



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

ALTHOUGH 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



Above: Sam Reming, Chowder King of the Bahamas, serves one of his helpers. Above, right: The popular conch salad of Nassau. The decorative conch shell is a favorite doorstep here in the States



could substitute halibut, cod or had-dock.)

8 lbs. potatoes
2 lbs. onions
2 lbs. hardtack (Pilot crackers or the like)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter
1 small bottle Worcestershire sauce
1 lb. fat bacon, unsliced
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salt pork
18 limes (or lemons)
2 cans tomatoes
 $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle dry sherry
2 lbs. carrots
10 small hot red peppers (2 for chowder and 8 for sherry sauce)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour
Pepper
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. coarse salt
Water

The day before the picnic, Mr. Reming cleaned and skinned the fresh-caught fish. After the bones are removed, the meat is cut into two-inch chunks, rubbed with coarse salt, and sprinkled with pepper. Then it is put in a pan, covered with lime juice, and stored away on ice. Nassau cooks use lime juice for everything. They freshen their fish-cleaning water with it. They squeeze it over salads, over meat balls, over fruit.

The next morning Sam was up early to cook his chowder. Now the bacon and half the salt pork are cut into small pieces, fried until light brown, then re-

moved to a bowl, chopped and put aside.

Into the fat left in the huge frying pan or kettle goes a quarter of a pound of butter. Add finely sliced onions and cook for a few minutes. Then stir in ten to twelve tablespoons of flour, stirring until smooth and light brown. Slowly add two cans of tomatoes, stirring smooth and bringing to a boil. Now half a cup of Worcestershire sauce, half a cup of sherry, two very finely chopped hot red peppers (you could use cayenne instead, or Tabasco sauce), and five to seven quarts of water or fish stock. Season with salt and pepper and stir constantly until it has boiled for a few minutes.

Then the carrots and celery are diced and the potatoes are cut into inch-square chunks. Now, for the final brewing, Sam Reming places on the bottom of his big kettle five or six thin slices of raw salt pork. Over this a layer of fish, a layer of potatoes sprinkled with chopped bacon and pork, a layer of carrots and celery, a layer of hard crackers, and several cups of the liquid concocted above. The rest of the fish and vegetables, in alternate layers. The rest of the liquid. The remaining quarter of a pound of butter, dotted over the top. A slow cooking, until vegetables and fish are done.

On the beach, Sam heated the chowder piping hot again. And he ladled it out himself, making certain that each guest got his full portion of each special thing that went to make up this thick,

Sam Reming cooks fish chowder at home for big parties, carefully blending together over a dozen ingredients. Chowders may stand, then be reheated, enhancing the flavor. This, Sam does on the spot, calling the guests to come get it

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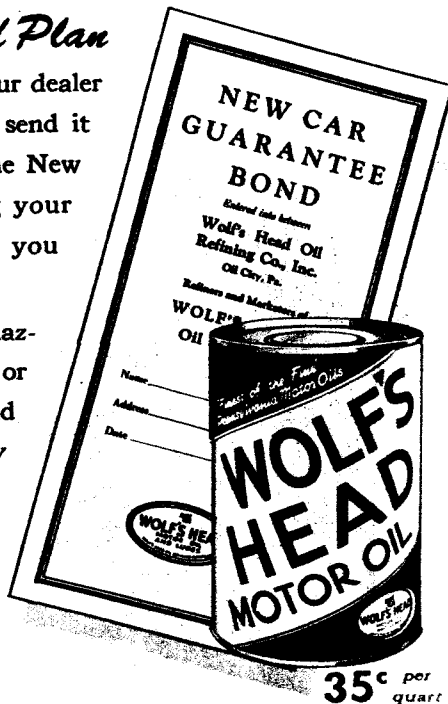


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delectable brew. Then, into each bowlful of chowder, a dash of hot sherry sauce.

"This sauce is wonderful," says Mrs. Patmore. "All you do is add eight or ten small hot red peppers, whole, to a pint of sherry, and let it stand. It should stand at least a day. It keeps indefinitely, so you can always have a bottle handy in the kitchen. Just leave the peppers in."

We must warn you that Mrs. Patmore is given to hot seasonings. Caution is indicated in following her directions. You can always start slowly, and add more.

Turtle pie and meat balls involve wrestling with a turtle, unless you can get a can of turtle meat. But for those adventurous cooks accustomed to dealing with turtles on the hoof, Mrs. Patmore brought back directions. Mrs. Devard baked her turtle pie in a zinc-lined wooden oven. The following proportions may not be exact, for Mrs. Devard is no cookbook cook. But any good cook knows how to judge proportions as she goes along. Here are the ingredients, more or less, for turtle pie and meat balls for a party of 35:

About eight pounds of turtle meat. Wash in water containing lime juice, cut half of the meat into medium small pieces, salt, pepper, and store on ice until needed. (Save remaining four pounds to be ground for meat balls)

10 or 12 medium-sized carrots, diced
2 or 3 pounds firm tomatoes, skinned
1 lb. onions, finely chopped
2 large sweet green peppers, cut up (1 could be sweet red pepper)
2 lbs. potatoes cut into one-inch cubes
1 hot red pepper finely minced
½ lb. fat, preferably butter, but margarine or vegetable shortening could be used.

Put peppers, tomatoes and very finely minced hot pepper through grinder with coarse blade. Add to bones, skin and any trimmings of turtle meat. Add 3½ quarts of water, salt and pepper to make stock. Cook to reduce to 2½ quarts. (Use turtle soup instead, if your turtle comes out of a can.)

Bring on the Gravy

Melt about 5 tablespoons of butter or fat in a pan. Add half the finely chopped onions, cook a few minutes, add 8 tablespoons of flour, mix until smooth and brown. Stir in the turtle stock, which has been strained through a coarse sieve, bring to a boil and cook for several minutes until it begins to thicken. Add ground turtle liver, which has been cooked as you would giblets for gravy. Season with salt and black pepper to taste, adding more liquid if necessary. This makes gravy for the turtle pie, and also to serve with the meat balls. Partially cook the cut-up turtle meat, so that it will be tender when the pie has been baked.

Fill the turtle shell (or deep-dish pie tins) with the prepared potatoes, carrots and partially cooked turtle meat. Salt and pepper, cover with gravy, saving about two cups of gravy for the meat balls. Top with a good pie crust, and bake in a moderate oven for three quarters of an hour to an hour, until light brown. Serve hot.

This is the way to make the meat balls: Grind remaining four pounds of turtle meat, and add the rest of the chopped onions. Mix in 3 tablespoons of cracker crumbs, two eggs beaten slightly, salt and pepper. Form into balls about the size of a large walnut. Fry until golden brown in foamy butter or fat. Reduce heat, cover, and let stand over low fire until done, about twenty minutes. Place on platter, garnish with parsley, and serve with a bowl of turtle gravy to which is added the juice from the pan in which the meat balls were cooked.

The refreshing conch salad of the Bahamas is easy to copy with cooked lobster meat or scallops, drained in scalding water, if conches are not available. This is the way Gladstone, one of the native cooks at the Royal Victoria Hotel, made conch salad for the party. Ingredients will serve 12:

6 conches (or 3 cups cooked lobster, or scallops)
Juice of 12 limes
2 firm tomatoes

1 or 2 cucumbers
2 green peppers
1 sweet red pepper
1 to 3 hot red peppers (1 if you're American; 3 if you're Bahamian)

Wash the fresh fish in water mixed with the juice of two of the limes. Cut into small, quarter-inch pieces. Put into a dish with the rest of the lime juice, and mix in:

The tomatoes, skinned, cut into small chunks

Cucumbers, cut into fine quarter-inch pieces (remove seeds if large)

Green peppers and sweet red pepper, finely shredded

Very finely minced hot red pepper (cayenne can be substituted)

Put in refrigerator to chill for at least an hour, preferably two. Serve very cold, garnished with slices of lime.

And now for the corn-meal grits, fluffy and tasteful which Bahamians serve frequently in place of rice or potatoes. Cassie and Mary, the native maids at the cottage where the Patmores stayed in Nassau, made them this way for the picnic:

Put into a pan five or six slices of bacon that have been cut into quarter-inch pieces. Cook until crisp and light brown. Remove



"Gosh, are you really LACKAWANNA 7442? You sound just like KENWOOD 3956!"

COLLIER'S

HANK KETCHAM

from fat. Add 2 tablespoons of vegetable shortening to fat. Add 2 finely chopped onions, cook a few minutes. Add 6 medium-sized tomatoes, skinned and cut into chunks, and one very finely chopped small hot red pepper. (You can substitute a pinch of cayenne for the hot pepper.) Add half a green pepper and half a sweet red pepper, finely chopped. Cook until slightly reduced in bulk, about ten minutes.

Add 6 to 8 cups of cold water, salt, and bring to a boil. Add 1 quart of yellow grits (yellow corn, coarsely ground to about the size of a quarter of a grain of rice; water-ground corn meal will do instead). Bring to a boil again, cook briskly for 2 minutes, stirring constantly. Reduce heat and cook slowly, uncovered, until grits are done, stirring occasionally. Add crisp bacon when you reduce the heat, or just before you take the pan off the stove.

If the mixture gets too thick add a little water. But the end product should be as dry as a rice pilaff.

Mrs. Patmore got specialists to cook each dish for her party. This was a necessity, foraging among new foods. But it is also a smart idea for any party, dividing up the work so that everybody has a good time. Even dishwashing was no chore for the native helpers. They simply dunked the dishes in the sea, singing with joy that the old, happier days were coming back to Nassau.

THE END

Collier's for June 15, 1946

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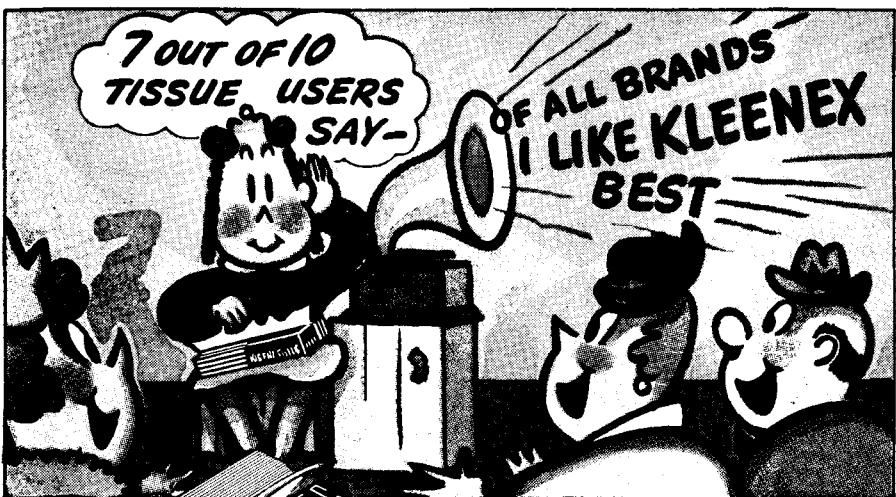
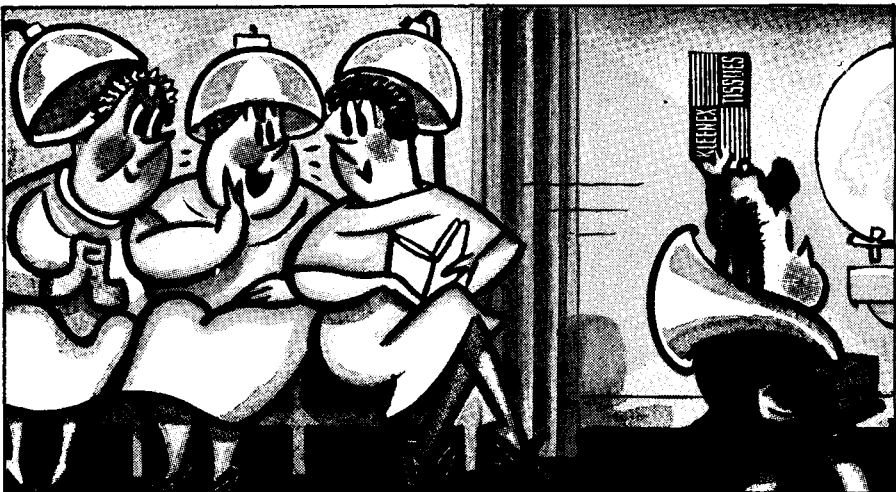
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LITTLE LULU Listens In

by Marge



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Scranton Buys Its Own Jobs

Continued from page 41

the problem of the town's idle war plant, the Scranton idea is bigger than Scranton.

For the Valley people needed that plant badly. The network of anthracite veins that made the region both prosperous and famous have become as thin and stubborn as an old man's. Fifteen years ago the mines around Scranton employed 40,000 men; 10,000 are working there now, and the operators have warned the people that in another ten years they can forget the mines.

That's why Scranton was worried when the big Murray plant turning out wings for B-29s shut down on V-J Day, and almost 4,000 men lined up in front of the large, bare U. S. Employment Service office to collect idleness pay and wait for a job.

Unemployment is no stranger in Scranton. Boys have grown into men without knowing a steady job in an area where their fathers themselves could only get a few days' work now and then in the hated, feared but needed anthracite tunnels. Before the war, a number of industries had come to the coal city but they were mostly small textile plants, and as in many another American town living off light industry, there were plenty of jobs for women but few for men. The town did have one big business no other city its size could claim—education by mail—but even the 2,000 jobs in the International Correspondence Schools' dominating brick buildings couldn't take up the slack.

A War Plant for Scranton

When war came, Scranton had to fight to get a plant that would give jobs to its men. The area is within 250 miles of the coast, and the Army had chalked a red line around the map of the United States at that mark and wanted all new defense plants back of it. It took a score of trips to Washington by delegations of citizens, some persuasive talks by Scranton's big man in Washington, former Postmaster General Frank Walker, and finally an order by President Roosevelt himself to give Scranton its plant. The modern low brick structure was put together in three months at a cost of five to six million dollars. The Murray Corporation of America came from Detroit to run it, and men from Scranton and the near-by villages on the slopes of the Pocono Mountains came down and got jobs.

The men joined the United Auto Workers Union, C.I.O., elected as their president 36-year-old Mike Demech, who still carries a scar on his face from a mine accident, and turned out bomber wings at a rate that won official commendation. They took home pay of fifty dollars a week—good money for the valley of traditional unemployment.

But even then there were people in Scranton who knew the town's problem had only been temporarily staved off. Mike Demech knew it and so did Ray Gibbs, the bustling, sprightly Chamber of Commerce man who had been coaxing industrial employers into Scranton with his insistence that the town is not in a hole. So did soft-voiced, circumspect Ralph Weeks, who heads the correspondence school. In 50 years in Scranton he has become its civic leader and the man who puts across the Red Cross campaigns.

With V-J Day, Scranton's secret worry came into the open.

Mike was sitting right on the problem and on the Big Day he had a beer with the other men who had built bomber wings, and then he went home and wrote a letter he had been turning over in his mind. The letter was to Clarence Avery, the tall school-teacher who had learned to build auto bodies on the production line and had gone on to become president of the Murray Corporation. Mike asked the Detroit industrialist to tell the men frankly what he intended to do with the plant. Avery's reply was frank, and Mike says it was very fair. Avery said his firm had no intention of taking the plant over for peacetime production.

"I figured he might be afraid of labor trouble," Mike confides. "So I wrote back we would do everything the fair way and the right way. If any grievances came up, we would talk them out over the table."

Mike was trying hard. He wrote another letter, to O. E. McGregor, who runs a bakery and is president of the Scranton Chamber of Commerce. Mike asked McGregor if he would arrange a meeting with the Murray people to see if they could be induced to stay and make peacetime goods. There was a series of meetings between the men who had worked at the plant, and the men who run Scranton's stores, small factories and local newspapers. There were more letters to Avery.

Avery wouldn't buy the plant himself, but he listened more and more closely as the Scranton people wondered out loud about taking over the plant themselves and leasing it to Avery's corporation. The Murray people were well aware of the production record of the former miners.

Avery wrote Mike Demech again and said he'd consider a union contract. To the businessmen sitting up nights in Scranton's ornate Chamber of Commerce building, he indicated he would consider leasing the plant for peacetime production at \$80,000 a year, with an option to buy.

Mike Demech and the other men in the union started sleeping a little more soundly nights. John Murphy, Lackawanna County's representative in Congress, started paying frequent visits to the War Assets Administration's office. Ray Gibbs tucked his toothbrush into his brief case for another of the 80 trips he's made to Washington since the war began. Ralph Weeks went with him, and so did other business and labor people.

The Scranton delegation dangled in front of the government men an offer to lease the plant for \$100,000 a year, and made it plain the community needed jobs and was willing to pay the \$20,000 a year over Murray's rental to get them. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation wanted \$250,000; its leasing pattern is eight per cent of appraised replacement value, in this case \$3,242,000. Besides, said the RFC men, we don't give an option to buy. There was a trip back to Scranton for a huddle, then another line-up in Washington, and finally RFC's Louis Bean said to the Scranton men: "What will you offer for the plant?"

An Offer to Buy the Plant

As promptly as though he had the money in his pocket, Ralph Weeks answered: "We have just one figure—\$1,200,000."

How the delegation arrived at that figure not all of them are certain even today. Ray Gibbs thinks the figure came up because that seemed like a sum they could raise. Weeks himself explains it was based on a valuation of \$3 a square foot as a reasonable price for the plant's 400,000 feet of operating space. RFC accepted, but stipulated it would first have to advertise for 30 days. Scranton heard there were other bids and had almost decided it wasn't going to get the plant, when suddenly Washington informed them it was theirs. All they had to do was raise the money.

Some Scranton businessmen—and they were successful men—shook their heads. The banks looked the other way. But Gibbs, Weeks and the others with them were committed to that plant as to a cause. They went to the people. They organized two corporations, one to buy the Murray plant, the other to raise an additional \$500,000 that would help establish other industries in town. They put on a campaign that had the fervor of a religious revival and the enthusiasm of a college football game.

Teams were organized to sell first-mortgage bonds at \$100 apiece. Judge T. Linus Hoban, home from the Army a full colonel and a hero, was made chairman. Avery

Collier's for June 15, 1946

came down to make a speech and raised the rent he would pay to \$130,000 a year to allow for amortization of the bonds. The billboard people put up free posters, and the Scranton newspapers published rousing editorials. There was a big rally at the plant, with a band, drum majorettes, the Boy Scouts in uniform, flags, mass singing, invocations, the town notables on a dais and Marion (See Here, Private) Hargrove down from New York to wish Scranton well. There were dinners for the bond-selling teams, 73 talks over the local radio station, and people wore red, white and blue lapel buttons that announced: "I invested in Bonds for Jobs."

The money came in by check, cash, money order and on the installment plan. Mike Demech's team of ex-Murray workers went out to the residential districts and raised \$87,000. Small merchants on side streets and department stores on Wyoming Avenue bought bonds almost gratefully, the canvassers said, and house-wives bought so many it became a joke around Scranton that the women wanted the men to go back to work. Some of the cash that came in was so moldy Ray Gibbs was almost afraid to take it. That was grass-roots money.

Neighboring Towns Respond

There was an amazing response from small neighboring towns, some of whose men had worked at the plant. In near-by Jessup, Clarence White, the fireman at the school there, captained a team that raised \$19,000 from a population of 6,500.

"We had 96 working at the plant and that brought in \$4,000 a week to our town," Clarence will tell you. "Our quota was \$6,000. The first night we reported after four days of canvassing we had \$7,000. That insured the jobs for our men, but we went ahead and raised more. We have veterans to take care of."

"I only went as far as the fifth grade in school but I spoke on the radio five times in this campaign. Mr. Gibbs and the others told me they raised \$60,000 after my speech when I told the city slickers in Scranton that the people in the Valley were going to beat them raising the money."

Ralph Weeks says it was thrilling to see the people, by the thousands, support the campaign. Then the Lincoln Realty Co., a bank affiliate, put up \$150,000. The success of the campaign was finally assured when Avery himself took \$150,000 in bonds. It wasn't the money that counted so much, but it meant the corporation intended to stay in Scranton. The campaign raised not only the \$1,200,000 needed to buy the plant but also the half million Ray Gibbs wanted to help bring in additional industries—over \$1,700,000 in all.

On March 9th, there was a ceremony at which Murray Vice-President, B. C. Gould, signed the lease, smacked his fist against the walnut table in Ray Gibbs' office and said, "We'll be turning out stoves in that plant this month."

Scranton had many feelings as it watched its men going back to set up a production line to produce tubs and stoves for Montgomery Ward under a five-year contract. There was hope and gratitude and a new friendliness among people in a town that had always felt itself to be a community.

"Ralph Weeks has enough money and didn't have to worry," Mike Demech said. "But he's a man who cares about the little man. When that kind of man helps, it makes the rest of us go out and work."

"We needed this for the vets," said Tom Millen, who manages the office of the county's oldest mine company.

"There certainly has been a change in this town," said Chris Colovos who runs the Twin Grill on Washington Street. "It was a wonderful thing to see labor and the commercial men working together."

"I've got my fingers crossed," said thin, worried-looking Steve Markowsky who worked at the plant. "We've been just getting along on the government's \$20 a week and cashing a bond now and then."

"You ought to have seen the hard-shells

join up when they saw the people put this thing over," Ray Gibbs crowed.

"If we bought the Murray plant we can put anything over," Dave Markowitz told the customers in his drugstore.

"It's not the whole answer, but the Murray plant means a great deal in solving our unemployment problem," explained Leo Neary, manager of the U. S. Employment Service office. "We have 30,000 out of work in the Scranton area, two thirds of them are vets, and what jobs we have been able to locate are 70 per cent for women."

"Now I think they ought to get ten more plants like that in here," said Tony Roedel, 26-year-old vet who worked at Murray several months before V-J Day. "Don't you think the vets aren't worried about work. That's all they talk about."

"If you do find a job it's 40, 50 cents an hour," said Danny Richards, who got out of the Army in October. "Who can live on it? Murray at least starts at 95 cents an hour."

The Murray plant will be in full swing this winter and, the management hopes, will be employing 4,000 workers again. If its home appliance lines go well, employment may go higher. But that would require expansion of present facilities. The way Ray Gibbs figures it, 3,500 jobs at Murray and 3,500 more from the new industries which he hopes to attract with the additional \$500,000 the citizens raised will mean 10,000 more jobs in various service trades: in stores, schools, professional services and so on. He says every industrial job should produce one and a half openings in the services.

The way things stood when Murray started moving back, there were 6,000 more applications than there were jobs at the plant's wartime peak, and half those may be vets, one official estimated. The Murray people understand Scranton's need for jobs for men and have set up a policy of trying to employ heads of families rather than cheaper female help.

Manufacturer Pleased with Venture

The Murray people are pleased about the Scranton venture. Some folks in the town at first guessed Murray didn't have the money to buy the plant itself, or if it did, preferred not to make a permanent investment. Both ideas were pretty well scotched when Murray started moving in the first lots of \$2,000,000 worth of assembly equipment, enameling ovens, presses and other machinery.

The Murray people had their own reasons for not taking over the plant themselves, and these can be reconstructed from the comments of Avery and other officials. The community participation in buying the plant was an assurance of local interest in seeing it go, an indication of security on the labor front and protection against any possibility that an outside corporation such as Murray would be soaked for taxes. The company is especially interested in the fact that the union team raised \$87,000 in bonds.

