

# Trostel Chickens All White Meat? Classics Succumb to Swingtime Fever

Odds and Ends of the Smart Set

“WITH a chick chick here . . . and a moo moo there” is still sung with feeling hereabouts, for there are several Milwaukeeans who take their farming hobby very seriously. The most recent is Albert Trostel, who raises chickens on a farm near Pine lake. What’s more, the chickens, ’tis said, are all white meat and hence are in great demand. Then there are



Mr. and Mrs. Martin A. Fladoes, who can discuss nearly every agricultural phase with aplomb, and Mrs. George P. Blakney whose Purity farm at North lake is confined mainly to dairy produce. Summer colonists around Pine and North lakes are Mrs. B.’s regular customers, and many a fine summer morning finds her making some of the milk deliveries in person. The Philip Dorrs’ chickens on their farm at Whitewater are shown to many admiring guests and the specially irradiated eggs are served at one of Milwaukee’s large clubs. At the Dorr family dinners on N. Terrace av., a spanferkel or turkey from the farm is generally the piece de resistance. It is the blooded cows at the F. L. Weyenberg farm, Wey Acres, on the Range Line rd., that are shown first to interested visitors.

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lunch in a swank Palm Beach spot one day last week when a near-by gentleman borrowed a package of matches from her table. Quite unconscious of the fact that she was the object of close scrutiny, Mrs. Evinrude continued to enjoy her luncheon. It was just before the borrower left that he paused once again at the Evinrude table to express his thanks, and to leave his card with the request that Mrs. Evinrude pose for him sometime. He was artist McClelland Barclay.

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Way back when Ray Noble speeded up that favorite of old-style waltzers, the “Beautiful Blue Danube,” to 4/4 time with a catchy “break” in the middle, he started something. Today not the old tear-jerking ballads, not the semiclassicals and classics, nor, yeah, not even the best-loved operatic arias, are immune from this razzle-dazzle swingtime foxtrot fever. At the University club “Viennese ball” recently was a Harlem orchestra which played the familiar “Loch Lomond” with such a



pause on the HIGH road and such a swoop down the LOW road that the middle-aged toffs who started out on the floor when they heard the old melody were left, so to speak, with one foot in the air.

Then there is Rudolph Friml’s lovely “Chanson,” once displayed prominently on the piano of many a home in which a young hopeful was learning the intricacies of a trill, and that turned up, surprisingly, with lyrics and a Ferde Grofe sort of rhythm, in the movie version of “The Firefly.” And lest we forget . . . there is the startling hotcha arrangement of the once sweetly sentimental “M’appari” from “Martha.”

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*The sartorial impeccability of Hamilton Vose’s dinner clothes created a stir and clatter among the local gentry during his visit last week end with the George Blakneys. It was Peter Birckhead who consoled the curious with the reminder that Ham was not always such a pattern. “Why,” said Peter, “I remember in the old Milwaukee academy days when he came to school every day with two white mice, which made their home for two years, if you please, in Ham’s pockets.”*

*Ham, who now lives in Chicago, has gone to Florida to join Mrs. Vose. On his way south he stoppped in Thomasville, Ga., to visit his sister, Lillian, and her husband, Puss Slater, also formerly of Milwaukee.*

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One of Milwaukee’s younger matrons on a recent shopping tour in

CITATION (TURABIAN STYLE)

Milwaukee Journal (Milwaukee, Wisconsin), February 27, 1938: 47. NewsBank: Access World News - Historical and Current. <https://infoweb.newsbank.com/apps/news/document-view?p=WORLDNEWS&docref=image/V2%3A1477BBDEA50EB75C%40EANX-NB-15C39C9A73D095F1%402428957-15C39B3FB5227D52%4046-15C39B3FB5227D52%40>.

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