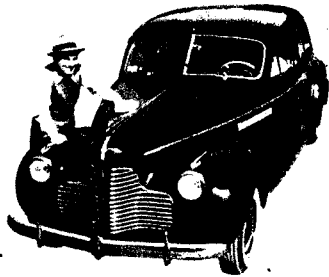


# SIMONIZ ALWAYS GIVES YOU A "Good Looking" CAR!



## New or Old... There's Longer Lasting Beauty for Your Car

If your car's worth driving... it's worth SIMONIZING.

You can restore its "good looks" with easy-to-use Simoniz Kleener... thorough, fast-acting, safe always.

Then to keep the beauty sparkling through to "Trade-In Day", apply Simoniz immediately. This prevents the finish from dulling again... makes car washing seldom necessary. Dust and dirt wipe off with a dry cloth. There's new beauty for your car from the moment you use Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener, liquid or paste. Get them today!



### SIMONIZ FINISH METAL

Gritty mud, corrosive airborne chemicals and scorching sun can't penetrate the glass-like hardness of Simoniz on the finish of your car. Use Simoniz paste Kleener first if the finish is exceptionally dull... Simoniz liquid Kleener if it's in average condition. Then apply Simoniz for finish beauty and protection.

Sold by grocery, hardware, variety, drug, paint, 5 cents to \$1, auto accessory and department stores—and by linoleum dealers everywhere.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS  
Recognized for over thirty years as authorities  
on preservation of fine finishes



DEAR EDITOR: Congratulations and genuine thanks for the article by the Earl of Halifax: a farewell message. Once Hitler sneered at this man's ideas as being no more than "pious platitudes" and completely lacking in "realism." Doubtless other critics will sneer at the "message" in much the same way. But, happily, they, too, may be mistaken.

J. M. RAYMOND

Jacksonville, Fla.

For another view of Lord Halifax's article, see below.

DEAR EDITOR: Lord Halifax, whose Message to Americans appears in your issue of May 18th, made a much-discussed speech in Toronto in 1943, in which he advanced the same thesis as the one in his article: That the Commonwealth is a political unit or nation and that an Empire Council should be formed. That speech—blatant propaganda—was condemned throughout Canada.

Canada is a nation in its own right and Empire policies and ideals are not ours. We are sick of the politicians in Downing Street barking at us: "Go to Hong Kong," "Go to Timbuctoo," and so on.

JOHN R. SPENDLOVE

Montreal, Canada.

DEAR EDITOR: That Illinois feller, Mister Beatty, said in his letter in your issue of June 1st, that the governor of Kentucky receives a salary of \$6,500 per year. He was therein in error, in correcting your error, as our governor receives \$10,000 per year.

L. C. TURNER

Frankfort, Ky.

\$10,000 it is.

DEAR EDITOR: Mr. Digney Has a Dream, in your issue of June 15th, is a swell story but why did the artist who illustrated it put two gloves on Mr. Digney? No golfer ever wears two gloves. Some wear one, where it is needed—on the left hand. Ask Byron Nelson, Sammy Snead and the rest.

IRA T. WITHERS

St. Louis, Mo.

Seems to us we've seen some tender-handed golfers use two gloves. Have we?



DEAR EDITOR: Your editorial, Time to Broaden Social Security, suggests a question over which I have long pondered: Why should certain types of workers be denied the privilege of the Social Security Act, as for instance, schoolteachers and librarians, among the most poorly paid public workers in the country?

It is certain most teachers and librarians, to say nothing of the other "exemptees," cannot save enough from their meager salaries to provide for the future.

ISABEL R. BOYER

Deadwood, S. D.

There are about 21,500,000 of Miss Boyer's "exemptees" in the U.S.

DEAR EDITOR: It was indeed a pleasure to read Jim Marshall's Asleep on the Deep. For the past seven months, I've been engaged in decommissioning the U.S.S. LST 32, and in my opinion that article was the first I have seen which gave an accurate, unglorified picture of what is actually taking place.

