

JANUARY, 1938

# The Elks

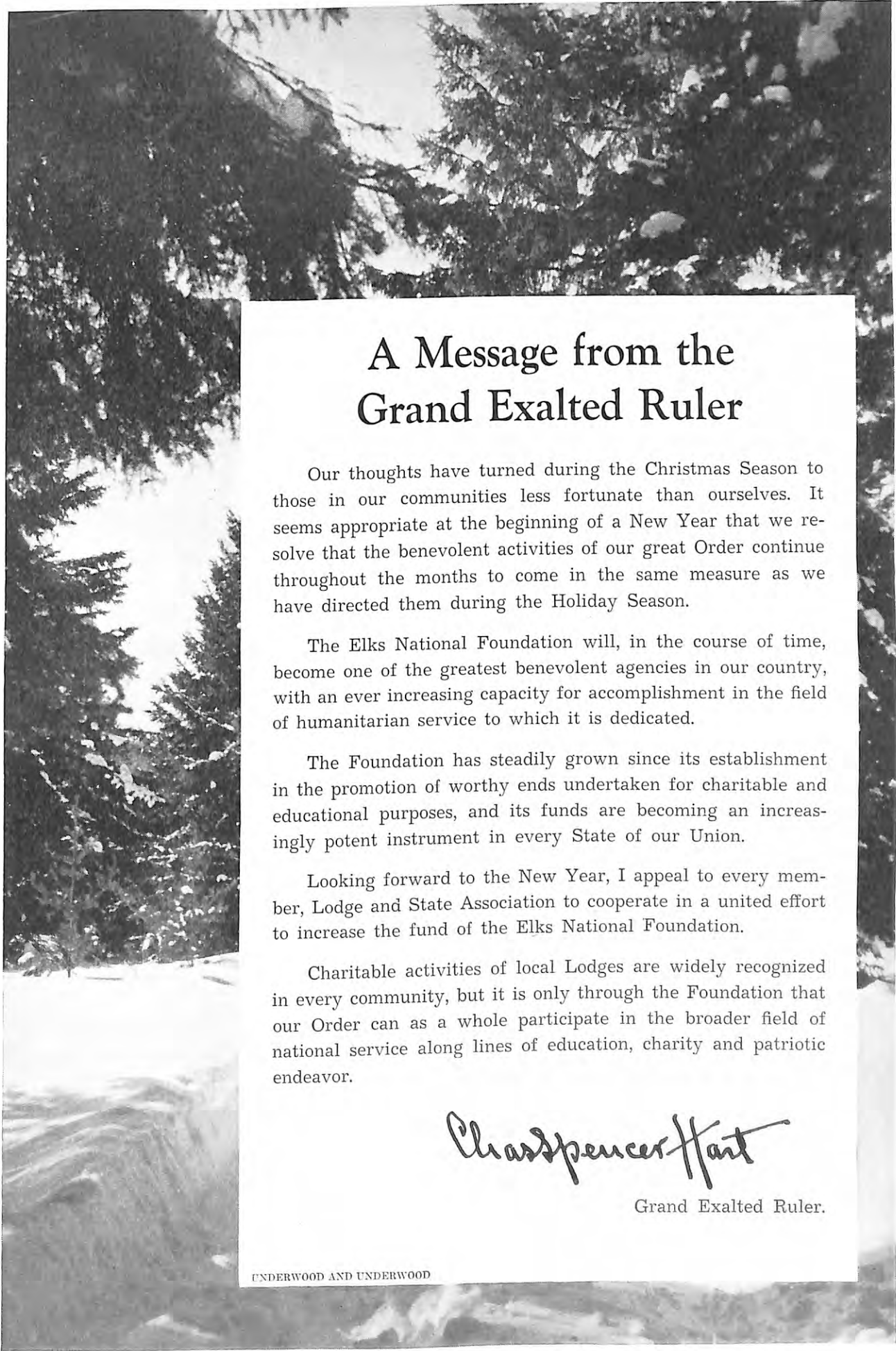
*Magazine*



# Chesterfield

*Let me wish you*  
**MORE**  
**PLEASURE**  
*for '38*





## A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler

Our thoughts have turned during the Christmas Season to those in our communities less fortunate than ourselves. It seems appropriate at the beginning of a New Year that we resolve that the benevolent activities of our great Order continue throughout the months to come in the same measure as we have directed them during the Holiday Season.

The Elks National Foundation will, in the course of time, become one of the greatest benevolent agencies in our country, with an ever increasing capacity for accomplishment in the field of humanitarian service to which it is dedicated.

The Foundation has steadily grown since its establishment in the promotion of worthy ends undertaken for charitable and educational purposes, and its funds are becoming an increasingly potent instrument in every State of our Union.

Looking forward to the New Year, I appeal to every member, Lodge and State Association to cooperate in a united effort to increase the fund of the Elks National Foundation.

Charitable activities of local Lodges are widely recognized in every community, but it is only through the Foundation that our Order can as a whole participate in the broader field of national service along lines of education, charity and patriotic endeavor.

*Chas Spencer Hart*

Grand Exalted Ruler.



# The Elks Magazine

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

"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*

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JANUARY 1938

## CONTENTS

Cover Design by John E. Sheridan  
*(The dog on the cover is an Afghan hound)*

High-Class Operative . . . . .	6
Edgar Franklin	
Throw the Race . . . . .	10
Margaret Wemple	
The Flivver Takes the Air . . . . .	14
Hans Christian Adamson	
Show Business . . . . .	18
What America Is Reading . . . . .	20
Harry Hansen	
The Fun Sport . . . . .	21
Stanley Frank	
Editorials . . . . .	22
Under the Antlers . . . . .	24
The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits . .	34
News of the State Associations . . . . .	36
Your Dog . . . . .	37
Captain Will Judy	
Transcriptions for Your Local Radio Station . . . . .	38

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# Is it true what they say about

## "MEN OVER 40"?

**Must such men lose out?**



**T**HERE is a lot of loose talk now and then about men over forty being in "blind alley jobs"—or no jobs at all. And sometimes it isn't just talk. Too often such men simply fade out—vanish from busy offices—are seen no more.

Do you, now under forty, sometimes fear what "past 40" will mean to you?

Or, being already in the "dangerous 40 zone," do you feel now and then that perhaps the scaremongers and the pessimists may be right after all? That you may be stuck in a rut? That you are—ever so little, perhaps, but yet definitely—*S-L-I-P-P-I-N-G*?

Why not *avoid* that danger before it really becomes menacing? Why not forestall that threat to your future, that subtle fear overhanging the innermost thoughts of every man who is approaching what ought to be, and *can* be, his prime?

**There's a Proven Way to Advance After 40— to Capitalize the Experience Younger Men Don't Possess**

Yes, men who *plan* their futures know that there's a sure way to rid themselves forever of such dread. Thousands of them yearly take advantage of the one and only *tested* safeguard against their "Fading Forties."

Such men have the courage and the

foresight to *train* themselves—to *prepare*—not only to hang on to their jobs, but to *compel advancement!* They deliberately set out to get a better job—to acquire knowledge and ability that will make them *indispensable* should the dread day ever come when the management is considering cuts in pay, pay-roll and personnel.

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The encouraging thing about "job insurance through training" is that almost any man is able to undertake it. Rarely is one too inexpert—too uneducated—too old. In fact the more mature man is often the ideal candidate for training. He has the back-

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**Real Effort Has Assured Success for Thousands Today**

Hundreds, yes thousands, of men at this very moment are enjoying the fruits of preparedness—of LaSalle business training—which they undertook after reading just such an advertisement as this. You, too, can release yourself from the fear of your "Fading Forties"—and in the same way.

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"I wish," he writes, "I could cry from a mountain-top to young men everywhere: 'Educate yourself—prepare—qualify—for tomorrow your opportunity may come!'"

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# High-Class Operative

by Edgar Franklin

SO far as anyone knew, Vance, the junior executive of the foreign shipping department, was the first to find Mr. Coswait that morning, at about eight-thirty.

The poor gentleman was alone in his huge private office, drooped far down in his wide desk-chair with his arms draped limply over the sides. His cheeks were an unwholesome gray, his lips hung loose and he panted weakly. At first Vance supposed that the head of the firm had suffered a stroke of some kind and he was about to pick up the telephone and summon medical aid when Coswait managed to say, "Vance—no! Not—sick, I mean. The—safe, Vance!"

Vance stared at the big spherical safe upon which, theoretically, at any rate, a whole army of safe-crackers could not have made the slightest dent. It seemed to be quite as usual. The round door stood open, as always at this time of day, for opening his personal safe was Mr. Coswait's first job of the morning.

"Well—what's the matter with the safe, sir?" Vance inquired blankly.

Coswait at last pulled himself up and pointed a shaky forefinger.

"The—the compartment, Vance. The compartment has been opened and the rifle plans are—they're *gone!*"

Vance started violently and then turned and strode over to the great steel ball.

"But—good Lord, sir, they *can't* be gone!" he cried. "You're the only one with a key to that compartment and you never leave it unlocked, even when you're in the office. It must be—" His voice thinned down to a little squeak. "Well, it's empty, sure enough!" he breathed.

"Yes . . . empty . . ." Coswait muttered.

Vance returned to his side.

"See here, sir, you'll have to pull yourself together. You did not, by any chance, leave this office while the safe was open and the compartment unlocked?"

"Vance, don't be an ass!" Coswait snapped weakly, but to some extent he did seem to be pulling himself together now. "I opened the safe when I came in, just as I always do. I opened the compartment, for there was a detail of the magazine I wanted to check over. The safe was locked when I got here and the compartment was locked when I opened the safe."

"Well, the plans didn't climb out by themselves, sir," Vance said, reasonably enough, "and you *do* have absent-minded fits, you know. I mean to say, you're dead sure you locked up as usual last night?"

"My dear Vance," Coswait answered sourly, "every night since that safe was put in here nine years ago, I have locked it myself. Then, when I've put on my hat and coat, I go back and check once more, to make doubly sure it's locked. I did that last night as usual."

Vance looked around rather wildly for inspiration.

"Well, then, the—the combination itself, sir, and—the keys to the compartment, for that matter?"

"There is just one key to that compartment and it has been on my key-ring since the day the safe was delivered. The lock itself is hand-made and guaranteed unpickable by any device but the key. As to the combination, I'm the only person alive who knows it! Thyra doesn't know it—you don't know it—Carter







doesn't know it—even my own nephew Sam doesn't know it. There is exactly one written copy of that combination in existence, and that's in my personal safe-deposit box—and I'm the only living being who can get into that box."

He was now sufficiently revived to bang the desk with his fist. Vance nodded dizzy acquiescence.

"Well, that—that sure makes it complicated, doesn't it, sir?" he muttered. "That certainly—" But he stopped at the sight of the entering girl.

She was an extraordinarily beautiful young person, this entering girl, with features which approached perfection and a shock of curls which were spun gold. As she slipped out of her trim little coat and snatched off her trim little hat, she seemed to sense that something was all wrong in this office, for she stared from one to the other of the men and asked:

"Well, what under the sun's the matter? Who's dead?"

"Nobody, Thyra," Coswait croaked. "The—the rifle plans have been stolen from the safe!"

"They've been—*what?*" the girl gasped and, for a moment, stood stunned; and then she came to with a rush and laughed impatiently. "Why, that's ridiculous. They can't have been stolen. You've put them somewhere else."

"My dear Thyra, I assure you—"

"My dear Mr. Coswait," the girl said firmly, "as your impertinent secretary, I'll say that you've been taking one of those trips into the fourth dimension, or wherever it is you go when you have those absent-minded spells. Remember, just last week, you jammed your hat into the desk drawer and then tried to hang your little petty-cash book in the closet. Go through your desk at once, please. I'll go through the rest of the safe."

She made a thorough job of it in a very few minutes, finding nothing. Lips tight, she turned to the two men. Everything which had been inside Mr. Coswait's desk now seemed to be on top of Mr. Coswait's desk. There were no plans in any of the little piles.

"Well, go through all your pockets, then," the girl continued. "You had the plans out yesterday afternoon. What suit were you wearing then? It was the light gray one. Telephone home and ask Mrs. Coswait to look through the pockets of that and—"

"Dammit, Thyra!" Coswait barked. "I may be absent-minded at times, but I'm not an absolute jackass! We need some expert help here," he said as he reached for the telephone, "and we need it quick!"

"**N**OW, you take this one—what I mean, this one on the end, kid," said that rosy-cheeked and capable young private detective, George Batey, to Sugar, his lovely bride, "and it sort of plays up your chin, see? I mean, maybe it ain't so hot otherwise, but it certainly gives your dinky little chin a good break."

Sugar nodded numbly.

Sugar had been nodding numbly for several days now, every time she looked at these large portraits of herself. Day by day they had increased until there were now, all told, twenty-seven of them. They stood around on the mantel-shelf of the three-and-bath's living room, on the table, on the desk in the corner, on the radio. Several of these portraits, if you used a bit of imagination, might have been taken for Sugar; the rest might have been cuts from medical books of the more painful cases, mental and otherwise.

"Now, chins," Mr. Batey pursued, caressing his heavy little camera and finally replacing it in its case and dropping it into his pocket, "is extremely difficult to get just right. I think maybe I'll work on chins altogether, till I get them exactly the way they ought to be and then—"

"Listen, George," Sugar interrupted, "Maybe you could—well, slow down a little bit on this camera thing?"

"Huh?"

"Well, what I mean, Georgie, it's a week now since

*She stared from one to the other of the two men and asked, "Well, what under the sun's the matter? Who's dead?" "Nobody, Thyra," Coswait croaked. "The—the rifle plans have been stolen from the safe!"*

I gave you that for our first anniversary—yes, and me nearly fainting in the store when I had to come through with two hundred and thirty dollars for it, because you wanted just that one kind of fancy little camera and—”

“Think nothing of it, kid,” Mr. Batey broke in pleasantly. “Off and on, we been makin’ quite good money lately.”

“Well, I know, George, but I thought we’d go out in the Park with it Sundays and take pictures of bridges and trees and things and—and it didn’t work out that way, did it? No, it didn’t! Why, George, you’ve been shooting every man, woman and child you’ve seen, till—why, people are talking about it! Mrs. Barton, across the hall, said in so many words she thinks you’ve gone nuts, lying down on the floor like that and taking nine pictures of her cat!”

“Oh, yeah?” said Mr. Batey warmly. “Just for that I’ll slap the snoot off her husband, the next time I see him, and you can tell her from me she has a very lousy cat and I’m sorry I wasted film on it.”

“Yes, Georgie—yes, I know,” Sugar replied soothingly, “but think of what it’s costing, too. You had your little two-dollar camera and they charged you a quarter or thirty cents to finish the pictures, but now—”

“Last week I handed Dixon forty-eight bucks to make those enlargements,” George Batey grinned brazenly, waving a hand at the art gallery, “and if swell pictures like that of you ain’t worth forty-eight bucks, what is?”

“And you admit yourself the Chief got sore, with you snapping pictures of him all the time.”

“Listen, baby,” George Batey said, “gimme a little more practice with this dingus and I’ll hand the old prune a picture of himself that’ll bring the tears to his eyes, and he’ll probably want to adopt me or make me a partner. I tell you, kid,” he went on quite insanely, “when I get enthusiastic about something I get enthusiastic! I was always like that, even as a child. So gimme a year and—hey, wait! Hold the chin just the way you got it now and come over by the window.”

“Yes, Georgie,” Sugar sighed resignedly, as the camera came out again.

“Chins on men ain’t so hard,” George explained as he held the device to his eye and twiddled the range-finder, “but chins on dames—”

“Well, *you’re* not practicing on any chins on dames,” Sugar informed him incisively.

“Only on—the swellest dame in—the world,” said Mr. Batey and there was a little rustling snap. “And supposin’ I don’t want to get fired, I ain’t practicin’ no more on her at present.”

At that, he reflected as he hurried to the subway, you’d think the kid would also go nuts, seeing what he’d done in just a week. For that matter, you’d think anybody would go nuts, just looking at this camera the kid had given him! You’d think even the old Chief would start cheering.

“Now, get this as fast as possible, Batey, because it seems it’s a hurry call,” the old Chief said, before George Batey could even take a chair in his private office. “This man, Coswait, is president of the Coswait Dye and Casting Company, right over on Ninth Avenue, ten minutes’ walk, and he—”

“Yeah, well, hold it a second, Chief,” George Batey cried. “What I mean, your chin, just the way you’ve got it. I’m working specially on chins, till I have them just right.”

“Say, have you got that damned camera with you again?” the old Chief demanded.

“In my pocket, all day, every day, Chief,” Mr. Batey muttered raptly, as he squinted through the finder at his employer. “Little higher with the chin, Chief. Yeah, like that! Hold it! Gotcha!”

“Look, Batey,” the Chief said dangerously, “you have just ten seconds to put that piece of junk in your pocket—and if it ain’t there in ten seconds your pants go out that door and you inside ’em!”

“Okay, Chief. You don’t appreciate art. You don’t appreciate art,” Mr. Batey shrugged. “I guess that’s your hard luck, huh? What’s all this about somebody named Cassburg?”

“Coswait—Coswait!” the Chief thundered. “There’s the address—factory and offices in the one big building. There’s big money in this, Batey, and if I had a good man I’d send him, but—”

“If you had any better man than me, he’d have taken the agency away from you years ago, Chief,” Mr. Batey responded blandly, edging toward the door. “In fact, many’s the time I been tempted to do it myself and—hey! Don’t throw that inkwell, Chief! I’m gonna see Cassfield right away!”

“WELL, now, just exactly what is this rifle you’re speakin’ about, Mr. Coswait?” George Batey asked, but his eye was on Thyra Bronson. What he

Illustrated by  
J. J. FLOHERTY, JR.



meant, the chin on this doll! Saying nothing about all the rest of her—and you could say plenty—just the chin on her. It was like it had been designed by some artist from, maybe, heaven!

"You're probably not familiar with the situation and I'll have to give you the briefest outline—and I wish you'd look at me and not at Miss Bronson!" Coswait answered testily. "Here it is. None of the world's infantry, Batey, has been able to adopt a really practical automatic rifle. Gun itself too heavy—ammunition too heavy—magazine too small and it would take a truck to carry the reloads. Understand? Very well. I've spent years in developing a high-speed cartridge of remarkably small size and weight, with as much punch as any army cartridge in use!"

He nodded emphatically and waited, obviously for George Batey to throw up his hands in amazement.

"Um—yeah?" Mr. Batey said, but his eye strayed again.

"And I have also perfected an automatic rifle which carries fifty rounds in the magazine and for which the infantryman can pack an additional two thousand rounds without fatigue or inconvenience. I need not enlarge on the priceless value of this rifle, need I, nor the strong chance that it will revolutionize modern close-range warfare? I have reason to believe that every great power in the world would—Mr. Batey, *if you please!*"

"Just a second, Mr. Coswait," George Batey smiled apologetically, whisking out his little camera. "Once in a lifetime, as the feller says, you see a chin like this young lady has got, so if you'll pardon me maybe one minute while I take a shot." He proceeded to do so.

The odd sound in the office was Mr. Coswait's teeth gritting.

"Batey," he said with marvelous repression, "you are unusually fortunate. But that I have a son who has been virtually unbalanced by this same miniature camera disease, I should kick you out of this office and ask your employer to send me a real detective. As it is, to save time, take your confounded shot at Miss Bronson and then get down to business—or get out!"

"Well, hold on there," Thyra Bronson laughed. "If anything like that goes on, I'll have to fix my hair and lips."

And as she hurried from the office, George Batey noted with a sigh, she had a very slight limp. He turned and beamed at Mr. Coswait, whose hands worked convulsively and whose teeth still gritted.

"Some doll!" he commented, in an awed undertone. "She—say, listen! You ain't got such a bad chin yourself, Mr. Coswait. Will you kindly hold it just like that? Thanks very much—gotcha! Yeah, and you ain't got such a bad chin, either," he informed Vance.

"Here, I don't want my picture taken," Vance said shortly, and turned away.

"At that, I got one of you and it looks very nice." George Batey chuckled. "Okay, Mr. Coswait, about this—was it a rifle?"

"Yes, it was a rifle," Coswait pursued, still with marvelous repression. "There is just one set of plans for this rifle and it has never left my hands since the day I started them. There are five of the rifles themselves in existence, all made here on the premises in a locked room by workmen who have (Continued on page 39)



# THROW THE RACE

By  
Margaret Wemple



THE black mare was alert, but not too excited. She put her feet down with springy fastidiousness and the sun struck blue flashes from her satin coat. Deep-chested, lean as a greyhound in the flanks, with great muscles swelling on her quarters, she looked good, all right.

Tom Devon, her owner and trainer, stood at the edge of the paddock in his faded silks and watched her. He didn't know he was grinning till Joe, the colored boy Hendricks had insisted on lending him for the trip, grinned back as he led the mare past.

Tom was pleasantly aware of the excitement that ruffled the crowd outside the paddock fence.

Until two weeks ago not a soul here had ever heard of the mare, but two weeks ago she had run her maiden race, the Rolf Memorial Cup, and the way she had left the field to win by a matter of five lengths had been an amazing thing to see. Yet today the betting on her was slow in spite of the attention she received. The Rolf Memorial, people were saying, was a brush race, and Black Maria's winning the way she had could be attributed to her racing forbears, who might avail her nothing today because the Hancock Gold Cup was something else again. It was over timber and a stiff course at that, and the filly was only three years old and inexperienced and too fast maybe for post and rail.

Maybe. Tom had schooled her on timber and knew her great heart, but it was her first timber race and he could understand why people hesitated.

They watched her and liked her and argued about her with violence and went off to put their money, for the most part, on the favorite, Arbiter III, who had won last year, and the veteran General Monk and San Marco, the bay.

San Marco, McLean Stables entry.

Tom scanned the paddock for the tenth time, wondering where Prentiss McLean was and if young Prentiss was going to ride.

Wondering what had happened to Leslie McLean and realizing that this used to be home—this fine rolling country with its burnished hills. Something came into his throat as he looked at it and he was suddenly lonelier than he had been at any time since he had left it.

He wished Pop Hendricks had been able to come up for the Hancock. It would help to have Pop here insulting him and cheering him on. Living as he did by and for stake horses and straight racing, he was professional to the core and had some choice epithets for hunt-racing and gentlemen riders. But his code was as inexorable as that of the gentlemen he maligned, and Tom had long ago come to regard him as more than just a boss.

His gaze went back to the bay and rested there, seeking assurance in the animal's presence. It must mean there was something left out of the old life, unless the McLeans, too, had cracked up and gone and the new owner had retained the famous name.

"Tom."

The voice was behind him, low-pitched and tense, and his heart leapt like a nervous colt. He swung around with widening eyes. "Leslie," he said, having scarcely any breath with which to say it.

It was a wonder he knew her like that—instantly, for she had changed. Changed the way thoroughbreds did, from early awkwardness and ugliness to long clean limbs and co-ordinated grace. But the eyes were the same. The eyes he would have known anywhere. Ordinarily they were grey, but now large and dark as she looked at him, and curiously fathomless.

He said, stammering a little, "It's good to see you. Awfully good. How are you?"

"Fine," she said absently without smiling, and there was no response in the hand she gave him.

"I wondered where you were. It was like old times seeing a McLean entry." Talking to her was suddenly

*"What is it, Leslie?" he said instantly, glad she had come to the point of telling him her trouble. "Could you write out a check tonight for seven hundred and fifty dollars?"*

uphill going and he wished it would smooth out, because their meeting shouldn't have been strained like this. "What's going on? What are you doing with yourself these days?" He wanted to ask, "Are you married, Leslie?" but he couldn't, although he used to know her well enough to ask that.

"Running the stable. I mean, Prentiss and I are trying to." She stopped there, and Tom had to say, "Your father. . . .?"

"He broke his neck last spring. Schooling." Her voice was hard and even, expressionless, but she turned her face away so he couldn't see it. "There were only the three of us to work the horses and he hadn't schooled for ten years."

"I'm sorry," Tom said, after a pause. "It was a good way to go."

A damned good way, he thought with swift envy.

Behind his eyes flashed the picture that seemed to grow no less vivid with time. The green-shaded lamp on his father's desk making a circle of light around the grey head. And so little blood—only a thin, crooked line down the side of the face and a few smears on the green blotter.

He jerked his mind back sharply when Leslie said, "How about yourself, Tom?" with a brightness in her eyes and voice that made him uneasy because it was so obviously forced.

"Oh, I've been . . . here and there. Hanging around horses mostly."

"That's a nice mare you've got."

It pleased him absurdly when people complimented Black Maria and he grinned and said, "Well, I think so, but I'm pretty close for unbiased judgment."

"Tom . . ."

"What is it, Leslie?" he said instantly, glad she had come to the point of telling him her trouble.

"Could you write out a check tonight for seven hundred and fifty dollars?"

He shook his head, his mouth pulled down wryly. "I couldn't write a check for twenty cents tonight or lots of other nights I could think of."

But she wasn't being funny:

"In that case," she said with a strange, desperate calm, "San Marco has to win."

"He looks as if he could," Tom said, to soothe her. And then he started. "What did you say?"

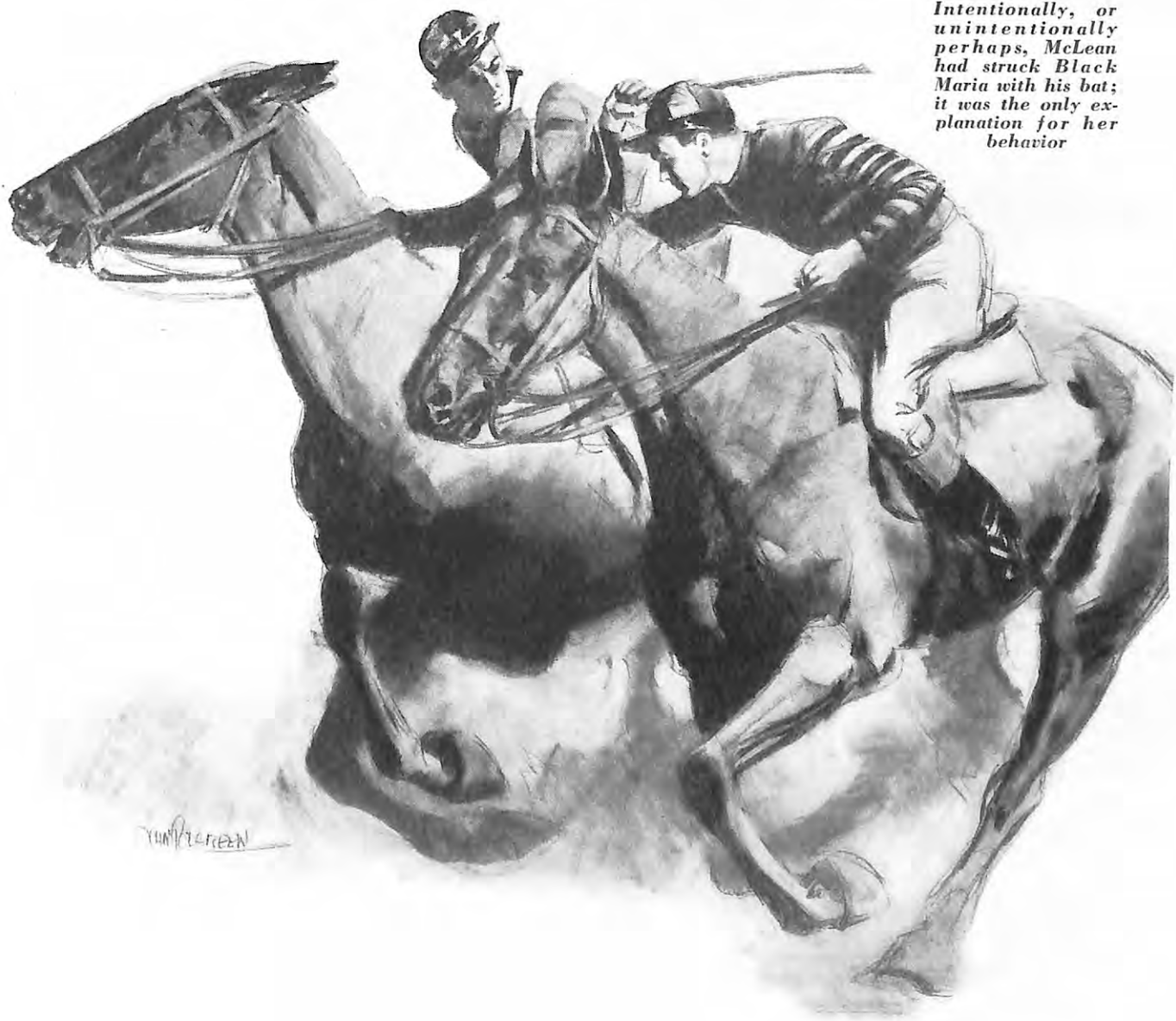
She was standing very straight, but leaning on the paddock fence behind her.

"Prentiss is riding San Marco in this race. He—he's got to win."

Tom looked away from her while the shock ran its course through him, and watched the horses moving around the paddock. When he could bring his eyes back to the girl, he noticed things about her. The tweeds she wore had been good a long time ago and the brogues below her fine ankles were too old even for affected carelessness.

She flushed under his scrutiny. "It's as bad as that," she said. "We have to have the purse."

"Throw the race? Why me?" His voice was almost



*Intentionally, or unintentionally perhaps, McLean had struck Black Maria with his bat; it was the only explanation for her behavior*



a whisper, but hard. "Black Maria is not the favorite."

"Only because no one knows what she can do on timber. But she's going to win—you think she is, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Will you—hold her, Tom?"

She wasn't pleading; her request was defiant, faintly scornful, and he saw that she was well aware of what she was doing. But he was having a difficult time realizing that the daughter of Prentiss McLean was asking him to throw a race.

"And for eight hundred dollars." He finished the thought aloud and glanced at the bay. "I should think you'd prefer to sell a horse, even at sacrifice."

"We only board them now," she said woodenly. "San Marco's the last and he belongs to Prentiss. Prentiss won't sell him."

What he said next was said before he knew it. It was the result of the shock and his futile anger and something like despair. He said, "You'd better quit. You'd better do typing or something where you can earn a living honestly," and it took all the color out of her

face, left her eyes dilated and stunned.

"So that's your refusal." Her voice, oddly, was normal for the first time.

"Did you think I'd agree?"

"No." And then she said, "Well, that's that," and swung away. He caught her back to him by the arm.

"Have you asked anyone else?"

"You're the only one I know well enough," she said, meeting his gaze coolly, "and anyway Black Maria is the only thing Prentiss has to worry about."

He didn't know he was still holding her arm till she twisted it free deftly.

Joe was telling him to hurry and get up, and he tested the girth automatically, bent his knee. As he found his stirrups and took the bat from Joe, he saw Leslie speak briefly to her brother. The man on the bay horse was bending down so Tom couldn't see his face. Then the bugle, the bark of the amplifier listing the horses, the fact that Joe was no longer at her head, gave Black Maria the idea that it was time to show off. He soothed her with his hands and the smooth flow of his voice, out of which from habit he kept any hint of excitement.

It was not hard, because he wasn't excited now. He was depressed and unhappy and he couldn't get his mind on the race for thinking of Leslie McLean and the horse her brother was riding.

Half-way to the starting post, the horses broke out of single file, and Tom maneuvered the black filly alongside San Marco.

"Hello, Mac," he said, and Prentiss McLean II flashed him a sullen, startled look, his eyes sliding away at once.

"Keep your distance," he said thinly. "Marco's a kicker." He pulled over, and Cabala, the grey horse, pranced between them.

A nice exhibition of rage and disappointment, Tom thought. Apparently he had expected the race to be handed over for the asking. He was a year or two older than his sister; he looked ten years older now. Tom remembered that he used to be rather on the spoiled side, but it was hard to believe he'd let Leslie get mixed up with anything as dirty as race-fixing even if it meant selling San Marco.

Tom clamped his jaws till the muscles ached and wished he'd never thought of entering Black Maria in the Hancock, or that she'd got something the matter with her and been scratched. Funny to be wishing that, considering the way he'd looked forward to this day.

The nervous strain of holding her while three times

comprised such dangerous chance or took, therefore, so much out of you.

He was holding hard, but there was great satisfaction in the mare's rhythm and in the promise of her leashed power. It was satisfying just to be riding her over fair hunting country on a golden day in the fall of the year.

She devoured two more panels as if she was enjoying herself hugely, and Tom grinned when he thought of the people who'd been afraid to put their money on her.

It was after the Sixth that he discovered he was being paced. The head of the horse he had been seeing in the corner of his eye had moved neither ahead nor behind by so much as an inch. He knew before he looked around that it was the bay, San Marco. McLean was keeping him nose to nose with the mare and doing a nice job, because McLean could ride. And the bay was not to be reckoned lightly. He was good—maybe as good as Black Maria. There was no way of telling how much speed he could show when the time came. Prentiss McLean had been famous for the horses he schooled as well as for his riding, and these qualities at least he had bequeathed to his children. Perhaps Leslie had been justified in saying Black Maria was the only thing San Marco had to worry about.

He remembered her eyes when she said it, and memory plunged back through the years to the other time he'd seen her look like that. It was a hot day early

*She lifted his good hand to her. "I was so afraid," she said. "that this would never happen"*



*Illustrated by*  
JOHN POLGREEN

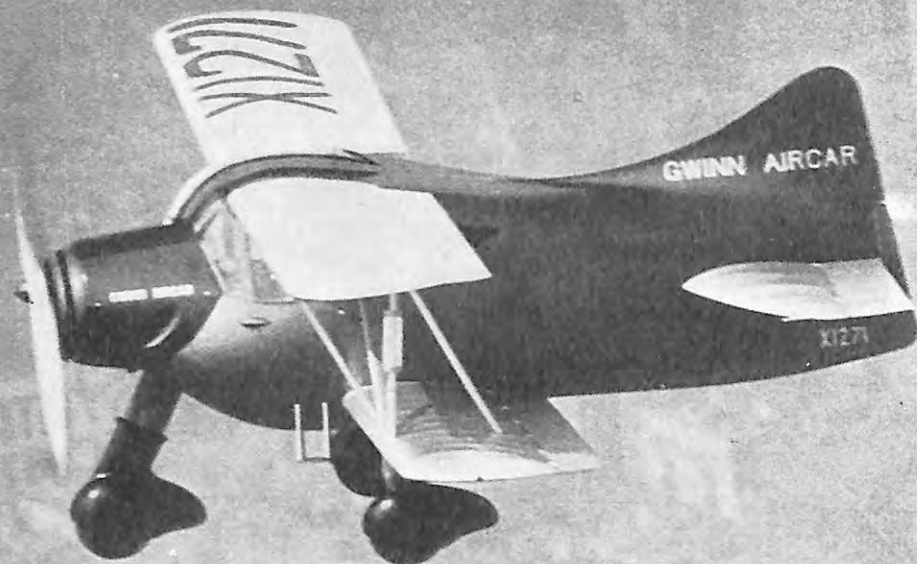
horses ran out ahead of the starter's flag, forced his mind onto the race at last. Then they were off and all he could think of was the mare surging under him.

He rated her carefully at the first fence and she took it without an inch to spare. Her ears flattened with annoyance when he wouldn't let her go up with Cabala and General Monk, or even with Arbiter III, whose rump she could have bitten by stretching her neck. But he knew what he wanted to do. The race was three miles—once around the course and part way around again before turning into the home stretch. He'd let the hotheads set the pace and stay close enough behind them to keep control of the situation. There'd be no real letting out till the last mile or so, of course, but before that he'd start pulling down the leaders one by one.

All of which looked very simple figured like that, but racing over post and rail was the biggest gamble in the world. A horse might run away from the field and then muff the last fence and never come in at all. Or an odds-on horse might be out of it by a fluke on the first jump. No other kind of racing, Tom thought,

in the cubbing season and they were together as usual. Year after year he sought her out and rode with her because she didn't talk much and because of her deep, grave joy in horses and the sport. The chestnut she rode that day was green as the grass he'd been gorging himself on all summer, and Tom remembered thinking he was too much horse for her even while she seemed to be having no trouble. He was right, too, for when the hounds lifted their voices and someone in the woods gave the long drawn yell "Gone a-way!" the chestnut was off like a shot. Tom followed as close as he dared, watching the animal rush his fences and holding his breath at each one as if that would help Leslie get him over. He did get over somehow until they came to the panel at the bottom of Herrick's pasture. It was a bad jump with a down-hill take-off, and Tom screamed at her not to try it. But she did. There was the splintering crash of rails, and the brown cloth of Leslie's coat was all mixed up with horse on the other side until the chestnut heaved himself to his feet and fled.

Tom could still remember the way he felt when he saw her lying on the grass. She (*Continued on page 43*)



## THE FLIVVER TAKES THE AIR

by  
Hans Christian  
Adamson

*Pictures, Inc.*

**T**HE expansion of private flying in the United States depends entirely upon the development of low priced planes with strong, inherent safety factors—in other words, fool-proof planes. There are, admittedly, two schools of thought on the subject. One, the school of sceptics which holds that, when fool-proof planes are made, there will be plenty of super-fools to fly them. The other, more enthusiastic than cautious, believes that anyone who can drive a car can learn to fly.

Between these extremes there is a happy middle ground. Not every potential private plane owner is an embryo flying fool, nor is mere ability to drive a car a sure-fire qualification for a pilot's license. The best way to keep fool-proof planes fool-proof is to maintain reasonably critical requirements with respect to the physical, mental and nervous makeup of would-be private pilots. Even the safest plane in the world has the makings of a death trap in the hands of a reckless pilot.

The chief requirement of the man who wants to buy a car is whether or not he can afford to buy one and maintain it. His ability as a driver is secondary. The reverse is true with respect to the man who wants to own a plane and fly it. The physical and mental factors

which determine what sort of a pilot he will be, come first. His ability to pay is absolutely secondary.

It is not enough for the would-be flyer to have good eyesight, keen hearing, a stout heart and a normal body. He must be a fast and quick thinker. The sort of fellow who keeps cool in hot corners. The would-be flyer's mental approach to aviation is very important. He must not be a show-off. An exhibitionist complex is the worst co-pilot in the world. I say, and without reservation, that the principal contributor to the ghastly toll of private aviation is the harum-scarum airman who gets a kick out of doing dangerous stunts—the sort of pilot who risks his life, and the lives of others, by looping, flying upside down, inside out, skimming the ground, spinning and rolling, just to demonstrate that he is a "hot" pilot. No person with that approach to flying should be allowed to handle a plane. The strange part of it is that Uncle Sam actually encourages this foolhardy form of flying. Government rules demand that a pilot must know how to bring his ship into and out of stalls and spins before he can receive his license. This, of course, means that the student must learn how to put his ship into those dangerous positions before he can bring them out again. The intention is to insure the





Pictures, Inc.

*On opposite page: The "Aircar" approximating an automobile in principles of operation, is shown in flight over N. Y. C. with Frank M. Hawks, veteran speed pilot, at the controls. The "Aircar" has a tricycle landing gear with no tail-skid or wheel, and no rudder. Left: James Ray, inventor of a new type of auto gyro, and one of the finest pilots in the air. Below: Dr. Richard Light, Yale's flying professor, with his radio operator, Robert Wilson, who made a 29,000-mile flight around the world*

The world stood aghast at the shocking air disaster near Moscow two years ago when the Maxim Gorky, the world's largest plane, crashed and sent forty-eight people to their death. The accident was caused by a flying fool on a stunting spree. His name was Blagin and he flew a small, one-place escort plane alongside the new giant of the air. Being a true exhibitionist pilot, it was not enough for Blagin to fly wing to wing with the largest airplane ever built. He had to show off. So, despite specific orders to fly in straight formation, Blagin began his stuff. He looped, spun, rolled and dove, and as he went through his antics, he no doubt said to himself—as all show-offs do, "Ah-ha, they are watching me! Me, Blagin! Not the Maxim Gorky! Well, I'll show them something to remember!"

Indeed he did. For in one of his mad capers, Blagin swung too close to the airliner and smashed into its wing. The wing buckled. Broke. So did Blagin's wings. Both planes plunged to the ground. Out of control. And that was the end of that. Every soul aboard the Gorky died. Blagin died. And it was just as well that he did for, while those aboard the liner were buried with high honors, the smashed remains of the stunt flyer were given scant shrift. Had Blagin survived, chances are that he would not have survived for long. But Blagin's memory lives on in the form of a nine-letter memorial to him and all flying fools—Blaginism.

During the past few years, the United States government, through the Air Bureau of the Department of Commerce, has tried to revive the interest in private flying which collapsed, along with many other things, during the depression years. Even as the Hoover administration aimed to put at least one car in every garage, so the heads of the Federal Air Bureau hope to stimulate the development of planes that are safe and inexpensive. There should be a market for cheap fool-proof planes. America today has a flying population of some 40,000 licensed pilots and student pilots, plus about 10,000 airplane mechanics. On the other hand, there are only about 10,000 planes, counting aircraft of all kinds.

The federal project to stimulate private flying was inaugurated by Eugene Vidal during his days as Director of the U. S. Air Bureau. At the outset, it did not take him long to discover that the problem of providing a low priced, low maintenance, "fool-proof" plane was not easily solved. Mr. Vidal figured a "good, personal type plane" could be built to sell for \$700 or \$800, provided it was manufactured in 10,000 lots. The idea received a good deal of publicity and the project was hailed in the newspapers as the government's "flivver plane".

Mr. Vidal's first step was to prepare a questionnaire, which the Bureau of Air Commerce sent to 35,000 persons in aviation, including the pilots, students and mechanics already mentioned.

"It is a comparatively easy task," said this communication, "to design and turn out on a volume-production scale a small airplane, which would sell for around \$700." The plane would be "rugged" and require no major overhauls, the announcement continued. Also, it would sell on time payments and, "if the reaction is favorable, a first volume of 10,000 will be planned."

Finally, the question was put; "Would you purchase such a plane?" The response, it was announced later, was "enthusiastically affirmative".

The Bureau next asked for designs. A good many plans were sent in, including at least one from every crack-pot inventor from Maine to California. A sur-

pilot's safety. But in a large number of cases it works the other way. It makes him believe that he is the daring young man on the flying trapeze.

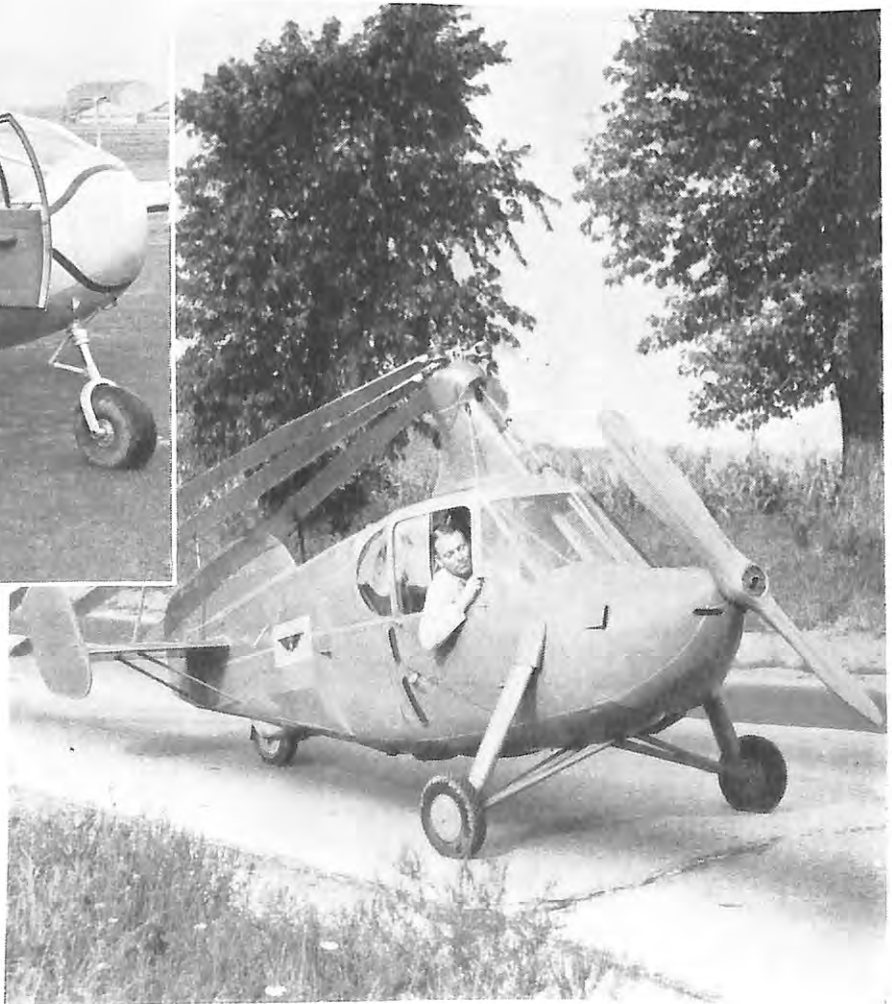
As a matter of fact, stunting should be outlawed altogether because it is chiefly responsible for the widely prevailing attitude on the part of shallow thinkers that the airplane is a thrill purveyor. Aviation has itself to thank for that. The tons of publicity released in connection with aviation meets underscores the death-defying events to be staged by stunt flyers. The crowds that attend these affairs come in the Roman Holiday spirit, expecting to see planes crash and pilots die in return for the price of admission. Nothing is proven at such air meets except that planes are still in the circus stage and that too many pilots are clowns.

If stunting were banished as a real menace to aviation progress, flying would draw quick dividends from the change. It is obvious that thousands of parents are influenced against letting their air-minded sons and daughters learn to fly as long as they regard planes as unsafe and flying as dangerous. The Greeks, despite their reputedly inexhaustible vocabulary, had no term for the aerial dare-devil. But the Russians have a word for him—Blaginist.



*Pictures, Inc.*

*At top: Wings attached and propeller hooked up to its 100-horsepower automobile engine, Waldo D. Waterman's new combination the "Arrowbile" takes to the air in a public test. Above: Hayden Campbell (left) and Eugene Vidal, (right) head of the U. S. Bureau of Air Commerce, and a flivver plane which Campbell piloted to Washington for examination. Right: A new roadable airplane, built for the Bureau of Air Commerce, demonstrating how, with blades folded back, it can travel on a highway. On opposite page: A plane on the 165-ton landing ramp and turn table at the foot of Wall Street, New York City. This is a station for New York's wealthy air commuters*



prisingly large number of them, however, had merit.

In the Spring of 1934 the program was shelved temporarily, due to the unsettled situation in the aircraft industry resulting from the cancellation of the air-mail contracts. In August, 1934, Mr. Vidal called for bids for twenty-five small planes, of the type contemplated by the Private Owner Program, for use of departmental inspectors and "air-markers".

Fourteen bids were received, ranging from \$750 to \$6,670. An order for fifteen planes eventually was placed with Hammond Aircraft Company of Ypsilanti, Michigan, at \$3,190 each. At the same time the Bureau announced that its \$700 "good personal type" plane was not forgotten, and that five such projects were under consideration.

As the comparatively high cost of aviation engines proved to be one of the chief barriers to producing a low priced airplane, experiments were made with standard automobile engines at the Casey Jones Aviation School in Newark. Several of these passed the test and received the Department's ATC (Approved Type Certificate) as airplane engines. Two of the "flivver planes", it was said, would be powered from automobile stock.

This was the situation with respect to the Private Owner Program after a year and a half had gone by. The Air Bureau was then getting a little touchy about being questioned concerning it.

From California about this time came an occasional newspaper paragraph concerning a mystery plane, with no tail, that was being secretly tested on a dry lake bed in the Mojave Desert, near Rosamund, by an old-time pilot named Waldo Waterman.

Waterman has been designing planes and flying them for a quarter of a century. He had been working on this tailless model for three years. In August, 1935, Mr. Vidal announced that the Bureau of Air Commerce had bought the Waterman plane and that John

J. Geisse, Chief of the Air Bureau's development section, would ferry it across the country to Washington.

The second half of this announcement was interesting, because Mr. Geisse was not a test pilot. On the contrary, he was a mere novice and his object, of course, was to prove that a mere novice could fly Mr. Waterman's fool-proof invention.

Geisse was then forty-two years old. He had learned to fly in the Army in 1917, but soon gave it up to specialize in aeronautical engineering and ground work. In 1934 he obtained a private pilot's license for just such an occasion as now arose. The Geisse-Waterman-Tailles trans-continental flight of 1935 got relatively small press notice despite the able efforts of the Air Bureau's publicity department. As a matter of fact, it deserved to be rated with the pioneering flights of the Wrights, Curtiss, Bleriot and Lindbergh.

The 2,655 miles from Santa Monica, Calif., to Washington were covered in thirty-one hours' flying time, an average speed of 86 miles per hour. Mr. Geisse's elapsed time was ten days. His fuel consumption was thirteen to fourteen miles to the gallon. Everything went smoothly until the final landing at Washington when part of the undercarriage was washed out. Instead of turning over and cracking up, however, the ship merely did a ground loop, thus showing by actual demonstration that a "ham pilot" could make a bad landing and get away with it.

"If it isn't 100 percent fool-proof, it's close to it," remarked Mr. Geisse as he climbed out. "It's almost impossible to make the thing stall or spin. It lands at forty miles an hour and stops in eighty-seven feet."

In flight, the Waterman resembles a bat. The wing sweeps back from the nose of the fuselage and the control surfaces are on the trailing edge and tips. The engine is in the rear, pusher type, and the plane has a three-wheel undercarriage, two wheels rear and one forward. A four-cylinder, inverted, air-cooled aviation

engine of 95 h.p. was used on the flight from the Coast. The absence of tail makes the control simpler. The 1937 model Waterman is of the roadable type. It can be converted from a plane to an automobile by the simple expedient of removing its wings. This roadable plane, called an Arrowbile, is supposed not only to be able to drive along the highways, but also to take off from and land upon straight and level stretches of roads.

The roadable plane idea is an interesting one, especially from a homicidal angle. It requires no stretching of the imagination whatever to figure out how "roadable" planes, mixed in with high-speed automobile traffic, would turn the highways into veritable roller coasters of death. Almost 40,000 people died in highway accidents last year, due to autos alone. Add airplanes to this mixture, and the death toll will be staggering.

But let us come back to the low priced fool-proof planes. And, by the way, the Arrowbile is far from cheap. Its present price is over \$2,500, but of the two-score types of planes available in this country today, the cheapest is in the \$1,200 class—almost twice the cost of a low priced automobile.

While the Department of Commerce has been trying to develop something that will put private flying within the means of the moderate income man, the French have produced a really cheap plane. It is the Pou de Ceil (Sky Louse), of which about several thousand have been sold. It costs approximately \$400.

This aerial toy has been described as a cross between a wheel-barrow and a flying fish. It was invented by Henri Minget, a French furniture manufacturer, who had designed several conventional planes but after a serious crack-up, became air-shy. Minget decided what he wanted was a machine which anyone could fly and teach himself to fly, and which, no matter how badly it smashed, would not injure (*Continued on page 46*)

Pictures, Inc.



Below are Nancy Kelly, Gertrude Lawrence and Paul McGrath in "Susan and God", a smash hit comedy about marriage and Buchmanism. Miss Lawrence gives the slickest, most polished performance of the season, turning what is a sober little comedy (with a moral) into a rout. Miss Lawrence is now New York's Dream Girl.

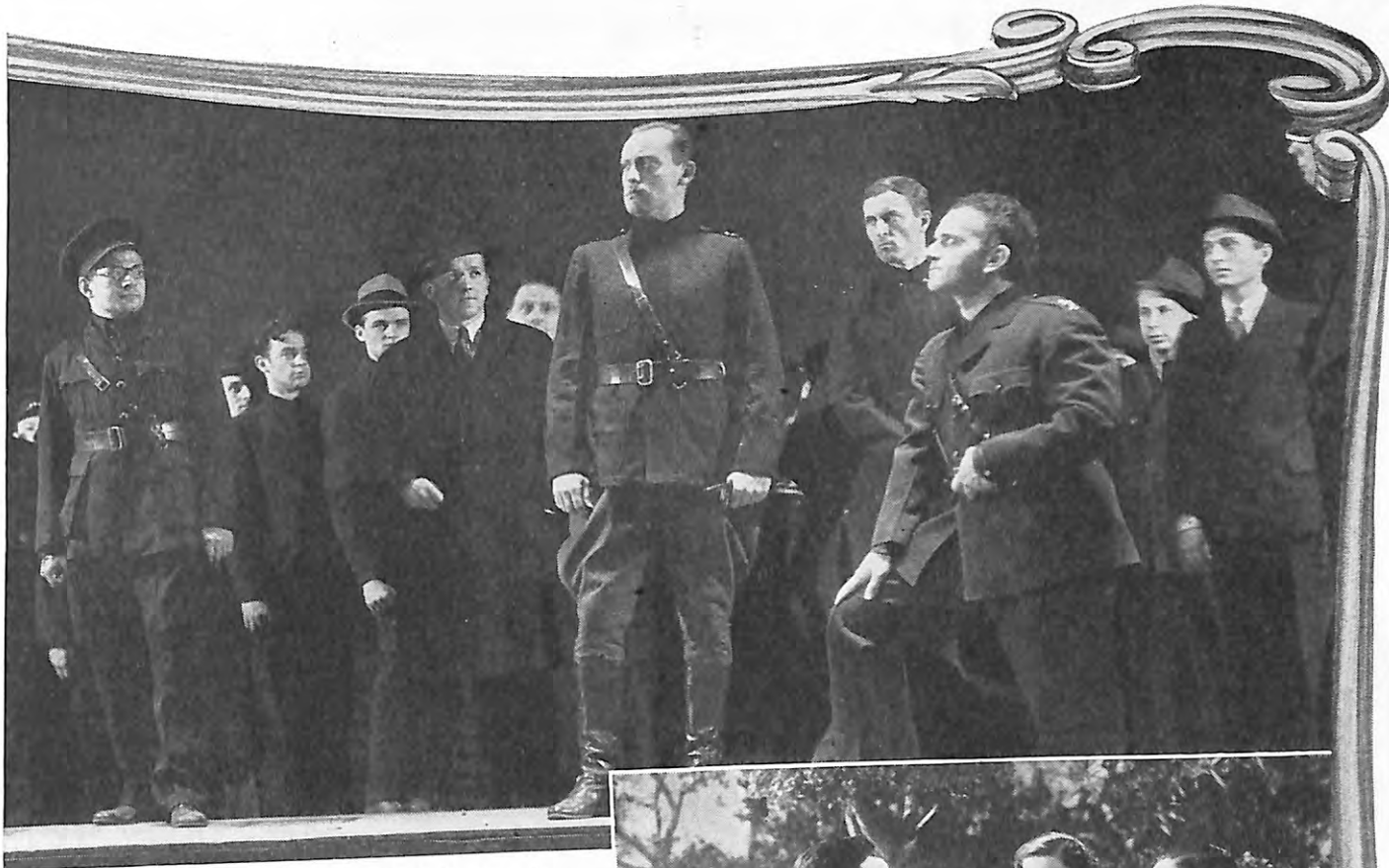


Below: Peter Lorre and John Carradine have some sinister doings in Mr. Lorre's new film, "Thank You, Mr. Moto". Mr. Moto gets himself into and out of numerous hideous predicaments in his customary agile fashion.

Above is part of the cast of "Golden Boy", the new Clifford Odets play, numbering from left to right, Phoebe Brand, Morris Carnovsky, Jules Garfield and Frances Farmer. Mr. Odets has written a masterful little number about a violinist who becomes a prize-fighter and lives to regret it. We recommend "Golden Boy"

Right: Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer rattle off two charming and effortless performances in Warner Brothers' "Tovarich", a comedy of royal Russian refugees who become servants in a Paris household.





Above are members of the cast of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" (in modern dress) with Orson Wells as Brutus, on the opposite page, and Joseph Holland as Caesar, above. Again this year Shakespeare walks away with Broadway's honors. "Julius Caesar" is the finest and most original production so far this season.

Below are the three principal characters in John Steinbeck's new play, "Of Mice and Men", which has set the critics raving. Broderick Crawford as Lennie, Claire Luce as Kitty and Wallace Ford (of the films) as George act with such simple and touching restraint that they make "Of Mice and Men" a walloping fine play



Above: Walter Pidgeon finds himself in a most enviable situation with two of Hollywood's most charming ladies, Myrna Loy and Rosalind Russell. The three appear together in "The Four Mary's", a light little dish about this and that concocted by M-G-M. Highly enjoyable and guaranteed not to set you thinking.



**SHOW •  
BUSINESS**

# What America Is Reading

Left: Daniel Frohman,  
author of "Encore", the  
reminiscences of a full life



## Highlights in New Books Reported by Harry Hansen

WHY do the glamorous, passionate women of history acquire more glamor as the years go by, while their well-behaved sisters fade into obscurity? Who keeps them alive—frustrated males or envious females? Take Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, who was poison to the ambitious Roman generals; she bore Julius Caesar a son and Marc Antony twins, and might have destroyed Caesar Augustus. Yet we know practically nothing more about Cleopatra than Plutarch chooses to tell in his lives of the Romans, and her alluring personality has been built up mightily in the years that lie between Shakespeare and Theda Bara. Emil Ludwig, biographer of conquerors and the literary great, turns to the Egyptian likewise, but being a conscientious author he doesn't load his book, "Cleopatra", with passion. He brings feeling into the chronicle, but not without taste; he imagines what Cleopatra said and did, but he sticks pretty close to the original sources.

His mind is logical and clear; hence this is as good a story about Cleopatra, as near to reality, as we have. In her short career she seems to have been able to make herself appealing to conquerors and thus hold her position and gain support for her family; she married Antony, living with him nine years, bearing him three children in all, yet her heart was set on her son by Caesar, and one of the great moments of her life came when she had him crowned. It was Augustus (Octavian) who ruined her dynasty and killed Caesarion, who was responsible for the death of Marc Antony and Cleopatra. He pictures her as wholly Greek in culture, aspiring to be crowned queen in Athens, proud to be the heir of Alexander the Great, whose body lay in a golden coffin in Alexandria, where Augustus viewed it. It was while writing "The Nile" that Emil Ludwig became interested in Cleopatra, and here she is. (Viking Press)

### MARIE CURIE, WIFE AND SCIENTIST

MARIE CURIE, who discovered radium, never let her scientific career interfere with her married life. She simply married both science and Pierre Curie. This was easy, because Pierre was a teacher of physics when he found the poor little Polish girl in a French garret, and Marie already had a flair for science. They decided that if she, too, could teach, they could increase their meager earnings. And so, as her daughter Eve tells it in her biography, "Madame Curie", Marie became the apprentice of her husband. She stirred the *pot au feu* with one hand and the bubbling chemical solutions with the other. To get a degree she had to develop a special subject. In reading she had found Henri Becquerel's statement that uranium salts emitted rays of an unknown nature without exposure to the light. To determine what those rays were put Marie on the track of an entirely new element with tremendous power—radium. With her husband she practically isolated herself for four years in a shed and boiled down tons of pitchblend ore that came in sacks from a mine in Bohemia. In her diary she would write one day about her experiments and the next about her daughter's teeth. Even Pierre became a bit groggy after nearly four years of stirring dirt in retorts in order to get an unknown substance. But Marie Curie went right on working, found radium, published her reports, went back to work. She resented the coming of people, who disturbed her; she resented publicity. Einstein said of her, "Marie Curie is, of all celebrated beings, the only one whom fame has not corrupted." Worst of all Pierre, who had worked so valiantly with her, was killed under a truck, in 1906. She went on alone until she died in 1934, still carrying on scientific experiments. Her daughter Eve has described her faithfully and Vincent Sheean has translated the book from the French. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

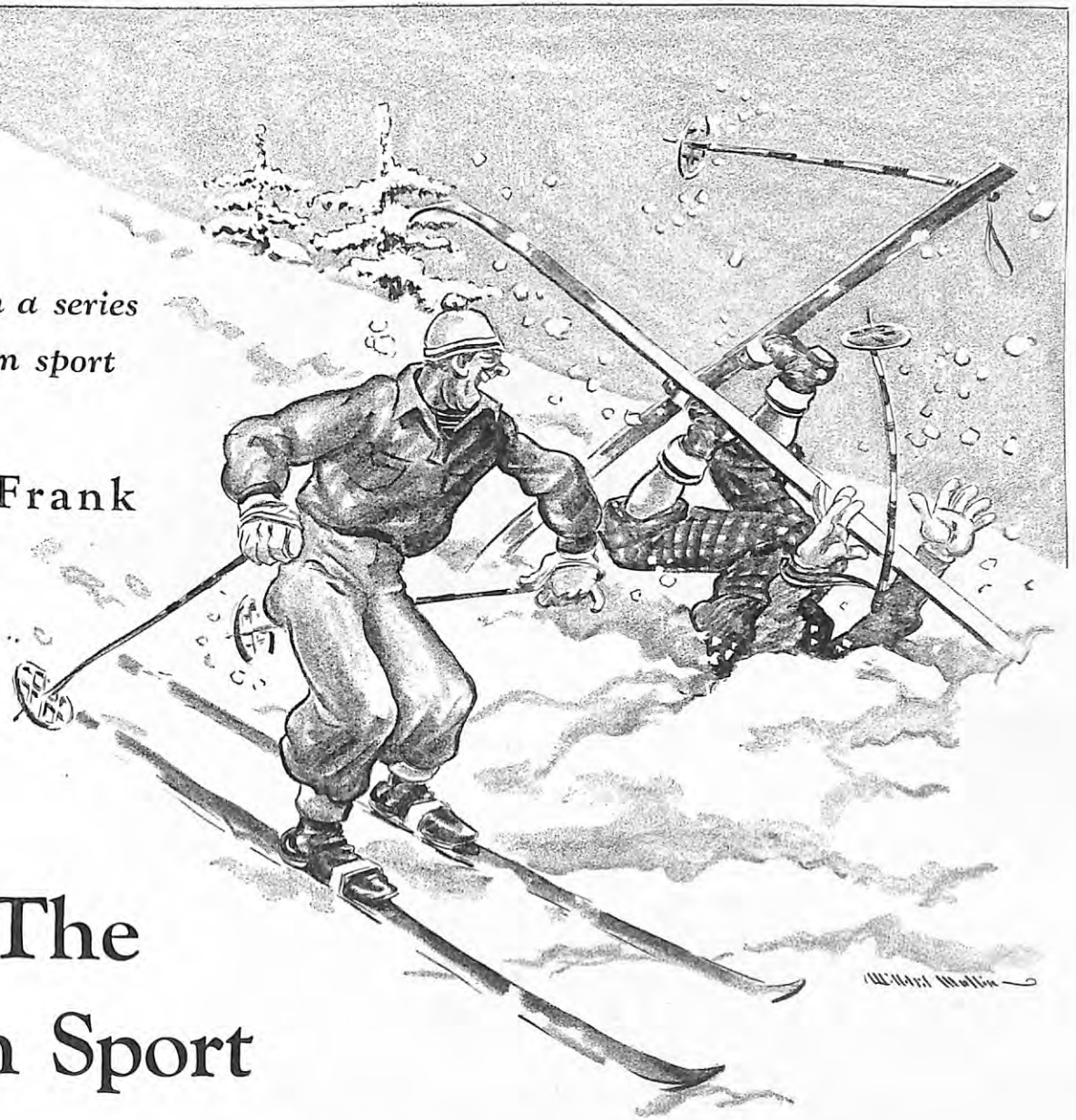
### THE THEATRE FOREVER

DANIEL FROHMAN is a hardy octogenarian whose interest in the theatre is as lively as ever. His memory goes back to the gas-lit era of acting and his reading covers the traditional literature of the stage. In "Encore" he writes informally about all his interests, recalling actors our fathers and grandfathers knew, but giving advice that will be useful to many of our youngest producers. He does not believe in too much intellectual content in plays; successful plays are filled with emo-

(Continued on page 52)

The second in a series  
of articles on sport

By  
Stanley Frank



## The Fun Sport

**F**IRST it was riding, then cycling. Today it is skiing, the latest recreation with a background of utility which has been raised to the full-blown status of a sport. Like the other forms of exercise which our country cousins accepted for many centuries as a natural by-product in the ordinary business of living, there have been definite phases in the development of skiing—its humble origin as a necessary means of transportation, discovery by upper-case society people who promptly embraced it as a fad, gradual circulation among a sufficient number of practitioners making for stability and common acceptance.

High-powered, modern promotion has accelerated the process so well that now, six years after America's formal introduction to the sport at the Winter Olympics at Lake Placid, there are an estimated half million snow-seekers in this country. And at the present rate of progress, there will be three million in another decade.

Skiing obviously has emerged from the twilight zone of a passing fancy and holds an established place in the sports curriculum. Dignity has come with maturity and devotees of the sport would be very happy indeed if no mention at all were made of snow trains, indoor winter sports shows, slides in department stores, where borax is used as a substitute for snow, and spectacular jumps into the stratosphere, without which no news reel is complete. These, the knights and ladies of the

wooden runners maintain, are merely growing pains, the manifestations of a new diversion which no longer needs theatrical promotion to survive.

The ski people prefer to emphasize the fundamental appeal of their sport. Let them sing in accents loud and clear of the exhilarating sensation, comparable to no other, of a good run downhill; how skiing alone relieves the monotony of surroundings common to other winter sports; of the facility with which men and women can learn the rudiments in a few lessons. Above all, let them eulogize the laughter and fun which seem to be infectious as soon as the skis are strapped to square-toed boots, whether a duffer is falling on the seat of his pants or an expert is finishing, with a flourish a tricky *gelandesprunge*.

They have something there, all right. Laughter and spontaneous animal cries of delight seem to go with a pair of skis and Europeans have been astonished that Americans, with their preoccupation for champions and records, have gone overboard for a sport which is essentially for participants rather than spectators. Champions are great people only in the eyes of their relatives and friends, and records mean slightly less than nothing since weather conditions, the quality of snow and terrain are not uniform. Skiers are like golfers and handball players; they'd sooner stumble all over a course and have a helluva high time than watch the exhibition of experts.

(Continued on page 49)



### A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

**A**MONG the many gods of ancient Rome was Janus. He it was who presided over the "openings" or gates of the Eternal City. His good offices came to be invoked on the opening of all undertakings. The opening month of the year was dedicated to him and in his honor was named January.

Once again we stand at the threshold of a New Year. Well may we pause in the onrush of events, invoke the good offices of Janus, plan our activities and, in conformity with time-honored custom, make new resolutions and dust the cobwebs off those we made a year ago but failed to keep or even to remember.

Most New Year resolutions are made in a spirit of frivolity with no serious intention of keeping them. They are like unto the bubbles in wine—uncorked, they momentarily appear temporarily to sparkle, and then evaporate into the thin air of which they are made, leaving no trace of having ever existed but rendering the wine flat and unpalatable.

The threshold of the present year is crowded with portent, of such serious nature as to demand most earnest and thoughtful consideration. Gone, for the time being at least, are those surroundings which in the past have licensed and perhaps even excused light and flippant resolutions. At home and abroad problems of the gravest import are presented which threaten not only the peace of the world, but civilization itself as we have come to know it.

If we make only one resolution for the New Year, it

should be to hold fast to that which has brought us to our present enjoyment of the blessings of liberty and the pursuit of happiness and to shun those various isms which, while pregnant with alluring promises, give and can give no assurance of realization. In other words, let our one resolution be to "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good"; or, in still other and more direct and pertinent words, let us resolve to be better American citizens—more loyal to our cherished institutions transmitted to us in honor by our fathers and baptised in their blood.

Amen, and again amen.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

**I**N the burial ground of Westminster Church in the business section of the City of Baltimore repose the ashes of Edgar Allan Poe, one of America's most famous men of letters. He was a literary enigma whose imagination ran rife and whose facile pen followed it into striking and at times grotesque word pictures.

He was born on the 19th of this month (January) 1809. His parents were wandering minstrels known as "The Virginia Comedians". They were filling a theatrical engagement in Boston when Edgar was born. He was left an orphan when three years of age and was adopted by a Mr. and Mrs. Allan of Richmond, Virginia. When baptised, his foster parents added their name and thus he became Edgar Allan Poe.

It may have been due to pre-natal influences that he, like his father and mother, had no permanent abiding place. We find him in Richmond, in Baltimore, in Philadelphia, in New York and in Boston, in each of which cities he followed the natural bent of many writers into the newspaper and magazine field.

"The Raven" is the best known of his poetical writings, of which he left us only a few. It is peculiar in its poetic style and weird in its imaginings, yet carries the reader along with uncanny fascination. He wrote mostly in prose, giv-

# EDITORIAL





ing us such weird stories as "The Narrative of A. Gordon Pym", "The Murders in the Rue Morgue", "The Gold Bug", "The Black Cat" and many others which have caused speculation as to what stimulated his imagination. He was addicted to the use of alcohol and narcotics which doubtless had their effect, but, if we can believe his biographers, some of his most uncanny stories were written during periods when he totally abstained from their use.

When in his twenty-sixth year, she in her thirteenth, he married his cousin, Virginia Clemm. His wife exercised a good influence over him, which, however, failed to win him away, except at intervals, from his passion for drink. Her death occurred in 1847, following which Poe gave himself over to his besetting sins. He mourned her with all the passion of his sensitive mind and heart. It was during her illness, when Poe realized that death soon would rob him of her companionship, that he wrote "The Raven", in which she is the lost Lenore.

In October, 1849, he was discovered one night in Baltimore under the steps of a theater in a drunken or doped condition. He was removed to a hospital where he shortly died of brain fever. Thus came the sad ending of one of America's outstanding literary men whose writings mark him as an inexplicable genius.

#### LODGE ATTENDANCE PRIZES LEGAL

**A** VERY conscientious but perhaps over-cautious Brother writes in stating that his Lodge at each meeting offers a cash attendance prize which is awarded by drawing a name from a container in which slips have been deposited bearing the names of all members. If the Brother whose name is drawn is not present at the meeting, the prize money is increased by the original amount and carried over to the next meeting and so on until a Brother is present at the meeting when his name is drawn, who then gets the accumulated amount of the prize which sometimes aggregates fifty dollars or more. The inquiring Brother asks if this practice is a violation of

the anti-lottery laws of either State or Nation.

Many Lodges have adopted this plan as an established custom and hence the question propounded is of interest to all. We therefore are glad to answer that this practice does not constitute a lottery as legally defined and hence is not a violation of the anti-lottery statutes.

Three things are necessary to constitute a lottery as defined and inhibited by law; (1) a prize; (2) a drawing; (3) a money or monies-worth consideration. In case of such a Lodge drawing, there is lacking the essential of a money consideration. The drawing is open to every member, and he pays nothing for the chance to win the prize. His mere presence at the Lodge meeting is all that is necessary.

#### TRAVEL BY PLANE

**T**HERE is a difference of opinion regarding the safety of travel by airplane. Such arguments have invariably followed in the wake of every improvement in the mode of travel from the ox cart down through the innovations of horse and buggy, sailing vessels, steamships, railroads, automobiles, dirigibles and airplanes, to mention only a few. It is not improbable that when Balaam selected his manner of travel to visit Balak, as related in the Book of Numbers, some of the neighboring Midianites expressed the fear that he was taking unnecessary chances. Indeed it did prove, for a time at least, to be rather a hazardous journey.

It may be set down that there has been no improvement in the mechanism of Balaam's chosen means of transportation. Not so, however, with the various vehicles of transportation devised by man, and now comes word of the perfection of a gyro-pilot which automatically lands airships safely in dense fogs and absolute darkness with astounding accuracy. If this new device proves to be all that is now claimed for it, travel by air will be much safer in the future.

It was Darius Green, you will recall, who failed satisfactorily to solve the landing problem, but modern inventive genius apparently has at last come to Darius' rescue.



*Candidates of New Castle, Pa., Lodge initiated in celebration of the Lodge's 50th Anniversary, with the Lodge officers*

## UNDER THE ANTLERS

### *News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order*

#### *Health Camp Sponsored by Port Angeles, Wash., Lodge is Being Enlarged*

A health camp, situated on the shores of beautiful Lake Crescent, and established for the benefit of physically subnormal children of Clallam County, was sponsored jointly last summer by Port Angeles, "Naval", Wash., Lodge No. 353, and the Washington State Social and Security Department, Child Health Division. The camp has been declared by State officials to be a model

of its kind and is expected to be used as a pattern by other cities and counties planning similar camps for next summer. Permanent buildings have been erected. Frank Millington, Chairman of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee, who is also a member of the county Social Security Board, will be glad to furnish information to interested Lodges. Dr. L. E. Powers, County and City Health Officer, is a member of Naval Lodge and every member of the Board of County Commissioners is an Elk. When the

children left camp, Dr. Powers gave suggestions to their parents for their care. Their health is being checked during the winter.

Ninety-one children, most of whom were from W. P. A. families or families on relief, were taken care of. The first two periods of three weeks each were for boys, and the final one for girls. The benefits derived were enormous. The children drank about 15 gallons of milk a day and were supplied with nourishing meals. The Lodge was so gratified at the results that it is planning to sponsor four camping periods of three weeks each, accommodating 50 children at a time.

#### *Leominster, Mass., Lodge Improves Home; Launches Winter Program*

The grill and card rooms of Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237, were renovated and other improvements made in the Lodge Home before the Fall and Winter activities were begun. Nationality Nights are featured along with Saturday Night Parties and the indoor tournament series with Lodges of northern Worcester County.

#### *"Secretary and Treasurer's Night" Held by Waycross, Ga., Lodge*

Diamond studded emblems were presented by Past State Pres. Walter E. Lee to the two honor guests—Treas. Julian K. Hilton and Secy. C. W. Deming—at a recent meeting of Waycross, Ga., Lodge, No. 369. A large attendance was on hand to greet the two officers whose successful efforts during the past months in restoring the Lodge to its present outstanding position were recognized in the holding on this evening of "Secretary and Treasurer's Night." Also present was Samuel Fraley who had acted as Chairman in the campaign. Mr. Fraley had previously been honored on "Sam Fraley Night" when he was presented with a life membership and a gold embossed card case. State Vice-Pres. R. Sam Monroe and Mr. Lee occupied seats of honor with E.R. Robert L. Cowart who presided. Mr. Monroe and W. G. Townsend, who directed the musical part of the Ritual, participated in the initiation of a class of candidates.

It was announced that Chief W. A. Yawn had won the gold ring in the Lodge's recent charity contest. A shrimp supper was served and an entertainment program presented.

#### *Albany, Ga., Lodge Adds to Charity Fund and Renovates its Home*

The Home of Albany, Ga., Lodge, No. 713, was completely renovated early in the fall. New flooring was laid and the windows were fitted with Venetian blinds. The House Committee, headed by Chairman A. T. Spies, P.E.R., is functioning splendidly and the Lodge is thoroughly alive. One thousand dollars was added to its Charity Fund last summer through the sponsoring of Sunday baseball.

### **El Reno, Okla., Elks Make Gift of Flag and Pole to High School**

Through the generosity of local Elks, the Etta Dale Junior High School at El Reno, Okla., is the possessor of a flag pole and an American flag. A large bronze plaque bearing the inscription "Erected by El Reno Lodge B.P.O. Elks No. 743, September 8, 1937" is placed in the raised cement base of the pole which stands in front of the school building.

Dedication ceremonies were held September 16 on the front steps with more than 500 Elks and students in attendance. While the flag was being raised, appropriate music was played by the high school band. A uniformed troop of Boy Scouts then led the audience in the Salute to the Flag. E.R. William L. Fogg, introduced by Superintendent Paul Taylor, a member of the Lodge, made the formal presentation and also spoke on patriotism. The response for the student body was made by Miss Jane Kelso, whose father, E.R. Kelso, is an El Reno Elk.

### **Constitution Shrine Given High School by Laredo, Tex., Lodge**

The purchase of a Constitution Shrine for the Laredo High School was a contribution to Constitution Week by Laredo, Texas, Lodge, No. 1018. The Shrine is on a standard six feet four inches high, containing facsimiles of the four pages of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, thus enabling students to read the exact words of both documents. The floor standard is of steel.

Resolutions signed by E.R. L. A. Netzer and Secy. W. J. Lutz were adopted. They endorsed the Sesquicentennial observance and authorized the appointment of a special committee to arrange for the Lodge's participation in the celebration.

### **Class is Initiated at Special Meeting of Tiffin, O., Lodge**

Present and past officers of the Ohio State Elks Association, District Deputies, Past District Deputies and many other prominent Elks of the State assisted in a recent initiation at Tiffin, O., Lodge, No. 94. This was a special meeting arranged so that P.E.R. Charles J. Schmidt, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee and also of the State Board of Trustees, could initiate his son Charles who had just reached the age of 21. Mr. Schmidt acted as Exalted Ruler.

Delegations were present from 27 Ohio Lodges. A dinner attended by 139 Elks preceded the ceremonies.

### **Home of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge is Located at 307 Diamond Street**

The Home of Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, is located at 307 Diamond Street, Pittsburgh. Secretary A. W. Liebler calls attention to this fact so that visiting Elks, who are always welcome, will not go to the former site from which the Lodge moved about two years ago.



*At top: A group of Elko, Nev., Elks at the Rio Tinto Mine, Mountain City, just previous to a trip through one of the richest copper mines in the world. Elko Elks recently initiated 16 candidates at Mountain City, Nevada*

*When C. S. Brown of Atlantic, Ia., Lodge was taken to the State Hospital the above members of his Lodge took it upon themselves to shuck his field of corn. They are photographed after the last load was picked*



*Proud Fathers See Sons Initiated into San Juan, P.R., Lodge*

At a recent meeting of San Juan, P.R., Lodge, No. 972, four sons of Franklin K. Bunker, an old time

*Above: A group of 35 boys which comprises the Defiance, Ohio, Lodge of Antlers. This junior branch of the Order was instituted late in October*

member, and a son of another member, Rafael Soltero, were among the 11 candidates initiated. A large turnout of San Juan Elks including the two fathers, was present, joining later in the special social session celebrating this unique event. New applications are received at practically every meeting and the Lodge continues to prosper. A cause of rejoicing was the payment in full not long ago of the outstanding mortgage on the Lodge Home.

#### **New Castle, Pa., Lodge Receives Elk Officials at Important Meetings**

Prominent Pennsylvania leaders of the Order were guests of New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69, on Sunday, Oct. 3, for the usual preliminary meeting received far in advance by a Lodge which is to entertain a State Elks Association at its annual convention. New Castle Lodge will act as host for the Pennsylvania Association in August, 1938. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia, a Past State President, and State Pres. Grover C. Shoemaker of Bloomsburg, headed the delegation of visitors which included the State Association Advisory Board, the present State officers and all of the Past State Presidents.

Among the speakers were Chairman of the local State Convention Committee Walter C. DeArment, and Manager Thomas Boyle of The Castleton Hotel, Jack Gerson and J. W. Staudinger, business leaders who are members of the Lodge. A similar meeting will be held in February. A luncheon was served at The Castleton after the conference.

On Oct. 14 local Elks and members of Butler, Sharon, Grove City and Beaver Falls Lodges turned out in large numbers to greet D.D. Wilbur P. Baird on the occasion of his official visit to New Castle Lodge. E.R. Edmund B. Connelly made the welcoming speech and the District Deputy delivered the Grand Exalted Ruler's message and spoke on important phases of Lodge work. Special entertainment was provided by the Social Committee headed by Jack Bruce. Mr. Baird was accompanied by a delegation from his own Lodge, Greenville No. 145. Two Past District Deputies, John T. Lyons, Sharon, and H. D. Ellis, Beaver Falls, were present.

#### **Home of Manila, P. I., Lodge Scene of Varied Activities**

Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, has taken an active part in relief work for American refugees from Shanghai since the arrival of the first relief ship. The Lodge reports that the recent earthquake caused no damage to its beautiful building on the Luneta, that only a slight loss was sustained by breakage and a general shaking up of furniture, and that its prosperity increases from year to year.

Two visits were made to Manila Lodge last summer by the United States High Commissioner, Paul V.

McNutt, who is a member of the Order. Mr. McNutt delivered the Flag Day address at the Lodge's annual services.

#### **E.R. W. C. Miller, Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, Honored by Legion**

E.R. William C. Miller of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, was honored at the State Convention of the American Legion held at Flagstaff in 1937 by being elected

Grand Chef de Gare (State Commander) of the Grand Voiture of Arizona, La Societe des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux, Mr. Miller has officiated in numerous important offices of the Legion. He is the ranking

*Below: The Degree Team of Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge. This team holds the Pennsylvania State Elks Degree Championship and was recently hailed as victor by Ellwood City Lodge*



*Below: The picture made at Grady Hospital when members of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge made their first deposit in its "Blood Bank" from which patients needing blood transfusions will be assisted*

*At bottom: Elks of North Adams and Adams, Mass., who visited Bennington, Vt., Lodge to pay respects to the memory of P.D.D. William J. Lonergan, D.D. George M. Connors accompanied the group*



Drum Major of the State and is the new Drum Major of the Phoenix American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps which acts as the official corps at the Flag Day services held by Phoenix Lodge.

**State Ritualistic Trophy Presented to Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge**

Colorful ceremonies marked the banquet testimonial held by Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge, No. 1356, for its 1936 and 1937 Degree Teams. On this evening presentation was made of the beautiful trophy emblematic of the State Ritualistic Championship, the Lodge having won it for the second consecutive year. Covers were laid for 170, among whom were many State and District Elk dignitaries. Fred Poister presided as Chairman. The principal speaker was Wilbur G. Warner, Leighton, Chairman of the State Ritualistic Committee. The trophy was presented by Past State Pres. John M. Shaw, Brownsville, and the speech of acceptance made by P.E.R. Frank M. Fitz-

gerald, who headed the Team that won honors at the Lancaster Convention. Among the other speakers were E.R. Raymond Kellner, Ellwood City; D.D. Wilbur P. Baird, Greenville; State Trustee James G. Bohlender, Mayor of Franklin, and Robert M. Dale, Oil City, Pres., and P.D.D. Joseph Riesenman, Franklin, Chaplain, of the Pa. N. W. Dist. Assn. The fine musical program consisted of vocal numbers by a radio trio and orchestra music.

**Newport, R. I., Lodge Sponsors Outing for Playground Children**

As a feature of its charity program, Newport, R. I., Lodge, No. 104, through its Activity Committee, sponsored an outing at Newport Beach for the boys and girls from the city's playgrounds. The party honored the memory of the late Daniel J. McGowan, the originator of the idea, who for years had been a leading Newport Elk and manager at the beach. The children marched from Touro Park where they had assembled with the various playground directors, to the beach, behind the Newport Juniors Drum and Bugle Corps. The Welfare Committee, with Richard McGrath, Chairman, supervised the parade, assisted by Boy Scouts. A two-hour treasure hunt in the

sands was the real feature of the day. Luncheon was served in Convention Hall by the Lodge, after which the youngsters were given the freedom of the amusement concessions. The Lodge has decided, due to its success, to make the party an annual Labor Day event.

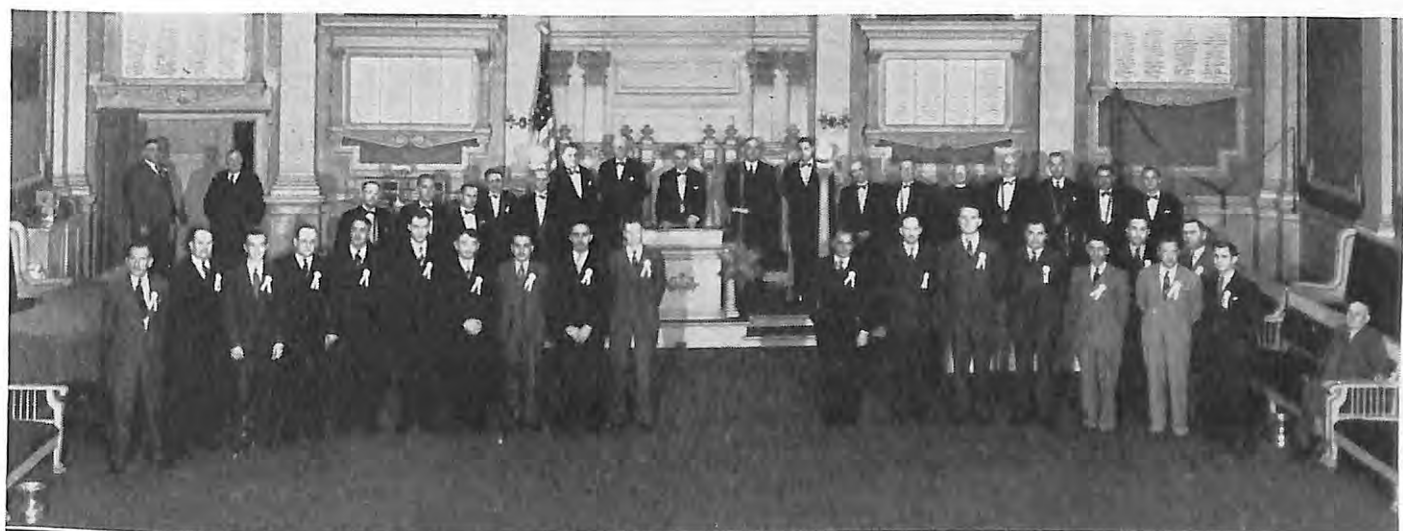
**Deaths of Two Valued Members Sadden Duncan, Okla., Elks**

Duncan, Okla., Lodge, No. 1446, lost two loyal and useful members within two months. The Rev. J. W. Moseley, Jr., who joined the Lodge in 1922, and was made an Honorary Life Member in 1927, died on October 5. He served as Chaplain for over twelve years.

State Senator Knox L. Garvin died on August 25 after an illness of several months. During his long term of membership Mr. Garvin assisted the Lodge substantially in its charity work, and during the years he spent in the State Senate he rendered valuable assistance in helping to pass legislation of wide benefit to crippled children.

*Below: Members of the "William M. Abbott Class", initiated into San Jose, Calif., Lodge recently in honor of the Past Grand Exalted Ruler, photographed with distinguished members of the Order who were present*

*At bottom: A class of 44 candidates which was initiated into Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge recently as a result of a vigorous membership campaign. They are photographed with the Lodge officers*



### Several Organizations of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge Receive Honors

The Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, No. 1345, under the leadership of Scoutmaster Gus Lenain and his assistant, Tony Hund, recently held a relay from Anaheim to the Los Angeles County Fair in Pomona. The Scouts carried a message from the Mayor of Anaheim to the Fair authorities. The last runner, Jimmy Starr, delivered the message and was interviewed about the race, in a radio broadcast. The boys then enjoyed a tour of the Fair Grounds.

Anaheim Lodge carried off honors at the State Convention in Pasadena by winning the state championship with its Drum and Bugle Corps. The Gold Trophy Cup was presented to the Corps for the third year before a crowd of 30,000 spectators. The Lodge's Glee Club won second honors in the finals held in the Civic Auditorium.

### Portland, Me., Lodge Holds Opening Winter Supper Session

At the opening of its winter supper sessions, Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188, had as its special guest Jack Dempsey, former world heavyweight boxing champion. E. R. Walter S. Spaulding, Jr., and Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Lester C. Ayer attended to the hearty welcome, assisted by the Entertainment Committee headed by Est. Lect. Knight Edward T. Colley, and other members. The meeting was enthusiastic and largely attended.

### Panama Canal Zone Elks Visit Cristobal Lodge on District Deputy Night

Thirty of the members of Panama Canal Zone Lodge No. 1414, including all of the officers, recently journeyed from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast for a meeting at Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542. The occasion marked the official visitation of D.D. Robert G. Noe to his home Lodge. After the business meeting and an entertainment session, the visitors returned in their special chartered train to the west coast.

### Georgia State Elks, Meeting at Decatur, Plan Crippled Children Work

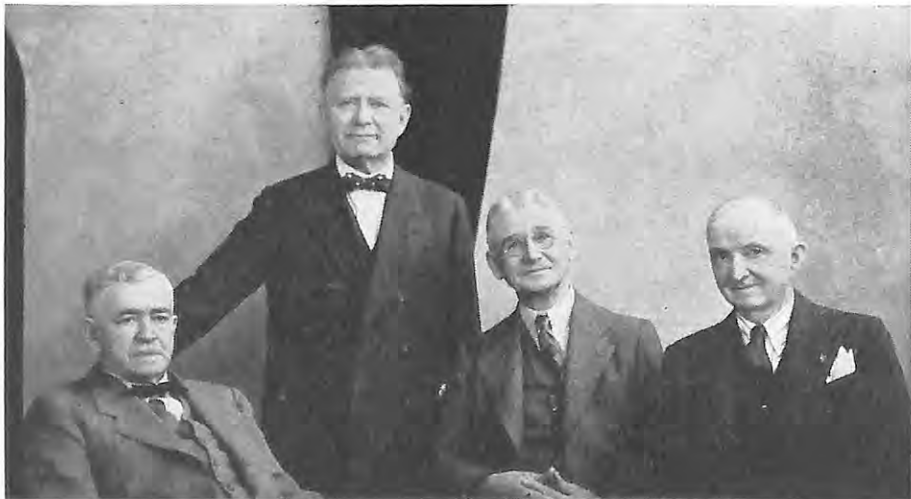
Nearly 100 representative Georgia Elks were guests of Decatur, Ga., Lodge, No. 1602, on Sunday, Oct. 17, at a meeting of the members of the Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association and other Elk officials in the Lodge Home and later at an elaborate dinner in the Candler Hotel. The meeting was called for the purpose of discussing the sponsoring of a movement on the part of Georgia Lodges to provide aid and treatment for the crippled children of the State.

Dr. Theodore Toepel of Atlanta, a member of the Order and President of the Georgia League for Crippled Children, addressed the gathering, appealing for the moral and financial assistance of the Elks in this hu-



Above: Many of the toys which Columbus, Ohio, Lodge made up as presents to the poor children of Columbus the day before Christmas. Governor Martin L. Davey is shown standing in the center

Below: Charter members of Boise, Ida., Lodge who were honored at an "Old-Timers Meeting". They are, standing, Senator William E. Borah, and M. A. Regan, W. S. Whitehead and E. J. Frawley



manitarian work. He stated that a survey made by the Federal government had revealed that there were no less than 12,000 crippled children in the State whose families were financially unable to provide necessary treatment. After his speech a resolution was adopted commending the work and asking the Lodges to give the matter consideration.

State Pres. Charles G. Bruce of Atlanta, who presided, stated that he had every reason to believe that the decision would be favorable and that the work of organization would begin shortly.

During the sessions reports showed that the Lodges were making progress. Grand Trustee John S. McClelland, of Atlanta, was present.



*At top: A class of candidates, initiated into Grand Haven, Mich., Lodge, which increased that Lodge's membership by 25 percent. Many distinguished members of the Order were present on the gala occasion*



*Above, center: Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, Elk officials and a group of candidates which was initiated into Red Bank, N. J., Lodge on the occasion of Major Hart's official visit there*

*Below: Distinguished Elks who greeted D.D. M. P. Boulden on the occasion of his homecoming visit to Carbondale, Ill., Lodge. Past State President Albert W. Jeffreys was among those present*



**St. Petersburg, Fla., Elks Endorse Law With Ceremony**

Not waiting for the date of enforcement of the slot machine law to take effect at midnight on Sept. 30, St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, took matters into its own hands and destroyed its three machines as the result of a unanimous resolution passed at a meeting, pre-

sided over by E.R. John I. Viney. Judge L. G. Ramsey, Chairman of the committee designated for the purpose, declared that the Lodge stood for law and order and wished to be the first to decommission the "one arm bandits." The other members of the committee were P.E.R.'s J. B. McGuinness, Jay E. Koning and Judge Harry R. Hewett; City

Councilman George W. Hopkins; Commander J. M. Ober; Al Werley and Roy Dee.

The local Elks held a morning ceremony in which they smashed the machines and threw them into the waters of Tampa Bay. Sheriff E. G. Cunningham commended the Lodge for setting an example of law observance for the whole State.



**Sullivan, Ind., Lodge Entertains D.D. Fred Riggs with a Steak Dinner**

The new Degree Team, the officers and 17 Past Exalted Rulers of Sullivan, Ind., Lodge, No. 911, gathered in the Blue Room of the Kerlin Hotel on October 11 for a steak dinner given in honor of Fred Riggs, of Princeton, District Deputy for Indiana South. The 20-piece Elks Band gave a concert in front of the Lodge Home and also played in the Lodge room. A class of candidates was initiated in honor of Mr. Riggs who was making his official visit at the meeting. The members of the Degree Team performed the ritualistic work like veterans. The Lodge was in a position to report a splendid financial condition and a program of

*Above: Important officers of the Penna. State Elks Assn., who were present at Levistown, Pa., Lodge at a testimonial dinner in honor of Edward D. Smith, center*

various worthwhile community activities. More than 100 Elks attended. Refreshments were served.

**Durango, Colo., Lodge Entertains District Deputy and State Officers**

One of the most successful meetings of recent years enjoyed by Elks of western Colorado was held in the Home of Durango Lodge No. 507 on October 2. Dinner was served to 178 persons in the ball room at 6:30 by the ladies of the Lodge. The meeting began at eight o'clock. Can-

didates were initiated for Ouray, Colo., Lodge, No. 492, and the host Lodge. A meeting of the Colorado State Elks Assn. was next in order with Pres. Henry B. Zanella, of Ouray Lodge, presiding.

D.D. O. A. Ehr Gott, Delta, (Colo. West) paid his official visit on that evening and made a fine address. P.D.D. George W. Bruce, Montrose, was present. Judge Bruce is one of the leaders in the Elks National Park movement which was presented to the Grand Lodge at the Denver Convention last summer. Among other prominent Elks who attended were D.D. Arthur C. Mink, Canon City (Colo. Cent.); State Secy. W. P. Hurley, Fort Collins; State Vice-Pres. William M. Wittmeyer, Montrose, and many other Lodge officers.

## Elks National Foundation Appeals for Support

**TO ALL ELKS, GREETING:**

The Elks National Foundation has a permanent fund of over \$400,000 with an annual income of approximately \$14,000. It has been distributing this income to foster and assist philanthropies such as scholarships, tubercular hospitals, crippled children's hospitals, fresh air funds, assistance funds for the aged and indigent and many other humanitarian endeavors. The details have been given in our annual reports to the Grand Lodge and in the columns of *The Elks Magazine*.

This has been accomplished although the period since the establishment of the Foundation has not been conducive to the accumulation of money or the safe investment thereof.

Do you not believe that this record warrants the approval and generous support of all Elks?

We appeal to you, members, Lodges and State Associations, to cooperate with us in the effort to double the principal fund of the Elks National Foundation that we may broaden the scope of our activities and multiply our donations for worthy purposes.

We urge every Lodge and State As-

sociation to enroll as a subscriber for an Honorary Founder's Certificate of \$1,000, payable in installments of \$100 each year. If a Lodge or State Association cannot afford this commitment, we request that provision be made for an annual donation of a smaller amount.

We ask every member to make a gift to the Foundation commensurate with his means. Good Will offerings, however small, will be most helpful in building the fund.

*The Elks Magazine* of July, 1937, in an eloquent and forceful editorial, appealed to the members to make provision in their wills for bequests to the Foundation that they might have all-time participation in the nation-wide philanthropies of our Order. Will you "carry the torch", arouse interest in the Foundation, advocate this practice among our membership and also urge your friends outside our Order to use the Elks National Foundation as their agency for good deeds?

All donations to the Foundation become part of the principal fund unless otherwise provided by the donor. Only the income is expended and this in its entirety. The expense

of administration is carried by the Grand Lodge.

The Elks National Foundation is the ideal agency for those who wish their money to do the greatest good to the greatest number in perpetuity.

With appreciation of your generous response,

Fraternally,

John F. Malley, Chairman  
Raymond Benjamin, Vice-Chairman  
Floyd E. Thompson, Secretary  
James G. McFarland, Treasurer  
Edward Rightor  
Charles H. Grakelow  
Murray Hulbert

**FORM OF BEQUEST**

*I give and bequeath the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ Dollars to the Elks National Foundation Trustees of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, a corporation duly established and existing under the laws of the District of Columbia.*

Checks should be made payable to Elks National Foundation and sent to John F. Malley, Chairman, Fifteen State Street, Boston, Mass.



**Mrs. John P. Sullivan Succumbs to Accident Injuries at New Orleans**

The widow of the late Col. John P. Sullivan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order, was fatally hurt in New Orleans, La., by a truck on Nov. 29. No time was lost in rushing her to Charity Hospital, but she passed away a few minutes after she was admitted to the accident room.

Mrs. Sullivan, a native of New Orleans, was a daughter of the late Mayor John J. Fitzpatrick. She is survived by her daughter, Mrs. W. P. Gardiner, her mother, two sisters and a brother. To them *The Elks Magazine* offers its deepest sympathy.

**Havre, Mont., Lodge Enjoys a Well Rounded Winter Program**

A strong and well rounded program of winter activities for Havre, Mont., Lodge, No. 1201, has been initiated by E.R. Frank C. Lindsey.

One feature which is working out splendidly is the regular monthly dinner and meeting of the officers and trustees held in the early part of the month. Lodge affairs and questions relating to the Good of the Order are thoroughly discussed and recommendations made for needed improvements. It is found that matters of importance can be brought before the Lodge at regular meetings to better advantage and plans made more expeditiously.

A social event of note was the Ladies Night held in September. One hundred Elks and their ladies responded to the printed invitations. The affair was so successful that the "Nights" are being repeated. The whole first floor of the Lodge Home was thrown open for the party.

**Elks National Bowling Tournament at Milwaukee Begins March 26**

Members of the Promotional Com-

mittee of the Elks' Bowling Association of America met recently in the Home of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, which will entertain Elk bowlers at the 21st Annual National Bowling Tournament beginning March 26. They expressed their pleasure at the variety and progress of the plans already made by the Lodge officers and the local committees. Pres. S. A. Hanson, Oak Park, Ill., Past Pres. Frank G. Mitzel, Detroit, Mich., and Secy. John J. Gray, Milwaukee, members of the national committee, were present.

All entries will close at midnight on March 1. Only members of the Order in good standing will be eligible to compete. The cash prize list will be divided in two classes. Sixty percent will be given as regular prizes going to scores of merit, and 40 percent will be awarded as good-fellowship prizes to be drawn by those who have not participated for regular prizes. Nine diamond championship medals will be awarded, one to each bowler winning first place. The Lodge represented by the team winning the five-man team event championship will be awarded a beautiful trophy donated by Milwaukee Lodge. All entries will be in charge of Secy. Gray whose address is 1616 South 16th St., Milwaukee. William Zimmerman, appointed by E.R. Thomas F. Millane, is General Chairman of the local Tournament Committee. He is a veteran in the bowling game and has

*Left: The Publicity Committee of the New Jersey Elks Lodges, a live group of men who are bending every effort toward keeping the activities of Jersey Lodges in the public eye*

*Below: Officers and part of the White Squadron of Erie, Pa., Lodge, photographed at an initiation of candidates held in the presence of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters in honor of his visit*





*Above: Elks and city officials of Walla Walla, Wash., as the Lodge presented to the city a public address system to be used by the Traffic Department for the direction of traffic problems and the education of the public*

had plenty of experience in conducting tournaments. George McBride, formerly shortstop and manager of the Washington Senators, has been selected Chairman of the local Entry Committee. Jimmy Zimmerman will be Tournament Manager.

#### *Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge Celebrates Its 33rd Anniversary*

In observance of the 33rd anniversary of its institution, Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge, No. 937, entertained some 175 members and friends at a fried chicken supper. The occasion took on the nature of a "Ladies' Night", the ladies having been invited as special honor guests at the celebration.

Toastmaster C. L. Waller was in charge of the program which consisted of vocal numbers and informal talks. Exalted Ruler W. H. Cates made the welcoming speech. P.E.R. W. T. Moore, Jr., gave a resume of Tallahassee Lodge's history, and Judge W. H. Ellis, charter member of the Lodge, and C. W. Hunter, of Ocala Lodge, also spoke. Mr. Hunter called attention to the fact that Tallahassee Lodge numbers among its members many of the most distinguished Elks in the State of Florida.

#### *St. Louis to Invite Grand Lodge Convention in 1939*

At a recent meeting of St. Louis, Missouri, Lodge, No. 9, a resolution was unanimously adopted appointing a committee to invite the Grand Lodge to meet in St. Louis in 1939. At the mid-winter conference of officers and committeemen of the Missouri State Elks Association, recently held at Columbia, Mo., a similar resolution was adopted, and request made that the fact of the adoption of the resolutions be published in *The Elks Magazine*. *The Elks Magazine* is glad to publish information of this kind at the request of any of the Lodges of the Order and, of course, does not by such publication commit itself to the candidacy of any city. Committees are to be appointed later by St. Louis Lodge and by the State Association, it is announced by J. H. Dickbrader of Washington, Mo., President of the Missouri State Elks Association, and Oliver F. Ash, Jr., Exalted Ruler of St. Louis Lodge.

#### *Ironwood, Mich., Lodge Holds Fine Meeting on District Deputy Night*

A dinner was served to 90 members in the main dining room of the Home of Ironwood, Mich., Lodge, No. 1278, at 6:30 P. M. when D.D. John G. Stenglein of Marquette paid his official visit on Nov. 10. An outstanding program was presented at the meeting and a class of twelve initiated. The new members were introduced by E.R. R. L. Erickson. The District Deputy found the Lodge in excellent condition, praised its quarters and pronounced the meeting one of the finest he had attended in the Upper Peninsula. Past Exalted Ruler T. J. Landers spoke on the Order, and other talks were given by several distinguished visitors.

*Below: Many Elks of Nashville, Tenn., Lodge who were present at the celebration of the eightieth birthday of their Tiler, Andy Sona, who is now in his 41st year of service in that capacity*



### Many Alabama Elks Visit Ensley Lodge on District Deputy Night

Ensley, Ala., Lodge, No. 987, received an official visit from D.D. George Ross of Bessemer on Nov. 8. Before the meeting the members and about 50 guests were given a spaghetti dinner by Sam Lefkovits, P.E.R. and Pres. of the Ala. State Elks Assn., Past Pres. C. M. Tardy, Birmingham, Jess Turner and Homer Barkley, all life members of the Order. Besides the address of the District Deputy, talks were given by Eugene Conner, Bessemer Lodge, Commissioner of Public Safety of Birmingham, Charles McCombs, Chief Deputy Sheriff of Jefferson County, Frank Vance, Mr. Tardy and Frank Dorman, Birmingham, and O. B. Hall and Ed Warnick, Ensley. A class was initiated during the meeting, one of the most spirited the Lodge has ever held. The speeches were of general excellence.

### Officers of Elko, Nev., Lodge Initiate Class at Mountain City

Accompanied by a large number of Elks of the section, the officers of Elko, Nev., Lodge, No. 1472, headed by E.R. G. H. Smith, Jr., traveled to Mountain City where they initiated a class of candidates, most of whom are employed in the Rio Tinto copper mine. Among the prominent Elks present were U. S. Senator Key Pittman of Reno Lodge, and U. S. Marshal Frank Middleton, of Reno, P.E.R. of Elko Lodge. The visitors were splendidly entertained and the next morning were conducted through the mine by Superintendent Al Lofquist who has been a member of the Order for many years.

### Elks 1938 Official Cruise to Bermuda and West Indies

March 12 is the sailing date for the 1938 official Elks Cruise, from New York on the Anchor Line's

Cruise Queen, the *S. S. Transylvania*, to Bermuda and the West Indies. Twelve days of luxurious leisure—not too long away from business or the home, and not too short for the pleasures and benefits of a sea vacation—will be afforded. Rates, beginning at \$122.50, are extremely low for the various holiday features of the itinerary and the high class accommodations and service that will be provided for Elks, their ladies and their friends.

What Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart thinks about the West Indies Cruise can be best told in his own words. When he signified his intention of making the trip, Major Hart said: "Having taken the West Indies Cruise some time ago, I know that it is one of the most delightful near-by trips abroad that anyone can make. I may add that it is also one of the least expensive. I hope to meet many of my Elk friends on board the *Transylvania* when it sails on March 12th, as I fully intend to make the voyage at that time."

Eight days filled with entertainment will be spent at sea, five of them cruising in the waters of Bermuda and the West Indies. Ample time will be allowed for sightseeing and unhurried enjoyment at each port of call—Bermuda, Kingston (Jamaica) and Havana. Extra large cabins and swimming pool, a splendidly equipped gymnasium, daily dancing, pre-release movies, a fine cuisine, a modern cocktail bar and verandah café, deck sports, bridge parties, seaworthy steadiness—all these are offered, with other delightful features, by the Anchor Line for the travelers while aboard ship. "Shore Leave" offers practically everything along with summer weather in contrast to the raw and perhaps bitter days and nights that members of the Elks' party will leave behind with the stay-at-homes.

Descriptive literature will be furnished promptly on request by local travel agents and Secretaries of the subordinate Lodges of the Order.



### D.D. Bert Hayes Pays Official Visit to Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge

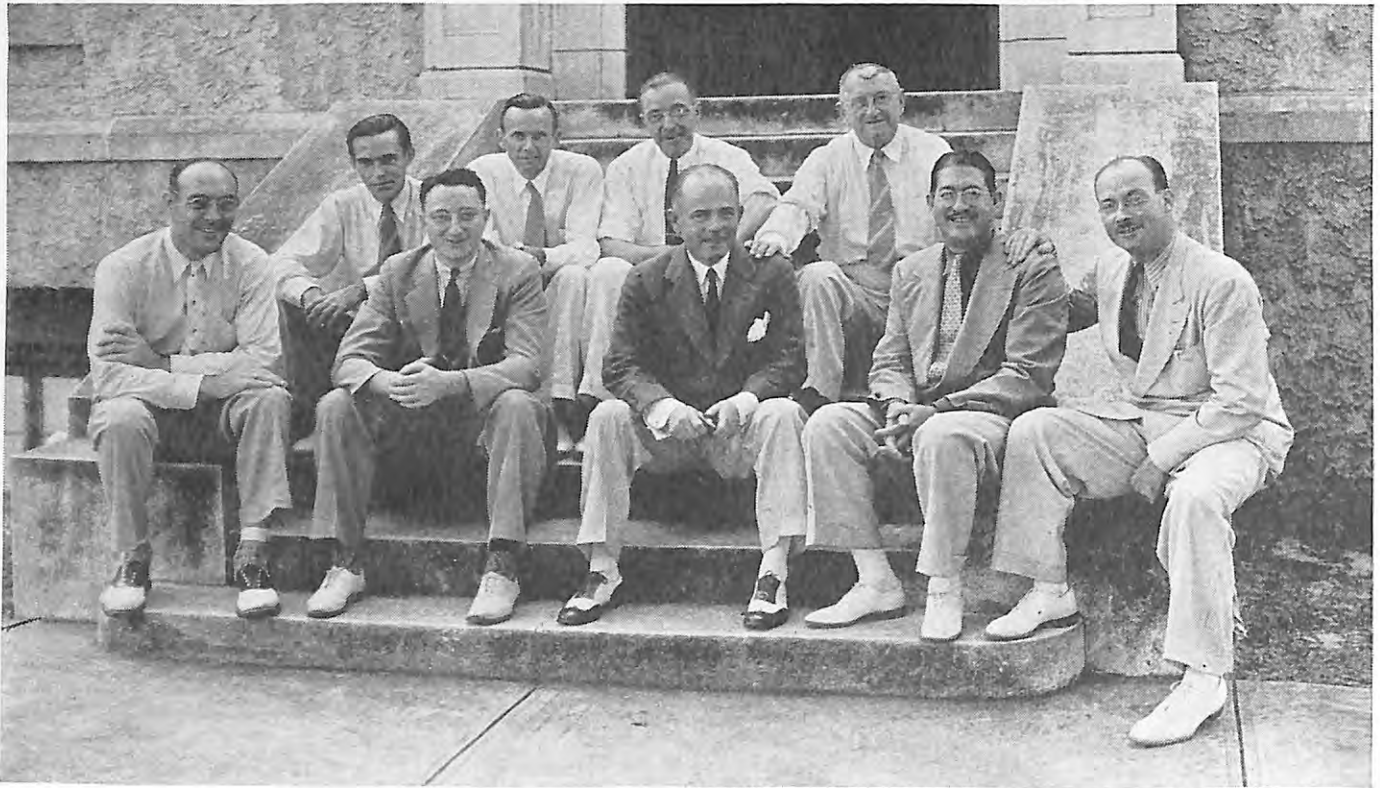
Members of Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645, enjoyed a banner night on Nov. 16 when D.D. Bert Hayes of Catskill visited their Lodge officially. A large crowd of visiting Elks included P.D.D.'s Walter T. Hawkins, Middletown, and Myron C. Alting, Port Jervis, Past State Vice-Pres. Arthur Johnston, Haverstraw, and delegations from various East Central District Lodges headed by present and Past Exalted Rulers.

The meeting followed a banquet at the Flo-Jean Restaurant at which the District Deputy and 25 candidates for initiation were guests. E.R. David Knight and his officers were in charge of the Lodge session, giving a fine rendition of the initiatory Ritual of the Order.

Above: Officers of Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge who took part in the dedication of Santa Maria's new Post Office building

Right: Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart and representatives of the Anchor Line aboard the *S. S. Transylvania* which will take many Elks on a cruise to southern waters in March

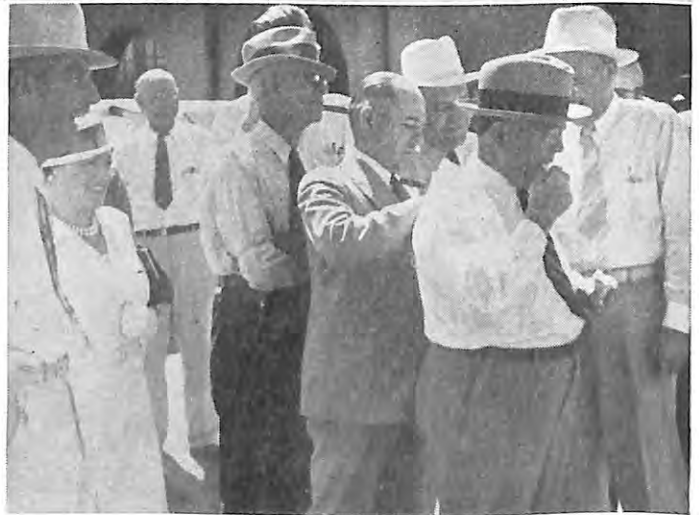




*Above: Major Hart with De Land, Fla., Elks, photographed when he visited that Lodge*

## The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

*Right: When Major Hart visited Tucson, Ariz., he was met at the train by several Elks and one gentleman not an Elk, an old friend of the Major, William H. Johnson. The Grand Exalted Ruler invited Mr. Johnson to sign an application for membership in the Order and he himself, right, signed the proposal.*



**G**RAND EXALTED RULER CHARLES SPENCER HART was given a testimonial dinner on Saturday evening, Oct. 16, by his home Lodge, Mount Vernon, N. Y., No. 842, of which he is a Past Exalted Ruler. The festivities took place at the Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle and were attended by more than 800. Not only did the Mount Vernon membership turn out in full force, but Elks from all parts of Westchester County and large delegations from Massachusetts, headed by Past Grand Tiler Thomas J. Brady of Brookline Lodge, and from New Jersey, led by Past State Pres. George L. Hirtzel of Elizabeth, were present.

At the speakers' table were Major Hart, Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Supreme Court Justice James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough Lodge; Supreme Court Justice Sydney A. Syme, P.E.R. of Mount Vernon Lodge, Honorary Chairman of the

Committee on Arrangements; Chairman William S. Coffey, County Treasurer, who acted as Toastmaster; Supreme Court Justice Frederick P. Close; State Vice-Pres. Joseph F. Crowley and former State Vice-Pres. Edward J. Murray, Yonkers; P.D.D. Richard F. Flood, Bayonne, N. J.; and the Exalted Ruler of Mount Vernon Lodge, Lee W. Rivers, and P.E.R.'s Frank H. Wells, John G. Parker, George M. Martin, who was Vice-Chairman of the Committee, T. Frank Gallagher, William Hobby, Louis Schramm, Jr., who delivered the Eleven o'Clock Toast, and Ranson Caygill, former Commissioner of Public Safety. Major Hart's interesting and successful career was outlined by Judge Hallinan and the important part played by him in furthering the interests of the Order was dwelt upon by Justice Syme. As a token of their esteem the Mount Vernon members presented the Grand Ex-

alted Ruler with a beautiful watch suitably engraved, the presentation speech being made by the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Rivers. A pleasant feature of the occasion was the reading of a letter to the Grand Exalted Ruler in which President Franklin D. Roosevelt sent his greetings. The President is a member of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275. The dinner was followed by dancing and the evening was characterized throughout by sociability and real enjoyment.

The Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Kalamazoo, Mich., on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 4, to participate in the Golden Jubilee Celebration of Kalamazoo Lodge, No. 50. He was guest of honor at a reception and banquet that evening. His address at the Lodge meeting had been looked forward to by local Elks and large numbers who came from 12 other Michigan Lodges, and aroused all who heard it to a high pitch of en-

## RADIO TALKS DELIVERED BY GRAND EXALTED RULER CHARLES SPENCER HART

The Grand Exalted Ruler has made frequent appeals by radio to members throughout the country for safer driving in connection with the Elks' Traffic Safety Program.

The first broadcast was over a national hookup of the Mutual Broadcasting System on October 27. Major Hart spoke from Dubois, Pennsylvania, on a program originating in Los Angeles which included selections by the Los Angeles Civic Chorus. The Elks National Chanters, the Columbus, Ohio, Elks Band and Glee Club Program was arranged by Dick Connor, of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672.

Following this, Major Hart broadcasted on the Postal Telegraph's "Forward America Hour" on October 29 over the stations of the New York

Broadcasting Company. Major Hart's next speech was over station WMCA on November 16, with John W. Darr, Vice President of the Commercial Investment Trust and Director of the C.I.T. Safety Foundation, and later, on November 20, over station WABY at Albany, New York. A broadcast planned for Elmira on November 21 on station WESG was given by the Secretary of Elmira Lodge, No. 62, representing Major Hart.

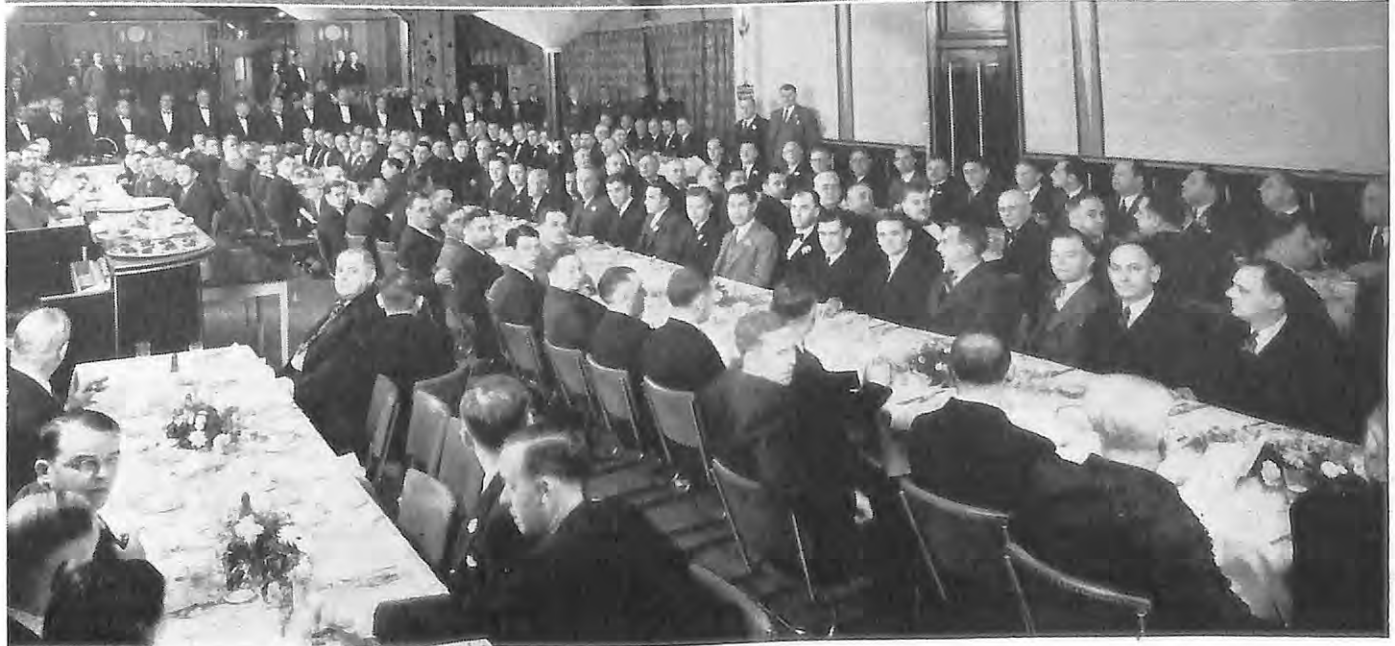
Grand Exalted Ruler Hart's next broadcast was over station WOR in New York City November 23 with Colonel Harold Fowler, First Deputy Police Commissioner of New York City in charge of traffic. This was followed by a broadcast at Detroit on December 2 over station WXYZ, during his visit to Detroit Lodge No. 34.

thusiasm. Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John K. Burch, Grand Rapids, was also a guest of honor. The presence of the two highest officers of the Order gave an added prestige to the splendid anniversary program. A class of candidates was initiated during the meeting by officers of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48. More than 1,000 Elks were present in Kalamazoo for the two-day event. Major Hart and Mr. Burch were shown every attention by E. R. Neil Verburg and his officers, assisted in no small way by Attorney Clair S. Beebe, P. E. R. and Chairman of the Board of Trustees. The Grand Exalted Ruler's visit has been a great stimulant to the organization and has already resulted in a noticeable increase in membership.

About 2 P.M. on Nov. 8, Grand Exalted Ruler Hart was escorted from Chicago, Ill., to the Home of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, where he held a regional conference with about 45 Exalted Rulers of Indiana, Illinois and Michigan Lodges. A reception took place at 5 P.M., followed by a banquet in his honor in the Ball Room of the Home an hour later. The following distinguished Elks were seated with him at the speakers' table: Past Grand Exalted Rulers Floyd E. Thompson and J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, Chicago; Grand Esteemed Leading  
(Continued on page 54)

*Left: Grand Exalted Ruler Hart with the officers of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge and a class of candidates which was initiated on the occasion of his visit to that Lodge*

*Below: A large group of Pennsylvania Elks which was present at the Home of DuBois, Pa., Lodge when Major Hart visited there. It was on this evening that Major Hart inaugurated his radio campaign for National Safety*





## News of the State Associations

### NEVADA

The Nevada State Elks Association held its 13th Annual Convention at Ely on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, September 3-4-5. The business sessions were presided over by Pres. W. C. Draper, Ely. The Association elected the following new officers: Pres., S. H. Cooper, Reno; Vice-Pres., N. R. Paul, Elko; Secy.-Treas., Douglas Busay, and Trustee, Archie Grant. Reno Lodge No. 597 will entertain the Association next year.

The ritualistic contest was held the first day, participated in by Reno, Goldfield, Las Vegas, Elko and Ely Lodges, with Reno Lodge winning the team cup. Individual trophies were won by the following officers: E.R. Don Shaver, Ely; Est. Lead. Knight S. W. Robinson, Reno; Est. Loyal Knight, John B. Foy, Reno; Est. Lect. Knight, C. C. Boyer, Jr., Las Vegas; Esquire, Douglas Busay, Reno; Chaplain, Francis Murgotten, Reno; Inner Guard, A. N. Bradshaw, Goldfield. The trophies were presented during the Convention Ball held on Saturday night at the Home of Ely Lodge No. 1469 in the presence of 300 couples. The Past Presidents were introduced that night and awarded a trophy for their valuable services to the Association.

At initiation ceremonies on Friday evening at the close of the parade, 12 new Elks were welcomed into the Order by D.D. A. W. Ham and P.D.D. E. H. Grenig, Ely. Sight-seeing trips to the great copper pits at Ruth and the mill and smelter at McGill on Saturday and Sunday respectively were among the many delightful features of the program with which Ely Lodge entertained.

*P.E.R. Jack Hosfield of San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge presenting his trophy to the officers of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge as winners of the Ritualistic Contest at the annual Convention of the Arizona State Elks Assn. last May. Many distinguished Elks were present*

### MONTANA

With State Pres. Gus E. Ott of Butte presiding at all the meetings, the 35th Annual Convention of the Montana State Elks Association was held at Red Lodge, with Red Lodge, "Beartooth," No. 534, acting as host. The first President of the Association, Harry A. Gallwey of Butte, responded to the welcoming address made by Dr. J. F. C. Siegfriedt, Mayor of Red Lodge. The Convention was also addressed by Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Herman C. Karow of Kalispell. Lieut. Gov. Hugh Adair also spoke on the subject of American government and cited many cases to prove that America is a land of opportunity.

For the first time a State Ritualistic Contest was held, with first place being won by Helena Lodge, and also for the first time Band and Drum Corps contests were held, \$500 being distributed in prizes to the Lodges whose Drum Corps finished as follows: Glendive, first; Great Falls, second; Anaconda, third; Dillon, fourth; Kalispell, fifth. The Band of Lewistown Lodge won first place in the Band Contest with Great Falls second.

A delightful sightseeing trip was made by automobile and bus by approximately 1,000 Elks and their ladies to the "top of the world" on

the Red Lodge-Cooke City Highway. A band concert and a barbecue were held on the mountain top at Beartooth Lake. Entertainment during the convention was plentiful.

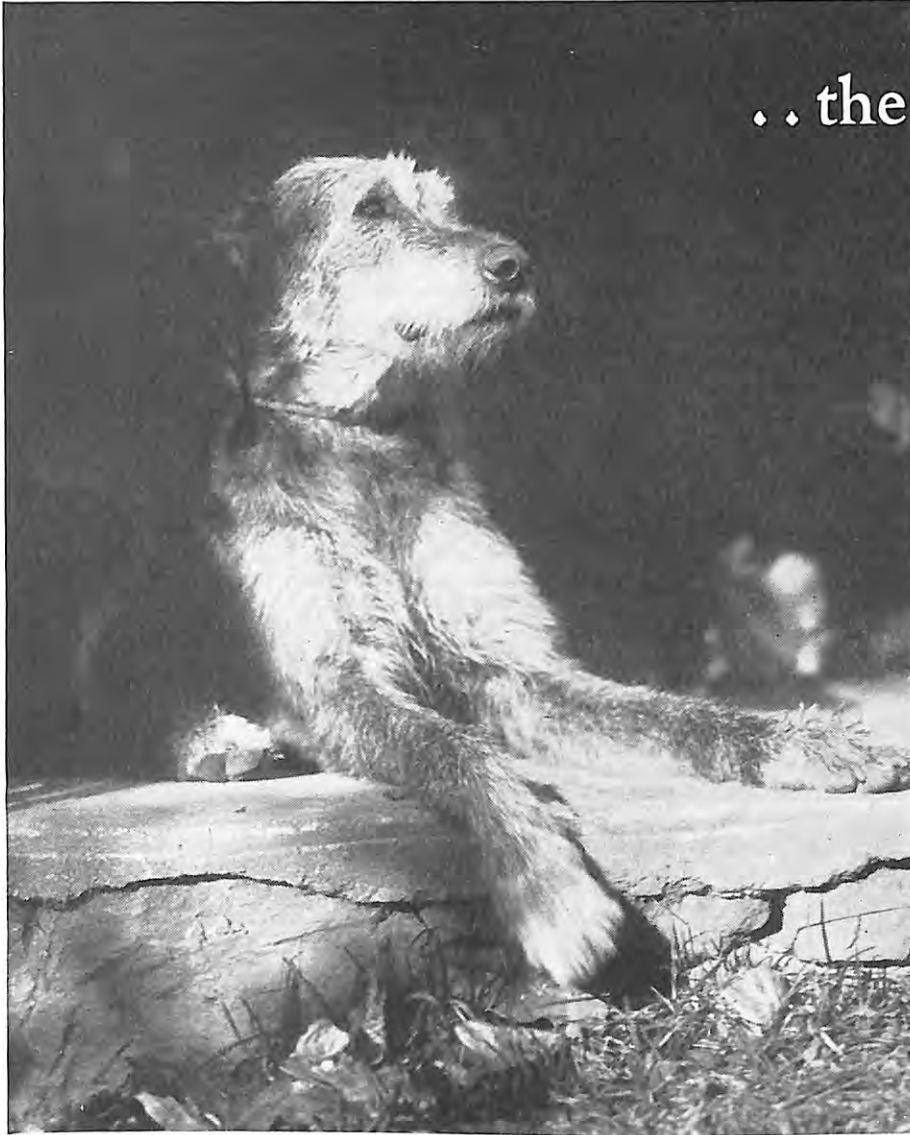
It was reported that practically all the Lodges in the State had made substantial gains during the year. Election of officers took place at the closing business session, resulting as follows: Pres., Charles J. Carroll, Billings; 1st Vice-Pres., Ed Johnson, Anaconda; 2nd vice-Pres., Frank Sicora, Red Lodge; Secy.-Treas., Art Trenerry, Billings; Trustees: Art J. Baker, Lewistown; Leon E. Choquette, Havre, and C. Manley Holbert, Virginia City. Anaconda Lodge No. 239 was chosen as the host Lodge for the 1938 convention. The closing day was enlivened by a spectacular parade. The convention, declared to be the greatest in the Association's history, closed with the annual President's Ball.

### CALIFORNIA

The first session of the California State Elks Association opened Thursday morning, September 23, at 10 A.M. in the Lodge room of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, and was presided over by State Pres. L. A. Lewis of Anaheim, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. After a prayer by State Chaplain the Rev. David Todd Gillmor, San Jose Lodge, State Secy. Richard C. Benbough of San Diego called the roll which showed all the officers to be present together with 13 Past State Presidents and the District Deputies of the State. Dr. C. M. Winchell, E.R. of Pasadena Lodge, and Mayor E. O.

(Continued on page 55)

.. the old man



Doris Day

# YOUR DOG

by Captain Will Judy  
*Editor, Dog World Magazine*

In almost every country, there are the native varieties of hounds, greyhounds, and sheepdogs. Most European countries have their variation of the griffon, a bird dog or field hunting dog closely related to the almost extinct wirehaired pointing griffon in America.

The ancient greyhound of the Pharaohs is patron saint of such widely spread and varying breeds as Irish wolfhound, Russian wolfhound or borzoi, Afghan hound, saluki or gazelle hound (perhaps nearest to the ancient Egyptian ancestor), Scottish deerhound, Italian greyhound (classed in America, as a toy dog), the whippet, and the host of greyhounds bearing their country of habitat as a prefix such as Spanish greyhound.

The greyhounds hunt more by sight than scent, hence are speediest of dogs, whereas the general hound family hunt by nose more than by eye. The hound family is legion and the long, drooping ears are the tell-tale family birthmark. Do not conclude that greyhounds have not any scent ability or that hounds cannot see well.

The bloodhound, otterhound, Welsh hound, foxhound both English and American, coonhound, harrier, beagle (all varieties), basset hound, dachshund (who has terrier blood also) and all the many hounds carrying their country of habitat as a prefix such as Russian hound, comprise this deep-throated, long-eared, steady-running family of trailers, hunters and bayers. These comprise the trailing or scenting hounds.

The lion-hunting dog of old Assyria competes with the greyhound for antiquity and today his descendants are the mastiff, bull mastiff, Great Dane, St. Bernard, bulldog,

(Continued on page 51)

## Six Basic Dog Groups

**T**HE majority of our articles in this dog section of *The Elks Magazine* have concerned themselves with the care, handling and training of the dog.

This month we present an article of an entirely different nature, namely, the grouping of the many breeds of dogs throughout the world into six basic groups.

Each historian of the dog creates his own basis of grouping and we have taken advantage of this privilege for ourselves in the following classifications.

There are 107 distinctly recognized pure breeds of dogs in the United States. The number for the entire world is approximately 175.

The origin of the dog is indeed a vastly different question and one on which many disagree, simply because there is nothing definite in the way of reliable evidence for a worthwhile conclusion.

It is logical to believe that the dog, the wolf and the fox sprang

from the same general ancestor. The wild dog wherever found is little different from the domesticated dog except in tameness toward humans.

It is to be understood that this group is not in any way the grouping of the breeds at dog shows. The show grouping happens to have six groups also, namely — sporting, hound, working, terrier, toy and non-sporting.

On the basis of anatomical origin, all breeds of dogs fall into six groups — 1. Sight hound family; 2. Scent hound family; 3. Mastiff (lion-hunting) family; 4. Herding family; 5. Lupine family; 6. Terrier family.

These are listed in the approximate order of antiquity.

The dog is earthwide in his habitat, most widely spread of all animals save man. He follows man as servant and companion to the remotest corners of the world. Consequently it can be expected that the various breeds in various countries have similar families.

# Electrical Transcriptions of the Elks' Safety Traffic Program Are at Local Radio Stations



**T**HE activity of the Office of the Grand Exalted Ruler in providing electrical transcriptions in connection with the Elks' Traffic Safety Program has met with enthusiastic support from individual members, Lodges, State Associations and District Deputies. At the time of going to press, already more than 175 radio stations, located throughout the country, will have received the series of 13 records which make up the program for that number of weeks.

The effectiveness of these transcriptions in backing up efforts of individual members, Lodges, State Associations and District Deputies to bring the important work of the Elks' Traffic Safety Program to the attention of the listening public, will be keenly appreciated.

The discs are planned for a 15-minute period every week and run from 12 to 13 minutes. The extra time

allows for an announcement by the local sponsoring Lodge. The transcriptions furnish attractive musical features including the famous ninety-nine piece band of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99, the Los Angeles Chanters, and other musical units of our Order. Three minutes of the program are devoted to a talk by the Grand Exalted Ruler on some definite phase of Traffic Safety.

Radio stations all over the country have been most generous in cooperating with the Elks' Traffic Safety Program, and for their wholehearted courtesy the Order is deeply indebted.

Various estimates have been made of the listening audience, and it is safe to assume that the broadcast will reach many million hearers. Below are listed many of the radio stations throughout the country which carry the transcription of the Elks' Traffic Safety Program.

WAPI Birmingham, Ala.  
 WSFA Montgomery, Ala.  
 WHBB Selma, Ala.  
 KSUN Bisbee, Ariz.  
 KCRD Jerome, Ariz.  
 KOY Phoenix, Ariz.  
 KERN Bakersfield, Calif.  
 KHSL Chico, Calif.  
 KMJ Fresno, Calif.  
 KVOS Merced, Calif.  
 KYA San Francisco, Calif.  
 KFOX Long Beach, Calif.  
 KGER Long Beach, Calif.  
 KMPC Beverly Hills, Calif.  
 KECA Los Angeles, Calif.  
 KFI Los Angeles, Calif.  
 KHJ Los Angeles, Calif.  
 KFAC Los Angeles, Calif.  
 KGJF Los Angeles, Calif.  
 KRKD Los Angeles, Calif.  
 KFVB Hollywood, Calif.  
 KEHE Los Angeles, Calif.  
 KVOR Colorado Springs, Colo.  
 KFKA Greeley, Colo.  
 KFXJ Grand Junction, Colo.  
 WTIC Hartford, Conn.  
 WDEL Wilmington, Del.  
 WIOD Miami, Fla.  
 WWL New Orleans, Fla.  
 WDBO Orlando, Fla.  
 WFDY St. Augustine, Fla.  
 WTAL Tallahassee, Fla.  
 WGPC Albany, Ga.  
 WSB Atlanta, Ga.  
 WRBL Columbus, Ga.  
 KIDO Boise, Idaho  
 KID Idaho Falls, Idaho  
 KSEI Pocatello, Idaho  
 KTFI Twin Falls, Idaho  
 WCAZ Carthage, Ill.  
 WHFC Cicero, Ill.  
 WTMV East St. Louis, Ill.  
 WEBQ Harrisburg, Ill.  
 WTAD Quincy, Ill.  
 WROK Rockford, Ill.  
 WHBF Rock Island, Ill.  
 WCBS Springfield, Ill.  
 WTRC Elkhart, Ind.

WOWO Fort Wayne, Ind.  
 WIND Gary, Ind.  
 WFBM } Indianapolis, Ind.  
 or  
 WRIE }  
 WKBV Richmond, Ind.  
 WBOW Terre Haute, Ind.  
 KFNF Shenandoah, Iowa  
 KSCJ Sioux City, Iowa  
 KWBO Hutchinson, Kansas  
 KOAM Pittsburg, Kansas  
 KSAL Salina, Kansas  
 WIBW Topeka, Kansas  
 KFH Wichita, Kansas  
 WCSH Portland, Maine  
 WTBO Cumberland, Md.  
 WJEJ Hagerstown, Md.  
 WCOP Boston, Mass.  
 WLLH Lowell, Mass.  
 WHAS Springfield, Mass.  
 WORC Worcester, Mass.  
 WXYZ Detroit, Michigan  
 WELL Battle Creek, Michigan  
 WIBM Jackson, Michigan  
 WKZO Kalamazoo, Michigan  
 WFDF Flint, Michigan  
 WOOD } Grand Rapids, Michigan  
 WASH Bay City, Michigan  
 WBCM Lansing, Michigan  
 WJIM Marquette, Michigan  
 WBEO Albert Lea, Minn.  
 KATE Rochester, Minn.  
 KROC St. Paul, Minn.  
 WTCN Great Falls, Mont.  
 DFBB Clay Center, Neb.  
 KMMJ Omaha, Neb.  
 KOIL Scotts Bluff, Neb.  
 KGKY Minot, N. D.  
 KLPK Valley City, N. D.  
 KOVC Albuquerque, N. Mex.  
 KGGM Roswell, N. Mex.  
 KGFL Syracuse, N. Y.  
 WSYR Akron, Ohio  
 WWT Canton, Ohio  
 WHBC Columbus, Ohio  
 WHKC Youngstown, Ohio  
 WKBN Ada, Okla.  
 KADA Ardmore, Okla.  
 KVSO

KASA Elk City, Okla.  
 KCRC Enid, Okla.  
 KBIX Muskogee, Okla.  
 KTOK Oklahoma City, Okla.  
 WBBZ Ponce City, Okla.  
 KGFF Shawnee, Okla.  
 KORE Eugene, Ore.  
 KSLM Salem, Ore.  
 KEX }  
 or  
 KBW } Portland, Ore.  
 WEST Easton, Pa.  
 WHJB Greensburg, Pa.  
 WAZL Hazleton, Pa.  
 WGAL Lancaster, Pa.  
 WORK York, Pa.  
 WEAN Newport, R. I.  
 WCSC Charleston, S. C.  
 WAPO Chattanooga, Tenn.  
 WTJS Jackson, Tenn.  
 KGKB Tyler, Texas  
 KTEM Temple, Texas  
 KNOW Austin, Texas  
 KPAC Port Arthur, Texas  
 KLUF Galveston, Texas  
 KTAT Fort Worth, Texas  
 KGNC Amarillo, Texas  
 KSUB Cedar City, Utah  
 KLO Ogden, Utah  
 KEUB Price, Utah  
 WRVA Richmond, Va.  
 WMBX Springfield, Vt.  
 KIRO Seattle, Wash.  
 KHQ Spokane, Wash.  
 KUJ Walla Walla, Wash.  
 KIT Yakima, Wash.  
 WCHS Charleston, W. Va.  
 WSAZ Huntington, W. Va.  
 WEAU Eau Claire, Wis.  
 WTAQ Green Bay, Wis.  
 WKBH LaCrosse, Wis.  
 WIBA Madison, Wis.  
 WINS Milwaukee, Wis.  
 WHBL Sheboygan, Wis.  
 WSAV Wausau, Wis.  
 KGM }  
 or  
 KGU } Honolulu, T. H.  
 KHBC } Hilo, T. H.



# High-Class Operative

(Continued from page 9)

been with me for thirty years. Two of these are under seal in Washington. The other three are downstairs in a vault at the other end of the factory, watched day and night by an armed guard. I have checked on those; nobody has been trying to get at them. I have checked on the two in Washington by long distance; they're safe. So the thief—big or little, as we shall have to determine—was after the specifications—"

"Oh, boy!" George Batey breathed, as Miss Bronson returned, still shaking out her curls. "Would you mind stepping over by the window, beautiful? Yeah, hold up your chin—yeah, that way. Gotcha! Now would you turn it around toward me a little? Gotcha! Now maybe next you'd look right at the camera, also keeping your chin up, huh? Gotcha!"

"Tell the operator to get me that damned detective agency, Vance!" Mr. Coswait shouted, as his marvelous repression suddenly blew up. "I'll get a man here, by Judas! that'll—"

"Now, listen, Mr. Coswait," George Batey said, as the camera returned to his pocket. "Believe it or not, there ain't no higher-class operative than me in the city, and probably not in the country, so we will now quit kiddin' and see who lifted these goods, huh? You locked the safe last night and it was all locked when you got here this morning?"

"I've told you that."

"And those plans were in it last night and they are not in it this morning?"

"Exactly, Mr. Batey."

"Well—who took them?"

"Nobody took them,"

Thyra Bronson broke in. "They're probably in one of the pockets of his other suit and he's too stubborn to telephone home and find out."

"Well why don't you telephone for him?" Mr. Batey grinned at her, rather empty.

"I will!" the girl snapped, with a defiant nod at Mr. Coswait.

"Now, while she's doing that, Mr. Coswait, think back. Who could maybe have learned the combination of this safe and who, maybe, could have gotten this key at some time in the past?"

"Nobody, I've told you repeatedly."

"Okay—you've told me repeatedly nobody could get in this safe, only unless those plans are in your other coat, it seems somebody did get in this safe. Any word from his home?"

"Mrs. Coswait has gone

upstairs to look." Thyra smiled. "I think the mystery'll be solved in about two minutes now and . . . hello! . . . Yes, Mrs. Coswait? . . . They're not? Well, did you look on the floor of the closet, too? They're pretty important, you know. . . . Oh, you did? . . . Well, they're somewhere else, then. . . . I was wrong," she frowned at Coswait.

"I knew damned well you were wrong. I know what I'm doing," Coswait said tartly. "Overnight, those plans were stolen from the safe and—why, you've obviously no conception of what that means, Batey!" he cried, blowing up again. "Not to mention the fortune this rifle represents to me, I'm pledged to our Government to—"

"Yellin' ain't going to get them back any quicker," Mr. Batey submitted, considering Vance thoughtfully. "How long have you been with the firm, brother?"

"What? Six years."

"How about you, lady?"

"I've been Mr. Coswait's secretary for two years."

"Yeah?" George Batey muttered. And it seemed, no matter how hard he tried, every time he looked at this doll he smiled like some dimwit that ought to be cutting out paper dolls. "Well, you didn't steal them and Mr. Vance didn't steal them, so is there anybody around the office, or maybe the factory, Mr. Coswait, that you

suspect a little? Not anyone?"

Coswait shook his head. "No, Batey. There isn't a soul in the whole shop I wouldn't trust."

"You got a watchman?"

"Two. Neither of them saw anything wrong in here all night, and one or the other of them pressed that button every thirty minutes. I've talked to both of them and the punches on the clock downstairs are quite in order."

George Batey dragged his eyes away from Thyra Bronson again and sighed.

"Listen, Mr. Coswait," he said, "it seems I gotta analyze this case like Sherlock Holmes or some of those other big shots in our line. We know this safe cannot get opened and still it seems it has got opened, which makes it quite confusing. So let's go off in some other direction. Who was in here between the time you left last night and the time you came this morning, besides the watchmen?"

"Nobody! Not a soul!"

"Doesn't somebody clean out these offices, or do they clean themselves?" Mr. Batey asked mildly.

"Oh—Birket, to be sure."

"And who is Birket?"

"The porter. The—ah—just the porter, naturally," Coswait muttered, and he was now turning slightly red in a very funny way and Miss Bronson was sitting up straight, with her mouth very tight.

"This is a detective you've called in, Mr. Coswait, you know," she said. "You tell him about Birket—or shall I tell him?"

"Now, see here, Thyra," Coswait blustered. "Birket has nothing more to do with this than—"

"I'll tell him about Birket, then," the girl stated. "He's an ex-convict, Mr. Batey. Mr. Coswait is all full of Christian mercy and loves to help the fallen, no matter what they do to him in return. Birket served three years in Sing Sing for—"

"Cracking safes?" George Batey grinned hopefully.

"Nothing of the sort!" Coswait cried, and he was now a very pretty purple. "John Birket is merely a poor devil who stole—once in his life because he was hungry. That I have verified. He used to be a high-salaried draftsman, Batey. I'd known of him years ago. When he got out of prison he came to me, pleading for any sort of job, and I—"

"Well, that's very beautiful, Mr. Coswait," George



"The women powder their noses, don't they?"

Batey said, "and probably this guy has white wings with feathers on them, only—where is he now?"

"Somewhere downstairs."

"Well, let us have a talk with him as soon as possible," Mr. Batey suggested dryly.

He relaxed, watching Thyra Bronson as she instructed somebody over the telephone to find Birket and send him up at once. He seemed, too, to drift away from Coswait and all his concerns, for presently he rose and, moving to Miss Bronson, said humbly, "Hey, excuse me, beautiful, but would you mind if I took just one more shot of you while you're telephoning like that? I mean, I could just pull down your dress a little in the back, so I get more of your neck along with your chin from"—

"No—more—pictures!" Miss Bronson laughed. "They can't find Birket, Mr. Coswait!"

"What? He's down in his room with the—ah—brooms and things, of course."

"But he's not. Nobody has seen him all morning."

"Didn't he punch the time-clock when he came in? He's the first one in, at seven."

"That's what I meant," Miss Bronson explained. "He punched the clock as usual and nobody has seen him since. He hasn't done any of his regular work."

"Then he's been taken sick and gone home!" Mr. Coswait insisted stoutly. "There's a telephone in the hall of that house where he rooms, and you have the number, Thyra. Call up and see what's the matter with him. . . . Birket had nothing to do with this crime," he assured Mr. Batey.

"The gentleman is not at home and hasn't been," she reported. "Still believe in him?"

"Absolutely—*absolutely!*" Coswait cried. And you could see, George Batey noted, that all he needed was two more legs to make him a mule, once he got an idea stuck in his head. "Birket had nothing whatever to do with this!"

"So it seems," Mr. Batey said grimly, "you've got an ex-con working for you in here and you've also got stuff worth a billion dollars, or something like that—and they are now both among the missing. So Birket had nothing to do with it, but at the same time I've got to find Birket, if he hasn't taken an aeroplane for Australia."

"I still insist," Coswait said weakly, "that Birket—"

"Well, for heaven's sake, start finding him!" Miss Bronson cried, blowing up a bit on her own account. "How can I help? What do you do in a case like this, Mr. Batey? Call the police and have them watch the trains and bridges and so on?"

"I first have to do a little nosing around myself, lady, before we call

in any bulls," Mr. Batey said wearily. He rose to leave.

Vance, it came suddenly to George Batey, was acting funny!

He followed Mr. Batey out of the office and down the hall. He said, "Wait a second, will you?" and went



"Wait a minute! Can't you see I'm busy?"

into an office and came out again wearing his hat, and then continued with Mr. Batey to the elevator.

"What's the big idea?" George grinned. "You going to be the detective's helper?"

"Wait till we get down in the street and I'll give you a hot tip on this case that'll blow your hat off," Vance said, as if he were very tired, and there was not another word out of him till they were down in the street. Then, his own grin somewhat strained, he turned to George Batey, saying, "All right, I saw you had your eye on me from the start. I'm the guy you want."

"Says which?" Mr. Batey gasped.

"Yes, I stole the plans," Vance said simply.

"But this Birket—"

"You won't catch Birket, my lad. He opened the safe, yes. He's a damned clever crook, Birket. He got his cut in cash and—oh, maybe he waved a wand and turned himself into a carrier pigeon. Something like that. I wouldn't know."

"Smart stuff, huh?" Mr. Batey grunted, now that he had regained breath. "Listen, brother, why did you pull this job?"

"Because I had to have the money, you nut! Not just wanted it or needed it—*had* to have it. Not for myself; for somebody else."

"And you already got it?"

"C. O. D." Vance answered with his strained smile.

"How much, pal?" Mr. Batey asked interestedly.

"That's for you to find out, detective—if you can."

"So you haven't got the plans anymore? Who has them?"

"That's for you to find out, detective—if you can."

"Well, I know, but—look! Is this a regular side-line with you, for pin money, or is it something you got talked into because you needed the dough—or what is it?"

"That's for you to find out, detective—and so forth."

"In other words, you won't talk?"

"In other words, I won't talk. Not till I've got me a darned good lawyer—I saved out enough to pay one, believe me," Vance said. "What do you do next? Lock me up in the nearest police station or turn me over to the army to be shot at sunrise?"

George Batey pondered. "Listen, feller," he said kindly, after a moment. "I'm making a guess. This is your first job of the kind?"

"And that's for you to find out, too," Vance said.

"Okay, pal, I'll probably find out," Mr. Batey smiled safely. "With this line you're handing me, it's the first job, so how about a little advice? From a friend, huh? I mean, maybe you're acting a little hasty. Maybe if you were to sit down

and think it all over, you might decide to talk nice and free, and in that way save yourself several years on the stretch you'll be doing?"

"Oh, no," Vance said quietly. "Whatever way it's coming, I'll take it that way."

"At that," George Batey smiled, gripping his sleeve, "suppose we take a little walk, huh?"

THE Chief looked up and said, "Well, what are you doing back, Batey?"

"Chief, this case is breaking very peculiar indeed," George said hurriedly. "I've got one of the two guys who did it and he confessed—to the job itself, that is. He won't talk. I left him in the end room and told Cassidy to stay with him, so he doesn't get the idea of running out and also on the chance he gets nervous enough to start talking, see, with Cassidy sitting there and staring at him the way he can. Kindly don't go in and put the heat on him, Chief. Leave him the way he is, getting more nervous and nervous. Only if he does start talking, take a steno in and get it all out of him at once. . . . Well, I have to go find this other number, Birket," he sighed.

The Chief scowled at him. "Say, what's eating you?" he rasped.

"Huh?"

"You remember the six months before you got married, when you were that much in love you had everybody

around here sick to their stomachs? Well, you look the same way now! See here, Batey, you ain't running wild, and you just married a year?"

"I don't know where you get that stuff, Chief," George Batey shrugged. "Well—I have to go find Birket."

But it was a scant ten minutes later that he stepped out of the elevator at the office end of the Coswait Dye and Casting Company building. He walked slowly down the hall and into the ante-room of Coswait's own office, where quite shamelessly he devoured Miss Bronson with his eyes through the glass panel until the girl at the reception desk said, "Eyeful?"

"I'll say she's an eyeful," George Batey mumbled. "Where's the big shot?"

"Out in the factory somewhere. You're the detective, aren't you? Want me to have him paged?"

"No, I—I guess I'll go in and chew the fat with the young lady awhile," Mr. Batey muttered.

His hands were not acting as usual today. They fumbled around the brim of his hat as he stepped over to Thyra Bronson. It was a queer performance for George Batey and his vapid smile was even more queer. Thyra looked up from the mail she was sorting.

"Did you kidnap Mr. Vance? He left with you, didn't he?"

"He's gone somewhere on business, I think he said. Listen! I—I guess plenty of people have told you you're very beautiful, huh?"

"So I am," the girl said cheerfully. "I've got mirrors at home, you know. Some day I'll get tired of working and marry me a handsome millionaire. Are you the millionaire or are you just the fellow who's going to tell me he has a friend who can get me into pictures if you say so?"

"Nothing like that, kid," Mr. Batey sighed. "Um—well. Now, about this Birket."

"You didn't come back here to talk about Birket."

"Okay—I didn't come back here to talk about Birket," Mr. Batey grinned. "So leaving off the kidding, how about a bite of lunch? Very expensive food, any place you say and we'll go in a taxi. Sold?"

Miss Bronson looked him up and down in her unruffled way.

"You're not married, by any chance, Mr. Batey?" she asked.

"Well—so what?" George Batey parried avoiding her eye. "A guy is married. He's nuts about his wife. And still, does he have to get the hot seat because he asks a beautiful girl to eat lunch with him?"

"Maybe not, although it does happen now and then," Miss Bronson said and turned her

attention back to the mail. "You just run along and attend to business for a change."

She looked him up and down, till you might have thought, George Batey reflected, he was something in a jar or pinned to a board.

"You're absolutely all alike, aren't you?" she said, without much interest.

In a sense, Mr. Batey appeared to deflate.

"Okay, baby, I get it," he said drearily. "Well, it seems I can now go look for Birket, huh? On account of there is really nothing else to take up my time?"

But it was only a few minutes past two when he drifted back into the Coswait office again.

Coswait asked eagerly, "Well? Well, Batey? Any clues?"

"Not a sign of one since I saw you last," Mr. Batey confessed.

"You haven't found Birket?"

Mr. Batey's eyes, having roved over to Miss Bronson, roved vaguely back to Coswait.

"Not to kid you any, I ain't started lookin' for Birket yet."

"Well, for the love of heaven, why not?" Coswait roared. "What in the name of—"

"Mr. Coswait! Your blood-pressure!" Thyra Bronson put in. "Remember your blood-pressure. And I've a message for Mr. Batey, too. Your brother Jim called up ten or fifteen minutes ago. He said you'd left word at the agency to get in touch with you here. He's on from Boston for three days."

"Yeah? Swell!" Mr. Batey said without enthusiasm. "There's more work for the wife, with him sleeping on the studio couch and eating his head off. He say he'd call back?"

"Yes, he said he'd try again and—"

"Well, that's sufficient, Thyra—let that rest!" Mr. Coswait snapped. "I'm trying to find out what the devil I'm paying this man for. See here, Batey! Just what is the reason for your very curious languor in this matter?"

George Batey grinned faintly.

"Now, listen, Mr. Coswait," he said, "it might just be you ain't very familiar with the detective business, see? What I mean, some operatives will work one way and then some operatives will work some other way. Now, you take a very high-class operative like me—"

"You're a high-class operative, are you?" Coswait gritted. "Well, let's see if we can't get a low-class one here and get some results!"

He reached for the telephone, but even then it had begun to buzz and Miss Bronson, having answered it, said, "Here's your brother again, Mr. Batey. Take it over there on Mr. Coswait's desk, if you like."

"Hello! Jim? . . . Yeah . . . Yeah, Jim," George Batey droned, taking it over there on Mr. Coswait's desk as Miss Bronson hung up her own instrument. "Yeah . . . Yeah, sure, Jim . . . Okay . . . Okay . . . Okay, Jim. Be seein' you. 'Bye."

And then Mr. Batey rose and, as he stepped over to Thyra's desk, a remarkable change in him became apparent. It was as if he tightened up, from head to foot.

"I'm sorry, baby," he said simply. "Off with that pretty dress!"

"What?" Miss Bronson gasped.

"You heard me, kid. I ain't no police matron, but I ain't takin' chances. Off with that dress!"

"Say, upon my word, Batey!" Coswait thundered, coming out of his chair. "There are limits to asininity, even in—"

But there he stopped short. An utterly astounding change had come over Miss Bronson as well. Snatching up her handbag, she had whisked out of her chair. Eluding Mr. Batey's grabbing fingers, she ran to the door, opening the bag as she went; and now her right hand came out of the bag, clutching a little blue automatic in steady fingers.

"All right!" she panted. "Stay where you are, both of you. I don't want to do it, but I will if I have to."

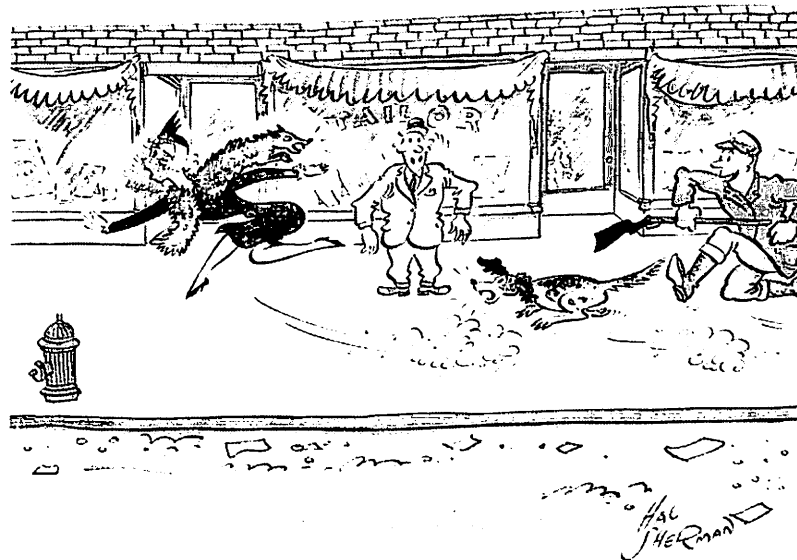
"But—but—why, Thyra—why, God bless my soul—" Coswait mouthed.

Mr. Batey merely grinned and put up his hands; but he was edging imperceptibly toward Miss Bronson as he addressed Coswait.

"You better start reachin' for the ceiling, brother. I got a sneaking suspicion that the kid means what she says."

"You stand still there! If either of you follows me or gives an alarm, I'll let you have it!" the girl cried, backing toward the door.

"Yeah, and who is likely to follow you and get all holes made in himself?" George Batey laughed sadly. "You win, beautiful, so—" and then he jumped, first to one side and



then straight at Miss Bronson. And there was a sharp bang and plaster flew from the far wall; but by that time Mr. Batey had both Thyra Bronson's wrists and the little automatic was clattering across the floor.

"You can come through nice, sister, and keep your dress on," he said steadily, "or you can keep on gettin' tough and I'll take it off you. So which is it?"

"WELL, I tell you, Chief," George Batey said, "it would probably have been impossible for most of the punks you have around here, but for a very high-class operative such as me it was very simple. You see, it was like this—I'm telling you what I did and what the doll spilled when she cracked so sudden and started cryin' and made this confession.

"First off, you could smell this was an inside job; so I had to get some pictures of this doll's chin and also a couple of shots of this Vance, on account of you could tell he was nuts about her, the way he looked at her. Okay. What first got me suspicious, three times she put her hand on her left leg, just above the knee, when I was first there, like maybe she had somethin' stuffed inside her garter or maybe in the top of her stockin' she was afraid would fall out. Then she gets up and walks, quite stiff in that leg, like she was scared of shakin' it loose. Then she goes to fix her hair and when she comes back her left leg ain't stiff any more! Only now she sits up straight and different in her chair and twice she wiggles a little, like something was bothering her and—why, a child could have told you she had taken those plans off her leg and stuck them down her back. How I figured it, she had got caught suddenly and . . ."

"Well, what are you dreaming about?" the Chief demanded.

"Huh? Well, here's the idea I got, Chief. There had to be somebody workin' with her, so I figured to get him, too, and when they heard about it down in Washington they'd probably kick out this guy Hoover and give me charge of the G-Men, see? Vance confesses. Well, that's a laugh, except you could tell he knew she'd done it. I bring him back here to get him out of the way and then I go to this Dixon that finishes pictures for me. He can do it in a very few minutes when necessary, drying them with ether or somethin'. So then I call up Jim Foster, the secret service guy, and tell him to pick up

these pictures of the kid and Vance and wire them down to Washington, to see did they know the doll, and I told him to call up and say he was my brother Jim, as soon as he got word back. Well, Vance they never heard of before, but they had the kid's picture on file, all right, and—hey, do you know who she was workin' for?" He leaned nearer the Chief and whispered.

"You don't say!" the old Chief muttered. "And I always heard they had such a lousy spy set-up! . . . Well?" he asked, after a moment. "Are you in another trance?"

"Huh? I was just wonderin' what a kid like that gets in Leavenworth, or wherever it is she rates," Mr. Batey said. "Well, I figured to get

Coswait himself. She had more trouble with the key, but one day six months ago he changed his clothes at the office and sent his suit to the cleaner's; and bein' slightly dim-witted he left his keys and money in the pants and the doll volunteered to go around and get 'em back—so in that way she had a nice wax impression of the key before she returned.

"Well, this morning she gets there very early and finally decides the time has come to pull the job—and who walks in on her but this Birket! Okay! Birket is also very much that way about her; so suddenly she claims she is also that way about Birket and will elope with him tonight if he'll kindly go wait for her in a certain hotel and . . ." Mr. Batey drifted off into a trance.

"Batey! Will you please wake up and finish this report?" the Chief shouted.

"Huh? It's finished, ain't it?" Mr. Batey asked.

"Yes, but this Vance, what about him?"

"Aw, go in and give him a couple of socks with the rubber hose and he'll probably tell you he also saw the job pulled and said he did it himself to give her time for the get-away," George Batey said, rising. "And now, listen," he concluded from the corner of his mouth, "there is no doubt I saved the United States Government today and probably also put the crimp in a world war and kept millions of lads from getting killed—and that's okay. Only you get any more jobs with beautiful dolls like that, you do 'em yourself! I don't want any part of them! Good night!"

"AND this is more pictures?" Sugar inquired faintly, as George listlessly dropped the large envelope on the living room table.

"Just a few chins," Mr. Batey grinned. "Come and give me around three dozen kisses, kid, and kindly make them extra good, on account of I—well, I got a slight headache."

"Gee! The poor old Chief!" Sugar murmured, looking through the pictures. "This time you've got him looking like some awful thing from the zoo! . . . Who's the grouchy lad, George? He's good-looking."

"Just a young guy named Vance, baby."

Sugar turned to the next enlargement—and suddenly her breath was drawn in with a snake-like hiss and her eyes blazed.

"Well, *who's this?*" she cried.



"Lady—I'm in no mood to 'guess who'!"

her out to lunch and if she turned me down she was expectin' to meet whoever she was workin' with—and she turned me down and I was right, it seems. What I mean, I trailed her and she sat half an hour when she'd finished eatin', always watchin' the door. He didn't show and—well, anyway, here's how it all adds up.

"It seems Coswait has been workin' years on this rifle and two years back those parties I mentioned got wind of it and Miss Bronson got the job as the old pill's secretary and waited. She was there before him every mornin' and watched him open that safe, committing the moves to memory; and a year ago, she confessed, she could open it as good as

# Throw the Race

(Continued from page 13)

sat up when he jumped off his horse, and grinned and said, "The damned fool! You have to wonder sometimes if they'll ever learn."

He thought it was his fear that made her look so white, and when someone brought the chestnut back he tried to keep her from getting on and was very urgent about it because he knew he couldn't stand having this happen again. And she said, "Look, Tom, stop arguing, will you? I might give in and then I'd never have the nerve to get on him." Her tone was light, but her eyes were huge and fathomless and he knew she meant it, that she was really scared to death. He gave her a hand up and thought she was the gamest person he had ever known. It was not till the next day he discovered she'd broken her collarbone on that fall.

He was choked up with a queer mixture of admiration and rage when he saw her, and could only rail at her for being all kinds of a colossal idiot. She took it sheepishly and laughed at him, but she seemed different in some new, strange way he couldn't put his finger on, and it excited him tremendously. That was the moment he stopped thinking of her as a kid. It was also, he supposed, the beginning of something that might have been quite wonderful if they had had more time. But she was one of the reasons, if not the reason, he had been so ashamed of his father's inability to face ruin. It was the idea of enduring her pity that had kept him from sticking around and trying to get a job from the men who had known his father. That and not being able to hunt any more.

He had come back, now that no one could pity him, with the absurd but prayerful hope of picking things up where he had dropped them, and the first thing she did was ask him to throw the race. . . .

They were coming to the in-and-out, and the surface of his mind registered sharply. This was the real test of Black Maria on timber. Her way of jumping, long and flat so it made no dent in her stride, might be catastrophe here. Without absolute precision in timing the take-off she could easily land too far in and not have room to get out. He sucked in his breath and held it.

Not conscious of doing anything to help her, he felt her rise and knew she had jumped way back. She landed like a feather, perfectly in stride, and soared again. Her hind feet rapped the top bar lightly and she was out and off without a falter. Tom wanted to shout his exaltation. There was a crash behind him and he glanced along his shoulder, but it wasn't San Marco that had gone down.

At any other time it would have been soul-stirring to find the bay still

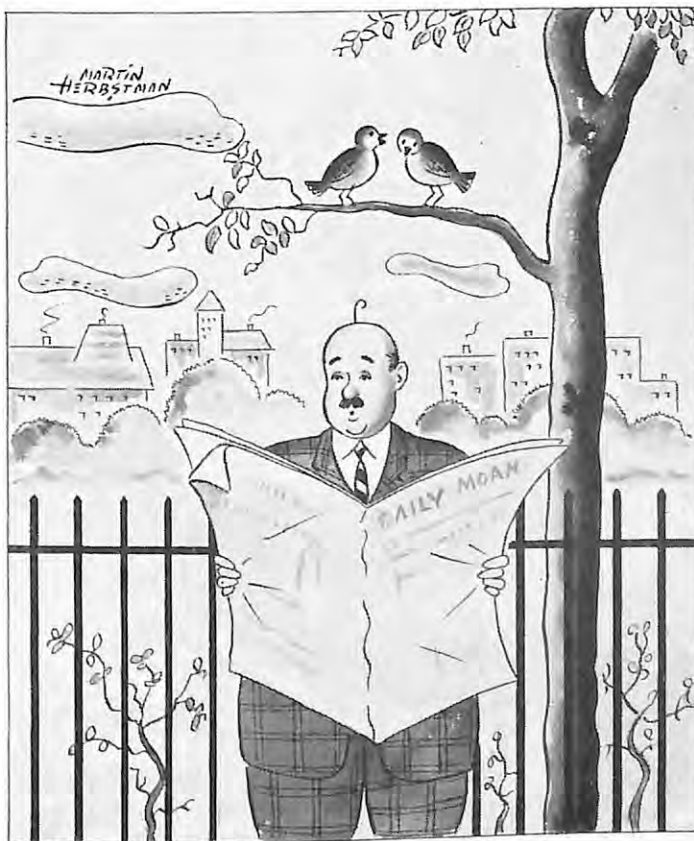
making something of her was proof that six years had not been wasted. Almost from the start the goal he had set for her was the winning of the Hancock Gold Cup. The six years, he thought, might as well have been wasted if this was the way he felt on being within an ace of that goal.

At the Eleventh, one of the four horses in the lead ran out. Safely over, Tom fixed his eyes on Cabala's quarters and let the mare out an inch. She surged powerfully in instant response, caught the grey, passed it, and Tom was happy again. He was racing and there were no McLeans, only himself and Black Maria.

The Twelfth, in a hollow at the far curve of the course, was entirely free of spectators, who would be packing themselves along the stretch at this point in order to be on hand for the finish. Arbiter III, the favorite, went over and then General Monk. Behind him, Tom could hear Cabala making a gallant effort to keep up. He wasn't thinking of San Marco, because San Marco was to be dealt with after this fence, so he didn't know what had happened at first, only felt Black Maria bound as if she had been shot and swerve to the left. The complete lack of any warning almost unseated him. The mare planted her forefeet with a sickening jolt, and he managed to anticipate her enough to stay on when she hurled herself to the side along the fence. He heard the reports as San Marco jumped and a second later, Cabala. With

heedless rage he dragged the mare around, not giving her room for a decent take-off, and put her at it again. She scrambled, gathered herself, and leapt wildly. It was a lopsided, crazy, impossible magnificent jump and Tom yelled drunkenly. He was back in the saddle and he had lost a stirrup. His left hand was full of reins and mane, his right arm outflung in a desperate effort to save his balance.

But Number 2, the big brown horse that hadn't mattered since the first mile, came pounding up in those seconds lost by the mare's refusal, and jumped at the same instant, its jockey screaming because Black Maria was so close. As they



"Go ahead, pull it fast and he won't feel a thing."

beside him, but now it was ugly because it reminded him that something he believed in was gone forever. It was something he had cherished and all but forgotten, but which had kept him going and given purpose to the bleak years. Until this afternoon he hadn't known that so clearly, but now he could put it in words. Knowing that a courage like Leslie's existed had enabled him to work for Pop Hendricks as a stable hand and exercising boy, to buy Black Maria—named by Pop in bitterness when he found she didn't have the speed necessary for a stake horse—and school her in the evenings on his own time. He had wanted her not only because he loved her, but because owning and

landed together, Tom's right hand struck the iron that held the other rider's left foot. The snap of the bone in his wrist coursed along his nerves and exploded in his brain like grenade, and the searing pain that followed blinded him, until it suddenly receded. He found his stirrup then and leaned over the mare's withers.

Intentionally, or unintentionally perhaps, McLean had struck Black Maria with his bat; it was the only explanation of her behavior, and San Marco was the only horse near her at the time.

The mare had her head now, for Tom was riding one-handed. His right arm with its useless hand was clamped along his side and thigh, but even if he could have used it he wouldn't have held her. He was a red vacuum in which existed a single purpose.

He scarcely noticed passing Cabala. On the Thirteenth, General Monk pecked badly and the mare sailed over and left him behind before he had recovered his stride. Ahead, at a distance that seemed to Tom all of a furlong, San Marco caught Arbiter III as they swept around the curve and started up the hill that would take them into the stretch. The last jump was near the top of the rise.

He didn't have to guide the mare to the inside of the curve; she was running her own race and she appeared to know all the angles. She cut so close to the red marker that Tom could have grabbed it as they flew past. When he dared to look again, the two horses ahead were so close that for a moment he could only think he was seeing something he wished to see. He no longer had any sensation of the mare's muscular movement; she might literally have sprouted wings. She took the last jump abreast of Arbiter III, and it was the last Tom saw of the favorite. The bay's rump was coming back to him, the black 5 on the white cloth was level with his knee and still going back and back by inches. McLean's whip worked hysterically and then he shifted it to his left hand, and abruptly Tom's sanity returned. He was ashamed of his rage. McLean was all right; it really had been an accident at the Twelfth and now he stopped using his whip because he realized Tom didn't have one.

It was too quixotic, Tom thought, and yelled, "Go on—don't be a fool!" The mare was going to take San Marco, bat or no bat.

McLean turned his grim face to Tom, but didn't look at him. His

hand reached out with swift furtiveness and seized Black Maria's number cloth with a tug so vicious that Tom felt the saddle move between his calves.

If he'd had two hands and a whip he would have cut that hand away. As it was, he could only crouch there, fighting off the knowledge that it was all over. The mare faltered. She was running her first stiff race and it was the second time her concentration had been broken. He sensed that her confidence was also gone this time, felt the reaction that overtook her. She had, after all, been giving everything she had since

that of the McLeans. The McLeans you used to know.

They thundered over the finish line with San Marco first by half a length, and Tom let the mare take her time slowing up. When he finally turned her, McLean had already gone back.

In the shadow of the judges' stand people were milling around excitedly. Tom slid off the saddle and saw Joe at the mare's head with tears in his eyes. It's all right, he thought suddenly. Joe knows she can run over timber, Joe knows it was her race.

A stout man with a ribbon fluttering on his lapel said hoarsely in his ear, "Didn't he foul you? Do you want to claim it?"

Tom put his hand on the mare's lathered neck. She wouldn't want it that way—by wrangling and a decision; when she won, it would be for all to see. He shook his head and stumbled off.

He had forgotten his wrist and it was throbbing now like an engine, making his head jump in rhythm and blurring his sight. He wanted to get away alone before he gave in to it. People moved aside for him, watching him, saying things he didn't listen to in voices taut with emotion. Finally there were fewer people and ahead were the dazzlingly white course stables and behind them, with luck, there would be no people. There was no luck either. A man in boots and jockey's silks stopped him.

"Did you claim the foul?" McLean asked, and his face was like death.

"No." And then he said carefully, "It would give me the greatest pleasure to take you

apart."

It wouldn't really. Everything was over—years ago, it seemed—and he hadn't enough interest left in any of it even to beat up McLean. He started to move on and McLean stopped him again.

"You're white," he said. "I don't understand. Anyone else . . . that's what's funny. Why I did it, I mean. I couldn't know you'd keep still. I don't think I knew I was doing it. It just happened because I had to win."

"Shut up," Tom said. "Why? Why did you have to win?"

"It was stud game with some customers. My name—our name—"

"Gambling," Tom said thoughtfully.

"I know. I was trying a short cut to help out at the stables. It's been so hard not making anything. Everything still goes for debts against the



that remarkable recovery on the Twelfth, and if ever a horse earned the right to victory. . . .

"I'm sorry as hell, old girl," he muttered through his tightening throat, "but we know it's your race—you and I."

The bay moved up powerfully, again under McLean's furious whip. They were in the stretch, and over the pounding hoofs swelled the roar of the people packed in a bright mass on either side of the course. Black Maria's ears pricked as if to tell them she wasn't through yet, but Tom saw that it was too late to catch the bay again.

He was no longer in the red rage, only horribly astonished. And sick. It hadn't occurred to him that Leslie meant no holds barred when she said Mac had to win. He hadn't thought they'd sounded all the depths, because you couldn't think things like

estate—that's why I couldn't borrow." His voice was out of control and he paused to force it down. "Don't tell Sis—how I won," he babbled. "Please don't. She's been swell about the whole mess. It almost killed her asking you to throw it . . . the way she looked before we left the paddock when she told me you'd refused. But I made her ask you. I wanted to try everything. I couldn't let San Marco go without trying everything."

"Of course," Tom said. "Everything. I certainly won't tell her."

McLean left him suddenly, making a funny noise in his throat, and Tom got his eyes on the white buildings again, frowning to keep them in focus.

He was cursing himself for the things he had said to Leslie and the things he had thought of her. Blind fool, he thought, you wouldn't see the angles if they walked up and slapped you. You never had to do anything for anyone; you never had anyone depending on you.

The second time he was stopped he wondered if he wasn't perhaps going to be allowed to gain sanctuary before he passed out.

"He did foul you, didn't he?" Leslie McLean said in a wild, hushed voice. She had been running. "I was near the Fourteenth. I saw him stop using his whip when you went over the hill."

What she was saying didn't matter. The important thing was she understood. . . . "Leslie, I'm sorry I said that about the typing. . . ."

"You've got to claim it!" She was chalk-white, panting. "There's only a minute before the results are official."

"No foul," he said, noticing that his tongue was getting thick. "It's over and I want—"

"It's not over, Tom!" She seized his hand, his right hand, and he tried to warn her, but her face abruptly described an arc and disappeared as he plunged into roaring blackness.

Long before he saw her again, he knew she was near, but he kept his eyes closed because his wrist was being set and he didn't want to look at her until he could unclamp his teeth. Even with the pain, he felt her tears warm on his face and the coolness of her hand on his brow. They stopped fooling with his wrist finally and he opened his eyes and found his head on her lap. He had never seen anything as lovely as her face, although it was upside down.

He said, "All these years I didn't know what it was, but I've never forgotten."

She didn't seem to hear him. She raised her head and said something and it was the first time he noticed that there were people standing around. Even that didn't matter now. When she spoke they began to leave reluctantly, and someone gave her a flask.



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"I don't need that," Tom said as she held it to his lips, but he took a couple of healthy swallows. Warmth and strength poured into his veins.

"Did you hear me, Leslie? The bottom of Herrick's pasture—do you remember?"

"Yes," she whispered. "I heard you. And I remember." And then she said, "Darling," and Tom laughed because he had never been so happy.

"You looked the same in the paddock before the race. I should have known you were scared to death and going through with it because you

had to." He added, after a moment, "You know, I really could sit up, but this is so pleasant. Do you mind?"

She took her hand from his forehead, and he frowned at her, missing it. Before he could tell her, she said evenly, "I don't see how you can stand looking at me after that. After what Prentiss did."

Tom sat up. "Now look, he didn't—"

"Oh, I know you'll never tell me." Her voice was breaking. "There aren't any words for it, Tom. For that race—and you and the mare. I don't know how I could have asked

you to pull her. I suppose it was thinking nothing I did mattered to you—any more. After all this time."

He said, "Ah, don't cry, sweet."

He was thinking that if all that had happened was for this, it was worth while. Everything that had ever happened to him. He told her so. Then, suddenly uncertain where he had been certain, humble where he had been bold, he asked, "Or wasn't it? Do you feel that, Leslie?"

She lifted his good hand to her cheek, staring at him. "I was so afraid," she said, "that this would never happen."



## The Flivver Takes the Air

(Continued from page 17)

the occupant. He was not interested in speed or distance flying; what he wanted was something to play around the airport with, a sort of glider with only enough power to push it along. A 17-horsepower engine lifts the Pou off the ground. Its speed varies from twenty-five to sixty miles per hour. Whether this machine actually rates as an airplane is a question, but for making short flights it is said to be good fun—and, of course, several thousand Frenchmen can't be wrong!

It seems safe to say that if private plane owners are satisfied to sacrifice speed for safety, they can get a plane that will be sufficiently stable in the air to eliminate danger of stalling or spinning. That would be a great step forward toward fool-proofing the sky. Also, statistics show that seventy per cent of the fatalities in private flying in the United States are the result of stalls and spins. It is an item worth considering, as there is an average of two persons killed in private plane operation every three days. Most of the accidents are due to inexperienced or incautious pilots.

In this particular connection, Jerome Lederer, of the Aeronautical Underwriters, struck a rather ominous note recently when, without putting his feelings in exactly these words, he indicated that when fool-proof planes are made, fools will clamor to fly them. Said Mr. Lederer in effect, "It is part of the American character to use a thing up to and beyond its limits. If an airplane were designed to take off and land on a twenty-five foot circle there would be many people trying to take off and land on a twenty-four foot cir-

cle, with the result that there would be a large number of accidents. Nevertheless, a reduction in the skill required to operate safely would draw more people into flying and thereby probably lower the accident average as well as ultimately reduce the cost of flying.

"A tremendous number of accidents in miscellaneous flying appear to be due to stalling and then whipping or spinning in; an obvious antidote is a well designed slot. Another serious cause for accidents results from poor landing technique; an obvious antidote being the three-wheeled landing gear and flaps. A third serious cause is motor failure in the air; the obvious antidote is two completely independent power plants, probably located inside the wing and driving one propeller, thus also offering good control and visibility."

One thing Mr. Lederer forgot to mention is the safety factor that cannot be put into plane construction, namely anti-collision control. The reason the auto death rate is so high is because car owners crash into each other, and the Sunday-driver would be even deadlier on the airways than he is on the highways.

Leaving such playthings as the Pou de Ceil and Mr. Vidal's \$700 dream-child out of consideration, how much does it actually cost to own and fly

your own plane? Let us take, as an example, not the youngster who yearns to do a little cloud-hopping in a light plane, but a business man who would use his plane for business and for pleasure as much as he uses his car. To start with he would have to know how to fly. To employ a private pilot would be out of the question. Only the upper bracket of taxpayers can afford such a luxury. The type of private pilot I have in mind would fly to all parts of the country on business and pleasure averaging 200 to 300 hours a year.

First comes the initial cost of the plane: A four-place cabin plane of reputable make costs about \$7,000, including accessories. Allowing for depreciation, hangar rentals, insurance, fuel and oil, checking plane and engine every twenty-five flying hours and complete overhaul after three hundred hours, the average plane owner's annual bill for maintenance would be \$3,000. This, of course, does not take accidents into account. Depreciation runs about twenty-five percent per year. In two years of flying, the total bill would be \$13,000. The plane would then be worth half its original cost. Maintenance expenses, however, would be as much or more—probably more.

One type of ship that deserves mention in discussing potential wings for the man in the street is the autogyro. During the past few years these flying coffee-grinders have percolated more and more into public consciousness. The weird ability of gyros—when flown by fellows like Jim Ray and similar aerial sleight-of-hand artists—to take off from nowhere and land on nothing, re-



"I thought that last shoe seemed a bit heavy!"



veal high safety factors which recommend them for amateur flyers. Only their cost, for the average purse, is still pretty high.

James Ray is one of the finest pilots in the country and one of the best showmen in the world. He specialized in demonstration flights that have a strong publicity angle—like landing with mail on the top of Post Office buildings or picking up passengers on the tip of steamship piers—stuff which no plane in the world but a gyro could do and then only with a chap like Ray at the controls.

Private owners may be divided into two classes: those who fly for the fun of flying and those who fly to go places. In the second classification are business men who travel a good deal. All sorts of people have discovered they can save time by using planes. The commercial airlines take care of most of them, but there are many whose affairs lead them into out-of-the-way spots, where not only is there no air transportation, but other means of travel are primitive and slow. The farther you get from civilization, the more useful an airplane becomes.

Private planes have revolutionized prospecting in the Canadian Northwest and Alaska; they have opened up new oil fields in Venezuela, Iran and India; they have supplanted mules, burros, dog teams and camels. From the Arctic Circle to the Sahara—from Peru to New Guinea—they are the magic carpets that carry the modern Mercury to far places.

The practical value of privately owned planes is unlimited. Every big oil company, for instance, has an aviation department and operates its own planes for transport, property surveys and inspection flights. Public utilities are doing the same thing. Executives with offices in New York or Chicago can view their holdings in Kansas, or Texas, or Mexico, and be back at their desks in a week's time. Physicians in sparsely settled districts, itinerant preachers, actors who divide their time between Broadway and Hollywood, explorers, newspapers—I could draw a list of private flyers to read like a classified telephone directory. The telephone company itself, for that matter, uses a plane. Bell Telephone Laboratories, the research division of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, has a "flying laboratory" for experimental purposes which has contributed many valuable ideas in the development of radio communication. The motion picture industry has a whole fleet of planes—stage property for use in producing aviation pictures. Broadcasting companies send their men up in the air to describe public happenings, sports events, calamities, parades and so forth.

The Detroit News was one of the first papers to adopt the airplane as an aid to news gathering. In a single year the News plane flew 46,000 miles and covered 141 assignments.



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It failed only once because of unflyable weather. Jim Piersol, aviation editor, and the News' air cameraman spent most of their time at the airport, ready to take off for anywhere at a moment's notice. They made 388 flights and scored a number of notable scoops.

For instance, there was a murder trial going on—the big local story of the day. One of the key witnesses was missing. A News correspondent in a small town 200 miles away located the missing man and phoned the paper. In half an hour the plane was on its way, with a deputy sheriff and a subpoena. The witness was bundled into the ship and flown back to Detroit in time to make a dramatic appearance in the courtroom before the trial was adjourned and gave the News a "beat".

A spring flood washed out a score of villages in southern Indiana and Illinois. Next day the News had a page of exclusive pictures taken by its flying photographer. Convicts in the Ohio State Prison at Columbus staged a riot and jail-break, which ended in a pitched battle with the National Guard and several dead—another photographic "beat" for the News.

Air commuting is a practical phase of private flying, which has recently come into vogue. It has brought Westhampton, Newport and even Bar Harbor within commuting range of Wall Street. The late Richard F. Hoyt, chairman of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, started the idea in 1932. He had been commuting during the summer months from Lloyd's Neck, Long Island, by speed boat, but switched to a seaplane. The flying time was eighteen minutes. A difficulty at first was proper landing facilities at the New York end. An air-minded Mayor and work relief money remedied that. At the foot of Wall Street in the East River a 165-ton landing ramp and turn-table were built at an expense of \$35,000. Seaplanes and amphibians land in the river and discharge their passengers within five minutes' walk of the financial center. On the dock are waiting rooms and facilities for fueling.

**AVIATION** clubs are mushrooming up all over the land, but the Aviation Country Club at Hicksville, L. I., is still the leader in promoting amateur aviation. Its annual cruises correspond to the New York Yacht Club's annual cruise up Long Island Sound and usually cover about the same ground, following the coast north as far as Maine by easy stages. Other private clubs in Chicago, Detroit, St. Louis and especially on the West Coast, where private flying is popular, hold similar cruises.

The Hearst ranch at San Simeon, Calif., has a private landing field. Most of the Hearst visitors are flown in and out. Other big estates also use planes to save time. W. P. Fuller, a San Francisco business man, flies

back and forth between his office and his home on Pillsbury Lake, 150 miles in fifty minutes. He has his own field with two 2,000-foot runways, a private radio weather reporting system and a log cabin hangar built of timber cut on the property. Private fields are no longer exceptional. A list of them would fill a volume and include many well known names.

The British, who are great gadabouts, do more long distance flying for sport than any other nationality. This is natural. Every Englishman has an uncle or a cousin in India, or South Africa, or Australia, or Canada, and they are much given to visiting "out there" and "down under".

**SUCH** flights should not be confused with stunt flights or round-the-world hops. The British, men and women both, have made some remarkable air journeys without any publicity at all. The fact that a flyer can set out on a jaunt of 10,000 miles or so without arousing comment is a healthy indication that the days of stunt flight ballyhoo are passing.

America is not far behind in aerial globe trotters, however. Late one afternoon not so long ago, a newspaper reporter at Curtiss Field at North Beach, just outside of New York, noticed a somewhat battered Bellanca seaplane circle in and land. Two half-frozen young men climbed out. The reporter, scenting a possible story, asked them where they had come from. They said Moorehead City, N. C., and that they had been bucking a 45-mile head wind, with cold and fog. Ice had formed on the wing and made it unsafe to fly. Ice floating in the water had made it practically impossible to land.

"Just a tough hop," one of the youths remarked.

"Worst we've had since Borneo-Manila," the other added casually.

They had completed a 29,000-mile flight around the world without so much as having their picture in the newspaper. In fact, they had purposely dodged publicity and had slipped away quietly five months before, because they were afraid their friends would think they were foolhardy to make such a long journey, and try to talk them out of it. This team of unsung adventurers was Dr. Richard Light, instructor in surgery at Yale, and Robert Wilson, a Yale graduate, whose hobby is radio.

One of the problems that arise in connection with private flying is that of ground facilities. As commercial and private aviation expand, this problem becomes increasingly pressing. Even as mass production is the only medium through which good airplanes can be turned out at low cost, so inexpensive ground charges must make it economically possible for the average person to operate and maintain his plane. To

this end it may be necessary to establish a system of landing fields which operate almost on a chain-store basis—Aerial Service Stations, quite like the gasoline emporiums that string along on the highways. In fact, it is not far fetched to predict that landing strips may be constructed adjacent to the main highways of the nation so that private pilots may roll up to the gasoline pumps, have their tanks filled, oil checked and windshields wiped, with a weather report thrown in for good measure.

These landing strips would be much smaller than those on regular airports. They would be of particular value if roadable airplanes, of the type already mentioned, should become popular. But whatever form the landing facilities for private flyers may take—landing strips or chain-store airports—the indications are that air-flivvers and air-yachts will soon be banished from all major airports which, even now, are so crowded with commercial air operations that they, at times, find it difficult to handle the traffic. It is safe to say that within a few years nearly all the large air-terminals will be closed to itinerant flyers. Unless steps are taken, and quickly at that, to meet the ground requirements of private pilots they will, in the real sense of the word, be very much up in the air.

**AND** while we are on the subject of being up in the air, here is another complication that is bound to grow into a good-sized headache before it is solved: With the development of civil airways, the trend is to confine the use of these airways to planes equipped with radio facilities that keep them in touch with the ground. It would be useless to presume that the average plane owner, who has to cut financial corners to operate his plane, could afford to install expensive two-way radio equipment. Therefore, unless he has a system of airways and airports all his own, the private flyer would not only be up in the air, but with no place to go. The solution of this difficulty may lie in superimposing a brand new set of non-commercial airways along the regular highway map. Just how this would work out is a question only experience can answer.

One safety factor in private flying that remains to be mentioned is the parachute—not the type of parachute worn by individual flyers, but a ship-chute attached to the plane itself and large enough to lower plane, pilot and passengers to the ground, in case of engine failure or structural breakdown over bad territory. The pilot would merely pull a lever and a parachute folded into a compartment on the top of the plane would whip open and lower the ship safely to the ground. Wheels and wings might break, but human necks would be relatively safe.

# The Fun Sport

(Continued from page 21)

It took skiing anywhere from forty to sixty centuries to reach America, but once it arrived in this country it spread with the speed of an avalanche. Last year the manufacturers of equipment and gadgets were enchanted to report a 200 to 300 per cent increase in sales and, although the weather man was a most uncooperative gent, there were 75,000 skiers in New York City alone.

The sport is booming and all sorts of healthful benefits are being derived from interest in same, yet all is not sweetness and light. It is to be feared that commercialization has reared its unlovely—and inevitable—head to besmirch the virginal purity of the snow.

A pretty bitter controversy is being waged at the moment by conflicting schools of teaching thought which would dominate the lucrative American field. The Austrians are led by Hannes Schneider, the Number 1 man of the sport, the originator and master of the Arlberg School and, in a few words, the personification of all that is fine and noble to those who subscribe to his technique. In the opposition camp are massed the Swiss, who resent the manner in which the Austrians have muscled into their once-private domain. Disciples of the Arlberg School genuflect at the altar of the Great Schneider the defender of the true faith, hallelujah. On the other side of the mountain the high priests of the Swiss Ski School yodel that Schneider is a false prophet and woe to them who deviate from the paths of righteousness blazed by their fathers.

Amid the tumult and the confusion, the Scandinavians, who merely started the winter madness in the first place, stand inarticulate and out in the cold. Their long association with skis, dating back before the dawn of history, and their enor-



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mous proficiency would seem to qualify the Swedes and Norwegians as the logical teachers of the sport, but they did not recognize the gold mine in their back yard until it was too late. The most intricate and dangerous stunts on skis came so naturally to the Northern people that they never bothered to analyze teaching technique.

Then again, geography was all against them. The populous regions of Sweden and Norway are flat and can be used only for cross-country skiing, which is too strenuous and prosaic for neophytes. Both countries are well off the beaten tourist track and the bright idea of turning skiing into a paying proposition never struck the Scandinavians between their big, blue eyes. While they were entertaining, the Swiss and Austrians were instructing all comers and took charge of the situation.

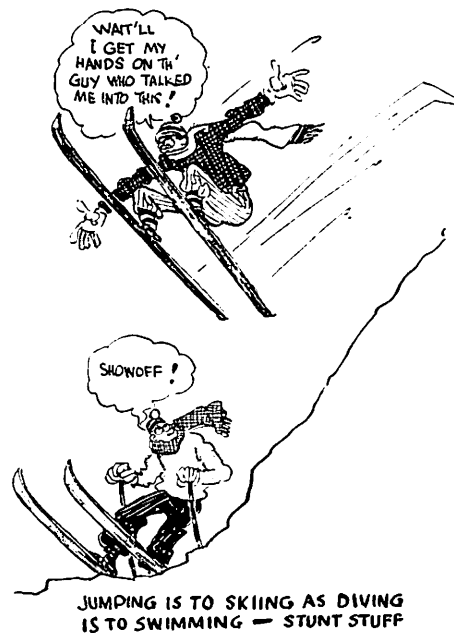
Schneider began to lay down his basic principles in 1907, when he was appointed to the teaching staff of the Austrian army. (Seven centuries ago soldiers were equipped with skis; King Swerre of Sweden used them at the battle of Oslo in 1200.) After the World War, when visitors on the prowl for new thrills returned to the fashionable Arlberg Mountains in Austria, Schneider was ready for business. He opened his celebrated school and began to preach the gospel of the "vorlage", which is still the distinctive feature of his system.

You'd better learn the definition of "vorlage"; you'll be hearing it with increasing frequency during the next few years. Reduced to simple language it is the method of riding the runners with bent knees, heels on the skis and a forward lean of the body. Among other things, Schneider maintains that the flexed knees act as shock absorbers over rough terrain and that the body in the position of the "vorlage" is so relaxed that a minimum degree of stamina is required—the secret of good skiing. Beginners are painstakingly coached in the "vorlage" since the Schneider people believe it makes for better control of the skis, and, therefore, greater safety; facilitates execution of the snow-plow—a maneuver for decreasing speed, in which the front ends of the skis are brought together—and of various turns, particularly the stem and stem Christiana.

Comes a mighty snort of derision from the general direction of the Alps. That would be the Swiss asking—nay, demanding—that you hold the crouch position on your living room floor for as little as three minutes without collapsing from sheer exhaustion. The Swiss Ski School, a consensus of the better minds of the country, recommends an upright position as more comfortable and natural and it seems to have a convincing selling point in the fact that the Scandinavians have been skiing in that fashion from time immemorial.

The Swiss concede that the "vorlage" is necessary for taking bumps, declines and turns, that it is easier to teach. They also hasten to report that the "vorlage" is dangerous since it is difficult to control speed—a vitally important consideration on a downhill run when a man can easily exceed 65 miles an hour. The crouch, reducing wind resistance and throwing the weight to the front part of the skis, is frowned upon by the Swiss, especially for beginners. The Swiss teach the "rucklage"—shifting the weight to the rear of the skis—as the safest brake.

Having made a choice between the two methods—about which he doesn't know much, anyway—a total stranger to skis can be reasonably sure of striking out on a gentle slope and remaining in one whole piece after six to ten lessons. Optimistic instructors with a good line even promise to have a pupil dashing like mad hither and yon after two hours of instruction, but the average citizen



requires about three years of constant practice before he is adept enough to risk an unknown trail. Women frequently learn the fundamentals quicker than men, but the latter usually catch up and pass the lovely ladies who are so intrigued with their fetching ensembles.

The overwhelming majority of ski instructors in this country are Europeans. Charley Proctor, Harvard coach, is probably the only native-born teacher of prominence. With the standard price set at \$1.50 for a half-hour lesson at the outdoor resorts or in the department stores, most of the professionals are doing all right by themselves. At St. Moritz, the swanky ski capital of the world, any one of the 120 licensed instructors can be engaged this winter at five francs for a private lesson of one hour and the group fee is six dollars a week with classes in

session all day. The Austrians and Swiss attribute the difference in fees to the higher cost of living in America. Nothing at all is said, of course, about the old, familiar dodge of charging as much as the traffic will bear.

Professionals are divided into two rigid classifications—instructors and competitors. Top-flight skiing demands such a strenuous training routine that the competitors have no time to teach and, conversely, the teachers cannot spare the time to get into condition. The blue-ribbon classic in skiing is not the quadrennial Winter Olympic Games—an amateur event which automatically disqualifies 85 per cent of the best men on the Continent—but the F. I. S. (International Ski Federation) championships which alternate between Austria and Switzerland annually.

There are only two events, the downhill race and the slalom, a tricky affair in which contestants are timed over a prescribed course marked with staggered flags. The competition is terrifically keen; last year only two seconds separated the first five men to finish a four-mile course. There is no recognized world championship for jumping. Several countries hold national meetings and the daredevil Scandinavians are still supreme in that phase of the sport.

An embryo skier can set himself up in business with skis, boots and harness for strapping the runners to his feet, for as little as twenty dollars, and a new process for making the skis by machine will reduce the price when it is perfected. Then again, you don't have to do extensive shopping to spend one hundred dollars for the basic paraphernalia. Old, warm clothes will do very nicely for casual skiing and it is possible to purchase an adequate ten-dollar snow suit which will pass muster at a modest winter resort.

The snow is free—when and if you can find it. The distressingly mild winter of 1936-37 might have ruined the sport altogether, but the virus is so strong that those who have been infected are willing to brood in a corner until the landscape has been transformed into what is poetically known as a winter wonderland.

Paradoxically enough, the free snow puts skiing beyond the reach of the city-dwelling wage earner in the lower brackets. Ski trains and week-end excursions to the cheaper resorts are too expensive for our old friend, the well known man in the street, but maybe Mr. Roosevelt can do something about that, too. In the meantime, the Union Pacific Railroad, under the ægis of Averell Harriman, has given America perhaps the finest ski center in the world at Sun Valley in southern Idaho. Plentifully endowed with the powder snow which makes the best skiing surface, miles of open runs, a variety of sloping mountains and modern contraptions for hoisting the skiers back to the top of the run,

Sun Valley solves the problem of the 8,000 affluent Americans who once went abroad for their skiing.

European experts agree to the man that Americans will, in time, hold their own with the best skiers on the Continent. Courage and our preoccupation with all sports compensate for our lack of experience, but the foreign teachers do wish we were less impetuous. It seems that as soon as the average beginner sees a pair of skis, he wants to leap off the side of a mountain. (Incidentally, pronounce it with a hard "k." Only the Norwegians call them "sheez".) That comes from the concept of skiing the movies have given us, but to the purist, jumping is to downhill running as diving is to swimming—stunt stuff and not the highest expression of the ancient art.

The ski business is booming so famously that the first step toward the formation of a native school to regulate instructors after the manner of the Swiss was taken at Bolton, Vt., in November. Before a teacher can get a license from the Swiss Government, the examining board must be satisfied that the candidate is qualified to administer first aid, has no police record and can speak three languages. The applicants then are given a five-day rehearsal on teaching technique which is followed by oral and written examinations lasting two days. The final step is an outdoor demonstration of skiing by the candidates and the entire course is so difficult that only twenty-two per cent of the original number ultimately pass.

Teachers are not a drug on the American market yet, but there is no doubt that future regulation will be necessary, especially to cope with the traffic problems on some of our most imposing mountains and with the snow problem. Is there a reliable snow-maker in the house?

## Your Dog

(Continued from page 37)

French bulldog, the pointer family, the pointer's spotted cousin the dalmatian, the boxer of Germany, dogue of Bordeaux, Tibetan mastiff, Flemish matin, Pyrenean mountain dog, and last, although remotely, the Boston terrier, who certainly does not suggest lions and wild boars. Even the pug and pekingese belong to the mastiff group.

Gundogs, also termed bird dogs and field dogs, have their families. The pointer family, which includes the dalmatian, is widely scattered in many countries.

The setter is scattered likewise, though not as common as the pointer, who is fancied much by Latin races in Europe and South America.

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breeds, being the ancestors of the setter, both families originating in Spain.

The spaniel family (which includes setters) and is discussed hereinafter as the bird dog family of two classes, finds its origin in the mastiff family by way of Spain and then the Orient. There likely is a mixture of scent-hound in the group but the basic anatomy denotes the mastiff family. The English toy spaniel of short nose suggests the pekingese and the bulldog, yet he is a close relative of the prominent-nosed cocker spaniel. However, the toy spaniel is of the same general family, the mastiff family.

The retriever family can not be considered unrelated to the pointer, although it is mostly Newfoundland in ancestry. All these bird dog families belong to the mastiff group by anatomical origin.

The gundogs or hunting dogs divide logically into two main groups. First is the pointing dogs group, working almost entirely on game birds on uplands. These breeds are setters, pointers and griffons. They locate by body scent.

The second hunting group is the retrieving and flushing dogs group, working primarily on water fowl but on occasion on game birds on uplands and on rabbit. They locate mainly by boot scent.

This group in turn has two sub-groups—retrievers (Chesapeake Bay, Irish Water Spaniel, and the four retriever breeds—curlycoated, flat-coated, Labrador and golden), and spaniels (all the spaniel breeds except Irish water and English toy). They locate by body scent.

The terrier family has had its greatest popularity and development in English-speaking countries, particularly England. It is a comparatively modern family, dating for historical purposes, from about the year 1750. The size varies greatly though the largest is not a large-sized breed.

The airedale and the bullterrier are the largest terrier breeds. The reisen or giant schnauzer actually is the largest terrier, though classified in America as a working dog, not a terrier.

Herding dogs, the shepherd family, comprise the remaining member of the trio of ancients—the greyhound, the mastiff or lion-hunting, and the shepherding families. The hound proper came later, perhaps the fourth oldest canine group, dating from about 600 A. D. The collie, shetland sheepdog, Pyrenean sheepdog (also great Pyrennes dog), Italian sheepdog, the Hungarian sheepdog or kuvasz, the Russian owtchar, and Iceland dog are of this useful, hardy, intelligent group.

The lupine family is one of the largest and most interesting in the canine world, presenting some surprises. Group them side by side and you will note the clear family resemblances. All are northern dogs in origin, of long coat (almost a fur), prominent muzzles, curling tail, rather straight hind legs, ears semi-erect or erect, eyes expressive.

Here is the geneological roll call: Eskimo dog, samoyede, chow chow, Norwegian elkhound, keeshond, pomeranian (yes, this little perky fellow), schipperke (alas, he has not the glory of the fanlike tail, for it is docked closely), the small white dog known in America as spitz, Alaskan malamute and Siberian huskie.

Editor's Note: Captain Judy's article for the next issue will present perhaps the most vital of all canine subjects, namely the *proper feeding of dogs*.

*If you want further detailed information as to the care of your dog, we will be glad to answer your questions or send you a pamphlet at no cost to you. Address The Elks Magazine—50 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.*

## What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 20)

tion, for the aim of the theatre is to command the attention of the large public. He tells how modern methods of lighting are responsible for the decline of the "illuminative soliloquy", for in days when the public could not always see the actor's face clearly he had to put his feelings into words; today his slightest expression conveys a meaning and is visible to all. The insistence on feeling runs through his book; he explains that the producer often fails to forecast the public verdict on a play because the impression it makes on the individual differs from the impression on the audience as a mass. The individual is apt to be judicial; when he becomes part of the mass

he is emotional and demonstrative. This explains why critics often differ from the public. A divided press suggests hope for the play but a press unanimous in disfavor usually expresses the verdict of the audience as well. Mr. Frohman adds interesting anecdotes of the early days of the theatre. (Lee Furman, Inc.)

### ROMANCE AND REALISM

**L**ETITIA CARBERRY, otherwise known as "Tish", is a national institution. Mary Roberts Rinehart invented her, wrote about her for years, to the great delight of American readers. Now, after a va-

cation of a decade, this irrepressible spinster is back, in six new stories called "Tish Marches On". Her friends, Aggie and Lizzie, and her nephew, Charlie Sands, are in the offing, as usual. (Farrar & Rinehart)

**Y**OU wouldn't believe a woman could write a tale as stark and drab as "Slogum House"—but then, there were the Bronte sisters. Mari Sandoz, who wrote the biography, "Old Jules", has described life on the dry, sandy flats of western Nebraska in "Slogum House", but its central character is a domineering woman who is completely without scruples. Two of her sons rob neighbors and shoot down rivals; her brother, an escaped convict, has to hide in the attic, which shelters another lawbreaker; her daughters are expected to entertain the cowhands that lodge there. A sombre tale, but maybe that's the way things were in the cow country. The author writes with much power and knowledge of farm life. (Little, Brown & Co.)

#### AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY

**R**ICHARD L. SIMON'S book, "Miniature Photography", goes into greater detail than any recent work on this craze. I used to think taking pictures was just a matter of snapping the shutter, but when I read books like this it proves to have a lot more to it. Mr. Simon tries to be specifically helpful; he describes errors as well as successes, tells what to do and what not to do, and what cameras, papers and methods to employ. Laurence Stallings has written an introduction. This is not about art, but about technique, the advice of one amateur to another. Should be of great usefulness. (Simon & Schuster)

#### THIS BUSINESS OF MEALS

**S**OMEBODY interested in trends and movements ought to find out why there are so many cook books. Every season half a dozen land on my desk. It stands to reason that publishers don't print them just for fun; they must sell them. Maybe the American women are eager to return to the kitchen; if so, that's more than a literary note; that's a social revolution.

For instance, Marjorie Hillis, who wrote "Live Alone and Like It", has now written "Corned Beef and Caviar", with the help of Bertina Foltz. Naturally women who live alone have to eat alone now and then, and this book is supposed to show that there's "fun in food for one". As a male I can say that there's no fun in food for one lone man left high and dry in midsummer; after he has fussed with food for a few mornings, opening cans and breaking eggs, he puts on his hat and goes to the coffee shop around the corner.

Miss Hillis says that practically anyone can get breakfast and if she works—it's all for the women, this book—she gets her lunch outside. As for dinner, she hates to get dinner. Miss Hillis' book is intended to show how dinners can be easy and satisfying, and then, incidentally, how you can invite friends in to have supper with you after you've been out. The next step is "getting the man with the meal"—and the instructions are practical. The author tells just what to serve to make the male feel contented. She says, "it is scarcely worth while to spend much time on meals for the man who drinks." Everything tastes alike to him. He needs a substantial meal "that he will remember pleasantly, if vaguely" . . . but the book tells exactly how little the hostess should drink in order to cope with him. Among the best advice is "Never ask a man to balance his plate on his knee. Any he-man we have ever met wants to put his feet under a table when he eats dinner and not all the painted trays or other gadgets in the fanciest shops will alter this fundamental fact." (Bobbs Merrill)

#### WOMEN TELL THEIR STORIES

**I**T seems but fair that women, no less than men, should tell all about themselves if they want to. The male has boasted in print for centuries, with great frankness. The present season yields several confessions by women, among them "Life is my Adventure", by Barbara Mullen and "Petticoat Vagabond", by Neill James. Barbara Mullen is the daughter of that Irish writer, Pat Mullen, whose book, "Man of Aran", describing life in the Aran isles off the coast of Ireland, is a vivid chronicle, the basis for a motion picture. Barbara came to America early in life with her mother and settled in Boston. During the prohibition era her mother ran a neighborhood speakeasy in her kitchen and the adventures of Barbara and her family in repelling raids and double-crossing the police are highly diverting. On one occasion the police caught Barbara's mother with a bottle in her hand, and this so infuriated Barbara that she hurled a kettle of pigs feet and cabbage at a policeman's head. The officer was determined to arrest Barbara for assault but his associates warned him that he would become the laughing stock of the city. Later Barbara and her mother moved out at night and went to New York, where Barbara, after various escapades, became an elevator girl. The story closes with her return to her father in Aran. (Coward McCann) "Petticoat Vagabond" is a story of world travel by a girl from Mississippi, who went it alone on nothing, getting jobs in many countries and thus making the world pay for her visit. Her object was to keep going, and she did. (Scribners)

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# Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)

Knight John K. Burch, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; F. J. Schrader, Assistant to the Grand Secretary; P.D.D. Joseph M. Cooke, Harvey, Ill.; Chaplain W. E. Hoffenbacher, Logansport, and Vice-Pres's Claude E. Thompson, Frankfort, and Glenn L. Miller, Logansport, of the Ind. State Elks Assn.; D.D.'s James S. McCarthy, Whiting, Byron L. Jones, Lebanon, and Carl G. T. Monninger, Logansport, Ind.; Frank A. Small, St. Joseph, Mich., and Dr. Frank W. Tracy, Blue Island, Ill.; E.R. George W. Dunbar, East Chicago, and Mayor Andrew Rooney. The Mayor presented Major Hart with a large key to the city.

At the evening meeting Mr. Dunbar and the East Chicago officers initiated 21 candidates. A crowd of 450 Elks filled the Lodge and Ball rooms. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke over the public address system installed for the occasion. On behalf of the local Lodge, P.D.D. J. L. J. Miller presented him with a Telechron chime clock. Entertainment and a supper followed the meeting. Attorney A. L. Zivich, General Chairman, was ably assisted by P.E.R. Ray Stubbs and Z. B. Campbell who were in charge of the banquet, A. H. Klempner, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, and Secy. John E. O'Neil who acted as Secretary for the various committees.

Grand Exalted Ruler Hart and other prominent Grand Lodge officers officiated in the dedication of the new Home of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36, on Nov. 13. Some 200 Connecticut Elks from all parts of the State attended and heard the Grand Exalted Ruler's speech congratulating the Lodge on its fine new quarters. Making up a full set of officers assisting Major Hart in the dedication ceremonies were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, Springfield, Mass., Lodge; Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, New York Lodge No. 1; Past Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter, Hartford; Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls Lodge, Secy. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.; D.D. George W. Hickey, Williamantic, Conn.; P.D.D. Joseph A. Muldoon, Bridgeport; Trustee John G. Schwarz, Jr., Bridgeport; D.D. John E. Lynch, Winsted, Conn.; P.D.D. Richard F. Flood, Bayonne, N. J., Secy. to the Grand Exalted Ruler; P.E.R.'s John F. McDonough and A. J. Elson, Bridgeport; P.E.R. Arthur V. Dearden, New York Lodge No. 1, and Tiler Andrew Fee and

Trustee Henry Greenstein, Bridgeport. Mr. Greenstein was Chairman of the Building Committee.

Major Hart was entertained at a luncheon at the Stratfield Hotel before the meeting. E.R. James T. Welch headed the Reception Committee. Practically every member of the local Lodge was present at the dedication and the long list of Elks in attendance included Pres. William Murray, Norwich, Secy. Archie J. McCullough, Derby, Trustees C. I. Byington, Norwalk, Edward J. Creamer, New Haven, Renard L. Palatine, Waterbury, Treas. John F. McDonough, Bridgeport, and Past Pres. John J. Nugent, Ansonia, of the Conn. State Elks Assn.; P.D.D. James F. Degnan, New Haven, and officers and members of the Lodges mentioned above and from Milford and Stamford.

On Nov. 20 Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, received the Grand Exalted Ruler with high honors and at the same time gave a testimonial dinner to P.E.R. Dr. J. Edward Gallico, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. Present on the occasion were distinguished Elks from many New York Lodges including Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough Lodge, and officers of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. of which Dr. Gallico is a Past President. The principal speakers were Major Hart who spoke at length on his traffic safety program, Judge Hallinan, Dr. Gallico, D.D. Raymond P. Madden, Schenectady, Past State Pres. Dr. Leo W. Roohan, Saratoga, who gave the 11 O'Clock Toast, E.R. John J. Sweeney, Troy, City Court Judge, and the following Past Exalted Rulers of Troy Lodge, P.D.D. Francis G. Roddy, General Chairman, Toastmaster Judge M. A. Tierney, Judge Bertram P. Kavanagh, and P.D.D. Joseph B. Mulholland. Major Hart had previously delivered a radio broadcast over Station WABY.

**GRAND EXALTED RULER**  
HART attended the banquet and Lodge meeting on Nov. 21 held in connection with the 50th Anniversary of the institution of Elmira, N. Y., Lodge, No. 62. He spoke at the end of an impressive program, making the principal address of the evening. The names of other prominent Elks appearing on the program were Halsey Sayles, Toastmaster; the Rev. Dr. Arthur O. Sykes, Lyons Lodge, former Grand Chaplain; Mayor J. M. Beers, Elmira Lodge; State Pres. Stephen McGrath, Oneida, and D.D. Martin Purtell, Elmira.



# News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 36)

Nay welcomed the delegates, officers and guests.

The annual report of the Trustees, made by Chairman Edgar W. Dale, of Richmond, showed that the Association was in a healthy condition with bills paid and money in the treasury, and that all of the 77 Lodges of California were Association members. All committees reported progress. P.E.R. C. Fenton Nichols, of San Francisco Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, made a gratifying report of the Antlers Lodges of the State in his capacity as Chairman of the Big Brother and Antlers Committee of the Association. At this time Pres. Lewis made a speech, calling attention to the fact that he had been invited to the rostrum at the Grand Lodge Convention in Denver last July by the then Grand Exalted Ruler, David Sholtz, and presented with a large silver cup to be given the California State Elks Association for the largest gain in membership in the past year. Mr. Lewis then presented the cup to the Association. The report of the State Secretary disclosed the fact that the impressive sum of \$99,555.75 had been spent by the California Lodges during the year for charity.

The Ritualistic Contest was held that afternoon. The State Championship Cup, and first prize cup from Pasadena Lodge, went to Fresno Lodge, the James M. Shanly Cup, and second prize from Pasadena Lodge, to Glendale, and the M. E. Hoerlin Cup, and third prize from Pasadena Lodge, to Grass Valley. That evening the Band, Drill Team and Drum and Bugle Corps Contests were held in the Rose Bowl Stadium. The results in the contests are as follows: Band, Class A, Santa Monica Lodge; Drill Team, Inglewood Lodge; Drum and Bugle Corps, Anaheim Lodge. Thirty thousand were present in the Bowl, staying for the huge outdoor circus which followed the contests. A dance was held later in the Pasadena Lodge Home. During the day the ladies were taken on an auto trip to the Mount Wilson Observatory and other places of interest. Bridge parties were held for those who did not take the trips.

On Friday morning at the annual Past Presidents' breakfast with the State President, Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart and Past Grand Exalted Rulers William M. Abbott, San Francisco, and Michael F. Shannon, Los Angeles, were guests of honor. The distinguished visitors were next received with Grand Lodge honors at the 10 A. M. business session. Major Hart was escorted into the Lodge room by State Sergeant-at-Arms Lloyd Leedom of Long Beach

and the Drill Team of Pasadena Lodge. At this meeting Pres. Lewis presented E. R. Neal H. Cavin of El Centro Lodge with a large silk banner in which it was shown that El Centro Lodge No. 1325 had made the largest percentage in membership gain in the State. Two other valley Lodges, Calexico and Brawley, made the next best showings. A splendid speech by Mr. Abbott was followed by the introduction of the Grand Exalted Ruler by Mr. Shannon. The address delivered by Major Hart was so excellent that at its close all present stood and applauded. Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight M. H. Starkweather of Tucson Lodge, who came from Arizona to attend the California convention, spoke on the fine work being carried on at the Arizona Elks Hospital at Tucson by the Elks of his State.

The Glee Club Contest was held at the City Auditorium on Friday night. The winners were Los Angeles Lodge, Class A, and Richmond Lodge, Class B. The annual Memorial Services were held at 10:30 under the direction of Past Grand Esquire John J. Doyle, Los Angeles, Past State Pres. A prayer by State Chaplain Gillmor was followed by a musical number by the famous Chanters of Los Angeles Lodge. The Memorial Address was delivered by Past State Pres. William E. Simpson of Fresno Lodge. Over 3,000 attended the services.

At the session on the final day, reports of the standing committees and results of the various contests were received. At this time the prizes were presented to the winners in all the contests. The State Association Team Cup for Golf went to Huntington Park Lodge, the Donlon Cup, individual low, to Johnnie Fegerie, Huntington Park, and the Individual Cup, 36 holes, to Earl Cody of Long Beach Lodge. Results in the Pistol Shoot were: Five-man Team, Huntington Park; Highest Single, Sewell F. Grigers, Huntington Park; Special match, Ivan Johnson, Huntington Park; Bowling: 875 Class, Monrovia; 825 Class, Huntington Park.

The State officers for the ensuing year were duly nominated, elected and installed. They are: Pres., C. Fenton Nichols, San Francisco; District Vice-Pres.'s: North, Alex Ashen, Sacramento; Bay, Louis B. Browne, Berkeley; West Central, Joseph M. O'Donnell, Hollister; East Central, Irving J. Symons, Sonora; South Central, Thomas F. McCue, Alhambra; South, Don G. Jerome, Santa Ana; Trustees: Bay, Edgar W. Dale, Richmond, Chairman; West Central, J. B. Scherrer, Gilroy; South Central, John P. Martin, Jr., San Pedro; Secy., Richard C. Ben-



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bough, San Diego; Treas., E. M. Porter, San Jose.

The new President made a short speech and then appointed David Todd Gillmor, San Jose Lodge, Chaplain, Thomas S. Abbott, Los Angeles, Tiler, and Raymond C. Crowell, Pasadena, Sergeant-at-Arms. Trustee Dale reported that the 1938 Convention would be held in Monterey about the middle of September.

Many of the social events, so numerous that something of a delightful nature was going on constantly, were touched upon in the November issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, appearing in the column devoted to the Grand Exalted Ruler's visits. The official dedication of the new \$30,000 Silver Room in the Pasadena Lodge Home was a brilliant affair. The total registration as reported by W. C. McFarland of the Credentials Committee was the largest of any California Convention.

### NEBRASKA

All officers of the Nebraska State Elks Association and the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of 14 of the 16 Lodges of the State met in Grand Island, Neb., recently to discuss matters for the good of the Order in general. The meeting had been called by the District Deputies of the West and East Districts—Paul N. Kirk, Grand Island, and Lloyd Peterson, Nebraska City, both of whom attended. Inter-Lodge meetings were planned for the year and also visits by at least one officer of the State Association to each Lodge.

The annual convention of the State Association was held at Hastings last Fall. The officers elected for 1937-38 are as follows: Pres., J. L. Martin, Scottsbluff; 1st Vice-Pres., J. C. Travis, Omaha; 2nd Vice-Pres., T. C. Lord, York; 3rd Vice-Pres., Fred R. Dickson, Kearney; Secy., H. P. Zieg, Grand Island; Treas., Fred C. Laird, Fremont; Trustees: Guy T. Tou Velle, Lincoln, C. A. Laughlin, Grand Island, and James M. Fitzgerald, Omaha. Scottsbluff Lodge No. 1367 will entertain the Association at its 1938 Convention.

The Ritualistic Contest was won by McCook Lodge competing with Omaha Lodge. The trophy was a beautiful loving cup donated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain of Fairbury, Neb., Lodge, who was a guest of the Association at the convention and one of the speakers at the banquet held at the City Auditorium and attended by over 300. The principal address was delivered by Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart whose visit to Hastings was reported in the November issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. State Trustee Judge James M. Fitzgerald, a member of the Grand Forum, also spoke. Past State Pres. Lloyd Hansen was Toastmaster. The Association decided, among other things, to carry on its

work for the rehabilitation of crippled children.

Among the many distinguished guests who attended the Convention at Hastings were D.D.'s Will S. Aldrich, St. Joseph, Mo., B. L. Ellis, Trenton, Mo., John E. Larson, Ottawa, Kans., H. J. Schafer, McPherson, Kans., Robert C. Turner, Sioux City Ia., H. Glee Tarbell, Watertown, S. D., the two District Deputies of Nebraska, and P.D.D. Richard F. Flood, Bayonne, N. J.

### OREGON

Ernest W. Winkle, P.E.R. of Medford, Ore., Lodge, No. 1186, was elected President of the Oregon State Elks Association at its annual convention at Medford last September. The other officers are as follows: 1st Vice-Pres., Bruce Ellis, Pendleton; 2nd Vice-Pres., Oscar Effenberger, Tillamook; 3rd Vice-Pres., J. E. Luckey, Eugene; Secy., (reelected) Dewey Powell, Klamath Falls; Treas., (reelected) H. L. Toney, McMinnville; Sergeant-at-Arms, Ben Rosenbloom, Portland; Tiler, (reelected) Charles J. O'Neill, Grants Pass; Chaplain, (reelected) O. A. Neal, Portland; Trustees: W. M. Hartford, Portland, D. Perozzi, Ashland, and Loyal R. Parker, Heppner.

The three-day meeting opened on Friday, Sept. 24. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, Seattle, Wash., a guest of the Association, represented Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart. All the Lodges of the State were represented. The opening address was delivered by State Pres. J. W. Flanagan, Marshfield, and a welcoming address was made by P.E.R. C. E. Gates, Medford. Mr. Meier was the principal speaker on the opening night when a huge public patriotic open air meeting was held in the city park. Every feature on the convention program was outstanding. Included were caravans to Oregon Caves under the auspices of Grants Pass Lodge, and to Crater Lake under the auspices of Klamath Falls Lodge, the golf tournament at the Rogue Valley Golf Course, the trap shoot at the Medford Gun Club, entertainment for the ladies at the Medford and Ashland Lodge Homes, and the entertainment which brought the convention to a close, the "Days of '49." The outing on Sunday afternoon, the 26th, at the Elks' Picnic Grounds on Rogue River, was a big event. Band concerts, dancing, kitten ball games between Medford and Klamath Falls

Lodges, a picnic dinner, five fights on the boxing card by the cream of the C.C.C. fighters, and two fine wrestling matches entertained the huge crowd.

At the regular session of Medford Lodge on Friday night, the winner of the State Ritualistic Contest, the team from Lakeview Lodge, conferred the degrees on the 14 members of the convention class. Portland Lodge won second honors in the contest.

### VERMONT

The Tenth Annual Convention of the Vermont State Elks Association at Montpelier Oct. 2-3 was the first two-day meeting ever held by the Association and the first at which extensive activities were provided for the ladies. Many distinguished guests were present, among them being John F. Burke, Boston, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, who headed a delegation of Massachusetts Elks; Charles F. Mann, Brattleboro, Arthur E. Sherwin, Burlington, Frank E. Robinson, Burlington, and Arthur L. Graves, St. Johnsbury, Past Presidents of the Vermont Association, and P.D.D. Patrick J. Kaney, Hartford. The following State officers were elected for 1937-38: Pres., G. Edward Charron, St. Albans; 1st Vice-Pres., Dr. R. R. Bennett, Bennington; 2nd Vice-Pres., Harold J. Arthur, Burlington; 3rd Vice-Pres., Alfred E. Watson, Hartford; Secy., John R. Hurley, St. Albans; Treas., Carroll C. Hardigan, Burlington; Trustees: 1 year, C. Roy Calderwood, St. Johnsbury, George Hawkins, Brattleboro, and Archie Buttura, Barre; 2 years, Roland Cheney, Hartford, and V. J. Loveland, Rutland; 3 years, W. P. Hogan, Bennington, Joseph Rushlow, St. Albans, Frank C. Corry, Montpelier, and Ernest R. Olney, Springfield.

The National Foundation Fund Committee reported that over 70 per cent of the Lodges in the State had subscribed. The report of the committee on the Goshen Camp for Crippled Children showed that 110 were cared for last year and that all were vastly improved as a result of its benefits. Superintendent Walsh made a talk explaining the details of the camp work. He was accompanied by a boy who had discarded his crutches and braces after his first year there. Many improvements have been made and the camp will accommodate a larger number of children from now on. Plans were made for the pilgrimage which Elks and their friends make to the camp annually. The efforts of Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers of Montpelier have aided largely in the growth and success of the project. A work shop will be built this year for the boys from funds furnished by the Lodges.



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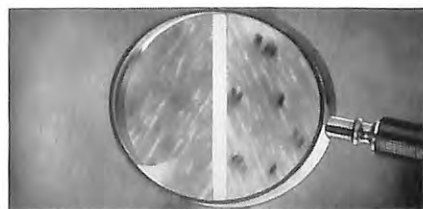
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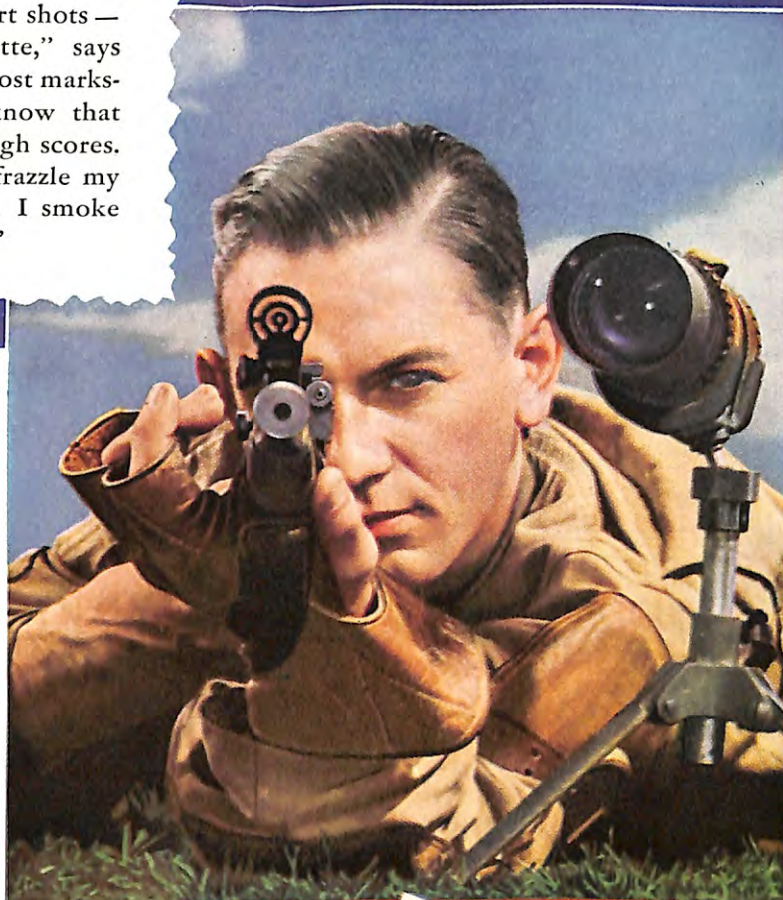
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{ ABOVE }

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