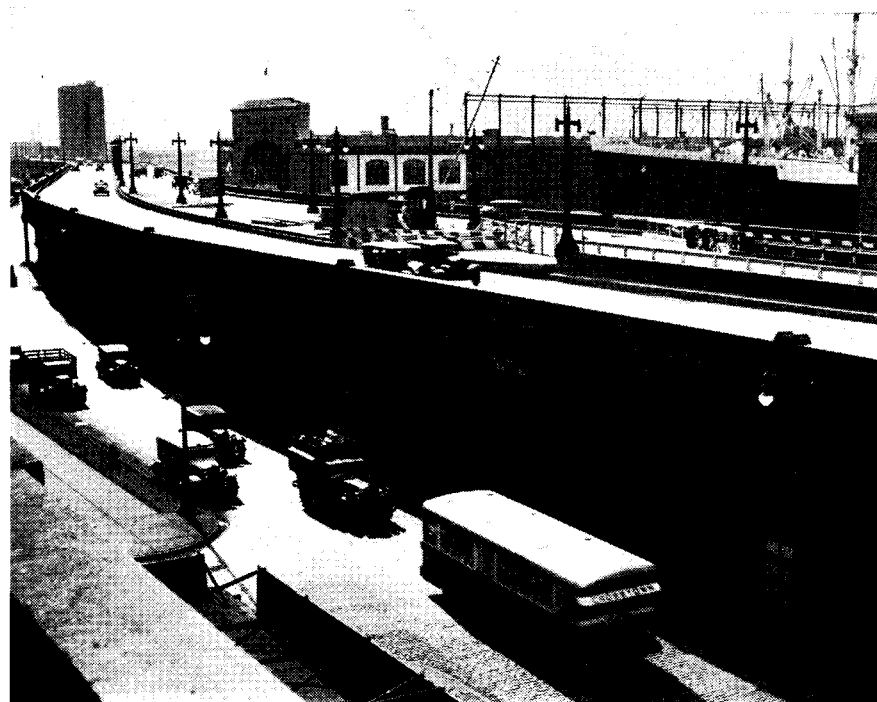
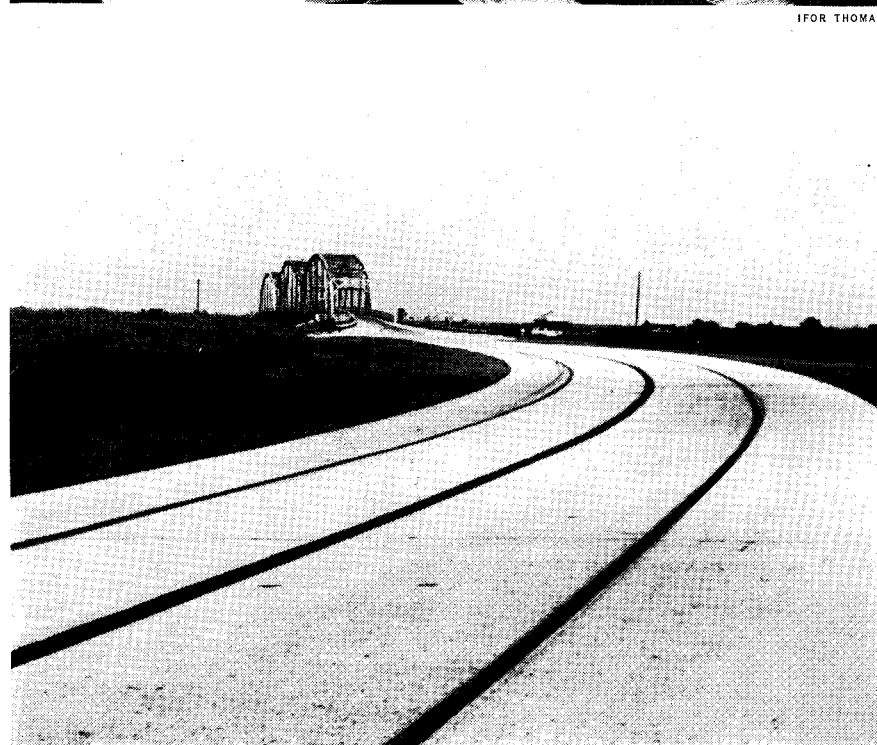


