



Ultimate test was posing these subjects in a refrigerated room. Wearing storm ulsters and lined topcoat, they felt no discomfort

LARRY GORDON

Hot Ideas For Cold Weather

By BERT BACHARACH

Now it's easy to be a hero at zero, if you're wearing a smart coat made of the newest materials. Modern fabrics, finishes and linings give greater comfort with less weight

TIME was, when you bundled up against the cold, you looked like the fat man in the circus. Remember heavy underwear, high shoes (and, after that, spats), wrist-warmers and chest-protectors? And winter suits the weight of a horse blanket, topped by an overcoat that was twice as heavy? For really frigid temperatures, it's likely you also wore a vest and, just to be on the safe side, probably a sweater or two. The net result was a gross weight on your shoulders that felt like a ton!

Those days, praise be, are gone forever. Now a man can be warm and comfortable—and, more important, have complete ease and freedom of movement—no matter how cold the weather. This happy development has come from the weaving of new textiles, the creation of new finishes for them and the utilizing of new linings. Practical improvements in outerwear garments were on the way for a long time, but the real accomplishment occurred during World War II. The Quartermaster Corps, faced with the problem of equipping soldiers for global duty, experimented with uniforms that would protect the men against the elements but which would not hinder their movement. The results were eminently successful and industry has since adopted the same principles for civilian wear.

The big thing we didn't know in the old days, but know so well now, is that weight and bulk in fabric are not important warmth-giving qualities. In fact, a lightweight closely woven cloth, which keeps the

cold air out and keeps the body heat in, is far better for winter wear than a heavy material that is loosely woven. Then, too, the finishing of cloths is important. A featherweight golf jacket, if given a "wind-resistant" finish, will provide adequate protection against relatively severe cold. The combination of cloth and protective finish goes a long way toward providing comfort without bulk.

But that's only part—let's say, two thirds—of the way. An equally important contribution has been in the field of linings. Here, science has produced some near miracles of thermal control. One example is the lightweight lining fabric that is sprayed with metallic particles—which reflect a person's body heat!

Add to the over-all result of warmth without weight an amazing increase in freedom of movement. Plus, the style factor—a man doesn't have to look overstuffed to keep warm; he can be as trim and streamlined in the winter as he is through the rest of the year.

Take a look at garments incorporating the foregoing features. Zippered jackets, varying in length from 26 inches to 30 inches, come in gabardine, cotton or synthetic tweeds, and blends of wool. These have insulated linings or interlinings, and are excellent for driving or outdoor sports. Some of the new ones have colorful printed linings and ascots to match.

In the colder climates, you might want to wear a plaid wool surcoat, today's adaptation of the old

lumberjacket. These run 31 inches to 32 inches in length, a bit longer than the jackets and not quite as long as the three-quarter-length coats.

Most important of the outerwear garments are the three-quarter- and full-length storm coats shown in the accompanying photograph. These coats, with synthetic, part-wool or all-wool shells, have a variety of linings—alpaca, shearling, insulated quilting or lightweight plaid wool. All are soft, pliable and without bulk. They have warm mouton collars, which look like fine fur, and provide the look and feel of luxury.

Leathers have been proved nicely adaptable for outerwear. Horsehide has been developed in softer effects and has practically replaced the more expensive capeskin. Suèdes are available in jackets and in full-length topcoats. Some of the latter are reversible—suède on one side, tweed on the other.

Now easily available too are regular topcoats and overcoats, smartly tailored and shaped to the lines of the body, which have extra linings that can be zipped or buttoned into place when needed. With any of these garments, be sure you wear a good weatherproof pair of shoes, wool socks, undershirt as well as shorts, a muffler, lined gloves and a hat. The hat and the wool socks are of real importance; scientific tests have proved that protected extremities regulate the general body heat. If your head and feet are cold, you'll be cold all over. It's a simple case of both ends against the middle.

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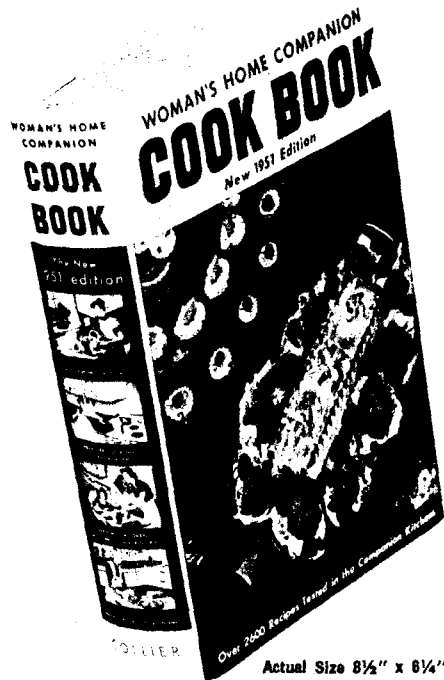
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Tyrannies Must Fall

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

ineptitude of an inflated bureaucracy, not to speak of the natural escape reactions of the tyrannized workers and consumers."

As for Hungarian peasants, they are the victims of a forced collectivization of agriculture. This Kremlin-dictated policy, carried out with the usual brutality, has resulted in the usual food shortages. In what was once a rich farming country, food last year, after a good harvest, had to be rationed. Peasant resistance has been far stouter than in Bulgaria and other Slav lands. In this struggle, antagonism between city and country plays a considerable role; for although Budapest has only one ninth the population of Hungary, it has 40 per cent of Communist party membership. The peasant obstruction of the program, writes Tuetsch, "has not yet been broken." It may be broken in the end, but the embers of discontent will be easily fanned into flame again.

Communists Dominate Trade Unions

In Poland, the workers have been dragged into trade-unions which are dominated by the Communist party and its Politburo. Labor leaders who stood for freedom and decent working conditions have been ruthlessly exterminated; some have been executed at home, some have died in Russian jails. Factory hands have been compelled to meet almost impossible "norms" of labor. Legally this unhappy satellite has a 46-hour week and eight-hour day; actually the constant rise in the norms and the Communist establishment of group competition mean protracted overtime, exhausting spurts and constant exploitation.

Poland had its first Stakhanov, the miner who dug six times his norm of coal, in a worker named Pstrowski. He enjoyed the wild plaudits of Communist leaders—and then died of overexertion. Polish workers, according to Romuald Szumski's Labor and the Soviet System, now have a popular proverb: "If you are eager for the Lord's judgment, work like Pstrowski!"

The satellite states are all economically exploited. They are all forced to ship their best products to Soviet Russia. Szumski quotes another popular Polish quip: "Poland exports coal to the Soviet Union so that the Soviet Union can import Poland's sugar." In East Germany, the standard of living is being systematically depressed to the Russian level—that is, to what Melvin J. Lasky, editor of the Munich magazine *Der Monat*, calls "planned poverty." Soviet dismantling and reparations have stripped the country bare. The Zeiss works in Jena were dismantled and removed, and then, after being rebuilt, were dismantled and removed again! Worst of all, in East Germany as in other satellites, there is the constant fear of arrest and the concentration camps.

Is all this likely to continue forever without a revolt? Marshal Tito abruptly broke with the Soviet dictatorship because Stalin was demanding ever more and more of Yugoslavia's wealth; because Russia was bleeding the Yugoslav economy white for the benefit of the Soviet system. Tito shared the Communist ideology; he was head of a Slavic people attached to Russia by sentiment and tradition; his nation was small and ill-defended. But he found the Kremlin's demands intolerable, and he de-



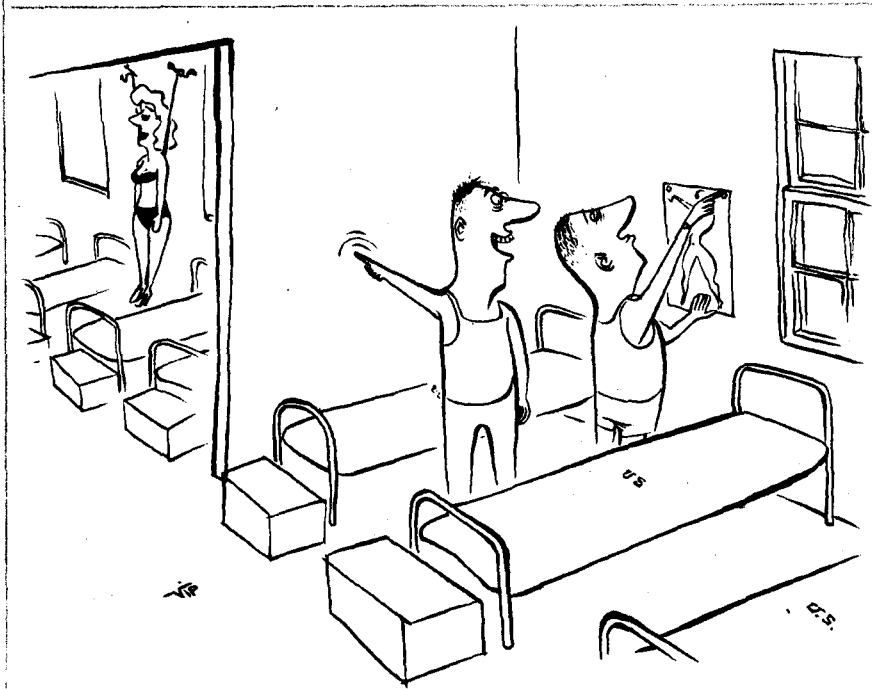
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VIRGIL PARTCH

fied Stalin rather than let his land be savagely exploited as Poland, Hungary and Bulgaria are exploited.

We repeat that it is impossible for any power to hold in permanent subjection a chain of satellite nations. The worse the tyranny, the angrier the final explosion. Tito will find his imitators and successors among Czechs who remember Masaryk, and Poles who recall Kosciuszko and Paderewski.

The movement for liberation may come gradually, or suddenly and violently, but it will come. Then, too, the day will dawn when the misled people of Russia will realize that it does not pay to hold a ring of subjugated, sullen, unhappy people in bondage. History shows that it never has paid.

Sir Thomas More wrote in his Utopia (1516) that France ought to stop trying to dominate Italy and to enslave Flanders. He spoke of the example set by the imaginary nation he called the Achoriens:

"... a people that lie on the southeast side of Utopia, who long ago engaged in war in order to add to the dominions of their prince another kingdom, to which he had some pretensions by an ancient alliance. This they conquered, but found the trouble of keeping it was equal to that by which it was gained; that the conquered people were always either in rebellion, or exposed to foreign invasion, while they were obliged to be incessantly at war, either for or against them, and consequently could never disband their army; that in the meantime they were oppressed with taxes, their money went out of the kingdom, their blood was spilt for the glory of the king, without procuring the least advantage for the people, who received not the smallest advantage from it in time of peace."

Iron Curtain Keeps Out Knowledge

The third reason for our confidence in a coming Russian revolution, violent or peaceable, is that no power has ever yet been able to prevent the entry of ideas from other lands. The Soviet dictatorship could not exist without its Iron Curtain. General knowledge of the superior living conditions of the West, and of the blessings of freedom of movement, freedom of mind and freedom to choose work, would crumble its foundations. Hence the furious zeal of the Politburo to make the Iron Curtain impenetrable. "The Terror joins hands with the Inquisition," writes an Englishman. But history proves that an iron curtain always has chinks and rustholes; that a fabric

which looks airtight always yields to the invisible osmosis of information.

Dictatorships for centuries have used exile, death, prison, censorship, book burnings, control of schools and universities, and the systematic falsehoods of a propaganda machine—and always, in the long run, in vain. No doubt the Politburo has brought indoctrination to a new pitch of perfection. No doubt it has molded the minds of millions from infancy. But then modern science has also brought the power of ideas to ride the radio waves to a new pitch of perfection.

New Ideas Can't Be Stopped

Philip II and the Spanish Inquisition tried to crush freedom of thought; but they failed. The French Bourbons were implacably hostile to ideas; but the Enlightenment came in nonetheless—with revolution in its train. Napoleon III exiled Victor Hugo, chained the French press, and steam-rollered the universities; but he finally had to give up his repression as creating five new Hydra heads for every one it cut off. Hitler burned a mountain of books, exiled thousands of intellectuals from Thomas Mann down, muzzled all editors, and filled the concentration camps with men who dared to think; but he could not stop the movement of ideas in Germany.

The fact is that intellectual repression defeats itself by creating suspicion and skepticism, the parents of revolt.

The very anti-Western propaganda of the Kremlin will inevitably backfire. Thus the dictatorship imported the motion-picture version of Grapes of Wrath to show the Russian people the social cruelty of American life. But Russian peasants watched the film, marveling at a country where the poorest all had shoes, where every farmer owned a car or truck, and where discontented families moved wherever they pleased to improve their lot. Every Russian student who reads books by Erskine Caldwell and Jack London gets glimpses of American freedom and high American living standards along with the picture of American abuses.

Just as the Soviet dictatorship has been unable to prevent the West from learning a great deal about what goes on inside Russia, so it cannot prevent Russians from learning a great deal about Western activities and ideas. Russian science must keep an open window on world science, or it will come to a standstill. Every physicist in Moscow or Stalingrad who reads a report of the General Electric Research Laboratory



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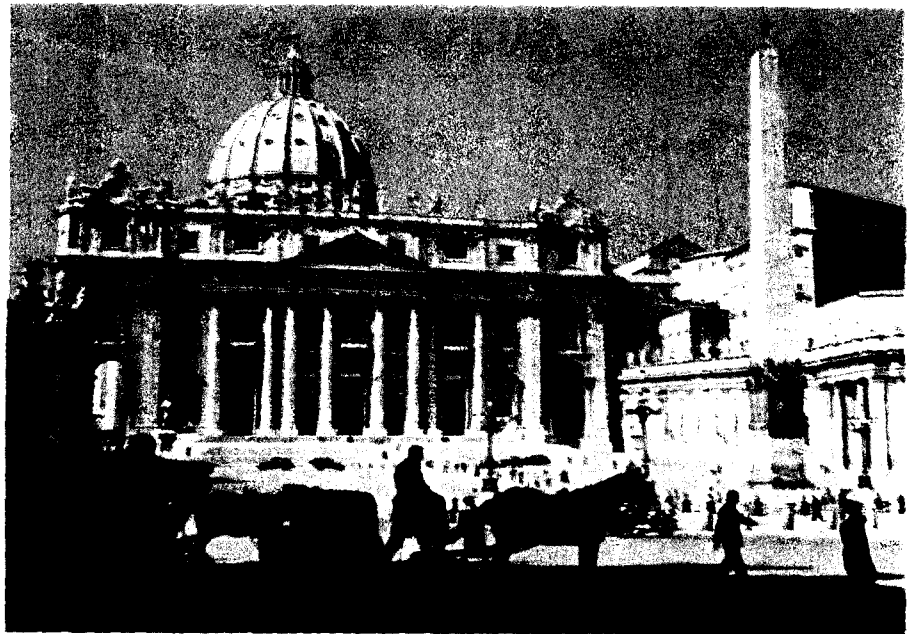
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must silently envy the free sphere of inquiry in which Irving Langmuir and Willis Rodney Whitney have passed a fruitful lifetime of work, and marvel at the "reactionary capitalists" who so richly supported their research.

Russian industry must keep a window ajar on world industry or lose many important facts. Now the Iron Age is not regarded in this country as a revolutionary periodical; but is it fantastic to think that a Russian engineer would find in its display of the boundless energy of free enterprise a set of potentially revolutionary ideas?

For pre-Soviet Russia had its well-established tradition of free inquiry, a tradition not easily uprooted. "In Russia," wrote Paul Vinogradoff in 1915, "although the nation is still struggling to emerge from its position in the background of Europe, and although this situation in the rear has given a peculiar stamp to Russian character, people are alive almost to excess to the variety and to the wealth of universal ideas. There is hardly any other community which gives so much time and energy to the study of foreign languages, foreign literature and foreign history."

Must Adjust to Changes

We have still another reason for believing that a drastic transformation is sooner or later inevitable in Russia. If history demonstrates anything, it is that any country which cannot adjust itself constantly and even radically to internal change—that is, any dictatorship which tries to keep a frozen political and social system—is certain to be overtaken by revolution. *No regime has ever lasted unless it had the power of self-criticism and self-reform.* That is precisely the power which Stalinism lacks.

A dictatorship always looks highly efficient—for a time. It has rapidity, directness, discipline and energy; it enlists a compact body of enthusiastic supporters. But as a matter of fact it always proves inefficient.

Why is it, for example, that a dictatorship always resorts to an arbitrary system of justice—or rather injustice? Because it is too inefficient and too cowardly to make a decent system of justice work. Louis XIV's regime in France used *lettres de cachet*, secret arrests, imprisonment without trial or hope of release, and inhuman punishments. That system was not so bad as Russia's today.

In France, *lettres de cachet* (orders for arbitrary and indefinite jailing) averaged 70-odd a year. In Russia, hundreds of thousands of arbitrary arrests take place annually, followed often by immediate execution or death by starvation and overwork. Estimates of the prison-camp population run as high as 22,000,000. In Russia the evil is partly explained by the repulsive, inhuman, determinist idea that men are atoms whose individual fate is of no concern. But it is also partly explained by sheer inefficiency.

The dictatorship cannot persuade public opinion, and so resorts to force; it is too inefficient to work through fundamental principles of justice, and hence the midnight knock on the door, the prison, the Siberian camp, or the cellar revolver shot.

So with the vital matter of taxation. The old regime in France had the most inefficient, and therefore most galling and unjust system imaginable. Tax collecting was farmed out to extortionate agents. The salt tax robbed the poor. Twenty provincial tariffs strangled

Allan Nevins is one of the foremost American historians. He has been professor of American history at Columbia University since 1931, and has won two Pulitzer prizes—in 1932 for his biography of President Grover Cleveland, and in 1937 for a book on the Grant administration

internal trade. In Russia we meet the same union of autocracy and inefficiency.

The Soviet Union has just floated the largest public peacetime loan in its history. On this loan no interest is paid, but subscribers are rewarded by lottery prizes, some getting large sums and some nothing. No responsible economist in the world, even in Russia, would endorse this method as equitable, farsighted or stable. It discourages thrift, distributes benefits capriciously, and introduces chance into the very department that should be most sober and solid. It is a confession that the dictatorship lacks the efficiency to apply a rational system of loan flotation.

But what, it will be asked, of the efficiency of Russia's war against Germany? Well, what of it? Stalin's comprehension of Hitler's intentions was so poor that, although repeatedly warned, he was taken by surprise when the Nazis invaded Russia. The Politburo's comprehension of the world situation was so bad that they actually thought, when Hitler struck, that a British fleet would arrive off Petrograd to join the attack.

The Russian defense was at first so defective that the Nazis drove within sight of Moscow, and captured Kiev and Odessa; and it is generally agreed that but for the delays which Greek and Yugoslav resistance had cost the Nazis, Hitler's army would have taken Moscow and driven the Soviet government beyond the Urals. All this is caustically set forth by Winston Churchill in his history of the war. And so hostile to the Kremlin was a great part of the Ukrainian population that only the bestial cruelties of the Nazis halted a vast enlistment of Ukrainian energies on the German side.

Inefficiency is in the long run one of the hallmarks of a dictatorship. It inevitably increases, for the simple reason that a dictatorship has no power of self-correction. In Soviet Russia, minor criticisms are encouraged, for they help take men's minds off the major issues. But all fundamental policies are sacrosanct, and anyone who dares call in question a high decision or high official is summarily silenced. It was such a

refusal to permit the discussion of fundamental change which played a large part in the downfall of divine-right monarchs like Charles I, of Napoleon III, of the Hohenzollerns, and of the czarist regime.

By contrast, the long-term efficiency of the democracies lies to a great extent in their seeming division and dissension on lines of major policy. The bitter debate of 1951 between President Truman and General MacArthur, and the ugly quarrel between Prime Minister Attlee and Aneurin Bevan, appeared hurtful. But in the end the constant publicity given to policy, the free criticism of errors, and the ceaselessly grinding machinery of self-correction are invaluable.

Stability is the possession of only those nations which allow constant reform and change. Because one great wave of evolution after another has rolled over America—Jeffersonian, Jacksonian, Lincolnian, Wilsonian, Rooseveltian—we have avoided revolution. The same statement can be made of Great Britain, which ceaselessly debates change. Meanwhile, the Politburo sits on the safety valve.

Count Witte knew better. In the days of the last czar he wrote a secret memorandum on the type of government which Russia ought to have, recommending that power be united with enlightenment and flexibility. He urged:

"This government will somehow abstain from arbitrary measures, arrests, exceptional tribunals and other kinds of oppression. It will guarantee freedom of labor, thought and conscience. As for society, it must be left free to follow private interests and in them to seek an outlet for its energies. Nothing is more apt to ruin the prestige of authority than a frequent and extensive employment of repression. Measures of repression are dangerous, and when they get to be continuous, they either lead to an explosion or else turn the people into an insensate throng, into human dust."

Russia's Great Weaknesses

We thus see that totalitarian Russia suffers from at least four great weaknesses. It is ambitious to dominate Europe and the world, and no power has ever yet pursued that goal without meeting disaster. It is trying to enthrall and exploit a chain of vassal nations, and Yugoslavia's defiance shows that this leads to armed revolt. It is attempting to cut Russia off from the flow of world ideas, which must finally prove irresistible. And it has established the worst repressions in history to punish internal criticism and block peaceable change. The pressures in the boiler will mount dangerously. Unless the policies are altered, what Jan Smuts called a "cataclysm" is certain.

When a dictatorship looks strongest to the gaze of the world, the props behind the façade are often cracking. Bonaparte appeared his strongest in 1811, but in 1813 he was overwhelmed. When 1848 began, the reactionary order in Europe under Metternich's system seemed solid as granite. Then a revolt began in Palermo. Within a few weeks the Germans in Austria, the Magyars in Hungary, the Poles in Russia, the south Slavs on the Adriatic, and the Czechs in Bohemia all rose. In 1865, Napoleon III thought himself secure; in 1870 the debacle. Hitler and Mussolini bestrode Europe in 1939; but by 1943 doom was overtaking them.

No nation ever stands still; it must move forward in some direction. Prophecy is always dangerous, and prophecy about so inscrutable a land as Russia is espe-



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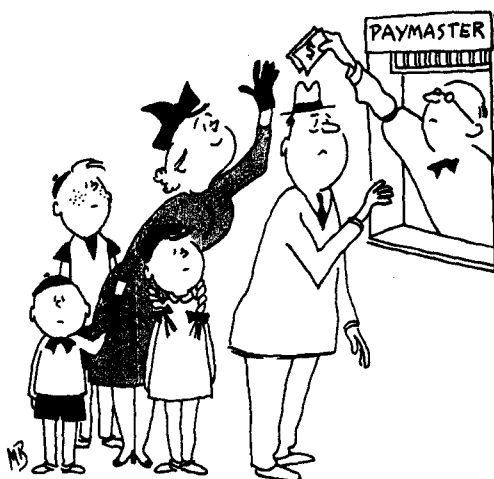
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cially so. But we can say that unless all the lights of history are misleading, the Soviet dictatorship is now on the highroad to revolution and ruin. The vital question is whether it can alter its course with enough speed and thoroughness to avert another of the calamities of history. Several distinct possibilities exist:

First, if the Politburo pursues its present aggressive policies unchanged, great danger exists that some reckless plunge, some miscalculation of chances, will precipitate the third World War. This would end with revolution inside Russia.

