

The Elks

Magazine



Marie Cooper

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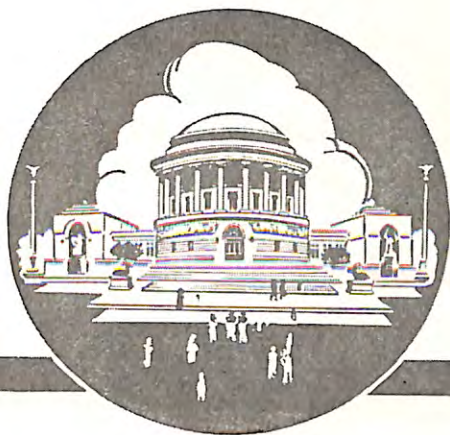


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"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . ."—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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OCTOBER 1938

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PART I

THE white starched skirt of the nurse rustled in the silence. She held her finger to her lips, although Quirt had made no sound. He said in a whisper, "Mr. Wayne wanted to see me, didn't he?"

The nurse whispered too. "Yes, he's conscious now," she said, looking at him. He could read approbation and curiosity in her eyes.

"I got the tan in Florida," he said in a normal voice. "What's the matter? Don't I fit your idea of a private detective?"

Her eyes chilled and her uniform swished angrily. "I don't suppose you have flat feet," she said. "You may go right in." She motioned to a closed door in the far wall of the room.

Quirt walked forward on tip-toes and stepped into the adjoining room.

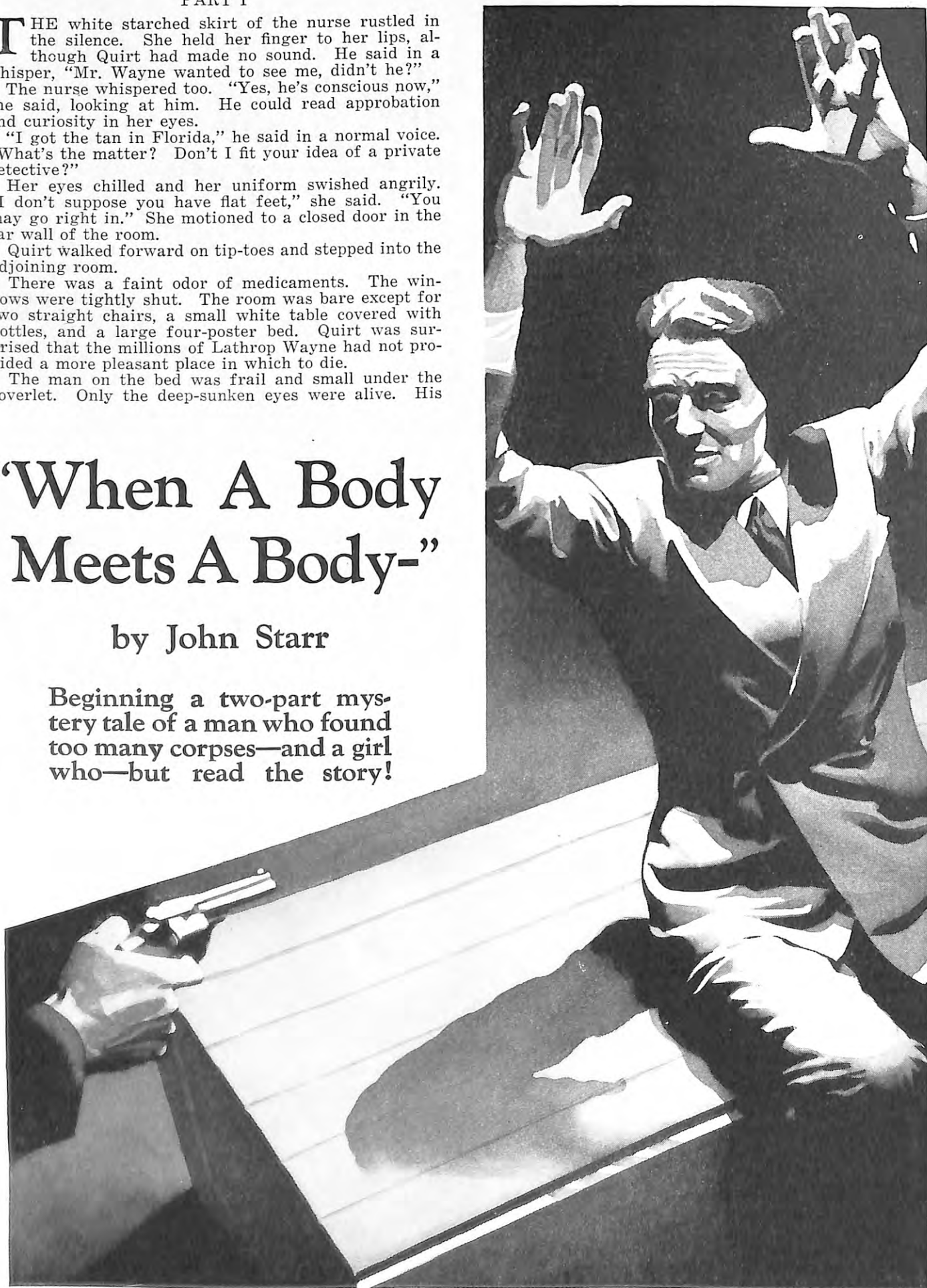
There was a faint odor of medicaments. The windows were tightly shut. The room was bare except for two straight chairs, a small white table covered with bottles, and a large four-poster bed. Quirt was surprised that the millions of Lathrop Wayne had not provided a more pleasant place in which to die.

The man on the bed was frail and small under the coverlet. Only the deep-sunken eyes were alive. His

"When A Body Meets A Body—"

by John Starr

Beginning a two-part mystery tale of a man who found too many corpses—and a girl who—but read the story!



face and hands, where they showed against the sheets, had the unmistakable pallor of death. One of the gaunt hands moved feebly and Quirt pulled a chair to the bed and sat down.

The old man seemed to gather strength. He turned his head toward Quirt and spoke, his words low and distinct.

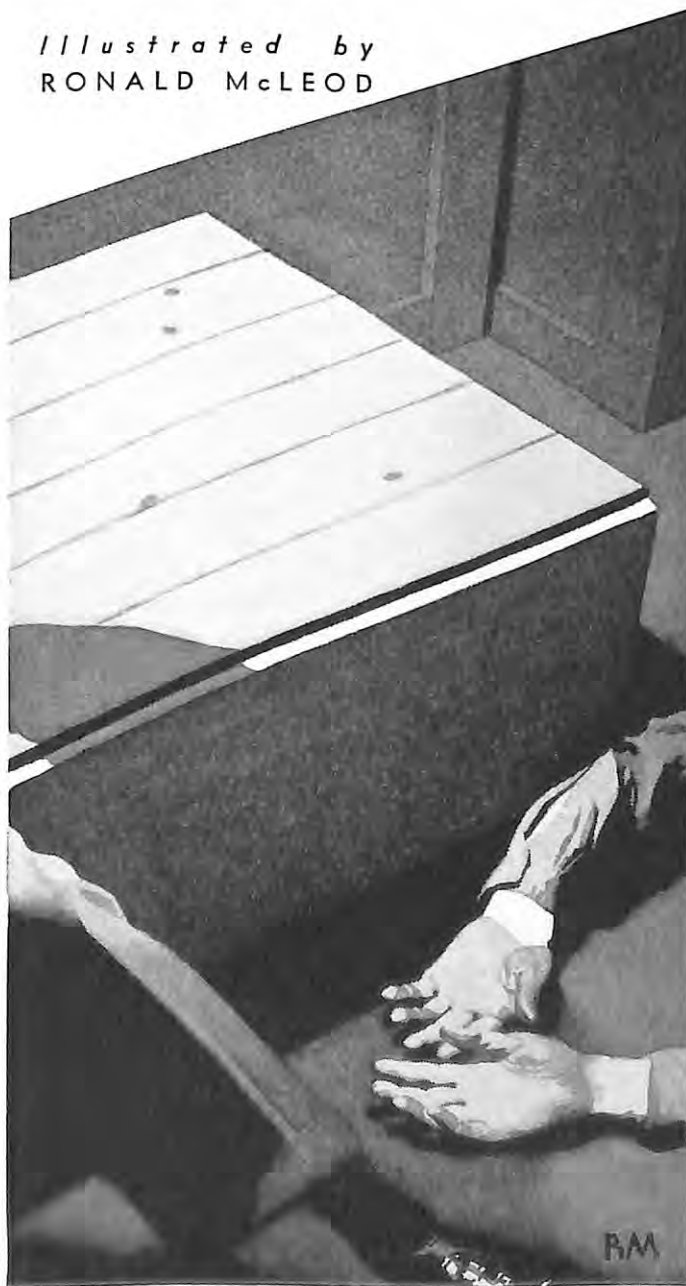
"Listen carefully to what I am going to say. I may not be able to repeat it." The bright, intelligent eyes looked searchingly at him. Quirt stared back, feeling a faint hostility at the intensity of the old man's gaze.

"I want to retain you to find my son, Abel Wayne. He disappeared in Chicago two days ago. It is very unlike him to absent himself without good reason. It actually makes very little difference to me where he is or what he does—except that, since someone has to take charge of my fortune, I should prefer that the task fall on him whose responsibility it is.

"I know nothing of the details of his disappearance. You will get those from my niece, who lives with him in Chicago. My estate has been instructed to meet all reasonable expenses—and in the event of your success—ten thousand dollars."

Quirt let his breath out slowly, the palms of his hands were suddenly moist.

Illustrated by
RONALD McLEOD



The thin voice went on: "When I die, which will be shortly, you will accompany my remains to Chicago. When I say accompany, I mean that you will ride in the same car. When my coffin has been entrained—and not before—you will wire my niece advising her of the time of your arrival. Or should I say our arrival?" The old man's dry chuckle was like the crackling of stiff paper.

"I do this because, if my niece is informed too soon, she will feel it her duty to arrange some demonstration. I wish to avoid this. I detest funerals.

"You will arrange to have a hearse meet the train, and take my body directly to the family vault." His clear voice stopped, and the lids drooped over the brilliant eyes, like a door closing on a lighted room. Quirt was shocked. In a panic he started for the other room, but the steady voice stopped him.

"I'm not dead yet, Mr. Quirt. Nor will I die until I'm ready. Stop acting like a fool and come back here." For a moment there was a faint color in the sunken cheeks. "Are my instructions clear?"

Quirt shrugged. "Sure, pal," he said. "It's your funeral."

IT was stifling hot in the baggage car. From time to time Quirt wiped his forehead with a linen handkerchief. His shirt stuck wetly to his back.

Lathrop Wayne's coffin was in a cleared space in the center of the car. The rest of the car was filled with large crates bearing the label:

WAYNE LAVATORY ACCESSORIES.
HANDLE WITH CARE!

Quirt wondered if the man on whose coffin he was sitting had owned the railroad company too. He decided that it was very likely. Old man Wayne probably never knew himself just how many companies he owned.

He swayed slightly with the motion of the train and looked at the baggage man sitting opposite him on a packing case. He was fascinated by the nervous quiver of the man's moustache. After a moment he reached in his pocket and pulled out a pint of Haig & Haig Scotch whisky. The baggage man's eyes popped rather like a man who sees a rabbit come out of the magician's hat. Quirt passed the pint to him and watched the jerking of his bony Adam's apple as the liquor flowed past it.

Alcohol had put a maze of blue veins over the baggage man's long, sad face. His nose was a deep, mottled purple. There was a wide, white scar running over the top of his bald head, contrasting oddly with the flushed scalp.

When the little man showed no inclination to stop swallowing, Quirt reached out and deftly snatched the bottle from his hands. He took a perverse pleasure in drinking just a little more than the baggage man.

"No, pal, I'm not here because I like it. On the contrary, I don't like it. I don't like baggage cars. I don't like coffins. And most of all, I don't like dead men. In fact, there is only one thing that could make me sit on this damned coffin all the way to Chicago. And that is gold—lots of gold—buckets of gold." He drank again and failed to pass the bottle to the little man, who sucked in his lips like a hurt child.

"You see, the great Lathrop Wayne, captain of industry, leader of a million men—and," he wagged a finger wisely, "the possessor of billions of little green dollars, can't even take himself to Chicago alone. He has to have protection even when he's dead."

The clacking of the car wheels was immensely irritating. He felt that he had no real reason for being here. The hard wood of the coffin galled his seat and the perspiration rolled stickily down his sides where the shirt didn't touch his body.

"Hell, we might as well be drunk as the way we are. We can't get any stiffer than old man Wayne." The loudness of his own laughter startled him. He patted

Quirt sat down on the coffin, his stomach churning like a paddle wheel. He found that the higher he stretched his arms the easier it was to keep from being sick.

the long pine box gently. "Poor old gentleman, I bet you wouldn't sit on *my* coffin and laugh."

The thought made him vaguely sad and he reached for a cigarette to take the taste of the liquor from his mouth. The baggage man looked like a very aged buzzard—with a beard. That seemed for some reason very funny to Quirt and he laughed. Startled, the little man drew back, and that's why the bullet didn't hit him.

Quirt saw the small round hole appear suddenly in the opposite wall of the car at the same time that the roar of the gun almost destroyed his hearing. Like a ten-pin, the baggage man toppled from his perch on the box, but Quirt beat him to the floor by a wide margin.

There was a long moment of silence. He could feel the rocking of the car, but he couldn't hear the sound of the wheels. He wondered if his ear drums were broken.

"All right, pallie, get up now." The nasal voice seemed to come from far away, but Quirt was relieved that he could hear it at all. He got to his feet, but the baggage man didn't move. He just lay there, frozen with fear.

A tall man, very precise and dapper, stepped from the shadows at the back of the car. He leaned over the figure on the floor and then drew back his foot and carefully kicked him in the middle of his bald head.

The old man's tense body relaxed and he rolled on his side; his head split open.

The tall dapper man looked at Quirt and grinned.

"I don't like them old goats," he said conversationally.

Quirt sat down on the coffin, his stomach churning like a paddle wheel. He found that the higher he stretched his arms, the easier it was to keep from being sick.

The man with the gun grinned again. "Hell, pallie, don't let it t'row you. W'en you're dead you don't mind."

Quirt felt the slow, even pull on his muscles as the train began to slow down. The clack of the wheels didn't



run together any more, and he could tell when they passed over each separate rail junction. He knew the train was going to stop and he wondered what he was going to do when it did.

The tall man stepped quickly toward him and raised his gun. He saw the blow coming and for one fleeting second he hoped his head wouldn't pop as had the old man's. And then he wasn't interested any more.

THE car was empty as far as Quirt could tell when he finally opened his eyes. He groped for the pint and raised it to his lips. When no more liquor ran down his throat he threw the bottle weakly into the shadows. The movement almost lifted the top of his head, and, for a moment, he thought he was going to pass out again. He put one hand down to steady himself, and then saw the blood from the long crack in the baggage man's skull. He turned away and was violently sick.

When the train pulled into Chicago several hours later, Quirt was able to walk, but he still couldn't look at the freshly scrubbed place on the floor where the poor little man's head had rested. The train crew had taken the body to the refrigerator car.

Gingerly, he lowered himself from the high doorway. His head ached horribly and he was sick of the whole affair. Two men moved forward and grasped him by either arm. A third man stood before him. He half moved to jerk away and then thought better of it. Wearily he shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, boys," he said, "I guess you got me. Tell my maw I died game with my boots on."

One of the men said, "Oh, a wisey," and then deliberately twisted Quirt's arm behind him. There was a sudden scuffle and a sharp crack. The man sprawled on the platform, one hand raised to his jaw.

Quirt said, "Now take it easy, boys. I'm perfectly willing to answer questions, but I don't like being mauled. I've got a headache."

The third man hadn't moved. "That was a mistake," he said. "I'm Lieutenant Reid, Detective Headquarters. We got the conductor's wire about a murder. What's the dope?"

"The conductor didn't by any chance mention me, did he?" Quirt asked.

"Stop stalling," Reid said. "You've got a lot of explaining to do."

Quirt told his story in as few words as possible. When he got to the part where the dapper man hit him one of the detectives snorted. It was the smallest of the three men, so Quirt felt safe in reaching out and grabbing him by the slack of his shirt, jerking him close. He made his voice menacing.

"Keep your shirt on, buddy; we ain't gonna run off with it," the tall man laughed.



"You sound like you don't believe me. Listen, if I hadn't wanted to talk to you guys there are plenty of ways I could have avoided it. I can prove who I am and why I'm here. When I tell you things I expect to be believed. Where I come from the cops are *really* tough—and I don't like 'em. Don't forget to remember that." He shoved the man from him and then leaned forward and stared at him, scowling. He said, "Boo!" in a loud voice and the small policeman jumped and raised his hands. Reid and the other man were smiling.

Reid said, "Okay, Quirt. I've been in touch with New York. I know who you are."

Quirt stepped back somewhat mollified and said, "That's better."

Reid went on. "I know who you are—and I won't believe a word you say until it's proved to me. Your reputation has a slight odor of fish and the New York Department would love to hang something on you."

Quirt shrugged. "Hell," he said, "there's no harm in trying."

Reid said, "I'll take your story for now. But I'd advise you against taking any little trips. If I were you I'd plan to stay right here in Chicago for awhile. It's a nice town—but I don't think you're going to like it."

Quirt reached for a cigarette and felt a light, sure touch on his arm. It was a very pretty girl.

"You're Mr. Quirt?" she said, and he began almost immediately to forget his headache. Her voice was low and deep, with the vibrant quality of a blues singer. She was dressed in a tailored white suit and a high-crowned white hat. Her sheer blouse looked clean and cool in the sultry summer evening. When she took her hand from his arm, he could see the faintly pink silk of her slip drawn tightly over her breasts. Her skin was tanned a warm, golden brown, and the sun put streaks of burnished bronze in her dark red hair . . . Beneath the tan, her face was pale, and there were faint blue circles under her eyes.

"Well?" There was still another voice beside him. Without taking his eyes from the girl he answered the question.

"Yes, I'm Quirt." Only then did he turn. The tall, handsome young man beside him was wearing a tan gabardine sport coat whose lines were good—and expensive. His dark Harris tweed slacks bagged at exactly the right places, and his English shoes were just old enough to look right. His lips were smiling, but his black eyes were serious. Quirt suddenly remembered the headache, and he didn't smile in return.

The girl said, "I'm Sheila Wayne, and this is Wortham Haines, my uncle's business manager." Her voice sent a queer tingle across his shoulders.

"I'm glad to meet you both," he said, "but I wish it were under other circumstances." He turned again to the girl. "I'm sorry my telegram was so abrupt, but I had to follow your uncle's instructions. He wished to be taken directly to the cemetery. I made arrangements for a hearse . . . that is—the arrangements are all made." He resented having to cause this girl any more pain than he could avoid, and he was annoyed with himself for not putting the cruel words more gently. To cover his embarrassment he told them briefly of his experience on the train. The girl expressed shocked surprise, but her interest was only perfunctory. He didn't blame her. She had a lot on her mind.

AS he finished his story he pointed to Reid. "This is the majesty of the law. He's got an idea that I killed the baggage man and knocked myself out. And these," he indicated Reid's companions with an elaborate gesture, "are his majesty's handmaidens. They also are convinced that they stand cheek and jowl with a fiendish killer."

Reid stepped forward. "I'm sorry about this, Miss Wayne. It's very unpleasant for you, I know, but the law—" She stopped him with a raised hand. "I understand—but—if you could see all of us at the hotel . . . This has been so . . ."

Quirt grinned at Reid. "Good day, Lieutenant. So kind of you to understand. We'll be delighted to receive you at any—" He left the (Continued on page 35)



WE were at Camp Sycamore down yonder in Virginia. We were five of the members of the Sycamore Hunt Club. First the hunting had been bad, then it had been good, and now it was bad again. For three days a driving, whipping, whistling rain had belabored us from the northeast.

The poker games had gone sour. Each man had heard every other man's favorite jokes at least twice. You edged away whenever Doctor Mansfield started to describe another of the delicate and baffling operations he'd performed. You did the same when Judge Haley mentioned his shrewdness in the old days when he was a great corporation lawyer. You even did it when Sam Porter sought to introduce a vicarious thrill by harking back to the time when he'd hunted big game only and slaughtered the deer and the moose and the elk and the sheep and the Lord-knows-what-else in British Columbia. You felt bilious if big George Macklin got going on his pet theme, started-with-a-shoestring-and-now-look-at-me.

I even noticed that not a mother's son of them seemed interested any more in the fact that last year I had killed the biggest wild gobbler on record in that part of the State.

We were still fairly solvent in the matter of liquor, but it no longer gave us the old lift; it was just something we took to deaden our boredom.

Big George came out of the dining room at the lodge into the huge old living room. He had a glass in his hand, but you could tell by the expression on his florid face that the whisky no longer tasted good to him. He kicked the door shut behind him with a bang. I glanced at the kid, this kid Charley Lang, who was taking care of us.

He was just nineteen and I'd had my doubts about

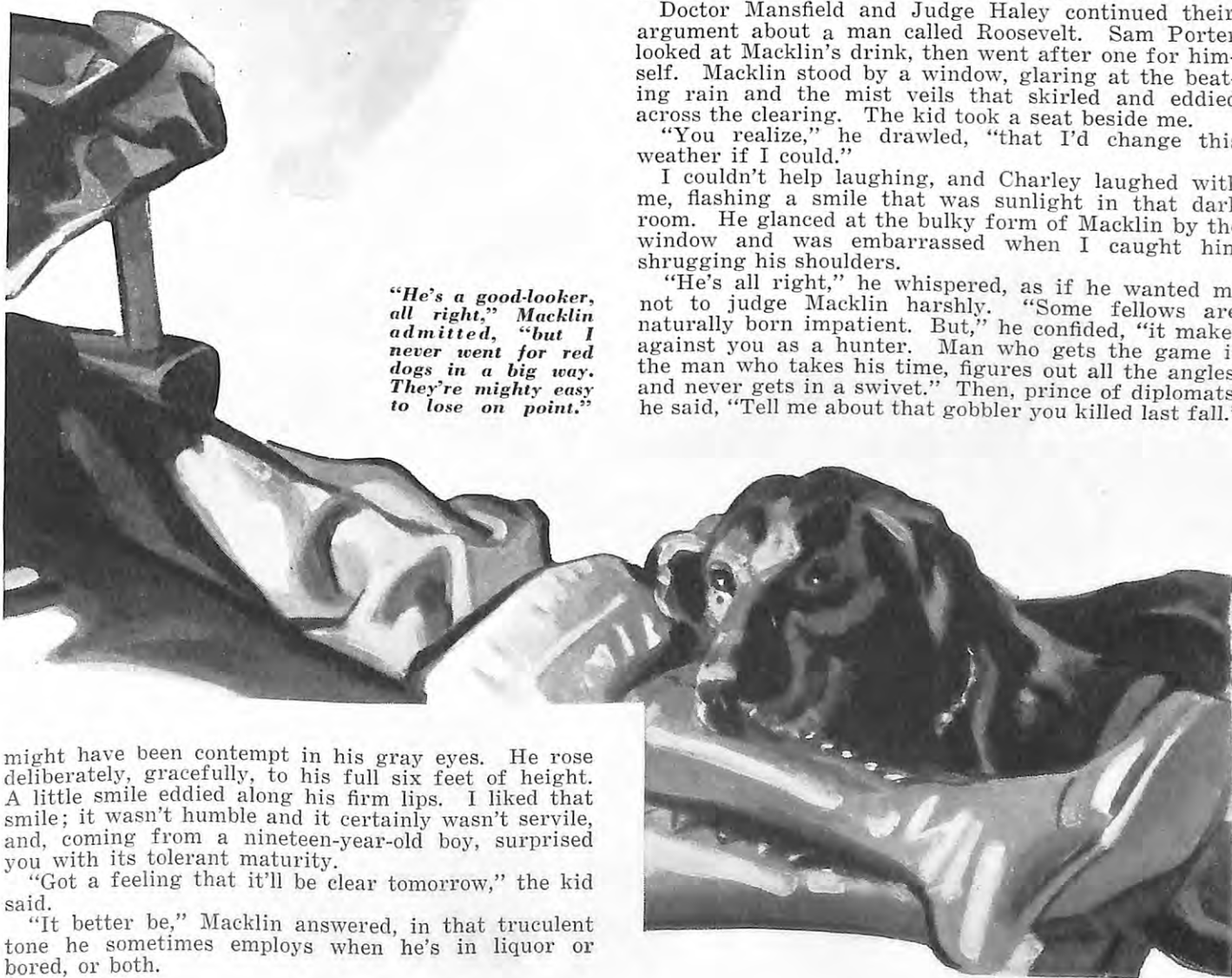
him. Moses Barton had taken care of us in other years; but this year his mother was near death in Kentucky and he'd had to go out there. It was Moses who had recommended and then secured Charley for us. A fine boy, Moses had told us; a deserving boy; good with dogs and good with a gun. Charley had been doing what guide work was necessary and also cooking for us.

I glanced at the kid when big George Macklin kicked the dining-room door shut with a bang. You couldn't have said absolutely that the kid took notice of it, but I saw his thin nostrils flare and I saw something that

One Man's Poison—

by John
Randolph Phillips

Big George Macklin has
a hard time learning that
there is more than one
way to kill a turkey



*"He's a good-looker,
all right," Macklin
admitted, "but I
never went for red
dogs in a big way.
They're mighty easy
to lose on point."*

might have been contempt in his gray eyes. He rose deliberately, gracefully, to his full six feet of height. A little smile eddied along his firm lips. I liked that smile; it wasn't humble and it certainly wasn't servile, and, coming from a nineteen-year-old boy, surprised you with its tolerant maturity.

"Got a feeling that it'll be clear tomorrow," the kid said.

"It better be," Macklin answered, in that truculent tone he sometimes employs when he's in liquor or bored, or both.

I tried a note of levity. "If it's not clear, you'll take the old weather across your lap and spank it, won't you, George?"

Macklin paid no attention. He was looking at Charley Lang. Finally he said, "Isn't there something we can hunt even if it is raining?"

"I told you once or twice before," Charley said good-naturedly, "that you can hunt just as well in a rain like this as you can when the sun's shining bright. But *hunt* is all you do—you don't have no luck, and, golly, do you get wet! I'm ready, though, Mr. Macklin, to go out with you after any sort of game you can mention, including elephants!"

But Charley's levity served no better a purpose than mine. George Macklin was in a mood for no man's humor but his own. He had been active all his life and inactivity drove him crazy. He could be as unreasonable as any man I've ever seen, sometimes when things weren't going to suit him. Still, you mustn't misjudge George. He was a generous guy nine-tenths of the time; the other tenth he was liable to stray off the reservation.

He said now, "You're paid to look after us, not to make wisecracks." And the tone he used was by no means gentle.

A little flush came and went in Charley Lang's smooth cheeks, and perhaps his movements were not so graceful as usual as he crossed the room and flung another log on the fire. He stood looking into the flames. The light from the fire played over his tanned, strong face. Again I was impressed by the unassuming maturity of this nineteen-year-old. I didn't blame Macklin for being outdone with the weather, but I wished he wouldn't take it out on the kid.

Doctor Mansfield and Judge Haley continued their argument about a man called Roosevelt. Sam Porter looked at Macklin's drink, then went after one for himself. Macklin stood by a window, glaring at the beating rain and the mist veils that skirled and eddied across the clearing. The kid took a seat beside me.

"You realize," he drawled, "that I'd change this weather if I could."

I couldn't help laughing, and Charley laughed with me, flashing a smile that was sunlight in that dark room. He glanced at the bulky form of Macklin by the window and was embarrassed when I caught him shrugging his shoulders.

"He's all right," he whispered, as if he wanted me not to judge Macklin harshly. "Some fellows are naturally born impatient. But," he confided, "it makes against you as a hunter. Man who gets the game is the man who takes his time, figures out all the angles, and never gets in a swivet." Then, prince of diplomats, he said, "Tell me about that gobbler you killed last fall."

But I am a diplomat, too, and so I said, "Oh, that's an old story. Nothing much to it. I was lucky enough to find him with two other old gobblers and got him separated from his pals. He walked up to my blind in less than an hour after I started to yelp."

I could tell that Charley admired this new reticence of mine. His lips softened under a smile. I asked him suddenly how much schooling he'd had and he replied that he had gone as far as third-year high. His father had died then and he'd had to support his mother and a brother younger than himself. There was buoyant pride in his voice when he mentioned modestly that he'd done all right for them, too, with the farm his father had left and with odd jobs, such as the present one, that he was able to pick up in dull seasons.

Macklin wheeled away from the window. His usually jolly eyes glared at the doctor and the judge. "Not a single word you two fellows say will have one jot of effect on the fate of the country."

With definite asperity, Judge Haley answered, "And all your bluster, George, won't turn a single drop of rain off its course."

Sam Porter, who was our peacemaker, returned with his drink. He said, "Let's have a game of hearts. Six can play that."

"Damn your game of hearts," said Macklin, and went back to the window.

Crossing the room, I stood beside him. The rain beat in a torrent against the panes. Beyond the clearing the pines made a solid wall, with their tips waving in the punishing wind. Charley Lang's Irish setter, which had not been kenneled with our dogs, came de-

jectedly around the corner of the house, his splendid plume not gallant for once, but drooping. I became aware that Charley had joined us at the window. His eyes followed the dog.

"Any of you gentlemen mind," he asked, "if I bring the Chief in by the fire and sort of let him dry himself off?"

"Certainly not," said Macklin. "I'll just go to my room while he's in here."

"In that case," Charley said, without rancor, "I'll put him in the kennel with the other dogs. Some folks," he added, as if apologizing to the rest of us for Macklin, "just can't stand a dog in the house."

Macklin flushed, and, knowing him as I did, I realized that he was ashamed of his remark. "Oh, bring him in," he said. "I'm not that picayunish."

To my surprise, the kid said, "Thank you." I believe he had intended all along to get the red dog in by the fire. I believe he had known Macklin would object and had known, too, that the way to win his point was to be gentle and sweetly reasonable and to make Macklin feel just a trifle ashamed. He went outside and returned presently, with the Chief trotting delightedly at his heels.

"Mind your manners now, Chief," he cautioned the red dog.

Chief lay beside the fire, his muzzle resting on Charley's instep. Now and then he'd look up at the kid and there was a lot of love in his eyes. They made a nice picture there by the fire at the lodge at Camp Sycamore.

"He's a good-looker, all right," Macklin admitted,

"If you lay ary hand on him, Mr. Macklin, I'll shoot you in your tracks." And the kid was standing there with his gun ready.



"but I never went for the red dogs in a big way. They're mighty easy to lose on point."

"Because of their color," the kid agreed. "Chief is a combination dog. If it's turkeys I'm after, he'll run every turkey in the woods off the ground. If it's quail, he'll point and back and retrieve with the best of 'em. You don't find many good combination dogs."

Macklin couldn't resist the suggestion of his frayed

nerves. He exclaimed, "Of course he's smart enough to know right in the beginning just what you're planning to hunt!"

"No, he's not that smart. I sort of have to show him. But he's a dog that shows mighty easy."

The rest of us said complimentary things about the Chief and patted his head and asked his master questions. Then, after an hour, the kid put him out and went to prepare our lunch. He served us quail on toast and Macklin said it was a trifle too dry. I didn't think so; but then, I never did like my quail soggy.

After lunch Macklin reckoned that we could stand another session of poker without everybody losing his temper and shouting at everybody else. We others doubted this. Both the judge and the doctor went to their rooms for naps. Sam Porter had a letter to write. This left Macklin and me alone, but presently the kid, his chore of dish-washing completed, joined us.

"Well, you and I can play a little dollar show-down," said Macklin, already on his way for the cards.

"I couldn't afford that," Charley told him. "Dollars—why, they're might near as scarce down here as rooster eggs."

"You might win a few of those rooster eggs."

"And I might lose the few I've got."

Macklin said explosively, "The trouble with you young fellows is that you won't take a chance. You lack nerve. Where would I be if I'd never taken a chance? Back yonder in Fort Wayne helping old ladies with their grocery lists! Once in Denver I had fifteen dollars to take me to my next job. I put it in a stud game and came out with three hundred."

Charley said, "You probably didn't have a mother and a brother to support, Mr. Macklin."

It seemed a good answer to me. But Macklin waved his hands in disgust and went to stand by the window. His foot beat restlessly against the floor. He threw away a half-smoked cigarette, then immediately lit a fresh one. I felt sorry for George. You always do, I think, for a fellow who can be perfectly swell but lets his nerves run away with him. George was all right.

But he exploded again now. Shook his fist at the elements and cried, "Go ahead! Rain all you can." As if in answer to him, the torrent increased its beat. It whipped and lashed against the window panes. It thundered against the roof and fell in sheets upon the bleak ground. I felt my own nerves jumping. This wasn't an ordinary rain; this was a dull cannonade that beat and beat against your ears till it seemed the drums would burst.

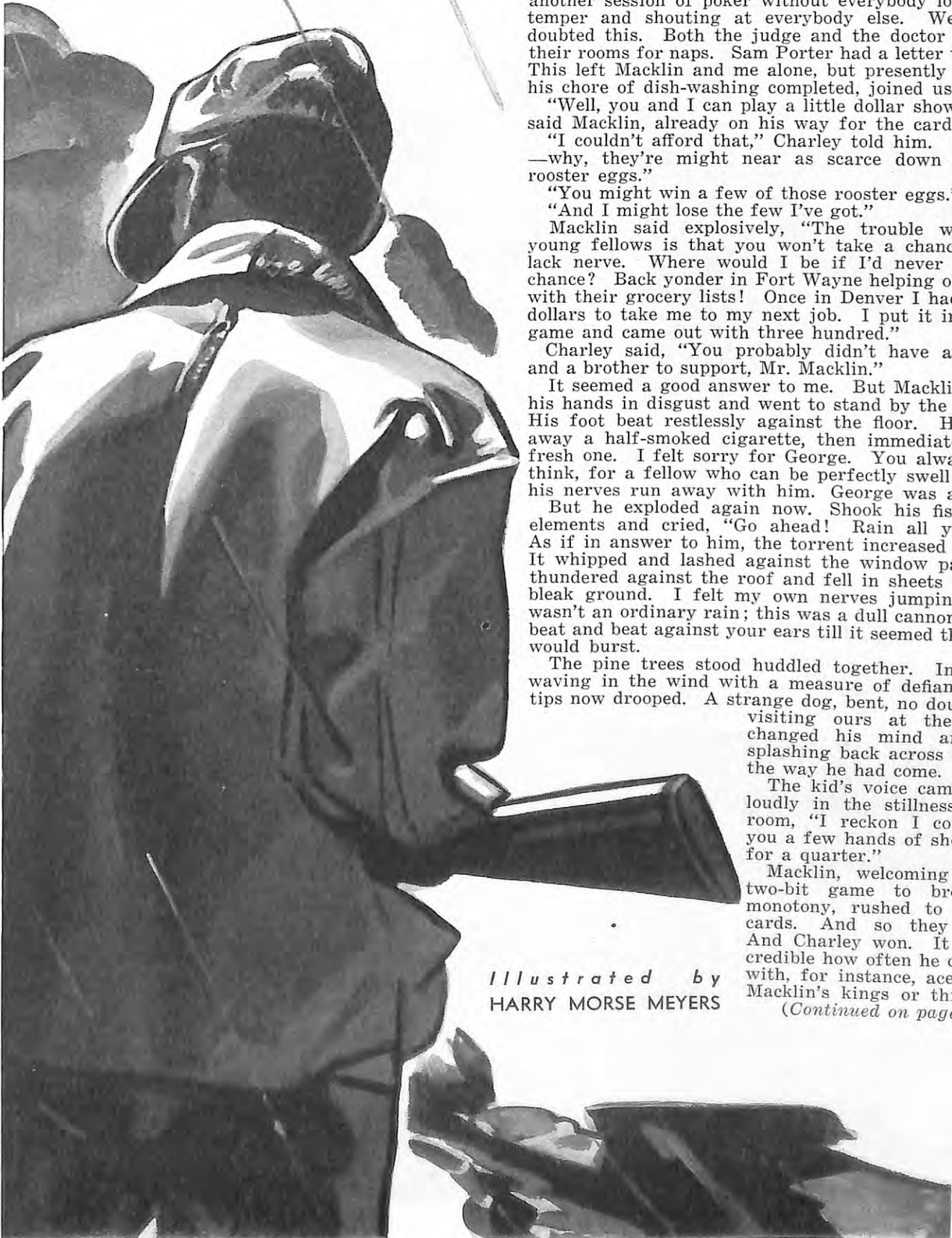
The pine trees stood huddled together. Instead of waving in the wind with a measure of defiance, their tips now drooped. A strange dog, bent, no doubt, upon visiting ours at the kennel, changed his mind and went splashing back across the yard the way he had come.

The kid's voice came rather loudly in the stillness of the room, "I reckon I could play you a few hands of show-down for a quarter."

Macklin, welcoming even a two-bit game to break the monotony, rushed to get the cards. And so they played. And Charley won. It was incredible how often he came out with, for instance, aces to top Macklin's kings or three of a

(Continued on page 38)

Illustrated by
HARRY MORSE MEYERS



SHOW *Business*



Above are the two principals in another of Hollywood's daffy marriage films. Florence Rice and Dennis O'Keefe are shown in "Vacation from Love". If marriage is what Hollywood hints, this Department is going into a monastery.

Above are the Marx Brothers (with a charming friend) as they appear in "Room Service", a film, taken from a successful play of the same name, which concerns itself with the myriad difficulties of producing a Broadway play with no money. The Marx Brothers turn the entire hilarious affair into a cheese dream.

Below: Mickey Rooney and Wallace Beery are palsy-walsies in "Stablemates", a film in which Mr. Rooney acquires a horse and races it with, naturally, happy results. Mr. Beery is very tough and tender indeed, and fades out in a flood of tears

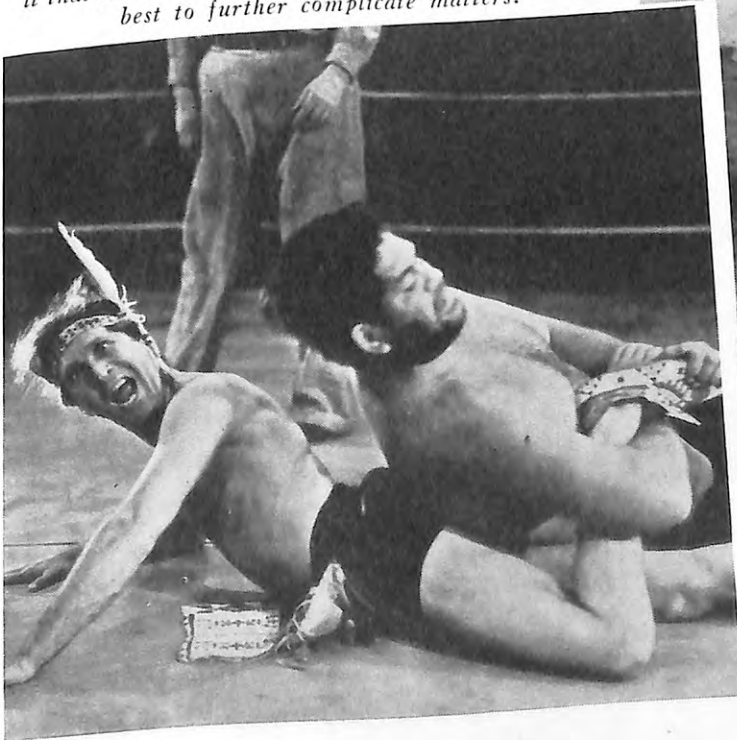
Below are Virginia Bruce, Fredric March and Patsy Kelly (plus a cop) in "There Goes My Heart". Miss Bruce, as the Richest Girl in the World, rings in a few changes on an old theme, lands Mr. March as her ever-loving husband and proves all's right with the world even among the very, very rich.



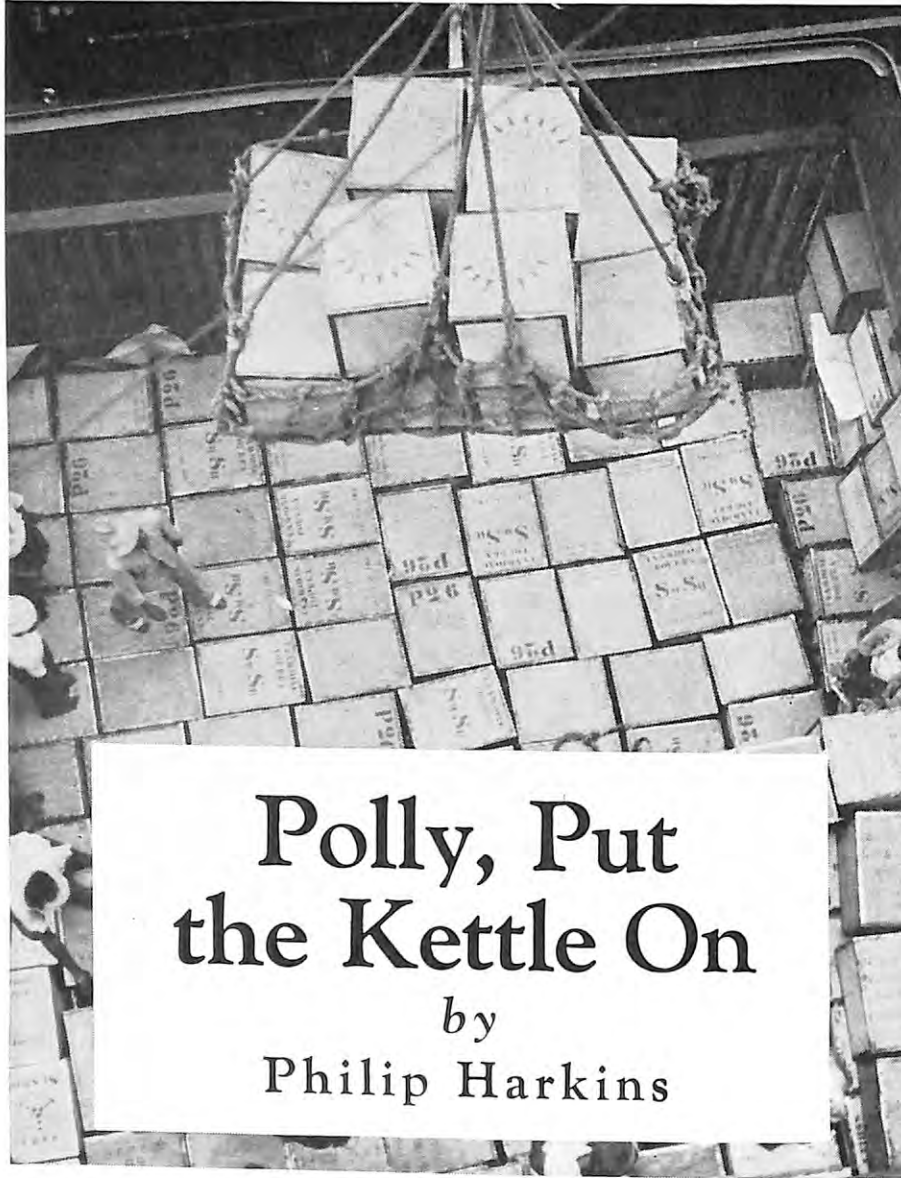


Above: Scotty Beckett makes admirable use of an arrow on Walter Pidgeon. "Listen, Darling," with Mary Astor and Freddie Bartholomew, tells a tale of three children attempting to marry off their widowed mother to—guess who? NOT Mr. Pidgeon!

Below is the weirdest of that weird crew of zanies, the Ritz Brothers, in a dolorous plight with an extra in "Straight, Place and Show". You can depend on it that the other two brothers will do their inimitable best to further complicate matters.



This would appear to be Hollywood's month for going completely screwball. Above are Ann Miller and Mischa Auer in a scene from "You Can't Take It With You", a saga of the most slap-happy family ever conceived by the mind of mortal man. The film, superbly cast, was made from one of Broadway's most successful plays. There are those who would tell you that the celluloid version improves on its parent.



Polly, Put the Kettle On

by
Philip Harkins

Above: Loading tea at Sumatra and, below, Javanese women sorting stems from leaves. Below, right, a Ceylon tea plucker wearing a nose-ring.

PEOPLE who gobble up new ideas as quickly as Americans are bound to swallow a lot of hokum with their hot dogs. Most of us have completely forgotten the once-sacred formula, "every day in every way I'm getting better and better," and many of us stopped eating the required "apple-a-day" some years ago, but as a mass we still believe: that we live fast and die young, ignoring the evidence of life insurance companies to the contrary; that we're just a husky bunch of record-breaking athletes, when as a matter of statistics we are merely an excitable nation of spectators; that snobbism is a rare disease in these parts, despite the hordes of snooty social-climbers eternally sounding off about "good background," "fine family," "to the manner born" and all the other hocus pocus. Finally, there is the widespread belief that Americans don't drink tea, and worse, the calumny that American men who drink it are sissies.

Although Americans "don't drink tea," 94,000,000 pounds of it came through the customs last year, enough to make 19,000,000,000 cups, or thereabouts. Now, as far as I know, there are three things you can do with tea: you can use it to take ink stains out of rugs, the burn out of sunburn, and you can drink it. Therefore, it begins to look as though another fallacy has slipped by our unguarded frontier and lest it become accepted as a fact and innocent men quarantined as "sissies," let's get Polly to put the kettle on and boil down the truth from the mists of fancy.

Know then that tea, like Caesar's Gaul and Barnum's Circus, is divided into three parts: black, green and oolong. Black tea is fermented, oolong is semi-fermented, and green tea is unfermented. The important process of fermentation is begun



only after the tea has been plucked and withered.

Twenty-five years ago about three-fourths of the tea consumed in America was green tea; only one-fourth was black tea. But America's taste has been swinging the other way for some time and today the tables are reversed, with three-fourths of the tea consumed black, and the other fourth green. First, then, to follow the black tea trail.

THE plucking of the delicate tea leaves begins after the plant has been growing for about three to four years. The bushes mature slowly at high altitudes and in the famous Darjeeling district in Northern India they do not yield until six or seven years old. In fine plucking, only the bud and the two young leaves beneath are taken, while new shoots will appear in eight to ten days and be ready for further plucking. It is important to pluck the bud closed, and it is quite possible that the expression, "nipped in the bud," was coined by some tea planter. Because the smaller, softer hands of women are less liable to bruise the delicate leaves, women do most of the plucking. On a normal day, a skilled woman will pluck from fifty to eighty pounds of leaf. This is collected, placed in specially made sacks and taken to the factory.

After being weighed to determine the earnings of each plucker, the tea leaf is taken to the withering loft and spread out on racks. Withering lofts are always open to the outside air and have plenty of windows on all sides, thus giving entrance to the currents of fresh air. In areas where rain is frequent, induction fans are also used and hot air chambers built in, from which currents of hot air

are blown around in wet weather when the percentage of humidity in the atmosphere is unusually high. If the use of hot air under such conditions was not possible, the period of "wither" would be unduly protracted and the quality of the tea would suffer in consequence. The necessity for withering lies in the fact that the leaf must be presented in a suitably flaccid state so that the juices in the leaf containing the alkaloids may be more easily released during the subsequent processes of rolling. To make this possible the water content in the leaf, which may run as high as 55%, must be evaporated. The period of "wither" must necessarily vary, but under normal conditions twenty-four hours is sufficient.

The withering period completed, the leaf is sent down chutes into the rolling rooms beneath. Here, trained coolies operate a number of rollers which will apply pressure to the leaf. These rolling machines are little more than the modern parallel of the old-time grinding mill. The object in rolling is to twist and crush the leaf, breaking up the cells and releasing the essential oils which, when dry, form a soluble extract.

AFTER the final roll the leaf is removed to the fermenting room where it is spread on glass or cement tables to the depth of from one to four inches. The fermenting room is always situated in the coolest part of the factory and there is a growing tendency for this to become a separate building outside the factory. The room is generally roofed with galvanized iron sheets over which water is continuously run, while inside the rooms are hung jute curtains through which water is allowed to percolate. The windows are cov-

ered to make the interior as dark as possible while in some instances humidifiers spray damp air into the room to insure a sufficient amount of moisture in the atmosphere.

Fermentation, which started when the tender leaves were bruised by the rollers, is completed in the fermenting room. A simple analogy between rolling and fermenting lies in the brown bruise often found on apples. The white pulp of the apple when bruised quickly turns brown and the same metamorphosis takes place in a tea leaf. The rolling and fermenting processes together occupy about five or six hours, after which time the color of the leaf has become a bright, coppery red.

After the fermentation has been completed the tea is removed to the firing-room. Here, two firing machines or driers, containing hot air chambers, receive the fermented leaves which pass through on a chain of trays. The normal temperature in these ovens is about 220 degrees Fahrenheit and the time taken in drying out the leaves is about twenty-five minutes.

The dried leaf then goes to the packing and blending rooms where machines with varying sized meshes separate it into grades. These are classified as Broken Orange Pekoe, Broken Pekoe, Orange Pekoe, Pekoe, Pekoe Souchong, Souchong and the commercially unimportant Fannings and Dust.

Probably the one term every American Housewife associates with tea is "Orange Pekoe." Perhaps in the back of her mind is the pleasant but inaccurate thought that this particular leaf is grown in orange groves or has an orange flavor. (Tea blossoms do bear a resemblance to orange blossoms but the similarity

Below left: Coolies loading tea at Batavia, Java, and, right, the rolling room of a Sumatra tea factory.





Women plucking tea leaves on Javanese tea estate.

ends there.) However that may be, Mrs. Housewife goes to the grocer and asks for "half a pound of Orange Pekoe," calling it "peek-o" instead of the correct "peck-o." Accepting almost anything wrapped in tinfoil and stamped with the magic label, "Orange Pekoe," Mrs. Housewife returns to the hearth, tosses a few leaves in any old pot, infuses the brew for a couple of minutes and proceeds to pass this colored water off as tea. Mind you, I don't say that *you* do that, Mrs. Smith. I am referring to Mrs. Average Housewife and we all know that *you* do not come within this category.

As we have seen, the term "Orange Pekoe" refers to the size of the leaf in the tea industry nomenclature which covers India, Ceylon, Java and Sumatra. A Pekoe leaf coming from a high estate in the district of Assam or Darjeeling might be very much superior to leaf graded alike from an estate in the lowlands. Therefore, to purchase an Orange Pekoe doesn't necessarily mean that quality is being secured.

In the green tea areas of China, most of the work is done by hand. There is an intricate series of screens used to separate the tea, some having elongated apertures, some hexagonal, others round. The grading also is dependent upon the size of the leaf, ranging from the small Pinhead Gunpowder to the larger, looser rolled Imperial and Pea Ball.

For the most part tea thrives on mountainsides or the well-drained

side of a hill of high elevation where the warm, damp temperature remains constant. It requires a good, sound, loamy soil well-mixed with sand and vegetable matter. While tea fields and gardens are much the same the world over, they range from lowlands, producing quantity rather than quality, to the highlands, whence comes the highest quality like the regal Darjeeling, grown on the slopes of the Himalayas.

A well-handled tea estate must depend to a great extent on soil conditions. The soil must be analyzed constantly, fertilizer must be scientifically applied, the condition of the bushes carefully watched and pruned and the valuable leaves plucked at just the proper time.

IN China most of the tea is grown by individuals, who do part of the processing in their homes. They then turn it over to a local Hong, who refines and otherwise improves it, before transferring it to the Hong located in the larger cities. The representative of these Hong is stationed in Shanghai for green tea makers and the black teas that come from the district of Keemun and Ning Chow, while the traders for the larger part of Chinese black tea are to be found in Hankow and in the southern province of Foochow.

As a Japanese possession the island of Formosa off the coast of China was early engaged in the production of tea but it did not begin to enter into the export trade until the early

part of the 19th century. It was along about this time that Ceylon came into the picture (here tea plants replaced coffee trees which were wiped out by a blight in the 1870's), and Ceylon was followed by Java and, finally, Sumatra.

Interesting if accurate are the Chinese legends which place the origin of tea as far back as the year 2700 B.C. Chin Lung, a savant of the period, is reputed to have cast this little pearl, "Tea is better than wine for it leadeth not to intoxication, neither doth it cause a man to say foolish things and repent thereof in his sober moments."

The original Chinese word for tea was "tu" which was later dropped for the word, "Ch'a." In some correspondence of the 17th century, tea was called "chaw," but evidently people found "tea" the more attractive name and "chaw" was left to the tobacco trade.

The Arabs became acquainted with tea around the year 850; the Venetians in 1559; the Portuguese about 1600. The stolid Dutch brought it to Europe in 1610 and the English were introduced to it in 1615 when it fetched \$30 to \$50 a pound. The fragrant leaf arrived in Russia in 1618 and finally reached American shores in 1650, enjoying a century of popularity before the hated tea tax turned it into a political football.

In the year 1773 British prestige and British tea were knocked down for the count in Boston. British prestige came back strong and Boston

is now "too English for words" in the eyes of some of our more plebeian cities. But by the time tea lost its unpatriotic flavor coffee had been established as the nation's number one drink. The following is a blow-by-blow description of the celebrated Boston Tea Party, plucked from the log of the British sloop *Dartmouth* for December 16, 1773:

"Between six and seven o'clock this evening, came down to the wharf a body of about 1000 people, among them were a number dressed and whooping like Indians. They came on board the ship and after warning myself and the customs officer to get out of the way, they undid the hatches and went down the hold where there was eighty whole and thirty-four half-chests of tea, which they hoisted upon deck and cut the chests to pieces and hove the tea all over board where it was damaged and lost."

Thus ran the melancholy British account of the most famous tea party ever given in America. Now consider the unkind verse by one Susannah Clarke soon afterwards:

"We'll turn the tea all in the sea
And all to keep our liberty.
When we are dry we'll drink small
beer,
And freedom shall our spirits
cheer."

ANY good propagandist knows that in time of war a product stamped with the enemy's stigma has about as much chance of survival as an ice cream cone in a steam-room. It is perfectly reasonable to assume that tea can trace its perennial runner-up position to coffee in this country to a disastrous revolutionary snub. Today you can go into any drug store, dog wagon or restaurant and get a good cup of coffee. It is not quite so easy with tea.

The trouble with tea drinking in the United States is with the drinkers, not the tea. Our import regulations are the strictest in the world, higher than neighboring Canada and even England. We have the world's finest teas but, as far as the majority of Americans are concerned, there's only one kind and that is the aforementioned Orange Pekoe, which is purchased carelessly, prepared haphazardly and often gulped down with all the appreciation of a Great Dane swallowing a capsule of cod liver oil.

There's nothing mysterious about making good tea. The rules are simple and easy. Disregard those dire warnings about brewing your tea an exact number of minutes. Experiment and brew it to your own taste. But don't forget to use boiling water! Locked inside those curled up black leaves are the valuable oils and enzymes that produce flavor, body, aroma and color in your tea cup. Boiling water will release them—hot water will not!

Now for a few simple directions for preparing a good cup of tea.

1. Use a good teapot: earthenware, china or glass—not metal.



Screen Traveler, from Gendreau

Above: Pluckers sorting tea leaves. Right: Joe Di Maggio and Donald Budge complete the final step in the tea industry, thereby proving that tea is no sissy's drink.

2. Scald the teapot.

3. Take your Formosa Oolong, your English Breakfast or your Ceylon blend and measure it carefully into the pot; one teaspoon for each cup to be brewed.

4. Get your water boiling, and I mean boiling, not just simmering.

5. Pour the proper amount of boiling water on the leaves and let it infuse for as long as you desire, preferably not less than three minutes and not more than five or six. It all depends on your taste and the strength of the tea you use.

6. Stir thoroughly and *pour off the tea into another pot*. Even in England where they should know better I have seen women call for hot water and proceed to pour it on tea leaves that had been standing around, like a clammy bathing suit, for about ten minutes. Once the juice is steamed out of the leaves throw them away, give 'em to the cat, anything; but for Heaven's sake, don't use them again. And that goes for tea bags, too. Once used they should be treated as the baptising Brahmins treated King George III's tea—heave them overboard. And don't think I'm trying to drum up more business for the tea companies; it's just that I like a good cup of virile tea instead

(Continued on page 46)



Newspictures

What America Is Reading



Jacket design for "Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads," collected by John A. Lomax and Alan Lomax (Macmillan).

Drawing by Paul Laune

Highlights in New Books

By Harry Hansen

NOW come the long evenings, when a lively book brings back youthful memories, when a snappy yarn keeps you wide awake, and when the lending-library lady works overtime, saying, "What an appetite for reading! I can't keep my shelves stocked!"

Fortunately, the authors have been working while most of you people have been going to the beaches and the hills. The publishers have been putting bright, new jackets on the books and we're all set to go. I see that James Gray, who lives out in St. Paul, has written a story of a fine woman, from the day when she is born into the house of a father who loves her and a mother who merely tolerates her, through to womanhood, wifehood, motherhood. He shows us what made Faith Winchester the woman she was, why she loved and married David Fraser, the newspaperman, and how her sense of perfection, her high purpose, could both irritate and help him. "Wings of Great Desire" is the story of a woman's ambitions for her children, which is likely to make other women reflect, whether they approve or disapprove. (Macmillan).

Remember the young Mrs. Meigs? You should, for Elizabeth Corbett portrayed her so cleverly that many readers fell in love with her as she roamed through half a dozen novels. Miss Corbett has written "She Was Carrie Eaton." In this lively story Mrs. Meigs is a vivacious girl, four times a bridesmaid before Richard Meigs appears—and just because this goes back a few decades, don't imagine that it's a period piece. It's as modern as Mrs. Meigs herself. (Appleton-Century).

Faith Baldwin likes to find her characters right under the Boss's eye. Sometimes she describes the heartaches and ambitions of clever women who work in the big cities; sometimes she goes to smaller towns, as in the case of "Hotel Hostess." Judith Gillmore is "social director" of the Rivermount hotel in a small resort town; that means she sees that the visiting clubwomen are properly entertained, that flowers and bridge tables are provided, while visiting young women and even young men have a lien on her time. But though she may be an employee, who has to work to attain security and shelter, she is not an automaton; her feelings

get involved, like those of anyone else, and Miss Baldwin traces her fortunes in a story that moves forward with speed. (Farrar & Rinehart).

Mr. Warwick Deeping invariably chooses an English theme for his stories and gets pretty deeply into people's lives, testing them not only by their infatuations, but by their courage and endurance against odds. His latest, "Malice of Men," tells the story of a young contractor who falls in love with the wife of an overbearing nobleman. John Lancaster, the builder, tells his own version of his devotion, his suffering, his ambition and his determination to help fate along. I don't know what my readers will think of the solution. I can't expect them to be of one mind about it. It merits discussion. What will *you* think of John Lancaster? (Alfred A. Knopf).

