

The Elks

SEPTEMBER, 1938





FASTEST WAY
to SMOKING PLEASURE
VIA Chesterfield *They Satisfy*



Dear Brother Elks:

I have been extremely busy since you honored me at Atlantic City. I am looking forward to an active year, devoted to the promulgation of the fundamental principles of Elkdom and real fraternity. I need the active help of every Elk in the land to the end that this Order may grow greater and become more formidable, an irresistible force, protecting our Flag and the Democracy for which it stands.

May I remind you, in this my first communication in *The Elks Magazine*, that I am already hard at work upon the year's program, and that my responsibility must be shared by every Subordinate Lodge and every member of the Order.

That the Order may continue to be recognized throughout the Nation as a great and necessary part of American life, I have asked all Exalted Rulers to decide at once upon a constructive program of civic improvement, which will draw the attention of all citizens to a renewed activity in Elkdom. Definite suggestions have been made in a recent communication to Subordinate Lodge officers.

I feel that it is vitally necessary to embark at once upon an active Reinstatement Campaign and a drive against lapsation. The time is at hand for action! These matters cannot be delayed if success is to be attained. We must sell "Elkdom" to Elks as well as non-Elks. Every effort should be made to keep our Brothers in the fraternal fold, and to increase our membership by the addition of new members of the finest available talent in our respective cities.

With conditions as they are in the World about us, in the face of unrest in our own beloved Country, it is the duty of all under the banner of Elkdom to give of themselves that America may always be the home of Free, Unshackled, God Loving Men and Women.

Fraternally and sincerely,

Edward J. McCormick.

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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SEPTEMBER 1938

CONTENTS

Cover Design by John J. Floherty, Jr.	
The Grand Exalted Ruler's Message	1
Ask Me No Questions.....	6
<i>Frederick Nebel</i>	
The Mountain That Was Not Dead	10
<i>Fairfax Downey</i>	
General Grant's Mule.....	14
<i>Walter Havighurst</i>	
Show Business.....	18
Your Dog.....	20
<i>Captain Will Judy</i>	
Wild, Dark Horses.....	21
<i>Stanley Frank</i>	
Editorials.....	22
Under the Antlers.....	24
The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention.....	30
Floats in the Grand Lodge Parade...	34
The Grand Lodge of Sorrow.....	36
News of the State Associations.....	37
District Deputies Appointed by the Grand Exalted Ruler.....	38
What America Is Reading	40
<i>Harry Hansen</i>	

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tasting swell since
we met Velvet”

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of fine old
Kentucky Burley
aged in wood

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sugar for extra
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**Better
smoking
tobacco**

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Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

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Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun."*

KEATS (*To Autumn*)

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— and — does it show in your pay-check?

"You've had your chance!" It was the General Manager speaking . . .

"Two years ago I warned you that the only man who could hope to get ahead in this organization was the man with training.

"Merwin was only a bookkeeper then, you remember, but in his spare time he was studying Higher Accounting, I knew what he was doing, and I told you then to keep your eye on Merwin.

"He's had three raises since. He has more than doubled his salary—and he earns every dollar I pay him.

"Last week I recommended him for Assistant Treasurer, and the Board elected him without a dissenting vote. We're mighty glad to have him in the group.

"But you, Jarvis—I hate to say it—you're a business coward. You knew what you would have to do to get out of the small-pay class. You were simply afraid to face the kind of effort and responsibility that could get you a substantial salary.

"And now it's too late. We've got to watch our overhead, and you're one of about five men that we can get along without. We could replace the lot of you tomorrow.

"For your own sake, Jarvis, take a tip from a man who has been through the mill, and this time get busy and learn to do something better than the other fellow.

"Jarvis, there's no end of opportunity in business; but the only man who cashes in these days is the man with the courage to get special training. The offices of this country are simply cluttered up with business cowards. It's easy for the man who trains—because the business coward is through before he starts."

* * *

Are YOU one of several million routine men who have been drifting along in a "low-pay" job—always wishing for more money, never acting?

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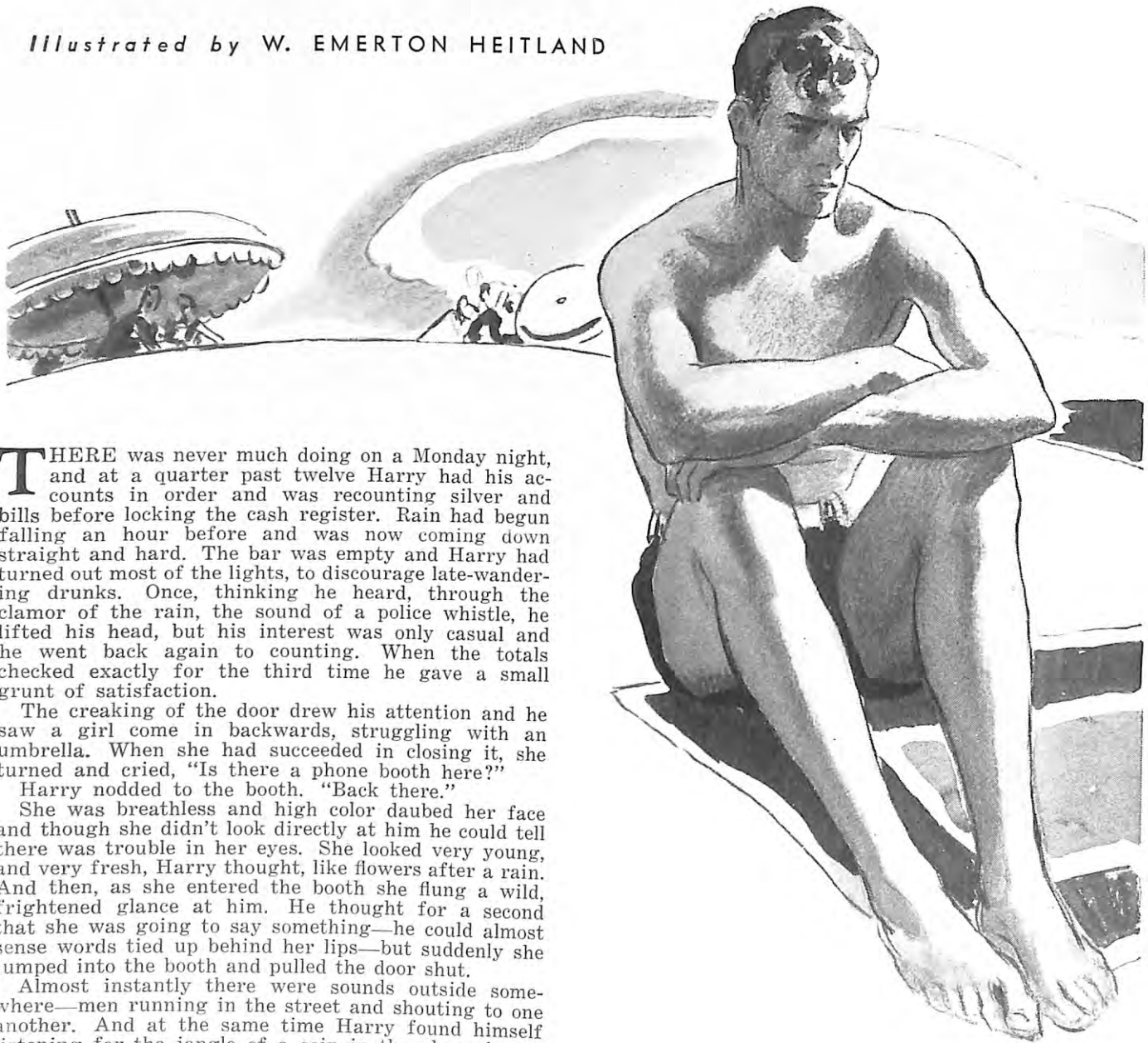
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Ask Me No Questions

by Frederick Nebel

Illustrated by W. EMERTON HEITLAND



THERE was never much doing on a Monday night, and at a quarter past twelve Harry had his accounts in order and was recounting silver and bills before locking the cash register. Rain had begun falling an hour before and was now coming down straight and hard. The bar was empty and Harry had turned out most of the lights, to discourage late-wandering drunks. Once, thinking he heard, through the clamor of the rain, the sound of a police whistle, he lifted his head, but his interest was only casual and he went back again to counting. When the totals checked exactly for the third time he gave a small grunt of satisfaction.

The creaking of the door drew his attention and he saw a girl come in backwards, struggling with an umbrella. When she had succeeded in closing it, she turned and cried, "Is there a phone booth here?"

Harry nodded to the booth. "Back there."

She was breathless and high color daubed her face and though she didn't look directly at him he could tell there was trouble in her eyes. She looked very young, and very fresh, Harry thought, like flowers after a rain. And then, as she entered the booth she flung a wild, frightened glance at him. He thought for a second that she was going to say something—he could almost sense words tied up behind her lips—but suddenly she jumped into the booth and pulled the door shut.

Almost instantly there were sounds outside somewhere—men running in the street and shouting to one another. And at the same time Harry found himself listening for the jangle of a coin in the phone booth. He didn't hear it. He put his hands flat on the bar, his arms extended, and stared at the front door. And then he heard a police whistle again.

The cops were drawing nearer. He could make out one of them shouting, "Hey, down that way, Louis!" Harry walked around the end of the bar, stopped in front of the telephone booth and saw the girl standing inside doing nothing. Just hiding. Her eyes were shot with terror and he could almost hear her breathing through the glass door.

"Open it," he said.

She cried, "I want to phone!"

"No, you don't. Open it."

She pressed farther back, huddling in a corner of the booth and staring at him now with her eyes glazed and stricken. He pressed his fingertips on the edge of the

door until it hinged open in the center and folded all the way back.

He said, "This booth is the first place they'll look, and if it's closed— Come on, get out. Get back of the bar."

Without saying a word she ran behind the bar, ducked out of sight. Harry walked to the screened door, opened it, lit a cigarette and leaned in the doorway.

His white mess jacket was still crisp, as though he'd just put it on, and the brass buttons on his green vest shone brightly. He stood in the doorway listening to the downpour and smelling the fresh, sweet dampness. He could see beyond the file of royal palms the white shapes of the pleasure boats moored along the river wall, which was just across the street, and the twin rows of colored lights stretching away through the

rainy darkness to the drawbridge at the Federal highway. He turned his head as a cop in a black rubber cape came running up the street.

The cop peered past him into the bar and panted, "A guy in a yellow raincoat. Stocky guy. See him?"

"Nope," Harry said. "Want a quick snort?"

The cop shot him an exasperated look and ran on, his black rubber cape flapping and ballooning. Harry remained in the doorway, pulling on his cigarette. It was five minutes before he tossed it away and by this time there was no sound but the thrashing of the rain in the street.

"Okay," he said.

Her head rose slowly until at last she was standing erect. She was not frightened now, but she was awed. Her face was quiet, pale. Damp ringlets of blonde hair skirted her forehead and curled around her ears. Her hands fidgeted with the handle of her umbrella. She inhaled deeply, as though she were on the point of speech, but Harry wasn't looking at her. He was locking up the cash register, and she relaxed and said, hardly above a hoarse whisper, "Thank you."

He took off his mess jacket and the vest with the brass buttons, hung them in a locker and put on a grey



She shook her head. "No. I take care of a little girl. I came down South with the people. I—" The pleasant drowsiness that was enveloping him was checked suddenly by the catch in her voice.

tweed coat, his hat and a worn slicker. He did all this matter-of-factly, without once looking at her, but he was very conscious of her presence and of the fact that she was still dazed and shaken from whatever had happened. She was giving no sign of leaving, so he said, "All right, School's out." She swallowed and looked straight ahead. "I suppose you think I'm a—"

"I don't think anything. Come on."

She walked ahead of him the length of the bar and stepped out, putting up her umbrella, into the rain. He followed, locking the door, whistling to himself. And when she didn't move he said, "Well, you'd better not hang around."

"All right. I'll get a cab."

"Not at this hour you won't. This is not Miami."

"All right, then. Thanks. Thank you for—"

"I've got a car back here in the alley. Come on."

She followed him down the service alley and he opened the door of his coupe and told her to get in. He drove down River Drive to the Federal highway and at the bridge a couple of state cops stopped him.

"Oh, it's you, Harry."

"Hello, Mel. Looking for somebody?"

"Yeah."

"Nice night for it, anyhow."

"Peach."

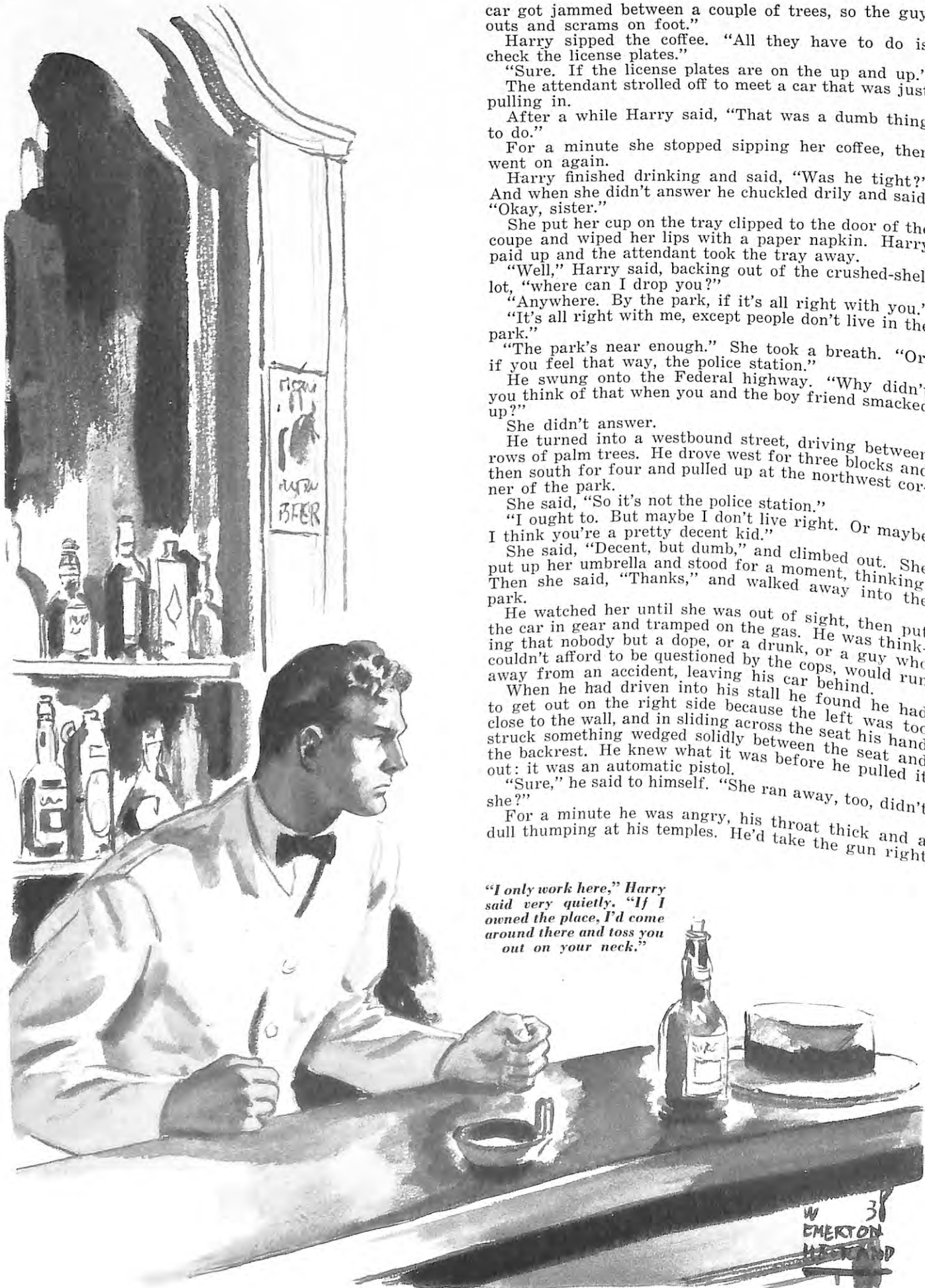
Harry drove on, hearing the girl's breath go out in a sustained tremor. Half-a-dozen blocks down the highway he turned aside into an all-night drive-in, poking his radiator almost against the outside benches under the wooden awning.

"Couple of coffees," he called out.

"Yowzuh, yowzuh. Them cops sure are going around like they had ants in their pants, hanh?" The attendant stood alongside the car but kept his eyes on the counterman, who was drawing the coffee. "This cop drives up here and asks me if I seen a guy in a yellow raincoat. Imagine that! In a night like this, they're looking for a yellow raincoat! Why, if all the yellow raincoats were laid end to end—" He walked over to the counter and brought back two cups of coffee on a tray.

Harry was casual. "What happened?"

"Hit-and-run. Over on Howard. After he hit this guy he must have skid or something, the cop says. The



car got jammed between a couple of trees, so the guy outs and scrams on foot."

Harry sipped the coffee. "All they have to do is check the license plates."

"Sure. If the license plates are on the up and up."

The attendant strolled off to meet a car that was just pulling in.

After a while Harry said, "That was a dumb thing to do."

For a minute she stopped sipping her coffee, then went on again.

Harry finished drinking and said, "Was he tight?" And when she didn't answer he chuckled drily and said, "Okay, sister."

She put her cup on the tray clipped to the door of the coupe and wiped her lips with a paper napkin. Harry paid up and the attendant took the tray away.

"Well," Harry said, backing out of the crushed-shell lot, "where can I drop you?"

"Anywhere. By the park, if it's all right with you."

"It's all right with me, except people don't live in the park."

"The park's near enough." She took a breath. "Or, if you feel that way, the police station."

He swung onto the Federal highway. "Why didn't you think of that when you and the boy friend smacked up?"

She didn't answer.

He turned into a westbound street, driving between rows of palm trees. He drove west for three blocks and then south for four and pulled up at the northwest corner of the park.

She said, "So it's not the police station."

"I ought to. But maybe I don't live right. Or maybe I think you're a pretty decent kid."

She said, "Decent, but dumb," and climbed out. She put up her umbrella and stood for a moment, thinking. Then she said, "Thanks," and walked away into the park.

He watched her until she was out of sight, then put the car in gear and tramped on the gas. He was thinking that nobody but a dope, or a drunk, or a guy who couldn't afford to be questioned by the cops, would run away from an accident, leaving his car behind.

When he had driven into his stall he found he had to get out on the right side because the left was too close to the wall, and in sliding across the left was too struck something wedged solidly between the seat and the backrest. He knew what it was before he pulled it out: it was an automatic pistol.

"Sure," he said to himself. "She ran away, too, didn't she?"

For a minute he was angry, his throat thick and a dull thumping at his temples. He'd take the gun right

"I only work here," Harry said very quietly. "If I owned the place, I'd come around there and toss you out on your neck."

EMERTON
MAY 1938

around to the police station, that's what he'd do. Oh, yeah? And they'd ask where you got it and you'd say you found it in your car and then they'd ask and how, please, did it get in your car and you'd say—so what would you say?

Next day there was nothing in the Miami papers, but in the local paper, which reached the stands about three in the afternoon, there was a quarter of a column on the first page. The car had been checked back to a second-hand lot in North Miami, where it had been bought a couple of months before by a man named C. T. Hanlon. The name clicked with the license plates, but the address Hanlon had given turned out to be a vacant field out near the Thirty-sixth Street Airport. The man who had been hit was a hotel porter; he'd been knocked unconscious and scratched up a bit, but outside of that he was all right and had, in fact, left the hospital a couple of hours afterward.

Harry looked carefully for some mention of a woman but there was none. He felt a little better. He felt a lot better because the porter was alive. It served to ease somewhat the feeling that he'd been a sucker, a pushover, for some dame with a face like an angel. His reasoning wasn't clear, but he felt better anyhow. And he was relieved, too. He didn't want to get mixed up with the police and lose his job, and maybe get kicked out of town. He'd tended bar at the Pub for three winters now; and for three summers up North at the Gateway Country Club. Since he was twenty-three, a year after he'd finished his hitch in the Navy.

Working nights as he did, going on the job at five in the afternoon, he usually got up at ten or eleven and after a bite to eat drove down to the beach. And it was on the beach that he saw her, Thursday afternoon. At first he wasn't sure, for she was about thirty yards away, coming out of the water, her slender,



tanned body glistening in the sunlight. He watched her plow up through the sand; watched her dry her neck and face and then knew, when she pulled off her rubber cap, that she was the girl.

Harry squinted and didn't look pleasant as he walked through the sand and stopped a couple of yards from where she was industriously toweling her legs. She straightened up and started to snap the towel, and then stopped when she saw him.

She didn't look afraid now. Her eyes were wide, candid, and very watchful, and her lips were parted a little. She looked as if she expected to receive something unpleasant and was ready for it, whatever it was; prepared, but unwilling to duck or run. And the dark, caustic sarcasm that had been on the tip of Harry's tongue began to go away. He didn't soften and melt up, but all at once he felt different inside. If she'd cringed or blubbered he might have cursed her.

He was laconic. "Thanks for the gun."

He sat down, then lay down on his back, jack-knifing one leg and swinging the other across its knee. Putting his hands behind his neck, he looked at her. She picked up a comb and stood with her feet spread, and while she combed her hair she kept looking down at him with the same watchful, curious expression.

"A girl like you shouldn't be carrying a gun."

As she went on combing her hair she had to twist her head from side to side, but she didn't take her eyes off him.

"If I'd known you were packing a gun I'd have kept you in that booth till the cop turned up."

She plucked a few loose hairs from the comb, gave her head a pat and sat down on the blanket, taking her eyes away from him now and peering out across the sea. Then she sighed and said, "Yes, I guess you're right. I shoved the gun down behind me when those state cops stopped us. I tried to get it out again without your noticing, but I couldn't. So I left it there. I shouldn't have done that."

"I was thinking you might have skipped town, after what happened."

"I've got a job. You don't find jobs just anywhere."

"You're telling me. Where?"

"Do I have to tell you?"

"I suppose if I asked you your name I'd get the same answer. I suppose my actions up to now make me out as a heel or something."

"You know I don't think that."

"How do I know what you think?"

She was silent for a minute and then she said, "Mary."

"Mary, Ann, Jane, Joan—sure, anything goes."

"No. Mary. Mary Peterson. Yours is Harry. I remember the state cop said it."

"Yeah. Harry Williams. What do you do?"

"I'm a nurse."

"What, in the hospital here in town?"

She shook her head. "No. I take care of a little girl. I came down South with the people. I—"

The pleasant drowsiness that was enveloping him was checked suddenly by the catch in her voice. Without moving his head he glanced at her and then looked in the direction in which she was staring. A man had just stopped walking along the surf-line and was looking at her with a puzzled, cautious expression. He was stocky, very brown from the sun, and wore sandals and a beachrobe of blue toweling. Colored glasses hid his eyes. He paused only for a moment, then continued on his way up the beach. Harry knew that he had seen him in the Pub several times, but that was all he knew.

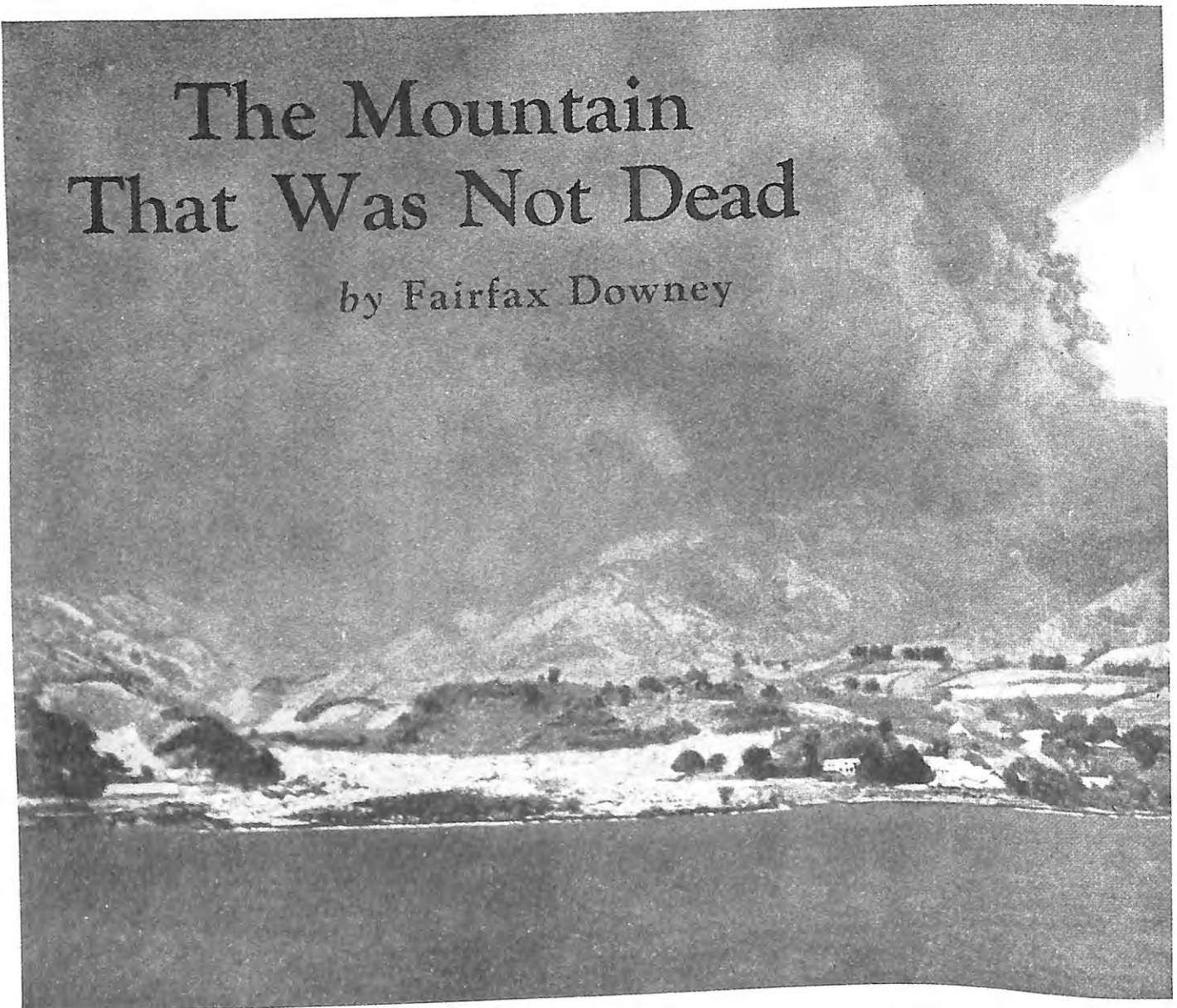
For a minute he considered making some crack, but he let it slide and suddenly sat up, smacking his knees with open palms. He stared straight ahead at the sea and said, "I ought to get wet, anyhow. You going in again?"

"No, I guess not."

He stood up and walked down into the water and kept walking until it was almost to his hips. Then he dived, going under and coming up and snapping his wet hair back from his forehead and striking out vigorously. He kept going, (Continued on page 41)

The Mountain That Was Not Dead

by Fairfax Downey



Cutler Service

HOW graciously had Fortune smiled on Fernand Clerc! Little past the age of forty, in this year of 1902, he was the leading planter of the fair island of Martinique. Sugar from his broad cane fields, molasses, and mellow rum had made him a man of wealth, a millionaire. All his enterprises prospered.

Were the West Indies, for all their beauty and their bounty, sometimes powerless to prevent a sense of exile, an ache of homesickness in the heart of a citizen of the Republic? Then there again Fate had been kind to Fernand Clerc. Elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, it was periodically his duty and his pleasure to embark and sail home to attend its sessions—home to France, to Paris.

Able, respected, good-looking, blessed with a charming wife and children, Monsieur Clerc found life good indeed. With energy undepleted by the tropics, he rode through the island visiting his properties. Tall and thick grew the cane stalks of his plantation at Vivé on the slopes of Mont Pelée. Mont Pelée—Naked Mountain—well named when lava erupting from its cone had stripped it bare of its verdure. But that was long ago.

Not since 1851 had its subterranean fires flared up, and then but insignificantly. Peaceful now, its crater held the lovely Lake of Palms whose wooded shores were a favorite picnic spot for parties from St. Pierre and Fort-de-France. Who need fear towering Mont Pelée, once mighty, now mild, an extinct volcano?

