

PERFECT FOOL, JR.

By Arthur Mann

Ed Wynn was the proudest man on Broadway as he watched his madcap son disprove, to loud applause, the ancient adage that there is no fool like an old fool

ED WYNN interrupted a comedy routine in the Passing Show of 1916, went to the wings at stage left, and returned with a bundle of humanity only a few months old. He held its wobbly head in full view of a puzzled Winter Garden audience.

"You might as well start now," he said, with a beam of paternal pride, "because you'll see a lot of him from here on."

Thus he launched the stage career of Francis Xavier Aloysius James Jeremiah Keenan Wynn, which reached a sudden and belated apex on Broadway in a madcap mixture of Army decorum and extreme décolletage called Strip for Action. Therein, "Ed Wynn's boy" held forth with such skill and personal triumph that the Perfect Fool will probably be better known as "Keenan Wynn's old man."

Which label would be okay with the old man, for, until recently, the inane antics and kaleidoscopic interests of his free-wheeling son forced him to profess the futility of fatherhood. When his unbridled heir wasn't cracking up in airplane solo flights (three crashes to date), he was inviting the undertaker in big-time speedboat races with souped-up motors. At odd intervals he invited paternal bankruptcy with purchases of high-powered foreign automobiles and clashes with highway cops, as he checked the efficiency of his investments against natural and man-made laws.

Only a Spoiled Brat

Growing up, he seemed to have less sense and purpose than many of his father's more fantastic stage contraptions, but at least Pop's contraptions made money. Far from becoming a minor edition of his humorous father or a dramatic counterpart of his celebrated maternal grandfather, Frank Keenan, the unpredictable youth developed into little more than a spoiled brat. Eventually the situation became tragic.

"You're nothing," the despairing father announced at the dinner table. "And you'll never be anything but a comedian's son!"

No erring soothsayer was less disappointed over a cockeyed prediction than Ed Wynn when he watched his 26-year-old headache recite 112 sides of sparkling farce as star of the Lindsay-Crouse hit that recorded the incongruous tale of Nutsy Smith, a drafted burlesque comedian who invites his former showmates to honor the camp with an unauthorized presentation of Flugel Street comedy and

unmitigated strip tease. Keystone of the plot and two hours of uproar, the kid did it without mirrors or any of the historic Wynn hats, inane giggles or impossible inventions. The boy gave out so well with his own interpretation of haphazard thinking that the producers couldn't find a suitable understudy or top comedian to replace him when he left for Hollywood, which, of course, had "discovered" him.

"This is not surprising," said Ed Wynn, hiding his delight under a bushel of modesty, "and certainly no dependable gauge of his acting ability. My son, left-handed from birth, is merely playing a screwball character, for which he has had a lifetime of preparation."

Like all fathers, Ed felt that somewhere he had been responsible, and in this case he had something. Young Keenan was allowed all kinds of freedom backstage during the Ed Wynn musical extravaganzas at home and on tour. He enjoyed enough interest and opportunity to become a child star, but he had distorted dramatic ideas that defied regimentation. Dignity was something people mentioned when speaking of Grandpa Keenan, a fine old-school actor. It had no place in any of Pop's shows, where anything crazy or unrehearsed was preferred.

During the run of *The Perfect Fool* at the Globe, young Keenan decided to give Pop a chance to ad lib by letting his

Funnyman Keenan Wynn and family. His wife is Eve Abbott. Son Edmund proves that a Wynn can have a serious moment—if you catch him young enough

pet Scotty wander out from the wings. "My, my!" Ed exclaimed, welcoming the break. "Here's another critic from the New York —" as he squared accounts with the least enthusiastic of the metropolitan press.

The gag was great, but had to be abandoned suddenly when the unabashed Scotty refused to differentiate between



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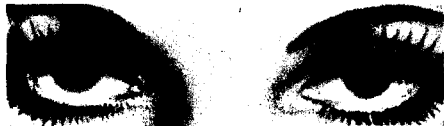
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stage scenery and his favorite woodland haunts in Central Park.

Another prank was quickly substituted, such as cutting the support rope of a cyclorama during a slapstick scene, or rushing across the stage as a short cut to somewhere else. But the promising career in extemporaneous abandon reached a climax during the run of The Grab Bag, which featured a stable of Ed Wynn "horses." Each was composed of a couple of humans and a comedy horse head.

One night Keenan prevailed upon Joe Schrod, front half of the most important horse, to let him occupy the after portion. When Pop brought out the prize of his stable, the audience screamed and broke up the scene. The horse resembled a giraffe, as it should have, with a seven-year-old kid occupying the hind end.

Forthwith, the elder Wynn packed the kid off to become the youngest student in the Harvey School, a decorous little institution in Westchester which had done nothing to deserve such a hellion.

"How was I to figure it?" Keenan demands, reviewing the horror of his early incarceration. "I went from the wildest backstage freedom to a peaceful asylum I never thought existed. Because I was the only actor's child in the place, they thought I could act, and so I was rushed right into the annual production. My job was to hold an ermine-trimmed cloak, trailing from the neck of a king as he marched somewhere. The sight of an audience paralyzed me. I stopped dead in my tracks. The king toppled backward, a victim of near-strangulation."

An Unusual Student

Denied the care and comfort of his mother, who was an invalid the greater part of his life, Keenan did just as he pleased. The Harvey School condoned his pranks for seven years, and then he was foisted upon the unsuspecting faculty of Horace Mann School, to whom he was a constant source of amazement as the only student who could average 42% for the year and turn in the highest marks for examinations.

He failed to show up for the finals in mathematics, and they didn't know what to do. He appeared two days later with an apology. There was a motorboat race, he explained, from Albany to New York.

"But examinations are more important than watching a motorboat race," the teacher gasped.

"I wasn't watching it," Keenan said. "I was in it." He paused for dramatic effect. "Not only in it, but I almost won it. I left the trophy down in the gym for the kids to see."

He had cut Saturday classes to pilot his boat to Albany for the big Sunday race down the Hudson River. It was a death-defying contraption (entered in the unlimited class), which he had put together with his mechanic, Hector Alexander. They "souped" a 400-horsepower Liberty motor to a mere 550 by inverting the cams of the intake manifolds and feeding twelve V-type cylinders not only from the outside, but from four carburetors instead of two. Exhaust manifolds were centered between the cylinders to resemble smokestacks. Competitors gasped when they heard the monster roar. Powered by a batch of six-volt batteries, there was scarcely standing room for mechanic and pilot.

They zoomed into the lead of the unlimiteds (which start last) and almost swamped the little outboard motorboats in overtaking them down the river. It was a breeze until about thirty miles from the finish when—*kablooey!*

Vibration from the supermotor jarred loose the assortment of heavy batteries which, placed off center because of limited space, had shifted and ripped out their connections. Becalmed, Wynn and Alexander frantically set to work replacing the batteries and rewiring connections. Minutes flew by, and so did competitors. Just how many of each, Wynn doesn't remember, but he and his partner finished the job, zoomed downriver again, past Ossining and Yonkers, and finished a close second.

With a heavy sigh, the school gave him a special exam in mathematics, which he passed quite easily, and so he graduated.

Interest in motors had long been his obsession. Less than a year before, he had fixed up another craft to compete in the Around-Manhattan race for the Hearst Trophy. He drove a Baby Gar type with the skill of Gar Wood himself. Keeping to the center of the rivers all the way, he completed the thirty-seven miles in thirty-nine minutes flat, clipping twelve minutes from the best record.

Always provided with a chauffeur and a swanky foreign car in his early youth, Keenan's idea of a swell time was to dismiss the hired man for the day and spend it in the fascinating garage of Charlie Stich, a mechanical genius who serviced foreign cars. In no time, the brat had learned every angle of internal combustion and he astounded chemistry and physics teachers with an enviable knowledge of octane gas, compression, valve-grinding, greasing, and tuning up Dusenbergs, Hispano-Suizas, Mercedes, Bentleys, Rolls-Royces, Bugattis, Invictas, or Maseratis.

"A garage mechanic," the older Wynn sighed. "A fortune spent on education, so he can be a grease monkey!"

But the auto-fixing provided a great alibi the day Keenan came home with his face and hands swathed in bandages.

"A carburetor," he explained and struggled to smile. "I... I flooded it too much, and it went *kablooey!*"

Pictures in the next morning's papers branded his explanation a lie. A wild kid in his teens was flying a plane with a 220-horsepower Hispano-Suiza motor at about 2,000 feet. A T-connection in the oil line was severed just enough to permit a drip to the hot exhaust pipe. The oil ignited and then came the trouble. The whole mess blew up in his fresh puss. The flames melted the rubber of his goggles, seared and scarred his face and hands. But he brought the plane to earth with a slight thud in the midst of the tennis courts at Jackson Heights, Long Island.

More Knowledge Needed

As his preoccupation with motors increased, so did arguments between father and son about college, but Keenan said, "Find one where I can major in motorboating, and I'll go."

Only when Pop hinted that unlimited cash was no longer available did the kid placate the old man by attending Ned Wayburn's school.

"But even that was a mistake," Keenan admits. "At Wayburn's, all the pupils danced, tapped their brains out, and I couldn't dance on a hot stove. After four months, they had one of those show-off recitals. Everybody danced, except me. I gave out with some lines from *They Shall Not Die*—the defense attorney's speech in the Scottsboro case. After that, nobody could possibly claim I was Ed Wynn's son, and Pop, sitting there with Mr. Wayburn and Melville Burke, wanted to least of all."

But Burke, who ran the Lakewood

Players at Skowhegan, Maine, saw something. "You had a lot of nerve, kid, chewing scenery like that," he said, after the recital. "I'll give you a job at Skowhegan. Ten bucks a week and your meals."

Playing a Princeton boy in the third act of *Accent On Youth* was the first of 78 parts Keenan memorized for summer theater productions. Add to this, parts in twenty-two Broadway shows and fourteen that never reached Broadway, and you have a fair idea of what he has endured trying to convince people that he is more than just Ed Wynn's son.

"I've lived a whole stage career in seven years," he moans. "Money from doing voices on the radio kept my career from ending in death by starvation. I've had shows close after a week and after a day, and one show closed before the end of the first performance, an undernourished turkey called *The Black Widow*—full of murders and Lucille Laverne. About thirty people showed up on opening night. Half of them left at the end of the first act. During the second act, the spectators kept shouting, 'No, no, don't shoot him, too!' At the end of the act, they went out for a smoke and failed to return. We never played the third act."

Boy Meets Girl Backstage

Late in this dismal apprenticeship came a part in *Hitch Your Wagon To a Star* and a backstage meeting with Eve Abbott, a cute little trick who had steady and serious jobs with Evans, Cornell, Gielgud, Meredith, Gish and the Fredric Marches in such offerings as *Romeo and Juliet*, *St. Joan*, *The Star Wagon*, *The American Way*, *Key Largo*, etc., and he said, "She's for me." Miss Abbott didn't mind, but she insisted that he consult Pop.

She was at dinner the night the distraught father staged the great denunciation scene from indignation. With that, she was determined to help straighten out the bewildered maverick who had suddenly found himself corralled. She talked Keenan Wynn to producers until both she and the producers were blue in the face. But the result was better parts and a chance to do his own type of comedy, which is a smooth and breezy interpretation of his hapless attitude toward life and living it.

Marriage and a son, whom he has named Edmund Keenan Wynn, have made him slightly serious; just enough to work out a plan for the future. He'll return to Hollywood, where they threatened to bury him alive with meager parts. His best, though small, was the spitting machine gunner in the Gable-Turner picture, *Somewhere I'll Find You*. He worked with Judy Garland in *For Me and My Gal*, and finally in a hair shirt called *Gambler's Choice*. The situation drove him to seek a leave of absence to appear on Broadway and be discovered. It worked.

Promised a raft of heavy work and heavier money by Hollywood, he will remain in pictures only long enough to build a bank balance for the protection of his wife and son. That will require only a few months.

"Then it's the war for me," he declares, without a trace of brag. "And I'll head straight for those PT boats that whisked MacArthur from Bataan to Australia. I'm dying to get my paws on one of them. All I'll want then is my old mechanic, Hector Alexander. He's flying planes now, but I'll bet he'd get transferred if I asked him. Can you imagine what one of those scows could do after Hector and I got through soupin' it up?"

THE END

Pay-as-You-Go Ruml

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Ph.D. at the University of Chicago in record time. He ran the Dartmouth literary paper, played just enough football to get athletics out of his system forever, won a Phi Beta Kappa key, had an awfully good time. In Chicago he met Lois Treadwell, the girl he married. She was studying for a psychology Ph.D., too, but, Ruml says, "she got her Mrs. instead."

In 1917, after a few months of teaching at Carnegie Tech, he went to Washington to serve in the War Department's committee on classification of personnel. His task was to work out trade tests, to tell whether or not a man was a good carpenter, say, in a ten-minute session of oral questioning. And Ruml, not one to hide his light, comments, "I proved it could be done."

Then, with some fellow psychologists and industrialists, he started the Scott Co., to advise private industry on personnel. Because he had a flair for mathematics, he did the statistical work.

Doctor James R. Angell, who had watched Ruml's limber mind at work in classes he taught at Chicago, now was president of the Carnegie Corporation. He called Ruml away from the Scott Co. to be his assistant and gave him his first chance at big-money thinking.

Soon he was asked to head the \$80,000,000 Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, whose trustees were striving to promote the welfare of women and children. When he took over, the Memorial's chief interests were the Y.W.C.A., the Girl Scouts, the Henry Street nurses, some women's colleges in the Far East, and other direct-benefit philanthropies.

Ruml soon expanded that program. How, he asked, could you help women in any permanent way unless you improved the setting in which they lived? How could you improve that setting unless you understood the psychological, economic, political and other sociological problems of the times? The thing to do, said Ruml, was to aid research in the social sciences and thus get at the root of human evils.

New Fields for Research

And so the trustees docilely did. Endowment funds were settled on some of the previous beneficiaries, and their Memorial connections were severed. Others were incorporated into the new program. Ruml actively threw himself and Rockefeller's money into finding out what ailed the world.

Surprised universities received gifts for social science research. Ruml distributed scores of generous fellowships to men and women here and abroad who gave promise of contributing new knowledge in the fields of anthropology, international relations, law, psychology, sociology. He approved selection of a Swedish woman to study child care, birth control, parental education and other family problems in the United States, partly because he considered Sweden more advanced than this country in its handling of such problems.

Ruml traveled around Europe a good deal during this period, from 1921 to 1931. He picked up that Russian blouse collection on one of his trips, and developed innumerable new enthusiasms—for modern French art, for Italian meat sauces, for English parliamentary procedure and for Swiss scenery.

"But I did not go for skiing in the Alps," he says.

GLANDULAR DISTURBANCE

WHILE in 21-day quarantine for mumps at Camp Hood's Tank Destroyer School in Texas, New York's Private Robert Fuller had time to figure out a dismal prospect.

If, he calculated, one man in his company broke out with mumps on the twenty-first day, the rest of his pals would go into a second three weeks' quarantine. Then, if another man came down with the disease on the last day of the second quarantine period, the gentlemen remaining would start another twenty-one-day stretch.

Well, Private Fuller estimates dolefully that if this went on to its worst possible conclusion, the last guy in the company would be cooling his heels in quarantine for no less than eighteen years.

He frankly and loudly abhors all forms of exercise, considers it worse than useless for city dwellers.

His classic remark on the subject is: "If you ever hear of me dropping dead on a tennis court, you'll know it was because I was crossing it on my way to a Scotch and soda."