Second, a revolt in one of the satellites may spread to several or all of them, and bring about a sharp modification of policy in the Kremlin. The Poles, the Chinese and the Czechs in particular will not forever draw the Soviet chariot.

Third, if Russia abandons her aggressive foreign policy as too risky, but maintains her repressive, tyrannical system at home, a revolution must ultimately start from within. It might begin as a palace revolution on the death of Stalin or his successor. It might be a massive uprising of the Russian people to make their paper constitution a reality and put effective truth into its empty clauses. The new Russia would doubtless be very different from the Western democracies, but it might well be progressive and co-operative.

Hope for Change

Finally, a faint chance exists that a new leadership will emerge in Moscow, which, appreciating the thirst of the Russian masses for more freedom and humanity, and recognizing the desire of the West for peaceful collaboration with the Russian people, will gradually relax both the aggressive internal policy and the internal tyranny. The chances are that steps in this direction would be accelerated by revolutionary action.

But whatever the outcome, a crisis must be reached and passed. And when the day

comes that Russia, bowing either to revolution or irresistible forces of evolution, asks for the assistance of the free peoples of the world, we must have but one watchword—generosity.

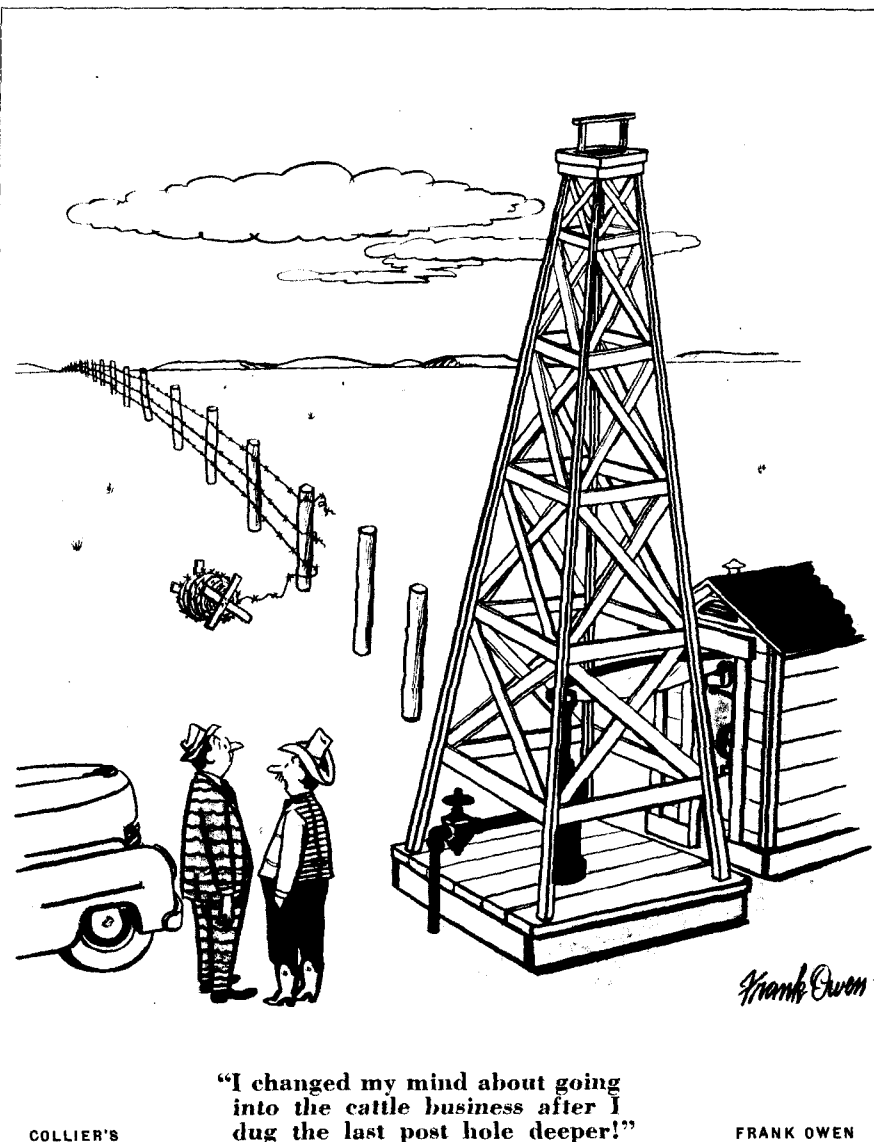
We must show that we have never been enemies of the Russian people, but always their friends. We shall need to exhibit the same statesmanlike helpfulness that Lincoln was planning to offer the Southern people when he was murdered; that Campbell-Bannerman offered to the conquered Boers; and that has animated the best leaders first of the League and then of the United Nations.

Hirohito Expresses Gratitude

A striking scene occurred in the Japanese Diet in the fall of 1949. The Emperor Hirohito, enthroned on his richly tapestried dais, opened the session with a speech to the crowd of members who stood with bowed heads before him. Reading from a parchment scroll, he thanked the Allied Powers for their good will and assistance in "the reconstruction of Japan into a democratic state." The words were no empty form. Who, half a dozen years earlier, would have dreamed such a scene possible? Or who would then have supposed that new republican regimes in Frankfurt and in Rome would show a similar gratitude?

Such a transformation is by no means impossible in Russia. The day may not be inconceivably remote when the Russian people, through free-minded representatives freely chosen, will accept a friendly partnership with the other people of the globe, and voice their appreciation for aid and advice in the reconstruction of the Russian republics. The Russians may then have much to teach us; we shall certainly have much to teach them. And acting in harmony, tossing into the limbo of old, unhappy, far-off things the dead antagonism between West and East, we can push forward together to throw open the gates to the golden age.

THE END



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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

whistle. She mounted a nearby table and screamed: "When I blow this, start fighting!" She blew. Cops arrived. They grabbed 15 of the heroes. The others escaped. The sweet little girl escaped, too, leaving her whistle behind. One of the cops had a few words to say and they sound somewhat sensible to this slipped pantaloon. Said he: "Maybe if the older generation had some sense, we wouldn't have stuff like this to stop."

★ ★ ★

There's a gentleman in Rawlins, Wyoming (he may not be named), who is working on a "coin-operated liquor dispenser." All one would have to do is drop money in the slot and get his/her favorite tippie. You know—like a cigarette machine. There would be many push buttons and clearly printed directions about how to mix cocktails, and so forth. The gentleman will, we predict, be stymied, unless he can come up with an extra refinement—an automatic bouncer to handle irate patrons who take a swing at the electromagnetic gadget.

★ ★ ★

All Mr. Murray Kushell, executive vice-president of the Better Grooming Foundation, wanted to tell us was what college Joes were going to wear this fall and winter. We weren't interested, at first, because Bert Bacharach, our staff coat-and-pants authority, had already told us all about it. But it turned out, after interviewing 5,000 students, Mr. Kushell's agents had come running home with the news that the mustache has returned to the campus. None of the handle-bar stuff, of course; nor any of those beer-foam collectors like Uncle Amos used to carry around on his upper lip. The boys are going in for tidy little Anthony Edens and Dean Achesons. Here and there they did find a clown trying to grow a Harpo Marx, but the before-mentioned swizzlers are the ones threatening to be-

come a rage, or a rash, or whatever. Mr. Kushell's men interviewed a number of coeds, too, who were not, obviously, growing mustaches but who looked like kissable material. What did they think of it? Most of those who had been recently kissed said they hadn't noticed much difference. And some said that a touch of lip fuzz sort of tickled them and even, occasionally, made them sneeze. Anyway, Mr. Kushell's investigators found that about one campus Joe out of five is now trying to wheedle his upper lip into production.

★ ★ ★

If you're going to Florida this winter (and this includes government officials who may plan to do it on the cuff—at a contractor's or loan seeker's expense), don't sit under any manchineel trees. Just to forestall protests from Floridian chambers of commerce, maybe we'd better tell you that you'll find manchineels only in the Everglades or, at least according to the University of Florida, none within 50 miles from the bigger towns and cities. A drop of water falling from a manchineel leaf and hitting you on an unclad spot will raise a blister the size of a dollar. (Remember the size of a dollar?) University botanists have discovered that a drop of the tree's poisonous sap hitting your hand can paralyze it for days. Try chopping down a manchineel, but don't say you weren't warned. The sap will fly with every chop. Go ahead and burn it down. But don't let the smoke touch you. It's a pretty little thing, the manchineel, says the university's Dr. W. M. Lauter. It smells good and bears cute little marble-shaped fruit. Eat the fruit if you must, but be sure you've made your will and that your insurance is paid up. The Seminoles used to poison their arrows in its sap. They poisoned white men's springs with its twigs. Any of you folks like to write a murder mystery, the manchineel would make a nice whodunit gimmick.



"Now calm yourself, Mr. Gale, and tell me exactly what you said to this French waiter"

COLLIER'S

BARNEY TOBEY

Collier's for October 20, 1951

THE 'OLD MAN'

Six months ago this young officer was an enlisted man. Today, a graduate of the U. S. Army's Officer Candidate School, he proudly grasps his commission as a 2nd Lieutenant. Tomorrow, the men he commands will call him the 'Old Man' . . . a nickname which refers to his grave responsibilities rather than his age.

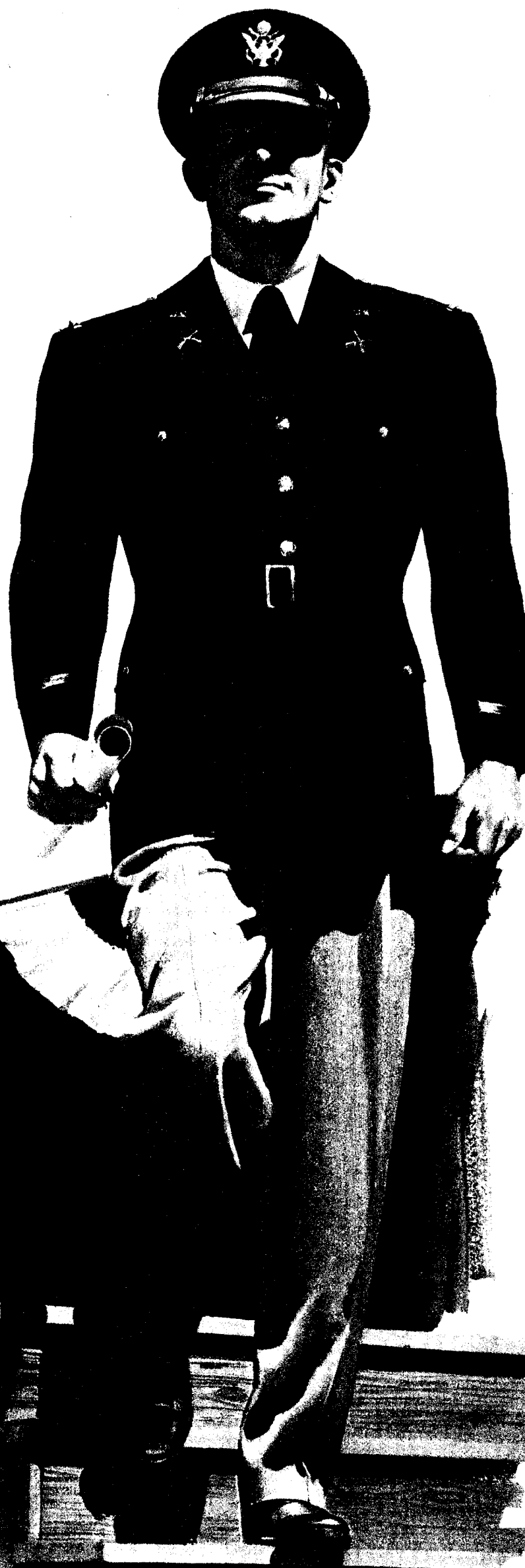
He is following in the traditional footsteps of other generations of young Americans who have come from the farm, the factory, the office to lead other men in the defense of their country. He, as they, must possess the quality of courageous leadership in battle and the ability to provide for the mental, physical and moral welfare of his men in peace or in war.

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Triumph over Darkness

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

making a record for himself, you get the first thin edge of fooling around with the evidence."

This does not conform to the traditional picture of the ambitious State's attorney, but Powers' attitude upon taking office came as no surprise to his associates. They say Bill has always spent an unusual amount of time thinking about other people and figuring ways to help them.

As a matter of fact, he learned the necessity of assisting others as early as he learned anything. He was the oldest of seven children who were jammed, with their parents, into the top floor of Uncle Dennis Edmonds' neat, modest colonial house on High Street in Valley Falls. Bill's father was a house painter and his mother, Celia, had to work recurrent miracles to keep her boisterous, close-knit, sentimental family fed and shod. Nobody had to explain to the kids that they had to help one another.

Bill went to St. Patrick's parochial school and was both the smartest kid in his class and the despair of the sisters. He had a habit of reading authors like Robert Ingersoll when he should have been studying geography. When he was graduated at fourteen his father was working as a railroad-crossing watchman, and Bill got a job as a bobbin boy in a local silk mill to help support the family. Within a few months he was a spinner at \$22 a week, which was more than his father made—a fact which the cocksure youngster took no great pains to conceal around the house.

Quit School After Father's Death

The following January his father died, and Bill, at fifteen, became head of the family. He had been going to night school, but upon his father's death, he says now, "I became a pretty important guy around the house. I decided I needed more time to myself. So I quit."

He didn't do anything Horatio Algerish with the "time to myself." The only thing that set him apart from the other kids was that he read so much, but he was popular enough to be forgiven.

In 1925, his Uncle Dennis, who was foreman at a machine shop in Pawtucket, got Bill a job there. Young Powers loved the work, and within a few months he was on his way to being a first-class machinist. It appeared that he had found his lifework.

Then, one Saturday in April, 1927, Bill was hitching a storage battery to his family's two-tube radio when the wire slipped out of the terminal and flicked across his open right eye. It didn't hurt, but when he closed his left eye everything he saw with his right was distorted. He said nothing about it.

Two days later the pain was so bad he went to see Dr. Joseph Dowling, a Providence eye surgeon. Dowling put him in St. Joseph's Hospital. He knew the right eye was gone and that the left was being attacked by a mysterious disease known as sympathetic ophthalmia. The doctor did everything that was humanly possible and won the lifelong devotion of Bill's family, but he could not save the left eye. Eighteen months later Bill was discharged from Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, where he'd been transferred by Dr. Dowling. He was totally blind.

To Powers, who had been so proud of his independence, blindness was unmitigated disaster. Physically, except for his eyes, he was in excellent condition, but emotionally he was a sick man. Both Andy and his oldest sister Mary were working, but Bill raised no hand to help himself. He sat around and let people wait on him.

With a sick bitterness he fought against the fact of being blind. Dr. Dowling, and Bill's friends and family, tried to get him to go to Perkins Institute in Watertown, Massachusetts, a grammar and high school

for the blind. Although the state of Rhode Island had agreed to pay his tuition, Bill refused to go: "I won't be associated with a lot of blind people." Many an evening he'd get up, mutter, "Going for a walk," and plunge out, refusing to have anyone with him. When that happened, Mary says now, "We'd sit around and pray until he was safely back in the yard."

One day a home teacher from the Rhode Island Division for the Blind mentioned a Perkins graduate who had become a lawyer. Bill had always wanted to be a lawyer, but it had never seemed possible. Now a door suddenly opened. On December 17, 1928, the day before his twenty-first birthday, he enrolled at Perkins.

He hated the place. He was a grown man who'd been supporting a family for six years and Perkins was a high school with rules for teen-age kids. The regulations galled him almost beyond endurance. "I was in the middle of a sea of self-pity, so far out I couldn't even see land," he says today. Actually, now he realizes it was the idea of being blind he loathed. It seemed to him that all the little unpleasant traits the other students had were the result of their lack of sight. But one day it dawned on him that some of the guys he'd known at home had irritating traits, too—that the trouble with the students wasn't that they were blind, but that they were people.

After that he buckled down to work. Although he eventually took part in a few school activities, he never got really close to the other students—they were high-school kids and he was twenty-one. But his loneliness only hardened his ambition. Once Frank M. Andrews, then principal of the Perkins boys' school, was making out Bill's schedule of classes. "How many hours of piano tuning a week do you want?" he asked.

"How many do I have to take?"

"None."

"That'll be fine."

Andrews asked in turn about mattress making, basket weaving and chair caning; Bill's answers were the same. Finally Andrews said, "Look here, Powers, what do you plan to do with your life, anyway?"

"I'm going to be a lawyer."

"Fine. But law school is rough. Sup-

pose you fail; you ought to have a trade to fall back on."

"Then," Bill said, "I'll learn a trade after I've failed. When I go to law school I want no out."

"Oh, I learned basketmaking, all right," Bill said recently. "I've made eight and given them to my friends. I figure a larger production would lessen their value. As it is, they're collector's items."

He also learned to read Braille, the printed language of the blind, but used it only to play cards. Bill discovered that the families of Watertown liked to show off the Perkins students' ability by having them in for a fourth at bridge. Bill took advantage of this to make a dicker: he'd play cards in the evening if someone in the family would read his school texts to him in the afternoons. Finding plenty of takers, he bought all his textbooks in conventional print, not Braille, and memorized the entire high-school curriculum.

Time Softens Bitterness

In time, Bill's bitterness at being blind softened, and finally he was able to make ironic jokes about it. "Blind people get a kick out of playing on the false notions of the sighted," he says. "Like the idea that the blind always count their steps. Nonsense! It's too much trouble. I remember a time at Perkins..."

He was walking to Charlie Fisk's gas station for a smoke. There was a mailbox sticking out into the road and Bill walked into it. As he did, a man spotted him and called, "I'm sorry. I didn't see you coming or I'd have helped you around the mailbox."

"That's all right."

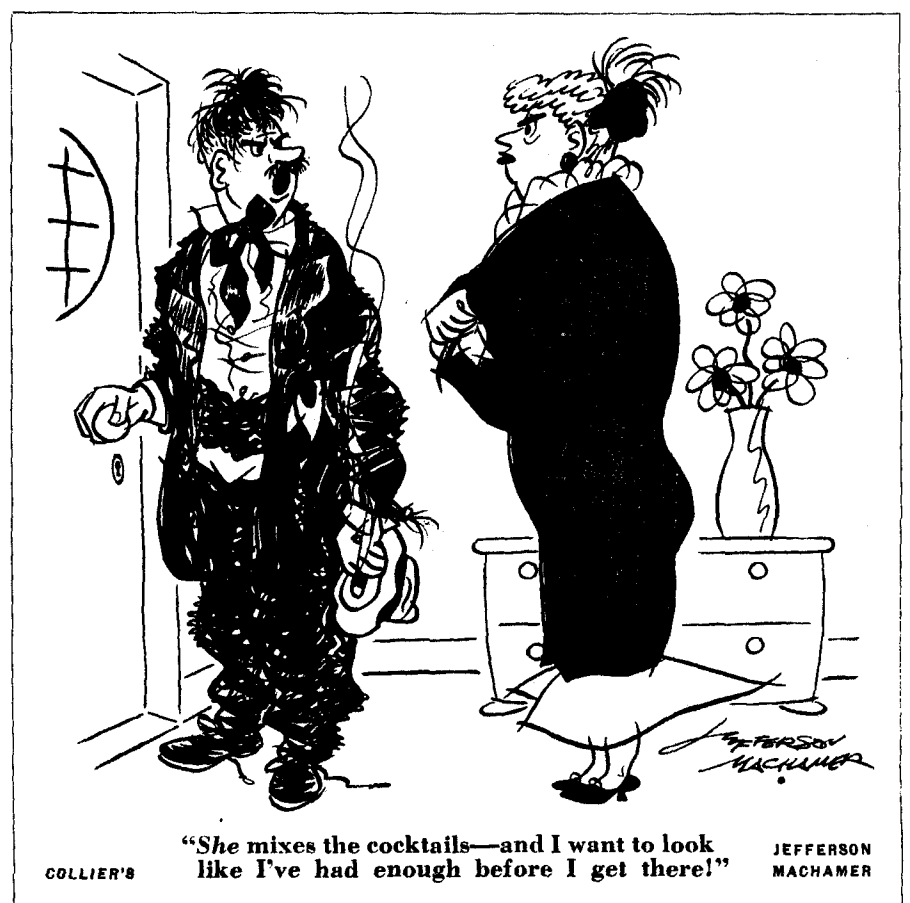
The man came over. "How'd you happen to hit it?" he asked. "You fellows always count your steps, don't you?"

"Sure."

"Well, I can't see why you didn't go around it."

"It's like this," Bill said. "I know perfectly well how many steps it is from my cottage to the mailbox. It's 4,360. But always before I've been wearing size 6½ shoes. Tonight for the first time I'm wearing size 7 shoes and I got here in 4,124 steps."

Perkins students lived in cottages in



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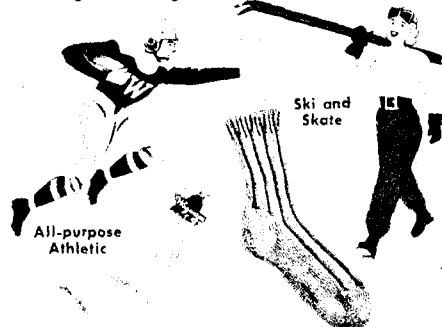
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groups of 20 to 25, with four teachers. In the fall of 1930, a new young teacher, Esther Johnson, of West Brookfield, Massachusetts, moved into Bill's house. She was a tall, intelligent, compassionate girl with a New Englander's reserve and determination. During the spring Esther and Bill spent weeks of evenings together rehearsing George Bernard Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple*, which the school was producing, and they fell in love.

In June, 1932, Bill was graduated from Perkins with no mark lower than a B, and was accepted at the Boston University Law School. On September 2d he and Esther were married in the rectory of St. Patrick's Church, Valley Falls. Soon after that, they rented a \$35-a-month apartment in Boston and moved in. The couple had no income, but Esther had saved enough money to keep them going for the first two years—including funds for Bill's tuition.

Esther read Bill through law school. In the three years she read him more than 3,000 law cases. She would walk with him to school in the morning—it was two miles from their first apartment—go home and clean up the house and walk back to get him in the late afternoons. In the evenings she would read to him, racing through the paragraphs at top speed because that's the way he liked it. For relaxation Bill listened to radio programs.

In July, after Bill's first year of law school, the Powers' first daughter, Esther, was born. That cramped their already tight budget, but Mrs. Powers managed the added responsibility without complaint. In October, 1934, her father died, leaving his modest estate to his daughter, and the Powers' financial worries were over for the time being. In December of the following year their second daughter, Barbara, was born.

In June, 1935, Bill was graduated from law school with second highest marks in his class of 110. The only man who topped him was Jim Hannon, a special friend, also blind, whom Powers had met at Perkins.

But Bill couldn't practice law in Rhode Island. The rules governing admission to the Rhode Island bar had been changed a short time before—all applicants had to have at least two years of college as well as a law degree. So he took—and passed—the Massachusetts bar exam, so he could be

admitted in Rhode Island under a reciprocal agreement after he'd practiced in Massachusetts for 10 years. (He was admitted in 1946.)

But he didn't want to live in Massachusetts. He wanted to get back to Valley Falls where he could remember the faces of people, where he knew what the streets and buildings looked like. "I was less blind there," he says.

So the summer after his graduation he and Esther sold her father's house and bought their present gray-and-yellow house on McGirr Street, a couple of blocks from his old home on High Street. And Bill started to practice a few miles away, across the state line in Massachusetts. He didn't keep very busy. But he was not overly interested in private practice; his real love was politics, and he shortly set about blasting his way into the local Democratic machine. His friends helped.

Gains Many Friends

Bill had always had more friends than the other six Powers children combined. Now he set out to rebuild those old friendships and make as many new ones as possible. To a man living in the dark, friends were his eyes, his chief contact with the world. Within a short time there was a trickle of visitors asking for help at the door of his house. Bill did what he could, even though he couldn't accept fees in Rhode Island. The trickle grew into a steady stream.

These were vote-making days, especially since Powers was just about as ready to help a Republican as a Democrat any time except Election Day.

But friends weren't enough to win Bill his first political fight. In the fall of 1936, he decided to try for the Democratic nomination for representative to the General Assembly, the state legislative body. He'd called on party leaders for some months before, told them he wanted to get into party work and had got the brush-off. So he knew he'd have to corral enough votes to beat the machine man at the party caucus—Rhode Island didn't have a primary election then.

He rallied his close friends and started ringing doorbells. He even called on peo-



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BUTCH



"Phst, Butch, coast's still clear.
How ya doin' wit' th' jewels?"

LARRY REYNOLDS

COLLIER'S

Collier's for October 20, 1951

ple he knew were committed against him, on the theory that "maybe I can convince 'em to stay home."

The night of the caucus came and Bill's homemade machine smoothly funneled voters into the Town Hall. He lost by 37 votes.

Bill was disappointed and forgot it; he went out and campaigned for the Democratic ticket just as though he were on it. His friends were disappointed too, but they remembered. As Steve Fanning, now Cumberland town clerk and Democratic State Committee chairman, put it, "It was not so much that he was blind, especially, but that he was a young guy trying to make a start, and around here they like to see a young man get a break." As a sop, the party made Bill probate judge for the district at \$500 a year.

Two years later, when Bill again sought the nomination, the people were behind him. He won the nomination and then the election, even though the Republicans, headed by Governor William H. Vanderbilt, swept the state for the first time in years. That was the last time Bill ever fought openly with his own party.

During his 10 years in the House (the Democrats regained control in 1941 and have held it ever since) Bill was a stand-out. His power of concentration and his memory paid off from the first. He entered the legislature believing that all its members must be acquainted with the parliamentary rules; he therefore memorized them, later discovering that he knew them considerably better than most of his colleagues. In addition, he could have a bill read to him once, spend a few minutes thinking about it while the debate eddied around him, then get up and explain it lucidly, pointing out what it would accomplish, whom it would help, whom it would hurt, and how much it would cost.

Wit Breaks Up Debate

Time after time, his earthy wit, applied at precisely the proper moment, deflated the balloons of heated debate and brought everybody back to the question at hand. Once in 1940, when the Republicans were in power, the House was debating a \$1,200 appropriation for a new road. The Democrats immediately started assailing extravagance in the state budget. The Republicans replied by attacking the federal spending of Franklin D. Roosevelt. The Democrats defended it and debate grew furious, with the original appropriation forgotten as figures like \$200,000,000 and \$75,000,000,000 flew around the room. At length Powers sang out, "Mr. Chairman—a point of information."

He was recognized and stood up slowly as the hubbub subsided. Turning to face the House he chirped innocently, "Has anybody got half a buck?"

The tension burst in a roar of laughter, and the House returned to business.

One of Bill's major achievements as a legislator was his piloting of a soldier ballot bill successively through the General Assembly, a constitutional convention and, finally, a referendum.

He is also remembered for the way he handled a bill regulating insurance rates. In 1945, after the United States Supreme Court had thrown out nation-wide rate-making practices, Congress ruled that the states would have to establish their own regulations. Powers was made head of a committee to study the situation and recommend a bill for Rhode Island. Newspaper reporters who covered the story say it was incredible how Bill could cut through the jungle of verbiage, rules and mathematics and explain clearly what each provision meant. After three years of study, Powers' committee drafted a bill that was passed in 1948.

Bill's most astonishing feat of memory is probably his ability to recognize people by their voices. A few years ago, he and Steve Fanning were in Boston trying a case. At the noon recess they were walking down the street thoroughly engrossed

in hashing over their strategy when a man said, "Hi, Bill."

Powers promptly stopped, swung around and shoved out his hand. "George!" he said. "How are you, boy? Haven't talked to you in five years." He hadn't, either; George was a man he'd originally known slightly in law school.

"I don't remember voices," Bill told a recent visitor. "Nobody does. When your wife calls you on the phone unexpectedly you don't recognize her voice, you get a mental picture of her and recognize that."

"Well, the same thing happens with me. Of course about 90 per cent of the time the details in my picture are wrong, but that doesn't make any difference so far as identification is concerned."

Lives in Picture World

Bill lives in a world of pictures—and they're strictly in color. When he goes into a strange room, he says, he "sees" it clearly and in color—furniture, drapes, rugs, walls. Of course, his conception is usually inaccurate and his wife says that sometimes Bill will startle his host by carefully walking around a table that isn't there.

There are compensations in visualizing things, he insists. "Take my mother, I never see her as she must look today. I see her as she was 20 years ago. And my wife and kids, although I've never seen them, are all beautiful to me."

Bill is the kind of father whose kids would be beautiful to him even if they weren't to anyone else. (As a matter of fact, they're unusually handsome.) In April, 1947, the Powers' third child, Mike—and Bill's voice softens when he mentions the name—was born. "Mike, of course, is the boss of the house," he says. "But he's fair about it. He doesn't treat the girls any better than Ess and me."

The kids are enormously proud of Bill. They accept his blindness as the normal order of things. Mrs. Powers has often heard one of the girls explaining patiently to Mike, "Daddy can't see, so you have to get out of his way when he's coming."

Bill's sightlessness has made little difference in her housekeeping. Mrs. Powers says, except that she has to be sure always to keep toys picked up, and she can never rearrange the furniture. He exerts his independence at home, too. "He'll spend 15 minutes rummaging in a closet for something—and upset the whole thing, rather than ask one of us to get it for him," Mrs. Powers says.

Every Wednesday night that he's home Bill plays a variety of stud poker with some old cronies: men like Henry Jackson, the tax collector, Road Commissioner Tom Burke and Town Treasurer Joe Griffin. Bill plays a good game—they use cards he's marked with pinpricks in Braille code—but it's odd to hear because all have to call out the cards in front of them. Usually on Friday evenings Bill spends a couple of hours with Father Edward A. Welch, of St. Patrick's Church, mostly talking baseball.

Secure in his home life, respected in his job, Powers is ready for whatever the future holds. The word around Providence is that he's a cinch to be governor. If the nomination is offered, he'll take it, of course, but he really wants to go to Washington as congressman or senator.

For Bill Powers is looking for new worlds. When he finds them he'll stride in, grinning his impudent grin, ready for anything. During his visit to Palm Springs last fall, some of the party were going horseback riding through the mountains. Bill had never ridden a horse, but he bought some Levi's and a big hat and climbed aboard. He rode through treacherous mountain trails for three or four days with never a quiver. A picture taken when he returned shows him standing in the stirrups with one arm flung up, holding his cowboy hat high. On his face is the triumphant grin of a man who has met all the obstacles in his path—and has beaten them handily.

