

Orders from HOLLYWOOD

BY ISABELLA TAVES

Hollywood said he was a star. His wife said he was a diamond-studded wolf. To Barbara he was a romantic pain

WHENEVER I wake up after a long night of shepherding visiting movie stars through the hazards of New York night life, the conviction explodes in me: None of these things need have happened if Aunt Louise had left us some of her money, or if Mother hadn't spent all hers educating me on two continents. I was reared to appreciate mink coats and eat bonbons from silver compotes. Work is very foreign to my nature; so are imitation star sapphires and bunny jackets dyed to look like sable.

This morning was no exception. The sun shone vigorously on my pillow, the air was unpleasantly brisk. My seventy-five-cents-an-hour Emma was piloting the vacuum cleaner noisily in the living room. My dog, Tiger, was sitting with one urgent, monster-sized paw on my arm.

I felt awful. Tiger felt fine. He wanted to go to the Park and chase squirrels. With dark wisdom born of ten years of being a spoiled dog, he put his wet black nose directly in my face and sneezed. I got out of the wrong side of the bed.

The bathroom was poor refuge. One glance at the tumbled face in the mirror convinced me that I am not the sort of gal who should ever, even in her sleep, go without lipstick. While I put it on and started a bath, Tiger scratched imperiously at the door, and Emma yelled that the telephone was ringing. I told Tiger to stop and Emma to answer the phone, hoping for a little co-operation. During the brief period when I wrote a society column on The Dispatch, Sam Warner was my city editor, and I figured it was he

on the telephone. He takes particular joy in waking me early the morning after I have broken a date with him.

It wasn't, to Emma's obvious disappointment. Her one great passion is Sam Warner. "Some lady from your office," she reported indifferently. "I told her you was busy."

I leaped out of the tub and ran wet and naked to the telephone to call back. The office, insensitive as it is, faces a major catastrophe when it calls an employee before noon. Mornings around the office are dedicated strictly to secretaries and office boys; everybody else observes Broadway hours, which means if you drop by your desk ten minutes before your lunch date, you are doing fine. And I deserved special consideration because the night before I had tucked under my arm a little ninety-eight-pound bomb, Marion "Screwball" Manners.

The last holiday Marion had spent in New York, she had started a conga-line stampede in Times Square, torn three microphones out by their roots at a War Bond rally and knocked a fellow actress down during a re-

fined argument in the girls' room at Mario's. This time, I had kept her effervescence at a low, rolling boil. By pulling all personal stops, I had persuaded two male magazine editors and a columnist (also male, of course) to accompany Miss Manners on a tour of night life.

One of the editors turned out to have ulcers and faded early. The columnist refused to dance, and piqued Miss Manners deliberately by making passes at me. But the remaining editor, in a soda-spangled Scotch glow, rumbaed and sambaed Marion through a labyrinth of night clubs, ecstatically promising to put her on the cover. Just how the editor would feel about Miss Manners this morning was a problem I did not feel strong enough to tackle.

While I waited for my secretary, Marylin, to be yanked out of the ladies' room, I dripped scented bath water on the pearl-gray carpet. Marylin can just barely operate a typewriter but, like most movie people, she

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As I started to get back into bed I was still trembling, and Tiger looked at me questioningly. I talked to him. I had to talk to someone





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plays an excellent hand of politics. She has her liquid black eyes fixed fiercely on my job, and she is always particularly delightful to me when I am in the doghouse. Today her voice oozed honey.

"Miss Willis, it's Mr. Hamilton. He's pacing around the department screaming for you. I didn't want to disturb you, but he insisted."

Yesterday I would have bet plenty that nothing less than the bombing of New York could have got Phil Hamilton—our publicity chief—out of bed before noon. Something hot must be popping. I told Marilyn I'd be right down, found my terry-cloth bathrobe and stumbled into the living room.

Emma, vacuum in hand, was eyeing the carpet.

"Emma," I said wearily, "I have to get down to the office right away. Skip housework, but give the dog a good walk. I don't know when I can get home."

"Miss Willis, I wasn't hired to be nursemaid to no dog."

Tiger and Emma are not chums. I think she resents the fact that I buy the same hamburger for her lunch as I do for his, even though I eat it myself. Tiger senses this lack of appreciation and never overlooks an opportunity to walk quietly up behind her and growl under his breath.

"This is an emergency, Emma. And if Mr. Warner calls . . ."

"Yes?" She brightened. I'm sure that she sits up evenings planning my marriage to Sam. As a matter of fact, I've spent a few bad nights myself, toying with the same idea.

"It doesn't matter. I'll call him now."

Sam was in one of his devious moods. He was unable to make up his mind about anything. I told him I was willing, if he wanted to take me to dinner. He couldn't remember whether or not he had a date. I asked him how he felt. He wasn't sure whether or not he had a hang-over.

"If it was that kind of an evening, you might just as well have come with us."

