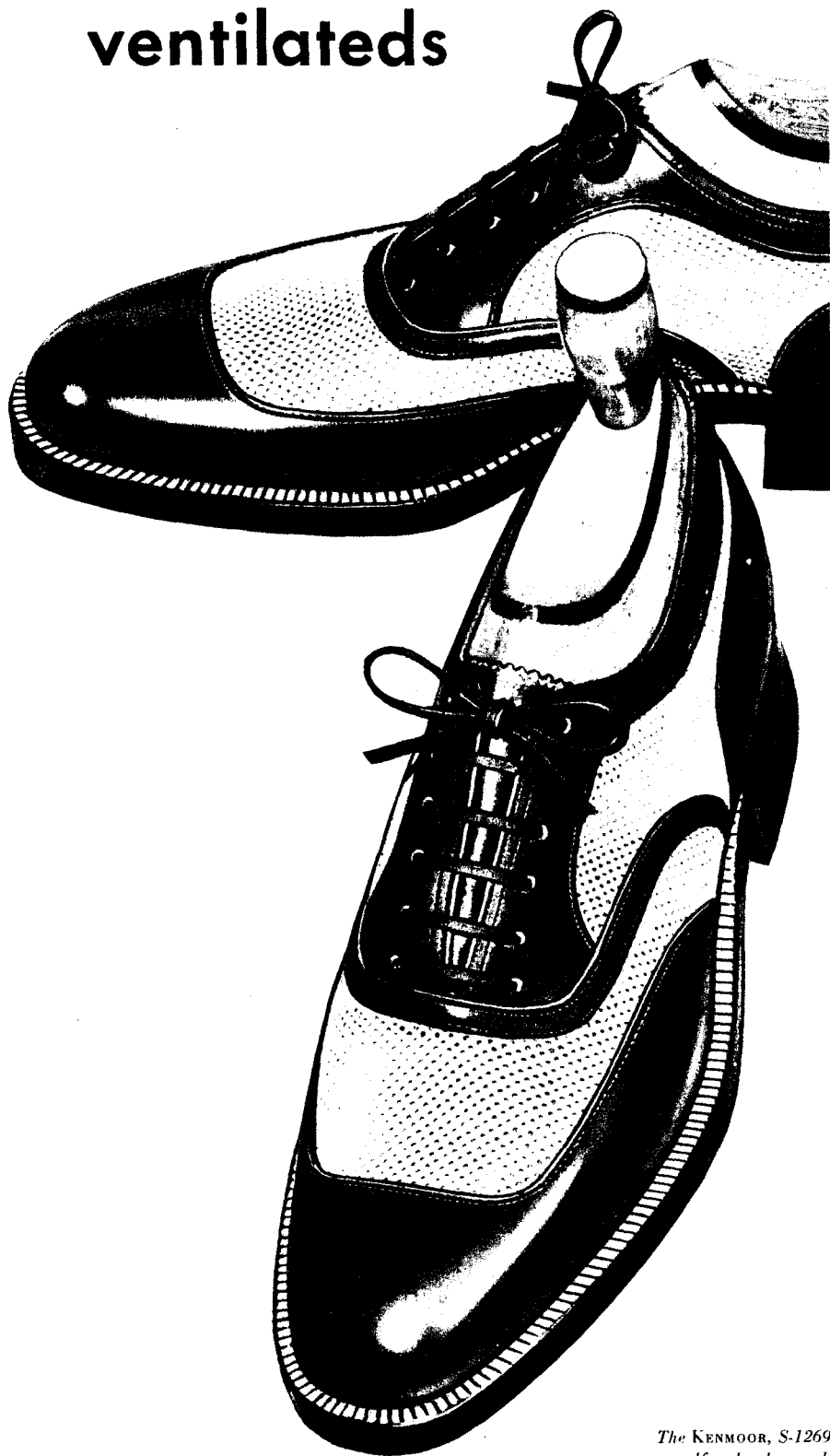


*There's nothing cooler  
than mesh . . . and nothing  
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For the lightest, coolest,  
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shoes you ever set foot  
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## 48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Five per centers and similar war contract moochers seem to be going underground. Anyway, many of them are deserting Washington. From now on they'll be operating in the more expensive summer colonies, the better country clubs and fashionable resorts. As for offices, they're moving to New York, Detroit, Atlanta, Pasadena, Chicago, Minneapolis and so on. If all that we hear is dependable, Washington will see very little of them. The new idea is to fetch the contract giver to the contract seeker, all expenses paid, of course, and a nice rest promised. All very secret and comfortable. Anyway, that's the way we hear it.

