . . and so now they're laying off.

The London Daily Express sharply rebuked the Duke of Kent . . . meanwhile plastering the latest love affair over their front pages.

The British journalistic fire-cracker, Lord Beaverbrook, sharply rebuked the newly-discovered Royal playboy, at the same time disclosing why he featured the story in his paper. Said Lord Beaverbrook, whose British readers didn't know their late-lamented King was in hot water with Baldwin concerning intimacy with Wally Simpson for 'long last' after the American dailies were carrying steamers—said Lord Beaverbrook: "One way to keep clear of such news is not to do the things that make such news."

And so the American press

is taking a back seat for the latest 'Crown Scandal' as if to make amends for their 'indiscreet' handling of the 'affaire a la Simpson.'

A reliable London weekly, the News-Review, features pictures of the Duke's Mrs. Allen and goes to great length on 'Kent and His Companion.' This London gazette relates that Maria, the Duchess of Kent, has taken a back seat recently in the Duke's social whirligigs . . . and that the Duke has been the life of many a good party for many a month.

Mrs. Winchell's w. k. boy, Walter, in a colyum a few days back remarks that "England's next sensation will be the separation (pending divorce) of Marina, Duchess of Kent, from George, Duke of Kent." Winchell does not mention Mrs. Allen, but he refers to "a divorcee" and predicts divorce proceedings within a month.

However, closer sources to England indicate that the here will be no divorce, resultant scandal will dangerously rock both the English church and state.

Of course, the Princeing-in himself, is not so important as King Edward VIII was. But reverberations from this further dragging of the Royal colours thru the mire, it is believed by several English authorities, will be the final blow that, if not ousting the constitutional monarchy from that country, may at any rate, destroy completely the Empire's illusion of grandeur and prestige haloed about the throne.

In the latter eventuality it would be curtains for the Empire it is thought.

Isn't it wonderful what a couple of married gals can do to a nice little Empire . . . which had been doing very well for better than 400 years. Maybe the text of future historians will be: "The British Empire K.O.'d by Mrs. Simpson & Mrs. Allen with the Archbishops of York and Canterbury taking a jolt on the chin."

Perhaps, Mrs. Allen will be the 'No. 1 woman of the world' for 1937. And, perhaps, Kent will join his brother. For only the King can do no wrong.

Girl Bothers Man

(Continued from Page 12)

the problem unique.

The trouble centered around an apartment in the 100 block of Delevan Street. One Abraham Anderson lives there in one apartment, and a woman named Mary Schurr lives in another apartment. The other night Mary was feeling right well, it seems, and wanted company. So she trekked over to Anderson's bangout and knocked on the door . . . but the guy just wasn't in a sociable mood. The continued attentions on the lady's part didn't make Anderson feel good at all . . . in

fact he got right sore and called the gendarmes!

When the cops arrived, the lady was gone, and there was nothing for them to do. But persistence was this femme's motto, and half an hour later Anderson called the copper once more, complaining that the too-neighborly neighbor was "annoying" him again! This time Officer Wahl got there in time, reprimanded the Schurr lady in a fatherly talk, and smoothed everything over. Peace is again reigning on Delevan Street . . . thanks to Solomon Wahl.

2-Buck Trap On East Ave.

(Continued from Page 1)

Town gendarmy on the job. Those two traffic lights are the big reason that the Brighton Justice's court is crowded these sessions.

The two lights are fixed up so that if you squeeze by one and don't slow down, you'll get across the second just as it changes—and then boom—ticket.

The town cops out there are collecting two bucks a head for this playing to a large gallery.

Forewarned is forearmed. Slow down at Clover Road . . . and remember your little FLASH as you put your footsie on the brake.

HOLLEY FLASHES

Time marches on out in Holley . . . and the vivacious MARY MORGAN is now all knotted up . . . an aviator is the new groom . . . and Buffalo's the new address . . . Our man who covers the countryside comes up with these nominations for local beauty queens—JENNY PIEDMONTE of Brookville . . . ISABELLE ADDUCI of Halburton . . . and ANGELINA CAROSELLI of Holley. CARMELLA ZAZZARA is collecting pretties for the town . . . it won't be long now . . . CLARENCE PISCARELLO is our idea of a two-fisted guzzler on any party . . . JANE PERA and HELEN SALEIRNO are the hearty and home gals of the week . . . LOUIS IANONNE is off to Manhattan this issue . . . and will it be a permanent proposition???

Hot Flashes

Kodaker EARL CLAIR and a damsel known as BARBARA are romancing . . . Warbler EDDIE JARDON, the WHAMAN . . . will entertain the customers at Browale's starting yeady soon . . . And psst . . . in answer to our own query of "What's become of ROSE-MARY TRAMAN?" . . . the lassie is singing thrice a week over WSAY . . . and does her stuff nightly at Lang's Garden . . . so there . . . KEN SPARNON, program directing genius . . . feels better since those two molars hit the dentist's wastebasket last issue.

What's Become of Him?
HY SCHWARTZ
(brilliant law student)

What's the attraction at DAN MONTGOMERY's palatial spot up in Buffalo . . . across from the N. Y. C. station . . . that lures the locals up there on the recent party-nites??? What's DAN got that FLASHtown ain't??? MARIE CASE is wearing a pin that might belong to ELMER JARVIN, local Joe Collich . . . and do we hear the tingle of wedding bells in the distance? . . . All swains of BERTHA AVERSANO are wondering . . . which one will get that Valentine nod . . . they do say it's a problem . . . After only three issues of FLASHING . . . our gal Fifi is cutting a wisdom tooth.

Robert Taylorish Profile of the Week:
OLIVER FRENCH
(new Red Wing boss)

Clint Howard Will Choke Cocktails Or Else . . .

(Continued from Page 1)

putedly listed in a very convenient matter. And tis said, these statistics of delinquency were often helpful in making certain Congressmen see the light.

Now to get back to our own "Little Giant"—the one and only Clint Howard. Clint is ensconced as the head of an office in Washington . . . the International Reform Federation, of course . . . where U.S. vices are alphabetically cataloged, beginning with Billiards and ending with Theatre. Believe it or not, it's the truth.

Now, tho Clint's outfit is interested in all kinds of Reform, Clint himself, has fought the evils of drink for 50 years. It is on drink that Clint will concentrate . . . not consecrate.

So, you see, lollypops, Clint already has one catalog to begin with. And the "Little Giant" doesn't care what he does with catalogs. Its a cinch he wouldn't have any qualms about borrowing another catalog or two, if he thought it would keep the wicked away from those terrible cocktails.

It'll be interesting to see what the catalog "Drink" will do to Clint . . . n even more

\$75 Per Hour Puts Local Singers On Limb

(Continued from Page 12)

the MGM talent scouts. But the gals didn't get a chance—and the drawback was just this—A piano accompanist would have to get regulation motion picture pay, which is \$75 per hour!

Maybe \$75 per hour for a piano pounder sounded like too much dough . . . maybe not. Anyhow, the Journal nixed the proposition of song tryouts. Such stuff!

interesting if you're sipping a Tom & Jerry all the while.

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

5c
TIGER'S MILK
5c

A T T R A C T I O N S
FOR Every Form of Entertainment
"The Office of Distinction"
Mutual Entertainment Exchange
ARTHUR ARGYRIES, MGR.
Loews' Theatre Building

STONE 2044

BARTLETT "The House of Hit Shows"
SUPPER CLUB
106 BARTLETT ST. cor. REYNOLDS—GEN. 2023

Collette & Galle
Novelty Tap and Collegiate Dancing

BILLY MORLEN
in "Am I Crazy?"

Lew and Evelyn
Diversified Acrobatic Dancing

2 SHOWS NIGHTLY

Jimmy Thomas
Radio's Favorite Tenor

Art Taylor's Band
Society Swing Music

Never a Cover Charge

Ghost at Genesee Sassiety Bankwet!

(Continued from Page 1)
ter from East Ave. to Front Street. His paragraphs on the "stuffed-shirts" in this berg must have made a lot of those bankwet faces red in retrospect!
Mebbe, it's because we're strangers in town, folks, but we just can't figure how it can be so much of an honor to be feted by the Society of the Genesee . . . when you have to journey from the Genesee Valley region to New York to be honored.

Harper Sibley told the Gene-seans, who were gathered in New York to celebrate the greatness of Rochester that he had not found

a spot where "nature and man combined together to create a chosen land more desirable than in our own Genesee Valley."

Harper also told the kiddies that Rochesterians had leaders of "rich, human wisdom and character," which was the reason the localities were moving forward so rapidly. But who these leaders might possibly be Harper didn't say.

Everybody at the bankwet mentioned what a nice place Rochester is. But what we can't figure is this: If Rochester is the "Garden Spot of America," why wasn't the little party held here?

RED HOT FLASHES

Question—Did DICK COL-LAMER's frau come in for a cut . . . on DICK's Bank Nite winnings?? The tag of that popular w. s. locks-trimmer . . . known as CASPER . . . turns out to be GASPARIANO AN-STUTO . . . Add luffly bundles of blonde—BERTHA ELLS-WORTH, of the G. & E. cash windows . . . Helpful cue artist of the week is LARRY COR-BIN of the JEROME KEOGH billiard academy . . . MRS. PEGGY COUGHLIN WHIT-NACK is still wondering . . . who made that mysterious New Year's call.

Popuar Breadwinner:
CHARLEY DINEEN
(west sider)

Who's the latest flash of pash for JOE CIARALDI . . . the Bond clothier . . . and does it explain JOE's sudden interest in

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF HERMAN OBLE- WEISS, OFFERED FOR PROBATE AT THE JUNE TERM, A. D., 1935, IN THE COUNTY COURT OF ANDERSON COUN- TY, TEXAS

I am writing of my will minsel-fuf that dam lawyer want he should have too much money, he ask too many answers about the family. first thing i want i dont want my brother oscar get a god dam ting wot i got. he is a mumser he done me out of forty dollars fourteen year since.

i want it that hilda my sister she gets the north sixtie akers of at where i am homing it now i bet she dont get that loafer husban of her i broke twenty akers next plowing time gonoph work. she cant have it if she lets oscar liver on it i want i should have it back if she does.

tell moma that six hundred dollars she been looking for for twenty years is berried from the back-house behind about ten feet down she better let little frederick do the digging and count it when he comes up.

pastor lucknitz can have three hundred dollars if he kiss de book he wont preach no more dumhead talks about polotiks, he should a roof put on de medinghouse with and the elders should the bills look at.

moma he rest should get but i want it that adolph shud tell her what not she should do so no more slick irishers sell her vokum cleen-ers dey noise like hell and a broom dont cost so much.

I want it that mine brother adolph should be my execter and i want it that the jedje should pleeze

Thief Creeps in Bed With Robbed Woman

(Continued from Page 1)
and climbed in bed with the lady and the interloper. Finally he fled but not before he had inflicted painful injuries on the lawful tenant, leaving her with a badly bruised knee . . . and badly bitten where only a woman can be bitten.

On his way out the rat had enuff nerve to pick up the lady's purse left on the bureau. As yet, the guy is running loose, so it would be a good idea for the citizenry of this berg to padlock their windows.

Hot Flashes

The nite stepping out crowd are flocking over to the genial WARD VAUGHAN's on Chestnut Street these eyes . . . What MASSA VAUGHAN has done for the Colonial Tavern's business is nobody's business . . . For a smiling bank teller . . . get a load of ELBERT HAN-COCK at the Central Trust-house . . . Our this week's en-sage of handpicked orchids goes to a lass named PAT SMITH . . . who told PROFESSOR FRANCIS OWEN . . . on the Mondeve Bratu Twister airing over WHEC . . . that the Pil-grims came over on the Queen Mary!

Obliging Impresario of the Week:
CHARLES KRAMER
(the bookerman)

- When chill winds blow
 - Life takes on
 - A warming glow at
- ## Brownie's
- MARBLE BAR
 - & SUPPER CLUB
 - 63 State St.
 - Continuous Entertainment

DOROTHY NEWMAN of Buf-falo were flashed while durt-ing over Satiddy eve groceries at the Times Square.

Charming Matron of the Week:
MRS. HOWARD KIDD
(he's the insuranceer)

ELMER FORD is that demon ticket salesguy for the lacrosse frays . . . Discovered—the Weg-man dimples guy is BILL CONGDON . . . and the 5'n'10 beauty is IRENE FLESCH . . . ART DREXEL, the Smith-Gornley gent . . . is all of a burn . . . 'cause he parked his buggy around the corner from the heartbeat's hut . . . and some wag let all the air outta his tires . . . RAY FELLER and GEORGE COLLINS have just opened up a new golf school on Elm Strasse . . . It should be good, 'cause both of these boys know their stuff.

Happy Landings To:
ART ARGYRIES
(headed for Texas)

Junnel scribe JOE WHIT-COMB is looking dapper lately . . . in some Esquiritish new duds . . . Love In Bloom Dept.—JERRY MCGUIRE and GLADYS LITTLE . . . as the long-time romance of any week . . . and the date with the par-son is set for soon . . . Who's the goodnatured Stromberg-Carlsonite who pilots 3-M-57-16???

Best Entertainment of the Week:
THE TALENT QUEST
(Loew's on Tuesdeve)

The d'amsel monickered JENNY KUBYK will use Luv for those runs hereafter . . . (free plug) . . . Blonde MIL-DRED MICHAELSON and an equally attractive gau frau may be flashed wearing out the bus seats these ayems . . . Sym-phony to MARGE SCOTT . . . Electric Avenoo charmer ex of the U. of R. . . who should have been among the twenty-five beauties in the final elim-ination of that Journal quest . . . but wasn't.

ance anoot plenty dont put up and watch him like hell adolphus is a good business man but only a dumkopf would trust him with a busted pfennig.

I want dam sure that schliemial oscar dont nothing get tell adolph he can have a hundred dollars if he prove to jedje oscar dont get nothing. dat dam sure fix oscar.
(Signed) Herman Obleweiss

Hot Flashes

PHYLLIS DUNBAR . . . MARGE MEADER . . . RUTH CABIC . . . EDNA SMITH . . . VIRGINIA BROOKS . . . EDITH CLAUS . . . DOT HARTLE-BEN . . . and FRANCES DI PONZIO are all signed up . . . for an indoor ball team this summer . . . that looks like champ material from where we sit.

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Because in all your cooking, New York State quality is a real safeguard against last-minute disappointment; it will add tempting flavor and endless variety to each of the dishes you prepare.

UPTOWN, DOWNTOWN, AND 'ROUNTOWN

Kathryn Parker, Mt. Vernon Avenoolte . . . is piloting that new Chrysler tagged M-241 . . . And Cathryn Finn is at the wheel of the shiny bus with the M-243 plates . . . Don Dalley and Vlinee Dalley have their DD-1 and VD-1 respectively . . . Mort Nussbaum has one of the coveted R plates . . . Irondequoit's Tom Broderick tools along in M-27 . . . and Carl Hallauer, fellow Republican biggie . . . sports his initials on the buggy . . . as does Louis Wehle's big yellow bus.

Scrappy Dan Kelly . . . labor boss who's running the show for the Bond Bread fight . . . went into heavy executive conference on the whole thing on Tuesday this week . . . and when will we get that truce flash?

Something we'd sure like to know is . . . what's the attraction in Buffalo . . . for Hoyte Jermyn??? And what's leading Bill Timmerich on those bi-weekly jaunts to Macedon??? Ruthie Topham is now gazing at the world through specs . . . Somebody wants us to remind Earl Sutter to pull those punches . . . or else.

The year between the Old Deal and the New Deal ain't over . . . at least not in Washington . . . 'cause the debbies of the old families in the town who are GOParsons are snubbing the debbies of the New Deal clans . . . and there's being hell to pay in the capital right now . . . Things we'd like to see in 1937: Babe Ruth managing a big league club . . . The revival of Zanderille . . . The end of that slight difference of opinion in Spain, and somebody with guts enough to let those daffy dictators realize there were eight and a half million men killed in the World War . . . For what? . . . A lively daily paper in the city of Rochester, N. Y. . . . A radio program that just plugged the sponsor at the end of the program . . . Gary Cooper in another "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" . . . An end to all labor troubles and another form of NRA . . . Oh we forgot . . . another thing we'd like to see in 1937: Gypsy Rose Lee.

John O'Connell, the ace investigator, is looking over the Pennsylvania situation . . . and figures the bootleg coal situation due for an explosion before summer . . . Many of the wisecracks figured that George Kelly's column for the Junnel was gonna make a political circus for his opponents, but now they see they're wrong, 'cause there's nothing in that column except a note here and there about Washington weather . . . The wiz of the local courts (basketball) this year seems to be Solly Goldstein from Franklin High . . . This sheet likes the careless rapture with which Jack Tucker writes columns and columns about golf . . . and he probably

spends his time writing about nobody . . . Jack Cogswell and Julia Chaffee are doing more than just saying hello . . . Nomination for lovely blonde: Althea Schmidt, Copley strasse gal . . . Johnny Gilpert should be putting on heirs almost any day now . . . he's the collection man . . . Weird name for a gal: Gehring Cooper, debbie from Harding Road . . . mebbe it's feminine for Gary Cooper . . . we dunno . . . The only name Kenneth Dunn, the Court St. financier goes by—believe it or not—is McGoniggle . . . We read in a Gannett newspaper where Frank Gannett was re-elected to something or other . . . and realize that the Gannett papers are usually first with the Gannett news.

Latest bus romance is encircling Alexander Scoop Radinski and a luffly bundle or nurse . . . A pool shark among the fare sea is Ruth Vogel . . . Joe Anderson is in That Mood on account of what waitress??? Al Tuschans, Art Yaeger, and Bud Leavor finally won that ritzzy prize . . . but it cost them more than the prize was worth.

The big dance out at the State Hosp on Tuesday was a honey . . . Frank Skultety . . . the jolly orkster with the Normandic schnozzle . . . swung out for all his fans in the good old way . . . Irene and Clara Derycle turned out among the anklers . . . Gladys Gotheals, winsome damsel, and that 18-Karat wit Carl Bush hardly heard the music . . . so rapt were they . . . Lloyd Treat's overhead was Ruth Huxley . . . Our nod goes to Alma De Sutter as the comeliest of the lasses present . . . and Lon Maira of the Sunbrite Mairs and friend wife were among the celebrants . . . Did Bill Statler and a tiny doll ragged Marion Abell find it hard to keep under motion in the crowd?

Is a damsel titled Betty Adams known as the Blonde Bomber . . . 'cause she stumps a mean right? . . . Right!

Sam Profeta, formerly of the Vic Lewis tunesmiths . . . is now tooting his trumpet with the Skultety lads . . . Problem—What certain brunette initiated K. J. is studying what certain C. P. Fordite initiated H. H.??? We will award our tomato surprise for the best answer to this . . . A dream walking . . . is Velma Wright in that new blue gown.

The public relations are buzzing this week . . . about whether or no Assemblyman Paul Taylor is anxious to get back to Flashtown . . . and when will he get it? . . . And also . . . the burning question is—Who sent that big bouquet of roses to Honoring little Milton E. Gibbs during his sailing spell???

Believe it or not . . . Les Schmanke, boss of the Gungulow Tea Room . . . sneezed so hard the other aft that he threw his back outta joint . . . which explains why Les is now strutting that limp around.

Hardest guy to find in the Cowhouse: Harold MacFarlin, the City Critic . . . Romantic-sounding monicker of the week: Leighton Gridley, the confidential clerk of the Police Court . . . Cholly Freeman, the Century thirtie boss, always keeps a cut-out mounted photo of his 6 year old dotter on his desk . . . and she's a lot prettier than many of his pictures.

Junnel Boss Davis back from the South again . . . with the frame feeling much better . . . and George Hinman goes back as news editor again . . . Is it straight that Walter Folmer is heading for the gold coast of Hollywood . . . where Director George Cukor, Rouben Mamoulian, Mirjam Hopkin and Robert Montgomery are old buddies??? . . . Time mag last week labeled Clinton Howard, the Little Giant, as a professional reformer and had him admitting that there's none left like him . . . Adelaide Erwin now being girl Friday for the managing editor of the Hearst sheet . . . Elliot Cushing took some stuff for a cold and wound up by getting so sick he had to take a couple weeks off . . . 'cause the stuff burned the lining of his throat . . . Does Justin Doyle still hold title as shirt, tie and pajama expert of this village? . . . That striking brunette who sells some of Mr. Forman's goods is Billie Hayes.

One of the ironies of life: Jessica Dragonette, who had been working for NBC ever since NBC was NBC, changed over to Columbia for Palmolive's green soap . . . she was supposed to start her new program with a big bang on Wednesday . . . but instead she was in bed with the flu . . . and Lanny Ross had to take her place . . . and, believe it or not, that last remark is true!

Never Trust Women!

Just the other afternoon, 12 women proved that a dozen of them can get any good man down. Peter Guarino was something of a ladykiller in his bailiwick of Newark, N. J. So when it came time for Peter to stand trial for a train robbery, he decided he'd be his own counsel. Acting in his own defense 'Piccolo Pete' challenged all the male applicants for the jury box. And so, solely thru his own efforts, 12 finicky femmes became his 'judge and jury'!

Peter sobbed eloquently all over his vest for two hours. To all outward appearances he had established a perfect time error for himself. Then he strolled back to the counsel table . . . his case rested. But it didn't rest long because the 12 Amazons were only out about a half an hour. And the verdict was unanimous: GUILTY.

For the first time in the history of the world 12 women had agreed on some specific point. And this is what poor Peter had been counting on . . . a typical display of henery and meowery. But the poor fella didn't realize that it's an easy thing for 500 women to agree when it means doing dirt to some hapless male. "East is East & West is West—And Never the Twain Shall Meet."

Ever wonder what's happened to some of the reigning floor show queens who were sensational stuff at local spots? . . . Our checkup finds that Irene Cornell, the Henry Clune Dream Girl and veil, fan and bubble dancer . . . is now in Cleveland . . . Mary Grant, who usta toss the torso around in a semi-nude number at the Terrace Gardens, is in Chicago . . . Dolores (Bang Bang) Granville is in Buffalo . . . Snake dancer Helen Holmes is in Toronto at a very uppity spot . . . Harvel (Blonde & Hot) White is in Albany . . . and so are the Four Tip Tops.

Bob Hubbard, the sports spieler and former hoof big letter man at Colgate . . . likes to let his locks grow and wote . . . maybe it's the appys in him . . . A north side Flash fan wants to know what's come over the Alf Club . . . that used to toss such nice torrid dances . . . Peter P. Karley, real estate de luxe . . . has now got ol' man appys against the ropes . . . Ray Pellino, young North Clinton Avenon sector lad . . . says in the new edition of his Dixie Times . . . that the Flash is his only competition! . . . such nerve.

When is the big date . . . for Laverne Bierbauer and Frank Benson??? Joe Joss, young Nazi lad . . . is improving his mechanical wizardry at Ben Franklin these nites . . . The New York Woman mag hits the newsstands this issue for the first time . . . which will save that expensive subscription for many of the local femmes . . . Very fetching in that red gown . . . is Ruthie Chamberlain, the T-U sassiety scribe.

