

## Were Starting Out Today

(continued from page 15)

opportunities were made. line engine opened oppor- everybody from salesmen to abric makers to small parts y manufacturers. Then there plane and the radio which ty new industries. The head ie top radio networks came west farm and when he left re was no radio and he never what was ahead for him. s television and plastics e way to new avenues of , and so it will be with nd atomic fission.

er of fact, already several have launched new busi- esult of nuclear science. For Boston several young men mmercial radioactivity cen- chase radioactive elements idge, and reprocess them ospitals, business firms, and or treatment and research. nother group of young men ed a successful venture of g instruments needed in n. There are several others, here.

man today need fear for I were a young man today to luck to see me through and contented life, but I n mind that luck is really a preparation a opportunity no such thing as real luck ating of these two.

nly played a starring role ment and progress of my has been a happy and re-

place, I was born into a e money. My father was Wooster College, Ohio—orn—and he never made moderate salary. There n and you can easily see ary—even in the 1900s—burdened with great ovided for all the family for our educations, but y and any extras were our . By his example and the on, he had properly pre- ese responsibilities.

nity came in the fact that oney I spent my summer a variety of jobs. I dug a hod, laid bricks, can- n Indiana, was a mule- far hand. One year in t math course, I ing and have the dis- ing surveyed the first ved road in Ohio. The Vooster to Cleveland. Id jobs an opportunity of the money made, but ed many things from

them. From canvassing books, I learned that selling was not the career for me. I was a dismal failure. As a ditch digger, bricklayer, and farmhand, I met all types of people and came to discover their good qualities and special abilities.

The foreman on my first ditch-digging job used to send me to town every Saturday afternoon to pick up his suit at the cleaners. He would dress up that night and set forth, invariably to get drunk. Despite this weakness, he had qualities I admired tremendously. He was the strongest man I had ever seen, worked harder than any of his men, and by his example was able to get more out of them.

I learned from these men the joy of working with your hands, and still get great pleasure out of building walls and laying bricks on my farm.

IT WAS certainly nothing more than pure luck that my parents were interested in the outdoors and that when my two brothers, my sister, and I were young, my father had a summer camp in Northern Michigan. Father taught us to hunt and to fish and do things on our own. We learned to cook and one summer I helped my father build a cottage.

When I was 14, two chums and I took ammunition, fishing tackle, and salt and set out to live a week in the woods. We were going to subsist on what we could find. First day out it poured rain and we had to seek refuge in a deserted lumber camp. We took turns hunting for food and the fare was mighty slim. All 3 of us were pretty miserable and sorely tempted to turn back, but pride or a deep-rooted sense of adventure prodded us on.

It cleared the next morning and we spent the rest of the week sleeping in the open, exploring new trails, hunting, and fishing. We found we could get by on our own. When we returned at the end of the week, we were not only well fed, but brought back a respectable quota of squirrels, bass, wild potatoes, and onions. Most important, we brought back the knowledge that we had *made* it!

Father's insistence upon our doing things on our own manifested itself in another way. One summer, a friend and I decided to test the accepted theories of fishing. We found that some of the popular beliefs of that time had no basis in fact.

For example, everybody insisted that the place to find fish in that area—largely pickerel and pike—was in deep water. Stay away from the shallow places, we were told, because we would find no fish and, besides, our tackle would get all tangled up in the weeds. We didn't believe it, so we rowed out on the lake and got far away from the camp. Then, we sought out the weed beds and fished over them. Every day we came back with the largest haul of anyone in the camp.

Many years later, I was visiting some friends at a lodge on an island near Green Bay, Wis. The fish were not biting and my host was particularly embarrassed because fishing was to have been one of the highlights of the visit. I re-

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