



Guzzle and Gaze

By Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

Given a tremendous white elephant, show how to produce a handsome profit. This problem has been neatly solved by the owners of the French Casino. The food and drinks are good, but some customers think a share of the Casino's success is due to the chorus

THIS friend of mine is Ward Little and he comes from Bluefield, West Virginia, and he seems to know more about Broadway than I do. When I met him at his hotel, I suggested the various things a visitor to the city might like to see, but he said no he didn't care about the Empire State, he didn't care about Rockefeller Center and he didn't care about Grant's Tomb, but he and Mrs. Little were going to see the French Casino.

It seems that the coal business has been good lately and lots of people from Bluefield have been coming to New York and what they returned home full of were stories about the French Casino.

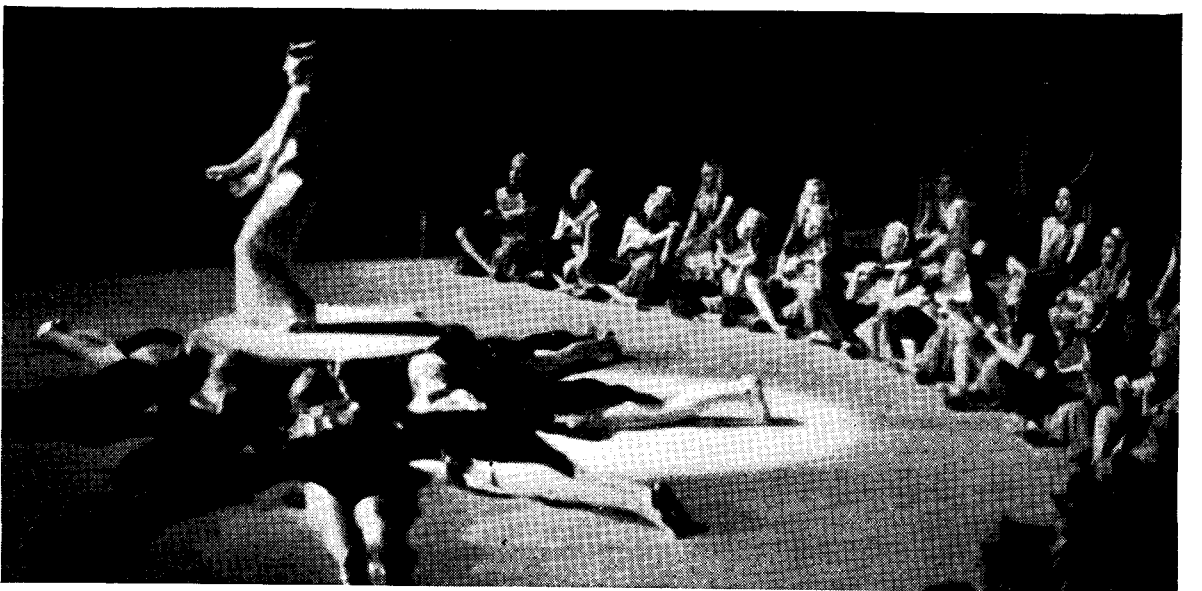
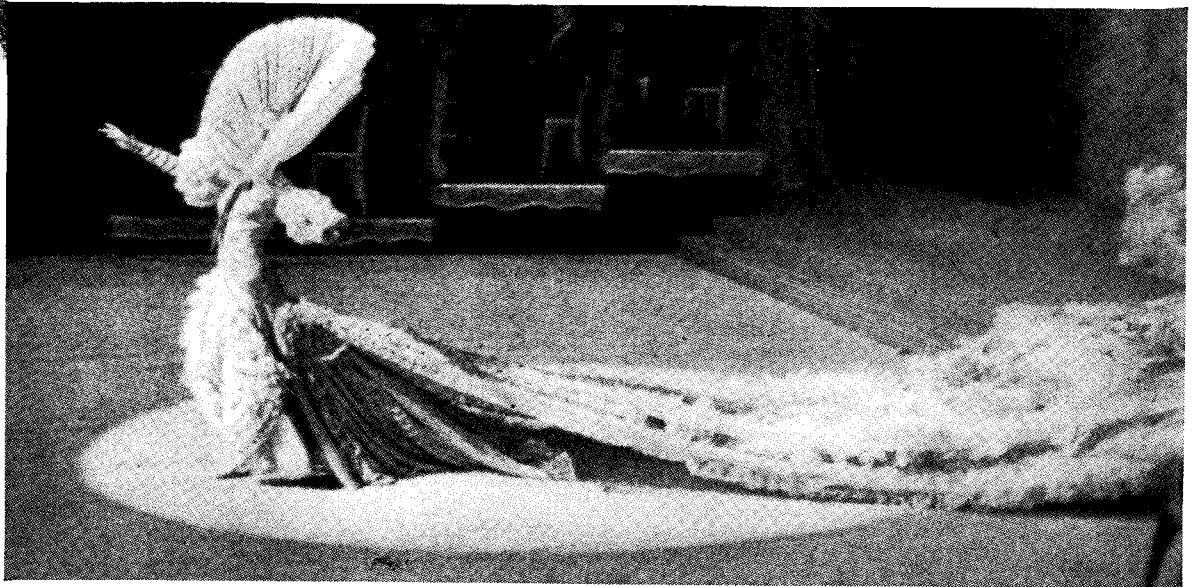
"A meal and a show—all for one price," explained Ward.

