

# "Are these nest eggs, Mom?"



"No, Tommy. The nest egg you've heard Daddy talk about isn't a real egg. That's only a name for the money people save for emergencies."

"May the head of the family break into this conversation? ... Jane dear, you know that nest egg idea is just what I was holding forth on yesterday."

"But, weren't you talking about life insurance?"

"Yes, I was—and life insurance is a nest egg because it provides income for emergencies. But my main point was that Mutual Life's INSURED INCOME planning does two jobs."

"What do you mean, two jobs?"

"Well, in the first place, Insured Income protects you and Tommy right now, no matter what might happen

to me. But if all goes well, it will provide a retirement income for you and me which will help us be comfortable in our later years."

"Covers everything, doesn't it? But can we afford it?"

"Sure, we can afford Insured Income—it's smart life insurance planning, designed for people like us."

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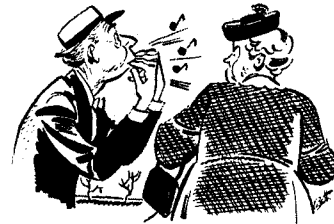
NAME..... DATE OF BIRTH.....  
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COUNTY..... STATE..... OCCUPATION.....

**OFFICES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES AND IN CANADA**

# 48 States of Mind

By **WALTER DAVENPORT**

Looking out the window from where you're sitting you may see no signs of spring. In Dallas, Texas, however, things are more heartening. There are definite tokens of Earth's rebirth, with all the



vernal urge that goes with it. Ask Justice of the Peace W. E. Richburg. Before him was brought a sprightly lad of seventy-five who had been gathered in by a scandalized cop. The fellow had been wolf-whistling at the gals. Just a mild whee-whoo at the younger ones but when, presently, a door-filling lady of seventy-eight passed, gramp stuffed four fingers in his mouth and let go with a siren. She called the cops.

In Lincoln, Nebraska, there is a state senator who stoutly denies that the accumulated sleet, ice and snow were responsible for his absence from his desk. He had been unable, he explained, to bull, carve, shoot, rush or maneuver his way into the Senate chamber by the solid phalanx of lobbyists that had descended upon the capitol. And sure enough, a check showed that there were more lobbyists in Lincoln than there are legislators. Not as bad as it sounds, however. In spite of this, some legislators were able to find hotel rooms.

Helena, Montana, was beginning to pall on State Senator Leo J. Cremer, Independent. Therefore he introduced a bill to move the state capitol to a favored town, Big Timber, where a tired legislator might find gay but manageable recreation after a hard day at serving the people of Montana. Lest anyone think he was less than sincere, Senator Cremer even paid for the printing of his bill. But the legislature rejected it. Guessed they'd stick to Helena, at least for the remainder of the session.

What with the Communist menace and all the attending snarling and snapping, America is overlooking a domestic menace of howitzer proportions. It's the way children are double-crossing their anxious parents. Be calm while we give you an example. A friend of ours got home a few weeks ago to find his eleven-year-old son simultaneously reading a book on how to become a ventriloquist,

eating his supper, watching the TV set and thumbing through a comic. After the kid had gone to bed, our friend told his wife that it was clear to him that their son was going to fail in school. Obvious. The other day Junior's report card arrived. Lowest grade was B minus—in Art. As we say, unless something is done to stop our children crossing up us parents like that, we despair for the rising generation and, while we're at it, the American way of life.

The way we heard it is that one of Oregon's most statesmanlike state senators rushed out of the barbershop to his office. There he spent the next four hours writing a bill which would require barbers to finish high school, at least, before being permitted to strop a razor, clash a pair of scissors, or in particular to open their mouths to a customer. Said he, as he introduced the measure, "The quality of barber conversation is declining. It's already as bad as the quantity."

If, by chance, a Tin Pan Alley character should drop in on you with the news that "a cornball eighty-eighter who is kolo and a payola has unexpectedly greased out of left field with an oatune that's cool," don't call a doctor. He's merely trying to tell you—rough trans-



lation—that a society-band pianist who is an unethical cad has mysteriously made a big hit with hillbilly music that is threatening to sweep the country. Sometimes, though, we suspect that these hots from the Alley are writing Pentagon directives in their spare time.

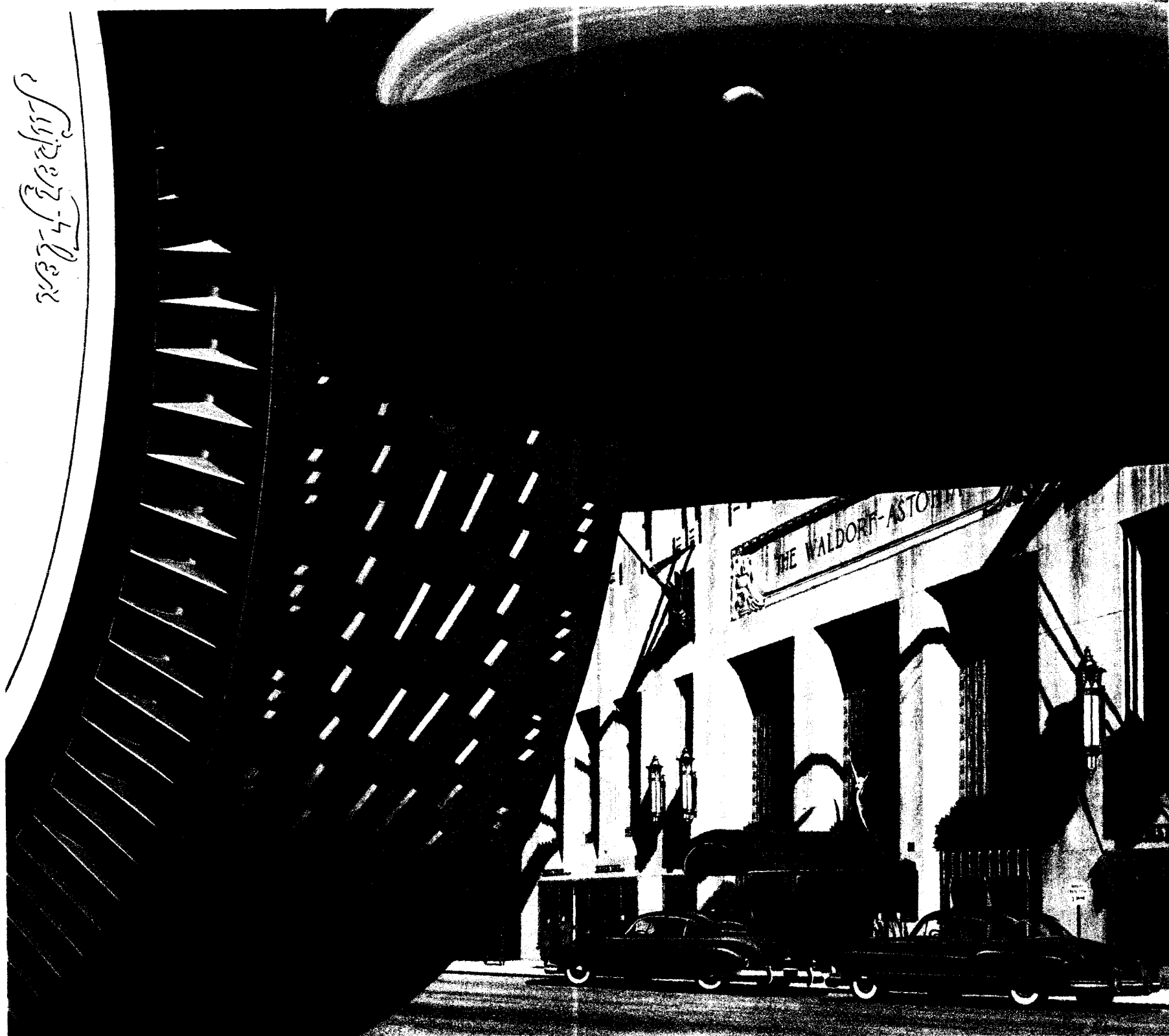
If you're bent on buying a ranch, perhaps you should see Mr. R. M. Stansell of Raton, New Mexico. Mr. Stansell advertises in the Raton Range that he has 20,000 acres for sale—telephone, electricity, plenty water, feed, dipping vats, branding chutes, everything. But he insists on selling. Reason: "Worse than sickness. The wife wants to go back to Texas." (Wonder how he means that.)

We have not heard what became of that bill to reduce the membership of the Minnesota legislature by seventy-two, but our man out there reports that the screams of protest which greeted it when introduced made an atomic explosion sound like the sigh of a discouraged kitten. In the event you wonder, the screams came from the legislators, the heavy bass being carried by the 72 who'd get the heave-ho. Of course it would save the Minnesota taxpayer a lot of

(Continued on page 54)

Collier's for March 17, 1951





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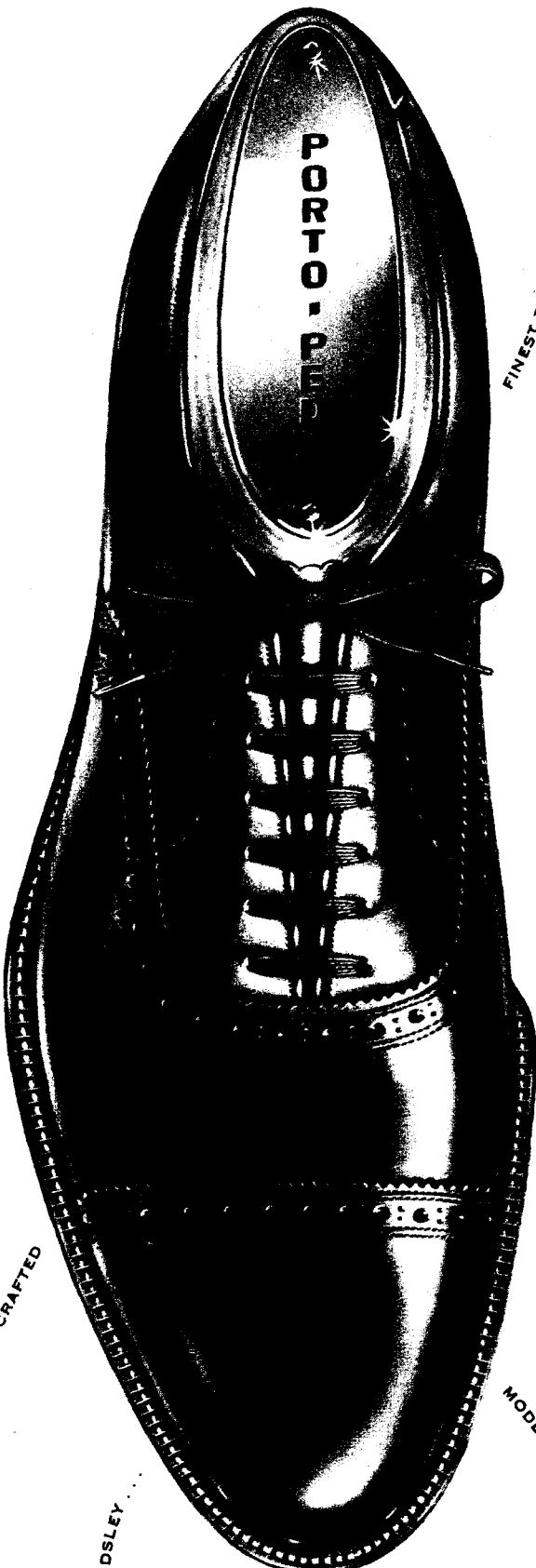
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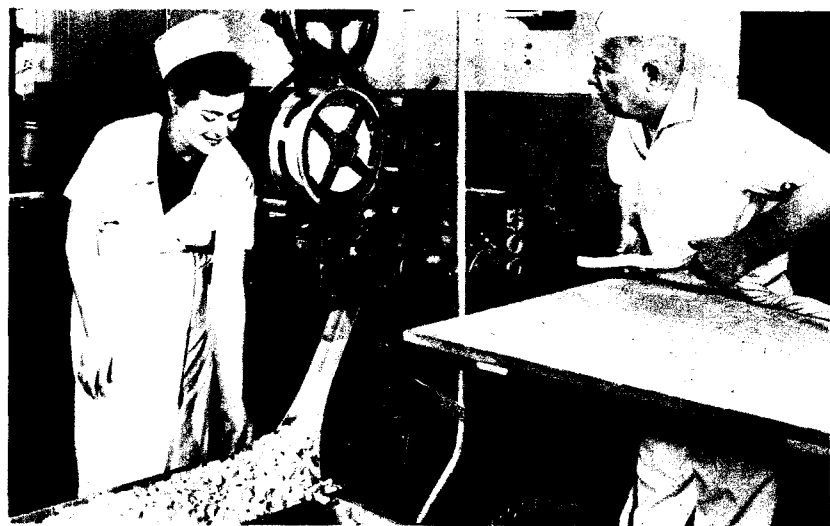
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EWING GALLOWAY

## Want to Operate A KISS MACHINE?

By GREER WILLIAMS

**I**DON'T think we are going to have to worry about running out of jobs. Judging by the United States Employment Service's new Dictionary of Occupational Titles, there appear to be more than enough to go around. You can even operate a kiss machine if you'd like.

