

The Elf



FLORETT
JR



MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Chesterfields

FOR MORE PLEASURE



A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

Dear Brother Elks:

With the advent of the New Year, we in Elkdom look forward with renewed vigor to the opportunity to serve our Country and its citizens.

Because our Democracy is endangered by subversive activities working in all possible channels, it seems to me that we should take every precaution to make our Order stronger and greater that it may continue to be "America's Shock Troops".

With this thought in mind, I shall shortly direct a message to all Exalted Rulers and subordinate lodges, dedicating the first week in March, 1939, (March the first to the eighth) as Americanism Week. During this week, let every Elk re-consecrate himself to services in the practice of the fundamentals of our Brotherhood—Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, Fidelity and Patriotism.

I ask every lodge in Elkdom to hold an initiation during the period of March the first to the eighth, 1939, and dedicate the class to Americanism! I request every Elk to make an effort to secure *at least one application* for the Americanism Class.

I have concentrated this year on my "Four Point Program" which is directed to civic accomplishments, to civic projects, to the prevention of lapsation and to the acquisition of new members and reinstatements, plus the addition of new lodges, where possible. These efforts are not undertaken with the idea of creating a large organization, but bearing in mind the fact that America's future depends upon the universal practice of all the principles of Elkdom. A greater Elkdom means continued insurance of our God-given Democracy.

To all my Brothers I extend the sincere wish for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Fraternally and sincerely,

Edward J. McCormick

Grand Exalted Ruler.



The Elks Magazine

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

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

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JANUARY 1939

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Note to Lodges: If you are not listed above—advise the Elks Magazine and your lodge name will be added in the next issue.

1939 JANUARY
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

"In with the new ... Velvet's my tobacco!"

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—the **MILDNESS** of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood

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THE OLD

Neighborhood

THEY left the cab at the corner—McNulty first, handing a bill to the driver, and Nora after him, and Margaret then, ahead of Ben Sobol, the publicity man. It was past eleven, and quiet in the street; shadows lay close against the buildings in fantastic geometrical patterns, sharp-edged, angled, scissored clear of the colorless, wan paleness of the two street lamps, like a child's idle cut-out. McNulty drew in a deep breath as he looked around, seeing in that first instant so many familiar things that it almost appeared that nothing had changed. The same buildings, the stoops, the areas were there—and the manhole cover, too, in the center of the road, that had always been home-plate in their ball games. There were so many things that McNulty recognized instantly, with a shame-faced, affectionate grin, that no words came immediately to him; and so for a moment the four of them stood together silently on the corner, while the cab rolled away and returned quietness to the square.

"Well," McNulty said, with a little nervous laugh, excited, and annoyed with himself because he was excited, "here we are. This is it. Do you think you'd ever know it?"

"Uh-huh," Ben Sobol said, shaking his head and then yawning. "Am I supposed to? I'm a Joplin boy myself. But if this is it—" He removed his hat and bowed slightly. "Welcome home, Miss Connel. We are here!"

Nora said nothing; she was looking around slowly, her face lifted a bit, one hand resting on McNulty's arm, light from the round, frozen globe of the street lamp over them glittering in a satinish ripple on the dark fur at her throat and then catching itself, shaping itself, exactly and without distortion, about the fragile loveliness of her face. It was a narrow face, delicately shaped at chin and nose and mouth, in smoothly flowing lines of flesh, softened and blended a shade short of boniness. It wasn't round, too young or conventionally pretty; it was a face, the critics said—and McNulty supposed they were right—that had nothing to do with prettiness. He looked at it now and there rose in him something he had not forgotten the feel of—a breathlessness, an oppression, that he recognized as if he had expected it, as if it belonged to this place, this time, to Nora Connel, and was at one with it.

"Here," Margaret repeated, in the hard, sharp way that had annoyed McNulty all evening, "here we are. The old neighborhood! Your house, Dan, and mine, and Nora's—they're all here. All present and accounted for." She smiled at Ben Sobol. "No one," she said, "has run off with them. Can you see how remarkable that is?"

McNulty did not answer her or look at her, but his lips tightened a trifle, and he had a grim desire to shake the smartness out of her. That air! She was taller than Nora, but sturdy rather than slender, and if her hair was nut-brown and soft, her face was impertinent under it, with a tilted nose and sharp, brown eyes that had no nonsense in them. They were bright now, too, and McNulty could feel them watching him almost scornfully—could it be, perhaps, contemptuously? Breathing through his nose, he kept his teeth tightly together and decided that this attitude of her's would be settled just

*A long time ago he'd
known a funny little girl—
and now somehow, those
days were more real than
all the intervening years*

By Thomas Walsh

Illustrated by C. C. BEALL



*They could see now that the street
was changed, and he thought
of how they'd all been kids.*

as soon as he got her alone again. Settled fast! McNulty was one man who never intended to stand for anything like this.

"There," Nora said, the remarkable throaty lilt in her voice making it intimate and husky, so magical that it must be more than a voice using everyday words, "There, Dan,—Old Cunningham's house! Do you remember the night we sat on the steps there, the three of us—the night you had the Chinese coin your uncle had given you? Hold it and wish, and your wish was bound to come true, no matter what you wanted? Do you remember that?"

Looking down at her, McNulty drew up his lips in a faint grin. He remembered it; it was one of the odd, unaccountable happenings in a man's life, of no significance or importance, that yet remained sharp and clear, unblurred by time, inside him. And now, because she had remembered it, too, he grinned at her; it was something shared, something mutually understood, a bond of closeness over the stiff restraint that had been in him all the evening. Fifteen years had been a long time, McNulty had thought almost an insuperable time; but now, when she remembered that, too, the barrier was lowered, and when she smiled at him she was only little Nora O'Connell, whose old man ran a taxi at night, and who lived in a walk-up across from the Boyles.

"You wished," Nora cried, "and how serious you were! You wanted to be a cop, and here you are one. Or detective, did you say, first class? It came true for you, Dan—and it came true for me. Ben," she said, her eyes shining as she turned to him, "when it was my turn to wish I squeezed the coin so hard it left marks in my palms. I wanted to be the greatest actress in the world, even then. There was nothing else I ever wanted. Will you believe that, Ben?"


"Sure," Ben Sobel nodded. "Sure, I'll believe it. Part of it, anyway; you became an actress, all right. Maybe you should have saved the coin. Something like that is worth money. Miss Boyle now—" He turned his dark, fat face to Margaret, one eyebrow lifted in an expression of exaggerated interest. "Miss Boyle could make it unanimous, if her wish turned out."

"Miss Boyle," Margaret said, "didn't believe in such nonsense, then or now."

Nora's laugh, low, cored with excitement and eagerness, caught up her words as she spoke. "How old were we then—twelve, thirteen? You wouldn't tell us what you wished for—you ran away when we tried to make you. But you wished for something—you must have!"

"Did I?" Margaret said, in a flat tone.

"Come on, come on," McNulty growled, impatient and a little angry, because this wasn't the way he had



imagined it would be. When he got Margaret Boyle alone—"Let's look around, now that we're here. Let's go up to Old Cunningham's stoop. That's what we came for."

"Not me," Ben Sobol said, shivering in his topcoat, and nodding at the café behind him. "It's a cold night for sentiment when it isn't your own. I'll see to things inside; you'll want a drink on the way back. I'll arrange everything, Miss Connel."

"Fine, Ben," Nora said, making a small mouth at him. "Do that. Everything now."

"Everything," Ben Sobol repeated, and was turning away when Margaret took his arm. She said, "You've an idea there, Mr. Sobol. I thought I was the only one to notice that it was cold. Couldn't you," she asked McNulty, looking at him steadily, "look in just as well for two?"

McNulty stared sullenly at her from under his brows, the pulse of anger in his throat making it difficult for him to speak. He said, "That's fine with me. That's okay. Personally, I noticed a lot of things tonight I never even thought of before."

"You and I," Nora said, touching his arm. "The sentimental ones, Dan, the two of us. You mustn't look so angry. I don't mind, you know. I think I wanted it this way."

"Swell," McNulty said. He went on with her up the block to Old

Cunningham's stoop—a low, wide stoop of four steps, with an iron railing at either side, and a three-story private house behind it that was dark now, boarded up across the first floor. Drawing the fur coat tight around her, Nora sat down on the top step; McNulty lit her cigarette silently, then his own, before he sat down beside her.

He could see now that the street had changed. There were houses he did not remember, a flower shop where the German barber used to be, the café on the corner where Ben Sobol and Margaret were waiting for them replaced the candy store he had haunted as a child. Yet it wasn't too different; the changes made the old things more familiar and more dear, when he stared out at it all now and thought of the time when they'd been kids, when they'd lived in this block and gone to school around the corner—when they'd played Hare and Hounds and Prisoner's Base and Red Rover. Red Rover in the lingering, soft summer's dusk of the school vacation. In the deserted street, on Old Cunningham's stoop, that mood was easy to recapture, with Nora talking softly to him of all the people they had known, the names and faces that roused themselves from their shadowy background to lie confused and intermingled in his mind.

Most of them were vague and lopsided creatures, vivid in one respect only—a name, a feature, a habit too incongruous to be forgotten. None of them were whole until she mentioned Walter Houk, but as soon as McNulty heard that name he recalled him; Walter Houk became at once the sharpest of those time-faded figures, the only one complete and undistorted.

"Walter Houk," McNulty repeated, and smiled faintly, thinking that if he closed his eyes he could see Walter Houk again, dapper and elegant, lounging on the corner outside the candy store, smoking cigarettes and talking to girls; seventeen when McNulty was fourteen; a man, with a suit that was always pressed, and with two or

*He had almost reached the
two men when Nora screamed,
"Walter! Walter!"*



three, or even five or six dollars, ready in his pockets. Hawk Houk, McNulty remembered, they had called him. Sometimes he had wanted the sporting extra with the complete baseball results, and McNulty would race down the avenue for it eagerly because Hawk was sure to be good for a dime when he got back.

He'd had a high place in a boy's world; he'd been the toughest and the dressiest and the most important kid on the block. McNulty had wanted nothing more then than to be just like him, when he was seventeen, too.

"I wonder whatever happened to him," McNulty said. "He wasn't a bad egg. He was all right."

"I loved his name," Nora went on. "I thought he was the grandest thing. Every night I'd pass by the corner just to have him say 'hello' to me. Walter Houk!"

THERE was an incredulous affection in her voice, in her smile. It touched McNulty oddly, so that it seemed if he made an effort now, if he stretched out his hand, he could have those summers back, with nothing in them changed. Nora Connel was a lovely woman, and someone he did not know. Why should he? A long time ago, for a summer or two, he'd known a little girl named Nora O'Connell, who lived across the street from him—a different person, surely, intimate with him for a fraction of her life so small in relation to the rest that it could have no meaning or importance to them now. Yet, somehow, it had; sitting there, talking of the people they had known and the things they had done, those departed summers were more real than all the intervening years, more vivid than the present.

Time, McNulty thought, was a queer thing, with queer twists to it. It took the things that happened to you and shadowed them year by year, dimmed them until they were almost gone, until no matter how much you tried, you could not get what you wanted clear again, it seemed vanished forever. And then it fooled you, twisting back—a word or a gesture, a familiar sight or face came before you, and time wasn't important at all, for a moment it might never have passed.

Hands clasped between his spread knees, McNulty grinned at himself now for imagining all that. What was the matter with him? But even his grin couldn't change what had happened to him—the emotion intense and breathless that was as alive in his heart now, when he looked at her, as it had been all those years ago, when he'd been fourteen and too young to recognize it for what it was, when he would have fought you, desperately, hot-eyed, if you ever suggested it was love.

"We had fun," McNulty said. "Good times. You were always a swell girl, Nora—the only girl I ever could stand."

Her eyes glittered faintly—the ghost of laughter.

"Not Margaret?"

McNulty made a movement with his head, impatient and chafed, wanting her to see it was different with Margaret, though in what kind, in what degree, he could not explain to her. Beside him on the steps she was very slender, young and boyish; she was lovelier than any woman McNulty had ever known. And yet it wasn't her loveliness that caught McNulty's heart like a hand gripped fiercely about it. It was what? The most important thing of all: the nameless quality which no one seemed able to reveal or explain, which set one woman apart from all the others, in a place utterly and plainly unattainable, but finer than anything a man could ever hope to have.

McNulty knew that some day he was going to marry Margaret Boyle, and he supposed they'd be happy enough. Someone had set that as his destination in life, and there was no sense to struggling against it. There was an O and an L gone from little Nora O'Connell's name now, and McNulty knew he mustn't be a fool; she was another person, in another world. In Hollywood she made more in a week than he did in a year. So what? McNulty thought, and straightened his big body dully. He wasn't a clown; he knew how things stood.

She got up, too, and he helped her down the steps. Incredibly, when she reached the bottom, he kissed her.

She said softly, touching his (Continued on page 38)

A tale concerning the wide open spaces where men and women make it extremely difficult for them

NOT that he didn't love Katie. He did, a great deal. Her oval face, framed with the tumbled dark curls; her eyes; her hands; her gentleness and joyousness and youth; the way she walked—

But as Ed Yates, or Harland L. Crane, let his glance linger over the furnishings of his orderly apartment in East Thirty-eighth Street, he couldn't help feeling that the moment was—well, poignant. He had lived here for five years of bachelorhood, a civilized, settled, uneventful life.

Most of all, his own life, for nobody, with the occasional exception of Watson, cared what Ed did or when he did it. He had no living relatives, and his many friends in New York were casual friends. He had, in short, been subject to remarkably few of those small, coercive human forces that surround most of us; and he had found this freedom very pleasant indeed. Not, again, that he didn't love Katie. And he was no more selfish, he believed, than the average bachelor. But when he came back to this apartment it would be different. Not worse, better; but different. It was just that you got used to things and felt wistful when you had to say goodbye to them—naturally.

The bell rang and he pressed the buzzer to release the entrance door. He admitted a telegraph messenger boy.

"Just a minute," he said.

He went into his study, or workroom; for, besides being a nice guy in a number of other ways, he was not one to put on airs. The room contained a table and a chair and a filing cabinet; and, across one wall, shelves holding his working library. Biographies of Sam Bass and Billy the Kid, of the James and the Dalton brothers; the writings of Andy Adams, Siringo, Dobie, Fergusson; the Lomax song collections; works on flora and fauna, from *Mammals of New Mexico* to *Wild Animals I Have Known*; the words and pictures of Remington, Russell, James; publications of various folk-lore and historical societies; the massive and invaluable *Trail Drivers of Texas*, and many others. Ed, in the four novels he turned out per year—admittedly thrillers—was a conscientious craftsman.

He picked up a large addressed envelope in which were sealed the final fifteen thousand words of his latest job, "Burning Mesa", and delivered it to the messenger boy.

"Take this to Mr. Watson, at—it's on the envelope."

"Okay, Mack." The boy gave him a receipt, patiently accepted the generous tip and departed with the type-script.

Ed was glad to see it go. This one had been hard to finish; he had used these characters so much that they were beginning to wear pretty thin in his own mind, and Watson, too, thought a new set of people would be a good thing next time. In fact, the publishers felt quite strongly about it. What worried Ed was that next time would have to be soon, for this was bread and butter, and he'd need an advance before long. It was a bad time to be nearly broke, but there it was. He was glad Katie didn't know; this wasn't the sort of thing for her to have to worry about. And even his worrying would have to wait a while. After the honeymoon—

He looked at his wristwatch. One-thirty. No time for lunch, and he didn't care, today. He went to the phone and dialed a number.

"Hello, Katie?"

Musically, Katie's voice said, "Darling!"

"Well, it's done. I just sent it off. I told you I'd be through in time, didn't I?"

"Oh, wonderful! So everything's all right?"



Deliberately he took the jars one at a time, held them high, and dropped them to the tiled floor of the bathroom. Katie must have heard the crash.

Manhattan Buckaroo

by Price Day

"It is. I'll be at the church in just about an hour."
"Yes, Eddie. Yes." Her voice was quiet, thrilled.
"Now," he said, "about that honeymoon—"
"Oh, no. I won't tell you till afterward. You promised not to ask. You promised to let me decide and buy the tickets and everything and you wouldn't ask, because it's a surprise. You promised!"

"Yes, I did, but—"

"Say it, Eddie."

"Say what?"

"You know."

Mildly abashed, for a telephone seemed somehow so public, he said it.

"I love you."

"All right, then, I'll tell you. I can't help telling you when you say that to me, really, can I? We're going to stay on Mary's place. She has a guest house all by itself. I wrote her and she said please, please, come. Won't that be wonderful?"

"Mary?"

"You know. My cousin. I've told you. The one with the ranch in Texas. Won't that be wonderful, darling? And for your work, too, I mean. My wedding present to you. Aren't I wonderful to think of it? Now, Ed, you must let me go. I have to get dressed. All I've got on is pa— well. Darling!"

Ed put the phone down. His forehead was marked with small wrinkles of—not worry, exactly. Foreboding, perhaps, though he couldn't have said why. Born in New Jersey, Ed had been to Europe twice. He had spent a winter in southern Georgia, and a summer in Maine. Once he had almost gone to Cincinnati, to visit a college classmate, but something had come up. His farthest west to date remained Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

On the train south of Wichita, Katie was saying, "I still think it's so funny, don't you, Eddie, your never having been out here?"

"Well," said Ed, "but my stuff's authentic, you know."

"Of course, it is. I don't mean that. I mean—well, it's almost as if you didn't want to come even now." She pouted charmingly. "As if you didn't think my idea of coming out here were a good idea."

"I think it's a fine one, Katie," he lied. "But nobody can really help writers, that's the point. They've got to do it all by themselves, like brushing their teeth."

"But you do think I'll make a good wife for a writer? For you?"

"I know you will."

"I know so, too. And whatever you may think, Eddie, I'm sure this trip is a good beginning for both of us."



FLOHERTY
JR

"Then I'm sure, too," said Ed after a short moment.
"Say it."
"I love you."
"Darling!"

Mary met the train, and Ed saw at once that he was going to like his hostess. They had breakfast in town and then started for the ranch, by car.

The strange thing about that drive over the wide, gray-green plains, scarred now and then with the red clay of small cañons, was that he felt he had been here before, oddly. But when he tried to analyze the feeling, he realized that the oddness lay rather in the fact that he seemed to be visiting a place he had created; for despite the paved road and an occasional ad for a hotel or a shaving-cream tacked to a cedar fencepost, the country was much as he'd pictured this section of the West. His writings were of the period before 1900, to be sure; but change, he saw, moves slowly in a place where the important things are still elemental—grass and water—where so much depended on whether the winters were hard or not.

The ranchhouse also seemed familiar. It straggled along the side of a cañon, wider than those they had crossed on the way out. It was built haphazard, having been added to from time to time—without benefit of architect, of course, but even so, its age and protective coloration and its horizontality, with a shallow, shadowed gallery running the full length, made it seem supremely suited to its place and purpose. There were corrals and barns and a silo. This last was something that never appeared in Ed's books, nor did the telephone, the garage, the gas pump, the chicken-pens and pig-pens, and the fields of kaffir and alfalfa beyond the house. But these modern additions actually seemed out of place, tacked on. The place as a whole was right, absolutely right, and Ed began to lose his feeling of nameless uneasiness about the whole trip.

Mary conducted them to their quarters, a made-over bunk-house, very satisfactory and cosy. As soon as the door was closed Ed and Katie kissed each other, and then Katie said, "Darling, do you think you're going to like it?" Her tone was anxious.

"You know," he said, "I believe I am."

So they kissed each other again.

At supper that night, prepared by the Chinese cook, they met the foreman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hagermann, a stiff and uncommunicative couple, and Will Dent, an old, weathered cowhand with bright blue eyes, and a very young, very shaggy man named Howard. He didn't seem to have a last name. Ed and Katie had glimpsed him earlier in the day, carrying slops to the hogs, and had asked Mary about him. He was, she said, a student at an agricultural college, spending three months here as part of his training. He was very smart, she said. He spoke, if possible, even less than the Hagermanns, but where their silence was a self-sufficient impassiveness, his was the embarrassed and stubborn silence of youth. He was addressed a number of times by Dent, who pointedly called him each time by his name, as

if the name itself were a great joke. Each time Howard flushed slightly and brought his unkempt head closer to his plate, lifting it only to steal numerous covert glances at Mary.

Both Ed and Katie noticed that Hilda, Mrs. Hagermann, watched for these glances, and set her lips in a tight line every time she caught one. They decided, in talking about it later, that the woman was simply jealous of Mary because she was young and pretty.

During the next week they decided that she was very jealous. But Mary was so fine, Dent so thoughtful and funny, and Howard, in his gauche way, really so charming, that Mrs. Hagermann didn't affect them one way or the other, nor did Hagermann, whom they seldom saw.

They were alone a good deal of the time. They rode, on old and gentle cowponies, over the wide, high plains. They took lunches and ate them under the scant shade



They rode, on old and gentle cowponies, over the wide, high plains. They had a quiet and wonderful time.

of scrubby piñons. They visited the line camps, three of them, each with its windmill and cowpuncher and cans of food and magazines. They had a quiet and wonderful time.

One evening as they rode home, breathing the dry tonic air and wondering at the beautiful and barbaric sunset, they met Mary and Howard, riding at a walk, close together. They greeted Katie and Ed vaguely, and told them to tell Mrs. Hagermann they'd get their own suppers when they came back.

"My," said Katie, after they had parted. "Those two are so much in love it's hard to believe."

"Sure," said Ed.

"And how old Hilda-Wilda hates it! Their having a good time, their liking each other. Eddie, from what Mary's said, don't you think maybe she wishes she had somebody besides the Hagermanns?"

"Sure," he said. "I guess maybe she does wish that."

"They won't leave without a terrible fight. They're not nice. They do all they can about trying to mess up things between Katie and Howard. Do you think they'll be able to?"

"No. I'll tell you what's going to happen. Mary will marry him, and the Hagermanns will have to go. Mary's got a mind of her own, and Howard's nobody's fool, either. That's what'll happen. It's so obvious it isn't even interesting."

And it was that night, in their bunkhouse, that Katie, in bed, said, "Eddie, what are you doing? Walking up and down and up and down."

"Wait a minute," Ed said. And, in five minutes, "I've got it!"

"You've got what, darling?"

"Wait a minute." And, in two minutes, "Listen, Katie! Listen to this! It's interesting, see? And there's this girl

who owns a ranch. You know. There's an old guy on the ranch who used to work for her daddy, before he got killed by rustlers. The daddy got killed. This old guy watches over the girl like a hawk, see? Well, and then there's the foreman and his wife—they hate the girl. Especially the wife hates her. What's more—guess what?"

"What?" said Katie, ecstatically.

"Why, they're in with the rustlers. They're using the cañon for a hide-out for their stolen cattle, until they can dispose of them. . . . Hey! a new angle! The wife is boss rustler. And they try to keep the girl from finding out about all this. All her punchers, whom she trusts, are in with the gang. Even the Chink cook. They do keep her from finding out, too; and the old guy, in some way. Maybe they've got something on him. He's the comic, see? Helps a good deal, but just the same he's the comic. Among the rustlers is, say, a Mexican. Terrible character. A ghoul. The Mex loves this girl, if you can call it love. Well, and then what happens? A young guy shows up. He's a tenderfoot, just out of Harvard. Make that Yale. Maybe he represents a commission house that's got some sort of lien on the ranch. A lawyer. And the girl hates him at first. She can't stand him. She's sure he can't take it, and sets out to get rid of him. But guess what?"

"He can take it!" Katie was sitting up now.

"Wait a minute." Ed frowned impatiently. "Don't interrupt, sweetheart. But he can take it. And so there's the set-up. It goes on from there. It's

(Continued on page 42)

Illustrated by JOHN J. FLOHERTY, JR.





The men from Mars descend upon the nation and Mr. Harkins claims that government radio censorship will getcha if you don't watch out

by Philip Harkins

AMONG the inalienable rights you hear so much about nowadays is the well-established, sometimes beneficial right to squawk. The newspaper squawker sounds off in "Letters to the Editor" and attracts about as much attention as a burp in a frogpond; the baseball squawker threatens the umpire and gets thumbed to the showers for his pains; the prize-fight squawker yells, "T'row dem bums out," knowing that no such miracle will take place; but the radio squawker—he, to say nothing of she, gets results.

In defense the radio has set up its own boards of censorship and geared the vast majority of its programs to the mind of a twelve-year-old; still the

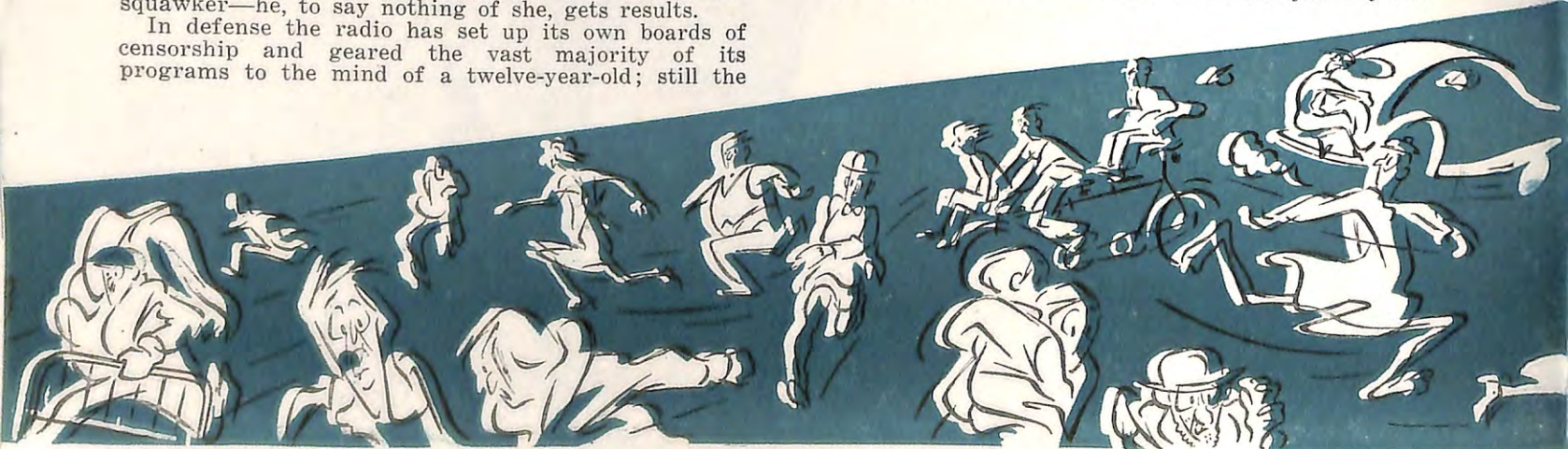
squawkers pounce on pécadillos, little realizing that by their appeals for stricter censorship they are laying the powerful medium of radio wide open to government control, government censorship and inevitable government propaganda which would be stuffed down their throats squawk or no squawk.

