



Pose is old-style, but the fashions are new. Note tweed topcoats, predominance of hats

America's *Million* Best-dressed Men

By BERT BACHARACH

Once again it's true that the undisputed pace setters in men's fashion are the students on college campuses across the country. Here's inside information on the important trends for the well-groomed male this fall

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRITZ HENLE

EVERYTHING, they say, runs in cycles and in the opinion of the experts we're right back to the days when college men were our undisputed pace setters in fashion.

That was the case for a great number of years prior to World War II. Dozens of important style features were introduced on the campus and became eagerly accepted favorites of men of all ages and in all walks of life. Though it is always difficult to trace the exact origin of any fashion, the consensus is that college men were totally responsible for the current popularity of such classic wearables as the buttoned-down-collar shirt, the crochet tie, gray flannel slacks, covert suits and slacks, camel's-hair polo coats, convertible gabardine topcoats, rep striped ties, caps, collar-attached shirts with dinner jackets and countless others.

But during and after the war, fashion was of justifiable unimportance in the colleges. The major part of most student bodies in postwar days was seriously bent on making up lost years of study under the GI Bill—and the lads wore pinks, suntans, denims or whatever they had handy.

Today, however, even though there's no assurance that unhappy history will not repeat itself, the college men are again interested in dressing better—and are doing such a successful job of it that, consciously or unconsciously, they are once more the best-dressed group you'll find anywhere.

Let's look, then, at what the college-bound men are wearing for the fall of 1951—as a dual guide for the youngsters who want to be right when they matriculate, and for our postgraduates who are interested in better grooming. (You'll be following college fashion trends later, so why not now?)

Do not expect innovations of a radical nature or anything garish. Your college man has good taste and, except for occasional items such as beer jackets, and the late lamented (but not much) plaid dinner coat, he proceeds along conservative lines.

Here, then, are some of the trends to watch and follow if you're going to be in fashion for the fall of '51. And let's progress from head to foot.

Sales figures and observation, rather than any wishful thinking on the part of the hat industry, indicate that the cycle in which men tended to go hatless has run its course. This is due, perhaps, to the recent great popularity of caps, or perhaps to the fact that today's felt hats are far more flattering to young men. The narrower brims and tapered crowns overrule former objections that the hats looked "like umbrellas." The much lighter weights now in vogue make for greater comfort, too.

In topcoats there's a steady, though not overwhelming, trend to patterns and colors as a relief from the tan gabs and coverts which almost have been a male uniform for so many years. Tweed, Shetland and cheviot types are smart and practical. And many prefer the balmacaan model with raglan shoulders for the extra fullness and comfort.

In suits, nothing can be expected to top the dark gray flannel or the tweed and herringbone effects, but there is strong interest in striped gray flannel.

While the odds are insurmountably against any shirt surpassing the spread or buttoned-down collar in general favor, there has been a broad and enthusiastic acceptance of the round-point collar which is worn with a collar pin. And colored shirts are both fashionable and practical.

Corduroys in new shades, and even some in patterns, will be close to the popularity peak in sport jackets. Small-patterned tweeds, rather than the bolder effects, will prevail in the heavier jackets. And the navy-blue blazer with silver or brass buttons, as worn with gray slacks, will continue to grow in popularity as befits one of the most useful and handsome outfits ever devised.

One big shoe development that should achieve wide acceptance is the elastic-gore slip-on in both sport and dress types. For comfort without sacrificing appearance, it's a natural. Argyles and brighter plain shades in wool will dominate hosiery.

Ties are narrower and longer, though no less colorful. Jewelry is of growing importance, with tie clasps almost an essential and cuff links on the increase. Gloves and mufflers, like hats, are back in the picture strongly. Belts and braces have taken on color and pattern, and are highly decorative as well as utilitarian. Sleeveless and cardigan sweaters are integral parts of sportswear ensembles.

That's the picture of the college trends in fashion—the apparel that will make our university students America's Million Best-dressed Men. **THE END**

Collier's for September 1, 1951



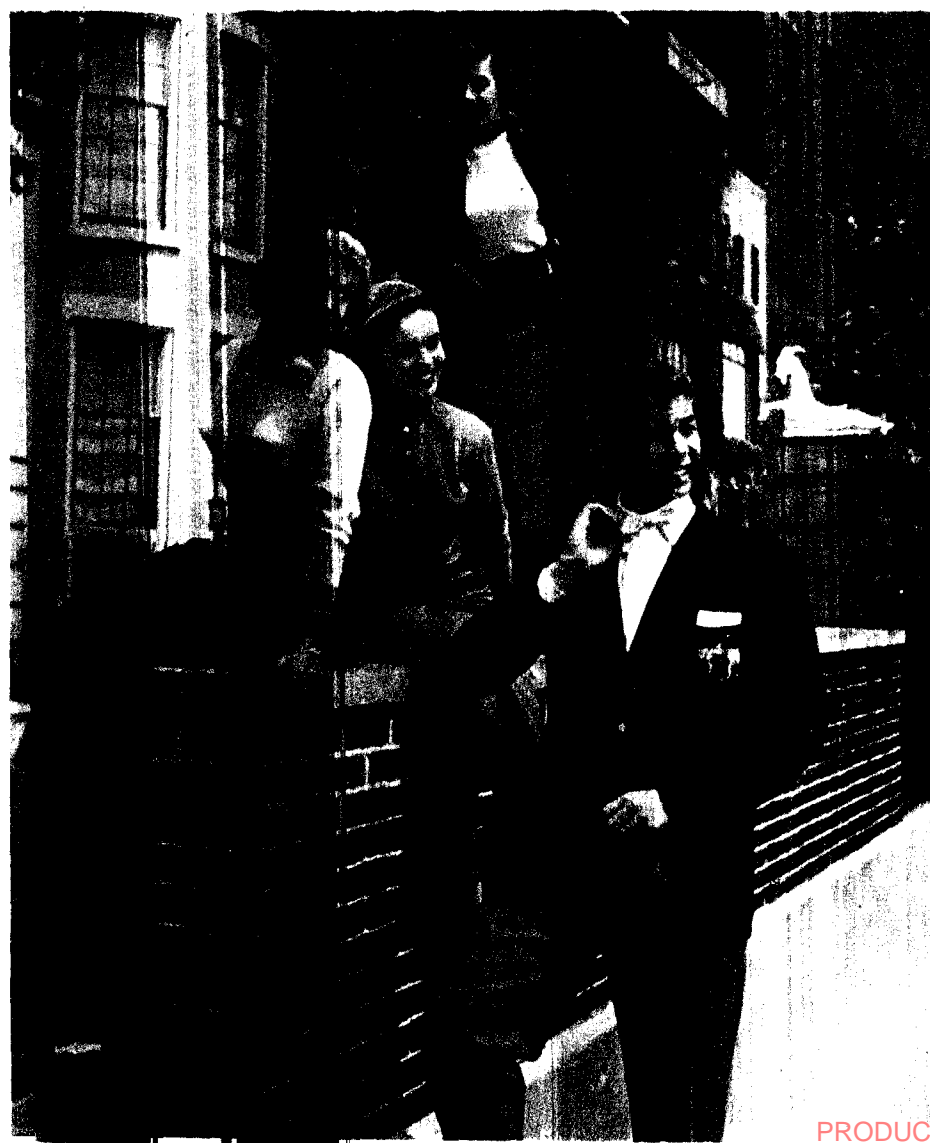
Stylish dress isn't limited to formal occasions, as this pregame locker-room scene shows. Colorful attire includes fingertip surcoat, corduroy sport jacket, two-tone cardigan sweater. Caps have become very popular



For dress wear, you're sure to be well groomed in white tie and tails (as well as conventional dinner jacket). This combination, a perennial favorite, demonstrates the basic conservatism of the average college man

This navy-blue flannel blazer with its brass buttons is a certain eye catcher—and if that doesn't attract attention, the bright canary bow tie will. Gray flannel slacks, always stylish, complete the ensemble

Whether it's trigonometry or batting averages, as below, studying calls for casual attire, like the gray-checked coat (left), the blue-gray one (top) or tan jacket (foreground). Sport shirts are smart, comfortable



Another Song, Another Spring

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

These outstanding men's wear retailers are now featuring correct apparel for campus wear during the 1951-52 academic year. Ask to see your local dealer's copy of "Your Campus Wardrobe . . . According to Collier's." It will help you select the right type of clothes for any campus—regardless of where you attend school.

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then was suddenly busy with his cigarette.

The waiter brought their order, and Lucy heard faint piano music. She remembered the song. It began: "There goes the boy I dreamed all through school about—" Perhaps if she were more sophisticated she could make an amusing story of how nearly true that had been of him and her. She had never minded leaving Princeton or Yale to return to Monday class with Mr. Anselm; their bland, innocent relationship had been more exciting to her than a college romance.

"So now you visit your in-laws. Do you like them?" Again his question was close to her thoughts.

"Yes, very much."

"But you returned to Columbus to live? Near your own family?"

"David finished engineering school at Ohio State and then joined a firm there."

"Yes. But you've visited here? Brought the children to see their grandparents, surely? And never called me."

"What would I say? 'Mr. Anselm, this is Lucy. Would you like to see me?'" She laughed. It was easier to be frank.

"Couldn't you say: 'Karl, this is Lucy. I'd like to see you.'?"

BUT she had decided before she left college that an attempt to pursue their friendship on the basis of music would be false. She had married, had children, and neglected music. She spoke hesitantly, wanting to be clear. "You see, we had nothing in common. I could have only asked, 'How's school? What about Betty Jones? Did Sally Smith turn out well?'"

He made a face at her. "You could not wish to see me as a friend?"

"I don't know." It was the most honest answer she could give.

He covered her hand with his.

"You are probably right. But now that fate arranges a meeting, it is all right. Better than I'd hoped."

She longed to leave her hand in his to show that she was happy about their reunion; at the same time she wished he would take it away, lest someone see her holding hands in the Plaza. Demonstrative David would not mind, he might even expect it, but she could suddenly hear little David's voice ask, "Why is that thin man holding your hand?" She withdrew her hand and sipped her hot tea.

"I'll come then in May," he said, "and stay at your house."

"If you'd prefer a hotel—" she began. "My house rather swarms with children."

"I want to see them."

"They're very fine beautiful children." She tried to imply how married she was, even as she mourned: Why *am* I so provincial, such a milkmaid? It isn't unthinkable to find a man other than one's husband attractive. Still, that was not how married women should be looked at, with that concentrated regard. She said, "Won't you come to the Caruthers' for a cocktail and see the children?"

"No, I'll wait. In Columbus I'll be more convinced they're yours."

"You'll be convinced." She thought: He won't look at me this way at home, and she smiled in sudden relief. "Wait till you see my domestic struggles!"

"Do you never grow tired of it?"

"Oh! There are mornings when a whispered 'Come away with me' would make me fly! But I must go, this is our last evening here. Won't you come? David would love to meet you."

"No, my dear. All that joy I save for Columbus."

He watched intently, smiling at her, while she fastened the little buttons on her gloves.

"Chic," he said.

"No," she said and smiled ruefully, "a real country girl."

They walked to the Fifty-ninth Street door, and just outside it he took her face between his palms and kissed her beside her mouth.

"I hope that when I come, one day will be very maddening, very domestic. Good-by, dear Lucy."

She looked at him in surprise and hurried into the waiting cab. You asked for that, she told herself furiously, as the cab progressed haltingly up Fifth Avenue. If you seem a restless *Hausfrau*, it's your own fault. But what had he said? Nothing that might not have been said by any older man speaking to a girl he was fond of. Am I at that stage, she thought, where male attention turns my head, and I magnify it to be reassured I'm still attractive? Those last words—he only wants to see me being a wife and mother. The whole conversation repeated could not offend anyone. But the point, she warned herself, is not what *anyone* knows, but what one's *self* knows.

She paid the driver at Sixty-eighth Street and hurried into the elevator. As it went up she could smell a different dinner at



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each floor. Her in-laws would be having cocktails: Jane, handsome, composed; Tom, amiably weary from the office, neither of them quite able to hide under their bright, New York manner a soft pleasure at the children's presence. At their floor she went first to the living-room door to wave to them, then to Edna and the children in the kitchen. Little David ate busily, his grandfather's bayonet propped by his chair. Janie gazed dreamily at the fan in the window, her fist sunk comfortably in her cereal bowl.

"Hello, Edna," Lucy kissed the children, decided against a word of dismay about the bayonet and gingerly dried the little girl's hand.

"Mommy, your face is awfully pink," David said.

"So is yours," she answered, wondering if she'd produced an outside conscience besides the awful one she endured within. Janie placidly put her hand back in the bowl.

"They're all yours, Edna," Lucy said with a laugh, and Edna smiled.

"Lambs," she said, whipping cream and giving David a taste.

Lucy powdered her face carefully and went to the living room.

"How was the maestro?" David asked, kissing her.

"Fine," she said. "Fascinating." She kissed Jane and Tom, took her Martini and sat by her mother-in-law on the sofa.

"He's coming, then?" Jane asked.

"Yes—and, David—going to stay with us."

"You must have impressed him," Tom said. "Isn't he that bird who's so elusive about concerts?"

"They said at school he'd only play where he thought his music was understood—not curiosity value, I mean."

"To an audience of Hindemith and Copland?" Jane asked dryly. "But he isn't starving; I'm sure I read about his getting some awards lately."

Then, not really interested, they spoke of other things while Lucy remembered the cut of his clothes, the dark striped tie, the round flat wrist watch with gold lines for hours, so different from Tom and David in dark gray flannel and knit ties.

"Any news from Korea?" David asked Tom, and Lucy thought: Oh, let David stay in flannel, not go back to Air Force blue! She wondered if Karl had ever fought in a war, and ordered herself to stop thinking of him.

"Edna packed some fruit and cookies in a box for the children," Jane said. "It may help on the drive tomorrow."

That was better. Jane always made the cooky remark on their last night in New York, and now Lucy welcomed the reassurance of the familiar statement. Routine things were good.

LUCY surveyed her living room, polished and shining, the May sun streaming through the long windows, but not since morning had she looked at the study, now a guest room for Karl. Perhaps their brief meeting had meant nothing. If so, she was a fool, carefully disciplining her thoughts by day only to dream of him at night. (There was a broken bridge before her, a voice said, "Come this way," and it was he; she danced at a party, he walked by.) She longed to tell David, but could not.

Now David had gone to the airport to meet him, sure he'd know him on sight. If not, he'd said sensibly, after the other passengers had gone he'd bring what was left. She adjusted the French windows for the third time, and spring air gently billowed the curtains, made things a little less still. The children had gone to her mother's for the night and the house seemed unnaturally calm. She wished she had kept them home. But they were gone, and she would not make herself foolish by charging over to bring them back. She heard the car stop outside. She concentrated on an air of casual poise.

David bumped the door open with a suitcase as she walked into the hall. He Collier's for September 1, 1951

kissed her absently. Karl, with that look of contained delight, put his arm around her shoulders and kissed her cheek while David smiled amiably. How silly I was, she thought; David sees this gesture is a mannerism, not significant. Everything's all right!

But after dinner David said he had to go back to the office.

"I'm sorry," he said to Karl, "if I'd known you'd be here— But now it's too late to get out of it."

"To come a day early was selfish," Karl said, "but too tempting! Do not worry, Lucy and I shall talk and pass the time. Perhaps I shall make her play some scales."

She wondered at David's willingness to leave her with Karl. Still, long ago, he'd said, "A man with a wife pretty as you can't be jealous; it would take all his time." But she followed him uneasily to the door.

"I won't be long—a couple of hours. Give him a highball, enjoy yourself. He's a nice guy, isn't he?" He kissed her and was gone.

KARL stood at the spinet, making chords. "Is this what you play now? Have you no real piano?"

"We sold it, there wasn't room. And I play nothing more advanced than Bobby Shaftoe." She smiled. "Would you play for me—on that?"

"In a little while." Then, without warning, their eyes met and she knew hers reflected the urgency in his. She forced herself to speak.

"Would you like a highball?"

"Oh, very much," he said, and looked away with visible effort, like a man turning his eyes from an incredibly marvelous discovery. He followed her and leaned against the kitchen table while she took out ice cubes. They were both painfully silent.

"How is Mrs. Anselm?" she asked gauchely, guiltily.

He didn't answer for a moment, then he said, "She is as she always was. It is sad for her."

"You mean ill?"

"I mean that she has nothing to do. She minds being poor and anonymous."

"Oh." She was embarrassed.

"But she is a little less poor and anonymous with me than she would be alone. So it is a bargain: she makes a place for us to live; I pay the bills. It is uncomplicated by any human relationship."

Lucy gave him his drink. "You are—cold about it," she said, with a timid compassion for the woman she'd only seen.

"She cannot forgive the world for taking away adulation, or find where to fix the blame." He pushed open the kitchen door.

"You could play wherever you wanted to," Lucy said as she went out ahead of him. "If your work were played more, wouldn't she be happier?"

"Happy? I cannot make her happy. It is her soul, her self. Lucy, listen." He was angry. "When I left Austria my money was confiscated, but I had opportunity, through music, to come to America and bring Maria. No, she said. She managed, through French connections to take her money and go to Paris. We said good-by. In a year she was lost, bored, frightened; she sent word that she wished to come to me. Come, I said. I was glad. But it failed; she was no longer rich, no one wished to—adore her. This is a vulgar discussion, but, Lucy, you must understand. It is as barren, as cold, ugly, simple, as that."

"I'm terribly sorry," she said helplessly.

"Of course you are. Poor Lucy." His voice softened. "Better to describe my catastrophes to someone who'd think them juicy morsels. But do not pity me. Be intelligent and realize that we are—well, splendidly safe, compared with much of the world."

"That's not enough!" she said passionately. He, more one with the world than anyone she knew, must not seem defeated, or satisfied with his poor bargain. "I know one cannot be completely happy in a world so full of conflict, but—"

"But one grows older, Lucy," he inter-

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rupted, "and demands less, makes a truce with disappointment. Conflict is inevitable; the very drops of your blood surge with it, or life fails. One enters the conflict, triumphs, or fails. There doesn't seem to be a formula."

He put his glass on the coffee table and went toward the piano, still speaking. "Even dreams conflict with reality, leaving one somewhere between, with whatever one finds for compensation."

How can Maria not love him? Lucy wondered, watching the disciplined straight back, the fine shape of his head. He began to play *Morgen* softly, saying, "If all was quite different from the way it is, I dream that it might be this way."

She was always quickened by the song, made deeply aware of the likeness of absolute joy and sorrow, and the contrast of either to her own life of tranquil contentment. As he played, she said the words of the song to herself.

He began to play his own music, and she went to the piano and whispered, "Don't play any more."

"That is only 'might have been,' Lucy," he said, but he stood and took her in his arms, simply, tenderly, as she had known he would. Without thinking or knowing more she put her arms around him and held him.

"If all was quite different," he repeated, and gently took her arms away, released her. He walked away from her, and not looking around, said quickly, "I let my chances pass. I should have spoken to you years ago. Ironically, a sense of propriety restrained me. Now it is even less proper, but, Lucy, I have loved you as long as I can bear it." He turned, and she was unable to meet the entreaty in his eyes. "I don't know what you'll care to do about it; I do know, finally, that this exists for us both. If we permit it, then it is forever, and absolute. Ah, Lucy, I meant never to speak of it, but I cannot help it!"

IF SHE closed her eyes against his actual presence, her mind tricked her into fantasy: They were on a beach, between turquoise sky and water; above on a cliff was a pink house where he played to her in the twilight. A city was superimposed on the picture, and they stood in a doorway in a pouring, dark rain, and he held her close. Now they went out together in public and she heard the whispers: "That's the woman who—" and she was proud to love him forever and never know why he loved her.

But she was still, and at last he looked away.

"It is useless that I pack and leave. What exists I cannot take away with me. Good night, blessed Lucy."

He crossed the room and was gone. She heard the study door close. Abstractedly she took the glasses to the kitchen, then emptied the ash trays. She sat down with the evening paper and read every word—news, editorials, columns, funnies—staring earnestly and unseeing at pictures of leg art and battles and straggling refugees. Suddenly, in panic, she hurried to the desk and scribbled a note:

Tired, lots to do tomorrow, gone to bed. Beer on ice if you want it. See you in the morning. Love, L.

When David tiptoed into the bedroom she breathed with careful regularity. He got ready for bed quietly, and went to sleep quickly. Even if he knew, she thought, he'd go right to sleep; nothing keeps David awake. David and I have been like good children, but with Karl, free from banalities of existence, love would be overwhelming, majestic. Poor David, I should never have accepted his comfortable, lighthearted love. But David can manage, she thought, for it is I who cling, not he.

The tension and excitement was an aching mass till she slept. Then she woke up straight into morning and David's voice asking, "How'd you make out with Wagner?"

He disappeared into the roaring shower before she could answer, and for the first time she was glad of his hurried mornings,

his unwavering attention to the newspaper at breakfast. But this won't do, she thought; I am no good here any more. As David left, her mother came with the children, and Annie, her maid.

"Wouldn't you like Annie to help today?" her mother whispered. "Where is he?"

"Asleep. I'd love some help, thank you."

"Well, I'd hoped to see him, but I'll wait till the concert. Lucy, please be dressed when he gets up."

"Yes, darling. And thanks for baby-sitting." The children had hurried upstairs, eager to check their possessions. Lucy watched her mother drive away and then slowly followed them. She dressed, and went to brush her babies' hair before Karl woke up. If they'd been here it might not have happened, she thought; but am I really sorry? I can't help it if I love him. I knew in my heart it would happen someday.

"Where is your teacher?" David asked. "Asleep, darling."

The children looked disapproving. As they came downstairs Karl opened his door. He looked tenderly at Lucy and smiled at the children.

"You sleep pretty late," David said. Janie stared silently.

"Usually I get up very early to teach young ladies to play the piano."

"Mommy said you might play for us," the little boy challenged.

"I'd be honored," Karl answered gravely, and Lucy brought him fruit and coffee at the piano. He was playing songs from *Hänsel und Gretel*; the children were spell-bound beside him. "Oh, odor delicious, oh, say do I dream," he sang, and they tried to join him. "A cottage all made of chocolate cream!"

She had sung them the Children's Prayer and forgotten the song of joy for the witch's house of cake. How like him to choose the entrancing part that she'd neglected!

Impatiently they waited for him to swallow coffee. He watched Lucy as he drank.

"Did you sleep well?" she asked formally.

"No. Did you?"

"No," she said nervously, and glanced at the children, but they were unconcerned with the meaningless talk of grownups. Then as she looked at him she slipped into a different existence, as moonlight strikes water and spreads into oneness with it, free

and mobile. She left him then, to go about the business of her day; she could not tell him yet, but she would never really leave him again. She selected china in the kitchen; the doors were open, and when he paused in his playing she could hear the insects buzz over the May flowers. Her bliss surprised her; she would have expected to feel guilty, or evil, but she had no sense of continuity with the past or breach with the future, only a feeling of tender newness, a wish to tell him, join him, watch the magic delight come into his eyes.

THE children would not eat their lunch until she and Karl agreed to sit with them. "But not with such hands!" Karl cried. "Run quickly to your nurse and ask her to wash them."

She could not speak of it, with Annie and the children close by in the kitchen, but because she could wait no longer she stepped forward and kissed him lightly, lovingly.

He returned her kiss in the same way, then whispered incredulously, "You are coming!" The disbelief became ecstasy. "Dearest, when, where?"

The children were back; Lucy looked at them in alarm, but they were laughing and shouting, too excited to eat, and she could not urge them. Lunch was abandoned with a promise of Karl's company after a nap.

Upstairs, they went willingly to bed, in order to return to their wonderful visitor. As she turned down Janie's bed, Lucy noticed that Annie, or someone, had left the newspaper there. She tucked it under her arm, and spread the coverlet.

"If I'd known he was nice, I wouldn't have gone to Gran's last night," David said from his bed.

"Wouldn't have gone too," Janie muttered sleepily. "What's that baby doing in that picture, Mommy?" She was looking at a corner of the paper Lucy held. Lucy looked quickly. It was a picture of a naked child lying in the snow. *Korean refugee children left to perish*, the caption read. It was an old paper, she realized. They must have brought it from her mother's with something wrapped in it. Then her detachment fell away, leaving her stark and frightened as she looked at her babies' tender bodies.

"That baby's asleep," she whispered.

"And, David, you never have to go away if you don't want to." She put her hand gently, but with fierce protectiveness on his head. He moved impatiently. She tiptoed out.

At the door she crumpled the paper in her hand, aghast at what she'd nearly done. Or did I do it, she wondered; in my heart I'd already gone. My great love, she thought bitterly, uncomplicated by children. Great love so seldom is. When birth enters, another love becomes just illicit. I could die, because it doesn't make me love him less. Resolutely she went downstairs.

He stood at the bottom, waiting, and she forced herself to look at the gladness in his eyes. At once he sensed her strain.

"What is it?" he asked. "Have I—"

"No." She was close to tears and yet beyond them. "Please stop taking all the blame, it's presumptuous. Remember that for all my composure, I had emotions, reactions, was attracted and awed by you. I let it pass."

"It was not quite the same," he said.

"It was exactly the same for me," she said. "I used to wish you would reach out and touch me."

"Lucy, don't!" he cried.

SHE went to the living room and unlatched a door. Together they walked out on the back lawn. A breeze moved the flowering peach trees; everything else was still.

In a broken voice she began again, "I can't leave them, Karl."

"Would they want you—loving me? You do, don't you, my darling?"

"Oh, yes, I wish I didn't. But I love them. If I'd go with you, I might go again someday." She rushed on, unable to look at him. "If I did it often enough—"

"—there would lie a fallen woman," he finished angrily, derisively.

"What is more abject than a Midwestern housewife gone wrong?" she said deliberately, painfully, then whispered contritely, "Karl, I am not ashamed of loving you, only that I nearly gave in to it."

He broke a flower from the tree and looked at it, not speaking.

"And if I didn't love them," she went on, distractedly, "it would still be too late for us. I can't abandon what I started so willingly."

"You are strong," he said quietly.

"Not so strong as I'd have to be if I didn't love David," she explained. "You must understand that. I love him, though it will never be so—forgive me—romantic as you."

"Or perhaps it will." The love in his eyes tortured her. "Perhaps our love fulfilled could become prosaic, but I cannot believe it, or that I'd ever cease to marvel and wonder when I look at you." He paused, then said, "I could take you with me, Lucy, but I shall not. It might be the destruction of you, you are right. It is something clear and true in you that I love, a harmonic rightness of being. So don't try to be hard, to alienate me; you needn't. I shall be strong and love you in a better way." He put his arms around her tenderly. "So it will not be a poor lost love, but a triumph. In any case, let us not be mournful." He smiled gently.

"I feel anything but triumphant," Lucy said. More like Carrie Nation, she thought, laying about with an ax in the interest of virtue.

"Virtuous, then," he said, and she jumped, "like a fat lady resisting banana cream pie."

"Oh, dear Karl," she whispered, and reached up to kiss him for the last time, calmly, with devotion. Perhaps her own words had convinced her. She loved Karl, but she loved David more. They went slowly back into the house.

"The children will be waking up," she said. "I'll keep them away."

She hurried upstairs and tiptoed to their room. They were awake. David was there dressing them!

"Would you please for just fifteen seconds hold still?" He was trying to button



COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

little David's pants to his shirt. He had done a creditable job on Janie. He looked up and saw Lucy.

"A boy's best friend is his mother. Go get buttoned," he told his son, and little David shuffled toward her.

"Why are you home?" she asked her husband. He was looking at her seriously as she knelt with the child.

"Can't you do something with our young? Did I catch sight of Annie, or was it just a glorious vision?"

"She's here," Lucy said, and took the children to the top of the stairs. "Don't let them bother Mr. Anselm," she told Annie, and the three disappeared into the kitchen. Lucy went back to David.

"I'm home," he explained, "because I got scared my noble experiment was just damn foolish."

"What are you talking about?"

"Giving you and Beethoven a chance to 'find each other,' if that was fate. You see, it's a basic fact to the nonartist that women go for the painter, the musician. We have to accept it and not worry too much about it. Of course, we don't all have them to visit. I figured, coming from the airport, that he was a touch in love with you—not as much as I am, understand, because he's not as young and lusty. But the situation had a fiery potential: you jittery as a debutante and this guy with music, the world's greatest wooing weapon, at his fingertips. There's said to be art in building, too, but I can't construct a bridge for you in the parlor. So I figured the big smart thing for me to do was to scam instead of sitting around dull-

witted while you two flashed fire. So I did, but it was pretty grim last night when you pretended to be asleep."

And who was it I thought was sensitive? Lucy jeered at herself. "Oh, David," she whispered.

"At first," he went on, "I counted on you to see yourself graying while he taught a succession of eager young beauties; then it dawned on me he might return to the concert stage, at which point I flung down my blueprints and hurried home. I hope I made it in time."

"You made it."

"But you came pretty close?"

"Pretty close."

"I'm sorry, angel. I'll never try to mastermind again. From now on I'll be a watchdog."

"Neither will ever be required any more," she muttered against his good familiar shoulder.

Downstairs Karl began to play; the dissonants and contrapuntal themes of his most controversial music crashed through the house.

"Pretty meaty stuff," David said against her hair.

And it was. Karl, after all, had the endless reserves. He might love her but he could never need her; she did not close and finish the circle for him as she did for the three people here. By next spring she could, if she wished, meet him again in New York, and this would be over and past, not forgotten, but exorcised.

"Later," she whispered to David, "I'll play you a waltz."

THE END

The Break

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

himself with satisfaction, for he knew that the old dangers lurked as usual where he least, and at the same time most, expected them. This was as it should be; and he took pleasure in the certain knowledge that if he should turn aside his glance for even a second, an ambush would collect in the grove of beeches half a mile away or a war bonnet would suddenly move forward in the tall grasses. It was a thrilling moment: the thrill lay equally in the realization that the very calmness of the countryside concealed the threat of danger and in the confidence he felt that the enemy did not know that he knew they were there. With a show of nonchalance, for the benefit of any watching spy, he descended the bank and turned to go through the culvert.

AS HE left the bright sunlight behind and moved forward into the dark, Don wondered what he'd find inside this time; the culvert always yielded a surprise or two, showing that others besides himself knew of and used his hideaway. Once it had been a dead cat, and for a couple of weeks thereafter he had had to avoid the place; once he found a tobacco pouch, half full of moldy stuff that wasn't nearly as tobacco-looking as the Indian tobacco he himself made by scraping the bark from red willow twigs. Stepping from stone to flat stone, his eyes on the damp silt or peering into the tiny shallows beneath his feet, he moved slowly forward in a crouching position toward the vivid round window at the other end of the culvert. Suddenly he realized that he was not alone.

Midway between the two openings, a man sat watching his approach. His knees were up to his chin, his hands clasped around his legs, as if he were merely resting there idly; but at the same instant, Don got the impression that the man was intensely alert—far more alert than he himself had been, not to have seen the man the moment he had entered the culvert.

The man gazed at him intently; and for what may have been half a minute, Don gazed back. The man did not speak; neither did Don.

During that first long, silent moment, he knew that he had run into one of the con-

victs. He knew too, somehow, that he must not let on that he knew. Instinct told him also that he must not turn tail and run; if he had done so, it was possible that he would not have escaped the culvert alive. But more than anything else, Don instantly knew or believed that if he acted very matter-of-fact and clever—if he forgot that he was only a boy of twelve and at the same time acted the part to the hilt—this encounter might well turn into the great moment of his life, the chance to be a hero. "Hello," he finally said, and sat down.

He sat down opposite the man and put his knees up and his arms around his legs in the same way. "Isn't this a dandy place?" he said. The man did not answer; his eyes watched Don narrowly, as if he was trying to make out what game Don was playing. Outwardly, of course, Don must not look as if he was playing any game; and, in a sense, he wasn't. How could it be a game when he was only being himself—his best, his unreal self—the self that other people didn't even know existed?

Under any circumstances—in church, in school, in the public library—Don was never able to keep silent for long; in the presence of someone who refused to talk, Don simply ignored this silence, overruled it, and talked for them both. Now he lost himself, as it were, in a kind of social impulse that, under different conditions, and certainly with a different partner, his mother would have approved: he wanted to "visit" with the man, to be nice to him—in short, to "entertain" him and thus be liked in return. When the man did not answer about what a fine place this was, Don thought of something else. He reached back, pulled the knapsack off his shoulders, and opened it. He said, "Would you like a sandwich?" The man stared back in silence. "I've got plenty," Don said, "and they're peanut butter." No answer. "See? Three of them," he went on. "You can have two and I'll have the other one." No answer again. He busied himself with the wax-paper wrappings and opened them.

But the man did not look at the sandwiches; he looked at Don. Don picked up one of the sandwiches, took a bite, and then said, "Are you a tramp?" Don knew he



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wasn't, but he thought it would make the man feel more at ease with him.

"I like tramps," he went on, after another bite. "My uncle is a tramp." He said this in the same wishful, romantic spirit in which he had used to say that his uncle was an Indian, and once, after he had come across the exotic word in a book, that his uncle was a rabbi. But the man was not interested; though he never took his eyes off Don, he did not even seem to hear. Finally, very slowly, as if with extreme caution, he half rose from his crouching position, stretched out a long arm, and took the two sandwiches in his hand. Before he sat back again, Don caught a glimpse of a short, thick knife like a bowie knife lying in the dirt beside where the man's bottom had been. When he was seated again, the knife was again out of sight; but it was there, all right, within easy reach.

AS HE ate, Don looked him over. He seemed about as old as Don's father, which would be about forty. He wore heavy work shoes and coarse cotton pants of no color at all, sort of iron-colored if anything. They were very dirty, and torn in several places; they might have been a uniform. He was not a big man, but he looked strong, even powerful, especially in the shoulders and arms. He had thick black hair cut very close, a low forehead, small, half-closed, peering eyes, and in the middle of his chin, a very deep cleft or dimple. He was badly in need of a shave, and Don found himself wondering how it was possible to shave the whiskers in so deep a hollow as that cleft in his chin. He looked tired out, as if he hadn't slept for days, yet keenly alert and watchful too, almost jumpy. Besides all this, though Don couldn't say why, he looked sad. Don knew that he was a hunted man, but even so, no hunt lasting only a week or even a month could ever have made him look that sad and lonely, as if he was the only man left in the world or as if the whole world was against him and he was the only one on his side. Don couldn't help feeling sorry for him, the more so because the man shut Don out from his company as if he wasn't even there.

"If you're a tramp," he said, "I wish you'd let me join up with you." The man said nothing. "I'd love to—it must be a wonderful life." The thing to do was to keep on talking, to make the man believe that Don had nothing against him. "No school," Don said, "nobody to order you around all the time. Nothing to do but just what you want to do, all day long—and go everywhere, and see new places, new people, things like that."

The man ate in silence, watching Don closely but at the same time seeming aloof, as if Don were a creature from another planet with whom there couldn't possibly be a common language.

"Aren't they good?" Don said, as the man finished the first sandwich and started on the second. "Of course, they aren't as good as when I started out, when they were just made, and fresh. But anyway they're a lot better now than they would be later, all dry and curled up."

Finally the man spoke—and Don had grown so used to the idea that he wasn't going to speak that he was surprised. He looked Don straight in the eye and said in a low, husky voice, "Where does this railroad go?"

"This railroad?" Don pointed above. "Why, it goes down to Binghamton and then on into Pennsylvania somewhere."

"The other way, I mean."

"Oh, that way," Don said. "It goes on to Parsons Point."

"Where's that?"

"The end of the line."

"How far?"

"About twenty miles, I guess."

"What's there?"

"At Parsons Point? Why, nothing. Nothing but the coalyards—and oh, yes," he said, and suddenly felt the acute excitement of an idea, "the freighters that carry the coal across the lake."

"Lake?"

"Lake Ontario."

"Where to?"

"Cobourg."

"What's Cobourg?"

"Place in Canada." And as he said Canada he knew, though he did not change his expression by even a flicker, that he had uttered a kind of magic word. It meant, if the man could get there, freedom.

The man was silent for a long moment again, as he appeared to be weighing some idea, or maybe testing Don in his mind. Don tried to look friendly and helpful.

"Is there a train along here?" the man asked.

"Oh, yes," Don said. "There's one every afternoon."

"What kind of train? Passenger?"

"A kind of freight. I happen to know the engineer," Don added proudly. "Friend of mine."

"What time is it due?"

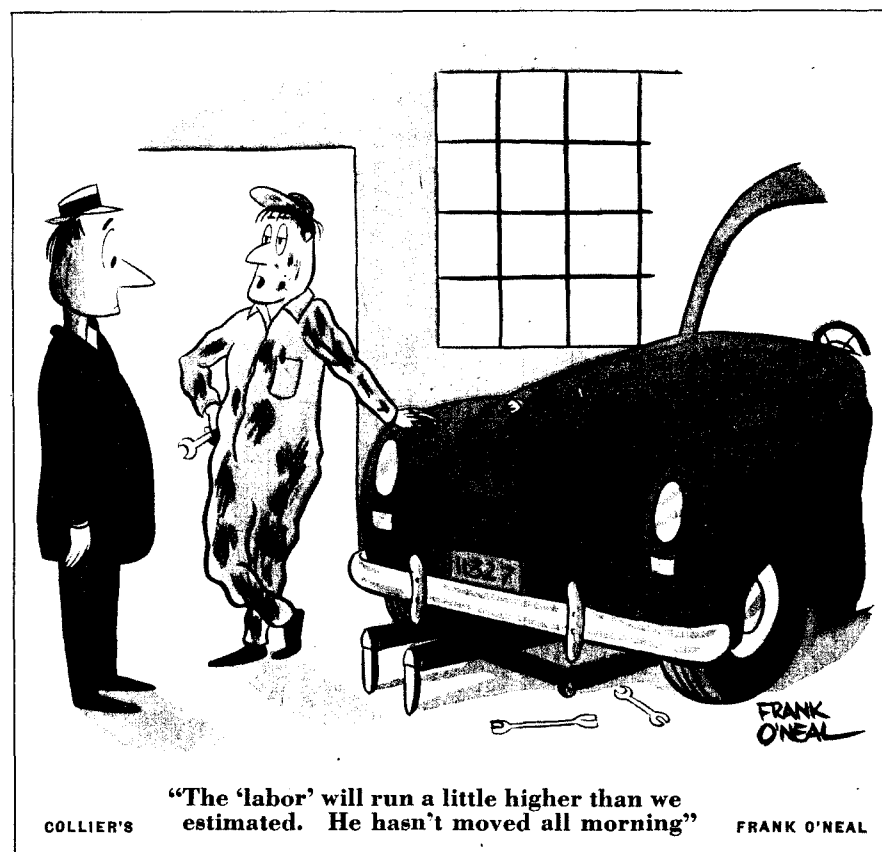
"I don't know for sure, but gee, it ought to be coming by any minute now. Sometime in the early afternoon, I mean."

"A fast freight?"

"No, not fast at all, along here. Because

in the sign of the oath and swore on his honor as a Boy Scout of America that he would be able to stop the train long enough for the man to climb onto one of the freight cars and get a ride. And Don privately reassured his troubling conscience that he was telling the truth, except that he hadn't told the man the rest of what he had in mind. But was that lying, was that violating the oath? No, it was just keeping some of the truth to himself.

And then, while the man sat there turning it over in his mind and the two of them looked at each other—at that very moment Don began to feel the approaching train. At first it was so slight that it could scarcely be noticed, merely the first faint jarrings and vibrations, but it was Mr. Colvin's train, all right. It must have been still a mile off, because Don couldn't hear it yet, but he could certainly feel it; and after another second, he noticed that the man could, too. He looked at Don quickly, and there was an odd expression in his eyes, like fear or excitement or maybe just indecision. He frowned, his mouth worked, and he half got to his feet. Then he sat back again, his



"The 'labor' will run a little higher than we estimated. He hasn't moved all morning" FRANK O'NEAL

it slows down for Arcadia. Why, mister? You want to catch a ride?"

The man gave him a look. "None of your business. Understand?"

Don nodded obligingly. He understood, all right, but he was careful not to let the man know how well. Privately, he thought it was foolish for the man to get cross, because really he was playing as much of a game as Don was. The man was playing that he wasn't a convict and Don was playing that the man was getting away with it.

"I know it's none of my business," Don said, "but I just thought of something. Look, mister, if you really want to catch a ride on that freight, maybe I could stop it for you—or at least make it slow down."

The man eyed him with menacing suspicion. "How?"

"Well, I told you I know the engineer."

"What good is that to me?"

"Well, if I didn't know him, how could I stop the train?"

The man stared at him searchingly. "Listen, kid. Are you on the level?"

"Of course I'm on the level," Don said, deeply shocked. "I cross my heart and hope to die! Gee, didn't I give you my peanut-butter sandwiches? Didn't I tell you I like tramps? Isn't my uncle one, my own uncle? Besides, I'm a Boy Scout, and the creed of every scout is to do at least one good turn every day. Don't you know that? It's our sacred creed"—and Don put up his hand

hand close beside his hip in the dirt, and fixed his eyes on Don.

Don sprang up. "Come on!" he said, as the vibration began to jar the whole tunnel.

"There's the train now! Hurry up!"

"Don't you leave!" the man suddenly snarled. "Sit down!"

But Don was already ten or twelve feet off, on the run to the mouth of the culvert and the curving tile walls of the tunnel were ringing with the rumble and grind of the oncoming locomotive.

Just as he ran out into the sunlight, he yelled back, "Don't forget your knife!" and beat it up the bank.

When he got to the top, he ran down the tracks ahead of the train, in the same direction, far enough ahead so that the man in the culvert could climb onto the freight somewhere along about the middle. Then he stopped, turned, and began to wave his arms at Mr. Colvin in his cab.

"Now look here, boy," Mr. Colvin said sternly as he helped him up, "you shouldn't have done that. For me to stop and pick you up is one thing, but when you ask for it, in play-like, it's a horse of a different color." But when he heard the news—when he learned how, at that very moment, the convict would be climbing on and hiding himself away in a coal car or a boxcar—Mr. Colvin got as excited as Don had been.

On the right, the park and grounds of the asylum flowed by as the train began to slow

down for Arcadia, and there were the girls again, in long procession, moving slowly along the walks—now merely part of the world seen from the cab window of an engine, yet living in their own world, too. And Don couldn't help thinking that no matter what dreams stirred in their crazy minds, they couldn't be any crazier than what was happening to him—to him and to the man hiding in a boxcar farther back.

When he thought of this, his heart sank. As they got closer and closer to Arcadia, he began unaccountably to feel funny inside, almost sorry, though he knew it was silly of him, silly and ungrown-up. He tried to think of the news item in the paper, and his picture, maybe, and maybe even a medal from the Chamber of Commerce or the Rotary or the Boy Scouts of America, but somehow he wished it hadn't happened; he couldn't help thinking of that sad face back in the culvert—their culvert, now—the sad, lonely look that showed that the man didn't have a friend in the world; and he hoped that he wouldn't have to face the man at the station. He couldn't do that, not for anything; all the pictures in the paper and all the medals in the world couldn't make him look the man in the eye again. . . .

Mr. Colvin was out of the cab before Don was and rushing across the platform. Mr. Brink, the stationmaster, got on the phone at once, and without even giving a number, just told Central, in an excited voice, "Say, Betty! Get me Chief LaPointe quick!" And in less than three minutes Chief LaPointe drove up with Mr. Driscoll and Mr. Scofield, who sometimes helped out and called themselves sergeants. Chief LaPointe and the others got out their guns and handcuffs and cautiously started back along the train toward the caboose, pounding on each sliding door and hollering, "Come on out of there, you, or we'll shoot!"

Don stayed in the station, where a small crowd had begun to gather. In the center of the room was a potbellied stove, and Don studied it with great concentration, examining the little isinglass window and the wider opening at the bottom for clinkers; it was stone cold now, and some kids had written their names on it with chalk.

THEN Chief LaPointe and the others came in, beaming from ear to ear, and in their midst, handcuffed to Mr. Driscoll on one side and Mr. Scofield on the other, his mouth clamped so tight that the lips showed gray and his small eyes staring straight ahead in lonely hatred, was Don's friend of the culvert.

"Well, boy," Mr. Colvin said, "it's a great day for you, all right, all right," and Chief LaPointe grinned at him and then at the others and said in a loud voice, "Guess I'll have to put Don on the force," and everybody laughed.

Helplessly, Don stole a glance at the prisoner, but the man didn't look at him at all; it was almost as though he was not surprised, expected nothing different, had never believed Don in the first place. Don looked hard at the engineer, then, and tried to smile. If he kept his eyes on Mr. Colvin, he wouldn't have to look at anybody else; and at that moment he didn't feel like looking at Chief LaPointe any more than at the man in handcuffs.

Well, the thing to do was to try to pretend that it was all right. It was the first time in his life that he had ever played anybody a dirty trick; it was a break with all he had ever been or believed before, but the odd thing was that it seemed to be the right thing to do. Everybody thought it was great, and maybe, in time, he'd think so too. Given a little more time, maybe he'd look at it differently, like the others; maybe he'd learn to feel happy about it, and not mind it, like the men were doing now. Anyhow, he tried to look happy and to feel happy, because it seemed the grown-up thing to do. After all, hadn't he caught a dangerous man, a convict—a menace to society, as Chief LaPointe was saying right this minute? And at the thought of this, dim feelings of pride stirred in him, and he began to look forward to the papers. THE END

Working for Woodrow Wilson

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

bodies fell sick from conflicting policies and ambitions, the administration had several standard cures: changing the membership or name, appointing another board with the same powers as the ailing one, or setting up a new "co-ordinator." None of these bodies was complete without a resurrected colonel of the Spanish-American War. And many of the civilian members were in uniform as high in rank as the wearer could exact. These men were easily distinguishable from real Army officers by their attempts to salute. In full session, with all their papers in front of them, they were truly impressive.

The Food Administration for months stood alone as the only war agency encumbered by neither bells nor costume jewelry. Many good men worked in the other establishments. I spent much time listening while they wept over the hopeless setups in their organizations. Democracy has to learn all its lessons with tears—or laughter.

Eventually the other boards and commissions fell, one by one, into inevitable disputes and muddled actions, and we moved into an era of single-headed administrations, to whose chiefs, some of them newly appointed, the President gave full powers.

War Agencies Cause Jealousy

Among our troubles were the old prewar departments, which were jealous of the mushroom war agencies, and panted for publicity. Daily, one saw a department grab a piece of war work and run to the press with the glad tidings. But after the prize faded from the front page, usually some upstart war organization had to take it on.

Every European government in the war had found it necessary to create a limited War Council to direct affairs. In February, 1918, Dr. H. A. Garfield, the Fuel Administrator, and I presented the President with a memorandum urging such an organization in Washington.

It was also suggested by Bernard Baruch of the War Industries Board. The organization, later called the "War Council," comprised the heads of the regular departments dealing with war questions—State, War, Navy and Treasury—and the now authoritative heads of the Munitions, Food, Fuel, Shipping, Railways and War Trade Administrations. The President called the first meeting on March 20, 1918, and we met regularly with him thereafter.

I was constantly sorry for the President's having to spend so much time listening to arguments in the council while we developed agreement on matters of conflict. But it served to educate him, and his ability to make final decisions on the spot greatly expedited the whole war effort.

In time the quality of men in leading war posts was of a very high order. Secretary of War Newton D. Baker was modest and courageous and left a name high in the annals of American public service. Bernard Baruch possessed a fine mind, fine probity of character, and an ability to listen patiently to complicated discussions and in the end produce a successful solution of the problem; it seemed to be almost a sixth sense. One of the notable men developed during the period was George Creel, who headed Public Information not only with ability but with integrity rare in propaganda agencies. Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, an honest and considerate man, had no great abilities as an administrator, but the admirals did that for him.

It was during this period also that I had my first meeting with Daniels' Assistant Secretary, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

From the start of the Food Administration we knew that our ultimate success would depend upon the co-operation of the farmer as well as of the consumer. The prospective food needs of the Allies and neutrals were more than triple what our prewar yearly export surplus had been.

To stimulate production, we decided to maintain incentive prices on critical farm products, such as breadstuffs, meats and fats, and to reduce the farmer's risks by giving him guarantees for a period long enough ahead to allow him to market his production.

At my request, Secretary of Agriculture David Houston selected for us an agricultural advisory committee, popularly known as the "Farmers War Committee," and I selected for the President's appointment an advisory committee of consumers. Our two committees set a guaranteed price to the farmer of \$2.20 per bushel of wheat to extend from crop to crop. By stabilizing wheat we largely stabilized other grain prices.

We also set a guaranteed price of \$15.50 (later \$17.50) per hundred pounds for

in the past three years, food prices had risen over 82 per cent. The apparently easy device of fixing "ceiling prices" at retail had been tried in every European country, and there was much demand, particularly from Congress, for its immediate enactment in the United States.

My experience in Europe convinced me that this method utterly failed to restrain prices, and invited waste, black markets and violations.

I believed that we should instead adopt a new method of stabilizing prices of the raw materials of food at the market point nearest the farmer by first establishing agreement with farm representatives and then making it effective by controlling the prices paid the farmer by major buyers and processors, and defining the markup which processors and distributors could add. This

It was characteristic of Mr. Wilson's indifference to detail that when I presented him with the sugar plan on a single sheet of paper, he read it, said nothing, initialed it—"Approved W. W."—and handed it back. I suggested that the White House should have a copy, since the plan involved billions of dollars. He grinned and said: "Would that get any more sugar?"

As a third way of stabilizing prices we centralized the purchase of all Army, Navy and Allied food supplies. There had been considerable competition among the Allied and our military buying agencies; they had been hoarding food, producing local famines, and forcing up prices by competing with civilians. We ultimately satisfied the military that by a general pool we could better assure that food stocks would at all times meet Allied needs and permit a priority to the military.

As these supplies passed directly or indirectly through the Food Administration, I determined that we would never be involved in the "embalmed beef" scandals that disgraced the Spanish-American War. The Department of Agriculture conducted its usual inspection of some areas of food manufacture. But to be doubly sure, I extended our own inspection service into every important item of military and domestic food, covering the whole food processing field. We never had a complaint. American soldiers and sailors were the best fed in the world.

To organize restraints on those who would not co-operate in our price and distribution controls, we called meetings of the different trade groups concerned. At our request they appointed their own war committees of five or seven men on whom they could rely and with whom we could work.

Trade Committees Reassured

We told them that, while we would need their co-operation in measures which would alter usual commercial practices, we were determined so to organize those measures that when the war was over they could be dissolved without lasting changes in the trades.

We assured them that our purpose was to win a war, not bring about social or economic reforms.

I obtained a ruling from the Attorney General that so long as these "War Committees" were carrying out our wishes, any collective action by them would not be regarded as a violation of the antitrust laws.

Our state and local Food Administrations and our Washington enforcement division kept check on violations, but our prime purpose was to make the trades themselves responsible and to avoid a huge Peeping Tom bureaucracy. These trade committees were at times even more severe on evil persons than we would have been. Often we had to intervene to soften their stern measures, which would have put a violator out of business for the duration.

Out of our enforcement activities came an attack on me in the Senate by James Reed of Missouri. One of his charges was that I and others had grafted from Belgian Relief. John White, one of my associates in the Relief, smashed out a reply, pointing out that we had had an independent firm of auditors keep the money and the accounts. He further quoted from the minutes of our first Belgian Relief meeting: "Some swine someday will charge us with graft." White opined that the swine had now appeared.

The senator then turned his hose of slime on poor John. Among other things he declared that John was an Englishman. In rebuttal, John assembled his ancestral heritage over seven generations, and proved he was more solidly rooted in America than was Reed.

My first intimate contact with a legislative body came when the Food Administration

CLANCY



hogs to stabilize the prices of meats and fats. This guarantee also helped stabilize the price of other animals and of corn. To stabilize the price of sugar, we ultimately bought the entire American and Cuban crops at prices agreed on with committees of the sugar producers.

Another of our major problems was to eliminate waste and reduce consumption of food. The question arose: Should we put people on ration tickets as we had done in Belgium and as was being done all over Europe, or try a voluntary basis?

I opposed rationing for several reasons. I was well aware that every farmer in the world believed it his family's divine right to consume any of the food he produced. Moreover, he needed no ticket to secure it unless we requisitioned his whole production, as we had done in Belgium.

General requisition, however, was not only the antithesis of American character but a practical impossibility without a hundred thousand bureaucratic snoopers. Therefore, the rationing burden would fall upon the cities alone.

Above all, we knew that although Americans can be led to make great sacrifices, they do not like to be driven. We decided, therefore, to organize farmers, housewives, public eating places and distribution trades on a voluntary basis of self-denial—to conserve as a national service.

We also had to find a method to keep prices down, prevent profiteering and avoid what were later known as black markets.

Due to Allied competition in our markets

avoided "ceiling prices" and gave us latitude for constant change.

Inflation presses from a dozen directions in modern war. A rise in prices and wages is an inevitable expression of it. No amount of restraints and controls can be wholly effective. No major country at war has ever been able to do that.

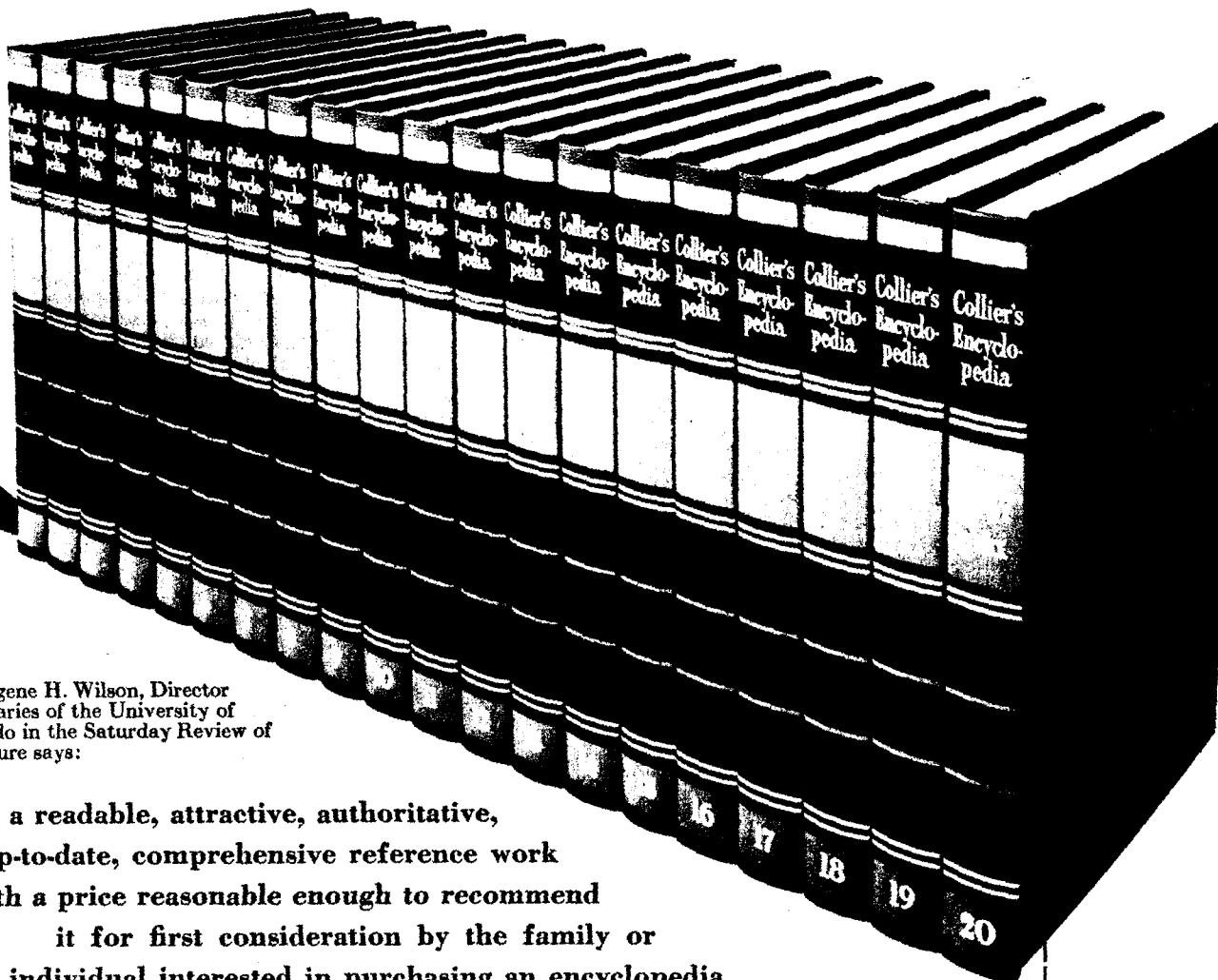
We did roll back some food prices from the levels at which they were before we began. For instance, we rolled back wheat and consequently flour by 30 per cent, and sugar by 15 per cent. We held them steady throughout. But the prices of meats, fats and some other essential commodities did rise. We confined our restraints to staple foods, which were 90 per cent of the national diet. Over all, prices of staples rose at a rate of something less than 1 per cent a month.

That was also the experience of every other major country in the war, and arose from monetary and credit pressures.

To implement price stabilization at the farm level, we got from Congress \$150,000,000 working capital with which to buy and sell food, and set up a subsidiary to the Food Administration, the United States Grain Corporation, which had the sole right to purchase wheat in the primary markets, selling in turn to processors and exporters. We also created the Sugar Equalization Board, which bought successively all the sugar crops of the United States, the Philippines and West Indies at prices agreed to by the producers. We sold them to processors and exporters at a fixed price.

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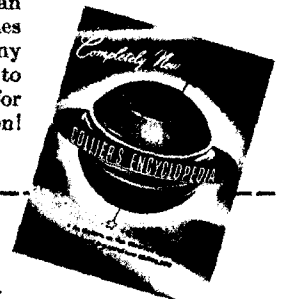
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tion had to decide how much legal power we would need from Congress should our system of voluntary controls break down at any point. The bare idea of anybody's interfering with the food rights of the people—especially in a land overflowing with milk and honey—came as a shock to many congressmen. I spent a vast amount of time and breath on individuals and committees of both Houses, making clear the need of action and the methods we proposed.

I learned that even in such an august institution as Congress there was the same minority of malicious and dumb as in the rest of the world, and their opportunity was greater.

Finally we nursed through our legislation. It included the power to give guarantees to the farmers, suspend exchange trading if necessary to prevent speculation and hoarding, fix trade margins, eliminate waste in manufacture and distribution, organize the food trades and enable us to buy and sell food where needed to supply the armed services and safeguard our guarantees to the farmers.

As a matter of fact, we seldom used the punitive powers in this legislation. I had asked Congress for the power to enforce by way of court fines for misdemeanors. But Congress decided for constitutional reasons that this could not be done, and that the only alternative was to license every food handler. The penalty for violators was cancellation of the license. This put a dealer out of business for the duration and would likely destroy his livelihood for long after. The penalty was too great.

We applied this measure in only a few cases of sheer repeated malice—but those instances amounted to less than a dozen. Of some 8,000 reported violations, most were mistakes, the result of ignorance; or mild offenses. Our legal staff left the violators alone if they made some public expression of contrition by selling some food at nominal prices to the Army, Navy or Grain Corporation or by making a contribution to the Red Cross and other charities.

Urging an Excess-Profits Law

To prevent excessive profits by low-cost manufacturers of food and other war supplies, I urged upon President Wilson the need for broad tax action by Congress. He asked Senator Furnifold Simmons to go into the matter with me with a view to proper legislation. I gave the senator a memorandum which seemed to carry conviction, for an excess-profits law was enacted—an idea then new in the United States.

Another major policy we had to fix was the methods to apply to encouraging food conservation and the elimination of waste. We had the legal power to eliminate waste in processing and to prevent vicious hoarding. From these powers we stipulated the percentage of wheat to be milled into cattle feed and made some requirements as to milk, the use of sugar, and the amount of grain to be used in beer. We abolished the use of grain in distilled liquor. (There were stocks of hard liquor ample for an abstemious population for years to come.)

We decided to rely mainly on voluntary co-operation to stop individual waste and conserve food. Our major technique—bolstered by a vast public-information campaign of posters, moving pictures, billboards, appeals from the pulpit and so on—was to enlist housewives, public eating places, processors, wholesalers and retailers as “members” of the Food Administration. We gave each a certificate and asked each to sign a pledge to follow the rules. Each received a button and a card to put in the window, indicating membership. Some 20,000,000 persons signed up—probably two thirds of the nation's responsible adults.

We found in the American people exactly what we expected—a wealth of co-operation. Saving food became a sort of game. Parents took advantage of it to impose on their children the disciplines which had been the griefs of their own youth—and blamed it on me.

A magnificent response met our campaigns for such ideas as wheatless and meatless days; for no second helpings or four-o'clock teas; for the use of one instead of two lumps of sugar and of substitutes for white bread. The custom of refreshments at parties and dances was eschewed; restaurants, among other measures, served only a thin pat of butter per person and only one kind of meat.

Food conservation also brought new evidence of America's saving grace of humor in critical situations, with an abundance of jokes, some at the expense of the Food Administrator himself. The Biblical “hand-writing on the wall” was interpreted as “Hoover's warning to Belshazzar to cut out the feast business,” and Jonah's release from the stomach of the whale as an effort by the whale to “help Hoover.”

There was also in circulation a recipe for a “Hoover sandwich,” made “by putting a very thin slice of meatless Tuesday between

expected nothing better. But I weathered the storms of the whole war.

During late 1917 and early 1918, the Allies were in a turmoil of indecision on major military strategy—the resolving of which also vitally affected the food problem. The question was, should we send a large American Army to Europe? In the war's early stages the British and French had opposed a large American Army, believing they could handle the situation with the aid of our fleet, our air and some special services, together with ample food and munitions.

General Pershing did not believe we could quickly end the war without large ground troops, and was insistent that they be sent. But this could not be done without assurance that the Army could obtain British and French ships for transport and supply.

This in turn would require that British and French stop using their ships to main-

armies released from the Eastern Front, in late March, 1918, they smashed the British Fifth Army on the Western Front. Among the minor results was the loss of 100,000 tons of food. By extra exertion we replaced it within a few days. But the major result was the British and French realization that the large American Expeditionary Force on which General Pershing had insisted was necessary.

At that time we had fewer than 200,000 men in uniform in the European theater. Seven months later we had 2,000,000 men in France. The Food Administration's steady performance in producing large food shipments from a statistically empty barrel played a vital part. For my contribution to this strategy General Pershing later inscribed a note to me which I may be permitted the vanity of reproducing:

“For Herbert Hoover, whose contribution to the success of the Allied cause can hardly be overestimated.”

This whole episode was later to have repercussions during World War II, when I protested that men were being drawn from the farms faster than they could be trained or transported abroad—at unnecessary danger to our food production.

An Inspired Smear Speech

The Roosevelt administration had Senator Theodore F. Green of Rhode Island make a smear speech, saying I had opposed sending an army to Europe in 1917. His text was founded on some sentences out of context and only partially representing several discussions I had had with Colonel House about the dangers of sending large armies to Europe unless the British and French withdrew their shipping from foreign trade, and unless reliance was placed on the short haul from North America for food instead of upon the long voyages to the Indies and the Southern Hemisphere.

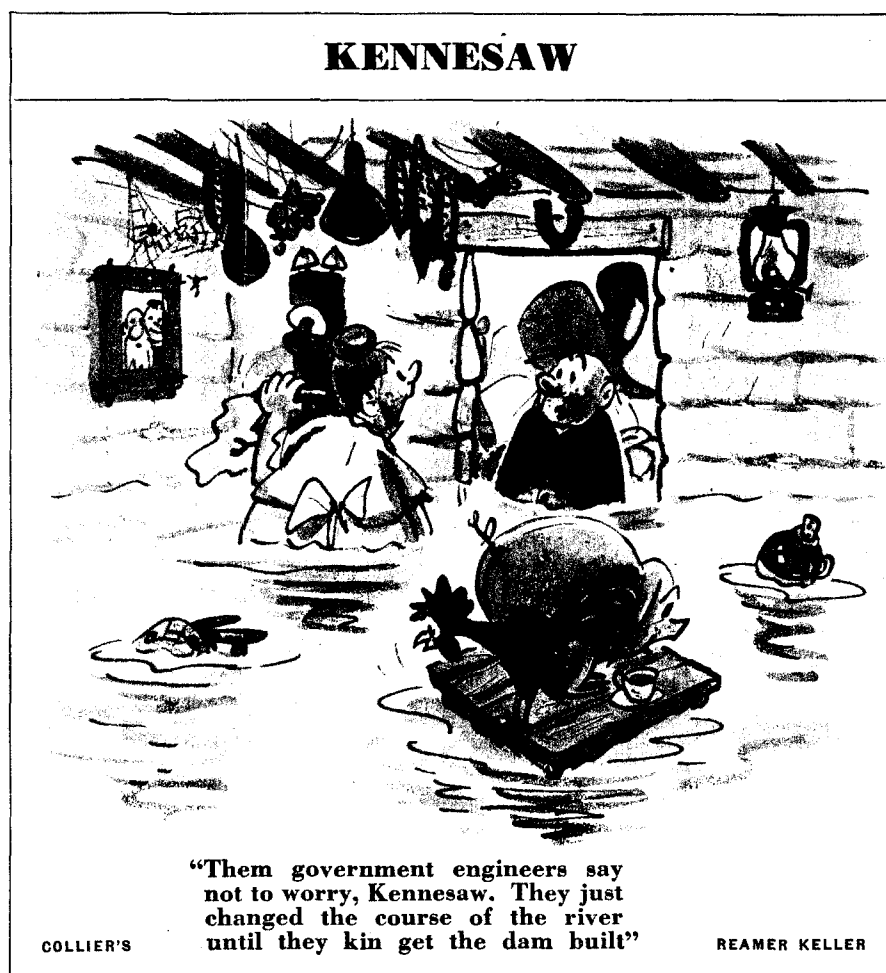
Another major strategy of the first war was to lower enemy morale by reducing his food supply. I myself did not believe in the food blockade. I did not believe it the effective weapon of which the Allies were so confident. Above all, I did not believe that stunted bodies and deformed minds in the next generation were secure foundations on which to rebuild civilization.

The facts were that soldiers, government officials, munitions workers and farmers in enemy countries were always fed; that the impact of blockade was on the weak and the women and children. I insisted that the war would not be won by the food blockade but by the blockade on military supplies, and by military action. There were Englishmen who agreed with me.

I knew well enough that such revolutionary ideas would not prevail when we went into the war. Nevertheless, I presented a plan to President Wilson by which we could, through the neutral countries and without essentially weakening our war effort, provide supplementary food, under proper neutral supervision, to German children and weaker women through soup kitchens and school feeding. The President was sympathetic, but the Allies would not hear of such a thing.

Another subject of dissension among the Allies was the question of what should be done about Bolshevik Russia. Mr. Wilson, knowing of my prewar engineering experience in Russia, asked my views on an Allied proposal to ask Japan to move into Siberia. I told him that in view of Russian hatred of the Japanese such a move would consolidate many Russian elements behind Lenin and Trotzky. However, Mr. Wilson yielded—though reluctantly—to British and French pressure, and as a compromise decided to send American troops in order not to give the Japanese a monopoly. The whole business proved futile and disastrous.

Out of these discussions with Mr. Wilson came a plan by Colonel House, in June, 1918, for me to head some sort of food mission to Bolshevik Russia to tell them how to relieve their famine, restore their agriculture and reorganize their food distribution. I informed the President that I



a slender piece of wheatless Monday and a still more slender piece of wheatless Wednesday.” The postscript was, “This idea is not entirely new, as sandwiches quite similar have been sold at the baseball parks for many years.”

The word “Hooverize” came into the dictionaries. It covered a multitude of food-economizing activities, all adding up to the “gospel of the clean plate.” The avoidance of waste was so faithfully pursued that some large garbage-collection agencies went out of business.

Sometimes the public did too much. In one emergency I asked for a special saving of fats and butter. The people saved so much that we overflowed the Allies, and the trades were demoralized. I had to retreat.

There were, indeed, great woes, trials and disappointments in the work of the Food Administration, usually known only to us on the inside. But we did the job, and avoided rationing, retail price fixing, black markets, local shortages and the other pitfalls into which Europe had fallen.

European food controllers and ministers, with their drastic measures of compulsion, had always been the most unpopular of war officials.

I told reporters on one occasion that not one of these officials had lasted in office more than nine months and that I

tain their foreign trade, and of even greater significance, it necessitated relieving them of the long voyages their ships were making to the Southern Hemisphere and the Indies for food supplies.

Thus, the only possible solution of the shipping shortage was for the Allies to depend on the short journey to ourselves and Canada as sources of supply, and to sacrifice their foreign trade. They greatly feared that we could not produce ample supplies. There was some reason for this trepidation in view of our prewar record of exports and our two partial crop failures in 1916 and 1917.

I had repeatedly advised President Wilson, Colonel House and General Pershing that unless the British and French followed these lines and depended on North America for food, it would be dangerous to undertake sending a huge army to Europe. I expressed confidence that we could furnish the food needed by the Allies from even our meager 1917 production, and that we would greatly increase our surplus by our expansion of the 1918 crops. The British, however, would not accept our assurances about food, and on October 11, 1917, stiffly notified us that they would furnish no tonnage to transport American troops.

But events intervened to shift the British point of view. The Germans aided in Bolshevik Russia. Then, concentrating their

would serve anywhere, any time, but that to send an army to attack the Bolsheviks' Eastern Front while extending kindness on their Western Front was not quite logical.

I added that in any event our ideas of industrial organization would scarcely fit into the philosophy of Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky, even if they did not utterly reject the plan as an Allied Trojan horse. I heard nothing more of the matter.

Probably my lowest spiritual point in the war came with news of the German breakthrough on the British front in March, 1918. I pored with daily anxiety over our statistics on food conservation and the Agriculture Department's special information to me on the progress of our expanded farm production.

With the summer of 1918, relief came in the form of an abundant crop and the enormous savings of a spiritually mobilized America. Our main problem now was one of ships. On July 11, 1918, I sailed on the Olympic for London and Paris to confer with the prime ministers and food controllers of Britain, France and Italy, together with their military authorities.

The Olympic was then a troopship carrying 6,000 American soldiers a trip. The precautions against submarines manifested themselves in requirements to wear an uncomfortable life belt all day and to have no lights. We sat 13 at table every meal; at least 15 years afterward when I last checked up, all my tablemates were still alive.

In Europe we promptly set up the Inter-allied Food Council, of which I served as chairman while in Europe. We instituted a resurvey of British, French, Italian, Belgian and neutral food needs for the coming year, the sources of available food supply and the shipping available to transport it. Our minimum estimate for the Allied civilians for the next 12 months was 2,000,000 tons a month of food, clothing and medical imports. I believed that together with the Canadians we could do it if we had the ships.

But here General Pershing intervened. He had determined on a general attack on the Western Front for September, and concluded that we could not have more than 1,200,000 tons of shipping per month for the next four months. Worse, however, when the general got into battle, our shipping space was cut to 700,000 tons per month. He was confident, but had he failed we would have had a debacle, for we were,

by consuming European crops, creating a vacuum for the next spring.

I could only reflect that the military would learn something very sad indeed about the morale and conduct of civilian populations short of food if the fall attack failed. I had a sinking feeling that food might lose the war, instead of, as all our posters proclaimed, "Food Will Win the War."

Our salvation came from a quarter we had hardly dared consider: the American military victories followed by the Armistice in November, 1918.

A few statistics will illustrate the success of the Food Administration's total effort.

In the prewar crop year of 1914, our farmers harvested 314,432,000 acres of the 17 principal ground crops. In the crop year 1919, they harvested 342,588,000—an increase of more than 28,000,000 acres. Our net exports of food and feed, during the three years before the war, averaged 6,354,500 tons a year. In the fiscal year 1918-'19 the total was 18,603,300.

The Food Administration was about the only government agency never investigated by Congress. It was never charged with malfeasance at any time, although we handled transactions of over \$7,000,000,000.

Its entire administrative expenditure, including the erection of temporary buildings and also including the total overhead of the relief and rehabilitation of Europe which I was to direct after the Armistice, amounted to \$7,862,669. Congress had given us a working capital of \$150,000,000. The Grain and Sugar Corporations set up in connection with the Food Administration returned this entire capital to the Treasury, plus more than \$60,000,000 in profits. Thus the Food Administration, as well as the administering of European reconstruction, cost the American government \$50,000,000 less than nothing.

The Armistice sent Mr. Hoover back to Europe, where he saw at firsthand the intrigues behind the Versailles peacemaking and took on the giant job of relief and rehabilitation of some 350,000,000 people in chaotic Europe. Read his exciting account of these experiences in next week's issue of Collier's. Order your copy today

The AFL Will Absorb the CIO When . . .

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

certain the American Federation of Labor will be the surviving name. The AFL has the larger membership. It has seniority. It is the real parent of the American labor movement, and it is hard to see how anyone could argue, with reason, that it should give way on this point.

Certainly, as the CIO men must know, there would be no cause to interpret unification as a failure on their part. It will be merely an evolutionary development for the common good of all workers.

The welfare benefits, the present high wage levels and other CIO accomplishments in steel, automobiles, rubber and other industries will forever be an important and stimulating part of the history of the American laborer's rise to the choicest position any laborer has ever enjoyed, anywhere in the world. Only 20 years ago, a worker who entered any one of scores of big plants with a union button visible would soon have lost his job. Today that button is a shield of which he is proud, and which his employer respects. All this, and much more, is due in considerable degree to the hard driving of the CIO.

The independent United Mine Workers also seem certain to be an integral part of any unification move. Despite the wistful belief of a few followers that John L. Lewis is here to stay, there is reasonable ground

Collier's for September 1, 1951

to assume that this ponderous fellow will someday go the way of all flesh, with a magnificent snort, and an appropriate quotation from classical literature.

When this happens, there will be no reason for the continued isolation of the UMW. This union, once a part of the CIO, and twice associated with the AFL, is unaffiliated today for the single reason that Lewis can't get along with anybody.

The unified labor movement will be an aggregation of proud and powerful union presidents, each something of a monarch in his own jurisdiction, like a collection of Indian princes. The man who heads this movement will be the representative and spokesman of these union presidents, not their boss.

That leader, or spokesman, will have certain characteristics for the job. He will be personable, he will be militant, he will be articulate, and he will have the regard of most of the presidents of the big unions in the over-all organization. But he will not himself be the leader of a mass organization, in the sense that Murray and Green are now.

The man who best meets these qualifications is George Meany, the secretary-treasurer of the AFL, whose steady growth as a spokesman for labor since 1939, when he was elected to his present job, has made him

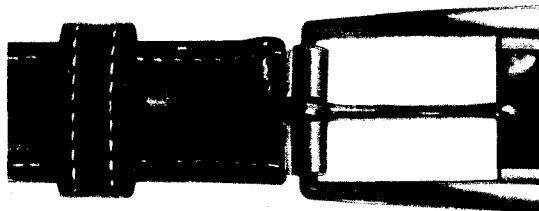
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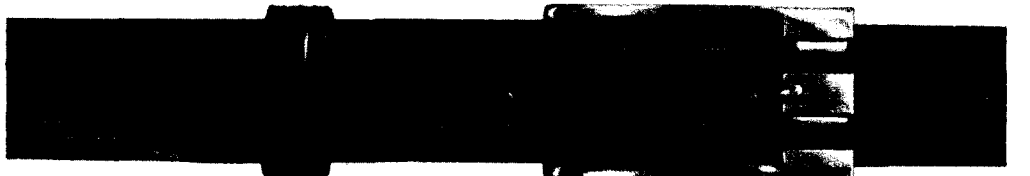
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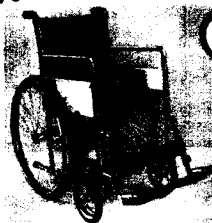
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a natural candidate for the presidency of the organization.

By AFL standards, the fifty-seven-year-old Meany belongs to the younger school. In the overly long apprenticeship that the labor movement seems to impose on its young men, Meany has won the respect not only of the ancients who presently dominate the executive council of the AFL, but of the men who will inherit their mantles.

Meany is a former New York City plumber who has been away from his kit since 1922, when he was elected business agent of Plumbers Local 463. He became president of the New York State Federation of Labor in 1934, and served in that capacity for five years, until his election to his national job in the AFL. Meany has been eating high on the hog for many a year, but he still manages to look, talk and think like an authentic representative of the workers.

In the past couple of years, Meany has won many friends in the CIO, whose leaders would probably be happy to accept him as the head of a united labor movement. The AFL secretary over the years has avoided any personal participation in the bitter factionalism of the civil war between the AFL and the CIO. Meany fitted into the picture quite naturally when the once implacable enemies began gingerly to work together in the field of politics, government liaison and international affairs.

Indeed, one CIO leader, with grudging admiration, remarked during the United Labor Policy Committee's fight for a bigger voice in the defense economy this year that "Meany was the biggest radical of the bunch." Other CIO union presidents reflected the same kind of respect for the aggressive manner in which Meany presented the thesis that the economic mobilizers appointed by President Truman were planning to set up price controls full of loopholes, while clamping on wage controls that were watertight.

Since the start of World War II, Meany has developed strongly as a leader in international affairs, an area which has become highly important to organized labor in a world polarized between Communism and democracy.

Boycott for Communist Unions

Along with other AFL leaders, Meany held as long ago as 1945 that the oil of Red totalitarianism and the water of democracy would not mix. While working for the restoration of free trade-unionism in Germany, they boycotted the World Federation of Trade Unions, in which the CIO and the British trade-unions spent a few unhappy years before concluding that it was impossible to work with the "company unions" of Soviet Russia and its satellites.

The withdrawal of the CIO and the British unions from the WFTU in 1949 opened the way for the creation of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, into which the AFL stepped with a justified sense of vindication. Meany, an AFL representative in all activities of this international group, has become one of the best spokesmen of the cause of free trade-unionism, in every corner of the world where workers still may listen to the evidence of what happens to unions under a Communist regime.

Whether it is Meany or some dark horse who assumes the leadership of the united labor movement of the future, he will be surrounded by strong young voices. Some of the presidents of the constituent unions will loom larger on the horizon at times than the president of the total organization.

No organization conceivable would be large enough to diminish the stature of Walter Reuther of the Auto Workers, for example.

A good many labor leaders, even among his own brothers in the CIO, dislike Reuther heartily. They think he is overly slick, ambitious and opportunistic. But whatever his critics might say about him, they cannot dodge the impressive truth that this dynamic, forty-four-year-old redhead

Edwin A. Lahey, a native Chicagoan, is rated as one of the nation's top labor reporters. For a time, he was with the Associated Press, but for some years he has been on the Washington staff of the Chicago Daily News and other Knight newspapers

came to the top and consolidated his power in the most democratic union in the world.

Delegates to the UAW conventions come right out of the factories, and they take personal pride in making things tough for their leadership. Yet they have responded with increasing admiration to the militant leadership, the superior mental equipment, of Reuther. They elected him president in 1946, and then gave him a hostile executive board. They corrected this matter in the following year, so that Reuther was surrounded by friends. The members have shown no tendency to regret their decision. Reuther's only serious opposition in the union ranks comes from a few spots where Communists still can be heard.

The remarkable part about Reuther is that he has risen to the top without being "one of the boys." He went to work as an apprentice tool- and diemaker in Wheeling, West Virginia, as a kid of sixteen, and has always had to make it the hard way. But Walter has never been able to shatter the invisible fence that separates him from the typical crowd of working stiff. Many years ago, he visited a hotel room in Detroit where a group of men were doing some serious drinking. At their insistence, Walter agreed to take a drink. His choice was a pineapple soda with chocolate ice cream. Room Service in the Fort Shelby Hotel was completely demoralized that day.

But there is no one to challenge the fact that Reuther's native abilities make him stand out in the field of labor like a diamond on a bartender's vest. One suspects that John L. Lewis' own fierce hatred for Reuther springs from an elderly desire to be a little like Reuther himself.

Reuther probably will be the most influential individual in any unified labor movement, for two reasons: because of his intellectual equipment, and because his own union is one of the largest in the world. Even a less adept leader than Reuther, speaking in the name of a million or more Auto Workers, would have influence. Assuming the unified organization had an Industrial Union Department, Reuther would probably head it (as well as his own union); he would thus become a powerful gadfly to prevent any lapsing into complacency or conservatism by the over-all outfit. With Reuther around, there just isn't going to be any contented laziness in a unified labor organization.

There are two other unions in the million-member class—the AFL Teamsters and the CIO Steelworkers—whose future leaders will exert power in the councils of a united labor movement.

Dave Beck, who seems destined to succeed the elderly Dan Tobin as president of the Teamsters, has already established his leadership as the boss of the truckers west of the Rockies. He's a substantial citizen in his own territory (a regent of the University of Washington, among other things) and a demon for organizing anything remotely connected with the trucking industry, including warehousemen and filling-station operators.

Beck, who is fifty-seven years old, with pink face and thinning blond hair, does not make a strong impression on people who meet him, but in his own quiet and undramatic way, he has power and direction.

First Job Was in a Laundry

The West Coast teamsters' boss was born of poor parents. At sixteen, he went to work in the same Seattle laundry where his mother worked; after his aviation service in World War I, Beck went back to the laundry as a wagon driver. His interest in unionism took hold early. In 1926 he became an international organizer for the Teamsters' union, and he has been making his presence on the West Coast felt ever since.

Beck's objective has been not only to organize every man who drives a truck, but to organize small independent businessmen and the workers in the distributive trades. In 1937 he became president of the Western Conference of Teamsters, a subdivision of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, thus bringing under his wing all activities of the present union west of the Rockies.

Beck and his wife live a quiet life in a little Seattle home they purchased while he was still driving the laundry wagon. He is regarded as a conservative in politics; the American Medical Association thought him sound enough to address its national convention in Atlantic City recently.

Dave McDonald, the secretary-treasurer of the Steelworkers and the probable successor to Phil Murray as president of that union, is a handsome, personable, friendly, pipe-smoking ruminant. Since any officer of the Steelworkers is necessarily overshadowed by Murray, McDonald's qualities of leadership have not yet been tested under fire. But he has been well tutored and must become an important voice in labor if his future leadership of the Steelworkers is consolidated.

McDonald, now forty-eight, the son of a steel-millworker, was graduated from the Carnegie Institute of Technology night school, and became secretary to Murray

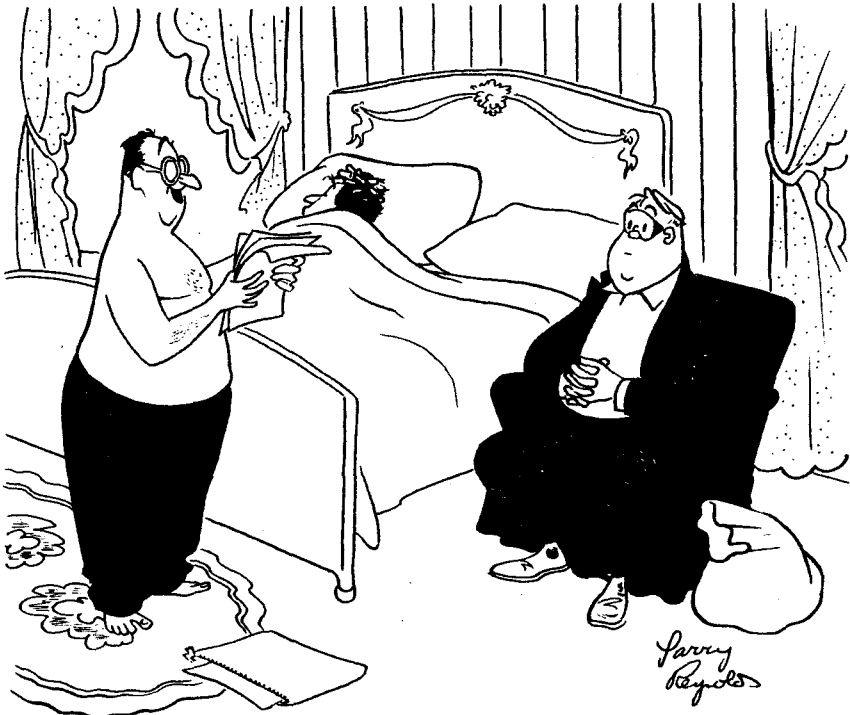


"You mean wake me to the kind of music that's on at seven o'clock in the morning?"

COLLIER'S

ROBERT DAY

BUTCH



"It's awfully nice of you. My wife always falls asleep when I try out my office pep talks on her"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

when the latter was vice-president of the Mine Workers. He was named secretary-treasurer of the Steelworkers when they organized in 1936, and is now serving as special assistant to Economic Stabilizer Eric Johnston, representing labor in the defense mobilization program in Washington.

The labor woods are full of young and middle-aged men in both the CIO and the AFL who have the makings of aggressive and constructive leaders, but who have remained out of the public eye in the past because of the peculiar tendency of the labor movement toward oligarchic stratification.

In Joe Keenan the AFL has a man of national standing who has been doing important chores for many years. Keenan, who came out of the electrical workers in Chicago, did a memorable job in the World War II War Production Board as Donald Nelson's strong right arm. His capabilities were recognized belatedly by his own people, and he is now doing much to spread some political savvy among AFL union members as director of Labor's League for Political Education. He is also secretary of the AFL's building trades department.

The carpenters' union, one of the larger units of the AFL, probably has a reservoir of potential leadership in its lower strata that no one has ever heard about. This union, with a long history of militancy (it was the first to win the eight-hour day), has for years been stultified under the heavy hand of Big Bill Hutcheson, seventy-seven, its highly conservative and personally wealthy president.

Jim Carey, the slender, neat and still youthful secretary of the CIO, has recently become president of the International Union of Electrical Workers, which grew out of the revolt over the issue of Communism in the old CIO-United Electrical Workers. He will have a chance to test his mettle in the next few years in a two-sided struggle with the electrical manufacturing industry on one hand and his UE antagonists on the other. Now forty, Carey began his rise in union activities as an organizer for the AFL in Philadelphia.

Joe Beirne, the aggressive forty-year-old president of the CIO Communications Workers of America, has also to win his spurs as a leader, as his relatively new union expands its influence in a difficult field, among the employees of the telephone companies affiliated with the American

Telephone & Telegraph Company. He was a telephone worker in New Jersey before becoming a national figure in union circles, and his union has approximately 250,000 members.

There are also labor leaders of note in the United Mine Workers, although it is not easy to say which of them will succeed Lewis as union president. In an orderly and free union, Tom Kennedy, the mild-mannered old vice-president, or Johnny Owens, the self-effacing secretary-treasurer, could expect to assume control. But Lewis has ruled this union with a strong hand for many years, and no one knows what pressures have accumulated below.

Like all Mine Workers' officials, both Kennedy and Owens are former coal miners. Kennedy, sixty-three, also knows his way around in politics. He was elected lieutenant governor of Pennsylvania on the Democratic ticket in 1934 when George Earle was elected governor, and served four years. He has been active in the UMW since he was sixteen. Owens also became active in the union in his teens.

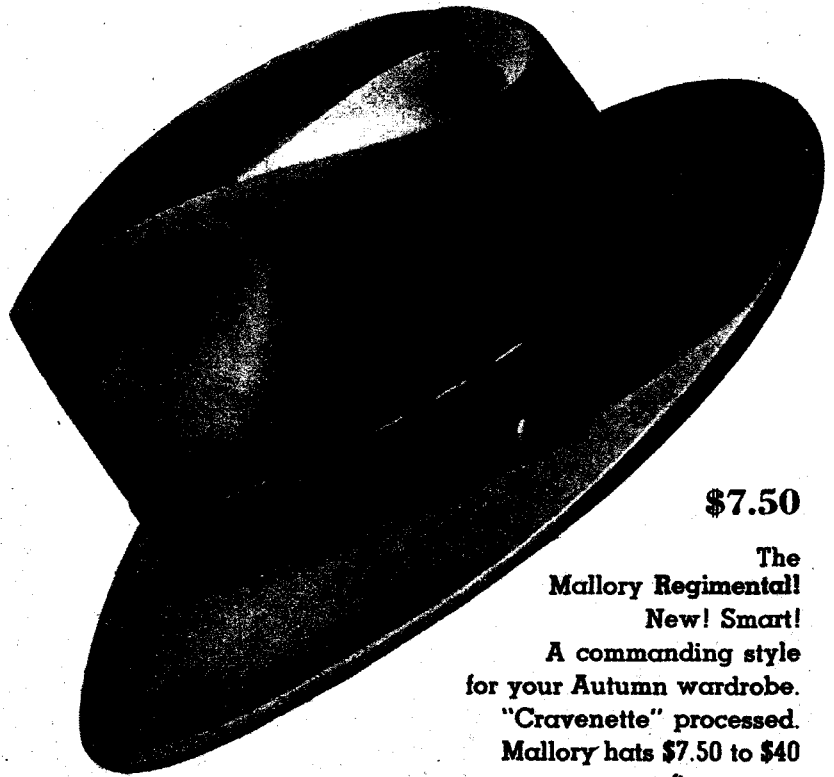
These men, and many others, will be around in the labor movement for years, on and off the front pages, fighting intra-union battles from time to time, flying off at tangents once in a while, and generally acting as you'd expect intense, strong men to act when charged up with their own vitality, plus responsibility to their memberships.

Now and then a union may pull out of the over-all organization because of some temporary quarrel, but I believe we will have what in the main is a unified labor organization, maturing in strength and in stability.

It will be a progressive outfit, left of center as measured by conservatives, but not radical. The drive for improvements in the living standards, in security and in other facets of life will continue, unabated and probably with increased strength.

The Communists, in my opinion, never will be able to break into this outfit, even by infiltration. It will be truly American, and potentially a powerful force on the political and economic scene. But it is also likely to assume a commanding position in labor all over the free world—and, inevitably, in those parts of the world where liberty is lacking, and where the example of a free, hard-driving American labor organization will do the most good. THE END

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How Then Applies to Now

"FOR HERBERT HOOVER, whose contribution to the success of the Allied cause can hardly be overestimated."

Those words, which appear on page 70 of this issue of Collier's, were written to and about the man who was head of Belgian Relief in the first World War and, after America's entry into the conflict, this country's Food Administrator. They were written by General John J. Pershing. And the reader of Mr. Hoover's *Memoirs of Public Life* can scarcely fail to agree with Pershing's estimate or grudge Mr. Hoover what he calls the "vanity" of reproducing it.

It will come as a surprise to many whose political recollections go back no more than 20 years to discover that Herbert Hoover had a lot to do with the winning of World War I. But the

fact is implicit in the former President's vivid but modest record of his part in that war.

In the 1914-'18 war the United States was not the arsenal of democracy, as President Roosevelt described the country's role in the early days of World War II, but it certainly was the breadbasket of democracy. Because of the German submarine blockade and other factors which Mr. Hoover sets forth, the task of feeding the Allies fell largely to the United States. And the job of seeing that the task was accomplished fell to Herbert Hoover.

Within a month after America declared war on Germany, he had returned to this country at President Wilson's request to organize the wartime Food Administration. He had to cope with bureaucratic jealousies and bureaucratic red

tape as well as with the more practical difficulties. But he had the advantage of two and a half years' experience which had shown him the difficulties, resentment and resistance that went with strict controls and rationing in Europe. And he determined that the American program should be largely voluntary.

The Hoover food-producing and food-saving program met with a response that, in retrospect, seems amazing. But it did not surprise Mr. Hoover at the time. "We found in the American people," he writes, "exactly what we expected—a wealth of co-operation."

Occasionally, Mr. Hoover recalls, food conservation succeeded almost too well. In one emergency the public saved so much butter and fats that the Allies were oversupplied. Again, the campaign against waste worked so well that "some large garbage-collection agencies went out of business." When we contrast this with the black marketing and other evils that flourished under the rationing and price ceiling program of the last war, it might be concluded that the quality of our national character has deteriorated. But we should rather think that, as Mr. Hoover says, the fact is that "although Americans can be led to make great sacrifices, they do not like to be driven." That is a psychological trait which our present and recent leaders of government may have underestimated.

Younger readers of the memoirs may also be surprised to discover that the versatile, resourceful, strong-willed man who emerges from between the lines of these articles does not resemble the portrait which his political opponents have painted. It was Herbert Hoover who, as Food Administrator, pioneered in "our government's first big venture in assuming great economic powers." It was he who suggested the first excess-profits tax. It was he who assured American business that "our purpose was to win a war, not bring about social or economic reforms." The great majority of American businesses gave him complete co-operation, but when one failed to, he was neither afraid nor unwilling to crack down with strong-emergency powers.

Some may argue that this editorial has been discussing ancient history. We do not agree. In the first place, there is no statute of limitations that covers historical injustice. And injustice is a rather mild word for some of the efforts of those who have tried to make Mr. Hoover a political scapegoat, and to persuade the American people that he was the author of the depression and the personification of reaction.

Second, Mr. Hoover is not a figure rooted in the past. His unceasing activity has spanned the years of World War I and his Presidency to the present. And it has brought him, in spite of the smears, an understanding and a public esteem which perhaps have never been greater than they are today. The national, bipartisan support given the Hoover Report on government reorganization is proof alone that his wisdom is still a strong and healthy influence.

We do not ask or give blanket endorsement to everything that Herbert Hoover has said and done in the last 30 years. It is this editorial's purpose to call attention to the record of great services performed by a great humanitarian for his country and for the whole world from the time of this century's first mighty struggle between freemen and totalitarianism. It is a record whose final chapter is still unwritten. And it is a record that no amount of mudslinging can permanently smirch.

Collier's for September 1, 1951