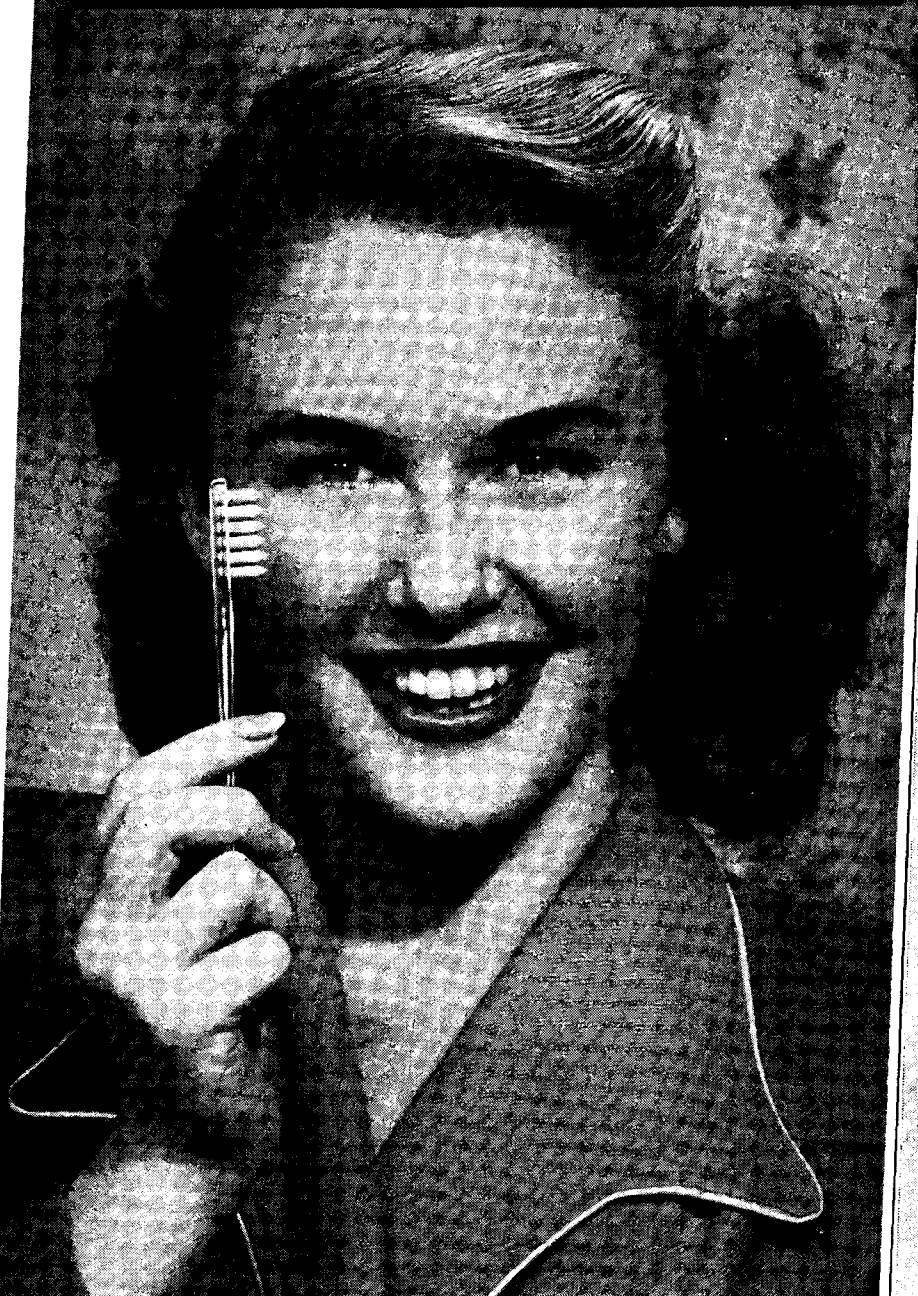


# The best brushes have DU PONT NYLON BRISTLES



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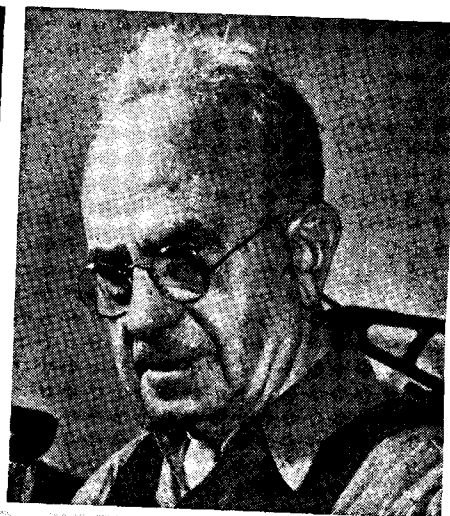
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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY



Ralph Weeks, one of the leaders of Scranton's drive to buy its closed war plant, thinks the city's people "did the common-sense thing"



Charley Digerlando, who has run a little shoeshop on Hyde Street for thirty years, bought \$200 worth of bonds to reopen the war plant

## SCRANTON BUYS ITS

Like many another United States city with its big war plant shut down, Scranton needed jobs. So its citizens dug up the money, bought the plant and reopened it

SOMETHING has happened in Scranton, and the people start talking about it as soon as you get off the train. The old Pennsylvania coal town is the first community in the country that has bought up its idle war plant and put it back into operation. It wasn't the city that bought it, nor the banks, local industrialists or leading citizens. It was the people: thirty-five hundred Scranton families put up the price for the peace-throttled property in an attempt to put their men back in jobs. While the government and the country's largest corporations are stalled in debate over what to do with most of our \$16,000,000,000 worth of surplus war plants, Mike Reilly, Louis Kornfeld, Mrs. Ed Price and the other friendly, plain people of the Lackawanna Valley settled the problem in their town. They put up the \$1,200,000 it took to buy Scranton's surplus war plant from the government, and

it's back in operation today, turning out stoves, bathtubs and kitchen sinks for peacetime living.

Where did the money come from? Out of the city. Worthington Scranton, of the family that came to the valley a hundred years ago to set up a forge, put up \$50,000. There was \$100 from Janice Edwards, young civil service worker whose husband Ed was killed in action with the Eleventh Armored Division in Germany. There was \$200 from Charley Digerlando, whose little shoemaker shop has been in the same location on Hyde Street for 30 years. Mike Reilly, the custodian at the county courthouse, put in \$100; so did Mrs. Price, who's been doing her housework from a wheel chair for 30 years, and hundreds of Valley people like them. Of the 3,500 new owners of the plant, every one a Pennsylvanian, 2,000 put up \$100 each.

Six months ago it looked impossible to buy that plant; some of the smartest and richest men in town said it couldn't be done, and the banks didn't want to touch it. But the citizens of Scranton did it anyway.

