

Are You a "Joiner"?



Then Here Are Some Organizations You May Have Overlooked:

- The Society to Prevent Parents Naming Their Offspring "Clarence"
- The Society for the Prevention of Calling Sleeping Car Porters "George"
- The Royal Order of Hard-Boiled Owls with Rubber Ears
- The Ancient and Honorable Order of G. Wash. Pullers
- The Guild of Former Organ Pumpers
- The Ancient Order of Froth Blowers
- The Slumbering Ground Hog Lodge
- The International Bar Flies
- The Bald-Headed Club of America
- The Society of Authors Who Have Been Hissed
- The Circus Fans Association
- The Ancient and Honorable Order of Blue Goose
- The Six-Foot Association
- The Society of Men Who Wear Funny Hats
- The Hay-Fever Association
- The Quiet Birdmen
- The Woodland Bards
- The Caterpillar Club
- The Benjamin Franklins
- The National Society of Long Fellows
- The Society of Giant Engineers
- The Fossils
- The Cub Reporters' Association
- The Sick and Sorry Club
- The Sons of Wild Jackasses' Club
- The Ship Model-Makers' Club
- The Whosit Club
- The Bean Barrel Club
- The Polar Bear Club
- The Ancient, Honorable and Mystical Order of Lapa Lapas



By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

OME one has made the wise-crack that if two or more men meet anywhere in the world and one of them is an Englishman, he will immediately get busy and organize a club, the Insulation being, of course, that the Englishman is by nature a "joiner." Even if that were true, the fact remains that he has little, if anything, on his American cousin in this respect. For reliable statistics show that there are in the United States more than 125,000 lodges or fraternal organizations which should presumably satisfy the longing of the majority of Americans for "belonging." But that doesn't take into account the innumerable clubs, societies, associations and other organizations and rare indeed is the American who doesn't belong to one or more of these.

All of these, of course, are organized for a "purpose"—social, political, civic, business, scientific, professional, patriotic and honorary—and those purposes are earnestly fostered by millions of earnest Americans. And some of these earnest Americans are so interested in fostering those earnest purposes that they make an earnest effort to see how many of them they can join—and then base their claim to fame on the number of organizations to which they belong.

But if some aforesaid earnest American becomes just a bit tired of his membership in clubs which have a "purpose," he still has an outlet for his "joining" proclivities in some organizations which are not so purposeful. These are the ones which have sometimes been designated as "freak and fun clubs," and it is with this type of organization that this article deals. So if you are a "joiner" and are looking for other club worlds to conquer, take a look at the list at the head of this article and decide which one you would like to join. Of course, the qualifications for some of them may be a bit difficult for you to meet, but if you aren't eligible for one, you may be for another.

For instance, if you aren't a white person, six feet and one inch tall or more, you'd be almost instantly blackballed if you applied for membership in the National Society of Long Fellows or the Six-Foot association. The National Society of Long Fellows was started several years ago by Phil E. Zimmerman of Topeka, Kan., when he was hotel commissioner of the Sunflower state. Since that time the club has grown so rapidly that there are now several thousand members throughout the United States.

Some of the objectives of the club are to get longer bath tubs, shirts, Sox and other clothing, higher awnings, signs and ceilings, bigger seats in theaters and leg-room between the rows, restaurant tables that do not require the Long Fellow to hold them up with his knees and pullman berths in which they can sleep without doubling up like a jackknife.

Among members are John Aasen of Los Angeles, Calif., who heads the list with a height of eight feet, nine and one-quarter inches. Next tallest is Cliff Thompson of Wisconsin, who is eight feet and six inches. Three seven-footers are O. R. Williams of Oklahoma and Ruth Duncan and Forest Glenn of Illinois. Mr. Williams is seven feet and five inches, Miss Duncan is seven feet and one inch tall, and Mr. Glenn is half an inch taller than she. Ten-year-old Robert Wadlow of Alton, Ill., is a member. Robert is six feet and eleven inches tall.

If your personal appearance doesn't qualify you for that one, perhaps an absence of hair on your head will make you a Knight of the Gleaming Skull in the Bald Head Club of America. That club was started away back in 1900 when Paul Meade, a lawyer of New York, took a photograph of six bald-headed men seated on the steps of John Belden's store in Falls Village, Conn. By chance a copy of this photograph fell into the hands of John Rodemeyer, a Greenwich, Conn., newspaper man. And presto! John then and there formed a club. Now it has more than 1,000 members and at every annual banquet some member gives a stirring speech on "Hair Tonics Which Bald-Headed Barbers Sell to Bald-Headed Boobs" or some such subject. (P. S. If you're addicted to covering your baldness with outlandish headgear, then there's a place for you in the Society of Men who Wear Funny Hats).

Ever go to the circus? "Sure!" you answer. "Go every year—don't care much about it myself, but I have to take the children." But just because you're a regular attendant, it doesn't mean that you're eligible for membership in the Circus Fans of America—not unless at some time

in your juvenile career you earned your way into the show by carrying water for the elephant. Karl Kae Knecht, an Indiana newspaper cartoonist, who founded the C. F. A. some five years ago, is authority for the statement that many successful men of today are proud of the fact that they once served the thirsty pachyderms and they're enthusiastic members of this club.

In a certain New York restaurant there's an unusual booth for diners. Over the entrance of what appears to be a tent are the words "Side Show," and adorning the front are two large, gaudy circus banners. One boldly announces—"None—the Wild Girl—She Speaks No Language"—"Playmates are Deadly Serpents." Another heralds "La Belle Rosa—Flower of the Orient—Queen of the Desert—Favorite of Sultans." Inside the tent are painted banners, posters and photographs of circus performers and freaks.

This side show tent is the luncheon meeting place of the "P. T. Barnum Top No. 1 of the Circus Fans of America." Each state and large city has its "Tent" or "Top" named for some famous circus man.

The organization is primarily for fun, yet it has a serious purpose, say its members—that is, to "help the circus toward bigger and better things." Fans and lovers and friends of the circus are banded together to see it perpetuated, and are eager that greater glory may come to the tented show.

If you missed out on the juvenile joy just mentioned, perhaps you used to pump a pipe organ. If so, your name can be spread on the roll of the Guild of Former Organ Pumpers, an association composed of those who, by their pledged statements, pumped a pipe organ in a church or chapel at some time in their youth. Its principal aim is serious—to perpetuate the memories of our decadent but honorable profession and to save for posterity some permanent evidence of the important part the pumper played in the musical and ecclesiastical progress of the ages. It has other aims—to encourage the singing of the old hymns at Sunday night gatherings and "to prove that every successful man did not earn his first dollar selling newspapers"—but its primary purpose is to achieve a belated recognition.

The guild was launched in 1926 under the favorable auspices of a natural divinity—"Aeolus, the Greek God and Keeper of the Winds"—and with the slogan, "Pump, for the Wind Is Fleeting." The first meeting was held in New York city in 1928. Officers, named after the stops on the organ, were elected. And the roster of members now holds the names of some of America's foremost citizens.

Will Hays, the czar of the movies, did his pumping on a pipe organ in Sullivan, Ind., his birthplace. He received 10 cents for his efforts, and the dime was paid him at the conclusion of the morning church service. His mother then led him by the hand to his Sunday school class, where he placed the money in the usual collection.

James Couzens, United States senator from Michigan, pumped in the Presbyterian church at Chatham, Ont. He was paid \$5 a year. He pumped conscientiously for two years. At the end of that time he collected the \$10 he had coming, and this was a part of the original money he invested in stock of the Ford Motor company, which eventually made him one of the nation's richest men.