★ ★ ★

In Missoula, Montana, there is a frustrated fellow who's been trying for years with no success to get into the fire department. In the meantime, he drives a garbage truck. Not long ago he ar-



rived heavily laden at the city dump only to find that his truck, plus cargo, was on fire. He turned around and drove at top speed to the nearest firehouse and announced that if they wouldn't let him go to fires he'd always be glad to bring fires to them. They let him put it out all by himself and he drove off singing.

★ ★ ★

We regret we've never attended a wedding in Heber, Utah. Dan Valentine of the Salt Lake Tribune notifies us that Sheriff Eugene Payne has just made an announcement: from now on he is not going to tolerate any more rough stuff or nonsense at nuptials in Heber. Too bad. Nothing like a nice rough wedding.

★ ★ ★

Recently, too, several gentlemen were arrested in a New Orleans club and bundled off to court along with a load of crooked dice, marked cards and other accessories for an evening of good clean fun worth anywhere from three to four thousand dollars. But the court dismissed them, returned their property to them and gave the cops a good talking to. Gambling paraphernalia? What nonsense. The court ruled the fellows were quite right in that it could have been used for highly amusing entertainment, such as magic tricks. And come to think of it—but never mind.

★ ★ ★

This seems like an appropriate place to tell you that one of your fellow citizens in Portland, Oregon, went shopping for a gross of "the smallest dice made." He finally found a store where he found the size he wanted—tiny bones a quarter of an inch square. The shopkeeper was

curious. "Simple," explained the purchaser. "Did you ever try swallowing big dice when the law arrives?"

★ ★ ★

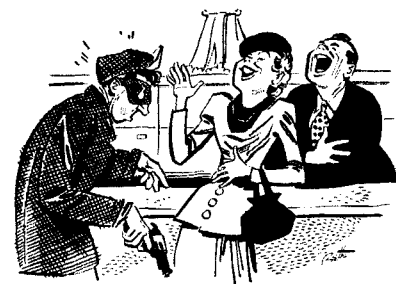
There's nothing like a good, well-lubricated rumor to warm the heart, salvage morale, promote vociferous oratory and even start a few nice fights. Good for the circulation, too. And nobody knows this latter better than the editor of the Hattiesburg, Mississippi, American. To prove same, he recently notified his readers that: "The Hattiesburg American will not be outrumored on Camp Shelby by any newspaper in this or any other state. The American's rumors are bigger and better and more detailed. Read the American daily for the tops in Camp Shelby rumors."

★ ★ ★

What an elegant time he'd have in Washington. Rummaging through the rumors (unsubstantiated) just harvested by our Washington ear, we learn that for strictly humanitarian reasons Mr. Truman will run for re-election next year. The reason does him credit, too. He simply can't bear the thought of so many of his fellow Democrats being trampled to death in their patriotic desire to win the nomination to succeed him.

★ ★ ★

Our fellow in Dallas, Texas, reports a brutal incident. A man clad wholly in green, wearing a green mask, entered a shop brandishing a pistol which was not green. He announced that it was a stick-up. There was one customer in the shop and she started to laugh. The proprietor joined her. The stick-up man wanted to know what they were laughing about and to hurry up and hand over the dough. The lady stopped laughing long enough to tell the bandit he was the funniest-looking man she'd seen since she left home. The proprietor told him that, frankly, he looked



JACK BETTS

like hell. The bandit pocketed his gun and stalked out empty-handed, saying he'd never been so insulted in his life.

★ ★ ★

Well, it has finally been decided. Next fall Vermont will not permit you to hunt deer with bows and arrows. Decided it was too dangerous—not to the deer but to the populace.

★ ★ ★

State legislatures have almost all adjourned and their members have gone home to do whatever it is they do for a living while not legislating. A sigh of relief has escaped constituencies and

(Continued on page 49)

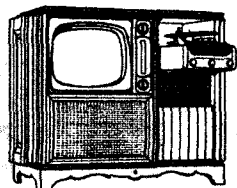
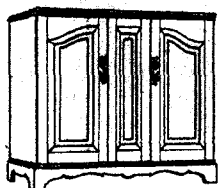
Collier's for April 28, 1951



## THE CLEAREST PICTURE IN *Television*

Just remember this when choosing your television receiver: Admiral makes more television combinations than all other brands put together. You'll quickly understand why when you see the brilliant new 1951 models now on display at your Admiral dealer. You'll see the sharpest, brightest, clearest picture in television . . . Admiral's famous triple-play automatic phonograph with Dynamagic radio. A wide selection of modern and traditional cabinets with rectangular picture tubes ranging from 14" to 20" . . . priced as low as \$349.95, excise tax included! The greatest values in complete home entertainment!

**ON TV:** "Lights Out," NBC, Mon., 9 PM, EST . . . "Stop the Music," ABC, Thurs., 8 PM, EST.



Model 321K18 with

*Twenty inch Television screen*

# HERE'S HOW YOU CAN KEEP



## WORLD'S FIRST BLOWOUT-SAFE PUNCTURE-PROOF, TUBELESS TIRE

*Safety-Proved on the Speedway for  
Your-Protection on the Highway*

*by Wilbur Shaw*

Here is a tire so completely safe that it marks the beginning of a new era in highway safety. Firestone is cooperating with the Government in conserving critical materials, so production of this new tire is limited. But, when the present national emergency ends, you will be able to equip your car with the world's first blowout-safe, puncture-proof, tubeless tire, the ultimate in tire safety, strength, economy and mileage.

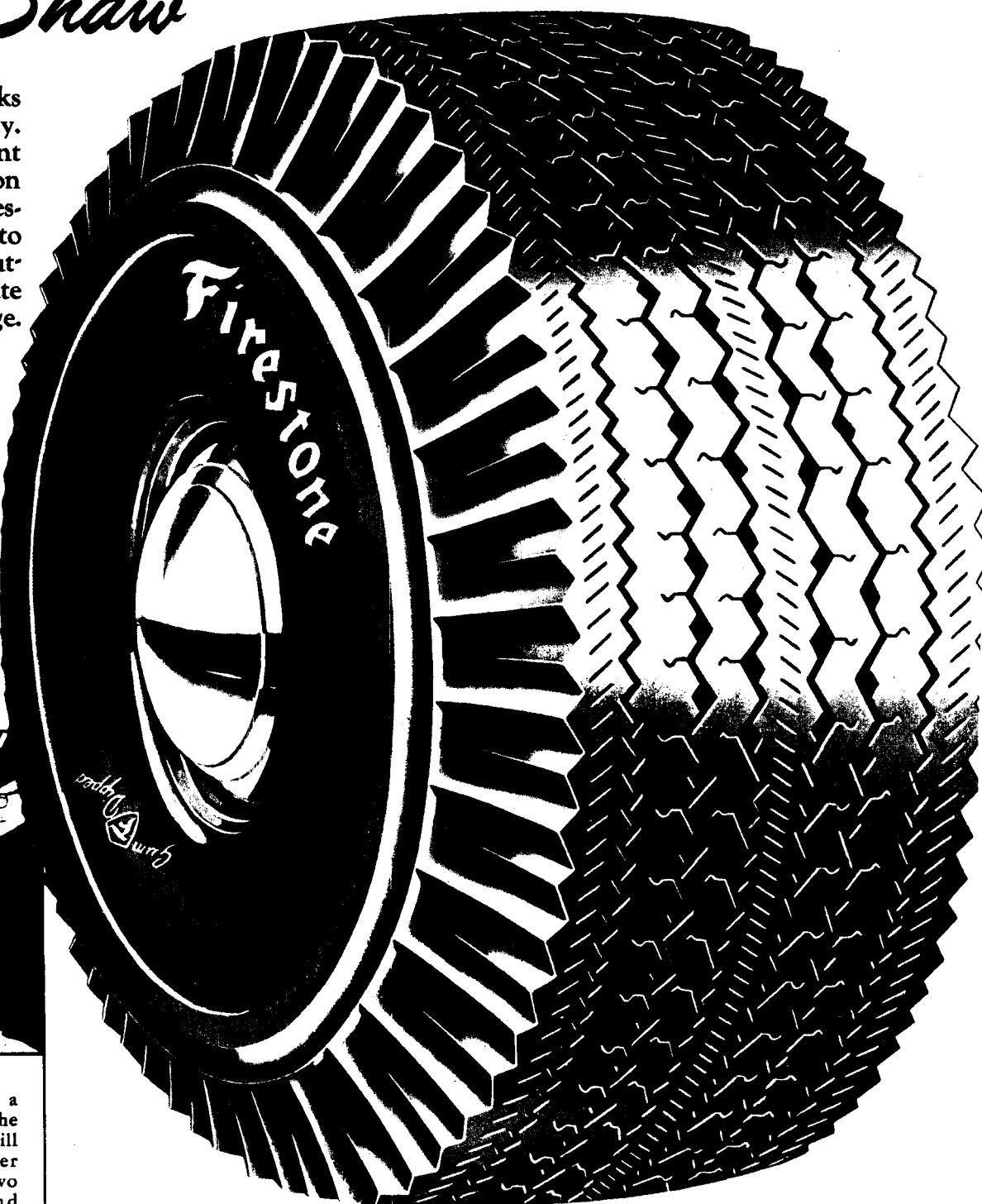


This new tire was tested thoroughly in all kinds of service, on all types of roads throughout the country for a long time. Then, Wilbur Shaw, three-time winner of the 500-mile Indianapolis Race and now president of the Indianapolis Speedway, tested it personally on the famous race track.

The tire was purposely damaged before the test so it would blow out. The damaged tire blew out while Wilbur Shaw was traveling 80 miles an hour. There was no sudden swerve, no dangerous tug at the steering wheel and he continued around the track at high speeds, then made a normal stop.



When the car came to a stop after the blowout, the bulk of the air was still contained by an inner diaphragm made of two plies of tire cord and equipped with a safety valve . . . dramatic proof that this new tire is the safest, strongest tire ever built. The tire was also run over sharp spikes to show how it seals punctures.



*Listen to the Voice of Firestone on radio or television every Monday evening over NBC*

## YOUR SAFETY IS OUR

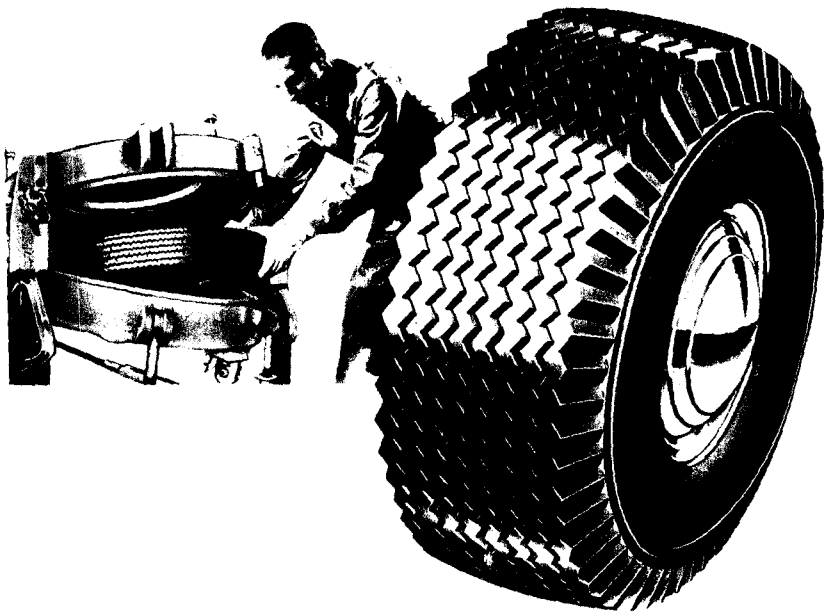


# YOUR CAR TIRE-SAFE

# AT Firestone



Let Your Nearby Firestone Dealer or Store Tell You How To Keep  
Your Car **TIRE-SAFE!**

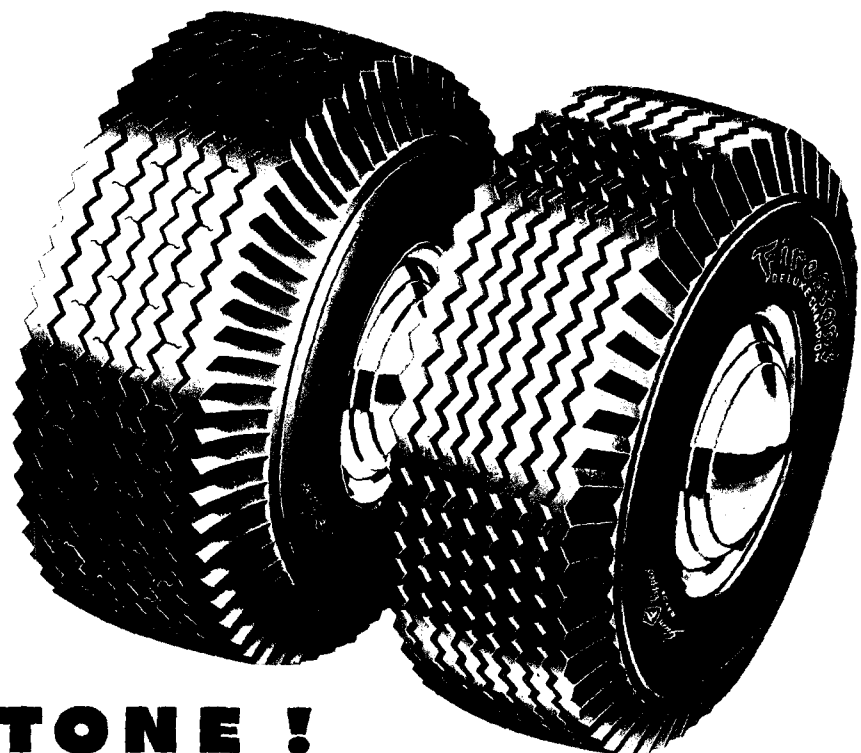


*Here's How  
to Get the  
Most Mileage  
Out of Your  
Present Tires*

Most tires built today are made with cord bodies so strong that they will outlast the original tread. When your tires become smooth or dangerously worn, take them to your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store and have the worn treads replaced with Firestone Factory-Method New Treads. You get the same non-skid tread design, the same tread width and depth, and the same guarantee as with a new Firestone tire. You get new-tire safety and new-tire mileage at less than half the cost of a new tire.

*Here's What to Do When  
You Need New Tires*

If your tire bodies are so badly damaged that Firestone New Treads cannot be applied, equip your car with new Firestone Super-Balloons or Firestone De Luxe Champions, the tires that are built with Safti-Sured Gum-Dipped cord bodies, an exclusive Firestone construction feature which provides the greatest protection against blowouts ever built into a regular tire.



## BUSINESS AT FIRESTONE !

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# Clean Shave? Feeling Keen!



EARLY AMERICAN  
*Old Spice*  
FOR MEN

for that Top-of-the-World feeling

while shaving



SHAVING CREAM  
Lather and Brushless  
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after shaving



AFTER SHAVE LOTION  
1.00 plus tax  
(large size 1.75)

SHULTON

New York Toronto

## Bring Your Pink Eyeshades

By PERRY GRANT



JOHN RUGE

Next comes Pass the Trash, then No Peekie Hi-low Baseball

FRANKLY, I have lost faith in poker. I mean, it just isn't a real man's game any more. Time was when a guy could slip on his green eyeshade, slide behind a stack of blue chips and lose himself in a world of cutthroat betting and dead-pan bluffing where straight draw and five-card stud were the only games heard of and anybody who uttered over three words was dealt out—permanently. But society had to come along and gut the game and, nowadays, the only place you find real he-man, poker-face, blood-and-guts poker is in Western movies.

I was seated at my desk down at Forbes & Co. adding last Sunday's golf score over again with the outward appearance of squeezing my last drop of gray matter into an important calculation for the sales manager, when Harry Lane from the billing department gives me the high sign to meet him at the water cooler.

"Say, Chuck," he says from behind his paper cup, "the boys are getting together at my house for a little poker. Thought you'd like to join us."

"Real poker?" I ask.

"Darn' right!" he says.

Hot dog—poker! Man, I hadn't seen the happy side of a full house for months. The wife has always been a great one for cards—so long as you play bridge—so you can see that Harry's little proposition was more welcome than five o'clock on Friday afternoon.

When I arrive, the game is in progress and, after a nod to the boys, I peer over Harry's shoulder to see that he is holding the outside cards of an inside straight: six of diamonds, seven of clubs, nine of clubs and the ten of hearts.

"I'll take one card," he says.

I cross my fingers for him behind my back, as he scrapes the card off the edge of the table and slowly bends up a corner. His eyes making like they were trying to see under the hair on his chest. The queen of spades.

Tough luck. I think. But what does he do? Raises the pot, waits for everybody to meet him, then spreads his cards out on the table and rakes in the chips.

"Hey, wait a minute," I say. "That's the queen of spades!"

"Yeah," he says, "how lucky can you get? Good thing we made bedpost queens wild instead of one-eyed jacks."

Well, right there I can see that the game isn't quite up to Mississippi river boat standards, but, seeing as how it's dealer's choice, I figure the last dealer to be the sole converted casino player,

and I pull up a chair. The next guy shuffles the deck like he was from Las Vegas, so I'm getting ready for a little five stud, when he opens his mouth and comes out with: "Well, men, this time let's make it Payday at the Mines."

"What's wild?" asks the player on my right.

"Deuces, fours and the suicide king," says the dealer. Then he cuts the deck and holds up a seven. "Better throw in sevens for luck," he adds.

"Progressive?" asks the voice on my left.

"Only up to flushes, then back down again to three of a kind."

I don't know how, but I played it—and won with five aces. And I didn't even know I had them until someone pointed them out—there not being an honest one in my hand.

Well, from then on, things get worse. Next comes Pass the Trash. Then I am dragged through Up and Down the River, No Peekie Hi-low Baseball, One-Toed Pete and Nine-Card Jack Pot. When it gets to be my deal I boldly suggest straight draw, and I can feel every pair of eyes in the room looking at every other pair of eyes and saying, "Get a load of that creep!"

But the big blow comes when, as I begin to feel the usual thirst and am looking around for the beer, the kitchen door swings open and Harry brings in fruit punch and a chocolate cake.

"Made it myself," he says.

Enough is enough. With a feeble smile I manage the punch and ignore the cake and make for my coat. "Gotta go," I say with a polite trace of mockery like I was talking to the boss's son on the yacht his old man had given him. "Promised the wife I'd get back in time to help her rinse out a few stockings."

Everybody is full of understanding about the stockings. "What a shame, old man," says Harry, taking off his apron. "And here I've been saving a game for the last hand that's a killer. You play it with two decks and..."

"Sounds simply muscular," I say to myself. Then aloud: "Where do I cash in my chips?"

"Oh, just divide them among the boys. Naturally we haven't been playing for money."

Naturally! I grab my coat, wishing some aces would fall out of the sleeve just for shockers, spit on my hands for lack of a spittoon, heist my belt and say, "Thankee fer the game, boys. Now if you'll jist hand me my shootin' iron, I'll go." I leave quietly.

THE END