From England comes a new romance about the Stuarts—"Crippled Splendor," the story of the life and death of James Stuart, King of Scotland, a tale of the fifteenth century, by Evan John. It's packed with intrigue, fighting, love and honor and death, told by a first-rate romancer. You can lose yourself in this story; there are so many people parading in it, and the life is so rich and deep that soon you see James as a man and understand his troubles in this bickering Scotland. The author is a young English actor and producer who has been all over the ground he writes about. (Dutton).

Charles Cooke's "Big Show" is a circus love story. Just as his short stories about the theatre were unlike the stories written by any other author, so this novel about Robert Boulton, his trained collie and his girl, Ann, is unlike all the easy-going

(Continued on page 47)



Herbert Mitchell

William Beebe, the author of "Zaca Ventura," the record of two months spent by the naturalist on a 118-foot schooner (Harcourt, Brace).

Whom the Headlines Destroy

by Stanley Frank



In which Mr. Frank comes to the melancholy conclusion that horses are more fortunate than football players

MR. E. R. BRADLEY, owner of the famous Idle Hour racing stable, once remarked that there are fifty-two different ways in which the best horse in a race can lose honestly. Since that comes straight from the feed-box and undoubtedly is true, it must be obvious that the possibilities for an honest-to-George upset in a football game run into important and staggering numbers. Now, the horse is a noble beast but it is, after all, a dumb, inarticulate animal and won't tell how-come form can be kicked around shamefully when everything is strictly on the up and up. The same question can be propounded to football people and sometimes they answer intelligently and truthfully.

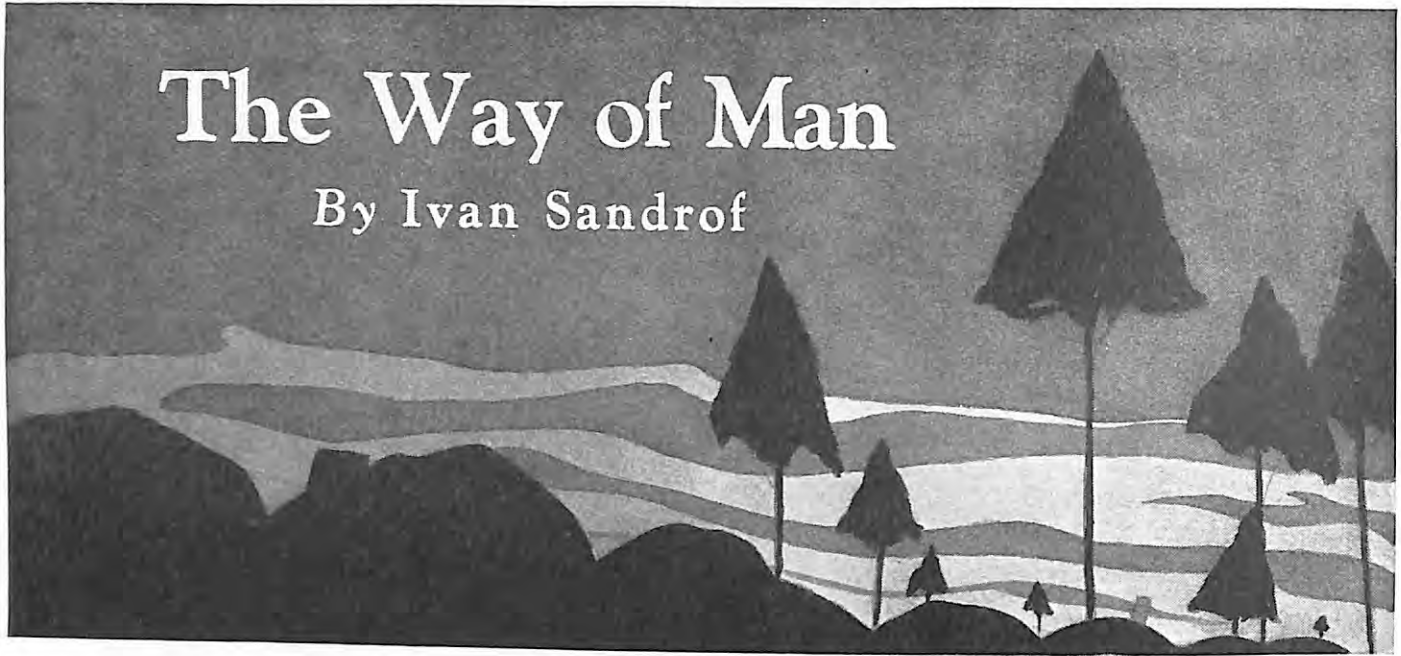
Football coaches, who genuflect at the altar of the Second Guess or What-Might-Have-Been, will bend your ear earnestly and at great length on the vagaries of the breaks of the game. They will tell you, with heart-rending sobs, how a third-string quarterback, the dope,

upset their lovely strategy by calling a stupid play. They will tell you how the opposing team, the lucky bums, were benefited by a freakish bounce of the ball or a quaint decision by the officials which no man in his right mind understands yet. On occasion, the coaches become dandy little experts on aerodynamics and meteorology and explain how weather conditions licked them. They will tell you any number of things, but they won't come clean and tell the fundamental reason why the better team often loses a major game.

A player occasionally will talk and make more sense, but only after he has done his dying for the greater glory of alma mater. And only if he has paid his way through college with no favors—or scholarships—asked or received. In three respects football and crime are much the same. Both are tough rackets; nobody really wins but the Big Brain, the coach or head man of the mob; and unwritten laws (Continued on page 41)

The Way of Man

By Ivan Sandrof



COCKS were beginning to shake their wattles and rear feathered throats in the village. Over the Big City the China sky was peeling a white rind of daylight. Soong-li, son of Huan the coolie, arose and hurried to inspect the bamboo cage. The bare earth on the thatch-hut floor was cool between his toes. He shook the tiny cage, fretting, shook it again and held it close to his ear. Then he smiled and chuckled gleefully, for from the cage arose the stridulating chirrup of a cricket, and to Soong-li, son of Huan, its music was music of gods.

The previous night he had gone to the village graveyard. Ngung, the Ancient One, had said it was there on a black night that Soong-li might, if he were quiet enough and an obedient son to his father, trap a Se Chung, yes, and even a great Kin Chung, whose reputation for fighting was unexcelled in all of China. He had crouched, trembling like a wheat stalk, near a conical grass burial mound and earnestly prayed to the crickets not to be offended. In perspective the farther mounds seemed to loom against the murky purple and gray sky like yawning rows of dragons, but he closed his eyes tight and tried not to see. When the sky was black, he lit the candle stub on the ground beside the green corroded belly of an urn. There was a reedy click in the throbbing darkness, and a magnificent cricket, an inch long, sprang into the pool of yellow candlelight; rubbing its twigged forelegs curiously. With shaking fingers, Soong-li clapped the bamboo cage over it and swiftly darted home.

Now he examined the cricket more closely, eyes wide with curiosity. "Ai-ia!" he shouted gleefully—it was even better than he had hoped. Ngung had told him often enough what marked the best crickets—a big, bold head, strong shoulders with gray hair, long legs and golden wings. This one was a wonderful specimen, and Soong-li was filled with happiness and gratitude to his ancestors. He would take excellent care of it. There was probably no other cricket like it in all China. He trembled with audacity. Perhaps he would raise a champion and even be crowned Grand Marshal in the Big City, thus bringing honor to his father, to his ancestors and to Ngung, the Ancient One.

Day had broken fully. The cocks reluctantly wrung themselves from their last notes, and the rice fields were already noisy with the plash of coolies. He heard stirrings in the kitchen.

"Nongpa!" he cried excitedly, and Huan, his father, entered with water dripping from his shaven head onto his bare, muscular chest.

Soong-li bowed, as was customary, and held up the bamboo cage. "Venerable One," he began, "the gods

have been good. I think they have given me a Kin Chung."

Huan held the cage up. "A Kin Chung!" he breathed. "It is a good omen. It will bring wealth to this unworthy household." He patted his son's bald head. "Guard him well."

Soong-li could hardly wait. He grabbed a handful of rice, crammed it into his mouth and ran to find Ngung, the Ancient One, who plied his sometime trade of barber and leech in the village market place, next to the vendor of melon seeds and dried cuttlefish, Hung-tao.

THE Ancient One was sitting cross-legged on a wooden stool sucking hot draughts of tea with noisy gulps. The day was almost as hot, but he wore a black skull cap and a padded jacket. His face was the yellow of old bamboo, wrinkled with amazing furrows like the shell of a lichee nut. Ngung had seen everything. His brown eyes peered and twinkled from between rheumy lids, and he droned his prayers toothlessly in his throat. Ngung knew everything—stories of ancient China and the Manchus; the maxims of Confucius, and even the Twenty-four Examples of Filial Piety, which Soong-li had difficulty in learning.

But above all, he knew about crickets. In his younger days he was a Feng-shi man in Chapei, esteemed for ability to auger auspicious weddings, cricket fights and funerals. He could even recite Kia Se-tao, who put into writings the elaborate ritual of cricket diets and training, including the fifty-three rules for conducting matches. At the moment, however, he finished his tea and was about to doze off.

"Eu! Eu!" he exclaimed. "It is the Little One!"

Soong-li bowed respectfully half a dozen times and handed over his prize. The Ancient One held it carefully between his shriveled fingers and inspected the cricket carefully. Then he listened to its voice, a chuckle creeping from between his toothless gums.

"He-he-he!" he cackled, "truly a monarch of the earth!" He listened again to the chirp, high, shrill and strong, and mocked it. "Teng-ling-ling, tsa-tsa-tsa!"

Soong-li rubbed his hands against his bare knees and squatted in the dust. "It is good, Ancient One?" he stammered.

Ngung nodded. "A Kin Chung," he said reverently. "It is written."

In the entire village, or even in the Big City, there was probably no happier boy than Soong-li, son of Huan. In the rice field, knee deep in water, he helped his father shout at the stubborn water buffalo, and packed the yielding mud firmer about the tender rice



shoots. Always there was the steady chirp of the Kin Chung against his chest, lustily droning in its bamboo cage. He taught it to crawl about on his arm and snatch bits of food from a quill, and had only to sing *tsi-tsi-tsi* for the insect to fill the air with its shrill music.

And if Soong-li occasionally deserted his work in order to feed Kin Chung, or play with it, thus distressing his father, it was Ngung, the Ancient One, who scolded. In his sing-song toothlessness, he droned the example of one Laitse from the Twenty-four Examples of Filial Piety, relating how this worthy son, when he had reached the venerable age of seventy, feared his years might distress his ancient parents by reminding them of their greater age, and thereupon proceeded to dress as an infant and play about the room with toys.

Then, regarding the bowed, bald head, Ngung permitted a sly smile to creep across his sunken lips and withdrew from the depths of his padded jacket a slim, ivory box which he handed to Soong-li.

That repentant glanced at it and then at Ngung, slid the box open on its cunning grooves and withdrew a long, ivory stick carved with sixteen symbols of good omen, on one end of which protruded the six whiskers of an old rat. It was a tickler, an ancient one with

When the sky was black, he lit the candle stub on the ground beside the corroded belly of an urn

magical properties, used to incite crickets to battle.

Soong-li bowed. "Ai-ia!" he sighed happily. His cup was full. "It is for me?" "He-he-he!" Ngung cackled. "If you

are to raise a champion it is necessary to train the Kin Chung. Give me."

There was a flat bowl on the ground and into it Ngung shook out the cricket. It stood balanced on its high hind legs and gravely advanced its antennae, as if testing the air.

"Ho!" Ngung stirred the cricket's head lightly with the whiskers, then its tail. The Kin Chung tensed, opened and shut its short wings, and quivered angrily.

Ngung opened a cage of his own which he withdrew from the storehouse deep within his jacket, and shook another cricket into the bowl. It was a lesser breed with gray wings covered with red fuzz. As with the Kin Chung, Ngung stroked its head and tail.

"Watch closely," he commanded, and whisked their hind legs with a dexterous stroke. The crickets flapped their wings, chirruped madly and sprang. Soong-li watched wide-eyed, trembling for his Kin Chung's safety. About them a crowd quickly collected, for where in the Orient is there one who can resist a game of chance?

Gray Wings did not want (*Continued on page 43*)



Drawings by Carl Link

EDITORIAL

A TAX ON COLLEGE FOOTBALL

THE long taxing arm of the government has been extended to the box office of college football where it exacts toll in the guise of an admission tax. The Supreme Court, with one Justice not participating and two dissenting, has placed the seal of its approval on this tax, and that's that.

Doubtless lamentations will be long and loud, which brings us to consider whether the lamenting is based on sound reasoning. Granting that the government has the right, as it unquestionably has, to levy and collect a tax on admission fees to places of amusement, why not college football, as well as baseball and professional football? A negative answer is difficult to find.

At one time college football was non-commercial and, without doing great violence to one's judgment, might have been classified as a legitimate educational activity. That day, however, has long since passed. The sport has been highly commercialized. It is being fostered and maintained as a money making enterprise, the proceeds being used to erect stadia, some of imposing dimensions, and to pay handsome salaries to coaches and their assistants. From time to time it is charged, but uniformly denied, that some of it is used to employ players who are given passing grades wholly regardless of their lack of scholastic standing. When you pay your money to see a college football game, are you motivated any differently than when you pay to see a professional baseball game? You are seeking amusement and entertainment in one instance as much as in the other. It may well be doubted if the playing of modern-day football can rightly be regarded as any part of a collegiate

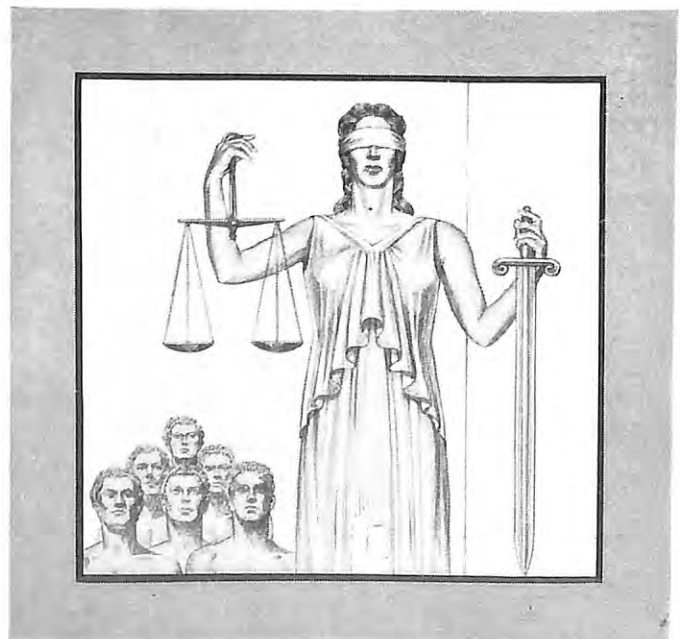
education. Be that as it may, the fact remains that colleges vie with each other for supremacy on the gridiron as a means of advertisement, to which end they use their students who put on an entertainment for the general public to which a substantial admission fee is charged.

It sometimes happens that we are in disagreement with the Supreme Court, which fact is always carefully guarded for fear of wounding the feelings of the eminent jurists who compose that august body, but with the decision that a college football arena when in full action beyond a box office is a place of amusement and entertainment, we are in full accord. We are not preaching against college football. We are for it. The admission tax will neither stop it nor decrease the attendance. We wish to add, however, that all taxes on admissions to places of entertainment and amusement are rightly characterized as "nuisance taxes" and in our humble judgment should be repealed.

ATTENTION! DISTRICT DEPUTIES

THE Grand Exalted Ruler has appointed his committeemen and District Deputies and they have been inducted into office so that the stage is now set for another year's activity in building the Order for the future as well as to embrace to the fullest the possibilities of the present.

The District Deputies have had the pleasure as well as the benefit of meeting with the Grand Exalted Ruler in conference and to learn direct from him the activities which he has planned for the year. It is said that many a battle has been lost due to the fact that the army had lost its eyes—its scouts. The District Deputies are the Grand Exalted Ruler's scouts. It is largely on them that he must rely in being fully advised as to what is going on in the various lodges, and their active support is necessary to his success. The importance of their work must not be overlooked and cannot be too frequently or strongly emphasized. If they fail to discharge their duties, the Grand Exalted Ruler has a hopeless task ahead of him, but with their full cooperation and support, he is not only encouraged in carrying on his



work but his responsibilities are more easily met and his administration assured of success.

Mr. District Deputy, it is largely up to you, so get busy and keep busy.

THE SPIRIT OF ELKDOM

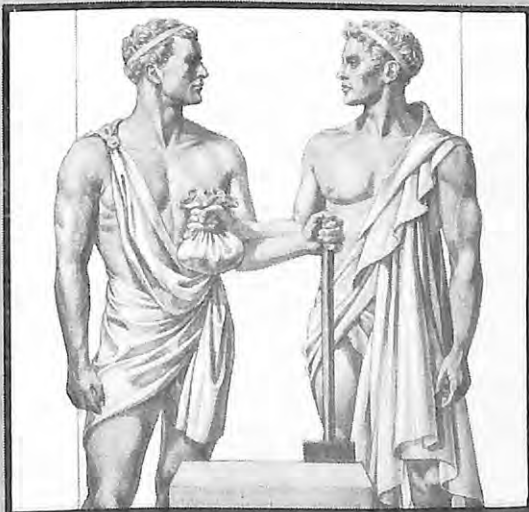
RECENTLY we were requested to define the real spirit of Elkdom. In general we should say that it is to be found in sincere and conscientious effort to inculcate the fraternal conception of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity which are the cardinal principles of the Order. This involves consideration of the Order's concept of these cardinal principles. They have been defined by a Past Grand Exalted Ruler and we take the liberty of quoting with approval some excerpts from his definition, as follows:

"Charity: Not a mere giving of alms; a broad charity of thought, inspiring charity of word and deed. * * * It is a spark struck from the hand of Diety, kindling a flame of sympathy, forbearance, tolerance and helpfulness in the hearts of men. * * * Elk charity is typified by a winged figure in flowing robes of white, scattering along life's pathway the flowers of hope, courage and good cheer * * *.

"Justice: Ours is not the stern justice of retribution * * * but a justice which seeks to judge men by that which is in their hearts. * * * Elk justice is typified not by a blind * * * but by a benign goddess with kindly visage and clear vision to see the very truth of things * * *.

"Brotherly Love: That which we acclaim is not effeminate, weak, feeble, fawning or spiritless; it is masculine, strong, virile, sturdy, helpful and vigorous—a manly love of man for man and for things manly. * * * It nurtures, sustains and protects. * * * It is an affirmative answer to Cain's inquiry, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'

"Fidelity: * * * Adherence to right, steadfastness in the discharge of duty, faithfulness to all obligations, honesty, integrity, faith, fealty, loyalty. * * * Our teachings constitute an everyday religion as broad as the scheme of the soul's salvation within all creeds."



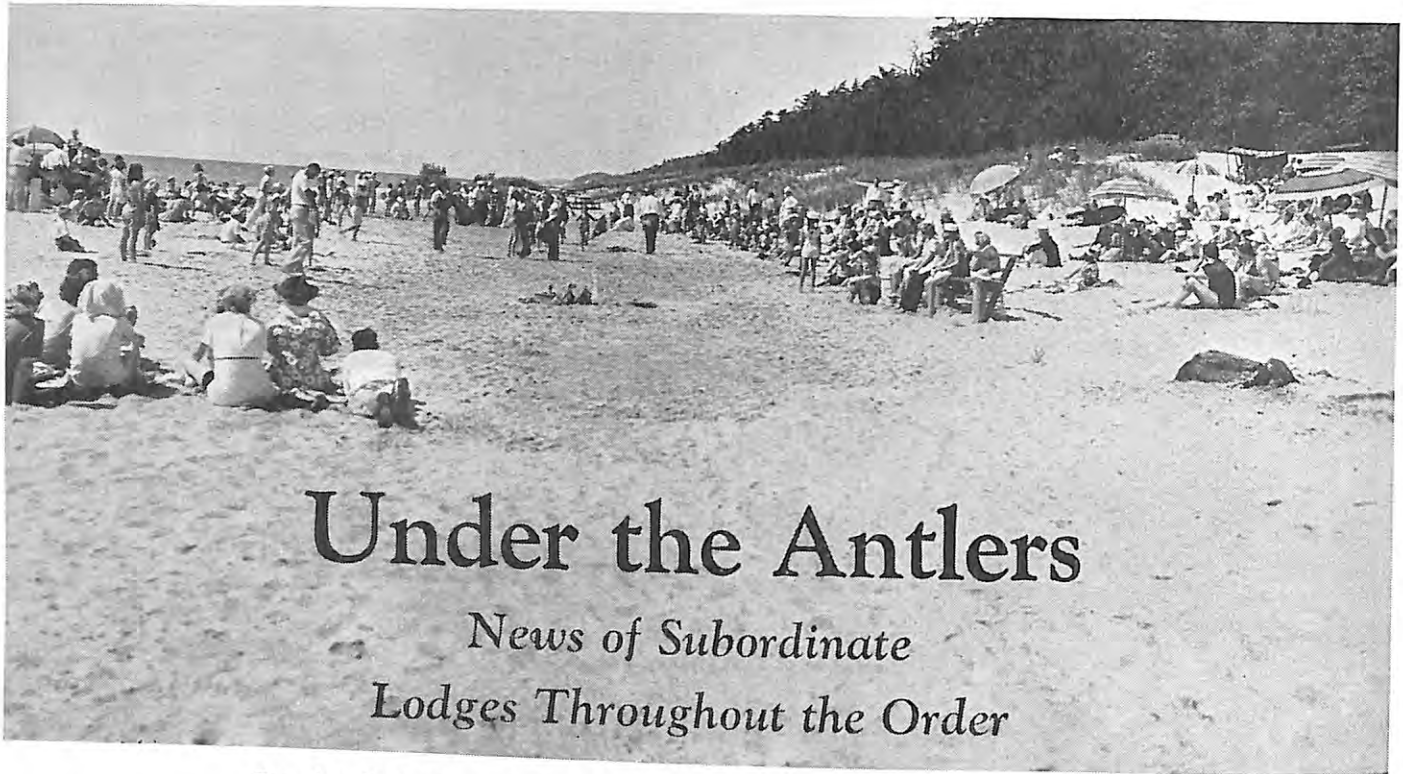
FIGHTING WOMEN

THERE have been two great fighting women (some married men may think this statement too conservative, but let that pass), one, Joan of Arc, was a real character of flesh and blood; the other, Penthesilea, was a creature of Greek mythology. Both were great fighters.

The house in which Joan of Arc was born still stands in eastern France as does also the dungeon at Rouen where she spent the last tragic days of her short, remarkable and meteoric career. At the age of thirteen she claimed to have heard in the Chenu woods adjacent to her home the voice of Saints calling her to the defense of France. When but seventeen she must have been a forceful character, for on obtaining an audience with Charles VII, she convinced him that she had a real mission to save France from the English who then threatened the capture of Orleans. Wearing a suit of armor, astride a white charger and bearing a white banner which she proclaimed represented God's blessing of the *fleurs-de-lis*, she led the troops into victory. Thereafter she was known as the Maid of Orleans.

At the age of nineteen she was captured by Burgundian soldiers who for a price betrayed her to England. She was tried and convicted as a sorceress. The list of serious charges against her included that of wearing man's attire and of having her hair bobbed—grievous offenses in those days, which, however, in our time would scarcely be regarded as justifying the confinement of a girl of nineteen in a dungeon and burning her at the stake. Such, however, was the sad fate of the Maid of Orleans, and by this monstrous crime there passed from the stage of action a most remarkable character in French history. She was born in 1412 and was executed in 1431. In 1909 she was beatified, and canonized by Pope Pius X in 1920.

Penthesilea, the other great fighting woman, defended Troy after the "godlike" Hector was slain. She met a tragic death at the hand of Achilles whose javelin pierced her heart and broke his own when he beheld her great beauty.



Under the Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Five hundred Elks and their ladies who gathered together on the beach for the 13th annual picnic of Muskegon, Mich., Lodge.

Major Hart to Head Elks' National Safety Movement

Because of the pronounced success of the Elks' National Traffic Safety Campaign which was inaugurated during the administration of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, several hundred lodges throughout the Order have decided to continue unabated their efforts toward reducing the appalling traffic casualties which occur in the United States.

In the last year deaths through automobile accidents decreased twenty-two per cent. This decrease was doubtless due in part to the work of the Elks' National Traffic Safety Campaign, the work of the National Automotive Safety Council and other such organizations.

In recognition of Major Hart's splendid work in this activity, Grand Exalted Ruler Doctor Edward J. McCormick has appointed him Chairman of the Elks' National Safety Movement. With the splendid cooperation of the many hundreds of lodges committed to this safety program, the policies recommended and so ably carried out by Major Hart will continue and be strengthened.

Supplementary Awards Complete Grand Lodge Convention Prize List

A supplementary list of prizes awarded at the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City last July

Right: Two distinguished Toledo surgeons contribute to the Toledo Safety Campaign. Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick and Dr. Barney J. Hein, President of the Ohio State Medical Assn., broadcast a plea for safety.

has been approved as of August 25. Casper, Wyo., Lodge, No. 1353, was awarded \$100 for having the largest number, from an outside State, in the parade, from the greatest distance. Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, received \$100 for having the best appearing uniformed body in line from an outside State. To Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, No. 134, went the first prize of \$100 in the Fife, Drum or Bugle Corps Contest, with the second prize of \$50 going to New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756. Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, won the second prize of \$75 in the National Band Contest, Class A, with Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, winning the second prize of \$50, Class B.

The local convention committee also made a contribution of \$50 to Bethlehem, Pa., Lodge, No. 191, which was the only lodge to enter the Glee Club Competition. The entry

of three organizations was required to hold a contest.

Muskegon, Mich., Elks Hold Their 13th Annual Family Picnic

Muskegon, Mich., Lodge, No. 274, held its 13th Annual Family Picnic in mid-summer at its own Elks' Park on Lake Michigan. A crowd of 500 persons was present. Sutton's Band supplied the day's music. Life guards were on duty to safeguard the bathers. Informal recreation during the morning was followed by a noon dinner after which the picnickers got busy on an interesting series of contests.

Ned Fuller was General Chairman of the Arrangements Committee. The Outing was voted a grand success and many, loath to leave as evening came on, remained for a picnic supper on the grounds.



Changes in List of District Deputies, Published Last Month

A list of the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers for 1938-39 was published in the September issue of *The Elks Magazine*. Later information has caused changes to be made as follows:

California, West Central—R. A. Macaulay, Santa Cruz Lodge No. 824.
 Illinois, Southwest — George A. Hall, Litchfield Lodge No. 654.
 Massachusetts, Central—Daniel P. Barry, Arlington Lodge No. 1435.
 Pennsylvania, Northwest — Fred Mac Gribble, Woodlawn Lodge No. 1221.

Jackson, Tenn., Elks' Barbecue Held on Their Own Picnic Grounds

Between three and four hundred members of Jackson, Tenn., Lodge, No. 192, all displaying paid-up membership cards as proof of their eligibility to attend, turned out for the annual barbecue and outing given by the lodge in August at its own picnic grounds. The shady nine-acre grove, with its steadily flowing artesian well, is nine miles from the city, and an ideal place for such outdoor gatherings. The gates opened at one p.m. and supper was served at four-thirty. P.E.R. Charles Hanbuth, Sr., Chairman of the Executive Committee, was assisted by R. M. Wisdom and P.E.R.'s W. W. Tucker and R. D. Conger, all of whom are experienced in planning affairs of this kind.

Jackson Lodge has a membership of the highest type. It has a fine set of officers headed by E.R. W. H. Foster. P.E.R. J. E. Barber is its very efficient Secretary.

Some Interesting Facts About the Massachusetts Elks Scholarship, Inc.

During the year 1937-38, ending last June, the Board of Directors of the Massachusetts Elks Scholarship,

Below: Members of the Executive Committee who were responsible for the splendid Golden Anniversary celebration held by Bay City, Mich., Lodge.

Inc., acted favorably upon 13 applications for scholarship loans. Twelve were made in all, one being withdrawn. This brought the number of scholarships made since the corporation began to function to a total of 130.

Seventeen member lodges and 17 participating lodges constitute the roll of lodge contributors to the Fund. The Massachusetts lodges are carrying on this scholarship work under the auspices of the Massachusetts State Elks Association through

the agency of the Massachusetts Elks Scholarship, Inc. Consequently, they are entitled to make application to the Elks National Foundation to share in the distribution of the Foundation income for philanthropic purposes. The Foundation has allocated \$1,000 for the corporation's scholarship work. Repayments on loans were made by two beneficiaries, Roger W. Bruce and Manuel Lutsky, as evidence of their desire to repay the loans in full as soon as they are able to do so.

Below: A few of the 300 Jackson, Tenn., Elks who turned out for the annual barbecue and outing held by Jackson Lodge.

Below, center: Distinguished Elks and officers of the Ohio State Assn. Retiring Pres. John F. Fusinger is seated third from right.



After consideration of all the applications, the Board awarded the 1937 scholarship of \$300, given Massachusetts as an eligible State by the Elks National Foundation Trustees, to John Anthony Parodi. Young Parodi was sponsored by Haverhill, Mass., Lodge, No. 165, to which his father, N. L. Parodi, belongs. He completed his Freshman year at the University of New Hampshire with a splendid record.

At the close of the year, 49 of the 60 lodges of the State were subscribers to the Elks National Foundation. Six lodges, Springfield, Lowell, Brookline, Leominster, Quincy and Fitchburg, were entitled to the distinction of special mention because they had donated \$1,000 to each, the Elks National Foundation and the Massachusetts Elks Scholarship, Inc. In making his report to the President, officers and members of the State Association, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield Lodge, President of Massachusetts Elks Scholarship, Inc., expressed the Board's appreciation of the splendid cooperation which it had received from John F. Burke, of Boston, member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, the

State officers, subordinate lodge officers and the District Deputies of Massachusetts.

The Indiana State Elks Association to Meet at Evansville in 1939

Evansville, Ind., Lodge, No. 116, was awarded the 1939 Convention of the Indiana State Elks Association. A statement was made in the account of the convention at Richmond, appearing in the September issue of the Magazine, that Terre Haute Lodge would entertain the Association next year. This was an error, and we are glad to make the correction in this number so that any further confusion as to the place of meeting may be eliminated.

Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge Sponsors Marine Sports Event

The Second Annual Charity Speed Boat Regatta and Marine Circus, sponsored by Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415, attracted more than 15,000 spectators to the Long Beach Marine Stadium. The event added hundreds of dollars to the lodge's Charity Fund. Its success was attributed to the spirit of cooperation among the lodges of Southern California, all of them en-

tering whole-heartedly into the preparations. Max Miller, Captain of the Huntington Park 1936-37 National Championship Drill Team, directed the widespread sale of tickets which met with a ready public response.

About 70 prominent speed boat pilots competed in a number of thrilling events. Competition was sanctioned by the Southern California Outboard and Los Angeles Speedboat Associations. Miss Barbara Wilson, representing Huntington Park Lodge, winner in the Beauty Contest, was presented with a gold loving cup by Lieut. Gov. George Hatfield. The Regatta will be repeated next year on an even larger scale.

Treasurer M. E. Ballard of Telluride, Colo., Lodge Is Dead

Telluride, Colo., Lodge, No. 692, has lost a faithful officer and member in the passing of M. E. Ballard, Secretary for 20 years and Treasurer at the time of his death which occurred on August 10. Mr. Ballard was stricken while attending to his duties as Assessor of San Miguel County and was ill only two days. Services were held by the lodge at the family plot in the Elks Rest in Lone Tree Cemetery, Telluride.

Mr. Ballard was born in Corning, Ia., but was brought to Telluride 55 years ago when he was but one year old. He was well known throughout Colorado. Having been in the insurance business most of his life, he came in contact with many people all over the State. He joined Telluride Lodge on September 14, 1917.

Left: The Oregon City Lodge bowling champions, known as the "Ramblers", who captured the 1937-38 championship of the Elks Bowling League.

Below and on opposite page: A view of the Grand Lodge Officers and Delegates to the 74th Reunion of the Grand Lodge held in Atlantic City last July.



Police Radio Equipment Presented to City by Newark, O., Lodge

Newark, O., Lodge, No. 391, has presented a gift of \$800 to the city for the purchase of additional police radio equipment. E.R. F. H. Guthrie stated that the donation was the lodge's contribution to the Elks National Safety Campaign. The money was used to equip another cruiser and to put it into immediate service. Newark now has two cruisers affording the best of police protection for the community. Both cars are on 24-hour duty and are doubly efficient because of their two-way communication with police headquarters. Safety Director Mandel Brashear is a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 391.

It has been a practice of Newark Lodge for many years to make liberal contributions to worthy causes. One example of its generosity was the raising of funds for the purchase of the local Salvation Army building.

Bradford, Pa., Lodge Has Sponsored Tonsil Clinics for Ten Years

The completion of approximately 40 operations in the annual tonsil clinic drive of Bradford, Pa., Lodge, No. 234, for children in families not able to finance the operations, has brought the number of cases taken care of to over 350 for the ten-year period in which the clinics have been sponsored. Successive Exalted Rulers and their committees have led the campaigns. This is Bradford Lodge's "pet project" and it is the lodge's ambition to schedule all needy cases in the future instead of those that are most urgent. The undertaking

Right: Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick attending a luncheon of the Lions Club in Toledo, Ohio. From left to right: E.R. Helmer J. Campbell, of Toledo Lodge; Karl P. Rumpf, Dr. McCormick's secretary; the Grand Exalted Ruler, and Henry Bowers, a member of the Board of Directors of Lions International at Oakland, Calif.

has commanded the individual attention of each member for the past decade, and all members are encouraged to contribute names of children in the county as well as in Bradford proper who are in need of operations of this kind.

Below: The officers of Augusta, Ga., Lodge seated on the front porch of their new Lodge home. They were snapped while planning a house-warming.

All of the operations have been performed at the Bradford Hospital which, with its nursing staff, has played a prominent part in carrying out the program. Dr. Floyd W. Hayes, Dr. Warren E. Hartman and Dr. Harold Shapiro, members of No. 234, have acted as operating surgeons. Miss Marjorie B. Carson, Red Cross nurse, has been dominantly active during the years the work has been in progress, attending to check-ups and examinations and the details



and follow-up work so necessary after the operations have been performed. Valuable assistance has been given by Misses Mary T. Nash, State nurse, Caroline Reitz, Bradford Public School nurse, Emma Matthews, St. Bernard's Parochial School nurse, and Edith O. Axelson, R.N., Smethport, Pa.

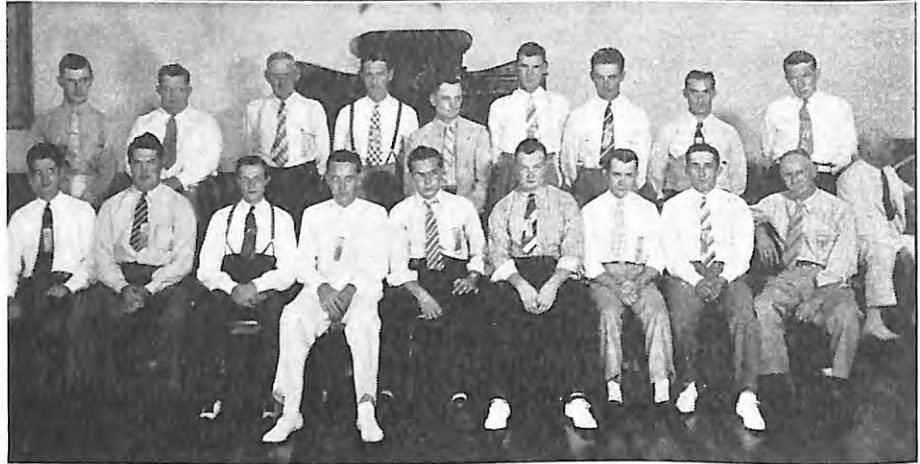
**Stag Picnic of St. Joseph, Mich.,
Lodge Attracts 500 Elks**

St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge, No. 541, held its annual stag picnic on August 7 at Fischer's Grove on the historic St. Joseph River. Dinner was available at all hours. The feature of the meal was, as usual, turtle soup prepared by two of the members who have made a real ritual of its preparation for the picnic for many years. A trapshoot was a popular event on the entertainment program which also featured horse shoe pitching, a ball game and other outdoor sports. Five hundred Elks attended.

**Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge Improves
Home and Installs Health Club**

Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, announces that it has shown more activity in the past six months than at any time since the pre-war era. With a progressive board of trustees, zealous officers headed by E.R. Frank W. Moore, former speaker of the State House of Representatives, with Kenneth Stevenson as Secretary, the lodge is carrying out an extensive program. Mr. Stevenson is largely responsible for the enthusiastic attendance of the younger members.

The home building has been renovated and painted inside and out. The ground floor, completely reconditioned, houses the Health Club on which the lodge has spent several thousand dollars. The Club has already proved its value as an attraction to the general public, as well as the membership. It offers a complete health service, with practically every form of physical treatment. Lee Jensen, for many years associ-



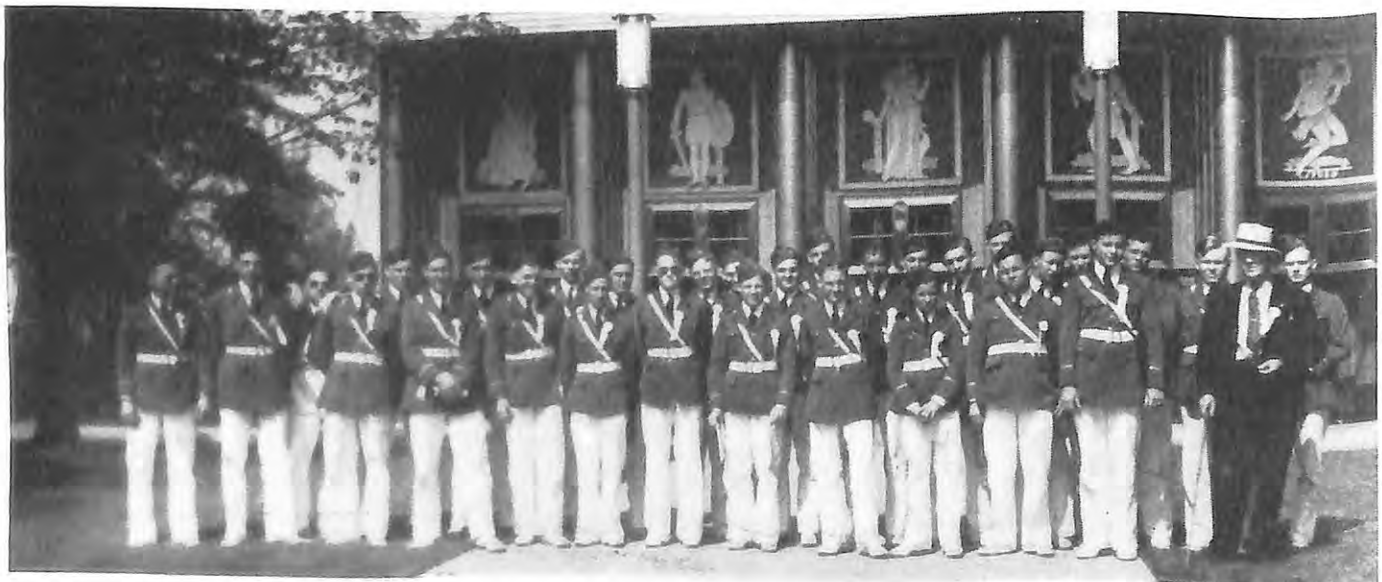
At top: The Owosso, Mich., Lodge Degree Team which was the winner in the Class B State Ritualistic Contest.

Above: A group of candidates which was initiated into Jackson, Ohio, Lodge during the month of August.

ated with sports at Ohio State University and Georgia Tech, and for the past seven years trainer of the Chattanooga Baseball Club, is Director. More extensive quarters on

the fourth floor have been provided for the Elks Junior Band, and a much larger rehearsal hall and instrument room are being equipped. Two regulation badminton courts are being constructed for the enjoyment of the many members and their ladies who are devotees of this popular indoor game. The Elks Soft Ball Team, in its first year of competition, won the championship of the Moccasin League.

Below: The famous Boys' Band sponsored by Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge. The Band will make a trip to the New York World's Fair next July.





Above: The officers of Kingston, N. Y., Lodge and a class of candidates they recently initiated.



Left: The Degree Team of Marquette, Mich., Lodge. These gentlemen were all Chair officers.

festivities. Later the band gave a half hour concert in a public square roped off for the occasion.

Iron Lung a Gift to the City by Birmingham, Ala., Lodge

Some time ago the sum of \$15,000 was raised by Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, and used for the purchase of an iron lung. The respirator was presented as a gift to the city from the Elks.

The first case in which the machine was used proved its great worth to the community. A 16-year-old boy, who had been suffering for less than a week with infantile paralysis, was given up as dead. As a last resort, it was decided to place him in the inhalator and the lad was rushed in the early morning to the Crippled Children's Clinic where the lung had been installed. But two minutes elapsed before he began to breathe perceptibly. For several hours the great lung inflated and deflated,

Vineland, N. J., Elks Welcome Boys Band of Washington, D. C., Lodge

Members of the Boys Band of Washington, D.C., Lodge, No. 15, en route to the Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City, were entertained by Vineland, N. J., Lodge, No. 1422. The band's bus and truck were escorted into the Borough of Vineland by local motorcycle police. The 53 boys in the party, accompanied by Director James L. Kidwell, M. G. Schrode, acting Manager and Secretary, and Joseph Humphries,

Medical Director, were welcomed by E.R. Edward Rubinoff. P.E.R. John C. Gittone, Mayor of Vineland, extended the freedom of the city.

Luncheon was served in the lodge grill where a large number of members were present to join in the

Below: The Washington, D. C., Elks Boys' Band which was entertained at Vineland, N. J., Lodge prior to their trip to the 74th National Convention at Atlantic City. The Band is shown giving a concert outside the Lodge home.





Left are the three floats which won prizes in the Parade of the Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City. First prize went to the West Virginia State Association entry, center; the Louisiana float, bottom, took second place; the float entered by the New Jersey State Association, at top, was judged the best from the State of New Jersey.



Fred Hess and Son

and before noon the boy was breathing naturally and even talking of the high school where he is a junior and of the vacation he had enjoyed before being stricken.

Alabama Exalted Rulers and Secretaries Meet at Montgomery

The Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the 13 lodges of Alabama met on August 7 with the officers of

the Ala. State Elks Assn. and with D.D. George Ross of Bessemer, in the home of Montgomery Lodge No. 596. The meeting was well attended, all of the lodges being represented. The object of the conference was to consider the adoption of some form of statewide permanent charity. Several good suggestions were made and a committee was appointed by State Pres. C. M. Tardy of Birmingham to for-

mulate some plan and report at a meeting to be held this month. The committee members are Clyde W. Anderson, Florence, Chairman; Harry Meyers, Mobile, George Stiefelmeyer and Roy C. Ingle, Cullman, and Harry Marks and Thomas E. Martin, Montgomery.

At the close of the meeting, Harry Marks, E.R. of Montgomery Lodge, assisted by Mrs. E. W. Rapp, hostess, served an excellent dinner to the Elks in attendance and their wives.

Orangeburg, S. C., Elks Provide Needy Children with Eyeglasses

Needy children with defective vision are brought to Orangeburg, S. C., from every part of the county by Orangeburg Lodge No. 897 for the purpose of having their eyes examined and eye glasses fitted. In one case, the vision of a child who had remained in the first grade for three years, was found to be so impaired that he could hardly see the blackboard at all. He is now doing creditable school work after having been fitted with suitable glasses.

A report submitted recently by the committee in charge of the work showed that 21 children had been examined by local specialists and glasses purchased for them. The work is carried on in cooperation with local health nurses. E.R. Fred W. Herlihy states that numerous letters of appreciation have been received from

Below are two members of St. Joseph, Mich., Lodge whose activities contributed to the success of the Lodge's annual picnic. Leopold Hassle and Charles Pichl are shown preparing the turtle soup for which they are famous.



children who have been benefited. The lodge has expended a neat sum on this work which it is continuing as an important part of its charitable activities.

San Fernando, Calif., Lodge Celebrates Its Eleventh Birthday

Joined in the festivities by Elks from all sections of the California South Central District and by local civic leaders, San Fernando, Calif., Lodge, No. 1539, celebrated its 11th birthday on August 9. Many of the old timers, who had helped to organize the lodge, attended and assisted Master of Ceremonies Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, P.E.R. of Santa Monica Lodge, in carrying out a perfectly balanced program. All of the Past Exalted Rulers of San Fernando Lodge were present. Among the distinguished guests in attendance were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, Los Angeles; Dr. Ralph Hagan, Los Angeles, a former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; D. D. George D. Hastings, Glendale, and James J. McCarthy of Santa Monica who has since been appointed District Deputy for Calif. S. Cent.; Thomas S. Abbott, Los Angeles, permanent Tiler of the Calif. State Elks Assn.; P.D.D. C. G. Pyle, Los Angeles; Capt. Glenn Traugher, and Chief Walter Gilman of the Sheriff's office.

Included among the features of the elaborate program were a barbecue dinner, a short business meeting followed by the introduction of the visiting dignitaries, and the presentation of a fine vaudeville entertainment. Many interesting speeches were made in which the history of the lodge was traced and its progress and healthy condition extolled.

Right: Four entries in the Second Annual Speed Boat Regatta sponsored by Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge skimming over the water before 15,000 spectators. The event added hundreds of dollars to the Lodge's Charity Fund.

Below: Those who attended the Second Anniversary celebration of Miami Beach, Fla., Lodge.

Boonton, N. J., Elks Give Annual Picnic for Crippled Children

The Boonton Elks and Ladies Auxiliary Picnic for crippled children was held at Olympic Park the last Saturday in August. Henry A. Guenther, P.E.R. of Newark, N. J., Lodge, and former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, is managing-owner of the Park. Mr. Guenther extended many gracious courtesies and assisted the officers and members of Boonton Lodge No. 1405 greatly in making the outing the most successful in the history of this enjoyable annual event. The 35 little cripples from the Boonton section were taken to and from the park in buses and private automobiles. Many distinguished New Jersey Elks attended the picnic and enjoyed the fun, among them being Past State Pres. Nicholas Albano, Newark, State Vice-Pres. Joseph A. Miscia, Montclair, E.R. A. F. Polite with other officers of Madison Lodge, and a party of young Antlers from Irvington Lodge.

After having spent some considerable time at the bountifully spread luncheon tables, the children and those in charge of them occupied themselves with the amusement contrivances, and also enjoyed keenly the Northern New Jersey Baby Pa-

rade, which was a feature of the day's program. At four o'clock the party attended the park circus.

Mobile, Ala., Lodge Gives Outing for Children from Orphanages

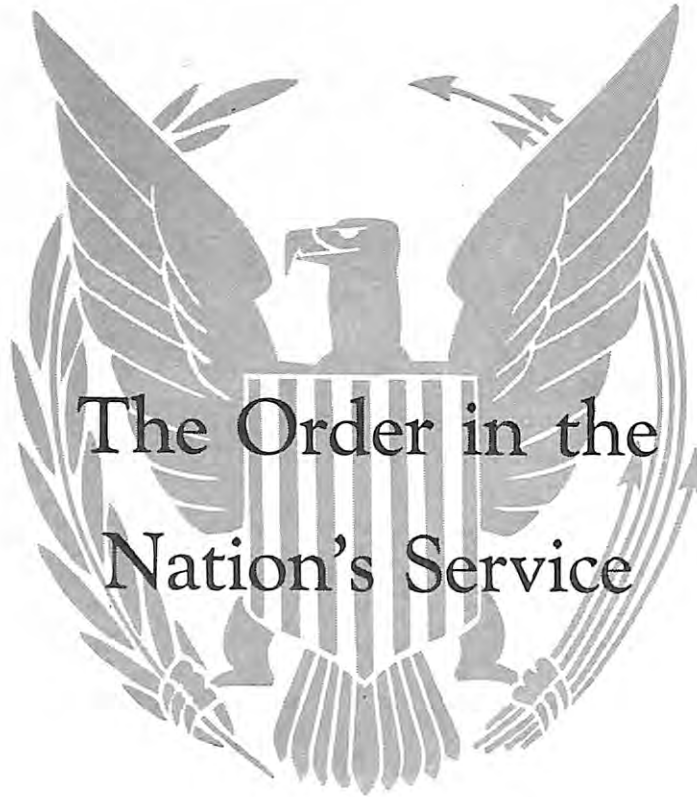
Four hundred children from five local orphanages enjoyed a day of frolicking beneath the shade trees of Grand View Park on Mobile Bay, at Dog River, as guests of Mobile, Ala., Lodge, No. 108. The Outing was held in the late summer. The children were taken to and from the grounds in automobiles belonging to the Elks. The cars, led by mounted police, and accompanied by the Firemen's Band, paraded through the city. The park was turned over to the lodge for the day by its owner, George Pearson.

Swimming and games occupied the attention of the youngsters during the morning. The Elks' Auxiliary and the Boy Scouts assisted in serving the noon dinner. Eighteen dozen fried chickens were just a part of the vast amount of food consumed. E.R. Harry H. Meyers, General Chairman August Oberhaus and Joe Marques, an officer of the lodge, made talks during the afternoon. P.E.R. Fournier J. Gale led in the Salute to the Flag. K. O. Ulstrop and J. H. Adams were in charge of the Elks Parade Committee.

(Continued on page 52)

Ruskau# Photo





The following prominent public officials are or have been members of the Order—most of them for many years. In addition to the President and Vice-President, the list includes three Cabinet Members, 34 Governors, 61 of the 95 eligible members of the U. S. Senate and 220 of the 428 eligible members of the House of Representatives.

The President and Members of His Cabinet:

President, FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT,
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275

Vice-President, JOHN NANCE GARNER,
Life member, DEL RIO, Texas, Lodge,
No. 837

Attorney General, HOMER S. CUMMINGS,
Stamford, Conn., Lodge, No. 899

Postmaster General, JAMES A. FARLEY,
Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877

Secretary of the Navy, CLAUDE A. SWANSON,
former member, Danville, Va., Lodge,
No. 227

Governors of States and Territories:

R. C. STANFORD
Phoenix, Ariz. Lodge No. 335
CARL E. BAILEY
Little Rock, Ark. Lodge No. 29
FRANK F. MERRIAM
(California) Former member
Muskogee, Okla. Lodge No. 517
TELLER AMMONS
Denver, Colo. Lodge No. 17
WILBUR L. CROSS
New Haven, Conn. Lodge No. 25
FRED P. CONE
Lake City, Fla. Lodge No. 893
E. D. RIVERS
Atlanta, Ga. Lodge No. 78
HENRY HORNER
Chicago, Ill. Lodge No. 4
M. CLIFFORD TOWNSEND
Hartford City, Ind. Lodge No. 625

NELSON G. KRASCHEL
Atlantic, Iowa Lodge No. 415
ALBERT BENJAMIN CHANDLER
Frankfort, Ky. Lodge No. 530
LEWIS O. BARROWS
Augusta, Maine Lodge No. 964
HARRY W. NICE
Baltimore, Md. Lodge No. 7
C. F. HURLEY
Cambridge, Mass. Lodge No. 839
LLOYD C. STARK
Louisiana, Mo. Lodge No. 791
ROY E. AYERS
Lewistown, Mont. Lodge No. 456
R. L. COCHRAN
Former member
North Platte, Nebr. Lodge No. 985
RICHARD KIRMAN
Reno, Nev. Lodge No. 597

FRANCIS P. MURPHY
Nashua, N. H. Lodge No. 720
A HARRY MOORE
Jersey City, N. J. Lodge No. 211
CLYDE TINGLEY
Albuquerque, N. Mex. Lodge No. 461
HERBERT H. LEHMAN
New York, N. Y. Lodge No. 1
WILLIAM LANGER
Former member
Mandan, No. Dak. Lodge No. 1256
MARTIN L. DAVEY
Kent, Ohio Lodge No. 1377
GEORGE H. EARLE, III
Philadelphia, Pa. Lodge No. 2
GORDON BROWNING
Jackson, Tenn. Lodge No. 192
JAMES V. ALLRED
Wichita Falls, Texas Lodge No. 1105

CLARENCE D. MARTIN
Spokane, Wash. Lodge No. 228
HOMER A. HOLT
Charleston, W. Va. Lodge No. 202
PHILIP F. LAFOLLETTE
Madison, Wis. Lodge No. 410
LESLIE A. MILLER
Cheyenne, Wyo. Lodge No. 660
JOHN W. TROY
(Alaska)
Port Angeles, "Naval", Wash. Lodge No. 353
JOSEPH B. POINDEXTER
Honolulu, Hawaii Lodge No. 616
MAJ. GEN. BLANTON WINSHIP
San Juan, Puerto Rico Lodge No. 972

The United States Senate (Seventy-fifth Congress):

ALVA B. ADAMS
Pueblo, Colo. Lodge No. 90
WARREN R. AUSTIN
Burlington, Vt. Lodge No. 916
JOHN H. BANKHEAD
Former member
Birmingham, Ala. Lodge No. 79
ALBEN W. BARKLEY
Paducah, Ky. Lodge No. 217
GEORGE L. BERRY
Johnson City, Tenn. Lodge No. 825
THEODORE G. BILBO
Hattiesburg, Miss. Lodge No. 599
WILLIAM E. BORAH
Boise, Idaho Lodge No. 310
H. STYLES BRIDGES
Concord, N. H. Lodge No. 1210
EDWARD R. BURKE
Omaha, Nebr. Lodge No. 36
HARRY FLOOD BYRD
Winchester, Va. Lodge No. 867
ARTHUR CAPPER
Tonka, Kans. Lodge No. 204
DENNIS CHAVEZ
Albuquerque, N. Mex. Lodge No. 401

TOM CONNALLY
Former member
Marlin, Texas, Lodge
JAMES J. DAVIS
(Pennsylvania)
Elwood, Ind. Lodge No. 368
WILLIAM H. DIETERICH
Beardstown, Ill. Lodge No. 1007
VIC DONAHEY
Former member, Ohio
F. RYAN DUFFY
Fond du Lac, Wis. Lodge No. 57
ALLEN J. ELLENDER
Houma, La. Lodge No. 1193
WALTER F. GEORGE
Former member
Cordale, Ga., Lodge
ERNEST W. GIBSON
(Vermont) Former member
Keene, N. H. Lodge No. 927
CARTER GLASS
Lynchburg, Va. Lodge No. 321
FREDERICK HALE
Portland, Maine Lodge No. 188
PAT HARRISON
Gulfport, Miss. Lodge No. 978
CARL A. HATCH
Former member
Clavis, N. Mex. Lodge No. 1244

CARL HAYDEN
Phoenix, Ariz. Lodge No. 335
CLYDE L. HERRING
Atlantic, Iowa Lodge No. 415
LISTER HILL
Montgomery, Ala. Lodge No. 596
HERBERT HITCHCOCK
Mitchell, S. Dak. Lodge No. 1059
RUSH D. HOLT
Clarksburg, W. Va. Lodge No. 182
EDWIN C. JOHNSON
Craig, Colo. Lodge No. 1577
J HAMILTON LEWIS
(Illinois)
Seattle, Wash. Lodge No. 92
M. M. LOGAN
Former member
Bowling Green, Ky. Lodge No. 320
FRANCIS T. MALONEY
Meriden, Conn. Lodge No. 35
WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO
Los Angeles, Calif. Lodge No. 99
PATRICK McCARRAN
Reno, Nev. Lodge No. 597
GEORGE MCGILL
Former member
Wichita, Kans. Lodge No. 427
KENNETH D. McKELLAR
Former member
Memphis, Tenn. Lodge No. 27

CHARLES L. McNARY
Salem, Ore. Lodge No. 336
JOHN MILTON
Jersey City, N. J. Lodge No. 211
SHERMAN MINTON
New Albany, Ind. Lodge No. 270
JAMES E. MURRAY
Application pending in
Butte, Mont. Lodge No. 240
M. M. NEELY
Fairmont, W. Va. Lodge No. 291
JOHN H. OVERTON
Alexandria, La. Lodge No. 516
CLAUDE PEPPER
Tallahassee, Fla. Lodge No. 937
KEY PITTMAN
Reno, Nev. Lodge No. 597
JAMES P. POPE
Boise, Idaho Lodge No. 310
GEORGE L. RADCLIFFE
Baltimore, Md. Lodge No. 7
A. E. REAMES
Medford, Ore. Lodge No. 1168
ROBERT R. REYNOLDS
Asheville, N. Car. Lodge No. 1401



RICHARD B. RUSSELL, JR.
Atlanta, Ga. Lodge No. 78

HARRY H. SCHWARTZ
Casper, Wyo. Lodge No. 1353

LEWIS B. SCHWELLENBACH
Ballard (Seattle), Wash. Lodge No. 827

MORRIS SHEPPARD
(Texas)
Texarkana, Ark. Lodge No. 399

ELMER THOMAS
Former member
Chickasha, Okla. Lodge No. 755

HARRY S. TRUMAN
Kansas City, Mo. Lodge No. 26

MILLARD E. TYDINGS
Havre de Grace, Md. Lodge No. 1504

ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG
Grand Rapids, Mich. Lodge No. 48

FREDERICK VAN NUYS
Former member
Anderson, Ind. Lodge No. 209

ROBERT F. WAGNER
New York, N. Y. Lodge No. 1

DAVID I. WALSH
Fitchburg, Mass. Lodge No. 847

BURTON K. WHEELER
Former member
Butte, Mont. Lodge No. 240

The House of Representatives (Seventy-fifth Congress):

LEO E. ALLEN
Galena, Ill. Lodge No. 882

C. ARTHUR ANDERSON
St. Louis, Mo. Lodge No. 9

AUGUST H. ANDRESEN
Red Wing, Minn. Lodge No. 845

WALTER G. ANDREWS
Buffalo, N. Y. Lodge No. 23

WILLIAM A. ASHBROOK
Newark, Ohio Lodge No. 391

WILLIAM B. BANKHEAD
Former member
Huntsville, Ala. Lodge

GRAHAM A. BARDEN
New Berne, N. C. Lodge No. 764

WILLIAM B. BARRY
Queens Borough (Elmhurst), L. I., N. Y.
Lodge No. 878

ALFRED F. BEITER
Buffalo, N. Y. Lodge No. 23

FRED BIERMANN
Former member, Iowa

SCHUYLER OTIS BLAND
Newport News, Va. Lodge No. 315

SOL BLOOM
New York, N. Y. Lodge No. 1

GERALD J. BOILEAU
Wausau, Wis. Lodge No. 248

PATRICK J. BOLAND
Scranton, Pa. Lodge No. 123

LEWIS L. BOYER
Former member, Illinois

RALPH O. BREWSTER
Former member
Bangor, Me. Lodge No. 244

PAUL BROWN
Athens, Ga. Lodge No. 790

FRANK H. BUCK
Sacramento, Calif. Lodge No. 6

R. T. BUCKLER
Former member
Crookston, Minn. Lodge No. 342

CHARLES A. BUCKLEY
Bronx, N. Y. Lodge No. 871

ALFRED L. BULWINKLE
Charlotte, N. C. Lodge No. 392

THOMAS G. BURCH
Danville, Va. Lodge No. 227

USHER L. BURDICK
Former member
Williston, N. Dak. Lodge No. 1214

WILLIAM T. BYRNE
Albany, N. Y. Lodge No. 49

MILLARD F. CALDWELL
Pensacola, Fla. Lodge No. 487

CLARENCE CANNON
Louisiana, Mo. Lodge No. 791

RAYMOND J. CANNON
Milwaukee, Wis. Lodge No. 46

ALBERT E. CARTER
Oakland, Calif. Lodge No. 171

WILBURN CARTRIGHT
Former member
McAlester, Okla. Lodge No. 533

JOSEPH E. CASEY
Clinton, Mass. Lodge No. 1308

EMANUEL CELLER
Brooklyn, N. Y. Lodge No. 22

E. V. CHAMPION
Former member
Peoria, Ill. Lodge No. 20

WALTER CHANDLER
Memphis, Tenn. Lodge No. 27

VIRGIL CHAPMAN
Lexington, Ky. Lodge No. 89

WILLIAM M. CITRON
Middletown, Conn. Lodge No. 771

D. WORTH CLARK
Pocatello, Idaho Lodge No. 674

HAROLD K. CLAYPOOL
Chillicothe, Ohio Lodge No. 52

JOHN J. COCHRAN
St. Louis, Mo. Lodge No. 9

HARRY B. COFFEE
Chadron, Nebr. Lodge No. 1399

JOHN M. COFFEE
Tacoma, Wash. Lodge No. 174

CHARLES J. COLDEN
Former member
San Pedro, Calif. Lodge No. 966

WILLIAM P. COLE, JR.
Towson, Md. Lodge No. 469

ROSS A. COLLINS
Former member
Meridian, Miss. Lodge No. 515

WILLIAM M. COLMER
Former member
Pascagoula, Miss. Lodge No. 1120

LAWRENCE J. CONNERY
Former member
Lynn, Mass. Lodge No. 117

JOHN M. COSTELLO
Former member
Los Angeles, Calif. Lodge No. 99

E. E. COX
Former member
Albany, Ga. Lodge No. 713

BEN CRAVENS
Fort Smith, Ark. Lodge No. 341

FRED L. CRAWFORD
Saginaw, Mich. Lodge No. 47

CHARLES N. CROSBY
Former member
Pennsylvania

EUGENE B. CROWE
Bedford, Ind. Lodge No. 826

FRANK CROWTHER
(New York)
Perth Amboy, N. J. Lodge No. 784

FRANCIS D. CULKIN
Oswego, N. Y. Lodge No. 271

JOHN J. DELANEY
Brooklyn, N. Y. Lodge No. 22

JOHN J. DEMPSEY
Santa Fe, N. Mex. Lodge No. 460

RENE L. DeROUEN
Former member
Opelousas, La. Lodge No. 1048

SAMUEL DICKSTEIN
Former member
New York, N. Y. Lodge No. 1

JOHN D. DINGELL
(Michigan) Former member
Colorado Springs, Colo. Lodge No. 309

EVERETT M. DIRKSEN
Pekin, Ill. Lodge No. 1271

WESLEY E. DISNEY
Former member
Muskogee, Okla. Lodge No. 517

JOSEPH A. DIXON
Cincinnati, Ohio Lodge No. 5

FRED J. DOUGLAS
Utica, N. Y. Lodge No. 33

WALL DOXEY
Holly Springs, Miss. Lodge No. 1099

IRA WALTON DREW
Philadelphia, Pa. Lodge No. 2

PATRICK HENRY DREWRY
Petersburg, Va. Lodge No. 237

WILLIAM J. DRIVER
Former member
Blytheville, Ark. Lodge No. 1211

RICHARD M. DUNCAN
St. Joseph, Mo. Lodge No. 40

HERMAN P. ERERHARTER
Knoxville (Pittsburgh), Pa. Lodge No. 1196

HENRY ELLENBOGEN
Pittsburgh, Pa. Lodge No. 11

ALBERT J. ENGEL
Cadillac, Mich. Lodge No. 690

HARRY L. ENGLEBRIGHT
Norada City, Calif. Lodge No. 518

MARCELLUS H. EVANS
Former member
Brooklyn, N. Y. Lodge No. 22

PHIL FERGUSON
Woodward, Okla. Lodge No. 1355

HAMILTON FISH, JR.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Lodge No. 275

WILLIAM J. FITZGERALD
Norwich, Conn. Lodge No. 430

JAMES M. FITZPATRICK
Bronx, N. Y. Lodge No. 871

THOMAS A. FLAHERTY
Boston, Mass. Lodge No. 10

T. BROOKS FLETCHER
Marion, Ohio Lodge No. 32

AIME J. FORAND
Pawtucket, R. I. Lodge No. 920

A. L. FORD
Former member
Aberdeen, Miss. Lodge No. 620

OLIVER W. FREY
Allentown, Pa. Lodge No. 130

FRANK W. FRIES
Carlinville, Ill. Lodge No. 1412

CLAUDE A. FULLER
Former member
Eureka Springs, Ark. Lodge No. 1042

HAMPTON P. FULLMER
Former member
Orangeburg, S. C. Lodge No. 897

ALLARD H. GASQUE
Florence, S. C. Lodge No. 1020

JOSEPH A. GAVAGAN
New York, N. Y. Lodge No. 1

BERTRAND W. GEARHART
Fresno, Calif. Lodge No. 439

CHARLES L. GIFFORD
Plymouth, Mass. Lodge No. 1476

ROBERT A. GREEN
Former member
Gainesville, Fla. Lodge No. 990

PAUL R. GREEVER
Greysbull, Wyo. Lodge No. 1431

NOBLE J. GREGORY
Former member
Mayfield, Ky. Lodge No. 565

HARRY L. HAINES
Red Lick, Pa. Lodge No. 1592

BYRON E. HARLAN
Former member
Dayton, Ohio Lodge No. 58

VINCENT F. HARRINGTON
Sloux City, Iowa Lodge No. 112

EDWARD J. HART
Jersey City, N. J. Lodge No. 211

DOW W. HARTER
Akron, Ohio Lodge No. 363

FRED A. HARTLEY, JR.
Kearny, N. J. Lodge No. 1050

ARTHUR D. HEALEY
Somerville, Mass. Lodge No. 917

JOE HENDRICKS
De Land, Fla. Lodge No. 1463

R. P. HILL
(Oklahoma)
Marion, Ill. Lodge No. 800

PEHR G. HOLMES
Worcester, Mass. Lodge No. 243

CLIFFORD R. HOPE
Garden City, Kans. Lodge No. 1404

JOHN M. HOUSTON
Newton, Kans. Lodge No. 706

MERLIN HULL
LaCrosse, Wis. Lodge No. 300

LAWRENCE E. IMHOFF
Bellair, Ohio Lodge No. 419

BENJAMIN JARRETT
Sharon, Pa. Lodge No. 103

THOMAS A. JENKINS
Ironton, Ohio Lodge No. 177

GEORGE W. JOHNSON
Former member
Parkersburg, W. Va. Lodge No. 198

MARVIN JONES
Amarillo, Texas Lodge No. 923

JOHN KEE
Bluefield, W. Va. Lodge No. 269

GEORGE B. KELLY
Rochester, N. Y. Lodge No. 24

AMBROSE J. KENNEDY
Baltimore, Md. Lodge No. 7

EDWARD A. KENNEY
Englewood, N. J. Lodge No. 1157

J. ROLAND KINZER
Lancaster, Pa. Lodge No. 134

WADE HAMPTON KITCHENS
Former member
Camden, Ark. Lodge No. 1140

FRANK L. KLOEB
Wapakoneta, Ohio Lodge No. 1170

FRANK C. KNIFFIN
Former member
Napoleon, Ohio Lodge No. 929

HAROLD KNUTSON
St. Cloud, Minn. Lodge No. 516

CHARLES KRAMER
Los Angeles, Calif. Lodge No. 99

ARTHUR P. LAMNECK
Columbus, Ohio Lodge No. 37

CLARENCE F. LEA
Santa Rosa, Calif. Lodge No. 646

JOHN LESINSKI
Former member, Michigan

DAVID J. LEWIS
Cumberland, Md. Lodge No. 63

LOUIS LUDLOW
Indianapolis, Ind. Lodge No. 13

MELVIN J. MAAS
St. Paul, Minn. Lodge No. 59

WARREN G. MAGNUSON
Seattle, Wash. Lodge No. 92

PAUL H. MALONEY
Former member
New Orleans, La. Lodge No. 30

JOSEPH J. MANSFIELD
Former member
Yoakum, Texas Lodge No. 1033

JOSEPH W. MARTIN, JR.
North Attleboro, Mass. Lodge No. 1011

ANDREW J. MAY
Former member, Kentucky

JOHN W. McCORMACK
Former member
Boston, Mass. Lodge No. 10

DAN R. McGEHEE
Former member
Brookhaven, Miss. Lodge No. 1192

JOHN STEVEN McGRORTY
(California) Former member
Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Lodge No. 109

CHARLES F. McLAUGHLIN
Former member
Omaha, Nebr. Lodge No. 39

DONALD H. McLEAN
Elizabeth, N. J. Lodge No. 289

SAM D. McREYNOLDS
Chattanooga, Tenn. Lodge No. 91

JAMES M. MEAD
Buffalo, N. Y. Lodge No. 23

JAMES A. MEEKS
Danville, Ill. Lodge No. 332

MATTHEW J. MERRITT
Queens Borough (Elmhurst), L. I., N. Y.
Lodge No. 878

EARL C. MICHENER
Adrian, Mich. Lodge No. 429

JAMES W. MOTT
Former member
Salem, Ore. Lodge No. 336

ABE MURDOCK
Ogden, Utah Lodge No. 719

JACK NICHOLS
Muskegee, Okla. Lodge No. 517

JOHN M. O'CONNELL
Westerly, R. I. Lodge No. 678

JAMES F. O'CONNOR
Livingston, Mont. Lodge No. 216

JOHN J. O'CONNOR
New York, N. Y. Lodge No. 1

JAMES A. O'LEARY
Staten Island, N. Y. Lodge No. 841

JAMES C. OLIVER
Portland, Maine Lodge No. 188

THOMAS O'MALLEY
Former member
Milwaukee, Wis. Lodge No. 46

EMMET O'NEAL
Former member
Louisville, Ky. Lodge No. 8

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WASHINGTON

FOLLOWING the Grand Parade on Saturday afternoon, July 30, the largest ever held in Kelso, 1,650 delegates representing the 25 lodges of the State, concluded one of the most successful conventions held by the Washington State Elks Association in recent years. Among the high Elk officials in attendance were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier and John E. Drummey former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee, Seattle; Grand Inner Guard Harrie O. Bohlke, Yakima, and ten Past Presidents.

The Hon. Clarence D. Martin, Governor of Washington, presided over the oratorical contest sponsored by the Association. The Judges were Gov. Martin, Mr. Meier and State Pres. H. Sanford Saari of Port Townsend. Ten-minute orations were given by the ten winners of the district contests. The subject was "Americanism, the Safeguard of Democracy." The exercises were held in the new Kelso high school auditorium. Edwin J. Alexander of Aberdeen, State Association Americanization Chairman, was in charge. The winner, John Vernard, sponsored by Chehalis Lodge, was awarded \$100 and a large trophy. The second and third prize winners were Mary Landon, Centralia, and Alpha Allen, Ellensburg.

During the business sessions, member lodges of the Association reported on charitable activities. These ranged from aid for families in distress and assistance of dependent young people, to arranging for operations and support of the Orthopedic Hospital in Seattle and the Convalescent Home at Ballard. Outstanding among the numerous resolutions adopted was that condemning Communism, Fascism and Nazism, and pledging allegiance to the United States Flag. Street and club dances, sightseeing trips and parties in private homes, made up the social program.

Ken Tucker, Everett professional, annexed the State Golf Championship. He was awarded the John J. O'Rourke Championship trophy. Frank Bellinger, Bellingham, won the William A. Sullivan trophy for low net in the championship division. Longview's four-man team garnered the H. Sanford Saari President's Cup with an aggregate of 313. In the bowling championship matches Vancouver won the five-man event with a total of 2,713 pins. Centralia was second and Longview third. Von Ronk, Centralia, took high single game honors. Centralia's doubles team won the two-man title. Paced by Al Fisher, who cracked 91 of 100 targets to win the 16-yard singles title, the Kelso five-man team walked off with honors in the trapshoot event.

A 50-piece band representing Bremerton Lodge, captured first place in the band contest with Longview Lodge second. The Ritualistic



Above: Members of the Newark, Ohio, Lodge Golf Team which won the Ohio State Elks Association Golf Tournament over a field of 15 teams. One hundred and thirty-five golfers representing 26 Ohio lodges competed in the contest.

News of the State Associations

Contest was won by Centralia Lodge, with Seattle second and Walla Walla third.

Everett No. 479 was selected as the 1939 convention host lodge. New State officers were elected at the final business session as follows: Pres., Dr. V. N. Christianson, Longview; 1st Vice-Pres., George C. Newell, Seattle; 2nd Vice-Pres., Edwin J. Alexander, Aberdeen; 3rd Vice-Pres., Roy Kendall, Wenatchee; Secy., R. G. Percival, Vancouver; Treas., G. Ed Rothweiler, Bellingham; Trustees: N.W., Louis Flieder, Bremerton; S.W., Robert T. Storey, Hoquiam; East, Boyne Dodge, Ellensburg; Trustee-at-large, Barney Antic, Ballard.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE 32nd Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association was held at New Castle, beginning Monday evening, August 22, with the initiation of a class of 40 candidates into New Castle Lodge No. 69, and ending on the 25th with a spectacular parade. Ellwood City Lodge No. 1356 performed the initiatory work in the presence of 600 members of the Order. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow of Philadelphia addressed the Class.

Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, O., arrived in New Castle Monday evening. He attended the Tuesday business sessions, speaking to more than 500 officers, committeemen, delegates and lodge officers. After he had outlined his program for the year, the Grand Exalted Ruler challenged the Elks of Pennsylvania to maintain the leadership which Grand Lodge reports showed they had taken last year. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, also addressed the Convention.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Pres., Edward D. Smith, Lewistown; Vice-Pres., James G. Bohlender, Franklin; Secy., re-elected, William S. Gould, Scranton; Treas., re-elected, H. A. Sholm, Reading; Trustees: William J. Vanucci, Williamsport, and Wilbur P. Baird, Greenville, who was named to fill the two-year vacancy created by the election of Mr. Bohlender to the Vice-Presidency. The officers were installed on Thursday morning by Past State Pres. James B. Sleeman of Huntingdon Lodge. Bethlehem Lodge No. 191 was awarded the 1939 Convention.

In presenting the report of the Student Aid Committee, Past Grand

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When a Body Meets a Body—

(Continued from page 7)

sentence unfinished and stared toward the baggage car.

A very tall man and a very short one were swinging the coffin out of the doorway of the railroad car on to a small handcar. The coffin was tipped at a ludicrous angle, but they handled it easily, without a great deal of effort. Quirt walked across the platform.

"Put it down," he said. The men stared at him stupidly.

"Go ahead!" At the sharpness of his tone, they lowered the box to the handcar.

"Keep your shirt on, buddy, we ain't gonna run off with it." The tall man laughed at this. "Yeah," he said, "we wouldn't take your stiff, mister." Haines and the girl were at Quirt's side. Reid moved forward. Haines asked anxiously, "What's wrong, old man?" Without answering, Quirt said, "Take the lid off."

The workmen's eyes were round and incredulous. "You ain't gonna take it off right here?" the tall man said.

Quirt snarled at him, "Yeah, take it off—now!"

The short man pulled a screw-driver from a loop at the back of his overalls and bent over the screws in the coffin lid.

Sheila Wayne tugged at Quirt's sleeve. "What on earth is wrong?"

He said gently, "I saw three men sweat plenty to get this thing on the train in New York, and in Chicago two of them toss it around like a couple of ball players. I'm sorry, Miss Wayne, but I want to know why. This is most unpleasant for you. Why don't you wait for me in the station?"

She was staring at the long box. Her words were almost inaudible.

"No, I'll stay."

The tall workman said, "There you are, mister," and Quirt pulled

back the cover of the box. Inside was another, more elaborate box with a dark, mahogany cover. There were holes in it for screws, but the screws were gone. He leaned over and raised the lid. The second box was empty.

He let the lid drop with a bang, and everyone jumped. They all started to talk at once and that made his headache worse.

"Shut up!" he shouted. "I'm damned—" His voice was too loud in the sudden silence, so he started again. "I'm not going to open my mouth again until I know I can fill it with a drink." He stared at the man and the girl. "Clients or no clients." Reid was standing at his elbow.

"I suppose you think I've got the old man stuffed up my pants leg—or hung around my neck for a tie. Well, I don't give a damn what you think. I'm sick of the whole thing. You figure it out. I don't want any part of it. I want a drink."

Reid's lips tightened, but he didn't say anything, so Quirt turned away.

In silence they followed him down the platform. After about fifteen

steps he stopped and turned to stare at the empty pine box.

"Now, who in hell would steal a corpse?" he asked plaintively.

"I wouldn't know," said Reid. "But I'll think about that necktie idea, and—" he grinned nastily, "I'll be seein' you." He motioned to his two men and walked back toward the empty coffin.

As the group neared the station proper, Haines dropped back.

"I'll join you at the Hotel Plymouth," he said. "I've got to see about those bathtubs." He smiled and waved a goodbye. Quirt was irritated. "Now, what does he mean by that?"

"He's the manager of uncle's company—Wayne Lavatory Accessories," Sheila Wayne told him. "They make bathtubs and other accessories. Some came in on that train. Wortham is taking them to the warehouse."

THE Plymouth Bar was cool and intimately dark. The sound of the air-cooling system was barely audible above the low hum of voices. Quirt sank gratefully in the deep, beige leather armchair. He liked this place.

The waiters were quiet, neat and attentive. The green palms spotted near each table lent a pleasant air of privacy.

Sheila Wayne leaned forward eagerly, and he sighed. "It'll keep," he said. "Let's order. I meant what I said about a drink. I'm not used to taking such a kicking around. It doesn't agree with me."

The girl asked for a side-car. He thought awhile, and then ordered a Black Velvet. He'd heard somewhere that stout and champagne were good for a headache. What the hell—it all came out of the Wayne estate in the end.

The girl had difficulty in getting started. He thought, "I'd feel sorrier for



"Who's dropping peanut shells?"

her, if I felt a little better myself."

At last she said, "All this has been so horrible. First Abel's disappearance—then my uncle's body. . . ." Her voice quivered. Quirt leaned forward and took her hand.

"Let's start from the beginning, with Abel. Tell me what you know of your cousin's fade-out. Family set-up, friends, enemies—everything."

"I've lived with Abel ever since my mother and father died, because I don't think Uncle Lathrop was very fond of me. He hadn't a great many friends."

"I can believe that," Quirt said with feeling. The girl went on as if he hadn't spoken. "He didn't like Abel very much either. I think that created some sort of a bond between Abel and me. We were very close."

He caught her eyes fixed intently on him.

"Did Mr. Wayne make any provision for you in his will?"

"NO, because Abel took care of everything. He gave me a very generous allowance—and he told me he had willed the whole of his own estate to me in case anything ever happened to him." There was appreciation in her tone. "Abel was terribly good to me."

"Had he any enemies?" Quirt asked.

"No," she hesitated, "he and Wortham weren't very friendly, but they weren't exactly enemies. Abel just wasn't whole-heartedly in favor of our marriage. I am engaged to Mr. Haines."

"What's the objection to Haines?"

"Abel had some silly idea that Wortham is more interested in my money than in me."

"Is he?" he asked dryly.

"Why—" she paused, and then said coldly, "Abel thought so."

He wondered why she used the past tense whenever she spoke of Abel Wayne. "What makes you think he's dead?"

For an instant he looked into eyes as startled as frightened as an animal's. She was so pale he thought she was going to faint.

"Why—why—I don't. It's just. . ."

"Hello! There you are." Wortham Haines pulled a chair from the next table and sat down. Quirt was annoyed at the interruption.

"Sorry to be late, old man."

"Think nothing of it," said Quirt. "I know how busy you big executives are. It must be hard on you to look after every shipment of accessories that come in. I bet it keeps you running."

Haines looked puzzled for a second and then he grinned. "Oh, I see. It was just a mat-

ter of supervising the unloading—and I happened to be there." His white teeth gleamed in the half-dark. From somewhere a concealed string quartet started to play "Where or When." The music was low and soft and sweet. They all stopped talking to listen to it.

"I've been telling Mr. Quirt about Abel, darling." Her voice was strained and tired. Haines didn't say anything, and abruptly Quirt stood up.

"I'm going to bathe and get out of these clothes," he said.

Haines jumped to his feet. "Why don't you have dinner with us, old man? We're staying here at the Plymouth tonight." The invitation sounded pleasantly cordial. He added, "We can discuss what to do about Abel then."

"Sure," Quirt said. "Glad to." And then, standing there facing them, he knew what it was that lent the entire interlude at the Plymouth Bar its peculiar nightmare quality. He eyed them dispassionately. "And in the meantime, why don't you try and figure out what happened to Mr. Lathrop Wayne's corpse? You both seem so interested."

He turned away, and then swung around to stare at Haines.

"And don't call me 'old man!'"

As he went through the lobby the

quartet swung into "Who Stole My Heart Away?"

"Yeah," he said. "And how about my corpse?"

IN his room he unpacked his bag and laid out on the bed a sand-colored, single-breasted dinner jacket, a pair of black linen trousers, a maroon cumberbund, a soft, white silk shirt, and a maroon bow tie. He took a quart bottle of Haig & Haig and stood it on the low dresser between the windows. From far below him came the busy noises of a big city waking up for the night.

He undressed and went into the bathroom, taking the quart with him. He poured four fingers of whiskey in the green, unbreakable glass he found over the washbowl, added a minimum of water, and sat down to wait for his bath to fill.

The room was cloudy with steam and he had taken another drink before the tub was ready. A hot bath was the thing in summer. You felt so cool by contrast when you got out of it.

He let himself sink in the scalding water until it reached his chin. In a little while the steam went away and he could see his body under the green, sweet-smelling water. He admired the length of his legs and the way his thigh muscles rippled when

he moved his feet. He wished he could see the whole of himself without a mirror.

It was lucky he could see anything. If that punk on the train had really gone to town. . . . He wondered what his corpse would look like—in a bathtub.

He let his eyes close, and presently reached that state of complete detachment between sleeping and waking. He felt that he was one huge brain, without a body, working smoothly, like a well-tuned motor; no gaps, no mistakes, each thought sprung full-grown from the inexhaustible well that was his mind, flowing fluidly over his two-fold problem, the disappearance of Abel Wayne, alive, and Lathrop Wayne, dead.

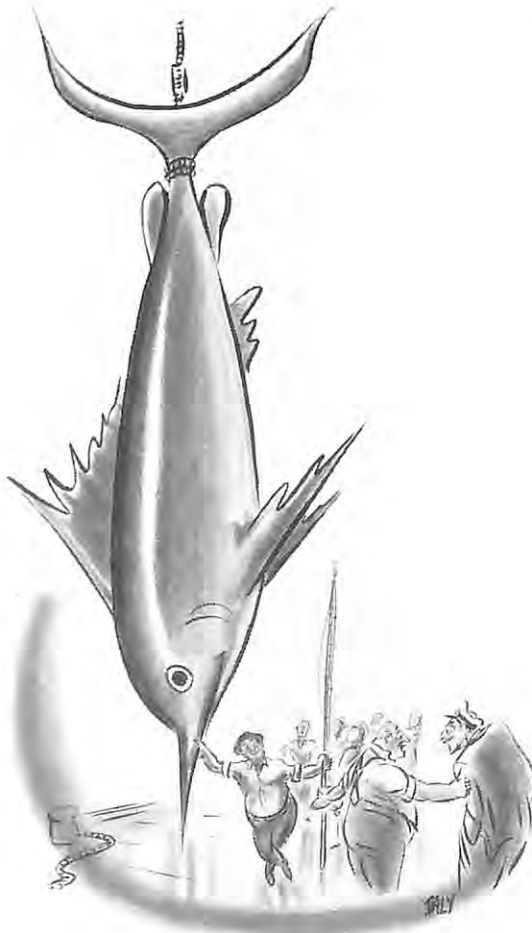
When his chin slipped beneath the water, he sat up with a jerk.

"I'll be damned," he said, he had an idea.

Wrapped in the huge green bath towel that hung from the door he walked to the telephone, his wet feet leaving dark outlines on the light rug. Leaning against the wall he waited for Sheila Wayne's room to answer.

He was trying to stretch the phone cord far enough for him to reach his cigarettes on the dresser top when her voice came over the wire.

"Miss Wayne," he said, "I think I know where your cousin is."



"He swears he used a Roosevelt button for a lure!"

The phone was silent for so long that at first he thought she had fainted. "Hello! Hello!" he said.

"I'm here. Where—where do you think he is?"

"I'd rather not say until I'm sure. I'm going to go there now."

The response to that one came quickly enough. "I'll come too! Take me with you—please?"

Quirt hesitated, reflecting how lovely she would look and how lonely he was, and said ruefully, "I'd like to, but it might be dangerous. I'm afraid you'd better wait for me here."

"Nonsense," Sheila Wayne said. "I'm going with you. I'm not afraid of anything!"

Quirt gave in easily. "Okay," he said cheerfully. "Shall I call Mr. Haines and break our dinner date?"

"No, no, don't call him." She sounded frightened. "Don't let him know we're going. He'll try to stop me. I'll meet you in the lobby as soon as I'm dressed."

He considered that. "You'd better dress as if you were going to dinner—just in case. The thought of how she'd look in an evening dress gave him a pleasant warmth down his back.

"All right—but hurry!"

Quirt hung up and reached for his cigarettes.

After a few seconds he called her room again. The line was busy. Then he called Haines' room. When the operator told him that was busy too, he said there was no message and hung up again.

He thought for a moment, and then made one more call, to the Detective Headquarters of the Chicago Police. He had some difficulty reaching Lieutenant Reid, but when he did, he talked steadily for about four minutes. He listened for a few seconds and then said, "All right, you flat-faced baboon—I may be crazy, but if you want to keep on sitting like a toad and taking the tax payers' money, you'd better be there—and be there on time!" He took the receiver away from his ear, listened to its sputter for a moment, and then placed it gently on the hook. Reid, he felt reasonably sure, got the idea.

When he was dressed he stood before the full-length mirror on the bathroom door to see if the automatic in his shoulder holster showed too much. He decided it didn't and started for the lobby. He was half way across the room when he stopped and went back to the bathroom.

There wasn't a thing to wrap the bottle in so he drank half of what

was left in it and put the rest in an empty bottle labeled *Listerine*. It made a round bulge in his hip pocket as he walked to the elevators.

He felt fine.

SHEILA WAYNE looked small, standing there in the big lobby. Her sheer satin gown fitted the lines of her body as if she had been dipped



"Did she say chairwoman?"

in white candle wax. When she turned he saw that her hair was done up on the top of her head in the new fashion, as if she had just stepped from a shower. The dull glow from the chandeliers settled on her and tipped her breasts with light.

As she took his arm, he smelled the heavy aroma of Matchabelli's *Musk*. Her nearness made him feel the tightness of his collar.

There was a pleased surprise in her glance, and he was, not for the first time in his life, glad his dinner coat accentuated his lean, well-muscled length. He grinned at the thought, and told himself, "I'm not a highly admirable character. But human."

"Is it far?" Sheila Wayne asked. "We can take my car. I've had it sent around."

He nodded, and they walked out into the hot stickiness of the evening. The tail-end of the sunset painted the buildings a dusty pink, and made blood-red dots of the brass buttons on the coat of the negro attendant who opened the door of a long black roadster.

Quirt began really to enjoy himself after they left the city proper behind them. The wind was cool and sweet on his face, and the road hummed smoothly beneath the tires. He moved closer to the girl.

"We're going to the Yarmouth Cemetery. Do you know the road?" He could feel the tenseness of her

body. Then she said, "The cemetery? Of course. Our family plot is there. But why. . . .?"

He didn't answer. The bottle in his hip pocket was uncomfortable, so he pulled it out and offered it to the girl, but she refused. He was mildly surprised when she braked the car to a stop while he tilted it to his lips. When he finished his drink the bottle was half empty, and he left it in his lap.

She made no move to start the car. Quirt looked at her for a moment and then leaned over and took her in his arms. He felt her body stiffen and then abruptly relax. The scent of her hair merged with the heady fragrance of her perfume. Her arms stole, surprisingly, up around his neck—and then she was softly sobbing. He held her closer and patted her on the back. Her skin was cool and yielding under his hand. After awhile she stopped crying. She said in a small voice, "I'm afraid. All this has come so suddenly. I—I don't know what to do."

There wasn't anything Quirt could do but kiss her, gently. This time she clung to him. He took her hands from around his neck.

"We haven't much time," he said.

She looked at him. The salt traces of tears were pin-points of light on her lashes. Her lips were moist and glistening.

"You're very sweet," she breathed softly. "Very sweet."

"I think I am, too," Quirt told himself thoughtfully. "But not that sweet."

IT was almost dark when they reached the deserted cemetery. They left the car parked near the entrance and walked along the shadowy road hand in hand. It was quiet and cool and peaceful. The leafy trees whispered softly in the night breeze and the fragrance of fresh-cut flowers hung in the air with a faint persistence. It was a pleasant place and he felt very close to Sheila Wayne. She led him to a large mausoleum, in early Greek style. The letters, W-A-Y-N-E were cut into the marble over the door.

"Uncle's body was supposed to be taken directly here from the station. There are four generations of Waynes in there."

He leaned down to examine the padlock on the heavy oak door. When he straightened he brought the butt of his automatic down hard on the lock. He had to hit it twice more

before the rusty staples loosened.

"What in the world are you doing?" the girl asked.

Quirt motioned her to be quiet. "You'll see," he said.

He swung the door back easily on well-oiled hinges and looked into the black vault. Sheila Wayne's fingers dug into his arm, and even Quirt, hard-boiled as he was, felt a moment's hesitancy before entering that grim place. He glanced down at the girl beside him; her face was

the color of the gray marble walls, her eyes fixed and staring.

"Would you rather wait here?" he said. She shook her head silently, and moved forward beside him, like a sleep-walker.

Inside, the musty, bitter-sweet odor of old wood and damp stones rose up to clog their nostrils. There were nine recessed niches, three in each wall, one above the other. Four of them were empty. Four more held ornate coffins. There was just light

enough to see the dark, oblong shape in the last niche.

For a moment neither of them moved. He could hear the uneven breathing of the girl. She followed him step for step as he walked forward. The spurting flame of the match he struck cast weird, shadowy hobgoblins on the blackly receding walls.

"And now there are five generations," said Quirt.

(To be concluded)

One Man's Poison

(Continued from page 11)

kind to whip two pairs. Macklin's temper, though it was normally that of a good loser, did not improve under the constant run of bad luck.

Charley was four dollars to the good when he looked at his watch and announced that it was time to get busy cooking supper. Macklin argued. "Supper can wait. I'm not hungry."

"Maybe you aren't," Charley agreed, "but—the other gentlemen." He nodded toward me. "Mr. Clark, there, looks a little peckish. You'll have to excuse me."

"All right," said Macklin, "we'll play one last hand for four dollars."

ONCE again I was fooled in the kid. I knew he didn't care particularly about winning, or losing, either, so long as the amount didn't embarrass him, and I thought he'd welcome a chance to get out of this situation easily. But he didn't. He had, as I was to learn, definite and fixed ideas on the subject; and when he had definite and fixed ideas he was loyal to them.

He said: "I've won four dollars from you playing a quarter a hand. Seems kind of foolish to hand it back all at once. If I won again, you'd want to play for eight dollars, and so on. Finally you'd win. I might just as well hand it across the table to you as a gift."

George Macklin bounded to his feet. His face had turned scarlet. For half a moment I thought he was going to use his fist for something else besides making gestures. But he controlled himself in time. As for Charley, he just sat there for perhaps thirty seconds, then got to his feet, turned his back on Macklin, and walked out of the room.

When he had gone, Macklin said: "Damned insolent little punk."

"George," I said, "it's not like you to pick on a kid. The sun will come out tomorrow. I thought he had a pretty good argument about not playing one hand for four dollars. He had no business phrasing the thing as he did—about handing it

back as a gift; that was sort of impudent—but, damn it, he was right."

"I play cards," George said, "for the fun of it."

I said: "George, you know better than that. Any man worth his salt who gambles plays to win."

"All right, Mike." For once on that miserable day a smile budded on his lips, and when George smiles he's rather nice. I felt instantly better. He had admitted my point. He was coming out of his boredom. Things were going to be different from now on.

But things weren't different. The meal that evening wasn't quite as tasty as we might have expected. George, though, controlled himself and said nothing. It was after supper that his temper got out of hand. The kid came up to him, and said: "Want to pick up our little game again? Maybe they'll run your way this time."

George gave him a look that brushed him aside. "No, I guess not," said George Macklin. "When I play cards I like to play with men."

For once in my life I wanted to sock George. It was a nasty thing to say. It didn't fail to hurt the kid, either. You could see the scarlet under the tan of his face.

But all he said was: "I guess you made a mistake playing with a kid from the back woods."

George went again to his window. Outside it was black as the blackest pitch. Maybe it was worse not to see the rain; somehow it seemed to make the sound of it all the louder.

George said to me: "My whole trip ruined! I've got to go back day after tomorrow. One more day to hunt and the whole damned world drowned."

"It'll be clear tomorrow," said the kid.

"Oh, shut up!" George said. He spun away from the window. His eyes fastened on Charley. "Bring some more wood in here."

"There isn't any more chopped," Charley told him. "But there's enough piled on the hearth to last

the night. I'll have a darky chop some more tomorrow. I didn't—"

Macklin cut him short: "I say there's not enough to last the night." He checked himself suddenly, and anybody who knew him as I did would have known that he was sorry and ashamed. But I guess the kid didn't catch the look in his eye.

Showing anger for the first time, he said to George: "If you think you need more you know where the woodpile is."

He shouldn't have said that; after all, we were paying him to wait on us. Still, at the same time I was deploring the lack of his former diplomacy, I couldn't help admiring his independence. He relaxed a little now and sat looking at George Macklin, waiting for George's next move. It came. George said: "We can get along without you, Lang. Suppose you pack up and leave."

BEFORE we could remonstrate with George, Charley Lang rose to his feet. "No," he said. "No. I promised Moses Barton I'd look after you gentlemen and that's what I'm going to do till he gets back. I got a job to do and I'm going to do it."

"I'll report you to Moses Barton," George shouted, "if it's the last thing I ever do!"

"You can report till hell freezes over," the kid answered, and it was funny the way he said it. Not surlily, not defiantly—but respectfully. He'd lost his anger. He was cool and self-possessed now, firm in his position yet almost sweet about it; and I guess that was what got George's goat. A nineteen-year-old kid was treating a man of forty as if their ages were reversed. George started across the room, and right there I began to suspect that in my book George had enjoyed too high a grade. I moved to cut him off, but George shook me aside.

"I'm going to slap your face for you," said George.

Young Lang didn't flinch. His voice was so soft you had to strain your ears to catch it, but it was all

the more powerful for its low pitch. "Don't try that, Mr. Macklin." Then he just stood there until Sam and the judge and I had forced big George Macklin back across the room. After that he addressed the rest of us: "There'll be clear weather tomorrow. We can hunt and we'll all feel better. Good night."

George raged after the kid had gone. We'd turned against him. We'd taken up with an insolent little punk. He was, he said, through with all of us. For two cents he'd pack his stuff and leave to-night. None of us bothered to tell him he'd made an ass of himself. We were too disgusted to do anything but wander off to bed.

And next day it *was* clear, just as the kid had prophesied. A big round red sun looked over the eastern horizon, found the world not yet altogether lost, and went to work in dead earnest. The dogs were enthusiastic. A crowd cawed thankfully in the distance. The pine trees came out of their huddle and were individuals once again. And George Macklin whistled out loud.

Both the doctor and the judge wanted to go after birds down on Moses Barton's place. So they went alone. The kid took George and Sam and me after turkeys on the western edge of our preserve.

I THINK I have not seen a finer morning. The sunlight grew brighter and warmer. Once again you could feast your eyes on blue sky. The world was fresh and clean after the rain. The two turkey dogs, Charley's Irish setter and my English, romped ahead of us. Somewhere far away a ducky sang Swing Low, Sweet Chariot, and the melody drummed softly in my ears long after we had outdistanced the singer.

"Does a man good to be in the woods on a day like this," said George Macklin. "Look at that red dog go."

Charley smiled at this compliment to his dog and let his eyes meet George's pleasantly, though reservedly. We came to the head of a beechnut hollow and spread out, the kid and his dog on one side, my dog and I on the other, with George and Sam between us. A pheasant flushed almost at my feet and I missed him

with both barrels. But what did a miss mean on a day like this!

The dogs flushed a single turkey far down the hollow. We followed it and finally roused it out of a tall pine, and George made a remarkable shot. He was in high glee as he swung the big bird over his shoulder. I forgot my disgust of the night before. The kid, too, was willing to let bygones be bygones.

"A nice shot," he told George.

At this point Sam Porter, who really isn't a turkey hunter, decided

"That's so. But it's a shame about you, Mike."

"I'll have other days to hunt," I told him. Then to Charley: "Let's cut back to the lodge."

Charley's little moment of indecision was not wasted upon George Macklin. "Why, you're lost!" George cried. "Well, damn! On top of everything else, you have to go and lose us! Moses Barton said you were a woodsman."

"I am," Charley said. "But I just never was in this little section here before. Soon as I get my bearings—"

"Anybody's liable to get lost on a rainy day," I said.

"Not a fellow you're paying to guide you," George snapped.

The kid paid no attention to this. "Let's see," he murmured. "We crossed a clear branch 'bout half a mile back. That should be the branch that comes into Little Sycamore below Johnson's. If that's right, we can follow it down to Barclay's field. I'll know where I am then, and we can cut straight across to camp."

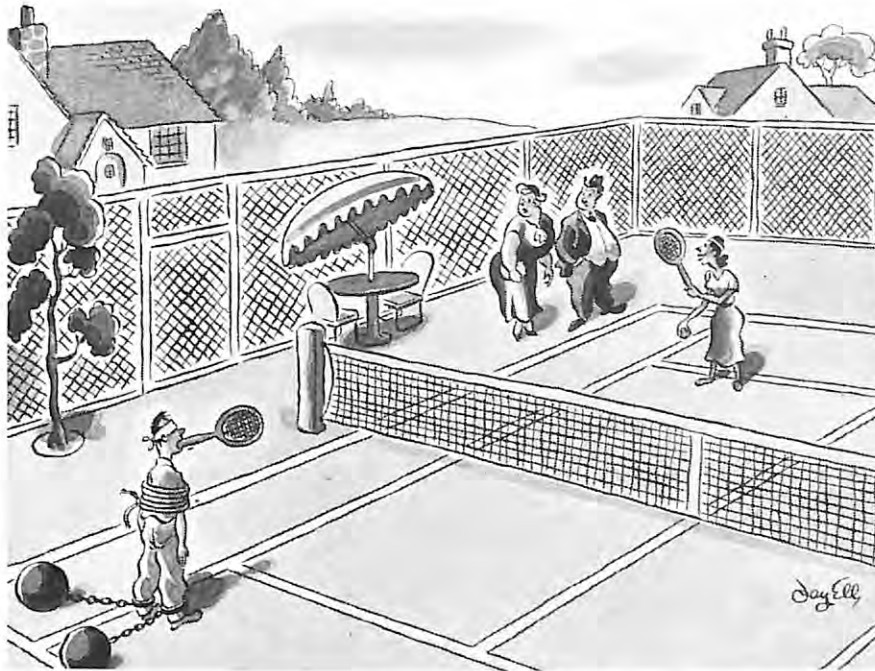
"Which way is that branch?" George demanded, and once more beat the rain off his hat. The kid pointed to the north, or at least where I thought north lay. "You're crazy," George said. "We didn't come—"

"Yes, we did," smiled Charley. "See that dead pine? No, farther to the left. I remember noticing that as we came along. Shucks, I'm not as lost as I thought I was. Just got turned around a minute."

WE went back not spread out in hunting formation but in single file, the kid leading. George grumbled that good old Moses Barton never would have lost us in the woods. I snapped that probably good old Moses wouldn't have let it rain, either. George gave me a savage glance. Then he tripped over a root, scoured some skin off one cheek against the ground, and got up swearing.

Topping a ridge, we saw the clear branch below us. George growled that it was just luck we'd found it. At that, he wasn't so sure it was the right branch.

Then, as we stood there resting a moment, a whopping big turkey sailed out of a tree fifty yards ahead of us. We heard the powerful beat



"I took him up on one of his foolish bets."

he'd had enough tramping through the woods. He'd mosey back to the lodge and try to pick up the doctor and the judge down on Barton's. He'd be glad to carry George's turkey back with him.

George and I followed Charley. We continued down the hollow till it joined another one. We turned west up the second hollow. There was turkey scratching here that seemed to have been made during the rain but nothing fresh. All of a sudden I noticed that the sunlight was not as bright as it had been. Clouds had crept stealthily across the sky. Now they rushed the sun and a few drops of rain came pelting down. The kid looked at me and shook his head in exasperation.

"We'll push on anyhow," he said. "Let's turn left and hunt toward Braxton's."

We turned left. The rain came down steadily. The woods were murky. I lost my sense of direction. It seemed, too, that the kid was a little uncertain after we had tramped a mile without the sun to guide us.

"Isn't this a hell of a note?" George demanded, shaking the rain from his hat. "My last day and—"

"You've already got your turkey," I reminded him.

and swoosh of his wings. We watched him sail down the hollow and pitch into a tall pine three hundred yards below us.

"Ought to get him," said George. "But, damn it, somebody's in here ahead of us. Look at that single turkey I shot 'way off to itself. Look at this one perched in a tree, 'way off to itself, too. Somebody's sneaked in here and flushed these turkeys ahead of us."

"Looks that way," Charley agreed. "Could be that no-good Buck Durbin again. Don't seem that getting arrested ever will keep him from sneaking in on the hunt club's land."

"I'd like to catch him," said George.

Charley said: "If you gentlemen like, I'll stay here with the dogs while you two circle 'way around and get on the other side of the turkey. Then I'll come through and roust him out, and he ought to fly over one of you."

This was sensible, but George vetoed it. The woods, he insisted, were getting darker by the minute; we'd not have time to follow Charley's suggestion. We'd best spread out and all three advance at once. Maybe one of us would be lucky enough to get a flying shot. The kid nodded reluctantly.

QUIETLY we went through the dripping woods. Charley was on my left, George on the right; now and again I caught glimpses of them. I had picked a course that would carry me to one side of the pine but still within gunshot of it. You never march straight toward a turkey perched in a tree. I tried to walk nonchalantly so as not to frighten the big bird with stealth.

When I was still sixty yards from the tree, the turkey plunged into the air. I swung my gun for a desperate, hopeless shot. But before I could press the trigger, a gun spoke ahead of me and a fraction to the left. The gobbler crumpled and came crashing to the ground. At first I thought Charley had got ahead of me. Then I glimpsed him parallel with me. He was running, and I heard him shout.

Rushing to the pine, I found Charley shaking an accusing fist at old Buck Durbin. I knew Durbin. Oh, yes, I knew him well. He'd always given us trouble. At first we'd merely issued warnings. Then, after his depredations had become just too much, we'd had him arrested three times. Evidently this medicine hadn't cured him, either. He stood

there on his spindly legs, with his slit eyes more narrowed than ever, and insisted that this wasn't hunt-club land.

"It is hunt-club land and you know it," Charley told him.

At Durbin's feet lay the fine old gobbler. He'd go seventeen or eighteen pounds. He was a beauty and this sneaking poacher had bag-

back four paces and rolled his sleeves even higher.

"You've cheated us too many times," he said, and that was the truth and something I agreed with instantly and wholeheartedly.

The kid said mildly: "The game warden will take care of old Buck, Mr. Macklin."

"Game warden?" said George. "I'm going to be the game warden this time, young man. Durbin, I'm going to give you the beating of your life."

I clutched George's arm and shouted something, I forget what, at him. He let my fingers remain there, as if they were of no matter at all. He swung his other arm gently.

"Mr. Macklin," said Charley, "I'm sure in favor of having him arrested, but I can't—"

"Hold your tongue," George broke in. "Durbin, you put up your hands if you want to defend yourself.

You've had your chance. This is the only way I know to teach you your lesson."

MAYBE it was, but I couldn't go for it. The fellow was not much more than half George's size. Sure, he needed a beating. But I didn't want to see George Macklin give it to him. I tightened my grip on George's arm.

The kid said: "Mr. Macklin, old Buck's right much of a skunk; but, like he says, he needs meat at his house. If he was anywhere near your size and age, I wouldn't lift my voice. But he ain't and I can't let you beat him up."

George stared at him. But he was taken aback only for a little. He said: "You want to keep out of this, youngster," and stepped forward two paces, with me clinging to his left arm. Durbin whirled as if to run and George's free arm shot out and pinned him.

The kid cried out again: "He's mean and hateful, but I've known him all my life. Once he gave me a pheasant—long before I ever saw you or ever heard of the hunt club."

George shoved me violently. My hold broke and I tripped backward over a log. When I bounced to my feet, the kid had mislaid his grammar somewhere. He was saying:

"If you lay ary hand on him, Mr. Macklin, I'll shoot you in your tracks." And he was standing there with his gun ready. It wasn't exactly pointing at George Macklin;



"They're deadlocked on the diagnosis. Three for peritonitis—four for a Mickey Finn."

ged him. I think I was never more outdone or disgusted in my life.

"We need meat at my house," Durbin whined. "You know that, Charley. We got to eat."

Charley nodded. "But the gentlemen in the club would rather give you ten dollars to buy your meat with than have you knocking off their turkeys on the sly."

At this point George Macklin came crashing through to us. One glance was all he needed to take in the situation. I saw the scarlet rush to his face; I saw a muscle fluttering in his throat.

"So it's our pal again," said George. "Good work, Charley, in catching him before he could run away. I always claimed we were too easy on him. Well, I guess it's a good thing for the club that one man is here who knows how to handle a thief like this."

George flung his hat to the ground. He laid his gun beside the big pine. He looked once at the dead gobbler and shucked off his hunting coat. He rolled his sleeves above the elbows. For once the rain didn't seem to bother him. His face was not a pretty thing to watch. I sympathized with him heartily, yet a sudden fear struck through me. George Macklin was a huge man, and when his temper was on him he didn't know his own strength.

Durbin made a slight movement. Quick as a flash, George wrenched the gun out of his hands and hurled it into the brush. Then he stepped

it was just hanging loose and easy in the kid's hands.

They gazed at each other, the boy and the man, and the boy's eyes had more power in them. They never wavered once. It was so still in those woods, even with the pounding rain, that when one of the dogs coughed it sounded like a cannon shot.

George Macklin is not one of these fools who never know when they're licked. George Macklin always knows what time it is and he knows when he's whipped. His hands dropped to his sides. Reason came back into his face, and, I think, relief too; relief that there'd been somebody on hand with a cool head and an iron nerve. Perhaps I am the only one who knows him well enough to realize that at this moment there was admiration in his eyes—grudging admiration, yes, but admiration just the same.

"All right, sonny," he muttered. And then: "You can lower your gun if it's uncomfortable that way. I'll

be good. I won't make a move."

Just then was the only time I noticed that Charley Lang's knees were shaking. It was what made me ask him a certain question later at the lodge, when I slipped into the kitchen while we were cooking supper. I asked: "Were you really going to shoot him?"

"I wouldn't take any man's life over old Buck Durbin," the kid told me. "Would you? But I didn't want to see him maybe crippled. I had to bluff Mr. Macklin—had to make him think I'd shoot him—and I had to make that bluff good. Didn't I?"

"You sure did," I agreed.

Later, on the train that was bearing George Macklin and myself northward, I found out how good that bluff had really been. I said casually, as if the thing were of no consequence at all, just something which had happened to wander across my mind: "I don't suppose that kid would actually have shot you."

George Macklin slewed around in

his seat. "The hell he wouldn't! Mike, you could see it in his eyes. He'd have done just what he said—shot me right there in my tracks."

"He's quite a guy," I ventured, keeping my smile private.

"He is that," said George. "He kept me from making a bigger fool of myself than usual. I ought to have him around all the time to ride herd on my temper." A sudden gleam leaped into his eyes and a soft smile bloomed on his lips. "Mike, I've got it! I'm going to do things for that kid. He's going to have his chance in this old slut of a world."

"That's an idea!" I cried. "We'll get all the club members to contribute to a pool for the kid. We'll—"

"You'll do nothing of the kind," George cut me short. "I'm running this show. The kid is my property. Hands off, Mike. I'm going to give him his chance."

Which is exactly what he did. I've been telling you right along that old George Macklin was all right.

Whom the Headlines Destroy

(Continued from page 19)

brand a fellow who blows the whistle and tells all, a no-good ingrate.

George Owen, a Harvard glamour boy of a dozen years ago, condemned the hypocrisy of big-time football soon after he had played his last game and he was violently criticized as if he were a Benedict Arnold, or something. Owen flatly declared that football was no fun for the players and blasted the publicity-and-profits system which caused impressionable kids to crack up under the cruel pressure.

Owen was one of the first players to rebel against the over-emphasis of football from within, but by no means the last. Virtually all the whistle-blowers have the same story to relate and attribute the loss of games to much the same reason: Hysteria and hoopla, which made football what it is today, forces nervous, high-strung kids to go haywire under the enormous stress and strain. Technically, this is known as man-

failure, a nice word. Actually it is the man-killing pace which is responsible—but literally.

Boys have suffered irreparable damage and boys have died because they lost a football game which seemed to be the end and answer to all of living at the moment and was forgotten two months later. How many remember the Yale-Dartmouth game of 1929? How many recall that poor Tommy Longnecker was haunted by an unfortunate forward pass until he was driven to slow suicide?

Tommy Longnecker had everything to live for when he went down

to New Haven with the Dartmouth team one grim October day in 1929. He was a personable lad, his family had money and connections; no need to worry about hustling and scraping for a job after graduation. Longnecker was the second-string quarterback of a very good Dartmouth team—and that was the trouble. Other very good teams out of Hanover had gone to the Yale Bowl but never had emerged triumphant. A higher power seemed to protect Yale in the rivalry; the series of strange, uncanny mishaps which invariably frustrated Dartmouth when it was

knocking at the door was called the Bowl Jinx.

But Der Tag for Dartmouth seemed to have arrived this Saturday in 1929. The Big Green went into the final minutes of the game leading by 12-10 with the situation well under control. Longnecker was sent into the game with orders from the bench to play straight, conservative football and do nothing which might



"He thinks they'll fall for his press notices."

rouse the Jinx. Longnecker followed instructions faithfully for several plays but saw a chance for another touchdown when he jockeyed Dartmouth deep into Yale territory.

Ambition killed Caesar and it ultimately killed Longnecker. He called for a forward pass, received the ball from center and faded back to make the throw. The Yale line rushed him strenuously and Longnecker cocked his right arm to get rid of the ball. At that precise moment the Jinx became Yale's twelfth, and most valuable man in the game.

THERE was one wet, slippery spot on the field, scarcely larger than a divot. Longnecker stepped on it, slipped to one knee. The ball squirted out of his hand at a crazy tangent, straight into the arms of Yale's Hoot Ellis, a ten-second trackman, in the unprotected flat zone. If that one slippery spot had not been there, if the errant pass had gone to anybody but Ellis, the fastest man on the field, Tommy Longnecker probably would be alive today. But the Jinx was working overtime. Ellis ran eighty yards for the touchdown which defeated Dartmouth, 16-12.

It made a swell dramatic story in the papers the next day and for several days more—and that, too, was the trouble. Longnecker brooded over the loss of the game, refused to be consoled by the level-headed kids at Dartmouth who, after the first shock of disappointment had passed, tried to laugh it off as just another football game. Longnecker's folks gave him a trip to Europe in the hope that he would forget that agonizing moment in the Bowl when Ellis gathered in the ball and bobtailed down the field.

It was no use, though. Longnecker could not forget, and occasional references to the game in the newspapers did not help. And one night they found Tommy Longnecker's broken body in the twisted wreckage of his car on a road near Boston. . . .

The tragedy of one sensitive kid is not an indictment of football. It does, however, highlight the emotional hazards of the game when high-powered publicity boomerangs to tear down those it elevated to heroic stature. After all, other kids have been betrayed by notoriety and have stood the gaff all right.

Remember Roy Riegels? Sure, the football fan promptly replies. He was the guy who pulled a Corrigan and lost the Rose Bowl game

for California in 1929. The circumstances were vague, perhaps, but not the essential fact that Riegels was guilty of what is now remembered as a monumental boner.

California was leading Georgia Tech 7-6, in the big game of the year, when a Tech player fumbled in midfield. In those days it was permissible to run with a fumbled ball and Riegels, a large, muscular gent, emerged from the wild melee with the pigskin clutched fondly and firmly to his manly chest. He set sail down the field, but he ran in the wrong direction, toward his own goal-line instead of Tech's! Riegels lumbered on resolutely and was about to score a touchdown for the enemy when his own team-mate, Benny Lom, tackled him from the rear and hurled him to the ground with great vigor and vehemence, on his own three-yard line. The solo flight in the wrong direction ultimately cost California a safety which won the game for Georgia Tech, 8-7.

The 85,000 customers in the Rose Bowl howled fit to bust a lung when Riegels got his signals crossed. They laughed and laughed, but very few realized that the fellow who played in the middle of the line was slightly slap-happy from the bad beating he had been absorbing during the game and that he was facing toward Georgia Tech's goal when he came out of the scramble for the ball and merely obeyed an impulse to run anywhere. Fortunately, Riegels saw the humor in the situation, laughed wryly at his mistake and that was the end of it. At last reports he was coaching in California.

FIFTY-TWO different ways in which the best horse in a race can lose honestly? What, then, are the possibilities for results hopelessly out of line with past performances in football? Upsets are common enough in the sports which are essentially

individualistic, but they come with bewildering rapidity with the greater number of players, each reacting to excitement in his own fashion and exerting an influence on the other men in the game. And football employs the greatest number of participants—anywhere from thirty to fifty in the average major game.

There are other conditions in football which do not confront athletes in other sports. The very nature of the game brings into play insane enthusiasm and prejudices, distorting all sense of proportion among the customers, if not among the youngsters who play it and get delusions of grandeur.

A TWENTY-EIGHT-YEAR-OLD baseball player who has been knocking around the minor leagues for ten years is regarded as a callow rookie in the major leagues and, as such, his mistakes in judgment are condoned during his first season, at least. But let an eighteen-year-old kid from the backwoods, who has never played football in high school, become confused by 50,000 raving maniacs in his first big-time engagement and muff a punt, and he'll never hear the end of it. An old grad who has lost ten bucks on the game will scream that the kid: (a) is a contemptible little coward; (b) has sold out to the other side; (c) has maligned the fair name of the grand old school forevermore, or all three.

Small wonder, therefore, that so many kids go whacky and lose a game; they're lucky if they lose nothing more important. There are veteran professional athletes who never escape from the paralyzing effects of pre-game jitters, just as there are old troupers who go through the harrowing ordeal of stage fright before the curtain rises, but their nervous experience is nothing compared to that of the gridiron gladiator.

There is something terrifying in the realization that thousands of critical pairs of eyes will be watching every move; that perhaps a million people will be listening to a broadcast which may very well be garbled by an announcer who doesn't know an off-tackle play from Adam's off ox; that an ill-advised decision made by a punch-drunk player will be exhumed with great and ghoulish glee on the sports pages for weeks to come.

Horses are more fortunate. Only fifty-two ways to lose and not one way of being reminded of it.



The Way of Man

(Continued from page 21)

to fight any more. One wing missing, it flapped wildly out of the bowl and disappeared between the bare feet of the spectators, leaving the Kin Chung hopping madly in the bowl. "He-he-he!" cackled the Ancient One. "It is even better than I hoped!"

And as for the Little One, he could only stammer his gratitude, with shining eyes. "Ai-ia!" he sighed from an overflowing heart. "Ngung is good!"

From that moment the Kin Chung went into strict training. Ngung had given careful instructions according to the rules of Kia Se-tao. The Kin Chung was moved from its bamboo quarters into a round pottery jar covered with a perforated top, the bottom of which was smeared with a mixture of lime and sandy loam. On cold nights a tiny mat of cotton was put inside. When the Kin Chung ailed, it was fed shoots of green pea, lotus seeds and a diet of tiny red insects which could be found in the early evening at the lake's edge, swarming noisily about the lily pads.

Soong-li began to dream of the Big City which he had never seen, but knew from stories which Ngung had told—of the annual cricket matches at which were assembled the Kin Chungs of Canton and Shanghai; of the victorious cricket, honored with the title of *Shou lip*, Conquering Cricket, whose owner was presented with a whole roast pig, a piece of silk and the gilded ornament testifying to the victory. There would be great rejoicing for the victor, the shrill lute and bells of orchestra, the clanging of triumphant gongs and waving of flags. Flowers would be strewn and people would cheer. And he, Soong-li, son of Huan the coolie, was at the head of the procession, proudly bearing the victorious Kin Chung.

It was a dream so strong that he was afraid to talk about it, even to Ngung, who understood what went on in little boys' heads and knew the Twenty-Four Examples of Filial Piety so well he could recite them with eyes shut.

"Dreamer of foodless dreams!" his father broke in, "finish the field! I must go to the village"—which was most peculiar as it had never hap-



"Contact!"

pened before. But Soong-li, the obedient one, full of brave thoughts, shouted to the buffalo, who turned and stolidly regarded him from wet, brown eyes, snorted and splashed its mud-soaked hooves through the furrows. Soong-li hummed a chant.

"Great Kin Chung," he sang, "chick of the hearth, monarch of the earth, grow fat, please, and brave, for soon we go to the Big City, where you will fight and be crowned *Shou lip* and thus bring honor to your grandfather, who is my father, to my mother, who has gone to her ancestors, and to Ngung, the Ancient One, who knows everything."

And the Kin Chung, as if in complete accord, sang its approval in a wild gust of chirping.

NGUNG, the Ancient One, was seated with a noisy group of elders about him. They talked with more passion than Soong-li had ever heard. The Ancient One's face was unrelenting and bitter. He recited curses in a harsh voice, and in these curses Soong-li heard the words *huangkiang*, which meant foreigners, and *ngai-neng*, bad men, and he did not understand. He waited patiently for the others to go, but they began to argue even louder, and quarrel. Soong-li, impatient for his Kin

Chung's welfare, pushed through disrespectfully and began to speak.

"*Euia—tcha!*" Ngung berated in anger. "Go away and play with your face in some other corner! Have you no manners?" He turned back to the others and continued his harsh talk.

Ngung was a Venerable One and very wise, it is true, Soong-li reflected, but also a very Ancient One and in bad humor. But when he returned to the hut his father also was deep in excited talk with the neighbors, and to Soong-li it was strangely disturbing. Only the Kin Chung remained the same. Its faithful chirp was steady and strong, and as Soong-li observed it, vigorously crawling about in the jar, he decided it was time, and his heart beat faster for the great adventure.

The *Feng-shi* man nodded when asked for an auspicious day, consulted the magic almanac, and made symbols on pieces of red paper, which he blessed sonorously and threw into the wind, instructing Soong-li to bring back the nearest pieces. He spread them on the table. In three days, the *Feng-shi* man said, if the sun shone, luck would come to Soong-li, and the fee was two pennies, which Soong-li paid out of his fortune of three.

What are three miserable days? To a water buffalo time is meaningless, to a twelve-year-old man on the verge of his first great adventure, three days are three years; long, high walls which time alone can crumble. The field must be worked as always; one must eat and sleep. Even the Kin Chung impatiently scampered about its jar and reared its antennae like a wrestler flexing his muscles before a bout.

The last night, Soong-li went to the edge of the lake and caught a number of mosquitoes, which he trapped alive in a paper cage. In the meantime the Kin Chung fasted.

"Do not be alarmed because your stomach is empty," Soong-li comforted, "for here in this basket I have enough mosquitoes to make you fat, also a boiled chestnut, six lotus seeds, a yellow bean, a bamboo butterfly, a piece of wormwood, and for myself a bag of dried melon seeds. *Ai-ia*, but you shall have a feast after we have won!"

And before going to sleep he watched the sun go down in red flames, and it was a good omen. It was true his venerable father would be angry, and also Ngung, the Ancient One, would scold and recite the Twenty-Four Examples of Filial Piety, but surely they would be proud and forgiving when he returned a champion carrying a whole roast pig under his arm.

It was still dark when he crept out quietly and plodded through the village on the dirt road that led to the Big City. Against his chest was the faithful Kin Chung, and he clutched a straw bag containing the ivory tickler, food for Kin Chung, also a penny and a small bag of dried melon seeds.

Darkness swallowed him. Only the dismal bass thumping of frogs and the constant *crri-crri-crri* of field crickets kept him company. There was a sudden wild desire to run back, but the crickets seemed to be urging him on. There was glory to be won.

He had never seen so many people in his life. The market place alone in the Big City would have swallowed his entire village and left enough room for two rice fields. Here the streets were in a constant uproar. Vendors shouted their wares; rickshas scurried; servants trotted by with balanced *pingas*; policemen whistled, and soldiers with guns were everywhere. There were flower merchants, baked sweet potato merchants. Sampans crowded the nearby river, thick as lily pads. It was all tremendously exciting and confusing. He took it all in with brightly popping eyes. Truly, it was as Ngung had said, and even more wonderful.

The mat sheds stood at the edge of the market place. Red characters on white banners proclaimed the matches, and a crowd of impatient gamblers had already assembled to discuss the merits of various contestants.

Soong-li asked for the matchmaker and that worthy approached. His oily, pork-colored face was set on a heavy body with a protruding stomach like a joss, and he wore a rich, embroidered robe with wide sleeves. Before the fat one could speak what was in his eyes, Soong-li thrust out his cricket. The matchmaker peered at the Kin Chung, nodded so the fat creases in his chin bulged and thinned, and brushed the entry on the outside bulletin.

The lightweight matches had be-

gun. Spectators grouped themselves about a central table over which was spread a red silk cover. On it was the arena, a green bowl with high rim, and two tiny jars containing the miniature gladiators. The matchmaker stepped forward, weighed the crickets carefully in a delicate scale, and announced the contest. Meanwhile a hub-bub of betting began.

nibbled dried melon seeds between his teeth and tried to remember everything Ngung had said. If only Ngung were here, he thought wistfully—Ngung, the Ancient One, who knows everything.

The Director announced the matching of a Spinning Damsel owned by the estimable Chiang Woo, cricket fancier of Shanghai, against a Kin Chung, owned by Soong-li, son of Huan, farmer.

Soong-li hurried forward. The crowd burst into laughter as his diminutive form slipped into the circle. He stood gravely, wondering at their hilarity.

"He is not yet weaned!" roared a farmer.

"It is the cricket who fights, not the boy," admonished a second.

The betting paused, then went on with unabated fury.

"A hundred on the Spinning Damsel!"

"Taken!"

"Ten on the suckling!"

"Taken, and may Kwant-ti guide my luck!"

"Fifteen hundred on the Damsel?"

There was sudden silence, and all eyes turned upon Chiang Woo, the owner of the Spinning Damsel. He stepped forward, a tall, fashionably dressed aristocrat with thin lips and crafty unblinking eyes. His voice was refined with the northern dialect, smoothly pitched and soft. "A real Kin Chung against a Damsel—really, it is my ancestors who should curse my ignorance."

"*Chapoh!*" argued a merchant, "this same Damsel of yours was General last month, a real champion!"

"What has the Kin Chung done?" demanded someone.

The Director turned to Soong-li. "What is the record?"

Soong-li smiled politely and shook his head, not understanding.

"Vendor of dung! What has your cricket fought?"

Soong-li trembled. "Ngung, the barber—"

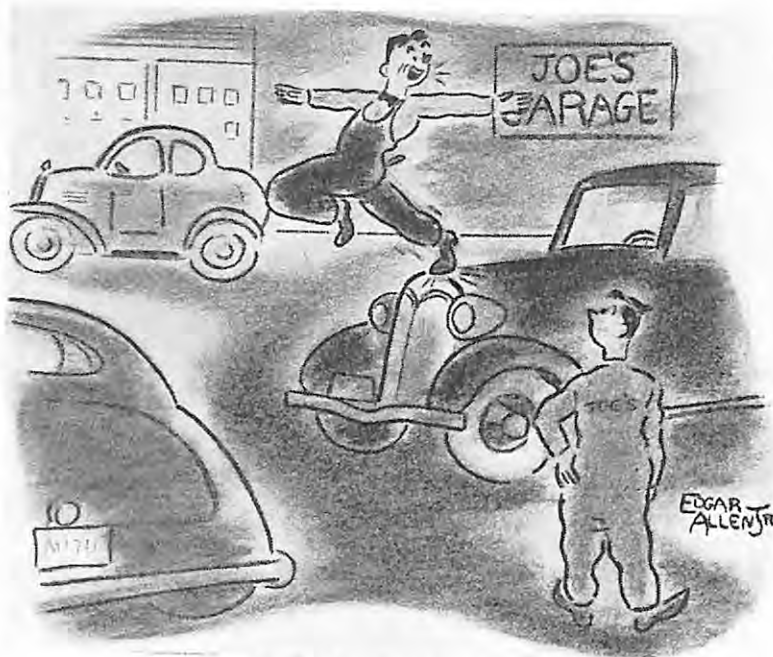
The crowd howled.

"I tell you his mother's nipples are still wet!" jeered the farmer. "A hundred on the Damsel!"

Chiang Woo dexterously tossed a coin and withdrew a gold tickler. He waved the rat hairs delicately like a fan. "I am ready," he announced.

"Spill the crickets!" ordered the matchmaker.

Soong-li emptied the Kin Chung into the bowl and anxiously awaited the opponent. It was a yellow head, with gray hair, fully as big as the



"Look, Charlie, I'm a radiator cap!"

Soong-li made an effort to see the match, but was elbowed out of the way by the grown spectators. He stood in the back forlornly and listened to the shrill cries. After a while he went outside and glanced at the listing with a glow of pride. Ngung should only see him now!

THERE remained only to feed the Kin Chung before the contest, and he went back inside to a far corner and sat on a wooden box. The mosquitoes in their paper prison still buzzed faintly. He carefully opened one side and pressed it against his arm, waited a few seconds until the mosquitoes drew blood, then tensed his muscles and withdrew the cage, leaving the swollen insects imbedded by their gluttonous beaks. He fed them one by one to the Kin Chung, whose faltering chirp grew stronger as it snatched and greedily crunched the spartan diet.

"Soon it will be time," Soong-li promised in a whisper. "Eat and grow strong, little monarch of the earth!" He scratched the itching mosquito welts on his arms.

The crowds thinned and grew as the morning wore on. Beyond the mat shed, the roar of the Big City penetrated even above the spectators. There was fretting of distant thunder; excited cries; wheels creaking, and always the tread of marching feet.

Soong-li, meanwhile, cracked and

Kin Chung, broad shoulders and sturdy hind legs, and it crawled unhesitatingly down the slope of the bowl until it faced the Kin Chung. Neither moved.

It was the moment, and Soong-li clenched his fists into tight balls. "Little horse of the hearth!" he prayed to himself, "Fight for me!"

Chiang Woo's supple hand with long, tapering fingers and mandarin nails hovered over the bowl and gently stirred the crickets' heads, then their tails. They stiffened angrily, rose on their hind legs, antennae quivering. The tickler touched their hind legs. With a frenzied burst of chirping they leaped and tangled. Hind legs gripped the slippery bowl, wings opened and shut, sensing balance, saw-like mandibles groped out slowly for a vulnerable spot. They rolled over, untangled, and hopped twice their length in a feint.

THE Damsel gingerly advanced its antennae and crept forward. The Kin Chung, in a burst of chirping, sprang suddenly, tangled again with the other, and rolled over in a tight grip. They sawed at each other with murderously-toothed legs.

Suddenly the Damsel retreated, and one of its hind legs dangled behind it, broken. Chiang Woo cursed and held up his hand.

"That Kin Chung is a fighter!" the merchant admired.

"Well, Chiang Woo—still fifteen hundred on the Damsel?"

"Taken!" he said harshly.

Soong-li stroked his cricket carefully. "Bringer of greatness, fight on!" he encouraged. "Little horse of my hearth!"

"Spill the crickets!" ordered the Director.

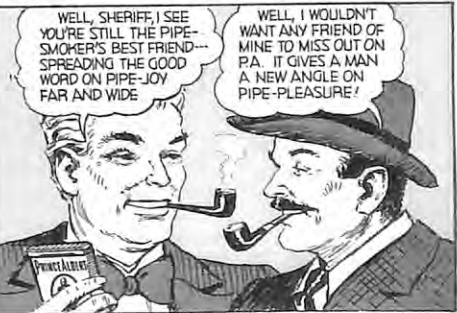
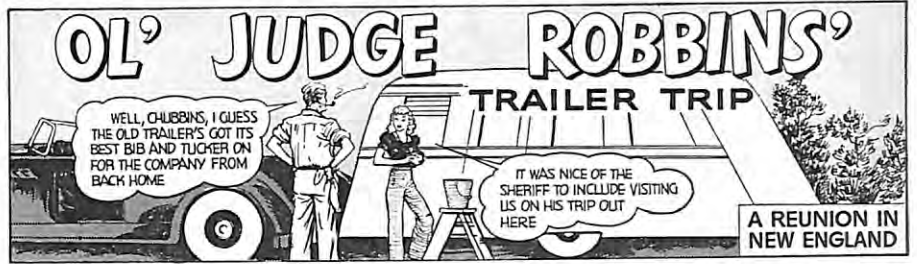
Again they were set down, and again Chiang Woo raised the tickler to prod them on. He moved the whiskers quickly, like a whiplash, across the Kin Chung's head, then stroked its hind legs, and put away the tickler. As he did so, a tiny bead that had been concealed in the whiskers, rolled to the floor, unobserved by the spectators.

Soong-li saw it. His incredulous eyes met those of Chiang Woo across the table, and the latter frowned menacingly.

The Damsel crept forward, paused, then lunged viciously at the Kin Chung, an obvious, deliberate blow that should have been avoided, but somehow the Kin Chung failed to move and stood dazedly in the same spot, antennae feebly moving.

"Tsi-tsi!" Soong-li cried despairingly. "Tsi-tsi!"

The Spinning Damsel flung itself across the shoulders of the still unresisting Kin Chung, closed its deadly mandible around the vulnerable soft spot behind the sheathed neck and tore it off with one savage bite. The headless body slipped to the center of the bowl, while the Spinning Damsel feasted greedily on the head.



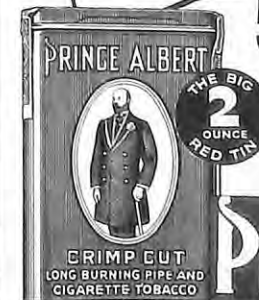
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PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Soong-li stood silent. Around him bets were paid off and the match-maker loudly demanded his percentage. Another match was in the offing and the new contestants already in the scale. Soong-li was pushed aside.

Chiang Woo insolently flung him a coin. "Go back to the farm!" he commanded.

Soong-li picked up the body of his Kin Chung and stumbled into the harsh sunlight of the market place. A ricksha driver nearly ran over him. There was a note of terror in the air. Police whistled shrilly and brandished their arms. Everyone seemed to be moving, dragging bundles. The babel grew louder. There

were arguments, curses and screams. There was thunder in the sun.

He plodded back. A constant stream of travelers on foot, or in creaking ox carts packed with household goods, passed with bowed, stolid faces, but Soong-li saw nothing. Ngung would understand, Ngung, the Ancient One, who knew everything.

There was still light when he reached the village. He glanced about him puzzled. Nung-tao, the vendor of melon seeds and dried cuttlefish, scurried by. He carried a male son slung over one shoulder, and a *pinga* with wildly lurching baskets. There was panic in his eyes.

"Where is Ngung?" Soong-li demanded, frightened.

"Ngung is dead!"

Thunder shattered the earth with stunning bolts, murderously growled in a barrage of orange, red and blue fire. All at once Soong-li knew it was not thunder. He understood suddenly—understood too well. It was the end of his world; and he threw himself on the dusty earth and whimpered, his small face pressed tight to the hard stones.

The Kin Chung lay stiff and still in his grimy fist, but over it black insects droned with greater wings, dumped eggs of death, and screamed their vicious challenge to battle in the clouds.

Polly, Put the Kettle On

(Continued from page 17)

of a saucer of very anemic soup.

When tea was first introduced in England, the tea leaves looked too good to waste, even after they were used, and the economical housewives did not want to throw them away. They served them as a vegetable with butter, salt and pepper. The boys of fashionable Westminster School were given discarded tea leaves spread on bread and drippings to add sustenance to their meager diet.

7. When the tea is ready, serve it with lemon or milk, not cream.

8. For iced tea, prepare in the regular way, then pour the hot, freshly-made tea into tall glasses filled with cracked ice. A silver-plated spoon in the glass will help prevent it from cracking under this swift change of temperature. Experts say that soft water is more desirable for a leaf of delicate flavor, while hard water is better for the heavier, more strongly flavored leaf. But this doesn't make a great amount of difference. The principal thing is to follow the preceding directions closely.

Let's leave the department of weights and measures and dip lightly into the medical aspects of tea drinking. It seems that the public has always looked with an uneasy eye on the tannin in tea. There has been a vague feeling in some quarters that strong tea might tan the lining of the stomach, an uncomfortable thought at tea-time or any other.

In the amounts taken by the average tea-drinker, tannin is harmless. Furthermore, the albumen in the milk that is added to the cup of tea neutralizes the acid content. As a matter of fact, Acidum Tannicum, which is what most people mean when they speak of tannin in tea, is at least twenty-five times stronger as an acid than tea tannin and both these acidities are weak when compared with normal stomach juice.

Tea contains both tannin and caffeine. Almost everyone knows that caffeine is an alkaloid that acts on the nervous system, decreasing fatigue and increasing the rapidity of thought. The ordinary cup of tea, infused for four minutes, contains about one and a half grains of caffeine. A pound of tea contains about 210 grains of caffeine compared to 140 for the same amount of coffee. But it should be borne in mind that

a pound of tea makes about five to six times as many cups of brew as a cup of coffee, the tea cup containing about one grain of caffeine and the cup of coffee containing about 1.5 grains.

Because good tea properly prepared, is a stimulant that picks you up and does not let you down, it is beneficial to anyone in search of euphoria (a sense of well-being)—and who the hell isn't in this day and age? It is included in the diets of invalids when other beverages are excluded and it is served freely at some of our best training tables. Bruising football teams have found it a life-saver at ungodly hours of the morning. In England everybody from Cockney to King and Queen looks forward to tea-time. Wage-slaves down in the dumps cheer each other up with the unchanging slogan, "never mind, we'll soon get our cup of tea."

Experiments in American offices bear out the



"Tea? What's tea?"

impression that tea and the pause that accompanies it is beneficial to employer and employee alike, increasing efficiency and eliminating many of the mistakes that formerly characterized the sluggish period between four and five p.m.

But don't get the idea that it is good only at four or five in the afternoon. A good cup of tea will pick you up at any time of day, at break-

fast and lunch as well as the social tea hour.

So tip that singing kettle on some lush tea leaves, Polly, and help the family to a delightful drink. You don't have to be an aesthetic Hindu or an exhausted tennis player wary of the fifth set to appreciate the warming good of an inspirational cup of tea.

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 18)

love stories about circus life that you remember. *This is circus!* Every page oozes it, and you know how these youngsters feel, how they live and love, how they face the hard obstacles of their profession. "Big Show" has real life in it, and if you are standing in line at the lending-library and your eye lights on a copy that has not been spoken for, take it under your wing and get into this story. (Harper & Bros.)

THE sea is man's sworn enemy; he rides it by his own ingenuity, but it remains to test his endurance. Joseph Conrad was right when he said that "a furious gale attacks a man like a personal enemy"; Kipling testified to that and so did John Masefield. Conrad's "Typhoon" described a great storm in the China seas on a steamship, but that ship burned coal. Richard Hughes, who wrote "High Wind in Jamaica," is one of the first authors to describe a storm at sea on an oil-burner. He calls it "In Hazard" and describes the battle of the Archimedes, in the Caribbean, bound for Colon. Things have changed, says he, from the days of Conrad's "Typhoon," when "hurricanes pounced on shipping as unexpectedly as a cat on mice." Today the skipper learns by wireless where the hurricane moves; he can keep out of its way. And yet the Archimedes didn't keep out of its way; it received a terrible wallop, lost its hatches, shipped water, lost its immense funnel, broke a steam valve and had to let the fires go out. The battle to relight the oil-burning furnaces was useless; the oil seeped out over the furnace floor and great tongues of flame shot back at the men. With no steam the ship had no power; instead of moving away from the storm it slipped right back into it again. In such a situation the men, as well as the ship, were racked beyond endurance. They began to live in a world half fantasy, half reality; they saw events of their lives pass in review as in a dream. When help

came they stood in jealous guard over their ship; the captain defied his rescuer to put men aboard and was only convinced of their harmless character when the rescuing captain swore on his knees that connecting the tow-line would have no significance in the salvage contract. Mr. Hughes follows through: he shows the effect on the men long after the storm ceases; they are unstrung, subject to tears and moods, for the storm has broken the established way of their lives and left them without balance, trying to piece things together, just as the ship must make the best of what is left. "In Hazard," in its portrayal of the ship's collective psychology, is the nearest approach to the writings of Joseph Conrad that we have had in years. (Harper & Bros.)

A MAN who can spear a 42-foot whale shark one day and then discover a teeming world of little creatures on a piece of cork-bark, two inches across, the next, is himself an extraordinary member of the human race. His name is William Beebe, and that explains a lot. No naturalist in captivity has the eyes of William Beebe, or, if he has, he can't tell what he sees with the enthusiasm that Beebe communicates to the reader. Under ordinary conditions a turquoise-colored lizard wouldn't tempt me, a snake would repel me, but when Beebe describes them I linger over his pages as I did once, many years ago, over those of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Swiss Family Robinson."

For Beebe is a story-teller; it simply happens that his plots are real. In "Zaca Venture," the record of two months in a 118-foot schooner in the Gulf of California, he writes a book more entertaining than many a novel. I enjoyed the episode of the shark which, with a harpoon in its middle, moved "slowly and steadily along," and finally, when it felt the pull of the yacht, tore away from the harpoon and escaped, to live, maybe, for many years in the deep

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waters. I wandered with him over the sands of Inez island, which he calls Paradise, where waters, earth and air are at peace, but birds, fish and land animals fight desperately to eat one another. How agile these creatures become! There is the frigate-bird, a true racketeer, waiting until the boobie has caught its fish and then taking the fish from the boobie. Or better yet, there is the story of the frigate-bird that discried a flying fish as bait on Beebe's hook, came down, picked up the fish, carried it aloft twenty feet, and moving forward with the boat, carefully disengaged the fish from the hook. That's adaptation for you, miles away from man's inventions, in a world visited by few fishermen. Maybe you recall Beebe's earlier book about Bermuda, "Half Mile Down." If not, go to the Public Library and get it; it's a treat. Then take "Zaca Venture" home with you likewise. As a relief from hectic reports from central Europe I know nothing better than a prescription of Beebe. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

Chance for the Singer

Who would have guessed that one day the whole country would go mad about cowboy songs, singing "Home on the Range" and calling for "Git along, little dogies"—which, by the way, is pronounced "dough-gies." Certainly not the cowboys who sang under the stars after a hard day's riding with the herd from Texas to the Kansas cattle markets. I guess John A. Lomax has been as close to these warblers as any man; he first published "Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads" in 1911; today he has revised them, added new discoveries, and republished the book. He says that a Negro cook in San Antonio, who had once cooked for chuck wagons, gave him the words and tune of "Home on the Range" as early as 1908, but for twenty years nobody paid much attention to it.

As for that line about the little dogies, Lomax says that the baby calves with overgrown pauches were called "dough-guts" by the cowboys and that this led to "dogies." Some writers have other versions but this is his.

You never can tell what songs will be popular next year, but judging by the past, folk songs will always be the basis for novelties. Some of the songs in this collection, such as the Sam Hall song, have been

sung by Carl Sandburg and others in lecture halls; others are practically unknown and may yield popular numbers in the future. Some are amusing, but many are filled with nostalgia and wistful lamentations. Now and then they brag about the cowboy who shot the lights out of the dance hall—"I'm a blizzard from the Brazos on a tear, hear me hoot!" Now and then they celebrate the joys of whiskey. The cowboy is a free man in his songs and maybe that's why he remains a popular figure. (Macmillan).

Novel About Mont Saint Michel

It seems to me that anybody who has ever visited the monuments of France must enjoy "Tides of Mont St.-Michel," by Roger Verceel, even if the Mont is still one of the sights he means to see in the future. Most of us have met the French "guardians" or official guides and caretakers in the churches and palaces of France; here is the story of how an educated man feels when he has to become a guide, talk to tourists who have only a casual interest in what they see, and then wheedle tips out of them so that he may live. That's the situation; it leads to difficulties between the man, Andre Brelet, and his wife, who would rather live in Paris—naturally. But there is another satisfaction for the American reader. M. Verceel tells the story against the background of the famous abbey church that is perched on the rocks beyond the shifting sands and swirling tides, and the beauty of that historic monument filters through the book. If you haven't seen Mont St.-

Michel you may have read Henry Adams' famous book, "Mont Saint Michel and Chartres"; if you have done neither, by all means, dig out the Adams book, and then read Verceel with that added enthusiasm. Verceel is a French professor who writes with that careful economy of language so characteristic of the French. He writes about the tides, the abbey and the troubles of the Brelets as once he wrote about the hard life of the tug-boat captain in "Salvage," a novel that I recommended in these pages. (Random House).

Keep These in Mind

By the time this reaches you, Carl van Doren's "Benjamin Franklin" will be ready. It will be one of the major biographies of the year and will concentrate attention anew on this great figure in America's beginnings, at a time when a lot of people are hazy about American democracy. Mr. van Doren has given years to his study of Franklin and the advance announcements forecast a thorough and scholarly biography. Viking Press will publish the book and the Book of the Month club will send it to its members.

"Private Virtue, Public Good," by Henry Morton Robinson, one of the editors of the Reader's Digest, is a discussion of the benefits of democracy and the dangers of curtailing individual freedom. Mr. Robinson believes that private enterprise belongs to democracy, and that any attempt to split private enterprise off from democracy will mean the end of personal freedom and subordination to the central authority.

How important tolerance is and how necessary is one of his themes. His comment will help many to strengthen their loyalty to the democratic ideal. (Bobbs Merrill).

The "Autobiography of William Butler Yeats" starts us thinking about the days when George Moore wrote "Hail and Farewell" and Lady Gregory appeared in the United States with her Abbey Players, creating no end of excitement among the Irish. Mr. Yeats, Nobel prize winner, here writes generously about the authors of his day, the literary and political problems, the rise of the Irish theatre and his own experiences, in that lovely, enchanting prose so well known to his admirers. This is a combination of three masterly books. (Macmillan).



"It's a good thing he knew a little about boxing! Otherwise I'd a' moidered him!"

Harness Racing in America

In the season of 1938 there were 7,500 trotters and pacers in the harness races across the United States, with the Hambletonian at Goshen, N. Y., as the classic of the sport. That sport goes back in American history to the start of the nineteenth century and has an honorable tradition. Dwight Akers, who has made a most readable book about it in "Drivers Up" says that there was a day, in Lexington, Ky.,

when the owner of a string of race horses was barred from joining a church, whereas the owner of trotting horses was admitted; the pious considered saddle racing sinful, but trotting had a useful aspect, because the horses pulled vehicles! Lou Dillon, Nancy Hanks, Joe Patchen, Dan Patch, Flora Temple, Greyhound—these are the famous names of harness racing and you will find all about them and their generations in this history, the only one of its kind. (Putnam)

The Order in the Nation's Service

(Continued from page 33)

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News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 34)

Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, Chairman, introduced 12 of the 14 young men who are being assisted through school and college by funds of the Pennsylvania Association with the aid of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. Included in the number were six physically handicapped young men, sponsored by the North and South Central Districts, with the assistance of the State Rehabilitation Bureau. Charles Yarworth, of Centralia, spoke on behalf of the students. The report of the Special Membership Committee, made by Past State Pres. Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, Chairman, showed that Pennsylvania increased its Elk membership last year by 2,511, thus furnishing one-third of the total membership increase reported by the Grand Lodge at its July meeting. According to the report, Pennsylvania's membership totaled 40,536 on April 1, 1938.

THE Wednesday morning session was featured by the Annual Memorial Services, with P.D.D. Ralph C. Robinson, Wilkesburg, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, in charge. Past Pres. Howard Davis delivered the Eulogy, and music was furnished by the band and male chorus of Williamsport Lodge.

In the Ritualistic Contest, Homestead Lodge No. 650 defeated Ellwood City Lodge, defending its championship, by a narrow margin. Presentation of the ritualistic cup was made the next day at the Thursday morning session by P.D.D. Wilbur G. Warner, of Leighton Lodge, Chairman of the committee in charge, assisted by P.D.D. John M. Shaw, Brownsville, Vice-Chairman. At this session an address was made by Philip U. Gayaut, Washington, D.C., the new President of the Md., Del. and D.C. Elks Association. Mr. Gayaut was accompanied by E. Lester Mobley of Hagerstown, Md., a Trustee of the Tri-State Association, who also spoke.

It was unanimously decided to continue the special membership activity begun last year. In his address following the installation of the new officers, Pres. Smith announced that Past State Pres. Davis would continue as Chairman. The first effort in the work will be the initiation, to be held the first week in December in about 35 cities of the State, of a class of at least 2,500, furnished by all of the lodges in Pennsylvania. It will be known as the John K. Tener Appreciation Class in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, a Pennsylvanian and a former Governor of the State.

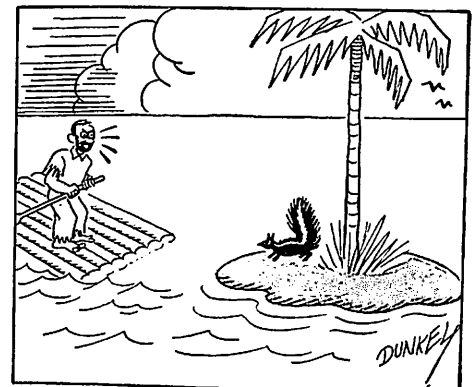
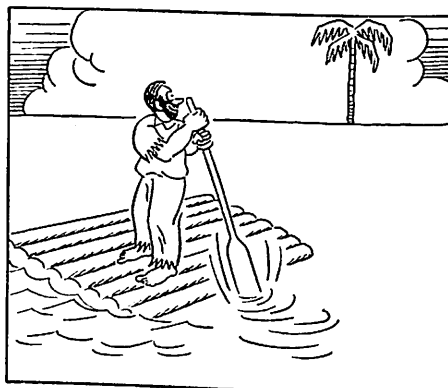
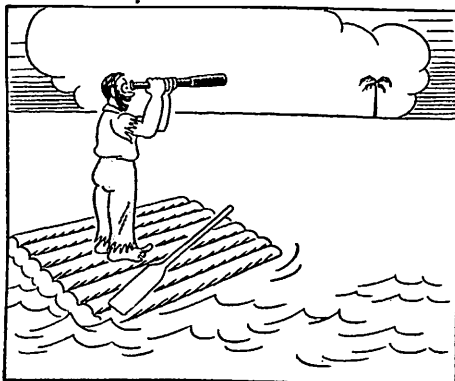
THE final report of the Registration Committee showed more than 300 officers, committeemen and delegates in attendance, with a general registration of 5,400 Elks and their wives. Social highlights of the Convention included the annual President's Ball, held at the Castleton Hotel Tuesday evening, the annual Elks' picnic on Wednesday afternoon, and sight-seeing and luncheon trips to Ellwood City and Sharon Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons for the visiting ladies. The annual parade saw 2,500 marchers and 34 musical organizations in line, with 25,000 spectators along the route. P.E.R. Robert C. Baker of Bloomsburg Lodge, the newly appointed District Deputy for Penna. N. Cent., was Chief Marshal. Prizes were awarded as follows: Lodge with the most men in line, Kittanning, 1st, Franklin, 2nd; Best Band in Parade, Kittanning, 1st, Williamsport, 2nd; Best Uniformed Lodge, Kittanning, 1st, Franklin, 2nd; Best Drum Corps, McKeesport, 1st, Greenville, 2nd; Best Drill Team, McKeesport, 1st, Erie, 2nd; Best Float, Ellwood City, 1st, Gettysburg, 2nd; Marching Unit Traveling Greatest Distance, Williamsport. New Castle Lodge was congratulated for the successful manner in which it handled the meeting.

OHIO

Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, accompanied by his Secretary, Karl Rumpf, and by two distinguished Pennsylvania Elks, State Pres. Edward D. Smith, Lewistown, and Past Pres. Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, was the guest of the Ohio State Elks Association at its 40th Annual Convention at Cedar Point, Sandusky. Dr. McCormick has attended the State Reunions for years. The meeting began on Sunday, Aug. 28, and ended on Thursday, Sept. 1. The attendance shown by registration was larger than a year ago. The Grand Exalted Ruler was given a banquet by the Association on Wednesday evening, at which he spoke to more than 300 on the aims of his administration. On Thursday he rode in and reviewed the parade, later addressing the business session, at which Mr. Smith and Mr. Davis also spoke.

State Pres. John F. Fussinger, Cincinnati, opened the Convention Wednesday afternoon and in his address reported a year of successful activities which included the spring meeting at Marietta, Visitation and Migration Night held by the Ohio lodges, the Father and Son initiation at Newark Lodge, No. 391, and the Ritualistic Contest among the lodges of the State, won by Columbus Lodge No. 37. A report on the Safety Campaign in Ohio indicated that the State Education Department, through the efforts of the Ohio Elks, had started a course of instruction on safety for children, with 22 instructors devoting all their time to the work.

Past State Pres. William H. Reinhart, of Sandusky, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, as Chairman of the Foundation Committee, urged the establishment of an endowment fund to continue the work





of helping deserving young men and women to secure further education. Several young people who have received aid have paid back the money advanced, and the Fund is in good shape for the continuation of the work.

Charles L. Haslop, Newark, was elected President. He at once appointed chairmen of important committees to get under way the program outlined by the Grand Exalted Ruler in his address. The other officers elected were: 1st Vice-Pres., C. A. Lais, Norwalk; 2nd Vice-Pres., Robert W. Dunkle, Chilli-cothe; 3rd Vice-Pres., Joseph W. Fitzgerald, Canton; Secy., Harry D. Hale, Newark; Treas., William Petrie, Cincinnati; Trustee for three years, Walter Penry, Delaware. The officers were installed by Past State Pres. Norman C. Parr, of New Philadelphia. Leslie G. Scrimger, Columbus, was elected President of the Past Exalted Rulers Association. He was also named Chairman of the Publicity Committee for next year.

MEMORIAL services were held with Past State Pres. Charles W. Casselman, Alliance, as Chairman, and Past Pres. James R. Cooper, Newark, Eulogist.

The sum of \$400, realized from the ladies' card party, held at the Breakers Hotel as a Convention feature, with Mrs. W. C. Gorie, Lakewood, acting as Chairman, was turned over to the Association for the benefit of crippled children. A Softball Tournament on Tuesday and Wednesday was won by the Sandusky Elks Team, which will meet the Michigan State Elks Team later. W. C. Gorie reported a successful Ohio Elks Golf Tournament at Newark in July. The Columbus Lodge prize winning Band and Patrol, fresh from the Atlantic City Grand Lodge Reunion, and the fine band from Newark Lodge, gave several concerts, and participated in the Parade. The 1939 Convention will be held, as has been the custom for many years, at Cedar Point.

CONNECTICUT

THE officers of the Connecticut State Elks Association elected at the Ninth Annual Convention of the Association at New Britain are: Pres., Robert P. Cunningham, Dan-

bury; 1st Vice-Pres., William M. Scully, Meriden; 2nd Vice-Pres., Andrew F. McCarthy, New London; Secy., re-elected for the 6th consecutive term, Archie J. McCullough, Derby; Treas., re-elected for the 8th consecutive term, John F. McDonough, Bridgeport; Trustees: Five years, Joseph A. Bray, Hartford; one year, William P. Hession, Derby. The delegates chose Danbury Lodge No. 120 as the host lodge for next year's convention.

New Britain Lodge No. 957 entertained the more than 250 Elks in attendance in a splendid manner. Prominent among the guests were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Grand Trustee William T. Phillips and Arthur V. Dearden, Past Exalted Rulers of New York Lodge No. 1, and Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Presentation of the \$300 Elks National Foundation Scholarship to Joseph P. Cummings, Jr., of Norwich, was made by Judge Hulbert. The State Association award of \$150 was presented to Jack Gallivan, of Hartford, by Frank M. Lynch, Chairman of the Scholarship Commission.

The officers of Bridgeport Lodge No. 36 won the State Ritualistic Contest, and were presented with cups by State Secy. Archie McCullough, Acting Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee, Conn., West. The Convention closed with a banquet, at which a number of prizes were distributed.

COLORADO

AT its Annual Convention in Ouray August 19-20, the Colorado State Elks Association adopted an extensive safety program embracing the sending out of letters of advice, group gatherings throughout the State where talks will be made by speakers thoroughly conversant with the subject, and the broadcasting of warnings against hazards and pleas for safe driving, in the public press, schools, lodges, women's clubs and civic meetings. The Association voted also to continue to expound the doctrine of Americanism, and its work in the rehabilitation of boys who have been incarcerated. When released from Industrial Schools, these boys are assisted in getting jobs or attending school. Regional

1000 MEN RATE WHISKEY

at over \$1.00 more* a quart
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John A. Irwine of Ventnor, N. J., remarked: "Man, tell me where I can get it under \$4.00 a quart."

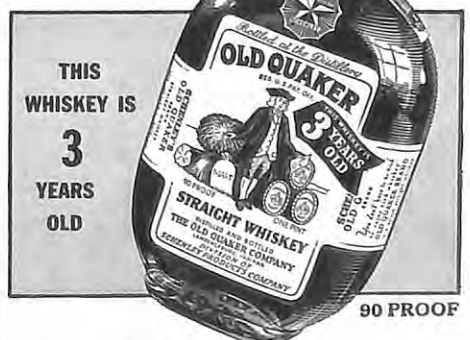
"Smell it—taste it—take a drink of it," we asked 1000 men, "then tell us what it's worth." None knew the whiskey was Old Quaker.

These 1000 men—from twenty-two states—rated 3-year Old Quaker as worth an average of \$1.39 more per quart than its actual retail price. That's mighty important to you.

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meetings will be held throughout the year in the District Deputies' lodges if possible, and in those lodges where assistance can be given in the solution of local problems.

The Association was honored by the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, O.; Past Grand Exalted Rulers Frank L. Rain, Fairbury, Neb., and John R. Coen, Sterling, Colo.; Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Hollis B. Brewer of Casper, D.D. for Wyoming; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Milton L. Anfenger, Denver, and P.D.D. Judge George W. Bruce, Montrose. The business meeting, attended by 140 Elks, was one of the most enthusiastic ever held at a Convention of the Association.

Boulder Lodge carried away first place in the Ritualistic Contest with Montrose a close second. The Longmont Cowboy Band traveled more

than 500 miles to dispense its tuneful melodies. Ouray Lodge and the people of the community provided a splendid program of entertainment. The ladies were taken on sightseeing trips over the mountains and a visit was made to the famous Camp Bird Mine.

Salida Lodge No. 808 was awarded the 1939 Convention, but the exact dates have not been decided upon. The new officers, installed by Past State Pres. Bryon D. Albert, of Fort Collins Lodge, are as follows: Pres., Leslie J. Bush, Salida; Vice-Pres.'s: P. B. Griffith, Colorado Springs, Eugene Welch, Grand Junction, Julian Blair, Boulder, and Clarence J. Williams, Walsenburg; Secy., W. P. Hurley, Fort Collins; Treas., W. R. Patterson, Greeley; Chaplain, Val Higgins, Denver; Trustees: Z. T. Havens, Denver, Frank Bush, Victor, William Morley, Longmont, and Henry B. Zanella, Ouray.



Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 31)

Ashtabula, O., Lodge Entertains Extensively at Its Shore Club

Ashtabula, O., Lodge, No. 208, was host on August 28 to past and present officers of the Ohio State Elks Association at a reunion and picnic held at the lodge's shore club on Lake Erie. A full course chicken dinner was served after which the visiting Elks were taken on a sightseeing tour. Past State Pres. James E. Breen, Secy. of the local lodge, was Master of Ceremonies. Among the 200 members of the Order who attended were Past State Pres.'s A. B. Dawson, Columbus, John F. Sherry, Bellaire, Charles W. Casselman, Alliance, James Breen, William F. Bruning and William G. Lambert, Cleveland, and Norman C. Parr, New Philadelphia; P.D.D. Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin, former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; State Secy. Harry D. Hale, Newark; State Chaplain the Rev. C. A. Dowell, Ashtabula Lodge, P.D.D.'s John E. Creamer, Ashtabula, and Ralph H. Stone, Conneaut; Secy. C. W. Wallace and P.E.R. Edward C. Turner, Columbus, and Floyd Bruner, Chairman of the Activities Committee of Lorain Lodge.

Ashtabula Lodge gave a picnic every month during the past summer, closing the season in September with a clambake for all Northeast Ohio Elks. The lodge owns one of the finest homes in the State and its shore club free of any encumbrances. It recently refurbished and redecorated completely its \$150,000 lodge building.

Activities of Upper Peninsula Elks Association of Michigan

The Upper Peninsula Elks Association of Michigan, organized to work hand in hand with the Mich. State Elks Assn., is doing a fine work. The officers for 1938-39 are William Poppe, Ishpeming, Pres., John Knoerl, Ishpeming, Secy.-Treas., and O. J. Schuster, Manistique, Vice-Pres. Plans are being perfected for the Annual Bowling Tournament. The next convention will be held at Sault Ste. Marie. The mid-winter conference will take place at Manistique.

Marquette Lodge No. 405 won the Ritualistic Contest at the annual convention held by the Upper Peninsula Association and was presented with the Dr. F. O. Logic memorial cup.

The judges were P.E.R.'s Frank A. Small, St. Joseph, John S. Wilson, Lansing, and Norman D. Starrett, Hancock. Pres. Frank Condon, of Hancock Lodge, presided at the Convention and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson of Moline, Ill., Lodge, was the principal speaker. He appeared on the program several times and helped a great deal in outlining the activities of the group which is a part of the State Association proper and not an independent unit. Many of the State officers were present.

Aid in Search for Brother Is Sought by C. H. Rowan, Milwaukee, Wis.

C. H. Rowan of Milwaukee, Wis., aged 75 years, desires more than anything else to see his brother, Patrick Rowan, for whom he has searched continuously during the past 30 years. While it is not known that Patrick Rowan is or was ever a member of the Order of Elks, his brother's touching appeal for information is published in these columns in the hope that the brothers may be reunited in their old age.

The missing man was born in Beaver Dam, Wis. He practiced law in Ashland, Wis., for a number of years after his graduation at the University of Wisconsin. Nothing was ever heard of him after he left Ashland to take up his residence in a small town in the State of Washington. Year after year his brother spent his money and gave of his time in a search for some clue, but to no

avail. Efforts made by the University also met with failure. We make the request to any reader of THE ELKS MAGAZINE who knows or has known anything about the whereabouts of Patrick Rowan to communicate with C. H. Rowan, Post Office Box 1798, Milwaukee, Wis.

Annual Crippled Children's Outing Held by Orange, N. J., Lodge

The Crippled Children's Committee of Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, headed by John McCann, acted as host on August 2 to 47 crippled children of Orange and 11 personal attendants at the lodge's annual outing held at Playland, Rye Beach, N. Y. The children were accompanied also by two attendants from the local public playground, a nurse and a social worker from the N. J. Orthopedic Hospital, and 12 members of the Committee.

Buses were boarded in front of the Hospital and given police escort into Jersey City where the party boarded the *Americana*, the largest of the Meseck Steamboat Corporation's fleet. During the sail to Rye the children were given plenty of milk and ice cream. They were led in community singing by Roscoe C. W. Jones and Alfred D. Farkas, members of the Committee, and entertainment was provided by some of their own talent. A specially prepared lunch was served on board. During the three-hour stay at Rye, an ample supply of tickets was distributed for the enjoyment of all the amusement features at the resort.



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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.

Home of Newark, O., Lodge Redecorated with Oriental Murals

The interior of the home of Newark, O., Lodge, No. 391, has been entirely redecorated. Pastel colors were selected for all the rooms except one. That has been set aside as a memorial to the late Effie and William Poole and to all Elks.

The memorial room has been decorated with Oriental murals painted by L. E. Prather, Jr., of Newark, an artist of more than local reputation. Above the entrance are three panels. One honors the Pooles, another bears a symbolical design, and on the third is a beautifully inscribed Elk motto. Formal dedication took place last month. A special program was presented.

News of Southern California Elks Bowling League Activities

The Southern California Elks Bowling League, reorganized after a ten-year period of inactivity, brought to a close last month a season in which inter-lodge contests were exciting and marked by splendid attendances. In addition to good fellowship and fun, the League activities brought about a surprising increase in membership and reinstatements. Only Elks in good standing were eligible to participate and scores of old timers mingled with new groups of members at the various alleys. The officers of the League are C. J. La Rue, Los Angeles, Pres., Lester Lund, Oxnard, Vice-Pres., and A. W. Mochon, Long Beach, Secy-Treas. The competing lodges were Glendale, Los Angeles, Burbank, Huntington Park, Long Beach, Oxnard, Monrovia and Alhambra.

The teams' average must stay within the aggregate limit of 850 pins. Glendale Lodge led at the half way mark, but the season did not officially close until the latter part of September, too late for publication of final results in this issue of *The Elks Magazine*. Plans were made for the presentation of the prize awards at a banquet to be one of the outstanding social events of the autumn season. The Southern California League bowlers are already keenly looking forward to the time when they will enter the National Elks Tournaments.

Elks National Home Residents Are Guests of Robbins Bros. Circus

One Saturday morning in mid-August, many of the residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., boarded Atlantic Greyhound buses bound for Roanoke where they were guests for the day of the Robbins Brothers Circus. All the members of the party viewed the glittering pageant with old-time pleasure and enjoyed every attraction the circus provided. Clyde Beatty and Hoot Gibson were the featured stars of the aggregation.

During the afternoon it was announced over the loud speaker that a special musical number was being





given by the circus band in honor of Charles L. Conover of Peru, Ind., a resident of the Home and an old-time circus trouper. Mr. Conover was present. After the performance the party was treated to a tea-bone steak dinner by the management.

P.E.R. Cecil B. Lowe is Honored by His Lodge, Jacksonville, Fla.

Official recognition of his long and faithful service in furthering the interests of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, No. 221, was bestowed upon P.E.R. Cecil B. Lowe at a testimonial meeting in the lodge home on August 16. Mr. Lowe served as an officer for several years before becoming Exalted Ruler in 1936. He is a Past President of the Board of Directors and has served on many of the lodge's major committees.

The program opened with a business session followed by the initiation of the "Cecil B. Lowe" class of candidates. This was one of the largest groups taken into Jacksonville Lodge in several years. Elks from all sections of Florida were present. The State Elks Association was represented by its President, M. Frank O'Brien, P.E.R. of the local lodge, other State officers and a number of Past Presidents. Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight I. Walter Hawkins, of De Land, Fla., Lodge, was the principal speaker. Among other distinguished Florida Elks present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, Daytona Beach Lodge, D.D. Dr. J. M. Dell, Gainesville, and P.D.D. Claude L. Johnson, Tallahassee. E.R. James T. Lowe presided over the festivities which included the speaking program in which warm tribute was paid the guest of honor, and a variety of stage attractions. A Dutch supper was served. On behalf of the lodge, P.E.R. B. M. Wimberly, Chairman of the Committee in charge of the affair, presented Mr. Lowe with a beautiful gold desk clock, suitably engraved.

The Jacksonville Elks entertained more than 300 orphans from local institutions on August 23 at Jacksonville Beach. After a morning of swimming and beach games, a picnic spread was served on the pier which was used through the courtesy of Manager Ed Compton. Then followed an afternoon of fun with the amusement devices being turned over to the children by Frank Griffen of the Griffen Amusement Company. P.E.R. F. T. Nooney was General Chairman of the Committee.

The Annual Crippled Children's Outing of Mamaroneck, N. Y., Lodge

Once a year Mamaroneck, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1457, takes the crippled children of Larchmont, Harrison and Mamaroneck on an outing. On August 7 the *Klondike*, piloted as on similar occasions by its genial captain, Eric Pearson, sailed out of Mamaroneck Harbor with much cheering and flag waving, bound for

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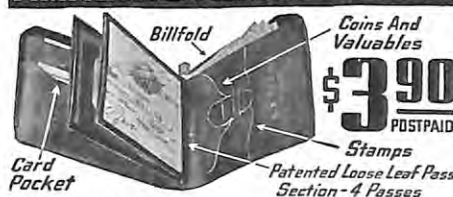
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Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 55)



Roton Point, Conn. Arriving at port, a warm welcome was given the picnickers by their host for the day, M. L. Miller, who proceeded to do everything possible to make the day perfect.

For years Mamaroneck Lodge has made it a practice to work for the success of these outings. The committee members and those Elks who just "went along" busied themselves throughout the day in amusing and ministering to the children. Sandwiches, fruit, milk, ice cream and soda were served at all hours. Toto the Clown, Tex Fletcher, cowboy singer, and Tommy Di Rosa's Band outdid themselves in entertaining the unfortunate but happy little guests.

Madison, N. J., Lodge Visited by State Vice-Pres. Joseph Miscia

At one of its regular meetings, Madison, N. J., Lodge, No. 1465, received a surprise visit from newly-elected Vice-President of the N.J. State Elks Assn., Joseph Miscia of Montclair. Although his visit was unofficial, Mr. Miscia addressed the meeting. He congratulated E.R. Andrew F. Polite and Harry Miller, Chairman of the Better Parades Committee, on the splendid rating accorded the lodge for its participation in the Parade at the Grand Lodge Convention in Atlantic City—40 for the number of parades, good for march discipline and marching alignment, and excellent for appearance. St. Vincent's 40-piece band of Madison made the trip with the local Elks.

14th Annual Orphans' Outing Is Given by Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge

Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, gave its 14th annual outing and picnic in mid-summer, entertaining 216 white girls and boys at Wheeling Park, and 45 colored at Oglebay Park. Large motor buses were used for transportation both ways. Secy. Adam Martin, known to the children as "Uncle Adam," was Chairman of the Committee. Red Cross nurses were constantly on hand. The city recreation department handled the games and events

on the sports program for the day.

An important feature of the outing each year is the distribution of shoes, stockings, dresses and suits and other articles of wearing apparel among the children, as well as fountain pens, baseballs and bats, musical tops and many varieties of toys to take home to play with during recreation periods. The huge amount of food and refreshments divided between the two groups included 3,000 sandwiches, 125 pounds of weiners, 75 pounds of baked ham, 20 pounds of cheese, 1,200 bottles of soft drinks, 1,000 lollypops, 50 gallons of lemonade, six cartons of cookies, four cans of popcorn, and all kinds of frozen dainties. The lodge does much for the orphans of the local institutions all during the year, taking them to theatres and motion picture houses, and giving them annual Christmas parties at the various Homes.

Skeet Shooters of Newport News, Va., Lodge Invite Competition

Four of the winners of the State Elks Skeet Shoot, held at the Old Dominion Skeet Club, Newport News, on August 22, are members of Newport News, Va., Lodge, No. 315. This lodge can get a team together at any time and would like to shoot

with other lodges. P.E.R. R. M. Ward, Convention Secretary, invites communications from Elks who are similarly interested.

The winners at the State Shoot were as follows:

Name	Class		Lodge
E. S. Baysden	High Gun	97	Newport News
G. D. Cole	Class A	94	" "
J. R. Warren	" A	77	" "
Maj. Kincaide	" B	94	Hampton
G. E. Mancos	" B	75	Richmond
O. T. Holaday	" C	81	Hampton
R. M. Ward	" C	72	Newport News

Providence, R. I., Lodge Begins Fall Season After Successful Summer

Under the capable guidance of E.R. F. Leo Gallagher, Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, has begun a busy Fall season, and has made preparations for an active and profitable Winter. An Indoor Carnival, lasting a full week, will be held in November in the spacious ground floor auditorium of its home which for many years has been free of any financial encumbrances.

Providence Lodge enjoys a splendid reputation in Southern New England. It is widely known for its charitable activities as well as for its dignified meetings and successful social functions. More than 1,500 youngsters of various ages were

given the time of their lives at the children's outing which it held recently at Chopmist Hill. This has been one of the outstanding events of the summer programs of several years. The annual stag picnic for members and guests was held also at Chopmist Hill. Visiting Elks were present from Pawtucket, Woonsocket, Westerly and Newport, R. I., New London, Norwich and New Haven, Conn., and Winthrop, Worcester, Boston, New Bedford, Fall River and Putnam, Mass. Congressman John M. O'Connell, P.E.R. of Westerly Lodge, was among the prominent Rhode Island Elks who attended. The lodge's Flag Day exercises, which took place in the open in Roger Williams Park, attracted a gathering of several thousand. The address delivered by P.E.R. Col. Thomas J. Flynn, P.D.D., excited much favorable comment.



"That new man always punches the time clock that way."

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A Message from Napoleon Hill

DO YOU have the cash to enjoy the real things of life—a home you're proud of, worthwhile luxuries, well-earned pleasures? Or do you have to struggle along, barely existing—stuck in small-pay drudgery that gives you nothing but three lean meals and a roof over your head?

Let me tell you, those old mottoes of "Work Hard" and "Strive and Succeed" are the bunk—and you know it! You've seen men work their heads off and get nowhere. You've seen men—with brains—get one raw deal after another.

Why? Simply because they didn't know the FORMULA for success. And there IS one—just as sure as there's a successful recipe for baking a cake! I know the secret of making money. I spent twenty-five years of my life getting it—from men who have made millions! Now I'm ready to show it to YOU!

What These 13 Steps to Riches Will Do For You

- Describe the inside secret of Ford's stupendous achievements.
- Give you the "guts" to demand more of life and get it.
- Show you how to convert ideas into cash.
- Show you how to sell your services for more than you ever got before.
- Show you how to master the 6 basic fears.
- Explain the 5 major methods by which sex energy may be used to improve personality.
- Explain the 5 steps to complete self-confidence.
- Tell how to induce others to co-operate with you in business and social relationships.

I'm not interested in what you're doing now, or where you live. I don't care how much or little you're making. I say: "I CAN HELP INCREASE YOUR INCOME — A LOT!"

Perhaps you're saying: "Who is this Napoleon Hill anyway?"

You have a right to challenge any man who makes that sort of claim. You've got a right to know my story!

Here it is: Nearly 25 years ago I determined to find out why some men could make

so much money—while others lacked even the necessities of life. That became my life's work. And I actually discovered the whole amazing truth!

I got close to 500 of America's richest men. Most of them had been poor to start. I learned their methods.

The first was Andrew Carnegie. I spent days with him. I learned how he built up his great steel empire, discovered the secret of his power over men.

"Go see this man Henry Ford," Carnegie then said. "Study him. You will learn how a man can start at scratch, without money or college education, and become wealthy. Ford will some day dominate the automobile industry."

I went to see Ford. Got to know him well. He personally delivered my first automobile, showed me how to run it. I made my first analysis of him—and have made one yearly since for over 20 years!

From Carnegie and Ford, I went straight to such men as Wrigley, Schwab, Woolworth, Eastman, Gillette, Rockefeller, Morgan. I found out why they had become wealthy and famous, while men they once worked with were still ruttin' in "sucker" jobs. AND I DISCOVERED EVERY ONE OF THEM USED THE FORMULA FOR SUCCESS!

That formula is complete, clear, ready for use in my new book—THINK AND GROW RICH!—the condensed result of all my years of research. Here are the secrets that have raised America's biggest men from underdogs to the top of the pile—13 PRACTICAL, PROVEN ways for ANY MAN OR WOMAN to grow rich!

I don't bore you with mental tricks, memory tests or absurd mottoes. I threw those notions into the waste basket years ago. Instead, I show you clearly, definitely the 13 specific steps to riches—and how YOU can easily start taking them the moment you begin reading this book! THE SAME steps by which other men and women —WHO HAD NO MORE TO START WITH THAN YOU HAVE AT THIS VERY MOMENT—have made thousands and millions for themselves. Now put these identical secrets to work for YOU!

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R. J. T., Massachusetts

From a Congressman
"Mr. Hill has had rare contacts with wealthy men—opportunities to learn secrets accorded to few men living today. I can best demonstrate my faith in this book by asking you to send me fifty copies."
Hon. Jennings Randolph,
U. S. House of Representatives.

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M. L. P., Dayton, Ohio

"Arouses One Into Action"
"Arouses into action all that lies dormant, enables one to live life more fully and receive benefits which ordinarily would be passed by."
B. F. Madole,
Attorney, Danville, Ark.

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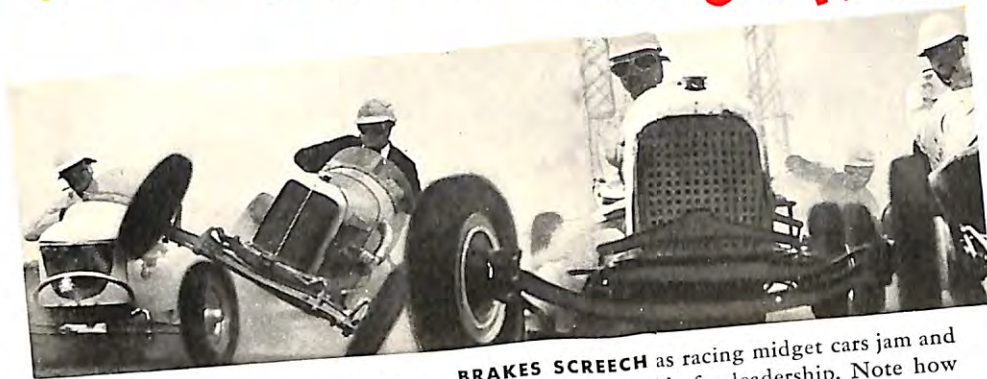
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They're called "doodlebugs"—but racing a midget car (half-size auto) is tough, dangerous sport... as 10 million fans can tell you!

BRAKES SCREECH as racing midget cars jam and crash in daring bids for leadership. Note how careening racer above has mounted hood of another doodlebug, as cars close in for the turn. Thrills of midget auto-racing crowd millions of rooters into more than 100 U.S. tracks.



NEARLY TWO MILES A MINUTE! Look out—a soft spot! Car on left has snarled the white car. Somersaults and hurdles are common—fatalities few. Drivers are tough, smart, nimble.



MOST DRAMATIC sights occur at turns of midget tracks. Unbanked dirt-track racing demands lightning calculations. Driver above took turn too fast—rolled over in path of oncoming racers. No one was hurt.



ERNEST GESELL, JR., popular champion, prizes healthy nerves, saying: "At two miles a minute on a dirt track, anything can happen. My nerves *have* to be steady; so Camel's *my* smoke! Camels are *mild*! They never get me jittery or unsure. Most

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say the men who grow tobacco. Naturally their cigarette choice is Camel



Cecil Claybourne, who practically lives with tobacco the year 'round, says: "Many's the time Camel paid more to get my finest grades. Finer tobacco makes finer smoking, so I'm steady on Camels. So are most planters."



A planter for 35 years, Edward S. Dail says: "Like other planters here, I sell my best grades of tobacco to Camel—and Camel buyers bid to get them. Men who know tobacco naturally smoke Camels."



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