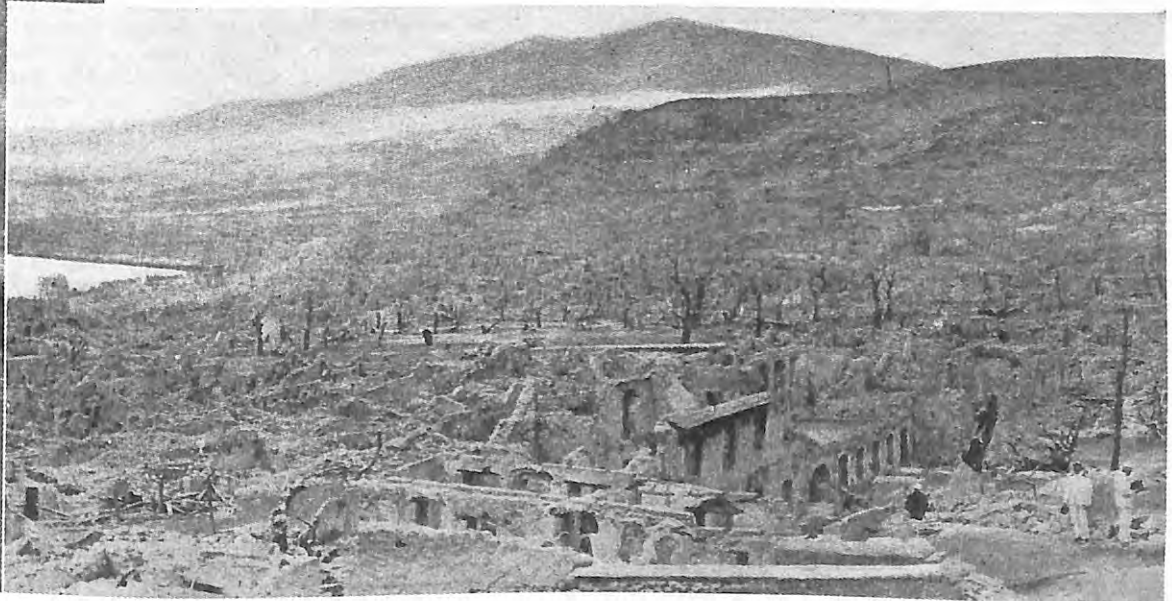
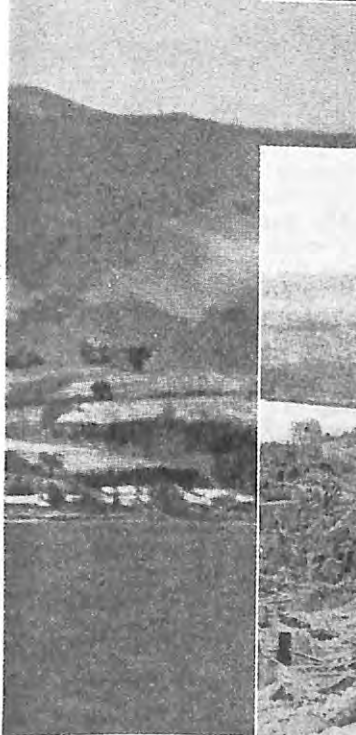
Yet this Spring M. Clerc and all Martinique received a rude shock. The mountain was not dead, it seemed. White vapors veiled her summit, and by May second she had overlaid her green mantle with a gown of gray cinders. Pelée muttered and fumed like an angry woman told her day was long past. Black smoke poured forth, illumined at night by jets of flame and flashes of lightning. The grayish snow of cinders covered the countryside, and the milky waters of the Rivière Blanche altered into a muddy and menacing torrent.

Nor was Pelée uttering only empty threats. On the fifth of May, M. Clerc from Vivé beheld a cloud rolling from the mountain down the valley. Sparing his own acres, the cloud and the stream of smoking lava which it masked, enveloped the Guerin sugar factory, burying

Left: Mont Pelée in eruption, belching flame and noxious gasses.



Above, the beautiful tropical city of St. Pierre before the eruption of Pelée, and below, a panorama of the same place, a trackless waste, after the catastrophe.



Culver Service

its owner, his wife, overseer and twenty-five employees and domestics.

Dismayed by this tragedy, M. Clerc and many others moved from the slopes into St. Pierre. The city was crowded, its population of twenty-five thousand swollen to forty thousand, and the throngs that filled the market and the cafes, or strolled through the gorgeously luxuriant Jardin des Plantes lent an air of added animation, of almost hectic gaiety. When M. Clerc professed alarm at the behavior of Pelée to his friends, he was answered with shrugs of shoulders. Danger? On the slopes, perhaps, but scarcely here in St. Pierre down by the sea.

Thunderous, scintillant, Mont Pelée staged a magnificent display of natural fireworks on the night of the seventh of May. Whites and negroes stared up at it, fascinated. Some were frightened, but more took a child-like joy in the vivid spectacle. It was as if the old volcano was celebrating the advent of tomorrow's feast-day.

Monsieur Fernand Clerc did not sleep well that night. He breakfasted early in the household where he and his

family were guests and again expressed his apprehensions to the large group of friends and relatives gathered at the table. Politely and deferentially—for one does not jeer a personage and man of proven courage—they heard him out, hiding their scepticism.

The voice of the planter halted in mid-sentence and as he half rose, his eyes fixed on the barometer. Its needle was actually fluttering!

M. Clerc pushed back his chair abruptly and commanded his carriage at once. A meaning look to his wife and four children, and they hastened to make ready. Their hosts and the rest followed them to the door. *Non, merci*, none would join their exodus. *Au revoir. A demain.*

From the balcony of their home the American Consul, Thomas Prentis, and his wife waved to the Clerc family driving by. "Stop," the planter ordered and the carriage pulled up. Best come along, the planter urged. His American friends thanked him. There was no danger, they laughed, and waved again to the carriage disappearing in gray dust as racing hoofs and wheels sped it out of the city of St. Pierre.



Culver Service

The Governor

GOVERNOR MOUTTET, ruling Martinique for the Republic of France, glared up at rebellious Mont Pelée. This *peste* of a volcano was deranging the island. There had been no such crisis since its captures by the English who always relinquished it again to France, or the days when the slaves revolted. A great pity that circumstances beyond his control should damage the prosperous record of his administration, the Governor reflected.

That miserable mountain was disrupting commerce. Its rumblings drowned out the band concerts in the Savane. Its pyrotechnics distracted glances which might far better have dwelt admiringly on the proverbial beauty of the women of Martinique. The languorous loveliness of some of the Creole ladies might have vied with that of the Empress Josephine whose marble statue graced the square of Fort-de-France, Governor Mouttet's capital; or with the ravishing charms of that other daughter of Martinique, Aimée de Rivery, who, captured by Barbary corsairs, had been sold to the Grand Turk and outrivaled all the harem to become the Sultana of Selim III and the mother of Mahmoud II. Nor would eyes rest unrewarded on the enchanting *filles de couleur*, the quadroons and octroons and girls with a Carib Indian admixture, in their bright bandana-turbans and short-sleeved, high-waisted dresses so like the Empire gowns Josephine wore in the court of Napoleon. The graceful carriage of the negroes, acquired from the balancing of bundles on their heads, was a joy to behold. Now attention was diverted to a cruder work of Nature, a sputtering volcano. *Parbleu!* It was enough to scandalize any true Frenchman.

Governor Mouttet sighed and pored over the reports laid before him. He had appointed a commission to study the eruption and get at the bottom of *l'affaire Pelée*, but meanwhile alarm was spreading. People were fleeing the countryside and thronging into St. Pierre, deserting that city for Fort-de-France, planning even to leave the island. Steamship passage was in heavy demand. The *Roraima*, due May eighth, was booked solid out of St. Pierre, one said. This would never do. Steps must be taken to prevent a panic which would scatter fugitives throughout Martinique or drain a colony of France of its inhabitants.

A detachment of troops was despatched by the Governor to St. Pierre to preserve order and halt the exodus. His Excellency, no man to send others where he himself would not venture, followed with Madame

The Martinique Government building and jail, crushed to shapeless, smoking ruins.

Mouttet and took up residence in that city. Certainly his presence must serve to calm these unreasoning, exaggerated fears. He circulated among the populace, speaking soothing words. *Mes enfants*, the Governor avowed, Mont Pelée rumbling away there is only snoring soundly in deep slumber. Be tranquil.

Yet on the ominous night of May seventh as spurts of flame painted the heavens, the Governor privately confessed to inward qualms. What if the mountain should really rouse? Might she not then cast the mortals at its feet into a sleep deeper than her own had been, a sleep from which they would never awaken?

The Vicar-General

HIS BISHOP far away in France, Vicar-General Parel presided over the diocese of Martinique. Troubled times, these, with Pelée fuming, heaping layers of ashes on the fields and forests and dealing death and destruction to the Guerin sugar factory. Frequently M. Parel left his residence in the *arrondissement* of Fort-de-France to visit villages on the slopes of the volcano. There the brave parish priests in shabby, dust-whitened cassocks and sun helmets were ministering to the frightened people. All night the churches stayed open, and the weary priests did not cease baptizing, hearing confessions, and sustaining the courage of their distracted flocks. Ah, the poor black ones! One could not but feel the utmost compassion for them in their terror. And yet might there not be a Divine purpose in the pillar of fire ascending from the mountain-top yonder? Life was so easy and pleasant in this tropical paradise with its mango, breadfruit and banana trees, its roses and its scarlet hibiscus, its cool streams flowing down the hillsides. An Eden where the true Serpent was not that deadly viper, the *fer de lance*, but forgetfulness and neglect of *le bon Dieu*. How often had these folk who now filled the churches passed the wayside shrines without a glance and stolen into the jungle where the witch-doctors practiced their black sorceries! Now were they returned to the fold, and the Vicar, profoundly moved, stood in the Cathedral of St. Pierre and with outstretched arms granted them Absolution.

At four o'clock in the morning of May seventh the Vicar was awakened from an exhausted sleep in the guest chamber of the Seminaire-College of St. Pierre. The window framed lightning lacing the smoke coiling above Pelée. Two red craters glowed fiercely like caldrons in hell, and there was a smell of sulphur in the air. His



Culver Service

Left: Over the lush green fields of Georgetown, St. Vincent, fine gray ashes drifted, like snow a foot deep.



Right: The main street of St. Pierre before it was buried in molten lava, and below, as it looked afterward, with wreckage from the hillside and homes, and human remains mingled in chaos.

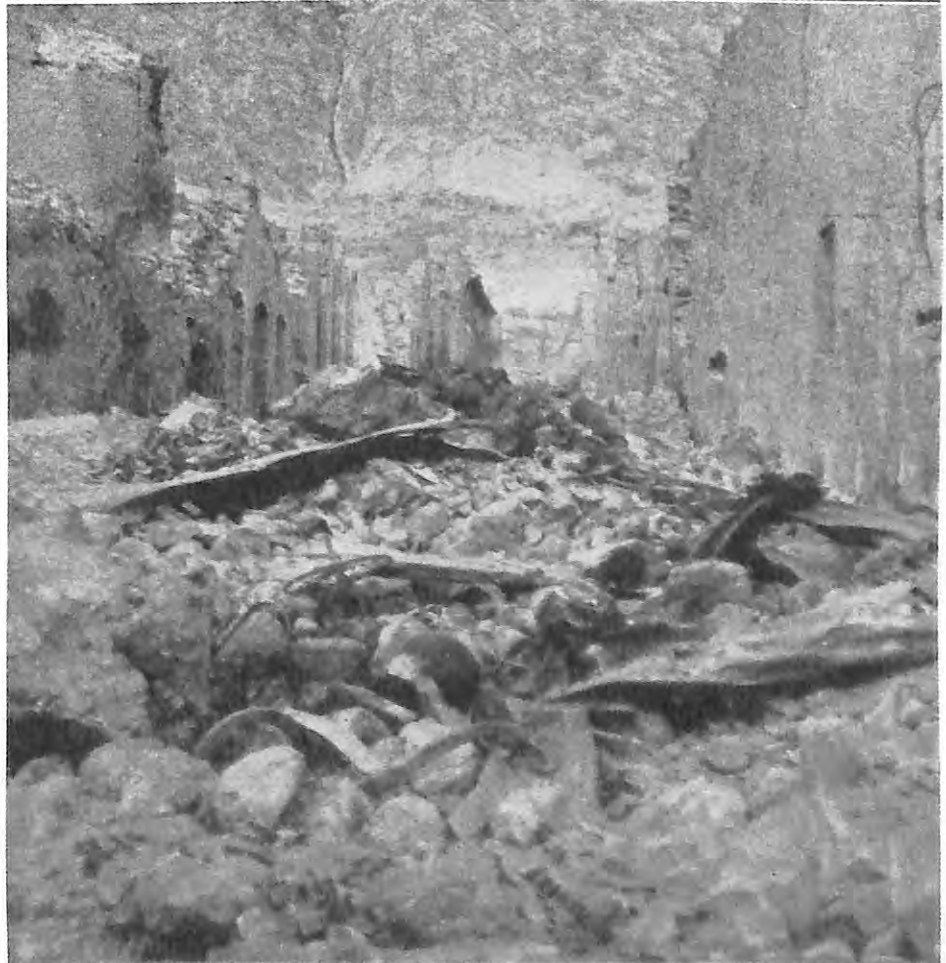
ear-drums rang to claps of thunder, muffled explosions from the depths of the volcano, rumbling reverberations within its rim, and finally as the bass note of that sinister harmony, to the mighty noise of overflowing cataracts issuing from the mountain. Daylight showed the roadstead of St. Pierre covered with flotsam and jetsam from the forests, and the very waves tinged with an uncanny saffron hue.

Rowed by two priests, the Vicar-General brought encouragement and material aid to the parishes of the shore villages, not pausing till mid-afternoon. Then, making a reluctant decision to leave a post of need and possible peril, he caught the ferry to Fort-de-France. By the next evening he would return, but now he deemed it his duty to return home, for tomorrow was Ascension Day.

The Editor

WITH an exciting election in progress, M. Hurard, editor of *Les Colonies*, was badly cramped for space in his journal. Now Mont Pelée chose this untoward time to become active again. A minor matter, without doubt, but a volcano, though it did no more than puff smoke, was news. The paper gave it notice by announcing an excursion up the mountain, planned by the members of *La Société Gymnastique et de Tir*. The excursion, observed the editor, should afford a splendid opportunity not only for exercise and target practice, but for viewing the yawning crater. Unfortunately, denser smoke and wider yawning by the crater forced the postponement of the pleasure party and deprived *Les Colonies* of a promising social item.

Inform the public, yes, but entertain and amuse also. *Toujours gai!* Such was (Continued on page 47)





General Grant's Mule

Illustrated by MARSHALL DAVIS

STORIES die hard out along the Mississippi. I suppose it's because people take a firm root in the Missouri clay and it carries their marks for a long time after. So you don't wonder that they still think of farmer Cap Grant on the Gravois Road hauling a load of mine props to St. Louis or buying Henry Pellet's mule three times over in a summer.

Back in '85 when they buried General Grant above the Hudson, it seemed wrong to folks who had neighbored with him by the Mississippi. At that time people were telling stories of him all over America

—the quiet, heavy man who smelled of tobacco in the White House, the uncomfortable man whose cigars drove Queen Victoria out of her own drawing room at Windsor Castle, how he wrote out with that stub pen of his, "Unconditional Surrender", and how he said with no expression on his heavy, bearded face, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." But in Missouri they were telling other stories, and they were picturing a silent, stubborn man who had come back to his family from California and all he brought with him was some moody

memories and a love of good horseflesh and an understanding of dogs.

I wouldn't think he could be very easy in a granite tomb above the Hudson. Of course, he wasn't an easy man. But there's such a thing as a man's belonging to a certain place so that his memory keeps alive there and becomes a part of that earth. Out in St. Louis County they find it easy to remember Cap Grant on Hardscrabble Farm, a sad, slow man who was first cousin to poverty and an old friend to debt. There's a lot of failure in the world, and a pretty good share of it in the river



By Walter Havighurst

counties of Missouri, and shabby Cap Grant is the sort people feel easy about claiming. They can't be so sure about the Union Commander accepting Lee's surrender at Appomattox, or the ex-President saluting while the twenty-one cannon roared in all the capitols of Europe. General Grant himself looks pretty puzzled with those four stars on his shoulder and in a President's black coat. Anyway, Cap Grant still belongs out there by the Mississippi. They kept him alive in my boyhood so that I got to thinking of him as one of the neighbors.

"Look here," Hank cried, "this is the only mule I've got. The only animal. I haven't got an ox. I haven't got a cow. My woman ain't even got a pair of chickens."

There are a good many people that seem born for failure and misfortune. Things just don't turn out for them. Cap Grant was such a man, until history found him stacking cattle hides in the tanning yard at Galena. Before that time things aplenty went wrong. It goes 'way back to Georgetown where he grew up beside the Ohio River. Ulysses was a hard name, I don't doubt, but they still called him "Useless" even after he went by his other name, Hiram. Funny how a boy can hate the sight of his father's tanyard; now, if it had been a livery stable—. Even his initials weren't right, not until Fort Donelson, when all at once U. S. Grant meant "Unconditional Surrender" to forty million people. But that was still a long way off and no comfort to him when he was Hiram Ulysses, bound for West Point. He had to pry the H U G off his tin trunk before he carried it up the hill to the Academy.

A few years later, an army man in the lonely barracks above the Pacific, things still went wrong with him. That investment in a potato farm in Oregon just before the Columbia River overflowed and rotted the crop in the ground; that schooner loaded with ice for San Francisco and the ice all running out of the scuppers before they could sell it; the chills and fever in Panama. The fever followed him to Missouri and finished off his sorry years of farming, and so he took a flyer in St. Louis real estate in the panic year of 1858.

But that's ahead of the story, because he dickered for Henry Pellet's mule in the summer of '55, that first year he went to farming. He had come back to the soil a tired-looking man, already stooped in the shoulders, though he was set close enough to the ground. He didn't look like a farmer exactly, but he didn't look like an army man either. With that ragged brown beard and his strong, sombre face, he looked like a mothy bear just come out of a cave. His eyes even blinked a little in the strong light on the Mississippi. Silent and sad and slow—his own father up at Galena was calling him the family failure, and the fine Colonel Dent grudgingly gave his returned son-in-law eighty doubtful acres on the margin of White Haven, the big Dent plantation. Even Julia Dent, who was busy bearing his children, couldn't manage to make

that severe face of hers look as though she saw any prospect for an ex-army man who had lost his commission at thirty-three.

Maybe you can't blame them, though Hank Pellet always said afterward that he could have told anybody. And it is a fact that he had one thing to make up for the rest—a slow and everlasting will, like a bear squatting down beside a honey tree. You could pretty plainly see it in his hands, slow as time to take hold of a thing, but slow as all eternity to let it go. Put that business in a man and it makes some difference. So you get those other pictures to go with the homesick army captain at Fort Humboldt, lounging on the wooden steps of Ryan's store in the drab frontier backwash of Eureka. You can see him then at Appomattox with the four battered stars above his travel-stained fatigue uniform, or you can see him in a President's stovepipe getting off the train at Central City, with Senator Jim Teller pointing out the wonders of that lofty Colorado town and escorting him to the Teller House over stepping blocks of solid silver. You can see him in the gardens at Windsor, a blunt, square man, nodding to a squat little woman in a widow's black bonnet, and you remember that



He didn't look like a farmer exactly, but he didn't look like an army man either.

Cap Grant of Hardscrabble Farm was a world-renowned figure at the end.

He was a silent man, but those are the ones whose sayings are remembered. "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." And that was the way he was back there in '55, a sad man with a sombre patience and a jaw like a bulldog's, for all it was hid by that ragged brown beard.

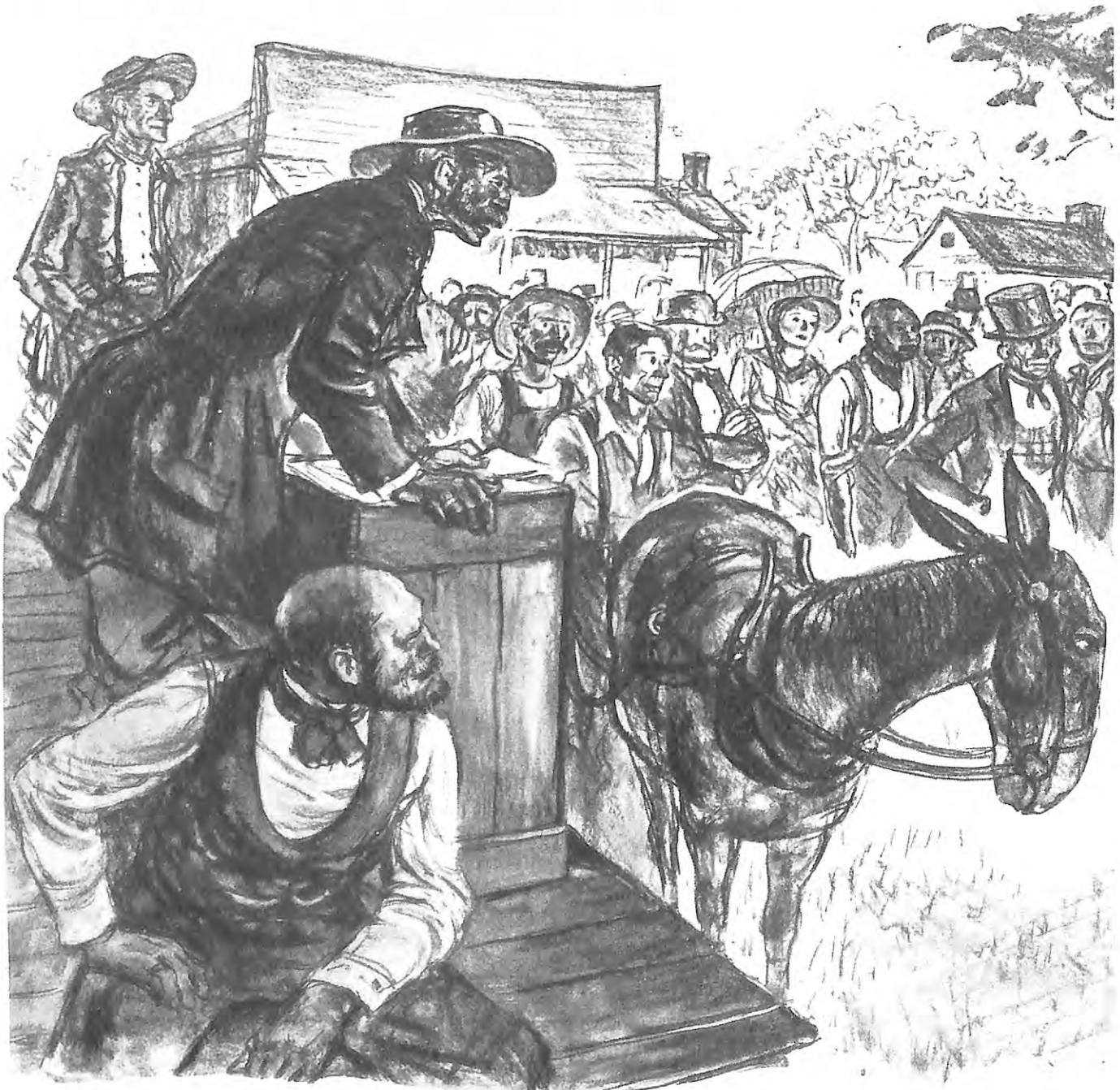
Henry Pellet thought he saw beneath that beard. Afterward he would talk about Cap Grant's mule, though he needn't to, because everybody in St. Louis County thought

The next day Cap Grant went to the auction at Three Corners. Word had got around among the neighbors.

they had as much claim to the story as Hank Pellet himself. I heard it in my boyhood more than a few times, and it was a question if Hank Pellet told it any better than the rest of the neighbors thereabouts though he was a good deal more emphatic—"Right there Cap Grant stood in his pasture," and "I could see at the time he wasn't a common man." Funny how arrogant an old man can be about a story. He'd take us down and show us where he'd been plowing that field of corn when the constable came, and point out where the mule was stabled and just where his harness hung. I expect he'd have that mule's bones set up on exhibit only he sold the animal before Fort Donelson, and I guess he never had enough money to buy another or he'd have passed it off for the mule that Grant dickered for in '55.

Well, you'd think from Henry Pellet's pride it was something he had done for Grant, when it was just the other way 'round. Hank Pellet was a poor man who lived over beyond Hardscrabble Farm at the edge of Lost Timber. He'd had sickness in his family all that winter and a grass fire that burnt up his hay crop, and he had to borrow money to keep corn pone on the table and to get seed into the ground. But for all his wooden-labeled luck he was a cheerful, friendly man, always ready to turn in and help a neighbor. He had built half of Cap Grant's log house for him while the ex-captain was trying to get the hang of an ax and the grain in those oak and ash timbers.

Like a lot of Missouri farmers Hank Pellet was chronically in debt. At this particular time he owed



forty-some dollars to a Yankee storekeeper, Aaron Powers, and he hadn't a stick of property except for a big two-year-old mule that Hank had raised himself. When Hank was plowing his little blade rows of corn one June day, Constable Giles Kinney came walking across the field.

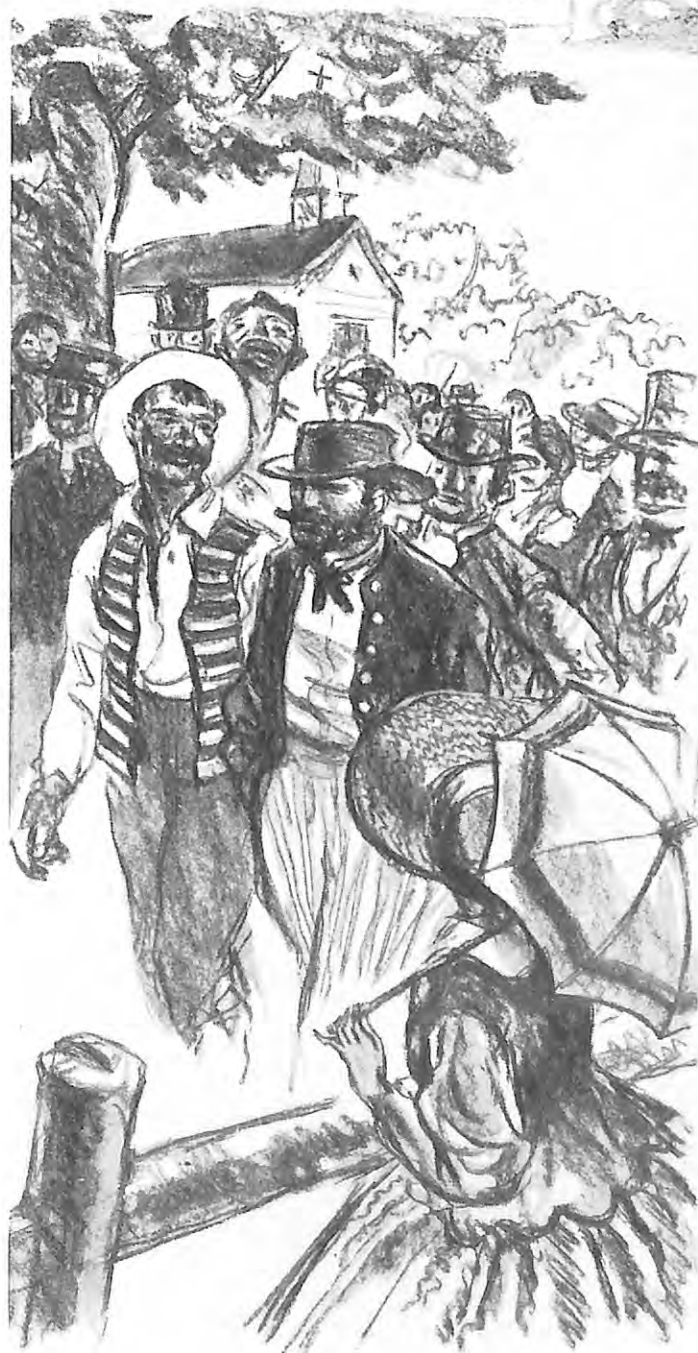
Hank pulled up the mule and pushed his straw hat back on his head. He wasn't an old man then, but his face was wrinkled as a walnut and the ague had left him bleached out like a cornshuck. "Howdy, Constable," he said. "You looking for Jesse James?"

The constable was a grim sort. He shook his head and looked at Hank as if he were a judge.

"Looking for horse-thieves, or chicken-thieves, or what?"

"Looking for a mule," the constable said, and his eyes fixed on

Hank chirked proudly. "Come on, Cap," he said, and rode down the lane.



Hank's big Jeeter who was switching his tail like a blacksnake and tossing his head for the flies.

"Well," said Hank, feeling guilty for no reason and making an uneasy joke, "Jeeter here is a mighty law-abiding crittur. But I expect there's some mean mules hereabouts. You might take a look at Samuels'."

Constable bent down and unhooked the tugs from the single-tree. "This here mule is the mule I'm after."

"What do you want with Jeeter?"

"Lawyer's orders," and he tapped a paper in his pocket. "Aaron Powers wants to collect his money and so I got to take your mule."

"Look here," Hank cried, "this is the only mule I've got. The only animal. I haven't got an ox. I haven't got a cow. My woman ain't even got a pair of chickens."

"If she had," the constable said somberly, "I'd have to take them."

"How'm I ever going to get this corn raised without an animal?"

"Can't help it," constable said. "I got to sell the mule."

He had Jeeter unhooked by this time and started to lead him away. Hank caught hold of the other side of the mule's bit, arguing. "I got all this corn in. When I get the crop I can pay Aaron Powers that money. But if I haven't got a mule I can't plow the corn and I won't even have Job's turkey."

Constable said, "It's the law."

"Well, but I borrowed that money to get seed corn and now I can't raise a crop if I haven't got a mule to plow it. Aaron Powers told me I could pay next winter."

"He's changed his mind then."

By this time they were out in the road. Hank Pellet's wife looked out the window and saw them walking off with the mule between them and Hank arguing every step he took. She tied the baby to the bedpost, pushed the johnny-cake back on the stove, and took out after them.

Her voice traveled ahead of her. "What's trouble, Henry? What's trouble?"

Hank looked over his shoulder. "They're taking my mule on the money I owe Aaron Powers."

"They're taking the mule," the woman repeated, and then she started to cry.

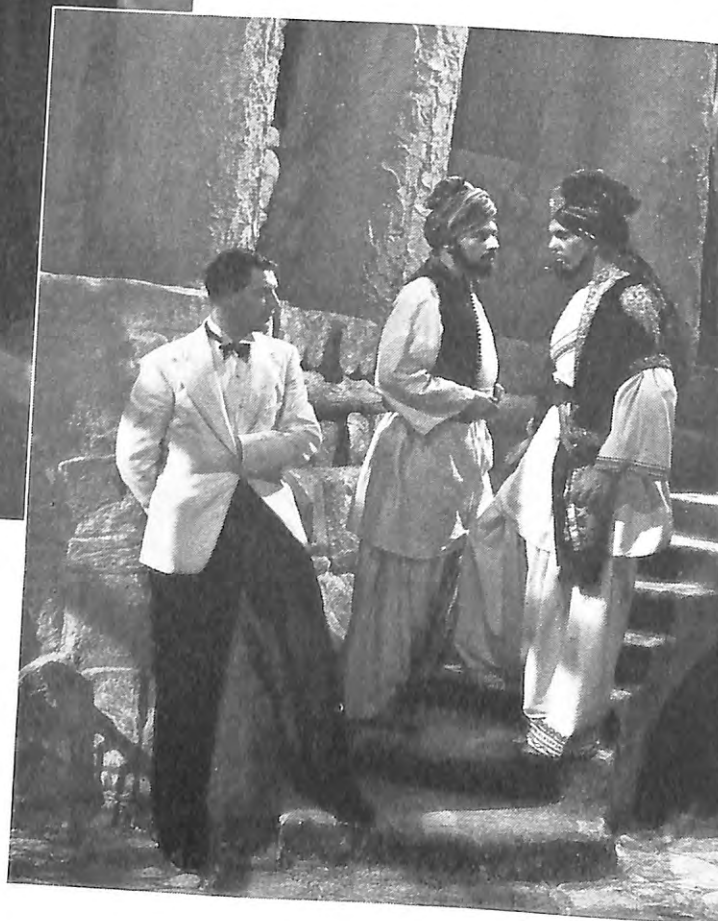
So that was the way they came past Hardscrabble Farm where Cap Grant was standing in the pasture talking to a pretty chestnut colt in the shade of a sweet gum tree. He was always more at home with horses than humans, and he got downright talkative sometimes when he was off in the pasture. Now he looked up and saw two men marching (Continued on page 44)



Above are Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire getting ready to truck on down, in a scene from "Carefree", their latest effort to lift the level of the poor, tired musical pictures which have been doddering through our theatres of late. Since Miss Rogers and Mr. Astaire give a champagne quality to any picture they make, it is to be hoped they will be ever with us.

SHOW Business

Below, in the British picture "Drums", presented by Alexander Korda, are Robert Livesey, a member of the supporting cast, and Raymond Massey (Mr. Massey tastefully and unmistakably made up as the villain). "Drums" is a film which concerns itself with spies, Indian princes and the somewhat wearisome Might of the British Empire. Miss Valerie Hobson lends her charm to the film.



Right are Fernand Gravet, Miss Luise Rainer and other members of the cast of "The Great Waltz", a film of the life and loves of Johann Strauss, the younger. "The Great Waltz" is a tender, nostalgic story, full of the romance and beauty of old Vienna, and made even lovelier by the ever-popular Strauss waltzes.



Right are Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn in "Four's A Crowd", a fast-moving newspaper comedy. Miss Rosalind Russell also contributes her delightful presence to as complicated a hash of scrambled love affairs and elopements as can be found this side of Reno.



Below right is a scene from Warner Bros. current (and choice) comedy "Boy Meets Girl", starring James Cagney, Pat O'Brien and sundry others. The picture, taken from the New York stage play which broke records for two years, is a daffy tale of the doings of a couple of Hollywood scenarists who manage to embroil an unsuspecting waitress in the hilarious goulash of their lives.



Below are Annabella and Tyrone Power in "Suez", a story of the scandalous intrigues which surrounded the building of the Suez Canal.



Clean As a Hound's Tooth

YOUR DOG

by Captain Will Judy

Editor, Dog World Magazine

IT is an old and popular saying—"Clean as a hound's tooth." The ordinary bite of a dog is seldom the cause of infection, certainly not more than is any other breaking of the skin. This month we discuss some considerations concerning what is extremely important to the dog—his teeth.

Please be considerate in your judgment of a dog that has bitten some one. The dog cannot shout out in words as can we, and so his means of communication and defense often must be limited to a bite. Mistreated dogs, dogs come upon unawares, and dogs frightened suddenly resort to their only natural means of protection—their teeth.

It is as natural for a dog to bite under these conditions as it is for a human to scream or to throw up his hands in protection.

Dogs remind us of the Irishman who, upon being asked where he was born, replied, "Ireland, sir, all of me except my teeth."

Like humans, dogs have two sets of teeth—baby or milk, and permanent; and, like humans, some dogs have false teeth received in a dentist's office.

At four weeks the first or milk teeth begin to break through the puppy's gums and at about four months they loosen and drop out, to be replaced with the permanent teeth at about the age of six months.

Teething time gives pain to and causes whimpering by the puppy; ears flop down, one or both, but they'll go up again soon, although sometimes they flop until the ninth to tenth month.

A puppy may have two sets of teeth or two complete sets of incisors in the same jaw. The puppy or milk teeth have not yet gone and the adult or permanent teeth already have come in. The puppy may rub his mouth with his paw as the teething period is one of pain for him. You can assist him by pulling the loose teeth out. Gums may be highly inflamed and the puppy may refuse to eat. However, it is doubtful that this irritation at any time throws the puppy into convulsions.

When a puppy is born, the teeth are not visible although the outlines may be seen.

All dogs, whatever the breed or size, have forty-two permanent teeth—twenty-two in the lower jaw and twenty in the upper. Teeth are named according to size, shape or purpose—twelve incisor or cutting teeth, four canine teeth, or fangs, two in each jaw, one on each corner and the upper ones fitting outside the lower ones—and strangely there are always the six incisor teeth between the two canine teeth, eight pre-molars, and eight molars or grinders.



Philip D. Gendreau

The number of teeth is always the same in every breed, even in the bulldog, the pug and the Pekingese, where the teeth have been crushed together to obtain the smashed-in muzzle. Although these teeth may be criss-cross and out of line, there always are the same number in each group.

The canine teeth are mostly fighting weapons; the incisors do most of the tearing; the molar teeth do the grinding.

Your dog's teeth, like your own, do not fit exactly upon one another, else the cutting and biting ability would be lessened. The upper teeth fit just a little over the lower teeth in front.

The shape of the dog's teeth is not uniform. There is exceedingly great variance.

After the dog has reached the age of two years, the teeth are not any certain indication of age. It is doubtful that dogs suffer from toothache.

The dog may not chew his food; if he gulps his food, it is not a bad situation. Saliva in the dog's mouth serves merely as a lubricant and not as one of the digestive fluids. It does not contain ptyalin and this absence also saves him the misery of cavities and decayed teeth; a dentist

would not have a profitable practice among canines.

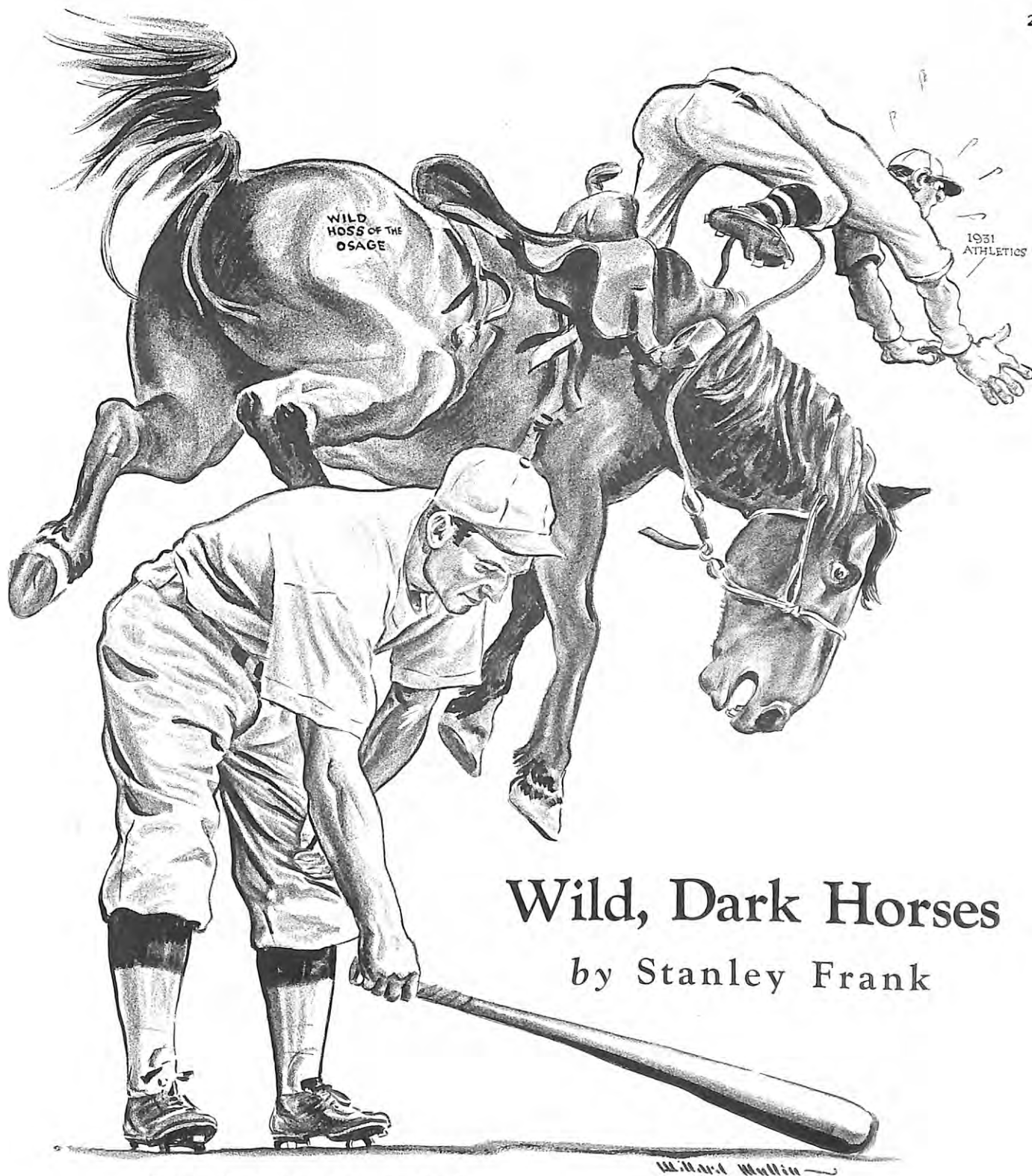
However, the dog does suffer from tartar. This hard brown substance usually starts where the tooth joins the gums. It may have sharp projecting edges which actually cut the lining of the mouth. These should be chipped off about every six months with a piece of metal.

Tartar, infected gums, and particles of food clinging between the teeth may cause the dog to have bad breath. Few people ever think of looking into the mouth or at the teeth of their dogs. The teeth of the dog, let us say as often as twice a week, should be wiped clean with a soft cloth.

The cloth may be dipped in some mild antiseptic such as boric acid, milk of magnesia, epsom salts or baking soda. Some owners use a tooth brush.

While we do not favor much the eating of bones by dogs (although most everybody disagrees with us) at the teething period from five months to six months it is well to permit the puppy to gnaw on a cooked bone. This will tend to loosen the milk teeth and hasten their departure.

The permanent teeth of the dog
(Continued on page 55)



Wild, Dark Horses

by Stanley Frank

Pepper Martin threw a connoption fit into the Athletics in the 1931 Series.

THIS name gets you coming and going, just like death, taxes and political arguments. If you've never heard of it, you've been a citizen remiss in your obligation to keep abreast of stirring American tradition. If this name is something more than a stray piece of confetti in the corridors of your mind, it betrays you as a middle-aged gent, a baseball bug of the most virulent type, or both.

The name is George Rohe and there is no reason at all why anybody should remember it except his relatives, close friends and a few old settlers on the South Side of Chicago. Mr. Rohe was just a ball player more than thirty years ago and not a very good one, at that. In fact, Mr. Rohe was a very mediocre

ball player. He was the least talented athlete ever to be enshrined in the memories of his countrymen, but here he is popping up again as another World Series comes marching down the street.

George Rohe will be receiving his annual tribute of prominent mention in a few weeks, as soon as the baseball experts begin composing their profound pieces, technically known as surveys or advance predictions of the 1938 World Series. The master minds will perform astonishing acrobatic feats of fence-straddling when the time comes for picking the winner. The more intrepid will build up lovely theories explaining why one team cannot possibly lose, then break down and confess that anything can (Continued on page 50).



EDITORIAL

THE NIGHT RIDE OF JACK JOUETT

IN our issue of July, 1934, we ran a story to the effect that Longfellow's poem immortalizing Paul Revere was imaginative and that the famous ride from Boston to Concord was made by one William Dawes. Now comes a belated story out of Virginia, rich in the lore of revolutionary days, that it has a Paul Revere all its own, Jack Jouett by name. Paraphrasing the exclamation of King Richard III, "We think there be many Pauls in the field; three have we found already." Having accepted Longfellow's poem as historically accurate (Paul No. 1), and having examined the record as to William Dawes (Paul No. 2), now let us stand at the unknown and unmarked grave of Jack Jouett (Paul No. 3).

In the library at Charlottesville, Virginia, there is a booklet written by Mrs. Isabel Mason Chamberlain Cochran on the ride of Captain Jack Jouett, Jr., to save Thomas Jefferson and the Virginia legislature and to it we are indebted for the facts here all too briefly sketched to set forth adequately this incident which history has almost wholly ignored.

In the spring of 1781, the Legislature of Virginia, to avoid the onrushing British, fled from Williamsburg, the then capital, to Richmond and thence to Charlottesville, where the Governor, Thomas Jefferson, resided. The Red Coats moved rapidly toward this temporary capital intent on capturing Jefferson and the legislators. En route they swept by Cuckoo Tavern, on what was then known as Spotswood Trail (now U. S. Route No. 33), some forty miles from Charlottesville. Captain Jouett was concealed in underbrush near this Tavern and observed the move-

ments and correctly surmised the objective and purpose of the British. Mounted on a true Virginia thoroughbred, he undertook the perilous ride to Charlottesville to sound the alarm. Being thoroughly conversant with the country, he avoided the main road, which he knew the British must follow, and by devious byways, principally along an old Indian trail concealed by trees and underbrush which made passage difficult, he rode all through the night at the full limit of his steed's endurance and early on the morning of June 4, 1781, arrived at Monticello and Charlottesville only a few hours in advance of the British troops. He sounded the alarm "the British are coming" in time to enable Jefferson and the legislators to avoid capture. Very much to their surprise, the British were met with musket fire from "every fence and farmyard wall" and thus were thwarted in their raid.

It may well be doubted if this night ride of Captain Jouett has a parallel. The ride of Paul Revere and/or William Dawes probably was of less moment. It saved to this country and to the world the matchless Jefferson, thus making possible his subsequent accomplishments, for had he been captured he doubtless would have been sent to England in chains and there executed as a traitor.

Shortly after his memorable ride, Jouett emigrated westward and settled in what is now the State of Kentucky, where he died March 1, 1822. His grave is unmarked and its location unknown. No Longfellow immortalized him. He passed from the stage of action a hero, unheralded and unsung, save that in 1786 the Legislature of Virginia authorized the purchase and presentation to him of "an elegant sword and a pair of pistols" in appreciation of his conveyance of "timely information" of the approach of the British, "whereby the designs of the enemy were frustrated and many valuable stores preserved." This would seem to be an undervaluation of what Captain Jouett actually accomplished.

Congress is about to erect in the City of Washington a stately memorial to Thomas Jefferson, and we beg leave



to suggest that it would not be inappropriate if in some inconspicuous nook or corner of the edifice recognition be given to the "all-night ride of Captain Jack Jouett, Jr.," but for which it is improbable that a memorial would be erected now or at any other time to "Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence."

NOT OFFICIAL



LODGE bulletin of recent date printed (between quotation marks to be sure) the statement that in 1891 "Hello Bill" was adopted as the official greeting of our Order. This is in error, the fact being that this salutation, if such it may be called, never was and in our judgment never will be adopted as our official greeting. It is rapidly falling into disuse, as it grates on the ears of many members who feel that as used it lacks dignity and savors too much of frivolity.

Its use in recent years is largely confined to non-members, mostly to boys who shout it from the curb-line to those passing in parade at our annual conventions. Merchants sometimes display it on cards in their show windows, hoping in this way to attract customers. They doubtless think that by so doing they are extending a much appreciated friendly greeting to members of the Order, but in this they are sadly mistaken.

The sooner it is relegated to the limbo of forgotten things, the better it will be for our Order, composed as it is of dignified American gentlemen, who, while liking fun, have no stomach for cheap imitations.

LOTTERIES? YES OR NO.



THE advisability of establishing a national lottery is being debated both pro and con with equal sincerity on both sides.

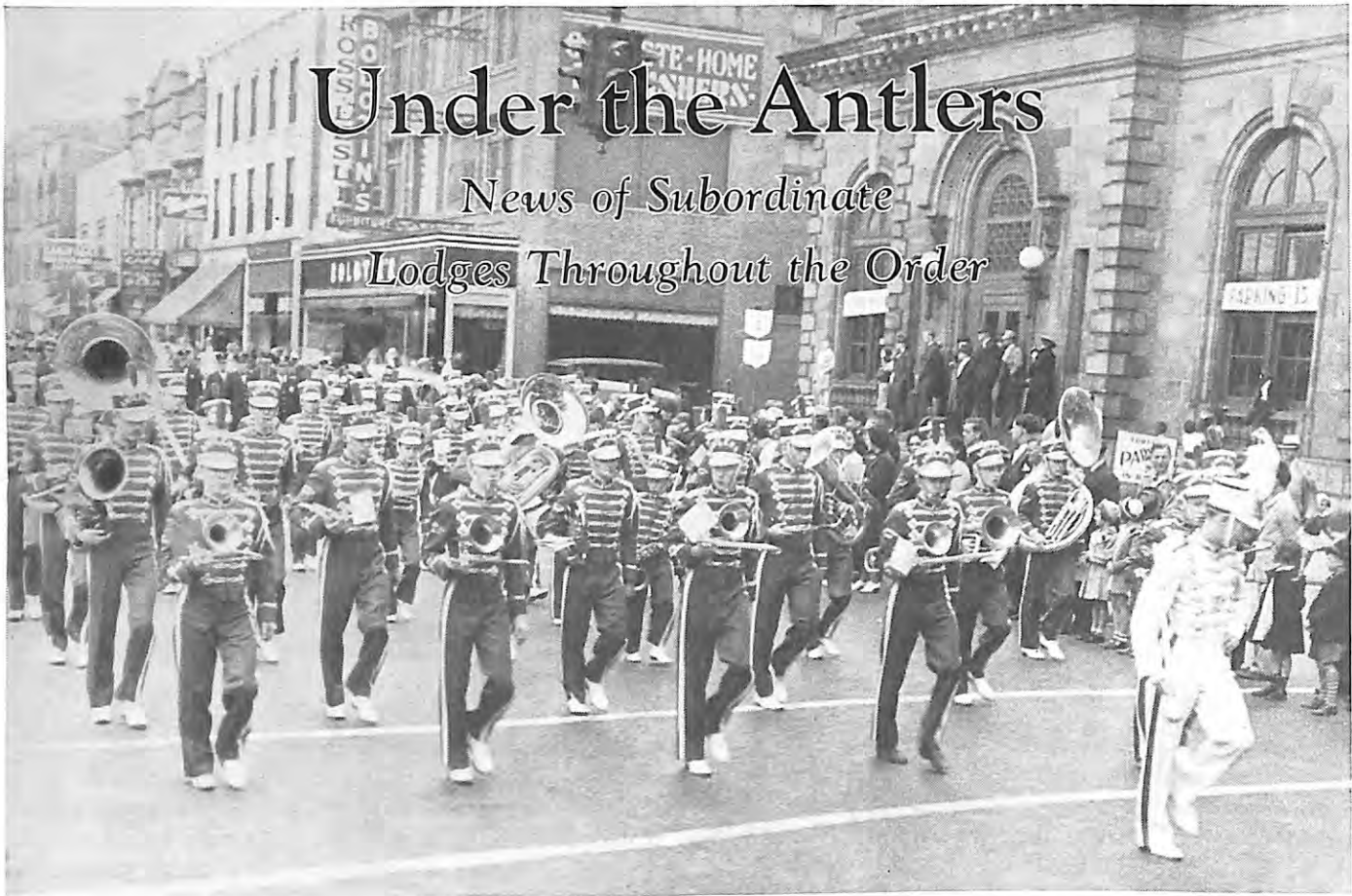
Estimable men and women are active in urging the legalizing of lotteries to be conducted under strict government supervision, the profits to be devoted to charitable uses and purposes. They cite the fact that annually

substantial sums are gambled in foreign lotteries, principally the Irish Sweepstakes, only a small percentage of which is returned to a few lucky ticket holders, and argue that since people will gamble in lotteries, the money might well be retained at home and made to serve a useful purpose instead of being sent abroad.

They point out that France resorted to lotteries to reduce its national debt; Italy to build railroads; Denmark to advance art and music; Holland to advance the sciences; Ireland to finance the building of hospitals; Spain to support charitable institutions; Germany to finance public improvements; England (formerly) to support its navy; early American colonies to build schools, churches, and public works and improvements, such as canals, bridges and roads; and, further, that the Revolutionary War was in part financed with the proceeds of lotteries, and that the early buildings of Yale, Columbia and Harvard Universities were erected with funds thus obtained.

Those opposed argue that the legalizing of lotteries would result in infinitely more money being gambled in that way than is now being gambled in foreign lotteries with resultant loss to many more of our people, greater poverty and greater relief expenditures which must come out of the pockets of taxpayers, and hence that even from a financial standpoint it would be a mistake. They assert as of far greater importance the stimulus which would thus be given to the gambling instinct resulting in gambling becoming more prevalent and in a general let-down of the moral fiber of our people. All of this they assert is sure to follow the legalizing of lotteries regardless of how honestly they may be conducted or how worthy the purposes sought to be served.

It would require too much space to recite all the arguments which are advanced on each side of this question. Enough has been set out, however, to challenge the interest of the reader and cause him to think out additional arguments both for and against, and thus to reach his own conclusion.



The Antlers' Band, of Warren, O., Lodge, shown leading a parade in Warren recently

Chris Valley Is Honored by His Lodge, New Orleans, La.

In recognition of his outstanding civic achievements, New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, gave a testimonial dinner recently in the banquet hall of the lodge home in honor of one of its members, Chris Valley. The guest of honor was presented with a portable typewriter of the latest model by P.E.R. Fred J. Wolfe.

Mr. Valley originated and developed the Krewe of Orleanians. In four years the Krewe has become one of the leading attractions of the Carnival Season. Mr. Valley also inaugurated, last Christmas, the Christmas Tree Decorations program which resulted in a beautiful display of Christmas lights throughout the city.

Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Twentieth Anniversary

Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge, No. 1356, began the celebration of its 20th Birthday with an afternoon meeting for members attended by 150. Assemblyman R. A. Nagel of New Galilee was the principal speaker. D.D. Wilbur P. Baird of Greenville, Pa., Lodge, was among the prominent visitors. The feature of the program was the "Parade of the Years." As E.R. Joseph Smith called the roll of years, each Past Exalted Ruler related the chief events that had occurred during his administration. He was then joined

by those members present, who had been initiated during his term, in a parade around the lodge room to the music of that year's song hit. Each group carried its own banner.

The 1918 officers occupied most of the Chairs with P.E.R. John D. Hayden acting as Exalted Ruler. Other afternoon features were the initiation ceremonies performed by Ellwood City Lodge's State championship Degree Team, and a steak dinner with covers laid for 170. All sections of the Pa. N. W. District were represented. In the evening 400 Elks and their ladies attended a reception honoring the 1918 officers.

New Smyrna Beach, Fla., Lodge Celebrates Its Ninth Anniversary

New Smyrna Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, celebrated its ninth anniversary on June 1. A fish fry was held at the local golf course in the afternoon, and the regular meeting that night. Many distinguished visitors were present, among them being M. Frank O'Brien of Jacksonville, President of the Fla. State Elks Assn. A floor show was put on during the meeting as one of the entertainment features, with P.E.R. C. R. Keesey acting as Master of Ceremonies.

Immediately after the meeting, the Annual Charity Ball was held. A large crowd attended. The money from the Ball went to the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home at Umatilla, Fla.

A Class Is Initiated at a Special Meeting of Knoxville, Pa., Lodge

A special initiation was held recently by Knoxville, Pa., Lodge, No. 1196. P.E.R. A. J. Gerard, P.D.D., acting as Exalted Ruler, initiated his son, Edwin J. Gerard. The Class was one of the best of the year. Among the candidates were a father and son, John J. Freund, Jr., and John J. Freund, III. Thanatopsis was impressively rendered by P.E.R. John A. Wagner, P.D.D., and P.E.R. P. W. Lascheid assisted in the ceremonies, acting as Est. Lead. Knight. The meeting was well attended.

Northern Arizona Elks Attend Their Fourth Annual Picnic

Outdoor sports, chess, cards, music and a picnic dinner were enjoyed recently by 350 Elks of northern Arizona lodges and their guests, with almost every county in the State being represented. The recreational area on the top of Mingus Mountain was the scene of the Fourth Annual Elks' Picnic. Visitors were present from California, New Mexico, South Dakota and Illinois. A number of present and past officers of the Ariz. State Elks Assn., headed by Pres. A. W. Crane of Phoenix, attended. William G. Wignall, Chairman of the Picnic Committee of Jerome Lodge No. 1361, pronounced the outing the most successful of the series to date. The softball game was the most popular event on the program.

San Pedro, Calif., Elks Celebrate Their Lodge's 33rd Birthday

San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, No. 966, celebrated its 33rd Anniversary on June 6. Among the members who attended were men prominent in the civic, professional and business life of the city. The meeting was preceded by a banquet in the grill rooms of the home. Seventeen Past Exalted Rulers and four of the original charter members were present. William H. Wickersham, the founder of the lodge, was given the honor of cutting the huge birthday cake. Senior P.E.R. Fred W. Smith spoke on the early days of the lodge and its steady progress through the administrations of the various officers.

Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge Receives Honors at State Convention

An "Open House," attended by more than 300 local and visiting Elks, was held by Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, in honor of its championship ritualistic team a week after the annual meeting of the West Virginia State Elks Association in Huntington. Past State Pres. L. T. Eddy, Fairmont, P.D.D. Leslie N. Hemenway, Parkersburg, and P.E.R. Leslie G. Scrimger, of Columbus, O., Lodge, were present. During the Convention, the team was presented with the L. T. Eddy ritualistic cup, emblematic of the

State championship, by Fairmont Lodge, No. 294. It was presented also with \$200 to help defray its expenses at the Grand Lodge Reunion in Atlantic City.

Sistersville Lodge was awarded the 1939 State Convention and one of its officers, Est. Lead. Knight Roy C. Heinlein, was appointed State Sergeant-at-Arms by the newly elected President, J. T. Pancake, Huntington. The lodge's ritualistic team has been in great demand at meetings of sister lodges. It initiated a class for Bellaire, O., Lodge, No. 419, when more than 100 Sistersville Elks, accompanied by their ladies, motored to Bellaire for an inter-lodge visit. After the meeting, the visitors were entertained with a buffet lunch and dance.

Renovo, Pa., Elks Greet Western Party En Route to Atlantic City

A large party of members of Renovo, Pa., Lodge, No. 334, headed by a special committee, gave a warm reception to 130 Elks from Honolulu and lodges in California when a 40-minute stop was made in Renovo by the train in which they were traveling to the Grand Lodge Convention. The Atlantic City bound Elks enjoyed the visit immensely and expressed their appreciation by cheering enthusiastically as the seven-car special pulled out of the station.

Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge Gives Annual Picnic for Crippled Children

More than 200 crippled children of Buffalo, N. Y., were entertained this summer by Buffalo Lodge, No. 23 at an outing which marked the resumption of the annual picnics of this kind which for years were featured on the lodge program. E.R. John J. Love and Chairman Harold W. Cary, P.E.R., with their able assistants, overlooked nothing in their arrangements for the children's enjoyment. The fire department fife and drum corps accompanied the party.

After a trip by bus to the dock, and a ride on the water, a novel experience for many of the youngsters who had never been on a boat, the picknickers arrived at Crystal Beach on the Canadian shore. A noon dinner was served at the midway restaurant. The afternoon was spent on the grounds where the children were given free use of the concessions and frequent helpings of ice cream and other refreshments.

New Kensington, Pa., Lodge Home Is Modernized and Redecorated

New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512, begins its Fall season in one of the most perfectly appointed lodge homes in the State. The completely remodeled building was dedicated last June on the occasion of the lodge's four-day celebration of its 39th birthday. The sum of \$20,000 was spent on the addition of new rooms, air-conditioning, interior and exterior decorating, new furnishings and other improvements. Special attention was paid to the basement,



Left: Members of the Crippled Children's Committee, of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, with several of the 200 children who were recently entertained at a picnic given by Buffalo Lodge

Below: The first section of a group of 200 boys who are being sent by Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, to spend 2 weeks at the Lodge's Boys Camp at Green Lane, Pa. Philadelphia Lodge is spending \$5,000 on this laudable activity



Leighton



One of the units in the parade which Baker, Ore., Lodge held to celebrate the Baker Mining Jubilee

now one of the most popular floors in the home, in which the lounge and card rooms and the grill, modern in every respect, are located.

