

IS BRITAIN TURNING THE CORNER?

WE HOPE the answer to the above question is yes; and some figures recently released by the British Information Services indicate that it may be.

Over all, British production is reported higher now than before the war. The October output of steel hit a rate of 14,200,000 tons a year, as against 1938's total production of 10,400,000 tons. Coal, of which we've been hearing so much melancholy news from Britain of late, has been coming out of British seams for some time at a rate considerably exceeding 4,000,000 tons a week.

Great Britain at this writing is turning out 92 per cent more trucks than in the last years before the war, 425 per cent more tractors, 40 per cent more railway cars, 144 per cent more merchant shipping, 22 per cent more rayon and nylon, 80 per cent more superphosphates.

The average work week for men in principal British manufacturing industries is 46.3 hours. Modernization of equipment, especially in textile mills and coal mines, is said to be proceeding rapidly.

Most of the output is being exported, to pay Britain's way out of the financial and other devastations of the war, while the British people themselves live more austere than they did during the war.

The whole performance is a testimonial to the iron courage of the British people. We hope it means Britain is turning the corner into a brighter future—which would mean, among other things, that American aid to Britain could be tapered off, to our taxpayers' relief.

And if British voters before long should throw the Socialist doctrinaires out of their government and let Winston Churchill's business-minded Conservatives take over, our hunch is that there would be some phenomenal step-ups all along the line of Britain's already noteworthy industrial production.

\$3,500 FUNERAL NIXED: Judge Hugh C. Boyle of Orphans Court, Pittsburgh, recently knocked out a proposal to let a woman whose husband had just died sell her \$8,500 home so as to give the deceased a \$3,500 funeral. The man had not been wealthy.

"No widow in these circumstances," said Judge Boyle, "should be permitted to incur so large an indebtedness. . . . No man in Mr. Sullivan's station in life should be buried so expensively."

We think it was a wise ruling. The news stories we saw about this particular incident contained no intimation that any undertaker had induced the woman to order the \$3,500 ceremony. Most undertakers in this country are honest and reasonable in their charges, but there are some who are not.

This ghoulish minority is out to get all it can in any way it can. It exploits the grief of survivors, or their desire to put on a big show, as the case may be, and it doesn't care if it wrecks family finances for months or years after.

Offhand, we can't think of a more contemptible way to do business. We hope courts all over the

country may be inspired by Judge Boyle's decision to emulate his example in every proper case; and we could wish that the ethical undertakers would do more policing of their unethical minority colleagues than they do now.

THE BIBLE ON THE AIR: For almost a year now, a radio program called The Greatest Story Ever Told has been making a variety of sensations inside and outside the radio industry.

Sponsored by Goodyear Tire and Rubber but without any commercials dubbed in, The Greatest Story Ever Told airs dramatized episodes from the Bible, with the actors talking 20th century American English. The effect is to make listeners aware of the fact that people in those far-off Biblical times and places were agitated and agonized, inspired and uplifted, by the same emotions and problems as beset people today. Lessons in tolerance, charity, human decency, courage and so on are painlessly imparted in dramatic capsule form.

The influence of the program is asserted to be great and varied, and to be contributing heavily to the current American revival of interest in religion.

Maybe you're missing something pretty valuable if you haven't yet found out about The Greatest Story Ever Told, on the ABC network at 6:30 P.M. Eastern standard time every Sunday.

GIVE US A BUZZ, MR. H.: Representative Clare E. Hoffman (Rep., Mich.), one of the more choleric of our congressmen, recently announced that whenever a newspaper "charges a committee of Congress of which I am a chairman of unfair or disreputable conduct or something of that kind, the writer of that article, if I can find him, is going to be called up to justify his charge. If that's wrong, well, it will have to be wrong."

To this writing, Mr. Hoffman has summoned representatives of two Washington papers, the Star and the Post, to tell him why they wrote certain pieces about him and where they got their information.

Collier's isn't a newspaper, but it is a part of the American press; and we'd like to get into this game, Mr. Congressman.

Accordingly, we will now state that your new policy looks to us like an unfair and disreputable tampering with the freedom of the press, and like an effort to frighten American publications out of printing the truth as they uncover it. We'll add that such goings on come with especially bad grace from any man who, under the Constitution, can stand up in the House of Representatives and slander, black-guard and smear anybody without fear of lawsuits.

If Congressman Hoffman wants to call us to Washington to discuss this editorial or any part thereof, we'll be delighted to go, and tell all these things to his face. We pause for reply.

