

Modern Peep Show

BY SI CORNELL

A new juke box, costing two bits for a two-minute record, has come to town. This music machine gets extra pay because it has a rather large screen, about two by three feet, on which people act out what the song is about. It's in color.



Mr. Cornell

Al Lederle of Trolley Tavern has one of the first such machines. Other local bistro owners will get a look at it this week. "Prettier than color TV," said Al. "I'm told Miami and Chicago have made a success with it."

Take a song like "Hello, Dolly." The guy on the screen welcoming Dolly is kissing her pretty good. "Some of the gals that go with the songs are in bikinis," said Al. "I think these machines belong in cocktail lounges."

Shades of Theda Bara, dressed in 10 pounds of beads, reclining on a couch to drive a shiek to distraction. In the old penny arcade, it was called a peep show.

* * *

NELLIE, a six-toed cat, has clawed her way into a nice home. Walter Saul, president of the Retired Firemen's Assn., says his granddaughter, Gail Woods, 7, came in with a purring kitten, black except for white paws.

"It's a beautiful little cat," said Walter. "We will keep it, but I knew something was wrong with it's feet. They're too big. I called the Zoo and asked about it."

Cats, from house to tiger, customarily have five front toes and four back toes. Nellie has six in front, five in back, with claws to match.

* * *

AFTER AN ATTIC cleaning, Mrs. Paul Rebel of Michigan avenue brought in a photograph entitled "Guardians of Life and Limb on Cincinnati Streets—1923." Her grandfather, the late Patrolman Thomas McCollum, was on the picture, and a hand-



Lederle



Saul

some man he was. Thomas played outfield on the long gone police baseball team.

Col. Guy York, now traffic boss, knew many of those pictured. "Patrolman Henry Morthorst still works for us as a crossing guard at St. Lawrence School," he said. "George Weisman will be remembered as the big man on Crosley Field's pass gate until he retired a year or so ago. All old-timers should remember Patrolman John Donauer, a fine traffic man, who worked the ball park. He was so good we called him 'Heads Up' Donauer."

The photo dates to when police cruisers were roadsters with one-way radio. They could receive from Station X only, but had to phone a response from a call box.

In those days, Station X had a guy named Smittie who played a guitar and harmonica. He also sang. Nights when nothing was happening, officers could phone Smittie and make musical requests, which were sung and played over the police radio.

Col. York says that "when I came on the force in 1928 you couldn't use side curtains on the cruisers, so you used a horse blanket in winter and kept a lantern underneath for heat. When you went off duty, you smelled of kerosene."

The guardians of 1923 had 18 brass buttons on overcoats that reached within six inches of the shoe tops, their hats looked as if they played in a high school band and all had whistle chains across their breast. Mrs. Rebel says her grandfather never fired his pistol until he retired, and when he tried it, the bullets all were so aged they turned out duds.