

### From the PENS of OUR READERS

(CONTINUED)

#### To The Editor Letters For All Of Us

**Don't Quit**  
TO THE EDITOR: It seems customary to start out and tell you how you can laugh my manuscript if you see you can see you giving this the once over with a twinkle in your eye in the direction of the waste basket. But this is what I started out to say.

Some time ago I read an article in one of the sporting magazines entitled, "The ten commandments of sport and everything else." The author was H. S. Fullerton, sporting editor of the New York Evening Mail. He explained the ten of them, but it is the first that has stuck in my mind these many months and prompts me to pass it on now. It is "Thou shalt not quit."

I can see examples of this around me on every hand. It is the greatest of Mr. Fullerton's ten. The others revolve around it. To quit means to show the "yellow," to "dog it," lack of will power, courage, energy. How much could have been accomplished, and would have been, if someone had not quit the job. We all can think of fellows who would have amounted to something had they stuck, and others who achieved success for no other reason than this.

I cannot help but be reminded of Henry Ford who started out at the bottom of the ladder, and today has realized his dream—the construction of a car that bears his name over every country road, over hills and mountains, wherever there is civilization.

Edgar Guest said this about quitting.

"No one is beat till he quits.  
No one is through till he stops.  
No matter how hard failure hits,  
No matter how often he drops,  
A fellow's not down, till he lies  
In the dust, and refuses to rise."  
Jack Casway

**We Won't Argue**  
TO THE EDITOR: All this talk we so often hear about women not appreciating their right of the franchise gets under my skin so regularly that I have to have a hot argument with someone about it, and in this case I'm picking on you.

It must be admitted that they don't frequent the polls and follow political matters as they promised to in the days when woman suffrage was hanging fire, but the cause of their deficiency is another question. Don't get the impression that I'm trying to stick up for the opposite sex. But did you ever stop to think that we men are just a wee bit to blame?

Look at the situation from the standpoint of a woman. For generations she was taught, by the very fact that the right to vote was refused her, that political matters were out of her proper sphere. Then all of a sudden the world changes its opinion, puts women on an equal footing with men, and expects wonders from her. We think we should go to the polls on election day and find women so thickly gathered that it takes a man to break through the crowd to cast his vote. They should be interested, enthusiastic, and understanding.

No doubt they would be striving to reach this state if man would decent from their plans of self pride and haughtiness upon which he has himself placed, and to which he is taking an interest in political matters. The average man smiles to himself at such a possibility when he thinks of a woman's knowledge of politics. To him she is just plain ignorant on the subject.

But here's where he could help. If, after reading, and forming his own conclusions, he would change them with members of the fair sex as he does with his gentlemen friends he would have less reason to scoff at their judgment. This exchange of ideas is one of the greatest sources of information, and women would thus advance more rapidly than by plodding along alone.

That's my idea of their lack of appreciation for the franchise; mere lack of understanding, and we men can shoulder part of the blame too.

George Holdrich

**Glad You Like It**  
TO THE EDITOR: I know this feature is supposed to be for Birmingham people, and having been here for only three days, I might not properly come under that category. But you can break all your former ratings, and send this in to your linotype operators, because I have Birmingham in my blood already. The atmosphere has penetrated my skin, and I can shout for "A bigger and better Birmingham" with the best of them.

First of all, a home like atmosphere is in the very air, which I attribute to the beautiful and well cared for homes that bespeak for

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### People—Here And There

(Continued from Page 5, Part 2) few centuries ago, from under the bastions of old Quebec.

And if aspiring authors, old or young are doomed to remain in the futile limits of my literary range, I shall be only too charmed to assist them with revision or criticism.

The late James Huneker, famous art critic, gifted writer of lucid phrase, whom they called the "Steeplejack" to symbolize his breadth of view and subtle style, once did as much for me. And it was Dr. W. E. Barton, eminent divine, author and father of Bruce Barton who first encour-

aged me to observe and discriminate and write about things. They came the great naturalist John Burroughs.

We kept up an irregular correspondence, adopted Grandpa Burroughs and I, it went on hopefully until one day—

Well folks it was then that John Burroughs rose up like a bearded fury and just as good as called me a liar!

My word!

Missing Motor Notes  
Artist—"I think I'll get a new car."  
Model—"What's wrong with the old one?"  
Artist—"I can't pay for it."  
Life.

"John, is everything shut up for the night?"  
"All but you, darling!"—Fred Kock, U. of Cincinnati '29.

Out on the superhighway the other day I chug-chugged along just in time to get in on the following bit of carstone dialogue:

Speed Cop (majestically taking out his book): "What's your name?"  
The Culprit: "Aloysius Alastair Van Bessellier."  
Speed Cop (putting book away): "Well, don't let me catch you again!"

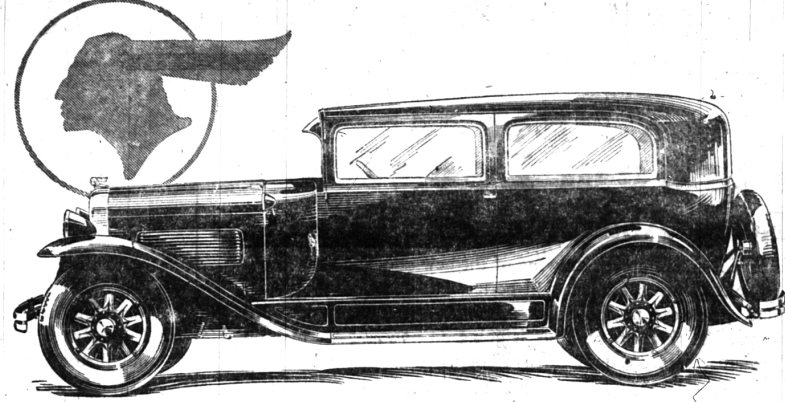
In the car—"Tired of walking?"  
Not in the car—"Sure am."  
In the car—"Try running awhile."

Tell the next beggar who accosts you in the street asking for "a dime for a cup of coffee," to run up to the Old Gold place and take the blindfolded test; they'll give him four cups of coffee free!

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The Pontiac Big Six represents more than a new assembly of gears and gadgets. Of course, some people delight in lists of specifications. Pontiac's new specifications will open their eyes. But these specifications are only a fraction of what the Pontiac Big Six brings into the picture. They fail to hint at the luxury, the beauty and the pride of ownership upon which Pontiac's appeal to the American public is based.

Frankly, the New Pontiac Big Six was designed to appeal to a certain group. True, every motor car owner in America will find in it many things to admire. Two-car families will find it an ideal second car. But the group for which it is primarily intended is made up of people who are beginning to move up in the world. Their wants are enlarging. Their ideas of beauty and luxury are growing. Many of them will soon make the first impor-

tant step up in the quality of their cars. The New Pontiac Big Six was designed for them.

These up-and-coming Americans are continually on the lookout for new, more arresting style. The Pontiac Big Six comes to them entirely new in appearance. Stunning new bodies by Fisher contribute to the big car beauty and big car style presented by the car as a whole.

Progressive people are seeking greater luxury. The Pontiac Big Six offers them the luxury, the deep, richly upholstered cushions and the charming appointments for which bodies by Fisher are famous the world over. It provides the smooth-riding qualities of a car 167 inches in overall length, with accurately balanced rotating mechanical parts and such advanced comfort features as adjustable drivers' seats.

Forward-looking Americans can be satisfied only with a car that comes close to mechanical perfection. Let's see how this great new Pontiac meets this particular demand.

It is a six, but more than just a six. It is a six with the added power of a larger L-head engine and the added smoothness imparted by a dynamically balanced, counter-weighted crankshaft and the famous Harmonic Bal-

ancer. It is a six with the added efficiency and silence achieved by means of the G-M-R cylinder head. It is a six with the added cold-weather advantages provided by the cross-flow radiator, thermostatically controlled.

From fan to rear axle, its "line of drive" is in accurate dynamic balance. Its new brakes are of the internal-expanding four-wheel type which neither mud nor rain nor ice can prevent from operating efficiently.

As for its performance, you can drive it at express train speed. You can watch it accelerate alongside the finest cars on the road. You can test its power under any conditions, confident of its ability to pull through. Meanwhile it continues to provide that unmatched dependability for which every Pontiac since the first one has been famed.

Only a few highlights in its construction have been mentioned. Just enough to prove that the Pontiac Big Six is entirely new and capable of meeting progressive Americans' demand. But the amazing thing about it is that it gives so much big car luxury, style and performance at prices which come within practically everyone's reach!

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