The dictionary defines 22,000 jobs, self-apparent ones such as "alligator farmer" and "frankfurter inspector" and some pretty obscure ones, with many synonyms. For instance, a "pulpit man" is not a "preacher," who is a "clergyman," but a "plunger," who controls a machine which tosses white-hot steel billets around in a foundry.

The new two-volume dictionary shows a clear gain of 4,000 jobs over the first edition, which came out 10 years ago and became the Government Printing Office's best-selling book, with a distribution of 110,000. At first glance, this may not strike you as a book you'd want to curl up with. Nonetheless, after three adventurous hours with the "grizzly worker," "the gopher man," the "gang-knife man," the "keep-off girl," the "bag cuffer" and the "devil" himself, I found it difficult to put down.

How would you like to be an "egg smeller?" Well, maybe not. He works in a bakery, contemplating the freshness of eggs.

Perhaps you'd rather play pinball machines all day. That's the task of a "pin-game-machine inspector." Or, you can be an "Irish moss gatherer." Not exactly the opposite of the rolling stone, this fellow merely gathers Irish moss for use in puddings and jellies.

A man with a sense of humor and a mechanical turn of mind might become a "droll-machine operator," and make bedsprings and mattresses. It's the job of a "pipe-smoker-machine operator" to run a machine which puffs on new pipes, breaking them in.

A "barrel-house man" is not a character from a Vachel Lindsay poem about barrel-house kings with feet unstable. Unlike a "donkey doctor" (who repairs donkey engines) or a "cat doctor" (who fixes tractors), this joker drives an electric mule in a petroleum refinery.

Some of the things we working people call one another are downright misleading. An "aging hand" is not a candidate for a pension, but a man with a shovel in a rayon factory. If you have an itch to be a "steeplejack," don't settle for

"cupola dauber." He helps tend a cupola furnace in a foundry.

For a soft life, be a "marshmallow runner." You run a machine that makes marshmallows. Still rather be a "kiss-machine operator?" Okay, you'll wrap candy kisses all day and probably go home in no mood even to kiss your wife.

The "grizzly worker" dumps ore from cars through an iron grating. The "gopher man" extracts ore from an open-pit mine. The state offices of the U.S.E.S., which place something like 12,000,000 workers a year from the Dictionary of Occupational Titles, will have no truck with criminal professions. Your "gang-knife man" is just a gent who cuts up fish with a gang knife.

The "keep-off girl" is not going steady with a tough guy. She maintains a "keep-off" file on persons who have had fire losses, and hence are bad fire-insurance risks. The "bag cuffer"—unlike the "cuff whipper" (who whips the edges of knitted garments)—puts a cuff on paper shopping bags.

The "devil?" He works eight hours a day in a hat factory.

There are about 900 entries for the slaughtering and meat-packing industry, among them: "side splitter," "hog ribber," "head chiseler," "ear drummer," "drag-over man," "hide shaker," "shoulder puncher," "rumper," "lumper," "tail ripper," "wool puller" and "turkey checker."

The dictionary is most explicit. A "pretzel twister," if you're interested, "picks a pencil-like piece of dough from conveyer, holding one end between thumb and forefinger of each hand. Flips dough into a loop and crosses ends. . . . Keeps a count of . . . pretzels twisted."

I haven't quite decided, but I think my favorite is either the "morning girl"—one of about 200 kinds of sales people, she opens a bakery of a morning—or the "short girl"—who, the book says, locates missing articles in a laundry.

I almost forgot the "zigzag mender," not a mender on a bender but a zigzag sewing-machine operator.

But perhaps you'd rather browse for yourself. The Superintendent of Documents, Washington 25, D.C., will send you the two volumes, in buckram, for \$5.50.

If I ever run out of ideas as a No. 0-06.04 (literary writer), I'm going to be an 8-27.71 (mop comber). THE END