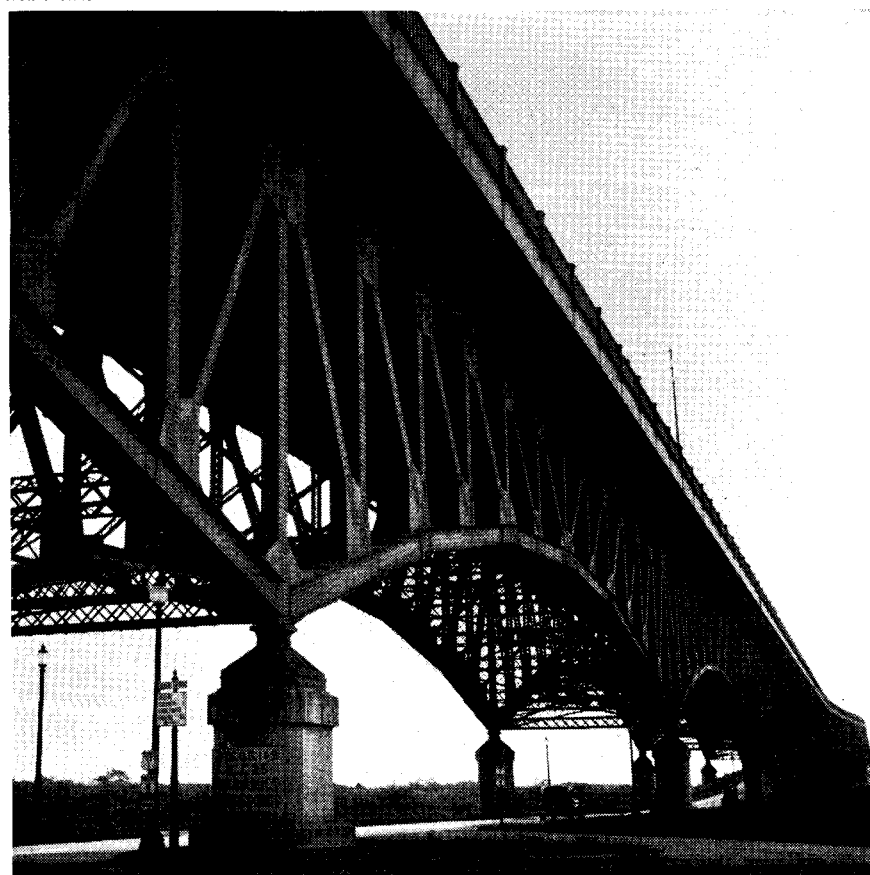
IFOR THOMAS



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COURTESY LOUISIANA STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION



IFOR THOMAS

ROADS Into the Future

By John T. Flynn

Our roads have to keep up with our cars. To make them do that we shall have to move our cities around a bit, rearrange old roads, build new ones. In addition to safety we'll get the advantages of the new form of transportation that is remaking our nation



GABRIEL MOULIN

IFOR THOMAS

THE next big job we have to do—certainly one of the next big jobs—is to get ourselves some roads. Roads! Why, as Huey Long told the Senate about Louisiana, we're lousy with roads, aren't we? We've got roads running from here to there and everywhere. In fact, aren't we all bogged down now under the weight of mortgage bonds to build the roads we have—three million miles of roads buried under three million dollars of bonds? Didn't the states and counties go busted building roads? Do you want them to go busted some more?

I know it will surprise many people to be told that our roads are not finished; that, as a matter of fact, we have just about begun the building of roads. The general impression is that our road system is practically done, that all we have to do now is to perfect them here and there, fix up the secondary ones a little and somehow get the old bills paid.

Will Rogers once said of New York City that it would be a great city if we ever got it finished. And that is true of the country as a whole. In this civilization of ours, alas!—or fortunately!—nothing is ever finished. Or at least nothing is finished until it is ready for the scrap heap.

Here is a choice morsel from a Midwestern daily newspaper—date, January 2, 1906—in a financial review:

"In the field of municipal transportation we now have covering every city in the nation the most magnificent system of urban rapid transit to be found in the world. It may be true that there is still room for expansion and development of a somewhat more comprehensive system of interurban transport, but city rapid transit has about reached its ultimate goal, save of course for supplying such new neighborhoods as may be developed."

And as the prophet looked through his rose-colored glasses on our trolley system, the jitney was waiting just around the corner ready to grow into the bus and chase our magnificent system off the streets. No sooner was our trolley system finished than it was obsolete. When our roads are finished it will be because we have taken to trucking and bussing in the skies.

Civilization Changes with Roads

The truth is, as H. G. Wells sagely observed in Collier's a year ago, transportation is just about the one big dynamic force which is not merely altering the face of the earth but the very core of its civilization. It is changing the habits, the modes of thought, the objectives, the points of view of populations everywhere and, of course, nowhere so much as in this nation. Men are actu-

ally talking about a time when we will lift our homes off their solid foundations of brick or concrete, put them on wheels, throw them into high and send them rolling off their traditional twenty-by-a-hundred town lots onto the broad highway. Of course if you are one of those excessively wise persons who always know what can't be done, who knew that autos would be just toys, that telephones might someday be used to send a band concert, that the X-Ray was a scientist's plaything and the airplane an impossible dream, then of course you know that this and most of the other wonders that lie ahead will never happen. But don't be too sure.

