

# "PRAISE ALLAH!" for the "BIG APPLE"

## Wild Urge of Youth Finds Its Outlet in This Hectic Modern Adaptation of the Old Virginia Reel to "Swing" Music.

By WILLIAM C. UTLEY

YOU'D never believe it, but it all started in the House of Peace. And it has caused more excitement, noise and general pandemonium in the giddy social whirl than anything since Gilda Gray and the thousands who imitated her shimmy.

That's the "Big Apple." An untamed, exhausting thing that releases all the wild urge of youth in a modern, nervous age. To say that it has taken the country by storm is like saying Shirley Temple has charm; you've got to add: "And then some!"

A few months ago no one had ever heard of this dance. Yet today you'll find the "Big Apple" in places of such widely divergent character as Chicago's "black and tan" belt and New York's Rockefeller Center; almost any cross-roads Saturday night dance hall and Hollywood's Brown Derby.

The "Big Apple" is not a fruit growers' promotion gag, although perhaps nothing has publicized the apple so widely since the phrase, "An apple a day keeps the doctor away," was coined. It was named for the negro night club where it originated—the Big Apple club in Columbia, S. C. In other days the building had been a synagogue called the House of Peace—an odd enough birthplace for this frantic frolic of the feet.

**You've Got to Be Athletic.**

Negroes invented it, young college students saw it and introduced it at their parties, and from there it spread to the four points of the compass faster than the latest Mae West joke.

Let's visit a party where the "Big Apple" is in progress. It may be at a fraternity dance in one of the large state universities, at a fine seashore hotel, at a swanky country club or at a honky-tonk joint in Harlem. The rigorous routine is the same.

The band leader is the boss here, and he can drive his slaves to rhythm as hard as any slave driver in an ancient galley. He throws them waving their arms and kicking their feet into the old familiar "Charleston," and with another call he plunges them into the newer and wilder "Suzy-Q." "Swing high" sets the circle shuffling in a clockwise direction; "swing low" shifts it into reverse. Couples "cut the apple" and "heel the apple" at the call.

**Survival of the Fittest.**

After this preliminary workout the leader calls upon individual couples



At Kearney, N. J., 800 students threatened a strike if High School Principal G. G. Mankey refused to lift his ban on the "Big Apple." Here are two Kearney students who don't give a hang for the rule, dancing their favorite new "swing" craze.

from the leader, all the couples who have not by this time fallen by the wayside duck their heads and stagger into the center crying "Wahoo!"

What does all this represent? A return to the savage and primitive? Is civilization degenerating? Perhaps. But is not "swing" music itself merely a technical refinement of the primitive, elemental rhythm of the tom-tom? Only sophisticated overtones have been added. Most folks would rather believe that the "Big Apple" is a good thing for modern civilization, for civilized though we may be there is a wild urge in the meekest among us, and the dance gives that urge safe physical expression.

Probably the "Big Apple" is no wilder for us than the Virginia Reel

daring variations of it—the Bunny Hug, the Grizzly Bear, the Gotham Gobble and the Lovers' Walk.

And then! "Alexander's Ragtime Band!" The storm broke. This was a brand-new kind of music. Exciting, Stimulating, Hot, Ragtime! Dancing came out into the open. The restaurants sacrificed a few tables for floor space on which to dance. Orchestra directors who had led sweet, stringed dinner-music numbers suddenly began to sway their hips in the new rhythm of jazz!

From South America came the Tango, about the same time that the Turkey Trot made its bow. It was a good change of pace and it has lived until this day.

Vernon and Irene Castle, the famous dance team, were the idol of youth in those days. Early in 1913 they bowled the country over with their grace and invention; they made a graceful, more pleasant thing of the Turkey Trot. Thousands flocked to see them in Louis Martin's Cafe de l'Opera.

**Castle Killed in 1918.**

The Castles probably did more than any other professional dancers to increase the popularity of public dancing. Their most important contribution was the invention of the Fox Trot, which is the basis of most dancing today. Originally, it consisted of eight running steps and turns; later it slowed down to four slow and four quick steps.

All through the World war the craze for the Fox Trot continued. Vernon Castle was killed in 1918, but not before the changes in dancing which he had helped to bring about had become well established. The soldier boys danced it with their wives and sweethearts before they went overseas and after they came back.

It was upon their return that the mad period we call the Jazz age began. Youth was finding a new freedom. The speakeasy had become a national institution. The cry was for more and faster and "hotter" music. And some weird and abortive dance steps found their ways to the public fancy.

**Enter the Rumba.**

Probably we might have expected ballroom dancing to wane in popularity during the dark years of the depression; but the opposite was the actual case. The explanation may be found in the fact that dancing provided an escape from gloom and in the added leisure which most people had to endure.

The Rumba came in during the depression. Some tourists probably picked it up in the West Indies and started the country on the way to a new craze. It will never become as popular as the Fox Trot or waltz, because it is too difficult, but it may remain beside the Tango as a "stunt" number for the more accomplished dancers.

Most important of the recent innovations is "swing" music, which is hardly more than a rebash of old-time Jazz. With it came the lively Shag, a dance which is the most important fundamental of the Big Apple.

But in America more than anywhere else fame is a fickle creature, and who knows, perhaps next year the Big Apple will have been forgotten and some new and even madder dance inspiration will fire the country.

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# Floyd Gibbons'

## ADVENTURERS' CLUB

HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!



### "The Terror-Stricken Hermit"

By FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO, EVERYBODY:

Green eyes of a wildcat in the dark, a pitch-black road covered with snakes, a fear-struck hermit and a loaded shotgun comprise the bill-of-fare dished up today by Casper Stupin of Hoboken, N. J. Casper, an ex-Civilian Conservation corps worker who was eighteen at the time, encloses his discharge, which reads:

"By this all will know Casper Stupin served his country well as a member of the Civilian Conservation Corps, that magnificent army of youth and peace that puts into action the awakening of the people to the facts of conservation and recreation; and that with all honors he completed his tour of duty at Company 262, CCC Camp, Fla. SP-3, Sebring, Florida, on March 26, 1935."

### Road Full of Sleeping Snakes.

On this fateful night, October 20, 1934, Casper missed the last truck back to camp, which left at 10:30 p. m. sharp. He would have welcomed a lift from a coal wagon rather than walk. Here's why:

To begin with, the camp was four and a half miles from town. Four and a half miles is a constitutional, but when you have to do it in pitch dark, alone, not so good. And that's not all.

Because the roads stay warm at night from the hot Florida sun, snakes are fond of lying in them at night and sleeping. Do you begin to get the picture? Four and a half miles, in the dark, expecting any minute to tread on a sleeping snake. And still not all.

Casper had started walking and had done his first mile in darkness so intense he could see only a few feet ahead, when behind him he heard a soft, scratching noise. "as if someone was following me," he says. He turned to look. Nobody. He hastened his steps. Presently the sound came again. Casper stopped short, turned; thinking, perhaps, it was another CCC boy hoofing it to camp. In answer to his shout he got a soft, steady "Meow-w-w."

"That," Casper says, "was enough. Then I really did get frightened." You see, they have wildcats in those parts.

### Wildcat Was Ready to Spring.

Fearfully Casper looked in the direction the sound had come from. Sure enough, two gleaming red-and-green eyes glared straight at him. Casper's heart just about stopped beating. Less than fifteen feet away was a wildcat, ready to spring.

There was just one thing to do—run. Casper ran. In fact, he took to his heels in practically a blind panic.

The nearest farmhouse was a quarter of a mile away. The road to this farmhouse was fairly infested with snakes. That didn't bother



He Raced Along a Snake-Infested Road.

Casper now—he had bigger worries. For that matter, if he did step on a sleeping snake, he was traveling so fast by this time he'd be out of sight before the snake woke up enough to do anything about it.

Casper did the quarter mile to the farmhouse in time Jessie Owens wouldn't have sneered at. He had just one idea—to get away from that wildcat. Perhaps that's why he was almost on top of the house before he gave a thought to his destination. To most people it might have seemed cheerful. To Casper it was a reminder that suddenly brought him to!

The farmhouse was occupied by a queer old hermit! But—there were the gleaming eyes behind him, and Casper had no choice. A second later, panting and shouting, he was pounding madly on the shack's door.

Closer, closer came the red-and-green eyes. Casper redoubled his pounding, his frantic shouting. The door shivered, the knob rattled, the door swung back. It framed the figure of the queer old hermit. But what made Casper halt on the threshold, frozen with terror, was the shotgun in the hands of the fear-struck man. For its twin barrels, like the eyes of a death's head, were trained on Casper's heart. And its twin triggers were controlled, Casper knew, by fingers that took their bidding from a terror-stricken, unpredictable mind.

### Saved by Frightened Hermit.

On came the wildcat. Light from the shack door reflected from his blazing eyes. It was this light that probably saved Casper's life. For an instant it blinded the oncoming wildcat, slowing it up. And in this instant the terror-struck hermit caught sight of the blazing eyes beyond, and sized up the situation. He swung the shotgun away from Casper in the nick of time, drew bead on the wildcat's eyes and let go with the load.

The roar of the shotgun was too much for Casper's frayed nerves. The wildcat was finished, but he didn't stop to think about that. In fact, Casper was well down the road before he realized he hadn't even thanked the man for saving his life.

With the wildcat and the shotgun and its strange owner behind him, Casper still had a mile and a quarter of snake-infested, pitch-black road ahead of him. Worse still, there was nothing to stop a second wildcat from taking up the trail.

So when Casper's overwrought nerves heard again the same scratching sound that had signalled the wildcat before, he didn't waste too much time looking. He just bolted—as fast as he could, trying to put as much distance between himself and this second pair of gleaming eyes as possible.

He didn't get far. Two powerful headlamps appeared in the distance, lit up the road, came closer, and drew up. And in their welcome glow Casper saw that what he had mistaken for eyes of a wildcat were instead the eyes of a police dog, "Trooper," belonging to one of the CCC Lieutenants. "And," Casper says, "was I happy!"

The Lieutenant—for it was his car—drove Casper back to camp safely.

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### Shoe-Tossing Old Custom

Shoe-tossing is older than either confetti or rice throwing. Ancient Israelites started it. When a piece of land was purchased, the buyer tossed a sandal on it. That gesture symbolized change of ownership. Later, Anglo-Saxons carried it into the marriage ceremony. The father would remove one of his daughter's shoes and pass it to the bridegroom. The latter would touch the maiden's forehead lightly with the shoe, indicating authority had passed from papa to the new husband. A tap became a toss with passing years. Parents would hurl shoes at a newly married couple to convey the information they no longer were responsible for the young lady.

### Practical, Practicable

Practical means that which is adapted to actual conditions; that which experience has proved to be useful. While the others were wondering what to do, Jones took practical steps to stop the leak in the boat. Evangeline was a dreamer, Joan a practical kind of girl. Practicable denotes that which may be practiced, used, or followed with good results. Some solutions to material problems are all right in theory, but are not practicable in actual practice; in other words they cannot be carried out. To leave a room all you need do is to go out by the door—but if the door is locked on the outside that method of leaving is impracticable.

## Home Heating Hints

By John Barclay  
Heating Expert

Rubbish and Garbage Should Not Be Burned in Your Furnace; They Cause Trouble.

I SHOULD like to caution you against burning garbage and rubbish in the heating plant of your home. Many home-owners are given to this practice, knowing it is a quick and easy way to dispose of garbage, but not realizing fully that it is very harmful to the furnace.

Your furnace was built to burn coal, and coal only. Garbage and rubbish, when burned in it, deposit a thick crust of soot on the



burning surfaces, and this soot absorbs much of the heat that should go into your rooms. They also form clinkers which, as you know, cause no end of trouble for you in keeping your fire burning efficiently.

Don't burn rubbish or garbage in furnace. They cause heavy soot to cake on surfaces and waste heat and also cause clinkers to form. Keep the ashpit clean.

Remember this: A clean furnace, like a clean automobile engine, will give better service and greater comfort.

WNU Service.

## IT'S GREAT TO BE BACK AT WORK

when you've found a way to ease the pains of

## RHEUMATISM

and do it the inexpensive way, too.



You can pay as high as you want for remedies claimed to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sciatica, etc. But the medicine so many doctors generally approve—the one used by thousands of families daily—is Bayer Aspirin—15¢ a dozen tablets—about 1¢ apiece.

Simply take 2 Bayer Aspirin tablets with a half glass of water. Repeat, if necessary, according to directions.

Usually this will ease such pain in a remarkably short time.

For quick relief from such pain which exhausts you and keeps you awake at night—ask for genuine Bayer Aspirin.



15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS  
virtually 1 cent a tablet

### Wasted Treasures

Many a beautiful library is only looked at and pointed at by the owner.

## A Good Laxative

The bad feelings and dullness often attending constipation take the joy out of life. Try a dose of Black-Draught at the first sign of constipation and see how much better it is to check the trouble before it gets a hold on you. Black-Draught is purely vegetable and is so prompt and reliable. Get refreshing relief from constipation by taking purely vegetable

## BLACK-DRAUGHT

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## HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

Burning, stony or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer ranging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

## DOAN'S PILLS



Even the kids are doing it! Marilyn Lou Olsen (left) and Marlene Marie Baumheier in Chicago's famed College Inn of the Hotel Sherman are shown taking a fling. Maybe they'll bring a "Big Apple" for teacher!

ples to "shine." Each couple, at a nod from him, takes a turn in the center of the circle while the others thankfully drop to one knee, clap in rhythm and cheer the "shiners" on." Couple after couple demonstrates the progress or the retrogress of the modern dance—depending entirely upon the point of view. There are dozens of variations, among them the Camel Walk, Peckin' and Posin', the Flea Hop, the Bunny Jump, the Sugar Foot and (probably most violent of all) the Lindy Hop. When one couple has performed everything it knows or exhausted every last ounce of strength, another is called upon.

The music gets faster and faster, the wails of the trumpet and clarinet grow more and more weird, and the moans of the saxophone lower and bluer. It builds up to an exciting peak, and then at a signal

was for our grandfathers and grandmothers.

The waltz, sweet, graceful and proper, was the popular dance of two generations ago. But a faint glimmer of light heralding the dawn of a new age was the faster, jerkier variation called the Boston. The dare-devils danced it.

### Ragtime Revolutionizes Dancing.

The Spanish-American war, the horseless carriage, the phonograph and other innovations speeded up life, and the dance kept pace with the one-step, and later the two-step. Things were perking up.

Came 1910, and the American dance suddenly became a craze. The Turkey Trot had been invented. A guy could now dance a lot closer to his gal than the waltz ever permitted. The sanctimonious lifted worried eyebrows, but the young folks kept right on with their jerky new step and even invented more