

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW of the
**POSTWAR
WORLD**



13¢
2 for 25

SUE
SIMONS

New Problems
To Worry About

**CARTOONS
POEMS LAUGHS**

BB
BEST BOOKS

A Bird's-Eye View of the

POSTWAR WORLD

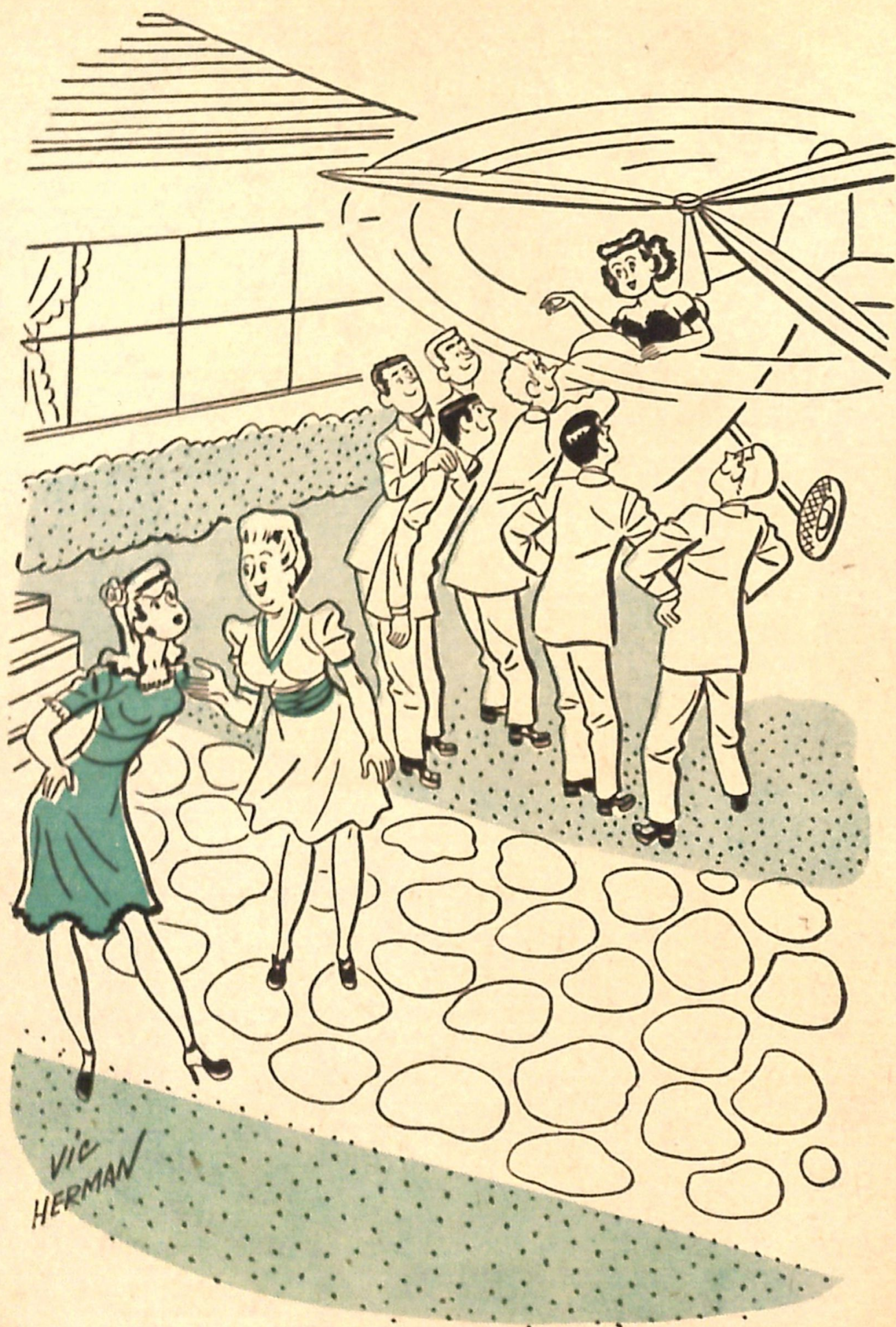


Compiled By
R. M. BARROWS
and
MARGARET FOSTER

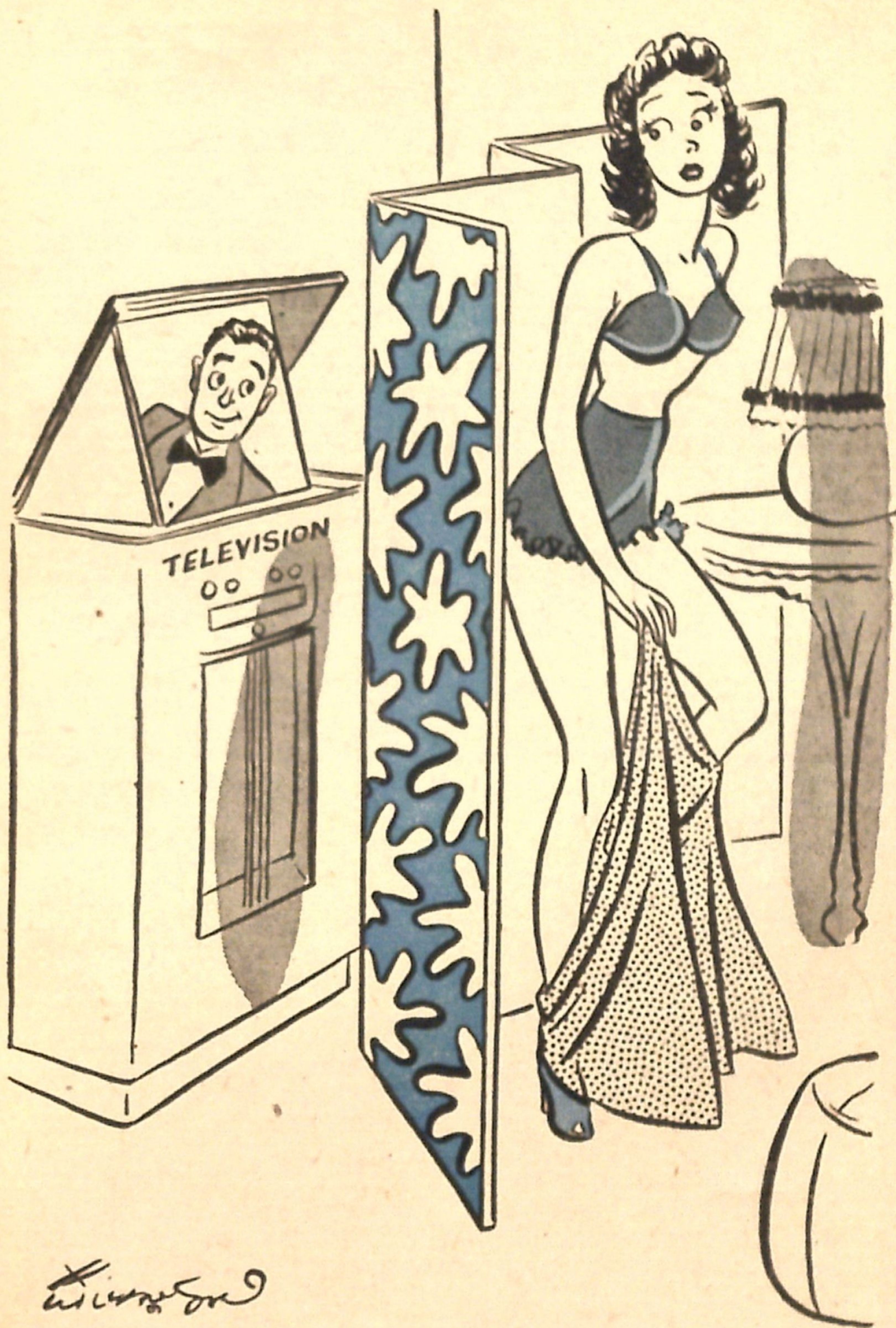
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"But dear, Gloria isn't really attending your garden party."



Livingston



"He's the most human robot ever constructed!"



"Well I'm home for good now, woman, and things are going to be different from now on!"



"Sergeant Gilhooy will now tell us how to handle our men in the postwar world!"

THE ONCE OVER

H. I. PHILLIPS

THE POSTWAR FURNACE

The postwar world is going to give a break to the man who tends a furnace. The job is going to be no more trouble than switching the dial on a radio.

The furnace of tomorrow will not take up much more room than an electric toaster.

Science and engineering, with all their wonders, have neglected the furnace. It is what it has always been, a huge, cumbersome, awesome, space-hogging apparatus full of temperament. That frustrated, broken look on the faces of countless Americans is due to furnace responsibilities.

Shaking it down and removing the ashes has made many a man hate cellars, Northern winters and the discoverer of coal.

But at last something has been done about it, and a fur-

nace perfected that will be a thing of beauty and joy all winter. It is heralded as a robot-heatwave, a jet-heater, a jeep furnace.

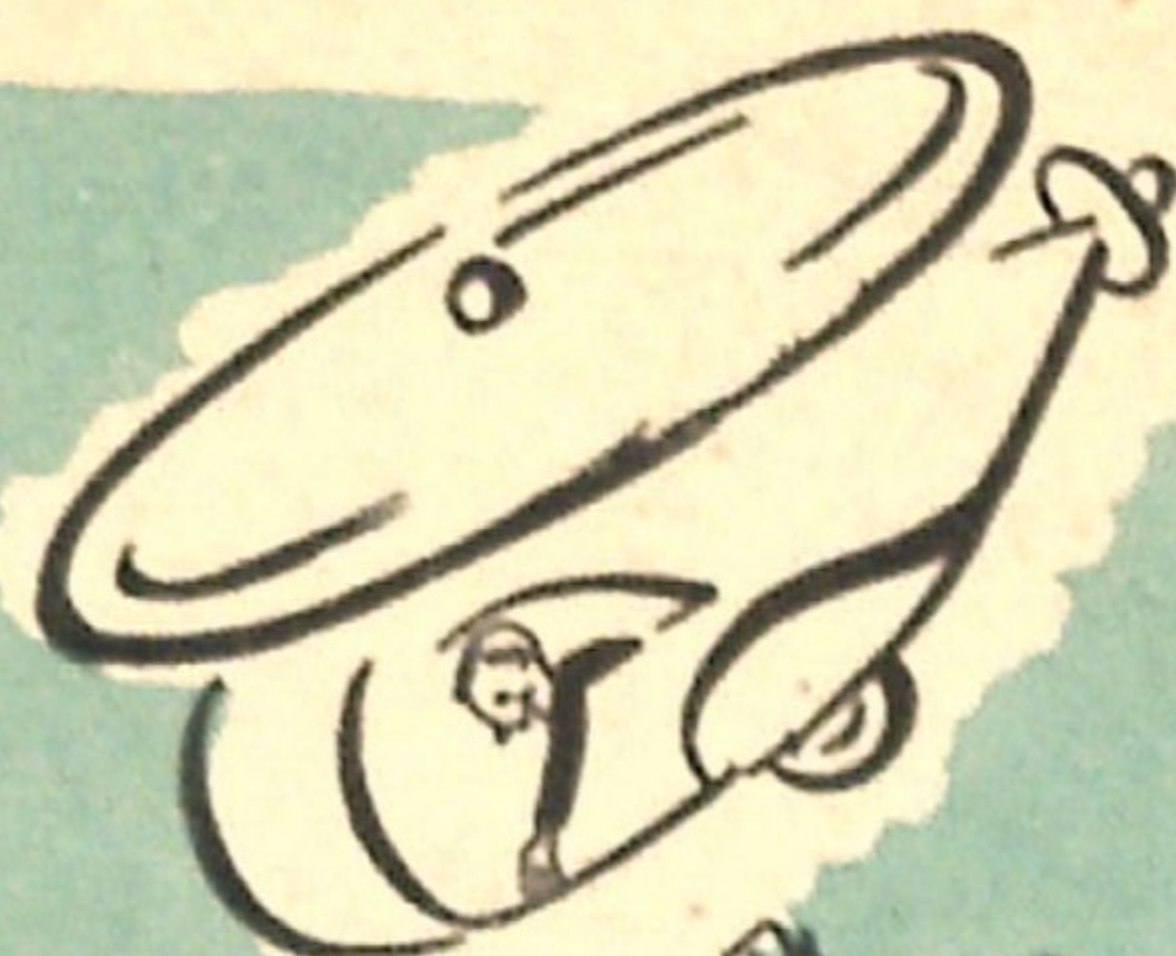
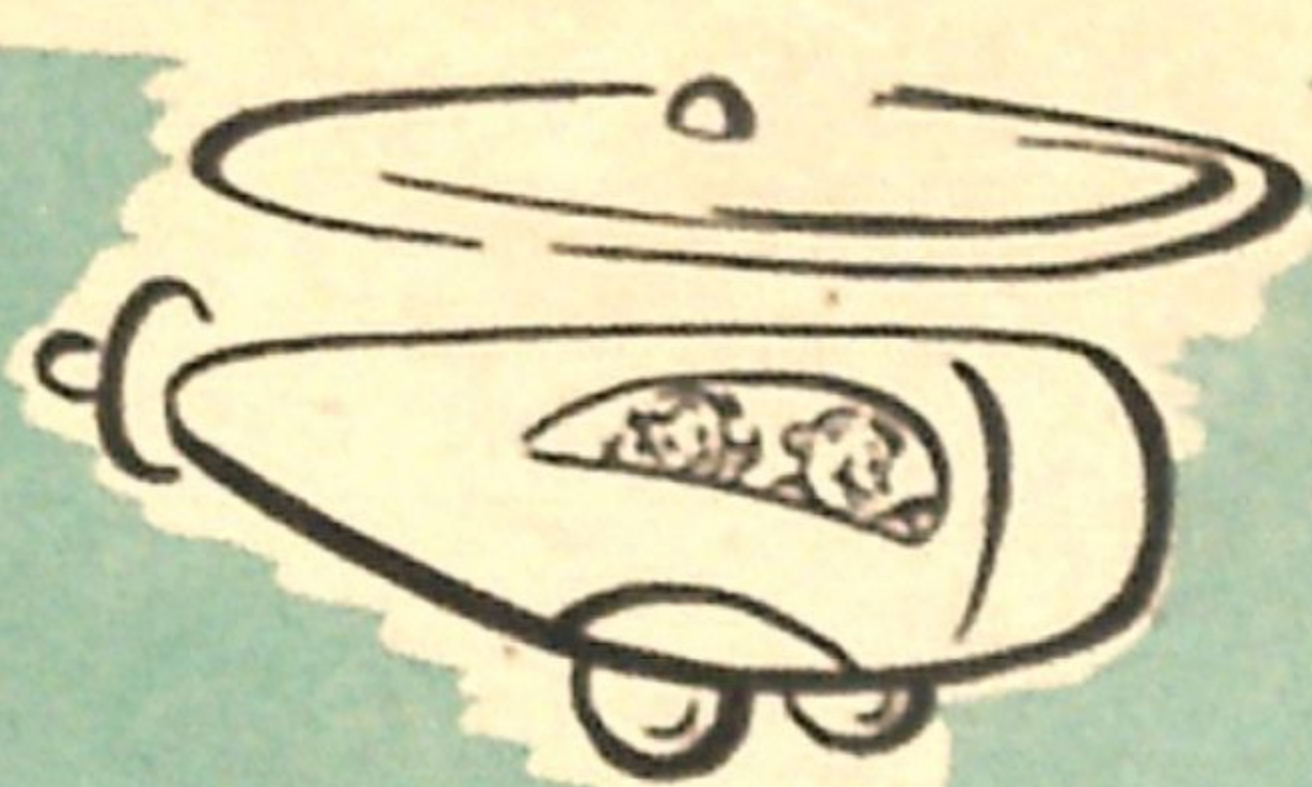
You can carry it home under your arm.

Its special appeal is that it leaves no ashes, has no grate, requires no shaking and is as self-operating as an oil burner.

It is, in fact, the coal industry's answer to the oil furnace. The oil industry has been battering the coal industry around for years without getting much opposition, but a battle is ahead.

The Anthracite Industries Inc. is the popper of the new demi tasse self-operating furnace. It only takes up a space two feet by two feet and is a simple device consisting of a couple of gears, a blower, a water pump and some blades which chop up the coal as it is





automatically fed into the fire-box.

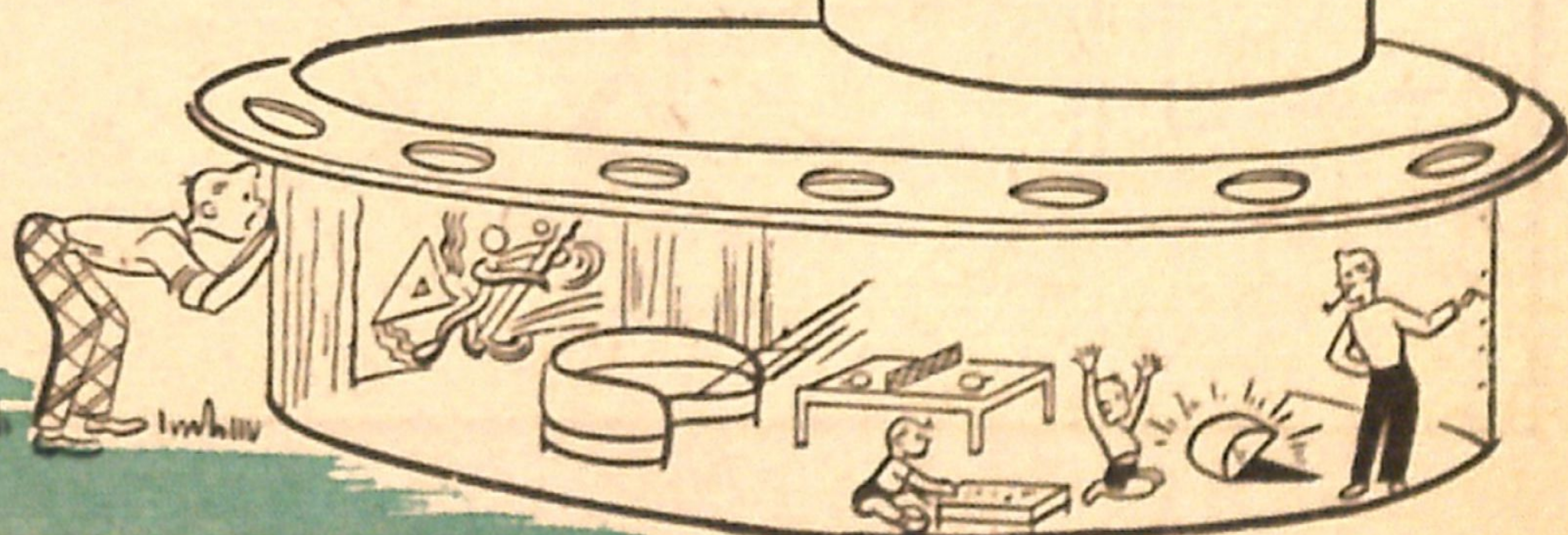
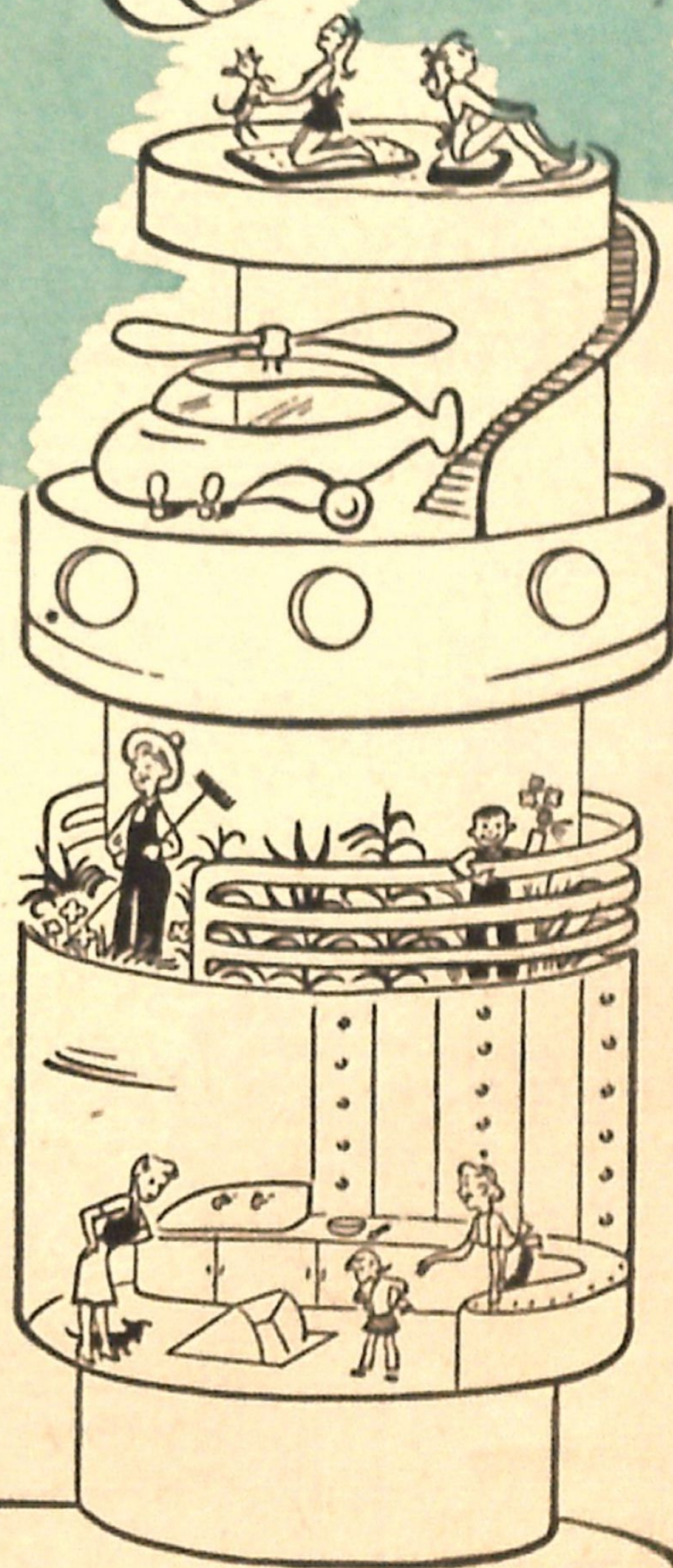
It produces a terrific flame in a few seconds and is guaranteed to have mom yelling "Turn off that heat!" instead of squawking "Horace, you'd better look at the furnace again. You opened the drafts two hours ago and nothing's happened yet."

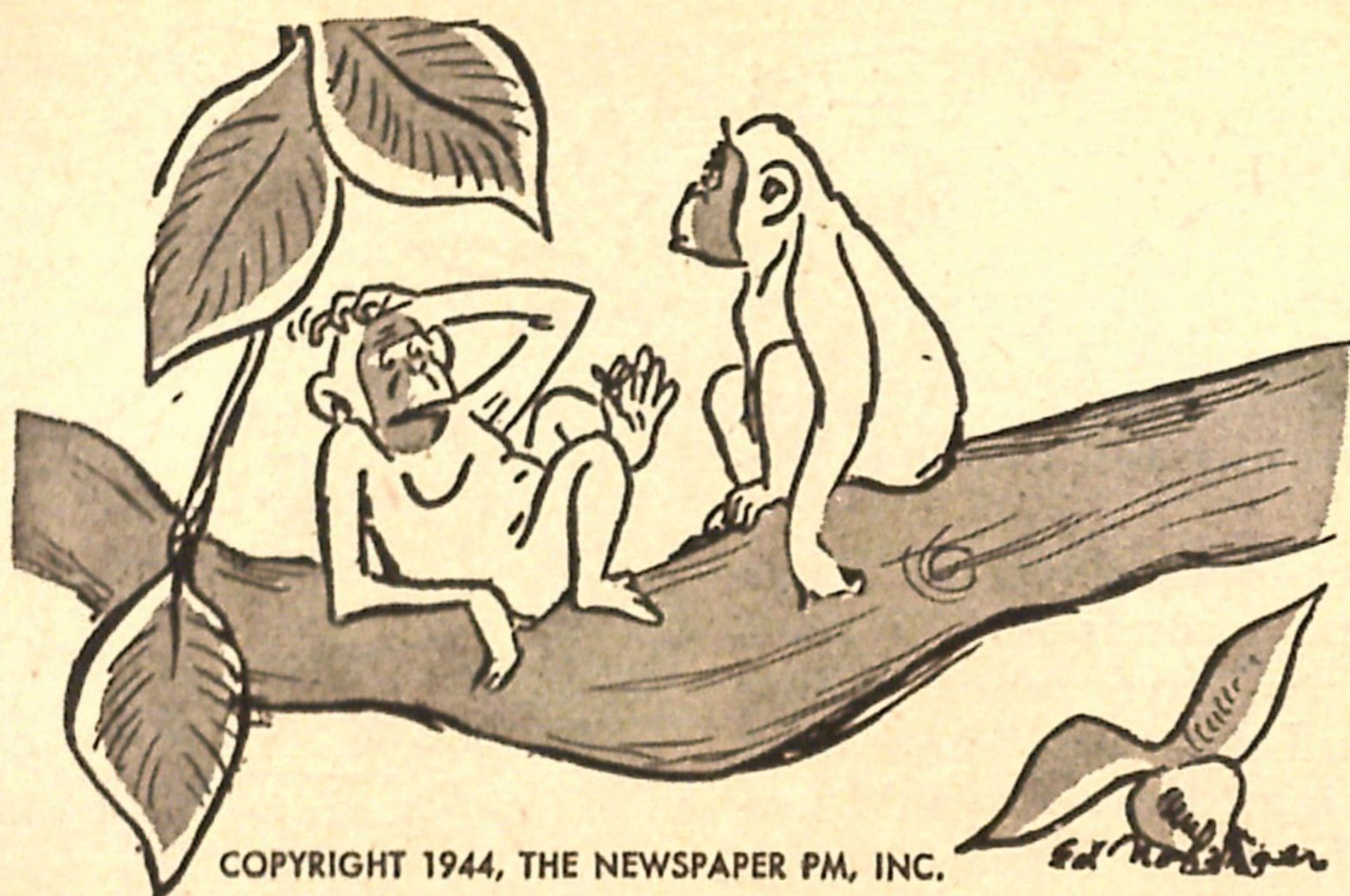
There is practically no cleaning to be done. The old man can give it an annual renovating with an old tooth brush, a nail file and an eye dropper.

It will be in production as soon as Hitler and Tojo are disposed of.

Swell! Now we have the Furnace of the Future all attended to.

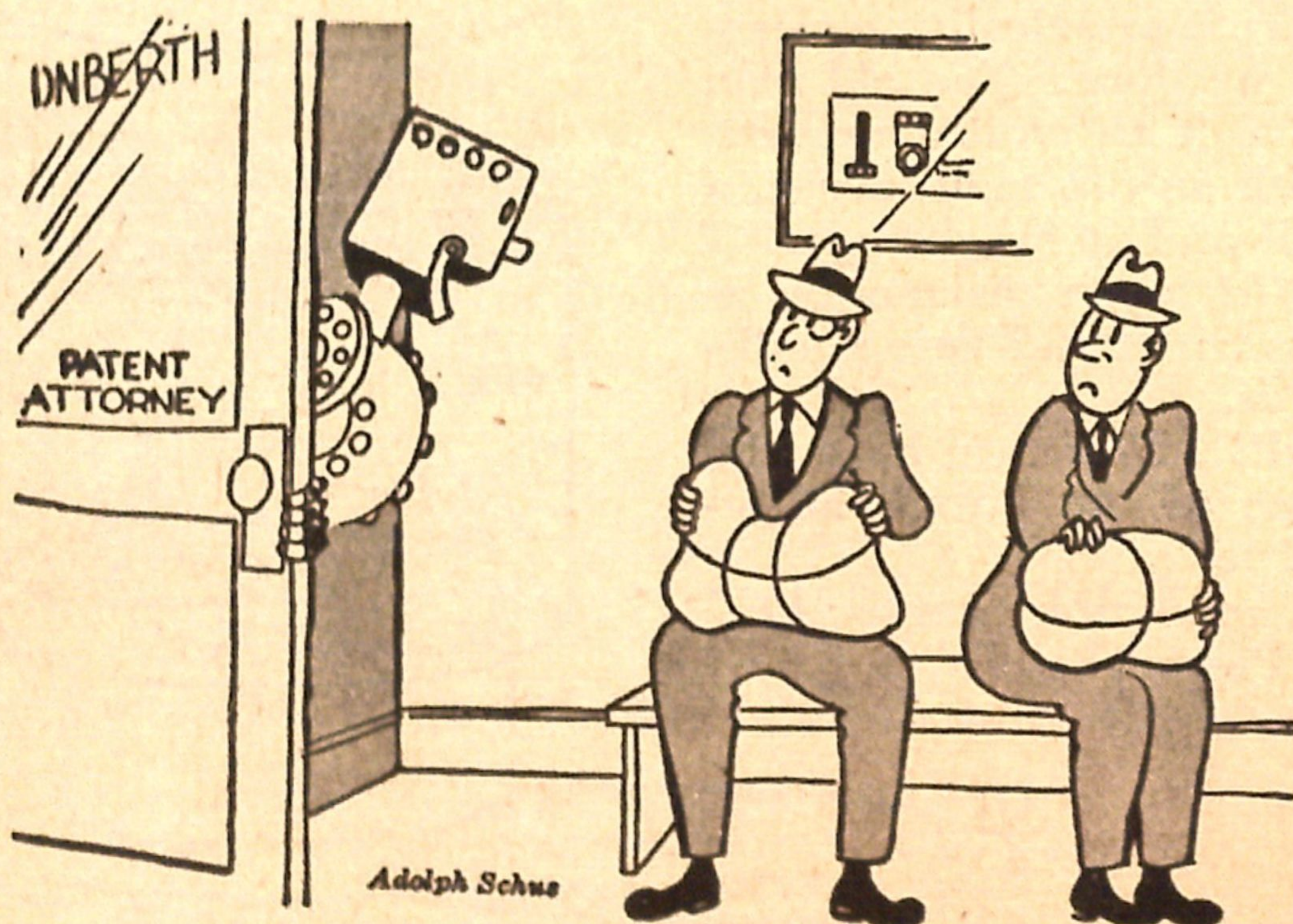
But how can we get the Coal of the Present?





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"I don't know. What have you got to offer for the postwar world?"



AMERICAN MAGAZINE

"Next!"



**"Don't you think sometimes, sir, that we've made our credit terms
just a trifle too easy?"**

POSTWAR PREVIEW

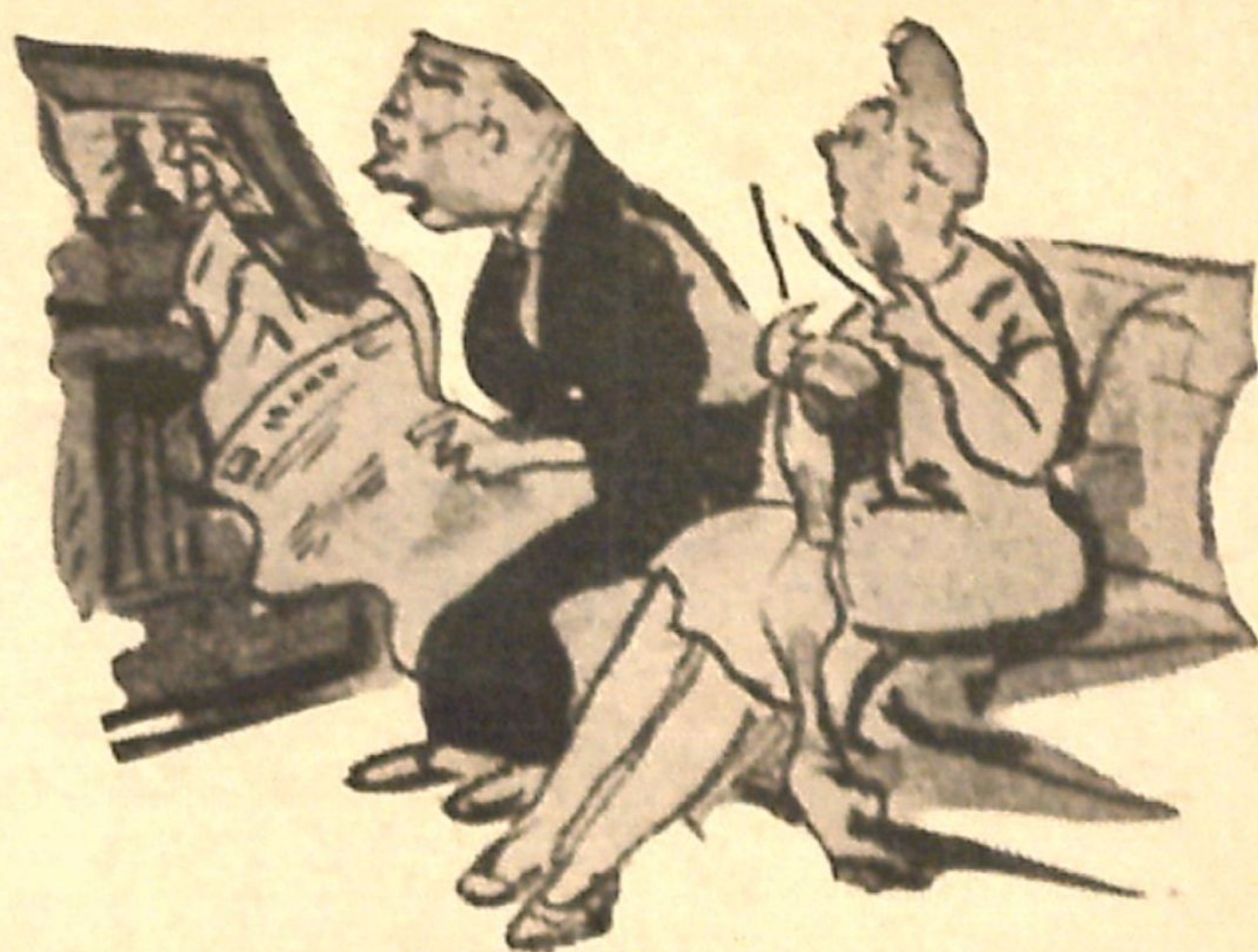
Inspired by the flood of postwar advertisements, George Shellhase tries to visualize what life will be like in the gadget-crowded era that lies ahead of us.

"Why did you push that button? Do you know you've given the entire first floor a complete spring cleaning?"



"Just add a gallon of water and you'll have about a ten and a half pound rib roast."

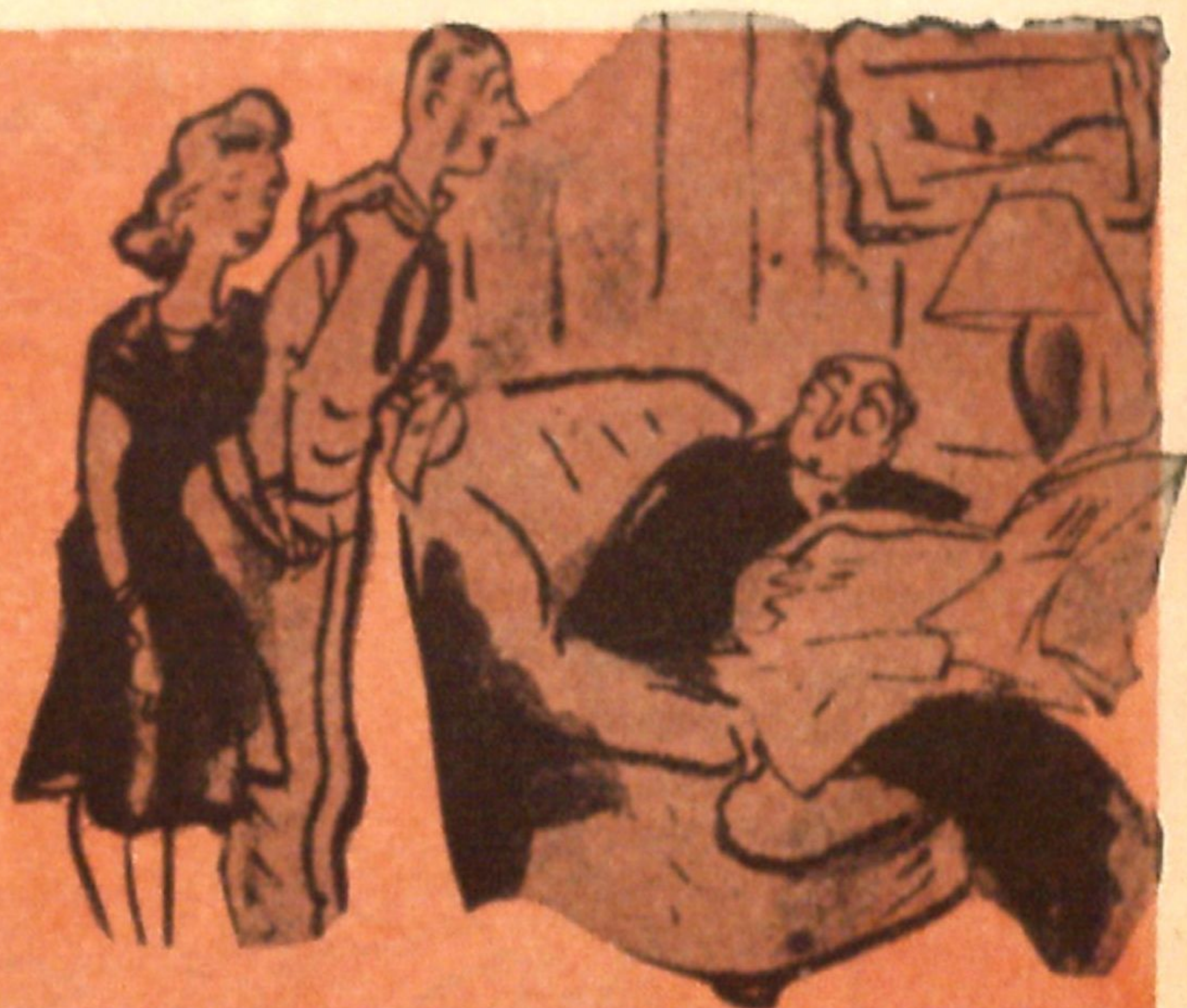
"I'm afraid we're stuck here. I've run out of sun energy."



"Good heavens, the Smiths are going to drop in on us for an evening of bridge."



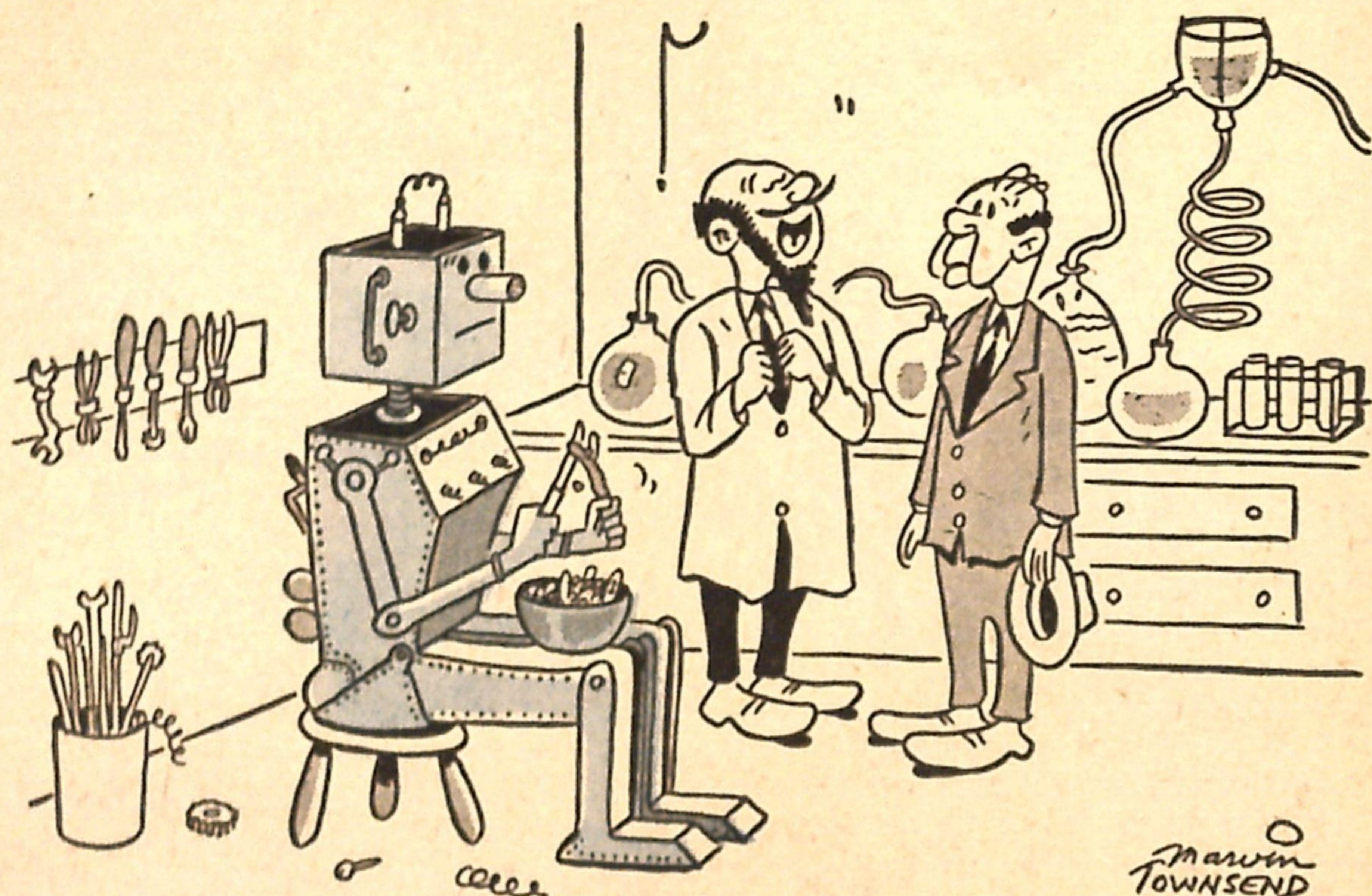
"However, sir, if you care to spend just a little more money, we have a model that goes under ground as well."



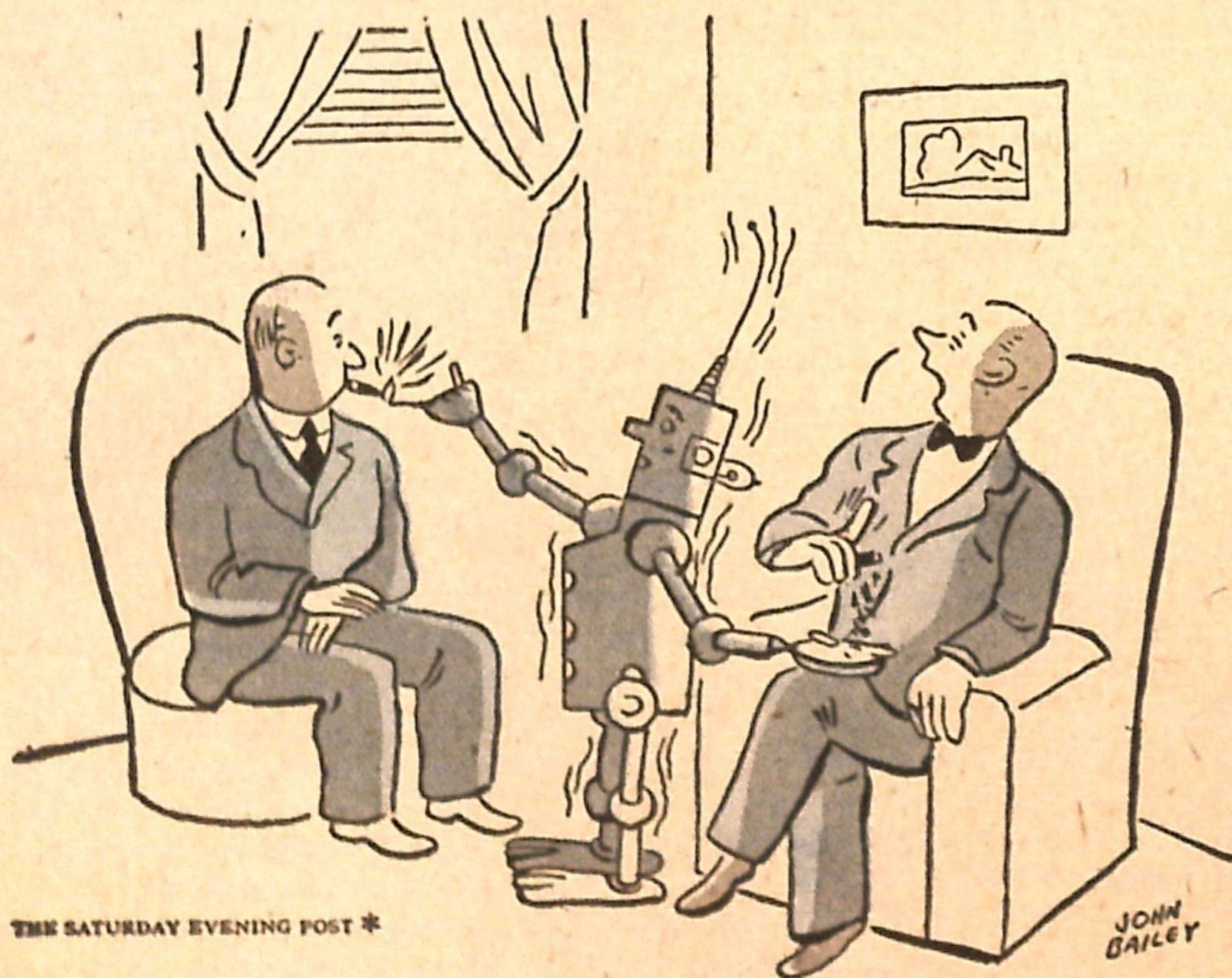
"We've just taken an electronics test and we found out we're madly in love."



"I used to worry about George until I had this television set installed."

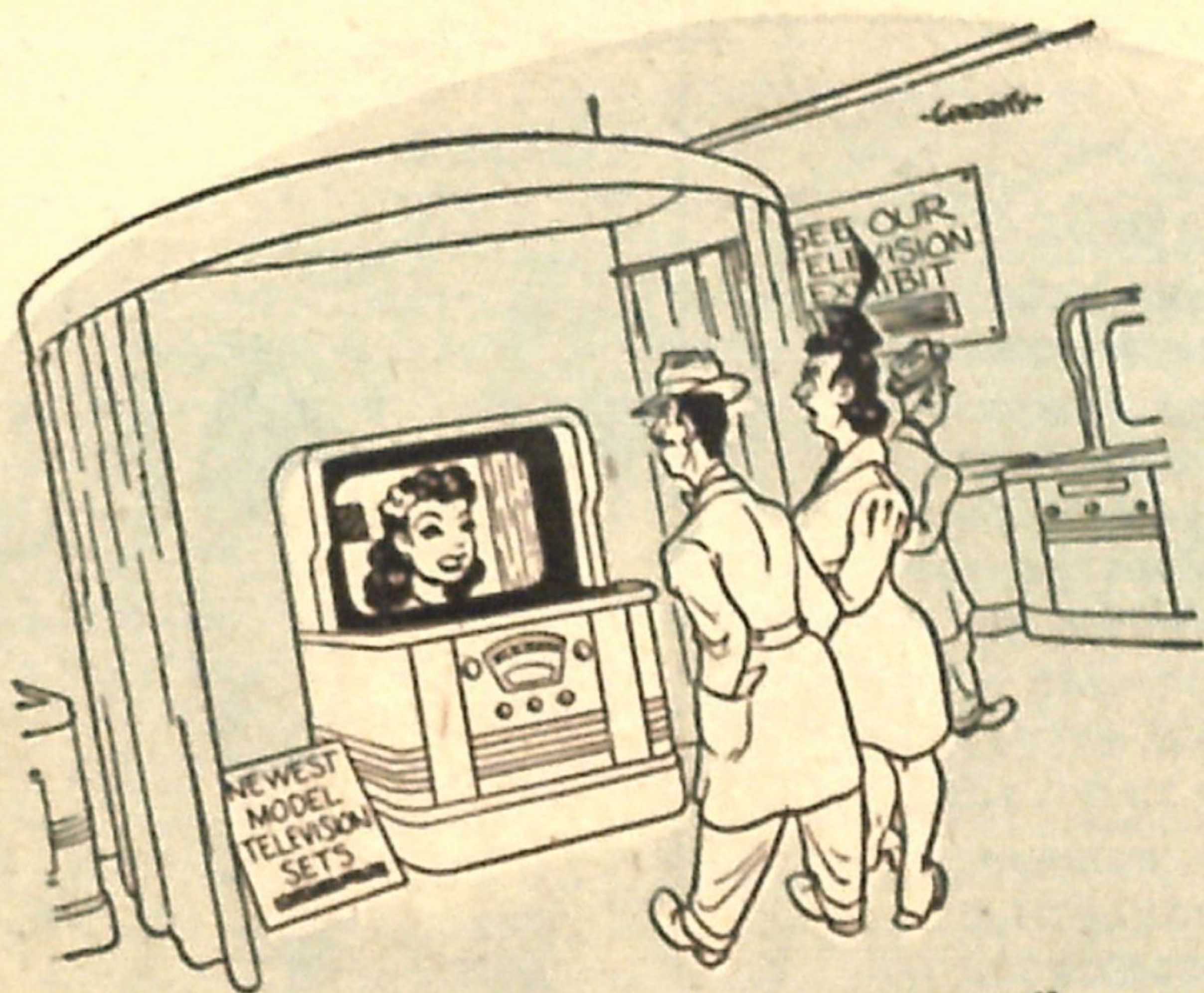


"My ambition is realized! I've finally taught him to shell peas!"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST *

"Naturally, we can't start on full production until the war is over."

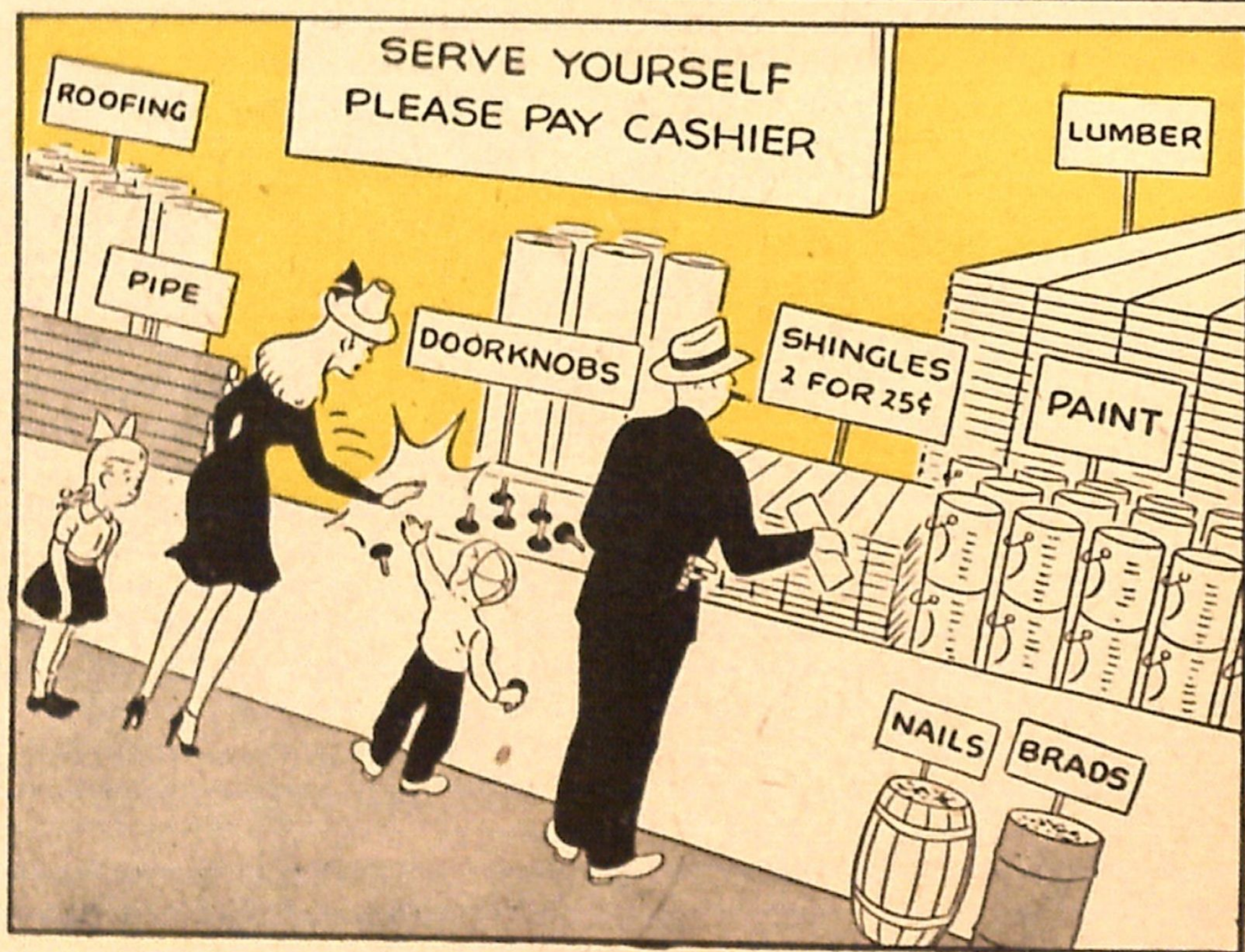


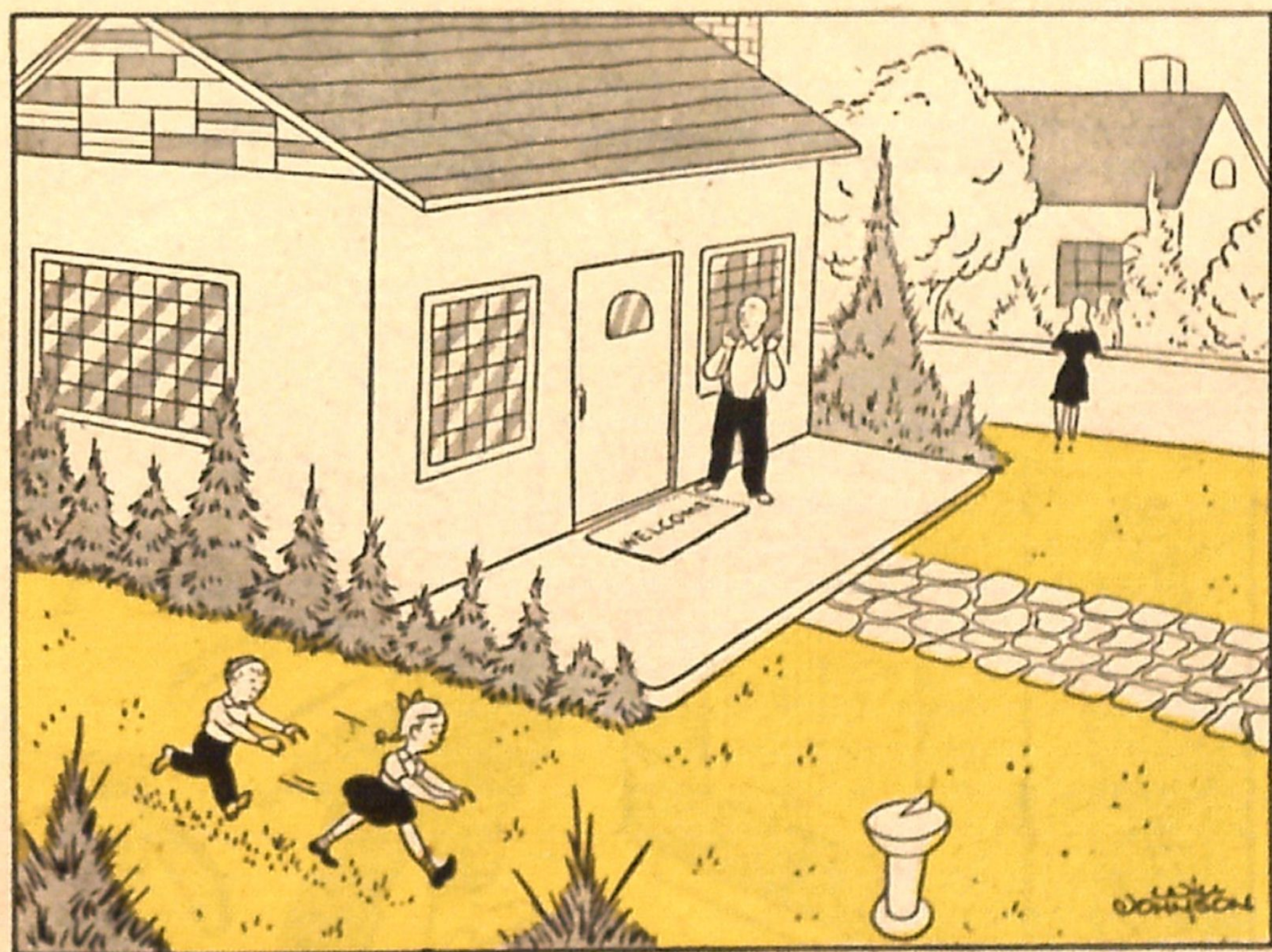
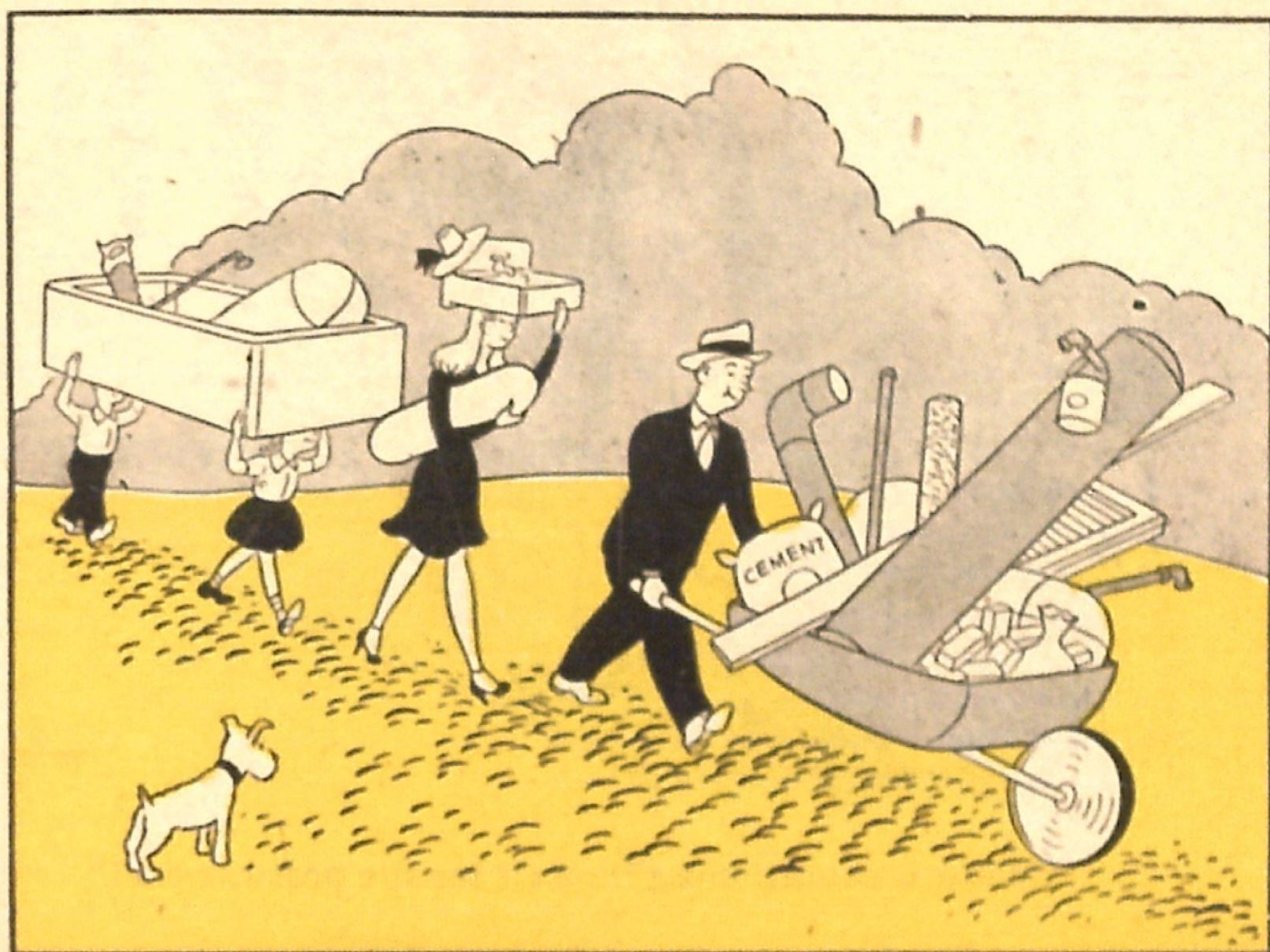
"I don't think it's wonderful!"

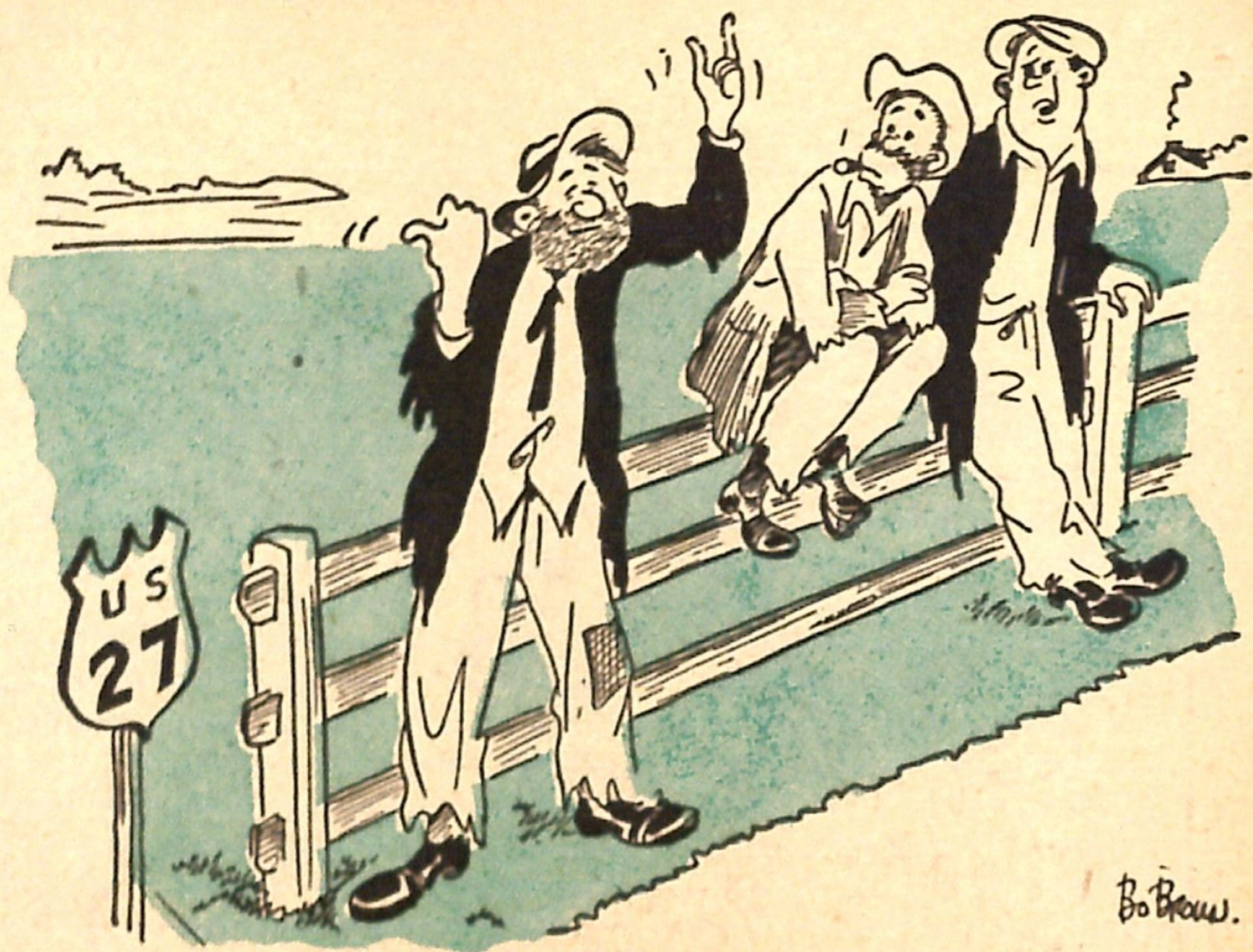


"... And this is my husband's game room."

WRAP 'ER UP!
CARRY YOUR NEW
HOUSE HOME!
SO HANDY
SO HANDSOME
SO SOFT & EASY
ON YOUR CREDIT!
HURRY DOWN TO YOUR
NEIGHBORHOOD STORE &
BRING BACK EVERYTHING IN
ONE TRIP—YOUR
PLUMBING
INSULATION
DOORKNOBS
AND
MORTGAGES

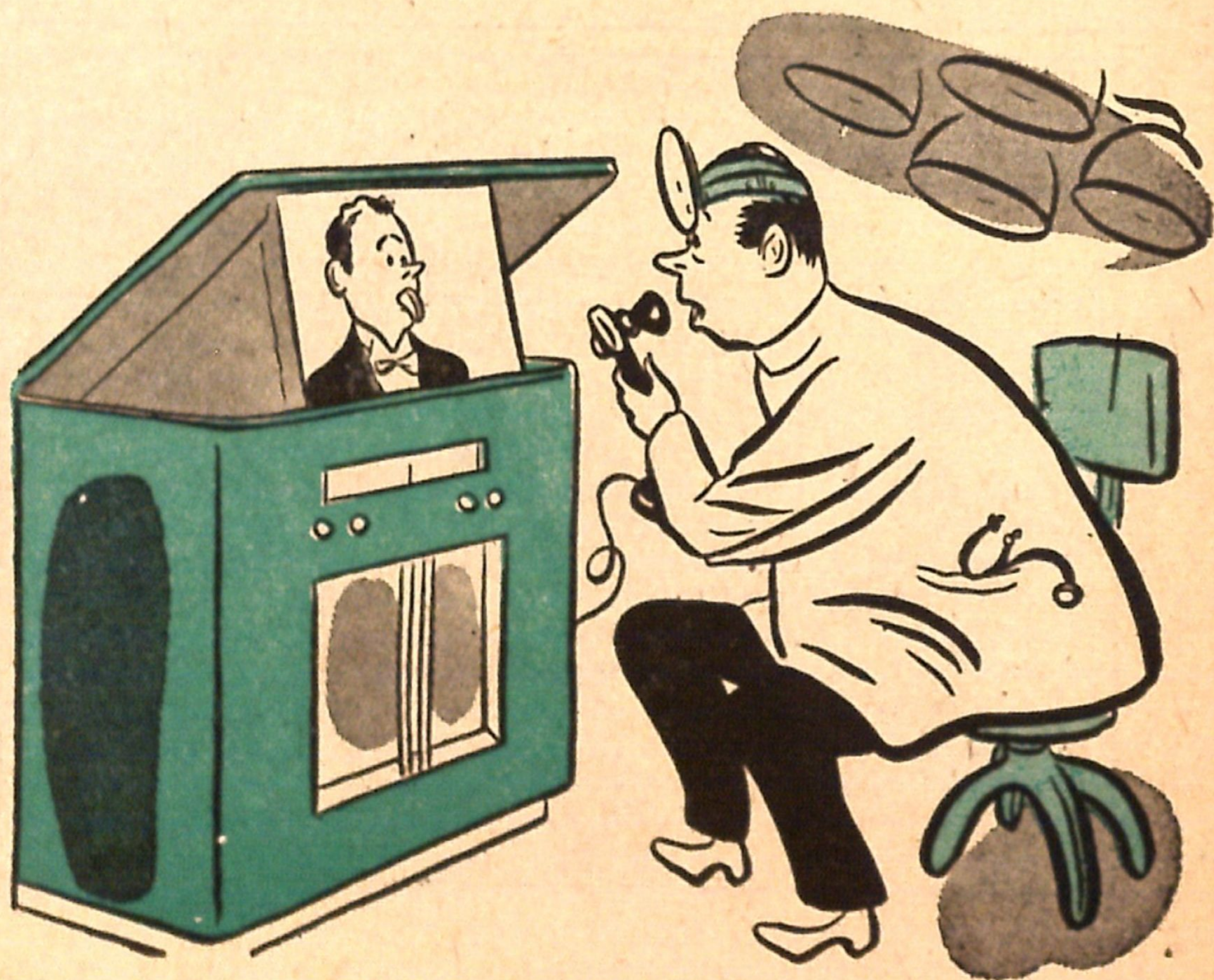




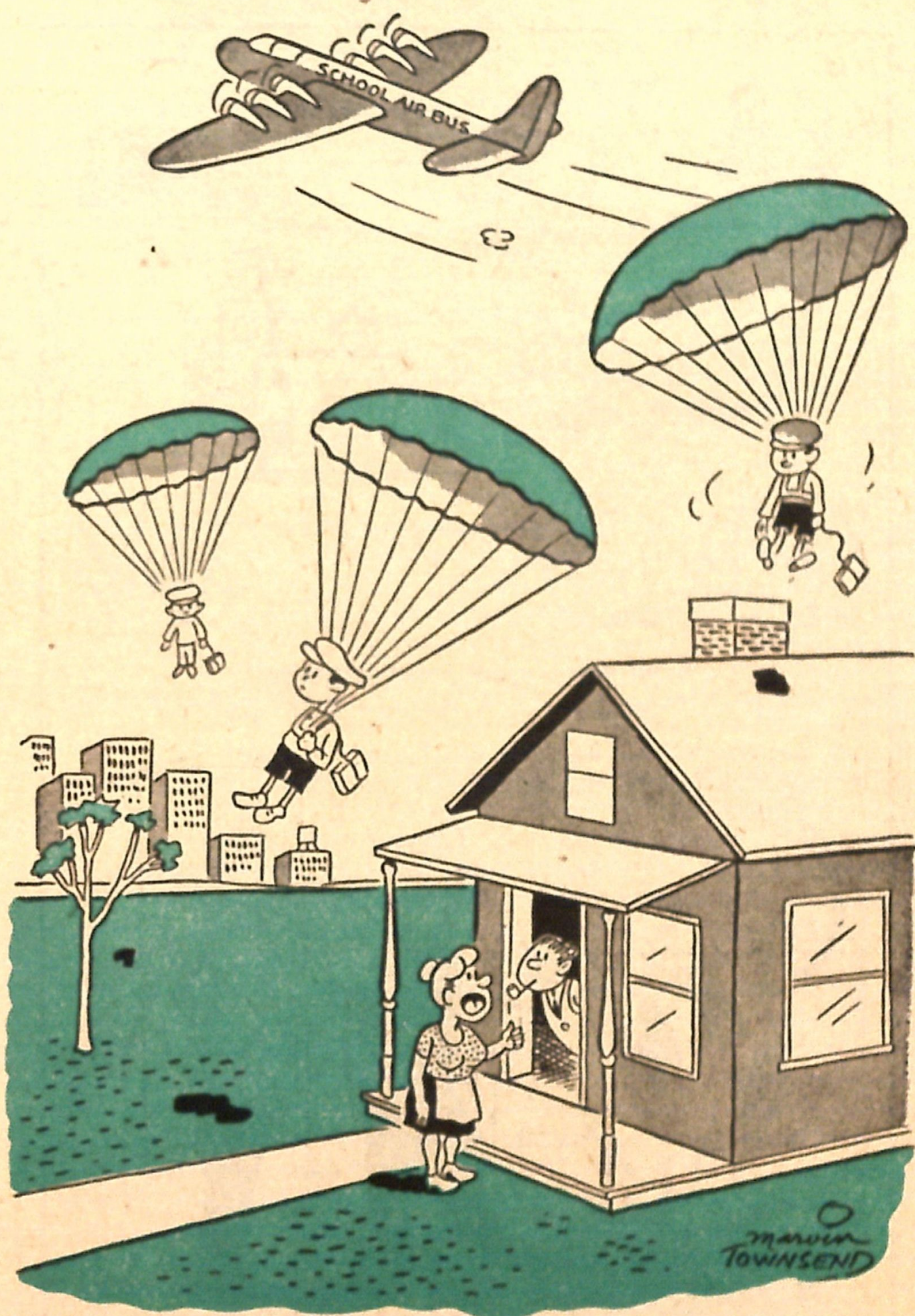


Bob Brown.

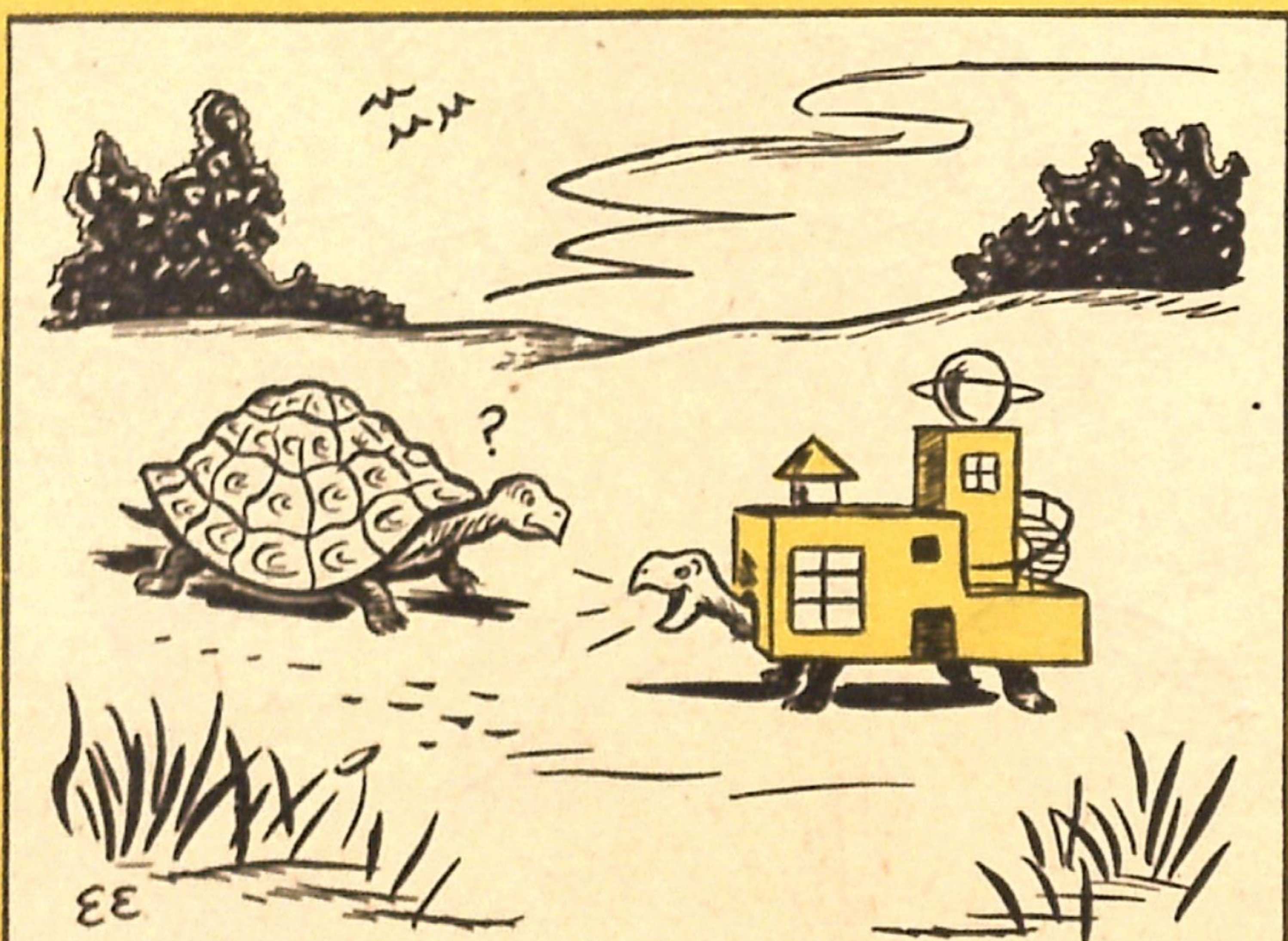
"Rodney's conditioning himself for the postwar car!"



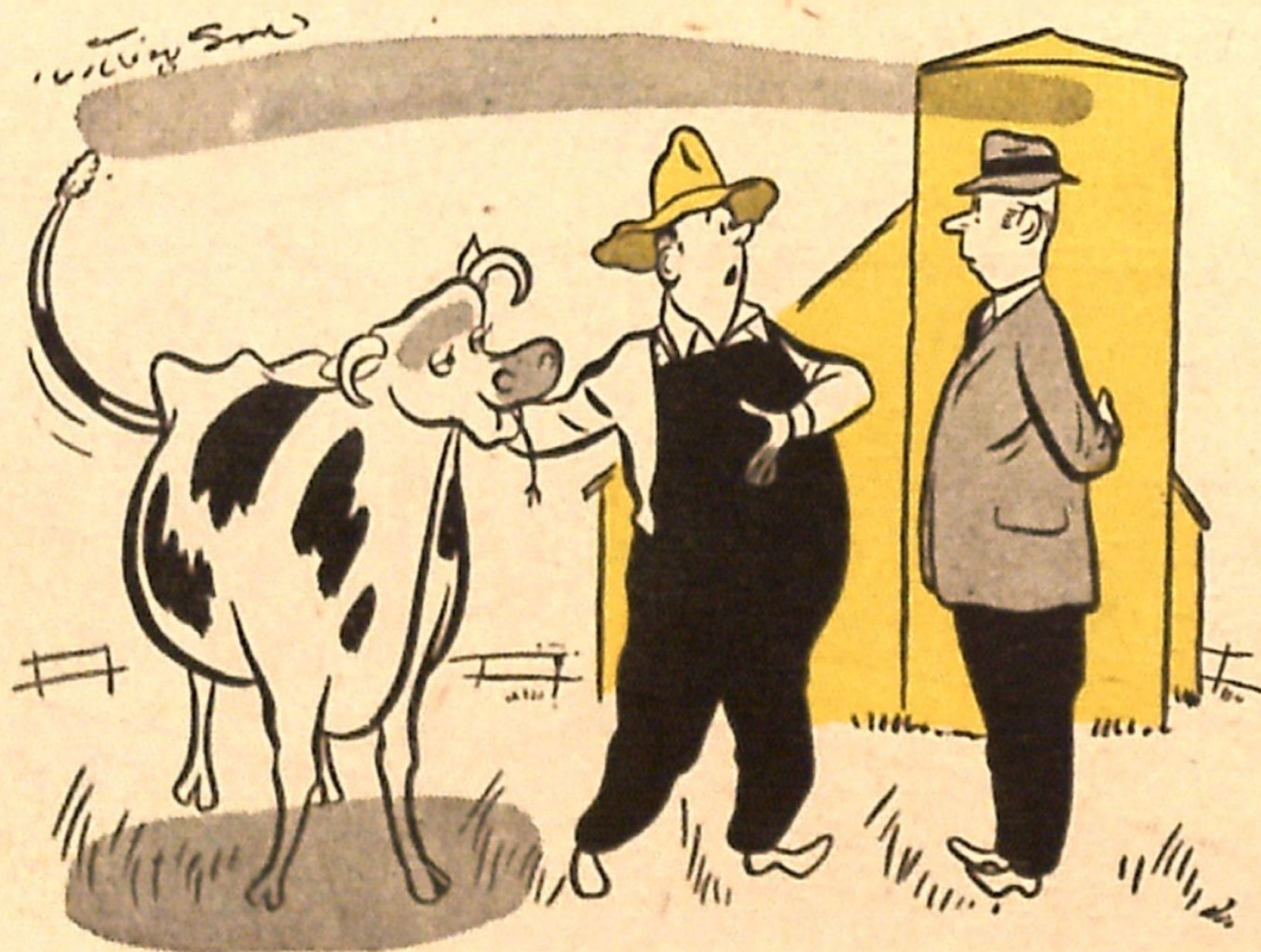
"Hmm—now say 'ah!'"



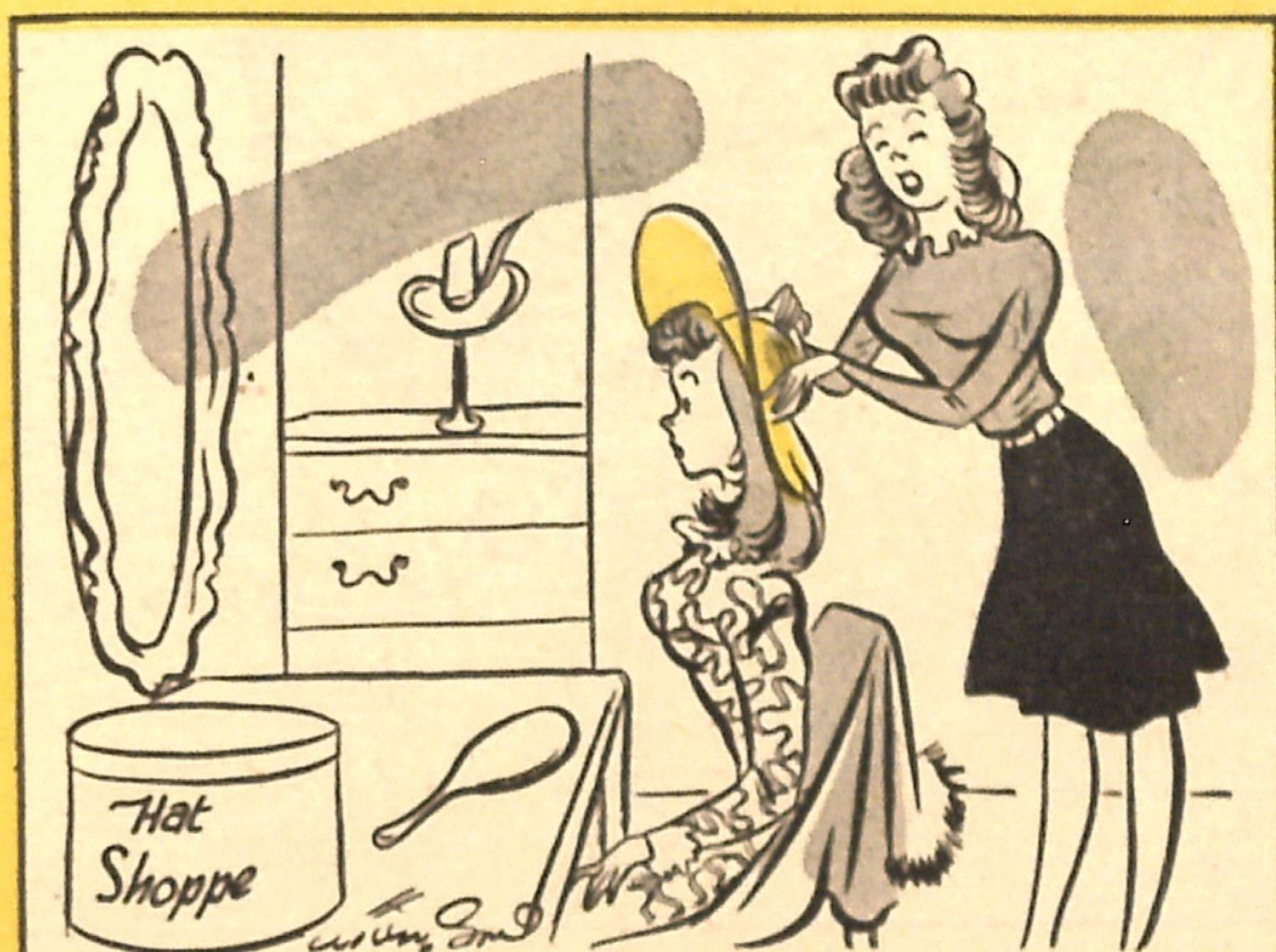
"Get the ladder, Pa—Junior is heading for the roof again!"



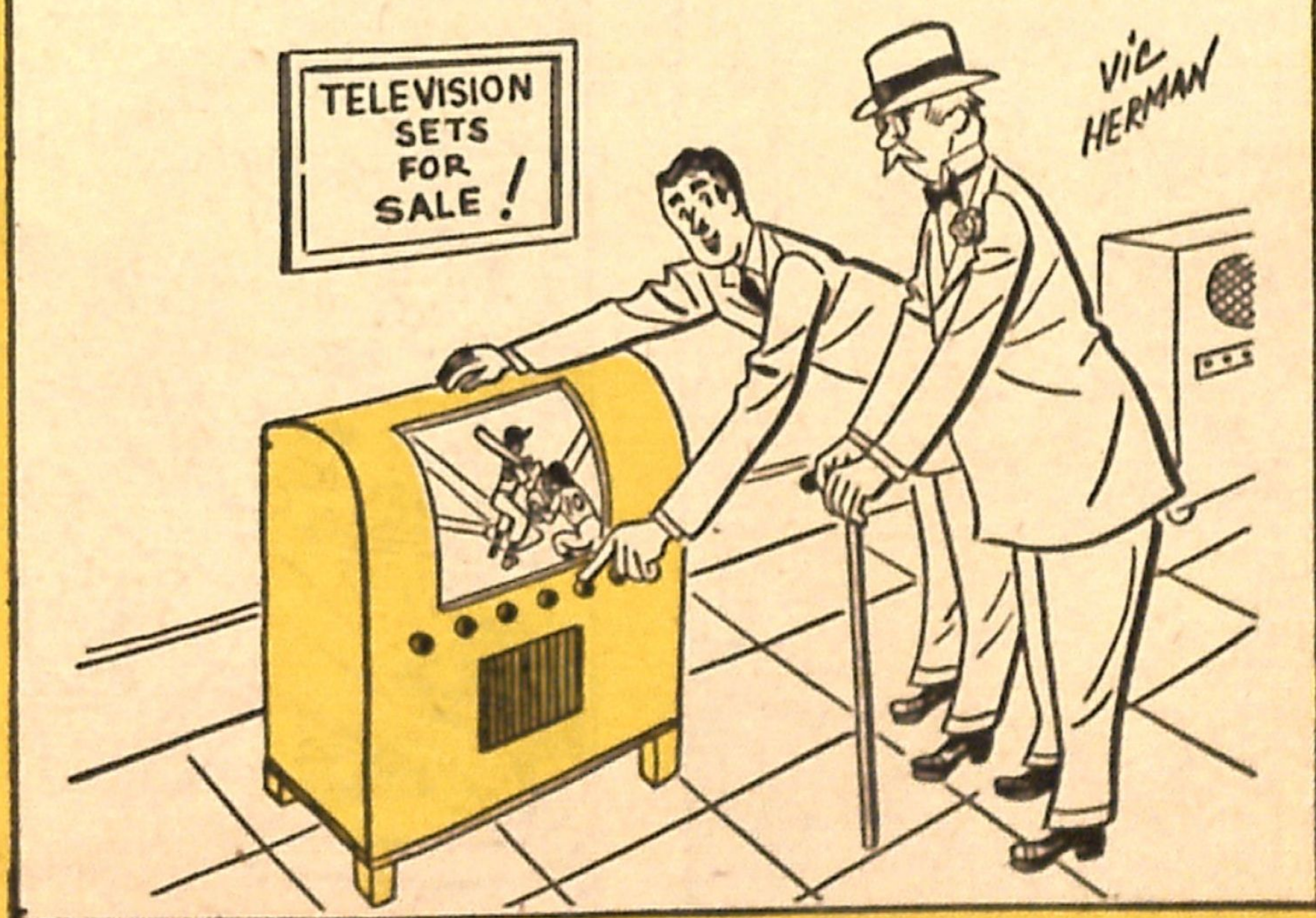
"Look, Oscar—my postwar house!!"



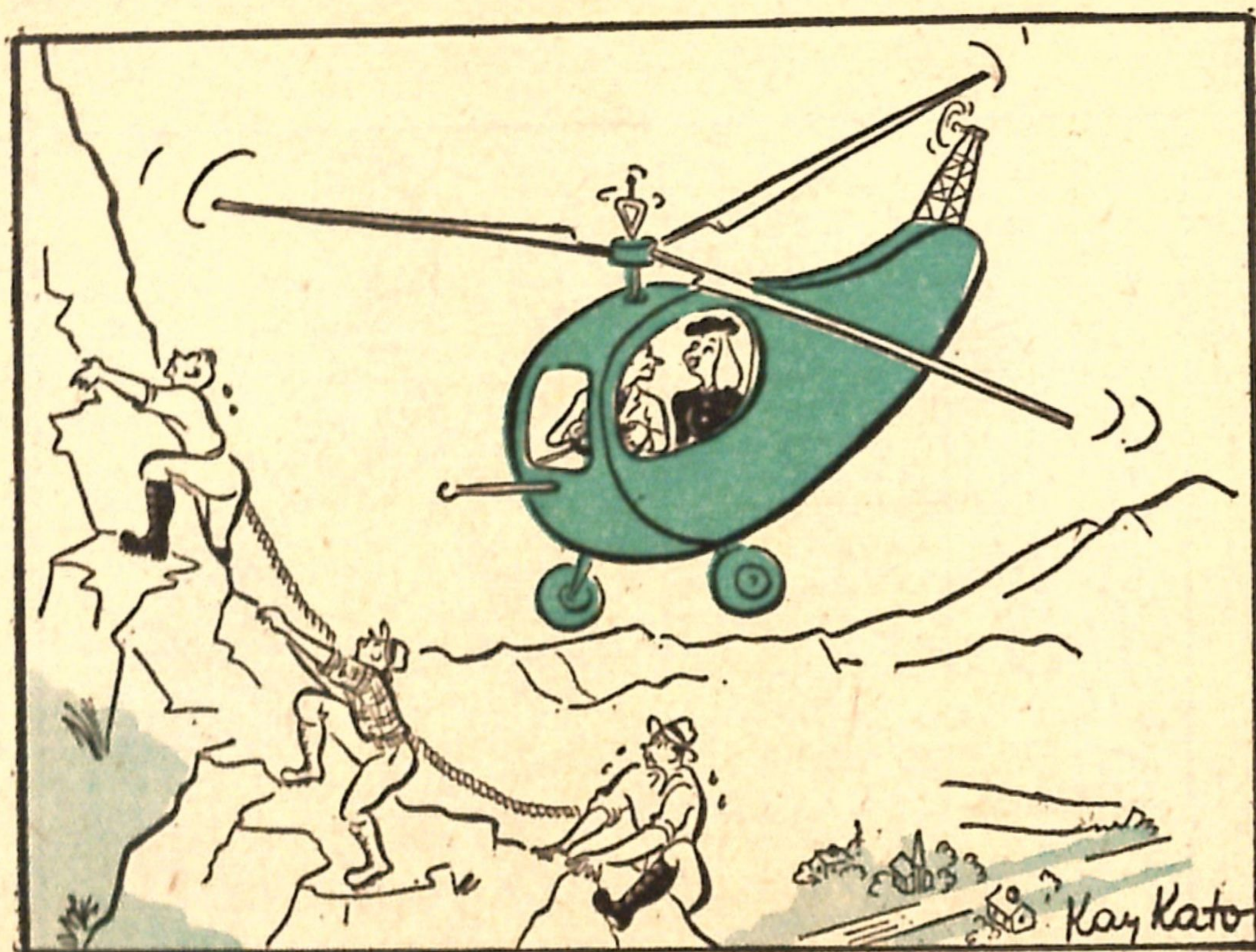
"This one gives malted milk!"



"Now here's a big hat in a transparent plastic, that you won't have to take off in movies!"



"And for baseball games, pressing this button automatically causes a pop bottle to be thrown at the umpire."



"I think *our* way of mountain climbing is so much more fun!"



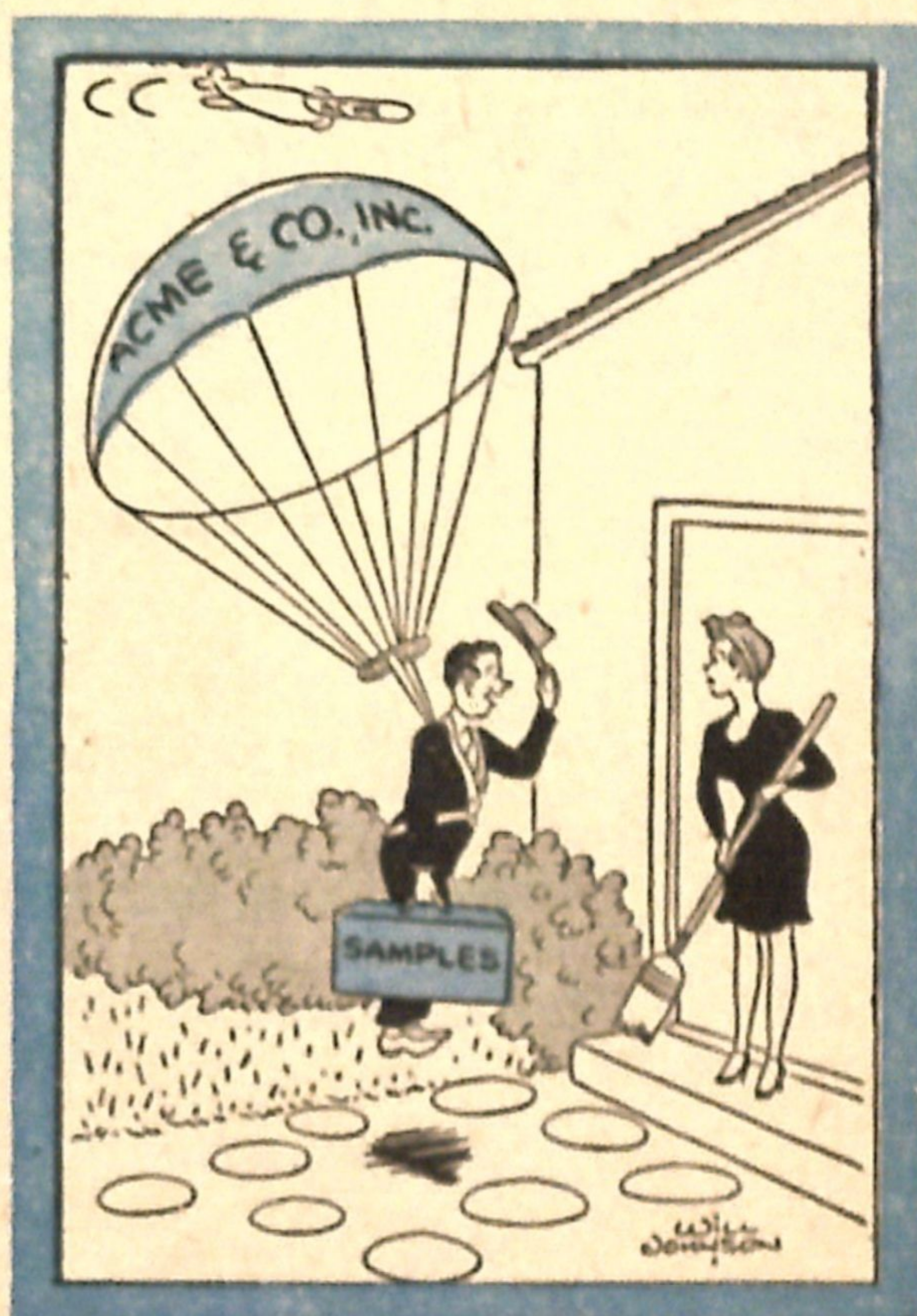
"I want an easy chair that will go well with an open fireplace, a dirty old pipe, and him!"



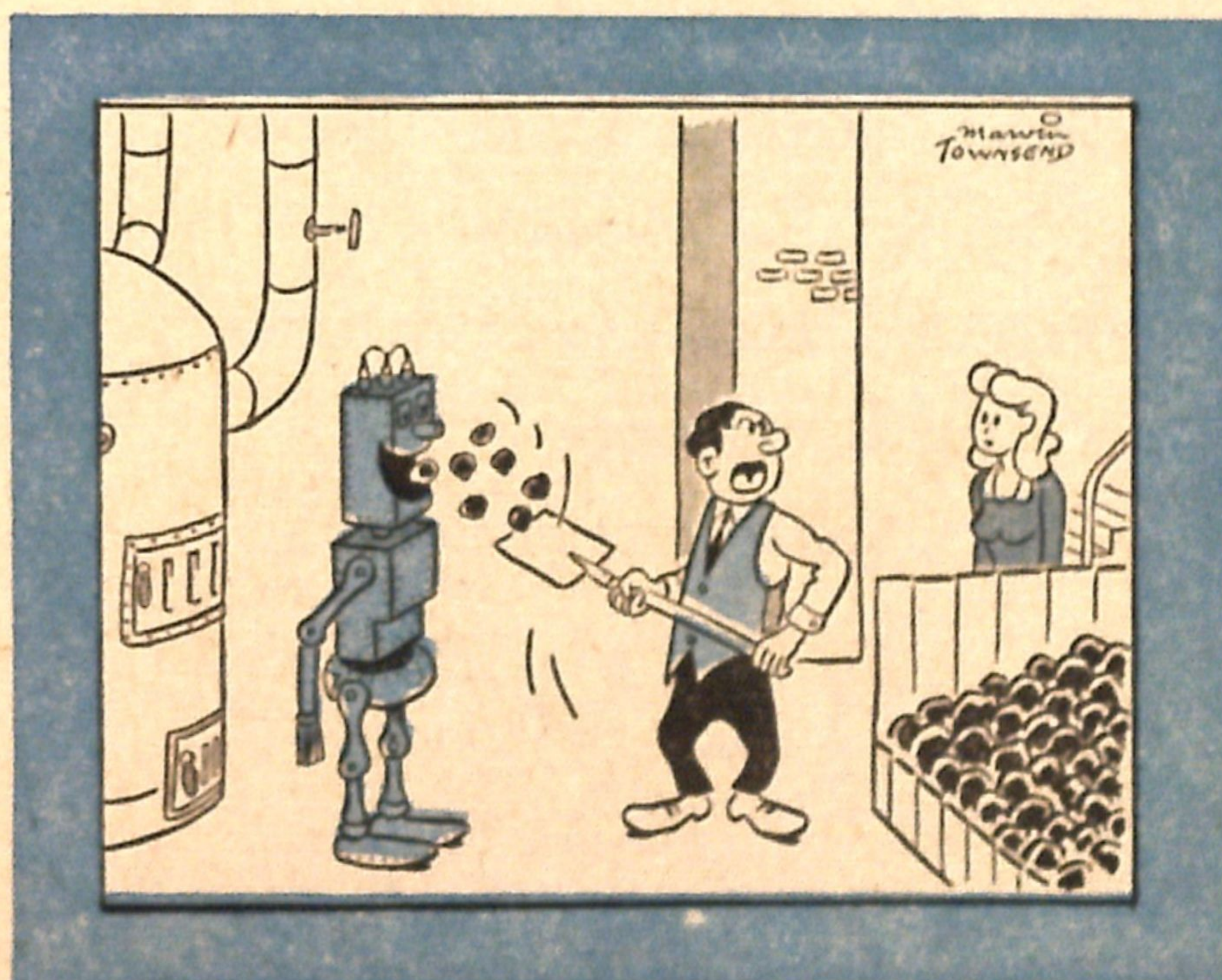
"I wonder if the government has made plans for the housing of in-laws!"



"The noise of the motor doesn't make patients nervous in *my* postwar world . . ."



"House-to-house selling is a cinch to an ex-paratrooper, madam."



"I don't care if he does all the chores for you, he still eats too much!"

FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES

(Mr. William Shakespeare's Lyric in Mr. Paul Whiteman's Tempo.)

SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

Mamma's kind o' lonely;

Mamma's kind o' sad.

Mamma, where is papa?

Mamma, where is dad?

Papa's gone down in his submarine;

Papa's gone after his mermaid queen;

Papa's turned erratic;

Daddy's gone aquatic;

Papa's all wet from base to bean.

Down in the sea-weed with Davy Jones,

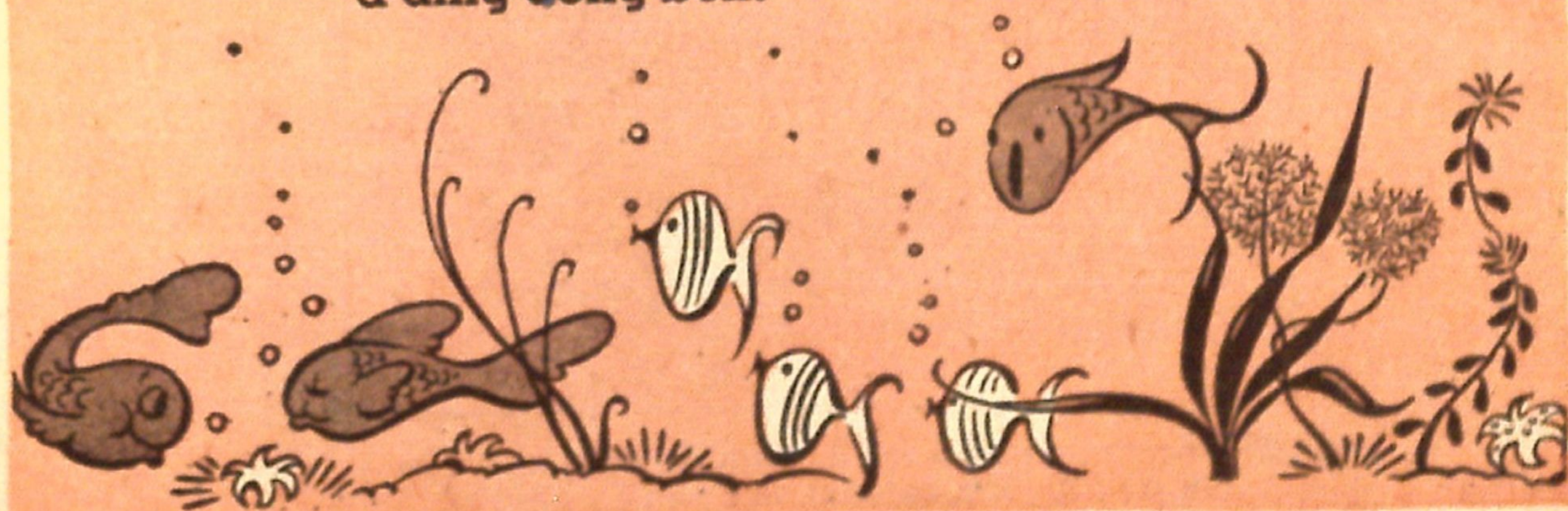
Papa is squandering all his bones

On corals and pearls

And bubbles for the diving girls.

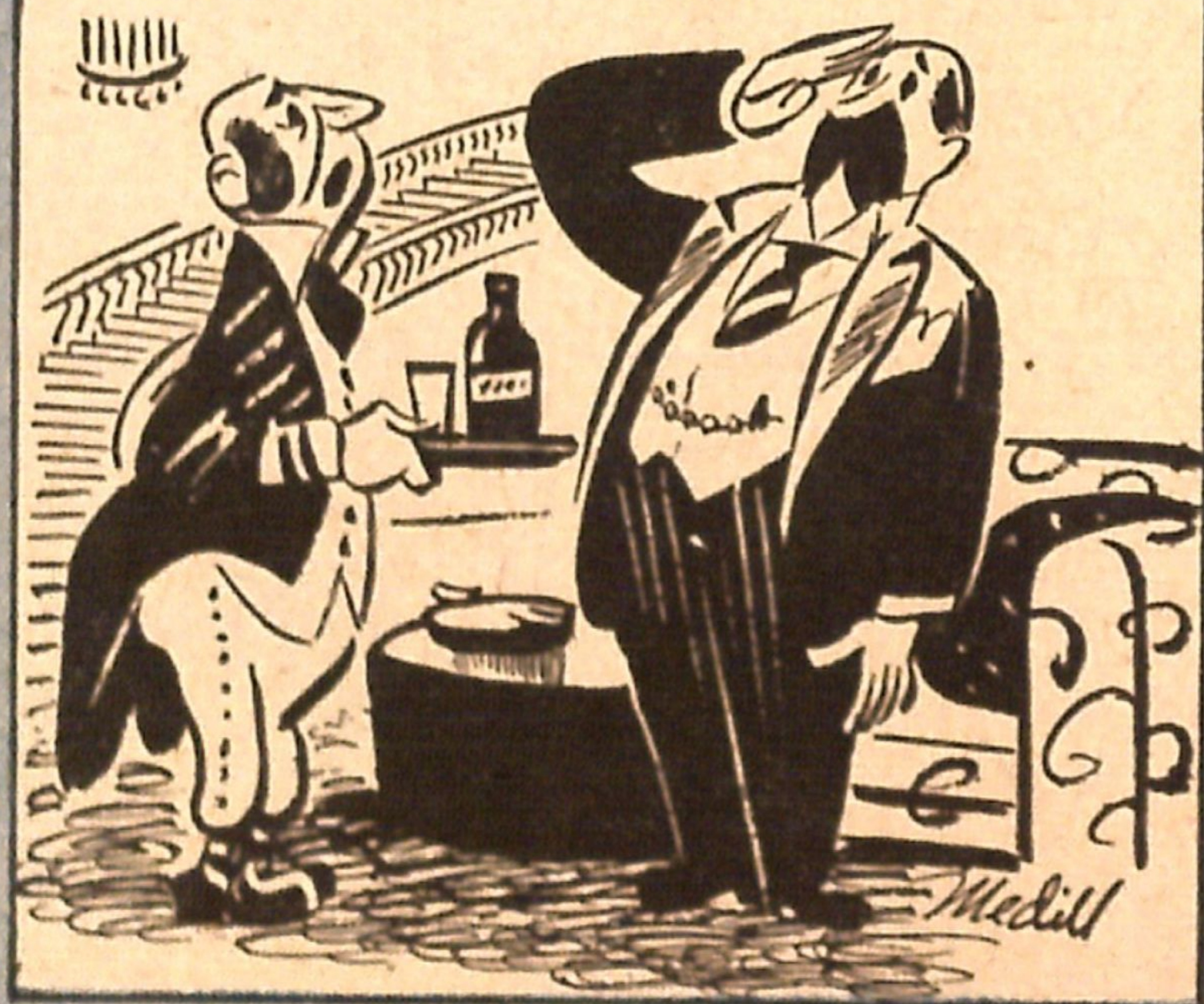


Papa is treading the water some;
Oh, what a fish your dad's become!
I'll tell you on the level,
Your daddy was no devil—
There never was a sweller man
Until he did that Kellerman!
Oh, what a change when he comes home!
Won't he look strange with a beaver full of foam,
And his rich alibis
And his fathom five lies!
Watch your mamma tell him what the
 sea-nymphs wouldn't tell;
Watch me give him h-e-double-well,
You can bet
He'll get
His funeral knell,
And his ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling-
 a-ding-dong bell!





"I beg your pardon but this is an old sailor habit that keeps coming back to me!"



"Please don't salute me any more, your lordship—I'm no longer a colonel, nor you a captain!"

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"I understand there's a postwar plan to provide husbands who come home late with prefabricated stories."



"Your third from the left postwar plan is home, baby!"

UTOPIA-1955

TEXT AND PICTURES

By Alan Dunn

"WHY so blue, honey? When I bought you this six-button, two-dial Electopian Home, you said you would be the happiest woman in the world, barring power failure."

"My goodness, it's easy for you to talk! You come home after a pleasant two hours at the office, and then all you do is sit by the television screen all evening. You never take me places any more!"

"Say, I wish you had *my* life for one day! All *you* do is sit by the switchboard of your all-electric home and twirl dials —"

"Now, see here —"

"Why, today I sat in on a one-hour televisual conference with our Ant-

arctic office, followed by an exhausting telecall with the NRWAPB in Washington, who wanted to know why I hadn't filled in that last questionnaire."

"Okay, you made two telecalls; now listen to me! Twice today I had to call up the electronician about the electric eye—it keeps *slamming* the door. They certainly don't make things the way they used to. And then the mechanics were here all afternoon, working on the Electrostatic Dinner Master. It seems there's something screwy about that Beef à la Mode button; you slip in the dehydrate, press the à la Mode jigger, and it comes out Maître d'Hôtel instead—"



"Spare me the domestic details, will you, dear? These are the only twelve hours of relaxation I get a day."

"Frankly, we drew a lemon. For one thing, the climatic control is completely haywire. Atmosphere Six, the California setting on the rumpus-wing dial, produces a light fog, settling down into a steady drizzle. Now, that certainly isn't what you fought for, ten years ago, at Coutances and at St. Lô and in the Falaise pocket, is it?"

"Please!"

"Oh, that's nothing—nothing at all! And all day long the usual salesmen fly over the house with their loudspeakers, trying to sell me accessories. And boy, oh, boy, did we get stuck on that In-a-Wall dog bed! The button for it delivers a lighted cigarette."

"Well, it's probably the work of some armchair scientist."

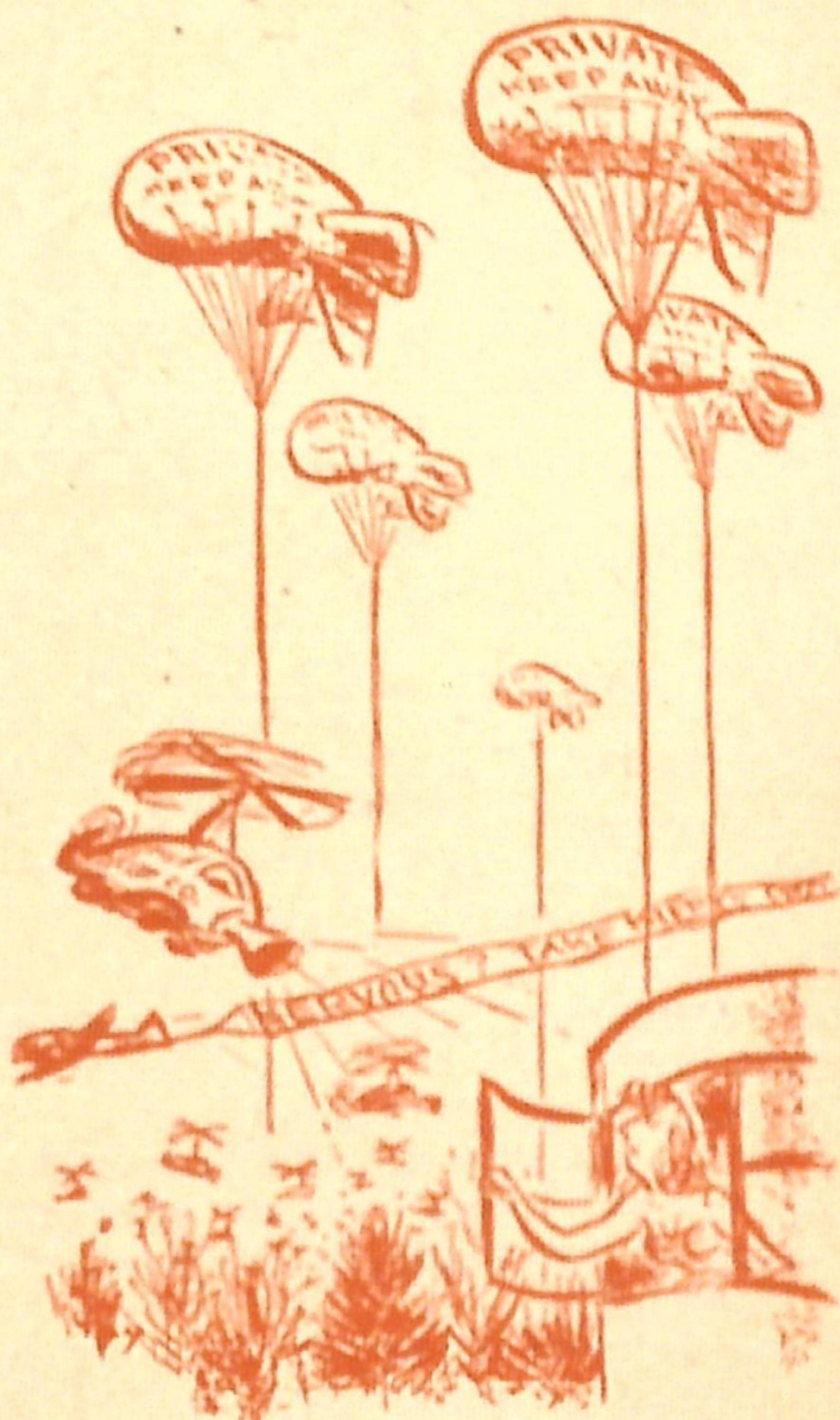
"And the Electrohome people were here to get us to turn this one in for a 1956 which has, they say, no torque at all, and lots more chrome plate. It's magnesium instead of Plastolux, and holds its shape in hot weather. Also it's a one-dial model and they're putting the motor business in the rear. Of course the magnesiums really haven't got the charm of the Soygalow — Now, the Joneses live in the most adorable compregnated soybean derivative."

"But, darling, what with the prospects of a seventh term and all that, we can't afford to do what the Joneses —"

"Hush! You just don't know how humiliated I am to be seen in this old 1955 thermoplastic resin. Soon the neighbors will begin unhooking their houses and moving away from us."

"Oh, rats!"

"You started it! You wanted to know why I wasn't happy. Another thing, let me tell you science should have known there couldn't be any Utopia with that Mrs. Riggle in it. Yesterday I saw her wearing the most atrocious Glasstex bra with electric-blue Zylon slacks and last month's Plastofoam hat —"



"Oh, you're just —"

"I'm not jealous! You're just taken in like most men by that synthetic, bottled glamour. You can get it at any drug counter."

"I say, do I have to look at all this advertising just to see one short television program?"

"That's right, interrupt me —"

"Sorry, dear. Maybe you need a rest. How about dropping over to Tibet for the week-end?"

"Tibet bores me to extinction. Besides, the air lanes over the Himalayas are simply crawling with Sunday pilots and the jet-propelled transport is utterly jammed—the Bleekers had to stand all the way from Guam to Darjeeling."

"Then we'll use our own plane."

"Oh, that's something else I have to tell you. Junior is seventeen now, and feels he has outgrown helicopters, so I gave him your rocket-coupé job to



go to Warsaw in. It seems there's some Polish girl —"

"Good heavens, anything more?"

"Well, yes. We've had a complaint from the neighbors. Our electric card shuffler causes radio interference."

"Humph."

"And remember our experience with the electric blanket? Well, I find it was made by the same people who make the Pop-Out-When-Done automatic toasters."

"Go on."

"And our cleaning woman, who is good enough to come in once a month, says unless you stop throwing your cigarette butts in the electric fireplace, she'll take a WPA job."

"Is that all?"

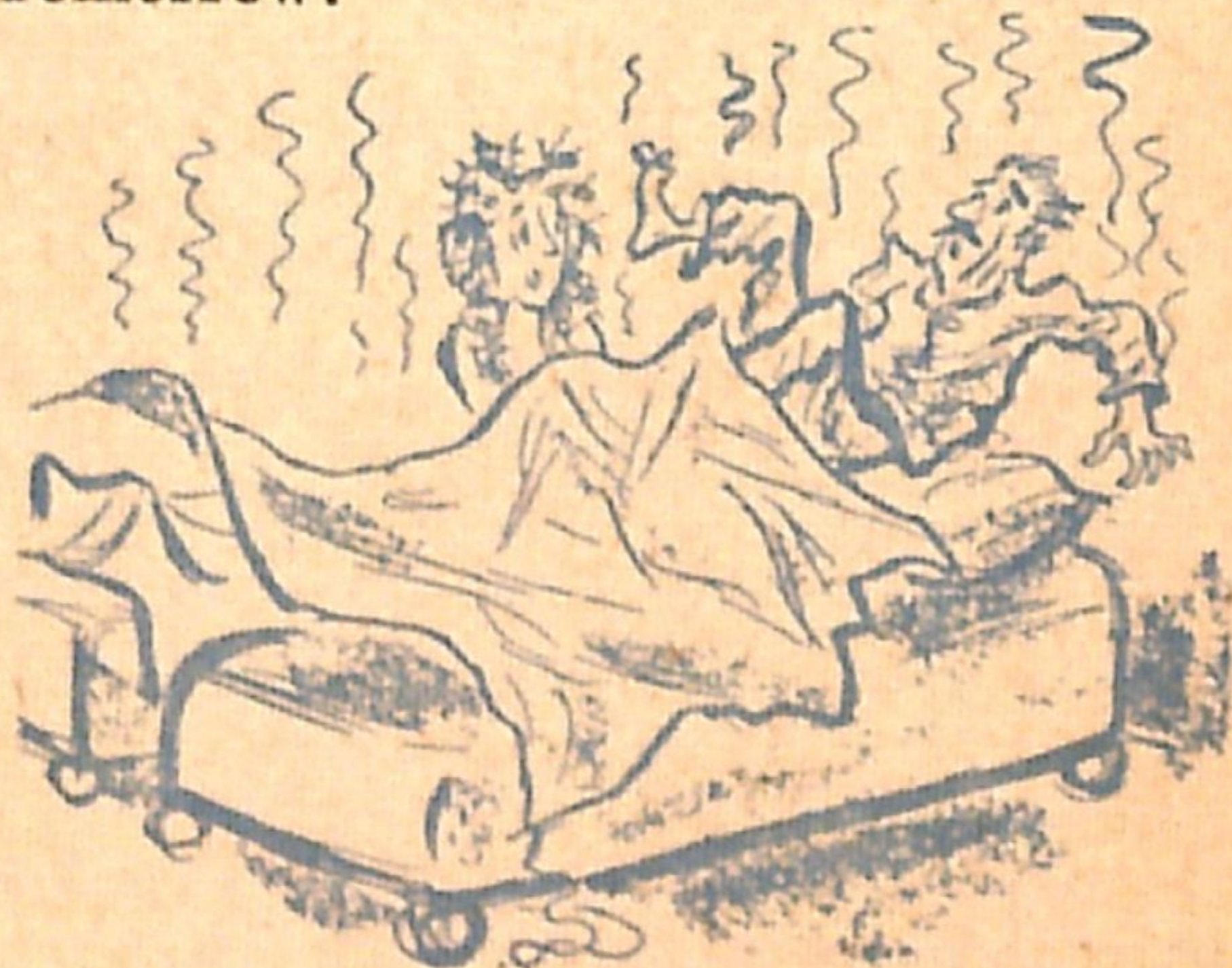
"No. Peak load, just when everything's humming, we suddenly blow the master fuse. I guess my nerves have been on edge ever since —"

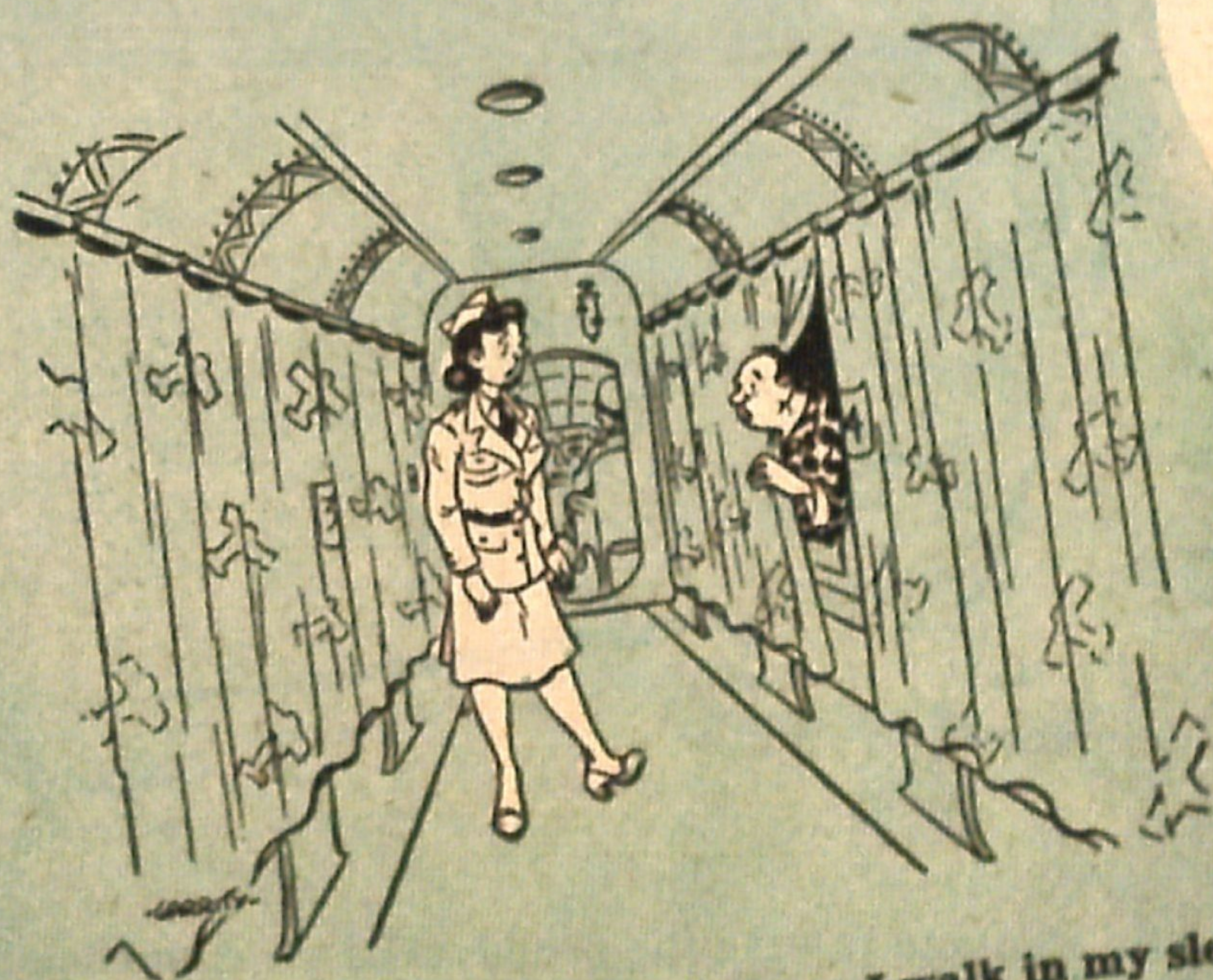
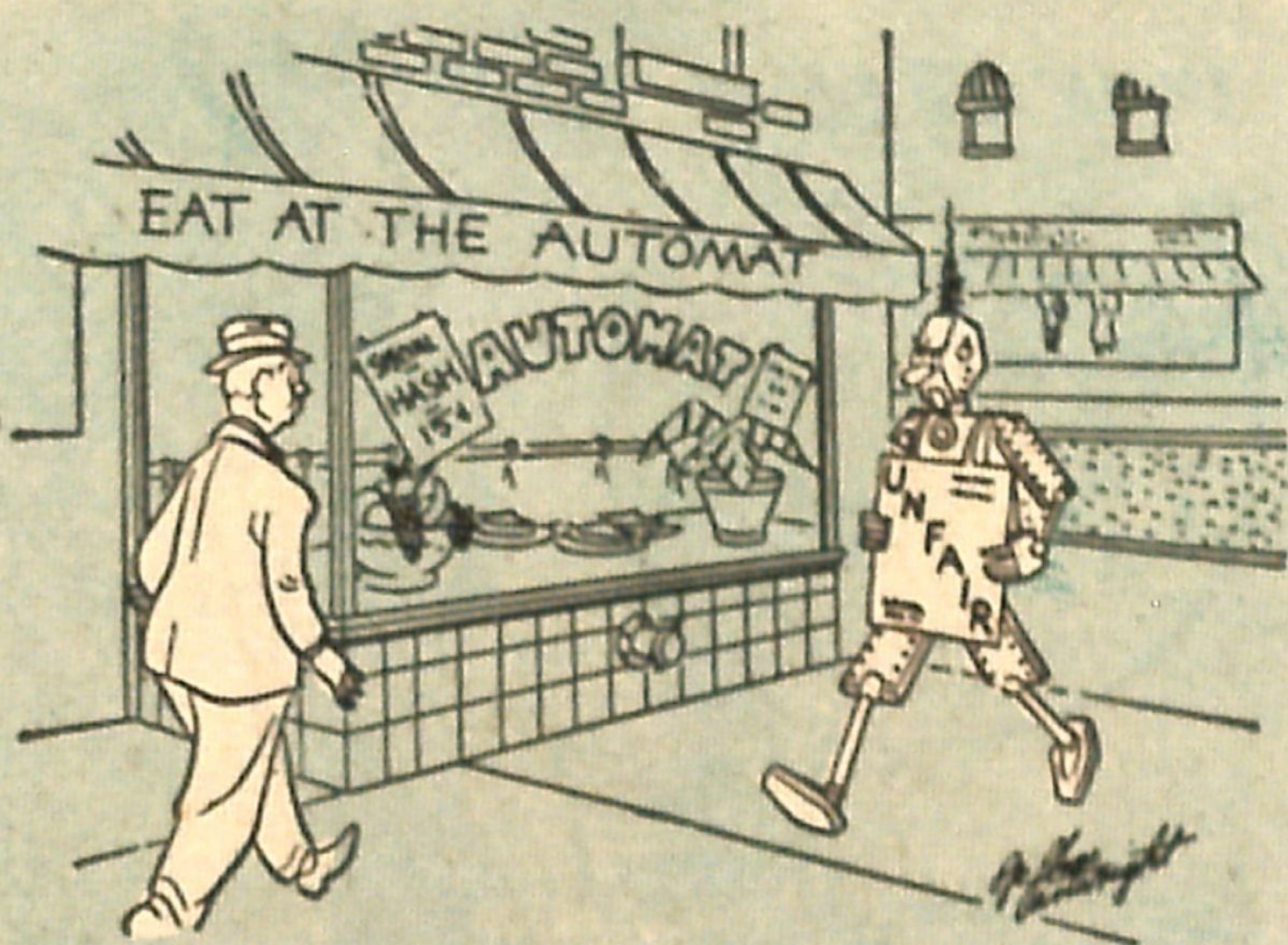
"Maybe you should go to a psychiatrist, like normal, civilized people. I don't believe that old-fashioned endocrinologist you've been going to is doing you any good. After all, sometimes I think we were better off in pioneer days. Look how happy your mother was, and yet she lived in one of those old oil-burning houses and traveled on railroads. She didn't even have sulfa-penicillin candy to carry

around in case of pain. And yet *she* wasn't neurotic."

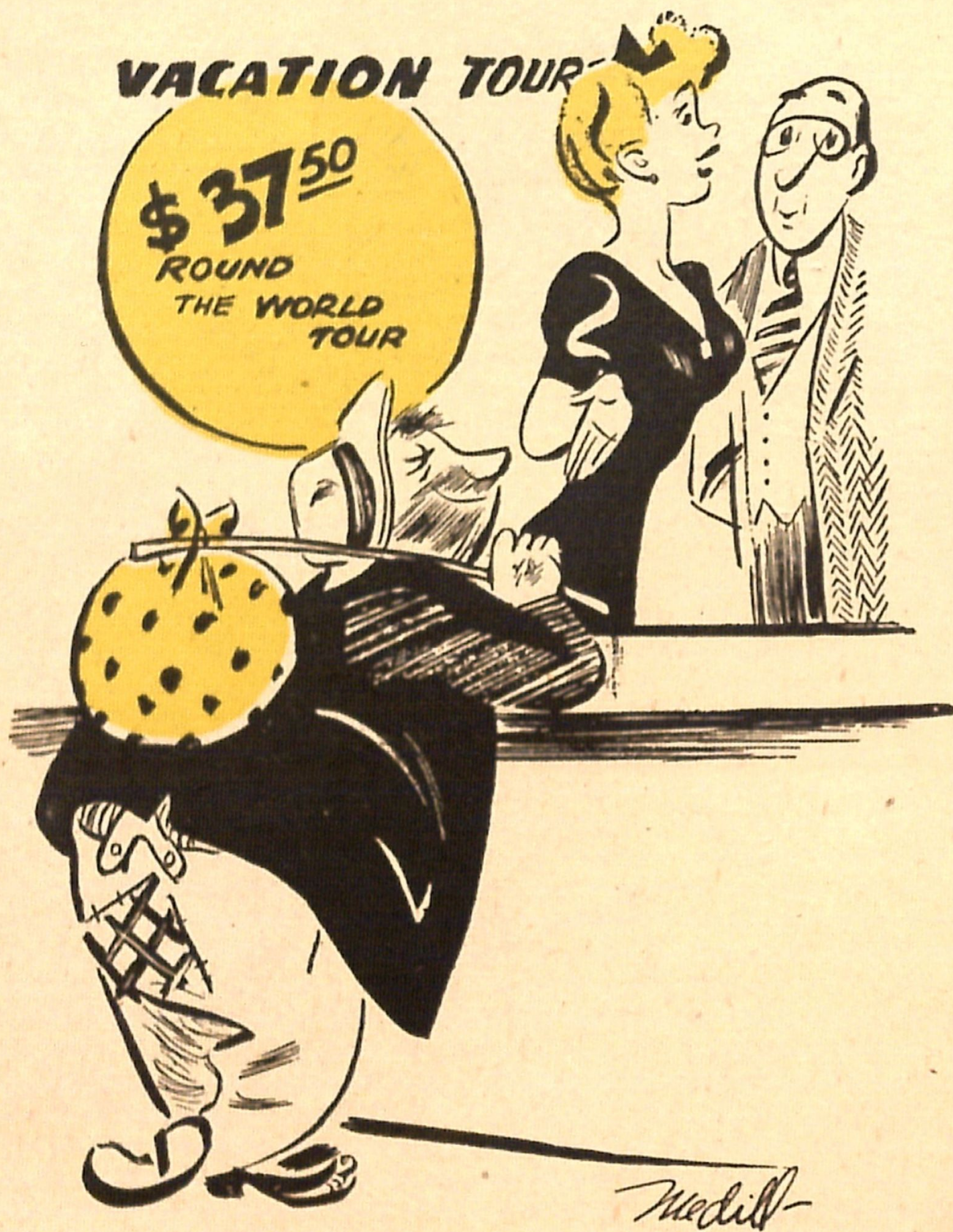
"I don't know what to do; sometimes life is so awful! Maybe someday science can find the way out—a new pill to take—perhaps a simple mouth wash or something."

"I'm sure it will, my dear. Science has never failed us yet. As a matter of fact, on this morning's Telenews program I saw a new house that is really something to live for. All drudgery is even more banished than ever. You just tell the corporation how much you want to spend and how big your family is, and zip—it's up! If we start payments now, it will be ours in 1965. And do you know what it's called? It's called The Home of Tomorrow!"

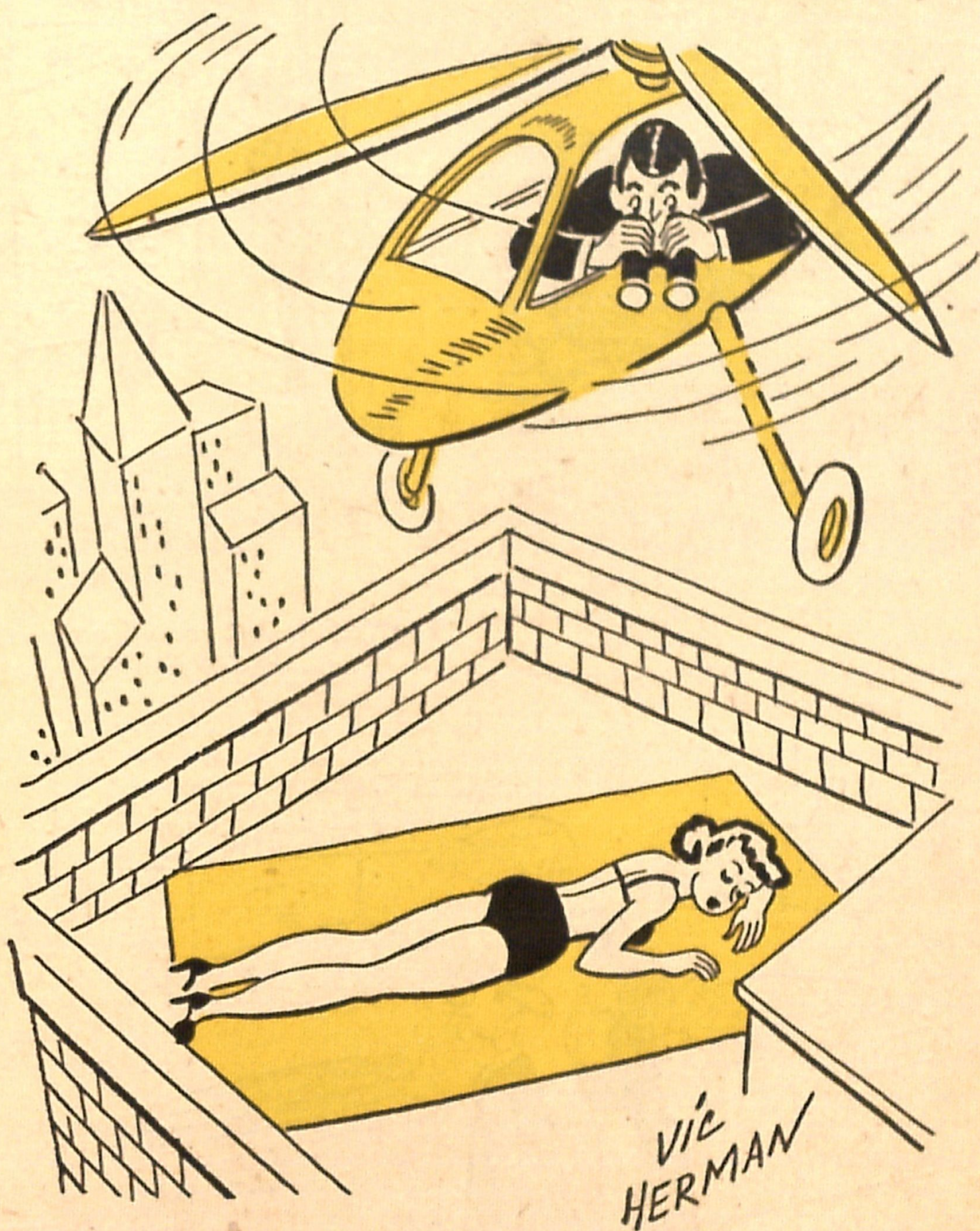




"Can I have a parachute? Sometimes I walk in my sleep."

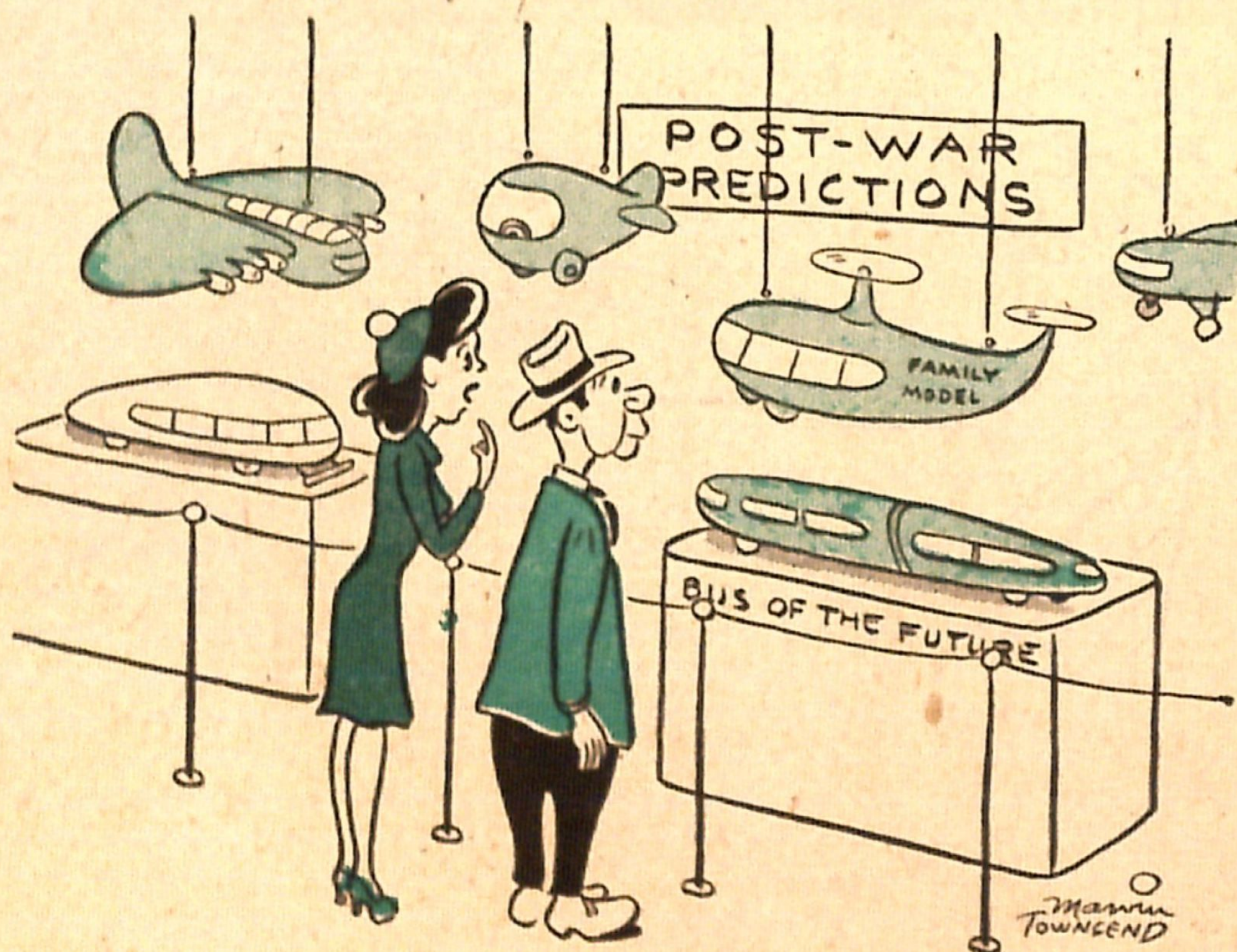


"He wants to reserve the presidential suite on Blue Star Liner."

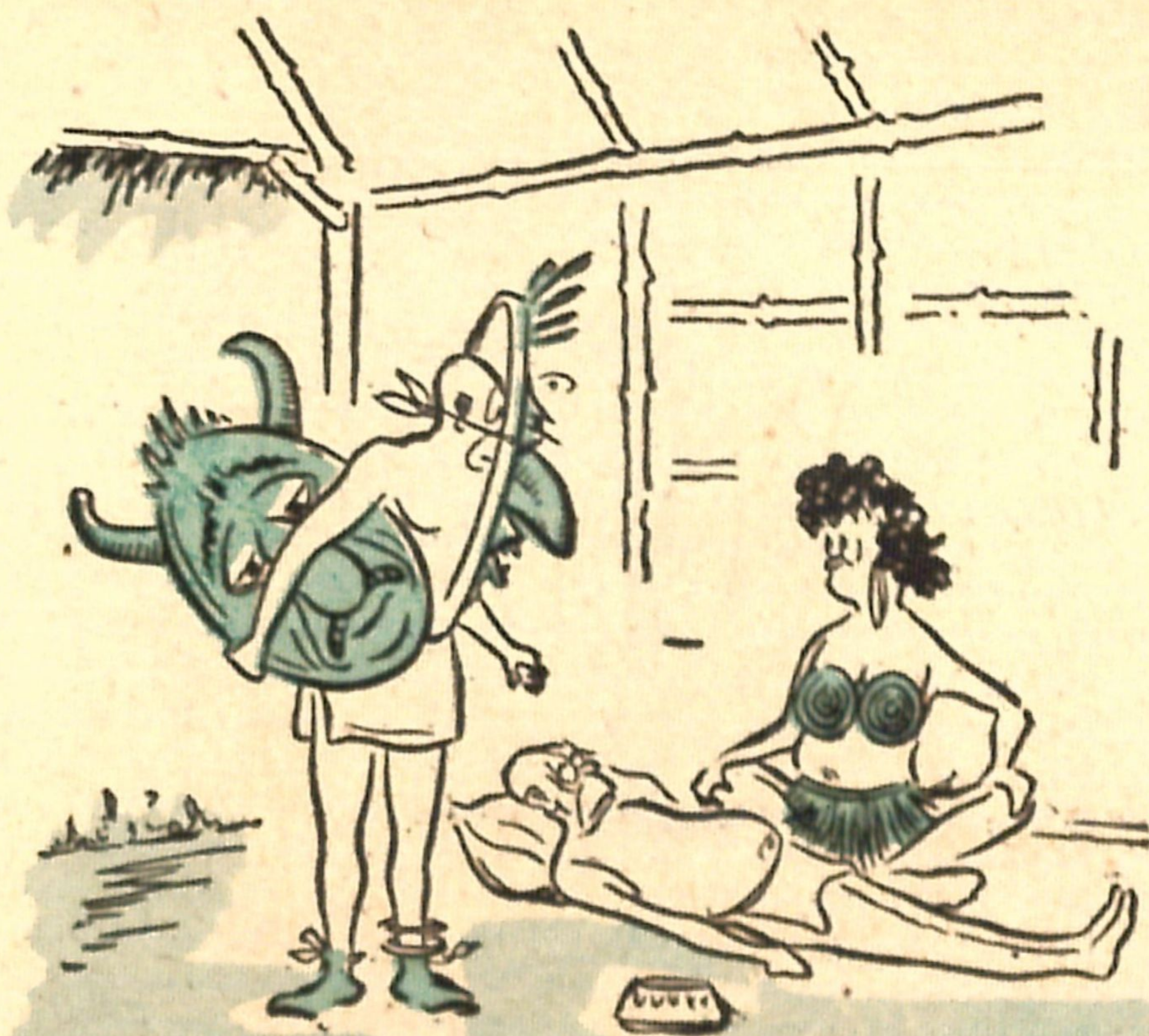




"I can't help it if you are embarrassed—it's automatic!"



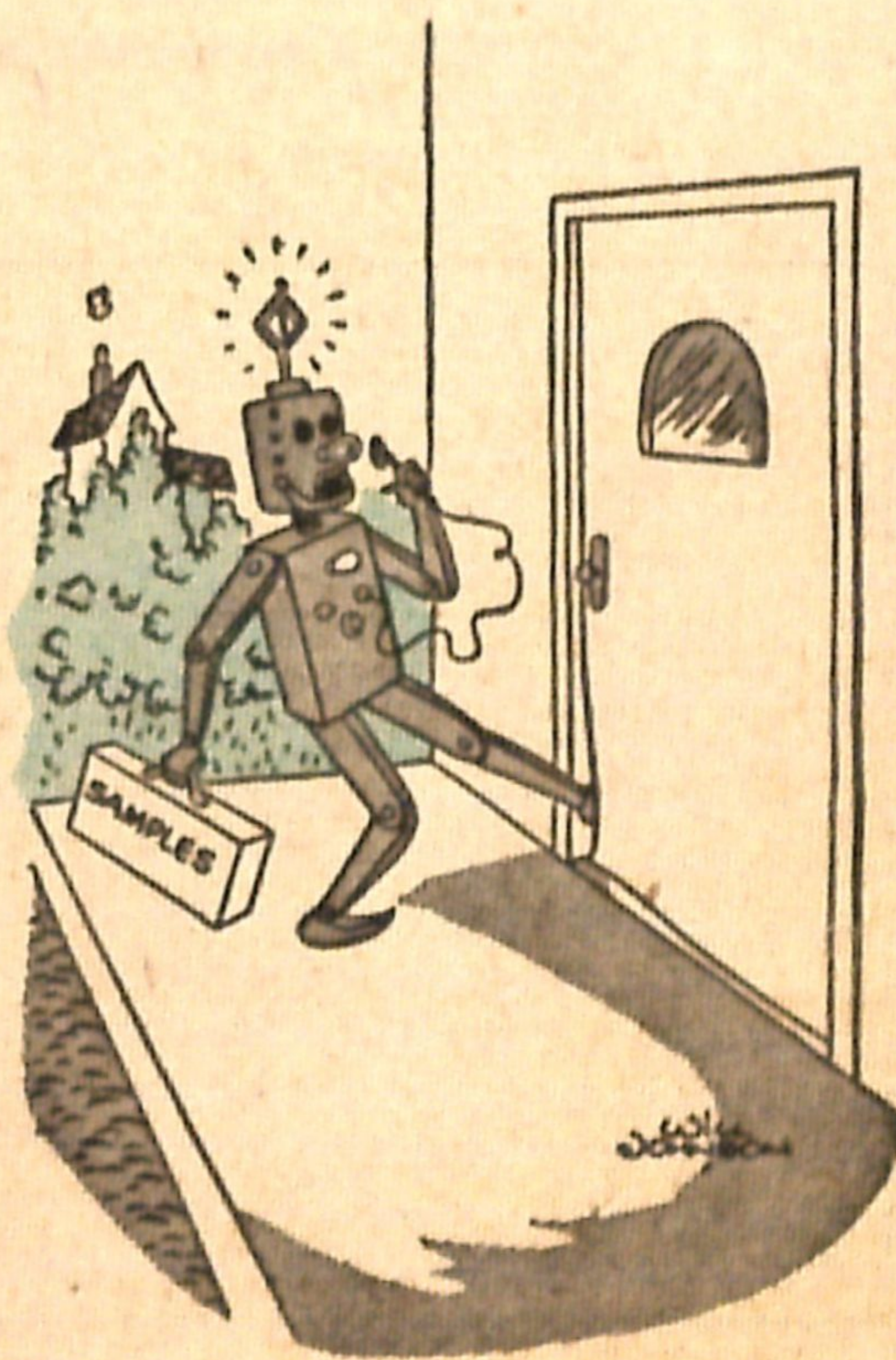
"Oh dear! It frightens me to think what our children will look like."



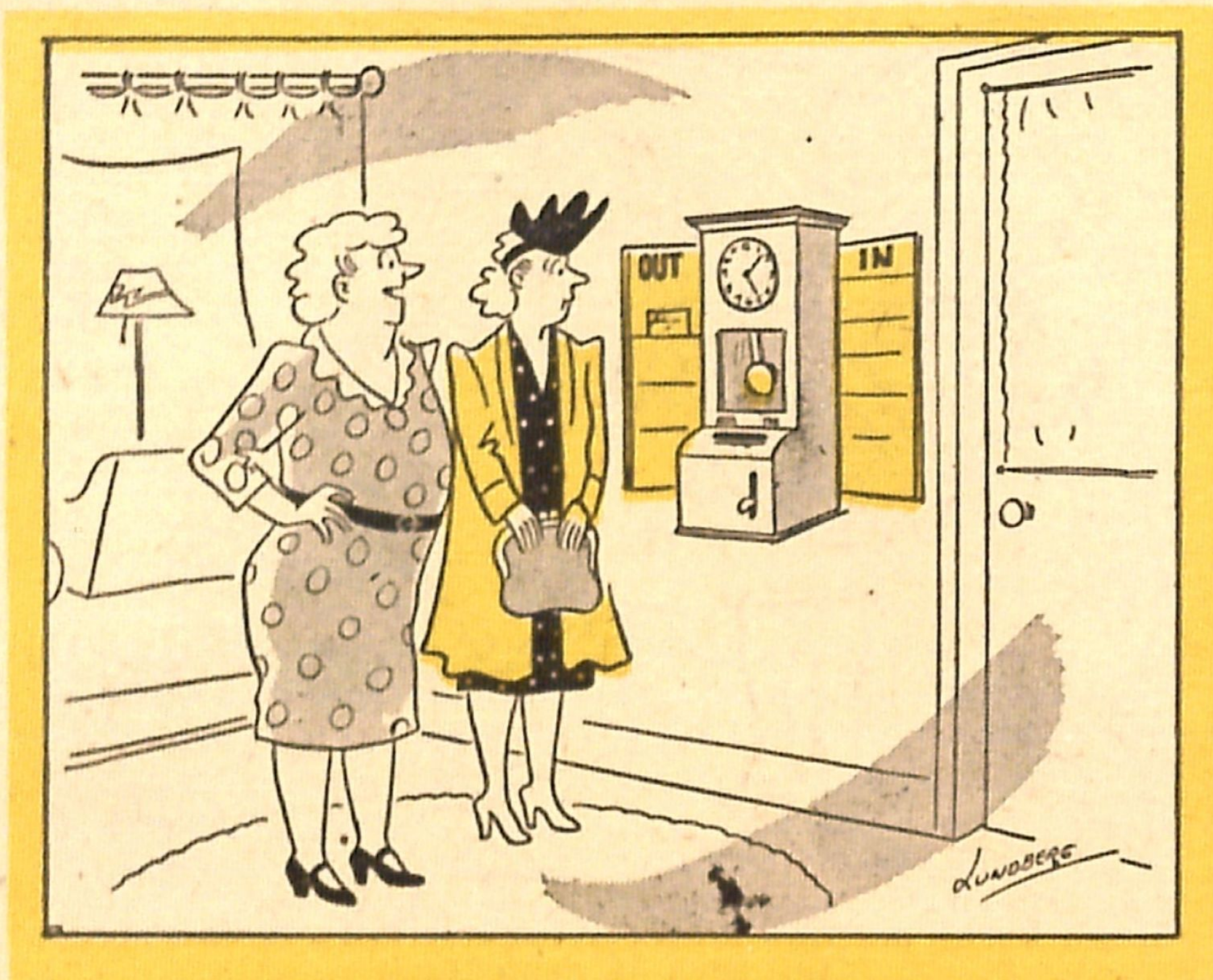
"Don't worry, ma'am—if everything else fails, we can always fall back on penicillin."



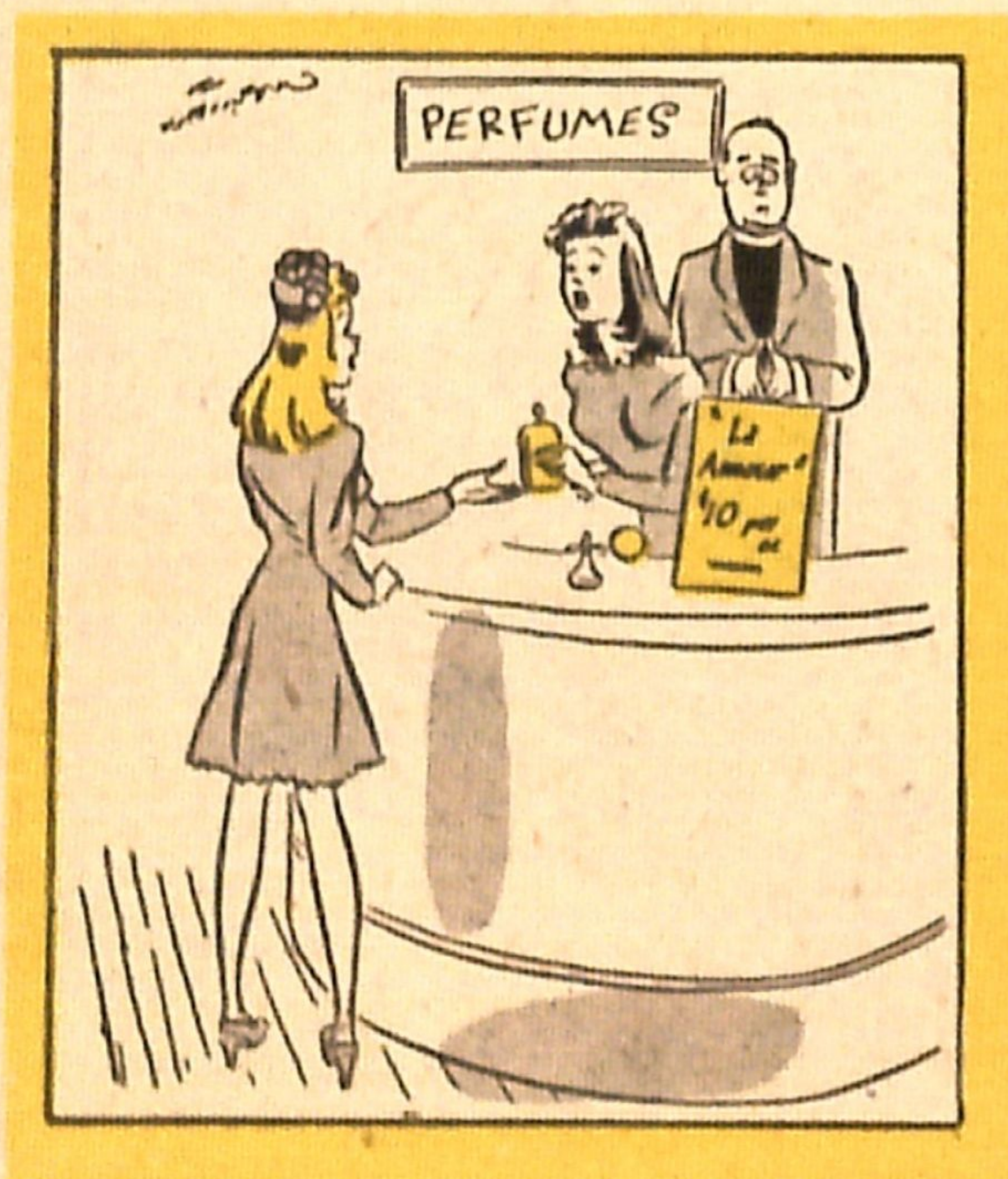
"She's almost human-like, isn't she?"



"Robot salesman 6,497 to control tower—send man with hacksaw"



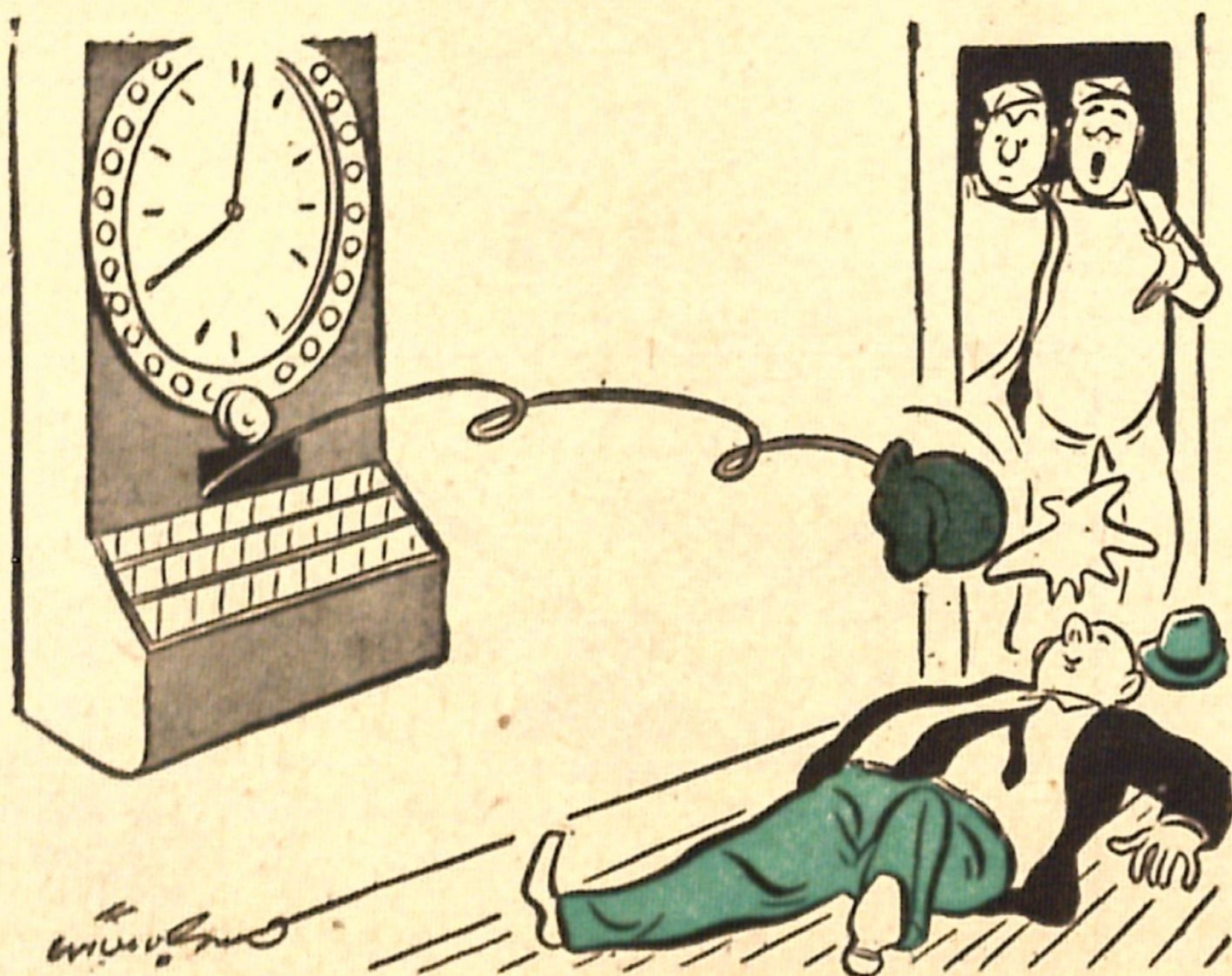
"I have no trouble at all checking up on John."



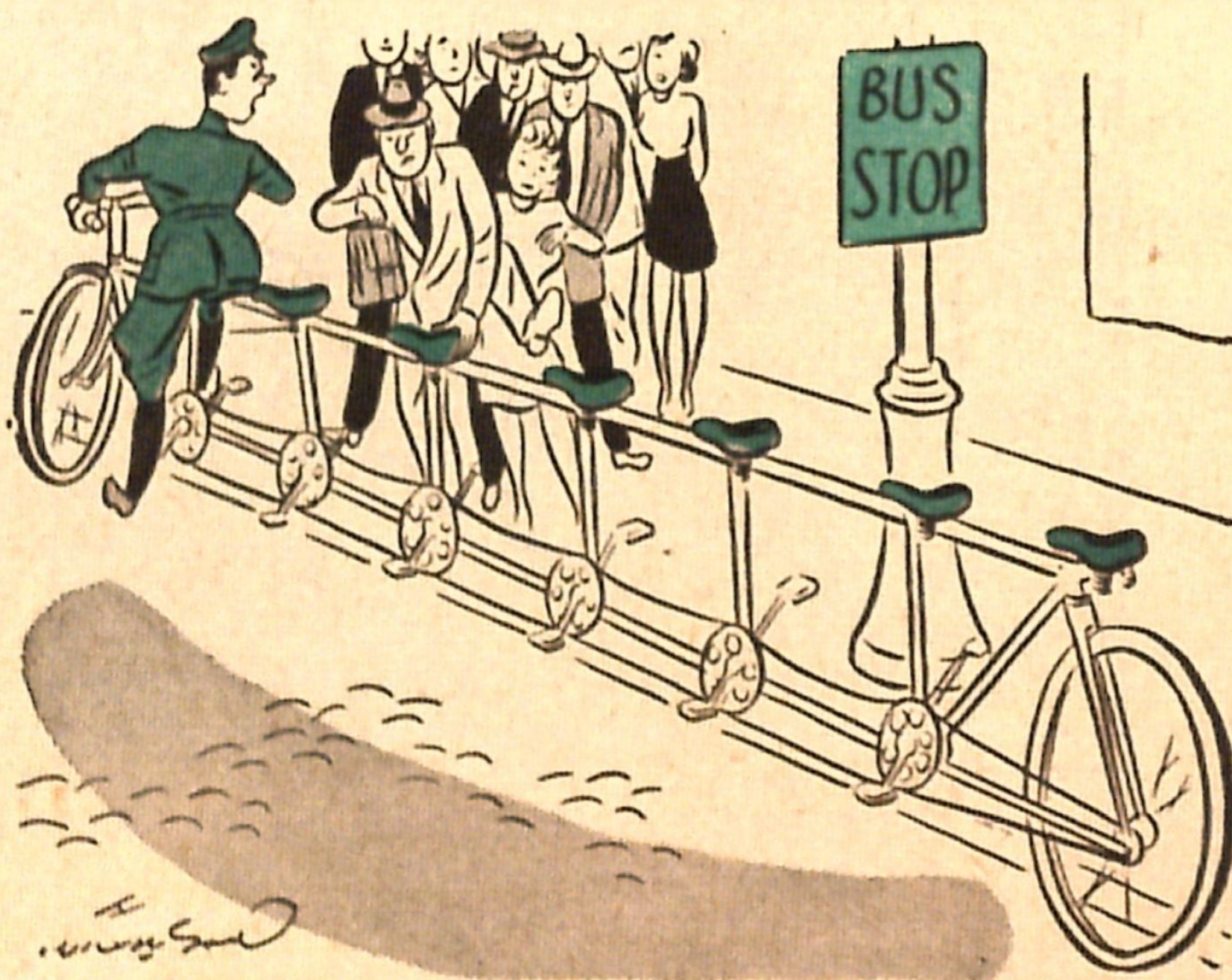
"Perfume will be so potent that we will furnish the ceremony with every bottle!"



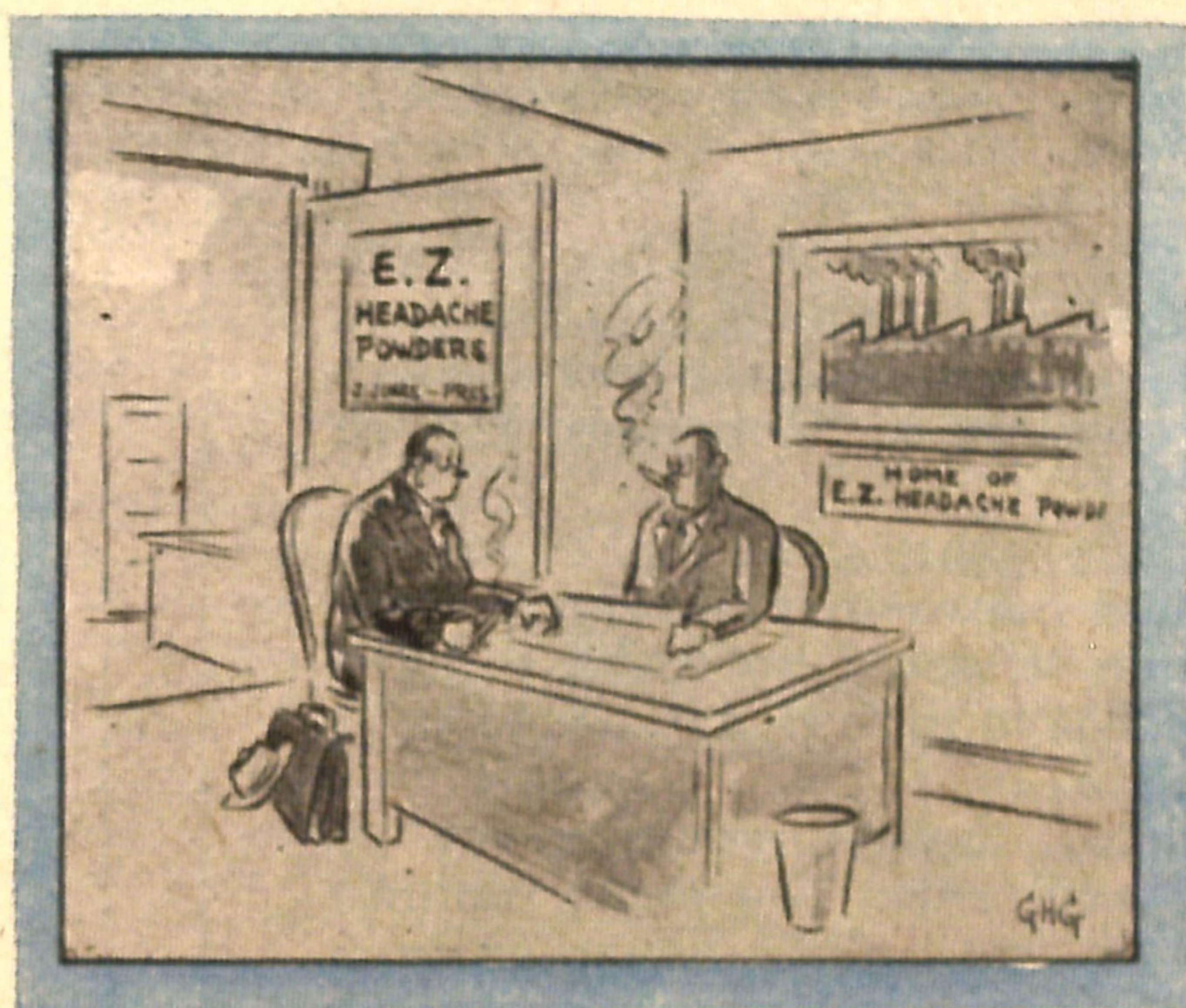
"Well, doggone! If somebody ain't gone and invented a helicopter!"



**"If you're more than one minute late, it punches you instead
of you punching it!"**



"Okay folks, take it easy, don't crowd!"



"We fully expect to double our business during the postwar era."



"When I said 'pull down to the curb,' I didn't mean in front of the hydrant—that's two violations; and furthermore . . ."



"I'll take my foot out of the door, lady, if you'll replace my rubber heel!"

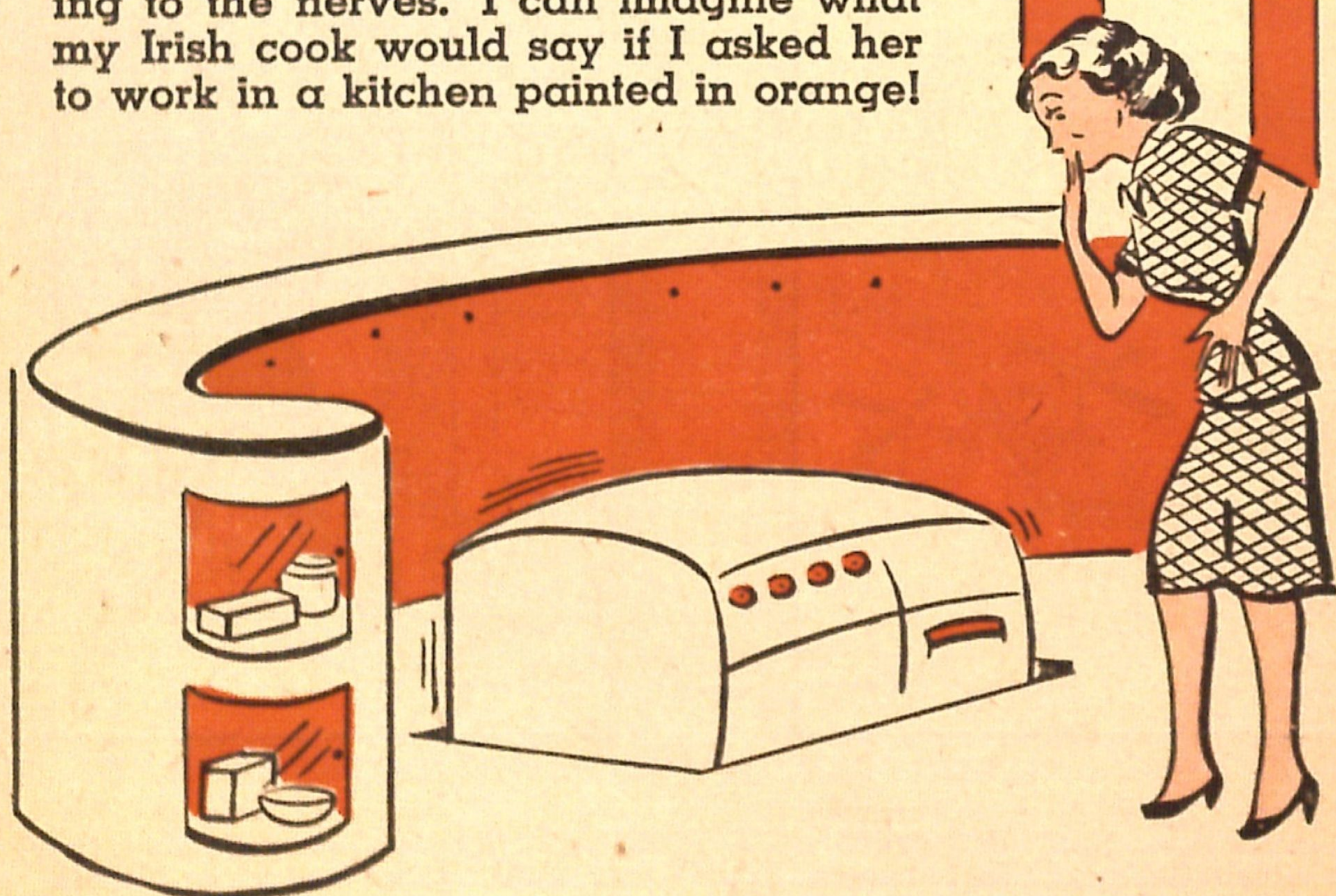
Gracie Allen Says:

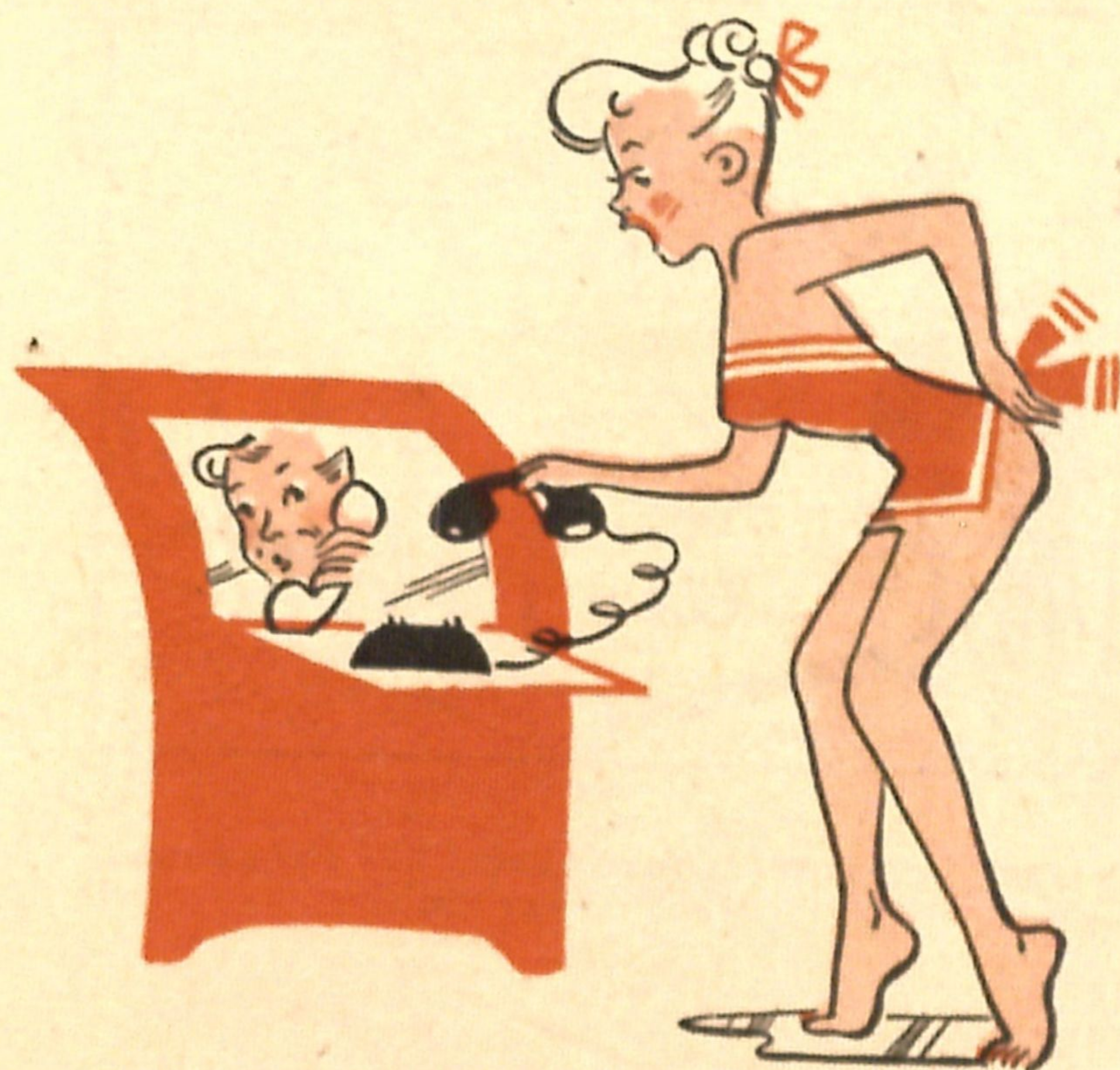
I'm beginning to think the best thing to do with the war criminals is to put them into some of these postwar kitchens I've seen on exhibition. Goodness, they're frightening!

Everything either pulls out, slides under or tucks between. From the looks of the gadgets it would be easier to fly a B-29 over Tokyo than to make George a cup of coffee.

One thing, though, you'd never be bothered with ants. The home planner told me an ant would never enter a kitchen like that. Neither would a cook, I'm afraid.

The last postwar kitchen I saw was painted in shades of orange. The color psychologist told me orange was soothing to the nerves. I can imagine what my Irish cook would say if I asked her to work in a kitchen painted in orange!

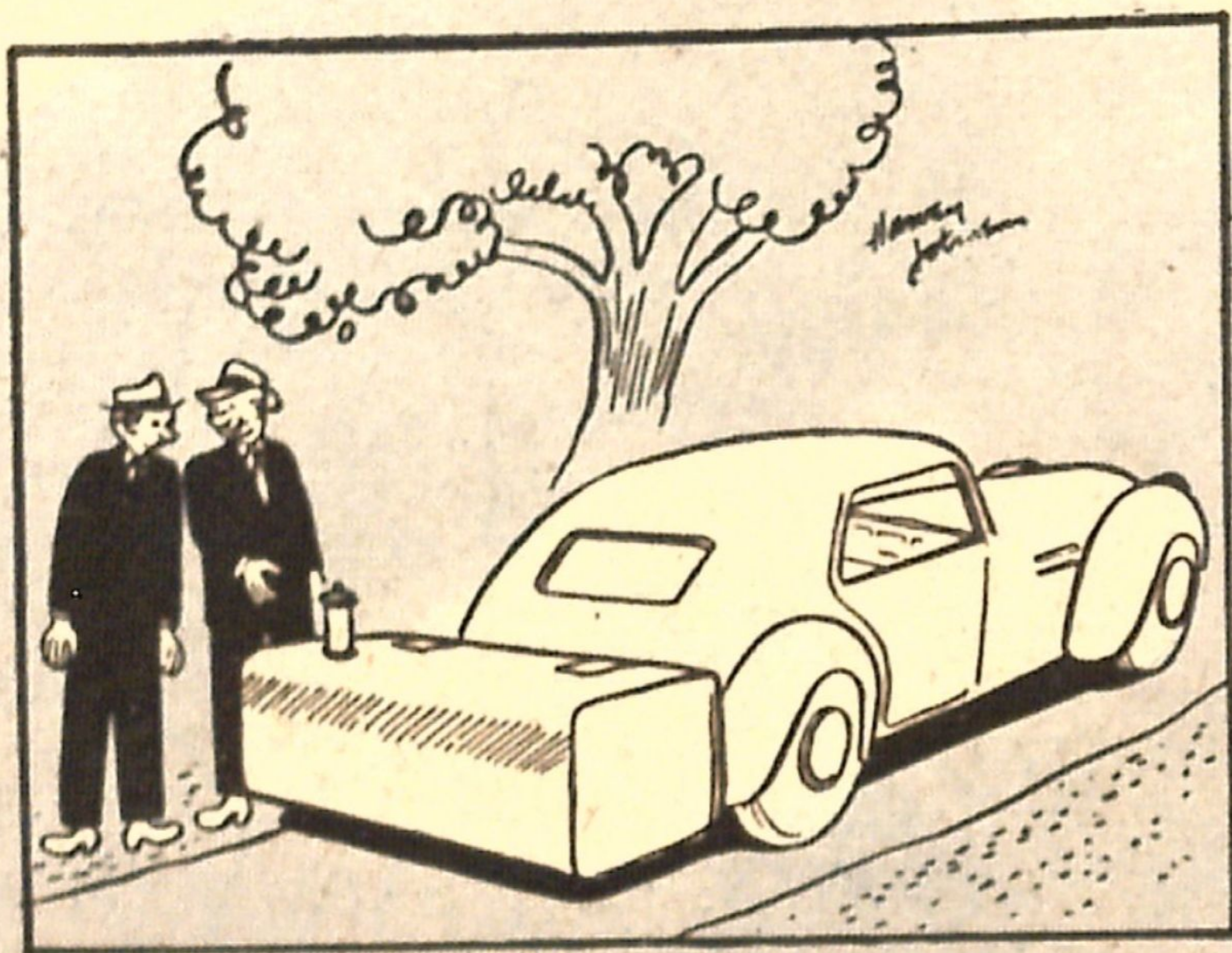




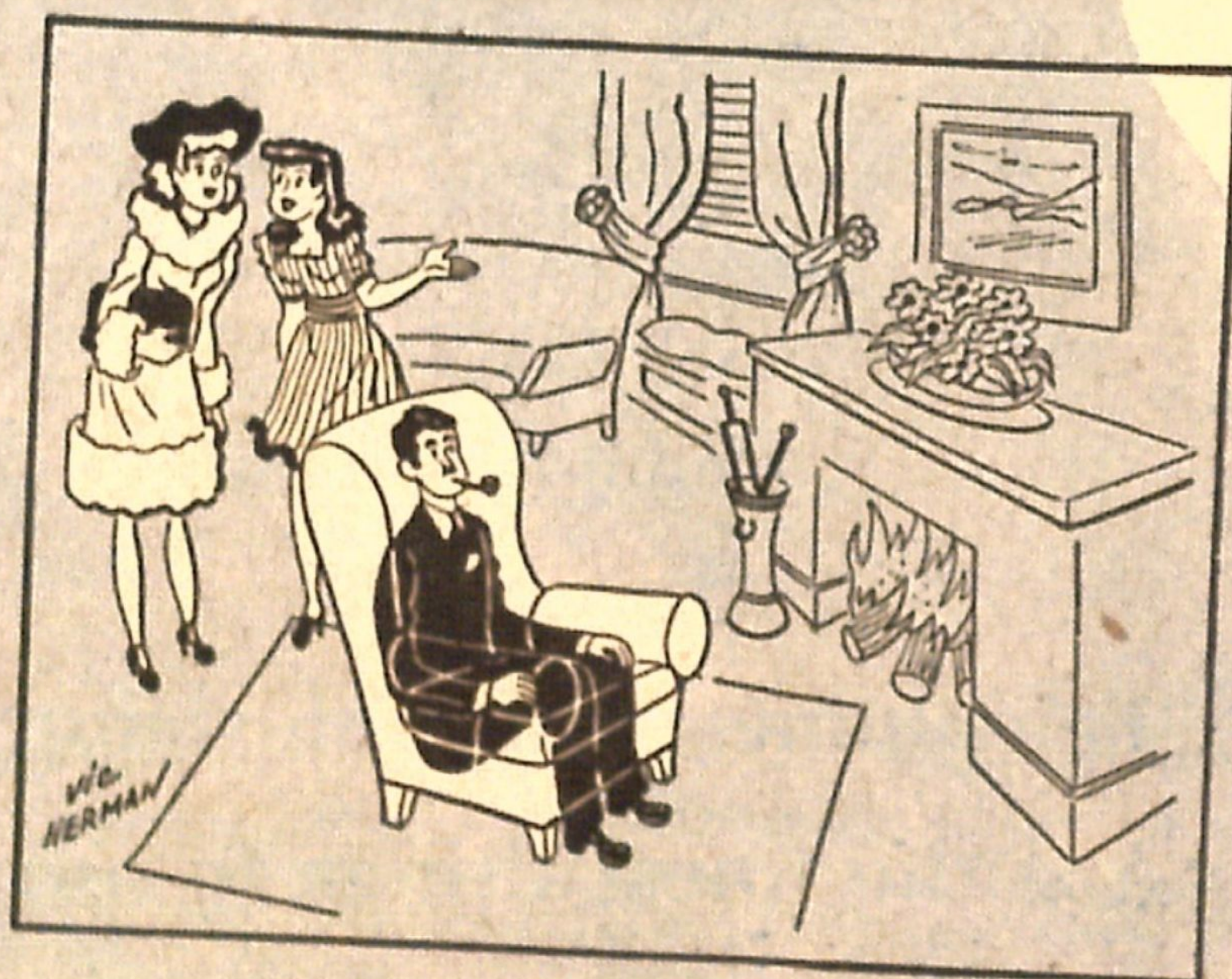
POSTWAR PROBLEM

Mathilda Schirmer

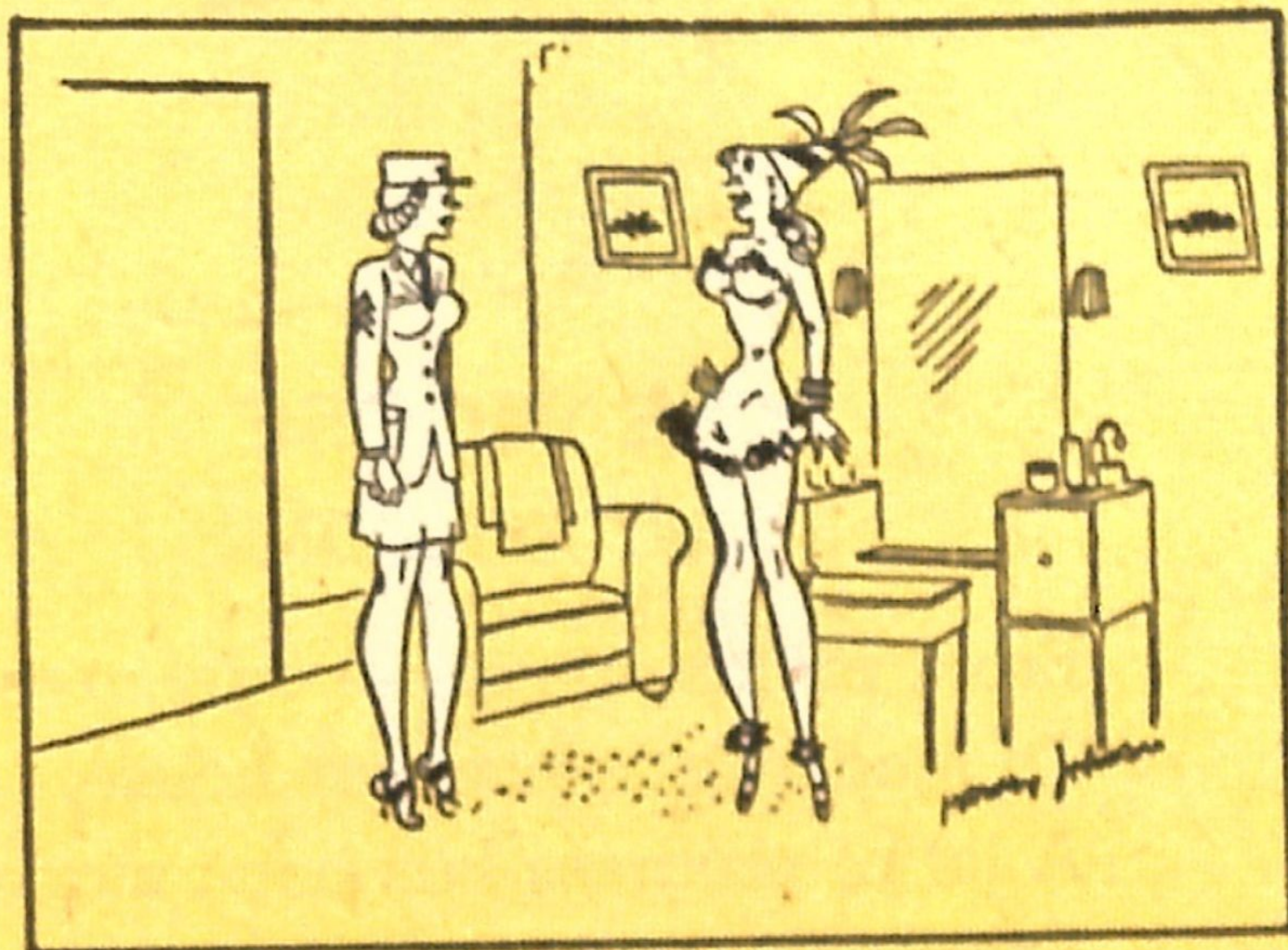
Telephones with Television
Are the finest things to own
(Except when one is rushing
From the bathtub to the phone!)



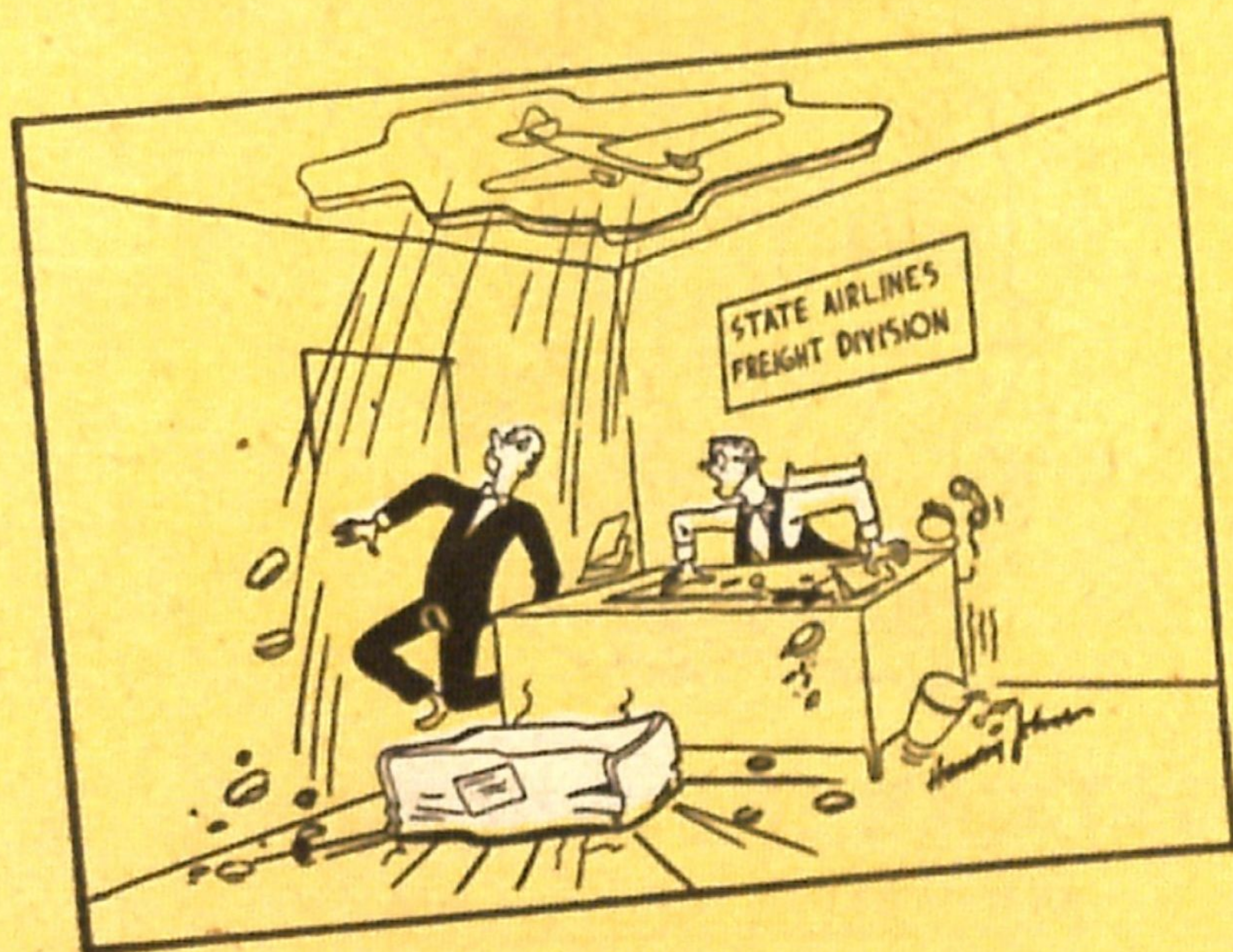
"This is my first postwar plan. Every day I'm gonna drive in and say 'Fill'er up!'"



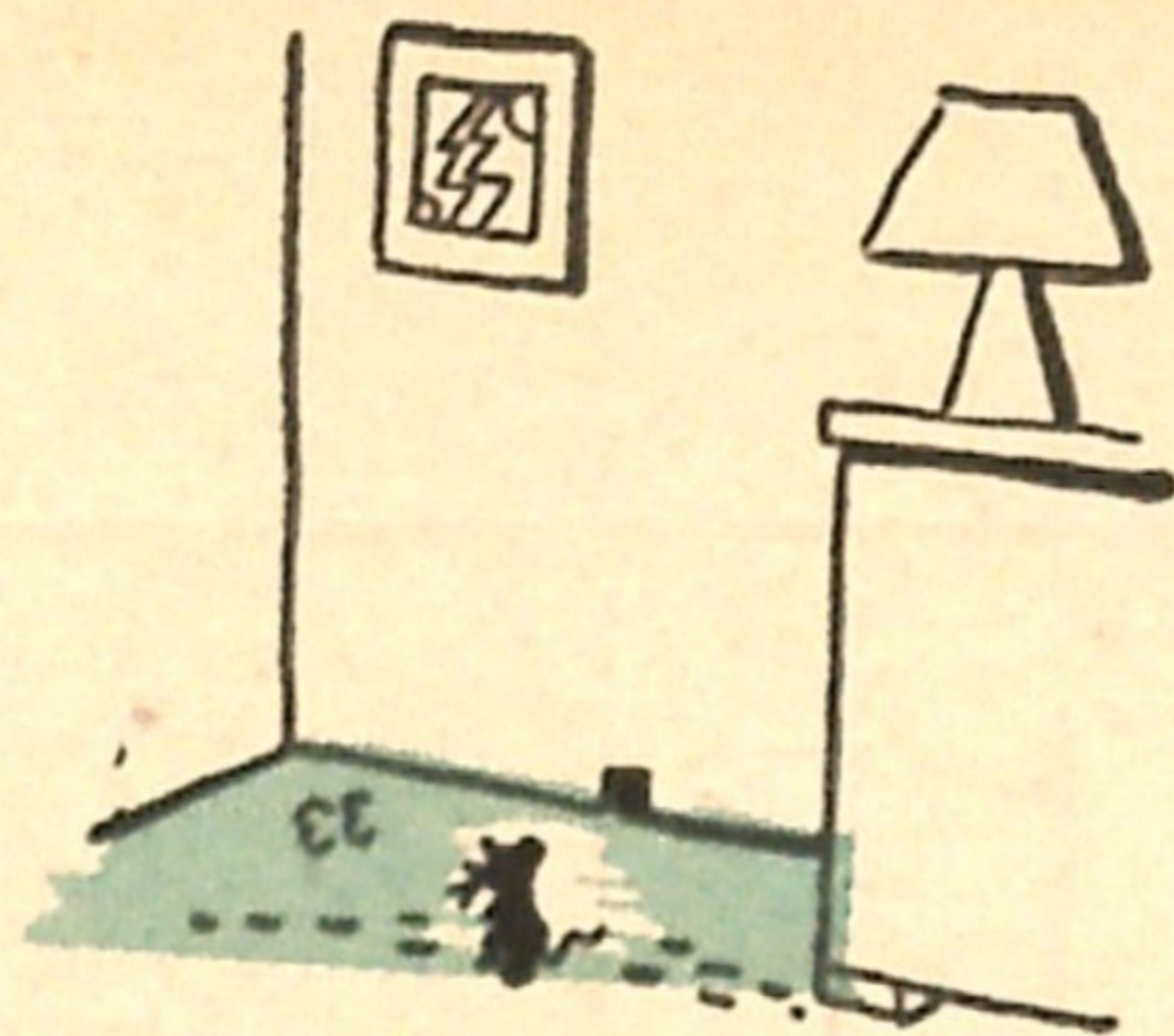
"It's that plastic furniture. We turned the heat on a little too high."



"Gee it's good to get back into something feminine!"



"I told you about using that ex-bombardier to deliver our freight!"



THE MOUSE

ERIC ERICSON

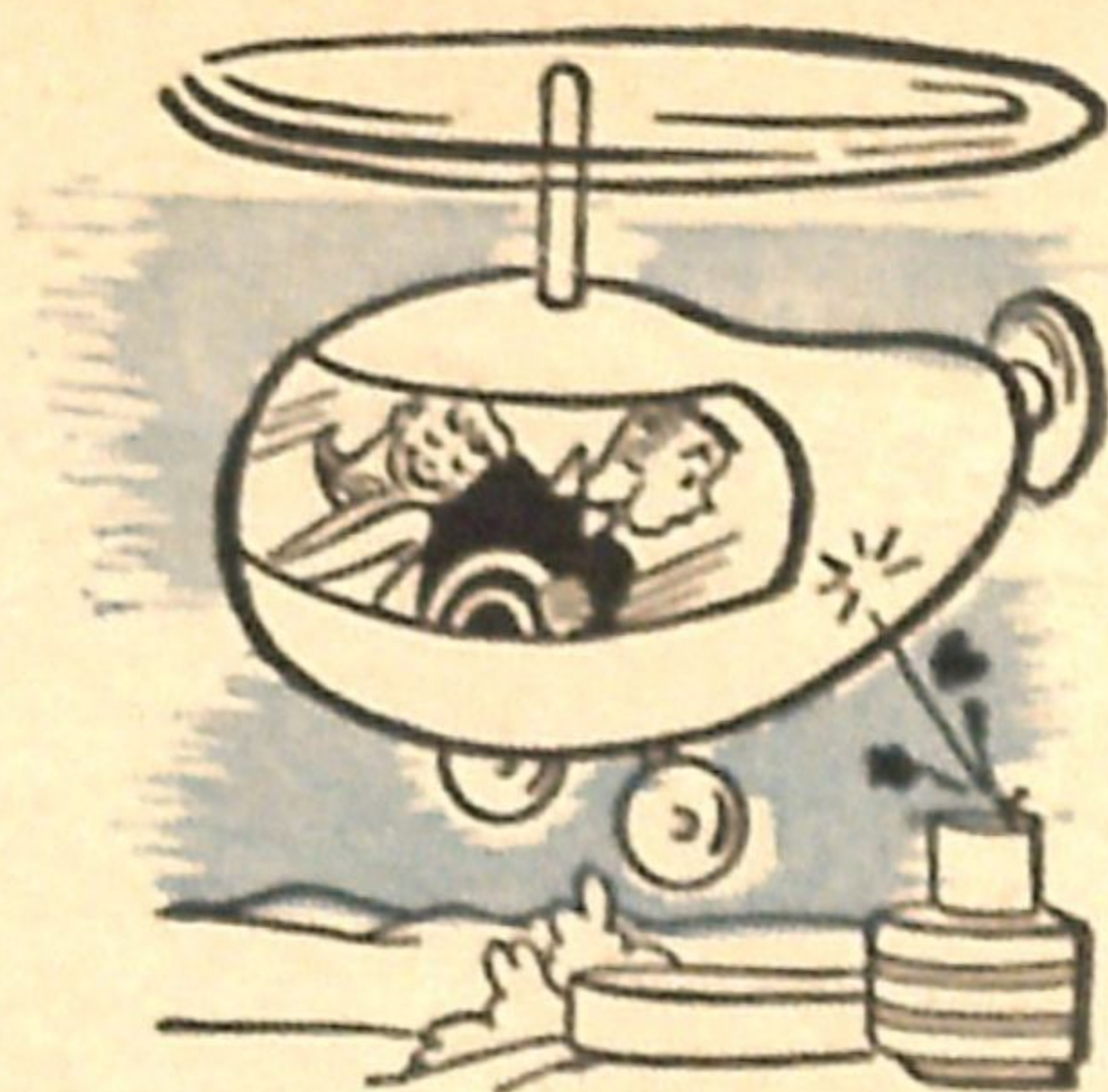
From prehistoric stone age cave
To modernistic postwar house,
A lot of progress has been made,
Except the matter of the mouse!



POSTWAR INSTRUCTIONS

MATHILDA SCHIRMER

Give me a home with the latest appliances;
Let me enjoy all the profits of sciences;
BUT this I say—and I say it emphatically—
Don't you dare try to KISS me automatically!



ON THE WING

LEONARD A. PARIS

If postwar plans come true, and dates
Take to the air in flying crates,
To see that right by Nell is done,
Father will need an ack-ack gun.

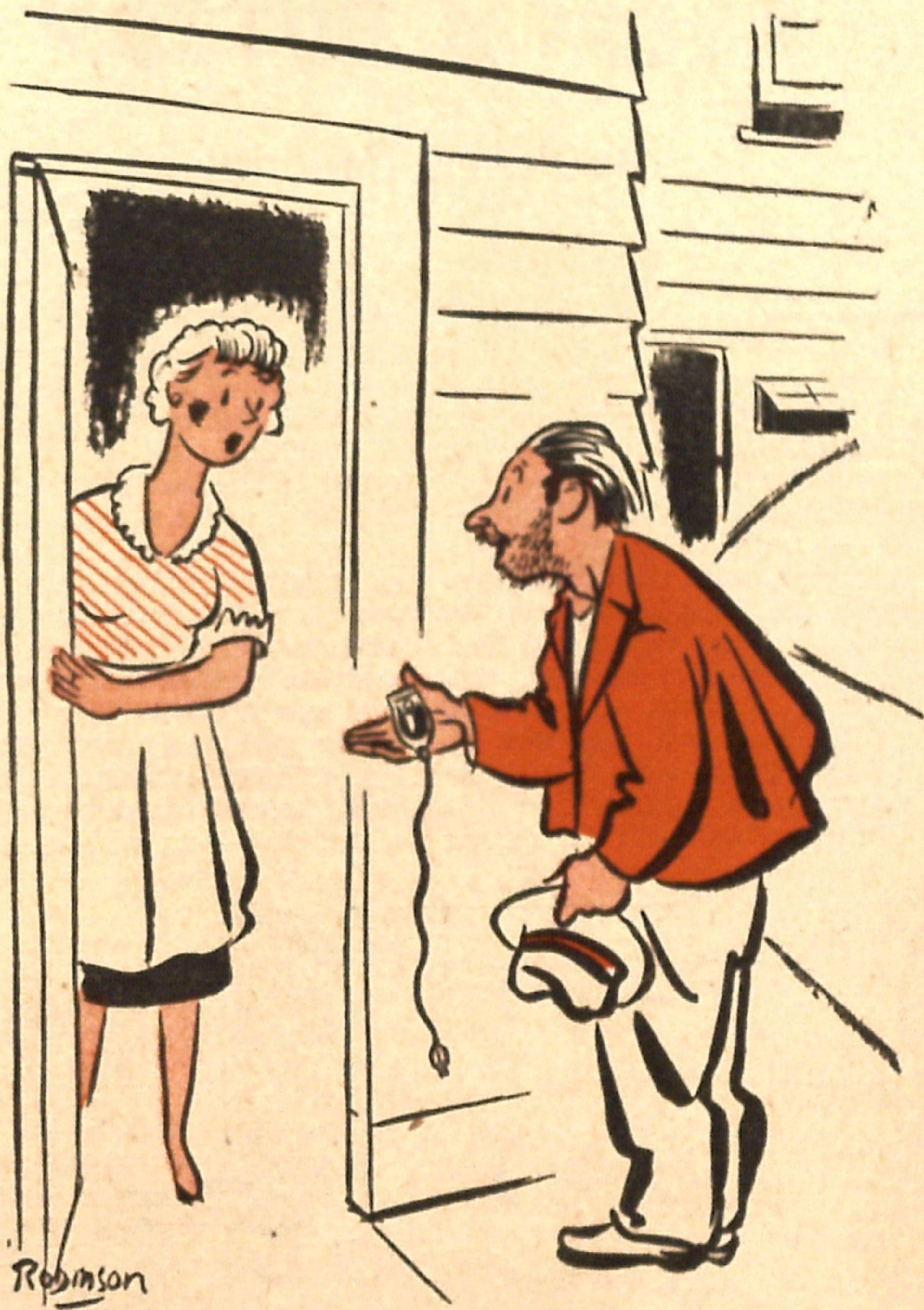


MAN OF TOMORROW

LEONARD A. PARIS

"The house of tomorrow will be," says my wife,
"So perfect there's no need to patch it.
I'd gladly stay in it the rest of my life—
If I just had a man that would match it."





"Please, ma'am, could you spare a kilowatt?"

HOME IS WHERE YOU PRESS A BUTTON

By Robert Fontaine



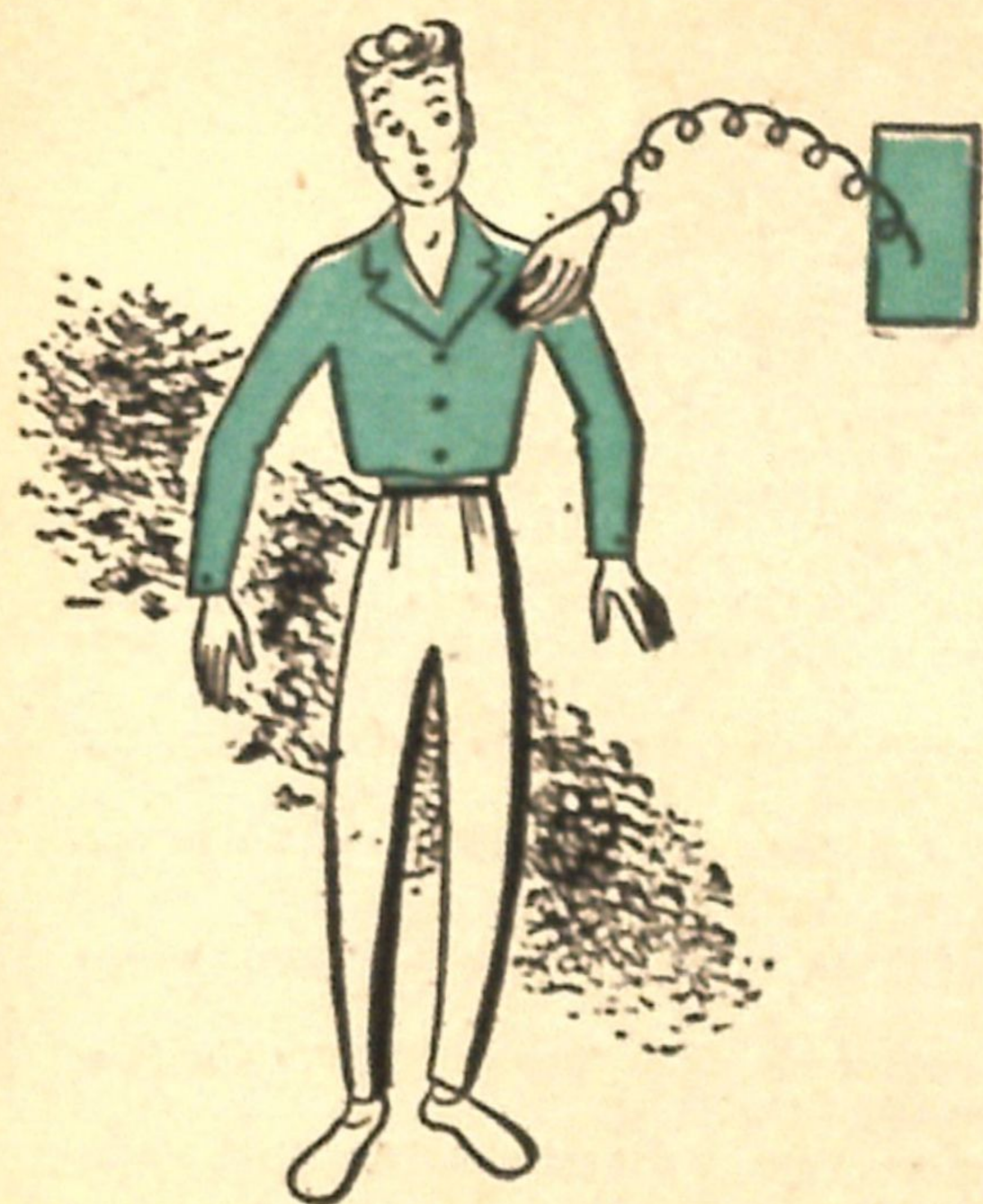
THE gaudy promises of the effortless life I shall lead after the war have got me pretty nervous. Every time I pick up a paper there is something else I will be able to get by pressing a button or something.

With the use of high-frequency radio waves my wife will cook a roast of beef in six seconds, the man says. It now takes us about three months just to locate one! The six-second beef sizzled by radio will, I assume, not leave the oven without the burner picking up WLW and a rendition of Mammy's Little Baby Loves Short'nin' Bread as a sort of a reminder.

After dinner, which will be served

on a revolving table—controlled by a foot pedal so you don't have to reach—the dishes will all be thrown into the sink and another button pressed. A machine will scrape the dishes, grind up the leavings and spray scalding water over everything. I suppose a midget will pop out of the woodwork and dry them. The same thing goes for laundry. You will press a button—maybe two, in this case—and the clothes will be washed, dried and ironed, while your wife sits in the living room and broods. I suspect even the telephone number of the blond waitress, written down on the back of a match folder, will be faithfully re-





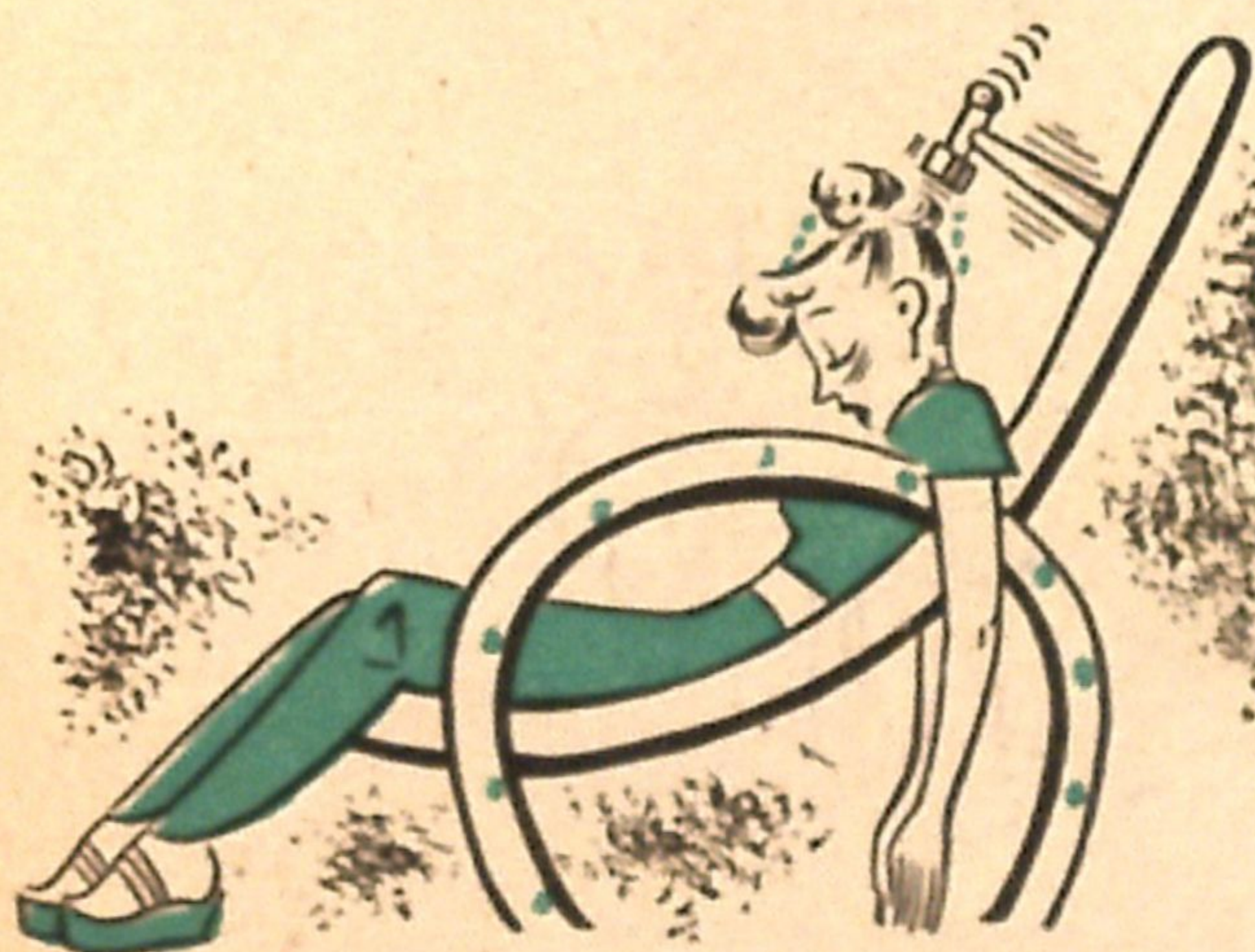
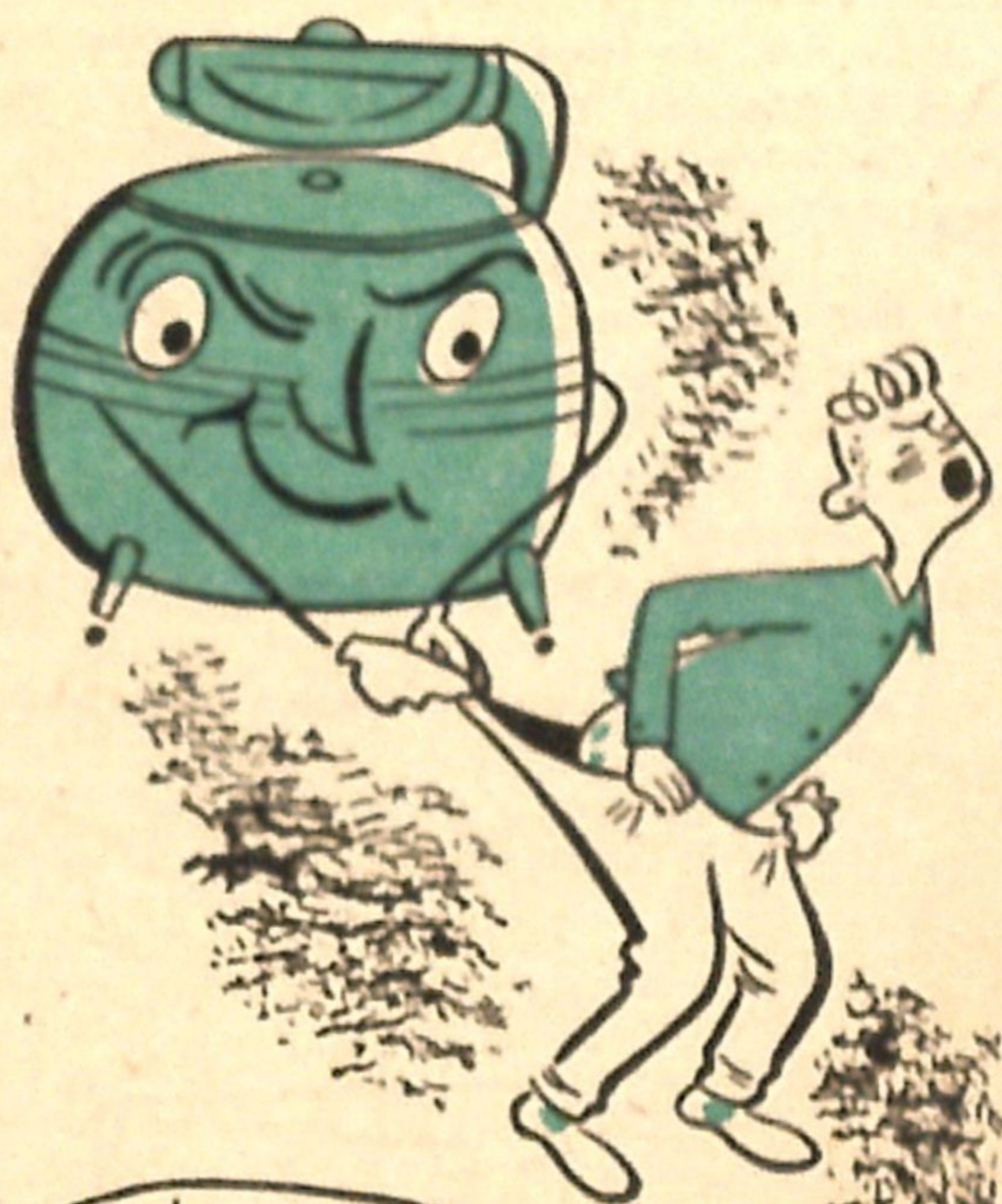
pants off me. This is sometimes complicated by a television program coming out of the refrigerator. The dream ends usually with me groping blindly for a final button. This one I press, and the entire prefabricated house folds up into a flat series of slats, with me in the middle.

Recently I quietly promised myself that, come the end of the war, I will move my wife and myself into a cave with a hot running brook, and a good-sized boulder to block the entrance. There, I imagine, we would live in peace for the rest of our days.

moved from your shirt pocket by an automatic finger.

Temperature will be controlled by radio tubes installed inside the walls, and by air conditioning. Bickerings about how hot you want it and how cold your wife wants it will, I imagine, be settled by pressing another button and having a hammer come out of the armchair and sock your wife on the head.

What worries me is the confusion when the buttons start going out of order. I dream of snapping the switch on the oven and having the dishes start clattering in the sink, the temperature drop to freezing and the washing machine begin pulling the



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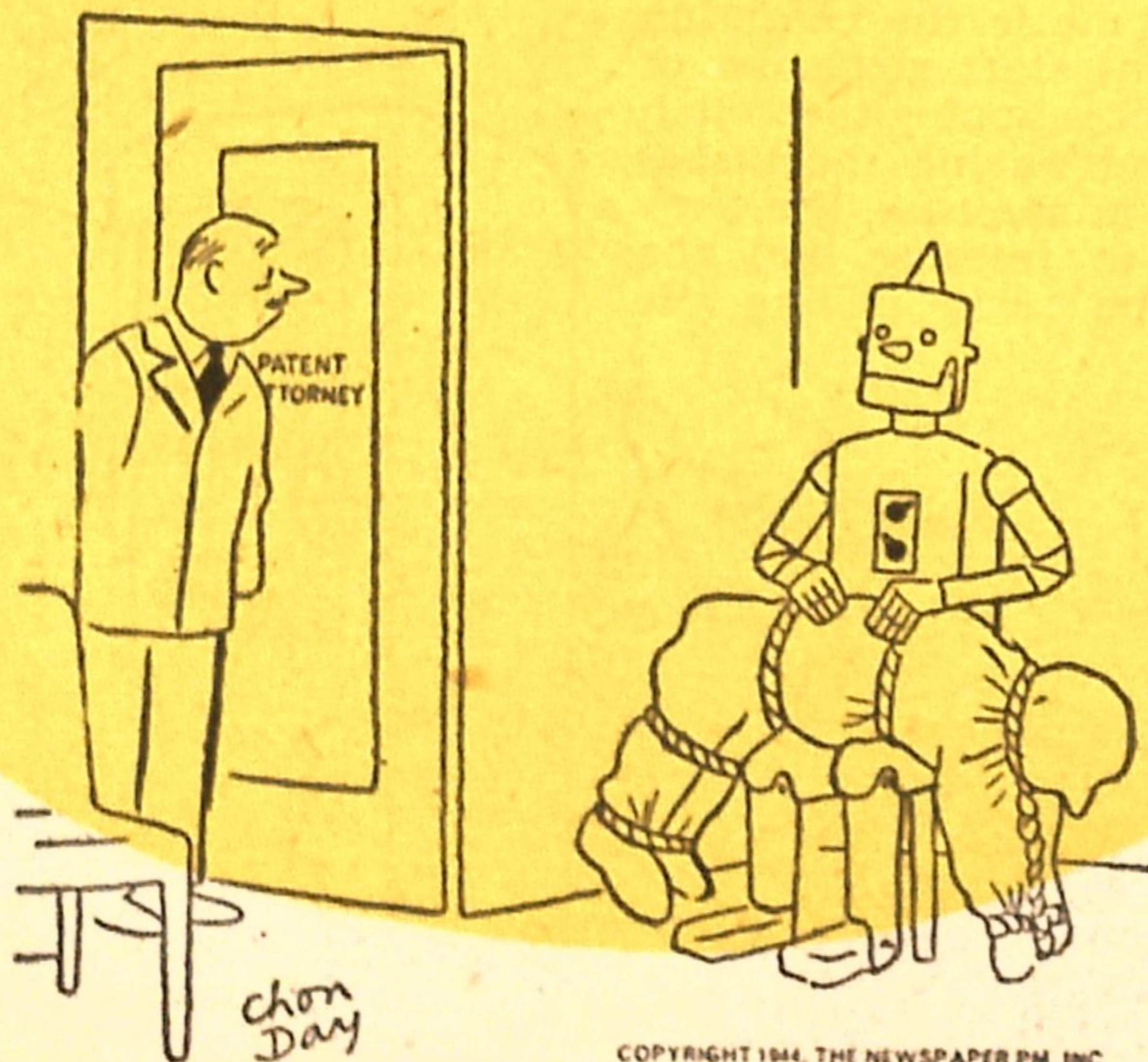
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