

# The Elks

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

20 CENTS A COPY

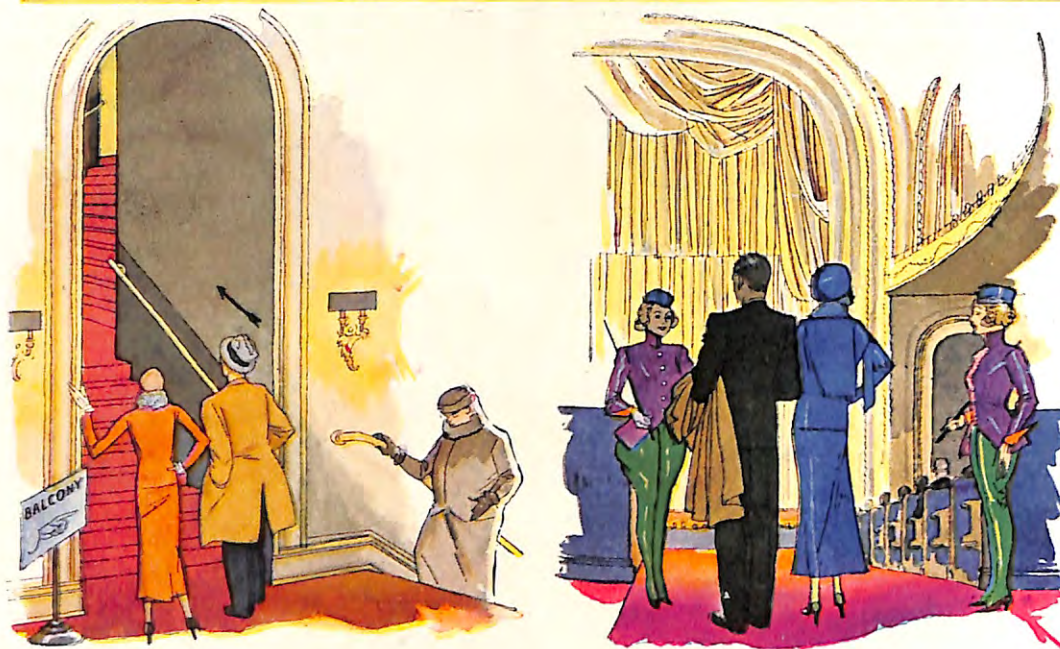
Magazine

APRIL, 1932



Paul Gallico — William MacLeod Raine — Boyden Sparkes

# Balcony... or Orchestra?



**J**UST AS the theatre offers you two ways to see the same show, your car offers you two ways to drive. You can use ordinary gasoline and get there, or you can use Ethyl Gasoline and enjoy an even flow of velvet power that lets you relax in your seat—and drive in comfort.

# Gasoline... or Ethyl?



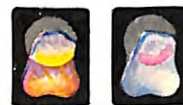
© E. G. C. 1932

Buy **ETHYL** GASOLINE

# SEEING is BELIEVING



You have *felt* the difference with Ethyl Gasoline in your car. Now you can *see* the difference. By fitting a quartz window into the cylinder head of a modern high compression motor, engineers took photographs of the actual combustion of motor fuels. Compare the uneven explosion of ordinary gasoline with the smooth burning of Ethyl Gasoline in the following pictures.



LEFT: The characteristic yellow color of ordinary gasoline even before knock occurs. It is "carbon yellow," caused by glowing particles of free carbon. Ethyl (ON THE RIGHT) shows no yellow at any stage. Below, views of the same two flames 1/700th of a second later.



LEFT: Ordinary gasoline at the instant of knock. All remaining gasoline is exploding at once! RIGHT: Ethyl Gasoline at the same stage. The Ethyl fluid it contains *prevents* the uneven explosion that causes "carbon knock," harmful knock, overheating and power-waste.



LEFT: Nothing remains of ordinary gasoline now but afterglow. RIGHT: Ethyl Gasoline is still burning. Its greatest power is delivered when the piston is going down—the time when power counts most. Look for this Ethyl emblem. It assures you *value* for your gasoline money.



Ethyl quality is maintained by constant inspection of samples collected daily in all parts of the country. Ethyl fluid contains lead. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York.

# Your Baker Saves You Trouble and Money

And International Trucks Save Trouble and Money for Him



**T**HE baking industry has grown to great proportions because it renders a great service. It has lifted a burden of drudgery from the tired shoulders of Womankind. Taking unto itself the making of the bread, the cakes, the cookies, and the pies, for which the human palate eternally hungers, the baking industry has emancipated the American kitchen.

Besides that, the scientific methods of the modern baker have done much to elevate the standards of the American household.

And then there is the factor of economy, that every woman knows. If she has no other reason to patronize the baker she does it to save money.

The baking industry sells at low prices because it has learned how to

produce and deliver at low

cost — and that is where

International Trucks come in. Delivery cost is a very important item in this industry, most authorities agreeing that it averages one-fifth of the total cost of bakery operation. In contrast we are pleased to present, at the right, the experience of two well-known baking concerns operating large fleets of International Trucks.

Hauling costs of 5 or 6 cents per mile for quality trucks must interest every user of trucks today, whether he be butcher, baker, or candlestick maker, builder, bottler, or hauler of any other product. Thousands of firms, small and large, in and out of the baking business, have learned that to use Internationals is to cut hauling costs.

## Records of Chicago and Boston Bakeries Show International Economy

Schulze Baking Company, Chicago, operates more than a hundred International Trucks. Accurate cost records, based on over two million miles of truck travel in twelve months, show operating cost to be only 5½ cents per mile.

Hathaway Bakeries, Inc., Boston, operate 283 Internationals in the Boston area. Trucks operating more than 600 miles per month (the great majority) do so at the low cost of 5¼ cents per mile. Both Schulze and Hathaway figures include all possible charges except salesman-driver hire.

Whether you figure delivery costs per mile or per hundred pounds of product delivered, your records will show big operating and maintenance savings when International Trucks are used.

Ask for demonstration of the New 1½-ton 4-speed Model A-2. Now reduced to

### \$615

for the 136-inch wheelbase chassis f. o. b. factory

Other sizes range from ¾-ton to 5-ton. International Company-Owned Branches at 183 points in the United States and Canada.

**INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY**  
606 S. Michigan Ave. **OF AMERICA** Chicago, Illinois  
(INCORPORATED)

# INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

# Something About This Number

IN February we printed excerpts from the telegrams received from more than 1,000 Exalted Rulers who pledged themselves and their Lodges to enthusiastic and whole-hearted support of the Grand Exalted Ruler's appeal for the initiation of large George Washington Prosperity Classes during that month. In this issue we have the pleasure of publishing the results of this campaign—the addition to our Order in one month of 12,390 new members!

Actuated by a splendid loyalty to the Order, and carried along by contagious energy and enthusiasm, the District Deputies, the State Association and the subordinate Lodge officers have thus dealt a body-blow to the calamity howlers. With this notable achievement they have placed the Order in the van of those nation-wide agencies which are facing with courage and far-sightedness the present disturbed condition of business. At a time when reassurance and leadership are of primary importance the Elks have shown the way; have displayed that combination of self-reliance and ability to cooperate in an emergency which is part of the great American heritage.

NEWS of the discovery of mineral ore deposits which promise to dwarf in extent and value all previous finds began to find its way into occasional newspapers last summer. This summer it is probable that stories of a new source of fabulous wealth will be headlined on the front pages of the world's morning reading. In the opening article this month Boyden Sparkes tells what is so far known of the buried treasure of a tremendous sub-Arctic area ranging from Great Bear Lake, in the Northwest Territories of Canada, on the west, to no one knows how far east. "Thar's Radium in Them Hills," is a fascinating story of the last great stronghold of frontier romance; of a region whose development may well have a profound effect upon the course of world trade and world finance.

IT is not easy for a sporting writer to find some new angle of the great national pastime to discuss, but Paul Gallico has done it. You will find the result of his pioneering efforts in "Pop Time Plays Ball," wherein this well-known professor of sport tells the story of his delvings into the mathematics of baseball.

"RUN-OUT" is the tale of a heavyweight champ who believed that titles were meant to be won or lost in the ring; of his manager, who figured otherwise, and of some hard guys that are hard. You'll like it.

"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 Ten  
Number Eleven

## The Elks Magazine

### FEATURES FOR APRIL, 1932

"Thar's Radium in Them Hills," an article by Boyden Sparkes . . .	6
Run-Out, a story by Eddy Orcutt . . . . .	9
By Special Permission, an article by John Chapman . . . . .	12
Behind the Footlights and on the Screen . . . . .	14
Pop Time Plays Ball, an article by Paul Gallico . . . . .	16
Under Northern Stars, Part IV, a novel of the modern West by William MacLeod Raine . . . . .	19
Shear Nonsense, a page of humor . . . . .	22
Behind the Mike, by the Announcer . . . . .	23
Editorials . . . . .	24
Under the Spreading Antlers, News of the Subordinate Lodges . . .	26
The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits . . . . .	30
News of the State Associations . . . . .	30
Grand Exalted Ruler, Official Circular No. 6 . . . . .	31
1932 Grand Lodge Convention at Birmingham, Ala., Bulletin No. 3 . . . . .	32
12,390 New Members Added to the Order . . . . .	33
Elkdom Outdoors . . . . .	36
Cross-Word Puzzle . . . . .	40
Answers to Your Radio Questions . . . . .	52

Cover design by Orson Lowell

### NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Published Under the Direction of the Grand Lodge by the National Memorial and Publication Commission

Joseph T. Fanning  
Editor and Executive Director

Bruce McClure  
Managing Editor

50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

Charles S. Hart  
Business Manager

The Elks Magazine Volume 10, No. 11, April, 1932 is published monthly at 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, U.S.A. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N.Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in New York City, N.Y. Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and Possessions, for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Elks, \$1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add \$1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and member's number; 2. Number of your lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Please also notify your Lodge secretary of change, and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of changes to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, at address above.

Copyright, 1932, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America

**They Said It Couldn't Be Done -- But Here It Is!**



**STEELFLEX**  
**Health Rowboat**  
 With Unbreakable  
 Welded Steel Frame

**\$2.98**  
*now only*

**Complete  
 plus  
 Small Delivery  
 Charge**

**No More to Pay!**

**Send No Money! See it First! 1 Week's Trial!**

THE idea of home rowing has swept over the whole country! The Steelflex Corporation of America was the first to offer the American public a good home rowing machine at a really popular price. Naturally we as pioneers have built up a tremendous volume of business in the popular priced rowing machine field. It is this volume which permits The Steelflex Corporation of America to make the most amazing announcement it has ever made since it put rowing machines within the reach of all!



For strengthening abdominal muscles and back.

NOW AT LAST you can get a Steelflex Health Rowboat with unbreakable, welded steel frame FOR ONLY \$2.98! This is not a flimsy "throw-together" machine purposely made to sell at a low price. It is a solid, substantial home rowing machine which does its work well and stands up! The frame is of welded steel without nuts or bolts. The seat is adjustable and well finished. There are double actuators with just the right amount of tension, and providing the compensating,

**It's FUN  
 to Reduce-Keep Fit  
 The STEELFLEX Way**

automatic "pull-back" which utilizes the well-known principle of resistance, endorsed by leading authorities on physical education.

Thousands who "hated exercise" now find it fun—rowing the Steelflex way! Thousands of men with bulging waistlines—men who were beginning to "slow down" and "feel their age"—are now getting as live, and slim, and energetic as when they were young fellows. Thousands of women who were losing the lines of youth—whose hips and thighs were causing them endless worry and dismay—are now getting slender and stylish again.

So confident are we that the new Steelflex Health Rowboat is the finest rowing machine that has ever been—or can be—sold at this amazing price, that we will gladly let you try it a week to prove that you will agree with us.



The full rowing stroke. Steelflex will stand any "pull".

**Free Examination Offer**

Just mail coupon. It is not necessary to send money in advance unless you care to do so. When the Express Company delivers the STEELFLEX you have the privilege of examining it. Note the strength and sturdiness of its welded steel frame. Try the tension of the double-actuators. See how attractive the STEELFLEX is in appearance. Judge whether you ever saw a bigger value at such a price! Then pay delivery charges and DEPOSIT the purchase price WITH THE EXPRESS COMPANY. They are instructed to hold your deposit for 6 days, subject to your command.

**Use It a Week at Our Risk**

—of it's pleasing you. If after 6 days' TRIAL, in your own home, you are dissatisfied with it for ANY REASON (or for no reason at all) simply telephone the Express Company and they will call for the STEELFLEX and refund your money. NO SALESMEN WILL CALL ON YOU. You do not need to write US for a refund. We do not receive a penny unless you are satisfied. YOU are the judge. With your STEELFLEX we will send a complete chart of various interesting and enjoyable exercises. Act NOW. Do not let delay rob you of the many benefits of the STEELFLEX. Check on the coupon which model you want—and mail it at once, without money to THE STEELFLEX CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Dept. 44, 1783 East 11th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

**... and the STEELFLEX with Silent Rolling Seat**

Back and forth goes the rolling seat—just like on a real racing shell.



Many prefer that their Steelflex have a silent Rolling Seat—instead of the adjustable stationary seat pictured above. The Rolling Seat enables you to do every essential exercise possible with most expensive machines made! It provides racing-shell stroke full leg and hip action, complete massage of abdominal and thigh region. Every muscle brought into play. The wheels of the Rolling Seat are made of special rubber composition—hard in the center but with soft, silent, yielding tread that is absolutely noiseless.

The Rolling Seat Model of the Steelflex Health Rowboat is only \$1.25 more! If preferred, just check the box in the coupon.



**SEND NO MONEY! FREE EXAMINATION COUPON**

THE STEELFLEX CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Dept. 44, 1783 East 11th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me the Rowing Machine checked below, delivery charges collect. I am to have the privilege of FREE EXAMINATION upon arrival. If pleased with its appearance I will deposit the purchase price with the Express Company, to be held by them for 6 days pending my final decision after trying the machine. If I do not notify the Express Company to return my money and return your rowing machine, they are to remit to you. It is understood there are no further payments of any kind.

- ☐ Steelflex Health Rowboat—\$2.98  
☐ Rolling Seat Model—\$1.25 Extra

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Canadian and Foreign Prices on Request.

# Grand Lodge Officers and Committees, 1931-1932

## Grand Exalted Ruler—

John R. Coen, Sterling, Colo., No. 1336.

## Grand Esteemed Leading Knight—

Edward J. McCormick, Toledo, Ohio, No. 53.

## Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight—

P. L. Downs, Temple, Texas, No. 138.

## Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight—

Fred A. Wiecking, Bluffton, Ind., No. 796.

## Grand Secretary—

J. E. Masters (Charleroi, Pa., No. 494), Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, 2750 Lake View Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## Grand Treasurer—

Lloyd Maxwell (Marshalltown, Iowa, No. 312), 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

## Grand Tiler—

John E. Lynch, Washington, D. C., No. 15.

## Grand Inner Guard—

Harry T. Paterson, New Berne, N. C., No. 764.

## Grand Esquire—

John J. Doyle, Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99, 1227 Bank of American Bldg., 650 South Spring Street.

## Grand Chaplain—

Rev. Dr. John Dysart (Jamestown, N. Y., No. 263), St. Paul's Parish House, Flint, Mich.

## Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler—

Joseph P. Shevlin (Denver, Colo., No. 17), Sterling, Colo.

## Pardon Commissioner—

Wm. H. Beck, Griffin, Ga., No. 1207.

## Board of Grand Trustees—

Ralph Hagan, Chairman, Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99, 520 West Séventh Street.

James T. Hallinan, Vice-Chairman (Queens Borough, No. 878), 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

James S. Richardson, Secretary, Cincinnati, Ohio, No. 5, N. E. Cor. 9th and Elm Streets.

John K. Burch, Approving Member, Grand Rapids, Mich., No. 48, 219 Division Ave., South.

A. Charles Stewart, Home Member, Frostburg, Md., No. 470, 7 West Union Street.

## Grand Forum—

Dwight E. Campbell (Aberdeen, S. D., No. 1046), State Capitol, Pierre, S. D.

Arthur S. Tompkins (Haverstraw, N. Y., No. 877), Supreme Court Chambers, Nyack, N. Y.

John S. McClelland, Atlanta, Ga., No. 78, 202 Court House.

Michael F. Shannon, Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99, 1017-21 Citizens National Bank Bldg.

Wilbur M. Alter (Victor, Colo., No. 367), State House, Denver, Colo.

## Committee on Judiciary—

Walter F. Meier, Chairman, Seattle, Wash., No. 92, 2307 Northern Life Tower.

E. Mark Sullivan (Brookline, Mass., No. 886), 40 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., No. 779.

John J. Lermen, San Francisco, Cal., No. 3, Room 504, Balboa Bldg.

Daniel J. Kelly, Knoxville, Tenn., No. 160.

## Committee on Credentials—

George J. Winslow, Chairman, Utica, N. Y., No. 33.

Richard M. Davies, Panama Canal Zone, No. 1414, Balboa Heights.

Frederick J. Wolfe, New Orleans, La., No. 30.

Frank E. Coughlin, South Bend, Ind., No. 235.

Richard A. Cantwell, Worcester, Mass., No. 243.

## Good of the Order Committee—

Robert S. Barrett, Chairman, Alexandria, Va., No. 758, 404 Duke Street.

O. R. Dibblee, Salt Lake City, Utah, No. 85.

Charles S. Hart (Mount Vernon, N. Y., No. 842), 50 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Sam Stern, Fargo, N. D., No. 260.

Charles E. Broughton, Sheboygan, Wis., No. 299.

## Auditing Committee—

William H. Albright, Chairman, Reading, Pa., No. 115.

M. E. Gouge, Sedalia, Mo., No. 125.

Harley M. Kilgore, Beckley, W. Va., No. 1452.

## State Association Committee—

William T. Phillips, Chairman, New York, N. Y., No. 1, 108 West 43rd Street.

William Conklin, Englewood, N. J., No. 1157.

W. C. Robertson, Minneapolis, Minn., No. 44.

## Ritualistic Committee—

David Sholtz, Chairman (Daytona, Fla., No. 1141), Daytona Beach, Fla.

O. L. Hayden, Alva, Okla., No. 1184.

Albert D. Pearce (Glendale, Cal., No. 1289), 1007 Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

W. W. Bridgers, El Paso, Texas, No. 187.

Clyde E. Jones, Ottumwa, Iowa, No. 347.

## National Memorial and Publication Commission—

John K. Tener, Chairman (Charleroi, Pa., No. 494), Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Bruce A. Campbell, Vice-Chairman, East St. Louis, Ill., No. 664, First National Bank Building.

Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director and Secretary-Treasurer (Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13), 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Rush L. Holland (Colorado Springs, Colo., No. 309), Metropolitan Bank Building, Washington, D. C.

Fred Harper, Lynchburg, Va., No. 321.

Frank L. Rain, Fairbury, Neb., No. 1203.

William M. Abbott, San Francisco, Cal., No. 3, 58 Sutter Street.

William W. Mountain (Flint, Mich., No. 222), 438 Winthrop Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

## Elks National Foundation Trustees—

John F. Malley, Chairman (Springfield, Mass., No. 61), 15 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Raymond Benjamin, Vice-Chairman (Napa, Cal., No. 832), 416 Transportation Building, Washington, D. C.

Murray Hulbert, Secretary, New York, N. Y., No. 1, 551 Fifth Avenue.

James G. McFarland, Treasurer, Watertown, S. D., No. 838.

Edward Rightor, New Orleans, La., No. 30, 1340 Canal Bank Building.

Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2, Cumberland Street at Broad.

Lawrence H. Rupp, Allentown, Pa., No. 130, 201 Allentown National Bank Building.

## 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 A. Charles Stewart, Home Member Board of Grand Trustees, Frostburg, Md., No. 470, 7 West Union Street.



# "Well... Er.. I Didn't Expect to Be Asked to Speak"...

I couldn't resist the temptation to have some fun with that crowd. Here they were, expecting me to be "scared stiff," trembling with the embarrassment and stage-fright which had been my failing. I could see jeering looks and undisguised amusement on the faces of some of my cronies—they were expecting me to make a chump of myself!

## But When I Started To Speak Their Jeers Turned To Breathless Interest and Applause!

I NEVER saw more complete astonishment in human faces as I saw then. Here was I, the notorious "human clam," the shrinking violet of the office. I had only been asked to speak because the General Manager intended to be kindly toward me—no one had expected that I would have anything to say, let alone the ability to say it. My friends expected me to be embarrassed—to stammer, gulp, and finally wilt pitifully down into my place. Yet here I was, on my feet, inspiring them with a new and unexpected message.

It was as though I felt a surge of new power in my veins—the thrill and exhilaration of domination—mastery over this group of banqueters who sat listening eagerly, hanging on my every word. To me it was a thrill—to them, it was a shock. And when I finally let myself go, bringing my message to a close with a smashing, soaring climax, I sat down amid wave on wave of enthusiastic applause.

Almost before it had died away George Bevins was over beside my seat. "That was a wonderful speech, Mike!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "Boy, I didn't know you had it in you! How did you do it?"

"Thanks, George," I said. "But it wasn't really anything. Any man who knows how to use his powers of speech could have done just as well or better."

"Maybe so. But I certainly didn't expect you to do it. I tell you it was great! But say! What did you mean by 'any man who knows how to use his powers of speech'? It isn't everybody who has real powers of talking interestingly."

"That's just where you're wrong, George," I told him. "Seven out of every nine men have the ability to talk powerfully, forcefully and convincingly. You said just now you didn't think I could do it! Well, six months ago I couldn't—not to save my life. Yet in those short six months I trained myself by a wonderfully

easy method right at home, to talk as you just heard me. It didn't take me but about twenty minutes a day; no one even knew I was doing it. There is no magic—no trick—no mystery about becoming a clear, forceful speaker. It's just the application of simple principles, which a noted speech educator has already put into lesson form for any man to use, regardless of education or previous training."

"Well, say, I'd like to take that Course myself. I'm woefully weak at speechmaking; I'd certainly like to be able to speak as well as you can."

\* \* \* \* \*

This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find it becoming easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and quickly that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

## SEND FOR THIS AMAZING BOOKLET

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called, *How To Work Wonders with Words*. In it you are told how this new easy method will enable you to conquer stage-fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "Hidden knack"—which can win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely FREE by sending the coupon NOW.

### NOW SENT FREE

#### NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE

3601 Michigan Avenue  
Dept. 2824  
Chicago, Illinois



NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE, Dept. 2824  
3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, my copy of your inspiring booklet *How To Work Wonders with Words*, and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

# "Thar's Radium in Them Hills"

By  
Boyden Sparkes

*One of the gossans or rust-stained hills which are as signal flags to the prospector observing from a plane*

CANADA, which contains the last unexplored frontier of adventure on the American continent, is now in the midst of an excitement akin to that which in years past led men on to the Klondyke, to Cobalt, Porcupine and Lake Rouyn. The scene of the latest big strike is Great Bear Lake in the Mackenzie District of the Canadian Northwest Territories. Great Bear Lake is farther west than Los Angeles and farther north than Nome.

This is no ordinary gold rush. Indeed, it would take more than 100,000 ounces of gold to buy one ounce of the substance—radium—which has fired the imaginations of all Canadian prospectors. Not dog teams, but airplanes are the means of transport with which rival treasure seekers follow up every fresh whisper of a new discovery. The airplane is the contrivance which makes entirely credible the assertion that the white population of the sparsely inhabited Northwest Territories will be more than trebled this summer.

Something more than the enrichment of a number of lucky ones who make finds at Great Bear Lake is promised by the press excitement. Shrewd veterans of earlier madneses of the same sort are persuaded that now a national adventure of tremendous importance for the future of its history is about to begin in Canada. For any proper understanding of what is coming it is necessary to look at a map, and, preferably, a globe. This will show, north of the sixtieth parallel of latitude and east of Alaska, the raw empire of more than 1,500,000 square miles which recent happenings in the north suggest is about to feel some of that pioneering drive which began in the great west of the United States after 1849. The region includes Yukon Territory as well as the Northwest Territories and these embrace not only the upper portion of the continent but all of Canada's archipelago of Arctic islands as well.

Two factors seem to foretell that this

great sleeping region is on the verge of becoming a dynamic part of Canada. One of these is the airplane which has become the every-day magic carpet of the north country. The other is the present state of the world's appetite for gold. This has resulted in a situation in Canada whereby the producer of gold receives about \$22 an ounce for gold instead of the normal \$20. Consequently there is a more than common eagerness to find new supplies of this yellow metal of which Canada last year produced \$55,000,000. But the present rush to Great Bear Lake grows out of a hunt by two men for copper that began with an airplane trip in 1929. Other men and other airplanes had been up in that region, but these two had the luck to find veins of something vastly richer than their dreams. What they found was pitchblende, a radium ore estimated to be worth as much as \$6,000 a ton.

Gilbert LaBine and E. C. St. Paul are prospectors, veterans of the rush of twenty-five years ago to the Cobalt in Ontario. In all the years that have passed since that great silver camp was established they

have been prospecting. Both are shrewd men, daring and persistent as only prospectors are persistent; hour after hour, month after month, year after year their lives have been a series of adventures predicated on their tireless hunt for mineral wealth.

In 1929 LaBine, who was managing director of Eldorado Gold Mines, determined to shift the scene of his activity far to the north, in the Mackenzie District of the Northwest Territories, along the shores of Great Bear Lake, which is greater in size than Lake Ontario. An airplane carried him north. Up there, on Hunter Bay, he made a copper find. LaBine was by no means the discoverer of the rich mineralization of the Great Bear Lake country. As early as 1771 the explorer, Samuel Hearne, reported that the Eskimos living on a river emptying into Coronation Gulf of the Arctic Ocean used weapons and other utensils of native copper. So the river came to be known as the Coppermine River; and the ethnologists who afterward became acquainted with these curious people who lived chiefly by adjusting their lives to the seasonal



*Airplane landing prospector and his supplies in the Great Bear Lake district*



*An airplane view of Great Bear Lake, greater in size than Lake Ontario, in the Mackenzie District of the Northwest Territories*



*A camp built by Charles Sloan, trapper and prospector*

migrations of great herds of caribou, called them the Coppermine Eskimos. Then in 1901, Dr. J. Macintosh Bell, a Canadian Government geologist, after months of a lonely reconnaissance trip by canoe through that country, returned to write a report in which he used many words rich with meaning for mining men. He spoke of rocks stained with the delicate pink that he called cobalt bloom; of other areas

stained with the green that occurs where copper sulphides are exposed to the weather. There was plenty of significant information for prospectors and all mining men in that report of Dr. Bell. Then about 1915 a tall, wiry native of Kentucky named Charles Sloan completed a long and arduous journey into the Great Bear Lake country. He was a States prospector, veteran of the rushes that are written on the maps as Tonopah and Goldfield.

Afterward he had worked his way north and pursued his hunt for fortune in the gold fields of British Columbia. Never in all his days had Sloan seen anything like the evidence of mineralization that confronted him nearly everywhere he went around Great Bear. Sloan was looking for gold. Seventeen years of his life were to be spent up there before he found anything called "easy money."

THE short summers during which the daylight was twenty-four hours long were never long enough for Sloan. When the freeze-ups came, sometimes as early as September, he would give up prospecting and become a trapper. The pelts of white foxes he took during the winters were traded at Fort Norman on the western side of the lake for grub to carry him through another summer. Traveling afoot or in a canoe took up so much of his time that there were seasons when he did not get to devote more than a few weeks to the actual work of prospecting. He found copper but it was difficult to interest outsiders in base metals so far from a railroad. As long ago as 1922 he staked some copper claims on Hunter Bay but after disappointing experiences in trying to interest capital decided not even to take the trouble of recording his claims. He left the country and went east to the shore of Hudson Bay where a minor rush was in progress.



*The old-fashioned way—prospectors taking in supplies by dog team*



Then, in 1929, on his way back into this region where he had spent so many years, Sloan made an arrangement to prospect up there for a mining company. He traveled north by boat, down the Mackenzie River, and when he reached his old claims on Hunter Bay found others were ahead of him. Gilbert LaBine was there; also Captain Boland, an old acquaintance who had for some years been engaged in the fur trade. Boland owns the only sizable boat on that lonely lake. It is shown at the right. LaBine and two other prospectors had arrived at Hunter Bay after a journey in the air that took hours as against the weeks that Sloan had been traveling northward.

All these men staked copper claims that summer; but when Gilbert LaBine was flying southward after the freeze-up he saw something at a point south of Hunter Bay that caused him to determine that this was the place he would prospect the following year. What he saw were gossans, hilltops stained with reddish rust, always convincing evidence of mineralization.

IN CONSEQUENCE, late in March, 1930, Gilbert LaBine, and his partner, E. C. St. Paul, another veteran of the Cobalt, had themselves transported by airplane to the mouth of a small stream that empties into Great Bear Lake. This is the Camsell River. Besides a sufficient quantity of gasoline to take it out of the



*The only sizable boat on the lonely lake. "The Star," owned by Captain Boland*

wilderness that plane had been loaded with about three-quarters of a ton of grub and tools, the materials with which these two proposed to sustain themselves during the summer. Among the heaviest individual objects in their load were two strips of steel, sled runners; and the first thing they did was to fashion from small trees a sled big enough to carry all their possessions. They also had a small sheet of canvas to serve as a sail on the sled when the wind was favorable.

With most of their hardships on that journey in a trackless sub-Arctic, frozen wilderness we are not concerned; but on one particular hardship of their harsh experiences turns the whole romantic story of the finding of the hidden treasure of Great Bear Lake.

They had, for six weeks, pursued a generally northward direction, following the shore-line of the lake as blind men might follow a string. The glare ice covering the lake was their roadway. Sometimes there were indentations, unmarked on any map, fords that bit deeply, as much as twenty-

five miles into the hills. Sometimes, too, after establishing a camp, they climbed over icy hills, thinly forested for ten miles or more, always hunting for signs of mineralization. This, they knew, was at least close to the region in which Dr. Bell had reported seeing the pinkish bloom of cobalt and far, far to the southeast, in the place they called home, cobalt had been found in conjunction with one of the richest deposits of silver ever revealed to men.

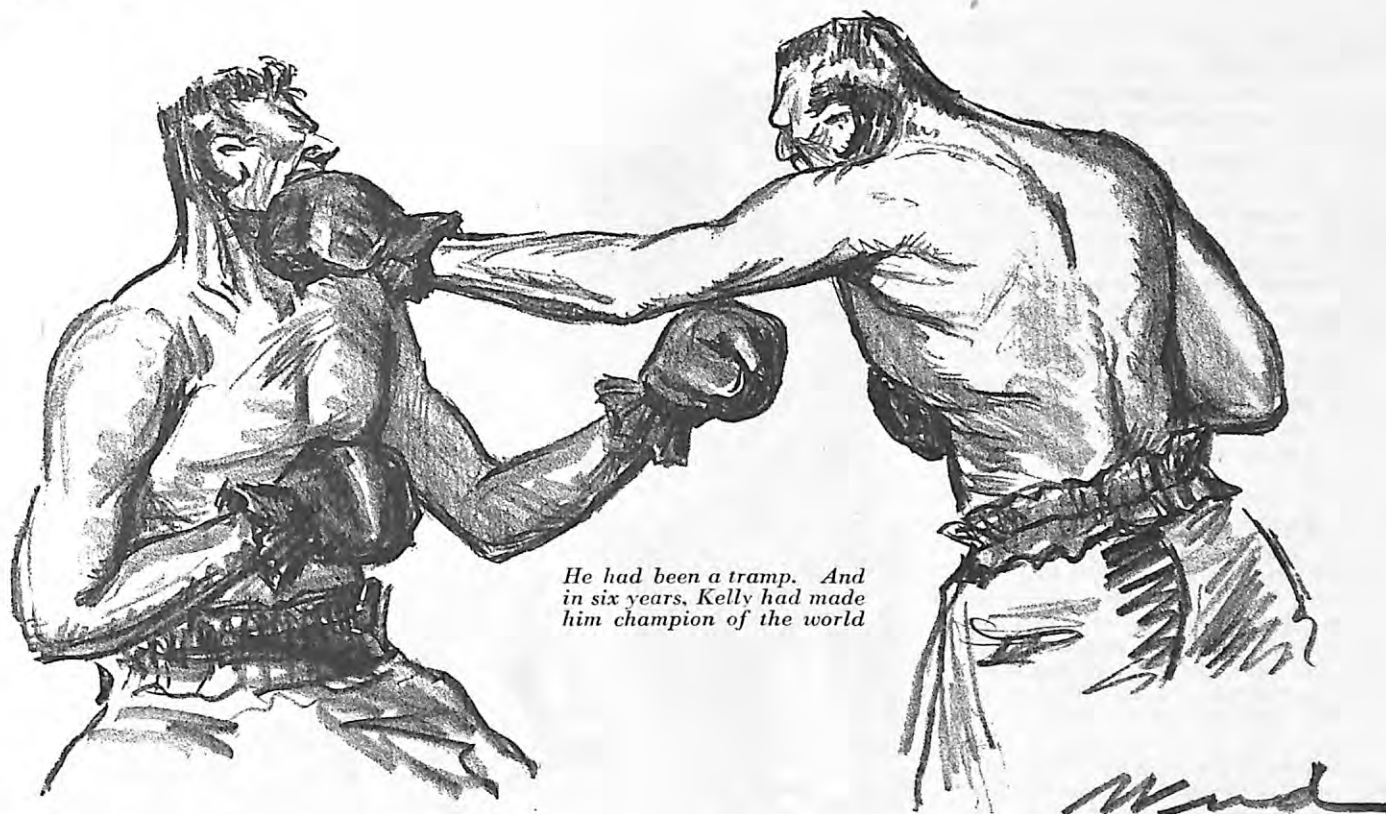
THEN on a frigid day in the middle of May they cursed their luck. St. Paul had been stricken with blindness. It was snow-blindness. The inflamed lids, gummy and sore, were tightly closed. LaBine pitched their camp on a rocky promontory forming one side of an indentation called Echo Bay. The leaves of the tea that warmed them made the poultice that covered the helpless St. Paul's sore and temporarily sightless eyes. Three precious days to be wasted; it would take that long to cure the painful inflammation.

LaBine determined to spend his time during this enforced delay prospecting—in walking, crawling and climbing over the rocky region. Within the first hour he found a vein of black ore, extraordinarily heavy. He knocked off a piece with his short-handled prospector's pick. His ability to identify the specimen is proof that this find was not entirely a matter of

chance. Out of all the thousands of prospectors scattered over Canada, Gilbert LaBine was one of the few who had taken the trouble to familiarize himself with the appearance and properties of a certain black ore found back in Ontario in tiny hunks of such freakishly rare occurrence as to be of no commercial value. Nevertheless LaBine had studied this stuff. It was pitchblende, a radium ore.

Pitchblende consists largely of uranium, and scientists hold that radium is one of the forms that uranium takes in the multi-billion-year process of transmuting itself into lead. The old-time alchemists were not so far wrong in their theory about the transmutation of metals. They strove to change base metals into precious metals—and failed. Modern scientists are convinced that nature does such a trick and that a sight of the mysterious and therapeutically valuable radium is no less than a peek into the crucible of time where these tricks are performed. Gilbert LaBine hefting that piece of black ore up there on

*(Continued on page 48)*



*He had been a tramp. And  
in six years, Kelly had made  
him champion of the world*

# Run-Out

By Eddy Orcutt

*Illustrated by Clive Weed*

**I**T WAS eight o'clock on the night of July 3, the night before the big date with Tiger Jack Mahler at Lincoln Stadium, when Kelly Walker came back from the city and went up to the Big Fellow's room at the Lorber Farm training camp.

It was about nine when Kelly came down again, looking pretty white in the face, and 'phoned Oakdale for a taxi.

At about ten-thirty the Big Fellow's chief trainer, Frisco Hart, went up to the Champion's room and found him gone. Before Kelly took the taxi and went away, he had ordered Frisco to put a special guard on the one stairway up to the Champ's room, and keep everybody away from him. Frisco had done it. But when the Big Fellow's light stayed on 'til ten-thirty—half an hour after the regular bedtime—Frisco took a chance and went up to the Champ's room. And he found him gone.

By midnight, papers in the big town were on the street with extras telling all about the Champ's run-out. The news was on the wire, by then. Carpenters at the stadium, building extra bleachers, were called off the job. The ticket sale was stopped. Lawyers in the big town sat up with Leo Olmstead, the promoter, telling him what he ought to do to collect the Big Fellow's forfeit money, and what chance he had of getting damages off Kelly Walker, the Champ's manager. Lloyd's was cabling the home office, from New York, that the insurance against non-appearance—something like three hundred grand—was liable to be collected. And the state boxing commission, holding a special session in John P. Gary's top-floor

suite in the Central States Finance Building, sent out for coffee and sandwiches and framed a story for the newspapers. If the Champ took a run-out, then the commission believed it had a right to turn the title over to the challenger.

All through that night—from the minute Frisco Hart made sure that the Big Fellow had disappeared—the stir and buzz of the queer news went out over the whole country.

The Big Fellow had quit, the news said. The Big Fellow—Long Jawn Keran, heavyweight champion of the world—the boy who had met 'em all and beat 'em all—had "taken the powder." He was getting old—he had been up there four long years—his legs were going back on him, his eye wasn't what it had been, the steam wasn't there—and on the night before his biggest fight, Long Jawn had given himself the air. He had read the handwriting on the wall. Some kind of panic had hit him. He had quit—gone out alone into the night, and quit cold. That was what the news said.

The inside story was different.

It was Kelly Walker who gave the Big Fellow the works, in that hour between eight and nine, and Long Jawn Keran was walking on his heels, dazed, alone, frightened of everything, when Kelly got through. But Long Jawn was a fighter. He was stubborn. He wouldn't quit—even though he knew, in a stupid and scared kind of a way, that his two big fists were all

he had left when Kelly finished with him.

"That's all right, Kelly," he kept saying, "but I'm th' heavyweight champion of the world, and a champion can't do that way. You know that, Kelly."

"All right, John—all right," Kelly said. "Our number is up, and I've give you the low-down. If you're too damn dumb to see it, then it's your funeral. We're through!"

The Big Fellow knew that Kelly was caught, too. He stood in the center of the bare upstairs room at Lorber's and stared at the little manager, but he clenched his teeth together and would not admit that Kelly was right.

"We're through!" Kelly said again, and got up.

**H**E WAS a little man, neat, cold, hard-eyed. He was wiry and smooth, and he knew his stuff. He had long since put the fear of God in Long Jawn Keran's heart, because he knew things that Long Jawn did not know, and he could manage matters that were Greek to Long Jawn. Even now, when he was through and washed up, his eyes didn't flicker when he stood up and looked at the Champion. His face was whiter than usual, but nobody could tell from it whether he held a busted flush or a royal. He just looked the Big Fellow over again, let a lungfull of smoke drift out of his mouth while he talked, flicked the ash off his cigarette with fingers that were cold and white and steady.

"I'm champion of the world," the Big Fellow said again, startled because his own voice sounded queer to him. "If

anybody wants to take it away from me, he's got to lick me!"

"You're already licked," Kelly said. "You can't buck a million dollars. There's too much money on the other side. You're licked already!"

The Big Fellow turned away for a minute.

His upstairs room at Lorber's was a bare, big room, isolated from all the rest of the rambling stone farmhouse. At the far end was a door leading to the outside stairway, the only entrance to the room. Near him was a wide window, set deep in the thick masonry, and it looked out over the dark trees toward the distant glow of the big town's lights. The Big Fellow stood for a long minute, looking out of the window, saying nothing.

**K**ELLY had been talking money to him. The big fight was a money matter to Kelly—six hundred grand in the Fourth o' July purse, fifty G's for movie rights and royalties, five grand for this and five grand for that—a lot of money. Taxes would come out of that, and the Big Fellow had no clear notion of what his cut would be, at the end. It did not mean much to him.

But the really big money—

Out there in the dark, outside the window, there were millions of people moving. Over beyond the low black hills of the farming country, there was the highway threaded with moving motor lamps—thousands of lamps. There were thousands of people there, moving. Over beyond that, still, under that far glow of the big town's lights, there were millions of people—millions of people, millions of lights. And still beyond—out in the dark in front of the window, and beside it and all around the dark world—there were other millions.

The really big money was out there, among those millions, where men were thinking fight and talking fight and laying their money on the line. Long Jawn Keran, Heavyweight Champion of the World, versus Tiger Jack Mahler—

Kelly had the knack of talking money—so that it meant something. Anybody could talk money—anybody could say, "a million dollars"—but when Kelly did it, it meant money. And Kelly had just been telling him that the real money was on the other side, against him. The moving millions, out there in the dark, were just so many suckers to the right people, and the right people were set to make a big take. They had picked Mahler to win, and all over the country their commissioners were covering the Keran money. They had decided Long Jawn was through—due to take one, now—and that there would be a new champion to-morrow afternoon. They were betting on it—but their money was wise money, and when they bet they did not gamble.

"Six years ago, you was a tramp," Kelly said, suddenly. "I took you an' made a world champion and a millionaire outa you—and I done it by playing ball with the right people, John. Now the right people tell us we're through—school's out, see, and it's somebody else's turn. I gotta keep on playing with them."

"They figure Mahler will take you to-morrow, anyway. All right, they go for Mahler—but they ain't taking any chances.



They didn't get where they are by taking chances. They give me the office to-day—we don't bear down, we go out before the ninth, and they clean up a big spot of cash. Our end is the size of our purse—six hundred grand—cash money, no tax, no questions asked. Take it or leave it."

The Big Fellow felt vaguely all the stir and mass of the moving mobs, hidden out there in the dark—the mobs that were thinking fight, talking fight, betting. It was their money—

"I'll leave it," he growled.

He turned around and looked at Kelly again. Something queer was happening to Kelly.

"Okay," Kelly said, at first, but his lips were stiff. He had thrown away the cigarette, and his empty hands made a

foolish, hopeless little gesture that did not mean anything.

The Big Fellow stared. Kelly Walker was shaking a little.