"Darling, when you wrote society and were young and innocent, I used to trot along with you to coming-out parties for protection. I even went to one opera opening. Now you're old and tired like Tiger. You can take care of yourself."

I bristled. "You are in a particularly vile humor this morning."

"On the contrary, I feel fine. Last night I felt vile. Some day you are going to break your last date with me. Maybe it was last night."

"Sam," I wailed, "you don't understand. I had to do it. It was my job."

"I don't like your job, either. You've become a combination nurse and Elsa Maxwell to visiting movie stars. You're living in a phony, overheated, pink bathtub. One of these days someone is going to pull the plug."

"Please, Sam, take me to dinner tonight."

"I'll see. There are plenty of girls who will make dates with me and keep them. Call me this afternoon."

I hung up with that meager satisfaction. And I did feel old and tired.

EVEN though I tried all the customary female tricks, including a dusting of rouge over the dark circles under my eyes and a starched white blouse hung with girlish ruffles, I still felt and looked fairly used when I reached the office. Phil was waiting for me.

Phil weighs upward of two hundred pounds, never raises his voice and is known as one of the nicest press agents in the movies. He never tries to promote a lousy picture or to lie to an editor; he leaves those dirty jobs to underlings like me.

"How was Miss Manners?" he asked, manipulating me into his office.

"Okay, but I didn't get in until late. Are we starting to work a twenty-four-hour shift? I feel terrible."

"Now, Barbara, you certainly don't look it. But you have been working hard. You deserve a rest. I'll have someone else take over Manners from here in. You can have the rest of the week off. But first . . ."

I sat down carefully. Phil is no Simon Legree, but I've never known him to worry about my beauty sleep before.

"Jimmy Royal and his wife got back yes-

terday afternoon from their USO tour abroad," he said. "And the brass hats on the Coast decided to start him in a new picture next Monday. That means he has to leave tomorrow afternoon. I got a drawing room through. I want you to see that he gets into it. He likes you."

"I like Jimmy, too," I said. "It isn't his fault that he is the most beautiful thing in pants. But I can't stand his wife, and she knows it."

Like a lot of other beautiful animals, Jimmy is sweet but not too smart. He was making a quiet living running a grocery store when the depression hit. Then he got a job as a singing waiter in a Hoboken beer parlor and was discovered by the movies. As soon as he moved out to Beverly Hills, he was joined by a flock of relatives with their hands out. He even got himself married to Janice, a shrew if I ever saw one. She has a psychopathic jealousy of every woman who looks at Jimmy. And plenty do.

Phil looked at me sharply. "Janice won't be there."

THE knot in my stomach told me that this was no routine celebrity hand-holding; it was one of those jobs Hamilton couldn't—or wouldn't—handle. I waited.

"Barbara," Phil went on, "what did you hear about Janice on the USO tour?"

"That she threw a fit every time he signed a Wac's autograph, and made a terrible mess over some poor little gal dancer who toured with them in Italy."

Phil nodded. "They battled all over Europe. When they hit New York, Jimmy cracked. He gave her hell last night, then tore out of the hotel and over to the Jersey joint where he used to work. All he did was drink beer with the boys, but when he got home, he found that Janice had taken it on the lam. Jimmy got me out of bed and over to his hotel at five this morning."

It was my turn to look at Phil. His eyes were bloodshot and he needed a shave. I felt better immediately, even pert.

"Now, Phil, you certainly don't look it," I mimicked. "But it never shows on you. Now, if you were like me—"

Phil groaned. "Barbara, co-operate! We make pictures to make money, and Jim is our top money-making star. He apparently likes his wife. Anyway, he married her. Anyway, he declares he won't leave town unless she goes with him. The gentlemen on the Coast who pay our salaries want him there Monday. Our job is to get him on the train."

Everything was very clear indeed.

"What do you suggest?" I asked sweetly. "We might knock him unconscious, of course. Or what would you think of doping him and shipping him out in a coffin? I read a mystery story once . . ."

"Barbara," Phil begged. "This isn't funny. I have orders from Hollywood. All you have to do is go over to his hotel and persuade him to get on that train."

"Women's wiles, you mean? Look, Phil, I'm not that good. Jimmy has been wiled by professionals."

Phil got up from his big desk and lumbered over to where I sat. In an office the size of his, it was quite a hike. "Listen, honey, I know this is tough. But I picked you not on account of your eyelashes, but because you're the smartest kid in the office. And look, if you pull it off, there's a thousand-dollar bonus in it for you."

"They tell me the WLB doesn't allow bonuses."

I was not acting the eager little employee, and I didn't feel eager. I haven't exactly grown gray as a movie press agent, but I've been around long enough to recognize high explosive when I see it. If Jimmy Royal were not delivered to the Coast on schedule, it meant somebody's head. I suspected that Phil thought mine, in its new spring hat, would look very nice on the chopping block.

"Barbara, get Jim Royal on that train and the bonus is yours, even if it has to come out of my own pocket."

I considered a minute. I thought of the pile of bills wadded up and stuck out of sight in the secret drawer of Aunt Louise's Governor Winthrop desk. Despite my salary, which is faintly outrageous for a female only four years out of college, I never seem to

make ends meet. For a thousand dollars, I would do cartwheels in any department-store window with Boris Karloff.

"I'll go over and talk to Jim," I promised. But my spirits flagged the minute I walked into Jimmy's hotel suite. Empty beer bottles littered the floor. Beer was packed in ice and chilling in the black bathtubs. Every man in the room was smoking a cigar. Two radios blatted—one with a soap opera, one with some kind of hot music—and the telephone rang constantly.

Jimmy was on his knees, shooting craps with a baby-faced Air Forces colonel, two radio press agents and a reporter, but most of the guests looked like old friends from Hoboken. Usually on such occasions, Jimmy's wife buzzed around, opening windows and emptying ash trays, making these characters so miserable that they never hung around for long. Today, coats off, feet on the furniture, they showed all signs of staying indefinitely.

Jimmy saw me come in, disentangled himself from the game and put a bottle of beer in my hand. Politely repressing a shudder, I set it on the table and told him that if he didn't mind, I would order a pot of black coffee from room service.

"Hamilton called and said you were coming over," he said. "I'm terribly worried about Janice. I hope you can help. I want to talk to you."

"Can't we find some quieter place?"

He assured me he had three deserted bedrooms and a butler's pantry. But he couldn't pull out of the game yet; he was winning. So I ordered scrambled eggs and a newspaper with my coffee and set up housekeeping in one corner of the foyer. I decided it would be the best place to think, but no amount of effort produced any inspiration.

I WAS ready to give up when Jim came over and steered me toward a bedroom. I was about to bring out an opening line, pathetic and faintly charming, when I saw a little man in a black overcoat sitting on one of the twin beds, crying.

"I forgot," Jim said quietly. "It's old Kelly. He used to tend bar in Hoboken. His wife has left him. He feels terrible."

Kelly was also a little drunk, but I didn't like to point that out to Jim. Instead I said, "Can't you explain to him that we'd like a private talk, and maybe he'd go in the other room for a while."

"He doesn't like crowds," Jim said. "It embarrasses him to cry in public. But—look,

Kelly, old boy, you wouldn't mind sitting in the bathroom a bit, would you? We have a personal matter to discuss."

We moved a chair into the bathroom and installed Mr. Kelly in it with a fresh bottle of beer. I was unnerved, and my speech to Jim showed it, but he was sweet, attentive—and stubborn. He sympathized with my problem, said he knew orders were orders, even offered to lend me money if I lost my job. But he wasn't leaving town without Janice.

"As a matter of fact," he explained, "I'm getting fed up with pictures. What do I get out of it? A lot of relatives to support, a lot of silly women hanging around to make Janice unhappy, and most of the dough goes to the government. I work harder and I'm not nearly so happy as when I ran a grocery store. For a long time, I've been thinking of quitting, buying a little shop over in Jersey and settling down. It would give Janice a chance to be herself. The poor kid leads a tough life, at that."

I was about to indicate that the poor kid would leave him if he quit movies, when the baby-faced colonel stuck his head in the door to tell Jim that the German machine gun he had coveted had arrived. Jim bolted for the living room.

MY HEAD ached, the thousand dollars was a burned-out pipe dream, and the thought of crawling back to the office with my tail between my legs made my stomach turn. Sam was right—movie press-agenting is no job for a human being. I closed the bedroom door and called him.

He was having a break between editions and was able to talk. I poured the whole story in his ear. Sam has red hair and yells like a bull if you pull a boner, or try to push him around. But when you are in trouble, he's a rock.

"You were a dope to take the assignment in the first place," he said. "It looks to me as if Hamilton were trying to pull his own clubs out of the fire. You'd better sneak back and throw yourself on his purple carpet and beg for mercy."

"No," I howled. "I've got a much better idea. Can you place an item in Pat Parker's column tomorrow?"

"Look, Barbara. I'm the city editor, not a press agent's pawn. I don't touch Parker unless I have something hot."

"Wait until you hear this," I promised. "I'll be right down."

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and tells more. Nobody in show business ventures out into the daylight without first reading his column. This time I was going to let him blow the top off Jim Royal and his little wife; and Phil Hamilton, too. I wouldn't have to worry about being fired; it would be an accomplished fact. . . .

The Dispatch city room is something the department of sanitation should look into. It has no wastebaskets. Everything that is discarded, from coffee cartons and copy paper, to newspapers and segments of sandwiches and pie, is thrown on the floor. By evening, the debris is almost a foot deep all over. Still, no matter how dirty and smelly, there is something about a newspaper office.

Although I had been gone from there almost a year, I still knew people. The gals in the women's department waved at me. A couple of rewrite men looked up and grinned. Mike, my old pal on the copy desk rim, actually got up and came over to shake hands.

"Barbara, I'm glad you came down. I'm going to stick my neck out and tell you something: Until you came along, we never saw Sam really interested in a girl. But you went and took that movie job, and now Sam's been skipping poker sessions lately and buying new ties. We think he has a new dame. But I still bet you could cut her out, Barbara, if you tried. He was awful nuts about you, a while back."

There is nothing more discouraging than to be told that your dream man was awful nuts about you, a while back. I thanked Mike grimly and wandered over to the big desk where Sam was making up the next edition. His coat was off and his sleeves were dirty. His hair stood up in fiery spikes all over his head. I hadn't seen him like that in a long time. It made me feel queer. I wanted to cry.

"Hello, madwoman," he grinned. "Sit down. I'll be with you in a few minutes. So you think you have a hot item?"

"Terrific," I assured him. Then I had an idea. I left my coat on Sam's desk and found a vacant typewriter. Oozing venom, I began to punch out a story.

This was my chance. I wrote two pages of crisp truths about Janice on the USO tour. I embellished it with details of some of the more lurid aspects of the Royals' home life. Even in my depression over Sam, it was fun. I didn't gild Jimmy too much, either. I got in all the stuff about his wanting to go back to running a grocery store, so that Janice could wear a kitchen apron and get the Wacs out of her hair. And I left no doubt that you could never wrap an apron or a house dress around that woman.

Sam was waiting for me before I had finished. I handed him the story. He read it with growing fascination. Then he put it down and looked at me. "What are you trying to do? Lose your job?"

"Yes," I said. Then the whole thing, the night without much sleep, the shambles at Jimmy's hotel, the news about Sam's new girl, closed in on me. I began to cry. "Would you—like me better if I did?" I blubbered.

Right in the city room, he put his arm around me. "You're a sweet girl. I—I'd almost forgotten. I'll take this up with Parker. By the way, the publisher's in town, and I can't have dinner with you tonight. But I'll call you tomorrow."

I WENT home, fed Tiger, fixed myself a solitary egg, then gave up and let Tiger finish it. I wondered if Sam would give me my old job back, so I could be sitting there at a typewriter when his new girl came in to call for him. I added my bills, and all the time my brave gesture seemed more and more pointless.

At twelve, I tried hot milk and turned out the light. Nothing happened, except mental movies of Sam and some gorgeous brunette dancing at a swanky night club. At one, I turned on the light and found a mystery story. At two-thirty, I took a bath and painted my toenails. At three, I decided to read myself to sleep with *The Education of Henry Adams*. Just as daylight squeezed through the windows, I fell asleep the way you do when you have been hit on the head with a heavy weight. And, after what seemed no more than two seconds, the telephone bell ran a stiletto through my scalp.

I groped for the instrument, knocking over a clock which was holding its hands sharply up to twelve. Nothing was credible, including Phil Hamilton's voice on the other end of the phone.

"Barbara, congratulations! I knew you'd pull it off!"

I had never known Phil Hamilton to be sarcastic. But I had it coming, and I didn't flame as brightly as I had yesterday.

"You mean the Pat Parker item?" I said tentatively. There was just a chance that Pat hadn't used it.

"Yes, ma'am. It was genius. Everything worked out just the way you figured it. Janice turned up this morning before Jim was awake, and we're putting them on the train this afternoon. How you ever thought of that angle, I wouldn't know. I guess what we need around here is more female intuition."

Everything was unclear. So I plunged. "How about the bonus?"

"I'm sending you a check for a thousand dollars by messenger this afternoon. Take the rest of the week off. Stay in bed and rest that busy brain."

THE minute he hung up, I shook my head expecting the busy brain to fall out. Then I dashed to the servidor for the Dispatch. My hands fumbled uncertainly through its pages. There, at the beginning of Pat's second paragraph, I read: "Studio executives are going to be in a tizzy when they discover that their prize money-maker, Jim Royal, is retiring from pictures to go back into grocery business. Reason given: He's tired of Hollywooditis, income-tax pressure, etc., etc., etc."

That was all. I read frantically through the column. No remarks about Janice, no USO tour quarrels, no scenes with Wacs.

I clutched the sink with one hand. Tiger came up and put a wet nose in the other one. "I'll take you out," I said, "but we have to call Sam first."

Sam was in beaming humor. "I expected to hear from you earlier, darling. You saw Parker's column, of course. He certainly cut your little story to ribbons. I suppose it was a space problem."

"Sam, you devil, you changed that story yourself. You were right, of course. You always are."

"Why should I fool around with your copy? I thought it was a swell yarn."

"Sure, a swell yarn and it would have got me fired. Now I'm the white-haired rabbit around the office."

"I don't understand." Sam pretended to be wrapped in mystification.