Scranton can be proud. Its people not only put their own surplus war factory back in business; they lighted a beacon for other communities across the land, which are puzzling the same riddle of



Mike Demech, head of the UAW Local, worried about the joblessness that peace would bring, so on V-J Day he sat down, wrote a letter

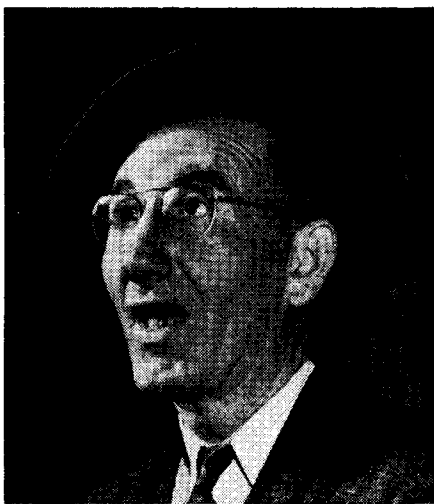


"There certainly has been a change in this town," said Chris Colovos. "It was wonderful to see Labor and the commercial men work together"





Dave Markowitz, who runs a drug-store, knows that 3,500 extra jobs in Scranton will help his business by making more possible customers



Clarence White, of near-by Jessup, helped raise \$19,000 during the drive. "Men at the plant brought \$4,000 a week to our town," he said

## OWN JOBS

BY SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

idle war plants and growing pools of idle men. At the war's end, U.S. taxpayers owned some 1,300 surplus industrial plants, representing 20 to 25 per cent of the nation's entire industrial capacity. This \$16,000,000,000 in government-owned factories (over \$1,000 for each man, woman and child in the United States) ranges from vast projects like Geneva Steel in Utah, the important Castle Dome copper plant in Arizona, the Dodge plant which sprawls over 35 Chicago city blocks, to modest buildings attached to larger plants.

Taking just the airplane factories, the government built or converted 350 plants at a cost of \$1,500,000,000—and only 14 of these will be retained for the armed forces. Of the rest not many more than 30 had been sold by the spring of 1946.

Almost three fourths of the government's surplus plants consist of big operations: factories that cost more than \$10,000,000 apiece. Besides aircraft and steel, they produced for war's needs magnesium, aluminum, jewel bearings, paperboard and paper products, machine parts, precision instruments, petroleum products, copper concentrates, radio equipment, metal castings, hundreds of other types of now scarce and badly wanted materials.

A handful have been restored to oper-

ation. Recently leased to Henry Kaiser was the government-owned aluminum plant and rolling mill near Spokane, Washington. Reynolds Metal Company took over the vast aluminum reduction works near Bonneville Dam. Willow Run and one other plant are preparing to turn out automobiles; an engine plant is now making tires; an airplane automatic pilot factory will produce candy and chewing gum; an engine parts plant, toys, and so on. These few show what can be done with the facilities now lying fallow from New England to California.

But the national headache is not only how to get the plants humming again, but who will run them. Most require large corporations to convert and operate them, but if all were taken over by the big fellows, it would further concentrate ownership of production. Should they be scrapped if they are not absorbed by private business, as some manufacturers suggested in a survey by the National Industrial Conference Board? But many towns need and want the pay rolls they furnish. Should the government itself run them? But that would be state socialism. And there is only one Henry Kaiser.

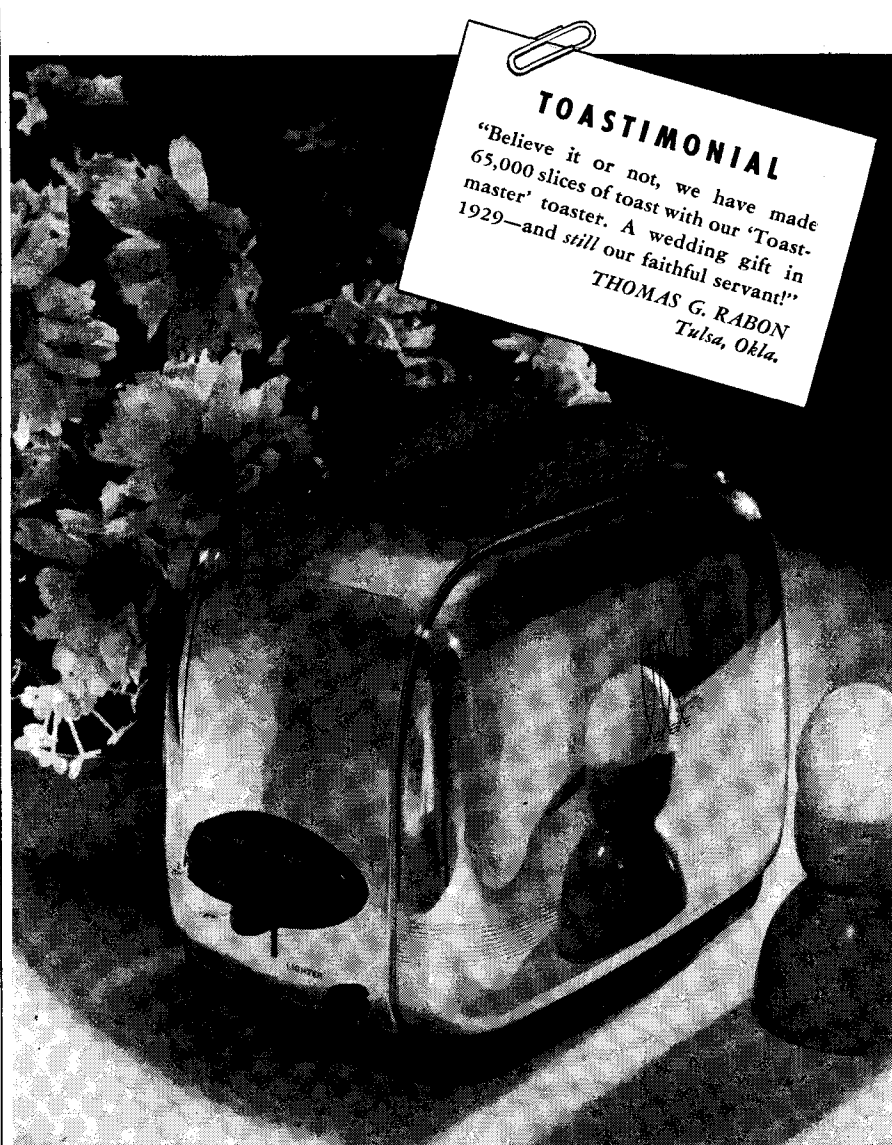
Because the people of Scranton waited for no legendary Henry Kaiser to solve  
(Continued on page 52)



Valley people like Mrs. Ed Price, who has been doing her housework from a wheel chair for 30 years, put up the money that bought the jobs



O. E. McGregor, president of the Chamber of Commerce, arranged the meetings which first got the plant operators interested in staying



## A great new toaster ...with a background!

Background is important...in toasters just as in pictures. And there's an all-important fact about the background of this new "Toastmaster" automatic pop-up toaster. It reflects a *quarter-century* of pioneering and advancing the art of automatic toasting... of making the finest of toasters *finer still*.

That's *experience!* And that's for *you*, in the superb 1946 "Toastmaster" toaster, with its new, patented, exclusive *Flexible Timer*. That means toast as you like it, delivered at the precise instant of piping-hot perfection... with no watching, turning or burning...

Perhaps your dealer can't supply you yet—but be patient. Though the demand is still far ahead of us, our production is steadily increasing.



BREAKFASTS ARE FAMILY FEASTS...WITH

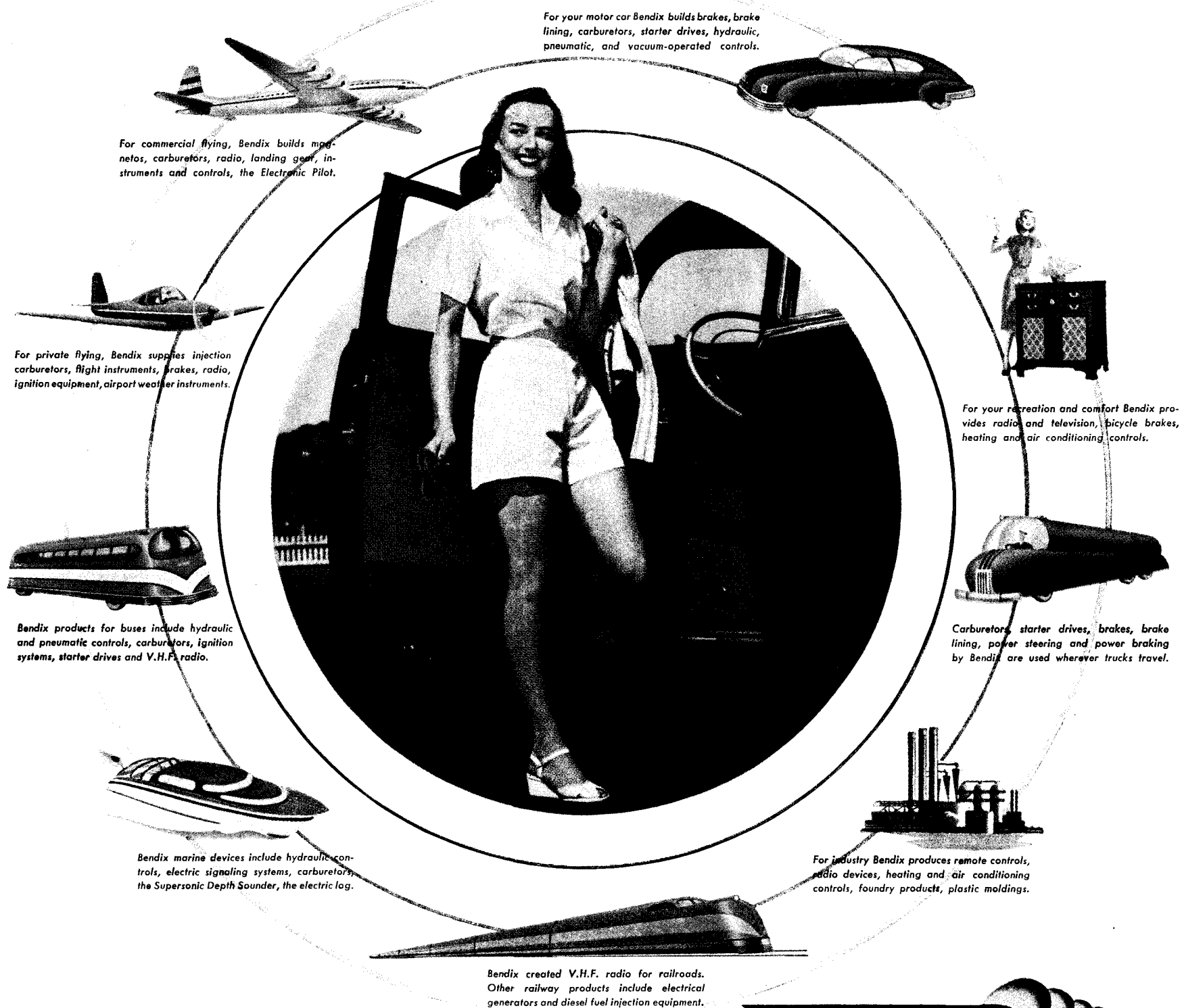
# TOASTMASTER Automatic Pop-Up Toasters

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**First in Creative Engineering**



## Take Care When You Say Hello

Continued from page 19

said. "A table to stuff the dragon on and somewhere to mix paints. The first week I'm on trial, for free. If I sell twice as much of the new shade of nail polish as you've ever sold in a week before, you have to hire me."

He looked over her head. He was considering. "There's a room in the basement we used to store shoes in . . . a table could be moved down," Maverick said. "There are two windows. You'd have daylight."

She had won. Her heart leaped up joyfully.

Audrey said, "Fine. I'll need cotton for stuffing. Things like that."

He nodded.

THE waiter arrived with her food. Happily Audrey shook out her napkin. Then she glanced up, and caught Maverick regarding the steak hungrily.

"Have it," Audrey insisted. "Order me another."

Maverick smiled. He had a charming smile. Smiling, all the self-consciousness left his face. He shook his head. "I haven't time."

Audrey laughed. She caught sight of her mother and George Nathan making their way to the table. "You'll have time, Mr. Maverick! Because now you'll have to be polite to my mother. My mother and your mother," Audrey added in a stage whisper, "are best friends."

"My gosh!" Maverick said. A slow dull flush touched his cheekbones. "What's your name?"

"Woods."

He rose hastily. Audrey popped a potato into her round mouth. "Mother, Mr. Maverick. Mr. Nathan, Mr. Maverick."

Manfully George shook hands. George was somewhat bandy-legged, but he was tall enough and rugged enough to offset that. He removed his hat, bowing mildly for Audrey, a twinkle in his nice sheep-dog eyes. A ridge showed in the black hair over his ears where his hat had rested. He looked forty, and he was frankly forty.

"Mr. Maverick," Lola Woods repeated, raising her eyebrows playfully at her daughter. "But we always call him Ken, Audrey Jean. Don't we, Ken?"

Audrey said, "I work for him now."

"How nice." Lola Woods sank into the chair Ken Maverick held for her. She

turned her whole attention upon him. "I do hope it will keep her out of mischief. And how is your mother, Ken?"

"Still in California with my married sister."

Mrs. Woods thrilled: "I heard she had twins. Your sister, I mean, Ken."

Maverick nodded, sitting down.

"Wonderful, positively wonderful!" Lola Woods said. "And your father never came back from Alaska?"

"No." Maverick motioned for the waiter.

"Poor Kenny. He hated the store," Mrs. Woods said, managing somehow to be more youthful than her daughter. Her hair was the color of snow. Her hands were smooth and small and delicate. "He skipped off to Alaska and left you as a hostage to your grandfather. Poor Kenny!" Mrs. Woods shook her head sadly. "Audrey Jean, do read me what's on the menu. I'm starved."

George said, in his deep voice. "You ought to get glasses, Lola."

"Really, George," Mrs. Woods protested. "You know I'd look horrid in glasses."

"My mother was the same way. Vain," Ken Maverick said softly, under cover of what Mrs. Woods was saying to George Nathan.

Audrey grinned. "Terribly vain."

"Do you really want her to get glasses?" Maverick asked.

"Do I," Audrey groaned. "I have to trot after her and read price tags. I have to read menus. When I don't, George does."

Maverick said, "Watch this." He forestalled the waiter's innocent distribution of menus with a gesture. "You'll have to read it. The lady there can't."

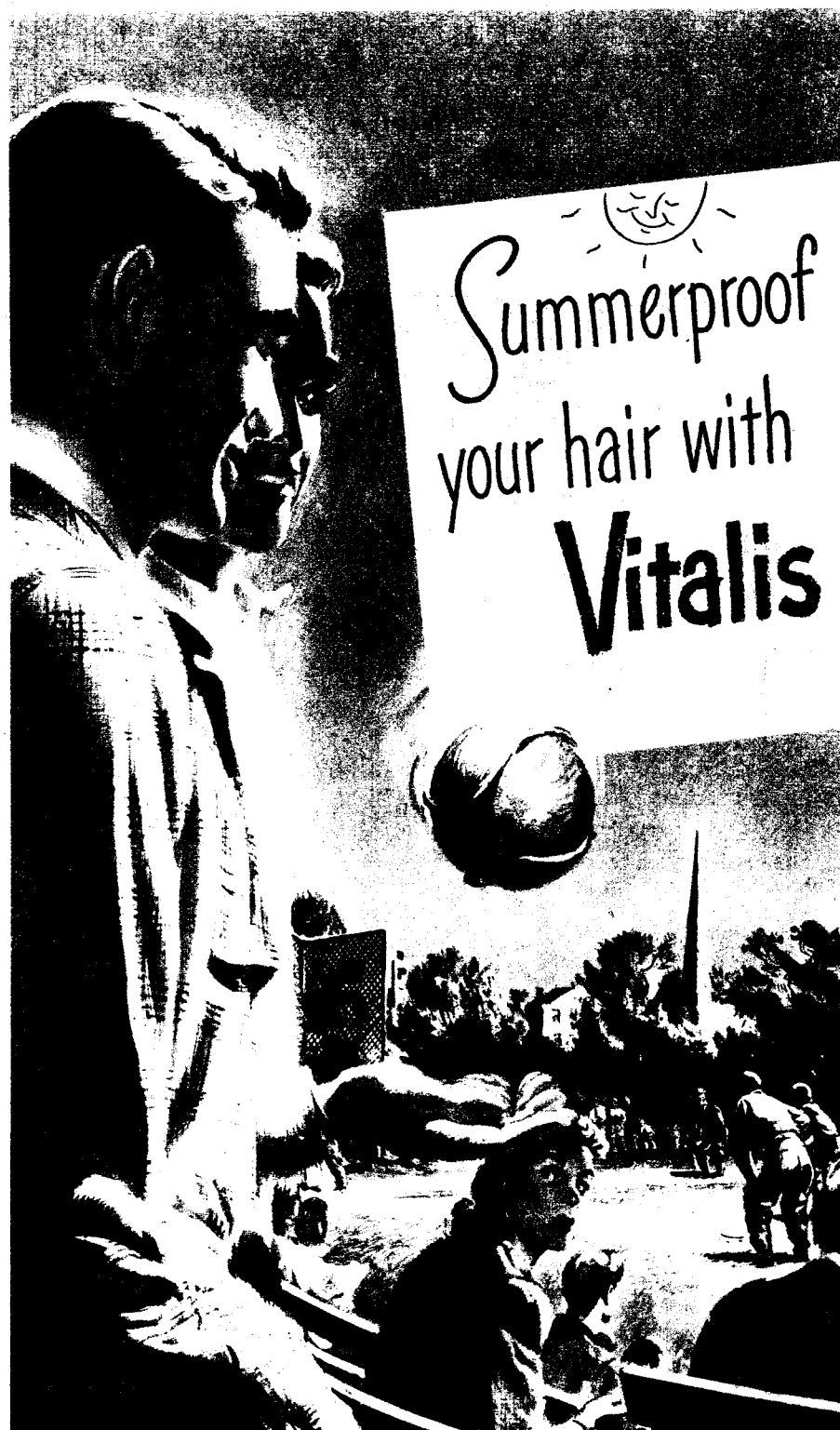
The waiter clucked his tongue wisely. "Never you mind, lady," he said; "there's fine things besides reading." And he read the menu off.

Lola was furious, but all that showed was a very icy glow in her eyes. Audrey had to bite her lips to contain her laughter.

They all had steaks. Even Maverick ate heartily.

"Ken," Mrs. Woods insisted, "you must come and spend the week end at the ranch. You can bring Audrey home Saturday. Won't it work out nicely, Audrey Jean?"

Mrs. Woods did not remember her peevishness very long. She was shrewd, shrewd beyond words; she was using Maverick now to get Audrey home safely for a week end with



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now Use Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"



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"Oh, that! That's my first husband"

IRVING RORR

11 A.M. - Rehearsal

2<sup>30</sup> P.M. - Announce "Fashion Televiews"

5 P.M. - Cocktails with sponsor

These are times that try men's clothes!



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George. Audrey understood that, and wanted to be angry.

She was only amused.

Nevertheless Maverick was almost too much for Lola; "I'm sorry, Mrs. Woods. But it's store policy not to mingle with the help."

"Help!" Mrs. Woods made her eyes wide. "Really, Kenny. I am not help, even if Audrey is."

Maverick's eyes went to Audrey, and then fled quickly back to his plate. "Besides, I'm busy," he said.

"You're too busy." Lola Woods laughed her little tinkling laugh. "You're positively peaked, Ken. I'd hate for your darling mother to see you."

George said mildly, "You'd better come."

"George, he will. Of course he will," Mrs. Woods decided gaily. She looked at Audrey triumphantly.

Maverick would come, Audrey knew. Maverick was unobtrusive, simple and practical; when the waiter brought the check he signed for it quietly, waving George's really sincere protests aside. That was Monday.

THE next morning Audrey went to work. She did not see Maverick. His secretary, Miss Tillie, had been informed about her and gave the proper chits so that Audrey could get materials. Nothing happened in the store, Audrey discovered, that Maverick was unaware of. People everywhere quoted his opinion. His opinion, expressed shyly by his help, suggested that Audrey was mad—but pretty.

Audrey swallowed that.

The first entire day Audrey spent sweeping out cobwebs and washing the twin alley windows in the basement workshop which was far removed from everything. She actually had to approach it through a tall tunnel of stock boxes. But that did not matter. Nothing mattered. She must prove that she could stand on her own.

Tuesday Audrey worked, and Wednesday and Thursday and Friday. She drew the pattern for the pink dragon, bent over her worktable, alone; she cut the pattern out of heavy muslin and painted it in a fairy manner, in a manner Kate Greenaway might have envied. That had to dry. Then Saturday, Audrey worked up in the store making ready for the dragon; she drew jade-green Chinese characters on the posts facing the cosmetic counter, Chinese characters expressing good luck and long life.

Not once did she see Maverick. She was so engrossed that someone had to remind her to go to lunch. Then she remembered: she was lunching with Monty Garrett. Monty Garrett was new in town, and fun.

Not stopping to scrub off the paint properly, she ran every step of the way to Mike's. Monty caught her wrists. "Whatever have you been doing, Audrey?"

"Painting."

Monty had a small brown mustache. A cattle buyer from Kansas City, he had bought cattle from her mother several weeks ago; and thereby gotten acquainted with Audrey.

He kept her wrists there on the table-top, regarding the childlike unwashed blobs of paint, and asked her if she wouldn't please let him look after her from now on. It was a proposal.

"You're sweet, Monty. But, no."

He shoved back his straw sailor. "Honey, you wouldn't be stuck here. I'd take you to Chicago for opera in the fall. I'd build you any kind of house you want," Monty pleaded. "I'd cherish you and—and—"

Monty wanted to lean on her. She kept her face very still. She felt humble and somehow lost, yet all the while laughter bubbled in her. It was so funny; it was so funny she wanted to cry. . . .

The afterglow of the proposal stayed with her all afternoon. She worked like a beaver, and when she came out the side entrance of the store, she was startled to see Ken Maverick parked there. His chestnut hair shone in the sunlight.

He reached across and opened the door of his battered old convertible for her. The top was down, and under the mud and dust it was probably cream-colored.

"I'd forgotten," Audrey said, slipping into the seat. "This is Saturday evening, isn't it?"

"You're mother hadn't forgotten." Maverick drove with quaint recklessness; it surprised her. "Your mother wrote me three notes."

Audrey said fondly, "Mother is deadly."

"All women are deadly," Maverick said. "They're built that way. They have to know how to get things, and they keep the family intact. It's men who are idealists. Men know that the world goes round on ideas."

Audrey was only half listening. They passed the bus Audrey would otherwise have ridden home on, and she waved at some of the passengers she knew. Then she settled back, giving herself up to the motion of the car, through the hot June evening. "I haven't seen you around," she said.

He said, "I've been in St. Louis, buying."

Audrey said, "Nobody mentioned it."

"Nobody knew it." He must have turned his face toward her because his voice altered. But she wasn't watching; her head thrown back, Audrey was looking up at the whirling, moving, geometric cloud puffs in the sky. "My grandfather always told me that when the cat's away the mice will play," he said.

"I'm all for the mice, Mr. Maverick."

Maverick said, "I wish you'd cut out that Mr. Maverick stuff."

She was almost dizzy watching the restless clouds from the speeding car. She said faintly, "I suppose this is the way you feel when you fly alone over the earth."

"Over ocean," Maverick corrected. "I was a Navy flier. Two years."

Audrey taunted: "Who ran the store?"

"Aunts, cousins. I live with 'em."

"In a great house on the only hill within a hundred miles. I suppose you have diamond-studded footstools and inlaid-gold bathtubs," Audrey said.

"My grandfather," Maverick said carefully, "came here in '83 on a railroad gang. He got in a fight; his clothes were torn. There wasn't a store to buy new ones in, so he decided he'd open one for the territory. He went to see the railroad superintendent to ask permission. Happened," Maverick said, warming to his story, "that he saw the superintendent's daughter who was visiting her dad. That was my grandmother. They started the store together, ordering things out of a catalogue."

Audrey hugged her knees. "I would have loved that." She looked at him directly. "Tell me about flying alone."

HE TOLD her. He talked well and earnestly. They went from flying to Shelley, to baseball, to chocolate ice cream. They discovered they liked chocolate ice cream, and April as a month, and rain, and gray as a color. "Except gray beards," Audrey giggled. "They tickle."

"My grandfather's always did," Maverick said, "when he kissed me." The slow flush spread over his cheekbones. "When I was a very little boy."

"I'm glad, Ken," Audrey nodded soberly, her hair streaming in the wind. "I was afraid nobody'd kissed you when you were a child."

He noticed the name. He noticed the tone.

Their talk went on. It was rare good talk. A magic grew between them. They were friends.

The Woods ranch house lay low and rambling, set away from the highway, in a clump of dusty cottonwoods. Maverick pulled the car around in back.

Audrey shaded her eyes against the sun. She saw three horses saddled in front of the barn.

"Would you like to ride, Ken?"

He said stiffly, "I don't. Never had time to learn."

"Swim?" Audrey grinned at him eagerly.

"We've dammed up the creek there near the barn. It makes a fine swimming hole."

"I can't swim either."

"Well—" Audrey was at a loss. "We'd better go in and find mother."

Her mother was in the screened summer



kitchen, in the midst of making strawberry jam. The sweet tangy flavor was everywhere. Her mother gave them both her hands, greeting them at the screen door. She sent Audrey a veiled look. "You did come, darling. You didn't stay in town after all." She added, delighted, "How nice, Kenny!"

The cook was stirring the bubbling copper pot but Mrs. Woods was capping berries. She managed to look cool and wonderfully clean, sitting down again in the cane rocker.

George was there too, in his shirt sleeves, and capping berries. "George, I told you he'd come." Mrs. Woods fluttered her delicate hands.

"Mighty glad to see you, Maverick," George said politely. But his nice sheep-dog eyes followed Audrey.

Audrey collapsed in a little heap on the floor in front of her mother's lap, and began capping berries. "Darling, how nice of you to help," Lola Woods approved. But don't sit on the floor, Audrey Jean. You'll be so stiff you won't be able to dance a step with George at the Munsons' tonight."

Maverick cleared his throat. "I'd like to help," he said, and when he had been provided with a knife and a pan and a chair and a frilly apron he asked, "What dance?"

"A real old-fashioned square dance," Lola Woods said, smiling. "They have one in the neighborhood every Saturday night, Ken. George is taking Audrey."

Maverick glanced up from his concentrated effort. Wind moved his short damp hair. "Who am I taking?"

"You may take Mamma," Audrey said.

AUDREY'S spirits revived at the sound of the music from the Munson barn. There was a fiddle and a concertina. There were always more men than women, so Audrey and her mother were welcomed gleefully. Audrey wore a little basque dress, brilliantly copper-colored. Audrey was the brightest thing there.

For hours and hours, it seemed, she danced. The dances she especially enjoyed were the three dances with Ken Maverick. He said little, but there was the magic between them.

Finally George got hold of her. "Let's sit this one out," George suggested. He mopped his flushed face with a white handkerchief. Gratefully Audrey acquiesced. Then a little warning bell rang in her head, but being ready to drop, she ignored it. They found some feed bags spread out on hay in a dim corner and sat down. Audrey's small foot tapped to the music.

George Nathan asked her to marry him. He said all the things she had known he

would say. He said that he loved the ranch. He said that he loved her.

"Oh, George, no. No!" Audrey said. "George, hush. Please hush."

He swallowed hard. "But your mother wants it. It would be so practical, Audrey. Maybe you're just fond of me now but I assure you that marriage . . ."

Monty wanted to lean on her. George wanted to own her.

She fled. She was not aware at first that Maverick was following her. When she saw him, she slowed down, and they walked toward the corral. There was a large lemon moon. Audrey said furiously, through her teeth, "If you ask me to marry you, I shall scream."

Maverick laughed. It was the first time she had heard him do that. His laughter was a low chuckling, confident, easy, sound.

THEY halted. Audrey leaned against the corral rail. Maverick stooped slightly, and kissed her. He kissed her gently, then altogether thoroughly, keeping his hands in his pockets.

"You've had practice," Audrey said. She got her eyes open. Furies of delight were still racing up and down her spine.

Confidently, he said, "Half the girls in the state have tried to marry me."

She put up her face. "Again," Audrey commanded wistfully. "I didn't think you mingled with the help, but—"

"Who ever called this mingling?"

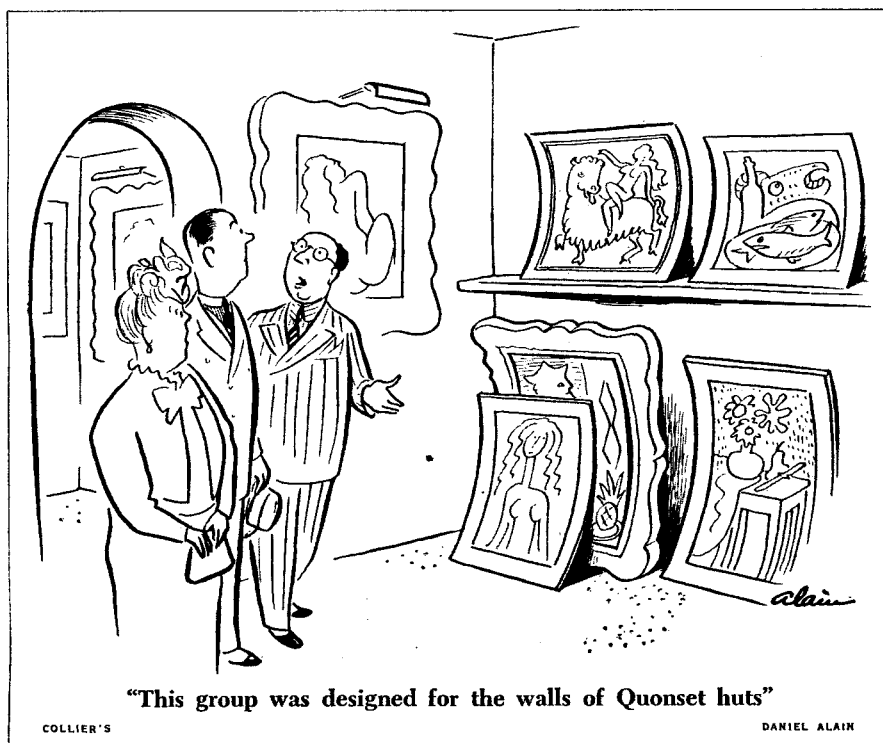
George came upon them from out of nowhere. "I needed air myself," George exclaimed. His voice sounded innocent enough.

They stood there in the moonlight, awkwardly. George did not go away. Obviously he had talked to Mrs. Woods again. George still thought he had a chance.

That night and all the following day George trailed them stubbornly. Audrey felt that she was on a carousel. Once, sitting on the bank at the swimming hole, admiring the faint golden down on her knees, Audrey glanced up and caught Ken Maverick's eyes on her mockingly. She looked down hastily at her bare knees. But he was otherwise an amiable, slightly blundering house guest. When he left Sunday afternoon, Audrey complained of a headache. Going up to her room, she fell into an exhausted sleep and slept the clock around. . . .

George and her mother drove her to work Monday morning. They were going in to buy feed. "Have lunch with us, darling. And bring Ken," her mother said. "I want to show him my new—ah—well, darling, bring him."

Audrey maintained a rapt silence. She was listening to something within herself. By eleven o'clock Audrey had the dragon



Collier's for June 15, 1946

# Pop's

## THE QUESTION

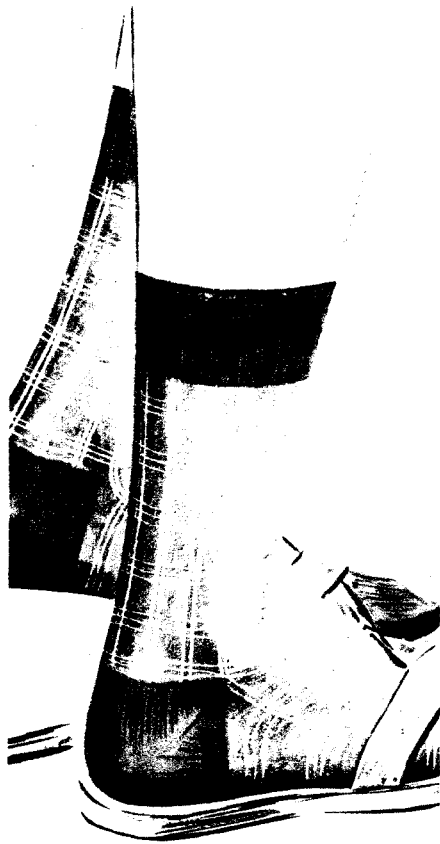
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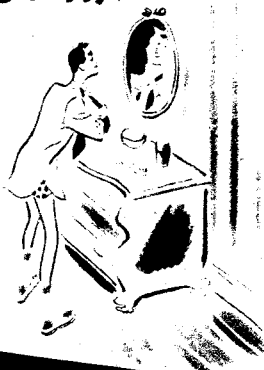
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stuffed, and ready to be put up. Rosy with triumph, she hurried upstairs to ask Miss Tillie for aid in carrying the thing. She needed two men, at least.

Maverick was there in his glass-enclosed office. He advanced toward her from around his desk. "I seem to remember," Maverick said firmly, "that I have some unfinished business."

"Ken, Ken! You're conceited."

He said, "Undoubtedly."

Audrey said wildly, "Everybody can see us."

"Who cares?"

She retreated down the hall. Each step toward the elevator he followed her. Audrey noticed that he wore a bow tie. He looked trusting and hopeful, exactly like a choirboy. His face was not stone for her.

"Your hair. Do you know how lovely your hair is?" He made as if to touch it. She escaped into the elevator. He shoved his way in after Audrey.

People were listening avidly, as the elevator descended.

"I need two men, Ken, to carry my dragon to the ledge on the first floor." Audrey avoided his eyes.

"Oh—" Maverick said vaguely, "the dragon."

She had put him off. She had distracted him. Down in the basement, he collected two stock boys and they went, all of them, into her small workroom.

And then the dragon could not be gotten out. It was too big to go through the doorway. They huffed. They pushed. They pulled. It would not budge.

"Didn't you measure?" Maverick asked. Audrey gasped, "I forgot. I never thought..."

"Could you cut it in half, perhaps?"

"No! Oh, no. That would ruin it." Her enormous eyes widened. Her defeat flooded in upon her. "But it is ruined. It's all wasted. All that work, all my plans!"

She wept. She leaned against the wall and sobbed, helplessly.

Maverick gave a quiet order to the boys. "Audrey, Audrey," he objected, "be patient."

"I'm impractical. I've always wanted too much," Audrey sobbed.

