

WARREN WARMUP

BY GEORGE CREEL

WHEN hopeful Republicans gather to nominate a Presidential candidate, California's 53 votes will be cast solidly for Governor Earl Warren. Let the East have no doubt of it! And they will stick right on down to the final ballot unless released by the governor himself.

A high tribute, and one that usually excites ambition to fever pitch, but as yet there is no sign of increase in the Warren blood pressure. He has frowned on the manufacture of campaign buttons and banners, does not want to have his name entered in any state primary, and refuses to race about the country making speeches.

Strange behavior but normal enough for Earl Warren. The son of a Norwegian father and a Swedish mother, a vast calm is part of his Scandinavian inheritance.

"Of course it's a great honor to be designated as the Bear State's favorite son, and I'll never get over being proud," he admits. "But pshaw! Why run a temperature? I'm a dark horse without even a touch of bay."

His supporters, however, refuse to be daunted by their hero's mixture of modesty and caution. As they blueprint the political situation, Dewey, Stassen and Taft are equally matched in strength, desire and determination. So what more probable than a deadlock, necessitating search for an acceptable compromise?

Who then but Earl Warren? A campaigner without parallel, they cry, for never yet has he met defeat. With independent voting on the increase, what better choice than one who has demonstrated ability to smash party lines? City attorney, district attorney, attorney general and two-term governor

—a steady climb, evidencing capacity for growth. He is fifty-seven years old, stands over six feet, weighs 215 pounds and is handsome in a wholesome, two-fisted way. No man ever *looked* more like a President, his admirers claim. He is the son of a sturdy, industrious mechanic, and himself the father of six children.

Best of all, he is proclaimed as a true liberal, steering a sane middle course between the stand-patters and the crackpots. Where is there a state that can match California's progressive and humane laws, ask his followers, pointing out that Earl Warren has seen to it that the aged, the orphaned, the sick and the blind and the unemployed all receive adequate care; the rights of management and labor are protected, but no amount of pressure has been able to gain a privilege for either group; he has been attacked both by the unions and the great corporations, but never once has the governor been pushed off balance; besides rebuilding and expanding California's physical plant, he has managed to cut taxes and provide safeguards for the future; huge sums have been tucked away in special reserve funds, safe from squandering hands, that will not only finance a Ten-Year Plan, but take care of any drastic drop in revenue.

With due allowance for political bombast, the record supports many of the claims made for Governor Warren. Few men actually have had longer experience as a public servant; in fact, it might be made the subject of criticism that he has never

California has never had a native son in the White House and Republican supporters of Governor Earl Warren hope that this deplorable situation may be remedied next fall



earned a dollar in the competitive struggles of private life. Coming out of World War I as a first lieutenant, the young lawyer took a job as clerk in the legislature, and officeholding has been his career ever since.

Neither can there be denial of Earl Warren's ability as a vote getter. Elected district attorney of Alameda County in 1925, he stayed in that office for 14 years, winning campaign after campaign. As a result the Republican party drafted him to run for attorney general in 1938. While the rest of the ticket was buried under a Democratic landslide, Warren triumphed by a handsome majority and this made his nomination for governor in 1942 a foregone conclusion.

At the general election in November, he won by 1,275,000 to 932,000.

Renominated in 1946, Warren faced the gloomy fact that not once in 32 years had Californians given any governor a second term. Warren filed on both Republican and Democratic tickets, as California law permits, and the primary results showed that he not only had polled 774,502 votes against 70,331 for three other Republican candidates, but he had also won the Democratic nomination by 593,190 votes against 530,968 for Robert W. Kenny, his opponent on that ticket.

Praising his honesty and courage, the Warren faithful recall that as district attorney of Alameda County he waged successful war against graft and corruption, sending the sheriff and the millionaire

head of a paving combine to prison; when he prosecuted four union officials for a brutal murder, hostile thousands picketed the courthouse throughout the trial; in addition to threats of political reprisals, he received death notes, but drove on to gain convictions.

During Warren's term as attorney general, the shame of the state was the bold operation of gambling ships off Los Angeles, but just outside the three-mile limit. When city and county officials failed to enforce the law, he loaded his deputies into small boats and boarded the floating Monte Carlos. Axes smashed the tables and wheels and put an end to the racket.

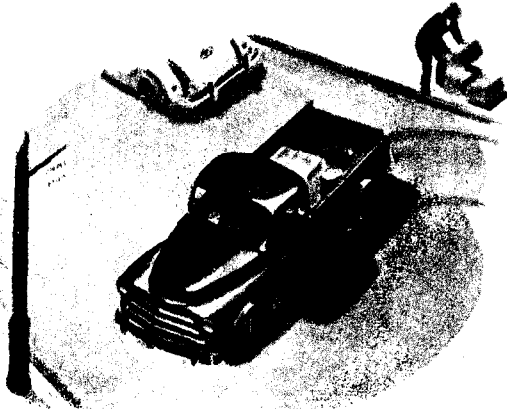
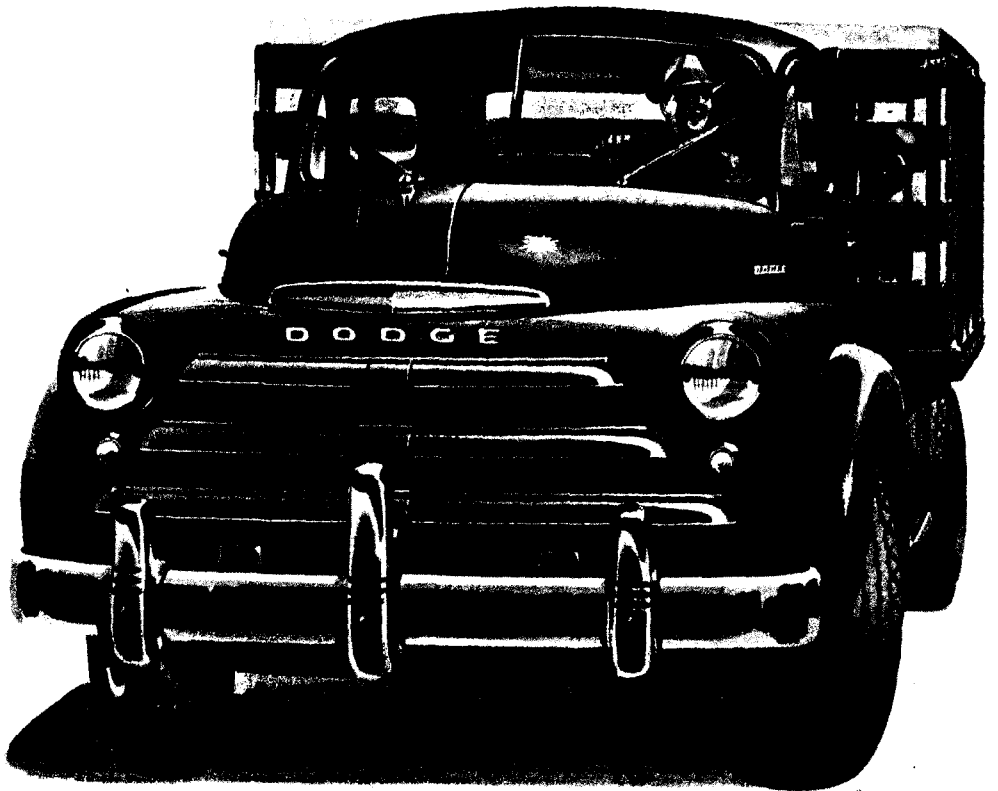
As governor, all his appointments have been made on the basis of merit rather than party affiliation—a fact admitted even by Democratic leaders. Former governors, accenting political differences, feuded with their legislatures, but at the outset Earl Warren announced an "era of good will," and asked the senators and representatives of both parties to sit with him for the consideration of proposed laws.

This amiable insistence on co-operation, backed up by a genuine friendliness, has done away with the old deadlocks, and there have been only two or three knock-down fights at the most. His one real legislative defeat was in connection with a prepaid health-insurance plan designed to meet the needs of wage earners in the lower income brackets. When California doctors fought the bill as "socialized medicine," legislators (Continued on page 80)

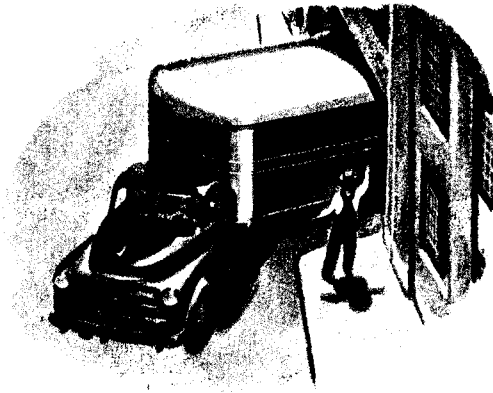
PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPP

NEW Ease of Handling

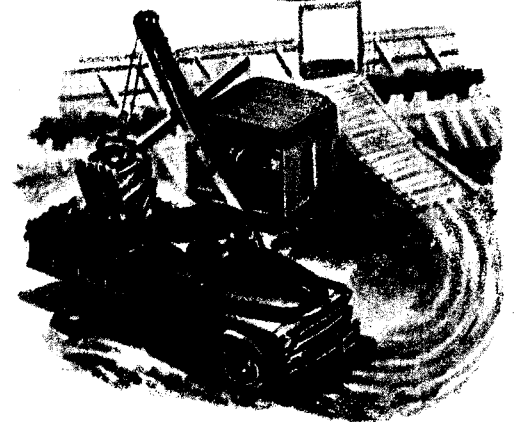
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EASY TO MANEUVER IN NARROW QUARTERS



EASY TO HANDLE ON "TOUGH" LOCATIONS

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You can swing around in narrower streets. You can "jack-knife" up to loading platforms . . . or maneuver on "tough" locations . . . with *much* greater ease! You get this greatly improved maneuver-

ability from an entirely new front-end chassis design. Turning diameters are shorter, the same both right and left, because of new "cross-steering," with shorter wheelbases and wide tread front axles.

Front axles have been moved back, and engines forward . . . placing more load on the front axle. Cab-to-axle dimensions remain the same, with shorter wheelbases. You get much better weight distribution, and you can carry increased payloads, too.

This new weight distribution, combined with longer springs, produces a marvelous new "cushioned ride." Look at the chart at the left. See how Dodge compares with competition . . . not only in ease of handling and improved weight distribution, but in many other important features.

Driving is believing! Step into the new "Pilot-House" cab of one of these new Dodge "Job-Rated" trucks, and drive! You won't find equal *maneuverability*, *comfort* or *vision* in any other truck!



Read this 10 Point Comparison, too!

(Dodge Model F-152; 14,500 pounds Gross Vehicle Weight—and Comparable Competitive Models.)

FEATURES AND ADVANTAGES	DODGE "Job-Rated" TRUCK	TRUCK "A"	TRUCK "B"	TRUCK "C"	TRUCK "D"
Wheelbase	152 in.	161 in.	158 in.	159 in.	161 in.
Cab-to-Axle—to take 12-foot body	84 in.	84 in.	84.06 in.	84 in.	84 in.
Wide-Tread Front Axles (shorter turning—more stability)	62 in.	56 in.	60.03 in.	58½ in.	56 in.
Modern "Cross-Type" Steering	Yes	No	No	No	No
Turning Diameter * —Left —Right	50½ ft. 50½ ft.	61½ ft. 61½ ft.	60½ ft. 54½ ft.	54½ ft. 54½ ft.	66½ ft. 66½ ft.
Maximum Horsepower	109	93	100	93	100
Total Spring Length (Front and Rear "Cushioned Ride") †	194 in.	171½ in.	182 in.	176 in.	182 in.
Cab Seat Width (Measure of Roominess) ‡	57¼ in.	52¼ in.	51½ in.	47½ in.	52¼ in.
Windshield Glass Area ▲	901 sq. in.	713 sq. in.	638 sq. in.	545 sq. in.	713 sq. in.
Vent Wings plus Rear Quarter Windows	Yes	No	No	No	No

* To outside of tire (curb clearance.) Computed from data based on tests or computations obtained from usually reliable sources. † All four springs. ‡ Measured from competition models. ▲ Computed from width and depth measurements; no allowance for contours.

NEW DODGE "Job-Rated" TRUCKS

And remember...

ONLY DODGE BUILDS "Job-Rated" TRUCKS

THE GENERAL WAS AN HONEST MAN

BY WILL F. JENKINS

Everyone respected him, but no one loved him except his wife—who never knew just how honest he was

I MET the General and his wife, and heard the beginning of this tale, one night out in the center of a tropic river with jungle on either side and a blanket of stars overhead. It began most promisingly.

The captain of the boat, whose name was Garrison, swore softly in my ear as I looked down at the card game. It was deep night and he'd come out of the pilothouse of the boat, and stopped where I leaned on the upper-deck rail. We were headed upstream on a river in a republic whose name does not matter. The boat's Diesel engine drummed softly below decks. The water overside was black as ebony and glossy as oil, with the wavering reflections of stars on it. But over to eastward a white-hot moon was rising, and the jungle beneath it was sheer darkness, and the noises that came out of it were not pretty. There was utter savagery all around.

But Garrison swore in a whisper by my ear, with a note in his whispering which was not like him. He glared down at the card table and the game that went on.

It was being played on a folding table on the bow deck, by the light of a gasoline lantern slung from a boom. The lantern had an incandescent mantle, and yielded a theatrical, dead-white, pitiless glare which showed the players in exaggerated light and color and shade. There was the General, jovial and at ease, cracking jokes as he dealt and made his bets. There was the *abogado*—the attorney—representing the poor devil in irons down below, who was traveling to the capital to be tried and doubtless to be condemned. There were other players. A mahogany dealer. A speculator in coconuts. A man who owned ten thousand acres in bananas.

"I'm supposed to be a businessman," said Garrison bitterly, "and I have to be a fool because he's honest!"

"What's that?" I asked, startled.

"Nothing," said Garrison more bitterly still, "except that I'm crazy and complaining about it. Any objections? The General's responsible for my having this boat and the business I've got. But because of his wife and that damned (Continued on page 81)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

The smoke trail spread over the water concealing the occupants of the little boat