The simple fact is that we are getting to be a great migratory people, like the primitive race which wandered over Asia before Genghis Khan. We are the world's and history's greatest rovers. Those ancient wanderers were really looking for a place to settle down. But we seem to be looking for a place to keep going. And so let us get out of our minds the idea that our roads are finished. Of course, I really am not speaking of our possible road needs in the distant future when miracles will have come to pass. I speak of our roads *now* and our needs *now*.

Of course we have the best roads in the world. We have three million miles of them. That's enough to wrap around

From coast to coast a gigantic program of road construction is under way. On the opposite page are shown: Upper left, New York's new Triborough Bridge, connecting Manhattan, the Bronx and Queens. Below is the Pulaski Skyway, diverting traffic above Jersey City and Newark, N. J. Upper right, New York's elevated highway, which provides rapid north-south transportation through Manhattan. Lower right, one of the new wide highways built by Louisiana. This page: The approaches to the San Francisco-Oakland Bridge and a section of the Grand Central Parkway, a fast Long Island traffic artery

the world 120 times. They represent a gigantic investment—countless billions. Among them are roads so fine, indeed so magnificent, that it is difficult to imagine anything better. But, taken as a whole, engineers tell us that we have only scratched the surface of our road problem; that what we have is not so much a great road system as a vast collection of road locations where we can now proceed to put the kind of roads we need.

Before we can fully grasp this, we have to recall how we came by these
(Continued on page 69)

The Golden Touch

By Frank Kilroe

The dizzy career of George Bentham, who loved an heiress. The most amazing success story since Repeal

HE WAS in his second week of hang-over and no jury would have called it the act of a sane man, but George Bentham's step did not falter as he approached the entrance of the St. Denis bar. He pushed the door open and followed it into the quiet room.

Behind the bar, Mike held up his bar rag in welcome.

"It's Mr. Bentham!" he cried. "Tell Mr. Sweeney to come, Paul. It's Mr. Bentham who's the one."

The waiter polishing the onyx-topped table nodded and backed away toward the door that led into the hotel, like a bedazzled slave leaving the golden presence of Montezuma. There was the same shine of admiration in Mike's eyes when George looked back at him. The other customer at the bar, a tall, bespectacled, storklike man, was bobbing his thin head thoughtfully at the sight of the new arrival. Even the old man drinking sherry and penciling in a newspaper crossword puzzle at the corner table seemed impressed.

Mr. Bentham felt vaguely annoyed as he ordered his double Martini. He had come in here for a brief respite from a harsh world and here they were giving him riddles to do. The one who what? The one who tipped the hat-check girl at the Coq Rouge eight cents last night? The one who hadn't paid the rent on his one-room apartment in the three months since he was canned by American Motors for lack of ambition? The one who had had his honorable proposal of marriage rejected by Doris Gleason because she happened to have two millions and she was afraid he would be marrying her for her money, when as a matter of fact he loved her for her beautiful self, as well as for her money? He looked up irritably at Mike, who was draining amber liquor from a bar glass into a glistening half-tumbler. The one who what?

He reached for the drink but Mike stayed his hand with a gesture of his bar spoon. "There's something that goes with it," the barkeeper told him.

"An onion?"

MIKE pointed to the pale vegetable resting on the bottom of the glass. "Mr. Sweeney is on his way," he said. "Mr. Sweeney is the manager of the hotel. He will be here any moment."

George sighed and felt his embattled innards relax, and then a brisk, plump man smelling of barbers' lotions was hurrying in from the hotel corridor and ducking under the movable flap in the bar to join forces with Mike. This was evidently Mr. Sweeney. He fished be-

He plucked the forty-two thousand-dollar bills from the St. Denis billfold and fanned them out on the table before her. Her green eyes widened becomingly



ILLUSTRATED BY
JON WHITCOMB

hind the chromium-plated cash register for a minute and brought forth an article wrapped in tissue paper. With the confident air of an expert conjurer, he whisked away the wrapping and brandished a handsome black leather billfold at George and the storklike man, who had moved down along the bar to watch the proceedings.

"It gives me great pleasure—" Mr. Sweeney began.

"Mr. Bentham," Mike whispered.

"—Mr. Bentham, to present this billfold to you as our 300,000th patron." He beamed at George with great affection and beckoned to Mike. The barkeeper, having officiated at two of these