ANY WEEK

THERE are so many concave intellects contributing to the universal bewilderment that we couldn't resist the urge to contribute our bit. We gave up this column some time ago in what we believed to be the public interest. Matters only grew worse. From time to time we received letters suggesting that we reconsider. We have sturdily resisted this pressure, light as it has been. But we've just received a letter from Colonel Horace Henry Nill, U.S.A. (ret.), that has crumbled that last grain of our determination. The colonel did not retire voluntarily. "I am now an unenthusiastic civilian," says he, "because my superiors caught me red-handed committing a crime which has never been tolerated by our armed forces. Indeed I am extremely lucky to be out of jail. I was found to be guilty of displaying an originality of thought not to be tolerated in an officer in the United States Army."

AND as you doubtless know, magazines and bookshops have been sagging under the weight of memoirs of warriors. Naturally we've read most of them, taking walks occasionally to seek a bit of fresh air and incidentally to view unravaged countrysides which miraculously escaped the devastation issuing from the pens of these relentless autobiographers. It was during one such breather that we met a Polish-American named Ignaz Wkicz. He too had been reading. But he was more optimistic than we are. "One of these days," said Mr. Wkicz, "a man will write a book telling us what a great man he was in peace and how dangerous and adventurous it was. No one will publish it and no one will read it." Mr. Wkicz pondered his own prophecy for a moment. Then he looked at us brightly and said, "Gee whizz!"

MR. LOAN HILLEQUEST of Moscow, Idaho, was in to see us, fetching with him a plan to feed Europe and thereby to defeat Communism. Mr. Hillequest has discovered that acorns contain all the better nutrition properties of milk, beef, wheat, eggs, oranges and, of all things, rhubarb. There is a backlog of acorns in this country more than sufficient to fatten up the entire world, he says. Naturally he wanted to sell us an article about it. But we turned him and his article away saying that we could think of nothing that would shove the world into the tentacles of Generalissimo Joseph V. Stalin quicker than an acorn stew or omelet, both of which were proclaimed by Mr. Hillequest to be delicious. Mr. Hillequest insists that he is not subversive.

YOU will doubtless be glad to know that Mr. Dolphwin E. O. Thresh of Manchester, England, and this office are in harmony regarding Recovery in Western Europe. Mr. Thresh was in to see us. "A little less politics and political expediency and quite a lot more hard work" is Mr. Thresh's somewhat stuffy prescription. He adds, however, that "to many European politicians today this is clearly subversive talk." He reports too that a woman in Italy was recently badly mauled by a mob because she drove her husband out of the house merely because he refused to work. "She was absolutely without class conscience, the witch," says Mr. Thresh.

THE ever alert ears of our associate, Mr. Gurney Williams, report overhearing a lady, at the wheel of her car, explaining to a traffic cop: "Well, I never!" she said. "That's the first time I knew that the mirror above the windshield was for *that*. I just used it to make up my face. Well, I never!"

WE ARE told too that a couple of girls, being guided through the Bureau of Standards in Washington, got themselves pretty deeply impressed with what they saw. Said one, "Just think, that little gadget will split things into slices one hundredth of an inch thick." Said her friend, "Golly. How many hundredths of an inch are there?" There was silence for a few moments. Then the first replied, "Oh, millions."

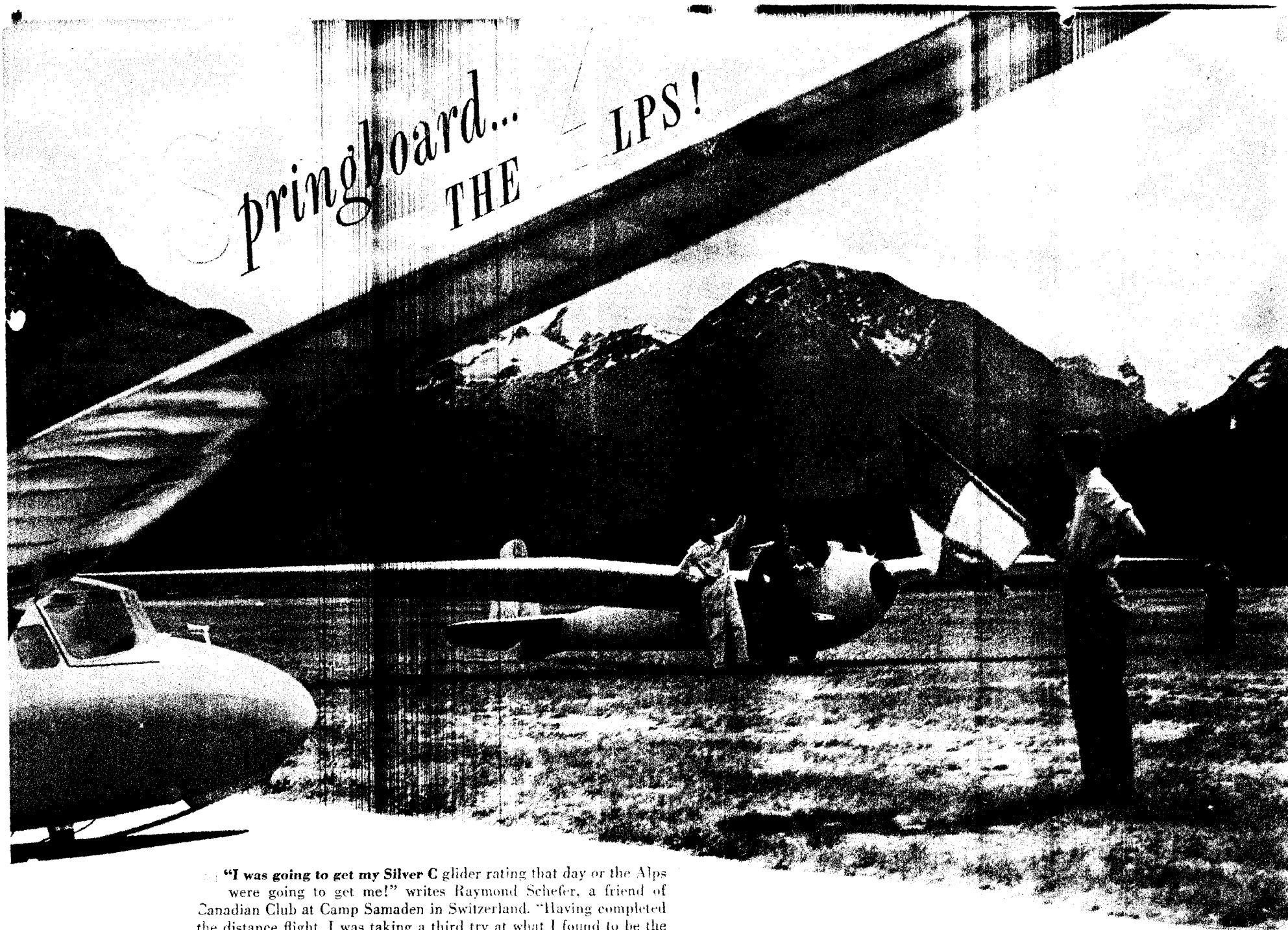
OF COURSE if you've heard those before, it's too late for us to do anything about it. . . . W.D.

COLLIER'S

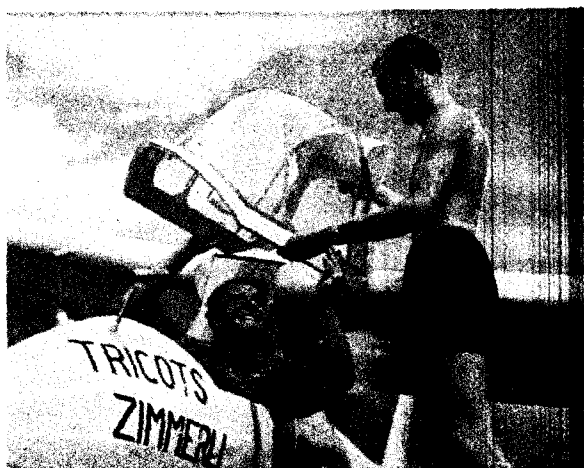
WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

WALTER DAVENPORT
Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS
Managing Editor



"I was going to get my Silver C glider rating that day or the Alps were going to get me!" writes Raymond Schefer, a friend of Canadian Club at Camp Samaden in Switzerland. "Having completed the distance flight, I was taking a third try at what I found to be the toughest part of the tests... the altitude and duration flight."



④ "A final check said 'conditions perfect.' Fine wind, few clouds, good visibility. But Alpine weather is tricky. The last time, conditions had been just as perfect... at the start. Then my chance at that international rating was spoiled by a sudden lull."



⑤ "To meet this test, I had to climb 3,280 feet above the tow-plane release point and stay for 5 hours over treacherous mountain peaks. It's risky, but any glider pilot will tell you it's worth it to soar silently and 'powerless' over beautiful country... trying to outwit invisible wind."



⑥ "Without any warning a sudden down draft reached up and grabbed me. I talked to my glider like a brother, shouted at it to climb! It did. I managed to pull away, luckily missing a jagged peak. It would have been a long tumble to the valley below."



⑦ "I didn't break any records, but a steady ridge current kept me up long enough and high enough for a Silver C. We celebrated by taking the cable car up to Mouttas Muraigl. The order was 'Canadian Club—all 'round!'. That fine whisky gets top rating at any altitude!"

⑧ "All over the world," write travelers, "Canadian Club rates high." Why this world-wide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

MADE IN CANADA
BY HIRAM WALKER



Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof