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Log of the S. S. Fellowship

July 1st, 1940.

JOHN H. ARMBRUSTER
WM. LABAGGE
CHAS. D. JOST
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WM. A. H. BOENKER
WALTER F. FAERBER

Here is a running account of the activities at the USJC convention for the "oldtimers". It was good to see at the convention old-timers Frank Sims, John Grammer, Larry Wingerter, Pat Leonard, Bill Becker, Linton Collins, Al Conradis, Elmer Farrall, Martin Luthy and Lloyd Marti who haven't been around for years; it was good to see these regulars - Dick West, Bill Reichel, Russ Knowland, Rob Roy MacLeod, Billings McArthur, Eric Banks, Norman Binkrant, Ray Bonini, Al Boutwell, Babe Brioschi, Cedric Browns, Ed. Dahlin, Fred Driver, Phil Ebeling, Walt Finke, John Gillin, Sherm Humason, Minor Hudson, Wally Howe, Harry Ice, Art King, B. B. Kerr, Beans Latimer, Joe Levitt, Fred Linton, Frank McNamee, Bud Mulholland, Charley Moore, Hugh Owens, Perry Pipkin, Roz Rosengren, Lyle O'Rourke, Tom Reid, Tom Smith, Jay Sullivan, Doc Viets, Allen Whitfield, Alex Vien, Bob Fouke, Mark Matthews, Ray Millard, Bill Press, Linus Vorpahl, and some more newer members of the crew like Jess Campbell, Audrey Childress, Ward French, Ellsworth Green, Willson Pierce, A. O. Sica, and a few others whose names have escaped me, and of course Harry Krusz - we couldn't have an old-timers meeting without him.

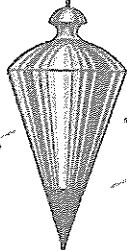
Some of the highlights of the convention were the general session on Thursday morning when Constantine Brown, Foreign News Commentator and columnist spoke as did also representatives of the State, War, and Navy Depts; at the noon luncheon that day, Martin Luthy's chief (as he calls his boss) James S. Kemper, new President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States spoke. That night there was a cruise on the Potomac River with a barbecue at Marshall Hall Amusement Park - the barbecue by Amarillo Texas JC.

Friday morning there were talks by James Young, of Dept. of Commerce who spoke on "Interstate Trade Barriers" (a pertinent subject), Chas. P. McCormick, Pres. McCormick & Co. of Baltimore, Carl Zeidler the recently elected Mayor of Milwaukee (himself a Jacian), and S. B. Colgate, Chairman of Colgate, Palmolive, Peet Company. At noon another fine talk we heard was by Philip D. Reed, Chairman of the Board of General Electric Co. himself not yet 40.

Friday afternoon came the adoption of resolutions and it would have done your heart good to hear the fine debates on the resolution as to the USJC stand on war and defense. It was a splendid example of democracy at work. The resolution as finally passed, almost unanimously, recommended compulsory military training, registration of aliens, and other such items. The resolution was so ably drafted by the Resolutions Committee, of which our own Walt Finke was Chairman and on which Bill Becker also served, that if it is possible I'll send a complete copy in next Log. You'll enjoy it for its lack of superfluous embellishment and its fine direct and to-the-point recommendations.

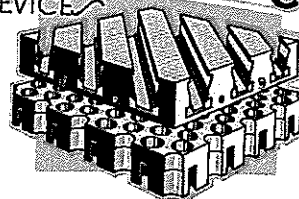
Minneapolis was elected for next Convention city. The Minnesota fellows certainly did electioneer, and to top it off brought down a 110-piece High School Band to entertain us.

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Log of the S. S. Fellowship

July 15th, 1940.

There were many items about the Convention and reunion I wanted to tell in last Log but didn't have time or space, so as I think of them I'm putting them down here.

Al Boutwell told me about becoming a proud father about four months ago; I chided him about not telling me sooner but he said that his wife had been in rather ill health and he was solicitous about her condition. I'm glad to report that both mother and baby are now doing fine. Congratulations, Al. to you and your good wife on this blessed event.

Someone at the Convention told me that our old pal Youngs Crooks down in San Antonio, and his good wife have also had a visit from the stork in the person of a little girl, who came to join their son who is well known to JC conventioners having been to every convention since his birth excepting the last one. Congratulations, Youngs, to you and the Missus. Let's hear from you and give us the young lady's name.

At 3:30 one morning Dick West and Pat Leonard took a notion to call Andy Mungenast who was sleeping peacefully at his home in St. Louis. They put in the call, probably scared Andy out of a year's growth, and talked with him a half hour. Another otherwise sedate and prominent member of our crew dictated a long telegram, signed it "Guess Who" and sent it COLLECT to Walt Holman out at Portland, Oregon. The moral of these two incidents is that it's better to come to the reunions, than to stay at home.

It was surprising to see how many women were at the Convention; over 200 of them accompanied their husbands; and more and more are bringing their children. Perry Pipkin brought Ann and the two boys; Pat Leonard and Mrs. Leonard came with their two daughters; Phil Ebeling and his wife brought their son (leaving their baby with the folks at home), Eleanor and two of our daughters were there, and others were there whom I didn't get to meet personally. Ed. Popkess's son, a lively member of the East St. Louis JC was there, too. Hope there will be an even greater number at Minneapolis next year.

July 15th, 1940.

Geo. Olmsted was to be at the reunion but he was so busy getting Wendell Wilkie nominated at Philadelphia that he couldn't get down to Washington. He did a good job, however, and we'll excuse him therefore. Some of the other mates were at Philadelphia and I presume a number will be at Chicago, this week, too.

Linton Collins took time from his busy office to take Pat Leonard's two daughters and one of mine to the Library of Congress to show them the Declaration of Independence and the Gutenberg Bible; he made a deep impression on them telling them about these two famous documents and they'll probably never forget (nor should we elders) that they have been bulwarks against tyrannies and the protection of liberties; may their influence never cease.

I'll have to stop reminiscing because there's much recent news -

First let's congratulate our mate Lyle F. O'Rourke on his marriage to Charlotte Hope Lunken on Saturday, June 29th; Lyle and Charlotte will be at home after Aug. 15th at Wardman Park Hotel at Washington, D. C. When I saw you at the Convention, Lyle, you looked so smiling and handsome but you didn't whisper a word about the forthcoming marriage; I wish you had - we would have given you a rousing send-off at our old-timers meeting. We wish you and your bride every happiness, and hope you bring her to Minneapolis next year.

And now let's congratulate our mate Jay Sullivan whose little Linda Anne came on July 3rd. That was a unique announcement Marjorie and Jay sent out and I'm sure they're both very happy with their new possession.

We also want to wish "Bill" Galloway much happiness in his new location. Bill and his wife and little Billy drove through from Kansas City enroute to Richmond, Virginia where he was transferred by the Dept. of Commerce, and stopped at our house for a few moments chat. He is recovering rapidly from his illness and it was good to see him looking so well; keep up the good work, Bill, and let us hear from you when you are settled in your new home.

We're expecting a visit to-day from Walt Clinton; he and his father and mother and his little niece have long wanted to take a ride on Andy's new excursion boat on the Mississippi and are coming up from Tulsa to do that very thing. I know Andy will be delighted to see them. We're all looking forward to a pleasant visit.

Talking about Tulsa and Andy, our Tulsan mate Luther Williams sent a copy of his Company magazine showing pictures of their sales meeting held here some months ago and among them was the picture of Andy lifting up a huge D-X gasoline can, apparently pouring it on the plates of food on the table - giving Andy nation-wide publicity as though Andy needed it. Thanks for sending the magazine, Luther.

Another mate getting national publicity is our friend John Heronymus - a whole section of the Shoboygan paper was devoted to his new enterprise the Wisconsin Oil Refinery Co. whose large plant is being built at Shoboygan. Congratulations, John, on this fine achievement.

July 15th, 1940.

Our mate Ernest Owons at Evansville tells me that his fellow-citizen and mate, Rufus Putnam is attending Columbia University this summer and has his wife and two youngsters with him; maybe you can drop in on some of our Eastern mates while you're there, Rufe. They like to see their fellow-mates on our good ship.

Speaking about visits, Billings McArthur says that Mark Matthews and his bride came through Chicago last week and that the Chicago fellows had them out to dinner. They were flying to San Francisco and then going to Honolulu. Billings also said Fred Driver and his wife came through and that he and Tom Reid had them as guests for dinner at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. These Chicago fellows are genial hosts, I know, and always glad to have the mates of the crew visit them.

Tilton Keefe, our mate at Cheyenne, Wyoming, sent me a Golden Anniversary greeting on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of Wyoming which was admitted to the Union July 10th, 1890; the envelope contained the commemorative stamps marked "first day of issue" and I shall prize this among my collection of souvenirs. Thanks, Tilton, and congratulations to your fine state on the great strides it has made in the short span of fifty years.

Pondering a bit about this anniversary of statehood for one of our 48 states, I couldn't help but bow in reverence of those men and women who went before us and built this nation out of a wilderness. The spirit that animated them - the spirit of sacrifice that this nation might become great. I wondered if we haven't in our own generation somewhat forgotten and abandoned this fine spirit and my eye caught an editorial that appeared in the Kansas City Star that seemed so appropos that I'm repeating it. It was titled "Potain's message to Franco" and said:

"In a broadcast to the people of France, Marshall Potain used words that need to be considered by all democratic peoples. He said:

"Since the victory (world war) the spirit of pleasure has prevailed over the spirit of sacrifice. The people have demanded more than they have given. They wanted to spare themselves effort. To-day misfortune has come".

What about us in America?. In this country has the spirit of pleasure prevailed over the spirit of sacrifice? Have we demanded more than we have been ready to give? Have we desired to spare ourselves effort?

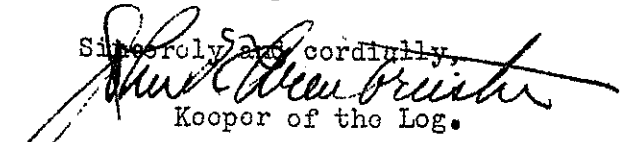
Westbrook Pegler speaks of amusement as an immense national industry. We make heroes of our amusement stars. In many colleges football seems to take precedence over the serious business of education.

These are surface things. We trust they do not represent a fundamental attitude. The real question is whether the American people have been losing those great qualities of self-reliance and readiness to work and endure hardships by which this nation was built

The French people, Marshall Potain said, "Wanted to spare themselves effort. Today misfortune has come." We must make sure that at some future time the same verdict shall not be pronounced on the United States".

Our little group can do much, by speech and action, to keep from losing those qualities spoken of. Let us keep them ever in mind.

Sincerely and cordially,


Keeper of the Log.

Saturday morning we stayed for the election of the new President. The nominees had been Joe Levitt, of California, Hugh Owens of Oklahoma and Mark Matthews of New York. Joe and Hugh came to the platform and announced that after taking a tabulation of the votes beforehand they felt that Mark had the required majority and they both withdrew to make the vote unanimous. The Vice-Presidents were then elected and us old-timers left for our own reunion meeting.

So many things happened at the old-timers reunion, and happened so fast that it's hard to remember them all. The fellows gathered slowly as they always do. Finally we sat down for the luncheon, most of the fellows at tables close to the head table. But those radicals like Bill Reichel, Billings McArthur, Rob Roy MacLeod, Beans Latimer, Frank Sims, Roz Rosengren, Sherm Humason, et.al. decided to be different and took the farthest back table they could find. They proceeded to disturb the meeting. They appointed two of their gang to bring to the head table a bushel basket of apples. They walked behind those at the head table and when they got back of the center position where Harry Krusz was sitting they dumped the apples out of the basket all over Harry and into his food, his coffee, and apples flew in all directions. Then they found a tall mirror on a stand; they trooped down the aisle and put it smack in front of Harry and told him to admire the view.

They continued to disturb the meeting when Art King and two others walked out and in a little while returned with three folding screens which they placed all around the table. It looked like the outside of a fort. Soon some of the fellows within the "fort" throw those hard buns at some of the diners; they soon returned the fire two fold. The fellows within the "fort" stopped upon chairs and waved the white napkins as token of surrender. The screens were removed and the "rebels" were invited to join us at the closer tables. They walked out instead but soon returned with two huge settees, brought them down the aisle, placed them right in front of the head table, sat down and put their feet on the table. You would have had to be there to appreciate all this horse-play. Everybody was in such fine fettle that it was one continuous series of laughs what with all the wisocracks that were wedged in whenever there was a dull moment. As Pat Leonard remarked, "it was terrific - it was a riot".

Someone found out that Frank McNamoo had a slot machine in his room and he was accused of paying his expenses to the convention from the profits; a campaign banner was draped back of Beans Latimer saying "Got behind Latimer. He's behind the 8-ball"; the two losing candidates for President, Levitt and Owens were introduced as "Chamberlain" Levitt and "Deladior" Owens, and the New President as "Blitzkreig" Matthews. The two who lost were wildly cheered and the victor was roundly booed. Owens and Levitt acquitted themselves nobly as swan song singers and then when Matthews was told to talk, the entire audience turned their chairs around facing the back of the room and insisted on Matthews speaking from the rear; he no sooner walked back there when they turned around again and he had to come back to the head table. He then "pulled" that old chestnut about his namesake Mark Anthony who said to Cleopatra that he didn't come to talk. He was punished plenty verbally for this. The crowd was asked if they wanted to hear from Dick West they gave a rousing "NO". Phil Ebeling was called upon as a bricklayer and asked to repeat for the "steenth time his favorite poem "The Builder" which all have heard whenever Phil has spoken just as Roz used the Poppies poem in his talks the year he was President. Rob Roy

(continued on next page)

MacLeod said he also knew some poetry and rattled off one of the funniest I've overheard. I wish it could be remembered word for word but I can't. Pat Leonard was called on to tell the story about the visit he and Dick West made to the Norwegian Ambassador. It's a good story as I heard it first hand but try as Pat would he couldn't overcome the heckling and by the time he got about the middle of the story he had been 15 minutes or more trying to get it over when he was requested to let it go and tell it some other time. It was all so funny that Pat himself enjoyed the whole incident tremendously.

The jokes, the funny antics of Reichel, MacLeod, Latimer and McArthur (you never know what they were up to next), the heckling and all the good natured "ribbing" permitted no one to make a coherent speech, but they all took it like veterans.

Thus the meeting went on for about three hours; our sides were almost splitting from laughing so much. Everybody "let their hair down" and just had a whale of a good time - casting dignity aside and just relaxing in mirth. Our Canadian passenger "Bus" (Harold) Lee, President of the Canadian JCs came to the affair and said he had never seen anything like it - he had never had so much fun in years, he said. Harry Krusz who had presided at every one of these affairs knew how to handle the situation and even when the laughs were at his expense he carried on as only he can. He purposely developed a lot of funny situations that went even beyond what he thought they would, the fellows were so alert to catch any cue that presented itself. It was a great occasion.

Going up to New York, Pat Leonard and his family and my family palled around for three days. While the women folks were busy one day, Pat and I went around to see some of the New York crew members. First we went over to Brooklyn to see Joe Esquirol and Ed. Steinbuehler. Joe was in Hartford so we didn't get to see him but Ed. was in and insisted we go with him to the Kiwanis Club luncheon because some of the Brooklyn baseball team were going to be there that day. We enjoyed this treat and spent two hours with Ed. in this way. Thanks, Ed. for the pleasant time.

Then we went to see Ros Ehrmantraut who seemed so delighted with our visit that he hardly let us go; we talked and talked about all kinds of things and about people we know. Then we saw Tom Sweeney who had served with Pat on the same Board; they had much in common to speak of. We finally got away from Tom who was reluctant to see us go, and dropped in on Emerson Thomas who happened to be in for a few minutes before getting a plane to fly to Miami; then we saw Court Otis who insisted on sitting down and talking for at least an hour. By this time it was 6 PM and we had to go to meet our families, so we bid Court adieu.

The next day we planned to see more; Harry Krusz had come up and the three of us started out. It began to rain when we got out of the subway to go to Geo. McGlynn's office so we had to take a cab. We spent about an hour with George who showed us all over the new building of his firm. It was still raining to beat the band so after leaving his place we gave up the visiting. We all did enjoy seeing these mates and would liked to have seen them all. Better luck next time.

There are a lot more things to tell you fellows; I'll leave them until next Log, however, as these two weeks away from the office left a pile of work to do. So as Walt Disney's dwarfs would say, "I'll go back to the salt mine" and dig.

Sincerely and cordially,