THE END



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by don herold

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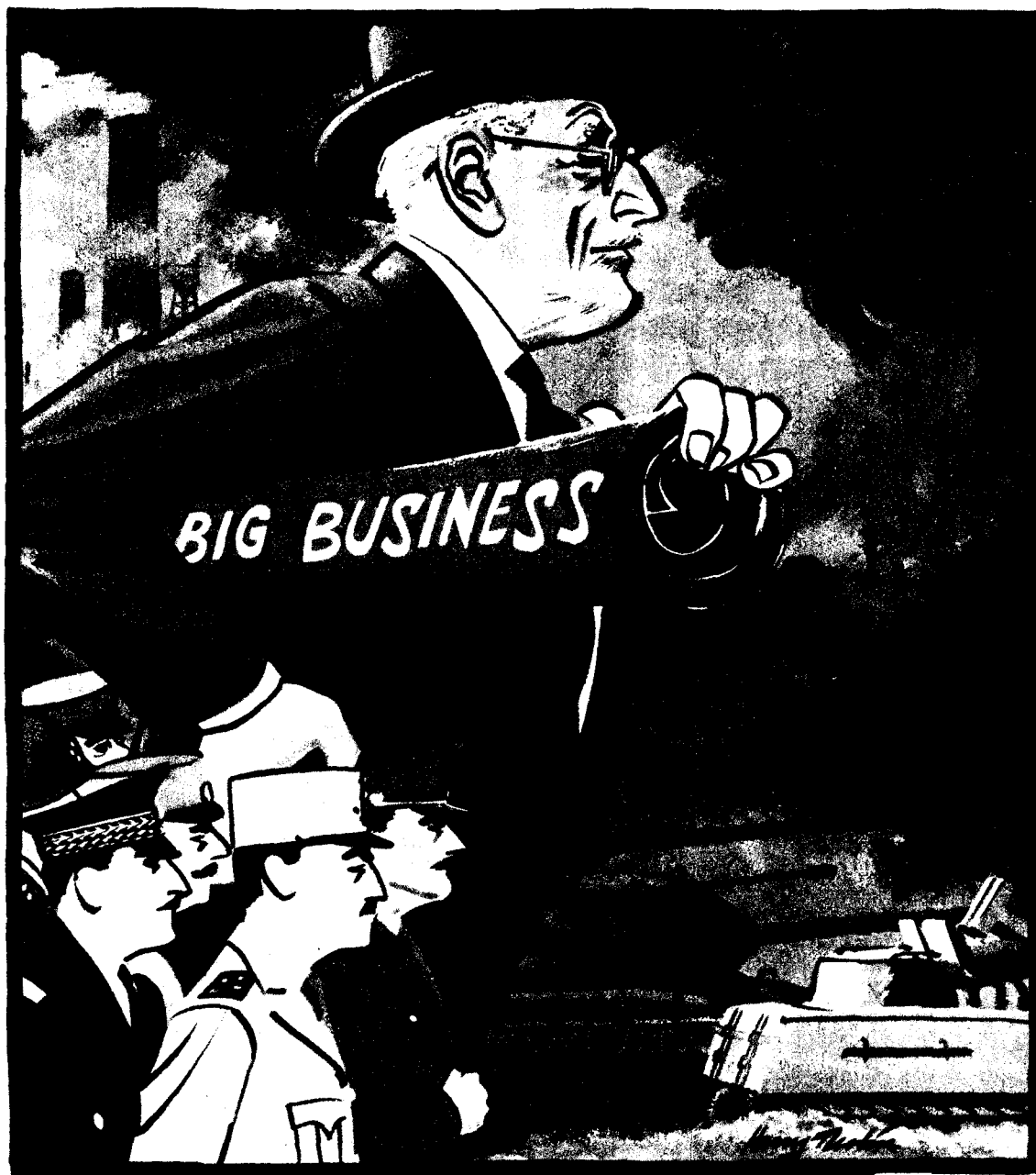


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HARRY DEVLIN

Big Business Is Bad (For Our Enemies)

WE ARE ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING that will annoy those economists and "liberals," in and out of government, who would like to break up this country's large corporations. Our statement is simply this: The hope of the free world today is that much-maligned institution known as Big Business. And we think our statement can be proved.

America's big businesses, and the thousands of small businesses which supply them, are the key to the whole vast job of rearming Europe as well as ourselves. Without them, the military man power of our partners in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization would be helpless in the event of war. Without them, all the bravery and nobility and idealism and hard work of the men and women in the free Western World could not hope to defend the liberties that they cherish.

If war should come tomorrow, or next year, or two or three years from now, the entire population of 180,000,000 Europeans in the NATO

countries could not equip a modern army without American help. For it is physically impossible for Europe to rearm quickly. And time is of the essence—how much so only the Kremlin knows.

Perhaps the NATO nations might reach industrial self-sufficiency in 10 years, with financial and technical help from the United States. They might, with unlimited money to spend, even do it in five years. But the countries of western Europe do not have the money, and no one can be so rash as to say that they can safely gamble on the time.

The one certain reality is that, today, the impoverished, inflation-ridden western countries, still suffering from the damage of war, cannot even dream of producing all the complicated engines of modern war. They are facing a hostile power which kept its military equipment at the end of World War II, and which has improved and added to it ever since. They are facing a hostile power which has a tremendous advan-

tage in trained military man power and ready equipment. Yet, today the governments of those countries show a determination to stand up and fight aggression if aggression strikes, and so, we believe, do their people. And one strong reason for that determination is surely the knowledge that beside them stands a partner who has one great material advantage that the Soviets cannot match.

That advantage is the American system of rapid mass assembly in industry. It is rooted in a past tradition of freedom to develop and expand and compete. It is partly a result of the individual and collective skills of management and labor. It is partly and indirectly a result of the high wages that our workers receive. For as William L. Batt, the head of our ECA mission in England, has pointed out, the high cost of American labor has been a godsend in the end, for it has forced management to seek constantly for greater efficiency of production in order to offset that cost.

For these and other reasons the superiority of American production methods is unique. And it has been a constant factor between the end of the war in Japan and the start of the war in Korea. During that five-year period the country furiously disarmed and demobilized, then fumbled and stumbled toward rearmament as the danger of Communist aggression refused to disappear. But the superiority remained, and it remains today, as the great, concerted effort of the free nations really gets under way.

This is not to suggest that American industry must carry the whole load. Europe can do its share in providing material as well as men, and we are confident that it will. Our NATO partners can clothe and feed their armed forces. They can, for instance, make trucks and jeeps and small-arms ammunition. England alone can manufacture aircraft, including light bombers, and electronic equipment, among other things. Even so, there is a need in many cases for more machine tools if Europe is to turn out its products in the quantity that the rearmament program demands. Those machine tools must come from America.

Beyond that, the free world must look to the United States for its big guns and their ammunition, for its tanks, heavy bombers, submarines, naval vessels, guided missiles and atomic weapons. It isn't a question of America doing more than its share. The physical fact is that nowhere else in the free world can these things be made. It isn't a question of "Will Europe fight?" Europe cannot fight, even with the best will in the world—and we believe the will is there—unless it is provided with the weapons of modern war. It is to America's vital interest to see that Europe gets them.

That, then, is the task of American Big Business: to provide the sinews of a strength which is the best hope of preventing another world war, or of winning it if it should come.

We cannot be too concerned, under the circumstances, about the textbook rightness or wrongness of our large corporate structures. We cannot be much impressed by the academic debates about the evil of the Big in Big Business. We can only feel mightily thankful that in this crisis American business is big, and powerful and efficient and experienced. And we can only hope that the economic reformers will see fit to cease their theoretical tampering and let Big Business get on with one of the biggest jobs in the world.

Collier's for October 20, 1951