Annual Outing of Old Timers Committee of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge

The Outing and Shore Dinner held annually by the Old Timers Committee of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, took place at Kennedy's Casino, Breezy Point, Rockaway Point, in August with the largest attendance ever recorded. Dancing and entertainment followed the dinner. The Outing is a traditional affair and one of the outstanding lodge events of the summer season. Emanuel Cohen was Chairman of the Special Outing Committee, appointed by Michael J. Zaengle, Chairman of the Old Timers Committee.

Bowling Activities Increase in Lodges of New York State

C. Leland Carr of Herkimer Lodge, Chairman for the past three years of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. Bowling Committee, reports that there were more bowling activities among the lodges of the State last

year than ever before. The Committee has found that bowling is a great attraction among the younger members and that it is also a factor in furthering inter-lodge visits. The Northeast District League is in its ninth year—the North Central League in its seventh. In the N. E. District, Amsterdam Lodge No. 101 was the winner; in the N. Cent. District, the winning lodge was Herkimer No. 1439. Oneonta Lodge No. 1312 was the winner at the meet held in the South Central District, promoted by R. A. Hutchinson of Ithaca, Vice-Chairman of the State Committee; Neal Cheavacci, Lancaster, Vice-Chairman of the Committee for the West District, promoted the meet held at North Tonawanda which was won by Lancaster Lodge No. 1478. All of the meets were highly successful.

Twenty-five teams rolled at the same time during the New York State Bowling Tournament held at Albany in April, with the president of the State Association, Capt. Ste-

Thirty-year members who were recently honored by Norwich, Conn., Lodge

phen McGrath of Oneida, rolling the first ball. The high score rolled by Amsterdam Lodge—2990—gave it the trophy for high fraternal score presented by the President of the State Bowling Committee. Albany Lodge No. 49 acted as host to the visiting Elks, entertaining them splendidly. On May 7 the Annual State Roll Off for the President's Trophy was held at Binghamton Lodge No. 852, the Districts being represented as follows: N. Cent., Herkimer; N.E., Amsterdam; S. Cent., Oneonta; W. Cent., Oneida; East, Middletown. Herkimer, led by Capt. Percy Blunt, P.E.R., won with a total of 2872. Binghamton Lodge entertained the visitors with a fine dinner.

Second Anniversary of Miami Beach, Fla., Lodge Celebrated at Pier

Miami Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1601, initiated 80 new members and also several candidates for Miami No. 948, Fort Pierce, West Palm Beach and New Smyrna Lodges, during the celebration of its second anniversary on July 7. The ceremonies, held at the million dollar pier at Miami Beach, were attended by 500 Elks representing 18 lodges. The ritualistic work was performed superbly and rendered more effective throughout by the accompaniment of violin, piano and cello music. P.E.R. Judge David Heffernan of Miami Lodge recited Thanatopsis. Among the speakers were Past State Pres.'s Harold Colee, St. Augustine Lodge, and L. F. Chapman, De Land, Superintendent of the Florida State Prison, E. R. Otto C. Stegemann, Miami Beach, and Circuit Judge Arthur Gomez, P.E.R., Key West Lodge. P.E.R. I. Walter Hawkins of De Land Lodge, who was at that time District Deputy for Fla. East, and has since been elected Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, State Vice-Pres. Val C. Cleary, the first Exalted Ruler of Miami Beach Lodge, and Past State Pres. Alto Adams, Fort Pierce, were among the prominent Elks present.

Miami Beach Lodge has been con-





At top, those at the banquet celebrating the winning by Albany, Ga., Lodge of the J. Bush State Ritualistic Trophy at the Ga. State Elks Convention



Above: The sturdy new Cabin at Boy Scout Camp, Falling Rock, to construction of which Newark, Ohio, Lodge donated a fireplace

Below: Twenty candidates who were initiated into Hamilton, O., Lodge as part of the Lodge's Fiftieth Anniversary celebration



sidering various sites and pieces of property in connection with its plan to own a home that will be a credit to the Order and a pleasure to its growing membership.

Annual Crippled Children's Picnic Held by Millville, N. J., Elks

A long caravan of buses and private cars under police escort left the Elks Home early in the morning for the New Jersey shore resort, Wildwood, when the 16th Annual Outing for Crippled Children was given this year by Millville, N. J., Lodge, No.

580. Following the usual custom, a halt was made at the Baptist Cemetery in Cape May Court House to place flowers on the grave of Edward S. Culver, former Mayor of Wildwood. Ceremonies were held in which the children took part. For many years Mr. Culver was a prominent member of Millville Lodge and actively interested in crippled children work.

T. M. Dauginas, a member of Millville Lodge and owner of the Blackstone Hotel at the resort, gave his annual shore dinner for the more than 500 children and their guar-

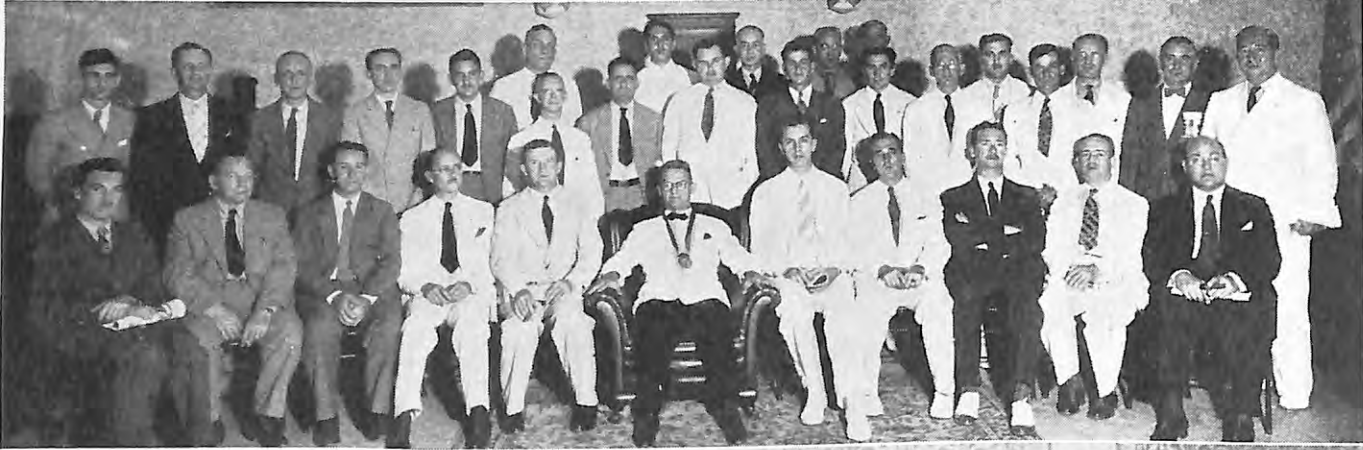
dians followed by entertainment with vaudeville acts and performances by clowns and a group of little radio stars. Thousands of gifts donated by local business men were distributed among the children and all of the amusement places were thrown open for their pleasure. Eugene Gallaher was Chairman of the Elks Committee.

West Haven, Conn., Lodge Mourns Loss of W. T. Conkling, P.E.R.

Appropriate resolutions were adopted and a copy sent to the be-



At top: A group of Elks who have been members of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge for 25 years or more, photographed on "Old Timers' Night"



Also above; Postmaster George P. De Pass, Exalted Ruler of San Juan, P.R., Lodge, (seated center) photographed with the largest class of candidates to enter San Juan Lodge this year



At a recent initiation of candidates into Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, Senator James Callan, above center, was the speaker of the evening. The initiation was conducted by Waukesha, Wis., officers, headed by E.R., L. A. Peters, right. E.R. Howard T. Ott, of Milwaukee Lodge, is at left.

reaved family of P.E.R. William T. Conkling at a meeting held soon after his death by West Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 1537. Mr. Conkling was one of the most active members of the group which organized the lodge and its first Exalted Ruler. He served as District Deputy for Conn., West, in 1933-34. During his long membership in the Order Mr. Conkling endeared himself to hundreds of his fellow members. His portrait, life size, occupies a prominent place in the West Haven Lodge home.

Chattanooga Elks Junior Band Will Visit New York City in 1939

A visit to the World's Fair in New York City next summer has been decided upon for the Chattanooga Elks Junior Band tour in 1939. The Band is a permanent institution in Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91. Its tours are annual events participated in by members of the lodge and residents of the city and its vicinity. This year, on its 16th trip, the Band, accompanied by about 160

people, went to Canada. The itinerary included visits to Lake Huron and Georgian Bay ports and a sojourn in Callander for a visit to the home of the famous Dionne quintuplets. The party, organized by P.E.R. W. V. Turley, P.D.D., and accompanied by Frank Chamlee as the representative of Mayor E. D. Bass of Chattanooga, was joined in Detroit by about 50 Elks and their friends.

Montgomery, Ala., Elk, P.D.D. Leon McCord, Is Made Federal Judge

Judge Leon McCord, P.E.R., of Montgomery, Ala., Lodge, No. 596, has been appointed Federal Judge with headquarters at New Orleans,

La. He is a Past District Deputy and one of the most popular Elks in the South.

For almost 20 years, Judge McCord was the teacher of the Big Brothers Bible Class, numbering about 2,000 members. The organization spent many thousands of dollars on charity.

"Celebration Night" Honors Two Leading Jacksonville, Fla., Elks

Two Past Exalted Rulers of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, No. 221, who have served the Order devotedly for many years, were honored at a "Celebration Night" held at the lodge home shortly after they had been elected to high office in the

Florida State Elks Association. M. Frank O'Brien, twice District Deputy, a former State Vice-President and former member of the State Executive Committee, was elected President. He has been an Elk for more than 40 years. State Treasurer R. L. Bohon was reelected. He is also a former Vice-President and has also served on the Executive Committee.

Attending the festivities were Elks from every section of the State. P.E.R. Lee M. Booth was the principal speaker. At the close of his talk he presented the guests of honor with handsome gifts, acting on behalf of their lodge.

Original Improvement Program of Iola, Kans., Lodge, a Success

Iola, Kans., Lodge, No. 569, owns, unencumbered, the third and fourth floors of the largest building in Iola. At a meeting held last January, P.E.R. Milford C. Langley suggested that something be done to make the quarters more comfortable and more inviting to new members, and that the officers and trustees constitute a committee to see what could be worked out. An interesting and practical plan was evolved and adopted. An agreement was drawn up stating that the signers had agreed to pay the lodge the sum of \$25 each in monthly payments spread

over the year, and that if a signer secured two reinstatements or one new member during the year, his money would be refunded. It also stated that if there were not 40 signers by February 1, the plan would be shelved, but the necessary signatures were secured. A great many have fulfilled their obligations by bringing in new members or reinstatements, and others are paying cash. The plan for raising the money was figured out by P.E.R. Ross Arbuckle.

In May enough progress had been made to hold an "Open House" so that the wives and friends of the members could see what had been done. An enjoyable evening was spent informally and refreshments were served. The improvement program will be completed this Fall. The furniture in the card rooms has been replaced with the latest spring-type chromium chairs and tables, the lobby refurbished, the secretary's office and the pool room have been redecorated, and new linoleum has been laid. Progress is being made from month to month under the leadership of E.R. W. D. Jones. P.E.R. Melvin Fronk is serving his 36th year as Secretary.



Left: Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Grand Exalted Ruler, arriving home at Toledo, Ohio, from the Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City. With him, passing between a guard of the Toledo Lodge Drill Team, are Mayor Roy C. Start and Robert Robertson.



Left: A father and two sons who were recently initiated into Rumford, Me., Lodge. They are, from left to right, J. B. Frecker, A. W. Frecker, Sr., and A. W. Frecker, Jr.

Below: The officers of Miami Beach, Fla., Lodge and prominent State officials who were present when a class of 80 candidates was initiated in honor of State Vice-President Val Cleary. Exalted Ruler Otto Stegemann stands at the station in the center.





The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention

Fred Hess and Son

One of the handsome floats entered by Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, in the Convention parade on Atlantic City's famous Boardwalk.

THE 74th Annual Convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks got under way in a blaze of color in the Grand Ball Room of the Convention Hall in Atlantic City, on Monday, July 11.

Prior to the official Opening Session of the Grand Lodge Reunion, visiting Elks filled the amazing Boardwalk of Atlantic City to overflowing. It was a gay throng, and one worthy of the wonders provided by the Steel Pier, with its thousand attractions. Many Elks and their wives found the numerous shops a fairyland of delightful gifts for the folks back home. Throughout the crowd, the white Stetsons and colorful shirts of the Western delegations were noticeable for their brilliance.

Gaily dressed bands and drill teams filled the streets, meeting prominent arrivals from all parts of the country. Toward night, a light sea breeze sprang up and the waves washed higher and higher on the white sands of the famous beach. The coolness only served to heighten the effervescence of the delegates, priming themselves for the important and spectacular activities of the week.

On Monday, July 11, the first day of the Convention, many important events took place. In the morning the officials of the National Golf

Tournament announced that over 150 players would compete in the classic. The first qualifying round got under way at ten o'clock. At two in the afternoon a sightseeing tour of Atlantic City began at the huge Convention Hall and took a large group of visitors all through the city. The members of the party saw the noted Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children, at Longport, and were much impressed by its beauty and its efficient equipment for the aid of the many crippled children who are patients there.

All day long the trapshooters practiced at the Atlantic City Gun Club to get ready for the next day's shoot for the many prizes.

The Grand Lodge registration took place at the home of Atlantic City Lodge, and at the Hotel Traymore.

Opening Public Session

AT eight o'clock in the evening the official public opening meeting of the Seventy-fourth Session of the Grand Lodge was held in the magnificent Convention Hall. The program was an elaborate one marked by many highlighted events.

Just prior to the opening, Grand Exalted Ruler Major Charles Spencer Hart entertained a group of distinguished guests at dinner at six P.M. in the Shelburne Hotel. Among

the notables present at the affair were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland and David Sholtz; Charles Edison, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and W. K. Erdman, regional manager of the Studebaker Corporation.

Mr. Edison and George M. Cohan, who is internationally famous as an actor, were guests of honor on the rostrum at the Opening Session. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Grakelow, of Philadelphia, was Master of Ceremonies. The large auditorium was packed with 5,000 men and women, and the stage was bedecked with flowers.

The invocation was delivered by Grand Chaplain J. B. Dobbins, and was immediately followed by Lewandowsky's "Hallelujah" by Henry Hotz and the Madrigal Chorus. The Chorus was seated on the rostrum behind the speakers. At the conclusion of the singing, a medley of Victor Herbert melodies was played by Jenö Denath and his orchestra. State Senator Charles Loizeaux then delivered an address on behalf of Governor Harry A. Moore, whose illness prevented his attending the meeting. Mayor Charles D. White, of Atlantic City, welcomed the Elks and their ladies to Atlantic City. These brief addresses were followed by more music from Mr. Hotz and the Chorus,

and Mark Dawson sang Oley Speaks' "On The Road to Mandalay". The Orchestra captivated the huge audience with "A Harlem Fantasy".

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Charles Edison, who was the next speaker on the program, pleaded for a strong United States Navy as an insurance against war. Mr. Edison said in part, "It is reassuring to note that some of this insurance which was allowed to lapse through the experiment in arms limitation after the World War is now being reinstated". Mr. Edison's remarks were heartily acclaimed by his listeners. Elizabeth Jane Taylor, soprano, and Mark Dawson next entertained with several songs.

In his particularly fine speech, Grand Exalted Ruler Hart excoriated the policies of foreign dictators. He said: "We are all just a little disillusioned by what has gone on in these last twenty years. International morality is at its lowest ebb; treaties are scraps of paper; the strong oppress the weak, and, as in the days of the French Revolution, some of the great nations of the world have placed upon the doorways of their churches: 'There is no God'.

"These countries, under the duress of economic disaster and industrial tragedy, sought for a system of government whereby they could conserve their resources.

"They were willing to barter, and the relationship between economic disaster and the willingness to barter in human liberty is a basic problem involved in any thought of dictatorship.

"There is no dictatorship without a compromise of freedom. There is no dictatorship without previous economic, industrial and governmental failure, and that is one of the reasons why America needs this Order of Elks today as it has never needed it before in its history.

"It needs every type of civic, fraternal and patriotic organization because they are strong fibers which hold together this loose-knit fabric of democracy. There is no such organization as ours in Russia, Germany or Italy today.

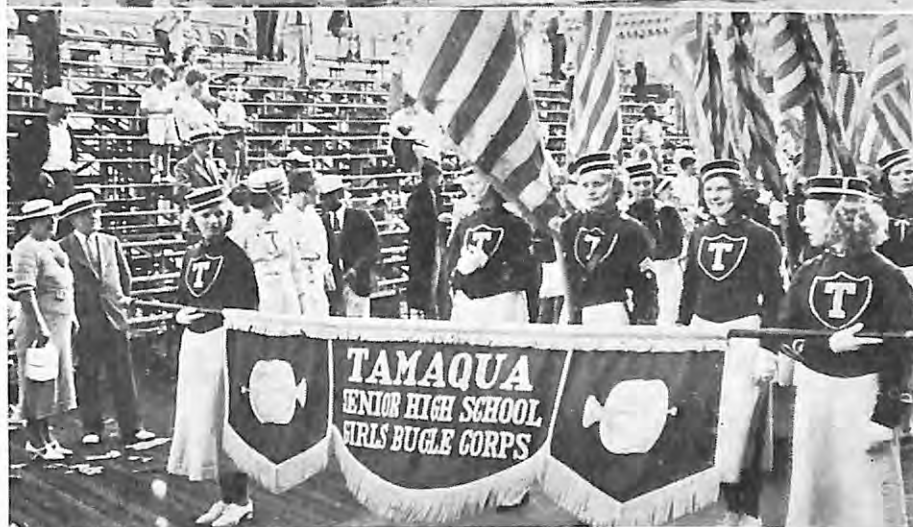
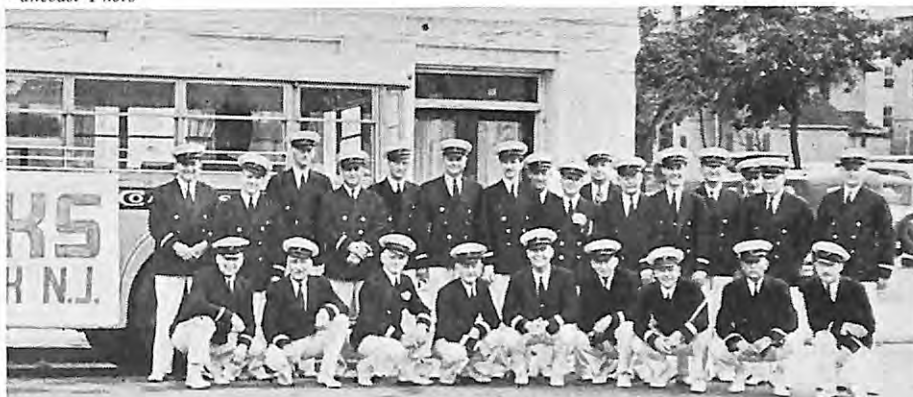
"You are familiar with the failure of their program and today, under the ruthless ambition of Adolf Hitler, there is no doubt that the German people are headed into another war.

"The same thing happened in Italy, which from 1861, under the leadership of Camillo Cavour, had been established as a democratic form of government. But since the march of the Black Shirts on Rome in 1921 that great people has lost the priceless privilege of personal liberty".

Major Hart urged the 500,000 Elks in the United States to join in a movement to stamp out "foreign propaganda".

"We must stop Nazi and Fascist propaganda in this country," he said, "and each man can play his part in putting an end to it. Do not

Pancoast Photo



At top: The officers and P. E. R.'s of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge, who took a prominent part in the Convention and made a fine showing in the parade.

Above: The Girls' Bugle Corps, of the Tamaqua Senior High School, which was a prominent entry in the Convention parade on behalf of Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge.

permit four or five minor political parties to become established. They will split our country wide open if experience of other nations is anything to go by."

Major Hart's address was received with the utmost enthusiasm.

President Franklin Delano Roosevelt sent Grant Exalted Ruler Hart a letter commending the stand taken by the Elks for "adequate national defense".

"We have no imperial designs," read the President's letter, "we seek no territorial expansion. Our desire is to live on terms of good will and amity with all people and to maintain within our own borders those free institutions upon which our democracy and all of our happiness are founded."

A bronze tablet was presented to Major Hart from Paul Hoffman, President of the Studebaker Corporation, in recognition of the Grand Exalted Ruler's work, and that of the Order, in Traffic Safety during the past year. The presentation was made by W. K. Erdman.

George M. Cohan, who celebrated his sixtieth birthday on July 4, was next introduced to the audience in

Convention Hall, and he stirred everyone by singing his famous war song "Over There". As an encore he sang "What This Country Needs is a Song". Mr. Cohan was wildly applauded. Several musical selections concluded the program for the Opening Session. Emma Zuern and Leonard Trampler sang one duet, and Miss Zuern and Miss Taylor sang another, accompanied by the Madrigal Chorus.

Eighteen of the twenty living Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order were present and occupied the front rows in the Ball Room. They were, in the order of their seniority, as follows:

Name	Year	Lodge
John K. Tener	1907-08	Charleroi, Pa.
Rush L. Holland	1908-09	Colorado Springs, Colo.
James R. Nicholson	1915-16	Springfield, Mass.
Edward Rightor	1916-17	New Orleans, La.
Bruce A. Campbell	1918-19	E. St. Louis, Ill.
Frank L. Rain	1919-20	Fairbury, Neb.
William M. Abbott	1920-21	San Francisco, Calif.
J. Edgar Masters	1922-23	Charleroi, Pa.
James G. McFarland	1923-24	Watertown, S. D.
Wm. Hawley Atwell	1925-26	Dallas, Texas
Charles H. Grakelow	1926-27	Philadelphia, Pa.
John F. Malley	1927-28	Springfield, Mass.
Murray Hulbert	1928-29	New York, N. Y.
John R. Coen	1931-32	Sterling, Colo.
Floyd E. Thompson	1932-33	Moline, Ill.
Walter F. Meier	1933-34	Seattle, Wash.
James T. Hallinan	1935-36	Queens Borough, N. Y.
David Sholtz	1936-37	Daytona Beach, Fla.

Tuesday

ON the following day, July 12, the principal event was the first official business session of the Grand Lodge, which was held at Convention Hall and an account of which was published in the August issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

At ten o'clock in the morning the Elks National Trapshooting Contest was held. R. A. King, of Wichita Falls, Tex., a member of Delta, Colo., Lodge, carried off both the Elks National Singles and the Doubles Trapshooting titles on the Atlantic City Gun Club range. Shooting against a misty gray sky, but with little wind to deflect the "birds", Mr. King shattered 99 out of 100 targets to win the singles crown and broke 49 out of 50 targets to take the doubles laurels. Mr. King shattered 75 straight targets in the singles event before he slid past a right angle shot. He splintered the remaining 24 without a miss. The champion is a former vice-president of the Amateur Trapshooting Association and holds many national titles in both singles and doubles. James Stinson, of Bradford, Pa., and Lyndon Hall, of Vineland, N. J., furnished most competition for Mr. King in the singles event. Each cracked 97 "birds", and each missed one target in the first, third and fourth brackets. Frank Storms, of Middletown, N. Y., and C. A. Hanna, of Havre de Grace, Md., shared the prize money in Class B with 90's. J. Bunker Plum, of Atlantic City Lodge, turned in 89 in the same Class.

In the afternoon the second round of the Golf Tournament got under way and at two o'clock there was another sightseeing trip about the Convention City.

At 9:30 in the evening thousands of Elks and their ladies gathered in the largest convention hall in the world to witness a mammoth ice spectacle. There were sixty great stars and twenty-five acts. The whole performance took place on 20,000 square feet of ice. The spectators held their breath in amazement as they watched the colorful figures of the skaters whirl and gyrate around the gigantic arena, jumping over barrels and through hoops of flame.

Wednesday

THE morning of July 13 saw the finish of the Trapshooting Contests. A. C. Chapman, of Westerly, R. I., Lodge, won the Elks National Handicap Shoot at the Atlantic City Gun Club range. Mr. Chapman was extended to a shoot-off by H. T. Bullock, of Vineland, after each had shattered 93 out of 100 targets. The Rhode Island marksman had cracked 23 out of 25, while Mr. Bullock could nip but 21. The winner fired from 21 yards with the Vineland star a yard farther back.

The Vineland team of Lyndon Hall and Mr. Bullock displayed marvelous marksmanship in carrying off the Atlantic City Gun Club trophy for two-man Lodge Teams. Mr. Hall



Outstanding work in the Elks nation-wide traffic safety program earned for Salt Lake City Lodge the B. F. Goodrich highway safety trophy for 1938. The trophy was presented by Charles Campbell, representative of the Goodrich company, shown (left) congratulating O. E. Vombaur, Jr., Exalted Ruler of Salt Lake City Lodge. Looking on are George H. Llewellyn (extreme left), Member of the Antlers Council of the Grand Lodge, and Major Charles Spencer Hart, retiring Grand Exalted Ruler.

dropped 99 out of 100 "birds", while his teammate posted 98 for a total of 197. The Havre de Grace, Md., Lodge Team won the Senator Haldiman Trophy for three-man Lodge Teams. C. A. Hanna, A. J. Dinsmore and D. L. Bowman made up the winning team with 257 out of 300 targets. Mr. Bowman led the Maryland outfit with 88. Mr. Dinsmore had an 85 and Mr. Hanna an 84. W. E. Beers, of New Britain, Conn., and Mr. Hanna placed second in the handicap shoot, each cracking 90 targets. Mr. Hanna teamed with A. J. Dinsmore to take second place in the two-man competition.

While this was going on, the drill teams assembled before a crowd of spectators in front of Masonic Temple. Five Elks units marched through unique routines. The uniforms contributed gay colors to the scene. The contestants were reviewed by Lieutenant Colonel Frederick Hicks, Major W. Bennett Cramer, Major Paul Farley and Captain Daniel DeBrier. They also acted as judges. About one hundred men participated. The Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge unit was marshaled by Edmund Mansfield. J. D. Rhoads led the Columbus, Ohio, Lodge group; Martin Doyle, the Medford, Mass., Lodge company; Russell Bender, the Pottstown, Pa., Lodge team, and Gilbert F. Bowers, the Lancaster, Pa., unit.

Traffic was detoured to provide plenty of room, and a special police detail kept the streets roped off. The participants did not keep to strictly military maneuvers, but reverted to several interesting and novel movements that required rigid training

and accuracy. Each unit presented different uniforms. The Columbus, Ohio, Team was armed with sabers. One group featured yellow capes. Every participant wore a handsome shako. The Pottstown, Pa., Lodge Team won first prize in the contest. Second prize was given to Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, and third to Columbus, Ohio, Lodge.

In the afternoon the final play-off of the Golf Tournament was held. John H. Bonin, of Hazleton, Pa., won the Championship at the Country Club of Atlantic City.

With the title Mr. Bonin takes possession of the John J. Doyle \$2,000 silver trophy for one year. Playing 18 holes at the Linwood Country Club on Monday, and 36 at Northfield on Tuesday, Mr. Bonin turned in a 54-hole gross score of 242. He shot an 81 the first day, and 79 and 82, the second. Herbert S. Becker, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., was the winner of the low net award for the three rounds. Edward J. White took the prize for low net on the first round at Linwood. Low gross award for the first round went to George A. Layman, of Sheridan, Wyo., who registered an 82. The score was not as low as either Mr. Bonin's or Mr. Becker's, but no player was entitled to more than one prize. Ray Meeks, of Richmond, Ind., won the low net award for the second round Tuesday morning. He scored 83 with a 15-stroke handicap.

J. Griff Boardman, of the White-marsh Country Club, and three times winner of the Atlantic City championship, won low gross prize for the second round, on Tuesday. Past State

President Scott E. Drum, of Hazleton, Pa., Lodge, took the prize for low net on the third round. P.E.R. Howard Van Buskirk, of Westfield, N. J., won low gross for the third round.

Atlantic City was represented by one winner in this Tournament. He was Emory Kiess, a local attorney, who marched off with the prize for low net for the first 36 holes. The low gross award for the first 36 holes went to Herbert Whitehead, of Stamford, Conn.

At two o'clock Wednesday afternoon a reception and card party for the ladies was held at the Ambassador Hotel, with prizes and favors.

The Lincoln, Ill., Lodge Team won the National Ritualistic Contest with a splendid score of 93.21. Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge was a very close second with 92.89. The third prize went to Clinton, Mass., Lodge, with the score of 92.79.

At ten o'clock Wednesday evening the annual Grand Ball and Reception in honor of Major Charles Spencer Hart was held. Some 7,000 Elks and their ladies gathered in the Ball Room of the Auditorium to dance and participate in the Grand March at midnight, which was led by retiring Grand Exalted Ruler Hart. Those who attended were treated to a kaleidoscopic review of incandes-

cence as the blues, reds and yellows filled the Ball Room while Boardwalk floodlights, pouring through the frosted windows, gave a cathedral-like effect to the spectacle. Many were merely spectators, although the majority danced to the music of Alex Bartha and were later treated to a revue comprised of talent from local night clubs. Hundreds took advantage of the ocean breezes and were seated on the Boardwalk reviewing stand where the entertainment came to them through the loud speaker system.

At two o'clock Thursday, July 14, the Grand Parade started from far up the Boardwalk of Atlantic City and wended its way down past Convention Hall and the reviewing stand. The thousands of spectators who lined the walk did not allow the intermittent showers to dampen their enthusiasm. They stayed, almost to a man, to watch the gay marchers and the gorgeous floats move majestically past the reviewing stand.

It was estimated that from 7,000 to 10,000 Elks stepped out in the colorful parade which climaxed the 74th Annual Grand Lodge Convention, while estimates of the number of spectators lining the route ranged from 50,000 to 100,000. Shortly be-

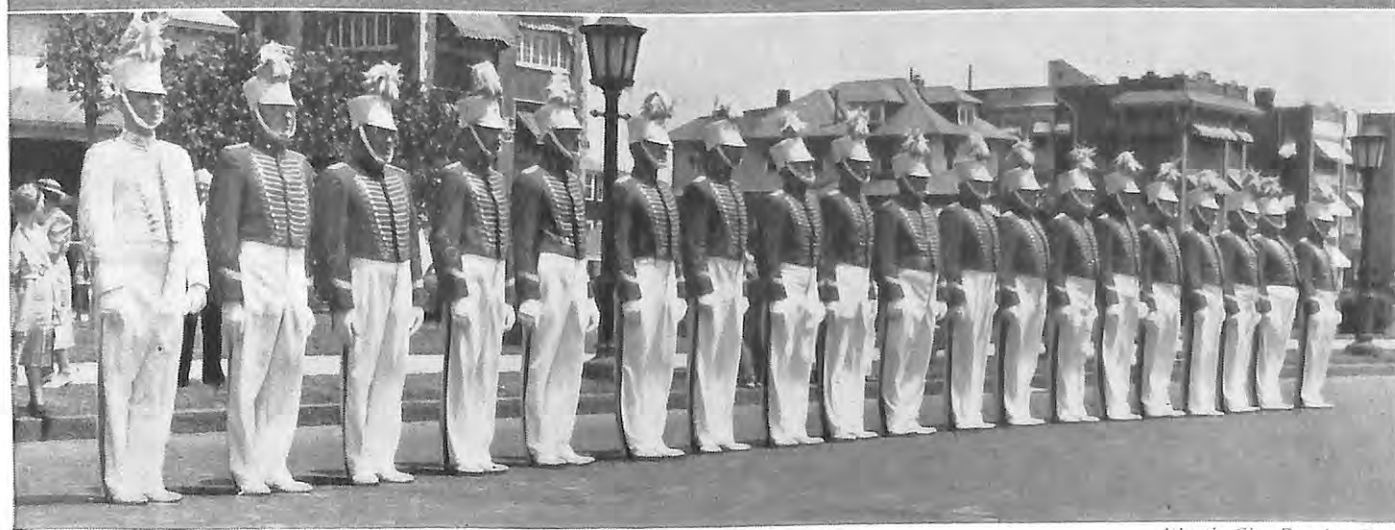
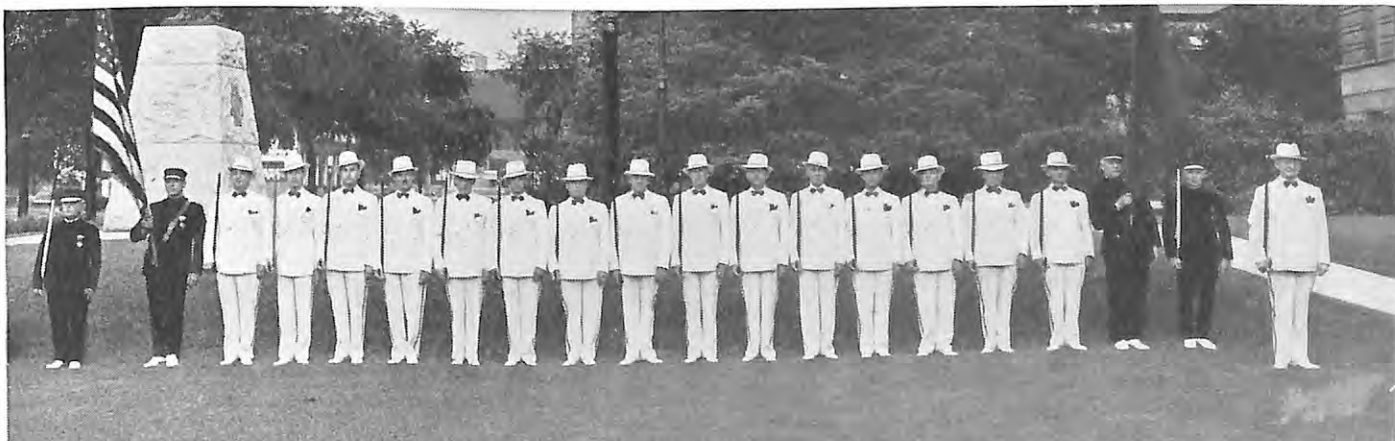
Mr. A. C. Chapman, of Westerly, Rhode Island, Lodge, who won the Elks National Handicap Shoot at the Atlantic City Gun Club Range.



fore the marching units began formation, two prominent arrivals were heralded when Harold Lloyd, the famous film comedian, and former Governor Harold G. Hoffman came to take part in the festivities.

The parade was directed by Grand Esquire Thomas J. Brady, of Brook-
(Continued on page 53)

Livingston



Below: The Drill Team of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge which acted as escort to Dr. Edward J. McCormick during the Convention.

At bottom: The fine Drill Team of Pottstown, Pa., Lodge which won the National Drill Team contest at Atlantic City.

Floats in the Grand Lodge Convention Parade



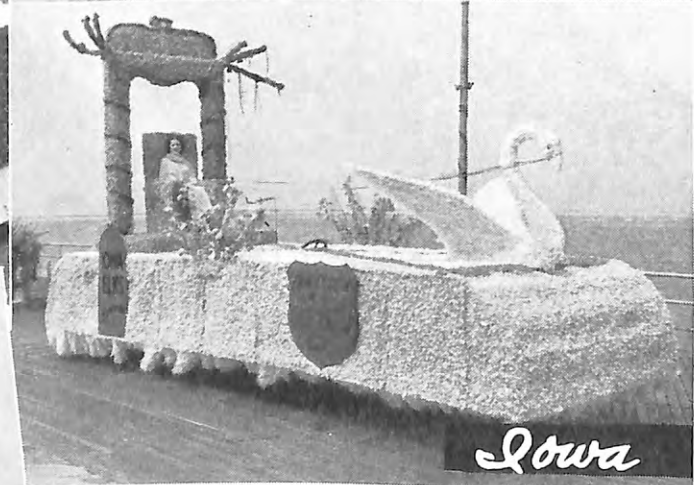
Michigan



Wyoming



Arizona



Iowa



Indiana



Texas



Pennsylvania



New York



Massachusetts



Oregon



Maryland Delaware & Dist. of Columbia



Canal Zone



Illinois

The Grand Lodge of Sorrow

*at the Elks' 74th
National Convention*



AT the hour set apart—the hour of eleven on Wednesday morning, July 13—the Grand Lodge delegates put aside the business of the Elks' 74th Grand Lodge Convention and devoted their thoughts to the commemorative services that are rooted so deeply in Elk tradition, the Grand Lodge Memorial Exercises.

Acting Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell requested the Grand Lodge members to stand in silence for a minute as a tribute to the departed members, after which Grand Chaplain Dobbins led the Grand Lodge in prayer.

At a sign from Judge Atwell, the Elks Symphonic Band of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37 rendered the composition that is heard wherever friendship swells the human heart, "Auld Lang Syne". Harold Stevens then sang Dvorak's poignant number, "Going Home", with Henry Wehrmann at the piano.

Grand Secretary J. E. Masters reported to the delegates that since the session held in Denver last year, 8,579 members of the Order had passed on. Of these 481 were members of the Grand Lodge.

Mr. Stevens' baritone voice again was heard in a rendition of O'Hara's solemn refrain, "There Is No Death".

At this point, Acting Grand Exalted Ruler Atwell delivered to the respectful, attentive audience the following memorial address:

"The sacredness of this hour arises out of the fact that those whom we now call to mind traveled with us.

One night, on that journey, they stood with us in semi-darkness about an altar, above which there was a starry banner, upon whose bosom—broad and brave—was the Holy Word. On the Holy Word was a metallic symbol denoting our love of men. There we pledged an everlasting loyalty and memory.

That was a great moment. It was great because there was no hypocrisy there. It was great because we all

stood on the same level, made the same signs, and thought the same things. It was great because we all meant the open hand—the clenched fist. It was great because the eleven strokes produced the same harmony in each heart, out of the desire of each that neither should ever be forgotten. It was great because that pledge covered the entire universe. Neither mountain range nor far flung river, rolling ocean nor unspanned infinity, could wipe out the memory that was there pledged. It was great because innocence and virtue received a combined soldiery for its protection. It was great because there was a union of determined men, in the hope that each would be an honor to the Antlers which were to be his.

It was great because the insignia of the nation—the Red, White and Blue—the Stars and Stripes—represented the finest government on earth. Caring for the individual and all that was his—for his rights in prison or out of prison—for the house in which he lives—above even the minions of authority—or the cauldades of panoplied power.

It was great because in the Word that rested there, there was authority for all of the churches—Protestant, Catholic, Hebrew—as well as for the worship of the unchurched who found God under a tree or in the highway, without priest, or preacher, or rabbi. It was great because all sorts of men were assembled. They were not certified as children of any church or cathedral or synagogue. Pedigree was immaterial. Belief in God and loyalty to the government of the United States, were their entering pass-port.

It was great because of the continuing light of the star, emblematic of the heavenly world, the life of which began so long ago that there is no date of its birth except that given in the Word, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," and, "God made two great lights, the greater to rule the day, the lesser to rule the night. He made the stars also." It was great because He was the Father of Fidelity.

It was great because it was the middle point in a companionship that had begun, and which lasted afterwards, in which the worth of those who stood there was proven by association, in

work for others who were less fortunate.

We do NOT call in vain. We call and they come. Here they are with us as of yore. Paradoxically, as we close our eyes, we see them. John, Jim, George, Charley, Joe, Walter, Fred, Bill and, a host of others crowding in on us, in joyous individuality. No, we do not forget. They knew we would not.

While we work here yet awhile, while we are painting the last picture here, they work there, and,

"When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried, When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died, We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it—lie down for an eon or two, Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!"

"And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair;

They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comet's hair; They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter, and Paul; They shall work for an age at a sitting And never be tired at all.

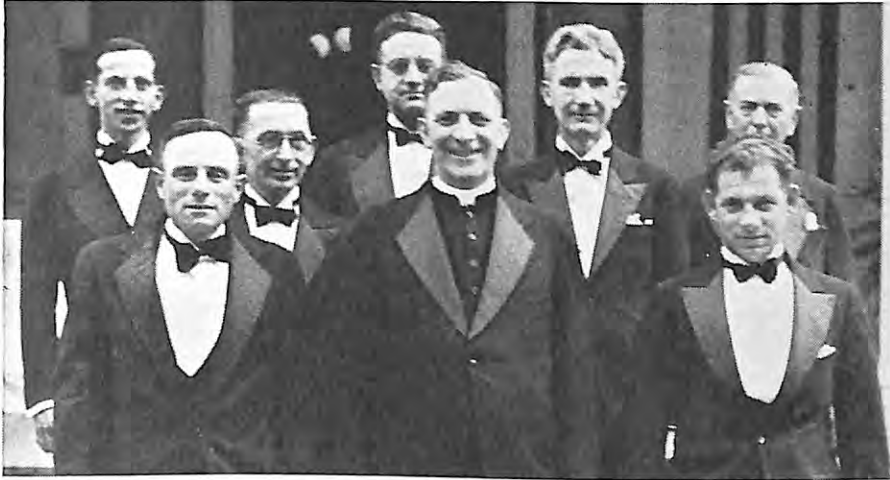
"And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame; And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame; But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star, Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!"

"Asleep, awake, by night or day the friends I seek are seeking me; No wind can drive my bark astray, nor change the tide of destiny.

"The stars come nightly to the sky, the tidal wave unto the sea; Nor time nor space, nor deep nor high, can keep my own away from me."

At the conclusion of Judge Atwell's address, Grand Chaplain Dobbins voiced a prayer, and the session of memory came to a close with the signal of sleep, "Taps", echoing from trumpets of the Columbus band.

News of the State Associations



The Albany, Ga., Lodge officers who won the State Ritualistic Contest at Valdosta, Ga.

INDIANA

Over 2,000 Elks from all over the State attended the 38th Annual Convention of the Indiana State Elks Association at Richmond, June 6-7-8. The registration exceeded any in recent years. The parade on the last day of the meeting was the largest in the Association's history, with 33 musical units and 32 floats.

State Pres. Milo B. Mitchell of Linton presided. He presented E.R. John R. Longstreth of Richmond Lodge No. 649. Mr. Longstreth introduced Mayor Joseph M. Waltermann who made the welcoming address. P.E.R. W. W. Reller de-

livered the Memorial Address. The Convention Ball held in the Athletic Park Pavilion was attended by 400 couples. The social program took care of the ladies in splendid style.

The new ritualistic Scott-Masters Trophy, which was presented to the Association last year by P.E.R. Robert A. Scott of Linton Lodge, Superintendent of the Elks National Home, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, was placed in competition for the first time. The cup is valued at \$200 and carries with it an added cash award of \$50 given by the entertaining lodge, and a second place award of \$25 given by the As-

sociation. For the second consecutive year Linton Lodge No. 866 was declared the winner in the Ritualistic Contest and was presented with the new Scott-Masters Trophy to be held in its possession for one year. Frankfort Lodge was second, and was also presented with the Joseph T. Fanning Cup, which had been in competition for many years. This cup becomes the permanent property of Frankfort Lodge which has won possession of it more times than any other competing lodge.

The Convention was addressed by Joseph B. Kyle of Gary, Ind., Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and M. D. Wilson of the Indiana Department of Public Welfare who, in his talk, gave recognition to the Association's fine activities in Children's Work.

Additional prizes awarded in contests during the Convention were as follows: Bands: Frankfort, first, Rushville, second, New Castle third; Drum Corps: Muncie, first, Indianapolis, second; Floats: The Hill Floral Company, first, Wayne Dairy Co., second, and the Indiana South Elks District, third; Trapshooting: A. C. Kean, Terre Haute; Golf: Team Championship, Terre Haute; Individual, Ed Stout, Terre Haute, and Jack Moore, Richmond, tying for the championship. Union City Lodge won the prize for the largest delegation.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Pres., Raymond F. Thomas, Terre Haute; 1st Vice-Pres., Claude E. Thompson, Frankfort; 2nd Vice-Pres., Glenn L. Miller, Logansport; 3rd Vice-Pres., Joseph B. Kyle, Gary; 4th Vice-Pres., Edwin Loewenthal, Evansville; Secy., reelected, William C. Groebl, Shelbyville; Treas., reelected, L. E. Yoder, Goshen; Trustee, five years, L. E. McGuire, Peru. Pres. Thomas made the following appointments: Tiler, Carl G. T. Monninger, Logansport; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. D. Beeler, Evansville. Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Harry Loewenthal, Evansville, installed the officers. Terre Haute Lodge No. 86 was awarded the 1939 Convention.

ILLINOIS

The 35th Annual Convention of the Illinois State Elks Association was held June 10-11-12 at Jacksonville, the site of the first meeting of the Association after its organization in 1904. Jacksonville Lodge No. 682 proved to be an excellent host and provided every facility for the comfort and pleasure of the visitors. Highlights of the Convention included the noon luncheon for Exalted Rulers and Secretaries on Saturday the 11th, and the Grand Exalted Ruler's Banquet held that evening. The luncheon was well attended and was followed by a meeting presided over by Special Deputy William M. Frasor of Blue Island Lodge, who gave an instructive talk. He then introduced Grand Trustee
(Continued on page 54)



J. W. Lyons

The new officers of the New Jersey State Elks Association, who were elected to office at the annual State Assn. meeting in Atlantic City

The District Deputies Appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick for 1938-1939



ALABAMA
ALASKA, EAST
ALASKA, WEST
ARIZONA, NORTH
ARIZONA, SOUTH
ARKANSAS
CALIFORNIA, BAY
CALIFORNIA, EAST
CENTRAL
CALIFORNIA, WEST
CENTRAL
CALIFORNIA, NORTH
CALIFORNIA, SOUTH
CALIFORNIA, SOUTH
CENTRAL
CANAL ZONE
COLORADO, CENTRAL
COLORADO, NORTH
COLORADO, SOUTH
COLORADO, WEST
CONNECTICUT, EAST
CONNECTICUT, WEST
FLORIDA, EAST
FLORIDA, WEST
FLORIDA, NORTH
GEORGIA, EAST
GEORGIA, WEST
GUAM
HAWAII
IDAHO, NORTH
IDAHO, SOUTH
ILLINOIS, NORTHEAST
ILLINOIS, NORTHWEST
ILLINOIS, EAST CENTRAL
ILLINOIS, WEST CENTRAL
ILLINOIS, SOUTHEAST
ILLINOIS, SOUTH
ILLINOIS, SOUTHWEST
INDIANA, NORTH
INDIANA, NORTH CENTRAL
INDIANA, CENTRAL
INDIANA, SOUTH CENTRAL
INDIANA, SOUTH
IOWA, SOUTHEAST
IOWA, NORTHEAST
IOWA, WEST
KANSAS, EAST
KANSAS, WEST
KENTUCKY, EAST
KENTUCKY, WEST
LOUISIANA, NORTH
LOUISIANA, SOUTH
MAINE, EAST
MAINE, WEST
MARYLAND, DELAWARE
AND DISTRICT OF
COLUMBIA
MASSACHUSETTS,
NORTHEAST
MASSACHUSETTS,
SOUTHEAST
MASSACHUSETTS, CENTRAL
MASSACHUSETTS, WEST
MICHIGAN, WEST
MICHIGAN, EAST
MICHIGAN, CENTRAL

*George Ross
Leonard Soholt
Robert W. Korn
A. S. Brayman
Charles J. Grier
A. L. Justin
Sherwood Jones*

James A. Joyce

*R. S. Macaulay
Frank L. Reese
Mark W. Washburn*

*James J. McCarthy
Vincent J. Clarke
T. S. Barnes
Edward S. Prohs
Joel W. Todd
Albert H. Diemer
Clinton L. Chapin
Arthur W. Swan
Chelsie J. Senerchia
M. A. Rosin
J. Maxey Dell
J. M. Thrash
I. H. Etheridge
R. C. Gibson
Ernest H. Willers
Lloyd J. Davis
Farrel L. Hansen
Joseph F. Krizek
H. F. Walder
Ralph B. Farmer
Dan T. Cloud
John L. Supple
Joseph Werner
C. H. Sihler
L. E. Yoder
Harry D. Forney
Carl T. Bartlett
Walter F. Easley
A. A. Pielemeier
John K. Finney
David G. Bleakley
Robert C. Turner
B. W. Weir
S. E. Patterson
Albert A. Hohnhorst
Philip Stevens
Sol B. Pressburg
Otis J. Bourg
Ernest C. Simpson
Romain J. Marcoux*

Charles P. Boyer

John E. Moynahan

*William J. Dalton
Joseph E. Dow
Hubert W. Flaherty
C. C. Eddy
Irvine J. Unger
Arthur Pierpont*

*Bessemer No. 721
Ketchikan No. 1429
Cordova No. 1483
Winslow No. 536
Ajo No. 1576
Little Rock No. 29
Alameda No. 1015*

Taft No. 1527

*Santa Cruz No. 824
Woodland No. 1299
El Centro No. 1325*

*Santa Monica No. 906
Cristobal No. 1542
Colorado Springs No. 309
Longmont No. 1055
Rocky Ford No. 1147
Leadville No. 236
Hartford No. 19
Naugatuck No. 967
Miami No. 948
Arcadia No. 1524
Gainesville No. 990
Douglas No. 1286
Atlanta No. 78
Agana No. 1281
Honolulu No. 616
Sandpoint No. 1376
Idaho Falls No. 1087
Cicero-Berwyn No. 1510
Dixon No. 779
Kankakee No. 627
Jacksonville No. 682
Danville No. 332
Du Quoin No. 884
Litchfield No. 654
Goshen No. 798
Warsaw No. 802
Muncie No. 245
Greensburg No. 475
Vincennes No. 291
Fairfield No. 1192
Cedar Rapids No. 251
Sioux City No. 112
Pittsburg No. 412
Augusta No. 1462
Covington No. 314
Princeton No. 1115
Alexandria No. 546
Houma No. 1193
Waterville No. 905
Lewiston No. 371*

Crisfield, Md., No. 1044

Lowell No. 87

*Norwood No. 1124
Somerville No. 917
Adams No. 1335
Petoskey No. 629
Detroit No. 34
Owosso No. 753*

MICHIGAN, NORTH
 MINNESOTA, NORTH
 MINNESOTA, SOUTH
 MISSISSIPPI, NORTH
 MISSISSIPPI, SOUTH
 MISSOURI, EAST
 MISSOURI, WEST
 MONTANA, EAST
 MONTANA, WEST
 NEBRASKA, EAST
 NEBRASKA, WEST
 NEVADA,
 NEW HAMPSHIRE
 NEW JERSEY, NORTHEAST
 NEW JERSEY, NORTHWEST
 NEW JERSEY, SOUTH
 NEW JERSEY, CENTRAL
 NEW MEXICO, NORTH
 NEW MEXICO, SOUTH
 NEW YORK, EAST
 NEW YORK, EAST
 CENTRAL
 NEW YORK, NORTHEAST
 NEW YORK, NORTH
 CENTRAL
 NEW YORK, SOUTH
 CENTRAL
 NEW YORK, WEST
 NEW YORK, WEST CENTRAL
 NEW YORK, SOUTHEAST
 NORTH CAROLINA, EAST
 NORTH CAROLINA, WEST
 NORTH DAKOTA
 OHIO, NORTH CENTRAL
 OHIO, NORTHEAST
 OHIO, NORTHWEST
 OHIO, SOUTH CENTRAL
 OHIO, SOUTHEAST
 OHIO, SOUTHWEST
 OKLAHOMA, EAST
 OKLAHOMA, WEST
 OREGON, SOUTH
 OREGON, NORTH
 PENNSYLVANIA,
 SOUTHWEST
 PENNSYLVANIA,
 NORTHWEST
 PENNSYLVANIA, CENTRAL
 PENNSYLVANIA,
 NORTH CENTRAL
 PENNSYLVANIA,
 NORTHEAST
 PENNSYLVANIA,
 SOUTH CENTRAL
 PENNSYLVANIA,
 SOUTHEAST
 PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
 PUERTO RICO
 RHODE ISLAND
 SOUTH CAROLINA
 SOUTH DAKOTA
 TENNESSEE, EAST
 TENNESSEE, WEST
 TEXAS, NORTH
 TEXAS, WEST
 TEXAS, SOUTH
 TEXAS, EAST
 UTAH
 VERMONT
 VIRGINIA, WEST
 VIRGINIA, EAST
 WASHINGTON, EAST
 WASHINGTON, SOUTHWEST
 WASHINGTON, NORTHWEST
 WEST VIRGINIA, NORTH
 WEST VIRGINIA, SOUTH
 WISCONSIN, NORTHEAST
 WISCONSIN, NORTHWEST
 WISCONSIN, SOUTH
 WYOMING

Bert Agnoli
 Clarence A. Erickson
 J. C. Bambenek
 I. J. Scharff
 Sam Miller
 Joseph H. Glauber
 Henry C. Salveter
 Lawrence E. Gaughan
 James T. Finlen, Jr.
 Thomas J. Connelly
 Louis Remillard
 J. C. Cherry
 Ralph G. McCarthy
 Walter F. Schifferti
 William E. Kennedy
 Harold L. Wertheimer
 Robert B. Groat
 O. L. Jones
 Leslie D. Israel
 William J. Kuhn

Charles A. Ryan
 Homer A. Tessier

Harold A. Foster

Joseph P. Molinari
 Kenneth W. Glines
 John J. O'Malley
 Samuel C. Duberstein
 W. C. Moore
 Ernest D. Grady
 M. D. Anderson
 Wilbert G. Schwer
 Chester D. Smith
 Orville E. Shurtleff
 Howard Warner
 Charles B. Weaver
 Harry Lang
 M. J. Schwartz
 C. R. Donley
 John H. Houston
 Francis V. Galloway

Joseph L. Connell

Fred MacGribble
 Robert C. Allen

Robert C. Baker

Scott E. Drum

Herbert L. Grimm

Ellwood S. Grimm
 E. Byron Ford
 Arthur Mettke
 Edward J. Bigoness
 J. S. Wolfe
 E. C. McKenzie
 Samuel T. Bowman
 A. Lacy Price
 Henry H. Williams
 Milburn Easum, Jr.
 Harry A. Nass
 A. D. Farrow
 B. G. McDonough
 Robert E. Cummings
 Charles W. Proffitt
 Willis E. Cohoon
 O. R. Schumann
 Kenneth D. Burnham
 Peter J. Snyder
 E. A. Zabeau
 Robert King Buford
 Frank T. Lynde
 Albert J. Godfrey
 L. C. Welch
 Hollis B. Brewer

Negaunee No. 1116
 Fergus Falls No. 1093
 Winona No. 327
 Corinth No. 1035
 Hattiesburg No. 599
 St. Louis No. 9
 Sedalia No. 125
 Billings No. 394
 Butte No. 240
 Lincoln No. 80
 Chadron No. 1399
 Goldfield No. 1072
 Portsmouth No. 97
 Rutherford No. 547
 West Orange No. 1590
 Atlantic City No. 276
 Washington No. 1563
 Raton No. 865
 Carlsbad No. 1558
 Mamaroneck No. 1457

Kingston No. 550
 Cohoes No. 1317

Ogdensburg No. 772

Oneonta No. 1312
 Dunkirk No. 922
 Geneva No. 1054
 Brooklyn No. 22
 New Berne No. 764
 Charlotte No. 392
 Fargo No. 260
 Sandusky No. 285
 Barberton No. 982
 Van Wert No. 1197
 Nelsonville No. 543
 Coshocton No. 376
 Middletown No. 257
 Muskogee No. 517
 Woodward No. 1355
 Klamath Falls No. 1247
 The Dalles No. 303

Charleroi No. 494

Woodlawn No. 1221
 Uniontown No. 370

Bloomsburg No. 436

Hazleton No. 200

Gettysburg No. 1045

Middletown No. 1092
 Manila No. 761
 San Juan No. 972
 Pawtucket No. 920
 Orangeburg No. 897
 Huron No. 444
 Bristol No. 232
 Jackson No. 192
 Dallas No. 71
 Amarillo No. 923
 San Antonio No. 216
 Waco No. 166
 Park City No. 734
 Bennington No. 567
 Clifton Forge No. 1065
 Suffolk No. 685
 Yakima No. 318
 Tacoma No. 174
 Bellingham No. 194
 Sistersville No. 333
 Charleston No. 202
 Antigo No. 662
 Chippewa Falls No. 1326
 Baraboo No. 688
 Casper No. 1353



The Grand Exalted Ruler has appointed these men as his aids during his term in office

What America Is Reading

Highlights in New Books
By Harry Hansen



Vincent Sheean, the famous newspaperman and author of the best-selling autobiography "Personal History," has a new book out, "A Day of Battle" (Alfred A. Knopf)



Blank and Stoller, Inc.

O. O. McIntyre, the odd newspaper columnist, whose biography, "The Life of O. O. McIntyre" (Graystone Press) is one of the outstanding books of the month

Novels of the Hour

AT ONE of the book stalls on the quays of the Seine in Paris I once picked up a heavy book dealing with the great battles of the eighteenth century that were fought by French arms. One was "Le Jour de Fontenoy", replete with engravings of troops with lances and battle flags, diagrams of the field and portraits of generals in curly wigs. That was a glorious victory for Louis XV, but as Vincent Sheean makes plain in his new novel, "A Day of Battle", it meant nothing in the end, for France, hollow within, was soon to lose its overseas possessions to the defeated English.

Mr. Sheean's retelling of this battle and its implications for the leaders affected by it belongs with his other novel, "Sanfelice", as a panel of history. A sense of the past is excellent in a novelist, provided he does not lose touch with the hearts and minds of men. History may be retold by the historian who digs among faded letters and thumb-

marked military orders, but it must be relived by the novelist. In this novel, Vincent Sheean reconstructs a page of history, but the novel eludes him. He never comes to grips with his theme, and his treatment of the battle is aloof and formal, with the talk on the plane of the romantic drama. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

"Scoop", by Evelyn Waugh, is a jolly concoction about an unsophisticated war correspondent who turned the tables on veterans by his behavior in Ishmaelia. This English writer knows the knack of writing ironic novels that are also highly amusing. (Little, Brown & Co.)

The author of "The Death Ship", B. Traven, has a new novel, "The Bridge in the Jungle". An American finds a ranch and a Mexican Indian colony somewhere south of the Rio Grande and observes the characters there. A little boy is lost and there is a wide search for the lad. The tale is told in a deliberate style, describing a situation with a touch of cynicism that has certain elements of novelty. (Alfred A. Knopf)

A Horatio Alger Story

The life of O. O. McIntyre, eccentric newspaper columnist read by millions, is a Horatio Alger, Jr., story—a tale of a poor lad tramping the streets of New York, trying to earn enough money to send back home for his bride, and finally giving his savings of \$400 to his pal. The pal happened to be Ray Long, who soon after became editor of Redbook Magazine in Chicago, and later turned to McIntyre for articles.

Like the Alger lads, McIntyre found his fortune in the big city, and earned \$2500 a week for years simply by writing letters to the folks back home. That is how his famous column, "New York Day by Day", began, and it became instantly popular. Yet McIntyre shrank from the tribute his popularity brought him. He refused to meet his admirers, never inscribed his photograph for display, never went to teas, cocktail parties and other shindigs.

He knew the great names of journalism, for on the old New York Evening Mail he worked side by side with Grantland Rice, Rube Goldberg, F.P.A., Burns Mantle, C. L. Edson, Willard Huntington Wright, Brock Pemberton and Harry Tuthill. He shared an apartment with Bob Brinkerhoff and H. T. Webster, and it was during this time he was urged to start a new daily column—"a letter to the home folks". He put a sheet of paper in the typewriter, and the rest is history. Charles B. Driscoll, the author of this interesting biography, knew McIntyre intimately, and analyzes his wide appeal. He tells many anecdotes of the men and women McIntyre knew. The foreword is by Major Edward Bowes. ("The Life of O. O. McIntyre"—Graystone Press)

"Pop" Hertzler's Story

A chapter in the history of American growth is written in "The Horse and Buggy Doctor", the autobiography of Dr. Arthur E. ("Pop") Hertzler. There is more honest-to-goodness medical practice packed into his life story than in half a dozen formal biographies of eminent physicians. But don't get the idea that Dr. Hertzler is not eminent in his profession. He was born in Iowa, studied at Northwestern University and in Berlin, and settled down in a prairie community. He built his own hospital in Halstead, Kan., and became professor of surgery in the University of Kansas—to the immeasurable good of the students of Kansas, say we.

Dead beats called him up at all hours of the day and night; he had to hitch up and drive over rutty roads to poverty-stricken farmhouses, there to perform "kitchen surgery" by the light of a lantern or a candle. Sometimes he sat up all night in jolting trains, landed at desolate stations in a blizzard and found no one waiting for him. He caught sleep (Continued on page 52)

Ask Me No Questions

(Continued from page 9)

changing strokes now and then, rising and falling with the long, lazy swells. Far out he turned over and lay on his back, floating. The beach looked nice and gay, the blond sand sprinkled with colored umbrellas, and clusters of palm trees on the embankment. The stocky man had come back and was standing over her, his hands on his hips.

Harry watched, making a lot of guesses but coming to no conclusion. After about five minutes he saw her spring to her feet, gather her things together and run up the embankment, where the cars were parked. The stocky man remained standing on the beach for a minute, looking after her; then he turned and walked away, his body rocking as he plowed slowly through the sand. Harry started swimming back, sliding through the water, the tide with him. He watched the man's progress down the beach and finally saw him sit down beneath a green beach umbrella.

Coming out of the water, Harry crossed the sand and climbed the embankment. He looked up and down the roadway, but didn't see Mary anywhere. He walked to his car, got out a towel and dried himself.

Soon it was time for him to go to work. He took a last look at the green umbrella, feeling he wanted to do something, but not knowing just what it was. Driving toward town on the wide cement boulevard, with its rows of tall royal palms, he saw Mary ahead of him, pedaling a bicycle. He shot past her, pulled up against the curb and swung out just as she drew abreast of him.

"Was that a nice thing to do?" he said, grabbing the handlebars and stopping her.

She put her feet down on the pavement and looked at him as if she were telling him with her eyes alone that he had seen her jump up and run away from the stocky man on the beach. He watched her closely, critically, his gaze moving back and forth across her face, noting the firm little chin, the clean-cut lips which were pink and soft, not red and harsh, the blue eyes wide-open and like freshly-cleaned win-

dows with the shades up. Harry was looking for something and the effort started a pumping sensation in his breast. All at once he was confused and incapable for a minute of saying anything. But he kept hold of the handlebars. Finally he said, "Come on. Get off the bike."

She looked at him for another minute, then without a word, stepped out of the v-shaped frame, took her towel and blanket from the wire carrying-basket and watched him prop the bicycle in the rumble seat. When he made a motion she climbed into the car. He drove three or four blocks before remembering to ask her where she worked.

She said, "You turn around and go back two blocks and turn south."

"I suppose I was supposed to guess that." He swung around in the middle of the block and hit the throttle hard. He turned south, the car leaning way over, throwing Mary against him, and he said, "Well, can't you say something?"

She was busy regaining her balance and didn't say anything.

"Well?" he demanded.

She said grimly, "All right, I'm sorry I didn't tell you where to turn before."

He eased up on the throttle, let his forearms lie heavily on the wheel, guiding it negligently, and stared bleakly ahead through the windshield. He thought, "Why do I have

to act the way I do, like this, when what I want to do is to be nice to her?" His thoughts were all tied up in a knot: the gun, running away from the accident, the guy on the beach, and the way she took everything, never flinching, right smack on the chin.

Suddenly he braked the car and stopped alongside an empty lot.

"I've got to hurry," she said.

"So do I." He sat with his fingers curled around the top of the steering wheel, his shoulders slouched forward. After a minute he said, "I was thinking that if the cops pick that guy up and you're with him, it won't be funny."

HE glanced in the rear-view mirror and saw how hard she was trying to keep her chin from quivering, and this didn't make him feel any better. Dropping his eyes, he massaged the top of the wheel slowly with his palms.

"Does this guy mean a lot to you?"

He waited, staring at his hands; then he glanced in the rear-view mirror and saw that her eyes were wet. No tears falling. Just wet and shiny. His lips clamped shut. He said, "Well, all I can say, even without knowing anything about him, is that he's a heel!" The rear tires squealed as he gunned the car up the road. "But that," he added savagely,

"is your tough luck!"

The flesh around her mouth was drained of all color. "Next left," she said in a shaking voice. "The house with the blue shutters."

He drew up in front of a pair of stone gateposts and saw the big house, the gardens and, beyond, the canal, with a cabin cruiser tied up at the landing stage. She opened the coupe door, put one foot out and then turned and laid a hand on his arm. He looked down and saw, and felt, her fingers tremble.

She said with difficulty, "Listen. I—I—" Then she drew her hand away, shook her head and slipped out.

He slid out after her, lifted the bicycle from the rumble and bounced it gently on the pavement. He looked steadily at her while little muscles



"He does that every time we set down to eat—so I set up a decoy"

moved jerkily in and out around his mouth.

"What were you going to say?" he asked.

She put her hands on the bicycle and kept her eyes lowered and her jaw steady.

HE said, "I'm no big shot, and maybe that guy is, but that wouldn't stop me from taking him apart. I'd like to take him apart even though maybe you think he's pretty hot stuff."

"That wouldn't do any good," she said, fighting the catch in her throat. "Please let the bike go. Please!"

He heard voices and saw people in the gardens, men and women. And then Mary was walking the bicycle between the stone gateposts and he knew he couldn't yell after her, with all those people there. So he just stood and watched her walk up the driveway. He'd been close to something, very close, and the blood was still pounding at his temples. He'd been so close that seeing her walk away and disappear behind the house, without once looking back, left a hot, charred feeling in his mouth.

By the time he parked in the alleyway alongside the Pub he felt fairly normal again. Harry didn't like scenes. And he hated to get worked up, but sometimes he couldn't help himself. And this emotional stuff, he often said to himself, was for women, not for men. Harry had been around a lot and known a lot of girls in his time; he'd had fun with most of them, but all of them put together were just so much water under the bridge; not one of them had ever knocked him haywire.

And this one wasn't going to, he told himself—and whistled as he strode into the Pub.

But that was just gas and he realized it after he had closed up, at two in the morning, and stood leaning against a tree by the river. It was like trying to throw away a boomerang. You might be able to kid a lot of people, he figured, but it was a tough order trying to kid yourself.

He drove down to an all-night lunchroom opposite the railroad station and ate scrambled eggs on toast and drank a couple of cups of coffee. Then he hung around, smoking. After a while he drove home and climbed to his room. It was one of those times: he wasn't tired, he didn't feel like reading, and he didn't feel like dancing at

one of the beach joints. He hated to admit it—he had always hated to admit it—but he was lonesome. You could laugh it off fairly easily in the daytime, he thought, but it sure got you at night.

Next day he drove down to the beach and looked around for her, but she wasn't there all afternoon. And she wasn't there Saturday. He didn't see the stocky fellow either. Then he drove past the house where she worked, but she wasn't in sight. He thought of phoning her but didn't know the name of the people she worked for and so he couldn't get the number.

Saturday night was a hard grind at the Pub. It wasn't until a quarter past two that he had his accounts straight and was ready to close up. He heard a car stop outside, and then the sound of heavy footfalls moving leisurely across the sidewalk. The door swung open and the stocky man strolled in and put his elbows on the bar. He wore a brown flannel jacket, tan trousers and a straw hat. He was perhaps no older than Harry. Staring down at his palms, he said, "Rye. Water on the side."

HARRY said, "Yes, sir" and turned to get glasses.

The man continued to consider his palms, then said, as Harry planked down a bar glass and a whiskey glass, "So it's 'sir', huh?"

"Any special kind of rye?"

"Kennedy's. Do you always say 'sir,' barman?"

Harry uncorked a bottle of Kennedy's Special and slid it across the bar. He turned his back on the man and began putting silver back into the cash register.

"Didn't you hear me, barman?"

"I heard you," Harry said, going on with what he was doing.

"I see. You only say 'sir' sometimes, not all the time. I'll bet you're a very smart guy, barman."

Harry turned around slowly, stretched his arm out in front of him and put his hands flat on the bar. He said, "Sometimes I call customers by their names. I'd call you Mr. Hanlon, for instance, if that was your name."

THE man was pouring his drink and didn't falter; nor did he look up. "Very good, barman. A very smart guy. A fellow could probably learn a lot from you."

"I work only here," Harry said very quietly. "If I owned the place I'd come around there and toss you out on your neck."

"A tough guy, too." He drank, putting his head back and closing his eyes, and when he lowered the glass it was empty. He said without changing the tone of his voice, "Where is she?"

"You ought to know."

"If I did I suppose I'd be asking you, wouldn't I? Where does she live?"

"You ought to know that, too."

"You'd go big in an information booth, barman. Come on, don't give me the run-around. Where can I find her?"

Harry was finding it difficult to put two and two together. He leaned on his elbows and said, "If you were smart now, you'd climb in that new car you've got outside and see how far it'll go on a tankful."

"I like it here, barman. Besides, I've got an interest in some ponies, only a lot of people aren't supposed to know I'm down here. Come on, where is she? She's got something I want."

Harry said, "Do you see that phone booth over there?"

"I don't have to look, do I? If you say it's there, okay."

"And what I said before about getting in that new car and going places, far away. Or do you want me to go in the booth and phone the cops?"

The man laughed quietly, showing even, white teeth. The corners of his dark eyes crinkled



"Psst, Joe"

with amusement. "Remember, sweetheart, *she* ran away from the accident, too." He laughed again. "You won't call any cops."

Harry knew he wouldn't. He gave ground, but not much. "What do you want with her?"

"A gun, barman. A gun with my fingerprints on it. She said on the beach she was going to turn it over to the cops, and to hell with what happened to her, if I didn't get out of town and leave her alone. And I don't want the cops to know I'm down here. It'd cost me a lot of dough with the ponies."

Harry looked straight into his eyes. "She was kidding you. I found the gun in my car. I chucked it in the river."

"You wouldn't be fooling me, would you?"

"I wouldn't waste time fooling you, handsome. Only let her alone, if you care anything about those pretty teeth of yours."

The man grinned, showing his teeth. "All right, sucker. She's only a pick-up, anyhow. I picked her up that night. What was she doing, cutting corners on you?"

Harry felt the blood rush to his head and sing in his ears. The smooth dark, handsome face danced before his eyes. He had to stop the dancing. His fist whaled across the bar and the man lifted to his toes and then crashed down to the floor. Harry scaled the bar and dropped to one knee.

"Listen," he said thickly. "I don't want to see your face anywhere again around here in town. Get in that car and beat it. Or I tell the cops. And don't think," he added, hauling the man to his feet, "that she's going to stop me. I'd as soon throw her to the cops as you." At that moment he desperately meant it. "I've got a mind to get on the phone right now and—"

"Look. Don't. I'll get out."

In a minute Harry was alone and the sound of the car was fading away down the street. The flush had gone from his face, leaving it grey under the tan, and wooden. And he was thinking, "Wait till I lay eyes on her. Just wait!" And suddenly he realized he had never felt so lonesome in all his life.

He was almost certain that he would run across her on the beach. He wanted to get her alone somewhere, preferably at the northern end of the beach, where nobody went. He didn't want anybody around when he told her what he was going to tell her.

But it was on his night off, almost a week later, that he saw her come out of a motion picture theatre at about nine and walk north on the

avenue. For a while she did some window shopping, then walked east. Harry trailed along. He followed her to the park where people were playing shuffleboard on cement courts or bowling in the outdoor alleys. She paused to watch them. Harry leaned against a tree and kept thinking hard of what he was going to say. He moved along again when she moved; past the bandstand, where the musicians were sitting back talking among themselves.



"Madam, if you value our friendship, don't lift the corner of that rug!"

He caught up with her at the edge of the park, where it was deserted. His hands were balled tightly, deep in his trouser pockets, and after one, quick, narrowed glance at her he stared straight ahead. He didn't say a word. Her heels clicked steadily alongside him and after several minutes she said, "It's a nice night, isn't it?"

They were walking around the outside of the park and Harry was at war with himself. Suddenly he stopped and sat down on a bench. She stopped, too, and looked at him, seeing only the top of his hat and the way his hands were grinding slowly on his knees. Then she sat down beside him and said, "What's the matter?"

He lifted his hands and cracked them down hard on his knees. His voice burst out under tremendous pressure, "Where's your brains, letting a guy like Hanlon, or whatever his name is, pick you up?"

She leaned back. "Oh," she said quietly, "you talked to him."

"Talked to him! I smacked him! He's probably miles away by this time." He frowned darkly. "And I suppose now you're going to deny that he picked you up!"

She sighed. "No."

"My God!" Harry groaned.

"I was lonesome," she said in her same quiet voice. "It was warm and there was a moon before the rain and, I don't know, the music and all, and he seemed nice and friendly. I was sitting listening to the music and he sat down and we started talking. Then we walked a little. He said how lonesome he was—"

"It was a gag."

"I didn't know it then. And being lonesome the way I was, too, with everything so beautiful, the night and the music and the trees. I have no friends down here; I don't know anybody. And then he asked me to go dancing and I went out, and then afterwards I thought he was driving me home, but he wasn't. And, I don't know, I got terribly scared and tried to make him stop and when he wouldn't I gave a yank at the wheel, and that's how it happened. It was in the mix-up then, I guess, after we crashed into those trees, that he must have slipped that gun into my pocket-book, in case he was caught. I ran back toward the man that we'd hit but he wouldn't let me go to him. He grabbed me and made me run with him—he was strong—and then when I heard police whistles I got really scared and broke away. But I didn't know where I was, so I just kept going. And I didn't know I

had the gun until I was in the phone booth."

"You must have been crazy! You must have been nuts!"

"All right, all right," she said. "Say I was picked up. All right, I was. And I never was before. But you don't know what it is to be lonesome, when it's like a big ache—"

Harry said, "Listen. Cut it out. In a minute you'll be crying. And how do you know I don't know how it is about being lonesome?"

Harry stood up, turning his face toward the park and the sound of the music. The big palm leaves overhead were lolling back and forth, making first moonlight, then shadow, slide across his face. The music flowed into his blood and ran along with it. He held out his hand.

"Come on."

He crooked his arm and she stood up and slipped hers under it and then over it, and they strolled on through the gardens. After a while he inhaled deeply and pressed his arm against his side, feeling her arm there and then feeling it tighten against his own. It was fine, Harry thought. It was swell. It was wonderful.

"It's a nice night, all right," he said.

General Grant's Mule

(Continued from page 17)

along at the head of a big black mule, and a woman crying like a goose behind them.

When she saw Cap Grant the woman ran right up to the pasture fence. "Help, help, Cap'n Grant! Help us 'fore they carry Jeeter clean away."

Cap Grant left the colt standing there on his four spindle legs and came over to the fence. "What's the trouble, Mrs. Pellet?" he asked in his sad voice.

"They're taking Jeeter off and now there ain't any way in the kingdom we can get our corn raised. Stop him, Cap'n. Stop him." And she hung on the fence rail crying.

CAP GRANT was a kind-hearted man. It wasn't so many years later, at Cold Harbor, that the bonfires were blazing before the Confederate lines and word came back to Union headquarters that the rebels were celebrating the birth of General Pickett's son. "Can't we spare some wood for the little Pickett?" Grant asked, and soon the fires were flowering all along the Union lines and General Pickett back there in the darkness must have swallowed pretty hard over the grim business of those contour maps he was studying.

Now he called to the constable. Cap Grant wasn't a man to move any more than was necessary and so Constable Kinney and Hank Pellet and the mule all came over to the fence. The mule stretched his long neck over and sniffed at Grant's brown beard and his old army jacket until Grant pulled a carrot out of his pocket.

"That's a pretty smart mule," he said, putting a heavy slow hand on the animal's nose. "A big fellow, too."

"And gentle," Hank Pellet said eagerly. "I've gentled him like a rabbit."

"He ought to bring twenty, thirty dollars at a sale," the constable said grimly.

"Why, he's only a young fellow," Cap Grant said, pushing the mule's mouth open to show the big, yellow teeth.

"I've raised him myself," said Hank Pellet, looking broken-hearted. "This here's the first year I've worked him."

"Might even bring forty dollars," constable said.

Cap Grant looked around slowly. "What do you want to sell him for?"

"Lawyer's orders," and the constable tapped the papers inside his coat. "I'm told to seize Hank Pellet's property to satisfy Aaron Powers



for what's owed him. I looked over the place and this mule is the only property I can find."

THE woman had been standing there anxious as a hen, and now she started crying again. "We can't raise a crop without a mule. We'd pay Aaron Powers when we put the corn by."

Constable tugged at the mule. "Trouble is he don't want to wait."

"Where you going to sell him?" Cap Grant asked.

"Three Corners. Public Auction. Tomorrow. That's what the law says." He hauled the papers out of his pocket.

Cap Grant squinted at the war-rant. "Looks like it's according to law. I guess you'll have to let him go," he said to Hank Pellet.

The constable hauled the mule off and started down the road. The woman cried harder and Hank looked pretty sick himself. But Cap Grant said, "You come over in the morning and we'll go to Three Corners and buy the mule back."

The woman stopped her crying long enough to say, "We ain't got a lead washer to buy him with, Cap'n."

And Hank said, "It's a fact, I ain't."

"You come over in the morning," Grant repeated.

THE next day they went to Three Corners and bought the mule for twenty dollars. Cap Grant had managed to raise the money some way, though he was in debt himself. "Take

him home," he said, turning Jeeter over to Hank Pellet. "Now you can get your corn plowed."

Hank Pellet was all joy. He beamed at Grant and he beamed at the mule. He stroked Jeeter's nose and pumped Grant's hand and in his excitement he turned to shake hands with the mule. "Thank you, Cap Grant. I shorely thank you. When my crop is in I'll pay you."

So Hank Pellet led his mule home, proud as a winner with a race horse, and Cap Grant went back to Hardscrabble Farm to cut timber. There wasn't much that farm would produce except pasture and poles. And it would take a lot of mine props to make up that twenty dollars.

When Grant's wife found out about the mule she was pretty sharp. "A man that can't pay his own debts," she said in a voice like a corn knife, "hasn't any business buying mules for his neighbors."

"Debts?" Cap Grant said in his patient way. "How about my owing Henry Pellet? He worked half last spring with me putting up this house. Without him and the rest of the neighbors we wouldn't have a roof to shelter us."

THEN the baby cried—little Nellie Grant was a baby then—and Grant was left to pull the dog's ears in peace.

A week later he sat in the shade after a hard day's work and his eyes sharpened out there on the road when he saw the constable and Henry Pellet walking along at the head of that mule. Cap Grant got up to meet them, the dog at his heels.

"Good evening, Cap'n," the constable said.

"Good evening."

Hank Pellet lowered his eyes and patted the mule's rump.

The dog sniffed suspiciously at constable's heels. He growled in his throat and his hair bristled. "Quiet, Rouser!" Cap Grant said. He looked up. "What are you doing with the mule?"

"Got to sell him again," said the constable.

Grant's heavy face clouded. "How's that?"

"Aaron Powers ain't paid yet."

"You sold him once. I bought him. Didn't Aaron Powers get the money?"

"Yes, he got it. But there's more money owing him. So I got to take the mule again."

Cap Grant puzzled over that. "I can't figure it out," he said finally. Hank Pellet spoke up for the first

time. "I can't figure it either. He carried the mule off once and got the money. I don't see how in kingdom the law can take him again."

"I got papers," constable said, pulling out a warrant.

Cap Grant scowled over it. "No change of possession," he read. He turned the paper over. "Looks like it's according to law. Still I can't figure it out. What does Aaron Powers want?"

"He wants the mule," the constable said doggedly. "Come on, Jeeter," and he started down the road.

Hank Pellet stood there beside Cap Grant, the two of them watching the constable away. Hank was pretty down in the mouth but Grant had a slow set look on his face. As Hank used to tell it afterward—he looked a whole lot like that mule himself. Finally Cap Grant lifted up his voice. "When you going to sell him?"

The constable looked over his shoulder. "Tomorrow."

They watched silently till the constable and the mule were around the bend.

"You better stay home this time," Grant said, still looking down the empty road. "I'll see if I can buy him again."

The next morning Cap Grant went to the auction at Three Corners. Word got around among the neighbors and when Hank Pellet's mule was put up again the bidding was pretty slow. Cap Grant got him for five dollars. This time he led him away himself, walking down the road with Jeeter at his shoulder, his big ears flopping. He passed Hardscrabble Farm without looking in. The horses came down to the fence and whickered as he went by, and Jeeter raised his ears up and brayed in answer. He delivered the mule to Henry Pellet in the cornfield, where Hank was hand-hoeing his corn and making pretty slow business of it.

Hank's face lighted up and he put his arm around the mule as though it was his wife. "I shore do thank you, Cap. I shore do." His voice started to choke up, and Grant went on back to Hardscrabble.

Young "Buck" Grant was three years old that summer. His grandfather, the old colonel, called him

Ulysses and his mother called him Junior; but Cap Grant nicknamed him "Buck", and he used to toddle around the farm with his hand in his father's big paw. Grant had been far off in Panama when the youngster was born—perhaps he was thinking of that the night in '64 when Pickett's men were celebrating and he had the bonfires lighted along the Union lines. Anyway, Cap Grant used to like to wander about the farm when he wasn't compelled to be cutting wood or swinging a scythe in his sorghum or his haylot, and Buck would always toddle along beside him. People would see them together down by the hog pen or in the calf yard, and the way the animals lifted their ears and the way young Buck kept looking up in all wonder at his father, they could tell that Grant was talking away like a preacher. It was strange, because he was a mute man among other folks.

Every animal on that farm was a pet. The chickens would follow Cap Grant and little Buck—sometimes they would come right up on the porch and settle down in a circle in

the snade where Cap Grant was lighting the stump of a cigar. The hogs would rub their backs on his boots just like he was a fence post and the horses would nose around his pockets for a green apple or a turnip. Grant would tell young Buck all about the animals, and maybe tell the critturs about little Buck, because the youngster would put his chubby hands on their big noses and they would smell of him gently and take the clover out of his fingers with considerable care.

One morning Cap Grant was out in the cow yard tending to a calf that had been dropped in the night, and Buck was beside him. He was explaining gravely to the youngster that this was a mighty nice calf, with four white feet like he had stepped in his mother's milk pail, and a gentle white face. Yes, this was a mighty fine calf and would be nice to have growing up on the place, but they'd have to sell him. Not enough feed to keep the animals they had already, and besides, they needed the money. "A dollar is a dollar, Buck, though it seems a shame to say it."

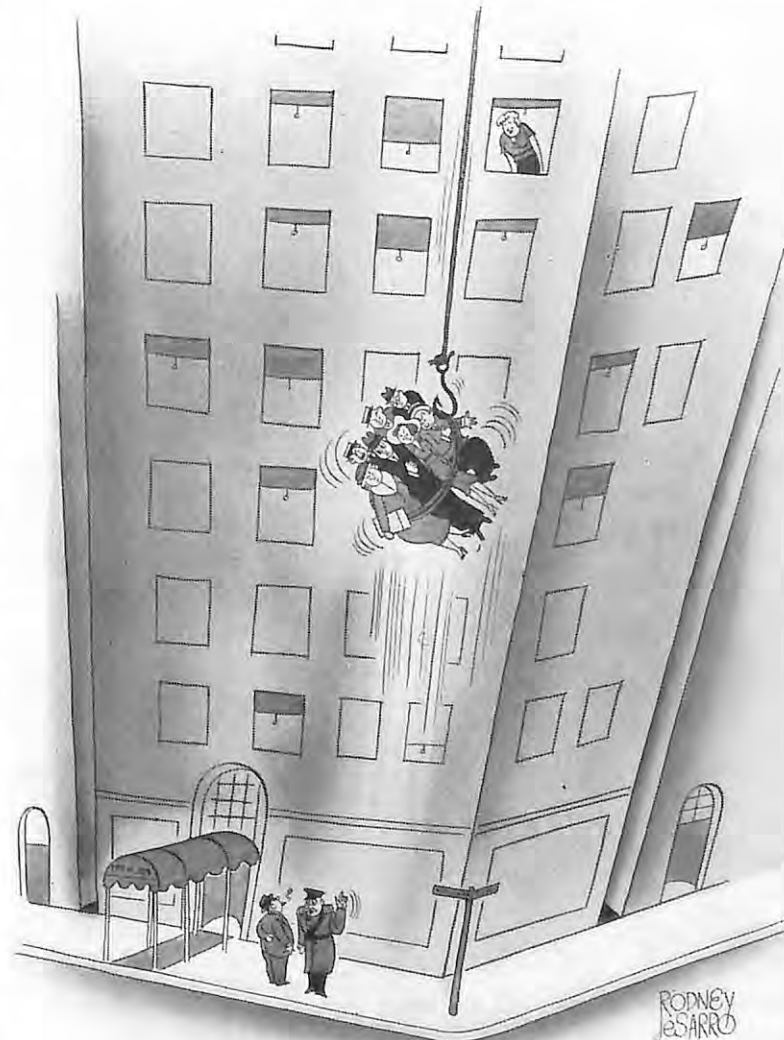
Buck appeared to agree with that; he gravely put out a fat hand to touch the calf's soft nose. Grant picked the calf up in his arms and Buck's blue eyes grew big as plums to see the thin white legs kicking in the air. They were half way to the barn when Grant's eyes were drawn by something passing down the road.

It was Constable Kinney and Hank Pellet walking along beside that big black mule.

A set look came into Grant's eyes and his mouth tightened under that rough brown beard. He laid the calf on the ground. "You look after him, Buck," and he stumped off in that bear-like roll of his.

They were already stopped at the end of Grant's lane, though constable was pulling at the mule's halter. Jeeter leaned back mildly, waiting for Grant to come. It seems he had got used to stopping at this point while the constable and Hank and Cap Grant had a parley.

Hank Pellet was in plain distress. He kept stroking the mule with an affectionate hand, but he looked



You'll better hurry up and have the elevators fixed the tenants are beginning to complain."

looked broken-hearted and ashamed when Grant stepped up. The constable looked a bit sheepish, too. He tugged again at the mule's halter and then he looked around as if he was surprised.

"Morning, Cap'n Grant."

Grant had on his old drill coat and the constable made a half-hearted attempt to salute. He seemed to sense a vague relationship between the law which he represented and the army which was symbolized, pretty untidily, by Grant's manure-stained blouse.

"Where you taking the mule?" Grant asked.

"Three Corners," constable said, looking at the ground.

Hank Pellet broke out, "He's going to sell him again, Cap. I can't see it to save me."

"How's that?" Grant asked the constable.

"There's still some dollars owing to Aaron Powers."

"But I bought that mule myself. Twice over now I've bought him. Can't I loan a mule to a neighbor without him being led off for sale once a week?"

"Lawyer's orders," constable said as if he was ashamed of it. He pulled out a warrant.

Grant squinted at the paper. "No continued change of possession," he read. The frown deepened on his face. "What's that mean?"

"WELL, Cap'n," said the constable, "I been trying to figure it out myself. It looks like as long as Hank owes money to Aaron Powers, he's going to keep on losing his mule. The mule is sold and then they find out Hank has got that mule again so the lawyer says there's no continued change of possession and he serves papers on the crittur. Myself, I'm getting downright tired fetching this mule."

Grant puzzled at it again, squinting at the paper in the strong morning light. His face got heavier and heavier. Finally he gave it up. "I guess it's according to law," he said doubtfully.

"Yes," constable said, "that man's a smart lawyer."

"Is he around here anywhere?"

"No. He's a St. Louis man. He's not around convenient."

"If he was," Hank Pellet said hotly, "I'd give him something more

to do than serve papers on my mule."

Cap Grant handed the warrant back to the constable. "When are you going to sell him?" he asked patiently.

"Tomorrow."



Constable tugged again at the halter. Jeeter seemed satisfied now and he followed the constable down the road.

Hank Pellet kept twisting a handful of wire grass in his fingers. "Cap Grant, they say this here's a free country, but it appears to me like the law is a noose around my neck. If I'd had a rifle this morning I'd shot that sheriff the minute he clumb into my cornfield. But I had to sell my rifle a year ago. So I couldn't do nothing about it."

Grant shook his shaggy head. "A man's got to go by the law," he said quietly. "You go on home and I'll see if I can get the mule again tomorrow."

THE next day Cap Grant went to Three Corners. This time nobody would bid on Hank Pellet's mule as the neighbors all knew the circumstances, and the animal was knocked down to Grant for a dollar. He led the mule back to Hardscrabble Farm and tied him in the stable. Then Cap Grant went out in the barnyard

and began to whittle. Buck toddled out there and played with the shavings for a while, but his father didn't have a word for him. The calves and the colts came nosing around but Cap Grant wasn't saying a word or looking up from that job

in his hands. He had whittled a tether-stake down to a tooth pick before he got that business figured out to his satisfaction.

The next morning he led Jeeter over to Hank Pellet's place. But when he turned the mule over to Hank he also gave him a folded paper.

"THIS is a letter of authority," he said. "Now you keep this letter on your person and go over to Jefferson County and trade this mule for another mule, for me." He emphasized "for me" as though Constable Kinney and Aaron Powers and the St. Louis lawyer and the county judge were all there, witnessing the transaction.

"Why have I got to trade him, Cap? You wouldn't find a better mule than old Jeeter here in all Missouri."

"The reason is," Grant said, sounding like a judge, "there has got to be a continued change of possession."

"Yes, but it does seem a shame to trade Jeeter for some contrary Jefferson County mule that can't follow a corn row and is always making a ruckus. I've seen their mules over there, and it does seem a sin and a shame."

CAP Grant puzzled over that. He looked up at Jeeter, wistfully winking his big black eyes and switching his tail as if it were a pump handle.

"Yes, he is a good mule." He lowered his voice. "Well, mules all look pretty much alike. You can take him to Jefferson County and see if you can't trade him for a mule just as much like him as possible with a mane cut off a mite shorter maybe, and a tail docked a little."

Hank Pellet solemnly studied the stoop-shouldered man with the serious bearded face. "You mean—I'm to—"

But Cap Grant was already stumping away. At the fence he called back, "Don't forget to take that letter of authority."

Hank Pellet put an old blanket on Jeeter's back and rigged up a rope bridle and rode him over to Jefferson County, and in the evening he came back to Hardscrabble Farm riding a big black mule with a ragged tail and a bristly mane.

"Here's your mule, Cap," he said, jumping down off the animal's back.

Grant looked the mule over carefully, and the animal sniffed at him in a friendly way and nosed around him until Grant got a green apple out of his pocket. "Looks like you made a fair trade," he said finally. "This is a mighty good mule for a Jefferson County mule."

Then Grant wrote out a lease of the mule for one cent a week to Henry Pellet, and both he and Hank signed the lease, and Grant made

another copy so they both could keep one.

Hank climbed back on the mule's back. "Come on, Jeeter," he said.

Grant looked up pretty sharp for a man that usually moved so slow. "What's that mule's name?"

"Jeeter," Hank said happily. "On the way home I got to thinking and I decided to call him Jeeter because he ain't very much different from that other mule named Jeeter that I traded him for."

Cap Grant shook his head slowly. "I think maybe you'd better give him a more different name."

Hank thought a minute. "How about calling him Cap? I had a good horse once by that name, and he's really your mule, Cap'n. You bought him enough times."

"How's that?" Grant said sharply.

"I mean you bought the one I traded him for. You think Cap would be a proper name?"

"I guess that would be all right." Hank chirked proudly. "Come on, Cap," and he rode down the lane.

As Hank Pellet used to tell the story he always added, "Cap Grant never asked me for the rent or the mule. He was satisfied to get around that lawyer. You know how it was in Virginia when he said, 'I mean to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.' Well, that might of surprised Jeff Davis, but it didn't surprise me. I jest remembered how he said he was going to have that mule if he had to buy him once a week all summer. I always knew Cap Grant was an uncommon man."

The Mountain That Was Not Dead

(Continued from page 13)

the policy of *Les Colonies*, for the editor knew the temperament of his readers: the volatile spirit of the Gaul and the simple lightheartedness of the sons of Ham, severally and in combination. Therefore, since the volcano refused to be ignored, M. Hurard's journal refused to treat it over-seriously. It related how this energetic volcano and its showering cinders had set all St. Pierre sneezing, had forced everyone to ply a broom, had called out the fire department to wash streets free of what the masons called good cement worth saving.

But the editor's attitude was sobered when cattle in the cinder-covered fields began starving, rigid birds fell out of the air, and food grew scarce in the markets. When he heard of the loss of life in the sugar factory catastrophe, he was compelled at last to "view with alarm".

"What has tomorrow in store for us?" he asked editorially. "A flow of lava? A rain of stone? Jets of asphyxiating gas? Some cataclysm or submersion? Or simply an inundation of mud? There is a secret here, and there are not many who would want to carry the weight of it."

So mused the editor, he knew not how prophetically. Nevertheless, he could not condone the increasing streams of frightened people rushing away from St. Pierre. As for him personally, *j'y suis, j'y reste*, and firmly he penned and sent the following paragraph to the printer:

"We confess that we cannot understand this panic. Where could one be better off than at St. Pierre?"

What a time Pelée had given him! Happily, May eighth was a feast-day with no paper to bring out. It was with a feeling of decided relief that the editor inserted a paragraph in his issue of the seventh: "Our offices being closed tomorrow, our next number will not appear until Friday."

The Chief Officer

ELLERY S. SCOTT, Chief Officer of the Quebec Line steamship *Roraima*, stood on the bridge with Captain Muggah as the vessel bore

down on Martinique. A column of smoke over the horizon traced down to the 4,500-foot summit of Mont Pelée. So the old volcano was acting up! Curiosity on the bridge ran high as anchor was dropped in the St. Pierre roadstead about six o'clock on the morning of May eighth. But all seemed well ashore. The streets, twisting and climbing between the bright-colored houses, were filled with crowds in gay holiday attire.

Promptly the agents came aboard. The volcano? But certainly it was erupting and causing inconvenience. But there was no danger, regardless of the opinion of that Italian skipper yesterday who had said that had he seen Vesuvius looking like Pelée, he would have cleared out of Naples as fast as he was going to leave St. Pierre. Although the authorities refused him clearance and threatened penalties, he had sailed in haste, with only half his cargo!

By the way, the agents continued, the passenger list was to be considerably augmented: sixty first class, anxious to leave St. Pierre. Here they were boarding now with bag and baggage. Could they be humored, and the *Roraima* sail for St. Lucia at once, returning to discharge its Martinique cargo? The agents inquired of Captain Muggah.

Chief Officer Scott, ordered below to inspect the storage, thought of his boy in the fore-castle. A good lad, this eldest son of his. Used to say he'd have a ship of his own some day and keep on his



"G. B. is worried—he thinks it's a bad omen"

father as first mate. No, his father planned a better career than the sea for him. The boy was slated to go to college and be a lawyer. This would be his last voyage.

Stowed shipshape and proper as Scott knew he would find it, the cargo plainly could not be shifted without a good deal of difficulty. The Martinique consignment lay above that for St. Lucia, and it would be a heavy task to discharge at the latter port first. Scott so reported.

The agents hesitated briefly. To be sure, sixty first class passengers were to be obliged if possible but—ah, well, let them wait a little longer. The *Roraima* would sail as soon as the upper layer of cargo was landed.

Ships bells tolled the passing hours. Pelée yonder growled hoarsely and belched black smoke. A little before eight, Chief Officer Scott apprehensively turned his binoculars on the summit.

The Prisoner

IT was dark in the underground dungeon of the St. Pierre prison, but thin rays of light filtered through the grated opening in the upper part of the cell door. Enough so that Auguste Ciparis could tell when it was night and when it was day.

Not that it mattered much, unless a man desired to count the days until he should be free. What good was that? One could not hurry them by. Therefore Auguste stolidly endured them with the long patience of Africa. The judge had declared him a criminal and caused him to be locked up here. Thus it was settled and nothing was to be done. Yet it was hard, this being shut out of life up there in the gay city—hard when one was only twenty-five and strong and lusty.

Auguste slept and dozed all he could. Pelée was rumbling away in the distance—each day the jailer, bringing him food and water, seemed more excited about it—but the noise, reaching the subterranean cell only as faint thunder, failed to keep the negro awake.

In the Old Jail, now an ice house, it might have been different. That place was haunted, one said, haunted by the ghost of

its builder, a black who had made a fortune out of the slave trade, not scrupling to profit from the misery of his own people. All Martinique knew the story of how, when the miserly old devil died and his relatives gathered like buzzards to prey on the golden inheritance, the Government notary had dared question the corpse in the coffin. How when the notary asked if the money was to go to the relatives, the dead man's head raised up and shook in dissent. How when the notary inquired if the Government was the intended heir, the head had nodded and a wasted black arm lifted as if taking an oath.

Ai! The Old Jail must have been a place where one did not sleep well nights.

Glimmerings of the dawn of May eighth filtered through the grating into the cell, and Auguste stirred into wakefulness. This, being a feast-day, imprisonment was less tolerable. What merriment his friends would be making up there in the squares of St. Pierre! He could imagine the sidelong glances and the swaying hips of the mulatto girls he might have been meeting today. Auguste stared sullenly at the cell door. At least the jailor might have been on time with his breakfast. *Ai!* *Ai!* All of a sudden it was night again.

ON the morning of May eighth, 1902, the clocks of St. Pierre ticked on toward ten minutes of eight when they would stop forever.

Against a background of bright sunshine, a huge column of vapor rose from the cone of Mont Pelée.

A salvo of reports as from heavy artillery. Then, choked by lava boiled to white heat by fires in the depths of the earth, Pelée, with a terrific explosion, blew its head off.

Like a colossal Roman candle it shot out streaks of flame and fiery globes. A pall of black smoke rose thousands of feet in the air, darkening the heavens. Silhouetted by a red, infernal glare, Pelée flung aloft viscid masses which rained incandescent ashes on land and sea.

THEN, jagged and brilliant as the lightning flashes, a fissure opened in the flank of the mountain toward St. Pierre. Out of it issued an immense cloud which rushed with unbelievable rapidity down on the doomed city and the villages of Carbet and Le Precheur.

In three minutes that searing, suffocating cloud enveloped them, and forty thousand people died!

Fernand Clerc, the planter, watched from Mont Parnesse, one mile east of St. Pierre where he had so recently breakfasted. Shrouded in such darkness as only the inmost depths of a cavern afford, he reached out for the wife and children he could not see and gathered them in blessed safety into his arms. But the relatives, the many friends he had left so short a while ago, the American Consul and his wife who had waved him a gay goodbye—they

he would never see alive again.

A hail of stones and hot cinders met Vicar-General Parel when the tumult and the darkness drew him out on the balcony of his home in Fort-de-France. In the streets below rang the cries of terrified people, but he and they were safe. What must be happening to St. Pierre he sensed, but dared not try to picture. Had his guardian angel guided him home yesterday from that city? *Helas!* that this, Ascension Day, should be written in blood.

In that vast brazier which was St. Pierre, Governor Mouttet may have lived the instant long enough to



"What seems to be the trouble?"

realize that Pelée had in truth awakened and that eternal sleep was his lot and his wife's and that of all those whose flight he had discouraged.

Editor Hurard, gasping his life away in the city he had proclaimed so safe, may have thought of tomorrow's paper he would never publish. For St. Pierre there would be no tomorrow.

DOWN in that deep dungeon cell of his, Auguste Ciparis blinked in the swift-fallen night. Through the grating blew a current of burning air, scorching his flesh. He leaped, writhing in agony and screaming for help. No one answered.

Leaving a blazing city in its wake, the death-cloud from the volcano rolled over the docks, and the sea, hissing and seething, shrank back before it. Aboard the *Roraima*, Chief Officer Scott lowered his glasses precipitously from Pelée. One look at that cloud bearing down like a whirlwind and he snatched a tarpaulin from a ventilator and pulled it over him. The ship rolled to port, almost on her beam ends, then back to starboard. Her funnels and other superstructure and most of her small boats were swept off by the mighty blast, laden with scalding ashes and stone dust. Badly scorched, Scott emerged from his refuge to catch a glimpse of the British steamer *Roddam* plunging by toward the open sea, her decks a smoking shambles. Of the other sixteen vessels which had been anchored in the roadstead there was no sign.

STAGGERING toward the twisted iron wreckage of the bridge the Chief Officer beheld the swaying figure of Captain Muggah. From the hideous, blackened mask that had been his face a voice croaked, "All hands! Heave up the anchor!"

All hands! Only Scott, two engineers and a few members of the black gang who had been below responded. In vain Scott scanned the group for his son. He never saw the lad again.

The anchor could not be unshackled. "Save the women and children," the Captain ordered. During attempts to lower a boat the Captain disappeared. Later he was pulled out of the water in a dying condition.

Now the *Roraima* was afire fore and aft. Amid the shrieks and groans of dying passengers, Scott

and three more able-bodied men fought the flames, helped by a few others whose hands, burned, raw, made it torture to touch anything. Between dousing the fire with buckets full from the sea, Scott tried to give drinks of fresh water to those who begged pitifully for it, though their seared, swollen throats

turning to bury their lost ones. We see no one! There is no living being left in this desert of desolation, framed in a terrifying solitude. In the background, when the cloud of smoke and cinders breaks away, the mountain and its slopes, once so green, stand forth like an Alpine landscape. They look as if they were covered with a heavy cloak of snow, and through the thickened atmosphere rays of pale sunshine, wan and unknown to our latitudes, illumine this scene with a light that seems to belong to the other side of the grave."

Indeed, St. Pierre might have been an ancient town, destroyed in some half-forgotten cataclysm and recently partly excavated—another Pompeii and Herculaneum. Cinders, which had buried its streets six feet deep in a few minutes, were as dust of centuries. Here was the same swift extinction Vesuvius had wrought.

Here was no slow flow of lava. That cloud disgorged by Pelée was a superheated hurricane issuing from the depths of the earth at a speed of ninety miles an hour. Such was the strength of the blast, it killed by concussion and by toppling walls on its victims. The fall of the 14-foot metal statue of Notre Dame de la Garde

—Our Lady of Safety—symbolized the dreadful fact that tens of thousands never had a fighting chance for their lives.

BUT chiefly the death-cloud slew with its lethal content of hot steam and dust. So swiftly did it pass that its heat did not always burn all of the light tropical clothing from its prey but, once it was inhaled into the lungs—that was the end. Some had run a few frantic steps; then dropped, hands clutched over nose and mouth. Encrusted by cement-like ashes, corpses lay fixed in the contorted postures of their last struggle, replicas of the dead of Vesuvius preserved in the Naples museum. Fire had charred others or incinerated them to a heap of bones. A horrible spectacle was presented by bodies whose skulls and abdomens had burst by heat and gases.

People who had been indoors when the cloud descended perished where they stood or sat, but the hand of death had marked most of them less cruelly. They seemed almost still alive, as each shattered building disclosed its dénouement. There a girl lay prone, her arms about the feet



"He says everybody 'round here has one!"

would not let them swallow a drop. Tongues lolling, they dragged themselves along the deck, following him like dogs.

When the French cruiser *Suchet* steamed up to the rescue, the only survivors among the passengers were a little girl and her nurse. Twenty-eight out of a crew of forty-seven were dead.

The eyes of all aboard the *Suchet* turned toward the shore. There at the foot of a broad, bare pathway, paved by death and destruction down the slope of Mont Pelée, lay the utter ruins of the city of St. Pierre.

Not until the afternoon of May eighth did the devastation of St. Pierre cool sufficiently to allow rescuers from Fort-de-France to enter. They could find none to rescue except one woman who died soon after she was taken from a cellar.

"**S**T. PIERRE, that city this morning alive, full of human souls, is no more!" Vicar-General Parel wrote his Bishop. "It lies consumed before us, in its winding-sheet of smoke and cinders, silent and desolate, a city of the dead. We strain our eyes for fleeing inhabitants, for men re-

of an image of the Virgin. A man bent with his head thrust into a basin from which the water had evaporated. A family was gathered around a restaurant table. A child held a doll in her arms; when the doll was touched it crumbled away except for its china eyes. A clerk sat at his desk, one hand supporting his chin, the other grasping a pen. A baker crouched in the fire pit under his oven. In one room of a home a blonde girl in her bathrobe leaned back in a rocking-chair. Behind her stood a negro servant who apparently had been combing the girl's hair. Another servant had crawled under a sofa. Not far away lay the body of a white woman, beautiful as a Greek statue, and—like many an antique statue—headless.

Mutilated or almost unmarred, shriveled in last agony or seeming only to have dropped into a peaceful sleep, lay the legions of the dead. After the finding of the dying woman in a cellar, the devastation was searched in vain for survivors.

Then, four days after the catastrophe, two negroes walking through the wreckage turned gray as they heard faint cries of help issuing from the depths of the earth.

"Who's that?" they shouted when they could speak. "Where are you?"

Up floated the feeble voice. "I'm down here in the dungeon of the jail. Help! Save me! Get me out!"

They dug down through the debris, broke open the dungeon door and released Auguste Ciparis, the negro criminal.

Some days later, George Kennan and August F. Jaccaci, American journalists arriving to cover the disaster, located Ciparis in a village in the country. They secured medical

attention for his severe burns, poorly cared for as yet, and obtained and authenticated his story. When the scorching air penetrated his cell that day, he smelled his own body burning but breathed as little as possible during the moment of intense heat. Ignorant of what had occurred, not realizing that he was buried alive, he slowly starved for four days in his tomb of a cell. His scant supply of water was soon gone. Only echoes answered his shouts for help. When at last he was heard and freed, Ciparis, given a drink of water, managed with some assistance to walk six kilometers to Morne Rouge.

One who lived where forty thousand died! History records no escape more marvelous.

The eruption of Mont Pelée stands as one of the greatest disasters of modern times. The toll taken by Vesuvius in 79 and again in 1632 was doubled by the Martinique volcano. However, it was outmatched by the destruction of life caused by the volcano Krakatoa, on an island in the Malay Straits, in 1883. Ashes from Pelée fell on ships several hundred miles away, and it deposited two million tons of dust on Barbados, some two hundred miles to the south.

The disaster moved the world to pity, and Martinique received many offers of aid. However, the need for relief was comparatively small because there were so few survivors and because the area of destruction was limited in extent. It was the neighboring island of St. Vincent, a British possession, which required help on a larger scale. There the volcano, La Soufrière, had erupted on May seventh, and while it had

killed less than Pelée—1,600—it had injured many more. Consequently, the American relief ship, which brought supplies to Martinique, unloaded only part of them and steamed on to meet the larger emergency of St. Vincent.

Pelée's answer to the salute from La Soufrière was followed by an earthquake in Guatemala on May eighteenth in which three thousand died. Again on May twentieth and August thirtieth Pelée emitted mighty blasts, wreaking further havoc on the countryside and completing the razing of St. Pierre. Thus do burning gasses in the depths of the earth break through its crust here and there, detonating like a long chain of subterranean and submarine mines to blot out the lives of beings rash enough to inhabit danger spots.

Yet people continue to dwell in the shadow of volcanoes, depending upon warning from seismograph and microphone. Today a considerable settlement occupies the site of St. Pierre. Risks are as calmly and constantly accepted in other places of peril: hurricane and tornado zones and the banks of flooding rivers. More fortunately situated communities often wonder why there are always plenty of people willing to expose themselves to the mercy of the elements.

The answer is that man as a rule has little choice where he will live. He remains where he was born, through habit, inertia or force of economic circumstance. Familiarity from childhood with the face of danger breeds contempt for it. Even after disaster strikes, survivors return, believing, hoping it will not strike again.

Wild, Dark Horses

(Continued from page 21)

happen and, for once, they will be right. For Rohe, the grandfather of all dark horses in sports history, proved it thirty-two years ago and established the thesis that nothing is so predictable in baseball as the unpredictable.

Who will be the hero of the '38 World Series? Who knows; who can have the temerity to venture a guess? Not with the case histories of the Rohes, Whitmans, Ehmkes, Martins, Stengels, Lazzaris, Powells and Gowdys staring him in the face. A man can go crazy with the heat and outshine the greatest, most constant stars for five or six games. The men who normally would be expected to dominate the World Series have been eclipsed by rank outsiders so often and so completely that the surprise hero is practically standard equipment for every self-respecting Series.

Lend an attentive eye and ear to the six-day wonder that was George Rohe in 1906. This favorite child of fortune gave no indication of the immortality, or something, he was to achieve in '05, his first year in the major leagues. He was a utility infielder with the White Sox and hit .212 in thirty-four games, an anemic average even in the dark ages of the dead ball, trick pitching and a dozen home runs a year for the Babe Ruth of the moment. The following season Rohe was of slightly greater value to the community, but not much. He hit .258 in seventy-four games and was merely another obscure youth running around in short pants for all the attention he commanded.

Every opportunist must have his chance and Rohe got his a few days before the '06 World Series with the Cubs commenced. George Davis,

star shortstop of the Sox, was sent to drydock with a stomach ailment and Fielder Jones, the manager, moved Lee Tannehill from third base to short and sent Rohe to the vacancy at third, possibly on the theory that he could do less damage there than at the more important short-stop position.

The Series of 1906 was the first to promote high hysteria among the populace. It was the first time one city had monopolized the gold-and-glory exercises and feeling between the citizens of the North Side, who rooted for the Cubs, and the South Side supporters of the Sox was something terrific. The great Cubs had such stout fellas as Tinker, Evers, Chance, Brown, Ruelbach, Overall and Kling. The Sox had a couple of good pitchers and a group of gents who showed such remarkable restraint at the bat that they were

called the "Hitless Wonders." It was, the better minds insisted, a joke to play the Series and presently it developed they were right—with reverse English.

ICONOCLAST ROHE took a fearsome belt at the advance dope and Three-Finger Brown, the Cubs' ace pitcher, right off the bat. The lead-off hitter for the Sox, our man tripled in the first inning and promptly scored with one of the runs in his team's 2-1 decision. Great consternation in the ivory towers of the experts. Great relief the next day when the favored Cubs won, 7-1. More chagrin in the third game, when Rohe again was the author of a dirty deed. In the sixth inning, with the teams involved in a scoreless battle, O'Neil, Tannehill and Walsh singled in succession to fill the bases. Jack Pfeister, Cub pitcher, struck out Jones and Isbell, and was on the verge of an epic feat when he got two strikes on Rohe. The next pitch was a strike, all right, but it never reached the catcher. Rohe cheerfully whaled it for a triple and all the runs the Sox needed to win, 3-0.

Chance's Cubs tied up the Series by winning the fourth game, 1-0, but that was the last time Rohe and his colleagues were stopped. Rohe collected three large hits for himself in the 8-16 victory of the Sox in the fifth contest and got two more in the pay-off game won by the berserk Hitless Wonders, 8-3.

A king for six days, Rohe was thrown into the alley on his ear after his brief moment in the sun. As a regular in 1907 he hit a very insignificant .213 and wound up at New Orleans the following season, where he hung on in undistinguished fashion for five more years, then dropped out of sight.

At the time of his World Series triumphs, Rohe was supposed to have been twenty-one, but later investigation showed he played with Baltimore in 1901, which would have made him sixteen when he broke into baseball. The chances are that he took outrageous liberties with both the birth and batting records before the inexorable percentages caught up with him.

Does Rohe represent an isolated case, a rare comet which whizzes across the horizon to fall unnoticed when the bright flame on which it feeds is exhausted? Not at all; the baseball heavens are full of comets which have flashed dizzily past the constant stars.

Take the last World Series, for example. Old Tony Lazzeri, the weak link of the Yankees, played second base on a dime and could run no faster than your dear old maiden aunt, the one with a slight gimp in her gam. The man obviously was through; he had to be rested for more than a month before he could be wheeled out for the rumpus with the Giants. When it was all over, and Lazzeri had played his last game in the American League, the gaffer took a bow as the leading hitter of the Series with a cool .400. The Giants were thinking of demanding the saliva test for Lazzeri by the time the fellow was finishing driving them nuts.

A YANKEE dark horse practically ran the Giants out of the ball park in 1936, too. Jake Powell was a pretty lucky stiff to be among those present. He was another earnest, sweaty youth doing the best he could for Washington and not succeeding very famously when he suddenly was traded to the Yankees in mid-season, only because the Senators cared to put up with Ben Chapman's tantrums which had exasperated the Yankees. Powell was swept into the World Series on the impetus of his associates' ability, but once he got up there with the quality folks, Jake wasted no time. His .455 batting average was tops for the Series and over-shadowed the performances of more celebrated citizens such as Gehrig, DiMaggio, Dickey, Ott, Terry and Moore. And a few months later the Yankees were trying to trade their big, beautiful hero and renewed their efforts last winter.

Powell, lucky to be with the Yankees, was luckier than George Whiteman, another flash in the pan of an

earlier vintage who could not forestall exile to a minor-league Siberia for all his wondrous derring-do. Whiteman today is even a more shadowy figure than Rohe in baseball legend. An old-timer who had been knocking around the minors for eleven years, Whiteman really was a war hero who never got within 3,000 miles of the trenches. Ball players everywhere were enlisting in the army in 1918 and makeshift ball clubs staggered through an abbreviated season. Ed Barrow, manager of the Red Sox, picked up Whiteman from Toronto only because Duffy Lewis was participating in the great unpleasantness in Europe and another outfielder was needed to play with Harry Hooper and Amos Strunk, just to make things official. So Whiteman went out and had the most spectacular Series any player, with the possible exception of a pitcher, has ever known. He figured in every scoring inning the Red Sox had in six games, stopped the Cubs cold with astonishing catches and was of vast assistance in extending Babe Ruth's magnificent streak of pitching through twenty-nine consecutive scoreless World Series innings.

IN Game No. 1 Ruth outpoints Jim Vaughn, 1-0, in a swell pitcher's battle. Whiteman is in there earning his share of the prize money with two decisive plays. He singles to put Dave Shean in position to score the only run of the game on Stuffie McInnis's hit, then cuts off the tying run with a somersaulting catch, his specialty. In Game No. 2 the Sox are shut out until Whiteman leads off the ninth with a triple.

Game No. 3: Vaughn is pretty sick and tired of the old guy by this time.

Whiteman scores the first two runs in the fourth inning, then robs Dode Paskert of a homer with an incredible diving catch off the left field wall to preserve Carl Mays's 2-1 triumph. Ruth again owes a nod of acknowledgment to the veteran in Game No. 4. Whiteman is one of two men on the bases when Babe unloads a terrific triple which is the clincher in a 3-2 affair. Whiteman does nothing in Game No. 5; neither do any of his colleagues. They are licked by Vaughn, 3-0.

But Whiteman has a box seat at the killing. In Game No. 6 Mays outpoints Tyler, 2-1, and it is Whiteman's slashing line drive which sends the two runs across the



"I'm waiting for a grounder."

plate. Whiteman is the man of the hour, the people's choice. Come the 1919 season and where do you think Whiteman is? Back in Toronto, his springboard to the headlines.

Curiouser and curiouser, as Alice would say. Every literate American knows that John Leonard Martin was a hill-billy from the Ozarks with a chest like a young bull's, an infectious grin which split his homely pan and a rather ordinary record when he turned the baseball world upside down in the '31 Series with the Athletics, one of the three or four great teams of all time.

The way he flim-flammed the mighty A's was, in his own words, a sin and a shame. Pepper had barely hit .300 during the National League season, but he belted Lefty Grove, George Earnshaw and Rube Walberg—perhaps the best three-man pitching staff in history—for a .500 average, on the nose, in the seven games. It was his base-running, though, which threw a conniption fit into the Athletics and undoubtedly was the chief factor in the downfall of a fine team. Pepper could run as if he were something shot out of a gun and he fired with both barrels. He stole five bases during the exercises and gave the A's such a bad case of the jitters that they rolled over and played dead dog for the Cardinals whom they had beaten the previous year.

The difference was that St. Louis did not have the Wild Horse in 1930.

This is not to imply that outstanding players have never risen to heights when the big chips were down. Babe Ruth, after all, proportionately hit more and better home runs in World Series than he did during the regular season. Lou Gehrig holds the all-time batting average of .371 for men who have played in more than two Series. Frank Frisch, Al Simmons, Mickey Cochrane and Gabby Hartnett, great money players, were hard men to shave in the climactic event. Lefty Gomez, the Dean boys and Carl Hubbell have covered the opposition with as much confusion and frustration in Series games as they have in unimportant affairs played before a handful of customers on a quiet Monday. Gomez, in fact, never has been licked in a post-season game.

Yet Ty Cobb, possessor of the all-time high batting average of .368, hit better than .300 in only one World Series. Christy Mathewson pitched three straight shutouts against the Athletics in 1905, but did you know that Matty lost more Series games than any other pitcher, or that Burleigh Grimes, who never was known to choke up in the clutch, was thumped for eight homers in World Series?

It is all very strange and Casey Stengel is the only species of the

breed who has attempted to analyze the phenomenon of the wild dark horse. Casey belted two game-winning home runs for the Giants in 1923, much to the astonishment of himself and the Yankees, and they are still trying to discover who administered the shot in the arm and with what.

"I was a pretty good hitter," Casey says modestly, "but I was a bum compared to some of the guys we had on the Giants. I guess the Yankees sorta laughed me off when they laid their plans. 'Throw the chump a nasty look and he'll faint,' they must've said. A pitcher can bear down just so many times during a game. He's got to save his Sunday stuff and speed for the big muscle guys and coast against the weak sisters. That's where I was lucky. When the Yankees saw me come up they thought, 'This bum is a humpty-dumpty' and the pitcher eased up a trifle. If they'd worked on me like they did on Young, Kelly, Frisch and the other big shots, maybe I wouldn't have a loud foul yet."

The Professor's lucid explanation is interesting, but not entirely convincing. There is no all-embracing explanation for the comet who outstrips the stars during Series week as a streamliner roars past a decrepit horse and buggy. They just happen, that's all.

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 40)

when he could, in his horse and buggy, or mule and buggy. After he switched to an auto he once had six flat tires in fifty miles, and once, blocked by a slow-moving truck, which refused to heed his horn, he had to shoot at the truck's tires to get the driver to turn aside. Another time his auto hit a mule that was taking a nap in the road; the car stuck and the farmers had to lift it off an undamaged mule.

He went his way, meeting every emergency as it came, without warning often having to treat hernia, drain abscesses of lung and brain, cut away tumors and remove tremendous goiters. Every page of his book shows his alertness to the best conservative thought in his profession. At 68 he is a first-rate surgeon, a professor in a university, and an author of books. (Harper & Bros.)



"I don't know! He just walked in and sat down!"

Interesting Non-Fiction

Not fiction but impertinent bits of autobiography are the sketches that make up a rollicking yarn, "My Sister Eileen", by Ruth McKenny. Both girls are well known to addicts of the New Yorker magazine, and their capers include experiences at a girls' camp, their encounter with culture and Noel Coward, the scandal that resulted when Ruth wrote a letter to a little French boy, the trouble they had with the Brazilian navy, and their annoying life in an apartment in Greenwich Village, where the landlord wouldn't do anything about the fungus. In the latter place Ruth writes, "The only privacy we ever had was when we went to see the double feature at Loew's Sheridan." Recommended for reading aloud. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

"Submarine, the Autobiography of Simon Lake", as told to Herbert Corey, is the story of the man who built the first undersea vessel that would actually work. Mr. Lake was inspired by boyhood readings of Jules Verne's famous saga of Captain Nemo and the "Nautilus". He built the Argonaut, Jr., an undersea ship mounted on wheels, in the Nineties and reporters went down in the ship and were enthusiastic. Like many inventors, however, he was unable to market his invention successfully, although he states that every submarine of today includes the fundamentals which he originally laid down. He further prophesies that the submarine will be used for passenger travel and freight in the future, cutting distances in half, following established routes under the sea, and dodging stormy weather by dropping below to where quiet reigns. (Appleton-Century Co.)



The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention

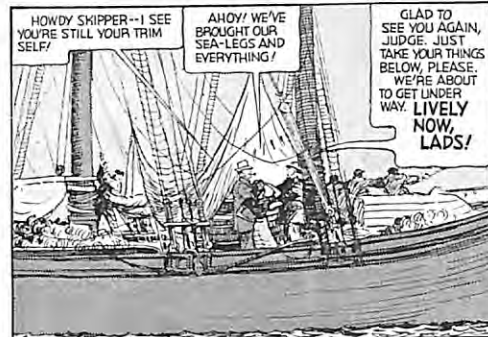
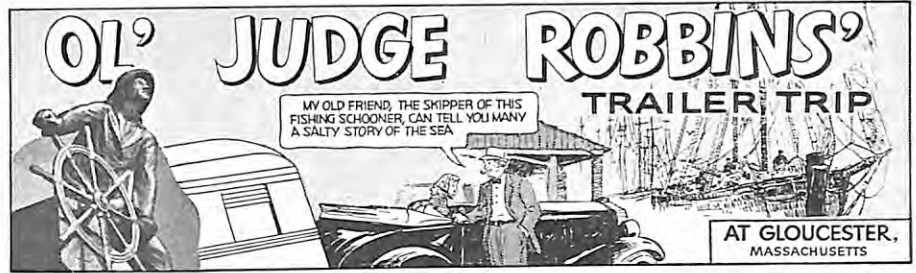
(Continued from page 33)

line, Mass., Lodge, and Assistant Grand Esquire Emil J. Hirtzel, assisted by Deputy Grand Esquires Major William F. Casey, Patrick J. Foley and their aides, Enoch L. Johnson, Raymond F. Thomas, Bennett C. Tousley, Jacob L. Sherman, John J. Nugent and John D. Shea.

Newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, retiring Grand Exalted Ruler Major Charles Spencer Hart, Mayor White, Harry Bacharach, Harold L. Wertheimer and William S. Cuthbert, Chief of Staff, were well up in front in the line of marchers.

The following Lodges were awarded prizes for their entries in the parade: Columbus, O., No. 37, with the best appearing all-Elk Band from out of State; Camden, N. J., No. 293, for the best appearing uniformed body from New Jersey; Plainfield, N. J., No. 885, for the second best appearing uniformed body from New Jersey; and Lancaster, Pa., No. 134, for the best singing-marching uniformed Glee Club in the line of march.

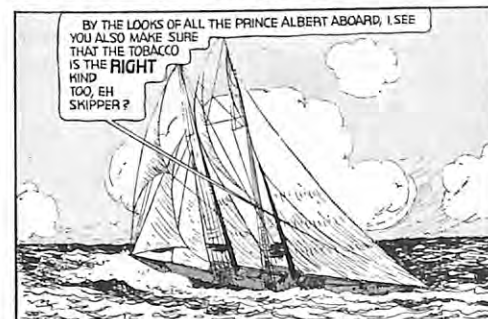
Columbus Lodge won the Class A competition in the National Band



"WELL, MY GRANDFATHER'S SHIP 'THE GULL', WAS LONG DELAYED BY CALMS, AND THE TOBACCO RATIONS RAN OUT. THE MEN STARTED A MUTINY FOR WANT OF A SMOKE, WHEN SUDDENLY--"



"FORTUNATELY, THE PASSING SKIPPER OBLIGED THEM WITH SOME OF HIS OWN TOBACCO RATIONS, AND THE CREW WAS HAPPY AGAIN. SO GRANDAD'S SHIP MADE PORT SAFELY."



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PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Contest; Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge won the Class B competition in the contest. Columbus Lodge also won the prize for the best-appearing all-Elk band from out-of-State, as well as the award for the largest all-Elk band from the greatest distance. Clifton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1569, won the award for the best-appearing all-Elk band from New Jersey. Hoboken, N. J. was judged the best non-Elk band in the parade.

The first prize for the best decorated float from outside New Jersey went to the West Virginia State Elks Association entry. The Louisiana State Association won second prize. The float entered by the New Jersey State Elks Association won the prize for the best decorated float from State, lodge or community in New Jersey. The Tamaqua Girls' Senior High School Bugle Corps took first prize as the best non-Elk entry in this competition.

Thursday evening, and the following day, Friday, were spent in enjoying the entertainment features of Atlantic City, one of the world's greatest amusement resorts. Hundreds of Elks spent many hours strolling up and down the world-renowned Boardwalk, and enjoying the hot, white sand and the rolling surf of the famous beach before saying au revoir to their fellow members of the Order for yet another year.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 37)

Henry C. Warner of Dixon, a Past State President, who in turn introduced the State officers and other Past Presidents, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson of Moline Lodge. Judge Thompson was the principal speaker. A round-table discussion of lodge problems followed.

The banquet in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart was an outstanding affair at which more than 400 Elks and ladies were present. It was held in McClelland Hall at the MacMurray College for Women. The guests were seated in groups of ten. The guest of honor and other dignitaries were seated at a long table facing the assemblage. At the speakers' table were the Grand Exalted Ruler; Judge Thompson; Judge Warner, who acted as Toastmaster; Judge Frank B. Leonard, Champaign, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; Mr. Frasier; Lloyd Maxwell, Marshalltown, Ia., former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Retiring Pres. Bryan Cafery, Jerseyville; the newly elected President, Clarence J. Schulenberg; E. R. Franklin and Dan T. Cloud, Exalted Ruler and Convention Chairman, respectively, of Jacksonville Lodge; Past Pres.'s H. M. Tichnor, Jacksonville, Truman A. Snell, Carlinville, Dr. J. F. Mohan, Pontiac, and Dr. J. C. Dallenbach, Champaign; State Secy. A. W. Arnold and State Treas. Fred P. Hill; D.D.'s Dr. F. W. Tracy, Blue Island, A. J. Fish, Macomb, and Philip J. Wendel, Ottawa, and Mayor H. H. Vasconcellos of Jacksonville Lodge. Major Hart's speech was as stimulating as it was timely, and carried a sincere message to his listeners. After the banquet, dances in honor of Pres. Cafery were held at the home of the host lodge and at the Dunlap Hotel.

The Ritualistic Contest was won by Lincoln Lodge No. 914, last year's National Champions. Another interesting feature of the Convention was the crippled children's exhibit in charge of Frank P. White, Oak Park, Executive Secretary of the Crippled Children's Commission.

The election of State officers resulted as follows: Pres., Clarence J. Schulenberg, De Kalb; Secy., Albert W. Arnold, Lincoln; Treas., F. P. Hill, Danville; District officers: N.E., Joseph M. Cooke, Harvey, Vice-Pres., and Wilbur Prest, Oak Park, Trustee; E. Cent., H. B. Walters, Decatur, Vice-Pres., Wilbur E. Layman, Lincoln, Trustee; S.E., E. O. Bennett, Lawrenceville, Vice-Pres., F. E. Cheney, Danville, Trustee; South, Gordon Franklin, Marion, Vice-Pres., Dr. E. H. Campbell, Benton, Trustee; W. Cent., Dr. Claude R. Thomas, Macomb, Vice-Pres., and W. E. Heberling, Quincy, Trustee.

WYOMING

The home of Rock Springs, Wyo., Lodge, No. 624, hummed with activity on Friday, June 10, during registration of delegates and visitors assembled from all parts of the State for the annual convention of the Wyoming State Elks Association. The two-day meeting was formally opened at the first business session the next morning, with welcoming speeches being made by E. R. Carl Hafner and Mayor Walter A. Muir. Pres. Rex C. Erlewine, P.E.R. of Rock Springs Lodge, presided. New officers were elected at the afternoon session as follows: Pres., M. J. Knight, Laramie; 1st Vice-Pres., Al Leslie, Cheyenne; 2nd Vice-Pres., Jack Sheahan, Rawlins; 3rd Vice-Pres., J. B. Dodd, Cody; Secy., O. M. Peterson, Laramie; Treas., Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Hollis B. Brewer, Casper; Chaplain, C. O. Neily, Laramie; Trustees, Fred H. Koschel, Greybull, L. M. Cornish, Laramie, and C. L. Carter, Sheridan. A large delegation from Laramie Lodge No. 582, accompanied by the lodge drum and bugle corps, had extended an invitation to hold the 1939 convention in Laramie, and the bid was accepted, the choice being received with hearty approval.

A golf tournament was held that afternoon at the Dead Horse Canyon Golf Club links. The visiting ladies were entertained with numerous luncheons and bridge parties. The

Transportation Committee, headed by W. J. Traher, provided a real hit feature with the "Welcome—Ride With Me" stickers distributed to car owners and drivers. When a visiting Elk wanted to go anywhere, he simply hailed a car bearing the sticker, stated his destination and proceeded to enjoy this convention innovation.

The Convention Banquet was served in the auditorium of the lodge home at 6:30 Saturday evening, with covers laid for 400 Elks and their ladies. James Davis was Toastmaster. The Annual Ball was held that night in the Elks' ball room, beautifully decorated for the occasion. Several hundred couples attended. The closing day, June 12, was featured by trips to places of interest in the vicinity of Rock Springs, and rounds of golf at the country club. Est. Loyal Knight A. W. Travelute was General Chairman of the Convention Committee, and Eddie Bertagnolli headed the Banquet Committee. The Convention was one of the most successful ever held by the Association.

MICHIGAN

The 33rd Annual Convention of the Michigan State Elks Association, held at Alpena June 10-11-12, was attended by approximately 1,000 persons including the delegates, local and visiting Elks and their wives and guests. State Pres. Thomas P. Gillotte, Pontiac, pronounced the meeting one of the biggest and best ever staged. The parade required an hour to pass the reviewing stand. Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, O., who has since been elected Grand Exalted Ruler, was the principal speaker. As a tribute to Dr. McCormick, a replica of his birthplace was built by Alpena Elks and given a place of honor in the parade. It was dedicated at the Saturday evening banquet at which Dr. McCormick spoke. Other distinguished guests holding Grand Lodge offices who were present were Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John K. Burch, Grand Rapids, Mich., Joseph P. Kyle, Gary, Ind., Chair-

man of the State Associations Committee, and State Secy. Joseph M. Leonard, Saginaw, a member of the Activities Committee. Past State Pres. G. A. Kusterer, Grand Rapids, attended.

Social activities centered about the "Elks' Night Club," a dine and dance "spot" especially constructed for the occasion where hundreds congregated to enjoy the entertainment and music furnished by "Brother Pete Unger's All-Elk Orchestra" of Detroit. E. R. H. A. Kurrasch, State Trustee, was General Chairman of the Convention. The program featured an officers' breakfast, a ladies' luncheon and bridge party, golf, tennis, deep sea fishing and horseback riding. A softball game was played between the Bay City and Alpena Elks' teams.

Results of the Ritualistic Contest were as follows: Class A: Grand Rapids, first, Lansing, second, Muskegon third; Class B: Owosso, first, Mount Pleasant second. Muskegon won the Drill Team Contest, with Lansing second and Grand Rapids third. John S. Wilson, Jr., Lansing, was elected President. Vice-Pres. John Olsen, Muskegon, Treas. James G. Shirlaw, Battle Creek, Chaplain Benjamin F. Girdler, Grand Rapids, and Secy. Leonard were all reelected. Muskegon was awarded the 1939 Convention.

RHODE ISLAND

The Third Annual Convention of the Rhode Island State Elks Association, at Woonsocket on June 11-12, was voted the most successful get-together yet held by the five lodges of that small but important New England State. Almost a thousand delegates, alternates and members, many accompanied by their wives, were registered. The Association was favored by the attendance of two of the most popular leaders of the Order in New England, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, and John F.

Burke, Boston, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. The Convention was officially opened with a dinner and cabaret followed by a dance held by the host lodge, Woonsocket No. 850. At 1:30 next day a parade marched through the principal streets, participated in by large delegations and brightly uniformed bands and drum corps.

The business meeting was held in the lodge rooms. Officers for the coming year were elected as follows: Pres., Thomas C. Mee, Woonsocket; 1st Vice-Pres., Edward J. Bigoness, Pawtucket; 2nd Vice-Pres., John H. Greene, Jr., Newport; Secy., Bernard J. McLaughlin, Providence; Treas., Dr. Edward C. Morin, Pawtucket; Trustee for five years, John W. Baldwin, Pawtucket. The Association's \$300 Scholarship was presented to James O'Connell of the Burrillville R. L., High School, Burrillville being within the jurisdiction of Woonsocket Lodge.

All of the lodges reported favorably on various matters. Westerly Lodge announced that work upon a spacious lodge room and several other additions at a cost of \$30,000 was under way. Newport Lodge was well represented and Providence Lodge sent a delegation of several hundred. Providence is rated one of the foremost lodges in the country in charitable activities. Woonsocket Lodge and its Exalted Ruler, George A. Duval, came in for high praise for making the 1938 meeting a great success. Pawtucket Lodge was awarded the 1939 Convention.

MAINE

Among the distinguished guests of the Maine State Elks Association during its annual convention at Waterville, Me., on June 18-19 were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, John F. Burke, of Boston, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Lester C. Ayer, Portland, Me. P. E. R. Daniel
(Continued on page 56)

Your Dog

(Continued from page 20)

may appear rough and discolored, usually with a yellowish tint. The enamel has been softened and has worn off on these parts, often as the result of distemper or other infectious diseases. There is no known treatment to remove this color.

As we said, look into the mouth of your dog now and then. Sometimes he may be rubbing his mouth constantly with paw or rubbing it on the floor or carpet. Perhaps the fragments of a bone or a splinter may have lodged between the teeth.

Pyorrhea, which has affected so many humans, is rare among dogs.

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To All Members

CONGRESS recently enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address.

This law places an unusual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member immediately notifies THE ELKS MAGAZINE or Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary and notify him at once of your new address.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 55)

E. Crowley of Biddeford-Saco Lodge was elected President. The other 1938-39 State officers elected are: 1st Vice-Pres., R. J. Marcoux, Lewiston; 2nd Vice-Pres., A. J. Lesieur, Biddeford-Saco; 3rd Vice-Pres., E. C. Simpson, Waterville; Secy.-Treas., Edward R. Twomey, Portland; Trustee for three years, Philip M. Israelson, Rumford. Portland Lodge No. 188 will entertain the Association in 1939.

Miss Marilyn Ireland, of the Stearns High School, Millinocket, was awarded the first prize of \$250 in the Association's Scholastic Contest in which about 1,000 high school seniors throughout the State submitted essays on "Why I Am Glad That I Live in America Today". The second prize of \$225 went to Miss Betty Jane Ryan, of Woolwich, Morse High School, Bath. Mr. Sewell Bronstein, of the Stephens High School, Rumford, received the third prize of \$175. Presentation of the awards was made by Mr. Malley.

MISSISSIPPI

Ernest Desporte, Biloxi, was elected President of the Mississippi State Elks Association at its annual meeting on June 25 at Biloxi, Miss. The other 1938-39 officers are: 1st Vice-Pres., L. A. Nichols, Vicksburg; 2nd Vice-Pres., W. A. Ritchie, Clarksdale; 3rd Vice-Pres., M. D. King, Jr., Hattiesburg; Secy., Sam Miller, Hattiesburg; Trustees: Miss., South, William Hubbell, Biloxi; Miss., North, J. M. Talbot, Clarksdale. Mayor Louis Braun welcomed the visitors to Biloxi. The Rev. E. A. DeMiller, Chaplain of the local lodge, gave the Invocation.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor of New Orleans, La., Lodge, addressed the meeting. Retiring Pres. Sam Miller cited some of the worthwhile activities of the Mississippi lodges, and stated that \$4,000 was spent last year for charity. A fine seafood dinner was given in the evening in the Biloxi lodge rooms, and the next day the visiting Elks and local members enjoyed a boat trip to Horn Island.

NEBRASKA

First Vice-Pres. J. C. Travis of Omaha was elected President of the Nebraska State Elks Association at its Annual Convention in Scottsbluff June 13-14-15. His associate officers are: 1st Vice-Pres., F. R. Dickson, Kearney; 2nd Vice-Pres. T. C. Lord, York; 3rd Vice-Pres., Hugh Schooley, Alliance; Secy., H. P. Zieg, Grand Island; Treas., F. C. Laird, Fremont; Trustees: Judge James M. Fitzgerald, Omaha, Guy T. Tou Velle, Lincoln, and P. N. Kirk, Grand Island; Chairman of the Benevolence Committee, August Schneider,

Benedict. The Ritualistic Contest was won by the officers of Fremont Lodge No. 514. The Association passed a number of resolutions after discussions of various important matters. The Benevolence Committee, in charge of crippled children work, reported that it had conducted three clinics in the past year in which a total of 283 children had been examined. Five clinics are on the 1938-39 schedule. Scottsbluff Lodge No. 1367 did a magnificent job of entertaining, and at the close of the Convention, took all who attended to the "Gift of God Pageant" held in the natural bluffs near Bayard.

The second day of the meeting being Flag Day, services were held by the Scottsbluff officers. It was suggested that a public Flag Day service be held during next year's Convention. The week of June 14 has been selected for the 1939 annual meeting, when the Association will be entertained by Fremont Lodge.

State Association Convention Dates for 1938

Ohio	Cedar Point (Sandusky)	Aug. 28 to Sept. 2
California	Monterey	Sept. 21-22-23-24
Oregon	Tillamook	Sept. 23-24
Vermont	St. Albans	October 1-2
Nevada	Reno	October 20 21-22

NEW JERSEY

The annual meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association was held in Atlantic City coincident with that of the Grand Lodge. The meeting was addressed by retiring Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, the newly-elected Grand Exalted Ruler, Dr. Edward J. McCormick, and several Grand Lodge officers and Past Grand Exalted Rulers.

The Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee informed the Association that the team of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, had received the best markings in the national contest. However, through substitution because of illness of one of the regular officers, the team was eliminated.

The report of the committee again showed an annual expenditure of more than \$100,000 for crippled children work.

The following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: Pres., Howard F. Lewis, Burlington; Vice-Pres.'s: N.W., Joseph A. Miscia, Montclair; N.E., Edward M. Griffin, Bayonne; Cent., Dr. Fred H. Roeber, Hillside; South, John C. Gitton, Vineland; Secy., Francis J. Eagan, Weehawken; Treas., Charles Rosencrans, Long Branch; Trustee, Fletcher L. Fritts, Dover; Chaplain, the Rev. Francis H. Smith, Trenton; Asst. Chaplain,

the Rev. Warden L. Zane, Atlantic City; Sergeant-at-Arms, James A. MacMillan, Camden; Inner Guard, John F. McHugh, Burlington; Organist, Max Bernhardt, Bayonne.

The first quarterly meeting will be held in the home of West Orange Lodge No. 1590 on Sunday, September 11.

MONTANA

The Montana State Elks Association convened in Anaconda, for a three-day meeting beginning on July 21. State Pres. Charles J. Carroll, of Billings Lodge, presided. All of the business sessions were held in the mornings, while the afternoons were given over to sightseeing trips of interest in the vicinity. A visit was made to the State Prison at Deer Lodge and one to the Montana Hospital for the Insane at Warm Springs. A concert was given on the hospital grounds by the Elks Band of Lewistown. A trip to Georgetown and Silver Lakes was followed by a picnic in the mountains for all Elks. One hundred and fifty ladies were entertained at a breakfast at the Country Club. They were taken to the Club on the only street cars operated in the State of Montana. Other entertainment consisted of dancing, picnics, luncheons, trapshooting and golf.

The Convention was most successful. Every lodge in the State was represented. The attendance was estimated at 2,000. Among the distinguished guests present were former Chief Justice L. L. Callaway of Virginia City Lodge, the second President of the State Association. Judge Callaway was the principal speaker on the program, being introduced by Harry A. Gallwey, Butte, the Association's first President. Lieut. Gov. Hugh R. Adair, Helena Lodge, also attended. Phil Greenan, Great Falls, made the response to the address of welcome given by the Mayor of Anaconda.

Helena Lodge won the Ritualistic Contest, with Dillon Lodge finishing second. The Band Contest was won by Lewistown Lodge, with Great Falls second. Dillon Lodge was the winner of the Drum Corps Contest with Billings second.

Livingston Lodge No. 246 was awarded the 37th Annual Convention, to be held in 1939. Officers were elected as follows: Pres., Ed Johnson, Anaconda; 1st Vice-Pres., Otto Powell, Great Falls; 2nd Vice-Pres., C. F. Coleman, Helena; Secy.-Treas., Arthur Trenerry, Billings; Trustees: Art J. Baker, Lewistown, Leon Choquette, Havre, and C. M. Holbert, Virginia City; Directors of the Montana State Elks Camp Association: Jess L. Angstman, Havre, and Herman C. Karow, Kalispell.

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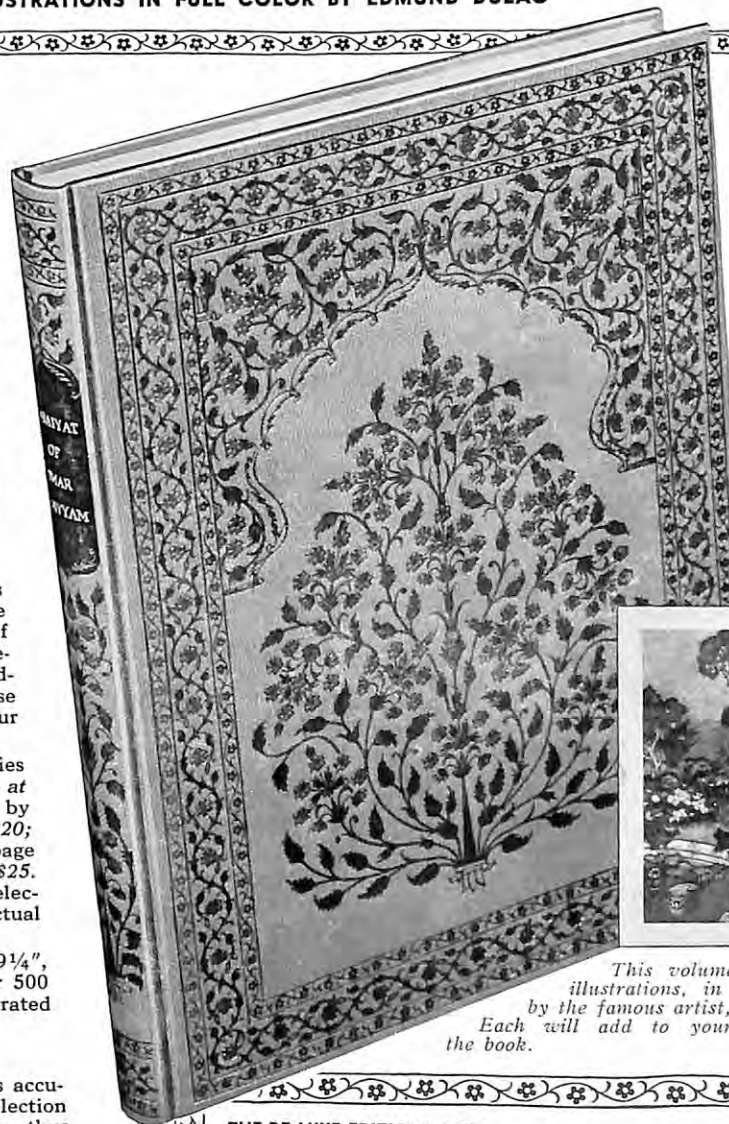
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 TRAPEZE SENSATION
 AND
TERRELL JACOBS
 LION KING

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THANKS FOR THE CAMEL. NOW, MISS CONCELLO, HOW ARE CHANCES FOR A STORY ON YOUR BIGGEST THRILL AS A STUNT AERIALIST?

OH, NO, LADIES FIRST. TONY, TELL HIM ABOUT YOUR FIRST TRIPLE SOMERSAULT IN THE AIR

OH, ASK TERRELL ABOUT HIS LIONS!

WELL, YOU SEE, NO WOMAN, TO MY KNOWLEDGE, HAD EVER EXECUTED A TRIPLE, MID-AIR SOMERSAULT. I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST TIME I TRIED IT UNDER THE BIG TOP..."

"...BECAUSE THIS STUNT REQUIRES GREATLY INCREASED SPEED, I HAD TO DEPEND ALMOST ENTIRELY ON AUTOMATIC TIMING..."

"...BUT AS I WHIRLED OFF INTO SPACE... ONCE... TWICE... FOR A SPLIT-SECOND I PRACTICALLY LOST CONSCIOUSNESS..."

"...THREE TIMES... AND... I MADE IT! MY TIMING WAS PERFECT, AND ANOTHER 'FIRST PERFORMANCE' LEFT ME THRILLED AND SAFE!"

WELL, THAT'S NOTHING TO TERRELL'S BIG MOMENTS. TELL HIM ABOUT THE TIME SPARKY, OVER THERE, ALMOST FINISHED YOU

PHEW! I'LL STICK TO MY REPORTING

O.K.

"I HAD ALMOST COMPLETED MY ACT WITH 25 LIONS, WHEN SPARKY AND ANOTHER MALE WENT FOR EACH OTHER..."

"TRYING TO BREAK IT UP, I WAS KNOCKED DOWN AND SPARKY TURNED ON ME. HE LOOKED AS BIG AS AN ELEPHANT FROM WHERE I WAS SPRAWLED. THINGS LOOKED PRETTY BAD, BUT..."

"... BY FAST THINKING AND MOVING, I GOT THE UPPER HAND. BEFORE I LEFT THE CAGE, EVERY LION WAS BACK IN PLACE."

WELL, IT'S HARD TO SAY WHICH OF YOU HAS THE TOUGHEST JOB, BUT IT'S EASY TO SEE YOU BOTH NEED HEALTHY NERVES!

WELL, WE ARGUE ABOUT WHOSE JOB IS THE HARDEST, BUT WE SURE AGREE THAT WE CAN'T RISK SHAKY NERVES

AND YOU CAN BET THAT'S A BIG REASON WHY WE BOTH SMOKE CAMELS. THEY NEVER BOTHER OUR NERVES!

CAMELS SURE SET ME RIGHT - FROM EVERY ANGLE. AFTER A TURN IN THE BIG CAGE, I NEED A 'LIFT' IN ENERGY, AND I GET IT FROM A CAMEL. I FIND CAMELS AID MY DIGESTION TOO. I'VE SMOKE CAMELS FOR 16 YEARS. HAVE ONE, TONY?

YOU BET, TERRELL, THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CAMELS AND OTHER KINDS - IN MILDNESS.. IN TASTE.. IN THE FEELING OF CONTENTMENT THEY GIVE - IN SO MANY WAYS!

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

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