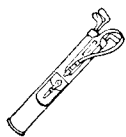


"Why, Willy," exclaimed three men at once, "it is on the green." "Don't kid me," said Willy, who had never been on any green

Hole in One!

By
Frank
Condon

Proving definitely that the path to glory is not solely for those who know what it's all about.



Illustrated by
Wallace
Morgan

YOU could tell it was the office of a United States senator in the national capitol because there was a gold-framed portrait of George Washington above the fireplace and a silver corkscrew on the desk. The statesman occupying the office at the moment was none other than United States Senator Wilberforce Gander, and sitting before him in a small wooden chair was a pale, thin, eager-faced young man in whose eyes blazed the true fires of zealotry.

The senator leaned back comfortably in his magnificent leather chair and stroked his mustache, for he had a mustache, after the manner of a man who cogitates. The pale young man gazed at him fixedly, and his excitement appeared to intensify. He had traveled far, coming to the senatorial office in Washington to extract from the statesman before him the true and fascinating secret of his success. He was a young man who went about the world asking successful men to tell him how they got that way.

"Senator," cried the pale young man, whose name was Archibald Smythe, "what is the true secret of your success?"

"Ah," murmured Senator Gander, patting himself gently upon his stomach, which was beginning to look like a real stomach.

"Yes," responded Smythe. "Tell me how you reached the top."

"I shall be glad to do so, my boy."

"You are a rich man, Senator?"

"I am, indeed," admitted the statesman in pride, "a rich man."

"You are a powerful man?"

"Thrusting aside false modesty, I may say I am a powerful man; few are more powerful."

"Senator," demanded young Mr. Smythe, sharpening his lead pencil nervously, "what are the essentials of success? How did you happen to rise to your present lofty place in life?"

"My boy," replied the great man in a friendly tone, "the road to success is clearly defined, and the markers are plain to see. Success is within the reach of any man of determination and character, and no height is too lofty of attainment, for what man can imagine in his inspired moments, man can do. . . . My rules of conduct are few and simple. . . . The homely virtues are the best, and these are, naturally, industry, honesty, integrity, singleness of purpose and clean living. Now, take clean living for example. . . . Personally I have always made it an iron-bound rule—am I talking too rapidly for you, Mr. Smythe?"

"No, sir," said Smythe, scratching with gusto. "Pray continue, Senator." . . .

TWENTY years have passed, as they say in those dear old movies. I don't mean that literally. What I mean is that twenty years are just finished, as the senator sits chatting, and, as a result, the statesman is forty-five years old instead of the twenty-five which he would have been if the twenty years had not passed.

Clear as mud, isn't it?

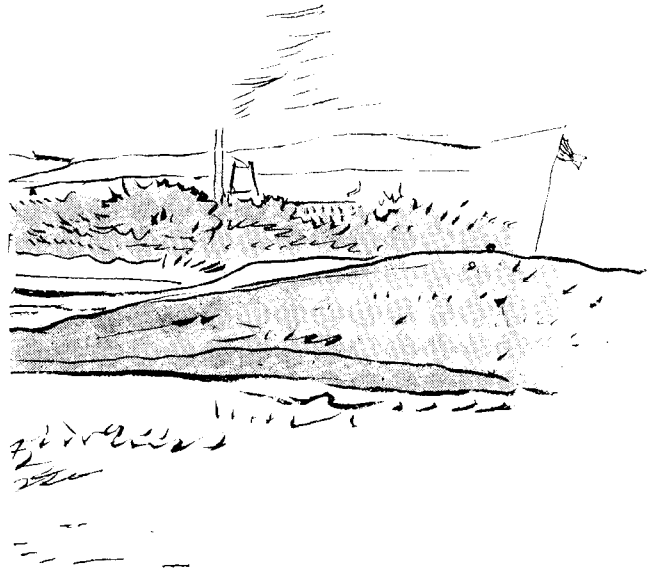
Now, the senator is bulbous and gray, and he wheezes when he climbs a stair.

Then, twenty years ago, he was thin and pallid and nervous and what people term "delicate," or at least what they were wont to term delicate, in the long-gone days when divorce was a neighborhood disgrace and women's knees were observed only by their mothers and the family physician. In those sweet times Senator Wilberforce Gander was called Willy and lived in the obscure town of Cinzano, in the precise center of a hustling Western state, famous for its everything over one inch high. You would recognize this state instantly. It has no modesty. It is a boastful, loud-mouthed state and goes about roaring over its virtues in a truly vulgar manner.

THE town of Cinzano, in this blatant western commonwealth, was no great shakes as a town. It was a small town, unattractive, stupid, flat, dusty, uninteresting and avoided by the intelligent. Its population was the same way. . . .

Being in the hub of a farming community, the farmers drove into town with their fruits; and these fruits, some of them, the farmers took to the packing plant in Cinzano, which was little more than a wooden shed with a tin roof; and there certain workers in overalls seized the fruit and packed it into pine boxes; and among the packers in their overalls and aprons was Willy Gander, the town's dumbest lad, whose health was none too good.

He was paid eleven dollars per week for hammering nails into pine boxes. He was worth ten. . . . On a certain day Dr. Sweeney, Cinzano's leading medical



light, having come to the packing shed to collect an old bill, laid his eyes upon Willy.

"Hello, Willy," said he.

"Hello, Doctor," said Willy.

"How do you feel?"

"Fine," responded Willy, nailing home a cover.

"You look peaked to me."

"I may look peaked to you, Doctor," said Willy, "but I feel all right."

THAT evening, about the time the horseshoe game ended on account of darkness, Dr. Sweeney met Mrs. Gander as she emerged from Spayd's drug store, corner of Main and Third.

"I have been looking at your boy, Willy," said the medical alarmist. "He needs a lot of fresh air, for he certainly looks peaked. You make Willy go and play golf, Mrs. Gander."

"Golf?" repeated Mrs. Gander, who was a widow, trying to remember what golf was.

"Yes, golf. Make him go up there and play. It doesn't cost anything, and it's healthful. I play myself."

Now, as nearly everybody knows, golf today is a universal disease, pastime, contest, sport, relaxation, luxury or whatever you wish to call it, and is as common as halitosis or soft collars, but you must remember that it was not always so, and that twenty years ago things were different, and a golfer, faring afield with his bag upon his shoulder, was pointed out by the boys as an effeminate fellow, fittingly garbed in long stockings.

Some generous soul, having a real-estate subdivision in mind, presented to the town of Cinzano a large plot of ground, the condition being that Cinzano would evolve therefrom a municipal golf course. Cinzano accepted. Cinzano became, therefore, one of the first of the Western hamlets to own its own links, and upon these links the good Dr. Sweeney played and advised the "delicate" ones to play. . . . The Widow Gander reflected.

"You must go out and get yourself a stick," she said to her son, "and play golf."

"All right," returned Willy, who had never done any thinking for himself and saw no reason to begin.

Thus in Cinzano, twenty years ago, or about the time our smartest people were refusing to lend Henry Ford \$200 to waste on his fool contrivance, Willy Gander, the packer of fruit, might have been discerned betimes trudging from his humble home on Railroad Lane to

the Cinzano Free Municipal Golf Course, carrying a homemade bag, a bag made by his doting mother, containing four or five second-hand clubs and a battered ball or two. . . . He found golf a distressing and tiresome occupation, for it was impossible for him to hit the ball. He became rapidly the world's worst golfer and could dig two divots with one swing.

Young Willy Gander stuck it out bravely, and his physical state improved. Nervousness left him, and his packing-house pallor fled, the pallor that had alarmed Dr. Sweeney. From being quite thin, and even gaunt, Willy began to look actually plumpish, and there came a brighter sparkle in his eyes. But his game of golf did not advance or improve or alter in any way. It remained what it had been from the first sad hour of his opening attack—a most horrible and unskillful thing to see.

The poor little dumb fellow never learned anything about the game, because he was stupid and inept and not designed to be a golfer. There are thousands like him today, working in other packing plants, pounding nails into the pine boxes and drawing the equivalent of ten dollars per week.

Willy walked home one evening, low in his mentality and sweating from vain effort in the lovely afternoon sunshine.

"Mother," he said in a firm voice, "I'm never going to play this damned game again in my life. I am now all over being delicate."

