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TYLER, TEXAS

Log of the S.S.Fellowship

July 1st, 1939

Here we are again, reviewing the events of another reunion of the crew. Perhaps I'd better give you some of the highlights as they occurred to me.

I drove down Wednesday to Tulsa, arriving in front of the Mayo Hotel about 6:30 PM. Just as I got out of the car I spied E. Fred Johnson who rushed up to shake hands and tell me things had started. I could see they had because of the streets decorated with banners, hundreds of delegates to the convention were milling around and when I got into the lobby of the hotel there was deafening noise and the usual hub-bub and excitement. The Hawaiian delegation had their guitars and a comely miss was doing the Hula dance to an enraptured audience - she was dressed in Hawaiian costume grass skirt and little else and was doing a bit of hip-elevating and muscle exercises that brought continuous approval of the assembled delegates. After the dance she distributed leis to all the men in exchange for a kiss and the men gave leis to the ladies on the same basis. I wondered why some of the fellows had two or three.

Went out to Crystal City Park for the box lunches (well done, too, with a piece of chicken, potatoe salad, baked beans, etc) and the amusements for the evening. First two of the crew I saw were Ed. Kautzky and Harold Klein - the two bankers from Des Moines palling around together. Then turning around I saw Zach Addington the cotton dealer from Phoenix. I introduced him to Ed. and Harold. Further along saw Eric Banks and his wife, and one after another of the crew who had come down early.

Thursday morning I was supposed to be chairman of one of the convention meetings to be held at the Coliseum, at 9:30 AM. I got there a little after nine; soon the Secretary of the meeting came and also Roz Kosongron who was to be discussion leader, and then Marvin Hurley one of the six speakers scheduled to make talks. A few delegates trickled in and by 9:30 there were perhaps 20 fellows on hand. As only one speaker had shown up we delayed opening the meeting. More delegates came in, but no more speakers showed up. Finally there were about 100 present, and they were getting restless so Roz was called on to tell some of his stories. They were good, too, and kept the fellows in a good frame of mind. Still no more speakers and at 10 o'clock we decided we'd start the meeting anyway. By this time there were perhaps two hundred there. Marvin made his first talk and still the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth speakers weren't there, so Roz fills in the time again. Finally they all come one by one and by going right through the program we managed to get in everything by noon so the delegates could attend the luncheon meetings - one at Tulsa Hotel where T. Alfred Fleming of the National Board of Fire Underwriters spoke and the other at the Mayo where Gov. Harold Stassen, Governor of Minnesota spoke.

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Log of the S.S.Fellowship

July 15th, 1939

First I want to thank E.Fred Johnson of Tulsa for sending me enough pictures of the Past Presidents of the USJC to give each of you a picture. Aren't these fellows a handsome looking lot? I know you all enjoy looking at these past Presidents as many of you served during their administrations. Thanks again, Fred.

Bud Mulholland writes about my notation as to Walt Holman, "I was particularly interested in the fact that Walt Holman was acquitted of embessling the dollar. Had I been there he would not have been able to get by with the false statement that it was stage money. This only adds one more crime to his record and I shall insist that he be tried next year for perjury instead of embesslement". Well that's the first case on the docket next year it seems. Bud says he regrets exceedingly that he wasn't able to be with us at Tulsa to join in the good fellowship.

So does Emerson Thomas who says "I certainly am going to make a big effort to be present next year". Many of the Eastern fellows should find it convenient to come to Washington.

Jeff Stickney at San Diego says he read with interest the doings at Tulsa and gives the "Log" an orchid in saying "I always enjoy the pertinent quotations at the end of each Log; they always contain a beautiful and constructive thought and are a help in these strenuous times". Glad you like them, Jeff.

Received a letter the other day from our mate Judge Sam Street Hughes at Lansing Michigan. You know Judge Sam is the only Judge of the Municipal Court in that city of 84,000 people; he must be a very busy man, but besides that he has been made Vice-President of the Lansing Community Chest. Our mates are all active fellows as you can tell by the accounts of them in each Log.

Talking about our mates having duties to perform, our mate Larry Bricly up at Newton, Iowa, was recently elected Secretary-Treasurer of the State Bar Association of Iowa; he said one of the gracious hosts at the meeting was our mate Jack Sinclair in as perfect form as always and Allen Whitfield was on hand too. There's hardly a meeting of importance anywhere these days but what some mate is on hand. Larry, from whom we hear very seldom, has a son 10 and a daughter 7 and has just passed the 35th milestone so he's a full fledged "old-timer" now.

Notice the letterheads this time - they're from our mate R.H.Hinkson who is in the out-door advertising business out at Topeka. Thanks, Hinkson for the letterheads.

Speaking of Kansas, our mate Ivan Gillette you know publishes the Sedan Times-Star of Sedan, Kansas. In reading over his fine paper after I returned from Tulsa, I noticed the Kansas write up that it is according to insurance company statistics, the healthiest State in the Union, and they also say that during the World War enlistments that Kansas had the highest percentage of men accepted after medical examinations. Looks like they got something to crow about alright.

I'm still looking over the many letters and telegrams sent by mates who couldn't be at Tulsa. One of the longest telegrams was from that patriarch Bob Condon, of New York. Man he must have spent a lot of money for all those words but Bob likes to speak even if it costs him so much a word. Among some of the humorous ones was one from Morrie Nelson who wired "Greetings, salutations and stuff. Wish I were there. I did so want to bury Peter in Tulsa. Dick West will tell a Swede story for me. Jim Cairns will buy you all a drink on me". Lay Leishman wired some advise in these words "Give Phil the works; Put Krusz in his place; let Dick West make Roz's speech this year".

You know, Lay, that we did intend to let Dick make a speech but we waited and waited and waited until the meeting was about to adjourn; then when we called on Dick we waited until he got to the speaker's desk and when he was just about to begin everyone got up and walked out. It was a mean trick but Dick thought there was something funny about the whole procedure and laughed with the rest of the fellows. He's a good scout.

Our mate Park Kinney out at Denver says that Beans Latimer who lives just across the street from him returned from the Convention and immediately left for a trip through Canada and then to the Worlds Fair in New York and down to Washington, and speaking about world's Fairs he says a committee in Denver is working on a World's Fair for Denver in 1941 or 1942. Park is on the committee and he says it won't be a world of tomorrow - they'll make it one of today.

Sherman Humason says "I had the pleasure of driving back from Tulsa, Dick West and Jim Frisbey of Elmonte, California and we were accompanied as far as Des Moines by Pete Pyche and Frank McNamee (all mates of our crew.) Camilla West and son Dickie were here in St. Paul and after a few days in northern Minnesota they all left for California by way of Yellowstone Park". Do our fellows travel around.

Speaking of St. Paul they're surely proud up there because "Babe" Brioschi was elected a Vice-President of the USJC - he'll make a good one.

Mark Matthews retained his office as Vice-President of the USJC and Ray Bonini of our crew was elected Treasurer, so with Perry Pipkin long a member of the crew it looks like there will be a continuity of thought between the real old-timers and the more recent old-timers who are still in there pitching.

July 15th, 1939

Just think there have now been twenty administrations of the USJC! There's a pretty wide stretch between those who were active 20 years ago and those whose terms of office just expired, and yet these men have had so much in common in building up the USJC to its present status. The organization has come of age. Those of us who knew it in its infancy and through its teens, find our child has grown to manhood. We've had a lot of pleasure in watching it grow and as we look back over the years we find we've made so many friends in the process of nurturing it. These friendships well repay us for whatever sacrifices we might have made.

The flow of letters of those not able to come to the reunion, letters alive with loyalty to this good old ship - the mythical S.S.Fellowship - and the warmth of the handclasps of those fortunate ones who could attend the reunion, all testified to the fact that friendship is, after all, a powerful force in our lives and it made me feel that this same feeling must have animated Elizabeth Knowles when she wrote

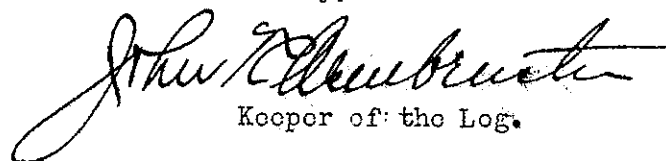
"Without the warmth of friends, I could not live  
Without the joyous interchange of touch,  
Of word, of deed, of spirit that they give,  
Life's other gifts don't matter very much

The dead possession of the world's great store,  
Have meaning only as they come and go  
From friend to friend, in mute symbolic flow  
Of giving and receiving - nothing more