Also, the Murray Corporation has an option to buy the plant for its outstanding bonded indebtedness any time it wants. No private purchaser could have bought the plant directly from the government for less than two or three million dollars, the management admits. The low purchase price will also mean a large tax savings for Murray in the years to come—if they exercise their option to buy.

But the people of Scranton don't care for a minute that Murray got a good deal. What they wanted was the jobs—and that's what they got.

"People did the common-sense thing," Ralph Weeks said quietly. The common-sense thing, he thought, was to get the plants out of the controversy over whether they should be run by the government and thus foster state socialism, or run by big corporations and thus foster monopoly, or simply left to rot in idleness and thus foster unemployment. The common-sense thing was to get the plants operating and providing jobs. The people of Scranton agreed.

THE END

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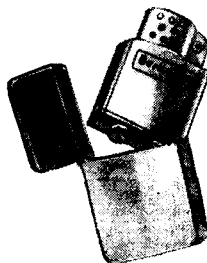
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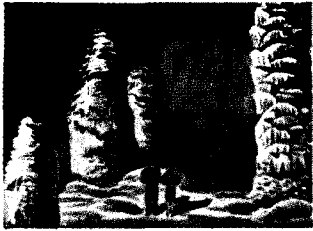
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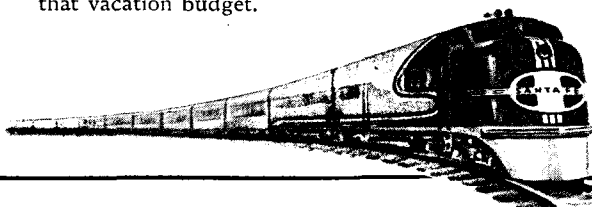
THE SUPER CHIEF—America's most preferred all-first-class streamliner between Chicago and Los Angeles.

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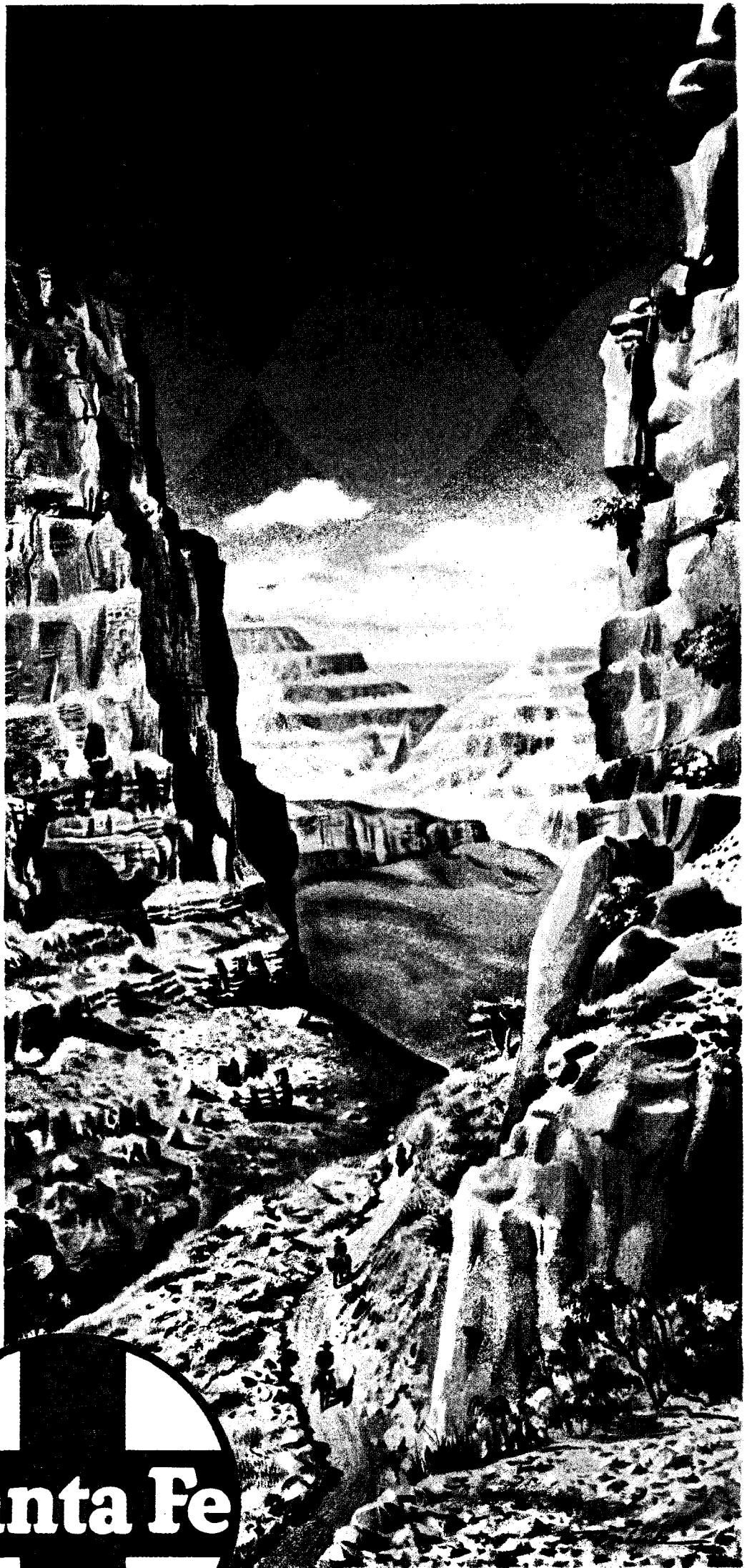
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THE GRAND CANYON IN NORTHERN ARIZONA . . .
the world's most inspiring panorama of giant grandeur can be included conveniently on your Santa Fe trip to or from California.

How to Run a Prize Fight

Continued from page 22

carpenters in the building of bracers and "rises" for the stands. The sections of lumber are numbered, and, several days before the bout, Coronati will use 50 huge motor trucks to move the sections of stands to New York City.

In New York he'll rent a spacious parking lot, store the lumber and wait for the zero hour. The setup for the Louis-Baer fight was placed on the Yankee Stadium turf in 28 hours, a record, but Coronati insists he can do the trick in less time, even to setting up 25,000 field seats in less than 24 hours.

The stands will be transported piecemeal into the Stadium by trucks, and 500 carpenters will assemble the numbered planks and rises. Coronati and the architect will supervise the work in preparation for safety examinations by the New York City Building and Fire Department inspectors.

"It's a funny thing," Coronati says. "Those inspectors could come in at 3 o'clock the afternoon of a fight to look over the setup, but they never do. They always come at 6 o'clock, when the customers are beginning to come in. I know why. They stay around for the fight then . . . and free, too, but we're glad to have 'em."

Jacobs has never had a sellout outdoors, because his price scale is elastic. Instead of taking sections of seats running alongside each other and establishing one price for them, Jacobs pegs the prices on alternate sections. Thus, seats in ringside section A but not B, C but not D, E but not F, may be pegged at \$10 each.

When the ticket sale opens, the promoter checks on the willingness of the customers to part with their greenbacks. If he finds many fans want \$7.50 tickets instead of \$10 seats, the alternate sections are then scaled at the more popular price. Thus, your neighbor at a Jacobs-promoted punch party may have paid \$7.50 for a seat right in line with one which set you back \$10.

Jacobs defends this practice sanely. "Say, it's the law of supply and demand, ain't it?" he asks. "Besides, it helps get more money in for the fighters."

Managers of the gladiators agree with him. "Nobody knows more about tickets than Jacobs," they chorus.

Jacobs' fight tickets are printed in New York City, and 100,000 of them set the promoter back \$7,000. The ringside ticket for which you may pay \$100 costs Jacobs 10 cents. Aware of the danger of counterfeiting, Mike's tickets are foolproof. They

are composed of nine different layers of colored paper pressed together. The high-priced tickets are steel cut and the back of each pasteboard is embossed with the gold seal of the State of New York.

Because the promoter often switches the prices of tickets at the last moment, depending on the demand, the ticket company often is forced to print new tickets at the drop of a customer's dollar. Jacobs can't stand the thought of letting a greenback get away from him.

His respect for the ticket almost reaches the point of coddling. Ducats mailed to customers, after receipt of money orders or checks, are sent by registered mail in specially designed envelopes. Mike's box-office chiefs, Herman Lewin and Rivington Bisland, designed an envelope which bears a metal lock. Only by destroying the envelope can the tickets be removed. Inasmuch as tickets are sent by registered mail, this is a theftproof system.

Each envelope costs Jacobs 25 cents, the same amount he pays for sending each packet through the mail. Since 10,000 orders for tickets will be mailed, the promoter shells out \$5,000 for this convenience. Of course, he knows it is good business.

The Tips Exceed the Salary

Six weeks before the fight the ticket rush was on. Jacobs' box-office staff, limited to Lewin and Bisland all year, was increased by half a dozen assistants. The new ticket handlers are each paid \$75 weekly, but most customers leave a dollar or two at the wicket above the cost of purchase. A ticket seller's tips can easily double his salary in any week.

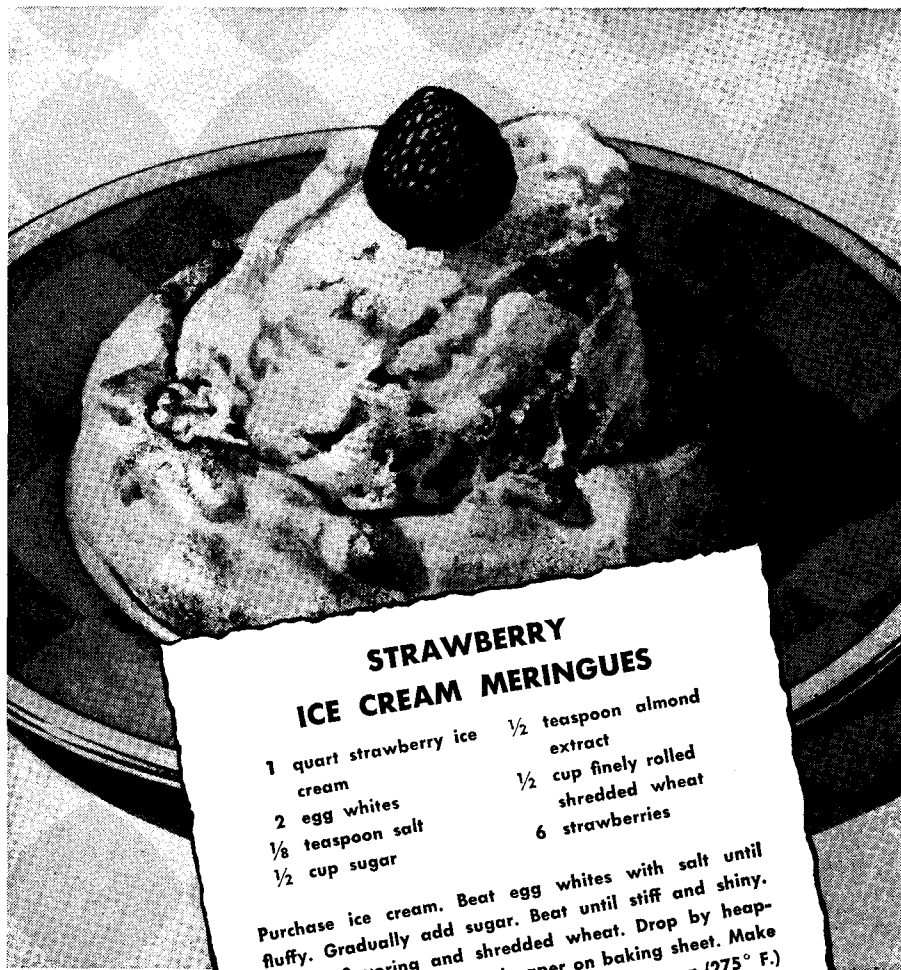
Biggest orders for Louis-Conn seats come from large commercial houses. New York cloak-and-suit manufacturers intent on entertaining buyers think nothing of purchasing \$20,000 worth of tickets at a clip. In the old days, when hotel managers competed with one another for guests, the enterprising ones moved heaven and earth to get the names of ticket buyers who purchased huge blocks. They then would invite the buyers to make their headquarters in their hotels.

Jacobs has been accused and abused on many counts, but he prides himself on one point: "A guy who buys a ticket from me knows he's gonna get the seat his ticket calls for and he knows he's gonna be able to see the ring."

In years past, the rings used in big out-

New Tricks with Ice Cream

Prepared and Tested by
MABEL STEGNER, Home Economist



STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM MERINGUES

- | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 quart strawberry ice cream | 1/2 teaspoon almond extract |
| 2 egg whites | 1/2 cup finely rolled shredded wheat |
| 1/8 teaspoon salt | 6 strawberries |
| 1/2 cup sugar | |

Purchase ice cream. Beat egg whites with salt until fluffy. Gradually add sugar. Beat until stiff and shiny. Fold in flavoring and shredded wheat. Drop by heaping spoonfuls on unwaxed paper on baking sheet. Make a depression in center of each. Bake in slow oven (275° F.) until firm and delicately brown, about 50 minutes. Remove from paper immediately. Cool. Fill with ice cream and top with a strawberry. Serves 6.

... whenever you buy ice cream, look for the Sealright Seal on the container. It is usually the sign of a finer quality ice cream, always an assurance of a sanitary package.

For many delicious dessert and party recipes, ask your dealer for illustrated booklet, "New Tricks With Ice Cream" or write Sealright, Dept. N2.



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COLLIER'S

C. E. MARTIN

Collier's for June 15, 1946

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THE SHAVE IS BETTER WHEN THE LATHER STAYS WETTER

LIFEBOUY Shaving Cream

Yes, the **WETTER** the lather the **BETTER** the shave. A quick-drying lather will dry out on your face—give you a shave that stings and burns. What you want is a rich creamy **EXTRA MOIST** lather...the lather you get with Lifebuoy Shaving Cream...a lather that **STAYS MOIST** and keeps your beard soft and wet the whole shave through.

Get Lifebuoy Shaving Cream for **CLEANER, SMOOTHER** shaves—even with cold water or a used blade.

Try Lifebuoy's Stay-Moist Lather

LEVER BROS. CAMBRIDGE

8 LETTERS THAT BRING YOU PLEASURE

BEECH-NUT

Ask for Beech-Nut Gum and you'll enjoy a delicious, long-lasting flavor every time.

ALWAYS REFRESHING

PEPPERMINT FLAVORED

BEECH-NUT GUM

door prize fights were makeshift affairs which were badly lighted. Mike changed all that. The ring he uses for outdoor fights weighs 44 tons and is constructed entirely of steel. When not in use it is stored by Coronati in a big barn at Park Ridge, N. J. The barn, especially built for that purpose, is 85 feet wide and 190 feet long.

The ring was built at a cost of \$11,000, and, for the Louis-Conn fight, the superstructure above the platform will support lights of 80,000 watts, the most powerful ever used at a prize fight. This will be necessary because the fights will be televised and filmed.

Jacobs' radio contract with the Gillette Safety Razor Company, which brought him \$150,000 for the broadcasting of bouts from Madison Square Garden, expired on May 31st. This put Mike in the driver's seat in bargaining for a new contract.

The first Louis-Conn fight was filmed by Pathé, and RKO distributed the film. Pathé was paid a flat sum, but RKO worked on a percentage basis, 25 per cent for domestic distribution and 35 per cent for foreign showings. The foreign market, always a lush revenue source, was wiped out on this one by the war, but Jacobs still grossed \$53,000 from the film. The motion pictures are still being shown in theaters throughout the world, and the promoter's revenue continues to trickle in. Each time a new check arrives from RKO, Mike reads the figure and moans, "If only Conn had licked Louis! Those pictures would be worth a million."

He feels the same way about the coming fight. All depends on the outcome. If Billy upsets the champion, Mike will reap more than \$500,000 from the film. Should Louis conk Billy early, the motion pictures will decline in value.

Because Jacobs is aware of the value of a friendly press, he is especially careful in his treatment of the writers assigned to cover the fight.

Several weeks before the fight Jacobs and his publicity chief, Harry Markson, checked on the lists of working press applications to weed out the phonies. As soon as the list was prepared, telegrams were dispatched to sports editors throughout the world informing them that working press tickets will be issued upon presentation of the telegrams.

Phony writers are rampant in the weeks before the fights. Credentials are checked carefully by Markson and only bona fide reporters obtain tickets. One time, before Schmeling fought Paolino Uzcudun in New York, Walter St. Denis, now Markson's colleague, asked the sports editors of the United Press and Associated Press to send a message over their leased wires that applications for working press seats were being accepted.

Why the Editor Wanted a Ducat

The deluge was overpowering. Sports editors of papers in every hamlet applied for tickets. From the editor of a paper in Cuero, Texas, came the bid to end all requests. He wired St. Denis:

"Very sorry I can't accept your invitation to the fight, but I wish you'd sent me the ticket so I can show it around town. It would make me a hero down here."

Taxes are a big burden to Jacobs. Nineteen different types of taxes will be imposed on the promoter, the fighters and the managers. Jacobs, Louis and Conn each will pay upward of 86.54 per cent in federal income and corporation taxes, and the New York State income tax will take about seven per cent of what's left. Adding ten per cent to cover all the other taxes, the U.S., the State of New York and the City of New York will whack up about \$2,500,000.

The federal government will receive \$600,000 off the bat on the 20 per cent admission tax, while the state's five per cent will hit \$150,000. Louis' income levy will be \$800,000, including the manager's taxes, and Conn's crowd will pay out \$392,000. Jacobs will add about \$200,000, and ditto for the Garden corporation, Mike's partner. Then there are some other taxes—federal

excise tax, capital stock tax, and Social Security tax; state franchise tax, license tax, and unemployment tax; City of New York, gross receipts tax, occupancy tax and sales tax. Brother, will you pass the cup!

Even before the fighters climb into the ring, Jacobs' expenses will hit \$150,000. He hires only union help and deals with 26 labor organizations ranging from one representing the 500 ushers employed on fight night to the three different electrical unions representing the construction workers, the klieg-light operators and the house electricians.

The 500 ushers who work for Mike on big fight nights are paid \$3 each, but some don't even bother collecting this stipend. They make more, much more, on "tips." The usher's luck is in inverse ratio to Jacobs' prosperity. At a near-sellout fight, the usher can't make so much. Give the seasoned fight usher a bout for which only 75 per cent of the seats are filled and he has a gusher.

This is how it works: An usher can maneuver customers from \$10 seats into unoccupied \$15 seats for the slight "consideration" of a dollar a head, let's say. He's got to be experienced, quick-witted and alert to get this "bonus," but he gets it if he works hard enough.

One fight manager who wasn't doing too well took a job as an usher at the fight between Max Baer and Max Schmeling at the Yankee Stadium a dozen years ago. He made \$328 in tips that night and didn't bother collecting the single dollar they were paying ushers then. "It woulda been dishonest to take the buck," he said.

Butch Solved a Police Problem

The 50 ticket takers who'll work at the Louis-Conn fight will receive \$6 each, the same wage paid 50 special officers who police the park. Once, before Fiorello H. La Guardia was the mayor of New York, a fight promoter had to hire many more than 50 special policemen. "La Guardia changed all that," Jacobs says now. "I sent him two tickets for each big fight and the police sent up about a hundred city cops to help out. That's the way it should be. Boy, could I tell you stories about politicians on fight nights in those other towns, but I won't."

When Jacobs rents the Yankee Stadium for a fight he doesn't collect a cent from the sale of soda pop, frankfurters or programs. Neither has Mike a thing to do with the appointment of ring officials. They are named by the State Athletic Commission, which also sets the pay scale.

Under the New York boxing board's law, a referee working in a fight which nets over \$200,000 must be paid a fee set by the board. If the bout draws between \$100,000 and \$200,000, the referee's fee is \$200. Beyond that, the solons act accordingly. The highest fee ever paid in New York under this agreement was \$500, given to Arthur Donovan for officiating at the second Louis-Schmeling fight, which drew over a million dollars.

The two judges each will be paid half as much as the referee. Pleasant, aging George Bannon, timekeeper at all Jacobs bouts, will be enriched by \$25. Jacobs sets this fee, as he does the \$50 for announcer Harry Balogh, the man with the dinner coat and superadjectives.

One inevitable expense is the cost of the preliminary fighters. The Louis-Conn card will include six before-the-main-event bouts, four six-rounders and two four. The scale paid to preliminary fighters varies, except for those in the four-rounders, who'll receive \$300 each. Altogether, Jacobs figures on spending \$8,000 for "underneath" fighters.

It'll all be wonderful, even if Jacobs is operating on a ten-cent dollar, providing Louis and Conn come up to the fracas in working order.

A broken hand or a cut eye received in the fighters' training camp can score a financial knockout over Mike.

THE END

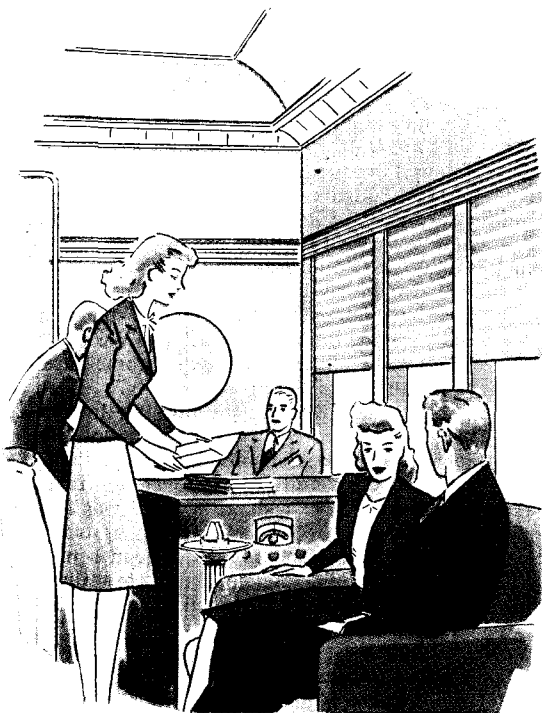
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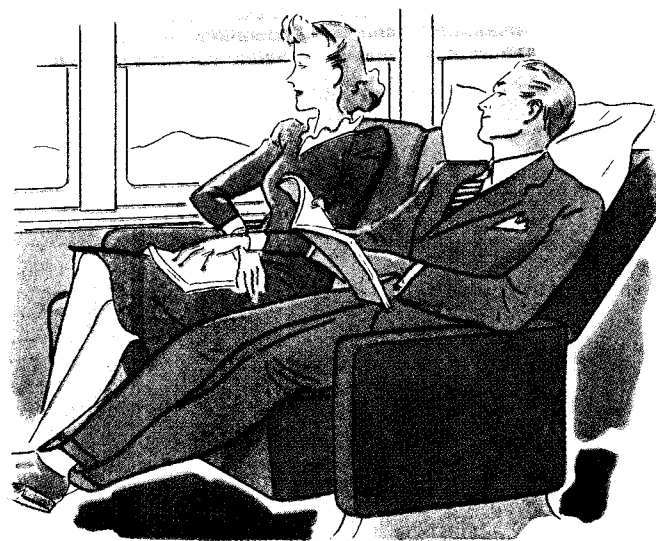
Union Pacific offers a variety of passenger service to and from the West Coast; Streamliners, Limiteds, and the famous Challenger service, featuring comfort at low cost.



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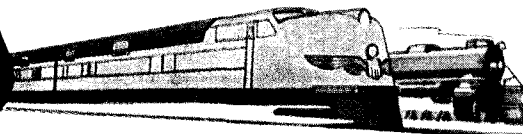
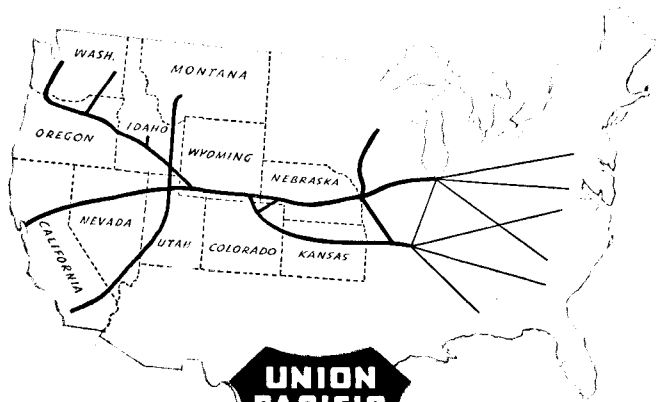
Union Pacific serves more western scenic regions than any other railroad—the world's greatest vacation travel bargain.

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Start your vacation with relaxation—

be Specific —
say "Union Pacific"



The Progressive

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ROAD OF THE *Streamliners* AND THE *Challengers*

The Fugitives

Continued from page 13

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

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100 YEARS OF QUALITY
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WHISKEY A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
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P&T
"The Blend of Experience"
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could not make any of his cares seem important.

She set her cup aside and lay back on the divan to watch the fire; her face was softened and shadowed. She had a slender body; her ankles were well shaped within the wool half socks she wore, and her lips were loosened and lightened by stray, passing thoughts.

The two older people were quietly talking in the kitchen behind a closed door. "Your people?" he asked.

"No. Tenants. I only come down for a week now and then."

He relaxed at the divan's other end; he closed his eyes, and comfort rolled over him like a heavy blanket and he seemed to sink down into a softness that had no bottom. Rain struck the house like buckshot and wind caught up a loose tin bucket and rolled it across the front porch; the house vibrated to the wind and limbs cracked in the timber near by. He said, "Those fires are pretty close to the house."

He sank again and fine bubbles flashed upward by him, and he thought: This is wonderful. A face began to come out of a mist, and out of the mist too marched a short round man. He recognized the man: it was his client in the bankrupt case. His client sat down and a bailiff spoke and a jury wheeled up from space and confronted him. He got on his feet and he said: "My client has lost some money. It's made him nervous and he doesn't sleep well. He won't sleep tonight. Gentlemen of the jury, why don't you go home? This is silly."

There was a judge. He couldn't see the judge, but he heard his voice.

"We'll take up a collection," said the judge, "and get this man on his feet."

"He'd have to report it on his income tax," said Layton. "I'd have to make out the form. It would be the long form, too, not the short form. You going to that meeting on relations, Judge?"

"Which relations?"

"They're all bad, Judge. Race, foreign, domestic, intercity, world, state—"

"It's human nature," said the judge. "You can't change human nature. . . ."

HE CAME up through the softness and opened his eyes. He had fallen asleep; he was embarrassed. The girl said, "You were smiling. What was it?"

"A silly dream about everything being mixed up and no good."

"You've been working hard. Everybody runs down and gets sour."

He noticed the coffeepot still by the fire. He rose and got it. She held out her cup and looked at him.

"Bob fixed your outboard."

"I'll shove off," he said.

Her glance was round and straight and full—it opened on him and took him in. "You'd have a miserable time getting back to the car. Listen to that rain. Stay here if you wish. In that room."

"Swell," he said.

The ungoverned force of space came upon them; the earth was awash, the seas were turned loose. This room was a cell of warmth against craziness; it was a little pocket of light in the black. He stood by the fire, listening. All things were small against this night, and no man was as great as he thought.

"There was a movie I saw one time," he said. "Some fellow in a beer tavern had built a cradlework of matches on top of a bottle. A whole box of matches. The thing was a foot high. I guess he'd worked all day on it. Somebody opened a door and the wind knocked down the matches. It was a silly way to spend a day. That's the way we spend our days."

She said, "Do you think you could live here? A little fishing and hunting and farming? Would it be better?"

"There's nothing better than this."

"Tonight, perhaps," she said.

He got up and kicked the log and brought up a brighter fire. He stood with his back to it. She sat curled and comfortable on the divan and looked into the fire; and then, stirred by some interest, her glance touched him. They weren't really meeting each other, he realized. They were groping around each other, now touching, now drawing back. He knocked out his pipe and put it in his pocket. The day's fresh air had made him groggy; he said, "Good night," and went into the bedroom.

The room was stinging cold, but the moment he got into the bed and sank down into the feather-stuffed mattress, he grew warm. He lay a little while, remembering that when a boy, visiting his grandmother's farm, he had slept in such a bed as this, in the same kind of room. The storm poured itself out undiminished and he recalled his boyhood prayers and fell asleep.

A CRASH, like the impact of lightning, awoke and lifted him; it took him a moment to sort out the sound and to realize a tree—a big one—had fallen close by. "Too close," he thought, and got out of the bed. He put on his clothes and opened the door into the living room. The fire still burned and he saw the girl, covered by a throw, crouched on the divan. She had her head tipped on a pillow and the firelight showed her eyes shining. "Your winter's wood fell," he said. "Did it get you up?"

"I've been up for an hour," she said. "Maybe I drank too much coffee. I've decided something. People dream of a place like this. They run away to places like this. But they don't stay. They'd like to stay, but they can't. It was wonderful for my grandfather. For my father, it was only half good. He had to leave. It would be no good for you. The world is somewhere else now, and you have to go where it is. Tomorrow you'll see. You'll want to go back."

"Something's here," he said.

"That's the sweet thing. And the sad thing. Something's always here. We can't ever take it along. We have to come back to it—and lose it when we go away."

He crouched before the fire. He looked across the short space to her and saw the looseness of her arms and her body; shadows ran dark and restless over her face. She seemed to be fading; her face was less and less distinct to him. It was a strong feeling; it was a strange, sharp fear, a premonition of loss. He stood up. He walked to the divan and crouched down again. "That was odd," he said.

"What?"

She was nearer but her voice was small and the tone was as though it came down a long hall. He felt a somersaulting distress. He reached out and took her hand and he said, "You're all right?"

"Yes," she said.

He held her hand and felt its warmth. It lay quiet in his palm, the rumor of her pulse running to him; she moved her head slightly and firelight created an amber glow on her cheeks; and her eyes were wide open and looked upon him, and he was rooted and stilled, and uneasy and awkward, and violent changes rushed through him. "You're sure?" he said.

"Yes," she said, and sat straight. She took away her hand, but she laid it on his shoulder for support as she stood up. "But now I'm like you. If the tree had fallen on us, our little worries would have been very silly, wouldn't they?"

The changes continued within him; they were like tide changes sweeping in from the ocean and running up little creeks and filling them bank-full.

"When I come down to this river, I don't want anything," he said. "I'm not trying to get anything. That's why it's good here."

"It wouldn't stay good here," she said. "Whatever's wrong—it would come up, sooner or later. It's inside you. You carry it along wherever you go."

Collier's for June 15, 1946

He put his hands behind his back. The firelight touched her face; it ran shining across her hair. She was sleepy; he saw the heaviness of her lids, the looseness of her mouth. She met his glance, curious about his silence, and expression raced over her face and she pulled her glance aside.

"I don't know how you know that," he said. "But it's true."

"It didn't last long, did it?"

"What?"

"Happiness—or whatever it is."

"No," he said. "It went away just a moment ago."

She said, quickly and impatiently, "Good night," and turned from him.

HE HEARD her knock. He rolled over and looked at his wrist watch and found it was ten o'clock. He dressed and went into the front room's fine warmth. She was waiting for him. She looked rested and pleasant, and he saw details of her face he had not noticed before; everything about her came to him clearly and with sharpness.

"I'm embarrassed," he said.

"You needed the sleep. The fishing's no good."

Dark morning lay against the window. The wind had lost its violence, but it still came steadily out of the southwest, pushing the torn cloud chunks before it, and rain fell, beating up the surface of the river. She said, "Come on to breakfast. I must have my coffee."

The smell of bacon and coffee and hot cakes crowded the kitchen and the wood stove's heat glowed against him. He was hungry, and he was happy. He ate an enormous breakfast, prompted on by Mrs. Jeffrey, who delivered the cakes to him stacked on her cake turner; and he returned to the front room and built up a smoke in his pipe and stood with his back to the fireplace. Ease made him so comfortable that he was flabby with it. His dry clothes hung over the divan. He took them and went into the bedroom and changed.

When he came out he found her sitting

before the fire. Her hair was long and black and held together by a ribbon behind; she had her hands clasped around her knees and she had been watching the flames. She looked up to him and for an instant he caught the wondering, far-thinking expression which had been on her face.

"I'm sorry your fishing turned out badly."

He said, "Would you care to drive into town with me for a movie and dinner?"

She looked at him a careful moment. He saw clearly how poised she was between certain contradictory thoughts and he saw uncertainty and strangeness play over her face and produce its softening charm. "Yes," she said, and her face at that instant seemed very young and faithful.

"I'll run up to the car and come back," he said.

He was an hour getting upstream to his car and it was another hour before he got the boat on the trailer and drove back to the house where she was waiting for him. When he got to town he left her in the lobby while he went up to shave and change his clothes. Looking at himself in the mirror, he saw how quickly the set expression had faded from his face. He felt wonderful.

They had lunch and went on to the movie. The picture was dull but that didn't matter. Contentment was still in him, and suddenly the impulse came to him to hold her hand; he was astonished by it but he took her hand. It seemed natural; everything had gotten simple in twenty-four hours.

Early night had swept in from the sea when they left the show and returned to the hotel. He said, "A drink would do, before dinner. Is it all right to ask you up to the room?"

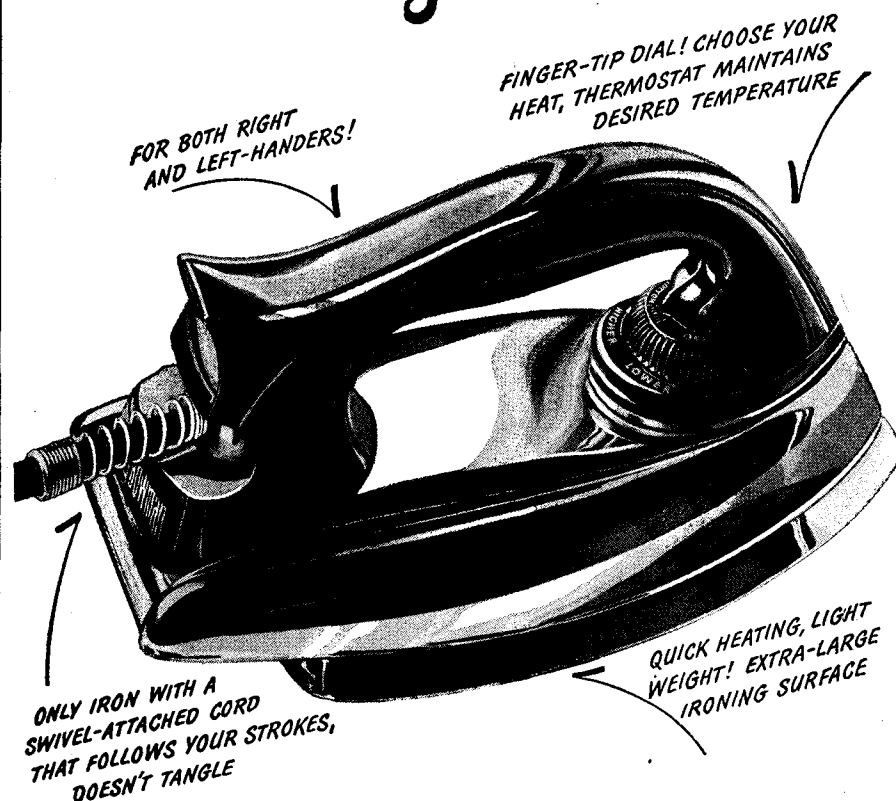
She gave him a side glance of sharp, amused interest which somehow embarrassed him. She saw what she had done, and put her hand to his arm. "Yes," she said. "It will be all right. I'll keep one foot in the door."

They walked up the stairs and down the narrow hall. He unlocked his door and

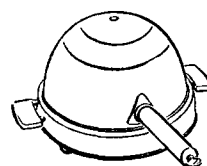
"That reminds me, Hector—it's time I got one of those M-B irons with the non-kink cord!"



Now! The Iron That Wags-Its-Tail!



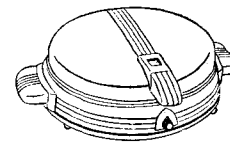
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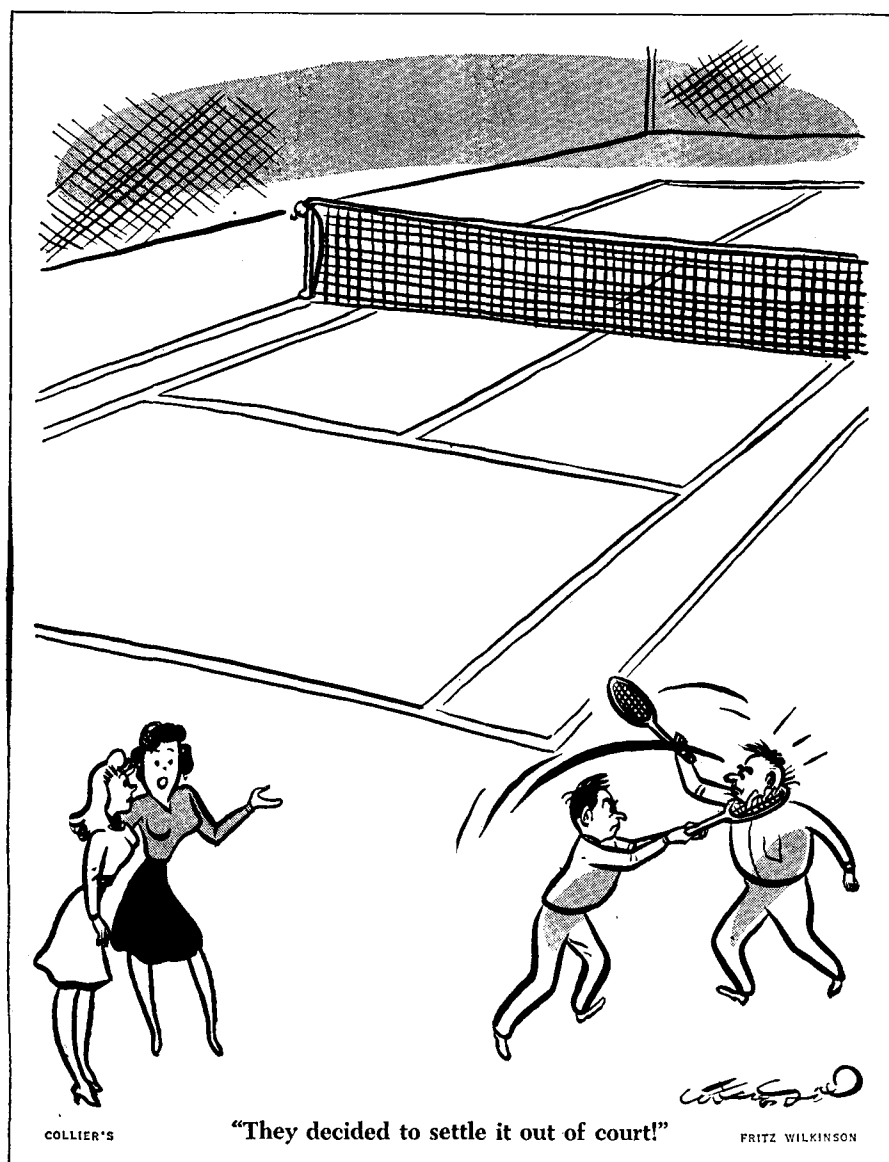
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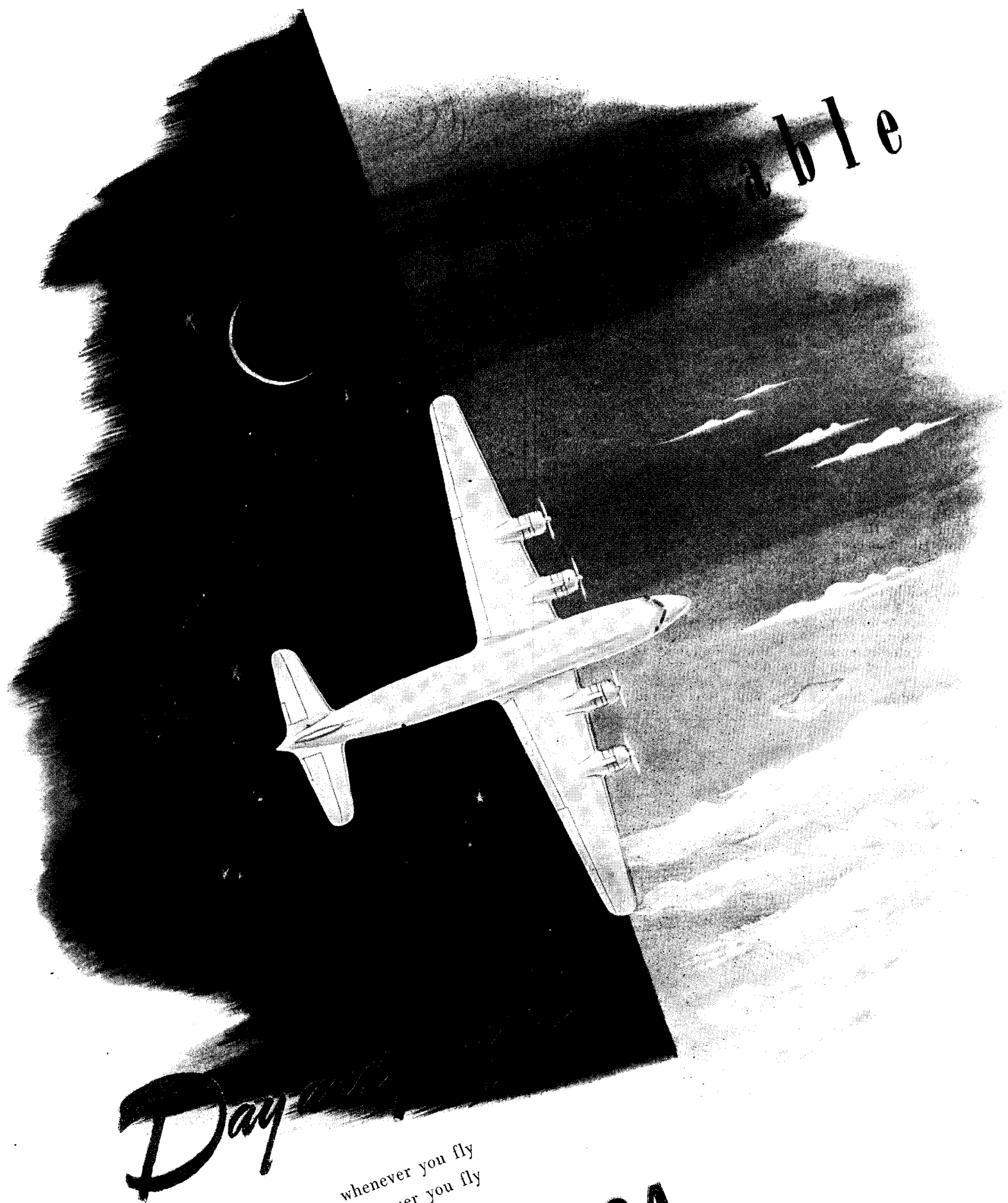
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reached through to snap on the lights. She went in before him and when he followed her he left the door ajar.

"Plain water do?"

"Yes."

He got the bottle from his grip and found two glasses. She stood in the center of the room with her tan coat pulled up around her neck; she had square, small shoulders and the look of youthfulness remained with her. The room's light sparkled against her eyes and he saw again the swirling powdery grayness of them. They were expressive eyes; lightness danced in them now, but the night before there had been no light at all.

He said, "What was wrong last night?"

She shook her head, the smile remaining.

HE WAS curious and meant to ask her more; it was none of his business and he knew it, yet he could not withdraw. He stood still, watching her, and he had the question in his mind when the telephone rang. He put down the glasses and walked over to the receiver.

"Yes," he said, and heard the humming of wires and the clicking of switches and the off-stage voices of operators along the line. Helen's voice came in:

"Did you catch any fish, or anything?"

"No."

"You weren't in your room last night, my friend."

"No," he said, "I wasn't."

She waited for the explanation to follow and when it didn't come he heard the change in her voice: "I'm not spying, John. Really I'm not. Maybe I shouldn't have called. Is it still all right for Saturday night?"

"Helen," he said, and halted, and found it hard to say what he suddenly knew he had to say, "let's call it off. I mean—all off."

The phone went dead. He stood a moment with the receiver in his hand, and then he hung up and turned and found

Ann Potter at the window. She had her back to him. It was her way, he thought, of giving him privacy for his talk on the phone. But when she came around he saw a different expression on her face, and he knew the closeness between them was gone.

She said, "Shouldn't we go down to dinner?" and moved toward the door. Somewhere along those quick moments he had lost her interest.

The meal was a failure and each knew that the other knew it. She was nice, but their talk meant nothing and when she smiled at him, the smile came out through a screen. She was a stranger to him. At the close of the meal, he said, "Do you want to go back now?"

"Yes."

They went out to the car. He unhitched the trailer and drove down the slattern-dismal street to the highway and turned south. He switched on the heater and the swipes. Rain freshened and streamed down the glass and bounced off the hood. He tried the radio and got a little music and settled back to a steady driving. She didn't want to talk. She was thinking of something and the thoughts condemned him; he had known women long enough to know that much.

They slid through a little beach town whose lights were dim and blurred in the night, and great sprays of water splashed out from his wheels. Perhaps, he thought, if they had known each other longer she might have excused him for his fault, whatever it was; but she knew so little about him that any impulse could destroy her faith. He turned from the highway and followed the river road to her house. He drew in and killed the engine and snapped off the radio.

She said in a light bread-and-butter voice, "I did have a nice time."

"Could I ask what happened?"

"You were brutal to her—you were cal-lous."

He Loves Me

Continued from page 14

other ways. Cora Belle Miliron was the kind of woman a ranchman on the Rincon Seco would marry with his eyes shut, and Andy virtually had. He'd written to an uncle in the Ozarks to recommend him a mate and Cora Belle was it. She could drag a two-hundred-pound calf down by its tail, sit on its neck, cross its four feet behind her heel, reach to the fire for the branding iron, and ride the calf four feet up off the ground and down again when the iron seared through hair and hide.

"Fern and I," informed Howard Brister, "like it here immensely. She's going to write a book of poetry and I'm going to do one on rocks." He squeezed his wife's unshielded ribs.

"Lambie-pie, our guest must be dying of thirst," said Fern, using the first sensible words Andy had heard in that house.

HOWIE went into the kitchen, one of the four rooms built by an extravagant government, and still Fern Brister didn't go away and put some duds on. She sat on a corner of the table and swung a smoothly molded leg. She had chunk-honey hair and sky-blue eyes and, while Andy watched fascinated, she reddened her lips with war paint. It made her prettier than strawberries.

"Now that you've found us," lark-warbled Fern, "you must bring Mrs. Miliron over for a game of table tennis."

"What's that?"

"It's like regular tennis on a small scale." She hopped down off the table, which was a long one with a net across the middle. She handed him a paddle and bounced something at him that looked like the oncoming egg of a squirrel hawk. Andy flung up his paddle for protection and the egg proved to be a blown shell—it bounced right back. She lobbed it to him again and he, getting the idea, hit it a paste that would have sent

it across the Sangre River if the house wall hadn't been there.

"How strong you are!" she said. "But you must control your strength."

Howard came in with three frosty glasses on a tray. Andy, used to amber splashes out of a jug, their temperature set by the time of year, was jarred and pleased by the discovery of ice in a glass in August. After his fizz drink had gurgled down, he began to feel more in tune with his surroundings; and after two more fizzes he felt completely at home. He tried table tennis again. He was beaten by Howie and he was beaten by Fern. But he had a wonderful time.

After the fourth drink Fern asked him if he wouldn't like to see how they'd fixed up the place.

The house was built of mortared boulders, with cement floors and tiled roof. Its kitchen had not only running water, tossed up from the river by hydraulic ram and passed through a filter, but an electric range and refrigerator.

The happy couple also showed him the bedroom. It had a bureau with mirror, a dainty bed with store-bought mattress, and a floor smothered in Indian rugs. "And this someday will be the nursery."

Nothing was in that fourth room yet but a crib and a hobbyhorse. It all seemed pretty forehanded. Andy and Cora Belle had produced a lavish of offspring—eleven so far, Andy thought it was—without a special room for nursery or even for bedroom.

The trio went out to the garden in back, and Andy saw what had been occupying Fern. Rows of wild flowers, transplanted from ravines above the river, alternated with lettuce, beets, carrots, peas and celery.

"Of course Howie turns the ground over for me," said Fern. "And he put these sprinkling pipes in. Makes irrigation just a matter of twisting a handle."

"Goodbys are always brutal," he said. "It didn't hurt her as much as you think. We weren't in love. We only liked each other comfortably and thought perhaps that might be enough to get married on. I came down here to make up my mind it was enough. The wind blew that out of my head."

She watched him with a stilled, close, driving attention. He felt her interest lie like a weight against him.

"People," he said, "start out believing there are one man and one woman on this earth marked for each other. Time goes on and the miracle doesn't happen and then we say to ourselves that it's getting late and we should put the illusion behind us and be practical and take what comes. Is that hard to understand?"

"No," she said. "I know those thoughts."

"It's better to believe," he said. "It's all we have that the wind can't blow away. Last night it knocked down a tree and could have destroyed us. I came out to the front room and I saw your eyes, and I heard your voice, and no wind can blow that away. Am I so wrong?"

IT WAS as it had been the night before. She weighed him, and uncertainty and hope seemed to balance evenly through a terrible moment. He saw strain on her face and he saw the strain break and go away. "No," she said, "not wrong," and she tipped toward him when his arms reached out. She wanted him to know the uncertainty was gone; her lips came up readily to him and had their pressure.

He heard the rain beating down on the car and felt the rough wind shake it. The car was a small cell of warmth and light against the black emptiness around them; this was the only warmth in the universe, and this was the only light shining out through those millions of miles of space. This was all there was, but it was enough.

THE END

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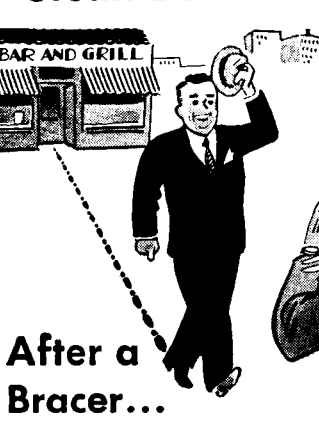
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hands, as Andy, mindful of Howie Brister's example, stole up behind her. When his hands locked in front of her belt buckle and his mustache sank into her neck, she reacted with a wild yell and a whirl. Andy was hurled into the woodpile while Cora stood on top of it twirling her chopping-ax and shouting for all the Indians in Opuntia County to try and get up to her—just try. When she saw that her own Andrew had made that grab, vast was her amazement.

"Howdy, Corrie Belle," said Andy, pulling himself out of the log heap. "Come on down. I've fetched you something."

"I thought you was John Horseblanket gone crazy. Are you sun-tetched?"

"I'm pretty strong. Sorry I squeeze. I just wanted to kiss you, lambie-pie."

"I'll be flummoxed," said Cora Belle. "Andy, has that Trader Bishop been selling first-run likker again?"

Andy looked around. His gaze fell on his house. "We could build us a real nice nursery off the north corner."

"A what?"

"A room to hold our new babies."

Cora Belle's mouth fell open.

"We could lead Can Creek this-away, and build ourselves a swimming pool."

"Andy Miliron, have you been stepping on a stinging-lizard or eating Jimson weed?"

Andy studied her well-set-up figure—its straw hat, gray hickory shirt and dungarees. "You ought to peel off about three quarters of that harness. Gorry, you'd be cute."

Cora Belle came down off the woodpile, gripping her ax-helve. Andy scooted.

A new era opened, though, for the Miliron establishment. Something had come over Andy that was beyond his wife's and children's explaining. Within an hour he'd sneaked back and stolen the chopping-ax. The day was hotter than hawg-scald, but he went straight to the woodpile and began making chips fly. This had to be seen to be believed. From the doorway of their one-room house, Cora Belle saw it. Andy worked in a dripping sweat, stacked up a right smart of stovewood, laid the ax down, smoked a while to recover his vitality, and caught up a shovel. He disappeared around the hill and Cora Belle grew fearful.

COME dusk, she started for Can Creek to fetch cooking water, when to her astonishment Andy trudged by lugging a bucket in each hand. Before going through the cabin door, he placed the buckets carefully on the ground and took off his hat. Then, hat under arm, he bore his burdens inside. Her dumfoundedness increased when she saw that one bucket was brimful of water, the other of milk.

Cora Belle felt as the tree of a forest must feel when the ground, firm for centuries, begins to slip beneath its roots. Most times, when Andy had been off visiting to Jake Bishop's store, the mood he'd come home in was a fighting mood and she'd known what to do with it. She simply got the first licks in, and the hardest, and dragged him off to the sack of yucca leaves on the cord bed and threw him there. But this spell beat all. In the morning Andy rose, went forth, and milked again. And by noon she saw what he'd been doing with that shovel. Here he came around the hill. He was ditching. He was drawing a rivulet from Can Creek to the Miliron door.

"So's you can irrigate our garden patch."

"Our what, Andy Miliron?"

"Our vegetubbles and flowers. I'll spade the ground over for you."

Cora Belle dropped to the doorsill and sat there.

She was still sitting when he finished turning over the soil. She was sitting when he returned from the hanging canyons far down by the river with a horseload of wild onion sets, of squashes and coyote melons and gooseberry plants, of pink sweet Williams, white sego lilies, and yellow dogtooth violets. Dazed, she watched him start planting these in rows, and when she realized it was true she fell to her knees beside him and they worked together, though she glanced at him from time to time uneasily. Andy surely had changed. But when he actually set to

digging and damming for that swimming pool, she knew that the time for getting to the bottom of things had come.

She sidled around to the family car, which was garaged under a smoke tree, and felt in its storage space until she found the jug. It was quite full and must contain what Jake Bishop was currently selling. This she swung over her arm with her thumb through its handle, and quaffed. She quaffed earnestly and searchingly, and waited for results. They were impressive when they came, but not what she expected. There yeasted in her innards not the slightest hanker to build a nursery, chop wood, dig a ditch, milk a goat or go swimming.

"Since it ain't Jake's likker he's hipoped by, it's something worse," she concluded, and knew she'd have to turn to the Navajo hogans for wisdom.

At her first opportunity, she saddled up and rode over the mesas to the village of eight-sided mud-and-stick huts and put her problem before the medicine man, Twelve Eagle Feathers.

The wrinkled ancient brushed his floor clean with a switch, and strewed colored sands—white to east, blue to south, yellow to west and black to north. He traced four mountains. Beside each mountain he drew a buck with antlers. Near the bucks he drew four sacred corn plants. Chanting softly, he moved from east to west around the paint-



ing. He closed his eyes. He pondered. He swept the sand painting away, and said:

"I see little stripes of pink and stripes of white. I see ranges of golden buckskin brown. I hear a voice silvery as the oriole's, laughing as the waterfall's. I feel the touch of hands. I smell the spice of broken mint. I hear the chink of ice in August and taste its sharp pleasant-hurting chill. I dodge a white shell that flies toward me and leaps away. I sigh for all-over waters. I am filled with pain, as one who has eaten of the heart-twister cactus. I yearn to be kind to someone."

"And the cure?"

But to that, the Indian had no answer.

Cora Belle Miliron rode home slowly.

Andy was dragging slabstones for the new room off the north corner of their house. Cora Belle rode straight for the family car, turned her horse loose, got behind the wheel, and set off for the only other fountainhead of wisdom she knew on the Rincon Seco, Trader Jake Bishop.

She turned defeated eyes on Jake. "I've lost my man," she said simply. "He ain't the man I married fifteen rains and seven droughts ago and I don't know who he is. Always Andy's been a first-rate resting man around the place. Now he works all the time. Always he was good for a fight when I offered it. Now he wants to make up before I hit him. I want to know what it is he's spooked by."

Jake Bishop thought. "Does he call you darling?"

"That and worse. Even lambie-pie. And honey-pet. 'Tain't spring, either."

"Tries to kiss you, maybe?"

"That too, the lollygagging no-good."

"Tell you what," said Jake. "There's a new wife down at the government hut. Why don't you go and talk to her? Women can be a powerful help to each other."

When Cora Belle reached the top of the dugway that winds down to the Sangre River, she started to hi-yoop, thought better of it, hid her car in a mesquite thicket, and took to the rocks. She moved with sureness and stealth until she reached the rear garden of the government hut. It was a pretty garden, neat with rows of peas and beans and lettuce and carrots, of gooseberry bushes, pink sweet William, white lilies and yellow violets. Near the back porch was a clothesline with two pink-and-white striped dibdabs dangling in the sunshine. Cora Belle felt a stab of insight.

A SLIM, young woman knelt amid the garden rows. She was in beaded moccasins, yellow shorts, a kind of yellow butterfly, and a tan like buttered toast. From the back door stepped a tall, brisk, athletic man in short-sleeved white shirt and seersucker britches. "Here you are, sweetheart," he said. He handed her a long glass—frosty. "How thoughtful of you, darling! I was dying of thirst."

"What say to a swim?"

"I'd love it, lambie-pie."

The young man kissed the golden-toasted creature. They both sipped from the long glass. Cora Belle rose and hi-yoooped.

"Why!" said Fern. "You must be the other white woman on the Rincon Seco. You're Andy's wife!"

"You know my man?"

"He paid us a lovely visit!"

Cora Belle inspected what the other woman had on in her strange struggle to acquire a Navajo's all-over complexion. "He saw you in that outfit?"

"Or one like it. I haven't much else."

"Gimme a drink," said Cora Belle fiercely. "With ice in it."

"Howie! Lovie-duck! Honey-pet!" Fern scolded. "Here we stand forgetting!"

It was sunset when Cora Belle got back to the one-room shanty under the Schoolmarm's Pants. Andy was splitting firewood again. He had the ax upraised. A muscular clutch tore it from his hands. A grip caught him up by the seat of his duckings, propelled him violently forward, turkey-trotted him on the run to Can Creek, and pitched him bodily in.

"You and your all-over-wet notions," shouted Cora Belle as Andy climbed out by the other bank. "You and your lambie-pieing and your neck-biting. Swimming pool, eh? Nursery, eh? Doing my milking and chopping and toting, eh? There'll be no more fine-haired ideas."

Andy crawled off. For three days he dwelt with John Horseblanket, who had been thrown out of hogans, too, until he had developed a rare understanding of women. Returning full of a philosophy that he could rely on, Andy found Cora Belle milking.

"Put 'em up," he ordered.

Cora Belle rose, a look of pleasure on her face. She took a defensive position. Andy hit out. She tripped and went down over the bucket. She bounded up, creamy behind and wrathful all over. "You couldn't 'a' did it if my legs hadn't crossed!"

Andy smote again. "Say your legs crossed that time."

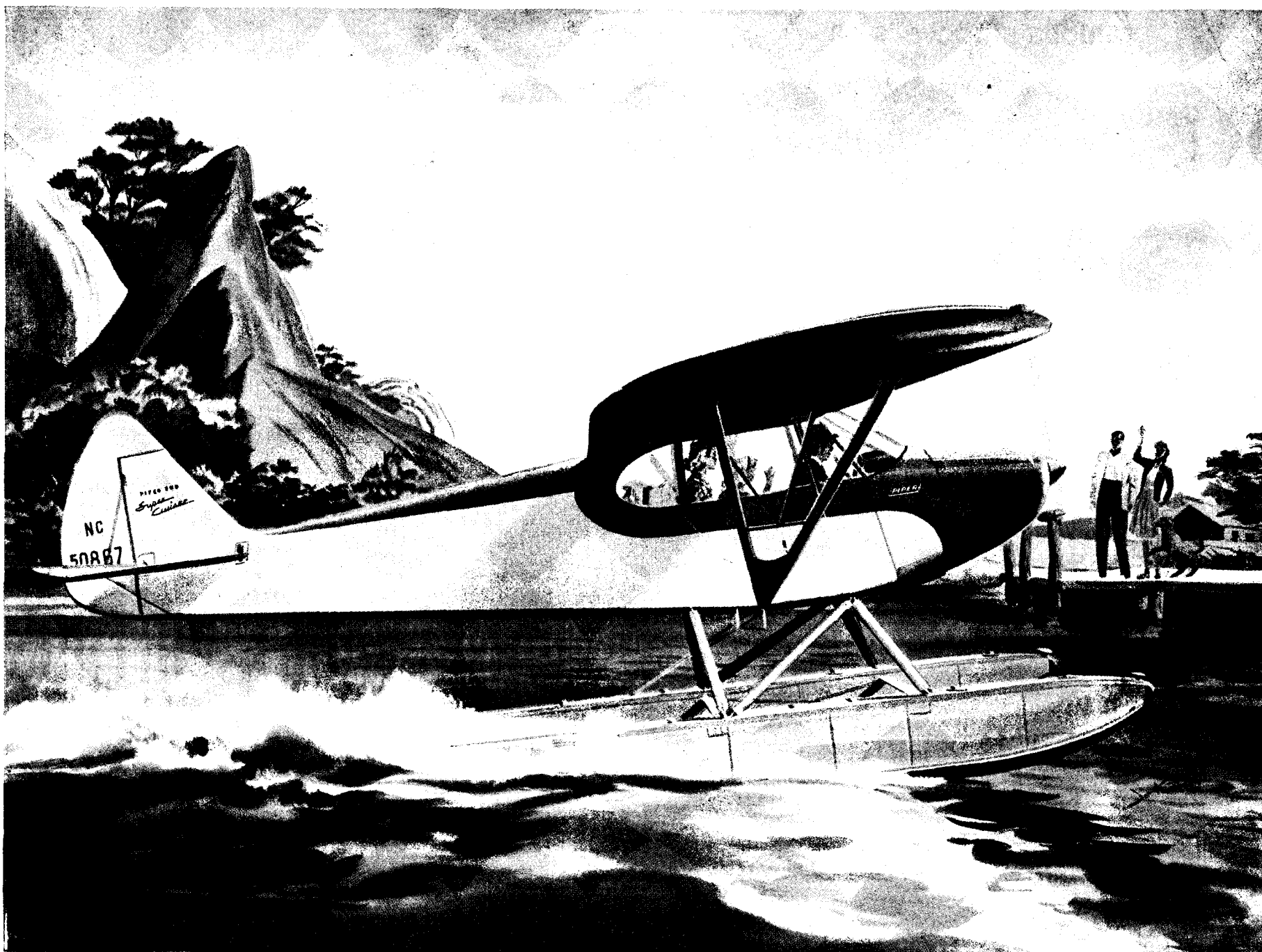
Cora Belle rose more slowly. Wonder and a glow of rapture were on her countenance. "Andy, you're your old self again!"

"Put 'em up!" commanded Andy. "This will be an extra good one. Today's our twenty-third anniversary."

"You remember that! You do love me! He loves me, everybody! He loves me!" she cried to the goats, the salt cedars, and the rapidly collecting children. "Andy Miliron, guard yourself! Here I come a-looping!"

THE END

Collier's for June 15, 1946



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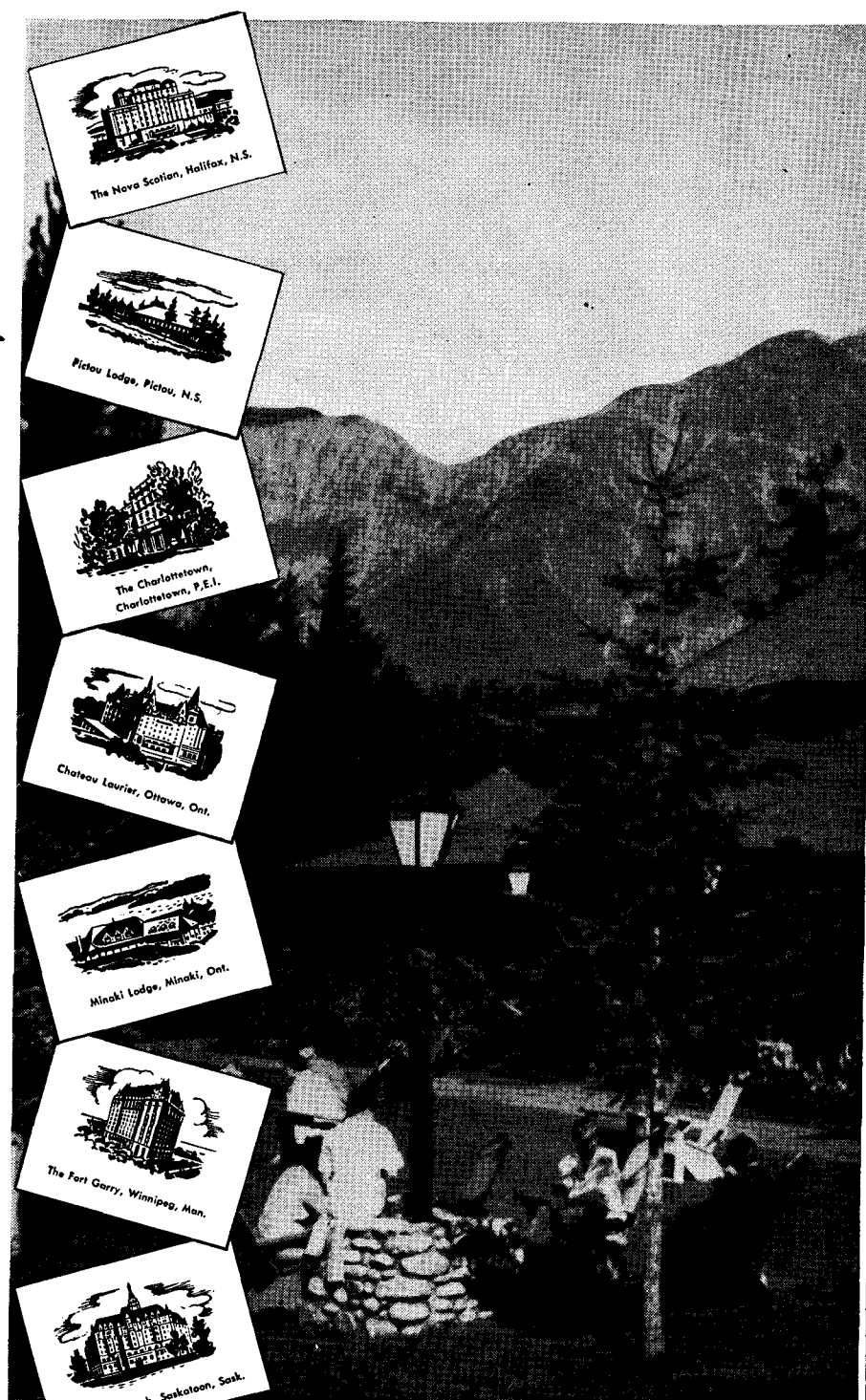


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George Vogel, organist for the Freeport (Long Island) Bank, playing for two employees. The idea may sound screwy, but the bank thinks it's swell

BANK VAULT VIRTUOSO

BY PAUL KAMEY

IT WAS a typical bank scene—clean, freshly polished interior, depositors making out slips, others waiting in lines. There was but one exception. Through the vaulted rotunda of the bank building poured the rich, sonorous tones of an organ playing a sprightly Gershwin tune.

"That," said W. Sargeant Nixon, cashier of the Freeport Bank of Freeport, Long Island, proudly, "is our staff organist. Just notice the effect the music has on the customers and our staff."

It was true. A man in a derby tapped a large foot in time to the music, another whistled, loudly and off key, the fingers of the tellers seemed to fly as the lilting notes rang through the building.

Nixon is proud that his is believed to be the only bank in the world to have a staff organist on its regular pay roll. Several years ago he purchased an electric organ from a friend who was going into the Army and since then the bank has provided a lively program of organ music for its customers and staff three days each week.

"We tried to discontinue it for a while last January, George Vogel, the organist explained, "but there were so many demands for its return from customers and others who used to come into the bank to hear it, that the concerts were resumed."

The organ is situated behind the thick, polished bars that guard the bank's vault. Frequently customers in the bank will press their faces against the bars and call out a request. Women customers often write the names of favorite songs on deposit slips and ask the bank guard to give it to Vogel.

Vogel builds his programs around a special psychology he has adapted for bank customers. "In a place like this," he told me, "I open cold with a light semiclassical. If the bank gets busier I move the music along, something snappier. However, I never move ahead of

the mood of the bank. I'm always a little behind it in musical tempo."

He has one fixed song on his schedule, though.

"That's for Monday morning," he said, smiling. "Customers come in bug-eyed and sleepy and I always give them two or three choruses of Oh, What A Beautiful Morning. It's amazing how it wakes everybody up."

As for the effect of the music on business, Cashier Nixon said he believed his innovation definitely has increased the number of depositors.

"It's wonderful for public relations," he said, "and I know we've had people coming in here to listen to the music who have started new accounts."

NIXON has found that music also has a salutary effect on the bank staff. He has found, also, that it takes some of the stuffiness out of the bank atmosphere, makes it more of a community institution.

Nixon, who started as a bank stenographer in 1910 and was president of his own bank at twenty-six, has introduced several other progressive ideas at the Freeport Bank.

Each September the bank sponsors a flower show. Hundreds of entries are received from all parts of the state and the bank is filled with a mass of colorful and fragrant blooms for the final Saturday-afternoon judging. He has also installed a sparkling red-and-white kitchen in the basement of the bank building where the staff can relax over a quick snack or a cup of coffee or tea.

He pointed to the long row of safe-deposit boxes inside the massive doored vault and explained additional rows of boxes were on order due to increased demands. And while he doesn't attribute the boom in business entirely to his organ idea, he does say that part of his banking philosophy these days is that it pays to play.

★★★

Collier's for June 15, 1946