



FABULOUS BILLY ROSE

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

After showing Texas how a successful fair should be staged, Billy Rose moved on to New York and even greater fame with his Aquacade and the unique production, Carmen Jones

Conclusion

EARLY in 1936, Billy Rose was unwittingly drawn into the feud of municipal pride between two cities in southwest Texas, Fort Worth and Dallas. The state legislature had just chosen sophisticated Dallas, larger of the two, as the site for the Texas Centennial Exposition that year, and the citizenry of Fort Worth, a sprawling cow town thirty miles away, boasting a minimum of culture, decided to put on their own show. Amos Carter, local publisher and chief Dallas hater, had seen Jumbo in New York and decided Billy Rose was the man to stage the Fort Worth jamboree.

A Fort Worth Exposition Board of Control was hastily set up, a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds were subscribed and several of

the local Women's Clubs made plans for Indian villages and Mexican handicraft exhibits. No big national industrial exhibits were available—they had all been signed up by the Dallas fair. This was the discouraging setup when Billy arrived at Fort Worth in response to a message from Amos Carter.

A committee met him at the airport and drove him out to the exposition site. On the way, he was shown photographs of the Dallas exposition buildings and landscaped grounds. "How much are they going to spend here?" he asked Carter.

"Our committee has already raised \$500,000," Carter said.

"And how much is Dallas spending?"

"About \$20,000,000," said Carter,

with an unconvincing offhandedness.

"Twenty million dollars of modern industrial machinery," murmured Rose. "There is only one thing that can compete with that, and that is—girls. Well, let me see the site." The challenge, the seemingly insuperable obstacle, was beginning to grip Rose.

After driving for what seemed like two hours but was actually a half hour, they arrived at a bare, lonely prairie.

"This is the site," said Carter.

"This is a wilderness, not a site," Rose said. "Do you boys realize what you've got to build here? It's not only a problem of putting up exposition buildings—but you've got to build a small city. You've got no lighting facilities here, no water sup-

ply, no sewerage system. You've got to build all that."

"And we want to open the fair on the Fourth of July," Carter said.

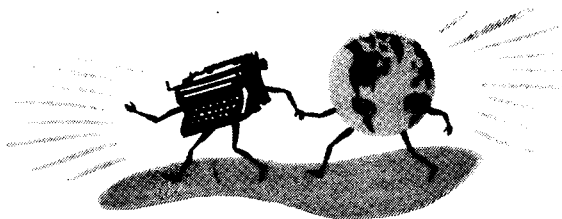
They returned to the Fort Worth Athletic Club, where Billy went into a small room and sat at a typewriter. Then, in about an hour's time, he outlined the details of what, with scarcely any deviations, eventually became the Fort Worth Frontier Fiesta. First, the production of Jumbo in its entirety was to be brought to Fort Worth. Secondly, a wild West show with musical interludes. Third, a honky-tonk cabaret, built in imitation of an old-style frontier saloon. Fourth, several blocks of old Western-style buildings, which would house the concessions. Fifth, a building for the

(Continued on page 52)

Collier's for March 8, 1947

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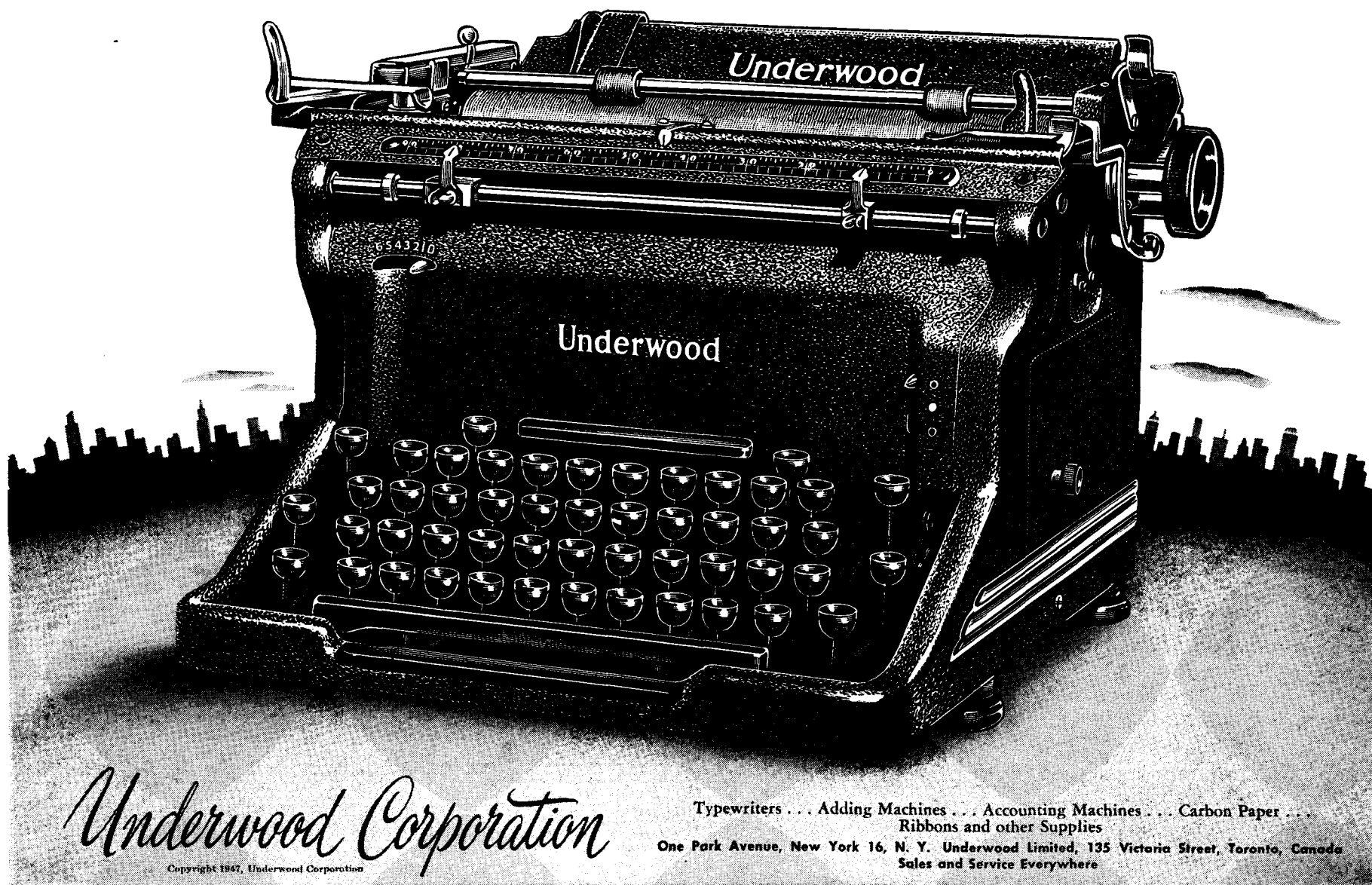
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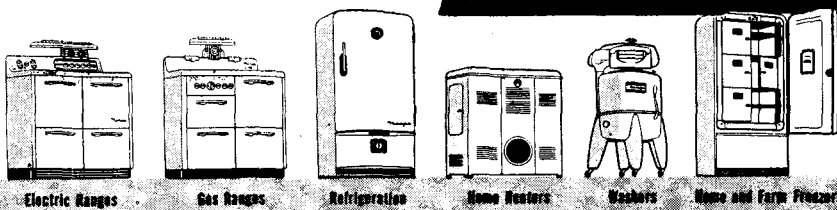


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MOSCOW: PAY-OFF ON PEACE

Continued from page 19

offer, one official capsuled its significance: "All of us are holding the German bear by the tail and not daring to let go. In this treaty we're saying, 'Here is a cage of fine American steel. Let's put the bear in it so we can all walk out together.'"

Although they booted it around, the Russians carefully avoided labeling Byrnes' treaty "Reject." Apparently they still are sniffing it over. The coolish reception given the proposal does reflect one fundamental difference between peacemaking today and at Versailles. Too many solemnly sworn treaties have been shredded into confetti in recent years for any nation to be satisfied with mere verbal guarantees of its security. With Germany, European countries see "security" involving answers to questions like these:

Is Germany to have a weak government? Or a strong one? Will she be Communist? Capitalist? Socialist? What classes of society are to be purged? Which favored? How much heavy industry is to be left her? What reparations will she pay?

Iron Curtain Must Be Rung Up

And it is on such economic and political problems that the ministers must finally come to grips with the issue that was ducked through the months of haggling over the Italian and Balkan treaties. Those treaties left the so-called "iron curtain" dividing Europe untouched. If Germany's unification is to have substance—and Marshall will be determined that it shall—the curtain actually has to be rung up.

U.S. policy has always favored a decentralized, federated Germany. This was President Roosevelt's thinking and is part of the program Byrnes passed on to Marshall. Furthermore, we have presented our occupation competitors with federalism as a *fait accompli*.

A year ago General Clay ordered Germany's first elections since Hitler. There were protests that the Germans weren't ready to vote; they weren't fit to govern themselves. Looking back now, it is clear that those elections weren't simply a whim that hit Clay on a nostalgic morning, but the first step in a broadly conceived, skillfully executed strategy.

Today the U.S. zone is the only one with a complete, popularly elected governmental structure. In each of our three provinces—"Laender," the Germans call them—constitutions have been approved by popular referendum, legislatures elected and ministerial cabinets are functioning. Under pressure of our example both the British and Soviets are now pushing provincial governments in their zones.

Why have we worked so persistently for a decentralized Germany? Our policy makers see a federalized Germany as a safeguard against the abrupt revival of totalitarian dictatorship, left or right. Instead of one strong, national government for some budding Fuehrer to seize in a single *Putsch*, there would be a series of governments—many citadels—to be conquered. Federalism thus becomes "defense in depth" against dictatorial blitzkriegs. A Huey von Long might sweep to power in a German Louisiana, but might well be checked before he had the whole country goose-stepping.

