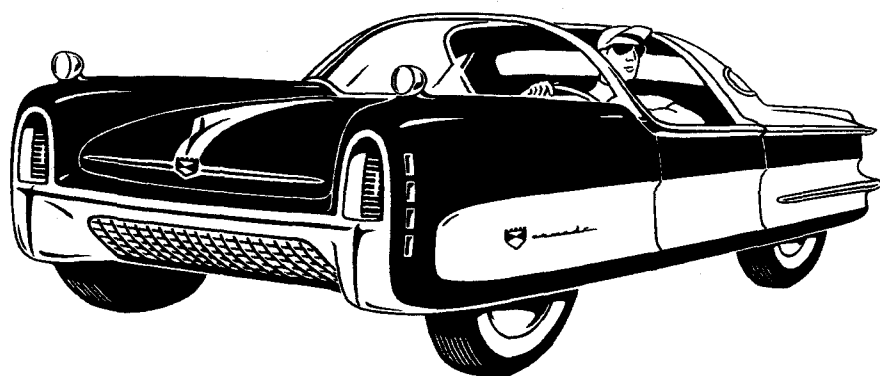
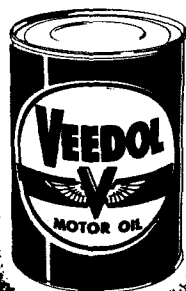


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Nowhere Much, Just Away

By W. F. MIKSCH



ROBERT DAY

"Where you get the bus so crummied up?" Fred asked

ONE of the major disenchantments of the vacation home-coming (aside from brushing sand out of the suitcases and smearing ointment on Sister's poison-ivy rash) is being informed by your friends that you have missed seeing all the worth-while sights, have stopped at the wrong hotels, have driven the least picturesque routes, and have botched your glorious two weeks in general.

It is bad enough to fritter away a whole year's savings on such gala holiday duffel as blowout patches, picture post cards, beach clogs, souvenir pennants for the auto aerial, and peanut butter crackers for the glove compartment, only to learn later that—culturally speaking—your safari was a bust.

I suspect even Christopher Columbus had something of the sort to put up with. At least it would explain why he made several return trips to the new world. Each time he got back home, I suppose Isabella or some other good friend would exclaim: "What! You don't mean you didn't go on to Havana? Or to the Charleston Azalea Festival?" Then off he'd have to sail again to see what he had missed.

My wife and I recently returned from a happy motor junket through Connecticut and Massachusetts, spending several days on Cape Cod. We referred to it as "our trip through New England." But not for long.

Our first day home, I took the car around to Fred's Garage for a wash. "Where you get the bus so crummied up?" Fred asked.

"We took a little trip through New England," I said, trying to make it sound as if it really wasn't much which, as it turned out, it wasn't.

"New England, eh?" Fred brightened. "Hey, what do you think of those big rocks around Ogunquit?"

"Around where?" I asked. "Ogunquit, Maine." Fred's eyes narrowed with suspicion. "Don't tell me you didn't get to Maine?"

"No, not quite," I said lamely. "Then you didn't see New England," said Fred.

When I got home I told my wife if anyone else asked where we'd been we'd better just say, "Through lower New England." She tried it out that afternoon when Clara Wasser phoned to ask how we enjoyed our trip.

"Wonderbar," said my wife. "Lower New England is so lovely."

"Yes, isn't it," Clara agreed. "The Berkshires are grand this time of year. I hope you didn't miss Tanglewood?"

"I'm afraid we did," my wife apologized.

"What a shame! Then you might just

as well have stayed home!" Clara was plainly distressed. "Well, at least I hope you saw the John Quincy Adams House and Newgate Prison?" she said. Since we somehow had missed both these historical musts, my wife tried to interest her in our visits to Walden Pond and Bunker Hill. But Clara hung up soon afterward, no doubt firmly convinced that we couldn't have seen less of lower New England had we ridden through it in a boxcar with the doors closed.

Then and there we decided to tell our friends we simply had toured "a bit of Massachusetts and the Cape." But after the milkman tricked us into admitting we had failed to see The House of Seven Gables, we spoke only of "our trip to the Cape."

This was still overrating it, however, as I learned the next day when I went back to my job in the laundry. Consuelo Schultz, the dark-haired girl who runs a mangle, brought a pile of sheets to my wrapping table.

"Whereja go on your vacation, Moth Ball?" Consuelo asked.

"To the Cape," I carelessly replied.

"Why I had a boy friend used to go up there to paint pictures of boats. 'Sea escapes' he called 'em. He was crazy about Cape Ann."

"This was Cape Cod," I said. "Oh, that cape. Too bad," she said.

"But we saw lots of boats at Provincetown," I went on. "And some very big ones in Boston."

Consuelo was unimpressed. "Whereja eat in Boston?" she inquired.

"I think it was called Sophie's Sandwich Shop," I said.

"Never heard of it. Next time try Durgin-Park."

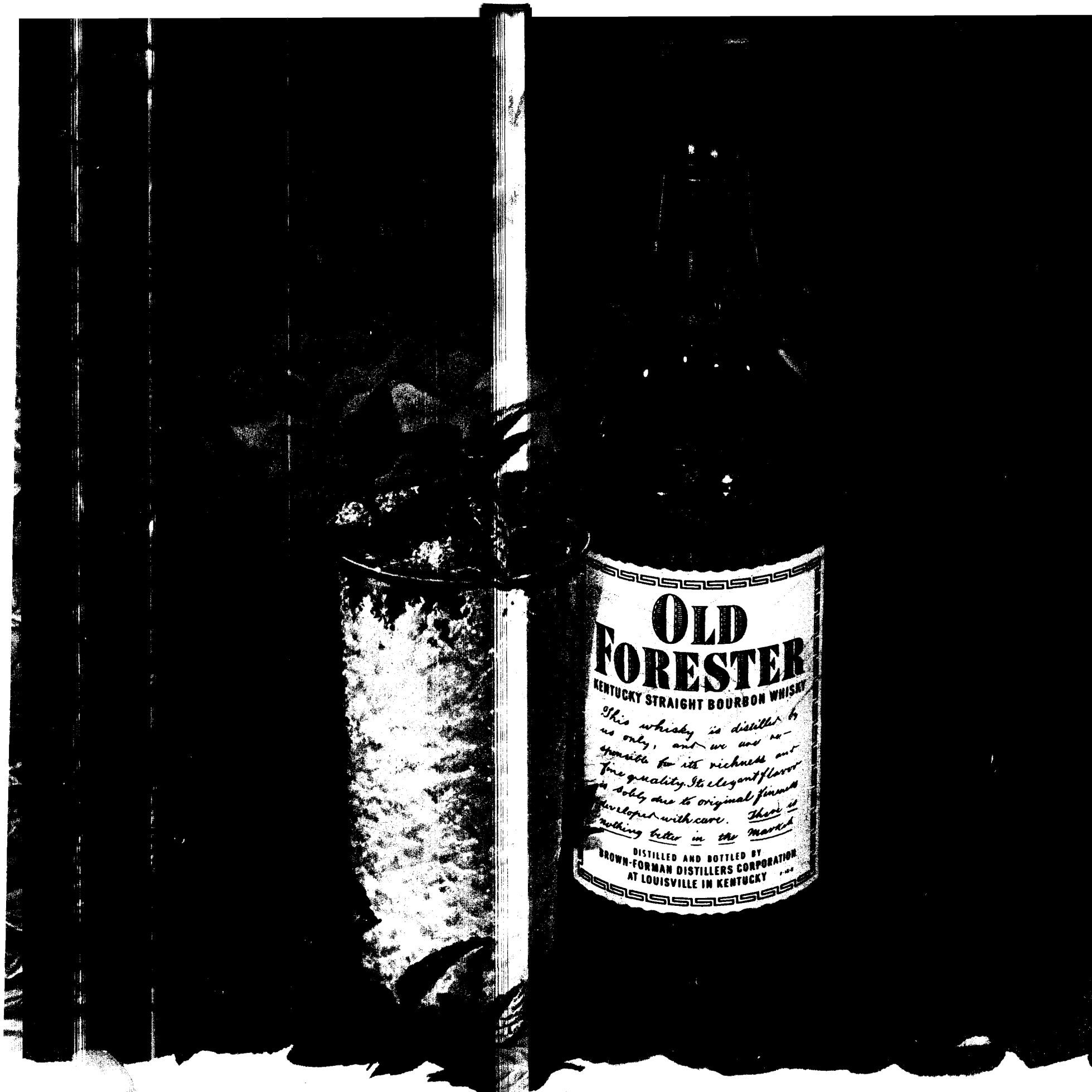
By now my wife and I refer to the whole thing as "The time we were away." We don't mention where, as we ourselves no longer are sure. Many of the places we saw we've already forgotten, but our friends won't let us forget all the wonderful places we failed to see. They keep urging us to go back and do it over and to do it right the next time.

But I'm afraid there isn't going to be a next time. Not unless the Massachusetts Chamber of Commerce first agrees to give us a signed affidavit stating: "THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE BEARER OF THIS CARD HAS SEEN AND DONE EVERYTHING WORTH SEEING AND DOING IN THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS."

I want something to bring back to show we were alive. THE END



"They keep urging us to go back and do it over right"



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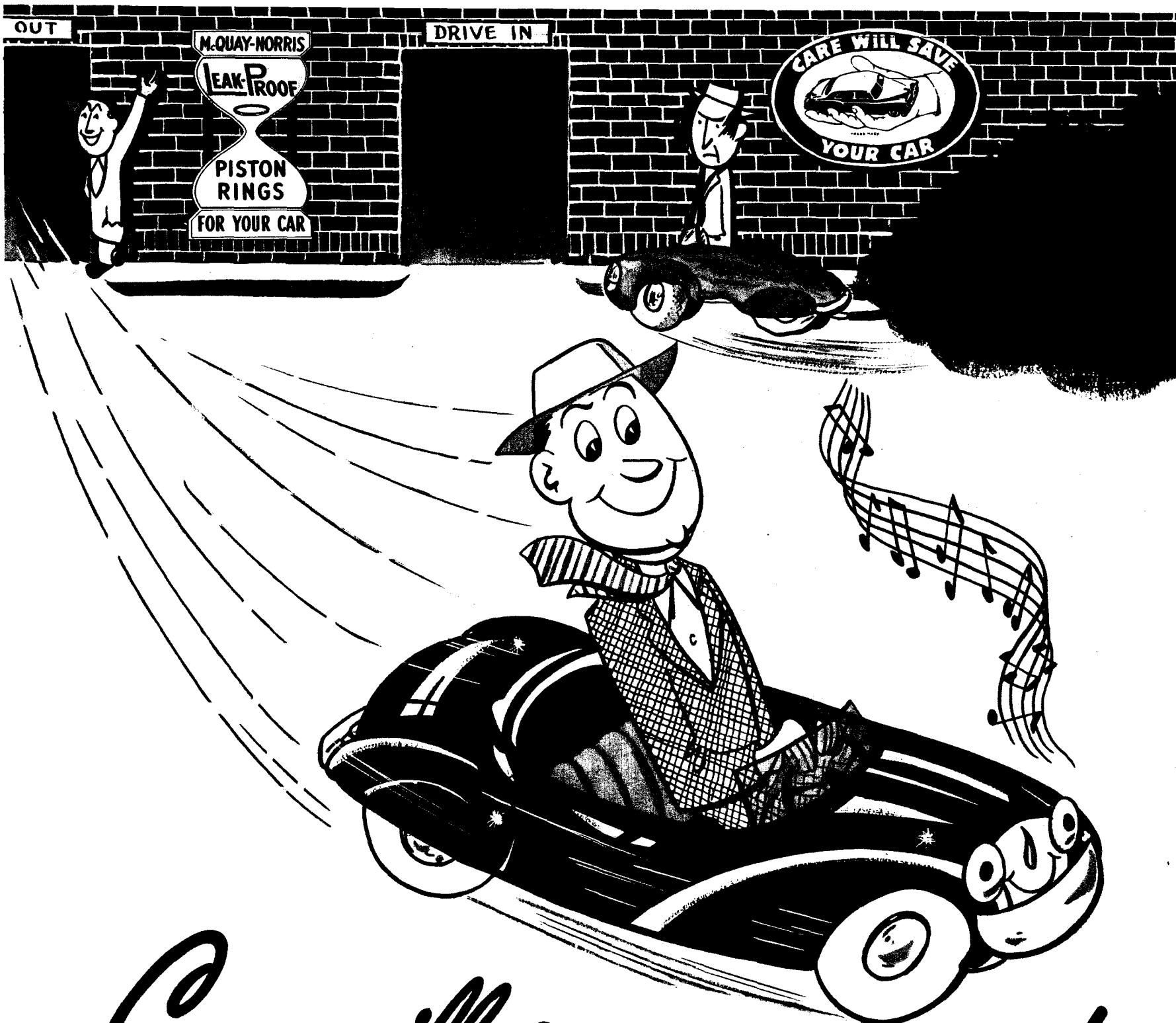
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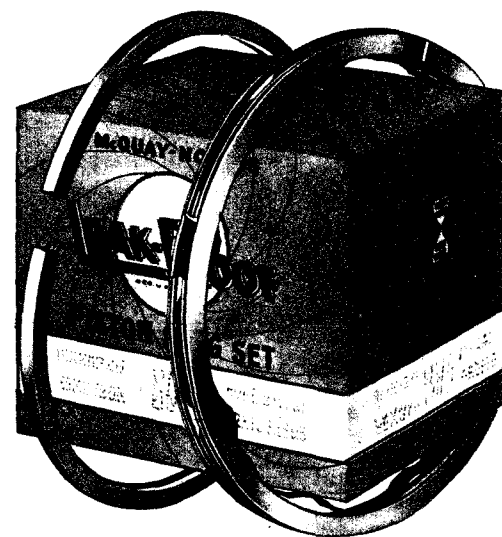
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JULIAN BLOCK

No Hand Trembled

By DR. JULIAN P. BOYD

Dr. Julian P. Boyd has been, since 1940, Librarian of Princeton University. He is a member of many learned societies and of the Advisory Committee of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library. He has edited many historical papers and documents, among them the Indian treaties printed by Benjamin Franklin. His study of The Declaration of Independence, published in 1945, is the most thorough examination ever made of the various drafts and versions of that great proclamation

LATE in life Thomas Jefferson declared that "no hand trembled in affixing its signature" to the Declaration of Independence. It is clear what he meant. But there were some hands that hesitated, were restrained by constituents, or refused to sign. And Stephen Hopkins' signature reveals such a tremor that Sanderson, compiler of the Biography of the Signers, felt it necessary in 1826 to state that this arose from "the shaking palsy," not fear.

This trivial fact is symbolic. It suggests that nothing connected with the Declaration is too insignificant to notice; that simple facts may give rise to dubious legends or deliberate distortions; that even the author of the great document could

be wrong about it. "It is a singular fact," a distinguished historian, Charles Warren, wrote recently, "that the greatest event in American history—the Declaration of Independence—has been the subject of more incorrect popular belief, more bad memory on the part of the participants and more false history than any other subject in our national life."

Consider the day we celebrate as Independence Day. "This Day," the Pennsylvania Evening Post announced on July 2d, "the Continental Congress declared the United Colonies Free and Independent States." There was no error, July 2d was indeed the day Congress adopted the resolution

declaring that "these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." This was the decisive act of independence. The decision of July 2d was one of the turning points of world history. But the people chose to celebrate the announcement of the act rather than the act itself. And their choice was unquestionably right.

Consider the title of the Declaration itself, adopted two days later. Jefferson called it "A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled." This was the title that Congress approved on July 4th. Fifteen days later Congress changed this to "The unanimous (Continued on page 80)

