

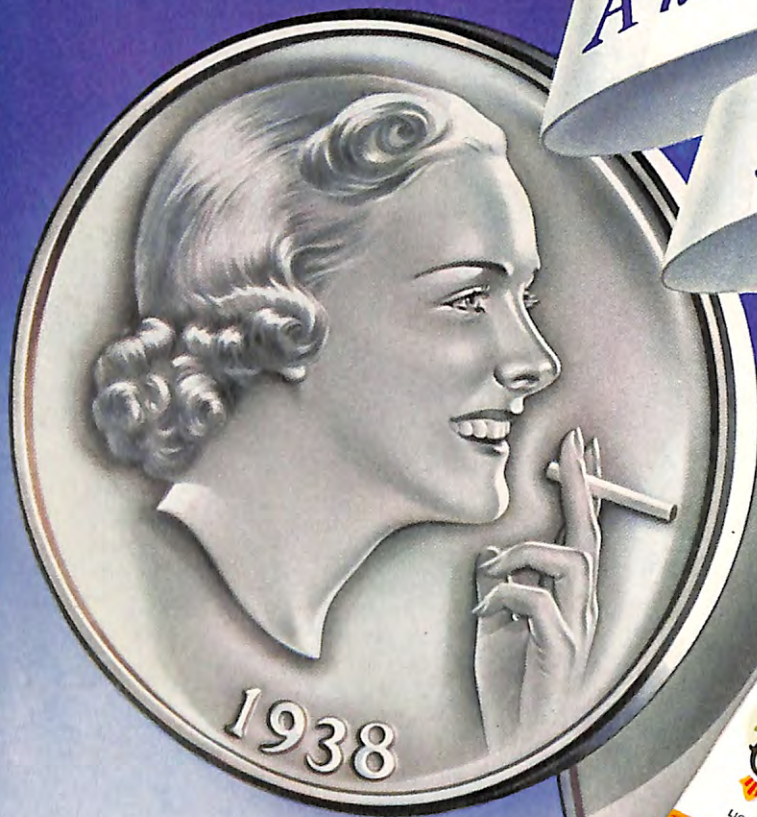
The Elks

Magazine



NOVEMBER, 1938

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Dear Brother Elks:

I have completed my conferences with my District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers. The meetings have been attended by many Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge Officers and State Association Officers. The first meeting was held in Denver, Colorado, the second at the Elks' National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, and the third at the Elks' National Home in Bedford, Virginia.

The Order is fortunate in its District Deputies. They are a fine group of outstanding American leaders and I know that Elkdom will progress in every district this year. Enthusiasm and eagerness to serve the Order were common characteristics of all groups. Professors, lawyers, physicians, engineers and business men, filled with the love of Elkdom, comprised the various gatherings, and in every instance they departed for their homes determined to give their all to Elkdom.

That our year's program of Civic Activity, reinstatement, prevention of lapsation and membership increase may be carried on to early completion, all District Deputy visits will be completed by December 1, 1938. All Subordinate Lodge Officers are asked to cooperate and to have their plans for these endeavors under way at the earliest possible moment.

I am very happy because of the fine reports coming to me from subordinate lodges. Many are already in the midst of commendable civic programs, in some instances, exceptionally outstanding in nature. These lodges will gain in civic standing, in membership and in esprit de corps.

We must bear in mind that indirection is oftentimes more desirable than direction. Our Lodge programs, social and civic, must be attractive to Elks and non-Elks. Likewise, we can best neutralize the activities and oratory of the undesirables by lending our power and leadership and our finances to the creation of greater happiness and contentment in the world about us. This is Elkdom's mission.

Fraternally and sincerely,

Edward J. M. Cornick.

Grand Exalted Ruler.



A Message
from the
**GRAND
EXALTED
RULER**



The Elks Magazine

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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

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NOVEMBER 1938

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The Fighting Finches

By Walter Havighurst

A harness strap and a long-handled spoon can show the way to the heart of a man—if they're in the right hands

IT'S a hundred years now since the fighting Finch family first came to Wisconsin, but you can still hear about them up around Fort Atkinson and Palmyra. They blew in like a prairie twister, as old Judge Hyer used to say, soon after the Indian wars, and they took over Jefferson County for their own wild uses. For a while that section went by the name of Finchland. Even after they became law-abiding citizens and Nat Finch was elected sheriff, people still spoke of Finchland when they meant the country round about Lake Koshkonong. The Finches didn't really

change much; they remained a boisterous, quick-tempered, reckless clan. The only difference was that at first they chased the sheriffs out of the county and in the end they rode just as hard after every poor fellow who ran afoul of the law. After Nat Finch became sheriff, the only turbulence in the district was the Finches racing their horses over the section roads and stampeding across the prairies. They called it patrolling the county.

But the story Judge Hyer liked to repeat tells how they first came out to Wisconsin Territory. In those days it was a wild free country with wolves and Indians lurking in the brush, a likely place for a lawless tribe that couldn't give their neighbors any peace. They blew in like a storm of blackbirds, and this is how it came about.

IN 1832 the government called for fighting men to put down Black Hawk's rebellion, and a family named Finch living at St. Joe, Michigan, volunteered—father and twelve sons. They were all mustered in and so they marched off, looking a lot like a troop of Indians themselves, and the citizens of St. Joe breathed easier because this Finch family was a wild tribe, always up to some kind of rampage. They privately hoped the Indians would kill the lot of them, but they were disappointed. After the campaign the whole thirteen came riding back on Indian ponies, and they came back unscathed—all except Nat Finch who wore a fresh white scar across his temple. The story got around that it was Whirling Thunder's own tomahawk that had marked him.

Nat Finch was one of the younger boys and he wasn't the biggest of the lot, but when they came pounding back to St. Joe it was easy to see that he was the leader. He rode the fastest Indian pony and pulled the quickest trigger finger and he could let out as wild a warwhoop as any Pottawattomi that ever wore a feather. In fact Nat wore that scar of his like a turkey feather, his head held lightly and his dark hair pulled back to show that long white furrow.

It seems they had learned some tricks from the Indians. Back now in St. Joe they staged periodic war-



dances, banging on a barrel for a wardrum, whirling naked axes through the air, ramping and roaring like maniacs. Old Bull Finch, he was their father, generally did the pounding on the barrel, and when they saw him warming it up with an ax-handle the neighbors locked their doors and peered scandalized from their blinded windows. In a minute the boys would come whooping in from all directions. It seemed more like fifty of them than a dozen.

Naturally they got to remembering what they had seen of Wisconsin in the campaign, and St. Joe seemed pretty tame by comparison. So in the spring of 1838 they had a final war-dance, played a tune on the Baptist church bell by firing rifle balls through the belfry lattice, and jumped their horses over every gravestone in the St. Joe cemetery. Then they hustled their women (some of the older boys were married) off to Wisconsin Territory. When the dust had settled in St. Joe there was a kind of heavenly quiet. The neighbors cautiously opened their doors and took stock of the town. Then they all went to church and thanked God for the Territory of Wisconsin.

When they arrived in Jefferson County the Finches took a liking to the shores of Lake Koshkonong. They had to have thirteen claims and that meant just about all the land around the head of the lake. But it happened that some peaceful settler was there ahead of them. They found his cabin in a clearing above Crawfish Creek and they bristled at the sight of it.

"Looks kind of like an insult to me," Nat said with his eyes narrowed.

"A damned insult," Ben said, spitting.

Luke and Mose and Milo all muttered, and old Bull Finch put a rifle to his bearded cheek and fired dead through the greased pigskin window.

The door opened pretty promptly and there stood a thin elderly man, holding onto the door frame and peering out at them.

"Who lives here?" Nat demanded, stepping up like a sheriff.



In a flash her hand came up and the leather strap slashed across Nat's face.



The Finches, racing their horses over the section roads and stampeding across the prairies . . . blew in like a storm of blackbirds.

"My name," the old man said in a wondering, gentle voice, "is Jerod Crane. I live here, and my daughter with me." His pale eyes blinked in the sudden sunlight. "And who are you gentlemen?" he asked mildly.

"Gentlemen," muttered Milo, peering at the old man darkly.

Bull Finch frowned and spat a brown stream into a gopher hole.

"We ain't gentlemen," Nat said furiously. "Nor never was, neither."

"I feared it was the Indians again," the old man said with a sigh. Then, recollecting himself, he bowed slightly. "Will you come in?"

"W'y, yes," Nat said. "We aim to come in. And we aim for you to go out. You see it don't look like there'd be room for us all, and the Finches have got a hankering to take up this land here."

The old man leaned forward with a vacant look. Then his voice began to falter. "You mean—you mean you purpose evicting me—from my claim? Putting me off my land?"

"Call it what you like," Nat said. "I guess you got the idea."

Big bearded Virge scowled like thunder. "Come on," he said impatiently, "get moving." The rest of the Finches were growing restless. They crowded around the doorway.

"You jest move on a piece," old Bull Finch said in his mildest voice. "There's plenty room in Wisconsin Territory without you being in the way where the Finches aims to settle."

Now the old man's hands were trembling against the door post. His mouth began to move but no words came. Somebody gave him a prod and a dozen hands hauled him out onto the grass. They were stopped there by a sound no Finch had ever heard before. A

raised cry, anxious and outraged, urgent with protest and affection.

"Father! Father!"

A slender girl in a blue dress of linsey-woolsey came running across the clearing. She went straight through the startled Finches to the old man's side. They saw then that her hair was polished and dark as a crow's wing and her throat was brown with sun and she clenched a broken halter strap in her hand. "Father!" her arms went about him in protection. "What is it?"

Jerod Crane's hand was shaky on her shoulder. "They're—they're evicting us, Delia."

"Evicting us?" Her dark eyes turned on them, blazing. "Who's evicting us?"

Nat stepped up. "You see, ma'am, we're moving in here ourselves and—"

"And you're driving us out."

"Well, it's like—"

"My father has been sick. Can't you see that?"

"Then it ain't doing him a bit of good to stay here," Mose said wisely.

"Where do you think we can go?"

"There's plenty more land," old Bull Finch said with a wave of his burly hand.

"Then why don't you take it?"

"We ain't used to—" Mose began, but Nat shouldered him out of the way. Those blazing black eyes of hers pleased him. "You see, ma'am, we figured—"

At his arrogant smile her mouth narrowed dangerously. In a flash her hand came up and the leather strap slashed across Nat's face. "You can't do it!" she cried. "You can't—"

Her arm was raised again when the Finches closed in. Milo and Mose took the girl between them and Luke and Ben took the old man. The rest of the clan followed them across the clearing. All but Nat—he could see the girl walking stubbornly between his hulking brothers, her head carried proudly and the dark hair falling to her shoulders. He stood there fingering the welt that was rising on his cheek.

In a minute they were back, noisy as a flock of black-birds. "The old Shakes is going to Kane's Crossing to report us. Said he'd get the sheriff."

"You hear that, Nat? The sheriff." Zeke and Virge pulled at their dirty beards and doubled up with mirth.

"Come on, let's have a look around our cabin." They stooped at the doorway and crowded in. All but Nat. He still stood fingering that stripe across his face and smiling vaguely. "Spunky little bobcat," he told himself.

Promptly the next day Sheriff Linus Cady arrived in Finchland. He came with a warrant inside his shirt and a badge pinned on his vest, and he jogged along looking pleased with himself and proud to be bringing the power of law into the wilderness. He went out in a good deal more of a hurry, lying along his horse's neck while the musket balls whistled through the branches above him. He headed straight for Madison, lashing his horse as though all the Indians this side the Mississippi were on his heels.

Back in Finchland the boys were doing a war-dance around a fire of sticks which Nat fed with a warrant, bit by bit. The sun glinted on a sheriff's badge pinned to his buckskin jacket. When the dance was over he sailed the tin badge into the air. A dozen rifles volleyed and the badge dropped like a mangled bird. Bull Finch drowned it in a stream of tobacco where it lay.

In Madison, Sheriff Linus Cady

Delia pulled the old man against her and threw up a frantic arm to ward the blow.





Illustrated by
JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.

didn't even stop to wipe the horse's lather off his breeches. He saluted the governor and blurted out his story. "They're a lawless pack of ruffians, sir," he concluded, "and hanging is too good for them."

Governor Dodge jabbed his pen in a scarred potato and swung in his swivel chair. "Exhaust the power of the county, sir. And if that won't do, I'll call out the militia. By heaven, sir, if that Finch family is going to run this Territory, I'll find out mighty soon now, I'll tell you."

But when he had cooled off, Sheriff Cady wasn't so anxious to start back after the Finches. There were other matters, anyway, and it was two weeks before Linus Cady, reinforced by two deputy sheriffs and a Madison constable, arrived in Jefferson County. They approached Finchland cautiously, ears to the wind, peering across the openings before they gave their horses rein. When they spied a raw new cabin they dismounted and crept up on it from four sides. The door was closed but smoke feathered from the chimney and through the empty window frame they could see someone moving inside. When Sheriff Cady pounded on the door, the cabin went dead quiet.

"Open in the name of the law," the sheriff intoned. Four pistols were pointed at the door. "Open in the name of the law and the authority of the governor of Wisconsin Territory."

When he got no response he kicked the door. It was as solid as a saw log. While his confederates pounded with their rifle butts, Sheriff Cady crept around the corner and peered in the open window frame. There on the floor sat a two-hundred-pound woman with her back against the door. She was priming a Queen Anne musket. Suddenly the gun flew up. As Sheriff Cady ducked he felt his hat blown off his head.

"A woman," he reported to his staff, fingering the bullet hole in the crown of his hat. "Big as an ox and mean as a wildcat. She's a Finch, all right. One of you keep her in there while we hunt up her man. He must be around somewhere."

Heber Smith was left to besiege the cabin. "Shoot her down the minute she opens that door," Sheriff Cady ordered in a loud voice. "Come on, boys."

It was Luke Finch's wife in the cabin, and Luke was off in the woods cutting poles. When they heard his

ax they stopped to plan their strategy. "You two go ahead," Sheriff Cady said. "He might recognize me. And look out for that ax if he gets suspicious. These Finches would sooner split a man's head than a beech log."

They approached noisily through the brush, Henry Imig and Reeve Griswold, two travelers off the road and trying to find their way to Fort Atkinson.

Luke Finch leaned on his ax. "Yes, you can git through, but there's a wet marsh in there."

Reeve Griswold picked up a stick and marked on the damp ground. "We want to get there dry if we can. How does that marsh lie—like this?"

"That's about it," Luke said. "Only the crick runs in there too and it's plumb full of water this season. You better aim for Kane's Crossing."

"Where's that?" He handed Luke the stick.

Luke dropped his ax and bent over the marking. "The crick comes in here. You can see some cabins up this way and that's Kane's Crossing. You better go—"

Reeve put his foot on the ax blade and the two of them seized Luke like a barrel of pork, pinning his arms to his side. Sheriff Cady stepped out from behind a tree and tied twenty feet of rope around him. Then he fished a new tin badge out of his pocket and pinned it on his vest. From inside his shirt came a warrant which he read emphatically. "You're under arrest," he concluded with considerable triumph.

Luke scowled at him and spat.

"You are a member of the Finch family, ain't you?"

"No," Luke growled. "I'm a Chippeway squaw."

"We'll take him to Kane's Crossing," the sheriff said, "and get the old man to identify him."

It was slow going with the sheriff's horse carrying double, and before they got to the Crossing they heard hoofbeats behind them. Four leveled pistols wilted when Heber Smith drew up.

"What about that woman?" Sheriff Cady demanded.

"She got away."

"How'd she get away?"

"Well, I kept sitting there a-watching that door. In a while I gave it a kick and the door swung open. There wasn't hair nor hide inside it."

A worried line creased Sheriff Cady's brow. "She must have clumb out the window. Now we've got to make tracks, cause she'll have the whole tribe after us."

Nat was the first one Luke's wife found as she came through the woods, and Nat didn't wait for the rest. He rode hard for the Crossing. He splashed his horse across the creek, galloped past a cluster of cabins, and pulled up at the hitching rack before the low log tavern. The sheriffs' horses cocked their ears as he dismounted.

Nat had a hand on his pistol butt when he stepped into the tavern room. Sheriff Cady and Reeve Griswold were sitting at the big table over a smoking dinner. They dropped their forks and their hands went to their sides.

It was that way, three men wary and waiting, for a long minute. Nat's right hand was tense and nervous, but he checked its impulse for action. There were too many against him in this tavern. So he grinned slowly, showing the white teeth in his wind-burned face.

"Howdy," he said.

The men watched him like cats. He heard a low and patient voice from the room beyond and knew it for Jerod Crane's, and out of the corner of his eye he saw a dark-haired, slender figure appearing in the doorway. His left hand swung up and swept off his hat. "Howdy, ma'am." He bowed slightly but his eyes never left the two at the table.

Sheriff Cady stared at the white scar across his temple. "You're another of them Finches, or I don't know a skunk from a prairie dog."

Nat still grinned. "You guessed it the first time."

There was a scurrying in the kitchen and the landlord and his wife stood wide-eyed in the door.

"Take it easy out there," Nat said, "if you don't want your place shot up. I only aim to ask these customers of yours a couple of peaceful questions."

Linus Cady hitched himself in his chair, but Nat's hand tightened on his hip and (*Continued on page 37*)

FOR years the old guard of football's hard-boiled era has been bemoaning the passing of rock 'em and sock 'em tactics on the gridiron. Veterans of the push and pull period of the autumn pastime, which vanished with the turn of the century, sneer at the modern style of play and remark sardonically that football today is nothing more than glorified basketball.

Whether they are right or wrong in their attitude is debatable. It has been demonstrated repeatedly that the old flying wedge and mass formations of bygone days were not nearly so dangerous or devastating as is generally believed. The old axiom, "there's safety in numbers," applied to moleskin warfare. Open play is far more punishing to the individual, and a clean block or tackle of the current regime makes the old hauling, mauling measures of early gridiron days appear harmless and ineffective.

The old guard has been crying "wolf" so long, that

Mr. Football Becomes a Gentleman

By Edwin B. Dooley

today, when they should be shouting louder than ever, scarcely a peep is raised. If they were right in claiming football was going to the dogs when the forward pass first revolutionized the game, and when the introduction of the lateral pass transformed offense even more drastically, they have more cause for loud complaint than ever.

Maybe they are not aware of it, but a new kind of football is sweeping across the country, and if it continues to grow it will eventually cause changes in the current style of play that will probably make the gridiron game unrecognizable.

Six-man football is the new rage, and to say that it has taken hold of the younger players is to put it mildly. Introduced in 1934 by its inventor Stephen E. Epler, it has quadrupled annually. Three years after it was first played in Hebron, Nebraska, more than half a hundred schools in the Midwest added it to their athletic curricula. From 150 schools boasting teams in 1935, more than 3,000 are now actively supporting teams.

OSTENSIBLY, the new type of football is designed to make the gridiron sport more open and safe, and to give schools with small enrollments an opportunity to enjoy more equal competition on the gridiron. Today every section of the country has its six-man teams. New York, Florida, Oregon, Washington and Maine all took to it in a big way last year.

While the game is still in its infancy in the East, Roslyn High and Manhasset High School on Long Island have adopted six-man football as an official intra-mural sport, and dozens of other schools have shown their interest by requesting rule books. Last year the new game was regarded as a regular inter-scholastic sport at more than 350 schools and it was on an intra-mural basis at more than 1,000 other institutions. Not only high schools and elementary schools are playing the game, but a number of colleges have taken to it as well.

Wide World Photo



Manhasset High School lines up before play begins against Roslyn High. Note the 3-1-2 offensive position and the possibility of an open passing game.

One reason for its appeal is its simplicity. It combines all the fun regulation football affords, and none of the drudgery or so-called dirty work. It's the whipped cream on the gridiron pudding, served up in gobs to the players. Three backs and as many linemen constitute a team. Two ends and a center are on the line, and the ball-carrying department is made up of a quarterback, a halfback and a fullback.

While regulation football rules comprise the pattern of the pastime, there are at least ten major departures. The game, for example, is played on a smaller field. Instead of the normal gridiron of 120 yards long by 160 feet wide, the six-man field is only 80 yards by 40 yards. In order to encourage kicking, a field goal counts four points, instead of the usual three points.

THE biggest difference between regulation football and the six-man game, and the one that will make the old boys tear their hair in disgust, is the rule which prevents the man who receives the ball from center from carrying it across the line of scrimmage. He must relay the ball to one of his mates, not by merely handing it to him, but by a distinct pass.

Forward passes may be thrown from any point behind the line of scrimmage, as in professional football, and any pass not crossing the line of scrimmage is considered a lateral, whether thrown forward or sidewise. The players must wear rubber-soled shoes. Cleats of any kind are barred for safety's sake, as well as for reasons of economy, as many of the schools supporting the game are hard-pressed financially.

So quickly has the game gained recognition that teams in the Middle West have charged fifty cents admission to their contests and have drawn sizable crowds. The game has an official rules committee made up of Epler, who invented the game; P. F. Neverman, William H. Roselius, Conrad Orr, L. F. Rice, Winton Simmons and Franklin M. Reck.

There is little danger of six-man football ever com-

peting with regulation football, or drawing tremendous crowds. To those, however, who appreciate real football with its teamwork, its subtleties, its furious bodily contact and its heroics, the new six-man game promises to have undesirable effects, as well as beneficial ones, depending on your point of view.


Regulation football's lasting glory has been due to the fact that it is basically brutal and elemental. The terrific charge of the opposing lines, the vicious blocking of the interfering backs, the herculean jolts of the tackles and the boring lunges of the guards give to the game an appeal and demand a special science of play not found in any other pastime.

Naive sports enthusiasts who have never participated in bruising games will tell you emphatically that hockey and water polo are more punishing games than football. Don't believe it. The chief danger in hockey is getting cut by a skate. The absence of traction on ice makes it easy to absorb the shocks of bodily contact. In water polo there is a total absence of leverage; consequently, the only troublesome feature is submersion.

FOOTBALL is the only pastime in the category of athletics where a man can hurl his body full-tilt at his opponent. It is the only sport where you can drive a man into the unyielding earth without being put off the field. It is the only game where every man on every play must give everything he has if the play is to succeed. Football is the only game in which bodily contact of a strenuous nature is the *sine qua non* of the contest. Despite the present rules which were made with an eye to safety, you can still crucify an opponent legitimately in football, and not be penalized.

The six-man game is the very antithesis of regulation football. That does not mean it will not be popular. It will grow and flourish like marsh grass for that very reason. It has everything to appeal to a boy who loves the thrills of football, the glamour of racing

International News Photo



When the Redskins battled the Giants for the championship last season they showed they could breeze through any kind of defense.

along a cross-barred field and eluding one's adversaries, and yet requires virtually none of the punishment the real game demands.

It has no guards and no tackles, and it has one back less than will be found in a normal backfield. The hard work, the devitalizing work, the dirty work, which since the game began has been the lot of the tackles and guards, is eliminated at one full stroke. The absence of a back makes for more action in the attacking department and for more chance to carry the ball.

BECAUSE players inherently do not like to do the work of interfering, but prefer to carry the ball, emphasis in six-man football is on passing. When a man is about to be stopped he passes the ball, then tries to get in position to receive a return pass. In regulation football, with its increased use of the lateral, this is done also. But the lateral in regulation football is used as an intrinsic part of the running attack, topping off plays that have already made gains, plays primarily based on power.

In a few years, when the youngsters who have played

He's too set in his ways, and it's mighty difficult to teach an old dog new tricks.

Yes, the old timers cannot be blamed for asking: is football going soft? They didn't mind the forward pass once they realized it did not alter the fundamental of play, but merely added to the color and appeal of the game. They yelled when the flying tackle and flying block went by the boards. And they tore their hair when the rules committee said that the strenuous use of hands by linemen would no longer be permitted.

Now, however, they have legitimate cause for complaint. They see the kids who used to get out by the thousands on the sandlots and playing fields of the nation and willingly mix it up in furious scrimmage in imitation of their older brothers, falling prey to a game that is synthetic football, lollypop football, namby-pamby football. "What will we do in the future," they might ask, "for guards, like Heffelfinger; blocking backs, like Nagurski, and tackles, like Franco? Who is going to do the cleaning up in the game? Who is going to buckle down and do the dirty work?"

True, younger generations have laughed at the bald-



Wide World Photo

A Roslyn High School player makes a short gain around end late in the fourth quarter of a six-man football game against Manhasset High School. Note blocking back at left.

six-man football move into college circles, they will have to be taught football all over again. True, the six-man game may develop good ball handlers, but there is not much chance that it will turn out many great broken field runners, and no chance of its turning out very adept blockers.

Running for a touchdown through a six-man defense is infinitely easier than weaving through a field studded with eleven players. But more important, the six-man players will lack the sixth sense of team play that comes of working in close coordination with ten other teammates. They will have no stomach for the smashing, crashing style of play that is characteristic of regulation football. They will have no comprehension of the science or significance of smart line play, fast cross-charging and clever interference.

Chances are, all six-man players will want to be either ends or carrying backs. None of them will want to do the cleaning up, which is the very quintessence of sound football, and the thing essential to successful play. Unless a boy learns how to interfere properly when he is young, he will never take to it when he goes to college. It's like a big fullback, who starred on his team, trying to transform himself into a good golf player when he gets out of college. It can't be done.

headed old timers long enough. They have been crying about the changes in the game ever since the football rules committee started making the sport safe for the young men who play it. They have been yelling loudly that all the raw beef has been taken from the once gruelling pastime, and every effort has been made to cushion the corners.

WELL, maybe they are right after all. Maybe this business of protecting the players at every turn has been carried too far. Certainly no one will deny that safety should be the watchword of the game, and it is obvious to all that the rules committee has done everything in its power to protect the life and health of those who participate. They have done a noble job, but at the same time one can't blame the bull-necked gentlemen of football's darker days for beefing about the present pastime and wondering audibly whether or not the game is going soft.

