



**PIN-UPS:** There's not much space inside these fighting boats, but every pig-boat sailor will manage to find a spot for his favorite sort of "art"



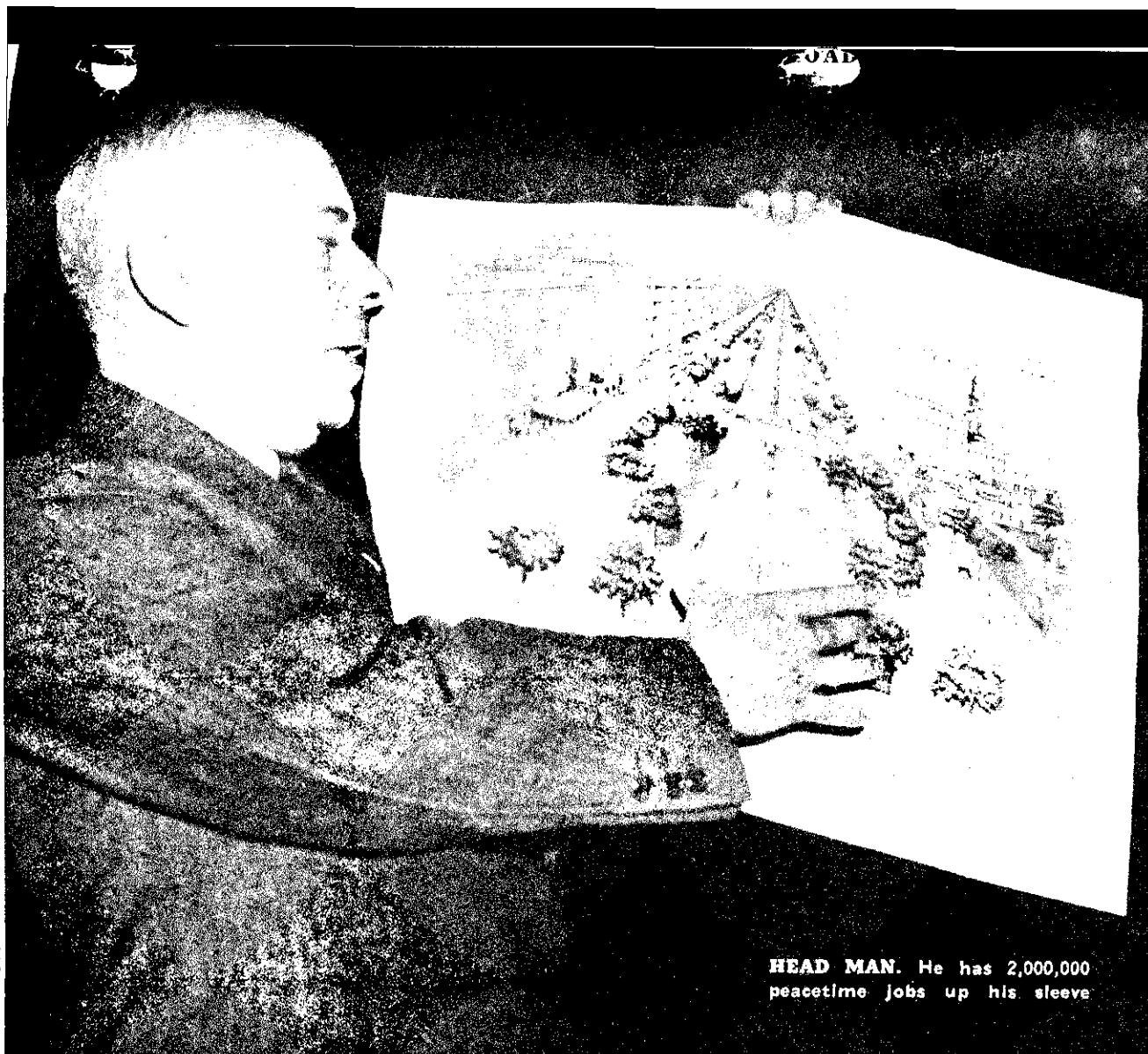
**YOUTH** is an advantage in U-boat crew members



**MASCOT** was only a kitten when he joined crew



**DEVIL-MAY-CARE** submarine men want no coddling



**HEAD MAN.** He has 2,000,000 peacetime jobs up his sleeve

## HE'LL BUILD TOMORROW'S ROADS

BY PAUL W. KEARNEY

**Thomas H. MacDonald will put you back on wheels after the war**

**T**HOUSANDS of people who can't get new cars or new tires — who can't even get enough gas — are looking forward to one thing when the war is over. They're going to climb into a new car, tell the gas-station man to "fill 'er up," and head for the open road.

And after years of poking along at 35 miles an hour, or less, they're dreaming of super-highways where they can really "open her up."

At least one man is doing everything in his power to make that dream come true. He has 2,000,000 postwar jobs up his sleeve. His name is Thomas H. MacDonald, and he is the Commissioner of Public Roads.

MacDonald has done more than any individual to remedy the motoring headaches of yesterday — and is as busy as a beaver on the motoring headaches of tomorrow. For there are going to be plenty of new headaches as our automobile population creeps up from today's 30,000,000 to the 40,000,000 or 50,000,000 cars that will roll in peacetime.

For twenty-five years, under two Democratic and three Republican presidents, Thomas H. MacDonald has administered the increasingly complex Federal highway program involving the outlay of \$7,000,000,000 in Federal funds, matched by an equal investment by the States. Yet in the first three postwar years he will disburse at least half that sum in a valiant effort to catch up with our highway needs.

### Coxswain for Alcan Crew

**MACDONALD** is the man, incidentally, who inaugurated a Good Neighbor Policy — in the form of the Pan-American Highway — back in 1925, long before that phrase had been coined. He is the man who started working on highways for *this* war back in 1921. And he was the coxswain who "stroked" the crew of some 8,000 Army engineers, private contractors and Public Roads men who built the renowned Alaskan Highway through the northern wilderness.

Meanwhile, plans for postwar operations have been under consideration for more than a year. And while Congress, at this writing, is discussing allotment ratios and other details, about \$70,000,000 is already being spent

(half Federal funds, half state) for the actual drawing up of plans — and a dollar's worth of road plans generally spells \$25 worth of actual construction.

Much of this, naturally, will be rehabilitation work. But a huge share will consist of new roads, re-routing old ones, the building of modern express highways through or around congested cities, and the relief of the traffic mess in metropolitan areas. Complete recommendations as to what ought to be done were presented to Congress in January.

As the recommendations now stand, two thirds of the money will be spent in metropolitan areas; one third in rural areas. And cities all over the country are already bubbling with plans for traffic improvement which will soon be submitted for Chief MacDonald's okay.

Baltimore, for example, is still debating whether to cut a block-wide strip right through the city from east to west as the site for a multi-lane, depressed highway for New York-Washington traffic — or to erect a huge bridge across the harbor to serve this purpose. St. Louis is very much immersed in plans for three extensive arterial routes from the heart of the city to the west, northwest,

comprehensive system of limited-access highways radiating from the Loop area. And Detroit, suffering from as bad a traffic headache as any city in the country, has completed and approved a very ambitious plan for 168 miles of express highways, plus the immediate construction of 16 multiple-deck garages (connected with the expressway system) to provide much-needed parking facilities in the congested business district.

All these projects seeking the aid of Federal funds have to clear through the Public Roads Administration before appropriations are made. Hence it is not irrelevant to wonder what kind of man wields such enormous power.

### Wilson's Road Chief

**BORN** 63 years ago of Scotch ancestry in Leadville, Colorado, Thomas MacDonald first attended Iowa State Teachers' College, took a Civil Engineering degree at Iowa State in 1904. Upon graduation he was appointed assistant professor of Civil Engineering and put in charge of road investigation work. Two years later he became an engineer on the first highway commission in Iowa; in 1919 President Wilson appointed him chief of the then U. S. Bureau of Public Roads. That bureau has now become the Public Roads Administration of the FWA.

This background of a quarter-century in the same job can be very misleading if you don't know something of the job and the man. Lots of prosaic pluggers hold government posts that long, just slogging along in humdrum anonymity, agreeing with everybody, offending nobody, adroitly avoiding contentious issues. But nothing could be further from the true picture of Chief MacDonald.

Firstly, public roads have been political footballs in nearly every community since Caecus built the Appian Way. Secondly, roads are strictly an issue in which the ancient and thorny doctrine of State's Rights prevails. Until recent years it was common for a fairly good surfaced highway to stop abruptly at a state line, dropping a foot into a quagmire at the other side of the boundary. Nobody, not even the Federal government, had authority to force the delinquent state to match its neighbor's progress.

Naturally, differences still exist. But as a prewar tourist I have driven across the continent four times and through every state in the Union at least once, and I venture to say that we didn't drive on dirt roads for 300 miles out of the whole 35,000!

### Crammed a Century into 25 Years

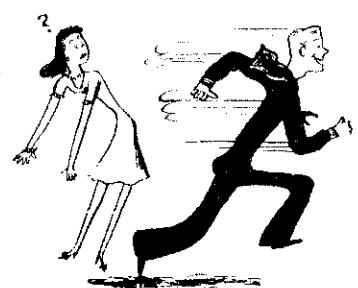
**WHEN** you stop to think that the lion's share of the credit for this century of improvement compressed into 25 years belongs to this "roads scholar" from Iowa — when you realize that in its consummation he has had a hand in the outlay of over \$14,000,000,000 without a whisper of scandal — that he has persevered in achieving an amazing degree of coherence in the road programs of 48 different states with constantly changing administrations and ideas — you begin to get a faint glimmer of the prowess of Thomas Harris MacDonald.

Short of stature, baldish, extremely retiring and modest in manner, he shies at publicity just as his Iowa horses used to at the sound of a gasoline buggy. Few associates can remember his losing his temper; neither can they recall when he's taken a vacation — unless it was that time the bridges ahead and behind were washed out on the Alcan Highway and he had to stay in one place for a week — one place, incidentally, he loves best:

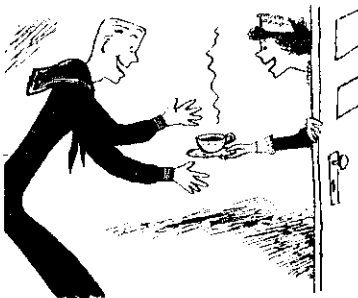
*Continued on page 13*



Boy, oh boy! He can hardly wait...



to get his Vitamins\* and iron



in frothy, chocolately Cocomalt and milk. Hot or cold!



\*VITAMINS B1, and D

Continued from page eight

out with a construction gang on a pioneer road in the wilderness!

Trapped into an interview, he talked enthusiastically for an hour and 20 minutes on the social significance of highways. But whenever the conversation was steered around to him personally, he would clam up like a hostile witness except where his twin hobbies, photography and outdoor cooking, came up. Only from a helpful associate did I learn that his achievements have won him an honorary Doctor of Engineering degree from Iowa State; the Marston Medal for engineering in 1939; a citation from the Czechoslovakian government; an investiture as Knight of the Order of St. Olav by the King of Norway; the Cross of the Legion of Honor from the government of France.

Today we have over 3,000,000 miles of roads in the United States—virtually as much as all of Europe with five times our population. And under MacDonald's tireless stimulus, 48 different spiders have managed to spin a single spider web of highways which make a fairly adequate national system that is the envy of the world.

#### He Knows the Weak Spots

But Chief MacDonald well knows every single spot where that system is weak; where it most needs improvement first. And that knowledge is clearly set down in his exhaustive report entitled "Inter-regional Highways," which now forms the basis of House Bill 2426, proposing \$3,000,000,000 in Federal aid (to be matched by state funds) for the postwar renaissance of our roads. Instead of toying with the glamorous project of express highways from coast to coast, this program outlines 34,000 miles of existing thoroughfares which, if brought up to date, will accomplish the greatest good for the maximum number of people with the minimum outlay of dollars.

Another example of MacDonald's foresight: In the past two

years some 23 "flight strips" have been constructed by highway departments adjacent to important roads; surveys are under way for the immediate completion of about 50 more. Taking the place of emergency landing fields, these strips come into the highway builder's domain because all major air routes of the country virtually duplicate the routes of our major roads.

#### Wagon Wheels to Wings

VERYLY, the Chief's problems have extended over a vast range from wagon wheels to wings. But the one which challenges his vision most right now—the one he'll talk about for an hour while his secretary frets—is the role of the modern highway (or express street, if you will) in the elimination of city slums—and the prevention of more slums already in their incipency in metropolitan areas.

"Long before the war," says MacDonald, "American cities were plagued by traffic congestion, sectional decadence of property values, menacing tax delinquency, growing deficits between costs of city government and revenues, high tax rates and a loss of confidence of investment capital in desirable housing ventures.

"If the cities wish it, our inter-regional system will afford them an unparalleled opportunity for rebuilding along functional lines, following rational master plans, so that values in decadent areas will be progressively restored and those in the central business district preserved by the conversion of all urban land to its best use."

This is a far cry from the mud of Iowa in 1906—but it gives you a good idea of the mental machinery of one bureaucrat whom Congressmen admire. "I guess you could say I have a one-track mind," he observed deprecatingly.

Well, Thomas H. MacDonald may have a one-track mind. But by modern engineering standards, it certainly looks like an eight-lane superhighway! *The End*



Alaskan Highway was a MacDonald job

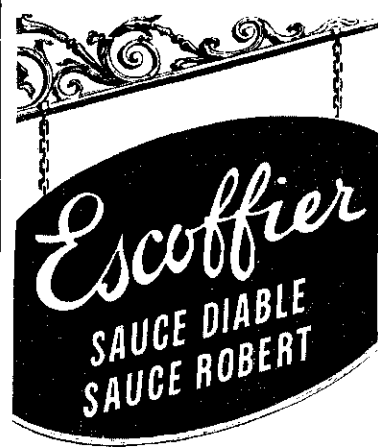


## "It's such a pleasant cleanser to work with!"

You couldn't ask for a *nicer* cleanser than Bon Ami. It's so white and clean—so gentle on your hands. It's even odorless! But what woman would use a cleanser—however pleasant—if it weren't effective, too! That's where Bon Ami shines. Though it's free from scratchy grit, it makes dirt and grease disappear in a jiffy... polishes as it cleans. Try it—and see!

# Bon Ami

"hasn't scratched yet!"



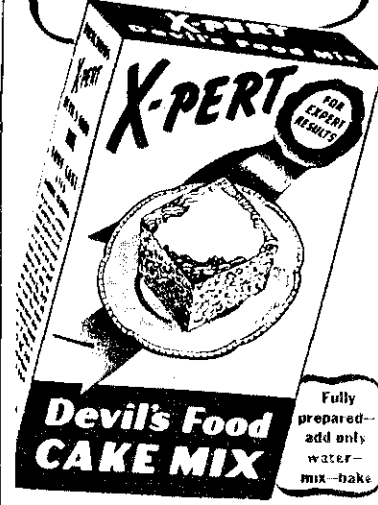
#### WORTH LOOKING FOR

Escoffier Sauces may be hard to find these days since these fine Sauces can no longer be imported from England. However, a few of the better stores, hotels and restaurants still have a small supply.

SOLE AGENTS:  
Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.  
2 Park Avenue, New York



You're missing a treat if you haven't tried



#### LAST CALL FOR CAMPS...

Consult the Camp Directory, Page 28... Or write, phone or visit the CAMP BUREAU, N. Y. Herald Tribune, 230 W. 41st St., N. Y. C.



Joan's breath stifled within her. She tried to move, but the room swam before her eyes

**Waiting for her husband, Joan was very happy, but worried. Then she heard him in the phone booth . .**

**T**HE May sky was soft with dusk. Street-lights flickered like tall matchsticks down the long chasm of street. Spring and violets in the air — and gas and muted noise. Joan Ordway, swinging around the corner of 52nd, thought: Such an evening could happen only in New York.

Glancing at the small watch on her wrist, she involuntarily quickened her step. But it wasn't really necessary. Jim had said An-

toine's at 7:00; and Antoine's striped canopy was already visible in the center of the block. Fifteen minutes leeway. But she was glad, for it would give her those few extra moments in which to anticipate the evening ahead.

Crossing east, she dextrously maneuvered her steps by a florist's window for a final once-over in the reflection of the glass. The result was satisfying. Tall and slim and sleek, Jim had always called her; well, she was still that.

For all of her thirtyish years, she was a striking woman. The black sheer clung to her figure with just the right touch of allure; the cluster of roses on her tiny hat caught up the glow of the light, and her face in the swathe of black veiling looked fragile and

husband home after six months apart and still be his woman of mystery.

With a quick little intake of breath she consciously slowed her pace as she approached Antoine's. The doorman smiled as he admitted her, and though it was obvious that she recalled but vague recognition, it gave her the lift she needed. A year ago she wouldn't have cared; tonight it meant commendation — an assurance that she was all Jim would expect of his wife.

**T**HE sweet, unsunned air of the restaurant drew her in, and she paused in the small foyer and looked around. Antoine's. Its softly-lighted intimacy gave her a tugging feeling of nostalgia. The tall leather stools at the bar were gold leather now; the inner room had been redone — but it was still Antoine's, with their table in the corner. "Our special anniversary table," Jim had always said. "The only one where I can hold your hand. . . ." Her heart contracted suddenly. Could it have been a whole year since that last time? There had been gardenias on the table then — Jim's — There were gardenias now! Quick hot tears stung the back of her eyes. (Oh Jim, you sweet, sentimental darling. . . )

Turning, she compared her watch to the small clock over the door and, crossing to a narrow runner of bench, sat down. Her eyes skipped over the waiting groups. The crowd had changed. Less festive. There was a scattering of servicemen now, and a girl in a trim blue uniform drank a martini at the bar and smiled up at a lank lieutenant. She was pretty and young, and there was an easy casualness about her. . . Unconsciously Joan smoothed her skirt. She wondered if she were overdressed. She hadn't done this sort of thing for so long that she didn't know; she felt dreadfully out of the swing.

Lighting a cigarette unsteadily, she opened her purse. Jim's telegram lay neatly folded inside.

She knew every word of it by heart: "Antoine's at 7:00," it said. "Darling, tonight it is. . ." Even at this moment he was striding up the ramp of Grand Central Station. . . Jim in uniform — Jim to be with her again in just a few minutes. . .

**T**HE woman beside her got up and moved across the foyer. She wore a suit of hyacinth blue and a great cart wheel of black felt. There was a chic simplicity about her that gave Joan an odd feeling of inferiority. The woman paused momentarily in the door, awaiting her escort, her eyes going to Joan's hat, lingering in critical study.

Joan raised her hand, readjusting it in vague discomfort. "Well over one eye," the little milliner had said, and now Joan wondered. Glancing up, she caught her reflection in the mirrored wall. It was all wrong. . . The hat rode too high on her head, and somehow, with all the roses and frou-frou, it looked painfully ingenuish. It doesn't do a thing for me, she thought in sudden misery; and she had splurged so wickedly. The whole budget that she had set aside for the drapes had gone into it — and now. . . She bit her lip and looked away in heavy disappointment.

The hands of the clock leveled at seven now, and a steady stream of people trickled through the door. It was that time in New York when everyday living turns to an illusion of ease and softness and escape.

Joan shifted uneasily on the bench, her eyes glued to the door. Any minute now Jim's

frightened feeling that surged through her lest everything not be right. Like an actress waiting for a curtain to rise on an unseen audience, she thought in sudden misgiving: Here I am waiting for a man to whom I've been married and lived with in closeness and understanding for seven long years — and yet I'm terrifyingly uncertain of myself.

Was it only that a war could make a woman realize that after all a man is only a man and a woman a woman, whether they be lovers or husband and wife? Nervously she ground out her cigarette, but the thought was still there; there was something alarmingly real in this new demand of marriage that went further than mere obligation.

The door opened in a rush of air, and a tall uniformed man strode into the foyer. He wore a trench coat, and a single silver bar caught the light on his shoulder.

"Jim — " Joan was on her feet. The man whirled about, his face lighting with pleasure. "Darling." His outstretched arms clasped her, and for a long moment they stood lost in each other, jamming the small foyer.

Arms still linked, they followed the waiter to the corner table tucked into the mirrored wall.

**J**OAN looked at her husband. He was leaner and browner, and there were authoritative crinkles around his eyes that spoke of work with men. A tightness caught in her throat.

"Oh, darling," she said, "to have you back — " her hand gently touched the flowers. "My special gardenias, you didn't forget."

"My special wife." With a swift little movement he grasped her hand. "Gosh, it's great to be here! Glad to see me?"

"Glad to see you — " Swiftly she looked away, for now that the moment had come — their moment — she felt an odd constraint. It had been so long, and now she didn't know quite how to pick up the threads.

"You haven't changed. You're lovelier than ever." His voice brought her back.

"I'm glad. I wanted you to find me the same," she said simply. But she thought: "You've changed. You've a new dignity and somehow the old you is missing."

She could feel his eyes on her; then abruptly he turned away, his glance sweeping over the place in swift appraisal. "Odd," he said. "Time has changed nothing — and yet these intervening months — "

"Have changed things?"

He nodded. "War brings a difference."

"I suppose it does." Feeling the inadequacy of the remark, her heart was strangely torn for the long months she had done without him, and her sudden inability to bridge the gap. Then the feeling passed, with Jim's voice drawing her into his man's world; a new life of which she had no understanding — in which she was an alien.

**T**HEY lingered over cocktails. The old intimacy of the room gently closed them in, and it was their world again, ripe with the poignant awareness that had been theirs in early marriage. The same and yet not the same, Joan thought. Jim's eyes full of her — yet full of a world apart; Jim's glass touched hers — yet his toast to her was shared with a new life in which she held no place.

"Miss me?" she asked.

His hand tightened over hers, his eyes told her what she wanted to know — yet not enough. . . They talked of many things; gave little of themselves.