Establishing a centralized regime at the outset, it was further felt, would invite an immediate struggle for control of that government. In the course of it both Germany and the Allies might be ripped apart. Under a looser federal framework, the Allies would have more time and space to work out their problems.

The British, for example, recently brought the entire Ruhr industrial complex into a new province of North Rhine-Westphalia. This was done to permit "internationalizing" the Ruhr without amputating it physically from Germany as the French originally demanded. France's scheme, the U.S. and Britain agreed, would have created an Irredentist territorial issue and left non-Rhineland Germany a vagrant, without visible means of support.

The British have been planning to vest control of the Ruhr's industries in the provincial government, under the supervision of an international corporation of "interested powers." When one American asked the Britisher explaining the scheme to him whether the Soviets would sit on this corporation he got the reply, "You can put this down in your book. We'll let the Russians in only as fast as they relax their totalitarian grip on their zone and really unify Germany."

As a revealing footnote, the new province was gerrymandered to include a rural area large enough to make the province politically conservative and thus avoid any risk that the local Communists might capture the government. The action offers a striking illustration of Britain's split personality in treating Germany: In this case the Mr. Hyde of power-politics gained ascendancy over his idealistic other half, Dr. Jekyll. The British Labor party has been openly backing the Social Democratic party in Germany. One night at Cologne, Kurt Schumacher, the acid-tongued Social Democratic chieftain, remarked, "We had a majority in the Ruhr before our brother British Socialists took it from us with their new province."

Blueprints for Civil War

But the fault in a federalized Germany lies in the fact that checks on strong government inevitably leave loopholes for abuses of weak government. Our own federal system has produced states which specialized in easy divorces, tax refuges, gambling, low wages, gangster hideouts; a Bilbo in Mississippi, a Talmadge in Georgia. Similar variations and aberrations can be expected in a federalized Germany. Soviet propagandists have been attacking federalism as a refuge for Nazis and reactionaries, with some justice. Different provincial governments are likely to become the strongholds for rival political groups which makes a perfect pattern for civil war.

The thought of a strongly centralized Germany terrifies her neighbors—France, Holland, Belgium—all of whom are eager advocates of federalism. Questioned as to the possible disadvantages, a Belgian replied, "A weak government may mean some trouble for the Germans. We know a strong Reich means trouble for us."

Opposed to the American concept of federalism are the Soviets who have championed centralism. A draft of a constitution circulated by the Communist-sponsored SED or Socialist Unit party would concentrate authority in a one-chamber legislature with limited functions left to the provinces. The writing of the new German constitution could become a turning point in freedom's history. There will be some dirty work at the zonal crossroads over how the constitutional drafting body is to be selected, with the Communists trying to cover up for their political weakness. But eventually the issue will be clearly joined on how to rebuild a democratic Germany.

The Russians contend that a select group representing the "working class" must keep control and impose democracy from the top down by propa-

Collier's for March 8, 1947

ganda, purges, and bonuses for those who see the light. Against that is the American belief that "democracy" builds from the bottom up by freedom of action by the individual.

Illustrating this clash of ideologies is the deadlock over the organization of a German federation of trade unions. The Soviets have been demanding a modified version of Hitler's Labor Front—"one big union," with a central treasury to which all workers would pay dues directly. No unions would be permitted outside this body. In their own zone, where union membership is compulsory, the Soviets boast 3,500,000 "members" to 3,000,000 for the rest of Germany.

We have insisted the federation be of the A.F. of L. or C.I.O. type, in which each constituent union remains independent, with its own treasury and responsible to its own members. Union constitutions in our zone leave considerable autonomy to local bodies and protect individual workers against being expelled arbitrarily.

Soviet trade-union tactics are part of a larger strategy. Capturing the leadership of "one big union" would give German Communists a veto on any government through the threat of a general strike. Going further, the Soviets are expected to make a big play for nationalization of the basic industries with unions sharing in the management. If they could win this point, the Soviets probably would accept a politically federated Germany, for the effect of nationalization would be to set up a strongly centralized economic government through which the Communists could rule the country. They would be able to circumvent all the safeguards of political decentralization. They might even be able to win control of the Ruhr from the British!

With the provincial constitutions in our zone we permitted the Germans to decide for themselves whether they wanted Socialism. We are prepared to compromise with Russia and allow Socialism on the local or provincial level but not to socialize the industries in huge national combines. The difference would be whether the ownership of the socialized industries would be concentrated in one national regime or scattered among many governmental units—one or many fortresses for a would-be dictator to conquer.

Running through every aspect of American policy on Germany one finds

this common theme—the dispersal of power. We have been trying to limit the size of industrial establishments to prevent cartels from reviving. We are pressing for a banking system modeled after our own Federal Reserve in opposition to British desires for a central bank. While the common vanity afflicting all the occupying powers in trying to stamp their own images on Germany is largely responsible, our efforts go beyond that. Britain and Russia are both strongly centralistic countries. Situated as they are strategically, neither could be expected to accept victory by the other's centralism in Germany. It has been our hope that they might find compromise in the decentralized pattern we have laid out, thus making possible a self-liquidating solution of the German problem.

Conflicting "Spheres" Remain

With each passing month, though, it has seemed more and more as if we were swimming against the tide. Chances of getting a United States of Germany still are quite good. But that would not solve the decisive conflict. Beneath the exterior façade of a decentralized Germany, the Western powers could do as they pleased in the Ruhr, the Soviets likewise in eastern Germany. Some such "compromise" may develop. It will really be a stalemate, demarcating the battleground for the future.

Observers who have studied the pattern established by the Soviets in their zone regard it as a blueprint for the control of Germany. The zone has been organized as a solid phalanx, defensively right now, but capable of being converted into a spearhead of attack. Structurally everything is set up so a small, strategically placed minority can rule the majority.

The Russians have allowed three other political parties to operate under handicaps—and in the most recent elections these parties shellacked the SED. Nevertheless, SED leaders hold all important administrative posts in the Soviet zone and Berlin; they are spread through the management of the socialized industries and mines; they control the unions; also the one youth organization. Membership in this "Free German Youth" is not compulsory as was the Hitler Jugend but competing youth groups are verboten.

In addition to these and other Communist puppet organizations, the Russians have grabbed off near monopolies

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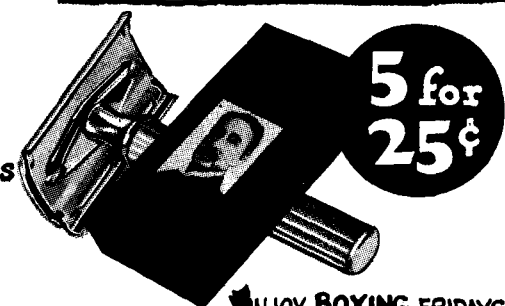
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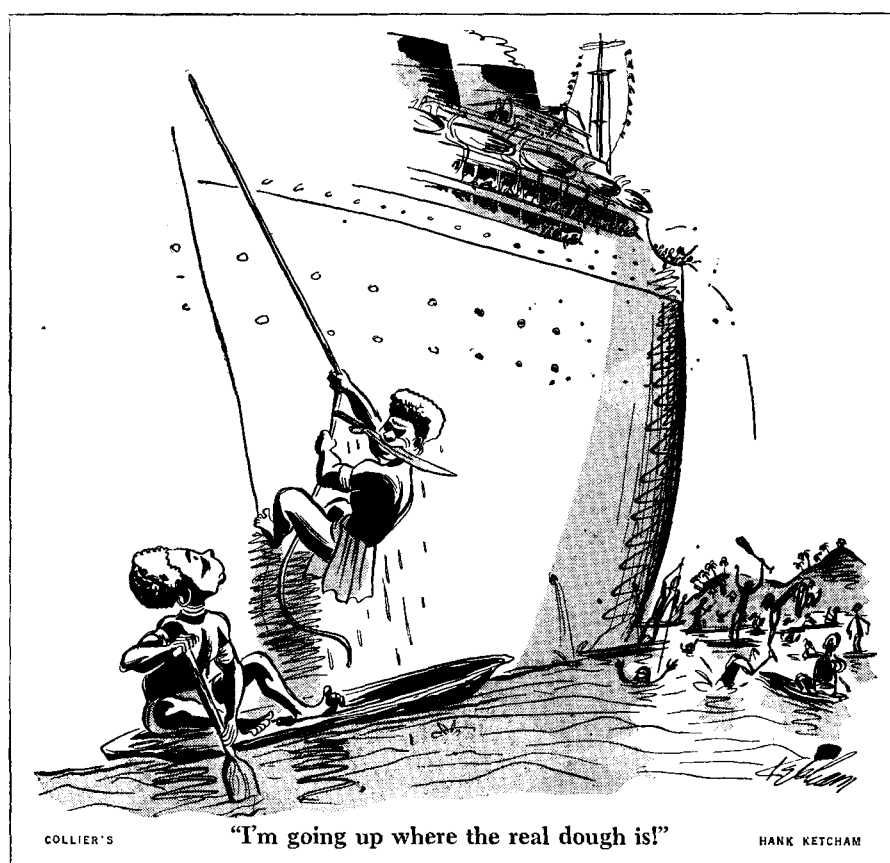


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of certain key industries. "Kombinats," with Russia holding 51 per cent of the stock, have been set up under a super-Insull holding company, the Soviet Industrial Corporation. Many Kombinat properties are plants which the Soviets are entitled to remove as reparations under Potsdam; others are not. The Soviets ship in raw materials for these Kombinats and take back the production. The Kombinats may mean the Soviets plan to keep an economic foothold in Germany indefinitely, as a "competitor of British and American investors in the West."

Can this Soviet pattern be relaxed? It was General Clay's belief the Soviets would abandon their "iron curtain" and permit us to write the ticket for Germany politically in exchange for reparations from current production. These are the goods and machinery which will be produced year by year, as distinct from reparations in factory equipment where the plant itself is carted away.

In Washington there is considerable feeling against giving Russia such reparations from western Germany. The argument runs, "We bought economic unification once at Potsdam, why make further concessions to get what the Soviets already have pledged?"

This argument overlooks the relation of reparations to how weak or strong Germany is to be. When Potsdam was drafted, the Big Three were committed to a "weak Germany," and reparations were to be limited to dismantling and removing factories. Over the last year, however, Russia, Britain and the United States have all swung to the idea of a "stronger Germany." With this altered emphasis, the Soviets and other European countries want to siphon off what they can of German production to speed their own reconstruction while slowing Germany's. The keystone of Soviet policy is to make Russia industrially stronger than Germany. Thus the Soviets logically say, "If the goose of German heavy industry isn't to be killed, we want the eggs."

Reparations from current production raise two difficulties. They must be financed. Which means borrowing from Uncle Sam. Having had our fingers badly burned after World War I, we aren't keen on helping history repeat itself.

Then, the Soviets have been asking an impossibly high figure of \$20,000,000,000 in such reparations, with \$10,000,000,000 going to Russia. (The Yalta formula gives Russia 50 per cent of German reparations.) Hungry for all they can get, the Soviets reason that if the figure proves burdensome they can reduce it in exchange for political concessions.

A Plan for German Industry

At Moscow, Secretary Marshall will have in his brief case a compromise reparations scheme worked out by General Clay. The idea is to use the "level of industry" agreement drawn up by the Allied Control Council in Berlin. The plan sets forth, industry by industry, the capacity Germany needs to become self-supporting by 1949, assuming an average European standard of living.

Both the British and Russians now want this industrial level boosted substantially. The British would raise the permitted steel output from 5,800,000 tons annually to nine or eleven million tons. The Soviets are ready to accept this, provided—a provision the British reject—it be accompanied by whopping reparations.

Steering between the two, Clay's scheme would lift the level of industry moderately, and allow moderate reparations. To reduce the financing burden, countries receiving these reparations would have to supply all raw materials not available in Germany. This last principle the Soviets already have agreed

to informally. At present the Russians are extracting about \$150,000,000 net from their own zone. If they are to agree to the economic unification of Germany they can be expected to demand more than this.

Here's how the deal might work. Say the level of industry were lifted 10 per cent. This would increase Germany's production of goods by about \$750,000,000. About a third might represent raw material imports. Subtracting that leaves \$500,000,000 in goods which would be available annually for reparations. Of this Russia would get \$250,000,000.

In exchange for reparations, Clay would insist that the "iron curtain" go. The Soviets would give all political parties equal rights, permit free travel, pool all exports and imports, establish a common currency, and accept a single budget from which all occupation costs would be drawn. (This latter move would tend to curb the size of occupation armies.) Since these detailed measures could not be whisked into effect overnight, timetables calling for their imposition, step by step, would be set up. If the schedules weren't met, the flow of reparations from western Germany would be cut off.

Some such reparations deal, coupled with a federalized Germany, would represent an American diplomatic victory, while yielding sufficient concessions to make it an Allied victory as well. It would clear the zones for the establishment of a liberal, parliamentary democracy in Germany—a victory for Western political ideas—in exchange for equalizing the reconstruction of Germany and Russia—thus giving Russia her hedge against too strong a Germany.

Retaining the level-of-industry plan would automatically give the Soviets a voice in the Ruhr, since the production ceilings cover the Ruhr. The plan also provides a mechanism by which the Allies can regulate the rebuilding of Germany in co-operation rather than competition with one another. Should it develop that not enough industry has been left for Germany to be self-supporting, the ceilings can be raised. Currently production in western Germany is well below the permitted ceilings.

Coupled with Byrnes' 40-year demilitarization treaty, this program could serve as a basis for replacing the occupation armies with long-time controls and

inspections. Not until the armies go back home can the U.N. really take over.

Of course, the Soviets may refuse to lower their reparations demands, or they may balk at the political and other concessions we would ask in return for the increased reparations. Still, it would be worth while exploring such a compromise fully, considering the alternative.

Danger If Conference Fails

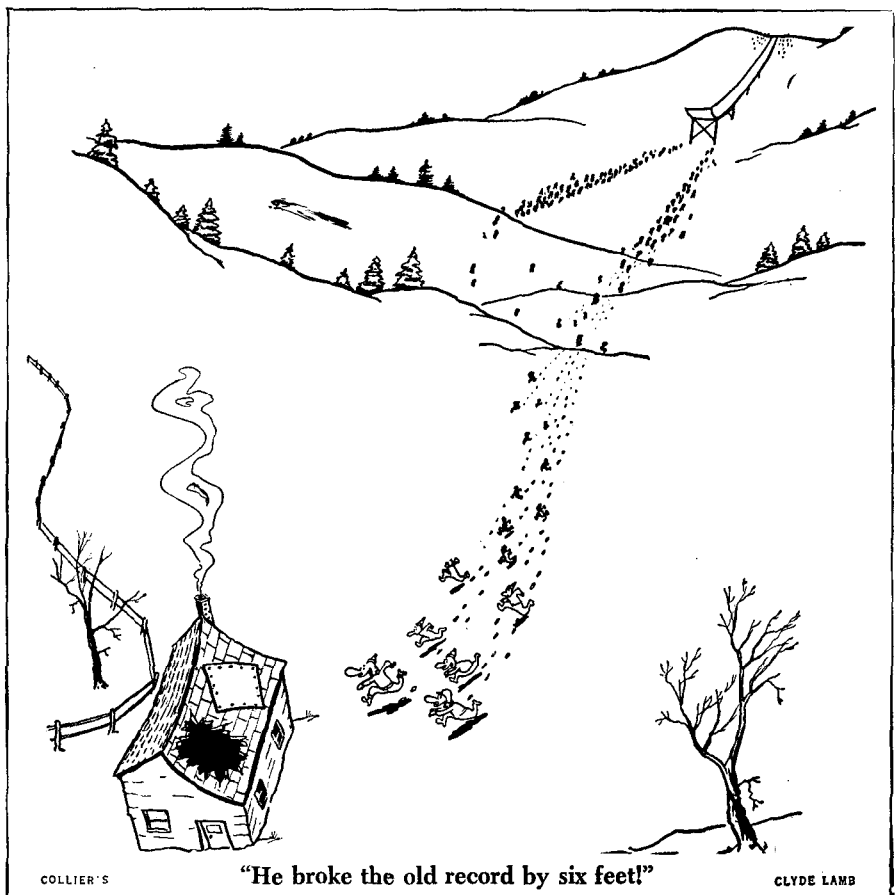
If the Moscow negotiations fall flat we and the British will be pushed into forming a virtually separate western Germany. This would develop into some form of western European "bloc" centering around an internationalized Ruhr. The line would be drawn for undeclared political and economic warfare between U.S.-British western Europe and Soviet-dominated eastern Europe.

Tensions might tighten so rapidly that, as one diplomat in Berlin forecast, "we would have war in four or five years." More likely, since neither side seems to want a formal break, negotiations would probably continue for several years. During that period any real understanding on anything vital—say the atomic bomb—would be impossible. Eventually agreement on Germany might be reached, or the wrestling of the giants could deteriorate into prolonged international stalemate which might well breed civil war in any one of half a dozen countries.

Undoubtedly the U.S. and Britain would start the western bloc with the idea of managing Germany's industries for the benefit of all of western Europe and not Germany alone. This suggestion was made in January by John Foster Dulles, the Republican party's strategist on foreign affairs. However, it is dubious that Germany can be controlled for long in the face of a hostile, competitive Russia. As Germany's economic strength was rebuilt, her swelling bargaining power would press against any alien controls. We would find ourselves either not daring to let go in Germany until we had come to terms with Russia, or letting go and having a rebuilt Germany emerge to blackmail both Russia and the West. The balance of power in the world would be held by a prostitute nation.

When did you say that rocket was leaving for the moon?

THE END



Collier's for March 8, 1947

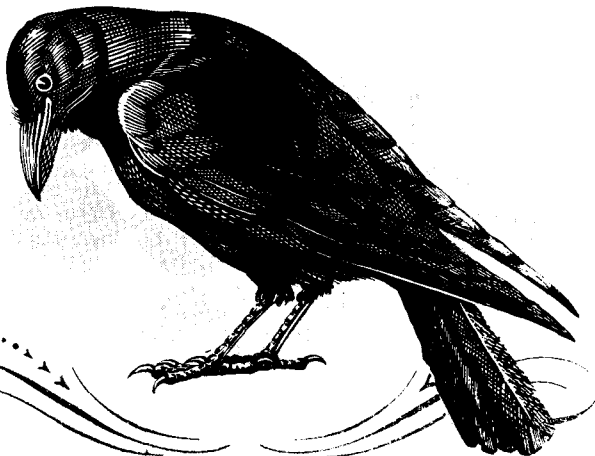


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THE KISS-OFF

Continued from page 24

He would wait for a pause, to insert his next line.

"Say, excuse me a second, will you?" Then he would turn away from the mouthpiece and say to the empty room, "You can set that glass down on the table, darling," or, "Would you mind handing me my cigarette, angel?"

When he turned back to the phone and asked, "Let me see, where were we?" she'd reply in a cool, hurt voice:

"Is there someone with you? I didn't mean to interrupt."

"What? No. No, I'm quite alone!"

The obvious lie of it was always the finishing touch. The conversation would die, they would ring off, and she would never bother him again—not ever. That was the beauty of the kiss-off. A woman might take any other rebuff and choose to ignore it. But the kiss-off dealt a fatal blow to her pride.

He had discovered it by accident, in a moment of sheer desperation. He liked women, as women; and women liked him, as a man—and as a possibility. If only he were either interesting or successful, instead of both. Then he would have experienced less difficulty in disentangling himself when a girl's voice and manner grew tinged with the possessiveness which was a danger signal. Once there had been scenes he didn't like to recall. Then he had stumbled upon the kiss-off, and it had enabled him to continue on his way, free as a bird.

Not that he had anything against marriage. He expected to marry when he met the girl. (He admitted to being incurably romantic.) And one necessary trait of the girl was that she must not be the first to insinuate the idea of marriage. He would have to sell her on that.

These were the things which he tried not to think of tonight, as he soaked in hot water and finished up with a cool shower, the needle spray stinging his flesh. Stepping onto the bath mat, he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror. The summer's sunburn still marked off a narrow white strip which his swimming trunks had covered. But the tan was paling to the color of sauterne, and soon the white strip would all but disappear. He wasn't sure that the same thing would happen to his memories.

THE memories began with one of those incomparable blue-and-white days out on the Island. The day he met Joan. Her red head had bobbed up near him on the crest of a green wave far offshore. They had looked at each other in amazement, then cried together, "Where did you come from?" and roared with laughter at their chorus. From that moment they were friends.

He at once fell under the spell of a freshness and naturalness which were utterly charming. And when she smiled her own special smile, it was hard for him to realize that her white, slightly irregular teeth were not just out of braces.

She was staying at one of the boarding-houses in town, on a two-week holiday from an office in New York where she was a secretary. Just that. She didn't try to make herself sound like a glamorous career girl. Don enjoyed her contradictions. He didn't expect a girl with hair the color of hers to have a streak of shyness. And though Joan looked smart as paint in her simple, summery clothes, she was neither an empty-headed clothes-horse nor a brittle sophisticate. Just a nice, bright girl with her own point of view. Without working at it, she made Don appreciate her.

She was suitably impressed by his car, by his compact beach house near Montauk, and by his way of living. But she tolerated his friends only because of him. She said so. They drank too much, she

said; and they were too tired. She certainly wasn't. Days she spent swimming and exploring the beach with boundless energy; at night she insisted on being taken home after her first, early yawn.

During July and August, Don found himself spending more time in town than was absolutely necessary, in order to be with her. At the end of a hot afternoon he would be waiting when Joan emerged, trim and suited, from the midtown office building where she worked. Sometimes they drove down Fifth Avenue, turning at the Square to reach her Village apartment, a gray-walled, yellow-curtained, easygoing little place. They would have dinner there or he would take her to Charles', the Brevoort, or the Lafayette. At other times they would stop for a drink at his apartment, and from there go to one of the smart, cold, uptown bistros.

It was all very pleasant and gay, and even their moments of tenderness were lighthearted, as if they forever tasted salt water and sun on their lips and would vanish from each other's sight with the first cold wind of autumn.

THEN a September storm woke him from his idyl, which had grown very idyllic indeed over the long Labor Day week end they spent at Montauk. In the city the succeeding days were unbearably hot and stuffy. Thursday was like a day under a glass bell. Not a breeze stirring! Nothing anywhere, but glare and hot, clinging air.

He called Joan in the afternoon.

"Let's go to the most air-conditioned place in the world for dinner," he gasped. "Grab a taxi to my place. I'm taking the rest of the afternoon off to go home and lie in the tub. I'll have a drink waiting for you at five."

"It's a deal," she agreed.

When she appeared shortly after five, she collapsed into a chair, sighing that she was too hot to talk or move. Don gave her a tall, cold glass. She sipped the drink slowly. He was making a second for himself, when thunder rumbled in the west. Suddenly the sun no longer shone. He fixed the blinds of the big windows, and they saw midtown Manhattan outside, fixed and motionless under a purple sky. The purple turned to a deep blue-gray, while one by one, lights flashed on in apartment and office buildings. Companionably silent, they sat in the unexpected darkness until at last, suddenly, the curtains flung away from the windows, a breeze flipped through the room, and the rain began.

It came down in such torrents that they had to close all windows and postpone going to dinner until after the storm. But at eight-thirty the wind still lashed water against the glass. Joan prowled around the kitchen, discovered some frozen chops in the refrigerator, and set them out to thaw while she investigated further possibilities for a meal.

She prepared a gala supper of broiled chops, Mexican corn, salad, hot biscuits and butter, ice-cold brandied peaches and coffee. Don remembered that meal vividly. The flavors of long-awaited food were enhanced by the glow of candles and the colors of Swedish glass. Their shadows flickered on the white walls of the dining alcove, and Joan was a picture, with her laughing red mouth and the mysterious red-gold halation her hair became in the changing light.

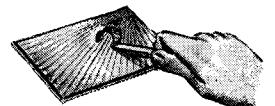
After supper they piled the dishes in the kitchen for the maid to wash next morning. It still rained, but the wind had dropped. They opened the windows, and winter—or at least the promise of it—poured into the rooms. The sudden cold set their teeth to chattering. After five minutes, Don would have shut it out,



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Collier's for March 8, 1947

but Joan wouldn't let him. "Light the fire! Light the fire!" she pleaded. "I've never seen a fire in your fireplace."

To humor her, he stooped and held his lighter to the paper. The fire had been laid since spring and the paper was damp; but it caught in a few minutes and the flames began to roar up the chimney. Joan flopped down on the sofa and curled her legs up under her, her eyes shining in the firelight. Don stared in amused admiration for a moment, then switched off the lamps and sat beside her on the deep cushions, pulling her over to him to kiss the nape of her neck and smell the perfume he had given her.

Watching the fire, they talked and talked. It was so very intimate and peaceful and gay, until suddenly he found himself really listening to her. Not to what she was saying, but to the words she was using. They were perfectly good words, except that they no longer included "I" and "you." She spoke of a mysterious "we," whom he did not recognize. He felt a warning tremor ripple along his nerves, and he thought bitterly: Next thing I know she'll want to redecorate this apartment, or pick out my ties, or have me stop wearing flannel suits.

He drove her home at midnight, through the cold, brisk rain. The tires sang on the wet asphalt. Down Fifth Avenue, right turn at the Square, easing into the little side street. At the door of her apartment he kissed her—a sad, nostalgic kiss. A kiss yearning for sand, sunshine, seaweed and starfish. She drew away with a questioning, surprised look; but he was already tossing a quick "Good night" over his shoulder.

He would have seen her a few more times, but he hated to spoil the memory. Let it stop there, he told himself—while he still had something left from their companionship—the flavor of all the pleasant things without an aftertaste of disillusion.

As he had done before with other girls, he avoided places where he might accidentally bump into her. He had known that she would call him in a few days. But the days passed; and little groups of seven days each made weeks. And still no call. Well, she would call—tonight, tomorrow; it didn't matter when. True to the pattern that had never yet been broken. And tonight, after that idiotic question of Baker's, he was listening for the phone to ring.

Now his finger played idly with the dial of the phone resting on the arm of the sofa GR 8-1624. He dialed the combination twice before he realized what he was doing. Gramercy 8-1624. Her number! Annoyed at himself, he plunged back into the work which he had brought home. His pencil followed the lines of the typed prospectus, making changes here and there.

He awoke to the fact that he was read-

ing the same paragraph for the third time. He threw down the papers in disgust.

Brrr-ring! He started at the sound of the bell, but he let it ring again before he picked up the instrument.

"Hello!" he said directly, charmingly—as he always said it.

A man's voice replied; his neighbor upstairs, wanting him to come up for a nightcap. Don refused almost brusquely. As soon as he hung up he regretted the refusal. He would call back and accept.

But when he lifted the phone he dialed GR 8-1624—with a growing feeling of panic—let it ring once, then hang up, glaring at the infernal black thing.

SUDDENLY he saw the humor of the situation. He laughed aloud, and in the lonely rooms the sound was strange to his ears. He hadn't realized before just how much she had got into his blood; he who had always *known* when it was time to quit. In this instance he had been too sudden. Perhaps he should see her a few more times—let the attraction die a natural death.

He dialed her number and waited, counting the rings until the receiver at the other end was lifted.

"Hello!" Joan's voice, light and quick.

"Hello, Joan! Don. How are you?"

"Don—of course!" Her tone was like raspberry sherbet. "It's nice to hear from you. What are you up to these days?"

"I've been a very hard-working fellow—slaving morning, noon, overtime, and nights. Been working all evening, as a matter of fact. I've thought about you a lot. How've you been?"

"Splendid, Don. Excuse me just a minute, won't you?" And then he heard her voice continue, faint but distinct, as if she had put her hand over the mouthpiece and failed to cover it completely. "If you're looking for your tobacco, darling," she said, "you'll find it where you left it—in the kitchen."

Listening, he had the strange feeling that he had been through this before. But in a dream. It couldn't happen to him in real life. He must be imagining it.

"Hello! Still there?" she said to him. It was not imagination.

"Yes. But I didn't mean to disturb you. Got company?" He was gripping the phone hard, too hard.

"Why, no—there's no one here. Why did you think there—? Don, what on earth are you laughing at?"

"Myself!" he exclaimed, still chuckling. "When I picked up this phone I didn't know it was loaded." His thoughts were racing ahead. How in the world had this happened?

"I'll call you tomorrow," he said. The laughter was still on his face, but his voice was serious.

After all, he must find out!

THE END



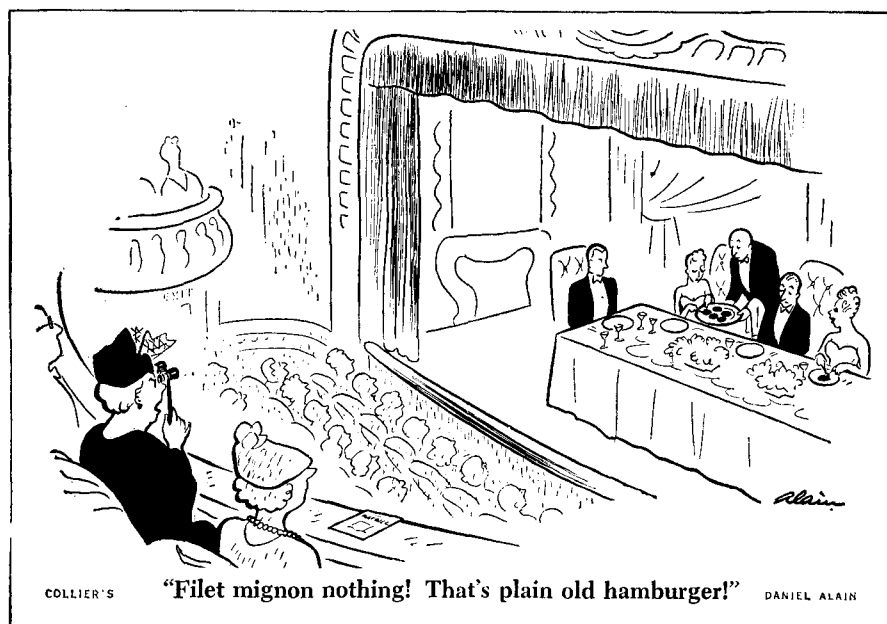
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Collier's for March 8, 1947

THE FABULOUS BILLY ROSE

Continued from page 44

West Texas Chamber of Commerce, which would house industrial and agricultural exhibits. And, lastly, a mammoth outdoor café, the Casa Mañana, the house of tomorrow, which eventually became the chief attraction of the fair.

