

By Chick Meehan

DOING a guest column for Hugh Bradley is a cheerful reminder of the pleasant visits we had every Thursday night during the football season.

At the end of last season the football interest in the country was concentrated on the Southwest and many people wondered how that came about. The only explanation that can be given is that football with Chick Meehan has interested fever heat in different territories throughout the United States at different times. Texas was the latest.

Back in the old days when football was getting its footing as a national game the Big Three dominated the East to such an extent that when All-American teams were picked at the end of the season eight of the eleven were members of the Big Three and the few remaining selections would be made mostly from the other large colleges in the East.

From the East the enthusiasm spread to the Midwest and reached such glowing heights that the Western conference, composed of 17 Big Ten institutions in the Midwest, was formed.

This was a fine move for football, as well as the individual colleges, since one college in the Midwest was anxious to outdo the others and the conference served as a check on every member of the group.

From the Midwest, football moved into the Missouri valley, and I believe the game in the Missouri valley, over a long period of years, has progressed on a more even keel than in any section in the United States.

The South came along next, with John Heisenbach's Georgia Tech Golden Tornado leading the parade. Every southern institution has had great teams at one time or another since, and in my opinion, southern football always will be of the first grade, because the preliminary training seasons in the States are the longest and the most intensive of practice, with the result that their teams are the best ball handlers in the country.

Southwest Is Now Football Stronghold

Following the South, the wild wave of enthusiasm brought great football teams to the west coast. The man named Henderson, who coached Southern California, and has since been forgotten, did more to stimulate interest in the sport on the coast than any of the famous men that have succeeded him.

Now we come to the Southwest. When S. M. U. and Louisiana State, which is considered a southwestern team, although it is in the Southern conference, stepped out and showed the way, it didn't take long for Texas, Christian, Texas U., and Texas A. and M. to fall in line. This is the exciting hotbed of football of the nation today and, with the Texas Centennial going on this year, it should be even hotter.

By John G. Jackson

Cities throughout the country are becoming aware of the fact that many of the prominent competitors of today are drawn from the ranks of public link clubs and are having to play in complete blazer and better public courses—such as the one at Bethesda State park in Farmingdale, L. I., where the national championship is to be played.

This development of public links golf is bound, in an extremely short time, to react to the benefit of private clubs and the game of golf itself. Youngsters, now unable to stand the tariff of private club membership, are getting a sound ground in the game, one that will stand them in good stead when, as adults, they can afford to join a club where their friends and business associates are already members.

The growth of public links is merely another indication that the game is ever growing, never static. It is progressing and developing from year to year, with promising youngsters continually popping up into the headlines to serve as a spur to other youthful competitors.

Golf Attendance Ruled by Talent

We have found, in the past, that golf attendance is ruled more by the caliber of the competition than by the size of the tournament. As the outstanding example of that principle, I can best refer to the Texas Open at Pebble Beach. When Bobby was in his prime he could jam the galleries and make the marshals work a nightmare no matter where he was playing.

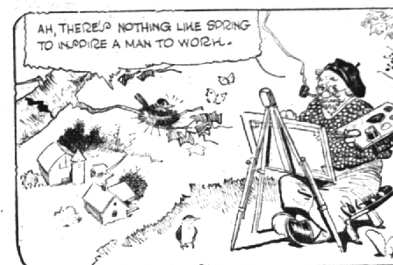
The average golfer probably does not realize just how much tournament receipts mean to golf and the United States Golf Association. In proof I offer figures from a recent report of the executive committee, which show that over a period of nine years a net disbursement of 60 per cent of the dues paid by member clubs was devoted to the work of the greens section.

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Some Do and Some Don't, Mac

By Munch



VIVISECTING THE HALO

Speaking simple language plainly, words as heard from truthful Jack. Who has spent a life-time mainly separating myth and fact; Who has kept a sense of humor, even though he lived and learned; I shall now dissect a rumor which, for boys, good men have earned. The subject "Woman's Halo," and, well, as the term implies; Is it hers by her own say so? If so, why so?—Several whims!

Man, he didn't want the role himself; he knew it didn't fit. Woman had it thrust upon her, ana, when finding she "was it"; Was tagged to guard the morals of the human race, say, part; She didn't like the role at all—but played it manly hard. Who calls about the seven seas observing human wrecks, Finds morality peculiar as a trait—but not a sex.

Man is prone to deviancy, has having—and paid. In deep self-abnegation, repents his errors made. When cornered he will tell the truth, recognizes evil and eras. But if woman once is cornered she will nate you to the grave. Man confesses and admits his guilt with child-like, open grace. But fair woman wears a halo—also wears a pious face.

She is "technical evildoer"—wearing sculps upon her belts— Be she sole and only reason causing her "obeyed" to fail. It is always open season for a herring on her trail. She is it who has to "suffer," she is, "too unmandered" to. And she eked-out word can't bluff her, and it wouldn't if it could.

Though the truth would shield such better; in a manner men despise. To protect and shield, if debtor, she invents a thousand lies. Denying and defying, in when she tells the truth; Since "confusion" is her motto, man believes it more forth. But if woman once is cornered, she will nate you to the grave. With feline tactics she may purr, concealing all she knows.

Gen't, flirty, sweet and tender, like a kitten she will purr. Beware the female gender, if there's jealousy in her. Claws unsheathed will strike like lightning from a cloudless summer.

For she's subtle in her fighting, gives no quarter, tells no why. With wit, the gr't, the quickness of the female female sex. Be she lovin', hating, jealous, does what man did not expect. She'll play at brains until you win, then morals will invoke. She'll count her gains your debts—and wear her pride a cloak.

If rebachance you roll in money, 'tis "intelligence" that counts. Be she ready, truly funny how she gets you on the lounge. "Though it's being mercenary, and one hates it"—you are flat. With her chin up high and airy, you proceed to get your hat.

Degrassing to another myth—we shortly shall return— But "the mystery of woman," is the brand of her perfume. Man is basically more honest, with himself, if not the world. But fair woman even fo'ls herself—the pearl of all puns pearls. Since she has it coming to her, and since we have made the start. Let us look not at, but through her, take her thoroughly apart.

Since she scrutinized for ages, man, and reads him like a book. We, mere man, shall turn some pages, and at woman take a look. If to turn the tables on her? Vivisect what makes her tick? Play it safe and pull no honer; playing dumb will do the trick! This to man requires no acting, since she's a natural liar. And if he prove not exacting, he may probe her very soul.

Let something he not wanted and that thing will she devour. But the minute others want it, it is precious in her eyes. Since placed upon a pedestal—a role her nature fates— Looked up to, even worshipped, she cold-bloodedly berates. Though she make his house a prison of torments, she will smile. The crede of the halo lets her have her own, sweet way.

If she "loves you like a sister," you may just as well depart. For some other certain mister has some strings tied to her heart. Though you be a Julius Caesar, you could never strap a sword on that his other certain mister had; her mister and her lord. Even if like Alexander—conquering everything in sight— You would never understand her—if she loved another night.

In America, Malaya, Timbuctoo or Turkistan— Barefooted or silk-stocking, black or yellow, white or tan. She corners all the virtue of the world—she makes you live in sin. But she plays the game of "halo" with some aces up her sleeve. Be she Pago-Pago, Negro, Chino—matters not the name; You'll find her nationality is "woman" just the same.

Though a subject long-forbidden and a topic quite flate. Since a skeleton was hidden, we have brought it into the light. Though our story have a sequel, even though we let her out. Being equal means—just equal—maybe not above, please note. Though snufftraps lay claim to all that realm behind the eyes. Man denies the allegations—allegations he defies.

Who who knocks about this world of ours some three years ago. Will sit and hear and maybe do some things you best not know. He may become a cynic—for the world is full of sin. And he's lucky if he winds up on the outside looking in. He may not be a sinner, but unless he's deaf and blind. Just you put a gentle finger and you'll see what you will find.



By J. F. Weal, Jr., Deputy Scout Commissioner

Today and tomorrow are the most important days of the year for the Boy Scouts of America. The Detroit Area Council of the Boy Scouts of America is holding its annual convention at the Convention Hall, Detroit, for the first time in the history of the organization.

Thousands of people from all over the Boy Scout Movement but only a few know about the social, educational, and recreational activities of the organization.

Professionals, sportsmen, and vacationers are invited to attend the convention. The convention is held in the Detroit Convention Hall, Detroit, Michigan.



Large groups of men are gathered in the Detroit Convention Hall for the thirty-five (35)th annual convention of the Detroit Area Council of the Boy Scouts of America.

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