Ruml, during this period, had had several offers of jobs from business firms, including a handsome proposal from Percy Straus of Macy's. But he still was wedded to the social sciences, and in 1931, when his good friend Bob Hutchins asked him to head up a bigger and better social science department at the modern-minded University of Chicago, he gladly accepted.

But all was not rosy, for once in Ruml's smooth-flowing career. He and Hutchins hoped he'd be able to integrate the various courses in his department, or, as Ruml somewhat cryptically puts it: "We wanted to achieve unity in the several disciplines included in the social science field. But I had trouble with a handful of distinguished professors, and after three years of effort, my progress was microscopic. Those professors wouldn't work together. They wouldn't even play together."

When Straus again approached him, he allowed Macy's to ensconce him and his comfortable thinking chair in a plushy office on their exclusive 13th floor.

"I guess they hired me for a counter-irritant," says Ruml.

"We hired him for his breadth of vision," says a Macy executive. "We didn't care whether he knew anything about being a treasurer or not. We knew he could learn. What we wanted was stimulation. We got it."

Ruml likes the job, but neither he nor Macy's can imagine his giving up his other interests, for they contribute to, rather than detract from, his vitality.

From the time he first journeyed down to Washington during the last war, he has had a continuing interest in governmental affairs.

He served on Hoover's Employment Commission in 1930.

"They were cagey then," he chuckles, "they didn't call it unemployment."

He had another "plan," almost as far-reaching as his current production, in 1928. It later became the agricultural domestic allotment plan, which is generally regarded as the father of the New Deal's farm program.

At present, he's adviser to the National Resources Planning Board, director of the National Board of Economic Research, a trustee of the Farm Foundation, and a problem-sharing friend to many of the men who make governmental plans. All this takes him to Washington about once a week. He gets a sitting room as well as a bedroom in his Washington hotel when he can.

"I have to pace around," he explains, "and a bed gets in my way."

An Unconventional Young Man

In politics, as elsewhere, he's an independent. He says he registers Republican, then votes Democrat "to even things up." He voted for Roosevelt three times.

He is able to accomplish so much because, apparently, he is engaged in purposeful thinking so long as he is awake. He requires only a stingy six hours of sleep. He never bothers with details. He'll go to an important conference, deposit a startling idea, and depart, leaving others to lengthy discussion. He works on a project only until the ball starts rolling, then moves on.

He works from the particular to the general. He may start out by worrying about the little tax problem of a friend who's going into the Army, but his expansive mind soon has encompassed the tax problems of millions, with a side glance at the economic health of the entire postwar world.

Ruml can't understand why people say you shouldn't talk shop at parties. "Why not?" he asks. "Shop's the best entertainment in a man's life. If it isn't, he's in the wrong job."

His idea of fun is to gather together a group of dinner guests who are interested in discussing the very problems he's been dealing with all day.

A Macy official said, "He forces us all to think. There you are just sitting around talking, and the first thing you know his mental gymnastics have stung you into real thought on your own account."

People who know him well describe him as "the warmest-hearted economist," "the most earthy sophisticate," "the best friend" they ever knew.

The Ruml Plan has affected the lives of many people—including Ruml. A private person heretofore, in spite of wide-ranging interests, he's a public figure now. He'd never made a public speech until the Plan forced him to. He had rarely seen his name in the newspapers. Now he's an experienced speaker and his name is known to millions.

What will he do with his sudden renown?

He could use his advantageous position to put some more of his many plans before the public, he could . . .

"Plans," says Ruml facetiously, "will be announced later."

THE END

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What Happened to Leon Henderson

Continued from page 19

Henderson log, so as to miss no word.

Even as Leon rushed forward to the fight, offering Bill and Phil the first two bites, word wafted down from the All High that wages must be excluded from any price-fixing bill. In the wake of the word, came the politicians and choice members of the palace guard, massaging Leon's shoulder blades with practiced touch, and pressing murmurous lips against his quivering eardrums.

Politics, they argued persuasively, was a game that had its roots in compromise. Give and take, while entailing some sacrifice of principle, was a fixed rule of the game, approved by experience and honored by all officeholders. They knew how he felt about wage control, and their hearts bled for him, but the Party must come first. Don't rock the boat, Leon. Be a good soldier!

Old stuff, but Master Henderson, loyal soul, fell for it with a bang that changed his voice from bass to soprano. To be sure, he did mumble something about the impossibility of curbing a price inflation "if wages or any other cost is allowed constantly to rise," but after this one rebellious squeak, he accepted wage exclusion. Straightway, the farm bloc swung into action, encouraged by the consideration shown labor, and while Leon gaped helplessly, the bill incorporated a provision that farm prices should not be set below 110 per cent of parity.

With piecemeal price fixing the order of the day, chaos followed inevitably. The Dutch boy who stopped a leak in the dike with his thumb had only one hole to plug. Starting off with a score of leaks, poor sweating Leon soon had hundreds. Wage boosts, backed by strikes and threats to strike, led to instant demand for higher farm prices, and these increases were followed no less quickly by clamor for new wage hikes.

Poisoned by fatigue, Leon now suffered an attack of Washingtonitis, a disease that manifests itself in a passion for size. The bigger the organization, the more efficient. Contemplating a force of 98,000 men, women and Phi Beta Kappas, his first request was for something like \$200,000,000, and loud were his protests when Congress cut it down to \$120,000,000. Existing divisions of the OPA doubled and trebled, and new divisions came into being overnight.

Descent of the Parasites

Busy with his leaks, Leon had no time to pick and choose. From every nook and cranny, rushed briefless lawyers, social planners, theorists, crystal-gazers and congenial unemployables, pushing and jamming until shoe horns had to be used to get them in. Headless and footless, the jitterbug crew cried, "Good hunting!" and plunged into an orgy of directives and questionnaires that left the country a shambles.

If Mr. Brown has not already done so, it will pay him to visit the OPA Chamber of Horrors maintained by Senator Byrd in the basement of the Senate Office Building. Report 1-1071 PL OF NOBUCOS-WP. One book of regulations with 300,000 words. One questionnaire on vitamins 11 inches wide and 18 inches long, and after being filled out, four feet wide and twenty feet long. And a new report of equal size to be returned whenever the manufacturer, in response to an order from WPB, changes from cartons to bottles or from tin caps to corks. How

many times do you expect to wear your rubber boots in the next year? A statement from one firm giving \$100,000 as the amount spent on questionnaires in twelve months.

In the late summer of 1942, when it was finally realized that an amended price-fixing bill must be asked of Congress, Leon was given a second chance to show independence and courage, and again he let himself be persuaded to play the role of "good soldier." Farm parity was reduced from 110 to 100, but wages, no less the cause of price leaps, were excluded as before, and no Henderson below was raised in protest.

With Leon punch-drunk by now, what had been forcefulness degenerated into bluster and acrimony. His wrangles with Ickes reached a point where he would not sit on the same board with Honest Harold. At his first meeting with Rubber Czar Jeffers, he pounded the table and told the big, jovial railroad president where to get off.

Coup de Grâce for Leon

Crowning achievement of all, Leon even irritated amiable Claude Wickard by persistent attempts to evade the provision of the law that all price controls over farm products must be approved by the Secretary of Agriculture. Senators and representatives, complaining piteously about appointments in their states, were bawled out as "patronage hounds," and public protests against questionnaires were answered by accusations of slackerism.

When, therefore, the election returns convinced the alarmed politicians that a goat must be offered up, what more obvious selection than Leon Henderson, the Ready Rationer and Big Questionnaire Man? Of course, it was in his power to have pointed out that actually he was not to blame. He could have shown that the real fault lay in the cowardice that exempted wages and farm prices from control in the first instance, and impelled the politicians to continue purring against the legs of labor in the second instance.