The late Julius Rosenwald, chairman of the board of directors of Sears, Roebuck & Co., was also a pumper. He labored in the Presbyterian church at Springfield, Ill., and gladly accepted the 25-cent weekly stipend which was turned over quarterly.

But if in your youth you didn't turn an honest penny by pumping an organ, perhaps you did it in a printing office as a helper to the printer-publisher of the home town paper. If that was far enough back, you probably "pulled" a George Washington hand press, a bit of back-breaking labor necessary in the old days if the newspaper-reading public was to be kept informed on the affairs of the community. If you did this, then you're eligible for membership in the Ancient and Honorable Order of G. Wash. Pullers, a society founded at the suggestion of Harry C. Webster, an old Missouri "print," which carries on its membership rolls the name of a number of men who have risen high in the field of journalism and who are proud to say that they got their start in newspaper work at the lever of an old G. Wash.

Then there's the Cub Reporters' association, composed of men who as young journalists sought the adventure which is popularly supposed to be found in newspaper work, found it,

perhaps, and now in the midst of busy middle age look back fondly upon the time when they toiled under the lash of a "Simon Legree city editor" and dreamed the dream of all cub reporters—that of "scooping the world on a big story."

Anyone who has been the victim of horseplay, hazing, kidding and razzing or even torture by the old-time, hard-boiled, demon city editor is eligible for membership. In the '30s quick hangings, dough prize fighting and "horrible crimes" meant hardships and toil for the cub reporter. He "hot-footed" it around for news, bumping into all sorts of hard and trying experiences. In the '30s barrooms were popular community centers, and crimes were jobs for reporters to solve.

Still in the field of journalism, there are the Fossils—old newspaper men who as boys engaged in amateur journalism and are proud of their boyish efforts. And although such a society has not yet been formed, any newspaper man will tell you that there's a field for an organization to be known as the Association of Those Who Used to Be Newspaper Men Themselves.

Are you a radio DX'er? Do you sit up late at night "getting" new stations over your radio, either shore wave or long wave? Then you can be initiated into the Royal Order of Hard-Boiled Owls with Rubber Ears with the howling ceremonies which mark such an initiation.

Do you enjoy breaking the ice in a river, lake or pond and taking a bath there no matter what the weather may be? The Polar Bear club wants to hear from you, if you do. Do you ever subber frub jab feber? (Ker-choo!) The Hay Fever association will be glad to send you a membership application blank.

Do you have unlimited faith in the woodchuck as an accurate weather prophet? So do the members of the Slumbering Ground Hog lodge, located at Quarryville, Pa. Organized by George W. Hensel, Jr., who is Hibernating Governor, this lodge has for its chief aim to extol the virtues of the groundhog, which, they say, "has an intelligence of a higher order than that of any other animal from the tick of the blackberry to the elephant in the jungle" and they take an oath to "defend him, his family and his reputation, and to guard him as he slumbers."

It's not easy to get into this lodge for you have to be elected by the seven patriarchs after seven years of observation by the Defender of the Faith, the Chief Eye Rubber, the Patriarch de Luxe, the Bondless Treasurer and other officers. But once you are elected, you can join in the annual ceremony on February 2 around the groundhog's hole.

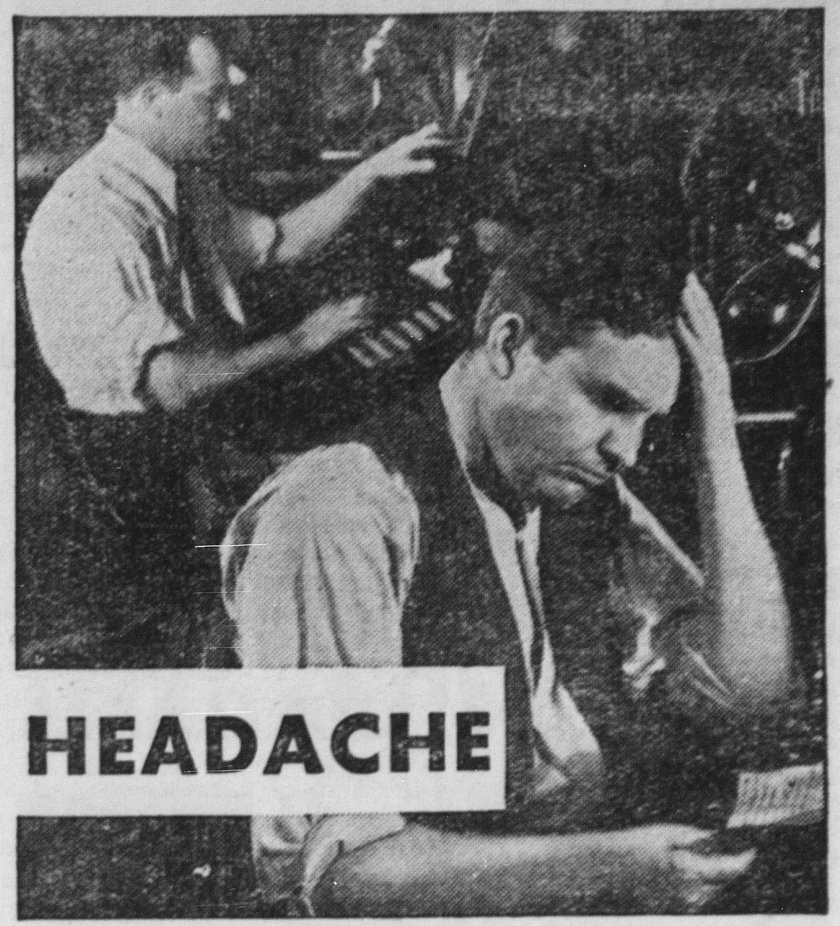
If you believe that there's more than one name for the colored boys who look after your comfort on the pullman cars, then you should join the Society for the Prevention of Calling Sleeping Car Porters "George." Organized by George W. Dulany, Jr., a Chicago banker, the society now has thousands of members all over the country; George Washington and George Dewey are their patron saints; George Ade is the poet laureate; George M. Cohan, the official song writer; George William, Cardinal Mundelein, the chaplain; Georges Clemenceau was French charge d'affaires; and George ("Babe") Ruth is sergeant at arms.

All of the foregoing are organizations to which almost anyone might possibly belong. But there are also others whose membership is necessarily rather limited to the certain professions. For instance, you'd have to be a sailor in the United States navy in order to belong to the Ancient, Honorable and Mystic Order of Lapa Lapa, although there are many landlubbers who are eminently fitted for membership. The only qualification the prospective member must possess is that he humbly acknowledge that he is a poor fish. But only sailors know how to initiate candidates properly, for it was two sailors who founded the organization at Shanghai, China, in 1927, and sailors are keeping the order going.

You couldn't belong to the Quiet Birdmen unless you were a World war aviator nor to the Caterpillar club unless you were an aviator who had to make an emergency parachute jump to save your life, and you would be barred from membership in the Whosit club unless you were a New York bond salesman engaged in selling municipal bonds.

The list of these interesting organizations could be extended indefinitely were it not for the fact that the author of this article has just received notice of a meeting of those interested in forming a Society for the Prevention of Forming More Societies and he feels obligated to leave at once to attend the meeting.

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HEADACHE

Nerves on edge. A head that throbs. You can't stop work, but you can stop the pain—in a hurry. Bayer Aspirin will do it every time. Take two or three tablets, a swallow of water, and you're soon comfortable. There's nothing half-way about the action of genuine aspirin. If the box says Bayer, you will get complete relief.

These tablets should be in every shop, office, and home. Ready to relieve any sudden ache or pain, from a grumbling tooth to lumbago. Don't suffer with that neuralgia,

neuritis, rheumatism, etc.; or lose any time because of colds or sore throat. Get some Bayer Aspirin and just follow those proven directions for instant relief.

Get the genuine tablets, stamped with the Bayer cross. They cost very little, especially if you buy them by the bottle. Any doctor will tell you they are harmless. They don't hurt the heart. They don't upset the stomach. So take them as often as you have the least need of their quick comfort. Take enough for complete results.

BAYER ASPIRIN

First Aid-Home Remedy Week

Chicago, Ill.—"Insure Yourself Against Needless Suffering!" is the intensive slogan of personal action which prefaces national announcement that the eleventh anniversary of First Aid-Home Remedy Week has been fixed for March 13-19. The National Association of Retail Druggists, sponsors of the plan which Sterling Products, Inc., dedicated to the drug world in 1922, is joined in this campaign for nation wide preparation to meet unexpected accident and sudden illness, by the National Wholesale Druggists' Association and the National Association of Retail Drug Clerks. For the first time all State Pharmaceutical Associations are also co-operating for greater preparedness for the physical emergencies of life. Several governors and mayors of municipalities have by proclamation called at-

ention to the week which has enjoyed a decade of increasing success. "Fill That Medicine Chest Now!" is the command that has been made from the first week to the present campaign, and all of them have been timed during housecleaning days. Secretary S. C. Henry of the N. A. R. D. in an awakening suggestion to the retail druggists predicts record-breaking co-operation this year when the week affords opportunity for live wire druggists everywhere to use timely advertising in their local newspapers and thus insure additional sales in a helpful effort to maintain volume.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are best for liver, bowels and stomach. One little Pellet for a laxative—three for a cathartic.—Adv.

Inference
He—Something keeps preying on my mind.
She—It must be pretty hungry.

Safe Food Economy

As soon as you may save money on food, you must be certain to include the essential elements of diet. Vitamins A and D are necessary in your meals. These are found in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. "A" builds resistance, and helps old and young guard against winter colds. "D" aids in growth and the development of children's bones and teeth. In this emulsion these vitamins may be had in a form easy and pleasing for children and adults to take. Use daily during winter. Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. Sales Representative, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York.

Listen to the Scott's Emulsion radio program, "Adventuring with Count von Luckner," on Sunday night at 9:30 p.m. (E. S. T.) over the Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

Scott's Emulsion

OF NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL

Animosity of War Softened by Time

A sword taken from an Uhlan officer, Baron von Lersner, in 1914, has been returned to that gentleman by Wing-Commander Marix, D. S. O., who received it. Wing-Commander Marix had landed at Ypres when he heard that a squadron of Uhlans were holding a chateau about two miles away, and that they had two British prisoners with them. He set out for the chateau with a force of marines. The Germans came out, fired some shots and fled. He chased two of them and the marines shot down the horses. Marix covered the officer with his revolver and the German surrendered and gave him his sword. He saw that the officer's horse was struggling in agony and was about to shoot it when he thought the German would like to do this himself. The Uhlan gave his word of honor that he would make no use of the revolver other than to shoot his horse, and he re-

turned it immediately after. Marix then gave him back his sword. Arriving in Ypres von Lersner once more surrendered his sword, and Wing-Commander Marix promised that if he came through the war alive he would endeavor to return it. Now after 17 years this promise has been redeemed when Marix heard that his old enemy was alive and working in a Berlin bank.—Montreal Family Herald.

Hard to Please

"I hear she has left her husband. What was the trouble?"
"She said she couldn't stand it to live with a man who couldn't think up as many ways of making money as she could of spending it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Better Way

"I see Joe always takes a girl home in a taxi."
"Says it's cheaper than stopping at every soda fountain."

Cuticura Ointment

Works Wonders in the Care of Your Hair

MASSAGE the scalp with the Ointment to remove the dandruff. Then shampoo with Cuticura Soap to cleanse the hair and restore its natural gloss and vigor.

Ointment 2c and 5c. Soap 5c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.