Exasperation mounted in me. "Oh, Sam, stop putting on an act. Phil Hamilton just called. Janice saw the item and went flying home to Papa; she wasn't going to take any chances of having Jim give up his five grand a week. They're leaving for the Coast this afternoon."

"I'll be darned. Then you get your bonus after all."

"Oh, darling, I don't deserve a cent of it. I'm the worst fool in New York."

Sam laughed. "You better take it all right. You know what improvident husbands newspapermen make."

It was my turn to gasp. "What do you mean?"

"We'll need it for our honeymoon, darling. I had dinner with the old man last night and he said we could use his hunting lodge in Virginia. But I know you. You'll want new clothes. . . ."

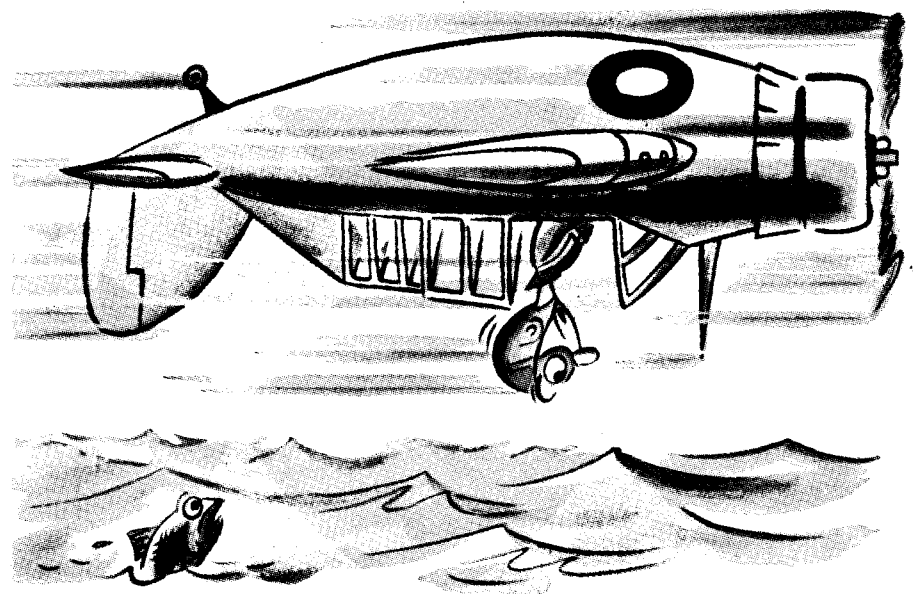
I heard the words, but they didn't get together and telegraph the message to my brain. "Will you repeat that?"

"Look, Barbara, I'm on deadline. I haven't time to fool around explaining elementary facts to females. But I might give you a rough idea of what I mean tonight. Have you a dinner date?"

Meekly, I said I hadn't and trembled so that I could hardly put the receiver back in its cradle. I returned to the bedroom and got into bed. Tiger stood looking at me questioningly. I talked to him. I had to talk to someone.

"Tiger," I said, "we're going to have a man around the house. You may be the first to congratulate me." I held out my hand for his paw.

THE END



"There I was, on my back,
6 feet over the Pacific. . . ."

Low? Listen, I was so close to the drink, my props were treading water.

Suddenly, right ahead, a Jap destroyer spots me.

And believe it or not, when those Nips saw me comin', they let go with torpedoes instead of ack-ack guns.

Brother, I was flying SO LOW, they mistook the plane for a PT boat!

ONCE in a while, even fighter pilots like to sit back, relax, and "shoot the line" a bit. For a moment, when the mission's over, they can afford to make up whoppers. Can afford to wink at facts.

But breathing spells of that kind are few indeed in combat. And they're few in business, too. With a schedule to meet, costs to compute, countless details to weigh every day, men of Management can waste little time on an interlude of "armchair inaccuracies."

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shipowners would hardly believe it if he told them what he had heard that afternoon. Such as: "Fellows who try to chisel a few hours overtime, who are trying to knock themselves out physically for a few bucks, don't see the larger picture, the big job, and are actually being anti-union."

"The big job," Danny continued, "is the NMU's postwar program of two hundred dollars a month for able-bodied seamen with not a man working overtime."

The class enthusiastically agreed.

Danny finished the overtime discussion, saying, "When you get back aboard ship and become a delegate, you examine every beef. If it is a legitimate beef (and there is such a thing, don't forget it, plenty of them) then take it up and fight for it. But if a guy comes to you with a bum beef, you tell him then and there it is a bum beef and refuse to handle it. We want a day's pay for a day's work. That's the principle."

At this point, Joe Fuchs, who had earlier shouted that the union was working for the shipowners, rose. "I was just a sorehead," he said, "when I blew my top. I got the torpedo twitches. I can see what you're talking about and agree with it."

Then Leo Huberman asked Basil Harris to address the class. The seamen swung around in their seats, some frankly gaping and others looking very serious.

Harris, with nerve enough to wear a red carnation in a union hall, stuck his hands in his pockets and said, "Now if I talk too much or bore you, you fellows shut me up." Relating the history of U.S. Lines, he discussed his company's pay and hours, saying, "If a man starts out on a job, in any walk of life, if he's not getting the proper salary, then he starts out discontented and won't do good work. I hope the unions and ourselves will agree that as one of the outcomes of this war, there shall be a basic wage which allows men to live decently."

He went over some of the beefs stated in the class and told how he had, in prewar years, gone aboard a "hot" ship (one seamen refuse to sail) and found bad living conditions. He had tried to improve them since. He explained the problems facing the shipping industry after the war, the necessity of a bigger merchant fleet and foreign competition. But he never got around to boring the seamen who, after the class had formally ended, started a bull session with him.

"Why," one seaman whispered to us after Harris had asked why the C.I.O. didn't see to

it that union-made freight was shipped in union-manned ships, "we shoulda thought of that. He's a real union capitalist, a regular union man."

On Saturday the school winds up with another big educational dish: the no-strike pledge in the postwar period. Danny Boano started off by saying, "Okay, right now this union has a no-strike pledge. We've lived up to it every minute, and a lot of good union brothers have lost their lives keeping that pledge. Why don't we demand \$500 a week for an able-bodied seaman and strike till we get it? We don't because if the Nazis or Japs should win, it wouldn't matter whether we had \$500 or five cents a week. But we also have a no-strike policy for the postwar period. How do you fellows feel about that?"

The class split 50-50, for and against it. Later Danny told us this was the usual split. Explaining their opposition to it, one seaman said it was sticking your neck out. Another said that the strike was labor's only weapon.

"What you guys are talking about," said Danny, "is uncertainty of the future."

Why Labor Should Not Strike Now

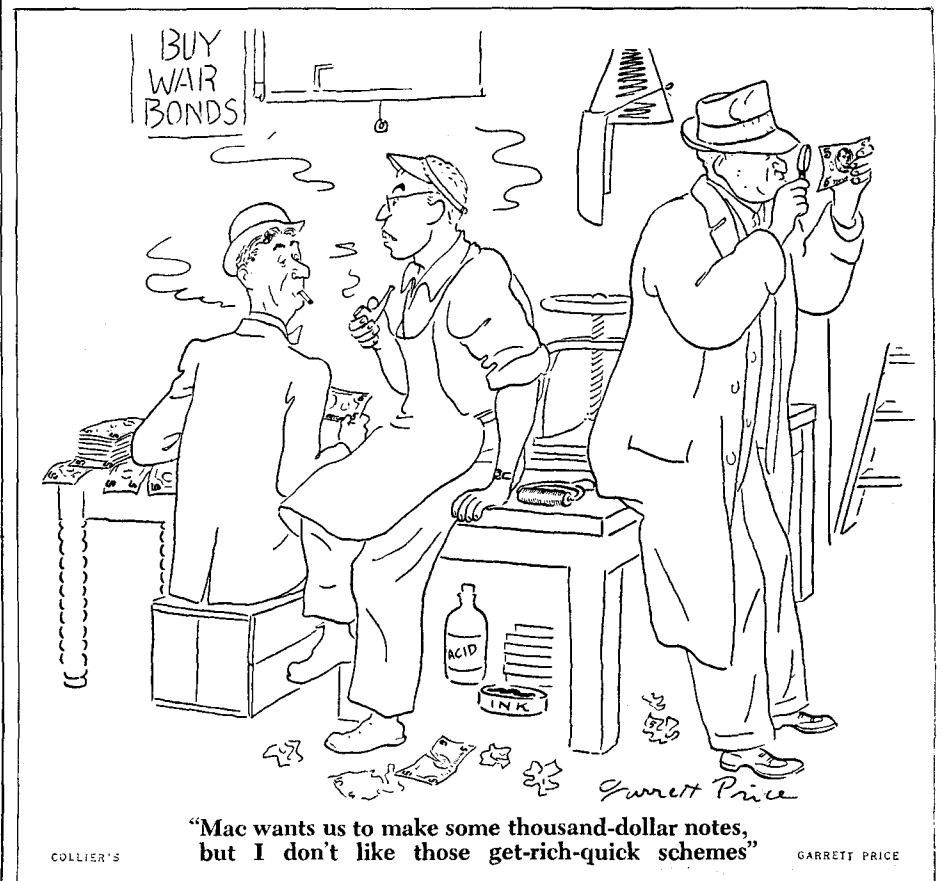
He scrawled the word "Uncertainty" on the blackboard. The men nodded. Thus began the first labor explanation we ever heard of why labor should not strike now and in the postwar period.

"Okay," said Danny. "Here is our goal: \$200 a month for A.B.s, 40-hour week. Now here is our program: Unity at the top and unity at the bottom."

He drew three circles on the board, labeling "Gr. Britain—Imperialism," "U.S.A.—Democracy" and "U.S.S.R.—Communism." Then he emphasized first their differences, then their unity in winning the war and planning the peace.

He went on: "Now if these three wholly different countries are able to sit down and agree on such tremendous things as war and peace, surely we should be able to sit down with the shipowners and do it at home. So now we have unity at the top. That's Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin."

"Unity at the bottom" came next. This meant unity of the American people because it would "sure have looked bad at Yalta for Churchill or Stalin to lean over and say, 'Look, Frank, go button your lip. You're not speaking for all the American people.' Bang! There goes unity. So you can't have unity



"Mac wants us to make some thousand-dollar notes, but I don't like those get-rich-quick schemes"

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at the top without having it at the bottom. You can't be out beatin' in the bosses' brains on the picket line six days a week and on the seventh day say, 'We're not picketing today because we support Roosevelt and international unity.'

Then, pointing out that it would do no good for an A.B. to get \$500 a week if there were no ships and no jobs, Danny declared that the wartime merchant fleet, thrice the size of the peacetime fleet, must be maintained. "Otherwise," he said, "that's almost 200,000 seamen outa work. Do you want that?"

Nobody in the class did.

He next told how, when the war broke out, the government purchased the ships, the companies becoming operating agents. "Now," he went on, "we'll come back to the post-war period. It's against the system of free enterprise for the government to continue owning these ships. We are for free enterprise. We want the shipowners to buy back their ships. They sold them at a good profit and have made fairly good profits as operators during the war. Now, to stay in business, they must buy back these ships; in fact, many more ships than they ever had before."

A seaman waved his hand. "That's what I want to find out: How do we know they are going to buy back all these ships?"

"All right," said Danny, "I'll show you. Buying ships costs millions—many, many millions—and the shipowners are faced with many serious problems. First, the shipowner has to invest all the money he's made from the sales of his ships and during the war, in new ships. He has to decide how many ships he will buy. If he goes back to the prewar fleet size, he knows that somebody—some other country maybe—will buy the extra ships. He also knows that the needs of the devastated countries of Europe and the undeveloped countries like China will be great. They will need food, clothing, machinery, tools, cars and trucks and the only place they can get these things is America. And your shipowner knows that if these goods are not delivered in American ships, they'll be delivered in foreign bottoms.

"Knowing these things, the shipowner must go into an expanded world fleet. Also, from our own view, you can't go throwing 200,000 seamen on the beach out of jobs. So we agree with the shipowners. We must triple the prewar fleet." Danny paused. "This is the basis for co-operating with the shipowners now and after the war, the basis for unity at the bottom. If we get that fleet, we will be able to get each A.B. \$200 a month, and the shipowner will still make a fair profit due to the expanded foreign trade."

A seaman protested impatiently. "But what about the no-strike pledge?"

"Just a minute, brother," said Danny. "I'll show you where you fit in. Now the shipowners have another problem facing them. Let's say the shipowner has invested all his money in the ships, got contracts with these foreign countries to deliver the goods they need, and, just when he's all set, the seamen, like the impatient brother back there, go on strike; they pull the pin. Where's the shipowner going to find himself? His money is all tied up. His ships are tied up and the foreign governments are screaming for their goods. And if we seamen don't deliver these goods, foreign seamen will. Then where are we? We're on a picket line. The shipowner loses his contract, his dough is all tied up. And then where will we ever get the \$200 a month we want for A.B.s?"

The seamen were dumfounded. Recovering, one said in a loud whisper, "Shucks, I had that money all spent." Then everyone laughed.

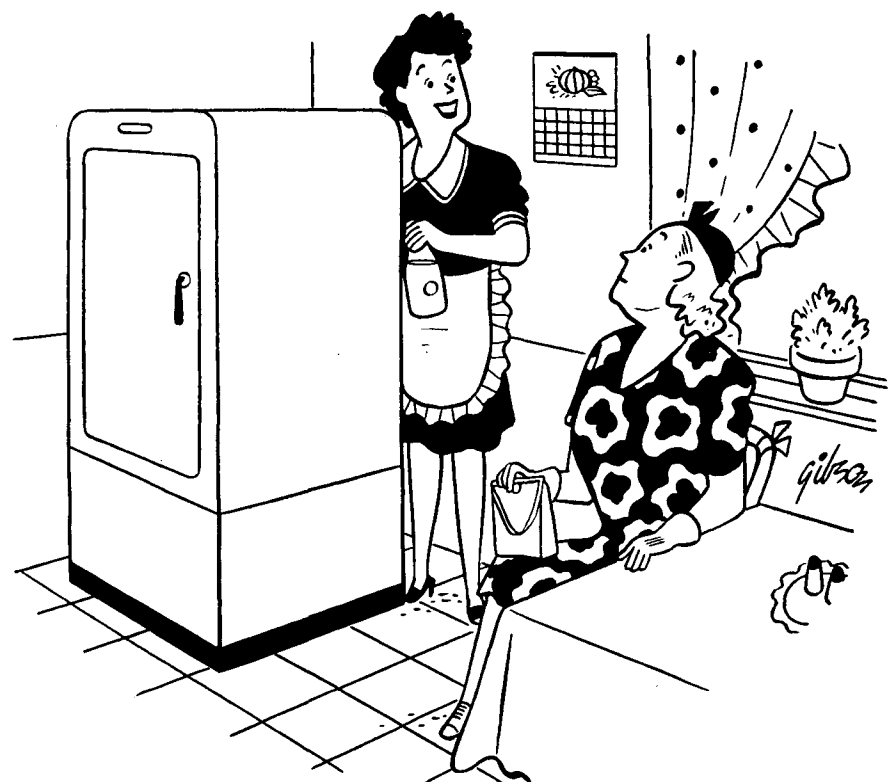
Union Foes Welcome Strikes

But Danny, who was like a fighter with his opponent on the ropes, wasn't finished. "There are people in this country," he said ominously, "who have never recognized unions. They are these old die-hards who hate labor. These people—there are not many but they are powerful—would welcome a strike, a whole wave of strikes right now, so they could go out and smash all unions. They are dangerous right now and they will be just as dangerous in the postwar period. Yet a lot of guys, like John L. Lewis, play right into their hands. Also, you hear guys right in this union beefing: 'The minute the war's over, we gotta hit the bricks!'

"Suppose we took the advice of these jerks, what would happen? The war ends. Bang! We hit the bricks, pull the pin, strike! And sitting on their rear ends in all the lousy ports in the world are our G.I. Joes waiting to come home and we pull the pin and keep them from getting home. Now if that wouldn't produce the greatest antilabor drive this country has ever seen, I don't know what would. We gotta see that nobody provokes something crazy like that."

Then came graduation with each graduate receiving a little diploma card stating he had attended the school. Every man made a little graduation speech. From these speeches it was apparent that the classes which had impressed them most were those on racial discrimination and the constructive role labor should play in the postwar period. Some of them were very moving in their sincerity, but everyone got the biggest kick out of Clifford Taylor who said simply, "Boys, I made it."

THE END



"The things I wanted were nearly always in the back, so I had this door put on"

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BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE



A LONG WAY To Go

By Richard B. Gehman

This is a war story. Not the sort of war you read about in headlines, but the personal conflict in which a man tries to keep alive

HE HAD crawled about eighty yards, and now he stopped. It was an excellent place to stop, just behind a bush, in a clump of deep grass. He was not resting, for he was not in the least fatigued. The sun shone gently, the air was pleasant and the ground was cool. He had come a long way, a long way remained to go, and it was time to reconnoiter.

There was an anomalous stillness in the field. Beyond the horizon, shells were bursting in mechanical patterns, as far removed as their actual distance, coming to him with no more current significance than remembered noises of stone blasters in a quarry near a place he had lived as a boy. Occasionally the earth shook, but it was hard to connect the tremors with the far-off shellfire. There were no blackened, devastated trees, no craters, no bodies; it was as though this field in which he lay, and in which was known to exist a German, had been by-passed by the battle.

The call of the bobwhite was his signal, and he whistled it once. There was no answer. Somewhere to the right, roughly forty yards, Johnson should have heard. Forty or fifty yards beyond Johnson was Simms, and on the latter's flank, Lewis; Killian, the best shot, had been left to cover them from the hill. Killian, he thought, had the four-forty seat, Killian and the German, or Germans, who would be the feature attraction. He whistled the bob-white again, louder.

This time it was answered. The whistle came back off key, and he knew it was Simms. Johnson had probably lagged behind, he decided; the poor guy, nine months in combat and he was still like an old woman! Then a second whistle came, which accounted for the ones he should be able to hear; Lewis was too far away, and Killian's part required silence.

He lay for several minutes, his weight on his left side, the rifle cradled in his arms. Little by little even the shellfire in the distance passed out of his consciousness, driven partly by the warm sunshine and partly by two persistent words. These words, *Arthur Parcher*, had been on his mind since he had awakened that morning. A lapse in his immediate thoughts, and a voice inside him would repeat: *Arthur Parcher*. It was maddening because he could not remember who *Arthur Parcher* was, or where he had heard the name, or what it had to do with anything he was doing or thinking. He turned the words over and over in his mind, searching, and then whispered them aloud, at the same time damning his foolishness. That served to bring him back to the matter at hand.

(Continued on page 57)

He began to crawl on his hands and knees until the sniper came into view. The German was lying snugly beside a boulder, rifle pointing downhill. A singing triumph went through him as he slowly inched his way up the hill

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

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