At three o'clock he rejoined the committee. They watched him as, going to a blackboard, he began to chalk up his diagrams. Suddenly, he paused.

"I ought to say this. What I am laying out for your committee is pretty big and if—"

"Nothing is too big for the state of Texas!" howled Carter, jumping up. The committee let out a series of war whoops and yippees.

Indian Lore Takes a Back Seat

"That's all I wanted to know," said Rose. "First of all," he continued, "the pueblo village and these Indian wigwams and Mexican handicraft nonsense is out. We have to give them girls and more girls. Your only chance of bucking Dallas is entertainment on a grand scale, with a strong Western flavor, but meeting big-time standards in every way."

He suggested that the first step in ballyhooing the Fort Worth exposition was to hold a series of beauty contests in every town and village of Texas in order to select the most beautiful Texas girls for the various exposition shows.

"And," concluded Rose, "I have dreamed up a slogan for you."

"What is it?" asked Carter.

"DALLAS FOR EDUCATION, FORT WORTH FOR ENTERTAINMENT!" said Rose.

The Fort Worthies howled in approbation. Eventually, eleven Southwestern states were plastered with billboards showing a curvaceous cowgirl, twirling a lariat, and saying, DALLAS FOR EDUCATION, FORT WORTH FOR ENTERTAINMENT!

When Rose had finished, a committee-man asked: "Mr. Rose, what will this here shindig of yours cost?"

"Between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000, because this is outdoor construction and we have to start from scratch. We haven't even got electrical conduits or water pipes. And let's get this straight. Your fair is not going to make any money. Your bondholders will lose their entire investment. You can't build what amounts to a small town and expect to amortize it in 90 days, which is how long your fair is expected to run. The fair as a whole will lose about \$1,000,000."

Everybody in the room was impressed by Rose's straightforwardness.

"And," said Rose, "if it's any consolation to you, while Fort Worth is losing \$1,000,000—Dallas will be losing \$20,000,000."

"Well," someone asked, "what fee do you want for yourself?"

"I would like," said Rose, "a flat \$100,000."

"But that is almost \$1,000 a day," spluttered one.

"So it is," Rose agreed.

Carter requested Rose to leave the committee room while they had a conference. About ten minutes later, Carter emerged from the room and extended his hand to Rose.

"Pardner," he said, "you got yourself a deal. How soon can you get started operatin'?"

"I better get started this afternoon. Time is very short."

Rose received a \$25,000 advance. He cabled John Murray Anderson, who was in Paris, "Have interesting job in Fort Worth, Texas. Can you leave immediately?"

Anderson cabled back, "Have left."

Rose had about nine weeks in which

to cast and rehearse five shows, as well as supervise the building of a miniature city. No delays and postponements were possible. The Fort Worth Fiesta had to open in July!

Rose planed to New York and returned with several of his myrmidons, including Raoul Pène du Bois, Albert Johnson, dance director Bob Alton, Will Morrissey, Ned Alvord, Engineer Carlton Winkler. Johnson began designing a set of buildings and even before his blueprints were completed, excavations were begun.

A local overall factory began manufacturing \$100,000 worth of costumes, to Du Bois patterns, for the Casa Mañana revue.

Rose was now laboring twenty hours a day, traveling to New York and back to Fort Worth twice a week, signing dozens of specialty acts and headliners, dancers, show girls. After the first month of work it was necessary to raise more money and a mass meeting was held,

Mañana show was done in a huge outdoor building, colonnaded with Moorish arches, in the style of the Alcazar. The streets leading to the entrance were lined with trees and sprayed by fountains. Inside was row upon concentric row of tables, arranged in tiers, and declining to an enormous stage, with a revolving stage—the largest in the world—some 130 feet in diameter.

The theme of the Casa Mañana show was the World's Fairs of St. Louis, Paris, Chicago and Texas. A cast of 300 performers, working in period costumes, attempted to do pastiches of the celebrated aspects of the first three fairs. Ann Pennington, for example, did a reprise of Little Egypt and her *danse du ventre*. Sally Rand encored her bubble dance, the famous attraction of the 1936 Chicago Fair.

Rose brought the drama critics and the gossip columnists from Broadway, Hollywood and Chicago to Fort Worth in specially chartered planes. When

Cheyenne and Pendleton took part in the show—all the great marksmen, broncobusters, steer wrasslers and rope artists in the country.

On his way back to New York after the end of the Fort Worth Centennial, Rose stopped at Cleveland to inspect the Great Lakes Exposition there. Among the fair and exposition men from all over the country who had come to Fort Worth and applauded the Rose productions had been Lincoln G. Dickey, head of the Great Lakes Exposition, which in its first season had been a disappointment. The city intended to run it a second year. Dickey had been impressed by the Casa Mañana and he wanted Rose to set up a similar outdoor theater-restaurant at the Cleveland fair.

It was a chilly, gray afternoon when Rose arrived at the shores of Lake Erie. He shivered in a long plaid topcoat that went almost down to his ankles. He admired the industrial exhibits and was bored by the tedious midway. As they were about to leave, he heard waltz music over a loud-speaker.

"What's that?" he asked Dickey. "A concert?"

"No, it's a free water show we give every two hours."

"You mean—they swim—in this weather?"

They walked toward a bleak pier, occupied by a handful of spectators. A cast of three clowns, one diver and six chorus girls, all blue with cold and with their teeth chattering, went through their paces courageously.

Inspiration for the Aquacade

Rose watched two girls swimming rhythmically to the strains of The Blue Danube. He could not keep the excitement out of his voice.

"By God," he cried, "this is magnificent. Do you see what I see? Pavlova with water wings. Nijinsky in a bathing suit. If it looks this good with two girls—imagine how it will look with seventy-two girls. We will have the water lighted—blues and ambers. The girls weaving through the water, in and out, like fishes, mermaids, in formations. Say, I'll build you a Casa Mañana right on the lake."

"It sounds fantastic, Mr. Rose, but then everything you do is fantastic."

"You tell the guys running this exposition I'd like to use Lake Erie for a stage and Canada for a backdrop."

Rose explained his plans to the fair board. They agreed to pay him \$100,000 for producing a water fiesta and a version of the Pioneer Palace. Meanwhile, he was to stage a new edition of all his shows at Fort Worth during the 1937 season for an additional fee of \$100,000.

When he returned to New York, he decided the Aquacade needed two inevitable stars—John Weissmuller, the swimming champion and Eleanor Holm. Miss Holm was the greatest backstroke swimmer the sport had ever seen.

Born in Brooklyn in 1913, Miss Holm was the youngest child of a Swedish fire captain and an Irish mother. She had begun swimming at the age of 10 at Long Beach. Her natural, easy, relaxed motions, had attracted the attention of a professional swimming coach. In two years, she quickly developed into a swimmer of championship caliber. By 1927, she was on the Olympics team and by 1928, she had won 28 national awards and broken every world's record in backstroke swimming.

Billy Rose called her agent, Lou Irwin, who brought the 24-year-old swimmer to Rose's office. The producer caught his breath when he saw her loping casually across the carpet toward his desk. A man may fall in love immediately with



"Leroy: Had to run over to Maude's a minute—door key is on porch under rug, love, Helen."

COLLIER'S

CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

which Rose addressed. He concluded his exhortation by wisecracking:

"String along with me AND I'LL MAKE TEXAS THE BIGGEST STATE IN THE UNION!"

Another \$500,000 was raised.

Ned Alvord told Rose that he hoped the Centennial Committee could be persuaded to spend \$15,000 for billposting. Rose met the committee, while Alvord fidgeted outside. When Rose emerged, Alvord asked: "What have I got to spend?"

"I've gotten you an appropriation of \$80,000."

Alvord, who had always worked for pinch-penny circus grifters, gasped in admiration.

Alvord and his crew of billposters now proceeded to snow Texas under a hailstorm of Fort Worth posters. Rival billposters from Dallas would cover the Fort Worth paper which would in turn be re-covered by Alvord's guerrillas. The billposters soon began to fight with each other.

On July 11, 1936, the Fort Worth Frontier Exposition opened on a lonely prairie, where only gophers and geckos had recently flourished. Now a fantastic wonderland had been created. The Casa

Damon Runyon took a look at this Arabian Nights city and this elaborate spectacle in a desert, he remarked, "It's like holding the World Series at Walla Walla."

Interviewed by a reporter for the Star-Telegram, Rose confided he was "nuts" about Texas and that he did not miss Broadway. He stated that he was happier than he had ever been before and, besides, he was now getting seven hours of sleep a night.

"Have you gone in for the great outdoors?" asked the reporter.

"My exercise," replied Rose, "is a brisk walk to the bathroom every morning."

Staging The Last Frontier

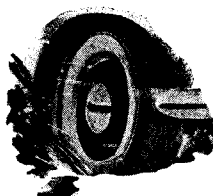
The Pioneer Palace, Rose's elaborate pastiche of an 1870 frontier honky-tonk, was a continuation of the planned nostalgia Rose had experimented with in his Music Hall. A feature of the show was the Rosebuds, six beefy chorus girls, who weighed a total of 1,360 pounds. The Last Frontier, the wild West show, was given in a natural arena against a background of artificially constructed dirt hills that seated 10,000 spectators. A cast of 400 Indians and cowboys from

Armstrong tortured 18,117 tires

*to bring you greater safety,
longer mileage, smoother riding*

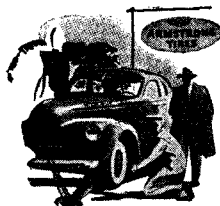


*You put safety first
when you insist
on Armstrong
Rhino-Flex Tires*



Racing across "The Devil's Causeway" 15,000 miles a day, speed Armstrong's great Test Fleet of 14 cars. All known brands of tires are tested . . . over rocky roads, burning concrete, jolting ruts . . . around skidding curves, sharp corners. Each car carries a double overload of dead weight more than 1,000 miles every 24 hours—days and nights on end. Tires purposely are underinflated...

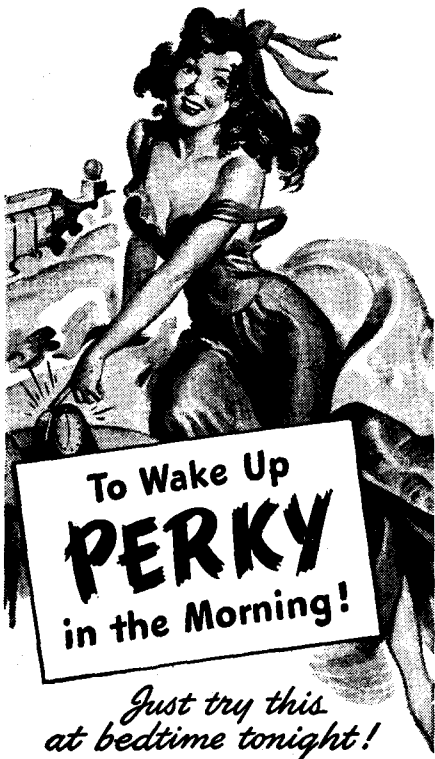
Such brutal treatment of tires has shown Armstrong engineers how to build tires that are safer, tougher, longer-lasting. Armstrong has learned that plies must be cut to exact lengths before being applied to the tire carcass—to prevent stretching and distortion; to prevent weak spots; to lengthen tire life. Perfect tire balance has been found essential for uniform tread wear—to prevent accident-causing wheel shimmy . . .



18,117 Tires were tortured to bring you Armstrong's amazing new Rhino-Flex Tires. They wear longer, more evenly, resist more road shocks. The tougher, more flexible carcass has tighter-twisted cords that "give" with impact, snap back faster, surer. They have a wider, flatter tread for quicker, safer stops; a smoother, cushioned ride. See—compare Rhino-Flex Tires with any other made today. We are confident you'll agree they're the *finest tires ever built*.

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*Just try this
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There's more fun in life—when you're fresh and bright in the morning! So why don't you do what thousands do to waken fresh as a daisy? Just drink a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime.

For here's how Ovaltine acts, to give sparkling morning freshness.

First, taken warm at bedtime, it promotes sound sleep, without drugs.

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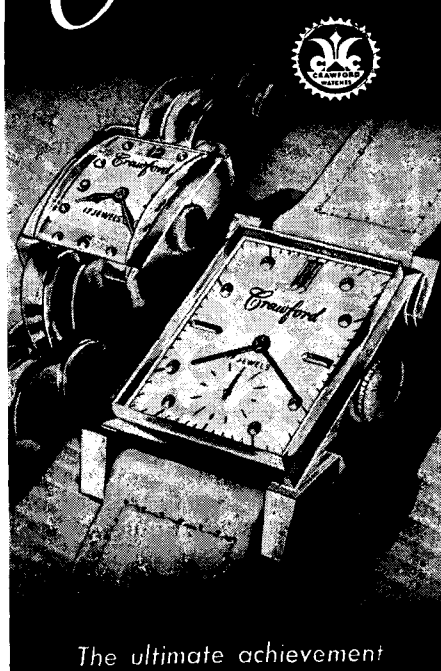
Third, it furnishes extra amounts of vitamins and minerals in a delicious, natural way for all-round health and vigor.

So why don't you turn to Ovaltine for better sleep—starting tonight!

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COMPLETELY
DEPENDABLE

Crawford
WATCHES



The ultimate achievement
in superb timepieces
AT BETTER SHOPS EVERYWHERE

BEAUTY **Crawford** ACCURACY
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MANUFACTURERS & IMPORTERS - NEW YORK, N.Y.

a woman; this meeting proves it. Eventually, Eleanor Holm was to become the great passion of his life and, after he was divorced from Miss Brice, he married her.

She was about as tall as he was, 5 feet 3 inches. She weighed 116 pounds and had a firm, sun-browned, perfectly proportioned body. Her eyes, grayish blue, twinkled mischievously.

She listened as Rose explained how he would stage his Aquacade: It was to be a show, a real show, with production numbers, with tempo, with a design, with music and singing. Like an extravagant Broadway musical revue—except that it would take place in the water.

He communicated his excitement and she signed a contract to appear in the Aquacade at \$750 a week. With Eleanor Holm bagged, it was easy to sign up Weissmuller. That winter Rose traveled through Florida signing up Olympic divers, water clowns, crawl-stroke champions, backstroke champions, breast-stroke champions.

The Aquacade opened in Cleveland in May, 1937, and it was an instantaneous sensation. A mammoth semicircular stage was floated on steam launches so it could glide back and forth on the cue. There were water ballets, comedy numbers, diving stunts. The Aquacade ended in a burst of patriotic music, flags, the cascade of fireworks and the crash of drums and guns and blaring of trumpets.

In 1939, Billy started on a new edition of the Aquacade to be staged at the New York World's Fair. Following a long verbal struggle he finally had talked his way into the good graces of Grover Whalen, impresario of the fair, but now Billy encountered another human obstacle, one Robert L. Moses, commissioner of parks in New York. Billy needed permission to lease the marine amphitheater of the New York State Building, which had a seating capacity of 10,000. Moses had taken a deep dislike to Billy Rose, his personality, mannerisms, bluster and big adjectives. He disliked Billy Rose's Aquacade and he opposed leasing the amphitheater to him. Then he opposed Rose's alterations. Rose kept battling Moses all the way. Rose invested close to \$300,000 and built diving towers, a steel tank, a sweeping flight of chromium stairs, and a roof over the spectators' seats, in case of rainy weather. Moses disliked the roofing.

The Battle of the Signs, however, was the severest. Rose submitted plans for a mammoth neon sign reading BILLY ROSE'S AQUACADE. The New York State Building was approximately five blocks long. Rose's sign was almost as long as the building, and the letters were eight feet high.

Mr. Moses Fires the First Shot

Whalen consented to the sign and Rose had the sign manufactured but before it could be mounted, a man from Commissioner Moses' department told him it could not be put up.

Rose telephoned Moses at the Department of Parks. Moses was as frigid as Central Park in January. "I am strongly opposed to vulgar, blatant display advertisements," he said, "and anything of the nature that you propose violates the spirit of the fair."

The following night, at about two in the morning, Rose secretly led a crew of electricians to the site of the Aquacade. Posting guards armed with baseball bats who were instructed to "subdue" anybody resembling a henchman of Robert L. Moses, Rose supervised the mounting of the sign. Moses threatened to call for the New York State Militia to dismantle it.

The fight was eventually taken directly to Governor Lehman and the legislative committee for the fair. To counter Moses' charges that he was using the Aquacade to ballyhoo himself, Rose had sent a

photographer on a motorcycle to take photographs of parks and civic projects which were under construction, with particular attention to billboards on which Commissioner Moses' name was painted in big letters.

"Moses isn't above giving himself big billing," said Rose. "Why does he object to my billing—particularly when the taxpayers' money is not involved in my case?"

Governor Lehman and the committee finally voted him a 30-day trial period during which his signs could remain up. A month later, the fair visitors being under the impression that Billy Rose's Aquacade was the whole state of New York and attendance at the other state exhibits being almost nonexistent, the New York State Fair Commission ordered the removal of Billy Rose's name from the sign but the word AQUACADE remained.

As a publicity stunt to emphasize the gigantic nature of the Aquacade, Rose issued a chorus call—in Madison Square Garden—and 20,000 candidates turned up and rioted when they were all not immediately auditioned by Monsieur Billy Rose. The police riot squad was

girls were also scratched. It was the first hard-luck sign.

The cast seethed with grievances. Their pay was \$35 a week, and they received no money for six weeks of rehearsing. Rose promised to pay them for two weeks of rehearsing—if they were with the show until it closed.

He said he would put the money in escrow. The cast said they wanted the money in their pockets.

A plumbing contractor tried to nick him for an extra \$45,000. Rose talked him out of it. A girl attempted suicide by jumping out of a window backstage at the Aquacade.

An Ultimatum From the Star

There was a 48-hour dress rehearsal. The weather was chilly, 45 degrees. The cast said it was too cold to swim. Eleanor Holm said she was going in. She dived in and swam around briefly. Then she told Rose, between bluish and chattering lips, "Billy, if you make those kids go in, I'll never talk to you again." But Rose, who could sell Eskimo Pies to Eskimos, persuaded her and the cast to swim.

On the second day of the dress re-



Left to right, Ben Bernie, Billy Rose, Eleanor Holm, Mrs. Bernie and Justice Ferdinand Pecora at Billy's second marriage ceremony

called out and escorted about two thirds of them out of the Garden.

Rose's assistants selected 600 possibilities, both men and women, all of whom insisted they were excellent swimmers. After more weeding out there were 200 Adonises and Dianas. Taken to the pool of the St. George Hotel and asked to show their vaunted swimming abilities, half the 200 promptly sank!

Finally 48 pretty girls were secured—mainly from high-school swimming teams—and there were 24 men swimmers, collegiate athletes. The 72 swam like otters and almost lived in the water before they were finished rehearsing the Aquacade.

Eventually, the Aquacade cost Rose \$280,000 to do. He borrowed \$100,000 from the Chemical Bank. The pool was 250 feet long and 35 feet wide. It had to be aerated by a filtering system known as an ozonator which cost Rose \$40,000 and made the water as pure as drinking water.

A series of complications and troubles now supervened as the opening drew nearer. On February 14, 1939, when the construction on the pool had finished, a christening ceremony took place. Eleanor Holm smashed a bottle of champagne over a catwalk. The glass splintered wrong and pieces of glass flew into her flesh and cut her badly. Two show

hearsal, the musicians' union informed him that he would have to fire his old maestro and hire a new leader. He had to hire a Vincent Travers, who had never seen the show, was totally unfamiliar with the music, the hundreds of cues and exits and entrances. Travers, however, went over the score once and got it down perfectly and he has always worked for Rose since then.

At eight o'clock the night before the premiere the costumes were destroyed. They were being delivered in a large truck and the truck had caught fire on the road. Everyone was afraid to tell Rose, and finally Eleanor Holm was deputed to be the bearer of evil tidings. She told him. He took it with inhuman calm, telephoned the Eaves Costume Company and they assembled a crew of seamstresses to work all night long and make new costumes.

Rose had not slept in 72 hours. He was absorbing enormous quantities of coffee and smoking one cigarette after another. A few moments before the opening he said to Eleanor Holm, in a hoarse voice, "With such labor pains, it's sure to be a big baby."

And it was. That night the critics and an invited audience saw a crisp, smartly paced revue that ran for 56 minutes, and not a minute was wasted.

The theme Rose had chosen was scenes

Collier's for March 8, 1947



It may surprise you, but that happy home of yours is haunted. Dozens of fierce little fire hazards are lurking from cellar to attic . . . waiting to burst into flame when you least expect it! Scared? *You'd better be* . . . last year fire snatched away 10,000 lives, devoured over one-half billion dollars worth of property!

Better check *your* house now...and clean out these and other hazards that threaten your life and your home!



Keep chimneys and flues clean and repaired—hot gases and sparks escape from cracks!

Don't smoke in bed—your life and home may be at stake!



Avoid makeshift wiring—replace frayed cords—short circuits cause many fires.

Throw out the tinder in your house—get rid of papers and litter!



Prevent spark damage—use fireplace screen to save wood-work, rugs, furniture and perhaps your home!



Handle matches carefully—keep them covered, out of children's reach!



Beware of inflammable cleaning fluids—some vapors can be exploded by tiniest spark!



Don't leave iron on—when you leave, detach plug!



Curtains burn fast—don't let drapes, curtains touch lamps or heaters or blow over stove!



Clean out cellar—never store rubbish near furnace!



Use proper fuses — they're "safety valves"; never use coins or other metal!



Keep furnace and heating pipes cleaned and repaired—watch for sagging, holes or cracks!



Don't leave oily rags or mops around—spontaneous ignition causes many fires!



Don't store gasoline—a spark can destroy garage and car!

If you want to know 46 other ways to prevent fire in your home, in your business or elsewhere, write the Hartford Fire Insurance Company.



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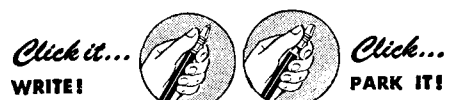


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at various beaches in various times. There was a Florida beach, a Riviera beach, Coney Island in 1905. Eleanor Holm swan-dived into the pool and swam like an enchanting mermaid to the strains of Yours for a Song sung by Morton Downey and the Fred Waring Glee Club. At the climax of the song, the chorus of Aquabelles and Aquabeaux leaped into the water and performed a precision ballet. Then Johnny Weissmuller enacted a love interlude in the water with Miss Holm.

There were four shows given daily and from the first day on there was rarely a vacant seat. Rose's show was playing to popular prices—there were 8,000 seats at 40 cents and 2,000 reserved seats at \$1.10 which later, in the face of capacity business, he cut to 99 cents. On some days, the queues before the Aquacade stretched for twenty blocks. On week ends, people waited from two to six hours.

The operating expenses of the Aquacade were \$28,000 a week. During the first six months of its operation, it never played to less than \$100,000 a week, and even in its worst week during the second year of the fair the Aquacade played to \$62,000, so it never failed to show a profit.

At the end of the first season of the New York World's Fair, Billy Rose had netted \$1,400,000 from his Aquacade while the rest of the Fair was carrying the crying towel and looking at numbers in red.

Outside of Rose, almost every promoter and impresario in the midway had gone broke that first season.

Reaction to Being a Millionaire

Rose had always felt that he would be a millionaire someday and now that it had come he did not feel any elation. He felt a sensation of solid quietness. After the last evening performance, he and Eleanor Holm would ride back to New York and he would tell her the crazy, lurid figures. “Well, this week I banked \$96,500.” “This week, \$103,000.49.” “This week, \$99,000.”

Billy Rose's magic touch at four world's fairs has given him a golden aura, and almost every city contemplating a world's fair now consults with Rose. He has already been invited to lend his talents to the Miami World's Fair of 1948, the Mexico City World's Fair of 1950, the Detroit World's Fair of 1952 and the Los Angeles World's Fair of 1956.

Billy makes no secret of his success formula. “Most fairs wind up in the red,” he says, “because every new world's fair makes the same mistakes. A fair is dreamed up by the local bright boys, who are reluctant to use the services of experienced showmen, outsiders.”

“The fundamental fraud in connection with all fairs and expositions is to sell bonds as if it were a genuine investment. They make you think you can get your money back. It is impossible to amortize the cost in the running time of the average fair.”

“My suggestion is to put up a permanent fair. The permanent fairs are all solvent. For fifty years, the industrial fair at Leipzig has drawn visitors from all over the world. The Canadian National Exposition in Toronto has been operating successfully for years.”

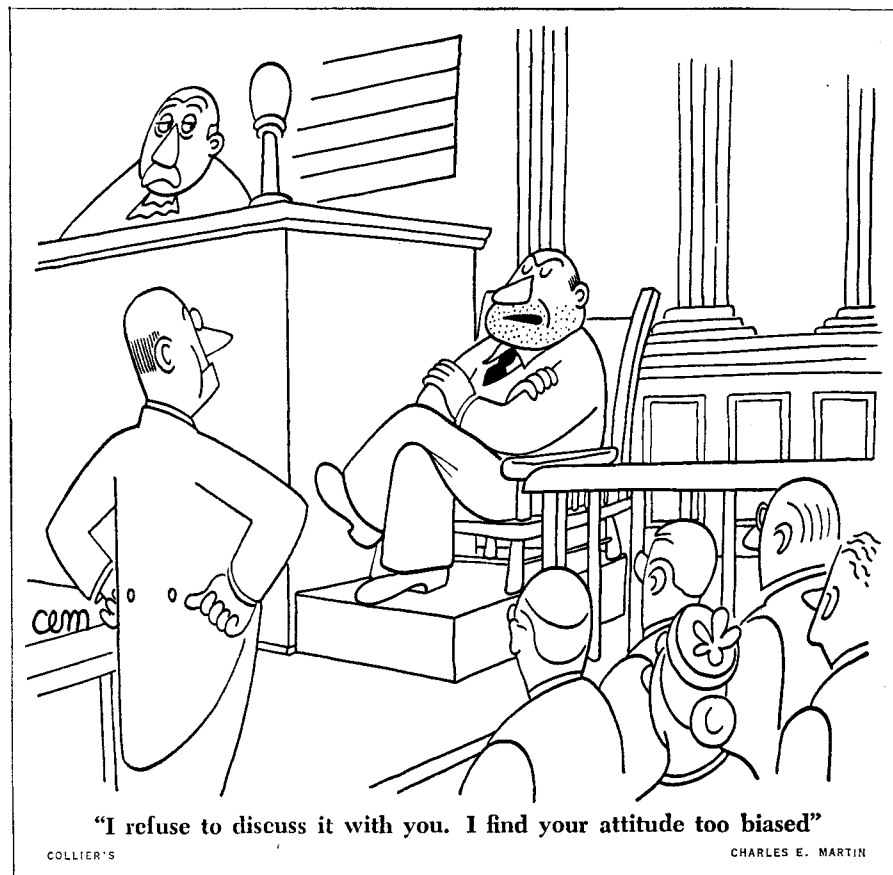
“Now, about the midway: Most fairs, on the entertainment side, wind up being a second-rate carnival that was stale 50 years ago. The industrials do a great job at a fair because they hire the best brains, spare no expense and can proceed without hindrance from the fair officials, a bunch of pinheads usually. Because the mayor's cousin once ran a dance and raffle in the schoolhouse, it doesn't mean he can supervise a series of shows thousands of people will want to pay money to see.

“Finally, there is the question of price levels. The New York Fair officials thought they were producing a fair for their own kind of people. They forgot the average man can't or won't throw away his money. When the New York Fair wanted 75 cents admission at the front gate it automatically cut its own throat. And when they heard in Decatur, Illinois, that it cost twelve dollars to dine at New York's French Pavilion, Mama and Papa counted the money in the piggy bank and decided to listen to Bing Crosby on the radio.”

Rose had always been one of that small group of song writers who believed that Oscar Hammerstein was the greatest writer of popular lyrics in the profession.

One night at the Diamond Horseshoe, Hammerstein asked Rose if he would be interested in producing a script he had written.

Rose asked, “Is it that Negro opera?” Hammerstein said it was. The following day he sent the script of Carmen Jones to Rose. Written a year before, Carmen Jones had been optioned and surrendered by over a dozen producers.



The chief problem was one of casting, as Carmen Jones was a Negro version of Bizet's French opera, Carmen, and there were some twenty principals, plus a large chorus of men and women. The previous producers had not been able to find enough trained professional Negro opera singers to handle the principal roles.

Rose read the script and was on fire. He saw the imaginative and lyric rendering, in North Carolina dialect, of the Carmen theme. Hammerstein had kept every note of Bizet's music but the trite, cardboard characters of grand opera had been infused with life and given a human speech. The locale of the opera had been changed from Spain to North Carolina. Instead of being employed in a cigarette factory, Carmen works in a parachute factory. The bull ring became a prize-fight ring.

Rose leaped into the problem of casting and staging Carmen Jones with his typical monomaniacal enthusiasm. For weeks, he combed the lists of professional Negro actors and singers. He auditioned many and talked to more, but the results were negative.

Finally Billy appealed to John Hays Hammond, Jr., who for the last twelve years or so has devoted all his time, with

dogged intensity, to preaching the gospel of good jazz music. He would listen to records all day and journey about to obscure gin mills and dance halls in Harlem, in Chicago, in Kansas City, wherever he had heard there was a good pianist with a solid left hand or a small band playing inspired music.

Hammond accepted the difficult assignment of casting Carmen Jones, and set out on a three-month pilgrimage to every part of the country to find talented amateurs who could sing grand opera and also act. He auditioned thousands of girls and boys. He went to Negro universities like Fisk and Tuskegee, talked to glee-club coaches and heads of music departments. For Hammond, it was a labor of love and he refused to accept any salary from Rose, which, naturally, made Hammond the ideal employee.

Muriel Smith was a clerk in a camera shop in Philadelphia, and she had never been on a stage until she sang the role of Carmen in the show. Luther Saxon, who played Joe, was a timekeeper in the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Glenn Bryant, who played Husky Miller, was a New

York City policeman. With the exception of William Jones, who played a comedy part, the cast was entirely made up of amateurs.

The rehearsals proceeded with the usual amount of internecine conflict between Rose, his assistants and the cast. Most of them resented Rose's impatience and toughness during rehearsals. Fortunately, Georges Bizet was dead and he could not get into the arguments.

The show opened in Philadelphia in October and it received rave notices. The Philadelphia Record carried a front-page story on Carmen Jones, on the theory that it was inaugurating a new epoch in the Americanization of opera.

After the New York opening, the dramatic critics threw their hats in the air. One reviewer wrote:

“Carmen Jones is as much theater as it is opera. It is one of the most exciting shows that have come to town in years.”

Almost all the commentators, including many of the music critics, considered that even the best Metropolitan performance of the traditional Carmen came off second best in a comparison with Rose's Carmen Jones.

THE END

Collier's for March 8, 1947

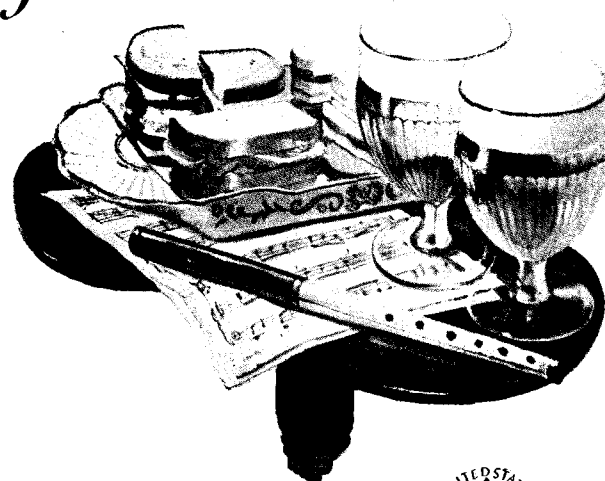


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For beer is the kind of beverage Americans like. It belongs—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy it, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.



AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION





THE \$80,000 KISS

BY WELDON JAMES

How Earnest Hober-
echt from Oklahoma
became a Tokyo mil-
lionaire and the most
famous writer in Japan
simply by embracing a
Japanese movie queen.

Actress Hideko Mimura (left)
was shocked when Earnie
kissed her. But his fans seek
his autograph (right) and buy
his books to study democracy



THE numerous friends of Mr. Earnest Hoberrecht, most of whom are foreign correspondents, are worried. They think that Earnie is working too hard. This leaves him very little time to sit around and gossip with his friends—and to correspondents this is an alarming situation indeed.

But Earnie isn't worried. For he is sitting on top of the Tokyo world. He is a nationally famous literary figure, an admitted (and respected) expert on love, manners, and—er—democracy. His first novel is still Japan's Number One best seller, and everything he writes nowadays sells like hot cakes. He can't keep up with the demand, even with constant burning of the midnight oil, dictating to a secretary half the time and jabbing at his own typewriter the rest. To date such activity has put more than 1,200,000 yen (better than \$80,000, if he could only get the dollars at the legal military rate) within his welcome reach.

"Pretty good for a country boy," says the happy Earnie, a stocky, sandy-haired, sandy-mustached, blue-eyed young man from Watonga, Oklahoma.

By day, from 8:30 to 5:30 Earnie is a hard-driving United Press correspondent, acting manager of the Tokyo bureau. But at night he is a different man. He becomes the "literary big shot." He is lionized at Japanese literary teas. He confers with his agent, or with his six or seven different publishers. And he writes, and writes, with a calculating eye on the not-so-almighty yen.

"There is a golden vein in love," he quips, "and I must mine it while I can."

The twenty-nine-year-old Oklahoman, who has been writing one thing or another since he was ten, is the first to admit that a well-placed kiss has played a considerable part in his rise to literary eminence.

It seems that Earnie, in line of journalistic duty, was on a Japanese movie lot one day—Shochiku Studios—when the place threatened to fall apart because the leading lady, Miss Hideko Mimura, had just found out

that the script called for her to be kissed before the camera. The Japanese studios had never filmed a kiss before. Miss Mimura had never been kissed before, publicly or privately, in all her twenty-six years, and she wanted no part in creating precedent. She explained this patiently to Earnie.

The young Oklahoman recalls nowadays that he seen his duty and he done it. General Douglas MacArthur, he told Miss Mimura and company, had suggested that kissing scenes in movies would be "a step toward democratization." He would, he said shyly, count it a privilege to teach Miss Mimura, a beautiful and charming girl, just how to kiss for the screen.

Earnie kissed her—and newspapers throughout the world carried the story. Actually there has been kissing in Japan since time immemorial, but in recent decades it has been restricted to married couples and certain kinds of night-lifers, and few unmarried, respectable Japanese girls knew much about the matter until the G.I.s arrived.

Earnie himself describes The Kiss as a prairie-twister. But the results were not exactly what he had expected. Miss Mimura came out of the clinch with a dazed if not faraway look in her eyes, promptly downed three or four tablets (vitamins, maybe, says Hoberrecht), retired to her dressing room, and wrote him that after what had happened, clearly they ought not to see each other again.

Anyway, The Kiss made Earnie famous in Japan. When his first novel, Tokyo Romance, appeared a couple of months or so later, telling all about the way an American correspondent wooed and won a famous Japanese movie actress, it was a smash hit. Japanese stood in queues three blocks long to buy it. The first edition of 100,000 copies disappeared in less than a fortnight, indicating that only the paper shortage might keep sales short of a million. The lad from Watonga was in.

Swamped with requests to do magazine articles, newspaper serials, movie scripts, short stories, and a few dozen more books, Earnie set to work with a

grin and a will. In no time flat another Hoberrecht offering was being gobbled up by the Japanese public—this time Tokyo Diary, Earnie's journal of the war and of the first few months of the occupation.

Next came Fifty Famous Americans, and then Democratic Etiquette, which the fond publisher believes will ultimately be adopted as a standard school text.

"I'm proud of this book," Earnie will tell you without prodding. "It's not just a rewrite of Emily Post. I think it will have a big effect in spreading democratic practices in Japan."

"For example, I say in it that it is all right for engaged couples to see each other more than once a week—and without a third party present, as now required by Japanese custom."

Too Busy to Get Married

The sales of Tokyo Romance have not been hurt at all by the widespread belief that the hero, Kent Wood, was none less than Earnest Hoberrecht himself, and the heroine, if not Miss Mimura, some other well-known actress. Actually Earnie lives in a house with two other correspondents, and sees a number of Japanese friends on occasion, since obviously his research must not be altogether academic. But he keeps his bachelor standing intact, and anyway he works too hard to have time for marriage.

"I have been married twice," he says reflectively. "And I never had an argument with either of my wives. I think I just worked so hard, all the time trying to write, that they couldn't put up with it."

Present regulations won't permit Earnie to convert his yen fortune into dollars, or to buy land or to invest in business enterprises. All he can do is spend or save, and since there isn't much to spend on, he's bound to save. The legal value of the yen is just under seven cents, but the black-market value is about two cents, and nobody knows what it may drop to.

Still, even at the lowest rate, Earnie has a fortune at the moment worth more than \$20,000; he feels rich

enough anyway just being a literary big shot.

"The trouble is," Earnie explains, "I have to get a different publisher for each of my books. No one has enough paper. To bring out one of my masterpieces a publisher has to use up his ration and then draw on his reserves."

Possibly, Earnie is the only truly modest author alive today. "I know I don't write literature," he says, "but the nice thing is that the Japanese like to buy and read my stuff and I like to turn it out. Everybody's happy. And," he concluded wistfully, "you never can tell about translations. Maybe they do change my stuff into literature. I can't read Japanese, so I'll never know!"

Earnie may be modest about his writing, but he has no doubt that he can be an actor. He may play the lead role in the Japanese production of Tokyo Romance if he can get time off from UP ("I made the hero look like me, anyway, so it ought to be easy"), and if he can pick the heroine.

Meanwhile the Japanese are so curious about everything in America, and so eager to read anything about it written by an American in Japan, that Earnie has agreed to let an importunate publisher bring out an edition of The Hitherto Unpublished Short Stories of Mr. Earnest Hoberrecht.

This has led him into a rash of correspondence with his father, E. T. Hoberrecht, a businessman and former banker, his mother, a former schoolteacher, and assorted friends scattered through Oklahoma and Tennessee. The elder Hoberrechts are not exactly surprised by their son's literary industry. He began filling the attic with manuscripts some 20 years ago, proved he could make money by publishing a one-man magazine at the age of fifteen, and finally convinced them that writing and not banking was clearly the thing for him. Now all he's asking is that they mail him any old rejected manuscripts he might have left behind.

"I am a heartless wretch," Earnie admits happily. "But the Japanese did lose the war, after all, and they must expect to suffer a little." ★★★