ROBERT E. BILLMEYER, Ensign, USNR  
Jacksonville, Fla.

DEAR EDITOR: It is highly proper that you should print Frank Gervasi's propaganda article Boom-Bust or Bowles; but if your editorial policy is free and honest you should also give your readers the other side—the opinions of those who prefer a government of, for and by the people, rather than the managed economy of Germany, Russia and Japan.

ERNEST W. TOWNE

Wollaston, Mass.

Collier's, believing its editorial policy honest and free, welcomes articles on both sides of any controversial subject.

DEAR EDITOR: I was interested in Burges Johnson's revision of the bedtime prayer, "Now I lay me..." in The Week's Mail, May 18th.

I have also taught my little girl a revision (not original) which goes like this:

Now I lay me down to sleep.  
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.  
May angels watch me through the night,  
And wake me with the morning light.  
Keep me through the coming day  
When I am at work and play,  
And, Blessed Lord, help me to be  
A kind and happy child like Thee.

Amen.

RUTH GALLUPE

South Portland, Me.

DEAR EDITOR: Mr. Quentin Reynolds' article on the re-education work carried on at Fort Eustis, Virginia, is very interesting. The success of this experiment will, however, be decisively influenced by factors beyond the control of the earnest and competent educators. German reaction to democratic teaching will reflect whatever peace settlement is finally made. Any settlement embodying injustices of the Yalta and Potsdam brand, however understandable from the

(Continued on page 81)

Collier's for July 13, 1946



## The Pigmy . . . that Pulled a Giant to its Knees

*Mightily . . . relentlessly . . . the giant pile driver strained . . . trying to pull loose the timber secured to the granite coping of the bulkhead.*

*Slowly . . . slowly . . . its towering derrick tipped. Down . . . down . . . the huge scow holding it was pulled, until one end was forced completely under water. What held the timber fast? What held it despite a pull of 90,000 pounds? Ingenious little anchors . . . weighing a mere pound or two and imbedded only 6½ inches into the granite.*

HERE'S a mighty midget of modern America . . . the Ring Wedge Cinch Anchor.

This stubborn little device . . . developed to anchor machinery and fixtures to concrete and

other masonry . . . secures overhead shafting to the ceiling as firmly as it fastens theater seats to the floor.

The almost unbelievable holding power of the Ring Wedge Cinch Anchor is based on a scientific method of wedging a bolt into a drilled hole, with lead, in such a way that the more the bolt is pulled, the more tightly it is held.

As illustrated at the lower left, the greater the pull, the tighter the grip. In fact, the holding power of the Ring Wedge Cinch Anchor, from the smallest to the largest, can be built up to exceed the tensile and shearing strength of the bolt itself. The

bolt may give . . . but the Cinch Anchor is there for keeps. In actual tests, a 4-inch size has withstood a tension of 239 tons! Not even vibration can loosen its grip.

It is no wonder, then, that Ring Wedge Cinch Anchors are so widely used wherever objects must be anchored to masonry: giant marine cleats, massive machinery, railroad tracks, electrical cables, metal fences, fire escapes, signs and theater marquees, to name only a few.

For further information on Ring Wedge Cinch Anchors, write, on your business letterhead, to National Lead Company, 111 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

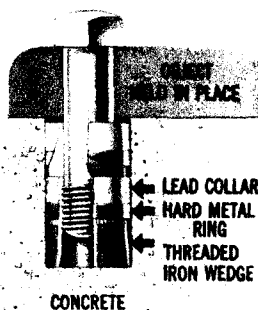


Get to know

## NATIONAL LEAD Company's

Many Products

**The Greater the Pull, the Tighter the Grip:** Here's a cross-section showing the secret of the Ring Wedge Cinch Anchor's incredible holding power. The anchor to hold the bolt is set in a drilled hole. Then the lead collar is driven in place so that it expands over the iron wedge and snugly grips the wall of the hole. The metal ring dams the lead. As pull is increased, the wedge forces the lead to grip tighter and tighter.



*Miners, smelters, and refiners of: Lead, zinc and other ores. Manufacturers of: Lead, titanium, barium and calcium pigments; linseed and castor oils; brass, bronze and babbitt bearings; sheet lead, lead pipe, solder, printers' metals and other lead products; non-ferrous alloys; oil well drilling mud materials; acid reclaiming equipment.*





## It took 7 years to take this picture

### ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

FOR CENTURIES, people have walked on leather. But, over the years, the supply of hides in proportion to the need has decreased. Critical shortages of leather have developed. The problem was to find some other material.

Out of Goodyear Research—after seven years of hard work—comes the answer to this problem—Neolite—"the world's first and only perfect shoe sole." Neolite outwears leather, is waterproof and non-skid, forms a firm platform for the foot, is the most comfortable shoe sole you ever wore.

Probably most of all, Neolite answers the question asked by parents: "Why can't I get soles for children's shoes that will wear longer?"

While Goodyear, the largest builder of tires, is also a leader in rubber shoe products, *Neolite is not rubber*. Its basic ingredients have never before been used in soles.

The formula is a secret, but the manner in which this new material has been received is no secret. Millions are now walking on Neolite—and liking it!

*Pioneer in rubber and world's leading builder of tires, Goodyear also is an experienced worker in many other fields—metals, fabrics, chemicals, plastics . . . using years of research leadership to bring you better products.*



**THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER**



# Two for A Nickel

BY

**IRVING GAYNOR NEIMAN**

They were the two most disenchanted people in the city. But at 3 A.M. there is magic almost anywhere, even in the subway

THE uptown local rattled slowly to the subway platform and yawned open its doors. Mark watched a tired workman shuffle aboard, blinking his eyes, but he made no move to follow. The doors slid closed; the local sighed and rolled away.

He felt annoyed that he hadn't taken the train. Locals don't come along very often at 3 A.M. He stood on the deserted platform while an express roared through the station, beating his ears and body with repeated waves of shock. He stood until the train disappeared down the dark tunnel, and the sound eddied and died in its wake.

Mark turned and slowly climbed the stairs. He pushed through the turnstile and stood beside the change booth while he lighted a cigarette. A late party from one of the night clubs passed through from the street, and the women's shrill laughter echoed bleakly from the white tile walls.

Mark approached the change booth, and put his mouth close to the circular opening in the glass. "You sure you can't tell me anything about the regular man?" he said.

The man in the booth shook his head. "Look, Mac," he said. "I told you. I don't even know who the guy is. All I know is he didn't show up for work, so they sent me down. That's all."

"I just thought you might know."

"I'll tell you something," the man said. "This is my home town, and it's a wonderful place, and I wouldn't live no place else. Only it ain't like some other places. Everybody don't know everybody else around here."

"I know."

"It's like this. You sneeze in New York and everybody in the street turns around and says 'God bless you.' Okay. Fine. Only you can drop dead in Times Square and nobody will even look at you."

"I just thought you might know about the regular man here."

"That's what I'm telling you. Whatsamatter? He a friend of yours?"

"Sure," Mark said. "I guess so." He moved off, and leaned against the white tile wall. It would be some time before another local came along.

You didn't care about anyone else in town, and nobody cared about you. It was a good deal, Mark thought. Perfect. The whole town could drop dead, and it wouldn't touch him. The town returned the compliment, and that was fine.

He felt a return of his sense of annoyance. He shouldn't have let the uptown local go by. The fact that the regular Change Maker wasn't there was surprising, but no more than that. Whatever might have happened to the Change Maker, it was no skin off his nose. The guy was just a habit, a gag that grew into a habit.

Missing the train meant that Marylin would come along, on her way home from her job at La Rhumba, and it would be awkward. That was a habit, too, and he'd let it go too far, but it was all right now. Just stay out of the way. That's all there was to it.



Maybe he never would have met her if it hadn't been for the corny gag they both had pulled on the Change Maker

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER