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# 48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Haven't been able to verify this, but there was a rumor around the National Press Club in Washington that one of the reasons it took Congress so long to vote wheat for India was interference in our national affairs by Shivan Chida Nand Gir. Brother Gir is the boss of the Naga sect—nudists—and recently in New Delhi delivered a speech in which he urged that Harry Truman and Joe Stalin get together and talk peace—in the nude. The carrier of this rumor insisted on pointing out that Mr. Gir felt in this way both Mr. Truman and Mr. Stalin would create a nothing-to-hide atmosphere. Well, maybe, but would Uncle Joe leave *truth* unadorned?

★ ★ ★

For several years, Danville, Virginia, has been trying to discourage fortune-tellers. We've been trying to find out why crystal-gazers, palm readers, professional prophets, soothsayers and



suchlike sorcerers have rallied around Danville, but had to give up. The town started taxing them \$500 a year. They didn't even shrug. Paid and went on prophesying. Danville raised the ante to \$1,000. Not even a protest from the oracles. Then \$2,000. That's the tax today. So what? Business is wonderful; customers record-breaking. Customers say that what the Danville prophets tell them is more reliable than stuff reaching them from Washington.

★ ★ ★

Apparently everybody who can read at all has seen the news that the government employs 7,052 chauffeurs whose sole job it is to drive bureaucrats expensively hither and thither—to lunch, to cocktail riots, to around-the-corner conferences, from home to work and home again. Anyway, no day passes that someone doesn't take time to tell us that he or she knows at least one such government VIP who, before landing his job, wasn't exactly sure where his next pair of shoes was coming from.

★ ★ ★

Several of the ladies in the Watch Washington Club, in Columbus, Ohio, are thinking and talking along that line. And if you don't think that the capital of your beloved country is watching the Watch Washington Club, you're uninformed. This organization was started a few years ago by Mrs. Bruce Lindsey, of Columbus. It has 750 members. Taking their cue from Mrs. Lindsey, similar clubs have formed in Pittsburgh, Los Angeles, and Raleigh, North Carolina. No. 10 Downing Street, London, knows about them, as much as No. 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C. The Watch Washington Women are seeing to that. They believe that the Constitution

of the United States is the most important political document in the world. Sounds rather old-fashioned, doesn't it? They are nonpartisan. All politicians look alike to them. Let an officeholder stray from the path and—*wham!* Watch those Watch Washington Clubs.

★ ★ ★

Yet all is unity, peace and concord in Sheakleyville, Mercer County, Pennsylvania. Sheakleyville is about to celebrate her centennial—August 12th to 18th. Without hysteria, with a minimum of noise (including oratory), with the serene confidence of a people who haven't veered an inch from solid old Americanism. There will be a parade. There will be pageants by home talent, farm equipment contests—such as tractor pullings. There will be chicken pie suppers, an Americanism born, say the residents, in Sheakleyville. There are no racketeers in Sheakleyville, no dope pushers, no hopheads young or old, no Communists, no screaming political wahoos. Just Americans who not only want peace but practice it. Oh, sure, there'll be a Festival Queen. We said the celebration was going to be 100 per cent American, didn't we?

★ ★ ★

The Honorable Sam Lumpkin, who wants to be governor of Mississippi, is stumping up and down Ole Miss, hollering loud and long. Not long ago he addressed an audience thus: "A man who seeks high public office should be required to meet the same qualifications that are required in private business." And that moved one of his hearers to demand: "What do you want to do, Sam? Purge Congress?"

★ ★ ★

And Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock, of Sarasota, Florida, is now belatedly willing to admit he doesn't know what things are coming to. "Seems," writes the Colonel, "no matter where a shot is fired anywhere in the world, it always hits the American taxpayer."

★ ★ ★

The school authorities in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, do not believe in letting the kids fritter away their time in such nonsense as sleep. Therefore,



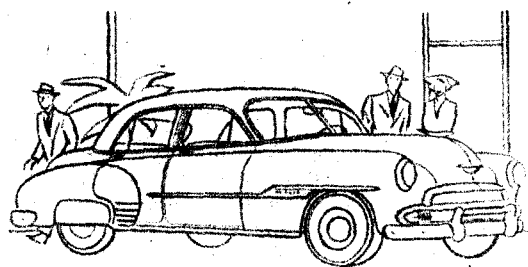
JACK BETTS

just before school closed for the summer, they issued the following directive: "Children will come to school on Friday at 1 A.M. to get report cards."

★ ★ ★

Story goes that an administration spellbinder, reporting back to his boss in the Interior Department in Washington after having scouted the Presi-

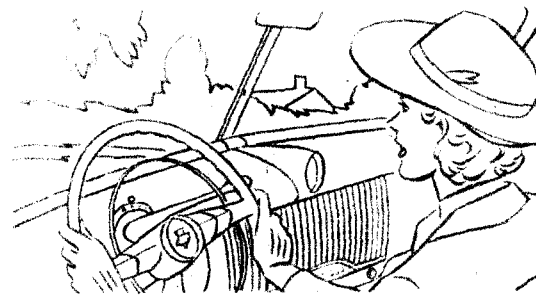
Collier's for August 4, 1951



*Look at the Size!*

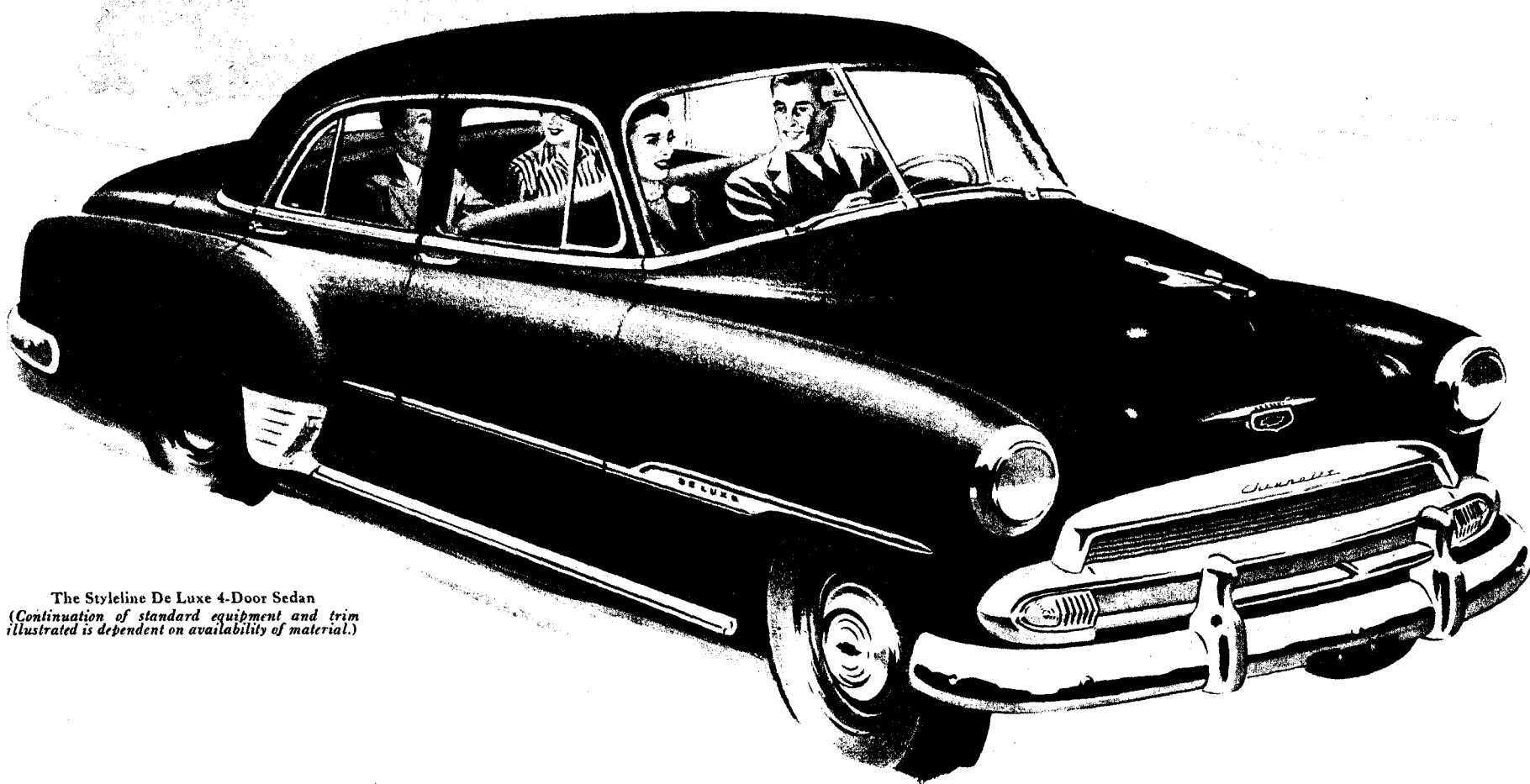


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dent's favorite whistle stops, asked about his next assignment. "Yes," said his chief, "get out to the West Coast and remind the folks that the public is confused. Latest reports I get indicate they're beginning to forget that they are."

★ ★ ★

In Los Angeles, Mr. Thaddeus Orgen has been spending the past few weeks studying reports from the Census Bureau. He finds that if the draft age should presently be lowered to eighteen, the armed services would have 1,088,000 more men to draw on. However, Mr. Orgen finds that the greatest number of males in America—1,935,000—are in the three-year-old pool. "Please," he pleads, "keep this information away from the Pentagon Building."

★ ★ ★

Every week this department of Collier's receives queries from its readers. Most of them are about politics and government—why can't the latter get along without the former, for example. Some we try to answer; some we're afraid to answer. Very few are satisfied, no matter what we say. But sometimes there is variety in the demands. A lady in Muncie, Indiana, asks: "Why is it that my baby never sneezes except when he has his mouth full of cereal?"

★ ★ ★

You'll remember that some time ago we told you about artist Jefferson Machamer's model, who said she was told she didn't look old enough to have a grandmother. Anyway, Mr. Machamer telephoned her recently asking her to come to work on the following day. She said she would be glad to. "What time?" asked Mr. Machamer. "Oh, about mid-noonish," she said.

★ ★ ★

For years, Washington's Army and Navy Club had a sign over the front door reading: Women Guests Must Use Rear Entrance. Women didn't like it. Steady pressure brought results. Couple of months ago, the sign was covered up and over the



rear door appeared a new sign: Women Guests Will Please Use Front Entrance. Maybe you can explain what followed; we can't. The ladies would have none of that; continued to use the rear entrance. So, a few days ago the club removed the rear entrance sign and uncovered the one over the front door. And now the ladies are raising hell again and the Army and Navy Club is considering building a bombproof shelter, for men only, in the basement about halfway between the two entrances.

★ ★ ★

The American Association for the Advancement of Science has just heard from Dr. Arthur Adel of Arizona State College that this earth of ours is enveloped in a veil of nitrous oxide—laughing gas. It remains only for somebody to discover something to laugh about.

★ ★ ★

We'd like to get out to Norman, Oklahoma, before the government of that city and Paul W. Updegraff, Esq., a Norman lawyer, come to grips in court. The city of Norman notified Mr. Updegraff that it intended to cut down a 10-foot hedge back of his house. Contends that it obstructs traffic. Mr. Updegraff got a restraining order from the county court. "Clipped, sprayed and nurtured," cried Mr. Updegraff, "that hedge has been the home of Toxostoma

rufum, Richmondia Cardinalis and Archilochus colubris, and must stay as it is." Whereat, the city contended that this was merely another reason why the hedge must come down—there being public health statutes to observe. In any case, Mr. Updegraff's brown thrashers, red cardinals and ruby-throated hummingbirds will have a hedge over their heads at least until the case comes up in court. And we hope there will be no rioting in the meantime.

★ ★ ★

We hope that this does not discourage you from writing to editors. Frankly, editors would be in a nasty fix if you should. Seekers after miscellaneous information pounded the streets of Omaha recently, asking psychiatrists and less complicated citizens why people do write letters to the editor. The scientific gentlemen scoffed at ancient lay explanations—love of seeing one's name in print, for example. They also waved away the theory that most letters to the editor are written when the moon, not the writer, is full. To be short about it, the psychiatrists attribute it to Guilty Conscience, Fear, Frustration and, as one of the more practical put it, "a desire to tell the editor that he's the guy who is responsible for whatever happens to be wrong at the moment." Anyway, get out your pen or unfurl your typewriter, and take a swing, folks. Costs three minutes and three cents; and where can you get more for your money?

★ ★ ★

Signs of Our Times—Dept. of Education. Ad in the Wall Street (New York) Journal: College President Wanted—Exceptional Opportunity Qualified Person . . . And, at the University of California, a noteworthy depot of education, scientists have just developed an electronic device which assort lemons—according to color.

★ ★ ★

Mr. William L. Hughes, working in a tobacco field on Ira Daugherty's farm near Smiths Grove, Warren County, Kentucky, was being chased by a gray fox. Fox was gaining fast, too. Mr. Daugherty, an old semipro baseball pitcher, grabbed a rock and without windup let go with his fast one. It beamed the fox square between the eyes, killing the brute. Rumor has it Mr. Daugherty is now being hounded by a couple of major-league ball clubs, including the St. Louis Browns, who apparently would be glad to sign up anybody who can throw anything.

★ ★ ★

We learn with regret that Fred C. Baxter, referee of the Wayne County Juvenile Court, in Detroit, Michigan, is retiring. For 40 years, Judge Baxter has dealt earnestly and wisely with what we call juvenile delinquency. His parting words are wholly typical of his sagacity: "Our present crop of youth is as good as any. I wish I could say as much for their parents."

★ ★ ★

Before we forget, we'd better tell you why the Nebraska legislative committee which is investigating lobbyists did not hold a most important meeting to consider that drastic regulatory measure. They had to go to a big chicken dinner given by one of the lobbyists they're investigating.

★ ★ ★

Harlan Miller of the Des Moines Register and Tribune reports the discovery of a truly humble gentleman. In his letters this deferential wearer of sackcloth and ashes capitalizes YOU and refers to himself always with a lower-case "i."

★ ★ ★

Sound advice from an industrialist to a young man who, in applying for a job, stipulated that it offer good salary and quick advance: "All depends on you, son. There's considerable difference between itching for it and scratching for it."

Collier's for August 4, 1951





**Your American farmer** thinks in billions. Helped by Nickel, "Your Unseen Friend," he grows three billion bushels of corn, a billion bushels of wheat and oats, yearly.

Nickel containing alloys help by strengthening and toughening critical parts of tractors, corn pickers, other farm implements.

**Whether you grow food  
... or cook food  
... or eat food**



**No matter what's cooking**, "Your Unseen Friend," Nickel, can be depended upon to protect food's flavor and purity. That's why the \$11 billion food-processing industry has bought so much equipment—cooking kettles, cutting tables, conveyors—made of stainless steel or other Nickel containing alloys.

**... you have an "Unseen Friend" in Nickel**

Yours is a land of plenty . . . plenty of good, wholesome food.

And one thing that helps make it so is Nickel.

Ask farmers. They "reap a harvest" from the Nickel containing alloys. For these alloys strengthen and toughen vital parts of tractors, disc plows, and other farm equipment. Thus help keep things goin' and growin'.

Or ask food canners. One reason their soups and meats and vegetables are so delicious is because corrosion-resisting Nickel alloys help protect their purity.

You don't see this Nickel, of course, because it's intermixed with other metals to add special properties.

Nor do you see the long-range planning . . . the thousands of men and the miles of sub-surface mine tunnels and shafts . . . equipment, plants, underground trackage . . . needed to blast the ore from the Earth's depths.

Nor do you see the sorting, grinding, smelting, and refining operations developed by Inco to extract millions of pounds of Nickel from millions of tons of ore.

All this you may not see. But you can see why Nickel is important to your present and future welfare. And why it is called, "Your Unseen Friend."



**Breakfast, dinner, or supper**, there's hardly anything you eat that isn't purer, more wholesome because of "Your Unseen Friend," Nickel. Ask your milkman, your baker. Ask the people who

can your soups, sea foods and other delicacies. Ask meat packers. On your behalf, they're big users of easily cleanable, corrosion-resistant Nickel alloy equipment.

*For you and your family, there's good, rich food for thought in "The Romance of Nickel." Write for your free copy . . . The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 309a, New York 5, N. Y.*



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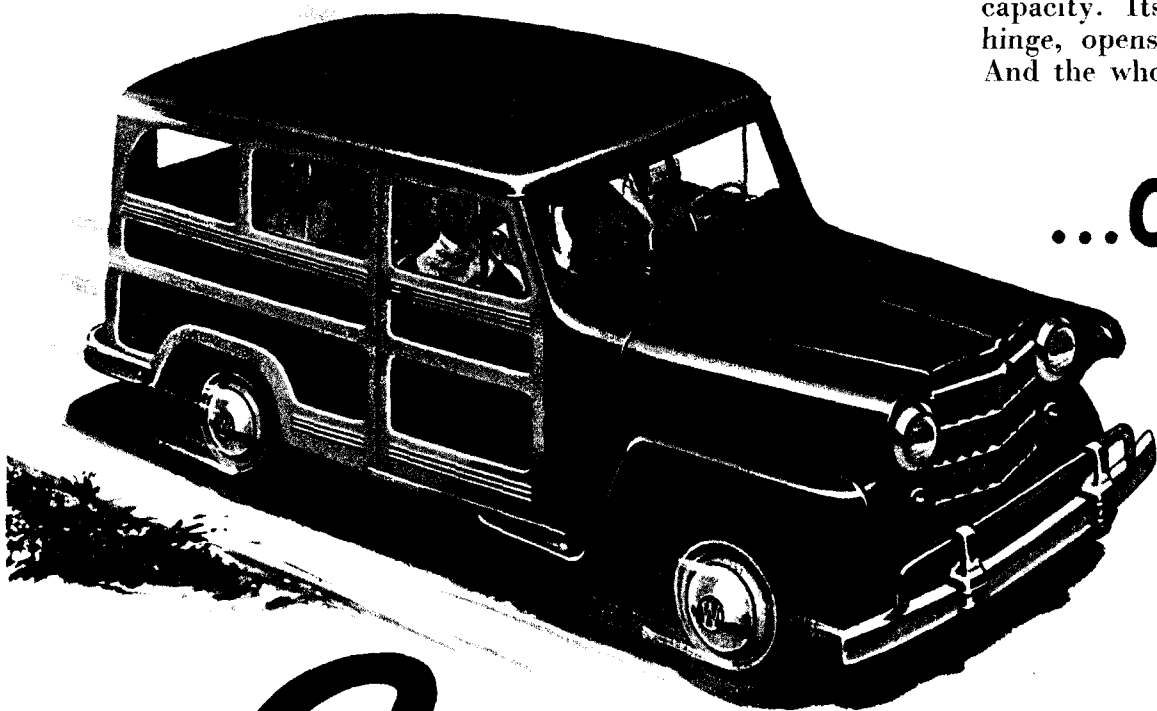
**Nickel . . . Your Unseen Friend**



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No other station wagon matches a Willys for practical usefulness in hauling—especially tall, bulky loads. Its cargo space is 4 feet high ... almost 5 wide ... 98 cubic feet in size ... half a ton in capacity. Its extra large tailgate, with full-width hinge, opens to floor level, supports 1,000 lbs. And the whole interior is washable!

# ...or Week end play



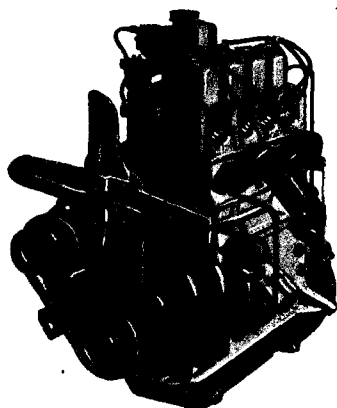
The double-duty Willys is ideal, too, when the family is headed for fun. It is big and roomy, with over-size luggage space ... smooth and comfortable ... quickly obedient to your hand on the wheel. And the long-mileage Willys is so thrifty you'll never ponder its cost on a trip!

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With wider usefulness and lower running costs, Willys is the buy—hands down! But here's the clincher—Willys costs up to \$400 less than competitive, full-size station wagons! See your Willys dealer now!

**HIGHEST-COMPRESSION ENGINE** in the low-priced field—that's the F-head *HURRICANE* that gives you money-saving mileage and flashing performance in a Willys Station Wagon. Compare the compression ratio—7.4 to 1—with any station wagon in its price class!



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— IN ECONOMY — IN EASE OF DRIVING — IN COMFORT



# POLIO

## Is Losing Its Punch

By JOHN LEAR

During the last two years alone, deaths in treated cases have been cut in half. One of the most interesting developments is the "rocking bed," which helps the victim to breathe. It reduces time spent in an iron lung and hastens recovery

IN a big red house on a high green hill just outside Pittsburgh lives a remarkable girl. Every morning she takes a walk without getting out of bed. Lying flat on her back, demurely clad in slacks and a gently clinging sweater, she swings away at a slow but steady gait, a basket handle clenched in one determined hand and a roller skate strapped on the opposite foot.

Anyone not acquainted with this pretty brunette might very well observe that she is going nowhere. But that would be an utterly wrong conclusion. For the trips she undertakes are by far the most important of her twenty-one years. She is hitchhiking back to normal life after having been paralyzed into unconsciousness by poliomyelitis.

The story of Miriam Dartnell (that's her real name; she's a mine superintendent's daughter and her home town is Bentleyville, Pennsylvania) makes hopeful news for millions this polio season of 1951, for she is not traveling alone. Thirty-five other paralysis victims are sharing her singular transport out of the iron lung and away from the shadowland where all deaths from polio occur.

Individuals have made this trip successfully before. But never before has any doctor or any hospital put *all* of any sizable polio epidemic's iron-lung prisoners back to breathing under their own power within the year in which paralysis struck. And Miriam's physician, Dr. Jessie Wright, the lady who oversees medical care at the D. T. Watson School of Physiatrics, has performed that cheering feat not only once but for two successive years.

"Miriam was shaking hands with St. Peter when they brought her into Pittsburgh's Municipal Hospital in 1949," Dr. Wright told me at the girl's bedside this summer. Miriam grinned corroboration. "I can't remember going into the tank," she said, unconsciously falling into polio slang for the iron lung, "and I certainly didn't feel the jabs they told me they made in my veins to feed me during the first days."

In those dark hours of her life's low ebb, Miriam couldn't lift her head. It had to be held upright by a steel-and-leather brace. She lifted it, however,

while we talked, and looked down at her foot as the roller skate slid up a rectangle of plywood on the sheet beneath her. With a touch of wistful pride she volunteered: "Today I walked to the door that leads to the terrace there."

Throughout our conversation, the bed on which Miriam lay rocked back and forth, in time with her breathing, dipping first her head and then her feet 22½ degrees below the normal horizontal. Rising above her, on either side, were two steel pipe rectangles. Dangling from the pipes were tiny pulleys, through which cords passed to canvas slings. In the two slings were Miriam's left arm and her right leg. When her head went down, the ropes lifted the foot wearing the roller skate; when her feet dipped, up came the hand that gripped the basket handle.

After she "traveled" a while with her left arm and right leg, the slings and the basket handle and the roller skate were shifted to allow her to use instead her right arm and left leg. Altogether, the movements approximated the normal ones of walking. Their purpose was to keep the girl's joints oiled and to mobilize her unresponsive muscles so that they would be ready to obey nerve impulses when the control cells in the spinal cord recovered from the attack of the polio virus.

Already much of the power had returned, and Miriam was able to move all of her once completely paralyzed limbs in varying degrees.

### Regular Breathing Rhythm Effected

That much was visible. But what was going on inside Miriam was more important. Every time the bed shifted, so did her viscera. The weight involved was enough to open and close her lungs in regular rhythm if she needed help in breathing. And she did need help—a lot of it—for a long time after she awoke one morning to find her body encased in an iron lung and her protruding head heavy with a hazy but painful memory of having passed out sometime before while gasping for air.

Miriam owes her life to the iron lung. Nothing can ever change that. Inside that big circular tank, her chest kept rising and falling with no effort on

her part, thanks to the suction induced by the lung's electric motor. This was good, but it was also bad. For as life went on, day and night, she gradually came to believe she could never breathe again without help. When Dr. Wright first took her out and put her on the rocking bed, Miriam recalls, "I was scared to death."

That first panicky return to freedom lasted only a few minutes. But as the procedure was repeated, and lengthened, and as she learned to trust the bed's motion to help suck air into her lungs and blow it out again, she came to doze in fits and starts and then, finally, the day arrived when she relaxed enough to fall sound asleep.

Sleeping thus in the daytime gave her confidence to sleep throughout the night. On the bed she could toss and turn as nature willed (12 moves a night is the usual minimum for most of us), a luxury the cramped space of the iron lung did not allow. Her blood circulated more freely, feeding the wearied muscle tissues with oxygen and speeding reinforcements of polio-fighting white cells to the damaged nerves. She found it possible to eat and drink while in motion, and the small efforts she made to reach the straw or the spoon in the nurse's waiting hand on each upbeat added to her strength.

When, at last, the rocking of the bed was stilled, her chest muscles had once again taken on the burden of breathing. By that time, with the help of the weights, the ropes, the pulleys and—until she had strength to grasp the basket handle—a leather glove wired to lift her lifeless hands, Miriam was beginning her daily "walks." Even while she was still engaged in these morning "jaunts," Miriam began getting out of bed. At first, she propelled herself in a cage that carried her weight and dangled her legs free, then moved to a wheel chair with tricycle motive power, and at last to an upright "walker" in which she actually carried her weight on her own feet.

If polio were not such a dreaded word, if doctors generally were not so fearful of possibly giving false hope, Dr. Jessie Wright's work would be far wider known than it is today. She first treated victims of respiratory polio by rocking them on an