

Girls In Sports? Yes! Women In Offices? No!

Executive Believes That Men Must Take Women's Positions

NO MAN, except possibly a few old foggies who live in an unreal past, object to girls going in for sports in a big way—from swimming to track and every imaginable activity in between.

With their invasion of fields generally conceded to men, feminine hords have taken up skiing, hiking, skating, soft ball, basket ball, occasionally football and rougher sports like hockey. Nothing in the line of sports is closed to them but prize fighting and wrestling—and soothsayers predict that soon there will be women heavy weight boxing and wrestling contests, probably even more spectacular than those held by men.

Merchants and promoters for several years past have sponsored basket ball and soft ball leagues for their girl employees. It keeps the young ladies in good physical condition, and supplies an interest outside of their daily office routine. Most of these leagues have met with real success, paid their way handsomely from box office receipts, and are credited with adding to office efficiency.

Moreover, and perhaps most important of all—this regular exercise does keep the girls from late hours, and seems in many cases to keep them young, stimulating not only minds but bodies. Open air, sunshine, not too strenuous exercise, all combine to make a recipe for health.

Sports for girls—yes! Men, who in spite of recent competition, still rule in a man's world, will agree whole heartedly that women can play outdoor games 24 hours a day and merit only cheers.

Many men have noticed that in their own families the girls who go in for sports feel better, are less nervous, less given to hysteria, and in general are much easier to get along with—something that every man can appreciate.

The vote for girls in sports is practically unanimous.

The difficulty seems to be that the women have not paused or even hesitated at that safe point. Every other field is crowded with girls just out of high school or college.

Especially in business offices—And the vote here, among any average group of men who are asked the same question, is a definite "No! Girls do not belong in offices!"

Two points are brought up like clock-work: It's bad for the girls and worse for the employment situation. The girls themselves gain little except a few more clothes and perhaps a few years of experience of no good to them in later life. This disregards cases where they are the sole support of their parents or dependents. Exceptions to any good rule always exist, and must be taken into account, but only as individual instances which prove the rule.



Lee Patrick, of the Hollywood Braves team, is slamming out a home run during a girls softball league game. Evelyn Maxon Hall of the rival team is catching. These teams are sponsored by film notables and local merchants, and draw capacity audiences.

A GIRL who has worked in an office for several years, earning her own money and spending it as she pleases, is seldom anxious to do without these privileges, settle down and make a home. She's been accustomed to drawing, in thousands of cases, almost as much money every pay day as the man she might marry. She realizes how little he can buy with his salary, because she knows she must pinch and save to make any showing with her own. She doesn't stop to think that if she remained at home—having, probably, a much better time—her expenses as to clothes and meals and a thousand other things, would be considerably less. She would not require, for example, as many stockings, street dresses, office dresses, coats, hats, gloves, and so on—ad infinitum.

What the girl does is to look at her own salary, and imagine that nothing can take its place. What a lot of them think is that one day her Prince Charming will come riding in a big white chauffeur-driven car, and waft her to his palatial yacht, his private car, and thence to a country place where bills are paid by a secretary. When that fails to happen—as it usually does!—she gets a little bitter, a little resigned with her fate, and becomes the office old maid—disillusioned, unhappy, a girl who slowly but surely loses her appeal for any kind of a husband at all. She may go in for one of the sports sponsored by her employer, and eventually coach the team—when the rest of the girls have "graduated" to a home, children, and a husband who works harder than he did before he was married, and who

undoubtedly is earning more money because his wife demands it. "I am gradually eliminating as many girls from my office as possible," said a well-known executive recently. "Their places are being taken by men and boys—who work just as hard, for a little more money, and who in most cases need the jobs more than any girl. "When you stop to realize that we have some 12,000,000 people out of work, being supported by the government—it's time we stopped to consider the causes. One of them, undoubtedly, is the number of women working in offices and in other fields. Let's make a guess and say there are 2,000,000 women working at gainful occupations, and that every one of those jobs could be done by a man. "All right—Suppose we take these women and

arrange that each of them shall be supported by the man who takes her job. At once the employment problem begins to dwindle. A tremendous load is taken from the shoulders of the government which in the end means that you and I pay less taxes.

"Does that seem far-fetched? When you stop to figure it out, it's the most reasonable solution in the world. At least it attacks the employment problem at its source—and puts men back on jobs.

"Carry the idea further a step.

"When business houses gradually pay less taxes to pay relief projects, they begin to make more profit and can thus pay higher wages. Men who take over these jobs now held by women will one day draw more money—

"In my own organization this scheme is under way, and it is working out amazingly well.

"We are careful, of course, not to fire any girl who is supporting a parent or relative or husband. We're not cruel about it, and not blood-thirsty. One of our girls is supporting a crippled father, and naturally we want no man to take her place; she'll be with us as long as she wants to be.

"OTHERS, however, have found their way in a small home—and are certainly fulfilling their destinies better than when they followed office routine. Men who have taken their places have in many instances been out of work for several years. And, until you talk with a man who hasn't earned a dollar for many long months, you don't know how low their morale can fall. It's a mighty worth while thing to give them a chance to come back. If it's hard on some of the girls to be supported by some one else, it's also hard on a man to be prevented from earning a living just because so many girls are lined up waiting for the job he could fill.

"There is nothing selfish in it from our point of view. Girls, as a rule, will work for less money at almost any job you can name. And a man who hasn't worked for a long time, requires several weeks or months to get into the swing of it again. Right now, this plan is probably costing us money. It also is upsetting some of the small office routine, because new employees have to 'learn the ropes' pretty thoroughly before they can even pay their way.

"Times; they have just as much 'right' as anyone to work where they like. But in an era when so many millions of men are out of work, he feels it both reasonable and wise that women confine themselves to realms for which they are probably better suited.

"Everyone will make more money and be happier," he says, "when more men and less women are employed."

He, along with other employers, believes in sports and plenty of them for his women employees. But at the same time he expects to gradually eliminate as many women as possible from his pay rolls. It is not, he insists, a personal aversion to having women in offices in normal

HIGH SPOTS IN THE SPACE-DEFYING CAREER OF

STEEPLEJACK

JOE BECK

WORKING AT DIZZY HEIGHT, JOE BECK NEEDS THE AGILITY OF A CAT, THE POISED BALANCE OF AN EAGLE, AND THE SURE RESPONSE OF NERVES AND MUSCLES THAT GOOD DIGESTION BRINGS. HERE'S JOE HIMSELF TALKING: 'I SMOKE A LOT—CAMELS, OF COURSE, THEY'RE THE MILDEST CIGARETTE I'VE FOUND. I LIKE THEIR FLAVOR AND I KNOW THAT CAMELS DON'T INTERFERE WITH MY NERVES.'

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(LEFT) A TINY MOVING SPECK AGAINST THE VAST MASS OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, JOE BECK STANDS UNSUPPORTED ON THE PINNACLE OF THE MOORING TOWER, FITTING HIS SKILL AGAINST THE RISING WIND AND THE TERRIFYING HEIGHT. (RIGHT) MEANTIME, INSIDE THE DIRIGIBLE—

EASE HER INTO THE WIND, JIM. IF WE JUST GET THE TRAILING-LINE CLOSE TO BECK, WE'LL BE ALL SET

AVE, AVE, SIR— BUT IT'S BUMPY GOING. HOPE THE LINE DOESN'T FOUL

SLOWLY THE BUMP EASES IN, TRAILING-LINE WHIPPING IN THE BREEZE. JOE LEANS WAY OUT, GRABS THE LINE— THEN—

A SUDDEN UP-GUST ALMOST LIFTS HIM OFF THE TOWER— BUT HE HANGS ON GRIMLY

BOY, WHAT AN EXHIBITION OF IRON NERVE!

YEAH, THEY MADE IT!

LOOK HOW FAR UP YOU WERE, JOE, WHEN THAT HAPPENED!

LET'S FORGET IT AND HAVE SOME CHOW. THEN I'LL COME BACK AND FINISH THE JOB

LIGHT UP THAT CAMEL, JOE, AND I'LL GET A CLOSE-UP

SEEING THE MARVELOUS WORK YOU DID TODAY GAVE ME THE IDEA OF WRITING A FEATURE ARTICLE ABOUT YOU, MR. BECK. TELL ME, HAVEN'T YOU EVER SUPPED?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY, BUT ONCE I GOT A CLOSE CALL— WORKING ON THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

ALONG ABOUT MIDNIGHT THEY WERE TAKING A FLASH-LIGHT PICTURE

GET THAT FLASHLIGHT RIGHT OVER BECK!

OK

HEY, JOE, YOUR ROPE IS ON FIRE!

UNNOTICED, A WHITE-HOT SPARK FROM THE FLARE HAD STARTED MY ROPE SPUTTERING AND I COULDN'T REACH IT!

I HAD TO ACT FAST. BEFORE THE ROPE GAVE WAY, I YANKED THE KNOT— AND WENT DOWN-ELEVATOR SPEED. FIVE FEET FROM THE BOTTOM, I CHECKED THE ROPE. THE WEAKENED LINE GAVE WAY. I LANDED ON THE CONCRETE LIKE A CAT, A LITTLE SCARED BUT SAFE

SMOKING CAMELS STIMULATES DIGESTION

SCIENTIFIC EVIDENCE CONFIRMS THE FACT THAT SMOKING CAMELS ENCOURAGES THE FLOW OF DIGESTIVE FLUIDS—ALKALINE DIGESTIVE FLUIDS—NECESSARY TO THE ENJOYMENT OF FOOD AND TO GOOD DIGESTION. ENJOY CAMELS YOURSELF. CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

(SIGNED) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

For Digestion's Sake—Smoke Camels