And, too, he might have stressed the lack of an honest, courageous tax program for the absorption of surplus buying power, and the manner in which both agriculture and industry were drained of essential workers by draft boards under strict orders to meet their quotas. Also, the great triple transfer—Ickes to Manpower, McNutt to Labor and Madam Perkins to Federal Security—that held up organization of the Manpower Commission for weeks. Instead of that, Leon Henderson continued to be the "good soldier"; he even stuck his chin out for more punishment.

So much for the stout fellow who went down with the boat rather than rock it back to an even keel. What Washington now waits to find out is the exact goat content of Prentiss Brown. Will he have the courage to clean house, changing the Office of Price Administration from an overstuffed WPA project into a sensible, efficient working organization? Profiting by a study of the Henderson voyage, will he rear up on his hind legs and demand that a skewer be run right through the whole price structure, ending piecemeal stuff? Or will he, like poor Leon, fall for the "good soldier" line and meekly ready his back side for the boot that is bound to come?

THE END

Treasure Trail

Continued from page 60

before he found out. He almost home when he woke. What do you think? He has seven pistols in his pants. And he has seen those men since. From that day he has called himself Siete Pistolas. He has, like in the movies he saw that day, he found the paint. He is one brave man. All the people get under the knuckle to him. Everyone is scared of Siete Pistolas Pedro. The hotel, she is named for him."

"Seven Pistol Pete," George mused.

"Sure. My father, he is brave-looking too, with the seven pistols in his pants."

"I bet he is," George said. "How does he keep his pants up with all that weight in 'em?"

"He has the pistols tied to his shirt with pieces of string."

"That must be some job untying all of 'em every time he changes shirts."

"Why should he change the shirt? The one he has on is not worn out yet."

Henry had been looking about at the sandy waste with two or three other adobe houses scattered beside the trail.

"Can't we go in one of the other houses until your father wakes from his siesta?" he asked José.

"Everyone takes the siesta," José said.

"At the foot of the east wall of the hotel of my father we can find the shade so wide as the rump of the burro." He measured a foot of space with his hands.

"That should be enough."

He walked around to the east wall, and Henry and George followed him. He lay down in the narrow strip of shade with his back against the wall and wrapped his serape around his shoulders and covered his face with his sombrero. Henry and George sat down against the wall and tried to pull their feet up into the shadow. They sat there slapping at sand fleas and twisting and cursing until three o'clock when they heard stretches and grunts of awakening from inside the house. They rose and went to the front door and knocked and shouted and at last heard the sounds of the bar being lifted from the sockets.

The door swung slowly open and Siete

Pistolas stood before them yawning. His mustache, long and greasy, curled fiercely upward above his gaping mouth like the horns of a Texas steer above the open end of a nail keg. His pants sagged with the seven pistols. His sombrero was still tilted over his eyes but on seeing the two strangers in the door he closed his mouth with a snap, pushed his sombrero back, and glared at them.

"Gosh!" George said, staring at the pistols, thinking until now that José had made up the story about his father. Henry spoke quickly, eying the pistols too, "Siete Pistolas Pedro?"

"Who seeks Siete Pistolas Pedro?" Seven Pistol demanded.

José came around the corner of the house just then, stretching. Seeing his father glaring at Henry and George he called, without quickening his pace, "Father, these are two friends of mine that I have offered the hospitality of the Hotel Siete Pistolas."

SEVEN PISTOL relaxed his fierce stance, the thunder cleared from his brow. He bowed.

"Ah, señores. Welcome to the humble abode of Siete Pistolas Pedro. The friends of the son of Siete Pistolas are welcome at the Hotel Siete Pistolas. My house is yours."

Seven Pistol swept his sombrero to the floor. He moved aside, bowed again, and swept Henry and George inside and up to the bar. José came in the door behind them and moved, still stretching and yawning, around the end of the bar and set a stone jug before them. Seven Pistol swept his sombrero back on his head and removed the cornucopia stopper from the jug with a flourish. He extended the jug to Henry. Henry took it, sniffed the open neck, shuddered, then turned and braced his shoulders against the bar and closed his eyes tightly and drank. He passed the jug, sputtering and gasping, to George.

George drank and handed the jug to Seven Pistol. Seven Pistol wet his lips, sniffed the mouth of the jug and rolled

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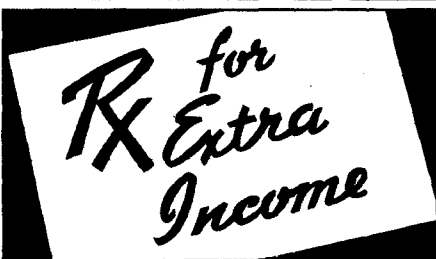
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his eyes upward, then raised the jug and drank slowly, and smacked his lips. Henry held to the edge of the bar and coughed, and George said, "Whush. Ain't that stuff hot?" José drank after his father.

They spent the rest of the afternoon drinking and by nightfall they were all pretty drunk. Seven Pistol roared toward a door in the back of the room for food and soon his wife came in with a platter of tortillas and beans and set it on the bar. She withdrew and the men closed in on the platter and scooped beans into their mouths with broken-off pieces of tortilla and washed it down with tequila. After a while they set the platter on the floor and sat down in a ring around it. This was more comfortable than standing, and too, their legs were beginning to get tired. Seven Pistol made José bring the jug so they wouldn't have to get up to get a drink.

About nine o'clock Henry said, "Siete Pistolas, we would like to stay at your hotel for a while."

"Certainly," Seven Pistol said. "You will remain as my guests until our grandchildren and our grandchildren's children are as numerous as the fleas in the sand."

"We only want to stay a few days," Henry said.

"What! Only a few days? You think then the hotel of Siete Pistolas is not good enough for you, what?" Seven Pistol roared out, pushing his sombrero off on the floor and trying to get to his feet. He got to his knees, then fell forward on his hands with one of them in the now empty platter. Several of his pistols had worked out of his belt and hung suspended from his shirt by the strings. They swung together with flat metallic clanks and Seven Pistol reached for one of them. With all his weight on the hand in the greasy platter it slipped, and Seven Pistol plunged forward on his face.

HENRY and George and José picked Seven Pistol up out of the platter and seated him in his former place and José wiped the grease off his face with a handful of sawdust. He got some of this in Seven Pistol's mouth and when Seven Pistol began spluttering and blowing the sawdust out, Henry handed him the jug. A good drink washed the sawdust down and restored Seven Pistol's humor. He passed the jug and they all drank.

A pencil had fallen out of Henry's pocket. Seven Pistol saw it and focused his eyes on it, and thought for a while and said to José, "Get the book. It is time for our guests to sign their names in the book. Bring the pen and ink."

José got to his feet and, staggering slightly, went around behind the bar. They heard him moving bottles and boxes about under the counter and he returned at last with the book and a pen and ink. The book was a leather-bound ledger with gold writing on the back. The pen had a rusty nib in it, and the ink bottle was dust-coated and half full. He placed these on the floor, with the ledger in the platter, and Seven Pistol said to Henry, "You will please to sign the name in the book of the hotel. Everyone signs the names in the book. Observe."

He opened the ledger, wet his thumb and tried to turn the first page. His thumb slipped, leaving a smear across the page and ripping it part way loose from the binding. He ripped it all the way loose and threw it aside. The page now showing had several wavy marks across it, and some blots. Seven Pistol slapped it lightly with the flat of his hand. "Observe," he said again. "Everyone signs the names in the book. We keep the record."

Henry had the pen in his hand and now he dipped it in the bottle of ink that José held open. Then he bent over the ledger.

"What is that on the page?" he said, looking at the marks and blots.

"That is where the other guests have signed the names in the book. Cannot you read the English?"

"That's not English. That's not anything but some crooked lines and a couple of big blots. Whoever did that must have been drunk."

"What? You think that the guests of the Hotel Siete Pistolas cannot write the English? You think that drunkenness is allowed in the hotel of Siete Pistolas Pedro?"