Today you can scour the land from coast to coast, and not find enough good fullbacks of the old, rugged, door-shattering variety to count on the fingers of one hand. The Nevers, Nagurski's and Shelburnes are relics of a lost art. Gone are the days when all the football world hailed the prowess of Five Yards Mc-

Carthy. Gone are the days when coaches felt smugly complacent if they had one back who had sufficient leg drive to gain three yards whenever he took the ball.

It isn't that backs today are any different physically than they were fifteen or thirty years ago. Physically they are the same. Potentially some of the modern ball toters are the equal of the best line smashers of other years. It is evident, though, that you don't see the line-smearing fullbacks around any more. Emphasis today is on fast, shifty, good lateral-passing backs who can step away to long gains, pick the ball out of the air on the dead run, and whisk away to a touchdown.

COACHES, cognizant of the constant danger of a quick score by means of an opposing downfield lateral, feel they must supplant the square-shouldered, rip-roaring type of back, with a more versatile, more elusive player. Fordham's Johnny Lock sat on the bench most of last season, not because Coach Jim Crowley didn't know he was the hardest hitting ball carrier this side of the Rockies, but because he wanted to use a man in the

sweep and greets it with a rising vote of applause, even though it doesn't gain a yard. Knute Rockne, famous maestro of Notre Dame, knew the psychological value of long dashes around the wings. They may not have brought touchdowns, but the ladies went for them and the crowds turned out as never before.

Professional football, generally speaking, ignores gridiron strategy in an effort to score quickly and spectacularly. When the championship Redskins were battling their way to the title last season they met the Giants before a packed house at the Polo Grounds. Cliff Battles, one of the greatest ground gainers in college and professional ranks, was in the Redskin backfield. He had shown dozens of times that he could breeze through any defense, and doubtless could have run the Giants ragged. He did, as a matter of fact, turn in some beautiful runs that day, but most of the Redskin as well as Giant plays were aerials.

One cannot blame a team for passing when Sammy Baugh is in the backfield, and he wore a Redskin uniform. But that game was typical of pro football. They



Wide World Photo



International News Photo
Left: Stephen E. Epler, the inventor of the six-man game, demonstrates a play. Above: The Golden Bears proved they had a powerhouse in their game with Washington State.

fullback position who could do more things than Lock.

Perhaps a fitting illustration of the tendency of present day coaches to ignore the bone-breaking style of play that was the forte of famous fullbacks is that of California's great backfield combination of last season. The Golden Bears, coached by Stub Allison, had a real powerhouse. In the backfield with Bottari, Chapman and Anderson was a little lad named John Meek. He tipped the scales at 220 and topped six feet.

Two decades ago, even ten years ago, any coach with Meek on his roster would have converted him into a fullback. Strong, fast, willing and spirited, Meek might easily have been taught to drill holes through a line by sheer driving power. Allison, smart coach that he is and awake to the necessities of the modern game, played Meek at quarterback. The big pilot never so much as carried the ball, but he interfered well, backed up a line with remarkable acumen and effectiveness and was an asset at all times. So much so that he won All-America honors.

In professional football there is more evidence to support the claim that football is going soft than there is in the college pastime. The pro game has made every effort to attract customers by making the game colorful and exciting. The crowd loves a wide end

pass regardless the down, the location or the alignment of the defense. They emphasize offense and neglect defense. They don't mind if the other team scores so long as they can get possession of the ball and try for a quick score. Blocking, tackling and line-play are often ragged in professional football, not because the players don't know how to do the right thing, but because they feel at times that their particular individual effort will have little bearing on the ultimate outcome of the play.

IN the college game of late there has been a universal tendency to capitalize on the downfield lateral pass. The attention formerly given to downfield blocking is now given to teaching players how to catch a lateral toss. The result is that when players are required to bring their blocking ability into use, they sometimes do it half-heartedly or reluctantly. They get out of the habit of taking it on the chin, so to speak, and regard blocking as a bothersome chore.

The passing of the hard-crashing, hell-for-leather fullback from the football scene was to be observed in the All-America selections of 1937. Not one important All-America team named a man who was typical of the old line destroyer. Instead, (Continued on page 45)

To Soothe the Savage Breast

By John Randolph
Phillips

Illustrated by FREDERIC WIDLICKA

I KNOW it don't sound reasonable for a grown man—well, at least, a fellow twenty years old—to let a woman, even if she is his own mother, rule him like Ma ruled me. But you don't know Ma. I'm telling you that woman was a holy terror. She stood six feet and weighed one ninety-seven in summer, two ten in winter. It wasn't fat, neither; she was just big and tall and rangy, and she could lick every man in the county.

She sure made me and Sallie Ann a mess of trouble, and me so dead in love with Sallie Ann I didn't know my head from a knot on a black oak board.

Ma raised six sons, me the youngest. When the first baby—that's my brother Jim—was on the way, somebody said s'pose it were a gal. Ma snorted and said it'd be a boy, don't you worry; she wasn't going to raise no gals. Wisht *she* was a man, she said.

"In that case," Pa told her, thinking that, long as she was in bed, he was safe, "somebody would of already done filled you with lead." But Pa had made a mis-



take, 'cause Ma leant over the side of the bed and fetched him a backhanded swipe that like to broke his nose.

Funny 'bout Ma and Pa. Pa's only two inches shorter than Ma, but he's a skinny fellow that Ma could whip with one hand—and has. They say she never would of married him 'cept for one thing. He was a sweet singer and Ma sure loves sweet singers. Her favorite song was that Loch Lomond song and Pa could really make that thing talk. He could sort of handle Ma in them days with his singing. Why, once she was frailing Jim—that's my oldest brother, the one that joined the navy—yes, she was frailing Jim, beating the tar out of him, and Pa come up from the barn singing Loch Lomond. Well, sir, Ma quit to the minute and begin crying and hugging and kissing Jim. Then she kissed all of us and give Pa three kisses. I counted 'em. Tough as she was, Ma just melted at the sound of music. And Pa had a tenor voice that was clear as a bell and sweet as an angel's harp.

Another time Pa come home from Court Day drunk as a fiddler's goat. Ma just stood and looked at him, then she taken down the blacksnake whip. "Samuel!" she said. She never calls him Samuel unless it's real serious. Most of the time it's just plain "Sam," or "Sam Tabor, you good-for-nothing groundhog!" But this time it was "Samuel, I'm going to beat you to an inch of your life!"

But Pa, he's got sense, even if he is lazy and had ruther fish than plow corn. He just pitched into singing to her and Ma dropped that old blacksnake whip and got right into his arms. It was a sight. Him singing and her sort of crying and asking him why in time he wanted to drink that nasty old stuff. Funny 'bout Ma and singing.

Like I said, Pa could sort of handle her in them

*I said, "I'm game warden enough my own self,"
Then I went for him. Can't remember the fight.*



days. But Pa went coon hunting one night and caught cold and lost his voice. Things ain't never been the same at our house since. Many's the time I've wisht I could sing, but me nor none of my brothers can carry a tune in a bucket.

Yeh, it was sure turrrible 'bout Pa losing his voice, and it got turrabler as time went on. Pa, he tried and tried to make his voice come back. Always said it was coming back some sweet day. I used to feel awful sorry for him. We'd be hoeing corn and he'd be trying to sing. Sometimes he almost got it, then his voice would crack wide open in the jam-smack middle of a note. But Pa, he'd say: "Don't you think it's a little mite better today, Steve, than it was day 'fore yestiddy?"

Me, of course I had to say: "Sure, Pa, it's a *whole* lot better." And Pa would smile a slow, far-away kind of smile and his eyes would get real dreamy-looking. But Ma, her temper kep' getting worsen and worsen.

WELL, to get back to Sallie Ann and me. She was Sallie Ann Gary and she lived on the next farm. Sort of tall and slender with sweet but kind of mischievous blue eyes. Yellow hair and pink cheeks. Pretty as a field of crimson clover in bloom. Lord, I was stuck on her.

Never will forget the first night I went to see her. It was a night in November. When I started out the door, Ma said where did I call myself going? I said over to see Sallie Ann.

"All right, son, but when ten o'clock comes, you get your hat and come on home. No self-respecting gal is going to let her fellow stay later'n ten o'clock." Then she give me some fresh meat—we'd just killed hogs—to take to a couple of poor families that lived down the road. Ma's a good soul, even if she does raise hell sometimes. She's always giving something to poor people and setting up with the sick and helping out lady folks when they have their babies.

I taken the meat down to the Perkinsons and the Gilmans, then I cut across the back field and up through Gary's woods to Sallie Ann's house. The night was clear as a blackbird's call, with a big moon riding across the sky followed by a herd of little white stars. There was frost in the air and I had to step along right pert to keep warm.

Mr. Gary met me at the door and wanted to know was anybody sick at my house. After a spell of stuttering I found my tongue and told him, no, there wasn't nobody sick, I'd just come to call on Sallie Ann. Whilst he was gone to the kitchen to fetch her, I taken a look at myself in the hall mirror. What I seen didn't make me feel bad. I ain't as pretty as some of them movie fellows, but I ain't no rotten apple, neither. My black hair was slicked back and I hadn't forgot to wash my neck and ears. That pepper-and-salt suit looked good on me, too, and the new tan shoes, and the blue shirt, and the red-and-blue-striped tie.

Sallie Ann come in, and said: "Why, Steve Tabor, you look like you were going to preaching."

"Here's a mess of chitlings I brought you and your folks," I said, and give her the package.

After that Sallie Ann and me sit in the front room and there didn't seem to be a God's thing to talk about. She asked if I'd had any luck hunting and I said, yes, I'd killed two turkeys and a mess of rabbits and birds. Sallie Ann said she sure wisht somebody would kill her a wild turkey for Christmas and I said I'd be mighty happy to. Then the conversation just laid down on its belly and died. I reckon I was too busy looking at her to think of anything to say. Lord, she was pretty, with her eyes twinkling and the color, the sweet pink color, coming and going in her cheeks.

A lump riz up in my throat and nigh choked me. When I went to chunk up the fire I was trembling so that the poker just plumb fell out of my hands. Sallie Ann said I must have drowsy and laughed. It was one of them sweet, tinkling laughs like little silver bells ringing somewhere in the deep woods. I wanted to kiss her but knowed I dasset try.

After a spell of setting there twiddling my thumbs



Sallie Ann put her body in front of mine and faced Ma. "You ain't going to touch him!"



and crossing and uncrossing my legs and wiping the sweat off my face and starting to say something and then forgetting what it was, I did fin'ly have a bright idea. I hitched my chair a speck closter to hern, and I says: "Sallie Ann, they tell me you been taking singing lessons in the town. How 'bout singing me a tune?"

Sallie Ann said she really couldn't sing much and I'd just laugh at her if she tried. I got real bold then, and I says: "I won't laugh and I'll lick the fellow who does."

So Sallie Ann went over to the Gary's old stringhalted pianner and begin to play and sing. I never heard such singing in my life. Why, it was as sweet in my ears as the singing Pa used to do ten years before, when he still had his voice. It was just like an angel had come singing down from heaven.

I reckon that's how come I forgot all about time. Just setting there listening to Sallie Ann. But when she fin'ly stopped, I taken out my dollar watch and lost my breath. It was ten minutes to twelve and Ma had said for me to leave at ten o'clock! I'll tell you, I got out of there in a hurry. Jim-i-nay! I run every step of the way home, jumping logs and ditches and fences. When I snuck in the kitchen door, it was four minutes after twelve and Ma was waiting for me.

She p'inted at the clock, and I said quicklike: "Lost my way in the woods coming home. Like to of never—"

"Shut up," Ma said. "Lost your way in Gary's woods! Why, you know all them trees by the feel of their bark! Ain't I heard you brag you never was lost in your life?" It just ain't no mortal use to lie to Ma. "I must say," she went on, "that I thought better'n this of Sallie Ann. Letting a young man set up with her till morning." And with that, she fetched me a clip that knocked me clear round behind the stove.

But I didn't mind that. I was just thankful she hadn't got the blacksnake whip. I crep' up the stairs and rolled into the bed that me and my next oldest brother Tom used to sleep in, before Ma married him off to one of them Sizer gals.

NEXT morning Ma sure surprised me. Told me to get out the old Ford and take her over to Gary's. Whilst I was trying to crank the durn thing up, Pa come by and stopped. Pa's a wishful-looking little fellow; and standing there on one foot whilst he used the other one to scratch the back of the other leg, he looked more wishful than ever. Pretty soon he was trying to sing again. Once or twice he hit a note that sounded real good, but not nowheres near like it used to sound.

"How is it today, Steve?" Pa said. Then, without waiting for me to tell a lie: "Ain't it better? Ain't it a whole lot better? Lord, it's a-coming back. My poor old voice is a-coming back."

I said something then that I sure was ashamed of afterwards. The plague-taked old motor had just choked down for the fifteenth time and I was mad as all get-out. I said: "The hell it is! You'll never sing no more." Lord, I could of tore my tongue out by the roots. Pa's eyes went dead. All the color dreened right out of his face. I had to find something else to say and I had to find it quick, and the only thing I could think of was "What's Ma got on her mind this morning?"

Pa's faded blue eyes, that can't seem to make up their mind whether to expect a pat on the back or a kick in the pants, twinkled in a lonely sort of way.

"I don't know what she's got on her mind, son," he says, "but whatever it is, you can bet it'll be inter'sting."

It was.

Ma stomped into the Garys' kitchen where Miz Gary and Sallie Ann and the old deaf aunt was canning sausage. "Where's Gary?"

Ma calls all the menfolks in the neighborhood by their last names. Another thing, too, Ma don't deal with the womenfolks. Funny how she's down on women. But she ain't down on men marrying 'em, says that's what God put females into the world for. I mind what she told my next oldest brother Tom: "Go on and marry that Ruthie Sizer. She (Continued on page 40)



Left are Dorothy Gish and Dean Jagger as they appear in their roles as Mr. and Mrs. Jesse James in "Missouri Legend", the first hit play to reach Broadway this season. In this tragi-comic drama of the famous outlaw, the traditional Robin Hoodesque legends have been preserved, hence the title. Miss Gish is at her best in the sympathetic role of the bandit's wife, while Mr. Jagger paints a startlingly real and likeable portrait of the paradoxical character of Jesse James.

Ronald Colman and Frances Dee are shown at right in Paramount's "If I Were King", a handsomely produced film version of Justin McCarthy's famous novel of the same title. Ronald Colman brings to life again the romantic, swashbuckling figure of Francois Villon, soldier, poet, thief, lover and philosopher, one of the most glowing characters in all French history. Mr. Colman, for all his British charm, has tough going to prevent Basil Rathbone, as King Louis XI, from stealing the picture from under his comely nose, while Miss Dee floats wistfully through each scene, carefully placing her chiseled features before the camera whenever possible. "If I Were King" is an exciting and glamorous costume picture, rich in drama and studded with fine character portrayals.



At right are Merle Oberon, the sloe-eyed English beauty, and Gary Cooper, as American as corn-on-the-cob, in Samuel Goldwyn's latest production, "The Cowboy and the Lady". This is the usual magazine story of a wealthy society girl falling in love with, and marrying, a cowboy, with ensuing difficulties. However, it allows Mr. Cooper to teach Miss Oberon how to "roll her own" (see cut), and gives him unlimited opportunities to be strong, silent and withal, piercingly attractive. Miss Oberon also gets a whack at displaying her talents as a comedienne, and at telling us once again that even wealthy American society girls can go back to the soil when it's for love.



At left are Doris Dalton and Stephen Courtleigh, the principal characters of "The Fabulous Invalid", a play by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart which has taken Broadway by storm. The Theatre itself is the "fabulous invalid"; it is always about to die or to be killed by some outside force, but somehow it never does, and it is the playwrights' happy contention that it never will.



Perhaps the brightest and most sparkling of the current crop of plays on Broadway is "Sing Out The News", a witty musical revue which features, among others, Dorothy Fox, above. She is garbed as "Peace" and performs a satiric ballet in which "Peace" is finally crushed and flung aside by the "Diplomats". Good music, excellent lyrics and some extremely adult comedy distinguish an extravaganza which is as topical and up-to-date as this morning's newspaper.



In "The Mad Miss Manton" Hollywood tries out a new team of stars, Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda, who are shown above enjoying a quiet little hour. It is one of the few quiet hours they do enjoy in "The Mad Miss Manton", as for the most part they are furiously engaged in unraveling a serio-comic murder mystery and their own tangled love affairs.

Right: Robert Donat gives one of his finest performances in "The Citadel", a film made from A. J. Cronin's unforgettable, best-selling novel of the same name. It tells the story of an idealistic young doctor turned loose on a materialistic medical world that refuses to modernize itself. Miss Rosalind Russell, lovely as ever, lends charm and enchantment to the role of the doctor's understanding young wife.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT

Wealthy, eccentric, old *Lathrop Wayne* was dying while Private Detective *Quirt* watched at his bedside. The old man's last instructions were that *Quirt* personally accompany his remains to Chicago—and when he got there *Quirt* was to make every effort to find *Abel Wayne*, the old man's son, who had disappeared a week before. On the train, as *Quirt* was sitting on the casket containing *Lathrop Wayne's* body, he was attacked and knocked out, and a baggage man was killed. When the train arrived in Chicago he was met by the police, who were suspicious of his story, and by *Sheila Wayne*, the niece of *Lathrop Wayne*, and her fiance, *Wortham Haines*.

As workmen were moving the casket from the train, *Quirt* became suspicious and insisted on opening it. The box was empty. *Lathrop Wayne's* body was gone!

Quirt, *Haines* and *Sheila Wayne* went to a hotel where *Quirt* had a chance to do some figuring. He called *Sheila Wayne* on the phone and told her that he knew where to find her cousin *Abel Wayne*. He arranged to meet her in the lobby. Before he left he telephoned the police and made a cryptic appointment.

Quirt and *Sheila Wayne* left for *Yarmouth Cemetery*, where the *Wayne* burial plot was located. When they arrived, *Quirt* broke open the *Wayne* vault and there found . . . Go on with the story.

PART II

THE face of the man on the ledge was the queer bluish color of skimmed milk, except for the round purple hole between his eyes, and the dark trickle of dried blood running across his forehead and into the blonde hair at his temples.

"That's *Abel*, isn't it?" *Quirt* said.

There was a small choked sound at his side and he turned to steady the girl. Her voice was barely audible.

"*Abel*—poor *Abel*."

He took her in his arms and talked to her, lightly and clearly, as if she were a child.

"You see, there was only one logical reason that I could think of for stealing a corpse. And that was because someone didn't want it buried. Your cousin's disappearance tied up with that, and the rest was easy. It didn't take any mental giant to guess that your uncle's corpse was stolen to give the kidnapers time to get rid of the body of your cousin. They couldn't bury the old man when there was a corpse already here, so they had to make him disappear for a while." He could feel her shoulders shake as she sobbed, long, dry efforts that left her breathless.

"We were lucky to get here before they took the body away. They're probably due any minute now. They had to wait until it got dark. You can't go carrying corpses around in broad daylight, you know."

The girl said, "Who—did it?" She stopped breathing while she waited for his answer.

"Well," he said slowly, "I guess *Wortham Haines* is as good a bet as any." The girl went limp, and he didn't know whether she wanted to hear that or not.

"I don't suppose he did it himself," he went on. "He probably got that unpleasant punk that I met on the train to do the actual shooting. He'd have to have some help to move all those corpses around."

"He'd have gotten away with it, too, if your uncle hadn't picked such an awkward time to die. It was a good scheme. You couldn't find a better place to hide a body. *Abel* could have stayed here for years with no one the wiser."

"Are you sure it's *Wortham*?" she whispered.

"Well, he fits the set-up pretty well." He paused.

"If he shows up here with his helper, that will about clinch it. If he doesn't—well, I imagine we can scare up enough evidence to convict him." He tried to see her face, but it was buried against his shoulder. He listened, and then, suddenly, wasn't at all surprised at the voice behind him.

"Well, snooper, ain't it a small world? I guess I'm gonna have to give it to you this time."

"What did I tell you?" *Quirt* said to the girl.



"When A Body Meets A Body—"

by John Starr

Bringing to a startling conclusion this quick-moving, two-part mystery tale



RM

He recognized the voice. It was the tall dapper man of the train. The palms of Quirt's hands were icy cold, and he was suddenly conscious of the loud beating of his heart. He turned his head and saw two men standing just inside the door of the crypt. They were vague and shadowy against the dark of the sky, yet his mind could see the guns in their hands as well as if it had been daylight.

The girl slipped from his arms and moved toward the wall. He wished he'd worn a dark suit. His linen jacket made a target impossible to miss.

He sensed the upward movement of the tall man's arm—and then the wide beam of a flashlight cut through the gloom. It caught the tall man in midturn and outlined him like a bug under a reading glass.

The girl's scream blended with the crash of the automatic in the thug's hand. Quirt felt a sharp tug at his shoulder. He found his own gun and felt it buck as he pulled the trigger. He kept on pulling even when he heard the hammer click on empty chambers. The sudden silence hurt his ears.

A HEARTY Irish voice said, "All right, buddy, drop it now. The party's over." And then the room was full of burly, reassuring forms in blue uniforms.

The tall man was on his knees. Both hands were over his face. For a moment he looked as if he were praying, and then he slumped forward on his face. His head thumped on the floor just beside the feet of the man who had been with him. Neither of them moved again.

Quirt stooped and turned the second figure on its back. He had never seen him before. He looked up.

"Well, you certainly cut it close!" His voice cracked as he tried to go on. The more relieved he was, the madder he got.

"Keep your shirt on. You ain't dead."

"Sure," he said, "but I don't like it that close. This is too good a place to die in." He fingered the long tear in the padded shoulder of his coat.

Reid spoke from beside the body of Abel Wayne. "Would you mind telling me just how you knew young Wayne would be here?"

"Never mind that. He's here, isn't he?"

Another policeman laughed. "That was the quickest capture on record. The poor guy didn't even have a chance to ask for a reward."

"That punk might have killed Wayne," Quirt said, "but the man who hired him didn't come to the party."

Reid stepped close to him. "Yeah, we know Wayne's here—but we want to know *why!* Maybe you can tell us who is responsible for his death." His eyes narrowed. "Maybe you killed him."

Quirt stared at him open-mouthed.

"No, no, he didn't. Wortham—" He stopped Sheila Wayne with a motion of his hand.

"Sure, I know who killed him—or at least I know who can tell you a lot about it. I can get him for you, if you leave me alone. But I have to hurry."

"Oh, no, you don't!" Reid spoke sharply. "You don't get out of my sight until I know some more."

Quirt was annoyed. "All right, I'll tell you. Wortham Haines killed him—or had the tall punk do it. He, Wortham, not the tall punk, was going to marry Miss Wayne—and the Wayne estate. Old man Wayne's death wrecked his plans. He couldn't let them bury the old boy because Abel's body was already here. So he hi-jacked *my* corpse off the train."

"Of course you can prove all this," Reid said nastily.

"Hell, no. I can't prove it. I haven't got time. I'm just telling you how it happened."

"I suppose you know where Lathrop Wayne's body is."

"Sure, I know. Haines is probably getting rid of it while you stand here and try to pin this thing on *me!*"

"Well, you're coming along to the station, and we'll

The tall man was on his knees, both hands over his face. For a moment he looked as if he were praying.



get all that on paper. You're not getting away again."

"Sorry, pal, it will have to wait while I go after Haines." They were standing near the entrance to the crypt. The policemen were all grouped around the corpse, so no one heard the sound of his fist as it thudded against Reid's jaw. He reached forward and caught the man's body as it fell and lowered it gently to the ground. He grasped Sheila Wayne's hand, and together they ran for the car.

As the roadster pulled away the faint outcry behind them was barely audible above the sound of the motor.

They jockeyed through traffic down Lincoln Boulevard and into the city. When they reached Michigan Boulevard, Quirt braked to a stop. He turned to the girl.

"This is where you get out."

She was silent for a moment, then she put her hands on his shoulders and made him face her.

"I'm staying with you," she said. "I don't want to leave you. I—I'm afraid—for myself, and for you."

He studied her intently. Her face was tilted upward. Her eyes were anxious and cloudy. Interestedly he watched her breath turn to silver mist in the faintly frosty air. Abruptly she smiled.

"I don't think I'll ever want to leave you. Besides, I might be of some help." She opened the bag in her lap. The street lights gleamed wickedly on the deadly little .25 automatic nestling snugly in the white silk lining of the purse.

Quirt's eyes still held hers. His face was impassive. "I think, if I were you, I'd get out." His voice was flat and carefully devoid of expression.

Sobered, she hesitated for a second before she said quietly, "I'll stick."

He started the car and they drove for a while in silence.

"I hope you're not making a mistake," he said at last. Then, after a moment, "I don't make mistakes. In my business they're apt to be—fatal."

Gradually, the many-storied buildings gave way to two and three-story houses whose bright windows gleamed cheerfully in the dusk. The streets became more deserted, and huge warehouses appeared at irregular intervals. When they were well into the South Side Quirt pulled up. Sheila followed him as he walked down the street. He stopped and put his hands on her shoulders. She stood rigid without raising her eyes. He hesitated, and then took her arm. They walked two blocks before they stopped in front of a warehouse that covered almost a city square. There was a large white sign half way up the front wall. It said in tall block letters:

WAYNE LAVATORY ACCESSORIES WAREHOUSE

They crossed to the opposite side of the street and he pulled the girl into the shadows of a narrow doorway.

"I figure it this way," he said. "Haines is expecting the boys to meet him here with your cousin's body. I think they planned to take poor old man Wayne and dump him some place where he'd be sure to be found—and leave me to explain how he got there. They figured to get rid of your cousin right here—quicklime is good for those things." He chuckled. "They've certainly got a bad case of too many corpses."

"Haines ought to show up any minute now—if he works on the same schedule I do."

HE passed the girl a cigarette and took one himself. He stood well back in the doorway to light it and held it cupped in the palm of his hand. They smoked in silence until the girl flipped her butt away. It made a fiery arc in the night and hit the pavement in a shower of tiny sparks.

"Now *that* was bright! He could see—" His voice stopped abruptly.

Wortham Haines was coming down the other side of the street, his steps loud in the stillness.

"Boy, that's timing!" Quirt whispered.

Haines fumbled for a moment at the door marked "Office". Then he disappeared.

Quirt let him have a good start before he hustled the girl across the pavement. He was very cautious with the door. It opened without a sound.

There was a passageway leading to the left, and at its end a faint glow from a pencil flash. He kept his hand on the girl's arm.

"Move when I move."

The passageway opened into a huge room filled with boxes and crates of all sizes. Ahead they could see Haines' figure outlined against the radiance of the light, stooping over a long crate. As they watched, he straightened to lift the top. The piercing shriek of nails forced from wood sounded like the wail of a lost soul.

Quirt used the sound to go forward as rapidly as possible until he was no more than ten feet behind the shadowy figure. He took out his automatic. The girl was no longer near him.

Without warning Haines whirled. The tiny flashlight blinded Quirt for an instant.

"I wouldn't do anything rash, Haines."

Haines didn't say a word. Quirt thought he was going to give up without a fight. Then he saw the flashlight jerk. He didn't realize what was happening until the little cylinder struck his gun. It surprised him so much that he lost his grip and the automatic jarred from his fingers. Haines' foot caught him as he dove for it. The flashlight kept rolling crazily across the floor, throwing its brilliance like an airways beacon.



Wortham Haines was coming down the other side of the street, his steps loud in the stillness.

There was a blast of sound behind him. The light stopped rolling and its beam centered on Haines. From his position on the floor Quirt had a clear picture of everything that happened.

Haines was holding his shoulder and a dark stain was spreading over his white coat. His face was surprised and bewildered. He said, "Why, darling—"

Sheila Wayne stepped into the circle of light and shot him twice more in the head. Quirt could see the goutts of flame from the muzzle of the .25 automatic in her hand.

Haines fell on his face.

Quirt let out his breath slowly before getting up to take her hands. "Thanks, baby," he said. She fell, weeping, against him.

The cops pounded in and the room was bright with the glare of uncovered electric bulbs. Reid rushed forward and bent over Haines. Quirt stared at him in amazement.

"How in hell did you get here?"

Reid answered absently. He was busy opening Haines' coat. "We put a tracer on the car. We had you located within ten minutes. Every cop you passed phoned in a report. You can't hide that Cadillac." There was a slight swelling on the side of his jaw.

Sheila Wayne stood there, the gun dangling at her side, looking at something beyond Haines.

Quirt looked, too. They all looked.

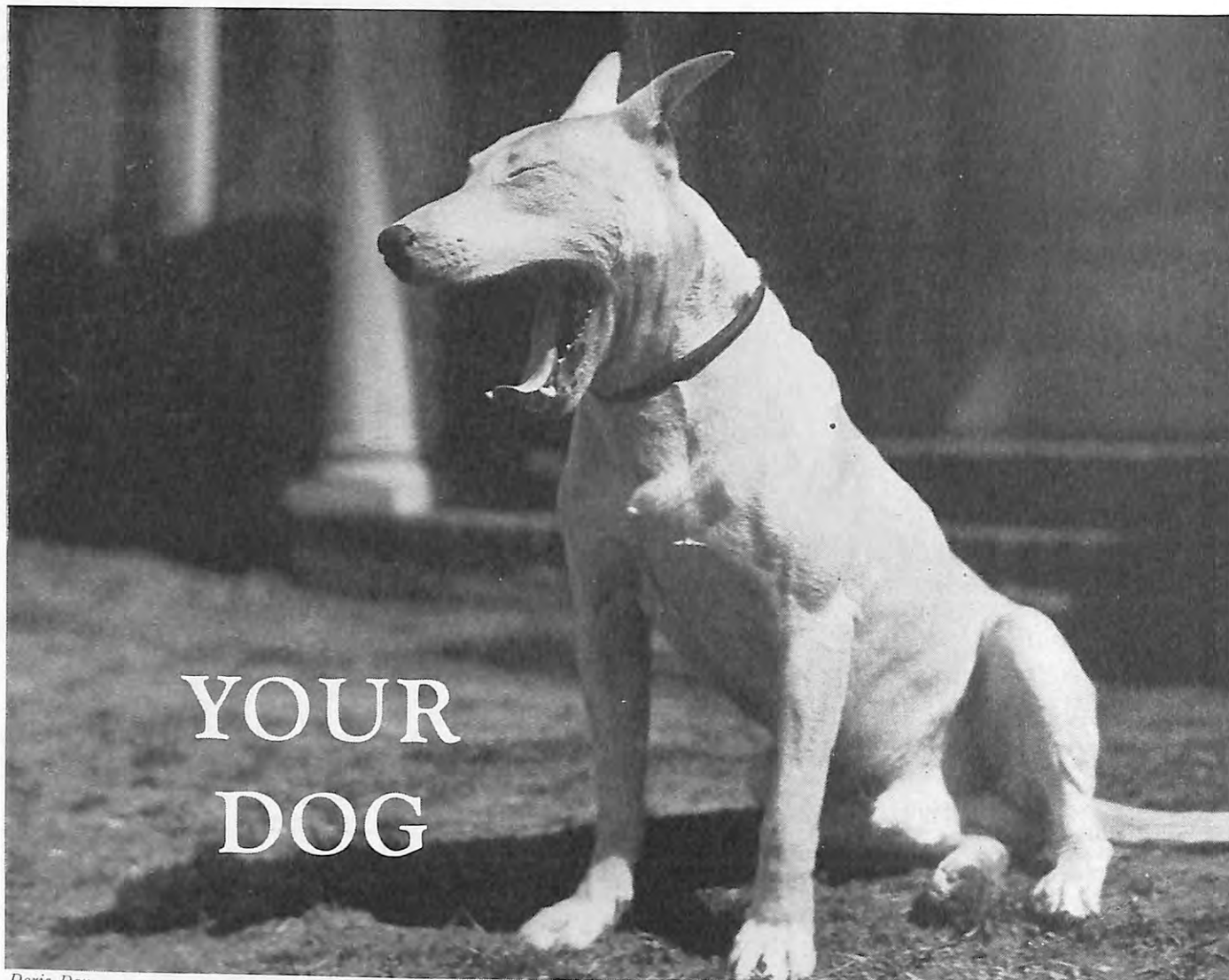
And there was old man Wayne, fully dressed, stretched out stiff as a plank, in a bathtub inside the packing case.

His wrinkled face seemed vaguely annoyed.

BOTH bodies had been removed. The quiet bustle of the policemen had died down and Quirt was standing in the office of the warehouse with Sheila Wayne and Lieutenant Reid. He felt very pleased with himself, and Reid hadn't even mentioned the poke on the jaw.

"It wasn't really very difficult," he said. "It all hung together. I couldn't figure out how anyone could remove a dead man from a train in broad daylight—so it naturally followed that the old boy must still be in the box car. That was the key to the whole case. Haines was your man from the beginning."

Reid smiled. "You make (Continued on page 44)



Doris Day

YOUR DOG

by Captain Will Judy

Editor, Dog World Magazine

The Ear of the Dog

TASTE and touch are not as keen in the dog as in the human. The eyesight of a dog, except for moving objects, hardly can be said to be as keen as that of the human. But in smell and hearing he easily excels.

The dog hears with his ears and with his body. The dog lying on the wooden floor catches the vibrations with his body before his ears hear.

The bulldog has a rose ear; the collie, semi-prick ears; the fox-terrier, V-shaped ears. The hound ear is easily distinguished by its length, size and droop. The German shepherd has alert, horse-like ears.

It is through the ears, that is, by the spoken word of the master, that humans communicate chiefly with dogs. The dog, of all animals, comes nearest to understanding human speech and thoughts.

For a drooping ear that should be up, gentle massaging several times daily should be done, but in itself benefits little. The nerves of the teeth affect the ear muscles when the puppy is getting its second and permanent teeth at the age of from five to seven months. Ears, one or both, will probably flop down during this period.

In almost all cases where erect ears are required, they will be up after teething and by the age of nine months; one should not worry greatly until after that time. For

a short time after distemper or other severe illness the ears may be down.

Never strike a dog on the ear; in fact, never strike a dog on the face, head or backbone. A blow tends to cause canker and, later, deafness.

At least once a week, using a soft cloth, wipe out the inside of the dog's ear.

The ear is deep and in three sections—outer, middle and inner. Canker is the common ear disease; it centers between the middle and inner sections, difficult to be reached by external treatment.

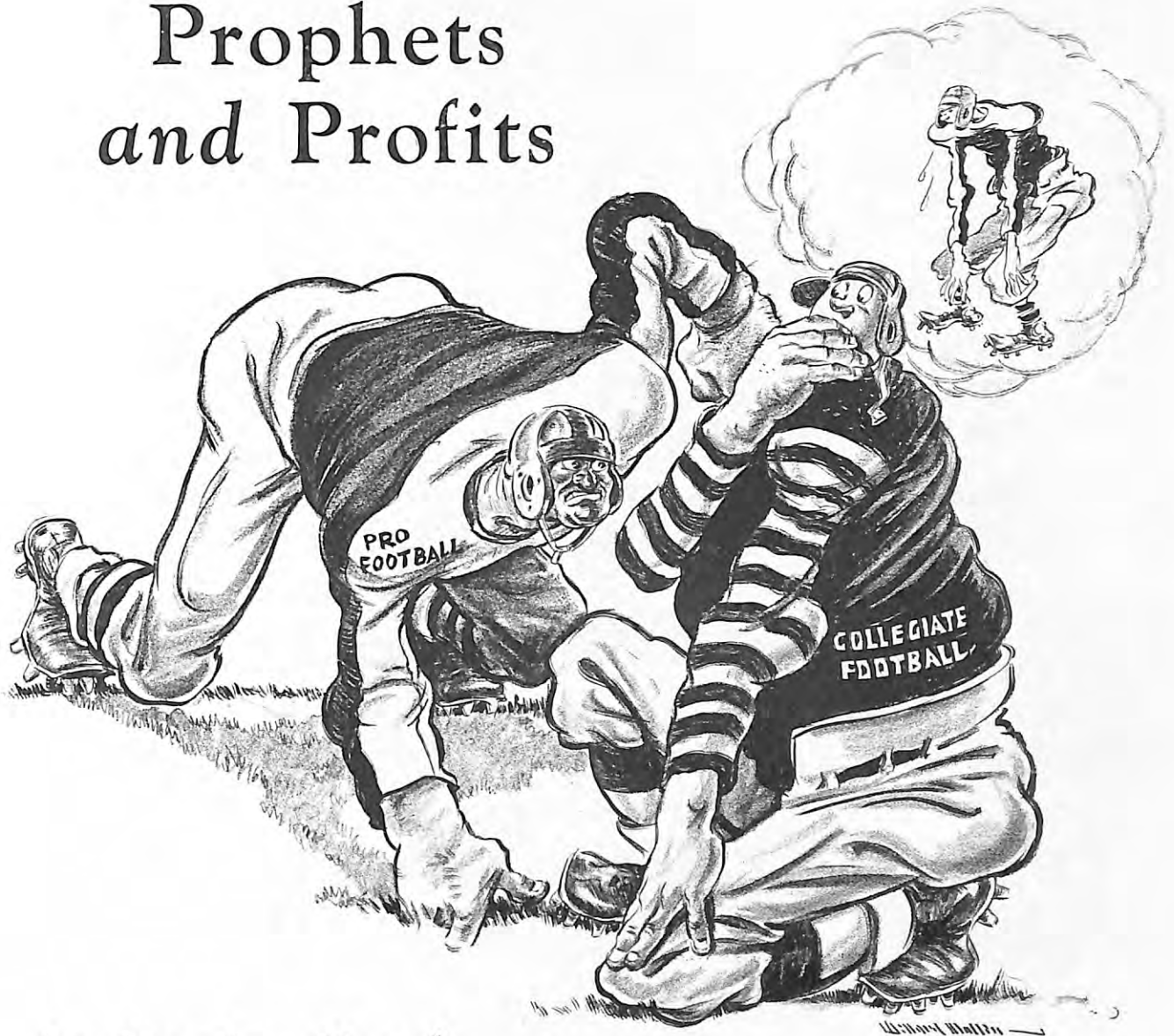
If your dog shakes his head, rubs his ear against objects, slides on his ear against the floor or whines in pain when his ear is touched, it is likely that he has a well developed canker of the ear.

This is really a case for the veterinarian. However, we suggest the following: Internal canker is stubborn and requires from four weeks to two months for satisfactory treatment. The ear should be swabbed lightly with ether or alcohol, deep down, every two days during this period, using a soft cloth or cotton wound around a pencil or like instrument. Pour warmed olive oil or glycerine into the ear, or use vaseline or mercuric chloride ointment, then swab out again. Finish with a sprinkling of iodized or other dusting powder (for instance, 10% iodoform in powdered boric acid). Keep the ear away from dampness, drafts or chills. Patience and many treatments are required, one at least every second day.

The general health of the dog should be maintained steadily. This aids greatly in treatment of ears as it does in all bodily treatments.

It is appropriate in this issue (*Continued on page 55*)

Prophets and Profits



by Stanley Frank

Mr. Frank makes sage comments concerning the ultimate fates of college and pro football

POINTERS-WITH-PRIDE and prophets-of-progress among the professional football people did a notable job of swaggering and ear-bending in December, 1934, and with much justification. The New York Giants had just defeated the Chicago Bears for the professional championship before an enthralled mob of 35,000 customers, who paid big-time prices for the privilege of freezing in the Polo Grounds, definitely a big-time setting. In 1924, on a bleak September day, the Frankford Yellowjackets and the Canton Bulldogs went through the motions of playing for the same championship on a grubby lot in suburban Philadelphia with a languid crowd of 3,500 factory workers of the district in attendance at four bits a head.

That was progress indeed. From sandlot to major-league ball park, with a production attracting ten times as many paying guests, is a good trick in ten short years, especially against such stiff competition as a full-

blown depression and the vested prestige of college football.

There were other sharp contrasts equally significant. In 1924 the players who jostled for the professional championship were large, beefy parties, most of whom did not touch a football between weekends. There were a couple of old varsity heroes on both sides. Lou Little, present Columbia coach, was captain, coach and right tackle of the Frankford team. Canton won the drab game, 3-0, on a drop-kick by Wilbur "Fats" Henry, one of the all-time great linemen, who later became athletic director at W. and J., his Alma Mater. Many of the gladiators, however, were uncelebrated graduates of mail-order colleges, if any, who were very happy to get their lumps and a few extra dollars for making feeble passes at each other. The apathetic crowd didn't seem to mind much. All those who really understood the game could have been accommodated rather nicely in a telephone booth.

Time marched on at the double-quick in ten years. In 1934 the fans watched two well-organized, well-conditioned squads of athletes, who devoted all their time to football, give the most expert exhibition of the game to be seen anywhere. They saw a dramatic, blood-and-thunder battle which the Giants won, 30-13, with a frenzied rally in the last period by scoring four touchdowns. The field was cluttered (Continued on page 46)

Clue Sinister

A Short Short Story

By Irving
Van Zandt, Jr.

THE windows were closed against the Dublin fog. The air in the pub was stale with tobacco smoke and the smell of beer. An unshaded bulb cast a harsh light on scabby green plaster without really illuminating the room. At a table a group of men were playing cards. Frequent lorries loaded with Black and Tans rattled and crashed on the cobblestones outside; each carried a helplessly bound Irish Republican and the derisive placard, "Bomb Now!" As the lorries passed, the men at the table ceased their guarded talk. The room was tense with a veiled expectancy; implacable hatred stamped each face.

The Widow Burke sat at the till, knitting, her back resting against the thin partition between the bar and the stairs. Her eyes, fastened always on her knitting, were clouded with a weariness that was more than physical. She was a tired woman, tired of strife, tired of uncertainty, and always torn with fear and grief for those who prolonged this struggle between the Irish and the British.

She was a practical woman. Childless, and worn by years of hardship, she wanted only to keep herself clothed and fed, and to have a few shillings in her purse. Liberty and freedom were, to her, vain ideals for which her husband had thrown away a good pub. His rewards were a bullet in his heart and his widow's eternal contempt.

When the lorries roared past, rattling the windows and jingling the glasses on the shelf, her needles slowed down. She was waiting and listening, hating the Republicans for what they might be planning in her shop, hating the Tans for running their lorries through her street.

IT was then, when her heart was filled with bitterness and anxiety, that she heard the shotgun's crash in the room above. "Mother of God, it's come," she thought. "They're sniping from my pub!" Over her head a weight fell to the floor; then someone was racing down the stairs.

Widow Burke dropped her knitting and climbed from her stool. Hastily she bent over and busied herself with washing glasses that were already clean. She desperately wanted not to know who was coming downstairs.

After a minute she straightened up, and she knew somehow that the pattern of the card players at the table was different; the essence of the room had changed.

Or had it? Had Dennis Collins been there before? She refused to look again, to think about it, lest she discover some evidence that pointed to him. She forced the idea from her thoughts. Of course, Dennis had been there all evening. He had not left the room.

She became conscious of the bedlam in the street. There had been a scream before the lorry ground to a stop. Another drew up behind it. She heard the bark of commands and the clatter of running feet. Tans were running through the houses on either side, climbing to the roofs, deploying in front and back to cut off all possible escape from the pub.

It was an age before they came. Then the door was thrown open. A lieutenant, a sergeant and three privates clumped into the room. The lieutenant left a man at the door and sent the others to search upstairs.

The men at the table, hostile, waited for the action of the Tans. Dennis Collins wiped a drop of spilled

beer from his coat. His face was tense and impassive.

The lieutenant returned his automatic to its holster. "The score is even this time, you bloody murderers. Your sniper got your own man as well as one of ours." He turned to Widow Burke. "And you," he rasped. "I don't suppose you know anything about it. You didn't hear a thing, did you?"

"I heard the shot. It was upstairs." The widow was sullen.

"Who lives there?"

"Nobody. It's been vacant about a month. I rent only this room and the one in back."

"Hear anything else?" the lieutenant asked.

"Someone ran down the stairs. I don't know where he went. There's a window behind the stairs. I was leaning over washing glasses and I couldn't see."

"Oh, you were leaning over, and you couldn't see, eh? You could hear him on the stairs right enough, but you couldn't hear whether he came in here or went out the window."

"There was so much noise in the street by then that I couldn't tell."

The lieutenant studied her. Her eyes were steady under his gaze; they showed neither resentment nor defiance.

HE was young, but his eyes were old and tired. As sick of it as I am, she thought. His hardness was shallow and forced, his arrogance unnatural. He was out of his depth. Too young.

At length the sergeant returned, carrying an ancient shotgun and a half empty box of shells.

"Here's the gun, all right. Just been fired. The place is empty, clear to the roof."

The lieutenant examined the gun. "Hello! I wonder why they removed this," he said. "Initials probably."

The Widow Burke watched them examining the end of the stock. The metal butt plate had been removed, and the screws put back about half way. The two screws projected a half inch from the end of the stock.

"Hurt his shoulder plenty, a cannon like that one."

"It would leave a mark," the lieutenant said softly. He didn't look up.

"I'll soon find out, sir." The sergeant moved toward the table, but the lieutenant stopped him,

"Try it yourself first, sergeant. To make sure."

The sergeant stepped to the open door. The room shivered with the explosion of the shotgun. He returned, rubbing his shoulder. "Feels like getting hit by a .45," he said.

He opened his shirt. There were two round marks on his shoulder, rapidly turning red.

The lieutenant turned to the table. "Stand up, all of you. Up against the bar. Get a move on."

Wordlessly they lined up, hatred in their eyes.

"Step along, step along. Open your shirts—we want to look at your shoulders."

The Widow Burke picked up her knitting to keep from twisting the corner of her apron. She could not keep her eyes off Dennis Collins at the end of the line. He did not hesitate, and his face was expressionless.

The sergeant moved slowly, examining each man's right shoulder carefully, alert for a grimace of pain when he probed with brutal fingers.

Then, at last, he stood in front of Dennis. The boy was fumbling with the last button on his shirt. The widow felt cold terror in her stomach as she watched

Illustration by
GEORGE HOWE



He grabbed the collar and jerked. The last button flew off as the cloth parted.

him, and it grew as she saw triumph come into the sergeant's face.

"So you're having trouble, eh? Let me give you a hand."

He grabbed the collar and jerked. The last button flew off as the cloth parted.

For a long moment each man stood motionless and silent. The Widow Burke watched the lieutenant's face, numb with fear and uncertainty. The men at the bar watched.

The weariness in the lieutenant's eyes deepened. "Not a mark," he said.

The widow could not say whether it was disappointment or relief which roughened his young boy's voice, but she well knew that if the guilty man had been found, the commands would have come mechanically.

"Got clean away," the lieutenant said. "Must have

gone through the back window before our men got here. Take this gun, sergeant." As he turned and went out the door his shoulders sagged perceptibly.

The door closed on the last soldier. Shortly afterward the lories were clattering once more on the cobblestones. The widow breathed again.

Slowly the men walked back to their table at the rear of the room, limp, unable to speak for relief. The widow went behind the bar and poured whiskey into eight glasses, put the glasses on a tray and silently set the tray on the table before the sullen men. She watched them reach blindly for the glasses and she saw that Dennis was the first to lift the whiskey to his lips.

The Widow Burke had known Dennis Collins for all the years of his life, she had seen him grow from boy to man; yet, as he poured the whiskey down his throat she saw for the first time that he was left-handed.



Drawings by Carl Link

EDITORIAL

THE RED CROSS

NEXT to our own charities there is nothing which appeals to us as Elks more strongly than the Red Cross. The alleviation of suffering and distress through this instrumentality challenges financial as well as moral support from citizens of all nationalities and religions.

The annual roll call of this humanitarian organization constitutes its public solicitation of funds. This has been completed for the current year in certain jurisdictions and is still in progress in others. Do not send its solicitors away empty-handed but contribute to the extent of your financial ability. The splendid and incomparable record of this organization not only merits support but is the best possible guarantee that all funds contributed to it will be wisely, conservatively and economically expended.

If you have been overlooked by the solicitors, do not complacently fold your hands but send in your contribution as present need is great and urgent. To realize this you have only to contemplate the havoc wrought by the recent hurricane in the New England States which took a toll of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars in the destruction of property which has rendered thousands homeless.

In such catastrophies our Order has worked hand in hand with the Red Cross, with the Salvation Army and other organizations, giving aid and assistance to the distressed and homeless. Generally we have expended our own funds under the guiding hand of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and thus have supplemented the work of relief organizations by seeking out worthy cases which have either been overlooked

or who through false pride have refused to make their distress known, preferring to suffer rather than to become objects of charity. It is in such cases that our Order does its most effective work, for what it does is clothed in the mantle of secrecy. As substantial as this aid at times may be, it does not excuse us as Elks from contributing to the Red Cross for we must recognize its far-flung and capably managed organization and its potentialities for service beyond any other similar organization in the world. We can afford to contribute to it and at the same time carry on our own charity work in our own chosen way.

A DAY OF THANKSGIVING

THIS month we observe a day set aside by Presidential Proclamation as one of thanksgiving for blessings vouchsafed unto us. Our observance of the day had its origin in 1621 when the colonists of New England designated a day of thanks for a bounteous harvest which filled their storehouses for the approaching winter months. This gradually developed into an annual custom, the day for its observance being set by proclamations issued by the Governors of the several colonies. During the Revolution the Congress annually recommended the observance of a day of thanksgiving. New York was the first State to adopt it as an annual custom. In 1864 President Lincoln appointed a day to be so observed, since which each President has by proclamation called upon the people to observe Thanksgiving Day. Generally the last Thursday of November is designated as a National Holiday and given over to the rendition of thanks to Almighty God for the manifold blessings which we are privileged to enjoy.

When we compare our blessings with those for which the Colonists rendered thanks in 1621, we cannot but realize that we have real cause to celebrate the day with pious rejoicing. If, however, any are incredulous and prone to discount on the uncertainties and perplexities of present



day conditions, they have only to look abroad to the condition obtaining in many foreign lands to realize that we of the United States are favored above all other peoples, and above all others should give thanks to a Divine Providence for the blessings vouchsafed to us in this Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Thirty-Eight.

Every Elks lodge observes the day by providing well-filled baskets of provisions for unfortunate families that they may join in the general acclaim of the day with thankful hearts. Truly the giver is more blessed than the receiver.

ARMISTICE DAY



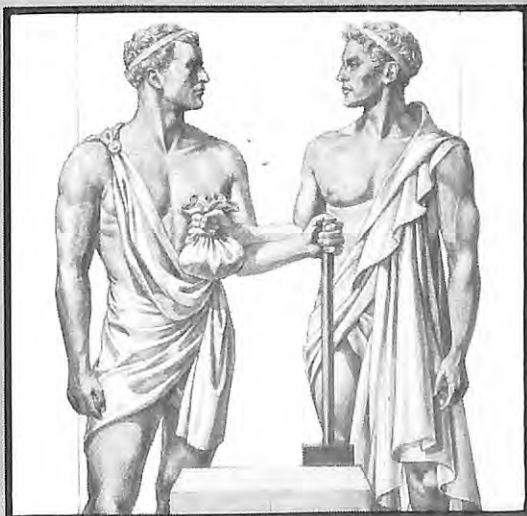
LWENTY years ago this month America celebrated an epochal event in the world's history, with shouts and din and noise of every conceivable kind running the full scale from bottom to top. Ears may have been offended but hearts rejoiced. The World War was at an end and our boys were coming home! We were anxious to receive them as heroes and pay them in the priceless coin of honor and gratitude. But there was in the rejoicing an undercurrent of sadness, for they were not all returning. Some were to be brought back to sleep the eternal sleep in their native land, some in their adopted land, while still others were to find rest beneath the sod in the land on which they had spilled their life's blood. Typical of all, however, is the Unknown Soldier who rests in historic Arlington where he is appropriately surrounded by the graves of a thousand-and-one brave soldiers of other wars who fought for our beloved country that it and its institutions might survive.

It is significant to every Elk that the Armistice became effective at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month.

Was it a mere coincidence that this time was chosen and that General Pershing was (and is) an Elk?

To him that sequence of words was familiar as it is to every member of our Order.

We sometimes wonder.



STATE ASSOCIATIONS

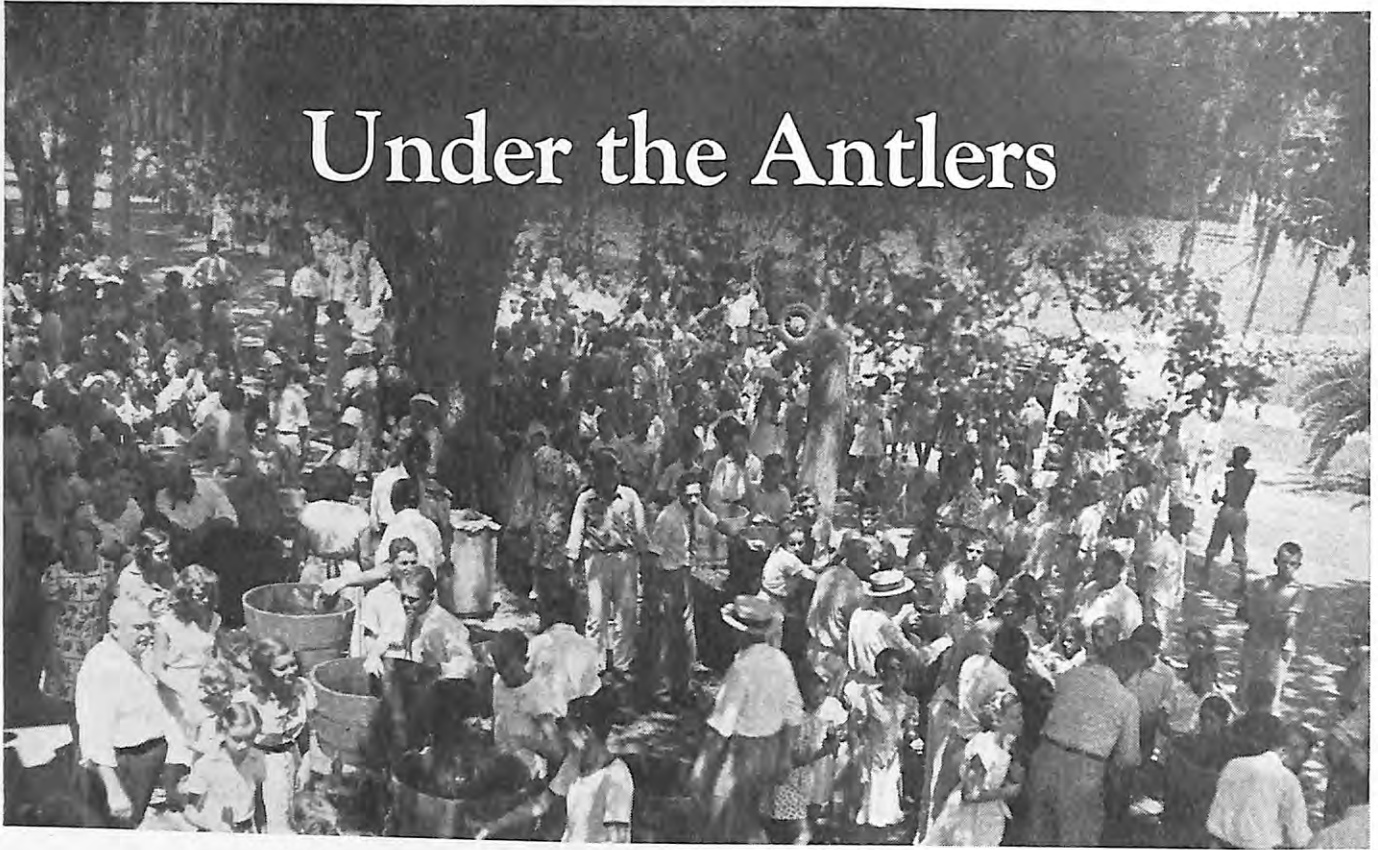


IN the economy of Elk affairs, State Associations are becoming increasingly important. While these Associations are voluntary organizations, they now embrace most lodges, and those not members are missing an opportunity not only to build for greater usefulness to their own members but also to do their share in extending the influence of the Order for the betterment of mankind.

The annual meetings of these Associations bring together in happy reunion many of the enthusiastic and genuinely sincere Elks of each State. They enjoy the hospitality of the host lodge and city, all of which inculcates and stimulates the spirit of good fellowship for which our Order is celebrated and of which all Elks are justly proud. Formerly this was considered the sole object and purpose of State Associations, but in recent years they have come to recognize that they have a real mission to fulfill, and are devoting themselves to actual accomplishment in many fields of useful endeavor. They are left to choose the activity or activities best suited to the localities which they serve. This diversification has expanded until it now includes such worthy objects as the restoration of crippled children, the establishment and maintenance of playgrounds, bathing pools and beaches, hospitalization of those suffering from tuberculosis, prevention of accidents on the highways, the establishment of scholarships and active participation in the many forms of community welfare work.

While the social side of these annual meetings continues to be a prominent and highly beneficial part of the program, the business sessions are becoming more and more important, being devoted as they are to the discussion of how best to extend the influence and benefits of the Fraternity through the instrumentality of the member lodges. The welfare of member lodges is not overlooked and to them a helping hand is extended. The importance of lodge activities is impressed and a friendly rivalry fostered for preëminence in lodge and ritualistic work.

Under the Antlers



Children having luncheon before the home of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge at the annual outing which is held for them by the Elks, previous to the opening of school.

SCHOLARSHIP PRIZES FOR 1938-1939 ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION

PRIZES aggregating \$1,500 are offered by the Elks National Foundation Trustees to the students of the country who are outstanding in scholarship attainment, in character, in citizenship and in extra curriculum activities. In this "Most Valuable Student Contest" for 1938-39, the prizes will be as follows:

First Prize.....	\$600
Second Prize.....	400
Third Prize.....	300
Fourth Prize.....	200

Any student in the senior or graduating class of a high or preparatory school, or in any undergraduate class of a recognized college, who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order, is eligible to enter this contest.

Character, scholarship, citizenship, exceptional courage, patriotism or service, and any notable action or distinguishing accomplishment are the criteria by which the applicants will be judged.

The Foundation Trustees do not furnish application blanks nor do they insist upon any special form of application or presentation. They prefer that each applicant should use his

own ingenuity in presenting his case. It is suggested, however, that each applicant should present, or have presented in his behalf, a printed or typewritten brief or prospectus which sets forth all the data, with supporting exhibits, including a recent picture of the applicant and a certificate signed by the Exalted Ruler and Secretary of the subordinate lodge in the jurisdiction of which the applicant is resident.

The application must be filed on or before April 1, 1939, with Chairman John F. Malley, 15 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts, to whom all communications should be sent.

Additional rules and regulations which the Foundation Trustees may consider necessary or desirable will be published in *The Elks Magazine*.

The Foundation Trustees reserve the right to decline to make any awards in pursuance of the foregoing offers, if the representations made to them do not show sufficient merit.

We urge the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the subordinate lodges to give wide publicity to this announcement by reading it to the members at the next

meeting of the lodge and by inserting the substance thereof in the lodge bulletin and in the local newspapers. The District Deputies and State Association Officers are requested to cooperate with us in giving publicity to these scholarship prize offers.

There are a great number of students of high character, of exceptional scholastic ability and great ambition, who are deserving of assistance to enable them to complete their college courses. The school authorities in the respective communities will be very glad to assist in disseminating among students of this type the information in regard to the Elks National Foundation Scholarship Prizes, if this matter is brought to their attention.

We invite the fullest cooperation by the officers and members of our Order.

ELKS NATIONAL
FOUNDATION TRUSTEES
John F. Malley, *Chairman*
Raymond Benjamin, *Vice Chairman*

Floyd E. Thompson, *Secretary*
James G. McFarland, *Treasurer*
Edward Rightor
Charles H. Grakelow
Murray Hulbert

Norwich, Conn., Lodge Opens Its Home to Hurricane Refugees

An opportunity for Norwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 430, to render service to the community came with the recent hurricane and flood which did so much damage to the city and drove scores of residents from their homes. The lodge immediately turned over its three-story building to refugees. The Elks Welfare Committee provided them with food and served many more who arrived during the night. Several families made their homes there for more than a week.

The day after the disaster, a Red Cross emergency first aid station, where inoculations against typhoid and treatments for minor injuries were given, was established in the parlors. Later a depot was set up in the large entertainment hall. Here food and clothing were collected and distributed to hundreds of the destitute in Norwich and the nearby villages of Baltic, Occum, Taftville and Fitchville. The kitchen was used for the preparation of food served in one of the churches.

Officials of the Red Cross and civic leaders have commended the lodge highly for its prompt and efficient service. The hurricane caused considerable damage to the home and wrecked several buildings on Elks Field.

Port Chester, N. Y., Elks Hold Successful Charity Base Ball Game

The Charity Base Ball Game held at the Ryan Stadium, Port Chester, by Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, for the benefit of crippled children, was a huge success. The hotly contested game was won by Holy Name, Port Chester, with a score of 2-1, playing against Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871. Two autographed baseballs, presented to the local lodge by metropolitan teams, were awarded during the game.

A parade, led by the New Rochelle Fife, Drum and Bugle Corps and a detail of Boy Scouts from Greenwich, Conn., under the command of Scout Master William Maynard, a member of Greenwich Lodge, formed in front of the Port Chester Lodge home and marched to the Stadium. Refreshments were served at the home after the game for the players and guests.

Princeton, W. Va., Lodge Sponsors Civic Improvement Project

Sixty boys who participated in the Princeton, W. Va., Elks clean-up drive were rewarded with free tickets to the first home football game of the season. This was the initial service undertaken by Princeton Lodge No. 1459 in line with the objective of the Grand Exalted Ruler to have each subordinate lodge sponsor some civic movement of benefit to its community.

P.E.R. H. R. Harrison was Chairman of the Elks' Committee. Everybody worked with a will. Old post-

ers were removed from poles, vacant lots cleared, and bottles, tin cans and other dangerous or unsightly articles collected for removal by trucks belonging to the city. The lodge also has several other civic improvement enterprises under consideration.

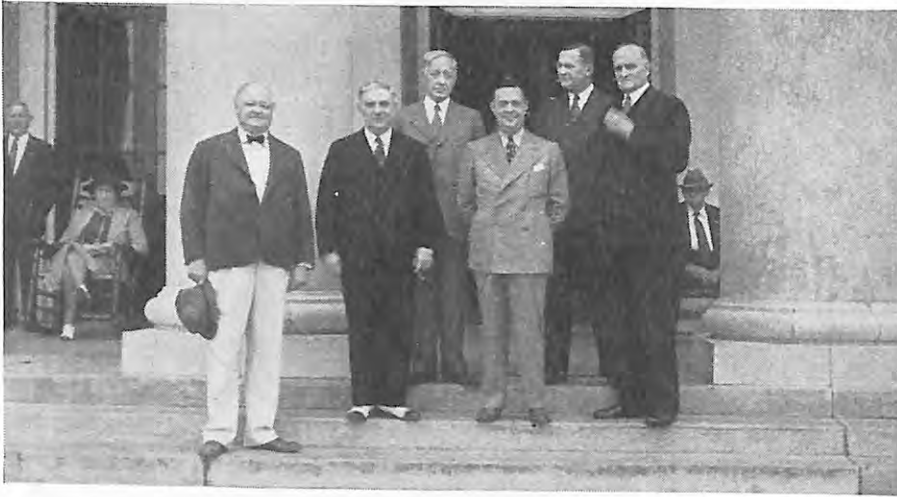
Below: One of the Safety First Floats which Greybull, Wyo., Lodge entered in the Labor Day Parade. Greybull Lodge took first prize with its entries.



Above: Among the notables who helped Lynchburg, Va., Lodge celebrate its 43rd Anniversary were, front row, left to right: Daniel J. Kelly, Justice of the Grand Forum; Senator Carter Glass, and State Pres. R. Chess McGhee.

Below is a photograph of the officers of Perry, Ia., Lodge in their handsome new uniforms of purple coats and white, purple-striped trousers. These Perry Elks are known throughout the State of Iowa as a formidable Degree Team.





Left: At the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., on the occasion of Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCormick's District Deputy Conference there, are photographed Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Grand Secretary J. Edward Masters, John S. McClelland, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener.

Lodges May Show Film of Rome, N. Y., Lodge's Children's Camp

Rome, N. Y., Lodge, No. 96, has closed its third season of operating Camp Alice Newton for Underprivileged and Undernourished Children, located on Lake Delta. In the eight weeks that the camp was open, 50 children were able to overcome approximately 70 per cent of their deficiency in weight. Public health and school nurses act in choosing the children who must be between the ages of seven and eleven. The staff consists of one registered nurse, one

recreational director, two Girl Scouts assisting, and two cooks and caretakers. The camp has been visited and praised by several Grand Exalted Rulers, including Major Charles Spencer Hart, David Sholtz and Judge James T. Hallinan.

The camp property represents an investment of \$30,000. The work is in charge of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, headed by Chairman John T. Huguenin, who was Exalted Ruler when the lodge took over the project. Some 800 feet of film, both in color and in

black and white, describing in picture form the phases of life at the camp, has been made. Mr. Huguenin announces that this may be shown by other lodges of the Order who are interested.

According to a N. Y. State Elks Association report, Rome Lodge has the highest yearly expenditure for welfare outside the metropolitan district including Yonkers. Its annual outlay is nearly \$2,500, realized through voluntary donations of the members. The population of the community is less than 30,000.

Recent Activities in Which Alameda, Calif., Elks Have Participated

The Annual Southern Alameda County Night Dinner on Sept. 12, was voted one of the finest venison feeds ever put on by those Elks who reside in the southern part of the county. In attendance were 250 members of Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, and their invited guests. The venison was shot and killed by Ala-



Left: Under-privileged children splashing in the pool of Camp Alice Newton, which is operated by Rome, N. Y., Lodge.

Below: Under-privileged boys who were sent away for a two weeks vacation at Burroughs Foundation Camp by Cambridge, Mass., Lodge. This is the second summer this activity has occupied the attention of Cambridge Elks.



meda Elks. On the 29th almost 400 ladies enjoyed an afternoon of bridge, a luncheon and a fashion show as guests of the lodge. The fishermen had their innings on Oct. 2 when the Annual Bass Derby was held jointly by the Elks of Alameda and Pittsburg, Calif. Over 400 members put out with their tackle from Martinez. The feature of the day's outing was the choppino dinner served in the Pittsburg Lodge quarters after the Derby. Italian Night was observed by Alameda Lodge with an Italian dinner and an entertainment program featured by appropriate acts. On Oct. 8 a big barn dance was staged in Livermore, Calif., by the Alameda Lodge Fellowship Committee.

A Football Night Rally brought together the members of Alameda and Palo Alto, Calif., Lodges on Oct. 13. "Tiny" Thornhill, Coach of the Stanford varsity, and "Stub" Allison, Coach of the University of California Golden Bear football team, were scheduled to speak on the highlights of their 1938 varsities, and football from their individual viewpoints.

Many golfing celebrities were on the speaking program of the Golf Night Dinner slated for October 24. On the 30th, major and minor league baseball stars were to gather at the Oakland Coast League Baseball Park to participate in the 12th annual Alameda Elks All Star Charity Baseball Classic. The proceeds of this game enables Alameda Lodge to carry on its charity program and to distribute 350 Christmas baskets. A sum close to \$1,000 is derived from this event each year.

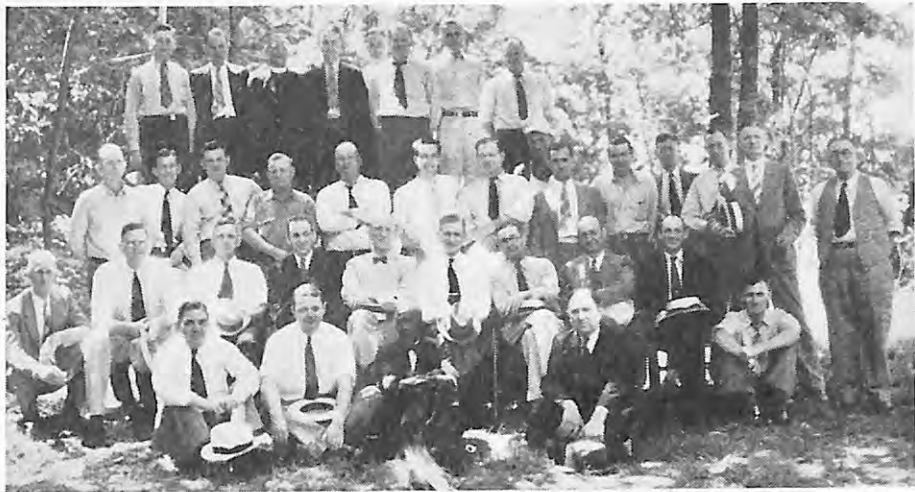
Cocoa, Fla., Lodge Entertains 300 at Its Annual Children's Party

Three hundred Brevard County boys and girls up to the age of twelve were guests of Cocoa, Fla., Lodge, No. 1532, at the Elks' Annual Children's Party held at Forrest Park in September. Buses, loaned by the School Board, were used for transportation. The Rev. W. L. Hargrave, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, headed the committees in charge of the outing. Fifty gallons of limeade were served during the afternoon, and cookies and ice cream cones were handed out in generous quantities after the games. Prizes were awarded the winners in numerous contests.

A trip to Clark's Corner at Indian River City was made recently by 23 Cocoa Elks and a few friends. The attraction was a steak dinner given by the losing members of a committee in a recent contest held within the lodge.

Boise, Ida., Lodge Holds Its Seventh Annual Golf Tournament

Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, staged its seventh annual golf tournament on September 11 with the largest entry since the first event was held.



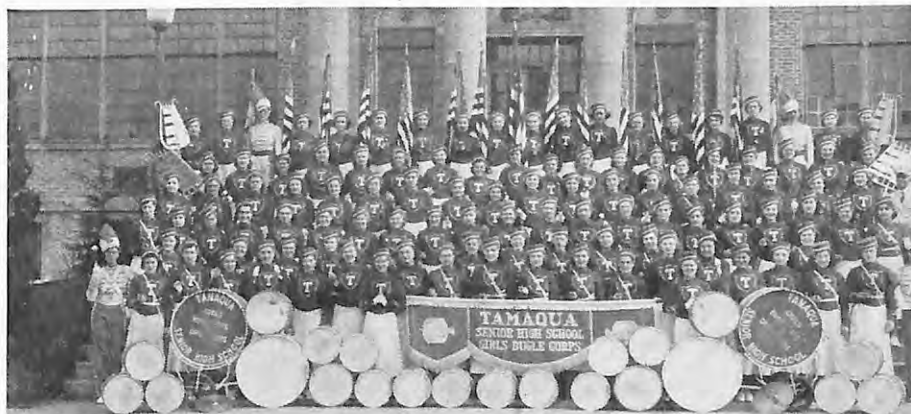
Members of Florence, Ala., Lodge on the occasion of the Lodge's mortgage burning which was celebrated by a barbecue.

Ninety members turned out from Boise Lodge. Caldwell and Nampa, Ida., Lodges were well represented. Don Lindsay, Nampa, won when he turned in a score of 76 for the 18-hole Plantation course, which is run by Howard Tucker, a member of Boise Lodge. Walter Smith, Chairman of the Tourney Committee, scored low medalist. Wallace Camp-

bell, Boise, was runner-up to the champion. Other flight winners were: First Flight, Harry Purcell and Joe Robinson; Second Flight, C. G. Phillips, with Hamer Budge and C. A. Adams tied for second; Third Flight, Roy Davidson, with Warren Kincaid and Waldo White in a tie for second; Fourth Flight, R. L. Rodwell and Cy Emory; Fifth

The Tamaqua Senior High School Girls Bugle Corps which often officiates at Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge functions and marched for the lodge at Atlantic City.

At bottom: The band of Clifton, N. J., Lodge, which won the championship of the Jersey bands at the National Convention last Summer.





Left: Officers of Clearwater, Fla., Lodge photographed with the clock which was given by Robert S. Brown in memory of his son Neal. The clock not only chimes eleven strokes, but plays "Auld Lang Syne".

Flight, Carl Burke and Don Wiggen. Winners of the Blind Bogey event were Herbert Orchard, Gerald Miller, Homer Hudelson, Dick Worthen, T. McAllister, J. A. Knox and P. B. Carter.

Prizes were awarded the medalist, flight winners and runners-up at a banquet that was held that evening at the lodge home, attended by one hundred and twenty-four Elks. Trustee Don Daly, of Boise, Idaho Lodge, was the Master of Ceremonies at the banquet.

"D. E. LaBelle Night" Celebrated by Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge

"D. E. LaBelle Night," held on September 28 by Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, honored Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight D. E. LaBelle, one of the lodge's most distinguished and popular Past Exalted Rulers. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland of Watertown, S. D., represented the Grand Exalted Ruler and made the principal address. Other speakers were Grand Trustee J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S. D.;

Charles L. Kiesner, Owatonna, Pres. of the Minnesota State Elks Association; J. C. Bambenek, Winona, D.D. for Minnesota South, and Dr. John E. Soper, Exalted Ruler of Minneapolis Lodge. P.E.R. Judge Mathias Baldwin was Toastmaster, and P.E.R. John J. Ruff was Chairman on Arrangements. A dinner at the Radisson Hotel, sponsored by the local officers and committees in honor of the distinguished guests, preceded the meeting.

The State Association is receiving valuable aid from Mr. LaBelle in its activities which are already showing results. Several of the lodges are going into the winter season with a steady increase in membership. Hibbing, Stillwater, St. Paul and St. Cloud Lodges all held initiations in October.

Woodward, Okla., Lodge's Tenth Rodeo Attended by Thousands

Woodward, Okla., Lodge, No. 1355, presented its Tenth Annual Rodeo



Above: Distinguished guests and officers of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge at a dinner given in honor of Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight D. E. LaBelle. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. MacFarland gave the principal address.

Below: Several members of Orange, N. J., Lodge and some of the children whom they took in chartered buses to the amusement park Playland, at Rye, N. Y., as part of Orange Lodge's annual Crippled Children's Outing.





on September 9-10-11. In place of the comparatively small grand-stand used at the first rodeo, champions performed before thousands of spectators in front of one of Oklahoma's largest concrete and steel grand-stands. The lodge puts on and finances the event entirely on its own, and uses the greater part of the net proceeds for charity work.

H. J. Salz, serving his second term this year as Exalted Ruler, acted as administrative head of the rodeo. He is widely known for his executive ability. Grand Esquire George M. McLean of El Reno Lodge, a Past

Some of those who attended the dinner of the Ohio State Elks Assn. Convention at Cedar Point. Three hundred were present. Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick stands in the back row with officers and Past Presidents of the Ohio State Elks Assn.

Pres. of the Okla. State Elks Assn., has attended for years, actively assisting the local committees in staging the big three-day event. Past Pres. Dr. C. R. Donley, District Deputy for Okla., West, and Secy. of Woodward Lodge, was General Sec-

retary. Trustee J. O. Selman, who plays a big part each year in producing and directing the show, was Arena Director.

Jackson, O., Lodge Dedicates New Home and Initiates Class

Some weeks ago, Jackson, O., Lodge, No. 466, dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, a practically new home. The large, homelike structure, purchased by the lodge in 1915, has been completely remodeled. The interior has been made beautiful and brought up-to-date with new furniture, carpets, curtains and fixtures. The building itself is now one of the handsomest in the community.

The dedication program was officially opened with a banquet for members, candidates and visiting dignitaries, and was followed by the initiation of a large class. A feature of the ceremonies was the performance of the ritualistic work by officers of the Ohio State Elks Association. Many of the most prominent Elks in the State were present. Special invitations were issued to the nine living charter members of Jackson Lodge. P.E.R. C. A. Dobbins, P.D.D., was Chairman of the Special Dedication Committee.

La Fayette, Ind., Lodge Buys Parking Lot Adjacent to Its Home

Some weeks ago La Fayette, Ind., Lodge, No. 143, purchased a parking lot directly north of its home property. The space accommodates 75 cars and only Elks may afford themselves of the privilege.

The home of La Fayette Lodge was built in 1914-15 at a cost of \$100,000, and is completely paid for. Improvements were made on the building last summer. A new cement wall and a hedge fence were built, and the garden and porches beautified with flowers and foliage.

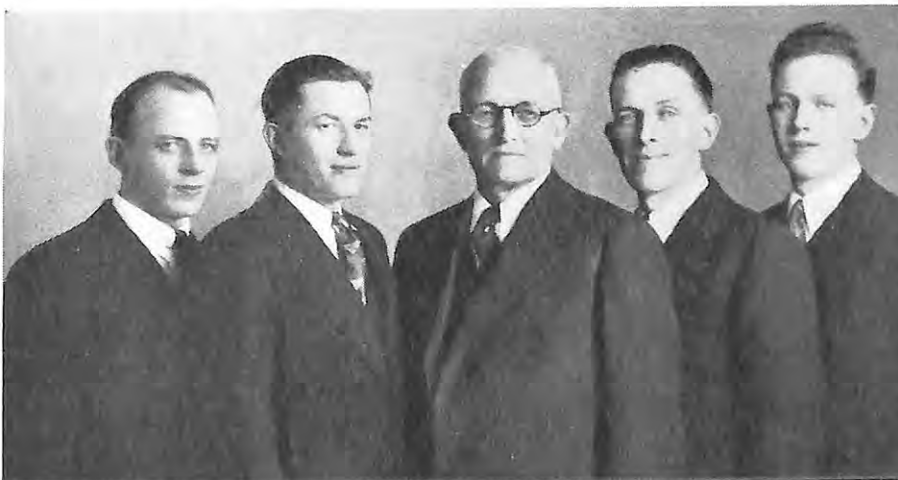
Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge Takes Steps to Expand Its Home Property

For many years Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12, has been looking forward to a time when its home property could be expanded. It seems certain at this date that on December 15 the lodge will take title to the adjoining residence property.



Above: Elks of Portland, Me., Lodge with U. S. Representative James C. Oliver, visiting the C.M.T. Camp at Fort McKinley.

Below: Sam H. Linn, of Wallace, Ida., Lodge, with his four sons, three are Elks and one an Antler.





Above: Fifteen hundred children who were taken bathing and given luncheon at the Lake Worth Municipal Casino and Baths as part of Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge's Annual Children's Day.



Left: The All-Champion Degree Team which initiated a class of candidates at the home of Owosso, Mich., Lodge recently. The champion officers seated are those who received highest honors for individual exemplification of the Ritual at the Michigan State Elks Convention at Alpena last June. Behind them stands the Muskegon Drill Team.

The addition of space will make the lodge property a complete rectangle, double the present frontage, and add a substantial depth back along "Cranberry Alley". Until permanent alterations can be made, tentative plans call for cutting through walls to make the first floor available for a kitchen, a dining room and recreation rooms, with dormitory facilities on the second and third floors.

Under the leadership of E.R. Dr. Bernard S. Handler, the Fall activities have been inaugurated, with dancing each Saturday night and a country store feature for Wednesday nights. Harrisburg Lodge expects to unite with Middletown, Pa., Lodge, No. 1092, in holding a district ceremonial meeting on December 8 for admission of the John K. Tener class of candidates. Lancaster Lodge No. 134 and Columbia Lodge No. 1074 have been invited to participate.

Juneau, Alaska, and Houston, Tex., Elk Teams Bowl "By Telegraph"

Distance meant little to the bowling teams of Houston, Texas, Lodge, No. 151, and Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, when the two teams competed in a fifteen game match in September. The contest was by telegraph, with each lodge sending the other the scores rolled by its team as each game was bowled. The Houston Elks emerged victorious, with a total score of 13,970 pins to 13,509, thereby retaining for this year possession of the beautiful trophy provided by members of the respective lodges. The two teams will meet

again in 1939 and 1940 via telegraph, and the trophy will become the permanent possession of the first team to win it two years.

The Houston team, made up of Leonard, Thorpe, Showalter, Arlla and Turnham, all veterans of the Elks National Bowling Tournaments, got off to a nice start on the first night and added to the lead on each succeeding night. The Houston bowlers were given stiff competition on the last two nights by the members of the Juneau team—Radde, Henning, Uglin, Stewart and Metcalf. Five games were bowled each night, witnessed by large crowds of Elks who awaited the telegraphic scores of the opposing team with eagerness. Both Houston and Juneau Lodges boast enthusiastic groups of keglers among whom are listed many of the most active members of both lodges. The tournament officially opened the bowling season for both Juneau and Houston Lodges.

High series for the tournament was turned in by Turnham of Houston who smashed the maples for a score of 2925. He was closely pressed by Arlla, Pres. of the Houston Elks Bowling Assn., with 2922. Uglin of Juneau and Thorpe of Houston shared third place with 2825 pins each.

Dallas, Tex., Lodge Begins Fall Season with a Victory Dinner

Members of Dallas, Texas, Lodge, No. 71, including E.R. George W. Owens and his staff of officers, gave

a Victory Dinner on September 19 at the Jefferson Hotel. The event was held to celebrate the completion of plans for the renovation of the lodge home and the opening of the Fall season's activities. It was decided to refurbish the rooms used for social events, and to formulate and carry out a more extensive charity program.

Everett, Mass., Elks and Police Department Promote "Bicycle Day"

The Everett, Mass., Safety Campaign was given a huge impetus on September 5 when "Bicycle Day" was promoted jointly by Everett Lodge No. 642 and the Everett Police Department. The event was held in the interest of safe riding on the highways to prevent accidents and to preserve Everett's record for safety, which Chief George O. Kenney stated was at the top for communities of like size and population. Large posters calling attention to the program and the safety campaign to which it was dedicated, were pasted on Police Department traffic booths and in other centralized spots several weeks ahead of time. The merchants of the city, many of whom donated prizes, and the local press, aided in publicizing the event.

The bicycle races, inaugurating a series which will be held annually, drew between five and six thousand men, women and children to the high school stadium. There were 105 contestants, boys and girls from 12 to 16 years of age. E.R. Albert Giantonio was in charge. The races were preceded by a speaking program. City Treasurer Emil W. Lundgren represented the Mayor and Daniel H. Goodnow represented the Massachusetts Safety Council.

(Continued on page 52)

VIRGINIA

HOLDING its 29th Annual Convention at Newport News August 22-23, the Virginia State Elks Association elected R. Chess McGhee, Lynchburg, President; M. B. Wagenheim, Norfolk, 1st Vice-President, C. H. McKinney, Clifton Forge, 2nd Vice-President, and C. B. Packer, Portsmouth, 3rd Vice-President. H. E. Dyer, Roanoke, and W. E. Sipe, Harrisonburg, were re-elected Secretary and Treasurer respectively, and W. Camp Abbott, Newport News, was named Trustee. Next year's Convention will be held at Winchester.

The new President has been Esquire of Lynchburg Lodge No. 321 for 13 years, and has never missed a meeting during his term of office. His home lodge has the largest membership in the State—over twelve hundred members. Mr. McGhee appointed the Rev. William P. Byrnes, Lynchburg, Chaplain, and named J. H. Bailey, Petersburg, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Cecil Lewis, Danville, Tiler. J. L. Walker, Roanoke, is Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee, the other members of which are C. W. Proffitt, Clifton Forge, Willis E. Cohoon, Suffolk, and Marshall King, Fredericksburg. The members of the Flag Day Committee are Randolph H. Perry, Charlottesville, Chairman; R. M. Ward, Newport News, E. T. Snider, Winchester, W. W. Wood, Norfolk, and E. J. Treger, Alexandria. Members of the Social and Community Welfare Committee are Morris L. Masinter, Roanoke, Chairman; M. P. Tanner, Lynchburg, Joseph Kass, Richmond, H. H. Vandegrift, Newport News, and W. J. Walsh, Norfolk.

The Convention was attended by 1,500 Elks. Governor James H. Price was the principal speaker at a public open air meeting held on the first evening. A boat ride in Hampton Roads was among the enjoyable entertainment features.

OREGON

THE Oregon State Elks Association held its Annual Convention at Tillamook, Ore., on August 26-27-28. Close to 400 Elks were registered. The meeting was declared one of the most successful in the history of the Association. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier came from Seattle to represent the Grand Exalted Ruler. An Americanization program was adopted by the Association as one of its outstanding objectives for the ensuing year. High school students all over the State will be encouraged to participate in oratorical and essay contests. Plenty of social entertainment was provided by Tillamook Lodge No. 1437, and the business sessions were carried through with precision and good attendances.

The 1939 Convention will be held at Klamath Falls. The new officers are as follows: Pres., Bruce Ellis, Pendleton; 1st Vice-Pres., Oscar Effenberger, Tillamook; 2nd Vice-

News of the State Associations



Above: The Ritualistic Team of Brookings, S. D., Lodge which won the Ritualistic Contest at the South Dakota State Elks Association Convention at Mitchell.

Pres., Jack Luckey, Eugene; 3rd Vice-Pres., Robert Thompson, Klamath Falls; Secy., Dewey Powell, Klamath Falls; Treas., H. L. Toney, McMinnville; Chaplain, Stanton Rowell, Grants Pass; Trustees: W. M. Hartford, Portland, Dr. A. S. McDonald, Oregon City, and D. Perozzi, Ashland; Sergeant-at-Arms, C. J. O'Neill, Grants Pass; Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms, C. S. Friendly, Portland; Tiler, H. N. Butler, Medford.

IDAHO

LODGE activities have picked up all over the State since the annual convention of the Idaho State Elks Association was held at Idaho Falls last July. The State officers are carrying

on the work of the Association and the host lodge, Idaho Falls No. 1087, is holding its meetings and social affairs in a free-from-debt building, having burned the mortgage on its modern \$135,000 home at impressive ceremonies while the convention was in progress.

P.E.R. John A. Bever, Wallace, Ida., Lodge, was the official representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick.

The local lodge spared no expense in providing a diversified program of entertainment, which included the convention banquet and was climaxed by a Grand Ball. W. S. Holden was Chairman of the Banquet Committee. A special entertainment committee

(Continued on page 51)



Above: The officers of the Oregon State Elks Association, who were elected at Tillamook at the 1938 Convention.

What America Is Reading

Highlights in New Books

By Harry Hansen

IF the Fathers of the Republic returned to the United States today, I have the idea that Benjamin Franklin would fit in most easily and would get the warmest welcome from the average citizen. We would be awed by Washington's dignity and silenced by Jefferson's political wisdom, but Franklin would be "Grandpa" in no time. We would expect him to compliment the little fellow who was saving his money, to pat the youngsters on the head and cast an admiring eye over the women, no matter what had happened to their general decor since the days of '76. And our columnists would certainly expect to quote him for such merry quips as "We must hang together, or we shall all hang separately," which, so historians tell us, he never said.

On the whole our idea of Benjamin Franklin is pretty true to the facts. Carl van Doren's "Benjamin Franklin", an admirable biography, brings together a lot of information not generally known, and paints a full-length picture of one of America's most remarkable men, but it seems we have always known him, even if parts of the picture must be corrected. Mr. van Doren, remembering that Franklin closed his auto-

biography with his fifty-first year, and that he lived to be 84 and do his greatest service for the country after middle age, has carried on the story as if Franklin might have written it.

WITHOUT knowing Franklin, we cannot know how the United States came to form a separate government. This wise man, with his even sense of justice, tried to reconcile two groups of Englishmen who were steadily growing more angry with each other. When conciliation was impossible, he joined the Committee of Safety and the Continental Congress, but when peace was discussed he was always looked on as a mediator. To Europe he was the foremost American. Mr. van Doren has filled in the gaps in his story, has described him in London, abused and insulted by the Tories, and in Paris, acclaimed by the women and consulted by the men. With it goes the author's interpretation of events and their influence on Franklin. This is dignified biographical writing, reflecting the play of an alert and logical mind, a work that gives us Franklin in one compact volume and hence is a book that every American ought to read and own. (Viking Press, \$3.75)

Novel About Revolutionary New England

Esther Forbes once said that when a story is laid in a historical period the author can do a great deal better with it, for then it isn't cluttered up with modern comparisons. Her stories are never cluttered up with period furniture—she concentrates on the people. A few years ago she wrote about Puritan women in "Paradise", now she writes about a woman of the American revolution in "The General's Lady". This satisfying story deals with Morganna Bale, member of a Boston Tory family, who had married General Arnold Milroy, of the Continental forces, to keep her family from persecution. General Milroy isn't a big figure in the book, but his reputation is, for Morganna is out to defend it, and by doing so gets into deep water herself. The British soldier who was wounded at Saratoga and nursed back to health by Morganna has something to do with it, but this is not the stock type of historical romance. Morganna, to shield her husband, stands trial for his death, and the tale turns to heroic tragedy, tragedy of a kind that Esther Forbes can write about so well, because she knows what goes on in a woman's heart. It takes a woman to portray women in trouble... for instance, I doubt that any man could have drawn so successfully as Margaret Mitchell the wistful portrait of Melanie, of "Gone with the Wind". (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50)

Wodehouse and Damon Runyon

P. G. Wodehouse has a loyal following of admirers who are ready to whoop it up whenever he publishes a new story. His new one, "The Code of the Woosters", reintroduces Bertie and Jeeves, the impeccable valet, and is filled with the sort of highfalutin' talk and preposterous situations that go with every Wodehouse book. Wooster, says Wodehouse, "had the sort of eye that would open an oyster at sixty paces." I've known people to go perfectly limp with laughter reading Wodehouse, and I've known people who couldn't stand him. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2)

Men, especially, enjoy the stories of Damon Runyon. His latest collection, "Take It Easy", contains fourteen stories about all those queer people on the fringe of respectability who have a lingo of their own and who have only a shady idea of the rights of private property. Guys and dolls, as Runyon would say, bearing such remarkable monikers as Baseball Hattie, Haystack Duggeler, The Macarone, Nicely-Nicely Jones and who act the part. (Stokes, \$2)

Verse That's Easy to Read

Light verse, topical and domestic, makes "The Fox of Peapack and Other Poems", by E. B. White, a happy diversion in a world of gloomy poets. If you enjoy the verse of A.

(Continued on page 50)



E. B. White, whose new book of verse, "The Fox of Peapack," was published by Harper & Brothers recently.



Lusha Nelson

Carl Van Doren, whose biography, "Benjamin Franklin," is attracting wide critical attention and a multitude of readers.

The Fighting Finches

(Continued from page 7)

the sheriff sat still. "You Finches are getting kind of outside your territory, ain't you? Or do you aim to take over all Wisconsin?"

"Haven't thought much about it," Nat said. "Which way you traveling? Madison?"

"Maybe so and maybe not."

"Taking my brother, s'pose."

"We are."

"Arrested?"

"Yes, and hog-tied, too. And we've got two men pointing pistols at him this minute. He ain't giving us a bit of trouble."

"Reckon you know a crime has to be tried in the county where the act is committed," Nat said with an air of legal wisdom.

"Governor Dodge might have some say about that." He nodded toward the inner door. "We're going to take the young lady and her father along for witnesses. I guess it'll be legal."

Nat looked pleased. "I figured you'd go to Madison," he said. He edged toward the inner door, still keeping his eyes glued on the sheriff's. "Miss Delia, I been wanting to talk to you private, but it don't seem—"

The lines tightened around Sheriff Cady's eyes. "Guess there's no harm in that," he said quickly. "Come on, Reeve, let's see if the missus hasn't got some more coffee on the stove. This has got cold as crick water."

Nat watched narrowly while they backed out of the room. When they were moving freely in the kitchen his hand still stayed at his hip and his eyes never left the door. "I been wanting to tell you, Miss Delia—we're a kind of rough lot, my brothers and me, and we don't generally stop to think about things. But I been thinking about you and your father. If I'd known you were here in this tavern, I'd been here before now."

Her voice was brittle as glass. "What for? To drive us out of here?"

"No. You got us way wrong, Miss Delia. You see we don't even want to keep you off your place. We decided to give it back to you."

He kept his eyes on the kitchen door, but he could see the scornful thrust of her head. "I never yet saw a thief that wasn't a liar."

"Miss Delia, ma'am," he said earnestly, "that's no lie. I'll get my brothers to give that claim back to you as sure as my name is Nat Finch."

"Then they don't want to give it back?"



"I brought Mr. Tudury along. I was sure he'd fit in."

"They want to," Nat said, grinning. "Only they jest don't know it yet. I haven't told them."

There was a contagion about that grin of his. "Well," she said, and all at once her voice was warm and easy, "I guess you've told the truth for once."

His grin broadened. "And if it would make you feel any kinder, I'll tell you something more."

He didn't see the shadow pass outside the window. But he heard the quick tension in her voice. "You—you'd better go now."

"I haven't finished telling you."

Her voice was urgent. "You must go. They'll trap you. You won't have a chance."

SHE turned to the window and he saw the curve of her cheek. His eyes flashed arrogantly. "It's this chance here I've been waiting for," and he bent to kiss her. She tried to push him away but his arm was a strong circle. Her free hand found the table and her fingers tightened on a serving spoon. Her hand struck out and the heavy spoon cut his face.

He let her go quickly.

An angry flush ran over her face and her eyes were slits of fire. "You're a lawless, thieving ruffian. And your whole family ought to be shot."

Nat's face was blank with wonder. "How did you come to caution me then?"

She bit the words. "I don't like

being a decoy, that's all."

Now there was a new sound from the kitchen. With three steps Nat was out the door. In a leap he was on his pony and the twinkling hoofs were drumming on the road. A scatter of shots rained after him and he hung half out of the saddle, along the pony's side. From across the creek he looked back to see a team hitched to a spring wagon.

He had a new welt on his face to finger as he rode back to rouse his brothers.

HANS ZOMDER kept a barroom along with his littered little store at Mills Lake, where the old road and the new road divided halfway to Madison. They say he never did forget that bright spring afternoon. The noise of the sheriff's wagon had scarce died away in the forest and Hans was rinsing out the glasses when a dozen mounted men, armed with rifles, appeared at his door. They lighted from their jaded animals and filed into the room.

"Get out the best in the shop," Bull Finch demanded. "My boys are thirsty." From the recesses of a ragged corduroy coat he drew a roll of wildcat script.

When Hans had poured out the drinks, Nat leaned over the counter. "Did you see three men and a wagon pass this way?"

Hans nodded vigorously.

"And an old man and a girl?"

"Yah! A man and old girl."

"Which way did they go?"

Hans narrowed his little eyes. "De old road py Madison," he said, as if imparting a terrible secret.

"The old road!" cried Bull Finch. "Then give us another dose and we'll take out after them." Hans hustled along the counter. Bull Finch drained his glass and wiped his bearded mouth with the back of his hand. Then he pulled his slouch hat over his weatherbeaten brow. "Come on, boys!"

They mounted their sweat-marked horses, but Nat held them for a moment.

"Listen!"

Faint through the woods, wind-borne and disembodied, came a high thin throaty chorus—the gobbling of wild turkeys.

"Come on," roared the brothers. "We don't want to chase them clear to Lake Mendota."

They turned into the old road to Madison, but Nat's eyes were scanning the ground. His voice halted them again and he sprang out of his saddle. He bent over the ground,

searching the marks in the damp roadway. Slowly and carefully he studied the fork, where the old road joined the new. "It don't look to me like they took that road," he said, frowning. Then he lifted his head sharply, turning his ear to the wind. "Listen!"

Again that high throaty clamor—ghostly with distance.

Mose leaned in his saddle. "This ain't a time for turkey hunting—"

Nat silenced him angrily. "Quiet! Will you?" His head hung lightly, cocked a little, straining. The next minute he was back inside the store. He grabbed the startled German by the slack of his dirty jacket.

"Which way did they go?" he demanded.

"De old road," Hans sputtered.

"Don't lie to me!" Nat snook him till the little eyes were popping in his purple face. "The Indians are after them."

"Indians!" gasped Hans.

"Yes, Indians! Which way did they go?"

"New road! Dey go new road py Madison. Dey tell me to say old road. But dey—"

Nat was already outside. "The new road," he announced shortly. "He didn't lie this time."

"How'd you get him to tell, Nat?"

"I said Indians."

"What's that?"

"I said Indians were after them."

"That was pretty smart, Nat."

Nat leaped astride of his pony: "Maybe so and maybe not," he said grimly. "Now let's see you ride."

THIS clan had ridden hard before; sometimes in sport, storming across a peaceful county; and other times in grim earnest when life depended on it. But they had never ridden like this over a rough and uncertain way through a twilit forest. Tree stumps studded the narrow road-bed, seams of rock ribbed and plated the slopes, water lay treacherous in the hollows, branches raked the pathway perilously. Only a nimble horse and an iron-nerved rider could take this wilderness road as though it were a path across a prairie.

Nat flew on ahead, beating his

crumpled hat against his pony's flanks, his black hair streaming. Above the clatter of hooves the Finches growled at each other and cursed to themselves. This was half a lark anyway, chasing a party of sheriffs in a spring wagon, and there was Nat riding like the Old Nick himself. But the Finches never lagged behind a hot pace, even if it didn't make any particular sense. So they dug their heels into their horses, and a panic took hold of the little alder leaves along the road behind them.

The rough damp road flowed under them, five miles of it already, and their mounts were in a lather. Then above the pounding hooves came a scattered sound, distant, short and dry. Nat pulled his pony up and they were all around him. The horses were blowing but the sound came clearly—like corn popping in a hidden pan.

The brothers' eyes exchanged a grim wonder. Milo swore softly. "Nat can smell out an Indian across three counties."

Nat got down. "We'll go on foot, through the woods. They might have the road guarded."

Cautiously they passed through the dense growth. The shots grew clearer. With bent knees they climbed a ridge, their boots cushioned on the brown bed of leaves. Young Bud Finch crept up close to Nat. "You think Black Hawk is here?"

"No, he's out in Ioway somewhere."

Bud's face fell but he looked to the priming in his rifle.

On the ridge the shots grew quickly louder and the instinct of the campaigns came back to them. They bent and advanced silently, their rifles pointed and their hands free. They passed from tree to tree, from bush to bush, their eyes always roving. Then, at the edge of the ridge, they looked into a shallow draw and their hearts were pounding.

A dozen pairs of Finch eyes filled with gloating, and tongues moistened a dozen heavy lips; this was a game they knew. Down below, with their backs to a fallen tree, crouching behind an overturned wagon, were the besieged party. The sheriffs lay firing their pistols from behind the wagon bed. Luke Finch knelt there coolly priming a rifle and sighting down its barrel. Beside him crouched a dark-haired girl and her gray-haired father. From all around the wooded basin came puffs of smoke, and under cover of that scattered fire brown figures glided from one tree trunk to another. They were slowly closing in.

SILENT as foxes now, the Finches spread out in a fan along the ridge. *Careful . . . careful . . . careful* was the pulse that kept its urgent beating through Nat's mind. He had crept toward gunfire plenty of times

before, but never when there was so much at stake. Down there was a dark-eyed girl who got into a man's mind like music and haunted his memory. That was a reason for being careful, moving silently, getting their positions,—twelve men who could drop a turkey on the wing, their eyes bright with battle and their trigger fingers itching.

When Nat gave the signal a dozen rifles roared and echoed over the basin. The Indians looked up in astonishment and spun around between two fires. They fired blindly up the hillside; there were no targets there. Keeping low on the ground, parting the barberry and the ferns and the May apples, poking their gun barrels through ahead of them, the



"Cab, sir?"

Finches drew their careful beads. No need to be quiet now. Along that line there were grunts of pleasure and eyes gleaming with delight.

But Nat's eyes went grim when he saw a dusky figure stealing behind the tree trunk where Delia Crane crouched with her father. Like a shadow that figure rose behind the fallen tree, lifting a rifle, club-like, against her and she threw up a frantic arm to ward the blow. But Nat was already on his knees. No shelter now, he rose completely out of hiding. He sighted down the barrel, remembering in an instant's exultation how he had shot clay pipes out of his father's mouth at a hundred paces. But this was a grimmer business. One shot, quick and certain and final. His trigger finger tightened, and across the sunlit basin the savage crumpled with the raised gun still in his hands. Delia's eyes went up to the figure standing exposed on the hillside with his rifle smoking. Then a bullet chipped the branches, and Nat dropped for cover.

A FEW feet at a time the Finches advanced. They slipped from cover to cover, firing coolly and cautiously. But when a high-pitched yell went up from a wounded savage, Zeke could contain himself no longer. He put a hand to his mouth and sent up a blood-curdling war cry. Bert took it up, and then Virge, and then Mose and Milo, and old Bull Finch began to roar.

It was too much for the Pottawatomes. They scattered like mice out of a corn shock, dropping their guns and scrambling into the woods. For a moment the murmur of a hidden brook filled the quiet basin. Then the Finches were a roaring circle around the overturned wagon and the people kneeling behind it.

"Let's get this wagon up," Bull Finch roared. Twenty hands picked it up and righted it.

"How'd they come to corner you, Luke?"

Luke wiped a hand across his mouth. "This blame wagon was making such a racket on the road we couldn't hear a thing till they started shooting."

Sheriff Cady spoke up, shrill with excitement. "We cut our horses loose and turned our wagon over so we could get behind it. But they'd had us if you hadn't come along. They sure would have!"

"How'd they come to pick on you?"

"I can't figure that," said the sheriff. "We didn't have a thing they

Sheriff Cady suddenly appeared beside them. "You mean you're giving the claim back?"

"Who's talking to you?"

"Yes, but look here—"

Ben crouched down behind the sheriff in the playful Finch way, and Nat pushed him over. The sheriff's heels made an arc in the air and he landed on his head.

"As I was saying, Delia. It's your place but you sure do need a man around to keep it going."

"You mean — you, Nat?"

OLD Bull Finch cocked his head at the two of them and pulled his graying beard. Then he poked Jerod Crane with his thumb. "Looks like you and me is going to be father-in-laws. Have a chew," and he pulled a piece of tobacco out of his pocket. The old man declined gently and Bull tucked it bodily into his capacious cheek.

Reeve Griswold came out of the woods with the team. He hitched them to the wagon and the sheriff's climbed in. All but Linus Cady. He looked along the wagon bed at the yellow scars where the bullets were buried and he looked

down at the ropes they had cut off Luke Finch in a hurry so he could handle a gun. Luke looked down at the ropes too, and he and Sheriff Cady grinned slowly at each other. Then Linus Cady grinned at the rest of the Finches and old Jerod Crane smiled gently at old Bull Finch and Bull Finch winked broadly and pointed with his thumb at Nat and Delia. It seemed long ago and kind of foolish to remember what errand the sheriff's were on and what purpose had brought the Finches to overtake them.

"Come on, let's go home," Ben said. "You can ride double with me, Luke."

But Sheriff Cady wore a worried look. "What am I going to tell the governor?"

"Tell him," Nat said with a grin, "tell him it's a good job he's got the Finches on hand to keep the hides on his sheriff's. How about you and me riding double, Delia? I sure would like to talk to you."



"Stop fighting! I'll pay for both of you."

could be after."

"Excitement is what they was after," Luke said, and his voice was all sympathy. "They jest had too many shots of rot-gut. At first they wasn't shooting for shucks, but they kept getting closer."

BESIDE the protecting tree trunk Delia was lifting her father to his feet. Nat reached down to help her. Their eyes found each other. And what Nat saw in her face made his voice thicken and put a lump in his throat.

"Delia—I never did get to finish what I wanted to tell. We—we got some corn and potatoes planted for you."

"Where, Nat?"

"On your father's place back there. Me and Ben been keeping bachelor's hall there and Ben ain't worth ditch water when it comes to keeping up a place. He won't even wash dishes till you can count the mice tracks in them. Looks like you better put the place to rights."

To Soothe The Savage Breast

(Continued from page 15)

ain't much to look at and she don't wash often enough, but she's a pert hand in a kitchen and she'll raise you strong kids." (Which she done. Three of them already and another on the way, so I heard Ruthie whispered to Ma t'other day.)

"Where's Gary?" Ma said.

"Why," says Miz Gary, "he's around here somewhere. Sit down, won't you, Miz—"

"Go call him," Ma snapped.

I snuck a look at Sallie Ann and she had her face puckered up like she didn't know what to make of things. I didn't, neither. But I wasn't fool enough to ask Ma. Mr. Gary, he came in directly, and Ma she come right to the p'int.

"Gary," Ma says, "I didn't know you was raising up a daughter that'd let a young man set up with her till twelve o'clock in the morning." (With Ma any time after nine o'clock at night is the next morning.)

"I didn't, neither," says Mr. Gary, "but I don't reckon there was any harm in it."

"And there wasn't no good, neither," says Ma, snapping her mouth after every word like a mud turtle biting off chicken heads.

"Now, look here, Miz Tabor," Mr. Gary said, coaxing-like, "things ain't zactly like they was when I and you was young. I know zactly how you feel. Why, I remember when I was courting Lucy here—"

"I ain't inter'sted," Ma cut him short, "in what you remember 'bout courting Lucy. I just want to tell you that if this young man of mine comes over here ag'in and ain't got sense enough to leave when a decent body ought to leave, and the girl ain't got sense enough to make him—why, I want you to get your shotgun after him."

Sort of bristling up, Mr. Gary said, "See here, I won't have you passing remarks 'bout my daugh—"

Ma broke him off short again, "Gary, if you give me any sass, I'll break your poor old body into forty chunks and throw 'em in your face."

Sallie Ann jumped up. Her eyes was blazing and her cheeks was on fire. Lord, I loved her spunk, but at the same time I knowed she was messing with dynamite and sudden death when she tackled Ma.

"Miz Tabor," Sallie Ann said, "that young man of yours can come to see me any time he's a mind to and stay as late as he pleases. That



"Why must you see everything!"

is"—and she fetched me a downright scornful look—"unless he's such a sissy he's afraid of his own mother."

I fully expected for lightning to strike her right then or, worse'n lightning, for Ma to tie into her. But Ma just drewed herself up like an old turkey gobbler and headed proudlike for the door. Over her shoulder she said, "If you was a man, my fine young lady, I'd twist you up in knots an' stuff you down a gopher hole."

I was awful glad Sallie Ann wasn't a man, for more reasons than one.

Going home, Ma stretched her muscles, and said, "Lord, I ain't had such a good fuss since the time I wrestled old man Wiley. I wisht Gary had of opened his trap just one more time!" And then, "Hereafter, son, don't you never set your foot on Gary's land ag'in."

AFTER that I was kind of scared to go over to the Gary's. But fin'ly, the week before Christmas, I got up nerve enough to go calling. Had to kind of lie a little to Ma. Told her I was going to town to get me some shotgun shells. The way Sallie Ann acted like to of broke my heart. She was the stand-offishest thing I ever seen. Did I hitch my chair an inch closter to hern, she moved hern a foot away. It was funny, she said, how some great big six-foot fellows was scared of their own shadows.

But the worst was yet to come.

We'd been setting there snapping at each other like a couple of riled up turtles for a half hour when in breezed a fellow name of Bill Bradshaw. Now that's a fellow I ain't got no use for. He baits turkeys. I been hunting wild turkeys all my life and maybe I've killed one or two out of season, but I ain't never baited no turkey and never will. Of course, finding-out he'd come to see Sallie Ann, too, didn't do my opinion of him any good.

The three of us sit there in the front room and chewed the rag. Sallie Ann was sweet as apple pie to Bill Bradshaw and sour as vinegar mash to me. And it didn't take that Bradshaw long to catch on.

All of a sudden he says, "What's that sticking out from under your coat, Steve?"

Well, it wasn't a Lord's thing but the end of my handkerchief that I hadn't stuck deep enough into my pants pocket after one of the frequent times I'd had to mop the sweat of my forehead. But Sallie Ann had to pop up and say, "Why, Bill, don't you know what that is? It's one of his ma's apron strings!"

I reckon you can imagine how they both laughed.

Fin'ly Bill Bradshaw said, "How many turkeys you killed, Steve?"

That's a regular question in these parts. Everybody hunts wild turkeys round here. The fellow that kills his limit first is a kind of a hero.

"Two," I said.

"Only two?"

"I'll bet you've killed more than that, haven't you, Bill?" said Sallie Ann.

"Well, yes," Bill said, pretending to be modest. "I've been lucky enough to make three fly against a load of shot this season."

I knowed danged well that was a lie. But it was a lie in the other direction. Here in Virginia you can kiii four turkeys a season, but that don't mean a thing to fellows like Bill Bradshaw. They'll kill all they can, but when you ask them they always say three, which leaves 'em one more. I knowed well that Bill had killed three the first day of the season and at least two more after that, but I hated to call him a liar in front of Sallie Ann.

Sallie Ann, she come up with that Christmas-turkey idea ag'in. She sure wisht somebody would kill her a turkey for Christmas. And then Mr. Bill Bradshaw, the polecat, up and said right off the bat he'd do it.

"I've already promised her one," I said, "so you can save yourself the trouble."

"You can't kill no turkeys," Bradshaw said.

"You're a li——" I started, and caught myself in time. "I'll show you 'bout that."

"All right," said Bradshaw. "It's a go. The one that kills Sallie Ann a turkey gets to take her to the Christmas dance in town. How 'bout it, Sallie Ann?"

"All right," said Sallie Ann. "But there's one condition." She was looking at me, yet it was more like she was looking clean through me. "I'm going to say which turkey. You know that great big old gobbler, Steve, that stays in the bluffs acrost the creek from your house? Which-ever one of you boys brings me that turkey, I'll go with him to the dance."

She couldn't of hit me no harder if she'd of shot me with a eight-bore gun. That old gobbler was Ma's pet. He lived up there in the iv'ry bluffs acrost the creek and I reckon there'd been five hundred shots fired at him in the ten years he'd been in the bluffs, but nary a hunter had ever downed him. Ma said he was like a great, fine, lonely old man living there all to hisself. She used to go out in the woods and hide till he come down some old woods road, and she'd watch him strut and listen to him gobble as he marched away through the iv'ry bushes. She'd come home, then, looking big and important her own self and trying to sing. And she'd swear she'd skin the man who killed the old wild gobbler of the iv'ry bluffs.

"Sallie Ann," I said, choking, "Ma would nail ary man's hide to the barn door if he killed the old gobbler."

"She won't nail mine," Bill Bradshaw said. "I'll get him for you, Sallie Ann, and I'll come for you 'bout eight o'clock Christmas night."

I was shaking in my shoes, but I'd made up my mind to outset Bill Bradshaw if it taken all night. But it turned out I didn't have to stay that long. Bill, he got up and made a speech 'bout seeing as how she had other company he'd be moving along. I left five minutes later. Sallie Ann come with me to the door.

She looked so sweet and pretty that my heart like to of busted. She didn't seem mad at me any more. All of a sudden I

couldn't stand it. Forgot all 'bout Ma. Sally Ann's face wasn't no more than three inches from mine. I just grabbed her and brought her into my arms. She was soft and yielding, but she was strong, too. I could feel the strength of her when her arms tightened round my neck. Seemed like I could feel the blood beating up from her heart, and her lips tasted sweet as honeysuckle to my mouth.

Yes, I clean forgot all 'bout Ma. I said: "Honey, I'll kill the old wild gobbler for you."

And Sallie Ann, bless her sweet heart, answered in a whisper I had to bend 'way down to hear: "I hope—I hope you're the one that gets him."

MA said: "Where you going with that shotgun?"

I said: "I seen a hawk circling over yonder acrost the creek."

"Go get him, then," says Ma.

I stayed in them bluffs all that livelong day. I crep' and I crawled. Once in a while I taken out my wing-bone yelper and hit a lick or two. But that wasn't no good. That old boy had lived to hisself so long he wouldn't pay no 'tention to another turkey, much less a man trying to talk like a turkey.

Well, it come sundown and luck come with it. I was heading for home acrost the bluffs when I heard a little fuss up ahead of me in the iv'ry bushes. Then I seen him, a hundred yards away. He was in the air, already sailing, and he looked big as any airplane, with his great long old beard hanging clean below his body that was big as a barrel. He sailed on and pitched into a tall pine on a point of the bluffs. That's where the luck come in. I knowed it wasn't no use to try and creep up on him, but I also knowed that next morning, when he lit on the ground, he'd be almost bound to come back

up the old woods road that run up from the point. There wasn't no doubt that he was my turkey now, and ther'd be sweet dancing in town on Christmas night.

Ma bellyached a little that night 'bout it taking me all day to go out and not kill a hawk. But not much. It was getting clost to Christmas and Ma gets real sociable 'bout that time. I went to bed and dreamed of taking the old gobbler to Sallie Ann and getting kissed again.

I was on the woods road that runs down to that point of the bluffs an hour and a half 'fore daylight. Built me a little blind. Taken me a nip of snakebite to keep off the chill and settled down to wait. Fin'ly day begin to crack. I heard a dog barking 'way down Honey Creek, I heard a rooster crowing over at our house, I heard squirrels jumping in the trees.

I heard the old gobbler when he sailed down out of the tree and lit 'mongst the iv'ry bushes.

Suddenly it got still as death in the woods. It was like all the living things held their breath while the old wild gobbler of the iv'ry bluffs come walking along to his doom. I heard him scratching at the aidge of a little thicket. Onct he made a kind of clucking sound to hisself like an old man chuckling 'way down in his gizzard. I slipped the safety off of my gun and I was ready with two loads of Number Two, chilled.

Then I seen him. He stood up like a horse when he stepped into the road. His beard mighty nigh dragged the ground. He taken a step or two and stopped, cocked his head, listening. Then he taken another step, and found hisself a white-oak acorn and eat it. Then, like his mind was fin'ly made up, he come walking straight up the road.

He was r'ared up like a soldier. The first sunlight twinkled on the

reddish feathers of his tail and the blue-blackish sheen of his breast. I could see the red wattles on his neck and where the butt of his beard come out of the feathers. I could see his eyes. He was fifteen steps from me when I poked the shotgun through a crack in the blind and drew a bead on his head.

Then, when he was twelve steps away, he r'ared back and gobbled. It was the first time I ever heard a turkey gobble in the winter. But then, he was different from all other turkeys,



"What now—Corrigan?"

sort of like a law to his own self. And he didn't sound like no other turkey I ever heard. He didn't say, "Gobble, gobble, gobble." He said something else. I know. I heard it plain as day. He said: "The hell with you! I'm the king of the iv'ry bluffs!"

Never glimpsing me a-tall, I was hid so good, he walked by me so clost that I could 'most of teched him with the muzzle of the gun. And away he went, marching up the road like the damned old king he was. I waited till he got out of sight, then I stepped out of the blind, shaking all over and streaming with sweat, and started acrost the hills to Sallie Ann's house.

BUT when I got there I couldn't tell her. Couldn't tell her how I felt when the old gobbler come walking by the blind. Couldn't tell her how big and fine and grand he looked. Just couldn't do it. Stood there with my tongue sticking to the roof of my mouth.

"It's all right," Sallie Ann said. "It's all right. I understand." But she didn't. Nobody could understand how I felt. I didn't zactly understand it my own self.

Then, all of a sudden, we heard a shot 'way off yonder in the bluffs and then another shot, and Sallie Ann said: "Somebody else was up early, too."

I laughed right out loud at her, the thing struck me so funny. I told her no man was ever going to get the old gobbler. Told her them shots was fired by some fellow hunting squirrels.

"Well, come on in the house and get some breakfast."

Lord, them rice pancakes and syrup and sausage tasted good that frosty morning. I et eighteen of the cakes and six hunks of that pure pork sausage. Maybe I would of et some more, only Bill Bradshaw come in the door—with the old gobbler of the bluffs hung acrost his back.

It's the Lord's own truth I was so knocked out that I just sit there staring while they weighed him on the kitchen scales. Twenty-eight pounds he went and his beard was fifteen inches

shaw dropped him on the floor, and there he laid with his fine old head bloody and his poor feathers rumped and torn. He wasn't a king no more, he was just a poor old turkey that had got shot.

Mr. Gary was grinning at me and the womenfolks was making a big to-do over Bill Bradshaw. I felt sick to my stomach. When Bill Bradshaw looked over at me, his mouth turned up in a sassy grin.

"Wasn't you going to show me how to kill a turkey, Steve?" Then to the gal: "Don't forget that dance, Sallie Ann."

I said: "How'd you kill him, Bradshaw?"

"That's my business."

I come up out of my chair. "It's my business, too. If you killed him fair and square like a white man ought to, I ain't got nothing to say. If you didn't—"

"S'pose you go and find out, then."

I reckon he was trying to bluff me, but nobody ever bluffed me, 'cept Ma. I was boiling mad now, looking down at the old gobbler and remembering how he'd gobbled that morning, all full of life and pride. I said to Bill Bradshaw: "That's what I aim to do—find out if you didn't. If you're a man you'll wait here till I get back."

Well, I found Bradshaw's blind by the side of the same road where I'd had my blind, only it was five hundred yards on past mine. I found the feathers, too, where the old turkey had fluttered and floundered round in the leaves. Some of the

leaves was stained bright red. I found something else, too. Corn. Corn scattered all up and down that woods road for three hundred yards. It was plain as day now. The old gobbler had followed the corn, followed it unsuspecting till Bill Bradshaw shot him like a man shooting another man in the back.

WHEN I got to Gary's house again, Bill Bradshaw was just finishing breakfast. Sallie Ann was asking him to have another cup of coffee. I'd kind of cried a little coming back acrost the bluffs, but I wasn't nowhere near crying now.

"He won't have time for no more coffee," I said. "Come on outside, Bradshaw." He followed me, and so did the others. Gary said there wasn't going to be no trouble at his house. I pushed him out of the way, and I said to Bradshaw: "No use to lie. You baited that turkey."

He seen I had him, so he tried to bluff ag'in. "Well, then, what about it? Reckon you'll go running to the game warden. That'd be just the gait for a poor loser like you. Jealous, ain't you, Steve?"

I said: "I'm game warden enough my own self. I'd ruther you'd shot me than that old turkey, but if you'd killed him fair and square I wouldn't lift my voice."

Then I went for him. Can't remember the fight. Only thing I remember is Gary and Miz Gary and the old deaf aunt pulling me off him and Sallie Ann screaming I was killing him.

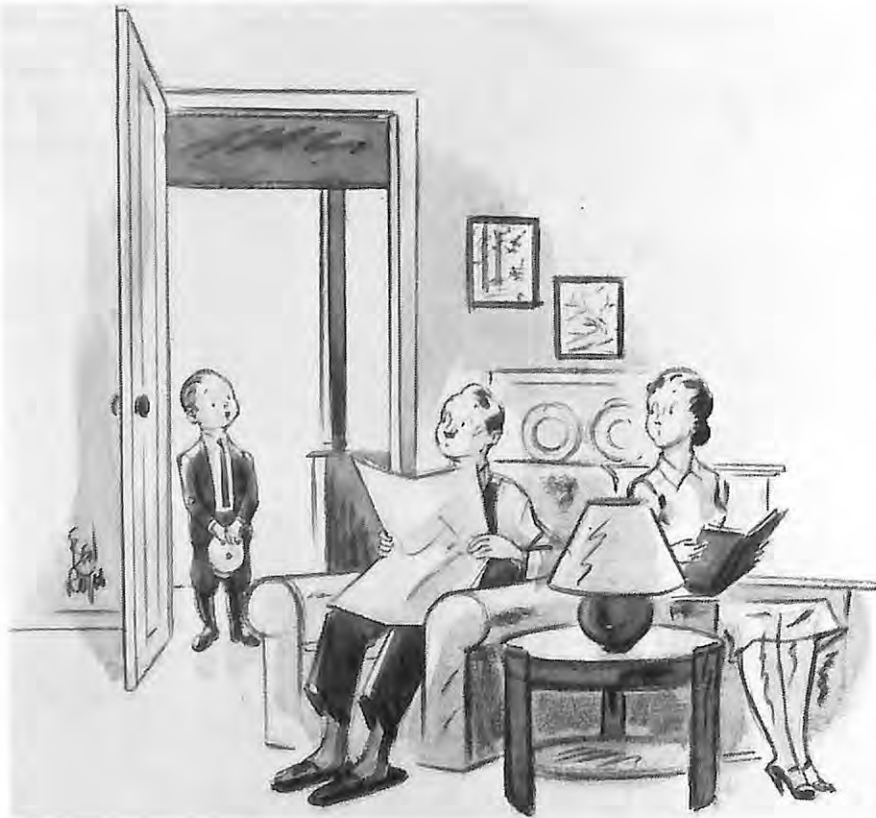
I reckon maybe I was killing him. I was trying to hard enough.

Out of the haze my wits fin'ly come back to me. I seen Bradshaw setting up and Sallie Ann bathing his face, with one arm actu'ly round his shoulders. Old man Gary was telling me never to put my foot on his place ag'in.

"That's right!" Sallie Ann said, bouncing up. "I never want to see you ag'in you great big bully!"

She didn't understand. Nobody understood. And there I was, with my gal gone from me. There I was, lonely as a big pine tree in the middle of a ninety-acre field with the lightning playing round it.

And then Ma hove round the corner of the



"I've got permission to stay out until ten. Do I hear anybody make it eleven?"

house. Of all the times for Ma to come butting in! My mouth fell open, but I shut it with a snap. One more trouble didn't cut much ice now.

"What the Sam Hill's going on here?" Ma said. "Heard the screeching and yelling clear down to my house." Then she threw a glance through the open kitchen door and seen the turkey. I'll swear she jumped three feet in the air. When she lit she hollered: "Who killed the old gobbler! Who killed him!"

Mr. Bill Bradshaw's face turned the gray-white of oak ashes. Maybe he wasn't hurt so bad nohow. Anyways he come up off the ground running. Onct or twict it looked like he sort of turned sideways to keep from flying. He jumped Gary's barn-lot fence and taken out across the back pasture like a tumble bush in a squall. Hadn't been 'feared to fight me, but he knowed Ma *would* kill him.

"All right," Ma said. "I'll tend to him later." Then she went in and stood looking down at the old gobbler. Never said ary word. Just stood there looking. Then she snapped herself around, like you shut a book you've got tired of. She come on outside and looked at me. When she spoke, her voice was low and soft, which is a danger sign with Ma. "Son, didn't I tell you never to set your foot on this place ag'in?"

"Yes'm," I said. But I didn't say it very respectful.

"Come on home, then," Ma snapped, and ketched me by the ear. I reckon right then she got the first big shock of her life, 'cause I knocked her hand away. I was shaking and scared to death, but still I knocked it away. Ma stepped back, with her face blazing, but in a second she had control of herself. "Gary," said Ma, "have you got a blacksnake whip handy?"

"That's what he needs," old man Gary said, and was gone a-running.

I stood there with my knees knocking together. My throat was so dry it would of exploded if you'd teched a match to it. And it's a wonder, the way my heart was jumping, it didn't break a rib. I never was so scared in all my born days.

Grabbing the whip, Ma said: "I hate to do it, but I raised all my younguns to obey me. Turn around, Steven."

Lord, my poor knees! And my poor heart!

Then something soft yet strong was around my neck, and it was Sallie Ann's arms. She put her body

shut down on Ma's wrist like a vise. I wrung and I twisted, and I wrung that old whip clean smack out of Ma's hands. It hit the ground with a kind of a dull, flat sound.

And Ma? She didn't kill me. She didn't snatch and tear me into pieces with her bare hands. She stood there looking down at the whip and then looking up at me. It was the first time anybody had ever crossed Ma, and she couldn't understand it. She kind of wilted. And in her eyes was the same kind of look the old gobbler must of had when Bill Bradshaw's first load of shot hit his vital spots.

All of a sudden I felt sorry for her. Couldn't help it. Couldn't stand for Ma to look so whupped. Ma who'd never looked anything but proud and strong like a stubborn old oak in a high wind.

"Aw, Ma," I said.

"All right, son,"

Ma said, slow and sad-like.

But words couldn't do no good. Everything was still as death. Sallie Ann and her pa and ma and her old deaf aunt stood there like they was spiked to the

ground. Stood there just staring at Ma and seeing her feathers fall. Slowly Ma started to turn around.



"Now, see how you like it!"

in front of mine and faced my Ma.

"You're not going to touch him! You whip him you whip me, too!"

"Stand aside, gal."

Then I wasn't scared no more. It'd be a sorry man who'd be scared with Sallie Ann's arms round him. Sure, Ma looked like the old gobbler of the iv'ry bluffs, -standing there proud and important, with her eyes flashing black fire, but I still wasn't scared. Sallie Ann's love was a-running through me like the water in Honey Creek after a freshet in the springtime.

I UNTANGLED Sallie Ann's arms from round my neck. I let my cheek bresh ag'in hern. Then I gave her a little shove.

"Get out of the way, honey," I said, gentle, and when I looked down at her I reckon she knowed I was a man now.

"Turn around, Steven," Ma said.

I said: "Ma, you ain't going to tech me with that whip." Then I taken two quick steps towards her. Ma lifted that old blacksnake and the lash sung through the air. Quick as a flash I retch up and grabbed her wrist. Lord, I didn't know I was so strong! Didn't know the tech of a little slim gal's arms could fill a man with so much power. I

AND then something happened. I heard a sound. It come rolling up the path that leads down to Gary's spring and on over the hill to our place. It was a man singing. No, it wasn't just a man. It was Pa singing.

He come on up the path and he was singing that Loch Lomond song, singing it like it never was sung before. When he come to that part 'bout the high road and the low road, it was the sweetest music ary mortal man ever listened to. I looked at Ma. All of a sudden something soft and sweet and beautiful broke over her face, like the morning sun in the blue sky.

She run to me and kissed me, then she kissed Miz Gary and the old deaf aunt and even old man Gary hisself, and she kissed Sallie Ann three times. I counted 'em. After that, she broke into a run going to meet Pa. I don't know how many times she kissed him, but I know he stopped singing for quite a spell. Then, fin'ly, we could see them go hand in hand on over the hill towards our place. Pa was singing ag'in. Singing that Loch Lomond song, high an' clear like a blackbird's call.

When a Body Meets a Body—

(Continued from page 21)

it sound too easy." He turned to go. "Say, Quirt, if you ever need any help in this town—parking tickets, or anything like that—just call on me. Always be glad to hear from you."

"I bet I'd have to slip you five, at that," Quirt said as Reid went out.

THE girl was very close to him. She still looked fresh and clean. He had never seen a more appealing picture. Her eyes were closed, and behind the redness of her lips he could see her white, even teeth. Her breasts rose and fell unevenly. He drew her close against him and studied her face intently. Her eyes opened and he looked into them for a long time. His legs felt weak and shaky, his hands were clenched.

Suddenly he sighed and kissed her gently.

"I wish I could do it," he said. "But I can't."

He released her and walked to the window. Outside Reid was watching the police hearse back up to the sidewalk. Its headlights turned the forms of the policemen into grotesque angular monstrosities on the walls of the opposite buildings.

"Hey, Reid!" The hoarseness of his voice startled him. His whole body was trembling. "You'd better come back here. You forgot something."

He looked at the girl. She wasn't breathing hard any more and the color was gone from her cheeks. Her eyes were wide and fascinated.

"I'm sorry," he said to her as Reid came in the door. Reid was smiling. He looked from one to the other.

"What did I forget?"

Still looking at the girl Quirt said, "You forgot her. You'd better take her along."

Reid's jaw dropped in ludicrous amazement. He tried twice before he said, "What—what for?"

"For a start you can book her for the murder of Wortham Haines." The girl's body jerked. She took her lower lip between her teeth. Queerly, he thought he had never seen the color actually drain from a face before. Her skin was a

sickly yellow.

"If that isn't enough, you might hold her as accessory before and after in the murder of Abel Wayne." He paused. "Oh, yes, and the murderer of what's-his-name, my old friend, the baggageman."

Reid's voice was high and cracked. "Are you crazy?"

Quirt whirled on him, but the girl's voice broke in.

"You can't prove it! You can't prove I killed Abel! I tell you Wortham did it! I was out of town—" Her hoarse ragged tones rasped Quirt's nerves like a file. He looked at her in disgust.

"Haines wasn't due to get anything out of Abel Wayne's death. She was the one who got the dough. She didn't have to marry Haines, but she *did* need him to help her. She couldn't do it all by herself. I wasn't in town an hour before she was trying to plant the whole thing on him. And she was too ready to follow me into all those spooky graves and warehouses. She was scared, and she figured it would be safer if she got rid of Haines. And, boy, she called her shots!"

"You can't prove it! You can't

prove anything—anything!" The .25 automatic was in her hand and her voice trailed into a scream that went on and on. Quirt wondered why she didn't fire, and he cursed himself for not getting the gun when he'd had the chance.

And then Reid stepped forward and knocked it out of her hand and she collapsed on the floor in a shaking heap. Reid slapped the cuffs on her. Quirt had been holding his breath so long that his chest hurt. It was good to breathe again.

"Thanks," he said. "Everyone has done his good deed now. You've all had a chance at saving my life at least once—and don't think I'm not happy about it."

Reid looked at him. "Can you?" he asked.

"Can I what?"

"Prove it."

"What are you guys hired for? Do I have to build the gallows, too? Hell, no, I can't prove it. You might check this gun with the bullet hole in Abel's head, but it probably won't amount to anything."

Reid was helping Sheila Wayne to her feet. "Do you think we can hang it on her?"

Quirt let his eyes roam over the trim length of the girl. Even with her face distorted by tears and anger, and the long smear of dust on her mulberry dress, she was beautiful.

"Pal," he said softly, "you haven't a prayer. Just think what she'll do to a poor, unsuspecting jury. It's criminal!"

Reid dragged the girl to the door and she turned as she went out. For a long moment her eyes held Quirt's.

"I'll get you sometime—somewhere!" Her words were heavy with prophecy.

He waved a hand. "Baby, you had me all along. If you'd played your cards a little differently . . . Well, look me up when you beat the rap." Then she was gone.

He leaned against the wall. He was suddenly very tired and very sad. After a moment he straightened and shrugged.

"What the hell," he said. "They're just like streetcars."

THE END



"We smelled a party."

Mr. Football Becomes a Gentleman

(Continued from page 11)

they invariably selected four carrying backs, or in the case of Meek, three carrying and passing backs and one blocker.

Those who claim the gridiron game is going soft find evidence in the widespread use of the five-man line on defense. Since the earliest days of the game the forward wall was the place where games were won and lost. The spectators, wrapped snugly in their coats and blankets, may have thrilled to the beautiful spiral or whirling run that turned the tide one way or the other, but the coach on the bench, and the scouts in lofty reaches of the stadium knew full well that the winning play was made possible by reason of the superb teaming up of the linemen.

ONLY a little more than a decade ago Dr. Wilce of Ohio State tried out the five-man line against a Princeton team at Palmer Stadium. The Tigers found little trouble cutting the abbreviated forward wall to ribbons, and the Monday morning quarterbacks agreed unanimously that the five-man line had about as much right in football as a ballet dancer has in a graveyard.

This season, teams in all parts of the country will employ the five-man line much of the time. Necessity is the mother of invention, and when teams pass frequently and toss downfield laterals generously there is nothing left for a coach to do, save teach five-man defensive line play. Homer Norton, the genial and astute coach of Texas A. and M., was one of the first to appreciate the value of the five-man line. Down in Texas, where they toss the ball around with skill and daring, a team needs a six-man defensive backfield if it is to have a barrier against aerials.

The graybeards of football will tell you that any of their old-time backs would have knocked any five-man line into a cocked hat, and stepped on it to boot. They ask what's wrong with a modern offense that it doesn't tear its way through the inviting gaps every five-man line of necessity presents. If football isn't going

soft, then how come coaches dare use such a hybrid defense? No reasonable man, they contend, would venture to place five defending linemen against an offensive forward wall which is required by official mandate to have at least seven men.

The answer is apparent. The five-man line is the lesser of two evils. If you use six or seven men on the line, you will be forwarded and lateralled to death. If you use five, a team will gain on its rushing plays, but its aerials will be seriously handicapped, and its long gainer plays cut down. While it is true that a back like Five Yards McCarthy might rip his way to short gains were he playing against a five-man barrier, the opposition, employing passes both forward and lateral, would probably pile up more points.

IT isn't that football has gone soft or is going soft. Rather it is that the game has experienced marked changes in recent years. Coaches have discovered, after stumbling along blindly for years, that touchdowns need not be earned by sweat and blood. Instead of having a back like Ted Coy bull his way down the field by bludgeoning charges at the

opposing line, coaches these days prefer to teach their men to snatch touchdowns out of the air, by grabbing a pretty lateral and whisking away for forty or fifty yards. It is no more difficult to pass the ball when one is about to be tackled than it is to hang on to it and plunge ahead for a paltry extra yard.

THE game today is wide open. For this reason it appears less gruesome and sanguine than it did in the days when mass tactics were in vogue. Line play on offense and defense may not look as brutal and bruising, as devastating and demoralizing as it used to be, but it is. More so, in fact. A five-man line puts the burden squarely on each individual player on the forward wall. There is no more of the business of one player doing the work of two or three. It's every man for himself and all for the team. The moment he fails in his task his deficiency is seen and out of the game he comes.

The forward pass and lateral pass have not tended to soften up the gridiron game. Instead, they have made it more Spartan. Players today are in better condition than their predecessors. They have to be, to take the terrific jolts they get in open field tackling and blocking, to race down the field time after time in readiness to catch a long toss or a short lateral. They must be trained and be willing to give and take in a game where physical roughness is still the basis of play.

You don't hear the players who are doing the work on the nation's fields this year complaining that football is a hard game, because they are prepared for it—have grown up with it, so to speak. They take it all in stride and all but a few of them love it for the fun and sport there is in it.

While football is strenuous and bruising by its nature, it is also clean and not unduly dangerous for those playing it under the right conditions. The dirty playing, vicious teaming-up and downright treachery which were once the stock in trade of some teams, have been eliminated from the sport. Teams to-



"She's waiting to attend another party tomorrow evening."

day face each other in the spirit of friendly rivalry and wholesome sportsmanship. There is a tacit agreement that only fair play will prevail, and, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it does.

Tackling today is as hard and as effective as it ever was. The modern game demands perfection and it gets it. Watch the work of the defending backs as a player comes through the line, if you don't believe the boys on the field still know how to rattle a fellow's back teeth by hitting him around the knees. Blocking is down to a science, despite the popularity of passing, and there are more fine interfering backs today than ever.

Football is not going soft. Not even with the growth of the six-man game. Before the invention of this pastime boys who didn't like to take the bumps played touch-football. It was, and is, good fun, and it never did a boy any harm.

If, however, more schools adopt six-man football as their official pastime, the regular game will eventually suffer. Six-man football should be confined to youngsters under thirteen years of age, for reasons of safety. If they stick to it after that, their chance of becoming good football players will be severely handicapped. They will be adept ball handlers, and probably fast runners,

but when it comes to the business of advancing the ball through eleven stubborn and gallant defenders, it will be another story.

Some enthusiasts, convinced the grand old game is going soft, point to the fact that the old college rivalries have mellowed with the years, and teams now endeavor to outdo each other with ingratiating hospitalities. It wasn't so long ago when a Princeton man was ready to sock a son of Pennsylvania squarely on the nose if the latter said so much as "boo" about Princeton's football team. The same was true of Harvard, Cornell, Dartmouth and Yale's loyal sons. It was the spirit of the times and a natural by-product of the game.

Whether it was a healthy sign or a decadent one is hard to say, but the riots that often accompanied big-time football games didn't give the sport a boost in the public eye, or enhance its reputation. Today things are different. Dartmouth and Harvard, ancient rivals, have dined together on the eve of their annual game. Fellowship and geniality prevailed, and the boys of both squads felt they got more out of the game because they knew each other better.

The custom of having rival teams dine together either before or immediately after their contest is grow-

ing fast and is accepted with genuine enthusiasm by players everywhere. The fact that the opposing teams are friendly in their attitude toward one another doesn't stop the boys from playing their hearts out on the field. They believe it's all part of the game to knock a man down with as much gusto as possible and while bodily feelings are not spared, friendships are not strained.

Watching the big games, yes, and the small ones, too, this season, observe how rarely you see a penalty enforced for a violation of a personal nature. The old business of getting even, ganging up on the star halfback or purposely making an opponent play into a trap wherein he will be incapacitated by injury, are gone for good. Most penalties today are caused by over-eagerness. Offside, moving before the ball is passed, backs in motion and inadvertent holding are the causes of most infractions.

No, football isn't going soft. The majority of gridiron men of this season have been training for the ordeal, not for a few weeks, as did their daddies and predecessors, but all year round. They are tougher physically than whalebone, and despite the fact they live in a soft and luxurious age, they know how to take it and they know how to dish it out.

Prophets and Profits

(Continued from page 23)

up with famous, glamorous All-Americans. Red Grange, most publicized player who ever lived, Bronko Nagurski and Jack Manders played for the Bears. The Giants had Ken Strong, Ed Danowski and Mel Hein. The customers were as knowing and conversant with the confusing business on the field as any football-wise college crowd.

Four more years have brought greater crowds and financial security to the pro footballers, but the post-graduate phase of the game really came of age just several weeks ago. Byron White, a young gent from Colorado University, affectionately known to half the adult population of America as "Whizzer", suddenly decided he would accept the Pittsburgh Pirates' handsome offer of \$15,000 for one season of play in the National Football League, a proposition he had rejected previously. Acceptance meant that White, a brilliant student who had won a Rhodes Scholarship, would have to delay matriculation at Oxford for six months. Commentators everywhere hailed White's decision and his good

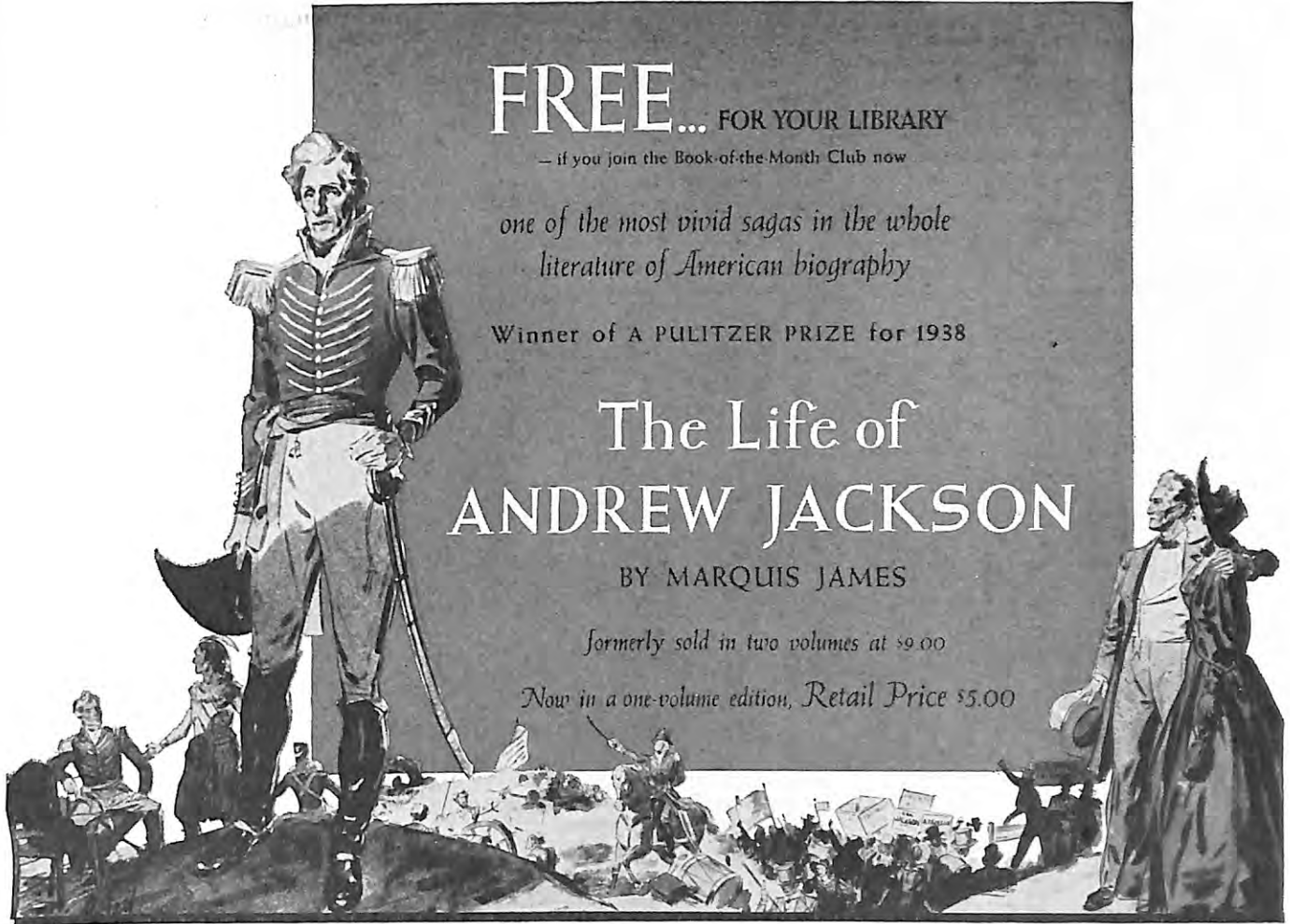
fortune, but literally. Fifteen G's for three months of work ain't hay.

This radical shift in public opinion was conclusive evidence of pro football's maturity. It was impossible to forget the barrage of violent criticism which descended upon Grange's red head in 1925 when, immediately after playing his last varsity game for the University of Illinois, the Galloping Ghost associated himself with C. C. Pyle for the purpose of cashing in on his reputation and talents. The inducement then also was \$15,000, but Grange did not forego, even temporarily, distinguished scholastic honors. Yet Grange was denounced on every college campus for having betrayed the grand old game for a mere mess of pottage. Illinois expressed pious horror that one of its sons should sell his pure, white body in the market place for forty pieces of silver. The college authorities studiously refrained, of course, from mentioning that they had put Grange on public exhibition in several centers of culture and higher education for considerably more than fifteen thousand dollars,

chicken feed to a school which has the extremely rare fortune to enroll a three-time All-American in its temples of learning.

What has happened in thirteen years to make the public regard one youngster, who turned professional for \$15,000, as a Benedict Arnold, or something, and hail another for his acumen in providing himself with a nice little nest egg? Well, sir, that's a long story but it doesn't take too long in the telling. Briefly, professional football today is regarded as a career—not as honorable, perhaps, as the law, medicine or teaching, but still several notches higher in the social scale than it was in Grange's time, when a fellow who played for pay was looked upon as a case of arrested development, a loafer, or both.

Profits were not enough to fortify professional football's standing in the sports curriculum. They were awfully comforting to have, but the game did not arrive until the public granted it a measure of prestige by taking its players and its purpose seriously. And now that it is firmly



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established, the colleges are throwing connoption fits all over the landscape in the fear that the pros will muscle deeper into the monopoly they once enjoyed. If you don't think graduate managers are worried, you're as crazy as the college authorities who do recognize the competition presented by the boys from the other side of the tracks.

COLLEGES still are drawing the larger crowds and gates which dwarf the "take" of the pros and will continue to do so for many more years. After all, varsity teams have a half-century of tradition behind them and the gladiators who perform for good old Box Office U. are johnny-come-lately who may never catch up in the glamour department.

Professional baseball was confronted with the same problems in the beginning and you know the profound disinterest college ball teams now command compared to the rapt absorption shown in major-league baseball everywhere. That is the specter which drives brass hats in the colleges half daft whenever they think of it, which is continuously.

It took major-league baseball nearly thirty years to gain a firm grasp on the public; pro football has accomplished the same thing in less than a decade. If the pros should grow to the stature of major-league ball players, supplanting the college boys in the process, there will have to be a drastic reorganization of college athletic financing. An entirely new set of endowments will have to be solicited and a modification of physical education programs will have to be effected. It is quite possible that the scholastic curriculum will suffer, for it is no secret that football earnings pay the freight for extensive intra-mural activities and amortize the mortgages on imposing architecture to be found on college property.

There is a very live possibility that all this may come to pass simply because the public will prefer to watch twenty-two professionals push one another around instead of watching amateurs doing the same. Back in the lush days when the colleges were netting \$25,000,000 worth of profits from one season of football — as they did in 1929, a boom year for all manner of things — such a situation was suggested by President Hoover's Research Committee on Social Trends, which reported its findings in two large vol-

umes in January, 1933. Professor J. F. Steiner, of the University of Washington, wrote the chapter on "Recreation and Leisure Time Activities" and investigated the threat professional football, then in swaddling clothes, presented to the colleges.

"The huge investments in stadia," Professor Steiner wrote, "which must be paid off in future years, make almost imperative the continued approval of football by the college administrative authorities. Its capacity to produce gate receipts and its value as an advertising medium are assets that cannot be ignored. Moreover, the game itself has those combat elements which make it a thrilling spectacle, entirely apart from the colorful features provided by rival student bodies.

"Evidence of this can be seen in the growing popularity of professional football in the East and Middle West during the last few years. It is possible that public interest may eventually shift from college to professional football because of the superior skill of the latter. If this should happen, college football may follow college baseball and decline as a public spectacle."

THIS phase of the report hardly received more than passing attention at the time, but Professor Steiner has been proved a dandy little prophet by the developments of ten years. Once the poor relation of the college variety, pro football tried to adhere slavishly to the varsity pattern, but the promoters are showing a strong disposition to go their own way and it is this sense of independence which worries collegiate officials most.

When the pros first moved into the baseball parks, they made valiant attempts to recapture the rah-rah spirit which was supposed to be a natural by-product of college football. They organized cheering sections with the neighbors' children, hired union bandmen to go through the intricate convolutions no self-respect-

ing varsity band would miss between the halves, and almost broke their red, muscular necks trying to inject all the phoney showmanship so dear to the heart of the colleges, into the exercises. Imagine their chagrin, therefore, when hard-boiled baritones gave out with shrill falsetto cheers—which weren't as bad, at that, as cheers with strong overtones of the Bronx.

It didn't take the pros long to realize they were dealing with an entirely different clientele. Hoopla and hysteria were all right for the college carriage trade, but the Sunday subway alumni and the plain, ordinary muggs put their dough on the line to be entertained by thrills strictly confined to the field.

HAVING seen the light, the promoters deliberately went out to make their productions as spectacular as possible. So the customers wanted action and a flock of points, did they? All right. They got them. The pros moved the goal posts back to the goal line and almost immediately began to kick four times as many field goals. Hardly a week now passes that a long, last-minute field goal does not decide a professional game. Ward Cuff of the Giants defeated the Eastern College All-Stars by 6-0 at the Polo Grounds early last month by booting placements from the 42- and 43-yard lines, a performance rarely, if ever, seen in a college game where the goal posts are ten yards behind the goal line.

Spectators at college games began to complain that the defense was overpowering the offense, that there wasn't enough scoring. There were—and still are—entirely too many one-touchdown ties, scoreless deadlocks or contests which were transformed into pretty drab affairs when one team broke through for a quick touchdown, then sat on its lead for the remainder of the afternoon. One and all agreed something had to be done to give the rules a shot in the

arm. There were many proposals and many orotund speeches couched in flowery phrases, but very little accomplished.

The pros, frankly and avowedly in the entertainment business, aim to please. So they merely rewrote the rules to suit the customers. Silly restrictions on the forward pass were lifted by the pros and the patrons clapped hands for the tricky, colorful plays which were originated. More passing meant that the



"Is she as good on grouse as your first wife?"

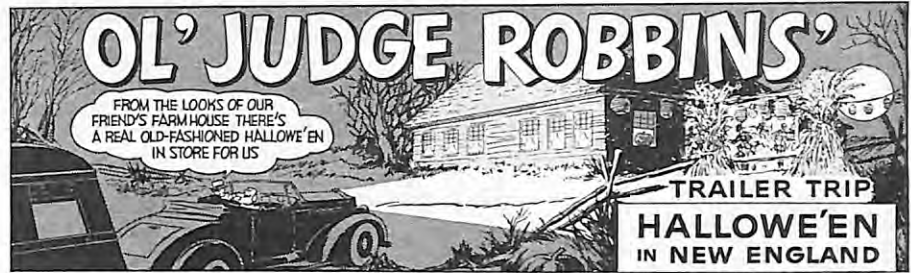
secondary defense had to drop back to guard against an aerial bombardment and then the pros made the enchanting discovery that the looser defense made the running attacks more effective. The result was more and better scoring.

IT is significant to note that the college code this season finally has been amended to include two of the earliest departures made by the pros. When the ball is put in play it must be at least fifteen yards from the sidelines. And wider scope has been granted the use of the forward pass by decreeing that an incompleting pass in the end zone is not a touch-back unless it occurs on fourth down.

Old blues who once were secure in the beautiful belief that the pros would always have to be satisfied with the left-overs from the colleges are not quite so sure of themselves any more. The professionals, to be sure, still draw their playing material from the campus. Yet that very condition has been turned to their advantage. They get their headline heroes ready-made each year, and whereas the colleges have a complete turnover of talent every three years and must build up new glamour boys continually, the pros can capitalize on famous players indefinitely. Only the major universities are fortunate enough to place a youth on the All-America Team now and then, but the lineup of every pro team is loaded with good box-office attractions. Events in the professional branch of the game have laid bare the fallacy of the All-America, anyway. Every season scores of unheralded youths from fresh-water schools come along to play rings around their over-rated, over-publicized brethren.

TRADITION, geography and scholastic standards figure importantly in the formation of a college schedule, but the pros blithely go where the money and crowds beckon. The National League this year is operating in eight large cities which support major-league baseball clubs and the tenth team is located at Green Bay, Wisconsin, the only small-town outfit in the league but one of the best franchises because it is run on a co-operative basis. The League is divided into Eastern and Western divisions with New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington and Brooklyn comprising the Eastern half of the circuit, and Detroit, Cleveland, Green Bay and two Chicago teams holding the fort in the West. The season since 1933 has built to a grand climax by bringing together the divisional leaders in a championship game which is football's World Series.

The public once was skeptical of the zeal displayed by professional footballers and your correspondent regrets to report that there was indeed a good deal of soldiering and let's-play-nice on the part of the noble athletes. All that is a thing of the past now, though. Each June hun-



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dreds of good, tough, potential pros are graduated by the colleges and the old-timers must hustle and haul hips mightily to hold their jobs. Salaries are better and a gladiator no longer has to worry about being paid off, if and when he can catch the boss going out the back door with the day's receipts. The play-off game for the championship, which carries a bonus for the contending teams, is another inducement for giving the business the old college try.

There are still a few faults the players can find with football as a

profession. They never will get rich on salaries of \$1,500 a season. With the exceptions of the Sammy Baughs, Whizzer Whites, Benny Friedmans and Red Granges, few of them can ever, ever hope to be rewarded with the pay-checks given baseball players, because football can be played only once a week and adverse late-season weather often ruins a good gate. The September All-Star games, which are being played in profusion in the sweet name of charity, are a bit of a racket, for the players do not get a cut of the owner's share of

the proceeds. The championship does not pay off in important money; last year the Boston Redskins got a measly \$225.90 apiece for winning the title.

In spite of it all, the professionals are getting along. Working conditions, by no means perfect, are immeasurably better than they were a few years ago. And look at all the fun the boys are getting from needling the college ringmasters who used to make them jump through the hoops in the arena—for nothing.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 36)

P. Herbert you will enjoy the rhymes of E. B. White; besides, this is made in America. The fox was right out there in Peapack, New Jersey, when he discovered that a hunt was on:

He smelled the hound, he smelled the horse,
He smelled the Peapack store and steuple,
And lastly, as a matter of course,
He also smelled the Peapack people.

But the story of what the fox did is too long to tell here. The fun in light verse is to discover it for yourself and read it aloud to your friends before they can get away. You can start on quickies, after the pattern set by Ogden Nash:

A bulbous plant, the little crocus—
Always first in spring to pocus
Head up.

And then you can turn to the truly domestic poems, in which the father-poet discusses things with his one-year-old son, and tells us how he went shopping for a year-old size straw hat and couldn't find it, because the stores don't have year-old size straw hats, or maybe you will read "Last Day," the story of taking leave of a house, and marvel how well the poet is able to communicate a mood without turning on the old sentimental grind-organ. (Harpers, \$2)

Fine Book About Motherhood

It's been a long time since anyone has written anything about motherhood quite so beautiful as "The Door of Life" by Enid Bagnold. Not only motherhood, but child-birth; the mother-spirit expressed in lovely prose. Enid Bagnold is the Englishwoman who wrote "National Velvet" a few years ago, but "The Door of Life" is not

really a novel, though presumably it is fiction. The plot is what happens to the mother of four, who is about to have a fifth; what she thinks and understands.

Her children are her guides to reality. "If there's one thing certain," says the heroine, "it is that my friends will let me down. When they crouch by their fires in old age it will be by their own fires, not mine. There's a chance that the children will come sometimes and watch me crouch at mine. Sacrifice! The children are more fun than my contemporaries. Look what strangers we all are! Look how you will drop me at the call of a telephone. Look how we say the same thing; do the same things! And look what the children say! Something that comes out of a new heart, not a strained mind. They grow, they move and the world is to be theirs."

And so she could grow older gracefully, and see herself as one of a long procession of women, her mother, her daughter and herself, "a figure

on a roll of film". She said, "It is only now that I start on my middle journey. Long and magnificent and in great stages, life goes by." I think you'll agree that Enid Bagnold has the touch of beauty, that she writes with dignity and wonder of the greatest experience a woman can have in life. (William Morrow & Co., \$2.50)

Don't Trust Panaceas

With the vigor that we expect from a man who knows his business, Dr. W. W. Bauer, director of the Bureau of Health and Education of the American Medical Association, tells some necessary truths in "Health, Hygiene and Hooley". Everybody knows that we are flooded with all sorts of advice on foods and preparations because we are all supposed to be nervous about our health. Dr. Bauer isn't impressed by outlandish claims and his "A Fake for Every Ache" ought to do a whole lot of good. He tells why many testimonials, even when unsolicited, are worthless. He describes cults and tells why they fail. He analyzes all the virtues of the vitamins, and their limitations, so that after reading his advice you will realize how much our wishes and desires to discover a panacea influence our beliefs. He says that exercise is not a cure-all and that no man should embark on a strenuous program in a gymnasium in middle life without a physical examination by a well-qualified physician. "The cult of physical culture is based on the theory that exercise, plus fasting and the perpetration of cruel and unusual forms of punishment in the form of cock-eyed diets, will cure almost anything." He has common-sense advice for inducing sleep without drugs. Indeed, he thinks that common sense and skepticism "will do more



"You should of seen the one that got away."

for the health-hunter than any other safeguard." He believes in consulting a good doctor and living with few illusions about the magic properties of drugs and programs. Books like this are always a healthy influence, for as a nation we are addicted to inventing ways to get out of hard work—and keeping your health demands hard work. (Bobbs Merrill Co., \$2.50)

West Indian Travelers

Harry A. Franck, inveterate traveler with a wide popular audience, has taken to the air. After all, that's the easiest way to reach the islands of the Caribbean. You can climb the Rockies, roam over Mexico, but when you jump from Trinidad to Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Haiti, Jamaica, Cuba, it's useful to go by plane. Mr. Franck says the sailor's joy in being at sea is mild compared with the sense of complete contentment that comes with flying. This refers especially to Central America where travel is not always easy off the main roads. So, in "Sky Roaming Above Two Continents", Mr. Franck covers a lot of air, and incidentally, a lot of islands, and with his usual flair for interesting information describes people and places. He tells why a white man keeps his coat on in Port-au-Prince no matter

how torrid the weather, for only drunken sailors go coatless; why families of ten to twenty cause the overpopulation of Puerto Rico; how the American marines, departing from Nicaragua, left behind the game of baseball. Always easy to read, his book ought to be just the thing to send a friend who is going to do the Caribbean this winter.

Less addicted to compiling information is John W. Vandercook, whose books of travel manage to get at the feeling of places and the moods of people. He, too, writes about the tropics in "Caribbee Cruise". To him history is vivid, a human record, and he tells it with gusto. Then he describes his impressions of towns and houses, of people on the roads and in the gardens, all that the experienced traveler sees. The laundry women who meet the ships at Barbados, the mango sellers who seem such happy-go-lucky folk—from these to the story of Christophe, the black king who built "the most regal structure ever raised in the new world" in Haiti; to Gorgas and the Panama canal, to the history of Martinique and Trinidad,—a book for the traveler who has always wanted to hear tales about the West Indies, whether or not he ever goes there. (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$3.50)

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 35)

was headed by Russell Freeman. Conspicuous in the great parade, staged twice during the convention, were 30 decorated floats, riders who had participated in the Elks War Bonnet Round-Up, the uniformed Drum and Bugle Corps of Idaho Falls and Anaconda, Mont., Lodges, drill teams and a section devoted to the youngsters engaged in the city recreational program. The Elks Trapshooting Tournament was held at the Idaho Falls Gun Club Range.

Memorial services took place in the lodge room. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, of Seattle, Wash., delivered the address of commemoration.

The 1938-39 State officers are: Pres., Arthur L. Barnes, Lewiston; Vice-Pres.'s: Jay O. Malvin, Boise, Art Flyg, Blackfoot, S. H. Fairweather, Wallace, J. O. Rasmussen, Twin Falls, and Frank Hosley, Moscow; Trustees: Ed. D. Baird, Boise, W. C. Rullman, Wallace, William Schlick, Burley, and E. B. Tobias, St. Maries; Secy.-Treas., Arnold P. Henzell, Lewiston.

WISCONSIN

The officers, headed by E. R. F. E. Yerly, and the various special committees of La Crosse, Wis., Lodge, No. 300, worked for more than six months on arrangements for the 36th

annual convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, which was held in La Crosse, August 25-26-27 and was completely successful. P. E. R. Raymond C. Dwyer, Past State Pres., was General Chairman, and P. E. R. John C. Fay, P. D. D., was Vice-Chairman. All general business sessions were conducted in the large hall, with its new air-conditioning equipment, located on the third floor of the lodge home. Extensive remodeling had been effected, and on the opening date of the convention the building, both inside and out, presented a fresh, attractive appearance.

Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick arrived from Toledo on Friday the 26th. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, of Moline, Ill., Lodge, was also an honored guest of the Association. Dr. McCormick was greeted at the station by a committee made up of prominent Elks of the State, including the La Crosse welcoming delegation, State Pres. A. J. Geniesse, Green Bay, other State officers, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Charles E. Broughton, Sheboygan, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Commission, former Gov. A. G. Schmedeman, of Madison Lodge, and Judge R. H. Proctor. The Grand Exalted Ruler's Banquet was held

SCIENCE BARES AMAZING FACTS ABOUT SHAVING



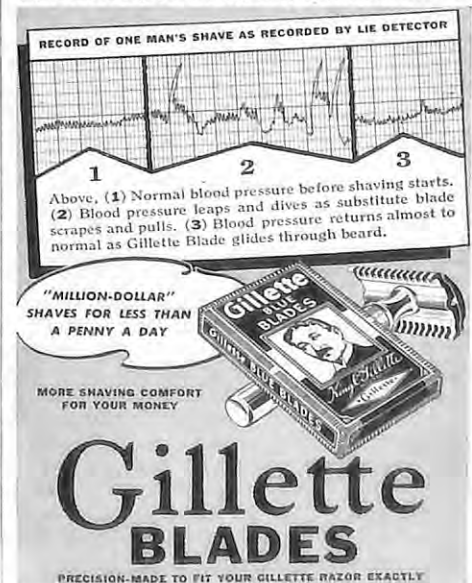
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that evening at six-thirty in the Crystal Room of the Hotel Stoddard. The Exalted Ruler, Mr. Yerly, made the welcoming address. The other speakers were the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Geniesse, Mr. Broughton, and U. S. Senator F. Ryan Duffy, Fond du Lac. Lawrence J. Brody, prominent La Crosse attorney, was Toastmaster.

More than 400 Elks and their ladies attended the banquet. The program opened with the announcement by Claire Bird, Wausau, of the winners of the Elks State Scholarship awards. Three high school graduates — Dick Calkins, Racine, Margery Shale, Baraboo, and Ted Oppgard, of Wausau — were the recipients. P.D.D. Jacob Federer, Sheboygan, announced the results of the Ritualistic Contest held the previous evening. Wisconsin Rapids Lodge was the winner, with Baraboo second and Two Rivers third. The announcement followed that La Crosse had won the Golf Tournament, with Waukesha second, and that C. H. Horning, Fond du Lac, had won the low gross score. While the dinner was in progress, musical selections were presented by the Madison Elks Quartette, a male chorus from Wausau, and the Hudson Elks German Band. The delightful talk made by the guest of honor and principal speaker of the evening, Dr. McCormick, concluded the program. At nine o'clock adjournment was made to the lodge home for a cabaret dance with entertainment.

During his sojourn in La Crosse, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Dr.

Frank Pilliod, who accompanied him from Toledo, enjoyed a reunion with Dr. E. E. Gallagher and Dr. V. Leo Simone, of La Crosse. As young men they were roommates for four years in a fraternity house at their medical college.

THIS year's convention was one of the Association's greatest. The Past Presidents' Dinner was held on the first evening in the Birch Room of the Hotel Linker. Pres. Geniesse responded to the welcoming speech made by Mayor C. A. Boerner. The speakers included Judge W. J. Conway, Wisconsin Rapids, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; Mr. Dwyer, Mr. Geniesse and Mr. Broughton; State Chaplain the Rev. Henry Halinde, Green Bay, and Past Pres.'s R. W. Mills, Fond du Lac, Myron C. Schwartz, Two Rivers, Otto R. Roenius, Wisconsin Rapids, William F. Schad, Milwaukee, Edward C. Mackey, Manitowoc, and J. W. Selbach, Eau Claire. Other special events were the Elks Trap and Skeet Shooting Tournament at the La Crosse Gun Club, Myrick Park, the Golf Tournament at the La Crosse Country Club, a Mississippi River excursion and the convention parade, a magnificent spectacle of great length. Besides the fine bands and drum corps from Wisconsin lodges, the famous Junior Kilties Drum Corps from Decorah, Ia., Lodge, was in the procession. Entertainment at the lodge home began at four-thirty in the afternoon.

Annual Memorial Services were

held in the lodge room. The memorial address was delivered by Albert C. Wolfe, Chaplain of La Crosse Lodge.

Pres. Geniesse stated that the large gain in membership shown by the Wisconsin lodges placed the State third in that line of activity. The Association's work for crippled children will be carried on as earnestly and even more extensively than before. A resolution to appropriate \$300 for scholarships was adopted.

State Trustee Thomas F. McDonald, of Marshfield Lodge, was elected President. All of the other officers were unanimously re-elected as follows: Vice-Pres.-at-Large, D.D. Frank T. Lynde, Antigo; District Vice-Pres.'s: N.E., Dr. C. O. Fillinger, Marinette; N.W., Earl R. Ross, Hudson; South, Bert A. Thompson, Kenosha; Trustees: Edward W. Mackey, Manitowoc, Myron E. Schwartz, Two Rivers, William F. Schad, Milwaukee, and Raymond C. Dwyer, La Crosse; Secy., Lou Uecker, Two Rivers; Treas., Fred A. Schroeder, Wausau. Mr. Uecker is serving his 21st term as Secretary. Otto R. Roenius, Wisconsin Rapids, was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy on the Board of Trustees caused by the election of Mr. McDonald to the Presidency. The officers were installed by Mr. Selbach, Past President. The new President re-appointed Dr. W. J. Ganzer, of Madison, and Mr. Mackey members of the Crippled Children's Commission. Wausau Lodge, No. 248, was awarded the 1939 State Convention, and Appleton Lodge, No. 337, was awarded the 1939 Bowling Tournament.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 34)

Cambridge, Mass., Lodge Sends 150 Boys to Summer Camp

The members of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge, No. 839, headed by their chairman, John J. Henderson, Board of Health Commissioner, have completed their second summer objective of providing camp vacations for under-privileged children. The list of names from which the selections were made, after careful investigation, was submitted by the Cambridge grammar school masters, school nurses, the Cambridge Tuberculosis and Health Association, the Family Welfare Association of Cambridge, the Police Department Juvenile Aid Squad, and other welfare agencies. The 150 boys chosen were sent for a two weeks vacation at the Burroughs Foundation Camp at West Poland, Maine. Each boy was completely equipped with necessary camp clothing, and provided with spending money sufficient for his needs at camp.

The burden of raising approximately \$2,500, as well as investigating the circumstances of each appli-

cant, was shared by the members of the committee. It was felt that not

only would the children be benefited from the standpoint of health, but they would become imbued with a sense of social cooperation and responsibility which would in the long run make them better citizens and neighbors. The individual efforts of the committee members also tended to instill into the mind of each boy the fact that some one considered him of value to the world.



"We can tell the boss we got lost."

Campaign of Winslow, Ariz., Lodge Results in Class Initiations

Under the leadership of Dr. A. F. Switzer, elected Exalted Ruler for a second term, and inspired by the appointment of P.E.R. A. S. Brayman as District Deputy for Arizona, North, Winslow Lodge No. 536 has embarked upon a membership campaign more intensive than any it has held in years. The first class, initiated on September 21, in honor of senior P.E.R. W. G. Kelly, was made up of 16 candidates, most of whom were under the age of 26. On November 2 another class will be admitted, as large if not larger, and composed of the same high type as

the members of the "W. G. Kelly Class".

James Day, a life member of Winslow Lodge, and a member of the order for over 30 years, is Membership Chairman. His management and efforts have been largely responsible for the success of the present campaign.

Dr. E. L. Kemp of East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge, Is Dead

East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 319, was prominent among the many organizations gathered in the auditorium of the East Stroudsburg State Teachers College on Sept. 3, where funeral services were held for Dr. E. L. Kemp, veteran educator and a patriarch of the community. Dr. Kemp was one of the most beloved members of East Stroudsburg Lodge. He had served on committees of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, and numbered among his friends hundreds of Elks in every part of the State.

Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge Reports Some Outstanding Activities

Good results have been obtained by Lake Worth, Fla., Lodge, No. 1530, through a reinstatement campaign which it started some time ago. The lodge is enjoying a steady increase in membership and is carrying on a great many worthwhile activities.

Fifteen hundred children were entertained when Lake Worth Elks staged their "Annual Children's

Day" in September. The day was started off with the showing of several selected films at the Oakley Theatre. Then the youngsters were taken to the municipal casino on the beach and given free use of the pool for an hour, after which lunch was served. The lodge has been widely congratulated for the splendid manner in which it handled the affair. Many individuals contributed to its success, and generous cooperation was given by the theatre management and the municipal government.

W. Va. State Elks Assn. Will Convene at Sistersville in 1939

The President of the West Virginia State Elks Association, John T. Pancake of Huntington, met with State officers and Exalted Rulers on Saturday, Sept. 10, in Fairmont. The President outlined his plans and aims for the year, a number of important lodge matters were discussed, and members of the several State Committees were appointed. The meeting was enthusiastic and well attended.

Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, will act as host to the Association at its 1939 Convention on May 28-29-30. On the Wednesday preceding the conference at Fairmont, officers and members of Fairmont Lodge No. 294 motored to Sistersville for the purpose of presenting Sistersville Lodge, winner of the State Ritualistic Championship, with the L. T. Eddy Trophy. Mr. Eddy, a Past President of the Association, in



"For better or—ha! ha! ha!—worse!"

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whose honor Fairmont Lodge named and donated the trophy, made a splendid talk. Several members of Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 198, were present. A social hour, during which refreshments were served, brought the evening to a close.

The Exalted Ruler of Sistersville Lodge, Earl E. Tuttle, has already appointed the committees that will plan and make arrangements for the State Convention next Spring. S. A. Peters will be General Chairman. Chairmen of the other committees were chosen as follows: Maurice Magner, Registration; Roy C. Heinlein, Entertainment and Publicity; Earl Tuttle, Reception; N. R. Scohy, Reservation; Charles R. Smith, Transportation. The House Committee of No. 333 will serve as the Finance Committee for the Convention.

Big Feed, Good Time, at Quincy, Mass., Lodge's Annual Clambake

Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, held its annual clambake this year at Huvila Park, East Weymouth. The lodge's Entertainment Committee, headed by Chairman Charles Macdonald, and all the officers were in charge. Scores of visiting Elks, Eagles and Moose joined the big turnout of local Elks.

E.R. John G. Nicklas made a welcoming speech and then turned over to Charles A. Ross, Chairman of the Reception Committee, the pleasurable

duty of making the introductions. Carl Thorne was Chairman of the Sports Committee. A softball game was one of the exciting contests of the afternoon and horseshoe pitching was popular. When the bake was served, however, with its clams, lobster, chicken and corn, it was easy to see that "eating" was the high spot of the outing's attractions.

Initiation at Birmingham, Ala., Lodge Honors Gov.-Elect Dixon

At a recent meeting of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, more than 200 Elks witnessed the initiation of the "Frank Dixon Class" of 50 candidates, named in honor of the incoming Governor of Alabama, who is a member of the lodge. The Degree Team, headed by Harry K. Reid, officiated splendidly. The Birmingham Patrol, led by Capt. Charles McCombs, handled the candidates. Music for the ritualistic work was furnished by the band from Ensley Lodge No. 987.

Talks on Good of the Order were made by P.E.R.'s John W. O'Neill, Albert Boutwell, R. M. Montgomery, Cecil Deason, Thomas I. Dennis and J. W. Allen. A banquet was served in the new ball room.

I. C. Lebolt, 50-Year Member of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, Dies

Ike C. Lebolt, a life member of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, died in Memphis, Tenn., on Septem-



"Let's go out and scare up some excitement"

ber 20, at the age of 79. He was stricken while paying one of his daily visits to the B'nai B'rith Home for aged Jews which he helped to establish 11 years ago. He had served on the Board of Governors for many years.

Mr. Lebolt was born in Dayton, O. Although a resident of Memphis for the past 35 years, he retained a warm place in the affections of the members of Birmingham Lodge with whom he had been so closely associated since his initiation in 1888. His twin brother, Gus L. Lebolt, of New York City, is also a member of No. 79.

Red Cross Safety Film Without Rental Fee Available to Lodges

Because of the determined and productive crusade for safety carried on by the Order, the subordinate

(Continued on page 56)



Your Dog

(Continued from page 22)

of *The Elks Magazine* to summarize some suggestions concerning the care of the dog in cold weather.

The best protection against cold weather is proper feeding and plenty of exercise. Do not permit cold weather to lessen the amount of exercise or the number of outdoor romps you give your dog.

First of all, do not bathe your dog more often than necessary—once every two weeks is sufficient. After he has been bathed be very sure that his coat is rubbed dry, down to the skin.

Bear in mind that a vigorous daily brushing (or you can well do it twice a day) is more beneficial than a bath.

Rub his coat thoroughly dry when he comes in from the outdoors. The moment you take him outdoors, especially from a heated house, let him run briskly for a while in order to increase the circulation of the blood.

Keep your dog's sleeping place off the floor, away from radiators and doors, preferably in some draftless corner.

Unless a dog is recovering from an illness or is extremely weak in stamina, the use of a blanket is not advised.

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

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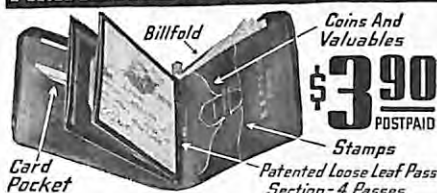
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Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 55)

lodges may avail themselves of a generous offer made by The American Red Cross. The announcement has been received by Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick. A dramatic motion picture on safety and accident prevention—"Why Not Live?"—was released recently. The film deals with everyday hazards, depicting accidents which occur at home, on the farm, in the water and on the highway. It shows how to avoid them, but it also gives a graphic portrayal of what Red Cross training does if and when they do happen.

The film may be obtained in silent or talking picture form without charge except for actual shipping expense. If the date of showing is specified by the lodge, the film will be sent in ample time. Address Douglas Griesemer, Director of Public Information, The American Red Cross, 19 East 47th Street, New York, N. Y.

Lodge Officers and Bulletin Editors Meet at Elyria, O., Lodge

Editors of lodge bulletins and officers of northern Ohio lodges met Oct. 2, in the home of Elyria, O., Lodge, No. 465. The meeting was called to order by P.E.R. Jim Armistage, Editor of Elyria Lodge's publication. E.R. Gerald Nau made a speech of welcome. C. W. Wallace, a member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee and Editor of "News Flashes" of Columbus Lodge No. 37, was elected Chairman. O. H. Alexander, Bellevue Lodge No. 1013, Editor of "The Purple News", was elected Secretary.

A useful interchange of happenings and ideas made the meeting worthwhile and interesting. Among the subjects discussed were types of bulletins, color, form, mailing methods and news. The host lodge served a delicious buffet supper.

Delegations from Lorain, O., Lodge Attend Two State Conventions

A large delegation from Lorain, O., Lodge, No. 1301, accompanied by the Elks Ladies Drill Team, took part in the huge parade staged by the Pennsylvania State Elks Association dur-

ing its annual convention at New Castle, Pa. The Lorain contingent was awarded a special prize of \$75 for its fine appearance. The ladies put on an exhibition drill that completely won the crowd of spectators. The Lorain party took along 2,500 books of matches as greetings to the Pennsylvania Elks. The warm welcome accorded the visitors by New Castle Lodge and the State Association will not soon be forgotten.

A party from Lorain Lodge also attended the Ohio State Elks Association Convention at Cedar Point where the ladies drill team was again awarded high honor.

Hastings, Neb., Lodge Observes An Important Anniversary

Ten years ago Hastings, Neb., Lodge, No. 159, moved into its new \$70,000 home. The anniversary of this occasion was celebrated recently with a chicken dinner served to 150 members by the ladies of the American Legion Auxiliary. A floor show was presented.

P.E.R. H. Lloyd Hansen reported on the progress being made in reducing the indebtedness on the home. This is going along so well that hopes are high for a mortgage burning celebration within a very few years. P.D.D. Fred Dickson, of Kearney Lodge, was the main speaker of the evening, and an in-

teresting talk was made by E.R. Jack Bailey, Grand Island.

P.E.R. C. F. Haberman, Marion, O., Lodge, Dies at Petoskey

Marion, O., Lodge, No. 32, has suffered the loss of its senior Past Exalted Ruler, Christian Frederick Haberman, who died at his summer home at Petoskey, Mich., on August 28. Mr. Haberman was one of the three surviving charter members, and an honorary life member of Marion Lodge. For years he resided on Gospel Hill, Marion, and was known by his fellow Elks and other friends as "The Sage of Gospel Hill."

Mr. Haberman was born in Marion in 1854. He had large financial interests in many leading industrial enterprises of the community, was Vice-Pres. of the National Manufacturing Co., Pres. of the Marion Tool Co. and the Marion Hedge and Wire Co. and a member of the State Board of Commerce, and had served as a Trustee of the Ohio Hardware Association.

P.D.D. E. J. Greenwald, Prominent Indiana Elk, Dies at Whiting

Past District Deputy Edward J. Greenwald, of Whiting, Ind., Lodge, No. 1273, died on September 4. His loss is keenly felt by the members of his own lodge and the other lodges of his district. Funeral services were conducted by D.D. L. E. Yoder of Goshen Lodge, assisted by P.D.D. James S. McCarthy and officers of Whiting Lodge. Interment took place in Calvary Cemetery.

Mr. Greenwald was initiated into Whiting Lodge in 1912 as a member of its first class. He became Exalted Ruler in 1915, and later was elected Trustee, serving faithfully in that capacity until the time of his death, and also devoting a great deal of his time and energy to charity work. He was District Deputy in 1929-30 and President of the Indiana North District Elks Association in 1930. He did much to promote that organization and worked continuously in its interest after his term of office expired. Mr. Greenwald was a Trustee of the Indiana Elks Association for several years.



"Mr. Bixby, about that wife you lost last Spring!"

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a Salute to

MASSACHUSETTS

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Watch for other advertisements in this series saluting the 48 states - "America's Finest"

80 Million Gallons... 80 Million Dollars... 80 Years of Experience

You may wonder, when you taste a rich, hearty highball or a silky-smooth Manhattan made with the milder 5 Crown, how Seagram is able to keep the flavor of these fine whiskies so faithfully uniform.

There are three reasons...

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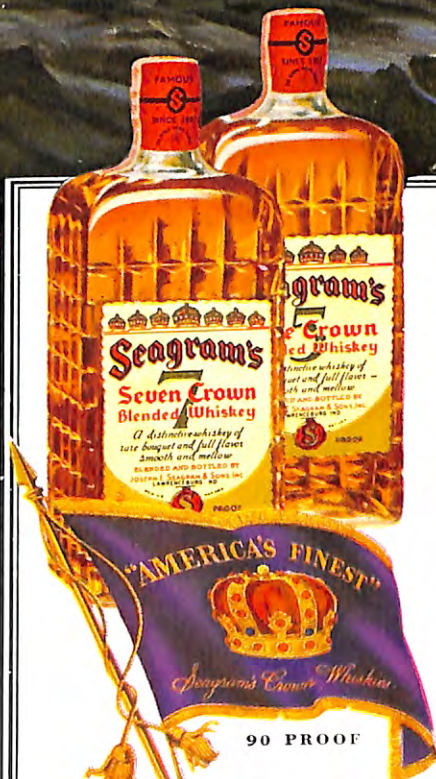
tilleries, warehouses, equipment.

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When you pour yourself a highball from a bottle of Seagram's 7 or 5 Crown, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are drinking "America's Finest". At better bars and package stores.

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Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from American grains.
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SCOTTIE Known variously in early history as Skye, Highland, Cairn, and Scots terrier. Nicknamed the "die-hard" for stout heart and unquenchable love for sport. Extremely independent.



He's giving his
nerves
a rest...

and so
is he

LIKE humans, dogs have a complicated, highly developed set of nerves. But dogs rest when they need rest...while we plunge ahead with our hurry and worry—straining our nerves to keep up the pace. We can't turn back to the natural life of an animal, but we *can* soothe and rest our nerves. Camel cigarettes can be your pleasant reminder to take a helpful breathing spell. Smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos are mild — *soothing* to the nerves.

Successful people advise
"Let up...*light up a Camel*"



RALPH GULDAHL (above), U. S. Open golf champion, reveals: "I've learned to ease up now and again—to let up . . . and light up a Camel. Little breaks in daily nerve tension help to keep a fellow on top. Smoking a Camel gives me a grand feeling of well-being. Here is a cigarette that is actually *soothing* to my nerves!"



DID YOU KNOW:



—that tobacco plants are "topped" when they put out their seed-head? That this improves the quality of leaf? That most cigarette tobacco is harvested by "priming"—removing each leaf by hand? The Camel buyers know where the choice grades of leaf tobacco are—the mild tobaccos that are finer and, of course, more expensive. Camels are a matchless blend of finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS**...Turkish and Domestic.



Smoke 6 packs
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LET UP—*LIGHT UP A CAMEL!*

Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves