

"A man of warm and well-disposed heart with a very small capacity is highly superior in human society to him who, with the greatest talents, is cold and languid in his affections."
—Sir Roger de Coverley Papers.

... WITH LOVE -- YOUR DAD"

"... the greatest Fountain of Youth is your mind."

by J. NORMAN WEBER

Dear Son:

I saw Mr. Blumberg on the street several days ago and he asked me how you were getting along. He has the remarkable characteristic of being a very busy man yet not too busy to stop and chat with you for a few minutes. Most successful business and professional men are so wrapt up in their careers and dollars that they zip right by you like a 'beebe'. Maybe he is the fellow who has been sending you the anonymous dollar bills.

As we were talking a friend of mine asked me if I had a match—he wanted to light a cigarette. I told him that I was sorry but I didn't have one. Mr. Blumberg reached down into his pocket and said, "Here's one." After our friend had gone, I asked Mr. B. how it occurred that he always carried matches with him even though he didn't smoke. He replied that it was merely as an accommodation for those "who run out." Now that's an idea, Son, and your father won't be found again without a match booklet in his pocket.

A domestic problem arose yesterday when Jannell was invited to a Boy Scout banquet. This brought up the question as to whether she was, or was not too young to embark in the social world. Mother said she was too young for a "date," but I joined the Union Forces. She surrendered at Appomatox Court House, with the provision that I drive the youngsters to the place of great hilarity, and likewise drive them home. I am ashamed of myself, but I peeped in at the window to see how Jannell was conducting herself, and am proud to tell her brother that she not only acted like a lady, but displayed good table manners, not stabbing any of her neighbors in the wrist like you always threaten to do.

After I had driven them there I came home, and Mother and I had a little talk in the sitting room. We spoke of the time when you were only seven and Jannell had just arrived. And here you are in college, and Jannell having a preliminary coming-out party.

Son, your parents may never see twenty-five again, but they are quite a few years from the wheel chair. Your mother still attracts strange masculine eyes when we go on a shopping tour in the city. And your father can make you puff when he gets

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you on the tennis courts. Of course, the barber does not need to expend near the energy he used to when I get sheared, but my liver and heart are quite good.

One thing to remember is that in order to keep young we must not only keep ourselves in good physical condition, but must keep our minds cheerful and young. That is one of the reasons I am glad the Epworth League made me their sponsor. You see, Son, I get to mix in with the high school kids again, and if there is any sure way to keep young mentally, it is to associate with the younger generation.

Mother has broken me of the habit of grabbing onto the chair-arm when I arise, and I find that my legs have still a lot of live power. Maybe my joints squeak once in a while, but you never hear me say, "Guess I am getting old." Some folks become old hens and old roosters long before their time

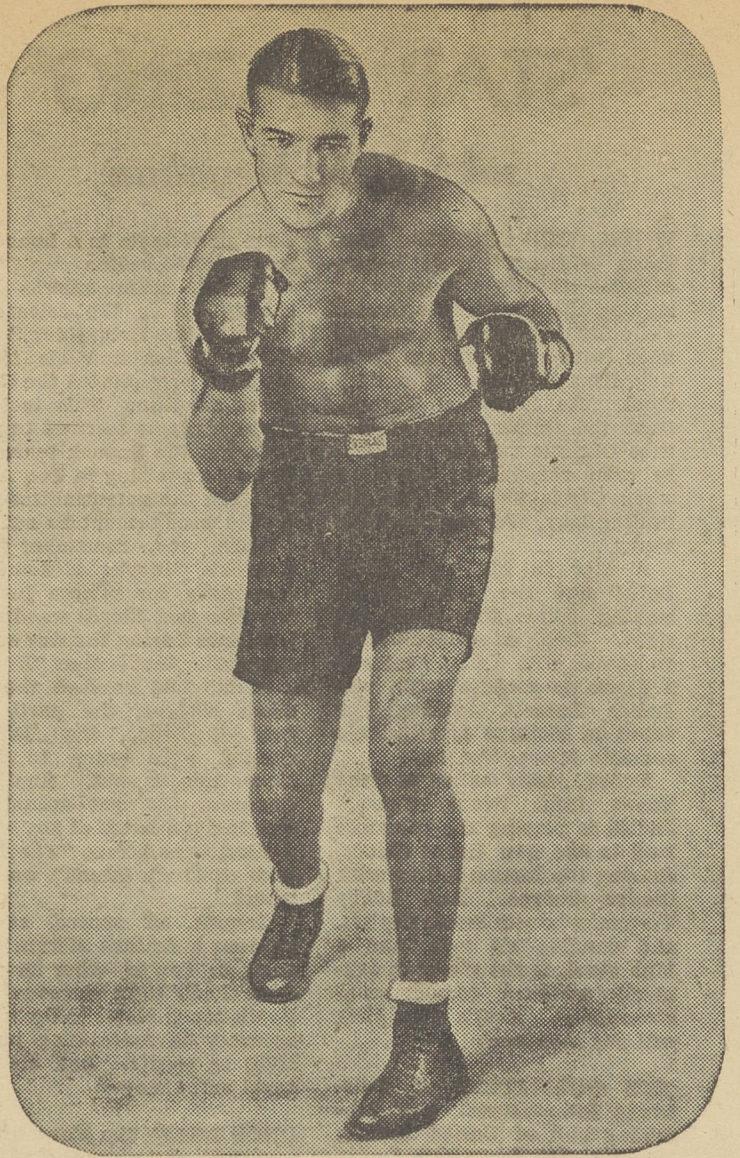
because they get grouchy, critical of young people, inactive and pessimistic. Oliver Wendell Holmes, former justice of the United States Supreme Court was young up to his death at the age of 82. So remember, son, the greatest Fountain of Youth is your mind.

You'll have to excuse me now while I go and kill the chicken for tomorrow's dinner. Frankly, Son, I was always a coward at wringing chickens necks, and this I must do, because I am a poor aim with the hatchet. But please don't let your mother know that I am afraid of a chicken, for she still thinks I can whip a dozen dragons single-handed. I haven't fainted yet, and if I ever do it won't be from old age, it'll be from chicken-neck wringing.

With Love,

Your Dad.

P. S. Don't forget to brush your teeth after breakfast and before going to bed.



BATTLING BROKER

Bob Olin was doing well as a broker when he won an amateur bout that sent him on his way to being a contender for the heavyweight crown.

FORMER BROKER WINS LAURELS IN FIGHT RING

SOME fighters go into the racket for glory, others go into it for love—Bob Olin went into it for business reasons.

Bob was doing pretty well as a customer's man in Wall Street at the time he won the "New York Daily News" Golden Gloves' light heavyweight championship. He hadn't even wanted to enter that contest, except for the fact that Edgar Baruch, an officer of the Wall Street firm that Bob worked for, told him that the best way to get customers was to be an All-American, a tennis champion or a prize fighter. Bob chose the squared circle.

He found that by fighting a couple of times a week, and distributing the gold watches that he accumulated as prizes, that his account in the firm was almost trebled. The demand for watches grew, but then, so did his list of customers.

Somehow, the glamor of the ring squirmed its way under Bob's skin, and he was wide open for the proposition Harold Scadron was to make him one day. Harold, who is one of the better managers, saw Bob put away a flashy amateur opponent in record time, and dropped around to his dressing room. "I can make you light heavyweight champion within five years," he said. Bob grinned amiably. "I mean light heavyweight champion of the world," Scadron said, "not of the athletic club." Bob was sold.

But Harold was wrong. It took him six.

The night of his first professional fight found Bob Olin restive, but far from nervous. It was a matter of seconds

rather than rounds before he was back in his dressing room. He had won his first ring skirmish by a knockout. His share of the purse was forty dollars — but he had spent eighty dollars buying tickets for friends.

The future champ was soon to learn that the life of a prize-fighter was one of hard work and devotion to training rules. Scadron insisted on complete obedience from the very start. Long periods of arduous training and dieting followed in an effort to build up Olin's rugged constitution. He marched on toward the championship without a detour until the night he met Tate Littman of Milwaukee in the elimination tournament for a crack at Maxie Rosenbloom's crown. Bob didn't have very much trouble with Littman, and tagged him on the jaw with a haymaker, ending his aspirations toward the crown. Ending, at the same time, Olin's hopes in that direction — he broke his hand on Littman's jaw.

The long pull grew harder after that, since the hand refused to mend properly. Olin's impatience to get back into the swim resulted in a premature match with Arthur Huttick, a 200 pound heavyweight. Huttick outweighed Olin by 28 pounds. In the first minute of the first round, Bob dropped the big two hundred pounder, and cracked the hand anew. He coasted through the remaining rounds, relying solely on his left, but the wise boys along the ringside shook their heads — Olin was through.

Until this time Bob had none

of the identifying marks of the pug, no dented nose, no puffed eyebrows, no scars. It was the fight with Al Gainor that changed all that. Gainor tagged him under the eye with an overhand right and laid it open. It bled freely and his seconds urged Olin to quit.

Olin refused, insisting that Monsell's solution be applied to the cut. In case you've never heard of it, Monsell's solution is the most fiendish substance in many states, because it no sooner gets under the skin than it forms a hard substance. This lump must be removed surgically within a few hours or paralysis of the optic nerves sets in—hence the bulging eyebrows. He won the decision.

Meanwhile Champ Rosenbloom was still an elusive creature. It wasn't until Olin invaded the West Coast domain of the champ that a match was arranged. It took Olin fifteen rounds to blast "Slapsie Maxie" right from under the light heavyweight tiara. In the last round of the battle, Maxie, in a clinch, whispered hoarsely into Olin's ear, "Hiya, champ," so obvious was it that Olin was the victor.

With the championship, Olin inherited a raft of bad luck. The usual phonies joined the new champ's retinue. Easy as the money came in, still easier it went out. Despite the fact that he had never made so much money in his life, Olin was continually broke.

His sister Frances, a pretty blonde kid of twenty, was the apple of his eye. With his

share of the Fanis Thanapopoulos bout in Beantown, he financed an operation for her chronic appendicitis. In the meantime, the champ signed to defend his title against John Henry Lewis.

Less than a week before the fight, his father's excitement over Bob's championship and Frances' operation brought on an attack of coronary thrombosis. And Frances died under the operation. Bob called off the Lewis bout and went west to forget. On the coast, he cancelled a return go with Rosenbloom. The newspapers started riding him and called him yellow. They were right. Bob Olin was yellow—with yellow jaundice. He was brought back to New York on a stretcher.

He fought John Henry Lewis shortly thereafter and lost the decision.

With the passing of the title, Bob forsook the light heavy ranks. He had no desire to regain the crown—it had brought too much hard luck. Instead, he started to earn a chance at Joe Louis. In his comeback campaign, Olin has limited himself strictly to heavyweights.

The most amazing match in the heavyweight division was that he lost to Tommy Farr, the Welsh heavy. Bob knocked Tommy down five times but lost the referee's decision, 48 points to 47½.

He has since added to his string of victories and insists that the time is not far off when he will have the champion in the ring with him. Then, may the best man win!