Seven Pistol tried to get to his feet again but this time he only managed to raise himself a few inches from the floor, then his hands gave out and he dropped back with a soft thud. His loose pistols clanked, and he fumbled at them with his hands, pulling one of them loose when the string ripped out of his shirt. The pistol fell to the floor and when he felt for it with his hand, he covered it with sawdust. He turned to look for it and fell over on his face.

This time Henry brushed his face off when José righted him. George staggered over with the jug and kicked the ink over where José had set it on the floor, and stepped in it. Then he stepped on the open page of the ledger and after Seven Pistol's mouth was washed free of the sawdust this time and they all had a drink around, José happened to look down at the outline of the foot on the page. There were flecks of ink-soaked sawdust stuck to it, and the cracks in the soles of George's boot made trails across the outline.

"Look," José said, pointing. "We have another treasure map."

They all looked, and George said, "It's a plainer one than the one we already have."

Seven Pistol leaned forward. "What is this about the map of the treasure?" he asked.

"Gimme that map, George," Henry said.

George felt around in his pockets, found the map, and handed it to Henry. He opened it and they seated themselves around the platter again and compared the map with the footprint in the ledger.

"The marks are about gone from that one," José said, pointing a finger to the map in Henry's hand. "The one in the

book though, she is good and plain. Where did you get that one, Father?" "I am undecided, get the other one?" "Where did you win it in a game of poker?" "George won it in a game of poker the few days. We are afraid herker might try to win it back with those knife in the darkness. We left in the night. Until those we won it from are sure they have lost it."

"You did right, José," Seven Pistol said. "Siete Pistolas will see that no one wins the map of the treasure from you with the knife." He patted himself about the waist and the guns clanked. "Siete Pistolas will go with you to the treasure to protect you from those who do not yet know they have lost. No one would dare take the map of the treasure from the hand of Siete Pistolas."

HE REACHED over and took the map from Henry's hand. He did not straighten up. His head dipped lower and lower. He began to sag to one side and Henry reached across the ledger and gave him a shove backward. Seven Pistol toppled over without waking and lay in the sawdust on his back, snoring. The map slid from his hand to the floor and lay in spilt tequila and ink and damp sawdust beside him.

"I believe I'll turn in too," George said.

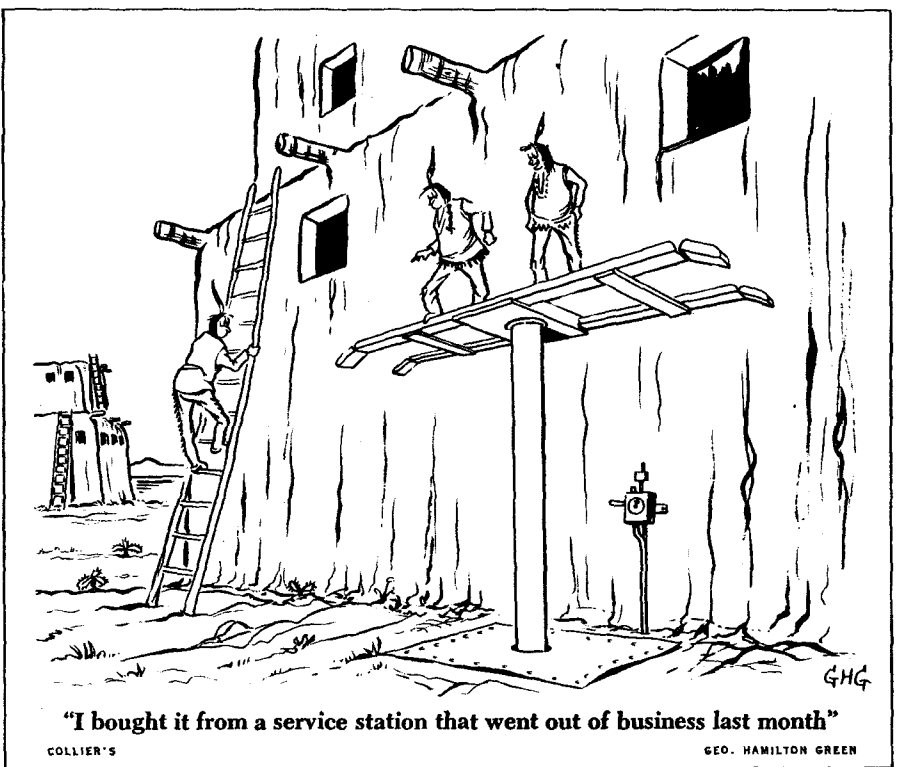
"The sawdust, she is thicker in the corner where my father takes the siesta," José said.

George looked over at the corner. "It ain't thick enough to be worth going that far just to sleep in," he said as he lay back on the floor and closed his eyes.

Henry got up and went over to the thick sawdust in the corner and lay down. José set the jug on the bar, blew out the one light, and went through the back door into the lean-to behind the room.

They woke about nine o'clock the next morning when José came in with another platter of tortillas and beans. They got up and George and Seven Pistol both went to the jug on the counter, but Henry shuddered and turned his back.

After breakfast Seven Pistol kicked his toe against the pistol he had lost in the sawdust. When he saw what it was, he remembered he had lost it. He got a splinter from the bar and punched new



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holes in his shirt and tied the pistol to him again.

They were ready to leave for the treasure hunt now and José went out and brought a burro around to the front. He had already packed it when Seven Pistol made him take the pack off so he could put in two jugs of tequila. That made the pack too heavy so they left out a sack of flour and one canteen of water.

"It is bad to be lost in the mountains and be thirsty," Seven Pistol said, "but it must be horrible to be lost in the desert and be thirsty and not have the drink to quench the thirst."

"We won't get lost with this map to follow," Henry said.

"Where is this map?" Seven Pistol asked.

"George has got it. It's his map."

"George," Seven Pistol said, "where is this map?"

"You had it last night," George said. "You said you would protect it for us."

"What! You tell Siete Pistolas he has the map? Phwaw. What do you think Siete Pistolas is? A thief in his own hotel?"

"Here," Henry said, reaching last night's jug from the counter and thrusting it at Seven Pistol. "Drink this and see if you can remember what you did with it last night."

Seven Pistol took the jug and tilted it to his lips. He drank, lowered the jug and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and absent-mindedly passed it to George. George drank and handed the jug to Henry. Just as Henry was about to tilt the jug to his lips, Seven Pistol grabbed it from him.

"Quick," he said. "I almost have the idea. One drink and I think I have it." He drank and let the jug down at arm's length by his side as he stared at the floor with a frown of concentration on his face. "One more," he said after a moment. "I get it this time." He tilted the jug but it was dry. "Quick," he said to José, dropping the empty jug to the floor. "Get one of the jugs from the burro before I lose the thought." He stood with his eyes shut and one hand over them, the other hand outstretched. José had to take the pack off to get the jug of tequila, and as soon as the burro felt itself relieved of the weight of the pack, it wandered off.

When he came back in with the jug, Seven Pistol took several drinks, then George took the jug from his hand and drank and passed it around. When noon came they had both jugs with them, one

on the floor by Seven Pistol, who could think easier when he didn't have to stand, and the other on the counter in front of George and Henry and José.

At last Seven Pistol looked up at José. "Go out and see how close the shadow is to the wall," he said.

José went out the front door and soon returned. "She is about like the burro across the rump," he said.

"Close the door and drop the bar in the sockets," Seven Pistol said as he got up from the floor and, taking the jug with him, staggered over to the corner where the sawdust was thickest.

"What the devil?" Henry said.

"It is the siesta," José said. "We rest, then we think about finding the map some more. My father, he thinks better when he is rested."

José went through the door at the back of the room, and Henry and George looked at Seven Pistol in the corner, his serape wrapped around his shoulders, his sombrero over his face, and the pistols tied to his shirt lying about him in the sawdust. They sat down on the floor with their backs against the counter and their jug between them.

PROMPTLY at three o'clock Seven Pistol awoke. He yawned, sat up, and took a drink from his jug. He rose, and with the jug hooked onto one finger, crossed to the door.

"I have the fresh mind now," he said as he lifted the bar down. "With a few of the drinks, I will have the idea surely."

He set the bar to one side and swung the door open. Standing in the door were the two men George had won the map from. Seven Pistol looked at them in surprise, then bristled as he swept his hand across his mustache and then patted the guns dangling about his waist.

"Who is this that confronts Siete Pistolas?" he said.

"We wish to come into the hotel, Señor Siete Pistolas," one of the men said. "We follow the gringo whom we have tracked here. We did not disturb the siesta. Now the siesta is over. We have come for the gringo."

"Say—it's the ones we won the map from," said George, rising.

"So it is," said Henry, coming to his feet beside him. "Let 'em in, Seven Pistol. Let's see if they can take us."

"I wish they would find the map," George said. "It's more than we can do."

"What?" said one of the newcomers. "You have lost the map?"

Siete Pistolas swelled his cheeks out

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until the ends of his mustache jumped up and down. "What do you mean, lost?" he bellowed. "You insult the house of Siete Pistolas when you think one of his guests have lost something." Seven Pistol's face flushed darkly as he raised both hands, one with the jug still hooked to the finger, and waved them in the faces of the newcomers. The newcomers' eyes followed the waving jug and they swallowed thirstily.

"The journey here has been long and hot, Siete Pistolas," one of them said. "The mouth gets dry like the desert sand, and the spit is like the cotton."

"Give 'em a drink, Seven Pistol," Henry said. "You don't aim to turn a thirsty stranger away from the house of Seven Pistol with his thirst unquenched, do you? Anyhow, they can't take the map if we haven't got it, can they?"

"That is so," Seven Pistol said, his cheeks deflating and his face returning to normal color. "Come in," he said to the two men, bowing and motioning to the inside of the house. "Welcome to the house of Siete Pistolas. What is his yours."

The two men came in with a wary eye on George and Henry and sidled up to the bar. Seven Pistol set his jug on the counter before them and they drank thirstily. Seven Pistol roared toward the back door and soon José came bringing the platter with more tortillas and beans.

BY THE time the food was eaten the jug was about half empty and everyone was on friendly terms. One of the newcomers turned to Henry and said, "Where do you think this map disappeared to?"

"Durned if I know," Henry said. "Seven Pistol had it last."

"So!" said the newcomer, whirling on Seven Pistol. "You have made the map to disappear, hah?"

"Who dares to say Siete Pistolas has made anything to disappear? You insult the house of Siete Pistolas."

"This for the house of Siete Pistolas," the newcomer said, crossing his fingers and drawing them across his throat as he made a spewing noise with the side of his mouth.

Seven Pistol swelled. Foam appeared on his lips. Sputtering words tumbled through the foam in an incoherent jumble. He clawed at the pistols dangling from his shirt, and the newcomer whipped a knife from his sleeve and let fly with it. The blade nicked Siete Pistolas' throat on the side, and in surprise he stumbled backward and went down, hitting his head on the corner of the bar as he fell and knocking himself out. They all stared openmouthed as he failed to rise from the floor, then crowded around and looked down at the blood oozing from the side of his neck.

"My father, he is dead," José pronounced finally.

"That is very sad," the stranger who had thrown the knife said. Then, "Let us then offer felicitations to the new head of the House of Siete Pistolas." He took his sombrero off and bowed to José, and the other stranger followed suit, and Henry and George took their hats off too.

They picked the unconscious Pedro up and laid him on the bar and placed candles at his head and feet, then drank to his departure and to a long and prosperous future for José. Seven Pistol's wife came in and sat in the corner where the sawdust was thickest and threw her apron over her head and wailed. George placed the platter on the floor, since the bar was now crowded, and the men all sat around it with the two jugs in easy reach. In deference to José, as the new head of the house, the others waited until he had scooped beans into his mouth on a piece of tortilla and washed it down

with tequila before they began to eat. Seven Pistol's wife watched the platter from under the edge of her apron so that she could refill it each time it became empty.

The men did not have much to say at first, but when the platter was empty, José said, "My father was a brave man."

The stranger who had cut Seven Pistol's throat said, "He was a good man. He was a friend to everyone."

"I'll miss old Seven Pistol," Henry said.

"The place won't seem the same without him," George said.

"I wish now we had not killed him," the second stranger said. "Now, we will never find the treasure."

Seven Pistol's wife saw the platter was empty and dropped her apron from her face and came across the room and got it. She took it into the lean-to and refilled it and brought it back, then she went back to her corner and put her apron over her head and began wailing again.

After they had eaten some from the platter and drunk some from the jug, George said, "I reckon it's about time to sign the book again, ain't it?"

"What book is this?"

"The hotel register where Seven Pistol keeps the record of who comes here. Where is it, José?"

"The book, it must be on the floor somewhere where we put it away last night."

They looked about for the ledger and Henry found the map.

"What do you know about that?" he said as he held it out for them to see. "Here's the map."

One of the strangers took the map from his hand and his companion peered over his shoulder at it.

"This is no map," the first stranger said. "It is all of a color. There is nothing on it but some—some—" He raised it to his nose and sniffed. "Something very damp and strange. The paper has swelled. It comes to pieces in my hand."

"Seven Pistol must have dropped it when he went to sleep last night and it's been lying in tequila and ink ever since. No wonder they ain't no marks left on it."

"That Siete Pistolas. I wish his throat was not cut, so that I could cut it again," the first stranger said.

"No one could cut the throat of my father two times," José said, glaring at the stranger and trying to get to his feet. "He was a brave man. He was Siete

Pistolas Pedro. He killed seven men one night . . . he thought. "Here. Drink up," he said, pushing the jugs around.

They all drank, ate some more, then drank again. The one who had cut Seven Pistol's throat said, "Siete Pistolas was a brave man. It is too bad he is the way of things."

At this last mention of his name Siete Pistolas came to. He sat up on the bar and swung his legs off the edge and said, "Who is this that calls the name Siete Pistolas?"

THE men on the floor whirled toward the voice and the one who had killed Seven Pistol said, "Madre de Dios! He has risen from the dead." He scrambled madly to his feet and, followed by his companion, fled out into the night.

Siete Pistolas slid from the bar and winced as the jar of his movement carried to the lump on his head. Rubbing his head with one hand he clanked over to the jug of tequila and raised it and drank. George and Henry and José stared up at him as he lowered the jug and smacked his lips and said, "Hah! Even to see Siete Pistolas is to make men fear, to make them run. You see how those under Siete Pistolas' protection are safe from those who would harm them?"

"My father," José said as Seven Pistol took his seat on the floor and scooped a mouthful of beans from the platter. "He is a brave man. You see?"

Siete Pistolas' wife stopped wailing and dropped her apron from her face and went to the kitchen to prepare more beans.

"Your father didn't do much of a job of protecting that map," Henry reminded José.

"What is that of the map?" Seven Pistol said.

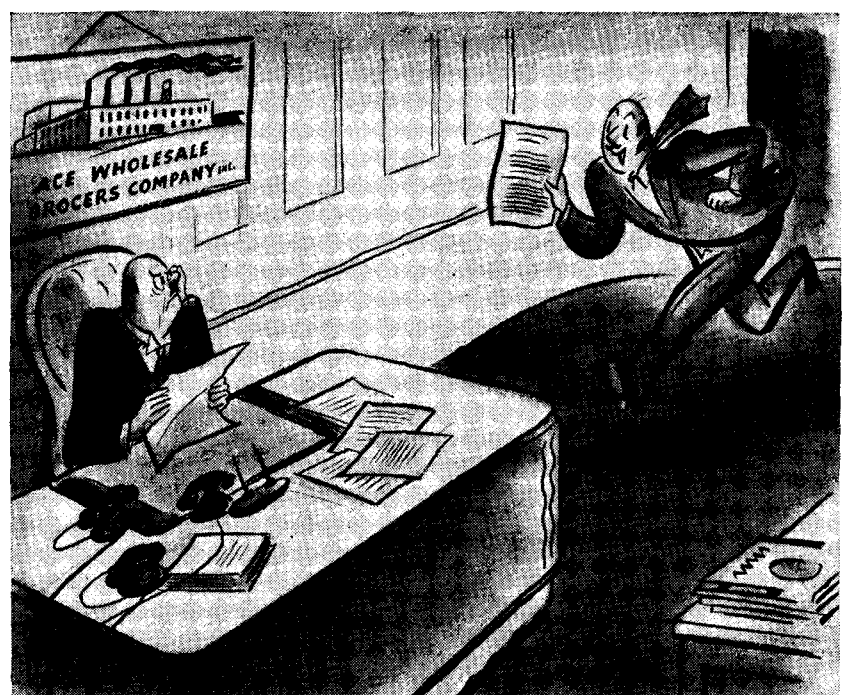
"Here's the map you were going to look after for us," Henry said, scooping the sodden pieces from the floor and handing them to Seven Pistol.

Seven Pistol took them, stared at them a moment then let them fall from his hands to the sawdust, and brushed his hands.

"Ah well," he said as he reached for the jug. "This treasure. What if we do not find it? We did not lose it in the first place."

He drank and passed the jug around.

THE END

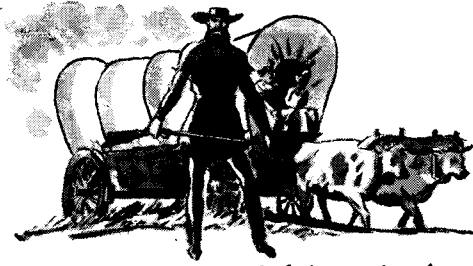


"After five years, I've finally landed the Aphorp Stores account! They just ordered 100,000 cans of corned beef, 65,000 cans of sardines, and 745,653 cans of assorted soups!"

COLLIER'S

JACK MARKOW

The Winning of the West

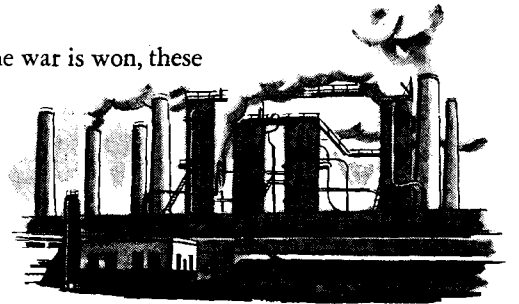


Sons and grandsons of the men who won the West are helping win the war today. Wherever Freedom's battle is being fought, its champions place their trust in the production of Western industry.

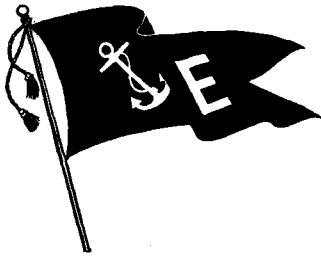
Standard of California is proud of the Army-Navy "E" Award to the employees of its Richmond Refinery, and prouder still to join the ranks of its distinguished Western neighbors and friends who also have received this high award. That you may know how the West

is doing its part in the national war effort, we publish here the list of "E" Award winners in the ten Western states.

And we promise you that, when the war is won, these and other Western industries will contribute their resources, strength and skill to the winning of the peace. The promise of the West, America's land of opportunity, shall be fulfilled.



These are the "E" Award winners in the ten Western states:



MANUFACTURING

Electric Steel Foundry Co.
Portland, Oregon
General Metals Corporation
Oakland, California
Grove Regulator Company
Oakland, California
Willamette Iron and Steel Corp.
Portland, Oregon

SHIPBUILDING

Albina Engine & Machine Works
& Shipyards
Portland, Oregon
Basalt Rock Company, Inc.
Napa, California
Bellingham Marine Railway
& Boatbuilding Co.
Bellingham, Washington
Fulton Shipyard
Antioch, California
Mare Island Navy Yard
Mare Island, California
Oregon Shipbuilding Corporation
St. Johns, Oregon
Puget Sound Navy Yard
Bremerton, Washington

OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

Naval Ammunition Depot
Mare Island, California
Naval Ammunition Depot
Puget Sound, Washington



AVIATION

Aerco Corporation
Hollydale, California
Boeing Aircraft Company
Seattle, Washington
Consolidated Aircraft Corp.
San Diego, California
North American Aviation, Inc.
Inglewood, California
Solar Aircraft Company
San Diego, California
Vega Aircraft Corporation
Burbank, California
Vultee Aircraft, Inc.
Vultee Field, California

CONSTRUCTION

Guy F. Atkinson Co.-George Pollock Co.
Long Beach, California
The Austin Company
Seattle, Washington
Barrett & Hilp
Mare Island, California
Ben C. Gerwick, Inc.
San Francisco, California
Macco Construction Company
Clearwater, California

MANUFACTURING

W. R. Ames Company
San Francisco, California
Automatic Screw Machine Company
Los Angeles, California
Axelson Manufacturing Company
Los Angeles, California
Bakewell Manufacturing Company
Los Angeles, California

Byron Jackson Co.
Los Angeles, California
Chemurgic Corporation
Turlock, California
Clayton Manufacturing Company
Alhambra, California
Columbia Steel Company
Pittsburg, California
Consolidated Steel Corporation, Ltd.
(Naval Ordnance Division)
Los Angeles, California
Eitel-McCullough, Inc.
San Bruno, California
General Electric Company
Ontario Works
Ontario, California
Gilfillan Brothers, Inc.
Los Angeles, California
Hall-Scott Motor Car Company
Berkeley, California
Hubbard & Company
Emeryville, California
Isaacson Iron Works
Seattle, Washington
Joshua Hendy Iron Works, Plant No. 2
Sunnyvale, California
Lights, Inc.
Alhambra, California
Marchant Calculating Machine Company
Oakland, California
Markey Machinery Company, Inc.
Seattle, Washington
McDonald Manufacturing Company
Los Angeles, California
Norris Stamping & Manufacturing Co.
Vernon, California
Oregon Brass Company
Portland, Oregon
Poulsen & Nardon, Inc.
Los Angeles, California
Remler Company, Ltd.
San Francisco, California
Rheem Manufacturing Company
Richmond, California
Sacramento Engineering & Machine Works
Sacramento, California
Star Iron & Steel Company
Tacoma, Washington
Thermador Electrical Manufacturing Co.
Los Angeles, California

Vard, Inc.
Pasadena, California
Victor Equipment Company
San Francisco, California
Weber Showcase & Fixture Co., Inc.
Los Angeles, California
Webster-Brinkley Co.
Seattle, Washington
Western Gear Works
Seattle, Washington
Western Stove Co., Inc.
San Bernardino, California

PETROLEUM

Standard Oil Company of California,
Richmond Refinery
Richmond, California

SHIPBUILDING

Bethlehem Steel Company Shipbuilding
Division, San Pedro Yard
Terminal Island, California
Bethlehem Steel Company Shipbuilding
Division
San Francisco, California
Harbor Boat Building Company
Terminal Island, California
Hubbard's South Coast Co.
Newport Beach, California
Tacoma Boat Building Company
Tacoma, Washington

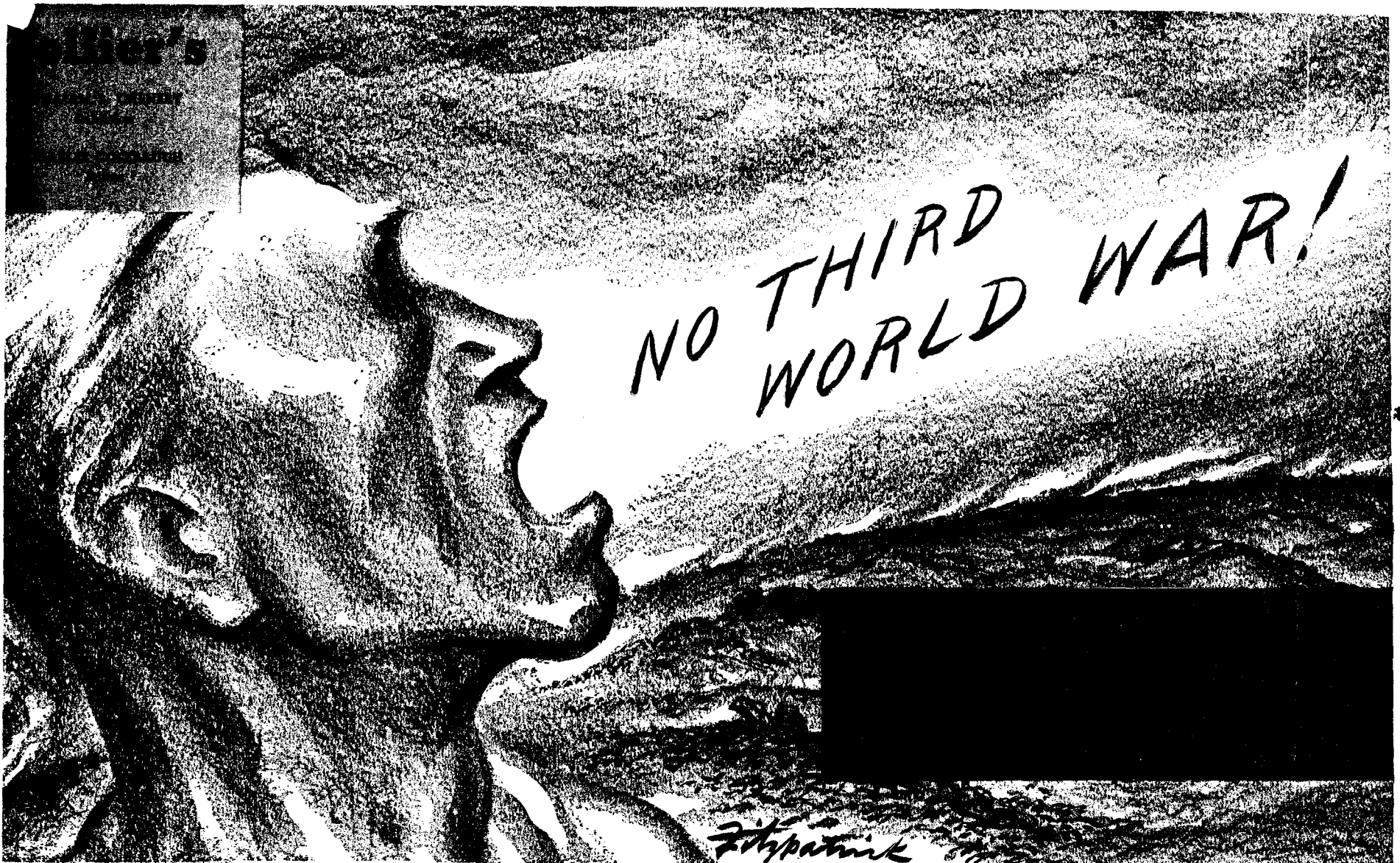
OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

Climax Molybdenum Company
Climax, Colorado
Naval Ammunition Depot
Hawthorne, Nevada
Portland Woolen Mills
Portland, Oregon
Red Cross Blood Donor Service
San Francisco, California



The names in this list were obtained from Public Relations Offices of the Navy and every effort has been made to make it complete.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA



THE President rang in 1943 by asking Congress for 100 billion dollars to spend on war during the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1943. As the request is argued in the press, and as Congressional committees behind closed doors give the gimlet eye to the proposed expenditures, we take it that Americans are gradually realizing just what modern war costs.

Not that anybody can visualize a billion units of anything, let alone 100 billions. Various illustrations, though, can be cited.

For one, this amount which the President proposes to spend in one year for war is one third of the United States' estimated total gross value, as real estate plus its numerous improvements, of 300 billions.

For another illustration, the entire national income of the United States for the year in question is expected to come to 145 billions. Of this amount, it is suggested that we toss 100 billions, or 68.96 per cent of 145 billions, into the war—into the destruction of human life, the smashing of cities, the extermination of real wealth.

This program would be colossal enough if only the United States were involved in it. But in addition to our 100 billions for war, other warring nations are expected, during that same year beginning next July 1st, to spend for war as follows: Germany, 35 billions; Great Britain, 21; Russia, 15; Italy, 8; Japan, 7; Canada, 3. Total: 189 billions.

We shan't pay all of our 100 billions in cash. Much of it will be borrowed. If the President gets from Congress all the additional taxes he wants (which is doubtful), this budget nevertheless anticipates a national debt of 210 billions by July 1, 1944. Should the national debt eventually reach 300 billions, as it may, then the United States will be comparable to a house mortgaged for 100 per cent of its value, if you can imagine such a thing. A banker can't.

That all this will mean staggering taxes, we are all aware. And if we don't tax ourselves heavily,

we shall run into an inflation that will prove more ruinous than the prospective taxation.

When it is all over, and we have won the war—as now seems assured, though it will probably take quite a while—what shall we have to show for our money that will have vanished?

We'll have casualty totals probably exceeding those on both sides in the Civil War, our bloodiest war prior to this one. We'll have a ruined, wrecked, starving and bankrupt Europe calling on us for help of all kinds. Large parts of the rest of the world will be in like straits. Americans themselves can expect to be eating more sparingly than now, to be wearing clothes of lower quality, to be colder in winter.

We shall still, however, have our independence as a nation; and that is worth any price. Our enemies will take that away from us if they win, and will turn us all into slaves. It is worth any effort, any price, to prevent that.

How Much is the Future Worth?

Congress should scrutinize every item of the Administration's proposed war expenditures, and should mercilessly cut out every threat of waste. But Congress also should vote every dime that will be needed to carry us successfully through the budget year.

This question, though, keeps clanging in our minds: How many more of these holocausts can the world stand? This one is vastly worse than the first World War. What will the third one be, if there is a third one? What will it cost in blood, heartbreak and money?

It looks to us as if the civilized world's main job, for the rest of this war and the years just after it, is to strive to work out some way of insuring mankind against future world wars.

We are not trying to talk like idealists or dreamers. It makes more sense, we believe, and it certainly appeals to American common sense, to put the discussion on a cold-fact basis. The es-

sential cold fact in this case is that modern war costs too much; too ruinously much.

If another world war can be averted, we can't see that it matters how the result is accomplished. If an improved and implemented League of Nations will do it, let's have the improved and implemented league. If a United States armed to the teeth will do it, let's stay armed to the teeth for an indefinite period after this war. Let's have anything that holds out a fair hope of sidetracking another of these horrors 20 or 30 years hence.

We don't agree with those who see no hope; do not think, with some super-pessimists, that the race of man is fated to wreck itself and resign the running of the world to the rats, the foxes, the tigers or the insects.

There is at least this ground for hope: The present world debacle, by its very magnitude and the immensity of the ruin it will leave behind it, may make the postwar world climate more favorable to some workable plan for insuring peace.

That adjustment of the world's mental and spiritual climate was not accomplished by World War I. The first World War's devastation was not great enough to bring about such a result even in Europe. To many people, especially in the Allied countries, that war was more a grand and intoxicating adventure than it was a tragedy.

The present war may blow such delusions out of most minds on blasts of sulphur smoke blended with minute drops of blood. If most of us are not ripe after this war for any proposal that seems to carry a fair promise of lasting peace, then the human race would seem to deserve to be killed off by its own folly.

Let us, then, keep our minds and ears open to all the plans for organizing the peace that are now in circulation and that will be offered in future. One of these, or a combination of several of them, may contain the answer.

If we don't find the answer—well, paint your own picture of the ultimate consequences. You can hardly paint the picture too dark.