



SUCK 'EM UP

WE LEARN with interest that Gene Tunney's pet hate is the outsize paunch, or corporation, which disfigures many an American man. Tunney, helping our armed forces meet their physical-training problems, says that even in the Army far too many officers are unable to assume and hold a commanding posture and ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Certainly that's true about American civilian men, at least in the cities. The worst of it is that the overhanging waistline is unnecessary in most cases. It starts with negligence in one's younger years, and grows not so much from overeating as from overindulgence in that comfortable slump amidships when sitting, standing or walking.

For most people the preventive is simple: Just build the habit, remorselessly, of keeping 'em sucked up during all your waking hours instead of letting 'em sag. Sit tall, stand tall, walk tall—keep the chin in and the chest out, and keep pushing the top of your head as high in the air as you can push it.

Physical culture class adjourned for the day; and here's a world of luck to Mr. Tunney's anti-bay-window crusade.

STRIKES AGAINST LEWIS

WE SYMPATHIZE with the sporadic strikes against John L. Lewis' dues increases among his United Mine Workers. Lewis hiked the dues mainly to gain some big union expansion and political ends of his own, rather than win any additional benefits for the dues payers.

But why should the strike weapon be used in such a case? Why make public and employers suffer when the real target is the union leader? What's the matter with the orderly but determined insurrections inside the unions? Such things can be and should be pulled off successfully; and the leaders generally retract their claws when they become convinced that their followers mean business.

We think, indeed, that the time is ripe for bringing democracy and membership control to all unions which don't already enjoy those commodities. Yes, we're thinking of such outfits as the Hod Carriers' Union, which recently held its first convention in thirty years, and Jimmy Petrillo's Musicians' Union, from which Hitler and Stalin could learn a thing or two about total control of labor. We don't see how labor unionism can remain a constructive force in our society much longer unless it goes in consistently for more and more democracy.

Our Cruelty to Arnold

COLLIER'S in the last year or so has pinned a couple of lilies of the alley to the lapels of Thurman W. Arnold, anti-trust poo-bah for the Department of Justice, and now Mr. Arnold is sobbing around that Collier's is persecuting him.

Arnold says we unjustly accuse him (1) of trying to ruin the five big tobacco companies' business insofar as that business is based on mass advertising, and (2) of trying to take competitive advertising out of the gasoline business and compel sales of gasoline at dull, dirty, rest-roomless, noncompeting service stations.

Mr. Arnold says he is really a good friend to advertising, and has no such designs on it, and has never made any statements indicating any such designs.

So we pick up Mr. Arnold's latest book, "The Bottlenecks of Business" (Reynal & Hitchcock, N. Y., 1940, 355 pp., \$2.50), and at page 34 we find this:

There is no price competition among the companies dominating the (tobacco) industry. There is plenty of competition at rigid prices. This means that most tobacco advertising is expensive and hokum.

So much for Mr. Arnold's affection for tobacco advertising. At page 33 of the same book appear these remarks on gasoline selling:

The major oil companies, aided by the Ethyl Corporation, have put a floor under prices. There is no difference in motor fuels because they had become standardized. Competition has become a race to see which company could put out the most expensive hokum. Millions have been spent in advertising different brands that were in fact all the same. Filling stations more luxurious than the homes of most of the customers appeared on every corner. Maps were given away free. Unnecessary services were added. Men were hired to smile at poor customers and say "Happy Motoring." All this meant

that a greater share of the customer's dollar was going into gasoline.

Now that Mr. Arnold is a big shot in the Attorney General's office, he is going after the tobacco companies and the oil companies along precisely the lines laid down in the above passages from his book. He reminds us of a man who has had what he considers a beautiful dream, then wakes up to find himself in a position to try to make the dream come true.

We can understand Mr. Arnold's delight in finding himself so situated. But we cannot understand his blind-spot inability to recognize that advertising in the United States has stimulated consumption by reducing prices through mass production of innumerable things, has been probably the prime force in raising American living standards to top levels for all the world to date, and costs an almost infinitesimal sum per customer.

But now we remember that Mr. Arnold is also the author of a book called "The Folklore of Capitalism" (Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., 1937, 400 pp., \$3). This earlier work was based on the proposition that words in this country no longer mean what we common, ignorant clucks think they mean. Words, according to this puckish, pseudo-Voltairean book of Mr. Arnold's, have become instruments for concealing rather than conveying meaning in our capitalistic society.

So maybe Mr. Arnold ought not to be held accountable for everything he says. Maybe when we ignoramuses think he is damning advertising he is really praising it. Maybe when we think he is talking like a pert little parlor pink intent on wrecking our social system just for the devil of it, he is really uttering old-line Republican doctrine. Maybe.

You're looking at Glenmore... **BIGGEST VALUE IN BONDS TODAY!**

RICH TASTING
Distinctive flavor found only in the famous Barton formula.

