



"I LOVE GALESBURG
IN THE SPRINGTIME"

" . . . and in the summer when it sizzles,
and in the fall, and in the winter when the snow lies along
the black branches of the trees that line its streets."

—Lines tapped out on his typewriter (when he
should have been writing up the Soangetaha Coun-
try Club dance) by Oscar Mannheim, Galesburg,
Illinois, *Register-Mail* reporter.

I didn't make the mistake—he'd have thrown me down
the elevator shaft—of trying to see E. V. Marsh in his room
at the Custer. I waited in the lobby, watching the coffeeshop,
till he'd finished breakfast and was sipping his second cup of
coffee before I braced him, walking up to his table smiling
my lopsided, ingratiating, Jimmy Stewart smile.

When he learned I was from the paper he tried to fend me
off. "I've got nothing for you," he said, shaking his head. He