



# BIGGEST WHOPPERS of 1934

*A lie is just a lie until it's approved by the Burlington Liars' Club, when it becomes a work of art---and don't you envy the new champ his diamond-studded lyre?*

**T**HE world may be getting better, as everybody hopes—but the liars seem to be getting worse.

That is, they are telling bigger lies. Whether George Washington would approve of the spread of lying may be another question, but the fact remains that the liars have a club of their own, in which the dues consist of a well told lie and a medal is awarded annually to the biggest liar of the year.

The club is situated at Burlington, Wis., and is famous throughout the country as the Burlington Liars' Club, Inc.—yes, it's actually incorporated now. And its directors, after reading and listening to lies from all over the Union and many foreign countries, have decided that the champion liar of 1934 is Verne L. Osborn of Centralia, Wash.

Mr. Osborn won the title by submitting the following tall tale:

"I want to tell you about a mule I once owned. I used to ride this mule when I hunted jackrabbits. One day we lit out after a rabbit and the chase led to the edge of a 1,000-foot precipice.

"Well, the rabbit was going so fast he couldn't stop, so over he went. The mule, being well trained, followed the rabbit over the cliff with me on his back.

"The situation had me, up in the air for a minute, but I collected my wits just in time and when we were 10 feet from the bottom I hollered 'Whoa!' Gentlemen, that saved my life. The mule was so well trained that he stopped in his tracks!"

There, ladies and gentlemen, you have the lie selected by officers of the Burlington Liars' Club, Inc., as the prize winner of the contest they conduct annually—and the man who told it wins the liars' championship of the world.

There is nothing bashful about the Burlington Liars' Club, and as announced last Summer, they ran their 1934 contest for the world's championship. Some people may think they know bigger liars than the man who won the title of world champion liar, and bigger lies than the one he told, but the club officers reply:

"Yes, there are probably several hundred guys in the world who could lick Max Baer—but until they do he is still the heavyweight champion of the world! If you think you can beat the winner, hop to it—the 1935 contest is under way!"

This unique club, which is probably the only international group of self-confessed liars in existence, annually invites all and sundry to write their very best lie as an entry in its contest. The club seeks to give the public at least one hearty laugh a year, and judging by the number of letters which pour in at its headquarters, it seems to be succeeding.

The contest started as a local joke way back in 1929. The novelty of the idea attracted



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newspaper comment and letters began to drift in commenting on the unique contest. The Burlington Liars' Club was a rather loosely knit organization until 1933, when it was organized as a partnership by four Burlington men who had been connected with its growth. They were O. C. Hulet, H. W. Schenning, L. J. Stang and Gilbert Karcher.

In 1933, also, the club began to issue membership cards to persons sending entries to the contest. Membership cards are still issued, but due to the number of entries received, the club, which charges no "initiation fee" and collects no dues, had been obliged to make a charge of 10 cents for the cards to cover printing and mailing costs. Early in 1934 the club was incorporated.

THE club's championship medal has been won by Orrin Butts of Bay City, Mich.; by Phil McCarty of Denver, Colo., and by Bruno Ceresa, Langeloth, Pa. And now the old rubber medal is out of circulation. A diamond-studded gold creation in the shape of a lyre has replaced it.

Calling the roll of countries whose citizens have filed entries in the 1934 contest, we find on the North American continent the United States (all 48 States represented), the Dominion of Canada (all provinces represented), the Republic of Mexico, the Panama Canal Zone and the Alaska Territory. Getting a little farther from home, we find Cuba, England and Australia. More than 5,250 entries (according to the club) were received in the 1934 contest.

What do all these people write about? Here are some of the 1934 crop of lies culled from the club's files.

Mrs. Lawrence Wester, Reynolds, N. Dak., writes of the high winds of her native Dakota, and the dust storms they produce. "You have no idea how bad these storms get," she writes. "Often, during a dust storm, I have looked up in the air and seen a jackrabbit up there digging a hole for himself!"

AND here is the entry of Brenda Howard, who lives near London, England:

"When I tell you that I am the only woman in England who has never told a lie you may like to enroll me as the first woman member of your club who resides in England."

The club officers all being married men, this entry won a membership card by return mail.

Then there is the fertile subject of large buildings. You may think you have seen huge edifices, but listen to J. A. Blanchette of West Warwick, R. I. He says they have a church in his town so long that when a couple is

married there it takes so long to get out of the church that a priest is kept stationed at the door to christen the baby!

An anonymous correspondent, who lives in Wilkesburg, Pa., defies any Scotsman to match his own frugality. This fellow claims he still has the first nickel he ever earned. It is so thin at the present time, he states, that the Indian is riding the buffalo in the last round-up.

K. P. Rinehart, who lives in Dayton, Ohio, would probably be very popular if he would give the name and address of the man he writes about. This fellow (according to Rinehart) moves so often that on the last day of the month his chickens line up single file, walk up to him and cross their legs, ready to be tied up and moved!

It gets cold in a hurry around Buffalo, N. Y., where George H. Schicker lives. He wrote of a sudden change in temperature which occurred in his neighborhood. There is a pond back of a neighbor's barn, he wrote, and one night at dusk the neighbor saw a flock of wild geese light there. Early the next morning he sneaked out with the shotgun to shoot them.

Imagine his surprise when he found not only that the geese were missing, but that the pond was also gone! During the night the birds' feet had frozen into the ice and at daylight they had flown away with the pond!

FROM the land of the Kingfish, George L. Richardson, who lives in Baton Rouge, La., sends a new method of catching fish—very fitting, indeed.

His method is to dump a large quantity of starch into the river just above a sharp bend—then sit down and smoke for a half hour or so. The next step is to go up above where the starch was thrown in and by firing guns, beating the water and otherwise creating a disturbance, frighten the fish into a headlong flight downstream. By this time, claims Richardson, the starch has done its work. The tails of the fish are so stiff they cannot make the bend and the finny folks just skid ashore as fast as they hit the bend in the river bank!

From Montreal Herbert Sharples writes of a wonderful salve which he saw a man selling in a market the other day. So potent is this salve, writes Mr. Sharples, that when a man on crutches rubbed half a box on his injured leg, he walked home and left the crutches behind. The vendor, having no use for the crutches, anointed them with the salve which remained in the box—and the crutches followed their owner up the street!

J. W. Putman, who lives at Anaheim, Calif.,

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but who used to serve in Uncle Sam's Navy, upholds the reputation of the sailors, long noted for their yarn-spinning ability. The ex-salt writes that during a recent tour of duty on the Asiatic station his ship ran into a terrific typhoon. During the storm, he asserts, one of the mess boys ventured across the deck, headed for the officers' mess, and carrying on his tray a cup of coffee, cream pitcher and sugar bowl.

He was swept clear of the ship by a 60-foot wave, carried 300 yards astern and landed on the deck of a sister ship so neatly that, thinking himself still aboard his own vessel, he delivered the tray, its contents intact, to the somewhat startled captain!

Other notable lies of the year include the one submitted by Bobbie Bannister of Litchfield, Minn. He unburdened himself as follows:

"This is the way the wind blows in South Dakota. We would go out to plow on a field and always mark off the headlands first. Then we start down through the field the same way the wind is blowing, go a little way, throw the plow out of the ground and go back and start again. We don't have to go all the way because the wind is so strong that after one is started it will blow the furrow right through to the other end of the field."



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