KENTUCKY'S FINEST BOURBON
...Right! And has been for 69 years.

SMOOTHER
Because of Glenmore's long, slow aging process.

MELLOWER
More than a million barrels experience makes it so.

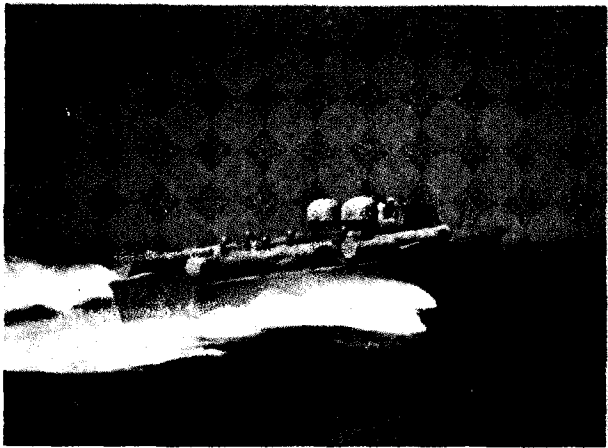
NOT EXPENSIVE
Sells for less than most other Bonds.

Here's **GLENMORE'S SILVER LABEL** for those who prefer the light mildness of 90 proof whiskey. This whiskey is 4 years old.

BOTTLED IN BOND
Glenmore
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
100 PROOF
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

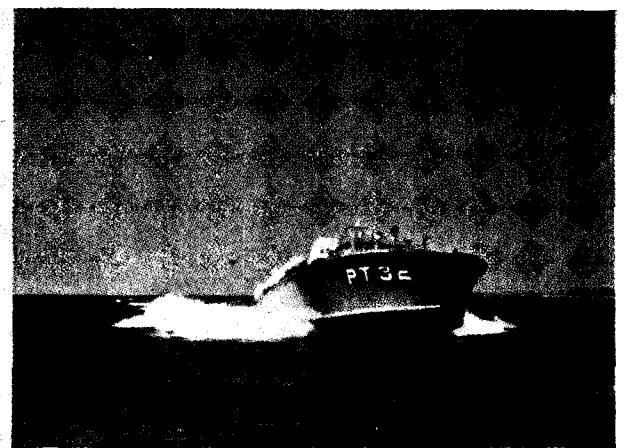
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Incorporated

P O U R G L E N M O R E . . Y O U G E T M O R E



BLUE-WATER BLITZ!

Fastest fighter afloat, her speed's a Navy secret...no secret, though, that Camel outspeeds all cigarettes in popularity with Navy men



ALL OF A SUDDEN three propellers tear the water behind her into tattered white lace, and from an easy, silent glide she roars into battle speed as fast, almost, as you can blink. She's the Navy's new darling...and what a girl! All dressed up with four torpedo tubes and four machine guns. She's a thunderbolt. Fast as lightning...and she hits harder.

YOU'VE GOT TO BE GOOD to serve on her crew. Over 4,000 horse-power running "all-out" means that she leaps from wave-top to wave-top—her crew lashed to their stations. No wonder, after a thrilling session on this blue-water blitz the first words you hear from the men are: "Boy, a cigarette, quick!" (And that means Camel—outstanding favorite of Navy men.)

—AND TORPEDO-BOAT
DESIGNER IRWIN CHASE SHARES
THE NAVY MAN'S PREFERENCE
FOR CAMELS



IRWIN CHASE speaking. He's chief of the naval division, Electric Boat Co., one of the outfits making Uncle Sam's new PT boats. Many's the midnight Camel he smoked over the blue-prints of these blue-water blitzes. And after a session on that fresh air battle-bridge (he's in the action pictures at the top of the page, too), "There's just nothing like a Camel," he declares. "It's been my favorite for years."



IT'S AS TRUE as the sextant's reading of the sun at high noon... this fact: Camels are the favorite of modern America. Active America. Busy, up-and-doing America. Take a man like Irwin Chase (above). Elco's naval architect. Take the men in the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard. Their favorite cigarette is Camel.*

The extra coolness, extra flavor, extra mildness, and 28% less nicotine in the smoke of Camel's slower-burning costlier tobaccos all add up to that "extra something" that Camel fans say just no other cigarette seems to give them. Try a pleasure cruise on Irwin Chase's smoking chart—make *your* next cigarette a Camel.

*Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, and Canteens

The *smoke* of slower-burning
Camels contains
**28% LESS
NICOTINE**

than the average of the 4 other
largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than
any of them—according to independent
scientific tests of *the smoke itself!*



BY BURNING 25% SLOWER
than the average of the 4 other
largest-selling brands tested—
slower than any of them—
Camels also give you a smoking
plus equal, on the average, to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMEL

**THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS**