



AFTER

... the "big clean-up."

Drucker retaliates.

It seems that a statistical analysis reveals that—Drucker objects.

The reporters are scooping in the news... the giant presses rumble and roar... the editor sits at his desk issuing hurried orders over half a score of phones... the dummy has been made... the illustrations are completed... a great industry is seen in the midst of all its glorious activity... the whole plant affords a beauteous play of lights and shadows... 'tis the life blood of the nation, the pulse of a people... the index of our national consciousness, hell yes. Suddenly the presses slacken their enormous speed, the pulsation in the plant ceases, the roar dies down to a moan... all is now silent... orders are barked out by the owner of paper himself, hurriedly arrived on the scene in frock coat, wing collar, striped tie... on his broad intelligent brow one sees unmistakably stamped the marks of courage, idealism, altruism, civic responsibility that characterize the run of our industrialists. Why have the presses stopped? Why has this great man come personally? Why all the rush and bustling?

Drucker remonstrates.

Ah, the news has come—the eagerly awaited news—the epoch making report:

Shakeup in Student Activities Imminent!

Drucker terms it undemocratic.

Levy terms it undemocratic.

Drucker replies to this accusation.

Kramer came to school shaved.

Drucker calls this undemocratic.

Drucker vindicates his position.

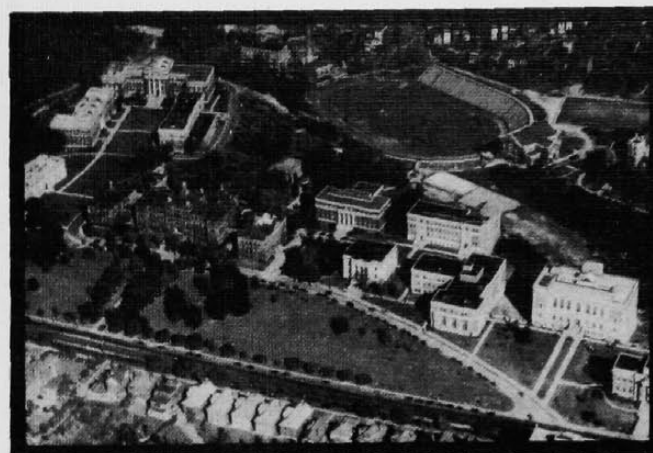
Drucker shaves.

Through those immense arteries of the social organism, speeding their message of good cheer, informing the electorate, Western Union disseminates that inspiring word Reform! Giant political parties quickly change their platforms... the swindlers and thieves scurry in the night... strong men cower... weak men, too... THE CHAMPION IS COMING!...

An immense and far reaching program is outlined... the secretary of State exchanges notes with the diplomats...

BEFORE

... the "big clean-up."



foreign complications are averted... but the capitals of the world anxiously wait... ah, the champion is unfolding a large document. HE IS GOING TO READ IT! Ye Gods! The parking lot must be regraded! Will the champion stop at nothing? Marines are uniformed... envoys leave the country... Is the champion afraid to carry out his program? A hundred—a thousand times—NO! Fearlessly he reads on—The lunch room must be reorganized! Will he stop at nothing? nothing yet? Children scream, women collapse, strong men not only cower but simper...

That is, all except Drucker. He retorts.

But the champion is valiant and fearless. He quells revolt. He inaugurates his sweeping reforms. Peace settles down over the troubled land once again. A parade the like of which has never before been attempted is being marshalled for the champion. The band is blaring out its stirring music... the flags of our republic, glorious pieces of red, white, and blue bunting are unfurled... What a tribute to the genius of one man! The appointed hour has come... the parade is ready to start... But where in the hell is the champion?

He flunks out of school.

Drucker is graduated.

But results live for aye in the hearts and lives of men even after their great leaders pass to the other world. Virtue has been re-enthroned, and from her shrine radiates peace, purity, and efficiency. The wheels of industry and the gears of commerce turn quietly now... lovely clouds of smoke roll up from the factory stacks... loathed venality has disappeared... business and activities are beautiful, oh so beautiful. God is in his heaven, and regulated activities are in the university. Even the little annoyances have been removed... the professors have been expelled for lack of interest in activities. All is centered here, as all should be, and the honest, graftless activity, the ultimate in life, has assumed its rightful heritage. It is superb to live in this marvelously reconstructed age... And to the champion—all hail! To him the praise and glory, and we his children—may we follow in his paths.

Drucker objects.

Well, my Gawd, who wouldn't?