We went up at a quarter of seven, which is a little early, the place only opening at six thirty, but the lobby was full and we started getting that rush from the captains which is part of the Casino atmosphere. Anybody avoiding a headwaiter there would be an open-field runner like Tuffy Leemans. We admitted guiltily that we had no reservations but it seemed to make no difference and by that time the coatroom girls were stripping us of our outer wrappings and the captain was leading us through that forest of tables to a spot on the fourth tier of the auditorium. Ward knew all about it.

"It's the old Earl Carroll theater," he explained. "They ripped out the seats and put in tables."

A larger circular platform stuck out in front of the regular stage. On each side of the stage was an orchestra and the patrons were dancing. The lower floor was jammed with tables and they ran up the sides of the auditorium and ended with a lot more of them in what had been the second balcony of the theater. The first balcony has been turned into a cocktail bar, where a four-piece Negro orchestra was playing.

The show started at eight o'clock and ran for two hours, with an intermission halfway through for



dancing. It is what is known as a spectacle, and runs heavily on the side of nudity, but done with taste and a lack of naughty words. With the exception of a couple of songs, which nobody listens to, it is a non-talk show. What knocked Mr. and Mrs. Little dead were the production numbers. The French Casino goes in heavy for them. . . . Those stately walks by beautiful gals with headdresses and G strings. They resemble the spectacular numbers of the late Florenz Ziegfeld and of the more recent George White and Earl Carroll.

The Littles were having some trouble in eating and looking at the same time. The battle reached its climax in the mirror number when Mr. Little had his choice of carving his steak or of watching sixty chorines go through gyrations which made it look as if they were walking up the back wall of the stage.

"Uh-gg," said Mr. Little, simultaneously pointing with his fork and trying to swallow.

The show went on, patrons kept coming, the wait-

ers kept serving. On the stage appeared a cancan number, in the midst of which a chorus girl walked sedately toward the audience clothed in nothing but a cigarette girl's tray. This was broken up by a pantomimic act by two tramps, much in the tradition of Joe Jackson and Marcel; very funny. The featured star was Cinda Glenn, who had been born in Chicago and was a star on the French stage, and had now returned in a comedy contortionist act which was wowing the guests from Bluefield and elsewhere.

When the show ended in a grand roar of music and a grand mélange of female forms, the crowd went back to dancing on the stage, drinking in the cocktail lounge and finishing their meals. At the midnight show the added attraction was Rudy Vallee's band for dancing. By the middle of the first show the Casino was jammed, the total patrons being served on that historic night being 3,684 and the receipts in the neighborhood of \$16,000, which makes the French

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He flew with von Richthofen's Flying Circus; he fought against Guynemer; he risked his life stunting in flimsy planes and he is still alive. No one knows why. His name is Ernst Udet

NEVER fly with that little man!" is advice you can hear all over Germany. The little man in question is Ernst Udet, as daring a stunt flyer as ever lived. Since the end of the World War, from which he emerged with a record among Germans second only to that of von Richthofen, Germany's ace of aces, he has been doing the most sensational flying tricks—and he has had such an incredible lot of hairbreadth escapes from death that only the most reckless of his fellow Germans will go up in the air with him, because it is common belief that Udet's phenomenal good luck cannot possibly survive much longer the outrageous tests to which he constantly puts it.

Last summer his luck almost deserted him. At Warnemuende, on the North German coast, while Colonel Charles Lindbergh was there on a visit, Udet, who is now chief of the Technical Department of the German Air Ministry, was demonstrating a new plane when it suddenly went to pieces high up in the air. With extraordinary promptness and coolness, he kicked himself clear, leaped from the wreckage in a parachute, got it to open when he was dangerously close to the ground, landed with a bump, and—while onlookers shuddered and covered their eyes—scrambled to his feet, smiling.

He had some nasty cuts. And a wrenched leg. But what of it? Lindbergh rushed up to congratulate him on his escape. The two shook hands. Within a week Udet was back at his desk. Bah! All in the day's work!

I called on Udet a short time ago at the huge brand-new stone building which houses the offices of those who direct, under Hermann Goering, Nazi Germany's new fighting forces in the air. After walking

Ace with Nine Lives

By T.R. Ybarra

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S
BY SCHALLER-PIX

along what seemed whole miles of cold, bare corridors, and passing scores of rooms out of any one of which I half expected to see the face of Goering peer and scowl, I finally located Room Three-Thousand-Four-Hundred-and-Something. A big, businesslike female secretary ushered me to a big shiny desk.

Udet's Most Dangerous Minute

There sat Udet—short, stubby, square-shouldered, clear-eyed. He was wearing the uniform of a colonel of the German aviation service. To his coat was pinned the Iron Cross. From a ribbon around his neck hung the cross of the *Pour le mérite* Order, the highest military honor which any German can hope to win.

Having known him for some years only as a cheerful Berlin rouser, I was greatly impressed by all this pomp. But Udet did not seem to have been changed a bit by it.

He regarded me with a slightly apprehensive look.

When he was fifteen years old, Ernst Udet was awarded the official flyer's certificate of the youthful Aero Club of Munich. At forty-one, now chief of the Technical Department of the German Air Ministry, he enjoys helping the glider enthusiasts of the present generation

"Must you write an article about me?" he asked. "Yes, I must." That seemed to sadden him. Fearing the consequences of letting melancholy grip him too hard, I hurriedly asked:

"What was the most dangerous minute in your whole life?"

You would suppose that a man who has had scores of the narrowest kind of escapes from violent death would need a minute or more to choose the right answer to such a question! But Udet didn't.

"The most dangerous minute through which I ever lived," he answered instantly, "came not very long ago."

"Where?"

"At Warnemuende."

"When Lindbergh was there and you were doing stunts for him?"

He nodded.

For a few seconds he looked off into space, as if reliving that breathless minute when he snatched for his parachute and went down and down, faster and faster, toward what looked like certain and terrible death.

In another moment he had shaken off the memory. Again he was regarding me with that clear eye and quizzical smile of his.

Udet has been crazy about flying since early boyhood. In 1909 he was one of the founders of an organization ambitiously called the "Aero Club of Munich," in which the oldest member was thirteen and the youngest ten. Those were days when the thrilling pioneering flights of Wilbur and Orville Wright were still sensational exploits fresh in the

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