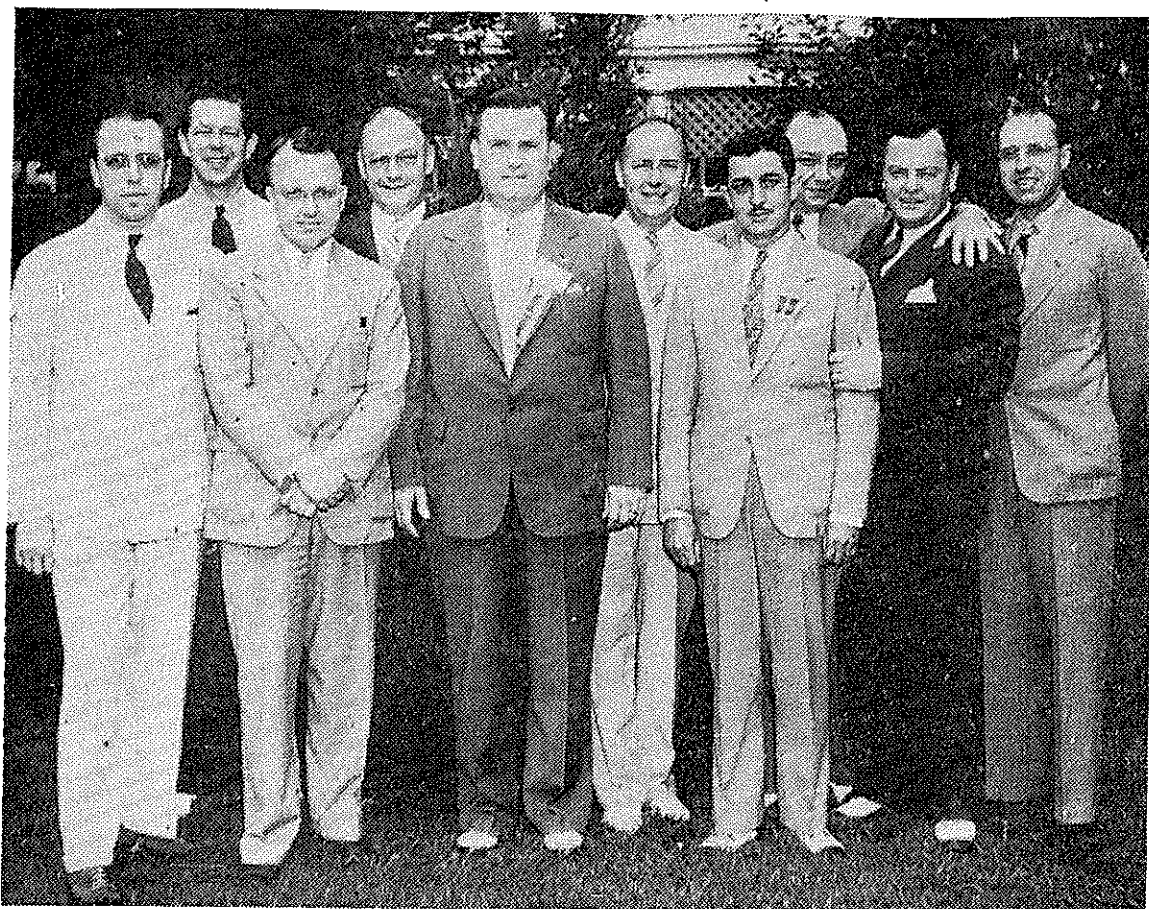
A man can live without the greater part  
Of sustenance, or happiness, or power,  
But sweet communication of the heart,  
The mind and soul, is lifeblood to the flower

No greater gift did God to humans give  
Without the warmth of friends, I could not live.

Sincerely,

  
Keeper of the Log.

## Past Jaycee Presidents Meet in Tulsa



Past presidents of the National Junior Chamber of Commerce had their own celebration during the Jaycee national convention in Tulsa. In the meeting for the former officials were, left to right, Walter E. Holman, Portland, Ore., president in 1936-1937; Rozewell P. Rosengren, Buffalo, N. Y., 1937-1938; Allen Whitfield, Des Moines, 1935-1936; E. Richard West, Los Angeles, 1934-1935; Phil Ebeling, Dayton, Ohio, 1938-1939; George Olmsted, Des Moines, 1932-1933; H. Grady Vien, East St. Louis, Ill., 1927-1928; Herbert F. McCulla, Lincoln, Neb., 1929-1930; E. Fred Johnson, Tulsa, 1925-1926, and Ernest A. Baetz, San Antonio, 1928-1929.

My ticket happened to be for the Stassen luncheon and it was packed. The Governor being a Jacian himself was a popular idol of the crowd and they applauded him to the echo. I hope you can get a copy of his talk - it was very good. Walt Finke whom the Governor recently appointed to the Social Security Board of Minnesota, sat next to the Governor and Fred Driver was chairman of the meeting - members of our crew are always in prominent places.

After the luncheon I went over to Fred Johnson's Bank (he's Vice-President of Fourth National Bank you know) and we talked about the two old-timers events to come, talked about the various mates and a great many things and before we knew it it was 5 o'clock. He had shown me the sheaf of letters received from you mates and we had a pleasant few hours chat.

Friday morning Fred had as his guests for breakfast, all the Past Presidents who were at the convention - Ernest Bactz, Dick West, Geo. Olmsted, Herb McCulla, Allen Whitfield, Walt Holman, Grady Vien, and Roz Rosengren, and the retiring President Phil Ebeling, and the past secretaries Harry Krusz, Sherman Humason, and Ewing Loseley, all our mates. Fred and his wife, Faith are such fine hosts. We enjoyed their hospitality immeasurably.

Friday afternoon the old-timers of Tulsa had all the crew as their guests at a buffet luncheon and it would have done your heart good to see the fellows rush up to each other and shake hands and greet each other like long lost brothers, slapping them on the back and generally showing how glad they were to see each other, especially such fellows who hadn't been around for a long time like Henry Lutz, Ernest Bactz, Arthur Mandel and Joni Jones from San Antonio, Noel Boulware who used to live at Tulsa but now lives in Denver, Ewing Loseley of Dallas, B.B.Kerr of Oklahoma City, Francis Schroeder of Detroit Lakes, Minn. Judge Brad Williams, et.al. It was swell to see those fellows who hadn't been around for years, and to see how much they enjoyed everything. The Tulsa fellows deserve a lot of praise for their whole-hearted efforts to entertain the crew.

Saturday noon, of course, was the scheduled old-timers dinner and by this time the following old-timers in addition to those mentioned before had appeared on the scene - Linus Vorpahl carrying his arm in a sling; that old reliable Youngs Crooks of San Antonio with his wife and son (incidentally these three haven't missed a convention or reunion for 14 years) Will Alton, of Spokane, Lee Augustine of Cincinnati, Herman Birnkranz of Detroit, Ray Bonini of Grand Rapids likewise Pedro Pycho of Grand Rapids, Al Boutwell of Birmingham, Gareth Brainard Dave Cosner, Beans Latimer, all of Denver, Larry Bray of Waukasha, Babe Brioschi Harold Clark of Milwaukee, Bill Corry of Chillicothe, Ohio, Frank McNamce of Las Vegas and his new brother-in-law Cedric Browne of Santa Monica, California Eddie Dahlin and Howie Davidson of Chicago, Bob Fouke of San Francisco, Bert Francis of Tyler, Texas (incidentally I'm using his letterheads this time - note them) Ivan Gillette of Sedan, Kansas, Don Hadley of Columbus, Ohio, Minor Hudson of Washington DC, Tilton Keefe of Cheyenne, A.W.King of Duluth, Russ Knowland and Bill Reichel who flew in from Oakland, California, Lyle O'Rourke, and Fred Linton from Washington, Rob Roy MacLeod, Billings McArthur and Merle Lucas of Chicago, Charlie Moore and Perry Pipkin from Memphis, Lufo Putnam from Evansville, Allen Seed from Minneapolis, Lee Thompson from Oklahoma City, Jerry Vinson from Wichita Falls, Paul West from Pueblo, Reese Wilkinson from Greeley Colorado and of course all the Tulsa fellows, and perhaps one or two more whose names don't come to mind.



The spirited contest for the Convention City and for the Presidency caused the convention session to last about an hour over the noon period. When our old-timers luncheon period came the exciting moment of the convention was at its height and our mates couldn't pull themselves away until it was over. So we were late in getting started but we were soon in action with the usual wise-cracking, heckling, etc.

Harry Krusz sat in a huge chair - the judge; Eddie Dahlin was attorney for the defense and Allen Whitfield the prosecutor and everything was set when Grady Vien stole the show for awhile taking over the meeting and usurping Harry's place. He was quite flabbergasted at the turn of events and everyone made the most of it with Harry the target of all the good humored railery. Finally Grady felt it was time to call a halt and Harry was given back the meeting. In his inimitable style he fired right back at his tormentors with his ironic sallies. He can take it and he can give it right back as you know - and make 'em like it.

Roz Rosengron was brought to the bar of justice. As you recall last year he received at the hands of one Beans Latimer the "Exhausted Rooser" with his drooping head indicating that he was henceforth to be in the discard. He was accused of violating the sacred precepts of that order in becoming the father of a son who arrived at his home a few weeks ago. You can imagine the line of josting that came from that incident. The bailiffs - Rob Roy MacLeod and Babe Brioschi brought him before the judge after having caught him in a net, wrapped over his head. Someone piped up that this time Roz would be broadcasting over a strange "network". After a lot of cross-examining (and I do mean cross) he was put on probation for a year.

Frank McNamee was the next victim - accused of aiding and abetting one Mrs. Clark Gable to divorce her husband (you know Frank was her attorney and represented her in her divorce proceedings). After his ordeal he, too, was exonerated of wrong doing but never did reveal the fee he obtained for his legal services which the prosecutor was trying to elicit from him.

Walt Holman was charged with embezzlement of \$1.00 purported to have been given to him by a certain passenger on our ship which dollar he failed to turn over to the Keeper of the Log. After the usual preliminaries he was acquitted on the plea that the dollar he took was only stage money anyway and consequently he was not guilty.

Fred Johnson was hailed before the judge (?) to answer the charge of indecent conduct. The Tulsa fellows had had some entertainers for the buffet luncheon who cavorted around in scanty (!!) attire and Fred was accused of having had a preview all for himself before hiring them. He denied the charges and produced a character witness in the person of Marly Cass, an old-timer of Tulsa who double-crossed him and instead of testifying as to his good moral character gave comfort to his accusers by chiming in with them. Establishing his alibi, however, he was declared not guilty.

A number of other cases were docketed but time being short action on them was postponed to some other session of the crew and other business was on hand. Linus Vorpahl was called on to explain why he was carrying his arm in a sling;



Jerry Vinson was voted the mate of the crew who had shown the most improvement in his physical appearance; Bill Reichel, Babe Brioschi, Rob Roy McLeod and Beans Latimer, self-constituted and sole members of the "Fiddletown Junior Chamber of Commerce" kept insisting on injustice shown to them and kept up a constant heckling. They were in fine fettle and caused gales of laughter - they were as good as any vaudeville team on the circuits. What one didn't think of the other did. Every time they were called to task for their lack of decorum the four of them rose as one man to defend their dignity. They certainly added a lot of fun to the occasion.

As is the usual custom when Perry Pipkin entered the room after having been elected the new President of the USJC he was greeted with loud boos; when Al Boutwell one of the defeated candidates came in he was greeted with great applause. Rufe Putnam was appointed with other election losers to take charge of Al and when Al was called on he lauded Perry as a most astute vote getter and pledged his whole hearted support. Perry was called on and had a terrible time being heard with the din and noise of the hecklers. He had been to other old-timers reunions and know what to expect and took it good naturedly. As the tin sign taken from the Atlanta JC and placed at the head table read "We aint mad with nobody" - the theme of the meeting.

When it was announced that Frank McNamoe had acquired Cedric Browne, a fellow mate in the crew, as his brother-in-law there was a lot of comment about whether he was acquired via the shot-gun route. Nobody is exempt from being on the griddle at these reunions but they all know it's all in jest and everybody takes it "on the chin". It was announced that when taking the pictures of the past presidents that Phil Eboiling was first placed in the front row but it was discovered that you couldn't see the 9 other fellows in back of him; Phil laughed at this quip about his size - he's been kidded by experts. Eddie Dahlin had made a mistake in saying he "grew up in the JC" This brought down on him a lot of derision - what did he mean by "grown up" - the little pecwee.

And so it went. Just a continuous bantering sandwiched in between reading of the telegrams from the absent members, letters from others, attempts at speech-making by ex-Presidents especially with Harry going good in his usual Master of Ceremonies style. It was an enjoyable affair and we all look forward to another reunion.

As I look back at the occasions when we friends were together, see the joy of friendship and what we contribute to each other in the way of inspiration, fellowship, kindnesses, it brings to mind what Bolton Hall said:

"We are all links in the chain of life. No one is complete in himself. We are each one daily bearing something onward - something that contributes to the world and to experience. And we never know to what end our influence has been carried.

I looked upon my brother with the microscope of criticism and said "How coarse my brother is!". I looked at him with the telescope of scorn and I said "How small my brother is". Then I looked in the mirror of truth, and I said "How like me my brother is".

Sincerely,

  
Keeper of the Log.