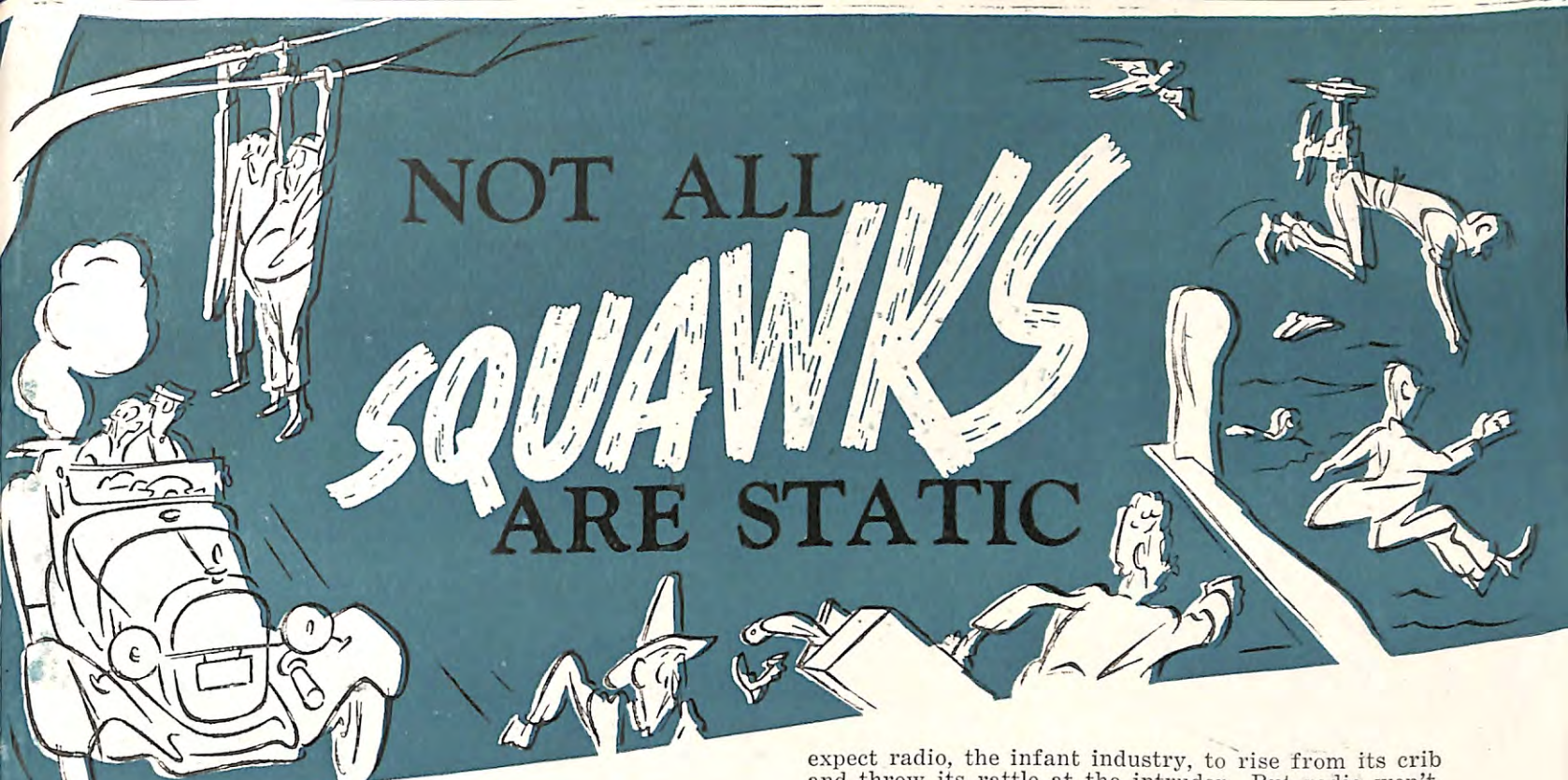
So strict is the censorship that radio imposes on itself, that squawks are rarely justified. Those that do pour in through the mail and over the phone range anywhere from the bigoted and ignorant to the amusingly fantastic. In the third category is the squawk about a program called "The Lone Ranger".

You've probably heard children calling out "Hi-Yo Silver" in the streets and playgrounds. But it would hardly occur to you that a wholesome program such as "The Lone Ranger", the epitome of "boots and saddles chivalry", could be accused of having a "race angle". Yet it actually happened just a short while ago. Someone called up the key station of the network and screamed, "Hey! What's the big idea of all this Nazi propaganda?"

"What Nazi propaganda?" answered the timid voice of radio.

"Aw g'wan, I know it's pretty subtle but just try and





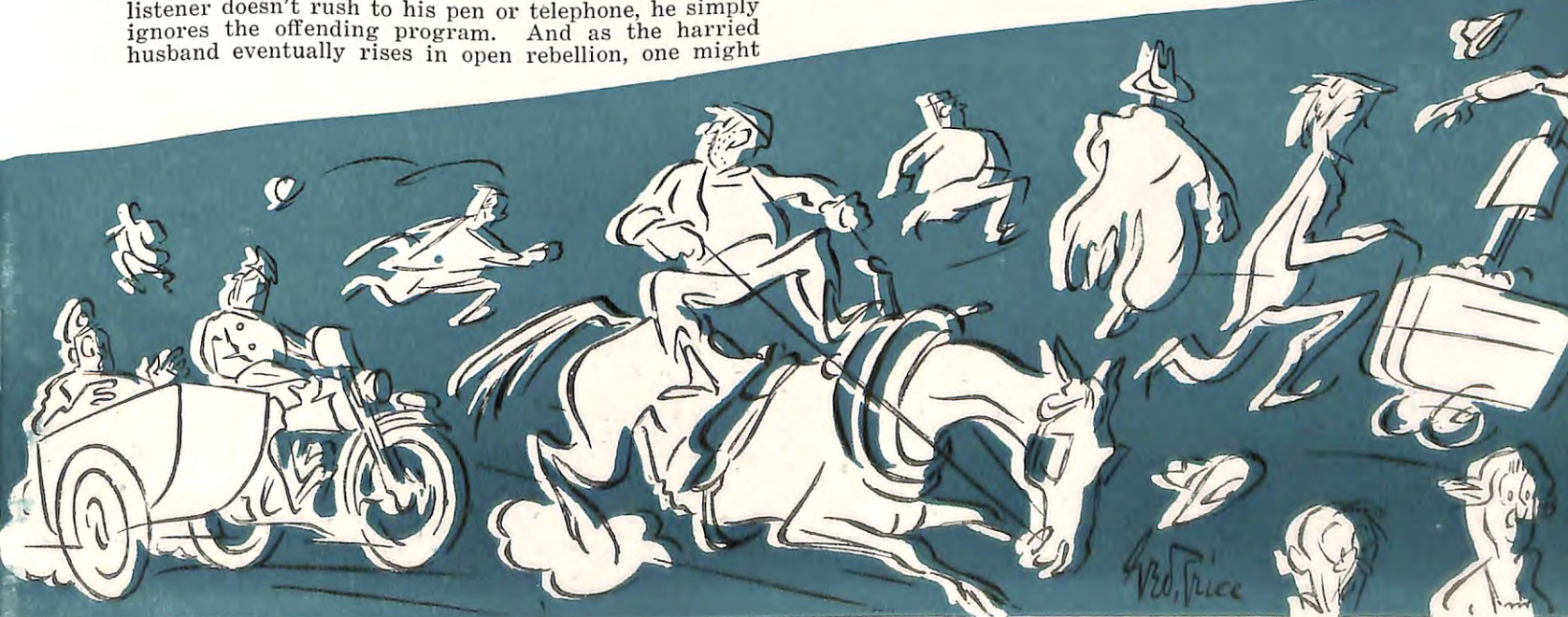
NOT ALL SQUAWKS ARE STATIC

tell me you ain't got a guy ridin' all over the countryside yellin' 'Heil Silver, Heil Silver!'"

Including the open-mouthed children who idolize "The Lone Ranger" and the addle-pated squawkers who pounce on it as Nazi propaganda, radio has a potential circulation of 75,000,000 Americans and fairly accurate surveys indicate that as many as 40,000,000 people have listened to one program. In return for the blessing (sic) of this enormous circulation radio must take care not to offend the races, creeds and screwballs that make up the conglomerate mass of listeners. Radio's set-up is a natural for squawkers. A squawk must have all the irresistible qualities of a sneeze; you've got to let it out. And judging from the number of squawks that pour into radio stations it's always hay-fever time on the air waves. The incessant radio squawker who is continually being offended by something or other recalls the malicious gossip who is always running to her husband with the cry, "They insulted me!" Now there are at least a score of network programs that insult my intelligence and I am sure that any reader can pick out an equal number that insult his. But the average listener doesn't rush to his pen or telephone, he simply ignores the offending program. And as the harried husband eventually rises in open rebellion, one might

expect radio, the infant industry, to rise from its crib and throw its rattle at the intruder. But radio won't, for various reasons which invite investigation.

Although a censor at NBC indignantly denied that radio is afraid of anything, something tells me that the networks are whistling loudly in the dark. What's that lurking behind the coal bin? If you'll turn the flashlight over there you'll find two hobgoblins: one of them is the FCC's interest; the other is the sponsor's disinterest. Radio sells a sponsor "continuous listening". If certain sections of this sponsor's script offend listeners they turn the program off, missing the expensive blurb for Osopeachy Marshmallows or whatever he happens to be selling. Forewarned, the sponsor tones down the script in line with the station censor's advice. And as the three networks have been broadcasting to the country at large for a decade or so they have had a good deal of experience in toning things down. If a "for God's sake" or a "to hell with it" does happen to slip through you can bet your Social Security number that the Federal Communications Commission, hobgoblin number one, will hear about it. For the FCC is to the networks what a sponsor is to Jack Benny or Charlie McCarthy. The sponsor has an option to

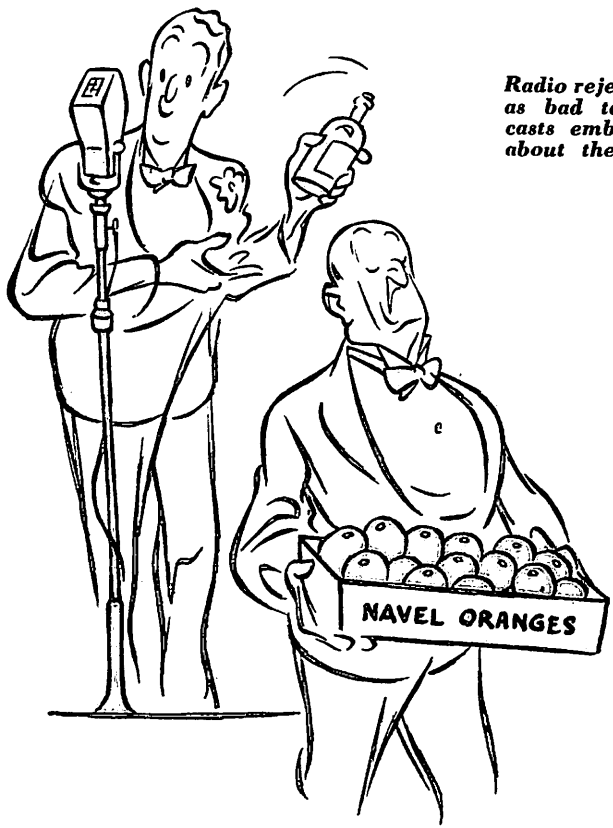




Where a gangster slugged his victim with the butt of a gun, the sound-effects man bashed in a grapefruit with a hammer.

renew; the FCC has a license to renew allowing the radio stations to broadcast. And when option or renewal time comes around, networks and comedians bite their nails and drink Sanka coffee. (Advt.) A radio station that offends the FCC will be called on the carpet to explain why its license to broadcast should be renewed at the expiration of its six-month term. This is precisely what happened in the case of Eugene O'Neill's play, "Beyond the Horizon".

This Pulitzer Prize drama was being aired over NBC's blue network when Mrs. Grundy, of the Minneapolis Grundies, squawked to the FCC. As a result, the local station WCTN was charged with disregarding the ban on profane, indecent and obscene language. The profane, indecent and obscene language was, "damn", "hell" and "for God's sake". Subsequently one powerful newspaper which had previously accused the radio peo-



Radio rejects navel oranges as bad taste, but broadcasts embarrassing details about the digestive tract.

ple of "having the courage of jellyfish" advised the networks to get up and fight or be counted out. The networks decided to fight and the Commission proceeded to back down, voting to "reconsider" its order.

The Eugene O'Neill incident followed on the heels, or rather the skirts, of l'affaire West. Suggestive Miss West swished into the Garden of Eden with smirks and innuendoes and certain sections of the large audience howled their disMae, if you'll permit a pun. At the first sign of the enemy, NBC and the advertising agency that arranges the Chase and Sanborn show took to the hills leaving voluptuous Mae deserted in the Garden of Eden without so much as a fig leaf to stand on. After calling both deserters "sissies" and other things that would be censored in radio, mincing Mae swished her hips once more and set out on a personal appearance tour with attendance boosted all along the line by her skirmish with the censors. And when NBC had a humble announcement read over the air to apologize for its scandalous behavior, 800 squawkers in New York alone phoned to say that the announcer's tone was not sincere!

Although Mae West couldn't get away with her skit in the Garden of Eden, Charlie Ruggles told a borderline story about fire-flies and hardly a voice was raised in protest. The story concerns a squadron of fire-flies making its way over a darkened city. The squadron leader issues orders forbidding lights but one recalcitrant fire-fly turns on his lamp. "Hey, you!" shouts the leader. "Didn't you hear what I said about lighting up over this city?"

"Yes, I heard you," the fire-fly replies. "But when you gotta glow, you gotta glow."

RADIO never knows when Tweedledum will squeeze through the same hole that stuck Tweedledee. Perhaps that thought was running through CBS censor Gilson Gray's mind when he O.K.'d the "War of the Worlds" by Orson Welles out of H. G. Wells. Columbia, in deference to the supersensitive, had banned "Hellzapoppin", but Wells was not supposed to pop. The "War of the Worlds", a pseudo-scientific story about interplanetary warfare, had been transposed to present day New Jersey. Instead of dropping on a London suburb a meteor was to drop on a place called Wilson's farm near Princeton, New Jersey. (Welles said after the broadcast that he was not aware of the fact that such a place really existed.) To allay the fears of the overly credulous four announcements to the effect that the program was make-believe were to be spaced through the broadcast. This was to supplement the fact that no sane person would believe that any Men from Mars would want to stir up more trouble on our already turbulent little planet aside from the fact that the mythical Martians would have had to leave home in 1880 and travel at 2,000 miles per hour to get here in time for the broadcast.

In sublime innocence Columbia sent the broadcast over the air. A fake news bulletin announced that a meteor had ploughed a furrow in Wilson's farm, New Jersey. The program faded back to dance music only to be interrupted by further bulletins. The meteor had become a flying cylinder filled with invaders from Mars. They were swarming over the country-side; towns were being wiped out by poison gas.

Casual listeners and fear-mongers rushed to tell their neighbors. "The Men from Mars are attacking us. I just heard it over the radio. Get away!" Hundreds of motorists fled into open country. They sped past astonished police cars screaming, "Drive like hell into the country! We're being bombed by enemies!" One group dashed all the way to Connecticut. A man from Newark burst into a lunch-wagon on the Boston Post Road. "It's the end of the world!" he cried. "And I'm going to die with my folks in New Haven!"

Two professors of Geology at Princeton, anxious to secure a piece of the meteor, set out for the nearby farm with hammers and flashlights. An anxious mother phoned the University. "Hell has broken loose!" she cried. "It's hot even where I am!" She failed to say where she was. (To make matters worse, the Princeton football team, possibly affected by the disturbed state

of universal affairs, proceeded to blow its traditional game with little Rutgers.)

When reports of the Martian invasion reached Reno one husband cast caution to the winds and started East to help the wife he had decided to divorce. A hedonist in New York answered his phone to say, "Don't bother me. The world's coming to an end and I've got a lot to do." Effervescent Walter Winchell, on the air at the time, asked NBC's permission to pour oil on Columbia's troubled waters. NBC demurred at first, not wishing to embarrass its arch rival, but later consented and CBS phoned its thanks "for helping to comfort the confused". That, however, wasn't the end of it. For after Winchell had twice announced, "There was no catastrophe in New Jersey as you may have heard tonight," the NBC switchboard was flooded with calls from new victims asking, "Where was that catastrophe that Winchell mentioned?"

Of all the analysts who rushed forward with explanations of the panic, psychologists were best prepared for the subsequent brain-probe. While the victims of careless-listening and careless-reasoning were blaming it all on CBS, acting on the theory that if they blamed someone else quickly their own fear and stupidity might be overlooked, impartial psychologists declared that the incident set a new high in the tendency to misconstrue facts through fast, uncomprehending listening. According to psychoanalysis the terrified listeners were of the type inclined to listen without full attention or understanding and therefore likely to garble the report. What was brought out by the broadcast has already been demonstrated by psychologists in laboratory tests. Groups that have listened to and seen brief sketches have varied widely in their reports on these same sketches. Also involved in the radio broadcast was the preparedness of the mind, the preparedness for the kind of disaster the listeners thought they had learned about. There had been so much talk of war over the radio, so many news bulletins from Europe in a crisis that many people were receptive to the idea of an invasion which may have been suggested to them in "scientific" Sunday supplements.

But the outstanding part of the whole mess was the anxiety of the squawkers to have the FCC protect them from bogeymen which their own brains should dispel, while rational reasoning would reveal that the greatest organizers of mass hysterias and delusions are governments in complete control of radio.

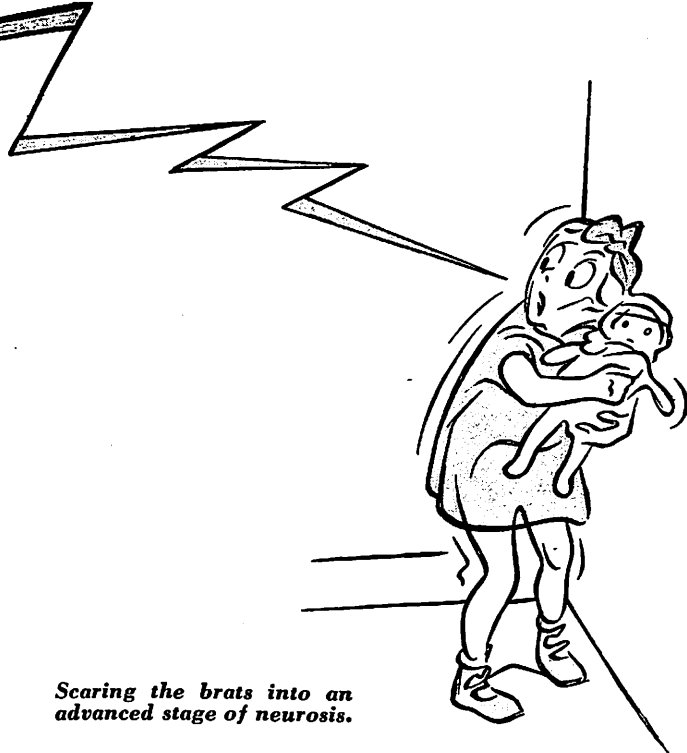
A WEEK after the broadcast the head of the three networks met in conference with the Chairman of the FCC and agreed that the words "flash" and "bulletin" should be used with discretion in dramatizing fiction.

NBC had to apologize for being seduced by Mae West; CBS had to apologize for reminding people of their hysterical gullibility, and the Mutual Network, while so far unsmirched by any national scandal, has not been allowed to forget for one minute that not all squawks are static.

Philip Thorne, the Mutual censor, is willing to let a borderline joke go through once; if it gets by unmolested it's OK for future performances; for the same joke with a slightly different twist, and sometimes just the same joke, is used over and over again as you undoubtedly will remember.

Thorne's office is constantly running up against squawks that leave the staff worried about the number of nuts at large. For instance there was the complaint of an angry listener about the description of a pro football game. "Religious discrimination!" he yelled. "How?" asked the office. "Why, two or three times during the broadcast your announcer said there weren't any Protestants at the game." Mr. Thorne puzzled over this for a minute and then asked, "Do you by any chance mean partisans?" Evidently he did, for the receiver clicked at the other end of the wire.

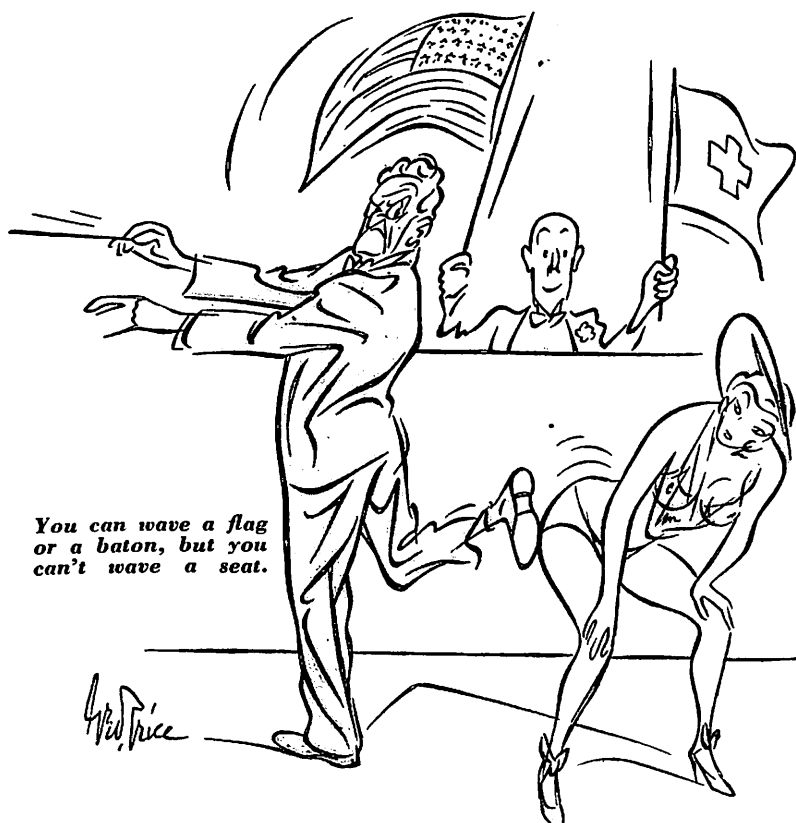
Another episode that left Thorne gasping for air was the floods of squawks that poured in about the introductory sentence to Mutual's news broadcasts. The sentence read, "Here is the news from the four corners of the earth." Complaint after complaint pointed out



Scaring the brats into an advanced stage of neurosis.

that the earth was round and could not possibly have four corners. Finally a letter came to the censor's office with a notation pinned on by an executive. "You'd better do something about this," it said. "These people are right; the earth is round."

Thorne has been bawled out by the squeamish on hundreds of occasions. One night an announcer was doing a piano program called "The Two Loose Screws of Radio". The "two loose screws" were "beating it out" and the announcer so completely entered the spirit of the thing that at the end of the program he cried, "You have been listening to the two loose screws of radio who hail from California where they put navels in oranges." Thorne, who had been listening to the program, rushed to the studio. Throwing open the door he yelled, "For God's sake do you have to make announcements like that? We'll hear about this all (Continued on page 47)





Show business

Above: Henry Fonda makes a get-away during a bank robbery scene in "Jesse James", a film saga of the famous outlaw. Fonda, as Frank James, co-stars with Tyrone Power, who has the title role. Full of gore and shooting irons, "Jesse James" has also lots of sweet, sweet sentiment and will doubtless keep you standing in line at the box office window.



Above are Con MacSunday and Charles Dingle in "American Landscape", the third production of The Playwrights' Company. It deals with the problems of an industrialist faced with divers un-American activities, but "American Landscape" has in common with the other two plays produced by the same company the pro-American, pro-democratic appeal which is making itself felt throughout the nation. While most of the New York critics failed to receive Elmer Rice's new play with open arms, (for that matter they don't usually do so), Mr. Rice continues to be one of the finest playwrights in America. We can recommend "American Landscape".

Below are Constance Bennett and Roland Young as they appear in their second Thorne Smith film, "Topper Takes a Trip". This series of films allows Miss Bennett a whack at screw-ball comedy and it is this Department's opinion that Miss Bennett is more successful there than anywhere else. Mr. Young, of course, is successful in any role he undertakes.





Above are Wynn Murray and Jimmy Savo in "The Boys From Syracuse", a rollicking musical comedy based on Shakespeare's "A Comedy of Errors". The play is as daffy as anything the Bard ever had re-written, and its two comedians, Mr. Savo and Teddy Hart, carry it to a high level of entertainment. Eddie Albert (of "Brother Rat") and a newcomer, Marcy Westcott, are the happiest additions to the musical comedy stage in many long years.



Right: Carole Lombard and James Stewart as they appear in "Made for Each Other", an intensely moving story of marriage between two young people who feel that they are "made for each other", and who prove that they are right by enduring bravely all the traditional hardships of marriage on a small income.

Below are Victor Moore, Tamara, William Gaxton and a player in "Leave It to Me", which stands as the wittiest, the gayest and the most tuneful musical comedy on Broadway. Most of its music and lyrics by Cole Porter are well known via the radio. It is a story of an American Ambassador to Russia (Mr. Moore) who doesn't like Russia worth a bean, and whose every effort to get recalled to Washington results in endearing him to the hearts of the Russians.



Above are David Niven, Errol Flynn and another mustached Britisher whose name has slipped our mind, playing a scene of whimsical comedy in "Dawn Patrol". This is the latest vehicle in which Mr. Flynn has a chance to be one of those noble British heroes whom Warner Brothers have introduced to a breathless public.

WHAT AMERICA

IS Reading

Highlights in New Books

By Harry Hansen

I DON'T know when I've had such a good time reading about the real west, as I did when Struthers Burt's "Powder River; Let 'er Buck" came along. This is part of a series called "Rivers of America," of which I have spoken in these columns, and it is by far the best, for it packs a great amount of action, history, brilliant descriptions of western life, into its pages. The Powder river flows in northeastern Wyoming, "a mile wide and an inch deep," and in forty years a land that was a carpet of thick grass, the pasturage of the bison and the joy of the Sioux, Cheyenne, Crow and Nez Perces Indians, was overrun by troops, cattle raisers, homesteaders, rustlers, prospectors and vigilantes and brought into line with the rest of the country.

This can only be told by a man who gets homesick for the Powder river country every year, and that's Struthers Burt, who has a ranch in the locality. He knows everything about it, too—the terrible hardships of John Colter, for instance, who was set loose by the Crow Indians around 1806 and, naked, made a dash for safety, traveling 220 miles on foot, with his feet full of cactus spines; the mistaken relations of the white man and the Indian, two races that couldn't mix, with the unnecessary result of ambushing, cruel fighting, massacre of Indian non-combatants and finally the tragedy of Custer on the Little Big Horn. Mr. Burt tells all that, and he tells, too, about the Hole-in-the-Wall gang, the killing of settlers, the robbery of calves, the Johnson county war, and the recriminations between big-ranchmen and the little fellows, destructive and bitter.

Powder river—"a buckaroo among rivers. A bowlegged, broken-nosed buckaroo—secretive, sardonically humorous, casual, insouciant, swift

and deadly in action." When you read this book you get the feel of the place. You get to know a country where the snow gets so deep that it is far over the head of a man, and where, in summer, the sun burns everything and the river dries up and the gullies turn to powder. A lot of tough fellows came there first and a lot of hardy men stayed. Life isn't easy there today, but the natives take it in their stride. When Mr. Burt asked his friend, the colonel, aged 82, who had been wiped out for the seventh time by the excessive drought what he intended to do now, the colonel replied: "I'm getting together quite a nice little bunch of yearlings. I'll get along." (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50)

American Life in Drawings

Before the days of news photographers Harper's Weekly became famous as the pictorial record of news events, giving its readers drawings made on the spot by artists of great ability. Today these drawings have great historic interest and provide a record of American life more vivid and exciting than any found in more formal chronicles. John A. Kouwenhoven, an instructor in Columbia University, was always



White Studio

John A. Kouwenhoven, author of "Adventures of America," which was published by Harper & Brothers. It is an exciting chronicle of American life in the last half of the 19th Century.

interested in the drawings in old numbers of Harper's Weekly and has now edited a book giving 256 drawings taken from the files, which he calls "Adventures of America, 1857-1900."

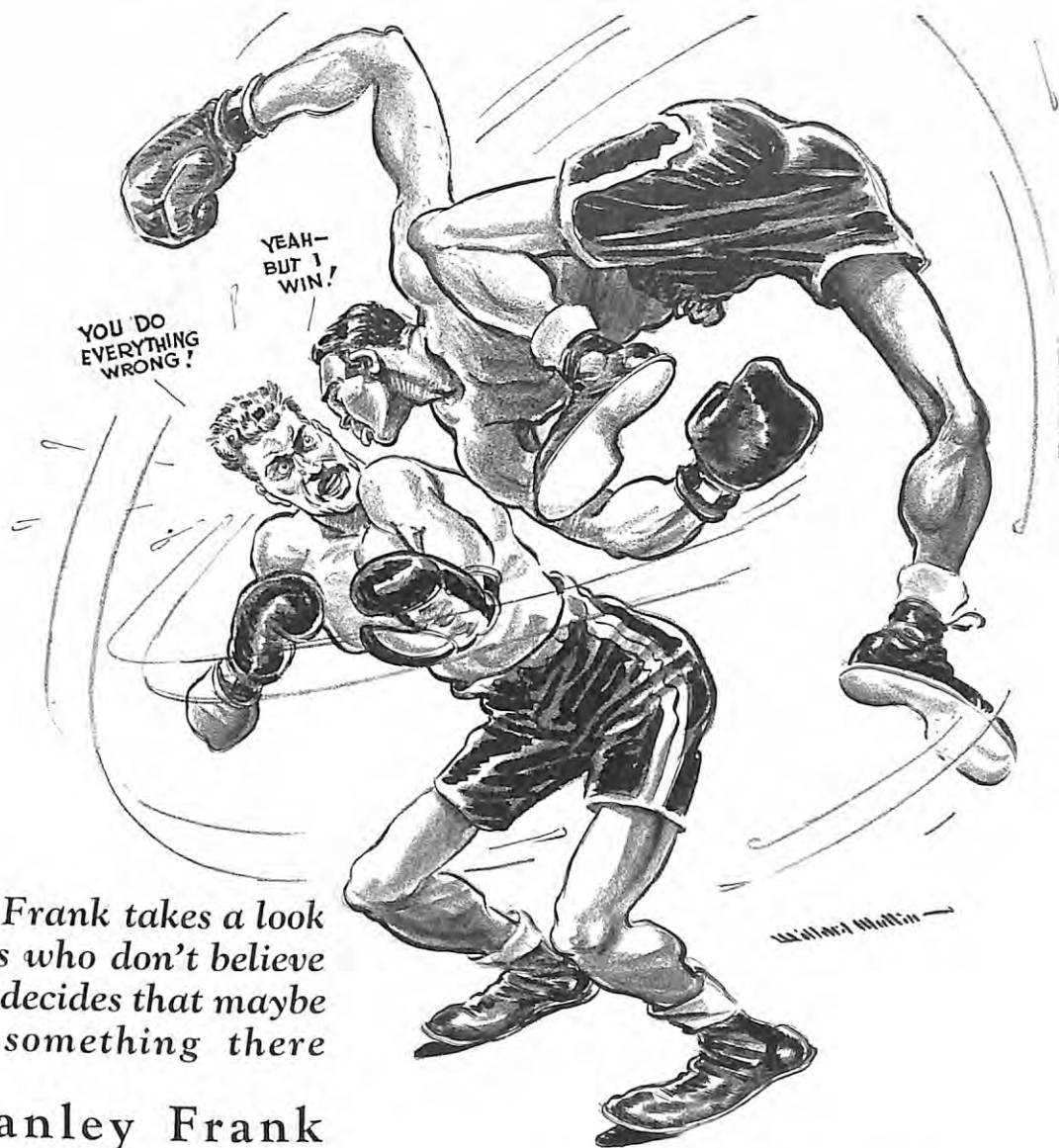
These artists, many of them headliners of their day, packed a tremendous amount of action into their pictures. They caught the citizens of the United States in their working clothes. They pictured the immigrants jamming Castle Garden, the skating in Central park, the political parades along Broadway, the firing on Fort Sumter, the raids of John Morgan, the drafts riots in New York, the gold rush, the Philadelphia centennial exposition, the labor unrest of the final decades of the 19th century, and thus kept pace with the feverish growth and movement of the country. Among the artists and cartoonists were Winslow

(Continued on page 50)



Professor and Mrs. Harry A. Overstreet, authors of "Town Meeting Comes to Town," a history of New York's Town Hall, including the story of "America's Town Meeting of the Air."

Mr. Hoyle Takes a Ride



In which Mr. Frank takes a look at the winners who don't believe in form—and decides that maybe they've got something there

by Stanley Frank

A GROUP of humanitarians about to hear the panacea for all the follies that ail this world, or the most eminent savants of our time gathered for an Einstein's disclosal of the latest secret of the universe, hardly could have been stirred by a greater thrill of anticipation than an assembly of staunch pillars of American society on a certain day eight years ago. In awed, almost reverent silence they filed into a darkened room, which imparted the proper note of mysticism to the wonders they were to see. They perched on the edge of chairs in ecstatic expectancy. Presently they were gasping aloud in sheer rapture; they made little, gurgling noises of delight after the fashion of men cooing over grandchildren, which many of them indeed possessed.

For there on a movie screen they were watching Bobby Jones, greatest golfer of all time, smack an in-offensive ball with a stick crooked at the end. Every man in the audience spent practically all the time and money he could spare from his family, seeking the flawless form and technique the divine Jones was demonstrating on the screen. There wasn't a citizen in the enchanted throng who would have hesitated trading his mother-in-law for the rhythmic grace, the marvelous fluency of Jones.

The picture was shown again, this time in slow motion, so that one and all could feast his eyes upon

the most intricate and subtle aspects of the wonder-worker's perfection. Again the supreme stylist wove his magic spell until—horror of horrors!—they had to run the picture once more, and still again, before the incredulous watchers would believe that which their unbelieving eyes had seen.

But it was too true. The Great Man actually hesitated at the top of his back-swing! For a moment that was almost imperceptible except in slow motion, Jones' club halted before swooping into the vigorous downward swipe at the ball.

Through the centuries teachers of golf had been proclaiming that a smooth, uninterrupted back-swing was the answer to the constant quest for par. Pundits preached pontifically that the cardinal sin was breaking the rhythm of the swing before striking the ball. Yet Jones, the superb stylist, was the only man in history to win the amateur and open championships of England and the United States in the same year, even though he violated the first principle of the game.

Tell that to your pro the next time he criticizes your golfing form, if any. While he is barking at you to keep your chin, elbows and stomach in—he'd dearly love you to keep everything in but your money—casually mention that Jones had a hitch in his back-swing and watch how suddenly he becomes absorbed in the weather or the verdant landscape.

(Continued on page 48)

Words to a Song

There was a million dollars waiting for him in Hollywood—so he stayed in New York to write the words to a love song

by Roma Rose

Illustrated by FREDERIC WIDLICKA

SO he was going to Hollywood, was he? On a contract. And he mentions it casually at dinner after keeping her waiting a full hour on the Library steps. Now she could wait six months for him. Well, she thought, too much is enough, as the Katzenjammer Kids used to say.

She leaned back as the waiter reached across to fill her water glass, and looked down at her new spring suit. Straight from Paris, and stunning. And the first time she wore it turned out to be a farewell party.

"Hollywood," she said. "The song writer's Mecca."

"That's right. I leave next Friday."

Like that—nothing at all. Six months. A Hollywood agent hears the lyrics Cort has done for his first musical comedy, and yanks him to Hollywood. At a thousand a week—or whatever the amount was.

"But your new show? Aren't you going to stay and see it open?"

"No," Cort said.

"Well, good luck and Godspeed," she said, and then she felt very much alone, as if he'd already gone.

"Look—why don't you come along? You'd go great in Hollywood. You've got nice—well, eyes and teeth and stuff. The Face that Photographs."

So that was the best he could say—after she'd skipped her gymnasium workout to have her hair freshly done. To look beautiful for him.

"Minnie the Marvelous Model likes it here."

"We'd have a time with all that dough."

"You go ahead and have a time. I'm having mine here." And she would, too, after he was gone. Joe Doaks wasn't a bad fellow, only now she really must stop thinking of Kenneth as Joe Doaks. Kenneth Stoddard, Esquire. Sure, give him an esquire. As a matter of fact, Kenneth was very nice—a little stuffy compared to Cort, but who wasn't? She could use a little good old-fashioned stuffiness. She could get her feet on the ground instead of being up in the air and bursting with being glad when things were going right, and miserable when they weren't.





"Listen, Beau Brummel, why did you ask me over here? Aren't we going to eat?"

"Think how very terribly lonesome I'll be," he said. "I'm thinking. It's hard, but a good trick if you can do it."

"I'll be like a man on a desert island."

"Take a book," she said.

He laughed and reached for her hand across the table. "You're completely whacky. That's why I love you, pet."

So he thought *she* was whacky! Well, this was a good time to say what she wanted to—just once and then forget it. If she could say it right.

"Cort, right now, saying goodbye, with my paw in yours, I love you, too." There. It hadn't been too heavy, had it?

He smiled and drummed with his fingers. "*I love you, my pet. . . . you bet . . . I love you da-de-dah . . . With all my heart . . . so soon to part . . .* Is that original? Wait, we'll write it on a napkin and send it to the laundry."

"That's very funny," she said, and she was surprised at the sound of her voice, as if she might cry. But as she went on she was all right again.

"Well, darling, it's been nice to have known you." She looked at him across the little table, and hesitated for a second with her lips parted. "And I hope I never know anyone else like you," she finished quietly.

There was a silence and she looked steadily at the rim of her glass. Then he said,

"One like me is your quota?"

She nodded and brightened. "I've got to run."

They said goodbye outside. Cort grinned and said he'd give her a call before he left for the west coast. And the big clown probably *would* this time, after all the times he'd said he'd call and then didn't. But it wouldn't do any good.

"Don't bother, Cort. You'll be busy. Save your nickel for the Trocadero."

"I'll see that you get a couple of tickets for the opening of *Try, Try Again*. You hear my lyrics for me."

But she wouldn't have his tickets, either. Better to have Kenneth buy some and be sure of them. And good-bye, please.

WALKING across town she knew it was going to be dreary at first, with Cort gone. But then, she had her job. And Kenneth. They would help.

She was doing very well at her job. For months now her picture had been appearing in all the big magazines. In ads for tooth paste, cold cream, shampoo and hosiery. In skiing clothes, evening wraps; on bicycles, airliners, and once on the deck of a sailboat. She only hoped she wasn't doing *too* well. Advertisers were always demanding new faces, new personalities. And red-brown hair and eyes to match over a perfectly all right face, if you see them too often, get to be old friends, like the fish in the Aquarium when you've been there before.

At Fifth Avenue she boarded a downtown bus for home. Passing the Library she looked long at the wide steps sloping back from the sidewalk. She wouldn't be waiting there any more she told herself, and stubbornly, she wasn't sorry, either.

How many times had she walked up those steps feeling so light and happy that she liked windy days or rainy days or whatever kind of day it happened to be? She'd stand there, humming to herself and watching other couples meet and go off together. And she'd smile and think how dull it would be if she were meeting any of those other men who weren't at all like Cort. But after she'd waited twenty minutes, she'd begin to look sharply at every tall man coming along. Maybe Cort wasn't so different and so special.

Sometimes when he did turn up, she'd be standing there with her eyes down, afraid he wouldn't come. Once he didn't. But when she'd see him, lanky and bareheaded with his hair blowing, the waiting didn't matter and she'd feel light again. There he'd be—not like anyone else.

No, not like anyone else, thank goodness, she thought as the Library slipped behind. This afternoon he'd come tearing up the steps an hour late. Got stuck at the theater, he said. Had tried to send a telegram to her on the east Library steps, but Western Union wouldn't take it. So he sent a messenger boy.

"I told him you were the beautiful tooth paste ad with a little green coat and a big green handbag and a bow on your hat. How was I to know you'd changed your clothes since last time?" And he'd tucked her hand under his arm and pulled her down the steps.

A girl couldn't go on like that all her life.

Soon after she reached her apartment, Kenneth phoned from the lobby. He came up, dark and well-groomed in his dinner clothes and so polite and quiet-spoken that just being near him was like taking a rest cure. She realized she had never fully appreciated him before.

During the next few days she saw a great deal of Kenneth. He took her to dinner parties on Park Avenue where everyone was terribly polite and the men all thought she was charming. Later they'd go with some of the party over to "21" and meet more of Kenneth's friends and she'd listen to talk about horses and boats and the market.

Other nights Kenneth would come for her in that well-bred looking car of his and take her to the Stork Club or El Morocco—or anywhere else she wanted to go. It was fun having three wines and champagne at dinner. Not at all like having dinner with Cort at that place where there was a sixty-five cent dinner and a waiter named Peppe.

But it was best when they were riding alone at night. She could feel how solid and reliable Kenneth was at the wheel. He was always rather quiet, and she felt better when they didn't talk because funny things had a habit of popping into her head. And if she said them Kenneth didn't always understand. That made her feel as if she'd said something silly. But when they didn't talk much everything was fine.

On Friday, the day that Cort was to leave for Hollywood, it was hard to concentrate on her job. She kept thinking of him while the photographer adjusted lights on her dressed as a bride bending breathlessly over her silverware. At her last appointment she was a worried mother giving her infant cough medicine—but her worried expression really came from wondering if Cort would call before she got home.

Kenneth was waiting for her when she was finished. He wanted to drive her over for cocktails with some friends of his who were just back in town. She had



her mind all made up to go home and wait for Cort to call, but what good would it do, she asked herself now, even if he did call? No good at all. So they went, and she felt better after two Manhattans.

Later they went for another long drive into the country. There was something very comforting in being beside Kenneth in the spring night, but just the same she kept imagining that the telephone back in her empty apartment was ringing and ringing.

Kenneth asked her once if she was tired and she replied absently. "What?—Oh, no. I'm not tired. Not at all."

"I hope nothing is the matter," he said.

"Of course not. I'm just—enjoying the ride."

He didn't question her again and she was grateful. He was always so considerate and thoughtful of her happiness. Oh, she was glad to be with him. Glad she was going to be with him tomorrow and the next day and the day after that. Life would be smooth and pleasant.

And it was—until the night Cort's play opened.

The first act was half over when they reached their seats, and the audience seemed to be enjoying it. During intermission they went out into the lobby.

Kenneth was holding a match for her cigarette when she saw Cort. He had told her he wouldn't be here for the opening—but there could be no mistake. It was Cort!

Maybe he'd flown back, she thought quickly. Hollywood people were always doing things like that. He wasn't very impressive in tails. He looked as though he had dressed on the way downstairs. He probably had, and missed the curtain at that. Well, she'd missed the curtain, too.

A SUDDEN tightness pulled at her throat—he was coming over towards her. Irrelevantly she thought of how he used to squeeze her hand and say, "Gee, you're swell," and the night he looked at her for a long time and then said, "How does it feel to have everything?"

A little sad-faced man with a big cigar was with him. That would be Hatton who wrote the score for all Cort's lyrics. The one Cort talked about so often, saying, "He's good, I tell you, and together we'll be famous some day. Just give us time—we'll be like Gilbert and Sullivan, Rodgers and Hart, bacon and eggs."

"Congratulations," she said in reply to Cort's greeting. "It looks like a hit. With a Hollywood contract besides, you're among the *nouveau riche* now."

"Oh, no," Cort said cheerfully. "These are just my work clothes. *Nouveau riche* yourself." He glanced at her evening coat and then at Kenneth, and she had to introduce him.

Cort stuck out a hand. "Glad to meet you, Mr. Doaks. Heard a lot about you."

"The name is Stoddard," Kenneth said.

"That's what I thought. Well, it's nice to have met you both." He caught Hatton's arm. "We've got to be getting back. So long."

"Who was that young man?" Kenneth asked as they left.

"Oh, he wrote the lyrics for the show tonight."

"If you'd told me, I could have said the right things."

"It doesn't matter. You wouldn't like him anyway." She smiled at him and took his arm, proud of him, so handsome in his evening clothes. And he was so nice. She was ashamed of Cort. He was just a rowdy and had gone out of his way to be rude to Kenneth. Was he jealous, she wondered. But no—Cort would never get jealous.

When the show was over they had supper together and then drove up the parkway to Corton Lakes. Kenneth stopped the car so that they faced the water, with the trees dark behind them. A slim moon shone down on the lake.

They sat there for a long time. Kenneth smoked and she leaned back against the seat thinking of the show. *You're Whacky and I Love You*—those kids singing that, holding hands and grinning at each other. It was cute. The whole show was cute.

Then Kenneth threw away his cigarette.



Cort said cheerfully, "Nouveau riche yourself! These are just my work clothes." He glanced at her evening coat and then at Kenneth.

"Katharine," he said in a matter of fact voice, "I never saw you so beautiful as you are tonight. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

She lifted her head. "Will you please repeat the question?"

He looked surprised. "I asked you, Katharine, will you be my wife?"

So men actually did that—proposed this way. Well, well. She sighed and folded her hands.

"Kenneth, I think that's lovely. That must take real courage nowadays."

"Of course we'd only announce the engagement for the present. And when the market steadies and my family come back from abroad we can make plans."

And have my picture in the papers without any tooth paste, she thought. Now that would be novel.

"But, dear," she said soberly, "don't you think you should have spoken to my father?"

"Why, I didn't know—"

She laughed and laughed while he sat stiffly, not understanding. Finally she put her hand gently over his.

"I'm sorry, Kenneth. I don't know what was the matter with me. It just seemed funny. Maybe I should go home now and think it over."

He stroked her hair and said, "You're probably upset."

When they were in front of her apartment-house she kissed him quickly and said, "You're much too good for me. I'm a rowdy, you know." Then she hurried inside.

She didn't feel tired or sleepy, although it was almost four o'clock. She kicked off (Continued on page 45)



Drawings by Carl Link

EDITORIAL

RESPONSIBILITY LIES WITH US

WE STAND at the threshold of another year, and as usual are harboring the hope we entertain each recurring January that the new year will deal more kindly and generously with us than its predecessor. We fortify our hopes with resolutions which if kept probably would result in a realization of our hopes, but all too frequently we soon forget or lose interest, with the result that our resolutions are cast aside with other things regarded as unimportant. Like weeds they spring up spontaneously, but like flowers they wilt and wither when not watered and tended. We then blame our luck for unrealized hopes, when we ourselves are solely to blame.

It cannot be denied that there is such a thing as luck in human affairs, but since it comes out of mere chance it cannot be depended on to bring good fortune. Neither can it be rightly blamed for ill-fortune. What we are pleased to call our good fortune or good luck almost invariably is the result of hard work and sincere application of muscle, brain and talent to the problems of life, accompanied by the exercise of reasonable judgment and right living. Conversely what we are pleased to call our ill fortune or bad luck generally is the direct result of our disregard of opportunities ever present but too frequently not recognized, or appraised as unimportant.

Let us turn over a new leaf with the advent of the New Year and inscribe on its white page our resolutions, our hopes and our firm determination to make the most of our opportunities and then preserve it as an index to our activities for the ensuing twelve months.

PROTECT LIFE AND HEALTH

IT HAS been said that a reckless driver is seldom wreckless long, and generally speaking this is a correct observation. The decrease in fatalities on our streets and public highways in the last year justifies the hope that the careless, as well as the reckless, driver is being gradually eliminated. This is in part due to the enactment and rigid enforcement of regulatory state statutes and city ordinances, but is largely the result of the crystallization of public opinion against those who endanger life and property by failing to operate automobiles with due regard for the rights of others. It is gratifying that the Order of Elks has taken and continues to take prominence among organizations which are assisting police and other public servants to reduce the alarming number of highway accidents, many of them attended with fatalities and many more with serious injuries frequently resulting in cripples for life.

Not all such accidents are due to careless or reckless driving. Many are the result of carelessness or recklessness on the part of pedestrians. Regardless of the cause of an accident, the automobile driver usually is blamed when frequently the pedestrian is solely responsible. Regulations and traffic lights should apply to both. People should walk as well as drive with scrupulous regard for the rights of others, and an ever-present realization of the danger involved in crossing streets and highways.

Traffic regulations, if made uniform in all states and cities, unquestionably would avoid many accidents. Efforts are being made in this direction, but as yet are only partially successful. Elk Lodges may well give this matter attention and their active support in the various jurisdictions where they have and can exercise great influence with state legislature and city regulatory agencies.



The protection of the child who darts suddenly into the street in the path of a passing automobile is a problem for parents. It cannot otherwise be solved, but instructions and cautions impressed in schools and even in kindergartens will be helpful in decreasing the number of these most regrettable accidents.

THE SAINT LOUIS SESSION

THE Seventy-Fifth Session of the Grand Lodge will be held next July in the city of Saint Louis. It has erroneously been referred to as the diamond anniversary of the founding of the Order. That will not occur until 1943. The misunderstanding is due to the fact that in the early history of the Order the Grand Lodge at times assembled oftener than once a year, so that while its Seventy-Fifth Session will be held this year, its diamond jubilee will not be celebrated until four years hence. This, however, does not detract in the least from the importance of the Saint Louis Session, which promises to be one of the best and most largely attended in the history of the Order. The Grand Lodge last met in Saint Louis in 1899. That, too, was an important and history-making session. Those who attended still recall it as marking an epoch in Elk history, not only from the standpoint of the importance of the Grand Lodge Session, but also from that of the entertainment provided for all visiting members.

Forty years is a long time when we look to the future, but in retrospect it isn't so very long after all. It has been long enough, however, to transform Saint Louis from a city of promise into a city of realization. Today it is one of the outstanding cities of the United States and offers inducements to conventions unsurpassed in the whole Nation. Its hotels offer ample and attractive accommodations; its streets and avenues are wide and flanked by



imposing buildings, both business and residential; its parks are beautifully landscaped, and its open air theater is the envy of every city in the country. Next July Saint Louis will be on dress parade and those who fail to be there for the Grand Lodge Reunion will lose out on a round of entertainment now being actively planned by energetic committees. Already many lodges are forming Saint Louis Clubs and arranging to send large delegations to this capitol of the great Central West.

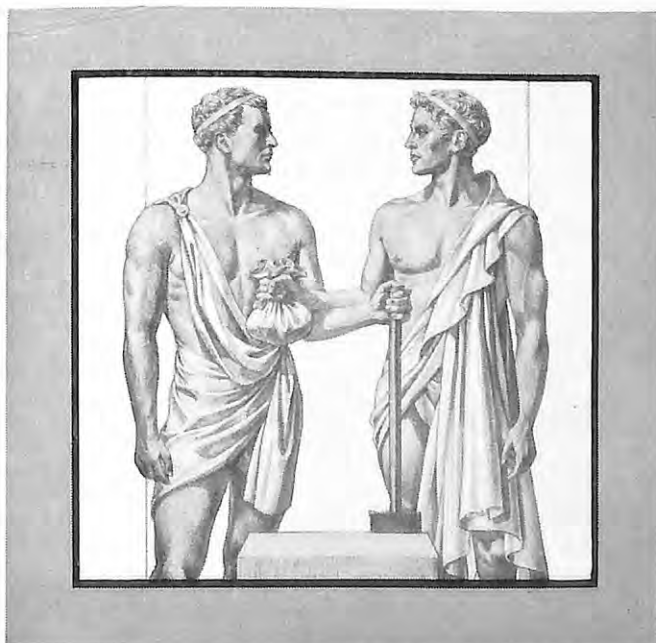
LODGE NEWS SOLICITED

FROM its initial issue it has been and still is the desire of "THE" ELKS MAGAZINE to publish accounts of the activities of subordinate lodges which are of general interest to the Order. "Under the Antlers" is a department conducted to serve this purpose and it is pleasing to note the widespread interest in the news items appearing in each issue under this caption.

It must be realized that the success of this department depends very largely, almost wholly, in fact, on the cooperation of subordinate lodges. We are grateful for this helping hand, and solicit still further cooperation, to the end that the dissemination of interesting news items through these columns may continue to serve a useful purpose in bringing the lodges into closer touch with each other and in keeping them informed as to what their sister lodges are doing to promote the general welfare of all.

Obviously if the Magazine does not know what your lodge is doing, nothing can be said about it. We have no independent news-gathering agency for the collection of this information and must rely on articles sent in by the lodges. These are always gratefully received and are published in full or in such abbreviated form as available space may make necessary.

In expressing appreciation for the valuable assistance being rendered in this respect by many lodges, we solicit the cooperation of every lodge. By so doing you not only help your Magazine, but you help all subordinate lodges, including your own.



Under the Antlers



Kniffin

One of the crowded stands at the Reading, Pa., Elks Crippled Children's Benefit football game.

Toledo, O., Honors the Grand Exalted Ruler with Civic Reception

On Wednesday, November 9, at a noon luncheon, over 600 prominent citizens of Toledo, Ohio, gathered in the Secor Hotel Ballroom to honor Dr. Edward J. McCormick for his outstanding contribution to the civic welfare of the community and in appreciation of the honor that he had brought to Toledo in his selection as Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order of Elks. The luncheon was sponsored by

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

civic groups and the ballroom was decorated with flags and insignia of the various groups participating. Behind the speakers' table was a large

papier-mâché clock, with the hands stopped at 11, upon which was superimposed a beautiful elk head.

P.E.R. John C. Cochrane of Toledo Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, acted as Chairman and Toastmaster. He introduced Roy C. Start, Mayor of Toledo, who made a welcoming address and then presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a parchment scroll upon which was embossed a resolution of the City of Toledo Council commending Dr. McCormick for his outstanding civic work. In his response, the Grand Exalted Ruler outlined the history of Elkdom in the United States, and pointed out concrete evidence of the Order's devotion to charity, justice, brotherly love and fidelity by calling attention specifically to its war record as well as its participation in rehabilitation work and crippled children work, and generally pointing out the humanitarian side of Elkdom.

Dr. McCormick denounced the subversive influences afoot in this country today. He stated that as far as Elkdom was concerned, many of those emissaries of foreign "isms" availing themselves of this country's "open door" policy had violated the hospitality extended them by preaching their nefarious doctrines. These gentlemen had, he stated, as far as Elkdom was concerned, worn out their welcome. He stated that those who could not wave the American flag should be asked to wave goodbye to this country. Dr. McCormick



Officers and committee chairman of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge at a dinner with D. D. Samuel T. Bowman prior to his official visit to the lodge.

J. B. Caldwell, last surviving charter member of Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge and William Ellingsworth, a 43-year member, burning the mortgage on the Walla Walla Lodge Home.

closed his address with a stirring appeal to those present to become more conscious of the priceless heritage they hold as citizens of this great country, and urged them to join Elkdom in its fight against un-American activities and to rededicate the people of the country to the principles of Elkdom—Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

"Homecoming Night" is Held by Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge

One of the most festive occasions in the history of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415, was the recent "Homecoming Night" staged shortly after the Monterey State Convention. The event honored P.E.R. C. P. Hebenstreit, the newly elected President of the Calif. State Elks Assn., and the lodge's championship teams. Huntington Park Lodge not only walked away with honors by having a State President elected from the ranks of its members, but won first honors with its drill, golf and pistol teams and Antlers Ritualistic Team.

The celebration began with a banquet in honor of Mr. Hebenstreit, attended by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, Los Angeles, D.D. James J. McCarthy, Santa Monica, and other Elk dignitaries from all over the State. Short talks during the lodge-session were followed by the official presentation of the trophies and acceptance by the lodge and the various teams. In addition to the "Grand Trophies," many members of competitive teams won individual prizes and awards.

Members of Huntington Park Lodge's famous drill team, the Purple Patrol, twice national champions and for three consecutive years State winners, who were paid individual tributes for their service to the lodge, are as follows: Capt. Max Miller, Frank Kennedy, Frank Berckmoes, Charles Mahaffey, Harold Caylor, John Ratzloff, Charles Tines, James Howard, John Lagna, George Wightman, Don McNeil, Jack Klaus, Thomas Price, R. L. Whitaker, Fred Evans, William Swan, Irving A. Chaffee, Ed Schuerger, Joe Trinker, A. L. Fontaine and E. C. McChesney.

Morgantown, W. Va., Lodge Observes Its 40th Anniversary

Twenty-five new members were admitted into Morgantown, W. Va., Lodge, No. 411, at ceremonies held in conjunction with the three-day celebration of the lodge's 40th anniversary. E.R. Clarence E. Johnson and his officers performed the ritualistic work. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters addressed the 200 members and visiting Elks who were present. Among others in attendance



were P.E.R. Arthur G. Martin and E. E. Meredith, Fairmont, W. Va., and P.E.R.'s Wooda N. Carr, Harry Beeson, C. L. Springer and Thomas Bulger, Uniontown, Pa., all of whom aided in the organization of No. 411 forty years ago.

Two-Day Celebration of Findlay, O., Lodge's 50th Anniversary

Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick was the principal

speaker at the Golden Anniversary Banquet held by Findlay, O., Lodge, No. 75, on the first evening of its two-day birthday celebration. His stirring address on the principles and benefits of the Order was of particular interest to the new members who had been initiated that afternoon. District Deputy O. E. Shurtleff of Van Wert was present at the initiation ceremonies. Nearly four hundred Elks and their guests attended the banquet.



Above center: The bowling team of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge with their trophies.

Above: Members of Homestead Elks Degree Team, who are the Pennsylvania State Champions.



At top are the officers of Great Bend, Kans., Lodge who are photographed with a class of candidates they initiated recently.

Important features of the evening were the burning of the mortgage on the \$125,000 lodge home, and the presentation of honorary life memberships to the eight living charter members. Dr. McCormick personally presented the cards to the seven charter members who were present. The mortgage was burned by F. J. Collingwood and Past Exalted Ruler W. E. Houck, first and second Presidents respectively of the Findlay Elks Home Association.



A float entered by Madison, Wis., Lodge in the parade sponsored by the Dane County Safety Council. It drew much favorable comment as an object lesson.

Monument to Memory of Dr. John Dysart Dedicated at Dubuque

On November 2, 1938, in Linwood Cemetery, Dubuque, Ia., a large granite monolithic monument was dedicated to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. John Dysart, the only Grand Chaplain Emeritus in the history of the Order. Erection of the Memorial was authorized by the Grand Lodge at the Atlantic City meeting last July, and an appropriation of \$1,000 was made for its construction. P.D.D. Adam Zillig, P.E.R. of Dubuque Lodge No. 297, was delegated by the Board of Grand Trustees to carry out the plans. It was

Above: State Pres. A. W. Crane with delegates from Arizona lodges with the officers and candidates of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge.

Dr. Dysart's wish that his ashes be buried in Dubuque where he spent many years as Rector of St. John's. He was a member of Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 263.

A large crowd of members of the Order and other friends attended the ceremonies. The dedication, which took place appropriately on All Souls Day, was opened with the Invocation by the Rev. John Flockhart. The Ritualistic Service was performed by E.R. Edward Majerus and the Dubuque Lodge officers. The monument was unveiled by Mr. Zillig, and the Dedicatory Address was delivered by Robert W. Clewell. Musical selections were rendered by the University of Dubuque Quartette directed by Dr. N. J. Logan. J. Earle Bott was the soloist. The exercises were closed with the acceptance of the monument in the name of the Grand Lodge by the officers of Dubuque Lodge, assisted by D.D. David G. Bleakley of Cedar Rapids, and followed by the Benediction by the Rev. Flockhart. "Taps" was played by Melvin Dolphin.

Charlottesville, Va., Lodge Celebrates Its 41st Anniversary

The 41st Anniversary of Charlottesville, Va., Lodge, No. 389, was observed with a meeting and banquet attended by 150 Elks. E.R. Henry

E. Belt presided, and R. Chess McGhee of Lynchburg, Pres. of the Va. State Elks Assn., was the guest speaker. A reminiscent talk was made by charter member Dr. J. E. Early who served as Chairman of the Building Committee when the lodge home was built. Four of the five living charter members were present. Special souvenirs were presented to 25 Elks who had been affiliated with the lodge for 25 years or more. M. G. Baker, a former member, came from Cleveland to attend the celebration and P.E.R. Frank Bullock of Lynchburg was present.

D.D. Charles W. Proffitt, Clifton Forge, paid his official visit to Charlottesville Lodge in November. During the meeting a donation of \$50 to the Red Cross was voted. The program included a Lodge of Sorrow and an initiation. A weiner roast was one of the features of the social session.

Subordinate Lodges Requested to Suppress Certain Sales Activities

A case has been reported to Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick by Arthur W. Swan of

Right: The handsome float entered by Seguin, Tex., Lodge in the Seguin Centennial parade.

Naugatuck Lodge No. 967, District Deputy for Connecticut, West, in which the widow of a former member of the Order has disregarded Dr. McCormick's instructions to cease her activities in the sale of handkerchiefs bearing the "Elks' insignia in the emblematic colors". Dr. McCormick specifically stated, in his letter to her refusing his sanction of the sale, that such a proposition "is contrary to the Constitution and Statutes of the Order."

The lady has continued to contact Exalted Rulers, officers and members through communications to subordinate lodges of the Order, for the purpose of selling these handker-

chiefs. The Grand Exalted Ruler is therefore requesting the lodges, through the medium of *The Elks Magazine*, to ignore any offers of sale or invitations to cooperate in the selling of such merchandise that may be made by this lady or any other person so engaged.

Elks National Bowling Tournament, To Be Held at Toledo, O.

It was the pleasure of the Tournament Committee of the Elks' Bowling Association of America, when visiting Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, to be greeted by Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. E. J. McCormick who expressed



Above center: Elks of Florence, S. C., Lodge with a group of Boy Scouts who assisted them in collecting clothing for the needy.

Above: Some of the Elks who attended the dinner given by Baton Rouge, La., Lodge on the occasion of District Deputy Otis J. Bourgs' visit.



*Children who took part in a Hal-
lowe'en party given by Cristobal,
C. Z., Lodge as one of its many
community activities.*

close on Wednesday, March 1.

The tournament games will be con-
tested at Jack Hagerty's Interurban
Alleys, where 32 new tournament al-
leys will await the antlered herd of
kegelers. Chairman Arthur Ziegler
of the Lodge Bowling Committee was
made General Chairman of the local
Tournament Committee, whose duty
it will be to direct the functions of
the various committees in properly
conducting the tourney. The follow-
ing chairmen of the various commit-
tees were also selected as members
of the local Tournament Committee:
Local Entry: Rudolf Denker; Sched-
ule: George Carver; Hotel Accom-
modations: Jack Hagerty; Trans-
portation: Don C. Souder; Recep-
tion: Irving O'Connor; Entertain-
ment: Harry Zahrlly; Alley Commit-
tee: Parker Mattison; Tournament
Manager: William J. Mattison.

Phil Birkenhauer of Toledo, Presi-
dent of the national body, announced
that a concerted effort was being
made to better all previous entry re-
cords in the coming Toledo event
through the newly inaugurated inter-
lodge bowling activities. Their in-
itial gathering held at Lakewood, O.,
on October 16, showed a representa-
tion from ten lodges. The next meet-
ing was sponsored by Toledo Lodge
on November 6, which attracted 14
lodges from Ohio and Michigan.
After bowling, the visitors were en-
tertained at the Elks home, where
they were greeted by the Grand Ex-
alted Ruler.

The Elks Tournament is truly rep-
resentative of the Order; its bowling
carries out fully the letter of good-
fellowship. To the bowlers who feel
the urge to figure in the meet and
to visit Toledo again, even though
their scores be restricted to low
totals, will go 40 per cent of the prize
money. The "big shots" get the re-
maining 60 per cent, in each event.
At the last annual meeting in Mil-
waukee, amendments were adopted



The float entered by Chester, Pa., Lodge in the Armistice Day parade.

himself as being well pleased with
the great progress being made in
bowling activity throughout the Or-
der. The national group consisting
of Vice-Pres. Robert E. Rice, of Cin-
cinnati, O.; Secy. John J. Gray, of
Milwaukee, Wis., and Past Pres.
Frank G. Mitzel, of Detroit, Mich.,

met with the local Lodge Tourna-
ment Committee to complete ar-
rangements for the coming annual
Elks championships to be held under
the auspices of Toledo Lodge, at
Toledo. The tournament begins on
Saturday, March 25, and will con-
tinue to April 24, with entries to



*Members of Charlottesville, Va., Lodge on the occasion of the forty-first anniversary of
the Lodge. State President R. Chess McChes was guest speaker.*

Right: Members of the Safety Committee of Muscatine, Ia., Lodge photographed with a flasher signal installed by the lodge. Below them: The entertainment committee of Greenville, S. C., Lodge before starting decorations for a recent party.



whereby the first prizes in each event will be limited, irrespective of what the entry may be. In the five-man event, first prize will be \$125; in the two-man, \$65, and in the individuals, \$45. This arrangement will provide a larger distribution of regular prizes in each event. Nine diamond championship medals will again be offered, while the Elks lodge represented by the winning five-man team will receive a beautiful trophy.

Officers chosen for the current year at the 1938 tournament in Milwaukee were: Pres., Phil Birkenhauer, Toledo, O.; Vice-Pres.'s: Robert E. Rice, Cincinnati, O., Joseph F. Krizek, Cicero, Ill., Chas. K. Summersby, St. Louis, Mo., J. Wm. Kaster, Louisville, Ky., Fred De Cair, Kalamazoo, Mich., William C. Conway, Chicago, Ill., Urban Fremgen, Hamilton, O., and Roger Kenney, Oak Park, Ill.; Secy.-Treas., John J. Gray, Milwaukee, Wis.

S. A. Hanson, of Oak Park, Ill., retiring President, and Frank J. Jacobson, Chicago, Ill., Chairman of the Legislative Committee, were voted Honorary Life Memberships on the Executive Committee.

Any further information will be furnished through Secretary John J. Gray, 1616 South Sixteenth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Dedication of Fred Harper Memorial, Erected by the Grand Lodge

A bronze bust erected by the Grand Lodge in memory of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, P.E.R. of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, was dedicated on November



Right: Children who were entertained recently at a party given by Williamsport, Penna., Lodge in the Lodge Home.



Above: A scene in the new ballroom of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge at one of the regular Friday evening dances. An attendance of 350 is usual at these weekly affairs.



Elks and friends of the late Dr. John Dysart, Grand Chaplain Emeritus, dedicating the monument to his memory.

11. The Memorial was unveiled by Mr. Harper's daughter, Mrs. Carrie Harper Briggs. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, Chairman, of Washington, D. C., Grand Treasurer Robert South Barrett, of Alexandria, Va., and P.E.R. C. Harold Owen of Lynchburg Lodge, acted as members of the Memorial Committee which represented the Grand Lodge in having the sculpture made. The Memorial stands just off the main street of Lynchburg on a corner of the lawn of the lodge home.

The dedication program was beautiful and impressive. Judge Holland, who was scheduled to preside, was prevented by illness from officiating, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, of San Francisco, Calif., acted in his stead. The order of the exercises, which were opened and closed by the 246th Coast Artillery Band, was as follows: Invocation, the Rev. Carlton Barnwell, Rector of St. Paul's Church; Introduction, Mr. Abbott; Address, L. E. Lichford, Mayor of Lynchburg; Solo, Nathan H. Morgan; Unveiling of the Bust, Mrs. Briggs; Address, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Solo, Mrs. George Wiley Harding; Address, W. T. Spencer, Jr., speaking for Lynchburg Lodge; Solo, John Wranek; Address, Dr. Robert S. Barrett; Benediction, the Rev. W. P.

Byrnes, Chaplain of the Virginia State Elks Association.

State Pres. Alex W. Crane Honored by Prescott, Ariz., Lodge

Prescott, Ariz., Lodge, No. 330, was host to nearly 50 visiting Elks of the Arizona North District on Nov. 15 at a banquet and initiatory meeting honoring State Pres. Alex W. Crane of Phoenix Lodge. E.R. William J. Cline, Sr., presided and 150 members were present.

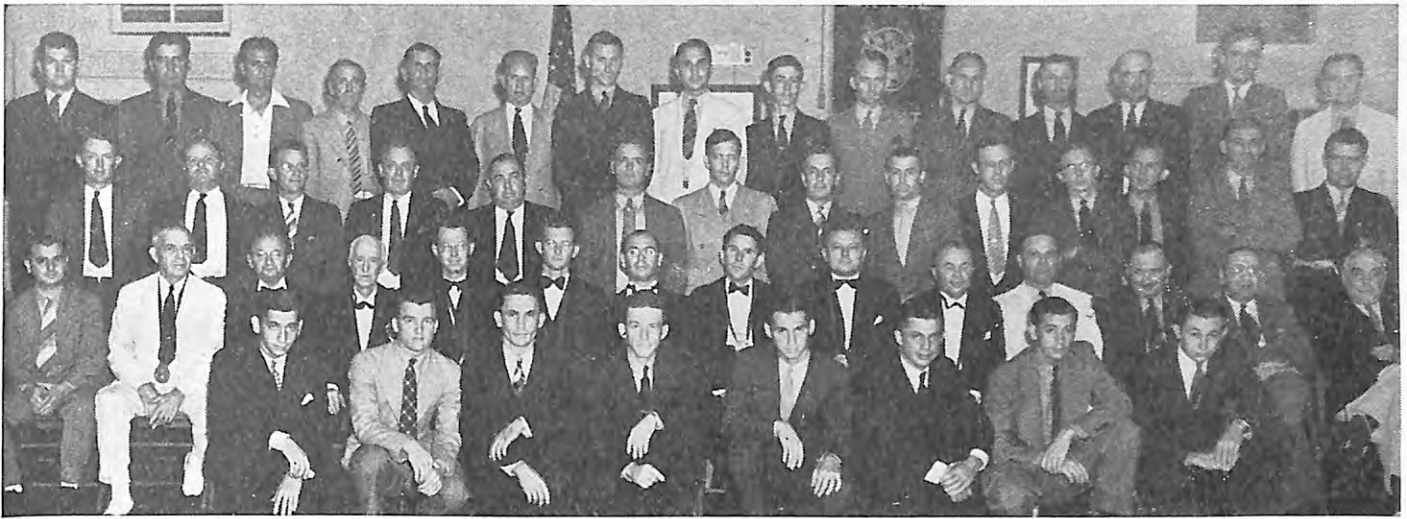
A feature of the banquet was the presentation by Pres. Crane of certificates of proficiency to officers of Kingman, Prescott and Phoenix Lodges for their outstanding ritualistic work at the convention of the Arizona State Elks Association in Tucson last April. The Prescott Lodge Drill Team participated in the initiation ceremonies.

Greybull, Wyo., Lodge Initiates Class on District Deputy Night

A class of twelve new members was initiated into Greybull, Wyo., Lodge, No. 1431, on the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Hollis B. Brewer of Casper, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight. Mr. Brewer delivered a spirited address on Americanism and was roundly applauded. The meeting was preceded by a dinner for the large number of visiting Elks, given by the Chair officers of Greybull Lodge.

Right: The bronze memorial bust of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper which was erected in Lynchburg, Va. Below: Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters delivers a eulogy. Left of him is Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, who presided. To right of the bust are Grand Treasurer Robert S. Barrett, who spoke, and Mrs. Carrie Harper Briggs, Mr. Harper's daughter, who unveiled the bust.





"Mike Shannon Night" Celebrated by Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge

Not in years has a larger or more enthusiastic meeting been held by Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, than that which took place on "Mike Shannon Night" when the lodge honored Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, prominent West Coast attorney and P.E.R. of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99. State

A record class of candidates recently initiated into Sarasota, Fla., Lodge at the opening of the remodeled Lodge Home.

Pres. C. P. Hebenstreit, Huntington Park; D.D. James J. McCarthy, Santa Monica; Past State Pres.'s L. A. Lewis, Anaheim, and John J. Doyle, Los Angeles, Past Grand Esquire; P.D.D. George D. Hastings, Glendale; veteran State Tiler Thomas S. Abbott, Los Angeles, and many officers and Past Exalted Rulers of other California lodges were among those present at the meeting and the

dinner which preceded it.

As the guest of honor entered the lodge room, buglers hidden from view sounded a signal, whereupon lights were dimmed and the stage curtains parted revealing a huge picture of Mr. Shannon draped with the American colors and circled by flags and standards. Mr. Shannon delivered an eloquent address, the keynote of which was Americanism.

Below: A class of candidates initiated into Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge, recently.

At bottom: Officers of Barberton, O., Lodge and a class of candidates they initiated.





At top: Prominent members who were among the 300 Redondo Beach, Calif., Elks to greet Sheriff E. W. Biscailuz on "Sheriff's Night." Sheriff Biscailuz stands third from left.



A class of candidates initiated into Morgantown, W. Va., Lodge to celebrate the Lodge's 40th Anniversary.

First District, Ga. State Elks Assn., Meets at Decatur Lodge

The First District of the Ga. State Elks Assn. held a meeting at Decatur Lodge No. 1602 on Nov. 4 at which time Past State Pres. John S. McClelland, Atlanta, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, was honored with the initiation of a class of candidates from Griffin, Decatur and Atlanta. The official visit of D.D. Dr. I. H. Etheridge, of Atlanta Lodge, was a feature of this outstanding meeting, and Judge McClelland addressed the class which bore his name.

Although the night was a stormy one, with heavy rains, the lodge home was crowded. Delegations were present from Griffin, Atlanta and Rome,

Ga., Lodges. The State Association was represented by Pres. Charles G. Bruce, Secy.-Treas. R. E. Lee Reynolds, and Chairman J. Clayton Burke of the New Lodge and Ritualistic Committees, Atlanta; Vice-Pres.'s H. O. Hubert, Decatur, Aaron Cohen, Athens, A. T. Spies, Albany, and Past Pres. I. G. Ehrlich, Albany. P.D.D. J. Bush, Athens, donor of the J. Bush Ritualistic Trophy, was among the leading Elks in attendance.

20th Anniversary Activities of Ashland, Ohio, Lodge

The 20th Anniversary Dinner held recently in the United Brethren Church by Ashland, O., Lodge, No. 1360, was attended by 200 persons.

Secy. Roe E. Wolfe was Toastmaster. P.D.D. O. J. Shafer of Elyria gave a talk, and P.E.R. J. W. Gardner read a history of the lodge from its beginning. After the banquet program the guests were entertained at the lodge home. E.R. C. Donald Brown and members of the Anniversary Committee were in charge of arrangements.

Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge Furnishes Room in Local Hospital

The Executive Board of the Lakewood Hospital was notified recently that funds had been appropriated by Lakewood, O., Lodge, No. 1350, for the purpose of furnishing a large double room in the new hospital building under construction. The lodge officers stated that it would be an outstanding example of the modern hospital room, with every facility for the efficient care of patients.

Lakewood Lodge has an enviable record of successful charitable and civic projects to its credit and is planning to broaden this type of activity during the coming year.

Concordia, Kans., Lodge Initiates Class in Honor of Dr. McCormick

On its annual Fall Class Day, Nov. 17, Concordia, Kans., Lodge, No. 586, initiated a class of candidates in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick. An informal good fellowship session took place in the afternoon. The serving of a cafeteria supper began at five-thirty. Lodge convened at 8 P.M. Several hundred members and visiting Elks were present, with Fairbury, Nebraska City and Lincoln, Neb., Salina and Junction City, Kans., and Mitchell, S. D., lodges being represented.

D.D. Vincent Clarke Visits Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge

Over 200 members of the Order were present when the District Deputy for the Canal Zone, P.E.R. Vincent J. Clarke, made his official visit to his home lodge, Cristobal, C. Z., No. 1542. A delegation of 56 members of Panama Canal Zone, Balboa, Lodge, No. 1414, which included officers and past officers, crossed the Isthmus by special motor car for the occasion.

The meeting was preceded by a banquet and followed by a buffet supper. Not only is Cristobal Lodge in an excellent financial condition, but its progress is steady and its record of civic accomplishment enviable.



Left: The Paducah, Ky., Elks' Junior Baseball Team of the American Legion which won the city, district and state championships this year.



Members of Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge at a party celebrating the 34th birthday of the Lodge.

The "Toppers" of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Figures Prominently

At the recent California State Elks Convention at Monterey, the "Toppers," fancy drill team of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, managed by W. O. Kelley and captained by Al Palomares, was introduced at the official meeting by State Pres. C. Fenton Nichols of San Francisco, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council. Mr. Nichols stated that, from the standpoint of advertising, the team has given the Order a fine type of publicity. The team was featured at the convention Hi-Jinks, gave exhibition drills at the Drill Team Contests, made up the entire floor show at the banquet and Grand Ball, and won a special cup in the convention parade.

The "Toppers" carries with it its own orchestra which plays for its floor shows and all of its intricate drills, and two beautiful girls as Majorettes, and features in the floor show a clever child dancer and singer. It has traveled some five thousand miles, touring the Western States with the Pasadena Tournament of Roses Band, and was a featured attraction at the famous Portland, Ore., Rose Festival.

Clearwater, Fla., Elks Hold Fun and Frolic Night for Charity

Clearwater, Fla., Lodge, No. 1525, served 1,200 fish dinners at ten cents each at its "Fun and Frolic Night" held in the Municipal Auditorium. Besides dancing and a concert by the Elks' 24-piece band, there were stage acts and games. All of the work was done by the members. The lodge cleared the sum of \$385.65 which was placed in the Charity Fund to be used for the purchase of shoes, food and clothing for the needy in the jurisdiction.

The day before the Frolic, a full page advertisement appeared in the *Clearwater Sun*, sponsored by more than a hundred business men and firms, all of whom donated merchandise and service as their contribution to the success of the affair.

Right: Two trophies which the Texas State Elks Association will award to the Lodge showing the greatest gain in membership for the year and the runner-up.

Below: Topeka, Kans., Elks shown at one of their birthday parties for members born in a given month.

St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge Visited by D.D. Henry Salveter

D.D. Henry C. Salveter, of Sedalia, paid his official visit to St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge, No. 40, on Nov. 4. Mr. Salveter expressed himself as being particularly impressed with the lodge's splendid charitable activities and its accomplishments in Junior Safety Council Work.

(Continued on page 52)





The prize-winning float, entered by Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge in the Pennsylvania State Elks Association convention in New Castle.

News of the State Associations

VERMONT

Delegates and visitors attending the 11th Annual Convention of the Vermont State Elks Association at St. Albans, Vt., on Lake Champlain, were entertained royally by the host lodge, St. Albans No. 1566. The social activities opened with a vaudeville entertainment and dance. V. Pohlman was Master of Ceremonies, and Past State Pres. Charles F. Mann, Brattleboro, gave the Eleven O'clock Toast.

A day devoted to outdoor sports was followed by a dinner served in the lodge home to nearly 100 Elks. State Pres. G. E. Charron, P.E.R., presided, and the freedom of the city was extended by Mayor J. F. Sullivan.

The roll call showed that 56 delegates were present. The 1938-39 officers were elected as follows: Pres., Dr. R. R. Bennett, Bennington; 1st Vice-Pres., Harold J. Arthur, Burlington; 2nd Vice-Pres., Alfred E. Watson, Hartford; 3rd Vice-Pres., John T. Nelson, Barre; Secy. J. J. Ryan, Bennington; Treas., Carroll Hardigan, Burlington; Tiler, Joseph Rushlow, St. Albans. The officers were installed by Past Grand Es-

teemed Leading Knight Riley C. Bowers, Past State Pres., Montpelier. D.D. Robert E. Cummings, Bennington, spoke briefly. John F. Burke, Boston, Past Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn. and a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, was the principal speaker.

The Association voted to continue its support of the Goshen Camp for Crippled Children at Brandon, Vt., its outstanding activity for the past few years. The location of the camp, secluded and picturesque, is in the heart of the Green Mountains. Here every summer 75 or more children are cared for during July and August. As usual a pilgrimage was made to the camp last season by over 100 Elks. Motor Vehicle Inspectors led the parade through the town, with music being furnished by the Weeks School Band and a contingent of Boy Scouts participating. After a basket picnic and an inspection of the camp, an entertainment was given under the direction of Fred L. Patnode and other Brandon Elks. Dr. Bradford C. Powers of Rutland delighted the youngsters with acts of magic. Pres. G. Edward Charron introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler

John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, who presented the treasurer of the camp, Basil Walsh, with a check for \$500. This was the third generous contribution made by the Foundation for camp purposes. The gift was gratefully accepted by Mr. Walsh who also acknowledged a gift of five dollars from Camp Dunmore for Girls and fifty dollars from Camp Keewaydin for Boys. The 10 lodges of the State contribute over \$2,000 annually to the Goshen Camp. Mr. Burke accompanied Mr. Malley from Massachusetts and was also introduced.

NEVADA

Reno, Nev., Lodge, No. 597, entertained the Nevada State Elks Association at its annual convention at which the attendance from outside lodges numbered approximately 200, a fine representation, as there are but six lodges in the State. D.D. J. C. Cherry, of Goldfield Lodge, and P.D.D.'s Charles Goodrich, Goldfield, H. C. Heidtman, Reno, and H. J. Gazin, Reno, were among the distinguished Elks present. The 1938-

(Continued on page 51)

The Dog in the Show Ring

THOSE who accept dogs casually as household pets will be surprised to learn that today there are in the United States alone, more than 100,000 show dogs in active competition. They range from the popular cocker spaniel to the obscure kuvaz. Incidentally, the cocker heads the list with the greatest number registered, the Boston terrier being second, the Scottish third, the fox terrier fourth and, oddly enough, the beagle fifth among the 109 recognized breeds.

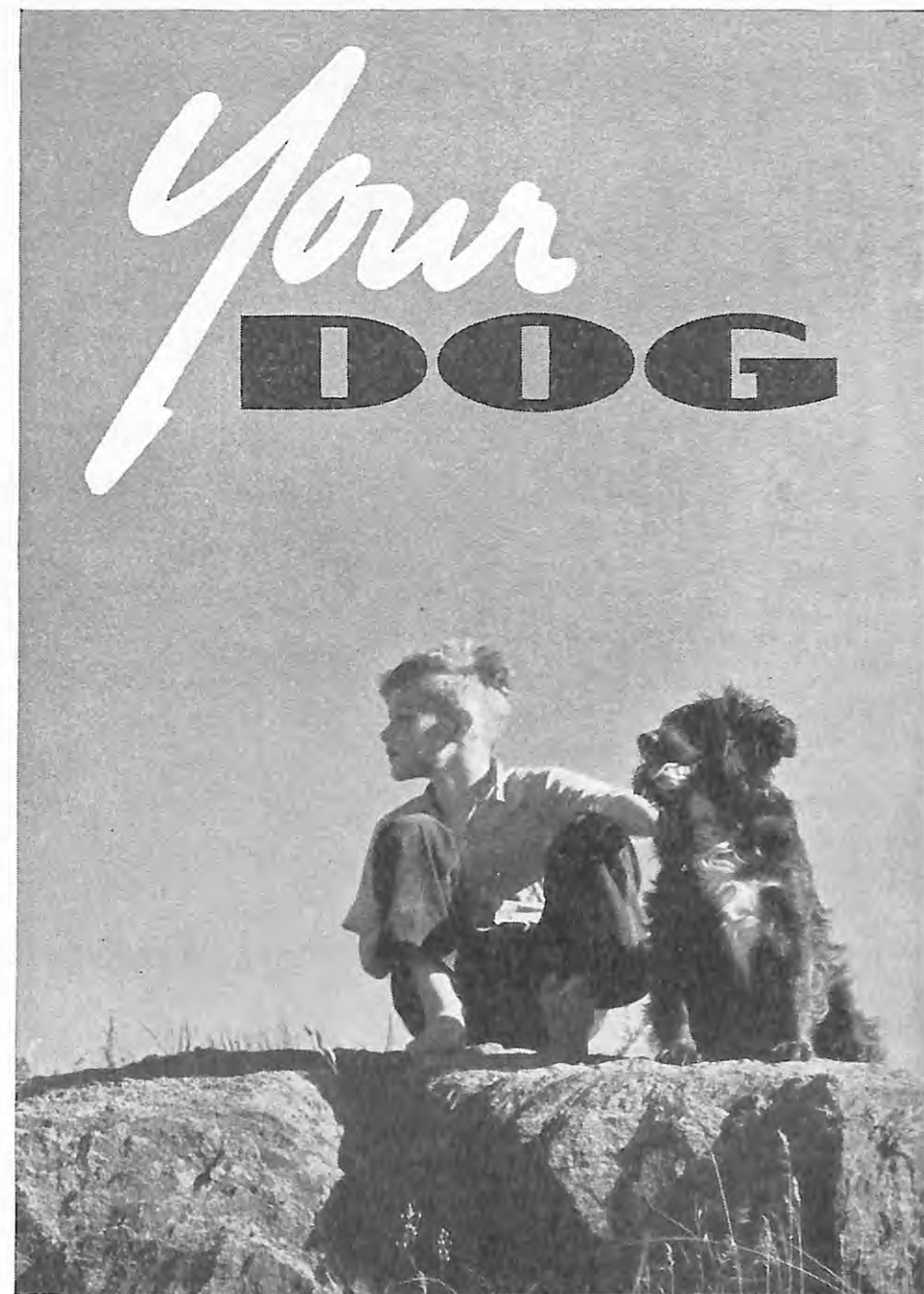
The books of the American Kennel Club, the governing body of pure-bred dogs, contain the names of some 600,000 to 700,000 pedigreed dogs—not all of them show dogs, but all pure-breds, the estimated total value of which is in the neighborhood of \$30,000,000. In fact, the total estimated investment in these dogs, including kennel costs, is around \$200,000,000.

Although the average show sees 300 dogs benched, the larger shows frequently run to more than 1,000 entries with the Morris and Essex at Madison, N. J., having 4,100 entries for its 1938 show. Emphasizing the rapid growth of the dog show is the Westminster Kennel Club's (Madison Square Garden, New York) decision to limit entries to 3,000, about all that the Garden, big as it is, can accommodate.

While the average run-of-the-kennel puppy sells for around \$50, the average show dog's price is likely to be about \$250, with the price for exceptionally good dogs often running into the thousands. Louis Murr, owner of the Borzoi (Russian Wolfhound), the late Vigow of Romanoff, was known to have refused \$7,000 for the dog some time before it died. The top price known for a dog was paid by an American manufacturer who imported the Chow Chow Champion, Choonam Brilliantine, for \$10,000.

The majority of letters received by *The Elks Magazine* from its dog page readers indicate that the writers are interested in pedigreed dogs. As the show-ring is one of the proving grounds of the pure-bred dog, it may be interesting to those readers to know just what goes on at a dog show. To the uninitiated, the first show attended is a bewildering affair. Overheard at a recent show: "Why is that pooch back in the ring again? He was awarded a blue ribbon a few minutes ago." He's in again for "Winners Dog." "Winners what?" Well, it's this way—

The regular official classes specified by the American Kennel Club, or the A.K.C., as it is known among exhibitors, are for Puppy, Novice, American Bred, Limit, Open and



Doris Day

By Captain Will Judy

Editor, *Dog World Magazine*

Winners. Occasionally, these may be augmented by local show officials, although at a regular show none here named may be omitted.

The ribbons awarded are: blue for first, red for second, yellow for third, white for fourth and purple for Winner's Class, with a purple and white being given to a second selection known as Reserve Winners. This reserve is made in the event that the win of the winner be later cancelled for some irregularity. Those dogs which remain in competition, not being eliminated by being placed second or lower, receive various colored ribbons and rosettes as they progress toward the selection of Best of the Breed, top honors for the breed of dog being shown.

The American Kennel Club is not

a club of people but a club of individual dog clubs, each of which is represented by a delegate with voting powers in determining the rules that govern matters pertaining to pedigrees, dog shows and kindred matters. The A.K.C. divides all dogs into six groups: *Sporting Dogs*, Retrievers, Setters, etc., these being the so-called gun dogs; *Hounds*; *Working Dogs*, Collies, Shepherds, etc., which are breeds that are not only capable of assisting man in herding and other farm and ranch work, but actually do work in thousands of cases. The next groups are *Terriers*, *Toy Dogs* and the *Non-Sporting Group*, which includes such dogs as the Poodle and Bulldog.

After a dog is selected Best of his Breed he (Continued on page 52)

The Old Neighborhood

(Continued from page 7)

cheek, "For old times' sake. That was nice, Dan."

The light, immaterial pressure of her lips prolonged itself on his mouth.

"Sure," McNulty answered, keeping his crooked grin. "For old times' sake."

Two men walked by—a tall man in a black overcoat and derby, and a short, fat man in a double-breasted gray coat that covered him almost to the ankles. It seemed to McNulty that he had seen them somewhere before, but that impression was lost immediately, as soon as they went on. He took Nora's arm and they walked down the street, past the shadows as defined and steady along the buildings as if they had been shaped in dark glass. That, McNulty knew, was the end of it; when they entered the café, stepping into a smoky whirl of

voices and laughter and the blare of a music machine, it was gone. He told himself he was glad of it.

Ben Sobol, waiting by the door, conducted them past the bar, through a place of dimly-lighted booths, to a room in back. "Surprise," he said then, throwing back the door for them, looking at McNulty with a fantastic raising of the brows. "With the compliments of Miss Nora Connel, and her devoted studio staff. Enter!"

There was a table in the room, covered with a white cloth and set for a buffet supper. There was Margaret talking to a thin, smiling young man beside it, and another couple in front of them—a stout man in evening clothes, a little pompous, a little bald, and a blond girl who squealed and broke off the conversation as soon as she saw McNulty and Nora.

In a moment they were all laughing and talking at once. McNulty shook hands with them in turn—with the thin man, Phil Lynch, and Elsie Dougherty, and Howard Spring. And he told them how they'd changed, and that he'd never have known them in the street, while they said the same things to him. They were all there, the old gang—all but Walter Houk.

"Did you get him, Ben?" Nora asked. "Didn't he promise to be here, too?"

"I got him," Ben Sobol said. "He'll be here."

"He must," Nora cried. "Call him again. Hurry, Ben." She kissed Elsie Dougherty, and looked back at McNulty with shining eyes. "Are you pleased, Dan? Isn't it perfect?"

But mostly they all talked to Nora; they asked her about Hollywood, and how the stars were, and Phil Lynch shook his head once or twice and said, "Little Nora O'Connell! Who'd ever thought you'd be out there? You know no one ever believes me when I tell them I knew you as a kid. They think I'm putting on dog."

Margaret alone said little, standing stiffly under McNulty's arm, staring ahead of her with a fixed smile. That smile brought back to McNulty the memory of his complaint; and when he went over to the table to pour out the champagne Nora had ordered he brought Margaret with him by tugging her arm.

"Swell company," he said. "To look at you, anyone would think you were at a wake. Your face frozen that way. All night you been acting like a brat who ought to get her face smacked. Smart alecky. Smart alecky. Smart alecky. Why? What's eating you?"

Wise cracks all the time. Why? What's eating you?"

Margaret said quietly, "I suppose I'm not a good sport. Perhaps that's it."

"Maybe that's subtle," McNulty said, "but if it is it's over my head. I still don't get it."

"No?" Margaret said. She looked at him and her eyes flickered; there was an expression in them McNulty had never seen before. "I thought you would. It's a simple thing. They all saw it. You're going to marry me sometime, Dan, aren't you? Only there isn't any great hurry about it. You had to have your job first; and then you had to save money. And then—"

"Listen," McNulty growled. "Will you make some sense out of this?"

She moved her shoulders. "I'm trying to. It's not easy to say. I guess I should be proud and keep my mouth closed, but I'm tired doing that. I'm tired of playing second fiddle. I've done that for a long time because I thought you'd grow out of it—that's why I was glad you were going to see her again. I thought when you saw her—" She stopped there, and McNulty scowled at her.

"What are you talking about?"

"You know," Margaret said. "I



I planned this last month, before I came east. I wanted us all together again. The studio made arrangements, but I didn't dare hope they'd find all of you. And now we're here! Elsie—you play the piano. A song—a song first of all!"

"A song!" Phil Lynch said, grinning at McNulty, pounding his back. They gathered at the piano in the corner of the room, and when the song was over they started another. "Say," Howard Spring said, after the next one. "You and Margaret married yet? You finally decide to take the step?"

"No," Margaret said. Phil Lynch yelled, "Maybe he needs a prod. The old buzzard! Sue him!"

"You let him go too long," Elsie Dougherty said, "and he'll never marry you. I know."

McNulty grinned self-consciously. When he put his arm around Margaret she was rigid under it. They drank a toast to the old gang—the best gang, Phil Lynch said, that anybody ever belonged to. He was doing well in a brokerage house downtown; Howard Spring was in a bank. Married, three kids, living in Scarsdale. "It's a long time," he said. "A long time since we all met. It's swell to see you all."

knew, too, but I pretended I didn't. All these years you've made it plain. You've talked of her and you've told me how lovely she was, how sweet, how she was the kind of a girl a fellow could never forget. You're a man with a dream in his heart, and that dream isn't me. It never was me."

McNulty said bitterly, "This is the swellest double-talk I ever listened to. If you don't—"

Her expression disturbed him by its strangeness, by his inability to break it down, or change it in any way. He ended by glaring at her. Her voice was soft, very steady. "Let's not pretend. Grown-ups don't, Dan. You never knew what I wished for, the night you had the coin. I wouldn't tell you. I couldn't. It was you. Even then, Dan. But I wanted all, or nothing. I thought sometimes you'd see that she was just something you imagined, because you were young—but now it hasn't changed. You've seen her and it's still the same. That's why we're through now. That's why, after tonight—"

There were two glasses filled then, and she picked one up and turned away swiftly, before he could stop her. McNulty stared after her angrily, obscurely aware of a truth in her words he could not deny, and raging at himself and at her because he could not deny it. Women! McNulty thought savagely. Why a man ever—

The door in back of him opened, and he turned to it. A slender little man came in. "Danny McNulty," he said, after a moment. "Sure! Eddie McNulty's kid brother. And me?" He put a finger on his chest, grinning. "You know me?"

McNulty took his hand. "Walter Houk," he said.

The little man seemed very pleased. Then Elsie Dougherty saw him, and squealed again. The singing stopped on a sharp note. Smiling, the little man stood and watched Nora.

He was small and slim, dapper and neat, with a compact, sharp-chinned face, thinned out around the cheekbones and the mouth, and a fine, dry wrinkling at the corners of his eyes. The first thing McNulty noticed about him was that his clothes hadn't changed at all; after fifteen years, an older Walter Houk might have stepped into the very same ones McNulty had last seen.

There was the blue serge suit, as crisply pressed as if it were starched, the narrow, pointed, highly-polished black shoes, the polka dot tie with a knot no bigger than a fingertip, set tight between the points of his soft collar. When Nora cried, "Walter!" and ran toward him with hands outstretched, he grinned his smart, shrewd grin and said, "Yayer. The kid himself!"

Nora hugged him. "It wouldn't have been the same without you."

"Nope," Walter Houk said. "I guess it wouldn't. Nothing's the same around here, kid. Only me. I'm left. Around the corner. In the same house. The same dump." He looked at Howard Spring then, shaking his head. He said he wouldn't have known him in a month of Sundays, and exhaled cigarette smoke in an impatient, long blast that made McNulty remember how much he had admired the knack of it once.

IT seemed to McNulty that he had remembered everything about him perfectly—his clothes, his grin, the way he moved his hands, the way he spoke. Once they had made Walter Houk someone not easily forgotten; now—McNulty didn't quite understand how they made him feel now. A little sad, perhaps. Of them all, Walter Houk was the only one to be the same, and yet the thing McNulty wanted to feel, the thing he had felt for a moment with Nora, on Old Cunningham's stoop, was missing. At first he did not know why.

They gathered at the table, eating and talking. Walter Houk watched them all with his small grin, rather

quietly. He asked them what they were doing now, and when they told him he said that was swell. He was doing all right, too. Fine. No, he hadn't married. He guessed he wasn't built for it. His news was that brief; nothing had happened to him. Fifteen years had passed, and only his face was older.

Sitting on the edge of the table, a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other, he listened while the others talked. Elsie Dougherty fingered the brooch at Nora's throat; she wanted to know if that was the one the Russian Prince had given her, the one she'd read about in the papers. When she found it was, she had to try it on before the mirror, and then Phil Lynch weighed it in his hand.

"I'll bet," he said, "it's worth twenty grand if it's worth a nickel."

No one paid any attention to Walter Houk, and McNulty saw then that that was the thing that had changed. He was just as he had been, and he was unimportant now. McNulty supposed he had a little job somewhere—a clerk or a messenger. You couldn't imagine him as anything better. Once he'd been the big shot, the Hawk; now he was a grinning little man, inconsequential, uneasy, dull. That feeling about him embarrassed McNulty, and carrying his drink, he went over to him and talked for a while. But Walter Houk remained monosyllabic—not through curtness, but because he had nothing to say.

McNulty talked to him about the things they had done, and it was only then that Walter Houk's voice

grew eager. His memory surprised McNulty; little details, names, incidents that McNulty had not thought of in years were clothed vividly by his words, as if he remembered that time when they'd been kids more clearly than the things that happened yesterday. Of course, McNulty thought—he'd been the Hawk then, see? The biggest and toughest and dressiest kid on the block. He couldn't leave that time or forget it; he'd had what he wanted then, it was right before him. Hawk Houk! He couldn't let that vanish; he'd never forgotten it.

That would be why he'd stayed on here, after the rest of them left. Maybe he hoped that if he stayed something would happen, the old gang would come back, it would be like that once again. He had stayed,



"Bears? On Madison Avenue?"

McNulty saw, because that was the only way he knew to hold to a spot in time, to a place he had achieved and wanted to keep. You could hear that now in the tone of his endless reminiscences, as he leaned toward McNulty, his voice low and confidential, as if they were alone, and the others had ceased to matter.

He hadn't come to see them, or to sing sentimental songs. He had come to bring back to himself the one time that was real, that he loved, when he had been important and admired, and somebody. The realization of that was what kept McNulty listening silently, with a forced grin, and a nod now and then. The present didn't matter to Walter Houk; when the others spoke of it he had nothing to say. In the present he had neither stake nor interest. He could only listen to talk of it, grinning his small grin, silent, apart. He could see that everything had changed between himself and the others, though perhaps he did not know why it had changed; you couldn't, McNulty thought, expect him to understand time, or to grasp the fact that it wasn't faces and ages the years changed, but people themselves, and the ideas they carried in their minds.

McNulty stood there talking to him long after his legs were cramped and he wanted to sit down, with the others at the end of the table. It wasn't much that he asked, after all. McNulty thought he could listen to him, and say, you're right, Hawk. Remember this? Remember that? A half-hour couldn't hurt McNulty much. He thought he had some place to go when this was over. But the rail was gone, the seat outside the candy store, outside here, where the Hawk used to stand on summer evenings long ago, smoking cigarettes and talking to girls as if they were nothing at all had vanished; and that place to which he belonged, the time he had never grown out of, had gone, too. He could never find it again. But if McNulty listened to him he might have something of it back; for a little while it would be alive again in his mind. That was all he wanted, all he tried for.

Presently Nora and the others came over: and they all remembered something, "remember.." began every sentence. But it was Walter Houk who

made those things clear and vivid to them, taking everything they mentioned, and filling it in, expanding it, until it was complete. And yet, soon, there was nothing to talk about; only Walter Houk went on speaking. Phil Lynch yawned and said something about having to get up early; Howard Spring said it was a long drive home. They were all strangers, really, McNulty saw; they did not know each other. In an hour all they had to say had been said. They were anxious now only to get away. Even Nora's smile was a little mechanical as she looked at her watch.

BUT all of those things were lost on Walter Houk. His voice went on, eager and hurried, and his eyes watched Nora as he spoke, with a dry, soft hunger shining in them. With a little shock, a thought of incredibility, McNulty realized what that hunger was.

Did she remember, Walter Houk said, how she used to bother him all the time when they'd been kids? How she used to hang around and just stare at him until he'd get mad at her? She got on his nerves then. Kid stuff. And suddenly, say—Walter Houk laughed breathlessly, rather nervously. He said, "When your folks moved away I began to miss you. And then when I found out who you were I couldn't believe it. I had a picture of you sitting on Old Cunningham's stoop, with the hole in the knee of your black stocking—imagine that!"

"Well—" Nora said. Her smile remained uncertain. "I don't remember any picture like that. Perhaps you're mistaken. It's so—"

"I'll get it. It's in my coat now," Walter Houk told her. "Wait'll you

see yourself. Little Nora O'Connell."

He chuckled as he got up; even then his eyes were reluctant to leave her. In the far corner of the room he moved behind the clothes tree, blocked off from their view for a moment by the bulge of coats. In that moment the door to the hall opened and two men came in. One was tall, wearing a black overcoat and a derby hat; the other was short, stout, rather humorous looking in a double-breasted gray coat that covered him to the knees. McNulty realized that he'd seen them before—in the street an hour or two ago, when he and Nora had been sitting on Old Cunningham's stoop. Then, too, they had been vaguely familiar to him; now he remembered why. Earlier, when he'd called at Nora's hotel, they had been sitting in the lobby.

The tall man said, "Hold it, everybody. Keep quiet. Don't yell."

Like the clownish short man in the gray coat, he had a revolver gripped in his right hand. McNulty did not attempt to move. His overcoat was on a hook across the room, and the inside pocket of it held his service revolver. There was no chance at all to reach it. Nora's face whitened; one hand raised swiftly to the brooch at her throat.

The tall man, watching her carefully, grinned without much humor.

"We been waiting three days to throw down on that, sister," he said. "So don't bother hiding it. We would have lifted it out there in the street tonight only there was a car parked too near where you and boy friend was talking it over. Now this is all private and nice. Easier, see? You behave like you should and no one gets hurt. Come on; be good."

Over their shoulders, behind the burdened clothes tree in the corner, Walter Houk's small peaked face peered out. McNulty, facing it squarely, was never quite sure what he saw in it at first—uncertain, perhaps, caution, a sensible and knowledgeable respect. Then Nora, one hand still clutching the brooch, stepped slowly out from the others, and Walter Houk, from behind the two gunmen, stared at her with the intent, self-searching look of a man who had forgotten something important,



"'Sleepy Hollow Stables' is all it says."

and was suddenly on the point of remembering again what it was.

McNulty watched his lips twist, then curl slightly in the corners; McNulty watched him grin. And McNulty recognized that grin; it made him think of a time long ago, when a big kid from down the block had beaten him up, and was trying to take his ball away as Walter Houk happened along. He had looked like that then, he had grinned as coolly, as confidently, taking the big kid's arm, swinging him around, cuffing his ears until the big kid, bigger even than Walter Houk, had dropped the ball and run off, and yelled only when he was a safe distance away. That was the first time young McNulty had thought of him as the greatest guy in the world.

And now, wearing that same grin, he was eight feet in back of the gunmen—eight feet of clear space that afforded no shelter. Still, the cocky grin never wavered. He stepped out from behind the clothes silently, body balanced on the tips of his pointed shoes, arms outspread for balance, and crooked slightly. McNulty, facing the gunmen, kept his face frozen while cursing Walter Houk for a fool in his heart. He didn't have to take this chance; he could have thrown a chair, a glass, and dodged behind the coats—if he turned their eyes away only for a moment, McNulty could have helped him.

Much later McNulty realized that Walter Houk would have understood that, too. But he had to do it alone. Wasn't she there?

Everybody in the room saw him now—everybody but the gunmen. Nora stopped, the fingers of her hand outspread rigidly against her throat.

"Come on," the comical short man said urgently, in a pleading, salesman's fashion. "Lady, I told you. Out here. I told you."

McNulty knew she was going to scream. He could see the force and pitch of her panic gathering expression in her eyes and the trembling wideness of her mouth. There was nothing McNulty could do to stop that scream; he merely tensed his legs and got ready to jump at them both when it should come—when they'd look back instinctively to follow her gaze, and see Walter Houk behind them. McNulty could think of no way to stop it; he had forgotten there were others standing with him along the wall until Margaret said in a quiet, every-day voice, consciously soothing and unexcited, "Go on, Nora. Give them the brooch. They won't hurt you, you know. The brooch is all they want."

The eyes that Nora turned back to her reacted to the sound of her

voice, not its sense. Walter Houk moved forward step by step, with not a sound, on his toes. McNulty knew that nothing would stop him now, either. This was the thing he had wanted, the thing he had missed; it was the feel of the wonderful time when they had looked up to the Hawk, all of them, because he had money, because he was smart, because he was the toughest kid on the



"Guess I'll take him. Will you wrap him up, or do you think he can walk?"

block. He'd come back to something he had lost, and he wouldn't give it up.

He had almost reached the two men when Nora looked back at him and screamed, "Walter! Walter!" with one fist pressed to her cheek. The short man whirled and cursed, and fired the way McNulty had expected him to fire, in the instant of his turning. As he did, McNulty shot forward in one drunken lurch from the wall and locked his arms about the tall man's middle.

They crashed down; the tall man's head made a sickening crunch against the thick corner of the table. He was limp when they struck the floor. Rolling clear of him, McNulty swung to face the short man, groping one hand madly across the floor for the pistol the tall man should have dropped.

There had been shots—how many, McNulty was not sure. Before his body was completely around, his eyes caught the short man facing him, the gun in his hand, level with McNulty's eyes. So close to the short man that the elbow of her raised

arm almost touched his ear, Nora kept her hand across her mouth, and went on screaming shrilly, senselessly, incessantly, behind it.

The short man fired as McNulty's fingers touched the cool barrel of the gun on the floor. But he was staggering as he did; bits of iced brightness cascaded down across his face and glittered on the shoulders of his coat. He fell forward into the table,

and rolled off that quite gently to the floor. Behind him Margaret looked at the broken-off handle of a heavy glass pitcher in her hand, and then at McNulty.

"It's broken," she said. "But I had to hit him hard. I had to, didn't I, Dan?"

The screaming annoyed McNulty. He turned and told Nora to cut it out; when she didn't, he slapped her twice, not too hard, not too easy. She stopped then, watching McNulty with bead-bright eyes, but he did not look back at her. Instead, he went over to where they had dropped Walter Houk in a chair, his withered boy's face pale and scared looking, both hands pressed into his chest.

"McNulty!" he whispered. "McNulty! That guy—"

"You're fine," McNulty said. "You got nothing to worry over. Only take it easy, Houk. Sit tight till the ambulance gets here."

Houk was quiet for a long while, his eyes closed against the babble of sound, the press of people, that filled the room now.

McNulty wondered what he was thinking. Regretting it, maybe. If she

hadn't been silly enough to scream—"Okay," he whispered, and looked up at McNulty. "I'm fine. Sure. What did you think, McNulty?" His eyes moved around slowly, with an effort. "But where's she gone? Where's Nora?"

"I'll get her," McNulty said. But when he straightened he could not see her in the crowd, though Phil Lynch was there, and Howard Spring, and Elsie Dougherty and Margaret; and he went outside, to the crowd of people pushing aimlessly about the entrance, before he found her and Ben Sobol by the curb.

She wouldn't go in again. "She can't," Ben Sobol explained. "She can't stand the sight of blood. It sickens her."

But she gave McNulty money—a good deal of it. He looked at her curiously, and he would have told her that the money wasn't anything Walter Houk wanted, only he saw suddenly that she wouldn't have understood what he meant.

He didn't explain to her, or argue with her. A taxi came along and she got in with Ben Sobol. McNulty

thought of Walter Houk inside, waiting, with the thing that had happened to him long ago, the thing that had shone in his eyes all evening, the thing he had nourished and built up within himself until in the end it had become something more wonderful there than it ever had been in truth, as clear as ever in his heart. Maybe it had been in his own heart, too, McNulty thought; but it wasn't now. It was gone completely. What had done that? The scream? The money? The cab? Or was it what Margaret had said—that when you

believed in anything like that, you were someone who had never grown up.

When he thought of Walter Houk, McNulty realized that it wasn't charming or whimsical when you didn't grow up. It was—

McNulty shivered. Someone touched his arm and he knew it was Margaret before he looked down at her. "It's funny," he said. "It's a great world. She gave me some dough for him. Screwy," McNulty added softly, and rubbed his head. "Screwy, screwy, screwy!"

The doctor, Margaret said, was inside now; he said that Walter had a fine chance. McNulty said that was good, and looked down the street, after the taxi that was waiting at the corner for the light to change.

He felt pretty swell suddenly, with Margaret at his side. She was something, McNulty thought, that he didn't have to imagine—something that was true. Something that didn't live long ago, in his mind, but here and now. Something, McNulty saw, pressing her arm into his, that maybe a man had to grow up to.

Manhattan Buckaroo

(Continued from page 11)

got all the elements. Everything! It's new, it's different!"

For Ed possessed that valuable quality in a journeyman novelist, the ability to see each new project, no matter how hackneyed, as something bright and new and fresh, a great discovery.

"Oh, darling," Katie said. "Imagine! Taking these people here and changing them and making a story out of them! You're wonderful!"

"No," said Ed, looking fondly at her pretty, enthusiastic face, "it's you who are wonderful, Katie, bringing me out here. The credit's yours. Look, I want to get on this while it's hot. Would you mind too much if we cut a week off our honeymoon and dashed back to New York?"

"Oh, no!" said Katie.

BACK in New York, Ed plunged immediately into it. He had spent the entire train trip in busy silence, plotting. Katie had asked him why, if he were in such a hurry, they didn't fly back, and he'd said a plane might interrupt his thinking, he'd never been up in a plane. "You understand?" he'd said; and she'd said, "Yes." On their arrival she'd said, a bit wistfully, "It's an odd sort of homecoming, in a way, isn't it, darling?" But Ed had failed to note the wistfulness and had said shortly, "You don't understand." And she had kept quiet, after that.

For ten days he worked hard, reading newspapers for recreation, and during that time he was aware of Katie only as someone who, at regular hours, put food before him, and, at irregular hours, made coffee. Occasionally she asked, "How's it going, darling?" And he would say bluntly, "All right," and refuse to be drawn out on the subject. His private opinion was that it was going marvelously, that it was the best western he'd ever written. Sometimes he would think that it was the best western anyone had written.

On the eleventh morning he happily dispatched fifteen thousand words to Watson, and that night got slightly drunk, on confidence and martinis, and told Katie how much, how very much, he loved her. No

more than she loved him, she said. The next morning he phoned Watson.

"Read my stuff yet?" he said.

"Why, yes, Ed. I read it last night."

"What'd you think?"

"How about lunch today?"

Ed thought later that he should have known from that. But he had been so sure of the stuff that Watson's evasion of a direct answer had gone unnoticed. Watson wasn't evasive at lunch. He was sorry, he said, but he was afraid Ed had got off on the wrong foot this time.

"Is it the story?" Ed asked.

"No. The story's good enough. But as a whole, it's not right."

Ed nodded, and took out a cigarette.

"You mean it's not quite right, or it's not right at all?"

Watson lighted the cigarette for him.

"Frankly, it's not right at all. Not for us. We're sorry, but the next one—"

So that was that.

When he got home Katie asked him what was the matter. He sat down in the middle of the couch in the living-room and stared at the carpet.

"Nothing," he said.

In a few minutes, when he hadn't moved, she asked him again.

And again he said, "Nothing."

"Eddie," she said, "please talk to me, won't you? Please."

"There's nothing to talk about."

"They didn't like it, did they?"

"No."

"Please tell me about it. You'd feel better. I know you would, darling. I'm sure. And I might be able to help, you know."

"You can't help. Nobody can. It's my own problem. It's just not your province, Katie, don't you see?"

She sighed.

"I suppose I do."

Ed looked listlessly around the room, and suddenly said, "What's that thing?"

"What thing, Eddie?"

"That lamp."

She laughed.

"Oh, you silly! That's been there for a week."

"We didn't need another lamp in here, did we?"

"Darling," said Katie, "see if you can think of a reason for needing that lamp. Try hard."

"I can't," he said. "I don't have to try. There isn't any reason."

Her square little jaw was set.

"Some men," she said, "might have realized that there was only one reading light in this room. When you were reading I had to sit in the dark and play Twenty Questions all by myself. It got a little dull, eventually, so I bought a lamp. It's a nice one, isn't it?"

HE was forced to admit that this was reasonable, but nonetheless, he somehow resented the lamp. And he found, during the next couple of days, the first since their return when he had leisure to look around, that he resented other things, too. He couldn't see why she needed to dry her stockings in the bathroom, or why her shoes weren't always out of sight in a closet, or why it was absolutely necessary for all those jars of cosmetics to clutter up the apartment, his apartment. His privacy, he felt distinctly, had been violated by this woman. He couldn't help feeling that; but he said nothing, for he did love her. That was what was so strange. He did love her, but her things irritated him. He knew that he wasn't well adjusted, and blamed it on worry about his work. And their cash was getting very low. As soon as things got straightened out, he told himself, he wouldn't be so irritable, and then he would talk to Katie and they would put their life together on an efficient basis. They had the love, and that was the main thing; all that was necessary was an understanding about the mechanics of existence, such things as stockings in bathrooms. Ed didn't realize that this delaying of personal adjustments was slumbering dynamite.

For several days he moped, re-reading his old stuff, discarding new plot after new plot, trying in vain to visualize a set of characters which

didn't bore even him beyond endurance. And then Watson phoned.

"I've been thinking about that book," he said. "You know, you've got a sound story there. Now listen, we've been talking it over, and we think you might take that story and switch it a little to fit your old people. The end of 'Burning Mesa', I might say, was a great deal better than we'd expected. What would you think of that?"

"I'd think it was fine."

"Good. Let us look at ten or twelve thousand words as soon as you can. But don't strain yourself. Good luck."

"Thanks."

Ed walked around his workroom for a few minutes, thinking about it. Suddenly he felt like a new man, clear-headed, energetic. All the fuzz was gone from his brain. It was wonderful! He went into the kitchen, where Katie was shelling peas.

"You see those peas?" he said.

"Why, yes, I suppose I see them."

"Throw them out the window."

"Why?"

"Because we're going to do something. Do you know what we're going to do?"

"No, I don't," said Katie, continuing to shell peas.

"Well, first, we're going to get dressed up. Then we're going to dinner, and I don't mean blue-plate at the Greek's, either."

"That'd be sort of fun," said Katie, almost breathless. And then, for she had, sadly enough, learned some things recently, she asked, "What's the catch?"

"Then we're going to a theatre. Something with music and girls and funny people. And then do you know what we're going to do?"

Katie, not trusting herself to speak, shook her head.

"We're going to have supper. How'd you feel about a fowl and a bottle, Mrs. Yates?"

The crockery bowl containing the peas crashed on the floor, and Katie had her arms around him and she was sobbing, hard, and she couldn't stop.

"Oh, Eddie, Eddie!" she said. "I do love you so much!"

One thousand words. Two. Three. Beginning the next morning, it poured out of Ed's typewriter. He didn't pause to think, he simply

wrote and wrote and wrote. His energy was unbounded. He slept well, ate well. He felt fine. And Katie went around starry-eyed.

At the end of four days he sent ten thousand words to Watson, and he and Katie went dancing.

But that night he didn't sleep, and in the morning he complained about the coffee. The second morning he took one sip of coffee and went out for breakfast, alone. But the coffee

ness, Katie. You can't rush a publisher. If I don't hear tomorrow morning, maybe I'll see him."

And at ten o'clock the next morning he was sitting in a chair in Watson's office, feeling like a man on trial for his life, and Watson was saying, "We've been trying to figure a way of fixing it up, Ed. There are good things there, plenty of them. I don't know. The stuff simply doesn't march. No pace, no form. Your descriptions are

too long, for one thing. And the people aren't right." He leaned toward Ed. "Are you tired? What's wrong? Do you know?"

Ed, it happened, did know. He had known for some time, but had dodged letting the knowledge rise to the level of conscious recognition. He knew that we are, almost every one of us, great romancers, day-dreamers. He knew that the writing of fiction was essentially a kind of day-dreaming. Even in great writing you had much make-believe. Always

you had make-believe, in one degree or another. And in Ed, a humble and unpretentious practitioner of the craft of writing for a living, the degree was extreme, that was all.

Before he had seen the West he had been able to create an ideal West of his own, checking his sources of reference carefully where necessary. But now, after the visit to Mary's ranch, actuality impinged on this ideal world, and shattered it. The odors, colors, sounds of real life had been always around him as he wrote, torturing his stories out of shape, spoiling their flow, ruining them. And there was, for him, no cure. It was the way he was, irretrievably, and he might as well face it. That he was capable, at this point, of perceiving that the whole thing was pretty funny, spoke well for him.

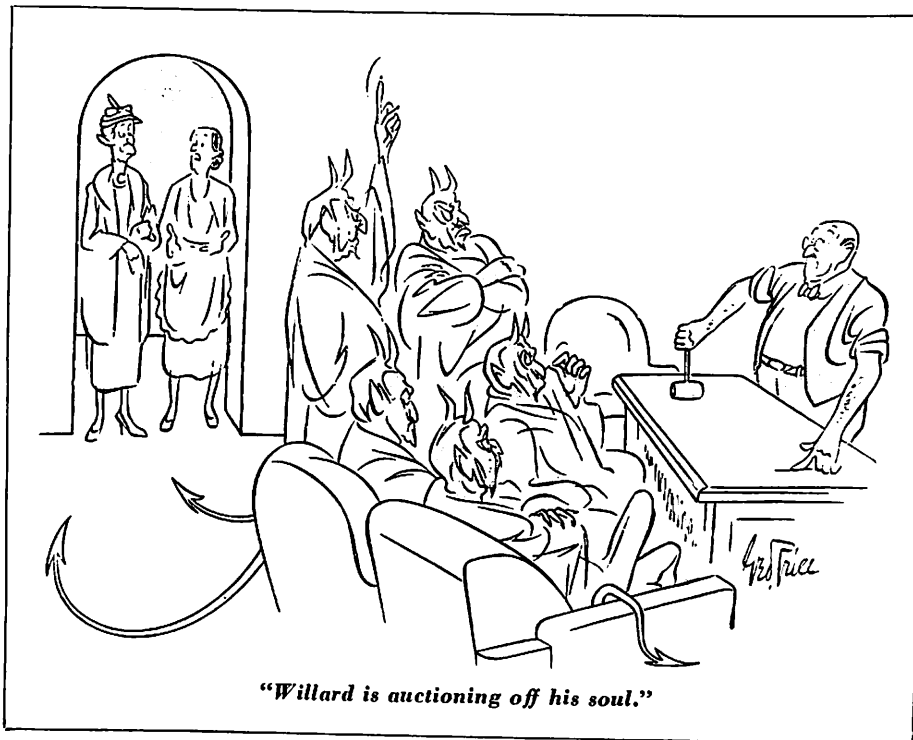
He smiled.

"No," he said. "I don't know what's wrong."

Watson said, "Why not take a holiday? Forget writing for a few months. Forget there are such things as words. Go off somewhere and stare at birds and flowers. Keep a bee."

"That mightn't be a bad idea."

"Try it. And then go after 'em again. We'll be anxious to see what you come up with. . . . Personally,



"Willard is auctioning off his soul."

at the Greek's on the corner turned out to taste like bilge, too. He didn't tell Katie that. The third morning he had to hunt for his shaving brush, and finally found it behind a jar of cold cream and a bottle of toilet water. Deliberately he took them one at a time, held them high, and dropped them on the tiled floor of the bathroom. Katie must have heard the crash, but she said nothing.

EARLY that afternoon he found her crying, and he was so ashamed, so sick of himself, that he slammed out of the house. He went west to Fifth, and up Fifth to the Park. He walked through the Park to 110th Street, and then took a bus back. On the bus he decided that if Watson hadn't phoned by the time he got home, he'd go see him, at once, today. He couldn't stand this any longer.

When he got back he said, "I'm sorry, Katie. I could kick myself from here to Cuba."

"You're just worried, darling. You poor thing. I understand."

"Did—uh—"

"No, Eddie. No phone calls." She smiled at him. "Why don't you go see them? Then you'd know. You'd know something, at least. Why don't you do that?"

"You don't understand this busi-

Ed, I'll give you every break I can."

Ed stood up.

"Thanks," he said. "I know you will."

He walked home, slowly, pausing often to look into windows, without seeing the merchandise there displayed. And the farther he walked, the less amusing the situation came to seem. At the Public Library it had become only very slightly amusing. At Thirty-ninth and Fifth it was no longer amusing at all. At Thirty-eighth and Madison, going east toward the apartment, he was saying, "They can't do this to me!" which made no sense whatsoever.

Grimly and unhappily he tried to set himself to tell Katie, to steel himself so she wouldn't know how bad things were. But there was no steel in him right now. The minute she saw his face, she knew. She kissed him, and remained silent until Ed plumped down in a chair. Then she said, gently, "Well, darling?"

Ed laughed, without humor.

"He said I ought to take a holiday."

"Well," Katie said, "why not, for a little while?"

"Why not? Why not?" He laughed again. "No reason that I can think of, if you'd be willing to call a trip to Staten Island a holiday. We might be able to finance that." He avoided looking at her. "We're just about broke, Katie."

Her eyes widened.

"But, Ed! I thought—"

"I didn't want you to worry about money."

"Oh, darling," she said, in deep reproach, "you should have told me. It wasn't right for you not to tell me. I've spent so much that I needn't have spent. I could have helped."

"Oh, you've helped, all right!" he said, and wished immediately that he hadn't said it.

Her eyes narrowed now.

"And just what do you mean by that?"

"Nothing."

"What do you mean?"

It was strange. He couldn't keep it from coming out.

"I mean that trip to Texas," he said hotly. "That's what I mean. If it hadn't been for that, everything would be fine. I could write westerns before I went out there, before you came along and got the notion you could help. Well, you've helped!"

"Oh! So it's all my fault that you can't work!"

"If you want to look at it that way. Before we went out there, my books—"

"Oh, your books, always your old books!"

This violated a fundamental rule, that wives can't make fun of their husbands' work, even if it happens to be the manufacture of paper orchids. It was Ed's turn to talk.

"Well, you do clutter it up, don't you? Lamps, cold cream, stockings in the bathroom—" He was striding up and down the carpet. "But it serves me right! It's all my own fault. I should have known. I did know!"

Still quietly, Katie said, "I guess I see."

"You guess you see what?"

"Eddie, here." Katie was working her hands together in front of her, watching them. "When we got married—when you married me, you weren't quite sure it was what you wanted to do, were you? There were—reservations, weren't there?"

Ed, suddenly appalled at the point to which things, one leading to the next, had gone, paused in front of her and said, "I was sure, Katie."

"But you weren't. You just said you weren't."

"I didn't mean it."

"But you did. And don't you see, dar— Don't you see, Ed, that that changes everything? Don't you see"—she shut her eyes tight—"don't you see it's all over, Eddie?" She half sobbed, half sighed. "I guess I was wrong anyway, all along. I guess it wasn't even much in the first place, was it?" She hurried toward the

bedroom, and before the door slammed behind her she had had time to say, "It'll only take me a minute to pack."

For the first day or so, Ed—there was no question about it—felt a sense of relief. In many ways, it was pleasant to be alone, self-contained. But it did not take him long to realize that he could never be really self-contained again. He loved Katie too much. He loved her a lot, and as soon as he'd got his work straightened out he'd see what could be done about patching things up with her.

If he got his work straightened out.

And he didn't. He hadn't thought he would. He tried for a week, and there was nothing doing, nothing at all. He was sick. He had, as Harland L. Crane, built up a substantial following for his stuff, and here it was, going down the river.

It couldn't be, that was all; it couldn't be. He'd fight through it. He tried all the tricks. He lay in warm baths for hours, with his eyes closed. He took walks. He sat on a bench in the park, motionless. At last he spent half his remaining cash on a new typewriter—the last trick of all, this pathetic notion that the



"Would you care to explain that crack?"

"I would! I certainly would! Always your work first, and me second. From the minute we got married, me second and your old work first! Always! And it isn't even as if you wrote good—" She stopped.

All these things had been pent-up for so long that now they rushed out. There was no checking them.

"ALL right!" Ed said. "How do suppose we'd eat, if it weren't for my work? How do you suppose you could go out and traipse around buying things like that—that damned lamp?"

"Oh, forget the lamp, will you?"

"I won't forget it! Cluttering up my apartment with— Listen, if you wanted to help so much, why didn't you spend less money?"

They had brought the fight full circle. They started around again.

"I told you! I didn't know! You never talk to me about money or your work or anything! You keep saying it isn't my province! I wouldn't understand, you tell me!" And then she added, "Eddie, what was that you started to say about my cluttering up your apartment?"

mechanical means of putting the words down might in some occult way be the seat of the whole trouble.

It did no good. And, what was more, he knew now that even if everything else had been all right, he couldn't have worked because of missing Katie, too. The apartment, now, was so empty that he hated to be in it. He couldn't eat at the Greek's because they had used to eat there together two or three times a week.

He knew where she was; she was staying with a friend down in the Village. He knew the address and the phone number. But there wouldn't be any point in seeing her or talking to her. There was nothing to say. The marriage simply hadn't clicked, that was all. He did phone her, finally, though.

"Katie?"

"Hello, Ed."

"How are you?"

"I'm fine. How are you?"

"I'm fine, thanks."

"You are?"

"Yes."

"How's the work?"

"No good. But it'll clear up."

"I hope so. Ed, do you need money?"

"No."

"I have some."

"No. I don't need any. Thanks, Katie."

"That's all right."

"Thanks just the same. . . . Well, I guess there's nothing to say, is there?"

"No, Eddie. I guess there isn't."

That, of course, served only to make matters worse; he shouldn't have done it. They could never get together. He wasn't right for her; and then she wasn't right for him, either. She wasn't the proper sort of wife for a writer. Not that he was justified in considering himself a writer any longer. Not that he could have supported a wife even if he'd had one. Not that—

It was all in circles. He didn't sleep that night, and slept the next morning only from sheer exhaustion. At noon he awoke and made himself a cup of tasteless coffee. He went

into his workroom and sat, doing nothing, just sitting.

At three o'clock the doorbell rang and he pressed the buzzer. Two delivery boys appeared carrying a large package. He frowned, but it was for him, all right, and he signed for it and the went away.

He opened it. A note, on top.

"DEAR ED: You were right.

Your not being able to work was my fault. And I hate feeling guilty, so here is one last attempt to help, for my own satisfaction, just to round the whole thing off. Just to finish it. Just so my conscience will leave me alone. It probably won't help, because I probably still don't understand, but I'll feel better for having tried. Goodbye.

"KATIE."

He examined the contents of the box. Books and magazines. *We*—he recognized that. And *Test Pilot*. *Pylon*. A history of air flight, with a picture of Leonardo's bat-like contrivance on the jacket. An aeronautical dictionary. *Aircraft and the Air*. A paper course in flying, prepared by the Bureau of Air Commerce. A manual for meteorologists. A treatise on aerostatics. One on motors. Many volumes of drawings and diagrams and photographs. The yearbooks of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce. Some fifty magazines—

HE glowered at the box. And then, cursing softly, he took the books and the magazines, one by one, and flung them to all corners of the room. This required three or four minutes, but his zeal lasted.

Then he went into the kitchen and made a drink of Scotch and water, came back and surveyed, with satisfaction, the wreckage. He stood there for some time, looking and sipping.

And then he picked up one of the books, the dictionary. Contemptuously, he began thumbing through it.

An hour later he couldn't have flown a plane, perhaps, but he could have told you how. "Zoom" had become a technical term; "egg-crate"

and "brass nut" and "conk" and "soupy" were second nature. He knew the difference between an Immelman and a *chandelle*; between dihedral and cathedral. He knew about cold fronts and inherent stability and radio beacons. He thought in terms of chutes and props and ships.

Two more hours and he had his plot, the whole thing. Like magic. He had written the first sentence, beginning, "Bob Hardwicke fish-tailed his sleek, low-wing job into the—"

Then Ed picked up the phone and called a number.

"Hello, Katie."

"Hello, Ed."

"Katie, listen. Thank you."

"Did you get the books?"

"Yes. They're wonderful. You're wonderful. Katie, listen. I've been awful. I love you."

"Yes, Ed?"

"Katie, I've been mean. I've been selfish, the most selfish guy alive. I've been everything bad. But if you'll come back—"

"Wasn't my note with the books?"

"Yes."

"Well, Ed, you read it."

"But I'll be different. You can have dozens of lamps. I've changed, Katie. All of a sudden, I've changed."

"Oh, Eddie! Oh, I do want to think it'd work."

"You'll try it?"

There was a short silence.

"Ed," she said then, slowly, "I love you, too. And nothing on earth was ever half this hard to say, but I'm afraid, I'm terribly afraid—"

There was another silence. Ed felt certain that the change in him was real and lasting; but he knew at the same time that he couldn't prove it by argument alone.

He said, "That's final?"

"Oh, Eddie, my dear, I'm afraid it is. I—I don't know."

"Listen," he said. "Listen, Katie. I need you."

And, of course, when a decision between a man and a woman is in the balance, and the man, whether sincerely or in guile, says, "I need you," well. . . .

Words to a Song

(Continued from page 23)

her shoes and sat down. Mrs. Kenneth W. Stoddard of New York, South Hampton and places. She saw herself next winter, wearing a long velvet teagown the same shade as her hair, sitting before an open fireplace in a dim, warm room, with the curtains drawn to shut out the early dusk. Kenneth coming in at quarter to five. She'd bring the whisky and syphon for him, and they'd both sit by the fire, and well, keep on sitting by the fire until dinner.

She yawned and decided she'd better get to bed. Here it was almost

morning and at eleven she had to be a pair of legs wearing Moon-Spun Hosiery.

The sudden ringing of the phone startled her. Kenneth maybe, to tell her a romantic goodnight, like something out of a book.

"Hell, Sugar-puss! Keep late hours, don't you? I've been ringing you since midnight, every hour on the hour."

"Oh, it's you," she said, but her heart pounded. What did Cort want? To see her before he went back to Hollywood?

"How about the Library steps around three this afternoon?" he asked.

IT was enough to make you cry— I thinking about standing on those steps waiting, wanting to see him, happy as a bird.

"Library steps?" she said. "I don't live there any more."

"That's too bad. It was a nice place."

"Drafty, though, when you stand around. Not like your California climate."

"California? Oh, you mean Hollywood." And he laughed. "I never went—think I'd go without saying goodbye to you?"

"We said goodbye. When are you going, then?"

"Never, probably."

"Why not?" Her voice sounded thin.

"Come on over and we'll go out for breakfast."

"What for?"

"People starve if they don't eat. Come on over. We ought to be hungry—we both were up all night."

She hung up, afraid to talk more, afraid to commit herself. Of course she shouldn't go. Not after last night.

So he hadn't gone to Hollywood after all. Was it possible that the crazy-man had actually stayed in New York on her account? Of course not. But the old feeling flooded up into her chest.

It would be crazy to go to him now. All right, it's crazy. But it's better to be crazy than stubborn.

She walked to the window and saw that day was already breaking. She'd go. Just this once.

SHE heard him plinking on the piano as she climbed the stairs. She stood a moment at the door listening. Bless his heart, she thought, what a funny way to make a living. She tapped three times, then waited to hear his footsteps and to see him standing in the doorway with open arms—figuratively speaking, of course.

But the one-fingered search stopped only for a moment. Long enough for a voice to shout, "Come in!"

She entered slowly, and her excitement and eagerness shrank into a small hard misgiving behind her wishbone.

"Hullo," she said.

He was at the piano, keeping time, a pencil between his teeth.

"Cook you unquestionable eggs . . . Wash the socks . . . Plink-plink . . . legs . . ." He swung around. "Hello. Sit down." Back again to the piano "Plink-plink . . . I'll go with you to the beauty shop . . ."

She looked at the back of his head. Such hair. And the room. Disorder like this wasn't natural. The curtain at the window was tied back with a necktie. Music sheets and papers were everywhere. She pushed a stack of them from a chair and sat down.

Cort turned his head and groaned as the papers scattered on the floor.

"Hey!" he said, and went on plinking. "I'd live in a walk-up next the top—no, no!" He scratched

out what he had written on the sheet. "I wish I'd learned to play the piano."

"I wish you had," she said.

Well, it was the same thing all over. Your heart in your two hands and your head in the clouds—and then whoosh! The bottom drops out of everything and nothing is any good.

"Listen, Beau Brummel. Why did you ask me over here? Aren't we going to eat? And why didn't you go to Hollywood?" If he didn't come through now—all right, she'd made a mistake.

He bent over the keyboard to jot something down. "Because I'm here with you." He started thumping again. "I want to wear you on my arm down the aisle—no good!" He crumpled the sheet of paper in his hand and threw it under the piano with a pile of others.

SHE gave him plenty of time. She sat still, looking at his hand rumpiling his unbelievable hair. She felt hollow and tired. No wonder. She'd been up all night.

Finally she got up. "Well, goodbye forever again," she said. This time she meant it. Well, she had meant it the other time, too. But she wasn't going to keep on being miserable so often just for a few moments of silly happiness.

He whirled around. "Don't go, Kathie." There wasn't any smile in his eyes or around his mouth and he looked thinner. "Your song, you know—that number in the third act last night was a hit and they want some more verses. But I can't think of anything funny."

She was on her way to the door. "Nobody can be funny all the time—at least, not to me."

He got up and stood in front of her.

"Listen, Kathie. Once I was in love, as the saying is, with a girl.

I was just a kid, and I used to be at her house every night at seven o'clock—on the dot."

"It's a lie, but what happened?"

"The last I heard she was temporarily living with her third husband."

"Whose success story is this? Yours or hers?"

"You can have it. Anyhow, since then, I don't talk about love—outside working hours."

"Do you still like her?"

"No."

"Well?"

He went back to the piano stool and slumped down, his hands hanging between his knees. "I think you're swell," he said.

"I think you're swell, too," she said. That was safe enough. You could say that to anybody.

Then neither of them said anything.

He stared at her and said, "Kathie." He was so serious now that it hurt her to look at him.

"Darling, you're so thin," she said without wanting to, "have you been sick?"

"No." He got up again. "I just don't know how to say it. All the words I know are words to a song."

Then he had her in his arms, and no joke about it. She was crying all over his cheeks and he kept repeating her name.

OH, darling," she sobbed. "You'll be glad you didn't go. I'll never let you be sorry."

"Didn't go?" he echoed, puzzled. Then he said, "Oh, you mean to Hollywood. Forget it. Those bums wouldn't give Hatton a contract, so of course I wouldn't go without him. We're going to be like Gilbert and Sullivan and—"

She stiffened in his arms and interrupted him savagely. "—and Rodgers and Hart and bacon and eggs! So you stayed here to be with

him!" She pushed away from him and stood with tears drying on her cheeks. "And all the time I—I—thought—"

"But you and I, Kathie," he said, "we are going to be like—well, like man and wife. There, I said it! But we'll have to wait—"

"No," she said. "No waiting."

"—have to wait until we can get some breakfast and the License Bureau opens around nine probably. Honest, honey, we can't get married without a license. I know. I spent a whole day looking it up. The New York State law says that you have to—"

"All right, darling." She was back in his arms again. "That long—I'll wait."



Not All Squawks Are Static

(Continued from page 15)

right. Navels in oranges, of all the—

"Well," interrupted the announcer, "what would you want me to say—bellybuttons?"

There used to be an old saying in radio: "Two damns and a hell will be allowed on each program." That was when the censors were beginning to object to such songs as that old favorite "Red Riding-Hood" (how could she have been so very, very good and still kept the wolf from the door?) Pencil in hand the censors went down the list and found that almost every other song had naughty lyrics. For instance the song "Heat Wave" that Ethel Waters hammered to fame. It may be sung over the radio today but the lyric, "She started a heat wave by making her seat wave" must be changed to something less suggestive. You can wave a flag or a baton but you can't wave a seat unless you refer to a piece of furniture. Did you ever hear of a song called "There's Something Fishy About the French?" Well, filet de sole or no, it's banned on Columbia's network along with "She Lived Next Door to the Firehouse." (I don't know the words but I presume that she was not a false alarm.)

You cannot croon the "Dance of the Seven Veils" over the air and when television arrives you won't be able to dance it, either. Cole Porter's "Love for Sale" is banned, of course. I say of course because the networks cannot be expected to sell either love or laxatives. (Laxatives are on the blacklist at both Columbia and NBC although the latter has the Sal Hepatica program which clings to a renewal clause in its radio contract. The Mutual network takes laxative advertising, coating it with euphemisms.) If you want to sing "I Get a Kick Out of You" you must change "I get no kick from cocaine" to "some perfume from Spain", despite the fact that perfume comes from France. In the songs "Ol' Man River" and "Glory Road" the word "nigger" must be eliminated. In the popular old number "Limehouse Blues" the word "Chink" must be changed. There is a short line at the foot of Columbia's long list of "don'ts" that

is worth noting. It says, "Dance arrangements of Ave Maria are not allowed."

As a matter of record, NBC slipped one over on the squawks when it broadcast the opera, "Merrymount". At first it was arranged to have the offending libretto blurred by a strong musical background but things didn't work out as planned and the baritone roared about "prostitutes" and "illegitimate children" and other tabooed subjects. No one complained though,



which leads one to believe that the reformers ("every reformer has a private vice") abandoned opera to the 7th circle of Dante's Inferno when Geraldine Farrar sang "Zaza" at the Metropolitan.

The same network, fastidious enough to place a temporary ban on "Hellzapoppin" ("if you must say it, say it fast", went the edict) forbade a mercy suicide in Joan Crawford's portrayal of an airplane crash in mid-ocean.

Dorothy Parker's famous soliloquy about a girl waiting for her lover to telephone, as interpreted by Miriam Hopkins, brought forth a storm of squawks. Here again impressionables insisted that radio protect them from their own uncontrollable emotions.

Because of its prissy pose over peccadillos, radio has been accused of banning comparatively harmless cusswords and dramatic situations while permitting children's programs to scare the brats into an advanced

state of neurosis. Anxious to please, Columbia hired a psychologist, Dr. Arthur Jersild to mull over its children's hour. This is the result:

"Conceit, smugness or an unwarranted sense of superiority over others less fortunate may not be presented as laudable.

"Recklessness and abandon must not be falsely identified with a healthy spirit of adventure.

"Programs that arouse harmful nervous reactions in the child must not be presented.

"Disrespect for either parental or other proper authority must not be glorified or encouraged."

Not to be outdone NBC sharpened its blue pencils and sketched its own strict code for the Children's Hour under which the following things are verboten:

"No torture or suggestion of torture.

"No horror—present or impending.

"No use of the unwholesomely supernatural or of superstition likely to arouse fear.

"No kidnapping or threats of kidnapping.

"No 'cliff-hanging.'

No daily program shall end with an incident which will create in its listeners' minds undue morbid suspense or hysteria.

"Dramatic action should not be accentuated through gun-play or through other methods of violence.

"No appeal may be made to the child to purchase the sponsor's product for the purpose of helping characters in the radio drama extricate themselves from the fictitious situations of the plot, i.e., no appeal should be made to the child to purchase a product or send in box-tops so that a fictitious character may go to college or the hospital or help pay off a fictitious mortgage."

Before the hullabaloo (and this time the squawk was justified) went up about children being scared to death, the Mutual network sound-effects man had two special ways of making the programs ultra-realistic. When one script depicted the scalping of a white settler by an Indian the sound-effects man tore adhesive tape off a coconut. For modern mayhem where a gangster slugged his victim with the butt of a gun the sound-effects man bashed in a grapefruit with a hammer. Held close to

the sensitive microphone both coconut and grapefruit gave more than adequate performances.

On one particular program, aired at ten-thirty P.M.—when, quote, all little children should be in bed, unquote—the network trotted out every gruesome sound-effect in the studio: coconuts, grapefruit, *Sturm und Drang*. Bodies lay in pools of blood and heroines let out blood-curdling screams as hairy hands reached out from behind curtains. When the program ended in two murders and a suicide the performers were as exhausted as the audience—that is, all but one female listener who was busy dialing the studio's telephone number.

"It's an outrage!" she cried. "My little girl and I have been listening and—why it's positively disgusting!"

"What's disgusting?" asked the voice of radio anticipating the usual complaint about a frightened child and prepared to state in defense that ten-thirty P.M. programs were not intended for children.

"You know very well what's dis-

gusting. I just heard it in that horrid play. I'll have you know that I've taken great pains with my little girl's English and I won't have it corrupted by any such word as 'lousy'. That's all."

"That's enough," said the network representative reaching for the smelling salts intended for use by nervous prima donnas.

ANY network would anticipate trouble with a program called "Your Lover". Radio's Don Juan warmed the hearts of thousands of maids and housewives lonely for affection in the long afternoons. One day "Your Lover" purred, "Put your cheek next to my cheek and look into my eyes." Although "Your Lover" was evidently assuming that his cooing brood was cross-eyed, the most violent squawks came from jealous husbands who threatened to shoot this bold invader of defenseless domiciles!

At the same time that the Mutual network was permitting Your Lover (Tweedledum) to purr at housewives it was banning this gag (Tweedle-

dee), "Hullo, wife," says the husband over the phone. "Tell the maid I won't be home tonight."

When the radio script of the play, "Having Wonderful Time", came to the censor's office a blue-penciller on the staff suggested that one particular scene might offend because it referred—just referred—to young people living together without a license, civil or ecclesiastical. The head of the department o'k'd the script, however, because the novelty of the well-written dialogue appealed to senses blunted by trite scripts about eternal domestic difficulties. And up went the squawks, loud if not clear. The scene was well written, it was not obscene but "the morals of our youth might be corrupted".

Up to the present radio has bent over backwards in a vain attempt to please a squawking mass of intolerant magpies who are unwittingly driving a wedge for government control. Right now would be as good a time as any to tell these self-appointed censors either to put up or shut up.

Mr. Hoyle Takes a Ride

(Continued from page 19)

There is a purpose in the professional's emphasizing the importance of form until he and the pupil are jolly well fed up. Form gives the pro a good living; it is the only commodity he has to sell and, to be fair with an honest occupation, strict adherence to form probably is the surest approach to playing a game fairly well. This nebulous thing called form is the talent for making shots or plays in orthodox fashion, according to Hoyle. Form is the accumulation of basic principles which have enabled the majority of practitioners to win or to excel and to make every move as pretty as a picture in the process.

People who play just for fun and their own amazement genuflect most humbly at the altar of form. They imitate slavishly the style of the masters, pay fancy fees for instruction, devote hours and effort to practice, which if applied to their business undoubtedly would make them bloated plutocrats, and achieve nothing but futility and frustration. All of which is pretty silly, of course. Form will improve the duffer, but it won't make a champion. For every poet of pure motion there is a classic example of an outstanding performer who did everything wrong and got along famously just the same.

Jones was not the only top-notch golfer who took the meticulous Mr. Hoyle for a ride. Many years ago there was a muscular Englishman who lurched at the ball, hit his shots when he was off balance and com-

mitted several other atrocities on the form beautiful. That would be Ted Ray, who captured the British Open in 1912, mopped up in the United States Open in 1920 and between times won almost every golfing bauble worth the seeking. Ray knew he was wrong, a fact which left him profoundly unperturbed. In his case, it was right to be wrong.

IT happens at least once every Sunday at almost any given country club in the broad land. One of the golfing gents finds his wood shots are resembling nothing so much as vultures in full flight. He denounces his woods with great vehemence and imagination and decides to use nothing but irons. Other members of the foursome (a) snicker, or (b) admire the audacity of the unorthodox fellow, depending on the length of his drives off the tee. Sure, it's against all accepted practice—but Jerome D. Travers used the same remedy when his woods were betraying him and he won the United States Amateur four times and the Open once.

Nothing in golf lends itself to more individual interpretation than putting. Some folks go through a series of astonishing convolutions before tapping the ball; the pretty-as-a-picture school assumes a relaxed pose, bends gracefully over the ball, waggles the club a few times, then makes the shot. What matter whether you hang by the toes from your caddy's shoulder as long as the

ball drops? Nobody ever looked worse on the green than Leo Diegel. His elbows stuck out at right angles, his feet pointed to quarter after nine and his body was twisted in a manner which positively hurt the spectator. The man looked like the devil, but he putted like an angel and won most of his championships in the department where he did everything wrong—until the ball trickled into the cup.

Tennis is another game in which the parishioners render fervent lip-service to form. With the possible exception of their associates in golf, tennis pros collect more five-dollar bills for a half-hour's instruction than the teachers in any other sport. The white-flannel brigade would prefer, however, you didn't mention the most devastating backhand drive in circulation often is made with the author of same off both feet at the finish of the shot. He happens to be Donald Budge, the best amateur player in the world last year, who is currently discovering that the unorthodoxy of his best shot is no deterrent to a guarantee of \$75,000 for his first season as a professional.

AUSTRALIA is a red-hot favorite to win the Davis Cup this year and if the battered silver mug goes on a long voyage in September two young men who flout every rule in the book will have much to do with it. John Bromwich, a natural right-hander, shifts his racquet from one hand to the other with the dexterity

of a three-card monte dealer and Vivian McGrath uses two hands on his forehead drive as if he were swinging a ball bat. Frank Hunter slugged, rather than stroked the ball off his forehead, but that didn't stop him from winning national championships and Davis Cup matches.

If the house is agreed that the most heinous crime a batter in baseball can commit is "stepping into the bucket," we will proceed with the sermon. A "bucket-foot" boy is one who swings his front foot to the outside corner of the batter's box instead of stepping into the pitch with vigor and determination, in accordance to all the best laws of baseball and dynamics. Every American of breeding and distinction must have heard of Mr. Al Simmons. Well, sir, Mr. Simmons was the guiltiest culprit for stepping into the bucket ever seen by mortal man; there was, in fact, a well-founded rumor that he had water on the ankle. Baseball men will tell you that Mr. Simmons had the most atrocious form it was their displeasure ever to see. They also will break down and confess that Mr. Simmons probably was the best hitter in the major leagues from 1924 to 1934. He won the American League championship twice and during his prime had an all-time batting average of .350.

HITTING a home run with the front foot waving in mid-air is comparable to lifting a small safe while floating. It's all wrong; it simply cannot be done. Sure—but don't tell Mel Ott of the Giants. For years he has been sticking that front foot in pitchers' faces. It should be noted in passing that Ott holds the National League record for homers.

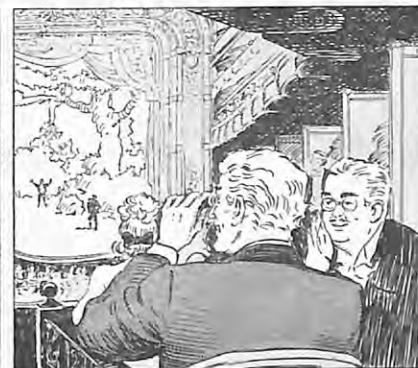
The most dangerous batters among the younger set today are Joe DiMaggio of the Yankees and Joe Medwick of the Cardinals. Purists insist that DiMaggio shifts his feet incorrectly, which is a pretty macabre jest to pitchers who have to contend with the fellow. Medwick occasionally puts his foot in the bucket, wraps the bat around his neck, takes a hitch in his swing and violates every other rule you can mention. And continues to knock down fences in the far reaches of the outfield.

The pretty-as-a-picture theory was given a terrific going-over by Hans Wagner. The Dutchman was bow-legged, the paragon of awkwardness, seemed to embody all the tenets of what not to do. Many competent critics who have examined the records maintain that Wagner was the greatest player who ever lived.

Almost a decade ago track and field experts, who yield to no group in their insistence on form, said a young Kansan never would get anywhere in a hurry because he "tied up"—that is, lost his form in the last stages of his races and gave an animated imitation of a monkey climbing a stick. If the youth had listened, the world never would have

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS

AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
IN NEW YORK CITY



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PRINCE ALBERT
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

heard of Glenn Cunningham, the master miler. Similarly, Harold Osborne was assured he would not soar to giddy heights in the high jump when he started to fool with the "Western roll." The unorthodox style carried Osborne to an Olympic championship and the world record.

QUICK, now. Name the most celebrated jockey in the history of the turf. The dear, old lady in the back of the room, who never placed a two-buck bet on a bangtail's nose, guessed it immediately. That's right: Tod Sloan. He, too, went against all existing theories and ultimately revolutionized the precepts of form for riding a thoroughbred. Before he came along, jockeys used long stirrups and sat well back in the saddle, just like any gentleman out for a canter in the park of a Saturday afternoon. Sloan shortened his stirrups, crouched so far over his mount's neck that he seemed to be crooning in the horse's ear. The English were properly aghast, called Sloan's style the "monkey on the stick" seat. Today Sloan's method is strictly *de rigeur* everywhere in the world and the old riding posture

appears to be awkward. This would seem to suggest that form is predicated largely upon custom and the stifling of individual initiative.

The greatest fighter, pound for pound, today probably is Henry Armstrong, sometime holder of three world championships, who got that way by ignoring every canon of boxing. If Armstrong had tried to make every move a picture, he undoubtedly would be walking around on his heels and double-talking himself into a tin ear this very minute. Homicidal Henry had succeeded because of his complete lack of form. His plan of action is disarmingly simple. He merely tucks his head into his chest, flails his arms and throws a furious succession of punches until he or the other guy drops. It may be superfluous to add that Henry has not kissed the canvas yet.

THE grandfather of all boxing Bolsheviks, though, was Harry Greb, the middleweight champion who frequently had to engage muscular meatballs outweighing him by fifty pounds to get a fight. Greb's strategy was much like Armstrong's, only more so. He swarmed over or-

thodox opponents, who were greatly confused and pained—but literally—because the madcap did not fight their way. Greb was a whirlwind, frequently starting punches with his left, then landing with his right. Repeatedly he blithely disregarded the fundamental axiom scrupulously remembered even by safe society belligerents—"Never lead with your right." Such tactics are supposed to result in quick and total unconsciousness for the ignorant iconoclasts, but Greb heard the birdies sing as seldom as he listened to the arch-advocates of form.

ONE night in 1922 Greb gave away more than thirty pounds to that celebrated Shakespearean scholar, Mr. Gene Tunney, later world heavyweight champion, and won the decision after fifteen rounds of elegant bar-room brawling. In the dressing-room afterward, somebody made the inevitable crack to the effect that Greb did everything wrong.

"Yeah," Greb answered carelessly, "but I won."

The silence was deafening. Nobody had a comeback to that one. It was the final word on the subject.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 18)

Homer, Thomas Nast, W. A. Rogers, Frederic Remington, W. T. Smedley and E. A. Abbey, and in the early days, before the invention of the electrotype, their drawings were transferred to wooden blocks by scores of skilled engravers, working at great speed.

So today we have this inimitable record and know that American growth was not like a bridal procession down a lane bordered by primroses. All through our history forces have fought for mastery, one group clashing with another; a vast amount of energy has gone into the "taming" of the wilderness, and often a great deal more was needed to tame the men. Though some men built houses to stand for centuries, they found their work crowded aside in their own lifetimes by the surge of population. Today "Adventures of America" provides both delightful entertainment and food for thought about American life, and as books of this kind are published but rarely and then never reprinted, it should be bought quickly by all who enjoy pictures out of our immediate past. (Harper & Bros., \$3.50)

Fine Biography of Leonardo

Don't miss Antonina Vallentin's "Leonardo da Vinci" if you want a

compact, well-rounded story of Leonardo's life, with a careful interlarding of the Renaissance and a brilliant analysis of his great paintings. This is a full life, not a fragment, and shows that Leonardo had a hard time of it, partly because he withdrew from activities and cultivated ideas far ahead of his time. Leonardo couldn't flatter people, and even the great masters of his day gave him little attention, including Raphael and Michaelangelo. Madame Vallentin tells how Leonardo worked for six years over the Mona Lisa, a picture he loved so much that he braved the anger of his patron, Francis I of France, in his last years, in order to retain possession of it. She also describes the painting of the Last Supper, in Milan. A fine, intelligent study of a great man, one that profits by the scholarly research of our time and therefore tells us more about Leonardo than even his contemporaries knew about him. (Viking Press)

Mark Sullivan, American Journalist

Mark Sullivan has built up an enviable reputation as the commentator on public affairs who can't be stampeded. Whatever happens in Washington, Mr. Sullivan is sure to study it with a calm spirit, and if it doesn't square with his idea of

common sense he won't endorse it. He is not a visionary or an enthusiast, but many of his points of view have been proven fundamentally sound. He has now written the story of his career in "The Education of an American." Born in 1874 of Irish stock, Mr. Sullivan entered big-time journalism by writing the first article exposing corrupt politics in Pennsylvania and later, on the staff of McClure's Magazine, was associated with Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell, William Allen White and other brilliant writers. Then he transferred to Collier's and led the crusade against patent medicine frauds and began analyzing the acts of Congress from a non-partisan standpoint. His autobiography is a story of achievement based on industry and perseverance, typically American, nowhere flashy, and always interesting and valuable. (Doubleday, Doran & Co.)

And Then There's Coolidge

William Allen White is tremendously interested in Calvin Coolidge, wondering about this enigmatic New Englander, trying to get at the root of his strange personality. Yet Coolidge had little to hide; his reputation for inscrutability comes from his own close-mouthed attitude. Mr. White reveals this in "A Puritan in

Babylon," the best portrayal of Calvin Coolidge that has been written.

Novels of the Hour

The headliners of months ago are still getting the attention of readers everywhere. Even "Gone with the Wind" goes out to a vast new audience, for the special edition at a reduced price has brought over 300,000 new readers for a novel that now totals sales of 1,700,000! And 300,000 is a figure not yet reached by "The Yearling", by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, which seems to have been the best-beloved novel of 1938 and is a strong candidate for the new Pulitzer Prize.

Since our last report Margaret Ayer Barnes has written "Wisdom's Gate," a book that might be called a sequel to "Years of Grace," except that it carries the story into the second generation. Again the difficulties of family life in a period of diminishing income is the theme, with the wife, Cicily Lancaster, facing the problem of divorce. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$2.50 . . . Max Miller, the man who wrote "I Cover the Waterfront" and put that phrase into our everyday language, has written a novel, "A Stranger Came to Port," also the story of a man's dilemma, in this case the adventure of a man who broke with his troubles and managed to get rid of them for a year, written in Miller's chatty narrative style (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2) . . . Eden Phillpotts is known for his excellent stories of character, based on a crime or an aberration. In "Portrait of a Scoundrel" he presents a revelation of a "perverted genius," Dr. Irwin Temple-Fortune, the man who tried to commit perfect murders, a study of the evils of egomania, in novel form. (Maxmillan, \$2)

A novel that bites deeper into character and psychology than any of the foregoing is "Testament" by

R. C. Hutchinson. This author wrote "Shining Scabbard" and he has been particularly preoccupied with the mental reactions of men who served in the great war. In "Testament" he takes up the story of Count Anton Scheffler, a Russian lawyer, who has been opposed to cruelty in every form. He serves as an officer in the war and refuses to lead wounded men back into the trenches. He takes part in the October revolution in Russia. He is a man of ideals and great spiritual strength, and his appearance in a novel is unusual for these times, when many writers are interested solely in depicting external action and are not concerned with spiritual heroism. This novel has the interaction of personalities that we find in Russian novels, but its author is an Englishman. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$3).

Stephen Leacock has started a good many laughs since he began writing about the man who jumped on his horse and rode off in all directions, and his writing is still facile and witty. This season he offers "Model Memoirs," in which he pokes fun at various types of writing, beginning with "My Victorian Girlhood," by Lady Nearleigh Slopover, and including "Through Arabia on a Mule" by Major Allhell, who went into the desert with Major Boozer and had various adventures with Professor McTosh, who was going to excavate the buried city of Blob. Here also is "Up and Down Downing Street," or "Who Started the Great War?" by a war diplomat, and "So This is the United States," a thorough survey made by a lecturer from England who discovered that one advantage in the United States was its size, for a lecturer could take a train after his lecture and get away to another state before news of last night's lecture got out. Stephen Leacock has written about seventeen books of this nature and his mine shows no sign of running out. (Dodd, Mead, \$2)

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 36)

39 officers elected were: Pres., Grant Smith, Elko; Vice-Pres., John Gregory, Tonopah; Secy.-Treas., Millard T. Smith, Elko; Trustee, Don Shaver, Ely. Elko was chosen as the meeting place for the 1939 convention. The Ritualistic Contest was won by a slight margin by Reno Lodge over Las Vegas Lodge, with Goldfield, Elko, Ely and Tonopah Lodges finishing in the order named.

A report was made by the Scholarship Committee stating that the Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$300 had been awarded John Polish, a student at the University of Nevada. A committee was appointed by the President to draft definite rules for the awarding of this

scholarship annually by the State Association as one of its main objectives. A resolution was adopted endorsing the Elks National Traffic Safety Campaign. The safety activities of the Nevada lodges were of immense benefit to the people of the State last year, and will be continued vigorously.

Social events included an Open House, dance and Dutch Lunch for Elks and their ladies on the opening night, a stag party with a buffet supper and entertainment the next evening, bridge parties, and attendance on Saturday afternoon at the big game between the winning University of Nevada eleven and the Fresno State College team.

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Your Dog

(Continued from page 37)

then competes with all other winners in his group; that is, a Best of Breed Welsh Terrier would be matched against all other Terriers who have won best of their breeds.

Out of this matching comes a winner for each of the six groups and these in turn are matched against each other to determine the best dog in the show.

No dog can be shown if less than six months old. For show purposes, a dog is considered fully grown at twelve months, although many breeds mature much later than that. No dog can be shown that is in any way deformed, altered, sick or *faked*, i.e., artificially colored or unduly trimmed.

Many people frequently ask if the judges are paid. Some are, and some judge merely for the sport of the thing, receiving only their actual traveling expenses. Incidentally, some of the larger shows think nothing at all of bringing judges from Europe or as far off as Hawaii. For every breed there is a standard which allows so many points for head, coat, color, etc. The judging does not follow a scoring system, but is instead

based upon the judge's opinion as to how well each dog conforms to the standard for the breed.

It may interest some to know that a pedigreed dog's name, once registered, cannot be changed.

When buying your pure-bred puppy you should insist upon the kennel's giving you his registration paper, his written pedigree for four generations, and the transfer of ownership papers.

In back of all the smooth gloss of a dog show there is much patient drudgery which is not obvious to the spectator but without which there would be no show. It takes long weeks of conditioning and training to make a dog ready for the ring. In many instances a considerable amount of money is needed for breeding stock and kennel maintenance.

You may, at your next show, see one man at various times in the ring, each time with a different breed of dog. In all likelihood he will be a professional handler who makes his living breeding, conditioning and showing dogs. These men often gather a "string" of dogs and cam-

paign them on a given circuit of shows. This they do for owners who have not the time or skill for showing. It takes a deep knowledge of dogs to know how to bring out their better points under the eyes of the judge, and even more skill to conceal their defects.

The average kennel dog welcomes the show as a break in the monotony of kennel routine. And there are many dogs who keenly enjoy showing, being natural show-offs. For other dogs, the show is a nerve-racking ordeal, particularly during shows that last for more than one day. As a matter of fact, such shows are as much a hardship upon the exhibitors as upon the dogs.

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.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 35)

Progress of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge Continues from Year to Year

That the success or failure of a fraternal organization depends upon the attitude of the membership toward its precepts and principles is clearly seen in the accomplishments of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174. The lodge is the fortunate owner of one of the finest homes in the country, and in it every type of fraternal, social, civic and athletic activity is fostered and carried on for the benefit of the membership and the community. Most of the prominent business, professional, civic and industrial leaders of the city are members of Tacoma Lodge which has an active membership of 1,816, and is known as one of the most progressive lodges of the Order in the Pacific Northwest.

Over a long period of years the lodge enjoyed a steady, healthy growth, and its quarters finally became inadequate because of the greatly increased membership and numerous activities. Plans were drawn for an addition to the home and a partial remodeling of the older building, and an appropriation of about \$52,000 was made to finance the work. The new quarters were opened to the public in December, 1937, with a celebration which cov-

ered a week. In addition, \$3,500 was spent this past year on improvements to the gymnasium and locker and shower rooms, made necessary by a further increase in membership.

One of Tacoma Lodge's most benevolent members, Tom Hurley, has presented an Iron Lung to the lodge which it in turn has placed in the custody of the local branch of the Red Cross. The Lung is available to any of the local medical institutions. A large delegation of prominent Elks and other citizens was on hand to receive the Lung from the transportation company when it arrived on Nov. 28, 1938, from Boston, and hundreds inspected this life-giving device at the lodge home where it was on display up until January 1. In presenting the gift, Mr. Hurley made the provision that the cost of the operation of the Lung be defrayed by the lodge. Steps were immediately taken to establish a fund for that purpose. This was done by making a departure this year in the use of the money which is raised annually by the Christmas charitable organization known as the "Elks Stocking Fillers." Beginning early in October of each year, the members of the group hold Monday night broadcasts from Radio Station

KVI in which they make an appeal not only for cash but for discarded clothing for persons of all ages. Thousands of dollars have been raised through this medium and many thousands of articles of wearing apparel have been donated. All clothing is completely renovated and repaired by the lodge, and distributed to the needy of the community. The money raised by the Stocking Fillers has heretofore been used for a huge Christmas party for the city's unfortunate children, but this year a portion was put in reserve and placed in the fund for the maintenance of the Iron Lung. Mr. Hurley received a fine letter of commendation from Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, praising him for the fine spirit in which the contribution was made.

West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge Entertains Local Legionnaires

About 125 local members of the American Legion were entertained a few weeks ago by West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352, at a patriotic celebration held in the lodge home presided over by E. R. B. C. Simonson. The guests introduced were P. C. Reese, Past Commander of the local branch of the Legion and also

Past Fifth District Commander; E. F. Stumpf, Past Post Commander; R. R. Brown, First Vice-Commander; James Dew, Second Vice-Commander; Guy Powers, Adjutant; C. L. Pierce, immediate Past Commander, and Don Boggess, present Commander. Mr. Boggess made a brief talk, and Harvey G. Wood, Past Post Commander and a past Fifth District Commander, spoke eloquently on Americanism.

Many of the Legionnaires present belong to West Palm Beach Lodge of Elks, among them being Henry Weiler who was in charge of the entertainment program presented in the Grill after the meeting. I. E. Ferrin led the group singing of war songs, and Ted Motter was the accompanist.

Newark, O., Lodge Purchases a Guide Dog For Afflicted Member

The appropriation of \$200 for the purchase of a "guide dog" for one of its members, Roy McKim, was voted at a recent meeting of Newark, O., Lodge, No. 391. Ever since he was stricken with partial blindness six years ago, Mr. McKim's condition has grown steadily worse. Arrangements were made for his stay in Morristown, N. J., where the dogs are trained, and where the "getting acquainted" period with his new friend and protector could be spent. This is indeed a fine example of brotherly love as exemplified in the lodges of the Order.

Newark Lodge also enjoys a bit of humor in its fraternal life. After official inspection had been made by D.D. Howard Warner of Nelsonville, approximately 100 members were taken for short rides about the city and given a demonstration of the local police department's two-way broadcasting system, made possible by the generosity of Newark Lodge. But the District Deputy found himself "arrested" by a police cruiser, although a happy ending was provided by Mayor Jesse A. Grove who suspended a \$100 fine for "good behavior".

Installation of Officers of Los Angeles, Calif., Antlers Lodge

In one of the finest demonstrations ever presented by the Antlers Lodge of Los Angeles, Calif., the officers for the winter term were installed by P.E.A. Sid Katz with the aid of the Drill Team and organist of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99. Dave Karp is the new Exalted Antler and Bob Snell is Recorder. The Elks Reception Committee assisted in taking care of the crowd of 900 Antlers, Elks and friends who assembled in the Elks Home to witness the ceremonies. The meeting was followed by dancing to the music of the Antlers Swing Band.

San Fernando, Calif., Lodge Visited by Los Angeles Elks

E.R. Elmer D. Doyle, accompanied by a jolly crowd of officers and members of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, visited San Fernando, Calif., Lodge, No. 1539, recently, taking

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along the "99" Jesters, famed for their amusing skits. The Jesters furnished the entertainment program for the evening. A buffet supper was served by the host lodge.

Williamsport, Pa., Lodge Sponsors Huge Parade for Children

More than 1,300 boys and girls in costume took part in a gigantic Hallowe'en Parade sponsored by Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173. This was one of the civic projects undertaken by the lodge, and there are plans for others to follow in due time.

The three-division procession was led by the high school band. The Elks Band also appeared. The children displayed a great deal of originality in choice of holiday costume, and the wholesome fun and excitement dispelled any desire to play the usual pranks. As soon as the parade disbanded, the lodge home was thrown open to the masqueraders and refreshments were served. In addition to first, second and third prizes for marching clubs, comic costumes, decorated bicycles and vehicles, pets on foot, impersonations, etc., 65 merchandise prizes were given out.

Crippled Children's Clinic Is Held at Norfolk, Neb., Lodge

Sixty-five children from various parts of Northwest Nebraska were examined at the Crippled Children's Clinic held in the home of Norfolk, Neb., Lodge, No. 653, on Oct. 13. The lodge received cooperation from individuals as well as State and community organizations. Dr. E. L. Brush was General Supervisor of the medical corps in charge of examinations. Members of the Elks General Committee were N. P. Johnson, Chairman, E.R. George W. Phelps of Norfolk Lodge, Secy. George Burton, Dr. Brush, A. T. Hutchinson, Gene Huse and A. J. Gutzmer.

Crippled children work is a major activity of the Nebraska State Elks Association. The subordinate lodges have their own crippled children committees and handle the clinics held in their respective jurisdictions. Follow-up committees are appointed and their work after the children have been examined is most valuable. August Schneider of Benedict, Neb., Chairman of the State Association's Benevolent Committee, cites a case in which a young crippled girl, Miss Marie Byergo, who visited a clinic held by Norfolk Lodge six years ago, is normal in health, has completed her education, and is holding a responsible position in New York City as a dress designer with a leading firm. Miss Byergo underwent several corrective operations.

Some Interesting Activities of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge

With the lodge room filled to capacity, the members of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, recently enjoyed a program long to be remembered. State officers, visiting Ex-

alted Rulers, and Past Exalted Rulers of Los Angeles Lodge, were present. The feature of the evening was the presentation of 50-year golden service buttons to the two charter members, Harry J. Burns and C. A. F. Last. The two veteran members assisted in cutting a mammoth five-tier birthday cake weighing 350 pounds which was decorated with 50 electric candles.

Los Angeles Lodge won many honors at the State Convention at Monterey. The "99 Chanters" was awarded a first prize and the Symphonic Band received the highest rating and was awarded a beautiful cup in addition to \$100 for the best appearance in the parade. The lodge held its annual family picnic at the Riverside Breakfast Club. A ball game between the girls' softball team, representing the Los Angeles Brewing Company, west coast champions, and a team captained by E.R. E. D. Doyle, was exciting and resulted in a tie. The "99" orchestra was a main attraction. The proceeds of the outing, which was a huge success, went into the lodge's Christmas Basket Fund.

Night Football at San Luis Obispo, Calif., Sponsored by Elks

Members of San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge, No. 322, headed by E.R. A. F. Fitzgerald, with P.E.R. Dr. L. J. Nielsen as General Chairman, sponsored the first local football game of the season. The California Polytechnic "Mustangs" defeated the St. Mary's of Texas "Rattlers" 6-0 before a crowd of 2,000. This was the first night game ever played in the city. Between halves Pres. Julian A. McPhee led in the dedication of the new playing field and lighting equipment.

It was a great night for San Luis Obispo, with the Elks rejoicing in the success of the advertising campaign and ticket sale which they handled so superbly, and the local audience expressing its exultation over the victory of their own grid heroes. The California Poly Band made its first appearance. A number of Elk committees attended to the parking of cars and policed the sidelines.

Ladies Guest Night Observed by Mount Carmel, Ill., Lodge

Ladies Guest Night was observed by Mount Carmel, Ill., Lodge, No. 715, on Nov. 17. A banquet was served to 144 members and guests in the downstairs dining-room of the home. E.R. R. L. Calverley presided, and at the end of the dinner introduced the lodge officers. P.E.R. P. J. Kolb extended a cordial welcome to those present and P.D.D. C. M. Hesslin gave an interesting report of the work the lodge had performed for crippled children in Wabash County.

The remainder of the evening was spent in card playing and dancing. The occasion was voted one of the most enjoyable ever sponsored by the lodge.

Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge Observes State Association Night

Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, observed State Association Night on Nov. 9. Pres. John T. Pancake, of Huntington Lodge, was the guest of honor. Other State Officers present were Secy. George Osgood, Huntington; Treas. Don P. Fleming and Trustee Leslie N. Hemenway, Parkersburg; Vice-Pres.'s Cecil Bond, Bluefield, and Adam Martin, Wheeling; Tiler R. T. McCreary, Wellsburg, and Sergeant-at-Arms Roy C. Heinlein, Sistersville.

Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge sent a special bus with 28 members, and Bluefield, Parkersburg, Morgantown, Wellsburg and Moundsville, W. Va., and Bellaire, O., Lodges were represented by delegations. A turkey dinner was served at 6 P. M. and a floor show and oyster fry followed the regular lodge meeting. Pres. Pancake was presented with a fitted traveling kit by the host lodge.

Tyler, Tex., Lodge Donates \$1,000 to Tyler Day Nursery

Tyler, Texas, Lodge, No. 215, has given \$1,000 to the Tyler Day Nursery and has pledged another thousand during the next two years toward the \$8,000 sought. The check was presented to the Finance Chairman of the Nursery Board by E.R. A. K. Thorndyke. The lodge voted to make the contribution after an appeal had been made in the local press for a new building in which to house children during the day while their mothers are at work.

The Day Nursery was organized in 1935, and Tyler Lodge was the first organization to make a donation. Although they were busy in building up their lodge, the Elks gave the Nursery \$10 a month the first year, and raised the amount to \$20 a month the next year. They have also offered their services in raising additional funds on the outside. Bryan Payne is Secretary of the Committee.

P.D.D. E. P. Greenwald, of Bay City, Mich., Lodge, Dies

The death of P.E.R. Edward P. Greenwald, for 31 years a member of Bay City, Mich., Lodge, No. 88, has removed one of the most popular Elks in Michigan. Mr. Greenwald served two terms as District Deputy for Mich. East—1932-33 and 1933-34. He was Exalted Ruler of No. 88 in 1921-22 and also in 1931-32.

During his long membership, Mr. Greenwald worked for his lodge with sincere devotion, and labored effectively for the strength and betterment of the Order in Michigan. He served as Executive Chairman last April when Bay City Lodge celebrated its 50th Anniversary, and was Chairman of the House Committee, taking an active part in the planning of the \$15,000 remodeling of the lodge home. Mr. Greenwald was born in Adrian, Mich., Nov. 30, 1873. His widow, two brothers and a sister survive.

Visalia, Calif., Lodge Celebrates Its 25th Anniversary

C. P. Hebenstreit, of Huntington Park, Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn., was the principal speaker at the 25th Anniversary celebration held by Visalia, Calif., Lodge, No. 1298. The evening opened with a dinner served to 350 Elks who represented all of the lodges in the San Joaquin Valley and several in northern and southern California. A class of 20 candidates was initiated into the local lodge by the Ritualistic Team of Fresno Lodge, No. 439, which sent a delegation of 35 to the celebration. S. O. Walker, of Los Angeles, presented Visalia Lodge, of which he is a member, with a \$100 share of capital stock of the Visalia Elks Building Association as a gift.

Three of the five remaining charter members were presented with life memberships. The two others were already in possession of their life membership cards. Senior P.E.R. James M. Burke traced the history of the lodge from its beginning. Among the distinguished Elks present were D.D. James Joyce, Taft; State Vice-Pres. W. S. Allen, Porterville; State Trustee B. F. Lewis, Fresno, and George H. Post, Los Angeles, who was the installing District Deputy when Visalia Lodge was instituted.

Five Oswego, N. Y., Elks Are Elected to High Public Office

Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271, held a banquet on Nov. 22 as a testimonial to five members who had been honored by the electorate of the area. E.R. Dearborn V. Hardie was elected City Judge for a four-year term. D. Page Morehouse, Jr., retiring after a second term as Surrogate of Oswego County, was elected Justice of the Supreme Court, Fifth Judicial District, which embraces six counties, for a 14-year term. Francis D. Culkin was reelected to Congress for the 32nd New York District, embracing four counties, for a sixth term. George M. Penney was elected Surrogate of the county for a six-year term, to succeed Judge Morehouse. Harry C. Vorce is the new Sheriff of Oswego County.

This seems to be an outstanding record, and Oswego Lodge, which is not one of the larger lodges of the Order, is to be congratulated upon having a membership of such high calibre that five on its rolls would be chosen for high public office on the same day.

Birmingham Elks' Pilgrimage to Graves of Former Grand Lodge Officers

A pilgrimage to the graves of Past Grand Exalted Ruler B. M. Allen and Past Grand Inner Guard Edward J. McCrossin, P.E.R.'s of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, was made by members and friends before the close of the year as is the custom annually. An automobile procession, formed at the lodge home, made its way to

Elmwood Cemetery. The motorcade was led by Lieut. Harry K. Reid and the Lodge Patrol.

The ceremonies were impressive. The Eulogy to Judge Allen was made by Judge H. P. Heflin. Capt. McCrossin was eulogized by Herbert J. Baum, P.D.D. Harry W. English placed wreaths on the graves, and Chaplain W. T. Harrison pronounced the Benediction. P.E.R. John W. O'Neill was in charge of arrangements, assisted by P.E.R.'s John W. Allen and Dr. J. W. Perkins, Trustee Ed H. Smith and Inner Guard A. B. Bromley. Vocal selections were rendered by John Wright.

Distinguished Elks Pay a Visit to St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge

St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, was doubly honored at a recent regular meeting by the presence of Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight I. Walter Hawkins of De Land, and P.E.R. M. A. Rosin, Arcadia, making his official visit as District Deputy for Florida West. Both distinguished visitors spoke, praising the lodge for the great progress it has made in recent months. Many other visiting Elks were present, including a delegation from Tampa headed by E.R. G. Frank Bullard, Secy. C. G. Stalnakar and Est. Lead. Knight C. I. Campbell.

An initiation was held and the Joe Mack Class of Reinstatements was elected to membership. P.E.R. F. J. Mack, for whom the class was named, was presented with a gift from St. Petersburg Lodge by P.E.R. Jay E. Koning, in appreciation of his service during the past 15 years. The lodge session was preceded by a dinner given for Mr. Rosin, with all the officers attending, and followed by a club meeting.

St. Louis, Mo., Lodge Provides Shoes and Stockings for 1,000 Children

Through the beneficence of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, a thousand needy children of school age were supplied with shoes and stockings at a mass distribution which took place in the lodge home on Sunday, Nov. 20. Letters to school principals had been sent out ahead of time by the lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee, headed by Est. Lead. Knight N. J. Schmelig, Chairman, which enclosed descriptive cards and applications. A remarkable feature of this gigantic task was the manner in which transportation was made. On that Sunday morning, members of No. 9 drove to the homes of all the children whose cards had been filed, took them to the lodge home, and later returned them to their families.

Breakfast was served free and during the morning the children were given balloons and soft drinks. Fitting took place in the rathskeller. Every one of the children was vouched for by the principal of his or her school as being in need of shoes and stockings in order to continue in school. Many who had

(Continued on page 56)

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LODGE NOTES

AS ITS major civic activity, HOQUIAM, WASH., Lodge has promised to take an interest in and support the local Y. M. C. A., and will aid in its present and future operation. . . . The officers of ATTLEBORO, MASS., Lodge, assisted by a few of the members, have done a very fine job in the redecoration of their banquet hall. The room has been done over completely; even the floor received a new coat of paint and dance wax. . . . In NEW YORK Lodge No. 1, the All-Elks Billiard Tournament has been a successful fall activity, with a record number of entries. . . . TOLEDO, OHIO, recently paid tribute to GRAND EXALTED RULER DOCTOR EDWARD J. MCCORMICK, at a civic testimonial luncheon in the New Secor Hotel. Seated at the head table with Doctor McCormick were civic, business, fraternal and religious leaders of the city.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., Lodge recently went to the home of NUTLEY Lodge with a large delegation and a 17-man shuffleboard team. Nutley Lodge lost the tournament but the defeat was overlooked in the festivities that followed. . . . November 3 proved a "red-letter" night for WILLIAMS-PORT, PA., Lodge when D.D. BOB BAKER paid his official visit. . . . Since Fathers and Sons Night proved to be so successful last year, PROVIDENCE, R. I., Lodge staged a similar bang-up affair in December.

About 15 drum corps were present at the home of NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Lodge at a drum corps contest held there recently. . . . GLENDALE, CALIF., Lodge recently went Italian in a big way on its "Italian Night". JOE FORTUNATO, JOE BAUDINO and GENARO A. STELLA, as the committee, put over a fine evening's entertainment. . . . HAVERHILL, MASS., Lodge recently heard a discourse on Americanism by DANIEL J. DOUGHERTY, Assistant Attorney General of Massachusetts and Past National Commander of the American Legion. The talk was broadcast over Station WLLH. . . . ONEONTA, N. Y., Lodge held an elaborate celebration recently to mark its freedom from debt. PAST GRAND EXALTED RULER JUDGE JAMES T. HALLINAN made the principal address before the ceremony of burning the mortgage. . . . AMSTERDAM, N. Y., Lodge celebrated its Golden Anniversary with a banquet on November 12. To note the occasion Amsterdam Lodge presented a handsome and elaborate program for the occasion. . . . The official visit of D.D. SAMUEL T. BOWMAN to CHATTANOOGA, TENN., Lodge was an occasion not soon to be forgotten by the officers and membership. Mr. Bowman was entertained at dinner prior to the regular lodge meeting at which a class of 11 candidates was initiated in his honor. . . . Americanization was the topic stressed by D.D. HOLLIS B. BREWER when he paid his official visit to SHERIDAN, WYO., Lodge. The local branch of the Order initiated 14 candidates in Mr. Brewer's honor.

At the Elks Charity Minstrel and Minstrel Revue held by STEUBENVILLE, OHIO, Lodge those who attended were electrified by the number of local concerns who bought advertising space as a compliment to the local Lodge. Steubenville Lodge can feel highly complimented at this evidence of the esteem in which it is held. . . . A class of five candidates was initiated into ALBION, N. Y., Lodge in honor of the visit of D.D. KENNETH W. GLINES. . . . Approximately \$800 was cleared for welfare work among underprivileged children by ONTARIO, CALIF., Lodge's Charity Benefit Vaudeville Show recently. . . . READING, PA., Lodge's duck-pin league which recently closed the last half of the season was surprised to find the left-handed team holding its own. The league notices that the southpaws are doing a lot of bragging about it, too.

At CASPER, WYO., Lodge GENE TRALLOPE has submitted his "heel" list for the past month. Every time Gene sits in a game of "Hearts", and loses, he issues a new list. . . . It is interesting to note, among those chosen to form a nation-wide "Provisional Council Against Anti-Semitism", the names of the following members of NEW YORK Lodge No. 1: GOVERNOR HERBERT H. LEHMAN, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR CHARLES POLETTI, FORMER GOVERNOR ALFRED E. SMITH, GROVER WHALEN and GEORGE G. BATTLE. . . . More than 100 Elks assembled in the lodge room of MECHANICVILLE, N. Y., Lodge recently at a reception held in honor of D.D. HOMER A. TESSIER and STATE VICE-PRES. EDGAR D. DE LA MATER. . . . On November 16, PEEKSKILL, N.Y., Lodge held its 800th meeting.

At the District Deputy's meeting at MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Lodge held in honor of D.D. CLARENCE A. ERICKSON, GRAND ESTEEMED LOYAL KNIGHT D. E. LABELLE was the principal speaker. One of the most striking of Mr. LaBelle's statements was, "Elks should stop living in the past and move up to the future". . . . CHIEF OF POLICE T. JOE CAHILL, of CHEYENNE, WYO., Lodge was a recent visitor to the home of CASPER Elks. . . . The Trustees of LINTON, IND., Lodge, DR. BULL, T. S. MARTIN and L. W. WARNER, have announced that they have the money to retire the mortgage indebtedness of the lodge. Hallelujah! . . . VISALIA, CALIF., Lodge had the pleasure of entertaining D.D. JAMES A. JOYCE at its home recently. A dinner and initiation followed. . . . Present to welcome D.D. A. S. BRAYMAN to KINGMAN, ARIZ., Lodge were five P.D.D.'s, four of whom were from Kingman and one from WINSLOW Lodge.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 55)

"dropped out" were able to return to their classes after being supplied with these necessary articles.

The members of the Committee in charge were E.R. Thomas F. Muldoon, E. J. Martt, Frank H. Niehaus, Eugene M. Guise, Harry C. Lahay, C. Lew Gallant, Foster L. Bennett, and the Chairman, Mr. Schmelig. Grand Esquire George M. McLean, of El Reno, Okla., who was a guest of the lodge, was an interested spectator. The sight of so many children being fitted with so many pairs of shoes and stockings was indeed one never to be forgotten.

P.E.R. W. H. Wright Honored by Baton Rouge, La., Lodge

Baton Rouge, La., Lodge, No. 490, voted a life membership recently to P.E.R. William H. Wright for the valuable service he has rendered during his nine years' membership. Mr. Wright has held every office in the lodge and is the only member who has served as Chairman of the House Committee twice.

A dinner preceded the meeting which was presided over by E.R. Clarence LaCroix. D.D. Otis J. Bourg of Houma Lodge attended, accompanied by P.E.R. G. S. Har-mount.

A Boys Club Is Organized by Delta, Colo., Lodge

A Boys Club has been organized by Delta, Colo., Lodge, No. 1235, with an initial membership of 27. The Club meets in the basement of the lodge home twice a month, and after the business meetings is entertained with a motion picture, refreshments or games. The boys were guests recently of Ike Byrne, Manager of the Egyptian Theatre and himself an Elk, at a showing of "Boys Town." The lodge committee, headed by P.E.R. Glenn Ellington, Chairman, is receiving cooperation from local school and Boy Scout officials. E.R. Richard Gray Sheek stated that space in which to meet had necessarily limited the membership. However, only boys who are working or who, for some reason are denied the attention young boys should have, are received into the Club. In Mr. Sheek's words, the lodge expects "to watch over our boys, and instill in them a deep and lasting sense of Americanism, and a sincere regard of right acting and living day by day."

Among their many winter activities was the banquet at which the Delta members honored their wives and other ladies of their families. The banquet was followed by a dance. P.E.R. Donald Cole was in charge of arrangements and acted as Toastmaster. The lodge is in a better financial condition than it has ever been before, and many recreational improvements have been made.

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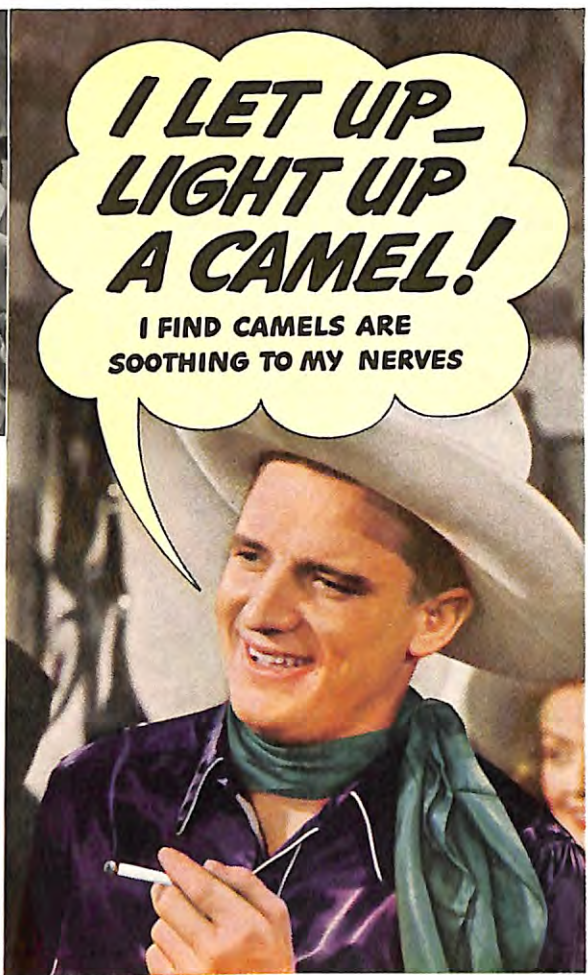
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