"You do look much stronger, Willy," admitted the Widow Gander.

"And," he continued, still firm, "I am going to smash up these gosh-danged clubs. I am going to bust them into little flinders."

"Do so," advised the loving parent, "if it will make you happy, Willy, which I can see you are not."

"MY ADVICE to young men," continued Senator Gander, pulling away gently on a \$1 cigar with a gold band, "is to avoid smoking cigarettes, or, in fact, tobacco in any form, for it is an expensive and pernicious habit and undermines a man's health. And the habitual drinking of alcoholic beverages is probably the most certain pathway to failure, oblivion and disgrace. Many a young man with a brilliant future before him has destroyed his prospects by indulging in either light beer or wine. If a man truly wishes to be successful, there is a road that leads up and onward to success, but it is by no means easy to climb."

"Easy to climb," repeated Archibald

Smythe, his thin face glowing with enthusiasm and his pencil racing fervidly across virgin sheets of paper.

"I CAN see that you are not actually enjoying this game of golf," Mrs. Gander went on, looking at her son.

"Certainly not," he replied crossly, and, in pursuance of his announced plan, he strode briskly out to the woodshed, took up the family ax and chopped his golfing clubs into small pieces.

"There," he said in a vicious voice, smashing his brassie, which someone had given him. Remained only his mid-iron, the single lone club in his bag with which he occasionally hit the ball a fair whack. His face softened for an instant, and there was a fond look in his eyes as he glanced down at the iron. "I hate to smash you," he said, addressing the midiron in a more kindly tone.

He reentered his home, bearing the iron, and when he retired that night the club was still living. It escaped the ax. The following afternoon he obtained leave from the packing shed and proceeded for the last time to the Cinzano Golf Course, having in his mind to play a few holes with the single club he had left and quit the game forever.

Previously he had always staggered up and down the eighteen holes by himself, having no desire for the company of mankind, but it happened that on this particular Saturday afternoon three men of Cinzano stood on the first tee waiting for an elderly dame to hit her ball and get out of their way. They nodded to Willy and casually asked if he would care to join them.

Willy agreed, and the game began. The names of the three men are here given officially, having been copied off the records of Cinzano County. They are as follows: Michael Burke, grocery keeper; Samuel Sobol, laundryman; Clarence W. Cook, owner of the Cinzano Garage.

"You can be my partner, Willy," announced Sam Sobol, the laundryman, little knowing the deed he was doing for himself that pleasant summer day.

"All right," replied Willy, taking no interest at all in the others, who were socially far above him, and knew it.

Willy Gander smote a ball down the No. 1 fairway with his trusty midiron,

and it rolled a feeble distance, hopping and bumping, perhaps as far as an ailing man could throw a squash.

"That's too bad, Willy," commented Sobol, but Willy made no answer, for he was not the kind who can think up bright answers to say. He padded down the course after his miserable ball and bashed it another killing blow, cutting a dent in the cover. He holed out in twelve strokes on No. 1, which was about his regular standard game, even when he had all his clubs with him. His three associates floundered along in the offing, bursting wide holes in the innocent earth and cursing as men will. It was not much of a game to look at with the naked eye. The three merchants of Cinzano paused ever and anon amid the odors of their own disgrace to say, "Too bad, Willy!" and eventually the four duffers played out the eleventh hole and strode to the twelfth tee. Willy was shooting last of all, which was where he belonged.

The twelfth hole on the old Cinzano Free Golf Course—they have a new one now which sets you back \$1 to play—was and still is a three-par hole, meaning that it is a one-shot hole: meaning, in turn, that you are expected to stand upon the twelfth tee and hit the ball with such skill and élan that it will fly straight through the air for 185 yards and come to a rest somewhere upon the twelfth green; whereupon a real golfer would run it up to the can in one putt and down in another, giving a grand total of three hits for the hole.

Willy had always taken from nine to sixteen strokes on this short hole, at least four to get into the bunkers on this side of the green and six to get out and into the bunkers on the other side of the green, and so on. He now stood swaying unsteadily upon the twelfth tee, holding his midiron to his bosom and staring down at the battered ball.

"Hit a nice one, Willy," suggested Mr. Sam Sobol.

"AS I was saying," continued Senator Gander, lighting another \$1 cigar, but not offering its brother to Archibald Smythe, "success goes hand in hand with ability and judgment. The young man who would court success must read not trashy novels but the world's best biog-



"And this," she cried, spearing an olive with perfect Vassar elegance, "is the famous Wilberforce Gander!"

raphies and books of travel. They have helped me in my rise to eminence, and they will help every ambitious young man desirous of following in my footsteps."

"Footsteps," said Mr. Smythe, writing with great care and speed and wishing the senator would give him a \$1 cigar.

"GO AHEAD and hit it, Willy," urged Mr. Sobol, and thus encouraged Willy shut his eyes, took a long breath, closed his mouth and let go with both barrels, and there occurred one of the strange miracles that have made golf what it is today. The little white ball sped directly for the distant green. It fluttered up the gentle slope and bounded upon the green itself.

"Why, Willy," exclaimed three men at once, "it is on the green."

"Don't kid me," said Willy, who had never been on any green.

The foursome departed from the tee, hurrying forward eagerly to look. They climbed the gentle slope, and coming level with the fair face of the green—which was red sand—they saw no ball.

"Mebbe it went into the cup," volunteered Sobol, whereat all present laughed uproariously.

They walked up to the can, the four of them, and there was Willy's ball, resting snugly at ease, reposing in the very bottom of the cup, just touching the pole.

"Willy," whispered Sam Sobol, with a look of awe, "you have made a hole in one."

Willy looked dumber than ever.

"Sweet suffering Christmas Night!" exclaimed Michael Burke, the grocery keeper. "Willy Gander, you done it! As sure as hell's hot, you done it! You made a hole in one!"

"So I did," agreed Willy.

"And what is more," shouted Sam Sobol, "we saw you when you done it."

He shook hands with Willy. Burke and Cook shook hands with him too. The men walked about the green in excited circles, and there was general conversation for several minutes. The game then proceeded, but Willy Gander might just as well have thrown away his midiron and gone home. He could hit nothing. He could scarcely see the ball or the golf course or the United States, for his mind was full of the enormous knowledge that he had actually made a hole in one, something which is ordinarily denied to the best and finest golfers in the world, including even the great professionals from Scotland and England.

Willy walked home in a reverent mood and placed his midiron gently at the head of his bed. The next day there appeared the following news report in the Cinzano Evening Express:

LOCAL BOY MAKES HOLE IN ONE

On the Cinzano Municipal Golf Course yesterday afternoon, Willy Gander, who works down in the packing house, made a hole in one on the twelfth hole. Playing with him at the time were Michael Burke, Clarence W. Cook and Samuel Sobol, all well-known citizens of Cinzano. This is the first time that a hole in one has been made on the Cinzano Golf Course, and Willy is receiving many felicitations upon his marvelous feat. What made it all the more remarkable was that the young man carried only one club at the time, a midiron.

There followed a bit of detail, an interview with Willy and a statement by Sam Sobol, who said he had never seen a prettier sight.

As far as Willy could look back and remember, this was the first time he had ever crashed into print, and the sensa-

tion was pleasing. Many persons spoke to him on the street in the ensuing days, influential persons, who had never spoken to him before, and down in the packing plant the boys joshed him in a friendly manner and asked him did he make the record honestly, or did he drop the ball into the cup with his hand?

A fat man, smoking an old clay pipe and clipping things for a Denver newspaper, happened to notice the little item in the Cinzano Express, cut it out and handed it to his boss with a word of approval. It appeared in Denver the next morning. The Evening Bugle seized upon it for San Francisco, and the Omaha Gazette-Times carried it on page one. The little item then began to make the rounds of the newspaper world, and as it traveled gayly hither and yon, passing through many hands, clipped by this one and that one, it naturally became an altered item in some of its details.

A Seattle newspaper noted that the hole-in-one exploit was more than usually interesting, because the man who made it was, singularly enough, a one-armed golfer, playing with one club, to wit, a midiron. Mr. Gander thereafter was published as a one-armed golfer, which slightly increased his circulation.

PRESENTLY a New Orleans paper, amplifying and stepping up the tidbit, informed its readers that the feat was absolutely unparalleled because the man who did it was a one-eyed and one-armed club swinger and had only been playing the game one week.

The little anecdote of the links now

threw out its chest and moved into the big league. It took its place on page ten of a New York Sunday newspaper with a large circulation, and in response to pleading telegrams Willy sent along a brief statement of how it feels when a man does such a thing.

Golf Illustrated, a famous publication in London, printed the item with a word of admiring comment. It peeped over into France and got in Figaro. The Berlin Morgenblätter worst chucked it in among the beer advertisements. In Madrid it was in the Balonio; in Rome the Giornale Benedetta spoke up, and far away in mystic Cairo the Mustapha Effendi told the people that you might play golf a whole century and never equal the deed. In brief, it girdled the globe, for it seems there are people everywhere interested in a hole in one and in the man who makes it.

Postmaster James Jones in Cinzano reported to his Washington superiors that the town was growing rapidly, and he needed an assistant clerk. People all over the world mailed in letters to young Willy Gander, begging him for his autograph, a bit of his shirt, his picture, a lock of his hair and money in small sums. His daily post was astounding. He even received a few telegrams from mildly demented persons. Cinzano, his home town, turned a startled eye and regarded Willy with an expression of concern.

"Who in Hades is he?" inquired George Cravath, president of the Cinzano Fidelity Bank.

"He works over in the packing plant,"

responded the secretary. "Just a Cinzano boy."

"Take a letter," commanded the president, and Willy was requested to stop hammering a while, drop into the bank and talk things over. Cinzano was on the map. Anyone could see it. Even in New York City people were saying, "Oh, yes, that's where the fellow made that remarkable hole in one."

At the regular weekly meeting of the bank board Mr. Cravath stood up.

"This boy," he stated, "has given Cinzano the best advertising it ever had. He is doing wonders for our fair city, and we owe him a debt of gratitude."

"We certainly do," the board agreed in honest enthusiasm.

"**N**OW take truthfulness," said the senator. "Truthfulness is absolutely essential in the man who would climb to true success. Do not stoop to petty falsehoods. I have made that a cardinal rule. And, furthermore, young men should not watch the time clock, or complain about their employer. Remember that he has your best interests at heart. . . . Am I too fast?"

"No, sir," said Smythe.

"And save your money in your younger days, as I did. . . . Start a savings account, and add to it at regular intervals, no matter how difficult it seems to be to do it."

"Yes, sir," said Smythe.

"He has made people talk about Cinzano," remarked President George Cravath of the bank, "and in my opinion something substantial should be done at once for this excellent young man."

"Absolutely," said the board.

Willy walked into the bank, wearing his blue serge and a look of surprise, and conferred with President George Cravath. Later he went directly to his humble home.

"I am now working in the bank, Mother," he announced. "I do not have to pack fruit any longer."

"Isn't that lovely!" cried the old lady, who needed a good many things.

"Yes," said Willy. "I am a pretty lucky fellow to get into the bank."

And he was lucky too, for men who work in banks are always near money, and anything can happen to you if you are constantly near money.

Meanwhile the jolly little item bounded about the world from Singapore to Cape Town, and the odd people who persist in writing letters to celebrities continued their work with unfaltering vigor.

The Cinzano Real Estate Company respectfully approached Willy as he sat in his new chair at the bank.

"Mr. Gander," said the head of the realty concern, a stoutish man named Henry Baker, "our business is going ahead fast; Cinzano is booming, and great projects confront us. We need men like you, up and coming young hustlers who are keeping pace with the times. And it is our dearest desire that you join our board of directors before we start the next campaign."

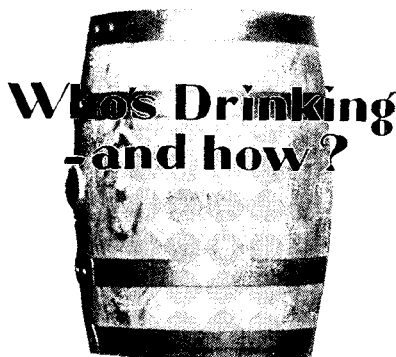
"Sounds all right," responded Willy. "I'll ask Mr. Cravath can I do it."

He therefore sat at table with the other real-estate board members and was given valuable information. Within two weeks the Cinzano Mortgage and Loan Association looked over the situation with a careful eye and decided that what it really needed on its advisory board most of all was Willy Gander. . . . The business world began to move Willy's way *en masse*.

"Well, you certainly are coming along, young man, aren't you?" President Cravath inquired in a benevolent voice, the voice of a discoverer and pioneer.

"Yes," said Willy, "I'm doing pretty good."

"Could you come up to dinner tomorrow night?" (Continued on page 44)



Where is Rum Row?

Gone.

Where is the long-distance automobile rum-runner?

Rapidly going.

But this doesn't mean the country is going dry. We are now depending upon our own local natural resources.

Every section has developed its own art of booze making.

There's once-dry Denver, for instance, and the Eastern Rocky Plateau. American ingenuity has hit upon an amazing and simple method of alcohol production. How that section found its liquor right in its own back yard is told in

Sugar Moon

By

William G. Shepherd

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S



Nothin' can hold a candle to a man addressin' himself to the loathsome business of havin' a good time

Happiness or Bust

The Pilgrim Fathers may have known cold an' hunger but they didn't have to throw confetti, sing For He's a Jolly Good Fellow, or search for new ways of bein' prankish. There is no record that an Indian ever made a captive wrap himself in paper streamers an' shake a baby rattle.

Uncle Henry

IN MY time, 'Lonzo,' said Uncle Henry, "I've had the eyeballs seared by many terrible sights, both on land an' sea, but I've come to the conclusion that there's no more heart-rendin' spectacle in all this weary world than that of iron-jawed Americans settin' out with deliberate intent to be gay, no matter what the cost in blood an' tears. It isn't only that we take our pleasures sadly, but that we take 'em grimly, desperately an' relentlessly.

"Dante piled up quite a few horrors while describin' his journey through the Inferno, but nothin' that he saw could hold a candle to the midnight madness of a middle-aged, full-stomached, bald-headed business man with a Pierrot cap perched on his gleamin' dome, a feather tickler in one hand an' a trumpet in the other, addressin' himself with indomitable tenacity to the loathsome task of havin' a good time.

"Don't talk to me about the hardships an' sufferin's of the Pilgrim Fathers. They may have known cold an' hunger, but they didn't have to throw confetti, sing For He's a Jolly Good Fellow, or search their tormented souls for new ways of bein' prankish. Doubtless a good many of 'em were burned at the stake, but there is no record that the Indians ever made a captive wrap himself in paper streamers an' shake a baby rattle.

"While in New York recently, I went to one of those so-called Carnival Dinners, now comin' to be a familiar feature of modern life along with the boll

weevil, hookworm, an' wind-blown bobs. The big hotels give 'em to distract attention from the food an' service an' they figure prominently on every ocean liner, for the purpose, I presume, of showin' the passengers that there's somethin' worse than sea-sickness.

"Every table was piled high with toy balloons, paper caps in all shapes an' colors, false faces, horns, toy saxophones an' various instruments for the production of weird noises.

"I've been in penitentiaries when the wretched inmates filed out of their cells for the day's work, an' I want to tell you it was a study in irrepressible gayety as compared to the manner in which those free-born American men an' women went about the dreary business of puttin' on the caps, throwin' the confetti, bangin' the rattles, tootin' the horns an' emittin' screams of joyous laughter at what they considered to be appropriate intervals.

"Crouched in my chair, I watched the tragic revel as one in the grip of a nightmare. Surely, I thought, the spirit of 1776 cannot be entirely dead. Somewhere, in that vast throng, must be one man with sufficient courage to leap to his feet an' cry, 'Enough of this hellish business. As self-respectin' Nordies we claim the right to the sullen, broodin' quiet that is our heritage.' But I waited in vain for any sign of revolt.

A Vicious Delusion

"There were empire builders in that room—you could tell 'em by the cautious way they handled their forks—an' women brave enough to stand the pain of achin' feet, than which there is no greater agony—but the thing that was lackin' was *moral courage*. Resignedly, hopelessly, the cowards yelled an' banged, every eye on the clock, an' not until the last balloon had been busted, the last paper cap torn to ribbons, did they break down an' give their wretchedness the relief of tears.

"The trouble with the country, 'Lonzo, springs from the fact that we think we're a joyous people. Never was there a more vicious delusion. A dominant race, my dear 'Lonzo, has little time for laughter. It's too busy bitin'. Gettin' on top of the world heap isn't a job that

allows much time for Maypole dances, an' stayin' on top calls for an even larger amount of grim determination, for weak peoples are no longer glad to have you sit on 'em.

"Look deep down into the American heart, an' you'll find that our idea of confetti is a handful of rocks, an' that our conception of humor is to see somebody slip up an' break a leg. Mutt an' Jeff are beloved by millions entirely on account of their continual assaults an' batteries, an' the Katzenjammer Kids would lose public favor tomorrow if they failed to put tacks in the chairs or cease playin' tricks that hurt an' maim.

The Ferocious Foreigner

"You might think that our large foreign population would do somethin' to soften an' color the native gloom of the Anglo-Saxon, for returned travelers bring envious reports of the joyous life in France an' Italy an' Spain.

"Well, they may be sons an' daughters of laughter back in their home countries, 'Lonzo, but once in the United States the only way you can tell 'em from the Nordic is that they're jes' a little bit more ferocious in their pursuit of the bacon. Take it from me, a Latin on the make has a concentrated savagery of purpose that causes even Scotchmen to take on a look of reckless improvidence an' harum-scarum irresponsibility.

"Pleasure, with Americans, is an interruption. If you doubt this conclusion, jes' go to any railroad station any September, an' watch people comin' back from their annual vacations in the mountains or at the seashore.

"Note the haggard, careworn faces, scarred with pain, an' listen to the screams of hysterical delight as the ravaged men an' women gradually realize that they're home again, an' won't be called upon to have a good time for another year at least.

"An' have you ever watched the inmates of a golf course? There's a game that is presumed to have no other purpose than the provision of open air, exercise an' happy companionship. Naturally, therefore, the more strokes you take, the longer you're out in the sun with your friends an' the more exercise

you get. But do you know of any American who takes that view? Why, instead of bein' glad when they miss a ball, five doctors an' three alienists have to be called.

"The automobile illustrates my point more aptly than anything else. Instead of lookin' on it as a mechanical contrivance to be endured in the interests of swift transportation, we actually call it a pleasure car. An' when a man has completed his payments, located the squeak, found out the trouble with the differential, an' established a *modus vivendi* with the blamed thing, his wife makes him trade it in for one of the new models.

Pleasure as a Business

"It's terrible. Because industry, energy an' bulldog tenacity have brought success in business, we bring the same methods to bear on our pursuit of pleasure. Instead of creepin' up on it, utterin' soft, cluckin' sounds calculated to soothe an' gentle, we give a loud yell, an' spring forward with tooth an' nail, feet an' fist, cryin', 'Victory or death.' Usin' no judgment at all with respect to pace, we're out on our feet before the battle gets well under way.

"As a result, we have noise without gayety, laughter without mirth an' movement without purpose. Every night you see millions of people whose real idea of happiness is to sit in the back parlor with their shoes off staggerin' out of front gates, their wan faces wet with tears, eyes sick with dread, facin' the prospect of stayin' out until the small hours, havin' a good time.

"Somethin' ought to be done about it, 'Lonzo. Twenty years ago we were a strong, fit nation, but now we've reached a stage where we have to have our cereal cut up for us. As the pursuit of pleasure gets to be more an' more furious, vacant lots have had to be fenced in as asylums, an' even so, the streets are filled with crazed men an' women spinnin' like tops in a desperate effort to bite the back of their necks."

"I agree with you," said Mr. Stubbs, shaking his head gravely. "But what's to be done?"

"That's easy," Uncle Henry answered. "Instead of all these Greater Movie Weeks, Carnival Weeks, Clean-up Weeks an' Eat-an-Apple Weeks, what we ought to have is a Stay-at-Home Year."



Note the careworn faces of people returning from vacations