A carpenter appeared. He began sawing away at the window frames. "Is sweetness impractical?" Maverick asked angrily. "Is being kind to a small boy, scared and awkward, who would otherwise not have had a dancing partner that first awful evening at dancing school being impractical? Audrey"—he touched the sleeve of her blouse—"Audrey, don't you see? The dragon will go through the window space."

She wept. She wept afresh because now

she was hopelessly shamed before Ken Maverick. Monty had wanted to lean on her; George wanted to own her. Ken wanted nothing. Nothing, nothing. Her heart rocked within her. Now she knew that she loved him.

Audrey dodged past Maverick. She ran for the back entrance and the alley and Mike's. She stood a long while in the alley regaining her composure. Her mother and George Nathan were already at one of Mike's tables, waiting.

Tears still clung to Audrey's thick pale lashes when she joined them.

"Audrey Jean," her mother greeted her. "Whatever is the matter? Oh, there you are, Ken. Surprise, Ken! Surprise!" Mrs. Woods laughed her tinkling laughter. Lola Woods was wearing a purple-rimmed pair of glasses. "I got them so that when George and Audrey are married—when! mind you—I won't be in the way."

Maverick said, "Why don't you marry George yourself? He's more your age." Then his inherent politeness asserted itself. "You'll have to excuse us a moment, Mrs. Woods... Coming, Audrey?"

AUDREY went with him wordlessly. He led her to the alley again and kissed her. It was such an important thing that they both laughed with a kind of startled joy when it was done, like children caught in the topmost branches of a tree eating the ripest fruit. She collapsed in little pieces against him, a puzzle scattered out of a box, and slowly came together. This was the answer to her eternal hello. This was what she had wanted, this was someone knowing her wholly at last.

"That wasn't necessary," Audrey said.

"But it was nice."

"Your grandfather wouldn't have approved."

"He told me to wait for a woman like you."

She looked at him through her pale lashes. "What kind of woman am I?"

Maverick said, teasing her, "The sort who makes a dragon too big to—"

"And I'm fired?"

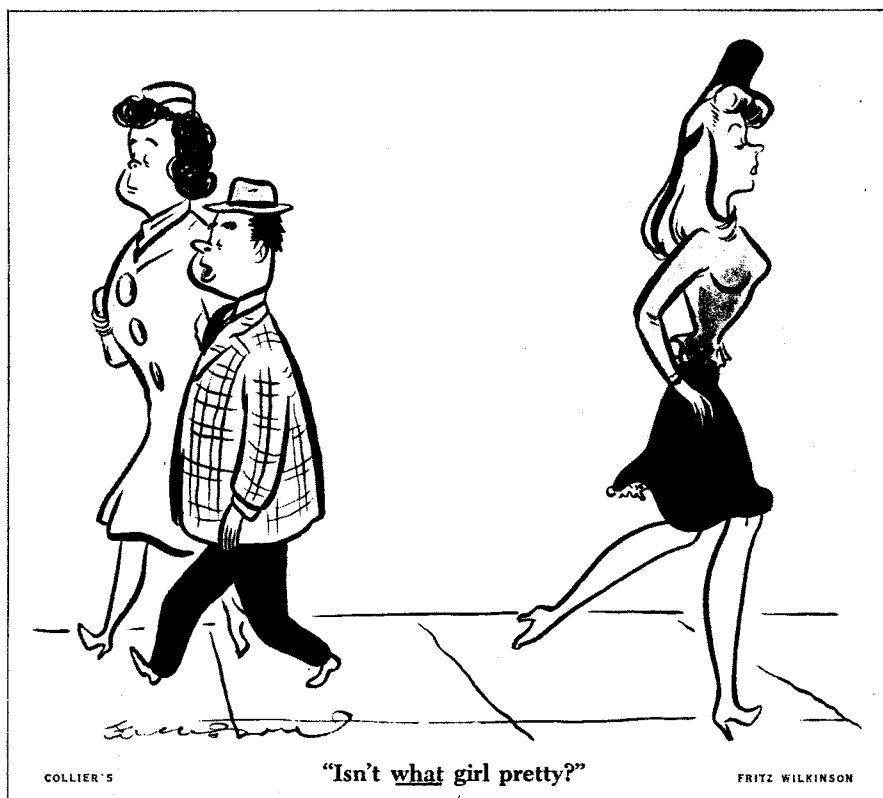
"On the contrary," Maverick corrected gravely, "hired. You aren't," Maverick said, "as impractical as you think, Audrey. When we sawed out the window we found termites."

Audrey repeated, "Termites!"

He glanced over his shoulder to be sure no one was near. "Shhh! The building might have fallen to pieces if you hadn't found 'em in time!"

Laughing, they started back toward Mike's.

THE END



"Isn't what girl pretty?"

COLLIER'S

FRITZ WILKINSON

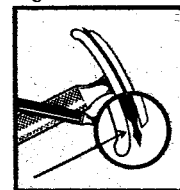
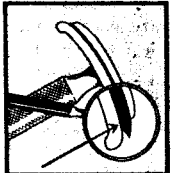
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Collier's for June 15, 1946



## D-Day on Capitol Hill

Continued from page 17

their action on that legislation, and the voters will then have a chance to send men to the Senate under instructions to repeal any legislation that the people do not want.

There is no way to smash a filibuster but to exhaust the filibusters by forcing them to speak day after day for twenty-four hours a day.

In a very real sense a filibuster is an endurance test. If a majority of the senators really want to free themselves from the dictates of a willful minority they must be willing to take the time and undergo the physical strain that may be necessary to abolish once and for all the filibuster travesty.

If a majority of the present Senate really doesn't want to make that fight, then the voters should start finding it out in the 1946 elections. They should see to it that they send back to the Senate men pledged to make that fight. For my part, I am determined that the fight shall be made. But it cannot be made without the assistance of senators in both parties. It will not be a pleasant fight. But with demonstrated public backing, it undoubtedly would end quickly.

### For the Dignity of the Senate

When continuous sessions were proposed as the only effective method of beating the recent FEPC filibuster, the criticism was made that the procedure was beneath the dignity of senators. That, of course, was pure nonsense. Nothing could be more undignified than the manner in which the Senate record is disgraced with long-winded ranting and meaningless talk during a filibuster. My proposal for continuous sessions of the Senate has been criticized as too dramatic. That argument is without weight. It is highly important that this issue be fully dramatized in order to impress upon the American people its vital importance to their legislative rights.

There are two reasons why it is important that the fight to pass an antifilibuster resolution should be waged at the beginning of the next session of Congress. First, it should be conducted concurrently with the fight to establish majority rule in the House in order that public attention may be focused on the same basic issue, namely, the need of democracy in both Houses of Congress.

Second, if the resolution is followed by a filibuster, it will not hold up any other legislation, since none will be ready for Senate

action. It would be very difficult to break a filibuster near the close of a session, because the unity of action required on the part of senators is difficult to obtain when so many of them are anxious to recess and go home. It is likewise difficult to wage a successful fight against a filibuster in the middle of a session, since the argument is always made that taking the time to defeat a filibuster blocks action on other legislation vital to the welfare of the country.

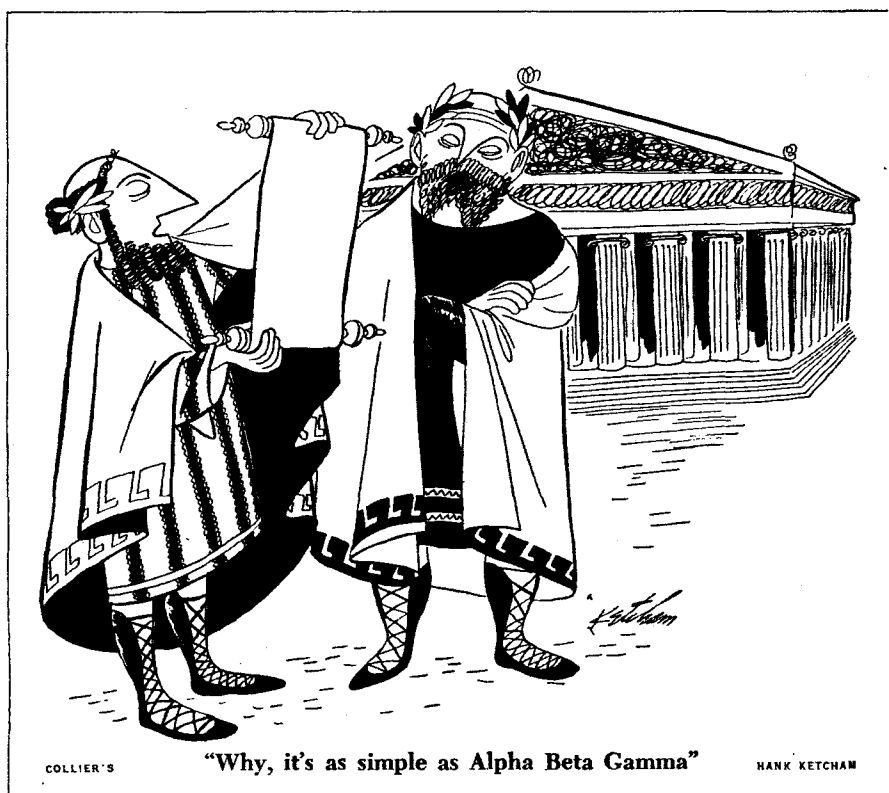
One rule in political strategy, as in boxing, is never to telegraph your punches. But this fight involves more than political strategy. This is a fight to establish the people's rights to democratic procedures in their Congress, and it is important that the people themselves should become understanding participants. Everyone should know months ahead of time that January 7, 1947, or whatever day Congress reopens, will be D-Day on Capitol Hill—Democracy-Day for reasserting and re-establishing majority rule in the Congress of the United States; Duty-Day for all members of Congress to restore representative government to the legislative processes of Congress.

If majority rule is to characterize the procedures of Congress, the voters of this country must make that clear to Congressional candidates in November. Either we are going to re-establish the principle of majority rule in our Congress or we are going to continue to drift into government by minority interests and bloc pressures. This is another test of liberalism versus reactionism.

It is important that the American people recognize that our form of government can protect their rights only so long as they keep it strong and effective. Representative government is not a machine that works automatically. It is but a set of rules and principles which the people by their own consent have decreed shall be binding upon their own conduct. These principles cannot work unless they are administered by men and women responsive to the will of the voters who elected them.

The people must be ever watchful against institutions—like the filibuster and powers of the House Rules Committee—which permit the perversion of free government by self-seeking men. If the people relax their vigilance, they may lose the fruits of democracy which promote the greatest good for the greatest number within the framework of our private-property economy.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Why, it's as simple as Alpha Beta Gamma"

HANK KETCHAM

## Lesson from a farmer's daughter!



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Plates out for turtle pie, a specialty of the Bahamas. The pie was baked in the turtle shell by Mrs. Beatrice Devard, champion turtle-pie maker of Nassau

# Banquet on the Beach

BY RUTH CARSON

**Nassau cooks know how to pamper healthy seaside appetites. You can borrow some of their secrets for your summertime shore dinner**

**A**LTHOUGH Mr. and Mrs. Graham Patmore are a business couple who love to travel and who love to eat, they do not shriek for steaks and chops and good old American ice cream when they visit a foreign country. They'd rather try something new, something they don't get at home.

When the Patmores took a vacation in Nassau, Collier's editors knew what would happen. Native delicacies would surely be the Patmore dish. So we propositioned Mrs. Patmore, who is Marian Stephenson, photographer, in professional life, to do a little work that would help vacationing Americans this summer. How about a beach picnic, Nassau

style, with pictures and recipes to show the natives up here how it's done?

Well, Marian loves a picnic. So did the guests she corralled, as you can see from the pictures. Incidentally, they are wearing the latest American swimming suits, which she took with her for the party. Nothing is too much trouble for Marian. Only she says it isn't trouble, it's fun.

One of the high spots of a Nassau beach party is fish chowder, especially a fish chowder with hot sherry sauce, made by Mr. Sam Reming, Chowder King of the Bahamas. Mr. Reming is a gracious colored gentleman of slight build and seventy-some years, who has made chowders for the big clubs and private parties of Nassau almost as far back as he can remember.

Another gala dish is turtle pie. Little individual turtle pies can be made in small dishes, like any meat pie, but if your party is big enough the real ticket is to have the pie made right in the turtle shell. This is just what Mrs. Beatrice Devard, champion turtle-pie maker of

the island, whose mother was the island's turtle-pie maker before her, did for the picnic. Mrs. Devard also made some turtle meat balls, heaped up on a big platter under a cover to keep them warm. But they were such wonderful eating that by the time Mrs. Patmore got through with her other pictures, there wasn't even one meat ball left to have its picture taken for you.

Another great delicacy of the island is the conch salad, colorful and refreshing with its mixture of creamy white conch meat, ripe red tomatoes, pale green cucumber, shredded bright green and red pepper, freshened with lime juice and garnished with slices of lime.

No picture can do justice to the Bahama grits served with the turtle pie. Grits are very coarsely ground yellow corn, obtained by putting the dry corn through a grit mill and blowing off the chaff. (The mills used in the Bahamas look like meat grinders, are imported from Connecticut.) Our water-ground corn meal, though not so coarse, would do in lieu of this, cooked up with bacon,

onions, peppers and tomatoes into a dry, fluffy concoction resembling rice pilaff.

There was fruit for the picnic, too, and beer and cases of soda pop. The picnic was by way of celebration, anyway, for this was the first beach party since before the war, when beach parties used to be a real part of Nassau life.

A good thick fish chowder is a fine dish for a big picnic party because it can be cooked ahead and reheated on the spot. Chowder improves with reheating. It's inexpensive. It's satisfying, even to appetites whipped up by the sea air. And it's delicious, made the way Mr. Sam Reming makes it.

Mr. Reming has one essential for his chowders which you may have to borrow, and that is a giant pot. His is a fine iron pot lined with porcelain, especially imported from the States. But a less elegant one will do, provided it is big enough. For the picnic party of thirty-five, these are the ingredients he used:

4 good-sized grouper fish, to yield about ten pounds of meat. (We

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARIAN STEPHENSON