

The
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SOMETHING FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

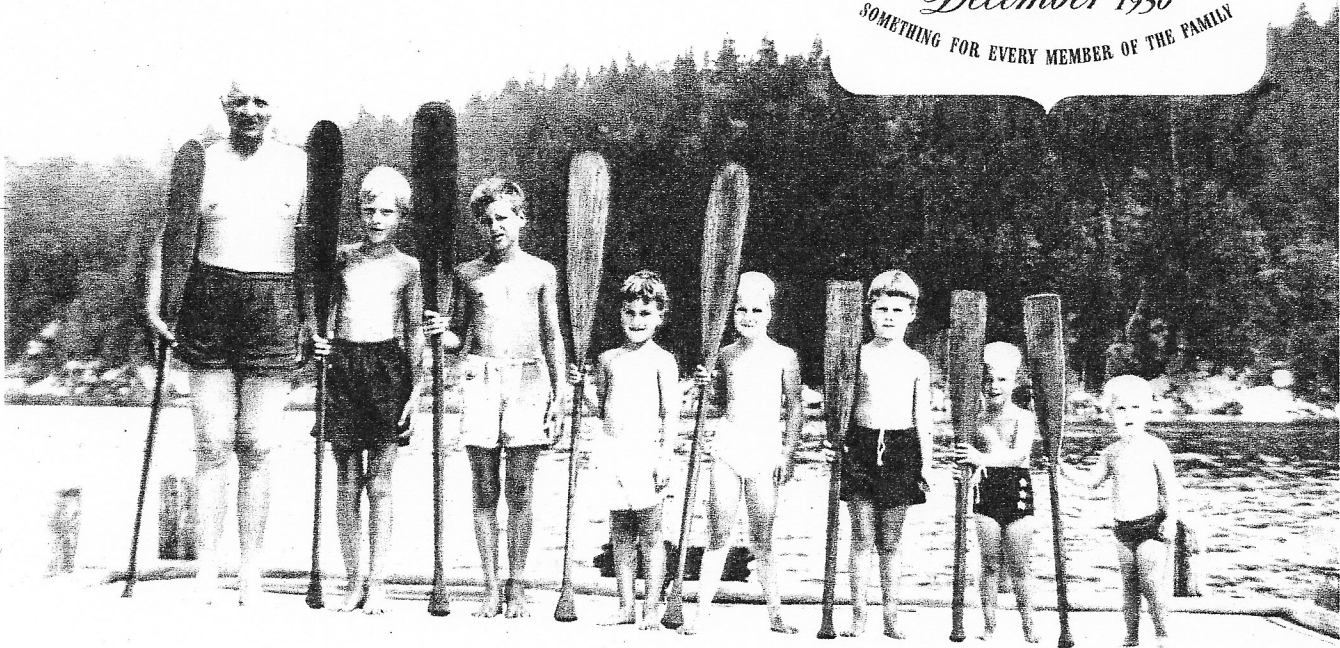


PHOTO BY BETTY ROYON

The author and 7 of his grandchildren: Robert LeFevre, 10; Fox Butterfield, 11; David Hume, 6; Hester Butterfield, 6; David LeFevre, 6; Cyrus Eaton III, 4; and Stephen Hume, 3

We give the kids too much

What a noted industrialist has learned about America from his grandchildren

by *CYRUS EATON*

As told to Edwin T. Connell

THE AUTHOR is one of America's most distinguished leaders of industry and finance. He founded Republic Steel Corporation, third largest steel company in the country; is a director of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Company, the Sherwin-Williams Company, and a number of large steel, shipping, and mining firms. He makes his home at Acadia Farm in Northfield, near Cleveland, Ohio.

SEVEN years ago, in an attempt to find an answer to a problem that had been giving me concern for some time, I began conducting an experiment which quite a few people seem to regard as unusual. For 6 weeks that year, I borrowed two of my grandchildren, boys of 4 and 5, and took them to my summer place—Deep Cove Farms, near Chester, Nova Scotia—as my guests. The experiment proved so interesting that I have been

doing it ever since. Last summer, instead of two grandchildren I had eight, seven boys and one girl, ranging in ages from 2 to 11. Every year, from the middle of July until the end of August, these youngsters and I live together, without benefit of parents. During this period, we work and we play.

The problem that started all this revolved around the mounting evidence, piling up at an alarming rate, that our young people seemed to feel that the world owed them a living. I wanted to find out if this attitude was really a natural one.

I am happy to report that as a result of my experiment, over the past 7 years, the answer is a definite "No!" Of course, there are those who may say that 2 to 11

is a pretty youthful age from which to generalize, but the conclusions that I have reached from watching these children as they develop is that instinctively and basically our young people don't want success without sweat, or security in place of opportunity. In my lively, human laboratory, I have learned that resourcefulness, daring, adventure, and enterprise are just as alive in the young people of America today as they ever were. The enthusiasm and courage that carved out the world's richest nation from a wilderness are still with us. From what I have observed of my grandchildren and their playmates, who come from the city, the farm, and the seacoast, we have nothing to fear about the future. The kids (Continued on page 110)

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ployees of the UN, but did not succeed in doing so.

Once, in an office, I shook hands with a Russian—a very agreeable-looking man—but when it was explained that I was a reporter, he quickly excused himself, darted out of the office, and did not return. On another occasion, an appointment was arranged for me to visit the home of a Russian who is reputed to be a delightful person, but he broke the appointment and said he was so busy that he couldn't see me at any time.

The other UN employees get along very well with the Russians in their daily business contacts, they told me, but tactfully avoid trying to become too friendly with them because they feel they are afraid to be friendly. And some of the sensitive Russians seem to feel, in turn, that the employees from the free countries are afraid to be friendly with them.

Yet there are indications that even the Russians are going in clandestinely for some of our national customs. Not long ago, on the parking lot at Lake Success, an American employee of the UN happened to observe a Russian chauffeur in a Russian delegate's car listening with rapt interest to the broadcast of a baseball game.

"What's the score?" the American asked him.

"Yonkees leading three to two," the Russian chauffeur replied with a broad grin.

But at that moment he saw his boss and a couple of other Russians approaching the car. He switched off the radio instantly and became completely mum about baseball and everything else.

I heard it said several times that there is no iron curtain in the UN, but that's not true. There is a definite barrier that separates the Communists and the non-

Communists. Perhaps it is a curtain of silk instead of iron, but it is very strong and it keeps the Russians from mingling freely with Americans and picking up our customs, habits, and attitudes.

The men and women from all over the world who will soon occupy the big glass house in New York are ordinary folk like you and me. With the exception of this one group, they like the same things that we like, want to live like we live, and are becoming more like us every day.

This is important, it seems to me, because the people who work for the UN provide an excellent cross-section of all humanity. By making friends with Americans and adapting themselves to our way of living, they are bound to promote closer understanding among the 59 nations they represent.

THE END ★★

We Give the Kids Too Much

(Continued from page 21)

will do very well indeed, if, instead of lavish toys and gifts, we give them a chance to work.

I believe that the blame for this world-owes-me-a-living philosophy can be traced back to the parents—especially the well-to-do and comfortably fixed. We give our kids too much. Too many of us, especially those of us who had to struggle when we were youngsters, have thought that we were being kind to our own children in sparing them the struggles we went through. As a result, we have kept them away from work as long as possible. This isn't fair to the kids. It doesn't give them a chance to develop the latent qualities and talents which I am sure, from my observations, most of them have.

The truth is that it is hardly ever too soon to start indoctrinating the child into the art of working. Actually, kids enjoy work. They enjoy it as much as they do playing games. From observation of my grandchildren, I am convinced that if parents can make work into a game, they will find the youngsters are enthusiastic about it. They will find, too, that the boys and girls are eager for responsibility. This is as true today as it was when I was a boy.

I grew up on a farm in Pugwash, Nova Scotia. My father was quite successful, and it was not necessary for me to do any chores. I was fascinated by the operation of the farm, and by the time I was 6 I was begging him to let me milk a cow. My father didn't think too much of the idea, but he decided to give me a chance. He made me responsible for Bess, the easiest milker on the farm. I became quite attached to Bess.

Then, one spring day, Bess was missing. All hands on the farm, and our neighbors, spent an entire day searching for the cow. It fell to my good fortune to

find Bess the next morning, hidden in the woods, with her new twin calves beside a bed of mayflowers. I was immensely proud of my achievement. I have since imported blue-bloods from Scotland, but I will never see as fine a cow as old Bess appeared to me in those long-ago days. It is all because of the fact that Bess was my first property, my first responsibility.

Judging by my grandchildren, times haven't changed. Seven years ago, when I started all this, I invited each of the original two youngsters to select a heifer from my Scotch Shorthorn herd and take it over. From then on, it was to be their "charge." It was stimulating to watch the reaction. First, each boy wanted to know all about the ancestry of his heifer. Informed that any progeny would be his also, he was soon speculating on the number of calves. Next, all the children were figuring the percentage of bulls and heifers, and their conclusions were that in about 10 years they would have a pretty large herd.

In the course of taking care of their own heifers, they have learned quite a lot about cattle. Right now, the oldest youngsters are pretty experienced cattlemen. They even take part when we show our stock at county fairs. In the 7 years, the boys and the girl have done a lot of work, but they regard it as fun. As each new grandchild has joined us in the summer, I have given him a heifer. Every one has responded in the same way.

Now, you may say that this is all very well for someone who has a herd of cattle, but what if you can't afford one? The answer is that it doesn't have to be a heifer. Most people can afford some animal, or make available some project that will stimulate the child's interest in something useful, and awake in him a sense of responsibility, even if it is only in the division of family chores. I know a mother who, although well able to employ household help, has divided up among her three children the responsibility for such chores as washing dishes, making beds, and mowing lawns. Each child is paid for the task he performs, and this pay takes the place of a regular allowance. He is

made fully responsible for the job, and if he fails to perform it he gets no spending money.

Furthermore, I have found that what my grandchildren like most is doing something creative on their own. Just as their forefathers did, kids today like to improvise, make something out of nothing. At Deep Cove Farms, which runs along the seacoast, there is considerable opportunity for boating. Available are canoes, dories, a motorboat. Nevertheless, last summer my grandchildren spent 3 days snagging logs that drifted in to shore, tying them together, putting up a sail, and taking everybody who'd go along for a ride. To them, making a crude raft, à la Huck Finn, was much more fun than sailing a ready-made boat. To me this just goes to prove that boys and girls as a rule appreciate something they have made through their own efforts more than something that has been handed to them. There seems to be nothing that can surpass the satisfaction that comes from creating something.

I know a little about this from my own personal experience as a young man. I attended McMaster University, then located in Toronto, and although my father was willing to pay my way, I wanted to do it on my own. I paid for my tuition, board, room, and books. My reason for this was that there were others in the family to educate, and I could see no assurance that my father would get a return on his investment in me in time to help the others.

I had no scholarship and took none of the regular student jobs on the campus. I took a job as part-time clerk in a prominent Toronto store, and held it throughout my college career. I also kept books for a physician and helped him collect fees from some of his reluctant patients. Through my uncle, Charles A. Eaton, now Congressman from New Jersey, who was then minister in the Cleveland church of which John D. Rockefeller, Sr., was a member, I met the great financier and he gave me a job. Every summer on the day school closed, I would board a train for Cleveland and

report for school remained at Cleveland to do my duty to do my part. I was present at the discussion.

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report for work the next morning. I remained at work until the day before school reopened. I did this for 4 years.

Cleveland was Mr. Rockefeller's summer headquarters, and I had an opportunity to do everything from running errands to helping entertain guests. Often I was present when important guests discussed finance and industry. I learned much from them, and this experience, of course, was largely responsible for shaping my career.

More important to me at the time than my connection with Mr. Rockefeller, however, was the fact that when I got my college diploma, I had not only paid my way, but had money in the bank. In fact, I had sufficient money to pay my expenses to and from a ranch in western Canada, where I spent 5 happy months of rest and recreation as a cowboy.

During those months I learned the true joy of the outdoors, and from those strong, courageous cowhands, who were my companions, I came to realize fully that the full measure of a man is not what he has, but what he is. These men enjoyed their work, and in the quiet and stillness of the great open spaces had found satisfaction.

After this vacation, I became associated with Mr. Rockefeller's East Ohio Gas Company in Cleveland.

In the years that have followed, I have participated in financial transactions and industrial developments that have involved many millions of dollars. None, no matter how successful, has ever given me the thrill or satisfaction that I experienced when I completed my first major project—working my way through college.

I do not wish to convey the idea that I am an advocate of all work and no play. I believe that the two most important things in a man's life are his work and his recreation. His happiness depends upon the care and thought he gives to planning both.

At Deep Cove Farms we play a lot. We fish, swim, hike, picnic, paddle, sail, and just plain loaf. There are no hard-and-fast rules. Nobody has to do anything. I issue no orders and make no decisions. All I really do is make available plenty of opportunity for both work and play. The kids take it from there.

It is fascinating to watch developments. One example of young American initiative comes to mind readily because it took place last summer. I was having a road about a quarter of a mile long built on my place. After the bulldozer had gone through, there was left the job of getting loose stones off the road. I had nothing to do the kids about there being a job to be done.

On the morning after the bulldozer had dug out the road, I was in the house one attending to some of my business affairs over the telephone. Suddenly I was attracted to a window by the shouts of the kids. Under the direction of one of the two oldest boys, all 8 of my grandchildren were busy clearing off the stones. Some used rakes; others threw them on a pile. They were calling themselves baseball pitchers and making a game out of it. The leader of the group—the older

youngsters take turns—was barking orders, shouting encouragement, and speeding up slowpokes.

They had the job done in no time. I hadn't opened my mouth and when they finished, there was nothing for me to do but compliment them on their accomplishment.

THESE youngsters have also taught me that the American heritage of "freedom" is deeply rooted. This manifests itself in a number of ways. I go along with the kids on their forays when I am invited, and only then. Every once in a while, however, they'll come to me and tell me they are planning a trip into the woods, usually to some far-off stream or falls that is not easily accessible. They'll never come right out and say my presence is not wanted, but I can take a hint.

They want to be on their own once in a while, to make their own decisions. The leader, chosen by the majority, will plan the trip. He assigns jobs and divides up the equipment. The oldest do the cooking; the middle ones will make the fire and load and unload supplies. The youngest find the wood and see that the fire is out when it's time to leave. All of them have the time of their lives exploring. For days afterward, I'll hear tales of "I did this," "I found that."

The youngsters, as I have said, have shown me that they, like their pioneer forebears, enjoy responsibility. During my summers in Nova Scotia, I frequently entertain visitors. These range from my fishermen neighbors to important figures in business, education, agriculture, and government. As part of the entertainment, we will go on picnics to one of the islands in Mahone Bay. The natives say there is an island for every day in the year. Anyway, on these occasions the youngsters are the hosts. They row the guests to the island; conduct guided tours; feed them; entertain them; and see them back home safely. The guests and I do absolutely nothing. I've never taught these kids to do all this. They've taught themselves.

Friends of mine shudder when they first hear that I have taken a group of small youngsters of varying ages in tow for 6 weeks, with no assistance other than my household staff.

"How do you stand it?" they'll ask. "How do you make them behave?"

I don't try to make them behave. They make themselves behave. From watching them, I have learned that youngsters will take discipline and punishment, when deserved and needed, from a contemporary in much better spirit than they will from an adult.

One morning last summer, I was out walking alone and came around a bend just in time to see an incident that illustrates this. It happened that one of the younger boys was sitting in a canoe in his bathing trunks just offshore, when 2 older boys passed nearby on foot, fully clothed. The boy in the canoe used his paddle to splash water on the 2 other boys.

Well, it will be quite a while before the younger boy does this again. The older fellows took off their clothes and before they were through the younger lad knew

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he had been doused. My first reaction was that it was unfair for two older boys to pounce on a smaller one, and I was tempted to intervene. Then I realized that the younger one had asked for what he got, and his punishment was justified. I kept a lookout to see that no real harm was done, but did not let my presence be known. The boy who took the punishment bore no long resentment, and never complained to me. They never do. An hour later, all 3 were playing happily and, incidentally, the youngest one was never again tempted to douse his "elders."

IT HAS often been said that the greatest influence on a child is the home or the school, or a combination of both. I disagree. I believe that the greatest influence on a child, good or bad, comes from other children. At least, that is what I have learned from my experiments with my grandchildren.

For instance, one of the dominating characteristics that have made this country great, is the spirit of competition. Destroy competition and you'll destroy this land of ours. Well, children develop this spirit not through the influence of their parents and teachers, but through other kids. From what I have seen the last 7 years, the spirit of competition is very much alive in our youth.

I have observed countless examples of this, but I think that one will suffice to make the point. It happens that one of my grandchildren appears to have a decided literary bent. He likes to read a lot and particularly enjoys reciting poetry.

After dinner on Sunday evenings, we usually have an hour of singing, yarn spinning, and not infrequently the party will be topped off by this boy reciting a poem, which he does very easily and quite well. Another grandchild, about the same age as the one I just mentioned, is by nature of opposite temperament. He is more the doer than the reader. He is usually the leader in many of the farm's projects.

However, he had been listening to these poems, and observing that they were very well received and regarded as quite an achievement. He wanted to be able to do everything his cousin could do. Entirely on his own and in secret, he selected a poem, memorized it, and spent many hours practicing his delivery. On the next Sunday after his rival had read a poem as usual, this boy calmly announced that he had one to offer too. And he did very well indeed. Competition had inspired him to develop a new interest. He recites regularly now.

I might add that by the same token the boy with the literary bent is impelled to do a lot of physical work and play that he might have ignored if it were not for the constant competition created by his "practical" cousin. It is amazing to watch the way these youngsters, when left alone, will develop one another. The daring and the cautious help one another; the brash and the shy.

The influence of the spirit of competition is almost equaled by power of imitation. Everybody remembers the story of Tom Sawyer and the whitewashing of the fence; how he started out to do a chore and before long had all his pals helping him. I doubt if anything ever told in fiction was more true in fact.

For some years now, I have been interested in Steep Rock Iron Mines, located in the Province of Ontario in Canada. On one visit, I decided to take the 2 oldest grandchildren with me to enable them to see where iron ore comes from. Of course, they had a wonderful time talking with the miners and learning all about how the ore is mined.

But soon that wasn't enough. They decided to get some shovels and start digging a mine for themselves. Some children of miners walked by and began poking fun at the silly city boys who thought they could find ore. My grandchildren kept digging. The next time the local youngsters passed, they paused

longer and said less. Within 30 minutes they had gotten shovels themselves and were joining in the digging. Even though they had been surrounded by mines all their lives, they couldn't resist joining in because my youngsters seemed to be having so much fun.

Among the people these youngsters most admire are the fishermen. These men go out about 4 A.M. every day during the season and return with their catch about 9 A.M. The kids make it a daily ritual to be down to meet the boats, along with the children of these men. The kids want to know about the adventures the men have had, the amount of fish caught. They help with the nets and lines.

ALSO in the American tradition, these kids will respond to a challenge. Seven years ago, when I invited the first 2 grandchildren, we arrived late in the afternoon, just before dinner. I was having some other guests and the idea of setting a table for the kids and one for adults seemed onerous.

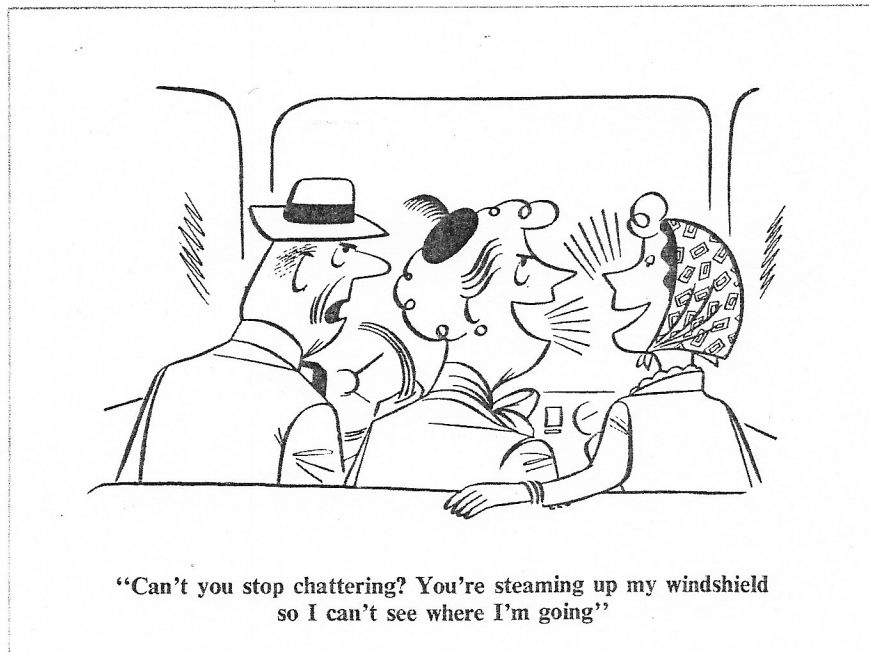
I decided to try a little experiment. I told the youngsters they could have their choice. If they wished, they could eat by themselves. On the other hand, they were welcome at the table for adults—*provided* they acted like adults. They were only 4 and 5 years old then, but this was a challenge and they couldn't turn it down, even though they were tired from the long trip. Both elected to eat with the adults and behaved perfectly. We've all been eating at one table ever since. I've had all sorts of important guests, many of whom seem surprised that youngsters so small are present, but the kids invariably are equal to the occasion. If one youngster gets out of line a little bit, or begins acting a little silly, one of his cousins or his or her brother will put a stop to the nonsense.

One incident showing how these youngsters handle their own difficulties occurred last spring and, incidentally, solved a little problem that had been plaguing me.

One of my sons, Cyrus, Jr., has a 4-year-old, Cyrus III, who had been one of my guests in 1949. Cy III has a younger brother John, who is 2. I was anxious that John be among those present last summer at Deep Cove Farms, but I was a little hesitant about suggesting it. I thought his parents might think John too young and that if they agreed, it would be only to please me. I did not want anything like that.

I was wondering how best to approach the subject, and kept putting it off. It was well that I did, because the 2 brothers settled the entire matter. For weeks before time to leave for Nova Scotia, Cyrus III kept telling his little brother what he was planning to do that summer in Nova Scotia, and John was soon telling everybody that he was going to "Grandpa's Scotia." And he did.

As I said at the beginning, my experiment has proved that youngsters today are no different basically than when I was growing up on a farm. The only trouble seems to be that nowadays they seem to get too much—particularly from their parents. Youngsters need fewer toys and more opportunities to develop



For The American Magazine by Charles Strauss

This should be the educational deal. I think some of the youngsters should be the qu...

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qualities of courage and self-reliance. Any youngster who, between the ages of 5 and 21, has never been exposed to some type of useful work, has had a bad deal. I think a youngster should have all the education he wants and needs, but he should do a little work, too.

This is never a problem for the real poor youngster. He has to work almost from the start, and if he is intelligent and gets an opportunity, he is most often the man to watch. He learns how to work and compete in everyone's struggle for existence very early. Poor boys frequently get to the top over their wealthier rivals because the poor boys know the ropes. My experiment has convinced me that as early as possible children should be thrown into competition with others of their own age. If they are kept close by the fireside and away from other children, and if they are guarded from the heartaches of competition at an early age, they are going to suffer from more important competition later on in life.

The capacity to work fades if it is not put to use. I believe this is one of the important reasons why so many children of successful men are unable to follow in their fathers' footsteps. Their well-intentioned fathers kept them away from work too long.

Let me emphasize again that I have never tried to teach the youngsters anything. And I certainly do not feel qualified to tell people how to bring up their children. The only thing I will say is that in my experiments I have satisfied myself that there has been no change in American youngsters.

No one knows what the future will be like. I am anxious to see my grandchildren and all other youngsters prepared for any type of society in which they may be called upon to live. I want these kids to be ready for any eventuality.

Of one thing I am sure: No matter what type of society we have in the future, people are going to have to work. If a youngster is trained or has opportunity to work in the present society, he is going to be willing to fight to preserve that society. It is only when youngsters are unable to meet existing competition that they start looking for "isms."

However, as the summers go by, and I see the little ones coming along, still possessing the old-fashioned American spirit, I feel, to use a financial man's term, very "bullish" about the future.

If you feel as I do that the tendency to expect the Government to provide security for everybody is un-American and not in keeping with our national traditions, I can give you this assurance:

As a result of studying my grandchildren and their friends, I can say to you that there is no lack of ambition, resourcefulness, initiative, and enterprise among our boys and girls. If we grown-ups will only restrain our impulsive tendencies to give the children too much and do too much for them, and if we will help them reject the idea that the world owes them a living, and offer them responsibility, we need not worry about what they are or what they will be.

THE END ★★

Jingle Town

(Continued from page 17)

(pronounced with a short *a*, as if it were spelled Chancy) Bevin, about 34 years old, showed us around. Only recently he had come back to town from a career as an airline pilot. Fifteen years ago he had wanted to become a flyer, and had flown away from the home town with a barnstorming troupe. No one stopped him. But now he was back in the fold, making bells.

The first thing we saw was a row of huge tables covered with mountains of shining bicycle bells and parts. Most of the people assembling them were women of all ages from 18 on up. At one table sat four women who might well have been grandmothers, enjoying themselves immensely. We expressed amazement that there could be enough bicycles for all of these bells.

"There are something like 18 million people, mostly children, in the United States who ride bicycles," said Chauncey. "That makes quite a market for bells."

As we approached the next room we didn't have to be told what kind of bells we were going to see. The hollow, rustic sounds could come only from cowbells. I had heard their peaceful clatter hundreds of times when, with my farm cousins, I

used to ride bareback down the lane, across the ford in the creek, and out over the hills in search of the cows.

I picked one up, remembering. "So you still make cowbells," I said.

Chauncey laughed. "There are more cattle today than ever before, and many still wear bells; especially in the mountain states, where cattle graze in national forests. They're hard to find without bells. Bells scare wild animals away, too—mountain lions, wolves."

"Do you suppose cows mind wearing bells?" asked my wife.

"Many people claim they like them, especially tuned bells made from bell metal," said Chauncey. "They even say after a cow wears a bell for a while she's bad-tempered if you take it away from her. Some people even think cows give more milk when they wear pleasant-sounding bells. We get orders all the time for matched sets of four or six harmonizing tones. In Switzerland the most prized cow in the herd gets the biggest bell, sometimes up to six or seven inches in diameter."

"You ship bells to Switzerland?" I asked in surprise.

"All over the world. Dollars are short now, of course. There was a time—before my time—when Bevin Brothers sold more bells outside the United States than at home . . . rickshaw bells by the carload for China, Burma, India . . . dog-cart bells for Holland and Denmark . . . sleigh bells by the hundreds of bar-

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