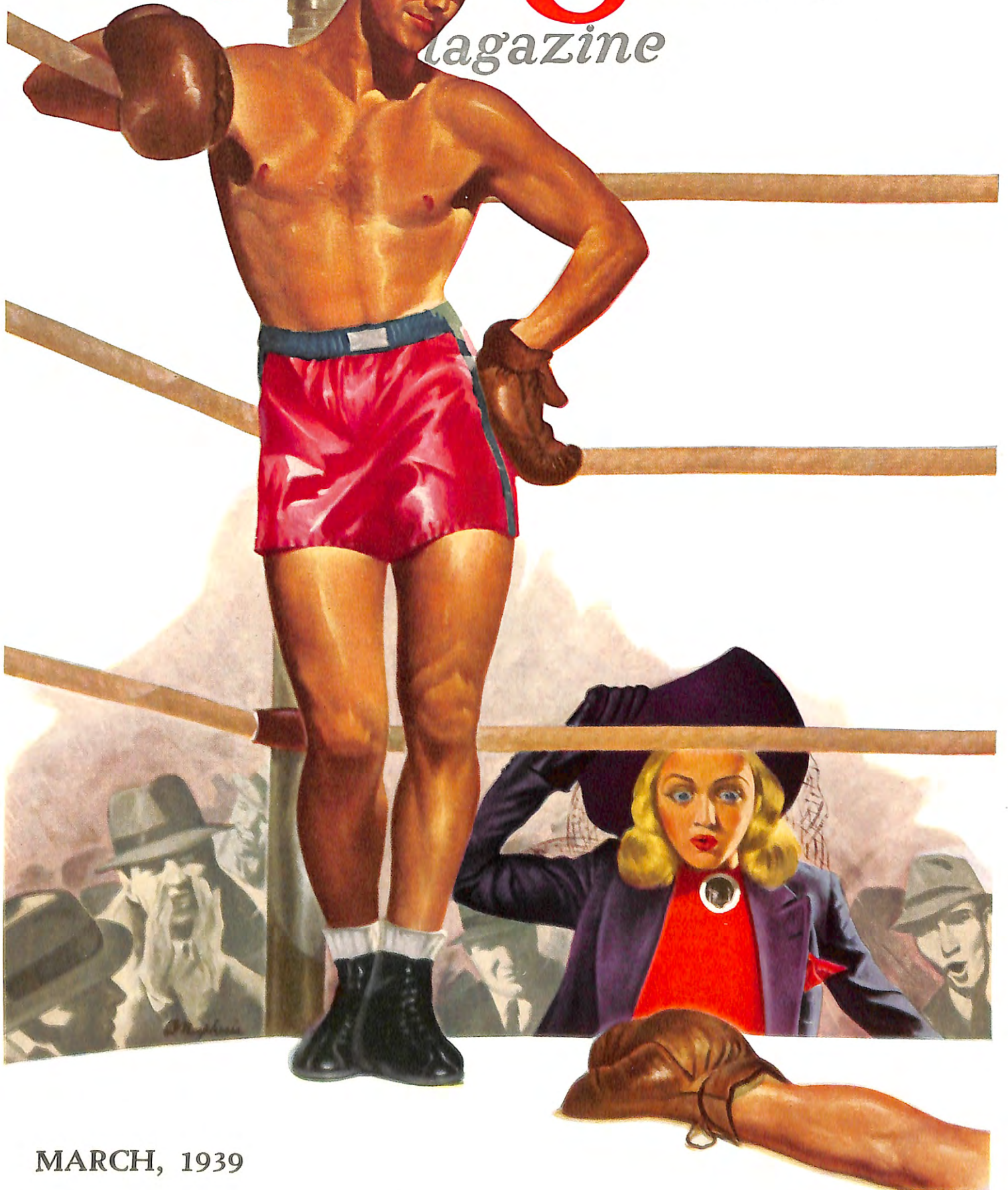


# *Tf* *Elks* Magazine



MARCH, 1939





*Nothing else  
will do—*

Chesterfields give me  
more pleasure than any  
cigarette I ever smoked

A HAPPY COMBINATION OF THE WORLD'S BEST TOBACCOS



# *A Message*

## from the **GRAND EXALTED RULER**

My Brothers:

As I write this monthly message to you I am driving between Galveston and Houston, Texas, enjoying the hospitality of fine people and the excellent Elks of this great State.

On the evening of January 24th I witnessed a very impressive event in the lodge room of Houston, Texas, Lodge No. 151. One hundred and six fine young Americans were initiated into the Order. The officers and members of Houston Lodge are setting an example that can be well followed by Elk lodges everywhere. Its growth during the last few months has been phenomenal.

How important these endeavors are can best be appreciated when one travels from State to State and learns from various authentic sources the great number of subversive and undemocratic activities that are being promoted. One cannot have this experience without thinking of the great importance of increasing the growth of Elkdom.

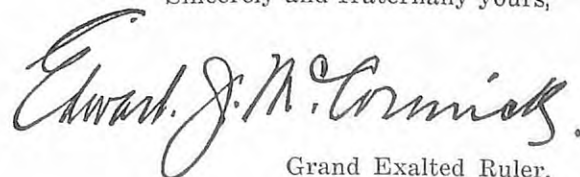
I am very happy because of the fine response that I am receiving from subordinate lodges in answer to my request for special activities during Americanism Week—March 1st to 8th. It is evident to me that the officers and members of subordinate lodges are fully aware of the growing threat to democracy and that Elks everywhere are rededicating themselves again to the preservation of the American Flag and all that it represents.

Let me urge you at this time to a continued effort against lapsation and a vigorous drive for reinstatement and new members. Every addition to the Order at this time means another soldier in the ranks of the Army of Democracy.

Let your activities during the first week of March be so outstanding that all citizens in your community and surrounding communities shall realize that Elkdom will never "give up the ship". I am pleased to tell you that civic projects in subordinate lodges are increasing in number and reinstatement committees are active and that a large number will be initiated into the Order during Americanism Week. Let every Exalted Ruler in every subordinate lodge take an active part.

I remind you once again of my request for outstanding Flag Day ceremonies this year. I hope that every Elk lodge in America will hold special ceremonies, outdoors if possible, and enlist and interest all patriotic organizations.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,



Grand Exalted Ruler.



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## 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

THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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# Traveling Elks

Will find splendid accommodations, hospitality, friendliness and reasonable rates in the Elks Clubs listed here.

## MAKE THEM YOUR HEAD-QUARTERS WHEN TRAVELING

- |  |   |
|--|---|
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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.

that old  
Velvet flavor  
sure keeps  
a pipe  
in tune



Better  
Smoking  
Tobacco

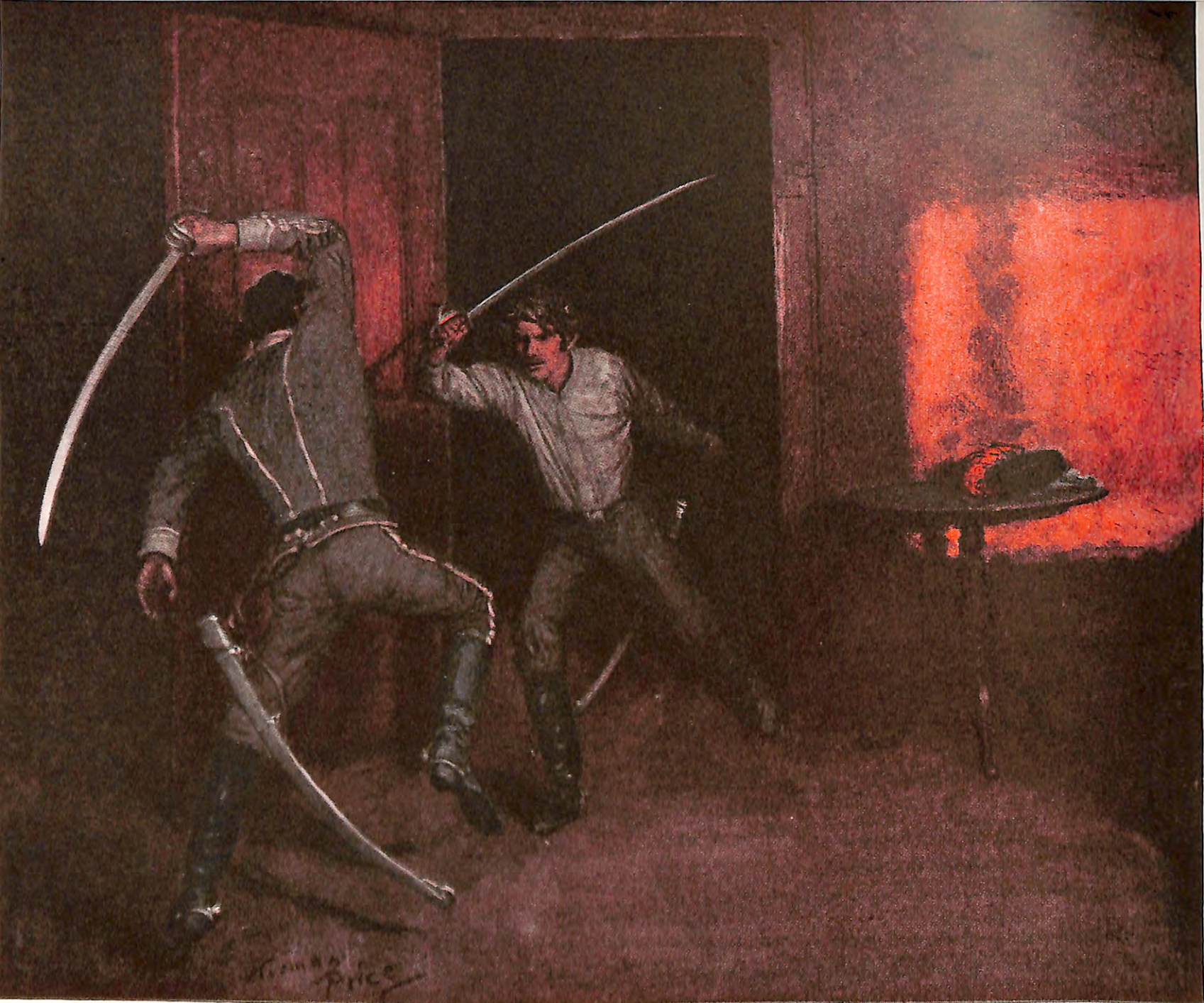
—the **MILDNESS**  
of fine old  
Kentucky Burley  
aged in wood

—the **FLAVOR**  
of pure maple  
sugar for extra  
good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe  
Rolls smooth in a cigarette  
Better tobacco  
for both

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**Lee is in retreat. The Confederacy is doomed. And in burning Richmond town two men fight for glory—and a girl.**

**by Moran Tudury**

**T**HE first time it happened the girl merely glared at me out of her tawny eyes. But the second time, she said in a low, fighting voice, "Will you stop that—you're annoying me dreadfully!" and everybody turned around to stare at me. I could feel my face on fire.

But I couldn't explain that my sword had prodded her because the crowd was pressing me in that jammed station, and I could see Colonel Trafford—who was standing at the President's side—trying to catch my eye. The train would pull out any minute now, and I had to get my orders from him.

My cousin Fitzroy said to the girl, "Something the matter, Miss Rodney?" and that tawny-eyed girl looked daggers at me.

She said something about "Southern chivalry—nonsense!" and it would have been funny, if this moment

hadn't been a very sad one, indeed, for all of us. Because this morning the President had received General Lee's telegram that his lines were broken at Petersburg, and we had all better get out of Richmond at once. Everyone in that crowd was solemn-faced, still—except the girl. And it came to me what a fine thing it would have been to have had her up to the Point when I was a cadet. But the Point was four years and more in the past.

I took one look at that girl's face before I pressed on to the Colonel's side. It wasn't a Southern girl's face—she was too fair, with hair like red flame, a flaming mouth, too, and those amazing leopard's eyes.

"The President wants to thank you personally," the Colonel's voice was telling me. "He asks only one favor more."

Before he could continue, another man was at his side, with his hand out—and it gave me a mournful feeling to see Mr. Davis standing there. He looked very tired, except for his eyes which were kindly and twinkling still.

"You young men mustn't be downcast, Captain," he said, shaking my hand. "General Lee thinks it best for us to give up the Capital—but that doesn't mean we've lost. Right now, I want to thank you—to thank all my aides. Goodbye—for a little while."

I felt very proud, and wished my father had been



# NIGHT of Swords



there to see it all, because—before his death at Chancellorsville—he had been a very great admirer of Jefferson Davis. Colonel Trafford drew me aside and gave me my last instructions. First he handed me a long, folded envelope. I knew what it was, because I had been told I was to hold it until it was called for. It was the Confederate cipher code, and they had apologized for asking a soldier to wait the coming of the spy to whom it was to be turned over. But there really wasn't any choice—very few members of the administration would be left in Richmond.

I stuck it under my jacket and the Colonel nodded approvingly.

"The favor for the President is quite simple," he told me. "First let me give you an order. Before this train trip is over we'll take to the road. I don't have to tell you what it would mean to the Federal Government to capture Mr. Davis. For a long time there has been a very active Yankee agent in Richmond. Too many of our plans have been revealed to the enemy for us not to know that. If you can, find that agent. We don't want him to set anyone on Mr. Davis' trail."

I saluted carefully.

Then a slight touch of amusement came into his face. "The President's favor is really a favor to you, Carey. It's that young Yankee girl whose carriage was apprehended on the Plank Road. She had no business there,

*Then he lost his head and swung his blade to finish me. I saw the slash coming.*

and she had seen a great deal. So we brought her into Richmond. She is a distant relative of Mr. Lonsderry's, so we've given her every courtesy. But we can't, obviously, take her with us."

An exciting idea was beginning to come into my mind, but I said nothing.

"Take her back to the President's house. Keep her there until you can turn her over to her own side—gracefully."

I said, "She is—?" and stopped.

Even then I knew what was coming before he spoke. "Miss Rodney," was what he said. "Honora Rodney. Over there, standing with your cousin Fitzroy. Between you, you ought to keep her from boredom."

I cursed Cousin Fitzroy very soundly, and the impulse that had brought him from his Border State home in Kentucky to serve at Richmond.

Colonel Trafford returned my salute, and I heard his last words, "Remember the code. Someone will call for it. He will say 'Stonewall'. That will identify him. And remember to overhaul that Yankee agent, too, if you can. Nobody must spoil the President's plans now!"

Then all at once the locomotive was puffing out of the station, and by contrast the crowd seemed more hushed



and mournful than ever. I knew there was a lump in my throat, too, but at least I had a distraction. Because now I was walking toward that tawny-eyed girl, and it didn't please me, the familiar way Cousin Fitzroy stood there, gloves in one hand resting on his sword.

The girl had a small, beribboned hat box in one hand, and I decided to act as if nothing had happened between us. So I saluted, clicking my heels the way we'd been taught to do at the Military Academy.

"I am instructed to escort you to Mr. Davis' house," I said. "My name is Richard Carey. May I carry that hat-box for you?"

I reached for it. Reached—and that was all, because, with flashing speed, she snatched it away, her clenched fingers white as she gripped it. All the color had whipped from her cheeks and her parted lips were moist and red.

I was shocked. It was so odd the way she had done it. Then that accursed Fitzroy only added insult to injury.

"Dick," he said in that arrogant way of his, "be a good fellow and find a carriage, will you? I'll stay here with Honora till you return."

**I** REALLY did not expect it of him, but he insisted on driving the carriage for us when I had found one with no coachman. He may have wanted to show off, because he drove the horses at a hell-bent speed, turning to look back and note the effect on the girl and talking all the time. But it was worth it to me to be sitting at her side. I had seen Cousin Fitzroy drunk before.

She was preoccupied, staring at the streets flashing past, and, indeed, there was much to stare at. It made my heart sick to see the packing-cases on the sidewalk, and the way every possible vehicle was being utilized in the flight before the coming of the Yankees. What people couldn't take they were destroying. All the way up Capitol Hill, on that wild, rocking ride, we saw the noisy, crowded exodus.

"I'm glad of the chance to explain," I told the girl, but from the blank look in those striking eyes I could see she hadn't heard me. So I yelled it over the uproar, "I wasn't being rude! It was my sword!" I tapped the saber I held across my knee.

But even then she couldn't have heard me, because she said impatiently, "Nonsense—it's too late for that now. All the fighting's over." She thought I was playing tin soldier, too.

So I relaxed, feeling rather helpless. And it didn't improve matters to hear that drunken Fitz yelling, "The blackguards! If I lay my hand on that Yankee agent—" Colonel Trafford had asked him to be on the lookout, too, then.

He was lashing the horses like mad now, scattering pickaninnies right and left. I was about to yell to the fool when something changed my mind. It was at the corner that the inside wheels grazed the curb, flung the carriage around and just as abruptly threw that red-haired girl into my arms. I grabbed her, and she clung to me. I felt her body close and warm. She was not frightened, only annoyed again, and I knew then she was like no girl I had ever held in my arms.

She was still against my side when the carriage lurched to a halt before the President's white-columned house. She drew herself away slowly, and when I looked at her left hand, I began to laugh at what it still held.

"That hat-box means a lot to you, doesn't it?"

I don't know why, but she lost some of her assurance. She paled a little as I handed her down to the carriage-block.

Fitz came around, tying the horses to the post. Then he pulled off his hat and swept the plume low.

"Welcome," he was booming it out. "What's the matter, Dick—can't you carry the lady's baggage!" He reached over for it, but she snatched it back, as she had from me.

A certain owlsh wonder distorted his expression. "Allow me," he insisted.

There was nothing to do but step between them. I told him, "You're annoying Miss Rodney."

He looked at me, and I could see his careless mouth

twitch. "No," he said. "You were the one annoying her." He repeated it with a certain clumsy astuteness. "It was something about a hat-box."

There was no further need to argue, because she swept past up the broad steps; and I could see we were both a couple of fools. I swung away, following her, to bang the knocker. I didn't look at her, because I didn't want to fight with this sort of girl.

They were a long time answering the door, those inside. I was a bit nettled when old Cæsar's cotton-ball hair and white rolling eyeballs showed around the door.

"Let us in!" I snapped. "What's the matter with you? Can't Mr. Davis leave his house for a few days without the place going to ruin? When he comes back—"

The girl stood at my side, and her leopard's eyes looked at me as she said softly, "Oh, no—he won't come back. All that's over."

Then she walked in ahead of me, still clutching that damned, beribboned box. Behind, I could hear Cousin Fitz as he staggered up the steps.

"That damned Yank agent—I'll cut his heart out!"

We dined late and it was a devilish meal, with the roar of the panic out there in the streets, and the fluttering candlelight falling over the ghostly, covered furniture and the flushed face of Fitz staring at the girl. Now and then, somewhere outside, sounded dull explosions, and I knew they were firing the powder magazines. By midnight Richmond would be hell itself.

I wasn't thinking of General Lee any more, or the Army of Northern Virginia. But I was doing a lot of thinking about the Yankee secret agent I was to look out for, about the cipher I must give the unknown who would come with that one word, 'Stonewall'. And I was thinking about the girl, Honora Rodney.

Fitz sat opposite her, slumped heavily into himself. He had found more liquor somewhere, and he was drunker than I'd ever seen him. He roused suddenly and tried to get hold of himself. He said to the girl, "Carey and I are looking for a damned Yankee spy." He hiccupped. "I will cut his heart out."

The girl's eyes met his scornfully. "You said that before, sir."

Fitz blinked, taken aback. His flush deepened. "I forgot," he said with inane dignity. "I forgot—you are a Yankee." But he checked himself quickly enough. He was taken with the girl and didn't mean to be offensive. "Of course, you aren't a damn' Yank." He picked up his glass, lurched to his feet and stood swaying over the table. "Drink a little toast. Y'don't mind?" He bellowed at me, "Drink up, Cousin Carey. Up, man!"

There was nothing for it but to stand.

He held his glass. "To our guest. To the one who has won—won Cousin Fitz's heart. To Honora—to her charms and"—he added brilliantly—"her arms!"

"Fitz!" I said between my teeth.

The flush on him was something bad and vicious now. "And to her white neck—"

Then I threw my glass in his face.

**H**E wiped his sleeve across his eyes; there was a spot of bright blood where the glass had cut his cheek. He drew himself erect, very ludicrously, indeed. Then he bowed low and perilously to the girl.

"Little joke—just a little"—he groped for a word—"pleasantry. Offer—every apology." Then he turned, gave me a befuddled glare, murmured, "Damn you, Cousin Carey," and went reeling over to the staircase. Once more he bowed toward the girl, then went lurching and stumbling up the stairs, clinging to the rail.

For a few minutes neither of us spoke. Cæsar was getting the broken glass up, and I stood and watched him stupidly.

When he was gone I looked at the girl. She had not returned to her seat, but stood in the candlelight, cool, undisturbed. She was not alarmed, but rather proud in the way she held herself. And, as I stood there, she put one hand, slim and white, on my arm.

"It was nothing," I said lamely. "He was terribly drunk. He didn't really mean . . ."

But those tawny eyes were full on mine now, and she



knew that I lied in my teeth. She knew he had meant it, but she wasn't afraid, only a little amused.

I dropped my hand over hers, and she didn't misunderstand that, either. It wasn't simply protective, that gesture. It was because her warmth drew me to her. I was saying something absurd about her not becoming afraid of Fitz . . . and then, suddenly, I was kissing her.

She didn't fight me. It was her limpness, and my returning sensibility, that made me release her. When I raised my eyes she was standing there, one hand behind her—as if she braced herself against the table. I could see the rise and fall of her breasts, and when I met her gaze, mine faltered.

Anger was in those eyes, but not anger alone. They mocked me, and saw through me, but they did not despise me.

"It's all right," she said in a low voice. "Let's not have any more scenes. I'm not—very angry."

I went up the staircase with her, and she didn't make any protest about that. And, a man being what he is, my self-reproach began to leave me.

"I love you," I told her quickly. "Such a thing has never happened to me. I want—"

She had her back turned to the bed chamber, her hoopskirts flattened against the panels. She was looking at me, in a different way now. For the first time I could see a question there in those yellow-brown eyes.

"I think you do," she said levelly. "And I—"

I came toward her instantly, but she held me off with the other hand. A slight smile curved her lips.

thing—I have no idea what—brought me suddenly awake, sitting up in bed. But, once awake, my hand went instantly beneath my pillow to reassure myself that the Confederate cipher was still there. My hand went there, but it did not reassure me at all. The sheet was cold and smooth—and bare. The cipher was gone.

I was out of bed with my heart beating wildly. Vaguely it came to me that the night was red with fire. But I didn't dwell on that, either. I was scrambling across the floor, finding a candle, lighting it feverishly. I kept telling myself the cipher had fallen to the floor, that I would find it—all I had to do was look for it!

And I did look, for ten terrible minutes, but I did not find it; and I stood there in the middle of the floor, cursing the fate that had ever brought me into this world.

It was when I was pulling on my trousers and boots that I found my pistols were gone, too. I didn't even wait to pull on my jacket then, but I was buckling on my sword belt as I ran out into the hall. For a minute I stood there listening. Then I went down the stairs hurriedly.

I don't know what I expected to find, but what I did was a surprise. The front door was still bolted, from the inside. So were the rear doors. It didn't take five minutes to discover the truth—there wasn't a door or window that wasn't securely locked.

I thought, "It's that Yank agent . . . and he's in here. He hasn't gotten away."

And then I stumbled over the body on the rear stairs.

I scrambled to my feet, my hands wet with blood. I was trembling when I lurched across the pitch-black

*He was lashing the horses like mad now, scattering pickaninnies to right and left.*



Illustrated by NORMAN PRICE

"Not now, Carey, I'll see you again in the morning." "But we can't stay here, if the Yankees come tonight!" I cried.

"They won't hurt me," she said, laughing at me, "because I am a Yankee. We'll celebrate together!"

That hurt, but I let it pass. "Couldn't I talk to you for a minute—"

"In the morning," she repeated. Behind her, in the room, I could see the hat-box. She looked up, caught my gaze, then whitened again in that odd way. Next instant, she had whirled and shut the door. I heard the inside bolt slide to.

Then I went up the corridor to my own room, to lie down for a couple of hours. And until I fell asleep I could hear the dull, booming explosions of the magazine.

It couldn't have been later than midnight when some-

body was in the kitchen, groping for a candle. God knows I had dishonored enough on my hands now, but in my heart was only one prayer . . . that the body would not be Honora's.

The candlelight broke warm and golden over what lay there, and I looked down at the black man, Caesar. He was covered with blood, and I could see it on his lips. The whites of the eyes that rolled back were yellow-amber in the candle-glow.

His thick lips twitched faintly, and he said two words before he died.

"Up dere," was what he said.

I stood up, and slid my saber out, then, with the candle in my left hand, I went slowly up the stairs.

I came to Fitz's room, found it unlocked and went in. He sat up, as I entered, and blinked confusedly.

"Get up," I told him. "There's (Continued on page 41)



# Show business

Above is a new Glamour Girl for Hollywood's collection, Isa Miranda, as she appears in "Hotel Imperial" with Ray Milland. "Hotel Imperial" is a story which takes place in 1916 while the armies of Russia and Austria are locked in struggle. Miss Miranda is out for vengeance against an unknown man, but she finds love with a man she should hate. Whee-ee!

Right: Ethel Merman makes a violent attempt to vamp Richard Carlson, a new juvenile, in the musical, "Stars in Your Eyes", in which she and "Schnozzle" Durante are starring. Miss Merman is her usual rhythmic self and Mr. Durante is more strident than ever. The music is good, the sets are fine and Miss Tamara Toumanova, the ballet dancer, lends tone and class to the entire proceedings.

Below are Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, in a scene from "The American Way", a play which is packing them into the immense Center Theatre at Rockefeller Center. "The American Way" deals with an humble German immigrant who comes to this country and by hard work becomes wealthy and respected. He dies valiantly fighting against the menace of fascism and to save the American way of living.





Right are George Coulouris, Thomas P. Dillon, Jessica Tandy and Liam Redmond in "The White Steed", a gay and warming play about the Catholic Church and the problems it faces today in Eire (Ireland to us). Barry Fitzgerald gives a magnificent performance in the starring part, as a lovable and earthy Pastor.



Right: Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce and a dead body as all three appear in a film made from the famous Sherlock Holmes story, "The Hound of the Baskervilles". Mr. Rathbone is this Department's idea of a perfect choice for the slightly sinister Mr. Holmes.



Left: James Stewart, Joan Crawford and Lew Ayres in M-G-M's picture, "The Ice Follies of 1939", a gay and colorful ice-skating extravaganza. Miss Crawford is a dream skating and Messrs. Stewart and Ayres, while not precisely dreams, are hot stuff on ice.



Right: Gene Lockhart, Don Ameche, Charles Coburn and Henry Fonda in the Twentieth Century-Fox film, "Alexander Graham Bell", an autobiographical motion picture of the life of the man who invented the telephone, thereby adding immeasurable complications to an already over-complex civilization.







# THE

# Sea Otters

**A deep-sea diver with a feeling of responsibility for wild life can go a long way — almost to Alcatraz!**

**by M. O'Moran**

**W**HEN the sardine reduction industry came to Monterey, the old Spanish capital of the Californias, it rubbed out the romantic traditions that it found there and brought its own setting to the place. It brought the dark Sicilians to Alvarado Street, a fleet of picturesque fishing boats onto the bay, and out on the horizon the sharp surveillance of the Coast Guard cutters. And it also brought Gar Langard, the deep-sea diver, to repair its submarine pipes and to grope the bottom for lost anchors and broken moorings. Gar Langard, with a sailor's knowledge of winds and waves, and a diver's experience of the sea floor. The slow-moving, slow-thinking Nordic stood apart in his Italian-Slavonic surroundings. He gave his boat an American name, the *Spindrift*, and took on a crew of husky ex-soldiers and a tall, gangling boy. Through gray fogs and hot sunshine alike, the diver submerged in the muddy inshore waters, and when the harbor jobs were done there was the abalone fishing off the Point Sur coast, invariably a diver's work. And always, in the long nights down at the Knotty Palm, there was the planning for the recovery of sunken treasure.

With all this occupation there was little need for the deep-sea diver to do the government's sleuthing, too. The Coast Guard cutters, together with the city police, the county sheriff and the fish and game commission, could do that. But Gar thought there was. For the day came when he had a report to make, and his idea of a report was to turn in the evidence before he spoke. Too often had he seen his words doubted because he had no evidence to back them up. Who had believed him that day off the Santa Cruz shore when he blew himself up to the surface to get away from a sea serpent? Nobody. Another time, down at the bar of the Knotty Palm he had related an episode with the dreaded black fish, and they had all grinned over the

glasses of the whiskey he was paying for and said, "You're goofy." Okay. Why tell them about the sea otters then, that he had found down in the abalone fields off Point Sur? Ask them, and he'd find out that they knew all about them now. They'd know that the Russians had exterminated the sea otters all of a hundred years ago, had killed them off by the tens of thousands, and when the last brown pelt was gone, the Russians, too, had left California, left it to the Spaniards as you'd toss over an empty bottle to a thirsty enemy and then go away. And knowing this, the Monterey waterfront would know it all. You could tell them nothing. The sea otter was gone, exterminated, wiped out as surely as the sperm whale from the California coast, the Atlantic salmon, the stellar sea cow. But show them the sea otter coat that that lady who drove to church was wearing; show them the man who had killed the sea otters to sell her the skins, and who was still killing them to sell the skins to other women; find the furrier who had made the skins up into a coat, get all this evidence first and then give out the information that the sea otter was breeding again down at the Point Sur abalone fields a hundred years after their extermination. Gar breathed heavily and decided to sleuth before he spoke. That his sleuthing would fit into abalone fishing made it all the easier for him.

The peremptory blasts from the packing sheds cut through the cold air of a crisp October morning when Gar took the wheel of his boat, the *Spindrift*, and turned her toward the open sea. His square face, weathered to a coppery gold, looked back for a brief glance at the long line of smoke-stacks on Cannery Row. Gar had repaired every submarine pipe, every purse seiner's moorings so solidly well that he had worked himself out of all jobs for the season. There was nothing left now but abalone fishing.

The *Spindrift* rounded Point Pinos, and Monterey faded from sight. With the wind in his face and the rising sun beginning to glint the water, Gar's thoughts went out to the sea otters, and the man who was picking them off. Fifteen fathoms down in the cold water off Point Sur he had first noticed the sea otters. They came around the diver to get abalones. In the beginning Gar had tossed several to them, and, since then, they clustered around him like tame chickens. Although he knew they could not hear him, he called them to him by name. There were Sophie and Elsa and Hilda. They





came closest and got most. They took the abalones to the surface to eat them. And when they weren't eating abalones they were floating on their backs fast asleep. To the casual eye they were just some more sea lions, but to Gar who saw them with the knowledge acquired in years of diving, they were the supposedly extinct sea otters, the hardy survivors of a long-past massacre. And over and above that, they were underseas companions to him in an element where everything else was fiercely antagonistic.

The diving boat ripped through the water with the sound of tearing silk. On the one side of it, a low bank of fog lay along the horizon and completely blotted out the Coast Guard cutter, if indeed there was one around that morning, and on the other side, the Santa Lucia mountains rose massive and tawny from the water, and the surf creamed over the black rocks at their base, a lonely, desolate coast with only the new San Simeon highway cut into its bare, precipitous slopes. Gar's eyes swept over the clear, sunlit waters. Where was the hunter, and where was his boat—the man who was killing off the sea otters and selling the pelts at the back doors of Monterey homes? Gar saw the Point Sur shoreline, saw the sea otters playing in the water, and the gray pelicans brooding on the rocks. But nowhere did he see a lone fisherman with a rifle.

His three tenders, red-headed Snort and black-browed Mike, and the boy, Alec, watched him curiously. The *Spindrift* dropped

*Gar worked down to fifteen fathoms in the cold, clear, green water off Point Sur.*



anchor in the shelter of the Point Sur Rock. Mike and Alec turned to lay out the diving gear, but Snort spoke to the diver.

"You lookin' for something, Gar?"

"Yah, I'm lookin' for something." It occurred then to Gar that a sleuth invariably has an assistant. He turned a contemplative eye on Snort. It was Gar who had made Snort into a tender, a good tender, second only to Ivan, gone to Alaska now. Why couldn't he make Snort into a good assistant? A man who had spent three years in the Eleventh Cavalry up at the Monterey Presidio ought to be something of a sleuth already.

"I'm lookin' to see a man in a boat shootin' at sea otters." Gar's voice came slow and heavy over the soft wash of the water and the low rhythm of the air compressor.

"Gosh," said Snort. "You are, are you?"

"Yah."

"Why?" asked Snort. "Why would you want to see that, seein' there's no man, no boat, nor no otters?"

"Because there yoost is," corrected Gar. And then he showed Snort the little colony of sea otters that was drifting through the kelp beds, and which Snort had taken to be sea lions. He told him about the lady who was wearing the sea otter coat to church every Sunday. Snort listened attentively. The sun beat down on his face and brought out fresh and larger freckles on a pink and windburned skin, while Mike and the boy at the other end of the boat relaxed to the low drone of Gar's voice and stretched out into a restful slumber.

"If it's all as true as you make it sound," said Snort, "there'd be a reward from the government. Did you think of that?"

"No, I didn't," Gar scratched his head. "Yoost what would the reward be for?"

"For gettin' the man," said Snort. "If them animals is extinct there's bound to be a law protectin' them. There always is. We'll look that up first, and then when we know how we stand, we'll go ahead. I'd go a long way for a little ready cash."

"Okay," said Gar.

**S**ATISFIED to let the first day's sleuthing rest there; he got under way with the abalone fishing. It was a long day without incident. Except this: Hilda, the largest and the tamest of the sea otters, was absent from the underseas largess. Hilda was gone. Gar worked down in sixty feet of water in long periods of from one to two hours, pried the big shell-fish loose from their hold on the rocks and sent up basket after basket of them, and all the time he chafed under the knowledge that Hilda was gone. Tomorrow, perhaps, he would miss Elsa. And then the others. One by one. And one by one, more ladies in Monterey would be wearing sea otter coats. The Presidio bristling with bayonets, the Coast Guard cutters hot on the trail of dope, the police raiding vice dens, and the fish and game commission busy computing the tax on fish landings. But no one concerned with the sea otter, and their strange and secret return to their place in the sea. No one but Gar Langard, the deep-sea diver. Yah.

Snort proved himself an able assistant. Within twenty-four hours, and without incurring the expense of even a drink, he dug out the fact that there was a law which included sea otters in its wide wording and carried a fine of a thousand dollars. The deep-sea diver and his tender went down to the patio of the old Customs House to discuss it. The pepper trees scratching against the adobe wall made a pleasant shade from the noonday sun, and little gusts of wind, flavored with tar, fish and Diesel oil, kept them safe from the spell of the old-time siesta that hangs over this spot. Snort, with his army background, was quick in taking over command of the sleuthing. He, Snort, having had a soldier's experience with women, would trail the lady and secure the coat. Gar, meanwhile, would catch the killer at his work and shadow him to his hide-out, wherever that may be.

"I'll get the coat. You get the man," said Snort. "As for findin' the furrier what made up the coat—well, let



Illustrated by RONALD McLEOD

the cops do something. We'll leave that job to them."

Gar stared out the open side of the patio to the scene it framed—the old, wooden wharf with its ramshackle sheds, and the huddle of fishing boats bobbing on the blue water.

"Maybe ve don't need the coat," he said after a thoughtful pause. "It could be enough to get the man. Not the coat, and not the furrier. Yoost the man."

"No, we got to have the coat, too," insisted Snort. "To show that you caught the man shootin' at a sea otter is not enough. He could claim that he thought it was a sea lion that he was shootin' at, seein' there ain't no sea otters. Nor no law against shootin' sea lions. But if we prove, by the coat, that he's sellin' the pelts and that people is wearin' them, that don't leave him no alibi at all. No, to get the coat is more important, and maybe harder, than to get the man."

"Okay," said Gar. After all, Snort was smart. Snort should know. And having seen the lady once, having followed the coat on her back to the very doors of the old Mission San Carlos de Borromeo one Sunday morning, Gar was glad enough to turn that part of the job over to Snort. She wasn't the kind of lady one talked to. You might see her picture in the society page of the *Peninsula Herald*, or you might see her dog taking up the whole back seat of a big car, or you might even know the girl who cooked for her. But you wouldn't know her. And if you were to step up and speak to her, however politely, she was as likely as not to call a cop and cuddle her dog while she watched you being jerked off to jail. Okay, let Snort get the coat.

Knowing the hunter would never operate while the diving boat was around, Gar halted his abalone fishing and took his old Ford down the San Simeon highway in the late afternoon of the following day to a point that overlooked the Big Sur beaches. He parked his car in the curve of the road where it would be concealed from the uneasy eyes of anyone down below, and, walking out to the edge of the cliff, threw himself flat into the thick growth of furze. Here he commanded a sweep-





ing view of the beaches and the water, and of the little colony of sea otters, gentle and playful as porpoises in the shallow, inshore waters. Ignoring Snort's advice, he carried no weapons, not even his diving knife. His two fists had always served him in all topside emergencies, and could continue to serve him.

He lay there for a long time watching the sea otters. There were not many, hardly more than ninety, but he knew that each day now there was going to be less. The brave little sea otter, which the Russians had so thoroughly shot from the sea, was facing a second and perhaps complete extermination at the hand of a furtive fisherman and the vanity of a few women. This stupidity of his own generation in upsetting the balance of life in the sea filled Gar with a vague trouble. He looked into the years ahead and saw the beaches strewn with rotted fishing boats, and the sun beating down on lifeless seas. His breathing deepened over these probabilities, and while he lay there hour after hour without seeing anything of unusual interest, his resolve to stop this new slaughter of the sea otters hardened into a stronger urge than either the desire to establish his own veracity or the hope of securing a reward.

The light faded out over land and sea, and when he could no longer distinguish objects below, Gar rose heavily to his feet and went home. The second and the third day he took up his watch again. But however he searched, there was nothing beyond the customary solitude of the Point Sur coast—the long, blue roll of the Pacific, the outlying bank of fog, the gray pelicans waiting for the twilight. And always the sea otters. With the dogged patience of his race, Gar came down again on the fourth day. And on the fourth day he at last saw all he had been waiting to see—saw a man dragging a small boat down over the sand, launching it and taking the oars. Gar sprang to his feet. His first impulse was to plunge in after him and haul him back. But even if he had been on the beach he could not have reached him. The boat shot out into the water and approached the little group of sea otters floating

*"You kidnaped me," she screamed. "It's Alcatraz for that and I'll not raise a finger to stop it!"*

on their backs. Gar watched and waited. Had the hunter looked up, he might have seen the diver standing on the cliff, and paused. But he didn't look up. He was too intent on reaching the sea otters without alarming them. As he neared them, he shipped his oars and let the boat drift.

There he was, just as Gar had known he would be—a man in a boat with a rifle to his shoulder. The long, blue barrel gleamed in the low light of the setting sun. Fisherman or hunter, he was a good marksman. He picked off his sea otter with one shot, secured the carcass and towed it in. The rest of the colony sounded, and were gone. Gar, wondering if the fellow really knew what it was he had killed, clambered down the side of the cliff and was standing on the beach when the boat came in.

"Give me a hand with the boat." There was a rich, ringing quality in the hunter's voice that Gar would have warmed to under different circumstances, at the Knotty Palm, say, or chewing on old yarns out in the sunshine on Fishermen's Wharf. But this was a poor time for friendliness. Nevertheless, Gar came forward and helped him pull the boat up on the beach, the carcass of the sea otter dragging behind it.

"Yoost what have you got there?" asked Gar.

"A sea lion." The man, like Snort, might have been a soldier at one time. He was lithe and quick, and looked Gar directly in the eye when he spoke.

"That ain't no sea lion," said Gar.

"It might be," replied the hunter carelessly.

"It ain't," said Gar, "and you know it ain't."

"What's it to you what it is?" All the pleasantness went suddenly out of the man. He shot a quick, penetrating glance at Gar and his voice dropped to a growl. "Who the hell are you, anyway?"

"Me, I'm Gar Langard, the (Continued on page 42)



**D**ON'T sell rattlesnakes short.

That's the advice of W. A. (Snake) King, who might be termed the Babcock and the Morgan of the rattlesnake world, since he is the biggest dealer in this odd commodity, and an authority on its business trends.

The rattlesnake business is on a definitely upward swing right now, King says, as he sits in his office at Snakeville, down at the southern tip of the Nation in Brownsville, Texas, and opens the morning orders from the gekes throughout the land.

A few years ago it looked like the geke had counted out his string of beads and run his bag of tricks. But, like labor trouble, he is having a revival. With the first upward surge of stocks on the market, the geke found to his joy that a handful of spectators came around once more. He quit force-feeding and nursing his ancient rattler and financed a new one. He invested, in other words, in his business future.

The geke, in case you don't know, is the man in the pit. The pit in this instance is not a place where they sell grain, but a place where they keep snakes in side shows. And as long as there is a pit, there's going to be a rattlesnake in it, for the dry, sinister whir of his rattles is what fascinates the customers and brings them thronging to watch, wondering whether the snake is going to bite the man, or the man bite the snake.

It's an old game, but it has a crop of new fans each year.

Even if the Chinese market for rattlesnakes, to be boiled and packed away in bottles to make medicine, is definitely shot to pieces by the war, the sudden demand from gekes throughout the country has brought a revival in rattlesnakes, King reports.

It's hard on the snakes, but nobody seems to worry about that. The steady search for new material has cleaned out the supply of rattlers in so many of the domestic producing areas that the foreign article is now supplying the bulk of the trade, King says. So far, no effort to produce the rattler under cultivation has been started, but it may be next on the list.

**K**ING broke into the snake business about the turn of the century in California when he and George Blanchard struck it rich in a Chinese lottery. That was in Frisco, and the prize they got was \$18.75. They invested in a den of snakes, Blanchard becoming the Australian wild girl, and King, the banker. They have each had a finger in snakes from that day to this, and Blanchard has operated in Brownsville also for most of the past thirty years. He and King were partners for a time.

For thirty years King has been supplying a large part of the Nation's demand for rattlesnakes. He was attracted to the southern tip of Texas by the fact that you could go out in the back yard and whistle up a couple of dozen rattlers almost any morning.

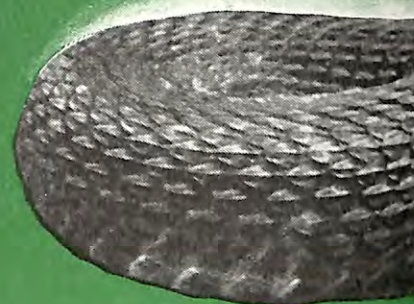
That condition is no more—due largely to King. But the location still is satisfactory, as it is a logical point for importing stock from Mexico.

If you think handling rattlesnakes is just a cold-blooded business without its human side, you are mistaken. King points to the softer moments in the business. He was particularly touched during the first Depression by the letters that came in from gekes of the country.

"We would get a pitiful order for one snake from a geke who used to have a standing order for a new den every month," King says. "Or perhaps a man who had stood high in the profession would write and plead for a dozen assorted on the cuff. It was touching, and we carried some of the boys through."

He doesn't say what happened to the others. Maybe they went out and ate their lean rattlers before going on relief. At any rate, they didn't have to worry about feeding their brood, for a rattlesnake in captivity does not eat. Long ago gekes tried to feed them, sometimes

# Snakes in the Grass



by Hart Stillwell

**"You gotta be careful in Texas," says Mr. "Snake" King. "'cause there's a rattler in 'most every woodpile."**

by force. But the snakes didn't respond. They just got a far-away look in their eyes and went right ahead and died after a month or six weeks. That's why there is such a steady demand for new ones.

The suicidal fast which the rattlesnake starts the day he is captured is due partly to the removal of his fangs, but not entirely to that. He would probably eat in captivity if he were placed in a large cage where the natural conditions of his former home were duplicated. Such handling is not practical, however.

It's touching, if you look at it from the rattlesnake's point of view. But most people don't. There has been no record so far of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals taking a hand in the matter, in spite of the fact that thousands of rattlers starve to death in captivity every month.

Most of the rattlesnakes used in shows today have their fangs removed. In many States laws require it. Such laws came into being a long time ago, after a few rattlers with their fangs in working order slipped out and nailed a customer here or there.

The removal of fangs is a delicate operation which at first was not thoroughly understood. Also it is dangerous. Blanchard did it for years, and was bitten only four times, partly due to his own carelessness.





*Black Star*

The rattler has an active or functional pair of fangs, then a half-developed pair just back of these, and then six sets of rudimentary fangs. If he happens to sink the big fangs in something and can't get them out, he jerks them off, and the next set start to grow up to proper size for business operations.

In the early days of defanging, snake men didn't know about all these little fangs. The results were sometimes fatal, for snakes would grow another set of fangs and promptly hit a geke, who would usually die because he didn't bother to treat the wound.

At Snakeville, King gets all sorts of orders for snakes, and a man has to be versed in the lingo of the business to fill them. You have to be careful in filling rattlesnake orders. Men have died because of mistakes (not on the part of Snakeville).

You will perhaps get an order saying, "Rush ten dollar den glommers." Well, glommers aren't a kind of a snake. They are a size of snake—little fellows suitable for swallowing. The glommer is at once the most repulsive (to the average person) and the most remarkable of the gekes. He is the man who swallows snakes. And without exception every glommer has at one time been a glass blower, at which trade he developed a vast pocket or air pouch in his throat.

The glommer will hold a tiny snake up over his head and slowly let it slip down his throat. Then he will swallow, pat his stomach, smack his lips and look around for applause. The snake is in his air pouch.

The original Snako, first man to do this trick, at times used small rattlesnakes and didn't bother about their fangs. One of them bit him in the throat one day and he came near dying from the swelling, which threatened to cut off his breathing. He had his snakes defanged after that.

With the fading of glass blowing, the glommer is becoming a rarity. He will soon follow the spitball-pitcher into oblivion.

At Snakeville orders are watched carefully. A telegram came through one day from a small town in North Carolina. It read, "Send fifteen dollar not fixed snakes."

"Fixed" means defanged.

The telegram was read, the order filled, the telegram read again and the order shipped. Along with it went a letter explaining what was in the box. This is an invariable rule.

The geke received his letter with his supply of snakes. But letters from Snakeville were such a routine with him that he thrust this one unopened into his pocket.



He tore the lid from the box of snakes and began rudely jerking them out. One of them reached out and smacked him on the arm. The geke paid little attention to the bite at the time, thinking it was just the harmless teeth of the rattler that had cut into his arm a little. But shortly afterward he began to feel sick, and by the time he realized what had happened he was too far gone to be saved.

Lawsuits followed, and out came the telegram. As originally written it read, "Send fifteen dollar *lot* fixed snakes." As received at Snakeville it read, "Send

fifteen dollar *not* fixed snakes." And so it goes in the life of a geke or a glommer or a snake dealer.

As I mentioned just before, the rattlesnake has teeth in addition to fangs. Teeth are necessary in swallowing, and are harmless. When the geke lets the snake bite him on the wrist and then shows the tiny wounds, it is the teeth, not the fangs, that make these skin breaks.

The life cycle of a rattlesnake from the time it is born until it dies in a geke's den is frequently an eventful one, and should probably be traced briefly in order to cast more light on the tricks of this odd profession.

Rattlesnakes are born alive, the number in a litter ranging from forty to a hundred and fifty. This is about five times as many young as there are in the average litter of non-poisonous snakes, the larger number of rattlers being necessary to perpetuate the species in view of the heavy toll of young taken by enemies, particularly the chaparral cock and hawks.

At certain times of the year females shipped to Snakeville give birth to young there. The young snakes are promptly killed, otherwise they would cause no end of trouble. King estimates a hundred thousand of them have been killed at Snakeville in his thirty years there.

**I**N his native state the little rattler is a frequent feeder. He eats mostly small bugs, seeking larger game as he grows. When he nears maturity he eats with less frequency, but bolts larger meals.

Finally, when he reaches a sedate maturity the year becomes as a day with him. After a long night of sleep which may last from November through part of March, he comes out in the morning of early spring for breakfast. He is thin and fairly active, and may seek his breakfast by stalking.

The rattlesnake can travel in two ways. If he is stalking and wants to move cautiously, he travels in a perfectly straight line by moving his ribs, which act as "feet" for him. He will, however, wiggle his body if he is in a hurry.

When he is stalking, he eases up, looking like an old, dead stick, to a small bird, sitting on a low limb. The bird sees the snake, but instead of flying, remains motionless, no doubt figuring his protective coloring will save him. Maybe he is "charmed", as some people will insist. At any rate, by the time he finally starts to fly away it is too late, for the rattler has coiled his body under him without moving his head, and now he flashes that head out with the speed of an arrow and picks his prey off the limb.



*Above: This rattler drew blood on Joe King when the picture was being taken.*

*Right: Rattlers thrive best in the rough cactus country.*







*"Snake" King, a veteran handler, demonstrates the proper procedure in moving rattlers around.*

The rattler coils clockwise from his tail up to within a foot or two of his head, and this latter part reverses itself in a sort of an S. If he continued to coil in one direction his entire length, he could not strike. It is the reverse coil that strikes, with the other part of his body as a base from which to operate. It will be seen that the distance he is able to strike depends on his length.

The length of time it takes a rattler to strike, sink his fangs, inject the poison and return to his coiled position is estimated as the length of time it takes an apple to drop from your hand to the floor when you are standing. Those who have witnessed the strike say the head is only a blur as it flashes through the air. I failed to see even a blur.

Two or three birds, with perhaps a rat thrown in, and the snake has had his breakfast. He then finds a cool spot and settles down to the job of digesting it, which may take five or six weeks.

About the time the meal is digested, the rattler sheds his skin, which permits additional growth. Then he probably takes a stand under the shade of a cactus bush and waits for his noon meal, along in June or July.

Patiently he waits for something to hop, run or crawl by him. And his patience is rewarded. A young

cottontail comes hopping along, nibbling a blade of grass here and there. Closer he comes until finally he is within reach. There is a flash, then the rattler recoils to watch the results of his work. The rabbit hops along a few feet, and nibbles another blade of grass. Then he loses his appetite and just sits there. Soon he becomes sick and dizzy, and finally he topples over, dead. The snake leisurely makes for his meal and starts the slow task of stretching himself around the young rabbit.

This is a big meal. This will carry him on through the afternoon and well into the evening of the year, until he finally moves out in search of his final big repast, to carry him through the long winter night.

Along about this time, Pedro is out in the brush country. He has a stick in his hand. The stick is perhaps four feet long, and on the end of it is a loop made from a section of yucca leaf. Pedro's cautious old eyes peer through the little opening in the cactus and spot the rattler, just as the snake sees Pedro.

The snake rattles viciously, trying to scare off this thing that he sees at once he cannot eat. But Pedro is not to be frightened. He thrusts the stick close to the rattler, and the snake strikes. Then, as he recoils, Pedro presses the stick close once more, and the snake strikes again. Pedro then works the loop over the snake's head and tightens it. He raises the snake and drops it into a sack, an ordinary burlap sack. Then he cuts off the piece of yucca and an entirely new phase in the rattlesnake's life has started.

I asked King if rattlesnake catchers ever get bitten. He said they seldom do. It is the man who is not hunting snakes who gets bitten—not the man who is looking for them. The catchers are hardy fellows. They carry a sharp knife with them. If they are bitten they cut out a chunk of flesh and then burn the wound. It is a drastic remedy. But it seems to work.

**A**T Snakeville the rattler is put in a small cage along with a lot of other snakes. For a time he is vicious. He coils and strikes every time anything moves near him. The handlers watch him with a wary eye, for they know snakes.

But the fight quickly leaves him. Soon when he is approached he puts his head down on the ground and tries to slink away. He is whipped. The handler then picks him up by the tail as though he were a length of rope. The handler is no longer afraid of him, whether he has fangs or not.

The repeated striking at sticks, wire doors and other hard objects which merely hurt the rattler's head and break his fangs without bringing results, whip him down.

In the old days, most rattlers used by gekes had their fangs intact. They were simply whipped down. The snake men were always careful not to make a sudden pass near the head of the snake. Otherwise there was not much danger.

Blanchard demonstrated this once. In a big pen there were a dozen or more rattlers—all of them whipped, but all with fangs. Blanchard walked slowly through the pen and no rattler made a pass at him. Then he put on heavy leather chaps and walked through the pen, swinging his heels just over the snakes as he did so. Almost every one of them struck at him, many of them sinking their fangs into the leather chaps.

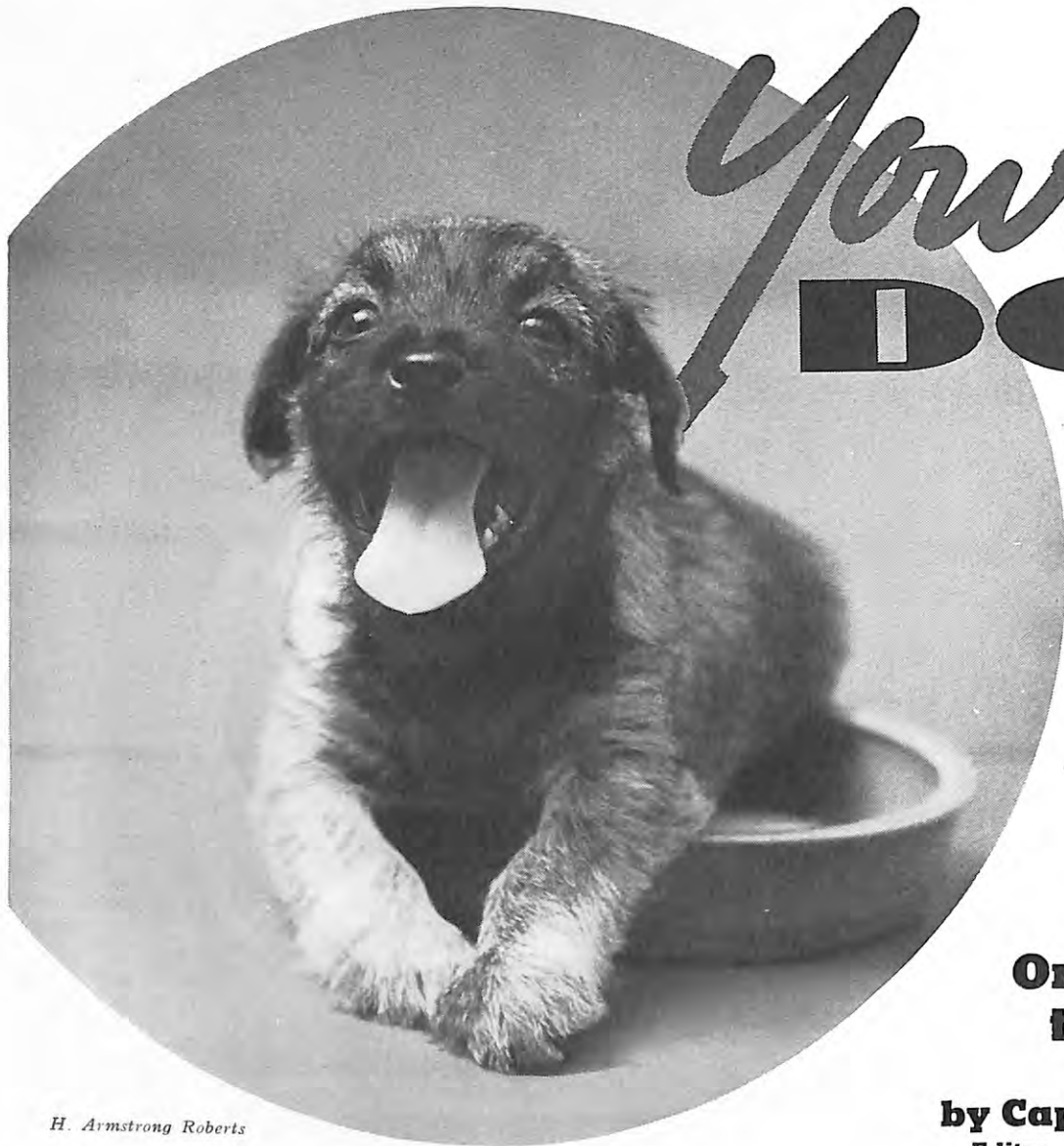
Most of the rattlers have been caught out of south Texas, which was one of the last frontiers for snake catching in a big way in the United States. The bulk of those sold by King into the trade in this country come from Mexico. When Mexico noted the increasing shipment of rattlers, she decided to put an export tax on them and required inspection at the point of export.

When the inspector opened the first box of snakes a rattler promptly crawled out and created wild confusion around the station until King put him back in. No box of snakes has been opened since then, and Mexico soon took off the export tax. The rattler is the only article of commerce now moving out of that Nation without duty.

So the rattler holds his own, and may even be gaining a bit insofar as the demand for him is concerned.

Still the whole world is his enemy. And if he ever bites you, the reason will be (*Continued on page 49*)





H. Armstrong Roberts

# Your DOG

## On Buying the Dog

by **Captain Will Judy**  
Editor, *Dog World Magazine*

**U**NFORTUNATELY, too many dogs are bought on the impulse of the moment. The puppy was so appealing. It was such a bargain. These and other ill-considered reasons too often prompt the purchase of a dog. When you consider that the life of the average dog is from ten to twelve years, you can better understand why the purchase should be a matter of careful deliberation and selection.

Thinking of buying a dog? Then it is well to ask yourself the following questions and if you can answer "yes" to them—and mean it—then get your dog.

1. Do you really *want* a dog?
2. Why do you want one—for guardian, pet or field work?
3. Are you prepared for expense of up-keep: sufficient and proper food, adequate housing, medical attention if needed?
4. Can you give the time, or provide the means necessary to train and educate the dog?
5. Are you willing to give a fair return in kindly understanding for the dog's devotion—which is said to

be the only love that money can't buy?

Before buying your dog it would be well for you to read one or two good books about the breed you select. You will be better prepared in such matters as the breed's characteristics, its good points and its failings—no dog being perfect. You will also learn something about the standard of the breed which will help you pick a much better specimen for your money.

It is well to consider before buying the temperament of a breed and its characteristics. A retiring, nervous type of individual may find a rollicking, boss-of-the-house Terrier a bit more than can be lived with in comfort. A gentle, quiet Spaniel, Beagle or one of the Toy dogs would be the better choice. But the family that wants antics and action will get these from the Wirehaired Fox Terrier, Welsh Terrier or any breed of this variety of dog.

If you want a dog as a body-guard or policeman for your property, then the big dog—Dane, Shepherd, etc.—should be your choice. He'll make a

formidable opponent if properly trained. But for any purpose, including companion, watch-dog, guardian or just plain dog-around-the-house, you can safely choose any one of the 107 thoroughbred breeds.

Assuming that you have given the foregoing some consideration, then give thought to the matter of purchase. As this article is intended for the buyer who goes to the open market, and not one who may buy from a friend or acquire a dog as a gift, we'll discuss the two commercial outlets for dogs—the kennel and the pet shop. Generally speaking, it is best to get your dog from a reputable kennel. With few exceptions, most of these are kept scrupulously clean, are regularly serviced by competent veterinarians and only sell pedigreed dogs bred to conform to a standard.

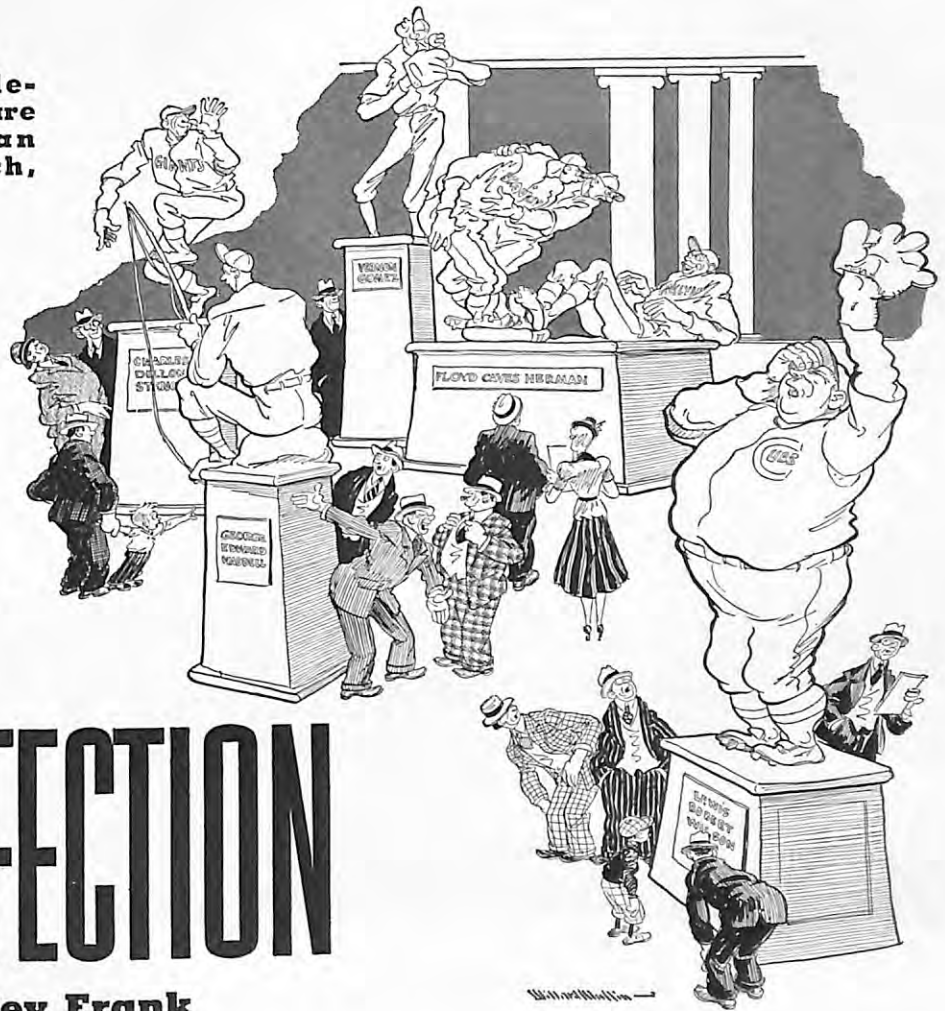
Something likewise may be said of the well conducted pet shop, but, unfortunately, not many such exist.

Having determined what breed of dog you want and what you want him for, the next step is selecting the puppy. Choose the dog that

(Continued on page 51)



In which Mr. Frank decides that boneheads are more memorable than paragons — and much, much funnier



# Apox ON PERFECTION

by Stanley Frank

**M**R. JOSEPH V. MCCARTHY is a fabulously fortunate fellow whose passion for perfection has been satisfied at least half the time in the last ten years. This is a highly elegant batting average in any league and particularly in the major leagues, where our man McCarthy has won four pennants with the Yankees in the American League and one while laboring in the vineyard of the Chicago Cubs of the National League.

In the last ten years Mr. McCarthy probably has told at least ten thousand stories, some of them even true, for among his other talents he is an accomplished raconteur. Since baseball perfection makes the world go 'round for Mr. Mac, it might be expected that most of his yarns would concern the stars who have played for him in the near and dear, dead past. What amazing anecdotes he can tell of such mighty Yankees as Ruth, Gehrig, Lazzeri, Dickey, Ruffing and Gomez! What engrossing tales he can spin of Wilson, Stephenson, Grimm, Hartnett, Root and the celebrated Cubs of a decade ago! What a cockeyed notion!

You know who McCarthy's favorite baseball character is? Jay Kirke, that's who, and you wouldn't know him unless you were a baseball fan fifteen years ago, lived in the Middle West and had an elephantine memory. Kirke played—and not too well—for McCarthy while Joe was managing at Louisville in the early '20's. In a pithy, well-chosen word, jovial Jayson was a screwball, but he had one slightly terrific season in 1921 when he got 282 base-hits, which still stands as the all-time record for the American Association.

The Cleveland club purchased chattel rights to Kirke in 1922 and for a brief period he got on splendidly. He was knocking down fences and maiming infielders with vicious line drives until the pitchers began to curve him to death, the bums. Presently, and not very much later, Kirke was back at Louisville, where he was wel-

comed with loud, gladsome cries because American Association pitchers were throwing nothing but a fast ball, which Jay always could belt a short country mile.

The first time Kirke went up to bat upon returning to Louisville there were two out and men on first and third. Knowing Kirke's power, and knowing their own pitcher even better, the enemy infielders moved back until they were playing in the laps of the outfielders. Ever on the alert to take advantage of an opening, McCarthy flashed the signal for a double steal. With the pitch to the plate, the man on first base dashed for second. The catcher fired the ball to second and the runner on third cut loose for home. He had a nice break on the play and the shortstop intercepted the throw in an effort to choke off the run. The shortstop threw a perfect strike across the plate; the umpire and catcher crouched tensely for the play—and Kirke hit the ball over the fence!

As soon as the umpire recovered his voice and poise, he called Kirke out for interference, for striking at the throw and for every crime in the books. The run, of course, did not count and the Louisville side was retired without a run.

They thought McCarthy would bust a blood vessel first, then go out of his mind.

"For goodness sakes," he screamed at Kirke, "why in the world did you do that?" (McCarthy screamed; that part of the dialogue has been reported faithfully, anyway.) "Why, you dumb, no-good . . ."

"Gee, boss, that was the first fast ball I seen in a month," Kirke answered. "It looked too invitin' to let it pass."

That's McCarthy's favorite gag and you will please note it does not deal with a hallowed hero of baseball or an incident upon which a pennant hinged. It doesn't even take place in the ninth inning and, as a matter of fact, Louisville won the ball (Continued on page 48)



# Integrity



by Allan Swinton

He was just a green kid with a dream in his heart and the call of the wild in his ears.

Illustrated by HARRY MORSE MEYERS

**S**AM BOSTOCK went to Smoky River to prepare for opening up a camp that had been three years closed. The camp stood where it did because the railroad looped to dodge a muskeg and came almost to the river, whence a two-mile haul along an iced road took the log sleighs to the loading platform. It was this proximity of steel that brought the kid there, too.

The first day, Ole Petersen, the bull-cook Sam had with him, motioned up the river where, above the pines, hung thin blue veils of smoke.

"We got some neighbors."

"So I see."

Next day, the maker of the smoke came warily to visit them.

He was a skinny youth in breeches and a checkered mackinaw and a mop of yellow hair. His face was delicate and pale—although he'd been out there three months, he had been working in the timber, where sun does not penetrate. But what Sam noticed was his eyes, big, blue and intent with a burning eagerness.

"Hullo!" said Sam.

"Hullo!" replied the kid, elaborately nonchalant. "You openin' up?"

"Yep! Ties are high. We've a stand of jackpine downstream we can take out in a winter's haul."

"Ah!" said the kid portentously. "Downstream."

He had an air of mystery that puzzled the old lumberman. It intimated that had Sam's activities been up the river, that would have made a different tale.

"What are you doing, 'way out here?" asked Sam.

The air of mystery intensified "We're—campin'."

Sam bowed to the rebuff. "Well, glad to see you. Stick





*Johnny liked the nights best, with the stove red hot  
before he went to bed.*

around and have some grub. We've got plenty good eats."

The youngster shook his head. "No, thanks. I got to get back to—back to my pardner. I just saw your smoke."

Ole, who had strolled up curiously, whipped something from the kid's hip pocket. It was a peeling, nickel-plated pistol of cheap Belgian make. "Ha!" grinned the Swede. "A stick-up man."

The boy blushed scarlet. "I'm no thief. You got to be prepared, ain't you?"

Ole guffawed, which made the kid's jaw set. Sam Bostock had a poet's heart—which was the reason why he'd stayed a woods-boss, when he'd had his chances for far better jobs—but in the town. Also, he remembered boyhood. He had noticed that the pistol had no trigger, he had read the youngster's face and he began to see. "Ole," he told the Swede, "go check how many we can bunk in number two."

He said to Johnny, "You're darned right. You got to be prepared. Well, any time you fancy, bring your pardner down and eat with us. I'm busy now. So long."

Sam's preparations for the winter kept him hustling but he used to look out for the kid's smoke in the western sky, and grin and shake his head. One day he went down-river to inspect the stand. Half way, there lay a forest-cradled swamp, where he had seen moose feed among the water lilies. On the shingle-bar 'twixt swamp and river there was something moving 'round a dark prone object—it was Johnny, with a moose he'd shot.

Sam beached the skiff and strolled across. Knee-deep in guts and gore, Johnny was butchering. He was wet breast-high from wading through the swamp, whose weeds festooned his legs. Blood smeared his face, down which ran sweat in long white veins. With a small, dull knife he labored at the stubborn hide. Hearing Sam's steps crunch, he looked up and grinned ecstatically.

"Hullo!" said Sam. "Good huntin', eh?"

"Yeah! My first kill. There was a bunch of five. I got the biggest bull."

"I've seen that bunch about here, on an' off. You should ha' dropped the yearlin' cow. This here old bull will eat like string."

"Oh!" said the kid, crestfallen, but then looked down at his regal kill and his eyes shone again. He bent and resumed hacking at the hide, which slipped in his thin, eager clutch. Sam said, "Don't bother skinnin' him. Just slit the hide."

The kid stood up, incredulous. "You got to take your skin, ain't you?"

"For why? You couldn't carry it. And s'pose you could, what good is it without you get it tanned? And you can buy your buckskin cheaper than you can do that."

Such blasphemy of holy writ appalled the kid, which fact



his face betrayed, and Sam said hastily, "Look. Lemme in on this. I ain't had any fun for years."

The youngster would not fail in courtesy. "Why sure. Dig in. Sure fun, ain't it?"

"You bet your life. Look, all the eatin' meat on these old busters is the saddle, sirloin, tenderloin, nose, tongue an' liver. Lemme show you. Drag these guts clear . . ."

When the meat lay in a steaming heap, they sat down on the log and mopped their brows. Save for a ripple on the stones, silence was absolute. The autumn sun was dust of gold. Whenever he was off his guard, Sam eyed the boy. Seventeen, maybe, undernourished, nervous as a cat. Town-bred—his hands had not yet hardened and were scratched and blistered.

"Grand in the woods, this time of year," said Sam.

"Sure is."

"You done a lot of it, that's clear," Sam continued.

The youngster's lips closed and he shook his head. "No thanks. I'll pack my meat. I've got to learn to keep my end up just as if we was alone. But half's yours, mister. Got to share yore game."

Sam accepted gravely this old woodsman's courtesy. The youngster halved the meat and helped to put Sam's in the skiff. Then he produced a tump-line and strapped up a load, caching the balance in a tree.

He'd made himself a pack-load he could barely lift. Sam helped him back it and it bowed him low. The brow-strap strained across his forehead, over the eyes that met Sam's with their wistful zest. "Well, so long, mister. See you sometime." Sam watched him, tottering now and then, trudge down the bar, wind through the alders and climb to the deep-green spruce.

The leaves had fallen and the land lay whitened with the first thin snow; the river ran, a swiftly-narrowing,



The kid's eyes lit delightedly. "Not much. It's my first trip. I've picked up all I know from books. I handled groceries in town"—he whipped around—"but that ain't no life for a man, is it?"

"No," said old Sam, "it ain't."

"And Mother died and I had no responsibility, so I saved up an' broke away."

"You're glad?"

The kid's gaze went around the stately river with the woods beyond, the sunny bar, the deep-green swamp, the blue rise of the distant hills—the space, the awesome calm, the loneliness. He filled his flat chest with the autumn scents.

"Sure am!"

They sat some moments while the shallows rippled and the earth breathed 'round them.

"Kind of hard to make a livin' in the woods," Sam said.

"Well, them old pioneers, they didn't have it figured how they would make out, did they? They just come in an' scratched."

"That's what they did. Pardner an old hand?"

It seemed that all was not well with the 'pardner'. "N-o. He stays in camp, mostly. He's frightened 'case he might get lost."

"You're not?"

"Me? Huh! I got a compass and I always know which side the river is. If I ain't sure, I head for the stream and work along." He stood up. "Well, it's time I mused. I got to get in with a load 'fore dark."

"Look. Why not put your stuff into the skiff? I've got to run down to our timber, then I'll take you back."

black race, between shelves of encroaching ice, the crews were in the jackpine, felling, when to Sam came a bovine youth with fluff-clad chin and empty eyes. "Are you the boss?"

"Yep."

"How's for a sleigh-ride to the railroad?"

"Sure. But who are you?"

"Been campin', up the river."

"Oh? You're pardner of that other kid."

"Yeah."

"Where is he?"

"He's stayin' in."

"You mean he's wintering alone?"

"That's what he says. He's nuts. Give you the creeps. An' one more week and I'd'a been as nuts as him. He had me for a sucker with his tales about prospectin' and we'd sure find gold, an' how we had to look out in case anybody jumped the claim. He's worked me sick on lousy grub an' says there's plenty signs of gold, but all I ever see was dirt. And now he says we'll trap fur for the winter. Blah! He don't know more of trappin' than he does of minin'. Me, I'm through. I'm off to town to git a job."

That afternoon Sam quit his work and walked upriver till, at Bad Heart creek, he found the camp. The boys had worked, all right. The little stream had been turned from its course into a dug-way; in the bed was sunk a string of test-holes, 'round which, where they'd washed their grit, lay heaps of tailings. Sam had a funny feeling in his in'ards. The Smoky Valley had been combed by experts, years ago, and shown no gold.

Back in the timber stood a shack. Beside it, slamming



with more energy than skill into a log, was Johnny.

When Sam hailed him, he started like a deer. Sam crossed the channel. "Hullo, son."

His hair was shaggy, his face pinched from labor and atrocious cooking, but his zest burned still.

"Good work you've put in here," said Sam.

"Yeah! Sure have sweated."

"I can see. And how's she comin'?"

"Pretty good. No color yet but plenty signs. When we get to bottom, higher up—"

"Oh, sure." Sam pointed to the creek-mouth, where were raised two earthworks, looking up and down the river, and on one of which was laid a rifle. "What are them trenches?"

Johnny reddened. Then, defiantly, he said, "They're in case we had to fight. The claim ain't registered. Just suppose some fellers tried to jump us."



"That's right. You can't be too careful. Pardner out of camp?"

A shadow settled on the meager face, and the youngster's gaze went soberly across the stream. "He's gone to town. He—" with a burst of inspiration "—went to register the claim."

"Then he'll be back?"

"Well—no. Not—till the spring. We'll soon be froze up now and he don't like the woods like me. Look, mister. I'm gonner boil the pot and have some tea. I never had a guest before."

The shack was a little bigger than a hen-house, a depressing den, pole-built and chinked with moss and mud. There was no table. Two bunks of boughs, together with the sheet-iron stove, all but monopolized it. There were some stores, tin plates and cups, a green deer-skin hung on one wall. On one bunk lay some reading matter and Sam looked it over: 'pulp' magazines of backwoods tales, *Tom Sawyer*, a dog-eared copy of Scott's last Antarctic diary, Jack London's *Call of the Wild*. They, and his eyes, told Johnny's tale.

Over some tea and leaden bannock, Sam said, "Look, son. I can use more men. How about a job—drivin' a team? Dollar a day, an' found."

The youngster looked at him, his face a study of surprise, delight and something else Sam could not read but which pulled at his heart. It was a while before he answered. Then he shook his head. "I never had a break before I didn't have to fight for, mister. Thanks. But I don't need a job. I'm fixed up here. You can get men from town, can't you?"

"Oh, sure. Just thought I'd mention it. If you should

change your mind, come down, and I can take you on."

As Sam walked back to camp, his mind was busy. He was a lonely man. In the same grave he had buried his wife and new-born son. This kid had guts, and quality. By and by he'd get enough of being there alone and come to camp. He'd see him through the winter and in summer put him at the mill in Rennick, 'twixt the woods and river, where he'd work among the things that drew him and put on some beef. Then, maybe, later . . .

The river froze. The first thick snow-fall came. The hauling started—teams on the river-ice from timber to the shelving bank at Bostock's camp, then up the made ice-road to steel. Each morning Sam looked out to see the youngster's smoke rise bravely in the western sky—but those weeks' story is best told by Johnny's diary, which Sam brought from the shack after they'd

*It was a peeling, nickel-plated pistol of Belgian make. "Ha!" grinned the Swede. "A stick-up man."*

found the kid face-downward in the drifted snow and which he'd kept through all privations, neat and regularly, in a style he'd copied from the travel books.

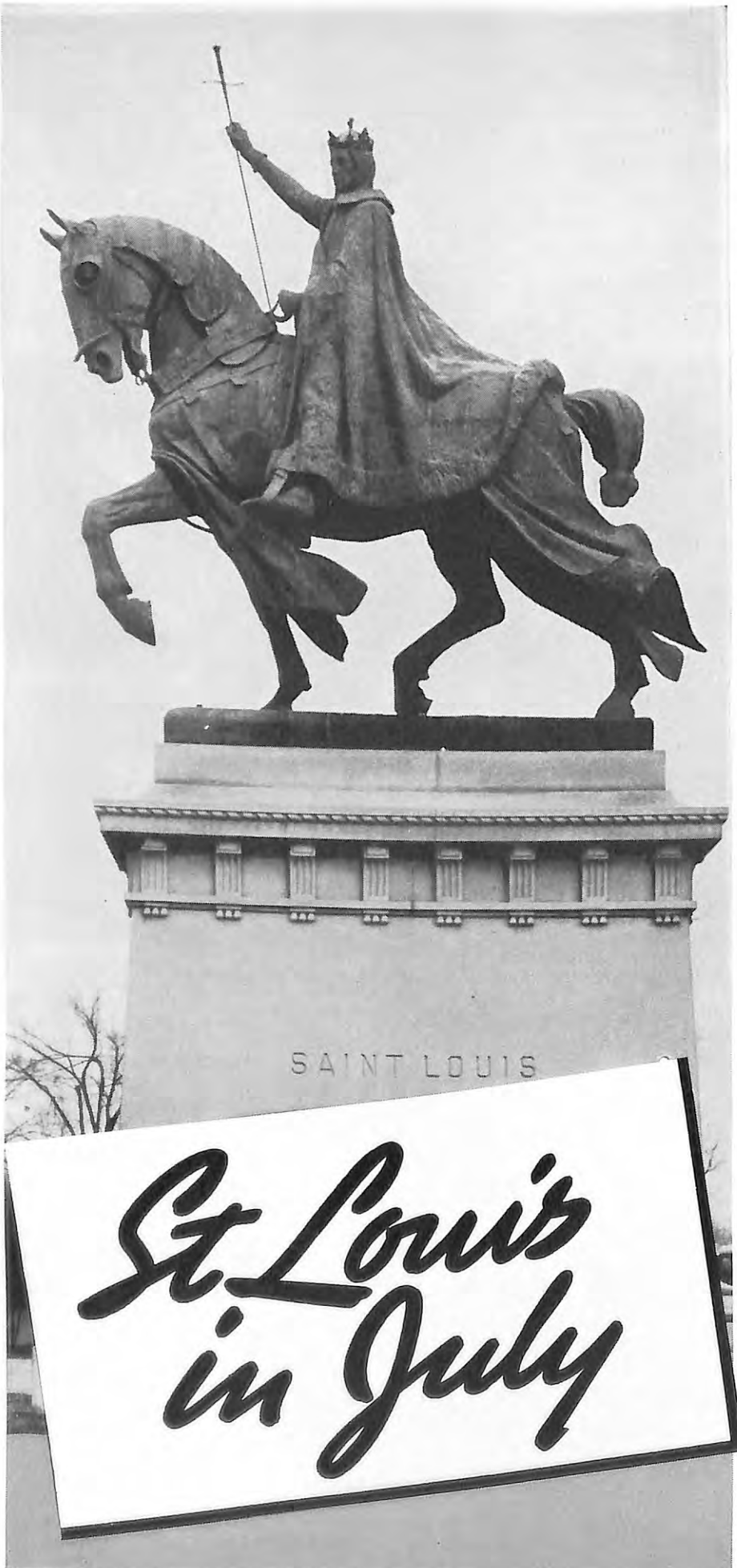
"Nov. 5th: This day Charley quit and I am left alone. Partly I'm sorry cause it's going to be lonely but another way I'm glad because he wasent fitted for this life the way I am and grumbled and it helps the groceries and they were worrying me.

"Nov. 6th: The ganger from the lumber-camp was here and wanted me to work for him because they are short-handed. He is a nice guy and I'm sorry I can't help him but life is like that and you have got to be severe and he can get some men from town. If it was emergency, of course I'd help.

"Nov. 12th: This day I finished setting out my traps. If I get good catch that will be fine but if I make enough to carry on next summer I'll be satisfied. Check up the grub. Theres something wrong. That Charley must have et the groceries when I was out. If they are going to last till spring I'll have to go allmighty slow but with more meat I figure I can just get by. I've got smoked moose for 3 months, but I'll have to get a deer after that. Split up the groceries to last 6 months. Looks mighty little for 1 mth.

"Nov. 13th: The first big snow to-day. Had to dig out. The woods look grand, all thick and white. It seems to make them quieter. I'd been (Continued on page 46)





**L**EADING Elks and prominent citizens and business men of St. Louis, Mo., have accepted membership on the Executive Committee for the 75th Grand Lodge Reunion of the Order to be held in St. Louis during the week beginning July 9, 1939. Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, and Past Exalted Ruler of St. Louis Lodge No. 9, is the Executive Chairman of the Committee, the other members being Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Muldoon; P.E.R.'s Dr. Carroll Smith, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, E. J. Martt, Past President of the Missouri State Elks Association, D.D. Joseph H. Glauber, Walter C. Guels and Oliver F. Ash, Jr.; August A. Busch, Jr., Morton J. May, Thomas N. Dysart, Sidney Maestre, David R. Calhoun, Jr., Raymond R. Tucker, Frank M. Mayfield and Edgar H. Wayman.

Tentative plans were made at a meeting of the lodge early in January for the purpose of making the 1939 Convention of the Order of Elks one of the greatest meetings of its kind ever held in St. Louis, known all over the country as a "Convention City". The Grand Lodge has been entertained heretofore by St. Louis Lodge, the 35th Annual Session having been held in St. Louis in 1899.

With the formation of the Executive Committee completed, the Jefferson Hotel at 405 N. 12th Street was selected as office headquarters, to open some time around February 1. In the process of organization, at the time the March issue of *The Elks Magazine* went to press, were Committees on Publicity, Budget, Concessions, Decoration, Distinguished Guests, Entertainment, Finance and Auditing, First Aid and Hospitals, Halls and Seating, Hotels and Housing, Registration and Information, Parade and Traffic, Service, Transportation, Trophy and Awards. Elks attending the Convention are urged to bring their families along, as every provision for the entertainment and comfort of all visitors is being made.

A Minstrel Show in the Municipal Auditorium followed by a Mardi Gras Dance was one of the first events given by St. Louis Lodge to raise a portion of the funds with which the Convention will be financed. Leading acts from local hotels were featured on the program, and a cast of 150 persons was coached to take part in the Minstrels.

*A statue of Saint Louis in Forest Park, St. Louis.*



by Harry Hansen

**T**HERE is so much gusto and good healthy writing in the pages of Edna Ferber's autobiography, "A Peculiar Treasure", that it suggests the gusto and health of the author herself, who is a small-town girl who made good. Joy in being alive, in functioning—that's what Edna Ferber has had during this busy life-time, and she's hardly half way now. Born in Kalmazoo, she lived in Ottumwa, Ia., and Appleton, Wis., where her father had a little store; she became a girl reporter and then began writing stories, and from stories, she went on to penning novels and plays.

But all that's in newspapers; what we have here is Edna Herself. Her earliest girlish hopes, the things she took pride in; her ambition and her capacity for work; her joy in getting things done, in making friends, in finding America unroll before her eyes, east, middle-west, Pacific coast. Here we have her joy in attending rehearsal of two plays at once—"Show Boat" and "The Royal Family", though the hours were long and the routine was killing. "It doesn't seem possible that anyone ever had so much sheer fun, gaiety, novelty, satisfaction and money out of the writing of any one piece of work as I have had out of 'Show Boat,'" says Miss Ferber, and when you have read Chapter Fifteen you'll

believe every word of it. Those who have never had the thrill of seeing their own plays evolve before their eyes may here enter vicariously into the whole experience. Edna Ferber did not write with a detached second self she was all feeling—she wrote her books because she "wanted terribly to write them", and she is glad to know that the public has read and enjoyed them.

So this is not a review, this is a boost for a good story. Edna Ferber's autobiography is an American story—it is full of the possibilities of American individualism. It is a record of hard work, high courage, and a fine spirit. Edna Ferber says exactly what she thinks about things and people. She is open about her own feelings and hopes and she expects no less from others. "A Peculiar Treasure" tells how a writer made good in the last twenty-five years, and incidentally, how she continues to make good in 1939. (Doubleday, Doran, \$3)

# WHAT AMERICA IS Reading

## Highlights in New Books



**T**HEY'RE still reading "Gone With the Wind"—in fact, it sold more copies in 1938 than any other novel, old or new. That shows that the public is not afraid of big, bulky books, provided they contain a good story. Another novel of 973 pages is ready this month, "The Tree of Liberty", by Elizabeth Page, and the reason it is so long is because most of the growing pains of the early American republic are packed into it. For the author decided to start her story in 1754, on a tobacco farm in Albemarle county, Virginia, and to carry it on for fifty years—and think of all the events that occurred in those fifty years!

Matthew Howard lived through them all. He was a lad on the farm in 1754—the next year the Virginia militiamen went with Washington to fight for Braddock against the French and Indians, and were badly beaten. Matthew was a schoolmate of Tom Jefferson, and as time went on he went to Williamsburg and met the Virginians of the Tidewater, who were not common people but aristocrats—at least so they believed. One of them, Jane Peyton, he married, and that's why the story deals with the everlasting fight between the commoners and the masters, between those who, like Jefferson, trusted the people and distrusted irresponsible rulers, and those others like Jane, who thought the rabble too dangerous to be given power.

Fifty years—that means through the Revolution, the building of the Nation, the march into the Northwest Territory, the purchase of the Louisiana territory, the push of the frontier westward to the Rockies. There is a vast amount of history in this book, and perhaps this is an

(Continued on page 50)

*Guy Gilpatric, author of the "Muster" Glencannon stories, photographed as his own chief character, the Gentleman with the Walrus Mustache.*





Drawings by Marshall Davis

# EDITORIAL

## BOARD OF GRAND TRUSTEES

**A**MONG the agencies through which the Grand Lodge operates in handling the affairs of our Order none is of greater importance than the Board of Grand Trustees. It discharges its manifold and highly important duties with discriminative care and sound business judgment. It is the fiscal agent of the Grand Lodge and as such handles its business and financial affairs. Each year it makes a survey of the various activities of the Grand Lodge and submits an itemized budget making appropriations for the ensuing fiscal year. When this budget is adopted by the Grand Lodge all expenditures must be kept within the several appropriations thus made. This is a statutory requirement and cannot be departed from without violating Grand Lodge law.

The budget always carries an appropriation for contingent purposes to cover any "unforeseen emergency" that may arise during the fiscal year. No expenditures can, however, be made from this fund except on recommendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler and on the approval of the Board with which final responsibility rests.

Included in the important duties of this Board is the control and management of the Elks National Home, the final determination as to whether charters shall be issued to subordinate lodges and the establishment of districts for District Deputies. It contracts for and has charge of all expenditures in connection with the annual sessions of the Grand Lodge, is the repository of bonds which certain Grand Lodge officers are required to give, and has the custody and control

of all Grand Lodge funds and property except where control has by statute been given to some other agency.

Those who follow the affairs of the Grand Lodge and who hear or read the annual reports of this Board cannot fail to realize its responsibilities, a few of which we have mentioned, and to be appreciative of the splendid services it is rendering the Order.

## AN IMPORTANT RULING

**T**HE Federal Social Security Act imposes a tax on employers of eight or more individuals based on a percentage of the salaries paid. The Act provides that the term "employer" includes an officer of a corporation and that the term "corporation" includes an association.

A number of subordinate lodges have made inquiry as to whether their officers are to be counted in determining the number of their employees.

The wording of the Act being such as to leave room for doubt on this question, we addressed a letter of inquiry to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. A reply has been received from which the following is quoted:

"It is the view of this office that ritualistic services, as such, of an officer of a fraternal lodge do not constitute 'service' within the meaning of that term as used in \* \* \* defining 'employment' for purposes of \* \* \* the Social Security Act. Such officers, whose duties and activities are exclusively ritualistic, are not, therefore, in an 'employment' within the meaning of such titles \* \* \*. In determining whether or not services are exclusively ritualistic within the meaning of this rule, incidental non-compensated administrative services may be ignored. It is, accordingly, the opinion of this office that the so-called officers of a fraternal lodge, whose duties and activities are exclusively ritualistic, are not in an 'employment' within the meaning of such titles. It follows that only the wages of those officers of a fraternal lodge whose services are not exclusively ritualistic are subject to the taxes imposed \* \* \*, and only such officers (irrespective of whether they are remunerated) are to be counted for the purpose of determining whether the lodge is an 'employer' within the meaning of \* \* \* the Act."





The asterisks indicate the omission of titles and sections of the Act which are not necessary to an understanding of the ruling.

The law exempts from the payment of this tax associations organized and operated exclusively for religious, charitable, scientific, literary or educational purposes, or for the prevention of cruelty to children or animals, no part of the net earnings of which inures to the benefit of any private shareholder or individual. Under this provision each lodge must be judged by the facts as to how it conducts its affairs, if it has eight or more employees, the number to be determined agreeable to the above ruling. Obviously it is impossible to lay down any rule applicable to all. Where doubts arise, the facts should be submitted to a lawyer for an opinion, or to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue for a ruling.

#### AN INVASION OF THE RITUAL



It is to be regretted that some members of our Fraternity in public addresses and some editors of lodge bulletins in print make use of certain portions of the Ritual of our Order which comprise, as they do, a part of the secret work of the Order. We suggest that these well-meaning but misguided Brothers commit to memory the obligation they took on joining the Order and observe it as they promised.

Generally, those who thus offend quote, among some other passages, the Tribute to the Flag. They doubtless justify themselves with the thought that these excerpts from the Ritual are beautifully expressed sentiments, and that their public use can do the Order no harm, but on the contrary may do it good. This is wholly aside from the fundamental and controlling consideration. By the same process of reasoning the whole Ritual might well be published to the world. There is not a line in it, nor is there a response, sign, token, instruction or emblem of which we are not proud. But it is ours. It does not belong to the



public. It all goes to make up our secret work, and as such must be held in secret and thus reserved exclusively for the eyes and ears of our members.

#### ATTACHMENT TO FOLKLORE



ALWAYS someone seems to delight in taking the joy out of life by arraying cold historical facts against warm bits of narrative which we learned in childhood. Folklore is common to all countries, also to half-civilized and even to savage tribes. We hate to contemplate what the world would be without it. All romance and poetry would either be destroyed or lose its charm. Imagination would no longer take wings, but would wallow with swine. We are unwilling that all things should be proved. We prefer to hold fast to that which is idealistic, beautiful, charming and appealing to our better angels.

They tell us, for example, that Columbus did not discover America. So far as we are concerned, he did discover it. They tell us that the pilgrims did not land on Plymouth Rock. So far as we are concerned, they did land on it. They tell us that Washington did not hack the cherry tree. So far as we are concerned, he did hack it. They tell us that Paul Revere did not make the ride. So far as we are concerned, he did make it. They tell us that Betsy Ross did not make the Flag. So far as we are concerned, she did make it. They tell us that Barbara Fritchie did not wave the Flag, that the troops did not march under her window and that Stonewall Jackson was not even in Frederick that day. So far as we are concerned, it all happened just as Whittier says it happened.

We have mentioned only a few of the things learned in childhood which they now seek to break down as clay idols into dust at our feet. What good, pray, can come of this vandalism? So far as we are concerned, none, absolutely none. The multiplication table recites facts to a nicety, but, so far as we are advised, it has never been made the theme of a poem, nor set to the music of a symphony.



# Under the ANTLERS



Above is a photograph of the New York World's Fair Advisory Committee on Fraternal and Service Organizations at a recent luncheon meeting. Among those seated are John K. Tener, Past Grand Exalted Ruler; John A. Morison, of the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles S. Hart, Chairman of the Advisory Committee, and Charles C. Green, Director of the Division of Advisory Committees for the World's Fair. Among those standing behind them are Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan and William T. Phillips, member of the Board of Grand Trustees.

## Dr. McCormick To Open The Elks Bowling Tournament at Toledo

On the 25th of this month, Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick will roll the first ball opening the 22nd Annual Elks National Bowling Tournament at Toledo, O. The Governor of the State, city and county officials and numerous Elk dignitaries have been invited to participate in the opening ceremonies. The games will be bowled at the Hagerty Interurban Alleys within a

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

short distance of the downtown hotels and the home of Toledo Lodge No. 53. The lodge officers and the Tournament Committee headed by Arthur

Ziegler, General Chairman, have made every effort to make the meet the greatest in the history of the Elks Bowling Association.

Various committees are ready to care for the visiting Elk bowlers, seeing to their comfort in the way of transportation, reception, hotel accommodations and entertainment. The 32 alleys on which the games will be bowled have been resurfaced and conditioned and are in fine shape.

## Judge George W. Bruce Is Honored By Delta, Colo., Lodge

When Delta, Colo., Lodge, No. 1235, initiated the "Judge George W. Bruce Class" made up of eleven of Delta's outstanding citizens, P.D.D. George W. Bruce of Montrose was present to enjoy the honor shown him. He addressed the new members upon the principles and work of the Order which he himself has served so long and so well. The Delta membership is kept to the high standard established when the lodge was instituted. During the meeting the announcement was made that a large class would be initiated in the near future. A sandwich supper was served during the social session.



Left: Elmira, N. Y., Elks entertain the football squads of the high schools in their jurisdiction. This is an annual custom.



**Widow of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry A. Melvin Is Dead**

Mrs. Henry A. Melvin, widow of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry A. Melvin, died at the home of her son, Bradford M. Melvin, in Hillsborough, Calif., December 13, 1938. This was sad news to a host of friends throughout California for Mrs. Melvin was one of the best beloved ladies in the State. Funeral services were held in San Francisco December 15 with interment in Mountain View Cemetery in Oakland where Past Grand Exalted Ruler Melvin lies buried.

Brilliant, beautiful and of unusual charm, Mrs. Melvin was the perfect helpmate to her husband who was not only a Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order of Elks, but a Justice of the Supreme Court of California. Since the death of Judge Melvin, Mrs. Melvin has lived in the household of her son. She has been quietly and effectively active in charitable and church work.

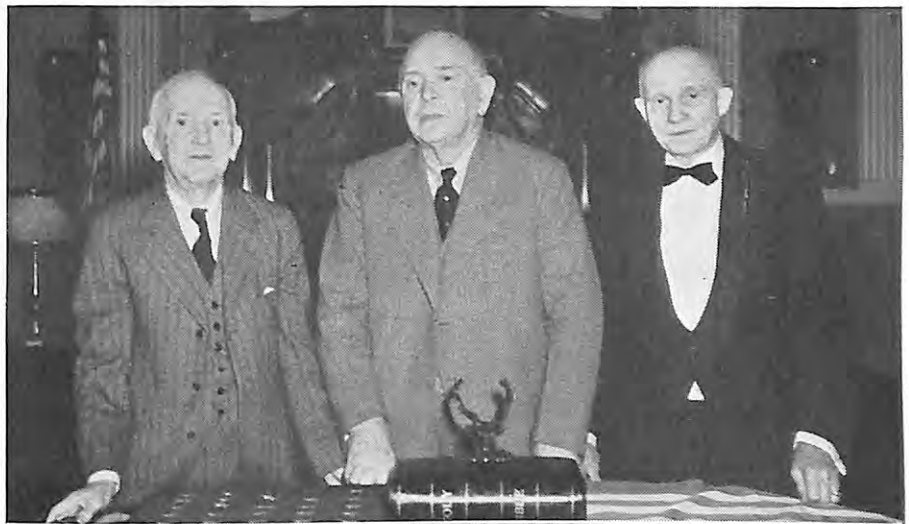
A native of Portland, Ore., Mrs. Melvin was the daughter of Oregon pioneers, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bradford Morse. Her father went West around the Horn and her mother crossed the plains. In addition to her son and his two children, Mary Louise and Bradford M. Melvin, Jr., Mrs. Melvin leaves two sisters, Miss Mary A. Morse and Mrs. Jenkin B. John.

**Dr. McCormick Speaks at Wooster, O., Lodge Dedication Meeting**

The dedication of the new addition to its home and the initiation of the Dr. Edward J. McCormick Class of 72 candidates made January 16 a memorable day in the history of Wooster, O., Lodge, No. 1346. The Grand Exalted Ruler attended the various functions in connection with the occasion, including the meeting at 4 P.M. of the officers of the Ohio State Elks Association. The dedication banquet was held at six o'clock, with the big meeting being opened at 7:15 by P.E.R. Judge Walter J. Mougey who made the introductions and Mayor William Long, a member of Wooster Lodge, delivering the address of welcome. The dedication ceremonies followed, after which the candidates were initiated by the State officers. State Pres. Charles L. Haslop of Newark was the next speaker on the program, and the closing address was the principal one of the evening, the inspiring talk given by Dr. McCormick.

The Building Committee was appointed by E.R. James E. Kardos last Fall. P.E.R. Paul K. Weitzel was made Chairman. The plans and specifications were drawn in keeping with the lodge's immediate finances. The building is now adequate for all lodge purposes and presents a handsome appearance both within and without.

*Right: The Boise, Ida., Elks Band which recently entertained in honor of the Lodge Secretary, John Case, on "Jack Case Night".*



*At top: Three 50-year members of Youngstown, Ohio, Lodge who were entertained recently at a testimonial dinner in their honor. They are Past Exalted Ruler Edwin D. Haseltine, John Ramsey and Chester Little.*

*Above: Football coaches Andy Kerr, Colgate; Percy Locey, Oregon State; Bernie Biermann, Minnesota, and Biff Jones, Nebraska, broadcasting over Station KGO, San Francisco, on San Rafael, Calif., Lodge's Father and Son Night.*

**Anaconda Lodge Holds First Americanization Meeting in Montana**

The first Americanization Meeting in the State of Montana was held under the auspices of Anaconda, Mont., Lodge, No. 239, in the auditorium of the local Junior High School. The attendance was so large that seating facilities were inadequate.

By order of Mayor T. J. McCarvel, a member of No. 239, the streets of the city were decorated with flags and the day proclaimed "Americanization Day." U. S. Senator Burton K. Wheeler, of Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, made a special trip from Washington, D. C., to participate as principal speaker at the Anaconda meeting and a similar







*At top: Old Time Elks of Warren, Ohio, most of whom are 30-year members. Warren Lodge mourns the death of E. A. Neal, who is standing farthest left.*

D. B. Harrington, Butte, representing the Knights of Columbus, and Frank Finnegan, Legislator and Acting Postmaster.

Anaconda Lodge recently initiated a large class of candidates in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick.

*Above: Officers and members of Renovo, Pa., Lodge with members of a class of candidates recently initiated in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener.*

one at Butte. Other speakers were Congressman-elect Dr. J. Thorkelson; Ed Johnson, Pres. of the Mont. State Elks Assn.; Oscar Johnson, Grand Master of the Masons of Montana, and Harry M. Johnson, immediate Past National Vice-Commander of the American Legion, all of whom are members of Anaconda Lodge of Elks; Prof. W. K. Dwyer, Superintendent of Schools; the Rev. Father

**Sunday Radio Broadcasts Are Given by Kansas City, Mo., Lodge**

Weekly Sunday afternoon broadcasts from four to four-thirty are given by Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26. The programs were formerly

broadcasted over Station KITE, but the first of the year a change was made and they are now sent out at the same time from the lodge home.

Howard Wade Kinney, formerly with the Dr. Cadman program in New York City, is in charge. Community singing, a five-minute speech by one of the lodge members whose talk pertains to the Order, and solos by Esquire A. P. Nilles and others

*Below: The Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Great Bend, Kans., Lodge at a party held for them.*







**Top: Officers of Marion, Ohio, Lodge with Miss Marilyn Meseke, who was "Miss America" of 1938. The occasion was that of the Lodge's annual "Frog Leg Dinner".**

**Above: A happy student of the Crippled Children's School in Buffalo receives toys and candy from E.R. John J. Love and Charles W. Reis of Buffalo Lodge.**

selected every Sunday are presented. E. Harry Kelly, one of the best known band and orchestra leaders in Kansas City, is the pianist. E.R. Joseph N. Miniace, without whose unceasing efforts the broadcasts would never have been originated, also gives a five-minute talk every Sunday. This is a permanent program and broadcasts will continue until Summer. They will be renewed in the early Fall, and the lodge expects to present even bigger and better broadcasts than those which at the present time are bringing letters and messages expressing popular approval.

**Memorial Plaque Dedicated at Mahanoy City, Pa., Lodge**

A large and beautiful bronze plaque, the gift to Mahanoy City, Pa., Lodge, No. 695, by P.E.R. Lloyd W. Fahler, in memory of his wife, Mary Kaier Fahler, and his brother-in-law, Charles F. Kaier, was dedicated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia, during the annual Memorial Services held by the lodge. Mr. Grakelow, introduced by Secy. George J. Post, delivered an address of great eloquence. E.R. Herbert C. Noakes, expertly assisted by his officers, performed the ritualistic

work, and a beautiful musical program was rendered. D.D. Scott E. Drum, of Hazleton, was the principal speaker at the formal presentation of the tablet.

**Marion, Ind., Lodge Active in Fraternal and Charitable Work**

A venison dinner was given by Marion, Ind., Lodge, No. 195, on December 7 in honor of D.D. Carl T. Bartlett of Muncie. The venison was obtained by several of the members while on a hunting trip in northern Michigan. Special entertainment was presented. The banquet was followed by a meeting, one of the largest ever held by Marion Lodge.

As its main charitable activity of the year, the lodge is again furnishing every needy, deserving child in the local city schools with new clothing. As a result the most favorable publicity has been received, and the Elks find that they are regarded by the children who have been "dressed up", as real, year-round Santa Clauses.

**Houston, Tex., Elks Prepare to Bid For 1940 Grand Lodge Reunion**

At the Grand Lodge Convention in St. Louis next July, Houston, Texas, Lodge, No. 151, will submit

an invitation to the Grand Lodge to hold the 1940 Reunion in Houston. Anticipating a favorable decision, the lodge has spent \$11,101.45 for improvements during the past year and a half. E.R. M. A. deBettencourt has stated that the first half of the job is finished and that with a few more changes, which include the air conditioning of a large part of the building, one highly important part of the arrangements will have been completed. When the invitation is formally made, Houston Lodge will have at its disposal every facility for the dispensing of hospitality and performance of the obligations of a lodge acting as host to a national convention of the Order.

Figures in the records show that the amount of \$5,210.39 has been spent for redecorating and repairs and almost five hundred on machinery improvements, with new equipment added at a cost of \$5,426.99. The sum of \$1,604.97 was spent in the athletic department to improve the bowling alleys, swimming pool, gymnasium, handball courts and locker rooms, and \$1,323.69 was expended in converting an old dining room into one of the smartest cocktail lounge and dining rooms in Houston—"The Orchid Room." Mr. deBettencourt emphasized the fact that all of the improvements were paid for promptly upon completion, thus enabling the lodge to take advantage of sizeable discounts in almost every case.

**Kansas Elks Provide Eye Glasses For Needy Students**

For almost two years the Kansas State Elks Association, through its member lodges, has been supplying eye glasses to indigent students. The work was adopted as one of its major activities in May, 1937, and a

*Miss Eleanor Fox of Van Wert, Ohio, who was awarded the yearly scholarship to the Karr Business University by Van Wert Lodge. Each year the Lodge gives a worthy student of the local high school an opportunity for higher education.*







*At top: The Harrison C. Eacho Class recently initiated into Richmond, Va., Lodge.*



*Above: The prize-winning band of Great Neck, N. Y., Lodge and the Lodge officers.*



*Above: Standing, a class of candidates which was initiated into Belleville, Ill., Lodge recently by the championship Ritualistic Team of Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, seated.*

Children's Welfare Committee was formed to assist in carrying on the work. Past Exalted Ruler William J. Duval, of Hutchinson Lodge, was appointed Chairman. Three hundred students in the State of Kansas received glasses the first year. The various school authorities have since reported that all have shown an improvement in their school work. At its 1938 annual convention, the Association again endorsed

this activity and voted its continuance. In furnishing the glasses, member lodges pay one half of the cost, and the Children's Welfare Committee pays the remainder.

One of the most enthusiastic supporters of the project has been Hutchinson Lodge No. 453. In 1937-38 this lodge provided eighty pairs of eye glasses for students and from last September to the middle of December, it supplied thirty-six more.

**Telluride, Colo., Lodge Dedicates Its New Home**

Members of Telluride, Colo., Lodge, No. 692, joined by Elks from Ouray, Colo., Lodge, No. 492, held dedication ceremonies on December 1 for the new home recently completed by Telluride Lodge. D.D. Albert H. Diemer, of Leadville, made his official visit that evening, and, assisted by Grand Lodge members from Ouray and Telluride lodges, dedicated the home.

The ceremonies were preceded by a turkey dinner attended by over 100 members and visitors and were followed by a meeting featured by the initiation of 13 candidates. The class was named for and initiated in honor of P.D.D. Judge George W. Bruce, of Montrose. In addition to the District Deputy's address, talks were made by Past State Pres. Henry B. Zanella, Ouray, and P.D.D. Charles J. Schuler, Telluride.

**Spokane, Wash., Elks Burn Mortgage and Bonds on Lodge Home**

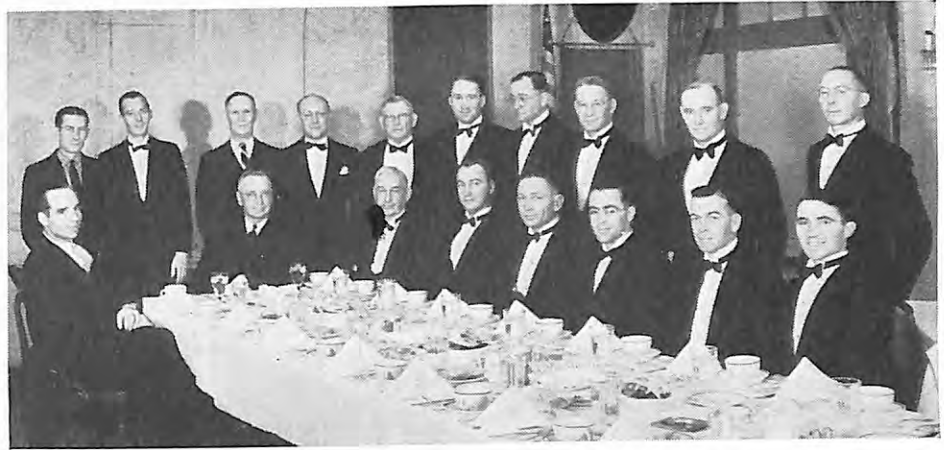
The \$355,000 home of Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228, an Italian Renaissance structure of great architectural beauty, is entirely free of debt, the last mortgage amounting to \$120,000, and redeemed bonds, amounting to the same sum, having been burned with ceremony on last November 2 before a crowd of 3,000 spectators. The ceremony opened with the march of the members through the door of the home to a



brilliantly-lighted and appropriately-decorated incinerator, which had been set up on the street. They marched two by two, each bearing a bond on the issue of which the lodge had never defaulted a payment and which was paid up two years before the due date. P.E.R. Dr. John H. O'Shea, Chairman of the original Building Committee, assisted by P.E.R. Nave G. Lein, Chairman of the Mortgage-Burning Committee, and E.R. Walter R. Horn touched a torch to the mortgage. The bonds were added to its embers, almost filling the large screen incinerator, which was resplendently painted and surrounded at the base by torches of vari-hued light.

The nearly 2,000 Elks assembled in the auditorium later heard P.E.R. R. W. Nuzum, a charter member, review the lodge's history. Senior P.E.R. W. F. Connor, Secretary for 31 years, was paid high tribute, and Fred M. Skadan, who was Exalted Ruler in 1919, when Dr. O'Shea presented the new building resolution, was presented with a watch by P.E.R. C. Clare Cater. The Elks Quartette figured in a fine musical program and refreshments were served. The festivities were resumed the next evening. Banquet reservations were made for 2,500 Elks and their ladies, most of whom remained

*At bottom: The orchestra and cast of the Minstrel Show recently given by Salida, Colo., Lodge.*



*Above: Officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Ely, Nev., Lodge photographed during the course of a banquet given for D.D. Doctor J. C. Cherry.*

for the dancing, cards and supper, which concluded the two-day celebration.

**"Charter Members Night"  
Observed at Pulaski, Va., Lodge**

The meeting of Pulaski, Va., Lodge, No. 1067, on December 2, was outstanding from several standpoints. D.D. Charles W. Proffitt, of Clifton Forge, made his official visit, the R. R. Moore Class was initiated by the local officers, headed by E.R. H. R. Inboden, and the Treasurer announced the final payment on the Pulaski Lodge home, which is valued at nearly \$75,000.

The meeting was designated "Charter Members Night" and 10 of the 14 surviving charter members were present. Each was presented with a silver dollar of 1907, the year of the lodge's institution. During the evening the lodge voted \$50 to help in the purchase of an artificial limb for a young resident of the city, and a \$50 donation to the Police Department's Empty Stocking Fund.

*Elks of Houston, Tex., Lodge unveil a plaque to the memory of Sergeant Ernest D. Shock, a Houston Elk killed in France. American Legion Posts of Houston furnished a guard of honor.*





**Two Recent Events Held by San Francisco, Calif., Lodge**

A large attendance greeted D.D. Sherwood Jones, of Alameda, on the night of his official visit to San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, among those present being Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott and many other Past Exalted Rulers of San Francisco Lodge. E.R. John J. McMahon extended a hearty welcome, and a large number of candidates was initiated. Talks by Mr. Abbott and the District Deputy contained messages of import and inspiration and were well received.

Preceding District Deputy Night by a few weeks, a joint celebration by San Francisco Elks and Legionnaires from Zane Irwin Post, No. 93, brought an immense crowd to the lodge home. The Legionnaires brought with them their national championship brass band, which, led by Ralph Murray, Conductor, entertained their hosts with a choice program at the close of initiation ceremonies, in which a large class was initiated into the Post. Commander Royal E. Handlos, who is also a member of the local lodge of Elks, was in charge. Henry Wurfheim, Inner Guard of No. 3, was a member of the class. Dr. John P. O'Brien, Dr. John L. Murphy and Anthony Boicelli assisted in the initiatory work. Reuel Pomeroy delivered a spirited address on Americanism, and U. F. Stewart, a member of both organizations, acted as master of ceremonies.

**Elks of Kansas West District Meet With Augusta, Kans., Lodge**

One of the largest meetings ever held in the Kansas West District was held recently at Augusta Lodge, No. 1462. It was attended by representatives of Winfield, El Dorado, Wichita, Newton, Hutchinson, Pratt and Pittsburg, Kans., and Bartlesville, Okla., Lodges, and brought out a fine percentage of the local membership.

The evening began with a dinner served at the Pollock Café to 42 visitors and the Augusta officers. A concert was given by the Elks Band. Lodge convened at 8 P. M. A class was initiated and a number of interesting talks were given, among the speakers being the two District Deputies of Kansas, Ben W. Weir, Pittsburg, and S. E. Patterson, Augusta. A Dutch Lunch was served.

**An Inter-City Meeting Is Held at Wapakoneta, O., Lodge**

Winter activities in Wapakoneta, O., Lodge, No. 1170, were given a

decided impetus at an inter-city meeting held in the lodge home recently, attended by 400 Elks of Western Ohio. Lima Lodge was represented by 50 members, and smaller delegations attended from Greenville, Sidney, Van Wert, Kenton, Fostoria and Piqua. Forty members of Cincinnati Lodge made the 130-mile trip by motor bus.

A class of 20 candidates was initiated into Wapakoneta Lodge by officers of Cincinnati Lodge headed

by E.R. Jacob Auer. A male quartette, accompanied by electric organ music, sang during the ceremonies. P.E.R. Harry Kahn of Wapakoneta was Master of Ceremonies. Charles L. Haslop, Newark, Pres. of the Ohio State Elks Assn., Past State Pres.'s John F. Fussinger and Ernst Von Bargaen, Cincinnati, P.D.D. O. J. Shafer, Elyria, Chairman of the State Membership Committee, and James Armitage, Chairman of State Activities, addressed the meeting.



*Above: A float entered by Springfield, Mo., Lodge in a recent parade.*

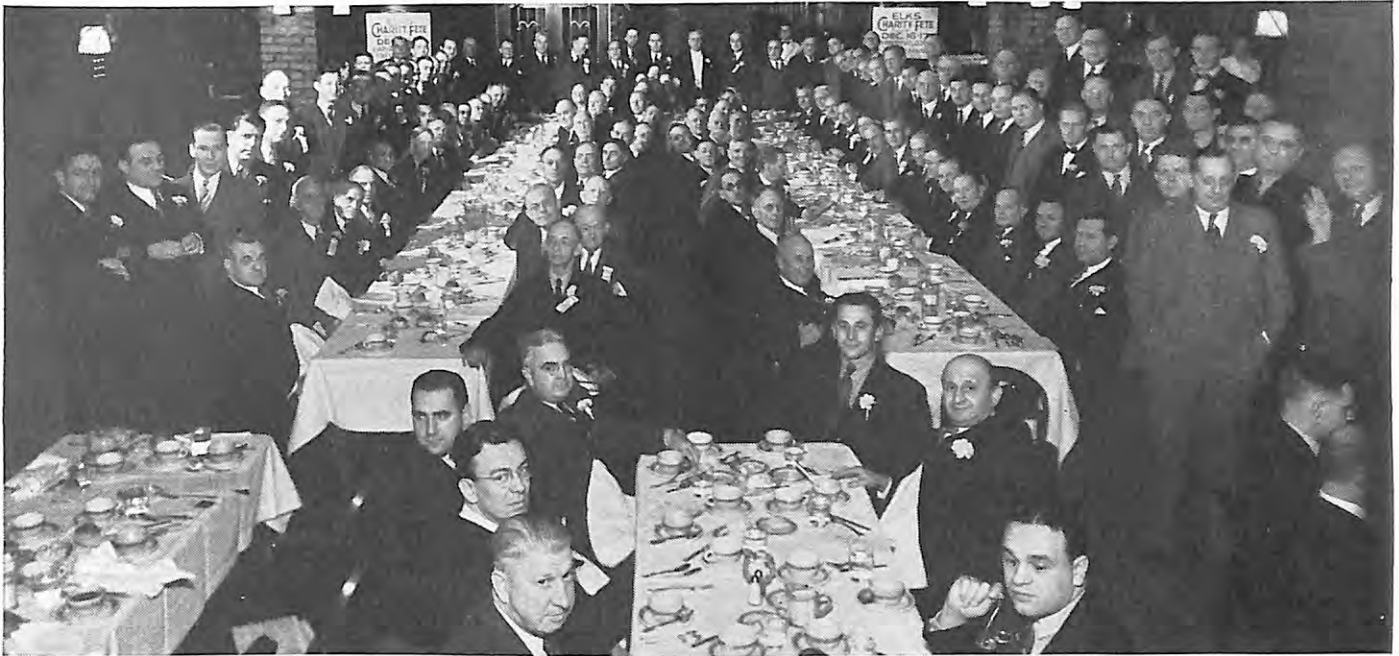


*Above: The Dance Committee of Washington, D. C., Lodge which has done much for the successful social season of the Lodge.*



*Right: Elks of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge and ladies who participate in the broadcast each Sunday over Station KITE by Kansas City Lodge. Community singing and solos are heard and a five-minute address pertaining to the Order. The program sponsors relief for the needy.*





**Waterloo, Ia., Lodge Buys Artificial Hand For Accident Victim**

Sympathy for the victim of a tragic accident and the desire to help him in the reconstruction of his life, led the Elks of Waterloo, Ia., Lodge, No. 290, to purchase for Jack Greenley, a student of the East Junior High School, an artificial hand of the latest and most ingenious type. With it the lad has mastered the use of table silver. He can write, carry things and even take off his shoes. After a few hours' training at the Des Moines establishment where the hand was bought, the delighted boy was surprising his friends with his skill.

Returning from the Municipal Bathing Beach last July, young Greenley fell under a switching train. He lost his left arm near the shoulder and his right near the wrist. Courage and a good physical condition won the battle for recovery. Now, aided by this remarkable device, he is able to help himself, and is planning enthusiastically to earn his living when he finishes school. He has

**Above: Officers, P.E.R.'s and Old Timers of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge on the occasion of the reunion of the "Twenty-five Year Club".**

expressed his determination to repay the lodge for what it has done for him. The Elks, however, are not thinking about that. They are enjoying the grateful handshake with which they are greeted, for shaking hands is another of the accomplishments the boy has attained, and there seems to be no limit to what he will yet do with the aid of his new right hand.

**New Hampshire Night Celebrated at Newton, Mass., Lodge**

More than 500 Elks gathered in the home of Newton, Mass., Lodge, No. 1327, when "New Hampshire Night" was celebrated by Newton Lodge with a dinner and meeting.

**Below are children of St. Anthony's Orphanage who have been entertained several times by New Kensington, Pa., Lodge. Standing behind them are some of the local Elks.**

Among the New Hampshire lodges represented were Portsmouth, Dover, Rochester, Manchester, Concord and Nashua. The delegations were headed by D.D. Ralph G. McCarthy, of Portsmouth, and their respective Exalted Rulers. E.R. Douglas D. Furbush, of Newton Lodge, who conducted the meeting, announced the presence of a group from Newburyport, where the next Convention of the Mass. State Elks Assn. will be held. Also present were 25 Exalted Rulers of Massachusetts lodges, including Waltham Lodge, headed by E.R. J. Arthur Burke.

The principal speakers were P.E.R. Harry O. Mudgett, Framingham, Mass., Chairman of the State Ritualistic Committee, and Arthur J. Harty, Winchester, Mass., 3rd State Vice-Pres. P.E.R. Edwin O. Childs, Mayor of Newton, made a short welcoming address. After the dinner, a boxing program was directed by "Doc" Almy, sports writer and member of Newton Lodge. Professional entertainment was in charge of Joseph Delaney.





**Social and Charitable Activities of Alameda, Calif., Lodge**

Headed by Est. Lead. Knight Owen White, the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, has for several months been providing shows for "shut-ins." This is the first time such a plan has been tried out in the locality. The Elks presenting the shows have exhibited moving picture films in the homes of well over 50 families, meeting so much success that they have increased their efforts. More numerous and varied programs are being given, with the Elks providing their own films and projectors.

Two big "Nights" took place at Alameda Lodge before the close of the year. The official visit of D.D. Sherwood Jones, P.E.R., was featured by the initiation of a large class of new members. An exceptional dinner on Ladies Night was followed by the presentation of "Rhythm in Rhyme," an amateur production put on by Alameda Elks and their ladies. Original music was written for the show by a member, Russell J. Franck. Over 700 persons crowded the lodge rooms where the performance was given.

**Dr. McCormick Is Entertained by Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge**

Fort Wayne, Ind., Lodge, No. 155, entertained Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick on December 17 at one of its famous chicken pie dinners. Later members and guests adjourned to the lodge room where the Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by E.R. Lynn A. Fonner. Mayor Harry W. Baals, who had recently been initiated into the local lodge, welcomed the distinguished visitor to the city. P.E.R. Louis F. Crosby, P.D.D., spoke briefly.

In an intensely patriotic address, Dr. McCormick declared that "we must continue to keep America and its Flag safe forever." He mentioned the American Legion a number of times and spoke of the fight against "isms" that is being carried on by both the Legion and the Order of Elks. The Grand Exalted Ruler is himself a member of the Legion and many Elk-Legionnaires were in the audience. A record crowd of Elks from cities in the tri-State area of northwestern Ohio, southern Michigan and northeastern Indiana as well as the Indiana North Central District in which Fort Wayne is

*Right: Standing before the home of Columbus, Neb., Lodge are local Elks celebrating the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick. In the front row is Doctor McCormick with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, to left of him, and E.R. Dr. Carroll Evans, to right of him. State Pres. J. C. Travis of Omaha stands behind and between Mr. Rain and Doctor McCormick.*



*Above: The Crippled Children's Committee of Paterson, N. J., Lodge on the occasion of the presentation of the James E. Taylor plaque by the Committee to the Lodge in memory of their former Chairman.*

located, was in attendance. D.D. Harry D. Forney of Warsaw was among the prominent Elks of the State who were present.

**Numerous Special Nights Held by Bluffton, Ind., Lodge**

Bluffton, Ind., Lodge, No. 796, is carrying out a full winter program. Family Nights are popular. On one of these occasions a turkey dinner was served for 410 Elks and their wives. Afternoon bridge parties for the ladies and social sessions on Saturday Nights for which no charge is made are also on the program. The meeting on District Deputy Night, December 7, was

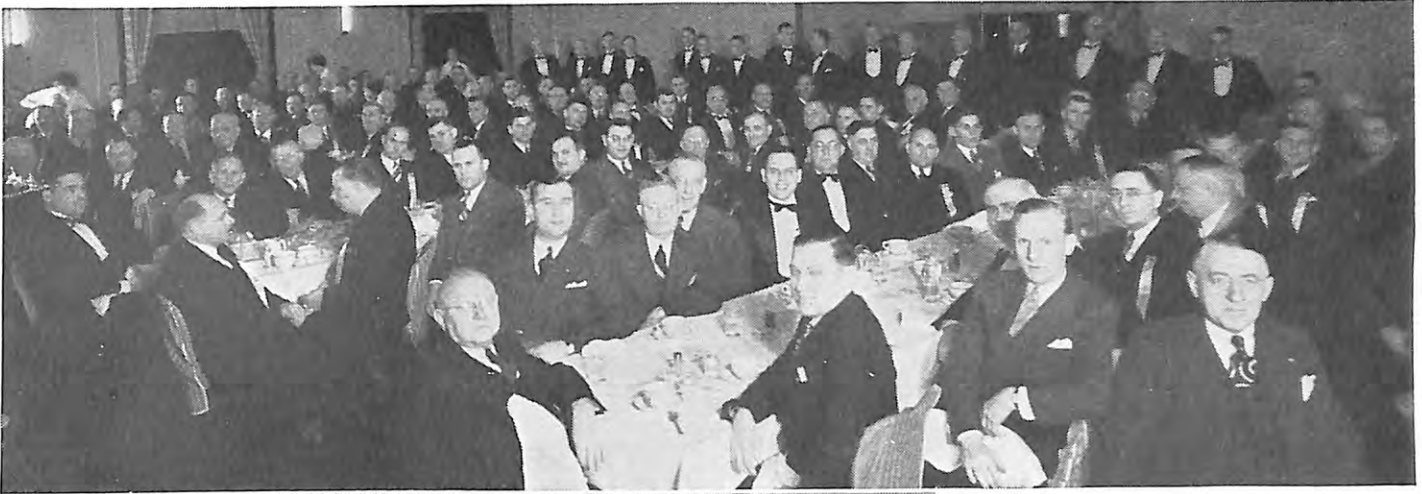
given over entirely to Americanism. D.D. Harry D. Forney of Warsaw made his official visit and Past State Pres. O. Ray Miner, also of Warsaw, was the principal speaker. A steak dinner was served.

A new bronze Memorial Tablet has been installed in the reading room along with pictures of the lodge's Past Exalted Rulers. After the Holidays, the popular plan of showing moving pictures, and providing a good speaker on every regular meeting night, was adopted.

*Below: A float, entered in a recent parade by Marion, Ind., Lodge, which, with the marching delegation, won first prize.*







*Above: Toledo Elks as they honored Grand Exalted Ruler Doctor Edward J. McCormick at a dinner. Fifty-three candidates and their sponsors attended.*



*Above: The Double Quartette of Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge which won recognition in the 1937 Elks National Glee Club Contest.*

*Below: Officers of Council Bluffs, Ia., Lodge at a stag party held in honor of the official visit of D.D. Robert C. Turner of Sioux City.*

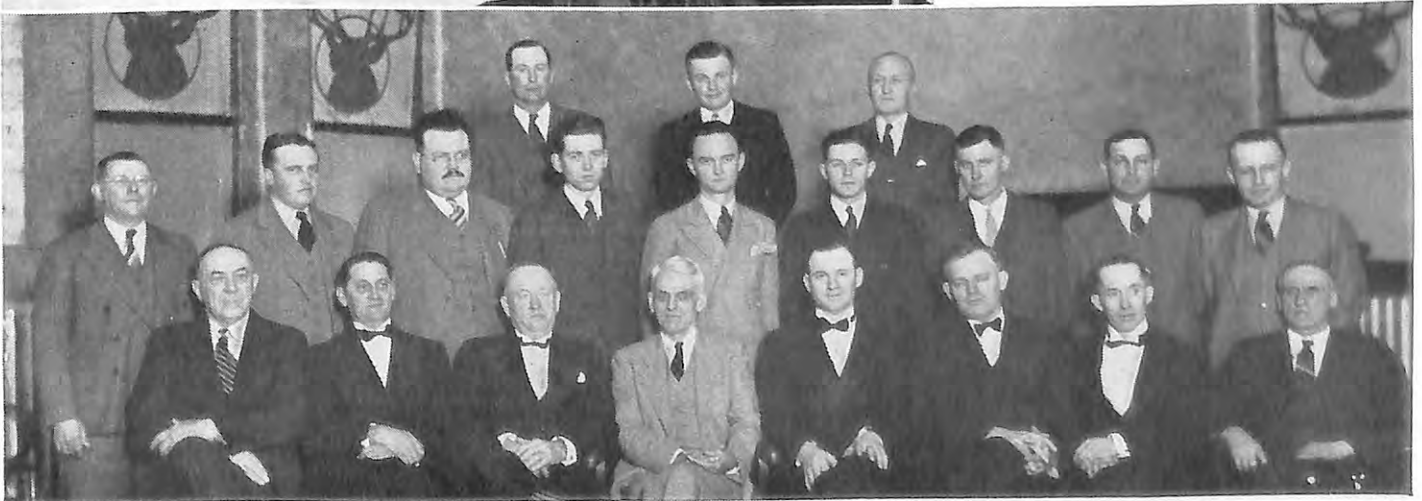
**Leechburg, Pa., Lodge Gives a Dinner for P.D.D. C. O. Morris**

A Testimonial Dinner was given on January 11 by Leechburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 377, in honor of P.E.R. Clarence O. Morris, P.D.D., Past Pres. of the Pa. Central District Assn., and present Chairman of the State Board of Trustees. Mr. Morris has been made a Life Member of Leechburg Lodge which he has served faithfully in many capacities since his initiation 37 years ago.

The dinner was held in the social rooms of the First Presbyterian Church and attended by 150 Elks. P.E.R. J. A. Bowers acted as Toastmaster and brief speeches were made by Exalted Ruler Parker D. Baker and many other members of the Order. Esteemed Loyal Knight T. E. Tench presented Mr. Morris with a diamond-set Elks charm and chain as a gift from his lodge.



*Below: Officers of Iola, Kans., Lodge and part of the Melvin Fronk Class. Seated center is Mr. Fronk and behind him is his son, Howard, who was a member of the class.*







**Ski Tournament Sponsored by Aspen, Colo., Lodge a Big Success**

Aspen, Colo., Lodge, No. 224, sponsored the first big ski tournament of the year held on the famous Roch run at Aspen. The tourney was open to entries from all parts of the State and was witnessed by a crowd in excess of 1,500 persons. The lodge hung up a beautiful ski trophy for the winning team and also provided several attractive medals for individual contestants. Although the Aspen team placed first, the Grand Junction Ski Club received the Elks trophy as winner among the six outside teams on hand for the competition. First place among the visit-

*Above is a group of distinguished New Jersey Elks who attended an annual party to Crippled Children given by Trenton, N. J., Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, center, presented gifts to the children.*

ing skiers went to Ed Grant of the Grand Junction Club. Jerry Hiatt, of the Aspen team, was high man of the tournament, making the down hill race in the thrilling time of 38 seconds, and the slalom in 1:14:1. The Grand Junction skiers turned in remarkable times, all the more sensational because the course was new to them and there had been no time for practice runs.

The Aspen Elks held open house after the meet. Members of Grand Junction Lodge No. 575 had been specially invited and a large delegation attended. The local and visiting Elks also participated in the festivities the preceding night when the Aspen Ski Club gave a dance in the local armory.

**Cumberland, Md., Lodge Holds a Mortgage-Burning Celebration**

On January 4 Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, celebrated the burning of the mortgage on its beautiful home and also the tenth year of occupancy of the building. P.E.R. Lewis M. Wilson, who was the Exalted Ruler presiding at the first meeting in the new home, was the principal speaker. Baltimore, Frostburg and Hagerstown, Md., Washington, D.C., Martinsburg and Elkins, W. Va., and Johnstown, Pa., Lodges were represented in the crowd of 250 Elks who attended the ceremonies which were arranged by P.E.R. Arthur B. Gibson. A floor show and a pig roast were features of the social session.

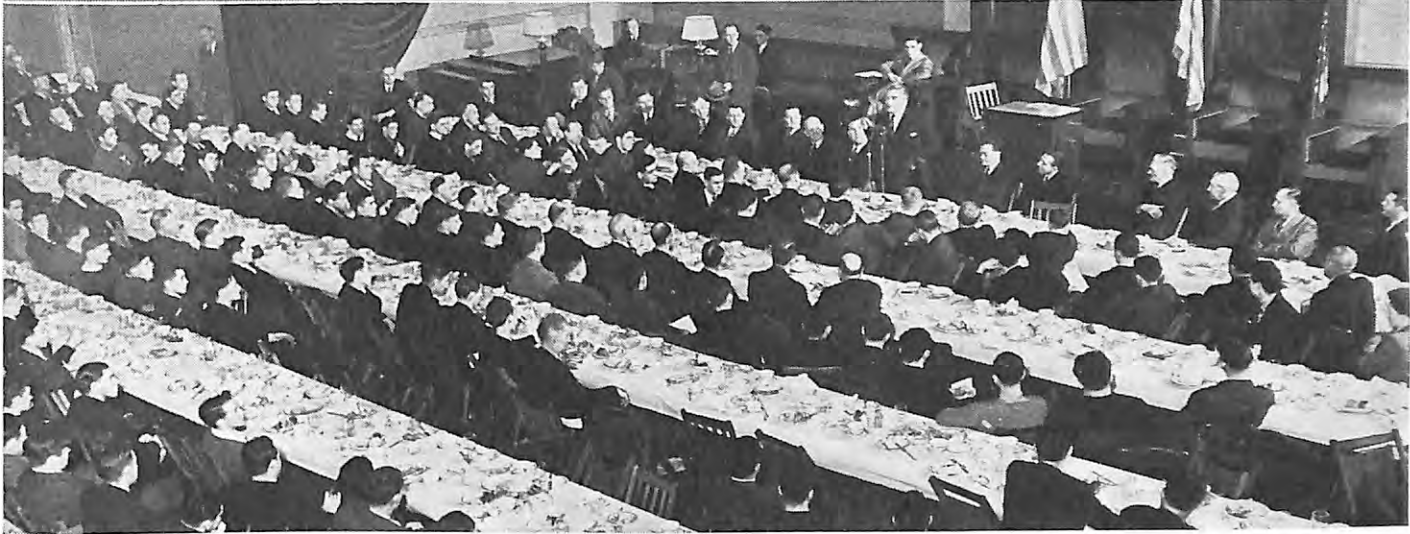


*Left: The Police Force of Bismarck, N. D., who are all Elks.*

*Below: The Doctor Edward J. McCormick Class which was initiated into Saginaw, Mich., Lodge not long ago.*







*At top: Officers of Concordia, Kans., Lodge and a class of candidates which they recently initiated into Salina Lodge.*

*Above: Some of the 500 persons who attended the sixth annual banquet held by Muskegon, Mich., Lodge. Football coach Lynn Waldorf of Northwestern University is shown speaking.*

**Chicago Lodge No. 4 Celebrates "Mayor Edward J. Kelly Night"**

The Hon. Edward J. Kelly, Mayor of Chicago, was given an ovation by 300 of his fellow Elks on January 12 when his lodge, Chicago, Ill., No. 4, celebrated "Mayor Ed Kelly Night." The event took place in the lodge home. Mr. Kelly was introduced by Isaac A. Doff, Chairman of the Testimonial. Mr. Doff called attention to the fact that the Order of Elks is non-political, and his invitation to join in acclaiming Mayor Kelly was met with a wholehearted enthusiasm that left no doubt as to the affection with which the Mayor was regarded by every Elk present. In his remarks Mr. Kelly ignored political issues, dwelling upon the pride he had felt when he was initiated 21 years ago and the thrill he was experiencing that night in being so honored. Among the speakers, all of whom paid high tribute to the guest of the evening, were Frank J. Jacobson, Chicago, Chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Elks National Bowling League; P.E.R.'s Archie H. Cohen, Federal Referee in Bankruptcy, former Representative Sidney Lyon, Harry Eugene Eckland and Irving Eisenman, and many

others prominent in the civil life of the city. It was declared in more than one speech during the evening that no call from Chicago Lodge for aid of any kind had ever gone unheeded by Edward Kelly.

The Exalted Ruler, Arthur H. Gunther, presented Mr. Kelly with an engrossed and handsomely framed membership certificate, which now occupies a prominent place in the Mayor's office. The festivities were concluded with entertainment from the 606 Club, Chez Paree and other local Night Clubs, and a buffet supper was served.

**Gratifying Progress Reported by Janesville, Wis., Lodge**

Fourteen leading citizens of Janesville, Wis., were initiated into Janesville Lodge No. 254 recently and eleven former members reinstated. It is expected that numerous class initiations will take place during the year for the lodge has gone forward at a rapid pace for many months. Plans call for the initiation of a large class early this month, dedicated to Americanization.

Additional improvements on the lodge home are to be made in addition to those already completed and paid for. New furniture has been purchased for the club rooms, all of which have been remodeled and re-decorated. A new cocktail lounge

has been installed. Janesville Lodge has an excellent record for civic and charitable achievements and its financial condition is better than it has been in many years.

**Anaheim, Calif., Lodge Honors Grand Lodge Officer, L. A. Lewis**

For the first time in its history, Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, No. 1345, has issued a life membership card. As a mark of regard, and appreciation of his long and unselfish work on behalf of the Order as well as his lodge, P.E.R. L. A. Lewis, P.D.D., Past Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn., and a present member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, was chosen for this honor at a meeting attended by 250 members. The vote to grant a life membership to Mr. Lewis was unanimous.

Mr. Lewis was born and brought up in Anaheim. Following his graduation at the University of California in Berkeley, he was admitted to the Bar and has become one of the most widely known attorneys in and around Los Angeles.

*(Continued on page 52)*





## Dixon, Illinois, Lodge Presents a Candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler

Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, in regular session on January 23, 1939, adopted the following Resolution:

"It is hereby Resolved that Dixon Lodge No. 779 of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, present Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Illinois, for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler and direct its officers to arrange for his nomination at the 75th session of the Grand Lodge to be held at St. Louis, Missouri, in July, 1939, and that the Exalted Ruler appoint a committee of members of the Lodge to effectuate this Resolution."

With the unanimous adoption of the Resolution, such committee was appointed, headed by Past Exalted Ruler the Hon. John P. Devine as Chairman and the Exalted Ruler, Mayor William V. Slothower, Vice-Chairman.

Henry C. Warner was initiated into Dixon Lodge in 1920. The crippled children program carried on by the Elks of Illinois attracted him to membership in the beginning and has held his interest and benefited from his efforts throughout the years of his service in Dixon Lodge and in the wider activities of the Order at large. He is the present Vice-Chairman of the Crippled Children's Commission of the Illinois State Elks Association and, appointed by Governor Henry Horner, is Chairman of the Illinois State Crippled Children's Commission. One of Dixon's most prominent attorneys, Mr. Warner is a Past President of the Lee County Bar Association and of the Sixth Supreme Court District Bar Association. He has served two terms as a member of the Board of Governors, Illinois Bar Association. Locally, he is President of the Dixon Water Com-

pany, a director of the Dixon Home Telephone Company, a director of the City National Bank in Dixon and of the Dixon Theatre Company.

The long list of offices which Mr. Warner has held as an Elk is most impressive. Having served as Esquire, then as Esteemed Loyal Knight, Esteemed Leading Knight and Exalted Ruler of Dixon Lodge, he was appointed in 1927 to serve as District Deputy for the Illinois Northwest District. In 1930 he became a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, serving until 1932, when he was appointed Grand Esquire at the Grand Lodge Convention in Birmingham, Alabama. In 1933-34 he served another year on the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. In 1935 he became a member of the Board of Grand Trustees, serving that year as Secretary, and in 1936-37, 1937-38 and the present year, 1938-39, as Approving Member of the Board.

Mr. Warner has always been in demand as a speaker at public meetings, at meetings of subordinate lodges both within his own State and elsewhere, and has delivered numerous Memorial Addresses. He has given the Illinois State Elks Association ardent and continuous cooperation and has been responsible for the success of many of its projects. In 1926 he acted as Exalted Ruler of the State Association's All Star Ritualistic Team. He was elected to the State Presidency in 1929.

Dixon Lodge is rightfully proud of the honor of being able to present as a candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler one of its own members—a man whose reputation for integrity and outstanding ability as a leader is nation-wide—Henry C. Warner, Grand Trustee.



## Charleroi, Pa., Lodge Presents Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters for Reelection

At the 75th Session of the Grand Lodge in St. Louis, Mo., this coming July, Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, will present Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order, and a Past Exalted Ruler of Charleroi Lodge, as its candidate for reelection as Grand Secretary. The intelligent and successful performance of his important duties as Grand Secretary since his

first election in 1927, has proven Mr. Masters' special fitness for this important Grand Lodge office. Charleroi Lodge has been happy to endorse his administrations by presenting him as a candidate for reelection at each subsequent Grand Lodge Convention. Each year his election has been unanimous.

Since 1911, when he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing

Committee, Mr. Masters has served on various Grand Lodge Committees. He was Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees for three years. At the close of his term as Grand Exalted Ruler in 1923, he was appointed a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, in which capacity he served until he took up his duties as Grand Secretary.



# Night of Swords

(Continued from page 7)

a Yankee in the house. He's stolen my cipher and killed Cæsar."

It shocked him fully awake, and he started to ask questions as he pulled on his boots.

"What cipher?" he asked.

"Trafford gave me one," I said shortly. "But don't talk. Just come along. He's still in here, because everything is locked."

He was at my heels when I stepped into the hall again. We passed the girl's door, and I told him, "Take the top floor—I've covered downstairs."

His voice faintly mocking, made me turn around and face him, "What're you going to do, cousin?" he said.

"You fool!" I ground out. "I'm not love-making. I want to see if Miss Rodney is—"

"Is in there?" he asked innocently.

"Is safe, blast you!" What ailed the jackass, anyhow?

His short laugh grated on my ears as he stumbled away, and I began to knock on the door.

I heard her voice, almost instantly, sharp and distinct, and I wasted no time. "I've got to speak to you—hurry!" I called.

I could hear her run to the door and unlock it. Then I was talking confusedly, telling her of what had happened . . . until I saw her left hand. And what I saw there, at this frightful hour, made the cold sweat stand out on my brow.

*She was holding tightly to that accursed hat-box!*

**I** WANTED to laugh. Some terrible curiosity made me study that box hungrily. But I checked myself because it was no time for foolishness.

I told her, "Bolt your door and stay here. Don't open it until I come back."

And the first thing that happened when I reached the bottom of the stairs was that I collided head-on with Fitz.

"Did you find anything?" I demanded.

He didn't answer that. Instead, he said something that made goose-pimples rise on my skin.

"Did you?" was what he said.

I swung away from him, cursing him to hell, and began to comb the ground floor again.

The thudding of the explosions were like gunfire, riddling my heart. I was turning over those words of Fitz's, telling myself it couldn't be . . . yet, she was a Yankee, the only Yankee here in this securely locked-up house. Why had she clung to that damned box so fiercely? And a woman with that fire and courage, driven into a corner, could even have killed old Cæsar!

I could see Mr. Davis' tired face; I was trying to force myself to remember those ragged men in the soaking rifle-pits at Petersburg. My father had died for the Confederate cause, and I, his son, had betrayed my trust.

My feet were wooden, dragging as I turned toward the stairs and heard Fitz's insane roar, "You damned Yankee! I'll clip your wings!"

I heard it dully, nauseated, until Honora's screams came.

Then, God help me, damnation was on my soul for what I next did.

**AS** I reached the landing, in that red glare I saw Fitz grappling with her, half dragging, half crushing her in his madman's hold. He was slobbering in mixed anger and passion, and she was fighting like a tigress, clawing, biting.

"Fitz!" I yelled at him. "You—"

He turned to me, cursing. I grabbed him, tugging, and he threw me off. I tripped, rolled down the stairs, came up again blindly, the candle out, and my sword in my hand. In the hall's red illumination he saw me. There was something deadly about the way he drew his saber.

He came at me like a thunderbolt, plunging down the stairs, slashing and swinging the blade like an avenging fury.

"You spy lover!" he screamed at me. "You damnable traitor!"

I slipped on the loose carpet, struck one knee and felt an explosion across the back of my head that half blinded me. I could feel a wet smear where his saber had bitten in. I had to get up those stairs to the top; he would kill me if I remained below. So I slashed at his legs, and he went back up slowly, his blade whistling and zinging about my ears.

Step by step, I made him give ground. I knew I was fighting for my life now, and I fought as a man does at such a time. I blinked as his sword flashed under my eyes, but I never stopped swinging. I made it, at last, and we stood there, on a level, amidst that clangor of ringing steel.

He was strong, and such human fury I had never seen, not even on that bloody day at Cold Harbor. That saber came at me like death's own windmill, and he drove me against the wall before I could collect my senses. Then I began to push off the wall, and my own blade leaped at his like a live thing. I drove him clear back into the girl's room. In a blur, I could see her crouching against the great four-poster.

Suddenly Fitz lost his head and swung to finish me for good. I saw the slash coming, and when he moved his shoulder back for the attempt,

I stepped in. It was a short thrust, but it was enough. My blade went deep into his throat.

I lighted the candles before I bent to look. I kept telling myself I was glad he was no near cousin, but Border State kin. Still I felt like a murderer, until I saw that which told me he, too, had been a murderer. For, despite the blood that drenched his chest, I saw the folded, saturated envelope sticking out of his jacket.

It was my Confederate cipher, and sight of it told me that Cousin Fitzroy had answered for a great deal. I had got the Yankee agent at last.

When I stood up the girl's eyes held terror and pity, but I was still too near my recent distrust of her to relax all at once. I walked over and roughly snatched that damned box from her hand and tore the lid off. I could see her wide eyes on me as I hauled out the flimsy thing inside.

"A Yankee flag!" I snorted scornfully. "A schoolgirl hiding a silly flag." I laughed out loud at her, bitterly. "And just a few minutes ago I thought you were a cat from hell!"

Then I realized that in the flag something was wrapped—several things had been wrapped, in fact. They lay now, scattered on the floor. I stooped, picking them up—an officer's gold, dress-parade sash, a few brass buttons. They had been clipped from a Union soldier's jacket.

I didn't have to ask her what they meant, because she told me—standing there, meeting my stare levelly.

"They were my brother's," she said slowly. "He was killed at Shiloh. Please give them back to me."

**W**E rode out of Richmond at day-break, when the first of Weitzel's Yankee troopers cantered into Capitol Square. We were going to Danville, to join Mr. Davis, and we rode hurriedly through the wrack and ruin of the smoking city. The lonely chimneys stood up out of the charred timbers, and the molasses ran in the gutters. Negroes crowded the streets, awed and wide-eyed before the Yankees' coming.

We left the dead city behind, and my heart was sick with it all. I had no word, or look, either, for the woman who rode beside me. This had been my land and my people, and it had been ruined by hers. I had held in my arms the woman I wanted most, but what she stood for was too much to put aside now.

She said, "I said I'd tell you my answer in the morning."

I told her bitterly, "I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking of one more thing I made a mess of. I was



waiting for a man. I won't be there when he comes. I had orders to give him something."

"A man?" she repeated, her eyes on me queerly.

I did not tell her of the agent to whom that cipher should have gone, or the manner in which he would identify himself, either. She had seen and heard too much already.

Then I started, because a strange sound had fallen on my ears.

"Yes," she said. "That's right. I said it."

"You said *what*?"

"'Stonewall'—that was the word,

wasn't it?" She went on, "My instructions told me that a captain would be there at the President's house last night, with the cipher. I was to say 'Stonewall' to him, and he would give it to me. But somebody must have made a mistake. You and your cousin were *both* captains. So I had to wait and try and figure out which of you was the one."

I stared dumbly.

"Oh, I did my share," she told me, nettled by my incredulity. "Our family was divided when the war came. I was for the Confederacy, and worked for it. But I wanted my

dead brother's Yankee flag, too. Now—well, I'm sick of war and of being a spy and —"

I leaned over and took her hand, silently.

"It's all over—all this," she said, looking up at me through her tears. "I told you the war's over. I want to go west where there won't be any more North and South, only American land."

Then we rode on, cantering a little now, as we left that blackened city behind, and began to pass the flowering dogwood and fresh, dew-wet laurel along the dusty road.

## The Sea Otters

(Continued from page 13)

deep-sea diver." Gar looked it. Dungarees and sweater could not hide the great bulge of his muscles, and his square, bronzed face had seaman written all over it.

The growl gave way to a grunt of relief. "Then you're not a game warden. For a minute I thought you might be. My name's Steve Hanna, and what's this thing I got here, I don't know. Maybe you do."

"Yoost what are you goin' to do with it?" asked Gar.

"Skin it, and throw it back into the water. It's got a good fur, and I can get a nice price for it. I call it sea lion. What's wrong with that?"

"You do it like you don't want to get caught at it."

"Sure I don't. For all I know there may be a fine tacked onto it. You bet I don't want to get caught. Come on, give me a hand with it and I'll take you home to dinner. I live in a shack close by here. And there's always something to drink in it." His full wink and his wide, expansive smile again brought Snort to mind. "Shoot first," Snort had said, and nothing about drinking. But for all that omission, Gar gulped and shook his head.

"**N**O." Gar was a long way from Monterey and the refusal was not easy. "Not that I don't never drink, but—" He looked away, and his glance fastened on the sea otter. It struck him that this one might be Elsa. In the water he would have known her without hesitation, and she would have known him. Elsa, who had rubbed her sleek little head against his helmet more than once. But here—well, here she was killed, and the man who did it was offering him a drink on it. No, he'd better get away before this fellow made him forget what he was here for.

"Me, I got to get goin'."

"Sure, suit yourself." The man

turned abruptly and bent over the sea otter. Gar crossed the sands and pulled himself up the steep cliff. He stopped once to look back. Steve Hanna was skinning the sea otter. Gar nodded. It was all as it should be. He was ready to make his report to the sheriff. He'd got his evidence. He'd seen the man kill the sea otter, seen him skin it, heard him say he was going to sell the skin. He had his name—Steve Hanna. All to be done now was to see where he lived. When Gar reached the top of the cliff he walked along to where a small waterway had cut a depression in the coast, and there searched for sight of the shack. It did not take him long to find it. He saw the roof through a small thicket of willows and knew it would be easy to find it again when he wanted it. Then he walked back to his car and started the engine. The sleuthing was done and he was relieved to have it over with. He'd made a neat, compact, little job of it. A good job. And now his sea otter story was almost ready for the telling. It needed only the action of the cops to complete it. But as his car nosed into the long lonely miles ahead of him he missed the glow of accomplishment that should have been his, and thought it was only a drink that he missed.

"That was yoost all there vas to it." Gar, leaning back against the adobe wall of the old Customs House, bared his head to the morning sun and watched the seagulls wheeling over the wharf. "I got him now. Tonight ve go out there with the cops. Yah. Where's the coat?"

"That wasn't so easy," said Snort. "I spotted the dame at the church like you told me, and followed her home. But that's as far as I got."

"It don't matter. Ve got plenty on him without the coat."

"We got nothin' on him without the coat," snorted the ex-soldier. "Didn't he say it was a sea lion he

shot? There's no law against shootin' sea lions. We got to have the coat to prove he knowed different."

"But ve got no coat."

"If you'd saw the house!" said Snort. "All red tiles and white plaster spread out over an acre. I looked around for someone to talk to, but the cook was a Chink and the maid was a Filipino houseboy."

"Then there von't be no coat."

"Nor no thousand-dollar fine without it. And we get half the fine. Remember that. So there's got to be a coat, and there will be. I said I'd get it, and I'll do it. I'll get it if I have to steal it."

"Best to forget it," advised Gar. "But I'll be goin' down this afternoon and leavin' word for the cops to follow me. Ve'll tell them yoost what for when they get there. Meet me here at the Customs House at two."

"And if I ain't here, go without me," directed Snort.

"Okay," said Gar.

**S**NORT was not around at the appointed time. Gar had not expected him to be. The trouble with Snort was that he hated to acknowledge his mistakes. He'd rather lose out on the reward than admit he was wrong. And he was certainly wrong in thinking that they needed the coat.

Gar drove the twenty miles down the San Simeon highway as before, and parked his car in the same shoulder of the road. He did not go near the beach. This time he went directly to the shack. If Steve Hanna were home he'd try to hold him there until the cops came. Or if he shouldn't be home, Gar would have a chance to look around and see how many pelts there were on the place. And in either case, Gar had brought his own whiskey along. No scruples should keep him thirsty today.



The shack was a ramshackle affair built mostly of driftwood. A profusion of pink and purple morning glory covered up the sides, and a wide chimney of stones from the beaches gleamed whitely against the background of green willows. Gar tried the door. It was unlocked, and opening it, he found the inside as simple and orderly as the outside. An iron stove, a table, chairs and a cot—there was the cleanliness and economy of a ship's cabin to it. But from the poverty of the place it was obvious that the man who lived here could never pay a thousand-dollar fine. Gar took the flask from his pocket and uncorking it, drank from it. Tomorrow's whiskey would be pledged for on his share of the reward money, and Gar had a feeling that it wasn't going to taste any too good.

He sat down on the nearest chair and looked around. He saw the cedar chest under the cot—that would be for the cured pelts. It could be locked or it could be open. He stared at it without touching it, and then sat down on another chair where he couldn't see it. The cops, he knew, would see it the first thing. After that—Gar took another pull from his flask, and it came to him that sleuthing had angles to it that were decidedly unpleasant.

A shout from the outside brought him upright to his feet. That would be the cops coming now. He hoped Snort was with them. Things were always better when he had Snort's ready tongue at hand. A second shout, and he recognized the voice. It was Snort's.

"Gar! Hey, Gar! Are you here?"

Gar went to the door and opened it. There were no cops there, only Snort and a woman. Gar saw the woman first. She had the sea otter coat on. It was the same coat he had followed to the church. She looked a little frightened, a slender, handsome woman, almost as tall as Snort, with large hazel eyes and hair that lay black and sleek as silk against her pale cheeks. She was walking in front of Snort, apparently at his orders. The sight of Gar's square, weathered face, stamped with an elemental calm, seemed to reassure her. The color came back into her cheeks, and she stopped short. Then she turned around to Snort, with blazing eyes and a voice sharp with fury. "You'll go to jail for this, my

man I will certainly see to that!" "No, madam." Snort winked at Gar. "It's you who's goin' to jail. Goin' just as soon as the cops come. And they'll be here any minute now. It was your swell car, coupled with my swell drivin', what beat them down. Gee, what a honey!"

"You kidnaped me," she charged passionately. "It's Alcatraz for that, and I'll not raise a finger to stop your going there."

**S**HE looked from Snort to Gar. Her eyes began to darken with new doubts and distrust. "This isn't the man who sold me the skins. I'm sure it isn't. You aren't, are you?"

Gar threw out his chest and the words fairly exploded from him. "Me, I'm Gar Langard, the deep-sea diver."

"And this is Mrs. Jewel Pembroke," said Snort. "And she come along with me forcibly because she wouldn't come no other way. I picked her up at the church—gosh, but she's hell for church—she thought she knew me, she thought I was the garridge man got nervous over some bum repair on her car, and I strung her along until she found out different. It was too late then. We was streakin' down the highway. So I brung her along inside the coat. There wasn't no other way to do it," he finished up. "And now we'll wait inside, madam, if you don't mind."

Mrs. Pembroke stepped into the cabin and sat down. Gar and Snort followed her, but both remained standing. Gar regarded Mrs. Pembroke with the same detached interest he might have given to a captured octopus, or a manta ray writhing on the wharf instead of in the water.

"Ve're only clothes to them kind of vimmen," he remarked. "They never see no further than the clothes. She wouldn't know her butcher from her baker vas she to see him on the street, nor you nor me from neither."

"Her mistake," grinned Snort. His smiles were slipping across his face like intervals of sunshine on a gusty day. "I figger she's in for a fine, too. I told her all about it on the way down. She kind of shivers at the thought of jail. But that's where you'll be, madam. First you go to jail, and then you pay your fine to get out."

"And you'll go to Alcatraz." Mrs. Pembroke's fear had given place to a cold rage. "And you'll never get out. You and your waterfront friend!"

**G**AR looked startled, and stared uneasily back to Snort. "Maybe you made a mistake, Snort. She's right about the kidnapin'. You was to bring yoost a coat here, not a voman."

"And you was to bring a man," retorted Snort. "Where is the man—where is this Steve Hanna?"

"I vas vaitin' for him," said Gar simply.

"Oh, you was, was you? Leavin' me all the real work to do," accused Snort, "like you always done. And suppose he don't come? Did you think of that?"

"Ve'll stay here till he do come," declared Gar.

Mrs. Pembroke's eyes levelled from Gar to Snort in one sweeping, contemptuous glance. "Just exactly what are you two men trying to do?"

"You said you told her," Gar frowned. "Don't she know vy she's here?"

"I'll tell her again," said Snort. "Lady, we're doin' nothin' but what is right and legal. We plan to collect our half of a good-sized fine from you for buyin' sea otter skins like you did. A thousand-dollar fine. And another one—or, anyways, our share of that, too—from the feller what sold them to you. Just that."

"And to keep the sea



"Worman seems to have his own theory about filling prescriptions."



otters from being viped out again," added Gar. "To prove that there is sea otters, and Gar Langard, the deep-sea diver, don't never talk goofy. Yah, yoost that. That's what I want to prove."

"The man who lives here couldn't ever pay a fine," scoffed Mrs. Pembrook. "Can't you see that? He sold the skins for whatever he could get for them. And he didn't get much—not from me, at any rate. And why shouldn't I buy them? If I didn't, someone else would. But if you think I'm going to pay any fine"—she snapped her fingers at them—"that for your waterfront brains!"

**G**AR squirmed back from her scornful eyes, and eased his discomfort by glaring at Snort.

"I wish he'd come," said Snort irritably. "It's a very good thing we got the coat—seein' we got nothin' else."

"You have me, too," reminded Mrs. Pembrook, "and it's Alcatraz for that. No doubt you'd be glad enough to let me go again. But being here now, I choose to see this affair through. I don't want any repercussions from it later on. I want it settled now."

"You hear her?" asked Gar helplessly. "She don't vant to stay, and she don't vant to go. What does she vant?"

"That's the woman of it," explained Snort. "They're always like that."

"The coat vas a mistake," Gar shook his head regretfully. "I yoost knowed it vas that all along, Snort. But you couldn't miss no chanst to show off about vimmen. Yah, you always show off."

"I done my part," said Snort sullenly. "You didn't. Where is this Steve Hanna?"

"I vait for him," replied Gar. "He'll be here."

"To send him to jail!" exclaimed Mrs. Pembrook. "To send a man to jail for that. A thousand days—three years. For that!"

"For killing sea otters it is not too much," said Gar. "In three years he would kill them all—him and others. This matter vas not for the man, it vas for the sea otters. They must not die."

"You can think that over in Alcatraz," snapped Mrs. Pembrook. "Things may look very different to you over there."

"I hear someone coming now," cried Snort. "If it is the

cops—if it isn't the man—"

But it wasn't the cops who entered. It was Steve Hanna. He stood on the threshold, speechless with surprise.

"You see?" Gar's voice broke the silence. "I told you. It vas best to vait."

"You're waiting for me?" asked Steve Hanna. "Why?" There was no cordiality in his manner, nor any smile on his tanned, hard-featured face.

"It is something—something—" Gar's brows knotted up painfully as he struggled to find the right words. Steve Hanna turned to Mrs. Pembrook, and Gar's words sank down again in his throat.

"You're the woman who bought the skins of me," said Steve Hanna slowly.

"Yes, I am," replied Mrs. Pembrook. "And you're the man who told me very definitely that they were sea lions."

"What if I did? You knew they weren't. That's why you bought them. Did you come for another coat?"

"No."

**S**TEVE looked at her a little puzzled, and after a moment he looked at Gar. "And you, you're the deep-sea diver. I remember you. But this other"—he scowled at Snort—"nobody asked you here, nor wants you. And the quicker you scam—the both of you—the better I'll like it."

"Too late now," said Gar. "Through the window I yoost see the cops a-comin'."

"The cops?" cried Steve Hanna. He whipped around and peered out. When he turned to face his visitors again his jaw had tightened and his eyes narrowed. "So that's it, is it?" he snarled. "You're all here to rat

on me? Well, that's a dirty trick."

"It vas the sea otters, not you," explained Gar.

"If you could hide somewhere," said Mrs. Pembrook to Steve Hanna, "they couldn't—"

"Too late," repeated Gar. "The cops is here."

They were. In another moment they were in the room. There were two. Gar knew them both. One was the sheriff he had telephoned to earlier in the day, and the other was one of the head commissioners from the fish and game office who was known around the wharf as "Chief". But Gar doubted if his knowing them was going to count in the matter of a kidnaping charge. For Mrs. Pembrook was right. She could send both him and Snort to Alcatraz. At the moment Gar's many encounters with the deadly carnivores in the sea became dwarfed before this encounter with a woman from the upper classes. Her shallow sympathies included neither sea otters nor men. Gar folded his arms across his chest and stared at her.

**W**HAT'S the trouble?" barked the sheriff. He was a big man with the cold eyes and the grim mouth that the duties of his calling had fixed on him. He came in with his right hand thrust into his pocket. The "Chief" was a smaller and less aggressive counterpart of the sheriff. He too had his hand in his deep coat pocket.

Before any of the three men could answer him, Mrs. Pembrook spoke. "You're late," she said to the sheriff. "We'd almost given you up for lost."

"What's the trouble?" the sheriff asked her. His eyes searched the cabin for signs of disturbance and turmoil.

"It isn't trouble," said Mrs. Pembrook. Her eyes sparkled, and her

bright smile rested on Snort and Gar and Steve Hanna. All the scorn and hardness had unaccountably gone out of her. Gar watched her in amazement. Was she trying to fool the sheriff? Had she changed her mind about Alcatraz? Whatever she meant he found her smile as warm and comforting as that drink of bonded whiskey the man out at Pebble Beach had once given him in a tall crystal glass.

"Not trouble, sheriff," said Mrs. Pembrook. "It's a discovery."

"It's what?"

"We've made the most wonderful



"I heard a deep sigh—and it just collapsed!"



discovery. Wait until you hear it." "You've what?" scowled the sheriff.

"We've found something."

"What have you found—a corpse, a skeleton?" His eyes bored into hers, and then he turned to Gar. "What's the racket?" he snapped.

"We've found the sea otters," Mrs. Pembrook hurried on before Gar could answer.

"Sea otters?" asked the sheriff blankly.

But the "Chief's" head jerked forward in sudden excitement. "Sea otters?" he shouted. "Not sea otters!"

"Yes, sea otters." Mrs. Pembrook gave him a radiant smile. "We"—she nodded at Gar and Steve and Snort—"the four of us have been finding them for some time. There is no mistake about it." Her eyes rested on Snort.

"You bet," said Snort weakly, "It's sea otters."

"Where?" cried the "Chief". "I cannot believe it. It couldn't be. You must mean seals. Not for a hundred years have there been sea otters. Where did you find sea otters?"

"In—in the water," replied Mrs. Pembrook.

"Off Point Sur here," said Snort quickly.

"Why didn't you report it to us before?" demanded the sheriff, satisfied to have at last found a misdemeanor.

"But that's what we're doing now," said Mrs. Pembrook. "We had to be sure first. And it took time and money to get proof. I had to go to Scotland—the north of Scotland—you know they have sea otters there—" she paused and looked at the sheriff. He nodded wisely. And then the "Chief" nodded, too. "I bought some skins there for a coat. This coat. Look."

She stood up, and slipping out of her coat, passed it over to the sheriff. He took it awkwardly. It was warm from her body, and delicately perfumed. "I brought the coat home," she said, "and we compared it to the skin of those animals the deep-sea diver said were the sea otters. The pelts were identical. Hanna, if you have one of the skins, bring it out and show it to the sheriff."

**S**TEVE pulled out the small cedar chest from under the cot, and took a dressed skin from it. He handed it to the sheriff. The sheriff held the coat in one hand and the sea otter pelt in the other, and the "Chief"

bent over them both and studied them carefully. For a few moments nobody spoke. Steve and Snort stood well back against the wall, and Gar found himself gulping at Mrs. Pembrook wordlessly. When it came right down to it she was a faster talker even than Snort. Presently the "Chief" raised his head and looked at them.

"She's right," he announced. "They are identical."

"But what's all this business got to

cutter there vill that make them stop shooting."

"You're telling me," grunted the sheriff.

**A**ND we want one other thing," concluded Mrs. Pembrook. "Steve Hanna has given over the last year to—to research on this matter. It has taken up a lot of his time. We want Steve to have a job—a good job with the fish and game commission. Is that all right?"

"That could be fixed, too," said the "Chief", bending favorable eyes on Steve. "We'll need a special land patrol on the sea otters to see that nobody takes a shot at them from the shore. You could do that, couldn't you?"

"Yes," stammered Steve. "Yes."

"Is that all?" asked the sheriff. "This other fellow"—he jerked his thumb at Snort—"what does he want?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Pembrook quickly. "Nothing at all. What could he want? And now I'll take my coat and go home. Sheriff, will you go first and get your car out of my way?"

The sheriff, who had come to make an arrest, looked somewhat foolish. Nevertheless, he and the Chief preceded her as she wished, and Gar and Snort left, too. They watched the sheriff's car shoot out into the highway and then saw Mrs. Pembrook's follow it in a swirl of gray dust.

Snort took his seat beside Gar in the old Ford and spat out in disgust. "So that's all we get out of it," he said bitterly. "The dust from her car. Nothin' but that."

"Ve saved the sea otters, didn't ve? You heard it. A cutter on patrol, and fix some goot new laws vith teeth into them. You call that nothin'?"

"And what of it?" asked Snort sourly. "What are we goin' to do now?"

Gar checked his car on the edge of the cliff and looked at the water below. The silver sheen of twilight lay over the ocean, and the pelicans had started fishing. Through the line of white surf there was a joyous leaping and diving of the small, dark sea otters. Gar heaved a gusty sigh, and glowed down on them. "Now I think ve go down to the Knotty Palm and I tell them and without payin' for no drinks, vunce, twice, ten times I tell them that there is sea otters right here. Yah. Yoost that."



"Where was you last night?"

do with me?" growled the sheriff.

"You represent the law, and you're the one—"

"If it's a law you want," said the "Chief" to Mrs. Pembrook, "there has always been a law in the books on sea otters."

"But not on sea lions," boomed Gar.

"No, not on sea lions, never any law on them."

"Then that's what we want," cried Mrs. Pembrook. "A law on sea lions. Don't you see, the sea lions have to be protected, too, to avoid the evasion that one was mistaken for the other. Isn't that so?" she asked Steve for confirmation.

"You're right," admitted the "Chief". "If we got to protect one we got to protect the other, too."

"Ve vant a sea patrol—a Coast Guard cutter," broke in Gar. "Vunce this gets out, the whole county vill vant them a sea otter. Yah. And only that they see the Coast Guard



# Integrity

(Continued from page 23)

waiting for the snow to pile around the shack and stop the drafts. They was no joke, once it got cold. Am warm to-night.

"Nov. 20th: This day completed my first round of traps. No catch, and I have pulled a nasty boner. Some of the blazes marking where the ground-sets are were cut too low and they are drifted up and I can't find my traps. I didnt have enough before and now I've lost some. But the tree-sets are O.K. I wonder what I'll catch first-off?

"Dec. 25th: Sure queer, out here alone on Christmas. Not that Christmas ever done a lot for me but still it's Christmas. I had a notion I'd go to the lumber camp but didnt. I am kind of sorry that it's there because it is temptation to be weak and not go through with what I've started. But I didnt figure I would be near people and must act as though I wasent. 7 weeks since Charley quit. Seems like 7 years. It's been a grand time, pretty lonely but I don't mind cause I'm living a real life and not rotting out my manhood in the city. Mornings are best, when I come out, the woods all still and fresh. I like the nights too, with the stove red hot, before I go to bed. The day is worst. It's sort of frightening, so awful long and empty, nothing moving or a sound. I ought to had a dog. I never thought of it. A cur dog don't cost much and would be grand to have. I wisht I had more candles, too, so I could read. Funny, how a book you've read a lot of times comes fresh again. But if they are to last I got to watch the candles close.

"**JAN.** 1st. All round the traps again. No catch. What is the matter with them? I done everything the way they tell you. 2 months now and nothing, and I've got to make some money to get grub and kit.

"Jan. 2nd: Spent all day picking out new sets and setting different. Started on the second lot of moose meat, the lot Charley smoked. All bad, and full of maggats. He must of let the smoke do down and flies get at it. Tried to eat some but it made me sick. This is bum luck. It means I'll have to kill a deer right quick. Can't eat my groceries or they won't last.

"Jan. 5th: 3 days been hunting deer. Not even tracks. Must try new ground, much further out. Have not been round the traps, nor cut no wood. The pile is almost done. Now that the cold's so fierce it sure does eat the wood. If I got caught without none and it blue a 3 day blizzard like that other one I would be in a spot.

"Jan. 6th: Cut wood all day.

"Jan. 7th: Hoorav! Mink in a

tree-set that I bated with that rotten moose. Sure did look dandy, brown against the snow and eyes so fierce. Hated to kill it. Skinned it careful. That's twelve dollars sure. Bated all traps with Charley's moose meat. Sure does stink. Maybe it was my bate was wrong, which goes to show what mother used to say, you cant tell if your luck is good or bad till afterwards, when Charley spoiled the meat, so you must keep right on.

"Jan. 11th: Five more days hunting deer but had no luck. Seems they ain't none around. Shot big white rabbit. Some shot too, I'll tell you. And did he eat good. I got to get that deer.

"Jan. 12th: Round traps. No fur, but whiskey-jack in mink-set. Stewed him with rice. No taste.

"Jan. 13th: 13 ain't unlucky cause I found a swamp where deer feed regular. All filled with tracks. A long way out, and come on it too late to hunt. Will start out early in the morning.

"Jan. 14th: Hooray! Got deer at last. Nice doe, like the old guy told me. Tracked her half the day and knocked her over in some hazels. Lucky it is moonlight else I'd had to left her. Made fire and got warm and got meat into tree-forks. Cooked and et some liver and brought in light load so I could travel fast and get in before moon set. Fine, coming home had luck and steak for dinner, with dried unions. Boy! And fresh meat now for good. Sure had enough smokemoose.

"Jan. 15th: Cutting wood. All this time hunting finished up the pile and that is dangerous. Have used up all the handy stuff and have to drag it in. Takes awful long. I've got to get reserve again. It's dangerous. Wisht I could use an axe like that big Swede down at the camp. You'd think the wood was butter.

"Jan. 16th: Went clear round traps. 1 wesel and 1 whiskey-jack. That makes 3 wesels. Caught finger setting trap. Some job, getting it out. Spring sure is strong when you got one hand caught. Lucky my left hand, little finger. Sure did hurt and got the cold in it, working around.

"Jan. 17th: Cutting wood but didnt get much done because my hand hurts. I had better spend the day going for meat.

"**JAN.** 18th: I ought to kick myself. Yesterday took meat down from the cache to cut a bit and left it down. Something—a lynxs I guess—has got all but a little bit. Why don't they come into my traps like that? A lynxs would be a catch. The winter's getting on and I ain't done so good. That Charley letting flies get at the moose-meat was the start of it. And then I lost them traps and what I

got left havent done so good. 11 weeks now and just 1 mink and them 3 wesels. 18 dollars maybe. Not enough. My finger sore and throbbing. Ought to gone for meat but that and wind right in my face I stayed at home and worked at wood. Pain spoiled me doing much.

"Jan. 19th: Something not right with this finger. All swelled up and throbbing. Kept me awake. Tried cutting wood but was too painful and no good to go for meat against north wind. This will not do. Meat almost done and short of wood and now this hand. Soaked finger in hot water. Sure did hurt.

"Jan. 20th: No sleep. My hand too sore and all swelled up. It must be poisoned. Some job, lighting fire one handed. Soaked hand some more. Pain made me dizzy. No more deer meat. Must get out for some. Can't use my groceries or they wont last.

"Jan. 21st: No sleep. Sure do feel lousy. Shooting pains way up my arm. Time I'd made fire I felt too sick for anything. Spent whole day soaking finger, laying down between.

"Jan. 22nd: No sleep again. Night sure is long when you don't sleep and sick as hell. Hand hurt so much I didnt know what I should do but soaking it saw yellow spot where trap pinched it and stabbed it with my knife. You ought to seen it. Made me feel faint but I sure fixed it. The pain drained out with yellow stuff. To-night feel better. Tight feeling gone from arm.

"Jan. 23rd: Better. No more throbbing. Slept a bit. All day laid up not fit for much except to keep fire going. Sure eats wood and day is long. Reading Scott's Antarctic journeys mostly. They sure was men, Captain Scott and Oates. I wonder will I ever get to go on expeditions with fine men like them. I wisht I had an education so that I could be a scientist. But I can sure be a good bushman and I'm going to when I got my experience.

"Jan. 24th: Much better but still feeling wobbly. Hung around and rustled wood by pulling off dry branches. No meat 4 days and am eating up my rice and raisins. It won't do. But now am better and can make fresh start. Must get my strength up and get in my meat and cut reserve of wood and then get down to trapping. There is time to make a clean-up 6 weeks yet while fur is prime. If I can catch 4 why can't I catch 40? Must be systematic, have plan of campagne. First—tomorrow, go out, travel easy and bring in small load of meat."

**T**HE day had started still and grey: at ten, a norther rose, with snow; by noon it was a blizzard. At three, Sam Bostock watched the last team



loom up through the grey wrack from the river and creak into camp. A man jumped down, dragged something off the load and, shouting, ran with it to the bunkhouse. Sam hurried over.

The youngster's eyes were closed, face blue like watered milk. "The team stopped and I found him underneath their feet," the teamster said.

They took him to the corner farthest from the fire and stripped him. On hands and feet were dead-white patches which old Sam examined. "Only skin froze" was his verdict.

"He can't have been there long or he'd have drifted up," remarked the teamster.

They rolled him in hot blankets but put his hands and feet into cold water. Then they laid him on the table and poured rum between his teeth, while horny-handed lumberjacks rubbed his extremities.

After a time his eyelids fluttered. His eyes opened and went wonderingly around the low log building with the box-stove and strung lines of clothing. "All right, son," said Sam. "You made it."

"I wasn't coming here. I didn't quit. I was going home along your track. You lemme up. I got to see my traps."

It was four days since he had collapsed while struggling down the ice-haul, after he had lost direction and made for the river. The crews were at their supper in the mess-house and Sam sat beside the bunk on which, his hands and feet in oily bandages, lay the kid. "It's mighty white of you to offer, mister," he was saying, "but I got to get back to my trap-line."

"Well, I'm disappointed. It's darned hard on me. I'd figured, now I had you here, things wouldn't be so tough. But I guess there ain't no call for you to bother with my troubles."

The kid stared. "I don't get you." Sam looked harassed. "Can I trust you with a secret?"

"Sure can, mister." "You won't mention it to anyone?" "Not if you say."

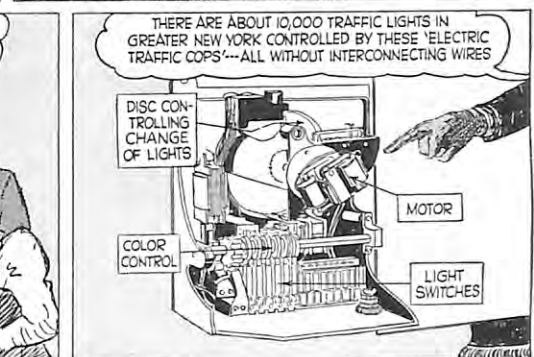
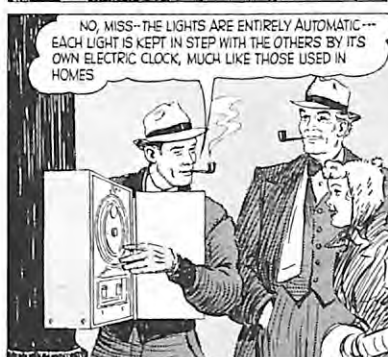
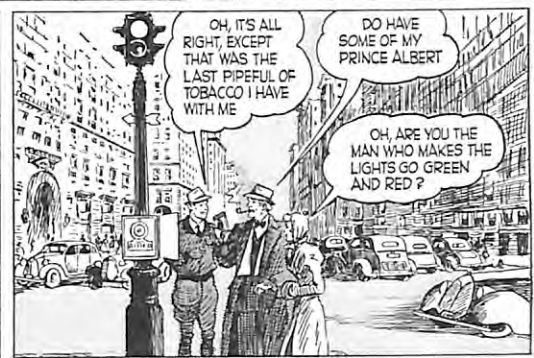
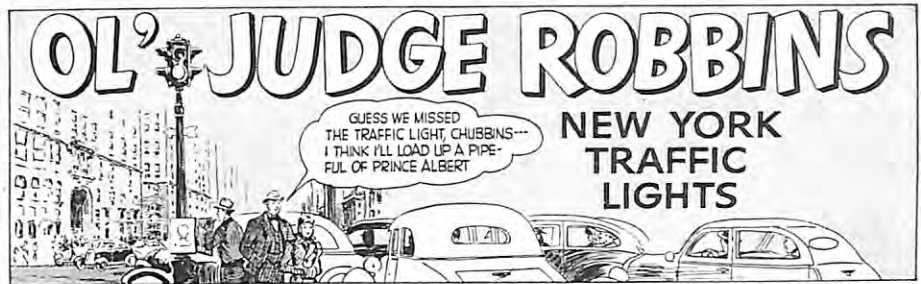
"All right. You been here with the crews a lot. Have you heard talk?"

The kid's reply came not too willingly. "Well—yes."

"What sort?" Again reluctantly, "Last night, this morning too, they was all cursin' at the work, the grub, the pay—at everything. And that big Irishman, O'Shay, said how you was a—mercen-ary lumber king, grindin' their faces. I had a mind to tell you but I didn't want to tattle-tale. They've all been mighty white to me."

Sam nodded solemnly. "Don't worry. I was on to them. But what I mean," his voice dropped and he glanced around, "you ain't heard any hint they might be fixin' up to rob the safe?"

The blue eyes met his, wide and kindling. "Say! Now that you mention it, last night a bunch was whis-



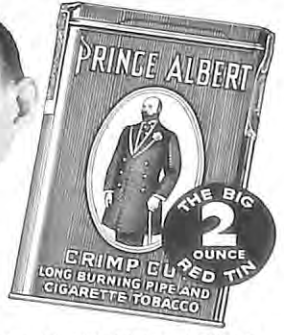
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perin', off in the corner, and I see 'em watchin' me like they was scared I'd hear. You don't think—?"

"Yes. There's bad eggs in this camp, real ugly guys who'd stop at nothing. That's why I felt better when I thought you'd stay. I ain't

so young as what I was. 'Course, if you got to go, you got to go. But if I had you here to tip me off if they planned anything, why, I could sleep. The trappin's almost done and I thought, seein' I took care of you when you was froze, you wouldn't

leave me in the lurch. How about it?"

The crews were finishing when Sam walked in, and all heads turned. He grinned, reached for the coffee pot. "It worked. He'll stay. But keep it up. You be as mutinous as hell till he decides he likes it here."

## A Pox on Perfection

(Continued from page 19)

game in spite of Kirke's bright idea.

It's just a simple story of a simple guy who pulled a boner. That's all; but as McCarthy tells it, the yarn breathes more life and human interest than any gripping recital of stirring derring-do achieved by a celebrated star.

The Jay Kirkes are not enshrined in the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N. Y., where the names and deeds of baseball's immortals are to be kept green forevermore. Similarly, no niche is reserved for the Fred Merkle or the Babe Hermans in the Hall of Fame, and more's the pity. This tendency, and it is not confined to baseball, to take official cognizance of sheer technical ability alone is priggish and undemocratic. It establishes an Aristocracy of Artistry which of necessity is limited to the superlative few. It autocratically bars those who have made more humble and human approaches to enduring fame.

Who is the more renowned citizen in your set, the gent who bids and plays faultlessly a small slam or the oaf who had a brainstorm and trumped his partner's ace, thereby losing the hand? All of us have a deeper understanding of the divinely human error than the precise, perfect performance because it is closer to us. By the way, what ever happened to Mr. Howard Hughes and his magnificent flying laboratory after the Corrigan boy set out for California in an old vegetable crate and wound up in Ireland, much to the astonishment of everybody but himself? A gloriously silly stunt will run the planned perfectness of the wonder worker out of the newspapers and man's memory every time. It always does in baseball.

A few weeks ago George Sisler, Eddie Collins and Willie Keeler were elected to canonization in the Hall of Fame, making a grand total of twelve ball players so honored. Every one of the twelve titans was a great star for years, a very jewel of a ball player; their epic achievement always will be an intrinsic part of the legend and lore of the game. But the point is that not one of them ever was the central figure in a single incident which provoked half as much discussion as Fred Merkle's failure to touch second base, the prize boner of all time. Merkle's mistake cost his team the pennant in 1908 and very possibly the win-

ner's share of the World Series. The details of the play are familiar today to every kid in America, but only one in five knows, or cares to know, that Johnny Evers, a star in his own right, was the smart aleck who was quick to realize a blunder had been made.

Connie Mack, who is in the Hall of Fame himself, has known every one of the twelve immortals enshrined in the Cooperstown Cathedral. Mack has handled more famous players than any manager ever connected with baseball, but when he takes down his hair, puts his feet on the desk and reminisces, he will inevitably tell anecdotes by the hour about Rube Waddell. The Hall of Fame does not include Waddell and it never will because the narrow, unimaginative restrictions of perfection brand him an eccentric, a pixilated party. Measured by Mack's standard, Waddell was the greatest pitcher who ever lived.

Waddell chased fire engines. He disappeared for days at a time and would be discovered tending bar in a fly-blown joint with himself his own best customer. Once he was missing for ten days in the thick of a pennant race. He turned up as suddenly as he had left and blandly explained he had been pitching for a semi-pro team, just for the hell of it, and had won eight games in the ten days. Mack immediately threw him into an American League game as a disciplinary measure. The Rube casually pitched a shut-out. He drove Mack crazy, but of all the men who have played for the Athletics, Mack remembers the screwball southpaw most fondly and vividly.

The marvelous technical skill of the expert is impressive, of course, but it simply hasn't the emotional appeal of the goofy and gauche antic pulled when everybody is up to the eyebrows with the importance of being earnest. The two best left-handers who have appeared in the American League in the last ten years are Robert Moses Grove and Lefty Gomez. Of the two, Grove is, or was, the much better mechanic, but all he has ever done is to pitch in most exemplary fashion, which was all he was asked to do. A zany like Gomez, though, usually gives the customers a little extra something, as he did three years ago in the World Series against the Giants.

Gomez is nuts, among other things, about air-planes. During the second Series game of '36, he was in a tough ball game the Yankees needed desperately, when a plane flew over the field. Gomez was about to pitch to the batter when he spied the plane. In his time he had seen hundreds of animated bugs in the sky, but he had never seen that particular one. So he held up the game and watched the plane while 50,000 fascinated people watched him. Gomez merely obeyed a natural impulse, but he'll be remembered for it when all his low-hit shut-outs have faded into obscurity.

A perfect performance in any line of work can be admired from the distance, but it is too cold and forbidding to permit the average citizen to get very warm about same. Miss Katharine Cornell is the most eminent actress of our time and a very lovely Juliet, but wouldn't she be the darling of her public if she bounced a prop flower-pot off Romeo's noggin one night, instead of throwing the same, old, soft words of everlasting endearment to the love-sick youth? Miss Cornell knows her business and may resent the suggestion, but she would sell out any theatre for a solid month, and at carriage-trade prices, if she departed from the script just once. This is a guarantee; the customers lap up a deviation from the normal and the expected.

If the sober gentlemen want to go the whole hog and carry the Hall of Fame idea to a natural conclusion, a wing, to be known tenderly as the Hall of Frenzy, should be added. And it should be made large and comfortable because the rubber-necking visitors will spend many happy hours there in rapt admiration of the ball players who were muggs, not masters.

At a conservative guess, there have been 13,471 ball players who have hit a two-bagger with two colleagues on base in the century-old history of baseball. But there was only one Babe Herman who ever doubled into a triple play. If that madcap moment, when Herman and two other Brooklyns slid into third base simultaneously, could be arrested in enduring marble, the resultant work of art would belong to the ages.

In the World Series of 1923 Casey Stengel, our captain, manager and clean-up hitter for the Hall of Frenzy



team, walloped home runs which defeated the Yankees in two games. This is a world outdoor record, but the boys in the cheap seats are profoundly disinterested. All they care to remember is that Casey thumbed his nose at the Yankees as he trotted around the bases after his second belt over the fence. The brass hats of baseball were shocked; the man in the street was delighted by Casey's finger exercise because he could appreciate an exuberant contempt for an opponent who had been given the business, but good.

Hack Wilson holds the National League record for homers hit in one season and the major league record for runs-batted-in. So what? These are achievements measured by the mind, but for a tug at the heart-strings the fan goes back to the delirious day in the World Series of 1929 when Hack lost a fly ball in the sun and the Athletics, trailing the Cubs by 8-0, went on to score ten runs in one inning. That's life. It also is human weakness with which all of us are on such intimate terms.

A pox on perfection. It makes no allowance for errors and foolish foibles. If, as the psychologists tell us, most activity and ambition is an attempt to escape from the boredom of ordinary living, the screwball savants should be perpetuated in marble or ivory—most appropriate media—to go with the indelible impression they have made upon the hearts of their countrymen. Sometimes it seemed they were fugitives from a strait-jacket. But aren't we all—sometimes?

## Snakes in the Grass

(Continued from page 17)

clear. The poison of the rattlesnake reacts on the blood, causing it to coagulate, in contrast to the poison of the cobra or other "Old World" types of snakes, which act on the nerves.

The danger of a bite from a rattler is determined by a definite ratio between the amount of poison injected and the weight of the person—assuming the person has a normal heart and normal health generally.

A bite from a three-foot rattler might kill a child in short order, while it would not be fatal to a man. Or a bite from a snake might kill a woman weighing a hundred pounds, while a man weighing two hundred might easily survive.

Doctors have developed anti-venom which will counteract a certain proportion of the poison, usually from ten to fifteen percent. This anti-venom is developed in horses. A horse

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is injected each day with a certain amount of rattlesnake poison which has been extracted from the snake, treated and diluted. The amount injected is increased from day to day as the horse builds up resistance. Finally the daily dose is sufficient to kill probably a hundred horses which have never been injected.

The blood of the horse is then extracted, a small amount daily, and the poison-resistant substance in it is used in making the serum.

Most important of all, in the event of a rattlesnake bite, medical men agree, is to immediately lacerate the wound and to remove as much of the poison as possible by suction, following this by tying off the bite from the blood stream, if this is possible. Bites on the hands or legs are seldom fatal if handled properly, while bites on the neck or chest frequently are fatal, regardless of how they are treated.

A bite from a huge old rattler,

a seven- or eight-footer, may be fatal, regardless of lacerations and anti-venom, for the big fellows have fangs long enough and poison sufficient to inject deeply a dose that can hardly be counteracted.

But in spite of the ever-present threat of death that lurks in the rattler's fangs, there are many quiet, unobtrusive fellows who spend their lives hunting him out and capturing him and handling him, just as there are men who fly the ocean.

## What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 25)

excellent way to get it—not just about battles, but about arguments, for a powerful lot of arguing and thinking went into those first years of the American republic, and it is still going on. Perhaps the author had in mind our debates over taxation, centralized government, the rights of the states and the powers of the judiciary, when she wrote this. For those have always been great problems in the United States, and we've done a lot of fighting over them, as "The Tree of Liberty" shows. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$3)

Many people are avid readers of the stories about Colin Glencannon, the noisy first engineer of the Inchcliffe Castle, who talks a Scottish lingo and exclaims "Woosh!" and "Poosh!" and "Great Swith!" whenever he's bowled over. A lot of stories about Glencannon have been put into a book called "The Man With the Walrus Mustache", by the author, Guy Gilpatric. Glencannon is noisy, gets into scrapes, yells a lot, and takes the minds of a lot of business men off their worries. (Dodd, Mead, \$2)

"Danger Signal" is a new novel by Phyllis Bottome, who wrote "Private Worlds" and "The Mortal Storm". This time she is dealing once more with psychiatry. Hilda, a girl who feels that she has been badly treated by Ronnie, thinks she wants to poison him. Dr. Silla, a woman who lectures on psychology, learns about it, cultivates Hilda, and influences her thinking. The story is in the change in Hilda's character through the application of the methods of Dr. Alfred Adler, and the fear that she throws into Ronnie. It is for those who enjoy following the development of a psychological experiment. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

There is also a little of this psychological writing in "The Death of the Heart", by Elizabeth Bowen, an English author whose excellent command of her medium was apparent in earlier books such as "The Hotel" and "The House in Paris". Here we follow the sensitive reactions of a girl of sixteen, Portia, who is orphaned and lives with her brother and

sister-in-law. We see the effect of Anna's ways on the girl, and in turn the girl's effect on Anna and her brother. Portia endeavors to capture the attention of one of Anna's admirers, Eddie, with indifferent success, but the development of Portia's feelings makes the book something more than mere entertainment. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.50)

By this time Bess Streeter Aldrich's farm story, "Song of Years", is being widely read. This is romance, the traditional American kind, in which a stalwart young fellow stakes out his claim in Iowa just before the Civil War and interests Suzanne, one of the seven daughters of Jeremiah Martin, a leader in public affairs and a hard man to deal with. Dealing with about a decade, from 1854 to 1865, it shows the impact of the Civil War on the middle-west, with duty and honor playing counterpoint to love and hope, and a sturdy Americanism and faith in the future coming to the fore as is usual in novels of this genre. (Appleton-Century, \$2.50)

There must be an immense chasm between readers of Bess Streeter Aldrich and William Faulkner. I can't imagine that those who get excited over "Song of Years" will care for Mr. Faulkner's latest novel, "The Wild Palms", nor that those who read Faulkner avidly will want romance and forgetfulness. "The Wild Palms" is characteristically Faulkner and will be excellent reading to those who admire his books. There are two major tragedies in it, and though the stories do not really belong together, they hardly clash. But make no mistake about it—here is strong meat. Here is the groping of half-witted minds, found in more exaggerated form in "The Sound and the Fury"; here is love enchained in sensuality, as in "Sanctuary"; here is a desperate attempt to hold on to security and integrity, as in "The Unvanquished"; here are the flat, almost bestial vulgarizations of life found in "Pylon", and here is the author, trying to express the appetites, the mental twists of simple people who have hungers instead of

emotions and fill them the best way they can. The story, first, of a couple trying to love and get a living by honest means in desperate jobs; secondly, of a convict who is sent out to help fight a flood, gets away and puts in his time trying to get back to the shelter of the prison, since life outside is too much for him. (Random House, \$2.50)

### Memoirs of Exciting Years

Of all the memoirs of newspapermen published in the last ten years, that by Pierre van Paassen, "Days of Our Years", is the most highly spiced and arresting. This is partly because van Paassen reacts immediately to brutality and inhumanity and becomes violently angry at what he sees. Hence his account of thirteen years as a roving correspondent, chiefly for the *New York Evening World*, is electric with feeling.

Born in Gorcum, Holland, in 1903, he grew up in a community that practically lived the Old Testament; hence today he feels a kinship with the Jews and abhors their persecutors. In 1914 his family went to Canada, and, though a Hollander, he was practically forced to enlist. His newspaper service, after the war, took him to Abyssinia, where he found ignorance, filth and misery; to Palestine and Spain and all the bleeding countries of Europe. With gusto and a flair for story-telling he reports an interview with Clemenceau in his Paris house, an argument with Marshall Lyautey on religion at Vincennes, and a lecture by Ludendorff, who told him just why and how the pagan Germans had been made into fools by Paul's Christian doctrines.

There are enough brutal pictures in "Days of Our Years" to make your hair curl. Some of these things van Paassen saw—including the terrible slave caravan of boys in Africa. Others he reports. That the French shot some of their own soldiers to force discipline is a matter of record now. Van Paassen says that he has never met a man or woman who wanted war, yet today everyone is arming. But in his book neither



masters nor men are glorified. Apparently life is too complicated, too bewildering for the human race, which, when pushed into a corner, knows neither pity nor forbearance. (Hillman-Curl, \$3.50)

### The Man Who Killed Lincoln

The story of how John Wilkes Booth, the deluded, twenty-six-year-old actor, sneaked up behind Abraham Lincoln and killed him is one of the most dramatic in the annals of America. It has been told many times, but Philip van Doren Stern, recognizing the drama of the whole action, from the assassination to the death of Booth on the Garrett farm, has now told it in logical order in "The Man Who Killed Lincoln". It is startling to find how young the conspirators actually were. Not only Lincoln but Stanton, Johnson, and Grant were marked for death. Booth alone succeeded, got out of Washington and started his long and painful journey into the farmlands of Virginia. Mr. Stern has supplied dialogue to build the mood of that night

of Friday, April 14, when Booth went to Ford's theater with hate in his heart. What Booth heard and saw, how he felt, what he did, what men he met, and what they said, is here recorded. We cannot be sure that this is just what they said in each instance, but what they might have said, for the author has gone carefully over the testimony and checked his facts. Now and then he draws his own conclusions—for instance, he assumed that there is reason for believing that when Booth was trapped in the Garrett barn he shot himself, and that Boston Corbett did not actually shoot him. The author has been over every foot of the ground traversed by Booth in his flight. Yet in spite of his research, and that of many others before him, certain details have never been discovered and some problems of the conspiracy will never be cleared up. Mr. Stern, however, is certain that Booth was shot at the Garrett barn and that the legend of his survival is unauthenticated folklore. (Random House, \$3)



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## Your Dog

(Continued from page 18)

shows high spirits, not nervousness; one that is lively, bold and enterprising. Watch him as he plays with other puppies. Does he outwit them, is he able to do more than hold his own in a rough and tumble, is he unafraid when you handle him? If so, these are signs pointing toward good health. See that his eye is bright and clear, that his tongue is a healthy pink (except for the Chow, which should be black) and that his breath is clean. Look for strong, rugged bone structure. Examine his skin, under his elbows, inside his thighs and on his abdomen. Beware of any rash or skin eruption. Never select a moping, dull, stomach-distended puppy or one with a lusterless coat. The swollen abdomen may indicate a surplus of worms. Of course, very young puppies, after a full meal, will for a while carry a balloon tummy, which must be allowed for if the pup has just been fed. But the listless, dull-coated dog with a foul breath had best be rejected. However, after you have taken your lively puppy home, don't be disappointed if for a few days or even a week, he turns shy; this is merely a period of readjustment for him, a time to get acquainted with his new, and for him, strange home.

When selecting your dog do not despise the female. Experienced dog handlers will tell you in all truth that she will make a better companion, be more gentle, more obedient and less inclined to roam from her home. She'll possess as much dauntless courage and be just as

good a guardian and watch-dog, perhaps even better, because the female has a keener sense of possessiveness about her home than the male.

It is best not to buy a puppy less than eight weeks old. Even at that age the pup is still very much a baby, subject to the hazards of illness just as is the human baby. At the age of three months a dog is usually ready to leave the kennel. Of course, for obvious business reasons, kennels have to charge in proportion to the age of the dog: the older the pup, the higher the price, and this is understandable when you consider that every day the pup remains in the kennel is an added cost for food, etc. But the extra few weeks growth that you pay for by not buying a puppy that is too young is well worth the price. It means weeks wherein the kennel assumes the risks of raising, and not you. Beware of the kennel that is anxious to sell no matter how young the dog. Such a kennel has no real interest in dogs and in consequence is likely to be maintained at a low standard.

Be sure to get all necessary papers with your dog. This not only means a three-generation pedigree, but also the dog's registration proof and transfer of ownership signed by the kennel owner.

If you have been told that the puppy has been inoculated for distemper—one of dogdom's deadliest illnesses—ask to see the veterinarian's certificate to that effect. If your puppy has not been inoculated,



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be sure to have this done by your own veterinarian within a few days after you take the dog away from the kennel and into your home.

It is important, before you take the dog, to inquire as to his present diet and that which is to follow as he grows older. If you can, get these instructions in writing; you may forget an important part of them. If you arbitrarily change the diet, don't blame the kennel if the pup fails to thrive.

Last but not least is price consideration. No set price can be named here; these vary throughout the country and with the breed and the quality of the dog. The larger breeds naturally cost more, the cost to the kennel for feeding and maintenance being greater than for the smaller breeds. But the general average for breeds other than the largest is about \$35 to \$45 for the female, and

\$40 to \$50 for the male. These, however, are prices for pet stock only—dogs that are pedigreed but not up to show calibre. But the difference in appearance between the average show dog and the average pedigreed pet dog is sometimes only noticeable to dog judges or those with much experience with the breed. To the untrained eye there is slight difference. Those who may consider the prices here named as being excessive might well consider that the better kennels invest much time and money to produce good dogs and, having done so, naturally are compelled to charge a decent price for their stock. When one takes note that the dog, if properly cared for, will live for ten or twelve years, or more, such a price spread over the period of the dog's life is very small. Where else could you buy the devotion, companionship and protection you get in a good dog

for as little as \$5 a year or less?

Prices for fair specimens of show stock range around \$200, and from there go into the thousands. If you are a novice and are thinking of buying a show specimen, first attend several shows, study the winners of the breed you prefer, make some acquaintances among breeders and exhibitors of that breed, read a good breed book or two, study the standard for the breed, and then carefully, very carefully, shop around.

*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 39)

### *A List of Veteran Elks, by Louis M. Cohn, Chicago Lodge No. 4*

A list of veteran members of the Order has been received by *The Elks Magazine* from Louis M. Cohn, a member of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4. We are publishing it in the belief that it will be of great interest to readers of the Magazine. Mr. Cohn's compilation is as follows:

#### THE 50 LIVING VETERANS OF ELKDOM October 1st, 1938

Compiled by LOUIS M. COHN  
Chicago Lodge No. 4

John A. Thompson, New York No. 1, Jan. 31st, 1875.  
Harry Meyers, Baltimore, Md., No. 7, Feb. 23rd, 1878.  
Charles Davidson, Boston No. 10, Aug. 22nd, 1878.  
Harry E. Hayward, Boston No. 10, Oct. 10th, 1878.  
Edwin Stearns, Boston No. 10, Oct. 31st, 1878.  
Louis M. Cohn, Chicago No. 4, Aug. 7th, 1879.  
John W. Kolb, Baltimore, Md., No. 7, Oct. 17th, 1880.  
Charles Koester, Chicago No. 4, Mar. 13th, 1881.  
George W. Blanch, Baltimore, Md., No. 7, Mar. 15th, 1881.  
Lewis A. Harmeyer, P.E.R., Indianapolis No. 13, Apr. 10th, 1881.  
Cornelius E. Henney, P.E.R., Philadelphia No. 2, Oct. 16th, 1881.  
James V. Cook, Indianapolis No. 13, 1881.  
Henry S. Rheiner, Philadelphia No. 2, Jan. 8th, 1882.  
Michael G. McCormick, Washington, D. C., No. 15, Feb. 12th, 1882.  
Daniel Wolf, Philadelphia No. 2, Mar. 26th, 1882.  
James H. Cassidy, Denver No. 17, May 7th, 1882.  
Edgar B. Kellogg, Chicago No. 4, May 19th, 1882.  
William Elleford, Denver No. 17, Dec. 31st, 1882.  
Theodore A. Ebbecke, Newark, N. J., No. 21, Apr. 8th, 1883.  
Clarke Hamilton, Wheeling, W. Va., No. 28, 1883.  
Moses Stein, Richmond, Va., No. 45, Oct. 14th, 1883.  
W. Allen Kinney, Louisville No. 8, Jan. 20th, 1884.  
John R. Smith, New York No. 1, Feb. 3rd, 1884.  
Lucien Franck, Louisville No. 8, Feb. 27th, 1884.  
William H. Leyden, New York No. 1, Mar. 24th, 1884.  
Silas H. Griffin, Cincinnati, O., No. 5, May 25th, 1884.

Charles B. Ott, Wheeling, W. Va., No. 28, June 22nd, 1884.  
Louis A. Phillips, Brooklyn No. 22, Nov. 16th, 1884.  
William S. McLean, Chicago No. 4, Nov. 21st, 1884.  
Robert G. Watt, Chicago No. 4, Feb. 6th, 1885.  
Samuel B. Ray, P.E.R., Rochester, N. Y., No. 24, 1885.  
S. G. Kleinmaier, P.E.R., Marion, O., No. 32, Mar. 3rd, 1885.  
A. W. Bryant, Marion, O., No. 32, Mar. 3rd, 1885.  
C. Fred Haberman, Sr., Marion, O., No. 32, Mar. 3rd, 1885.  
William M. Philles, Utica, N. Y., No. 33, May 17th, 1885.  
Charles N. Hancher, Wheeling, W. Va., No. 28, June 22nd, 1885.  
H. S. Cawthorn, Columbus, O., No. 37, Sept. 18th, 1885.  
C. Sherman Shafer, Columbus, O., No. 37, Sept. 18th, 1885.  
Dr. W. W. Freeman, Columbus, O., No. 37, Sept. 18th, 1885.  
Charles M. Morris, Bridgeport, Conn., No. 36, Sept. 20th, 1885.  
J. W. Martin, Norfolk, Va., No. 38, Dec. 27th, 1885.  
Alfred Sorenson, Omaha, Neb., No. 39, Feb. 7th, 1886.  
James B. Duggan, Utica, N. Y., No. 33, Feb. 9th, 1886.  
E. C. Snyder, Omaha, Neb., No. 39, Feb. 28th, 1886.  
Robert J. Frick, Louisville No. 8, Mar. 10th, 1886.  
M. H. Collins, Louisville No. 8, Mar. 14th, 1886.  
John Kelly, Cincinnati, O., No. 5, Mar. 26th, 1886.  
Sol. C. Wallach, Washington, D. C., No. 15, Aug. 1st, 1886.  
Dr. Auguste Rhu, P.E.R., Marion, O., No. 32, Aug. 26th, 1886.  
Robert L. Queisser, Sr., Cleveland, O., No. 18, Aug. 30th, 1886.

### *Tri-City Meeting of Antlers Held At New Smyrna Beach, Fla.*

Ritualistic work, a business session and initiation, and talks by prominent Elks were balanced by lighter entertainment including a parade, a banquet and a dance, at the tri-city meeting held at New Smyrna Beach, Fla., on the afternoon and evening of January 7 by the Daytona Beach, Sanford and New Smyrna Beach Antlers. Arrangements were in charge of the Antlers Advisory Council of New Smyrna Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, of

which P.E.R. W. M. Miller is Chairman.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight I. Walter Hawkins, of De Land Lodge, was the principal speaker at the banquet held at the Woman's Club and attended by Antlers and their young women friends, Elks and their ladies. Richard Jensen, Leading Antler of the local lodge, presided at the banquet during which R. L. Bohon, Jacksonville, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, M. Frank O'Brien, Jacksonville, President of the Florida State Elks Association, and the Rev. F. W. Peck, Chairman of the Sanford Antlers Council, were speakers. All dwelt upon the fine effect that Antlers Lodges have on their respective communities and called attention to the fact that the junior organization teaches young men to be better sons and better citizens.

The initiation of five local boys and one from Daytona Beach took place at the Elks Home. The New Smyrna Beach Antlers opened and closed the meeting, and the Daytona Beach Antlers Ritualistic Team conferred the degrees on the candidates.

### *East Chicago, Ind., Lodge Gives Iron Lungs to Local Hospital*

Sunday, December 18, 1938, was a gala day for the members of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, which on that day made the presentation to St. Catherine's Hospital of two Iron Lungs for community use—one for adults and one for infants. The assembly room at the hospital was filled to capacity in the afternoon when Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, introduced by E.R. A. L. Zivich, made the presentation speech on behalf of East Chicago Lodge. Dr. F. F. Boys, heading



the medical staff of the Hospital, accepted the "Lungs" in well chosen words. A reception followed after which a demonstration of the workings of the respirators was made. Tea and refreshments were served by the Elks ladies. Mrs. Richard Davis was Chairman.

At seven P.M. a banquet honoring the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party was served to 300 Elks and their ladies in the ballroom of the Elks Home. Dr. McCormick made an inspiring address. He gave great praise to East Chicago Lodge for the motive which actuated the donation of the wonderful machines as a humanitarian project in keeping with his established program of each subordinate lodge performing some good deed for its community. Dr. A. G. Schlieker, a charter member and Chairman of the lodge's Physicians Committee, explained the many uses which can be made of the "Lungs." During the banquet, P.E.R. A. P. Twyman, Chairman of the lodge's Civic Projects Committee, tendered a check for \$500 as a subscription from East Chicago Lodge to the Elks National Foundation. Trustee J. L. J. Miller, P.E.R., presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a beautiful Telechron clock as a gift from the East Chicago membership.

Among the distinguished Elks attending the hospital ceremonies and banquet were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Chicago; Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill.; Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; D.D. L. E. Yoder, Goshen, Ind., and Special District Deputy W. M. Frasor, Blue Island, Ill.

The community reacted most favorably to this humanitarian act on the part of East Chicago Lodge, and the members feel that a worthwhile objective has been attained. The Trustees and members of the Civic Projects Committee who handled the details of securing the Iron Lungs for the Hospital, were J. L. J. Miller, Richard Davis, James Johnston, A. P. Twyman, Z. B. Campbell, John C. Siriskey, A. L. Zivich, Exalted Ruler, and John E. O'Neil, Secretary.

### Handsome New Home of Oroville, Calif., Lodge Is Dedicated

A class of 55 candidates was initiated at the first meeting held in the new home of Oroville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1484. A dinner was held that night in connection with the dedication which was attended by over 350 Elks. The dedicatory ceremonies were conducted by D.D. Frank L. Reese of Woodland, assisted by P.D.D. W. T. Baldwin, P.E.R. of Oroville Lodge, P.D.D. R. B. Mueller of Susanville, and other officers. P.E.R. Alex Ashen of Sacramento Lodge, and present Trustee of the Elks Hall Association, was the principal speaker. He complimented the Oroville membership on their fine new building, declaring it to be one of the most soundly financed in

the State. A musical program was another feature of the ceremonies.

The lodge received many handsome and useful gifts from groups of Elks from the Valley lodges, nearly all of which were represented by delegations. A walnut table for the library was the gift of the Oroville officers. Past Exalted Rulers gave the flag pole to be installed on the roof.

### P.E.R. W. A. Ackerman, Aberdeen, Speaks at Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge

Reduction of traffic fatalities and accidents through a county-wide safety drive involving a strict enforcement of traffic laws and regulations, and by instituting a vigorous safe driving campaign, was advocated recently by P.E.R. W. A. Ackerman of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, speaking at Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge, No. 1082. Mr Ackerman is a prominent Aberdeen attorney. He stated his belief that a motorist could get to any desired destination between Aberdeen and Hoquiam practically as fast by observing all traffic rules as by breaking every one of them. In their efforts to make the streets and highways safe, the two lodges are co-operating splendidly and doing a fine work.

### Three Half-Century Members Honored by Youngstown, O., Lodge

More than 130 members of Youngstown, O., Lodge, No. 55, gathered recently at a testimonial dinner to honor three fellow Elks who had just completed fifty years of membership. They were P.E.R. Edwin D. Haseltine and John Ramsey, both 82 years old, and Chester Little, aged 72. Common Pleas Judge J. H. C. Lyon, a member of the lodge, made a speech congratulating the veterans on their service. Eugene S. Rook and Dr. H. E. Nixon, who became 50-year members two years ago, were special guests.

Gold badges marked with the emblem of the Order and carrying the inscription of their initiation dates, were presented to the three for whom the testimonial was given, at the lodge meeting which took place after the dinner.

### Bristow, Okla., Lodge Initiates Class Honoring Governor Phillips

The youngest lodge in Oklahoma, Bristow No. 1614, staged the biggest "Elks Meeting" that has been held in the State for several years when it celebrated the 48th birthday of Governor-elect Leon C. Phillips, a charter member, by initiating a class of 29 candidates in his honor. The "Red Phillips Birthday Class", as it was designated, was headed by Congressman Lyle Boren of the Fourth Oklahoma District.

The festivities took place in the local American Legion Hut, beginning with a banquet at which the Governor cut his huge birthday cake, and coming to a climax with the

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Name.....

Address.....

initiation ceremonies conducted by the championship ritualistic team of El Reno Lodge No. 743. Special drills were given by the crack drill team from Tulsa Lodge No. 946. State Trustee Floyd H. Brown, of Blackwell Lodge, spent five weeks in Bristol assisting E.R. Lawrence Jones, Secy. Tom Newcomb, the other officers and the committees in the preliminary arrangements. All of Oklahoma's 19 lodges were represented in the attendance and 14 Exalted Rulers were present. Among the leading Elks participating were State Pres. E. A. Guise, Tulsa; Past State Pres.'s: George M. McLean, El Reno, Grand Esquire; Judge Bert B. Barefoot, Oklahoma City, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; H. I. Aston, McAlester, E. B. Smith, Sapulpa, and Ralph K. Robertson, Sapulpa; D.D. Maurice J. Schwartz, Muskogee, and D.D. C. R. Donley, Woodward, who is also a Past State President. All rode in the parade in which the Governor-elect was escorted by delegations of Elks, State police, bands and drill teams, from the Roland Hotel to the scene of festivities.

## Death of P.E.R. R. C. Huey Saddens Youngstown, O., Elks

Youngstown, O., Lodge, No. 55, has suffered a severe loss in the death of P.E.R. R. C. Huey, a member of its Board of Directors. Mr. Huey was one of the organizers of the Ohio State Elks Association, was active in all of its activities and never missed an annual meeting. He was also the first President of the State P.E.R.'s Association and Chairman of the Visitation Committee, originated by him. Mr. Huey was one of Youngstown Lodge's long-time members.

## Civic and Social Activities of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Lodge

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Lodge, No. 552, engages actively in the civic and social life of the community. An Elks committee on juvenile delinquency cooperates with the County Juvenile Court in guiding young probationers. The juvenile hockey team sponsored by the lodge has been prominent in the juvenile hockey league for five consecutive years, and early this year the 1939 team was being primed for the league championship. The Sault Ste. Marie champion cribbage team for 1938 was made up of Elks from the local lodge. The team not only won the honors on the American side of St. Mary's River but went over into Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, and took the international championship. Elk bowlers participated in the city league last year and have another team ready for competition in the 1939 meet.

The lodge holds a social meeting night with a banquet every other Tuesday of the month and gives numerous Saturday Night parties. Its charitable work is extensive. The

membership is growing, and a number of candidates was initiated recently, the class being named for Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick.

## State Secy. Jeremiah J. Hourin, of Framingham, Mass., Lodge

When the Massachusetts State Elks Association holds its annual meeting this year, the familiar figure of its long-time secretary, Jeremiah J. Hourin, who for more than 20 years never missed a State convention, will be missed. Mr. Hourin was elected Secretary in 1919 and was continuing his service in that capacity at the time of his death which occurred last December. He had been a member of Framingham, Mass., Lodge, No. 1264, for 22 years, had acted as Lodge Secretary for 11 years, was a former Chaplain and had given valuable service as Chairman of the Auditing Committee. He was known as one of the hardest workers in the interests of the Order in the entire State.

Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, led a distinguished group of honorary pallbearers at Mr. Hourin's funeral, held at St. Bridget's Church. The State officers, the Framingham Lodge officers with a large representation of the membership, and hundreds of other New England Elks, were in attendance. Officials and employes of the Boston and Worcester Lines, for which Mr. Hourin had been Claim Agent for more than 30 years, attended in a body. Interment took place in St. Mary's Cemetery in Malden, Mass.

## State Officers Hold Mid-Winter Meeting at Oregon City, Ore.

The officers of the Oregon State Elks Association held their mid-winter business meeting in Oregon City. Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and Esteemed Leading Knights of the subordinate lodges were invited to meet with them, and many attended.

A great deal of business was transacted, a part of which was the completion of plans for the Association's Americanization Program. All member lodges conduct oratorical and essay contests in the various high schools for appropriate prizes. The winners will meet at the State Convention to be held in June, and those winners will be awarded additional prizes, and probably trips to the Grand Lodge Convention in St. Louis the following month.

## Burlington, Vt., Lodge Sponsors Luncheons For School Children

For the past four years, through the sponsorship of Burlington, Vt., Lodge, No. 916, between 250 and 300 undernourished school children have been provided with noon luncheons. Perfectly balanced meals are served to public and parochial students who for the most part are of graded school age. A dietician is in charge.



The fifth season was inaugurated on January 17, the luncheons to be served for 100 days in the basement of the Municipal Auditorium. Aid in the way of transportation was proffered by the Vermont Transit Company in offering the service of its buses to convey the children each day to and from the Auditorium.

P.E.R. F. L. Linsenmeier is Chairman of the Elks Committee. The necessary funds for carrying on the work are procured partly by subscription; the lodge contributes the rest.

### Noted Radio Commentator Lectures in Home of Auburn, N. Y., Lodge

In the home of Auburn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 474, the noted radio commentator, news correspondent and world traveler, H. V. Kaltenborn, spoke recently before 300 local citizens. Mr. Kaltenborn's talk carried his listeners on a world tour of troubled Europe and the Far East as he told of conditions which he had observed and reported in 102 broadcasts over a period of 20 days before and during the great Munich crisis.

After the lecture Mr. Kaltenborn answered questions submitted in open forum. This portion of the program was in charge of P.E.R. Benn Kenyon, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum of the Order of Elks, and William O. Dapping.

### James Taylor Memorial Plaque Presented to Paterson, N. J., Lodge

The Crippled Children's Committee of Paterson, N. J., Lodge, No. 60, has presented the lodge with a plaque in memory of James E. Taylor, a former Chairman of the Committee, the last of the charter members and a diligent worker on many of the other committees of Paterson Lodge throughout his long membership. Mr. Taylor died on January 22, 1938.

P.E.R. John C. Wegner, P.D.D., and himself a former Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee, presented the plaque to the present Chairman, Fred E. Hoelscher who in turn presented it to the lodge through E.R. Theodore Tallon. The Paterson Committee is one of the most active in the State.

### Military Academy Cadets Are Guests of Chicago Lodge No. 4

Members of the drill team of the Theodore Roosevelt Military Academy of Aledo, Ill., were guests at one of the largest parties given during the winter by Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4. After the short lodge session, the cadets engaged in a competitive drill so perfectly executed that until the end it looked as if the contest would result in a tie. Cadet William Morgan of Chicago was the winner over John Lauterbach of Oak Park in a long drawn out finish. Both young men were presented with prizes, and each cadet participating received a remembrance of the occasion. A large crowd of members and their ladies and friends were present.

### Kingman, Ariz., Lodge Loses Two Valued Members Through Death

Kingman, Ariz., Lodge, No. 468, has lost through death two of its most valued members, Secy. J. S. Hulet and P.E.R. K. W. Davidson. Mr. Hulet was formerly a member of Winslow Lodge No. 536, but joined Kingman Lodge 14 years ago. He had served as Secretary for the past four years.

Mr. Davidson was killed in an automobile accident last November. He was one of the best known Elks in the State. At the time of his death he was Chairman of the Antlers Council. He served as District Deputy for Arizona North in 1937.

### Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Organizes First Aid Corps

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, has organized a First Aid Corps with a personnel of 50 members. In view of the appalling number of accidents on the highways, the Elks of Long Beach decided upon this worthy movement in the desire to serve humanity in a manner befitting a member lodge of the Order. The organization has the approval of Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick and of the District Deputy for California, South Central, James J. McCarthy, of Santa Monica Lodge.

Members of the corps received their full first-aid course under the supervision of qualified First Aid Instructors, with the approval of five physicians who are members of Long Beach Lodge. The equipment received by them after final instructions consists of modern first-aid kits to be carried in their automobiles, and plates which read: "This Car Equipped for First Aid, Long Beach Lodge of Elks."

### Dr. Henry G. Watters Honored by Watsonville, Calif., Lodge

Two hundred and fifty members of Watsonville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1300, assembled in the lodge home on December 7 to honor Dr. Henry G. Watters, present Commander of the American Legion, Department of California, and to answer to the annual roll call. The evening was begun with a seven o'clock dinner served by the House Committee. The Elks Orchestra played selections.

As Dr. Watters took his place at the side of E.R. Carroll G. Sandholdt, at the opening of the lodge session, 40 members of the Edward H. Lorensen Post stood at attention. P.E.R. Robert H. Hudson introduced Dr. Watters, who expressed his appreciation to the lodge, of which he has been a member for many years, and made a patriotic talk. P.E.R. John Kirkland was chairman of the roll call. P.E.R. William Theile, of Salinas, Calif., Lodge, an old friend of Dr. Watters, was one of the speakers, and Sophus Dahl, who was in charge of the Legionnaires, conducted part of the program.

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24	.83	33	1.06	42	1.45	51	2.15	51	2.15
25	.85	34	1.09	43	1.51	52	2.27	52	2.27
26	.87	35	1.13	44	1.57	53	2.39	53	2.39
27	.90	36	1.16	45	1.64	54	2.53	54	2.53
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### **Six Sons of Six Bedford, Ind., Elks Initiated at Meeting**

A class of 12 candidates was initiated in honor of D.D. Dr. A. A. Pielemeier of Vincennes when the District Deputy paid his official visit to Bedford, Ind., Lodge, No. 826. Six of the candidates were sons of Bedford Elks, and the occasion was celebrated as an impromptu "Father and Son Night." The six new Elks, whose fathers became "old" Elks for the duration of the evening, were as follows: Robert H. Burton, son of Robert C. Burton; John W. Horn, son of Erban H. Horn; Herman Splitzgerber, son of Fred Splitzgerber; Kenneth Foddrill, son-in-law of P.E.R. L. R. Carter; Warren V. Glover, son of P.D.D. Wilbur V. Glover, and William T. Fuller, son of P.E.R. John D. Fuller and grandson of David S. Fuller.

The Degree Team of Bedford Lodge performed the initiatory work, being highly commended by Dr. Pielemeier. A turkey dinner and a social hour were features of the festivities.

### **Sixth Annual Harvest Festival Held by Oxnard, Calif., Lodge**

Oxnard, Calif., Lodge, No. 1443, with its Sixth Annual Harvest Festival, raised one of the largest charity funds in the district, California South Central. The festival began with an illuminated night parade. Later a crowd estimated at 7,000, who came from all over the county, thronged the festival grounds, where all manner of games and concessions, dancing and free vaudeville attracted the patrons. On the next day, Saturday, the children's pet and vehicle parade was held, after which the several hundred boys and girls who participated were treated to free entertainment and refreshments. The evening attendance was again numbered in the thousands.

Receipts for the two days grossed about \$6,000. But a small fraction of this amount went for expenses, and a large sum was laid aside for Christmas charities and those which are carried on throughout the year.

### **Freeland, Pa., Elks Act in Establishing Boys' Safety Patrols**

The first Boys' School Patrols in the Freeland, Pa., Borough and Foster Township schools was installed last winter by a combined Elks and Civic Officers Committee, headed by Chairman Steve Pavlovich. This was in line with the Elks National Safety Campaign as carried out locally by Freeland Lodge No. 1145.

Thirty-six boys from six schools were chosen to start the work. The Social and Community Welfare Committee of the lodge furnished 36 belts and badges purchased through the Keystone Motor Club and 18 pairs of safety flags secured from the Governors Safety Council at Harrisburg. In addition to safety on the highways, playground patrol is

a part of the safety program. For this purpose 20 safety guide badges for children have been obtained from the Keystone Club.

### **Ritualistic Contest Committee Visits Hackensack, N. J., Lodge**

A large attendance was present at a recent meeting of Hackensack, N. J., Lodge, No. 658, including visiting Elks from many Bergen County lodges. D.D. Walter F. Schifferli of Rutherford and State Vice-Pres. Edward Griffin of Bayonne made their official visits that night and both addressed the meeting.

The feature of the evening was the judging of Hackensack Lodge by the State Ritualistic Contest Committee, present for that purpose, and the initiation of several candidates was performed accordingly. Another interesting item on the program was the recognition by the lodge of the record of Michael Corbo of Hackensack who celebrated his tenth anniversary not only as a member, but as one who had not missed a meeting in all that time.

### **Annual Reunion of 25-Year Club of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge**

On the night of its Second Annual Reunion, the Twenty-Five-Year Club of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, expanded to the extent of 27 new "Old Timers." Eighty-seven quarter-of-a-century Elks were present at the dinner and reception given for them by the lodge. Dr. Ralph B. Wagner headed the Committee on Arrangements and D.D. Joseph H. Glauber was the speaker. After the dinner appropriate and impressive ceremonies were held in the lodge rooms, the ritualistic work being conducted by P.E.R.'s E. M. Guise, W. C. Guels, A. H. Kuhlmann and O. H. Rottmann. E.R. Thomas F. Muldoon delivered the main address. Refreshments and entertainment followed the meeting, with "New Timers," those recently initiated, acting as waiters. The evening was officially closed with an "Old Timers Toast" at eleven o'clock delivered by Dr. M. P. Morrell, Tiler.

The rules were changed some time ago so that any member of St. Louis Lodge who has been twenty-five years an Elk is eligible to join the Club. Any part of this period spent as a member of some other lodge is counted into his service record.

### **Mid-Winter Meeting of Wash. State Elks Assn. Held at Port Angeles**

Port Angeles, "Naval," Wash., Lodge, No. 353, was host at the mid-winter session of the Wash. State Elks Assn. on January 7-8. Saturday, the first day, was given over to registration, pre-convention committee meetings and a dance. A special meeting of Exalted Rulers, Leading Knights, Secretaries and Trustees of the lodges on Sunday morning preceded the actual convention session which was opened at

10:30 by State Pres. V. N. Christianson of Longview. Included among the 150 Elks present were delegates from the 22 member lodges of the Association and visitors from other lodges. Among the prominent guests were Grand Inner Guard Harrie O. Bohlke, Yakima; P.D.D.'s John J. Langenbach, Raymond, Robert Storey, Hoquiam, and Vice-Pres. George Newell, Seattle; Past Pres. H. Sanford Saari, Port Townsend; Pres. Arthur Barnes and Secy. Arnold Henzell of the Idaho State Elks Assn., Lewiston, and Trustees A. S. MacDonald of Oregon City, representing the Ore. State Elks Assn.

Reports showed that much work was being done by all the State Committees, and that the sponsorship of Boy Scout Troops and an educational program for juvenile delinquents were included in Youth Activities Work. As a feature of State Social and Community Welfare Work, the collection of tinfoil was urged for the Seattle Orthopedic Hospital for Crippled Children. A survey was conducted last year for the purpose of locating and tabulating the helpless cripples in the State, 1,500 in number, with the idea of working out some organized method of relief in their behalf. The Americanization Oratorical Contest for students, one of the Association's major projects, is being held again this year. Vice-Pres. Edwin J. Alexander of Aberdeen, who for the past two years has conducted the Contests, delivered a magnificent patriotic oration.

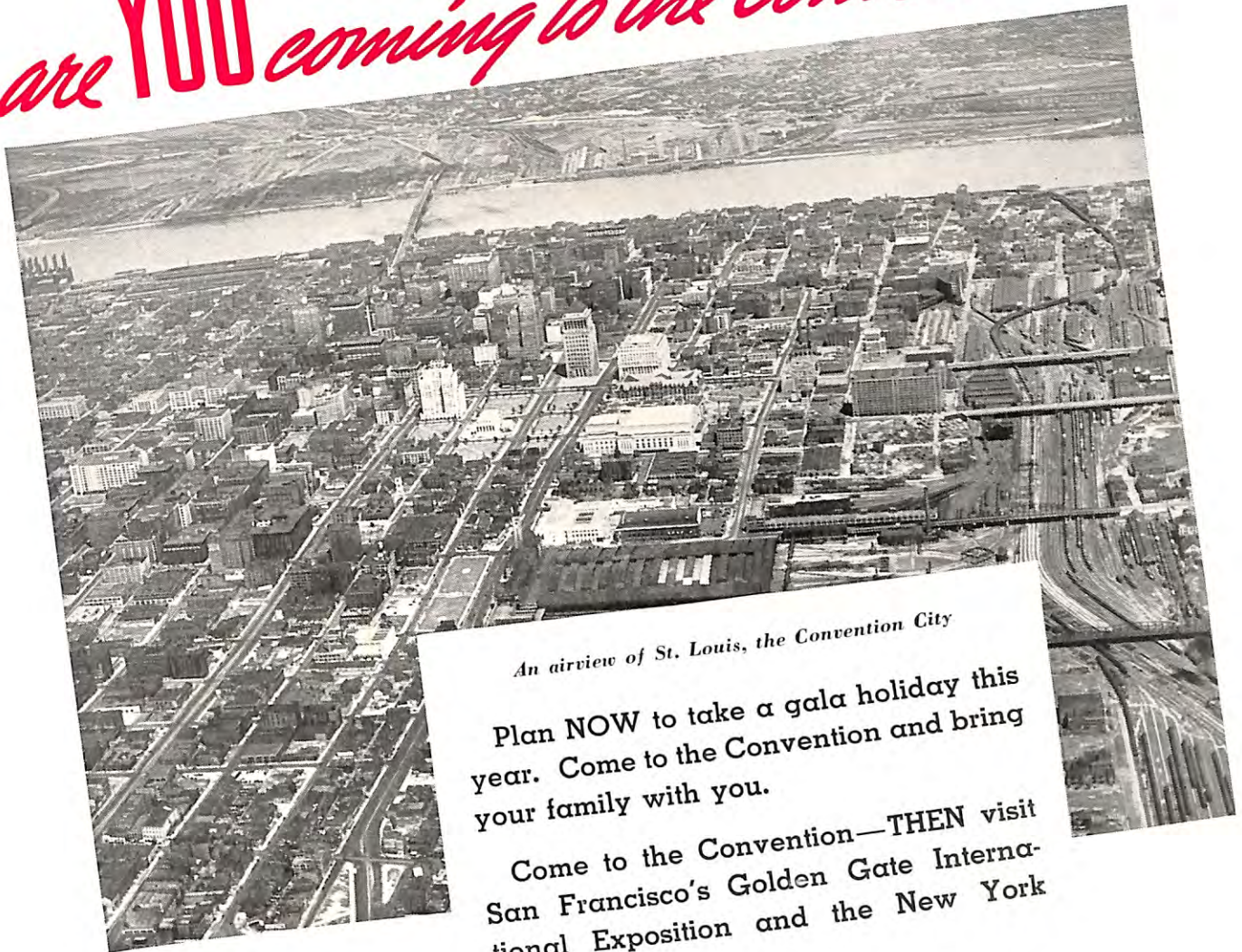
### **Berkeley, Calif., Elks Aid in Fire Prevention Education**

Berkeley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1002, has done much to bring about the low fire loss ratio in the city, which has an outstanding record in this respect. Through the cooperation of the local Superintendent of Schools, as well as the managements of parochial and private schools, an Elks Committee is permitted to address the fourth, fifth and sixth grade pupils during Fire Prevention Week. The pupils are invited to write essays on Fire Prevention, and the winner receives a large American Flag to be kept by his or her school for the period of one year.

The 1938 presentation was made to the winner, Miss Patricia Marshall, of the low fifth grade, Columbus School, in the presence of the Mayor, the Superintendent of Schools, City Manager Hollis Thompson and Fire Chief John S. Eichelberger, both of whom are Elks, and P.E.R. Louis B. Browne, Treasurer of Berkeley Lodge and Chairman of the Elks Fire Prevention Committee. All Berkeley pupils were called into assembly for the ceremonies. It has been possible for the various committees to observe the beneficial effect of their training in this important phase of civic responsibility, as many of the children who have received instruction are now grown.



are **YOU** coming to the Convention?



*An airview of St. Louis, the Convention City*

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Come to the Convention—THEN visit San Francisco's Golden Gate International Exposition and the New York World's Fair.

With special reduced transportation rates, all Elks have an opportunity, this year, to see BOTH Fairs and come to the St. Louis Convention in July.

Let's have an all-time record attendance this year. If you've never before been to an Elks' Convention, mark the dates on your calendar NOW—July 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, and plan to come.

**LET'S MAKE THIS YEAR—1939—A YEAR OF TRAVEL!**



# STEPPING INTO THIN AIR

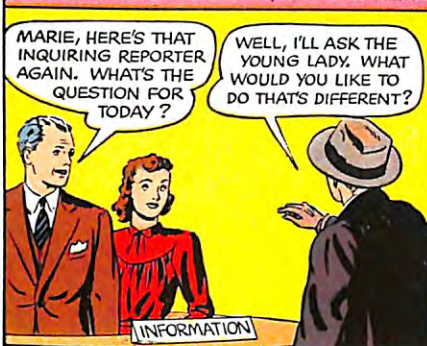
## 4 MILES UP!

HOW A FORMER INFORMATION CLERK JUMPED 20,800 FEET TO A NEW RECORD



MARIE McMILLIN, RECORD-HOLDING WOMAN PARACHUTE JUMPER

MARIE McMILLIN WAS ON HER JOB AT THE INFORMATION COUNTER OF A COLUMBUS, OHIO HOTEL WHEN...



MARIE, HERE'S THAT INQUIRING REPORTER AGAIN. WHAT'S THE QUESTION FOR TODAY?

WELL, I'LL ASK THE YOUNG LADY. WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO THAT'S DIFFERENT?

INFORMATION

OH-H-H—I'D LIKE TO FALL OUT OF AN AEROPLANE. HA! HA! HA!



OKA-A-Y—I'LL FIX THAT RIGHT AWAY. WE'RE RUNNING A STUNT PROMOTION AT THE AIRPORT TOMORROW. YOU GO UP FOR A PARACHUTE JUMP

NEXT MORNING—MARIE FELT PRETTY SCARED BUT—



OH-H—I JUST CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS

TOO LATE NOW—UP WE GO

—AND SHE LOOKS SO NICE, TOO!

3000 FT. UP—MARIE IS TERRIFIED



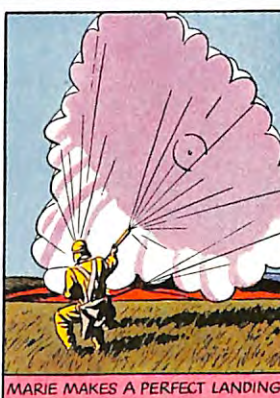
GET GOING—WE CAN'T DISAPPOINT TWO THOUSAND PEOPLE

OH—OH, I TELL YOU I CAN'T DO IT!



DON'T FORGET THE RIPC-CORD!

O-O-O-O-HH



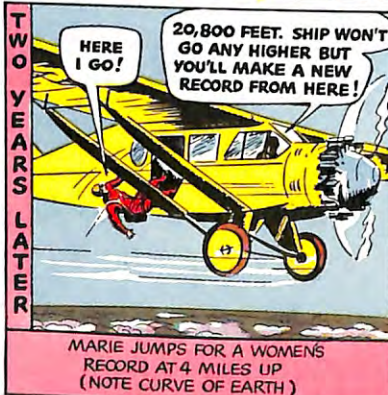
MARIE MAKES A PERFECT LANDING



WONDERFUL, MARIE—YOU'RE A BORN PARACHUTE JUMPER

BRAVO!

WHO'S GOT A CAMEL?



HERE I GO!

20,800 FEET. SHIP WON'T GO ANY HIGHER BUT YOU'LL MAKE A NEW RECORD FROM HERE!

MARIE JUMPS FOR A WOMEN'S RECORD AT 4 MILES UP (NOTE CURVE OF EARTH)



MARIE LANDS 13 MILES AWAY



CONGRATULATIONS, MARIE—A FOUR-MILE JUMP MUST BE A BIG STRAIN ON THE NERVES



YES, LONG PARACHUTE JUMPS ARE ROUGH ON THE NERVES, BUT I DODGE NERVE TENSION BY LETTING UP—LIGHTING UP A CAMEL WHENEVER I CAN. I FIND CAMELS SO SOOTHING!



(left) WHEN BUSY, STRENUOUS days put your nerves on the spot, take a tip from the wire fox terrier pictured here. Despite his almost humanly complex nerve system, he quickly halts in the midst of any activity, to relax—to ease his nerves. So often, we humans ignore this *instinctive urge* to break nerve tension. We may even take pride in our will to drive on relentlessly, forgetting that tiring nerves may soon be *jittery nerves!* Yet the welfare of your nerves is vital to your success, your happiness. Make it your pleasant rule to pause regularly—to LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL. Start today—add an *extra* comfort to your smoking with Camel's costlier tobaccos.



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