Jawlerman Art DeAmunzio is covering his out of town territory this week . . . with the aid of planes, streamline trains, etc. . . Esther Burke, shittery of the Arthur Aggyries bookling offices . . . is back at her desk this issue after doing some entertaining of her own . . . dancing and such . . . down in the Southern Tier.

What's become of raddio man Paul Imhof, prey of that mysterious Greek letter outfit??? The rumors around town have it . . . that Jackie (saxman) Washof and Lenore Butcher are Mr. and Mrs. . . . but more reliable rumors say they are still in the single state . . . and we'll take those.

Who's the new heartbeat for Stephina Connors . . . and is one tag Joe? . . . we're only asking . . . Kodaker Andy Marcello just can't wait . . . for the golf links around town to dry up . . . but in the meantime he's talking a great game . . . A phoner-inner offers us a safety slogan for Flashtown drivers . . . it goes like this . . . Start Ten Minutes Earlier and Save A Life . . . not bad, no???

Wanna go nuts? . . . Try to solve that puzzle that's making the rounds of the downtown bars . . . about how to get \$14.19 in the right kind of change without overstepping the rules.

Has anybody located Steve Storey? Offside to J. H. B.—the object of your search is now looting at Sibley's . . . no trouble at all . . . Walt Goodman, the Manhattan guy . . . is hot on the trail of a mysterious big shot publisher . . . Champ phony holder-downers for the week are gas and oil king Barney Tibbey and the lotion and wave lass known as Yvonne.

Red Parks, who flourished in local circles a couple of seasons back . . . is now holding forth in North Carolina . . . One of the best anklers around the maples is Bud Brayer, blonde Camera Walker . . . Flashtown just doesn't hold any more appeal . . . for Jim of the good-looking Kellys . . . but Batavia does.

Newsman Morris . . . who dishes out gazettes at the east corner of Main and Exchange . . . is curving those Four Corners breezes . . . since his new broken fedora landed smack in the middle of a mud puddle on Tuesday . . . Braving personality of the week is Olivia Martin's . . . she's the opey star who's now plugging for so many of the musical clubs about town . . . Mary Straven is keeping the customers over at Marie Nussbaum's Casino under the spell of the blues.

A new idea in the way of drinks was born out at the Herndon rancho on Culver Road the other party nite . . . It's called the Hush Mah Mout Cocktail and is made of rye, vodka, and strawberry jam . . . one part each . . . the recipe . . . don't explain for what.

An extra courteous gent is the pilot of 3-M-89-11 . . . the Bastian's hircing . . . Probation Office Gray of the county office is a Flash fan . . . but then, so're the rest of the boys in the defl . . . The blessed event at the John McAdams last issue has been mimickered John Jr. . . . just to be different.

Veddy interesting for the traffic department and the guys and gals who live along the Park Ave. trolley line . . . Last Monday, Car 1019 sidswiped a brand new Studebaker parked on Alexander St. as the Toonerville was turning onto Gardiner Park . . . and they finally had to take off the gas buggy's bumper and fender to get the trolley car out and Car 1009 following right behind practically did the same all over again . . . and you can imagine this bird's surprise when he came out and found that what he thought was his brand new chariot was practically in pieces . . . And P. S.: This only held up traffic on the street for about half an hour, not counting the trolley passengers, who might have been in a hurry.

How come Jimmy Scoonfetti and Eddie Redfern are no longer the false-realists they usta was . . . Can it be that absent no make the heart grow fonder . . . and is Eddie still carrying the flame for the Beardsley gal ??? . . . Are Chief Copenhagen and Morgan Richards all straightened out on that setter dog matter? . . . Scribe Dave Kessler is ailing again . . . must be the yanked appendix trouble is ended, but the melody fingers on . . . If you want to hear some crackerjack yarns about the old basketball days in town, just page Engel Marks, the foolry man . . . Prosperity notes, There are more cars than ever parked by the Valley Club . . . which means that more and more members of the snooty set are able to afford to trot over to the club again. The Griff Strongs are living in town again, far, far away from those prize horses and coas on that prize farm on the road to Solus . . . One of the long-term romance sin town, Joan Gray, the luffly gal who went off to Hollywood once, and the Atterbury gent . . . Delphis Sienfied, the chemical penius, and Don Clark, the Kodak Yeeoan's son, uraced Steve O'Hara's other eye for that welcome home shindig for Ray Balesch of the Shelter St. clan.

Is Milt Nussbaum still carrying the torch for his latest damselle??? . . . The Hospital insurance plan is going great ways around town, with Sherman Meech, the kinspin of the organization, being one of the main reasons for the idea going over the top . . . Didja know that the luffly lone Davis, who left this burr for Gotham over three years ago, is back to stay???

A Drop of Ink Makes Millions Think!

(Such Baloney)

GUYS TRY TO MUSCLE IN ON UNION HERE WITH FANCY TALES

(Continued from Page 1)
ing residence from Detroit, is being held by the local gendarmes. It seems that local vigilantes didn't go for the lad's spiel. He is alleged to have come to join and get close to the laborites . . . 'n to have told them very ingratiatingly that he wanted to break windows.

When he first came to town, 'tis said, the honorable Mr. Lee (not of the Virginia tribe) sought helpful contacts through the local order of the Knights of Pythias. Now 'tis further claimed that the Knights are right peeved because they have been made a tool for an agent of the Washington Detective Agency . . . for which outfit this guy is reputed to be in town. And it is even further whispered that the Washington Detective Agency, which is, incidentally, a New York sleuthery, is retained by a big local baking plant.

The Union-ites are griping because this guy wanted to

throw stones with them into windows. And they weren't tossing any of the bricks . . . and that's when old Mother Suspicion gave birth.

The Unionites are now up in wrath against strike-breakers sailing under false colors. They want to make an example of this lad. And here's the Federal Enactment which possibly might be applied.

"Making it a felony to transport in interstate or foreign commerce persons to be employed to obstruct or interfere with the right of peaceful picketing during labor controversies."

At the rate the controversy between the striking kiddies and the restaurateurs is going, it looks like cafeterias at home will be quite the thing this fine winter.

And, oh yes, the Knights of Pythias are singularly desirous of getting Lee or Levy's membership card back. They don't like their boy friend no more, no more.

World's Most Famous Skeletons Clank Here Unknown to Localites!

How many local guys and gals know about Ward's or that it's in Flashtown? In fact, how many localities even know what Ward's is?? A few weeks back Ward's got one of the finest tributes ever paid by a mag in Time, and for the first time many localities found out what Ward's was, and that it wasn't the cake-baking company. Now we're going to let the rest of us locals in on it, giving it straight as Time gave it . . . here goes:

"Last week Ward's shipped a big consignment (value undisclosed) of rocks, fossils, insects, snake skulls, animal and human skeletons to the Exposition Nacional de 1936 at Havana, Cuba. Last week, also, with hundreds of small orders for fossils and other material coming in from school children the world over, Ward's officials were basking in the knowledge that the establishment would show a year-end profit for the first time in its 74-year history. University of Rochester alumni were apprised of the present doings of Ward's in the current issue of the Rochester Alumni Review.

"Henry Augustus Ward was a zealous young scholar who studied at Williams and under the late Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz, at Cambridge. He later attended the School of Mines at the University of Paris, paying his expenses by

1936 up to last week was about \$200,000. Until this year no profit ever showed on the books because surplus cash was promptly plowed back into stock, frequently to rare items which might be called for only once in a decade. Turn-over in some lines is extremely slow. Not long ago the company sold a crane skeleton which it had for 50 years . . . A skeleton of the extinct passenger pigeon, bought for \$1, was sold for \$75 — but someone figured out that a cash dollar deposited at compound interest at the time of purchase would have yielded a higher return.

"Ward's board chairman is Frank Hawley Ward (grandson) who has a keen eye for fossils (Bugle ed, note: There are enough of them in local sasslets) . . . President Gamble, onetime Cornell zoologist, got commercial experience in Chicago . . . The staff numbers 35 . . . Head of the biology section is Oscar Kirchhoff, whose father was brought by Founder Ward from Alsace, and who will mount any skeleton from a humming bird to a mastodon. John Santens, 60, Ward's sole sur-

(Continued on Page 7)

Fashion Plate of the Week:
AMBROSE MACSWEENEY

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't refer to your problems as such. Our efficient confidential service assures you of complete satisfaction.

Who do you doubt on any problem, business or personal?

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FLASH FLIPS

It pleases this flimsy excuse for a colym tremendously to learn that there are little heralded citizens like Jerry McCarthy in this town . . . Jerry yelled to the authorities about the traffic lites at Culver and Ridge Rds. being turned off daily . . . and he pointed out that numerous young school children crossed the street daily there . . . The most good done by residents of this town is done silently and unostentatiously . . . which is the way that most good is done.

D & C Bob Murphy with head nodding after an ultra-late date . . . Pauline Williams having a bit of nabor trouble . . . The Humane Society now has a short wave set installed in its truck . . . the call number of same being K-9 . . . Here's hot one for the books . . . or for the ashcan . . . whichever you prefer . . . Bill Scriver, a Paul Strasse laddie, unlucky enuff to have some vandal do a work of art on his four wheel chariot . . . here's the damage . . . Four tires cut with a bit, ignition wiring fore off, gas tank cover removed, snow thrown in gas tank, gas line broken, distributor cap missing . . . What! he missed the cigar-lighter.

Copey's boys did a whirlwind job when they picked up here in town Paul Niver, who the officials of the 28th Infantry, Fort Niagara, charged with being a deserter . . . While investigating a complaint for unlawful sale of Hiker . . . the strong-armed squad ran into an unused copper boiler still . . . of the old washer boiler type . . . Bauber St. Johnny Seega belonged to it . . . but no harm done because it wasn't in use . . . but the coppers copped the copper still . . . 'n now it'll never be used.

fossils. In 1861, aged 27, he became a professor of natural science at the University of Rochester . . . He sold a \$20,000 collection of fossils to the university, but went ahead with his mail-order business on a high scientific plane. He was killed by an automobile in 1906.

"Ward's exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893 was purchased for \$100,000 by Marshall Field and in time grew into the Field Museum of Natural History. Theodore Roosevelt sent some of his Atrien trophies to Ward's for mounting. The establishment was incorporated before the turn of the Century, but by 1928 only one Ward was active in the company. In that year, the heirs turned it over to the University of Rochester. In 1930 the old building was ruined by fire and Ward's moved into a four-story brick building which it rented from the American Chicle Co. (on N. Goodman). Most of the building is drab and dirty-windowed, but the administration offices, including that of President Dean L. Gamble, are cheerfully decorated.

"Ward's is capitalized at \$115,000, has a current inventory close to \$300,000. Gross business for

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By Lieut. Gen. Robert Lee Bullard (Ret.)
A distinguished soldier ponders our war games and gains, arrestingly warns: "We must modernize our army!"

"BUCHANISM"—By Will Irwin
Is a Religious Revival sweeping America? How a new way of living has changed the lives of thousands and may affect the destiny of the nation.

"DUMB JUSTICE"—By D. Thomas Curtin
The case of the \$427,000 Pishheart and a loophole in the Law. The story of a killer-gang and a punishment that was too light. . . Is justice deaf and dumb as well as blind?

"THE SHIPPING STRIKE—WHO LOSES?"—
A Timely editorial by Bernarr Macfadden

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for

REAL GOOD—CHINESE—OR—AMERICAN FOOD ANYTIME

The DRINKS Are Tops Too!

558 E. Main St.

Big Boy Hitler, the racial purity guy, is just the son of an illegitimate son, if you'll excuse our long way of saying things. Proof on Page 5.

FIFI ON THE LIMB FOR GIGOLO!

He May Be a Half-Pint. But He's a Barrymore To Her

I don't like to say nothing . . . but this office is a very funny place to work . . . and if it wasn't for my insurance man that sits under the big T in Dutton, on the sign across the street, I don't know what I would do . . . The petty cash is in a terrible mess and there is never enough slips in the box to make up for the petty cash which is gone . . . It ain't my business to say . . . but I notice that whenever some money is missing . . . our editor has a new tie the next day.

Of course sometimes I have an emergency, like on Fridays just before I get paid and I am very short . . . and once in a while I send down to the Waldorf for an egg and olive on rye . . . and mark a slip with Stamps—fifteen cents . . . and put it in the box . . . but that ain't nobody's business, either . . . 'cause what good is having a box if a girl can't use it in an emergency?

A woman came into the office today and said she liked the paper so much . . . and I said we know it's good . . . and she said how do we ever think of all those things to write about . . . so I said the bosses are all a little nuts . . . and she said she thought so . . . a man came in and said he was ~~trouble with his gas and~~

~~trouble with his gas and~~ . . . I wish

some people would say what they mean.

My insurance man is all right but he ain't as nice as my Ronnie . . . Violet, that's my girl friend . . . is very jealous of me and is always making remarks about what I can see in that half-pint gigolo . . . I don't know what that word means but if it is what Ronnie is then it must be all right . . . Nobody else could get away with the things like Ronnie does, like borrowing that three dollars from me and not returning it yet . . . but I trust Ronnie explicitly . . . and I know that he is a good boy at heart . . . even though sometimes I would like to kill him myself . . . Love is so funny . . . but it's wonderful in a way.

Everybody is calling us up all the time and asking foolish questions . . . like about the bank balance and the Hot Flashes and when does our next edition come out . . . I only had a chance to use the phone twice today to call Ronnie out at the Kodak Works . . . The next time our editor takes that pickpocket look off his face and acts like he was feeling good I'm going to ask him if I can have a private phone for my own desk so I can get a chance to make my important calls once in a while . . . A place like this is no place for a girl like me, with ~~red lips and a nice shape if I~~ . . . like that poem says.

Aunt Becky Says —

Dear Aunt Becky:

The other night my boy friend and I went to the movies and he went to sleep while I was watching the picture. He talked in his sleep, held my hand, and called me Alice. This worries me as my name is—

DORA.

Dear Dora:

When your mother named you she sure knew what she was doing. If this guy ever talks in his sleep about somebody named Becky, call Main 2718 at once.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have been going with a young man for five years, and we have had just marvelous times together. But lately his conduct worries me; when I say don't, he doesn't. What does this mean?

VERA

Dear Vera:

Five years is a long time.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have a wealthy bachelor friend who loves to give me expensive presents, take me out to nice places, and so forth. But in spite of his torrid letters we are still unwed. Now, since asking me what I wanted for my birthday, he has headed his letters, "Dear Sweetheart & Gentlemen of the Jury." What does this mean?

ARDENT ANNABELLE

Dear Ardent Annabelle:

Without knowing the gentleman I couldn't say. Have him call Main 2718 at once and ask for Aunt Becky; if a man answers hang up.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have been going around with a lovely girl for several months and am deeply in love with her. Now I find she is growing cold toward me, is making dates with other men, and tells me she is sick of me. What can I do?

EDMUND

Dear Edmund:

A change is as good as a rest. Call Main 2718 immediately.

Personal notes to:

Joe: No!

Harry: Your proposition interests me. The number is Main 2718.

ROOSEVELT TAKES BEATING FROM EX-PRESIDENT'S WIVES

(Continued from Page 12)

ality boy, Herbie Hoover, were given special invites to the leap big inaugural last Wensday. And what comes off???

Nothing. Mr. & Mrs. Herbie Hoover had business elsewhere . . . Mrs. Cal Coolidge had an important radio program to take in . . . the late Woodrow Wilson's frau had a special rubber of bridge on the fire . . . Mrs. William Howard Taft may have been thinking of diapering the grandchildren . . . Mrs. Tom Preston (she was Grover Cleveland's honey) just couldn't be bothered . . . Mrs. Ben Harrison had a bad headache 'n hung up the "Please Don't Disturb" sign.

Isn't that just grand? The Nation's so-called great by delivering this implied insult to Uncle Sam's top-sargeant have set a heluva example for the fish-fry . . . who have to be told the prexy is a great guy.

Even Teddy Roosevelt's mate couldn't force herself to take in her relative's big moment. Mebbe, Harper Sibley's right, mebbe this world is full of leaders . . . but they must all be hiding in the vaults of the banks.

Can it be that only Jake Komenski has patriotism?

Tripping the Fantastic

BRIGHTVIEW—Vic Lewis and lads open here Monday, with Billy White warbling and M. Cing, Nixon & Andre's w. k. ball-room team, and Caroline Sullivan in acrobatic stunts. Nice show.

TERRACE GARDENS—Frank (Goory) . . . back in town and doing their slapstick comedy for Butch Martin's customers. The Dolbeth Sisters have a swell rumba dance. Also Jean Carpentier, George Strasser, Peggy Jacobs.

LANG'S GARDEN—Rosemary Traman's songs, Rita Marie's acrobatics, and Gale Cooper's ballet dancing are the new bill at this popular North Street spot. Genial Joe Lang to greet you.

NUSBAUM'S CASINO—Lots of hi-de-ho over on Stone Street, with Leo Preston, longtime M. C., Ralph Manter, tickling the banjo, Mary Strawn's mood indigo ditties, Dolores and Dixon, tap team, and cheerful warbling by Ann Spellman.

RITZ—The East Main Street House of Ritz serves some of the best Chinese food in the village. Dancing on Friday and Saturday P. M.S.

TIMES SQUARE—Big and beautiful d. t. spot, with Hale and Kelly in their terpsichorials, Curley Langley, strolling troubadour and M. C., Roberta Crone, and Pat Cleff's music comes here Monday.

POWERS—The Tap Room offers Jean and Noel Shannon in intimate offerings at your table, and yours and yours. Also some of the better food and liquors.

CUTALI'S—The North Street version of the famed Italo eateries has Leo Morrell's music. The new Broad Street spot is doing great bizz ever since the opening.

ALLARD'S—Irene (Big Diamond) Beverly, singer, Bobby Newall, dancer, and Fred Lashier, tympanist extraordinary, will give you a large evening here.

COTTON CLUB—Lots of fun over at Flashtown's Harlem these nites. Mabel (Gran'dad) Cooper, Strawberry Russell, a dusky Betty Boop, and all the rest of the crew stage a swell show.

BROWNIE'S—Eddie Jardon, radio star, and Frances Knox, sweet singer, are new at the famous State Street spot. Pat Keechley's music.

SENECA TERRACE—Al

Fast, scintillating M. C., has a surprise laff-maker up his sleeve for this week's show . . . it's all ultra-mysterious . . . find out for yourself. Red's Swing Band, nize drinks, nize food, nize atmosphere

Now Hangs Out His Own:

Shingle:

LAWYERMAN

LEO SAWYKO

(near Jersey's)

Hot Flashes

Copper JIMMY STANTON is now solving the traffic problems at the East Avenue and Main intersection . . . Time not only stands still . . . down at ERNIE BEDIN's Lake Avenue spot . . . but sometimes runs backwards . . . anyhow, that's the way the electric clock there goes on occasion.

BERT'S TAP ROOM

All Legal Beverages

SIZZLING STEAK 50¢
DINNER.....

1548-1550 Lake Ave.

Glen. 7104

Soldi's SPAGHETTI

Served in True Italian Style 25¢
At All Times

ANGIE COSTA'S SWING ORCHESTRA

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Spaghetti Sauce

to take out 60¢
Quarts
Pints30¢

482-486 Jefferson Ave.

Member Monroe Aviators Liquor Operators Ass'n

"HOME WAS NEVER LIKE THIS"—By J. C. Furnas

A look behind the front desk of the modern hotel—and you'll be surprised to learn of some of the "why's", "wherefore's", and "how's" of the hotel industry.

"MY STORY"—By Ignace Jan Paderewski

The man who has been acclaimed the worlds greatest pianist, tells the story of his early poverty, his struggles and his success.

"SAETA"—By Eleanor Mercein

A story of Spain on the day that the stream of blood and fire reached the quiet village of San Jorje.

The Best Features—The Best Writers—Every Week

Jan. 23 Issue
NOW
ON SALE

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST 5¢



Honey Brown

THE COTTON CLUB

176 JOSEPH AVE.

"The Hottest Floor Show in Town."

SEE! HEAR!!

MABEL COOPER

Delinicator of Torch Songs

STRAWBERRY RUSSELL

Versatile Comedian

HONEY BROWN

"Sepia-Betty Boop"

EDITH GIBSON

Acrobatic Dancing Star

LUELLA BROWN

"The Heat Wave"

TIN CAN

Truckin' Waiter

BILL GEDER'S SWING BAND

Continuous Entertainment plus 2 Shows Nitely

DON'T MISS—MABEL & Strawberry

in their new feature "JELLY ROLL"

DRINKS by Our Genial Mixologist
NORWELL JOHNSON

Supreme Court Declares Rochester Weather Unconstitutional!

(Ask Your Doctor)

Smith & Blonde Did Very Nicely

(Continued from Page 12)
this gal must have been to the Boy Scouts! The New York papers made much of this testimony. Elder is asking such embarrassing questions and Smith, who instituted the court action, is answering them. Here it is, verbatim, folks:

Question: You were on other parties with her? Answer: Two or three times.

Q. But the night of Dr. Joyce's party you knew where she lived? A. I only knew that she lived in Astoria.

Q. Did you get the idea, from what you saw, that she was assisting Mrs. Joyce to serve the guests? A. Anybody would.

Q. Was Dr. Joyce there that night? A. I guess she was.

Q. You arrived about 11:30? A. Yes.

Q. And remained until 2:30? A. Yes.

Q. You had three or four highballs in the afternoon. Were you affected by them? A. No, sir.

Q. But between the time you left Miss Pavlick and the time you arrived at Dr. Joyce's you had many drinks? A. Oh, yes.

Q. How many? A. I had about two or three before dinner.

Q. When you arrived at Dr. Joyce's you were in pretty good shape? A. I was all right.

Q. How many drinks did you have at Joyce's? A. Six or seven or eight. I can't remember offhand.

Q. Did she (Miss Pavlick) have seven or eight? A. Maybe.

Q. You left with her? A. Yes.

Q. Was she intoxicated? A. Yes.

Q. Real drunk? A. Not very drunk. But when she hit the air it kind of took effect and we rode around in a taxi cab a while. In the car she appeared very intoxicated.

Q. How did it affect you? A. Well—

Q. Both of you pretty much under the weather? A. Yes.

Smith told about leaving the cab, helping the girl out and going to the hotel. It was his suggestion, he said, that they go in and "sit down or lie down" until she recovered her equilibrium. Elder quizzed him closely as to Smith's knowledge that the hotel was notorious as a disorderly house. Miss Pavlick was very drunk when they went to a room on the second floor, Smith testified. She was sick and nauseated.

Question: Pretty good or pretty bad? Answer: Both.

Q. How long were you in the room? A. An hour.

Q. What did you do? A. I sat in a chair. She lay on the bed and took a nap.

Q. Did you have intercourse? A. (Smith nodded his head, reluctant to speak.) I guess we did.

Q. At the time she was pretty drunk? A. Yes.

Q. Was it before or after intercourse that she became sick? A. Before.

Q. You said, "I guess we did," in answer to the question whether you had intercourse. You meant to convey the impression that you actually did? Yes.

Q. How many times? A. Twice.

Tiny Blonde Dazzle of the Week:
JEAN MARLIN
(Irondequoiter)

Guy Swallows Lead For Gal

A swell little yarn made the New York papers the other day, but didn't get to Flashtown to the Hearst and Gannett dailies here. The FLASH's Foreign Service Department got busy and here's the story.

A young printers' helper in Budapest, Bela Rabesz, composed the name of his boss' daughter, Eleanora, in headline size type. Then he swallowed the type. The stomach pump got him before the type did. All we have to say is—It's a good thing the gal's name wasn't Doreatha Marguerite or something like that.

Love is still, as Shakespeare said, everywhere.

Hot Flashes

The CLIFF CARLLS . . . he's the saxophone virtuoso at Brownie's . . . are poppa and mamma of a bouncing heir . . . born Jan. 5 . . . Latest tag for SAMMY FEGDELL is "Beetle" . . . JOE SOB, now pinch hitting for the big boss over at Smith Gannett . . . has the boys in an uproar with his antics . . . Add lovely blue gowns . . . the one worn by MARY ANICE VEELEY at the last big shindig.

Little Boy, Big Sax: FRANKIE NANNA (Red Men's Club)

JOE McDONOUGH can't wait until summer . . . so he can get back to his flower gardening in a big way . . . They're calling Ottman's JOE SCHMUEHL "Satchelfeet" . . . since they got run over . . . somewhat . . . What's become of BETTY JERECKOS??? . . . a gee initiated S. J. G. wants to know . . . How's come OTTO BAUERLE has the gang in a boycotting mood lately???

After watching the Garbos of the Elm Drives in action . . . these guys have decided to take up bowling — SAM WEIDENRICH . . . LEE THURSTON . . . MIDGE STAUD . . . LUKE SMITH . . . and JOHNNY MORLARTY . . . GEORGE SMY-LIE, one of Flashtown's best bowlers . . . throws himself nearly out of shape on every ball . . . that's his method . . . Bowling sheik of the week might be WALT MARGRANDER.

SENECA TERRACE SUPPER CLUB

1683 DEWEY AVENUE

AL FAST
Master of Activities
KING OF JOY—presents
WORLD'S GREATEST LAUGHMAKER

Also
RITA McKENNA, Mistress of Songs
MARGIE HYLAND, Dancer De Luxe
NAOMA LEE, Wait and See?
JACK MARCHAND, Fred Astaire of Rochester
RED'S SWING BAND

1937 New Policy No Minimum—Spend What You Like
Glenwood 7202

NO COVER CHARGE

Minimum Sats. only 30c per person

World's Most Famous Skeletons Clank Here Unknown to Localites!

(Continued from Page 5)

living taxidermist, is officially retired but keeps on working. —

"Ward's sends out no expeditions. It has lists of 11,000 collectors to whom it writes for needed items . . . Earthworms one foot long—for class dissections—come from Michigan, huge bullfrogs from Louisiana, France ships bushels of its edible snails . . . Rattlesnakes from Texas sometimes arrive alive, are slain on the premises. Cats are bought in the neighborhood, drowned and embalmed, but Ward's does not advertise for cats. Last owners of lost pets take umbrage. Few years ago when the Rochester zoo elephant died, Ward's bought the carcass . . . sold the skeleton piecemeal. The best human skeletons now come from Mexico since the U. S. S. R. has forbidden their exportation. Inferior ones are bought from India and Japan.

"Ward's will sell a good human skeleton for \$105 . . . a specimen bound of 50 insect pests can be had for \$12, a model of a Neanderthal skull for \$2.50 . . . a nearly complete Ichthyosaurus skeleton for \$300. A 500,000,000-year-old trilobite may cost as little as 50 cents. A man in Jamaica who had failed in business four times and felt the need of a talisman wrote for "the head of a white weasel."

For each for something he could exhibit as human tapeworms, explaining that the noodles he had been using swelled and lost their shape . . . The research laboratories of General Electric and Westinghouse buy minerals.

DESPITE ITS FAME AMONG NATURALISTS, WARD'S IS ALMOST UNKNOWN TO LAYMEN, EVEN IN ROCHESTER, WHERE IT WAS ONCE A LANDMARK WITH TWO WHALE BONES FORMING AN ARCH OF THE ENTRANCE. LAST WEEK A NEWSHAWK QUERIED TEN POLICEMEN AND TWO HOTEL CLERKS WITHOUT FINDING ONE WHO KNEW WHERE WARD'S WAS. WARD OFFICIALS LIKE TO TELL THE SCIENTIST WHO REGISTERED

Hitch-Hiker Picked Up

(Continued from page 12)
Eddie made an expert landing . . . and gave a lift to the lady in distress. The next thing you know fish will be towing the Queen Navy.

AT A ROCHESTER HOTEL, ASKED HOW TO PROCEED TO WARD'S. THE CLERK CONFESSED IGNORANCE. "YOUNG MAN," THE VISITOR BELLOWED INDIGNANTLY, "I'VE COME ALL THE WAY FROM AUSTRALIA AND THERE ARE JUST TWO THINGS IN AMERICA I WANTED TO SEE. ONE WAS THE GRAND CANYON, AND ONE WAS WARD'S!"

And now in case you still don't know what we're talking about, it's Ward's Natural Science Establishment!

Judge Wacky As All Hell

The only funny thing about that criminal libel case brought against that California editor, who referred to President Roosevelt on one of his printed pages as a "four-flusher," "a liar," "a false alarm," etc., was the decision handed down by the presiding magistrate. That judicious justice tossed the case right out of court, contending "insufficient evidence." Almost as bad as the six cents court award automobile man Henry

Ford got from a large Chicago daily in his famous suit.

Hot Flashes

Among the comely sideliners at the GREECE-BARNARD basketball fray t'other nite were DOROTHY and MARY WHATFORD . . . MARIE McKENNA . . . and ALICE KLIPPEL . . . Also among the fans was ex-Red Winger DEL WETHERELL . . . JIMMY SCHATZEL and DOROTHY FISCHER found that polished maple too highly polished at the dance t'other eve . . . everybody laughed when they fell down at the piano.

HOTEL UNION

40 SOUTH UNION

where the atmosphere is home-like and the food is tops

Orchestra - Floor Show

* Fri. & Sat. Nites

TATA'S GRILL

472 CHILD ST.

Featuring at all times

RAVIOLI
and
SPAGHETTI

DINING — DANCING TO
SNAPPY RHYTHM ORCHESTRA

ALLARD'S

The Bright Spot on State St.
Eat—Drink



And Be Merry

with
IRENE BEVERLY
in songs
Bobbie NEWALL
Dancer
JOE ANDERSON
popular clowning waiter
GENE DROMES
Contortionist
Fred Lashier's Orchestra
252-254 STATE ST.

GO - Where the Crowd goes

CUTALI'S

famous for SPAGHETTI



IF —

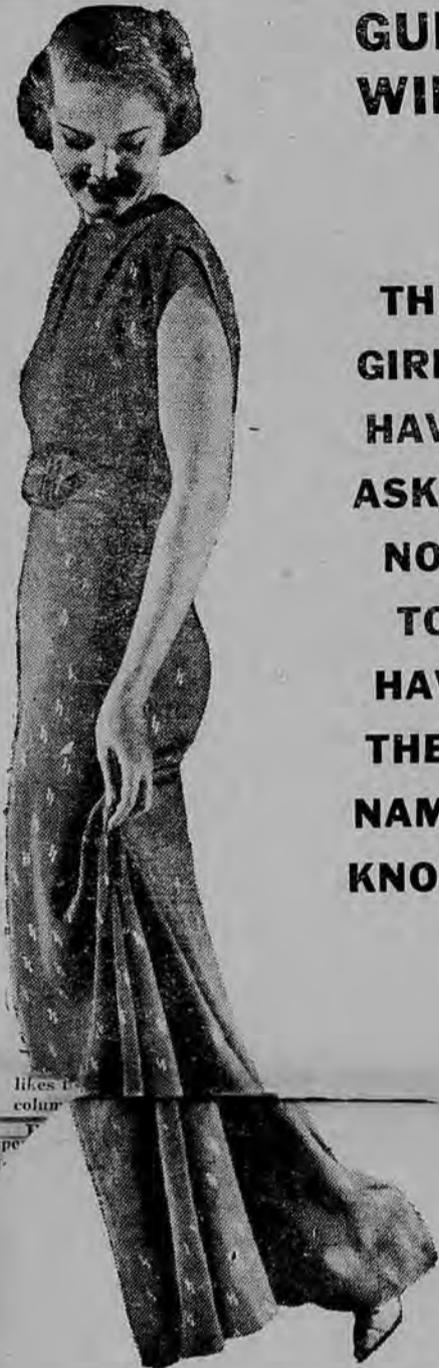
You haven't tried Spaghetti a la Cutali or those delectable Ravioli Dinners, a new taste thrill awaits you at either location.

CUTALI'S

107 North St. 25 Broad St.

Opp. Grove St. Opp. City Hall

GUESS THE GAL WHICH OWNS THE LEGS! WINNING LEG-PICKER GETS LEG ON PRIZE



THE
GIRLS
HAVE
ASKED
NOT
TO
HAVE
THEIR
NAMES
KNOWN



AS
THEY
WOULD
NOT
LIKE
TO
HAVE
THEIR
LEG
PULLED



This blonde blues artist has something on her mind. There's no place for a sourpuss on these pages. Mebbe she's thinking it would be nice if she could slip down to the legs. But she can't unless the legs belong to her. It wouldn't be much fun pulling this baby's leg.

What is life without a wife? And how'd you like to have a wife like this glad-eyed baby? This bundle of loveliness might easily be expected to have a pair of kickers like those below. But do the legs belong to her?

Here you have this lovely lady looking down at her footsies. Is that a smile of satisfaction that parts her pretty lips? Can it be that the legs belong to her? But with a form like her's, what difference does a little thing like legs make?

Take a Crack at The Legs!



Here are the lissom limbs of life. These are some lovely ladies' legs. Hell, you've never heard of legs walking around by themselves, have you? Guess who owns the prize-winning legs, send in your answer to the FLASH Leg's Editor and as an award you can have your choice of 50 (real) simoleons or the g. d. legs.



Here's a straight-forward looking beauty. We wish to hell we knew what she was grinning about. If we knew mebbe we could cop the prize. If the legs aren't this charmer's, they oughta be.



This dream of a gal was caught by our photographer just as she was getting ready to show whether she was eligible for this colossal contest. You can tell by that 'come hither' gleam that the underpinning ain't too bad. Can it be that the legs belong to her?

BE A LEGMAN!

SALLIES FROM THE ALLEYS

BUTCH JOHNSON, boss of the R. B. A. . . is as generous a guy with the ladies as there is to be found . . . dishing out not only free lessons . . . but also refreshments . . . 'Tis said that JERRY MORIARITY . . . the lad with the Normandie feet who mixes 'em up at Hunter's Grillery . . . would like to go in for bowling in a large way . . . but finds the balls much too heavy . . . Those 128s, 136s, and 145s you see the SARGENT lad hanging up are not the work of city champ JOE . . . but of his brother, RANDALL SARGENT, the basketballer!

CAPPY CARROLL, the Doyle-Gulf ace . . . unbelted with a sizzling 256 at Buonomo's on Monday . . . and BALDY KNAPP of the Uncle Sammers hit over the 200 mark three times for a total of 631 . . . JIMMY ANSINI of the Coffee Pots in the Carbonneau loop scattered the pins for a 617 . . . Those Old Timers of the Buonomos . . . WARD VAUGHAN . . . FRAN BRITT . . . BERNIE MCNEIL . . . and CHARLIE BUONOMO . . . blame it all on the 10 pin . . . when anything gets the blame.

Add charming hurlers of the sixteen-pound pellet — BERTHA BOERER . . . on those church drives . . . Is, the Elm Hall's

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

Brass Rail

352 Main St. E.

HEADQUARTERS
BOWLERS'

GIFTS

that are
STRIKES
on any alley

Albert's Jewelry Shop
490 W. Main opp. General Hospital

BUONOMO BOWLING HALL

78 Charlotte St.

HIGHLAND GINGER ALE and FRUIT ORANGE

With Premium Caps
CALL
Your Dealer or
GENESEE **333**

GEORGE ANGEVINE really spending less time on his averages lately . . . and is it a romance???

What charmer from Pittsford found a note tucked into the finger hole of her ball . . . at Buonomo's on Wednesday . . . and got so fussed she spoiled what might have been a great game?? DOT HARTELBEN rolled a mean 587 with her Pure Quill Gals on Friday . . . to help win those three games . . . Was CAP CARROLL's face red . . . on Monday with the Doyle-Gulfers . . . when his famous backup ball missed the 7 pin in the 10th frame . . . thereby dropping the game!

ARTHUR KIMBALL GEORGE WASHINGTON SIMS, dusky roller around the Buonomo drives . . . was noted with an absolute blush on his face . . . after hanging up that smashing 93 in the second game with LARRY BALL's team in the FLASHite fracas . . . AL FRITZ of the Brass Rail is now back from his vacation . . . and his team is right up in their stride again after winning their first game.

Biggest upset of the season thus far was the West Coal five losing two games to the Beech Nutters on Monday . . . Most misses on any team . . . they tell us . . . are missed by LOUIS MARTELL when he ain't clicking . . . VITO QUERCIA had those Henchen Alley fans in an uproar 'tother nite . . . when he demanded eight-pound wood . . . meaning 3.8.

RAY RYAN, securities gent late of New York . . . has tied up with the Buckleys team in the Inter-Town League at Brockport . . . in N.Y. his average was 218 for 36 games with a high single of 289 and high three-game total of 723 . . . This bird is a real addition to the local kegling circles.

MARION SCHLAEFER, who has one of the fastest balls on the Henchen drives . . . is retiring from the Henchen Ladies' League . . . which is a real loss.

Those consistent Classic pellet slingers . . . so it seems . . . are dogging one of the best challenges of the season . . . BERT HOLLENBECK and RAY SCHULTZ have challenged any two of the three—MARKY CHAFEL, BALDY KNAPP, and JOE SARGENT . . . to a home and home series, using the Brockport alleys and any Rochester drives for a walloping big side bet . . . What, no takers?

HOLLENBECK and SCHULTZ have rolled with the best bowlers in the land on tours . . . HOLLENBECK beating the famous JOE FALCARO and others in the same class, as did SCHULTZ . . . HOLLENBECK is averaging 219 right now and his partner a 212 . . . To make the challenge more enticing, the lads will stay away from the ideal Buffalo alleys, where they've been practically invincible . . . Anyhow, it would have been a great series.

Don't forget about the big Mixed Doubles Tourney at HENCHEN's this Churchday . . . Lots of fun, lots of prizes . . . don't miss it.

BOB NESSEL, the Standard Brewing biggie . . . is taking his kegling very seriously lately . . . PONY BUONOMO has started going in for things in pairs, seems like . . . as witness those two pretties hanging on his arm . . . The Dempsey of the Culver Ladies' League is FRANCES LOETTERLE . . . whose form is tops for the lassies there.

Sporty Spiel

CAP'N OLSEN's crack Lacrossers are still mending from those three defeats at the hands of the Brampton Tigers, the Cataract outfit, and the fast Mimicos, Now the Injuns are frothing at the mouth . . . and they're gonna set themselves right with the fans by whipping their keen rivals, the Fergus Thistles, tonight—or else . . . Our bet is that the customers will get their dough's worth of skirmishes at the Armory tonight.

ROY VAN GRAFLAN's champ Filarets, one of the best gal's basketball teams in the land . . . will offer their long-standing crown in a fracas that should pack plenty of push . . . Last year the Bond Gals walked off the court . . . too much pressure, the lassies claimed . . . But this time the Bonds are all set to return a few bruises in the two out of three series. Girls, girls!

The second game will see the crack Seagrams tangle up against the fast St. Michael's Polish—American A. C. of Fulton. Swing is scheduled after the whistle blows.

The Falcons are drawing full houses every Soldeve at Falcon Hall on the double header bill. This is a fast rangy outfit, and a winning one. Mainstays are HANK PAPROCKI, STAN SWERIKOS, and RAY TOMKOWIAK. It's the boys' third sea-pete MAJEWSKI, and the Falcons are the five who beat the St. Stanislaus champs of Buffalo for the first time in thirteen years!

Source: enjoy himself's (hat) vent, why not?

In Doc Johnson's Hair!

Why doesn't Doc Arthur Johnson, who is supposed to look after this burg's health, bring his sanitary code up to date and take care of this beauty racket?

Ask the Doc these questions:

How many beauty parlors in this town carry insurance to protect their customers if an operator burns somebody's hair off?

Is it true only about five per cent of 'em could get insurance if they'd spend the dough?

If your wiff or dotter, or even your sweetheart, got burned in a beauty shop, how much chance would you have to collect under the present set-up?

Isn't it time the hairdressers who are on the legit got some official help in protecting themselves and the public against the gyps and fly-by-night spots?

How's about it, Doc?

of the Buckleys, with NEIL FISHER, the all-scholastic center from West High . . . BUD GRAY, all-scholastic forward also from West . . . BILL ROGERS of Monroe . . . BILL SULLIVAN, former Aquinas star . . . JOHN HERRING, WHITEY CURTIS, all-scholastic both, and JIM POTTER, former Mt. Carmel, Kodak and Erie Social ace.

The Buckleys have won eleven tussles and lost two. Manager TONY DI PASQUALE claims that the Centrals and Seagrams have strictly no right to claim the city semi-pro title . . . in view of the fact they're playing professional ball. Not that the Buckleys would dog a crack at the title.

There's a lot of other teams in town, too, who'd like a chance at the crown . . . For instance, the J. Y. M. A., the Penfields, the Kodak Office team, the Gas & Electric, and such. Why not have an elimination tournament?

Hot Flashes

HANK OBRIEN, demon salesguy and cartoonist . . . has pft with the JOE SARGENT Smoke Shop team . . . reasons being those scores of 125, 118 and 127 . . . Too bad, cowboy.

SAM LA PLACA, since being labeled a Fashion Plate . . . is a Flash fan . . . JOHN KONDOLF, alias ICE HOUSE JOHN . . . 79 years old and peppier than many of the young bloods . . . is the Santa Claus who offers prizes for big scores over at the Elm Hall . . . JOHN's no mean bowler himself . . . BEE SPIEGEL, of the French's Mustard Lassies . . . has gone in for a new ball . . . did she really need it . . . or is it all due to MARVE LUSCREP's swell sales talk???

LACROSSE

ARMORY

Every Friday Night
50c and 75c

Tickets Now On Sale At
Adam Bots, 133 E. Main St.;
Powers Hotel, Main 4601; Rich
Sporting, 41 State St.; Scovena Hotel,
Main 1718; Spaulding, 114 St. Paul;
Brass Rail, 352 E. Main St.

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!")

***—BELOVED ENEMY, at Loew's starting Friday, Jan. 22. Remember "The Informer?" Here's another swell flicker of love and treachery amidst the Irish fog. Merle Oberon turns in an 18-karat performance as the gal who squealed on the man she loved . . . and never looked beautifuller. Brian Aherne as the handsome patriot turns out to have a genuine-sounding Irish accent. As you may gather, we recommend the picture. If you happen not to like it, see our lawyers, Goldstein, Goldfarb, Goldberg, and O'Toole.

***—OD'S COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN, at the Century, now playing. The Technicolor boys really went to town on this one . . . in fact, the color is so stunning you may forget about the plot. George Brent plays a playboy. He was a wow among the bright lights, but when he wound up at a lumber camp up in the wilds of Canada he didn't rate. 'Cause there he finds a real he-woman blonde (Beverly Roberts, a luffly damsel new to Hollywood) and the blonde ain't impressed . . . but don't worry about the outcome, when Love is just around the corner.

***—LLOYDS OF LONDON, at the Palace starting Friday. We dunno what came over us this week, but we like all three of the new shows. You'd never know how much glamour there is in the insurance business until you get next to the history of Lloyds. Freddie Bartholomew plays the lad who brought the news to Garcia. Tyrone Power, a guy who's goodlooking enough to give Robert Taylor a run for his money, is Madeline Carroll's screen lover . . . and a wow of a pair are they. This flicker should make every dotted liner in town feel like a romantic guy.



CENTRAL SERVICE STATION
275 State Street

Bowl your cares away

HENCHEN ALLEYS

849 Jay St. Gen. 7748

For
That Special Party

TRY QUALTOP GINGER ALE

A MIXER
For Young and Old

INSIDE AND LOWDOWN

Our guy who covers the big-time radio beat in Manhattan tells us . . . that Ken Murray and stooge Oscar will go on the ether for the greater good of Campbell's tomato juice . . . as soon as the George Burns and Gracie Allen contract expires . . . which will be within a month.

W.S.A.Y.ings . . . Ever since Herbert Le Frois saw Romeo and Juliet . . . the lad has been walking around the studio in a daze . . . and talking in free verse! . . . Roma Jones, the saccharine-voiced skittery . . . is totting her arm around in a sling these days . . . her story is she was taking her dog for a walk and she slipped . . . and you can take it or leave it . . . Ever since Sandra Marlowe, the torch singer, left that north side spot . . . nobody's seen hide nor hair of the gal . . . but why is Loretta Fuller out on dates every eve . . . and who's the doll alongside?

That story about Governor Lehman's big reception . . . and the drunk who wisecracked "Make way for a taxpayer" . . . went round and round . . . and ended up in Heinie Clume's Seen and Heard column the other day . . . which is as good a place as any to end up.

Is the stork hovering over the Donovans on Culver Road? . . . Irving Alhart, skittery of the Great Lakes Paper outfit . . . is ultra popular with all the gals . . . maybe it's his appealing blue eyes . . . One of those efficient dancers is Helene Colson at the Y. W. office.

The annual income tax returns headache starts this issue . . . as witness that dither in the Posner and Greenhouse auditing office . . . and with March 15 all of two months away, too.

The Weiss and Fisher windovers are still the bright spot along Clinton Avenue South . . . and some of the other marts of the sector are perking up accordingly . . . For instance the Eastern Grill facade.

Wayne Gorton and other of the campus literary lads did a swell job on their second issue of "Yellow Jacket" . . . the new humor mag . . . But whoever penned that gold digger's diary by Dorime must've been studying their FLASH extra hard.

Faces about town . . . Lawyerman Bill Ickes of the Mann, Strang, Bodine, etc. outfit . . . driving around with the usual romantic expression . . . Pucky MacFarland, piano piano expert and bar chemist . . . with his usual offering of some swell yarns . . . Water-upper Florence Higelow and gal friend picking out the Stone Strasse Casino for the luncheon spot.

Warner Metcalfe, the East Main Stem music tycoon . . . no likker when the pranksters dub him Paderewski . . . That Florida tan is most becoming to Ellen Tilney . . . And what ever became of "Red" De Prez, vivacious adornment of the B. Formanery???

Irving Posner will lose his independence this Churchday the 24th . . . and Ruth Fix will be the bride . . . A very comely lass she is . . . and sister of tennis champ Meyer Fix.

Is Frank Hollenbeck nursing a broken heart . . . or is that petite new number a big consolation? . . . Our guess is yes.

One of the hardest-to-locate execs in all the village is Dapper Dan Ames, the Mabr Stem modiste . . . must be Dan's sales resistance is low . . . Ross Vullo, the guitarist and song scribe . . . may hear his latest ditties played by Anton Miles and his crew at the Cave . . . What's the attraction over in Syracuse and surrounding towns . . . for Janice Cunningham?

Ken Loysou, the WHAMmer . . . warbled sweetly with the Old Grad's Male Quartette on Wenzleve this issue at the Eastman School . . . and just to put the figures on the record . . . handsomeface Ken graduated from West High School in 1923 . . . Bill Lutz, Jim Gallaway, and Redge Westbrook were the rest of the ensemble.

Bill Beency, Democrat scribe . . . is getting to be a social butterfly de luxe, no?? The impending Jimmy Wallington blessed event . . . that made the front page of the Hearst sheet on Tuesday . . . was flashed here in our first issue, three weeks ago . . . Lawyerman Sam Danno takes time off from the professional routine these nites . . . to improve his figure via boxing.

Pauline Allard, the State Street grill prop's dotter . . . is going to the Owl School these nites and absorbing that business course . . . What's become of John Kelly . . . ever since the big strike started way back last year? . . . Fred Harrington, the labor man . . . is doing plenty of heavy plugging for the cause

Chairman Clarence Case [Number sixteen's bowling ass'n] did a swell job on the Mondeva banquet over on Jay Street . . . Pre-eaters from Syracuse and Flashtown went for the fourteen acts of vaudeville M. C. Call by Fred Lashier . . . especially John Geulicic and Capt. Huber, both Syracuse lads . . . and George [Andy Mellon] Young . . . Offside to Pete Young—How much is three times three???

Ed La Rose, the Bansch & Lomber and financial wizard . . . is keeping plenty busy between balancing the books and lecturing on that old and tried subject . . . General Conditions . . . But Ed and Marion saw lots more on that air jaunt to the coast than just finance, right??

Biggest surprise of the week was the departed Paul Benton . . . supposedly on the high seas or already in Paris . . . sending out INS stories with a Detroit dateline! . . . Very steady in that new fir toga is Kay Gamble . . . one of the best femme auditors in town . . . How's that sterling new organization of the Portland sector . . . the Snuffy Dodgers Club [Snuffy Pampas, Proxy] coming along with their recent battles???

Squire J. E. Thompson . . . modiste of the Clinton Avenue smartshop . . . should be an A-1 Thespian . . . And there was a helluva good clothing model lost . . . when Paul Noeth went into the likker business!

She swings a mean skillet . . . does Marion Cummings, the gasman's Missus . . . one of the best cooks of any week . . . Florence Colebrook Powers' rethruessed protégée Jeanne Lucé's appearance among Flashtown's young hopefuls at Loeres' on Tuesday . . . Our looker-overer thought Jeanne had lots more on the ball than the rest of the gals . . . most of them didn't know how to walk . . . or talk . . . or stand still.

One of the best-dressed young gents around town is Bill the Statler . . . of the Smith-Gormley outfit . . . Add affable spigot-pullers . . . Johnny Hookreiter of the Ottman eatery.

One of those warming smiles is Marion [Rundel Libe] Sullivan's . . . Irondequoit Harry Fasburgh has a bit of head trouble this week . . . centering around his sinuses . . . but reports from the neck down he's in great shape . . . Add eccentric gees—Charley Taylor.

Jake Riley, of the w. k. musician family . . . wants one and all to know he's going stronger than ever . . . Virginia Siegfried, one of the loveliest of the local gals . . . would make a swell toothpaste ad . . . Versatile score keeper of any week is Sam Ferro . . . whatever that means.

PICTURE MAGS MAKE NO BONE

Advices from one of the best known magazine publishers in the world . . . most of his mags are pulp . . . indicate that some of the more daring of the popular new mags in circulation may soon come in for a questioning from the authorized Censors.

The smart new mag, LIFE, which incidentally portrays plenty of it, caused quite a few raisings of the eyebrows in an issue some three weeks ago

under the display advertisement of a very w. k. auto outfit. It even shocked our girl Fil.

CORONET, the clever brainchild of ESQUIRE, came thru with a still photo, entitled "Night," which might have made a Lucky Luciano blush in the blue.

An even more spectacular mag, appropriately titled LOOK had a cute cut and caption on the cover of their last issue which was their first . . . but not their last, if ya know what we mean.

LOOK at LIFE and call it a NIGHT. You can thank us.

The photographer who took the pic of the departing Democrats on Tuesday A. M. must've done some retouching aplenty . . . on Sam Salome's physiognomy . . . or else our orbs are deceiving us.

That photo from the new horror mag Look . . . showing a femme wrestler throwing a guy . . . is traveling around in too many wallets and handbags . . . We view with alarm.

Chuck Wright is now the push behind the Campus Grill . . . Flash fan extraordinary is Bon the Peck . . . And Bob Wright, the demon checker-outter for the big St. Paul wholesale outfit . . . is taking the romantic count . . . for a nurse lady titled Kate Russell.

Sam Engel, who dishes out wholesale drugs all over the state . . . and side kicker Dave were spotted over at Irving Nusbaum's grillery on Tuesdays . . . just giving the local gals a break . . . Anne Kohut and an incognito heartbeats also among the Tuesdays merrymakers around town . . . Andy Gambacurta, the mechanical wizard of Andy's Cumberland Strasse garage . . . has joined the bad cold club this week.

The Flash wishes to announce that there is no truth to the rumor . . . that Messrs. Charley Wicks, Frank Culver, Roy Brainard, and Fred Odenbach will parade up and down in front of their respective eateries with the sign, These Picketers are Unfair to Organized Bosses.

Charming lady out in the Mt. Morris section of the countryside is Missus Sidney Goodman . . . according to her public here . . . Jerry Springer claims he has two strikes on the young lassie who sports a French poodle . . . Sometimes we get so cryptic we worry ourselves.

Leo Holtzgarner has just sprung for a new apple at fifteen bucks per copy . . . Wisecracking waitress of the week is Vician over at a St. Paul near Main Spot . . . zeit is no woid for it . . . Add General Hosp attractions—Lucy Masuchi.

Marty the May is sporting a bran' new maroon hued Packard . . . Another small town boy making good in the big city is Frankie Kita . . . Jimmy Meizenahl is garnering plenty of blue ribbons and such on his nag Arcade . . . as pretty a quadruped as ever we did see . . . It won't be long before the Kissel family of beautiful gals will have a basketball team all their own . . . with Ann, Sophie and Kay all full fledged hoopsters . . . and an up and coming young one playing three times a week.

Is Lawyerman Claude Smith still one of the guys behind the scenes with the Paddy Hill Players???. Eddy Young and Dutch Strong, our millionaire Assemblyman . . . who was appointed as big shot on the Assembly's committee for Aviation . . . and then the very next day he almost crashed in a plane only thirty miles out of Albany on his way home!

According to what the editor of this rag hears from a news scribe who was over there—the Loyalists in that Spanish tiff would have won the fight a long time ago if it hadn't been for Italy and Germany 'cause the rebels only have one man out of four in their army who's a Spaniard . . . and most of the rank and file in the population can't stand those Moors fighting for the rebels 'cause the Moors have been their worst enemies for the past 700 years . . . which all makes us very lucky here where they fight it out with long speeches, which are bad enough but could be worse.

That huge rock on Mickey Rael's merrier finner must mean business . . . so says the lucky gent tagged Al.

Paul Brigandi, who usta clerk in the County Auditor's office . . . is now toiling as a Deputy Internal Revenue collector . . . Why did Don Niger the sheriffman leave so suddenly for Buffalo the other nite???. Sports fan of any week is Horace (spaghetti) Gioia.

Joe Bagnara is a sports fan . . . but mostly at femme tilts . . . is the good word on Joe this issue . . . The Stanley [Vera] Wagners . . . of the West Ridge Road tourist cabin colony . . . are taking the Florida sunshine and stuff . . . Didja know that rethruiver the Times-Onion carries a story with the by-line of "Tom Burke" . . . it's cause the real writer didn't want the yarn pinned on him . . . cause there really ain't no Tom Burke???

One of the new announcers over at WHEC better learn how to speak all over again . . . 'cause the way he handled that "Try Spray" plug the other eve is a classic in unplugged plugs . . . With Lowell MacMillan transferring his affections from WHAM to the Gannett air station, what happens to Gunnar Wilg on the sports department . . . The gal with all the personality over the WHECroomery is Charlotte Edwards, but she's wedded . . . Harry LeBrun and Ken French are transforming their newscasts into something A-1 . . . a little more zip and it would be big time . . . Al Tolson smelled more than slightly on his program last week, even though Eddie Cantor tried to save the day . . . Eddie's own little 30 minutes was one of the best on the air . . . Jack Benny's been slipping . . . and a program getting to be one of the most distinctive on the airwaves is Jack Onkie's college . . . Incidentally, Fritz Brownell almost sang his broadcast on the inauguration on Wenzleve . . . which about winds us up for the week on the dial-turning department.

Lucy Henderson just gave his young heir a set of boxing gloves but the kid will have to wait a while before he can use them 'cause he happens to be only three months old . . . Optioned to one another's Geraldine O'Brien, lovely blonde from Sawyer Street, and Ken Cushman . . . Jane Fairchild's still holding her own with the Clubbers and slaving for a Junior League, don't yknow . . . If you want to get a good imitation of Rand and McNally, just hear Florence Colebrook Powers and Walter Palmer talk about their trips around the world . . . Phil Farber, local biggie for the State Nursesmen, must've had a fit when he saw the staid Times-Bunion call the association the "nursesmen" in their sheet on Wenzhaft . . . Barberman Sam Benigni is having trouble hauling onto his copies of Life magazine . . . Jake Komenski and City Caretaker Harold Baker are still feuding, with Mike Cariola in on it, too . . . The nice thing about the Democrats is that they can always be depended on to have a fight . . . What with the Judge Mix appeal and the hotel strike, Charley Wilcox is getting many a grab hair from overwork . . . That red-headed charmer in the G.V.T. building is tagged Lois McCone . . . Nomination for town's best-dressed male for '37 as well as '36, is Felix Lippman, who's ad boss for Sol Heumann . . . Cholly Odenbach is being monickered Old Man River since that river job of his became his chief topic of debate.

Announcerman Murray, who glorifies Stromberg-Carlson over W.H.A.M., took the choo-choo to Buffalo and Lucille Doran, the songstress, last Sunday A. M. . . Offside to Bum Hollis Hare's that racing yacht on Irondequoit Bay coming along . . . and is it all set to cop the cup next summer???. Does Fred Holbrook feel really okay since coming out victor in that case last Wednesday???. He does . . . That dignified lady who's the oracle on perfume over at Ben Forman's is Marie Meyering, the owner of the most striking blonde coiffure in town . . . Eddie Forman's back in town after transacting some heap big business . . . Ramone Mignard (she's a gal) tossed a little slum-dig far away from the Odenbach Peacockery on Mondeva for some pals . . . with some real French crepes suzettes as the highlight of the eve . . . Elliott Cushing and Matt Jackson go for poached eggs at two A. M.

His Wife After Him; But Not In Spirit!

(Continued from Page 12)

Anthony Marks, the Spiritualist leader's hubby, was an impotent witness to it all. But he declared in no uncertain terms that the little Florence Nightingale was the undisputed victor in the royal embroglio.

Anthony, who now tends bar at a Dewey Ave. nite spot, revealed that his wife, who has just served him with divorce papers for the third time, is not only jealous of him . . . but is trying to attach the car which he claims he bought and duly paid for with his bonus money.

The 'battle of the titans,' he declared, was initiated by his wife, the Rev. Agatha Marks, the w.k. caller of the Spirits. Marks asserted that his charming wife applied a few choice epithets to his nurse friend which were not only highly unflattering . . . but made her appear to be anything but the normal person she is.

And then the Nurse started swinging. The rest is history.

The marital relations of Marks, who in other and happier years, has been known widely as the 'Original Human Fly,' and his spirited frau are unusual to say the least.

Marks asserted that he met Agatha when she was only a slinger of hash at the old Dixie Tea Room on South Clinton Ave. And that he made her what she is today.

When he married her in 1922, he declared she had two young children by a previous marriage whom he cared for as his own. By 1924 the matrimonial waters were running none too smoothly . . . and the Marks had a divorce. A few months later they were remarried.

This time, he claims, the marriage stuck for five years. And in 1929 the usual divorcee took place. A few months later in the same year the couple decided to try their luck again . . . and so they were MARRIED FOR THE THIRD TIME. Marks says that at the present time he is being served with divorce papers by Agatha for the THIRD TIME.

Agatha was in town all last week from Utica as the guest pastor of Mabel Hammell, Associate Minister of Open Door Church, its headquarters at 95 Troup St. and to check up on hubby, he says. He declared she was highly respected in her calling and could make the Spirits talk louder than anyone in New York State.

Marks, it appears tho, has not too much confidence in the Spiritual World. He said that the Rev. Mother Maxwell, of Union St., was the head of the Open Door Church. And he further stated: "The Open Door Spiritualists charge a quarter admission to hear the Spirits. Then if you desire a more intimate response they'll read the palm of your feet for only a dollar. However,

Agatha gets two dollars to have feet read."

Marks believed that he could have lived happily with Agatha, notwithstanding the Spirits, if she had not called in the Law every time there was any domestic trouble. He declares she had him arrested once on a charge of Grand Larceny for stealing his own car. It seems he had registered the vehicle in her name for the reasons that men do put property in their wives' names.

Now he declares his new car is in his step-daughter's name . . . as he had learned by experience . . . but his wife is again bellowing for the Men in Blue . . . but he maintains he'll never give up the car as long as he lives.

Marks is not bitter against the Rev. Agatha, but he feels she owes a portion of her ability "to summon the voices of the Spirits out of trumpets" to him.

Agatha was ordained at the Convention of the General Assembly of spirituals at the Hotel Seneca in 1929. And many a Spirit has she called out of a trumpet since.

Anthony claims he lost his credit, and his former \$10,000 a year income thru worry caused by domestic troubles. He says even the Spirits couldn't do him any good.

According to him he would gladly accede to the present divorce proceedings brought by his Rev. wife . . . if that little word "alimony" was deleted from the contract.

The 90 pound nurse has, as yet, received no pugilistic offers.

Hot Flashes

VIC LEWIS' ork opens out at the Brightview Clubbery Monday . . . with fiddler PATSY CLEFT and his lads going into LEWIS' present spot at the Times Square . . . SHEILA GRAY, local amateur verse scribe who's a steady contributor to the Jernal's tryout page . . . has some stuff in the new "Chameleon" literary mag turned out by the dauntless RAE BEAMISH . . . What's become of little titan-topped MABEL HUSHARD . . . who used to adorn the White Tavern.

Identical Twins of Any Week:
The SIRACUSE lassies
(Jay Strasse)

Lap of Luxury For Hotel Scabs

(Continued from Page 12)

'Tis claimed that the 'emergency staff' brought in from New Yawk not only dines and wines of the best at the Hotel . . . but that they make said establishment their happy home.

Of course, the Union ladies and lassies are plenty

What a Menu Was That, of Year of 1858!

Canal Commissioners of New York State Approve Foods That Cause the Present Generation to Wonder What It Was All About.

"Dansville—We are indebted to Mr. Frank G. Wilson, of this village, for the following menu which was adopted by the Canal Commissioners of New York State in 1858.

"It is quite evident there are a number of local and vicinity residents who, in recalling the old canal days, also recall the menu, strange as it may seem, in its entirety.

ERIE LINE CANAL BOATS
Dinner Bill of Fare
Adopted by the Canal Commissioners of New York
1853

Tables Reserved For Ladies:
"Soups—Mackerel, Frogs, Owl, Viper, Horse, Peanut, Skunk, Egg Broth.

"Fish—Lizards with Jellies, Kangaroo stuffed with Chips, Snails on Half Shell, Black Snakes, sliced.

"Entrees—Rats Fried in Buckwheat, Boned Mackerel, Tenderloin of Jackass, Boiled Brickbats, Bull Beef-Maderia Sauce, Dog's Heart in Pickles, Humming Bird Steak, Mice Rolled in Sawdust, Wasp Pies, Fried Horse, Kittens Smothered in Oil, Top Dog's Chops, Cats Toes, Currant Sauce.

Steaks, Toad's Eyes with Truffles, Horse Frigs in Vinegar, Ant Pies.
"Roasts—Saddle Canal Horse, Skippers and Cheese, Galled Ox, Skippers and Tumble Bugs Roasted.

Game—Mules with Onions, Owls with Fried Oysters, Whales, Chickens in the Shell, Sore Eyed Kittens with Alligator Eggs, Skunks with Oysters.

"Vegetables and Dessert—Cabbage Leaves, Ice Cream 1857, Horse Chestnuts, Indian Meal, Dumplings, Nigger Kisses with Cream, Pickled Hoofs Stuffed."

(The Livingston Sentinel, July 6, 1858.)

Hot Flashes

RAY EATON, the Murray Theatre lad . . . wants all eligible women to know that he's in the market for a helpmate . . . brunette preferred . . . ALICE ABREN, the radio Theatopian . . . wants her public to know the name is spelled that-away . . . and not like we said . . . Many of the local National Guard are still recovering . . . from the big convention up at Buffalo last weekend . . . centering around the Statler . . . 500 National Guardsmen can't be wrong . . . and who led the group singing up on the 12th tier of the hostelry on Saturday midnite???

Politicians Get Raw Deal From Snow

(Continued from Page 12)

helpful constituents, who in pass them out to their customers? . . . 'n still no snow. Aw, snow what?

they get paid. This is a very good idea as the WPA jobs are scarce these days . . . 'n the improvident voters have to be kept contented in some way, shape or manner.

The rest of the story is pretty obvious at this writing anyway. There just ain't any snow . . . 'n some of the pettier politicians are beginning to be just a trifle fretful.

And add your embarrassing situations: Did a certain pinball machine agent induce certain taverns to install his nickle devices . . . on the assurance that he would grab a flock of 'snow tickets' for them . . . so tht they could

Hot Flashes

It's a tossup . . . whether VIC and HONEY . . . the song team about town . . . will take on that Florida engagement or no . . . our bet is that the pair will be booked into one of the best spots around Western N'York verrah soon . . . Sometimes we wonder ourselves how we know everything.

Accomplished Host of the
Week
(clothing/exec)

Waver-upper LILLIAN REED of the Bull's Head sector is burning the midnite oil lately . . . trying to get the rush of business caught up . . . LEO DAVIES, handsome copper of the Four Corners beat . . . is around and doing some ace plugging for the big benefit theatre party staged by the Locust Club every year . . . LEO's parting with plenty of ducats for the worthy cause . . .

Tops In Genial Gents:
HUGH E. COSTICH
(costich fuel supply)

BOB PALMATIER is dishing out candy impartially . . . especially in the Bull's Head territory . . . Those playful lunkies over at Universal Carling now have a bulletin board . . . where they hang up special FLASH mentions and such . . . Who was the new eyelet clinging to GEORGE SPRINGER the other nite???. And LEO the BRONS is keeping that comely stenog . . . of the recent many dates . . . on the q. t. . .

Only WILLIAMSON can give you all these advantages as standard equipment



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

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

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HAPPY DAYS
Are Here Again
At Genial
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HELBERG'S
1260 North St. Main 8234
FOR THE BEST
In
FOOD WINES LIQUORS
BEERS

You're
Not
In
The
"KNOW"
Unless

Read .
THE
Rochester Weekly
FLASH

• DEBUNKING
• SATIRIZING
• ADVERTISING

ROCHESTER'S
POPULACE
AND
BUSINESS

Read
The **FLASH**

With
The Biggest Reader
Interest In Town

"ALL LADIES ARE IDIOTS" —Anton Chekov

(No Comment)

A PAPER
THAT DARES
TO TELL THE
TRUTH

The Rochester Weekly
FLASH

10^c DON'T
PAY
LESS!

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 22, 1937

90-Pound Nursie Attacks Minister!

GANNETT LEADS WITH LEFT HOOK

SENECA STRIKERS ARE STUMPED BY SCAB SPLENDOR

Trouble in Paradise. Which is the way some kiddies refer to the deluxe Seneca Hotel.

The striking hash-slingers are all up in arms over the hoity-toity manner in which they allege 'scab' traytoters and barmugs are being treated over at said hotel.

(Continued on Page 11)

Is Frankie Gannett seeing the light? The great Mr. Gannett has installed a 40-hour week for his reporterial ad; and lassies . . . n they are very happy, and it shows that Mr. Gannett is a very considerate gentleman besides being the President of the Society of the Valley of the Genesee. However, there is one flaw in the situation . . . this 40-hour week only applies to the hirelings "whenever possible!" And it's really remarkable how many times it isn't possible. Great leaders we have in the Genesee Valley.

200-POUND SPIRITUALIST LEADER BANGED BY HUBBY'S GIRL FRIEND

\$75 Per Hour Puts Local Singers On Limb

The big Journal Movie Talent Quest, which may send one little FLASHtown Cinderella to Hollywood, and leave 24 others crying into their pillows, is all over.

But here's one angle that nobody made any fuss about in the Hearst columns.

Seems a lot of the Hollywooders were singers, and wanted a chance to show their voices for

(Continued on Page 2)

SPIRITS NO HELP HERE!

On Dewey Ave. near Seneca Parkway took place a little skirmish a few nites back that preludes one of the strangest stories that has ever been told.

On this street at 8 P. M. spectators might have witnessed the physical manhandling of the Rev. Agatha Marks, Pastor of the Sunflower Spiritualist Church, and a broth of a girl with her 200 pounds, being slapped about by a local nursie weighing little more than 90 pounds soaking wet!

(Continued on Page 11)

Al Smith Jr. Cross-Exam Has Torrid Hotel Scene

Here's a bit of juicy cross-questioning brought out by Robert Elder, the attorney for a couple of wily gentlemen who are answering Alfred E. Smith Jr.'s charges of extortion. It all concerns the

"Happy Warrior's" son's intimate relations with snappy blonde Catherine Pavlick, who was once employed as a clerk for the Boy Scouts of America. What a swell inspiration

(Continued on Page 7)

Local Aviator Picks Up Hitch-Hiker

Probably for the first time in the history of this ultra-queer world, we have a hitch-hiker picked up by an airplane . . . n believe it or not, Kiddies, that distinction belongs right here in Rochester. And Eddie Rice, one of the capable Police Court clerks, is the laddie who gave the lift to a charming member of the feminine species. Eddie, who's quite an amateur pilot, was flying at a reasonable height when he scouted a gal giving him the thumb. Always the Sir Walter Raleigh.

(Continued on Page 7)

WEATHER PLAYS DIRTY TRICK ON POLITICIANS

COP TEACHES GAL TO LET MAN BE

Copper Milt Wahl, who flatfoots around the North Street and Selco sector, stepped into the role of Solomon the other nite to solve

(Continued on page 2)

This is the pippiest story of any week . . . because it shows that about the only thing that can lick the smaller fry of the politicos in this town is the weather. Democratic Wardheelers in this town are given 'snow tickets', which in turn they hand over to their

(Continued on Page 11)

Roosevelt Snubbed At Own Inaugural!

Things are coming to a pretty pass, honeybees, when the pres. of the U. S. is deliberately snubbed at his own inaugural. What the hell kind of a country is this? Pretty soon we'll deserve a guy like Hitler.

All the ex-wives of the former presidents and person-

(Continued on Page 6)

ANOTHER DOLL DROPS DRESS!

It's getting to be a habit, these gals around town dropping their dresses in odd places!

Latest casualty took place in the South Clinton eatery at the Sign of the Red Apple the other noontime — 20 minutes past one o'clock on Saturday, to be exact. A little dark-haired tray totter got all mixed up with the corner of

the refrigerator . . . and just walked away, leaving her green and white uniform behind her . . . and was her face red when nothing but the scantiest of undies was discovered beneath!

The customers report that there was no extra charge for this entertainment.

We're getting tired of all this . . . Oh, yeah!

The Only Difference Between a Cemetery & Rochester —The Buildings Are Taller Here.

Rochester Public Library
115 South Avenue
Rochester, N. Y.

Police Aid Asked In Gannett D & C Strike!

Weather:
—
Striking

The Rochester Weekly
FLASH

10^c Cheap
for
the
TRUTH

VOL. 1—No. 5 ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 29, 1937 A POOR PAPER FOR POORER PEOPLE

BATTLE FOR KIDS TO ROCK LOCAL SOCIETY CIRCLES!

Circulation Men; Newsboys Strike On Gannett Sheet

WILL IT BE ANOTHER SEATTLE HERE IN TOWN? Will the strike of Gannett's district circulation men and his morning newsboys toss a monkey-wrench in the whole works. The lad's intend to picket the Democrat & Chronicle portals . . . 'n they're counting on the support of the other local unions associated with the publishing of a big daily . . . that is the Local 300 of the Teamsters, Drivers and Newspaper handlers are

hoping that the Union Typographical men, mailers, linotypists will not pass thru another Union's picket's line. Which situation
(Continued on Page 7)

COURT RULES GUYS CAUGHT IN BAWDY HOUSE INNOCENT!

Here, kiddies, is a hot verdict handed down by the City Magistrates' court of the Borough of Brooklyn, which is, incidentally in the Village of New Yawk. The substance of the ruling is that a gee who frequents houses of ill-repute is not considered subject to
(Continued on Page 2)

LAURETTE THOMAS CLAIMS EX-HUBBY, HARRY THOMAS, DEPRIVING HER OF RIGHT TO CHILDREN'S CUSTODY

Here's a local divorce set-up and a resulting tangle for the kiddies that

will have local sassiety by the ear. The stage is being set right here in FLASH-town for a hot battle . . . with plenty of the big names among the local uppercrust involved . . . and some of the cagiest lawyermen in the village going to bat for their clients before the whistle blows on the whole mess. In one corner is Harry
(Continued on Page 2)

DOES SHERIFF MALLEY LIKE WEHLE TRUCKS?

What goes on with Sheriffman Malley's special deputies?
Is it true that the county road patrollers were advised

at headquarters not to stop Wehle Bakery trucks, or cars bearing certain license plates?
From where we sit, it looks

as though all ain't so hot with the Malleyman right now . . . With 7 traffic deaths so far this year (in less than a
(Continued on Page 2)

Florida Divorce May Cause Bang Among The Elite

Thomas, socialite real estate, who recently married the very, very social Ida Lunt of Arnold Park. This was Thomas' third matrimonial venture . . . and Missus Lunt's second.

In the other corner is Laurette Thomas, nee Losey, Harry's second wife who recently gained her independence via a Florida divorce.

The pair are having a tug-of-war over the two Thomas children . . . and from the way the score looks now, it'll be a fight to a decision, with Thomas wielding the heavy dough . . . but his erstwhile wife claims she holds the important agreement on the dotted line of her separation agreement, awarding her complete custody of the children.

The story begins away back in the Big Money days of 1928. Then Harry and Laurette had just built a beautiful big manse out in Brighton, on Greenfield Lane, and all looked rosy.

The going began to get rough along about the time the second baby was born. Then things began to happen—fast! First came the incompetency proceeding against Laurette Thomas' husband, in which the

Supreme Court that was the chitchat of East Avenue for many a tea party.

An imposing lineup of witnesses appeared in Judge Marsh Taylor's court in the trial to prove Laurette Thomas' incompetency . . . among them two doctors, several housemaids the young matron had employed, and also Lula Belle Zoller.

After the trial was over and Laurette was found by a jury to be the normal person she is, she got a separation agreement giving her sole custody of the children and alimony of \$65 per week.

But that was only the beginning . . . 'cause in October of 1932 this lady went to Florida with her sister and brother-in-law . . . and while in Florida she obtained a divorce decree from Thomas. This divorce also won for her the custody of her two children and alimony to take care of the children.

Since her return from Florida, Laurette has been supporting herself, recently taking a job as a department head in a Buffalo store, while her two youngsters, one 9 and one 14, were living here in the care of her sister.

What matters now is that real estate Thomas and the new Missus, who's said to be way, way up in the chips, **TOOK THE OLDER CHILD TO LIVE WITH THEM IN THEIR BIG HOUSE ON ARNOLD PARK.** And just lately their lawyer wrote a letter to Laurette's sister, **ASKING THAT THE YOUNGER**

CHILD BE READY TO JOIN THE ARNOLD FAMILY AS OF LAST FRIDAY AFTERNOON!

Ida Lunt Thomas already has three adopted children. The two, by Thomas' previous marriage, would swell the total to five. But it's a tough situation for the mother . . . who hasn't a lot of dough to fight it out . . . to stay on the job in Buffalo through the week . . . and then rush back here to FLASHtown to see that her younger daughter is still in her sister's safe keeping!

So now what? Will Harry Thomas win either of the children for keeps? Will a future court battle here uphold the separation agreement and divorce papers that awarded them to the mother? And what status does a Florida divorce have in a New York State Court? That's the rub.

Anyhow, it looks like trouble ahead for sassiety folk.

DIRTY LINEN!

A new idea in personal service took Manhattan by storm a while ago . . . and now a couple of enterprising lads in Flashtown are going into the same business here. **DIRTY LINEN!** . . . the client doesn't own a shirt to his back but that doesn't matter. The laundry delivers six shirts per week, picks them up a week later, and leaves six more clean ones . . . all for a buck a week. Cute? Progress marches on . . . such bull.

COURT RULES GUYS CAUGHT IN BAWDY HOUSE INNOCENT!

(Continued from Page 1) the charge of vagrancy, which is giving the male species a heluva better break than he deserves . . . anyhow the weaker sex will be of that opinion.

It all appears in the official law reports of the State of New York. The People of the State of New York, acting as the plaintiff appearing against the gentleman who was caught in the act.

Here's the substance of the court's ruling as listed:

"Crimes—vagrancy—male person, by paid intercourse with prostitute does not violate Code Crim. Proc. No. 887, subdivision 4, clause (f), which defines as vagrant, person who aids or abets or participates in enumerated acts of prostitution, lewdness or indecency—said clause (f) covers, not male customer of prostitute, but porters, maids and other henchmen of procurers, prostitutes and madames who make their living out of business of prostitution."

Hot Flashes

The fight fans are still chattering . . . about the aftermath of that STUBBY JACOBS-LOU AMBERS bout . . . when STUBBY wound up with an 8-ounce glove on one hand . . . and a 6-ounce mitt on the other! . . . What's become of publicity artist IRA C. SAUNDERS of the Pabks Dep't . . . if anything?? It's almost time for the annual get-together of the wiskies around the lakefront . . . about who's gonna run the Windsor this summer . . . what, no predictions???

A Wow With The Wimmen: PETE THE GOOSE KILLER (Tata's Grill)

ED HAUBNER, the morticianman . . . was rudely awakened 'tother eve by a pal who just wanted to present the season's greetings . . . and price a casket! . . . Waggish AL WAGNER thought he was all dressed up that time . . . until informed he was minus shirt and tie! . . . Best dancer among all the White Linen lassies . . . so they'd have us know . . . is EDITH CANDELLA.

LAUGH TERROR



at Terrace Gardens

A bunch of femmes wanna know . . . how's come CARL GAY is being tagged CLOSET?? Add to GRACE SHERMAN's list—GEORGE (GANNETT) CHEETHAM . . . Attractive lassies of the week are CELIA KLINGENBERGER and VIRGINIA GEORGE . . .

DANNY (ME BOY) TYDINGS, the Mayor of Santee Street . . . is now recovering from that operation . . . all his pals will be glad to know . . . PRINCE YOGO and ensemble . . . he's the w. k. seer . . . like to take time off from their occult mysteries and take on spaghetti at Cutali's . . . and why not??

Chants A Mean Torch Song: ROBERTA CRONE (Times Square)

It's a new Pontiac in the JERRY (ALICE) BRISTOWS' backyard hangar . . . JOE (sign of the Grandfather's Clock) LAUER, the furniture store eye . . . rates no end of credit for his clever window displays lately.

Policer Ransacked

When just one of us ordinary citizens finds that a Raffles has broken into his house . . . that isn't news. But when the victim happens to be one of the town's gendarmy . . . that's a FLASH.

So imagine the surprise of Kenneth Bieder, assistant properties clerk at Headquarters, when he found that his domicile at 205 Edinburgh Street had been ransacked the other nite!

Nothing much was taken . . . it's just the principal of the thing that's so intriguing.

What Came Of Malley's Deps?

(Continued from Page 1) month!) in Monroe County, the record looks bad.

Remember the big safety drive of December, '35, when not an accident marred the

beginning of what was to be a new reign of order on county highways? Remember the flock of 400 special deputies who were sworn in on the new road patrol? Whatever became of them?

The trouble, it's rumored, started right at headquarters, with a feud between the good Sheriffman, himself, and some of the special badge wearers. Seems that at least one of the specials didn't like the idea of being told who he could not arrest, and a particular part of one reputed argument should be noted here.

The Sheriff is said to have remarked to several deputies, "Don't be too hard on these (certain bakery) boys . . . after all, they live in another world."

And one of the deputies (who's now an ex-deputy) answered, so the story goes, "Sheriff, if one of those kids hit you, you'd be in another world, too."

So it goes . . . but all such to-do among the officers themselves isn't helping out the accident situation a bit!

We have done!

Hot Flashes

LAWYERMAN ALFRED D'AMANDA rates among the best-liked of all the local barristers . . . Fashion plate of the week is LLOYD B. STORANDT, that other intrepid legalite . . . in his new '37 model duds . . . Always in a hurry is WILLIAM ZIELINSKI of the Powers Building . . . And among the handsome attorney-neys . . . IRA H. MORRIS gets this week's nod . . . also about playing handball at the Elks' Club . . . Which just about winds up our law flashes for now.

Clark Gable Get-Ups of the Week:

ED JARDON's
(gaudy but not neat)

Does MERRILL BARTON still like to panic all the folks . . . by carrying a set of molars around in his pocket?? DOROTHY FRANK is just crazy about potato chips . . . KAY O'BRIEN and JOHNNY MAY are more than an item . . . The SIGMA PI EPHEMERON sisterhood look too swell in those bright red sweaters . . . The dazzling rock that IRENE BAUER is sporting is from OLIVER STEEWEY.

Charming Matron of Any Week:

MRS. ARTHUR G. BARR

GEORGE ALFORD . . . also a Universalite . . . can't all out that Social Security blank . . . believe it or don't . . . 'cause he doesn't know where he was born or how old he is! . . . All suggestions gratefully received.

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CUTALI'S
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107 North Street
LEO MORRELL-
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for DANCING

25 Broad Street
PAT CLEFF
ELWOOD WALTERS
at Noon and Dinner

MEDICO GOES ON RAMPAGE

It was just too, too funny about that prominent Thurston Ave. doctor who went on a rip-snorting spree not to long ago and was just handed down a suspended sentence.

Seems that the good doctor decided it was time to break loose. So he hid himself into a car, after tying on a few snorters and barged up to the Knorr Sanatorium on Troup Street. Parking his car out in the road about four feet from the curb, he marched up to the building advertised as "Rochester's Oldest and Most Reliable Sanatorium" and began to ring doorbells.

The unusual feature of the Knorr Sanatorium is that its regular staff is comprised principally of registered nur-

sies. Well, anyway, the nursies began to grow alarmed at the steady ting-a-ling of the bell below. And so a hurry-up call was put in for the gendarmie.

The stalwart men in blue arrived on the scene and the allegedly tipsy doctor was taken to the brig.

However, the situation revealed no alarming complications and the bell-ringing medico was permitted to retire somewhat gracefully . . . but he can thank his lucky stars he had a good friend in his time of need among his colleagues in the medical profession. And could that good friend be Dr. Richard Jaenike, by any chance?

Dr. Loses Frau To Best Pal!

Call it the matrimonial mishap of the week.

One of the most prominent M. D.'s in town, a specialist in one certain ailment, was unwound from his wife lately after she went out to Reno and went through the necessary business there.

And now the lady, back in FLASHtown again, has taken a second groom, who happens to be the doc's bosom pal . . . or was until just lately!

It just doesn't seem kosher to us.

HOT FLASHES

Does HENRY ARVA . . . of the Benjamin Franklin school of learning . . . still say that wimmen are flies in his soup???

Best tall story teller of the week is DOC FRED TARRANT of the West Main Stem . . . especially on that little anecdote about a bird cage . . . Why did ELEANOR and JEAN ALLAN . . . not to mention ALICE . . . break that last Mondeva date and leave those anxious swains waiting in the cold???

Lovely Blue Orbs of the Week:
RUTH DRAKE
(welfare dep't)

Promotion of the week is GEORGE PLATTEN'S . . . the American Brewer . . . from driver to salesman . . . And add promotions—GENE SCHWARTZ, the Kraft cheeseman . . . and the new post takes him to Manhattan . . . What's all this about COPPER CHEVROLET BELLEISS getting his own car the other nite . . . by mistake . . . instead of his prowl car???

Giving His All For Glo-Lite:
BOB WEILAND
(baseballer)

Patent attorney FRANK KEIPER of the FLASH (formerly Elwood) Building is among the elevator-razzers of the building's femme toilers . . . Add blonde bundles of charm—ANN MACKAY of Congress Avenue . . . Sooo sophisticated in that crimson wrap—MICK-EY LAMPHRON . . . BETTY CONNELLY and JOHNNY HANNAN are whispering "Did You Mean It" and other sentimental ditties this issue . . . What w. s. damsel thinks EARL TAYLOR's lip is too attractive???

Popular Lassie of the Week:
PATRICIA MATTHEWS
(Ardmore Strasse)

That bout between TEDDY SWISHER and ED MCVHILL is about due . . . What caused AL HURV's heavy discomfort t'other eufew???

HOUSE of RITZ
for
REAL GOOD CHINESE
—OR—
AMERICAN FOOD ANYTIME
The DRINKS Are Tops Too!
558 E. Main St.

EASTMAN BEAUTS WORK FOR ZERO

Maybe you think some of the outfits around town are paying a "starvation wage."

But you don't know what a starvation wage is . . . until you examine the payrolls of Flashtown's big, beautiful, tax-free philanthropic Eastman Theatre, the late George Eastman's gift to the local culture.

Believe it or not . . . those usherettes work at the Eastman Theatre for shows and concerts and such work for absolutely nothing! And furthermore, each gal has to provide her own black dress and pay the two cents for her freshly laundered white collar!

But that isn't the most surprising thing. The fact is

Hot Flashes

Now that TOM SHARP of the Yacht Clubbery has sprung for "The Blue Goddess" . . . new 10-meter sloop . . . are the rest of the Clubbery gobs looking to their laurels???

LYLE HOLDEN local scribe . . . has had adventure yarns published in many of the pulp mags . . . It's a side line with him . . . What's become of SAM HE DEALS IN MILLIONS SAVAGE . . . the FLASHtown match king???

that there is a waiting list of about 200 lassies right now, all anxious, nay eager, to pay her two cents and do the ushering job. And all just for the privilege of seeing the show . . . or as much as she can see of it between stints of showing the customers to their seats!

SERVICE!!

We can offer you a real service on your problems, business or personal. Our staff, both male and female, are thoroughly experienced.

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Specializing in complete investigations of all natures.

FLASH FLIPS

Watchman Silverstein busying himself on the theory of a car with perpetual motion . . . spring, of course . . . but still having gas trouble . . . 'gas trouble' existing any time his chariot needs gas . . . Restaurant Harry Bernstein seriously considering either sending the frau on a boat trip or taking a jaunt for himself down Florida way . . . Can it be that a campaign is under way to install demon sleuth Dick Smith as Royal Martial Commander . . . in the event the Genesee R. decides to give vent? . . . we can hardly believe . . . 'n incidentally has the setter regained its happy home?

Super Dunn of the Monroe County haven for the penitent entertaining the execs of the Old Age Pension for lunchtime . . . Are the civility of Earl Gersher's social engagements (whoop) occupied by the fair Frances Cramer . . . or does the lad have a wee bit of time for a dark-dressed admirer? . . . Who's the owner of a certain V-8, mixing up a bit with Ann Huniak's affairs of the heart . . . Harry Higgins soon to take, which doubts make more than a couple of the charmers happy.

Olive Oleott gets so dreamy-eyed in the wee hours of the morn . . . 'n L's take the place of dots . . . After reading our headlines, if you wanta sue, consult our attorneys—Hughes, Cardoza, Brandeis, Stone, Roberts, Van der Venter, and Cohen . . . Helen and Peg Radigan having plenty of offers for Valentines . . . Sports Ed Jim Ryder need look no further for an ace scribe . . . The FLASH just let its ultra-ultra waste-paper snatcher taste a bit of the air.

Fred Schwartzmeir, Philo Vance of the w.e., may-soon discover he has a cold in his head, if he don't use the lid-covering . . . The Gene Fairchild's sparkler gone the way of all washbowls . . . or so it seems like.

The Records boys over to Police Headquarters taking a beating . . . genial ace Charley Vollmer, Eddie Rice and Harry Shove all flittering from the flu . . . Clarence Piehler, Repub district man, red in the face from interruptions when shuffling the pinochles . . . They reinforce the innards together . . . Matt Kowalski and Mike Hogan . . . the lawyermen of the week . . . Corp Counsel Isaac Brickner, the most accommodating gent the citizenry of this berg will run into in a long, cold wintre.

Can it be that nurse Janet Sible is contemplating the hitching-post . . . 'n with a school-master, no less? . . . What's ever become of nurse Catherine Babbett? . . . Beautician Gert Hazel has a secret admirer . . . 'n she'll never, never know . . . Can broadcaster, Charlie Tibblitt be a cough-drop adit? . . . the tonsil noises improving weakly at the Murray Theater . . . Legal-ite Les Berlove carrying big packages around the Powers Bldg. . . just like old times.

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SUPPER CLUB

AL FAST
KING OF JOY—presents
Extra Special Attraction
LEE TWINS
Outstanding Sister Team in Acrobatic Novelties
First time in Rochester
RITA McKENNA—Mistress of Songs
AND OTHERS
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LEO PRESTON
Master of Ceremonies and Song Stylist

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in Songs plus the Musical Alberts

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MAC McOMBER with His Band
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Drinks That Satisfy — Foods That Hit the Spot

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Holsworth, Inc.
150 ST. PAUL ST. cor. Andrews
Open Friday and Saturday Evenings until 9 P. M.

UPTOWN, DOWNTOWN, AND 'ROUNTOWN

Parker Osborne is not only a good mechanic . . . but also has a bit of artistic talent . . . which he proved to his guests at that party 't'other nite . . . when Parker made plaster of Paris masks of their faces . . . But hapless Jim Coulton got a good idea of what it's like to be buried alive . . . when he lay there waiting for the stuff to harden . . . and one Don blew smoke through the straw . . . and then plugged the whole thing up!

Add new coming-up nurseries at General Hosp—Sybil Stevenson . . . and very luffly too.

Medicoman James Cooper, one of the best-liked docs of the County Hospital . . . is saying so long to the Flashtown folks . . . caus he'll be hanging out his shingle in Texas from now on . . . He wants to be Flashed—does Mario the west side locks snipper . . . The drugman Hy Mandells are off for a vacation in the Bermuda sun this week.

Believe it or no . . . Officer John C. Miller of No. six Precinct let his sonny boy take the new car the other aft . . . and the lad came home with one of those little pink no parking tags! . . . Cooper Jack Simpson carries a pillow to those Elk's Club fights every Monday . . . which gives Jack the title of comfort-loving copper of any week . . . Gendarme Jimmy Stanton was flashed the other day . . . putting a parking chalk mark on a junk dealer's horse and wagon that was left over on Broad Street too long . . . the chalk mark went on the nag's rear leg . . . What's all this . . . about athletic Bill Foreman of Headquarters . . . falling down the steps on Monday???

The two chappies with that Gosnell crowd . . . out at Tommy Jenks' place on last Fishday are wondering . . . what does the crowd do when nobody ELSE will spring? . . . They're offering a prize for the best answer.

Henry W. Chune, the Gannett scribe . . . was much impressed with the performance of the gal wrestlers, Billie Rayburn and Peggy Lester . . . out at the Terrace Gardens on Saturday nite . . . the lassies are now breathlessly awaiting that full column on themselves . . . hinted by Heinie.

Massa Markwell of the West Disinfectant Company out on the west side . . . was called to the phone the other eve . . . by an excited matron who said she had some disinfecting for him to do . . . So imagine Markwell's surprise . . . when the lady wanted him to do nothing but kill an innocent cricket which had been hiding in the furnace! Just another trip for nothing.

Frank Harrigan always gets a big hotel with that special trick . . . Blonde Peggy Merrill, the specialty dancer . . . will learn here that all that razzing on Monday was just a frame-up . . . Herman Wissell . . . who ran the Windsor last season . . . is opening up a new spot on Monroe Avenue.

The most cheerful convalescent of any week . . . Grace Tross . . . is back at Genesee Hosp again . . . to recover for good, we hope . . . Why does the vivacious Virginia Fischer's heart take such a beating . . . at the mere mention of the date, Feb. 6???

Eva Banks, the temperature-conscious lassie of the Highland Beverage office . . . complained about the cold once too often . . . so now Boss Bill Minder has sprung for a new heater . . . The FLASH boys love to Macie Nusbaum of the Stone Street Casino . . . who has donated his entire show and band for the benefit of the Holy Apostles Smoker . . . Boxing Commissioner Frank B. Hodges and "Bearcat" Beecher are on the arranging committee . . . so the party should be good.

Newest stenog of the week is Minnie Soppe . . . Garageman Andy Gambacurta, of Cumberland Strasse . . . was almost as glad to get rid of that Oldsmobile as the gal was to get it . . . Nomination for one of the sweetest warblers of romantic ditties . . . Boots McIntyre . . . who does her stuff at the Hollywood on Empire Boulevard starting this Prideve.

Ken Stenzel, Brockport Normal star . . . is all set to play with the Seagrams . . . and his monicker is on the dotted line . . . which is a smart move on the part of business manager Don Cleary.

Didja know that Louis Kabacoff . . . the smiling maestro who presides over the bar at the Cotton Club . . . is an expert weight and age guesser? . . . However, if Louis comes more than two years or three pounds out of the way . . . this does not mean that he will buy.

Dot Arne, winsome young school marm to be . . . is spending her weekend vacation with that incredible Nazi . . . Karl Armbuster, the handsome bachelorette of Manderville King Seeds . . . Mary Elizabeth Loman . . . of the Cochrane and Bly acquaintance crew . . . is taking things easy lately . . . cause that's what the doctor ordered.

Nelson Beck, the former Democrap-Comical bombshell of the circulation dept . . . is home week ends now . . . and has a Buffalo district which he likes ever so much better than the Oregon territory that took him too far away from wife and kidlet.

Belle Sanow is adorning the Joel Chapeau Shoppay on the Main Drag . . . That new young chap behind the showcase at Albert's Jewelry Shop is nobody but Al and Art's thirteen-year old nephere . . . who's learning the business after the bell rings at Madison High . . . and whose ambition is to grow up to be just like Uncle Art . . . whatever that means.

Marko Bianchi is now schooling himself in the finer things in life . . . say his admirers.

Remember that "How Would You Say It" item that got into the Reader's Digest . . . from the pen of ex-localite George S. Brooks . . . about the hands of midnight sniping off another day? . . . and didja know that no less than three hundred and two readers sent it to the R. D.???

Wanna have fun? . . . Ask Jimmy Mangano to show you those applications for dates cards he carries around . . . but never uses . . . Those jokes so-called . . . of Bucket Lyons' . . . are as old as Milt Berle's . . . What ever became of the Marge Hannan-Howie Doohan romance?

A lot of winners want us to ask Jimmy Clancy to take it easy with them at those dance shindies . . . seems the gals are developing some fallen arches . . . Fast guy of the week is Bill Kelley of the Bull's Head mart . . . Something we'd like to have a ringside seat for—a fine pony match starring John Sullivan, Charley Birdsell, Tommy Lannon, and Jughead Proctor.

NOBODY LIKES THE DIVORCEES!

The Metropolitan Life Ins. Co. turned up with a bunch of statistics on wedlock that are the cutest things you ever pawed over. Thru a specialized statistical process the policy boys revealed some nifties concerning the preferences of the widowed and divorced folk for further ventures on the shaky shoals of matrimony.

Their statistics disclose that widowers prefer to marry spinsters, then they take on the widows, and least numbers incline toward the divorcees. However, that may be because there aren't too many divorcees.

Widows like to hitch up with widowers. Bachelors are the next choice, and then the widows finish up with the divorcees. Again this class isn't too popular. Can it be B. O. again?

Now we come to the much neglected divorced males. These men, strangely enough, date on the spinsters, then they relapse to their kin the divorcees, and lastly they tie the nuptial knot on to the widows.

Divorced women prefer muchly to hitch up with bachelors. After that they don't care what they do.

Now you know what marriage is all about. Don't you? You can check up, folks, by watching your nabor.

Bob Maxwell . . . the demon Sapling Sport Shop salesguy . . . hates to miss one of those gals' basketball frays . . . And Jim McInerney, exec of same shoppay . . . rates a nod as one of the most congenial of citizens . . . What d. t. elevator lad is all in a dither . . . every time a certain blonde tagged Alice comes around?

Two of Flashtown's classiest tailors are Al and Jim De Marco . . . over in the Copeland Building . . . and psst . . . they can dance, too.

Eddie Hutchinson is wearing riding pants . . . but the boys on the job all wanna know . . . where's the horse? . . . Offside to Cray the Jernal scribe Remington—The lad would like youse to know it's Mort Nusbaum . . . not Morton . . . and it's a popular corruption of the full name of Mortimer . . . if you have to be formal.

Believe it or not . . . Tommy Ciardali, that getter-arounder . . . was flashed while buying a mustache the other day . . . but they say it's only for that minstrel show at church . . . Tony (Doc) Parr, the rock drummerboy with Vic Lewis' outfit . . . is an expert hairdresser . . . and works on the gals' locks at Culver Road shop these daylines . . . The other nite Doc took on the job of doing the hair of every gal in Butch Martin's line . . . including Dolores Dolbet, who looked like Gypsy Rose Lee when Doc finished . . . Art is long.

George Strasser, the well known squeeze box pusher (accordioinist to youse) . . . is now in proud receipt of a medal from the Physical Culture magazine . . . all for lifting a 250-pound weight in style! George says the accordion doesn't weigh that much . . . but the power might come in handy sometime in another situation.

Mary Piazza (this was the Le Brun Sisters' monicker before it was legally changed) was only one of the customers . . . down at the Terrace Gardens on Saturday nite . . . until she got up and did a hotcha number on the spur of the moment . . . Bookerman Charley Kramer was most impressed of all the patrons . . . and the result is an audition soon.

Eddie Bitetti will officiate at any kind of game at all . . . provided Millie Pash is present . . . Question—What did Lefty (Bangtail Expert) Kunow . . . the Daw's Druggery guy . . . do with that \$128 so easily come by last week . . . but so cleverly?

If you wanna get Midue Carroll in a happy frame of mind these days, what with the W.P.A. being cut down to the bone, just start talking the days when he was a football star . . . Jim Parley's walking right into a headache when he comes to town next week to put on the feed bag at Judge Rippey's banquet . . . what with the Komenski-Burke-Kelly feud going great guns . . . Howard Hosmer, Times-Union guy, came through Wenzler with as decent a movie column as seen in these parts, which ain't noted for decent movie columns, anyway . . . Jannelman Dave Kessler still busy telling folks about his operation . . . getting his money's worth out of the removed appendix.

Handsomeface among the hi-school biggies . . . Joe Stanton who hails from Charlotte . . . Unusual monicker belongs to J. Udd, boss of the Ford Hotels . . . Walt Riskey, who runs the Palace flickerhouse, has a smile as wide as Clinton Avenue since business got so good as to top everything since that showhouse went off vaudeville . . . Gunnar Wiig lost his voice three times since WHEC and himself started raising all that dough for the Red Cross . . . Kathleen Mannion and Dorothy Fennessy are having a tough winter with all the social whirl . . . Little-known fact: John O'Connell, ace investigator, was almost drowned down in Atlantic City . . . Getting to be a bridge fiend: Doris Geith, the Glide St. gal . . . Katherine Lewis and Margaret Moffitt are losing poundage getting set for that nurse's frolic at Oak Hill a couple Fridays hence . . . Little Charlie Stowell, only 8 years old, donated all the dough he got for his birthday a couple days ago to the Red Cross flood fund . . . it was only a buck . . . but that doesn't matter, does it?

A story that didn't come out in the local sheets because of the flood had to do with a woman reclining in the lodge-gow in Southern California . . . this woman, who came all the way from England, claims that none other than Clark Gable is the papa of her 16-year-old child . . . but she was tossed in the calaboose . . . 'cause Gable claims he was never in England . . . and his first wife, now divorced, says he was a student in her art class in the U. S. A. at the time . . . maybe the English femme is suffering from delusions of grandeur . . . who knows???

Dick Barrie, ork leader at the peacockery of Odenbachery, who doesn't even live in this burg, tossed some shekels into the flood fund kitty just the same for the Rochester total . . . Didja know that Gilbert McCurdy and Edwin Allen Stebbins were classmates at Williams College . . . and neither one of them has been doing so badly . . . Impresario Will Corris, who can swing a mean anecdote, swung a few for the sedate gals known as the University Women on Thurseve . . . They are even alike in their initials . . . speaking of Merrill and Millard Upson, the twins who look so much alike they even have trouble telling each other apart . . . Lawyerman Philetus Chambrlain could rally tell some hot yarns on how old-time football was played . . . in the days when if you wanted to make a high tackle . . . you grabbed a guy by his beard . . . 'cause Barrister Chamberlain got his sheepskin from Syracuse exactly sixty years ago . . . which, we hon't have to say, is a long time.

Jimmy Wilson, the Waldorf help-yourself manager, could have been a civil engineer, so learnedly does he prate about putting up bridges and stuff . . . Times are back to normal, with Jane Allen, Florence Powers and Jeanie Luce all back with their likenesses in the local sheets.

The FLASH—Back With a Flash In a Flash!
(We Hope)

Jews Made Ogres In Nazi "Mother Goose" Rhymes

(Continued from Page 7)
about Nazi children? They too were taken care of last week, when Der Sturmer, Germany's most virulent anti-Semitic paper, controlled by the great Jew-baiting Nazi Julius Streicher, published a new Nazi Mother Goose Book from the pen of Elvira Bauer, a young Nazi kindergarten teacher. German nursery tales have always been full of bloody ogres and vicious monsters, and no exception are these latest. Only difference is that now every monster, witch and bogeyman is a

leering Jew. The fairy prince who does battle with these Jewish monsters is, of course, a blond, beautiful German. Writes the Nazi Mother Goose:
"The German is proud. He can work and fight. Because he is so beautiful and full of courage, the Jew has always hated him."
The "beautiful Germans" the Mother Goose rhymes refer to are no doubt the handsome Hitler, the gorgeous Goering, and the seraphic Streicher. Time mag headlines their article "Gospel According to Saint Hitler."

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 hank to do and have passes." Two stars mean "Fair enough," and three stars mean "Simply Titanic!")

***One In a Million, at the Palace starting Friday, Jan. 29.—The title of this flicker hasn't got too much to do with the thing itself . . . we'd say the picture was one in, well, maybe a dozen. But Sonje Henie, the cutest little doll you ever did see, and a figure skater with a real figure, is worth a lot of laughs and is most watchable in her skating sequences. Adolph Menjou, Don Ameche (Bob of the radio Betty & Bob series), Ned Sparks and Jean Hersholt appear now and then.

****—The Black Legion, at the Century starting Thursday, Jan. 28—Four touts and an orchid to the Warners, for getting out what should be a big contender for the '37 prize list. The screen version of the dark doings in Southern Michigan last summer had to be washed up quite some before the censors got it . . . there's no nationalities mentioned, or religion. But the rest of the headline making clan is all there to the last chill and thrill. Swell.

***More Than a Secretary, at Loew's Rochester starting Friday, Jan. 29—Here's a light comedy that's not too light. The plot is an antique—what happens when an ugly duckling of a business gal decides to go in for glamour. Jean Arthur (the Mr. Deeds girl) runs a secretarial school. But when she takes one of her own jobs, and her boss turns out to be handsome George Brent, who runs a physical culture school, the fun begins (didn't you know it?). It's all very pleasant.

LOUD SPEAKERS, POOR SPEAKERS, & STATIC

One of the best performances of the week was JUDGE JACOB (PUT 'EM AWAY) GITELMAN's . . . on the Rochester Speaks airing over WSAY on Monday . . . the good Judge told the peepul all about his week-end sentences for guzzling and driving . . . and made 'em like it . . . Ever since LAVERE FULLER spilled perfume all over HUBERT (Love In Bloom) LASSENFROISE . . . the Taylor Building has carried the fragrance of Evening In Paris . . . Add new performers over the DICK HULL program from Loew's—cute little ELEANOR BOTTICELLI and oriole GEORGE OTT . . . with basso MILTON SCHIFFRIN being groomed for a debut soon.

The new MORDEN (GERTRUDE) BUCKS' manse . . . out in Forest Lawn . . . promises to be a thing of swank . . . from all those plans . . . looks like business is looking up for the WHEC boys . . . The quaver in HARRY (SWIVEL-TONGUE) LE BRUN's verce has been traced to an intruding tonsil . . . Good to see Daddy Sunshine BOB PIERCE back on the WHAM airlines after an issue or two or ailing with the grippe.

FRANK SILVA, who fills LOWELL MAC MILLAN's brograms for the WHAM sportscast country of Kendall . . . is the smooth new voice of the Sagamore Studios . . . and furthermore, is on old fourth estater himself, of the Boston Telegram . . . DON HARRIS the morning nonsense disher outter . . . did a great job of presiding over that pancake breakfast of the Publicity Bureau the other noontime . . . 'Tis said that big BEN WEAVER . . . who left FLASHTOWN a couple of weeks ago . . . is now enunciating for an ether station in Louisville, Kentucky.

SHOW FOLK

A big Flashtown benefit performance for the flood relief fund will be the next big project for the show boys and girls . . . BOOKERMAN HARRY STONE has offered 30 acts from his own office . . . including many of the oldtime favorites . . . ALFY VALENTINE contributes the orchestra . . . The scene may be Convention Hall . . . nobody's decided definitely yet.

LETA BELLAMY, just up and around after six weeks of ailing . . . is at the St. James in Wayland, N. Y. . . . GEORGE MAYNARD is also on the card . . . Ventriloquist BOB BRENNAN . . . singer ANN WALLACE . . . and dancer BARBARA BARER are at the Tavern Grill in Waverly . . . EDDIE WEGMAN, talented young M. C. and singer . . . is now at the Triangle after the long stay at Lang's . . . DIXIE LEE, dancer, and the team of WARD & EARLE are on same bill.

Is the BOOTS LAMONT at the Bohemian Gardens the same entertainer who usta be at the Gay 90's ? ? ? The Four Dancing Dandies are at Mike's Tavern . . . Jamestown, N. Y. . . . JIMMY LEAMY and his Dad . . . along with chanteuse MARY JANE HOLLIS . . . are a click at the Continental Hotel in Hornell . . . LOUELLA BROWN, the Cleveland heat wave . . . leaves the Cotton Club this Sunday . . . the customers will miss that hula-hula.

Over at the Cottage Hotel in Fairport . . . ROSE & BUDDY RAWYER plus two other acts are the attraction this week . . . EDITH HUNT, the gal who sings and M. C.'s with the greatest of ease . . . is at the Wonder Bar in Elmira . . . along with dancer HELEN YOUNG . . . MARY WILLIAMS, EDDIE BAUER and VERA MATIN are the show at the Chateau Artusa spot in Horseheads.

Hot Flashes

IRVING SORKO, the Kim's Chow Mein ever . . . has just had a cartload of the new spring crop of Florida celery . . . to give your chow mein that certain crunch . . . MRS. FRANK HENNEBERGER just can't wait until the FLASH appears each Friday morn . . . so ardent a reader is she . . . Out at the U. of R. campus . . . fifteen of the performers are clearing their throats for fifteen radio talks . . . among 'em DOC ARTHUR MAY, the schillating history prof . . . DOC LEE DU BRIDGE of the Geology Dept . . . and DOC HOWARD HANSON, the music maestro.

Much Photoed Blonde of the Week:
PEGGY WILBUR
(U. of R.)

Who's the handsome copper labeled No. 450 . . . who rides the St. Paul car line ? ? ? For an orbful of real beauty . . . see the TATABNSKI sisters . . . localites all . . . SOPHIA . . . BETTY . . . and MARY, who was elected Polonia beauty queen a short time back . . . A most instructin' conversationalist is GEN-EVIEVE BLOK . . . says our guy who covers instructin' conversationalists.

RACEHORSE WILLIAMS . . . the hot chocolate stepper who used to headline in RKO vaude with FLASHTOWN's own STRAWBERRY RUSSELL . . . breezed into town on Soliday . . . and put on a guest number with STRAWBERRY at the Cotton Club . . . that burned the floor right up.

TAYLOR INSTRUMENT LADS FLUNK OUT COLD!

Here, kiddies, is the funniest, laughiest story that ever hit this town . . . and it involves a few employes of the staid Taylor Instrument Co. . . . where all the help are 'just one happy family.'

It begins with the Taylor Instrument Co. and finishes up in the studio of one of the local broadcasting stations . . . where a local laundry emporium runs a questionnaire . . . questions concerning a skittering of facts here and there . . . There are ten contestants, and the winnah cops himself a prize of ten fish. The rest can have a garment cleaned.

Enuff of that, now to go on with the story. One of the undernourished b. s. in the Taylor outfit was having trouble last Fall with his furnace. He wanted to save on his coal as a warm spell was in the process of getting unseasonably warmer. So he asked the advice of a couple of the chappies in his office. They were quick with a retort. "Throw hot water on it," they advised him with the greatest of ease.

So the lad went home and tossed the water on the blazing coals. The rest is history. Even the scaldings on the arms. Such a mass of vapor he never saw before.

To get back to the present

tense. Time passed as time will. Meanwhile two of the laddies in the office, who had put in their bit about checking furnaces conceived the bright idea of entering the questions contest, as they figured.

(Continued on Page 6)

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DRINKS by the genial
NORVEL JOHNSON
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DINE
AND
DANCE

Plus
RACE HORSE
WILLIAMS
an old time
VAUDEVILLE STAR

LOVE-STARVED PAPA FINDS SON, BOARDED OUT BY THE SHELTER

Only two days ago the FLASH was the means of enabling a love-starved papa to find out the habitat of his child. George Shelter, 76 Cottage St., was trying to get to see his 7-year-old son, whom the Plymouth Ave. SHELTER (the names are only coincidental) had boarded out to a family by the name of Casey on Vassar St.

Complaining he didn't think he'd be allowed to see his boy, Shelter asked this paper to help him.

Immediately, it was learned that after the death of Mr.

Casey a couple of weeks back, the child had been turned over to a Barton family in Avon, N. Y. The Bartons deserve a lot of credit for the charitable manner in which they made a home for this boy . . . after already having board-and-lodged his brother and sister.

George Shelter now has a new lookout on life. He declared the Bartons have always been kind in letting him see his two other children . . . and he said that he would now be able to see his youngest boy—the 7-year-old son—for the first time since Xmas.

Employers In For Raps?

Here's a choice bit of tidings, kiddies, that'll make the hearts of many so, so gay localities not so, so gay. 'Tis whispered, and 'tis so, that a Dept. of Labor man is in this hamlet investigating a situation, wherein many employers are presumed to be forming corporations and partnerships with their employes, (and still dole them out the slave wage) just to escape certain compensation and insurance obligations. The outcome may be very surprising, to say the least.

Hot Flashes

A big show titled "Musical Nonsensibles of 1937" was staged over at Beth-El on Sundeve which was a honey . . . and should have rated plenty of space in the full dailies . . . but it didn't . . . The whole works was written and directed by EDWIN RUDA, who usta be with the PANTAGES circuit . . . The tap dances by petite JUNE BERGHASH were a wow.

Nag Fan of the Week:
NICK RINALDI
(the cafe man)

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food is tops
Orchestra - Floor Show
Fri. & Sat. Nites

Is The Flash The Journal or Is The Journl the Flash?

The time has come for a little co-operation between the great, big JOURNAL and the little, little FLASH. These somewhat faded orbs witnessed two different street-scenes where such co-operation would have been very ducky, to say the least.

A hurried gent approached a d. t. newsstand and called to the boy for a FLASH . . . the news-boy leaped up (oh, yeah) and handed the customer a Journal Sports Final. But the guy insisted he wanted a FLASH . . . and in the end he got our wonderful sheet.

The mood changes. Our man who thinks of these things was slumbering near an adjacent d. t. newsstand when a person approached the boy and chirped he wanted a FLASH. He was handed our magnificent literary effort. "What's this flimsy green thing?" he cried indignantly. "I want the JOURNAL!"

And so there you are. As we like our name pretty well, we'd suggest to Dr. Meyer Jacobstein that he change the title of the edition to the STAR or the EAGLE or the BIRD . . . something coy. Then watch the circulation boom!

Hot Flashes

Prodnest father of any week is ALFRED CUTALI . . . the restaurateur . . . who has two of the nicest youngsters you ever did see . . . Joolerman ARTHUR GABRIEL D'ANNUNZIO of the West Main shoppay is now back from all his travels . . . And bookerman ART ARGYRIES is due back at his studio in the Rochester Theater building very soon now . . . after the southern vacation.

popular clowning star, heads the new show here. Fred Lashier's tunes, and genial Fred Allard to greet you.

COTTON CLUB — Racehorse Williams, former RKO hoofing star, is the new attraction. Mabel (Jelly Roll) Cooper M. C.s. along with Strawberry Russell, a sepia Betty Boop, and Bill Geder's swing band. Edna Miller in sweet songs. Never a dull moment!

BROWNIE'S—The famous State Street spot has radio tenor Ed Jardon, and Frances Knox, gracious singer of ballads. Chet Keeley's swing music.

SENECA TERRACE—Al Fast, steppy M. C. heads the entertainment at this big new Dewey Avenue play place with the Lee Twias. Nize atmosphere.

Staid Taylors' Boys Go In For Oo-la-la

(Continued from Page 5)

ured it to be a cinch.

One of the lads, a socialite by the name of Ulp, and the other boy, Doug Chislett, settled down to walk off with the prize. However, they didn't want their colleagues to know they were going in for this sort of education. And so Ulp went under the nom de plume of James Gleason (he picked a good one) and Chislett took the handle of Doug Campbell.

These were a few of their elaborate plans for absolute secrecy.

Isn't all this just like the movies?

But things have the habit of leaking out. And the boys in the office soon learned that Messieurs Ulp and Campbell were to make their professional debut, especially that gentleman who had acted on the latest advices as to the checking of furnaces. However, none let on that they were in on the little personal appearance secret. But there began a few pulling of wires over to the aircast office.

Came the fatal night! The boys took their places in front of the mike. No whit daunted were they.

The first question popped

was: "How do you check a furnace?"

There were two crimson countenances, flushed with a quick realization of castles tumbling in the air. But no audible answer. The contest was over . . . as far as the Taylor boys were concerned.

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Hot Flashes

CHRIS PICKERING looks swell in the new toggery . . . And MILDRED VALE, flashing that new red outfit . . . is a real eye-tyer . . . Believe it or not . . . these beloved grid enemies got-together all in one group (other nite)—TOMMY HARPER, CHUCK LUCIA, HAROLD DONISH, PETE BYLICK, RED MC KAGUE and brother JOHN . . . and is the hatchet all buried ? ? ?

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Rochester's outstanding act today! A champion referees each match
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120 lbs. 115 lbs.



FRANK (Goofy) HURIGAN
He Guarantees A Million Laughs

Tripping the Fantastic

TERRACE GARDENS—Featuring the big show is Frank (Goofy) Hurigan and his rib-tickling antics. Ethel Ray, the Silhouette Girl, The Dalberth Sisters in their dances, Jean Carpentier, Peggy Jacobs. Food and beverages notably good.

BARTLETT—This spot keeps ringing the bell with hit shows . . . Art Taylor's band, Jimmy Thomas, radio singer, Billy (Am I Crazy) Morlen, Lew & Evelyn, and Dollette & Galle.

NUSBAUM'S CASINO — Paul Green, the Robert Ripley Believe It Or Not Pretzel Man, the Mursden Sisters in songs, Leo Preston presiding. Next week Mac Mc Omber and his band open here.

BRIGHTVIEW—Vic Lewis and his lads are the band. Funny stuff by M. C. Billy White and comedian Ray Olsen. Lots of fun out here, and bowling downstairs on open nites.

LANG'S GARDENS—The play spot of North Street. Rosemary Traman, radio star, sings, there's dancing seven nites a week, and the whole show is tops.

RITZ—The East Main House of Ritz serves some of the best Chinese food in the village. Dancing on Friday and Saturday P. M.'s.

TIMES SQUARE — Big and beautiful downtown spot. Pat (swing fiddler) Cleff's music, Curley Langley, M. C. and singer, Roberta Crone, and Hollis & Joy's tap dancing and comedy.

POWERS—The Tap Room offers Jean and Noel Shannon, strolling troubadours. The drinks and food here are famous.

CUTALI'S—The North Street version of the famed restaurants has Leo Morrell's music with Ernie Warren at the piano. The new Cutali's on Broad Street is doing great bizz . . . Its Rathskellar opens next week.

ALLARD'S — State Street's bright spot, with Joe Anderson,

CIRCULATION BOYS CLAIM THEY WERE GIVEN STREET CAR RIDE!

(Continued from Page 1)
tion happened in Seattle. the privileges of the Teamster's union does not apply.

The strike was declared by the Local Teamster's Union on the Gannett newspapers in town. Tho the complaining employes are, or were, associated with the morning Democrat & Chronicle.

THE STRIKE THEN REACHED GREATER PROPORTIONS WHEN THE MORNING DELIVERY BOYS WENT ON A "STRIKE."

THEN POLICE HELP WAS ASKED FOR. TWO DIFFERENT REQUESTS WERE MADE.

THE DEMOCRAT & CHRONICLE OFFICE CALLED THE GENDARMES TO BE ON THE ALERT FOR TROUBLE IN THE EARLY MORNING. A CALL WENT OUT FROM THE D&C OFFICE THAT PAPERS WERE BEING STOLEN AT CLIFFORD & CYPRESS, MT. HOPE & LYELL, AND MURRAY & PLYMOUTH AVENUES. AND FROM PORCHES OF HOMES.

Father Boland, U. S. Regional Labor Investigator, was reported in town to help clear up the situation and to confer with Union officials.

The trouble started, the striking circulation men declared, when Ray Trentman came to the D&C as circulation manager. Trentman was one time connected with the local Journal.

They claim the strike was called because of the dismissal of Dick Curtin and Bill Davis from their circulation posts. They charge these men were dismissed because of union activities and that several others, namely George Hoen, James Hubert, etc., were relieved of their duties and delegated to jobs where

the privileges of the Teamster's union does not apply.

For instance, Hoen, a circulation man with the D&C for about 15 years, claims he was removed from a job entailing the delivery of papers, with the use of a car, and put on another job, given a street car ticket serviceable by the week, and told to go to it. This merely to curtail his union activities.

The strikers, headed by the Union pres., Orrin Luscher, claim they were feted to a turkey dinner with all the trimmings by the management of the paper about a year ago at the Rochester Club. Here, they assert, while liquor and beer flew freely they were assured that "this was the beginning of a new era. Nobody has to worry about losing jobs."

Present at this dinner were Ray Trentman, Albert Fell and Fred Weston, all officials in the Gannett circulation dept.

But for 11 months, it is their complaint, they worked seven days a week without a letdown.—14 to 16 hours a day. Then they decided to organize the Local 300 Teamsters and Newspaper Handlers Union. They claim they felt the need of organization so badly they awakened union leader Hank O'Connell out of bed to get his advice.

Three days after their organization they were given a day a week off. Then they assert these relief men who worked the one day, were gradually pushed into the District Circulation jobs, and the older men were just as gradually pushed out.

'Tis said that Ed Young, the Bus. Agt., for the Teamsters has notified the City Delivery drivers carting the papers that they can truck them . . . but that no non-union men are to be permitted to ride. The riders, of course, taking care of the distribution.

And so now Frankie Gan-

Jews Made Ogres In Nazi "Mother Goose" Rhymes

They're going literary in a big way in Germany, are the Nazi boys . . . in they're turning out new versions of the Bible and Mother Goose rhymes which pictures their laasmen, the German Jew, as a big bad ogre. Here's what Time may has to say about it all:

"German booksellers did roaring business last week when there appeared on the market an anti-Semitic, Nazified version of the Gospel According to St. John, adapted from Martin Luther's standard German translation of the Bible. This was big news for the Nordic churchgoers, because the man responsible for the metamorphosis of St. John into an up-to-date Nazi was none other than Dr. Henz Weidemann, Bishop of Bremen, who is no black sheep of the German Evangelical Church but one of its prime spiritual forces.

"Much less stir was created few months ago by the Nazified version of Christ's Sermon on the Mount, because its author, Reichsbischof Ludwig Muller, is in bad odor with the State Church. Humility and forgiveness find no place in Bishop Muller's Sermon on the Mount. Heavily stressed are "blood" and "contradiction." Example, Matthew, 5:9:

King James' Version	Muller's Version
"Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God."	"Happy are they who keep the peace with their fellow-nationals; they do God's will."

"Most subtly effective in damaging the Jews is Bishop Weidemann's new Gospel. Says the Bishop in his preface: "The German of the Third Reich must know what Christ, Whom the Jews nailed to the cross, means."

More than once the phrase "The Jews jeered and said" appears in the new Nazified version instead of "Then said the Jews," as in the Lutheran version. "Jewland" takes the place of the original "Judea" and this "Jewland" is carefully distinguished from the province of Galilee, where Christ preached. The implication is that this was not in "Jewland." Throughout the new Gospel it is implied that Christ and His disciples were not Jews. Jewish names such as "Elijah" and "Isaiah" are omitted, replaced by "prophets." "Rabbi," as applied to Christ, becomes "Master." Christ, according to Bishop Weidemann, shared the "German Christians" contempt for the Old Testament because it is Jewish in flavor. Example, St. John, Chapter VI, 31-32:

King James Version

"Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, He gave them bread from Heaven to eat. "Then Jesus said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Moses gave you not that bread from Heaven; but my father giveth you the true bread from Heaven."

Nazi Version

"The Bible also reports that bread fell from Heaven for our ancestors in the desert. "Jesus replied: I tell you the truth; these old stories to which you continually refer do not help you. My father alone gives you true divine bread."

"This doing over the Bible into an anti-Jewish treatise is perhaps suitable for Nazi adults, but what

(Continued on Page 5)

Best Diaries of Any Week:
MARY ASTOR'S
GEORGE KELLY'S

Unfair To Organized Beauty:
MOLLY FROMEN
(too lovely)

Soldi's SPAGHETTI

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

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Fan Dancer Loses Fans

Discovered—the meanest thief of any week!

The victim is Rita Goebel, who flutters about the floor at Lang's Gardens on North Street, in one of the swellest fan dances on record.

Fraulein Goebel has plenty of fans . . . meaning the customers who crowd the spot to applaud her numbers . . . But she only has two of the big, droopy, feathered variety that cover her shapely chassiss during the dance.

So imagine the lassie's embarrassment the other nite . . . when Rita left the fans lying on a chair for a moment between numbers . . . and they disappeared.

Was it an admirer . . . a souvenir hunter . . . or some miserable sadist who gloried in the idea of a hapless fan dancer facing the chill January drafts without her fans?

Any FLASH fan who finds the fans will find a new fan in Rita by directing all information to Main 7983.

Fan our brow.

BETTER MILK



A BETTER MEAL

... And for proof that New York State Milk is better . . .

You have our word for it that laboratory tests are made many times each day to assure New York State Milk reaching you in the purest, freshest and most healthful form, consistently high in all the important food elements. That's one reason why it will make a better meal.

For Baking, Too

Because in all your cooking, New York State quality is a real safeguard against last-minute disappointment; it will add tempting flavor and endless variety to each of the dishes you prepare.

FIFI GETS STEWED IN BUFFALO

Sporty Spiel

Even the cute basketeers are scrapping aplenty, why last Sunday over at the St. Stanislaus Hall, the gals knocked each other all over the place, the end coming only when the BLOND CLOTHING babies were perched safely atop their rivals, the FILARETS.

The shindy was performed before the largest turn-out in several years. The timer was so eggscited he knocked the alarm clock off the table, forcing ten more seconds of bloodshed. My! My! Phew!

IDA SCHUTRUM played one of the finest floor games yet seen on a local floor, being in everyplace but the wrong, at the right time. MARTY ANDREWS stole the apple plenty with MARTHA DEVONIS taking the role of heroine with the shot that sunk the FILARETS. Drawing first blood in the 3-game series.

IRENE GRZWINSKI, ROSE GRUCZA, and RED BUKOWSKI were the spark-plugs for the vanquished but ROSE was scolded by the big bad ref and ejected from the fray for playing too rough early in the third stanza. OLGA HANCHAR was

way off, missing many shots at the hoop with ANNE SOROCHEITY sticking to her like a leech.

ROY VANGRAFLEN, the Filaret brain trust, is up in arms and vows to do torturous things and backs it up by waving a huge wad of greenbacks under PAUL BRIGANDI's schnozzola. Anyway, whenever these boys get together and arrange the second game of the series, most likely at the same hall, you better grab your hats.

The opposite sex are having their headaches too with plenty of hangovers.

A flock of classy clubs around town are searching too much 'cause LES HARRISON of the SEAGRAMS is dickering with MANNY HIRSCH's undefeated J. Y. M. A. outfit and not letting them in on the take.

The J. Y. M. A. club are the real contenders says LES because the team defeated the CENTRALES, KODAK PARK, MILES of Buffalo, and the NEWARK ELKS twice.

Studding the lineup you can see familiar faces. SHEP SHAPIRO, ALEX SAPERSTONE, JERRY COHN, MARTY SENDOW, TINY ROSENBERG, MANNY ROSEN, BOB GROSSMAN and TOPPY HIRSCH.

MANNY wants it known that his players are strictly amateurs, receiving no pay whatsoever.

There are plenty of good clubs here with KODAK PARK, GAS & ELECTRIC, PENFIELD, BUCKLEYS, GERVAIS, FALCONS, C. Y. M. A., YOUNG AMERICANS, GENERAL SIGNAL COMPANY.

The best way to settle all disputes is to have a 'sudden death' elimination tournament, this certainly would attract the fans attention.

SALLIES FROM THE ALLEYS

MARVIN FOX has the best chop ball of any kegler . . . Also EDDIE MICHNER and JOE SPAHN . . . that fatal chop of JOE's cost him an entry into the Classe . . . It all happened in the last frame the other nite . . . Spectators at CHARLEY HENCHEN's drives were all squeezing for GORDY HOCH to crash the big compition . . . which he does . . . a total of 667 made it . . . Newest pin scatterer on the HENCHEN alleys is BUMP MATTILL . . . who's averaging 202 right off the bat!

MARCELLA ZELLER is too modest about mentioning herself . . . in her bowling colm . . . is what all her fans think . . . CAPPY CARROLL handed in a nice 254 for his Doyle-Gulfers on Sunday . . . with CHARLEY (SILVERLOCKS) SULLIVAN rolling 244 and 210 . . . and then weakening with a 107 . . . Best show of the week was the mixed doubles at HENCHEN's on Soliday . . . with GEORGE HENCHEN and PEGGY LANDRY finally romping home with the honors.

GORDY HOCH's high 3-game score is 658 . . . with CLEM KREUZER crowding him with a 655 . . . That big theatre party at most of the neighborhood flicker houses . . . on Monday and Tuesday eves . . . brought out ardent supporters from all over the village . . . which swelled the till for the big women's meet in New York soon.

The White Rose Gull's big total of 2832 for their five is still good enough to lead the league.

GARY LANSING of the Lansing Five fouled himself fourteen points behind CHARLEY BUONOMO in averages the other nite . . . looks like a good bet for the Old Maestro this year . . . WHITEY MILLER of the Cutall's Team found CORKY JOE CONNORS insurance outfit too tough for him . . . could it have been WHITEY's 147 in the second game that lost out . . . but what about the other two the CONNORS boys won???

The WIBC (Women's International Bowling Congress to youse) report some 158 entries in the big contest from the local gals' circles . . . "BURN 'EM UP" MURPHY came outta his famous coma on Satiddy nite . . . and turned in a scorching 665 . . . which wasn't too bad for the FRANK's team . . . The Uncle Sam Stores are leading the Buonomo League by three games . . . after winning three on Mondeve.

The Stillman Tobacco Team took to the alleys the other nite . . . in their resplendent new white shirts . . . and grabbed three games away from the Hetzler lads . . . must be clothes make the bowler!

GARY LANSING is angling for a single game with CHARLEY BUONOMO . . . winner to have the privilege of heckling the loser for one month . . . with no comeback . . . The Lumberjacks from Old Forge are looking for a re-

turn engagement from the Buonomo Five . . . to avenge the beating they took a while ago . . . The Brass Rail Girls forgot to look at their schedule on Frideve . . . and cause only one lass turned up on time . . . the Helfert Restaurant gals took the B. R.s for two games.

HERB SCHEUCH just missed making 700 by four points . . . when rolling in TONY BUONOMO's place in the Franks in the Doyle-Gulf League . . . The Kodak Park Five beat the Pure Quill No. 1 Team in three frays on Monday . . . rolling up the amazing total of 3035.

Here's the crack Soldi lineup that'll roll at Eagles' Hall on the eve of Feb. 9 . . . JOHN SOLDI . . . JOE HUBERT . . . CHARLEY LISK . . . ADRIAN PERDETT . . . and FRANK DAVEY . . . The Ritters . . . the Reeds . . . and the Hawkeyes are in a hot race for the Industrial League crown . . . and they're 1-2-3 respectively . . . JOHNNY STONE and AL DOMALSKI boast high games of 266 and 257 . . . HUNK KEOWN, that mammoth kegler . . . hit 114 Cother nite . . . to take the honors away from TED MAY.

The mixed doubles over at HENCHEN's on Churehdya have still got the lads and lasses chattering . . . FLORENCE SEIDEL made off with one of the prizes . . . meaning that case of pop . . . Fashion plate SAM LA PLACA won a bottle of champagne . . . but was disappointed cause it wasn't a gallon bottle . . . HARRY REED won some gin . . . Dance ticket prizes were also dished out with a liberal hand.

Ever since STEVE BRAYER has been bowling in JOE WENGLIN's shoes . . . his averages have been mounting by leaps and bounds . . . must be the brogans are lucky! . . . The Henchen Thursday Nite League is getting hot . . . with 18 bowlers averaging 190 and up for 45 games . . . BEN BENSON and DOM SCHERZI are leading with 201 and 200 respectively . . . High single game honors go to JACK SCHATZEL and DOM SCHERZI for their 277 and 267 . . . and 3-game total bow goes to TONY FORGIONE . . . who hung up 688.

DAN McNALLY talks a great game . . . is what the Franklinites claim . . . ARTIE MARR is tops for the Franklin Alleys with three 700 games to his credit . . . a 711 among 'em . . . Hickey-Freeman outfit is leading the Amalgamated League right now . . . with the Bond's Pants Shop No. 1 close on their heels . . . Haubner & Stallknecht team, among the Henchen Ladies' League . . . are a classy outfit . . . clicking with an 800 . . . LOU STALLKNECHT led with a 200 the other eve . . . aided by MARGE FROMAN's 207.

For the better split bowlers . . . FRANK PERRIN takes the crown with the Crown Team . . . in the

week's shooting had 11 on one nite and 10 on another . . . CARL MATTERN gets a silver medal for his 299 single this week . . . and the 3-game total is 706 . . . One of the old timers still rolling with the best is CHARLEY LANSTER . . . who leads the Water Street League with 186 average . . . Twenty years ago CHARLEY was topping the Elks' League . . .

Over at Henchen's one nite this week . . . the boys were feeling their oats and issuing all kinds of challenges . . . with ELMER TUSCHONG and JOHNNY STONE winding up against JOE ROTHE and MIKE ANTHONY . . . this contest was a honey . . . except that ANTHONY was robbed of a perfect hit in the last frame . . . In the Triangle League ED BILLER with 280 and CHUCK JANSEN with 278 are up in there. Nin the 9th Ward League . . . FRANK BIONDI is holding his own . . . 247 is his best single game . . . and PETE KELLEY of the same loop is boasting a 214 . . . CARMELLA SIRACUSE . . . lovely little bit of Jay Street femininity . . . is now learning to bowl . . . and the Samson Team is her training grounds . . . High score so far is a 141 . . . and average is a 93!

Smiling Matron of the Week:
MRS. CHRIS D'AMANDA
(the lawyerman's frau)

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IS SPORT & EXERCISE
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With Premium Caps
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Bowl your cares away
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LACROSSE
"Modified Murder"
ARMORY
Every Friday Night
50c and 75c
Tickets Now On Sale At
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Powers Hotel, Main 4800; Roch.
Sporting, 11 State St.; Seneca Hotel,
Main 4748; Spaulding, 114 St. Paul;
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GINGER
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A MIXER
For Young and Old

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that are
STRIKES
on any alley
Albert's Jewelry Shop
490 W. Main opp. General
Hospital

BUONOMO
BOWLING
HALL
78 Charlotte St.

BUONOMOS & FLOOD RELIEF
The genial brother maestros, Charley and Tony Buonomo of the Charlotte Street bowling hall, have a whole flock of crehids coming to them. The famous bowling brothers are donating the use of their alleys this Sunday eve for a bang-up exhibition match between the ace Doyle-Gulf lineup and the Uncle Sam team . . . all proceeds to be donated to the Flood Relief Fund. The match starts at 8 P. M., tickets two bits per head . . . don't miss it.

Hot Flashes
Among the warmest of the recent romances is ED (WHAM) JARDON'S . . . and the stunning RITA GOEBEL is the gal . . . BENNIE ROSENTHAL, smart lad who usta be a localite . . . may now be heard over Buffalo's station WKBW at 10:30 every eve but Thursday . . . in news dramatizations in the March of Time manner . . . Thank to JACK WOODS for services rendered the other nite.

Best Travel Yarns of the Week:
HELEN OVIATT GRIFFIN'S
PHIL DELL and FRANK GANS are planning a big enlargement . . . for the Quality Lunch out West Main way . . . which will make the spot one of the bigger and better around town . . .



WINTER Check-up

CENTRAL SERVICE STATION
275 State Street

NOT ONE EXCUSE FOR SYPHILIS!

Liberal papers and magazines throughout the Nation have loaned their support in the concerted drive of governmental health agencies to lessen the national hazard of syphilis and gonorrhoea through the process of public education.

Years ago there was a reticence to mention the word "tuberculosis." Many a family guarded the knowledge of relatives' affliction with this disease from their friends like the time-honored skeleton in the closet.

However, a progressive press inspired by such a man as Dr. Thomas Parran has done much to remove the stigma of the word "syphilis" from the public mind.

Syphilis has been definitely proven to be the leading cause of death in the United States. It is time for parents to take cognizance of this fact, in turn to conduct themselves honestly by understanding the nature, stages, treatment and prevention of this malignant malady.

after he has been pronounced as cured. Thus, if there is a recurrence it is immediately discovered. The one time syphilitic should continue his periodic blood tests at intervals of two months in the second year of his "recovery." Thereafter regular intervals should be marked for blood tests to avoid future troubles.

The true tragedy of syphilis attends the ignorance of the patient to the fact that he is in the first stage of the disease. So the virus carries to the second stage, where the difficulties lying in the way of a complete cure are innumerable multiplied. However, a permanent cure is still possible.

The afflicted in this secondary stage may well think he is in his second childhood with a case of the measles, and a bad sore throat. A slight fever accompanies a skin rash and the victim feels generally uncomfortable.

"In this stage the blood shows a peculiar re-

"Therefore women should be just as keenly interested as men in the campaign against them. Often women are better informed and more practical. Certainly we shall never conquer the diseases without feminine support all up and down the line.

"Teachers, parents, doctors and average citizens all must play their parts. Common sense must replace ignorance. When that occurs the terrible toll of these diseases will be curbed and finally eradicated."

Thus does the learned medico put the proposition squarely up to the women. In the interest of the public health he asks for a breakdown of a disease too frequently associated with the evils of sex by otherwise well-meaning citizens.

Learned scientist Metchnikoff through extensive research found that calomel, mixed with certain fat ingredients, was an excellent preventive for syphilis. He inoculated monkeys with the

"SYPHILIS IS A DISEASE AND NOT A DISGRACE!"

(Monroe Medical Society)

It is important for citizens to know that the disease can be permanently cured if the proper treatment is taken when the symptoms first appear. Unfortunately, few, even highly educated people, can recognize the first symptoms which the disease leaves in its wake.

No more remote an authority than the County of Monroe Medical Society pungently remarks that syphilis, except in its congenital form (acquired before birth) is transferred only by direct contact and then only under the following specified conditions:

"The person transmitting the disease must have an infecting sore and the contact point of the person exposed usually is on what is called a mucous membrane, like the lining of any of the openings of the body, such as the mouth (lips), or nose, or on some scratch or abrasion of the skin. At this point of contact there develops, in about 10 to 40 days (usually 2 weeks) after contact a sore which may vary greatly in its severity."

It is then pointed out that the individual who can recall having contacted such exposure should pay the strictest heed to anything resembling a "small painless cold-sore or ulcer" developing at that part of the body where the contact was made.

action known as a positive Wasserman test. This test is made by taking a small amount of blood into a test tube from one of the veins at the bend of the elbow."

Gonorrhoea, the sister ailment of syphilis, is similar only in that it is caused by direct contact. Syphilis strikes at any part of the body, but gonorrhoea is in the first stage merely a local disease which will spread, as other local infections, if not treated promptly. Complications resulting from laxity in its treatment are of the most serious sort.

Gonorrhoea has a characteristic mucous discharge, resembling nasal discharges during a severe cold, and flows from the urethra.

According to the remarks of the Monroe County Medical Society, "the discharge comes from three to seven days after the contact" and is accompanied by considerable pain. It is imperative for the patient to withdraw from direct contact with another person until he has been assured by his attending physician that he has been completely cured.

Speaking of syphilis, Dr. Thomas Parran, the noted syphiologist declared: "By treatment with the arsphenamines we can end infectiousness promptly (7 or 8 days), thus preventing the spread of the disease."

syphilis virus, after applying his calomel ointment and his results were amazing. The disease did not catch hold.

A 33% solution of calomel ointment is now generally recognized as a basic preventive for syphilis, if applied, of course, by a physician.

The necessity for speed in self-disinfection can not be over-emphasized. If reliable self-disinfection tubes are to be used they must be used within an hour. If the person has been exposed to syphilis, after an interval of three hours the germs have often penetrated deeply into the body tissues. In less than twenty-four hours the virus may be raging in the body proper.

An elementary precaution in the preventig of syphilis is the liberal use of a relatively pure soap and hot water before and after exposure. Though both the germs of syphilis and gonorrhoea are subject when reached, this cleansing process, in itself, is not much of an assurance against the two diseases.

Dr. Clarke quite frankly declares, and he is to be commended: "In an emergency it is well to know something about life preservers."

In this instance Dr. Clarke is referring too the use of prophylaxis. Besides calomel and silver preparations, (here it is advisable to take counsel from a physician), soap and water (as

"IT'S NO DISGRACE TO GET IT, BUT IT IS TO KEEP IT"

(Monroe Medical Society)

Instead of worrying himself with his "secret" the individual should immediately consult his own personal physician. However, if he is financially incapable of paying medical fees he should place himself under the supervision of the Health Department.

If microscopic examination of the secretion from the sore or sores discloses a certain type of virus, the spirochaete pallida, it would mean that the particular sore is cognate to, or a sign of, the first stage of syphilis.

In this stage the disease has been cured in as little as six months by continuous treatment. Unless the disease is thoroughly cured, though, there may be a recurrence. In turn, if this is given the proper, prompt medical attention a cure is effected here.

It is necessary for the syphilitic patient to have a blood test every month for the first year

Dr. Parran also pointed out that half of the cases of syphilis were not recognized as such until more than a year after infection and that 84 per cent of the patients discontinued treatments before the completion of same.

The same diligence of the victims in contracting the disease obviously does not seem to apply to their response to remedies which are so freely given.

Veteran syphiologist, Dr. Walter Clarke, Director of State Social Hygiene, reminds that a woman's duty in the fight against the venereal diseases is equally as important as the man's. Says Dr. Clarke:

"Gonorrhoea strikes harder at a woman than at a man. But as if to even the score syphilis strikes back through the woman at her child. Women and children pay a heavy tribute to these diseases.

hitherto mentioned) and reliable sheaths, procured at drugstores, are regarded as the measures which may help prevent venereal disease infection before exposure.

New York City's progressive Commissioner of Health, John Rice, emphatically declared:

"Among the various factors in this great problem of the control of venereal diseases is the question of prophylaxis. Experience in the Army and Navy has demonstrated its value among groups under military discipline. Whether this experience can be applied to the civilian population and if so, how, are difficult questions."

Dr. Rice is correct. They "are difficult questions." But difficult questions have never been answered by sticking one's head in the mud. If public education were to spread as quickly as syphilis (1 infects 17) the disease might soon be dealt its death blow.

Fight Syphilis!

INSIDE AND LOWDOWN

A verrah complimentary lassie is one titled Emmogene Feeley . . . Mario Insalaco of the West Main Strem has gone in for buying a flock of new sox . . . since that one customer paid up his bill . . . Amiable Eddie Stadler, formerly of the Mc Gabans outfit . . . can now be found behind the oak at Voekl's on Lyell Avenue.

Among the Allard Grillery's pleasant personages—Ann Jenks and Marie Miller . . . this nice spot beat is a pleasure for our man Godfrey! . . . What's about this reputed merger . . . of Don Crowley and Dot Beach? . . . Shrewd counicer of the week is Andy Haggerty of the taxi outfit.

Harry B. Crowley rates a bow from us . . . for his great plugging this issue for the Publicity Bureau membership campaign . . . which outfit does more than any other to bring the hordes of tourists to spend their time . . . and dough . . . in Flash-town.

A my whel's all over the place in once . . . anywhere . . . in Snubby Calderon . . . Thelma Lipman had the mysterious nickname of "Fib" . . . and why . . . we know . . . Thanks to zehy protey Tom Baker . . . of the Lumbly Alliance moneyshouse . . . for classifying my FBI document on Tucumcari . . . in the stu theatinu folio.

Art marches on this week . . . and the local Electrical Workers' Union have just formed a big-time dramatic group!

Petite Brunette of the Week: JOYCE CLARK (gotta new permanent)

The White Tower pebble . . . always ahead at the times . . . are building a new Wrumpy suburban doream Lake Avenue . . . opening zoon . . . One of the localites zehy escaped the flood by a hairbreadth zees sawman Larry Knoggero . . . zehy zoes playing with the ex-Peacock Knom maestro Careel Crant down in Jefferson City, Missouri, last issue . . . and got the last train out of the place before the deluge broke!

Cliff (Winchell) Metzler . . . so they say . . . is the walking newspaper of the Universal Cartery . . . How's come Kay Serow's Missus picks him up each nite . . . or maybe on account of those machines that Kay just loves to play???? Not too good . . . but loud and enthusiastic . . . is Leo Cornell's warbling.

Freddy Feltz is doing his week behind the scenes . . . over at Fashion Park these days . . . and zehy?? Frank Perry's Jesters . . . who used to be at the Dutch Mill . . . are nose amusing the customers at Tata's Grillery on zeeck-ends . . . meaning maestro Frank . . . Tony Manilla . . . and Johnny Bronco . . . All Eastman hirelings . . . the time-punchers . . . are chawling over those checks this week . . . for working on New Year's Day.

Eddie Muffet is off the nags for good . . . cause he claims he's luckier at cards . . . Unique problem of the week was Merrill (Super) Barton's . . . who found his own teeth biting him the other nite ! ! ! Is it a Coldwater honey . . . who's making Bert Rapp walk around in that daze??? Question—Was that bet fixed . . . when Lillian Marcus lost out . . . to Joe McDonough???

Didja sweet-lass . . . when oriented up to Joe Gray's hangout to see his etchings . . . make off with his spare change and his clock???

Attractiveish claim clerk of the week is Ida Placerin . . . Rumors have it . . . that proprietor Freddy Allard is about to bust out with a new four-wheeler . . . Snooks Savage is now agreed . . . that a certain lass is much too much of a load to try to heave around.

Nomination for one of the best natured gendarmes in the village—Marty Reichenberger . . . zehy takes good care of the kiddlets at the school crossings.

Cheerful Waiter of the Week: MIKE CAPONE (Bull's Head Carting)

The Gas & Electric's John Razzante has just bought a braun' new hack . . . the line forms to the left, gals . . . What's this about Dunk Mol-sent, the popular grillman . . . not being able to take it emmore???

George Rabblean . . . proprietor of the Wheel Inn on Jay Strasse . . . has never been Phigged . . . so here he . . . A huffy mother-and-datter combination are Mrs. Mary Zimmer and Teoma Zimmer Gody . . . no relation to Buffalo Bill . . . Jim Crenitz is nose the best one dish-waiter on York Street . . . but how many others are there???

What two west side merry-makers decided that a little noise was the thing . . . the other yawning at five o'clock after that marathon party . . . and tolled the church bell . . . and what officer of the church caught them? . . . Would Honey and Ed Lipinski, dauntless referee . . . know???

Cutest Youngster of any Week: The DICK RUSHes

Harry Wicks is nose taking voice lessons . . . to slow down his speech to 60 miles per hour . . . Is Eddie Zaph still playing Bluebeard . . . with brunettes during the daytimes and blondes for the after-dark hours???

Chuck Webber's frau now has Chuck on an almost-total abstinence program . . . one charge of snds per diem.

Toby Neccomb . . . the East Avenue salesguy . . . didn't have to wonder long . . . about what to do with the ten bucks he won for superlative Brain reigting on Mondere . . . George Gerling, safezoo Arnold Blair, Mrs. Blanche Mullen, Miss Mary Daels the commercial artist . . . George Meyers, John Brozen and Frank Dailey of Niagara U. also can . . . but answered all the queries in good grace.

Adding Tonnage: HARRY BASSETT

Peggy Kaiser, the doctor-man's datter, is all set to cop the blue ribbon with her prize show nag . . . Breeziest insurance man of the week: Ken Ives . . . So many people went down to that gathering of the Society of the Genesee that it was almost a bigger distinction to be one of those who didn't go.

Marjorie Howe . . . ex-D. of R. charmer . . . has been showing that big diamond blazer for ever so long now . . . and when is the big date? . . . The bid WMEC amehoor show on Mondere was a bit better than usual . . . Edyar St. James, zehy warbled "The Night Is Young" with a hammock-under-the-trees variety of crooning . . . zean't had atall . . . but too bad George Gann, talented young lad . . . couldn't have done his stuff.

Don't look now . . . but Honey Unterbourne and Sports Scribe Bruzee of the Democrat gazette are said to be Planning Things . . . Maurice Clark and the charming Joan Harding took in the Community Play-abahs offering in a duo the other nite . . . but that ain't news . . . which it would be if they didn't . . . Al Schneid is the lad who's promoting and running that new shirt supply outfit.

A blonde lassie wants it know . . . that Jimmy Thomas . . . zingun M.C. of the Barbell Clubbery . . . is still a bachelor despite all those ramore . . . Frank William Leon, scribe and artist around town . . . is back from that stint in Cleveland . . . What's all this about Joe McDonough . . . and a perfume called Dandelion Flowers???

Faces about town . . . Uncle John D'Apriles splinting up Exchange Street and guarding his Brown topper from the breezes . . . Copper Charley Culligan's big smile and flangid red locks . . . Tom Broderick finally over the grippe and ready to do or die for the Union Trust Building headquarters.

Norval Johnson, new mixologist at the Cotton Club, and a Buffalo lad . . . has a new creation called the Cotton Club Special . . . Ingredients are brandy, gin, and creme de menthe, believe it or not . . . Add a cherry and you have it.

Fletcher Henderson, the re. k. batorner, brings his crew up to Buffalo for a big shindig on Thursdeve . . . followed by a breakfast dance at Dan Montgomery's hot spot . . . 'Tis said that Flashrozen will be well represented at the A. M. party . . . and will Mabel or The Duchess zain out on that bet?

When orkster Mike Covert of the Seneca Tappery . . . takes off for Albany . . . will it be ultra difficult to also leave a socialite fair child titled Jane . . . and will the wires between here and Albany be busy?

It won't be long now . . . for Martin Roden and Viola Bianchi . . . they'll be Mr. and Mrs. before you know it . . . Jane Reardon . . . lil student nurse at St. Mary's . . . has been flashed visiting Tracy's Street Shop, opposite the hosp . . . ever so often lately . . . and could the reason be one Pete? . . . Good to see Doc. W. Wooden of the General Hosp staff outta his sick bed and feeling swell again.

Joe Webber, the B. & O. flagman at the Hague Street crossing . . . has all his pals guessing . . . about Joe's uncanny powers of foretelling news . . . Joe's chatter today is tomorrow's headlines.

Mary Olsen of Filton Avenue had a minor domestic tragedy . . . when she zashed those pignskin gloves of hubby Arne's in hot water . . . and they came out to fit one of the Divine quintuplets . . . but good natured guy that he is . . . Arne forgave her and is nose keeping his hands in his coat pockets.

Quick glance look alikes are Barney Rogers . . . the box factory guy . . . and Charley Chase of the flickers.

One Man Show of the Week: SMITTY GILBERT (on any party)

One of the best parties in many a week was the Bennie (Goodrich Silverton) Suskins . . . on Tuesdeve . . . and the occasion was their twelfth anniversary of wedded bliss.

Moey Manson, the super-colossal distributor . . . saw that musical show on Sundeve . . . with all those noisy military scenes with lots of drums and such . . . but Moey slept through the whole thing . . . Cliff Darling, popular man about the U. of R. campus in his day . . . is now warbling with Ben Yost's Singing Collegians playing in shows all over the country . . . Didja know that one of the photos in last month's art mag, Coronet, is by our own Walt Meyers of the Michaels-Stern Clothery . . . where he's production manager?

Dolores Miller, one of the more attractive brunettes about the village . . . is verrah fond of real Harlem music . . . like that Back Yard ditty on Tuesdeve . . . for instance . . . When is lawyerman George Hoffenberg going to take his reducing program seriously? . . . Charles Nadel . . . the East Avenue opticianman . . . has added some twenty pounds during the last year . . . and the tonnage is most becoming.

She's A Good Listener: "RED" BUKOWSKI (ace Filaret)

Tiabitz of trivia's Didja know that Howard Cargill, local boss of the Schine theatres, is supposed to be the originator of the idea of giving flicker patrons a set of dishes . . . if so, the genial Massa Carroll has a lot to feel guilty for . . . Real-estate Maury Steidlitz picked Sibley's, of all places, to get taken sick in last Wenz-norn . . . and wound up in the A-I hospital the story has there note . . . Luke Smith never did any time in the boring ring, but is walking around with a bum ear just the same these days.

Recommended torch ditties of the week: "Now" and "When My Dream Comes Home" . . . and the latter could be sung around Louisville and Cincinnati . . . The flood has been a headache to the rewrite men on the local daily rags . . . 'cause the bulletins coming in from hither and thither had to be pieced together by them . . . If you wanna get the real low-down on movie company stocks, ask Bill Cadoret, the thitter magnate . . . Offside to Louise Rice, M. C. Rutherford's gal Friday: Tell your brother that gun is coming back almost any day now.

Printerman Ed Kelly is willing to pay almost any price to get back those snapshots of himself in a bridal veil! . . . Speaking of floods, Ben Kollophski, boss of the Elwood Building at the corner of Main and States remembers the flood in town zook back in 1865, zehen his father took him down Main St. in a rowboat!

Nominated for genial banker-man of the week: Jack Jardine over at the Genesee Vally Trust . . . Jack Schooler, the clothing mogul, wears that broad smile all day long now, so good has business become . . . Close buddies these eves are Jake Carey and Phil Santora.

Didja know that all members of the striking unions who are working are assessed two bucks a week to keep the strikers in cakes and coffee, so they won't have to go on relief???

Charlie Mondo and Sam Di Pasquale are the best of friends, even though they are partners . . . Red Wing Stadium loses all appeal for Gasman Eddie Wyner now since Gaby Paul is around the flood waters of Cincinnati . . . Doctorman George McLaughlin getting veddy lucky on foretelling the future . . . Didja know that Emmett Finucane's last tag is supposed to be Spanish-Irish, dating way back to the days when part of the Spanish Armada got wrecked on the Irish rocks.

Shapeliest Brunette of any Week: TOTTIE SOURS (of the carting famby)

Johnny Bayer and Nat Natapow's Eastman Hostelry have parted ways . . . Sounds funny but it's true: Editor Jim Cutlip's frau is getting ultra-interested in primeval forests . . . George Kelly's closest competitor for the title of handsome-face amongst the local politicoes is Norman O'Brien . . . both of them sons of Erin . . . Dan Kelly, the union guy, is working 20 hours a day since labor organization started in a big way . . . Day in and day out, Sam Danno can be found at the same bench at noon at the Sign of the Red Apple . . . Ask man-about-towa Willis Bloom about the little-known ailment known as lallapooze . . . Society item: Ox O'Connor is spending the wintry months far away from floods in sunny Florida . . . The guys and gals who bought tickets for Southern California got frozen . . . they've had the worst winter down there in history.

Lady in Red: BEVERLY JACOBS (comely blonde)

That good-looking gal to be found in Lawyerman Jimmy Sconfetti's office is Doris Reid . . . The unions are still picketing some of the cateries around and about, but most of them are places using gals, and it seems the gals, as much as the owners, don't wanna be unionized . . . Melba Smith, the newshawk's wife, has given up the family gasbuggy since she decided that walking was good for the figure . . . Tom Dwyer just took over the billboard atop Dressmaker Ames' building to advertise his Iron Fireman . . . Johnny Roche, ad boss for the Forman emporium, turned into a Demosthenes over the air, all for J. Allan Derle's Convention Bureau . . . Most businesslike business woman in town is probably gasoline mogul Ed Doyle's Miss Earhardt.

Best Wehle Plugger of the Week: JIMMY KENNARD (St. Clair Strasse)

The State Hosp will toss their annual shindig next Tuesdeve . . . If the frolic comes up to the established standard it should be a wow! . . . What's this about Ed Serow getting caught in the famous embarrassing situation the other day? . . . How do Marge Meader, Genevieve Slattery, Alma De Sutter, Belle Messinger, Ione Bogardus, Lorraine Latham, and Martha De Vonis all fit in . . . on that new gals' indoor team forming? . . . Have the gals signed or no???

Somebody wants us to tag Christine Huber as the loveliest blonde of any week . . . consider it doke.

PROMINENT LOCAL EDITOR (ONLY RECENTLY AN EDITOR WITH LARGE CITY DAILY) NAMED IN \$50,000.00 SUIT!

FATHER SUES FOR HIS SON!

Flash To Fight Action For Huge Sum By Crane

This little green infant, The Rochester Weekly Flash, is being sued for the tidy little sum of \$50,000 by young Scott W. Crane of Livonia. The lad's father, the senior Scott Crane, is appearing as the attorney for his own son in the action.

The complaint charges the members of the corporation as being culpable, together with the editor of the paper at that time. The editor, and writer of the article, which the complaint refers to as being "false and defamatory" was written by a man with high repute in journalism and social circles in the city of Rochester for about ten years. He was for years the managing editor of Rochester's largest daily paper.

The editor being only a human being, made an excusable mistake in his story of a "torch murder." This man, who has a savory reputation throughout the country as a high-minded and important correspondent, has never been accused of maliciousness in any article he has ever penned. For years his articles on politics and other sundry matters were read and respected by the burghers of this town. Such a man would rather inflict a hurt upon himself than consciously do a harm to another.

However, in the obvious rush of trying to get out an initial issue, this editor, well-known to Rochesterians for so many years printed a story in which the identity of young Scott Crane was confused with the actual defendant in the particular matter. The senior Scott Crane was being retained by the defendant as counsel.

The first issue of the Flash appeared on the street December 30, 1936.

However, quick cognizance was taken of the error in the succeeding issue of the Flash. The editor of the first issue had departed for more fertile fields (you've glimpsed his name via the wires), and the management of this paper deemed it imperative to do all it possibly could to remedy the confusion in identity in the particular "torch story" which had been run in its first issue.

A retraction of the original story was carried with a sincere note of apology.

This paper boasts no distribution facilities in the village of Livonia. In fact, we often wonder if we can boast distribution facilities in any village.

By reason of the premisses which appear in the summons and complaint, it appears that "the plaintiff has been damaged to the sum of \$50,000." This sum is an awful lot of damage in any man's language.

"Therefore, the plaintiff (Scott W. Crane Jr.) demands judgment against the defendants for the sum of \$50,000, besides the cost and disbursements of this action."

So there rests the case. Incidentally, Scott Crane Jr. has also had legal training.

Not since the time that Henry Ford sued the Chicago Tribune in a civil libel action, has a paper featured the proceedings of an action taken against itself for alleged libel. Mr. Ford was awarded six (6) cents damages.

Inasmuch as the Flash seeks to print the truth of others, its policy would not allow for it to withhold the truth, merely because it is being victim instead of victor. And that is the reason for our "breaking" the action for \$50,000 taken against us.

We shall see what we shall see!

EVERYBODY'LL BE ON RELIEF PRETTY SOON Gal's a Physio-Therapist

(Continued from Page 1)

looks as if \$2,500,000 will be issued in the way of relief bonds.

Now mind you, we're not criticizing the spending of this money for so humanitarian a purpose, we're just wondering out loud how much of this dough could be saved, so that the hard-working citizens of this hamlet can have a few pennies in their pockets for hot fudge sundaes and the like.

We'd be the last to instruct Welfare Czar Frank Kelly about the handling of his million dollar business, but it might be a matter of interest to learn that the City of Rochester is doling out dough to Welfare applicants who are not only able to pay their own freight, but are located in attractive professions right here in our d. t. sector.

One of the best known and most highly respected masseurs in this man's town is a blonde, furskin-garbed widow. She advertises her business in several papers. She, herself, declares she is one of the few masseurs in town who gives physio-therapeutic treatments. In fact, she is quoted as saying: "This is the only kind to have if you think anything of your body."

Merely to illustrate the d. t. physio-therapist's importance in her chosen field: her treatments are approved by the American Congress of Physio-Therapists. Always advancing her professional talents, she has taken extension studies at one of the local hospitals and, 'tis said, the little woman has bragged about some advanced study at the U. of R. Whatta relief it must be . . . when you get to it, folks.

Of course, this widow is providing for two children, and it is easy to understand that this might be something of a burden. We do not blame her for procuring help from the relief rolls for the support of her two children. We could use a touch, ourselves.

But the point is this: When will the people of this burg who are anxious to support themselves have to stop paying the freight of those who are willing to let the Welfare Dept. take care . . . of course, any case of need should receive prompt attention . . . but when a woman is receiving \$3 per hour for her treatments, can and does advertise, would you represent her as a case of dire need?

The taxpayers can stand so much of a load, not only in this town, but in any town.

This sheet goes on record as being quite emphatic in its report that one or two cases here and there don't make much difference in the amount allotted to the Relief

paring down a bit on the wherewithall and the fancy way they toss it about . . . it wouldn't surprise us a bit if the whole community was on the Welfare rolls soon . . . 'n then who'd pay Commish Frank Kelly his \$7,500 a year?

Rolls. But if people with good paying jobs can dig into the Welfare Dept. . . . how long will it be before the cow is milked dry?

Commish Frank Kelly has never been known as being free-handed where the badly indigent were concerned, if you folks recall the case where a young woman was dying and her hubby applied for relief because he needed dough . . . but it was no soap as the \$7500 a year Commish ruled there had been a violation of the welfare rules . . . dying or no dying.

But history changes. Or, perhaps, the case of this prominent masseur or physio-therapist making a wad of dough . . . 'cause she's got loads of clients . . . is just one of those things. But if the Welfare Dept. doesn't start

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"BRITAIN RETURNS TO ARMS"—By John Gunther.

All smooth talking is a thing of the past—and Britain is now arming to the teeth. You will be interested in the action photographs of fighting ships and guns that appear with this important article.

"BASKETBALL PLAYERS MAKE GOOD DANCERS"—By Sam Barry.

More persons watch basketball than any other amateur sport. This story tells the reason why.

"MY STORY"—By Ignace Jan. Paderewski

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 29, 1937

COUNTRY LAWYER SUES THE FLASH FOR \$50,000.00!!

Czar Kelly Doles Out Relief To A Well-Off City Dame!

Scott Crane, Jr. Claims Defamation As Father Sues

(See Story on Page 11)

She Soaks \$3 a Treatment But Gets Dough From Welfare

It's always the poor taxpayer who takes a beating. Since 1932 the efficient men of this berg have borrowed close to \$11,000,000 for the financing of the relief budget. Only about \$4,000,000 has matured, leaving a debt of \$7,000,000 outstanding and now it

(Continued on Page 11)