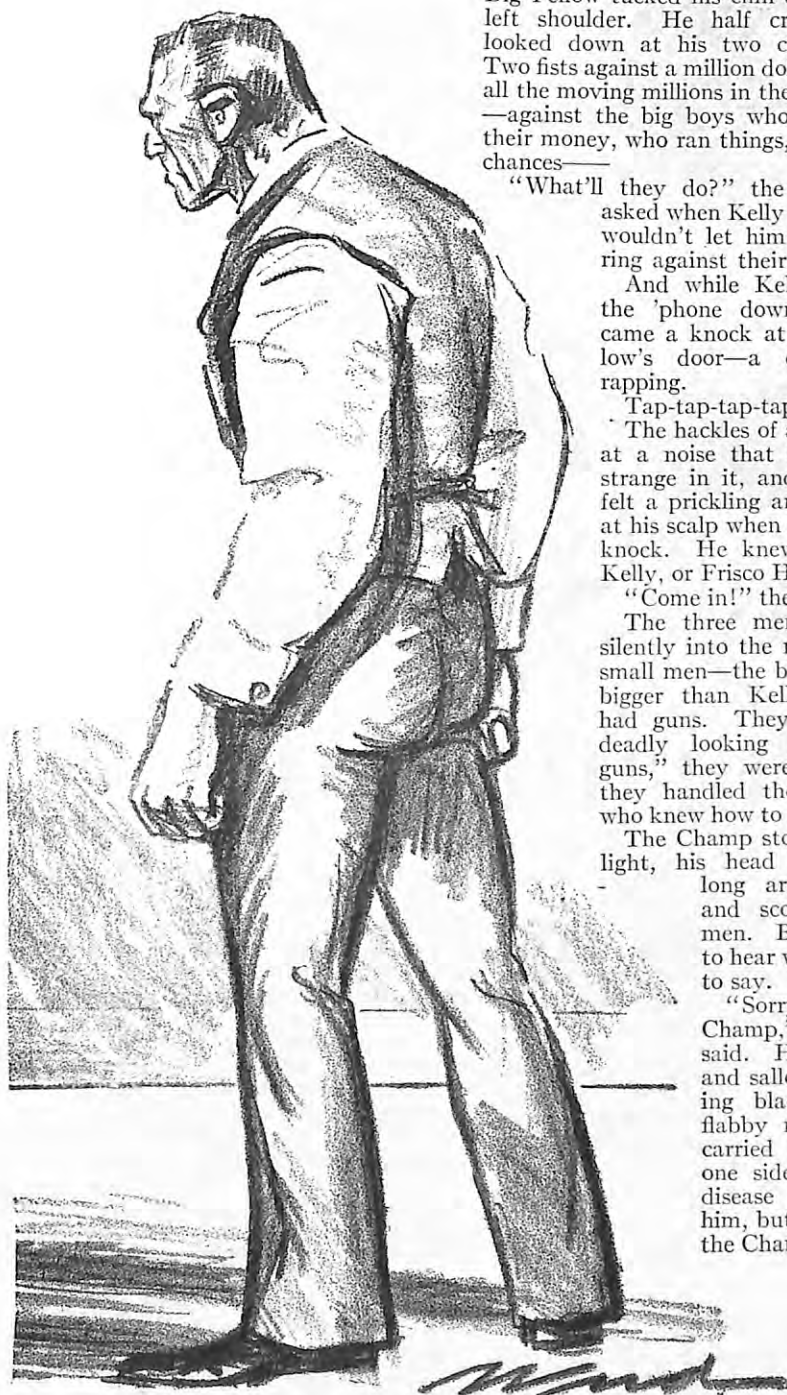
"John," Kelly said, "don't be a damn fool. Our number is up. These people mean business—I can't buck 'em, an' neither can you. They'll never take a chance on you going in that ring against their money. They—"

"What'll they do?" the Champion asked. He felt the strange, dark notion that all those millions out there were moving in on him—that he was alone—that Kelly was going away from him—

"What'll they do?" he asked.

Kelly Walker's poker mask was gone. He looked at the Champ with a blank,

"Sorry t' do this, Champ, but some people wanta see you," he said. "Don't raise no hell, and don't jump nobody. This is business!"



would take care of the million and one things that a Champion wasn't supposed to have to bother about?

Just from habit, because he always did it when he moved out into the ring, the Big Fellow tucked his chin down into his left shoulder. He half crouched. He looked down at his two clenched fists. Two fists against a million dollars—against all the moving millions in the dark outside—against the big boys who had put up their money, who ran things, who took no chances—

"What'll they do?" the Champ had asked when Kelly told him they wouldn't let him get into the ring against their money.

And while Kelly stalled at the 'phone downstairs, there came a knock at the Big Fellow's door—a quick, sharp rapping.

Tap-tap-tap!

The hackles of a dog will rise at a noise that has anything strange in it, and the Champ felt a prickling and a crawling at his scalp when he heard that knock. He knew it was not Kelly, or Frisco Hart, or—

"Come in!" the Champ said.

The three men who eased silently into the room were all small men—the biggest was no bigger than Kelly—but they had guns. They had stubby deadly looking guns—"belly guns," they were called—and they handled them like men who knew how to use them.

The Champ stood under the light, his head lowered, his long arms dangling, and scowled at the men. But he waited to hear what they had to say.

"Sorry t' do this, Champ," the first man said. He was plump and sallow, with staring black eyes and flabby red lips. He carried his head on one side, as if some disease had crippled him, but he looked at the Champ with those

twitching legs in ragged pants, with nothing but a shredded mess of bloody cloth joining the legs to the body.

The Big Fellow had never forgotten how it looked.

The squat, blunt, hellish-looking little guns that these boys carried, reminded the Big Fellow of the dead 'bo in the freight yards.

He looked at the pop-eyed man the way a man looks at a tarantula crawling out at him from a dark corner.

"You're a lousy little skunk," the Champ said, slowly.

"Talk, if it feels better," the little man said, "but don't raise no hell and don't try to jump nobody. This is business, see—an' don't think you're too big to be hurt by a gat, because you ain't. Your belly will spill out the same as anybody else's!"

"Lemme get my coat," the Champion said.

"You won't need no coat."

That was how they got the Big Fellow down the stairs, outside the old stone farm and into a closed car in the road, while Kelly Walker still pretended to be trying to get a cab from Oakdale, and the boys downstairs hung around with their mouths open, wondering what the hell was up. And while Frisco Hart was calling in one of the guards and posting him at the outside entrance to the Big Fellow's room, the Champion was riding north along State Highway—half a mile away, by then—with three professionals and three belly-guns riding in the car with him.

THAT was how the Big Fellow took his run-out. And while Kelly Walker—still obeying orders—was taking a forty-mile ride in a hack from Oakdale, a couple million dollars' worth of wise money was burying the Champion in a farmhouse outside Newhall, sixty-five miles away from the big town and sixty-five miles away from the canvas ring in Lincoln Stadium.

"We ain't pushing you off, see," the black-eyed gunman told the Big Fellow, when they finally got him inside the cottage, "not if you act nice. We're just gonna keep you on ice f'r a couple days!"

And the black-eyed man locked the champion of the world in a cottage bedroom, bare except for a cot bed and a dresser and one chair.

A lad fully as big as the Big Fellow himself sat on that chair, grinned at the Champ when the lock snapped, and fondled the gat that he held in his left hand. This man had a gun, like the little fellows who had crowded the Champ in the back seat of that black limousine, all the long ride out the State Highway. This man had a gun, but he was a big man, and Long Jawn felt more at home with big men.

"What's your name?" he said to the big man, quietly, and he walked toward him with his right hand outstretched.

The big man got off his chair. He was as tall as the Champ, blond, hard-faced, with his nose bent and the bones under his eyes puffed from cuffings he had taken in the ring.

"Nix!" he said. His grin turned into a snarl, and he raised his left hand with the gat in it.

"Git back!" he warned.

The Champ stopped stock still, looking at him.

(Continued on page 43)

white misery in his face. His hands were still unsteady.

"You damn fool!" he said. "You poor damn fool!"

And ten minutes after Kelly had gone—while Kelly was still downstairs putting up a stall with the telephone—they came for him.

Those ten slow minutes dragged. The Big Fellow stood in the middle of the floor, dazed, frightened, worried at the notion of all the things he had to do alone, now that Kelly was gone—

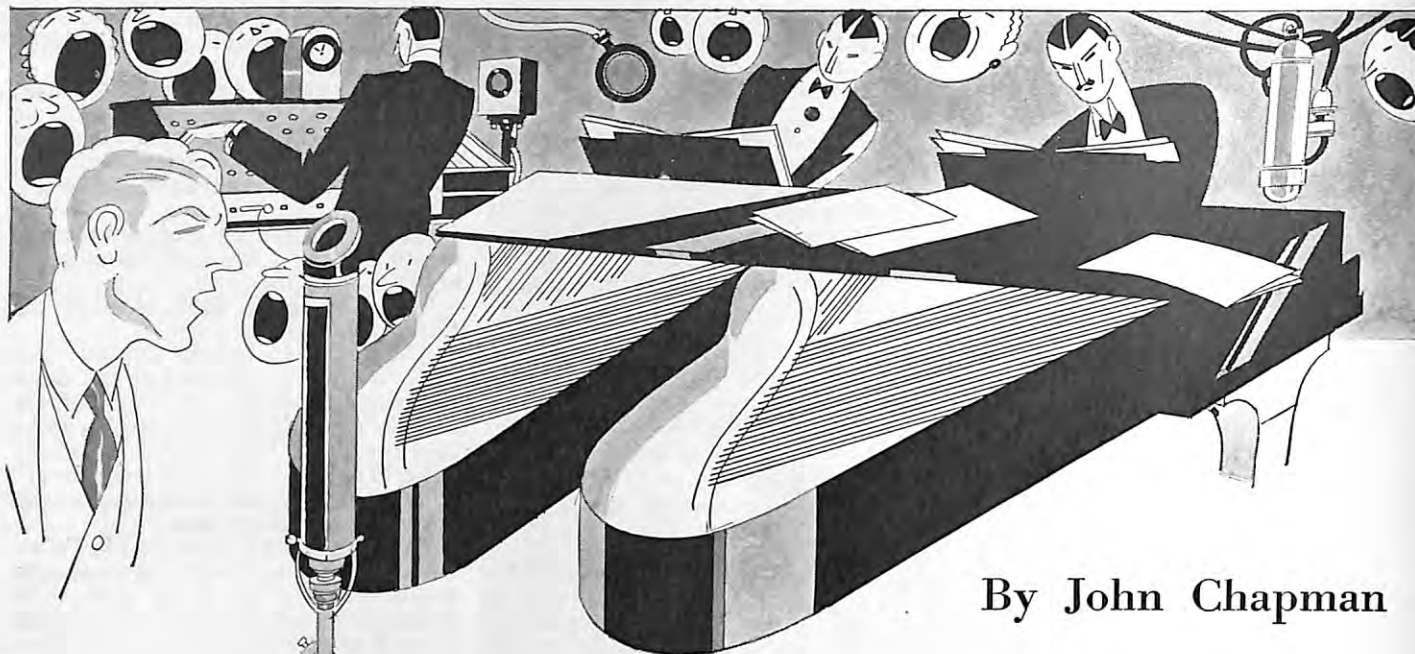
How could he sleep, now? How would he get to the Stadium, to-morrow? Who would second him? Which tunnel did they take to the dressing rooms? Who

hard black eyes of his and spoke in a half whisper.

"Sorry, t' do this, Champ, but some people wanta see you," he said. "Don't raise no hell," he said. "This is business, see!"

The Big Fellow sagged a little, suddenly, but with a kind of relief inside him. The boys with the wise money had answered his question—this was what they were going to do.

Years before, back in the freight yards at Salt Lake City, Long Jawn Keran had seen another 'bo laid out for the coroner. One of the yards police had blown a hole in him with a riot gun. The 'bo was just a corpse's head and torso and a pair of



By John Chapman

"BY SPECIAL permission of the copyright owners, I love you."—*Song hit.*

It was just another idea for another song in another Broadway show—a show, incidentally, that lasted about two weeks.

Robert A. Simon conceived the lyric in a spirit of cynicism, and Lewis E. Gensler wrote the music in ten minutes. A tricky verse and an agile melody, the song snatched public fancy and outlived the musical comedy in which it was introduced. The authors had aimed a playful nudge in the ribs of the broadcasting business, and they must have enjoyed their song having become a hit; for the station announcers, sounding slightly foolish, had to say:

"And now the Merry Baked Bean Zanies will play 'By Special Permission of the Copyright Owners, I Love You,' by special permission of the copyright owners."

Many times a night the McNamees, the Thorgersons, the Youngs and all the other gentlemen who tell the radio audience what's coming next must tell their listeners that the ensuing number comes to them as a magnanimous boon from the copyright owner. The practice may have become faintly boring to announcers and listeners alike; but it is an important factor in an apparently endless battle on the part of songwriters and publishers to protect their property. In olden days a modest fellow said:

"Tis a little thing, but mine own."

To-day the Tin Pan Alley composer—or even the man who has written a new opera—is more likely to announce:

"It's a knockout, and I'm ready to fight to protect it. If I think it will do me any good, I'll go in with the plasterers and paperhangers and join the American Federation of Labor."

Two major revolutions in the music

Copyright, 1932, by John Chapman

# By Special Permission

business—sound films and radio—have knocked the props from under things as they were fifteen years ago, and it has been a constant struggle for composers, authors and publishers to keep abreast of the times. In contests that have not yet ended they have held firmly to what they consider their own, trying to make the new musical mediums pay the freight. Stephen Foster was buried in Potter's Field, but George M. Cohan, though he lose his fortune and decline to do any more work, will receive a comfortable income for the rest of his life—thanks, generally, to the "by special permission" phrase.

IT GOES back to the revered Victor Herbert, and Shanley's of mellowed memory. Ziegfeld's "Midnight Frolic" had opened a new field of entertainment: a restaurant wherein an intimate show was given on the floor instead of on a stage. Success of "The Frolic" had hurt the business of regular restaurants, and the regular restaurants were forced to compete by installing floor shows of their own. Being caterers rather than impressarios, the proprietors developed the practice of taking whatever numbers they liked from current Broadway hits. Without a by-your-leave they would help themselves to songs and imitate costumes and staging.

Shanley's had moved from the building where the Cohan Theatre stands, to temporary quarters across the street. Herbert's "Sweethearts" was the current rage, and Shanley's helped itself to the title song. Herbert by this time had become annoyed at this borrowing practice,

and he sought a means of stopping it. Taking eight other men prominent in the musical world to Lüchow's for dinner one night, he founded the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. Soon thereafter there began a two-year struggle in the courts to establish the principle of "by special permission," and the fight has been going on unendingly since.

Suit was brought against Shanley's for copyright violation. Hotels, too, had helped themselves to music for their restaurants, so another suit was brought against the Vanderbilt Hotel for entertaining its guests at meal times with Sousa's march, "From Maine to Georgia." The case went to the Supreme Court of the United States, where a somewhat ironically phrased decision written by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes gave the Society its first strong foothold.

Thanks to this decision, the Society now lists among its members more than 600 composers and seventy or more publishers. It may be justice of some sort that the Society occupies luxurious offices twenty-five stories above the site where Shanley's stole "Sweethearts."

Justice Holmes ruled that the copyrights of "Sweethearts" and the Sousa march had been violated because both had been given public performances for profit. The object of Shanley's and the Vanderbilt, he wrote, was "a repast in surroundings that, to people having limited powers of conversation or disliking the rival noise, gives a luxurious pleasure not to be had from eating a silent meal."

Composers, authors and publishers all thought that this costly, two-year effort



Drawings by Loren Stout

in the courts had set them right for life. They didn't then dream of a time when radio, by giving the public too much of a good thing, could ruin the commercial value of a song or even of a \$200,000 musical comedy in five weeks. They didn't bother thinking about how they were going to get a rightful income from music distributed to hotel rooms; from tunes played during the captions of newsreels; from lyric sheets sold for a dime, or from other strange sources yet to be developed.

They have not fallen behind the times. Through two organizations they obtain fees from movie theatres, movie producers, radio stations, hotels, dance halls, ships and all other places where music may be played only under certain circumstances: some of it only "by special permission," and the rest of it by payment of fees.

Because the public is a glutton for songs, many interests which are often opposed to one another are eager to grab the commercial profits from wares of Tin Pan Alley. The men who write the songs, of course, want to be paid as much as possible. The producing managers who sponsor music-shows are also in their business to make money. The publishers who print music would like, not unreasonably, to earn a little bit. The radio networks, whose chief stock in trade is tunes, are also very much interested.

**T**HE man who controls the copyright is in a position to dictate to everyone else. Under the present system the publisher controls the copyright and with it has the power to grant or withhold special permissions. Composers are now campaigning to retrieve the copyrights for themselves; publishers are fighting just as hard to retain them, and show producers insist upon having their say, too.

Not long ago George White, producer of "Scandals," decided that the radio networks were playing songs from his show too often—some of the songs being "Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries," "The Thrill Is Gone," and "That's Why Darkies Are Born." So he went to the New York State

Supreme Court and asked for an injunction to prevent the two large broadcast chains from using the music. The tunes, he argued, were in his show, and were his property. He had spent \$200,000 to give them a Broadway setting.

The Supreme Court ruled against White, pointing out that the publishers controlled the copyrights, and that the publishers had issued special permissions to the broadcasters. But White, who is a fighter, wouldn't give up. He has carried his argument to the Appellate Division of the Court.

Radio first began to worry Gene Buck, president of the American Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers, about eleven years ago. At that time music publishers, used to paying cash to song

(Continued on page 46)



# Behind the Footlights



VANDAMM

The pretty lady hanging 'round Ernest Truex's neck in the circle at the right is Claire Trevor, his fiancée in the comedy-melodrama by Lawrence Cross and Edward Childs Carpenter entitled "Whistling in the Dark." The surrounding menace is supplied by Edward Arnold and Arthur R. Vinton, two of the gangsters whose lair Mr. Truex has unwittingly invaded. In private life a writer of crime fiction, Mr. Truex here finds himself in a tight spot in the underworld where only his ingenuity as an author can save him from extinction. It is the best acting opportunity Mr. Truex has had in some time, and he makes the most of it, building up comedy along with the thrills to an original and unexpected climax in the third act



VANDAMM



In "There's Always Juliet," John Van Druten has written a light, gay comedy which gains immeasurable charm from the English couple who play the leading rôles—Edna Best and Herbert Marshall, pictured at the left, with May Whitty, a veteran English actress, in the background. An engaging, forthright young American engineer pops into the London circle of a lovely, sensitive English girl one afternoon at a tea party. At the end of five or six hours they acknowledge their mutual attraction to be something quite exceptional. He must return very soon to America, and she dreads being too precipitate. What shall they do about it? Miss Best and Mr. Marshall will tell you with a deftness and grace that makes this a thoroughly credible and utterly delightful love story



# And On the Screen

Reviews by Esther R. Bien

You'd never think to look at the bright and smiling picture at the right that the path of true love runs very rough for these two—William Haines and Madge Evans—in their latest picture, "Are You Listening?" As the title might lead you to suspect they are radio artists; he a continuity writer and she a singer. What with a couple of younger sisters who can't be persuaded to see anything but the bright-light side of life, and what looks like a fatal snag blighting her chance of happiness with Bill, Laura has a tough pull before she can face the fadeout with a brave smile that shows she is at least headed toward happiness



The pretty señorita at the left whom Leo Carrillo is ardently admiring is Lupe Velez, and they may be seen together in the picture entitled "The Broken Wing." This is a drama of love and violence in the little Mexican village of El Suelo where Señor Carrillo reigns practically as czar by virtue of his justice and great personal charm. His plans for marrying the lovely Lupe are complicated by the dramatic arrival of an American aviator with whom she promptly falls in love. It would not be fair to disclose Mr. Carrillo's method of dealing with this situation, but it is betraying no secret to announce that at this writing Miss Velez is also appearing on the Broadway stage in the extravaganza called "Hot-Cha!"



In the soon-to-be released picture, "The Crowd Roars," James Cagney, who always turns in such a satisfactory performance as a hardboiled customer, plays a small-town boy, Joe Greer, who has become a famous auto-race driver. He is shown at the right with Joan Blondell and Ann Dvorak. Joe has led a fairly wild life while climbing to fame as a racer, and this trips him up when his hero-worshipping kid brother gets involved with Joan and Ann. Joe has taught the boy most of the tricks of his trade before the brothers split over Joe's opposition to Ann as a sister-in-law. From there on the rivalry between the brothers, and Joan's determination to win back Joe's love, provide drama and thrills galore





# Pop Time Plays Ball

By Paul Gallico

*Drawings by Eugene McNerney, Jr.*

ONE out, men on first and second, the heavy batter up. The baseball crowd is on its feet bellowing for a hit. The fielders are on their toes, leaning slightly forward, their hands on their knees, the batter is shuffling in his box, waving his bludgeon, shifting his feet. The pitcher stands motionless on his little hill, looking at the batter. He turns and glances at the men on base. Again he directs his gaze to the batter. He is in a hole. A hit will bring in a run, possibly two. Other hits may follow with only one out. He thanks his stars he is facing a right-handed batter. Into his eardrums beats the howling of the crowd. His arm suddenly flashes and the miracle happens.

Or rather the miracles begin. The ball is a momentary streak, the batter swings and meets it, and before the sharp sound of the impact reaches the upper stands he is digging his spikes into the dirt in the headlong dash for first base. The shortstop glides two steps to his right and the ball dives into his mitt. With no break in his easy motion he swings both hands toward second base and dumps the ball into the second baseman's glove yards before the man thundering down from second comes into the bag. Now the second baseman whirls, and whistles the ball low and hard down the basepath. The first baseman is leaning far off the bag, his glove outstretched.

For a fraction of a second, all time seems to be halted. There is the ball in the air in front of the waiting baseman, and there, too, is the runner, with his leg out-

stretched to take the last step into the bag. The ball leaps into the glove, the steel spike digs into the sack, the umpire's arm describes a great arc, finishing with the thumb extended backward over his shoulder. The bubbling turmoil of the crowd that had reached a sharp crescendo with the crack of the bat, suddenly subsides and dissolves into a pattering of hands. The fielders scale their gloves onto the field and trot off the diamond. Three out! The double play completed. The crisis safely passed. The pitcher tugs at the peak of his cap and walks jauntily to the dugout. A moment ago he was in danger. Now the side is retired. Here is what happened:

THE pitcher threw the ball a yard less than sixty feet, six inches, the distance between home plate and the pitcher's box, the yard allowing for the step permitted the pitcher toward the batter at the moment of releasing the ball. The pitch was in the air six tenths of a second. It was traveling toward the batter at the rate of ten feet every tenth of a second. For one hundredth of a second, the ball was in a position to be hit by the batter safely, or at all, for that matter. There is a range of about a foot in the position of a ball that may be hit safely. Every ball hit outside that range is a failure, ranging from a foul strike to a pop-up

or an infield out. That a man can hit it at all is the first of the miracles.

But he swung—too soon, or too late—and with the same motion was off for first base. He had thirty yards to run from a standing start before two men in the field should manipulate the ball perfectly and get it to the base ahead of him. A good man will get down to first in four seconds. A fast man or a left-hander will do it in 3.8 or 3.9. The fielders had four seconds to complete their play. Now four seconds in baseball means four seconds clean—no loose ends of tenths of seconds. Because the game is won and lost in tenths of seconds.

Count four to yourself. Or better, take out your watch, and if it has a second hand watch it tick off four notches. In that time, the ball must hit the field and take its first bound in order that the fielder may judge its speed and direction, the fielder must make up his mind, come in and pick it up, settle it in his glove (called squeezing and done more in World Series than ordinary plays, which according to John McGraw makes most World Series fielding plays one or two tenths of a second slower), take it in his throwing hand, whirl, note that the second baseman is in position, and toss him the ball.

The ball is in the air a fraction of a second on a short toss. Now the second baseman must catch and squeeze the ball, turn and get it off to first. The actual flight of the ball the ninety feet from second to first will consume an average of a second of time. Unless everything up to that throw has been completed in three seconds or less, the double play is



foredoomed to failure. Father Time will stand for just so much and no more.

The one thing in the game of baseball that has never been changed since Major Abner Doubleday, aided by an engineer or surveyor named Crane, laid out the first baseball diamond at Coopers-town, N. Y., in 1839, is the distance between the bases, ninety feet from home to first, from first to second, from second to third, and from third to fourth.

And the one thing that none of the old-timers seem to know, and that none of the recognized histories of the game can tell, is whether the good Major when he designed his first diamond and laid down his first rules (he played eleven men on a side) hit upon that distance by accident or intent. Because the whole time-shattering science of the game results from that magic ninety paces between the bases. If the Major had made it eighty-five feet or ninety-five feet there wouldn't have been any game. It is exactly at ninety feet that man and ball stage their hairbreadth races.

JOHN B. FOSTER, himself a notable baseball historian, believes it to have been a happy combination of accident and design. Abner Doubleday was a civil engineer before he became a general in the United States Army. He had an orderly mind and certainly he rescued baseball from a chaos of One Old Cat, Two Old Cat, Three and Four Old Cat, and a game called Town Hall, which grew out of Four Old Cat, and was played on a field with a square laid out on it and a base on each

corner, with sometimes forty and sometimes sixty feet between them. But Mr. Foster says that, playing One and Two Old Cat, the players discovered that approximately thirty paces was the most a man could run and be safe on a good hit, and that, undoubtedly, Doubleday was influenced by this.

Be that as it may, so it was laid out, so it has remained, and so it will remain as long as baseball is played. John McGraw has said—"Pennants are won and lost by the margin of the last step to first base," so closely are the evolutions of fielding a batted or bunted ball and the speed of a man running ninety feet allied. At that, the race seems almost uneven. Man rarely cuts seconds into more than tenths. A flying ball splits the first unit of time into hundredths.

The fastest time officially on record for a human being to travel the ninety feet from home plate to first was made by Lefty O'Doul of Brooklyn during baseball field trials, one afternoon last September.

He was clocked by the A. A. U. Olympic Timing Committee, at 3.3 seconds from a bunted ball. But as his name implies, O'Doul is a left-hander.

He stands on the side of the plate closest

to first base, and his feat was a remarkable piece of timing as well as speed because he was off for first base before the ball had reached the plate. But as he ran he thrust the bat out behind him as far as he could reach, nicked the ball for a perfect bunt and was tearing for the bag.

The average batter, especially right-handers, must be many tenths of seconds slower. I inquired whether there were any records ever made of the time it took to complete the various baseball plays. To my surprise I found there were none. As the result I took a ten-second stopwatch that splits into hundredths to the last World Series, and for three days snapped it on practically every player of the series. I do not advance the findings hereinafter recorded as wholly accurate, because I was working from the press box, but such as they are, they are the only set of such records in existence, and to me, at least, they opened up a new vista of baseball as a really miraculous game.

The distance from the pitcher's box to home plate is 60 feet, 6 inches. The ball weighs between 5 and 5¼ ounces and is between 9 and 9¼ inches in circumference. The two pitchers I clocked were Burleigh Grimes, a veteran spitball pitcher, and Robert Moses Grove, owner of the fire-ball and said to throw the fastest pitched ball in the world.

The method of timing depended upon sight and instantaneous reaction. The button of the stopwatch was pressed as the



Grove, owner of the "fire-ball"

pitcher's arm flashed downward, and again as the ball vanished into the glove of the catcher. All the recordings are in tenths and hundredths of seconds. The comparative differences between the speed of Grove and Grimes indicates that there was a certain amount of accuracy in the timing. I believe that electric timing would show even a greater difference between the two.

OVER a period of fifteen pitches that went past the batter for a ball or a strike, Grimes was clocked in—.61, .6, .55, .65, .6, .52, .51, .6, .57, .5, .5, .6, .53, for an average speed of pitch of .57 seconds. Once, later in the day, I caught him burning a fast one past a batter in .42.

Now note the difference in time of the Grove brand of pitching—.4, .52, .45, .4, .5, .45, .42, .45, .5, .37, .55, .4, .5, .55, .5, for an average of .46 of a second for the Philadelphia speedball pitcher.

That one clocked at .37 was old Mr. Red Hot Fire-ball himself. I remember the occasion. Grove was in a hole. That ball went so fast the batter never did see it, or if he did, he never got his bat off his shoulder. The ball was a flash of white, and the watch was stopped almost as soon as it was started. Compared to this, the most leisurely ball delivered was a slow ball, thrown by

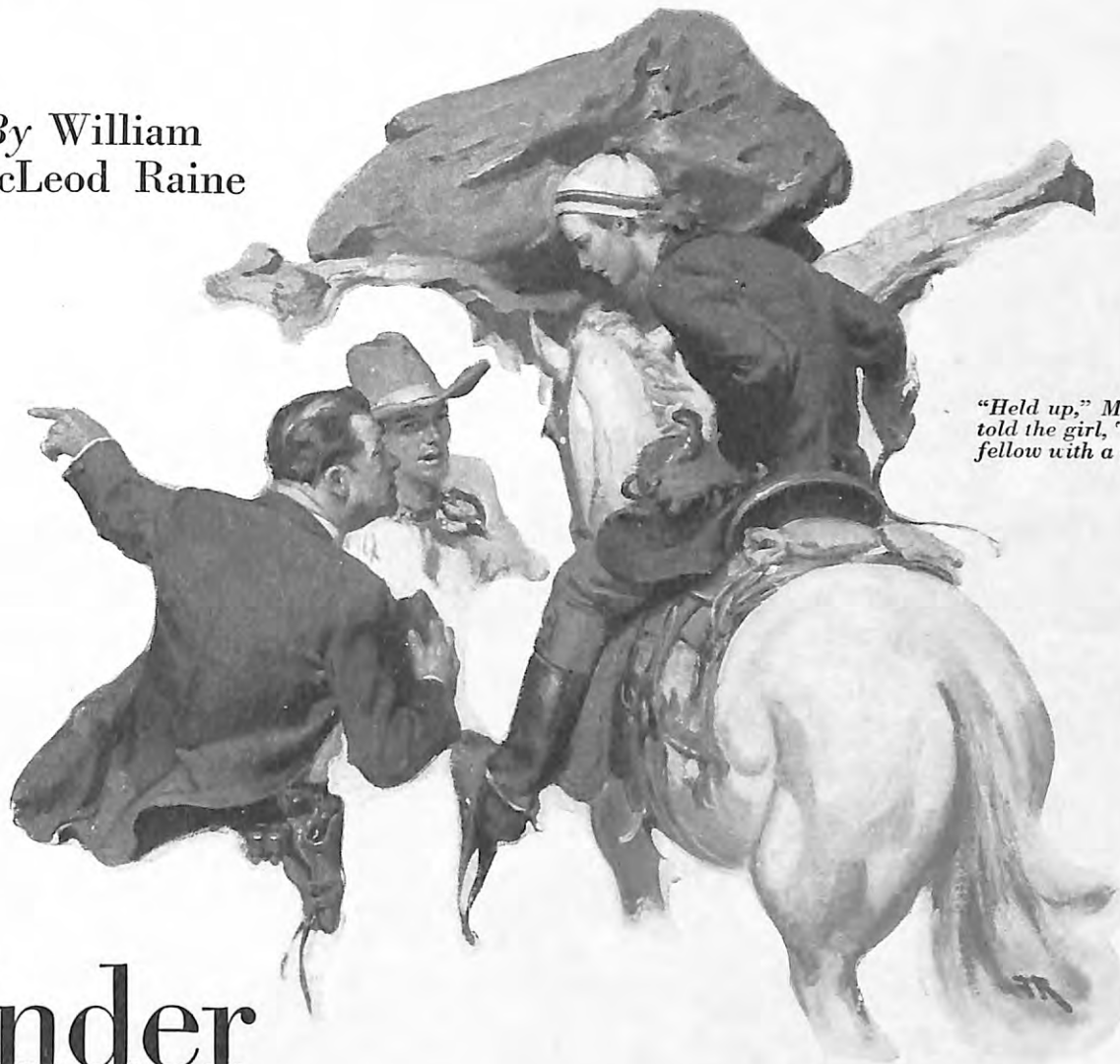


Burleigh Grimes, "spitball" pitcher





By William  
MacLeod Raine



"Held up," Malloy  
told the girl, "by a  
fellow with a rifle"

# Under Northern Stars

## Part IV

WEBB BARNETT, or Jeb Taylor, if that was his name, sat on a bunk and looked coolly around him, disregarding entirely the fact that he was the focus of eyes curious, angry, or jubilant. His manner was almost insouciant in its carelessness. He might have been an honored guest instead of a hunted outlaw at the end of his long, crooked trail.

The Quartercircle X Y riders discussed him openly, with no regard for his feelings.

Doctor Wagner came wheezing into the room. "I've been sent to look after a wounded arm," he announced.

"How's Steve?" asked Peters.

"Steve is a long way from being a well man," the doctor answered. "I don't want it thrown up to me later if I'm wrong, young fellow, but it looks to me like he would fool the undertaker this trip."

"Hurrah!"

"Better slip your coat off," Wagner said to his patient.

Taylor laughed grimly. "I'm no Houdini."

Copyright, 1932, by William MacLeod Raine

"Free his hands," the physician ordered.

"Who says so?" blustered Slim.

The doctor glared at him. "Clint Prescott says so, that's who. Are you scared to leave him untied a little while with only about six of you here?"

Peters stepped forward, grinning, to undo the knots.

The prisoner removed his coat and rolled up the sleeve of his shirt. "If you do anything less than amputate my arm, doctor, you'll be mighty unpopular around here," he said caustically.

As the doctor worked he asked questions.

"Who shot you?" was the first.

"A man with a gun."

"I reckon I was the man with that gun, Doc. Unless it was Steve." This contribution was volunteered by Peters.

"Where were you standing when you shot at him?"

"First time I was on my horse. Second time I cracked at him was down in the creek."

"Was he running away from you when you fired?"

"No, sir."

"Then you didn't shoot him. Maybe Steve did, but not you. The bullet that hit him went in at the rear and out at the front of the arm."

Peters frowned. "You sure, Doc? I certainly didn't fire at him from behind, and I don't see how Steve could have."

"I explained all that to Prescott and he wouldn't believe me," Taylor said casually. "I know who shot me."

"Give him a name," Buck Timmins said suspiciously.

"The same man who shot your sheriff."

"You claim you shot yourself?"

The prisoner looked at Timmins hardily. "Get ready to laugh. Clem Oakland shot us both."

"He done told me that onct before," Peters said. "He sure sticks to a crazy story. Like I told you boys, I saw this fellow plug at Steve and knock him from his horse. Any other way he tells it is out."

After supper Doctor Wagner drew his host aside. "Something I don't understand about this, Clint. Barnett was shot



*Illustrations by  
Jerome Rozen*

from behind. Peters says he was facing the man all the time."

"Several things I don't understand, Doc. You sure about Barnett being shot from behind?"

"No doubt about it."

"Maybe he's telling the truth when he says Clem Oakland shot him. One thing we can't get around. He left here with Steve's six-shooter. When next seen he had a rifle. Where did he get it? Someone gave it to him. Why not Clem? Let's say they met and threw in together, then went to Seven Mile and lay in wait for Steve. This Barnett's story is that Clem took him back a prisoner. I don't give that a thing. It doesn't gee with his having a

rifle when next seen. But it's possible Clem and the outlaw quarreled after Barnett had shot Steve. By the way, this fellow claims he wounded Clem. I'm taking steps to find out whether that is true."

#### CHAPTER XXIII

**MOLLY** was reading a magazine when Peters shuffled into the living-room and stood awkwardly clinging to the broad rim of his Stetson as though it were a life belt.

"Sit down, Dug," Clint said. "Mr. Martin wants to ask you a few questions."

Owen Martin was a heavy-set man of middle age. He looked like the small-town professional politician type. Most of his

adult life he had held office in one capacity or another.

"You were with Steve when he got shot?" Martin asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I'd like to know just what happened, Peters."

Peters gave a straightforward account of the attack from the cabin and his later encounter with Barnett.

"Mr. Prescott says this Barnett claims he didn't shoot Steve, that Clem Oakland did it," the deputy said when Peters had finished.

"That ain't so. I know what I saw."

*"I'm not bargaining.  
Which is it to be, fel-  
low? Take your choice"*



"Did you see Clem around there at any time?"

"No, sir."

Molly knew that Dug Peters was honest and open as the day. He had been with the Quartercircle X Y for fifteen years. Since he said he had seen the

outlaw shoot Steve, that ended it as far as the girl was concerned. When Taylor told a different story, it was because he was trying to dodge responsibility.

She relieved her aunt in the sick-room just before lunch. Walsh was improving rapidly.

"Has my favorite nurse had her lunch yet?" he asked. "She is eating it now," Molly answered demurely.

"No," he denied, and looked into the laughing eyes that teased him. "Miss Macmillan has been very kind. I'm real grateful. But I can't honestly say I give her first place."

"No?" she asked, politely casual.

"It's not fair for a girl to get a man down, so he can't run away, and then be so sweet and dear and patient, and all the time so doggoned pretty."

She flashed a mocking look at him. "Are you slipping?"

"I've slipped. What can you expect? I've known you 'steen years, as a hoyden, and a little vixen, and an entertaining young lady who was always shooting off fireworks, and all the time as a friend. Now—"

"Could I be all those things and your friend too?"

"YES, nurse. You were the little girl with the curl on her forehead. I liked you even when you were very, very bad. But I claim you're taking advantage when you let me find out, me having nothing to do but lie here and notice it, that all this rep you've built up on the red side of the ledger is nothing but a fake. I'm not going to give you away, but your red hair doesn't mean a thing. Nor that hard finish you like to put on. I don't like to knock you, but you're an old-fashioned girl."

"I'll have to go to Denver or Seattle and see what I can do about that," she said in mock alarm. "If you're sure it is true. I must have been too long in the country."

She smiled down at him, attempting derision, her face a warm and shining oval.

"Question is, what are you going to do with me now? I'm sunk." He, too, was smiling, but seriously.

She wrinkled her freckled nose at him in a derisive moue. "Don't be silly. The available girl. Propinquity. Add a little repentance on her part that makes her

seem gentle, and a little gratitude on his, since he is sick and susceptible. Stir them all up. Season to taste."

"And after you have cooked on a slow fire you have a pudding called love," he grinned.

"Or enchantment," she amended. "Which is just a glamour that doesn't endure. After you're well and get back to your job, where you can listen to man-talk, you'll be glad the cactus-spiked vixen you were telling me about didn't take you too seriously."

"Those cactus spikes don't fool me any more. I reckon you have temper enough so sometimes there's a breeze in your neighborhood. I wouldn't want a wishy-washy girl."

"I remember Dad once said, after I had put on a hoity-toity act, 'And some day I reckon you'll marry a well-meaning man and ruin his life with your infernal temper.'"

"I'm a well-meaning man," he told her cheerfully. "And I always did believe in taking a chance."

She was not nearly as cool as she pretended. Always she had admired him. During the past days she had been nurse and mother to him as well as friend. His welfare had very deeply engaged her interest, the more because she felt responsible for what had occurred to him. Her heart had yearned over his splendid youth which

*(Continued on page 38)*

# Shear Nonsense

And then there was the cow girl, says Winnie, who entered the Horse Show and held her roan with the best of them.

—Rice Owl.

An Ohio man who can speak six languages recently married a woman who can speak three. That's darn good handicapping.

—Judge.

Secretary of very inferior golf club: "Well, what did you think of the course?"

Visitor: "Oh, wonderful! By the way, what is your local rule when a ball is lost on the green?"

—Humorist.

Then there's the one about the actor who toured the country in "Hamlet."

"What kind of a run did you have in Savannah?" he was asked.

"Well," was the reply, "we beat the audience over the county line by three minutes!" —*New York Morning Telegraph*.

Rosie: "Aren't you getting Johnnie and Bill confused?"

Mary: "Yes, I get Johnnie confused one night and Bill the next."

—Annapolis Log.

"If I go to a bargain sale," says a woman novelist, "I feel tired out the next day." The morning after the fight before.

—Humorist.

Diner: "Do you serve crabs here?"

Waiter: "Certainly, we serve anyone; sit down."

—College Humor.

Ikey: "When does your closing-out sale open?"

Abey: "When my opening sale closes."

—Kansas Sour Owl.

Magistrate: "Do you mean to say such a physical wreck as he is gave you that black eye?"

Plaintiff: "Yer Honour, he wasn't a physical wreck till after he gave me the black eye!"

—Co-operative News.

One sailor to another: "Gee, Jim! All these here women flying from port to port gives me the creeps."

—Humorist.

After looking them all over, we think the dachshund is the best front-drive dog on the market to-day.

—Judge.

She: "You got fooled on the diamond ring."

He: "I guess not. I know my onions."

She: "Maybe—but not your carats."

—Boston Transcript.

"I am sorry," said the dentist, "but you can not have an appointment with me this afternoon. I have eighteen cavities to fill." And he picked up his golf-bag and went out.

—Juggler.

"And what did the Dean of the University of Tokio tell you?"

"He told me to make myself useful as well as Oriental."

—Syracuse Orange Peel.

"Honey," he said, at the end of the first five minutes, "will yo' all marry me?"

"Why," she gasped, "this is all so Southern." —*Ala. Rammer-Jammer*.

Jean: "Fashions may come and go, but there's always a demand for cosmetics."

June: "Yes, women can't go wan forever."

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Bum: "This big Italian fighter has to have a bed over seven feet long."

Mub: "Say, that's a lot of bunk."

—Annapolis Log.

"What was the tax at the garbage-man's ball?"

"Ten scents a dance."

—Reserve Red Cat.

It has been proved that a herring traveled from New York to Liverpool. Goldfish, of course, think nothing of going right round the globe.

—Humorist.

"Sam, Ah jes' seen a alligator eatin' our younges' chile!"

"Umm-uh! Sho' nuff? You know, Ah thought sump'n been gittin' our chillun!"

—Life.



Fundamentally sound

A wealthy society lady had just engaged a new maid and was instructing her in the duties of waiting on the table.

"At dinner, Mary," she explained, "you must remember always to serve from the left and take the plates from the right. Is that clear?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the girl condescendingly. "What's the matter, superstitious or something?"

—New York Morning Telegraph.

"What a lot of friends we lose through their borrowing money from us!"

"Yes, it's touch and go with most of them."

—Calgary Herald.

"It is the duty of everyone to make at least one person happy during the week," said a Sunday-school teacher. "Have you done so, Freddy?"

"Yes," said Freddy, promptly.

"That's right. What did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt and she was happy when I went home."

—Melbourne Herald.

# Behind the Mike

By the Announcer



## Walter Winchell

Walter Winchell, of the Lucky Strike hour, who worked his way from an usher in a movie theatre to a \$100 a week vaudeville hoofer, and then quit the job to become a \$25 a week newspaper reporter because he thought he would like that better. Now he gets \$25,000 a year for his column alone, and holds the world's heavy-weight gossip-collecting championship title. He can dish more scandal in five minutes than any bridge club in America in an hour



## Ruth Etting

In order to stimulate more male interest in this department we introduce the beautiful lady whom you see draping herself so gracefully across the page. Gentlemen! Miss Ruth Etting, many times glorified by Mr. Ziegfeld in his "Follies." There is no need to point out that Miss Etting has the face and figure of an angel, nor to tell you that when she broadcasts on the Chesterfield hour over the C.B.S. network, her torch songs can soften the most hardened arteries



## The Revelers

Above we have the Revelers, radio's most famous quartet. Left to right, they are: Lewis James, a Michigan inter-collegiate half-mile runner, who was at one time tenor for the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and is now the second tenor of the quartet; Wilfred Glenn, bass, once commanded to sing before the British royal family at Buckingham Palace, and erstwhile basso of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine; James Melton, who, in the recent poll of radio entertainers, was voted the foremost male singer of classical and semi-classical songs; Frank Black, director and accompanist, and Phil Dewey, the baritone. This fine quartet is often heard over the N.B.C. network



## Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd

F. Chase Taylor, alias "Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle," and his buddy, "Budd," christened Wilbur Budd Hulick. These two nuts maintain a vaudeville act over the C.B.S. network that is often called the funniest, craziest act on the air. Take the above picture as a sample of their perfect and complete idiocy. The gentleman in the skin-tight knickers and epaulettes is the Colonel, while the parachute jumper is Budd



# EDITORIAL

## SALUTAMUS!

■ In his recent letter to the Exalted Rulers of subordinate Lodges, Grand Exalted Ruler Coen wrote in part as follows:

"My heart thrills with emotion as I examine the responses received from the leadership of our Order, to my appeal for special activity in this time of stress. \* \* \* Elksdom appears to be rededicating itself to a militant glorification of American citizenship, to added zeal in the practice of Charity and Brotherly Love."

He thus expressed his appreciations of the loyal and efficient service that has been performed, particularly by the officials whose terms are now ending. Those who know how faithful and effective that service has been will heartily approve his words of commendation.

The letter concluded with these fine expressions:

"I have repeatedly said that my experience as Grand Exalted Ruler warrants the statement, that these United States are grand and great beyond the power of words to express—and so is the Order of Elks. "We can—we will—make 1932 the greatest year in the history of Elksdom."

This inspiring language should be as a bugle call to the subordinate Lodge officers who will, in a few days, assume the duties of their respective stations; for the fulfillment of his prophecy depends, in very large measure, upon them.

That result can not be accomplished by hesitancy, timidity and indifference. No fraternity can ever drift forward. If it moves in that direction, it must be borne along upon the hearts and minds of its members under courageous, aggressive leadership. It is easy to pursue an enemy who flees; to direct an organization when every condition is favorable. But it requires true valor to fight a stubborn foe. Earnest determination and loyal devotion must grapple with fraternal problems that are difficult of solution.

Assured that the confidence expressed by the Grand Exalted Ruler is not misplaced, and that those now taking up the reins of Lodge government will prove worthy of the honor conferred upon them by their brothers, we salute them with pride.

Looking over the whole Order, realizing that in every city in the country there stands at attention a corps of loyal officials, newly promoted to positions of trust and honor, ready and eager for fraternal service, one is reminded of an army arrayed for battle. The commanding officer has sounded the charge. May every man respond with sincerity, devotion and courage.

*Salutamus!*

## EARNEST EFFORT NEVER WASTED

■ How frequently it happens, after an earnest striving to accomplish a given object which has failed, that we feel that all our efforts have been wasted. Often in the keenness of our disappointment we so ex-

press ourselves, mayhap with bitterness. Few, if any, of us have escaped such an experience.

Yet if we honestly analyze such a situation, we must realize that mere failure to reach the goal does not imply wasted effort. Indeed no earnest endeavor in a worthy cause is ever wasted.

The results may not have been what we intended and hoped for; but we are ourselves stronger and better for having striven. Those whom we sought to stir to a given action may not have responded; yet the influence of our earnestness will not be lost upon them. It will exert itself some other time, in a manner we may never know. Perhaps some project we have fostered has failed to mature, some community reform we have sought to promote has not been achieved; but because of what we have tried to do, those who later undertake the tasks will find them easier of accomplishment.

When one has done his best, whatever may be the result, there is no justification for a feeling of wasted effort. There should be only a sense of satisfaction that one's best has been given; for thus is courage maintained undaunted.

Among the many Exalted Rulers who are now serving their last few days in office, there will naturally be some whose administrations have not been attended by the success desired. But if they have been loyal and diligent in their official service, they have done their part. The responsibility for failure rests upon other shoulders.

However disappointed such retiring officers may be, they should not entertain any sense of futility. They may justly enjoy the consciousness that in due course what they have sown will come to fruition. They may not receive the general acclaim that is accorded to those whose efforts have achieved more visible results; but they are also worthy of commendation because they have earnestly striven. Their efforts have not been wasted; they have not been in vain.

## HAS-BEENS ARE QUITTERS

■ There is a quite commonly used and well understood expression that is employed to designate those who were once outstanding among their fellows in some special field, and who have ceased to hold their places and have dropped into the ranks of the unnoted majority. Such persons are referred to as "has-beens." And while there may be some comfort in realizing that it is better to be a has-been than a "never-was," it is not very creditable to be content with that meager solace.

The fact that one has earned a place of distinction, has become a leader, in any vocation or avocation,



is itself proof that capacity and ambition and application have been combined to produce that result. Those are qualities which do not, of themselves, die within us. Of course, where the acclaimed success is based primarily upon physical conditions, nature inevitably takes care of that; and limits the period within which one may enjoy it. But where that is not the case, and the place of leadership has been won by the exercise of mental and spiritual qualities, one need not become a has-been unless he is a quitter.

The attributes which enable one to climb from the ranks of mediocrity, in ordinary experience continue as personal possessions as long as the term of human activity is extended. By the continued, vigorous employment of those attributes the place attained may be held, or others of higher dignity, and greater honor, and wider usefulness, may be achieved. It is only when one ceases to strive, and becomes content to rest upon his laurels, that he finds the laurels soon lose their freshness, and that he slips back and becomes merely one of the rank and file.

No one likes to be called a has-been. It is a pathetic experience. And the real pathos of it is not due to the lost glamor and joy of being recognized as a leader, but rather to the fact that it implies a loss of interest, an abandonment of effort, a failure to follow worthy ideals. The title stamps one as a quitter; and the world does not continue to accord its acclaim to a quitter, in any walk of life.



## A DAILY RETROSPECT

■ When a man approaches the end of his allotted span, or is otherwise reminded that he must soon embark upon his final journey, he naturally indulges more and more in retrospection. He

reviews his life with calmer judgment; and with truer knowledge of real values, he seeks to determine what therein has been worth while, what has been useless and wasteful. And with the wisdom of his years, he is quite apt to arrive at correct conclusions, so that his statements of them are entitled to unusual weight.

The unfortunate feature of this is that the influence of his declarations is limited to those who actually receive them and heed them, because of their confidence in him; he can not himself live over his life and profit by his own belated conclusions.

It would seem that the question might reasonably present itself,—why wait until it is thus too late to engage in such helpful retrospection? Why not do it while it may be of value in our own lives?

In the hurry and restless urge of our daily affairs, we give all too little time to the quiet contemplation of our own acts and deeds, and of their influence upon others as well as upon our own subsequent careers. How much better it would be if we would cultivate

the habit of a brief daily survey of what we have done and what we have neglected to do.

Such a habit would inevitably lead to the avoidance of many mistakes, to the seizure of many opportunities which will thereafter present themselves for worthy action; because no one can thoughtfully consider his day's experiences without the impulse to profit thereby. The impulse, frequently restirred, will eventually lead to action.

Every day is none too often to give thought to the question whether we have done what we should during that day; to ask ourselves what we might do on the morrow that should be done. Retrospection, in earnest and serious mood, should not be delayed until the conclusions to which it might lead have lost their chief value, their influence upon our own future conduct.

## TRUE BROTHERHOOD

God, what a world, if men in the street and mart,  
Felt that same kinship of the human heart,  
Which makes them, in the face of fire and flood,  
Rise to the meaning of true brotherhood.

■ In the face of catastrophe which shocks the world with its dramatic suddenness, all men are impulsively moved to acts of generous helpfulness. They hasten afar upon missions of mercy, with ready hands and open purses. The story of such deeds is written upon a bright page in the history of mankind.

But, because it lacks the theatric appeal of unexpected disaster, the human misery and want and suffering that is always just around the corner in every community is all too frequently left unnoted and unrelieved. Because it is not blazoned on the front pages of the daily press it is given little thought, and men walk their ways unheeding.

It was in part to remedy this condition that the Order of Elks was organized. It is not unmindful of the unusual demands arising in times of great emergency. The record of its contributions upon such occasions, and of the active participation of its members in the work of relief, is one in which all Elks feel pride. But the Order also teaches the daily watchfulness for human need right at hand, and the fraternal duty of responding to that need.

A real Elk does not await a broadcast appeal in a case of startling catastrophe to stir his heart. He is observant every day, ready to hear and respond to the less widely heralded, but equally appealing, call that comes, it may be, from next door.

Perhaps there is no need of money. The case may not require any group action. It may be that only a word of kindness is needed to cheer a drooping spirit overburdened with care. The real need may be only for a little act of helpfulness performed with sympathetic understanding. Or it may be a need for money, and may require such help as only a group can afford. In any event, a true Elk is, first of all, a neighborhood Good Samaritan. He seeks to do kindly, helpful deeds as he goes about his daily tasks. He thus strives at all times to "Rise to the meaning of True Brotherhood."





*The brilliant banquet of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, held in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of its institution*

# Under the Spreading Antlers

## *News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order*

### **Washington, D. C., Lodge Holds Celebration of 50th Anniversary**

**N**EARLY one thousand members of the Order and their guests, the number including men of exceptional note in public life, in the church and in the fraternity, attended on the evening of February 11, at the Mayflower Hotel, the Fiftieth Anniversary Banquet of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15. This memorable affair followed a special session of the Lodge, held late in the afternoon, at which a class of eighty-nine candidates was inducted. Events in the course of the banquet began with the presentation of a strikingly beautiful tableau, "The Evolution of the American Flag," a speech of welcome by Exalted Ruler David J. Laporte, of No. 15; an invocation by Rabbi Julius T. Loeb, Pastor of Ohev Shalom Congregation; and a program of music, both vocal and instrumental. Addresses by the Rev. Father Edmund A. Walsh, Regent of the School of Foreign Service of Georgetown University; by Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen; and by the Rt. Rev. Dr. James E. Freeman, Episcopal Bishop of Washington, followed. Frank J. Hogan, President of the Bar Association of the District of Columbia, presided as Toastmaster and, after the series of speeches, presented a token of esteem to the Grand Exalted Ruler. The Rt. Rev. James H. Ryan, Rector of the Catholic University of America, asked the benediction and Henry I. Quinn, of Washington Lodge, gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast. Guests at the speakers' table, besides those already mentioned, were Gen. John J. Pershing, former Postmaster-General Harry S. New, a charter member of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13; United States Senators Arthur Capper, of Kansas; Edward P. Costigan, of Colorado; and James J. Davis, of Pennsylvania; United States Representatives; Sol Bloom, of New York; W. R. Eaton, Guy U. Hardy, Edward T. Taylor and Charles B. Timberlake, of Colorado; Commissioners Herbert Crosby and Luther H. Reichelderfer, and Acting Commissioner Maj. D. A. Davison, of the District

of Columbia; Brig.-Gen. Hugh Matthews, of the United States Marine Corps; Associate Justice Oscar E. Bland, of the Court of Customs and Patent Appeals; and Charles Porterfield Light, of the National City Company; Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, Rush L. Holland, Raymond Benjamin and Murray Hulbert; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Ralph Hagan, Chairman, and James S. Richardson and John K. Burch, members, of the Board of Grand Trustees; Robert S. Barrett, Chairman, and Charles S. Hart, member, of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; Albert D. Pearce, member of the Ritualistic Committee of the Grand Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Taylor Morrison; and Michael G. McCormick, charter member of Washington Lodge. Many of the prominent members of the Order who attended the banquet were present earlier, at five o'clock in the afternoon, to witness the initiation into Washington Lodge of the group of eighty-three candidates. This was designated the "Fiftieth Anniversary and George Washington Prosperity Class," and inducted in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Coen. Those who viewed the ceremonies of initiation included the Grand Exalted Ruler; Past Grand Exalted Rulers Fanning, Holland and Hulbert; Grand Secretary Masters; Grand Tiler John E. Lynch; Grand Trustees Hagan, Richardson and Burch; Henry C. Warner, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; O. L. Hayden, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; and Grand Lodge Committeemen Barrett, Hart and Pearce. Upon the day of the initiation and banquet, the *Washington Post* published a special illustrated supplement entitled "The Elks Anniversary Section."

### **Grand Chaplain Dysart Speaks at Home of Dubuque, Ia., Lodge**

Grand Chaplain the Reverend Dr. John Dysart was the principal speaker at Dubuque, Ia., Lodge, No. 297, recently upon the occasion of its initiation of twenty-five candidates as its

"George Washington Prosperity Class." A musical program lent additional pleasure to the meeting, at which Dr. Dysart spoke. Before the Lodge session a dinner was given, and at the conclusion of the evening, a program of entertainment was presented. Commenting upon the conduct of the ceremonies of induction, the Grand Chaplain was hearty in his praise of the manner in which the officers, all Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, performed the ritualistic work. His address to the Lodge was one of several that Dr. Dysart made in the course of his sojourn in Dubuque. He spoke a few days before at his former church, St. John's; and later addressed the Daughters of the American Revolution at their Washington Bi-Centennial celebration, and a gathering of the Rotary Club.

### **200 South Brownsville, Pa., Elks Honor Past Exalted Rulers**

Members of South Brownsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 1344, held open house recently upon the event of their celebration of Past Exalted Rulers Night. Two hundred were in attendance at the Lodge session, conducted by former heads of No. 1344. A program of entertainment, given by professional performers, and an elaborate supper were concluding incidents of the evening. The entire affair was a pronounced success, marked by the warmth of renewal of old associations and a freshening of enthusiasm.

### **Bronx, N. Y., Elks Hold Annual Dinner-Dance in New York City**

In the Grand Ball Room of the Commodore Hotel, in New York, recently, Bronx Lodge, No. 871, held its annual dinner-dance. It proved to be one of the greatest balls ever given by No. 871. Exalted Ruler and Mrs. David E. Livingston led the grand march, which formally opened the affair. The serving of a most excellent dinner followed, with dancing between each course. The ballroom was beautifully decorated with American flags.

### Ashtabula, Ohio, Elks Honor Charter Member and Past Exalted Rulers

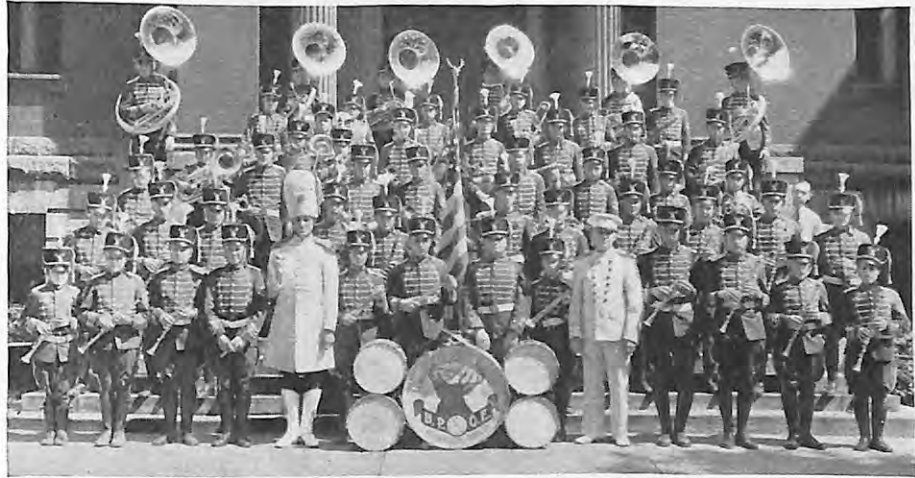
Among the recent activities of Ashtabula, Ohio, Lodge, No. 208, were two events of particular note. The first was a meeting in honor of the only living charter member of the Lodge, Morris Pickard. This occasion was remarkable for the attendance at it of 400 members of the Order, among whom were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers William G. Campbell, and James E. Breen; and Clarence J. Brown, Secretary of State of Ohio. Twelve candidates were initiated during the Lodge session. A dinner with 300 Elks present preceded it. A second affair of importance at Ashtabula Lodge took place three weeks later when Past Exalted Rulers Night was observed. All twenty-one former heads of the Lodge attended the meeting.

### Washington, N. J., Elks Receive Visit from District Deputy

On the occasion of his official visit recently to Washington, N. J., Lodge, No. 1563, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. Cantillon was greeted by over fifty members of the Lodge and their guests. Shortly after the opening exercises at the meeting, the officers of the Lodge conducted initiatory ceremonies for a class of candidates.

### New York, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates 64th Birthday of the Order

Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen was the guest of honor at the banquet held recently at the Home of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, in commemoration of the 64th birthday of the founding of the Order. According to the usual custom, a reception to the Grand Exalted Ruler preceded the formal banquet. Past Exalted Ruler Arthur V. Dearden, Chairman of the Banquet Committee, presented as the first speaker of the evening Exalted Ruler Daniel A. Kerr. In a brief, but eloquent and sincere, speech Exalted Ruler Kerr spoke of the significance with which the occasion was held by all Elks. At the close of his address Exalted Ruler Kerr extended a hearty and cordial greeting to the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Dearden, as Toastmaster, then presented Grand Exalted Ruler Coen. Mr. Coen was received with a demonstration which lasted several minutes. In his address the Grand



*The Antlers Boys' Band, an organization sponsored by Warren, Ohio, Lodge*

Exalted Ruler declared that the need of the hour is leadership; and he outlined the type of a leader required in a subordinate Lodge, in order that the good work of the Order may continue and grow to a greater magnitude. His address long will live in the memory of those who were present. President Howard A. Swartwood of the New York State Elks Association spoke after the conclusion of Mr. Coen's address; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Paul Van Wagner gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast. Among the distinguished guests present, besides the foregoing, were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, Raymond Benjamin, James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Frank L. Rain, William M. Abbott, W. W. Mountain, Charles H. Grakelow, John F. Malley, Murray Hulbert, Lawrence H. Rupp; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Edward J. McCormick; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Grand Treasurer Lloyd Maxwell; Grand Trustees Ralph Hagan, James T. Hallinan, James S. Richardson, John K. Burch and A. Charles Stewart; Grand Justice John S. McClelland; Grand Lodge Committeemen Walter F. Meier, E. Mark Sullivan, Henry C. Warner, Daniel J. Kelly, John J. Lermen, George J. Winslow, Robert S. Barrett, Charles S. Hart, O. R. Dibblee, Sam Stern, William T. Phillips, William Conklin,

W. C. Robertson, David Sholtz, Albert D. Pearce, O. L. Hayden, and W. H. Bridgers; Past and active District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania; Past and active Presidents of New York State Elks Association, and many prominent members of the Order.

### New Kensington, Pa., Elks Observe Past Exalted Rulers Night

Every chair was occupied by a Past Exalted Ruler when Past Exalted Rulers Night was celebrated recently by New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512. Notable among those attending the meeting was President M. F. Horne, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, who acted as master of ceremonies. Life membership cards were presented to Past Exalted Rulers William G. Kenney, William R. Reese, and to Frank Houseman, a charter member.

### Charleston, W. Va., Lodge Initiates Class of Fourteen Candidates

Although the reception for Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, planned by Charleston, W. Va., Lodge, No. 202, had to be canceled on account of Mr. Coen's illness, the banquet was held as originally arranged at the Home. During the meeting, which followed the dinner, fourteen candidates were initiated as a George Washington Prosperity Class. The Degree Team of Parkersburg Lodge, No. 198, conducted the ceremonies.

### Santa Fe, N. M., Elks Celebrate Past Exalted Rulers Night

Prominent officials of the State and of the Order were among the many Elks who recently attended the celebration of Past Exalted Rulers Night at Santa Fe, N. M., Lodge, No. 460. The gathering included Governor Arthur Seligman, Chief Justice H. L. Bickley, and Justices D. K. Sadler and A. H. Hudspeth, of the State Supreme Court; State Land Commissioner J. F. Hinkle; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Francis E. Wood.

### Many Middletown, N. Y., Elks Honor Past Exalted Rulers

One of the largest gatherings ever to assemble at the Home of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, was that incident to the celebration there recently of Past Exalted Rulers Night. Every chair was occupied by a former head of the Lodge. An incident of particular interest was the presentation to the Lodge by Otto Hillig, trans-Atlantic flier and member of Liberty Lodge, No. 1545, of a framed picture of his famous airplane, *Liberty*.



*Members of Duluth, Minn., Lodge, with some of the articles of food and clothing collected at a charity dance given recently at the Home*



ART PHOTO CO.

*The proficient and alert officers of Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61*

### **Lansing Lodge Sponsors Michigan Elks Bowling Tournament**

High scores were the order of the day in the course of the annual Michigan Elks Bowling Tournament, held recently under the auspices of Lansing Lodge, No. 196. The No. 1 team of Flint Lodge, No. 222, took first place in the five-man event, with a total of 3164; Harold Allen and Joe Scribner, of Detroit Lodge, No. 34, were victorious in the dual competition with a total of 1314; and A. Bamberg, of Detroit Lodge, with 685, proved best in the individual contest. Mr. Bamberg's total of 1960 in all three contests was also the highest of any entrant's.

### **Old Boys' Night Is Celebrated By Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge**

In honor of its members of long standing, Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1478, recently held a meeting designated as Old Boys' Night. Every Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1478 was present and each occupied one of the officers' chairs.

### **Troy, N. Y., Elks Induct Twenty When District Deputy Calls**

Twenty candidates were initiated recently by Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, upon the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leo W. Roohan. Of prominence among the group inducted were Sheriff George F. Simmons and Chief of Police John B. Conroy. The District Deputy was accompanied to No. 141 by Past District Deputies Walter M. Stroup and Edward A. McCaffery; and by Past President J. Edward Gallico and Vice-President Harry W. Bennett, of the New York State Elks Association. Two hundred and fifty members of the Order attended the meeting.

### **Lakeview, Ore., Lodge Collects Food for Poor at Special Ball**

Several hundred dollars' worth of foodstuffs were obtained recently by Lakeview, Ore., Lodge, No. 1536, at a dance, for Elks and their families only, and later turned over to the Lake County Welfare Committee, for the relief of the poor. The affair, denominated the Groceteria Ball, had as its admission fee a supply of meats or groceries. The assortment of edibles collected included several whole lambs, dressed.

### **District Deputy Makes Homecoming Visit to Middletown, N. Y., Lodge**

Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, held one of the most enthusiastic and largely attended meetings in its history when, a short time ago, it received the homecoming official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler

Walter T. Hawkins. Three hundred Elks were present at the Lodge session to witness the initiation of the Lodge's George Washington Prosperity Class of thirty candidates. Among the many prominent visitors present for the occasion were Charles S. Hart, member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Paul Van Wagner; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clarence J. Seaton, Jacob A. Decker and Henry Kohl; Past President Joseph Brand, of the New York State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler David E. Livingston, of Bronx Lodge, No. 871; and Exalted Ruler-elect Peter Mayers, of New Rochelle Lodge, No. 756. A program of entertainment and a social period followed the conclusion of the formal session.

### **Havre de Grace, Md., Lodge Holds First Past Exalted Rulers Night**

One of the youngest Lodges in the Order, Havre de Grace, Md., Lodge, No. 1564, celebrated a short time ago its first Past Exalted Rulers Night. Judge Harold E. Cobourn, Past Exalted Ruler, was the guest of honor upon the occasion.

### **Elks of High Rank Are Guests of Past Grand Trustee Guenther**

To many Elks of national prominence and to members of their families, Past Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther and Mrs. Guenther recently gave a beefsteak dinner at Olympic Park, near Newark, N. J.

This dinner has come to be a yearly occasion upon some date near that of the anniversary banquet of the Order at the Home of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. This year Mr. and Mrs. Guenther's guests included Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen and Mrs. Coen; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning and Mrs. Fanning; Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Fred Harper, Frank L. Rain and W. W. Mountain; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and Mrs. Hulbert; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Edward J. McCormick and Mrs. McCormick; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Grand Treasurer Lloyd Maxwell and Mrs. Maxwell; Floyd E. Thompson, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; Ralph Hagan, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Grand Trustees James T. Hallinan, John K. Burch, James S. Richardson and A. Charles Stewart; Miss Stewart; Henry C. Warner, member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee and Mrs. Warner; W. C. Robertson, member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; O. L. Hayden and Albert D. Pearce, members of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; Mrs. Hayden; Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home; Joseph P. Shevlin, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler; and Colonel William H. Kelly, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association.

### **One Hundred Children Fed Daily By Ilion, N. Y., Lodge**

More than one hundred undernourished school children are being fed regularly once a day by the Elks of Ilion, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1444, at its Home. The children are given soup, milk and bread and, once a week, a special meal, comprising meat, potatoes, vegetables and cocoa. These meals are served on school days by wives of the members.

### **Marietta, Ohio, Lodge Votes to Install Modern Gymnasium**

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Committee of Marietta, Ohio, Lodge, No. 477, the committee members voted to install a modern gymnasium in the Home. The entire fourth floor of the building will be used for this purpose. Up-to-date facilities for indoor sports, including basketball, handball and volley ball, will be provided.

### **Vallejo, Calif., Elks Hold Largest Meeting in Nine Years**

The most numerous gathering of its members in nine years assembled recently at the Home of Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559. Past

*The Lodge room of the recently dedicated Home of Cambridge, Md., Lodge*



*The dining-room of the Home of Ilion, N. Y., Lodge, where 100 school children are given a hot and nourishing luncheon every school day*

Exalted Ruler James Brosnahan occupied the chair of Exalted Ruler.

### **Warning Given by Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge Against Defrauder**

Warning to secretaries of subordinate Lodges has been issued by Secretary John L. Gorman, of Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1477, against Charles Swain, a member of No. 1477, who is alleged to have been cashing worthless checks at a number of Lodges in New Jersey. His membership number is 644 and his card number is 178, dated April 25, 1931, dues paid up to October 1, 1931. It is said that he claims to be a present member of the Bergenfield police force, from which he resigned eight months ago.

### **Elks of Eastern North Carolina Meet at New Berne Lodge**

The largest number of Elks of eastern North Carolina that has assembled in fifteen years gathered recently at the Home of New Berne Lodge, No. 764. The meeting was to be held in honor of the official visit of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, but because of his illness Mr. Coen was forced to cancel a part of his southern trip. Grand Inner Guard Harry T. Paterson, of New Berne Lodge, presided at the session. Notable among the distinguished guests present, besides Mr. Paterson, was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. E. Stevens.

### **Danbury, Conn., Elks Initiate Class Before Large Gathering**

On account of his recent illness, Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen was forced to cancel his official visit to the Home of Danbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 120. The meeting, however, was held as scheduled, with many members and their guests in attendance. Prominent among those present were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas A. Skelly; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers William J. Shanahan, John J. Nugent, George T. Ryan, Edward C. Cox, Joseph C. Ivers, C. Irving Byington, and John J. Stone. During the business session the officers of Ansonia Lodge, No. 1269, winners of the State Ritualistic Contest last year, conducted initiatory ceremonies for a class of candidates for Danbury Lodge.

### **Nutley, N. J., Elks Celebrate Past Exalted Rulers Night**

Nutley, N. J., Lodge, No. 1290, recently celebrated Past Exalted Rulers night at its Home. Eleven of its former Exalted Rulers were present. A banquet and special entertainment followed the meeting.

### **Pocatello, Idaho, Elks Assemble At "Pull for Prosperity Dinner"**

Four hundred Elks, sixty-two of whom were either Past Exalted Rulers or active Lodge officers, attended a meeting of Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge, No. 674, recently, following a "Pull for Prosperity Dinner" sponsored by the Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers Club. Represented among the gathering were, besides No. 674, Idaho Falls, Blackfoot, Malad, Burley, Twin Falls and Boise Lodges. A ritualistic contest, in which Blackfoot Lodge won a close victory over Pocatello Lodge; and addresses by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler P. G. Flack and District Judge R. M. Terrell were features of the occasion. Before the Lodge session, the Past Exalted Rulers Club elected F. G. Caldwell President for the coming year; and reelected Past Grand Tiler R. W. Jones to the post of Secretary.

### **Bound Brook, N. J., Lodge Gives Charity Ball, Forms Drill Team**

Nearly one thousand dollars was earned recently by Bound Brook, N. J., Lodge, No. 1388, by means of its twelfth annual charity ball, given in the new Home. Six hundred persons participated in the festivities. No. 1388, besides organizing this affair for the benefit of the needy of its community, has been active in forming and outfitting a drill team. This body, smartly drilled and uniformed, acted as escort to Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, upon the occasion of his visit to a neighboring Lodge; and has performed similar services for District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. Can-

tillon upon official calls; and taken a brilliant part in all the initiations at Bound Brook Lodge.

### **Past Exalted Ruler B. E. Gilpin, Of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, Dies**

Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, was bereft of one of its most respected and devoted members when Bernard E. Gilpin, Past Exalted Ruler and Trustee, died a short time ago following an operation. For the term of 1928-1929 Mr. Gilpin was head of the Lodge and immediately thereafter was chosen Trustee for three years. During the span of his leadership, the Lodge initiated more than 100 new members, a number not since inducted within an equivalent period. Funeral ceremonies were held from Trinity Cathedral. The Past Exalted Rulers of No. 335 later conducted services at the grave.

### **Antlers' Boys' Band of Warren, Ohio, Lodge Has Fine Record**

So proficient has been the performance of the Antlers' Boys' Band, sponsored by Warren, Ohio, Lodge, No. 295, that it has been awarded concert and radio engagements during the recent winter months. The musicians, ranging from fourteen to twenty years of age, are sixty in number. Their reputation is State-wide. During the last year, they have played at Toledo, Youngstown, Sandusky, Cedar Point and Cleveland. In the Flower Pageant Parade, held last under the auspices of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, the band won first prize. D. R. Doyle manages the band and Raymond H. Dehnhostel directs it. Both are members of No. 295.

### **Atlanta, Ga., Elks Provide Clothing For Over 150 Persons a Week**

Under the supervision of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, the number of needy and unemployed persons being fed daily by the committee has increased from 400 to 900. Besides this work, the Lodge has recently undertaken to provide clothing and shoes. Over 150 people a week are cared for in this manner by the Atlanta Elks.

### **Band and Hockey Team of Bemidji, Minn., Lodge Have Active Season**

Among the organizations of Bemidji, Minn., Lodge, No. 1052, active recently, are its band and its new hockey team. During the past season the Bemidji Elks Band has played for radio concerts and made frequent trips to

*(Continued on page 64)*



*The Hockey Team sponsored by Bemidji, Minn., Lodge. Its record is excellent*

Elks of the Northwest District Association of Pennsylvania (at the right) welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler at Warren Lodge. The gathering comprised five hundred members of the Order



Mr. Coen with members of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge (below, at the left), upon the occasion of his visit there. Members of Carnegie, Pa., Lodge (directly below) greeting him at their Home



PHOTO AT TOP, THOMAS STUDIO



MELION

## The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

ALTHOUGH interrupted twice by illness, Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen made an extensive series of calls upon subordinate Lodges during February. His tour, ranging from as far south as Washington, D. C., to Portland, Me., on the north; and from Illinois to the Atlantic seaboard, carried him into seven States and the District of Columbia. In many instances, Mr. Coen's advent was made the occasion for the initiation of large groups of candidates as George Washington Prosperity Classes.

His first visit, on February 11, to Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, coincided with the Lodge's celebration of its fiftieth anniversary. The event is reported elsewhere in this issue, in "Under the Spreading Antlers."

Vineland, N. J., Lodge, No. 1422, welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler upon the following evening. An escort of State Troopers conducted him from Trenton to Vineland where, prior to his reception at the Home, he was the guest of honor at a dinner at the Villa Malatesta. Every officer of the New Jersey State Elks Association, Exalted Ruler Arthur L. Joseph, of No. 1422, and the Exalted Rulers of nine neighboring Lodges; Grand Lodge Trustees, Committee members and officers, were among those present to hear Mr. Coen speak at the Lodge meeting subsequent to the dinner. Mayor Samuel L. Gassel extended the welcome of the city. Those besides Mr. Coen to make addresses were Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the New Jersey State Crippled Children's Commission and of the Crippled Children's

### Eastern and Middle Western Elks Greet Mr. Coen

Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Richard P. Hughes; William H. Kelly, President of the Association; and Solve D'Ippolito, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of Vineland Lodge. Distinguished guests were Grand Trustee John K. Burch, Past Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, Sam Stern, member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee; Albert D. Pearce, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; William Conklin, member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholas Albano and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Wibralski; and Past President John H. Case, of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Delegations were present representing the Lodges of Burlington, Mt. Holly, Lambertville, Trenton, Camden, Penns Grove, Newark, Freehold, Phillipsburg, Bridgeton, Millville, Atlantic City and Hoboken, N. J.; New York, N. Y.; and Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Burch, Mr. Guenther, Mr. Pearce, Mr.

Stern, Mr. Conklin, Col. Kelly and Mr. Case were also present at the visit the Grand Exalted Ruler made the next evening, February 13, upon the membership of Bayonne, N. J., Lodge, No. 434. Additional guests of note were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Grover E. Asmus, and Vice-President Walter Mahnken, of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Welcomed at the city line by a delegation of greeting, Mr. Coen was escorted to the Home. There he was the guest of honor at a banquet and immediately thereafter an attendant of the meeting of the Lodge's Crippled Children's Committee. After hearing a report of the Committee's work, the Grand Exalted Ruler was hearty in his praise of the achievements of its Chairman, John A. Flood, and his associates. Mr. Flood, whose own physical disability was treated years ago through the efforts of Bayonne Lodge, revealed that one of the young men to be initiated later in the evening into No. 434 had himself been cared for nine years before by the Lodge's Crippled Children's Committee. This candidate was one of fifty inducted as No. 434's George Washington Prosperity Class at the regular Lodge session which followed the Committee meeting. Grand Exalted Ruler Coen was so greatly impressed with the leadership and accomplishments of Bayonne Lodge during the past year that he asked Exalted Ruler Richard F. Flood, Jr. for his membership card and wrote across the face of it over his signature: "Best wishes to the Exalted Ruler of

(Continued on page 62)

## News of the State Associations

### Massachusetts

MORE than seven hundred Elks and their guests, their number comprising Grand Lodge officers, both past and present, State and city officials and a host of others prominent within the Order and without, gathered recently at the annual banquet of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, held in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen at the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston. Among the distinguished guests present, besides the Grand Exalted Ruler, were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Chief

Justice Floyd E. Thompson, of the Grand Forum; Grand Lodge Committeemen E. Mark Sullivan and Richard A. Cantwell; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Bernard E. Carbin; President Charles S. Riley, of the Association; Councillor James H. Brennan, representing Gov. Joseph P. Ely, of Massachusetts; Election Commissioner Peter F. Tague, representing Mayor J. M. Curley, of Boston; and former Mayor Edwin O. Childs, of Newton. The formal welcome to the Grand Exalted Ruler was made by President Riley. The former Mayor acted as toastmaster, and presented the Grand Exalted Ruler. In his forceful address, Mr. Coen urged Lodges to

elect Exalted Rulers possessed of the capacity to lead. Following the speeches, the James R. Nicholson trophy for ritualistic excellence was presented to Brookline Lodge, No. 886, by Mr. Sullivan. In behalf of his Lodge, Exalted Ruler Joseph J. Sheehan accepted the prize.

### New York

AUTHORIZATION for the holding of the twentieth annual convention of the New York State Elks Association at Schenectady, June 5, 6, 7 and 8, was made recently at the regular spring conference of the Advisory Committee and Trustees of the Association. The

(Continued on page 61)

Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**

*Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks  
of the United States of America*



**Official Circular Number Six**

**March 10, 1932  
Sterling, Colorado**

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

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

I have been touched indeed by the enthusiastic response to my appeal to the rank and file of our membership to "Pull for Prosperity in Elkdom."

The Honor Roll contained in this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE and other reports concerning February activities, disclose that over twelve thousand men were affiliated with the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks during the month. Other thousands were reinstated or placed in good standing by payment of dues.

It is now an established fact that depression has no place in Elkdom, and that every Lodge in the Order can hold its numerical strength and increase in prestige and influence if its officers and members have the desire.

One of my predecessors, James G. McFarland of South Dakota, had a slogan: "Let's Do," and then: "Let's Do Some More." This slogan aptly fits the situation confronting us. It having been demonstrated that seriousness of purpose and sacrificial service can bring about tremendous accomplishment, "*LET'S DO SOME MORE.*"

The impetus gained by the activities incident to the promotion of the "George Washington Prosperity Classes" should carry us on to greater achievement, and I therefore ask that the officers installed the first meeting in April immediately plan on securing a class of candidates to be named after the incoming Exalted Ruler, and that said class of candidates be initiated the first meeting night in May or as soon thereafter as practicable.

I take this opportunity of extending my sincere appreciation to the officers and members of every Lodge in the land for the support given me during my administration, and to ask the retiring Exalted Rulers to co-operate with the newly-elected officers in the performance of their duties.

Let us remember that the First President, George Washington, was a Fraternalist; that he recognized the value of fraternal connections; that he accepted leadership in his Lodge and discharged the duties of leadership with fidelity of purpose. There are none of us so fine, so big, so great, that we cannot benefit by an emulation of the fraternal activities of George Washington.

Faithfully yours,

*John T. Bowler*  
Grand Exalted Ruler.

*Birmingham's magnificent Municipal Auditorium, with its seating capacity of 6,600, is one of the largest halls in the*



*South. In it will take place, among other events, the opening ceremonies of the Grand Lodge Convention*

## 1932 Grand Lodge Convention At Birmingham, Ala.

### Bulletin No. 3

WHEN Mark Twain humorously and aphoristically observed that more people discussed the weather than any other subject, yet nothing was ever done about it, the great American wit undoubtedly did not know Birmingham, Alabama, was destined to become one of the few cities in the world where equability of climate makes unnecessary and superfluous any discussion by the populace of things meteorological.

There is so much popular misconception of the climate of Birmingham and so few means of correcting the general impression that insufferable heat marks the period from the summer solstice to the autumnal equinox, that one is compelled perforce to call upon your Uncle Samuel to refute, statistically, the unfair stricture.

In the annual meteorological summary compiled and issued by the United States Department of Agriculture it is set forth that in the forty-eight-year period, from 1882 to 1930, the July mean temperature in Birmingham did not exceed 80 degrees Fahrenheit. Which means, if you please, that in nearly half a century, that month, in which the Elks are wont to foregather in annual conclave, Old Sol has been in a most beneficent mood, and quiescent in the extreme.

Departing from the abstract and getting down to things concrete, the same governmental agency publishes the fact that in July, 1931, the mean temperature was 81.8 degrees. Ergo, Birmingham, climatically, can justly lay claim to recognition as one of the summer convention cities of the Union, and the hosts of Elksdom will be able to testify to that indisputable fact after the forthcoming reunion.

For excellence of architecture in public and commercial edifices, Birmingham is outstanding among American cities. The growth of this great Southern metropolis has been characterized by the erection of structures equaling in magnificence those of Manhattan, and this, combined with broad, well-paved thoroughfares, has made for a city comparable to any in the land.

Birmingham's Municipal Auditorium, located convenient to the center of the city, is an ideal place for convention gatherings. It has a seating capacity of 6,600 and is one of the largest halls in the South. Here the great opening ceremonies of the Grand Lodge Convention will take place, and in this magnifi-

cantly spacious building will be held the Testimonial Ball to the Grand Exalted Ruler and his wife, as well as the colorful and spectacular Purple Bubble Ball on Thursday night of convention week.

Legion Field, Birmingham's new stadium, offers an ideal place for the Elks Drill contest and other events, which will be held outdoors during the convention. Having a seating capacity of 22,000, each seat commanding a splendid view of the parade ground, the outdoor events to be held here will be particularly appealing to the public. This municipal stadium, built at a cost of \$300,000, has two concrete stands and is used for football, baseball and track, as well as outdoor pageants and similar events.

One of the most interesting side trips offered to visitors during their stay in Birmingham will be Muscle Shoals, the gigantic war-time project of the Government which has commanded so much national attention since its construction. Nine-tenths of a mile long, Muscle Shoals on the Tennessee River, which forms the northern boundary of Alabama, has been a Mecca for thousands of visitors yearly. Wilson Dam power plant, a part of the Muscle Shoals project, cost \$51,000,000, was designed for a total generator installation of 610,000 horsepower, and is the most important of the three great power sites engineers have located in the stretch of the river. Muscle Shoals was built by the Government during the World War to provide a cheap source of electrical energy, to operate nitrate fertilizer

plants. Near by are extensive deposits of natural resources that could be used for this manufacture of nitrates, which influenced the Government in the selection of Muscle Shoals as the ideal location for the great nitrate plants erected there at a cost of \$80,000,000.

Jefferson County's new \$3,000,000 Court-house, located in Birmingham, is an outstanding piece of architecture, and a model of county administration efficiency. Completed in 1931, the county government was moved into this building late last year. Atop the Court-house is the county jail, eight floors above ground.

The Alabama Power Company Building has been adjudged one of the three most beautiful utility buildings in the world. On the very pinnacle stands Electra, a bronze figure of colossal proportions, holding the symbol of electricity in her hand.

Birmingham's Public Library is located next to the Court-house, and harmonizes with it in architectural construction. It has the reputation of maintaining one of the most complete technical departments in the country. Here, through the Museum Department, exhibits and displays are constantly being arranged to acquaint the South with many traditions of history and with the latest cultural developments.

Birmingham's Federal Building is one of the most beautiful in the South. It houses the Post-office and all Federal offices located in Birmingham.

As has been customary, the Drill Team and  
(Continued on page 59)



*Muscle Shoals from the air. The Wilson Dam, nine-tenths of a mile long, is not far from Birmingham and is one of the many interesting sights of the region*



H. E. BUTTER

Part of the George Washington Class, the largest in the nation, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge. In all, 937 new members were initiated

# 12,390 New Members Added to the Order

## *Tremendous Success of the George Washington Prosperity Classes*

### *Evidence of the Energy, Enthusiasm and Loyalty of the Order*

FOLLOWING are the Lodges which initiated George Washington Classes during February, and the number of candidates initiated into each.

#### Alabama

##### North

George W. Randall, District Deputy  
Birmingham, 17; District total, 17.

##### South

C. Q. Carman, District Deputy  
None reported.

#### Alaska

##### Northeast

E. B. Collins, District Deputy  
None reported.

##### Southeast

George S. Talbot, District Deputy  
Juneau, 7; District total, 7.

#### Arizona

##### North

Charles A. Dutton, District Deputy  
Phoenix, 41; Kingman, 13; Flagstaff, 7;  
Winslow, 4; Jerome, 2; District total, 67.

##### South

Shelton G. Dowell, District Deputy  
Tucson, 22; Yuma, 11; Douglas, 6; Clifton,  
1; Nogales, 3; District total, 43.

#### Arkansas

##### East

F. W. Duttlinger, District Deputy  
Jonesboro, 3; District total, 3.

#### West

Victor A. Ghio, District Deputy  
Texarkana, 1; Mena, 2; Rogers, 1; District  
total, 4.

#### California

##### Bay District

Albert S. Reedy, District Deputy  
Oakland, 13; Vallejo, 4; Santa Rosa, 22;  
Eureka, 2; Napa, 2; Petaluma, 1; Berkeley, 3;  
Alameda, 5; San Rafael, 11; San Mateo, 3;  
Richmond, 18; Pittsburg, 1; District total, 85.

##### East Central

E. C. Niete, District Deputy  
Bakersfield, 7; Fresno, 42; Merced, 8; Mo-  
desto, 16; Visalia, 3; Porterville, 1; Tulare, 11;  
Taft, 4; Sonora, 5; District total, 97.

##### West Central

C. L. Snyder, District Deputy  
San Luis Obispo, 6; San Jose, 6; Salinas, 8;  
Santa Cruz, 8; Monterey, 4; Watsonville, 1;  
Hollister, 1; Santa Maria, 3; Gilroy, 1; District  
total, 38.

##### North

Fred H. Heiken, District Deputy  
Chico, 2; Nevada City, 2; Grass Valley, 4;  
Red Bluff, 3; Woodland, 4; Susanville, 2;  
District total, 17.

##### South Central

C. P. Wright, District Deputy  
Los Angeles, 2; Santa Barbara, 3; Pasadena,  
3; Long Beach, 2; Santa Monica, 3; San Pedro,  
27; Whittier, 3; Glendale, 25; Redondo Beach,  
2; Huntington Park, 6; Monrovia, 3; Oxnard,  
8; Inglewood, 3; San Fernando, 10; Compton,  
12; District total, 112.

#### South

E. B. Criddle, District Deputy  
San Diego, 2; Redlands, 1; Riverside, 2;  
Santa Ana, 3; San Bernardino, 6; El Centro, 10;  
Anaheim, 32; Ontario, 1; Brawley, 2; Orange,  
3; Oceanside, 5; District total, 67.

#### Canal Zone

Robert W. Glaw, District Deputy  
Panama Canal Zone (George Washington  
Joseph T. Fanning Class), 21; District total, 21.

#### Colorado

##### Central

Chester B. Horn, District Deputy  
Colorado Springs, 1; Cripple Creek, 4; Vic-  
tor, 14; Idaho Springs, 13; Canon City, 16;  
Florence, 3; Craig, 38; District total, 89.

##### North

Byron Albert, District Deputy  
Boulder, 60; Fort Collins, 67; Greeley, 2;  
Loveland, 37; Longmont, 17; Fort Morgan, 2;  
Sterling, 7; District total, 192.

##### South

M. P. Keating, District Deputy  
Pueblo, 9; Trinidad, 5; La Junta, 6; Alamosa,  
5; District total, 25.

##### West

Joseph Quinn, District Deputy  
Ouray, 3; Durango, 1; Grand Junction, 89;  
Montrose, 7; District total, 100.

#### Connecticut

##### East

George H. Lewis, Jr., District Deputy  
Hartford, 8; Meriden, 4; New London, 35;



FREDERICK BURNETT

The officers of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge in Colonial costume for the exercises and initiation celebrating the Washington Bi-Centennial

Norwich, 6; Putnam, 28; Middletown, 4; New Britain, 2; Bristol, 1; Willimantic, 10; Rockville, 11; Wallingford, 13; District total, 122.

### West

Thomas A. Skelly, District Deputy  
New Haven, 52; Bridgeport, 34; Danbury, 35; Waterbury, 6; Torrington, 22; Derby, 5; Norwalk, 21; Winsted, 7; Stamford, 4; Naugatuck, 4; Ansonia, 3; West Haven, 7; Milford, 19; District total, 219.

### Delaware, Maryland and District of Columbia

Taylor Morrison, District Deputy  
Baltimore, 7; Washington, 103; Cumberland, 4; Wilmington, 7; Hagerstown, 6; Towson, 15; Frostburg, 2; Annapolis, 27; Salisbury, 1; Crisfield, 1; Cambridge, 5; District total, 178.

### Florida

#### East

Leslie L. Anderson, District Deputy  
Key West, 3; Miami, 10; Daytona Beach, 5; West Palm Beach, 20; Fort Lauderdale, 8; Fort Pierce, 1; Lake Worth, 15; Cocoa, 5; New Smyrna, 13; Eustis, 14; District total, 94.

#### North

W. K. Collins, District Deputy  
Jacksonville, 4; Tallahassee, 5; District total, 9.

#### West

M. O. Overstreet, District Deputy  
Orlando, 5; Lakeland, 9; Clearwater, 3; District total, 17.

### Georgia

#### North

R. E. Lee Reynolds, District Deputy  
Atlanta, 20; Milledgeville, 1; La Grange, 2; Griffin, 1; District total, 24.

#### South

B. B. Heery, District Deputy  
Columbus, 6; Savannah, 7; Waycross, 1; Brunswick, 3; Americus, 3; Fitzgerald, 3; District total, 23.

### Territory of Hawaii

Paul O. Smith, District Deputy  
Honolulu, 6; District total, 6.

### Island of Guam

C. G. Parker, District Deputy  
None reported.

### Idaho

#### North

William C. Rullman, District Deputy  
Moscow, 32; Wallace, 9; Lewiston, 5; Coeur d'Alene, 8; Sand Point, 21; Saint Maries, 7; District total, 82.

#### South

P. G. Flack, District Deputy  
Boise, 40; Pocatello, 4; Idaho Falls, 6; Twin Falls, 36; Burley, 12; Nampa, 7; Blackfoot, 8; Caldwell, 20; Malad, 2; District total, 135.

### Illinois

#### East Central

E. F. Wendel, District Deputy  
Bloomington, 3; Decatur, 10; La Salle, 16; Ottawa, 8; Streator, 1; Kankakee, 35; Pontiac, 1; Princeton, 6; District total, 80.

#### Northeast

E. M. McQuillen, District Deputy  
Chicago, 5; Joliet, 48; Waukegan, 52; Aurora, 27; Elgin, 9; Woodstock, 5; Harvey, 11; Oak Park, 65; Evanston, 5; Blue Island, 22; La Grange, 1; Lake Forest, 4; Cicero, 2; Des Plaines, 15; Elmhurst, 21; District total, 292.

#### Northwest

E. E. Fell, District Deputy  
Rockford, 58; Moline, 34; Freeport, 7; De Kalb, 20; Dixon, 26; Galena, 5; Rock Island, 7; Sterling, 15; Sycamore, 10; Belvidere, 8; District total, 190.

#### South

Miles S. Gilbert, District Deputy  
Murphysboro, 6; Cairo, 3; Du Quoin, 8; Harrisburg, 20; Benton, 1; Carbondale, 27; West Frankfort, 5; Christopher, 1; Metropolis, 12; District total, 83.

#### Southeast

E. P. Huston, District Deputy  
Danville, 5; Champaign, 1; Mattoon, 5; Paris, 4; Olney, 3; Urbana, 21; Robinson, 4; Lawrenceville, 6; District total, 49.

#### Southwest

B. L. Compton, District Deputy  
Belleville, 4; Centralia, 2; East St. Louis, 2; Mt. Vernon, 2; Taylorville, 3; Jerseyville, 4; Granite City, 8; Pana, 1; Carlinville, 2; District total, 28.

### West Central

Denham Harney, District Deputy  
Springfield, 35; Monmouth, 5; Jacksonville, 2; Kewanee, 13; Galesburg, 17; Beardstown, 12; Macomb, 1; Pekin, 1; District total, 86.

### Indiana

#### North

John Van Delester, District Deputy  
La Porte, 8; Michigan City, 2; Ligonier, 6; Hammond, 2; Valparaiso, 2; Gary, 4; District total, 24.



The officers, in costumes of the Revolutionary period; and the Drill Team of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, at the induction of a George Washington Prosperity Class

**North Central**

Lee M. Bowers, District Deputy  
Logansport, 30; La Fayette, 10; Fort Wayne, 31; Kokomo, 18; Peru, 21; Wabash, 4; Warsaw, 2; Huntington, 12; Columbia City, 1; Garrett, 1; District total, 139.

**Central**

William H. Gardiner, District Deputy  
Marion, 11; Muncie, 15; Elwood, 2; Alexandria, 2; Crawfordsville, 9; Noblesville, 2; Hartford City, 9; Portland, 8; Tipton, 2; Union City, 3; District total, 63.

**South Central**

A. E. Schumaker, District Deputy  
Indianapolis, 9; Terre Haute, 8; Connersville, 7; Bloomington, 3; Shelbyville, 7; Greensburg, 3; Newcastle, 2; Columbus, 5; Richmond, 5; Brazil, 3; Greencastle, 1; Rushville, 4; Martinsville, 1; District total, 58.

**South**

J. C. Heidenreich, District Deputy  
Evansville, 7; New Albany, 14; Mt. Vernon, 25; Vincennes, 5; Madison, 7; Princeton, 10; Bedford, 5; Linton, 4; Sullivan, 7; Washington, 4; Boonville, 2; Bicknell, 5; District total, 95.

**Iowa****Northeast**

Leo J. Duster, District Deputy  
Clinton, 13; Cedar Rapids, 31; Waterloo, 30; Dubuque, 22; Webster City, 4; Marshalltown, 4; Mason City, 5; Charles City, 3; Decorah, 21; Boone, 9; Oelwein, 17; District total, 159.

**Southeast**

Harry C. Phillips, District Deputy  
Burlington, 1; Des Moines, 21; Keokuk, 21; Muscatine, 76; Oskaloosa, 2; Ottumwa, 4; Fort Madison, 8; Iowa City, 7; Fairfield, 7; Grinnell, 14; Newton, 17; District total, 178.

**West**

A. R. Perasso, District Deputy  
Sioux City, 8; Ft. Dodge, 107; Perry, 9; Le Mars, 5; Atlantic, 2; Estherville, 12; Council Bluffs, 7; District total, 150.

**Kansas****North**

J. J. Ryan, District Deputy  
Concordia, 1; Lawrence, 10; Junction City, 2; Manhattan, 14; Goodland, 18; District total, 45.

**Southeast**

E. W. Patterson, District Deputy  
Pittsburg, 6; Ft. Scott, 82; Independence, 3; District total, 91.

**Southwest**

W. B. Greenwald, District Deputy  
Wichita, 19; Hutchinson, 6; McPherson, 2; Winfield, 1; Great Bend, 2; Wellington, 7; Garden City, 30; El Dorado, 3; Pratt, 2; Augusta, 2; District total, 74.

**Kentucky****East**

William M. Sellmeyer, District Deputy  
Ashland, 25; Newport, 2; Covington, 2; Cynthiana, 1; Richmond, 8; Somerset, 10; District total, 48.

**West**

Leland O'Callaghan, District Deputy  
Henderson, 2; Paducah, 4; Bowling Green, 4; Frankfort, 2; Hopkinsville, 2; Madisonville, 7; Hickman, 2; District total, 23.

**Louisiana****North**

A. J. Manheim, District Deputy  
Shreveport, 46; Monroe, 7; Alexandria, 21; Jennings, 6; Natchitoches, 23; District total, 103.

**South**

Sidney Freudenstein, District Deputy  
New Orleans, 22; District total, 22.

**Maine****East**

Albert C. Jones, District Deputy  
Houlton, 1; Millinocket, 3; District total, 4.

**MAY I express, at this time, my great personal appreciation of the energy, enthusiasm and loyalty displayed by the District Deputies, the State Association officers and the Exalted Rulers and other officers of our subordinate Lodges in this splendid achievement—the George Washington Prosperity Class.**

*John T. Corwin*  
Grand Exalted Ruler.

**West**

Albert L. Skinner, District Deputy  
Portland, 50; Lewiston, 14; Rumford, 5; Bath, 6; Rockland, 6; Sanford, 6; District total, 87.

**Massachusetts****Central**

William E. Earle, District Deputy  
Milford, 2; Cambridge, 3; Somerville, 1; Waltham, 2; Hudson, 1; Marlborough, 1; Framingham, 1; Newton, 2; Arlington, 3; Winchester, 1; Watertown, 4; Maynard, 5; District total, 26.

**Northeast**

Robert M. Dowe, District Deputy  
Lowell, 3; Lynn, 1; Haverhill, 3; Everett, 2; Salem, 3; Gloucester, 2; Woburn, 3; Medford, 2; Malden, 3; Revere, 7; Wakefield, 2; Peabody, 2; District total, 33.

**Southeast**

Leo F. Donovan, District Deputy  
Boston, 6; New Bedford, 4; Taunton, 3; Brockton, 3; Quincy, 25; Attleboro, 2; Norwood, 2; Hyannis, 7; North Attleboro, 2; Fall River, 12; District total, 66.

**West**

Frank J. Lawler, District Deputy  
Leominster, 3; Adams, 7; Fitchburg, 17; Webster, 2; Clinton, 5; District total, 34.

**Michigan****Central**

Deland A. Davis, District Deputy  
Battle Creek, 5; Lansing, 3; Owosso, 2; Dowagiac, 6; Coldwater, 1; Mt. Pleasant, 3; Three Rivers, 1; Niles, 16; Sturgis, 2; Alma, 1; Hillsdale, 2; District total, 42.

**East**

W. Dickson Brown, District Deputy  
Detroit, 9; Saginaw, 8; Bay City, 89; Flint, 3; Ann Arbor, 30; Port Huron, 2; Adrian, 1; Alpena, 25; Pontiac, 17; Monroe, 10; Royal Oak, 11; Ferndale, 5; District total, 210.

**North**

Joseph Thomas, District Deputy  
Escanaba, 4; Hancock, 2; Calumet, 1; Marquette, 16; Ishpeming, 3; Sault Ste. Marie, 11; Manistique, 1; Iron Mountain, 5; Negaunee, 5; Ironwood, 2; Bessemer, 1; District total, 51.

**West**

Leo J. Wykkel, District Deputy  
Grand Rapids, 33; Kalamazoo, 9; Manistee, 6; Muskegon, 12; Travers City, 1; St. Joseph, 12; Benton Harbor, 15; Petoskey, 5; Cadillac, 1; Ludington, 5; Big Rapids, 4; Grand Haven, 4; Holland, 5; South Haven, 1; District total, 113.

**Minnesota****North**

John S. Siverts, District Deputy  
Minneapolis, 50; Crookston, 2; St. Cloud, 4; Brainerd, 6; Willmar, 4; Virginia, 2; Hibbing, 42; Bemidji, 6; Fergus Falls, 25; Eveleth, 2; Thief River Falls, 8; Chisholm, 4; District total, 155.

**South**

C. A. Ingerson, District Deputy  
St. Paul, 8; Winona, 1; Austin, 2; Red Wing, 6; Rochester, 16; Faribault, 2; Owatonna, 9; District total, 44.

**Mississippi****North**

Ben Wilkes, District Deputy  
None reported.

**South**

C. A. Carrier, District Deputy  
Vicksburg, 11; Meridian, 1; Hattiesburg, 81; Biloxi, 15; Gulfport, 10; Pascagoula, 10; District total, 128.

**Missouri****East**

W. B. Shea, District Deputy  
St. Louis, 14; Poplar Bluff, 1; De Soto, 4; Hannibal, 4; District total, 23.

**North**

C. B. Burns, District Deputy  
Kirksville, 42; Lexington, 4; Maryville, 4; Brookfield, 8; District total, 58.

**West**

Harry R. Garrison, District Deputy  
Kansas City, 1; Sedalia, 16; Springfield, 5; Warrensburg, 6; Webb City, 1; Clinton, 10; District total, 39.

**Montana****East**

Arnold Huppert, District Deputy  
Great Falls, 18; Livingston, 13; Bear Tooth (Red Lodge), 14; Miles City, 26; Havre, 1; District total, 72.

(Continued on page 54)



## ELKDOM OUTDOORS

Our Policy—To Encourage the Replenishment of America's Fields and Forests, Lakes and Streams

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart, Associate Field Sports Editors

### A Mixed Bag from Mexico

By Lieut. Charles H. Hart, Jr.

Moscow, Idaho, Lodge, No. 249

NOT to be out-Izaak by Judge Hodge, brother Elk and Waltonian, who has just returned from the Arctic Circle with grayling, trout, tullibee, goldeyes, pike, pickerel and muskies, which he tells about in February's magazine, I'll now tell mine, and produce pictures to prove it. Instead of the Arctic Circle, I used the Equator as my firing line, and 30-06 rifle instead of a nine ounce fly rod.

The 23rd of January found me hustling around in Agua Prieta, Mexico, visiting my friends in the Military and Customs Services, securing passes and permits to take rifles, shotguns, automobiles and camp equipment into Mexico when, with all the courtesy of those most courteous people I was granted the necessary permits, etc., I set sail in the old Dodge accompanied by a brother officer and headed south. We arrived at the historical old Mexican town of Bachoachi, about one hundred miles south of Naco, Mexico-Arizona, at noon, Sunday, January 24th. There we were wined and dined by the chief of police in a most hospitable manner. A brother-in-law of the chief of police journeyed down with us, and he persuaded the chief to join our party.

We drove about twenty-four miles east into the Ajo Mountains to the ranch of a fine Mexican gentleman, who is very prominent in social and political circles, both in Hermosillo and Mexico City. We were welcomed by his son and told to make ourselves at home, and to camp any place we desired on his immense ranch. He also advised us regarding the best areas to find game, and in addition to these kindnesses furnished us with horses for riding and packing, evidently not knowing we were doughboys, but mistaking us for cavalymen.

We selected our campsite in a wooded canyon, well shaded with pines, oaks and cottonwood. Through this canyon flowed a beautiful stream of pure sparkling *agua* (that's water). We had a little something else called by a strange Mexican name, but that didn't flow in the stream. The only thing about the stream that was not perfect was the fact that

it contained no trout. The water is ice cold, flows the year around, and has nice pools from one to five feet deep.

As we drove up to our campsite about five P.M. that afternoon the noise of our car



Lieut. Hart and part of his bag

frightened a flock of wild turkeys that was preparing to go to roost in the trees around that area. We saw them as they disappeared over a ridge about two hundred yards away. There were about thirty or forty in the flock, but all of them disappeared before we had time to get our rifles out.

The next day we were up before light, and

after a substantial breakfast took out after turkey and deer. We could not locate the turkey although we saw hundreds of fresh tracks. We succeeded in bagging one small deer about three o'clock, so we returned to camp. After partaking of a wee bit of refreshment we got the old shotguns, and proceeded about a mile from camp to do a little dove shooting before supper. The second day's hunt added one wild turkey, four ducks, and several squirrels to our larder. Many deer were seen through the sights, but our ammunition must have been bad that day.

The third day netted nothing bigger than doves and squirrels, although we saw eight or ten deer and squeezed the trigger many times. More bad ammunition.

The fourth day luck turned, and a nice buck was brought to bag, but many more that we saw missed the bullet as well as the bag. The fifth day was spent in riding and hiking over the many miles of ridges and canyons. Most enjoyable and wonderful exercise. Many more deer were seen but they all bore charmed lives. Lucky Friday, the sixth day, was the day. Another wild turkey was killed, and two *javelin* (wild boars) ran head on into a couple of our bullets.

Saturday morning, we broke camp, packed our rifles and proceeded to two small lakes about a mile apart near Bachcachi, where we unlimbered our shotguns. After taking up strategic positions with a few of us at each lake, the ducks began to fly and the battle was on. When the old stomach began to sound chow call about noon, we collected the dead and crippled. The casualties were twenty-eight, consisting of teal, mallards, pin tails and one canvasback. After a farewell fiesta given by our friend the chief of police of Bachcachi, we headed the old Dodge north.

We arrived at our home post, Douglas, Arizona, just as the sun in the west began to paint the mountains those exquisite shades of purple and gold seen only here in the southwest. To those who would like a combination hunting and fishing trip, Old Mexico offers one that is really different.

### Winter Bass Fishing

JACK DARBY, member of "Ole 38," Norfolk, Va., calls the turn on most of us, excluding of course those who can not follow suit because of state laws. His most interesting letter follows:

"With few exceptions when the winter days draw nigh and the hours of sunlight lessen, Brother Elks who love the streams of this broad land prepare the favorite rod and reel for a long winter's rest in the attic, den or the old store-room. A gentle sigh is emitted as one remembers this or that

lure and a hectic but winning battle with some finny member of the summer now gone. The hunting season approaches and to most outdoor brethren the gentle art of angling is forgotten in the thought that a winter trip to that favorite bass stream is hardly worth while. Herein we err.

"The present winter has been exceptionally mild. Here, in the Tidewater section of the Old Dominion, snow has not fallen and the thermometer has rarely dropped to freezing. Nearly all winter the wind has hailed from the west or south, and,

to the followers of the great Walton, all of these things spell signs. As the bass season does not close in many states until March, he, who has packed his fishing gear away, has missed many thrills. The bit of chill in the air has driven bugs and other insects away. That old mossbacked, black bass, to whom nature was kind in the summer days, no longer finds insect life floating past his watery door. That good old hymn, 'Yield Not to Temptation,' means not a thing to the black bass and the fisherman who goes forth on these milder



Jack Darby with a winter catch of black bass

days of winter can usually count on that meal that made Friday famous.

"On more than a dozen trips since November we have caught bass and pike. On several occasions we caught the legal limit in bass, there being no limit on pike in Virginia. On these trips I have found a white or red buck-tail lure the best bait, the No. 6585 Shakespeare being the greatest getter of fish. Short strikes are practically unknown on this lure. The South-Bend Dart-Oreno is also good when used with pork-rind strip as a winter lure. Do not have the pork-rind strip too long as the bass are sometimes a bit sluggish and loth to chase it.

So come out from under cover, blow the smoke out of your lungs, trek to that favorite fishing stream, and, on your return you'll realize how good a baked black bass can really taste."



### Well—Seeing Is Believing

J. C. Spare, No. 1109, Bismarck, N. D., has joined the Elkdome Outdoors contributors' group with the following:

"To prove to 'Elkdome Outdoors' that the Red Gods smiled on us out here in North Dakota, I am



"**ELKDOM OUTDOORS**" makes its third appearance in this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. We would appreciate hearing from you as to how you like this new department. Many have written in already with constructive suggestions that are most welcome. Let us hear from you. We need more fishing stories and pictures from all States, but particularly from the middle west. Come on, you Ozark bass fishermen; and what about trout fishing at Bennell's Spring? Send in your hunting, fishing, golf and other outdoor pictures with your story, furnishing names and places. Send only prints, the glossy type preferred and address all correspondence to, **ELKDOM OUTDOORS, THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.**

sending you the enclosed snapshots. We had a five-day open season on antlered buck this year and our party of sixteen men hunted on the M. J. Cullen Ranch near Hensler. Every man in the party got his buck and we think we have hung up a record. The pictures show R. J. Dohn and me all loaded up with our deer, ready to leave for Bismarck."

### This Is Encouraging

Dear Brothers:

For a long time appreciative Elks have sensed the values we were receiving in our magazine.

The February copy but adds to our store of delights. The new department entitled Elkdome Outdoors will revive in many of us scenes of the past just as vividly and intensely as will be our eagerness and anticipation for new scenes in the future. There will be the rising of the sun in old Louisiana and a generous display of wild fowl to please our eyes. There will be reveries amid the coral sands of Miami. Friendly voices from Corpus Christi, El Paso and Catalina will call to us. Gorgeous fins radiating every color of a fantastic prism will contest our presence in their waters. Field glasses will sweep the billows of the New England coast as we await the signal from the bluefish to come. Again there will be the singing of the pines in Minnesota as mother nature croons her weary children back to health and rest. There will be the odor of coffee and bacon as the rarest of June days draws aside her filmy curtain and we behold the fairyland of ten thousand lakes.

With all good wishes to each one of you as you speed our magazine on its way to us,

Fraternally yours,

EDMUND J. GRUNDY.

Brainerd 615.

### A Thoughtful Offer

Here is good news for Elks who vacation in Florida with the expectation of doing some hunting or fishing. E. W. (Gene) Skinner, No. 295, Warren, Ohio, writes:

"Have had it in mind for some time that I might be of some service to members of the Order who come to Florida and who like to hunt and fish. For fourteen years I have spent five or six months of each year and three whole years on the waters and in the woods of Florida traveling by auto, boat, afoot and living in tents, boats, auto camp trailer and as the 'crackers' say 'on the ground,' hunting good places to hunt and fish and taking note of surrounding conditions. Have traveled the entire State and probably have as much knowledge of hunting and fishing conditions as any man in



Florida. This knowledge is yours or any brother's for the asking." Brother Skinner's address from November first to April first is 724 Palmer Street, Orlando, Florida. The balance of the year you can write him in care of B.P.O. Elks No. 295, Warren, Ohio.

### Snow-Birds and Polar Bears

William Goldenberg, No. 871, Bronx, N. Y., suggests a plan of putting into operation the thing all of us know should be done, but do nothing about. Outdoor exercise all year round. Brother Goldenberg has pledged with a number of friends to meet twice each week on the beach at Coney Island where they carry out a regular program of exercise such as work with the medicine ball, hand ball, wrestling and setting up exercises. They top off the workout with a dip in the ocean regardless of the weather. The healthy appearance of the group (above) is proof of the benefits of their program.



### Entry Number Two

Here's tarpon number two for our Tarpon Team. Weight 140 lbs., length 5' 4 1/2". Taken at Everglade City among the ten thousand islands by Otto Gerline, No. 50, Kalamazoo, Michigan. That's what Otto says, but from the happy look of Mrs. Gerline no doubt she had something to do with it.

### Wanderers

Two Elks of thirty years' membership in Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 87, Edward J. Nagle and Stanley F. Dawson (left), in their camp at base of San Jacinto Mountains in California. Brothers Nagle and Dawson have been on a tour of the world by auto and boat and report that meeting good Elks everywhere has been a glorious adventure. Their next Elks Lodge to visit is at Panama.

# Under Northern Stars

(Continued from page 21)

lay so lax and stricken. If he really wanted her, would it not be a wise answer to all her worries to anchor her life to his? It would snatch her away from the folly which of late had been so disturbing. He was so sweet and lovable, so very much a man.

"Are we talking nonsense, Steve?" she asked.

"I'm not," he assured her.

"Isn't this what they call flirting?" she asked suspiciously. "Weren't you telling me once how quickly the heart recovers?"

"It's what they call proposing."

"Oh! I wasn't sure." Molly felt a warmth beating into her bosom. In self-defense she continued to parrot mockery. "How long ago was it since you had a case on a girl one week and had forgotten her the next?"

"I always did talk too much," he admitted gaily. "I'll say this. Some girls you can forget; some you can't."

In spite of her flippancy, excitement stirred in her.

"You're not even certain yourself," she reproached.

"If you'll tell me what you mean by certainty," he flung back with insouciance. "Only yesterday you read a poem to me about certainties and what a dusty answer the soul that must have them gets."

"I mean—you don't know how long this is going to last. Maybe some day we might not feel the way we do now," she demurred.

"I haven't used the word forever, Molly. I don't ask you to use it. If you care for me now, isn't that enough? We live only one day at a time. Let tomorrow take care of itself. We won't worry about that."

She looked down at him with grave eyes, dubiously, and yet somehow comforted by his philosophy. Lovers' vows, she had supposed, had to be so dreadfully final. But Steve did not seem to think so. He was smiling up, with that touch of devil-may-care charm which endeared him to women. Perhaps love was like that, cheerful and gay and reasonable, rather than a wild and primitive passion tearing at the heart.

His arms went around her warm slender body as she dropped to her knees beside the bed. A tendril of hair, fine as a silk thread, brushed his cheek. Her soft lips turned tremulously to his.

## CHAPTER XXIV

AFTER Clem Oakland and his satellite Flannigan had withdrawn into the creased hills back of Seven Mile they did not turn south toward the Picket Wire country but continued to ride deeper into the Black Buttes range. Clem's rage abated sufficiently to permit him to declare his intention.

"I'll hang out at old Mosby's while you go get a doctor for my leg," he told Flannigan. "From there I'll start something. If these knotholes think they can do me a meanness and get away with it they can guess again."

The lank man turned his chalky eyes on Oakland. "What do you aim to do, Clem?"

"Plenty. I'll show 'em who is the big auger around here."

The broken teeth of Flannigan showed in an evil grin. He was not sorry his boss had got a bullet in the thigh. The old man, as the gaunt man called his chief, was an overbearing bully. Naturally the puncher was pleased, though he was careful to let no evidence of this appear.

The cabin of Mosby was in a hill pocket far from the usual path of travel. Many years since, old Jess Mosby, then a young man, had found this retreat and settled there. He was urgently wanted by the law and he had lived furtively until the

memory of his crime had worn thin with the passing decades. Now and again he and Oakland had done much nefarious business, though with small profit to the nester.

He stood in the doorway of his cabin and watched the approach of the horsemen. Mosby was a little man with a small pointed face that looked sly and sullen. His welcome to the travelers, when he learned they wanted to stay with him, was far from cordial.

This did not trouble Oakland. His sensibilities were obtuse. It gave him pleasure to override the feelings of others.

"We're welcome as a pair of skunks, looks like, Ed," he said with jeering sarcasm. "But here we are and here we'll stay."

With difficulty he eased himself from the saddle so as to favor his game leg.

Mosby watched him limp toward the house. "How come?" he asked.

"A wolf bit me," the wounded man growled. "If you want to know I'm going to hang his hide on my barn one of these days. Look after my horse, Jess."

Flannigan walked with their host to the little mountain corral. On the way he told briefly what had occurred.

"Clem acts like he's sore as a toad in a frypan," Mosby mentioned.

"I never saw his beat for meanness," Flannigan contributed. "Runs over his best friends, or those that would be if he'd let 'em. He'll get his one of these days, sure as hell's hot."

The nester slid a curious look at the C O rider. The tone of the man had been venomous, his face a map of active hate. What he had said sounded less like an impersonal prophecy than a threat.

Jess Mosby understood the emotion that inspired such resentment. He knew of nobody with anything but dislike of Oakland. The man was a bully, wholly selfish, entirely ruthless. He trampled down the pride and the rights of his own associates. Only because he was powerful, strong, and fearless could he impose his will on others. Personally Mosby was not hunting for trouble, but if someone else should dry-gulch Clem he would not go looking for evidence against the man.

They found the C O boss lying on Mosby's bed, a bottle of gin on the floor beside it.

"Fix me up some dinner, Jess," he ordered. "Ed, you hit the trail for town and get me a doctor. Don't tell him who has been hurt."

"Soon as I've had a bite," Flannigan assented.

Oakland's gross face took on an ugly look. "So you figure on sitting here to guzzle food while my busted leg waits. That the idea, Ed?"

The lank rider withdrew his suggestion instantly. "Maybe I had better start right off. I was figuring on giving the bronc a rest, but we can make it all right."

"You'd better," the big man said harshly.

"I want Doc Hart. He's one fellow can keep his mouth padlocked. Both you fellows get this: I'm here on business, strictly private. Nobody is to know I'm in this part of the country."

"Suits me," Mosby said sulkily.

"If Doc Hart's out of town?" Flannigan asked sullenly.

"Get him. On your way to town stop off at Brad Dean's and tell him I want to see him tonight. Tell him not to start till after dark and for him to bring the stuff along."

"What stuff?" Mosby inquired.

"Are you in this, Jess?" his big guest asked with cold insolence.

"In what?"

"My business. I'll let you know when you're to sit in the game. That will be soon enough."

"I don't expect to sit in, Clem," his host flung back. "I've been in quite a few propositions with you. They finally work out with me holding the sack. I'm through."

Oakland looked at him murderously. "We'll talk about that, Jess, after Ed has got started. Maybe you can see your way to change your mind."

They talked of it, at length. Mosby fought like a large trout that has been hooked, but in the end he was landed high and dry. The C O man knew too much about his past.

A man on horseback arrived at the Mosby cabin late that night. He hailed the house.

"Brad Dean," Oakland said. "Let him in, Jess."

DEAN was a heavy-set bowlegged man. He had gambler's eyes, pale, shallow, expressionless. With him he carried a sack. This he put down carefully in a far corner of the room.

"That the stuff?" the wounded man asked.

"Yes." He looked at Oakland. "Ed says you been shot up. He met me as I was coming back from Featherhead. I stopped off at Mumper's and bought some cigs. Looks to me from what I heard there you overlooked a bet, Clem."

"What you mean?" the big man growled.

"This bird you jumped riding your stolen horse. Why not collect him when you had him so handy? Or doesn't three thousand dollars interest you?"

Oakland sat up in bed abruptly. "What in Mexico you talking about?"

"Seems to me it would have been good business to turn this Webb Barnett over to Steve and claimed the reward. But I reckon you had other views."

"Barnett! Who's he?"

"The fellow that robbed a bank in Texas. Down there they want him three thousand dollars' worth. Didn't you know your friend the horse-thief was Barnett?"

The black eyes of Dean told no stories. Oakland guessed angrily that the man was jeering at him, but he could not prove it.

"Don't get funny with me, Brad," advised the man on the bed. "It's not considered safe."

"Wouldn't think of it, Clem." The bowlegged nester did not raise his voice. There was no challenge in his even gaze, nor was there fear in it. He was a tough customer; one of the few associated with the owner of the C O outfit who would not give ground before him.

"How do you know he is Barnett?"

"Steve Walsh ran him down. That's the story his deputy, Owen Martin, is sending out from Tincup. He managed to slip away, but several posses are after him. When last seen he was on your horse."

Oakland cursed, fluently and with feeling. He had let the man talk him out of three thousand dollars. Later he had been outmaneuvered and outfought. One of the posses would probably pick the fellow up and collect the reward, the three thousand dollars which Clem had had in his pocket for several hours if he had only known it.



A military road, Porto Rico

## CHAPTER XXV

WHILE at the ranch Taylor ate with the Quartercircle X Y riders. Usually they were not all present. The ranch covered a lot of territory, and the land leased from the Indians added a pasturage of a good many miles. The punchers traveled far afield, and often several of them were absent from headquarters for days at a time.

During the day and a half Owen Martin was at the ranch, he and his special deputy, Spike Malloy, put their legs under the table with Dug Peters, Buck Timmins, and the prisoner.

"Heading for Tincup soon as I've had dinner," Martin told Peters. "It's fine out here, boys. I like your grub, your scenery, and your company. But we've got to beat it back to town now. Mr. Barnett is getting anxious to see what kind of a hotel I keep. How about that, Webb?"

The captured man lifted his eyebrows in mild surprise. "Meaning me?" he asked.

"Is there any other Barnett present?" Malloy asked with a grin.

"The name is Taylor," said the prisoner. "Thought I mentioned that before. If you're feeling so friendly you have to call me by my first name, try Jeb, not Webb. Not that it matters to me what you call me."

"Just so we call you in time for the hanging," Timmins said cruelly.

"I've a notion you'll answer to the name of Webb Barnett when you get back to Texas," Dug Peters suggested.

"If, or when?" the prisoner asked casually. "We'll be leaving," Martin announced, rising from the table.

A puncture in one of the rear tires of the car delayed them. It was a slow leak, and the air had gone out of the tire since reaching the ranch. The deputies changed the tire and repaired the leak while Peters kept an eye on the prisoner.

The door of the ranch house opened. Someone came out, descended the steps, and moved toward the little group around the car.

"Miss Molly, going for a ride," Slim announced.

This was self-evident. The girl was in riding boots, trousers and coat. She wore a beret set jauntily on her red wavy hair.

Taylor had been aware of her from the moment the door had opened. He knew no other woman under heaven who walked with that resilient step of untamed joyous freedom. To catch sight of her was to be stirred with a strange excitement. So Taylor felt, exultantly, as Molly approached.

Until she was close Molly did not know the prisoner was among the group. This was clear, for she pulled up in her stride, startled eyes fastened on Taylor. Through the tan of her cheeks a rose glow beat to the surface.

He was staring at her, hungrily, as though he must fill himself full of her for a storehouse of memories to carry him through the drear future. His feet touched earth again. He remembered they were not alone, that curious eyes might guess too much.

"How is Sheriff Walsh getting along?" he asked, in a husky voice he scarcely recognized.

"He is better."

"I didn't shoot him," the prisoner said. "I've been wanting to tell you. I tried to save his life."

Slim laughed, skeptically. "Too bad Dug saw you do it. Can't get away with that."

The girl's eyes never left the handcuffed man. She ignored what the Quartercircle X Y rider had said.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Oakland had me covered. I had to pretend to shoot at him—at the sheriff, I mean.

I didn't hit him. He was shot by Oakland later."

Her mind had refused to accept this story when reported to her second-hand, but she believed it now. Not for a moment did she doubt it. Looking into the steel-gray eyes, so shadowed by the disasters that had swept over him, she gathered reassurance that blew a trumpet of joy in her. She rejected all evidence against him, as far as this last crime was concerned, when she looked into that steadfast gaze. He must have shot Steve, since his un-



supported word stood alone, all the evidence against it. So her reason told her. But something more sure than reason told her the evidence was not true. He had said so. That was enough. He might be a killer, but he would not lie to her.

"You hadn't ought to talk to this fellow, Miss Molly," Slim said virtuously. "He's a bad hombre. You don't need to be scared of him none, though. We're here to see he don't do you any meanness."

A tremor passed through her. She would never see him again. They would drag him away to his death. Bad hombre he might be, but he was the man who had stormed the inner fastnesses of her soul.

"I believe you," she cried to the bound man. "If you say so, I believe it."

Molly walked straight back to the house and upstairs to the room where lay the man to whom she was engaged. Her heart was beating as though she had been running far.

"You haven't gone yet," Steve said when she opened the door.

"Not yet. Steve, I haven't wanted to trouble you, not while you were so sick. But I have to know something. Who shot you?"

He saw that her small face was charged with emotion. Five minutes before she had left him with laughter. What had taken place?

"Sit down, Molly," he said gravely. "I've been wanting to talk to you about that. I'm not quite clear, myself."

"Did this man, this Taylor, shoot you from your horse?"

"No, he didn't. He missed me, either two or three times. I flung myself out of the saddle

to fool him, then I scuttled through the brush, down to the bank of the creek."

Three words burst out of her. "I'm so glad." He could not understand why, but he did not ask her. Presently he would find out.

"He came tearing down into the creek, and I covered him."

"Taylor?" she asked.

"Yes. Then someone yelled to me. I thought it was Dug, and climbed the bank, still keeping him covered. It all happened in a split second. Someone shot at me, and that's all I knew till I opened my eyes and looked at Taylor. We were down in the creek bed, or on the edge of it."

"Then you don't know he shot you."

"That puzzles me, Molly. I don't see how he could have done it. I had collected his rifle, and I thought I had an eye on him all the time. But if he didn't do it, who did?"

"Clem Oakland."

"Clem! Was he there?"

"So Taylor says. And Dad thinks it may be true. There were tracks of horses near the house. Besides, there is the rifle to explain. Where did this Texas man get it? He didn't just reach up and pick it out of the air. Someone gave it to him." Molly repeated Barnett's explanation of the shooting.

"I'm not saying he shot me, Molly. Don't see how he could have. Only I don't swallow that story about Clem making him shoot at me."

"I do," the young woman replied loyally. "He told me so, not ten minutes ago. I believe it."

"You've talked with him," Walsh said, his brown eyes resting on her.

"Only for a minute. Mr. Martin is taking him to Tincup. Steve, I feel sorry for him."

HE LET his gaze continue to rest on her with a dry sardonic humor. The mockery was not for her but for himself. In her exciting personality he saw a promise that one day she would be the crown of some man's life. For a moment at least she had clung to him, as a drowning man does to a life raft. But he had no confidence that he had entirely won her heart.

"I've felt that way myself, sometimes," he confessed. "But he's a man. Don't worry. He's tough and hard. He'll carry through."

"I know. That's just it, Steve. When I saw him there, handcuffed, wounded, with those men almost spitting on him, I knew they couldn't break him. He isn't afraid. They'll never get a whimper out of him. How can a man like that be bad? Tell me that."

She flung out her question almost fiercely, her slender bosom panting. It was like her, he thought, that she did not at all consider what he would conceive to be the source of her interest in the outlaw, that she did not attempt to conceal the emotion moving her.

"I can't explain it," he confessed. "But I've noticed one thing. There's a weak link in the chain of the character of every man who goes wrong."

"I suppose so. There must be." She threw up her hands in a little gesture of despairing surrender. "Well, I must go for my ride, Steve. I had to come up and ask you, though I knew when he told me so that he had not shot you. I'll be seeing you when I get back."

As Molly rode into the hills her thoughts were not entirely occupied with the outlaw. Steve was in the foreground of her broodings, too. He was so satisfactory. That was a poor word to express all she meant. How good a friend he was. How full of understanding. He had listened patiently to the evidences of her infatuation for this outlaw. He had not even hinted that she was a romantic fool. Some day she would make up to him a thousandfold for his kindness.

(Continued on page 40)

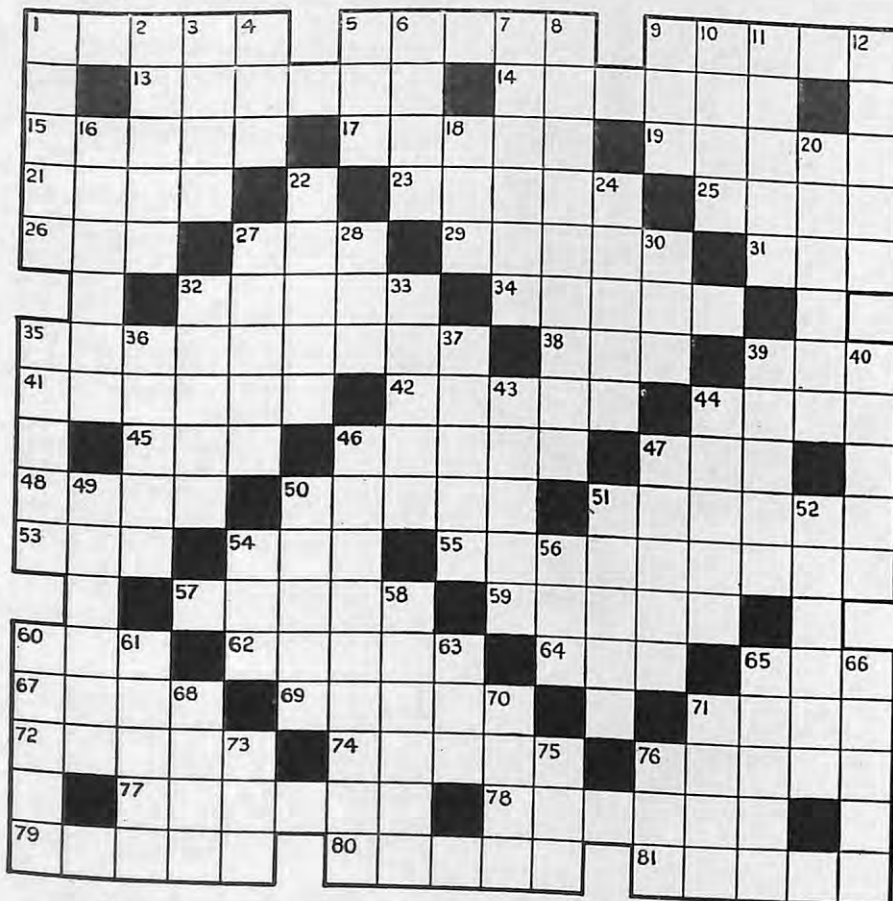
# Cross-Word Puzzle

By Mrs. J. C. McMillin, Seattle, Wash.

**THE ELKS MAGAZINE** will pay readers \$10 for any cross-word puzzle which it can publish.

The Magazine will return unsuitable puzzles ONLY if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is included; it cannot enter into correspondence about them. Please do not send in answers to puzzles already published.

The Magazine wishes to accord honorable mention to the following contributors of puzzles: Katie Mae Collie, Hot Springs, Ark.; Georgia Conner, Mullens, W. Va.; Mrs. Annie J. Gould, Dover, N. H.; Edwin O. Lenox, Hollywood, Calif.; and Elmer Whittaker, Segreganset, Mass.



## Across

- 1—Jollity
- 5—Maltreat
- 9—Pretends
- 13—A color
- 14—Overcoat
- 15—Sneer at
- 17—Inspirit
- 19—Surrender
- 21—Besides
- 23—Impose unfairly
- 25—A wading bird
- 26—Corrupt
- 27—Procure
- 29—Fishing basket
- 31—Deposit
- 32—Intellect
- 34—Penetrate
- 35—Letter
- 38—Animal's tail
- 39—Linen vestment
- 41—Experience regret
- 42—Kingly
- 44—Combat between two persons
- 45—A rodent
- 46—Benefit
- 47—Horse
- 48—Trudge
- 50—Musical drama
- 51—A cotton fabric
- 53—Cosmic cycle
- 54—Sip
- 55—Laughed in a suppressed manner

- 57—A gold coin
- 59—Perennial woody plants
- 60—Knock
- 62—Sing
- 64—Death
- 65—By way of
- 67—Sum entered
- 69—Instruct
- 71—Lubricates
- 72—Scorches
- 74—Ancient measure of length
- 76—Is controlled by
- 77—Provider
- 78—Pith
- 79—Necessitous
- 80—Prevent
- 81—Harass

## Down

- 1—Niggard
- 2—Perch
- 3—Faithful
- 4—Head covering
- 5—Grow old
- 6—Zone
- 7—Stitching of a wound
- 8—Rudimentary
- 9—Filthy habitation
- 10—Succeed to
- 11—Pertaining to an area
- 12—Mournfully
- 16—Dress
- 18—Portion of a curved line
- 20—Answerable
- 22—Act again
- 24—Part of a corolla
- 27—Concede
- 28—Small bird
- 30—Part of a chair
- 32—Food
- 33—Pluck
- 35—Kind of cloth
- 36—Protective garment
- 37—Elevates
- 39—Carpenter's tool
- 40—Unintelligible
- 43—Huge
- 44—Times of events
- 46—Praised
- 47—Exposed
- 49—Settle
- 50—Anything
- 51—Odor
- 52—Weirdly
- 54—Membranous pouch
- 56—Strong resentment
- 58—Whole
- 60—A bovine ruminant
- 61—Pithy
- 63—Dress in one's best
- 65—Beholds
- 66—Item of prosperity
- 68—Recompense
- 70—Hoar
- 71—Musical instrument
- 73—Crafty
- 75—Sailor
- 76—Sphere

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 43

(Continued from page 39)

Molly would have called herself a modern. She had been two years at a good school in the East. One summer she had gone abroad with the family of her roommate. Naturally, she read a good many books of the young cynics who are the intellectual vogue. But she was essentially simple. Now, as she stood outside of herself and looked at this strange Molly Prescott whom she had recently discovered, the vagaries of the human heart disturbed her.

If she understood herself at all, she was in love with two men. None of the books she had read had prepared the mind for this. The fact was astounding. The trouble was that both Steve and the Texan dragged at her emotions, though in distinctly different ways.

Steve was so human, so far from a plaster saint, and yet contact with him gave her an odd sense of nobility. Life, the mere living, was a fine thing.

Her feeling for the outlaw was so much more violent, so much more variable. She pitied him from the bottom of her heart. She hated him passionately. When she looked at him, strange flashes in his somber eyes burned her. Because of him she had known the tightening of the throat that fear brings. As she had gone to his arms, on the night she freed him, it seemed to her that the fluttering soul within had poured from her body into his. If this was not love, what was it?

## CHAPTER XXVI

OWEN MARTIN had telephoned into Tincup the hour when he might be expected with his prisoner. The two deputies discussed together the reception they would be likely to receive.

"I'll bet the whole town is lined up to meet us," Malloy predicted. "You don't reckon they'll make us any trouble, do you?"

"No trouble," Martin assured him. "I've kept Tincup posted on how well Steve is doing. But the boys will be some curious to see this fellow after all the talk there has been. If I could exhibit him and sell tickets of admission at twenty-five cents per, I'd have money to throw at the birds."

Since the prisoner was handcuffed to Malloy the chief deputy descended from the car to open the poor man's gate\* between two pastures.

"Better leave the gate open," Malloy said. "I see Miss Molly is heading this way. She'll close it."

Taylor did not look back, though he wanted to do so. He knew he must register no interest in her that might set tongues wagging.

The road wound across the pasture and up into a hill crease, following the line of least resistance.

"Going by Elk Creek pass, I see," Malloy commented.

"It's shorter," answered Martin from the front seat. "Like to get in before dark if I can."

He went into second to take the grade up the long, steep hill. The summit was a rocky hogback. In the course of millions of years erosion had eaten a gap in it through which Elk Creek tumbled.

The car drew near the top. Great boulders flanked both sides of the cut into which the road vanished.

From the rock rim above a boulder had crashed down and blocked the road.

Martin looked at it with annoyance. "Ain't that a heck of a note? You'll have to help me, Spike. I can't roll it away alone."

He unlocked the cuff around the wrist of Malloy and fastened it instead to one of the spokes of the spare. "That'll hold him till we're through," he said.

The officers put their shoulders to the rock. From the blue sky of sunshine above a harsh voice fell on them in menacing mockery.

\*A poor man's gate, in parts of the West, means one constructed of three strands of barbed wire and three more or less crooked sticks. W. M. R.

"Don't work yourselves into a sweat, boys. Take it easy and . . . stick 'em up."

The fat hands of Martin wavered into the air. He was alarmed, but not convinced yet that his alarm was justified.

"Put your right hand in your trouser pocket, get the key of the cuffs, and drop it on the ground," the grim voice ordered Martin.

THE deputy sheriff saw the barrel of a rifle directed at him through a cleft in the rocks. Back of the weapon he glimpsed a pair of glittering eyes. The rest of the face was hidden by a black bandanna.

"Now looky here, fellows," Martin protested. "A joke's a joke, but this has gone far enough. I could make you trouble if I'd a mind to, but I won't."

"Do as I say . . . or I'll drill a hole in you."

The cold chill of fear shivered through Martin. The threat in that voice was deadly. It came to the deputy that only the crook of a finger stood between him and death. If he hesitated, he was doomed.

His trembling hand slid into the pocket of his trousers. It seemed to him that his lax, nerveless fingers would never find and grip the key.

"Sure . . . sure," he quavered. "Anything you say, mister."

The key dropped to the ground.

"Skedaddle!"

"You mean—go?"

A bullet plowed into the ground at Martin's feet. He did not wait for further confirmation of the order but went down the pass with all the speed a middle-aged fat man in fear of his life could contrive. He had traveled a hundred yards before Malloy caught up with him.

Two masked men emerged from the rocks. As they came toward him Taylor recognized them instantly.

"Know who I am?" the larger one asked, a threat riding heavily in his voice.

"Yes," answered Taylor evenly. "You're Oakland."

"Thought you'd remember me." The swaggarer ripped the mask from his face and laughed cruelly. "This time I aim to give you something to remember me for, a foretaste of hell before I push you in. Fellow, you're bucked out."

The Texan did not bat an eye. With hardy effrontery he drawled a statement that was a challenge. "I see you're walking lame, Mr. Oakland."

Fury purpled the face of the man from the Picket Wire. He lashed out with his left, almost blindly, at the dark sneering countenance of the outlaw.

Taylor ducked. The big brown fist drove past his temple and crashed against the metal body of the car. So great was the force of the blow that the steel was dented.

Oakland gave a roar of pain and rage. With the fingers of his other hand he caught the throat of the prisoner to press the life out of him. Flannigan leaped forward and seized the hairy wrist of his companion, flinging his weight on it to break the grip.

"Hell's bells, Clem, go easy," he shouted. "We need this guy in our business. Don't kill him now."

The big ruffian brushed Flannigan aside, with a sweep of the arm that seemed effortless. It flung him against the rock face of the wall hemming in the road. For a moment he hung there limp, then dropped to the ground.

But the diversion had served to check for an instant the lust to kill. Oakland locked his upper and lower teeth together in a violent struggle to subdue his passion. What Flannigan had said was true.

Thickly he spoke, his voice rough with the storm that boiled in him. "Fellow . . . I'll tear you to pieces . . . if you devil me."

"That ought to be easy and safe, since I'm handcuffed," the Texan said contemptuously.

"Thought you could make a fool of me and get away with it," Oakland roared. "Thought you could play in with Walsh and Prescott

by shooting me. I'll show you, fellow, whether you can double-cross Clem Oakland."

The cold narrowed eyes of Taylor did not attempt to conceal scorn. "One couldn't make a fool of a man who thinks as crooked as you do. He is one already. How did I double-cross you? Didn't you keep me covered while I was to do murder for you under threat of death? Didn't you intend to shoot me down like a dog whether I did or didn't kill Walsh? You're rotten to the core. There isn't a streak of decency in you."

The big ruffian glared at him, for the moment too astounded by this attack to find words. It was Flannigan who answered, on his lips the evil grin that did not warm the chalky eyes.

"You're a fine bird to talk like a Sunday-school teacher, Barnett," he sneered. "We know all about you."

Oakland broke in. "Get that key, Ed, and unlock this cuff. We'll be on our way."

The two men put their prisoner on a horse and tied his handcuffed hands to the horn. They mounted their own horses. Oakland led the way. Flannigan brought up the rear, to make sure the bound man would make no attempt to escape.

They followed the ridge, dipped down from it into a draw, and wound up into the hills.

Taylor's mind was busy trying to digest the situation. They needed him in their business. So Flannigan had said. What for?

There was a reward of three thousand dollars. No doubt Oakland would like to collect it. But it would not be possible for him to get it by taking Taylor from the officers and later returning him to them. No, there was something more devilish than that in the mind of Clem Oakland.

## CHAPTER XXVII

IT WAS a day of wintry sunshine, with a touch of warmth in the air that made riding pleasant. In the distance Molly could see the car of the deputy sheriff climbing up the draw to the rock-rim. In a few moments it would vanish into the pass. She would never see again this outlaw who had so jeopardized her peace. The hours of the days and the nights that had been so full of him would be empty now. She could think of Steve, who was so admirable, so worthy of love.

A shot sounded from somewhere up in the pass. This held her interest for a moment without alarming her. Probably one of the deputies had shot at a rabbit.

The heart of the girl gave a jump. Two men

were running down from the pass. Something in their haste suggested fear. She recognized the fat figure of Owen Martin scuttling along ludicrously.

She put Gypsy to a canter and swung into the road leading to Elk Creek Pass. As soon as she reached the men she dragged the pony to a halt.

"What's the matter?" she cried.

Martin gasped for breath, not yet able to speak. "Held up," Malloy told the girl. "By a fellow with a rifle. He shot at Owen."

"Who was he?"

"Don't know. He was hidden in the rocks by the roadside. Ordered us to light out."

"Didn't rob you?"

"No, Miss. Took only the key to the handcuffs."

"Who could he be? Barnett hasn't any friends in this part of the country—if so, I haven't heard of it. Who would want to free him?"

"Search me. I'm telling you how it was."

The chief deputy managed to make his voice heard. "We'd better—get back—to the ranch."

"Yes," Molly agreed. Then, as a horrible thought jumped to her mind: "Perhaps it was someone who meant to . . . kill him."

"Why for would anyone do that—now they know Steve will make the grade?" Malloy asked.

Who could it be, thought Molly, supposing these were enemies and not friends?

Clem Oakland and his gang! The idea sent a sickness shivering through her. Not for a moment did she doubt that her guess was correct. The Texan had wounded Clem. She knew how vindictive the man was. What more likely then that now he was getting revenge upon this outlaw? His vengeance would be ruthless. She reeled under the shock of what her imagination pictured vaguely.

"Clem Oakland!" she cried, sharp pain in her voice.

"What you mean, Clem Oakland?" Martin asked.

"He held you up. Get back to the ranch, Mr. Martin, and tell my father. Hurry, please."

"Why would Clem hold me up?" Martin wanted to know irritably. "He's got nothing against me—not a thing."

"It wasn't you he wanted but your prisoner. We've got no time to talk. Please be sure to tell my father I said it was Oakland."

Martin gave no weight to her positive conviction.

"Have to borrow your horse, Miss Prescott," he said. "You're right I'd better get back to the ranch soon as I can."

"Sorry. Can't let you have Gypsy. I'm riding up to the pass." She spoke quietly enough, but fear flooded her. Already that villain Oakland might have satisfied his lust for revenge. Molly swung the pony's head toward the rock-rim.

"Hold on, girl," Martin called. "You can't do that. I want your horse, in the name of the law." He followed her a step or two, protesting.

Her answer was to touch Gypsy with the spur and set the pony to a canter. Above there, in the pass, the Texan might already be lying lifeless in the road.

She pressed up the slope to the cut and rode into it. At sight of the car she stopped. Her eyes swept the pass fearfully.

Nobody was in sight. There was no evidence that a crime had been committed. So she thought at first, with a deep breath of relief. Then she caught sight of a black handkerchief with eyeholes cut in it. On the mask was a moist red stain.

Molly set her teeth to steady herself. She must not get panicky. All her energy must be directed to help the prisoner—if help was not too late.

What would her father do now? He would pick up their trail of course. She slid from the saddle and dropped the bridle rein to the

(Continued on page 42)



"I liked his brother very much"

(Continued from page 41)

ground. Carefully she moved forward to the car. In the cut, shaded from the sun most of the day, the ground was still moist and soft from the recent snows. There were scores of footprints, many of them cut up by others pressed upon them. She could see where two sets pointed down the road toward the Quatercircle X Y. The toes of the boots cut more sharply than the heels into the mud. Martin and Malloy, running for dear life, had made these.

Others led to the rocks beside the road. She followed these, being careful not to get too close. Her father would be here soon, questing over the ground to cut sign. She did not want to make the pursuit more difficult.

Once among the rocks, she was helpless. The marks of the boots were too slight for her to see.

On a sudden inspiration, she climbed swiftly a small hill in the rim-rock and stepped from one boulder to another to the summit. Her gaze swept the panorama of huddled hills at her feet.

Her keen eyes picked up a bunch of cattle grazing in a valley. No other sign of life was visible. As she was about to turn away a little glad cry leaped from her throat. Three horsemen moved out of a crease in the hills, crossed a draw, and vanished into a gulch beyond. Two of the men were armed. Molly could see glints of sunlight reflected from the barrels of their rifles. The third one rode between these two, leaning forward in the saddle, as one might whose hands were bound to the horn.

Swiftly she ran back to the road and swung into the saddle. She guided Gypsy up the rim-rock and along the edge of it, gradually working down into a draw as opportunity offered. A little bank of snow, in the shade of a huge outcropping of boulders, had been trampled by the hoofs of horses.

Molly felt a lift of the heart. They had come this way. She was on a hot trail. She would follow it to a finish.

Her mind was working clearly, all the panic pushed down into its subconscious depths. She tore her handkerchief into small fragments and at intervals dropped pieces to show her father which way she had come.

The girl rode across the draw where she had seen the horsemen and into the gulch beyond.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

THERE were three men at the camp fire. One of them was a prisoner. He observed the others sedulously but with studied indifference. It was important to him to know exactly what kind of men they were. That his life was at stake he knew. To make a correct diagnosis of character might be of vital moment.

Roughly speaking, Taylor had Clem Oakland catalogued. He was the most ruthless human being he had ever met. In the mind of the Montana ranchman the Texan was already dead, except for the slight detail of blotting him out.

What the prisoner wanted to know was how and when.

The name of the twisted little man with the sly pointed face and the pig eyes seemed to be Jess Mosby. Plainly enough, he hated Oakland even though he joined in his evil projects. How far would that hatred carry him? No distance at all in open opposition, the Southerner decided. The old man was afraid of the domineering bully.

"We're now going to talk turkey, Texas Man," Oakland began, a jubilant note in his heavy voice.

HE WAS interrupted by Flannigan who rode into camp, snaking a log for the fire. One end of his rope was attached to the log and the other to the horn of the saddle.

"This will be all we need," he shouted. The big man turned his ire on the rider. "Better go up to the hill top and holler that we're here. Invite the whole county. Put it in the papers, you lunkhead."

"There's nobody anywhere near, Clem," protested Flannigan in an injured voice. "What's the use of getting scared?"

"Scared!" The opaque eyes blazed at the lank man. "Did you say scared?"

"I didn't mean scared, Clem," apologized the other. "I meant het up. Seems to me you're riding me all the time."

Oakland strode toward him. "Claim I'm scared, do you? Climb down from that horse and I'll wear you to a frazzle."

The shallow eyes of Flannigan reflected panic. He could not turn his pony and bolt, since the log at the end of the rope anchored him. Swiftly he swung from the saddle and backed away.

"Don't you, Clem. Don't you." His

whimpering protest lifted to a shriek of pain. The quirt was winding around his legs with savage cruelty.

He tried to break away. He screamed for mercy. At last Oakland flung him away. Drunkenly, he swayed to his horse.

"You're staying right here, fellow," the big bully told him harshly.

"A pleasant time was had by all," an ironical voice jeered.

Oakland swung around heavily. "So you've come," he snarled.

Brad Dean lounged forward, his pale cold eyes on the big ruffian. "Thought you were expecting me. Dropped in a moment ago while you and Ed were doing your act."

"Time you got here," the other growled. The bowlegged man laughed, without the least expression in his eyes. "Or you'd have got busy with your quirt again when I arrived," he suggested.

"You trying to ride me, Brad?" Oakland demanded.

"No, Clem. But when I go into a deal I want to know where I'm at. Is it your idea you can go around whaling us all with a quirt?"

Mosby plucked courage from Dean's challenge. "Y'betcha. Clem has got no license to go off the handle thataway."

The C O man knew he had gone too far. He stood frowning at the ground, then blurted out a gruff explanation that might be considered an apology if one wanted to take it so. "He said I was scared. Can't any man alive tell me that."

To the prisoner Dean spoke derisively. "Just a little difference of opinion, Mr. Barnett. The boys are real fond of each other, but once in a while they liven things up with a little argument."

"You're one of this ruffian's gang, I suppose," Taylor said quietly. "Have you come here to help him murder me?"

Dean sat down on his heels, cowboy fashion, with the manner of one ready to discuss an interesting problem.

"Has Clem declared intentions?" he asked.

"He doesn't need to declare them. What else did he bring me here for except to kill me?"

"I wonder," Dean mused, with callous indifference. "He must have some notion in his nut. Have you asked him?"

"I'm serving notice on you and these other men here that you'll be held by the law guilty of murder just as much as Oakland himself," the prisoner went on, still in a low even voice untouched by excitement.

"You're quite a stickler for the law, aren't you, Mr. Barnett? When it's on your side of course," Dean said.

The steady eyes of the handcuffed man did not falter. "You're back of him then in this business?"

"If you mean the business of Mr. Webb Barnett, I haven't a thing to do with it. I've got nothing against you. Far as I'm concerned you could live to be a Methusaleh. I'm not sitting in. No chips in the game. Unfortunate for you that Clem holds



H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

all the aces, but strictly none of my affair. If you get me."

"I get you," Taylor said. "No nerve. Afraid to stand out against him."

Oakland stood on the other side of the fire, looking down at both of them sulkily. He listened, without interrupting.

"Is that quite a fair way to put it, Mr. Barnett?" asked Dean. "I'm not one of these altruists who go around butting in. That doesn't get a fellow anywhere, and he's apt to die of lead poisoning suddenly. So I paddle my own canoe."

"You can't beg out of this, Texas Man," Oakland said brutally. "It's going to be my say-so."

Taylor did not even look at him. He spoke to Dean, coolly, as though it were a business detail, though he knew that his suggestion might bring a bullet crashing through his brain.

"There's one point, that three thousand reward for my arrest. It would split nicely three ways."

"Three ways?" Dean asked.

"I'm not counting Oakland. He's out, since he took me from the officers. But the rest of you. Why don't you take me to Tincup and collect? I'll back your play to a fare-you-well. It's a lead-pipe cinch."

"And how would we arrange this with Clem?" Dean wanted to know, blowing out a fat smoke wreath.

Oakland glared angrily at both of them, uncertain as to what effect this proposal would have on his confederates.

"Pay no attention to him," Taylor advised. "If he objects, bump him off. Unless Flannigan is so fond of him that he can't bear to have his pal hurt."

"That'll be enough from you, fellow," the big man roared in fury. "Say any more and I'll gun you now. Listen. You're the one that's in a jam, not me. The boys aren't

taking any orders from you. When I get good and ready I'll rub you out. Don't make any mistake about that. But first you've got a job to do. Soon as it's dark enough."

"Which is?" Taylor asked.

## Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 40)

M	I	R	T	H	A	B	U	S	E	S	H	A	M	S
I	O	R	A	N	G	E	U	L	S	T	E	R	A	
S	C	O	U	T	E	L	A	T	E	Y	I	E	L	D
E	L	S	E	R	T	R	U	M	P	R	A	I	L	
R	O	T	G	E	T	C	R	E	E	L	L	A	Y	
T	B	R	A	I	N	E	N	T	E	R	B			
C	H	A	R	A	C	T	E	R	T	A	G	A	L	B
R	E	P	E	N	T	R	E	G	A	L	D	U	E	L
E	R	A	T	A	V	A	I	L	N	A	G	I		
P	L	O	D	O	P	E	R	A	S	A	T	E	E	N
E	O	N	S	U	P	S	N	I	C	K	E	R	E	D
C	E	A	G	L	E	T	R	E	E	S	R			
B	A	T	C	H	A	N	T	E	N	D	V	I	A	
I	T	E	M	T	U	T	O	R	T	O	I	L	S	
S	E	R	E	S	D	I	G	I	T	O	B	E	Y	S
O	S	E	L	L	E	R	M	A	R	R	O	W	E	
N	E	E	D	Y	D	E	T	E	R	B	E	S	E	T

"You're going to blow up the Featherhead dam."

So that was what the villain was saving him for.

"Never in a thousand years," the prisoner said.

"We'll settle that right damn now," Oakland shouted, and he dragged out a .45 Colt's revolver.

Dean moved a little farther out of the line

of fire. "Just a moment, Clem," he suggested. "Not butting in or anything, you understand. But no harm in making your proposition clear. If Barnett blows up the dam you send him to kingdom come. If he doesn't, you do the same. Just what does it buy him if he does as you say?"

"It buys him about five more hours of life."

"Five hours," Dean repeated, with a lift of the shoulders. "Not so much. You're bargaining like a tightwad."

"I'm not bargaining. I'm telling him. Which is it to be, fellow? Will you take orders from me? Or shall we finish this right here? Take your choice."

The bowlegged man watched the Texan, his impassive poker face veiling the interest he felt. He had never seen this outlaw before, but the man's self-containment amazed him. The prisoner's cool gaze did not waver, though he looked straight into the barrel of the revolver. Though his heart must be hammering fast, no hint of fear lay in the steel-gray eyes. Much more than his swaggering enemy, he had the assured poise of victory.

Mosby interrupted shrilly. "Hold your horses, Clem. No hurry about this. Let me talk to him."

For purposes of avoiding possible legal complications later, Dean filed a formal protest against the murder. "I wouldn't do that, Clem. We'll talk this over reasonably."

"He's making his choice now," Oakland said obstinately.

"Which is it, fellow? Will you blow up the dam or won't you?"

Taylor leaned forward a little, to make his refusal more emphatic. "I'll see you in hell first, you scoundrel."

"Look!" Flannigan warned.

Someone was riding down the slope toward the camp. It was Molly Prescott.

(To be concluded)

## Run-Out

(Continued from page 11)

But on the long road, sliding past the endless line of traffic on the highway, nosing into one burg after another, out again, and on along the crowded boulevard, the Big Fellow had figured out what was happening to him. He didn't blame Kelly Walker—he knew that Kelly was caught, and couldn't do anything else—but he figured that Kelly would have to spread the story that the Champ had taken the powder. Kelly would have to call it a run-out. Everybody else would call it a run-out. Nothing that the Big Fellow himself could say—no wild cock-and-bull story about a kidnapping—would be believed, ever. It would go down in the books that he had taken a Micky Finn, because he was scared to get in the ring with Tiger Jack Mahler. Because he wouldn't take a dive, he was going to get charged with a run-out.

"And a champion of the world can't do that way, either," he had figured to himself.

So the Champ just looked at the big man with the gat. Then he sneered a little bit.

"You yellow dog!" he said, and made as if to turn away.

Out of the corner of his eye, warily, he saw the big man relax for an instant and lower his gun. The Champ timed every move, down to the last split fraction of a second.

Long Jawn whirled, snaked his right hand out at the other man's left, spun that gun out of it, and smashed his own left hand across to the jaw. It was a long, flashing, murderous punch, coming from nowhere, with two hundred-odd pounds of championship bone and muscle behind it. The knuckle of the Champ's left hand wrenched and split, but the big thug's jaw cracked, too. The thug jerked once and fell forward with a crash. The Champ switched out the single incandescent.

In the black room, the two squares of the

double window glowed suddenly from the night sky outside.

Outside the room in the bare hallway of the cottage, there were sudden shouts and a trampling of feet. Somebody banged and hammered on the door. Somebody began clattering at the lock.

But Long Jawn Keran, champion of the world, was on his way.

He took the middle bar of the right-hand window, wrenched at it in a fighting fury, and half scrambled, half dived, through a racking of wood and the crackle of shattered glass.

He floundered on soft ground, fought the stabbing branches of the shrubbery, and staggered out across a gravel driveway into a sparse row of bushes on the other side. He hit the white palings of a low fence, plunged over it, and found himself in some kind of a dark field.

The hue and cry burst out behind him. The house was miles from any other, evidently, and the boys did not care how much noise they made. Someone took a pot shot at him from the broken window. He heard the flat bang of the gun, sensed the flash of flame behind him, but the shot was not even close. There were lights behind him, too—maybe the boys had more than one car, back there.

There were the shapes of trees, a grove of trees, on the dark horizon over to his right. The Champ bore away toward them, plodding brokenly over the heavy ground. He was on his way.

One idea stirred in him and kept him going—the idea that he had to get away, get across the long miles of country, get through the dark, and hammer with his own two fists against everything that was trying to lick him. It was not a smart idea, like Kelly Walker's. The Big Fellow did not understand half the

things that Kelly Walker had explained to him. He knew only that they—the wise money and the millions that Kelly couldn't buck—were trying to lick him, and that he was Champion, and that before they licked him, they were all going to know they had been in a fight.

ALL night long he plodded stubbornly across country in the dark. He took open fields at a jog trot. He crawled through hedges, climbed fences—lay hidden in a ditch, once, when he saw a car coming up a lane, flashing a spotlight. He stayed away from roads and highways, as much as he could. He knew that if a gang car caught up with him in the dark, it would be the end.

The Big Fellow was on his way when the gray of morning came—the muggy, hot gray that promised a sweltering Fourth o' July.

He hit State Highway, going south, and kept close to the fences and hedges in the early hours, coming out to the road only to bum a ride when he saw a chance.

He hurried steadily south—a tall, hard, gaunt-looking tramp in an open shirt and torn trousers stained with mud. His one idea kept him going. His left hand—the hand he had hit the big gunman with—hurt him, and he held it cocked high because it ached when he swung it naturally. His legs were heavy with the night's roadwork.

"They're gonna have t' lick me, first!" he kept saying to himself, and he kept on going.

Everything had happened to him that a good manager would have prevented—sleeplessness, fatigue, injury, worry—but down in his heart of hearts the Big Fellow was a fighting man, and he wanted to fight. He plodded along

(Continued on page 44)

(Continued from page 43)

stubbornly, bitterly, wanting to fight everything that would keep him from fighting.

He rode a vegetable truck into the town of Mayfield, fifty-two miles from the city, and there he bummed a nickel off the truck-driver to buy a paper with.

"Commission Will Give Title to Mahler!" one headline said. The boxing commission had got its story into the papers. Long Jawn Keran only laughed, but he laughed with tight lips.

Along about six o'clock, after an hour without a ride, the Big Fellow bummed a cup of coffee at a lunch counter in Ferndale, nearly five miles farther down the line. The boss threw in a couple of stale doughnuts, and the Champion thanked him.

THE big fight was off—the Champ had run out, the paper said, and Olmstead wasn't willing to open the Stadium to a hundred thousand customers on the chance that Long Jawn would show up, after all, at the last minute. Kelly Walker had checked in with the boxing commission, given his story and hit cover. Frisco Hart had been called down from Oakdale, but all he knew had been very little. The Champ had run out—panic, nerves, just a plain yellow streak, whatever had caused it—and the fight was off.

The commission announced that it would visit Tiger Jack Mahler's training camp and award him the title, by default, at three o'clock that afternoon.

The sky was already sultry when the Big Fellow got out on the road again. His eyes burned with lack of sleep. He was tired. But the headlines in that paper had given his one idea a new desperation. He was in a hurry.

The holiday traffic was already swarming out on the hot highway, and the Big Fellow "worked" it for all it was worth.

Tiger Jack Mahler's training camp was at a place called Keeler's Grove, maybe twenty miles south of State Highway and about the same distance outside the big town itself.

By high noon, still on his way, the Champ had made it to Murray, where the Weston Post Road turned off in the direction of Keeler's Grove, and at Murray there was a traffic jam. The Tiger and his manager were putting on a free show, and the mob was heading down there, eager to see a title change hands, if only by default.

The Big Fellow begged rides among the cars stalled, inching along, on the Weston Post Road.

Tiger Jack was going to take on half a dozen sparring partners—a couple of them, Larry Gans and Buffalo Tony Reider, fairly well known—and at the end of the exhibition old John P. Cary, the chief of the boxing commission, was going to step into the ring, make a little speech, lift Mahler's hand, and award him the title that Long Jawn Keran had run out of.

The Big Fellow's face was ugly when he thought about it.

"Beat it!" the next driver said, taking one look at the Champ's grimed face, with a three-days' stubble of beard on it.

But the Big Fellow kept working.

Nearly three hours later—three hours on a highway jammed with cars, choked with dust, baked by the midsummer heat—Long Jawn Keran finally passed the turnstiles in the high fence around Tiger Jack Mahler's training quarters. He was dirty and road-worn. Two deep lines were cut hard into his leathery cheeks, and his eyes were reddened and savage. He held his hurt hand stiffly.

But the Big Fellow had forgotten the ache in his hand. He had forgotten the heaviness in his legs. And if his eyes burned, there was a light in them, too. He was on his way—nearly there—and he was a fighting man.

He crowded his way through

the mob, and in his heart he believed he could lick the mob, could lick the wise money—could lick anything and anybody that tried to take his title away, or make him do anything that a Champion of the World can't do.

The Mahler camp was a three- or four-acre piece with a training ring set near a couple of high, scraggly trees in the exact center of it. At the front there was a big house—Mahler's living quarters—and back at the rear of the lot there was a long, one-story shed fitted up with dressing rooms and showers for the sparring staff. There were five or six thousand people jammed into the big lot, and more were crowding through the turnstiles every minute. The Champ shouldered his way through this mob, felt the mob closing in around that ring, looked over the mob's heads and beyond it to the fence. The dust was rising up slowly into the still air on all sides, like the smoke of a prairie fire. Even beyond the high board fences—beyond the ragged trees that fringed the lot—the dust was rising, the crowds were closing in, kids were shooting off firecrackers, and the noise of the mob filled the hot air.

"Whereya goin'?" the big guard asked the Champ, at the training shed door.

"I'm sparrin' this afternoon," the Big Fellow said, not looking up.

"Th' hell you are!"

"Th' hell I ain't!" the Champ said, and walked past and into the first of the dressing rooms. Big men didn't bother the Champ. He spoke their language—and looked it.

So there, in the dark barn where Tiger Jack Mahler's training staff dressed, Long Jawn Keran's run-out ended and his come-back began.

He grabbed Larry Gans—old, ring-wise Larry Gans—in a corner of the first dressing room, and while Gans gasped in astonishment, the Champ collared him and talked fast to him, and ended up by borrowing Larry's ring clothes and taking Larry's place on the list of Tiger Jack's exhibition partners.

When the crowd outside began yelling, and the boys in the training shed crowded to the door, watching, the Big Fellow was wearing Larry's trunks and shoes, and Larry was lacing the big eight-ounce gloves on over the Big Fellow's bandaged hands. Larry had wrapped the left hand particularly tight, seeing the hand swollen and the knuckles raw.

"Is that why y' run out last night?" Larry asked.

"No," the Big Fellow said.

Larry did not ask any more questions—and that answer of Long Jawn Keran's is the only explanation he ever gave to anybody. A champion of the world can't take a dive, and he can't take a run-out—not to stay out, anyway. But an alibi is another thing that a champion of the world can't have.

"I go on second," Larry said to the Champ.

"Who's first?"

"A guy named Kinney," Larry said. "He's out there now."

The Champ nodded and stood up. He stamped his feet in Larry's shoes—a size and a half too big for him. He adjusted the strap and cup under the trunks. He swung his arms, flexed his legs. Then he slung a towel over his head and shoulders and went out into the yelling crowd.

"In this corner—" the announcer was shouting.

The Champ jammed his way down through the last rows of the mob. On the far side, over beyond the ring, a little procession was threading its way from Tiger Jack's headquarters—and while the crowd cheered, the Big Fellow

stared over for his first glimpse of the challenger. He could see the Tiger's broad, savage face—with a grin on it now—and the scarlet dressing gown he wore over his shoulders. In the near corner of the ring the first of the sparring partners, a big, shaggy, black-browed fellow, leaned on the ropes, waiting.

The announcer kept shouting, making gestures. The time-keeper clanged the gong.

"In this corner, Knockout Kinney, Oklahoma, th' Driller Kid!" the announcer bawled, pointing.

And then, with a flash of that scarlet bathrobe, Tiger Jack Mahler leaped up to the ring ledge, vaulted the ropes and walked out to the center of the ring. His manager, Fisher Crawley, followed him. Handlers and seconds crowded in behind him.

The Big Fellow shoved his way through the last few rows of spectators, laid his hand on the ring ledge—

"An' in this corner, Tiger Jack Mahler!" the announcer boomed, "—Tiger Jack Mahler—the lad who has met and beaten the best—thirty knockouts in the last thirty starts—the next and greatest heavyweight boxing champion of the world! Ladies and gentlemen—"

The announcer's last flourish was drowned in the noise.

They were lacing the second glove on Tiger Jack's hands when Long Jawn Keran, the Big Fellow, Heavyweight Champion of the World, banged his injured left hand on the ring ledge and leaped up to the canvas floor.

"Get out!"

He stood in front of Knockout Kinney and threw off the towel that had muffled his head and shoulders. Kinney stared like a man seeing a ghost.

Slowly, strangely, a new note rang high in the growing roar of the crowd. Knockout Kinney turned and crawled through the ropes. The tight-packed mob took him, and the mob's high murmur spread out and away from the ring. Something astonishing and unexpected and unbelievable swept through the crowd like a wind, and moved it, and a great sighing clamor flooded out through the crowded yard, out to the high fences, out beyond them—beyond the straggle of trees, the clouds of sultry dust, the parked flivvers on the high ground outside—

THE Big Fellow stood there for a moment, his chin dropping automatically behind his left shoulder, his long left shoulder, his long left hand going out, his body dropping into his fighting posture.

The Big Fellow saw Tiger Jack Mahler turn around.

He saw the referee turn suddenly to stare at him. He saw the announcer, blinking stupidly, sweating. He saw Fisher Crawley grab suddenly at the ropes, yelling. And the mob's voice was shouting at the Big Fellow, now. The mob's eyes were on him. He walked forward slowly toward Tiger Jack Mahler.

"Get out!"

The Champ shoved at the referee, pushed the fat announcer aside, walked slowly, crouching, into Tiger Jack's corner.

And then, at the wicked fighting grin that suddenly overspread the Tiger's broad face, the Big Fellow forgot what he had been going to say. He had intended to make a speech, but he forgot it. He had made up his mind to say: "Come an' get it, kid! I'm heavyweight champion of th' world—and if you want it, come an' get it!"

He had meant to say that, but he forgot it.

But Mahler answered the Big Fellow's look—he answered it with his fighting grin, and the sudden, fierce glint in his narrowed eyes. Mahler shook himself away from his handlers, swept his manager away with a back-hand push of his powerful left.

"Take this off!" the Tiger said, and a handler tugged and hauled, then dropped back through



Morro Castle, built by the Spaniards about 1700

the ropes, trailing that scarlet dressing gown of the Tiger's behind him.

And the Tiger's ripping, hooking left shot out, jolted the Big Fellow's head back—

Long Jawn Keran sobbed and laughed and snarled, all at once. He leaned into his long left, drove in, felt the sudden stab of pain from that injured hand—

The two men met in a thudding, pounding fury, and for one high moment the mob in the yard was hushed. The dust rose high into the sultry gray of the sky. The mob huddled close, a welter of living bodies with white faces turned blankly toward the ring. And for one high moment the only sound was the savage thrash and pounding of the two fighting men on the canvas floor, the fierce hiss of their breathing, and smash and thud of their heavy gloves.

The Big Fellow bored into the cruel flurry of the Tiger's clawing—and in that instant the hostile millions were gone, the wise money was licked, and the things he did not understand were all forgotten. He was alone where he wanted to be alone.

The savage tumult of new noise flooded the lot, then, and the ring and the gray sky. The crowd rose up, beat on the ring, surged up against it. The Big Fellow, diving into a clinch and bearing down, wrestling, looked over Mahler's shoulder and saw the crowd's assault. He saw Fisher Crawley trying to struggle through the ropes. Somebody was pulling at him, snatching at him. A state policeman loomed up from the mob at the ring's edge, grabbed the ropes—was torn from it and tumbled back into the mob. Figures from the mob scrambled up to the canvas ledge and fell back again, and the Big Fellow saw them through a red fog.

The crowd was battling, too—battling for a chance to see those two men alone in the ring. Challenger and Champion, fighting it out, man to man, for the world's title.

The Champ shoved the Tiger away from him, hammered him to the ropes, beat his body in a clinch.

There was no referee, no time limit, no rules.

The Big Fellow felt his left knocked down, and he took Mahler's left hooks on his right glove, covering his jaw, breaking ground. He tried to drive his own left hand through again.

The Tiger was on him in a flash, hooking and tearing at him. The Big Fellow took a right to the jaw that half spun him 'round. He threw his right blindly as he turned. The Tiger was on him again. A smash in the mouth numbed him, shook him, and sent the salt savor of blood up through his nose. He slipped a right, stepped into a clinch and used the weight of his body while Mahler roughed him around the ring.

He was hurt. He tore loose, frantically, fell into his crouch, and when Mahler came in hooking again, he stabbed his long left—it was already numb—to keep Mahler away. He held his right hand cocked, his jaw covered, and bore straight into the Tiger's rush.

Something in the mob's yell warmed him then—something high-pitched and mad and exultant. He was Long Jawn Keran, Champion of the World, and the crowd would always

cheer him when it saw him boring in with that fighting crouch of his!

His head cleared for the first time, and he began to think while he fought. He stabbed the Tiger away with his numbed left. He fainted the Tiger for an opening.

Mahler came in again, bobbing past the Big Fellow's long left, hooking to the body with short punches that suddenly jolted the Champ back to his heels. The Big Fellow saw a spot and threw his right over. It landed high on Mahler's cheek, but it stopped him

LAUNDRY  
WORKERS  
ARE REQUESTED  
NOT TO TEAR  
GARMENTS.

"So I lets him have one like  
this—right on the button"



for an instant. The Tiger clinched. Long Jawn punched with both hands free, digging into Mahler's body. Mahler, wrestling away, tried to spin the Big Fellow around as he broke.

The Champ jabbed his left at the opening, then smashed over his right, clipping the Tiger alongside the jaw and spilling him in a sprawl on the canvas.

For one second the Big Fellow stood there in the center of the ring, looking at the man on the floor.

For one second, while Mahler twisted himself off the canvas, the mob's yell went through the Big Fellow's whole body again, thrilled him, satisfied him and made him content.

He jumped back, gave Mahler room to get up—and the minute the Tiger was off the canvas crowded in on him again, pumping the left into him, holding the right hand cocked and ready.

THEN the Tiger made his bid. Even Long Jawn's great left hand could not stand the savage hammering of the Tiger's flailing hooks. The Big Fellow broke ground—yet even as he did it, something savage and exultant flamed up in him, and he knew that here, in the next ten seconds, was the attack he had to beat.

The Tiger's right hand came over.

The Big Fellow, stunned and blinded, tried to clinch—missed—threw left and right—and felt once more the terrific, banging impact of Tiger Jack Mahler's best hand. He tasted and smelt the smear of his own blood. His eyes were blurred. He slipped another right. He threw all his weight and fighting fury into his counter-attack. He felt, rather than saw, the flashing, hammering glint of the sunlight on the Tiger's arms. He rammed his left at Mahler's face, bored in with his left hand out

and his right cocked over his jaw. He weathered the storm, bored into it—rocked the Tiger once with a right hand—

But the Tiger kept coming. He did not slow up. His punches hurt. For the least part of a second the Big Fellow felt suddenly bewildered. He fought back with all he had, tried to bore in, tried to break that attack with his heavy left hand and give himself a chance for the right.

The Tiger kept coming.

The Big Fellow rocked back. Suddenly, like the impact of a heavy blow, all the weariness and sleeplessness and worry of the last hours hit the Big Fellow. His body felt empty, suddenly, and his arms were heavy.

He cursed the night without sleep. He cursed the dark nightmare where he had wasted himself, stumbling across ploughed fields. He cursed the long hours on the highway, the dust and the heat.

Long Jawn wrenched at his arms to make them move. He pumped his hands at the Tiger—

But he fell back.

He slipped one right, blocked another, clinched. He almost left his feet when the Tiger yanked at him, wrestled him, broke him loose. The Tiger kept coming.

A black sledgehammer banged suddenly on the Big Fellow's jaw, wrenching the bones. The

Champ went to his knees. He saw the ring floor just in front of him, splashed with red. He sagged.

Mahler's knee caught him in the face. Mahler's two gloves hammered at his head. He grappled at Mahler's legs, felt himself kicked loose, then tried to get up. Something black and heavy banged at his face again and he clutched at the canvas floor. He was tumbling sidewise—

Everything was fair. It was a fight—no rules, no referee, no—

The Big Fellow knew, then, with a strange and sudden conviction, that he had only one chance in the world to do the thing he had come back to do. He knew he could not last. He knew that his only chance was to go in throwing gloves, fighting out of every clinch—to go in hammering at the Tiger, and keep hammering until one or the other of them went down.

He climbed off the floor into Mahler's hammering fists. He fought his way through the punches. He grabbed Mahler about the body, dug his chin into Mahler's shoulder, wrestled him back in a blind fury. The Tiger pulled his elbow through, cracked the Big Fellow with it, pried him away—

The Champ was on the floor again before he knew it, and when he climbed up, he went down again, sprawling—

As Mahler came scuffling in, the Champ rolled, got to his knees. Mahler whirled past, into the ropes, and the Big Fellow stood up.

Then the Big Fellow charged.

He saw Mahler on the ropes. Mahler's left banged the Big Fellow's blinded eye, but it no longer hurt. Dazed, seeing only through a fog, the Champ hammered his way in close. Mahler slugged his way off the ropes. The

(Continued on page 46)

(Continued from page 45)

Champ, crouching, jammed the Tiger's head back with the long left. He saw his chance. He came out of his crouch like a catapult, whipping over the right hand.

The Champ stepped back, shaking his head against the fog, watching the Tiger slide down the ropes to the floor. He circled back on unsteady legs, watching, waiting—

Tiger Jack Mahler got to his hands and knees. The Champ saw him staring up, savage, astonished. The Champ saw that Mahler's face, too, was smeared with blood. He watched—

And then, back of the ring post behind Mahler, the Big Fellow saw a man making motions to him. Out of all the fogged and crazy mob, the Big Fellow saw that one man. And in that second the Champ knew that there was one man in the mob who was not fogged, not crazy—one man who was watching things for him, helping him, giving him the office.

The man was Kelly Walker, cold-eyed and poker-masked again, and he was giving the Big Fellow the office to hold everything, measure his man, make his one next punch do the business—

Tiger Jack Mahler got to his feet and came in like a wild man.

But the Champ stepped back out of the smother of the Tiger's hammering fists. He stepped back, threw in his left, threw it in

again. Out of the high uproar of the mob's noise and from somewhere beyond the fog that was beginning to blind him, the Champion heard Kelly Walker's fist thumping the canvas floor.

Swiftly then, like a Champion—like a great workman—the Big Fellow measured the Tiger with his left—

He stepped in short, hooking his right, threw in his two hundred and ten pounds of fighting weight and smashed Tiger Jack Mahler on the point of the jaw.

The Big Fellow himself reeled back from the impact. He caught himself against falling. He looked at the Tiger.

The Tiger fell forward.

The Tiger's right hand went out, open and clutched, no longer clenched. The Tiger banged on the canvas, rolled over—

The ring tilted crazily, and the Champion of the World saw a line of trees wavering against the horizon. He saw figures of men, blurred and moving. He heard them shouting at him, felt them clutching at him. He shoved at them, hit out as hard as he could at them, and found that his arms would not work. His left arm ached. He could not see very well.

"John! You damn fool! You damn fool!" Somebody was holding him up, wrestling at him, calling him a damn fool.

But when at last the ring was cleared a little, and the crowd was milling back of the ropes,

and Kelly Walker was where the Big Fellow could see him again, the Champion went over to Mahler's corner and shook his hand. The Big Fellow remembered then what he had wanted to say, but he remembered, also, that it was not Tiger Jack Mahler he had wanted to say it to.

The mob yelled and milled, but Long Jaw Keran went up to the ropes, held himself up while his knees trembled, and made a speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, and the mob, curiously, gave him quiet. He looked out from the ring at the mob's dusty huddle, and the gaunt fences, the training shed and the straggle of trees. The millions and the wise money had shut him out of the Lincoln Stadium, the purse of six hundred grand, and the crowd of a hundred thousand cash customers piled high on towering bleachers. But somehow, blindly, doggedly, driven by that notion of his, the Big Fellow had won this dusty mob and this dusty lot, instead.

He made his speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the Big Fellow said, "My name is Keran—John Keran—and I'm still Heavyweight Champion of the World!"

He saw Kelly Walker hugging at a ring post, and when he looked at Kelly he saw that Kelly turned his face away and hugged that ring post and cried like a lost kid.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the Big Fellow said, "I thank you one and all!"

## By Special Permission

(Continued from page 13)

pluggers, were grateful for the free ballyhoo being given their tunes by this strange new toy, radio. Buck visioned the wireless as a threat to his members' incomes, and, even though the publishers couldn't see Buck's way, the more numerous composers and lyricists could. So they passed a resolution for another court fight.

Station WOR in New Jersey, a pioneer in the field and one of the best known at the time, was selected for a test case. Some undoubtedly harmless tenor had sung "Mother Machree" with no intention of offense whatever, so the ASCAF sued WOR for broadcasting "Mother Machree" without permission. With Justice Holmes' decision as a back-ground, it was ruled that radio tenors couldn't go Mother Machreeing without permission. With cabarets and hotels already under control, the music-makers now had the radio stations under thumb.

But nobody knew, in dollars and cents, just how much broadcasting was worth. Station WEA, biggest in the field with WOR, reluctantly took out a license for permission to use copyrighted music for one year. It paid \$500. Now it pays \$37,500 a year, and the chances are that it will have to pay much more.

With WOR and WEA in line, Gene Buck next went after the Radio Corporation of America, which was operating six or seven stations with WJZ as the key. Not knowing the exact commercial value of the license he had to sell, Buck offered to give the Radio Corporation a free license for six months, just to establish the principle of the thing. David Sarnoff of R. C. A. at first refused, and then he offered to take out a license for a number of years.

"Nothing doing," said Buck. "Why, the Government won't give you your operating license for longer than ninety days at a time. The Government doesn't know where radio will lead to, and neither do we. We won't tie ourselves up for a long term."

Even to-day the Government, watching broadcasting grow by leaps and bounds, issues all licenses for ninety-day periods.

Sarnoff refused Buck's terms. "There are enough operas and symphonies in the public domain to satisfy our listeners," he argued, "so we just won't use copyrighted music at all." But he was wrong; the public wanted new

music. The first break into the R. C. A. chain came when an advertiser who was offering a program in Pittsburgh insisted upon new music. Buck's Society sold the Pittsburgh station a one-hour broadcasting license for \$20. And for the \$20 the station could have its pick of music.

AT PRESENT some 500 stations pay license fees ranging from \$25 a year to the \$37,500 each paid by WEA and WJZ, and the Society tells each station what can and what cannot be played. Once a month the Society sends to all stations and program-makers a list of music titles. "The following," says the list, "have been withdrawn from use by all stations. . . . Performances of the following compositions from the musical-comedy productions indicated are restricted, but on request in writing, specifying the name, date and hour of the program, occasional special permissions will be granted."

Each new list always includes the musical shows running on Broadway. In addition the restricted material includes "Peter Ibbetson," "The King's Henchman," and the "Through the Looking-Glass" suite by Deems Taylor; all of Harry Lauder's songs, Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," and music from such former successes as "The Desert Song," "Show Boat," "Rose Marie," "Sally," "Sunny," and "The Student Prince."

Think back over your last few nights of radio listening. How many times have you heard "Ol' Man River" or "Indian Love Call" or "One Alone"? Not many, and the reason is, not that these songs are outmoded, for you probably would enjoy hearing them again; they are on the restricted list, and the society is trying to keep them alive and popular as long as it can.

But even this protection is not considered complete by the songwriters. They complain that they get little income from foreign rights to their music; that radio, movies, and all the other new channels for music are not paying enough, and that the songwriters don't get their fair share of the proceeds that do come in.

When the announcer says "by special permission of the copyright owner," he means the publisher. It is the publisher who has the final say as to disposition of songs: it is he whose

permission is necessary for a broadcast. And that, says Billy Rose, is sometimes a shame.

Rose, songwriter who turned producing manager, presented a revue last season entitled "Sweet and Low." In it were several hit songs by Rose—"Cheerful Little Earful" and "Would You Like to Take a Walk" among them. "Cheerful Little Earful" in particular was popular, and the publisher saw in it a gold mine. Broadcasters clamored to use it and the publisher, inspired with the urge to make the nation cheerful-little-earful conscious, permitted almost unrestricted use of the song.

What happened? On New Year's Eve, 1931, not long after Rose's revue had opened, the song was broadcast twenty-two times. For a week or two the song was heard on the radio ten or twenty times a night. The result, according to Rose, was a swift, nation-wide nausea. The song that stopped the show less than a month before was now greeted coldly by the audiences. Furthermore, only 100,000 copies of the sheet music were sold, when, according to Rose, it should have sold half a million.

LAST spring Rose turned out another show, "Crazy Quilt," which is touring this season, and in it he was lucky enough or smart enough to have another hit song—"I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." Having learned his lesson, Rose made a contract with his publisher that this song should go on the restricted list. Consequently you haven't heard it often; just enough, perhaps, to whet your interest, and if "Crazy Quilt" should come your way on its tour you'll greet the song with something warmer than apathy. Sheet music sales, says Rose, indicate that the million-dollar-baby song will far outsell all the others from his previous revue.

Two years ago a song hit of first water would sell 2,000,000 sheet-music copies and 2,000,000 records. Nowadays the profession regards a song as a terrific hit if its sales in sheet music reach 250,000 and its records 200,000. I am informed that every publisher has lost money during the last year and a half, and writers' incomes, according to Rose, have dwindled 75 per cent.

So the songwriters have decided something further must be done about it. One contract

for reproduction rights, drawn with the Electrical Research Products Institute, should bring \$2,000,000 in 1932, they believe, and they are out to get it.

With Rose as president they have formed the Songwriters Protective Association. Rather than being a split from the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, it is regarded as a consolidation of the power of this organization, and Gene Buck, head of the Society, is also a member of the Protective Association. Important figures in the Association are Irving Berlin, Sigmund Romberg, George and Ira Gershwin and George M. Cohan. They have appointed what the headline writers would call a song czar—M. Koenigsberg, former newspaper syndicate operator and an authority on copyright law. Koenigsberg's first program is to have copyright ownership vested in the writers rather than in the publishers. The organization has already considered applying for an American Federation of Labor charter—something that would arouse outspoken controversy over classing creative musicians—including opera composers such as Deems Taylor—as union laborers.

During the years when Victor Herbert's organization was fighting the Shanley case through Federal courts, the music publishers, too, became class conscious. They, however, found that they must organize to protect themselves from each other, rather than from an outside enemy. Song-plugging had reached a poisonous stage, with publishers paying vaudeville acts to popularize certain numbers. An act would be paid as much as \$2,500 a year to "plug" a certain group of songs. This became an item of great expense, and, besides, the public was getting weary. When the Keith Circuit threatened punitive measures, the publishers formed a protective association and its members took oath not to use unfair competition in exploitation.

Song-plugging in the old sense is gone, but a new bugaboo has arisen. It is called cutting-in, and songwriters are vastly upset over it. The radio has created magic personalities—Rudy Vallee, Kate Smith, Morton Downey, Bing Crosby and many more vocalists, and just as many popular orchestra leaders. These, with their national hookups and their audiences of millions, can create instant popularity for a song. The bribe, however, is out; for the Music Publishers Protective Association is

bound by that solemn oath concerning unfair practices toward each other. So the great radio personalities are not paid with spot cash to plug a song; instead, they are cut in.

Suppose a songwriter brings a new ditty to a publisher, and the publisher thinks it's a great number (or he thinks it can be made a great number).

"Look here," says he to the songwriter. "If I publish this song under your own name it will do fairly well. Maybe the broadcasters will like it. But let's do this instead. Let's make Soandso"—one of the troubadours of the ether waves—"co-author of the song. We'll give him a percentage of your royalties, and he will plug it as much as he can. The sales will be much bigger, and in the end you'll really get more money."

Cutting-in is a wide-spread practice. Sometimes the real author of a song is not known to the public. In return for a share of the royalties he allows a broadcast star to pose as the song's creator. One of the most popular of recent radio tunes is accredited to a woman singer, whereas in truth it was written by a man who is obscure even in Tin Pan Alley.

The Music Publishers Protective Association and the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers have set up elaborate and efficient machinery for collecting income. They have divided the rights between them. In a general way the A. S. C. A. P. controls items coming under the head of Justice Holmes' decision—public performances for profit. The publishers' organization controls the reproduction rights—sheet music, phonograph records, sound films.

The composers tax motion-picture theatres ten cents a seat per year. This for the privilege of playing music. The publishers levy another fee of five cents a seat per year for the reproduction of music in sound films. The publishers collect their money from the motion-picture firms; thus, Warner Brothers are charged according to the number of theatres in which their films are shown, here and in Canada. And if both Warner and Paramount films are shown in the same theatre, each company must pay the fee.

Foreign rights on sound films cost so much per number. If a song is used once in a motion-picture, the charge is \$75, and if only part of it is used the charge is \$34. If a theme song is used ten times the levy is \$750. Although music is heard less often than formerly in

domestic movies, the foreign versions still lean heavily upon music to eliminate dialogue that people speaking other languages could not understand. A song by Berlin, even if it is projected in Hollywood English, is more understandable abroad than is the perfect enunciation of George Arliss. World rights to music for an average picture cost about \$3,000.

Because of the growth of "canned" broadcast programs the license systems of composers and publishers overlap. A wax-recorded broadcast program—and there are more than seventy of them regularly on the air—is a mechanical reproduction, yet it is also held to be a public performance for profit. So, while the composers get their share through the levy on broadcasting stations, the publishers get theirs from a fee exacted for the records, and collected from the firms engaged in making the waxed disks. For "canned" programs the charge is twenty-five cents for each composition, and it is collected for every record made. This arrangement was only recently completed, and it is estimated that the income for the last part of 1931 would be \$75,000 and a great deal more in 1932.

THE publishers have also been negotiating for the licensing of musical films used in schools and churches on a flat rate of \$10 per composition on each master film.

The 1931 income of the Music Publishers' Protective Association is estimated at \$500,000 by John G. Payne, chairman of the board of directors. This money goes back to member publishers, and is divided by them with the authors and composers on the regular royalty basis. The fees in each case are easily accountable, and making a correct division is only a matter of mathematics.

The American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, on the other hand, has no such simple way of whacking up its profits. The yearly income is about \$1,500,000, half of which goes to music publishers and half to composers and authors. But how? Although the Society maintains representatives in nearly every State, it is physically impossible to check up on the number of times each composition is played.

Once a year the board of governors of the A.S.C.A.P. meets to make its classifications. Twelve men represent all phases of modern

(Continued on page 48)



H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

(Continued from page 47)

music—Tin Pan Alley songs and operas; publishers of popular songs and publishers of standard music. These twelve men sit beneath a bust of Victor Herbert and judge their kind.

The directors class members as A writers, B writers, C and D writers; there are also lower classifications described as 1, 2, 3 classes. The lists are set for one year, and every three months members receive checks that are large in proportion to the members' classifications.

Cohan, because songs like his "Over There" have endured, is an A writer, even though his only recent song is something he wrote to frighten gangsters in an anti-gang mass meeting in New York. Gershwin, Youmans and Berlin are in the A class. But a full list of the classifications has never been given out, and there is no appeal from the directors' decision. These twelve men are the judges of what music is popular, whether it be "The Peanut Vendor" or "The King's Henchman." An A writer receives about \$6,000 a year.

Even after the classifications are established the division of money is complicated. An A writer may do business with a D publisher, or vice versa. A lyricist may provide words for the music of a D composer. The system of payment is highly flexible, and apparently satisfactory to everyone concerned.

In addition to the broadcasting establishments, the public performance for profit fees are levied upon dance halls, hotels and boats. Dance-hall licenses are based upon surrounding population and floor space, and the fees run from \$5 to \$350 a year. The maximum fee for a hotel is \$400 a year, and is based upon the number of orchestras employed and whether or not radio service is provided in every room. The matter of hotel radios went to the Supreme Court before the A. S. C. A. P. won its point—and the Society, incidentally, has never lost a suit.

A few years ago the menace of lyric bootlegging cost the music industry an estimated \$10,000,000 in loss of sheet music sales, and occasionally it recurs. In 1929 one Harry Segal innocently started this expensive racket. Segal was known as the Shakespeare of the Bowery. A genial soul who expressed himself in verse, he published a green sheet called "Harry Segal's Latest Popular Songs." It contained no music; just verse, and the lines weren't written to fit any particular melody.

Segal had unburdened himself of every type of ditty—mammy song, "nut" song, Yiddish song, love song. "The City of Happiness is in the State of Your Mind," said one. "Twee, Twee, twee, I'm a daffy daffydilly," said

another. "Night time is date time in Maytime," said a third. Harry also wanted to know who washed Washington's wash when Washington's wife went West.

The Shakespeare of the Bowery gave these green sheets to Coney Island vendors who sold them in bales. Other pitchmen not employed by Harry looked with envy. Unable to find another Shakespeare to write some competitive verse, they decided to reprint the choruses of all the Broadway song hits in flagrant violation of copyright. The nation-wide spread of this lucrative racket nearly ruined the sheet-music business before the courts could be persuaded to stop it.

In the simple old days, before the two revolutions of radio and talking-pictures, a songwriter's life was not complicated. He wrote his piece, the publisher sold the sheet music, and the phonograph companies paid a royalty of two cents a record. But now a piece of music must be jealously guarded by three powerful organizations, a complicated system of licenses, and the constant effort to keep pace with the advancement of science. The only reminder you have of these things is the voice of the station announcer:

"By special permission of the copyright owners." It is a warning, in the Broadway argot, to lay off.

## "Thar's Radium in Them Hills"

(Continued from page 8)

the shore of Great Bear Lake knew that what felt so heavy in his cold, unmitten hand was pitchblende; but he was too experienced a prospector to become excited. Before he returned to tell his snow-blind partner of his find he searched out a second vein.

This was no freakish little hunk such as he had treasured back in Ontario; the veins were as wide and wider than his two feet encased in heavy, elk-hide boots. Three days they remained there until St. Paul once more could see and help to stake the property. Between them they had licenses for staking rights to thirty-six claims, each fifteen hundred feet square. The fact that they staked but two claims before they started on for Hunter Bay is clear proof that they were far from fully appreciating the richness of their find.

THEY thought they might find even better showings somewhere in the thirty miles. Moreover, they had a rendezvous at Hunter Bay with a party of men including LaBine's brother Charles, with whom their fortunes were associated. These men were coming north by boat in order to study the water route from the end of the railroad at Waterways far to the south in Manitoba; at Hunter Bay they received word that the party would be delayed. The weather was moderating. Some of the prospectors at Hunter Bay were striking into the bush. They heard men discussing Echo Bay. They wished themselves back on those veins of pitchblende but they could no longer travel over the ice and a heavily laden canoe was hardly a safe craft on that inland sea called Great Bear Lake. Then, in mid-July, an airplane swooped down out of the clouds to Hunter Bay. It belonged to a free lance pilot, W. J. McDonough. Promptly LaBine engaged him for a trip back to Echo Bay.

When they arrived there for the second time they saw a group of prospectors camped right on the spot where they had found the pitchblende. Now LaBine began to know the taste of fear. One of this group was a geologist; it was hardly to be expected that a man so thoroughly trained would fail to identify the ore which showed in that place LaBine and St. Paul had staked; but he did fail and with his party moved on to look for better ground.

Thereafter LaBine and St. Paul staked to the limit of their licenses; and when they were

joined by three associates still more ground was staked.

It was not until a year later, in May, 1931, that silver was first discovered at a point six miles from that first rich find of pitchblende; and in July of that year an airplane flew away to the south carrying a forty-pound piece of ore that was so nearly a solid block of native silver as to make beholders gasp. If LaBine were ever disposed to make such use of so grand a souvenir that single block might be minted into shining silver dollars enough to fill a stout canvas bag.

More than silver was shipped out; something vastly more impressive. At a cost of about \$400 a ton, twenty tons were shipped by water, across the lake and up the Mackenzie to the end of the railroad at Waterways. This shipment consisted of twenty tons of hand sorted pitchblende ore. From it, experts have estimated, about two and a half grams of radium can be concentrated. For an understanding of the insignificant bulk of two and a half grams heap as much granulated sugar as can be piled on a base the size of a silver dime; but if you want to buy that much radium prepare to write a check for \$125,000. The current price of radium is about \$50,000 a gram. Under the stimulus of those pitchblende deposits at Great Bear Lake the price, it seems certain, will come down somewhat, but it is never going to be cheap. In all the world there is considerably less than a pound; yet in the hospitals of the United States alone there is a distressing need of the equivalent of several pounds. It is employed in the treatment of cancer.

It is no wonder that Western Canada Airways had difficulty that summer in providing sufficient planes to meet the demand of geologists, mining engineers and prospectors who wished to be transported forthwith to Great Bear Lake. By the time the winter freeze-up came bringing December temperatures of forty degrees below zero an area of about forty or fifty square miles in and around Great Bear Lake had been staked. Much of this ground betrays evidence of mineralization but to what extent it is mineralized and with what kinds of minerals is a secret not likely to be revealed until there is intensive prospecting this summer. Dynamite, diamond drilling machinery and much back-breaking toil with picks and shovels will tell more about the quantity and quality of the wealth that is

hidden there. Roughly speaking, all the interesting claims around Echo Bay lie within the borders of an encircling granite formation; but Echo Bay is a mere pinpoint among the possibilities of the Northwest Territories.

All told probably no more than fifty men managed to get to Great Bear Lake last summer. This year it is expected by men familiar with the situation that a thousand or more will find the means to have themselves transported there. Mere wishing is not enough. Last summer the cost of flying from Edmonton, Alberta, to Great Bear Lake was figured on a basis of \$1.50 a pound. From Waterways, at the end of the railroad, the cost was \$1 a pound. Since each passenger had to carry sufficient food and other supplies to maintain himself it was well nigh impossible to figure a round trip at less than \$2,500 a man.

Most of the planes and flyers are in the service of Western Canada Airways, subsidiary of a larger air transport company which in turn is controlled by two of the largest railroad systems of Canada. This company has established a series of stations on the lakes and rivers in the thirteen hundred mile route between Edmonton and Great Bear Lake. This is important because gasoline on Echo Bay becomes a fluid worth more than wine or whiskey. The problem of refueling is the one thing which serves to keep the region from being overrun with free lance airplane pilots. There are some; that chap McDonough, for example; and McDonough has suddenly become rich.

THERE is an ironic flavor to the luck of McDonough, which is bitter medicine to one of the big exploration companies of Canada. This outfit in recent years has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on airplane expeditions into the Northwest Territories, each of which was a hunt for mineral wealth. In the same year that LaBine found pitchblende at Echo Bay this company had had a prospector taken into the same region. The company's geologists had determined that those rusty gossans were worth careful investigation. The man they sent to make the investigation was an experienced prospector, but as he was being flown northward, just under the clouds, he saw some greenish stone shining on the land below. It suggested gold to him; he had seen

rock like that back in Ontario at Porcupine. So, at Echo Bay this prospector was restless. Beneath his feet was a wealth probably sufficient to pay the Canadian government's debt, but he had gold fever, and no eyes for that which LaBine had seen.

When McDonough brought LaBine and St. Paul down from Hunter Bay this prospector made a deal with the pilot. He lacked money to pay for a flight to that region which had seized his imagination, but he offered to use a part of his limited staking rights on behalf of the flyer; and the deal was made. The prospector staked six claims not far from LaBine's claims and then signed papers transferring his rights to McDonough, who had no mining license. Then, with all his supplies, he was flown away. It was an expensive ride he took. It is said that McDonough has since received a payment of \$50,000 for his claims plus an interest in the company which took them over; as fat a profit as has ever been taken by the chauffeur of an aerial taxi journey.

THERE is a significance in the fact that McDonough had no mining license. He had gone without one deliberately out of respect for a code of ethics that governs the men who pilot the planes of the prospectors. A few years ago a couple of prospectors hired two planes for a journey into Northern Saskatchewan. On the slopes rising from a lake in an uninhabited region they found evidences of rich mineralization and staked claims. When the planes returned for them according to an agreed plan they were flown out. They intended to come back with other licensed employees whose staking rights they could use to encompass a larger share of their lucky find. When they did come back they were disappointed to discover that other claims had been staked on all sides of them; but their disappointment was overwhelmed by an angry sense of injustice when they discovered that the staking had been done by the pilots of the planes they had chartered for their original visit to the region.

For the proper development of their find as a mining property they had to have the land claimed by the pilots. The pilots offered to sell their claims for \$25,000 apiece. It was legal enough; but it was highly unfair. The company which owned the planes and paid the salaries of the pilots were almost as indignant as the prospectors; and it was largely due to their intercession that the pilots agreed to reduce their demands to \$10,000 each. Since that time the big air transport companies have forbidden their pilots to take out mining licenses. The pilots are further ordered to keep their mouths shut concerning anything they see and hear on prospecting trips.

The airplane is the one factor which distinguishes this mining rush of 1932 from all others in the world's history. For a true appreciation of the force of a major event of the sort it must be remembered that what began after Christopher Columbus returned to Spain from his initial voyage to the new world was a gold rush. Indeed, as he sailed homeward, those men he left behind in what now is Haiti were at work, in streams indicated by the natives, washing gold from the sand. If men have waited

four centuries to begin their exploitation of the top of our continent it is only because the harshness of the climate during all but a short season has until now barred all but the most intrepid eyes from seeing what is up there. Now, by means of the airplane, something may be expected to occur in the space of a few decades like that which has required four centuries to happen elsewhere on the continent. It was Miles Flynn, geologist and mining engineer, who made this clear to me.

Flynn, a scholarly-appearing man whose bearing does not suggest that the best part of his life has been spent on the frontiers of the world, was one of the first to hop into Great Bear Lake last summer after news of the strike excited Canada. In February of this year he was one of the first to go in again, this time to supervise intensive prospecting on a series of claims staked last year on behalf of the company with which he is associated. Flynn was born in Mexico where his father was engaged in mining back in the peaceful days of Diaz. Afterward the family went North into Ontario, and Flynn learned what is taught in none of the world's mining schools. He learned how to live in the woods; how to handle a team of wolfish sled-dogs; how to apply all that he knows of geology to the hunt for minerals in the bush.

"It cost \$1,500 to charter a plane to carry me from Waterways, at the end of steel, to Echo Bay last summer," he said. "But that was cheap enough when you figure that in the space of a few hours I crossed more than a thousand miles of forest. About eight hours of flying, with a stop at Ft. Smith to get a mining license, and I was able to begin my prospecting. It would have taken me the best part of the summer to make the journey without an airplane. Four weeks is about the shortest time in which one can reach Great Bear Lake by water. Had I gone that way I should have arrived too late to do any extensive prospecting. I would have been compelled to winter up there in order to be ready for the next season of prospecting, after which there would have been another lonely winter of waiting for the break-up before beginning another summer of travel out of the wilderness. As it was, thanks to an airplane, I accomplished in the space of weeks what would have required three years without it.

"PUNCH DICKENS was the pilot who worked with me. He would come down on the surface of a lake, put me ashore with my outfit and be off to keep a rendezvous with some other

prospector; then in a few days he would come back and move me some place else. In consequence I was able to devote all my energy to prospecting and none to the back-breaking toil of packing my stuff through the bush. In three weeks time I prospected a region of about two hundred square miles. It would have taken an entire summer of the hardest kind of work to cover that much ground but for the ease with which I moved about sometimes in places white men never before had seen. Up there the planes are all equipped with pontoons in summer and skis in winter, because the only "landing fields" are lakes and streams. I landed on about thirty different lakes. Every place I directed Punch Dickens to land me was one to which I was attracted by something with significant meaning for a geologist. In consequence of avoiding places where there were no signs of mineralization visible from the air I saved a great deal of time. There is a reason for the ease with which prospecting is accomplished up there.

"Eons ago a great ice shield thousands of feet in thickness covered the upper portion of the continent. The center of the ice mass was just a little to the north and west of Fort Churchill at the terminus of the railroad that extends to Hudson Bay. Eventually that great weight began to move and the hills in its path were pushed over and scored away. Part of that unconceivably great mass moved southward and soil that was once Canadian now covers the Mississippi Valley; rocks from the north were ground down and rolled in the form of huge boulders and gravel into New York, Long Island and other eastern areas. The other part moved northwestward toward Alaska and the Arctic Ocean. The hills and rocks of Northern Canada were scored away and the story of this ice movement is written as striations, grooves scored in the rocks over which the ice mass traveled. The direction of the movement is plainly told to understanding eyes that see those striations in the rocks of the north today. Forests and the younger rocks on which they stood were pushed away exposing hundreds of thousands of miles of an old rock formation which we call the Precambrian shield. There are no fossils of vanished life in this formation. It is there as it was when the world was young; and it is rich in mineralization. Comparatively small areas of that formation are exposed in places in the United States, in the Appalachians in Michigan, in Colorado and in California but wherever it is exposed men have found minerals. In Northern Canada this formation predominates. The Canadian Government geological surveys have revealed that about

150,000 square miles of the Mackenzie District of the Northwest Territories is Precambrian, sometimes called the Canadian shield.

"From the air the flying prospector may see areas passing beneath him of rock that ranges from white to pink in color. He knows it is granite which ordinarily can be excluded from his prospecting; but when he sees below him rocks that are green or of deeper tones he becomes interested. Black may be silver or pitchblende or other minerals; some of the tones

(Continued on page 50)



"Pardon, ol' boy, your signs are wrong side out!"  
"Okay, Pal, 's my lunch hour."

(Continued from page 49)

may be the stain of copper; and the copper may carry gold. Most easily seen are the gossans.

"What we call a gossan is a rounded, rusty-colored, knob-like hilltop. The color is a stain of rust, caused by the decomposition of iron ore. Since iron ore is often found in association with other minerals, the gossans seen from the air are like signal flags to the prospectors. There are gossans around Echo Bay and as we now know there is not only the iron ore there which made the rust but there is likewise a variety of other minerals—pitchblende, silver, a lesser amount of gold and more than a score of other minerals as well. The jungles along the equator may hide equal quantities of mineral wealth; but the advantage of the north country to the prospector is that the rocks are exposed. Fully eighty-five per cent. of the country over which I flew was exposed rock, covered neither by forest nor gravel nor moss. It is a prospector's paradise."

The minute the prospectors come to earth, however, the region ceases to bear any relation to a paradise. In the summer the constant, unrelieved daylight seems to emphasize the brooding loneliness. There is little pleasure in any companionship because swarms of bloodthirsty insects, mosquitoes and black flies sour all tempers. There are no shelters. The prospectors must sleep in tents or build cabins. As for food, it would bring joy to the heart of any woman to see and hear how men in the bush bemoan the chores of housekeeping. In the north a man who can—and will—cook is a jewel without price; but who wants to cook when others are hunting buried treasure?

Miles Flynn told me an old yarn of the Yukon that is being repeated nowadays at Hudson's Bay Company posts and other frontier places where men are buying solid grub to be carried into the bush. There were six of them in the camp and none of them viewed cooking as other than slavery. So the six agreed to choose a cook by drawing lots and the one chosen should be released from his bondage and supplanted by the first one to complain of his cooking.

A youngster called Slim was the loser. For six weeks he rolled out of his sleeping bag an hour ahead of the others and prepared breakfast; then saw them go into the bush with bundles of grub of his fixing for their midday meal; and in the evening had their supper ready for them and lingered over the pans after his companions had turned in. Slim's disposition at the end of six weeks was like that of a wolverine. Bad as his cooking was no one had uttered a word of complaint; not, at least, within sound of his ears. But the supply was running low and so was the patience of Slim's companions.

One night there were only beans and bannock for supper and the bannock was burned. Four tired prospectors ate in a brooding silence, squatting on the floor of the lean-to because there was no table. One man was late and Slim banged pans about and stabbed viciously at the fire. When the four had finished without any having uttered the criticism for which Slim longed he did not bother to put the beans back on the fire for the still absent member of the camp. At last about nine o'clock this one staggered wearily up the trail. He had gotten lost and his dolour was apparent. He squatted wordlessly and Slim dropped a pot of beans in front of him. The beans were cold. This was too much.

"Cold beans!" exclaimed the late one, clutching his hands into six weeks' growth of whiskers to show his despair. Then he split a bannock with his knife. "And burned bannock, the inside of it cold dough!"

This was only a start, but as the late diner glanced up and saw Slim taking off his apron, resigning his office with a light of thanksgiving in his eyes, he changed his tone abruptly.

"Yes, sir," he went on, "cold beans and burned bannock! Dash, blanked Slim, he knows that's the way I love 'em."

There will be a lot of bannocks burned by inexperienced male cooks around the shores of Great Bear Lake this summer; but there are men going into the region who know a better kind of bread. They are men who learned in Alaska years ago that a baking powder bannock is not half so palatable as the easily digested and well-flavored bread made with the natural yeast that grows in sour dough. Those old sour doughs are veterans of more than the Alaska mining fields. Some of them have followed the lure of gold from there to Porcupine; then on to Australia, to the Philippines and South Africa. There are men among them who have been rich and poor a dozen times. Some have let fortunes slip from their grasp because, having trailed fortune for irksome years they lacked the further patience to await the development of a mine. Next time, they tell themselves, they won't sell out so easily.

Enshrined in their hearts as an icon are names of prospectors who became fabulously rich from the exploitation of something found in the bush. Harry Oakes is one of these. He found some quartz gleaming with gold at Kirkland Lake on Ontario about ten years ago. Instead of selling his claims Oakes worked in the mines of other men as a laborer until at last by selling a minor interest in his property he had enough money to develop it. To-day he is the principal owner of that mine and has so many millions of dollars that he is rated one of the richest men in Canada; and the lesson of his career for any prospector is that you only have to find one mine to make your dreams

come true. The trouble with too many of them is that the horizon is always beckoning.

Some of the old-timers will possess and see implements this summer that would astound the ghosts of men who died on Chilkoot pass. There will be tons of outboard engines to drive canoes on the northern lakes. There will be plenty of cameras and films, for the modern prospector takes pictures as well as ore samples of the ground he stakes. Also there will be many varieties of an instrument called a spintharoscope. This is a device used to test samples of radium ore. It is a tube fitted at one end with a magnifying glass and at the other with a disc coated with particles of zinc sulphide. This is the substance used to make luminous paint, a crystalline powder that glows when exposed to sunlight; similarly it glows when exposed to the ordinarily invisible rays emitted by radium ore. In order to use it the prospector must find some dark retreat, not an easy matter up there when the sun for days does not sink below the horizon.

There will be other contraptions, fish nets for example. Lake trout weighing as much as sixty pounds can be taken in nets and every pound of fish caught means a pound of food on which the prospector does not have to pay air-freight costs. Moreover, next winter will see a number of men settling down for a permanent residence. They will have dog-teams, and frozen fish is the usual diet of the north woods dog-teams. Incidentally, the scene of the strike is the region already chosen by the government of the Northwest Territories on which to establish a great herd of reindeer, bought from Alaska for the benefit of the Coppermine Eskimos, and already some of the prospectors are considering the advantages of using one sleigh deer that eats moss as against a pack of wolfish dogs that devour fish and, occasionally, an unwary owner.

Not all will be veterans who join the northward rush this summer. In the Province of Ontario during the winter months Government geologists conduct free classes for those who aspire to become prospectors. Many youngsters thus trained to recognize minerals when they see them will be scheming for the means to join the rush. But they will have to have cash. There is no such thing as an aerial hitch-hike in Canada; too many men are eager to pay for the limited space in the available planes.

Only recently one of the big air transport companies received an inquiry from New York concerning reservations to Great Bear Lake for a party of forty men. None of those will be ordinary prospectors; geologists and technical men most likely going north as the representatives of big money; and when big money begins to take an interest, that is a pretty good sign that there really is silver, gold and radium in them thar hills!

## Pop Time Plays Ball

(Continued from page 18)

lead off the bag of from six to eight feet. And likewise he goes down not with the actual pitch but with the beginning of it.

"Ten bases are stolen on the pitcher to one on the catcher," McGraw told me when we discussed this phase of the game in connection with time. "The catcher gets the blame, but it is nearly always the pitcher's fault. The good base stealer knows his pitcher and knows when he is beginning a pitch. He goes down with the motion and has the ball beaten before it leaves the pitcher's hand. As you have shown, it takes a certain amount of time to go to the catcher and another instant to travel to first. Added to this, the catcher must whirl with the ball, knock off his mask, and make the throw, and there is the added time of the pitcher's motion, which he cannot stop once he has started it. That is where the smart base-runner scores. He feels that the pitcher is about to pitch to the plate, digs in his spikes and is off."

During the world series games in Philadelphia, I was lucky enough to be able to put the watch on Pepper Martin, the world series hero and the chap who ran the Athletics ragged on the bases, as he made two attempts to steal second. One succeeded and the other failed. His time was practically identical. In each case he stole on the pitcher, but the time he failed he was cut down by a perfect throw from Mickey Cochrane.

The Pepper had a lead of six or eight feet off the bag. I had a hunch he was going to steal, and held the watch ready. He started down with the backswing of Earnshaw's arm, and as he broke I thumbed the button. With the ball at the plate he was half-way down. He made a belly-dive for the bag and his outstretched hands crossed it in 3.13 seconds. As he did so, the ball was whistling into the second baseman's hands, waist high. There was no time for him to make the touch-out. Martin was under him and safe. One or two-tenths of a

second was needed for Bishop to get the ball down to the runner's body. He didn't have the time because Martin had stolen it off the beginning of Earnshaw's pitching motion.

But the second time that he went down, under the same conditions, Cochrane caught him. Earnshaw's pitch was easier to handle, it must have been a tenth of a second faster, and Cochrane's throw was right to the bag. Martin, this time, was down in 3.1 seconds, but the ball must have been there in 3 seconds flat. Bishop never had to move. Martin slid into the ball and was called out. A little later, Watkins broke for second, made it in 3.2, and was called safe. Cochrane's throw was just too late. Close? They don't come any closer. I am still fascinated by the mystery. Did Abner Doubleday figure this all out? Did he dream that his arbitrary distances would result in these thrilling races between runner and fielder, that only the fastest stopwatches, product of a later civilization, could success-

fully analyze? In one more scoring play did I clock the fiery little Martin. He stood on third and waited until a sacrifice fly settled in the hands of the center-fielder. Then he lit out for home. He made the 90 feet from a standing start in 3.9 seconds. He beat the ball to the plate.

McGraw expressed himself as surprised that the men were not faster on the bases. He has never held a stopwatch on any of his men, but said that from some of the times recorded in baseball field events, that he imagined that a man would get down to first base in around 3.4. The closest anyone approached that time in the World Series plays I clocked, was Pepper Martin. I didn't get Pepper, but I did get the time of the play, a smart rap to the third baseman, who didn't have to move to scoop it up and rifle it to first base. The ball got to the bag in 3.4 seconds. Martin still had his last step to take to the bag, and was called out. He must have been there in 3.6. But the manner in which the ball is hit and the balance that a player retains after connecting with the ball must have a lot to do with the speed with which he gets down to first, because, in another game, Pepper Martin was thrown out at first in 4 seconds flat. The ball beat him to the bag, and he went down there a-hustling.

A series of tests of time-plays around first base indicates that all business must be conducted inside of 4 seconds. Let us examine some of my notes on what occurred around that bag. Bing Miller hit to the shortstop and was thrown out in 3.7. (In each case the time here given is of the ball from the time of being hit until it reached the first baseman). Dykes hit a slow hopper to the second baseman. If it had been to the shortstop or third baseman, he would have been safe. But Frisch of St. Louis had only a short distance to throw. He got the ball to the bag in 3.9, and Dykes was out by two steps.

Jimmy Wilson, St. Louis catcher, was out in 3.9. Al Simmons was thrown out in 3.72. Frankie Frisch, one of the fastest men on the Cardinal team, was thrown out in 4 seconds. In my notes I recorded "Loafed, going down." Mule Haas went out on a grounder to the pitcher, Grimes, in 3.81. Mickey Cochrane couldn't beat the time of 3.75 on a play from short to first, and was out.

Let the fielders complete their handling of the ball inside of four seconds, and, with the exception of extraordinarily fast men or left-handers, who have a step less to take, the batter will be out. But let the boys hold that ball a few tenths of a second too long and run over four seconds, and the man is safe. Here is a double play, third to short to first, that got the ball to first base in 4.2 seconds, just too late to catch Bing Miller, who went scratching down the baseline like a scared cottontail. A few innings later, Dykes was guilty of being slow, and a double play was completed on him in 4.3. But this in itself was an exception, because later, three attempted double plays in a row failed, and all of them were clocked in 4.3 seconds.

Single plays in the infield are, of course, much simpler of execution. Only one man handles the ball. Where the ball is hit directly at the

fielder, the runner has no chance at all unless there is a bad misplay. Hence the development of the bunt, the object of which is to waste the fielder's time and make him exceed the four-second limit within which he can work safely. While he pursues a slowly trickling ball, precious tenths of seconds are whizzing into limbo, never to be reclaimed. The average third baseman or pitcher knows when he is licked. They develop a sense of time in themselves. You will see them pick up a bunted ball and hold it rather than risk a wild throw to first. Too late is too late, and they know it.

As McGraw points out, double plays in World Series must be tenths of seconds slower than during the ordinary league games of the long summer season, because the players squeeze the ball. The series is short, the stakes high, and the price of error practically prohibitive. No player cares to shoulder the responsibility of tossing three thousand dollars of his team mates' as well as his own money up into the grandstand or letting it trickle through his legs, and so the boys make certain that they have the ball before they throw it. Throwing baseballs that haven't yet been caught is what leads to most fielding disasters.

The only time I was able to clock the time to second base was when Roettger hit a long line drive out into the outfield. It looked like a single, but he rounded first and lit out for second, and slid into the bag in 8.5 seconds from the time that he hit the ball, and was ahead of the throw-in, making his double. It was excellent time considering the slowing up necessitated by rounding the corner of first. He averaged 4.25 for each base. A slower man would have been thrown out at second, trying to stretch a hit.

Once, a batted ball hit the pitcher and caromed off him, rolling wild into deep infield. It was 8.2 seconds before it was retrieved. A man who had been on first steamed into third, safe by a mile, and, of course, the batter made his base, but was held there.

The consequences of any error in handling the ball are intensified by the distance of the fielder away from the first baseman. Thus, the second baseman can juggle the ball longer than the shortstop and twice as long as the third baseman, and get away with it. I caught Frankie Frisch frantically trying to extricate a ball that seemed somehow to have leaped

into his hip pocket. He seemed to play with it for hours, but yet managed to whip it to Bottomley in 3.8, and got his man. A third baseman has no such grace. Whereas the second basemen has a toss of from 20 to 45 feet, the third baseman must average around 120 feet. If he doesn't field the ball perfectly, he might as well stick it in his pocket, because it will be too late.

Where a game is played in terms of tenths and hundredths of seconds, it is easier to comprehend the immense skill and physical perfection it takes to play it. The average life of the major league ball player is seven years, because anything less than perfection will not do in the big leagues. There the game is played at its best. There, the players must be able to get down to first base, the Open Sesame to a score, in their four seconds or better. There, the infielders must have that speed and precision and judgment which will enable them to cut off that tenth of a second

in the handling of the ball and keep men off the base paths. There, the outfielders must have the speed and judgment that will enable them to get in position to catch line drives and fly balls that stay in the air but from three to six seconds.

What happens to a great shortstop when he begins to slip? He looks the same. He has the same easy motion, the same sure judgment of the speed and the bound of the ball, the same accurate throw into the first baseman's mitt. But he's through. Released, traded, sold, banished to leagues and teams where they play slower ball. Perhaps his legs have begun to go. Perhaps his arm. He is no longer within the time peak. A tenth of a second lost here, another tenth there, is translated on the other end into time for an extra step. The batter digs his spikes into the bag and the umpire is kneeling with his palms to the ground. "Safe!" Only the physically perfect can execute these



"Sis says keep your shirt on, she'll be down soon"

Squeezing the ball slows the play up. Any infield that can complete a double play in 3.8 or 3.9 need never have to worry about the second man. In nine cases out of ten he will be out. It is puzzling to me why baseball men to date have failed to put this time measure on their infield plays as a matter of training combinations to speed up their work.

It takes between 6.5 and 7 seconds to get the ball back to the infield after a safe hit, which is, of course, why the base-runner is invariably safe at first when he bangs a ball out of the infield. Once in a great while, a fast right fielder might throw a slow runner out at first from short right, but the play is as rare as the triple play in which, inside of four seconds, a play is made at three out of the four bases.

(Continued from page 51)

maneuvers. Sometimes when the body has gone, the mind will prevail a few years, but once the physical peak is past, the player moves on and makes room for a youngster, not as smart, not as experienced, but with the sinew that will whip that ball across the diamond in 1.3 seconds and nip a

runner by the length of the stubble on his chin.

The same thing happens to the great hitters, eventually. They can no longer time the speeding ball. The fine sensitivity of physical reaction to mental stimulus becomes dulled. Balls they would have knocked out of the lot, whiz by them or foul up off bats

swung too late, and fall into waiting hands.

Everything is Time in the miraculous game. Beat Time! Partition Time! Split up seconds into little pieces and steal half of them, cheat Time with arm and limb and wind and brain. Beat Time and you win. Let Time beat you and you lose. Baseball is Time's own private little game. . . .

## Answers to Your Radio Questions

**Mrs. I. E. Madding, Shreveport, La.** About the Mills Bros. who sing on the Vapex program over C. B. S. The boys are colored and their voices are colorful and their ages range from seventeen to twenty-one. Using a guitar as their sole instrument these four Negro brothers simulate with their voices the sound of such instruments as the French horn, trombone, bass, and trumpet to the amazement of the listeners. They hail from Piqua, Ohio . . . and they hold a record by getting their first radio engagement within a few days of their first audition.

**Marjonea Kuhar, Cleveland, Ohio.** Many thanks for your letter about the television broadcast over W2XAB of the Columbia System on which Anton Schubelj sang. . . . It is interesting to know that both the sound and the vision came over so clearly. . . . A few years ago we thought radio was impossible and now it is the fourth biggest industry in the land, and who but a Jules Verne would have dreamed of television, and yet it is with us and progressing by leaps and bounds . . . you will hear Mr. Schubelj again on that same program. . . .

**Ada Levy, Philadelphia, Pa.** Dave Rubinoff was born at a very early age in Grodna, Russia, and at the age of five was able to play the balalaika, and what's still more marvelous, to pronounce it! By the time he was fifteen he had won a scholarship at the Royal Musical Conservatory of Warsaw. . . . With his scholarship in one hand and his violin in the other he came to America. . . . He likes America and America likes him. . . . Fine violinist, first-rate conductor, and composer of no mean talent. . . . Rudy Vallée gave him his first chance in radio. . . .

**Collette Golden, Staten Island.** Genial Uncle Don Carney of WOR is just as nice off the air as he sounds, and his smile is just as kindly and infectious as that famous chuckle of his suggests. . . . He's the sort of person you just must call Uncle, and you couldn't be blue with him around. . . . That etiquette club for kiddies of his has around 300,000 members, and if they all follow Uncle Don's advice the world will certainly be brighter. . . . He's a happy-go-lucky guy that everyone loves. . . .

**Charles H. Yellott, Pleasantville, N. Y.** Thanks for your pleasant letter from Pleasantville. Glad to know you enjoy THE ELKS MAGAZINE. You certainly have written a first-class sales talk for General Electric Refrigerators, and it is really too bad that you are not on the air with it. It was merely a slip of the typewriter, and there's many a slip between the typewriter and the printing press, as you know. Your refrigerating letter warms our hearts, Charles, and when we are waxing witty again . . . as we sometimes do . . . we will have you and your Associated Dealers in mind. . . . Write us again . . . and no hard feelin's you know.

**Grace Rosinsky, Manitowoc, Wis.** Apparently you are desperate for help!—and want answers to FOUR questions, each one of which requires in itself quite a lot of answering. Well, here we go: Question No. 3. How many in the cast of "The Goldbergs," and who are they? Rosalyn Silber plays Rosie; James Waters plays Jake; Alfred Corn plays Sammy; Gertrude

Berg plays Mamma Goldberg, and is also the authoress and producer of the series. Question No. 4 is about Art Jarrett. Art does not have an orchestra of his own. He is exclusively signed up, as a singer, with the Columbia Artists' Bureau, and Freddie Rich conducts for him. Art can be heard over C. B. S. five times weekly—Mondays and Wednesdays at 6:45 P. M., Tuesdays at 6 P. M., Fridays at 3:30 P. M., and Saturdays at 9:45 P. M. I am unable at this moment to answer your other questions which concern local programs over WGN. Thanks for your interest.

**Edward F. Linderman, Shamokin, Pa.** Always glad to hear from you, Ed. Singin' Sam is The Barbasol Man, and he is a product of that fertile field for talent the good old minstrel show. He comes from the Middle West. Sterling Jack Turner sang for The Sterling Oil Corporation at WHAS and WLW in Kentucky, and was under contract for WHAS for many years. His vacation from the air was due to an accident to his hand, but while he was away through the courtesy of WHAS he was transferred to WTAM. His age is about thirty. I wish we had a lot more correspondents like you who would send us information once in a while.

**Mrs. H. Wester, Elizabeth, N. J.** Raymond Knight's picture has already appeared in our paper, and it is not really safe to let these Cuckoos out of their radio clock too often. Paul Dumont is a radio favorite and the endman of the Dutch Masters' Minstrels. The Cuckoos have gone commercial in answer to your wish and can be heard on Saturdays, N. B. C. network. Naturally, being all lunatics they have gone lunar . . . that is, The Blue Moon Cheese Company has signed them up . . . on the dotted lines . . . which is fitting . . . it's only once in a blue moon you can find anything so cuckoo. . . .

**Henrietta Furcolte, "Cyr's Ranch," North Adams, Mass.** Your curiosity will, I am afraid, have to kill you for the time being, as I am unable to send you the photographs you wish. However, I will try to publish them in an early issue and let you see if the radio stars you like look the way they sound.

**Doris Smith, Burnstad, North Dakota.** Gladys Shaw Erskine appears in the KUKU hour, over the Columbia Broadcasting System. She goes under the aliases of Dolly Gray, and Miss Eugenia Skidmore, Station KUKU's Own Poetess. As Miss Erskine is no longer connected with THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and doesn't happen to be writing this, I can tell you that she is very, very good, too. Baby Rose Marie is off the air at the present time, so I am afraid that you will be unable to hear her until her mother or her sponsors decide to put her back again.

**Miss E. C. B., Cape Girardeau, Mo.** The charming lady with the lovely voice and the melting Southern accent, as you so graphically describe her, is Miss Betty Council, who appears with Leo Reisman on the Ponds Hour. The name of the theme song for the Goldbergs is *Serenade*, if that is any help to you. There are so many pieces called *Serenade* that they get me all confuddled, personally, so I could not possibly tell you which one of the thousands that particular *Serenade* is.

**Fred Caldwell, Seguin, Texas.** You're wrong although it may have seemed like a good idea at the time. Tony Wons's real name is Tony Wons, believe it or not—Anthony Wons for long. But you win the round for Cheerio. You guessed right on his name, though I believe he still keeps it a dark secret.

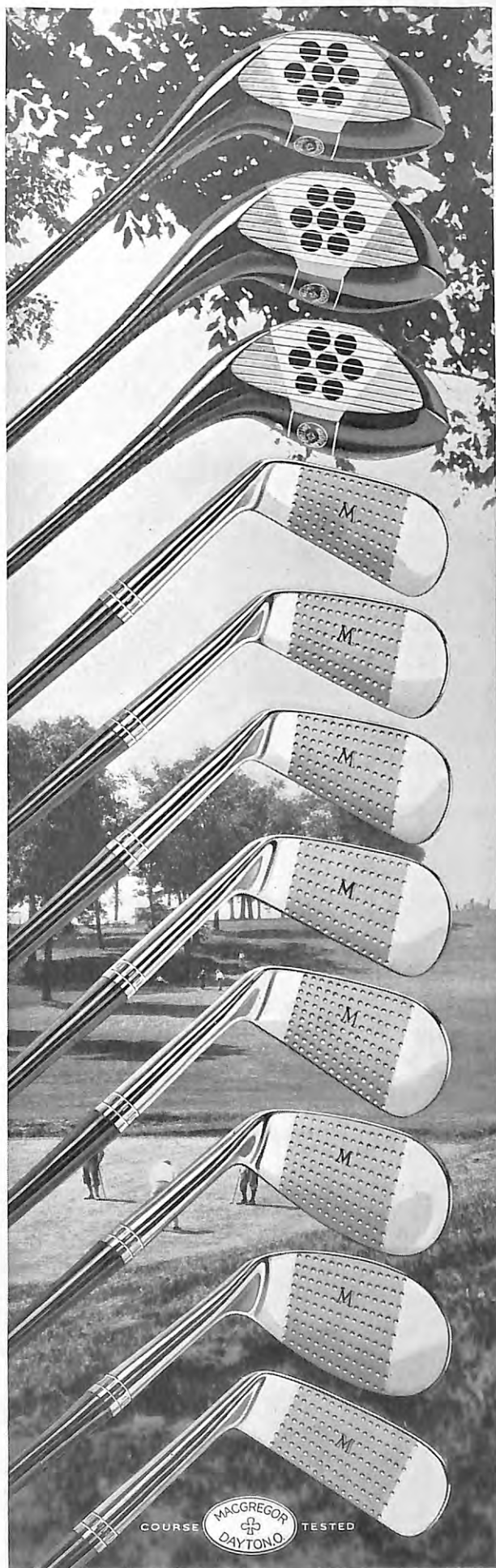
**Alan Arthur, 28 Charter Oak Street, Wood Ridge, N. J.** There are three radio schools that I know of. There is a school in Washington called Floyd Gibbons Radio School, there is R. C. A. Institute here in New York, and then there is the Broadcasting Institute, 220 West 42nd Street, New York. I suggest that you write them and find out what it is all about. For an audition, the man to see at N. B. C. is Mr. Leslie Joy.

**Lenore H. Gray, Waco, Texas.** Answering these letters isn't a burden, Miss Gray, so you may never apologize for asking too many questions. The young lady you mention, with the sugar and butter accent, is Miss Betty Council. You see, it isn't a state secret, after all. Mary and Bob of True Story fame still broadcast as ever over WFAF on Tuesday nights at 8:30 P. M.

**Jane Meyer, 2715 Dale Wood Ave., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.** I couldn't find out whether or not Helen Dumas has a sister named Dorothy. I am awfully sorry. Why don't you ask Dorothy if she has a sister named Helen, or hadn't you ever thought of that? Julia Sanderson is really Mrs. Frank Crummit now. She was on the stage at the age of thirteen, then she came to New York and worked for the Shuberts. She went on the air by accident, and has now decided that she likes it a thousand times better than the stage. James Wallington was born in Rochester, N. Y. Went to school and college there. Was a singer for a while but got sick of that, hooked up with Eddie Cantor, and now he is one of our favorite announcers. He is twenty-two, six feet tall, has blue eyes, brown hair and—a wife.

**Mrs. Frances Fahey, 110 Willow Ave., Susquehanna, Pa.** Lannie Ross, whose real name, believe it or not, is Lancelot Patrick Ross, is twenty-four years old, a graduate of Taft Prep School and Yale University. He was a big man both in college and school, and very popular. Ross has made two European tours, one of which, as a soloist for the Yale Glee Club, he chose in preference to going to Amsterdam with the Olympic Team after he had already qualified for it. I call that knowing what one wants. So far as I have been able to learn, he still appears in the Maxwell House Coffee Hour over the N. B. C. network.

**Mrs. E. C., 1701 Columbus Ave., Waco, Texas.** The Goldberg family, composed of Mr. and Mrs. Goldberg, Sammy and Rosie, are made up, respectively, of Mrs. Gertrude Berg, alias Mrs. Goldberg, who writes all the acts and is the true boss of the whole shebang. James Waters, a veteran stage actor, alias Mr. Goldberg, and Alfred Corn, also seen on the stage, is Sammy. Rosalyn Silber is Rosie. Mrs. Berg has written some Jewish plays and, as she is Jewish herself, she really knows her way around when it comes to writing and arranging stories for the Goldberg family. The program is one of the most popular on the air and was an instantaneous hit when first produced.



No. 7 Green,  
Macgregor  
Golf Course



# That built-in "feel" helps golfers become **GOLFERS**

To improve your score, consult a Pro; and rely on the experience of Macgregor — since 1897 "the greatest name in Golf." For Macgregor's business is solely the making of clubs that make golfers golfers!

Most men and women who improve their game, do it with Macgregors. Your Pro knows that it's because the right "feel" is built-in. You'll recognize it instantly when you take hold of a Macgregor club, test it, balance it.

On Macgregor's own course—the Macgregor Country Club—the Golfer-Craftsmen "course-test" all new ideas in club-making. It is the proving ground where the art of the craft goes hand in hand with the science of the game itself.

Small wonder that these clubs, designed, built by golfers and proved by them in actual play, are "first choice" of golfers who are golfers.

Whatever you wish to pay for the built-in "feel" that improves your score, you can afford Macgregor clubs... in fact, you cannot afford to play with anything less than Macgregor clubs!

## MACGREGOR

THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF

Yours for the asking: Special 1932 Non-Resident Courtesy Card to the Macgregor Country Club, and "MACGREGOR FOR GOLF" book showing newest 1932 golf equipment. This coupon will bring both.

© 1932 C. M. C. Co.

Macgregor "Golf Headquarters," Dayton, Ohio

You may send me Courtesy Card and New Edition of "Macgregor for Golf." Thanks.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



When writing to MACGREGOR, Dayton, O., please mention *The Elks Magazine*—It's your magazine

# 12,390 New Members Added to the Order

(Continued from page 35)

## West

Frank E. Savage, District Deputy  
Helena, 50; Anaconda, 4; Butte, 24; Hellgate (Missoula), 25; Oro y Plata (Virginia City), 5; Kalispell, 3; Dillon, 12; District total, 123.

## Nebraska

### North

James M. Fitzgerald, District Deputy  
Omaha, 31; Grand Island, 2; North Platte, 10; Scottsbluff, 4; District total, 47.

### South

E. A. Wunder, District Deputy  
Hastings, 21; Beatrice, 3; Plattsmouth, 1; Falls City, 2; York, 2; Nebraska City, 1; Fairbury, 3; District total, 33.

## Nevada

Roy W. Martin, District Deputy  
Reno, 8; Tonopah, 1; Las Vegas, 25; Elko, 22; District total, 56.

## New Hampshire

James A. Sayers, District Deputy  
None reported.

## New Jersey

### Central

John W. Cantillon, District Deputy  
Asbury Park, 4; Red Bank, 18; Elizabeth, 93; New Brunswick, 15; Long Branch, 6; Perth Amboy, 5; Plainfield, 2; Somerville, 6; Rahway, 6; Bound Brook, 8; Dunellen, 3; Washington, 8; Union, 10; Westfield, 10; District total, 194.

### Northeast

Grover E. Asmus, District Deputy  
Paterson, 4; Hoboken, 15; Jersey City, 13; Passaic, 2; Bayonne, 50; Hackensack, 2; Kearny (Arlington), 5; Englewood, 2; Union Hill, 4; Weehawken, 2; Bergenfield, 7; Cliffside Park, 1; Ridgefield Park, 5; Westwood, 4; Clifton, 25; District total, 141.

### Northwest

Nicholas Albano, District Deputy  
Newark, 16; Orange, 3; East Orange, 1; Dover, 2; Bloomfield, 2; Morristown, 4; Montclair, 5; Belleville, 1; South Orange, 3; Irvington, 3; Summit, 1; Nutley, 1; Boonton, 2; Madison, 1; Newton, 2; West Orange, 39; District total, 86.

### South

Richard P. Hughes, District Deputy

Trenton, 5; Atlantic City, 8; Camden, 22; Millville, 1; Bridgeton, 4; Mt. Holly, 4; Burlington, 15; Penns Grove, 4; Vineland, 10; Lakewood, 1; Freehold, 16; District total, 90.

## New Mexico

### North

Francis E. Wood, District Deputy  
Las Vegas, 9; Santa Fe, 11; Albuquerque, 12; Raton, 11; Gallup, 16; District total, 59.

### South

L. C. Fellows, District Deputy  
Silver City, 6; Roswell, 8; Tucumcari, 8; Clovis, 2; District total, 24.

**TO COMMEMORATE, upon its bi-centennial anniversary, the birth of George Washington, many Lodges not only initiated large classes of candidates, but also held ceremonious celebrations. These were of an impressive and inspiring nature. But so great was their number that The Elks Magazine, because of the limits of the space at its disposal, cannot include reports of them. The Magazine trusts that the many Lodges which sent in accounts will understand both its inability to publish them, and its deep regret of the fact.**

## New York

### East

Gerald Nolan, District Deputy  
Poughkeepsie, 14; Yonkers, 11; Peekskill, 3; New Rochelle, 8; Mt. Vernon, 28; Port Chester, 9; Mamaroneck, 4; Ossining, 9; Beacon, 14; Mt. Kisco, 9; District total, 109.

### East Central

Walter T. Hawkins, District Deputy  
Newburgh, 30; Kingston, 6; Port Jervis, 18; Haverstraw, 6; Middletown, 30; Catskill, 18; Monticello, 8; Liberty, 8; District total, 124.

### Northeast

Leo W. Roohan, District Deputy

Albany, 150; Glens Falls, 21; Amsterdam, 10; Troy, 25; Saratoga Springs, 18; Hoosick Falls, 10; Gloversville, 52; Schenectady, 22; Plattsburg, 12; Hudson, 30; Cohoes, 3; Whitehall, 8; Ticonderoga, 25; Watervliet, 11; Gloversville, 41; District total, 446.

### North Central

Grover C. Ingersoll, District Deputy  
Utica, 15; Rome, 15; Ogdensburg, 22; Malone, 20; Herkimer, 5; Ilion, 4; Saranac Lake, 24; District total, 103.

### South Central

A. B. Stiles, District Deputy  
Elmira, 5; Hornell, 5; Ithaca, 6; Cortland, 9; Binghamton, 8; Owego, 3; Corning, 20; Norwich, 1; Oneonta, 36; Wellsville, 3; Watkins Glen, 5; Bath, 3; District total, 104.

### West

George A. Swabach, District Deputy  
Rochester, 42; Jamestown, 2; Niagara Falls, 18; Olean, 11; North Tonawanda, 2; Medina, 12; Dunkirk, 1; Albion, 3; Salamanca, 3; Lancaster, 2; District total, 96.

### West Central

Clinton H. Hulett, District Deputy  
Syracuse, 10; Oswego, 8; Auburn, 20; Watertown, 21; Oneida, 2; Fulton, 15; Lyons, 24; Seneca Falls, 9; Geneva, 3; Newark, 15; District total, 136.

### Southeast

Paul Van Wagner, District Deputy  
New York, 90; Brooklyn, 937; Staten Island, 22; Bronx, 9; Queens Borough, 42; Freeport, 59; Patchogue, 7; Hempstead, 12; Lynbrook, 44; Southampton, 20; District total, 1,251.

## North Carolina

### East

R. E. Stevens, District Deputy  
Coldsboro, 10; Wilmington, 14; New Berne, 19; Washington, 4; Elizabeth City, 10; Fayetteville, 2; District total, 59.

### West

D. W. Sorrell, District Deputy  
Winston (Winston-Salem), 19; Asheville, 225; District total, 244.

## North Dakota

L. K. Thompson, District Deputy  
Grand Forks, 12; Fargo, 40; Jamestown, 8;  
(Continued on page 56)



George Washington Prosperity Class Night in the Lodge room of Geneva, N. Y., Lodge

# The 4 great "buys" OF 1932

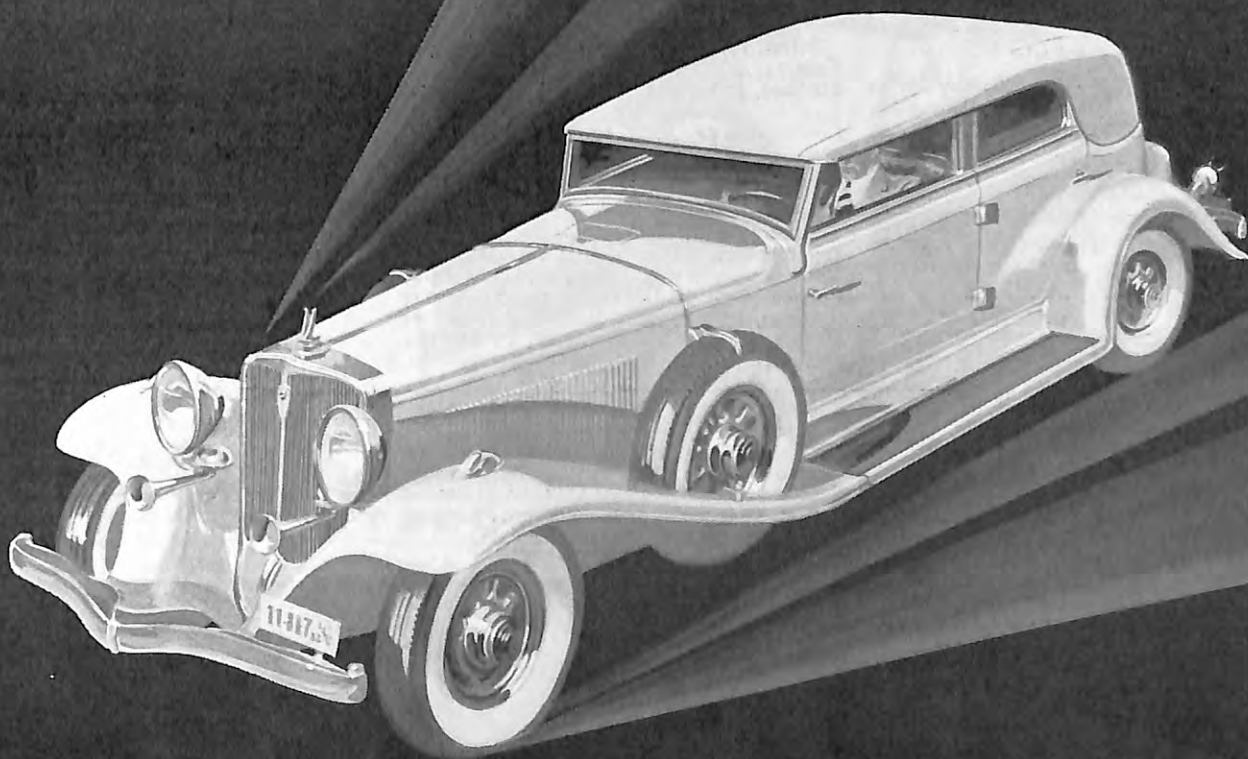
**B**E hard to please when you buy your new car! Insist on getting a 1932 value as well as a 1932 model. Don't take less than *all* the worth-while engineering advancements—not just one or two or three of them. And make sure you pay no premium compared with Studebaker's drastically lowered prices.

No line of cars in America can measure up to the Triumphant New Studebakers in a searching comparison. Their 32 important betterments embrace every advanced engineering achievement of the year—many of

them exclusive with Studebaker.

1932 Free Wheeling, combined with Synchronized Shifting, Full-Cushioned Power and Automatic Starting are Studebaker advancements matched by the adoption of finest quality Safety Plate Glass in all windshields and windows of all models at no added charge.

There is only one way to find out what Studebaker's 32 great advancements mean, in riding, driving ease and enjoyment, and that is by driving any one of the Triumphant New Studebakers—the four great "buys" of 1932.



PRESIDENT EIGHT . . . \$1690 to \$1990  
122 horsepower, 135" wheelbase—Reductions up to \$560  
COMMANDER EIGHT . . . \$1350 to \$1560  
101 horsepower, 125" wheelbase—Reductions up to \$235  
DICTATOR EIGHT . . . \$980 to \$1125  
85 horsepower, 117" wheelbase—Reductions up to \$115  
STUDEBAKER SIX . . . \$840 to \$985  
80 horsepower, 117" wheelbase—Prices at the factory  
Bumpers and spare tires extra. State and Regal equipment  
\$105 extra.

## The Triumphant New STUDEBAKERS



*The officers of Lancaster, O., Lodge who inducted its George Washington Prosperity Class*

Minot, 13; Valley City, 15; Dickinson, 18; Bismark, 11; Williston, 1; Devils Lake, 3; Mandan, 6; District total, 127.

## Ohio

### North Central

T. S. Brindle, District Deputy

Delaware, 11; Bucyrus, 1; Sandusky, 6; Norwalk, 8; Bellevue, 2; Wooster, 7; Ashland, 6; District total, 41.

### Northeast

Louis H. Jurgens, District Deputy

Toledo, 24; Canton, 2; Ashtabula, 5; Warren, 4; Salem, 25; Massillon, 3; Painesville, 11; Barberton, 8; Lakewood, 45; Kent, 5; Niles, 2; District total, 134.

### Northwest

J. M. Mariner, District Deputy

Toledo, 50; Lima, 1; Findlay, 1; Upper Sandusky, 6; Defiance, 12; Kenton, 5; Freemont, 13; Bowling Green, 11; Napoleon, 2; Fostoria, 2; Wapakoneta, 5; Van Wert, 3; District total, 111.

### South Central

Charles L. Haslop, District Deputy

Columbus, 45; Chillicothe, 27; Circleville, 8; Portsmouth, 5; Ironton, 13; Newark, 8; Logan, 3; Nelsonville, 25; Lancaster, 50; Athens, 23; District total, 207.

### Southeast

Frank G. Thomas, District Deputy

Zanesville, 8; Steubenville, 3; East Liverpool, 1; Uhrichsville, 2; Cambridge, 5; New Philadelphia, 1; Martins Ferry, 4; Newcomerstown, 5; District total, 30.

### Southwest

Clifford E. Libbee, District Deputy

Cincinnati, 20; Hamilton, 33; Washington Court House, 2; Hillsboro, 3; Lebanon, 1; Piqua, 4; Greenfield, 13; Sidney, 11; Wilmington, 2; Greenville, 1; District total, 90.

## Oklahoma

### Northeast

R. W. Moreland, District Deputy

Tulsa, 2; Bartlesville, 2; Sapulpa, 2; Nowata, 2; Pawhuska, 6; District total, 14.

### Northwest

J. W. Kayser, District Deputy

El Reno, 28; Enid, 5; Hobart, 3; Mangum, 1; Alva, 5; Woodward, 10; Duncan, 2; District total, 54.

### Southeast

Harry Tucker, District Deputy

Oklahoma (Oklahoma City), 12; Shawnee, 15; Blackwell, 15; District total, 42.

## Oregon

### North

William A. Ekwall, District Deputy

Portland, 6; Astoria, 1; Pendleton, 2; The Dalles, 12; Baker City, 6; Heppner, 5; La Grande, 5; McMinnville, 4; Bend, 26; Tillamook, 5; District total, 72.

### South

A. C. Van Nuys, District Deputy

Salem, 10; Eugene, 1; Albany, 4; Klamath Falls, 15; Ashland, 5; Corvallis, 2; Lakeview, 7; Medford, 4; District total, 48.

## Pennsylvania

### Southwest

Lee A. Donaldson, District Deputy

Pittsburgh, 32; McKeesport, 10; Allegheny, 10; Jeannette, 5; Charleroi, 3; Wilkinsburg, 3; Homestead, 10; Washington, 34; Carnegie, 1; Cannonsburg, 5; Braddock, 11; Etna, 11; Sheridan, 2; Knoxville, 1; McKee Rocks, 1; Donora, 2; South Brownsville, 6; District total, 147.

### Northwest

J. G. Bohlender, District Deputy

Erie, 2; New Castle, 1; Sharon, 1; Franklin, 11; Greenville, 1; Meadville, 5; Warren, 63; Bradford, 10; Titusville, 3; Oil City, 5; Beaver Falls, 2; Coraopolis, 2; Woodlawn, 1; Ellwood City, 9; Grove City, 1; District total, 117.

## Southeast

George E. Hoffman, District Deputy

Allentown, 102; Lancaster, 83; District total, 185.

## Northeast

Robert W. Davies, District Deputy

Wilkes-Barre, 7; Easton, 5; Scranton, 23; Hazleton, 10; Pottsville, 9; East Stroudsburg, 33; Shamokin, 6; Pittston, 12; Tamaqua, 3; Shenandoah, 1; Bangor, 10; Sayre, 10; Lehigh, 18; Lansford, 12; District total, 159.

## Central

George H. Liebegott, District Deputy

Altoona, 9; Johnstown, 3; Kittanning, 3; Uniontown, 3; Blairsville, 3; Connellsville, 3; Greensburg, 10; New Kensington, 27; Tarentum, 2; Mt. Pleasant, 5; Latrobe, 2; District total, 70.

## North Central

James P. Dennehy, District Deputy

Williamsport, 7; Lock Haven, 10; Sunbury, 77; Danville, 10; Bellefonte, 15; District total, 119.

## South Central

Val D. Sheaffer, District Deputy

Tyrone, 4; Punxsutawney, 2; Reynoldsville, 13; Clearfield, 4; Carlisle, 29; Chambersburg, 3; Lewistown, 5; Waynesboro, 2; Gettysburg, 6; District total, 68.

## Philippine Islands

L. D. Lockwood, District Deputy

None reported.

## Porto Rico

John S. Beck, District Deputy

No class in February.

## Rhode Island

John L. Kane, District Deputy

Providence, 9; Newport, 5; Westerly, 8; Woonsocket, 10; Pawtucket, 9; District total, 41.

## South Carolina

David F. Craig, District Deputy

Charleston, 7; Greenville, 14; Orangeburg, 8; Georgetown, 3; Columbia, 58; Rock Hill, 7; Union, 4; District total, 101.

## South Dakota

George C. Hunt, District Deputy

Sioux Falls, 4; Huron, 3; Deadwood, 5; (Continued on page 58)



*Annapolis, Md., Lodge's group of candidates, inducted as a George Washington Prosperity Class*

# IN YOUR OWN HANDS

## Check These GREATER VALUES

FOR your own protection SEE the quality and construction of the tires you buy. Firestone Service Dealers have sections cut from Firestone Tires — special brand mail order tires and others.

Take these tire sections IN YOUR OWN HANDS — examine them — compare the Gum-Dipped body — the thickness of the tire and above all the patented construction giving Two Extra Cord Plies Under the Tread.

You Get These Extra Values at No Additional Cost—

### Gum-Dipped Cords—

Strong, tough, sinewy cord body which assures long tire life. A patented Firestone feature.

FIRESTONE do not manufacture tires under special brand names for mail order houses and others to distribute—Special brand tires are made without the manufacturer's name. They are sold without his guarantee or responsibility for service.

### Two Extra Cord Plies Under the Tread—

Increase tire strength and give greater protection against punctures and blowouts.

### Non-Skid Tread—

Scientifically designed Non-Skid gives greater traction and safe, quiet, slow wear.

Make your own comparisons — you alone be the judge of the Extra Values you get in Firestone Tires — at prices no higher than special brand lines.

Call on the Firestone Service Dealer in your community today.

"THE TIRE THAT TAUGHT THRIFT TO MILLIONS"



COMPARE CONSTRUCTION, QUALITY and PRICE											
Make of Car	Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair	Make of Car	Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair	Make of Car	Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
Ford.....	4.40-21	\$4.79	\$9.30	Essex.....	5.00-20	\$6.75	\$13.10	Chrysler..	6.00-18	10.65	20.66
Chevrolet	4.50-20	5.35	10.38	Nash.....	5.00-21	6.98	13.54	Stu'b'k'r	6.00-19	10.85	21.04
Ford.....	4.50-21	5.43	10.54	Essex.....	5.25-18	7.53	14.60	Franklin	6.00-20	10.95	21.24
Chevrolet	4.75-19	6.33	12.32	Nash.....	5.25-21	8.15	15.82	Hudson...	6.00-21	11.10	22.50
Whippet..	4.75-20	6.43	12.48	Buick M.	5.50-18	8.35	16.20	Pierce A..	6.50-19	12.30	23.86
Plym'th..	5.00-19	6.65	12.90	Chevrolet	5.50-19	8.48	16.46	Stutz.....	7.00-20	14.65	28.42
Erskine...				Olds'b'ile				Cadillac..			
Plym'th..				Buick.....				Lincoln..			
Chandler..				Stu'b'k'r				Packard...			
DeSoto...				Auburn...							
Dodge....				Jordan...							
Durant...				Reo.....							
Gr. Paige				Stu'b'k'r							
Pontiac...				Gardner..							
Roosevelt				Marmon..							
Willys-K..				Oakland..							
				Peerless..							

Listen to the "VOICE of FIRESTONE" Every Monday Night Over N. B. C. Nationwide Network

# Firestone

TIRES • TUBES • BATTERIES • BRAKE LINING • SPARK PLUGS • RIMS • ACCESSORIES  
Call on the Firestone Service Dealer in Your Community . . . He Will Save You Money and Serve You Better

# FURNESS

*Leads the way*  
to BERMUDA



Regular sailings on the new  
**"MONARCH of BERMUDA"**  
22,420 TONS GROSS

The only recognized standard  
by agreement of transatlantic  
lines.

Newest, Fastest and Most  
Magnificent Ship in Regular  
Bermuda Service.

## ALL FIRST CLASS

Only Ship afloat with bath in  
EVERY room. \$70 up Round  
Trip. Best value in Bermuda  
travel.

The "Monarch of Bermuda" makes three  
round trips every two weeks, a schedule  
made possible by her unusual speed. For  
reservations apply any authorized tourist  
agent or

# FURNESS

*Bermuda Line*

34 Whitehall St. (where Broadway begins)  
565 Fifth Ave., New York

## Now..HOT WATER

FROM YOUR LIGHT SOCKET  
*Amazing New Way*

A veritable scientific miracle has just been perfected. The amaz-  
ing New Super-Lux double action heater actually transforms  
electricity into heat that is directly absorbed by water! Sets new  
standards for efficiency, heating speed and economy! B-lis cold  
water almost instantly any time of day or  
night for every household need. Home-  
wives everywhere astounded and delighted  
—buy an a-sight—most sensational profit-  
making opportunity in generations!

**AGENTS—\$195 IN 10 DAYS!**  
Sensationally speedy sales pay incredible  
profits to agents! G. L. Neuman (Ind.),  
\$195 in 10 days! G. Smith (Mo.), \$41 first day  
—Mrs. Misener (N. Y.), \$38 in one day—  
scores of others as good or better. Write  
for FREE proof and sensational intro-  
ductory plans.  
**LUX-VISEL, Inc., Dept. D-470, Elkhart, Ind.**



## BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn \$2,000 to \$10,000 a year.  
Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Account-  
ants in the United States. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time  
for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous  
experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of  
A. J. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P.  
A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants.  
Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

**LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 4328-H, Chicago**  
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

## CONTRACT BRIDGE

bridge size decks of gold edge, linen finish playing cards  
and case. All for only \$1.00. Postage Prepaid. Send  
check or money order.

**FRIEDMAN NOVELTY CO., Dept. EL-4**  
7325 N. Paulina St. Chicago, Ill.



## Make Money at Home!

Earn up to \$25 a week or more, growing  
Mushrooms in your cellar or shed. Big de-  
mand. Very interesting—we tell you how.  
Illustrated book and details free.

**American Mushroom Industries, Ltd., Dept. 888, Toronto, Ont.**

When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE



The George Washington Prosperity Class of Lodge No. 758, of Alexandria, Va.,  
Washington's home city

Watertown, 13; Yankton, 4; Aberdeen, 25; water, 12; Cisco, 7; Breckenridge, 13; District  
Mitchell, 4; Rapid City, 9; Madison, 14; total, 122.  
Brookings, 15; District total, 96.

## Tennessee

### East

John M. Allen, District Deputy  
Nashville, 15; Chattanooga, 3; Knoxville, 2;  
Johnson City, 10; District total, 30.

### West

W. F. Ruffin, District Deputy  
None reported.

## Texas

### Central

T. A. Low, Sr., District Deputy  
Temple, 7; Waco, 10; Austin, 3; Brownwood,  
9; Brenham, 4; Belton, 2; District total, 35.

### North

I. Hochwald, District Deputy.  
Denison, 9; District total, 9.

### North Central

Ft. Worth, 8; Cleburne, 8; District total, 16.

### Northwest

Charles R. Ivey, District Deputy  
Amarillo, 2; Plainview, 4; Vernon, 4; Burk-  
burnett, 8; Borger, 2; District total, 20.

### South

R. F. DuBois, District Deputy  
Houston, 20; Beaumont, 2; District total, 22.

### Southwest

L. Julian LaCrosse, District Deputy  
None reported.

### West

Garland D. Vinson, District Deputy  
El Paso, 60; Abilene, 15; Ranger, 15; Sweet-

## Utah

David L. Stine, District Deputy  
Salt Lake City, 27; Tintic (Eureka), 6;  
Ogden, 31; Park City, 3; Provo, 2; Logan, 10;  
Price, 26; District total, 105.

## Vermont

Frederick W. Bancroft, District Deputy  
Rutland, 8; Bennington, 3; Burlington, 40;  
Montpelier, 8; St. Johnsbury, 3; Brattleboro,  
8; Barre, 2; Hartford, 6; Springfield, 4; Dis-  
trict total, 82.

## Virginia

### East

Frank D. Epps, District Deputy  
Norfolk, 39; Richmond, 7; Portsmouth, 8;  
Newport News, 8; Hampton, 5; Suffolk, 7;  
Manchester, 1; Fredericksburg, 1; District  
total, 76.

### West

W. N. Perkinson, District Deputy  
Roanoke, 15; Danville, 9; Lynchburg, 102;  
Charlottesville, 7; Harrisonburg, 50; Alexan-  
dria, 63; Winchester, 9; Clifton Forge, 27;  
Pulaski, 6; District total, 288.

## Washington

### East

J. J. Schiffrer, District Deputy  
Spokane, 53; Walla Walla, 14; Yakima, 22;  
Ellensburg, 26; Wenatchee, 26; District total,  
141.

### Northwest

James E. Masterson, District Deputy  
Seattle, 8; Bellingham, 16; Port Townsend,  
20; Naval (Port Angeles), 2; Everett, 71; Bal-  
lard (Seattle), 5; District total, 122.

### Southwest

Stewart E. Perry, District Deputy  
Tacoma, 15; Olympia, 4; Centralia, 4; Puyal



The George Washington Prosperity Class of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge

lup, 4; Kelso, 37; Longview, 42; District total, 106.

## West Virginia North

J. W. Hartigan, District Deputy

Wheeling, 30; Parkersburg, 13; Grafton, 3; Sistersville, 7; Morgantown, 43; Clarksburg, 15; Wellsburg, 8; District total, 119.

## South

M. G. Witten, District Deputy

Charleston, 14; Huntington, 7; District total, 21.

## Wisconsin Northeast

A. J. Geniesse, District Deputy

Fond du Lac, 8; Green Bay, 3; Oshkosh, 2; Sheboygan, 24; Appleton, 10; Antigo, 10; Menasha, 9; Oconto, 8; Kaukauna, 2; Marinette, 6; Two Rivers, 1; District total, 83.

## Northwest

Thomas F. McDona'd, District Deputy

Ashland, 4; Wausau, 12; Eau Claire, 2; Superior, 15; Stevens Point, 12; Marshfield, 7; Merrill, 2; Chippewa Falls, 6; Rice Lake, 2; District total, 62.

## South

G. Holmes Daubner, District Deputy

Racine, 5; Janesville, 4; La Crosse, 7; Madison, 11; Watertown, 4; Portage, 3; Baraboo, 6; Kenosha, 2; Beloit, 1; Plattville, 10; District total, 53.

## Wyoming

James G. Wiederhold, District Deputy

Sheridan, 5; Laramie, 5; Rawlins, 6; Rock Springs, 3; Cheyenne, 13; Casper, 17; Greybull, 17; District total, 66.

## 1932 Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 32)

Band contests will constitute one of the major features of the convention. From every section of the United States are coming the crack patrols and premier bands, to vie for the valuable prizes offered and the palm of being designated the best in their respective fields. For the guidance of drill teams and bands the following rules have been adopted by the committee having these particular convention features in hand:

### Rules Governing Band Contest

No band will be eligible to compete in the contest unless each of its members has a B.P.O. Elks Membership card, showing that all dues have been paid up to October 1, 1932.

Bands shall be divided into two classes, "A" and "B" respectively. Class "A" bands to be composed of at least thirty-five musicians. Class "B" bands to be composed of not less than twenty-five musicians.

No Birmingham bands will be allowed to compete for prizes.

The position of each band in the contest will be decided by lot immediately before the contest.

Each band will be allowed to play a number of its own selection, not to consume more than five minutes of time, to be followed by the official contest number.

Judges will be competent and experienced band men, and are to be selected by the Grand Lodge Convention Contests Committee.

Points for rating on a basis of ten points for each of the following: 1—Intonation, 2—Tone, 3—Tempo, 4—Balance, 5—Attack, 6—Expression and phrasing, 7—Instrumentation, 8—Appearance, 9—Leadership, 10—Department.

Contest numbers: Class "A": "Figaro's Hochzeit"—W. A. Mozart—Arr. by Carl Fischer. Class "B": "Orpheus in der Unterwelt"—Offenbach—Arr. by Carl Fischer. In the event of a tie, the two leading bands will play: Class "A": "Fingal's

(Continued on page 60)

# MUSCULAR PAIN!

STOP IT QUICK . . . BEFORE IT  
KEEPS YOU AWAY FROM WORK



IN times like these, when everyone must make the most of every day, what man or woman can wisely stay at home to nurse muscles that ache and pain?

At the first sign of soreness, what you want is relief, and mighty quick! You want the benefits of the finest preparation that ever soothed an ailing muscle. That's why you want Absorbine Jr., because the very minute you rub it on you can tell by that glowing warmth that it is getting results. And as you continue to massage, the muscles lose their tautness, and as they relax, the throbbing pain disappears.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation

and thereby relieves the sore congestion in muscles. Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and so brings double-acting relief from muscular aches and pains.

For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers and athletes. It's the wisest precaution against bruises, strains, sprains—against all kinds of muscular ailments. When used full strength, it is an excellent antiseptic. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 410 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

## ABSORBINE

for years has relieved sore muscles,  
muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts,  
sprains, abrasions



## JR.

Used by  
Thousands for  
"ATHLETE'S  
FOOT"

## Coupons are passports to success ~ clip them

LIFE holds no ruts for the man or woman who clips advertising coupons, those little, purposeful passports to higher standards of living.

Advertising which carries coupons beckons to new opportunities, new experiences. To adventure. Education. Travel. Social success. Business betterment. To those who clip them life becomes invested with new significance, new comforts and, frequently, new beauty too.

Right now, with this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, you are holding in your hands the opportunity to realize your most earnest ambitions and possibly, too, the solution to your most baffling problems.

Read the coupons—and send them. CLIP THE COUPONS.



**Slate Blackboards  
Structural Slate  
late Talc**

**Parsons Bros. Slate Co.**

Pen Argyl, Pa.  
Estab. 1892

## How To Secure A Government Position

Why worry about strikes, layoffs, hard times? Get a Government job! Increased salaries, steady work, travel, good pay. I'll help you become a Custom House Clerk, Railway Postal Clerk, Post Office Clerk, City Mail Carrier, Rural Carrier—or get into any other Government job you want. I was a Secretary Examiner of Civil Service Commission for 8 years. Have helped thousands. Get ready NOW for the NEXT Railway Postal Clerk Examination. Open to citizens 18 to 60.

My 32-page book tells about the jobs open—and how I can help you get FREE one. Send the coupon for your copy TODAY.

A. R. Patterson, Civil Service Expert  
Patterson School, 704 Wisner Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.  
Please send me, without obligation, your free book "How to Secure a Government Position."

Name.....  
Address.....

### ANY DONKEY

can wag his tail but...  
only "EL PLUTO" delivers  
a cigarette as he does it!

Holds 15 cigarettes. Press "EL PLUTO'S" ear—out pops a cigarette. Surprises everybody—may even shock a few! "EL PLUTO" will cause more laughs than any ten-dollar novelty. Unique gift that your friends will talk about for a long time. Wonderful to live up parties. \$1.50 postpaid.

Send cash, check or money order to  
HOME GADGETS, Dept. F  
200 Fifth Avenue  
New York, N. Y.

ONLY  
**\$1.50**  
delivered

## THE BOOKS YOU CAN'T GET ELSEWHERE

PERSONS qualifying for membership in this Society may read without buying, rare, scarce, out of print books, limited and privately printed editions, unabridged translations and current esoteric items. When writing for information please state occupation or profession.

ESOTERIKA BIBLION SOCIETY  
15 East 45th Street, Dept. E New York City

**a Master Money Making Opportunity! For You!**

**MAKE EXTRA MONEY EASY**

No experience needed to act as our representative in your locality for Master coveralls, shop coats, pants and shirts and white and wing cord uniforms. Easy, pleasant work. You receive pay daily in big cash commissions. You can easily add up to \$48.00 weekly to your regular income. We supply everything needed entirely FREE. Write

GEO. MASTER GARMENT CO., Dept. 336, Ligonier, Indiana

**MAKE \$10,000** A year raising rabbits for us. We pay up to \$12.00 each for all you raise. Send 25c for full information and contract, everything explained. Send at once and find out about this big proposition we have to offer you.

THE EASTERN RABBITRY  
Route 1, Box 186 New Freedom, Pa.

When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

# The Monthly Dozen

How many of these twelve questions can you answer offhand?

1. Who is Secretary of the Treasury?
2. About how many radio listeners are there in the United States?
3. Which sex is the more subject to appendicitis?
4. What is a White Russian?
5. What is the derivation of the word "boycott"?
6. In regard to nationality, what is President Hoover's ancestry?
7. When will daylight saving time begin this year?
8. Can an American girl under eighteen legally marry without her parents' consent?
9. Who owns "Mount Vernon," Washington's home?
10. What is our oldest university?
11. What is the largest kind of fish in the world?
12. In the World War, which side had the more men killed, the Allies or the Central Powers?



The answers appear on page 62

(Continued from page 59)

Cave"—Mendelssohn—Arr. by Carl Fischer. Class "B": "Rienzi"—R. Wagner—Carl Fischer Arr.

Entrance Requirements: Entry shall be made on a prescribed form to the Executive Director of the Grand Lodge Convention Committee, 320 North 21st Street, Birmingham, Alabama, not later than June 30, 1932. Entries received after that date will not be considered.

### Drill Team Contest Rules

The competitive drill of Elks Drill Corps will be held in a suitable place, to be announced later.

The competition will take place on Wednesday at 10 A. M., July 13, 1932, during the Sixty-eighth Grand Lodge Convention.

Entrance Requirements: Entry shall be made on a prescribed form to the Executive Director of the Grand Lodge Convention Committee, 320 North 21st Street, Birmingham, Alabama, not later than June 30, 1932. Entries received after that date will not be considered.

Teams: No team will be eligible to compete in the contest unless each of its members has a B.P.O.E. membership card showing that all dues have been paid to October 1, 1932.

Class "A": The Class "A" teams shall consist of more than twenty-four men, not including guides, file closers, and one leader.

Class "B": The Class "B" teams shall consist of twenty-four men or less, not including guides, file closers and one leader.

Order of Drill: The officer in charge of teams

competing shall meet with the Contest Committee prior to the drill, and draw for place. Captains of drill teams will not be permitted to visit with the judges prior to the contest.

Uniform and Equipment: The style and color of uniforms and kind of equipment carried shall be optional with each team, and the equipment may be omitted if desired.

Inspection: Each team shall be inspected on the grounds by the captain, supervised by the judges. The kind and style of inspection and formation used shall be optional with each captain, except that the time limit on same shall be five minutes. The judges shall not consider the expense of uniforms, but the presence or absence of equipment shall be credited for or against said teams.

Length of Drill: Each shall be allowed fifteen minutes for drill, exclusive of inspection, commencing and ending at a signal from the judges, but the team will be allowed to complete an unfinished movement before leaving the field, without penalty.

Cadence: Cadence to be optional with each commanding officer, but must be uniform throughout the drill, to be checked at least three times during the drill by the timekeeper appointed for the purpose.

Style of Drill: The movements may be either military or fancy display, or both; and the choice, order and variety shall be optional with each team.

Judges: The judges to be not less than three commissioned officers of the United States Army. These officers are to be selected by the committee in charge of arrangements. A timekeeper will also

be appointed and he will present his data to the judges at the finish of each drill.

**Promptness:** Want of promptness is a military offense and may be treated as an error. A drill corps may forfeit its place by reason of delay, and in such instance, shall drill after all other contestants.

**Percentages:** Awards will be made on the following points:

Points	Point Weight	Sub-Weight
1. Inspection....	10%	Sizing, alertness, condition of uniforms and equipment.
2. Appearance....	10%	General set-up, physique and carriage.
3. Cadence.....	10%	Maintenance of regularity.
4. Alignment and Distance....	10%	Maintenance of alignment; regularity of distance.
5. Manual.....	10%	Snappiness and efficiency.
6. Commanding Officer.....	10%	Appearance, proper bearing, position and alertness.
7. Drill.....	40%	Variety of movements, precision, attentiveness, alertness and efficiency.

The weight of points will be divided, by the judges, into ten; and deductions of one-tenth point weight made for each error. No other markings than those stated will be permitted, and the checking of percentages will be given careful consideration by the judges.

#### ELKS 68TH NATIONAL CONVENTION

DARIUS A. THOMAS, *General Chairman.*  
MONROE GOLDSTEIN, *Executive Director.*

## News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 39)

conference took place at the Home of New York Lodge, No. 1. Among other decisions reached by the Trustees and Committee members at the meeting were that cooperation of the Association with the Elks National Foundation be continued in the hands of a special committee; and that the project to send the winner of the Association's State ritualistic contest to the Grand Lodge Convention in Birmingham be submitted for final disposition before the Association convention in June. The Reverend Dr. Arthur O. Sykes, Honorary President, occupied the chair during the conference. President Howard A. Swartwood, of the State Association, presented several recommendations to the conference which engaged its close attention.

### New Jersey

The third quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association, held at the Home of Hackensack Lodge, No. 658, Sunday, March 13th. President Colonel William H. Kelly presided at the meeting, which was attended by eight Past Presidents, including William Conklin, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, and more than three hundred members. Final plans for the State Association Convention at Asbury Park, on June 23rd and 24th, were approved. Joseph G. Buch, chairman of the Crippled Children's committee, reported that 12,080 cases are now being cared for through the subordinate Lodges, and that while appropriations are being greatly reduced this year, there will be no cut in the State's budget for aiding the Elks' crippled children work. The New Jersey State Elks Association has been famous for its handling of parades, and on the report submitted by the Parades Committee a motion was made and carried that the New Jersey plan be submitted to Grand Esquire John J. Doyle for his consideration in adopting the New Jersey Better Parades idea in connection with the Grand Lodge Convention at Birmingham. A plan was suggested for arranging a water trip by way of Havana and Mobile to and from the Elks National Convention at Birmingham, which met with the enthusiastic approval of the meeting. The finals of the Ritual Contest will be held in the Home of Trenton Lodge on Sunday afternoon, April 3rd. Past President Henry A. Guenther, Chairman

(Continued on page 62)



*A book that every Elk should read*

## The Story of the Elks National Memorial Building

**BEAUTIFUL** De Luxe edition; complete story of the magnificent Elks National Memorial Building in Chicago. Full buckram cover, gold stamped, gold edged pages, profusely illustrated with full color reproductions of mural paintings by the famous artists, Blashfield and Savage. Text contains a detailed description of the building, a short history of the Order and a résumé of Elkdom's war-time services. Handsomely boxed and mailed to you for actual cost—\$2.00. Sign and send the coupon TODAY.

J. EDGAR MASTERS,

Grand Secretary, B. P. O. E., 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—

Enclosed find \$2.00 (check or money order) for which please send one copy of the De Luxe copy of "Elks National Memorial Building" to:

(Name) .....

(Address) .....

(City) ..... (State) .....

## "YOUR FREE 10-DAY OFFER SAVED MY FEET"



Ray Marsh

My feet never were free from burning, aching, tired feeling. Painful calluses kept increasing... Now I have forgotten I ever had foot pains.



**SCIENCE** says 94% of all foot pains result from displaced bones pressing against sensitive nerves and blood vessels. Weakened muscles permit these bone displacements. Now a way is discovered to hold the bones in position and strengthen the muscles. Amazing bands, known as Jung Arch Braces, are worn. Pains stop, muscles grow strong. Stand, walk, or dance for hours—you just don't get tired. Just slips on—results are immediate and lasting. They are highly elastic, amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. The secret is in their tension and stretch. Worn with any kind of footwear. Nothing stiff to further weaken muscles and cause discomfort. The styles with exceedingly soft sponge rubber lift are urgently advised for severe cases.

Pain stops like magic. Soon bands may be discarded and feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge them widely.

1 Trouble starts with overstrained, weakened muscles. Tiny bones are displaced. Pain follows.  
2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly

### FREE 10-DAY TRIAL

Wear a pair ten days; if not delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you use coupon below. Write for free booklet.

-----**MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS**-----  
Jung Arch Brace Co., 204 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio  
Send one pair of braces marked below :  
(Persons over 145 lbs. require long braces)

FOR SEVERE CASES	FOR MILD CASES
— with cushion lift	— without cushion lift
<input type="checkbox"/> BANNER (medium) \$2	<input type="checkbox"/> WONDER (medium) \$1
<input type="checkbox"/> VICTOR (long) \$2 50	<input type="checkbox"/> MIRACLE (long) \$1 50

☐ Money enclosed. ☐ Send C. O. D. plus postage.  
Shoe Size..... Shoe Width.....  
Send Free Booklet  
Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....  
Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto. Add 25c to above prices

## JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

# REDUCE Waistline 2 to 4 Inches in 10 DAYS

or Your Money  
Refunded

"Director Belt reduced my waistline from 42 to 33 inches," says R. A. Lowell of Des Moines, Ia., "I tell all my friends about it."

If your waistline is too large you surely ought to test Director Belt. If it doesn't reduce your waistline from 2 to 4 inches in 10 days we will return your money immediately. Director is easy and comfortable to wear. It applies a gentle, changing pressure upon the fat at the waistline and produces results similar to a massage. Director Belt has been successful in reducing the waistline of so many thousands of men that we can make this unusual offer and have you test it at our expense.

## Send for FREE FOLDERS

These folders tell the complete story of Director Belt and just how it works. Find out what thousands of men in all professions say about results obtained for them by a Director Belt.

### 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

Landon & Warner, Dept. G-50  
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligation on my part please send me free folders telling complete story of Director Belt and give full particulars of your 10-day trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Gone—That Bulging  
Waistline

You will be pleased with the appearance of reduced girth which Director gives you immediately you put it on. Then you will find it a simple, easy way to reduce. No exercises, diet or drugs.

**WANT A STEADY JOB?**  
**Work for "Uncle Sam"**  
**\$1260 to \$3400 a year**  
MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. Vacation with full pay. Write immediately for free 32-page book with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.  
**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE**  
Dept. P230 Rochester, N. Y.

**BECOME A FOOT CORRECTIONIST** A new profession not medical nor chiropody. All the trade you can attend to; many are making from \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly, easy terms for training by mail, no further capital needed or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Established 1894. Address **Stephenson Laboratory, 7 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.**

**PATENTS** Send sketch or model. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured.  
**Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer**  
724 9th Street Washington, D. C.

## Our Guaranty

ALL merchandise advertised in THE ELKS MAGAZINE is absolutely guaranteed. Your money will be promptly refunded by the manufacturer or by us if proof is shown that the merchandise advertised in our columns is not as represented.

It is obviously impossible for any publisher to guarantee financial offerings, but we do guarantee to our readers that we will make every effort to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable banking houses.

The only condition of this guaranty is that the reader shall always state the advertisement was seen in

## THE ELKS MAGAZINE

When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

(Continued from page 61)

of the New Jersey Membership Committee, made a report on the activities of his committee relative to progress made, and in conjunction a report was rendered by Charles S. Hart, a member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, relative to the nationwide campaign for new members in the George Washington Class promoted by Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, in which nearly 13,000 new members were secured during the month of February; and in this report it was noted that the New Jersey Elks Association showed a greater per cent per capita than any other State in the Union.

### Illinois

At a recent meeting of the Illinois State Elks Association, held at the Home of Aurora Lodge, No. 705, and attended by over 500 members, a class of 34 candidates was in-

itiated into the Order. Prominent among those attending the session was President J. C. Dallenbach, of the Association. It was announced at the meeting that the annual convention of the Association will be held on August 11, 12 and 13, at Aurora, under the auspices of Lodge No. 705. Indications point to a large gathering.

### Maine

THE Maine State Elks Association, through its Secretary-Treasurer Edward R. Twomey, recently notified all membership Lodges of the Ritualistic Contests. The program outlined by the Association called for preliminary and final contests; and, if possible, a later contest with the champion degree team of Massachusetts, to decide inter-State supremacy. Last year, a similar event was won by Lewiston, Me., Lodge, No. 371, the State championship team.

## Answers to the Monthly Dozen

(See page 60)

- Ogden Mills.
- Fifty million.
- The male, with two-thirds of the number of cases.
- One opposed to the Red régime.
- From the practice instituted in Ireland in 1880, after a Captain Boycott had evicted tenants from certain lands.
- Swiss.
- Sunday, April 24.
- In many States, yes; in Louisiana, for example, she may marry at 12.
- The Mount Vernon Ladies Association of the Union.
- Harvard; it was organized in 1636.
- The whale shark, a true fish. In 1912 one weighing more than 26,000 pounds was caught off Florida.
- The Allies, with more than 5 million; the Central Powers lost less than 4 million.

## The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 30)

one of the great Lodges of America." Before the initiatory ceremonies, City Commissioner Jerome Brady extended the greetings of Bayonne to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Upon the evening of February 16, Mr. Coen was the guest of honor at the banquet of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, commemorating the sixty-fourth anniversary of the founding of the Order. An account of this occasion appears elsewhere in this issue, in "Under the Spreading Antlers." The banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler given upon the following evening at the Copley-Plaza Hotel by the Massachusetts State Elks Association, is reported in this issue in "News of the State Associations."

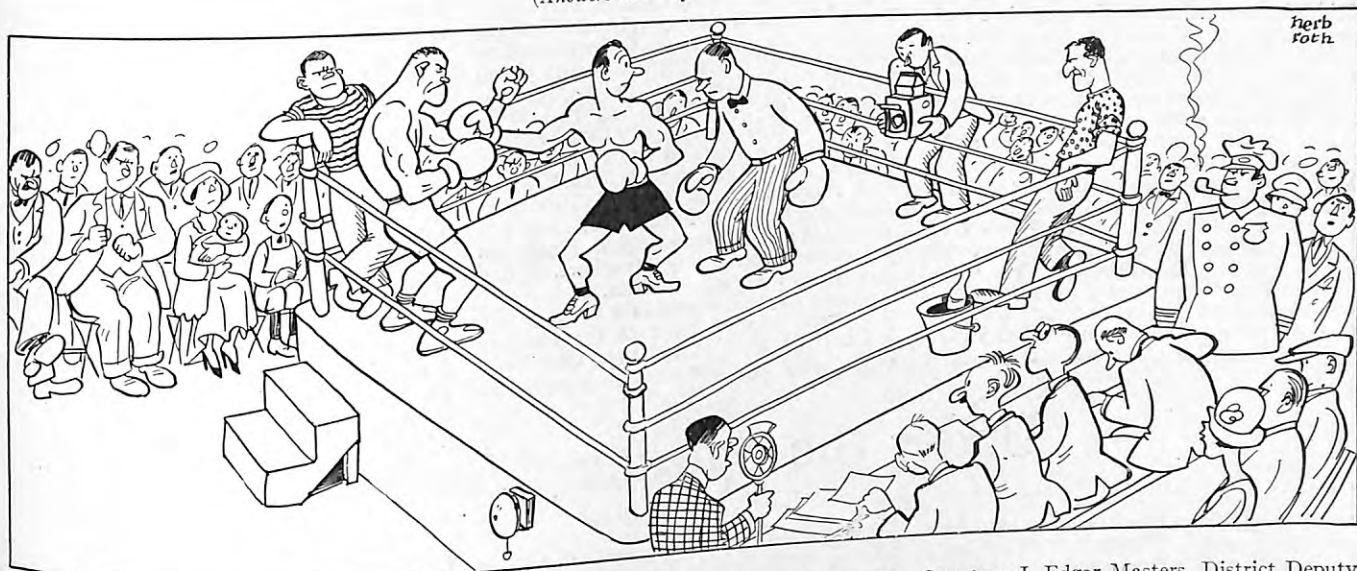
Late in the afternoon of February 18, Mr. Coen, in company with Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Richard A. Cantwell, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert M. Dowe and Past District Deputy Frank J. McHugh, of Massachusetts, arrived in Portland, Me., where, the evening thereafter, he was to make an official call upon Lodge No. 188. He was met by a reception committee comprising District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Albert C. Jones, and Albert L. Skinner, of Maine; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Dwight Stevens, founder and the first President of the Maine State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lester C. Ayer; President Fred L. Sylvester and Secretary Edward R. Twomey, of the Association; and Neils C. Neilson, Exalted Ruler of Portland Lodge. Upon the following evening, Mr. Coen witnessed the initiation, conducted by the Degree Team of Lewiston Lodge, No. 371, champions of the State, of a George Washington Prosperity Class of 87 candidates. The ceremonies were held at the Eastland Hotel. While they were in progress, Mrs. Coen was the guest at dinner of a group of ladies representing Portland Lodge. A ball, made the more striking by the fact that the five hundred who attended were, for the most part, attired in Colonial costumes, followed the Lodge session.

After a brief afternoon call, on February 23, upon Carnegie, Pa., Lodge, No. 831, Mr. Coen was welcomed in the evening at Washington, Pa., by 400 Elks of the Southwest District of the State. The affair, a banquet given under the auspices of Washington Lodge, No. 776, was held at the George Washington Hotel. The toastmaster upon the occasion was General Edward Martin, Treasurer of the State of Pennsylvania. The principal speech was that of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Others called upon included Dr. Ralph C. Hutchinson, President of Washington and Jefferson College; Judge J. Boyd Crumrine, Congressman Henry W. Temple and Chaplain Martin S. Bierbaum, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. A formal meeting at the Lodge Home followed the banquet. During the session, attended by eight hundred Elks, 147 candidates were initiated into Washington Lodge and other Lodges of the District. Speakers at the meeting were the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lee A. Donaldson. Other prominent guests were President M. F. Horne and Past President John F. Nugent, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. A social period, in the course of which a buffet supper was served, ensued after the adjournment of the meeting.

On February 24, the Grand Exalted Ruler called upon the membership of New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512. With Mr. Coen upon this occasion were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George H. Liebegott, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. J. Schrader, President M. F. Horne, and Past President John F. Nugent of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. A reception at the Lodge Home, a banquet, attended by 150 Elks, at the Howard Hotel; and the initiation later, in the auditorium of the New Kensington High School, of a George Washington Prosperity

## What Thirteen Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 64)



Class of 70 candidates, were the principal events of the Grand Exalted Ruler's reception. Mr. Horne introduced Mr. Coen at the meeting. Others who spoke were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener, Grand Secretary Masters, Judge William T. Dom and the Honorable William S. Rial.

Eight hundred Elks, including the membership of Warren, Pa., Lodge, No. 223, and of other Lodges belonging to the Pennsylvania Elks Northwest District Association, greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler at Warren upon the evening of February 25. While Mr. Coen was being entertained at a banquet at the Woman's

Club, a dinner for the members of the George Washington Prosperity Class to be inducted later took place at the Carver House. The Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed at the banquet in his honor in addresses by Earle MacDonald, General Chairman of the committee in charge; and by President F. J. Lyons, of the Northwest District Association. The initiation ceremonies for the sixteen Lodges in the district were held in the State Armory. One hundred and seventeen candidates, sixty-three of them for Warren Lodge, were received into the Order. Besides Mr. Coen, the speakers at this meeting included Grand

Secretary J. Edgar Masters, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James G. Bohlender, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. J. Schrader; and President M. F. Horne, Northwest District, Vice-President William G. Kern, Trustee M. A. Riley and Chaplain M. F. Bierbaum, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. The orchestra of Franklin Lodge, No. 110, and the double quartet of Warren Lodge rendered special music.

Erie, Pa., Lodge, No. 67, was the recipient of an official visit from the Grand Exalted Ruler  
(Continued on page 64)

(Continued on page 64)

# CHICLE makes it better

## ... gives long-lasting chewiness

It's the amount and grade of CHICLE used in chewing gum that makes one kind more *springy* or *chewy* than another. Beech-Nut Gum contains more of the world's finest chicle in each stick than any other gum on the market. That is

why Beech-Nut is always smooth and enjoyable. That explains its long-lasting chewiness—the difference between ordinary chewing gum and Beech-Nut, the finest, most refreshing, minty flavored gum you can buy.

Beech-Nut GUM




**"Makes  
the next smoke  
taste better"**

**Tune in on Greater Smoking Enjoyment**

"You certainly do smoke a lot—and enjoy it! What's your secret?"

"That's easy. I always chew Beech-Nut Gum between smokes. It keeps my throat as cool and fresh as can be ...and certainly makes the next smoke taste better!"



When writing to BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., please mention *The Elks Magazine*—It's your magazine

# REDUCE Waistline 2 to 4 Inches in 10 DAYS

or Your Money  
Refunded

"Director Belt reduced my waistline from 42 to 33 inches," says R. A. Lowell of Des Moines, Ia., "I tell all my friends about it."

IF your waistline is too large you surely ought to test Director Belt. If it doesn't reduce your waistline from 2 to 4 inches in 10 days we will return your money immediately. Director is easy and comfortable to wear. It applies a gentle, changing pressure upon the fat at the waistline and produces results similar to a massage. Director Belt has been successful in reducing the waistline of so many thousands of men that we can make this unusual offer and have you test it at our expense.



Gone—That Bulging Waistline

You will be pleased with the appearance of reduced girth which Director gives you immediately you put it on. Then you will find it a simple, easy way to reduce. No exercises, diet or drugs.

## Send for FREE FOLDERS

These folders tell the complete story of Director Belt and just how it works. Find out what thousands of men in all professions say about results obtained for them by a Director Belt.

### 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

Landon & Warner, Dept. G-50  
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligation on my part please send me free folders telling complete story of Director Belt and give full particulars of your 10-day trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....



## WANT A STEADY JOB? Work for "Uncle Sam"

\$1260 to \$3400 a year

MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. Vacation with full pay. Write immediately for free 32-page book with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE  
Dept. P230 Rochester, N.Y.

**BECOME A FOOT CORRECTIONIST** A new profession not in medical nor chiropody. All the trade you can attend to; many are making from \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly, easy terms for training by mail, no further capital needed or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Established 1894. Address: Stephenson Laboratory, 7 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

**PATENTS** Send sketch or model. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured.  
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer  
724 9th Street Washington, D. C.

## Our Guaranty

ALL merchandise advertised in THE ELKS MAGAZINE is absolutely guaranteed. Your money will be promptly refunded by the manufacturer or by us if proof is shown that the merchandise advertised in our columns is not as represented.

It is obviously impossible for any publisher to guarantee financial offerings, but we do guarantee to our readers that we will make every effort to accept only the offerings of safe securities and the announcements of responsible and reliable banking houses.

The only condition of this guaranty is that the reader shall always state the advertisement was seen in

## THE ELKS MAGAZINE

When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

(Continued from page 61)

of the New Jersey Membership Committee, made a report on the activities of his committee relative to progress made, and in conjunction a report was rendered by Charles S. Hart, a member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, relative to the nationwide campaign for new members in the George Washington Class promoted by Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, in which nearly 13,000 new members were secured during the month of February; and in this report it was noted that the New Jersey Elks Association showed a greater per cent per capita than any other State in the Union.

### Illinois

At a recent meeting of the Illinois State Elks Association, held at the Home of Aurora Lodge, No. 705, and attended by over 500 members, a class of 34 candidates was in-

itiated into the Order. Prominent among those attending the session was President J. C. Dallenbach, of the Association. It was announced at the meeting that the annual convention of the Association will be held on August 11, 12 and 13, at Aurora, under the auspices of Lodge No. 705. Indications point to a large gathering.

### Maine

THE Maine State Elks Association, through its Secretary-Treasurer Edward R. Twomey, recently notified all membership Lodges of the Ritualistic Contests. The program outlined by the Association called for preliminary and final contests; and, if possible, a later contest with the champion degree team of Massachusetts, to decide inter-State supremacy. Last year, a similar event was won by Lewiston, Me., Lodge, No. 371, the State championship team.

## Answers to the Monthly Dozen

(See page 60)

1. Ogden Mills.
2. Fifty million.
3. The male, with two-thirds of the number of cases.
4. One opposed to the Red régime.
5. From the practice instituted in Ireland in 1880, after a Captain Boycott had evicted tenants from certain lands.
6. Swiss.
7. Sunday, April 24.
8. In many States, yes; in Louisiana, for example, she may marry at 12.
9. The Mount Vernon Ladies Association of the Union.
10. Harvard; it was organized in 1636.
11. The whale shark, a true fish. In 1912 one weighing more than 26,000 pounds was caught off Florida.
12. The Allies, with more than 5 million; the Central Powers lost less than 4 million.

## The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 30)

one of the great Lodges of America." Before the initiatory ceremonies, City Commissioner Jerome Brady extended the greetings of Bayonne to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Upon the evening of February 16, Mr. Coen was the guest of honor at the banquet of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, commemorating the sixty-fourth anniversary of the founding of the Order. An account of this occasion appears elsewhere in this issue, in "Under the Spreading Antlers." The banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler given upon the following evening at the Copley-Plaza Hotel by the Massachusetts State Elks Association, is reported in this issue in "News of the State Associations."

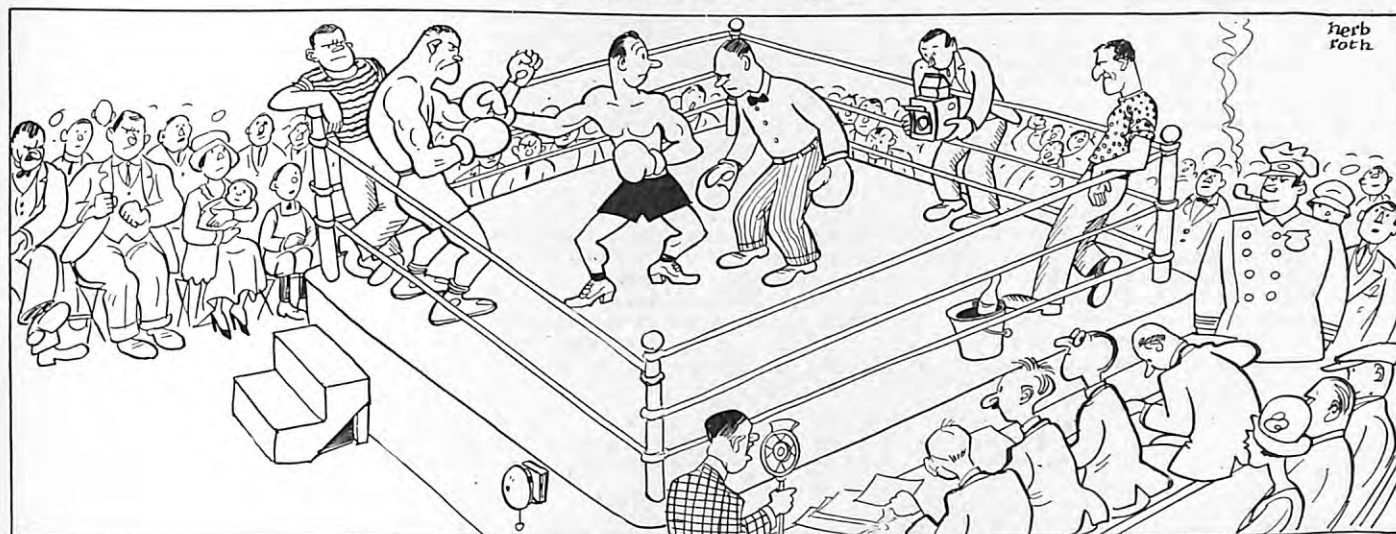
Late in the afternoon of February 18, Mr. Coen, in company with Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Richard A. Cantwell, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert M. Dowe and Past District Deputy Frank J. McHugh, of Massachusetts, arrived in Portland, Me., where, the evening thereafter, he was to make an official call upon Lodge No. 188. He was met by a reception committee comprising District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Albert C. Jones, and Albert L. Skinner, of Maine; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Dwight Stevens, founder and the first President of the Maine State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lester C. Ayer; President Fred L. Sylvester and Secretary Edward R. Twomey, of the Association; and Neils C. Neilson, Exalted Ruler of Portland Lodge. Upon the following evening, Mr. Coen witnessed the initiation, conducted by the Degree Team of Lewiston Lodge, No. 371, champions of the State, of a George Washington Prosperity Class of 87 candidates. The ceremonies were held at the Eastland Hotel. While they were in progress, Mrs. Coen was the guest at dinner of a group of ladies representing Portland Lodge. A ball, made the more striking by the fact that the five hundred who attended were, for the most part, attired in Colonial costumes, followed the Lodge session.

After a brief afternoon call, on February 23, upon Carnegie, Pa., Lodge, No. 831, Mr. Coen was welcomed in the evening at Washington, Pa., by 400 Elks of the Southwest District of the State. The affair, a banquet given under the auspices of Washington Lodge, No. 776, was held at the George Washington Hotel. The toastmaster upon the occasion was General Edward Martin, Treasurer of the State of Pennsylvania. The principal speech was that of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Others called upon included Dr. Ralph C. Hutchinson, President of Washington and Jefferson College; Judge J. Boyd Crumrine, Congressman Henry W. Temple and Chaplain Martin S. Bierbaum, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. A formal meeting at the Lodge Home followed the banquet. During the session, attended by eight hundred Elks, 147 candidates were initiated into Washington Lodge and other Lodges of the District. Speakers at the meeting were the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lee A. Donaldson. Other prominent guests were President M. F. Horne and Past President John F. Nugent, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. A social period, in the course of which a buffet supper was served, ensued after the adjournment of the meeting.

On February 24, the Grand Exalted Ruler called upon the membership of New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512. With Mr. Coen upon this occasion were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George H. Liebegott, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. J. Schrader, President M. F. Horne, and Past President John F. Nugent of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. A reception at the Lodge Home, a banquet, attended by 150 Elks, at the Howard Hotel; and the initiation later, in the auditorium of the New Kensington High School, of a George Washington Prosperity

## What Thirteen Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 64)



Class of 70 candidates, were the principal events of the Grand Exalted Ruler's reception. Mr. Horne introduced Mr. Coen at the meeting. Others who spoke were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener, Grand Secretary Masters, Judge William T. Dom and the Honorable William S. Rial.

Eight hundred Elks, including the membership of Warren, Pa., Lodge, No. 223, and of other Lodges belonging to the Pennsylvania Elks Northwest District Association, greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler at Warren upon the evening of February 25. While Mr. Coen was being entertained at a banquet at the Woman's

Club, a dinner for the members of the George Washington Prosperity Class to be inducted later took place at the Carver House. The Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed at the banquet in his honor in addresses by Earle MacDonald, General Chairman of the committee in charge; and by President F. J. Lyons, of the Northwest District Association. The initiation ceremonies for the sixteen Lodges in the district were held in the State Armory. One hundred and seventeen candidates, sixty-three of them for Warren Lodge, were received into the Order. Besides Mr. Coen, the speakers at this meeting included Grand

Secretary J. Edgar Masters, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James G. Bohlender, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. J. Schrader; and President M. F. Horne, Northwest District, Vice-President William G. Kern, Trustee M. A. Riley and Chaplain M. F. Bierbaum, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. The orchestra of Franklin Lodge, No. 110, and the double quartet of Warren Lodge rendered special music.

Erie, Pa., Lodge, No. 67, was the recipient of an official visit from the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued on page 64)

## CHICLE makes it better ... gives long-lasting chewiness

It's the amount and grade of CHICLE used in chewing gum that makes one kind more *springy* or *chewy* than another. Beech-Nut Gum contains more of the world's finest chicle in each stick than any other gum on the market. That is

why Beech-Nut is always smooth and enjoyable. That explains its long-lasting chewiness—the difference between ordinary chewing gum and Beech-Nut, the finest, most refreshing, minty flavored gum you can buy.

## Beech-Nut GUM

### Tune in on Greater Smoking Enjoyment

"You certainly do smoke a lot—and enjoy it! What's your secret?"

"That's easy. I always chew Beech-Nut Gum between smokes. It keeps my throat as cool and fresh as can be ...and certainly makes the next smoke taste better!"



"Makes the next smoke taste better"

When writing to BEECH-NUT PACKING CO., please mention The Elks Magazine—It's your magazine

(Continued from page 63)

upon the next evening, February 26. When Mr. Coen, accompanied by District Deputy Bohlender, arrived in the city early in the afternoon, he was welcomed by Mayor Rossiter and by a delegation of greeting from the Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the membership of the Lodge and attended later a banquet held at the Home.

Meeting Mr. Coen on February 27 at his quarters in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City, a delegation of members of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, under the escort of police officers of New York, Jersey City, Newark and Elizabeth, conducted him to the Lodge Home for his official call. The Grand Exalted Ruler was one of a gathering of 800 Elks to witness, at the Lodge session, the initiation of a George Washington Prosperity Class of ninety-three. Mr. Coen was the only speaker

at the meeting. Prominent guests present upon the occasion were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin, Past Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, Charles S. Hart, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John W. Cantillon, Nicholas Albano, Grover E. Asmus and Richard P. Hughes; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Charles Wibralski and Francis P. Boland; and President Colonel William H. Kelly, Past Presidents Edgar T. Reed, Thomas F. Macksey, Fletcher L. Fritts, Fred A. Pope and John H. Cose; Secretary John A. Flood, and Sergeant-at-Arms Henry Strassburg, of the New Jersey State Elks Association.

Nearly 1,500 members of the Order greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Home of Joliet, Ill., Lodge, No. 296, upon the evening of February 29. The assemblage comprised

representatives of eighteen Lodges of the Northeast District of the State. A dinner in honor of Mr. Coen, given by the officers of the Lodge, took place before the formal meeting. At the Lodge session, one hundred and fifty candidates were inducted. At the ceremonies were, besides the Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Treasurer Lloyd Maxwell, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum Floyd E. Thompson; Past Grand Inner Guard Louie Forman; Henry C. Warner, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers E. M. McQuillen and Miles S. Gilbert, and Past District Deputies F. J. Schrader of Pennsylvania, and William M. Fraser of Illinois, and President J. C. Dallenbach, Secretary William J. Savage and Past President Truman A. Snell, of the Illinois State Elks Association.

## Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 29)

neighboring cities, where its performances have been well received. The Lodge's hockey team, first organized this year, was a prominent entrant in contests at the winter carnival at Bemidji a short time ago.

### Judge Wilbur M. Alter, Victor, Colo., Lodge, Is Appointed to Grand Forum

Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen has appointed the Hon. Wilbur M. Alter, Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Colorado, a Grand Justice of the Grand Forum, to fill the vacancy resulting from the resignation of Chief Justice Hon. Floyd E. Thompson, whose candidacy for the Grand Exalted Rulership has been announced. Judge Alter will serve under the appointment until the annual convention of the Grand Lodge in Birmingham, in July.

### La Junta, Colo., Lodge Mourns Loss Of Secretary W. C. Sporleder

La Junta, Colo., Lodge, No. 701, is mourning the loss of one of its most beloved and distinguished members, Walter C. Sporleder, Secretary of the Lodge for the last twenty years, who died recently. Born in 1873 in St. Louis, Mo., Mr. Sporleder was initiated into his Lodge, January 25, 1907. Before his election to this office, Mr. Sporleder had occupied that of Exalted Ruler of No. 701. In 1923 he was appointed District Deputy. At his funeral, held at the Lodge Home, Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge conducted ceremonies according to the Elks ritual. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. P. Keating, the present officers and many other members of La Junta Lodge attended the exercises.

### Malden, Mass., Lodge Sponsors Burial of Unknown Young Man

In order to save it from the Potter's Field, Malden, Mass., Lodge, No. 965, recently gave ceremonial burial to the body of an unidentified young man who a few days before had been found frozen to death in the snow in Pine Banks Park. Interment was made in Forestdale Cemetery, with nearly one hundred persons, including members of Malden Lodge and of the Post of the American Legion in its community, present. Services were conducted by the Reverend Lloyd A. Gustafson, Associate Pastor of Centre Methodist Church. Exalted Ruler-elect Frank C. Doucette, of Malden Lodge, headed the delegation of members of No. 965 who accompanied the nameless body to the grave.

### Corpus Christi, Tex., Lodge Builds Splendid New Recreation Room

What is regarded as one of the finest recreation rooms in its State was one recently estab-

lished and equipped in the Home of Corpus Christi, Texas, Lodge, No. 1030, at the instance of Past Exalted Ruler Parnot Donigan. It has a floor area of one hundred by fifty feet, with facilities for bowling, billiards, and other games; and with an orchestrate for music, one hundred lockers and hot and cold baths.

### District Deputy Nolan Visits Ossining, N. Y., Elks

Accompanied by a numerous delegation of members of his own Lodge, Yonkers, N. Y., No. 707, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Gerald T. Nolan recently made his official visit a short time ago to Ossining Lodge, No. 1486.

### New York, N. Y., Lodge Mourns Passing of John Philip Sousa

Members of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, suffered a severe loss recently when one of their most distinguished and loyal fellow members, John Philip Sousa, internationally renowned band leader and composer, died, at Reading, Pa. Mr. Sousa was born in Washington, D. C., a few months more than seventy-three years ago. The facts of his remarkable public career have been set forth in countless newspaper articles. His initiation into New York Lodge took place February 13, 1910.

### Duluth, Minn., Elks Give Charity Dance for Needy Families

Duluth, Minn., Lodge, No. 133, recently sponsored a dance for the benefit of the needy

families within its jurisdiction. Food, clothing and other supplies were contributed as the price of admission.

### Yankton, S. D., Elks' Annual Charity Ball Is Successful

During three days recently, Yankton, S. D., Lodge, No. 994, held its annual Charity Frolic, called this year, "Happy Days." Over \$500 was earned by means of the affair.

### Boise, Ohio, Elks Visit Members at Cascade

In the interest of stimulating membership, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler P. G. Flack and several officers of his Lodge, Boise, Idaho, Lodge, No. 310, recently made a hazardous, ninety-mile automobile trip to the little mountain town of Cascade. An impromptu meeting was held in a hall rented for the purpose. About 18 members of the Lodge in residence there, attended the session.

### Veterans of the Civil War Guests Of Faribault, Minn., Elks

On the occasion of the tenth annual banquet and entertainment for the Veterans of the Civil War, given recently by Faribault, Minn., Lodge, No. 1166, seven of the nine veterans in residence in the city, attended.

### District Deputy Earle Is Guest of Adams, Mass., Lodge

William E. Earle, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and Past President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, was a prominent guest of Adams Lodge, No. 1335, recently upon the occasion of its Past Exalted Rulers Night.

### Secretary of Blackwell, Okla., Lodge Warns of Man Issuing Bad Checks

Warning to Secretaries of other subordinate Lodges has been issued by Floyd H. Brown, Secretary of Blackwell, Okla., Lodge, No. 1347, against J. F. Mewhiney, a member of Blackwell Lodge. Mr. Brown asserts that this man has been cashing worthless checks at a number of places throughout the country.

### Port Chester, N. Y., Elks Make Past Exalted Ruler Martin Life Member

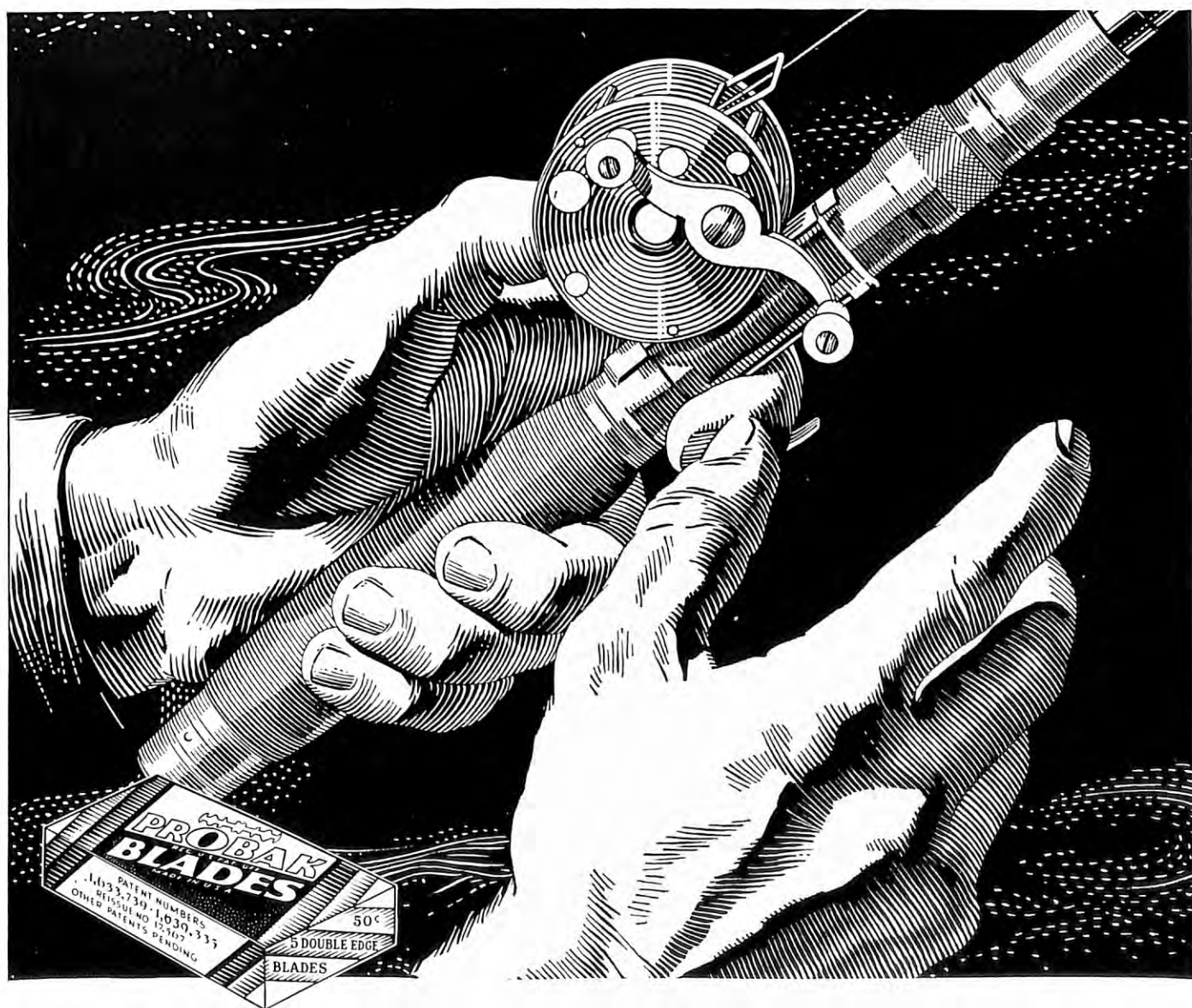
For his years of devoted service in its interests, Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, recently elected to life membership John E. Martin, who was stricken ill a year ago during the ceremonies of his installation as Exalted Ruler. For several months after his collapse he was seriously ill in a hospital.

### Answers to "What Thirteen Things Are Wrong with This Picture?"

(See page 63)

1. Women don't bring babies to prize fights.
2. There are no seats on the left side of the ring.
3. There are only two ropes on the left side of the ring.
4. The fighter in white trunks has the wrong glove on his left hand.
5. The fighter in black trunks is looking away.
6. The fighter in black trunks has wrong shoes on.
7. The referee is wearing boxing gloves.
8. The water bucket is in ring during fight.
9. The seconds are in the ring during fight.
10. The photographer shouldn't be leaning over the ropes.
11. The cop is smoking a pipe while on duty.
12. The reporter with eye glasses has no ear.
13. There is a gong but no time-keeper.

# ARE YOU THIS KIND OF A MAN ?



● We're talking to you regular men, whether you're chained to a desk or work outdoors. You'd rather hear the splash of a bass than listen to the Moonlight Sonata. Your beard is tough and you find it hard to shave. The double-edge Probak blade is designed for bristles like yours. You can feel it on your face. This is why hundreds of thousands of

he-men say "Probak is a far better blade." Join the army of "regular guys" who get real shaving comfort with Probak. Buy a package on our guarantee and match a blade or two against your beard. See how it mows

down the stubble, cutting every hair cleanly at the base. Make the test tomorrow morning. If Probak doesn't measure up to your expectations — return the package with unused blades to your dealer and he'll refund the full price.

## PROBAK BLADES

THE BLADE FOR MEN THAT ARE MEN

**"Cream-of-  
the-Crop"**



*Robert Montgomery*



Copy., 1932, The American Tobacco Co.

## **"There are no better cigarettes"**

### **HE BOBBED UP SMILING**

Bob Montgomery has been an iron worker, deck hand, railroad mechanic and a booed-at extra in Hollywood . . . The gals will go completely zooley when they see him in his latest M-G-M, "LOVERS COURAGEOUS" . . . He's stuck to LUCKIES these last 7 years . . . Not a buffalo nickel was paid for his statement . . . He gave it just for a pleasant "Thank You."

"I have always used LUCKIES—as far as I am concerned there are no better cigarettes—congratulations also on your improved Cellophane wrapper with that little tab that opens your package so easily."

*Robert Montgomery*

## **"It's toasted"**

**Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough**  
And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh