

The Elf

Magazine

DECEMBER, 1938



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Ewing Galloway

A Yuletide Greeting

from the
GRAND
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RULER

WE, who are members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks must have a feeling of satisfaction as Christmas time approaches.

It will soon be 75 years since the founding of the Order. During this long period millions of dollars have been expended by members of the Order in behalf of the less fortunate. Year after year many people in our country, both young and old, have greeted the Christmas Morn with a smile because of the thoughtfulness and good deeds of Elk Lodges everywhere.

Knowing that "the Great Benefactor of mankind counts his store in what is spent and not in what is saved," the Order has devoted its efforts, day in and day out, to kindly deeds that might make the world a little brighter for those whose courage has been lost or whose spirits have been crushed. While we, as Elks, are not the type to glory in good deeds done, we, nevertheless, at this time of the year have a perfect right to feel that this Order has not existed in vain. If we study the history of the Order we must feel that our Founders and Predecessors in Elkdom have striven to live in accord with the dictates of the Saviour whose birth we celebrate in December.

In extending to you, my Brothers in Elkdom, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I add the admonition, unnecessary I know, that the world needs us today more than ever before. Let every Elk with the break of dawn on Christmas Morning resolve in his heart to do good at all times to all mankind and "so live that when the final summons comes he may wrap the draperies of his couch about him and lie down to pleasant dreams".

It is my wish to all of you, my Brothers, that the Grand Exalted Ruler of all, in whose likeness and image we have been created, may smile upon you during the coming year and give you greater strength and wisdom to the end that, in serving others, you may find happiness.

Sincerely and Fraternaly yours,

EDWARD J. McCORMICK,
Grand Exalted Ruler.



The Elks Magazine

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

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

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DECEMBER 1938

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Merry

The Redcoats sang on that Christmas Eve, while two men from the frozen hell of Valley Forge searched for a girl

By Howard Fast

Illustrated By
NORMAN PRICE

A CHRISTMAS story, or a love story—I don't know. I know that we were hungry and cold, but we could laugh; men have to. That was in Seventy-seven, toward what we thought was the end, when the tall man had put us all into the valley for the winter. It was cold, but otherwise Valley Forge was a lot like hell.

But Cherry and I were two strong men, and Cherry said to me one day, "We both love a woman."

I was putting sacking around my feet because my shoes were not much like shoes, and Cherry was shivering in front of the fire, trying to warm himself; the fire was so small.

"I don't think about women anymore," I told him, tying the sacking tighter.

"So I say," Cherry went on, "that we should go to Philadelphia town and have our Christmas dinner with the women we love."

"Who's the woman you love?"

"As beautiful as your own Ellen—"

"I have no doubt. But you're mad."

Cherry laughed, and a thin Connecticut farmer sitting near us laughed, too, and coughed until his body was all doubled up. Then it began to snow, and I saw that soon the fire would go out entirely. Cherry began to hum a song, and I thought about a Christmas dinner, all the good steam from the roast rising over the table and filling the room. Where the turkey burst, stuffing oozed forth. I laughed—until Cherry slapped me in the face and told me not to be all kinds of a fool.

"I'm tired," I whispered. "Look at my feet."

"We're two strong men," Cherry said softly. "If we take our leave there'll be fighting enough when we get back. We'll eat our Christmas dinner with the women we love."

"We fight no more. Look at my feet, Cherry. If they hang us as spies it'll be warm, won't it?"

We weren't deserters, or if we were, men were deserting every day. I remember how I was once on guard duty in front of the tall man's house and I looked through the window and saw him sitting there, staring at nothing at all. And he saw nothing. But he had shoes, even if he didn't have much of an army anymore. God, how I envied him his shoes.

We were men going mad, so we did mad things; and what was the difference, if you had to die in the end of cold and hunger anyway?

It was a long walk to Philadelphia. Our regimentals were torn and dirty, so much that they resembled nothing at all, and certainly they were not uniforms. So if they caught us, wouldn't we be hung as spies? And,



you see, that didn't matter; it didn't matter that the town was full of English and Hessians. It was all like a joke, the way we walked out of our camp. There was no army left; there was nothing left, except the tall man who sat in his headquarters and brooded. But I am not telling about that.

Christmas Eve, Cherry and I crept through the outposts into the city. It had stopped snowing now, and the sky was all dull and black. When we saw a sentry standing in the middle of the street and whistling to keep himself warm, we walked toward him like men. Instead of challenging us, he called out Merry Christmas in broken English, and Cherry whispered to me that all Hessians were fools.

"Or maybe we're dreaming. It's like a dream, Cherry."
"We'll go to an inn. A pint of beer'll fix you up."

Gentlemen



Cherry had a goldpiece, which he had been hoarding for months. In front of an inn we stopped and looked at it, Cherry holding it and turning it in the light. Back in camp everyone had admired that goldpiece, and sometimes we would calculate what it was worth in Continental money. But he held on to it anyway, and that was something.

"Buy shoes," I told him.

He was smiling a little, thinking, perhaps, about how we had walked into a city that was practically an armed camp, and here we were on Market Street already; and how long ago was it that we were freezing in Valley Forge?

"Beer and room and a warm bed with this," Cherry said. "If we buy shoes they'll know we're Continentals." He glanced at the sacking bound on my feet, and I began

The red coats still sang, and even if they were the enemy they were men and they were singing Christmas carols

to laugh. I laughed until the tears came down. "Stop that!" he snapped. Then we went into the inn. It was called the Blue Pig and it had a big sitting-room with a fire. Oh, not the kind of a fire we had back there, but a fire of long, fat pine logs, with suckling pigs turning round and round on spits, all dripping with grease and smell.

So we went in, blinking like owls, and we sat down at a table. I sighed. It was warm and the ice was melting from my feet. Then I saw that a party of red-coats sat at a table over by the fire, singing and drinking beer. Cherry saw it, too, but he only grinned at me, and maybe

he was thinking about how it had been yesterday at the camp.

"Let's get away from here," I said to him.

"You're a fool. They're watching us now. Just talk and laugh."

I'm not the sort of person you notice, but Cherry is big and blond, with Yankee written all over him. You look at him wherever he is, and he has fighting-man written upon his face. Few of us have, because most of us are farmers, not fighting men.

"Talk," Cherry whispered. Then he slammed his hand down on the table, calling for beer. "I want a roast," he said to the fat landlord, as if his coat weren't the faintest mockery of a coat, "and a fowl."

The landlord looked at him, and I knew then that he had seen Cherry before. You don't forget Cherry. The redcoats were singing, "God rest you, merry gentlemen—" I wanted to cry. I wondered if it hurt to hang by the neck till dead; but it wasn't that.

"Talk," Cherry whispered to me. "For God's sake, man, this is Christmas Eve, so don't act like a murderer hiding in his den. Talk, and tell me about that girl of yours, and forget about the war."

"I love her," I mumbled, quite certain that I shouldn't ever see her again.

"Good boy. Her name's Ellen May."

"I told you—"

"Yes. Keep those sacking-feet under the table, and tomorrow we'll tell the Continental army how we had our Christmas dinner in Philadelphia. I don't like that fat landlord—"

"He knows you."

"What of it?"

The beer came, and I drained my mug. While Cherry whistled, I hungrily watched the landlord carve the roast. When had I had enough to eat? Do Continentals eat? I still wanted to cry, but I said to Cherry, "Your girl—who is she? Where does she live? Maybe I know her, if she's a Philadelphia lassie."

Cherry grinned, but he didn't answer me, and I listened to the redcoats, who were singing, "Dame, get up and bake your bread, dame, get up and bake your bread—"

"We're two great friends," Cherry said, "so what do women matter? And if we're hung as spies before morning, we'll look into each other's eyes."

The roast came, and as fast as I could I stuffed it into me. Cherry, too; and even the redcoats stopped their singing to watch the way we ate. But by now we had had two more mugs of beer, each of us, and if the redcoats were there we didn't care too much. The fat landlord stood by us, looking at Cherry, sometimes looking at me, but looking at Cherry most of all.

When he had gone Cherry said,

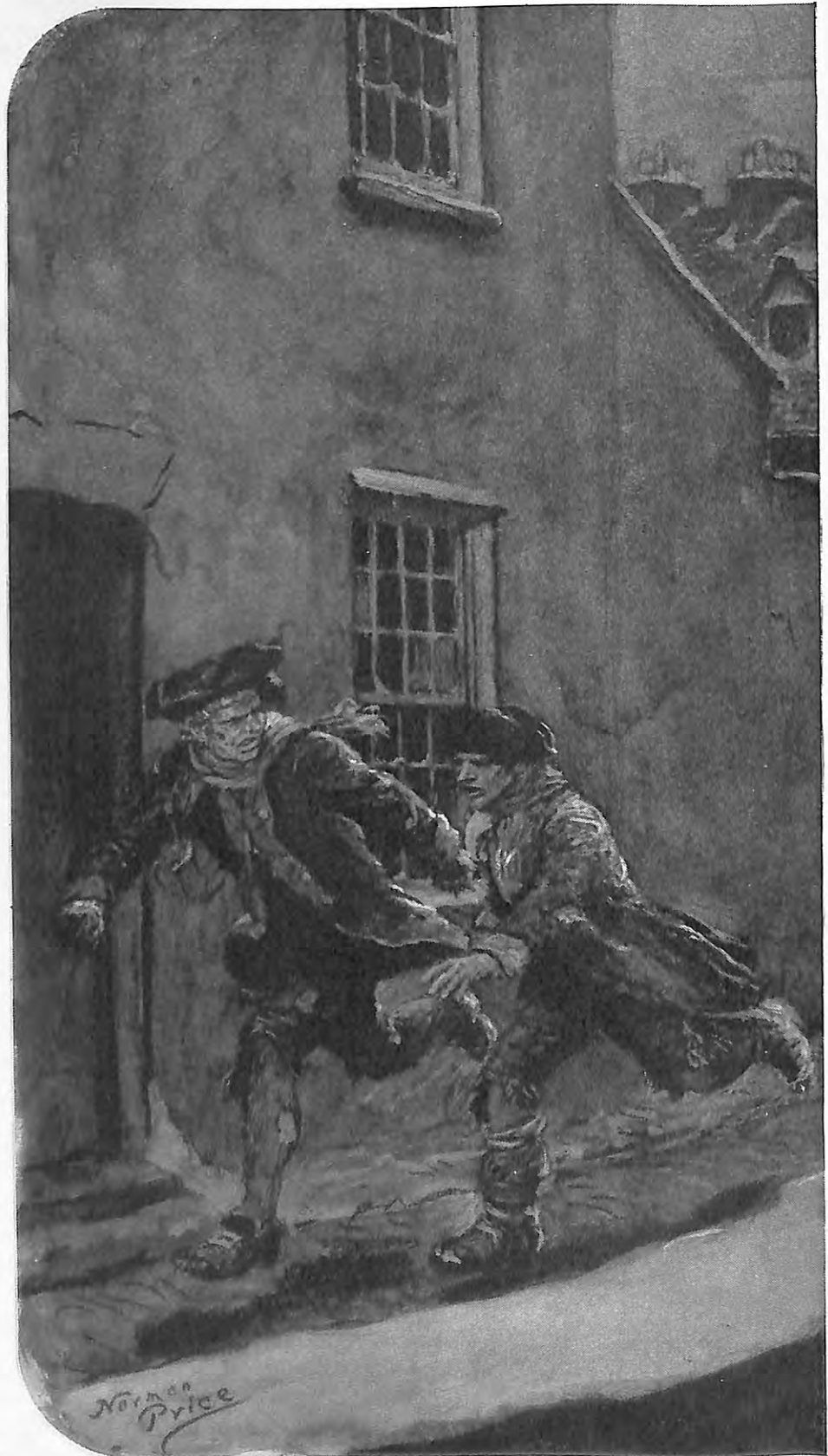
"Before the war I owned this inn—and two others. Yes, he knows me."

I nodded at the soldiers.

"If he talks to them I'll wring his fat throat as I would squeeze a tick."

"And we'll both swing in the morning," I told Cherry.

Cherry laughed and I ate. You see, I didn't care, and maybe you will understand that, if you know what winter was at Valley Forge—no fighting, no marching,



We were through and out in the alley. We ran through to the street behind, Cherry cursing all the time

only small fires and very little food, cold that ate into your bones when you had nothing to cover yourself with. You didn't care any more about just living. When your hands *bled* with the frost you rubbed them with snow, and when the flesh broke off you laughed or you cried. But it killed in you the fear of death. Anyway, it's warm in hell.

The redcoats still sang, and even if they were the enemy they were men and were singing Christmas



carols. At camp we sang no carols. I guess they were all drunk by now because they didn't pay any more attention to us. But the landlord watched us. Cherry called him over, and said to him, "A room with two beds, my man!" Maybe Cherry was just a little drunk.

"My man, eh?"

Cherry made to rise and the landlord wallowed away. I told Cherry that he was an ass and a little drunk, but he only grinned at me. He was full of fire-warmth, of food and drink; and that isn't good for a man who has had no food or drink, except potatoes and rice and water.

"For the love of woman and God, there should be no fear in you!" he cried.

"Only caution, Cherry."

"Tomorrow we go back to hell, with caution enough."

How is it I thought of the tall man then, and how he was sitting and looking at nothing at all. I asked Cherry why I wanted to cry.

"You're soft."

"Christmas, tonight, Cherry."

"If we hang, they'll hang us Christmas Day, and sing a carol."

"Come to bed."

"Am I drunk, laddie?"

"You're a fool, Cherry. You've put your head in a noose."

Cherry laughed. "Come to bed," I said again. I could see how the redcoats were watching us. I was afraid. You see, it's one thing to starve and freeze, and quite another to swing from the end of a rope to the beating of British drums. I should have gone out of the inn then, out of Philadelphia, but I couldn't face the cold. I was tired. "Come to bed," I told him.

I HELPED him upstairs, and when I got him into the room I poured some cold water over his head. He growled deep in his chest and then he shook his head; then he looked at me, with a curious light in his eyes, shivering a little.

"I got you into a precious fix, Tommy," he said softly. "If we hang, your death will be upon my immortal soul. And I can't have that. I don't trust the landlord."

Looking through the window into the inn-yard I saw that it was just beginning to snow. Snow and cold and the long night; and it was many miles back to Valley Forge. My feet would bleed, and I was tired. I wanted to sleep.

"They'll have other things to think of," I said, "since this is Christmas Eve. They'll not bother us."

"Your Ellen May loves you," Cherry said. He was listening for something, I think, his handsome yellow head cocked to one side.

"What of that, Cherry?"

"We're strong, both of us—what's that?"

"Nothing."

Then I heard footsteps in the hall, not one man, but at least four or five. Cherry blew out the lamp, ran to the window and threw it open. "Come along," he whispered.

We climbed out along the eaves, and then we dropped to the roof of a shed. From there it was only a few feet to the wet cobbles of the inn-yard. We were crouching under the shed when we heard someone calling through the window.

"Down there—who goes?"

Cherry took my hand, leading me through the dark. However, we had to come about, so that we were no longer hidden by the roof of the shed, but opposite the window instead. Looking up, I could see men framed and dark in front of the light. Then they saw us.

"Halt down there!"

"Come about!"

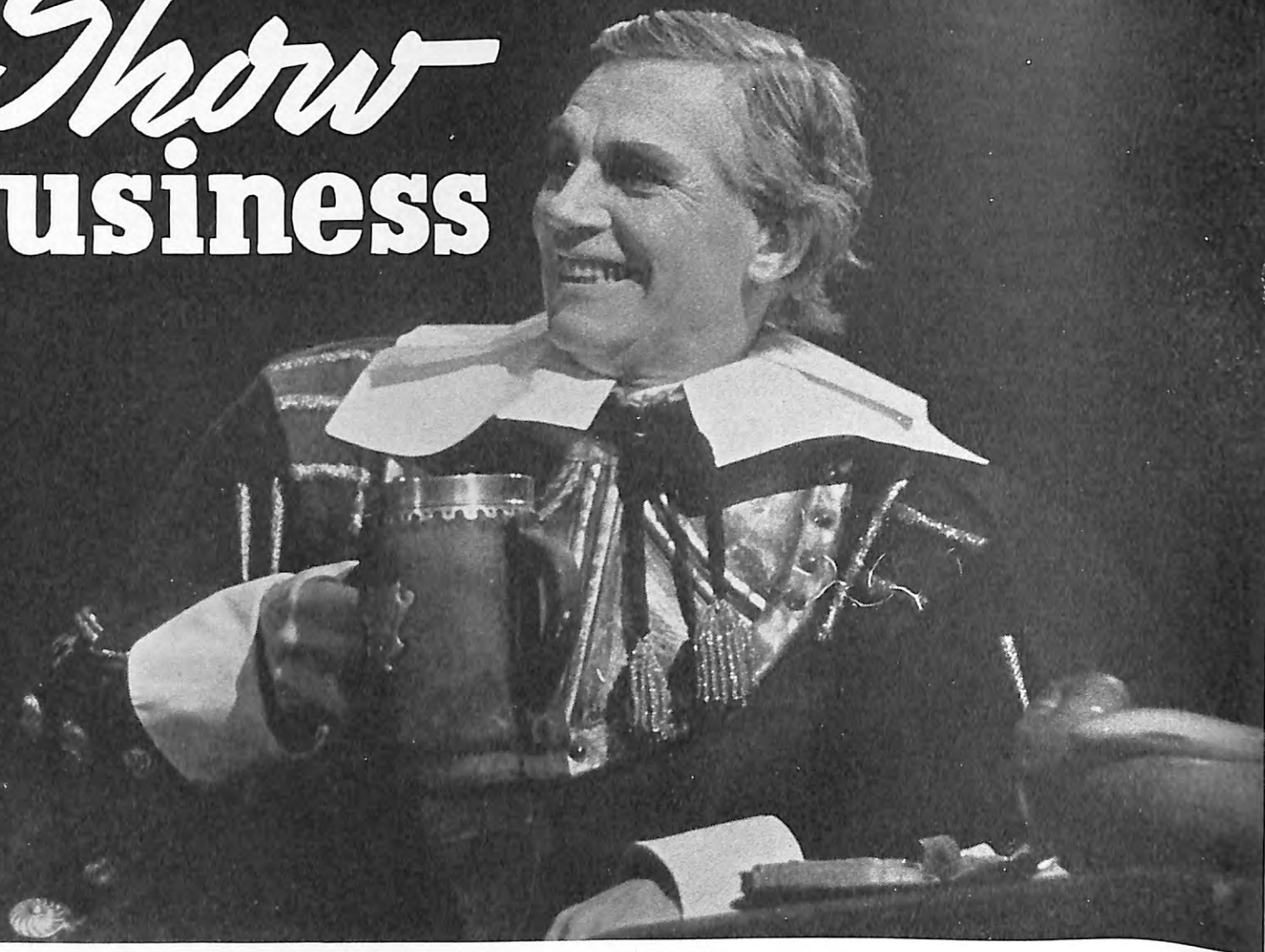
A musket crashed, and little splinters flew from the gate near us. Then Cherry found it, and we were through and out in the alley. We ran through to the street behind, Cherry cursing softly all the time.

"Walk," Cherry whispered. "Sing—"

"God rest you, merry gentlemen—"

We turned a corner, darted back toward Market, and then I saw the men pouring (Continued on page 37)

Show business



Above, is Walter Huston as Peter Stuyvesant in "Knickerbocker Holiday", a musical comedy produced in New York and written by Maxwell Anderson, one of America's celebrated playwrights. "Knickerbocker Holiday" is a triumph for all concerned—Mr. Huston, Mr. Anderson, "The Playwright's Company", which produced it, and for the audience, which sees a tuneful and witty comedy, fully grown and in its right mind. Mr. Anderson's theme deals with a benevolent despot among the early Dutch settlers (Mr. Huston) who is led to see the "American way of living" even before there was an America.

Below, left, James Cagney and Pat O'Brien are teamed as a tough little gangster and a priest, in "Angels With Dirty Faces." The film manages to please the box office, the critics and the social reformers, revealing once more that Warner Brothers are the wisest, most adult and most socially conscious producers in Hollywood.

Victor McLaglen, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Cary Grant, and Sam Jaffe contribute their all to "Gunga Din", an adventure film suggested by Rudyard Kipling's ballad of the same title. Mr. Grant, below, appears to be contributing rather more than his associates.





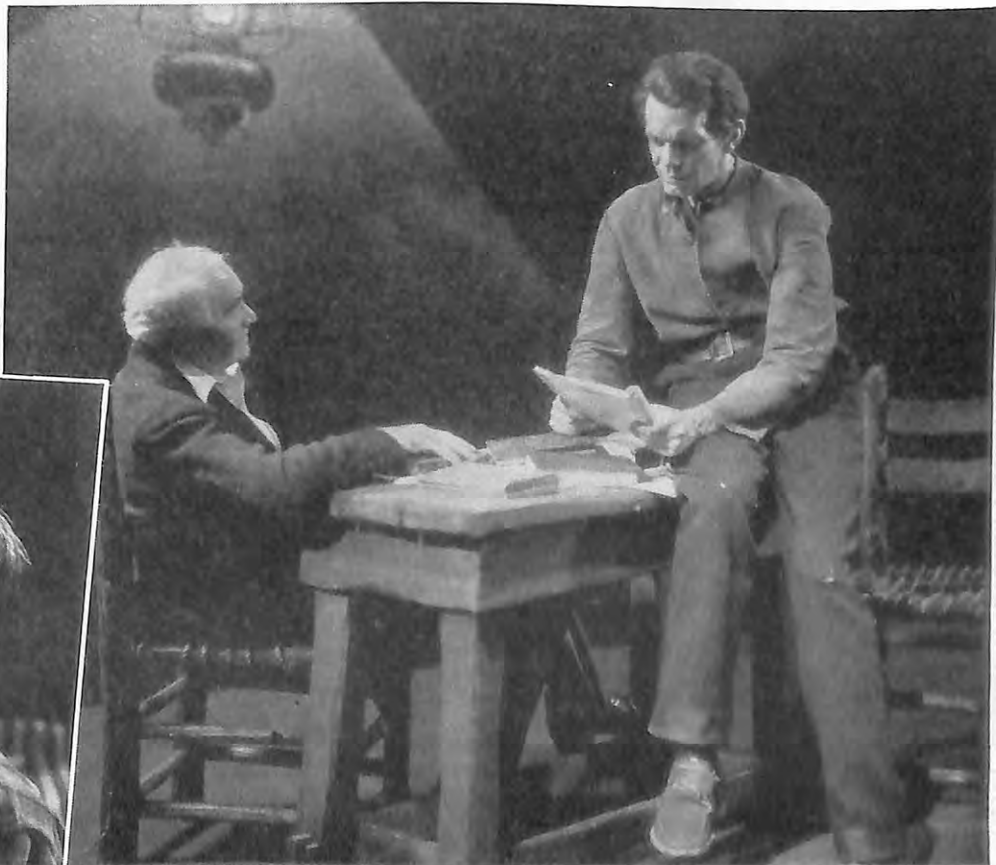
Above are Maurice Evans and Katherine Locke as Hamlet and Ophelia in the great Shakespearean melodrama. Mr. Evans, who is one of the leading figures of the English-speaking stage, presents "Hamlet" in an uncut version, for which the curtain rises at six P. M. and rings down at eleven, with an hour out for dinner. Despite its length, his "Hamlet" has received the accolade of the drama critics and playgoers, and Mr. Evans is nightly playing to packed houses the best Gloomy Dane seen in New York in decades.



Above, right, are Melvyn Douglas, Margaret Sullavan and Joan Crawford as they appear in "The Shining Hour", MGM's latest saga on the difficulties of getting married properly and remaining in that estimable state. Miss Crawford, who is much abused by her husband's (Mr. Douglas') family in "The Shining Hour", takes it on the point of her handsome chin until she finally convinces the family of her own intrinsic worth.

Below, in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois", Raymond Massey gives a beautiful and moving portrait of Abraham Lincoln in one of the most stirring American plays. The new drama, by Robert E. Sherwood, is an eloquent, endearing and timely tribute to all that is fine in the spirit of democracy; it is unquestionably the finest play ever written about Lincoln, and is already considered a classic of the American theater. It augurs well for the future of the new "Playwright's Company", which produced both the Lincoln drama and "Knickerbocker Holiday", that its first two ventures are so eminently in the American tradition, pointing the way to freedom and patriotism.

Below, reluctantly suffering the ministrations of Virginia Weidler, is Mickey Rooney, the star of "Out West with the Hardys", the latest in a series of films which have proved immensely popular throughout the country. The "Hardy" films deal with the joys and disappointments of a family named Hardy. Young Mr. Rooney and the veteran Lewis Stone have starred in all of them.



SHE came awake that morning to the sound of rain beating against the windows, and for a few moments she lay there in the bed, thinking a little wearily, "It would have to be a day like this," as though this little week-end excursion weren't sad enough already, without a full measure of melancholy from the weather.

There was no way of telling what time it was. On a normal day you might guess from the position of the sun (they taught you that, or something like that, when you were a girl scout), but on a day like this, with heavy, low-hanging clouds and a minimum of daylight, there was no judging the time. It might be eight o'clock in the morning, or high noon, or first drink time, or the children's hour. You couldn't know definitely without a watch. Also, you could not really give a damn one way or the other.

She lay back in the bed again, relaxed and desolate. The rain was bouncing off the window-sill and forming a small puddle on the floor. She thought, "I'm twenty-four years old, and in the full bloom of youth, and tomorrow is Thanksgiving, and who the hell cares Some days it doesn't pay to get out of bed."

She couldn't quite grasp the holiday mood that seemed to be expected of her. After all, it was just another football game. In the last six years, she estimated, she had averaged probably four games a year, and that made twenty-four games, and at least twenty of them, she was sure, had been played in the rain. It was an old thing. You sat for two hours in a downpour and shivered, and drank out of a bottle if you were lucky enough to have an escort who owned a bottle, and yelled, and watched people skid around in a couple of acres of mud. And that was fun!

She had worked up quite a decent hate about it when the phone rang. She leaned sideways and picked it up from the table beside the bed.

"Hello!"

"Hello, Cecily?"

She said, "Yes," wondering, a little unreasonably, who else it would be. It was her room, wasn't it?

George Blair's voice said, "It's nine o'clock, Cecily. I thought—"

She said, "Yes," again, interrupt-

ing him. "Yes, George. I'm just dressing. Give me ten minutes, will you? I'll meet you in the lobby." She looked out the window at the streaming rain. "Are we eating in the hotel or going out?"

She shivered a little getting out of bed. She closed the window and stood for a moment listening to the self-important sputtering of the radiator in the corner. The sound depressed her for some reason. Maybe, she thought, because it meant that another winter was coming in, and that meant another year wasted, and there had been so many years already.

The shower helped some. She turned it on so steaming hot that it almost cooked her, and then icy cold, and gave herself a brisk rub-down with a towel, and came out glowing a little, and feeling a lift from the melancholy. The room was warmer now, but her clothes were damp and clammy against her flesh. She put on a sweater and skirt, and had her hair half done when the phone rang again. She let it ring this time. If it wasn't George she didn't want to talk to whoever it might be. And if it was George she didn't want to talk to him either. If she didn't answer he'd assume she was on her way down, and it was easier letting him assume

Illustration by
W. EMERTON HEITLAND



We'll Never Meet Again

By D. D. Beauchamp

He'd never see himself as he really was—but Cecily did, and she had no time to waste

that than trying to think up another reason for being so late. She put on a trench coat and pulled the brown felt slouch hat down over her hair. It was a good hat on her usually, but this morning she got no satisfaction from her reflection in the mirror. She stood studying herself. Black hair, brown eyes, mouth, nose, teeth Picture of a girl, she thought, about to go down to a hotel lobby and be a charming companion. She yanked the hat a little lower over her eyes, but the effect wasn't there. It just wasn't one of her good days.

She walked past the elevator and on down the three flights of stairs. Already the halls were busy thoroughfares. People were running back and forth. Mostly young people, a little excited, and a little loud. She brushed past them feeling apart and slightly envious.

The downpour of rain had stopped by the time she reached the lobby, and all that was left was a heavy, clinging mist in the air and the dismal dripping of water from the eaves.

George looked disgustingly cheerful. She paused on the stairs searching for him, and found him, finally, standing alone and with no hat on, his blonde hair a spot of brightness in the lobby. He saw her as she reached the bottom of the stairs and came forward.

"I was watching the elevator for you. I thought—"
He was smiling, and she felt a little guilty, suddenly.



They walked to the stadium because it was easier to walk than to try and park a car. The crowd got thick and boys along the street were selling souvenirs of the game.

"I'm so sorry I'm late, George," she said. "I try so hard, honestly. I was out in the hall and there was a run in my stocking, and I had to go back."

He smiled down at her feminine helplessness. He was so nice, really. It was too bad that she couldn't be in love with him, and get married and settle down. It would simplify things so much. She'd do it ultimately, she supposed. After she'd forgotten all about this other thing—forever.

"It doesn't matter," George said. "I just thought we'd prowl around for a while before the game. We could have breakfast here if you'd rather."

She said, "Oh, no," brightly. The revolving doors were another sign of imminent winter. She went through, resisting an insane impulse to go around and around, and stepped into the damp, cold air. Walnut



They had a drink, and it was going to be a little difficult she could see. She tried to think of something bright to say.

Street was already populous at this hour in the morning. As they walked along she heard a scattering of comments on the game.

"—aerial attack'll be all shot to hell with a wet ball—"

"—can't expect a light, fast team to go good in the mud. If they had a dry field—"

They went by a parade of yellow and green slickers topped by old felt hats, or the bright color of freshman caps. Four co-eds came by in a group, walking arm in arm, looking fresh and young and excited. Like ghosts, Cecily thought. The very young ghosts of everyone I ever knew, and of all the things I ever did.

She walked along, keeping pace with George, feeling a little awkward in the galoshes. Water dripped from the barren trees along the walks and ran in muddy streams in the gutters. George helped her when she had to jump the miniature rivers at the end of every block. There were four helps and that was four blocks, and then she could see the grey stone piles of the Laboratory, and the Gymnasium, and the towers and spires of the other buildings beyond, and the walks under the trees on the campus. It made her feel worse than she had felt before.

They ate breakfast finally in a cramped-up booth in a dark back room of the College Shop. The place was jammed. Smoke hung in clouds around the lights on the ceiling and a phonograph was blaring. It would have to be a song like that, Cecily thought. It was Benny Goodman's record of Loch Lomond, and Martha Tilton was singing it, and maybe it was swing, but if you listened to it the right way it could be sad, too . . .

"*It was there that we parted, in you shady glen—*"

It wasn't a glen, Cecily thought; it was the bleachers out at the baseball field, but what difference did it make? You could part there just as well as any place else, and for just as long.

A BOY brought their breakfast in and she tried to concentrate on orange juice, and crisp bacon, and scrambled eggs, and toast and coffee. They smoked cigarettes and George talked about the game. He was excited about it, and slightly apologetic for being excited.

"That's a state of mind you develop from being a substitute," he said, "shining up the bench with the seat of your pants while the other boys get the glory. Maybe it's a modified form of hero worship. . . . It's a funny thing. Eight years ago when I was in school, football was one of the more important things on earth. You outgrow so many things—"

"Yes," she said, "I suppose you do. Some things, that is."

George was smiling at her. "There's one kid I'm anxious to see in action," he said. "A sophomore. They say he's the greatest back they've had here since—"

It was funny, she thought. Ever since last night she had been trying not to remember him, or think of him, and now George was going to talk about him.

"—Hob Elliot," George said. "You remember—All-America in '36. Then played one season with the Giants."

He put his cigarette out in the ash tray, and a thought suddenly occurred to him. "Say, you must have been in school when he was, weren't you?"

He could ask that question so casually.

"Yes," Cecily said. She put her coffee cup down and sat there with her hands clutching each other under the table. "He was with my class. Yes, I knew Hob rather well."

It was a little inadequate, she thought. For a moment she sat, trying to imagine astonishment on George's face if she should say all the words that came into her mind in a breathless rush. If she should say, "The last year in school I was Hob Elliot's personal property, and he was mine, and I wore his fraternity pin, whatever that means, and we intended being married after we got out of school, and Hob had a job out in Washington and for a year we wrote to each other every two days, and the date for the wedding was all set, and after that he didn't write at all, and I'm still in love with him, and that's why I didn't want to come back to this damned place, ever!"

Not that it was a sacred shrine of love imbedded in

her heart, or any of that sentimental tripe. It was just that given the time and place you couldn't help remembering things, and these little excursions into the past were of no use as far as she could see.

After all, it was only her pride that was hurt, or, at least, people always said that was what it was. But she had been so sure of herself, and of Hob, in those days; and then, after a while, his letters began to come more and more infrequently, and after that they didn't come at all. That was the thing that hurt the most. It wasn't losing him that was so bad, but it was never knowing why. Never knowing anything definite; like, is he dead, or married, or anything like that. And if you didn't know those things definitely there was always that little hope that you couldn't get rid of.

George said, "Is anything wrong, Cecily?"

"No," she said. "I was just remembering something."

HE was reassured. She smiled at him and started drinking her coffee again. "I'm not in love," she thought, "I'm just hungry." She started to laugh about that and then stopped, because it wasn't very funny anyway. Somebody had turned the Benny Goodman record on again, and she sat there and thought, "That's the way it was, and that's the way it always will be," because the record was saying, "*Me and my true love will never meet again—*"

Some mornings are short, and some are long, and that was one of the long ones. The rain had stopped, but a cold wind was blowing and the damp chill went through the thin coat she was wearing. They went back to the hotel for warmer clothes. The lobby was jammed with people looking for each other, and yelling, and shaking hands, and embracing each other. Cecily went up to her room and put on a jacket over the sweater and traded the trench coat for a heavy tweed.

They had cocktails before lunch and she felt better for a while. After that they got in George's car and drove around, going in and out of driveways and stopping at fraternity houses, and having drinks, and meeting people. Some of the people she remembered. She couldn't always put names to faces, but she remembered them well enough. She saw a lot of strange people, too, but George seemed to know everybody and after a while she got used to the handshaking, and the formula of "Miss Summers, Mr. Entwhistle," or Peabody, or Joe Doakes, or whoever it happened to be. Fifty percent of the people they met were already tight, and the other fifty percent were hopped up with a holiday excitement and it was all a little mad. It could be fun, she saw, if only you get in the mood of the thing. If you could just forget your troubles, and who you were, and

everything else for this one day. And if only every place you went you didn't remember something in spite of yourself.

She almost balked at the Phi Gam house. There was such a thing, she thought, as asking too much of a girl. She stood for a moment at the foot of the walk looking up at the porch, and standing there, she remembered Hob the way that she knew him best. He wore the most disreputable clothes in college, but you never noticed that. If he had on a sweat shirt and a pair of corduroy pants you didn't notice them. The thing you noticed were his shoulders, and his neck, and the way his head was set, and the black curly hair, and the sudden way he smiled.

"Please, God," she thought, "I won't be like this for the rest of my days."

She felt a little stricken, but she managed to smile at George and take his arm going up the walk.

"Speaking as a gal who got around," she said, "I was always very fond of Fijis."

The game was called at two o'clock. They walked to the stadium because it was easier to walk than to try and park a car. A block from the stadium the crowd got thick and boys along the street were selling souvenirs of the game. George was laden down with a collection of steamer rugs and every once in a while Cecily had to hold them while he fumbled in his pockets for change to buy little footballs, or pennants, or programs, or something.

The stadium was almost full by the time they waded through the mob at the gates. It smelled of wet concrete, and cigarette smoke, and damp clothes. They came in under full sail with the pennants flying, and the colored ribbons whipping in the wind.

They had seats in the fourth row on the fifty yard line, right in back of the players' bench. You could see what was going on without the aid of a telescope, and you wouldn't have to go out and buy a paper after the game to find out who had won.

IT was necessary to walk on a few people to get where they were going, and Cecily was laughing when they reached their seats. It pleased George. "He's been so nice," she thought. "Putting up with me in a mood. As though other people didn't have troubles."

She said, "I'm sorry I was so low this morning. It's such a sad day and all."

"I guess you were tired," George said. "After that long drive last night, and the hotel was so damned noisy." He grinned at her. "I'm afraid I sort of talked you into coming anyway."

He spread one of the rugs to sit on, and the other one he put over



She remembered George standing patiently behind her.

(Continued on page 39)

The Pixie Business

By S. H. Walker and Ted Key

BY this time you all know a lot about magazine publishing.

You know how fiction is written, and how people like John Gunther travel around the world, questioning celebrities impertinently and fashioning the answers into articles. You know how glossy literary agents sell articles and fiction to editors. And you know how illustrators read the stories and picture the salient situations to catch your eye.

Perhaps you even know a little about typography and layout.

But there is one phase of magazine publishing today that we'll bet you don't know about—that many editors and publishers don't fully understand. We refer to the pixie business, gag-cartoons.

Look through the back pages of this magazine. You'll see a number of little drawings. They illustrate imaginary, comic situations—old gentlemen squatting on the horns of a dilemma, or boys having trouble with girls. Under each drawing a line or two of dialogue makes the point of the joke.

These drawings are known in the business as gag-cartoons, and, for all any of us ordinary mortals know, they might have been put on the pages by pixies.

Clearly, these drawings reveal the pixie mind. They don't illustrate anything; they aren't informative or educational—but they have a way of catching your eye and making you lose your place in that article you were reading.

The drawings are the work of gag-cartoonists. And, as a matter of fact, gag-cartoonists are closely related to pixies.

One gag-cartoonist—a man whose work you often see in the national magazines—was told several years ago that his drawings looked as though he had done them upside-down. Ever since, he has drawn upside-down.

The four Ross brothers, all successful gag-cartoonists, publish over the names Ross, Roth, Salo and Roir. The one called Roir can't even pronounce it.

Another gag-cartoonist, Art Helfant, never intended to be one. But in an army camp in 1918 lightning struck his tent, killed his two companions and temporarily paralyzed him. He promptly became a gag-cartoonist and he remains one today.

That may give you a vague idea.

Of course, gag-cartoonists have their non-pixie aspects. They grumble about editors; they moan about the competition; they state that it is impossible to make a living drawing gag-cartoons; in short, they are business men, and we will consider them in that light.

Theirs is a business—make no mistake about that. And, as we shall demonstrate, they do make a living.

Today gag-cartoons appear not only in the *Elks*; not only in *Judge*, and the *New Yorker*, and *Esquire*, but also in *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*, and in *Liberty*, and even in such specialized magazines as *Tide*, the journal of advertising and marketing. The news-magazines, such as *Time* and *Newsweek*, are about the only ones devoid of gag-cartoons.

The job of sprinkling American printed matter with hundreds of illustrated gags every week and every month of the year is now a part of the entertainment industry, like radio or the movies. Only the gag-cartoon business is less familiar; many people do not realize that it exists as a business.

When you stop to think about gag-cartoons you probably remember one or two big names, like Peter Arno or William Steig. But if you look over the one hundred-odd cartoons that *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's* between them publish every month, you will find very few by Steig, and probably none by Arno. The great volume of work is being turned out, not by the five or six famous stylists, but by a group of fifty or sixty industrious artisans whose names you have often seen but seldom noted.

Most of these elfin business men had beginnings as improbable as the cartoons they draw. George Wolfe was a radio mechanic. Carl Rose drove a taxi in New York. Joe Easley was a carpenter. Colin Allen was a sailor—a red-headed one, at that. Ted Scheel was a champion bicycle rider, and Gregor Duncan was a San Francisco Seal.

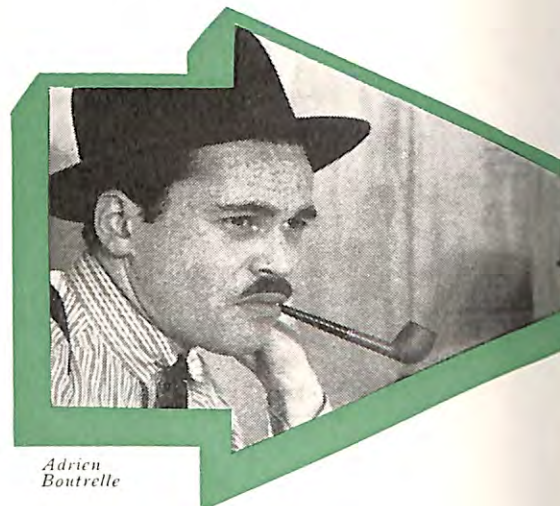
But today these men, and half-a-hundred others, keep you chuckling while you read—whether you're reading P. G. Wodehouse, romantic fiction or a serious article on America's trade with Japan.

Of course, their work is a recent innovation. Time was when you could read your magazine in peace. Twenty years ago, if a reader of *The*



Union Pacific
Railroad Photo

Above: Jay Irving grins at one of his own ideas. On the opposite page is one of the policemen gags which have brought Mr. Irving to fame and fortune.

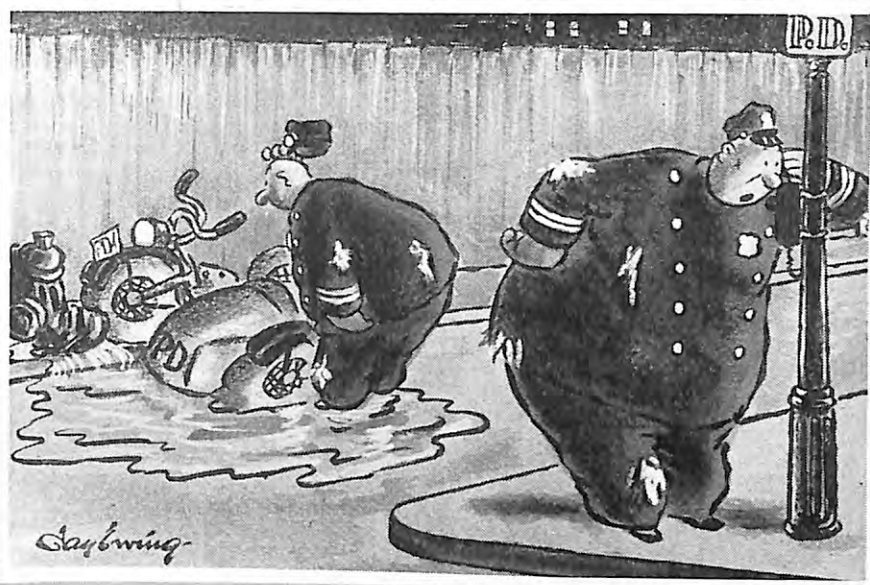


Adrien
Boutrelle

Hal Sherman concentrates like fury once he gets started, and then he can't stop. On the opposite page is one of his favorite gags.

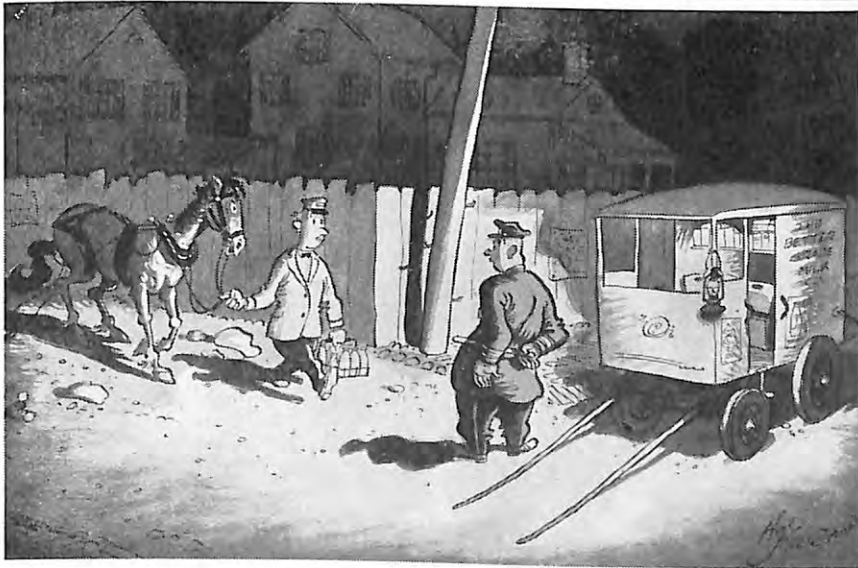


Above is Reamer Keller, the Lone Wolf of Staten Island, as he appeared some years ago. He has aged considerably since, but gracefully



"Er, hullo, Sergeant? Uh . . . there's a busted hydrant, corner of Sixth and Main Streets."

Courtesy of Collier's



"He gets scared when I leave him alone."

Courtesy of Collier's



"That's Kennesaw's idea for keepin' the milk cool."

Courtesy of Collier's

Illustrated gags—and some of the strange half-world creatures who create them . . .

Saturday Evening Post had come across a gag-cartoon in the back pages he would have concluded that George Horace Lorimer had lost his mind. In those days you bought one of the humorous magazines—*Puck*, *Life* or *Judge*—when you wanted to look at cartoons.

Those publications never carried a great deal of advertising. A loyal band of subscribers supported them, and they tried to keep their pages warm and friendly. Their editors spent money as they saw fit. Their chief stock-in-trade being gag-cartoons, this meant that they spent large sums to discover and train and coddle gag-cartoonists. Drawing gag-cartoons was an art and not a business, in those days.

This was true until 1929, more or less. The cartoonists who caught on in the 20's, like John Held, Jr., lived in a thick mist of \$10 bills and adulation.

Times were lush for the young and brilliant. One of the last of these to cash in was a twenty-year-old Midwesterner named Ed Graham, whose name is still mentioned with envy. He arrived in New York at the height of the boom and showed his drawings around. He clicked, and before he realized what had happened he was selling covers to *Life* and *Judge* on alternate weeks and making literally more money than he knew what to do with.

He bought the things he had always wanted. He bought tennis rackets and hiking shoes; he bought boxing gloves and badminton sets, to the profit of Abercrombie & Fitch, and he gave it all away. He gave Jack Shuttleworth, the editor of *Judge*, a \$75 schnauzer. He gave all his friends dogs.

That sort of thing had happened before, but when the crash came it ceased to happen. Ed Graham has a respectable job with an advertising agency now, and probably he thanks the Lord, once each day, that he quit drawing gag-cartoons.

The old *Life* has vanished. *Judge* has changed from a rambunctious weekly to a monthly, naturally buying fewer cartoons. More gag-cartoons are being published than ever before, but they're being published by business men, for sound business reasons.

Typically, big general magazines like *Collier's* and the *Post* print gag-cartoons in the back pages, where they also print the advertisements. People turn to the back pages to

look at the cartoons and they linger to read the advertisements and that pleases the advertisers. Everybody's happy.

Gag-cartoons are no longer the main dish, as they were in the old humorous magazines; they serve now merely as appetizers or condiments.

This is not to say that gag-cartoons are less funny or less well done than they used to be. Editors still select the cartoons, but publishers have the final word. And being business men, publishers prefer professional finish to personal brilliance. They get what they prefer.

Every cartoon you see in print is the result of a long and arduous experience, beginning with the creation of a gag. Gag-cartoonists eat gags and sleep with them. They keep files of gags; they awake at three to jot down gags from their dreams.

There are only a few basic gag-situations: the man and his mother-in-law, the boy and girl on a sofa, the gold digger and her prey, the discomfited prize-fighter—these are some of the most reliable.

Some years ago a gag-machine was placed on the market and some cartoonists actually bought the device. However, it would not be of much use today. It is no longer possible to take a used mother-in-law gag, redraw it as happening among Eskimos, and convince an editor that here is something new. That happened

in the 20's, but it can't happen now—at least, not quite so crudely.

Here is an example of the change in gags in the last decade, before and after:

1. *Judge*, 1928. A little colored boy and a little white boy have been fighting. An elderly bystander says to the little white boy, "Now, now! Be a good sport. Don't cry because he gave you a black eye."

The little white boy replies, "Boo-oo. I ain't cryin' 'cause he gimme a black eye!—Boo-oo—I'm cryin' 'cause I give *him* a black eye, and ya can't see it. Boo-oo!"

2. *The New Yorker*, 1938. A little boy of five is sitting on a park bench with his girl. Another five-year-old stands ogling the girl, not unsuccessfully. Barks the infant on the bench, "Take a powder, Dolan."

Constructing a fresh, professional gag like this one of Whitney Darrow's is only the first step the modern gag-cartoonist takes in the effort to put his work before you. To succeed, he must cultivate all his gifts; not only must he create gags, steal gags and resuscitate gags in large numbers (or else buy his gags from specialists—which hurts), he must also be able to draw, preferably well.

And he must get out and sell.

In effect, he must combine the virtues of an artist



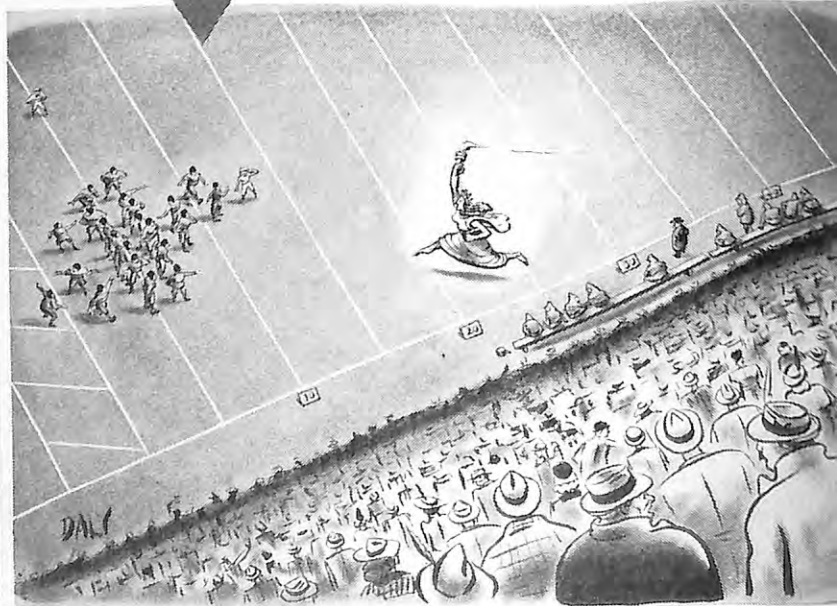
Going Carbo behind his cheaters is Jaro Fabry, snapped at the English Derby.

"Well, of all the nerve. That man I winked at is coming over here!"



George Daly has just thought up a hot new gag. You can tell by the puckish look.

"My theory is that they're gonna try that old Statue of Liberty play."



and Joe Miller, with a little of the Fuller Brush Man. There's a system, centered around "roughs"—which are simply preliminary sketches illustrating gag-ideas. Commonly a gag-cartoonist does up ten or twelve on ordinary white or yellow copy paper, and then starts on a round of the magazine offices. If he is lucky, two or three of his dozen roughs will be marked "OK" before he wears out his shoes.

Gag-cartoonists frequently moan about the necessity of doing roughs, but the system is here to stay. Formerly, it made more sense. An artist could submit five or six roughs and get three or four OK's. But the business is growing and the competition is warming up. Today some gag-cartoonists make their rounds with thirty or forty roughs instead of ten. When it became known, not long ago, that the King Features Syndicate wanted gag-cartoons, one man drew on his files and showed up with five hundred.

What makes it worse is that an OK is not equivalent to a sale; it simply means that the editor has given his permission for the rough to be done up as a finished drawing and submitted again. Then the editor may buy the finished drawing, or order it done over again, or reject it. If he rejects it, the cartoonist may either scam or do what one of the fraternity, Abe Birnbaum by name, is alleged to have done at the *New Yorker*.

A prim young lady brought his roughs out to him in the waiting room and told him they didn't want any part of them.

At these words, Mr. Birnbaum permitted fury to distort his features. "You're rejecting these?" he said, in a tone of indignant incredulity. "You can't reject these. These are the funniest drawings in the world!"

The young lady had never had an experience of this kind. She tottered back into the sanctum with the Birnbaum roughs, and shortly reappeared with two OK's.

However, this sort of tactic only works once. You may take it as a rule that for every gag-cartoon you see in print, from eight to a dozen roughs, at least, have been done in vain.

Even so, you may sometimes feel that the printed cartoons you see are not very funny. If they are not, you can't conclude that the editors and publishers don't try. In their effort to make you laugh, the biggest magazines which pay most for cartoons have set up an exceedingly thorough method of selection. It causes the cartoonists not only to moan, but to howl.

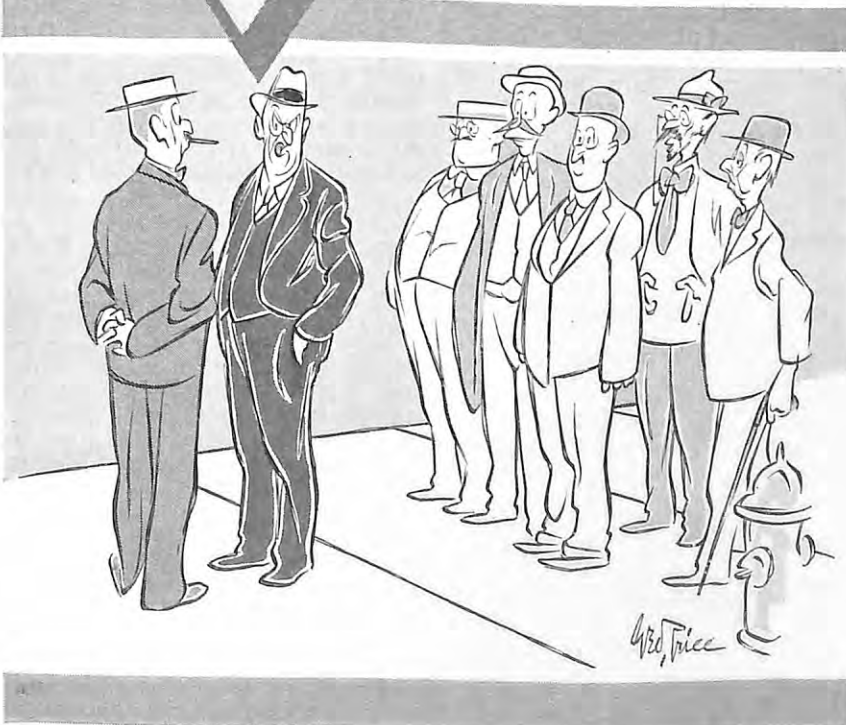
According to this method, one man in the offices of the big publications spends his whole time looking at roughs (two thousand a week at *Collier's*) and issuing OK's and rejections.

Then, when the finished (Continued on page 41)



George Price, left, who is one of the old stand-bys for the *New Yorker*, hates having his picture taken (see left). His gags specialize in impossible situations.

"They're friends—left over from the old Dale Carnegie days."



Courtesy of the *New Yorker*



International News

We're sorry not to reproduce one of Peter Arno's famous gags, but Mr. Arno, above, doesn't like to be considered a gag man. He is an artiste.



Ernest Hemingway, observing artillery bursts during the Civil War in Spain. His new book, "The Fifth Column and The First Forty-Nine Stories," published by Scribners, brings for the first time into one volume all the short stories he has written. It includes also his first full-length play about the Spanish Civil War.

What America Is Reading

Highlights in New Books

By Harry Hansen

WITH great admiration I have been reading "Disaster Fighters," Fairfax Downey's compact, dramatic and thrilling account of the major disasters that have befallen North America in the last fifty years. One chapter appeared in *The Elks Magazine* in September, entitled "The Mountain That Was Not Dead". The whole book describes more than twenty catastrophes, some of them the unexpected assaults of the elements, others the result of human negligence and inefficiency. In each case Mr. Downey tells what the Red Cross did to mitigate the suffering

and provide relief for the helpless.

There is something here that ought to make us think about our individual responsibilities. Thus the terrible mine disaster at Cherry, Ill., in 1909, in which 259 men died, came because workers did not see that a load of hay came in contact with a kerosene torch that dripped burning oil. In the second place, there was no adequate fire-fighting equipment. The men were trapped. Only those able to isolate themselves against the flames and fumes survived. The Triangle fire in New York City in 1911 had many deaths because the fire es-

capas were inadequate. Earthquakes are a different story (Mr. Downey describes Mont Pelee and San Francisco), but forest fires may be traced to failures of human beings to prevent them. We are learning, almost too late, to fight floods and dust storms by making preparations to arrest huge bodies of water and replant denuded areas, but here the responsibility is wider and bears down on every governor and legislature, every congressman and senator.

Mr. Downey has brought these disasters home to us by showing how they affected men and women who survived them. We read how the people of the Dust Bowl choked in the unending dust, unable to keep it out of their food; unable to protect their animals. We read how families were marooned on barns and rafts, floating in the swift currents, during the great floods of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. We see the desperation of the holiday makers on board the Eastland in the Chicago river, digging their hands into the planks as the ship turns over, struggling at the rail, falling into the water. We watch the creeping horror of Mont Pelee. . . .

These are vivid and exciting chapters. They ought to make us think. Half the disasters in this country can be avoided. The rest can be prepared for. And you and I can't dismiss this work of preparation with a shrug of the shoulders and the remark: "Let George do it." We have to shoulder the responsibility ourselves. (Putnam, \$3).

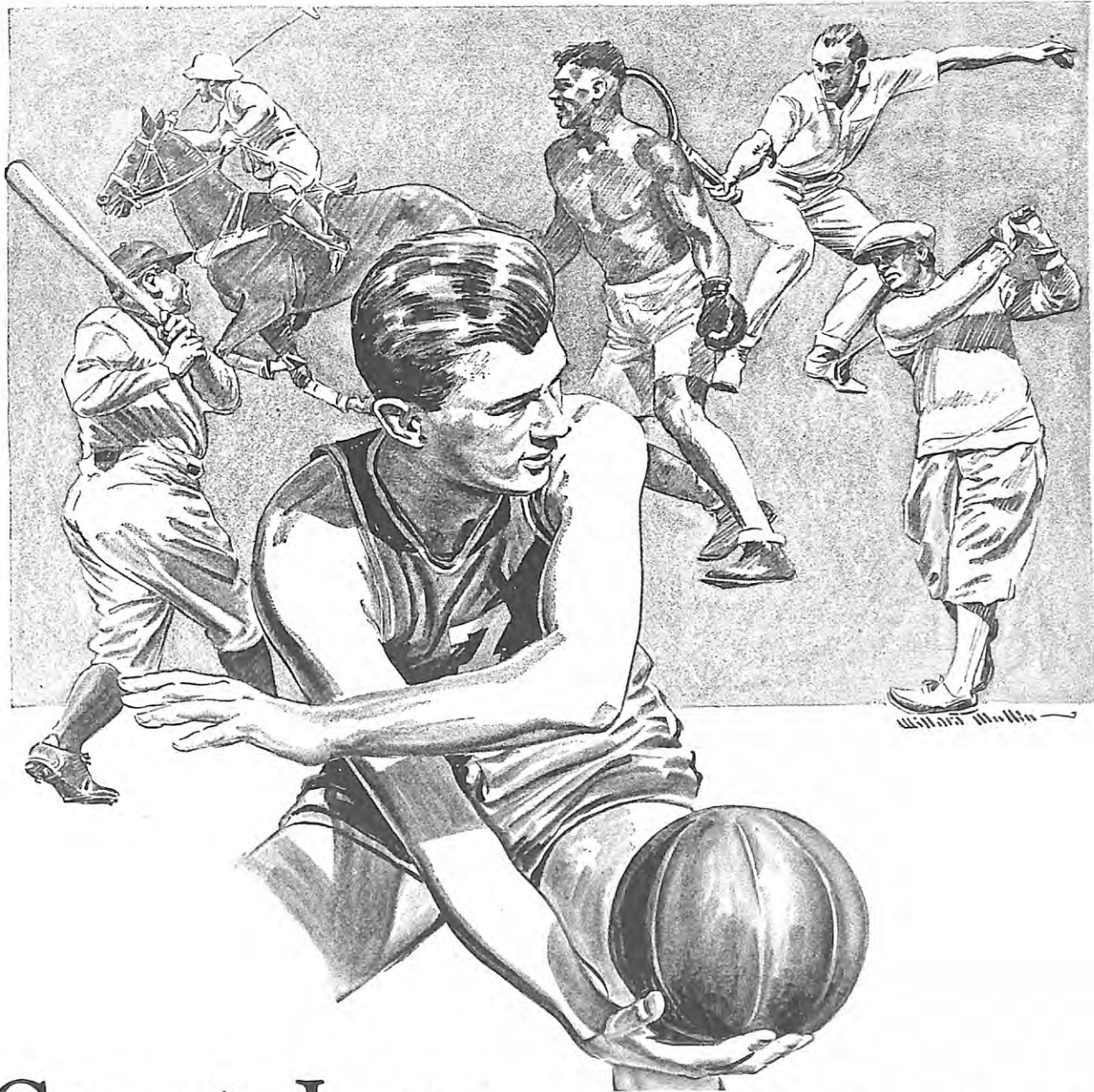
Hemingway's New Book of Stories and a Play

Ernest Hemingway's new book is called "The Fifth Column and the First Forty-Nine Stories" and takes its title from this circumstance: Hemingway had planned a collection of all his short stories, of which there were forty-nine. Then he wrote a play, "The Fifth Column," and decided to add it to the book. This play has not yet been produced. It seems that General Franco said that he had four fighting columns and a fifth column supporting him in secret behind the lines of the Loyalist government in Madrid. Hemingway's play deals with the work of an American agent for the Spanish government, Philip Rawlings, who is engaged in checkmating the traitors. For a period his determination is undermined by an American newspaper woman, with whom he has a love affair, but this is counteracted by his association with a Spanish woman. The play revolves around his activities and shows how he gets rid of the American girl and carries on. It is compact, highly dramatic and characteristically Hemingway, but how it will

(Continued on page 50)



S. S. Van Dine, Gracie Allen and George Burns. Gracie (herself) and George (in person) play major roles in "The Gracie Allen Murder Case"—Scribners.



Court Lore

by Stanley Frank

In which Mr. Frank,
like a whirling dervish,
turns to basketball

THE bare, unembellished facts in the case were as intriguing and arresting as an Oxford diploma behind the bar of a waterfront honky-tonk. Even the most casual sports fan realized that Stanford's Hank Luisetti was responsible for an astonishing achievement when he scored fifty points against Duquesne in a basketball game played at Cleveland on New Year's Day, 1938. Those fifty incredible points made a stout peg on which a breath-taking headline could be hung, but the genuine significance went far beyond a one-day wonder. Luisetti's wild scoring spree was the springboard from which basketball leaped to maturity.

A sport does not graduate from swaddling clothes until it nurtures heroes whom the customers can invest with legendary greatness. Men have been shooting arrows from time immemorial, but archery is strictly bush-league stuff because your well known chum, the man in the street, has no basis for comparing present-

day performances with the all-time batting averages of Robin Hood and William Tell.

Let a ball player break out in a rash of home runs, though, and every literate American will immediately think of Babe Ruth. Does a boxer, with a right-hand punch capable of stunning a horse, suddenly appear? Profound treatises comparing the new killer-diller with Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis forthwith will enlighten the reading public; and a bright star on the football horizon will, sooner or later, be coupled in the betting with Jim Thorpe or Red Grange.

Luisetti performed a similar service for basketball. He crystallized the lore and legend of the game by providing a yard-stick by which all other stirring feats of derring-do can be measured henceforth and forevermore.

Now, Luisetti might be the greatest basketball player ever to tread this footstool. Stanford's captain of last year was a ball of fire, to be sure, but old-time professional fans will holler bloody murder if Henry Angelo is mentioned in the same breath with Nat Holman, Barney Sedran, Johnny Beckman and Dutch Dehnert, who flourished fifteen years ago. That is purely academic. The point is that Luisetti, for one night at least, captivated the imagination of (Continued on page 47)

Nothing Personal

— not Much

By Moran Tudury

It takes a lot of training to make a fine dog—and that's a good thing for certain girls to remember

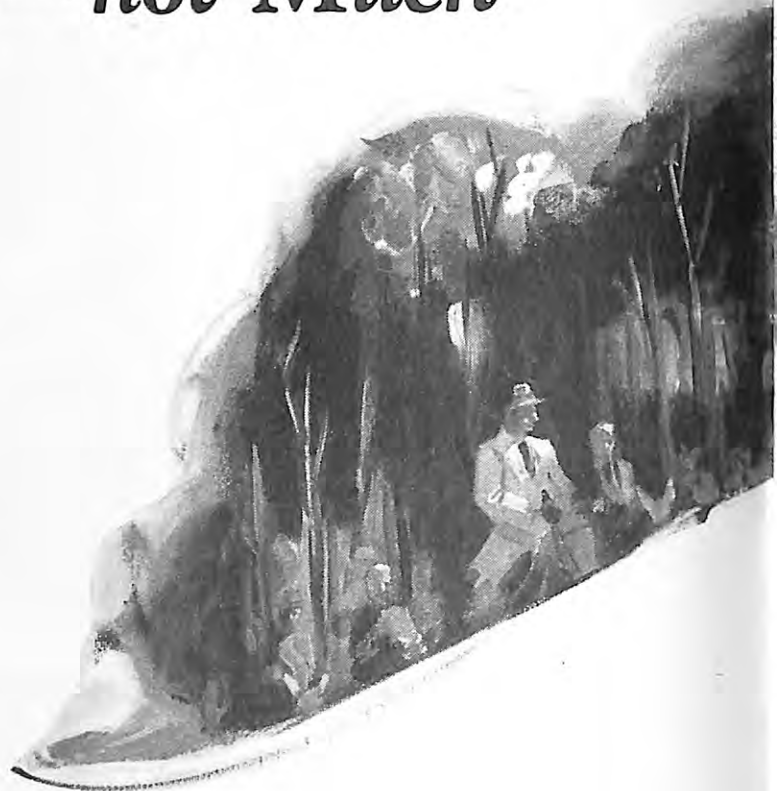
MATT saw the Irish setter too late to stop him. Reb arrived like a red cyclone, racing through the gun dog training school, and joyfully creating havoc and destruction. He happily upset water bowls and food pans, and drove the other dogs almost crazy. A prim cocker spaniel nearly strangled himself on the chain, trying to nip the flying setter. Matt's prize field trial pointer, Dr. Satan, would certainly have stopped him—except that a kicked-up pan flattened his nose. After that, Dr. Satan looked upon the scene of dog-made carnage with mournful eyes.

Just that quickly, Matt's orderly establishment was transformed into a canine insane asylum. It had happened twice in the last three days, and now Matt was beginning to feel annoyed at Reb. He picked up a switch and started wrathfully toward this lunatic who was still barking his damned fool head off. Vengeance was uppermost in Matt's mind but he did not get anywhere with this idea at all.

Missy Blake, whom Matt very much hoped to marry, was now petting Reb; and she asked innocently, "Matt, you certainly aren't going to do anything with that switch, are you?" and it was a point-blank challenge from a girl who was not only something to look at, but also very definitely somebody to look out for when aroused.

"Well, maybe I'm not going to do anything with it," Matt admitted soberly. "But you can take it from me—I would like to do plenty. This Irishman is a blot on the kennel world. He's ruining my dogs." A sense of acute injustice filled his soul, but there was no getting away from the fact that the Irish setter belonged to Missy—and so far as she was concerned there wasn't much Reb did that wasn't fine and admirable.

Missy politely offered to help straighten out the wreckage. But Matt wouldn't let her, because he was still annoyed. This Irish setter was too much of a privileged character in this part of Tennessee. People let him get away with murder simply because he was



supposed to be the best natural hunting dog around. If he'd been a man instead of a dog people would have called him Old Hickory and voted for him for President. Missy was not only inordinately proud of Reb but also firmly convinced that Matt was entirely too strict about how a hunting dog ought to behave. She had said this so many times, in subtle little ways, that he couldn't possibly be mistaken about her attitude. Not being foolish, Matt understood her reason. Missy liked excitement, any kind—even a harum-scarum dog. She was wonderful because she could feel like this and still look peaceful and ladylike.

"Reb is full of spirit, Matt—I realize that," she said seriously. "But honestly you don't understand him. He's a kind of genius—he has to have a fling occasionally."

"Never mind about me understanding him," Matt said grimly. "His mother taught him how to hunt, all right, and he can hunt fine—when he feels like it. The rest of the time he's a damned nuisance."

One of the things that had made Matt fall in love with Missy was that she was not only blue-eyed, pretty and full of spirit—but she was tantalizing, too. She was being tantalizing now, although somehow at this moment he didn't find it so appealing. This was because she was laying it on too thick for it to be anything but plain, downright fighting talk.

"Reb isn't like Dr. Satan," she was reminding him. "He can't stand having people blow whistles at him. He likes to sort of try everything once. We can't blame him for that, can we?" and Matt had a hard time—blaming Missy, either—when she looked as she did now, like an angel who had been stepped on.

There was not much that Matt could say about his real feelings—because he had explained all those, too. He had been working with gun dogs for three years. Before his insurance job had blown up, he had trained a couple of his own dogs for hunting quail. Then when



In that instant there was a sharp whir of something brown off to the right in the woods—and Reb was gone like a flash after the deer.

one of them won the National Stake at Grand Junction, a lot of people wanted him to train their dogs. He charged seven dollars a week and when he finished they would hunt, whether they felt like it or not. They did not monkey around or run amuck in a kennel—or try anything once. They had a good time but indulged in no outlaw stuff like this mad Irish setter.

After Matt had straightened out his training village, he walked over to the Blake place with Missy. Reb refused to walk at heel, and kept tramping through puddles and then shaking himself off. Dogs cannot sneer, but Reb occasionally wrinkled his nose. There was no doubt about his being quite a character.

Matt went with Missy only as far as her gate, because he wanted to get back home and fill out Dr. Satan's entry blank for the Justice Mountain field trials, which would take place in a few days. "Look," he said patiently, "don't think I'm a bully. I just like to see dogs act regular. Training dogs is my business. Now you get that—don't you?"

"I do, Matt," Missy answered. "Dr. Satan certainly is very well trained. He does everything you tell him—*everything*. Everybody is always talking about it. It's wonderful that a dog will obey like that—*isn't it?* Or is it only dumb gratitude?"

Matt realized very well that she was thinking that he, himself, was something of a smarty, with that dog whistle sticking out of his pocket. There wasn't much difference between Reb and Missy. Missy was always trying out something herself. She had thrown over Brad Ellison to go around with Matt most of the time, all right—yet she still let Ellison come over, not for dates but just as a friend. Brad nearly always did what Missy wanted him to do, even when it was obviously slavish—which explained that.

Matt had realized for some time that Missy got a little

fun out of tantalizing people, and probably always would. But he wanted her more than a lucky Social Security number, and hoped she wouldn't make her insults too tough for a self-respecting man to have to overlook.

He didn't worry too much about it when he sat on the kitchen steps, while his housekeeper, Mrs. Cinderella Green, washed the dishes. He was as certain that Missy loved him as he was that Dr. Satan should win the Justice Mountain field trial next week. He knew why Dr. Satan ought to win, but not why Missy should love him—but the main thing was that she did. Matt had trained Dr. Satan—and when he trained a gun dog it would find game, point it and stand steady to wing and shot. He would also give people a funny feeling that he really knew he was a swell gun dog. Matt liked that part best because he felt that if you did a job right—it ought to turn out miraculous.

However, it gave him a start when Cinderella brought her mountainouslike duskiness to the door and asked, "Mister Matt, where at is your lady friend? Ain't she coming around?"

"I didn't expect her," Matt said. "I was thinking of walking over there myself."

"That's right," said Mrs. Cinderella Green loyally, but somewhat abstractedly. "She certainly ain't going to forget Mister Matt, I reckon. All the young ladies kind of cotton to Mister Matt—that's certainly true."

Matt made no answer to this handsome compliment, and his housekeeper continued, "I calculated she was

coming over this evening, when I seen her downtown in the village, but now I reckon she was just riding around a smitch. I figured that Mr. Ellison might be going to drive her out here. But I reckon they was only riding around a little smitch. Lord how they were laughing and funning!"

THIS information made Matt a shade thoughtful—no more, because he was enough of a dog man to be able to smell trouble, himself. Cinderella Green knew more about love than he would know if he lived a hundred years, and this was to be expected of a woman who had been married, successively, to a stoker, a preacher and a swing-band trap-drum player. He did not discount the ominous significance of her information, at all—it oppressed him like a down quilt in early spring.

He strolled over to Missy's place a half hour later. Ordinarily, Matt would have taken Dr. Satan along, because Dr. Satan was a dog you could take anywhere. He would remain steadfastly at heel, might sniff the air thoughtfully and with a faint wistfulness when game scent crossed his path—but unfailingly he went calling in a refined manner. Dr. Satan did not try out everything once just for the hell of it.

Yet Matt didn't take Dr. Satan. He realized that Missy thought Dr. Satan was obedient but also kind of unexciting, and he did not want to stir her up again.

When he walked up the Blake driveway, through the oak-lined approach that was like a forestry parade, he could hear people talking on the porch—Missy and Brad Ellison. Reb, the Irish setter, noted his coming and paused only long enough to give him a suspicious glance—then went on cheerfully digging a hole in the flower bed. He looked at Matt only once thereafter, but it was a slow, steady and wholly disapproving look.

"Hello, Missy," Matt said, taking a seat on the step, and it was so quiet the crickets sounded like a legion of castanet clickers.

Ellison, who looked pretty gaudy in a loud, checked jacket and hostler's imported riding pants, said, "Hello, Matt," and Missy smiled uncertainly at Matt as if she had seen him somewhere before, a long time ago . . . when they had both been youthful and unformed.

Matt said gravely, "My name is Crane. I am an old gun dog trainer who lives down the road. Maybe you remember we are going to get married when I make more money. Or maybe I just dreamed it."

Brad Ellison laughed, and it occurred to Matt that Ellison had a strikingly fine curly head of hair. This was all right with Matt—he had just happened to recall that Missy liked curly hair, and when she liked something she had it for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

"Missy tells me that her father is putting Reb in the field trials," Ellison said suddenly—and Matt's surprise obviously pleased him in an odd, secretive way. "I'm sure it will be interesting. I guess Reb's about the best natural hunting dog around here. Isn't he, Matt?"

"That's right," Matt said slowly. "He's good—when he wants to be. When he doesn't want to be, he's a monkey." He added, thoughtfully, "A monkey who steals watches and earrings."

Ellison ran his fingers through his curly brown hair. "I was just thinking," he said, acting like a man who has studied a situation, "that it will be fun to see how Reb and Dr. Satan work out. You know what I mean—a natural hunter competing against a force-trained dog."

"Yes," Matt admitted, "it'll be good. It will almost be vicious."

Sitting alongside of him, Missy's voice said carefully, "It should be mighty interesting—if you know what I mean—and I think you all do."

"If either dog wins, it ought to prove something," insisted Ellison, gently massaging one polished riding boot. "What I mean is, whether animals do better with a boss, or by instinct. Is that putting it too baldly? Please tell me if I'm rubbing it in."

Matt did not have time to answer, because Missy said, "It probably *will* prove something. I thought of that, too." Then she was silent again, as if thinking very hard. "There's something I want to find out about it."

Finally Matt announced, "Well, I've got to be getting along. I want to give Dr. Satan an early workout tomorrow. This dog of mine *can't* be worked too much. When I leave him alone he thinks I'm mad at him."



Missy Blake was petting Reb. She asked innocently, "Matt, you certainly aren't going to do anything with that switch, are you?"



Illustrated by JOHN POLGREEN

Missy said, "Don't hurry, Matt. You've just come," and it gave him a nightmare feeling. Usually, she simply pushed him down, when he started to leave—and made him sit there. She would frequently sit on him, if necessary, and holler, "Police!"

But she didn't try to stop him now and it was pretty funny, walking up the road alone. He was certain that she really was worked up over all this stuff about how you ought to train a gun dog; and he knew it was because she wanted to break his spirit before she married him. Then he saw Mrs. Cinderella Green coming up the road. Proudly wearing a man's aged fedora hat, she was also carrying home her dinner—and no doubt another dinner for her trap-drum player who was out of a job.

"Been out calling, Mister Matt?" inquired Cinderella, halting long enough to shift her market basket.

"That's right," said Matt, and wished she would go home and mind her own business.

"I figure all the young ladies are glad to have Mister Matt come calling on them," said his housekeeper.

Without humoring this kind of talk Matt walked on.

doing a little wondering. He didn't want Missy to think he was full of himself—it was simply that he believed in law and order. But he realized now that this little difference of opinion was actually beginning to amount to something serious—and wanting Missy, as well as fearing her, he didn't know what you could do about a lot of stuff like this.

Next morning he went out and fed the dogs before breakfast, and it gave him an agreeable feeling to see the way they got up, stretched and stuck their noses in his hand to be rubbed. These dogs would never jump all over him, or act crazy—not because they didn't have spirit, but because they were his hunting partners, and only did things one way.

The sight of Matt moved Dr. Satan to trembling ecstasy. He eyed Matt like a Yorkshire farmer who has just been invited to a fox hunt. Matt did not consider it necessary to slip a collar on him, allowing Dr. Satan, instead, to fall in eagerly at heel. After a while he spoke very softly.

"All right, Doc," Matt said; and that was all.

The pointer went blissfully about his business, quartering the ground with a faultless windshield-wiper motion, skipping nothing, and with not even a hint of backtracking. Dr. Satan was two years old, and rarely made mistakes anymore—because Matt had taught him not to make them, and when he did it upset him, leaving him puzzled and forlorn. He went swinging methodically along, not with his nose on the ground—the way idlers do—but busily smelling for body scent. Dr. Satan did this with the modest but assured air of a gun dog who confidently treads the path of his ancestors.

Then Matt suddenly saw him standing there, still as a statue, quivering, forepaw raised, his flag thrust out stiffly behind.

IT was quite a sight. And it was also something to see the way Dr. Satan froze as Matt came up slowly behind him. Not a muscle of the pointer's body moved when Matt clapped his hands and flushed the clattering quail from the bushes. Matt did not tell Dr. Satan he had done well—in fact, nobody had to tell Dr. Satan anything. Dr. Satan understood fully, after a year's careful tutoring, when he had done the right thing—he would never spoil a shot for his boss.

They were out several hours. Once the paired-off braces would be loosed for the field trial heats, it would be pretty stiff going. There would be plenty of champion bird dogs, wholly apart from that mad genius of an Irish setter of Missy's, competing for the thousand-dollar stake. If Matt expected people to pay him to train bird dogs, his own ought to show considerable ability—and Dr. Satan was proof of what Matt could do.

He was thinking of this when he looked up and saw Missy, sitting on a horse, halted at the roadside. She had appeared there like an Easter rabbit pulled out of a top-hat. Her yellow hair looked awesomely vivid against the autumn foliage, and from her blank expression it was hard to figure out what was actually in her mind. He preferred to believe that, rather than let himself realize the truth.

"Hello, Matt," she said slowly, "I heard you blowing a whistle. You were blowing one—weren't you?"

Matt did not know much about women, but, understanding dogs thoroughly, made it a habit not to snap back at anybody. "When I blow the whistle," he explained, "it's not altogether for Dr. Satan. It gives me a big important feeling."

She looked down at him, and Matt wondered how a small girl on a horse could look so high up.

"I thought you would be out here," she told him. "Reb went out for a walk—and I wanted to be certain he didn't go to your place. I know he doesn't mean any harm, but at the same time I hate to see you get mad."

"I'm glad to see you," Matt told her quietly. "If you like, I'll play you a tune on my whistle. Don't worry about Reb. I like him all right. He doesn't make me mad very often."

He had taken his hat off, and she seemed to notice his crew haircut. "Matt, don't you honestly think that's a funny haircut?" she asked him, (*Continued on page 43*)



Drawings by Carl Link

EDITORIAL

A CHRISTMAS REMINDER

MARLEY was dead. There is no doubt about that." So Mr. Dickens assures us and then propounds the query as to how it happened seven years later that Scrooge saw Marley's face in the doorknob on that memorable Christmas Eve when Scrooge had a seance with the Ghosts of Christmas Past, Christmas Present and Christmas Yet to Come.

Once again Christmas is "just around the corner". The full enjoyment of the day depends largely on the attitude of mind and heart. No better preparation can be made than to reread Dickens' Christmas Carol, so we suggest that you get it off the shelf, dust it and again read and enjoy it. This ought to be repeated about this time every year; oftener would be better, for the Christmas spirit should abide with us throughout the year.

Elks lodges everywhere are now planning a joyous Christmas for thousands of the less fortunate children who otherwise would have no reason eagerly to anticipate the coming of the day with hearts full of rejoicing. Let us all join in making Christmas, 1938, a day long to be remembered by Elks and by their little guests, and let us not forget those other guests, old in years but young in spirit, who are residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia. They must not, through oversight, be made to feel that they are forgotten or neglected. Help make Christmas at the Home a happy, cheerful day.

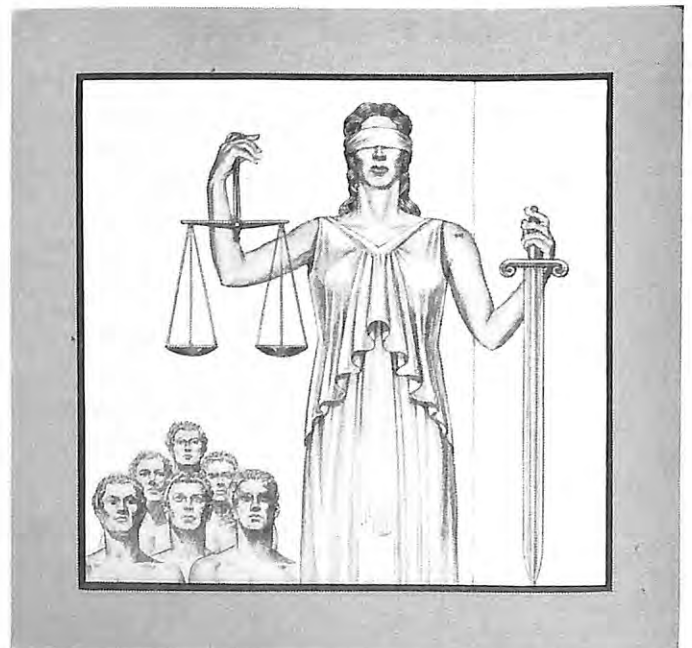
Marley is dead to be sure, but Scrooge lives. When all the planning is completed and the remembrances distributed, our hearts will be attuned to Christmas choruses and, with Scrooge, we and our guests joyfully will shout the greeting, "A Merry Christmas to All", and with Tiny Tim offer the prayer, "God Bless Us Everyone".

THE KISSOMETER

INVENTIVE genius has explored many fields but perhaps no field has yielded a more abundant harvest of useful appliances than that of electricity which has been made to serve us in a thousand different ways. Following on the heels of the lie detector and closely related to it from a scientific standpoint, as we are advised, comes now an invention named a kissometer which, it is claimed, measures the emotional reaction of the time-honored, pleasant and altogether human custom of kissing. Although said now to be perfected, the device may, of course, be improved but it is doubted if it serves in any degree to improve the art which probably had its origin in the Garden of Eden and reached its highest exemplification by film stars to whom it has become a matter of business for the entertainment of the populace.

It is claimed that the kissometer accurately registers on a dial the real fervency of kisses and that it cannot be fooled. If this is a correct appraisal of its power of discernment, it is improbable that it will ever be displayed on the silver screen along with alleged love scenes lest the audience be disillusioned.

The question naturally arises as to what practical use this new invention can be put. Eventually it may have a very wide field of usefulness, but the one use which, on the moment, occurs to us would be to install it in the offices of all clerks issuing marriage licenses. Those making application should be required to take the test and if they fail to register a degree of fervency established by law, the requested license would *ipso facto* be refused and many unhappy alliances thus avoided. There is the danger that such a law would be held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, but what is the Constitution between lovers.



FREEDOM OF SPEECH



So much is being said and written these days with reference to freedom of speech and of the press that it is not surprising some are in doubt as to just what this constitutional guarantee really means. A full discussion could not be confined to the available space in these columns, but a few general observations may be helpful to a proper understanding of what this discussion is all about, especially after the many misleading statements with reference to these so-called fundamental rights.

When it was set out in the Bill of Rights that there should be no abridgment of the freedom of speech or of the press, no new or novel principle of government was announced. It came to us as an inheritance from our English ancestors, together with many other principles of government which have been incorporated in the constitution and laws of both State and Nation.

Misunderstanding has doubtless resulted from the use of the word "freedom". In general this means "without restraint", "unhampered", "unrestricted", "unconstrained", but as used in the Bill of Rights it has a restricted meaning. It cannot be considered as implying an unbridled license to say and print what one pleases, for the abuse of the right is subject to criminal prosecution and civil liability, as in libel and slander. The freedom contemplated is to be exercised with due regard for the rights of others and when they are invaded, responsibility attaches.

But the discussion now going on in the press, over the radio and from rostrums concerns not so much the rights of individuals among themselves as to their rights with reference to our government organized as it is for the general welfare and entitled to exist as long as it best serves this

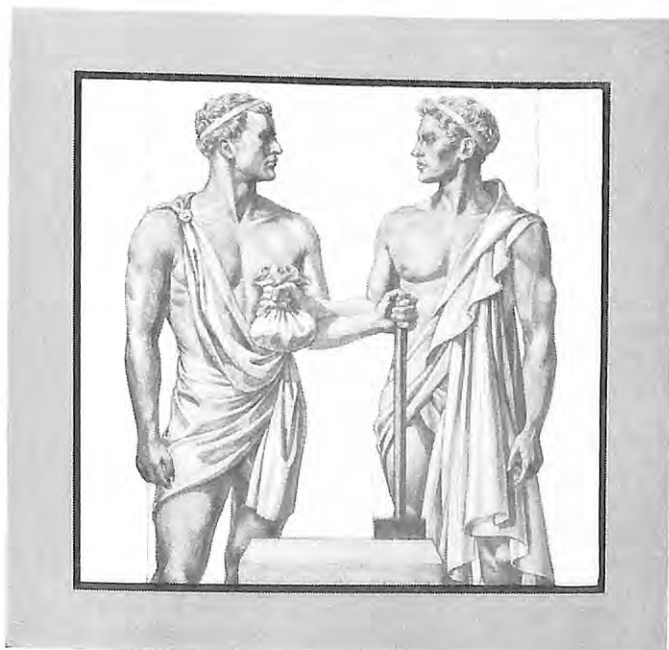


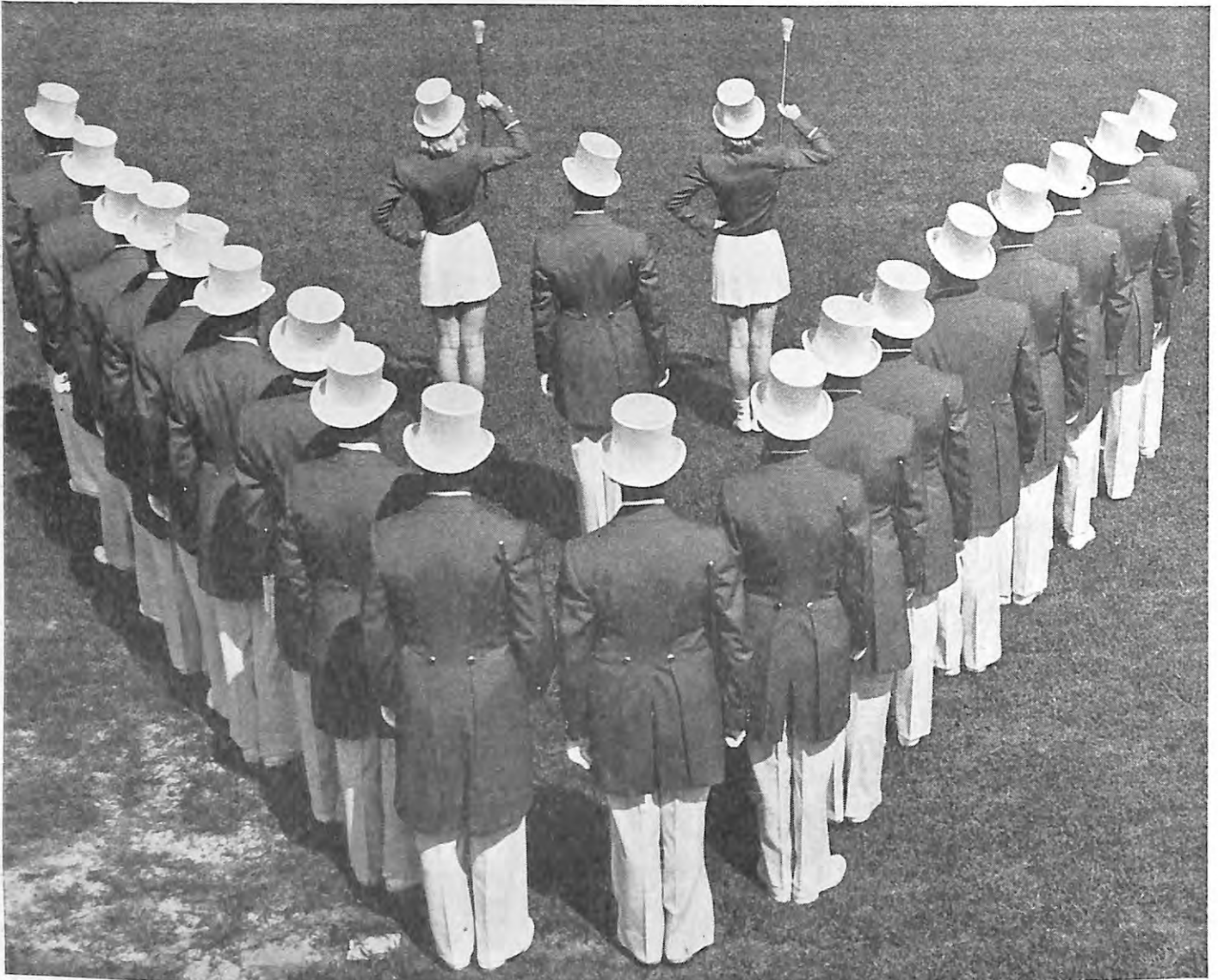
purpose. The right of individuals, whether acting separately or in groups, to criticize the government and to agitate for the repeal or modification of existing laws is recognized and protected by this provision of the constitution. This protection, however, does not extend to him who counsels and encourages violation of the law as it exists. The individual is protected in his right to entertain and express the opinion that some other form of government is preferable to that under which we live so long as he employs argument couched in decent language and does not incite riot nor advocate violence.

Many are of the opinion that freedom of speech and of the press should not protect those who advocate a different form of government regardless of how mild and temperate their language may be. It is generally difficult to determine when a right is converted into a wrong and this is especially true when the right relates to that of free speech. Ultimately such questions must be decided by the Courts after they have been fully advised as to the language used, its true import and the circumstances under which it was spoken, for the circumstances may have a very important bearing. For example, in times of war language which at other times would unquestionably be protected by this constitutional provision, might very well be held seditious and hence beyond the pale of protection.

But the question as to why an American citizen should be protected in advocating the substitution of a form of government different from that under which we live remains unanswered. In order to arrive at an answer, we must lay aside our natural prejudices and adopt a broad viewpoint. If our government which we so firmly believe is the best that has ever been devised, cannot, however, stand the test of comparison with other governments, and if the people can be brought to adopt this view by legitimate argument based on facts, then our government must and, sooner or later, will give way to a new order.

This is the best answer, we prefer to call it an excuse, which we have been able to figure out. If the reader has a better one, will he please send it in.





An unusual photograph of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge's fancy drill team, the "Pasadena Elks Toppers", who have done much to keep Pasadena Lodge in the public eye.

Under the Antlers

Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge Meeting Marked by Outstanding Activities

At a special meeting held in October by Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge, No. 480, a large class of candidates was initiated by the popular degree team, of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge, which is composed of members of the New York State Police of Troop D. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, and Past State Pres. Capt. Stephen McGrath, Oneida, assisted. A dinner in the new grill room was attended by 100 members and visiting Elks from Gloversville, Amsterdam, Cohoes, Saratoga, Albany, Mechanicville and Pittsfield. In addition to Major Hart and Capt. McGrath, many leading Elks were present, among them being Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. J. Edward Gallico, Troy; E. D. De La Mater, Amsterdam, Vice-Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. for the North-

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

east District; Past State Pres. George W. Denton, Gloversville, and P.D.D. Edward A. McCaffrey, Amsterdam. Edward Freeman was the oldest active member of Schenectady Lodge in attendance.

E. R. J. Harold Furlong was in charge of the opening exercises. The initiatory ceremonies followed. This is the third season in which the Troopers have put on initiatory work for other lodges. They have officiated at Cortland, Binghamton, Utica, Cohoes and Rome, N. Y. Troop D has 112 members, 40 of whom are Elks. Old Timers Night was observed by

Schenectady Lodge some weeks back with entertainment and a luncheon after the meeting. Senior P.E.R. Daniel Naylor, P.D.D., was Chairman of the Committee. All who had been members of the lodge for 25 years were presented with silver lapel buttons. The lodge is sponsoring an old fashioned minstrel show early this month.

Florence, S. C., Elks Collect and Distribute Clothing for Needy

Florence, S. C., Lodge, No. 1020, conducted a drive for clothes for the needy recently with successful results. A fleet of 25 cars, each with a driver accompanied by two Boy Scouts, canvassed all of the homes in the city on Saturday morning, Oct. 15. The object of the drive was to collect every available piece of discarded wearing apparel in the community still good enough for service. Wives of the members aided in mend-

ing and reconditioning, and laundering and drycleaning expenses were taken care of by the lodge. The clothing is stored in the lodge quarters. Distribution is made as cases come up, aid being given by local charitable organizations.

The drive was under the leadership of Chairman Sam J. Royall. The Elks were given fine cooperation by the churches and civic and welfare organizations.

Laredo, Tex., Lodge Sponsors American History Contest

Students in Martin High School, Laredo, Texas, have twice been the recipients of favors bestowed by Laredo Lodge No. 1018, in the encouragement of patriotism. First, the lodge presented the school with a large American flag at the 1937 Commencement Exercises. The second gift was a replica of the Constitution of the United States, which has been placed in the school library.

Now Laredo Lodge is offering two cash prizes to local students who make the highest grades in American history. The lodge is awarding the prizes as a means of increasing student interest in the history of the country and the heroic deeds of those who founded and developed it, and in patriotism.

A New Lodge of Elks Is Instituted at Petersburg, Alaska

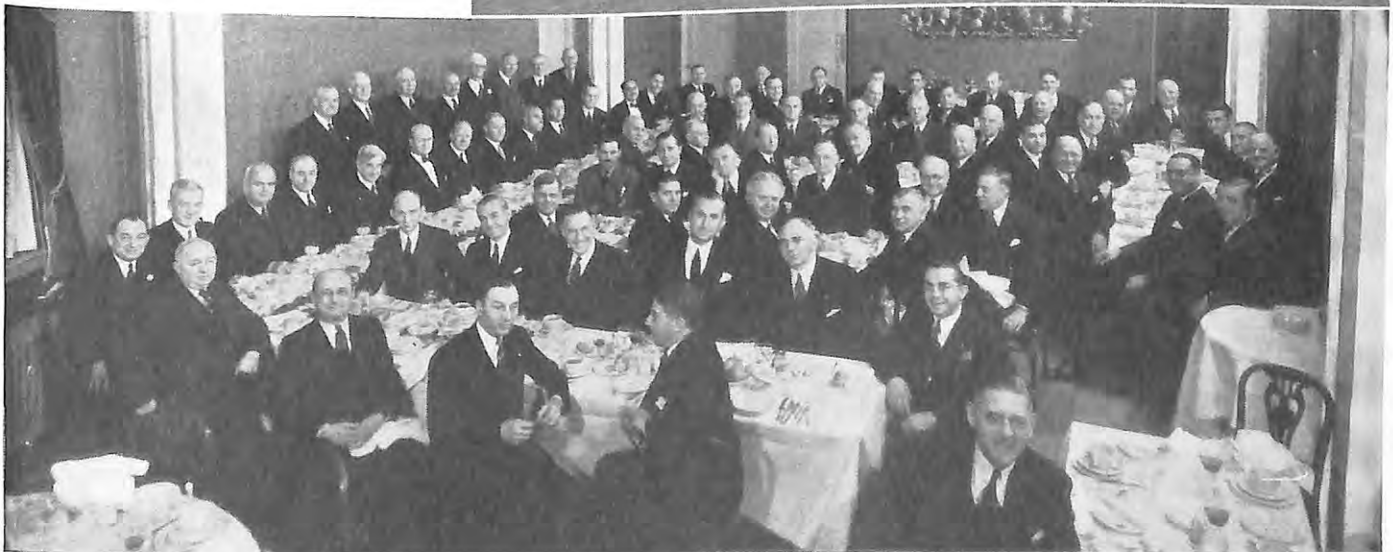
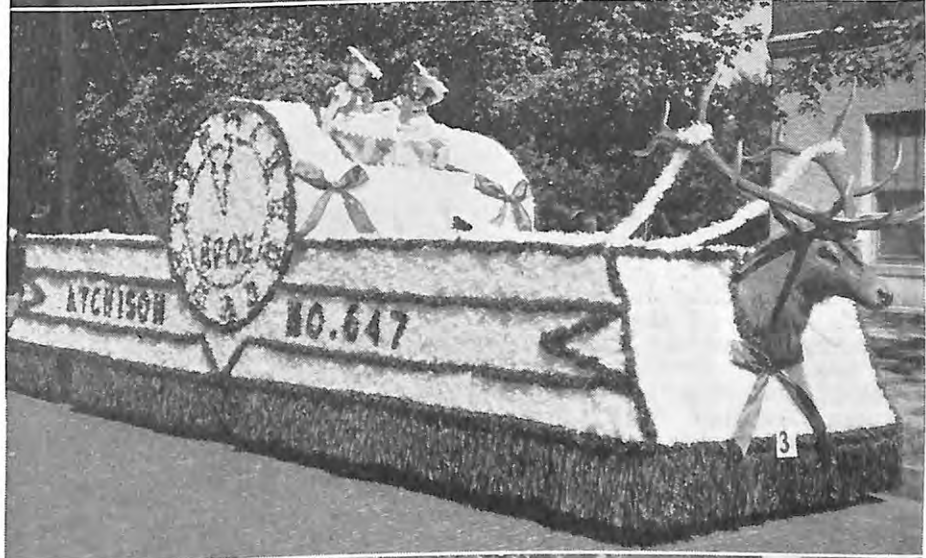
The District Deputy for Alaska, East, Leonard Sohlt of Ketchikan Lodge No. 1429, instituted a lodge of the Order—Petersburg, Alaska, No. 1615—on October 15. Thomas S. Elsemore was installed as first Exalted Ruler. Carroll Clausen is Secretary.

A Special Feature Marks Every Warsaw, Ind., Lodge Night

A full Winter program for Warsaw, Ind., Lodge, No. 802, has been arranged by E.R. Louis H. Breading

Below: Dr. Edward J. McCormick, the Grand Exalted Ruler, and his secretary, Karl P. Rumpf, are greeted by prominent St. Louis, Mo., Elks on their visit to that Midwestern Lodge.

Below, center, is a photograph of the float entered by Atchison, Kans., Lodge at a celebration for the new free bridge across the Missouri River. The handsome float won second prize.



Above are prominent members of the Judiciary who joined members of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge in honoring Supreme Court Justice Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., at a reception in the lodge home. Judge James T. Hallinan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, presided. Grand Trustee William T. Phillips was one of the distinguished speakers.

and the Entertainment Committee headed by Chairman Perry Easterday. Each regular meeting will be observed as a special occasion.

"Family Night" has been revived, and there will be bridge parties, banquets, a rabbit feed, a Trustees and a Sports Night, inter-lodge meetings, a minstrel show, and a safety meeting. The Fall season began with the official visit of D.D. Harry D. Forney who served as Exalted Ruler of Warsaw Lodge last year.

Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of Tiffin, Ohio, Lodge

Tiffin, O., Lodge, No. 94, celebrated its 50th Anniversary on Oct. 12-13. Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick was a guest of the lodge. The first day's event was a stag party at the Seneca County Fair Grounds. The next day two luncheons were held, one at the lodge home, the other at the Shawhan Hotel, followed by a card party for the ladies.

The Golden Jubilee Class Initiation was performed by officers of the Ohio State Elks Association in the presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler who delivered a fine address after the meeting, which took place in the afternoon. Many visiting Elks were in attendance, including present and Past District Deputies and lodge officers. A banquet honoring Dr. McCormick and the State officers was held at the Shawhan Hotel at 6:30 P. M.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Elks Honor State Pres. H. G. Wenzel, P.E.R.

Fifty-four members of the Judiciary, including Chief Justice Frederick E. Crane of the Court of Appeals, and President Justice Edward Lazansky of the Appellate Division, joined with 1,500 members of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, and other friends, on November 1, in honoring Supreme Court Justice Henry G. Wenzel, Jr.,

at a reception in the lodge home. Justice Wenzel was elected President of the N. Y. State Elks Association at its annual convention in Binghamton last summer, and the affair was in honor of his homecoming to Queens Borough Lodge of which he is a Past Exalted Ruler.

The speakers were Justice Crane; Justice Lazansky; Grand Trustee William T. Phillips of New York Lodge No. 1, Secy. of the State Assn.; Appellate Division Justices William F. Hagarty and Frank F. Adel, and Justice Wenzel. Supreme Court Justice James T. Hallinan, P.E.R. of No. 878, and a Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order, presided. E.R. William P. Schmitt made the welcoming speech. The Elks Drill Team escorted Justice Wenzel and the other honor guests to the dais. On behalf of the lodge, Justice Adel, P.E.R., presented Justice Wenzel with a gold watch and chain. Selections were rendered by the Glee Club under the direction of Bernie Cowhan.

Before the lodge meeting, Justice Wenzel was the guest of honor at a dinner in the home attended by all the Judges who attended the meeting, and all of the officers, Past Exalted Rulers and charter members of Queens Borough Lodge.

D.D. S. E. Patterson Visits Great Bend, Kans., Lodge

A class of candidates was initiated in his honor when S. E. Patterson of Augusta Lodge, District Deputy for Kansas West, paid his official visit to Great Bend Lodge No. 1127. The lodge session was followed by a Dutch Lunch and a smoker. A number of visiting Elks were present from Newton Lodge No. 706.

One of the big events on its Fall program was the three-day circus sponsored by Great Bend Lodge. It was held in the Municipal Auditorium.

P. E. R.'s Assn., New York N. E., Holds Election at Cohoes Meeting

At a meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of the New York Northeast District, held at Cohoes Lodge No. 1317, P.D.D. Raymond T. Madden, Schenectady, was elected President. Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. J. Edward Gallico, Troy, was elected Secretary for the 17th consecutive term. Representatives of 15 district lodges attended.

The welcoming address was made by E.R. Ambrose A. Scully and a brief talk was made by P.E.R. Homer A. Tessier, District Deputy. Past State Pres. Dr. Leo W. Roohan, Saratoga Springs, was appointed Chairman of the Executive Committee by the new President.

Foundation Prize Winner Honored by Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge

Tribute was paid by Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 198, on Oct. 18, to Miss Mary Sue DeVol at a public recognition ceremony held in the lodge home. Miss DeVol was selected by the Elks National Foundation Trustees as the second "most valuable student" in the United States and awarded a scholarship of \$400. The exercises took place after a regular meeting and were attended by relatives and friends of the young student, members of the lodge and public officials.

Miss DeVol was introduced by Est. Lead. Knight Charles C. McConnell, P.E.R. Leslie N. Hemenway, P.D.D., was the speaker. In her response, Miss DeVol expressed her gratitude to the Foundation for the award which is giving her two more years of college. She also thanked the local lodge for her trip to the Atlantic City Convention at which she was introduced to the Grand Lodge, and for having made possible her sophomore year at college. Miss DeVol was given an award last year by Parkers-



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick at Tiffin, Ohio, Lodge, with State officials and prominent local Elks, the officers of the Lodge and a class of candidates which was initiated in honor of the 50th Anniversary of the lodge.



At top: A class of candidates, most of whom were under the age of 26, which was initiated into Winslow, Ariz., Lodge recently. The class was called the W. G. Kelly Class, in honor of the lodge's senior P.E.R.

burg Lodge in appreciation of the fact that she narrowly missed winning the Foundation's third "Most Valuable Student Prize."

Waterloo, Ia., Lodge Sponsors Symphony Concert Series

Waterloo, Ia., Lodge, No. 290, will sponsor the Waterloo Symphony Orchestra this year as it has for the past four seasons. The 1938-39 series of concerts will start on Dec. 5, and in all probability will be held in the West High School Auditorium. Rehearsals have been held in the lodge home since Oct. 12. The orchestra of 80 members is under the direction of George Rasch, Director of the Metropolitan Little Symphony Orchestra of Chicago. The Waterloo organization is now in its tenth year.

Waterloo Lodge provided a block of tickets for underprivileged children when the Clare Tree Major production of "Peter Pan" was presented locally on Oct. 5.

Grand Lodge Convention Movie Is Shown at Huron, S.D., Lodge

At a recent regular meeting of

Huron, S. D., Lodge, No. 444, E.R. Emil Frost presented his report on the Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City. The report was rendered more interesting and descriptive by the showing of 400 feet of motion picture film made at the Convention, half of which was in color.

A "Potluck Dinner" for Elks and their wives was put over successfully

Some of the many Elks and their wives who were present at the home of Muscatine, Ia., Lodge when Dizzy Dean addressed the Elks, telling of his experiences in the baseball world.

a few days later by a committee of ladies belonging to the families of some of the members.



Above: A group of distinguished Chattanooga, Tenn., Elks who dedicated a memorial tablet to the late "Johnny" Dobbs, for more than a decade one of its most active members and a national figure in baseball.



The "Americans", winners of the Elks' Junior Baseball Companionship, sponsored by Bloomfield, N. J., Lodge.

Wash. State Elks Assn. Sponsors Annual Oratorical Contest

For the past three years, the Washington State Elks Association has been more active than ever in spreading Americanism, Patriotism and the principles of good citizenship among the young men and women of the State. Its program has met with remarkable success.

This year the Association is again sponsoring a State-wide oratorical

contest. The subject chosen for the essays is "Americanism the Protector of Liberty." Each lodge appoints its own Americanization Committee to handle the local contest in the high school, or high schools, as the case may be. The chairman of each committee serves with State Vice-Pres. Edwin J. Alexander, of Aberdeen Lodge, as a member of the State Americanization Committee of which he is Chairman. Cash prizes and awards in the local contests will be

given by the subordinate lodges. Special trophies and awards will be presented to those who qualify and appear in the State Contest at the next convention of the Association, to be held in Everett. A grand prize of \$200 in cash goes to the winner of the State Championship.

Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge Honors State Pres. M. Frank O'Brien

Members of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, No. 221, joined by Elks from all over Florida, congregated in the lodge home on Oct. 18 to honor P. E.R. M. Frank O'Brien, and to listen to his first official address as President of the Fla. State Elks Association. An entertainment program was presented. The evening was concluded with a Dutch Supper. P.E.R. Robert L. Bohon, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, was Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements. Est. Lead. Knight Thomas E. Mallem acted as Master of Ceremonies. Among the distinguished Elks from other lodges who attended were Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight I. Walter Hawkins, De Land, and D.D. Dr. J. M. Dell, Gainesville.

Jerseyville, Ill., Elks Give a Dance For Christmas Fund

Combining business with its social activities, Jerseyville, Ill., Lodge, No. 954, entertained about 300 guests a few weeks ago in the lodge rooms.



At left are distinguished Elks with Dr. Edward J. McCormick on the occasion of the Grand Exalted Ruler's election to active fellowship in the International College of Surgeons at the annual convention of this medical group in Philadelphia. Left to right are E.R. Mort Gleeson, Dr. McCormick, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow and P.E.R. Max Stepin.

Below: The Frank Dixon Class which was recently initiated into Birmingham, Ala., Lodge. Governor-elect Dixon is seated fourth from the right.



The committee in charge of raising funds for the distribution of Christmas baskets sponsored the dance, and after all expenses were paid, it was found that a net sum of \$300 had been realized. C. M. Powers is Chairman of the Committee.

During the evening prizes were given out to lucky guests and members by E.R. John F. Gibbons, and P.E.R. J. Francis Walsh who was in charge of the affair. Music was furnished by an eight-piece orchestra from St. Louis, Mo.

Easter Ivy Week An Enterprise of Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge

Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1494, is contemplating the adoption of "Easter Ivy Week" as a permanent annual undertaking. In making his report at a recent meeting, A. W. Macauley, Chairman of the Committee in charge of the campaign sponsored by the lodge last Spring for the benefit of the Moses Ludington Hospital, stated that the drive netted \$309.28. Over 900 potted plants were sold. The lodge also presented the hospital with a complete new Silex range for coffee making.

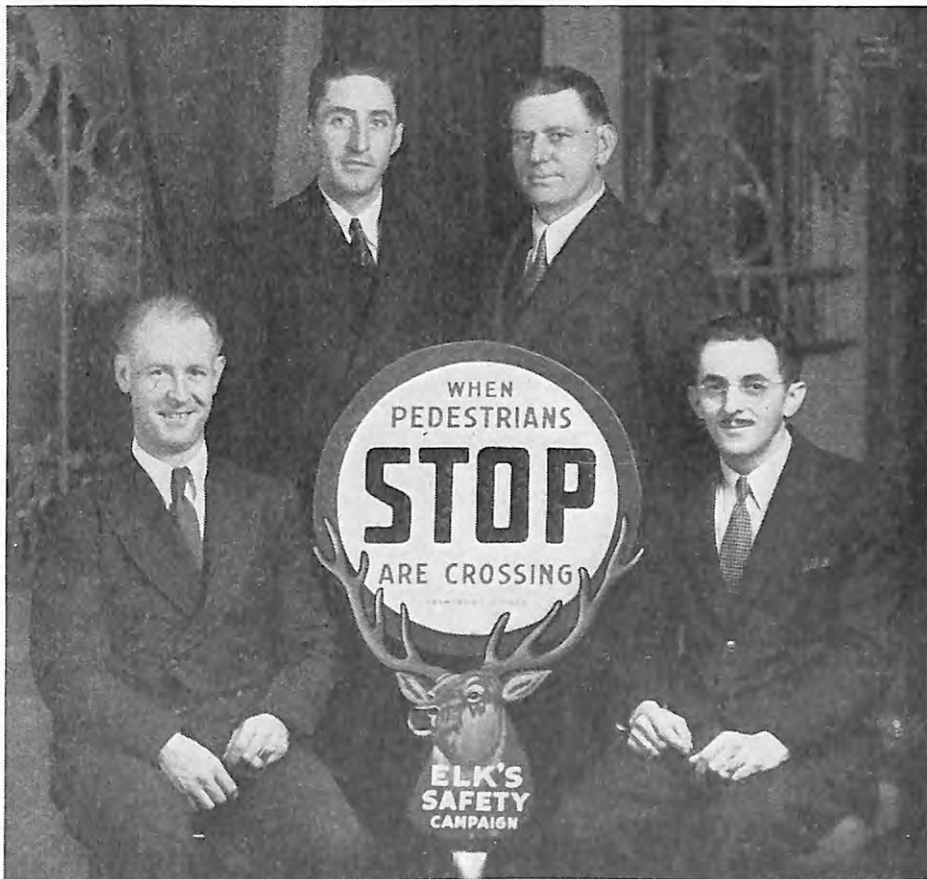
Two New Officers Are Installed in Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge

Max Slepín resigned his office as Exalted Ruler of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, on October 18. During the year and a half of his administration, the lodge enjoyed great financial progress, with thousands of dollars in obligations paid off and \$17,000 added on the right side of the ledger. The rathskeller has been handsomely remodeled in modernistic design.

Mr. Slepín's resignation, in the middle of his second term, was an unusual gesture of fraternal friendship.

Right: Dizzy Dean, photographed with Governor Nels Kraschel on the occasion of Dizzy's recent visit to Muscatine, Ia., Lodge.

Below: Those who were present at Hibbing, Minn., Lodge on the occasion of the initiation of the first "Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight D. E. LaBelle Class".



Above: Prominent Elks of Longmont, Colo., Lodge posed with a sign which is part of Longmont Lodge's Traffic Safety Campaign.



Right is the well known Ritualistic Team of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge with two of its trophies.

The lodge's able "dollar-a-year" secretary, Mortimer B. Gleeson, a member for 26 years, has for some time cherished the ambition to become Exalted Ruler. And so, in appreciation of Mr. Gleeson's splendid services, Mr. Slepik stepped out in order that Mr. Gleeson might step in. Needless to say, the new Exalted Ruler was elected and installed with the unanimous approval of the members, and welcomed as their leader by the officers who will serve with him. Dan J. Connor is the new secretary.

Grand Exalted Ruler McCormick Visits Lakewood, O., Lodge

The visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick to Lakewood, O., Lodge, No. 1350, was the high point of a week of celebration in observance of the 21st anniversary of the lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler was met at the city limits by Past Exalted Rulers and the Lakewood officers. After greetings had been exchanged, the motorcade made a quick trip to the lodge home paced by a police escort. A lobster dinner in Dr. McCormick's honor was attended by the candidates for the evening, their sponsors, State officers and visiting officers of many subordinate lodges.

Lodge convened promptly at 8 P. M. E.R. Walter J. Quallich presided. Dr. McCormick's brother was a member of the class of 17 candidates initiated. Three hundred and forty Elks were present. The Grand Exalted Ruler's anxiously awaited speech proved to be of special interest to the new members. After the meeting a buffet luncheon was served, and during the informal reception which followed, the Grand Exalted Ruler made the acquaintance of every Elk present.

Schools Receive Safety Signs from Longmont, Colo., Lodge

The Safety Campaign, begun last year by Longmont, Colo., Lodge, No. 1055, and now in full swing, has



A. C. Arnold

made the whole city safety-conscious. Sixteen safety signs were turned over to the various schools at the beginning of the term, and the work of the committee and the signs themselves have received great praise from civic clubs, the School Board and the Parent Teachers Association.

Members of the Safety Committee, appointed last year under E.R. Richard Lester, have spent much of their time on the project. Est. Loy. Knight Bill Morley was Chairman. Est. Lect. Knight Noland Fry designed the signs, and P.E.R. E. C. Olden was the artist. Both are members of the committee. All of the clubs in the city are now taking an active part in the campaign originated by the lodge.

Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge Gives Life Saving Equipment to City

Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge, No. 412, has presented the local fire department with a new piece of portable life saving equipment. The instrument is recorded as being a resuscitator and inhalator with an aspira-

tor attachment, designed to be used in any emergency case where oxygen is needed, as well as for mine accident calls.

Participating in the presentation at No. 1 Fire Station were E.R. A. N. Scharff, Secy. W. R. McCormick and P.E.R. Ben W. Weir, D.D. for Kans., East. Fire Chief Walter Campbell publicly expressed the city's appreciation of the lodge's valuable gift.

Entertainment for Boys and Other Brazil, Ind., Lodge Events

With the cooperation of one of its members, Stanley Cooper, manager of a local theatre, and School Superintendent Charles P. Keller, Brazil, Ind., Lodge, No. 762, sponsored a special showing of "Boys Town" recently with 400 boys as guests. Eight of the boys were from the Clay County Orphanage in which the lodge has been keenly interested for years. A series of weekly stag suppers has proven to be one of the most popular features on the social calendar, and a number of dances are scheduled.

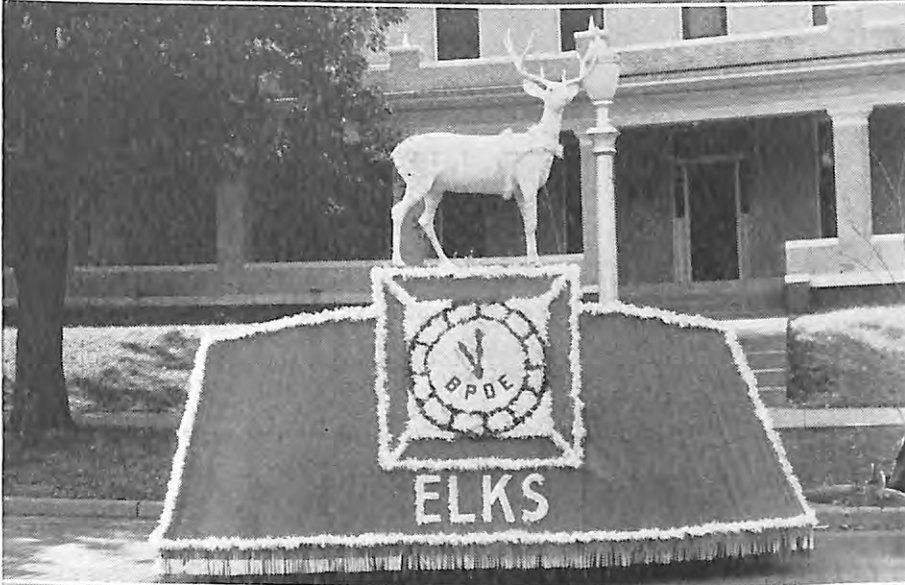
At the close of a recent regular meeting, the members had the pleasure of listening to an interesting talk by a former university and Olympic track star, Don Lash, now a member of the Indiana State Police Department. Mr. Lash spoke on track athletics and safe driving.

Below: The officers of Gardner, Mass., Lodge and the Clinton, Mass., Lodge Ritualistic Team. These Elks officiated on the occasion of the formal opening of Gardner Lodge's new home.





Above is the New Jersey State Elks Assn. Ritualistic Committee photographed at the Paterson, N. J., Lodge Home at a formal meeting of the Committee.



Left: The float entered by Nebraska City, Neb., Lodge in the annual Apple Harvest Festival.



Above: An exhibit of the Food Conservation and Toy Department of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge which was shown by the Social and Community Welfare Committee at their third annual clambake. Ten thousand dollars' worth of food and \$5,000 worth of toys are given yearly by Columbus Lodge to the poor at Christmas time.

Dr. McCormick Attends Fall Meeting of Missouri State Elks Assn.

The Fall meeting of the Missouri State Elks Association took place on Oct. 9 at the Missouri Hotel in Jefferson City. Some 200 delegates were registered. The Association went on record in favor of broadening the field for furnishing eye glasses to indigent children. Missouri Elks will take care of all such children in the State—not just those

who live within the jurisdictions of the lodges.

Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick attended and was the principal speaker at the banquet which was held at 1 P. M. His speech was received with enthusiastic approval. The other speakers on the program were State Pres. Dr. Don H. Silsby, Springfield; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, East St. Louis, Ill.; Past Grand Es- teemed Leading Knight Bernard F.

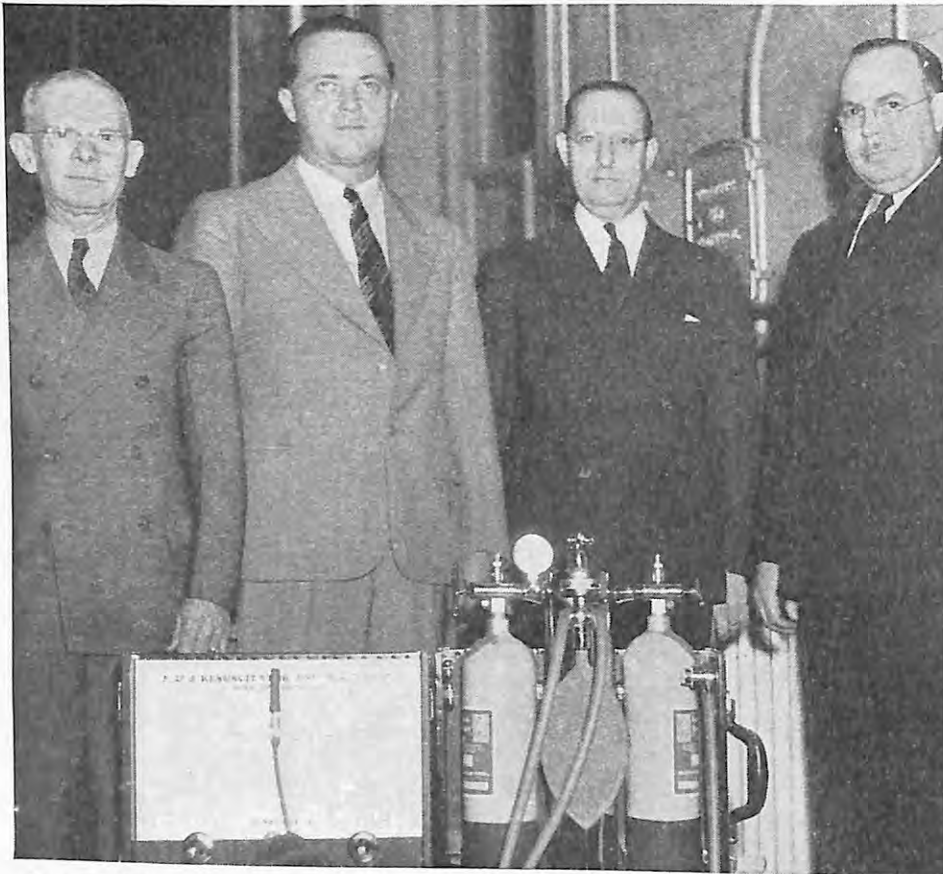
Dickmann, Mayor of St. Louis; the Hon. Lloyd Stark, Governor of Missouri; Grand Trustee Judge Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill.; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Chicago, Ill., and Grand Esquire George M. McLean, El Reno, Okla. The present State officers, Past Presidents, District Deputies, Exalted Rulers of Missouri lodges and other Elk dignitaries were introduced. Dr. McCormick was accompanied by Special District Deputy William M. Frasor, Blue Island, Ill.; his Secretary, Karl P. Rumpf of Toledo Lodge; and Dr. Ralph B. Wagner, St. Louis Lodge, Director of Forensic Activities of St. Louis University. The musical program, in which a quartette from Springfield Lodge No. 409 took part, was under the direction of E. Harry Kelly, Springfield Lodge.

A sightseeing tour starting at 9 A. M. took in visits to the Governor's mansion, Botz Garden, the State Capitol and the Penitentiary. At eight that night an initiation was held under the direction of the host lodge, Jefferson City No. 513.

N. J. State Elks Assn. Holds Its Quarterly Meeting at West Orange

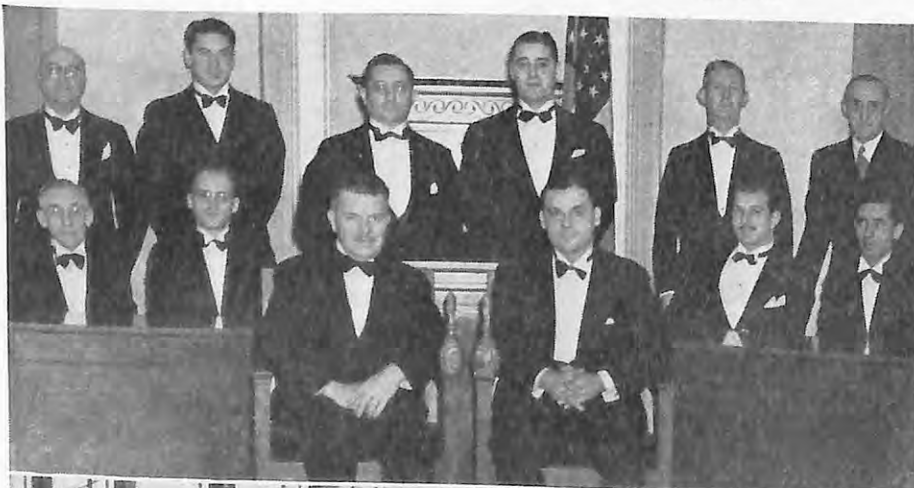
In addition to all the officers, Past Pres.'s Fletcher L. Fritts, John H. Cose, Edgar T. Reed, George Hirtzel, Albert Dearden, Francis Boland, Charles Wibiralski, Nicholas Albano, Arthur Scheffler and Murray B. Sheldon attended the quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association at West Orange. Mr. Cose, Plainfield Lodge, has not missed an annual or a quarterly meeting of the Association since it was organized at Camden in 1913.

West Orange Lodge No. 1590 made more than ordinary preparations for the meeting and provided special entertainment for the visit-



Above: Distinguished Elks of Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge photographed with the life-saving equipment they recently gave to their city.

Below: Officers of Irvington, N. J., Lodge who, among other things, have organized a new Lodge Bulletin called the Irvington Hobnobber.



ing ladies. The meeting was one of the snappiest in the history of the Association. The new President, Howard F. Lewis, disposed of all the business in hand in less than two hours, and served notice that each quarterly session would open at 2:15. An incident of the afternoon was the presentation to each lodge in the State of a framed copy of a newspaper syndicated tribute to Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee, written when he was a recent hospital patient. Former Governor Harold G. Hoffman was the author of the tribute. Mr. Buch was unable to attend the West Orange meeting.

William J. Jernick, Chairman of the Publicity Committee, with a member covering every lodge in New Jersey, reported more than the average amount of newspaper space devoted to Elk activities during the previous three months. Chairman Victor Eichhorn, of the Committee on Laws, stated that the draft of a new set of by-laws would be submitted at the next quarterly meeting, which will be held on Sunday, December 11, in the home of Kearny Lodge No. 1050.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Elks Honor Memory of John G. Dobbs

Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, held impressive ceremonies at Engel Stadium recently in which it paid tribute to the late "Johnny" Dobbs, for 30 years one of its most active members, and for more than a decade a national figure in baseball. The lodge sponsored the presentation and unveiling of a beautiful bronze plaque to his memory. The program was solemn and elaborate, and a crowd of several thousand baseball fans was present.

District Lodge Officers Meet at Mansfield, Ohio

Twelve of the 14 lodges of the Ohio North Central District were represented at a meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries held recently at Mansfield, O. The meeting was called by D.D. Wilbert G. Schwer of Sandusky, but was conducted by P.D.D. O. J. Shafer, Elyria, at the request of Mr. Schwer who was unable to be present.

Quotas were set for the individual lodges in their new-membership campaigns. Several important appointments were made. P.D.D. Dr. L. H. Whisler of Willard Lodge, was named General Chairman of Ritualistic Work. State Vice-Pres. Jack Lais, Norwalk, and State Trustee Walter Penry, Delaware, were appointed respective Chairmen for the northern and southern lodges of the district.

(Continued on page 52)

Left: Some of the 400 youngsters who were recently entertained by Brazil, Ind., Lodge at a moving picture performance.

Right: The Burbank, Calif., Lodge Bowling Team which competed at the Calif. State Assn. Convention.

CALIFORNIA

The opening session of the 24th Annual Convention of the California State Elks Association was called to order on Thursday morning, September 22, in the magnificent ball room of the Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, with Pres. C. Fenton Nichols of San Francisco, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, presiding. This was the fourth time that Monterey Lodge No. 1285 had acted as host at a convention of the Association.

After a prayer by State Chaplain David Todd Gillmor of San Jose Lodge, veteran State Secy. Richard C. Benbough, San Diego, called the roll which showed all the officers to be present, together with many Past State Presidents and District Deputies. E.R. Judge Ray Baugh of Monterey Lodge and Mayor Emmett McMenemy of Monterey welcomed the assembled officials and guests to Monterey, Carmel, Del Monte and Pacific Grove—the four communities in the Monterey jurisdiction. Chairman Edgar W. Dale of Richmond presented the annual report of the Association, a satisfying document, showing all obligations paid and a surplus in the treasury.

Aside from formal affairs, which were held in the Hotel Del Monte, a great part of the social and fraternal activities of the convention took place in the home of Monterey Lodge, hundreds of the delegates, visitors and their ladies crowding the quarters day and night. Outstanding features of the three-day gathering were the impressive Memorial Services at the Hotel Del Monte on Thursday evening; the three-hour Hi-Jinks on Friday, put on in the State Theatre, Monterey, by the State Association's Jinks Committee, on which P.E.R. R. C. Ingels acted as the Monterey member, and the Grand Parade, featured on the last day's program of activities. Leading the parade was Governor Frank F. Merriam. Both Gov. Merriam and retiring Pres. Nichols made magnificent patriotic speeches during the convention.

SANTA MONICA was selected as the 1939 convention city. The officers elected and installed for 1938-39 are as follows: Pres., C. P. Hebenstreit, Huntington Park; Vice-Pres.'s: C. De Marais, Chico; Frank J. Samson, Pittsburg; Lawrence T. Brazer, Palo Alto; W. S. Allen, Porterville; George H. Fuller, San Fernando; Ora E. Bacon, Ontario; Secy., (re-elected) Richard C. Benbough, San Diego; Treas., (reelected) E. M. Porter, San Jose; Trustees: J. F.

Right: The Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge officers who won the California State Elks Assn. Ritualistic Contest held in Monterey.



News of the State Associations

Mispley, Sacramento; Morley H. Golden, San Diego; Ben F. Lewis, Fresno.

The State Ritualistic Contest was won by Santa Ana Lodge. Monterey Lodge was second and the Pasadena, Fresno and Grass Valley Lodge teams finished in the order named. The Antlers of Huntington Park Lodge won the Antlers Ritualistic Contest. Huntington Park Lodge won the Drill Team Contest with Sacramento Lodge second.

The famous national championship Glee Club of Los Angeles Lodge, the "Chanters," was the winner in the musical competition for 21 or more men, with Oakland Lodge capturing second place. For less than 21 men, Santa Ana Lodge was the winner with Richmond second and San Fran-

cisco third. Los Angeles Lodge won the Band Contest, Santa Monica being second and Glendale third, and Long Beach Lodge won in the Drum and Bugle Corps Contest.

Results in other competitions were reported as follows: Soft Ball: El Centro first, Alameda second. Bowling: San Mateo first, Richmond second, Long Beach third. Trapshoot: Class A—H. A. Beeger, San Mateo, 94 out of 100; Class B—James Pedroni, Salinas, 96 out of 100; Class C—M. S. Kerrick, Santa Cruz, 96 out of 100; Class D—Henry Hamilton, Santa Cruz, 85 out of 100; Ladies, Mrs. H. A. Beeger. Two men tied in the Skeet Shoot—W. H. Nelson, Watsonville, and E. M. Van Antwerp, Santa Cruz, 44 out of 50. In the

(Continued on page 55)



YOUR DOG



Black Star

by Captain Will Judy
Editor, Dog World Magazine

When Your Dog Is Out of Bounds

ONE of the objects of National Dog Week each year is to impress upon dog owners that the rights and feelings of those who do not own dogs must be respected fully. All the world loves dogs, but there are some folks who do not want their flower gardens torn up, their chickens chased or their nightly sleep disturbed by constant barking.

From a legal aspect, the dog owner must take special care when his dog is off the premises. For the moment

the dog steps over the boundary line and on to another's property, the dog is on his own good behavior. Many things which a dog can do on his owner's premises without incurring liability for the owner, cannot be done on another's property without subjecting his owner to possible damages and court trials. What about the famous words of caution, *cave canem*, (beware of the dog)? Merely to post the sign, "Beware of the dog" or "Dog on premises", does not protect the owner in every case.

Persons who are not trespassers, who are not entering the premises to commit a criminal or other illegal act are permitted to have the ordinary

courtesy extended to them of entering the premises, knocking on the door and transacting business with the inmates of the house. Thus the salesmen, meter readers, mail carriers, neighbors on a friendly visit are entitled to enter the premises without suffering injury by way of a bite or torn trousers.

If the owner specifically gives notice to any person or persons not to enter the premises, then the owner is released from obligation. If a sign is posted reading, "Vicious or dangerous dog on the premises. Do not enter", then the owner is relieved of any liability, regardless of who enters the premises.

Once your dog is off your premises whether on or off the lead, licensed or unlicensed, wearing or not wearing a collar, with or without a master or supervisor, you, as a dog owner, are fully responsible for any damages he may do, unless, of course, a grown person (not a child) taunts the dog and purposely invites attack from the dog. Children, particularly under twelve years of age, are considered to be without judgment, and regardless of what they do, the dog owner is held for damages which his dog may inflict upon such children.

Many states have ordinances requiring that a dog can be on public streets or in any public place only when on lead. Some even require the unfair and unreasonable necessity of wearing a muzzle. A muzzle is inhumane and unnatural for the dog to wear. It places him at a disadvantage against any stray dog which may attack him. It irritates the dog and makes him nervous.

A REASONABLE local ordinance would require that a dog off the owner's premises be kept on lead or under control of a suitable person (for instance a person over sixteen years of age and one with whom the dog is acquainted).

When a dog is a stray dog, away from its owner's premises and from its owner, just how far can the dog catcher's wagon proceed? The mere fact that the dog is licensed or wears a collar does not in most cases protect it from being picked up. The dog catcher is concerned with stray dogs rather than with licensed or unlicensed dogs.

In most cases, the use of common sense on the part of the dog catcher solves many situations. Every dog should have its license tag attached to the collar so that if lost or picked up by the dog catcher the owner can be determined immediately through the license records and contacted so that he can pick up his dog.

Many dog owners have an extra tag which gives the name, address and telephone number of the owner.

We have thus far not discussed a most important consideration, that well-trained dogs usually do not cause any trouble to the public, give little or no work to the dog catcher and no trouble to their owners.

(Continued on page 55)

Merry Gentlemen

(Continued from page 7)

from the inn. A shot whined by and the street rumbled with sound. I was running with Cherry.

I was thinking how perhaps this was the end, and all things taken together, it was not so bad to have a bullet in your back as to freeze, or die at the end of a rope. Only it was Christmas Eve. Ellen May was a woman, and I loved her. If we ran past her house, she still wouldn't know that we had died this way. And Cherry—but he loved nothing at all, only his proud self.

From a house, as we ran, we heard it again—God rest you, merry gentlemen—and Cherry laughed. Then another bullet followed us.

Cherry cried to me, running, "Drop into an alley! They can just see us, but not enough to know one from two! I'll put them off!"

"Go to hell!" I sobbed.

"Mark me, boy!"

And I couldn't run as fast, my feet being bound over with the sacking. I shook my head, ran on, and then he whirled and faced me. His clenched fist shot up, catching me on the side of the face, and then it was all like a dream. I know he picked me up and threw me close to the wall of a house.

As I lay there, unable to move, I saw him dart back toward a cross street. A musket crashed and he stumbled, sprawled out like a sack of potatoes. But then he was up and running, and the chase passed with him into a side street. I rose and began to walk, shaking my head to clear it. I went to Ellen May's house. Why should I go anywhere else, and what did it matter? I was mumbling to myself. Perhaps I said, "Greater love hath no man."

Ellen May opened the door, after I had pounded several times. She had drawn a robe over her nightdress, and she was holding a candle. At first she would not open the door all the way.

"Who is it?" she wanted to know. I think she was afraid. Then it occurred to me that

there might be soldiers quartered upon her.

"Tommy," I said, "Tommy."

I went in and I sat down there, next to the door and I began to cry. It isn't easy for a man to cry, but then I cried like a baby; and all the time she stood there, holding the candle and staring at me. Oh, I didn't look nice. None of us in that tattered army looked nice, and most of us were a little mad.

"Tommy," she whispered.

"Yes. Isn't it funny? Why am I crying?"

"No, no—don't." Then the candle fell out of her hand. She dropped down and put her arms around me, and I remember saying, "Don't do that. I'm all wet and dirty."

"Quiet, Tommy. There are men sleeping upstairs. They're quartered here on me. Tell me what you're doing in Philadelphia. You deserted—"

"No."

"You're trembling. I heard shots. Were they shooting at you?"

I didn't care a great deal about anything now. I held Ellen May in

my arms and kissed her, and she was warm and good and I was wet and dirty. Back in Valley Forge, the fires still burned and the tall man sat in his house and brooded. Cherry was dead, out there in the street, somewhere. I said to Ellen May, "I came here to see you."

"You're mad, boy."

"Yes—we're all mad, or starving, or freezing. What difference does it make? Tonight's Christmas Eve, you know. I heard them singing carols—singing carols—"

"Tommy!"

"No—I'm all right, tired maybe. You say there are officers upstairs, sleeping? They sleep like fat pigs, and they're warm. I'm never warm. Do you want me to go?"

"Stay here, Tommy. You can't go now."

"If they find me, they'll hang me. You understand that. On Christmas Day. I'm tired—"

"Tommy—don't go to sleep here. Come inside, in the drawing-room. Look, take my hand."

"I love you," I murmured.

"Yes."

Sitting down on a little sofa, I took her hand. It was very dark there, and I could barely see the outlines of her face. Then I closed my eyes. I wasn't crying any more, but I was tired now, terribly tired; I only wanted to sleep.

"Let me sleep," I whispered.

"No—no, Tommy. Don't you understand? They're upstairs—"

"All swine—let me sleep."

"Tommy, talk to me!"

I hardly remember what I said then, but I know that I was speaking about Cherry. I think I told her everything about Cherry. I told her how they had shot him, and how that had been for me. I don't know how long it took, maybe hours, and I think that some of the time I dozed. I was telling her about Cherry, and perhaps she was crying; I don't remember.

And all the time I had only seen her once, and for a mo-



"I want to return these. They're incompatible."

ment, when she stood there in the door with the candle, this, my beautiful Ellen May. You see, I was a little mad, thinking of all these different things, how we weren't an army at all, only a rabble of beggars in rags, and how Cherry had been shot, and how funny it was for the tall man to sit in his house in Valley Forge and brood.

"Beggars," I said to Ellen. She was crying. I heard her crying.

"He was coming to see some girl, like I was," I mumbled. "I guess that's why we did it. If we knew that we were coming to Philadelphia to die, we would have done it anyway, because dying isn't so terrible any more. Nothing is, except cold. It makes me afraid, and I don't want to go out into the cold. But I guess you'll want me to. You'll want me to go out into the cold—"

"What?"

"You're crying." Perhaps I dozed again, then; it seemed to me that something like the grey of dawn was creeping through the window. But it couldn't have been that long.

"Don't go away," I said to her. "Don't go away from me now."

"No—I won't, Tommy."

"Was I speaking about Cherry? You know, he's mad. But we all are, and they call us an army—"

"Yes—"

"It's Christmas morning, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I'll go now. You'll want me to go, won't you? I'll have to walk all the way back to Valley Forge, if I get out of the city. If I don't go back—I could go home. Are there soldiers there, too?"

"I don't know, Tommy."

It was lighter now, and I knew that the sun would rise soon. But I had to go. If I stayed, it would only make trouble for Ellen May, and I didn't want that. There had been trouble enough this night.

"I'll go."

I saw her now, clearly enough. Her face was tired and drawn, older, and her eyes were red. Women, too, I thought. Her yellow hair was like Cherry's

I stood up.

"God bless you, Tommy," she whispered.

We were standing there, staring at each other, when we heard him knocking at the door. And we still stood and looked at each other.

Then we went to the door, opened it; and before we did, I think I knew it would be Cherry. He stood there, smiling, wet and dirty, his sleeve all stiff with clotted blood. He was smiling.

"I came for the little one," he said, nodding at me; and then he was holding Ellen May in his arms, and she was crying and kissing his face and smoothing his yellow hair. And still crying, babbling like a baby, she led him into the drawing-room.

But Cherry was the same, smiling and big and sure of himself; but, nevertheless, with a funny light in his eyes when he looked at me.

He said to me, "We're strong men, Tommy, and close. You know—"

"I know, Cherry." But I was thinking that he should have told me.

ELLEN May turned to me. You know how a face can be dead one moment, and then alive the next? Well, that's the way her face was, all glowing, and if I looked into her eyes, I knew well enough that she loved him.

"Tommy—"

I thought of many things, all in a moment, and of how the tall man sat in his house at Valley Forge, brooding over his army. I would go back into the cold, and Cherry would be with me.

"You know, boy—" Cherry said.

I shook my head. That didn't matter—not like Cherry thought it mattered.

But Ellen May was looking at me. I tell you, she was looking at me that Christmas morning, looking at me and smiling; and what were her smiles?

"He's my friend," I said, as if to

tell her that I could bear it for Cherry's sake, and more than that for Cherry's sake. "So if you love him—"

Ellen May was shaking her head.

Outside the window a party of boys came by, singing, "God rest you, merry gentlemen, let nothing you dismay—"

Ellen May said, "Christmas morning, Tommy. No war now and no hate. When he left me, in seventy-three, I thought I should hate him. But not now, Tommy. Only he's the same. Did he ever tell you his name—not Cherry?"

"He's your husband," I said.

Someone coughed at the door, and when we turned we saw a British officer standing there, tall, and wonderfully clean and satisfied in his red coat.

Cherry smiled, and Ellen May's face went dead. Cherry said, "All together, Tommy. We're two strong men. We'll hang together—because ours is a great love—" He stopped; I think he couldn't speak any more.

The boys were standing under the window, singing the carols. Ellen May was crying softly. I thought of how Cherry was hers, and she—

"Continental?" the officer asked.

"Yes," I told him.

Then Ellen May came to me, put her arms about me, and kissed me. "You see, I love you, Tommy," she whispered. "Be brave for me, Tommy." And Cherry was smiling—

"Continental," the officer repeated.

"Seventh Pennsylvania," Cherry nodded.

He looked at our feet. Cherry had the broken remains of shoes, but through my sacking, my feet were bleeding. I say, why do men fight? Or was Christmas His gift, and is there no other day? There was no use attempting to escape. I was thinking of how Ellen May loved me, not Cherry—how we would be hanged by the neck until we were dead.

The officer was staring straight at me. I don't know why I smiled, but when I did, he smiled back. He seemed to be listening to the boys outside, and their carols.

Then he sat down, and when he drew off his boots, held them out to me, I wanted to cry. Ellen May was crying.

"Take them," the officer said.

I took them. Cherry whispered, "The enemy."

The officer was smiling. He seemed glad, as if he knew something now that he had always dreamed of knowing before. "You may go," he said hoarsely. "You had better go—Merry Christmas, gentlemen."



"Guess what! I've got a couple of suckers for that old slaughter house down in Dismal Swamp."

I said, "Merry Christmas—splendid enemy." I couldn't say any more. The words were lost in my throat.

It was a long walk back to Valley Forge. I remember how Ellen May kissed me before I left, how she said, "I love you, Tommy. But my

brother is a fool and a child. Take care of your Cherry, and when you come back, bring my brother with you—"

We'll Never Meet Again

(Continued from page 13)

her, tucking it in under her feet and around her legs. She looked down at him with an expression of profound tenderness, thinking again, "If it weren't for Hob I'd marry George, and everything would be so simple, and I'm an awful fool but I can't help it."

George looked up at her anxiously, "Will that be warm enough? Maybe I could fix it a little better?"

"It's fine, George," she said. "I'm warm as toast now."

They stood up to yell when the teams came on the field. They came on running, in a long line, and then they split up into squads and ran formations down the field, and then broke up into groups, kicking and passing, trying tentative side-steps in the mud.

George had to fix the robe again after they stood up and then the captains of the two teams went into a huddle to flip for choice of goal. The teams lined up and she heard the referee's whistle, and then the kicking team started forward in a long line behind the kicker.

The safety man took the ball on his five-yard line, and cut to the right behind his interference, and ran back eighteen yards and then went down in the mud without anyone touching him.

The crowd sank back in their seats. "That's too bad," George said. "He'd have had five, ten yards more if he hadn't slipped."

"Yes," Cecily said. She closed her eyes and heard the noise around her, and with her eyes closed she could remember the last time she had sat there watching a game. It was her senior year, and it was the last game Hob had played for the school, and he was hot that day. He was always a crowd-pleaser because he had that flair for being spectacular in anything he did. He didn't exactly play



"But Junior, just a little fire wouldn't burn Santa Claus."

to the grandstand, but when he did anything he made it look good. If anyone else made a ten-yard gain it was just a ten-yard gain, but when Hob did it, it was something else again, a sort of personal triumph. In the last game he was going good. He had the crowd half hysterical, and he made three out of the four touchdowns and practically won the game single-handed, and she was so proud sitting there watching him, that she almost died.

George was saying, "It's too damned bad it had to rain today. It isn't going to be much of a ball game."

CECILY said, "Yes," again but she wasn't thinking about the game. She was thinking that, in spite of George's insistence, she shouldn't have come, because it would make it worse from now on. The depressed and desolate feeling of the morning had come back. It was just another late fall day with heavy, sullen-looking clouds and rain, and just another

football game.

"If he had only answered my letters," she thought. "If I only knew something about him, anything at all, it wouldn't be so bad. It's the not knowing, and hoping all the time that's so bad."

SHE watched the game without any real interest. One team had red jerseys with white numbers, and the other team had black jerseys with white numbers, and after the first ten plays you couldn't tell them apart. At the end of the quarter the middle of the field was ankle deep in mud, and both teams were slipping and sliding and fumbling the ball. The referee had a towel stuck in his belt and he wiped the ball after every play, but it didn't help much.

Between halves they moved around a little to get the chill out of their bones. It took ten minutes to get down the ramp out of the stands, and they stood at a little booth and had hot dogs and coffee. It was warmer there out of the wind, and the coffee tasted hot and fine. George bet twenty dollars on the game with some man he met, and looked sheepish when she kidded him about school spirit. They started back for their seats and she saw Jim Delehanty in the crowd. He was in a mob going one way, and she was in a mob going the other way, but he managed to hold back for a minute and yell at her, "Come up to the hotel after the game. Room 328. We're having a reunion." The crowd moved him three or four feet farther on. "Hob Elliot's in town. He'll be up there."

She said, "Hob—?" But people were pushing her from behind and she couldn't make Jim hear.

She felt a little sick, and a little weak in the knees, the way you might

feel if you'd just won the Sweepstakes or something. The last half of the game was exactly four years, eleven months and twenty-nine days long, or at least that was the way it seemed to her. She sat there and experienced all the emotions known to mankind, shaking a little, partly with the cold, and partly with a nervous chill that had come suddenly.

She managed an unenthusiastic yelp in the last quarter when the sophomore back that George liked cut loose with a long, left-handed pass from behind his own goal line. The end got the ball on his fingertips high in the air, juggled it for a few steps, running, and then got it clasped to his bosom and crossed the goal line standing up, for the only score of the game.

THE crowd began to thin out three or four minutes before the final gun. It was almost five o'clock by then, and premature darkness was settling over the town. She and George were among the first ones out. They turned down a side street to avoid the mob, and went along through the deepening dusk, walking a little hurriedly in the chill.

Lights were springing up in houses along the street. They looked gay and cheerful shining through the damp, melancholy twilight. Cecily shivered and increased the cadence of their pace, hurrying. The wind was colder then, and she thought about a warm room, and drinks before dinner, closing her mind against the thought of Hob. Against the thought of seeing him, and talking to him.

The lobby of the hotel was deserted when they got there, and she left George at the desk. "For just ten minutes," she said. "We could meet down in the bar before the party starts. My clothes are soaking, George."

It wasn't the clothes so much. Her hair was mussed, though, from the hat, and she hadn't any make-up on. And it was important that she look right this one time. "Just this once, dear God," she thought. "The way he'd want me to look, so he'll notice me. Just this one time."

It was thirty minutes before they got to the party. She met George in the bar and they had one Martini, and then they went up in the elevator, and you could hear the noise even before the doors were opened.

They had three rooms thrown together for the gang, and even that was hardly space enough. She came in with her hand on George's arm, and they said, "Hello, Mary," and Jim and Joe, and Maxine, and everybody. It was a madhouse. Cecily had a smile on her

face, being bright and gay, and then she saw Hob standing across the room, and all the brightness went away and left her hollow.

She said, "Just a minute George. Here's someone I know."

She left his side and walked across the room with her head up, thinking, "It has to be casual. Everything's all right if I can just be casual."

"**W**HY, Hob," she said. "This is a surprise."

He said, "Cecily!" He was surprised, all right. She could see that. And he was confused, too, for a moment, and in that moment she had a chance to really look at him, and he was the same Hob. A little heavier, maybe, but still the same.

He said, "Cecily!" again. "I didn't know you were in town."

"Just for the game," she said. It was so hard to think of anything to say, small talk, something witty and charming. Her knees were shaking, and she remembered George, then, standing patiently behind her. She called to him, "Mr. Elliot, Mr. Blair. That's awfully formal," she said. "Hob, this is George."

They stood there and had a drink, and it was going to be a little bit difficult, she could see. It would have been difficult even without George. In a way he made it easier. You couldn't get very personal in front of a witness. She stood there trying to think of something bright and gay to say.

"How long has it been?" Hob was saying. "Two, three years? It doesn't seem that long, does it?"

"No," she thought, "it doesn't seem that long. It seems longer. Make it twenty years."

It wasn't exactly the sort of meeting she had pictured, but then, perhaps it was better this way. She wouldn't make a fool of herself in front of George.

She said, "I saw Jim Delehanty. He said you were in town."

"Old Jim," Hob said. "This really calls for a celebration." He found a bottle some place and poured new drinks all around. "Family reunion." He looked at her suddenly. "Or almost a family reunion."

"Why, Hob," she said, "I didn't think you'd remember."

The thing to do was to keep the conversation on a highly impersonal level. There were so many safe things to talk about. She thought desperately, "Let's not talk about us, because then I'll know, and I don't want to know. Not right now."

She said, "Remember the time—"

IT was pretty dull for George, she supposed. She tried to include him in the conversation, but Hob ignored him, claiming her attention. It wasn't fair, she thought. It wasn't fair to anybody because you couldn't say the things you wanted to say, or hear the things you had wanted to hear for so long. She felt suddenly that she couldn't stand it any longer. Not this way. Not under these conditions. If she could only get away for just one minute. She looked at her watch.

She said, "The time has come for all good girls to dress for dinner. We have to run, Hob, really. We'll probably see you around."

George had turned away for a moment and Hob said almost inaudibly, "In five minutes in the bar."

She pretended not to hear him. But the bad part of it was that she'd go. She didn't want to, but she knew she would.

The air in the hall felt clean and refreshing after the smoke inside. They walked down the hall, and in that short time she had a chance to think about it and get it straight in her mind.

She said, "George, it may take me half an hour. Why don't you go back to the party?"

It was obvious, she thought, but it would never occur to George. It made her a little sad to see how nice he was about it. Before closing her door she watched him turn back down the hall, and then she knew she couldn't do it. Not that way. The only reason she had lied she thought, was because she was a coward. She couldn't be honest with anyone not even with her-



"So your name is S. Michael Finn 3rd, eh? Now, I have here a secret little mixture . . ."

self. She called him back to her. "That isn't true, George," she said, "about taking time to dress—I've been in love with Hob Elliot for years. We were almost married once. I have to see him alone for . . . for ten minutes. Will you wait for me?"

It was quite dark in the hall but she could see the look of pain in his face. She knew the way he felt, the lost and desolate sensation. But he didn't protest. "Yes," he said. "Yes, I'll wait."

The hall seemed miles long. At first she could see George standing there, waiting, and then she stepped into the elevator and she couldn't see him anymore, and the elevator was going down.

Hob was at the bar when she came in. She saw him standing there and she almost turned back because this moment was so important, and because she didn't know what to do or say. She came up a little breathless, saying, "I see I'm not the only one who had this idea. It was so crowded in that room."

"That wasn't why you came down."

"No."

"Why did you?"

She sat up straight on the stool, looking at him. "To find out something, Hob."

He fished some cigarettes out of his pocket and put one in his mouth, and sat there with an unlighted match held in his fingers. Finally he said, "Look, Cecily, you know it's always been you. . . . We were so damned young, though. I had to

think about it. I wanted to be sure."

She thought, "You could have answered my letters anyway. That wouldn't have hurt anything." And then she put that thought aside, because she wanted so much to believe him. Because, after all, this time it was so important that she believe him. And it could be true, she thought. If I just think it's true hard enough I can believe it.

"Yes, Hob."

"I came back here today," he said, "because I hoped you'd be here."

For a moment she believed him. But only for a moment, because she remembered his astonished embarrassment a little while ago. She started to say something and he lighted the match and she saw his face smiling at her over the flare of the light cupped in his palms, and she thought suddenly, with some inexplicable but secure knowledge, "That's a lie. You haven't thought about me five minutes in the last year. And before that you never really thought about me because it would be impossible for you to think about anybody but yourself."

It was the first time, she realized, that she had ever been completely honest with herself as far as he was concerned. Because she knew now that in some deep part of her mind she had always known what he was. He was a gallery player, and he always had been. It wasn't that he wanted her, or ever had wanted her. It was merely that he wanted someone to feed his vanity, and she had served that purpose for a while. And

when he did things he made them look so good you were fooled into thinking they were the real thing.

The realization of that, she supposed, should make her feel sad; but it didn't. For just a moment, perhaps, seeing a very young dream gone, but after that the only feeling she had was one of relief, like being let out of a prison after two years, like being free again. She wouldn't have to go on fooling herself any longer. It was as George had said. You outgrow so many things. And she had wasted too much time already.

She felt Hob's hand holding hers under the bar. "Look," he said, "get rid of that gent you're with and we'll have dinner together. I'll meet you in half an hour at the side entrance to the hotel."

She suddenly felt very sorry for him. He was so sure of himself. And it wasn't his fault. People had made him that way, and he didn't see—he never would see—exactly the sort of person he was. She got up from the stool then. "Hob," she said, "I've just discovered something that I've known for the past three or four years. That's funny, isn't it? It's been so nice seeing you again."

He yelled, "Cecily," after her, but she didn't hear him. George would be standing up in the hall, smoking cigarettes, waiting for her. It took so long sometimes, she thought, to find out what you really wanted. She stepped into the elevator, and said, "Three," and it seemed to her that the trip up took a very long time.

The Pixie Business

(Continued from page 17)

drawings come in, a board of editors, in meeting assembled, renders the final verdict.

Such editorial meetings go about as follows, according to the ordinary gag-cartoonist who has never seen one:

The editor-in-chief, a man 93 years of age, calls the meeting to order, passes the drawings around and falls into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Then the editors start in on drawing No. 1. The women's editor thinks the woman in the drawing looks silly, so they decide to have the artist do it again, putting the woman in the man's place and vice versa. This instruction is noted on the drawing.

"He's drawn the lamp all wrong," says the science and industry editor.

But they are listening to the fiction editor, who is studying the drawing thoughtfully. "That girl in the background," he says. "Would she look like that? Would she? . . . Think it over."

They all ponder and agree she wouldn't and blue-pencil at least two

dozen more instructions on the drawing.

"That lamp," says the science and industry editor loudly, "will make us a laughing-stock in the electrical appliance trade. There is something about it—"

But they ignore him. The art editor has been examining the drawing and he has decided that the composition thereof is obvious, not to say gauche. And besides, he's probably got an idea for a gag of his own.

SO it goes. The lamp is about the only thing they don't change. By the time the editor-in-chief has finished his nap, most of the drawings are scheduled for revision and three blue pencils have been worn to a nub.

The unlucky gag-cartoonists get their work back and scurry home to do it over. The most unlucky do it over from two to six times before it is finally rejected.

One gag-cartoonist succeeds without being able to draw or think up gags.

She is a pretty little brunette with large, round eyes. She calls on a car-

toonist and looks at him with her eyes and he gives her some of his roughs. She takes these to an editor, who softens likewise, and gives her an OK.

Not being able to draw, the girl appeals to a second cartoonist who does the finished drawing from her OK'd rough. Finally you see the cartoon in print, over her name. It's quite a system.

Few gag-cartoonists have big, appealing eyes, but the good ones do have their specialities.

Jay Irving draws gags about policemen for *Collier's* so effectively that he has been made a member of more than eighty police departments all over the country. He has a collection of police badges sent him by the precinct stations to which he has given original drawings. Some of his policemen gags have even appeared on the front cover of *Collier's*.

Hal Sherman lies awake nights thinking up gags, and then invariably, the next day, comes to the supper table convinced it is lunch time. He is a trial to his family. His work frequently appears in *Collier's*

Nothing Personal—Not Much

(Continued from page 23)

as if she had been going over it in her mind for some time. He understood that all right. She had eight snapshots of him—all taken when he needed a haircut.

"Maybe it is funny," he said, "but it feels good."

She went on, "Matt, you couldn't possibly like those old pants. Now, tell the truth—go on and say it."

He understood this, too. Missy really was proud of him, and always wanted him to look dressed up like Brad Ellison. "I don't think these pants are beautiful," Matt admitted readily, "but they're comfortable. They're pretty good to work in." Then he thought of something himself—it wasn't very important, just rather curious. He said, "That was interesting about your father entering Reb in the field trials."

"It will be fun to watch Reb work," she said, but this did not altogether satisfy Matt.

He pointed out, "The Major never put him in the trials before, that I can remember. Did he?"

Missy said, "That's true—come to think of it," and she appeared thoughtful.

"I wonder how he got the idea," Matt went on, and waited—because he knew Missy wasn't good at keeping secrets.

She wasn't now, and, after a minute's silence, explained, "Well, it wasn't exactly Father's idea. I mean he didn't think of it by himself. He just kept saying that Reb needed more exercise. That made me suggest something."

"You thought it would be a good idea to give Reb some exercise—by putting him in the trials?" Matt nodded. "That was quite an idea all right."

"Father and I sort of thought of it together," Missy said modestly, and smiled slowly.

"I see," said Matt. It was a pretty cute idea, at that. It was kind of tantalizing—to think how it might work out. Missy would enjoy that part, too. She was always trying out something new and exciting—pretty much like Reb. Matt couldn't help smiling himself, but it didn't surprise him—he had figured it all out like that, anyhow.

The morning of the field trials,



"No! No! Pierre. That's not cricket—"

Matt arrived too late to pick up Missy in his station wagon. He had intended to, but, as it turned out, Missy went in Brad Ellison's sports roadster, with Reb riding in the rumble seat. Matt saw them turn the road, just as he came up. It did not make him feel jealous, only that whatever was going to work out would do so, sometime when Missy began to settle down. He had a ridiculous feeling that Reb was barking purposely.

Last night the drawing had taken place at the Justice Mountain Hotel. Matt was smugly satisfied when Dr. Satan and Reb were not picked to run against each other in the same heat. It would have been uncomfortable for him to have to run Dr. Satan directly against Missy and Reb. But now, with a reasonable break, they needn't come together at all. Two dogs would compete in each heat—the dog that hunted best in each brace being matched with another survivor in the second round. Reb should be eliminated early, if there were a just kennel dog.

A large gallery was on hand when Matt arrived, most of the spectators being on horseback. Some were local people but many were wealthy, serious-faced, out-of-town sportsmen. They would follow the heats, riding behind the three judges. The judges would follow the two handlers each time a heat was run off, and it was up to them to decide which dog

hunted birds best—they ought to know.

As it turned out it wasn't necessary for Matt to look Missy up. She came right over at once and shook hands cordially. Her father had a cold, so she was going to handle Reb. She had handled Reb many times before, out hunting. This would be different—but anyhow she had handled him. She was lovely in a turtle-neck sweater and jodhpurs—but then this was no novelty to Matt who had never seen the time when she wasn't as welcome a sight as a prize in a box of popcorn.

She said, "Matt, I hope the best one wins. Look at Reb—he's really raring to go, isn't he? Now tell the truth."

Matt looked at Reb, who, if he wasn't showing off, was certainly complacent with his yawning and sneezing. "Sure. He looks good."

"Is Dr. Satan all right?" she went on in a friendly, and wholly artificial, solicitous manner. "I don't guess it's anything important, but somehow he seems—well, a little quiet. He's not nervous, is he? Honest, I'm not fooling."

"Not a bit nervous," Matt assured her. "He's simply thinking about all those birds he's going to find. Don't go into an act about the Doctor."

She said, "I imagine you're right," and went back to Ellison, who was holding her dog. Ellison looked pretty funny—something like an advertisement for Abercrombie & Fitch. He was carrying field glasses, a thermos bottle and a sit-stick. If he had had anything else he would have tipped over.

Then Matt saw one of the judges coming toward him.

"You were in the first heat, Mr. Crane," Mr. Warren announced, "but it seems that your rival has defaulted. We'll have to find another dog to run against you."

One of the other judges now joined them. "That's all right," he said. "I just got a wire from Sam Gerson. He won't be able to run his setter—dis temper. That gives us another odd dog. We'll run Mr. Crane's dog against that one, and then everything's all set."

"Oh, yes," Mr. Warren answered.

"That works it out fine. Gerson's dog was drawn for the final heat. Whose dog was matched in that heat?"

"An Irish setter," said the other judge, looking at his book. "I've seen him hunt—he belongs to Missy Blake."

IT gave Matt quite a surprise, but he accepted it because he had had a fatalistic feeling for three whole days.

When Missy heard of the change, she came over again. She did not hold out her hand, because she was not a fool, but she was still a good friend. "Matt, you know there's nothing personal in this," she said. "It just worked out like that. You really understand, don't you?" and she really looked pretty bewildered now.

"Sure," Matt said. "It's not personal with me, either. I think you have the making of a really good dog in Reb. All he needs is disciplining. That isn't being nasty, either. I mean it sincerely."

But Missy was a little quiet as she walked off, and he wished he hadn't said it.

Then the opening heat was run off, the first two dogs being sent away, and everybody riding after them. These dogs did not do so well, the best one registering only four finds in the whole heat. This took quite a time, and it wasn't until after lunch that the second heat took place. But although this proved better, from what Matt saw neither of the two winners looked as good as Dr. Satan. They were good—but uninspired. The judges managed to work in a third heat before sunset, which meant that Dr. Satan would probably get his turn in the latter part of the next afternoon.

That evening at the field trial dinner at the Justice Mountain Hotel, Matt talked with Missy. Not much talk—more wishing he didn't feel like they were strangers. He was just about to reach over for her hand when Ellison joined them. Matt couldn't do it then—and it made him feel not like a stranger, but like an unwanted bore. He didn't care whether this was personal or not, but it had been going on for three days—which was too long. If he had had a godmother he would have gone to her and told her he was afraid—very afraid.

He hung around when Missy went in to fix her hair, but, after waiting for a while, he figured she must have gone home another way. The whole thing was getting Apocalyptic. But when a girl got an idea that she wanted to show you something—well, you simply had to take it and not try to guess how it would all turn out.

Cinderella cooked up a good breakfast for Matt next morning, waffles and pork sausages that would stick to his ribs. Down in the village she had heard that Dr. Satan and Reb

were going to compete, and her interest in this aspect struck Matt as unduly morbid. She told him, "I said to myself, it sure tickles me for Mister Matt to be running dogs with his lady friend. It ain't often things happen like that, Mister Matt. I guess which-a-one of you that wins will be mighty proud."

Matt could not see much logic in this reasoning; not at all certain that Missy would even like him for beating her. It was all right for people



to have skirmishes after they were married, but how she would feel now, if she was proved wrong, was something that he didn't dare let himself think about.

All that morning and early afternoon, they followed the heats. The weather had turned colder, and the dogs were having a little trouble covering the frozen ground, their claws making hard, scrabbling noises in the bushes. Some of them proved to be exceptionally good, but even the best one—a liver-and-white pointer—had a tendency to flush the birds instead of waiting for the handler to do it. He wasn't so steady at shot, either, rushing in with clumsy eagerness. More and more, whatever Missy would think, Matt saw that Dr. Satan's chances of winning were skyrocketing.

FINALLY the time came for the last heat. Matt got Dr. Satan down out of the station wagon, and the pointer was trembling. He understood plenty was expected of him, and showed it by a restrained but pathetic steadiness.

Matt saw Missy preparing to turn Reb loose. There was no doubt about Reb being anxious to get started, too—a natural-born hunter if Matt ever saw one. He was sniffing the air as if it owed him something. He was out to win.

Then Mr. Warren called, "Ready? Let your dogs go."

Matt slipped Dr. Satan's leash, and at the same moment Missy freed

Reb. Both dogs set off at a sweeping pace, side by side for a minute, then spreading out—Dr. Satan moving gingerly, Reb racing. Everybody followed at a distance, and as quietly as possible.

Dr. Satan pointed first, and when Matt came up to him, he was standing there very stylishly waiting for the covey of quail to be flushed. Not a muscle in Dr. Satan's body moved, as he remained completely rigid at the shot.

A little later, Reb came into view, covering his ground very speedily. He locked on a point himself—a woodcock—and was steady to wing and shot when Missy moved in. There wasn't any question about Reb also proving himself a top-flight bird dog—that is, if his work held up. He rambled off, inquisitive, incredulous, wanting to see something before pointing.

Reb got his second, quickly. Matt heard the cry off to his right, "Point!" and that made Reb one up on Dr. Satan. But Reb didn't hold the advantage long because in quick succession, Dr. Satan registered finds, one after the other, and took the lead again.

BY the time they had been out an hour, there was no doubt about this being the best heat of the trials. There wouldn't be any necessity for a second round—the dog that took this heat was going to win the thousand-dollar stake.

Missy must have realized it, too. Matt could see her cheeks flushed from the exercise and her eyes bright with excitement. Whatever all this meant to her, she was enjoying it. Reb had come up to Dr. Satan's score again, and passed him with an extra find; and right now, Missy was probably figuring that Reb would win.

"Reb's mother certainly taught him a lot, didn't she?" Missy asked Matt, when they happened to come side by side, and the brazenness of this made her grin, too.

"He's doing fine," Matt admitted; and added sincerely, "unless something happens."

A few minutes later, Dr. Satan jumped into the lead again, scoring twice in rapid succession—finding two coveys of quail, and doing it in a fine, sedate manner. The heat was almost over now. Matt was beginning to feel a little winded; and Missy was breathing hard when she passed. In a few minutes, unless the score changed, Dr. Satan was going to win—which was exactly as it should be.

This was not what was on Matt's mind—because he had figured that Dr. Satan, trained as he was, ought to win. What he was wondering about was something else—something that could happen to any dog as sketchily trained as Reb. Matt had been anticipating it from the start. Anxious though she was to win, Missy could certainly take a

licking. But Matt didn't want to show her up this *other* way—to have Reb let her down too badly. It wasn't any good that way.

Then he saw the first sign of danger, when Reb began to rove wide. Matt readily grasped the meaning of this change—it was because Reb was getting bored. He could understand it in a dog who wasn't force-trained. With Dr. Satan, it was different—Dr. Satan would hunt birds until the cows came home; a bird dog par excellence, he would find birds because he was thoroughly trained to do it.

Matt realized that Missy hadn't noticed what was happening. She was pulling briars out of her sweater, and simply didn't happen to be looking when Reb passed up a covey—which Dr. Satan came up and found behind him.

Matt honestly hoped that Reb would attend to his job, and not get any funny ideas now. If he was going to lose, Reb ought to lose like a gentleman and not make Missy feel ashamed. But nobody could feel certain about this hunter. Reb was a mad genius of an Irishman—and, if temptation came, would do exactly what he wanted to do. He had proved this many times before, over and over again.

THEN, all at once, the blow fell. Reb, who had been moving about aimlessly, suddenly halted, raised his head. He sniffed at the air speculatively like a dog who scents real fun somewhere else, and paid no attention to anybody. It was exactly as if Reb were saying to himself that he was fed up with his job, and now here was something in the nature of an exciting spree.

"Reb!" It was Missy's voice, but her command had come too late to do any good.

In that instant, there was a sharp whir of something brown off to the right in the woods, a clatter of dainty hooves—and then Reb was gone like a flash after the deer.

All Matt could think was that it had happened. Now Missy was not only going to lose—but also have it proved to her that she couldn't depend on her dog. Reb was a bird dog, and ought to stick to finding birds—instead, he was off like a wild commanche, chasing a deer through the woods.

It was a little embarrassing for everybody. Missy yelled again, "Reb!" Her face was scarlet, and most of the spectators were silent out of sympathy. Matt, himself, didn't look at her.

For a while, they all sat there on their horses, hoping Reb would remember his responsibilities and return to duty. Sometimes a badly trained dog would go off like this on a crazy tear and not come home till supper time. But finally the judges had to admit the truth. They allowed Reb twenty minutes, and then made the announcement.

"Dr. Satan wins," was what they said.



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A number of people rode up and congratulated Matt, but he experienced no feeling of triumph whatsoever. He had expected Dr. Satan would win, but had hoped it wouldn't be because Reb had humiliated Missy. All that was important was that he didn't know how she would act now.

He could hear her talk urgently to Brad Ellison, asking him to do something about getting Reb back. She was saying that she was worried. Matt heard her say that once Reb had gone off like this for three days, and then had come back in pretty bad shape. She wasn't concerned about the trial now—all she wanted was to get Reb back safely. That was understandable.

In a way, Matt felt sorry for Ellison. Ellison certainly must be aware that this was a big opportunity for him. He could really make Missy feel grateful, and it might actually get him somewhere with her. But Ellison was helpless. For one thing, his hands were full of sports gadgets; for another, he didn't know a thing about how to get dogs back when they went off on a hunting jag. The only dog Ellison knew was his aunt's Mexican hairless, and he didn't know it very well. He preferred to ignore it entirely.

THEN Matt saw Missy walking toward him. She looked a little self-conscious, but more worried, as she asked slowly, "Matt, can't you make Reb come back? When he goes off like this, there's no telling what might happen to him. You appreciate that—you're a dog man. You know how I love him."

"Sure, I know," Matt told her. "I understand how you feel."

"Well, can't you find him?" she said again.

He nodded, thoughtfully. "I think so," he answered—and hoped what he was going to do wouldn't make her feel worse. It was undoubtedly a kind of ticklish situation, and Missy was very much worth having even if she did like to have her own head until she learned better.

He walked over to the edge of the clearing and said something to Dr. Satan. It wasn't anything fancy or tricky, simply a quiet order, "Go get him, Doc." Dr. Satan looked at him, listened to Reb's retreating barking, sniffed the air,

looked back again—and, when Matt waved his hat, trotted collectively off into the woods.

Matt knew it wouldn't be much of a job. Reb's barking would make Dr. Satan follow him, and after that, Dr. Satan would not have to do a great deal because he was a dog with a magnetic personality. He would simply find Reb, who no doubt would be winded soon—then, when Dr. Satan started for home, more than likely Reb would follow. Right now, Reb was probably getting a drink of water at some stream deep in the woods.

Everybody else was beginning to ride off, and only Ellison still hung around, dropping the thermos bottle. Matt gave Dr. Satan about fifteen minutes out, and then did something else that he hoped wouldn't upset Missy. He took his whistle out of his pocket and blew it twice.

IT was five minutes later when the dogs came in together. Reb was lathered with mud, and certainly didn't look very impressive—it would take some time to comb the cockleburrs out of his coat. Dr. Satan, for his own part, did not show off, but simply came over to have Matt pat him.

Matt wondered how Missy was going to take all this because it wouldn't be much fun for a girl with a mind of her own. If she was still feeling proud, she might go home with Ellison—even though she didn't want to. Matt knew that right then would be a good time for him to start worrying. He felt pretty un-

easy when he started toward the station wagon, but there wasn't much sense in prolonging the situation. Whatever was going to happen would happen now, and talking wouldn't make much difference. He walked over without looking back because the last thing in the world he wanted to do now was to rub it in. Then, realizing that Dr. Satan was not with him, he blew the whistle—a single crisp blast.

He looked up to see Dr. Satan climbing in. Reb was with him—and right behind them both came Missy. Right then it suddenly dawned on Matt that Brad Ellison was gone, why or how Matt didn't know, but anyhow—gone.

Missy climbed up beside Matt, and said something that amused him, and made him feel very relieved as well. What she said was, "Matt, you don't have to blow that whistle anymore—I heard you the first time."

SHE was smiling, and when she smiled like this he knew from experience that there was nothing tantalizing about it, at all.

Matt said steadily, "Cinderella is going to have beaten biscuits and chicken gravy tonight. Why couldn't you and the Major come over?"

"All right," she said, sitting as close to him as Dr. Satan had done in his early days when he wanted to be forgiven, "but I'll have to lock Reb up in the barn first. I think it'll be good for him to stay home, Matt."

"Don't be too hard on him," Matt said thoughtfully. "He means all right—"

But Missy interrupted. "Just the same," she went on with a touch of insistence in her voice, "it's time he grew up," and Matt could feel her head against his shoulder. It gave him an idea that she was probably growing up, a little, anyhow—which was all that he'd ever ask from her. It was also pretty swell, because now he realized what they could do with that thousand-dollar check when it was mailed to him.

But when they reached Missy's place, he saw something that baffled him. Reb got out of the station wagon and showed Dr. Satan how to dig up the flower garden—and Dr. Satan beyond all doubt was enjoying it completely.



"Sorry, sir, the line's been temporarily disconnected—you know for what."

Court Lore

(Continued from page 19)

the twenty million people in this country who play or follow basketball and from such stuff legend is made and heroes are canonized.

Although it was only yesterday on the chronometer of legend that Luisetti scored fifty points against Duquesne—the passing of time always improves the story—his epic feat already has been invested with an apocryphal aura. According to the usual unimpeachable sources, the Stanford players were pretty aroused when Midwestern experts had the temerity to suggest that a certain Chuck Chuckovits, of Toledo University, could make their man Luisetti look like ten cents' worth of basketball player. A few weeks previously Chuckovits had scored forty-one points in a game and Luisetti's colleagues were determined that their captain would put on a show which would run Chuckovits' scoring record right out of the books.

The preliminary build-up is interesting; it may even be true. Circumstances tend to substantiate the yarn, for it was obvious from the start that something was screwy. Stanford opened with a terrific rush and scored twenty-four points before Duquesne broke through with a measly foul. Luisetti's teammates gave him so many passes which were converted into field goals, that they looked like

press agents for a Broadway show.

Coach John Bunn sent a steady stream of substitutes into the game and all of them apparently had one burning passion in life: to feed the ball to no one but their captain. The score against Duquesne mounted to staggering proportions, but it seemed that Luisetti alone was firing at the basket. The team's strategy was so bare-faced that Luisetti finally called for time out—and this is where legend comes galloping on the scene.

"What goes on?" Luisetti is supposed to have demanded in the huddle. "I'm not the only guy on the team. Let's pass the ball and give everybody a chance."

Then it could be told. The players confessed that Bunn had given them explicit instructions to pass the ball to Luisetti exclusively so that the record made by Chuckovits—or any other glamor boy—would be broken beyond all recognition.

Fact or fancy, it was a good trick. Duquesne, deserving of rank among the first ten basketball teams of the country over a five-year span, absorbed an awesome 92-27 shellacking, unquestionably the most crushing defeat ever suffered by a major team. And Luisetti, with twenty-three field goals and four fouls for a grand total of fifty points, piled up the highest individual score ever made in a big-



"I said we shouldn't go to Florida because the climate would disagree with me—and he said it wouldn't dare!"

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league game. When he had completed his varsity career, three months later, he also owned the all-time scoring record for four years of college play.

IT was a better trick, however, getting Luisetti's name and pictures in papers throughout the broad land, and the far-flung attention given the stunt demonstrated the emergence of basketball as a major sport more than any other single incident connected with the game.

Basketball has been played for almost a half-century now and it involves more people, as spectators and participants, than all other American games, yet the reputations of teams and the prestige of individuals were purely localized until a few years ago. A mere handful of players succeeded in breaking down sectional barriers before Luisetti became a national figure. The outstanding personality in the game was Nat Holman, captain and star of the great Original Celtics, who vaulted into the spotlight with Dutch Dehnert and Johnny Beckman. The one collegian who was recognized as a stand-out was Charley Hyatt, who played nine years ago for the University of Pittsburgh, one of the first teams to schedule a trans-continental tour. Hyatt was a stout fella in his own right. He once scored something like thirty-five points against Montana State in a game won by Pitt, 37-35.

The artistic tone of basketball has risen to the level of the splendid sports palaces where the exercises now are conducted. The players are fine little gentlemen, properly impressed with the elegance of places such as Madison Square Garden, the Arenas in Chicago, Philadelphia and Detroit, the Cleveland Auditorium and any number of tastefully designed field houses in the Middle West. And more's the pity, too, for much of the color, humor and blood-and-thunder of the good old days was lost when basketball went big-time and moved uptown with the quality folks.

Some of the more exuberant incidents in basketball history were enacted in the mining districts of Pennsylvania during the War. The mines were operating at full blast, everybody had hatfuls of fresh money and most of the tough miners bet heavily on the professional games. Money was easy, but the miners hated to lose it. A favorite stunt was dropping a lighted cigar from the gallery on a player or pulling the basket, which was a movable affair on a gal-

lows-like contraption, out of the cage as he was about to shoot a decisive goal. Other cute tricks were tripping the noble athletes as they ran along the sidelines and pelting them with stones and burning cigar butts.

Most of the yarns and amiable lies swapped by veteran basketball men concern the old-time professionals, which is to be expected. Time lends enchantment, the play-for-pay boys in any sport invariably are more colorful than the amateurs since showmanship is their stock in trade and, besides, the pros dominated the game until comparatively recent times.

FOR every story with a college background there are two involving the Original Celtics, which is eminently fitting and proper. By all odds the greatest and most spectacular basketball team ever assembled under one banner, the Celtics could win any given game by almost any score they chose to pile up, a part of the legend of a legendary team which probably is true. They played on the average of 130 games a year for ten years and averaged 120 victories; they would be defeated occasionally by a local team in the sticks, but they never lost a series. Always good diplomats and better business men, it is to be feared the hallowed Celtics sometimes dropped a close game with one eye on the score-board and the other on the box-office possibilities.

After the Celtics were deliberately disbanded in 1928 because they were killing off all competition, a few pretenders immediately popped up to claim the vacant throne. None, however, bothered to bill themselves as world champions after the Celtics made a horrible example of the Renaissance Big Five, an all-Negro team which was pretty hot stuff at the time. Reorganized for a command performance in April, 1929, the Celtics inflicted an awesome shellacking on the Renaissance upstarts and to prove it was no mistake, repeated the dose several times in return games.

That same April night at the 71st Infantry Armory in New York, Nat Holman reasserted his superiority as the best basketball player in circulation by giving Cappy Ricks, the Ren star, a sound lesson. Holman out-scored Ricks, fifteen points to six, while adding another bright chapter in the saga of a rare athlete. If Knute Rockne had been a unanimous All-American football player, or Babe Ruth ever had the opportunity to demonstrate that he possessed the same talents for managing a ball club which characterized him as a player, they would have approximated Holman's status in basketball. Another unusual phase of his career was that he held top ranking as a player and a coach at the same time. He still coaches at the College of the City of New York (C. C. N. Y.), where he launched his twentieth season this winter.

A LARGE proportion of the Holman legend is devoted to his psychological powers as a coach, which probably is a manifestation of the hero worship he commands from the kids who play for him. C. C. N. Y. teams always have been noted for their furious finishes and Holman certainly has had something to do with touching off the spark. Last year C. C. N. Y. was trailing Stanford by sixteen points in Madison Square Garden before 18,000 customers and, in spite of the great Luisetti and Stanford's crushing physical advantage, put on a whirlwind rally in the final minutes which failed by three scant points.

The best Svengali story featuring Holman goes back to 1931, when C. C. N. Y. played a great Pitt team in New York. Pitt was sluggish, but Holman's team was worse and was losing, 13-8, going into the closing stages of the game. Something
(Continued on page 50)



"Who sent this cat-o'-nine tails?"



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(Continued from page 48)
obviously was wrong, and it might have been the vacant seat on the C. C. N. Y. bench which Holman usually occupied but had deserted this night for the bedside of his father, who was critically ill. Holman finally arrived and, in response to whispered queries, shook his head. Perhaps his players saw the gesture; maybe they didn't. At any rate, C. C. N. Y. suddenly was transformed into a clicking, inspired team and won the ball game, 16-14.

Until a few years ago basketball wanted any sort of publicity at all so desperately that even a dandy little scandal was welcomed. Kentucky,

perennially a power in the South, was playing unbeaten N. Y. U. at Madison Square Garden before a full house. With thirty seconds to go, the teams tied at 22-all and Kentucky in possession of the ball, Referee Jack Murray called a foul on Kentucky's Leroy Edwards for an intentional block in mid-court. Captain Sid Gross of N. Y. U. sank the foul shot and that was the ball game, but by no means the end of the tumult and the shouting.

Arnold Rupp, the Kentucky coach, could think of no better remark than Joe Jacob's classic crack after the Sharkey-Schmeling fight.

"We were robbed!" Rupp screamed.

"Nobody but Murray saw the foul, and it had no bearing on the actual play in progress, anyway. Prejudiced New York officiating ruined us all night."

That first *cause celebre* on a national scale was another indication that basketball had come of age. Some soiled laundry was exhibited before the public and many harsh words were exchanged, but the principals didn't mind much. Like the old vaudevillian who didn't care what was written about him as long as his name was spelled correctly, the basketball people were pleased as Punch to be mentioned in any shape or manner.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 18)

act nobody can foretell. He is better in his short stories.

The stories contain three that have not been printed elsewhere, and then the masterpieces: "The Undeclared," "The Killers," "Big Two-Hearted River," "Fifty Grand," "The Gambler, the Nun and the Radio,"—stories about the Indians, Michigan, the Southwest, Africa, all the localities where Hemingway has had adventures and where his mind directs his imagination. It is the most remarkable collection in many years. (Scribners, \$2.75)

Novel About a Tough Fellow

Heroes aren't heroes any more, yet because they are human beings, affected by conditions that haunt all of us on this planet, they retain their interest for us. The chief character of "Spella Ho" by H. E. Bates, an English author, is an illiterate fellow who can't read or write or sign his name. He starts life for himself as a carter with his horse and wagon when his father runs off with a loose woman and lets the boy, Bruno Shadbolt, fend for himself and his sisters. Bruno is not bright, but he has tenacity. He profits by his friendships with various women, and they like his directness and strength. Even an old woman who lives in Spella Ho—that's the name of a great house—leaves him a slice of her fortune when she dies. His emotions are stirred most by a cheap little dancer in a tinsel theatre called "The Italian Nightingale." The author is least successful when he describes how Bruno fascinated Lady Virginia, a woman of quality to whom he becomes engaged. The advantage of this story is its brevity; an author trained in the older English tradition might have written many reams more about Bruno. But H. E. Bates had his training in writing short stories, and he knows how to stick to a straight nar-



The Hat-Knocker-Offer is just one of the problems considered by Ed Streeter, and illustrated by Gluyas Williams, in "Daily Except Sunday." A handbook for commuters and all travelers by rail, joyously published by Simon and Schuster.

rative, tell you what his hero does, and leave moralizing and analysis to the reader. An effective novel about an unscrupulous fellow in the iron district of South Wales is "Spella Ho." (Little, Brown & Co.)

Troubles of a Commuter

Commuters have their problems—lots of them. Ed Streeter (once he wrote "Dere Mable" and made our soldier boys happy) has been commuting from Long Island for a term of years and discovering the habits of commuters, who "converge on stations like black ants." Maybe you have been a commuter. I'm one. And like Streeter, I wonder why men walk through the cars, looking for seats,

when they are passing seats all the time. I understand the fear he expresses of being leaned on and being talked to by a bore. I wonder, as he does, why some men can't keep their elbows to themselves; why others have never learned how to open a paper without knocking off another fellow's hat or sticking their hands in his face. There is a whole comedy of manners of the commuting train and Streeter has taken notes and elaborated them for "Daily—Except Sundays" or "What Every Commuter Should Know." Illustrations by Gluyas Williams. It's the story of the book that should have been deposited in the time capsule at the New York World's Fair grounds, so that the man who digs it up 5,000 years from now will learn what curious creatures we were in the days when we dashed for trains twice a day. (Simon & Schuster)

Among the New Novels

Especially appealing to women readers is Rachel Field's "All This, and Heaven Too". This is the story of the life of Henriette Desportes, who became the governess of a titled family in Paris and in 1847 was suspected of complicity in the death of the Duchesse de Praslin, who was extremely jealous of Henriette. The Duc had been friendly to Henriette, but had given no occasion for a scandal; the difficulties lay in the argumentative nature of the duchesse. Seven days after his arrest (the Duc committed suicide. Henriette was freed, the talk of the town.

This is a novel in itself, but Rachel Field does not stop there, for Henriette had a most interesting life after the murder. She came to the United States and in eight years married Henry W. Field, a minister, brother of Cyrus W. Field, the man who was trying to lay a cable under the Atlantic. Having established

Henriette's character in the first half, Miss Field now follows her career through to her death. Thus she builds an admirable portrait of a woman of dignity, calm, adaptability and spiritual strength. It is a novel, but the underlying basis is the career of the woman who was the great-aunt of the author and on whose tombstone Rachel Field used to crack butter-nuts. (Macmillan, \$2.50)

John Erskine's new novel differs greatly from his earlier writings, especially from "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." In "The Start of the Road" he deals with the private life of Walt Whitman. In 1848 Whitman was in New Orleans, editing a newspaper. What happened there no one knows, but Mr. Erskine imagines a love affair with a beautiful octoroon, whose insistence led Whitman to write his poems. He became the father of her child. Then the story deals with their separation, his return to the East, and his later career as a clerk in the department of the interior in Washington, D. C., where he was fired because he wrote poems that his superiors did not like. Whether or not you think this is the real Whitman, you will find this a most entertaining novel about an enigmatic man. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., \$2.50)

HERE'S a book about men who work in an automobile factory in Detroit—"F. O. B. Detroit." The young author, Wessel Smitters, did a year or two there himself. Here are Russ, the big lumberjack, who doesn't like the discipline of the assembly line, and Bennie, the little fellow, who follows Russ around, tries to get him to stay out of trouble, and believes that the big thing in life is to get by without fights. The background is the factory and its men—their arguments, jealousies

and satisfactions, but the author doesn't write about labor battles. He sticks to the fortunes of the two men. Straight shooting, and an author who promises much. (Harper & Bros., \$2.50)

Elizabeth Madox Roberts is a poet, and her poetic sense shines through her novels. If an unpoetic novelist had written "Black Is My True Love's Hair" it would have had a plain title and told a pretty matter of fact story about a woman who went back to her Kentucky farm home because she couldn't stand the bossy man she eloped with. But Miss Roberts makes a thing of beauty out of the plain plot. She pictures Dena so that we know her and sympathize with her desire to be an individual, to make her own decisions. Even a girl from the farms has a right to be herself: "A right to live. A right to a life that makes good sense. A hat on your head if the others have got on hats. A name for yourself—your own name that you were born with or his name when you marry." A beautiful book, by the author of "The Great Meadow" and "The Time of Man." (Viking Press, \$2.50)

Fighting in the Spanish War

The best novel that has come out of the Spanish war—or any recent war—is Andre Malraux' "Man's Hope." There are several reasons why this is more than just a story. Malraux has seen plenty of fighting; he wrote a book about the Shanghai revolution a few years ago, then transferred his interest to Spain. A Frenchman and an aviator, he became head of the international section of aviators flying for the Loyalist government. That's why the airplane fights in this book are superb. He lived them. You can't read about the



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plane flying in the dark over Palma, trying to avoid the searchlights, or the one with a peasant on board trying to locate the airdrome off the Sargossa road, or the bombing of the Talavera gas tank, without discovering what it feels like to sit in a plane over fields of battle, maneuvering for advantage and for escape. Another thing—war does not affect men all at once; it creeps over them, changes

them. Their ideas develop with their experiences. "Man's Hope" describes the bundle of conflicting political views that the fighters for the Republic—workers, miners, factory hands—carried with them into battle. They had to learn how to obey, how to make the best of what they had. At the end of eight months they were being welded together into a real army. There is no hero in this book,

no love story, no trumped up situation. Just a slice of life, told by a man who keeps your interest going from first page to last. Malraux is deeply sympathetic with the Spanish government and maybe he makes them appear a little bit too kind. But he does not mask their inefficiency, their arguments. The other side gets only about one brief, cruel episode. It is terrible. (Random House)

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 34)

Farewell Dinner for E. S. Wenis at Chillicothe, O., Lodge

More than 300 friends, fellow townsmen, business and civic leaders, clergymen, newspapermen and Elks gathered in the home of Chillicothe, O., Lodge, No. 52, on Oct. 17 at a farewell testimonial dinner in honor of P.E.R. Edwin S. Wenis, retiring Editor of the *Scioto Gazette*. Mr. Wenis is now living in Scranton, Pa., with his son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Leahy. The dinner was sponsored by the lodge, and arranged by P.E.R. Robert W. Dunkle, Vice-Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn. E.R. Walter K. Thatcher declared it to be most appropriate that the first meeting in the newly lighted and decorated auditorium of the home should serve as a testimonial to "Ed" Wenis, and on behalf of the lodge, presented him with a silver cigarette case and lighter in appreciation of his services as a Past Exalted Ruler and Trustee.

P.E.R. William A. Wallace was Toastmaster. Judge Marshall G. Fenton was the principal speaker. Short talks were given by Robert E. Segal, Managing Editor of the *Gazette*, and Ernest Ortman, Editor of the *News-Advertiser*. Mr. Segal presented Mr. Wenis with a desk set and clock from the *Gazette*. A long list of other speakers paid the guest of honor sincere and hearty tribute, among them being Secy. C. W. Wallace, Columbus, O., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; State Pres. Charles L. Haslop, Newark; D.D. Howard Warner, Nelsonville, and Senior P.E.R. Harry Chapman, Chillicothe. The affair was described as the most outstanding event of its kind ever held locally. For half a century Mr. Wenis served

his newspaper and his community. As a journalist his influence was constructive and widely felt. A beautiful musical program was presented. The Rev. Father Cotter gave the blessing and Capt. Arthur B. Hill of the Salvation Army the benediction.

Death Comes to Two Providence, R.I., Elks of Baseball Fame

In the past few months, Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, has lost two famous members in the passing of Albert Ferris and Morgan Murphy. Shortly after the turn of the century "Hobe" Ferris became one of the great champions of baseball. He was star second baseman with the old Boston Red Sox of the Jimmy Collins regimé. Although he had resided in the middle west for many years, he kept up his membership in No. 14.

Mr. Murphy was even an older "old-timer" than Mr. Ferris. He was

a big time star in the same era of the nineties that produced such celebrities as Connie Mack and John McGraw. He resided in East Providence.

Albion, N. Y., Elks Enjoy Their First Father and Son Banquet

Albion, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1006, held its First Annual Father and Son Banquet recently. Sixty Elks acted as hosts to their sons. The announcement of the dinner contained a pleasing clause in which those Elks who had no sons were invited to attend and "bring a neighbor's boy." E.R. M. I. Spierdowis was Toastmaster. Members of the local high school football team were guests of the lodge. Talks were made by several prominent football coaches and their assistants.

Passing of P.E.R. C. Clayton Blood, Albion, N. Y., Lodge

A sad loss was suffered some weeks ago by Albion, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1006, in the death of one of its life members, P.E.R. C. Clayton Blood, Mr. Blood was one of Albion's most prominent citizens. He served as Orleans County Sealer of Weights and Measures for 28 years.

Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge Gives a Dinner on Traffic Safety Night

Oneonta, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1312, held a Traffic Safety Meeting in October preceded by a dinner at six-thirty with 85 present. The speaker was Harold O. Carlton, Superintendent of Traffic Safety for the Oneonta Public Schools.

Officers Association of Western New York Lodges Holds Election

The Associated Past Exalted Rulers, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries



"The trouble with you, Miss Burton, is that you're too modest."

Association of Western New York lodges met in October in the home of Albion, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1006. Sixty-five delegates were present. E. R. M. I. Spierdowis and his committees were in charge of arrangements for the meeting. Retiring Pres. Albert Kleps, Jr., of Batavia, presided.

D. D. Kenneth W. Glines, of Dunkirk Lodge, is the new President. The other officers are: Vice-Pres., Clarence Haskins, Buffalo; Secy., August Soldwisch, North Tonawanda; Treas., L. N. Drinkwine, Buffalo; Director for five years, J. J. Donovan, Buffalo.

East Liverpool, O., Lodge Gives Frog Dinner for Visiting Elks

East Liverpool, O., Lodge, No. 258, entertained 200 visiting Elks recently at a fine frog dinner. Winter activities are well under way. The Bowling League has started the season with five teams. With the youngest set of officers in its history, the lodge is going ahead to the great satisfaction of the membership.

Charitable Work and Social Activities of Ashtabula, O., Lodge

At an early Fall meeting, Ashtabula, O., Lodge, No. 208, voted to subscribe \$200 to the Community Chest campaign fund. The lodge has also arranged to furnish one of the rooms in the new wing of the Ashtabula General Hospital at a cost of approximately \$400, with the Board of Trustees handling the details.

Committees have been appointed to arrange for a series of contract bridge, auction bridge and cinch parties. Other scheduled events were an "Open House" social session and, on Dec. 8, a "District Deputy Night" initiation. A pool tournament will be held this Winter.

Altoona, Pa., Lodge Celebrates Its Fiftieth Anniversary

Altoona, Pa., Lodge, No. 102, held a four-day celebration in October of its Fiftieth Anniversary. The lodge was instituted on Oct. 6, 1888. Two of the six surviving charter members were guests of honor at the banquet held in the home on the first evening. More than 600 attended. The Grand Lodge was represented by D. D. Robert C. Allen of Uniontown, P. E. R. A. D. Reifsnnyder was Toastmaster. The speakers included Alex Weir, General Chairman of the Anniversary Committee, the charter members, P. E. R. J. S. Stier and H. P. Wilson, and Mrs. Carl Hinton who presented the lodge with a birthday check for \$50, acting for the Ladies Auxiliary of which she is President.

Other events on the anniversary program were a stag party featuring 14 vaudeville acts, a card party, and dances on the opening and closing nights. A large class was initiated on the night of the banquet.

Waycross, Ga., Lodge Officially Visited by D. D. J. M. Thrash

On his official visit to Waycross, Ga., Lodge, No. 369, D. D. J. M. Thrash addressed a crowd of the members so large that the lodge room



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was filled to overflowing. The lodge's 41st anniversary was celebrated that night and the Old Timers were honored. The District Deputy was introduced by P.E.R. F. F. Preston of his own lodge, Douglas, No. 1286. Mr. Preston is a Past President of the Georgia State Elks Association. P.E.R. Walter E. Lee, also a Past State President, read a letter of congratulation to Waycross Lodge from the State Association. E.R. John B. O'Neal, Jr., of Waycross Lodge, presided and conducted the ritualistic ceremonies. He paid a fine verbal tribute to Judge John M. Cox, one of the old timers who was present. Judge Cox is one of the few living charter members and has served the lodge faithfully for 41 years.

Waycross Elks formed a motorcade recently and visited Valdosta, Ga., Lodge, No. 728. Mr. O'Neal and other Waycross officers assisted in the evening's ceremonies. The lodge room was crowded with members of both lodges.

Banquet at Martinsburg, W. Va., Lodge on District Deputy Night

An elaborate banquet was held in the lodge home for E. A. Zabeau of Sistersville, D.D. for W. Va. North, on the night of his official inspection of Martinsburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 778. A class of candidates was initiated later, and the District Deputy addressed the membership at some length. He congratulated the lodge upon its excellent showing during the lodge year which closed last March. In that period only four members were dropped from the rolls for non-payment of dues.

A fish fry, with Judge Charles E. Miller of the Marion County Criminal Court as chef, was served during the social session which followed the meeting.

Americanization School of Corning, N. Y., Lodge in 13th Year

The Elks Americanization School, sponsored by Corning, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1071, is now in its 13th year. The school was housed in the Corning Glass Works auditorium the first three years of its existence. It was moved to the Court House where sessions were held for several years, then to the lodge home for four years. Last year it was held in the State Armory, but again classes are being conducted in the Corning Lodge home. Two-hour courses of instruction are given on Monday and Tuesday evenings.

The enrollment represents 10 nationalities. Next Spring, at a session of the Supreme Court, most of the graduates will apply for U.S. Citizenship papers. No graduate of the school has ever failed to meet the government knowledge requirements.

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge Engaged in Constructive Civic Work

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, has adopted a resolution condemning the growth, use and possession of

marijuana. The resolution also urges the enactment of stricter laws for the purpose of wiping out the evil, and heavier penalties for the importation and use of the weed. The officers, headed by E.R. A. L. Zivich, are intensely interested in the movement, and the lodge has already aided greatly in the drive launched some time ago by Chief of Police Otto H. Stumpf. The first move was the cutting down of all the wild weed that had been growing in one section of the city. Gary Lodge No. 1152 was the first in the State to take up the work, which is now being sponsored by several other Indiana lodges.

East Chicago Lodge is one of several local organizations backing the move to construct a central park and athletic center within the city. It is also interested in another civic project—the re-routing of streets to aid motorists in reaching their destinations more quickly when a bridge is closed or a street is being repaired.

Executive Committee, Ga. State Elks Assn., Meets at Macon

One hundred highway welcome signs were ordered for Georgia lodges at the Fall meeting of the Executive Committee of the Ga. State Elks Assn. held in the lodge rooms of Macon Lodge No. 230. Past State Pres. John S. McClelland, of Atlanta, a member of the Association's Civic and Safety Committee, and Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, originated the plan of erecting the signs on all the main highways leading into cities in which there are lodges of the Order. Lettering on the metal surfaces urges safe driving, states that "Elks Drive Safely", that travel information may be had at the lodge home, and that all Elks are invited to visit the home and get acquainted.

State Pres. Charles G. Bruce, Atlanta, presided. The meeting was attended by Past Pres.'s Bruce C. Jones and Charles H. Smith, Macon, John S. McClelland and J. Gordon Hardy, Atlanta, and F. F. Preston, Douglas, and by prominent Elks from all over the State. D.D.'s Dr. J. M. Thrash, Douglas, and Dr. I. H. Etheridge, Atlanta, outlined the Grand Exalted Ruler's program. State Vice-Pres.'s H. O. Hubert, Jr., Decatur, W. F. Crute, Macon, and Bert Glisson, Valdosta, arranged for district meetings in their territories. These will be held before the next meeting of the Executive Committee, which will take place at Atlanta early in February. At that time arrangements will be made for the State Ritualistic Contest.

The Executive Committee passed a resolution to sponsor convalescent homes in Georgia for crippled children. After general adoption the program was referred to the State Welfare Committee. The meeting was preceded by a called meeting of the General Charity Committee of which Dr. Theodore Toepel, Atlanta, is Chairman. A recommendation was

made by this committee, which is composed of three members from each of the 18 Georgia lodges, that the State Association establish and maintain such homes in all of the five districts—at Atlanta, Augusta, Macon, Savannah and Columbus.

Delegate May Recover Camera Left in Car at Binghamton, N. Y.

During the convention of the New York State Elks Association at Binghamton last Summer, a delegate who rode back to the lodge home from the clambake with a member of Binghamton Lodge No. 852 left his camera in the car. This member would like to restore it to its owner. By communicating with H. Pierce Weller, care of the Binghamton Press, Binghamton, N. Y., the owner may obtain his camera.

Pottstown, Pa., Lodge Plans Construction of Pools for Children

Pottstown, Pa., Lodge, No. 814, has planned the construction of splash pools for children to be located in five sections of the Borough. One site is already assured. At a recent meeting it was announced that the pools would be 18 feet in diameter and one foot and a half deep, that at least one and possibly two would be ready for use next Summer, and that all five should be completed within the next two years.

The work will be carried out by the Social and Community Welfare Committee. When finished the pools will be turned over to the Borough Council by the lodge.

D.D. R. J. Marcoux Visits Rockland, Me., Lodge Officially

The 650th regular session of Rockland, Me., Lodge, No. 1008, was marked by the official visit of D.D. Romain J. Marcoux. The meeting was the largest in several years, and was featured by the initiation of several candidates and the fine talk given by the District Deputy. A chicken supper was served at six-thirty.

Visiting Elks from Bath, Bangor and Gardiner, Me., attended. Mr. Marcoux was accompanied by a delegation from his own lodge, Lewiston, Me., No. 371.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Honors Joe Benes, of Baseball Fame

Elks of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, and enough other baseball fans to tax the capacity of Queens Park, celebrated "Joe Benes Day" on the last day of the Queens baseball season. The Queens players lost to the New York Firemen and beat the New York Police, but the games were only incidental to the honors heaped upon the player-manager of the Queens Club.

P.E.R. Matthew J. Merritt, P.D.D., Representative-at-Large; E.R. William P. Schmitt, and John J. Murray, Supervisor of the Borough, presented Mr. Benes with an interesting envelope as the highlight of the

afternoon's events, with the Blissville Post, American Legion, Band playing during the ceremonies, and the guest of honor restraining himself in his anxiety to take a peek at the contents. Joe Benes has been a major and minor leaguer in his 20 years with the game, but this was the first time he had ever been honored with a "Day". He is one of 878's most popular members.

Fall River, Mass., Lodge Observes Its 1,000th Regular Session

Fall River, Mass., Lodge, No. 118, observed its 1,000th session on September 27 with appropriate ceremonies. The program was opened with a business meeting at 5 P.M. after which a banquet was held at the Hotel Mellen. The celebration was then resumed at the lodge home. Among the invited guests were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge; E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, member of the Grand Forum; John F. Burke, Boston, member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; D.D.

William J. Dalton, Norwood, and his Esquire, P.E.R. Arthur B. Rodgers; Gov. Charles F. Hurley, Mayor Alexander C. Murray, and many other Elk dignitaries and government officials. The talks made by the guest speakers were considered the finest ever given at a function of Fall River Lodge. Many of the older members were present.

Courtesy Cards were mailed to delinquent and former members. This made a deep impression, and all who received them expressed their appreciation of this graceful gesture.

Boise, Ida., Lodge Features First Meeting of the Season

At what was termed "Kick-Off Night" at Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, the turnout of members was so great that the lodge room could not accommodate the crowd, and the mezzanine floor was thrown open for the overflow. During the meeting, E.R. A. H. Christiansen named his committees and outlined activities for the rest of the lodge year. Appearing

(Continued on page 56)

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 35)

Pistol Shoot Huntington Park was first, San Fernando second. Individual Class A honors went to Johnson, Huntington Park, and the 45-caliber trophy to Peeler, Huntington Park. Techert of El Centro was the individual winner in Class B. Huntington Park Lodge won the State cup with a gross score of 322 in the Golf Contest. This was that lodge's fourth consecutive tournament victory. Long Beach was second, losing by but one stroke. The trophy for low gross for 54 holes was won by

John Figeira, of Huntington Park Lodge. A. J. French, Huntington Park, was second. Bill Emery, Whit-tier, won the honors for low net score with 205. Honors for low score, thirty-six holes, went to Harry Stevens, Salinas; low net: first round—F. H. Thropp, San Luis Obispo; second round—Harry Stevens, Salinas; third round—Tie between Casey of Los Angeles, and Brook of Whit-tier. The honors for low gross for any eighteen holes went to A. J. French, of Huntington Park.

Your Dog

(Continued from page 36)

For instance, dogs three to six months of age should be taught from the very beginning not to go beyond a certain line or location. Dogs have the strange ability to locate imaginary boundary lines. We have seen dogs charge across their owners' lawns at top speed only to stop as if brakes had been applied when they came to the boundary line of a neighbor's lawn. It is true that friendships have been broken, lawyers given employment and hard feelings engendered because of wandering dogs. There is little or no need of it. If your neighbor is carrying a peeve against you on account of your dog, have a frank talk with him and, if possible, have him and your dog be-

come friends. This is usually a very satisfactory procedure.

In conclusion, bear in mind that a dog usually acts as the result of his training and that when he does get into trouble, some of the blame is to be placed upon his master. "Like dog, like master" is an old saying which carries much truth.

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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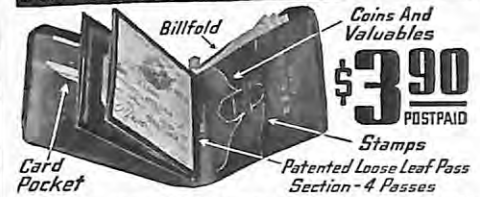
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Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 55)

in new uniforms as a surprise feature, the newly organized "Pep Band" of the lodge took part in the program for the first time. This feature was arranged by Trustee E. M. Rogers, P.E.R. Frank Robertson and William Neilley acted as co-chairmen of the "After-Lodge Committee."

A few days later Boise Elks paid a surprise visit to Caldwell, Ida., Lodge, No. 1488. The visiting Past Exalted Rulers took over the meeting, and the Boise band figured prominently throughout the session. The Boise delegation presented a large elk's head to Caldwell Lodge as a gesture of friendship.

Providence, R. I., Lodge Holds Its Regular Meeting Despite Hurricane

A meeting by candlelight on Sept. 21 preserved unbroken the 57-year record of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, for holding its regular meetings without an exception. That afternoon had occurred the great hurricane and tidal wave which caused the loss of hundreds of lives and millions of dollars in property damage. The city of Providence bore the full brunt of the storm and its after effects.

Although the lodge home, situated on high ground, and strongly built, had withstood the rush of water and the violence of the hurricane, when evening came the building was without telephone or elevator service, and there were no electric lights. E.R. F. Leo Gallagher and several of the other officers were marooned in the business part of the city. Members began to arrive, however, and lodge convened. P. E. R. John E. Hurley, Past Grand Treasurer, acted as Exalted Ruler, P. E. R. Dr. Ambrose Lynch, Est. Lead. Knight, and Walter V. Brennan, Est. Lect. Knight. Est. Loyal Knight Walter J. Friel was at his station, and Secy. E. Gilbert Burrows and Esq. Joseph F. Rock were present. William Wilhelm was Chaplain, Albert DeChristopher, Inner Guard, and Arthur Richard, Tiler. Alfred S. Owens substituted for the Treasurer.

P. E. R. Edward H. Powell, a Past President of the R. I. State Elks Assn., and a present member of the

Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, was appointed Relief Administrator for the Order in Rhode Island by Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick. The work of aiding Elks and their families all over the State was begun immediately. After a thorough investigation of conditions concerning the lodges situated in the stricken areas Mr. Powell reported that the greatest havoc had been wrought in the section within the jurisdiction of Westerly Lodge No. 678.

Boston, Mass., "World's Fair" This Month for Elks Charity Fund

Boston, Mass., will have its own "World's Fair" this month—December 5-11—when a huge Fair will be presented by Charles Gordon in the Mechanics Building for the benefit of the Christmas Charity Fund of Boston Lodge No. 10 in association with other Massachusetts lodges of the Order. More than 30 nations will be represented with exhibits which are being sponsored by steamship lines and various societies such as the Scottish Clans, Irish County Associations, Sons of Italy, etc. The entire exposition hall will be turned into a "Street of Nations." Each country will have its own section composed of a general display and booths for importers and merchants handling the goods of that country.

United States exhibits, domestic, educational and scientific, will surround the main hall.

The big show will be presented in the arena of the hall three times every day. One of the principal acts will be an Ice Revue featuring a ballet with 20 girl skaters. A one ring circus with trick dog, pony, clown and acrobatic acts, will be presented for the entertainment of the children, and a number of dare-devil stunts will furnish thrills. The famous Steeplechase Band from Steeplechase Park will supply the music.

The basement will house the big Midway and Carnival. Games, side-shows and amusements of all kinds will be in full swing from noon until midnight. One of the outstanding attractions will be a Robot, the mechanical man that is almost human.

One of the smaller halls will be turned into one of the finest Television Theatres in the country. Television auditions are to be given the finalists in the Beauty Contest and the Mannequin Parade.

Practically all available space in the building was taken by the first of November. Judging from the advance sale of tickets by the Elks, the affair is already an assured success, pointing to an attendance of between seventy-five and a hundred thousand.

Bend, Ore., Lodge Officers Give Barn Dance for the Members

The officers of Bend, Ore., Lodge, No. 1371, gave a Barn Dance for the members in October. The hall was appropriately decorated, and chickens and turkeys, which were given away later as prizes, were staked along the edge of the dance floor, creating a fine barnyard effect.

El Centro, Calif., Lodge to Sponsor Playground Activities

El Centro, Calif., Lodge, No. 1325, has approved a plan to sponsor all playground activities at the proposed new park near the Harding school. E.R. Norman Deaton stated that the lodge would furnish all necessary equipment, swings and athletic mechanisms. A committee of members of the City Council who are Elks was appointed to supervise the lodge's part in the playground development.



"Let's say, 'Stick 'em up.' Shall we?"

1938



† HEALTH GREETINGS †

CHRISTMAS SEALS *help to protect your home and family from tuberculosis . . . BUY and USE them on your Holiday mail*

The National, State and Local Tuberculosis Associations in the United States

High-tension times are hard on nerves



BEAGLE HOUND—English fox-hound in miniature. Solid and big for his inches, true beagle has the long-wearing look of the hound that can last in the chase. One of oldest breeds in history. U. S. standards specify 15 inches maximum height.

He's giving his
nerves a rest . . .

A DOG'S nervous system is just as complex as your own. His reactions are lightning-quick. But when his nerves need a rest, he stops—relaxes. We often neglect our nerves. We press on heedless of nerve tension. Take a lesson from the dog's instinct for protection. Ease up—rest your nerves. Let up—light up a Camel. Keeping Camels at hand provides a delightfully pleasant way of giving your nerves a rest. Often through the day, enjoy Camel's ripe, expensive tobaccos. Smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos so soothing to the nerves.

People who know the sheer joy
of an active, effective life say:
"Let up—light up a Camel!"

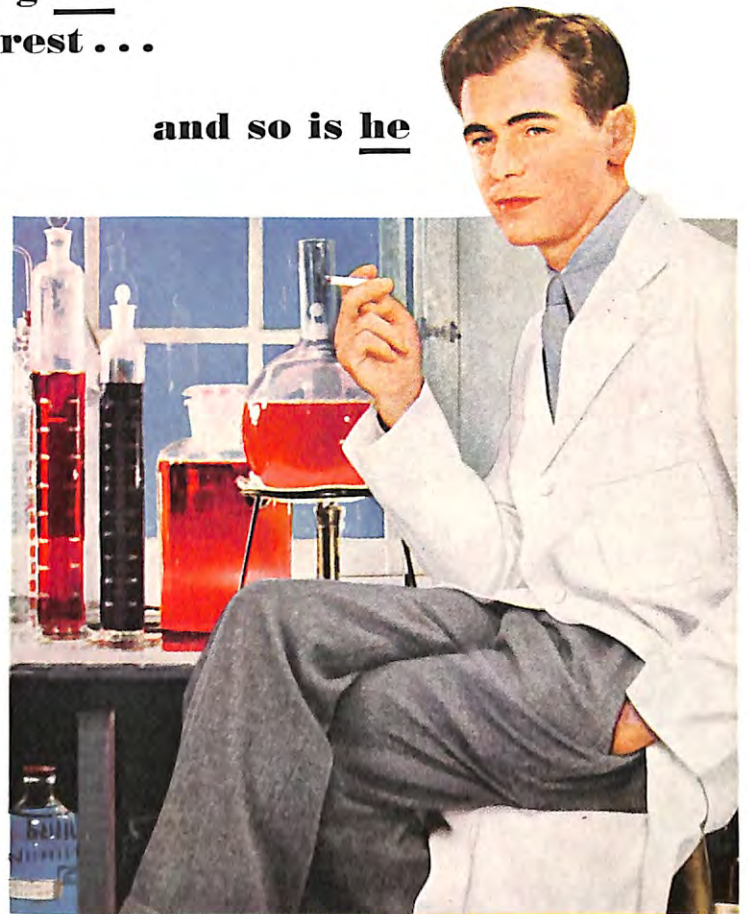


COVERING TRIALS, ACCIDENTS, sports puts a big strain on the nerves of Western Union telegrapher, George Erickson. "I avoid getting my nerves tense, upset," says operator Erickson. "I ease off frequently, to give my nerves a welcome rest. I let up and light up a Camel."

IN THE HEART OF THE CONGO, Leila Denis and her explorer husband filmed Universal Pictures' epic, "Dark Rapture." She says: "Such ventures can be quite nerve-straining, but it's my rule to pause frequently. I let up and light up a Camel. Camels are so soothing."



and so is he



DID YOU KNOW:



—that tobacco is "cured" by several methods—which include air-cured and flue-cured? Not all cigarettes can be made from choicest grade tobacco—there isn't enough! It is important to know that Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic.



Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



Let up—Light up a Camel

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R. J. Reynolds
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Smokers find Camel's Costlier Tobaccos are Soothing to the Nerves