

# The Elks

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20 CENTS A COPY

*Magazine*

JULY, 1929



In This Issue:

Arthur Chapman, Richard Connell, Vincent Richards, and others



# You wouldn't care to meet Marvin



Winning new users by thousands. Listerine  
Tooth Paste. The large tube 25¢

Money. Charm. Ability. In all New York there was no abler man in his field. Yet people called him "the prince of pariahs."

Men thought him a great fellow—for a little while. Women grew romantic about him—until they *knew*. People welcomed him at first—then dropped him as though he were an outcast.

Poor Marvin, yearning so for companionship and always denied it. Poor Marvin, ignorant of his nickname and ignorant, likewise, of the foundation for it.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—but *it ought to be the first*.

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food

particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infections. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide★ which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Carry it when you travel.

Take it with you on your vacation. It is better to be safe than snubbed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

★ Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) and *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

## LISTERINE



# Many Able Men Waste Years before they learn this simple lesson

**I**N a very old book named Joel, after the man who wrote it, you will find this line—"The Years that the Locust hath Eaten."

A solemn sounding line it is, full of sad significance.

The years when there were no crops, because they were destroyed by the enemies of crops. The years when men worked and made no progress; when the end of the year found them a little poorer than its beginning, because a part of their little span of life was gone and had produced no increase.

In almost every life there are some fruitless years; but the tragedies occur when, year after year, men go along feeding their lives to the locust of indecision, or the locust of laziness, or the locust of too great concentration on a petty task.

In every week of every year the Alexander Hamilton Institute is brought into contact with such tragedies.

## "I wish I had acted earlier"

"My experience with the Alexander Hamilton Institute leaves me only with the regret that I did not make contact with it at an earlier time," says one man.

For that regret there is no healing. The years when one might have acted, and did not; these are the years that the locust hath eaten.

"If I had enrolled with you a year or two ago, I should be better able to handle my daily problems," another says.

Many able men waste years before they learn this simple lesson—before they learn that success today is impossible without training and that the time to get that training is not next month or next year but *right now*.

## The punishment of wasted years

This happened just the other day: A man wrote asking that someone call on him who could give him detailed information as to just how the Alexander Hamilton Institute has helped more than 358,000 men to greater success.

The representative found a man past fifty years of age, occupying a modest position in a great corporation. He sat down to explain

*This is one of the most  
FAMOUS ADVERTISEMENTS  
ever written*

We first printed this unusual message under the title "The Years that the Locust hath Eaten" in 1919. Hundreds of successful men today are thankful that they read it. It is almost safe to say that it has created more discussion than any other advertising message the Institute has ever printed. Read it yourself; it's for every man who wants to cut the fruitless years out of his life.



the Institute's plan and method. And as he talked, naming one and another who now occupy high positions, he looked across at the gray-haired man, who was plainly disturbed by emotion.

The representative of the Institute turned away his eyes; he knew what that man was thinking. His thoughts were turned back over the fields of wasted opportunity; he was plagued by the thought of the years that the locust hath eaten.

The facts about the Institute have been printed so many times that few men need to have them repeated. The average man knows that the Institute is the institution that specializes in taking men who know only

one department of business, and rounding them out into fitness for high executive tasks.

He knows that 358,000 men are proof of its strength and standing; he knows that business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Institute's Advisory Council.

The Council consists of: GENERAL T. COLEMAN DU PONT, the well-known business executive; PERCY H. JOHNSTON, President of the great Chemical National Bank of New York; DEXTER S. KIMBALL, Dean of the College of Engineering, Cornell University; JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, the eminent consulting engineer; FREDERICK H. HURDMAN, Certified Public Accountant and business advisor; JEREMIAH W. JENKS, the internationally known statistician and economist.

## Today's decision may save you tomorrow's regrets

This advertisement is directed to the man who knows all this and, knowing it, has let the weeks and months and years slip by—years that might have meant so much to him, and now are gone and beyond recalling; years that the locust hath eaten.

To such men—and to all men of earnest purpose who seek to avoid these wasted years—the Alexander Hamilton Institute comes now, asking for only one moment of firm decision—one moment in which to take the first step that can begin to turn ordinary years into great years of progress.

## "Forging Ahead in Business"

A book has been published for you, entitled "Forging Ahead in Business."

It is not a book for drifters; but to men who are asking themselves: "Where am I going to be five years from now?" it is offered freely and gladly without the slightest charge.

Your copy of "Forging Ahead in Business" is waiting. Send for it now.

**ALEXANDER HAMILTON  
INSTITUTE**

## Announcing Three New Management Courses

To meet a growing demand, the Institute now offers these three new Management Courses in addition to its regular Modern Business Course and Service:

- 1—Marketing Management
- 2—Production Management
- 3—Finance Management

These new Courses are of particular interest to younger executives who want definite training in the management of the departments of business in which they are now engaged. The details of this interesting development in business training are included in the booklet which the coupon will bring you. Send for it.

To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 890 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto.)

Send me the latest edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which includes a description of the new Management Courses.

NAME.....

BUSINESS ADDRESS.....

BUSINESS POSITION.....



"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."

—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Eight  
Number Two

# THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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## The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the Subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting and forwarded to the

Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications.

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Edward W. Cotter, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Pilgurd Building, Hartford, Conn.



# Personalities and Appreciations

## Honored Again

IT IS with great pleasure that we announce the winning, by Messrs. Egerton Swartwout and Eugene F. Savage, two artists whom we may well call "our own," of further honors in their fields. Mr. Swartwout, architect of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, and Mr. Savage, painter of its magnificent murals, have recently won, jointly, an important competition, for a Memorial Fountain in Prospect Park Plaza, Brooklyn, N. Y. The winning of an architectural competition by Mr. Swartwout is, strictly speaking, not news, for he has won many. The unusual feature of this particular victory is that Mr. Savage appears in it as a sculptor. Long recognized as one of the greatest mural painters in America, he has proved his versatility by attaining recognition as a sculptor with this, his first attempt in painting's sister art.

Opposing Mr. Swartwout and Mr. Savage in the competition for the Brooklyn fountain, given to the city by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bailey, were such well known architects and sculptors as H. Van Buren Magonigle, designer of the Kansas City War Memorial and the Maine Memorial in New York, Harvey Wiley Corbet and Paul Manship, and Lorimer Rich who, with his associate, T. H. Jones, the sculptor, recently won the competition for the completion of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery.



## Yes, We Will Take No Oranges

AT THE request of the California State Department of Agriculture, we herewith notify all Elks and their families that they will be required to eat, destroy or surrender all oranges and other citrus fruits before crossing the California State line.

It appears that in one of the other orange-growing States certain groves have become afflicted with depredations of a pest known as the Mediterranean Fruit Fly. Congress has appropriated \$4,250,000 to aid in the campaign for its eradication. California, by a special legislative act, has appropriated \$100,000 for the enforcement of quarantine measures to prevent the entrance of the pest. Travelling Elks will please do their part by consuming all their citrus supplies before reaching the State border.



## A New Serial—A New Contributor

FROM all sides we have been hearing good things about Ben Lucien Burman's epic of the Mississippi River shanty people, of which the fourth instalment appears in this issue. An important publishing house, which will bring the story out in book form this summer, under the title "Mississippi," believes it will be one of the most successful novels of the year. We hope so, for it deserves success.

It will be followed by a colorful and swift-moving Western novel entitled "Canyon of Lost Waters," by Hoffman Birney, who, though he has contributed to many well known magazines, has never before appeared in this one. In some quarters the Western story has fallen somewhat into disrepute. This is because there has been an enormous output of "Westerns," so-called, all cut to a pattern and as alike as peas. One writer responsible for the mass production of such tales confessed that he never changed his plot, but merely altered the names and appearances of his characters. In spite of the plethora of such tawdry rubbish it is

still possible occasionally to find a story so good that it overcomes the handicap of its locale and stands out from the ruck of "Westerns," as shines a good deed in a naughty world.

"Canyon of Lost Waters" is a story of that caliber. In craftsmanship, in quality of writing, in characterization, description and plot, it is a splendid piece of work. Watch for the first chapters—in an early issue.



## Other Good Things to Come

THE attention of delegates to the Grand Lodge Convention is called to the fact that they will find, in the August ELKS MAGAZINE, an account of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge, containing, in full, all changes of statutes, all resolutions adopted and specific information regarding all matters on which the Grand Lodge shall have taken definite action. In addition to this report of the proceedings, the August issue will contain the annual reports, in full or in part, of Grand Lodge officers, commissions and committees, together with a directory of subordinate Lodges, giving names of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries and telling the meeting nights of each Lodge. The August number will be a reference book, valuable for the entire year.

Among the most difficult of an editor's tasks is to find very short stories that are more than mere anecdotes. The reason is that it is harder to write a very short story than a long one. Keep your eye open for "The Cream in his Coffee," by Ferdinand Reyher. It has the suspense and the surprise ending that every "short short" ought to have.

"Stampeding the African Buffalo" is the title of an article by Wynant Davis Hubbard in which is described an extraordinary feat, calling for extraordinary courage. The African buffalo is one of the most dangerous animals in the world. Mr. Hubbard deliberately stampeded a great herd of them—and lived to tell how he did it. Watch for this unusual feature.

Other interesting articles which will appear during the next few months are: "Dramatic First Nights," by Jack O'Donnell, in which are described a number of epochal scenes in and about the theatre. . . . "Pilot's Aboard, Sir," wherein Boyden Sparkes tells many fascinating facts and stories of the hardy little band of men who guide ships into and out of our ports. . . . "Following the Ball," in which John R. Tunis traces the history of golf, tennis, baseball, football and other games and shows how the various kinds of balls used in them have evolved from ancient times. It will be news to many that golf did not originate in Scotland, as is generally believed. Read Mr. Tunis's article and you will learn the place and time of its actual beginnings.

One forthcoming feature over which we are enthusiastic is "The Throne Among the Winds," a short story by Paul Annixter. This writer is well-known for his stories of birds and animals and is represented in THE ELKS MAGAZINE for the first time. The illustrations for his story, by Paul Bransom, can best be described as gorgeous.



## Vox Americana

THE long poem in this issue by Berton Braley is an unusual piece of work. We believe it to be not only unusual, but extraordinarily good, in that it interprets accurately the spirit of the American people, as well as giving a surface picture of the American scene. Won't you let us know what you think of it? A postcard will do if you haven't much time.



Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**  
*Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks  
of the United States of America*

**Official Circular Number Nine**

551 Fifth Avenue  
New York, N. Y.  
June 25, 1929.

*To the Officers and Members of the  
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:*

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

As my administration draws to a close, and I look back over the year of my stewardship, I am filled with gratitude and with optimism.

My gratitude is to you, members of the Grand Lodge and of the subordinate Lodges, not only for bestowing on me the high honor of this office, but also for the unfailing spirit of friendship and cooperation with which you have helped me to administer its affairs.

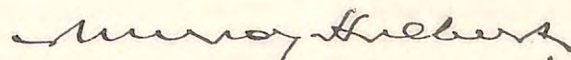
My optimism springs from the knowledge—gained from close contact with the men who constitute our membership—that there is nowhere a more sincere, a more earnest, a more human, a kindlier body of citizens than in the rank and file of our great American Order.

Some of us may at times be inclined to think it is the officers that make or break a Lodge. This is true only to a certain extent. The officers do reflect the quality of the members as a whole. But in the final analysis the great work accomplished by the Order of Elks is stimulated by the individual members. It is an expression of *their* minds and of *their* hearts. So long as the Order continues to be made up—as I know it to be today—of hard-working, loyal, humane men, there is every reason to be optimistic as to its future.

During my administration I have been loyally supported by my District Deputies, by the officers and committeemen of the Grand Lodge and by the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the subordinate Lodges. The Past Grand Exalted Rulers have ever been willing to assist me with experience and suggestion. Whatever I may have been able to achieve has been due, in large measure, to the helpfulness with which I have everywhere been met.

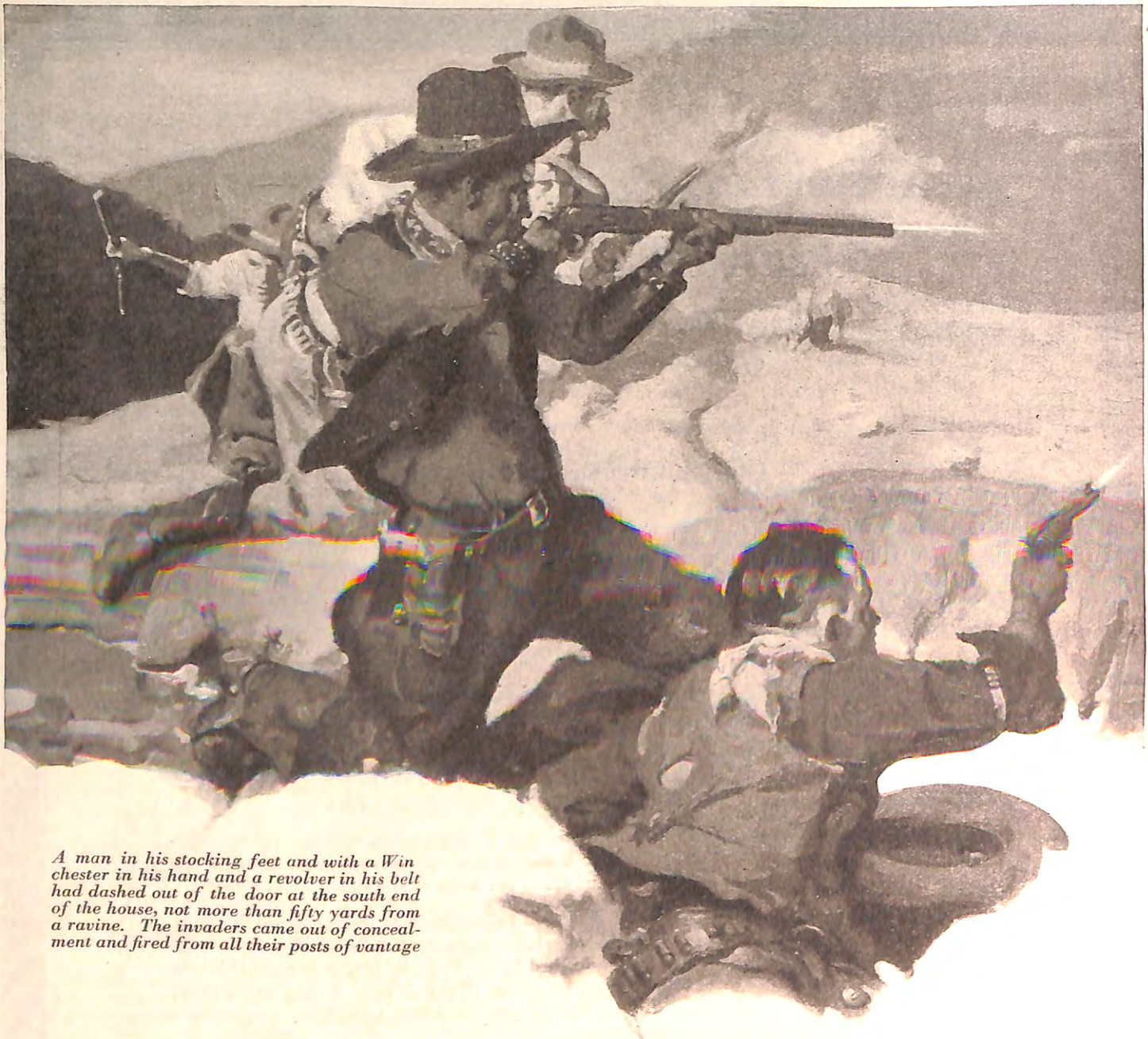
For the many demonstrations of hospitality and fraternal friendship accorded me on my official visitations, it is impossible to render adequate thanks. All I can do is to try, in the years to come, to show my appreciation in continued work for Elkdom. And all I ask is that the opportunity to serve be afforded me.

Faternally,



*Grand Exalted Ruler*





*A man in his stocking feet and with a Winchester in his hand and a revolver in his belt had dashed out of the door at the south end of the house, not more than fifty yards from a ravine. The invaders came out of concealment and fired from all their posts of vantage*

## Wyoming's Rustler War

By Arthur Chapman

Illustrated by Jerome Rozen

**A** SHEEPMAN in Northern Wyoming, out looking for a stray part of his flock in raw April weather, was given the surprise of his life when he was suddenly surrounded by a cavalcade of horsemen, all heavily armed.

The times were troubled in Wyoming, as there had been bad blood between the cattle owners and so-called rustlers, who were accused of wholesale depletions of the stockmen's herds. The sheepmen were occupying a neutral position, but it was well to give horsemen a wide berth until identity was established.

The sheepman had no chance to make his escape. The riders, traveling swiftly in military formation, were upon him before he could make the "getaway" which caution dictated, and soon he was in the center of the command, answering curt questions regarding his identity and his mission on the road.

The men were not soldiers—that much was clear. They were dressed in cowboy attire. Some rode with the "double rig"

of the Texas saddlemen. Others had the "center fire" saddle equipment of the northern cattle outfits, and not a few were local cattlemen, whose faces the sheepman promptly proceeded to forget when he got some inkling of the mission on which the horsemen were engaged.

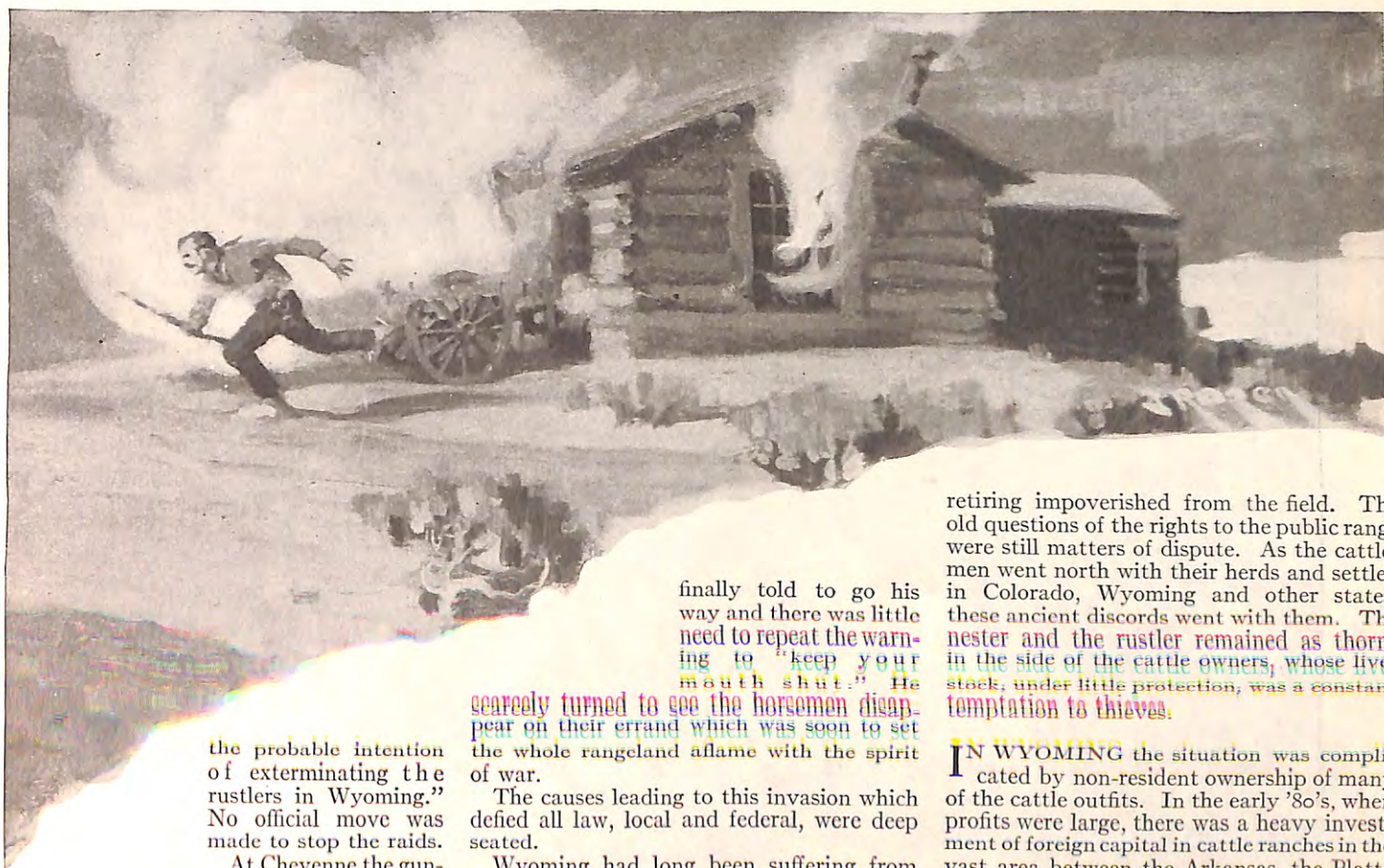
"Come along with us and keep your mouth shut," was the final order, and the sheepman was soon loping beside two guardians, in the opening stages of the remarkable raid which provided the climax for the Wyoming Rustler War, the last armed conflict for control of the cattle range.

Stung by their inability to prevent cattle stealing, and alarmed at the rapid increase in the number of small ranchers, or "nesters," upon whom most of the thefts were blamed, many of the big cattle outfits had combined in staging a raid which, it was fondly hoped, would end "rustling" at one blow.

The fifty raiders who had turned back the lone wayfarer on the Wyoming plains were mostly gun-fighters recruited from cattle states all the way from Texas to Idaho—soldiers of fortune, with the necessary "notches" to prove that they had killed their men. They were free-lances of a type once common on the frontier—men who were hired ostensibly as cowboys but really because they were quick on the draw. Most of them had been mixed up in other troubles of the cattle range. They welcomed any mission which promised fighting. And fighting in plenty was now ahead of them.

Thirty of the raiders had gathered at Denver, after having been signed up in various parts of the West. No secret was made of their mission, probably on the theory that Johnson County, the center of the rustler trouble in Wyoming, being innocent of railroad or other communication, would be the last to hear the news. The Denver newspapers chronicled the departure of a large body of men from that city "with





the probable intention of exterminating the rustlers in Wyoming." No official move was made to stop the raids.

At Cheyenne the gun-fighters were joined by twenty men, most of whom were familiar with the situation in the "rustler" territory. A special train was waiting, with full equipment, which included a mess wagon and a plentiful supply of food, blankets, tents and ammunition, even to a large quantity of giant powder, to be used in blowing up any buildings in which cattle rustlers might take refuge.

A swift over-night run was made to Casper, Wyoming, the terminus of the railroad, where the equipment was unloaded and the men roped saddle horses which had been held for days in near-by corrals. Soon the invaders were started for Buffalo, the county seat of Johnson County, where it was hoped to capture the sheriff, meantime killing such suspected rustlers as were met on the way.

No more grim-looking cavalcade ever wound its way across the plains which had been a theatre of Indian warfare not many years before. Riding knee to knee, in double file, these sun-browned men in the picturesque garb of cowboys kept their rifles ready for instant use, as no one knew just how far the so-called rustler element had been apprised of the invasion. Guides rode ahead, to prevent surprise attack, and telegraph wires were cut.

THE clattering hoofs and tinkling spurs, the creak of saddle leather and the rumble of mess wagons that followed as rapidly as the lash could speed the straining teams through the upland mud, might have meant that a district round-up outfit was starting out for the branding. But there was no yelling of carefree cowboys and there was too much order in the formation of that double file of horsemen. The captured sheepman, knowing of the blood that had been spilled and the bitterness that had been engendered in Wyoming's long-drawn-out struggle between livestock owners and cattle thieves, felt that matters were approaching a crisis. He was relieved when he was

finally told to go his way and there was little need to repeat the warning to "keep your mouth shut." He

searcely turned to see the horsemen disappear on their errand which was soon to set the whole rangeland aflame with the spirit of war.

The causes leading to this invasion which defied all law, local and federal, were deep seated.

Wyoming had long been suffering from evils which began when the cattle business first took shape. Cattlemen, running their livestock on the public domain, wanted to keep out the small settlers, with their barbed wire fences. The "nesters" or "punkin rollers" kept on dotting the grazing lands with homesteads. Intimidation was followed by assassination, and even then the tide was not rolled back.

There had been similar situations, years before, in the Southwest. Old John Chisum, tall, lanky and as set in his feudalistic ideas as any medieval baron, caused consternation in New Mexico in the late '70's when he trailed 60,000 head of cattle from Texas to the Pecos Valley and tried to rule the range. The Lincoln County war resulted, involving hundreds of men on both sides. Chisum claimed that his cattle were being stolen. His brand was a single bar. The brand of his nearest rivals was an arrow — something which any competent rustler could create from the bar brand with a minimum amount of running-iron work. After two years of sporadic fighting and numerous assassinations, the Lincoln county war terminated in a pitched battle at Lincoln. The Chisum men were besieged by the opposing faction and finally were driven out when their shelter was burned. This battle was witnessed by a detachment of United States soldiers, under stacked arms, the commander naively declaring it to be the most furious fighting he had ever witnessed.

The New Mexico cattle war, like all affairs of its kind, was indeterminate, both sides

retiring impoverished from the field. The old questions of the rights to the public range were still matters of dispute. As the cattlemen went north with their herds and settled in Colorado, Wyoming and other states, these ancient discords went with them. The nester and the rustler remained as thorns in the side of the cattle owners, whose livestock, under little protection, was a constant temptation to thieves.

IN WYOMING the situation was complicated by non-resident ownership of many of the cattle outfits. In the early '80's, when profits were large, there was a heavy investment of foreign capital in cattle ranches in the vast area between the Arkansas, the Platte and the Yellowstone. Wyoming seemed to be a particularly attractive field for the English investor. The owners had comparatively little to do with the actual management of their ranches. They came over, with large parties of friends, when the hunting season was on. The hunting excursions were interspersed with coaching parties.

Racetracks were built on some ranches and blooded horses were brought over to furnish excitement.

Those were large and generous days on the cattle range. Conditions favored the cattle rustler. If a "nester" needed a few head of cattle to form the nucleus of a herd of his own, he helped himself from the holdings of a non-resident owner. If the cattle were missed, they were charged up to the hard winter. Nor was cattle rustling confined to the small ranchers. Some of the big outfits were responsible for its encouragement. Cowboys were paid \$5 a head for every maverick, or un-

branded animal, picked up and branded.

Under such conditions there was established a peculiar, unwritten code with regard to cattle rustling. It was not regarded as a crime for a small, struggling rancher to steal from a big outfit, particularly if that outfit happened to be foreign owned. Nor was it a crime for the big outfits to steal from smaller owners who were careless enough to leave unbranded calves on the range. But it was a serious offense, calling for heavy punishment, if a small ranchman stole cattle from another small ranchman. Consequently most of the rustling was done from the big outfits, and if it chanced that a "coronet polisher" on an English-owned ranch was loyal enough to his employers to make trouble, that misguided cowboy was







*Nate Champion lifted the wounded man and staggered back to the house with his burden. The invaders redoubled their fire as the cowboy made his way to shelter*

"in bad" with small ranchers generally. It was felt that he had been false to the slogan which covered all sins:

"Anything's all right if you're workin' for an Englishman."

There came a distinct change in conditions in the late '80's. Cattle slumped and there was a checking up of resources. Herds which should have tallied in the thousands were totaled in the hundreds. Foremen explained that there had been wholesale rustling. No doubt there had been—and the rustling had progressed to a stage where it was hard to stop. If a charge of cattle stealing was brought, the accused generally went free. The jurors were mostly small ranchmen like himself. He was the "under dog" and had their sympathy, which was expressed in a verdict of not guilty with no proviso about not using the running-iron any more.

The cattle outfits discontinued the practice of paying their cowboys for putting the home brand on mavericks. Having thus cleared themselves of the accusation that they too were cattle rustlers, they had vari-

ous laws passed through the state legislature, tending to curb the activities of the small rustlers. Among the measures passed was the so-called "maverick bill," which made it a penal offense to brand a maverick excepting in the presence of a member of the Stockmen's Association. The animal was branded with the letter M and became the property of the State, being sold to the highest bidder. Where cattle had strayed any great distance, the burden of proof was more than the legitimate owner could assume.

None of the laws stopped the rustling. To add to the alarm of the cattle outfits, the open range was fast being settled with homesteaders. Land along the watercourses was being taken up, and barb-wire fences were appearing everywhere. A railroad was being built through the heart of the cattle country, and the contractors were not above buying beef with no questions asked. This

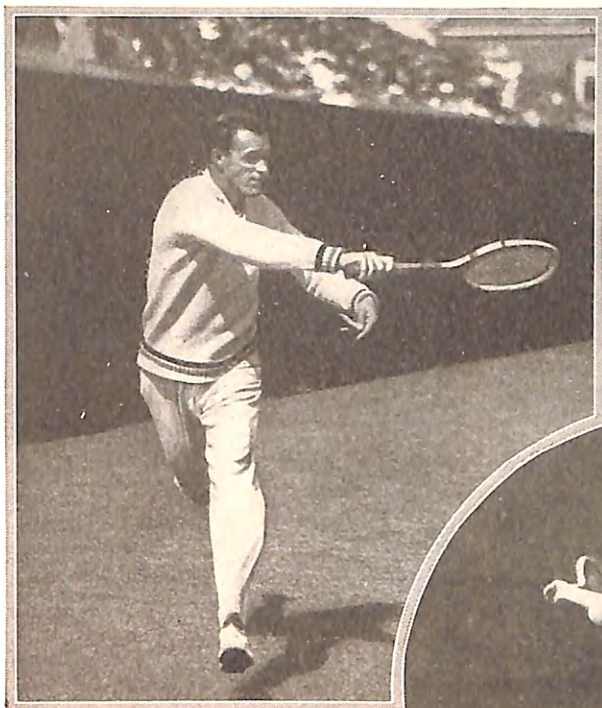
created a good local market for "slow elk," as rustled beef was called. Naturally those who suffered the most under such circumstances were those who had the most to lose, and it was not long before the newspapers began to print articles to the effect that numerous big cattle outfits would trail their herds to new ranges in the northwest unless some curb was put on the growing activities of cattle thieves in Wyoming.

Before any such threat materialized, events began to happen which virtually lined up Northern Wyoming in two armed camps.

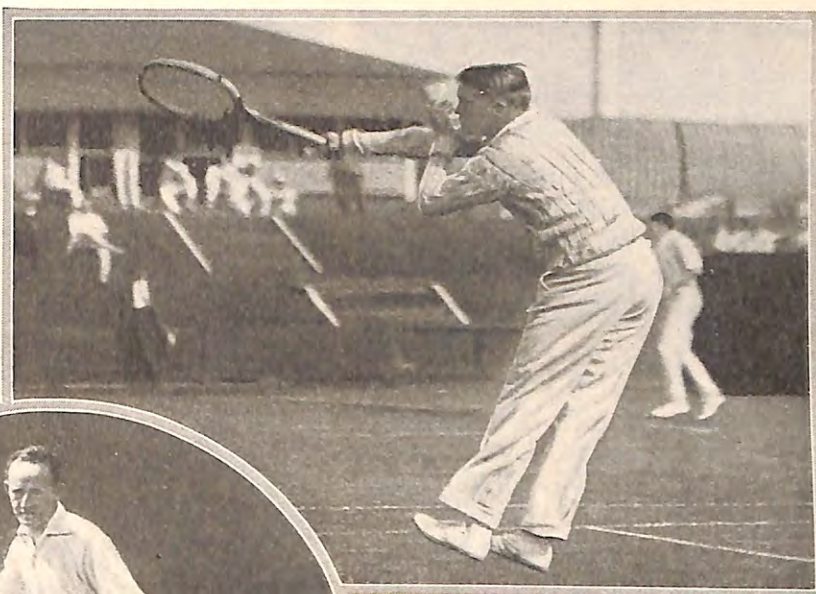
On the Sweetwater, in Carbon County, a party of masked men lynched James Averill and Ella Watson, known as "Cattle Kate." Averill had taken up a claim and opened a store in the center of rich cattle country. The woman had taken a claim near Averill and had accumulated a considerable herd of cattle, the brands being under suspicion. This double lynching was followed by the hanging of a ranchman named Waggoner, near Newcastle. Waggoner had

(Continued on page 55)





*William Tilden, greatest player of his generation, who staged a great comeback in his match with Lacoste in 1928*



*Vincent Richards (above), author of this article, was one of America's staunchest Davis Cup defenders before he turned professional*



*"Little Bill" Johnston (circle), past his prime, gave the gallery one of the most thrilling matches ever played when he lost the Davis Cup to Cochet in 1927*

## Dramatic Fights For the Davis Cup

By Vincent Richards

*Professional Singles Champion of the United States*

*Photographs by Edwin Levick*

ON A torrid day early in September of 1921, a little brown man from the land of the Cherry Blossom was making one of the greatest fights against overwhelming odds since David laid Goliath low with a stone from his sling shot. Zenzo Shimizu was the name of the diminutive Japanese, and the giant against whom he was pitting his feeble strength was none other than William T. Tilden 2nd, the recognized greatest player who ever stepped on a tennis court.

The scene was the championship court of the West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills, L. I., the Wimbledon of America. The occasion was the Davis Cup challenge round, in which the United States was defending the international trophy against Japan. The stands were jammed to their capacity of 15,000 spectators, in spite of the fact that victory for America was regarded as a foregone conclusion. With William Johnston and Tilden to rely upon, the United States had no misgivings and the crowd had come to see these two great stars in action rather than with any idea of witnessing anything approaching the nature of a real struggle.

Big Bill and "Shimmy" came out on the court and the crowd gave them a warm

reception. It was a polite crowd, but in spite of that fact it could not help chuckling at the sight of the tiny little Japanese alongside of the towering, broad-shouldered Tilden, who was almost a foot taller. Little Shimmy was so dwarfed by his opponent and he looked so gentle and helpless, that one could not help feeling sympathy for him, even though one did want to see an American victory. It seemed almost inhumane that he should be pitted against a giant like Tilden, and the gallery was prepared for a slaughter.

Eddie Conlin mounted the umpire's chair and after a short warm-up, play began. Tilden, revelling in the summer heat of a perfect day and in the pink of condition, started moderately. His every movement expressed the confidence that he had in himself and in his ability to win the match whenever he pleased, and it was evident that he was holding his strength in reserve.

It was not long, however, before the champion awakened to the fact that he had a match on his hands. The gallery, too, sensed that something was happening down on that sun baked stretch of turf that was entirely unlooked for, and a ripple of excitement passed through the thousands banked high in the wooden stands. Shimizu in less than five minutes had completely



*Maurice McLoughlin, of California, defeated Norman Brookes, of Australia, in 1914 in one of the most titanic struggles that has ever been staged on the courts*

changed the atmosphere of the situation.

With the faultlessness and silence of an engine, the little brown man was concentrating on getting his racquet squarely on the ball as it came across the net and returning it safely. He was doing more than that. With the craftiness of a chess master, he was placing his returns where his opponent least desired them and making him scramble to get to them.

To Tilden there must have been something humorous in the situation in finding himself held on even terms and extended to reach the strokes of his diminutive opponent. If the gallery was beginning to take alarm, he had no fears himself, and he continued to hold something in reserve as the first set continued on. To 5-all they fought on even terms and then Shimizu broke through in the eleventh and won the twelfth, for the set.

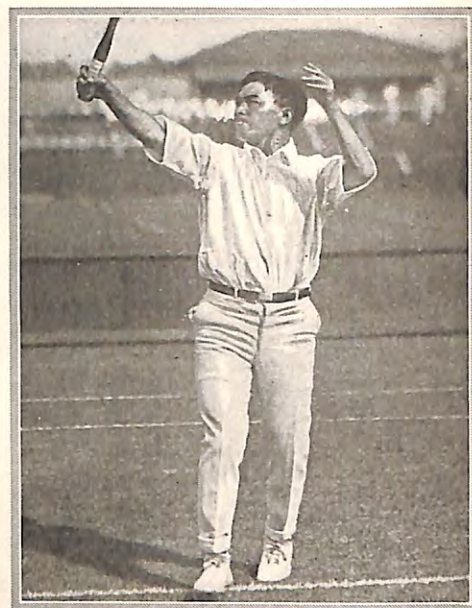
The gallery could hardly believe its eyes. The man sitting next to me turned to me with wondering eyes and asked what it was





*Cochet won the deciding Davis Cup match—the first time the trophy went to a non-English speaking nation*

*René Lacoste lost to Tilden in the first challenge round played on French courts after beating him in four matches*



*In 1921 Zenzo Shimizu, put up one of the greatest fights ever seen on the courts*

*In 1914 Norman Brookes (circle) of Australia, lost to McLoughlin in a thrilling battle*



all about. And that was what almost every one else in that gathering of 12,000 people was asking of his neighbor.

Without a halt the play continued in the second set and the gallery now looked for Tilden to open up with a bang and put Shimizu in his place. But the situation remained the same as in the first set. With the steadiness and persistence of fate, the little Japanese kept sending the ball back across the net, handling Tilden's great speed unflinchingly and winning salvos of applause with his cunningly placed thrusts. To 4-all they struggled on even terms, and then once again Shimizu broke through and won two games in a row to take the set!

By this time the stands were buzzing with excitement. It was unbelievable. Here was the greatest player in the world two sets down to a man who it was thought would be lucky to get a game from him. The spectators' admiration for Shimizu's play was unbounded by now, but at the same time they had lost their sympathetic feelings and were now gravely worried lest Tilden lose the match.

**TILDEN**, himself, realized now that the situation called for drastic measures, though his confidence in himself was still unweakened. With the start of the third set he started out with a vengeance and gave everything he had. Cannon-ball serves, blistering forehand and backhand drives, chop strokes, drop shots, volleys, lobs and smashes now came off his racquet in bewildering succession as he mixed up his game with all his cunning and variety.

Such a bombardment was calculated to blow Shimizu off the court, but to the amazement of the great throng in the stands, the little brown man stood up under it magnificently and fought Tilden to a standstill. The champion's tremendous service came at him like a rock, but Shimizu met it staunchly, let it hit against his racquet and almost invariably his return came back

true as a die and the full length of the court. Tilden's forehanders, streaking through the court, met with the same resistance, and nothing that the champion could do, it seemed, could make any impression on Shimizu. His defense was impenetrable, and the canniness with which he directed his returns had the American flabbergasted.

So strenuously was Tilden exerting himself now that his clothes were wet with perspiration and his face had lost its serenity and confidence. The giant of the courts realized now that he had a tremendous job ahead of him if he was to avert defeat, and it looked extremely doubtful from the stands whether he was equal to the task.

The score went to 2-all, then to 3-all, and finally to 4-all. The suspense was terrific by this time, with the gallery sitting on the edge of its collective seat. But it was nothing to what it became when Shimizu, playing flawless tennis, broke through in the ninth through Tilden's cannon-ball service for a 5-4 lead.

All hope seemed to have fled for Tilden now. He had given everything he had and it was not enough to break down the defenses of the tiny little brown man across the net from him. And then came the climax of the match.

Shimizu, serving, reached deuce in the next game, and he was only two points away from victory. The gallery hardly dared to breathe, so terrific was the tension at this point. The little brown man served again and then, like a miracle from the sky, came a daringly placed sliced stroke from

Tilden's racquet that Shimizu could not get near. A great cheer went up from the spectators, who were able to breathe a little more freely now. But there was still danger, and everyone was on pins and needles as Shimizu served again. Tilden returned the ball, it came over again and the next instant the place was in an uproar as Tilden's terrific drive down the line hit the chalk and won the game.

Then and there, in those two great shots, Tilden won the match. He was still in a dangerous position, with the score at 5-all in the third set, but from that point on the champion strode the court like a colossus, while Shimizu's fortunes waned, and the gallery sensed that it no longer had anything to fear, as Tilden won the next two games for the set.

**S**HIMIZU battled gamely to stem the tide, but there was no withholding Tilden, who let loose with a battering assault that had Shimizu reeling. The little brown man was seized with a cramp and play had to be stopped for a while. He refused to default, but courageously went back on the courts, where he gave his last ounce in trying to hold off an attack that no player in the world could have stemmed. In the fourth set Shimizu got only two games and in the fifth and last set he got only one, but he never stopped fighting and when he dragged his tired limbs off the court he was given an ovation such as few foreign players have received in the history of American tennis.

This stirring, pulsating struggle that held 15,000 spectators enthralled for more than two hours, was only one of many such dramatic highlights with which the history of these international matches abounds. There is no competitive game which is more red-blooded, more packed with thrills and suspense or in which the red badge of physical and moral courage is at more of a premium than in lawn tennis. It makes its appeal to the highest type of sportsmen, and in these matches for the cup that was put up by the former Secretary of War, Dwight F. Davis, the finest physical specimens from the world over pit their strength against



each other for the honor and glory of their countries.

There is nothing from which I personally derive greater satisfaction, in looking back upon my career as an amateur player, than the fact that I was privileged to wear the Davis Cup emblem of the United States. To enjoy that privilege entails much sacrifice, but the rewards are more than compensation enough, and any man who has taken part in these world championship team matches will have memories to be treasured as long as he lives. Nor will those who have seen them ever forget them, for there has been hardly a challenge round that has not produced its thrills, no matter how one-sided the play.

The matches that stand out most vividly in my own personal recollections are the Tilden-Shimizu match in 1921, the Johnston-Cochet thriller of more recent date in 1927, the Tilden-Lacoste battle of 1928, and the never-to-be-forgotten duel between Norman Brookes of Australia and Maurice McLoughlin in 1914. I was only a boy when this last match was held on the new grounds of the West Side Tennis Club at Forest Hills, L. I., but so indelibly was it stamped on my memory that it seems that it was only yesterday that it was played.

The first set of this titanic struggle between the grim-visaged wizard from the Antipodes and the flaming, red-headed young killer from California stands out as the greatest ever played. Thirty-two games were required for that set, the longest singles on record in these international matches, and took an hour for a decision. In that hour of play were packed more real thrills, more drama and more brilliant shot-making than has been encompassed in almost any other entire match in Davis Cup history.

**T**HERE were close to 12,000 spectators jammed in the stands and around the clubhouse when Brookes and McLoughlin went on the court. It was a perfect day for tennis, with a hot sun overhead and hardly a breeze stirring. The match started around 4 o'clock in the afternoon, after Norris Williams had been conquered by Anthony Wilding in the opening engagement.

The loss of the opening match to Australia left the gallery disappointed and down-hearted and with little hope of America retaining the cup. For the prestige of Brookes, the wily fox of the courts, was great, and it seemed too much to ask of the young McLoughlin that he overcome so great a strategist. But fiery Red Mack, as great tennis as he had played in the past, was to rise to the greatest heights of his entire career in this tremendous struggle and gain one of the outstanding victories of all times.

Both men came to the court equipped with one of the deadliest services the game has known. Both also were volleyers par excellence. And it was largely on service and volleying that game after game was won as the two men locked in a battle that had the thousands in the stands fairly delirious with delight and anxiety.

Brookes was the more proficient off the ground, but McLoughlin offset this advantage with his demoralizing service and crushing overhead smashing, and so he held his own until the score reached 8-all. The next game went to Brookes on service, and then came the first real agonizing moments for the gallery as he reached 40-0 on the American's delivery, one point short of the set.

McLoughlin seemed a beaten man. That any man in the world could spot Brookes a 40-0 lead and overcome it was unbelievable.

Yet that was exactly what the California Comet did, and it was his magnificent serving that saved the day for him. Three times in a row McLoughlin sent over a cannon-ball serve that Brookes could not even touch, and the score was deuce. The gallery behaved as though it had beheld a miracle. When McLoughlin alternated to a twist serve and followed it to the net for a chop volley that gave him a vantage point, the applause was deafening, and a moment later pandemonium reigned as he put over another thunderbolt serve for his fifth successive point and the game.

Brookes, phlegmatic, inscrutable-faced opponent that he is, could not conceal his chagrin over losing this game, but his stout fighting heart carried him on at top speed, where many a man would have cracked in a similar situation. The battle continued on at its furious pace, with neither man able to effect the deciding break. Several times again McLoughlin found himself in the hole, but his service always came to his aid, and Brookes's masterly position play served him in good stead whenever he found himself in a pinch.

When the score reached 15-all it looked as though the match would never come to an end. The gallery was almost exhausted by this time from the strain, and it is safe to say that many of the spectators had been used up almost as much as the players themselves. Then came the thirty-first game. Brookes, serving, went into a lead of 40-15. McLoughlin pulled up to deuce, got the vantage point and then came the tremendous drive from his racquet straight at the shoe tops of Brookes. The Australian veteran made a desperate stab at the ball, but it was in vain, and McLoughlin had broken through.

What a cheer went up from the throats of the thousands present! But the set was not won yet. Brookes still had a chance to break through and equalize, and any one looking at the grim face of the Anzac could see that McLoughlin must give everything he had to capitalize the advantage he had gained. This last game was a savage struggle to the death, with Brookes pitting all his cunning and ingenuity, his twisting shots and marvelous anticipation against the break-neck speed and spectacular shot-making of his younger adversary. With the

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**BERTON BRALEY, who has done a poetic jazz impression of our age in this issue, has written for us a short story called "Take a Taxi." Original in idea, it is both exciting and amusing. Don't miss it in an early issue.**

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gallery hanging on every stroke, the score went to 30-all and then to deuce. At this critical juncture McLoughlin put over two service aces in a row and the greatest set in the history of tennis was at an end.

Then and there the match was won and lost. Only one set had been played, and McLoughlin must win two more to take the match, but it was realized that with the loss of the set Brookes's hopes of victory had gone glimmering. The Australian wizard never gave up until the last point had been played, but his youthful opponent, buoyed up by his success set a pace that was irresistible and took the next two sets at 6-3 each for the match.

The match between Tilden and Lacoste is of so recent date as to be fresh in the

memories of all. It was played in the newly constructed stadium of the French Tennis Association at Auteuil, on the outskirts of Paris, and marked the first challenge round that France has had the honor of staging.

The match was famous for the fact that it demonstrated that in sport a man sometimes does come back. Tilden, after being beaten by Lacoste in their four previous meetings, turned the tables on his young Nemesis at an age when everyone thought he had yielded to the scythe of Father Time. The French, worked up over the fact that they were to see the first challenge round on their own soil, were prepared to shower all sorts of honors on their heroes, and none was more deserving of them than was Lacoste, who in 1927 had been acclaimed as the greatest player on the courts.

**T**HE drama of this great victory of Tilden was heightened by the circumstances immediately preceding it. Barred from representing his country in the interzone final against Italy a week before because of his alleged violation of the amateur rule of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, Tilden had been restored to the team at the eleventh hour through the intercession of the late Ambassador Myron T. Herrick.

Great sympathy had been created for the former American champion because of the ordeal he had gone through, and undoubtedly that ordeal played its part in his amazing victory, inspiring him to make the battle of his life. Certainly Tilden in all his great career never showed a greater keenness to win than he did in this match.

It was thought that the only chance he had of winning the match, if any at all, was of ending matters in the third set. No one believed that he could last beyond that, certainly not more than four sets, and yet it was in the fifth set that he triumphed, in spite of his age and the inroads that time has made on his legs and stamina!

Lacoste, machine that he is, found that his mechanical perfection was not enough when weighed in the balance this time against the dazzling brilliance of a Tilden whose spirit rose superior to the weaknesses of the flesh. The disintegration that Lacoste looked for in the game of his American opponent never set in. Tilden tired under the strain of holding off an opponent who eternally kept the ball coming back across the net, but his nerve and unquenchable thirst for victory sustained him and carried him to victory.

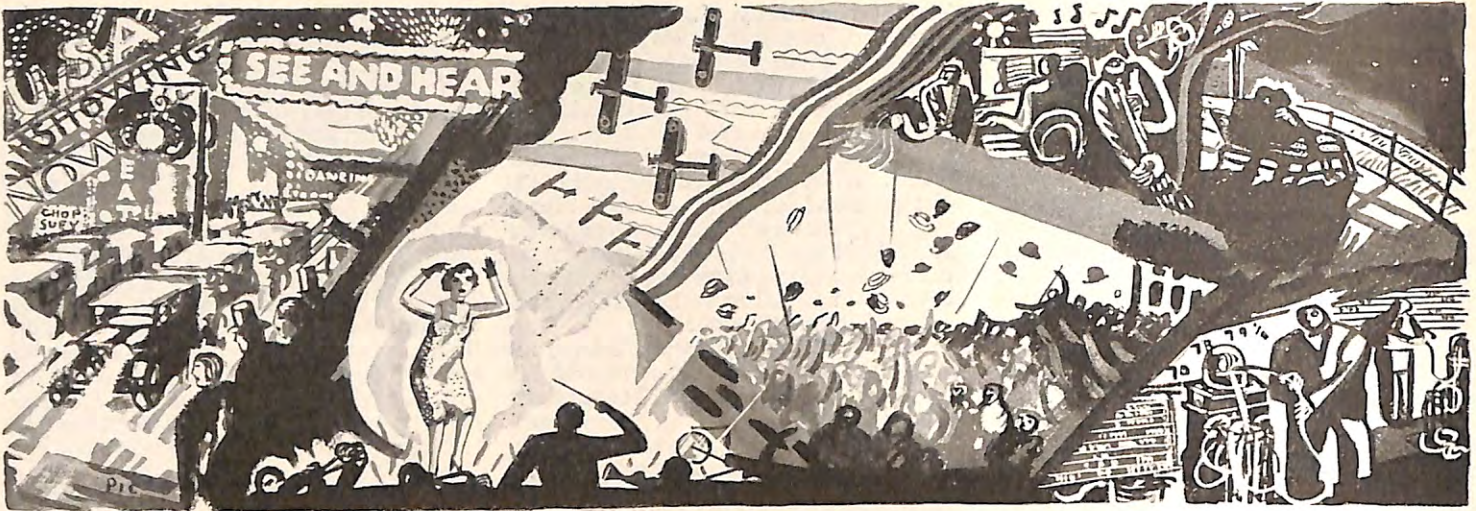
When Lacoste won the fourth set to square the score at 2-all, defeat seemed inevitable for Tilden, but in that final fifth set the American won the hearts of even Lacoste's most ardent admirers with his game stand, and when the match was over he received an ovation that must have been sweeter to him than any other he had ever enjoyed. That victory was the only one that the United States won in the challenge round, and the cup remained in France, but Tilden's epochal victory over the youth who had beaten him four times in succession stood above anything else.

No player has held a warmer place in the hearts of the American tennis public than William Johnston of California, or Little Bill, as he was affectionately called. A frail little man of less than 130 pounds, Johnston was the mighty atom of the courts, with the greatest forehand probably the game has ever known, and he was also the perfect sportsman, winning the hearts of all and the warmest regard of his opponents.

It was the misfortune of Johnston that his career on the courts should have coincided

(Continued on page 60)





# Vox Americana

## A Jazz Panorama of Our Life and Times

By Berton Braley

Decorations by George A. Picken

### Prologue and Overture With Ukelele, Banjo and Saxophone

Muse, shake a leg!  
Come on, I beg  
Tune up your lute and—make it snappy!  
For I would spill  
A song, and trill  
Some bird-like notes both blithe and happy.

All set? Let's go.  
I crave to throw  
A lyric lilt in syncopation  
A jazzy song  
That steps along  
In tempo with our well-known nation.

My country—I'm  
About to rhyme  
Your praises in a key to suit you  
So, at the start,  
Hand on my heart  
I hail you, greet you, and salute you.

Though I rehearse  
In flippant verse  
Your qualities with which I'm dealing  
I'll tell the world  
Your flag unfurled  
Wakes in my soul a deeper feeling.

With quip and joke  
We Yankee folk  
(And that includes the Southern section)  
Just kid the earth  
For all we're worth,  
To hide our national affection.

So other tribes  
Believe our jibes  
And think because we jazz our numbers,  
That life is but  
A Charleston strut  
That freedom wanes and honor slumbers.

So, in that style,  
I'll sing awhile  
A jazzy lay as I've designed it;  
But you—U. S.  
I rather guess  
Will know the love and pride behind it.

### Interpellatory Chorus and Recitative Chorus

"What's the big idea?  
Watsis gonna be, a

Lotta blah and hooley that we've got to listen  
to?  
Watcha trine to tell us?  
Watcha gonna sell us?"

### Recitative

Keep your shirts on gentlemen and wait  
until I'm through!

All I'm gonna tell is the stuff you know  
yourselves,  
All the goods I sell you are already on your  
shelves,  
Everything I'm showing you is right before  
your eyes,  
And all has been exhibited by lots of other  
guys;  
The thing that I am touting,  
The words that I am spouting,  
The broadcast I am shouting  
In the "mike,"

And the note that I'm endeavoring to strike,  
Is the wonder in the thunder and the rumble  
of machines,  
Is the spiritual progress that materialism  
means,  
Is the dream behind the scheming  
And the scheme that boosts the dream-  
ing  
Sending dollar-chasers chasing after rain-  
bows in the sky,  
Sending money-grubbers grubbing where en-  
chanted treasures lie,  
Lifting eyes of toiling millions to the distant  
stars that glisten—  
I may not put it over but;  
Hey fellers, won't you listen?

Voice of America? Far and near  
Listen my children and you shall hear  
Church-bells ringing and car horns hooting;  
Anthem-singing and jazz bands tooting,  
Clamor of hammer and rumble of blast,  
Roar of the Limited flashing past,  
Lovers whispering in the gloam,  
Drone of bees in the honey-comb,  
Whine of tires on the white cement,  
Bumble of planes in the sky's blue tent;  
The sigh of pines in the forest breeze  
Twitter of birds in the orchard trees;  
Phonograph records that blare and shriek  
"That's my Baby" and "He's My Sheik";  
Men's deep laughter, the lilt of song,  
From youth that carols its way along;  
Radio noises, public speeches,  
Traffic that thunders, clatters, screeches;

Newsboys hawking a scandal-sheet;  
Rattle of binders in the wheat;  
Pianos banged in a million flats;  
Trombones grunting through derby hats;  
Mothers crooning old lullabies,  
The shouts of welcome that fill the skies  
For doers of deeds and dreamers of dreams;  
Salesmen extolling installment schemes;  
Children shouting in careless fun,  
Neighborly talk when the day is done;  
Click of the ticker; ring of the phone;  
Yell of the mob when the champ lies prone;

These—and more—in a Nation's voice  
Which are the dominant? Take your choice.

Choose the blatant, the crude, the shrill  
And cry that it dominates, if you will;

But don't be angry, my knowing lad,  
If I intimate that your hearing's bad!

### What's All the Shooting For?

The modern improvements  
Surrounding our lives  
Add pep to our movements  
And punch to our drives,  
Our tempo's accented  
Our pace grows more hot  
But, are we contented?  
Of course we are not.

Our granddad's existence  
Was quieter far  
He didn't span distance  
With air-plane or car,  
His roads were not scented  
With gasoline smoke.  
And he was contented?  
Oh say—what a joke!

We may not be sure of  
Just where we may go,  
But there is the lure of  
The going, and so  
Don't view with resentment  
The progress we rouse,  
Don't sigh for Contentment  
—Contentment's for cows!





*Sub-Chorus of Menckenites*

"Hicks and Yokels, Jays and Reubs,  
Nitwits, Numskulls, Fools and Asses;  
All America is Boobs  
Save us Intellectual Classes.  
Read the Mercury and scan a  
List of our Americana,  
Read the billboards and the papers,  
See the herd and how it capers,  
Lookut all the junk it calls for,  
Lookut all the bunk it falls for—:

*Notions of a Nation*

"Chewing Gum, Near Beer, Safety Razors,  
Radio, Golf Balls, Smart Sport Blazers,  
Motor Cars, Cigarettes, Orange Drink,  
Cream-Puff Rouge is a Permanent Pink,  
Learn to Play Piano and Amaze Your  
Friends,  
No Other Coffee Ever Matched Our Blends,  
Hot Dogs, Cold Cream, Two Pants Suits,  
Muriatic Mouth Wash Saves the Roots,  
Learn to Speak French in a Half an Hour,  
How to Sway Men With Your Beauty's  
Power,  
Standardized Houses, Syndicate Features,  
Syndicate Comics, Syndicate Preachers,  
Saxophones, Movietones, Copper-clad Socks,  
Peptonized Gasoline Never Knocks,  
Eat More Celery, Use More Lard,  
Calfish Oil Makes the Muscles Hard,  
Furnish Your House for a Dollar-a-Week,  
Vitamized Oats Builds a Strong Physique,  
No One Told 'Em Why Nobody Kissed  
'Em,  
Keep Your Youth By Our Magic System,  
Soap-Proof Lip-Stick, Slip-Proof Garters,  
Fountain Pens, Nail-clips, Tires, Self-  
Starters,"

*Answering Chorus*

(By the Rest of Us)

Are these America? Yea and Nay.  
Part of the business game we play,  
Part of the fun of it, part of the thrill  
Part of the hokum we blithely spill;  
But all America—don't be sill!

*Recitative*

(By the Author in Person—not a Movietone)

We are, it seems, commercial-minded.  
It's true enough. I am not blinded  
To that quite elemental fact.  
Yes, as a nation, we react  
To money as a stimulus.

But is that trait confined to us?  
Do other countries stand aloof  
From seeking rhino, kale and oof?

The truth is that with all our racing,  
Our hustling and our dollar-chasing,  
Our zest in trade—we—ain't it funny?  
Don't care an awful lot for money.

We love to make it, love to spend  
But seldom seek it as an end.

Can English, German, French or Dutch,  
In all due frankness, say as much?

Well, if they do, it's mostly gammon.  
Read now a tale concerning Mammon.

*Mammon Preferred*

Somebody's wife demanded sables,  
Longer necklaces, richer rings,



Somebody wanted a house and stables,  
Bigger and Better and Costlier things;  
Somebody, therefore, planned a building  
Just for the sake of the profit sheet,  
Fifty stories, a tower whose gilding  
Might glitter aloft six hundred feet.

Somebody peddled his plan and sold it,  
Took his profit and went his way;  
Others fashioned the steel and rolled it,  
Others quarried the stone—for pay.  
Others builded the firm foundation,  
Others lifted and placed the steel,  
Each performing his operation  
And making a profit upon the deal.

All was done in the name of profit,  
All for the money in hand and paid.  
But—there's the building, and who shall  
scold it?  
A tower of commerce superbly made.  
Somebody, wanting dollars, schemed it,  
Others built it—for cash in hand—  
Lovely as though a poet dreamed it,  
A magic palace in Wonderland!

Now let us hear from those who spread  
Commercialism far and wide,  
Who help to keep us clothed and fed  
And keep our souls unsatisfied  
Creating wants, and new desires  
In half a hundred million buyers.

*Ballyhoo Boys*

We tell 'em.  
We tell 'em the dope and we sell 'em.  
With papers and magazines, placards and  
posters,  
We tell 'em, we tell 'em,  
We're braggarts and boasters;  
But though it is easy to say we are liars  
We tell 'em the Truth or we don't get the  
buyers!

We tell 'em.  
We thrill and we thrall and we spell 'em,  
We tell 'em with pictures—two thousand  
a throw  
We tell 'em in copy with glamour and glow;  
We tell 'em in prose and we tell 'em in verse  
We tell 'em in slogans laconic and terse,  
We tell 'em in print at ten thousand a page  
Of all of the fairy-tale facts of the age.  
Our ballyhoos flash on the sky  
From radio stations we yell 'em,  
The cost of the service is high  
But—baby, we certainly sell 'em!

We tell 'em.  
But—this can be written on vellum—  
The stuff that we tell 'em and sell 'em today  
Is worth every cent that we ask 'em to pay.  
For what do we tell 'em?  
We tell 'em the things  
That olden-time Emperors, Sultans and  
Kings,  
Could never imagine or ever believe,  
Or all of their wealth or their power achieve.

For we are the ballyhoo boys of the trade  
Who ballyhoo civilization's parade,  
We stir up ambitions for better conditions  
And as to traditions  
—We knell 'em.  
Our ballyhoo's hurled to the ends of the world,  
We tell 'em!

*Machine-Made Thought*

An operator at a lever  
Doing a thousand men's endeavor;  
A crane-man, sitting aloft, who runs  
A titan, lifting a thousand tons;  
A switch-board tender, bossing forces,  
Stronger than a half a million horses;  
These be spectacles characteristic  
Of matters "grossly materialistic."

Of course, if you think of the sweat that's  
saved  
Of the one-time drudges un-enlaved,  
Of the way man's strength is multiplied,  
And his dream-horizon amplified;  
Of the larger scope of the human brain  
When the body's free from its dreary strain—  
If you think of these—then the dull machine  
Might possibly, somehow, seem to mean  
A little more than a mass of steel,  
Might even distantly reveal  
A sort of a soul whose patient might  
Is lifting men upward to the light.  
—But of course, in this sordid commercial  
day,  
No Realist ever could think that way!

Sigh, if you like, for the olden days,  
For more uncomplicated ways,

But take it out in sobs and sighs  
You wouldn't like it, otherwise.

You'd long for comforts you had not,  
You wouldn't care about your lot.

So thank the Sons of Martha, who  
Have put the road and railway through,  
And given you the time and ease  
To long for "Simpler days than these."

*Slaves of the Draught*

All of us dreamed, when we went through  
college,  
Of using our Engineering Knowledge  
In planning tunnels and dams tremendous  
In strange wild places where Fate would  
send us;  
Pushing railroads through Zanzibar,  
Bossing projects in Kandahar,  
Laying roads through the hot Sahara  
Or bridging the Amazon at Para.

Such were the dreams that we dreamed at  
school.  
Now, most of us sit at a draughtsman's  
stool,



Drawing, with fingers deft and skilled,  
Designs of structures that others build,  
And the Yangste Kiang or the Amazon  
We'll probably never gaze upon.

Or maybe we'll plod  
With the line and rod,  
Surveying the route, with the greatest care,  
For a local motorists' thoroughfare.

And yet—and yet—  
Though we may not get  
The jobs we dreamed and the chance we  
looked for,  
Though common place stuff is the stuff we're  
booked for,  
It still is true that it rests on us  
(With slide-rule, transit and Calculus)



To see that the gadgets of progress function  
With safety, sanity, ease and unction;  
To know—that the girder will not buckle,  
That you can depend on the steering-  
knuckle,  
That the curve is right, and the straight line  
straight,  
And the rails will carry their destined weight

For civilization's driving-gears  
Are kept in mesh by the Engineers.

### Male Chorus

The Song of the Roughneck Brigade,  
That sounds to the clang of the spade,  
The rat-a-tat-tat of the hammer and drill,  
The thud of the blasting in tunnel and fill;  
A song that is chanted and sung  
By men who are roomy of lung.  
It rumbles in bass and in baritone notes  
From fifty inch chests and from eighteen-  
inch throats.  
And this is the sense of the rhythm and throb  
Of chanties that go with the Job;

"We're busting the mountains that get in  
our way  
We're telling the floods to behave,  
We're filling the quagmires with granite and  
clay,  
We're giving the forests a shave.  
In caissons we sink through the quicksand  
and drink,  
We raise up the steel to the sky,  
In sunshine or storm it is ours to perform  
Without asking wherefore or why.

"Ho! You steam shovelers,  
Sand-hogs and dolley-men,  
Hi, all you powder-men cracking the rock;  
Come all you bull-throated  
Grouchy or jolly men  
Huskies that spring from the huskiest  
stock;  
Ho! All you sledge-swingers,  
Bridge-monkeys, boilermen,  
Doing the jobs for which wages are paid  
Big-muscled, hard-fisted, soft-hearted  
toiler-men,  
Join in the Song of the Roughneck  
Brigade!"



It isn't the poet alone who dreams  
Of hitching his cart to a star which gleams,  
Or one who would follow the rainbow's bend  
For the pot of gold at its very end.

Is a vision robbed of its right to glory  
Because it came from the laboratory?

Is a dream the less because it began  
In the heart of an "up-to-date business  
man"?

The poet sings of his dreams, but when  
Practical, busy and prosy men

Toil on a dream till they make it fact  
Shall we call it a sordid commercial act,

Or shall we say, with a broader view  
"Why, these are dreamers and poets too!"



### Lads of the Laboratory

They fool around with deadly fumes, calm,  
studious and placid,  
That you and I may profit by discoveries  
they've made,  
They analyze and synthesize with alkali  
and acid  
And brew commercial magic for the pur-  
poses of trade.

And some of 'em with scalpel and some of  
'em with serum,  
Practice on the guinea-pigs they keep  
upon their shelves;  
Others gather microbes and meticulously  
rear 'em.  
And then—to test their theories—in-  
oculate themselves.

They toy with plague and cholera and make  
a pal of cancer,  
To learn a little more about these enemies  
of men.  
And if they die in agony before they find  
the answer,  
Why, others of the Science Tribe will  
carry on again!

### Drummers

Babbitt goes down to the sea in ships,  
Babbitt goes into the jungle, too,  
But these are Regular Business Trips,  
Nothing Novel, or Strange or New.

Babbitt builds cities where deserts were  
And starts a Rotary Club, no doubt,  
Which gives some Realist chronicler  
Another subject to sneer about.

Babbitt gambles with Fate and Chance  
In Maine, Missouri and Martaban;  
But, Gosh all fishhooks! There's no Ro-  
mance  
In George F. Babbitt, the Business Man!

### The Yokelry

We wouldn't house our cows  
In a "lovely peasant cottage"  
With its picturesque and flea-infested thatch;  
We raise our corn and 'taters  
Using patent cultivators  
And we seldom hoe the smallest garden  
patch.

We milk the lowing kine  
With the latest new design  
Of mechanical contrivance we can get,  
And the unromantic tractor  
Is a highly useful factor  
In eliminating drudgery and sweat.

Though our fields may lack the charm  
Of the "little peasant farm"



Where the housewife helps the oxen pull the  
plow;  
Though there's nothing very quaint  
Which a painter'd care to paint  
In the life the native farmer's living now;

Still, we don't mind very much  
If we lack that certain touch  
Of the picturesque, the colorful and odd;  
We prefer to live our lives  
Without hitching up our wives  
And we'd rather let a gang-plow turn the sod.

Though, unlike Ye Gentil Peasant  
We live chiefly in the present  
And our lack of ancient customs doubtless  
shocks,  
Still we feel, with some acumen,  
That's it's better to be human  
Than a picturesque blood-brother to the ox!

### Moral—If Any

"Going up" is the slogan here,  
The word of a folk who have conquered  
fear;  
A people rising, a people striving,  
A tide of hope that is ever driving  
Higher and higher; that climbs and climbs  
With the lift and surge of these surging times.  
Mr. American, it is *this*  
This is the *something* that you miss  
When you pack your trunk and you sail  
away  
To lands that pattern on Yesterday.

Never before has a nation meant  
So much glorious discontent,  
So much of reaching, so much of daring  
For what seems worthy a people's sharing.

What if, with our larger reach, we clutch,  
At dross and tinsel that lure the touch?  
It's only the crowd in its vague beginning  
Of finding things that are worth the winning.  
And even so—was it ever true  
That growth should be for the Chosen Few,  
That civilization prospers so  
On the misery of the "mob" below?

It never was true—you shall see, in time,  
The heights that the "mob" itself shall  
climb,  
The mob that's looking ahead, not back,  
The mob that follows no beaten track,  
The mob that toils for its own advance  
Where Civilization means—A Chance!

Am I waving the flag? Do I seem to brag?  
All right, admitted; I wave the flag!







### Clifton Webb and Libby Holman

FLORENCE VANDAMM

**T**HERE is more talent, more sparkle and more mirth in "The Little Show," than in any revue current on Broadway. Most of the lyrics are by Howard Dietz, most of the music by Arthur Schwartz and most of both are exceptionally good. There is an abundance of principals with the ubiquitous Fred Allen unflaggingly humorous as a sort of master of

ceremonies; Clifton Webb in top form both as a comedian and dancer; Libby Holman handling songs and dramatic bits with equal skill; Romney Brent bearing a manful share of the comic contributions, and Joan Carter-Waddell looking lovely and dancing gaily. Take it all in all, you could go to almost any theatre and fare worse—E. R. B.





"Hello, Daddy" is a musical version of Fields' straight comedy, "The High Cost of Loving." In it Lew Fields and George Hassell (left) cavort entertainingly. It is the fairly trite story of three respectable married men who are made to suffer through blackmail for their early indiscretions with a famous opera singer. Fields manages to wring a pretty steady stream of laughs out of the situations, the score is tuneful and the dancing unusually clever

Ronald Colman (right) is one of the screen actors who shines in the talkies by reason of his pleasing voice. "Bulldog Drummond" is an all-talking picture in which he plays the lead and has the support of an excellent company including Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, Montague Love, and Claude Allister. Intelligently played throughout, the action is rapid and thrilling, telling the story of the hair-breadth adventures encountered by Bulldog Drummond in his gallant efforts to rescue a beautiful American girl and her uncle from the clutches of blood-thirsty villains posing as the owners of a nursing home



PHOTO BY  
VANDAM



"A Night in Venice" is a gaudy revue, rough in spots and moderately amusing. Ted Healy, pictured at the left with the would-be cunning Dodge sisters, is the best thing about it. He is one of those effortlessly funny comedians, suffering in this case for lack of material and forced to get most of his laughs by the sheer force of his personality, which he manages very creditably. Another distinct asset are the Michons, Joe and Pete, whose acrobatics are not only satisfactorily agile but vastly amusing



"Jonesy," by John Peter Toohey and Anne Morrison, is in the mood of light domestic, small-town comedy. "Jonesy," a youngster played by Raymond Gion, having completely upset his family by falling in love with the leading lady of the local stock company, proves his perspicacity when the young lady turns out to be the niece of the town's big business man. This happy event solves a number of difficulties incident to the plot, which ends up in farce. To the right are Raymond Gion, Nydia Westman (Jonesy's next-door sweetheart), and Donald Meek, very effective as Mr. Jones

Captions by  
Esther R. Bien



VANDAMM

The two very pretty girls in the circle might easily be taken for twins and often are in Hollywood, but as a matter of fact they are Mary Astor and June Collyer, whose only relationship is their popularity on the screen. Mary Astor has lately appeared in "The Woman from Hell" and June Collyer in "Not Quite Decent," a comedy drama with Louise Dresser and Allan Lane. Miss Collyer is now working on two pictures to be released late in the summer—"River Romance" and "Illusions"



MAX MUM AUTREY

"The Grand Street Follies" has become an institution which is looked to for some of the wittiest parody and funniest burlesque of the season. This year you will find your expectations fulfilled only in a few isolated spots such as Dorothy Sand's (right) mimicry of Irene Bordoni, and some of Albert Carroll's and Paula Truman's imitations. Neither music nor material seems up to par, and a pseudo-historical method of presentation has been used which is thoroughly heavy handed



VANDAMM



# Justice Outside the Law Checkmates a Crime Through Bluff

By Richard Connell

Illustrations by William Meade Prince

IN THE big, oak-paneled library of his house, a silver-haired man sat at a massive, flat desk, writing. The room was in darkness, save for the golden circle of light which fell from the small desk lamp on the white paper and his slow-moving pen. Outside, the fall night was soundless.

His face was a kind face but now there was a shadow of trouble on it. As he blotted the words he had written, he shook his head and sighed. Then his body stiffened to attention for he heard the ever so faint click of a turning door-knob. His eyes peered into the dimness beyond the pool of light.

"Who's there?" he called.

A man walked quickly from the door and stood in front of the desk. He was well-dressed, under thirty, tall and thickly built; handsome, too, in a heavy, saturnine way, though his lips, under his close-cropped dark mustache seemed set in a chronic half-sneer, and his eyes were black ice.

"Why, it's you, Baird!" the older man exclaimed.

"Yes, Uncle Morgan. You weren't expecting me, were you?"

"No. I was not." The older man spoke quietly. "I told you our last talk was our final one. Why are you here?"

The standing man bared his teeth in an ugly smile.

"I have come," he said, "to kill you."

The older man stared at him. He seemed puzzled, rather than frightened.

"You're talking like a fool, Baird," he said.

"I'm going to act like a wise man."

Morgan Winter continued to regard his nephew with steady eyes, and his voice was steady when at last he spoke.

"Why should you want to kill me, Baird?"

"For a good reason. For the best reason in the world. For a reason you'll understand. I want your money."

The old man spoke slowly.

"You are capable of doing it, I know," he said. "I tried for years not to believe that you have hate—and murder—in your heart. God knows I did my best to be kind and fair to you, to give you an education, to do everything I could to help you for your own sake as well as for the sake of my dead sister. God alone knows, too, why you have become the sort of man you are to-day. You've been given every chance to make something of yourself, Baird, and, I'm sorry to have to say it, your life has been idle and vicious—"

"Stop your damned preaching," cut in the nephew. "You said all that last week.

You're a saint and I'm a devil. I admit it. I drink, gamble, raise hell, do as I please. What about it? My philosophy of life fits me as well as your pious quacking fits you. I'm sick of all this sanctimonious talk. Tonight I have come to do something."

Morgan Winter studied the chill eyes across the desk.

"I cannot stop you," he said. "You know that we are alone in the house. I'm an old man, unarmed, and no match for you. Well, I'll make no appeal to your conscience. That would be futile, I know. But I will appeal to your common-sense. How would it profit you to kill me?"

"I'd make a million dollars."

"And then?"

"Then, I'd enjoy spending it."

"But would you?"

"Do you think I'm soft? Do you think your ghost would haunt me?"

"No, Baird. I know there is nothing soft about you. You are utterly hard and remorseless. I know that well. But one million—or all the millions in the world—will do you little good if you have to pay for them with your life."

Baird Gorse grunted contemptuously.

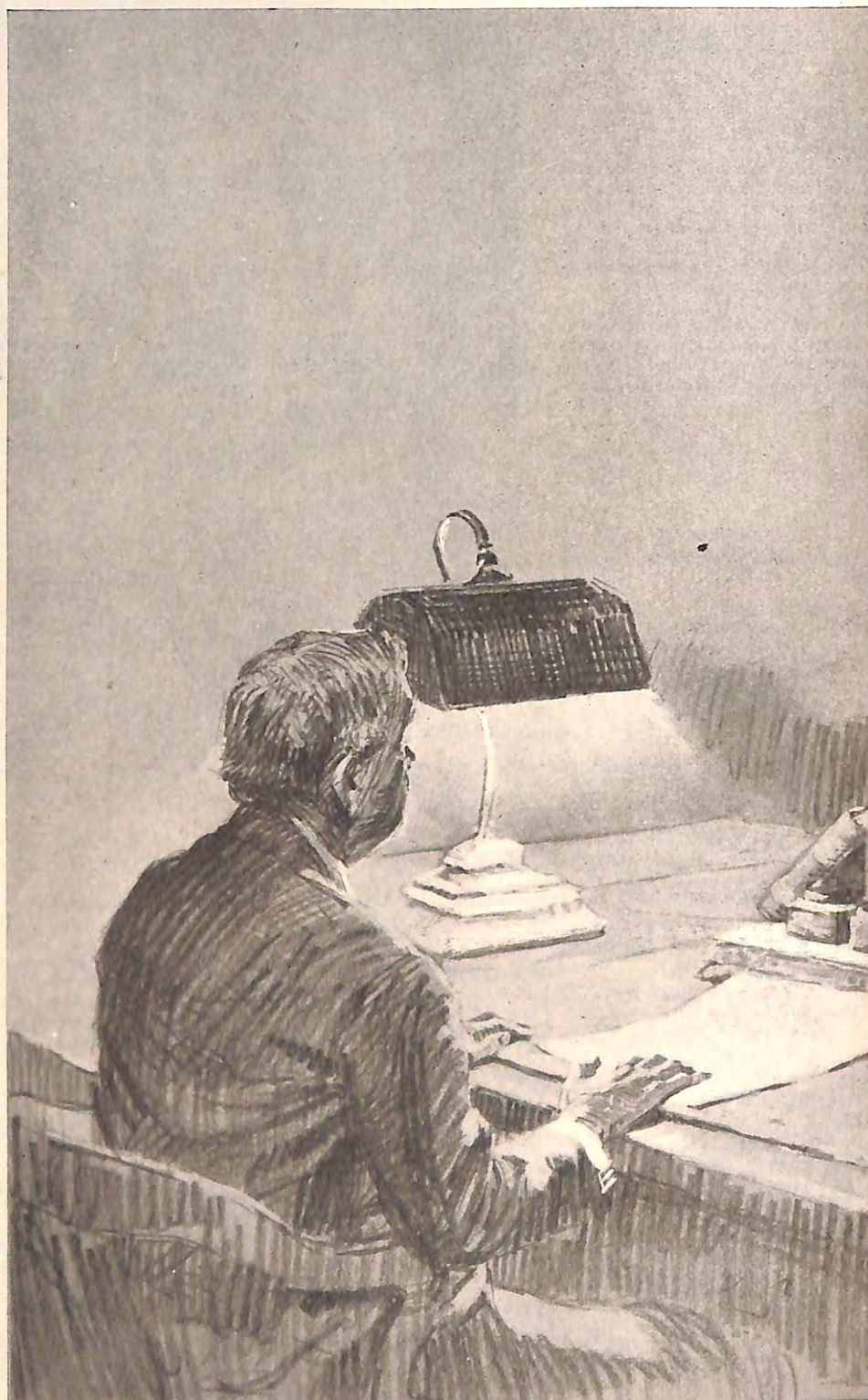
"I won't," he said.

"Can you be sure?"

"Absolutely. Whatever you say of me, you can't say that I'm stupid. You can't say I lack nerve. I can run a bluff, and nobody can bluff me. That's why I'll win. Listen. I'll tell you exactly what is going to happen—"

"Well?"

"Here on this desk you have your old will, made before Aunt Kate died, leaving your money to her and a small income to me. You are in the act of writing a new will in which you leave me ten thousand dollars,







*The standing man bared his teeth in an ugly smile. "I have come," he said, "to kill you"*

outright, and the rest of your estate to the hospital—"

Morgan Winter nodded.

"JUST as I told you last week," he said, "and I told you why, too. I hold no hatred against you, Baird. But if I left you a large amount of money it would kill the last chance you have to stand on your own feet and be a decent, self-respecting man. You'd squander any large sum I left you—"

"Quite right," said Baird Gorse, calmly. "And you will leave me a large sum—your entire estate, in fact, because you will die without leaving any will, and I, as your only living relative, will, under the law, inherit your property. I'm glad now you made me go to law school. Such legal knowledge as I have will come in handy. And by the way, uncle, don't make any false moves. I mean business."

From his coat pocket Gorse jerked a squat, black automatic pistol. Morgan Winter drew in his breath and his hands gripped the edge of his desk; but his voice did not tremble as he said:

"So you want to force me to make out the new will in your favor? Is that it, Baird?"

Gorse's laugh was short and acid.

"No, Uncle Morgan. I'm no fool. You're a smart man, smart enough to make a fortune. "You'd make out the will in my favor now, at the point of a gun, and tomorrow you'd have me locked up and the will destroyed. Who in this town would take my word against yours? No, uncle, the stake is too great for me to take any silly chance like that."

"Yet you are willing to take a greater chance?"

"My dear uncle, you have often told me that anything worth having—a million

dollars, for example—is worth working for. I do not expect to come through this business without some effort and inconvenience; but I shall come through it, of that I'm sure."

"The law has a long arm and a sharp eye, Baird."

"Arms can be tied. Eyes can be blinded."

"It's a mighty bad risk."

"I'm going to take it. You called me a gambler. I am. I'm betting my life against a million dollars."

"The odds will be against you," Morgan Winter said. "The odds are always against a criminal."

"Not in this case. I'll tell you why. You will be found dead, shot. By me. Well, let's examine the odds against me. I've analyzed them, of course. First of all, everybody in town, even the lame-brained police, will know I did it. They know me,

Wm. Meade  
PRINCE  
1929



and they know you. They know we've quarreled. You've told your friends about it. They know I'm your only enemy and that I alone will profit by your death. They've got me marked down as a bad one, who needs money and will stick at nothing to get it. I've even heard that people have said I look like a murderer. To-morrow all the good citizens will be as sure I killed you as they are that the water in the river is wet, but your old friend, the long-armed, sharp-eyed law will not let them punish me—"

"Indeed?" said Morgan Winter. He had grown paler.

"YES," said Gorse. "The law, in its wisdom, says that to know a thing is not enough; you must be able to prove it. Suppose they bring me to trial for your murder. They'll have no case, but public opinion may force an indictment. Very good. The district attorney will say, 'We are morally certain the wicked nephew killed the good uncle. Motive, your honor, motive.' The judge, speaking for the law, will say 'To hell with your moral certainty. Give me evidence, concrete, tangible evidence.' But there will be no evidence, Uncle. Not a scrap."

"Cleverer men than you have made mistakes," said Morgan Winter.

"I'm betting my life that I don't," answered Gorse. "No one will be able to prove that I came here to-night. No one saw me come. No one will see me go. I'll leave not a single trace behind. You observe I'm wearing rubber gloves. There will be no finger-prints. Nor foot-prints. I'll leave by the back stonewalk and out across the fields to my house. It is a moonless night and there is no chance I'll meet anybody. I'll take with me the old will, the draft of the new one, and, yes, the blotter, too, and these I'll most scientifically destroy. This pistol will vanish. I'll take it apart and scatter the pieces in the river in eighty feet of water. It could not be traced to me, anyhow. I found it years ago and not a living soul knows I have it. I'll go to bed and wait for the police to come and question me. Of course, they will. I'll be ready for them. You know what numbskulls they are, anyhow. I'll bluff them off their feet."

"You're a fool, I tell you, Baird," said Morgan Winter. "Without an alibi—"

"But I have one," said Baird Gorse. "I'll tell them I spent the evening from nine-forty till after ten listening to the Hutt-O'Grady fight on my radio. I'll be haughty and hurt that they should suspect me."

"And suppose," said Morgan Winter, "Chief Coyle, who is more astute than you seem to think, asks you to describe the fight?"

Gorse's mouth twisted in a grin.

"I'll be able to tell him all about it," he said. "I've got a knack for mechanics, you know, and I've rigged up an apparatus which will take down the announcer's words on a wax cylinder as they come from the loud speaker. I've tested it thoroughly, and it works. Even now it is recording every blow struck. Of course the apparatus and the cylinder will be destroyed by the time the police come to interview me—"

"You devil!" said Morgan Winter. "You calculating devil—"

"Thank you. And you might as well stop looking hopefully at the clock, uncle. I know you are expecting Tom Hartwell here to-night to put the new will into legal shape, but I also know that his business at the Civic Club will keep him there till after ten."

The man in the chair seemed to be getting smaller and limper.

"You'll have to pay for this, Baird," he said. "In the end you'll have to pay—"

"Rot!" snapped Gorse. "What I'll have to pay won't worry me. I'll face it down. They haven't the cards to call my bluff. You've criticized me for playing cards so much. Well, I'm the best poker player in the state. I'm standing pat this time. They can grill me and third-degree me till they wear themselves out, but I'll stick to my story. They can't break my nerve, and if I don't weaken, what sort of case have they? Motive? That won't stand up when my lawyers get going. I'll have the smartest lawyers in the country, too, if I'm tried. I'll be found 'Not Guilty.' That's a cinch."

"And then?"

Baird Gorse's laugh was not pleasant to hear.

"And then, uncle, I'll settle down right here in Havenford, in this very house, and proceed to spend your money. A few old codgers like Tom Hartwell and Dr. Frayne will stick to their suspicion about me, and will cut me; but other people won't—not for long, at any rate. I'll have money, and that's what counts these days. Who'll dare slander me after I've been adjudged innocent by a jury of my peers? Why a lot of people will think I'm a martyr. I'm going to stay here, because I like it, and I'll be a leading citizen and give the liveliest parties in the history of the old town, and respectable mothers will try to foist their daughters on the young millionaire, and your ghost can come and haunt me all it wants to—"

"You're mad, Baird," said Morgan Winter, and there was fear in his voice now. "You wouldn't do a thing like this—"

A distant sound made them both strain their ears, the sound of a motor-car laboring up the hill to the Winter house. Swiftly Gorse moved. He swept the papers from the desk to the floor. He whipped up his pistol to within a foot of his uncle's chest and fired. Morgan Winter folded over the desk. Without another glance at him, Gorse caught up the papers from the floor, stuffed them in his pocket, and, moving like a jungle animal, darted from the library and out of the back door.

A few minutes later, Thomas Hartwell and Dr. Frayne, getting no answer to their knocks, entered the house and found the body of their old friend.

IN HIS dusty voice, the court-crier called, "The People against Baird Gorse."

His face a rigid, expressionless mask, the prisoner faced the hostile eyes. In all that crowded court-room he knew that there was nobody who did not believe that he had killed Morgan Winter.

The District Attorney squared his shoulders and set doggedly to work.

"Dr. Edmund Frayne."



An elderly man, his grave face deeply lined, took the stand.

"You knew Morgan Winter?" the District Attorney asked.

His voice shaking with emotion the old doctor answered:

"All my life. He was my dearest friend. I loved him. If there is a God in Heaven, the man responsible for his death will have to answer—"

"PLEASE confine yourself to answering my questions," said the District Attorney. "What was Mr. Winter's reputation?"

"Every man, woman and child who came in contact with him loved him—with one exception."

Question—by the District Attorney—Who was that one exception?

Answer—His nephew, Baird Gorse.

Q. Mr. Winter had no other enemies?

A. No. I'm sure of it. For forty years he was a banker in this town. He was always honest, fair, and generous. We were like brothers, he and I, and I'll stake my life on the assertion that there was not a single act in his business career or private life which could conceivably have made anyone hate him.

Q. And yet you say his nephew was his enemy? How do you know?

A. By his attitude toward his uncle. I have heard Gorse speak to Morgan Winter with disrespect and open hostility. A week before Mr. Winter was killed, he and his nephew had a painful scene. Mr. Winter told me about it. Gorse had come to him for money, as he had often done in the past. He demanded a large sum, and, for the first time, Mr. Winter refused him. Gorse was violent and abusive.

Q. Did he utter any threats against his uncle's life?

A. That I cannot tell you. I only know what Morgan Winter told me. Mr. Winter said: "I have reached the extreme limit of human patience. I have given Baird a good home since he was left an orphan at fourteen; I have given him a good education; I have made him an allowance of ten thousand dollars a year since he was twenty-one; I have given him a house and a car; I have frequently paid off his debts. In return, I have received nothing but ingratitude and insults. He leads a dissipated and useless life and when I talk with him about it, he reviles me. I'm afraid he is the one person in the world who hates me."

Q. Do you know the prisoner?

A. Yes. I've known him all his life.

Q. What is his reputation?

A. I do not want to blacken any man's name—

Q. Please answer the question.

A. I am compelled to say that Baird Gorse does not enjoy a good reputation in this community.

Q. In what way is his reputation bad?

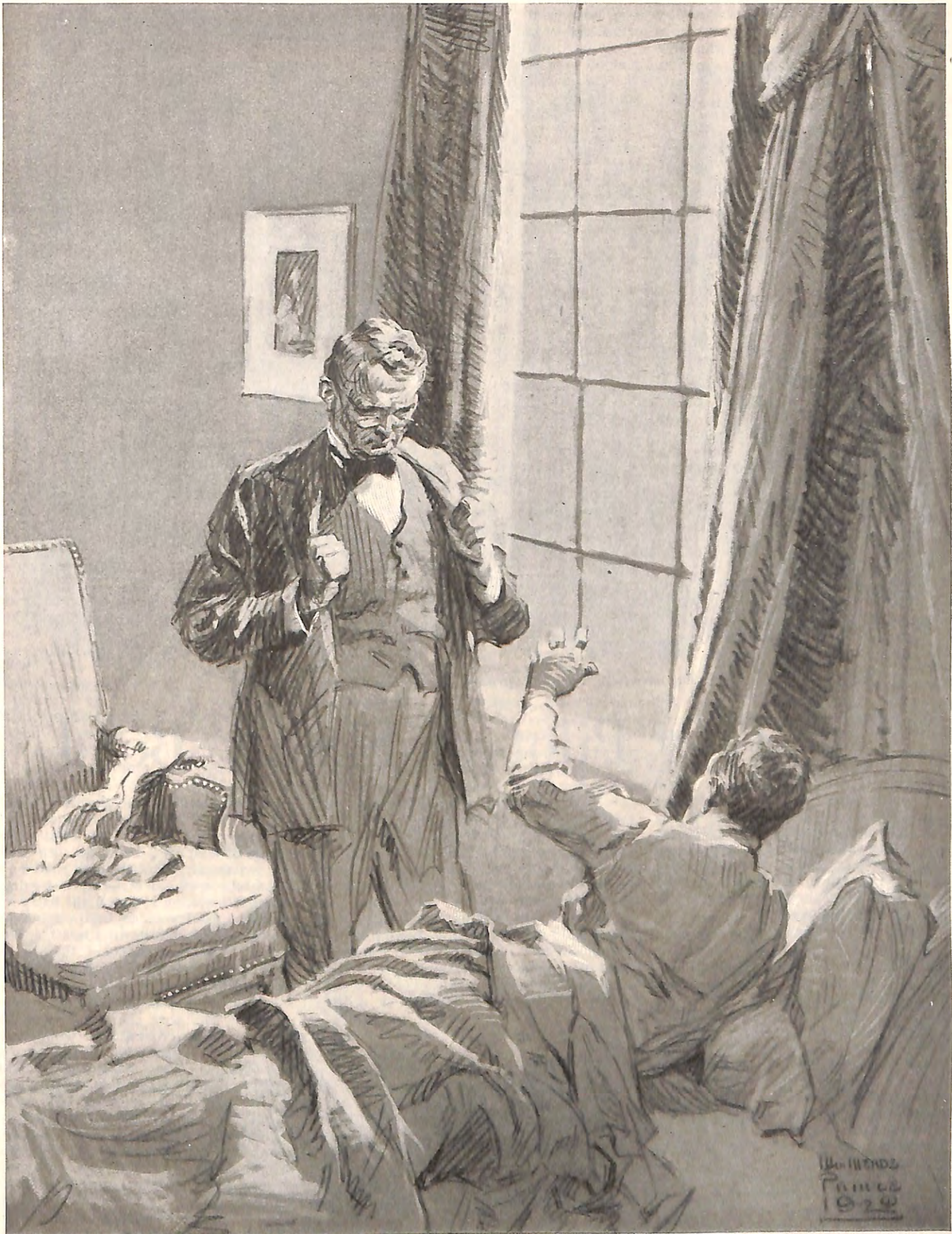
A. Let me try to make myself clear. I have practised medicine here for forty-one years. Naturally, I am in the confidence of many people. I have frequently heard Baird Gorse discussed. It was pretty generally agreed that his personality was harsh and repellant, and that he was tolerated, rather than liked. Now it sometimes happens that an unpleasant personality may hide a fine character; but in the case of Gorse, those who knew him best agreed that his character was dominated by a ruthless, unscrupulous selfishness.

Q. Is that your own estimate of his character, Dr. Frayne?

A. Yes. It is. I consider him almost pathologically egocentric.

Q. Are you a psychologist, Dr. Frayne?





A. Yes. Every doctor must be. I have made a special study of psychology.

Q. When you call the prisoner egocentric, just what do you mean?

A. I mean that he is so self-centred that he habitually ignores completely the rights of others. Indeed, it is doubtful if he realizes that other people have rights. Such a type is capable of anything that will further his own self-interest.

Q. Even murder?

*"Come now, try to face it," said Dr. Frayne. "Try to get some rest . . ."*  
*"Rest?" screamed Gorse. "Rest?"*

A. Yes. Even murder.

Q. You found the body of Morgan Winter?

A. Yes. Thomas Hartwell and I found it.

Q. In what circumstances?

A. We left the Civic Club at ten o'clock in Mr. Hartwell's car. He had business with

Mr. Winter. It took us seven minutes to drive to the Winter house. We knocked. There was no answer. We knew he was expecting us and thought he might be napping in the library. We knew, too, that the servants were away. As we were both very old friends, we went into the house and to the library. He was slumped across his desk, dead. He had been instantly killed by a bullet from a .38 calibre

*(Continued on page 50)*





*The marriage a week later occasioned a riotous celebration*

## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend\*

### Part IV

By Ben Lucien Burman

Illustrated by George Wright

**T**HE marriage a week later occasioned a riotous celebration at which Aunt Vergie consumed the second of her gold-banded cigar stubs and White Johnny swore with a jug in his hand that henceforth States would be as his brother.

Towhead's convalescence through the damp river winter was slow, but when the spring spiders were building their webs in every shanty corner, only a slight pallor and an occasional subdued cough remained to mark her injuries.

With the accident the bitterness between Captain Lilly and the shantyboaters lessened. The feud soon after seemed to come to a complete end as a mysterious stranger suddenly appeared in the streets of Beaver Slough and White Johnny vanished up the river. Twice the captain sought to bring the boy back to the steamer, once through Buttereye whom he sent to the shanty on Christmas Day staggering under a load of clothing and canned goods, once by a visit himself almost a year later when Towhead gave birth to a son. But each time the boy stoically refused.

The child, which at Aunt Vergie's urging was christened Moss for one of her long dead brothers, arrived in a week that began a slow, steady rise of the river. By the time five months had passed and it was able to sit in a corner gurgling over the shoe-mending of the now venerable Professor Jacks, the button factory, unprotected by the levee, was a bleak island in a sluggish, yellow lake and the drawing conversation

at every shanty meal-time was how high the water would climb before the flood reached its crest.

They had other things to talk of as well, however, for one morning, as though he had floated on one of the logs now drifting constantly down the stream, White Johnny reappeared and took possession of his rickety dwelling. The single knife scar on his cadaverous face had now increased to two, his hair was again clipped with the naked shortness reminiscent of a prison barber shop, his limp had aggravated and at the ankle was tied a dirty rag as though to cover a wound made by renewed acquaintance with a galling ball and chain. The newcomer had been in his home only one night when he was joined by two men with hard, pock-marked faces and accents foreign to Beaver Slough.

Within a week of their arrival the drug-store was broken into and the till rifled; in a single night, a few days later, Capps' barber shop was looted and the wharfboat of the Morning Glory robbed of a large portion of its portable cargo.

The morning after the double burglary, an event unprecedented in Beaver Slough's history, Aunt Vergie bustled off happily to town to obtain the baby's high chair which Mrs. Ash, the charitable wife of the judge, had sent word she might have, and returned with a tired step and worried eyes in marked contrast to her gay departure. "I'm getting scared the way things is look-

ing in Beaver Slough," she said to States, who had halted his work an instant to take the baby onto his lap and let it pick the strings of a scarred mandolin with chubby, startled fingers. "Folks was mad enough before about all the stealings was going on, but that breaking in last night has got 'em all riled up. I was looking in front of the candy store and I heard Press Capps and Captain Lilly and some of them talking. Press was going on mighty wild about what they done to him. Took a couple of razors, and that strop that actor fellow wrote his name on, and that chewing-gum machine made an alligator swallow a nigger every time you put a penny in it, and pretty near six dollars besides. And when Captain Lilly began telling about what they done to the wharfboat, it sounded like he was madder than Press. Then Judge Ash come in to get some writing paper and they began talking to him and I thought I heard your name but I couldn't make out what they was saying."

**S**HE took out a box filled with oddly assorted buttons and bits of thread and began tying them as decorations to the arms of the chair. "Seems like Doc Laura went to Miss Goldie's pappy that had got the colic after winning the old men's eating race at the pie social and he seen three fellows sneaking up from Shantytown just about the time the breaking in was done. It was too dark and the fellows was too far back in the bushes to see who they was, but everybody's sure now it's the shantyboaters that's been doing all the robberies. Looks to me like they're getting ready to run us out the



county like they done five years ago. Beaver Slough folks is getting mighty nervous anyway with this high water. I knowed we'd get in trouble letting White Johnny bring them fine friends of his around."

"Guess we'll go to Nigger Skull again if we get chased, won't we?" asked Towhead, who was patching a hole in one of State's shirts with a piece of faded table-cloth.

"GUESS so. We always has. The men figures it's a good place. But with this high water I sure ain't crazy about going there. That old levee around Big Muddy ain't going to last forever and when it goes everything down in Nigger Skull's going with it. You'd think them town folks could tell the difference between shanty people like us and them friends of White Johnny's. But then when I think of that big house of Mrs. Ash I seen today without a flag or a stuffed dove in it I guess there ain't no way of understanding them . . . States, you stop trying to make that baby stand on his head now. That's when witches get power over babies, is when they're upside down."

He surrendered the child to her laughingly and went to the back of the shanty. He glanced at the sky heavy with sombre clouds as a few drops of rain fell upon his hair, then looked at the great muddy waters which had transformed the once vivid landscape into a rippling monotone of brown out of which the submerged trees shot up struggling limbs like drowning men imploring aid. He shook his head, and began pulling in his fishing lines fixed to tomato cans bobbing a few feet from the shore. A government towboat passed, returning from some mission up the swollen river. He ceased work to watch it, his eyes filled with their old longing, then as it drifted out of sight turned to his lines again. A great crane waded near him, and gazed with grave, wistful eyes as he pulled off three fish snared on the hooks and tossed them into a rusty bucket. He smiled thoughtfully. "Way you're looking at me a fellow might think it was right what the steamboaters says about pilots becoming cranes when they die so they can come down and have their feet in the river and watch the boats go by like you do," he murmured. "Guess it ain't so, but I ain't going to refuse you a fish anyway." He took one out of the bucket and tossed it over the water. The bird caught it in mid-air and swallowed it in a solemn gulp.

He came to examine the hooks again in the morning and the faint sprinkle had become a steady downpour. Dissatisfied with his catch, he determined to try his luck with a rod and line, and taking out the hickory branch which served as his pole, sat down at the bow of the shanty. He had been there only a few moments when the line jerked with a violence which almost dragged him into the water; bracing himself against the gunnel, he tugged fiercely and after a brief struggle pulled on board an immense catfish. His eyes lighted with exultation. Quickly he dispatched it and carried it into the shanty where Towhead was washing the oilcloth on which they had just eaten their breakfast.

"Ain't she a whopper?" he demanded

gayly as he laid it on the table that she might see its length. "Bet she weighs sixty pounds if she weighs an ounce. Newt Pillow'll give me seventy-five cents for her sure up at the grocery. Maybe a dollar if he ain't got the lumbago. Golly! If he does we can get a lot of things we been wanting, can't we? You can get that lampshade with the beads and the picture painted on it of the sheep running from the lightning, and Aunt Vergie can get some of them new candy brooms with the handles made of chocolate and the straw made of marshmallow, and I can get the baby a pig balloon, and maybe there'll be enough left to get me a pair of them dice cuff-buttons Zep Wethers and all of them's wearing. I tell you, even if it's raining, this day's starting out right."

He put down his burden a moment to fondle the baby and amid Aunt Vergie's protests again tried to stand it on its head. Then throwing the fish over his shoulder, he started down the narrow, half-inundated neck of land which now formed the sole means of communication between the shanty colony and the button factory, and beyond that the town. He halted a moment to watch a swarm of negroes, laboring in the downpour before the bleak building, pulling up great packing boxes round which the water was lapping and dragging them inside, went on, and had just emerged into the elm bordered road which a short distance further on became the main street of Beaver Slough when he saw coming toward him a tall, shambling figure he recognized as Marty Light, the deputy sheriff.

The officer, who bore the nickname Possum because of his droopy, half-closed eyes and his slow, drawling speech which constantly gave the impression that he was asleep, shook the boy's hand heartily. "Glad to see you, son," he said in a voice so drowsy it was almost hypnotic, as he wrung a stream of water from the ends of his red mustaches which hung down like carrots from his slightly purpled nose. "Was on my way up to your house to get you, and walking out to Shantytown ain't no fun this kind of weather, excepting maybe for ducks or alligators."

States' face tightened in alarm. "What was you coming to see me for, Mister Marty? I ain't done nothing, have I?"

"Don't know as you have, son, but Judge Ash done give me this here summons yesterday afternoon to give to you and I ain't got

nothing to do but serve it. Was going to give it to you last night but I got to argyving with some of the boys in the drugstore about whether a angel had to study Hebrew and Greek and playing music out of books, or whether he learned it all of a sudden same way as he growed wings. Ain't nothing like them spiritual arguments to get you to forgetting time and before I knowed, it was ten o'clock. So I thought I'd let you get a good sleep and bring it to you this morning."

Bewilderedly the boy studied the ornate paper. "Can't read them Latin words but she's a summons allright." He looked up at the officer helplessly. "But what I done, Mr. Marty? I ain't stole nothing. I ain't been fighting. I ain't been dynamiting fish. I sneaked into the show last Tuesday while the lights was blowed out and seen pretty near half the musical kitchen act. But they ain't going to give me a summons for that, are they?"

The officer's weighty eyelids shut completely, remained thus a moment as though he were asleep, then reopened lazily. "You got to talk about that with Judge Ash, son."

The boy's tense features relaxed a little. "There's done been a mistake, that's what it is. They give you the name of the wrong fellow. You'll see when I get there."

"Hope so, son. But I ain't known Judge Ash to make no mistakes about spelling."

"You'll see all right. When do I have to go?"

MARTY consulted the dazzling, enameled dial of his watch. "Guess you'd better be coming right away. About eighty-three now and the summons is for nine."

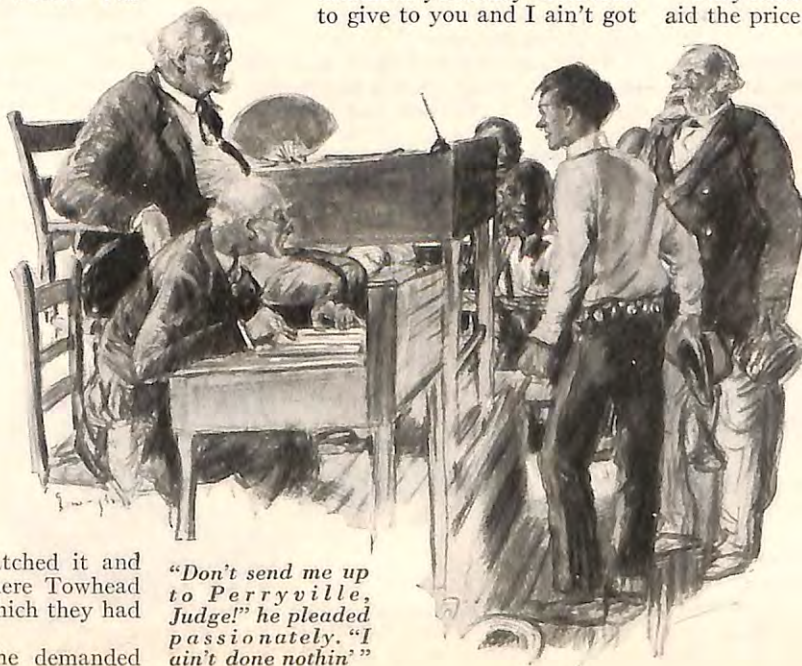
"Ain't I even got time to sell my fish?"

The officer wrung a second deluge from his carrot mustaches. "Don't see nothing to stop you, son. Shame to let a fish like that spoil. Judge ain't sitting in Beaver Slough but two days this week and so he's got plenty to do before he gets to you. There's that fellow from Pine City got drunk yesterday, that's one, and that New Orleans nigger girl, old Willumatta Allen says got her to put her feet in sulphur water so she'd get unconscious and tell her where she had her money hid, that's two, and that ain't all . . . Afraid you ain't going to get much for your fish. I seen Newt sweeping out the store when I come by and his lumbago was looking mighty bad. He'll try to get it from you for a quarter."

They reached the store where with Marty's aid the price was finally fixed at sixty cents

and a box of soda crackers, and continuing on their way, arrived at the court house. Walking between the two cracked and scaly pillars which formed the entrance, they crossed under a dome where hung a majestic, crystal chandelier from which half the pendants had fallen, and pushing open a door, entered a tobacco-reeking room, where a kind-eyed old man sat on the judge's bench and spoke in low, soothing tones to two negroes standing before him. Marty led the way to one of the rear benches. "Sit down here till he calls for you," he whispered, and as the boy obeyed, took a place beside him.

The negroes vanished. After a leisurely interval, their place was taken by a





runty little white man whose gaudy vest and trousers had obviously been slept in all night.

The judge bent over to survey the newcomer, then leaned back and straightened the sprig of lilac in his neat, immaculate silk coat. "What are you accused of?" he asked kindly.

"Guess I was drunk, judge."

The judge turned to a baldheaded old man writing with magnificent flourishes in a ponderous ledger. "Look at his hands, will you, Major?"

The Major put down his pen, and descending from the platform, peered at the prisoner's upturned palms. "Mighty well calloused up, judge. He's a working man all right."

"That's good. That's good. Thank you, Major." He brought the lilac to his nose, held it there an instant while he slowly breathed its rich perfume, then turned to the prisoner again. "What do you do for a living, son?"

The little man looked at his own hands a moment, and grinning sheepishly, thrust them into his pockets. "Checks cars on the railroad down at Pine City, judge."

"You what they call a mudhopper?"

The question caused the prisoner to start in delight. "I sure am, judge!" he flashed.

"I used to be a mudhopper myself. Just after the war when my father had lost all his money and it took all I could do to keep my mother and my three sisters from starving. Mighty hard work being a mudhopper. Start out early in the morning when it's still dark and jump up and down them cars all day long and sometimes keep it up all night, too, till it's pretty near morning again. Get so tired you don't care about nothing. I don't blame you for getting drunk. Case dismissed."

The little man's cherubic face became almost apoplectic. He took the judge's hand and shook it fervently, then hustled down the cuspidor-lined aisle, chuckling as at every few steps he stopped to gaze at his calloused palms.

States watched him disappear and turned to his sleepy faced companion. "Guess he's going to call me next, ain't he, Mr. Marty?"

"Don't know, son."

"Looks like he is." But he shook his head as Major called out an asthmatic, unintelligible sentence, and two rusty farmers shuffled forward from opposite sides of the room. "Wish he would get to me. Then you'll see mighty quick it's a mistake. Judge Ash treats people right."

The farmers, joined by two flamboyant-collared lawyers, had just begun an argument over the ownership of a cow, when Captain Lilly plodded through the door and took his seat on one of the front benches. His wrinkled face was white, agitated. States' assurance dulled with foreboding. "Wonder what he's wanting here," he muttered.

The arguments over the cow became fervent, never-ending orations. The court room grew restless. The judge took out a gilded album and began mounting postage stamps on the wide pages. The captain un- easily laced and unlaced his right shoe, then finally removed from his coat a small green bottle in whose bottom was a tiny, half-completed model of a log cabin, and reaching a long tweezers through the bottle

neck, began to fit a wooden chicken in place before the door. States gnawed his lips and stared out the window.

The orators at last ceased their heated rhapsodies. As though a great bell had begun clanging in his ears, States heard Major call his name. For a moment he sat motionless, frozen with sudden fright, then as a slight nudge from Marty roused him, arose, and trembling, limped toward the bench. He took a place in front of it beside the Captain, who was thrusting the green bottle back into his coat. They stood waiting, their bodies so close together the boy could faintly hear the ticking of the old man's watch.

THE judge wetted a piece of adhesive paper on his tongue and fixed it to a stamp bearing the picture of a giraffe. "Howdy, Captain Lilly, howdy, States," he said.

"Howdy, Judge. Morning, Judge." The old man's voice was high pitched, wavering, the boy's was a tense, scarcely audible whisper.

The judge carefully pasted the stamp in the album, and directed his friendly eyes toward the youth. "Guess you're wondering what you're here for, ain't you, son?"

A thin white line showed beneath each of the boy's eyes; he could feel the box of crackers in his hand shaking. "Yes sir, I was wondering. I was telling Mr. Marty looked to me like it was a mistake. I ain't done a thing, judge. I was telling Mr. Marty I sneaked into the picture show the other night when the lights blowed out and seen pretty near half the musical kitchen act and—"

The judge took out another stamp and peered at it through his heavy, gold-rimmed glasses. "I'm sorry, son. It ain't no mistake."

"But what I done, Judge?"

"Captain Lilly's taken a action against you. Done swore out papers for what they call being a vagrant."

The lines beneath the boy's eyes became great ashen patches which swept swiftly down his cheeks and up his forehead. He felt the court room grow immense, hazy; dizzily saw it begin to whirl like a smoky crystal in which the brass cuspidors shone out like stars. The whirling ceased. He put his fingers to his blurred eyes and rubbed them dazedly, realized that his broken tooth had recommenced its old, fiery, agony, and dully packed a piece of chewing gum about the root.

The judge reached down and patted his shoulder. "Stay quiet a minute till it gets better, son." He held out a stamp to the old man. "You're up at Mace Bugg's hotel pretty near every day, Cap. Has Mace got a stamp like that?"

"Don't know, Judge. I seen him have lots of monkey ones and a couple of zebra ones but don't remember seeing no elephants."

"Next time you're talking to him let him kind of know I'd like to trade him an elephant one for a zebra, will you?"

He slipped the stamp back into the envelope. "Looks like States' tooth ain't so bad now. Guess you'd better tell him what you was telling me day before yesterday so he'll know the law ain't treating him wrong."

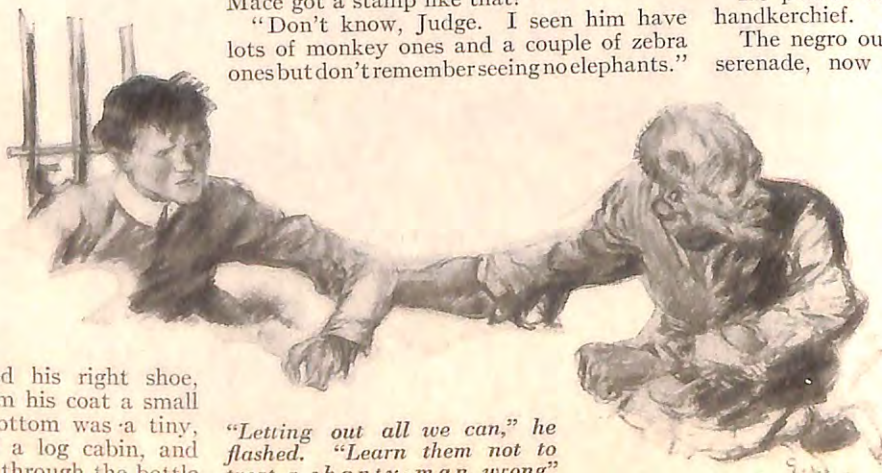
Fitfully, rigidly, the old man's withered fingers picked at the cork in the green bottle neck projecting out of his pocket. A shirtless negro in a ragged silk hat shambled out the drugstore opposite the court house, and sheltered from the rain by a dripping awning, began shrilly playing an ocarina. The old man turned mechanically to listen. "You know about my losing my little baby, judge. And you know about my adopting States and bringing him up just as if he was my own. You know about it better than anybody else. 'Cause it was you give me the papers to get him. I done what I said I'd do when I signed the papers, judge. I give him food when he was hungering and drink when he was thirsting. I watched over him in the daytime when he was playing and prayed over him at night when he was ailing. Nobody except the Lord knows how I got to love that boy, judge. Grewed up to be a fine boy, too, as fine a boy as anybody ever seen. And he was growing up to be a fine pilot too. The old time kind of pilot that loves the river like . . . well like that old blind man in Pine City loved that shepherd dog that used to get his things for him and bring them to him in his mouth. Ain't many of them kind of steamboaters left nowadays. Many a time I used to sit back in the pilot house of the Morning Glory when the logs was so thick in the river it looked like you couldn't get a elm leaf between them and watch him take her through without scraping a fly speck of paint off her paddle. And then I'd get out my Bible and read some of the sad parts to keep myself from getting too proud having a son like him that I could leave the Morning Glory to when I died . . . And then he left me."

UNDER the constant pressure of his fingers the cork was slipping far down into the neck of the bottle. He did not notice and drearly continued his fitful plucking. "When he done that, Judge, I felt like . . . well kind of like a swallow that had a nest near the Morning Glory was looking one evening when she come home to the three little birds that was in it and seen a big branch had fell on them and they was all dead. I know they was his own people he went back to. But they was shanty people, bad people. And he don't belong with no bad people. I trained him different. States is good."

He paused and wiped his face with his handkerchief.

The negro outside continued his piercing serenade, now accompanying it with an enthusiastic shuffling of his great feet. The judge listened and beckoned to the deputy. "Give that nigger out there a nickel for me, will you, Marty? He's playing mighty pretty this morning."

The deputy vanished. Captain Lilly watched the negro's feet whirl faster as the coin clinked onto the pavement and dully resumed his speech. "States is good, Judge. But you can't



"Letting out all we can," he flashed. "Learn them not to treat a shanty-man wrong"





*States, with Buffalo at his side, clambered over the gunwale, snatched up the pole once more, and with a mighty thrust sent the craft scudding forward*

keep on being good for ever, can you, when there ain't nothing around you but stealing and law breaking. Before he got married, all the time I was hoping he'd come back to me, even when I thought I was hating him for a while and done the terrible thing I done. And even after that I was still hoping. But I been just hoping too long. With all this new thieving and these jail fellows from up North coming on the shanties I know I've got to do something. There's going to be something mighty serious happen about the shanty boaters, Judge. Beaver Slough folks are just about boiling. Waters getting higher all the time and plenty of people'll be moving out their houses in a day or so and if there's stealing now, what's it going to be like then? States'll have to be on one side or the other. And I just can't think about him being on the wrong side. That's why I'm asking you to send him off to the Reform School, Judge. There's some fine teachers up at that school in Perryville, everybody says. The fellow that's got the phonograph store down at Pine City was telling me that the two trombone players in that band come there last year said to him they'd both been in the Perryville school a couple of years, and before they went there they couldn't play a note. They can learn him a lot of things I couldn't. And when he's away from the shanty people a while he'll get to seeing just what kind of folks they are, and he won't ever want to go back."

Once more the cuspidors, like glittering planets, began to wheel giddily in the boy's

brain. The box in his hand crackled dully beneath the crushing pressure of his fingers. A stream of scarlet ants darted out from a tear in the blue wrapper, rushed about in panic a moment, then scurried frantically inside. Two gray cracker crumbs dropped onto the floor as they retreated. With his lame foot States pushed them out of sight under the edge of a dusty strip of matting.

The old man drew out the bottle, and mechanically gazing at the cork retreating faster and faster down the neck, tried to pull it upward. His withered hands were shaking, his blue eyes were moist. "I ain't done this without thinking, Judge. I ain't wanting to separate a boy from his wife and baby. I ain't wanting to see my own son in a jail or just the same as a jail, even if they has good teachers. But I been figuring and figuring and it's the only way I can see to save him. I done him wrong twice, once by not telling him who his father was and once by smashing his shanty and almost killing the girl that's his wife. They was terrible wrongs and I hope I'll get punished for them when I die. But this time I know I'm doing right."

Silence fell on the court room. The ants reappeared in a fiery parade on the cracker box and mounting up to the boy's sleeve, began racing over the front of his shirt. He

smoothed the ruffled edge of the matting dreamily with his shoe and let them go unchecked.

The judge thumbed a leaf of his album and watched the insects thoughtfully. "Bet they're Newt Pillow's crackers, ain't they? . . . If you got anything to say, son, I'm ready to listen."

A second detachment of ants began climbing States' sleeve. One of those already on his shirt crawled onto his neck. The new attack seemed to wake him from his stupor. Putting down the box on a nearby chair, he caught the wanderer on his neck and one by one brushing the others from his clothing, faced the judge stonily. His leaden stoicism suddenly collapsed. His lips began to twitch feverishly about his broken tooth; his eyes narrowed with desperation.

"Don't send me up to Perryville, Judge!" he pleaded passionately. "I ain't done nothing to be sent to jail. Ain't nobody in Perryville but boys that picks pockets and steals from banks and kills people. Ain't as if I'd shot somebody. If I'd done that you'd have a right to hang me or anything and I wouldn't say nothing. But I ain't done a thing against the law except sneaking into the show and I got the fifteen cents ready to give them for that. I been leading a good life, Judge. But if you send me up to Perryville . . . I'm going to do something bad."

"You ain't goin' to do nothing bad, son, Perryville ain't going to hinder you, its going to help you. Like the captain says it'll give

(Continued on page 42)





## EDITORIAL

### GRAND EXALTED RULER HULBERT

THOSE who know Murray Hulbert, even casually, were confident that when he assumed the duties of the office of Grand Exalted Ruler last July, he would perform them with rare intelligence, with earnest diligence, and with courageous honesty. But only those who knew him best, who had observed his capacity for real leadership, and who had knowledge of his enthusiastic devotion to the Order, could have foreseen the self-sacrificing fidelity with which he has given to that office, throughout the year, the first claim upon his time, his energy and his experienced ability.

Subordinating his extensive private interests, his first thought has been the well-being of the Order. And perhaps no one of his predecessors has visited so many of the subordinate Lodges, in so many different sections of the country, or devoted so much of his personal attention to the details of his office.

He has represented the Order upon numerous occasions of public importance, and always with effective dignity and forceful eloquence. His own sincerity and enthusiasm have fired the zeal of thousands of members with whom he has sought personal contact. His good judgment and sound discretion have enabled him to solve the many difficult problems that have arisen with unusual success. And his genial disposition and charm of manner have won him a host of admiring friends throughout the Order.

Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert has proved himself eminently worthy of the high honor conferred upon him. When he shall have presided over the approaching convention at Los Angeles, and surrendered the gavel of authority to his successor, the whole Order will be his debtor for an administration of its affairs comparable with the best in all its history.

### PULLERS AND KICKERS

A KICKING horse can't pull; a pulling horse can't kick. This old proverb has a very significant meaning, when applied to the members

of a subordinate Lodge. It is not inapt to liken such a membership to a team of horses, harnessed together and pulling the Lodge forward. And the rate of progress, and the steadiness and ease with which it is accomplished, depends upon every trace being taut against its share of the load.

There is nothing new in this figure of speech, and there is no novelty in the conditions to which it thus relates. But the truth of the lesson suggested is worthy of occasional repetition. We are so prone to forget it. And now that the new officers are settled in their respective positions, it is well to remind ourselves that, however enthusiastic they may be and however willing, they cannot haul the whole load, except with undue strain and with inadequate speed.

The kickers, and there are an unfortunate number, not only can not pull while kicking, but they tangle up the harness and prevent others from doing so. They are as unfair as they are unwise. They defeat their own real purpose.

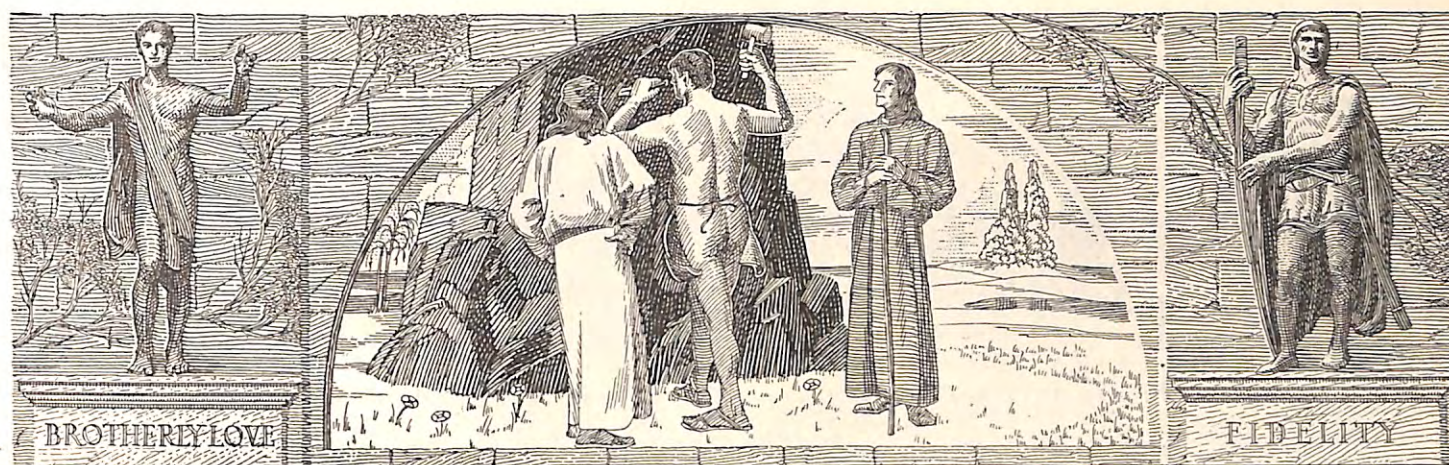
It is to be assumed that every member honestly desires his Lodge to function to the full extent of its capacity. It can do this only when every member is helpfully contributing to this result. That contribution may be most valuable when it takes the form of intelligent, constructive criticism. But a mere kick never helps any situation.

It is the pullers, not the kickers, who have brought the Order to where it is to-day, and who will continue to carry it forward along the road of achievement.

### OFFICIAL VISITS AND GIFTS

WHEN officers of the Grand Lodge, particularly the Grand Exalted Ruler and his District Deputies, formally visit a subordinate Lodge, the occasion is one of fraternal importance. It should be recognized as such and every reasonable effort should be made to insure its success as a real event. Appropriate features of entertainment should be provided, to attract attendance of the members; and preparations should be adequate to assure the effectiveness, and





the informative and inspirational value, of the meeting.

This is quite generally the rule. The subordinate Lodges realize the benefits to be derived from such events. They appreciate the honor implied in the visitations. And it is, happily, quite usual for the officials to be received with becoming attentions and fraternal consideration.

But a custom has grown up in many of the Lodges, which, because of the natural tendency to invite comparisons and incite competition, bids fair to become embarrassing and even burdensome. It is the practice of giving presents of substantial value to the visiting officials.

The custom is a gracious one; and was born of the generous impulse to make the occasion memorable in the experience of the guest, and to provide him with a souvenir that he might prize and cherish. But it has developed extravagant aspects. In many instances it has become an expected formality rather than a personally distinctive compliment to the visitor. And because of this the official often feels that his visit is regarded as a tax rather than a privilege.

It is only fair to state that this is due to the mistaken view of the Lodges as to their hospitable obligations rather than to any attitude of the officials. But it would be much better if the custom were observed with more discrimination and a clearer conception of its true basis instead of as a competition among the Lodges.

An officer who is received with sincere and gracious hospitality, and with a pride and pleasure that is displayed by personal attendance of the members and by a responsive reception of his message, needs no material token to impress the occasion happily upon his memory. If it be the real desire of the Lodge to present him with such a memento, it would be all the more appropriate if it be one of distinctive character rather than one of mere monetary value. And unless the specific occasion suggests it in some particular aspect, the custom would be better honored in the breach.

It may seem a little hypercritical to thus decry apparent generosity. But if this suggested saner and more appropriate practice be adopted, official visitations would be more heartily welcomed. And they would become all the more effective and fraternally valuable to all concerned.

#### BEGINNING AGAIN

"I wish that there were some wonderful place  
Called The Land of Beginning Again."

THUS sings the poet, as if in vain longing for the humanly unattainable. But there is such a place. And it lies but a step away. It is within reach of the most timid traveler. It only requires the determination to take the step across the boundary line which divides it from the road of error or folly upon which we are journeying.

It is not the mythical land where all our mistakes are entirely forgotten and our sorrows never recalled. That poetic region is beyond the reach of human conquest. And it is fortunate that it is so; else experience would lose all its value; and our beginning again would be likely to be but another start along a highway leading to the same disappointments and unhappiness.

But the real Land of Beginning Again is a place into which we take a clear remembrance of follies and failures and errors, that have brought wisdom to recognize them as such. There we take our sorrows with us, not to dwell upon in morbid grief, but merely as recalled experiences which have enriched and softened our lives.

We all make mistakes. They are not all of the same seriousness, nor are they all followed by the same disastrous results. But they are all of a character which should be corrected where possible, and the repetition of which should be avoided. That is all there is to a real beginning again. And there has never lived a man so wise and good but that he has many times felt the need of such a new beginning. It is the readiness with which one undertakes it that is proof of wisdom and goodness.





BUTTER &amp; GRIMMELL

*This mounted guard of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge takes part in patriotic celebrations and outdoor functions of the Order's largest Lodge*

## Under the Spreading Antlers

### News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

#### **Cornerstone Laid for New Unit Of Betty Bacharach Home**

ON MAY 12, Mother's Day and the anniversary of the dedication of the Betty Bacharach Home for afflicted children at Longport, N. J., the cornerstone of the fifth unit of the institution, the McSweeney Isolation Hall, was laid by State Senator Emerson L. Richards.

The new building, to be erected through the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Henry McSweeney, was formally started upon its career of mercy following the regular Mother's Day observances of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, which conducts and maintains the Home. Among those who spoke during the course of the double ceremony were Senator Richards, Hon. Finis Garrett, Judge of the United States Court of Customs Appeals, whose speech was later reprinted in *The Congressional Record*, at the request of Representative John A. Garner, of Texas; and Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Senator Richards, during the course of his speech, read a telegram from Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert to Exalted Ruler Harry Bacharach, donor, with his brother Congressman Isaac Bacharach, of the Home, in which Mr. Hulbert regretted his absence and lauded the spirit which led to the founding of the institution. David C. Reed, Chairman, and Elias Rosenbaum, Secretary, of the Board of Governors of the Home, were in charge of the program for the occasion.

#### **Alameda, Calif., Lodge Entertains Golden Gate Pilots**

Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, recently held its annual reception for the Bar Pilots of the Port of San Francisco. These pilots, appointed by the Governor of California, take all sea-going ships through the waters of the Golden Gate, and are seamen of long experience. They are nearly all Elks, and the annual visit of their Association to the Home of Alameda Lodge is always the occasion for an evening of merriment flavored with the tang of the sea.

#### **Kingman, Ariz., Lodge Celebrates Thirtieth Anniversary**

The program with which Kingman, Ariz., Lodge, No. 468, celebrated its 30th anniversary included a parade, an initiation, a stag dinner and a dance in the Lodge Home. Starting early in the afternoon the large class of candidates, headed by the Indian Band from Fort Mojave, was paraded through the city streets. Following this informal and amusing event, the candidates were the guests of the Lodge at a dinner, preceding their initiation. At the conclusion of the Lodge session, the members adjourned to the ball room where they joined their ladies for the anniversary dance.

The officers for the present Lodge year were

also installed during the course of the birthday celebration, and the great crowd which had gathered for the occasion witnessed the unusual spectacle of the Exalted-Ruler-elect being installed by his father and brother, both of whom had preceded him in office. The new Exalted Ruler is Donald G. George, his father and brother being Past Exalted Rulers Ira M. George and Stanley J. George.

#### **West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge Honors District Deputy Baker**

Approximately 300 members and visiting Elks, the largest crowd in several years to attend a meeting of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No.

**MUCH** information on building materials and furnishings that have gone into nearly 400 Elk lodges which have either been newly erected or remodeled in the last six years is available for the use of Elk building committees. When writing use your Elk stationery. Address The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.

1352, gathered to honor District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edwin Baker, at the session at which he was presented with an honorary life membership card, and at the dinner which followed. An initiation, the banquet, entertainment and speeches contributed to a most enjoyable evening. District Deputy Harold Colee, President of the Florida State Elks Association, was among the speakers who congratulated Mr. Baker, and his brother, R. C. Baker, who also received an honorary life membership, upon the honor bestowed upon them by their Lodge.

#### **Alaska Has Highest Per Capita Membership**

Alaska, according to a recent report made by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry Sperling, has a higher per capita membership than any state, territory or dependency in which there are Elks Lodges. The United States Census of 1920 showed a total of 12,537 native and naturalized white male citizens over twenty-one years of age. The membership figures of March 31, 1928, showed that 2,159 of these, or one in every six, was a member of the Order. This would be a remarkable figure in any district, and it becomes all the more notable when one considers the conditions in our northern possession. Alaska is equal in area to one fifth of the United States; its population is sparse and scattered, and its towns and villages are great

distances apart, with communication between most of them still extremely slow and arduous. Six Lodges carry on the traditions and work of Elks in Alaska. They are, Juneau, No. 420; Skagway, No. 431; Anchorage, No. 1351; Ketchikan, No. 1429; Cordova, No. 1483, and Fairbanks, not yet instituted as this was written, No. 1551.

#### **Boy Scouts Are Given Outing By Millville, N. J., Lodge**

Some sixty-five boys from the local Scout troop and a number of friends, were recently taken on one of the most enjoyable and instructive outings ever given by the crippled children's committee of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580. The party journeyed to the State Capital at Trenton in private cars and spent the entire day sightseeing and enjoying the hospitality of the region. Among the interesting events of the trip were a visit to the State Prison; a tour of the Old Barracks, erected in 1750, which were wrested from the British after the memorable crossing of the Delaware by General Washington during the Revolutionary War; a banquet at the Hotel Windsor where the boys were greeted by Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association; visits to the Armory, and Rider College, and a stop at the Bordentown Military Academy on the way home. The Scouts arrived home in time to attend Second M. E. Church, which sponsors the troop, in a body that evening.

#### **Wellsburg, W. Va., Lodge Instituted By District Deputy Ashton**

Assisted by the officers of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas C. Ashton conducted the ceremonies instituting Wellsburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 1553. A splendid gathering of Elks of the region witnessed the interesting exercises. Following the institution, the charter members were initiated by the uniformed Wheeling degree team, with the Wheeling orchestra assisting. The officers were then elected and installed by Past District Deputy James A. Dyson, with Past District Deputy Dr. L. N. Reefer acting as Esquire. P. J. McGuire is No. 1553's first Exalted Ruler and James N. Nelson its Secretary. THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes them, the other officers and the new Lodge a long and successful career in the Order.

#### **New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge Honors Well-known Member**

More than 250 Elks, including many judges, lawyers and municipal officials, gathered in the Home of New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, for the testimonial dinner to retiring Chief of Police Frank Cody, a member of the Lodge for twenty years. When Chief Cody took his place at the seat of honor he was roundly cheered by his fellow members. Exalted Ruler Ellis L.



Steinhardt acted as Toastmaster, and in his address of welcome drew attention to the manner in which Chief Cody, in his official activities, had always managed to carry out the principles of charity, justice, brotherly love and fidelity. Judge Samuel F. Swinburne, the first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, was the next speaker, and was followed by other well known members, including Mayor Benjamin B. Badeau, who presented to the guest of honor, on behalf of his Lodge, a life membership card and gold case.

A splendid program of entertainment added to the pleasure of the evening, as did the presence of many charter members, including Past Exalted Ruler Robert L. Forbes, one of its organizers and the second man to serve at its head.

### **Burbank, Calif., Lodge Initiates Large Class**

One of the largest events ever held in local fraternal circles was the recent initiation of a class of fifty-seven candidates into Burbank, Calif., Lodge, No. 1497. The meeting and initiation was participated in by more than 300 members of the Order with especially large delegations from Glendale, San Fernando, Pasadena, Monrovia and other surrounding cities. One of the features of the occasion was a sumptuous banquet prepared and served by members of No. 1497.

### **Adams, Mass., Elks Entertain Hospital Patients**

More than forty entertainers and members of Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335, motored to Northampton on a recent afternoon where they gave an excellent program for the patients at Leeds Veterans Hospital, and later at the Haydenville Sanatorium. The entertainment which served to cheer the shut-ins consisted of musical numbers and specialty acts, and candy and tobacco were distributed to the patients at both hospitals.

### **Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge Buys Property for a Home**

By a unanimous vote at a largely attended meeting of Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge, No. 1499, it was decided to buy Mrs. J. Harry Estey's residence at 17 Putney Road for a new Home for the Lodge, and the sale was recently consummated. Mrs. Estey was particularly pleased that the Elks should have purchased the property as her late husband was a loyal member of the Order. Possession of the property will be given September 1, but just when the Lodge will occupy it has not yet been announced. The residence is a handsome three-story structure of colonial design, erected about twenty-five years ago, and is excellently located in Brattleboro. On the first floor there are seven rooms besides a large reception hall and lobby. On the second floor are ten rooms and



*Eighteen of the past heads of Albany, N. Y., Lodge, who gathered for Past Exalted Ruler's Night*

four bathrooms, while the third floor contains two large rooms and several smaller ones. The house has nine fireplaces and is equipped with a refrigerating plant and a self-playing pipe organ. It also has a large and adequate basement. Spacious grounds surround the building, the lot having a frontage of 182 feet and a depth of 327 feet. A large garage is located on the lot. So far the only change contemplated in the Lodge's plans for occupancy is the remodeling of the third floor into a Lodge room.

### **Splendid Record Set by Everett, Wash., Lodge**

Under the leadership of Past Exalted Ruler Edgar R. Taylor, Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, last year set a record of growth and accomplishment that is worthy of the highest praise. The figures which follow show a spirit of enthusiasm matched only by the co-ordinated direction which guided it.

At the last meeting under Mr. Taylor's Exalted Rulership, which was also the occasion of the official visit and homecoming of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. W. Swanson, there were more than 700 Elks in attendance, and a class of 159 candidates was initiated. During the year 348 new members were added

to the rolls, and at its close there were 116 accepted applicants awaiting induction, with the applications of 74 more in the hands of the investigating committee. This splendid increase was not the result of any indiscriminate drive, but rather of the combined efforts of the entire membership, which sought only those fully qualified to join the Order. At its present rate of progress Everett Lodge will have 2,000 members by the end of the present year, or one in every five of those qualified by citizenship and residence.

The charity work of the Lodge is conducted by the Social and Community Welfare Committee appointed four years ago by District Deputy Swanson, then Exalted Ruler. At the end of each subsequent administration every member has asked to be re-appointed and they are now serving their fifth term. During the past year the committee has cared for the interests of more than 200 poor children, who have received medical, dental, ocular and nursing and hospital treatment which, at the usual rates, and but for the committee's co-ordinating efforts, would have cost a total of at least \$10,000. As it was, most of it was supplied without any charge at all, or at cost. A clinic is held by the committee every Saturday, and no ailing or unfortunate child need be without assistance. The Welfare Committee also maintains a legal aid department, and acts as the advisory board of the local branch of the Salvation Army and sponsors its financial campaigns. Last year \$15,000 was raised. In addition a varied program of patriotic and civic work and of general charity is carried on. District Deputy Swanson reports that the combined charitable activities of the Lodge during the year represented an expenditure of approximately \$9.00 per member. Naturally, the high place that the Lodge occupies in its community is largely due to this splendid humanitarian service.

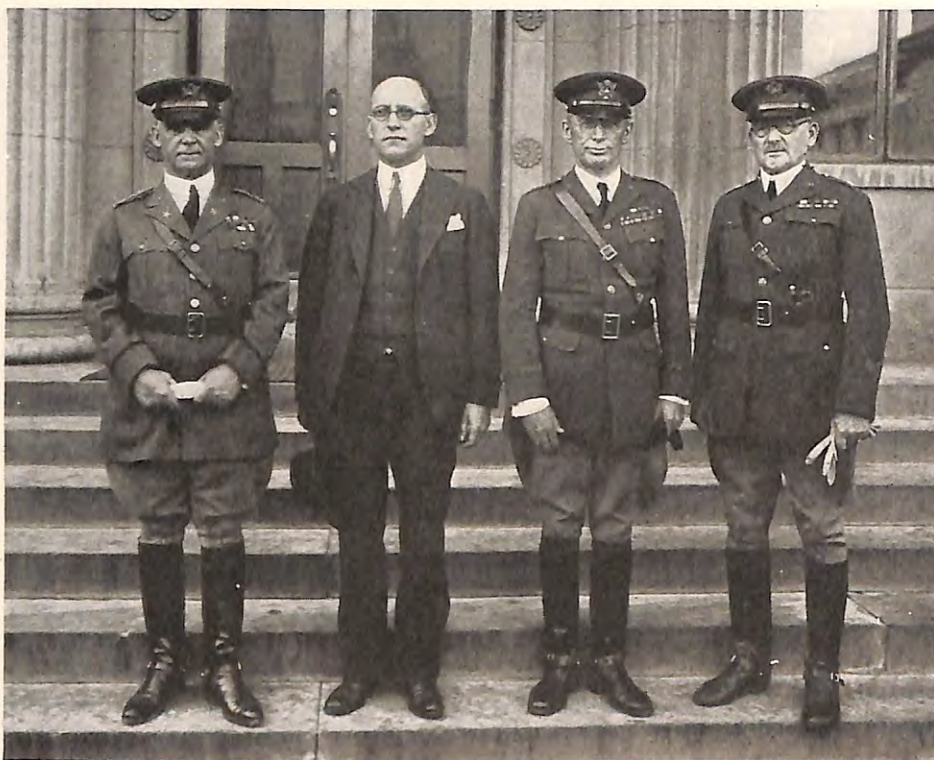
### **Bronx, N. Y., Elks Visit Queens Borough Lodge**

The officers and drill team accompanied by 200 members of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, recently made a fraternal call on Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, in the first of a series of inter-Lodge visits which have been planned by No. 871. A hearty welcome was accorded the delegation and after an excellent dinner the visitors were escorted to the Lodge room, which was crowded to capacity for the occasion, and were formally welcomed by Exalted Ruler Frank J. Rauch on behalf of his fellow officers and members. The visiting officers were then escorted to their respective



*This patrol of Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1520, recently made its first appearance*





These distinguished officers were recent guests of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13. Left to right: General Charles P. Summerall, Chief of Staff, U. S. Army; Exalted Ruler V. M. Armstrong; Major General Dennis E. Nolan, commanding the 5th Army Corps, and Brigadier General George H. Jamerson, commanding at Fort Benjamin Harrison

stations and conferred the degree of the Order upon a class of 61 candidates for their hosts, their proficient ritualistic work calling forth the highest praise from all present. Prior to the initiation the drill team in charge of Captain William Byrne gave an exhibition in the manual of arms and marching, to prolonged applause. The team also presented various entertainment numbers, which added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion.

#### Panama Canal Zone Lodge Using Elks Magazine in Campaign

Two hundred and fifty extra copies of THE ELKS MAGAZINE for May were sent to Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, where they were used to interest prospective members in the Order. At a meeting of the officers and Past Exalted Rulers it was decided that this was a most effective method of presenting the ideals of the Order, and each member of the Lodge was given one of the extra copies to place in the hands of a prospective Elk.

#### Anderson, S. C., Elks Liquidate Debt on Home

The Elks of Anderson, S. C., Lodge, No. 1206, recently made noteworthy progress in their plan to reorganize the local Lodge along more progressive lines, when the indebtedness on the Home was liquidated through the assumption by individual members of the outstanding debt. Much interest is being aroused through the reorganization of the Lodge, and its new activities will embrace a wider scope of civic and charitable enterprise in addition to the maintenance of the Home under regulations deemed to be to the best interests of its members. Use of the quarters will be tendered to the American Legion for use during the State convention of ex-service men to be held locally, and Christmas plans are now being prepared for the benefit of underprivileged youngsters next winter.

#### Crippled Children's Report of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge

Since the time six years ago when New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, undertook the care and treatment of the crippled children of its jurisdiction, it has carried on continuously and with excellent effect this humanitarian enterprise under the direction of Dr. F. M. Hoffman, who has given his professional services

gratuitously, and with the full support of the members of the Lodge and the hearty cooperation of the public. The results obtained over this period bespeak the success of the effort and the latest report for the year ending April 1, last, has been no exception to the rule. During the year, in addition to the work at the clinics, the committee cooperated with the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association in its survey of the State; benefit polo games and card parties were conducted to augment the fund, and the usual summer outing and Christmas entertainment were given. A report of the clinical activities is printed here: Number of cripples active on list, 260; number of cripples receiving

treatment at clinics, 130; number of new cases admitted to clinics, 44; medical examinations by clinical director, 225; operations performed by clinical director, 12; casts applied, 25; massage treatments, 2,510; electric treatments, 369; Alpine lamp treatments, 300; strapping of feet, 319; X-Ray pictures taken, 25; braces supplied, 20; arch supports supplied, 3; splints supplied, 10; visits to homes by field secretary, 208. Results of clinical work: Discharged, cured, 2; functional cures, 20; improved cases, 60; incurable cases, 2; admitted to State institutions, 1.

#### Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge Soon To Have New Home

The interest of the members of Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530, is largely centered in the new Home which is now being erected. When completed the building will provide a thoroughly attractive club and Home for local and visiting Elks. Other activities which have engaged the interest of the members have been the formation of an Elks Patrol, which made its first public appearance at the recent convention of the Florida State Elks Association; the sponsoring of a Boy Scout Troop, and the conduct of a charity carnival. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edwin Baker is a frequent caller and a short time ago highly complimented the Lodge on its fine record of welfare work, especially during the hurricane distress of last fall.

#### Vincennes, Ind., Lodge Banquets Secretary E. J. Julian

Some 100 members of the Order attended the banquet given by Vincennes, Ind., Lodge, No. 291, in honor of its retiring secretary, E. J. Julian, charter member of the Lodge and veteran of more than thirty-five years' service in the Order. Mr. Julian's fraternal record is an impressive one. He is a Past Exalted Ruler, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, Past President of the Indiana State Elks Association, and has served for more than twenty years as secretary of his Lodge, missing attendance at only four meetings during that period. Among the many distinguished guests present who delivered brief addresses were William A. Reiman, the first Exalted Ruler and one of the eight remaining charter members of No. 291; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler S. W. Snively; William E. Hendrich, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; J. F. Holliday, President of the Indiana



The memorial to Private William J. Hart, killed in the service of his country, erected by his Lodge, Orange, N. J., No. 135, and unveiled on Decoration Day with elaborate ceremonies



State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler George C. Morris of Terre Haute Lodge, No. 86; Lee F. Bays, Past Exalted Ruler of Sullivan Lodge, No. 911; and the Reverend Dr. Stahl, Superintendent of the Orphans Home at Terre Haute. The presentation of a gold life membership card in a handsome case, as a token of fraternal esteem, was made by Past District Deputy Arthur A. Clark.

### **Detroit, Mich., Elks Entertain Children**

Over a period of several weeks, Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, through its Social and Community Welfare Committee, has entertained in the neighborhood of 1,500 children at the following homes: St. Francis Home for Boys; St. Vincent's Home for girls; German Protestant Home for children and the aged; and the Juvenile Detention Home. Each entertainment consisted of not less than seven acts of vaudeville. Exalted Ruler Burt P. White has received many letters thanking the Elks for these entertainments, and he now has a committee working on plans to provide a summer outing for 500 to 600 children at an Elks camp, the site of which has been donated to the Lodge. The youngsters are to be supervised on their outing by competent matrons.

### **New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge Instituted With Gala Ceremonies**

With the formal ceremonies preceded by a colorful parade and a barbecue, New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, was instituted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edwin Baker in the presence of more than 300 Elks from the Lodges at Daytona Beach, DeLand, Cocoa, Lake City, Orlando, West Palm Beach and Fort Lauderdale.

Starting promptly on scheduled time the parade, with music by the drum and bugle corps of the New Smyrna post of the American Legion and the band of Daytona Beach Lodge, No. 1141, passed through the principal streets of the town and disbanded at the barbecue grounds. The formal services, then held in the Odd Fellows Hall, were conducted by District Deputy Baker, with Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight David Sholtz, now a member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, taking part and



*This ritualistic team of Cocoa, Fla., Lodge, are second-time champions of the State*

delivering a most interesting address. The initiation of the new members of the Lodge, which started off with a charter list of 50, was performed by the degree team of Cocoa Lodge, No. 1532, holders for the second successive year, of the State ritualistic championship.

### **Golf Course of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge Nearing Completion**

Rapid progress is being made with the construction of Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155's new eighteen-hole golf course, and it is expected that the members will be able to play the fairways by early fall, at least. Situated on a tract of 160 acres in one of the natural beauty spots of Allen County, and only five and one-half miles from the centre of the city, the new

course is counted upon to supply much pleasure and recreation to the Elks of Fort Wayne and surrounding towns. A club-house affording ample facilities for the players, will be part of the equipment. Approximately \$50,000 is being spent on the project.

### **Reno, Nev., Lodge Active In Boys' Work**

Several hundred boys will still be able to avail themselves of the privileges afforded by the recently closed local Y. M. C. A., through the generous action of Reno, Nev., Lodge, No. 597, which decided to lease the building for a period of 5 months to keep up the boys' work in Reno. The Lodge has the commendation of the entire community in its ambitious undertaking, and at the end of the 5 months' period it is expected that the building's continued operation will have been arranged for through various committees and organizations now working on the proposition, and will again be established on a firm basis.

### **Evidences of Fraternal Spirit At the Elks National Home**

That the Lodge maintained by the residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., enjoys the same loyalty from its members as do the finest of the regularly constituted Lodges of the Order, is shown by two recent items of news which have found their way to the Magazine.

George F. Laage, of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, is a resident at the Home. When No. 9 held a charity bazaar some time ago, they sent to Mr. Laage a number of tickets for a \$1,500 automobile. Mr. Laage disposed of these among his associates, keeping one for himself, which turned out to carry the winning number. He accepted the offer of his Lodge to purchase the car, and after making a generous contribution to the trust fund of No. 9, he presented a check for \$200 to the Home Lodge, \$100 of which was to go to the Entertainment Fund and \$100 to the Lodge Fund.

Some time previously William Emery, of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, had presented the Home Lodge with a check for \$50. It is needless to say that the loyal generosity displayed by these two gifts was greatly appreciated by the entire membership.

### **St. Joseph Elks Visit Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge**

One of the most largely attended meetings ever held in the Home of Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 889, was the occasion of the fraternal visit of some 60 officers and members, including



*This fast basketball team of Barberton, O., Lodge had a successful season*

EDWARDS



the degree team and male quartette, of St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, No. 541. The visitors arrived in 2 large, double-deck busses and the festivities started with a dinner with over 200 Elks present. At the regular Lodge session the visiting degree team, aided by the quartette, initiated a class of 10 candidates for their hosts in a highly proficient manner. Following the work of initiation a number of musical selections rounded out the enjoyable visit.

The outgoing and incoming administrations of Dowagiac Lodge recently featured the joint occasion with a large ladies' night party in the Home. The affair started with an excellent dinner in the main assembly hall which was appropriately decorated for the occasion, and a number of interesting speeches were made by past and active Subordinate Lodge officers. Dancing and bridge filled out the evening.

### ***Crippled Children's Committee Report Of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge***

The crippled children's committee of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, from April 1, 1928, to March 31, 1929, disbursed some \$4,000 in its humanitarian work. The total number of cases cared for during the year was 128, and the operations performed during that time were most successful. Patients to the number of 222 attended clinics, and calls made at clinics, hospitals, homes and out of town totaled 1507.

A brief, detailed report of the committee's work follows: Operations, 9; corrective casts applied, 6; spinal braces supplied, 4; leg braces supplied, 7; foot braces and plates, 3; braces repaired, 11; cork sole shoes, 2; special shoes (pairs) 11; abdominal belts, 2; artificial arm, 1; new crutches given (pairs) 3; crutches loaned (pairs) 8; wheel-chairs loaned, 2; employment found for 2; violin lessons (weekly) 2; suit of clothes, 1; patients at Betty Bacharach Home, 3; two weeks' vacation on farm, 1; osteopathic treatment, 1; glasses for poor school children through W. C. Golding (gratis), 8.

### ***Reading, Pa., Lodge Organizes Crippled Children's Committee***

The reorganization of the Crippled Children's Committee of Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, has given the humanitarian work of the Lodge an added impetus and enthusiasm. Since rehabilitation activities were undertaken by the Lodge, some 175 helpless cripples have been aided and benefited, while there are still about 250 in the county who need help. The present purpose is to take care of these cases and others which may arise, and to this end a member of the committee has already agreed personally to pay for the first clinic, braces and all incidental expenses. With this generous and commendable act to encourage it, the committee starts on its new career at once.

### ***Price, Utah, Lodge Instituted By District Deputy Farrer***

With District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Farrer officiating, Price, Utah, Lodge, No. 1359, was recently instituted in the presence of several hundred persons including visiting Elks from Salt Lake City, Eureka, Ogden, Provo, Park City and other Utah Lodges, and Grand Junction, Colo. Following the arrival of the visiting officers and members, who were met at the station by a committee of welcome headed by Mayor W. Frank Olson and a crowd of Elks and residents, the large party proceeded to the Price High School Gymnasium where the institution ceremonies took place with subordinate Lodge officers of the region assisting Mr. Farrer. The Lodge opened its career with forty-two charter members and seventeen candidates were initiated. Dean D. Holdaway is Exalted Ruler and J. Bracken Lee Secretary.

After the institution a banquet was held at which Past Exalted Ruler O. R. Dibblee of Salt Lake City Lodge acted as toastmaster, and a program of musical numbers was presented. The lady visitors to the institution were entertained, while the Lodge was in session, at cards and a tea given at the Carbon County Country Club by wives of the local members. The whole occasion was one of the most interesting and largely attended ever to be given in Price.

(Continued on page 61)

# 1929 Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles, California, in July

## *Final Bulletin*

LOS ANGELES is prepared to receive Elksdom. Within the next few days this metropolis of the West will have received with ceremonies befitting the occasion, more than fifty thousand members of the Order. Even now caravans of automobiles, special trains and a fleet of airplanes are headed westward for the great event which marks the Sixty-fifth National Grand Lodge Convention.

Chief among those who have joined in extending greetings are the Governor of California, the Mayor of Los Angeles and representatives of the industrial and commercial life of the State and City. Civic and fraternal organizations have given whole-hearted assurance that nothing will be left undone to make the occasion one long to be remembered.

In a letter addressed to the Convention Committee, Gov. C. C. Young officially welcomes Elksdom to California.

"In behalf of the citizens of California I desire to extend a hearty greeting to the Order of Elks who gather in Los Angeles during the week beginning July 8th for their annual Grand Lodge Convention.

"The entire Commonwealth awaits their coming with pleasurable anticipation, and it is indeed a privilege for me, as Chief Executive of the Golden State, to officially welcome the members of this great fraternal order to the land of sunshine.

"Not only are our climatic conditions and our hotel and other facilities the equal of any State in the Union, but opportunities are afforded for sightseeing, recreation and excursions that are unexcelled. Either prior to or following your Convention period the delegates may enjoy trips to the Bay region, the Yosemite Valley, Lake Tahoe, and the Sierras, and many other places easily available.

"I am sure that great mutual benefit will result from this reunion. We need the inspiration a Convention like yours affords and, in return we hope that you will enjoy true California hospitality."

With the same spontaneous warmth, Mayor George E. Cryer of Los Angeles extends a welcome, in the following letter, addressed to the Convention Committee.

"One of the most pleasurable events to take place during my term of office as Mayor of Los

Angeles, has been to extend to the legions of Elksdom a hearty welcome and invitation to visit our city on the occasion of their 1929 Grand Lodge Convention.

"To those who have never before been privileged to visit this section of our country, I would first call attention to its wondrous scenic beauty. The splendor of a Pacific sunset is a sight not soon to be forgotten. Rugged mountains stand like brooding sentinels over the greatest expanse of blue water in the world; fertile valleys stretch away as far as eye can see; liquid gold in the form of petroleum flows from our wells to enrich the world, and here, dwellings are caressed by rose blooms.

"Let me point out to those who have come among us for the first time and particularly former visitors, the great strides we are making in our commercial and industrial life. I would direct their attention to the rapid development of the industrial section since their last visit and also to the unexcelled facilities for handling shipping at our port of San Pedro.

"In a spirit of good fellowship and true hospitality, the City of Los Angeles extends to this splendid organization the promise of a right royal welcome, and I am certain that their visit here will be registered in memory as a red-letter event."

IN BEHALF of California and Los Angeles Elks, C. E. McStay, General Chairman of the Elks National Convention Committee, in the spirit characteristic of the organization, also extends a warm-hearted greeting:

"California, from the Mexican border to the Oregon State boundary, is prepared to receive you with open arms, and to extend to you and your friends that cordial welcome which has made the Golden State's hospitality famous the world over.

"While the Grand Lodge session, and the many colorful events prepared for your pleasure and culminating in the most spectacular electrical display ever attempted, 'The One Million Dollar Pageant,' prepared by and participated in by the motion-picture industry, will be a feature event tending to make the Sixty-fifth National Reunion of the B. P. O. E. something to be long remembered.

"Do not overlook the fact that the seventy-

one Elks Lodges in California are fully prepared to assist visitors in seeing and enjoying to the utmost the many natural attractions of our State. California in the summertime is a marvelous playground, and all Elks of the Golden State stand ready to assist in making your stay within our borders, be it a week or a month, the most enjoyable pilgrimage in the history of our Order.

"It is my pleasure and privilege, as General Chairman of the Elks Sixty-fifth Grand Lodge Convention Committee, and speaking for the Executive and all subordinate committees thereof, to advise you that all arrangements have been completed for your comfort and pleasure and to extend this final cordial and fraternal invitation to all members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks to accept the hospitality of California Elksdom."

Added to the welcome extended by civic and fraternal organizations is that of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, representative of the business life of the community as expressed by Shannon Crandall, its President.

Grand Lodge headquarters will be at the Biltmore Hotel, Fifth and Olive streets. Here, all Grand Lodge representatives will register and all Grand Lodge meetings and committee meetings will be held. General registration of Elks and their families will take place at the Subway Terminal Building, a half block from the Biltmore Hotel, on the main floor. From this official registration headquarters will be issued badges, hospitality coupon books, assignment to hotel rooms, and all manner of information required by visiting Elks.

Cooperating with the Convention Committee in making the visit as enjoyable as possible, the Automobile Club of Southern California will furnish without cost all information concerning highways, routes, places of interest to be visited, and road maps of California and adjoining territory, for those who motor to and from the Convention.

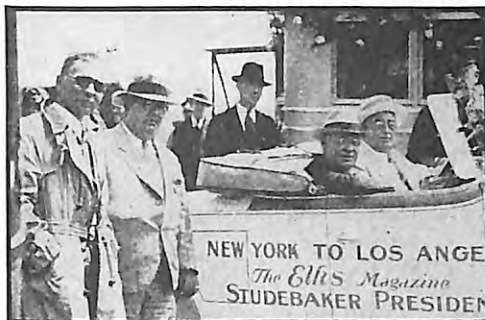
Fraternally yours,

C. E. MCSTAY,  
Chairman Executive Committee.

MONROE GOLDSTEIN,  
Executive Secretary,

ELKS NATIONAL CONVENTION COMMITTEE.





George L. Alpers, driver, welcomed by Exalted Ruler Pfeifer, Colonel Wallace, Secretary, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price and John W. Kaufman of Columbus Lodge, No. 37



Officers and members of Huntington, West Va., Lodge, No. 313, welcomed the purple and white car at their Home



Officers of Marion, Ohio, Lodge, No. 32, visit the Harding tomb with Robert E. Clift, driver of one of the fleet cars



Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, officers and members of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, welcome the purple and white car and the contact plane at Norton Field



Officers and members of Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, give a warm reception to the driver of the purple and white car



At Salisbury, North Carolina, Lodge, No. 699, officers and members turned out to greet the fleet car



A warm welcome by officers and members of Wilmington, Delaware, Lodge, No. 307, at the Home



The officers of Lodge No. 8 greet the driver of the fleet car at Louisville, Ky.



Members of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, greet Charles S. Hart and the fleet contact plane at Wheeling airport

## The Purple and White Fleet

THE four Studebaker President roadsters of THE ELKS MAGAZINE Purple and White Fleet, which left New York City May 10, headed for Los Angeles by four different routes, have met with warm welcomes from Elks and Elks Lodges all the way. Armed with messages of good will from Mayor James J. Walker of New York to Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and Mayor George E. Cryer of Los Angeles, the cars, each driven by a representative of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, set out for the Grand Lodge Convention, running on carefully planned schedules. The Elks Lodges they have visited, for the dual purpose of arousing added interest in the Magazine and in the Convention, have almost uniformly given the drivers ambassadorial receptions. The progress of each car, up to the time of going to press with this issue, was as follows:

Car No. 1, with Robert E. Clift at the wheel, made its first official stop after leaving New York at the home of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 852. There the driver spent about an hour, meeting Exalted Ruler Ray T. Hackett, Secretary Jess C. Hover, and other members, after which he went on to Oswego, where a Brother Wright showed him through the Home of Lodge No. 271. The next stop was at Elmira Lodge, No. 62, where he had lunch with Exalted Ruler Walter B. Herendeen and other members, and met Past Exalted Rulers John T. Osowski, Henry W. Honan, Secretary Julius S. Denton and others.

The following day, May 14, Mr. Clift visited Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 263, where he was met at the city limits by a committee consisting of Past Exalted Rulers E. W. Curtis, Warren E. Ricketts, C. H. Abrahamson and Marion H. Fisher, who escorted him to the Lodge Home. After meeting F. J. McCulla, Exalted Ruler, G. R. Broadstreet, Secretary, and a number of other members, he was escorted through town and headed for Meadville, Pa., where he was met by a committee consisting of Exalted Ruler George W. Cutter, Secretary Ward M. Knoblow, and Past Exalted Ruler E. M. Loughney.

Youngstown, Ohio, was the next port of call and there the car was greeted by Exalted Ruler J. A. Flynn, Secretary J. W. Rogers and other officers and members of Youngstown Lodge,



The purple and white car is welcomed at Muscatine, Iowa, by officers and members of Lodge No. 304



A group of officers and members of Montgomery, Ala., Lodge, No. 596, greet the driver of the Elk car



At Greensboro, North Carolina, the fleet car and its driver were welcomed by officers and members of Lodge No. 602



Officers and members of Tyrone, Pa., Lodge, No. 212, receive the driver of the purple and white car





The fleet car greeted at Waynesboro, Pa., by members of Lodge No. 731



Officers and members of Chester, Pa., Lodge, No. 488, give a warm welcome to the driver of the purple and white car



The reception committee of Winston-Salem, North Carolina, Lodge, No. 449, greets the purple and white car



A large delegation welcomes the driver of the fleet car at Richmond, Va., Lodge, No. 45



Officers and members of Lodge No. 321 receive the Elk car and its driver at Lynchburg, Va.

J. H. SCHMIDT



MUMFORD STUDIO

Lieut. Schmid and Charles S. Hart in the Elks contact plane at Gettysburg, Pa.

No. 55, and by Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Lavery, of Sharon, Pa., Lodge, No. 103. At Ashland, Ohio, the next stop, Mr. Clift was escorted into the city by Exalted Ruler Don B. Soles, Secretary J. W. Gardner, and other officers and members of No. 1360, and had a meal with them at the Home.

The following day, at Mansfield, Ohio, Lodge, No. 56, there was no formal reception, owing to a misunderstanding as to the date, but Mr. Clift was greeted by E. G. Slough, Past Exalted Ruler and Past President of the Ohio State Elks Association, G. H. Lowrey, Past Exalted Ruler, and others. He had a pleasant visit in this wide-awake Lodge, and then went on to Marion, Ohio, which he reached in the afternoon. He was met there by Exalted Ruler T. A. O'Leary and a large delegation of officers, past and present, and members, and after visiting the tomb of the late President Warren G. Harding, was entertained at dinner. Lima, Ohio, Lodge, No. 54, was the next to be visited, and there Exalted Ruler M. C. Light, Secretary L. A. Gushman and a number of other officers and members greeted the driver. After a pleasant visit, Mr. Clift went on to Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, where he met Exalted Ruler Bert A. Fagan, Secretary E. J. Ehrman and the other chair officers, who were very cordial.

At Gary, Ind., Lodge, 1152, the following day, the driver was welcomed by Exalted Ruler Bruce K. Miller, Secretary Floyd D. Saxton, District Deputy F. J. McMichael and others. After a lapse of two days devoted to business in Chicago, Mr. Clift resumed his traveling on May 21, with a visit to Evanston, Ill., Lodge, No. 1316, where he was greeted by a reception committee composed of Secretary W. J. O'Connell and Past Exalted Ruler George E. Davis, of Evanston Lodge, and District Deputy Jack Eaton, Past Exalted Ruler Clifford J. Hodgins and Secretary Walter H. Tallant, of Des Plaines Lodge, No. 1526.

Swinging into Wisconsin on May 22, the car was met at Kenosha Lodge, No. 750, by a committee headed by Exalted Ruler Elmer H. Pedley, Secretary John N. Fonk and Past Exalted Ruler G. A. Mittelstead. Following a talk by the driver, on the Magazine and the purpose of the tour, the car proceeded to Racine Lodge, No. 252, to which it was escorted by a delegation from Racine and Milwaukee Lodges. After spending an hour visiting at the home of the former, where he met Secretary Harry Moorman, District Deputy Henry C. Baker and the chair officers of the Lodge, THE ELKS MAGAZINE representative was conveyed by a group of the officers under the leadership of Secretary P. J. Kelly of Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46, to the Elks Home in that city. Here Past Exalted Ruler Chauncey Yockey, Chairman of the Reception Committee, presented the driver to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, who, with some twenty others, attended a special dinner tendered him by the

Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann and officers greeting the fleet driver in front of the Elks Temple at Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5 (below)



Officers and members of Raleigh, North Carolina, Lodge, No. 735, give a warm greeting to the driver of the purple and white car



Elks Magazine Purple and White Monocoach, which is now serving as liaison unit between the four cars



LA FAYETTE STUDIO

Major O'Brien welcomes the fleet driver on behalf of the city and members of Lexington, Ky., Lodge, No. 89



Members of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, turn out to receive the purple and white fleet driver



S. R. FLANAGAN

Officers and members of Clarksburg, West Va., Lodge, No. 482, greet the fleet driver at their Home



MUMFORD STUDIO

The reception committee welcoming the car and plane at the flying field, Gettysburg, Pa.





The fleet driver welcomed at the Home of Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge, No. 191, by officers and members (left)

The driver of the Elk car placing a wreath donated by the members of No. 13 on the war memorial at Indianapolis, Ind. (right)



The purple and white car is welcomed to St. Paul, Minn., Lodge, No. 59 (right)



The purple and white car at Milwaukee, Wis., received by officers and members of Lodge No. 46



A large delegation greets the driver of the Elk car at the Home of Easton, Pa., Lodge, No. 121

Lodge. Every courtesy and facility of the Milwaukee Home were extended the visitor.

The next Lodge visited was Madison, Wis., No. 410, where a large delegation turned out to greet the car. Among those present were Exalted Ruler C. R. Parr, Secretary John J. Pecher and Past Exalted Rulers F. A. Maxwell, F. L. Gilbert, Ray F. Steinhauer, D. C. Sullivan and H. H. Puetz, all of whom, together with other officers and members, entertained Mr. Clift at lunch. Janesville came after Madison on the schedule and the following day the driver paid a visit there to Lodge No. 254, where he was met by a committee headed by Exalted Ruler Frank W. Fisher, Secretary Robert R. Conway, Past Exalted Rulers R. L. Morse, and George J. Ryan. In order to maintain his schedule, however, the visitor was obliged to decline their cordial invitation to stay for luncheon.

Later in the day Mr. Clift arrived in Dubuque, Iowa, to which he was escorted from Galena, Ill., where no stop was scheduled, and dined with Leo F. Tierney, Exalted Ruler, Secretary Henry J. Kaep, Past Exalted Rulers George B. Healey, Adam Zillig and M. L. Chapman and a number of the officers and other members. At Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge, No. 290, the next morning, he met Exalted Ruler Saner C. Bell, Secretary Louis C. Hurwich, Past Exalted Rulers B. B. Hunter, a Past District Deputy, J. F. Ashe and H. B. Maynard. THE ELKS MAGAZINE representative stayed all day at Waterloo in order to attend the Lodge meeting, which was the occasion of an official visitation from Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert. (Further progress of Car No. 1 will be reported in August.)

The second car of THE ELKS MAGAZINE Purple and White Fleet, with George L. Alpers at the wheel, made its first stop after leaving New York City at Middletown, N. Y. Here the driver was welcomed by Exalted Ruler Samuel W. Eager, Secretary Harry C. Barnes, Past Exalted Rulers Ivan A. Gardner, Dill H. Werley, Clarence E. Shoemaker and other officers and members of Lodge No. 107. After lunching at the Home of Middletown Lodge, Mr. Alpers proceeded to Port Jervis, stopping in for a brief visit at No. 645, where he was met by Past Exalted Ruler Frank H. McCoy and Secretary John W. Bierlein. The first Lodge visited next day was Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge, No. 109, where a committee of the officers, headed by Secretary W. J. Stout, greeted the driver. Next came Berwick Lodge, No. 1138, where he was met by Dr. E. L. Davis, first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and Past President of the

(Continued on page 70)



The reception committee and members of Lebanon, Pa., Lodge, No. 631, welcome the fleet car



The purple and white car welcomed in front of the Home of Uniontown, Pa., Lodge, No. 370



A reception to the driver of the fleet car at the Home of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173



The reception committee and members greet the purple and white car at Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105



The driver of the fleet car greeted at Faribault, Minn., Lodge, No. 1166, by officers and members of the Lodge

Officers and members of Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, flock to welcome the Elk car and its driver (below)



A reception is held at the Home of Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge, No. 875, to welcome the Elk car and its driver



A warm welcome is given the driver of the fleet car by officers and members of Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470



A large delegation from Birmingham, Va., Lodge, No. 79, welcome the purple and white car at their Home



...on the track it's

**SPEED!**



**Chester**

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, . .



...in a cigarette it's

# TASTE!

## TASTE *above everything*

From the time the tobaccos are bought until the fresh package of Chesterfields comes over the counter, one idea governs its making: *taste*.

\* \* \*

Chesterfield's formula calls for a variety of tobaccos, but each type, each special quality, is chosen for its particular appeal to *taste* . . . chosen on the shores of the Black Sea, in Thrace, in Asia Minor, in Kentucky, Virginia, Carolina, by men to whom tobacco is a life job.

\* \* \*

These selected tobaccos are aged, in Nature's slow, perfect way — for *taste*. They are blended . . . and "cross-blended" . . . with scientific precision, to an exact formula which cannot be copied.

\* \* \*

Nothing sensational; no fads. But Chesterfield offers, and delivers: mildness . . . without flatness; flavor . . . without harshness, a pleasing aroma rarely achieved. A good rule for making a cigarette, a good rule for choosing one . . . "Taste above everything!"

# field

. . not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED



MILD . . .  
and yet  
...THEY SATISFY





# Grand Exalted Ruler Visits Mid-West

## Mr. Hulbert Calls on More than Fifty Lodges in a Rapid Tour

**A**FTER visiting with Albany, N. Y., Lodge and spending a few days at his home in New York City, Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert left for his tour of the Mid-Western Lodges, arriving in Gary, Ind., on May 12, one hour before his scheduled time, a record which he has consistently maintained on this trip. The Grand Exalted Ruler was met at the Gary Hotel by Past Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. McMichael, and after attending church services the party motored to the Indiana plant of the United States Steel Corporation, where it was greeted by a group of members of Gary Lodge, headed by W. P. Gleason, a charter member and first Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, and manager of the mills. Mr. Gleason personally conducted a tour through the plant and described the various processes used in manufacturing steel products. On its return to the hotel Mr. Hulbert's party was joined by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Florence J. Schrader and Past District Deputy Hascall Rosenthal, who headed a delegation of officers and members of La Porte Lodge. Accompanied by members of the reception committee and a detail of motorcycle police the party left Gary for a tour of Lake County, which included a luncheon at Cedar Lake and attendance at the monthly band concert given by Gary Lodge for the patients of the Lake County Tuberculosis sanitarium, where Mr. Hulbert was again greeted by Past Exalted Ruler W. P. Gleason, who is a member of the sanitarium Board of Trustees, and was taken on a tour of the building by Dr. Parrymore, the head physician. That afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler held informal receptions in the Homes of Hammond, Whiting and East Chicago Lodges and, with the addition of Elks from these cities and further police escort, the party assumed the proportions of a motor parade as it returned to Gary for the evening reception and banquet given by the local Lodge for the Grand Exalted Ruler. Among the many prominent Elks present at the dinner were Mr. Masters, Mr. Scott, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Dr. McMichael, who acted as toastmaster; Fred Ardner, John C. Hampton, William C. Groehl, Past District Deputy Schrader, and the Rev. Father John B. DeVillie, member of Gary Lodge, who delivered the invocation. Mr. Hulbert made the principal address of the occasion.

The next morning Mr. Hulbert, Mr. Scott, District Deputies Ardner, Hampton, Groehl, and the officers of Warsaw Lodge, visited with Valparaiso Lodge and then traveled to Warsaw, where a delicious luncheon was served by the ladies of Lodge members, and at which practically the entire resident membership was present. The party was joined there by an escort committee from Fort Wayne Lodge and next visited Huntington Lodge, arriving in Fort Wayne for a dinner at the Hotel Keenan, given by the local Elks. Following the dinner a special meeting in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor was held in the Home with more than 600 members and Elks from Decatur, Bluffton, Garrett, Huntington, and other adjoining cities in attendance. The event was marked by the initiation of a class of 8 candidates by District Deputy Ardner's skilled degree team of Bluffton Lodge, and by Mr. Hulbert's stirring address. Following the Lodge meeting a sumptuous buffet luncheon was served and an informal reception was held.

The next day Mr. Hulbert visited with Marion Lodge, and then the party proceeded to Anderson where the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest at a joint luncheon of the Elks, Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions Clubs. Practically two-thirds of those present were members of the Order. William E. Hendrich, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, Don Allman, Secretary of the Indiana State Elks Association, and Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight J. E. Hennings greeted the Grand

Exalted Ruler at this time, and following the luncheon Mr. Hennings accompanied the party to the Indiana Reformatory, of which he is a former trustee, and showed the visitors through the buildings and grounds. That afternoon the party, en route to Crawfordsville, called on Noblesville and Lebanon Lodges. Arriving in Crawfordsville the visitors were met by the band of the P. O. S. O. A. and were escorted in a street parade to the Elks Home for a chicken dinner given just prior to a meeting and 30th anniversary celebration of the local Lodge. Close to 300 Elks took part in the festivities which were marked by the presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party which had been joined by Past State Association President Fred T. Barber. Among the features of the meeting were the deeply impressive initiation of a class of 17 candidates by the crack degree team of Crawfordsville Lodge, headed by Past Exalted Ruler Arnett R. Groves; the reading of the first minutes; and the Grand Exalted Ruler's stirring speech on the work of the Order, in which he complimented the local Lodge and expressed his pleasure at the ritualistic work of the officers. During the closing ceremonies Exalted Ruler Leslie Widener presented Mr. Hulbert with a specially bound copy of Ben Hur, by General Lew Wallace, who was born in Crawfordsville. Introduction of the visiting delegations, state and national officers, brought the meeting to a close, after which Mr. Hulbert set out by motor for Indianapolis.

The next day, May 15, the Grand Exalted Ruler took active part in the dedication of the memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler William E. English in the Home of Indianapolis Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, a charter member of the Lodge and chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler English presented the memorial to Mr. Hulbert, who accepted and dedicated it on behalf of the Grand Lodge. Other charter members who were present were James V. Cook, Eugene A. Cooper, George W. June and Charles Cleaveland. A telegram was received from Hon. Harry S. New, former Postmaster-General, also a charter member, regretting his inability to be present. John Jay Curtis, President of the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Publishers, of Indianapolis, now a resident of Los Angeles, the other of the seven remaining charter members of the original list of 80, was also unable to be present. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and John A. Holliday, President of the Indiana State Elks Association, were in attendance at the services. A full description of the memorial and account of the proceedings are given elsewhere in this issue.

**A**FTER lunching with and addressing the members of Indianapolis Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler left early in the afternoon and visited the Vigo County Orphans Home which has been an object of many of Terre Haute Lodge's charitable activities. The children greeted the party with a song of welcome, and Mr. Hulbert and Mr. Scott gave brief talks to the youngsters. On arriving in Terre Haute a group of officers of the local Lodge gave a reception to the Grand Exalted Ruler in the dining-room of the Home, and later, Elks to the number of 250 crowded the Lodge ball-room to hear Mr. Hulbert's address which was broadcast at the same time over Station WBOW. The Grand Exalted Ruler outlined the various charitable activities of the Order and its present aims and purposes. Among those present were William E. Hendrich and Louie Forman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; District Deputy Hampton, State Association President Holliday and E. P. Huston, Mayor of Paris, Ill., and Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge there.

The Grand Exalted Ruler left Terre Haute by train for Chicago, where he conferred with Grand Secretary Masters on May 16, departing late in the afternoon for Duluth, Minn. Mr. Hulbert was met at the station on his arrival by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas B. Mills; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. F.

Hoehle, of Wisconsin, West; Mayor Snively of Duluth; former Congressman O. J. Larson, Past Exalted Ruler of Duluth Lodge, and large delegations of local and regional Elks. With the exception of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mills, the above officers and a number of local members joined the Grand Exalted Ruler's party for a tour of the Iron Range of Minnesota, where Mr. Hulbert made brief calls on the Lodges of that section. The first stop was at Hibbing Lodge where the party visited the iron ore mines of that city and the new \$4,000,000 High School. At Chisholm Lodge, which has been reorganized, taken new quarters and doubled its membership, Mr. Hulbert was met by the drum and bugle corps of the Elks and the school boys' band and made a brief address to the local members. Virginia Lodge was next visited, where, at a lunch given in his honor at the Fay Hotel, Mr. Hulbert again spoke. The attractively appointed Home of Eveleth Lodge was the next call on the Grand Exalted Ruler's itinerary, after which the party motored back to Duluth and was taken for a brief sight-seeing tour of the locality. After a short rest, Mr. Hulbert was met by a delegation of Superior, Wis., Elks and escorted to Superior, where he was joined by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mills, District Deputy Hoehle and Exalted Ruler Matt Sauter. A brook-trout dinner was served in his honor, and at the largely attended affair Mr. Mills presented the Grand Exalted Ruler, who responded with a short speech. Following the dinner the party drove back to Duluth for a joint meeting of the Northern Wisconsin and neighboring Minnesota Lodges, held in the local Home. More than 300 Elks were present to hear the Grand Exalted Ruler's address, which featured the evening's program.

**T**HE Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Minneapolis on the morning of May 18 and was met by W. C. Robertson, chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, and editor of the *Minneapolis Daily Star*; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Judge Mathias Baldwin and Chester Leech; Loyal Bintliff, Secretary of Minneapolis Lodge, and a number of local members, with whom the Grand Exalted Ruler breakfasted. Grand Secretary Masters and Lannie C. Horne, Secretary of the Minnesota State Elks Association, then joined the party, and at noon the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Minneapolis Lodge, where luncheon was served with some 50 members present, Exalted Ruler P. L. McClay presiding, and Mr. Robertson acting as toastmaster. A short reception followed and then the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were taken for a drive around the city and the lake district, and visited Boy Scout Camp Tonkawa, at Lake Minnetonka, which the Lodge purchased and improved at a cost of some \$38,000. At 6:30 that evening Mr. Hulbert was dinner guest at the Minikahda Club on the Lake and addressed the many prominent Elks and citizens who were in attendance. District Deputy Judge Baldwin, Mayor George Leach, Mr. Masters, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Horne, and Father J. H. Rearden also gave informal talks. At 9:30 that evening Mr. Hulbert broadcast his speech over radio station WCCO, an event for which every Lodge in the State had held banquets and celebrations prior to listening in.

After attending church services in company with Judge Baldwin the following morning, Mr. Hulbert, accompanied by Mr. Masters, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Leech and several local Elks, took a motor trip to Faribault, Owatonna and Rochester Lodges. The party lunched in Rochester and then visited St. Paul Lodge, after which Mr. Masters left for Chicago and the Grand Exalted Ruler and his companions returned to Minneapolis for dinner and a theatre party. Leaving Minneapolis late that night by train for North Dakota the Grand Exalted Ruler was joined at breakfast the next morning by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Sam Stern, who boarded the car at Fargo.

(Continued on page 72)





S. W. KUHNERT

*This is a model roof marking, giving name of town, number of Elks Lodge, compass indication and arrow pointing direction of nearest landing field*

## President Hoover Endorses Elks Air Marking Plan

THE suggestion will be made to the Grand Lodge in Los Angeles that each subordinate Lodge do its part in furthering the progress of aviation by causing to be painted, on its own roof, or, if that is not practicable, on the roof of some centrally located building in its city, the name of the city, the compass markings and the word "Elks."

Apprised of this plan, President Hoover signified his approval of it in the letter to Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, which is reproduced herewith.

One of the difficulties of the flyer at present is the comparative ease with which he can lose his bearings. If every village, town and city displayed its name so that it was readily visible from the air the result would be an im-

portant contribution to the safety of aviation.

The first Elks Lodge to take this worth-while step was Gettysburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 1045. The photograph shows how the marking should be done; on a black background, with plain block letters, at least eight feet high, painted in bright orange.

This constructive plan was given its initial impetus as the result of a forced landing of the ELKS MAGAZINE Purple and White plane at Gettysburg. With a broken magneto, Lieut. Edgar Schmid, pilot, and Charles S. Hart, business manager of the Magazine, were anxious to find a landing field. But part of the time, for lack of proper markings, they were lost. After coming down at Gettysburg, it occurred to Mr. Hart that if the Lodges of the Order were to under-

take the marking of their own towns they would be doing a very useful work. Joseph A. Codori, Exalted Ruler of No. 1045, presented the idea to his Lodge, which promptly adopted it and carried it out. Wheeling, W. Va.; Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Indianapolis, Ind.; and Effingham, Ill., Lodges have done likewise, and, at the time of going to press, we learn that others are falling in line.

The cost of marking roofs in this manner is very slight, varying from \$25 to \$50, according to the size of the lettering, and considering the value of the signs it is a nominal factor.

It can readily be seen that if all the 1,500-odd Elks Lodges in this country mark their communities in this manner, there will soon be very little unmarked territory left.

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

June 12, 1929.

My dear Mr. Fanning:

I am in receipt of your letter of June 4th, with which you enclose reprint of an article from a recent issue of the Gettysburg, Pa., Times, reporting that the local Lodge of Elks had marked Gettysburg for the benefit of aviators.

The air marking of cities and towns is of definite value in air navigation and an organized effort has been carried on by the Department of Commerce to further it as much as possible. American Legion Posts, Chambers of Commerce, and similar organizations have undertaken it at various times in different parts of the country. However, many communities have not been marked. The proposal of the Order of Elks to provide markings for 1,500 locations is constructive and will be of real value if accomplished.

Yours faithfully,

Mr. J. T. Fanning,  
Secretary-Treasurer and Executive Director,  
Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission,  
50 East Forty-Second Street,  
New York, N. Y.

## Brief News Notes of Lodge Activities

FRIENDS and associates of David Schneider, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of New York, N. Y., Lodge, tendered him a testimonial dinner in the dining-room of Number 1's Home. On behalf of the entertainment committee, Toastmaster George W. Simpson presented Mr. Schneider with a certificate of life membership, enclosed in a beautiful card case.

A committee has been appointed by Red Bank, N. J., Lodge to go into the question of purchasing a site for a new Home.

Exalted Ruler Harry Niles has organized a Thursday night Dinner Club in Portland, Ore., Lodge.

The crack degree team of Union Hill, N. J., Lodge initiated a class for Orange, N. J., Lodge before a crowded Lodge room.

Some forty enthusiasts took part in a very successful shoot at the Elks Gun Club, conducted by Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge.

The male chorus of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, known as the Elks Apollo Club, has just closed a most successful and active year.

An archery club has been formed in Jersey City, N. J., Lodge.

The Bowling Association of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge held its twenty-third annual dinner and

distribution of prizes in the Lodge Home a few weeks ago.

Sullivan, Ind., Lodge celebrated its Silver Jubilee the first week in June.

Gloucester, Mass., Lodge was visited recently by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, and voted to contribute \$1,000 to the endowment fund.

The Building Committee of Danbury, Conn., Lodge is at work on plans for the construction and financing of a new Home.

At a clinic held in the Homeopathic Hospital of the city seven of the crippled little wards of Reading, Pa., Lodge were operated on.

A testimonial dinner given by his old friends on the occasion of Walter V. Austin's election to membership in the New York Stock Exchange, was held in the Home of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge.

Members of Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge are looking forward to moving into their new Home at an early date.

Five hundred members and friends of Houston, Tex., Lodge enjoyed a barbecue arranged by the Entertainment Committee.

San Rafael, Calif., Lodge has added trap-shooting to its list of social activities. Complete

equipment has been installed, and shooting is carried on every Sunday.

Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge celebrated its fifth birthday with a dinner at the Garden City Hotel. Among the guests were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck and D. Curtis Gano, President of the New York State Elks Association.

The newly organized drum and bugle corps of Wallace, Ida., Lodge made its first appearance at a recent Lodge meeting.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge gave a splendid party and entertainment in its hospitable Home for the shut-ins of the city.

Among the guests at a recent meeting of Rahway, N. J., Lodge were: William Conklin, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; Vice-President Charles Wibiraliski; Secretary Edgar T. Reed; Past President John H. Cose; Exalted Rulers Jacob H. Weitzen and Patrick J. Cunningham of Perth Amboy and Englewood Lodges, and large delegations from other Lodges of the district.

At the first initiation held under the administration of Exalted Ruler Ellis L. Steinhart, of New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, the class included Waite Hoyt, star pitcher of the New York Yankees.

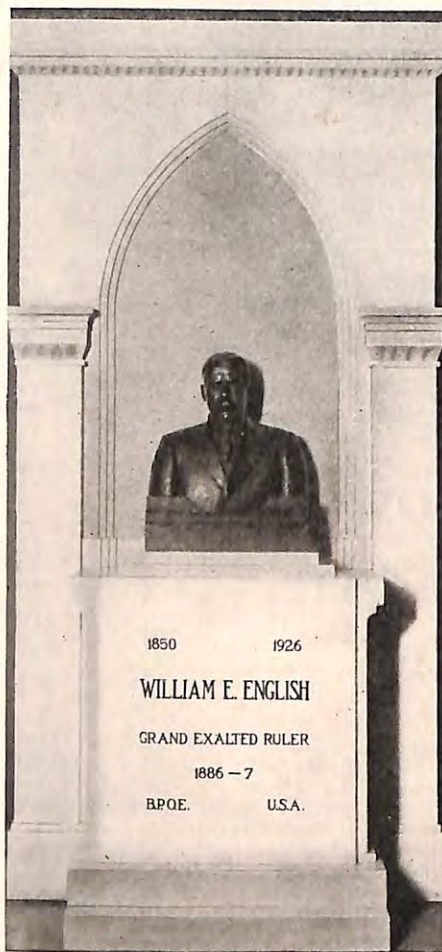


# Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler William E. English is Dedicated

ON MAY 15 Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert dedicated in the Home of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, the memorial shrine to Past Grand Exalted Ruler William E. English, the first member initiated into No. 13, its first Exalted Ruler, and an Elk who gave untiring devotion to the Order during a long and useful life.

Assisting Mr. Hulbert in the dedicatory services were the following charter members, old friends, officers and past officers of Indianapolis Lodge: James V. Cook, acting as Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; Eugene A. Cooper, as Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight; George W. June as Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight; Charles F. Cleaveland, as Grand Treasurer; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; James F. Quigley, as Grand Inner Guard; Exalted Ruler V. M. Armstrong, as Grand Tiler; Joseph L. Clarke, as Grand Chaplain, and Hubert S. Riley as Grand Esquire.

Others who were present for the moving ceremonies were the Grand Lodge Committee on Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler William E. English, consisting of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Chairman, and a charter member of Indianapolis Lodge; Past Grand Trustee J. Harry O'Brien, and Thomas L. Hughes, Past Exalted Ruler of Indianapolis Lodge; Mrs. Frank J. Price, Mr. English's widow; Myra Richards Reynolds, who designed and executed the memorial; Past Grand Trustee Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home, and a large assemblage of members of the Lodge. Messages were received from former Postmaster-General Harry S. New and John Jay Curtis, the only two of the remaining seven charter members who were unable to be present. Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert delivered a brief but telling tribute to the qualities of heart and mind of the man who, in the early days of the Order, had preceded him in his high office, and the Lodge quartette rendered several selections. Mr. Hulbert said,



"This is not a Lodge of sorrow; yet it is a sacred session of the Grand Lodge. We have gathered, not to mourn the loss of one whose absence is not dimmed by the passing of the years, but to testify to our fidelity to the motto: An Elk is never forgotten, never forsaken."

"Indianapolis Lodge was instituted on March 20, 1881. Among its charter members were Captain William E. English and Joseph T. Fanning. Each became Grand Exalted Ruler. Both contributed of their time, service, energy and genius to the up-building, not alone of Indianapolis Lodge, but of this Order, from a struggling stripling with less than one thousand members, to the giant in the forest of fraternalism."

A luncheon in honor of the distinguished visitors was held following the conclusion of the services.

The memorial shrine is erected on the south wall of the main lobby of the Lodge Home. It is a life-sized bust of Mr. English, finished in black-green bronze, mounted upon a pedestal, five feet high, which forms a part of a Carrara marble background, ten feet high and five feet wide.

William Eastin English was born at "English-ton Park," near Lexington, Scott County, Indiana, November 3, 1850. He attended the public schools of Indianapolis and later was graduated from the law school of Northwestern Christian University. During the Spanish-American war he was on the staff of Major-General Wheeler, commanding the Cavalry Division, with whom he served throughout the Santiago campaign.

Member of a family long prominent in public affairs, Mr. English served his State and Nation with distinction for many years, as a member of both branches of the Indiana legislature and as a Congressman at Washington. He was a State Senator at the time of his death.

Mr. English held the office of Grand Exalted Ruler in 1886-7. He died April 29, 1926.

## News of the State Associations

### New York

THE city of Rochester, and Rochester Lodge, No. 24, gave warm welcome to the officers, delegates and members of the New York State Elks Association on the occasion of the seventeenth annual convention on June 2-3-4-5. It was the most largely attended meeting ever held by the Association.

The opening ceremony was staged in the auditorium of the K. of C. Building, at which time Mayor Wilson, of Rochester, delivered an address of welcome, as did Exalted Ruler George L. Switzer, of No. 24. President D. Curtis Gano responded on behalf of the State Association, and then Past Exalted Ruler Charles W. Miller, Chairman of the Convention Committee, who presided, presented Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert. Mr. Hulbert delivered an address in which he outlined the accomplishments of State Associations generally, and pointed with pride and satisfaction to the record made by the New York State Elks Association, and complimented the President and the officers upon a year of fine achievement.

The formal sessions of the Association were opened in the magnificently appointed assembly room of Rochester Lodge on Monday morning at 10:15, and special guests of the occasion, introduced by President Gano, included Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert; Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter; Louie Foreman, member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; Presidents William Conklin, of the New Jersey Association; Howard Davis, Pennsylvania Association, and Fred W. Maerle, Ohio Association, the latter being accompanied by Mayor Wiegand of Lakewood, Ohio; Samuel Metzger, of Asbury Park Lodge, No. 128, a member of

the New Jersey Elks Association, as well as the following Grand Lodge Committeemen, resident in the State: James T. Hallinan, Judiciary Committee; William T. Phillips, Ritualistic Committee; Dr. Richard J. Decker, State Association Committee, and District Deputies Peter Stephen Beck, Arthur G. Holland, J. Theodore Moses, George W. Denton and Harry Nugent. Brief addresses of welcome and congratulation were made by the several distinguished guests of the occasion, after which the business of the session was opened with the reception of the President's report of the activities throughout the year, together with those of the Secretary and Treasurer.

In the election of officers that followed this order of business, Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips, of New York, N. Y., Lodge, was unanimously and by acclamation elected President of the Association for the ensuing year; other officers elected included Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls Lodge, Secretary; John T. Osowski, Elmira Lodge, Treasurer; Dr. J. Edward Gallico, Troy Lodge, and Joseph E. Steinmeier, Bronx Lodge, Trustees; Thomas F. Cuite, Brooklyn Lodge, Vice-President, New York, Southeast; John A. Weert, Ogdensburg Lodge, Vice-President, New York, North Central; Adolph C. Kudel, Lockport Lodge, Vice-President, New York, West; Dr. Leon L. Abbey, Schenectady Lodge, Vice-President, New York, Northeast; and Edward M. Meagher, Wellsville Lodge, Vice-President, New York, South Central. These officers were duly installed by the Honorary President, Rev. Dr. Arthur O. Sykes, at the final session of the convention on Wednesday, June 5th.

Business transacted at the convention included the making of certain changes in the constitution and the statutes, and the subscrip-

tion of \$1,000 to the Elks National Foundation. Reports rendered by the several officers indicated a healthy condition of affairs. With the six recently instituted Lodges, all now members of the Association, the total membership in the State is 101,188.

One of the attractive features of the convention was the ritualistic contest for the David Moses trophy, which was won by the officers of Freeport Lodge, with the Niagara Falls representatives receiving honorable mention. The drill team contest was staged in the 108th Regiment Armory, and was won by the team representing Bronx Lodge. In the fancy drill Binghamton Lodge captured the prize. The parade, which was the terminating feature of the convention, was a colorful affair, and Rochester Lodge turned out with upwards of one thousand members, who paraded with its famous Boys' Band in the lead, acting as an escort to the visiting delegations.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, extended an invitation to the Association to convene in that city in 1930, and Utica Lodge, which had previously invited the Association, gracefully withdrew in favor of the former city.

### Massachusetts

AN AUDIENCE which taxed the capacity of the Union Square Theatre, attended the opening session of the Massachusetts State Elks Association Convention, held in Pittsfield under the auspices of Pittsfield Lodge, No. 272, on June 2-3, and in point of attendance the whole two days' meeting exceeded any previously held in the State. James R. Savery, First Vice-President, presided at the exercises, the Rev.

(Continued on page 66)





## The Elks have lifted up their eyes



Gettysburg, Pa., B. P. O. Elks, No. 1045, Air-Marker. The sign meets all requirements of the U. S. Department of Commerce. Each letter in word "Gettysburg" is 12 ft. high—word is 110 ft. long—other letters 8 ft. high. Standard colors (for visibility) are yellow letters, black background. If clubhouse roof unsuited—use nearest available flat roof on highest building.

FROM out of the swaddling clothes of experiment aviation emerges as a matter-of-fact part of American Life.

Certainly, it has been so accepted by the members of this Order, for there is no organization in America keeping step more closely with the thought and progress of America than the Order of Elks.

Elk plane owners are many and their number is increasing rapidly.

High over the half-way mark 'cross Country wings the Elks Official Purple Plane headed for Los Angeles and contacting the Elks Official Purple and White Motor Fleet which was started from New York City by Mayor Walker on a Transcontinental Goodwill Tour to the Elks National Convention. Ten thousand miles of American

Highways will be traveled by these cars. July 8th, they enter Los Angeles. With their eyes lifted skyward and their minds attuned to the future, fifty thousand progressive, thinking members of this Order will be there to welcome them.

But Elks' interest in aviation does not stop with the individual. Throughout the Order there is growing an organized interest, the first fruits of which has been the conception and development of the B. P. O. Elks National Air-Marking Movement which is being presented as a complete plan for the consideration of every subordinate lodge.

*Surely the Elks have lifted up their eyes*

Note: THE ELKS MAGAZINE will be glad to answer any questions concerning airplanes, flying schools, air travel, etc. Address

## THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Aviation Department

Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building  
2750 Lakeview Ave., Chicago, Illinois

### U. S. Air Time Table

Route	Miles	Hours	Stops	Fare
Boston-New York.....	220	1:45	2	\$25
(Colonial Air Transport)				
New York-Washington... ..	201	2:15	1	30
(U. S. Air Transport)				
New York-Montreal... ..	346	4:15	2	50
(Canadian Colonial Airways)				
New York-Albany... ..	154	1:30	1	25
(Canadian Colonial Airways)				
Albany-Cleveland... ..	443	9:20	6	60
(Colonial Western Airways)				
Cleveland-Pittsburgh... ..	121	1:30	2	20
(Clifford Ball)				
Cleveland-Detroit... ..	128	1:30	1	18
(Stout Air Lines)				
Detroit-Chicago... ..	250	3:30	1	30
(Stout Air Lines)				
Chicago-Cleveland... ..	320	3:45	1	37
(Universal Air Lines)				
Chicago-Twin Cities... ..	365	3:55	3	30
(Northwest Airways)				
Chicago-Green Bay... ..	210	3:10	5	20
(Northwest Airways)				
Chicago-Cincinnati... ..	275	4:00	2	35
(Embry-Riddle)				
Chicago-Atlanta... ..	623	7:30	5	65
(Interstate Airlines)				
Chicago-Evansville... ..	281	3:05	2	36
(Interstate Airlines)				
Evansville-Louisville... ..	100	1:15	1	14
(Interstate Airlines)				
Evansville-St. Louis... ..	145	1:50	1	20
(Interstate Airlines)				
St. Louis-Chicago... ..	268	2:30	3	30
(Universal Air Lines)				
St. Louis-Kansas				
City-Omaha... ..	401	4:40	2	48
(Universal Air Lines)				
Omaha-Chicago... ..	426	4:30	2	47
(Boeing Air Transport)				
Chicago-San Francisco... ..	1,943	22:30	10	200
(Boeing Air Transport)				
Chicago-Cheyenne... ..	902	9:30	4	96
(Boeing Air Transport)				
Cheyenne-Pueblo... ..	200	2:45	3	21
(Western Air Express)				
Chicago-Salt Lake City... ..	1,319	14:30	6	146
(Boeing Air Transport)				
Salt Lake City-Great Falls	500	6:10	5	50
(National Parks Airways)				
Salt Lake City-Los Angeles	600	8:10	2	60
(Western Air Express)				
Salt Lake City-Oakland... ..	624	7:30	4	68
(Boeing Air Transport)				
San Francisco-Seattle				
(West Coast Air Tr'p't)	671	8:00	5	55
(Pacific Air Transport)	720	9:00	4	80
Seattle-Los Angeles... ..	1,099	14:00	7	125
(Pacific Air Transport)				
San Francisco-Los Angeles				
(Pacific Air Transport)	379	5:00	3	45
(Western Air Express)	365	3:00	2	50
(Maddux Air Lines)	380	3:10	1	38
Los Angeles-San Diego... ..	100	1:15	1	15
(Maddux Air Lines)				
Los Angeles-Phoenix				
(Maddux Air Lines)	415	5:20	3	35
(Standard Airlines)	380	4:00	1	32
Los Angeles-El Paso... ..	800	8:30	4	77
(Standard Airlines)				
El Paso-Dallas... ..	575	7:00	5	71
(Texas Air Transport)				
Fort Worth-Brownsville... ..	560	6:30	6	67
(Texas Air Transport)				
Brownsville-Mexico City... ..	475	5:15	2	200
(Pan-American Airways)				
Fort Worth-Galveston... ..	320	4:00	4	39
(Texas Air Transport)				
Dallas-Tulsa... ..	308	3:15	3	29
(Southwest Air)				
Wichita Falls-Tulsa... ..	220	2:40	4	25
(Universal Air Lines)				
Tulsa-St. Louis... ..	370	3:15	2	36
(Southwest Air)				
Tulsa-Kansas City... ..	225	2:20	2	22
(Southwest Air)				
Houston-New Orleans... ..	319	3:45	2	35
(Gulf Air Lines)				
New Orleans-Atlanta... ..	483	5:30	3	50
(Gulf Air Lines)				



## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 25)

you a chance to figure things out." He paused, closed the album, and glanced at the old man's fingers still prying numbly at the cork. "You're going to push her right down into the bottle, captain. Let me try fishing it out a minute, will you?" He took it from the other's rigid hands, set it on the bench, and thrusting at it a moment with a pin, shook his head. "Looks like it's fell in after all, Captain. I declare I don't know how it done it. Bounded down on top of that chicken you was fixing just as if I'd throwed it there. Mighty sorry. Hope I ain't hurt nothing."

He turned to the boy again and resumed his gentle discourse. "I guess maybe if I didn't think it was right to send you, I'd found a way not to. Them lawyers up at the state capitol says I'm always breaking the statutes. But I'm willing to do it anytime if it does people good. Now don't you go to fretting, States. It ain't going to be for long. Not more than a year, I give you my promise."

The boy's forehead became a livid, throbbing scarlet. Then his head dropped onto his shoulders, his passion once more sunk into a torpid bitterness. "What's going to happen about Towhead . . . and Moss?"

"Don't you go to fretting about your family, son. They'll be taken care of same as if you was here. Mrs. Ash and the Ladies Aid's going to see to that."

"When do I have to go?"

The judge's gaze became troubled. "Afraid right away, son. If we didn't send you now, you'd run off or something. I don't say I'd be blaming you. Natural for a boy to run off. So Marty'll just take you over to . . . to his house and you can wait there to-night and get the train out from Pine City to-morrow."

"Marty's house is . . . the jail. You're just calling it that so I won't know what you're saying."

"Well, I don't know, son. I don't know. Guess most people do call it a jail. But Marty and his brother lives there so it ain't entirely wrong to call it a house. Anyway it ain't but for one night."

He leaned over as at a sign from him the deputy led States up by the single step of the bench and pressed his limp hand. The boy drew back sharply as he felt a cold object touch his palm; glancing down, he saw it was a silver dollar. Silently he returned it, and once more feeling the touch of the deputy on his arm, rigidly began to move down the aisle. As he limped slowly along each detail of the court room impressed itself hazily upon his brain; the framed motto on the wall where an embroidered "Lead Kindly Light" showed over two bars of embroidered music, the photograph of a prancing Derby winner standing beside its flower-wreathed jockey, the captured mouse still rusting in the corner, the baited mouse trap at the hole in the shadow of the door. He neared the exit; turning to go, caught a glimpse of the Captain still at the bench staring fixedly after him, while above Judge Ash smelled again the lilac sprig in his immaculate silk coat and the Major solemnly wrote a new magnificent sentence in his ponderous book and turned the page. Then the door swung shut behind him and the three figures were blotted out.

### CHAPTER XII

THEY drew their coats closer about them to ward off the downpour and set off up the streaming road. A heavy wagon lumbered past, with the rain splashing in a myriad joggling rivulets from the tarpaulin thrown over the back. "Some more of them sacks coming up from Pine City for the levee," Marty drawled after he had called out a lazy salutation to the driver. "Reckon they'll have to be filling them and putting them around to-morrow if it's raining up the river the way it is here. Water's mighty close to the top now."

They neared an iron barred building bordered by a mouldy grass plot and a paintless picket fence on whose gate three licorice-smeared children were swinging. Here they halted, and as the children fled behind a tree to watch in delighted terror, turned up the path, and through the great iron door that led inside the gloomy

structure. Up a cobwebbed stairway they climbed, and stumbling down a barred corridor, white with the plaster dropping from the crumbling ceiling, clanged through a door at the end and entered a murky cell.

The boy shivered as he gazed round the dreary interior; and moving to the glassless window, stared out over the bleak, unpaved court below where two blighted hollyhocks and a shabby sunflower feebly tried to lift their leaves to the melancholy sky. Dazedly he saw the deputy's keys twisting in his lazy fingers and heard his cheerful promise to return at noon with food. Then as the jailor disappeared down the ringing corridor, crumpled onto a broken stool and buried his face in his hands.

Half an hour he remained thus, soundless, motionless. A noise in the courtyard roused him. Moving to the window again he saw a dwarfish, long-eared negro chopping at the ground about the hollyhocks with a hoe. Vacantly his eyes drifted about the objects in the enclosure, the tool shed in the corner with a great brownish stain on the wall where rust-laden water had dripped from the roof, the three empty garbage cans set before it, the torn shirt hanging on a line. Then the courtyard slowly faded; the tool shed blurred mistily and reappeared as the shanty, the shirt metamorphosed into one of Towhead's forlorn dresses, the garbage cans became his buckets full of mussels. As though he were a stranger gazing through the open door he saw his home as he had left it a few hours before, saw Towhead again standing at the table, watching in delight as he laid the great fish on the cloth, saw Aunt Vergie once more coming forward in protest as he lifted the baby in the air to give it a new lesson in standing upside down.

The picture vanished. His head began to ache hotly, his rubber collar seemed a band of flame. He took it off and wet his neck with water from a dented basin. He returned to the window. Watching while the negro substituted a rake for the hoe, he gnawed his lips. His eyes narrowed furtively. Walking to the cell-door, he glanced cautiously down the corridor, and began to test the rusty bars. One near the center rattled slightly as he took it in his hand. Eagerly he climbed upon the stool to explore the joint where it fitted into the steel at the top, and shook it once more vigorously. A tiny shower of rust flakes dropped upon his hair. One fell into his eye and commenced to pain acutely. Pressing his handkerchief over it, he went on with his examination, to find that the bar, though loose, was still deeply sunk into the frame and would defy his attacks for months. He turned his attention to the window grating; here too perceived that all his efforts to break or twist the steel would avail him nothing. He shifted his gaze to the gardener who had abandoned both hoe and rake and was now at a cell near the tool shed, tickling with a piece of grass a naked brown foot projecting through the grill work. Forlornly he watched as the brown toes twisted responsively at each feathery touch, a spectacle which each time sent the wielder of the grass into an ecstasy of giggling; smiled wanly as the irritated foot came to abrupt life and gave the tormentor a kick which sent him spinning dizzily into the mud.

States turned as the commotion caused a sleepy stir to arise from the cell across the corridor from his own, a cell which like all the others on the upper floor of the prison until now had seemed deserted. A little man with a head shaped like an eggplant appeared at the grating clad in an enormous suit of red underwear which hung down in immense leaden folds from his skinny frame. His abnormally bright blue eyes squinted amiably as they faced the boy and the light. "Damn them niggers," he remarked mildly as he scratched a bagging scarlet leg and continued his genial survey of the youth. "Fellow goes to all the trouble of taking off his clothes and then can't get no sleep anyway. These here little jails is always like that. Hum. . . . You're just a baby, ain't you, son?"

The presence of a human being sharing his captivity brought a faint light to the boy's ashen cheeks. He pressed his face tightly against the bars as animals on bitter winter

nights huddle together for warmth. "I didn't know you was there," he said.

"Well, I am, son. And I guess I'll be here a couple of weeks longer if the fleas ain't got me clean eat up before."

"I ain't seen no fleas." In spite of his wretchedness the boy's voice was faintly touched with local pride. "I heard fellows say when it was built there wasn't no better jail in the state. Course it ain't as big as some."

"The fleas is," the other replied quickly. "Got a cigarette?"

"Nope. But got some chewing."

"Give me some, will you?"

The boy slipped off a generous section of the plug of tobacco in his pocket and tossed it through the bars. The other caught it deftly. Both took seats on their dilapidated stools and began to chew.

The bright-eyed man took out a needle such as cobblers use to stitch shoes and with it began mending a wide hole in the scarlet fold drooping from his knee. "What they got you in for, son?"

"They done me wrong."

"How come they done you wrong?"

States began to tell him with forced calmness. But his coolness little by little vanished as he proceeded with his recital. As he ended his eyes were once more bitter, leaden, his face was again set in a sombre, stony daze.

THE underwearer man grew grave. "Them's bad things he done to you, son. Any of them's mighty bad. Put all together they're just about the worst I ever heard of and traveling around in jails the way I'm doing all the time I've met plenty of people just passes their lives getting wrong." He completed his stitching of the patch and cut the thread with his tobacco stained teeth. "If a fellow done that to you, looks to me there ain't but one thing you ought to do. . . . You ought to kill him."

States made no answer.

There was a step down the corridor. The deputy appeared carrying two tin plates on each of which was a chunk of grayish meat and a half loaf of soggy bread. The scarlet one ate voraciously. States let his portion remain in the corner untouched. A word from the other caused him to pick it up; spearing the murky repast with a stick, he slipped it through the bars and reached it across the passageway. As these new provisions also disappeared the bright-eyed man grew garrulous and expansively began to tell of his far-flung wanderings. The boy commented in monosyllables, brightening occasionally as the narration of some bizarre adventure caught him briefly in its spell.

The story telling ceased. The underwearer man found a tattered newspaper and with the aid of a stumbling finger commenced to read. States took out a knife and dully scraped off the clay drying on his shoes. "Fellow's right," he muttered to himself. "I cught to kill him."

The afternoon passed slowly. The boy felt a pang of hunger and remembering the box of crackers he had brought with him from the court room, shook a half-dozen free of ants, tossed a few into the cell opposite, and absently began to eat. A movement of his fellow-captive drew his attention to the window once more. Looking out, he saw the negro of the tickled foot dolefully rolling a pair of dice made of lumps of sugar apparently spotted with soot.

"Give us some fun there, big fellow!" the underwearer man shouted. "Talk to them dice a little!"

The negro shook his head sadly and turned out his pockets to show their emptiness. "How you going to talk to 'em when there ain't nothing to talk to 'em about, boss?" he asked dismally.

The boy watched the melancholy pastime until in a little while the dice became hazy with the approaching darkness. He moved to the door as the deputy appeared to set a reeking lantern in the hall and brought them their supper. Cutting off a slice of the watery pork the officer gave him, he speared the rest on the stick and stretched it out to his companion. The other seized it delightedly and when it had disappeared, again resumed his lively chatter. But finding the boy still responding only in monosyllables if at all, he gave up the attempt at conversation and stretched out on his cot to sleep.

States took the paper which the other had

(Continued on page 46)



Coming through gloriously, admired everywhere, on their transcontinental trips, the four Bendix-equipped Studebakers have enhanced interest in the Los Angeles Reunion of Elkdom.

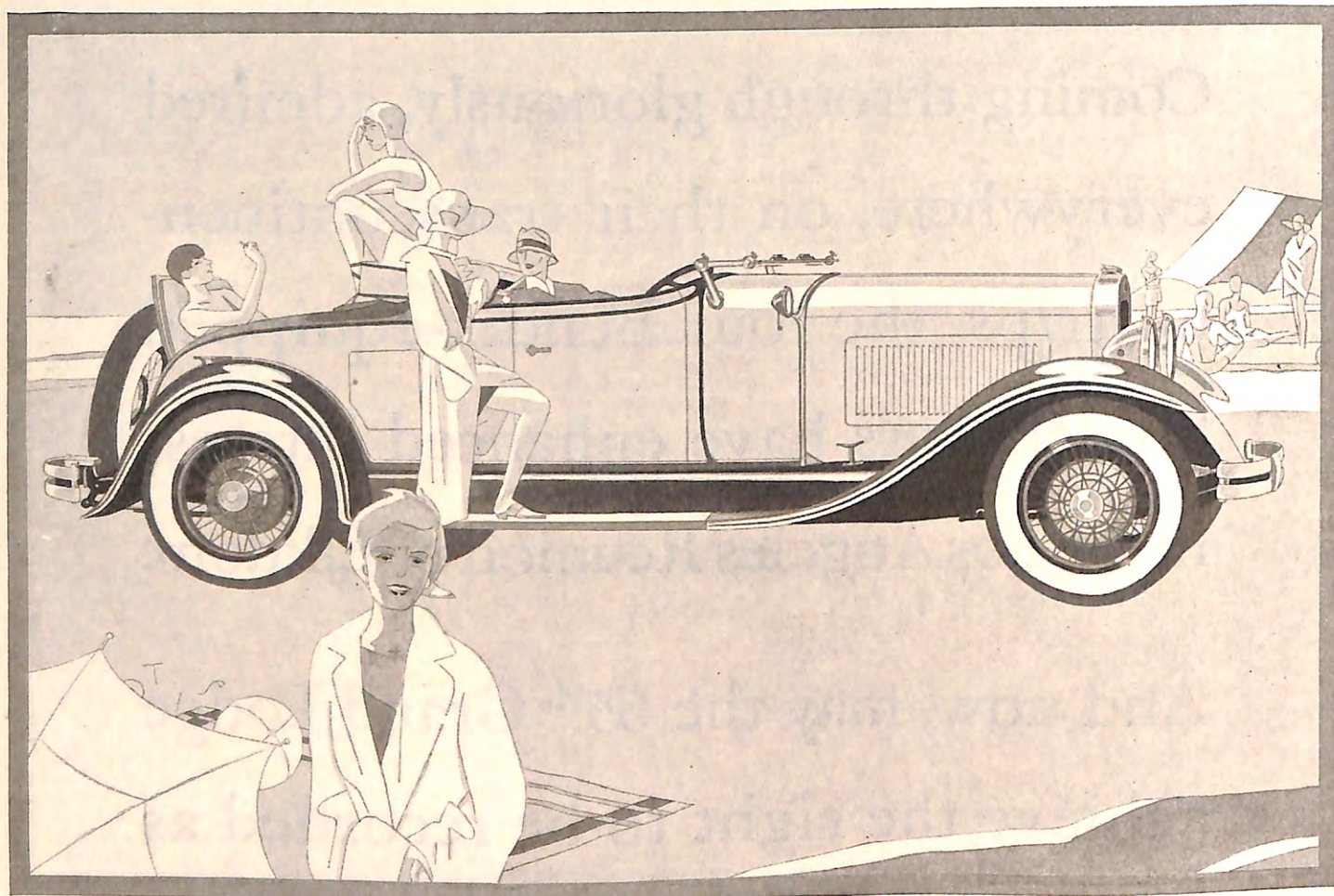
And now, may the 65<sup>th</sup> Grand Lodge achieve the right to be recorded as the most inspiring and constructive in all the history of the Order.

*Vincent H. Bendis*

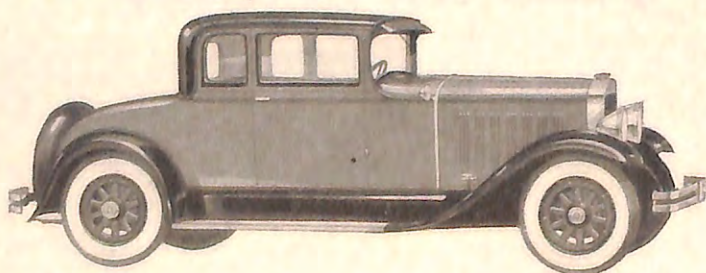


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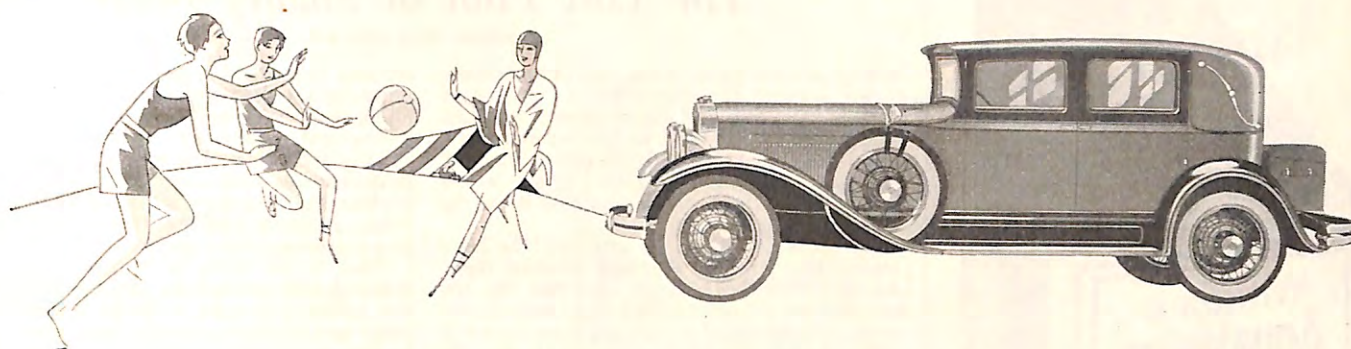


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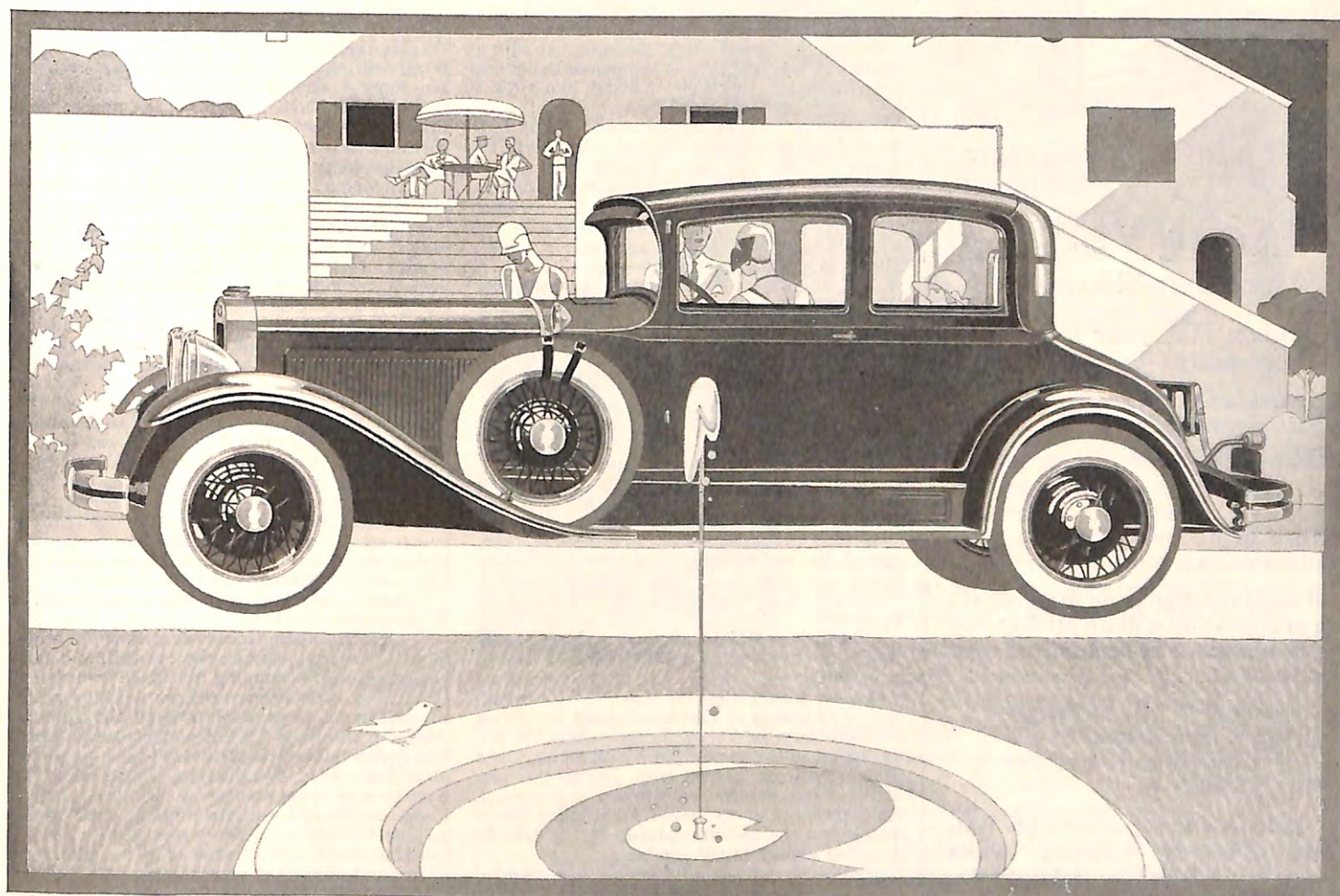
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For use after shaving

## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 42)

handed him and by the feeble light of the lantern, slowly scanned the greasy pages. A shadow whisked past him and darted toward a corner. With a start he jumped to his feet and saw a tiny mouse crouching in panic against the wall. Its terror moved him to pity. Taking a new cracker from the box, he crumbled it on the floor and walked away.

He felt a tickling on his arm which he knew meant that another ant had climbed there. Looking into the box, he saw that the few crackers remaining were swarming with the insects. He hesitated a moment, then carried it across the cell and laid it down quietly near the mouse, still rigid in fear against the stones. A moment later the paper rustled faintly and he knew that its terror had succumbed to appetite.

VISIONS of the shanty again passed in misty procession through his brain. A new mood of desperation seized him. With feverish eyes he began reexamining the door which he had gone over so laboriously hours before; finding himself once more thwarted, shook the loose bar with a hysterical fury which sent the mouse flying out the room and filled the air about him with a sneezing rain of mortar and rust.

The noise brought the underworn man in a tousled red knot from his bed. Curiously he gazed at the boy now leaning exhaustedly against the door. Then his unnaturally bright eyes softened with compassion. "Know just how you feel, son. But it ain't no use. Pretty soon you'll get used to it same as me. . . . Got any more of them crackers?"

"There's a few. But a mouse has been eating 'em."

"Makes them the same as the others then. Give them here, will you?" He caught the mealy fragments which the boy tossed through the grating, and returning to his cot, was soon emitting a series of weird, metallic snores.

States sat down on his bed and took off his shoes. Dreamily, with a finger he probed a hole in one of the battered soles, then slowly took off his faded shirt and trousers, and in his underwear, climbed on to the mouldy blanket. Through the window, above the pattering symphony of the rain upon the garbage cans, drifted the steamy whistle of a towboat somewhere on the river. He listened bitterly. "Fellow's right," he muttered. "I ought to kill him."

He had been lying there half an hour, vainly trying to sleep, when a volley of shots and a muffled cry came from the part of the prison which the deputy made his home. Such a combination of sounds at that hour meant something extraordinary, he knew. Leaping from the bed he darted to the window, and with all his senses stinging acute, peered out. But in the rain-streaked darkness he could see nothing unusual, only the roof of the tool-shed rippling like a brook and the bowed, water-soaked hollyhocks swaying slightly in the wind.

A dog barked hoarsely, ending in a frenzied howl as a heavy battering commenced below and a gate creaked harshly on its hinges. Three shadowy figures rushed out from the blackness and raced about the enclosure, holding up flickering lanterns before each barred door.

A negro began to shout jubilantly, breaking off sharply as one of the lantern bearers cursed him in a vicious whisper. The courtyard became madly awl with shimmying naked black bodies.

Another gate clanged stridently. Down the corridor came the patter of swift running feet. Catching up his shirt and flinging it over his shoulders, States darted from the window and sped to the door; reached it as a cadaverous figure halted outside and raised his lantern to peer into the darkness. It was White Johnny.

"That you, States?" the newcomer panted. "Um-huh." The boy's voice was cool as though the other was keeping a long arranged rendezvous.

A key clicked in the lock. The door was flung open. "Come on get out," White Johnny flashed. "We broke the jail to get you out."

As the boy bolted out, the underworn man appeared redly at his grating and drowsily blasphemed the disturbers. With an answering oath and a quick turn of the key, White Johnny

set him free. Seizing the boy's arm he swept down the bat-shadowed stairway. "Letting out all we can," he flashed. "Learn them next time not to treat a shanty-man wrong."

They sped through the prison entrance and darting to the road where Buffalo and the two pockmarked strangers who had been sharing White Johnny's dwelling were waiting, set out at a run toward the river.

"Got to get down to Nigger Skull quick," White Johnny panted, as they coursed through the bubbling sloughs. "People's heard them shots and when Marty tells them what I done to him they'll be coming for us sure. Little Greasy's hiding by the court house to tell us when they're starting."

Round the edge of the town they raced, over the narrow, half flooded isthmus to the button factory where an old mattress floated off the dump washed spectrally against an inundated window, and arrived at Shantytown ablaze with light and resonant with the clatter of pans and thudding of boxes as the inhabitants hastily dragged their shore possessions on board. Towhead, waiting under the shelter of a tree, saw the runners approaching, and rushed up the path to meet them. Throwing her arms about the boy, she hugged him feverishly. He kissed her tenderly, and with her hand gripped in his own, darted to the shanty.

Snatching a hammer from a shelf, he crawled between the beaching blocks which hold the hull high out of water and began repairing a ragged hole in the bow. He had nailed one board and was holding a second ready to follow, when Little Greasy came scrambling down the bank. "They're getting ready to start!" he puffed to White Johnny and the others who came darting round him to hear the news. "I was hiding in one of them big boxes in front of Professor Jacks' place and I seen it all! Every-thing was all closed up excepting the drugstore, and Zep Wethers and Doc Boaz and Captain Lilly, and a couple of other fellows was sitting in the back talking, when all of a sudden Marty comes racing down the street with his head all bleeding and runs inside. And I heard him talking wild and seen him opening up bottles and things. And a minute later he come out with a rag tied around him and him and Cap Lilly and the others run off toward the jail!"

"They're rounding up the niggers got away," White Johnny snapped.

"Guess so," Little Greasy gasped. "Anyway somebody started ringing the fire bell, and the volunteers came running up putting rubber coats over their nightgowns, and pretty soon everybody got to crowding around the square. And Cap Lilly and Doc Boaz come back, and Cap begun talking about law and order or some other fancy words like that he said the shanty-boaters was always contrary to. And Press Capps got up and said that was right. Before he was through a fellow started yelling about lynching, and Zep Wethers ran and got a bucket of tar, and when they was building a fire under it, Mrs. Jacks threw a feather pillow out the window and somebody starting ripping it open. And then I knowed it was time for me to be going. If you listen you can hear them holler-ing."

He held up his shiny finger warningly; from the tiny blur of light marking the town came a faint halloo as though distant hunters were calling in their wandering dogs.

The shantymen grunted and sped off to their homes. States completed his patch with a few hasty strokes of the hatchet. While Towhead and the old woman waited shivering in the rain, he knocked the beaching blocks from under the hull, and as the shanty sank clumsily to the ground, slid it into the water. Eagerly he leaped aboard and scanning the flooring at the bow, saw two jets of water spurting through the edges of the newly applied boards. With such a leak the vessel would be quickly swamped in the rough mid-channel, he knew. Climbing to the roof of the shanty, he pulled off a strip of tin and began hammering it over the spouting water.

The hallooing died away with a shifting eddy of the wind, but floating out through the rain again, came ever nearer. Minute triangles of flames appeared at the top of the low rise behind



the flooded dump and began to descend in a wavering parade.

States pounded steadily at the tin. One by one the other shanties sluggishly left the bank and moved into the swollen current, the home of Little Greasy with its windows fashioned of automobiles and the pitcher-crowned dwelling of White Johnny, the shanty of Nigger Sue with the wagon umbrella swaying at the bow, the sign-daubed hut of Preaching Daniel where beneath the faintly visible legend, "Where Will You Spend Eternity?" the grim-coated devotee stood like Death awaiting an answer to his question.

The flaming triangles now resolved themselves into torches. States drove a last nail and hurried the two women on board. Catching up his pole, he had started to shove off the bank when he saw Buffalo bent over before his dwelling made of a derelict street car, struggling desperately to lift it from the gluey clay in which it was embedded. Leaping to shore, the boy tried to aid him. But as the advancing red line broke and became an onrushing, fiery wave, the boy abandoned his futile efforts, and with Buffalo at his side, bounded back to the shanty.

Clambering over the gunwale, he snatched up his pole once more and as his companion took the heavy oar which served as rudder, with a mighty thrust sent the craft scudding forward.

A single vehement-sputtering torch arrived at the bank and halted as the crimson-tipped figure holding it put his free hand to his forehead and peered out over the water. An instant later three others had joined him, the first a derelict individual carrying a bucket who he thought he recognized as Zep Wethers, the other two, men of sharply contrasted heights, who he believed might be Press Caps and Captain Lilly. More torches came swiftly behind them. A pistol roared and a bullet skipped shrilly over the surface of the stream.

"Put the lamp out, Towhead," States whispered.

The girl obeyed.

The shot was not repeated.

THE scarlet-shadowed raiders, ever increasing, merged into a confused fire-crowned circle which remained stationary a moment, then whirled blindingly on toward Buffalo's abandoned dwelling. The derelict man detached himself from the dazzling ring, rushed inside the shanty and reappearing on what had once been the motorman's platform, rang the gong furiously. The crowd roared and hooted its approval. The bell ringer vanished. A moment later a burst of purplish smoke issued out the stove pipe in the roof where long before had been a trolley; lacy flames commenced darting along the edges of the windows through which passengers had once peered into city streets.

The mob now sighted the leprous dwelling of Meat and Bread Andy likewise imbedded in the clay down the bank, and sped off toward it. Here too a purplish haze quickly lit up the windows. Dully outlined by the glow, a man raised what appeared to be a bucket high above his head and shook it at the disappearing vessels. "You ain't getting away!" he shouted tauntingly. "We'll get you down at Nigger Skull just as easy! You'll be thinking it's you instead of your shanties is afire before we're done with you! You'll be thinking you're a roasted chicken! Plenty of this here tar gravy for your backs and then some horse-whipping for dressing!" He completed his outburst with a volley of profanity.

"It's Zep Wethers all right," States muttered. "That's his cursing."

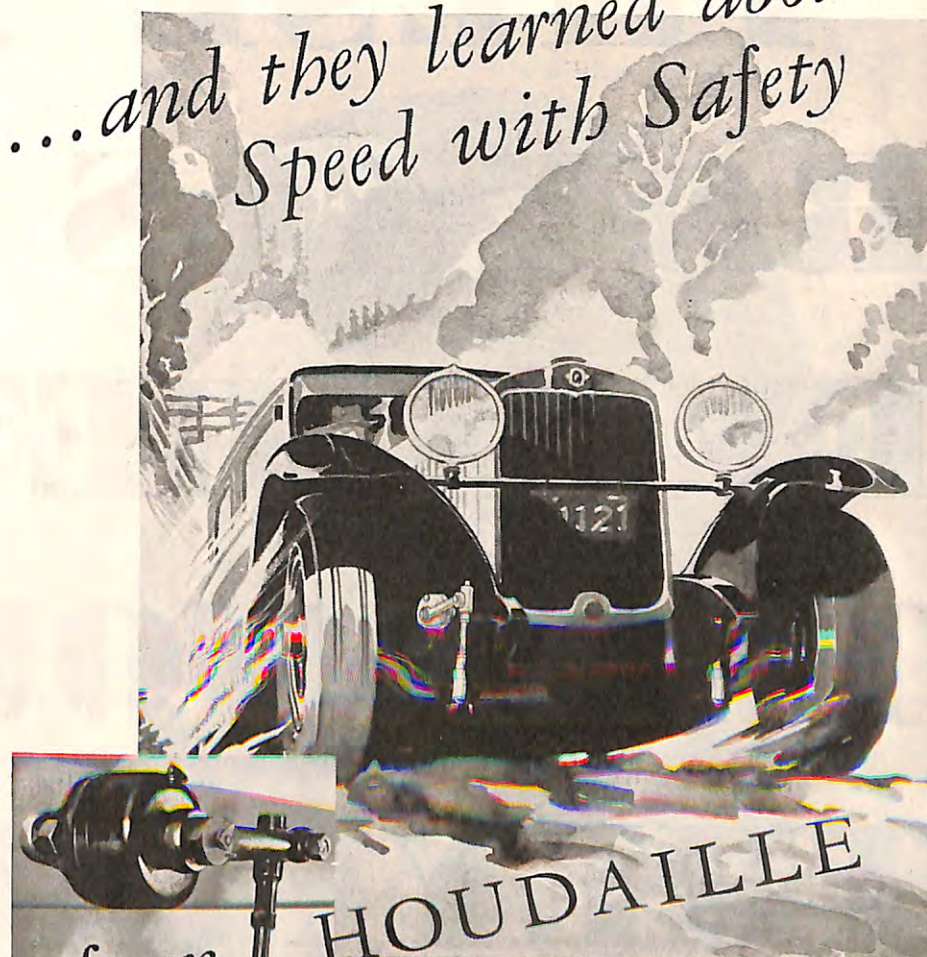
Buffalo, forlornly watching the glowing skeleton which had been his home, made no reply. At length, in a blinding shower of sparks the domed roof collapsed; the walls swayed luridly and crumbled in a fire-shot cloud of steam.

The shanty man's heavy lips quivered. "She come from St. Louis," he said sadly. "I read it painted on her many a time, just under where the rope was for ringing up the fares. Finished up on a May the 7th, and she'd carry thirty-seven people sitting down. . . . Now she ain't going to carry even one."

A wooded bend in the river blotted the two burning dwellings from sight and the craft began to speed down the racing current. A

(Continued on page 50)

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## The Lost Pilot of Shanty Bend

(Continued from page 47)

sunken log struck the vessel a glancing blow on the bow and caused water to begin a new spouting through the floor. Surrendering the oar to Buffalo, States took his hammer and again began to pound at the edges of the patch. But his labor was vain. The floor soon disappeared beneath a muddy pool dividing into rippling waves with each slight tremor of the hull. The flow increased as they sounded past Burning Elm Light marking the bar where Granny Fork ended, and ploughing into the seething river beyond.

The two women snatched up buckets and began to bail.

An undertow caught the vessel and began rocking it from side to side until the windows seemed at instants to lie flat on the water; from the shanty interior came the crash of falling dishes and the rumble of furniture bumping against walls. The two women clung to the gunwales and bailed faster.

The rocking ceased as suddenly as it had begun. The craft lumbered into quieter water. Towhead put down her bucket a moment as her violent exertions brought on a fit of her old coughing. The baby began to whimper fitfully. Buffalo took out a plug of tobacco and spit over the stern at explosive, regularly timed intervals.

Close to the shore they bounded, past the Morning Glory winking its single red eye at the wharf, and swinging round the great horse-shoe of Big Muddy Bend, poled through the flooded break in the levee into what a few months before had been Nigger Skull Swamp, but was now a patchwork of crazy-shaped cypress-crowned islands rising foggily out a gloomy bay.

For some distance up the water they proceeded until in the shelter of the unbroken section of the levee the stretches of land grew longer, wider, and coming to rest at a muddy bank where the other shanties were already anchored, dragged the boat ashore.

"I tell you I don't like this place," Aunt Vergie muttered, as she looked out over the sombre landscape and began picking up the tinware scattered on the floor. "I got a feeling that being here ain't going to do us no good. If they want to come down here and get us the way they was saying, ain't nothing to stop them that I can see."

"Nobody's coming after us," Buffalo answered dejectedly. "All this here land south of Big Muddy is Lost Creek County, ain't Beaver County no more and it ain't lawful for 'em to cross a county line."

"They'll figure up some way of tormenting us. And even if they don't start no devilment, there's plenty of other things around here that can. Things that ain't natural. Bound to be

in a swamp. . . . You're going to spend the night with us, ain't you, Buffalo, now you ain't got no shanty?"

The homeless man shook his head. "I'll be getting over to Little Greasy's. Two women don't want no strange man around." Mournfully he slumped out into the darkness.

Towhead found a broom and commenced sweeping out the mud settling at their feet. The exertion caused her coughing to break out afresh. States took the broom from her anxiously. "Don't you go trying to work, honey," he said. "You better be going to bed."

He lifted up the straw mattress he had bought her some months before to place it on the cot from which it had fallen and saw that it was soaked with water. A hasty survey showed him that all the other bedding was in the same condition. Going outside, he searched about in the hope of finding some dry grass. But from every blade he plucked there fell a miniature rain, and he was forced to return empty handed.

"It's this here swamp mist that's making her cough," Aunt Vergie grumbled as she found an old coat slightly dryer than the blankets and gave it to the shivering girl. "If we just had a sheep for her to sleep with, we could stop it in a minute. But if you ain't got a sheep, you ain't got it, that's all."

Towhead stretched out on the cot and laid the baby at her side. "Don't need no sheep when I got Moss," she said cheerfully, and a moment later closed her eyes. The old woman yawned and throwing down a drenched coverlet, followed her example.

The rain ceased and the moon shone feebly through a rift in the leaden sky. States put out the light and sat down in the bow to keep watch for a possible attack. The toad came hopping clumsily forward and snuggled against his shoe. He bent and thoughtfully scratched its head.

The moon disappeared again behind a cloud, leaving the swamp once more in spectral blackness through which long, upright streaks of mist constantly floated, and wavering and dissolving, took now the shapes of fantastic animals, now the forms of grotesque men. A fox barked harshly in a clump of bushes near the shanty. The child waked with the noise and began a frightened whimpering. States took it from the bed and began rocking it to and fro, lulling it with hushed, toneless snatches of song.

From within came the sound of a paroxysm of coughing. States grasped the tiny fingers toying sleepily at his wrist and pressed them against his cheek. "It's Captain Lilly done brought all this trouble on us, son," he muttered. "That fellow in the jail was right. I got to kill him."

(To be concluded)

## Bluff

(Continued from page 21)

automatic pistol fired at close range. The smell of powder was still in the air. The shot must have been fired ten minutes before we entered the room, so he was murdered at ten o'clock.

Q. You found no weapon?

A. No.

Q. What did you do then?

A. First I made sure that my old friend was beyond human help. Then I phoned for the police.

Mr. Singleton, of counsel for the defense, rose for cross-examination, a lean man with small, shrewd eyes and an insinuating voice.

Q. Dr. Frayne, you have testified that, in your opinion, Mr. Gorse bears a bad reputation in the community?

A. I have.

Q. And that he is not liked?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you like him?

A. I do not. I believe he cold-bloodedly murdered a fine man and should be made to pay—

Mr. Singleton—to the judge—Your Honor, will you please instruct the witness not to let his feelings get the better of him, and to stick to facts.

Justice Chandler—The witness will please answer the questions put to him, and refrain from comment.

Mr. Singleton, resuming the cross-examination—

You admit, then, to a prejudice against Mr. Gorse.

A. I consider him a ruthless beast.

Q. To your knowledge has he ever been arrested?

A. No.

Q. Or suspected of any felony or misdemeanor?

A. No.

Q. Or involved in any scandal?

A. No. Not to my knowledge, anyhow.

Q. So the slanders on his good name have been based on gossip and vague generalities. Isn't that so?

A. It was known that he was rude and sullen and hard to get on with, that he had a vile temper, that he did no work, that he lived on his uncle, that he gambled and drank and ran up debts—

Q. Do you play cards, Doctor?

A. Yes.

Q. Bridge?



A. Yes.  
 Q. Poker?  
 A. Sometimes.  
 Q. With whom?  
 A. Many people.  
 Q. For example, you've played with Mr. Hartwell, and Mr. Winter, and Mr. Darcy and other leading men of the town, haven't you?  
 A. Yes.  
 Q. For money?  
 A. Small stakes, certainly.  
 Q. Did you ever play cards with Baird Gorse?  
 A. Yes. A few times at his uncle's house.  
 Q. Would you describe yourself as a gambler, Dr. Frayne?  
 A. Certainly not.  
 Q. I see. You play cards for money and are not a gambler. Mr. Gorse plays cards for money and is a gambler. Is that how you see it?  
 A. He plays constantly, and for high stakes. He invariably wins, too.  
 Q. And you sometimes win and sometimes lose?  
 A. Yes.  
 Q. In other words, playing cards is more of a gamble for you than for him?  
 A. That's sophistry, and you know it.  
 Q. Please keep your temper, Doctor.  
 A. I am keeping my temper, but I warmly resent—  
 Q. As a matter of fact, Doctor, haven't you, within the last ten years, publicly caned two men?  
 A. They were rascals.  
 Q. But you displayed, on those occasions, anyhow, what might be described as a vile temper—isn't that so?  
 A. I am not too old yet to cane still another scoundrel—  
 Q. Do you ever take a drink?  
 A. Now and then.  
 Q. Is there a mortgage on your house?  
 A. Yes.  
 Q. You consider that a debt, don't you?  
 A. Of course.  
 Q. Now, Dr. Frayne, don't you, in general, agree to the proposition that a pot should not call a kettle black?  
 A. Sir, you are insufferable and let me tell you—  
 Q. Please don't roar at me, Doctor. It is my duty to defend the rights of an innocent man. Another question, please. Are you a member of the Civic Club?  
 A. I am.  
 Q. Isn't it an exclusive club to which only the most substantial men in town belong, and isn't membership in it considered a mark of social standing?  
 A. Yes.  
 Q. Is Baird Gorse a member?  
 A. He is.  
 Q. Does he go there frequently?  
 A. Yes. Takes his meals there.  
 Q. Was he dining there the night of the murder?  
 A. Yes.  
 Q. Alone?  
 A. With four other members.  
 Q. He left there at nine?  
 A. Yes.  
 Q. You spoke to him that night, didn't you?  
 A. Yes. I stopped to ask him about his rheumatism. I'd been treating him for it.  
 Q. Did he seem nervous, or preoccupied, as a man about to commit a serious crime might be?  
 A. Can't say that he did. But he wouldn't, anyhow.  
 Q. Isn't he a member of the Sylvan Brook Country Club, and the Havenford Yacht Club?  
 A. Yes.  
 Q. They're considered highly respectable organizations, aren't they?  
 A. Yes.  
 Q. You've seen him at social functions, balls, dinners, parties and so forth, haven't you?  
 A. Yes. He went about in society a good deal.  
 Q. Did you ever object to his being received by the best people in town, because you regarded him as a moral bankrupt and a potential murderer?  
 A. Certainly not. I'm too busy to give any time to driving undesirables out of society.  
 Q. In brief, then, Doctor, Mr. Gorse's reputation was not such that he was barred from the best clubs and the best homes. Am I right?  
 A. Technically.

(Continued on page 52)

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## Bluff

(Continued from page 51)



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Mr. Singleton smiled.  
"That's all, Doctor. Thank you," he said.

Thomas Hartwell testified that he had been Morgan Winter's attorney for twenty-five years. Mr. Winter's net estate, he said, would amount to about one million, one hundred thousand dollars. As no will had been found, his next of kin, Baird Gorse, would inherit it.

Q. By the District Attorney—Was Mr. Winter about to make a new will?

A. He was. We discussed it in detail the day before his death.

Q. What were to be the provisions of the new will?

A. Small bequests were made to his five servants, ten thousand dollars was left to his nephew, and the residue went to the Havenford Hospital.

Q. On the night of the murder, why did you go to Mr. Winter's house?

A. To put the new will in shape.

Q. What time were you due there?

A. Shortly after ten.

Q. Then, if Morgan Winter had lived one hour longer, Baird Gorse would have been a poor man. As it is, he will be a rich one.

A. Unless he is executed for his uncle's murder.

Q. Was Baird Gorse aware of the contents of the new will?

A. Yes. His uncle told him about it a week before the murder.

Q. How did Gorse react to the news?

A. He was violently angry.

Under cross-examination by Mr. Singleton, Mr. Hartwell admitted that he could not be sure Mr. Winter had ever written a second will. He could not be sure that Mr. Winter had not destroyed the old will. Mr. Hartwell said he considered it highly unlikely that burglars had broken into the Winter residence, and had killed Mr. Winter, because, he said, modern burglars do not break into a house until they are sure that the loot will be worth while. Morgan Winter lived simply, and had only a few hundred dollars worth of silver in the house. He never kept cash or bonds at home. Mr. Hartwell had made an inventory and nothing was missing.

Q. Might not a burglar have entered the house and killed Mr. Winter and been scared away before he could take anything?

A. That's possible, of course.

Chief of Police Coyle, portly, red of face and in a bad humor, testified that he had made a thorough examination of the Winter premises, and had found no weapon, finger-prints, foot-prints, or indeed any clues.

Q.—By Mr. Singleton, for the defense—What else did you do the night of the murder?

A. I went to the prisoner's house.

Q. Why?

A. I suspected him.

Q. On what grounds?

A. Well, if he didn't do it, who did?

Q. Any stronger grounds than that?

A. Well, Dr. Frayne said to me, "Chief, Gorse is your man. I know it. He's smart but we must not let him get away with this. Go down to his house right away and surprise the truth out of him."

Q. So you tried, to quote the doctor, to "surprise the truth out of him," didn't you?

A. I asked him some questions. That's my job.

Q. As a matter of fact, didn't you break into the room where he was sleeping, and shout at him: "I've got you, Gorse, and got you right. You killed Winter. You were seen. Come across."

A. Something like that. You can't wear kid-gloves when it's a murder.

Q. What did he say?

A. He said, "Chief, you're drunk. Do you mean to say my uncle is dead?"

Q. Were you alone?

A. Sergeant Daniels was with me.

Q. Was Mr. Gorse at all nervous or apprehensive?

A. Him nervous? He ain't got any nerves.

Q. You questioned him nearly all night, didn't you?

A. Yes.

Q. And on subsequent occasions, you and other police officers questioned him for hours at a time?

A. Yes.

Q. The time of the murder has been fixed at ten o'clock. Where was Mr. Gorse at that time?

A. He said he was home, listening to a fight on the radio. The Hutt-O'Grady fight.

Q. You also heard that fight over the radio, didn't you, Chief?

A. I did.

Q. Didn't you ask Mr. Gorse to describe it to you?

A. I did.

Q. What did he say?

A. He said that the first round was slow, with lots of clinching, with Hutt playing for the body, and O'Grady landing right hooks to the head. In the second, Hutt rushed and O'Grady flattened him for the count with a right cross to the jaw.

Q. Was that accurate?

A. Yes. That's what happened, all right.

Q. Chief, you put Mr. Gorse through the third degree, didn't you?

A. I asked him a lot of questions, if that's what you mean.

Q. Did he ever give the slightest indication that he was guilty of the grave crime with which he is charged?

A. He stuck to his story.

The only witness called by the defense was Baird Gorse. He was entirely composed as he took the oath. His attorney asked him only one question: Did you kill Morgan Winter?

In a loud firm voice he answered:

"I swear I did not kill my uncle and that I know nothing whatsoever about the terrible crime."

He faced, impassively, a grueling, searching cross-examination which lasted an entire day. He was ready with his answers and he fell into none of the many traps set for him.

When the time came to sum up, the District Attorney did his best; but he knew he had a weak case; he had known it from the first. His appeal was largely emotional. He stressed heavily motive, pointing out that the prisoner, and no one else, had a strong motive for killing Morgan Winter. The argument for the defense was brief. Motive proved nothing. Not a single fact had been brought forth to connect Gorse with the crime.

**JUSTICE CHANDLER** charged the jury in such clear terms that only one verdict was possible. Baird Gorse was found "Not Guilty" and stepped out of the court-house a free man.

It was not until he was back in his own house, that the tight muscles of his face relaxed a little. He poured himself a stiff drink. As he raised it to his lips, he smiled. He slept fifteen hours that night. Next day he packed his bags, got in his car and drove to Atlantic City. He wanted a long rest.

Baird Gorse did not return to Havenford until his uncle's estate had been transferred to him. He had had a good time at Atlantic City and had gained weight.

That he was treated with frosty civility by some of his acquaintances did not greatly disturb him. He had expected that. That time would work for him he knew. Let accusing eyes follow him as he flashed by in his big new roadster. Eyes, he told himself, could not hurt him.

He did not try to thrust himself immediately back into the social life of the town. In his uncle's house he lived quietly, biding his time. He played golf or cards or drank with the few men there are in every town who are glad to play golf, or cards or drink with anybody. Part of his time he occupied by doing over the old house. The library alone he left unchanged.

"In memory of my uncle," he told the architect.

Gradually he settled back into his old life. In Havenford men of means who entertain lavishly, and who play games well and are always available, are rare. The older people, Dr. Frayne, Thomas Hartwell and the rest, avoided him. The younger people and the newcomers accepted him. Two years passed, and there were still



some whisperings behind his back; but Baird Gorse gave no sign that he was aware of them. He was satisfied with his life.

For his thirty-third birthday, he gave a large party. Only a few of those invited declined. It was a gay, a riotous night. Baird Gorse drank too much champagne, and woke the next afternoon with a stabbing pain in his shoulder.

"The old rheumatism," he growled.

As he reached for the telephone at his bedside he had an impulse which brought a crooked smile to his face. He called the number of Dr. Frayne.

"This is Baird Gorse."

"Yes?"

The old doctor's tone was businesslike.

"I'm very sick, and I want to see you. Will you come?"

"Yes. I'll be up in an hour."

As Gorse put back the telephone, he was still grinning.

"**K**NEW that would fetch him. Thinks he's going to hear a death-bed confession. Well, he's the only decent general practitioner in town and he knows me inside out."

Presently Dr. Frayne was shown into the room.

"Thank you for coming, Doctor," said Gorse. "I was afraid you wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I know you're not exactly fond of me."

"I'm not exactly fond of a number of my patients; but if they're suffering and need me, I treat them. What's wrong with you?"

"The old trouble, I guess. Sharp pains in my shoulders and neck."

Dr. Frayne made an examination.

"Yes," he said, "the old trouble and the old cause. Too much booze, too rich a diet, too little work. I prescribe the old remedy: Cut out meat and hard liquor, eat less and exercise more."

"My body's throbbing like a sore tooth. Can you give me something to stop the pain? You did last time."

The old doctor was staring out of the window. For a minute he did not reply. Then he said, absently,

"Why, yes. Yes, I can give you something. It will put you to sleep for an hour or so, and it may make you a little light-headed—"

"Let's have it," said Gorse, grimacing as a twinge of pain ran along his nerves.

From the old-fashioned black bag he carried, Dr. Frayne took a bottle, measured out some of its contents in a glass, and gave it to Gorse. Rapidly Gorse became drowsy. In a few minutes he was deep in sleep. Dr. Frayne sat by the bedside, his face contracted in thought. For an hour the only sounds in the room were the ticking of the clock and the regular breathing of the sleeping man. At last Gorse opened his eyes. Dr. Frayne bent over him.

"How do you feel?" he asked.

Gorse blinked.

"You still here, Doctor? I feel as if I'd slept a week. I'm a bit groggy but the pain seems to have gone."

Dr. Frayne continued to bend over the bed, staring fixedly at Gorse. The doctor's voice was low, but sharp—

"Listen to me, Baird Gorse," he said. "You talked in your sleep. I know the truth now. You killed Morgan Winter—"

Gorse did not speak for a moment. His black eyes glittered. Then he laughed, a snarling laugh.

"Well, what about it?" he rasped. "You were sure before. Now you're doubly sure, and what does it get you? Not a damn thing. What can you do?"

"Nothing," said Dr. Frayne. "I can do nothing. You are beyond human justice. God alone can punish you—"

"Bunk!" spat out Gorse. His voice grew exultant. "I've beaten you—the lot of you. I've backed my nerve, and I've won. Go out and spread the news that I killed him. I'll laugh at you, as I laughed at the law. Do you think people will drop me? No, doctor, they'll eat my food and drink my liquor and play with me just as before; and if I get bored here, I'll go to New York or Paris. Malign me all you like. I'll say you're a vindictive old buzzard whose mind has been weakened by brooding over Winter's death. Don't try to bluff a man who really knows how to bluff. That's my advice to you, Dr. Frayne."

(Concluded on page 54)



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## Bluff

(Concluded from page 53)

"Suppose," said the doctor, speaking slowly, "I were to tell you that while you were asleep you did not utter a single word?"

Gorse frowned blackly. He considered a moment. A sour grin came to his face.

"A trick, eh?" he said. "Well, it does not alter matters. What are you going to do about it?"

"Wait," said the doctor. "That's all I can do, isn't it?"

The man in the bed uttered a groan.

"That infernal pain again," he said. "Give me another shot of your soothing syrup. It took two shots last time, you know. You can stay here and listen and maybe I'll talk in my sleep again—"

He was watching the doctor's face.

"Oh, go ahead," Gorse said. "I'm not afraid you'll poison me. You have a conscience. But, hurry—"

THE doctor measured out another sleeping draught. Gorse drank it, and was soon asleep. For some time Dr. Frayne sat there watching him. It was a room he knew well, for it was Morgan Winter's old room. Presently he rose and went downstairs and out into the garden. He knew the garden well, too. Often, on summer evenings, he had walked there with Morgan Winter, among the flowers his friend had loved and had tended with his own hands. The old doctor's head was bowed; his clenched hands were plunged in his pockets. He paced the length of the garden five times, and stopped at last at the vine-covered wall at the end of the garden. He returned to Gorse's bedroom, and stayed there half an hour. Gorse was still sleeping easily when he left.

In the morning, early, Dr. Frayne was called from his breakfast to the telephone.

"This is Baird Gorse."

"Yes?"

"Do you want to go on with my case?"

"Yes. I'm a doctor of the body, not of the soul. Aren't you better?"

"The rheumatic pain is gone, but I have a high temperature and feel rotten."

"I'll come up as soon as I can."

Dr. Frayne found Gorse tossing in bed, bright-eyed with fever. The doctor was professionally impersonal.

"Curious," he said, half to himself. "Those spots on your chest are unusual. I can't be sure about them. I'll have to make a blood test."

"Looks like a nasty case of poison ivy to me," said Gorse. "There's some in the garden."

"I never make a snap diagnosis. I'll have to study this a bit. See you again late this afternoon. Meantime, take it easy."

Dr. Frayne's unusually somber face when he entered the sick room that afternoon made Baird Gorse ask, quickly,

"Well, Doctor, what's the verdict?"

Dr. Frayne moved a chair close beside the bedside.

"You are proud of your nerve," he said. "Well, you'll need it now."

"What's the matter?" shot out Gorse.

"I can hardly believe I'm right," said the doctor. "But Dr. Jacobson at the hospital agrees with me, and he's an expert on tropical diseases—"

"In God's name, tell me what it is!"

"Gorse," said Dr. Frayne, "I'm very much afraid you have an active and virulent case of leprosy."

"Great God! Leprosy?"

"Yes."

"But how could I get that?"

"I don't know. You keep Oriental servants, don't you?"

"Yes. Chinese and Filipinos. And I did fire one fellow some months back because he was sick."

"Mmmmm. Perhaps—"

"Listen, Doctor, does Jacobson say I have it."

"He agrees with me."

The sick man's hands twisted the sheets.

"Can it be cured?" he asked, huskily.

"There's a chance."

"Don't kid me. What chance?"

"You want the truth?"

"I'm no baby."

"Well, then," said the doctor. "You have about one chance in a thousand. Perhaps you can beat it. It may take years."

"Will I have to go to a leper colony?"

"You'll have to be isolated, certainly."

"God, what a tough break," moaned Gorse.

"I'm going to call up Jacobson. I've got to be sure."

"Better not mention the word," said Dr. Frayne. "You'll throw the town in a panic, if one of the operators happens to listen in."

With trembling hands Gorse reached for his telephone, and called the Havenford Hospital.

"Dr. Jacobson?"

"Yes. Speaking."

"This is Baird Gorse. You know about my case."

"Yes."

"Is your diagnosis the same as Dr. Frayne's?"

"It is."

The telephone slipped from Gorse's limp hand. He cowered down in his bed, whimpering.

"I can do nothing more for you to-night," said Dr. Frayne. "Try to get a grip on yourself. I've given orders no one is to come near you. To-morrow morning you must be ready to go away—"

"Away?" quavered Gorse. "Away to spend my life among lepers? Away to watch this thing creeping over me?"

He was on the verge of hysteria.

"I'm afraid so," said Dr. Frayne. "Come now, try to face it. Try to get some rest—"

"Rest?" screamed Gorse. "Rest?"

"I have to go now," said Dr. Frayne.

IT HAD been a long, hot day at the hospital and Dr. Alfred Jacobson was tired. He sat in an easy chair in the living room of his house, lazily reading a mystery novel. His phone buzzed and he picked it up with a frown.

He recognized the shrill voice of his neighbor's Chinese butler, made shriller by excitement. "You come quick, Mister Doctor. Mister Gorse he are shot—"

Dr. Jacobson hurried across his garden and up the long drive which led to the big house.

Panic-stricken servants, wringing their hands and doing nothing useful, were in the library; and in the library, too, was Baird Gorse, sagged in a chair at the desk, a red stain on the breast of his white silk pajamas. He was still breathing, but a glance told Dr. Jacobson that he would soon breathe no more. Gorse looked up at him with glazing eyes.

"Better this way," he mumbled. "Better get it over with quick than face leprosy—"

"Leprosy? What are you talking about, Gorse?"

"You agreed with Dr. Frayne—the words came feebly. "You said I had it—"

Dr. Jacobson shook a puzzled head.

"I agreed with Dr. Frayne that you had a severe case of poison ivy. But leprosy!"

The dying man had only one word left. It came from him in a strangled cry—

"Bluffed!"

"Send for the coroner," Dr. Jacobson said, and went back to his mystery book, and while he was reading it, Mrs. Frayne was saying to her husband:

"A man of your age ought to have more sense than to pick poison ivy and get it on his hands. You won't be able to do any work for a week."





## Wyoming's Rustler War

(Continued from page 8)

accumulated a herd of 1,000 horses. All three victims were accused of dealing with rustlers or being rustlers themselves. No evidence warranting official action against the lynchers was found in any of the cases.

These tragedies served to intensify bitterness. Small ranchmen who were honest and who had been in a neutral position, objected to being classed as rustlers, but were against the big outfits. Men armed themselves and eyed each other with suspicion. It was felt that trouble had only begun and the sole speculation concerned the time and place of the next blow.

The question was answered when several masked men burst into a cabin at the headquarters of Powder River, occupied by Nathan D. Champion and Ross Gilbertson. The men began firing at Champion, who was in his bunk. Champion, whose courage was to be further demonstrated not long afterward, was said to be one of the leaders of the rustler element. He had followed the long trail from Texas and settled in Wyoming—a small man, but wiry, alert and a dead shot. He was a thorough-going cowboy and worked for the Bar C, the E K and various other outfits. The cabin which he was occupying was in what was classed as a rustler stronghold in the foothills of the Big Horns, not far from the Hole in the Wall, in which retreat later on the notorious Butch Cassidy and his gang of cattle thieves and desperadoes held forth against the authorities for several years.

Champion snatched his revolver from under his pillow and returned the fire of his assailants with such effect that they retreated, bloodstains indicating that at least one of them had been wounded.

Champion, despite the danger in his title of "the king of the cattle rustlers," which the owners had conferred upon him, refused to be driven out of the country. If he had not defiantly stayed on, the war which was ever then hovering in Cattle Land might have had a different ending.

Shortly after this attempt on the life of Champion, John H. Tisdale, a rancher who lived sixty miles from Buffalo, stopped at the Cross H Ranch on his way home with supplies. Tisdale was uneasy, and kept away from the windows when the lamps were lighted in the evening.

"I think they're going to try to get me," he told a cowboy friend. "I've bought a double-barreled shotgun for protection, but I feel this is going to be my last ride."

The next day Tisdale's body was found in a lonely gulch close to the road. He had been shot. Scarcely had this assassination come to light when the dead body of Orley E. (Ranger) Jones, another small rancher was found about fifteen miles from Buffalo. He had been shot. The mystery of these murders was never cleared up.

IF IT was the intention to alarm other homesteaders to such an extent that they would vacate the cattle range, this series of lynchings and assassinations failed of its purpose. After the killing of Jones and Tisdale there was quiet for two or three months, and Northern Wyoming began to make preparations for the spring roundups of 1892. These roundups were carried on in districts. Ranchers in each district, though separated by many miles, all "threw in," each outfit contributing its quota of cowboys to carry on the general roundup work. It was the time for taking stock and finding out where each outfit stood at the end of the winter season. It was the time for branding cattle, both legitimately and otherwise, and logically enough it was the time when the cattle rustler and brand changer was busiest. The cattle interests, which had plenty of basis for their complaints about thievery from their herds, looked with alarm on the prospects of another season of unchecked rustling. Prominent owners of cattle gave it out that, unless there was some quick deterrent, the spring roundup would spell bankruptcy for some outfits.

The complaints of the cattle owners centered about Johnson County in particular. This county, far removed from any railroad community, covered a vast area in which the geographical conditions seemed to favor the cattle

(Continued on page 56)



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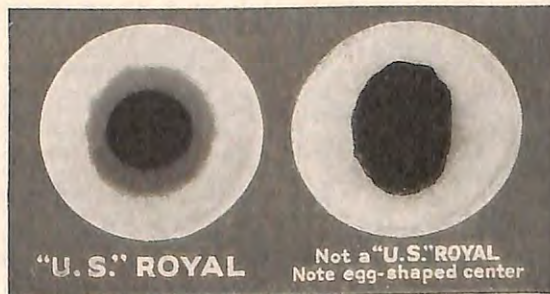
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## Wyoming's Rustler War

(Continued from page 55)

rustler. Cattle stolen from the herds on the plains to the east of the Big Horns could be hidden in the recesses of the foothills at the headwaters of Powder River and tributary streams. The cattlemen claimed that it was hopeless to appeal to the local authorities—that the rustlers, who were numerically in the majority, had control of the sheriff's office and that a jury conviction for cattle stealing was impossible.

The fears of the cattlemen were heightened when they learned that the rustlers had held a meeting in Buffalo and arranged for roundups, to be held prior to those called regularly every spring by the livestock owners. An injunction was granted by the District Court, restraining and enjoining these contemplated roundups. The officers who attempted to serve the order of injunction were roughly treated, the cattlemen claimed, and were told that it was not safe for them to remain in that part of the country.

The assassination of George Wellman, a Deputy United States Marshal, while on his way to Buffalo to receive orders from the United States Marshal, with regard to serving the injunction order, bore out the assertion of the cattlemen that any officer who tried to curb the cattle thieves was in danger of losing his life. Wellman was shot twice from ambush while he was riding across a lonely stretch of prairie, leading a pack horse. This crime, which was charged against the rustler side, was just one more unsolved mystery growing out of Wyoming's rangeland strife.

The panicky situation in which the cattlemen found themselves prior to the roundup season no doubt had much to do with the quick planning and execution of the invasion of Johnson County by armed forces. Trusted agents were sent into other western States, where there were plenty of free-lance fighters ready to embark on any enterprise that promised excitement and wages—the wages being secondary.

Before spring roundup time the personnel of the little army had been completed. The men were armed, equipped and taken to Casper as described, and the start was made for Buffalo, where, strangely enough there had been no intimation of the coming invasion.

LESS than three days after their impressive start from Casper the invaders were fortified in the log buildings of a ranch twelve miles out of Buffalo, fighting desperately for their lives. They had been delayed fully a day by the stubborn defense of one man—the indomitable Nate Champion—had put up at a lonely ranch house on the way. This delay had proved fatal, for it enabled the so-called rustlers to spread the alarm. Ranchmen who hitherto had identified themselves with neither one of the warring camps made common cause with known rustlers. Armed men began to appear in considerable numbers. A wide detour had to be made across the plains at one spot in the road to avoid an ambush which was betrayed when a rustler accidentally discharged a revolver.

Confident that their halt was to be only temporary and that they would still be able to reach Buffalo, now only an hour's journey, the raiders turned in at the T. A. Ranch, on the Crazy Woman fork of Powder River. Not even the news that the rustlers had captured the supply wagons tended to discourage the invaders. It was believed that they would be able to go on in a few hours. They were not aware of the overwhelming nature of the uprising against them.

The ranch into which the raiders had turned was ideal for purposes of defense. The long, rambling ranch house and out-buildings were built of heavy logs. The windows were small and the doors were heavy enough to resist anything but a battering ram. The invaders built a log breastwork and dug a rifle pit along two sides of the house which seemed vulnerable.

It was not until the ranch house was surrounded by armed men, with more constantly arriving, that the raiders realized the seriousness of their situation. Instead of having a few rustlers to fight, they were confronted with nearly 400 riflemen, who began preparations for a siege. Stores were thrown open at Buffalo, and those who did not have arms and ammunition were told to help themselves.

The invaders opened fire on their besiegers.

Bullets began to rain against the thick logs of the ranch buildings, and to whistle through the windows, and the fight was on. No one in the attacking party was hit, as the besiegers kept well under cover at a considerable distance from the ranch buildings. It was plain enough that an open attack would result in the loss of many men. The besiegers had to content themselves during the first few hours of the battle with firing at the doors and through the windows in the hope that a chance shot would find a victim.

Steady firing by both sides was kept up all day. Reinforcements kept arriving and were stationed at the most advantageous places. The ranch buildings were so completely surrounded that no attempt of the invaders to escape would have been successful.

There was no idea of extending mercy to the men who had been "holed up" at the T. A. Ranch. News had come that the invaders had killed two alleged rustlers the day before.

"They shot Nate Champion and Nick Ray, and now they'll have to take some of their own medicine," was the word that was passed around among the besiegers.

The night was put in digging rifle pits which brought the besiegers nearer to the ranch houses. It was known that the invaders were short of supplies, and could hardly hope to put up a defense for more than three days at the outside, but it was feared that a rescue would be effected before they were starved out.

In the hope of driving the invaders into the open, the besiegers fashioned a "home-made" cannon, out of heavy pipe. At the first shot the cannon exploded, but due caution had been observed and no one was injured.

The cannon had been largely the handiwork of Arapahoe Brown, who had assumed the rustler leadership. Undismayed by the failure of his device, "Rap" came forward with plans for a war machine which promised to be more effective—a movable breastwork which would enable the besiegers to approach the cabin in safety and throw bombs into the windows.

Briefly described, "Rap's" contrivance consisted of the running gears of two wagons, with a breastwork of heavy logs built between the rear wheels. Portholes were cut in the logs. Forty men could be protected behind the breast work. The wagons could be backed toward the ranch house, with nobody behind the movable fortress exposed to rifle fire.

Most of the second day and night of the siege were spent in constructing the movable fortress according to the directions laid down by Arapahoe Brown. When the work had been completed to the designer's satisfaction, it was dawn of the third day of the siege.

"That's an Ark of Safety that'll git them fellers," observed "Rap" sagely.

"That's no Ark, 'Rap,—it's a Go-Devil," said a cowboy, and this descriptive christening was accepted by the besiegers, who enthusiastically took up the work of getting the clumsy machine of war under way.

Riflemen stationed themselves at the portholes of the Go-Devil. Others, carrying crude bombs made of giant powder, took their places beside the riflemen. Men who were to guide the movable fortress were assigned to places along the wagon tongues, which acted as steering rods.

A cheer went up as the Go-Devil moved slowly toward the ranch house, where the besieged, realizing that a final attack was about to be launched, were watching anxiously. Those of the besiegers who had not been assigned to positions behind Arapahoe Brown's strange device, were placed in the rifle pits surrounding the ranch buildings, with orders to fire as soon as the besieged were driven out.

The fortress on wheels had been moved about a hundred yards toward the ranch house, when the sound of a bugle was heard, and three troops of soldiers from Fort McKinney entered the ranch yard under a flag of truce. The long-awaited order from Washington had come, and the soldiers made a forced ride at dawn, arriving just in time to save the lives of the invaders, who were taken to the fort.

The raid by which the cattle interests had hoped to end rustling and clear the grazing areas of "nesters" at one blow, had failed largely be-

cause of the bravery of one man, Nate Champion, who had held the raiders at bay for an entire day. This unlooked-for delay upset the entire plan of campaign of the raiders, and gave the rustlers time to mobilize their forces and prevent the capture of the sheriff's office at Buffalo, which seems to have been the main object of the invading force.

Had the raiders proceeded directly to Buffalo, there is no doubt that they could have arrived before the so-called rustlers had gathered their widely scattered forces in sufficient numbers to have held the little cow town. But, when the invaders had ridden a few miles beyond Casper, a courier arrived with word which halted the expedition.

"There are rustlers at the K. C. Ranch, and among them is Nate Champion," was the news.

Here, apparently was a chance to strike a quick and effective blow at the rustler element. If Nate Champion could be captured or killed, his loss would be certain to have a decided moral effect. Consequently the route of the invaders was changed to take in the K. C. Ranch, which was on the middle fork of Powder River, some sixty miles south of Buffalo.

At sunrise the K. C. Ranch was surrounded by the invaders. The horses were left at some distance from the cabin to insure against alarming the men at the ranch. Smoke rising from the chimney indicated that someone inside was preparing an early breakfast.

THE K. C. ranch house, which was owned by a settler named Nolan, was at the edge of the Big Horn foothills. The cabin stood in an open glade. It was a small, one-room building, with a lean-to at the rear. There were no trees nearby. A few rods to the west of the cabin were some low hills, at the foot of which were ravines, offering convenient places for marksmen to station themselves. The stable stood within easy rifle shot of the cabin, and near at hand was a small creek, behind the bank of which riflemen were concealed.

Unknown to the invaders, most of the cowboys who had been gathered at the ranch had departed the day before. Only Nate Champion and Nick Ray were left, with two casual visitors, trappers named Jones and Walker, who had come down from the Big Horns the evening before, and, in accordance with the customs of the range country, had "dropped in" at the ranch to spend the night.

The invaders, not knowing how many men were in the cabin, awaited developments.

Soon one of the trappers came out with a pail, and went to the creek for water. He was captured by the men hiding under the creek bank, and was told to make no noise if he valued his life—an injunction which he obeyed. In a few minutes the other trapper came out, looking for his companion. He walked toward the stable and was surrounded and captured, as his companion had been.

After a considerable wait, a big man came out of the house. He was Nick Ray, a cowboy, who, it was claimed, had been "black-balled" as a cattle rustler. Ray seized an ax and began chopping wood, but had hardly started this work when there was a single shot from the stable, followed by a volley from the concealed invaders.

Ray fell, but began crawling back toward the cabin. The heavy door of the log house swung open, and Nate Champion appeared, in full view of the invaders. Disregarding the fire which was directed toward him, Champion brought his rifle to his shoulder and fired several shots. The invaders kept so well under cover that none of the shots took effect.

Closing the door, Champion went to a window and saw his wounded companion still crawling toward the cabin. Opening the door again, Champion emptied his rifle toward his invaders, but once more without effect.

Ray was still several yards from the cabin door, so desperately wounded that he could not get to his feet. Calmly putting down his rifle, Champion then performed a deed of heroism which bore out the general statement that he "shore had nerve."

Running to Nick Ray's side, Nate Champion lifted the wounded man and staggered back to the house with his burden. The invaders redoubled their fire, and bullets fairly rained about Champion as the plucky cowboy slowly made his

(Continued on page 58)



# "Unaccustomed as I am—

"I...er, er...  
...don't know just  
what to say on the  
subject," on the

"I wasn't expecting  
to be called on to  
speak,"

"Mr. Bell can tell  
you more about the  
idea than I can."

"Er...that is not  
very clear, but  
that's the best I  
can do."



## ...Yet 4 Weeks Later He Swept Them Off Their Feet!

IN a daze he slumped to his seat. Failure... when a good impression before these men meant so much. Over the coffee next morning, his wife noticed his gloomy, pre-occupied air.

"What's the trouble, dear?"

"Oh... nothing. I just fumbled my big chance last night, that's all!"

"John! You don't mean that your big idea didn't go over!"

"I don't think so. But Great Scott, I didn't know they were going to let me do the explaining. I outlined it to Bell—he's the public speaker of our company! I thought he was going to do the talking!"

"But, dear, that was so foolish. It was your idea—why let Bell take all the credit? They'll never recognize your ability if you sit back all the time. You really ought to learn how to speak in public!"

"Well, I'm too old to go to school now. And, besides, I haven't got the time!"

"Say, I've got the answer to that. Where's that magazine?... Here—read this. Here's an internationally known institute that offers a home study course in effective speaking. They offer a free booklet entitled, *How to Work Wonders With Words*, which tells how any man can develop his natural speaking ability. Why not send for it?"

He did. And a few minutes' reading of this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method in 20 minutes a day, would train him to

dominate one man or thousands—convince one man or many—how to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs. It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural Laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinions at business

conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

And his newly developed talent has created other advantages for him. He is a sought after speaker for civic, banquet, and lodge affairs. Social leaders compete for his attendance at dinners because

he is such an interesting talker. And he lays all the credit for his success to his wife's suggestion—and to the facts contained in this free book—*How to Work Wonders With Words*.

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to express one's self is the result of training, rather than a natural gift of a chosen few. Any man with a grammar school education can absorb and apply quickly the natural Laws of Conversation. With these laws in mind, the faults of timidity, self-consciousness, stage-fright and lack of poise disappear; repressed ideas and thoughts come forth in words of fire.

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milder

## Wyoming's Rustler War

(Continued from page 56)

way to the shelter of the cabin. No shot took effect.

Champion put his dying companion in a bunk. "Never mind me, Nate," groaned Nick Ray. "Make your getaway if you can. I'm done for, anyway."

Disregarding his companion's plea, Nate Champion proceeded to put up a defense which is still brought up when men talk over outstanding deeds of bravery in the West. It was one man against fifty, but Champion realized that he was fighting for his life. He knew that no mercy would be shown him if he surrendered. If he could stand off the invaders until the alarm was spread, there might be some chance of being rescued—a slender chance, it is true, for ranches were separated by miles and it would take hours to raise a sufficient force to beat off the raiders who had swept so unexpectedly into the cattle country.

Champion had plenty of arms and ammunition in the cabin. Besides his own rifle and revolver he had the weapons that had been carried by Nick Ray and two trappers who had stopped at the ranch overnight. Standing a rifle beside each window, Champion proceeded to make the rounds of the little cabin, maintaining a fire from all sides which puzzled the besiegers and kept them at a respectful distance. Several attempts to crawl through the sage-brush, and thereby to get a direct shot through the window, were abandoned.

**I**T WAS known that Nate Champion was the only man in the cabin who was capable of putting up a fight. As a matter of fact Nick Ray had not long to live. Champion took such care of his wounded companion as he could. Then, when Ray died, the lone defender of the cabin fought harder than ever. He seemed to be at all sides of the little ranch house at once, now firing from a window or loophole and again flinging open the door and trying to pick off the concealed riflemen.

Bullets were singing through the cabin windows and thudding into the heavy logs, close to the loopholes through which Champion fired. It seemed impossible that any man could live through such a fusillade and not be struck by a chance missile. Yet the steady fire of the invaders was punctuated by the sharp, staccato reports from the cabin which indicated that Nate Champion was still fighting.

All morning the unequal fight was kept up. The invaders were beginning to be worried. The success of their raid depended upon the swiftness with which it was carried out. Yet here was one man holding up everything! There was no telling when a hornet-like swarm of vengeful ranchers would be heading toward the isolated ranch house. The firing was redoubled, but still came those answering shots from the little log cabin.

Champion's unparalleled defense against such overwhelming numbers was the more remarkable because he was opposing men who were dead shots. Among them, according to rumor which persists to-day, was Tom Horn, scout in the Apache campaigns in the Southwest, champion all-round cowboy, and noted for "dropping his man" every time he glanced along a rifle barrel. Horn, it was said, had enlisted in the Wyoming cattle war before the invasion. The double assassination of Ranger Jones and Tisdale, many have since claimed, could only have been Tom Horn's work.

This theory does not seem untenable, in view of Horn's conviction and hanging at Cheyenne, ten years later, for the assassination of Willie Nickell, son of a Wyoming sheepman who had settled on land that had previously known only cattle and who was slated for "removal" from that particular grazing area. Several other assassinations of homesteaders, in the interim between the Rustler War and the Nickell crime, were laid at Horn's door. In fact Horn admitted these crimes in a moment of drunken boasting, within hearing of a clever district attorney and an expert stenographer.

If it were true that Tom Horn was among the invaders who swept into Johnson County, the K. C. Ranch fight was the first occasion on record that his deadly rifle failed to seek out its mark. Nate Champion continued to fight on

through the noonday and well along into the afternoon, and the invaders found no chance to break cover and rush the cabin.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, with Champion still stubbornly holding forth in his log fortress, the invaders were alarmed at the approach of a wagon and horseman on the road which wound down from the hills along the course of Powder River. Jack Flagg, a ranchman living above the K. C., was headed for Buffalo. Flagg was on horseback, and his son, who was seventeen, was driving a team attached to the running gear of a wagon.

The invaders swarmed out of the gulches, and, without parley, opened fire on the Flaggs. The ranchman, bringing his rifle to his shoulder, managed to stand off the attackers long enough to enable the boy to cut the traces and leap on the back of one of the horses. Then the Flaggs galloped away, making their escape before the invaders could bring up their horses and organize a successful pursuit.

The invaders knew that news of the raid would soon spread. They went back to the business of getting Nate Champion and doing it quickly. Hay and pitch pine were loaded on the wagon which Flagg had left behind. The wagon was then backed up to the house, the invaders who did the work sheltering themselves behind the load from Champion's deadly fire. The hay was set ablaze, and soon the fire spread to the ranch house.

The invaders surrounding the house watched the progress of the flames. The roof was first to catch fire. The flames spread downward and soon one entire wall was ablaze. Puffs of smoke came from between the chinked walls of the cabin.

"He can't stand this much longer," was the unanimous verdict of the watchers.

Still there came no indication that the cabin contained any living thing.

"Reckon he's shot himself," said one cowboy.

Then came a cry:

"There he goes!"

A man in his stocking feet and with a Winchester in his hand and a revolver in his belt, had dashed out of the door at the south end of the house, not more than fifty yards from a ravine.

If Nate Champion could only gain the shelter of those friendly hills which billowed to the West, there would be no chance to get him. Desperately he ran toward the nearest gulch, regardless of the prickly pear which stabbed his feet with its needle-like spines. Champion was a fleet runner and he had thrown off surplus clothing in his last race for life. Smoke clouds drifted down on him momentarily, confusing the aim of the invaders, who came out of concealment and fired from all their posts of vantage.

It looked as though Nate Champion was going to "make his getaway," as the climax of his one-man defense of the K. C. Ranch. But when he was within a few yards of the gulch which led back into the foothills of the Big Horn, a dozen men rose up from the sagebrush and fired a volley at close range. They had been concealed in the very gulch toward which Champion was running for safety.

Champion was riddled with bullets, but, even as he fell, he half raised his rifle to his shoulder. His body rolled over, and he lay on his back, with arms extended.

"Dead afore he hit the ground," said the first cowboy who approached, after Champion's slayers had waited cautiously, with rifles at their shoulders, for some sign of life from the K. C. defender.

If any feeling of shame came to Champion's slayers as they stood above the body of the man who had put up such a heroic defense against odds, they did not show it. They were "plum sore" because of the delay in their plans which this one determined fighter had caused. They pinned a placard on Nate Champion's breast, reading, "Cattle thieves beware," but not before they had ransacked his pockets and had discovered a blood-soaked diary.

Even while he was watching all sides of the cabin at once, never letting a gun barrel get cold, and while he was snatching a few moments here and there to minister as best he could to the wants of his dying companion, Nate Champion



had found time to write down a running account of the crowded hours of his last day. This diary testifies to the supreme coolness of the man who, unjustly his friends maintain, was dubbed "king of the cattle rustlers." Champion's diary entries, under the date of April 9, 1892, read as follows:

"Me and Nick was getting breakfast when the attack took place. Two men here with us—Bill Jones and another man. The old man went after water and did not come back. His friend went out to see what was the matter and did not come back. Nick started out and I told him to look out, that I thought there was someone at the stable, and would not let them come back. Nick is shot but not dead yet. He is awful sick. I must go and wait on him. It is now two hours since the first shot. Nick is still alive. They are still shooting and are all around the house. Boys, there is bullets coming in like hail. Them fellows is in such shape I can't get at them. They are shooting from the stable and river and back of the house. Nick is dead, he died about nine o'clock. I see a smoke down at the stable. I think they have fired it. I don't think they intend to let me get away this time.

"It is now about noon. There is someone at the stable yet. They are throwing a rope out of the door and drawing it back. I guess it is to draw me out. I wish that duck would get out further so I could get a shot at him. Boys, I don't know what they have done with them two fellows that stayed here last night. Boys, I feel pretty lonesome just now. I wish there was someone here with me so we could watch all sides at once. They may fool around until I get a good shot before they leave. It's about three o'clock now. There was a man in a buckboard and one on horseback just passed. They fired on them as they went by. I don't know if they killed them or not. I seen lots of men come out on horses on the other side of the river and take after them. I shot at the men in the stable just now; don't know whether I killed any or not. I must go and look out again. It don't look as if there is much show of my getting away. I see twelve or fifteen men. One looks like (name scratched out). I don't know whether it is or not. I hope they did not catch them fellows that run over the bridge toward Smith's. They are shooting at the house now. If I had a pair of glasses I believe I would know some of those men. They are coming back. I've got to look out.

"Well, they have just got through shelling the house like hail. I heard them splitting wood. I guess they are going to fire the house to-night. I think I will make a break when night comes, if alive. The house is all fired. Good-bye, boys, if I never see you again.

"NATHAN D. CHAMPION."

CHAMPION'S unexpectedly vigorous defense had well-nigh taken the heart out of the expedition by the time the horses were brought up and a night march was started toward Buffalo. If one man could put up such a fight, what would a hundred rustlers do? By the time the expedition reached the T. A. Ranch caution had the upper hand, and it was determined to play a defensive rôle until the real strength of the rustler element was learned. The answer came in the hundreds of men who swarmed to the fighting at the T. A. Ranch. The news of the killing of Nate Champion and Nick Ray had spread, and there was no thought of demanding the surrender of the invaders. The besiegers of the T. A. were intent only upon wreaking vengeance upon the men who had burned and killed at the K. C. Ranch.

There were two casualties among the invaders. A cowboy named James Dudley was shot in the leg by his own pistol, when his horse bucked with him on the way from the K. C. Ranch. He died later in the hospital at Fort McKinney. One of the raiders at the T. A. Ranch was wounded, either by the accidental discharge of his own weapon or a chance shot from the outside. That there were not more casualties was due to the prompt interference of United States troops. If a neutral attitude had been maintained by the soldiers, as in the battle which formed the climax of the Lincoln County cattle war, no doubt the fatalities would have been heavy. In fact it is doubtful if one of the raiders would have been left alive.

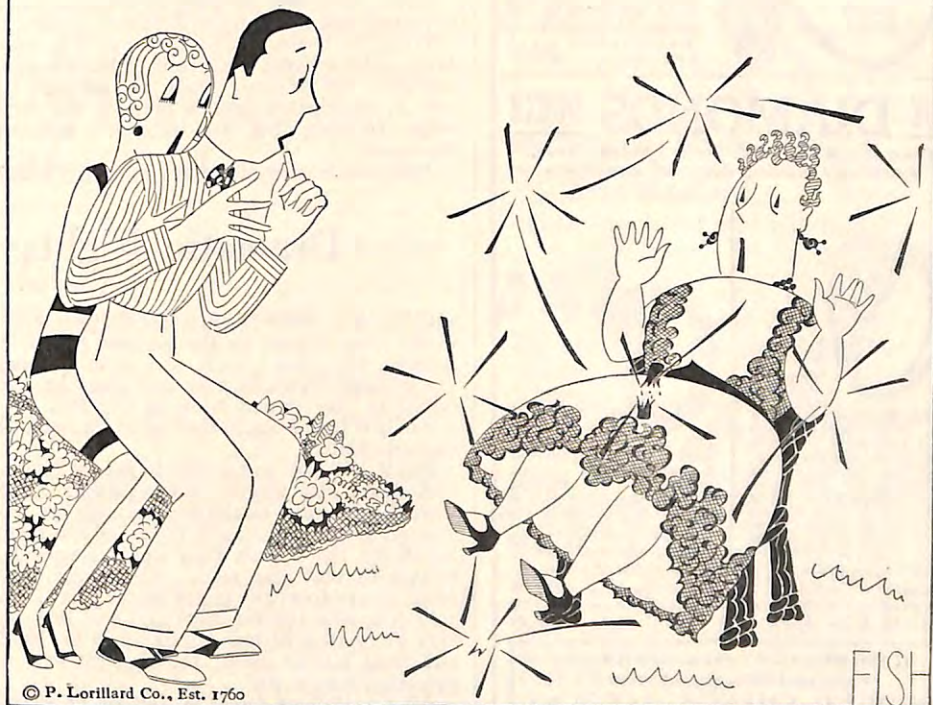
In less than two hours after their surrender,  
(Continued on page 60)

## EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

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be nonchalant . . . Light a MURAD.



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time he  
drives in  
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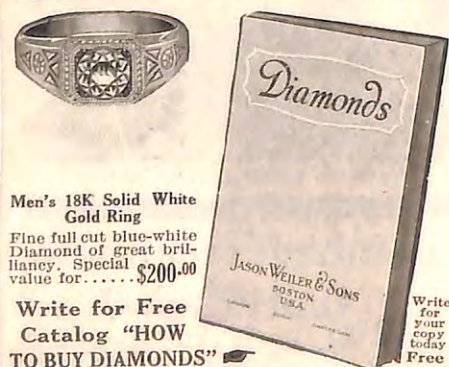
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## Wyoming's Rustler War

(Continued from page 59)

the regulators were on their way to Fort McKinney in charge of the cavalymen. Slowly and grudgingly the besiegers departed from the battleground. Most of them went to Buffalo, which became an armed camp.

It was feared that trouble would break out afresh at the funeral of Nate Champion and Nick Ray. The bodies of the two victims of the fight at the K. C. Ranch were brought to Buffalo, and hundreds of men, all of them heavily armed, attended the funeral services. The pastor in charge was excusably flurried under the tense-ness of the situation. He hurried the services somewhat, to the evident disapproval of Arapahoe Brown, the military genius who had reached back into the age of the Medes and Persians and devised the war machine which was to destroy the T. A. citadel and its defenders. "Rap" remained quiet, though growingly uneasy, as the services went on. At their conclusion, he rose solemnly and said to the pastor:

"Now say that all over again and say it slower!"

The services were repeated, at a tempo more in accord with the wishes of Arapahoe Brown.

When the bodies of Champion and Ray were taken out for burial the streets of Buffalo were patrolled by soldiers, ready to interfere in case of anticipated trouble between the rival range factions, but no untoward incident developed.

Indictments grew out of the Johnson County

raid, but nobody ever came to trial. There were postponements, and the prisoners were finally released from custody at Cheyenne because the expense of keeping them in jail had threatened Johnson County with bankruptcy.

Conditions in the invaded cattle country remained so threatening that several additional troops of cavalry were ordered to the various military posts near Buffalo. As this move did not have a quieting effect, President Harrison issued a proclamation in August, following the raid, calling upon both sides to "disperse and retire peaceably to their respective homes."

Meantime range conditions were fast changing. Homesteaders were moving in and the big cattle outfits one by one were reducing their holdings. The frontier conditions which made cattle wars possible had disappeared forever.

Like other conflicts of its kind, the Wyoming Rustler War settled nothing, except to emphasize the fact that neither side could control the public grazing lands. The invasion of Johnson County has been likened to the Jameson raid. In spite of its fantasy it might have succeeded, at least temporarily, had it not been for the fighting spirit of one man. The back of the Wyoming Rustler War was virtually broken by Nate Champion, dubbed by his foes, "the king of the cattle rustlers," whose defense of the K. C. Ranch earned him the more lasting and honorable title of "the bravest man in Johnson County."

## Dramatic Fights for the Davis Cup

(Continued from page 11)

with Tilden's. With Tilden out of the picture, he would have reigned as the greatest player in America for years. As it was, after winning the national crown in 1915 and 1919, he was forced to play second fiddle to Big Bill, who annually defeated him in the final of the national championship.

But if Johnston was unable to get by Tilden, against invading players he was poison. Even when Tilden was established securely as the greatest player in the world Little Bill was more feared by the French than was his nemesis, strange as that may seem. They knew they could never expect any mercy on the court from Johnston, who put his heart and soul into his play every time he took a racquet in his hand and went strictly about the business of dispatching his opponent.

After a glorious career lasting for 15 years, Johnston's star finally set. It was his matches with Lacoste and Cochet in the challenge round of 1927 that convinced him it was time for him to retire, although his defeat by Borotra in the national championship the year before also must have made him realize that he was slipping.

When it came time to select the 1927 team to defend the cup there was some doubt as to whether Little Bill would be picked because of his showing in 1926 and also because of the fact that he did not come East to get any practice on grass before the challenge round was held. But because of his great record as a match player, Johnston was selected with Tilden in spite of the fact that his 1927 form was an unknown quantity.

His opening match with Lacoste revealed what everyone had feared—Johnston had passed over the hill as a Davis Cup player. Lacoste merely toyed with him, the same Lacoste whom he formerly had beaten almost as he pleased. With that defeat America's hopes of retaining the cup almost vanished, in spite of the fact that Tilden defeated Cochet and with Hunter also won the doubles match on the second day of play.

Pierre Gillou, the Manager of the French team, was not in the least worried because of the fact that the United States held a 2-1 lead at the end of the second day. He had every confidence in Lacoste's ability to defeat Tilden on the morrow, to make the score 2-all, and Cochet would have a romp against Johnston in the deciding match. So little fear did he have now of the once invincible Johnston!

As Gillou predicted, Lacoste did defeat Tilden, and that left the match between Johnston and Cochet to decide the challenge round series.

But actually, everyone felt that France had already won the cup with Tilden's defeat. No one conceded Little Bill a ghost of a chance against Cochet. It was thought that he would be lucky to get 2 games a set from the Lyons youth.

When the two players walked out on the court Johnston seemed like a man being led to the slaughter. The scene was the Germantown Cricket Club and the stands were jammed to the last inch of standing room. Never was there a more partisan gallery than this one. For years it had sympathetically applauded Johnston's foreign opponents as they went down before him in crushing defeat, but now, with the situation reversed and Little Bill headed apparently for ignominious defeat, the spectators' hearts went out entirely to him.

Understanding the general gloom prevailing among the Americans and the absolute confidence of the French, it may be appreciated then what were the feelings of the thousands present when Johnston gained a lead of 3-1 in the opening set. The little Californian was in much better control of his shots than he had been against Lacoste and whenever he met the ball on the nose with his famous forehand the crowd let out a roar of delight. In fact, that was what they were doing continually, roaring their delight at the astonishing turn the play had taken from the start.

Cochet, however, took the play away from Johnston at this point and almost in the twinkling of an eye he had won the set with his magic volleying. The spectators, chilled into silence by this demonstration of the invader's superiority, made the welkin ring again in the second set when Johnston, hitting out magnificently and going to the net for his crisp, punching volleys, put his opponent on the defensive and took the set. It was like a miracle from the sky, something that no one dared to think of—that Johnston should take a set.

Cochet was plainly worried and looked repeatedly at Gillou, as though unable to comprehend what had happened to him. The excitement in the stands and the cheers that were showered upon Johnston did not do him any good, either, and I would not have been surprised had he broken badly under the strain in the third set.

But instead, Henri now showed his championship fibre by taking the bit in his teeth and going after Johnston with blood in his eye. In no time at all he had run 4 games in a row as Johnston crumbled under his brilliant attack



and daring line placements, and American hopes sank low as he took the set for a 2-1 lead.

When the French youth ran into a 2-0 lead in the fourth chapter all hope was given up for Johnston. He had done surprisingly well, far better than any one expected, but youth weighed in the balance against him and Cochet's magnificent volleying smothered all opposition.

But Johnston was not through yet. He was to give the stands another great thrill. With the score 5-2 against him, Little Bill won the eighth game after it had gone to deuce eight times, and, spurred on by that success, he broke through Cochet's service in the ninth at love with a succession of smoking forehand drives that had the crowd standing on its feet cheering. The score was now 4-5 and Johnston was serving! The match was not lost yet. When the little Californian reached 30-0 in the tenth game the gallery became so noisy in its delirium of joy that it had to be admonished by the umpire. In a moment, it seemed, the score would be 5-5, and Cochet was getting more nervous by the minute.

But once again the little Frenchman showed his championship mettle. A daring passing shot gave him the next point, he reached 30-0 on Johnston's error, another error by the American, on a volley, made Cochet match point, and then, after an excruciating long rally, Johnston hit into the net and Cochet had won the match and the cup for France.

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 32)

At the first meeting of No. 1550, held in American Legion Hall, a partial checking of the expenses incidental to the banquet, dance and other matters attending the institution, showed a balance of about \$1,000 in the Lodge treasury.

### The Beautiful New \$400,000 Home of New Haven, Conn., Lodge

As reported in our account, in the June issue, of the visits of the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Hulbert dedicated the magnificent new \$400,000 Home of New Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 25, in the presence of more than 200 Elks. The beautiful six-story and basement building is now occupied by the membership.

In addition to the service facilities, the basement contains a fine set of bowling alleys, shower baths, and so on. On the first floor is a commodious lobby, and an assembly hall, three stories high, with a fully equipped stage and seating capacity for 500 persons. On the second and third floors are the beautifully appointed memorial lobby and lounge; two writing rooms; the moving-picture projection booth; secretary's office; billiard room; a large ante-room, and the Lodge room.

The Lodge room, beautifully decorated in white and green, with mahogany furnishings, is equipped with a fine organ, and a specially built clock, which strikes only once in the twenty-four hours, at eleven o'clock. Three tiers of seats range the Lodge room on three sides. On the fourth floor are card rooms, and a number of smaller rooms for informal assembly purposes. The fifth floor includes the restaurant and kitchen and a breezy, canopied roof-garden giving a fine view over the city. On the top floor is a commodious apartment for the use of the superintendent.

### Wilmington, Del., Lodge Honors United States Senator Hastings

More than 125 members of Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307, gathered in the dining-room of the Home for the testimonial dinner to their fellow Elk, United States Senator Daniel O. Hastings. The guest of honor is a Republican and the Toastmaster, Josiah Marvel, is one of the leading Democrats of the State, a situation which not only provided occasion for many friendly quips, but one which also afforded a fine example of the tenets of the Order, in which politics are forgotten in favor of fraternity. Among the well-known citizens and members who spoke were Exalted Ruler Sol Kessler; Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight John J.

The scene that took place now was one of the most exciting and colorful ever enacted on a tennis court. Cochet, swinging his racquet thirty feet high in the air, ran forward to shake the hand of his beaten adversary. The other members of the French team danced about the turf and shouted with joy, while Gillou rushed to Cochet to embrace him and bestow the French accolade upon his cheeks. Mme. Cochet burst into tears of happiness and a swarm of French protagonists rushed down from the stands to lift Cochet to their shoulders and cheer him.

It was a typical French gesture, so they said. But it was more than that. It was a demonstration of the appeal that the Davis Cup makes, of the lure that it holds for all tennis players, just as did the Golden Fleece for Jason, and of the great store they set on winning it. For France victory in this case was particularly sweet because of the fact that the trophy had never been won before by any other than an English-speaking nation. Few trophies in competition have traveled farther than this one, few have been fought for by men from so many nations, and few have been responsible for so much gripping drama, to the entertainment of hundreds of thousands. The dramatic struggles which I have singled out are only a few of the dozens which have furnished the highlights of Davis Cup play for more than a quarter of a century, and which I might tell you something about here did space permit.

Powel; Governor C. Douglass Buck, and Mayor G. W. K. Forrest.

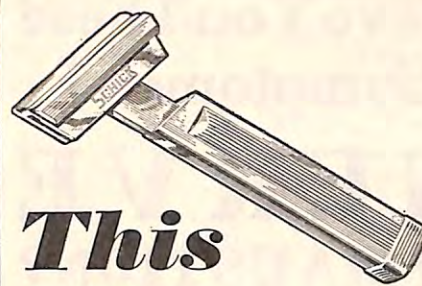
### Derby, Conn., Lodge Holds Double Celebration

The celebration of Old Timers' Night in conjunction with its twenty-ninth anniversary program contributed a most notable occasion to the history of Derby, Conn., Lodge, No. 571. Many prominent Grand and subordinate Lodge officers were present and spoke, and an excellent turkey supper and varied entertainment added to the evening's enjoyment. Chief among the visitors and speechmakers were toastmaster Past Exalted Ruler John W. Larkin, one of the nine remaining charter members of the Lodge; Past Exalted Ruler Joseph Cullen of Waterbury Lodge, No. 265, who officiated at the installation of No. 571 and who vividly recalled those ceremonies in his speech; Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, who delivered a forceful address on the work of the Order; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James F. Degnan; Edward W. Cotter, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, who gave a fine delivery of the eleven o'clock toast; and Judge Martin J. Cunningham of Danbury Lodge, No. 120. Following Mr. Malley's remarks Exalted Ruler Vincent J. Nolan recalled that last year's celebration was made memorable by the presentation of life membership cards to the charter members, and in keeping with such precedent Mr. Nolan presented Mr. Malley with a check for \$1,000, thus entering Derby Lodge among the founders of the Elks National Foundation Fund. This act and Mr. Malley's speech of thanks marked the climax to a memorable event.

### Newark, N. J., Lodge Banquets John B. Keenan

Some 500 friends recently gathered at a testimonial dinner held in the Home of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, to John B. Keenan, executive clerk of the Newark Fire Department and chairman of the Christmas Committee of No. 21. In the gathering were representatives of several fraternal and social organizations as well as Mr. Keenan's associates in the Department. About 50 per cent. of those attending were Elks of the region, and the members of the Christmas Committee which Mr. Keenan has headed for the past five years, were present in a body. Shortly after the dinner was under way, Mr. Keenan's mother, wife and daughter were ushered into one of the boxes where they shared

(Continued on page 62)



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Do you get excited easily?

Do you become fatigued after slight exertion?

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Do you suffer from constipation or stomach trouble?

Is your sleep disturbed by troubled dreams?

Have you spells of irritability?

Are you often gloomy and pessimistic?

Do you suffer from heart palpitation, cold sweats, ringing in the ears, dizzy spells?

These are only a few of the signs of weak, unhealthy nerves that are steadily robbing thousands of people of their youth and health.

## What Causes Sick Nerves?

**WOMEN** In women this is largely due to over-active emotions, and to the constant turmoil in their domestic and marital relations.

**MEN** In men, these signs of nerve exhaustion are produced as a result of worries, intense concentration, excesses and vices. The mad pace at which we are traveling is wrecking the entire Nervous Organization.

## How to Strengthen Your Nerves

No tonic or magic system of exercise can ever restore the health and vigor to weak-sick, unbalanced nerves. To regenerate lost nerve force, to build up strong, sound nerves, requires an understanding of the action and abuses of nerves. It needs a knowledge of the natural laws of nerve fatigue, of mental and physical relaxation and nerve metabolism. And it is only through the application of these laws that stubborn cases of Nerve Exhaustion can be overcome.

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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 61)

with him the honors of the evening, and upon their entrance the entire assemblage stood and applauded for fully two minutes.

Richard P. Rooney, member of the Board of Grand Trustees, representing the Elks, was Toastmaster; and at the conclusion of the dinner the guest of honor was presented with a handsome Chrysler sedan, the gift of his many friends.

### Mother Lodge Delegation Visits White Plains, N. Y., Lodge

Exalted Ruler Abraham I. Menin and his staff, including the members of the escort team, together with some fifty members of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, recently paid a fraternal call on White Plains Lodge, No. 535. The visiting officers assumed the chairs and conducted the ceremony of initiation upon a class of fifteen candidates for their hosts. The clever manner in which the floor work was performed by the escort team and the effective delivery of the charges by the chair officers received enthusiastic praise from the members of No. 535. A pleasant social session and lunch terminated the visit.

### Wareham, Mass., Lodge is Instituted By District Deputy Magee

Wareham, Mass., Lodge, No. 1548, was instituted a short time ago by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles L. Magee, in the presence of a notable gathering of Bay State Elks. Assisting Mr. Magee in the ceremonies were officers and past officers from Taunton, Middleboro, Brockton, New Bedford, Fall River and Attleboro Lodges. The charter members of the new Lodge, of whom there are some sixty, were initiated by the officers of Middleboro Lodge, and the officers installed by District Deputy Magee. The Exalted Ruler is State Senator Donald W. Nicholson and the Secretary is Gerald Griffin.

After the formal ceremonies were completed, a banquet and entertainment were presented. Among the well-known visitors who came to see Wareham Lodge started on its career were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley; Grand Tiler Thomas J. Brady; E. Mark Sullivan of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, who made the principal address of the afternoon; Past District Deputies Timothy E. McCarthy; Bernard E. Carbin, and Frederick T. Strachan.

### Cedar Rapids Elks Visit Davenport, Ia., Lodge

Following the cordial invitation extended by Exalted Ruler Robert L. Klauer and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Sam W. Hirsch, Secretary of Davenport, Ia., Lodge, No. 298, to visit with that Lodge on the occasion of a special meeting, a large number of officers and members of Cedar Rapids Lodge, No. 251, made a call and enjoyed a spirited fraternal occasion. Starting with a bountiful banquet at seven o'clock, the ceremony of the meeting was efficiently conducted by the Lodge's new administration of officers, which was functioning for the first time that evening.

### Activities of Galveston, Texas, Lodge

Among the recent activities of Galveston, Texas, Lodge, No. 126, was the sending of six teams to the fifteenth annual bowling tournament held at Houston under the auspices of the Texas Ten Pin Bowling League, where they captured all events in Class C. An old-fashioned get-together picnic on the shores of Offats' Bayou was another enjoyable event. A plentiful supply of appetizing food and a sports program that included baseball, horse-shoe-pitching and running, provided a thoroughly enjoyable time.

### Salem, Ore., Lodge Honors Its Band Leader

Oscar Steelhammer, for thirty years the leader of Salem, Ore., Lodge, No. 336's Elks Band, and a member of its orchestra, was recently honored by his fellow members, who gave him a testimonial banquet in the Home. Music has always

played a great part in the meetings and other functions of Salem Lodge and Mr. Steelhammer's three decades of service are deeply appreciated. Following the dinner the guest of honor responded by conducting a band concert in the Lodge's auditorium.

### Latrobe, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Its Silver Jubilee

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the institution of Latrobe, Pa., Lodge, No. 907, was the occasion of a fine gathering in the Home. Of the thirteen remaining charter members, eleven were present, including the first Exalted Ruler, Secretary, Treasurer, Chaplain, Inner Guard and one member of the original Board of Trustees, as were more than 100 of their fellow Elks. Exalted Ruler M. G. Skavish presided at the exercises, during which each of No. 907's original members made a brief talk. Following the formalities a luncheon was served in the grill and an evening of sociability and reminiscence enjoyed.

### Cedar City, Utah, Lodge Is Instituted

Instituted some weeks ago by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. T. Farrer, with fifty-two charter members, Cedar City, Utah, Lodge, No. 1556, is now functioning as a unit of the Order. Mr. Farrer was assisted in the conduct of the ceremonies by a suite from various Utah Lodges.

Following the services a banquet and dance, attended by many visiting Elks and their ladies, were held, and on the following day the visitors were escorted on a trip through the beautiful Zion National Park.

Dr. A. C. Johnson is the Exalted Ruler of the new Lodge and the Secretary is Lorin Ricks.

### Welfare Work Report of Passaic, N. J., Lodge

The report of the Social and Community Welfare and Crippled Children's Committees of Passaic, N. J., Lodge, No. 387, for the year ending April 1, is a fine record of constructive rehabilitation work. In existence a little over a year, the Lodge clinic which was established at St. Mary's Hospital, Passaic, in February, 1928, has given over 1300 treatments to 196 patients since its inception. The earnest thanks of the Lodge have been given to the doctors in charge of the work, the sisters of the hospital, and to the medical staff and nurses for their hearty cooperation. It is confidently felt that with proper assistance and careful supervision the clinic will grow to be a blessing to the hundreds of underprivileged within the Lodge's jurisdiction. The total of expenditures by the committee for the year is \$4,140.09, and among the many disbursements were: Furnishing clinic at St. Mary's Hospital, \$2,266.61; treatments at hospital, \$295.50; hospital fracture bed, \$218.50; New Jersey orthopedic donation, \$250; 2 corsets, leg and foot braces with lock joints, 2 leg braces, 2 braces repaired and lengthened, 1 abdominal support, and sandals for plaster casts, amounted to a total of \$446.00; milk and shoes supplied to needy children and assistance to needy families totaled \$249.53. The above résumé does not include the usual Elk charities and many incidental expenses.

### Memorial to Soldier Member Unveiled by Orange, N. J., Lodge

On Decoration Day, with elaborate ceremony, Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, unveiled its memorial to its former member, William J. (Bud) Hart, who died in action while in the service of his country in France. The memorial, a bronze replica of the Elk, modeled by Laura Gardin Fraser, which stands in front of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, is mounted upon a sarcophagus base of Indiana limestone, designed by Katharine Minahan, a noted Orange artist, under whose direction the monument was erected on the lawn in front of the Lodge Home. Preceding the unveiling there was a monster



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parade of military and civilian units which was reviewed by Grand Trustee Richard P. Rooney; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred W. Bain; Charles Boyd, Vice-President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; Maj.-Gen. Quincy Gilmore and his staff; Col. Russel C. Langdon; Congressman Franklin W. Fort, and the Commissioners of Orange. Led by a squad of motorcycle police, the parade took more than half an hour to pass the reviewing stand at the Lodge Home. Units in line included a troop of the 102d Cavalry, with the regimental band; a battalion of the 113th Infantry, also with its regimental band; the 44th Signal Company; the 112th Field Artillery, and the 173d Motor Transport, all of the New Jersey National Guard; city officials; members of the G. A. R. Post; members of the Veterans of Foreign Wars and American Legion Posts, the latter with their drum and bugle corps; the band of Passaic Lodge; the Knights of Columbus; many Boy Scout Troops, and the Elks of Orange Lodge.

During the ceremony of unveiling, which was opened by Past Exalted Ruler James H. Driscoll, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, a guard of honor from the infantry and the signal company stood at attention around the monument. Following the invocation, the dedicatory services were conducted by District Deputy Bain and the Lodge officers, after which there were several addresses by distinguished guests, at the conclusion of which little Betty Driscoll pulled the cord which unveiled the memorial. Mrs. Margaret Hart, mother of the dead soldier, was then presented with several wreaths of flowers by various organizations of the city, which she placed at the base of the monument. "Taps" were then blown and the ceremonies closed by the singing of "America."

That evening a dinner, presided over by Exalted Ruler A. M. Herman as toastmaster, was served to the visiting officials and army officers, at the Malinquist Mushroom Farm, on the top of the Orange Mountains.

### Admiral Louis M. Josephthal of New York, N. Y., Lodge

Admiral Louis Maurice Josephthal, member of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, commander and only remaining charter member of the Naval Militia of the State of New York, which he helped to organize thirty-eight years ago, recently passed away at the age of sixty years at his home, "All View," at Premium Point. Interested as a boy in yachting young Josephthal affiliated himself with a group of former naval officers interested in forming a State naval service. Its organization completed, he enlisted in the new branch as an ordinary seaman. He advanced rapidly in the naval service and at the time of his death he had been the recipient of many honors including decorations for his work in the Spanish-American and World Wars. Impressive funeral services were held in charge of the State naval militia on board the flagship *Illinois*, of its fleet, where the body lay in state. Admiral Josephthal is survived by his widow and two married daughters.

### Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Lodge Instituted By District Deputy Beck

With District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck officiating, Mt. Kisco, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1552, was instituted with a number of prominent past and active Grand Lodge, subordinate Lodge and State Association officials present and taking active part, and with large delegations of Elks from the district in attendance. The new Lodge started its existence with ninety-six charter members. Assisting Mr. Beck at the ceremonies were Past Exalted Ruler Judge Albin N. Johnson of Freeport Lodge, who installed the new officers, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Frederick Hughes of White Plains Lodge, who, with the officers of his Lodge and the Freeport Lodge drill team, conducted the class initiation. Addresses were delivered by William T. Phillips, of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; James T. Hallinan, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; President D. Curtis Gano of the New York State Elks Association, and S. John Connolly, Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert. Among other distinguished Elks present were Past District

(Continued on page 64)

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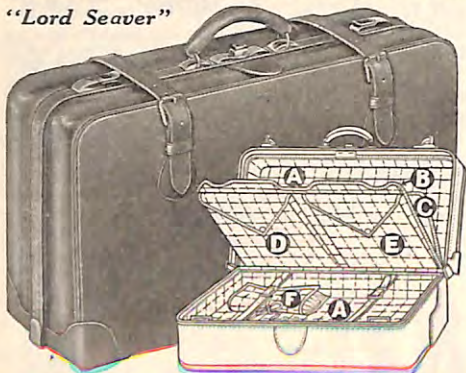
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## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 63)

Deputies Hugh C. Harris and Richard Leo Fallon of New Rochelle Lodge; Secretary Philip Clancy, and Past President Joseph Brand of the State Association. Prior to the services more than 170 local and visiting Elks partook of a charter banquet. Following the ritualistic work and regular order of business a buffet luncheon was served at the Legion Hall, when an informal reception was held for the newly installed officers and members of No. 1552. Judge Robert B. Stewart is Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and Albert Van Blarcom its Secretary.

### Past Exalted Ruler Fitzmaurice Honored by Norwich, Conn., Lodge

"Railroad Night," set aside by Norwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 430, to do honor to Past Exalted Ruler Reginald D. Fitzmaurice, was the occasion of one of the most interesting and enjoyable evenings the members have known.

Mr. Fitzmaurice, the senior living Past Exalted Ruler of his Lodge, is the General Superintendent of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, and railroad men from Lodges all over New England joined with Norwich in the celebration. There were more than 500 Elks present, fifty of them coming from Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, in a special train manned by a crew composed entirely of members of the Order. Mr. Fitzmaurice was presented with an Honorary Life membership by his fellow Elks of Norwich Lodge, and with a beautifully engraved gold card case by the railroaders. The presentation was made by Past Exalted Ruler James P. Hayes, of Norwich Lodge, and E. E. Regan of New Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 25, both of whom spoke of the high esteem in which the guest of honor was held by the groups they represented.

### Panama Pacific Line Trip to and From Los Angeles Is Popular

The excursion to and from the Grand Lodge convention arranged for a number of Eastern Lodges by the Panama Pacific Line is proving extremely popular. As reported in our June issue, the westward trip will be made by train, leaving New York on July 2 and arriving in Los Angeles, after sight-seeing stops along the way, on July 7. The return journey will be made on the electrically driven ship *California*, by way of the Panama Canal and Havana, Cuba, reaching New York on August 5.

Many visitors, who have made their own independent arrangements for reaching the coast are planning to take advantage of the homeward sea trip. Among them are Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert, Mrs. Hulbert and their daughter. Delegations from New York, New England, New Jersey and Pennsylvania Lodges have made reservations for the entire tour, which is under the direction of Fred Bird, General Agent of the Panama Pacific Line, 1 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

### Dillon, Mont., Lodge Instituted By District Deputy Reif

Following the arrival of large visiting delegations of Elks from Lodges of the jurisdiction, who made the occasion a gay and festive one with parades and band music, Dillon, Mont., Lodge, No. 1554, was instituted in the local city hall in the presence of 600 Elks by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. H. Reif, assisted by a group of Past District Deputies and subordinate Lodge officers. After the formal institution services, the chairs were occupied by the officers of Butte Lodge, No. 240, who conferred the degree of the Order upon some fifty who constitute the charter members of the new Lodge. Butte Elks then presented a handsome clock to the sister Lodge after which took place the election of the Dillon officers, who were duly installed by Mr. Reif. The Butte officers next initiated another class of forty-two, and then Lodge was closed in form. A supper was served in the Andrus Hotel following the institution. Terry Browning is Exalted Ruler and Homer Faust Secretary of Dillon Lodge, which starts its existence with a fine number of representative citizens on its roll.

### Hoboken, N. J., Lodge Completes Addition to Home

The splendid new addition to the Home of Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, is proving to be of great comfort and convenience to the membership. The facilities afforded by the new structure include a thoroughly equipped kitchen and refrigeration plant; a handsomely furnished, 25 x 40 ft., refreshment room; a game room, and an office for the House Committee.

### Richmond, Va., Lodge Honors Treasurer On His Birthday

Joseph Kass was the recipient of an Honorary Life membership from his Lodge, Richmond, Va., No. 45, on the occasion of his recent birthday. The award was an expression of the appreciation, by his fellow Elks, of twenty years of cheerful and devoted service to the highest interests of No. 45. Mr. Kass's activities have been many and varied, both official and unofficial, and his enthusiastic belief in the tenets of the Order has done much to put Richmond Lodge in the high place it occupies in its community. Sixteen years ago he was appointed Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, and twelve years ago he was elected Treasurer of No. 45, and has never since been allowed to resign these positions. In addition he has served for many years on the Welfare Committee of the Virginia State Elks Association. Richmond Lodge is to be congratulated upon numbering such a true Elk among its members, and Mr. Kass upon the honor and esteem in which he is held.

### Louisville, Ky., Lodge Honors Ten Members

Ten members of Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, were signally honored at a recent gala meeting by the bestowal upon them of Honorary Life memberships. Those selected for the distinction are all prominent in the affairs of the city, and the awards were made for distinguished service to the Lodge. During the long life of Louisville Lodge but eight such memberships had been previously awarded.

### Past Exalted Ruler of New York, N. Y., Lodge is Honored

Past Exalted Ruler Frederick E. Goldsmith, of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, was recently honored with a temporary appointment as Justice of the Municipal Court of the City of New York, in place of Justice Whalen, who was incapacitated. Justice Goldsmith's appointment was the first one to be made by Mayor James J. Walker under a recent amendment to the Municipal Court Code.

### LaFayette, Ind., Lodge Entertained Orphans on Memorial Day

Four hundred orphans of the city were the guests at a theatre party, on Memorial Day morning, of LaFayette, Ind., Lodge, No. 143. The little guests, taken to the theatre in the automobiles of members, were each presented with a bag of candy and a small American flag as they entered. Following the showing of the program of films the youngsters were addressed upon the significance of the day by a representative of the American Legion post. The whole affair was most successful, and it is the plan of the Lodge to make it an annual event.

### Hyannis, Mass., Lodge Instituted By District Deputy Magee

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles L. Magee, assisted by a large staff of Past District Deputies and past and active officers of Lodges from his district, instituted Hyannis, Mass., Lodge, No. 1549, on May 26. Several hundred Massachusetts and Rhode Island Elks gathered for the occasion and, after witnessing the ceremonies, listened to brief addresses by Mr. Magee and E. Mark Sullivan, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Following the initiation of the fifty-six charter members and



the installation of the new officers, an entertainment and dinner were enjoyed. Emil W. Rodin is the Exalted Ruler and Wyville J. Keveney is the Secretary.

### Linton, Ind., Lodge Holds Notable Meeting

Preceded by a street parade led by the local Boy Scouts drum and bugle corps, and marked by the initiation of a large class, a recent meeting of Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866, was one of the most enthusiastic and enjoyable in the Lodge's twenty-five years of existence. The surprise appearance of the new degree team at the ceremonies and the uniform excellence of its members was most gratifying to the large gathering which had turned out for the occasion.

### Dispensations for New Lodges Granted by Grand Exalted Ruler

Six more dispensations for new Lodges have been granted by Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert. They are: Carlsbad, N. M., No. 1558; Washington, Mo., No. 1550; Springfield Vt., No. 1509; Oceanside, Calif., No. 1501; Westwood, N. J., No. 1562; Washington, N. J., No. 1503.

### Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Opens New \$25,000 Athletic Annex

More than 1,000 members and friends attended the gala opening of the new \$25,000 athletic annex recently added to its million and a half dollar Home by Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6. The program of the opening night included the appearance of noted athletes and coaches of the Pacific coast. Among those who displayed their skill were Alfred Banquet, hand-ball champion; his partner in winning the doubles championship, Layne McMillan; Frank Burke, runner-up in the 1927 tournament; Mervin Friedenber, former Olympic Club champion; George Schrott, a member of the 1928 Olympic water-polo team, and "Stubby" Hughes, diving ace.

The magnificently equipped four-story building includes regulation hand-ball courts; a modern gymnasium, and facilities for basket-ball, volley-ball and golf practice. Classes have been organized under a competent instructor, and all members of the Order living in Sacramento, whether belonging to No. 6 or not, may join, or make individual use of the equipment.

### Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge Decorates Graves in Elks Rest

A group of more than 100 members of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, gathered at the Elks Rest in Forest Lawn Cemetery on Memorial Day eve, and decorated with flowers and American flags the graves of the fifty-two members who are buried there. Exalted Ruler George E. Morgan eulogized the departed Elks as Secretary William R. Cullen called their names. Past Exalted Ruler Bryan J. Boyle offered the invocation, and the Lodge quartette rendered several selections.

It is the plan of the Elks Rest Committee, composed of Past Exalted Rulers Boyle, John H. Burns and Dr. William M. Mehl, to hold such exercises annually at the Forest Lawn plot, which was dedicated in 1914 by the then Exalted Ruler, Frank L. Spoeri.

### Death of Exalted Ruler-elect Riefer of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge

Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, suffered a great loss by the death some weeks ago of F. N. A. Riefer, Exalted Ruler-elect for the current Lodge year. After many years of faithful service on committees and in the chair offices, Mr. Riefer was elected to head his Lodge. Falling ill before his installation, this loyal member died without again leaving his bed.

At a special election held some time later J. A. Freyvogel was called to the Exalted-Rulership for the third successive time, and installed in office by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. C. Robinson.



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**S**UCCESS means something different to each one of us. To some it means a million dollars. To others it means \$5,000 a year and a comfortable home.

What does it mean to you?

We don't know the answer to this question. But we do know this. If you should make a list of the things you must have before you can consider yourself successful, you would find that most of them depend on money.

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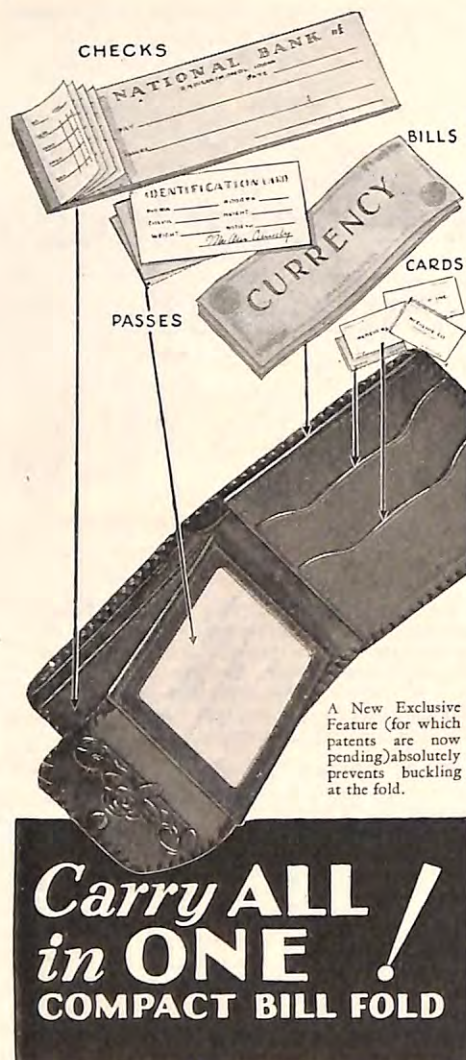
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## News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 40)



**"If It Isn't In My Trousers' Pockets, It Must Be In My Coat; or Probably I Put It In My Vest."**

Finding what you want is no longer the time-consuming venture it used to be. With the new Enger-Kress non-buckling combination Bill Fold you do not carry your money in one pocket, your check book in another and your cards and passes somewhere else, but all together in one compact container!



Look for this symbol of 44 years of fine leather craft

#### Exclusive Feature Prevents Buckling

Even when filled to capacity, this new Enger-Kress Bill Fold closes snugly without buckling. A free moving inner tongue (for which patents are now pending) prevents buckling at the fold. Available in hand-laced edges in three leathers—Plain Morocco; calf skin with tooled designs; two-tone steer hide, with tooled art color designs. Divider to separate old style currency from new smaller bills (to be issued July 1st). Additional celluloids for separating pass cards supplied on request.

**An Excellent Graduation or Birthday Gift**  
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John Le Febvre delivered the invocation, and Mayor Jay P. Barnes extended a welcome to the visitors in behalf of the city. The session was featured by the impressive addresses of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, and Past Exalted Ruler Judge Thomas H. Dowd, of Boston Lodge. The program included a number of vocal and instrumental numbers.

The various committees were heard from at the opening business session on the following morning. The notable report of the charitable work of the Association showed an expenditure of \$132,413.93 during the past year. Two thousand dollars was voted to maintain the Elks monument on the Mohawk Trail which was erected in memory of Elks who lost their lives in the World War. At the afternoon meeting officers were elected for the coming year and duly installed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley. They are: President, Thomas J. Brady, Brookline; First Vice-President, William E. Earle, Newton; Second Vice-President, Charles S. Riley, Northampton; Third Vice-President, Patrick R. Riley, Fall River; Secretary, Jeremiah J. Hourin, Framingham; Treasurer, Bernard E. Carbin, Lynn; Trustees: John C. Byrne, Lawrence; James A. Bresnahan, Fitchburg; Alfred C. Daniels, Pittsfield; Edward J. Gihon, Wakefield; Bernard S. McHugh, Watertown; Albert M. Heath, Middleboro; Daniel J. Honan, Winthrop.

During the business meetings the wives and ladies of Elks were entertained by the ladies of the Pittsfield Emblem Club, which had been organized prior to the opening meeting of the convention as one of the many which are now functioning throughout the state. The visiting ladies were taken on motor tours and were guests at a luncheon at the Maplewood Hotel. The convention ball given by Pittsfield Lodge in the Crystal Ballroom at Pontoosuc Lake terminated the most successful meeting. The ball room was attractively decorated in the purple and white of the Order, and the affair brought forth a large gathering of delegates, guests and friends.

#### Georgia

**MEETING** on May 9-10 in the Atlanta Biltmore Hotel, the Georgia State Elks Association held a most interesting convention. The following officers were elected to serve the Association for the coming year: R. T. Williams, President, La Grange Lodge, No. 1084; W. W. Arnall, Vice-President, District No. 1, Griffin Lodge, No. 1207; J. N. Rice, Vice-President, District No. 2, Elberton Lodge, No. 1100; Charles H. Smith, Vice-President, District No. 3, Macon Lodge, No. 230; O. C. Johnson, Vice-President, District No. 4, Americus Lodge, No. 752; I. G. Ehrlich, Vice-President, District No. 5, Albany Lodge, No. 713; Sam A. Cann, Vice-President, No. 6, Savannah Lodge, No. 183; A. B. King, Secretary-Treasurer, Columbus Lodge, No. 111; C. A. Giblin, Tiler, Macon Lodge, No. 230.

The sessions were presided over by retiring President William H. Beck, Jr., with R. E. Lee Reynolds, Past Exalted Ruler and Secretary of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, acting as Secretary, vice B. C. Broyles who was confined to the hospital as the result of an automobile accident. Among the well-known members present were Past Grand Exalted Loyal Knight David Sholtz, of Florida, now a member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; Past Chief Justice of the Grand Forum Walter P. Andrews; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, and many Past Exalted Rulers, and officers of State Lodges. Mr. Andrews and Mr. Sholtz both addressed the gathering with interesting speeches, and an invitation was issued to all Georgia Exalted Rulers to have candidates for their Lodges initiated with Atlanta Lodge's "Walter P. Andrews Class."

A committee was appointed to investigate the feasibility of the Association endowing a bed at the sanatorium at Warm Springs, Ga., where treatment is given to sufferers from the effects of infantile paralysis. Also, upon motion made by Mr. Andrews, it was voted to subscribe \$1,000 to the Elks National Foundation. The invitation of Milledgeville Lodge, No. 774, to

hold the 1930 meeting in its city was unanimously accepted.

#### Arizona

**AT THE** annual convention of the Arizona State Elks Association, held at Nogales, Victor J. Wager, Secretary and Past Exalted Ruler of Nogales Lodge, No. 1397, was elected President for the coming year. Among the decisions reached at the business sessions was one to subscribe \$1,000 to the Elks National Foundation. Other plans included the adoption of the Savoy Hotel, in Los Angeles, as State headquarters during the Grand Lodge Convention, and of the Yuma Indian band as the official music of the Arizona delegations. The Association went on record as endorsing the work of the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, and particularly that of the Arizona Children's Home, an orphanage, and continued its committee on the Elks National Tuberculosis Sanatorium. Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Mifflin G. Potts, of Pasadena, Calif., was present as the personal representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert.

#### Maryland

**HAGERSTOWN, MD.,** Lodge, No. 378, is making elaborate plans for the entertainment of the annual convention of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association on August 19, 20, 21. A plan has been worked out by the committee in charge, which will not only provide one of the finest meetings in the history of the Association, but which will do it without calling for financial assistance from any outside organizations.

#### California

**FOLLOWING** a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the California State Elks Association in February, the decision was made to transfer the annual state convention, scheduled for Oakland, to Los Angeles, July 7-8, when it will be held in the Home of Los Angeles Lodge prior to the opening sessions of the Grand Lodge Convention. The first business session will be held at 2 P. M. and the ritualistic contest on the evening of the first day. The final business meeting, election and installation of officers will take place the following day.

#### Texas

**WITH** the entire city decorated in honor of the occasion, and every resident considering himself a host, the annual convention of the Texas State Elks Association, held in Breckenridge in May, was one of the most successful since the reorganization of the State body. The entertainment program arranged by Breckenridge Lodge, No. 1480, was a crowded one. Trapshooting, golf, horse racing, boxing bouts, sight-seeing drives, picnics and dances kept the visitors enjoyably busy. On the last day of the meeting, Ranger, Eastland and Cisco Lodges held receptions for the visiting delegations, and the convention was closed with a great picnic at the lake near Cisco.

At the opening session, with some 350 in attendance, the meeting was formally welcomed to the city by Exalted Ruler T. B. Ridgell and Mayor Charles H. Clark. Colonel P. L. Downs, Past President, delivered the invocation, and N. J. Nanney, Secretary of Breckenridge Lodge, called the convention to order, turning the gavel over to retiring President Charles Mangold. Mr. Mangold in his address reviewed the work of the Association and discussed the proposed Elks tuberculosis sanatorium. At subsequent meetings other business was disposed of and at the final session Grand Exalted Loyal Knight O. L. Hayden, of Alva, Okla., representing Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, addressed the delegates on the work of the Grand Lodge and the Order as a whole. On this occasion Del Rio was selected as the 1930 convention city, and the officers for the coming year were elected. The new President is W. W. Bridgers, of El Paso Lodge, No. 187. The Treasurer is Thomas W. Hopkins, of Houston Lodge, No.



151. The Secretary was to be appointed by the President. Among the resolutions adopted was one expressing the gratitude of the delegates to the city and to Breckenridge Lodge for their splendid hospitality.

The parade, which was the climax of the occasion, wound its colorful way through the main streets of the city, and was witnessed by an enthusiastic crowd of at least 10,000.

### Alabama

PAST Grand Inner Guard Edward J. McCrossin was elected President of the Alabama State Elks Association at its annual meeting, held in Sheffield on May 20, 21, 22. The delegates were welcomed to the city by R. L. Nathan, personal representative of Mayor Kinard, and the business sessions were presided over by Exalted Ruler M. B. Potts, of Sheffield Lodge, No. 1375. Other officers elected for the coming year were: Fred Rewald, of Montgomery, First Vice-President; P. L. Plemons, of Ensley, Second Vice-President; M. B. Potts, of Sheffield, Third Vice-President; H. M. Bagley, Birmingham, Secretary (reelected); J. W. Allen, Birmingham, Treasurer; S. B. Israel, Blocton, Tiler; Sam Lefkowitz, Bessemer, First Trustee; M. E. Bargann, Second Trustee; Jake Oppenheimer, Eufaula, Third Trustee; Harry Burphy, Fourth Trustee; Arthur Lovett, Ensley, Sergeant-at-arms.

Theatre parties, luncheons and dinners, and various sight-seeing trips were on the entertainment program. One of the most interesting events was a tour of the government properties at Muscle Shoals, where the visitors inspected the great dam, and enjoyed the pleasures of the huge lake above it. It was voted to hold the 1930 meeting at Montgomery. The degree team of Birmingham Lodge, No. 79, won the State ritualistic championship for the second time.

### South Carolina

ON May 22-23 the South Carolina State Elks Association met for its fifteenth annual convention at Columbia, with 252 delegates in attendance. A splendid program of entertainment was provided by Columbia Lodge, No. 1190, and the visitors, in addition to transacting important business, had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

A report by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. M. Wharton, for the Educational Foundation Committee, showed that there were eight young girls attending various colleges of the State through the help of Elk scholarships. The sum of \$1250 was subscribed to carry on the educational program for the coming year.

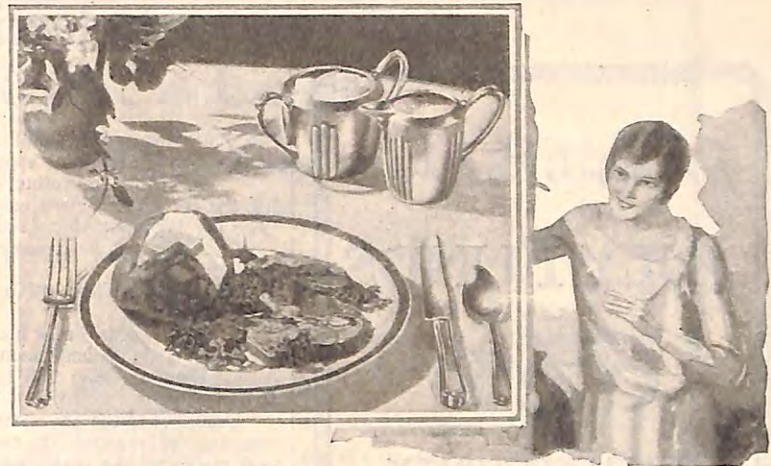
Officers and committeemen elected and appointed to serve for 1929-1930 are: President, E. M. Garner, Union; First Vice-President, Raymond E. Cochran, Anderson; Second Vice-President, Wyatt Aiken, Greenville; Third Vice-President, William Simpson, Rock Hill; Secretary-Treasurer, D. W. Mullinax, Union; Tiler, Julian Wolfe, Orangeburg; Inner Guard, W. Shaw, Charleston; Esquire, R. O. Person, Columbia; Chaplain, Rev. J. F. Burkart, Charleston; Trustees: Fred McCullough, Greenville; Manley C. Sanders, Columbia; Frank W. Cooper, Charleston. Educational Foundation Committee: William S. Nelson, Columbia; E. M. Wharton, Greenville and M. Rutledge Rivers, Charleston; Executive Committee: J. C. Jones, Anderson; Julius Doscher, Charleston; Robert W. Leonard, Columbia; W. W. Beacham, Greenville; J. L. Boykin, Georgetown; C. C. Sproman, Orangeburg; L. D. Boyd, Rock Hill, and L. C. Wharton, Union.

### Meetings Scheduled

ANNUAL State Association meetings definitely scheduled are as follows:

Utah, Salt Lake City, July 3-4.  
Nevada, Las Vegas, July 4-5-6.  
California, Los Angeles, July 7-8.  
Oregon, Klamath Falls, July 17-18-19-20.  
Virginia, Harrisonburg, August 12-13.  
Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia, Hagerstown, Md., August 19-20-21.  
Minnesota, Red Wing, August 22-23-24.  
Pennsylvania, Sunbury, August 26-27-28-29.  
Oklahoma, Ponca City, September 2-3.

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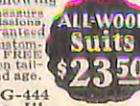


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## Selection and Readjustment

By Paul Tomlinson

"YES, of course," said the banker, "there are all sorts of questions involved in successful investing,—questions involving the security markets as a whole, and questions involving individual securities."

"Can they all be answered satisfactorily?" asked his caller.

The banker smiled. "No man is more than human," he said.

"In other words," said his caller, "successful investing is dependent upon what is going to happen, and no man can forecast the future. Is that what you mean?"

"Exactly. Take investments in the motor industry, for instance. In the early part of this year nearly all the motor companies have been turning out more cars and earning more on their stocks than ever before. Now it is being rumored about that cars are accumulating in the hands of the dealers and that sales are not being made in the same volume as they have been. The automobile factories, of course, are geared up for high production, but if sales drop off, production will have to be curtailed, and that will mean a readjustment in the second half of the year. How will that affect motor stocks?"

"You think it is going to happen?" "Who knows?" exclaimed the banker with a shrug of his shoulders. "If we knew these things we'd all be rich. I merely cite this as the kind of problem that faces the man who attempts to advise people about investments."

"How can a man be sure, then?" demanded the caller.

"He can't. As a matter of fact you can't be sure about anything in this world. Do you know where you'll be a year from to-day?"

"And all investments are speculative?" "In a way, yes. Every investment is a kind of a speculation, but so is almost every other business transaction. You buy securities and you hope they will increase in value, or at least you hope their value will not decrease. On the other hand, you buy coal for your furnace next winter, and you buy it now because you think you can get it cheaper than next October, or you wait and buy it in October because you think it will be cheaper then than it is now. You speculate in coal every year, don't you?"

"Well, I suppose I do," the caller agreed, "though I never thought of it that way before."

"What about the manufacturer?" demanded the banker. "He needs raw materials in his business, and so he is a constant speculator in raw materials. They may consist of anything at all: cotton, copper, iron, wheat, any old thing; he does exactly what you do with your winter's coal supply, and gambles on buying most advantageously. I'm not criticizing him. I'm merely trying to emphasize the point that all of our activities are more or less speculative, and that investing is no different."

"You believe in investments, don't you?" his caller inquired with a smile.

"If I didn't I'd starve to death," said the banker grimly. "Of course I believe in them, and I know of no finer use for money than the purchase of stocks and bonds. There is no investment in the world that is more easily convertible into cash, and for that matter there is no investment that is safer. When I talk about the speculative side of stocks and bonds I am simply trying to show that they are no worse in that respect than almost anything else."

"There's another thing about stocks and bonds," the banker continued. "People who buy them are providing capital for business enterprises which must have capital if they are to function. The investor is as important a member of the community as the farmer."

"That's a strong statement."

"It may sound so," said the banker, "but I believe it's true. If investors had not provided capital we should not have any big business organizations, and without these businesses where would our people find employment, and how would they support themselves and their families? Where would these people earn money to spend and make other businesses prosper? Capital provided by the investor, large and small, is what makes the industrial world go 'round."

"Well, I admit I need it in my business," said his caller. "Tell me this, though, about investments. Granted that nothing is certain, how is one to tell what is the proper investment to buy?"

"There are lots of good things to buy," said the banker. "In the case of a bond it is easier to decide than in the case of a stock. A bond is a steadier sort of investment; you have definite facts to work on, and you are interested more in safety and yield than in profit. With a stock it is practically impossible, it seems to me, to get away from the idea that your shares are going to increase in value, and that means you are trying to forecast the future. Suppose you are interested in buying stocks right now; your problem is to determine whether current stock market prices are justified by current and prospective earnings."

"And it's impossible to tell definitely?"

"Well, it's a matter of judgment. You may think they are not too high, and so you draw your money out of the bank and make your purchases. Your neighbor, on the other hand, may be of the opinion that a month or two from now prices will be lower and that he had better wait. If prices go up you will have the laugh on him, but if they should happen to sag off the joke will be on you. As I say, it's largely a matter of judgment or opinion."

"But," said the caller, "I have always felt that the thing to do was to buy what you thought was good, and not be worried if prices went down temporarily."

"That is the right thing to do, in my opinion," exclaimed the banker. "Prices are always going up or going down, but fluctuations which are not drastic need not give you any real concern. A good investment will demonstrate its worth in the long run, and the true investor can afford to be patient. It is the man who speculates for a quick profit who is hurt by the ups and downs, particularly the man who speculates on a small margin. He gets in a tight corner and if he lacks sufficient capital may find it impossible to get out. The man with capital wins and the other fellow loses, which is another demonstration of the advantages of that useful commodity."

"You don't believe in speculation, do you?"

"It depends on what you mean by speculation. If you mean buying in the hope of making a profit I think that is perfectly justifiable and good business. If you buy more than you can afford to buy, and involve yourself in risks you have no right to assume, that is something else."

"What do you mean buying more than you can afford to buy?"

"Buying on margin, which means borrowing money to carry your purchases. It may be all right to borrow some money to buy stocks, just right to borrow some money to buy a house, as it is all right to borrow money to buy a house, for in my opinion stocks and houses are both legitimate investments. But if your equity in value you are on dangerous ground."

"So you think it is better to buy outright?"

"Oh, yes. When you buy a stock or bond and pay for it in full you can put it away, and you need not worry about money rates, or temporary decreases in the market value of securities, or any of the other things that are constantly bothering and worrying the man who buys on margin. That is, of course, if you have bought something good."

"How would you go about finding something good?"

"Well," said the banker, "that's not so difficult. There are any quantity of successful, well-established businesses in the country, and the chances are a hundred to one that as time goes on the country will become increasingly prosperous and that these businesses will become more successful and better established than ever. Isn't it reasonable to suppose that an investment in one of these corporations is liable to prove profitable?"

"But which one?" his caller insisted. "How is the layman to pick and choose out of so many?"

"It depends first of all upon your circumstances," said the banker. "Some people had



best confine their purchases to bonds; others are in a position to buy stocks. There are different classes of both. In bonds the four general divisions are government, railroad, public utility, and industrial. There will be special considerations which will make one of this group especially suited to your needs; an experienced investment banker can tell you which group is the proper one and when you have gotten that far he can very easily recommend some particular bond which will be satisfactory. In the case of stocks there are only three groups, for governments do not issue stocks, of course. When choosing stocks, therefore, you have railroad, public utility, and industrial issues to choose from. A wide choice after all."

"A bewildering choice, I should say."

"It does seem so sometimes," the banker agreed. "Another thing the layman complains about is that when he asks a banker to recommend something he will apparently have some particular stock to suggest in which he seems to have a special interest; if you go to another banker he will suggest something else which has special attractions for him."

"True enough," said the caller. "It's very confusing, and I must say, frankly, it makes me think that bankers usually have an axe to grind."

"True, too, but why not? Aren't bankers entitled to make a living as well as other people? And isn't it possible that when two bankers suggest two different things that both of them may possibly be perfectly good? There really are lots of good investments in the world, you know."

"Are they all good all the time?"

"Well, they are not always equally attractive," amended the banker. "The fact that American trade and industry as a whole are pretty well assured of growth and prosperity does not mean that individual industries are all going to be equally prosperous. One must pick and choose, keep one's eyes open, be ready to shift investments as occasion warrants, and to buy into those which show the greatest promise."

"A man must have up-to-date and reliable information to keep up with what is what, I should think," exclaimed the caller.

"Indeed he must," said the banker. "And we bankers are supposed to have more of this information than anyone else, and while it may take good judgment to interpret it correctly, we are in a better position to decide intelligently than the layman. First of all, you know, you must make a wise selection of investments, and after that it is necessary to make continual readjustments to continually changing conditions. In my opinion the safest course is to keep in constant touch with your banker. He is the man who of all others is most liable to have accurate and timely information, without which no investment plan can be wholly successful."

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## The Purple and White Fleet

(Continued from page 35)

Pennsylvania State Elks Association, and by Edward Schenke, also a Past Exalted Ruler. The same day, at Bloomsburg Lodge, No. 436, he was welcomed by W. H. Logan, Chairman of the House Committee, Past Exalted Rulers A. Menzebach, Fred R. Hippensteel and H. J. Casey, together with other members. At Danville Lodge, No. 754, next on the schedule, Mr. Alpers was greeted by Treasurer and Past Exalted Ruler A. C. Amesbury, Henry Volbecker, Trustee, and a delegation.

Sunbury, Pa., Lodge, No. 267, welcomed THE ELKS MAGAZINE representative and kept him as an overnight guest. He was entertained by Exalted Ruler Leroy H. Garverick, Secretary Austin Wilvert, Past Exalted Rulers C. D. Keefer, and Ely Biow, W. E. Drumbeller, Mayor of the city, and a gathering of other Elks. The Home of Milton Lodge, No. 913, was specially decorated in purple and white in honor of THE ELKS MAGAZINE car, and among those who greeted it were Mayor Stren, George Rothermid, Manager of the Elks Club, and L. C. Townsend, Lodge Treasurer. Going on to Williamsport Lodge, No. 173, the driver was entertained at lunch by Max L. Lindheimer, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, and Harry S. Louer, Secretary of the Lodge. At Lock Haven Lodge, No. 182, he was met by Exalted Ruler C. C. Shoemaker, Past Exalted Ruler C. J. Crowley and a delegation. He spent the night at Bellefonte, Pa., and at the Home of Lodge No. 1094 was greeted by Exalted Ruler G. Earle Hoffer, Secretary William C. Rowe, Past Exalted Rulers William H. Kline, Chester H. Barnes, John J. Bower and Chaplain C. A. Walker. At Tyrone a welcoming committee of Lodge No. 212 entertained Mr. Alpers at luncheon. Among those to attend were Exalted Ruler R. P. Heberling, Secretary C. C. Van Scoyoc, Past Exalted Ruler James C. Davis and other officers. A delegation from Altoona Lodge, led by Alex Weir, Chairman, met the car at Tyrone and escorted it to the Home of Lodge No. 102. In the party were Secretary J. W. Storm, Past Exalted Ruler A. D. Reifsnnyder and other members.

The following morning the car stopped for a short visit at the Home of Blairsville Lodge, No. 406, where its driver met Secretary R. A. Clawson; at Greensburg Lodge, No. 511, where he met Exalted Ruler John A. Weaver; at Jeannette Lodge, No. 486, meeting Secretary Charles T. Myers, Jr., and Past Exalted Ruler H. C. Appel; at Braddock Lodge, No. 883, where he met District Deputy R. C. Robinson, Secretary Paul D. Carr and others. He was entertained at supper by members of Wilkinsburg Lodge, No. 577, among them being Secretary D. T. Wade and Treasurer L. R. McCracken. At Indiana, Pa., Lodge, No. 931, the driver was welcomed by Exalted Ruler Clyde H. Bath, Past Exalted Rulers John R. Richards and L. F. Sutter and other members.

The next stop was Pittsburgh, where a convoy of automobiles paraded with the car from Bettis Field to the Home of No. 11. Here photographs were taken of the machine, together with Mayor Charles H. Cline, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Secretary A. W. Liebler, Past District Deputy F. J. Schrader, Exalted Ruler J. A. Freyvogel and others. Later the parade drove to Allegheny Lodge, No. 339, where a meeting of the Elks Association for Pennsylvania Southwest was taking place.

After a short visit with Exalted Ruler Paul F. Urben, Past Exalted Ruler John Jenkins and others at Charleroi Lodge, No. 494, Mr. Alpers went on to Washington, Pa. There, at the Home of Lodge No. 776, he was cordially received by Secretary W. D. Hancher, Past Exalted Ruler Frank R. Hurley and a number of other officers and members, and entertained at luncheon.

Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge turned out in force to honor THE ELKS MAGAZINE car, and gave a banquet, attended by some seventy-five officers and members, for the occasion. Among those present were Exalted Ruler Howard D. Matthews, Secretary John F. Richardson, Past Exalted Rulers Benjamin L. Rosenbloom, James A. Dyson, Dr. J. N. Reefer, J. W. Cummins, City Manager T. Y. Beckett and many others. THE ELKS MAGAZINE purple and white liaison

airplane was in town, and its pilot, Lieutenant Edgar Schmid and John H. Hamilton, driver of the No. 3 ELKS MAGAZINE car, attended the banquet with Mr. Alpers, and all made speeches. After the dinner a number of cars accompanied the Magazine car on visits to Bellaire, Ohio, Lodge, No. 419, and Martins Ferry Lodge, No. 895.

Cambridge, Ohio, Lodge, No. 448, was the next on the schedule. There the driver met District Deputy and Secretary Samuel G. Austin, Past Exalted Ruler O. M. Hoge, Treasurer George D. Schair and a number of others, who entertained him at lunch. He spent the evening with Exalted Ruler E. B. Graham, J. A. Lamiman, Secretary, and F. A. Bohn, Past Exalted Ruler of Zanesville, Ohio, Lodge, No. 114.

Under the leadership of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price a big demonstration of welcome was put on by Columbus Lodge, No. 37. An automobile parade escorted the car through the city to Norton Field, where the liaison plane had landed and thence drove to the Elks Home for luncheon. Among those in the welcoming party were Mr. Price, Exalted Ruler Carl Pfeifer, Colonel C. W. Wallace, Secretary, and John W. Kaufman, former Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler. The caravan was headed by Mr. Kaufman's large touring bus, which was beautifully decorated in the Elks colors. Among those who attended were Colonel William M. Mumm, Chief of the Intelligence Department of the Army war maneuvers, the officers and a great many members of Columbus Lodge, together with Lieutenant Schmid and John H. Hamilton, who had arrived in THE ELKS MAGAZINE plane. The last two remained in Columbus overnight as guests of the Lodge, but Mr. Alpers, to keep on his schedule proceeded to Springfield, Ohio, Lodge, No. 51, where he was greeted by Exalted Ruler George W. Richeson, Secretary A. J. Schneider, and about forty members, to whom he gave a talk on the purposes of the tour.

The following day the car was met at Vandalia and escorted to Dayton Lodge, No. 58, by Exalted Ruler Charles L. Templeton, Secretary Lee Passmore and three Trustees. After being entertained at lunch, the driver went on to Greenville Lodge, No. 1139, which had called a special meeting for the occasion. Exalted Ruler J. L. Williams, Secretary Elmer W. Schwartz and Past Exalted Ruler A. A. Suter were among those to welcome the visitor. Following the meeting a special supper was served. At Muncie, Ind., the next morning, a large committee from Lodge No. 245 greeted the car and escorted the driver to luncheon. Included in the party were Exalted Ruler and District Deputy Walter D. White, Secretary J. Frank Mann, Past Exalted Rulers A. C. Thornburg and John C. Hampton, Mayor of Muncie. After the luncheon, a delegation from Anderson Lodge, No. 209 escorted the car to that city, where an informal parade around the town was held. Mr. Alpers visited the Elks home and met Exalted Ruler M. E. Radebaugh, Secretary F. F. Barr and a number of members.

LEAVING Anderson for Indianapolis, the driver arrived in time to attend a meeting of Lodge No. 13. He spent the week-end there, engaging in an informal parade on Saturday when he placed a wreath on the War Memorial and presented a flag to Colonel Perry, the officer in charge of the Soldiers and Sailors Monument. After visiting the Speedway, the party returned to the Elks Club for a dance in the evening. Exalted Ruler V. M. Armstrong being away, Mr. Alpers was taken in charge by Earl Wolf, Leading Knight, Secretary W. G. Taylor and Past Exalted Ruler Thomas L. Hughes.

Early on Monday morning he stopped for a brief visit at Crawfordsville Lodge, No. 483, where he met Past Exalted Ruler Arnett R. Groves and Brothers Harney and Sublette, who escorted him about the town. A little later he reached Danville, Illinois, and was entertained at luncheon by Exalted Ruler R. S. Mires, Secretary C. F. Cooper and Assistant Secretary Lee Gordon, of Lodge No. 332. In the afternoon the car was met by a reception committee from Champaign Lodge, No. 398, escorted around the city and to Urbana Lodge, No. 991, where the



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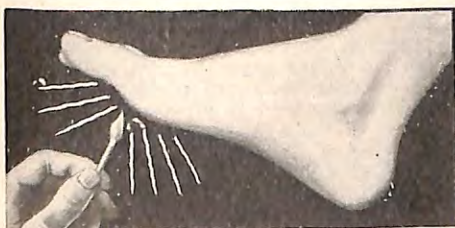
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driver was welcomed by Secretary Charles M. Webber and others. The Champaign committee then conveyed him to the Champaign Country Club for supper. Among those who welcomed him were Exalted Ruler J. E. Atkinson, Secretary P. E. Utterback, Past Exalted Rulers F. B. Leonard, J. C. Dallenbach, J. H. Armstrong and other officers and members.

At Springfield, Ill., Lodge, No. 158, the next morning, Mr. Alpers was met by Exalted Ruler Frank E. Smith, Secretary J. R. Jones, Past Exalted Rulers O. F. Davenport and Ross L. Weller.

At Pekin, Ill., THE ELKS MAGAZINE representative was met by Secretary Henry Ehrhardt, Past Exalted Rulers M. E. Tambling and Carl Brown, and others, with whom he visited for a time and toured the town, stopping to inspect the new home of Lodge No. 1271, which is under construction. Peoria Lodge, No. 20, was next, and there the driver was entertained at supper by Past Exalted Ruler F. J. Keating, Secretary H. S. Shehan and Jerry Lurson, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. During the evening he talked with Exalted Ruler Claude U. Stone and other members. The next day he went on to Galesburg, being the guest at lunch of Exalted Ruler John D. Wilson and Secretary J. W. Peterson. In the afternoon he drove Mr. Wilson to Kewanee to meet Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, who accompanied them to Galesburg, and was driven about the city in the purple and white car. (Further progress of Car No. 2 will appear in August.)

**T**HE third car of the Purple and White fleet, driven by John H. Hamilton, made its first stop at Boonton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1405, where it was met by Edward L. Bennett, Exalted Ruler, and David D. Healion, Secretary. At midday the car reached Easton, Pa., Lodge, No. 121, where Mr. Hamilton was met by Exalted Ruler J. H. Seip, Secretary J. J. Koepfer and all the other officers, and was tendered a luncheon attended by some fifty members. That afternoon, at Bethlehem, he paid a brief call at No. 191, where a number of officers and members greeted him. At Allentown, the driver met Secretary Fred D. Kutz. At Reading he was welcomed by Exalted Ruler J. C. Mumma, Secretary C. E. Speidel, and all the other officers of Lodge No. 115. Lebanon Lodge, No. 631, was visited next, and there the visitor was entertained at lunch by Exalted Ruler K. V. Wheeler, Secretary Charles R. Gates, and the other officers.

Exalted Ruler C. B. Shelley, Secretary A. J. Mehring, District Deputy C. C. Merrill, and all the other officers of Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12, met Mr. Hamilton at Lebanon and escorted him to their own city. They gave him a banquet attended by nearly a hundred members, and he was the house guest of Mr. Shelley overnight. Another splendid reception was accorded him at Carlisle Lodge, No. 578, his next stop. There he was welcomed by Exalted Ruler G. W. Davidson, Secretary Val D. Sheaffer, Past Exalted Rulers C. D. Lindemood, C. F. Gehring, H. R. Einstein and other officers and members, who escorted him through town to the Elks home. At Hanover Lodge, No. 763, Mr. Hamilton met several members but no officers. His next visit was to Gettysburg Lodge, No. 1045, where he was welcomed by Exalted Ruler J. A. Codori, Secretary J. A. Holtzworth, and a delegation. Here the driver was escorted around the battlefield and also over it in an airplane.

At Chambersburg Lodge, No. 600, the car was met by Exalted Ruler J. A. Strite and Secretary S. L. Brown. A delegation of members welcomed Mr. Hamilton at Waynesboro Lodge, No. 731. He paid a brief call at Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, No. 378. At Winchester, Va., Lodge, No. 867, he met Secretary E. T. Snider. The Elks of Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, met the car at Martins Mountain and, headed by Exalted Ruler Taylor Morrison and Secretary J. R. Rowley, escorted the driver to the Elks home for luncheon. At Frostburg, Md., he was welcomed by a committee composed of Past Exalted Rulers, D. E. Shaffer, A. C. Stewart, W. H. Deneen, W. P. Sullivan, George Stern, Rudolph Nickel and others, and entertained at dinner, where he met Exalted Ruler C. A. Holben, and Secretary Wm. P. Sullivan. Exalted Ruler W. J. Lloyd, Secretary F. R. Foster and a number of other officers and members greeted the traveler at Uniontown, Pa., Lodge, No. 370.

(Continued on page 72)



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## The Purple and White Fleet

(Continued from page 71)

Mr. Hamilton drove to Pittsburgh, where he was relieved, for a few days, by J. D. Connor, a fellow member of THE ELKS MAGAZINE staff. Mr. Connor went first to Clarksburg, West Virginia, stopping briefly at Morgantown Lodge, No. 411, and Fairmont Lodge, No. 294, on the way. At Clarksburg Lodge, No. 482, he was met by Past Exalted Ruler W. C. Morrison. He attended the Lodge session, meeting Exalted Ruler Kirk King, Secretary W. B. Wilson, and other officers.

**T**HE fourth car of the fleet, piloted by William Cunningham on the southernmost of the four routes, made its first visit to the Home of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, where it was met with an elaborate reception, headed by Exalted Ruler Monroe W. Taylor, Secretary Edward Burt, Mayor J. J. Morrison, and a large delegation of Elks. The next stop was at Trenton, where the driver was greeted by Exalted Ruler Harry E. Horner, Secretary A. E. Dearden, Past Exalted Rulers C. D. Geller and George Forker, and a number of other officers and members of No. 105. At the Home of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, Mr. Cunningham was entertained at lunch by Exalted Ruler H. S. Goldstein, Secretary F. R. Yocum, Past Exalted Ruler G. H. Wobensmith, and other officers. From Philadelphia he went on to the neighboring Lodge of Chester, No. 488, there receiving a welcome from Exalted Ruler M. C. Trestrail, Past Exalted Rulers S. E. Turner and B. N. Winn, and other officers and members. Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307, was the next stopping place, and there the driver met Exalted Ruler Sol Kessler, Secretary Charles H. Simmons, Past Exalted Rulers James Robbins, Wm. L. Hamann, Z. A. Pool and many members, who were his hosts at luncheon.

At Baltimore Lodge, No. 7, THE ELKS MAGAZINE representative was entertained at dinner by Exalted Ruler M. D. Bramm, Secretary Albert B. Kries, Past Exalted Rulers George Joekkel and Charles Newman, and was shown through the handsome Home. Arriving in Washington, D. C., the following day, he was guest for lunch of Exalted Ruler John D. Fitzgerald, Past Exalted Rulers D. R. Nihion and James Ward, Arthur Riemer, and other officers and members. Later he met Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland and Secretary William S. Shelby, and attended a meeting of the Lodge, which he addressed relative to the tour. At Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, he was met by Exalted Ruler E. F. Hoffman, Secretary George H. Railing, Past Exalted Ruler Harry E. Hinken, and other officers. Fredericksburg, Va., Lodge, No. 875, was the next port of call, and there Mr. Cunningham was welcomed by Exalted Ruler Dr. J. N. Barney, Past Exalted Rulers Henry Dannehl, Simon Hirsh, W. E. Long, A. G. Billingsley, C. S. Hunter, S. S. Kaufman, Major John Burke (of No. 1), and District Deputy W. B. F. Cole. Escorted by a group of these Elks and other officers and members of the Lodge, he visited the grave of Mary Washington, laying a wreath thereon. Proceeding to Richmond, the driver was escorted the last twenty miles by a convoy of specially decorated cars, and was given a dinner that evening by the officers of Lodge No. 45. Among those present were James A. Kline, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, Exalted Ruler W. C.

Cosby, Secretary W. R. Harwood, Past Exalted Rulers G. W. Epps, Melvin Flegenheimer, A. J. Crafts, Charles M. Angle, and a number of other members.

At Petersburg Lodge, No. 237, the driver was welcomed by Acting Exalted Ruler E. N. Townes, Secretary J. H. Bailey, Past Exalted Rulers Dr. George Reese, T. F. Smith, W. I. Wheary, and many other members. Lynchburg Lodge, No. 321, was next on the schedule, and there the car and driver were received by Exalted Ruler L. K. Burnham, Secretary W. O. Bell, Past Exalted Ruler R. C. McGee and the chair officers. At Danville the driver met Secretary John Lee, Jr., of Lodge No. 227, Past District Deputy H. B. Trundle, and many of the membership.

The following day Mr. Cunningham paid a brief visit to Durham, N. C., Lodge, No. 568, meeting Exalted Ruler C. E. Hooker, Secretary J. T. Muse, and others, then went on to the Home of Raleigh Lodge, No. 735, where he was taken in charge by Past Exalted Rulers W. R. Boyle and C. E. Parker, and met Exalted Ruler W. F. Moody, Secretary D. L. Hatch, Past Exalted Rulers A. B. Andrews, E. B. Yearby, S. J. Adams, and George U. Baucom, Jr., who were his hosts at luncheon. From Raleigh he proceeded to Greensboro, there being greeted by Exalted Ruler J. Max Rawlins, Secretary O. W. Patterson and a large group of other Elks. The next stop was at Winston-Salem Lodge, No. 449, where the driver was warmly received by Exalted Ruler W. T. Gray, Past Exalted Ruler George Lawson, Esteemed Leading Knight R. R. Elmore, and other officers and members. The driver next paid a brief visit to Salisbury Lodge, No. 699, being met there by Exalted Ruler D. W. Plyler, Secretary J. M. Miller, Past Exalted Ruler J. E. Holshouer, and several other members and officers. He was guided about the town by Secretary Miller.

From Salisbury Mr. Cunningham swung north to Bristol, Tenn., where at the invitation of Exalted Ruler Laurence Hammer and Secretary C. F. Henritze, he attended a meeting of Lodge No. 232, and made an address. He also met Past Exalted Ruler R. B. Torbett and many others of the membership. Heading back into North Carolina again, he next stopped at Asheville Lodge, No. 1401, meeting Secretary N. P. Mulvaney and a group of members. Thence to Greenville, S. C., where he was met at the Home of Lodge No. 858, by Exalted Ruler C. F. McCullough, Secretary W. R. Riley, Past Exalted Ruler W. W. Beachem, and others. At Anderson, S. C., the next stop, he was welcomed by Exalted Ruler J. C. Jones, Secretary E. Clyde McCants, and other Elks.

Going into Athens, Ga., the car was met six miles from town and escorted to the Home of Lodge No. 790 by Secretary E. S. Thomas, with two decorated automobiles. After a short parade about the city the driver visited the Home and met, among others, Gaspar Palmosano, Past Exalted Ruler, and a number of other Elks. He was given a motorcycle escort, which conducted him to the right road for Atlanta.

In the latter city he was received by Exalted Ruler and District Deputy John S. McClelland, Secretary R. E. L. Reynolds, and a number of the other officers and members, who were cordial and helpful.

## Grand Exalted Ruler Visits Mid-West

(Continued from page 38)

Detraining at Surrey, around noon, a number of Elks from Minot, N. D., Lodge met the party and took the visitors on a trip to the Truax-Trayer coal mines at Velva, where they were personally conducted through the mines by Mr. Truax (who was initiated into Minot Lodge that evening), and who afterward, with Mrs. Truax, entertained the party at luncheon.

(To be continued next month)

Driving to Minot, the visitors were met by the drum corps of Minot Lodge and escorted to the Home, where a banquet in Mr. Hulbert's honor was served, later to be followed by a joint meeting of the Elks Lodges of the northern half of the State. Mr. Hulbert's address and the initiation of a class of candidates marked a memorable occasion.





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