

THE **Elks** MAGAZINE



ROBERT H. RIFE JR.

1839 BASEBALL 1939

APRIL, 1939



A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

MY BROTHER ELKS:

When you read this message, Americanism Week will have come and gone. That the Elks of America have once again made a major patriotic contribution cannot be denied. That we have made our fellow countrymen conscious of Democracy and its benefits, and alive to the existence of dangers "boring from within" is recognized by all. The success of Americanism Week is due to the cooperation of State Associations and subordinate lodge leaders. From coast to coast, in metropolitan centers and in smaller cities, activities during the first week in March far exceeded my fondest hopes and expectations. To my knowledge, no suggestion in recent years has met with such universal approval by Elkdom's leaders, so the thought naturally suggests itself that "Americanism Week" be made an annual event and that the Grand Lodge enlist the aid of all service, fraternal and patriotic organizations in its observance.

As Elks we are grateful for the help and support of national, state and civic leaders and of other societies and organizations. May our beloved Democracy be ever firmly entrenched and may we always remain alive to the fact that there are those who, for selfish motives, aim to take it from us and reduce Americans to regimented serfdom.

During one of my recent visits to a subordinate lodge, I was happy to greet a new

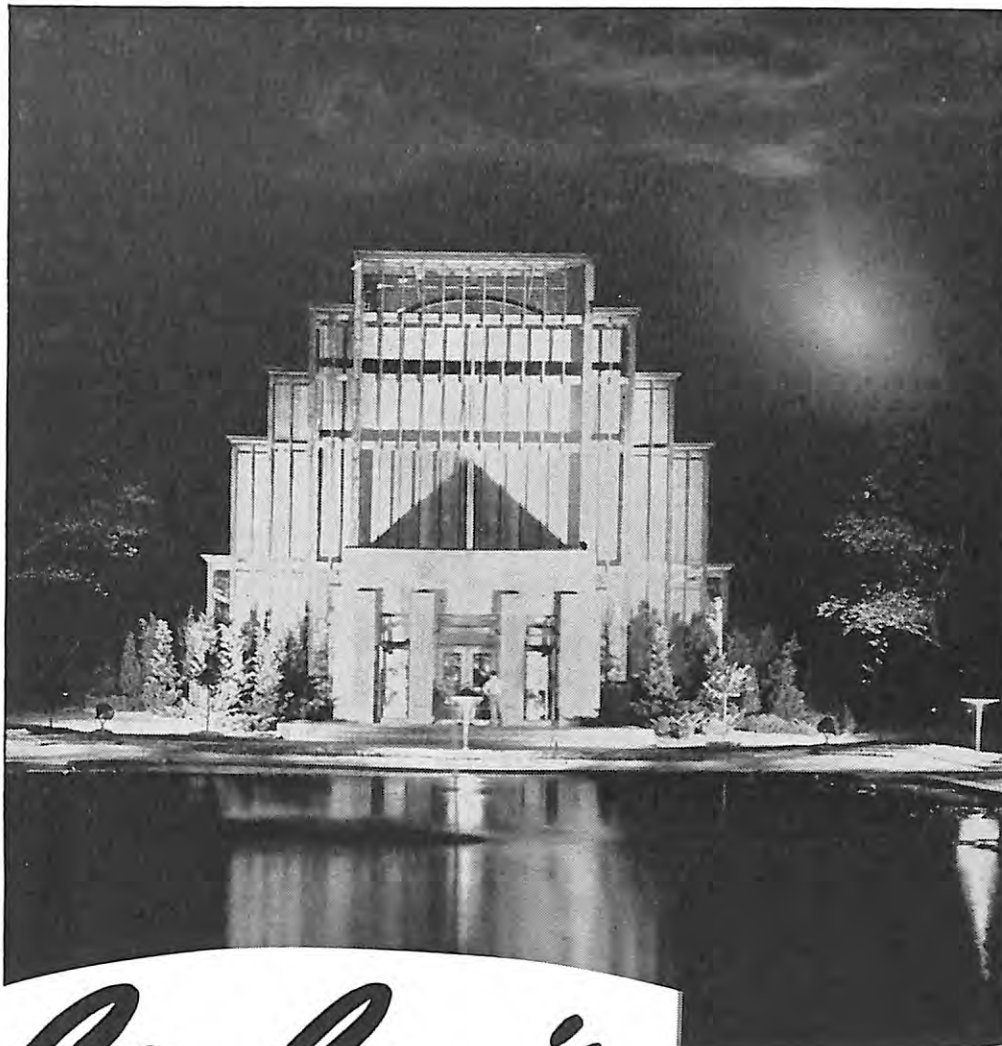
Brother, twenty-one years of age, who graduated from the Antlers to the sponsoring lodge. He was a proud and happy man. I think it advisable for all lodges to consider the organization of Antlers lodges. I am sure that Brother C. Fenton Nichols, Antlers Counsellor, of 405 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will be glad to advise any Elk of the experiences of those subordinate lodges which have fostered Antlers organizations.

I have just had a pleasant meeting with the Board of Grand Trustees and Brother Robert Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home. We are fortunate in the management of the Home and I would like to have Elks and Elk lodges write to the Grand Secretary or to Brother Scott regarding the Home. To send a needy Brother to this haven of beauty and plenty costs a lodge very little each month, and if there are those among you in need of aid, send them to Bedford, Virginia, where Charity, Justice and Brotherly Love sit at all times in kindly benediction.

Sincerely and fraternally,

Edward J. McCormick.

Grand Exalted Ruler.



The Jewel Box of St. Louis containing a fortune in rare and exotic plants.

St. Louis in July

"MEET ME in St. Looie, Looie"—was becoming a byword when the St. Louis Elks' Lodge entertained the 35th Grand Lodge Reunion in 1899.

Quite a bit of Mississippi River water has passed under the numerous bridges linking St. Louis to Illinois since then, but the jovial picture it paints still remains.

Today, standing serenely on the banks of the mighty Father of Waters, St. Louis' generous "southern" hospitality and countless scenic and historical attractions had earned it the title: "The Convention City."

To those of you to whom this Grand Lodge Reunion, the week beginning July 9, will mark your first acquaintance with this city—an unusually pleasant surprise awaits.

Preparations are well under way to make the Diamond Jubilee Reunion in St. Louis one that you will never forget. An elaborate program is being formulated by Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann of St. Louis, the general chairman of the Diamond Jubilee Elks' National Reunion Corporation.

Co-operating with Mayor Dickmann, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, and Past Exalted Ruler of

St. Louis Lodge No. 9, are countless St. Louisans who are determined that this Reunion will find you exclaiming with surprise and pleasure.

The famous Municipal Opera, where nightly audiences of 10,000 and more witness the world's top-flight musical comedy and light opera productions with nationally-known actors and actresses, is a "must" for visitors to St. Louis.

If you're interested in the national pastime, two major league baseball teams make their home in St. Louis at modern, spacious Sportsman's Park. The fire-eating Cardinal "Gas House Gang", and the up-and-coming Browns, feel that this is the year the World's Series will be played in St. Louis and they promise a spectacular season.

Then, of course, there's the gigantic air-cooled Municipal Auditorium, five years old this month, where the Reunion will be held, and the site of the majority of the city's theatrical and athletic events. The \$7,000,000 structure is the last word in such civic centers.

The Spirit of St. Louis is (Continued on page 56)

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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

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Lum (left) and Abner (below). Chester Lauck and Norris Goff as they are known to their Hollywood friends. Both are native Arkansans and appear over the Columbia network.

LUM & ABNER

Talk on Elks Project



LUM AND ABNER, noted radio team, believe with Dr. Edward J. McCormick that the promotion of civic projects is one of the most worthwhile works in any community.

So they have joined forces with the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and the Grand Exalted Ruler to push forward these enterprises through their own radio program.

On the night of April 24th they will devote most of their coast-to-coast broadcast to a serious discussion of better recreation and playground facilities, highway safety, hospital equipment and other projects of the 1,500 Elk lodges throughout the country. The special program has been arranged with the cooperation of the National Headquarters of the B.P.O.E.

Both Lum and Abner, or—as their Arkansas and Hollywood friends know them—Chester Lauck and Norris Goff, derive personal satisfaction from furthering the work of the Elks, as both are long-time members of the Mena, Arkansas, Lodge.

Though the two entertainers have been away from their home town for a number of years, they keep up their membership and take an active interest in the work of the Elks, locally and nationally.

Their program is heard over the coast-to-coast network of the Columbia Broadcasting System each Monday, Wednesday and Friday night at 7:15 eastern standard time, 6:15 central standard time, 9:15 Rocky Mountain time and 8:15 Pacific Coast time—the latter two through re-broadcasts.

Lum and Abner, sponsored at present by General Foods Corporation and Postum, are finishing their eighth year of broadcasting. It was back in 1931 that the pair, friends since boyhood in the little town of Mena, Arkansas, first introduced their quaint backwoods characters to the radio public—quite by accident.

For some months the young men had been amusing themselves and their neighbors with a blackface act. A radio station manager in Hot Springs, Ark., heard of it and asked them to broadcast as part of a benefit program. But when they arrived at the station they found four other blackface acts ahead of them.

It didn't take them long to decide that five such acts in a row was too much to ask any radio listener to take, so they got together and agreed to do imitations of some of the country characters they had met.

They forgot about a name for the act until the announcer prepared to introduce them. Then Lauck grabbed at the first name he could think of and said he was "Lum". Goff chose "Abner" with equal alacrity. In such casual fashion was born the act, "Lum and Abner," now heard by millions of listeners.

Lauck and Goff not only created their amusing characters, but were responsible for a new town going into the records of the U.S. Post Office Department. They had in mind a village by the name of Waters, sixteen miles from Mena, when they began talking about "Pine Ridge". However, the Waters townspeople soon decided to cash in on their new fame and put through a petition to the Post Office Department to change the name of the village officially to Pine Ridge.

And in the village any traveler can find Dick Huddleston, in the flesh, behind the counter of his grocery store, just as he is in the radio script.

Though Lauck and Goff, in the persons of Lum and Abner, have become famed wherever radio is heard, they are still relatively youngsters. Lauck is 37, the father of two youngsters, and half-owner—with Don Ameche—of a string of fine blooded horses. Goff is 32, also with two children, and is known among sportsmen for his hunting and fishing prowess.

Lum and Abner hope their Brother Elks throughout the country will listen to their tribute to the Order and let them know afterward how they felt about it. They can be reached in care of Columbia Broadcasting Studios, Hollywood, California, or any local Columbia station.

Left: Lum and Abner while away a slack period at the "Tot 'em Down Store," with a game of checkers.

It seemed to Thor that the black sedan had been traveling endlessly. On the too-narrow back seat he lay, head on paws, thirsty, hungry, miserable. Now and then he tried to pant, but the confining wire muzzle denied him that relief. Satisfied as long as he was quiet, the driver and his companion were paying little attention to the giant, fawn-colored Great Dane they had stolen two days before.

The muzzle was hurting him and his dog eyes held bewilderment. No one had ever muzzled him before, until the new kennel man . . .

The trailer in which Firkenwald Kennels sent their Danes to shows was familiar to Thor and he knew his place in it, but to this show only two dogs were going: Thor, and young Odin, competitor in puppy classes. The kennel man had put them in the station wagon. The puppy had been blundering, bumptious, and Thor had growled once, not angrily, just to keep him in line. The new kennel man, misunderstanding, had brought out Grizelda's old muzzle. "I've seen the likes of you two chew each other up before this," he said, adjusting straps. "I'm taking no chances with you—we're after the Best of Breed ribbon this trip."

The kennel man had stopped at an outlying roadside café for dinner at dusk, leaving the dogs in the car. A heavy-set man had come out, looked and gone away. A moment later, a black sedan slipped alongside, the heavy-set man at the wheel.

The puppy had thumped a welcoming tail when the station wagon door was opened. Thor had growled once in uncertainty. He had been taught to show respect to strangers, to permit handling at shows. What he did not like, he had learned to endure with dignity. The divine privilege of loving greatly one certain human had been denied him.

It was the work of a moment to slip a rope about his neck, lead him out and into the black sedan. Into the fast-gathering darkness it sped away, the heavy-set man exultant. "Listen, Jake, I'll breed a string of huntin' dogs that'll tear the hide off anything on legs."

The second man had looked back at Thor, worried a little. "We don't want to get into no trouble, Chuck. He might be worth fifty bucks or so . . ."

(Champion Thor of Firkenwald! Asking price, \$1,500, and a sale imminent!)

Chuck Whalen gave a laugh. "They'll be lookin' some to find him. Boy! When I saw the size of him—and when I saw that muzzle . . . That's almost pressin' your luck. Wait till you see the kinda pups Lannie'll have by him."

They had driven on, uncaring for Thor's discomfort.

The second day the country grew wild, mountainous, timber-covered. The road narrowed to a single track with far-spaced turnouts; the bends became hazardous. Below them a river flowed.

Thor raised himself stiffly in the seat to ease cramped muscles, head pressing the top of the car. Usually, if he moved, a voice shouted at him to lie down again. Now both men were intent upon the road.

BYOND the open window a strange, green world rushed by. Suddenly, across his line of vision, a startled doe went leaping, a leggy fawn behind her. In sheer, unconscious excitement, Thor lunged forward, just as the car swung into a dizzy, hair-pin turn. Off-balance on the slippery cushion, the big dog catapulted toward the front seat, outflung paws striking the heavy-set man in the back.

With a yell, Whalen tried to straighten his wheels. The scream of tires mingled with the higher scream of a man. There was a sickening lurch as the car left the road and plunged down the cliff into the river.

Thor was thrown through the open window just as the car struck the water. He went under with a splash, came up, choking, coughing, instinctively turning toward the bank. Into the depths the car disappeared slowly, with a sucking, gurgling sound, a blurred face showing briefly at one window. In the water a figure floundered, arms flailing the surface, a strangled voice crying for help. Thor paused. Almost automatically, it seemed, the strong rudder of his tail turned him

The watching cougar sensed that this thing was young and defenseless.

back to the struggling man. His jaws worked helplessly inside the muzzle, trying to get a grip. Then a hand flashed out, seized upon the muzzle strap with the awful tenacity of the drowning, dragging the great dog's head beneath the water.

Thor struggled now, flinging himself upward, backward, gulping in air. As he was dragged under again, his powerful neck stiffened, his legs struck out. He fought to the surface, bringing the man with him, but he could not tear loose from those convulsively-tightened fingers. Once more he went under, and now there was a roaring in his ears. Then, suddenly, he was free. The muzzle strap gave way, hand and muzzle were gone. He swam a little way, shaking his head, coughing. When he looked back, bubbles were rising and being carried away on the surface of the stream.

Thor went shoreward in powerful strokes, climbed out far down from where the car had left the road, and shook himself vigorously. Then he paused, uncertain, shivering a little. Under his feet crackled softly a thick carpet of pine needles. He crouched and rubbed the side of his head into their pungent dryness. Then he flung himself down, rooting and rolling in a sort of delirious ecstasy. Never had he known the feel of water or of earth. Since puppyhood he had endured the nose-stinging odor of dry cleaning powder, rubbed into his coat and laboriously brushed out, and the tedious stroking with a hair-faced mitten to burnish his red-gold coat. But this . . .

At last he got up for a final shaking, stood as if waiting to catch the faint command of a long-stifled instinct. Then he turned and trotted away—not far, before he paused, panting. He had been two days without food and he was unused to running. Three miles each day he was walked on a leash, along cindered paths to bring him up on his toes, along level ground that he need not elbow-out for a foothold. Product of a kennel that saw in its dogs only a marketable product; that saw in Thor's great and finely-chiselled head, sharp, upstanding ears and long, dark, blunted muzzle, something to catch a judge's glance and hold it; that never saw at

by Doris M. Hume

In the heart of every dog there's a place reserved for a master—and without hesitation Champion Thor gave his to little Tommy Elrod.

Illustrated by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT



BEST
of
BREED



all the wistful loneliness in his fathomless, dark eyes. He stood now in a little clearing, head up, neck arched in the stance learned from puppyhood. Thirty-five inches at the shoulder. Champion Thor of Firkenwald, winner of cups and ribbons to fill a trophy room. A lost dog, bewildered, hungry, alone.

Until dusk he moved forward, trotting with lolling tongue, pausing often to rest, nose sniffing strange smells, forehead wrinkling, hound fashion, in uneasiness. Then it was that the rabbit darted across his path. Sharply, the voice of instinct spoke. Thor was in pursuit automatically, a strange cry breaking from him. Luck favored him. It was a young rabbit, a down-hill slope. For maddeningly glorious seconds of pursuit he was whipped to a frenzy of effort by the warm scent in his nostrils. Then the hunt was over. Panting, slavering, he was ripping at the hide, knowing for the first time the pungent sweetness of a kill.

FOR two weeks Thor lived off the land, not too well, but with diligence and ever-developing skill he found enough to keep him going. In this new freedom he walked the forest proudly, without fear. Often his hackles rose stiffly as he sniffed tracks of cougar, bob-cat or coon, and a growl would come unbidden to his throat without his knowing why, but he never changed his course. Within him was a longing for something that drove him on and on, swinging at a now tireless trot along the needle-carpeted glades. Something was missing and his dog mind could not tell him what it was.

It was at the end of the two weeks that his wanderings brought him to the edge of the vast, rolling meadow swung like a scarf between the hills. Objects moved, belly high, in the lush grass and to his nose came the strange, new smell of sheep. Ears pricked sharply, Thor moved forward. In the foreground a small lamb capered absurdly at the end of a slender rope. Thor's stomach sent an urgent message; saliva began to wet the dog's lips.

As Thor stopped, uncertain, the tugging lamb jerked the rope loose from the hands of the small boy who had been lying hidden in the grass.

With his head low, Thor came forward at a space-devouring run. The lamb, frightened, tried to flee, bleating piteously. From the main flock came the nervous cries of the ewes.

Almost upon the lamb, Thor paused suddenly. All about it, mingling with its own odor, was the familiar smell that set it apart from wild things and made it part of all that his life had been; the human smell, the thing that meant man, the thing he had unconsciously been searching for.

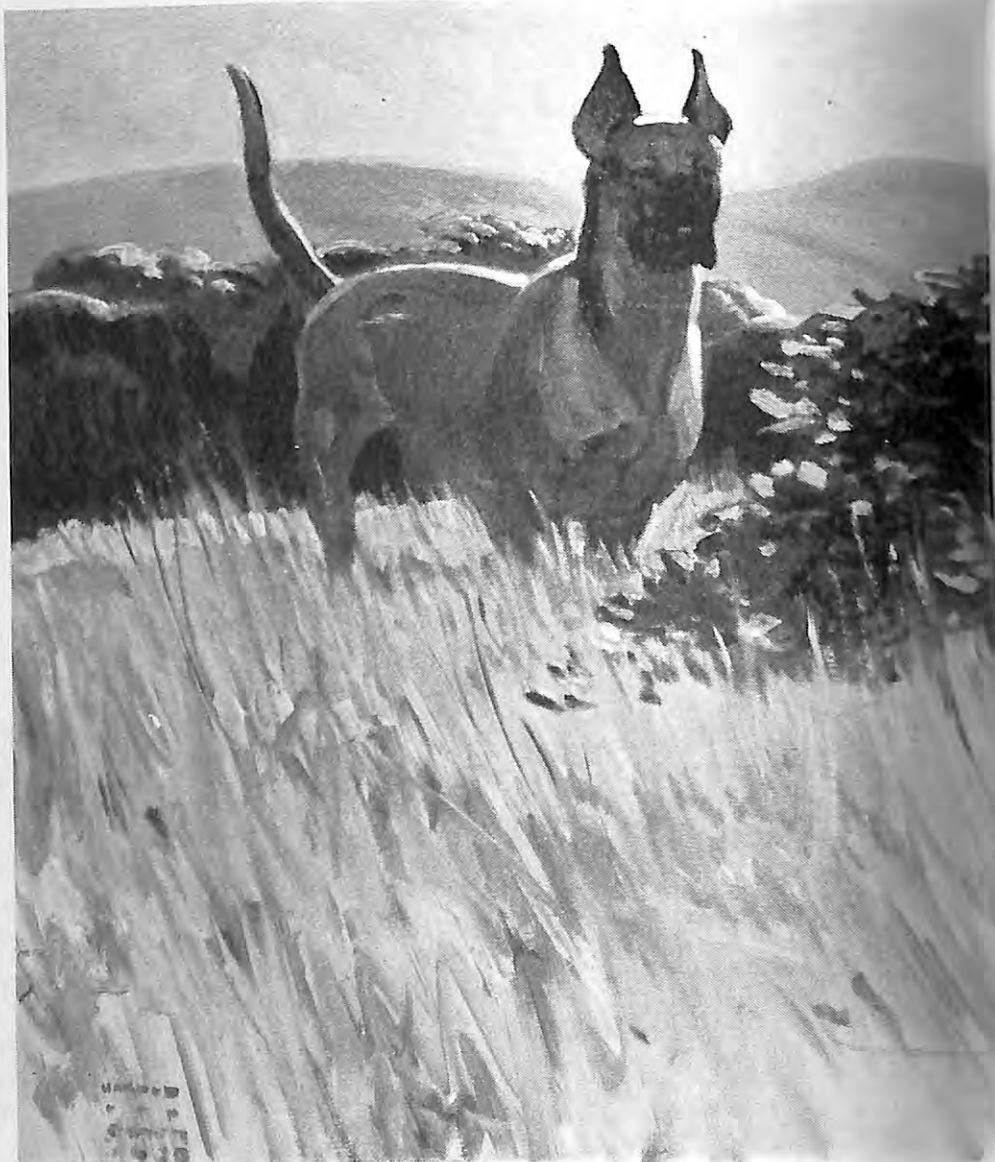
As he stopped, uncertain, the tugging lamb jerked the rope loose from the hands of the small boy who had been lying hidden in the grass, and fled, crying after the sheep who were now in panicky flight.

The child got up. He was small, perhaps four, red-haired and freckled, with a wide smile and candid, fearless blue eyes. He said, "Hey, big dog . . ."

Thor stood perfectly still. In his two and a half years he had known only adults. He looked at the child, dark eyes gentle. The boy came toward him fearlessly. "Big dog," he said again, little face smiling. Slowly Thor's tail began to wag, a strange eagerness tensed his muscles. He moved his feet, first one, then the other. He stretched out an inquiring nose.

Small, sturdy arms went around his neck, hugged tightly, and, at the touch, a quiver ran through Thor. He stood, immobile, as if made of stone, while grubby little fingers patted and pulled at him and the small boy laughed happily at his find.

Suddenly it seemed to Thor that in all his life nothing had ever brought him the sheer delight of those



clumsy, friendly little fingers. His whole body began to ripple with excitement, his tail beat a painful tattoo against his own lean flanks. He thrust out a pink washcloth of a tongue and swept it over the child's face. The small boy drew back, squinting up his nose and chuckling with delight.

Then an ecstatic craziness took possession of Thor. It was as if he could bear no more in stillness, as if he must have the outlet of motion, of speed. He began to run in short dashes, away from the boy and back, away and back. Then, with the wild abandon of a puppy, he started in a sweeping circle, leaping through the tall grass, ears low to his skull, tail oblique and stiff behind him, a rudder for his dazzling turns. Toward the sheep, who had paused in curiosity, he flew, sending them into bleating flight; then away to the far side of the meadow and back once more toward the child who was now jumping up and down, screaming in kindred excitement.

ACROSS the vast field a man came running, eyes squinted against the sun's glare. A gun was in his hand and he was crying out hoarsely. Behind him came a woman, apron whipping in the wind, face contorted in terror, while through the grass a tawny beast was running low toward a fearless child.

The man took aim against the blinding sunlight and fired. Thunder roared in the meadow, echoing back from the peaks. Something white-hot seared across Thor's flank. The nerve-shattering sound, the sting of pain awakened in him the first fright he had ever

known. Something stronger than reason checked his advance, turned him, sent him in great leaps toward the sheltering woods.

The man rushed up to the child, swept him into his arms. "You're all right, Tommy?"

The woman panted up, leaning against her husband, holding to the child with a shaking hand. "Oh, Tommy, Tommy . . ."

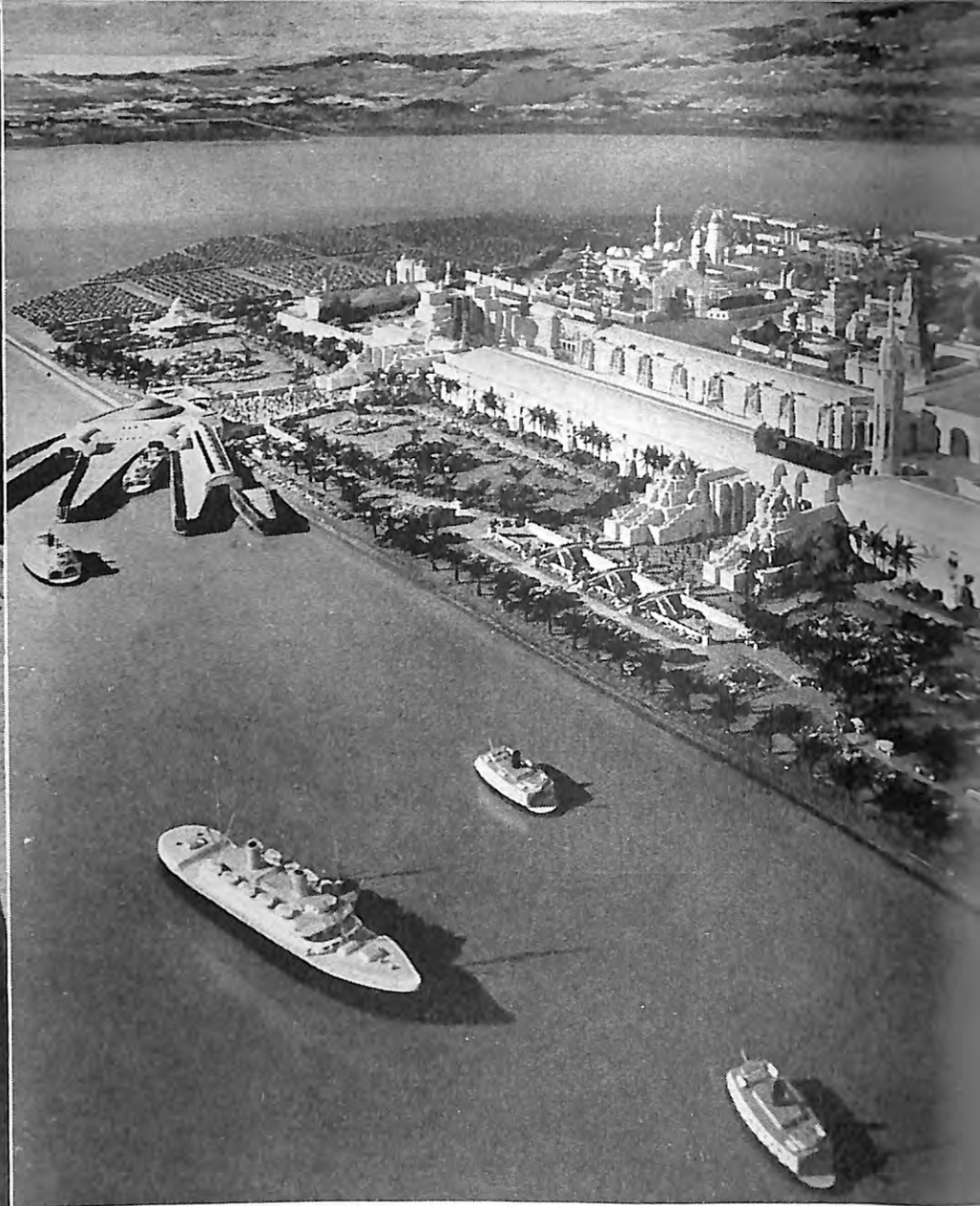
The boy said crossly, "You chased the big dog away." "Dog!" A sob broke from the woman. "Here, give him to me, Fred." She took the child, clung to him. "Tommy, darling, it was not a dog; it was the biggest cougar I've ever seen."

The man said, "Darned sun was in my eyes; I could hardly see, or I'd never have missed. That thing—running through the grass after Tommy . . . Bet it's the same one that killed old Roamer. If it hadn't been for the sun blinding me . . ."

The child frowned, eyes filling. "It was a dog."

His mother hugged him. "Daddy'll get you a nicer dog, son." Over his little red head her glance met her husband's in thanksgiving. (Continued on page 38)





Above: An accurate scale model of the Golden Gate International Exposition, in all its glory.

At left is the gateway to the Court of the Seven Seas, one of the Exposition's most colorful exhibits.



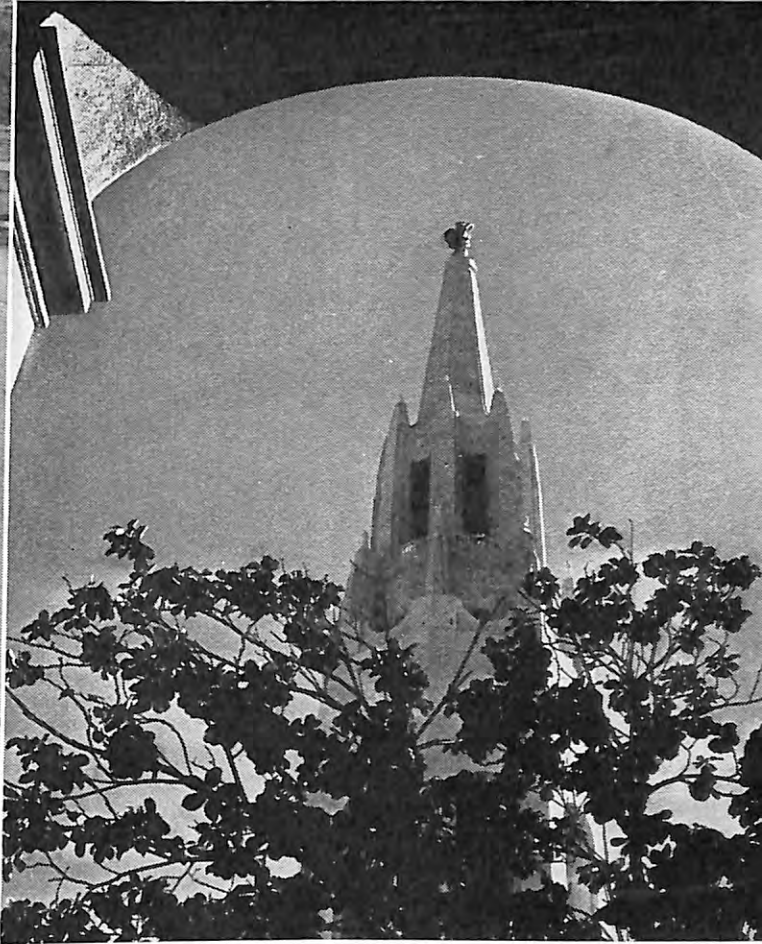
San Francisco Stages Its Own World's Fair

TREASURE ISLAND, site of the San Francisco 1939 World's Fair, is the largest man-made island in the world, consisting of 420 acres of dredged-up soil. The tides in San Francisco Bay were so affected by this operation that a battleship ran aground, despite the fact that the commanding officer had known the Bay waters intimately for thirty years.

Unofficial estimates place at twenty million the number of people to walk through the elephant towers to see the Exposition.

The theme tower of the Fair is the 400-foot Tower of the Sun, which is topped off with a 5,000-pound gold-covered Phoenix, symbolizing the rise of the City of San Francisco from the ashes of the 1906 fire.

One of the outstanding exhibits of this pageant of the Pacific will be the Pan American Trans-Pacific Clippers. These ships will use Treasure Island as their base during the Fair, and will be overhauled after every trip in full view of everyone. No other exposition has ever boasted airplanes leaving for and arriving from China, and, if you've never actually seen one of these giant ships of the air, it will be a thrill that you won't quickly forget.

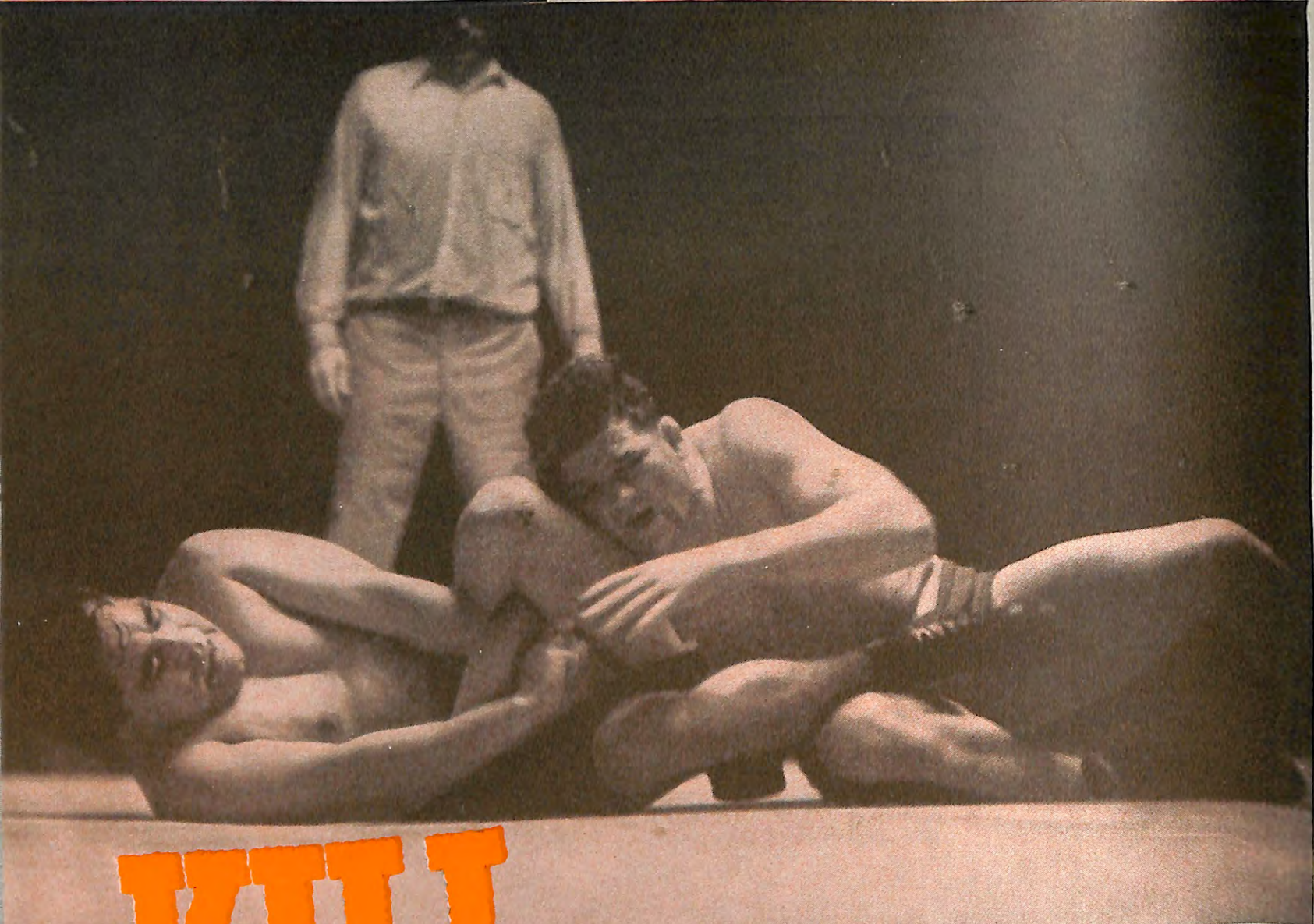


Above: Treasure Island's Tower of the Sun, seen through the loggia arch of the Palace of Electricity.

Right: An interesting angle-shot of the exquisite staircase leading to the Court of Nations.

Below: A striking night view of the Court of the Moon; the lovely statue, "Evening Star", at left.





Wide World Photo

KILL Dat BUM

by Gene Lyle, III

There are lots of intelligent ways to turn an honest penny—but it's feared that wrestling, the screwiest game of all, isn't one of them.

AT THE TIME this happened Man Mountain Dean weighed something over three hundred pounds, including whiskers and gristle. I was tempted to say "on the hoof". But he weighed just as much sitting down. In fact more, because he sat down on his opponents from a running broad-jump.

Seeing him in the ring in his full-length trunks, you'd swear he couldn't be hurt with a sledge hammer. Still, practically all of the spectators in the house on this particular night thought it was faked.

He was matched with Hans Steinke, one of the strong-

est in the game. Ordinarily this would have been all right, because it is well to pit a scientific wrestler against a strictly rough guy like Dean. But Steinke had a grudge, doubtless warranted, though his reasons are beside the point. Steinke told the promoter before he entered the ring, "They'll have to carry Dean out when I'm through with him."

Watching his chance, Steinke got the Man Mountain's leg across his knee like a stick of kindling. The promoter saw the leg bend. He wanted to stop the fight, but he didn't think Steinke would do it. Eighty percent of all wrestling holds can break bones if real effort is applied. Yet for several reasons few wrestlers will purposely give that extra jerk that will snap a bone.

Beads of cold sweat came out on Dean's brow, trickled off the end of his beard, and it wasn't the sweat of exertion. Referee Don McDonald hovered over him, waiting for the admission of defeat. Savagely, the big fellow shook his head. Steinke gave a jerk. The leg bent still more. Then something gave way and Dean fainted. Steinke changed his position, pinned the hulking shoulders. McDonald raised Steinke's hand in victory.

Bedlam among the fans all this time. Dean was their villain. When Steinke applied his torture hold a red-faced woman screamed, "Kill the dirty dog!" Others took her up. Almost everyone cheered wildly as Dean fainted away.

McDonald and Dean's corner man worked over him on the mat. They called in the doc. The bell rang, ending the five-minute rest period. Dean remained still.

A blood-thirsty spectator in the bleachers screamed hoarsely, "Get up and take ya medicine, ya rat!"

Others cried, "Fake!" — "Quit stallin'!" — "Yer yella!"

Men and women stood on their seats, many throwing cushions.

But Dean did not get up.

Five men lifted him through the ropes, carried him up the aisle toward the dressing rooms. Half way there Dean commenced to revive, faintly struggling. A man near him stuck a pin in his rump.

The shock brought the Man Mountain wide awake. He jumped down, chasing the man over the seats. He stumbled over the man's wife. Then he fell, unable to rise again.

No one, except Dean was hurt much. But later the man sued the promoter for \$2,000, won a \$500 judgment.

Back in the dressing-room, stretched out on a table, they stripped off Dean's trunks. Underneath, running the length of his shin, had been a long, pink, brittle scar from old bruises and mat burns. That scar had split open, making a gash

At left are Dean Detton and Chief Little Wolf. It's difficult to tell where one begins and the other ends, but we imagine the boys will eventually straighten the whole thing out.

Below is John Sullivan taking a piggy-back on "Jeemy" Londos. John (Erin Go Bragh) is the current Irish importation and from this picture it looks as if he'll go places, even if it's only on Londos' back.



Acme Photo

ten inches long, exposing the white bone when they washed it out.

The bone hadn't actually shattered. As a matter of record, though, Sandor Szabo finished the job by breaking that same leg shortly afterward. Most of the fans thought that was faked, too. But it put the Man Mountain out of business for over a year.

No one who has seen more than one card could be naive enough to believe that there isn't a lot of showmanship (call it faking if you want) in modern wrestling. If there wasn't, it would be a pretty dull show. Just the same, it's hard to tell the sham from the real. There's more genuine McCoy than you probably imagine. Professional experts often can't tell the difference.

There is the case of the Japanese, Shuniki "Killa" Shikuma. He isn't much on the rough-and-tumble stuff. Ordinarily he sticks to straight scientific, though not very spectacular holds.

In defense, the Japanese has worked out two or three tricks which are called "nerve holds". That name isn't entirely correct, because only one of them is a hold at all, and it depends on shutting off the blood to the head for its effect. The others are quick punches into ganglions or nerve centers, and are used to make an opponent break a torture hold.

Most of the rough boys are afraid of that neck hold of Shikuma's. It acts a little like Ed "Strangler" Lewis' famous headlock. They try to have it outlawed on the ground that it is a strangle hold. But it isn't a strangle hold any more than was Lewis' headlock.

A few months ago when Shikuma put his man out cold with this hold, both he and his opponent were booed as fakes. The match was in San Diego, and the promoter, Lin Platner, of that city, asked him to demonstrate it on volunteers from the audience. The Japanese refused to do this because sometimes the hold causes the tongue to hang out and blood to trickle from the mouth. If that happened, the fans might not like it on account of the feeling against Japan's invasion of China. Instead, he consented to demonstrate it in the dressing-room.

The first volunteer was a young sailor from the Naval Training Station. Shikuma clamped his forearm on the man's neck, but not across his throat. Gently he applied pressure, shutting off the flow of blood through the carotid arteries. The sailor, held in a sitting position, dozed off. Almost immediately Shikuma awakened him by massaging the back of the neck. It all happened very quickly. So quickly, in fact, that one of the spectators, a Mexican boxer, vehemently declared it hadn't happened at all.

"You can't make that holt woik on me," the pug growled.

"Why not let him try it?" promoter Platner asked quietly. Platner is really a very quiet and gentle fellow at times. When the Mexican climbed on the table Platner gave the Japanese a wink. Shikuma knew what that meant. It meant, "This bird can take it—give him the works!"

Shikuma gave him the works. He held the grip many seconds after the Mexican's eyes had closed. Then he picked him up and laid him easily on the floor. Minutes passed—four or five, anyway. The pug stirred a little, suddenly sat bolt upright. The first thing he blurted out was, "Streetcar running by!"

Later they persuaded him that it wasn't really a streetcar.

Another night, I had placed my camera on the edge of the mat and I could see everything that happened when Abe "King Kong" Kashey made the customers think he was a beast. Kashey is a Syrian. He is hairy all over and is about the color of crude oil smoke, with a little wood ash mixed in. This, too, happened in California. And though there is a California law prohibiting grunting, they can't do much against making faces. Kashey makes some of the best faces in the trade, as good as any nightmare fiend you ever saw. He wears full-length black trunks and takes a stance like a spider with the itch. He knows all there is to know about scientific wrestling, but doesn't make this any more obvious than necessary. The fans all hate him, and he tries hard to give them what they pay to see.



Ed "Strangler" Lewis in the midst of a bad case of screaming meemies as he applies his famous leaping head-lock on an unknown, but receptive, opponent.

On this card he was matched with Dr. Patrick O'Callaghan (a legitimate medico, by the way). The Irishman, former Olympic hammer-thrower and all-around athlete, was new to professional wrestling. His science was a bit crude, but he didn't seem to need it. In the twenty or so matches he had had, no one had been able to pin him. He broke the best holds they had.

Well, Abe Kashey got him down with an armlock and held him there for several minutes, and all of the doc's strength couldn't break it. And the fans began to get restless, some booing, some calling for action. So Kashey showed them some of his dirty work for which he is famous. He put his doubled fist down with the knuckle about a quarter-inch from O'Callaghan's eye and twisted the fist around until the fans cried bloody murder, and the referee looked up to see what was happening. But that knuckle hadn't actually touched O'Callaghan. I know, because I was right there, and besides, the doc didn't play his part like an old timer and squirm.

That satisfied the patrons for a few seconds. But the next time the referee wasn't looking, Kashey doubled up his fist again and struck four or five blows in quick succession. It looked like he was smacking the doc square on the beazer. Another howl went up from the fans. What Kashey really did was to hit himself on the chest, something like Tarzan does when he has smelled blood. I could see the white welts from those blows.

O'Callaghan finally broke the hold, or, at least, so it seemed. Kashey let him break it, really, for the sake of the paying customers who wanted action. Certain holds, properly applied, are almost impossible to break, unless one of the boys wants to start breaking bones. The modern idea is to keep such a hold no longer than it is interesting to watch, then let go and start over. That's one of the ways wrestling has been speeded up into an exciting show.

O'Callaghan won that mill. And when he left the ring they cheered him, which was proper, because he

Left: Former Champ Everett Marshall flies through the air with the greatest of ease and takes a ring-side seat at his bout with Ernie Dusek. Below: Dean Detton in the process of tying a running cowline in Champion Bronko Nagurski's left leg. The Bronko won this one.



is a swell guy. Then Kashey started to walk up the aisle. It was said that Mrs. Kashey and the several little Kasheys were in the stands that night and that they waved to him. But no one noticed. Because everyone was booing and throwing things. And one sadistic reptile, protected in the packed throng, stuck his arm out and screwed a live cigarette into Kashey's back.

And that's what I mean when I say you can't always tell by appearances. You think they're faking when they aren't. And when they really fake, you think it's sure-enough mayhem. Or if you are a complete cynic, perhaps you'd be interested in learning that an average of eighteen professional wrestlers are killed in the ring each year, not to mention others who die prematurely from malignant injuries. Considering that there are not more than a couple of hundred of them active at any one time, that's a pretty high fatality rate. Probably higher than trapeze artists, powder monkeys, race-car drivers, sand hogs or any occupation you'd care to mention, with the possible exception of soldiers actually engaged in battle.

Of course, there's showmanship involved. If there wasn't, the performances would be as dull to the average spectator as they were a few years ago. That applies to boxing, too, of which there will be more said later.

The showmanship is evidenced in the trade names some of the performers use. Ed "Strangler" Lewis, for instance, was named for a former "Strangler" whose real name was Evan Lewis. Ed's real name was Robert Frederick. Man Mountain Dean of Georgia formerly wrestled as Soldier Leavitt of New York, his real name being Frank Leavitt. (He has a youngster now—Baby Mountain Dean.) Jimmy or Jeemy Londos was christened Chris Theophelo Theophilus. Wondering what would make a good professional name, he thought of the popular hero, Jack London. He changed the last "n" in London to "s", making it Londos, which sounded Greek, if it wasn't. Ali Baba served two enlistments in the United States Navy as Arseen Ekizian. Stanislaus Zbysko used to be Stanislaus Cyganiewicz. Zbysko is an honorary name, first bestowed on the grandfather of Stanislaus, also a wrestler of note, by the then king of Poland. Translated, it means "might and power".

Most promoters don't publicize the injuries in wrestling. If you've seen a dozen or so cards you've likely seen a bone broken without knowing it. Next time you witness a gladiator quit in the middle of a bout, holding a limp hand or trying to straighten out a twisted leg, look closely, if you enjoy that sort of thing. If it's a bad fracture you may even glimpse the angle the jagged

edge of bone makes in the skin. Unless you're at the ringside you'd better bring your binoculars, though. Because the announcer isn't likely to tell what happened.

Generally promoters want wrestling to stand on its own hind legs as an entertainment. They'd rather sell you a couple of hours of exciting part-sport, part-play-acting, than a sadistic debauch. Though, of course, sadism naturally enters into it, both for the fans and the gladiators, without any encouragement.

You couldn't put two parsons into the ring and make them give each other the punishment wrestlers do without getting peeved. If they really went at it, one would be sure to give the other a sudden twist of the arm or something of the sort that would make him see red. Then the one who saw red would smash the other across the throat with his forearm, and they'd both be off to a grand, rough-and-tumble, anything-goes slugfest.

There is the story of a bout Stanislaus Zbysko had with Constant LeMarin at Montreal on May 24, 1914. Zbysko was probably the most cultured man ever to take to the sport, and that's saying a good deal, which may surprise some of the cynics. He was a graduate of the University of Vienna, a philosopher, lawyer, musician, poet and master of eleven languages. At the time of this bout he was a millionaire, and not because of his wrestling earnings.

LeMarin was also a university graduate. Both he and Zbysko were noted throughout the wrestling world as being clean matmen, intelligent in combat. Before the match the men were called into conference with the referee in the dressing room. They talked in French. Suddenly Zbysko leaped to his feet, shouted in English, "He has assailed my personal courage and this will be a battle to the death!"

Zibby stormed from the room and went directly to the ring. In his corner, he sullenly refused to discuss further the style or conditions under which the contest was to be decided. These were finally agreed upon between the managers.

From the first, they went at each other like two maddened wolves, thinking only to injure, unmindful of rules of wrestling. After a few minutes they fell through the ropes, locked together. Zbysko's head hit the press table, cutting a deep gash that spurted blood. Even so, it required the referee, (Continued on page 43)

Sandor Szabo is seen here disputin' with Rasputin (plus beard) for the Pacific Coast title. This one, appropriately enough, took place at the Dreamland Auditorium.





Georgiana Philips,
whose novel,
"Summer of Good
Hope", makes de-
lightful reading.
(Putnam)

WHAT AMERICA

IS Reading

Highlights in New Books

by Harry Hansen

TODAY few Americans believe that a Chinese can think anything but evil of the Japanese. China has been overrun, its people have been massacred by bombs from the air, its cities have been taken in an undeclared war. But how does a man feel when his wife belongs to the opposing people? Pearl S. Buck, in her newest novel, "The Patriot", presents this problem with deep, whole-hearted sympathy, with discriminating understanding and with much feeling. She tells the story of I-wan, son of a wealthy Shanghai banker, Mr. Wu, who was sent to Japan to get him away from Revolutionary party activities among the young men of China, who married there, lived there for ten years and

learned to understand the Japanese people. I-wan was always gentle, honest and steadfast. The freedom of China was his faith, and he fought for it. But he could hardly discuss this with the more violent Chinese patriots. "He dared not say to En-lan (his associate) that there was anything good in the enemy, for En-lan would not have believed he could be loyal to his own and yet find good in the enemy." Nor would his early associates have understood the feeling of security, based on orderly government, that I-wan had learned in Japan. But no less he was ready to fight for China, to serve Chiang-kai-shek, the friend of Mr. Wu, the banker.

If Mrs. Buck has thus revealed to us the sway of emotion and reason in the terrible war between the Japanese and the Chinese, Nora Waln

has done the same for Germany. Her new book, "Reaching for the Stars", is an interpretation of the daily life of the Germans as Miss Waln learned about it in four years' residence on the Rhine, from 1934 to 1938. Her husband is a musician and the couple found many musical friends, especially in Dresden. Those who remember "The House of Exile" will recall that Miss Waln also writes out of a well of sympathetic understanding and that, like Mrs. Buck, she sees first the individual and his difficulties, and tries to comprehend his way of life, his ambitions, defeats and hopes. Here she was impressed, as all travelers are, by the learning, culture and beauty of the German past. Here she was outraged by the policy of force that has regimented these Germans. She found many divergent opinions: in most instances the middle-aged had confidence in Hitler, but the young men, who were being shunted into barracks and out, whose daily life was interrupted by military orders, were not so sure. Her object is to get foreign nations to understand Germany better, to learn what the country needs. But like everyone else she cannot tolerate the repressive measures, although it is not in her nature to write with bitterness. There is more of the old German spirit in her book than in any on this theme in recent years.

Mrs. Buck's "The Patriot" is published by John Day Co. at \$2.50; Nora Waln's "Reaching for the Stars", by Little, Brown & Co., at \$3. Both the novel and the chronicle are highly recommended.

"Summer of Good Hope"

There are so few novelists who know children's ways, enjoy them and want them around in their books, that it's refreshing to come upon those agile, charming youngsters, Rosalind and Charlie, in "Summer of Good Hope" by Georgiana Philips. The title is apt, for hope certainly sustained these conspirators, who are 9 and 7

(Continued on page 48)

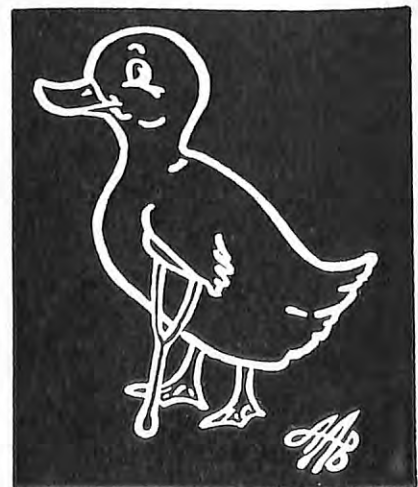


Illustration by Audrey Alexandra Brown, the author of "The Log of the Lame Duck."

What? A girl?

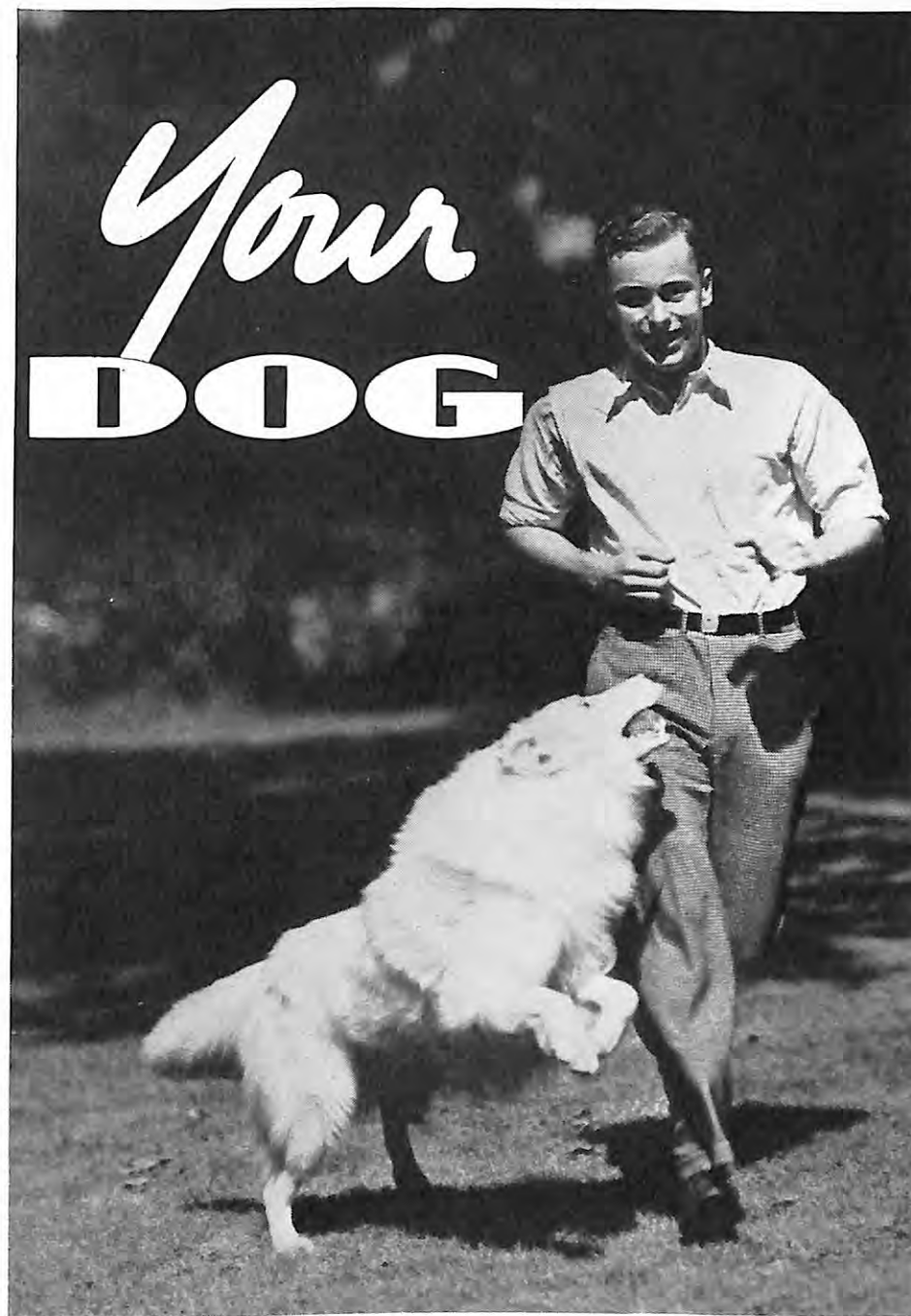
YES, A GIRL. The more you know about dogs, the more you'll appreciate the lady of the species and prefer her for your house pet.

Nevertheless, prejudice against her persists. When most people say that they like dogs, it is tacitly understood that they refer only to the male and not his sister. The fact that it isn't her fault she's a female receives scant consideration. No one seems to realize that if it weren't for her, the dog race would go the way of the Dodo. The unpleasant truth is that she's the canine outcast, unwelcomed, unwanted. All because she can reproduce her kind—the only charge against her; and this, with a few simple precautions, is one of the easiest events to avoid.

Twice a year for about three weeks she will be in season, but only during the middle of that period—some five to seven days—will she readily accept a mate. During these few weeks only, is it necessary to exercise extra care with her—and not much of that. When outdoors she'll have to be chaperoned. When exercising she should at all times be kept on the leash. Any dogs attracted to her should be promptly shooed away. To avoid having your grounds become a port of call for wandering males, break the trail to and from your home when taking her out. If she is of carrying size, do not let her touch the ground for some fifty yards from your home—going and returning. Her scent, which informs the roving Gallant of her condition, is not detected by him at long distance. To people it is barely perceptible. If you live in an apartment house, then this procedure is entirely unnecessary. When the gal is indoors it is best to confine her to one of your least-used rooms—and to see that she stays confined. If you have a warm, dry, reasonably lighted cellar, that will do very well.

If you haven't the time or patience to take these few precautions you can wish the problem on a boarding kennel at a very reasonable cost. But whether at home or in the kennel, you can maintain the female, with just a little semi-annual extra care, for the duration of her life, with no biological consequences.

In between seasons, she is completely indifferent to courtship (may even fiercely resent it), nor is the gentleman seriously interested in her. In fact, a mating then is physically impossible. They may mingle freely, romp together and the only evidence that the male recognizes a sex distinction is in the slavish respect he accords any outburst of temper she may direct toward him. Dogs, being true gentlemen, rarely strike back at the female. Those who champion the male dog as against the female, pointing to the



Philip D. Gendreau

by Captain Will Judy
Editor, Dog World Magazine

latter's bi-yearly season as objectionable, overlook the fact that the male is in season at all times.

Beyond this simple matter of a little extra control for a few weeks, the female presents no other problem. She only differs from the male in ways that make her very much his superior as house pet or companion.

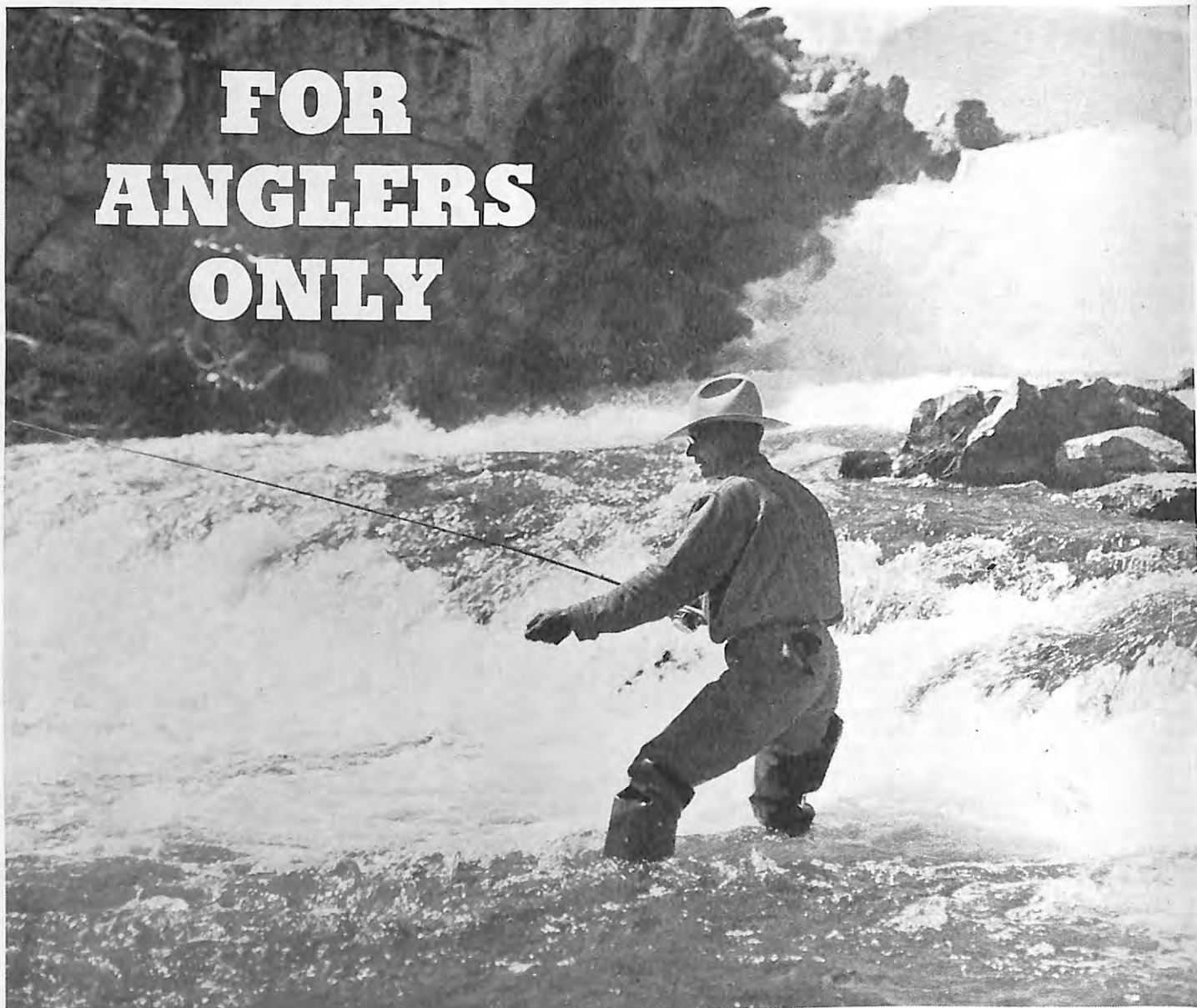
She is usually more intelligent, learns faster, has a more retentive memory for what she learns. In the course of her lessons she isn't distracted by every feather-blown fancy, but instead keeps her mind on the job at hand.

Being more docile, more anxious to please, she quickly learns to obey. Being obedient, she is the more

easily trained. She is instinctively cleaner and thus readily learns to respect your carpets and floors. Possessing greater powers of restraint, she less frequently asks to go out and while she may try to wheedle small favors from you, she is above the use of guile and so will not tax your patience with frivolous demands for an airing.

Of the two, she is the stay-at-home. Unlike her brother she does not regard her home as a mere operating base for excursions in search of adventure. Like most of her sex, home is her nest, to be jealously guarded, dauntlessly defended. She is the quicker to resent unwarranted intrusion and usually the more dangerous in *(Continued on page 55)*

FOR ANGLERS ONLY



Joe Godfrey, angler par excellence, has some words for the wise man on the oldest sport of them all.

by Joe Godfrey, Jr.

VACATION time is just around the corner, so let's relax and go fishing. To those who love to fish amid wild and beautiful settings where waters reward skill with prized trophies, we present for their approval dozens of places to go for good fishing in fresh and salt waters. To the man who must have a big fish to satisfy his desires, we suggest going to the places where world's record fish have been taken, because it's a sure thing that there are bigger fish still swimming in these same waters than have ever been caught. That's the way it's been since the first angler crept up on an unsuspecting beauty—and that's the eternal hope that burns bright in every fisherman's breast.

The biggest Black Bass are caught in Florida and Georgia; Pike and Pickerel, in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Quebec; Trout, in Ontario, Washington and Nevada; Salmon, in Maine and Oregon; Muskellunge, in Ontario. Tarpon are best caught in the Panuco River, Tampico, Mexico; Sailfish, in Acapulco, Mexico; Marlin, in New Zealand waters; Striped Bass, at

Martha's Vineyard, Mass.; Channel Bass, at Chincoteague, Virginia. Off the Coronado Islands, Mexico, you catch California White Sea Bass; Barracuda, in the waters of the Bahama Islands; Albacore, off the Catalina Islands, California; Wahoo and Yellowfin Tuna, off the coast of Hawaii; Weakfish, in Peconic Bay, N. Y.; Swordfish, off Tocopilla, Chile, and Amberjack, at Pass-A-Grille, Florida. The angler who goes fishing for the fun there is in it will savor the top-most joys of living, for it is true now, and always will be, that *Allah Does Not Deduct From The Allotted Time Of Man, Those Hours Spent In Fishing.*

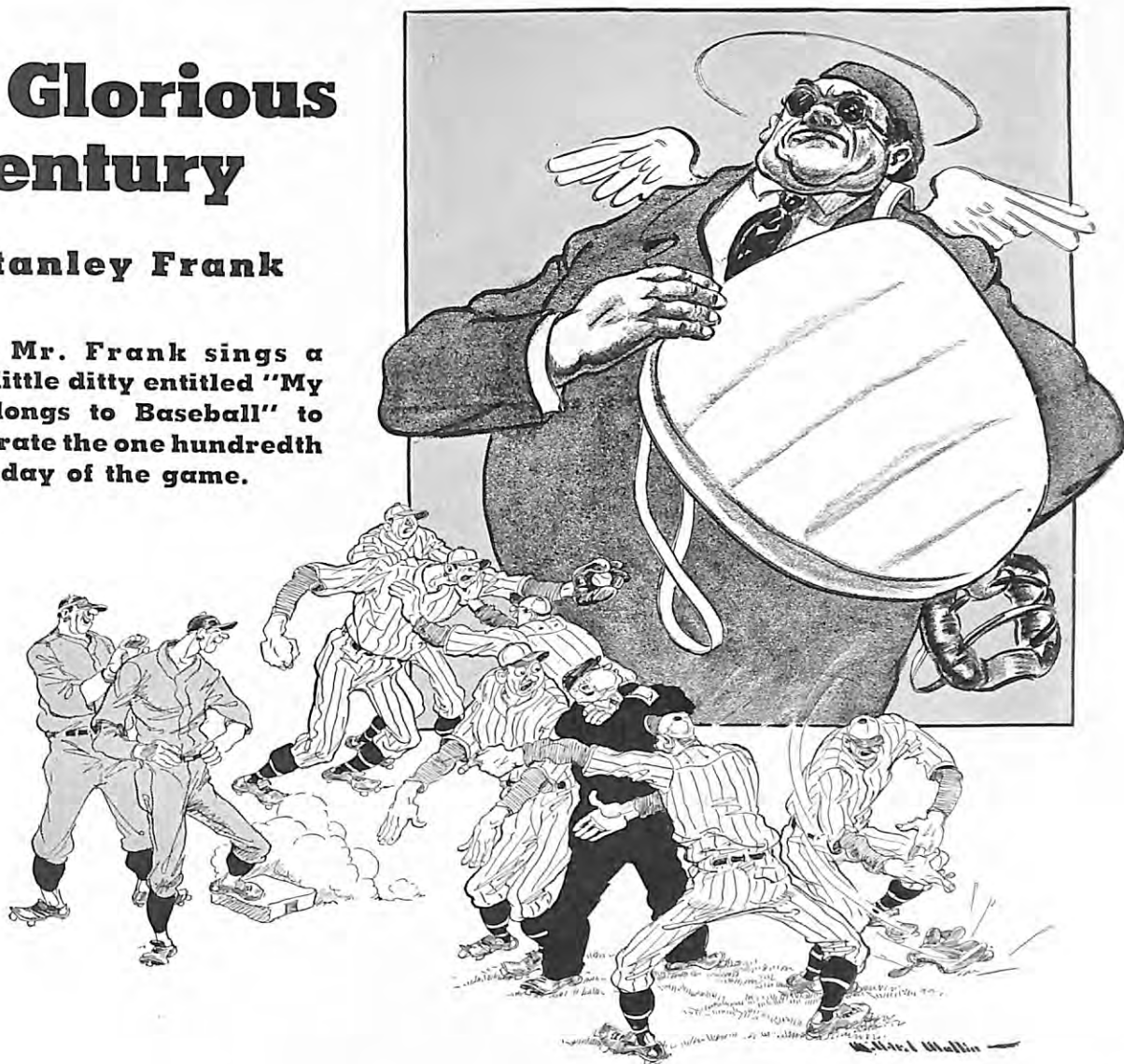
Everywhere in North America, no matter where you roam in this great wilderness country, there is bound to be a quiet spot for you and me where we can take out our old rod, and whether we bait it with a lowly worm or the finest hand-tied fly, we can expect something to go for it with a will. Sometimes it is difficult to be on the spot when the fish are biting best, hence that ever-familiar expression in fishing circles, "You should have been here last week." The resort man says, "Come back in September. That's when they bite the best." You go back in September, only to find all the big ones of the season were taken the last week in August. And so it goes. But don't be disheartened; it's not as bad as it sounds, because there are places to go in almost every State, territory and province where the sport is always good.

In fishing, much depends (Continued on page 51)

The Glorious Century

by Stanley Frank

Wherein Mr. Frank sings a plaintive little ditty entitled "My Heart Belongs to Baseball" to commemorate the one hundredth birthday of the game.



A GARRULOUS gaffer got up on his hind legs to accept one of those ornate plaques which is presented in time to every man who makes a million dollars or labors faithfully and well for a cause. The recipient was Bill Klem, a baseball umpire for thirty-four years, a good one, and living, breathing, human evidence that the world does progress. Man hath no greater devotion to humanity than when an umpire is rewarded in public for meritorious and distinguished service.

There were nine hundred guests present when the agile ancient rose to accept his trinket from the New York baseball writers just a few weeks ago. By inclination and training they were hard-boiled and cynical, but there wasn't a dry eye—nor scarcely a dry throat—in the house when Klem concluded his speech with this thunderous peroration:

"Baseball is more than a game or a profession to me. It's a religion!"

Every established religion practiced in the Occidental world was represented in the huge banquet hall. There was a Catholic clergyman—Brother Gilbert, the discoverer of Babe Ruth—on the dais. Yet every man in the room clapped hands ecstatically and some cheered Klem's speech with a fervor bordering on religious frenzy. It wasn't regarded as sacrilegious. It was simply the attitude with which America has come to regard baseball after one hundred years.

In this, the centennial anniversary of a bat-and-ball game, baseball occupies a unique position which no other amusement activity has ever achieved. Like other precious American institutions, such as the home, free

speech and monogamy, baseball can be criticized, but agitation for its abolition is not to be tolerated. Its abuses can be attacked, but the basic, traditional structure is not to be changed.

In several of these United States it is a more heinous crime to offer a bribe to a ball player than to a legislator. The Teapot Dome scandal broke shortly after the Black Sox scandal in the early 1920's, but the public was more profoundly shocked by the revelation that the World Series of 1919 had been thrown than it was by the evidence that its money, land and resources had been fraudulently appropriated by men in high places. The reason? Skulduggery in politics is expected, but the integrity of baseball is unquestioned, must be kept inviolate.

The conclusion of Klem's speech was maudlin sentimentalism, but that is the only approach to baseball possible or permissible. A few minutes previously Postmaster Jim Farley announced that for the first time a stamp commemorating baseball's birthday would be issued. Hard-fisted General Hugh S. Johnson, an ardent deflator of stuffed shirts and one of our foremost advocates of realism as opposed to romanticism, delivered an oration at the same occasion which, if applied to anything but baseball, would have sounded like the most flagrant flag-waving ever heard on Independence Day in Old Overcoat, Okla. But because the subject was baseball, the platitudes sounded sincere. At that, the General probably believed them himself.

"I think it's significant that baseball is played only in the United States," Johnson said piously and pontifically. "They don't play (Continued on page 46)



Jason knew that fighters were necessary but he pinned his faith on the man with the plow

IN THE flickering shadows, where the firelight gave up its attack on the ponderous gloom of forest, Jason Hughes sat on a rotting log and studied Nancy Fleming's face. The girl was rapt, intent, hanging on every slow word that fell from Luke Castle's lips. In her changing expressions he could read every shift of fortune in the border drama the woodsman was relating. The story, as were all of Luke's stories, was one of fire and bloodshed, of stealthy attack and swift pursuit, and yet the girl followed it eagerly. It was hard to realize that this was the same girl who had waded at his side through the deep woods of the Pennsylvania mountains, talking calmly the while of cleared land and growing things.

Jason glanced from face to face in the group before him. They were all alike, all intent, transported by

the frontiersman's words, held in the spell of that deep voice. They were all married men, all except Tad Holden and Mr. Fleming, Nancy's father, who was a widower. Dan Stone and John Webber had their wives at their sides. Their faces were sober, thoughtful, but grim. The flare of George Howard's nostrils showed plainly that the appeal of Luke's words to his adventurous nature had driven from his mind, for the moment, at least all thought of his little wife on the eastern seaboard. Tad Holden sat motionless, a tiny smile twitching at his lips, his eyes eager. There were no ties holding him. Even easy-going Mr. Fleming, who could read Greek and expected to be a school-teacher, was stirred out of his usual calm. And as for Phil Nelson, standing guard a short distance up the riverbank, Jason knew he would be hearing the words Luke had spoken on other nights, thinking the thoughts Luke had put into his mind.

It was not right. Under Luke's urging, the men had changed. They were taking on the attitude of invading warriors instead of peaceful farmers seeking new homes. The thought was being implanted in

Nancy was the girl who waded at his side through the deep Pennsylvania forests.

The Plowman

by **Karl F. Wilson**

Illustrated by **MARSHALL DAVIS**

their minds that they were too early, that their future life must, of necessity, be one of fighting and hunting. More and more their thoughts revolved about their long rifles, to the gradual exclusion of their plows and axes, their sacks of grain and articles of furniture on the flatboat tied up at the riverbank. It was wrong emphasis. It was not right.

Finally, Jason turned to Luke Castle. A tall, golden figure, the woodsman stood beside the fire, the ruddy glow flickering over long, yellow hair and red-gold beard, over worn buckskins and the long rifle that was never out of his hands. Jason glanced down at his own homespuns and sturdy boots. It was no wonder that Nancy did not see him when Luke was around. The man forced your interest, made you believe him.

"We caught up with 'em finally," Luke was saying. "There was eight o' them an' six o' us. They'd built a big fire an' was dryin' out their clothes. We knocked off five o' them right there an' run the rest into the woods. Stark naked, they was, an' in the dead o' winter, too." He paused to let his meaning sink in.

Jason thought suddenly of the Indian Luke had shot

the previous afternoon, and on the Kentucky side of the river, at that. Wanton murder, it had seemed to him, but Luke had explained that the red man was spying on them and would have led a raiding party down on them in the night. The explanation was false. A spy does not stand in plain sight. Luke was of that border breed known as "Indian-Haters". Jason was afraid that they had not heard the last of the incident.

"And that," Luke continued, "is what you folks is goin' t' run up against. This Ohio country ain't ready for farmers yet. Not till every last Injun is kilt off."

"Others have settled here," Jason broke in. If the men went into this country looking for trouble, they would find it. "How did they manage?"

Luke turned, surprised, as if he had forgotten Jason's presence.

"Ye mean the folks down at Marietta now," he said. "Sure, ye'll find 'em there, come another half-lay on the river. They managed just because there wasn't many of 'em, an' they had the soldiers in Fort Harmar t' protect 'em. Why, the Injuns met 'em at the mouth o' the Muskingum with open arms.

"But you folks ain't goin' t' find it that way. Ye're the start o' the rush, an' don't think these Injuns don't know it. They know ye'll be comin' in here t' clear off their huntin' grounds an' clean out the game."

And yours, too, Jason thought. Is that why you've been telling us these things? Can it be that you, too, are afraid of us?

"Why d' ye know what the Redskins is doin' right now?" Luke went on. "Somethin' a Injun ain't never done before. They're killin' off the game an' lettin' it rot, just so's the white hunters can't git it. They're gangin' up on ye right now, an' if



their powwows goes through, ye'll have every tribe in Ohio on yer necks."

Luke spoke with emphasis. Jason felt the regard of the others on him. Once again he was on the defensive. If he could just find the words . . .

"There's others in Ohio besides the folks around Marietta," he said.

Luke's chuckle was bitter and condescending.

"I suppose ye mean the squatters, now," he said. "Well, they just prove what I've been tellin' ye all along. They're Injun-fighters first, last an' all the time. Put theirselves up a cabin, get a squaw t' do the work, an' live by huntin' an' fightin' Injuns.

"An' that's somethin' else. Ye're goin' t' have the squatters t' contend with, too. I know each one o' ye has a deed from this here Ohio Company fer a passel o' acres down here, but the squatters ain't never heard o' the Ohio Company, an' they're on the land."

"Congress cleared them out o' there a year ago," Jason declared.

Luke opened his mouth to reply, but Nancy broke in, her voice impatient, almost sharp.

"Reckon Luke oughta know what's in the country, Jason."

Luke smiled. "Reckon I oughta." He turned to Jason. "Sure, I know the lieutenant an' his men marched up an' down the valleys, but them squatters just moved out in front an' moved back in behind. Ye're goin' t' have them t' fight, an' the Injuns, too. An' how ye'll do it an' clear land an' burn brush an' plant yer crops an' tend 'em an' eat at the same time, I don't know."

"Ye don't know farmers," Jason said.

Luke's eyes flashed. "Reckon I don't. The trouble with you, Jason, is that ye don't know the woods."

Jason stood up, his long rifle in the crook of his arm. There was a ring of white about his lips. A line of muscles showed in his lean jaw.

"Mebbe not," he answered. "But the trouble with you, Luke, is that ye don't know nothin' else." He stooped suddenly and scooped up a handful of loose earth, thrust it into the firelight.

"Take a look at that. Black earth. New earth. Earth that ain't never known a plow. Ye don't build walls with the stones ye turn out o' soil like that. It's here, waitin' for them as can take it an' hold it. Somethin' ye don't know, Luke, is that wherever there's soil like that to be turned, farmers will turn it. I ain't sayin' there ain't some truth in what ye been tellin' us ever since ye joined us, but I ain't sayin' I'm swallowin' every word of it, neither."

He turned suddenly to the others, the handful of earth balled in his fist.

"An' as for the rest o' ye, everything ye got in the world is right on those deeds ye got in yer pockets. If ye came out here t' fight Injuns an' hunt an' trap, ye could 've done it without sinkin' everything ye had t' buy the land t' do it on. Mebbe ye been forgettin' that."

He swung back to Luke again.

"Sure, we're among the first. Sure, we're the start o' the rush. We know it. But there's a nation behind

us, a nation o' farmers. They ain't goin' t' stay bottled up between the mountains an' the sea."

He thrust out the handful of earth again, now squeezed into a moist lump. "Ye don't mean t' tell me that God in His wisdom put land like that out here just fer men with long rifles! Land like that is meant for just one thing—plowin'. We'll plow it. From here t' the Mississippi, an' across the Mississippi. We won't be satisfied until we're plowin' from ocean to ocean. We'll feed the world!"

He was trembling when he finished. Luke was glaring at him, breathing hard, but he was silent. In that instant, Jason knew that the hunter feared the men with plows. He looked at the men in the party, at the married women. They were staring, open-mouthed. He had suddenly rolled back the horizon for them, given a new meaning to the life ahead of them. Only Nancy refused to meet his gaze steadily. She looked from Jason to Luke and back again, confused.

Jason drew a long breath, dropped the handful of earth and turned away. As he moved into the darkness toward the river he heard a stir behind him, then Luke's mocking voice.

"Don't go huntin' no turkeys, Jason."

There was a titter of laughter, a low buzz of voices. He strode faster, his ears suddenly burning. Luke referred to the day Jason had heard turkeys gobbling on the riverbank and had wanted to go after them. He recalled Luke's smile. "Go ahead, but them turkeys is a-lookin' at ye right now. Them's the kind that'll lift yer hair."

He heard Nancy's laughter above the others', and it stabbed him. For a moment he had thought that he had found the words, that he had recalled to these people the dreams with which they had started out. But in that one statement, reminding Jason of his woe-ful lack of knowledge of this country, Luke had undone it all.

The solid planking of the flatboat was under his feet. Unerringly he sought and found the up-curving handle of his plow. He gripped it, hard. It gave him a sense of security, of rightness, and he had to know that he was right.

How long he stood there, he did not know. A full moon shone down upon him, silvering river and boat and the tops of the newly-budded trees, but leaving the lower depths of the forest black and impenetrable. He raised his face to the sky. He was right. He knew it. Some day the lights of settlers would dot these hills and valleys like the stars of the heavens.

Gradually his gaze fell lower and lower until it rested on the broad surface of the river. A faint mist hung in patches over the water.

He stiffened. Far up the river, where the flood made a wide bend, two black objects, looking like logs, emerged from a patch of mist. They were moving across the current toward the Ohio shore. He waited until he was certain it was no trick of his vision, and then turned toward the firelight.

"Luke!" he called softly. "Hey, Luke!"

The sound of voices around the fire ceased, and a moment later the dark form of the woodsman emerged



Jason swung his pole at a painted face
beside the flatboat.

from the deeper black shadows.

"What ye got, Jason?"

Jason told him. "They might've been canoes," he added.

For fully a minute both men stood, tense, looking upriver. Suddenly Jason pointed.

"There! See 'em? 'Way over toward this side."

"Yep," Luke said. He watched for a moment longer. Then he glanced quickly at woods and river, at the flatboat nosing the bank.

"We're in for a fight, Jason. Git the extra rifles an' powder out o' the boat. Bring them pistols, too. I'll git the men."

"Get 'em out o' the boat!" Jason protested. "What's wrong with pushin' off an' runnin' for it? Half a day'll see us in Marietta."

"Too long. Ye just do as yer told. I know what we're up against."

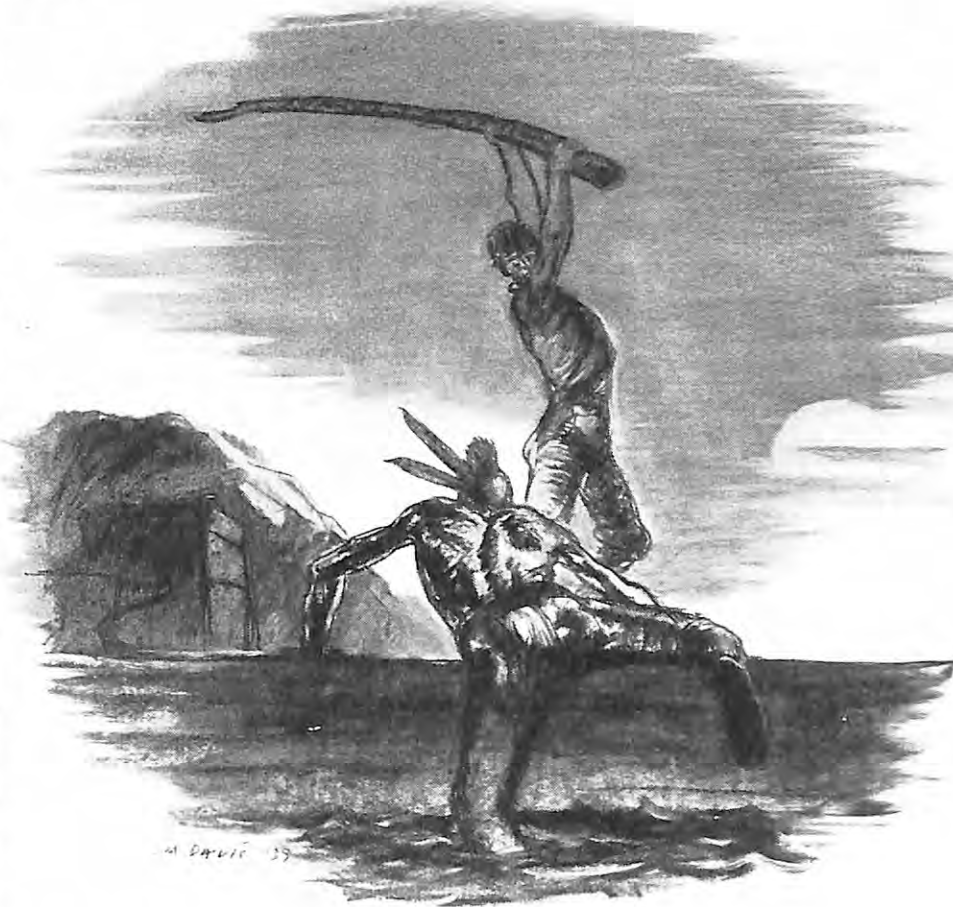
Luke was gone, leaving Jason no alternative except to obey. He had brought his first load ashore when Luke was back, the men trailing at his heels. Mr. Stone was arguing that they should push off at once. "We wouldn't have a chance in that flatboat," Luke answered. "It's too slow, an' it ain't covered." He turned to Jason. "Ye was in too big a hurry t' git down here an' start yer plowin' t' put a deck an' cabin on the boat like I told ye. Ye just made a big skiff, an' now ye see how much good it is."

Jason recoiled from the accusation. It was unjust. The other men were glowering at him. Luke had made it appear that their present predicament was his fault, and his alone, when they had all agreed that the season was too late, and they could not afford the time necessary to deck over the boat and construct a cabin.

He was on the point of reminding Luke, too, that these Indians had come from the Kentucky shore. But then the enormous consequences of their earlier haste struck home to him. He drew in his breath and fell silent.

"I'm afraid we were all in a hurry, then," Mr. Fleming said, coming to Jason's rescue. "But I still don't see why we can't fight from the boat as well as on land."

"Because at least one o' them canoes is a war-canoes," Luke explained. "An' that means sixteen Injuns in that one alone. They can go like the wind. They'd just slip past us, huggin' the bank, an' more'n likely



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we wouldn't even see 'em. There's islands down below here, an' the river gets pretty narrow. They'd just duck out an' be on us before we could get in a volley."

"What's the difference?" John Webber demanded. "They'll sneak up on us on land."

"Injuns is funny," Luke went on patiently. "There's eight o' us, countin' Nelson up the river, there. Suppose we knocked off five or six o' them? The rest would come right on, because there wouldn't be no cover on the river, an' we'd git five or six more if they turned around."

"Now, on land, if we knock off a few when they rush us, the rest will duck for cover an' make a siege of it. We got a chance then. If there's cover handy, an Injun's goin' t' git into it."

"I've heard the same thing," Tad Holden spoke up.

"All right," said Dan Stone. "The flatboat's out. What'll we do?"

"Fire's already out," Luke observed. "Now, up there where Nelson's supposed t' be watchin', there's a sort o' hollowed out place with a ridge o' earth around it. Makes a nat'ral fort. We'll wait for 'em up there. They've prob'ly spotted the fire already, an' then when they don't find us there, they'll look for us. Then, when they do find us, the surprise'll be as much ours as theirs."

Hugging the ground beneath a clump of bushes where deep shadows made him almost invisible, Jason found that waiting was not easy. Minutes like hours dragged slowly by. It was so still that he could hear twigs fall from the trees, the scurrying of some small animal through the underbrush.

The injustice of Luke's accusation still stung him. But with it he realized that he, as much as anybody else, was responsible for their failure to cover the flatboat as Luke had told them to do. It was a mistake, an error caused by their ignorance of what lay ahead of them. He began to (Continued on page 41)



Between the handles of his plow, he watched the greying forest glide past.



Drawings by Marshall Davis

EDITORIAL

Importance of the Patent Law

ON the tenth of this month (April), 1790, the United States patent law was approved and the Bureau of Patents came into existence. It was many years after, that its importance was recognized. Even as late as the fifties of the last century there was agitation for its abolishment. Those who questioned the advisability of its continuance did so on two grounds; first, they thought it involved needless expense and, second, they argued that inventive genius had been exhausted and that no new inventions of importance were possible, or, at least, that they were highly improbable.

It now seems incredible that those in public office at that time could have entertained such views. Just contemplate what inventive genius has accomplished since 1850! The list is too long to enumerate even if it should be made readily available. Take, for example, the field of electricity and restrict it to the home, and we have light, telephones, radios, carpet sweepers, vacuum cleaners, dishwashers, laundry washers, irons, cooking ranges, toasters, grills, coffee pots, mixmasters, egg beaters, refrigerators, heating pads, razors, curlers, vibrators, humidifiers and in addition to this long list there is television which also is destined ere long to find its place in the home.

Stepping out of the home we are lost in a myriad of inventions which serve at once to simplify and complicate the affairs of men and of nations, as witness the submarine, the aeroplane, wireless telegraphy, and the internal combustion engine put as it is to many different uses. All of these and many other inventions have been patented since it was

seriously suggested some ninety years ago that inventive genius had spent itself and that the patent office might just as well be abolished. Who is so bold or reckless as to assert even now that nothing of great importance is yet to be invented and made to serve mankind?

But the question naturally arises: might not all of these things come to pass even if there had been no laws protecting inventors in the right to control the manufacture and sale of devices originated by them? Probably not, for the reason that the hope of monetary reward is the spur to most inventors. Occasionally some genius may be found to whom such sordid consideration is not appealing, but they are few indeed and far between. It is altogether probable that if the patent laws should be amended affording the inventor greater protection than is now given him, the additional incentive would result in greater application to the solution of many problems as yet beyond our grasp.

Americanism Week

BEING, as we are, a patriotic American Order, Elks are keenly interested in disclosures regarding subversive activities which are running rife in this country. They will applaud and support every effort on the part of the Government to eradicate this menace to our democratic form of government and to our institutions, of which we are all so justly proud. It is a matter of deep concern that these forces of hate and revolution have gained such a foothold in our country. They have worked clandestinely under various plausible, but false pretenses, and have made alarming headway in sowing seeds of unrest in the minds of those of our citizens who blindly and thoughtlessly have given attentive ear to their machiavellian theories of government.

Twenty or more years ago an agency of the Federal Government laid the foundation for ascertaining and forestalling the activities of those then engaged in disseminating subversive propaganda. A part of this propaganda was to stop this activity by making it appear that it involved a wasteful expenditure of public funds to ward off a non-existent threat to our Government. It was successful in that



the Congress was convinced that it was a mere tempest in a teapot and that no such threat actually existed. Accordingly, an appropriation to carry on the work was denied. Notwithstanding the fact that this agency had adroitly established secret and reliable avenues for obtaining inside information regarding the "nests" of these conspirators, its activities were stopped through lack of funds and thus valuable contacts were lost beyond recovery.

Recently a committee of Congress undertook an investigation of subversive activities and succeeded in developing some startling facts which challenge the serious consideration of all thoughtful Americans. This committee was charged with unfairness in conducting its hearings, with playing to the galleries and with being actuated by partisan political motives. Whether these charges were true or false is beside the question. The fact remains that subversive activities are being carried on and the people look to the Government to stop them before they result in revolution and bloodshed. How the Government shall go about it is the concern of the Government. That it shall go about it in an effective manner is the concern of every loyal American.

The half-million members of our Order will give enthusiastic support to all activities of the Government directed against this menace. They joined in applauding the designation by the Grand Exalted Ruler of the first week of last month as "Americanism Week". It should have been and was observed by every lodge in the manner suggested by the Order's Chief Executive.

This is a large country, but entirely too small to give asylum to those who are preaching subversive doctrines.

Grand Lodge and Reunion

THE next session of the Grand Lodge will be held in Saint Louis, Missouri, during the week of July 9. The formal opening will as usual consist of public exercises held Monday evening, July 10. The first business session will convene Tuesday morning, July 11, at 10 o'clock. This session will open with a colorful ritualistic ceremonial, fol-



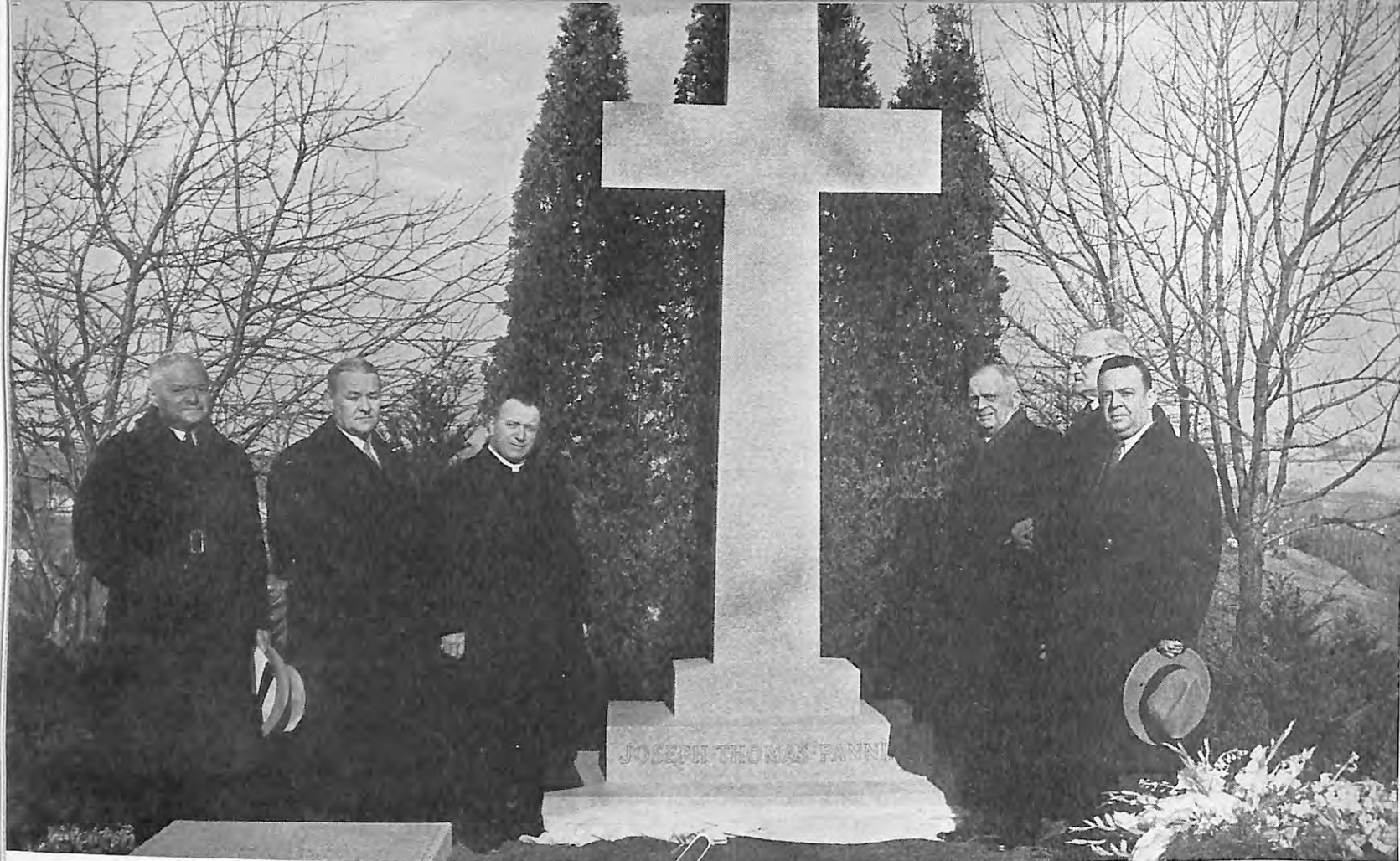
lowing which formal reports will be received, important announcements made, Grand Lodge officers elected for the ensuing year and the next meeting place determined. It will be an important session and should be attended by every member of the Grand Lodge who finds it possible to be present.

It is the duty of every subordinate lodge to send its representative to the Grand Lodge and it is of great importance that this should be done. Only in this way can subordinate lodges keep in touch with the Grand Lodge and assist in formulating its policy for the future. The Grand Lodge is our legislative body. It not only enacts laws for the government of the Fraternity, but it elects those who are charged with the duty of executing them. At these annual sessions many important committee reports are received and acted on. Certainly nothing further need be said to impress the importance of every lodge being represented and thus participating in deciding fundamental matters of the gravest importance to the Order as a whole. Every lodge has its responsibility in this respect which cannot be shirked except at great sacrifice not only to the Order in general, but especially to the lodge itself.

The Saint Louis session is now in the immediate future, and plans with respect to it cannot longer be postponed. The sessions are open to all Elks. As a matter of convenience and also for the dispatch of business, members of the Grand Lodge are seated in a compact body, but ample seating arrangements are provided for all Elks in attendance and their presence is not only welcomed, but is solicited. Whether or not you are a Grand Lodge member, you will get a thrill out of observing the Grand Lodge in action and will return to your home with renewed appreciation of your membership and enthused with a desire to become more active in your lodge.

Then there are the reunion features always attractive and replete with entertainment provided by the host lodge. All events are open to Elks and members of their families. They serve to enliven the week and convert it into a round of pleasure long to be remembered.





Under the **ANTLERS**

Above: Photographed at the dedication of the Grand Lodge Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning are P.E.R. Bert Feibleman of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan; the Very Reverend Monsignor Aloysius C. Dineen; Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell and John K. Tener, and Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick.



Above, looking for new baseball worlds to conquer, is the team sponsored by Lorain, Ohio, Lodge.

Below: Those who attended the Fathers and Sons Banquet of the Sanford, Fla., Lodge of Antlers.

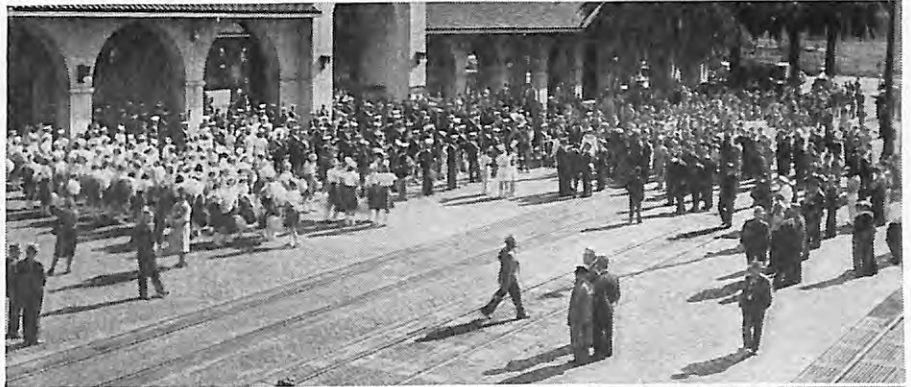


Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning Is Dedicated

The dedication and unveiling of the monument erected by the Grand Lodge at the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning in the Gate of Heaven Cemetery, New York City, took place on Saturday afternoon, February 18. The services were opened with the Invocation and Blessing given by the Very Rev. Monsignor Aloysius C. Dineen. Introductory remarks were made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, after which Senior Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, unveiled the monument. A beautiful wreath was placed upon the grave by Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick after the unveiling. "In Memoriam" was rendered by the Brunswick quartet. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., delivered the Eulogy. The Benediction followed the singing of "Sail With Thee" by the Quartet.

Mr. Fanning's widow, Mrs. Wil-

Right: A girl's drill team and crack marine band as they awaited the arrival of the train with the College of Pacific Football Team which played a football game with the San Diego Marines, sponsored by San Diego, Calif., Lodge, to swell its Charity Fund.



lamette Martin Fanning, and Mr. Fanning's niece, Miss Gertrude Fanning McHugh of Indianapolis, Ind., were present. Distinguished leaders of the Order who attended, other than those who took part in the formal program, were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin, Washington, D.C., James R. Nicholson, Pelham, with Mrs. Nicholson, William M. Abbott, San Francisco, Calif., Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Chicago, James G. McFarland, Watertown, S.D., Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia, Pa., John F. Malley, Boston, Murray Hulbert, New York City, accompanied by Mrs. Hulbert, Walter F. Meier, Seattle, Wash., Michael F. Shannon, Los Angeles, Calif., David Sholtz of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, and Charles Spencer Hart of Mount Vernon, N.Y., Lodge; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight J. Edward Gallico, Troy, N.Y.; Grand Trustees John S. McClelland, Chairman, Atlanta, Ga., J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S.D., Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland, Calif., Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., and William T. Phillips, New York City; Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury, Conn., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Wilbur M. Alter, Denver, Colo., former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; William Conklin, Englewood, and Francis P. Boland, Jersey City, Past Pres.'s of the N.J., State Elks Assn., officers of other State Elks Associations and many subordinate lodge officers. Past Grand Exalted Rulers Raymond Benjamin and James T. Hallinan, and P.E.R. Bert Feibleman of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, in which Mr. Fanning retained his membership from the time of his initiation until his death, were the members of the Grand Lodge Committee in charge of the erection of the Memorial.

Prominent Florida Elk,

J. L. Reed, Sr., Dies in Tampa

P.E.R. J. L. Reed, Sr., of Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708, a Past President of the Fla. State Elks Assn., and Chairman of the Executive



Above: Those who attended the banquet preceding an initiation held during the recent informal visit of D.D. Arthur Pierpont to Niles, Mich., Lodge.

Board of the Elks Harry-Anna Home for Afflicted Children at Umatilla, Fla., passed away at a local hospital on December 16, 1938, at the age of 68. He is survived by his widow, two sons, two brothers, a sister and a grandson, J. L. Reed, 3rd. Public services were held in the Tampa Lodge home by Past Exalted Rulers, with L. B. Sparkman acting as Exalted Ruler. The Eulogy was given by Past State Pres. L. F. Chapman of De Land Lodge. Past State Presidents, Past Exalted Rulers and members of the Harry-Anna Home Commission were honorary pallbearers. One of Mr. Reed's brothers, B. Marion Reed, who was too ill to attend the funeral, listened to the ceremonies through a special telephone extension in his room. All afternoon a continuous line of mourners passed before the casket which had been placed in the flower-banked

lodge room at 1 P.M. After the services the body was escorted to the Union Station by members of the Joe Wheeler Camp, Spanish-American War Veterans, and sent to Crumpton, Md., for burial. On the following Wednesday Tampa Lodge held a Lodge of Sorrow at which Past Pres. J. Edwin Baker, Superintendent of the Harry-Anna Home, delivered the eulogy.

Mr. Reed had been an Elk for over 40 years, and had served at one time or another as chairman of every committee appointed to carry on the activities of Tampa Lodge.

Two Outstanding Events Held by San Rafael, Calif., Lodge

San Rafael, Calif., Lodge, No. 1108, held its Eighth Annual Father and Sons Night recently with East-West Shrine Coaches Andy Kerr of Colgate, Major Biff Jones of Nebraska, Bernie Biermann of Minnesota and Percy Locey of Oregon State as guests of honor. All were

Below: Cody, Wyo., Elks, photographed just before they left on a trip to Casper, Wyo., Lodge.





Above: Elks of Janesville, Wis., Lodge, photographed in their lodge room after 14 candidates had been initiated and 11 reinstated.

football team of the University of Southern California was entertained in the main dining room of the lodge home by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99. At the close of the dinner the team was escorted to the lodge room which was filled to capacity. Coach Howard Jones, ranking football officials and sports writers were also guests. Members of the celebrated Trojan Band, smart in their colorful uniforms, presented a musical program that was an enjoyable feature of the evening.

At top: Officers of Alliance, Scottsbluff and Chadron, Neb., Lodges when the Scottsbluff officers (in white) initiated a class of 25 candidates into Alliance Lodge and one into Chadron Lodge.

speakers on the national broadcast sent direct from the lodge home over an eleven-State hookup through Station KGO, San Francisco. Mrs. Gertrude Folendorf, Superintendent of the Shrine Hospital, was also a guest speaker, describing the work of that organization for crippled children. Five hundred Elks attended with their sons and young men guests. Walter Mails, of baseball fame, was Chairman of the Elks Committee.

Another large attendance was on hand for the official visitation of D.D. Sherwood Jones of Alameda. The evening began with a dinner in honor of the District Deputy. During the lodge meeting the San Rafael officers initiated a class of candidates, among whom were sons of three former Exalted Rulers of the lodge. The Class was dedicated to the memory of the late P.E.R. Rafael G. Dufficy, whose eldest son was one of the candidates. Dr. Dufficy was for years a prominent and beloved surgeon in the community. The son of the late P.E.R. Thomas P. Boyd, and the son of P.E.R. C. F. Rein-dollar, who was on the rostrum to welcome him into the Order, were among those initiated.

Special Nights Are Featured by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge

Shortly after its spectacular victory over Duke University in the famous Rose Bowl, the champion

Alexandria, Va., Lodge Presents Grand Treasurer Robert South Barrett for Reelection

Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, announces that it has endorsed the candidacy of Past Exalted Ruler Robert South Barrett, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, for reelection as Grand Treasurer. The lodge states that Mr. Barrett's efficient handling of his office during the past year and his long and distinguished service to the Order warrant his reelection.

A committee, the members of which are Past Exalted Rulers Harry F. Kennedy, Elliott F. Hoffman and E. Joel Treger, has been appointed by Alexandria Lodge to act in the presentation of the Grand Treasurer's candidacy at the Grand Lodge Convention in St. Louis, Mo., this coming July.

Kenton, O., Elks Entertain 250 at Mortgage-Burning Ceremonies

Two hundred and fifty members of Marion, Tiffin, Lima, Fremont and Toledo, O., Lodges were guests at a turkey dinner given by Kenton, O., Lodge, No. 157, recently, preceding a meeting at which the Kenton Elks burned the mortgage on the lodge home. After the initiation of several candidates, P.E.R. John C. Cochrane of Toledo Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, delivered the main address of the evening. Robert W. Dunkle, Chillicothe, 2nd Vice-Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., State Secy. C. W. Wallace, Columbus, and D.D. Orville E. Shurtleff, Van Wert, were among the visiting Elks who spoke. Numerous three-minute speeches, all congratulating Kenton Lodge on its splendid achievement, were made.

Middletown, N. Y., Elks Honor State Vice-Pres. Willard Lyman

Nearly 200 officers and members of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, honored one of their fellow members recently when Willard N. Lyman paid his official homecoming visit as Vice-President of the N. Y. State Elks Association for the East Central District. State Pres.

Right: Those who attended a banquet, held by Kenton, Ohio, Lodge, which preceded the burning of the mortgage on the Lodge Home and the initiation of a class of candidates.



and Supreme Court Justice Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., of Queens Borough Lodge, headed the list of speakers which also included State Trustee William Edelmuth and D.D. Charles A. Ryan of Kingston, and P.E.R. George Skinner who was chosen by the members of Middletown Lodge to act on their behalf in presenting a gift to Mr. Lyman. A dinner was given in the Vice-President's honor before the meeting, and initiation ceremonies were performed for a class of candidates during the lodge session. The Middletown visit was the last on Mr. Lyman's scheduled tour of his district.

The capacity crowd attending Middletown Lodge's second Annual Charity Ball at the State Armory, was welcomed by Mayor R. P. Anderson, E.R. Arthur Kimble and Est. Lead. Knight William Thompson, Chairman of the Elks Charity Committee, on which Anthony T. Lehman acted as co-chairman. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by Mr. Kimble, and the entire assemblage joined in singing. The proceeds of the Ball were used to replenish the Elks Charity Fund, depleted by the largest Christmas party the lodge ever gave, and the purchase of an Iron Lung for the community. The Horton Memorial Hospital is custodian of the respirator.



Above: Those who attended the celebration of Father and Son Night at Blue Island, Ill., Lodge. Nine sons of Elks were initiated into the Lodge. Seated above, center, are Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, who both addressed the Lodge.



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Doctor Edward J. McCormick, Grand Chaplain J. B. Dobbins and a class of 105 candidates which was recently initiated into Houston, Tex., Lodge. Seven hundred Elks attended the meeting.

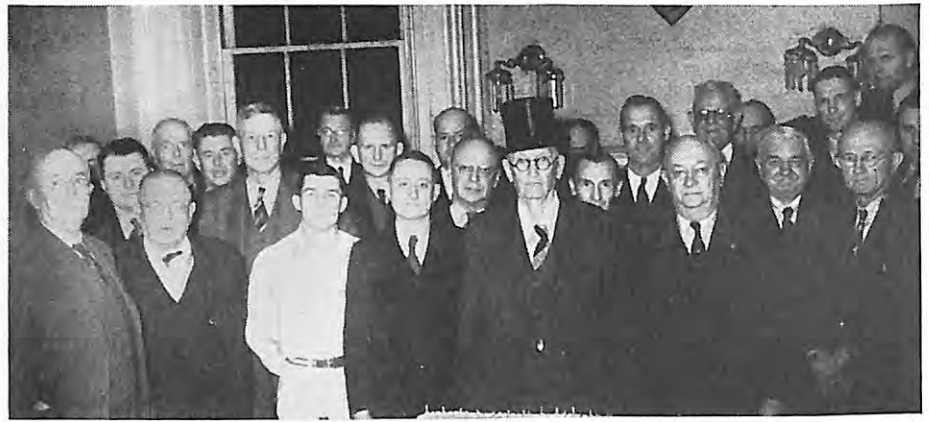


Above: A class of fifty-five Oroville, Calif., Elks who were initiated into the Order recently in memory of the late Myron L. Openshaw.

An Offer Is Made to Furnish Free Patriotic Sound Films

Two one-reel patriotic sound films, similar to March of Time subjects, are available on loan for group showings to readers of *The Elks Magazine*. Produced and distributed by the non-profit, educational American Films Foundation, the titles of the films are: "The American Way", described as "a thrilling dramatization of the benefits and liberties assured us by the Constitution", and "The Right to Work", which tells of the advantages to all our people inherent in our system of private initiative in business and industry.

Both of these films have been widely shown in theatres and have met with an enthusiastic reception. Both are sound films and cannot be run on a silent projector but are available in either 16 millimeter or 35 millimeter, so the size desired should be specified. Portable sound projectors can, in many communities, be borrowed from the school system or rented from a photo-dealer. Industrial concerns using films in their



Above: Elks of Henderson, Ky., Lodge, photographed while attending the celebration of the 94th birthday of Judge L. F. Walker, a fellow member.

advertising will usually provide projection equipment and an operator free of charge if one of their own films, often excellent and with decided entertainment and educational values, may at the same time be presented before the group. Requests for "The American Way" and "The Right to Work" should be addressed to L. M. Bailey, American Films Foundation, 542 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

"Charles E. Broughton Night" Held by Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge
Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Charles E. Broughton, P.E.R.

of Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, No. 299, was the guest of honor at a testimonial meeting held by the lodge shortly after his resignation as a member of the Board of Trustees had been reluctantly accepted. E.R. A. B. C. Bock presided. The officers had decided to present Mr. Broughton with a plaque on which his contributions to the welfare of the lodge, the State Elks Association and the Order generally could be enumerated, as a mark of appreciation. On the evening of the testimonial the presentation of the plaque, beautifully hand-lettered and handsomely framed, was made by P.E.R. John Poole. Before adjournment, a report on the Oshkosh-Redskins basketball game at Milwaukee was read, showing that the State Elks Crippled Children's Commission, of which Mr. Broughton is Chairman, had been benefited by the game in the amount of \$688.68.

Mr. Broughton was President of the Wis. State Elks Association in 1929-30. Many present and former State officers were present at the testimonial. A patriotic address by State Pres. Thomas F. McDonald of Marshfield was one of the events of the meeting which was followed by a real musical treat in which the Fond du Lac Elks male chorus participated. Additional entertainment was provided through Station WHBL, featured by the singing of appropriate songs. A delicious buffet supper was served.

Two Items of Interest from Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge

In his official capacity as District Deputy for W. Va. North, P.E.R. E. A. Zabeau paid an official visit recently to his home lodge, Sistersville, W. Va., No. 333. A turkey dinner was given in his honor at the Tyler Hotel, attended by the local officers and a number of invited

Below: Distinguished Elks of Omaha, Neb., Lodge who were among those present at the 53rd Anniversary Dinner of the Lodge.



Left: Officers of Webster, Mass., Lodge and candidates, photographed on the occasion of the initiation of the 15th Anniversary Class.



Left: The six Leeson brothers who are members of Garrett, Ind., Lodge. They are, top: Fred, Don and Sam; below: Joe, Tom and Frank.



Above: The officers of Washington, C. H., Ohio, Lodge and 16 candidates who were initiated into the Lodge in honor of Dr. McCormick.



Left: The Choral Club of El Reno, Okla., Lodge. This is the only choral club in the State of Oklahoma and great things are expected of them.

Below: Those who attended the banquet at Annapolis, Md., Lodge when the "Governor Herbert R. O'Connor Class" of candidates was initiated.

guests from other lodges. A fine class of candidates was initiated at the meeting, the ceremonies being performed by members of the Sistersville Ritualistic Team, State champions.

A Past Exalted Rulers Club was organized not long ago by former heads of Sistersville Lodge for the purpose of assisting the officers in the various activities of the lodge. C. J. Conway was chosen President. The other officers are George W. Lawson, Vice-Pres., M. B. Wilson, Secy., and Dr. J. C. Hoskinson, Treas. The Club meets bi-monthly.

P.E.R.'s Assn., N. Y. Northeast, Hold Conference at Schenectady

Members of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of the N. Y. Northeast District held their annual conference and group initiation recently in the home of Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge, No. 480. More than 100 out-of-town members attended from practically all the lodges in the District. Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. J. Edward Gallico of Troy, D.D. Homer A. Tessier, Cohoes, Edgar D. De La Mater of Amsterdam, Vice-Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., and Past State Pres. George W. Denton, Gloversville, addressed the meeting. Resolutions of regret at the passing of P.E.R. Dr. John E. Dearden, of New York Lodge No. 1, were passed and copies sent to the lodge and to the bereaved family.

Most of the local members and visiting Elks attended the dinner and entertainment which followed the meeting.

Houston, Texas, Elks Engage in Unique Charity Drive

A "Mile of Dimes"—or at least more than 3,000 feet of dimes—enabled Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151,





and the local Salvation Army branch to furnish eleven hundred needy children with clothes and shoes last winter. The 24-hour-a-day drive was undertaken jointly by the two organizations with E.R. M. A. deBettencourt directing the project, and

The cast of the Minstrel Show and Revue which was staged in Atlantic City recently by that Lodge. The proceeds of the performance are to be devoted to the maintenance of the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children, of which Atlantic City Lodge is the sponsor.

A Houston Elk, Alex Keller, was the first to place a dime on the ground at 8 A. M. on December 1. In the first hour the line was two feet long. The lines increased at the rate of more than two a day and were guarded day and night until, on December 24, the dimes were picked up with vacuum cleaners.

The final count showed a total of \$5,033.15 contributed, a thousand dollars over the budget decided upon. The additional money was placed in the bank to be used next September when school opens, and will be used to aid children in securing needed clothing.

Below: Ex-Congressman William J. Fitzgerald presents a trophy to Jimmy Williams, coach of the Norwich Free Academy football squad, on behalf of Norwich, Conn., Lodge. The presentation was made at a banquet given by the Lodge in recognition of the squad's excellent record.

the Salvation Army attending to the investigation of prospective beneficiaries. The lodge was allotted a 60-foot space by the city on one of its busiest corners, and local business concerns donated the articles needed for conducting the project.



Omaha, Neb., Lodge Holds a Three-Day Anniversary Celebration

Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, celebrated its 53rd Anniversary with a dinner on February 7, the anniversary date, a lodge session on the 10th with a class of 61 of whom 45 were initiated and 16 reinstated or reaffiliated, and an anniversary dance on the 11th. All on the membership roll for 35 years or more were appointed Anniversary Patrons, headed by the only surviving charter member, Alfred Sorenson who is also an Honorary Life Member.

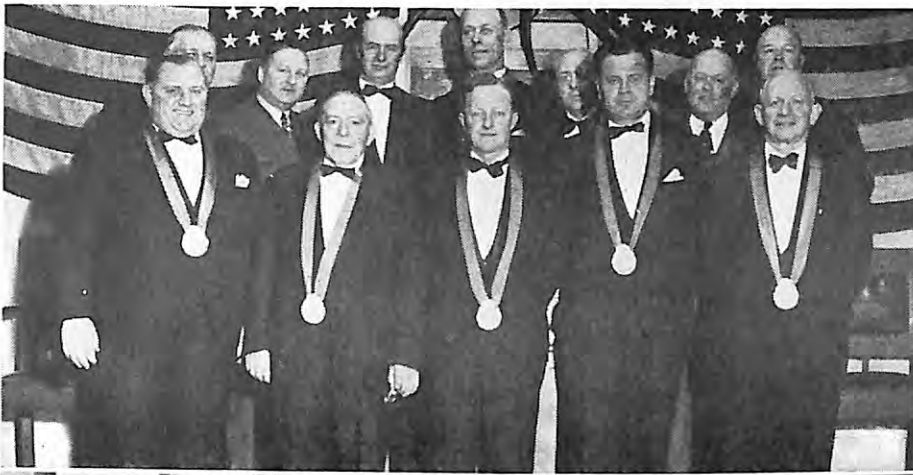
At the dinner P.E.R. Judge James M. Fitzgerald, a member of the Grand Forum, was Chairman, and Judge Herbert Rhoades acted as Toastmaster. The speakers were P.E.R.'s F. Pratt Harwood and Mayor Dan B. Butler. Music was furnished by the Elks Glee Club. Ralph W. Pierce was Chairman of the Membership Committee, responsible for the large class initiated that evening.



Lincoln's Birthday Observance Held by Boston, Mass., Lodge

Patriotic exercises commemorating the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, sponsored by Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, were held in the lodge home with more than 600 members and guests in attendance. Chairman Max Ulin was assisted in the pre-

Left: Officers of Three Rivers, Mich., Lodge and a class of candidates initiated on "Twenty-Year Night."



Left: Officers and distinguished Elks of Middletown, N.Y., Lodge, photographed on the occasion of the homecoming of State Vice-Pres. Willard Lyman.



Above: Officers of Twin Falls, Idaho, Lodge, photographed with the Judge Holler Class which was initiated in honor of the veteran Chaplain of the Lodge.

sentation of the program by E.R. J. L. Murphy, Secy. W. J. Strout and others.

Members of the Lotta Crabtree and Herbert Wolf Posts, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Newspapermen's Post, American Legion, took part in the exercises. P.E.R. Dr. Patrick J. Foley, a member of the Boston School Committee, was among the prominent citizens who spoke. The program closed with the singing of The Star Spangled Banner.

Rome, N. Y., Elks Observe the Order's Birthday on Exact Hour

Upon the exact date, day and hour, members of Rome, N. Y., Lodge, No. 96, observed the 71st Anniversary of the founding of the Order. An address on the history of the Order was delivered by State Vice-Pres. Arden E. Page of Hornell, who paid his official visit to Rome lodge on that evening.

Class Initiation by Annapolis Lodge Honors Governor of Maryland

The Governor Herbert R. O'Connor Class of candidates was

initiated by Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622, on January 30. Twenty-four representative citizens were members of the class, the second largest ever taken into the lodge. The annual Past Exalted Rulers Night was celebrated in conjunction with the initiation, with 17 of the 21 living Past Exalted Rulers attending. Governor O'Connor, a member of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, was present for the ceremonies. Among the other distinguished visitors were D.D. Charles P. Boyer, Crisfield; Philip U. Gayaut, Washington, Pres. of the Md., Del. and D.C. Elks Assn.; Past Pres.'s John E. Lynch, Washington, and A. Guy Miller, An-

napolis, and Mayor George W. Haley, Annapolis.

Over three hundred persons attended the dinner-dance held in celebration of Ladies Night, an annual event on the lodge's program. Music was furnished by a broadcasting orchestra, and dancing was held on two floors of the lodge home. Several acts were previewed in the floor show in anticipation of their appearance in the Elks Amateur Night which took place on March 3 in the Annapolis High School Auditorium. This is an annual event and the proceeds are used for charity.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Gives Dinner for Bazaar Committee

After the close of the bazaar held by Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, the members of the 1938 Bazaar Committee were invited guests at a dinner given by the lodge. The report turned in by P.E.R. Frank J. Rauch exceeded all expectations. The amount realized was even more than that of the preceding year.

P.E.R. John Scileppi acted as Toastmaster. P.E.R. James T. Hallinan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, presented Mr. Rauch with a gift from the membership in appreciation of his fine work on the bazaar and his leadership of the committee. Mr. Rauch presented handsome watches, suitably inscribed, to James W. Walsh and Frank J. O'Connor in recognition of their outstanding services as Financial Secretary and Recording Secretary, respectively, of the committee.

Past Exalted Rulers Night Observed at Elks National Home

On Past Exalted Rulers Night, observed by the Home Lodge of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., the ritualistic work was in charge of John E. Pedigo, Danville, Va., acting as Exalted Ruler. Assisting



Right: Officers and guests of San Fernando, Calif., Lodge on Andy Devine Night.



in the ceremonies were J. Bell Smith, Fremont, O., O. L. Gordon, Robinson, Ill., Thomas H. Hughes, Adams, Mass., John H. Cooper, Buffalo, N. Y., E. J. Erwin, Boston, Mass., Joseph M. Johnson, Nashville, Tenn., George N. Rigby, Yonkers, N. Y., G. P. Tollmann, Mount Vernon, N. Y., and Fred G. Spencer, Fulton, N. Y. The honor guest of the evening was John M. Bement of Altoona, Pa., the oldest resident at the Home. Mr. Bement, at the age of 91 years, is active and in excellent health.

The attendance prize was drawn by Thomas Daly of Staten Island, N. Y., and a special prize, donated by Joseph Simmons, Spokane, Wash.,

Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCormick, the officers of Wooster, Ohio, Lodge and of the Ohio State Elks Assn. with a class of 72 candidates which was initiated in honor of Dr. McCormick's visit.

was awarded to O. L. Gordon. The present Exalted Ruler of the Home Lodge, Daniel F. Edgington, of Wichita, Kans., was renominated for the coming year.

Elks of Providence, R. I., Entertain Inmates of Institutions

The Men's Reformatory at Howard, R. I., and the Warwick, R. I.,

City Farm were visited recently on successive Sunday afternoons by the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, headed by Chairman Edward J. Coyle. On the first visit, the Committee was accompanied by approximately 100 Providence Elks and their ladies, vaudeville performers and concert artists. The party was warmly welcomed by Deputy Warden Stein. With Walter Brennan, a member of Providence Lodge, acting as Master of Ceremonies, a two-hour show was given, after which a chicken dinner was served.

At the Warwick City Farm, another fine entertainment was presented. Gifts of clothing, fruit, candy and tobacco were distributed.

Princeton, W. Va., Lodge Makes Donation for Hospital Ward

The Elks of Princeton, W. Va., have assumed the responsibility of



Left: Members of Cordova, Alaska, Lodge who attended the recent moosemeat dinner held by that Lodge.

Below: Those members who have been affiliated with La Crosse, Wis., Lodge for 20 years or more. They were feted with a dinner preceding the meeting.



Right: Four P.E.R.'s of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge who attended the induction of P.E.R. Sylvester F. Sabbatino as City Court Justice, and P.D.D. Thomas F. Cuite as Judge Sabbatino's secretary. They are, left to right, Anthony F. DeLisio, Mr. Cuite, Judge Sabbatino, D.D. Samuel C. Duberstein and E.R. George J. Riedler.



equipping a ward at the Morris Memorial Hospital for Crippled Children at Milton, W. Va. Princeton Lodge, No. 1459, has already made a liberal contribution for this purpose. The establishment of the ward makes possible the admission and care of 20 more children.

At a recent meeting Princeton Lodge went on record as favoring enactment of laws by the State Legislature in substantial conformity with the provisions of the Uniform Vehicle Code development by the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety.

Prominent Elks Visit Beacon, N. Y., Lodge on P.E.R.'s Night

Delegations of Elks from White Plains, Peekskill and Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and a large turnout of local members, attended the meeting on Past Exalted Rulers Night of Beacon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1493. Past Exalted Rulers occupied the Chairs. P.E.R. John J. Hayden presided during initiation ceremonies, after which the first Exalted Ruler of Beacon Lodge, Samuel D. Affron, acted as Master of Ceremonies.

Right: Some of the 95 couples who attended an annual ball held by Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Lodge.

P.E.R. Judge J. Gordon Flannery delivered a stirring address, taking for his two-fold subject Americanism and the Order of Elks. State Trustee Herman Engel, Peekskill, former State Vice-Pres. George A. Danner, White Plains, and Father James Cassidy, Chaplain of Beacon Lodge, also made fine talks.

Webster, Mass., Lodge Initiates Fifteenth Anniversary Class

Webster, Mass., Lodge, No 1466, initiated its 15th Anniversary Class at a recent meeting with the largest attendance since its institution. Lodges in all parts of the State and in northern Connecticut were represented.

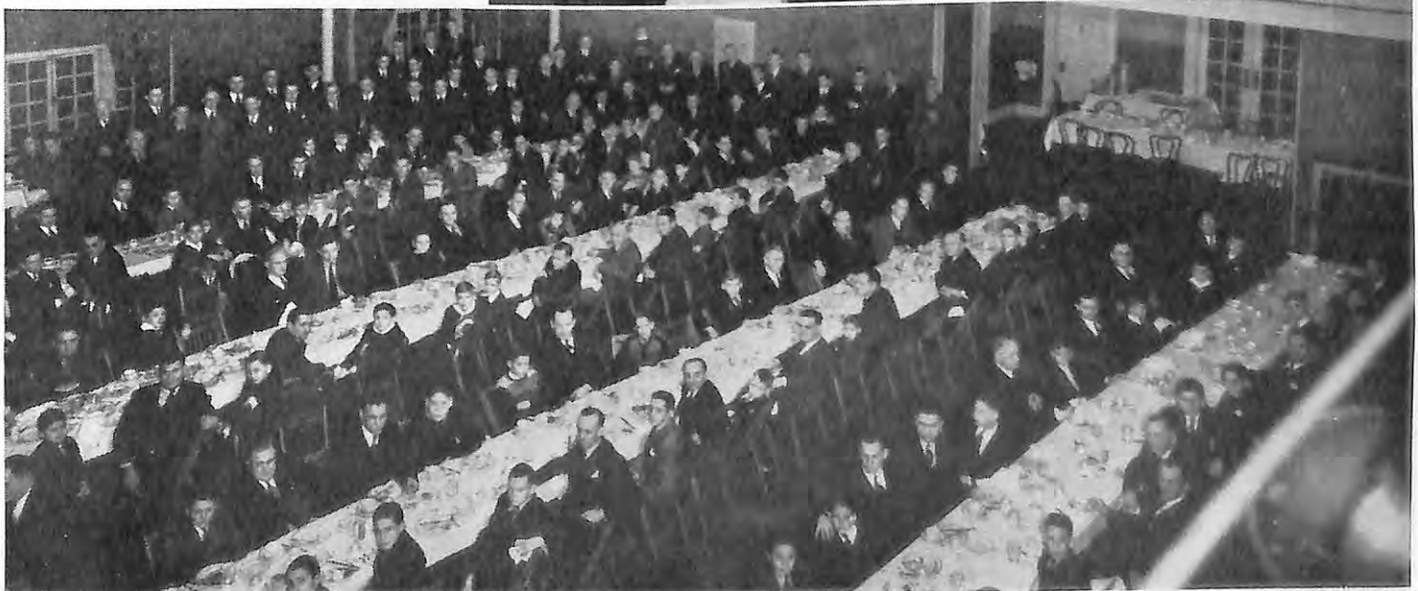
A fine luncheon was served by the Grill Committee, and entertainment was furnished by "Buddy" Shephard of Boston.

Ga. State Elks Assn. Executive Committee Meets at Atlanta

Representatives of 15 of the 18 lodges in the State attended the meeting in Atlanta of the Executive Committee of the Ga. State Elks Assn. on February 5. The invitation of Brunswick Lodge, No. 691, to hold the State Convention in Brunswick on May 28-29-30 was accepted. Applications for dispensations for new lodges at East Point and Thomasville were unanimously approved.



Below: Some of the Elks and their sons who attended the Father and Son Banquet of Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge, when Harry Craft, center-fielder of the Cincinnati Reds, was speaker of the evening.





Above: Thirty-three candidates who were initiated recently into Junction City, Kans., Lodge, and the officers of Topeka and Salina, Kans., Lodges who had charge of the ceremonies.



Left: Officers of Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, present, as part of their charity program, \$200 to the Director of the Broome County Girl Scouts; \$100 to the President of the Binghamton Boys Club Board, and \$200 to the Executive Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. The funds were given in appreciation of the cooperation of Binghamton during the State Elks Convention held there last year.

D.D.'s J. M. Thrash of Douglas Lodge, and I. H. Etheridge, Atlanta, reported practically all of the lodges in Georgia to be in fine condition.

Large Attendance at Meadville, Pa., Lodge on P.E.R.'s Night

Past Exalted Rulers Night was observed by Meadville, Pa., Lodge, No. 219, with 200 members in attendance, and 15 of the Past Exalted Rulers participating in the meeting. The two oldest Past Exalted Rulers in point of service, Samuel H. Blum, who headed the lodge in 1899-1900, and Frank C. Baker, 1902-03, were escorted to seats of honor. The Ex-

alted Ruler's station was occupied by Past Exalted Ruler L. J. Pieffley, 1916-17.

During the meeting a resolution was adopted endorsing the Elks National Traffic Safety Campaign. The lodge session was followed by a buffet supper.

Annual Reunion and Dinner Held by Ashtabula, O., Lodge

Twenty-four of the 27 living Past Exalted Rulers of Ashtabula, O., Lodge, No. 208, and a large crowd of members and visitors, attended the Annual Reunion and dinner held at the Hotel Ashtabula recently. State

Vice-Pres. Robert W. Dunkle of Chillicothe Lodge and James M. Lynch, P.E.R. of Ashtabula Lodge, traveled 275 miles to be present.

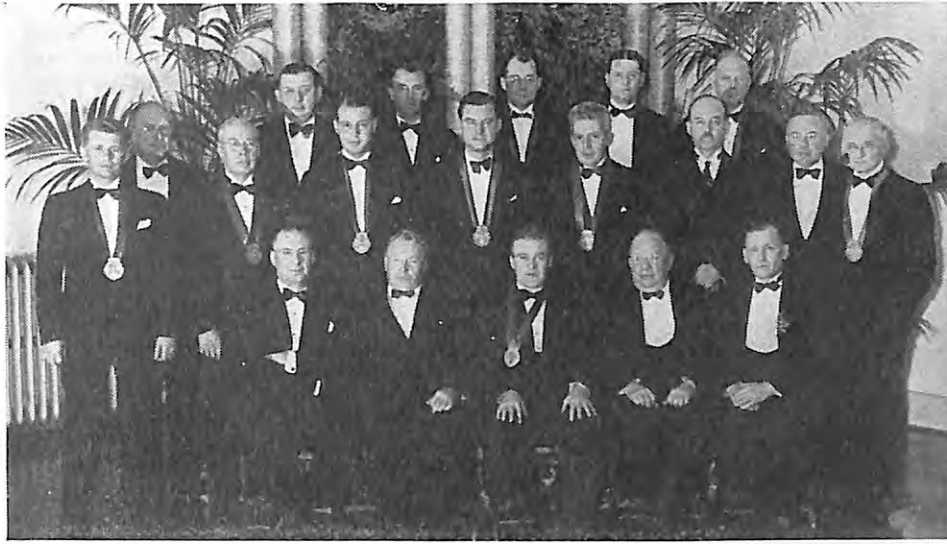
An interesting feature of the meeting was the presentation to the lodge by the Trustees of a bronze plaque bearing the names of 48 Past Exalted Rulers, with space for 52 more. Art Sweet, who joined the lodge 43 years ago, was one of the speakers. It was announced that evening that Ashtabula Lodge would participate in the dedication of a new wing of the Ashtabula General Hospital in which it has furnished a room.

El Paso, Tex., Lodge Mourns Loss of P.E.R. John W. Penn

Past Exalted Rulers of El Paso, Tex., Lodge, No. 187, officiated, on January 23, at funeral services held for one of the most highly thought of Elks in El Paso, P.E.R. John W. Penn. Mr. Penn was a Past District Deputy and one of the most ardent workers in the interests of the Order in the Southwest. He was a prominent young attorney, a former Secretary and Treasurer of the local Bar Association, and for the past six years, Assistant District



Below: The Ritualistic Team of Rochester, Minn., Lodge. Rochester Elks are very proud of the Team and expect much of them.



Left: The officers of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Lodge and distinguished Elks of upper New York State as they were photographed at a ceremony held in the Home of Saratoga Springs Lodge.

Attorney. To the children of the local orphanages he was known as "Daddy Penn." On Thanksgiving he always gave them a turkey dinner, and on Christmas presented them with food and clothing.

In 1933 Mr. Penn was elected Exalted Ruler just as El Paso Lodge was entering what proved to be the most trying period in its history. He served until 1936. To his brilliant executive ability and tireless efforts is credited the turning point in the affairs of the lodge and the resultant prosperity which it has since maintained.

El Centro, Calif., Lodge Entertains Public Service Groups

El Centro, Calif., Lodge, No. 1325, recently entertained the Peace Officers Association of Imperial (Calif.) and Yuma (Ariz.) Counties. The guest of honor was Frank Oswald of El Centro Lodge, in celebration of his election as President of the California Highway Patrolman's Association. A fish dinner

Right: The Alexander Wiley Class initiated into Chippewa Falls, Wis., Lodge. U. S. Senator-Elect Alex Wiley stands in the center of the back row.

Below: Some of the children who attended the free show given by Waynesburg, Pa., Lodge.

was served to more than 100 Elks and guests. R. W. Ware, Sheriff of Imperial County, presided as Toastmaster.

Several weeks later the lodge had as guests, at a similar get-together, directors, department heads and key men of the Imperial Irrigation District.

Douglas, Ariz., Elks Sponsor Nursery Schools; Initiate Class

Douglas, Ariz., Lodge, No. 955, initiated a Grand Exalted Ruler's Class at a recent meeting, one of the best attended in years. Elks were

present from ten Arizona lodges, seven of which were represented by present and Past Exalted Rulers.

Douglas Lodge has taken over the sponsorship of the local Nursery Schools first instituted by the WPA of Arizona. The committee appointed by the lodge has provided outdoor play equipment, toys, cod liver oil, mineral water and milk for the children, most of whom are undernourished and come from homes where there is great need.

Officers of Seven Ohio Lodges Meet at Wapakoneta Lodge

A meeting at Wapakoneta, O., Lodge, No. 1170, some weeks ago, was called by P.E.R. Harry Kahn, Chairman, for the purpose of ascertaining the progress being made by the Membership Committee of the seven lodges of the southern half of the District. Excellent reports were received from all.

D.D. Orville E. Shurtleff of Van Wert, and the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the seven lodges were present. A buffet lunch was served at the end of the afternoon.

(Continued on page 52)





Doctor McCormick before the microphone of WSPD, delivering his talk on Americanism over the NBC Blue Network on January 13.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick paid an official visit to Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge on Sunday, January 22. He was met at the Union Station by D.D.'s C. R. Donley, Okla., West, and M. J. Schwartz, Okla., East; E. A. Guise, Pres. of the Okla. State Elks Assn.; State Vice-Pres.'s W. L. Fogg, G. R. Smith and W. H. Eyler, and a number of Exalted Rulers of various Oklahoma lodges. A banquet was held in his honor at the Huckins Hotel with 494

Elks, their ladies and other guests attending. Eighteen lodges of the State were represented. Grand Esquire George M. McLean of El Reno was Toastmaster. Short welcoming addresses were made by E.R. John W. Wilson of the host lodge, Mayor Frank Martin, and the Hon. Leon C. Phillips, Governor of the State. Dr. McCormick spoke on Americanism. An informal reception in the lodge home followed the banquet.

El Reno Lodge gave a luncheon

the next day for Dr. McCormick, 125 members being present. At the same time the wives of the lodge officers were hostesses at a luncheon for Mrs. McCormick who accompanied her husband on the trip.

A warm Texas welcome was extended Dr. and Mrs. McCormick when the Grand Exalted Ruler paid a two-day visit to Houston Lodge on January 24-25. They were met by a reception committee headed by E.R. and Mrs. M. A. deBettencourt. After a breakfast given in their honor by the officers and trustees of the lodge, they were taken for a sightseeing tour ending at the San Jacinto Battleground where the visitors were taken to the top of the State Memorial Monument. During the tour the splendid facilities the city offers for the entertainment of the Order if the invitation of Houston Lodge to hold the 1940 convention in Houston is accepted, were pointed out. A luncheon was held at the Inn on the battleground.

DELEGATIONS from a radius of over 400 miles were included in the crowd of more than 700 Elks at the lodge session. In addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler, the meeting was attended by Grand Chaplain J. B. Dobbins, Temple, Texas; P.E.R. Allen B. Hannay of Houston, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; D.D.'s Harry A. Nass, San Antonio, H. H. Williams, Dallas, and A. D. Farrow, Waco, and Special District Deputy W. M. Frasor, Blue Island, Ill. A "Grand Exalted Ruler's Class" numbering 103 candidates for Houston Lodge and two for Port Arthur, Tex., Lodge, was initiated by the Houston officers. Dr. McCormick delivered a magnificent address and among other things outlined his Americanism campaign. On behalf of the lodges of the State, W. W. Short of Houston, Pres. of the Tex. State Elks Assn., presented Dr. McCormick with a painting of a blue-bonneted Texas field. During the lodge meeting, Mrs. McCormick was honored by the wives of Houston Elks with a reception and entertainment in the gymnasium of the lodge home.

Dr. and Mrs. McCormick arrived in New Orleans, La., from Houston on Thursday, January 26, and were met by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, E.R. Fred Sintes, Jr., and Secy. Sidney A. Freudenstein of New Orleans Lodge. Dr. McCormick had dinner that evening with a number of New Orleans physicians and surgeons who afterward took him to the Touro Infirmary where he witnessed several operations. A dinner was given by New Orleans Lodge in his honor on Friday evening, at which time the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke eloquently, declaring among other



Left: At Miami, Fla., Dr. McCormick presents the Elks Trophy to Francisco Berrondo, jai-alai player at Biscayne fronton in Miami.

At right: Dr. McCormick with his secretary, Karl P. Rumpf; Dr. A. C. Smith, and James Emry Kardos, Exalted Ruler of Wooster, Ohio, Lodge, when the Grand Exalted Ruler visited there.

things that the Order "stands as a bulwark against the destruction of those ideals for which our fathers fought." Mr. Rightor acted as Toastmaster.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's southern trip included visits to a number of Florida lodges. Upon his arrival in Jacksonville on Sunday morning, January 29, he was greeted by E.R. James T. Lowe and a delegation from Jacksonville Lodge, and many visiting Elks, and given the city's welcome by Mayor George C. Blume. Dr. McCormick was then feted at a breakfast at the Roosevelt Hotel. Later, escorted by city and county officials and a committee of Elks, he was taken on a sightseeing tour of the city and beaches.

After luncheon the Grand Exalted Ruler and his official party repaired to the lodge home where a reception was held. Members of the Order from all sections of Florida and South Georgia were in attendance. The meeting took place in the lodge rooms at 4 P. M. There the Grand Exalted Ruler was tendered the Elks' official welcome by Edgar W. Waybright, Sr. His introduction was followed by an ovation lasting several minutes. The Grand Exalted Ruler brought a message of importance to the Elks assembled in this State-wide assembly and also spoke on Americanism. At the end of his talk he was presented with an onyx electric clock set by P.E.R. M. Frank O'Brien, Pres. of the Fla. State Elks Assn., acting on behalf of the Jacksonville membership. Among other leading Elks who were introduced and who spoke briefly were Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight I. Walter Hawkins of De Land; Robert L. Bohon, Jacksonville, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, and Past State Pres. Harold Colee of St. Augustine Lodge. The



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler McCormick as he was welcomed to Jackson, Mich., by two laughing members of the reception committee of that Lodge, when he paid his official visit.

program closed with an elaborate dinner.

Dr. and Mrs. McCormick, accompanied by Mr. Hawkins, left Jacksonville on January 30 for a motor tour down the east coast of Florida. Arriving in St. Augustine, the official party was met by E.R. A. K. Drinkard and a large number of local Elks, cordially received and conducted about the city, visiting the

famous Marine Gardens.

At Daytona Beach, the official party was met by E.R. Cullen H. Talton, of Daytona Beach Lodge and a motorcade of cars carrying a delegation of members, and escorted to the lodge home. Open House was held and tables were set to accommodate 150 Elks for luncheon. Mr. Talton gave the official welcome and P.E.R. Herbert B. Frederick, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee

(Continued on page 50)

Below: Doctor McCormick speaks at New Orleans, La., on his visit to that Lodge. On the Doctor's right is E.R. Fred Sintes, Jr., and at his left are Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor and Secy. Sidney A. Freudenstein.



Best of Breed

(Continued from page 7)

They went slowly toward a distant cabin hidden among the trees, Fred Elrod carrying the boy Tommy, his free arm about his wife.

At the doorstep he told her, "Better go in and lie down, Mary. Let Gramma watch Tommy. I'm going over to Martin's." He lowered his voice. "He may have a trap. If only I hadn't lost that big one . . ."

SOMETHING he did not understand had driven Thor away and something stronger than his fear drew him back. That night he came with quiet caution to the cabin under the pines. Everything was very still. He paused outside a small, screened porch. His nose told him that the child was there and he whimpered softly in his throat.

Some distance away in a large corral the sheep were bedded down. Then he flung up his head sharply as the night wind brought a new scent. To the right of the sheep corral rose the high, chilling scream of a cougar and an answering chorus of frightened bleats.

His growl died in his throat as the cabin door was flung open and Fred Elrod stood on the threshold, gun in hand. Thor turned and galloped toward the woods, heavy footfalls thudding as he ran. There was that grazed spot on his flank to remind him . . .

Elrod was shouting to his wife. "Mary, Mary, he was here again. I heard him screaming and then he went running off."

It was some hours later when Thor again turned toward the meadow, drawn by that loneliness he could not understand. Suddenly he paused. The smell of rabbit came to his nose. He moved forward swiftly, no wild instinct to warn him back. Then something snapped around his front leg, sending agonizing pain shooting through it. Thor yelped wildly, struggling, eyes dark with fear. Fred Elrod had cursed the smallness of that trap when he set it, though he blessed it later when he realized its lack of size had saved his catch from crippling and mutilation. But he had fastened

its heavy chain securely to a log and for Thor there was no escape.

He did not give way to the crazy panic of a wild thing, for the man-smell around the trap brought no fear to him, but it was a long time before he at last dropped down, panting, defeated. Alternately he licked his forefoot and bit futilely at the cold metal that held him. Color began at last to wash the eastern sky.

He heard the horses first, then a pause and men's footsteps. He got up slowly, stood on three legs, head low, ears flattened in uncertainty and bewilderment. So it was they found him.

FRED ELROD stopped in his tracks. He said, "Holy mackerel! It is a dog."

Martin shook a dazed head. "There ain't dogs—that big!"

Elrod stared. "Tommy said it was a dog. Sun was in my eyes, near blinding me. I saw something bounding along . . ."

Thor stood immovable, pain-bright eyes fixed upon them, the expression unreadable. Just stood there—waiting.

Martin moved back a step in indecision, looked at Elrod. He laughed uncomfortably. "God! What a brute.

Going to put a bullet through him, Fred?"

Fred Elrod was looking at Thor, eyes narrowing thoughtfully. He shook his head. "Not me. Remember Chuck Whalen who lives up Whitewater Canyon way—short, heavy-set fella—hunts cougars? Well, Chuck's got a big female he sets store by. I've heard him say he'd pay twenty-five bucks for a real big male to give more bone to Lannie's pups. Soon's I get the time, I'm taking that dog to Chuck."

"Meanwhile?"

"I'll chain him up."

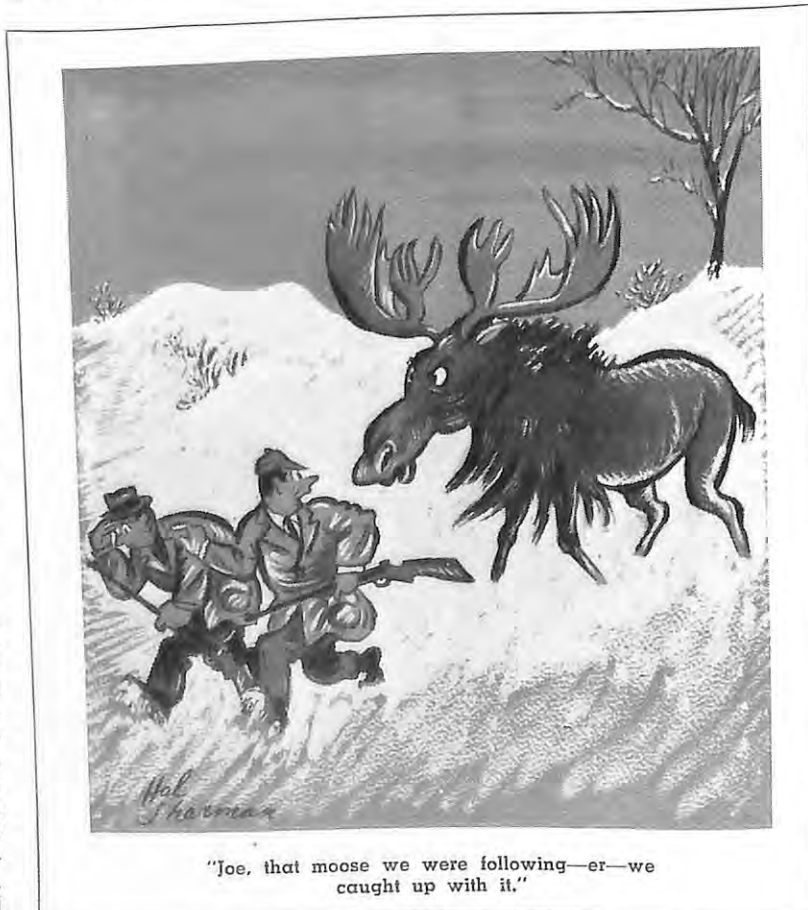
"Sure," said Martin. "Chain him up." Both men looked at the statue that was Thor. They could have understood open fury, but this was something strange, deadly. They looked at each other. Then Martin swore fluently. He said, "I didn't learn to drop a rope on a runnin' calf for nothin'. Wait here, Fred. There's a rope in my saddle."

It all happened swiftly. The rope in Martin's skilled hands made itself into a little loop, moved outward with lazy grace. Then a noose snapped taut around Thor's muzzle. Before he could free himself the man had run in swiftly, trussed him neatly. He flung himself this way and that, roaring now in a strange

new anger. But he was helpless. They unfastened the trap from his lacerated foot, brought the snorting horse in close, hoisted him over the saddle and carried him in. A heavy collar was put around his neck, a durable chain made fast, its other end securely stapled to the dog house that had been the missing Roamer's. Then he was moved to the extreme end of the chain, his bonds loosened. Free from their cramping confines he stood up, fronting his captors, not understanding, but a growl deep in his throat. A king of dogs, he seemed.

Fred Elrod spoke softly at last. "Chuck Whalen'll pay fifty bucks for that dog."

Three figures came from the house and then little Tommy had broken away, was racing toward his father, his mother in pursuit. "Stop him, Fred. Catch him."



"Joe, that moose we were following—er—we caught up with it."

The little boy was shouting, "It's the big dog, daddy, the big dog!"

Elrod swept the child into his arms as he rushed past and Tommy kicked and struggled, screaming, "Let me down, let me down!"

Thor flung himself against his chain, growling, muscles tensed to defend. He reared high, an awe-inspiring sight. The woman screamed, "Fred, hold Tommy tight! he'd tear him to pieces. Oh, you can't keep him here, that awful brute; you can't, I tell you. Shoot him, do something with him."

Fred Elrod said, "It'll be only for a few days, Mary. Just till I get hold of Chuck Whalen. Listen, honey, Chuck'll pay money for that dog. It'll mean that new stove you've wanted—that train for Tommy . . ."

The third figure, who had been out-distanced, now approached. She was old and bent, a tiny wren of a woman with a small, wrinkled face and blue eyes that somehow still held youth. She said, "Land! So that's the cougar you thought you were catchin', Fred. Sizeable, ain't he? My! Looks like he ain't takin' kindly to your hangin' on so to Tommy . . ."

MARY ELROD turned. "Gramma, don't be silly. He'd tear Tommy to pieces. Listen to me, now, Tommy. Don't you ever go near this dog; don't you even come out near the sheep corral alone, or I'll spank you, the hardest I've ever spanked you. Understand?" Her thin, strained young face held real anxiety.

"You hear?" said the boy's father. "And you're to mind, now."

Tommy's lip stuck out. He squirmed from under his father's arms and ran to his grandmother, hiding his head in her skirts. She patted him kindly. "Gramma'll bring you out to look at him," she promised. She turned to the man. "Wonder how he come to these parts?"

Elrod shrugged. "No telling what blood he's got in him."

The old lady frowned thoughtfully. "I've seen pitchers of dogs like him in them magazines Cousin Ida sent that time. They had a funny name. Lemme think . . . Big Swede . . . something like that."

They all laughed. "Go on, Gramma! Big Swede! That's good."

Gramma was unperturbed. "Ain't just it," she admitted. "Won't come to mind right, but I'll think of it. Remember the pitchers just as well . . . A baby was straddlin' his back . . ."

Mary Elrod said, "I'm going to

the house. You watch Tommy, now Gramma; if he so much as looks this way . . ."

Thor lay, head on paws, watching the old lady and the child who were sitting not far away. Every day they came thus, Tommy tugging to go closer, Gramma warning him back. As usual her fragile old fingers were busy with her knitting. The sun grew warm, the wind sang



softly through the tree tops. At last the moving fingers slowed, settled quietly into her lap. Chin on breast, she slept.

Suddenly Thor was on his feet, brown eyes darkening with eagerness. Toward him the child was coming, with a hasty, backward glance at the sleeping woman. Stumbling in his haste, Tommy reached him, flung his little arms about Thor's neck as he had done that first unforgettable time, held tightly to him, rubbing a freckled, snub-nose into the soft, cream-colored hair of the big dog's throat.

GRAMMA opened her eyes with a start, hearing laughter. "Tommy!" she cried, and then she saw. In the sun the great animal was crouched, tail beating a blissful tattoo, tongue lolling happily, while astride him was the child.

Gramma did not scream. She straightened up, then settled back again, small wrinkled face lighted by a gentle satisfaction. "Knowned he loved the little fella," she said aloud. "Land! Size don't make no difference. Dog's hearts is all the same."

After a while she rose. "Best be comin' now, Tommy." She went toward the two. Thor got up, stiffened, but unafraid, her hand went out to the massive head. "It's all right," she told him. "We'll come again tomorrow." Thor's dark gaze held her own; he lowered his ears humbly.

Mary Elrod, miserable because of the child she was carrying, was glad to leave a mischievous small boy to the care of the old lady. It never

occurred to her to follow after them, so she knew nothing of the daily reunions behind the sheep corral.

Thor lived for those moments. The faintest sound of Tommy's distant voice would bring him to his feet, eyes hopeful, tail aswing. He came to know the hour of their visits. Always they found him with the chain stretched taut, and, at sight of them, a rumbling welcome would

begin in his throat, to come out in a series of sounds, half growl, half whimper. It was all the talking that he knew; it was poor expression for the joy that filled his great heart and shone in a sort of glory from his eyes.

Contentedly, the old lady would settle herself and, over her clicking needles, watch the two.

The few days that Fred Elrod meant to keep the dog lengthened. Chuck Whalen and his cousin were away from their cabin, their whereabouts unknown. Daily he promised Mary and daily he

admonished Tommy, and the small boy's delighted glance would seek his grandmother's. "We got a secret," it would say.

MARY ELROD awakened feeling ill. She had lost a previous child at this critical period. "You're to take it easy, now," Gramma admonished, and kept her in bed.

"Maybe you better stay around today, Fred," she told the man. "Anyway, within call." Her blue eyes were worried.

Tommy found himself at a loose end. Gramma had no time for him today; his father was out by the sheep corral cutting wood for the coming winter. He was sh-h-h-ed to quietness near the house, he dared not go near the dog in front of his father. He hung around, asking questions above the noise of the busy axe, getting brief responses. Finally he began to drift about aimlessly, kicking at this and that, picking up stones, dropping them.

His birthday bow and arrow gave him the idea. Gramma had read him a story about hunting Indians. It was something he'd been intending to do for a long time. Well—today seemed a good day. Only Thor, watching, standing statue-still, saw the little figure trudging off into the woods. When it was out of sight, he sighed heavily and lay down, head on paws, to wait.

He was waiting when voices began to call without response, waiting when at last the chilling knowledge of a small boy lost sent Fred Elrod riding at a gallop for his neighbors, still waiting when dusk

began to fall and weary men on lathered horses came and went, hoping against hope others had been more fortunate than they.

Within the house a white-faced girl sobbed on the bed, a staunch old woman striving to give comfort while her own heart quailed with its fears.

A small boy, lost in the woods, can go on and on, deeper and deeper into the fastnesses, on until tired little legs will take him no farther, until even sobbing ceases in weariness. Through the chill darkness of the night, creatures prowl the forest lanes with eyes that see in gloom, cowards that slink swiftly to cover at sight and smell of men—but a child, worn out, exhausted, asleep . . .

This knowledge shadowed the eyes of every searcher, though his lips were silent. Every year or two in the hinterlands these tragedies took place. Sometimes a child was never found. Sometimes . . . Hard-riden horses were pushed harder to blot out remembrance.

"If we only knew in which direction he started out," the tormented Elrod said for the dozenth time. "If we only knew."

His horse badly lamed, he had come in at dusk for a fresh one, face bleak with strain.

He did not know that short minutes before, Gramma had ceased staring into the gathering darkness outside the cabin, had caught her breath in sudden, sharp decision and gone hurrying toward the sheep corral.

Thor strained to meet her and her blue-veined hands tugged at the heavy buckle of his collar. Her words were low and swift and shaking with intensity. "Big dog, find Tommy, find Tommy—our Tommy. Your little Tommy. Find him, find him . . ." she let the despair in her heart come out in a choking whisper . . . "before it is too late."

The eager pressure of his great neck against the collar hindered her, but at last he was free, from this bondage he had endured, hated. For an instant he stood, head up, looking in the direction he had watched all day. Her voice was urgent in command. "Go—find—Tommy!"

It seemed to her that he melted into the dusk.

She was back in the house, smoothing her hair, trying to control her hurried breathing when she heard the wild cry from Fred Elrod, his

worax to Nick Preedy who had just galloped in from Carper Meadows to join in the hunt. "God in heaven! The dog's gone! He's got loose, he's gone!" Horror in his tones to chill the blood. He beat his hands together in a sort of frenzy.

He was wheeling his horse before he became aware of Gramma tugging at his stirrup. He cried out, "I can't stop now . . ." Then he paused, not sure he heard aright the small, cracked voice. "I let him loose Fred—the big dog."

"You what?" He hurled the words. Her small figure did not flinch. "He loves the boy. Tommy's been pettin' him for days. He'll find him."

He cried, beside himself with fear and anger. "You're crazy, Gramma. You couldn't have gone near that dog." He swung the horse. "C'mon, Nick, the old woman's mind's gone with the worry. You go Clover Mountain way . . ."

FOR hours Tommy had trudged, now his small legs wobbled with fatigue, his body shook with the evening chill. He had called and he had cried and no one had come. He'd tried to be brave and not cry at all, but nothing worked. His voice had grown hoarse with calling, his face was pale and dirty and streaked with tears. Fear was a weight that pressed upon him—fear of how cross his mother was going to be when she found him. For soon she or his dad would come. Maybe even Gramma. He never doubted that.

He pulled one square-toed little shoe after the other through the gathering darkness and he never saw

at all, or would have understood if he had, the big, female cougar who had picked up his trail an hour back and was slipping along in the shadows watching, ever watching; held back by the hated human smell, but sensing, instinctively, that this thing was young, defenseless. Heavy with young, she found hunting poor; she was hungry, and now and then her jaws jerked soundlessly and her tail twitched nervously. Twice, from vantage points, she had crouched above the boy and watched him pass, muscles tensing, man-fear holding her in check, but hunger driving her again to noiseless following.

Tommy could go no farther. It was so dark that he blundered into low branches and stumbled as he walked. He dug small grimy fists into his eyes and tried not to cry, but tears kept slipping down and little gulpy sobs kept rising. The big she-cat was panting a little now, her throat pulsing to the rhythm. She had come in closer, green eyes still holding indecision, but tail twitching in desire.

Tommy stumbled and fell and it was easier to lie there than to get up. He rolled over on his face and buried his head in his arms, whimpering wearily. Through the leaves the big cat was watching—very still.

There was a crashing in the undergrowth a long way off, growing louder, louder; there was the panting sound of a running animal, and at last there was Thor, hurling himself upon the prone child, licking him, sobbing over him, thrusting at him with a cold nose and mopping at him with a hot, red tongue. Akin to a bloodhound's is the tracking ability of a Great Dane. Over the devious twistings and circlings of Tommy's trail, Thor had come swiftly, more and more swiftly as to his nose came, too, the scent of the following cat.

Now it was rank about him and he flung up his great head in challenge, a snarl rising in his throat, lips drawing back from long, white teeth. His dog's eyes could not penetrate the gloom to any distance, but accurately his nose told him the location of the cougar.

The big cat hissed viciously, crouched, quivering to spring, then checked herself in indecision. Victor she might be in combat, armed with deadly, raking claws to back her fangs, but she had no stomach for it, not against this giant beast who hurled his threats.



She spat with baffled fury and slunk back into the shadows.

Tommy held fast to Thor's neck, pressing against him, crying now for relief, tired, little-boy sobs. Only when his infallible nose told him that the cougar had gone, did the dog relax. He lay down beside the child and Tommy crept close to him for warmth. Then, in the space of minutes, worn with exhaustion, he was asleep.

Puzzled, uncertain, Thor kept nosing him, licking his face. A child's sleep of complete weariness is hard to break. Thor's brow drew into absurd worry wrinkles. He got up and pawed gently at the little figure. He did not know what to do. He needed to do something. Again he nosed the child, anxiously licking the small face, whimpering a little.

He stood undecided, then, suddenly, he raised his head and from him came a long, wailing howl of sheer misery. It welled up from his deep chest with ever-gathering volume, a far-carrying keening, mournful, mysterious. It drifted through the darkness of the great woods, riding the night wind. In the weeks of his captivity not once had Thor growled, but now he could not help himself; the sound came from him

without volition, a weird and lonely cry.

Fred Elrod checked his horse and listened, a prickling sensation along his scalp. A word that was not an oath, but a prayer burst from him. Then he wheeled sharply and headed toward the sound, his electric pocket-torch stabbing a path before him.

Once, in a small clearing where the ground was moist, he saw the tracks of little, square-toed shoes and, skirting those, the round paw prints of a cougar. His breath came through his teeth in a little, whistling sound.

And then, suddenly, before him, caught squarely in his beam of light, a dog stood, fantastically huge against the shadows. Before he could be sure, it was gone. He urged the snorting horse on. Again the light picked up the animal, again it moved away from him. Once more he followed, brushing aside low branches. And then he saw it standing motionless beside a small figure lying on the ground. As he looked, the dog dropped his head quickly and licked the child's white face.

Woodenly Fred Elrod got down from his horse. He had forgotten he had ever known fear of this animal, forgotten everything except that here . . . He moved forward and Thor, as if understanding, stood

aside and let him bend above the little figure.

With unfamiliar tears upon his cheeks, Fred Elrod wrapped the sleeping child in his coat and remounted, cradling him tenderly. As he rode away, Thor fell in beside him, trotting easily, looking up in mute questioning.

And so they came back, hoofbeats ringing in triumph and big pads falling softly beside them. Gramma was at the door and Elrod called out his news, his voice breaking. "Tell Mary . . . he's all right. He's asleep . . ."

He dismounted, reached the cabin in swift strides, opened the screened door, half turned to let it swing to behind on. On the step below, head upraised, stood Thor, the lamplight flooding down upon him. He was a thing of sheer magnificence, a masterpiece of moulded bronze. The child stirred, made a little sleepy cry, and suddenly Thor became just a big dog with furrowed brow and worried, anxious eyes.

For a long moment the man looked at him. Then he removed a hand from the child and swung the door wide into the warm friendliness of the room.

"Come in," he said.

The Plowman

(Continued from page 21)

wonder if they really were ready to cope with this country.

The look on Nancy's face, her words as they moved into the little glade, remained with him, too. "Reckon we're dependin' on you, Luke." He guessed they were. A fellow like himself wasn't good for much except following a plow.

There was a soft rustle beside him. He turned to find Nancy's face almost touching his. It startled him, sent a quick shiver down his spine.

"Jason," she whispered, "I heard Dad and Phil Nelson whisperin'. Dad says he wonders why these Indians came by water. Did they come from the Kentucky side, Jason?"

He looked straight into her eyes, his lips pressed tightly together. Finally, "As near as I could tell when I first saw 'em, they did."

"Oh."

A moment later Tad Holden wriggled silently between them.

"Luke was out," he whispered. "They've landed above us a little ways. Luke says they'll make for where they saw the fire last, an' we may see some of 'em. But don't shoot! When they git by, Luke's goin' t' slip out there an' out-Injun 'em."

"What's that?"

"Go right in among 'em with 'is knife an' hatchet. Says nothin' puts the fear o' the devil in a Injun like

findin' the fellow next to 'im with his throat cut." Tad chuckled silently. "Luke's the one can do it, too. Be careful what ye shoot at, then, an' don't hit Luke. Ye can tell a Injun by 'is round head. Luke says t' wait fer me to shoot first."

Jason nodded his head. He had never taken his eyes off the woods before him, and now he saw a shadow flit suddenly across an open space where a shaft of moonlight found its way through the thick branches.

His hands tightened on his rifle. His heart thumped so hard against the ground that it shook his body. He had to stifle his breathing lest it be heard.

The sight of Nancy, crouching against the ridge of earth, a long rifle in her hands, steadied him. He could think more calmly. And suddenly he realized, beyond a shadow of doubt, that they stood no more chance of survival here than they did on the flatboat. They might stop the first rush, but eventually they must be overwhelmed.

Shadows no longer flitted across the moonlit spot before him. The Indians were creeping upon the empty flatboat, the boat that was useless because they had failed to cover it. The water was their only avenue of escape, and they had closed that through carelessness.

The canoes! The thought struck

with the suddenness of lightning. Why had it not occurred to him before! They had abandoned the flatboat because the Indians had canoes. Then take those canoes. Take them while the Indians were away.

His ramrod lay beside him. Reaching out with it, he touched Tad Holden's leg. The man turned.

"Tad, I've just thought o' somethin'. The canoes! While the Indians is down the river, I'm goin' t' slip out an' steal one o' their canoes. I'll ruin one an' bring the other down here."

Tad's eyes widened, then he frowned. "What about Luke? How ye gonna tell him?"

"I don't know," Jason admitted. "Reckon the best we can do is yell to 'im when I get here. If he can make it, all right. If not, I guess he knows how t' take care of hisself. Hold 'em off, Tad."

Jason turned away and as he did so, he found Nancy's eyes on him, very wide and shining. It sent a warm thrill through him as he crawled across the little glade, and then slid out into the forest.

It was dark out here. He tried to move silently, darting quickly from tree to tree, but speed seemed to him as essential as silence. He envied Luke his ability to steal through the woods without so much as turning a leaf. Momentarily he

expected to hear the crash of gunfire, the wild, savage yells that would announce the attack. But still there was only silence.

He hoped that none of the red men had fallen behind, hoped it only because discovery now would give warning to the others, and he had to locate the canoes before he could risk that. Otherwise, he felt that he would welcome combat. There was a tingling across his shoulders, down his arms, in his fingers. His feet felt light, his legs strong.

There was a thrill to this, a strong appeal to gambling one's life, matching wits and skill. Given a year of this sort of thing, he wondered how many of the men, even the married men, would recover from it, would ever be anything except hunters and Indian-fighters.

The thought brought up another. If he did succeed in his venture, it meant that the flatboat would be abandoned. The men would be literally forced into such a life as this. But there was no help for it. Their very life was the important thing now.

It seemed that he had come a long way. He angled toward the river, searching the low, flat bank for sight of the canoes. He saw them. Two large craft, their prows dragged up on land, swayed in the current. A single Indian stood guard.

He saw something else, too. A dark figure moved suddenly from the shelter of a tree before him and darted to another, closer to the riverbank. Jason halted, holding his breath. A moment, and the silhouette flashed against the river once more. This time he made out the outline of a coonskin cap. It was Luke! Luke, with the same plan that was in his own mind. Jason stole forward.

Then Luke was out of the shelter of the forest, racing toward the lone guard. The Indian saw him and raised a startled yell, but before the savage could lift his musket Luke was upon him. The Indian yelled again, and went down.

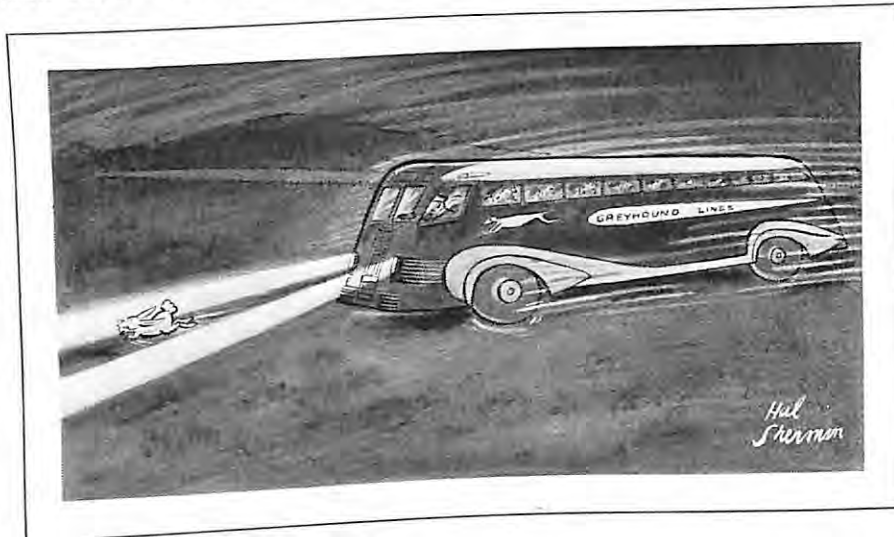
Jason was springing forward now, racing through the trees. A wild cry to his right halted him, turned him in that direction. An Indian was racing up the riverbank, whirling a heavy war-club. Even as Luke turned to face him, the savage threw the handle of the weapon struck him a glancing blow on the head. He fell.

The savage rushed on, but now Jason had found him over his sights. His rifle jarred his shoulder, the report crashing through the trees. The

Indian stumbled, and rolled across the ground.

Luke was sitting up, shaking his head. Then, as Jason's feet thudded on the riverbank the woodsman rolled suddenly to his feet, knife in hand. He checked, wide-eyed.

"Ye hurt? Y'all right?"
"Sure I am." Luke picked up his coonskin cap and felt of its thick folds. "What ye doin' here, anyhow?"



"I'm after a canoe, too. Listen! We gotta hurry."

Musketry cracked in the woods on their right. Savage yells lifted on the night air.

"Caught 'em," Luke said.

Jason had already sprung to the smaller canoe. He tipped it on one side and slashed furiously at the thin fabric covering the bottom. Water poured over the lower gunwale. Then, wading into the icy river, he pushed the canoe into the current, felt it snatched away.

"Git in," Luke ordered. He had already launched the big war-canoe and sat in the stern, paddle raised. "Dam' if ye wouldn't make a Injun-fighter."

A MUSKET banged in the dark woods behind them. Jason flung himself into the canoe. A paddle lay before him. He seized it, dipped it deep into the water. The craft rocked and surged.

Ahead of them, muskets still cracked, but in scattered shots. There were no more war-cries. Jason guessed that the Indians, surprised, had taken to cover.

Something tore a chunk from the prow of the canoe. A musket cracked behind him. Another, and another. The Indians, attracted by his shot, had reached the riverbank behind them.

He scanned the woods ahead, trying to select a spot at which they should land. Orange flame from a rifle revealed it to him. He could smell burned powder on the air.

"Yo! This way!" Luke yelled. The canoe swung sharply and rammed its prow against the bank.

Jason sprang out, knee-deep in the

cold water. He did not feel it. A fever filled his veins, but his brain was like ice. He knew what had to be done.

"This way! Hurry!" he yelled. "Luke's here!"

Dark forms loomed on the riverbank. Voices shouted at them. Jason steadied the canoe as Nancy sprang in, and after her, Mrs. Webber. He heard more yells from the woods.

Feet thudded on the ground. Muskets cracked and the balls chirked the water around him.

Dan Stone gasped and tumbled into the canoe in front of him.

"Dan'l! Oh, Dan'l!" Mrs. Stone was screaming.

"'Tain't much, Ma. Bounced off'n my ribs."

Out of the corner of his eye Jason saw that a man had turned back on the riverbank, musket swinging.

"Git in, Jason!"

Luke yelled frantically at him.

Jason glanced up. The canoe was filled, its gunwales near the water. "Take 'em, Luke," he called, and shoved the craft away from him.

A musket thrust up in somebody's hand. He seized it, jerked it free and sprang to the bank. There was bedlam there. Wild yells shrieked in his ears. Dark forms swirled about the man with the musket. Jason turned sharply to his left.

A huge, painted form loomed before him. He lashed out with his rifle, felt it crunch the bone. He sprang ahead. A second savage leaped toward him. Jason thrust the jagged stock of his weapon into the painted face. The Indian went down, and he was free. Dropping his shattered rifle, he sprinted down the riverbank.

The flatboat lay dark on the water. Jason sprang and tumbled, clattering across its planking. Leaping to his feet, he ran to the rear of the craft and picked up one of the long poles. He thrust it against the river bank, shoving with every ounce of strength in his body. The boat moved, swung out into the current.

Still dragging the pole, Jason rushed back to the prow. He knew just where to lay his hands on an axe. One blow, and he had severed the rope holding the boat to the bank. Then the first Indian was upon him.

With one hand Jason hurled the axe, low, and saw the savage fall. He thrust with the pole. The boat moved away from the shore, but now more Indians had appeared. Flame spat before him. Something struck his side a mighty blow. He knew that he was yelling; he could

feel the muscles of his neck strain. He swung his pole at the savages splashing into the river and felt it thud against their flesh. He thrust again. Hot blood poured down his side, and, with a sinking feeling he saw the Indians, waist-deep in the water, laying hold of the boat.

Lights were shooting and bursting before his eyes. Searing flame tore at his side. His whole being went into one mighty strain on the pole. Dimly he saw a shining body scrambling into the boat.

Then a sodden figure loomed beside him. A clubbed musket—or was it an axe—flailed at his attackers. He dug the pole into the bottom again. Then something struck him on the

head and everything went black.

When consciousness returned to Jason, the first thing of which he was aware was the hard planking beneath his hips. Then he felt that someone was holding him, soft arms encircling him. He opened his eyes and looked up. The movement sent a sharp pain through his head. Shakily, he raised one hand and felt of thick bandages.

Nancy's face swam into his vision. "Jason!" Her arms tightened.

"Where—" he began. Then, turning his head slightly, he saw that they were on the river. Dawn was breaking.

"We're on the river," Nancy told him. "It's only a little way now to

Marietta. Luke swam in to you and finished getting the boat away."

"Got away," Jason breathed.

"All except—except Tad. He—he turned—"

"I saw him. Luke?"

Nancy shook her head. "Wasn't touched. He says there must be somethin' to plowin' or a man wouldn't fight t' do it like you did. He says you and him oughta make a good team, only he supposes you'll be too busy feedin' the world."

Jason smiled and turned his head again. Between the handles of his plow he watched the graying forest glide past. An immense peace stole through his aching body. Plows in the black earth, feeding the world!

Kill Dat Bum

(Continued from page 13)

a half-dozen spectators and several policemen to separate them.

The referee sent them back to their dressing rooms, hoping they would become calm enough to continue. Zbysko's forehead was patched with collodion, and against the advice of the surgeon, he returned. The bout ended shortly after that when LeMarin lost on a foul. They had to carry Zbysko from the ring and take him to a hospital. He had a fractured skull and brain concussion.

In spite of this, Zibby escaped from the hospital, traveled to New York to keep a wrestling engagement with George Lurich in Madison Square Garden. He put up a terrific fight at the Garden before collapsing from loss of blood. A month later he was competing in an international tournament in St. Petersburg, Russia!

Most matches have a hero and a villain. (They are called other names, but from the dramatist's point-of-view "hero" and "villain" are more accurate.) The hero is usually the underdog who makes a show of sportsmanship and clean wrestling. The one who habitually tries every dirty trick he can think of is the villain. Wrestlers usually try to play up to what is expected of them. If a dirty guy suddenly went clean, he would disappoint a lot of people. Unless he was matched with an even dirtier guy, which sometimes happens.

A while back King Kong Kashey was pitted against big Harry Jacobs. Jacobs blubbers a good deal when he thinks he is being wronged, and sometimes sheds real tears when pleading his case with the fans after an adverse decision. It never does any good, of course, but it adds to the entertainment. He usually wears a hard tape bandage on his wrist which he rubs over an opponent's face when the referee isn't looking. Another of his tricks is to get his

knee in the other fellow's crotch and pound. He weighs well over three hundred pounds, over a hundred pounds more than Kashey.

The fans booed them both when they entered the ring. But pretty soon Jacobs got in more dirty work than Kashey managed. Kashey went defensive, became the underdog. He wrestled fairly clean, because he can really do better that way. It wasn't long before the fans were actually cheering him and booing Jacobs alone.

MOST of the heroes know the dirty stuff as well as the villains, and use it, too. But they wait until the villain starts it, then give him some of his own medicine. This keeps them heroes and makes the fans happy.

Once in a great while a wrestler is a hero in one city and a villain in another, because of an accident. If his first match is with a rough guy and he goes defensive, his career in that city will be in the role of hero. Then if he happens to draw a local hero for his first match in another city, and if he initiates the rough stuff, he is indelibly stamped villain. Whether he likes his Jekyll and Hyde identities or not, they will probably stick, and he will do well to play up to them.

There is another kind of villain, too, one who will always be that, no matter where he wrestles. It is a question if this second kind could win matches except by dirty work. Chances are he doesn't know much about science so he depends entirely on some combination of brawn, weight, slugging, eye-gouging and other mayhem, and I'm not fooling when I say mayhem.

Rules of wrestling in the United States bar only two things—strangle holds and "kneeing" in the groin. In sections where other elements are barred, the limitations are placed by local promoters, some of whom have

been intimately friendly with wrestlers who have been blinded or otherwise injured by "roughing".

But even where promoters ban certain roughing tactics, the referee will not stop them unless the gladiators have agreed to this before the bout. And then in the match, if both men start using the banned methods, the referee will let them go at it.

This condition makes it possible for the strictly rough guy to succeed at the sport that would have barred him a few years ago. The rough boys, if they are shy on science, are called "non-wrestlers" in the profession. Many of them last for years, winning more often than they lose, never gaining the heavyweight crown, but sometimes earning more money than does the crowned head. Ernie Dusek, Jack Washburn and Man Mountain Dean are among the more famous of the rough guys—I wouldn't call any of these "non-wrestlers".

Then there's another kind of rough guy who specializes in what the profession calls "tool-box tactics", and Chief Chewaki is a fair sample of such a specialist. Tool-box tactics consist of using such accessories as stove-lids, carpet tacks, red pepper, coat hangers, brass knuckles and bailing wire, all illegal. They usually add comedy to a match, sometimes do real injury. In States where a boxing commission controls wrestling, any man who uses any of these things seriously is likely to get his license suspended or revoked.

And yet Billy Edwards, a favorite villain, keeps on chewing tobacco and spitting it in his opponents' eyes, and others who don't chew, use Coca Cola, which stings like all get-out. Billy Edwards, incidentally, wears the scars of a razor slash, a scissors jab and many broken bottles—tokens of his public. A woman jabbed the scissors into his leg when he was being carried unconscious

from the ring, and that sent him to the hospital for a spell.

Here's an example of how a top-notch hero plays up to his ring personality. The hero is "Jumping" Joe Savoldi, and he was wrestling dumpy Chief Little Wolf. Savoldi won the first fall after taking considerable punishment. In the second fall Little Wolf applied his "Indian Death Grip" in which he wraps his opponent's two legs about one of his own, then sits down. The grip is dangerous to both men because either can dislocate a knee or hip with it. But when Little Wolf sits down the other fellow suffers most, and if he can stand on two legs afterward, he is fortunate. Savoldi finally broke the grip but his pins were too weak.

The Indian fore-armed him to his knees again and again, then flung himself from the ropes to knock the former Notre Dame gridder flat, and stake his shoulders. One fall each, one more to go.

Probably Savoldi could have won that second fall and saved himself much genuine punishment if he had really tried. In which case, the customers would have relaxed in their seats and not been particularly impressed at the apparent unevenness of the match. Instead, when Savoldi took his punishment, he became the underdog. The fans sat tense on the edges of their seats—some stood on their seats. All were vitally concerned with the outcome. They wanted Jumping Joe to win, but it didn't look like he was going to.

The bell rang, ending the rest, starting the third fall. Little Wolf bounded from his corner, anxious for the kill, just a trifle over-confident. Savoldi tried to rise, caught at the ropes, fell back on the mat, his legs buckling under him. The spectators gasped. They saw the Indian come sailing in. And the rest happened so quickly it was difficult to follow. When Savoldi fell to the mat, he fell on his back. He timed Little Wolf's leap nicely. When the Indian's face was in a certain precise spot over him, Savoldi leaped from his shoulders, his two feet shooting out in air. Both feet caught Little Wolf square in the face, sent him spinning, dazed. Savoldi pinned his shoulders about three seconds after.

Quite often the fans become so incensed at the villain that they want to fight him themselves, and this is always a mistake. No matter how big and tough a beefy fan might be, no matter how sincerely he might believe wrestling is all faked, it is still a mistake for him to think that he can

match any one of the mat gladiators.

These men are trained for their work, are in the best possible condition to take hard knocks and are not to be matched by anyone outside the profession. Unlike boxers, who train in the gym, wrestlers train in the ring in combat. It's the best way to keep fit for their work. Anyone who doesn't do likewise hasn't a chance in the world.

UNLESS you've had plenty of wrestling experience, grown wise in the ways of balance and leverage, woven steel and leather into the fiber of your muscles, and immunized your nerves to any but the most piercing pains, you wouldn't be able to budge a man like, say, George "KO" Koverly or Sandor Szabo. One of those fellows could stand in the middle of the ring with his hands on his hips and let you slug him and butt him and tug at him all you wanted and he could then laugh at you and put out a paw and clap you one on the noggin and send you sailing through the ropes, and it wouldn't matter if you were secretary of the stevedore's local and weighed three hundred pounds.

Still, the fans continue getting into arguments with the wrestlers, and the promoters get sued when the fans are hurt. Even a fiery-tempered boxing commissioner tried such an argument one time. *He* should have known better. The wrestler grabbed him by his tie and held him at arm's length until the commissioner got tired of swinging at empty air. Then the wrestler shook him like a terrier shakes a rat and shoved him down

off the ropes. And the wrestler sneezed, because he had cooled off too quickly after his regular bout. In Waco, Texas, they have a screen around the ring to keep the fans out. They ought to have screens in other places, too.

One of the aspects of wrestling that causes many squawks is the fact that there are so many claimants to the world's championship heavyweight crown. This began getting rather complicated in 1929-30 when there were five so-called champs, each recognized in certain States or in Canada. One of the title contentions was the refusal of holders to meet serious opponents and that still exists. But it is taken advantage of.

For instance, promoter Jenks in Starbuckle Corners, population five hundred, could and sometimes does put up the local hero, Joe Whiskerino, as challenger. He sends a note to Bronko Nagurski (present genuine world champ) telling him that he is being challenged. Nagurski's manager is naturally interested in the financial end, and when promoter Jenks tells him he is willing to pay five dollars to the winner, Nagurski's manager says, "No!" Whereupon promoter Jenks announces to all who will listen that his boy, Joe Whiskerino, has just won the world heavyweight championship by default.

Of course, it's not always as obvious as this, being complicated by uniform rules of State boxing commissions and even of the National Boxing Association. In Illinois, for instance, there is a rule that the title cannot be at stake in that State. Yet anyone who pins the champ there is likely to feel he is entitled to the crown and have his claims credited in certain other sections.

When Ed "Strangler" Lewis was generally recognized as world champ he had a bout with Henri de Glane in Canada. During a tangle de Glane complained to the referee that Lewis had bitten him. The referee had not seen this act, so de Glane showed what he insisted were marks in his flesh made by Lewis' teeth. The referee gave the decision to de Glane on a foul, making him the new world champ. But only in Canada. On his own stamping grounds Lewis was still champ, his followers claiming the foul was not proven, and that anyway, the championship could not be lost on a foul.

So there you are!

That there was dirty work, and probably still is in some quarters, is fact. This was read into the record during a Federal court



hearing in Columbus, Ohio, in 1936, the result of a breach of contract suit against Dick Shikat, one of the world title claimants. Charges were made and substantiated in court to the effect that most of the big matches and all of the championship bouts were fixed. That was the worst year in the history of modern wrestling. So much dirty linen was washed and hung on the public line that the sport still suffers, and the critics have some reason for crying, "Fake!" That year, 1936, there were nine world champions in America, besides others abroad.

But 1936 also marked a new era for wrestling. An international championship tournament was held in Philadelphia. Dean Detton won it, became undisputed world title holder. All authentic titles from that date can be traced directly to Detton. There is today no excuse for anyone to claim that there is more than one world heavyweight professional wrestling champion. Though, of course, there are other lesser titles which are legitimate. There can be a heavyweight champion of Starbuckle Corners who holds his crown by defeating all comers to that metropolis.

Another thing the skeptics cite is the fact that wrestlers work night after night, four or five nights a week, flying the airways from city to city and often across the continent between bouts. The best of the boxers can't stand more than one match a week. Naturally people conclude that wrestling matches aren't nearly as rough as they appear.

The difference is that boxers work at a much higher key than wrestlers. They expend more nervous energy, depend a great deal on footwork, and maintain constant tension while working. Wrestlers, even if caught in a torture hold, have a chance to rest and catch a breath.

WHEN we recall that prize-fights used to be bare-fisted affairs, lasting over one hundred rounds, and wrestling matches used to last five or six hours, many of us assume that the modern crop of heavyweights is sissified. As a matter of fact, some of those old-time huskies, including John L. Sullivan, wouldn't last very long against the modern style. A round of boxing, in the old days, was ended as soon as one man went to the ground, whether or not he was knocked there. A round might last only five seconds under those conditions. The fighters did much posing, taking artistic stances and waiting for openings. No present-day fight audience would pay a dime to see a dozen such fights. Today's boxing has been speeded up in every conceivable way, principally with the introduction of footwork during the last thirty years. In comparison, the old-time matches would seem slow-motion.

Wrestling has been speeded up, in different ways, but for the same

reason—to attract larger audiences. Once upon a time, to be a real wrestling fan, you had to know all the holds and tricks to get any enjoyment out of watching the average bout. That's so with amateur wrestling today. The change to modern professional wrestling became most noticeable in 1928-29, when promoters and wrestlers began speeding things up.

Most of the torture holds in modern wrestling serve as a means to the end, rather than the end itself. Usually it is physically impossible to use one of these holds in pinning a man's shoulders to the mat. But they do serve to make the other fellow groggy, or paralyze him enough so that he can't defend himself against being pinned.

By gradually dropping all rules except those barring the strangle hold and kneeling in the groin, more and more spectacular methods have been introduced. Even slugging. And if you think that's faked, ask Louie Bicigalupi, who had his upper and lower jaws shattered in seven places by a forearm blow.

ONE rule they still keep is that the man winning the match must be in the ring. Here is a sample of how that worked in a match between Gus "The Goat" Sonnenberg and Ivan Rasputin.

It was held in a ball park, so the nearest boxes and seats were some twenty feet back from the ropes. Gus partly missed one of his famous flying tackles and both he and Rasputin rolled out of the ring. They got groggy to their feet and continued in the dirt. The referee must have given them twenty seconds to get back. When the count got up around fourteen, Gus swung a few elbows to Ivan's neck, sending him reeling off even more groggy. At seventeen, Gus started climbing through the ropes. At eighteen, Ivan pulled him back. At nineteen, Ivan climbed through the ropes and stood up in the ring. At twenty, the referee counted Sonnenberg out. As close as that, and legal, too.

I mentioned a while back that there was considerable culture among matmen. Historically and currently, this is so. You'll be surprised at the percentage who are of the upper strata. Wrestling is doubtless the most elemental of sports, being indulged in by kittens and puppies and children as the natural thing to do. Also by grown men, including princes and presidents and kings. You can see illustrations of many of the modern holds on Egyptian tombs. You can further check me on this by reading up on the rulers of Greece and Rome and France and England, many of whom wrestled their courtiers and even each other, for the fun of it. In modern times we have come to view it as a brutal sport, which it most certainly is, and you can condemn it or not on that score, as you wish. Ben Franklin and Presidents Washington, Lincoln and Taft, all

noted wrestlers in their days, didn't think it was too brutal for them. It still draws many well educated and cultured men.

There are perhaps two principal reasons for this. Both have to do with early physical training. Many anemic youngsters have been sent to gymnasiums to build themselves up and have become so interested in doing this that they continued after they had already developed themselves abnormally. They went into it professionally as weight-lifters, strong men or wrestlers because they enjoyed it and found it paid them well. Competitive athletics, especially football, in colleges and universities, account for the second and largest group of educated wrestlers. These men are scientifically developed by their schools and continue afterward in the occupation that suits them best—wrestling.

Here are a few names you'll recognize as one-time collegians: Joe Savoldi of Notre Dame; Wayne "Big" Munn of U. of Nebraska; Ed "Strangler" Lewis of Kentucky U.; Gus Sonnenberg of Dartmouth and All-American gridder; Ed Don George of U. of Michigan; Everett Marshall of Denver U. and U. of Iowa; Cy Williams of U. of Florida; Dean Detton of U. of Utah.

WRESTLING pays better than the average profession. There is less competition and more demand. Preliminary boys, the lowest paid, earn \$20 to \$50 a night in a city of 100,000 population or over. They'll average \$75 to \$100 weekly, in addition to expenses. Headliners earn \$50,000 a year and up. Savoldi earned \$150,000 a year for his first three years. Jim Londos, who by his own story commenced his career as a hobo and often went hungry in his early days of breaking into the profession, in 1936 was said to be worth \$2,000,000. And some of them can keep at it as long as any office worker can stick to his desk. Stanislaus Zbysko and Ed "Strangler" Lewis each held the world championship title when he was past fifty.

Still, some of them carry it too far. There is the case of Jim Brown, once world champion. In 1936, while he was wrestling in Mexico, a promoter friend advised him to quit. His chest had been crushed and never completely healed. His eyes were shot from gouging. His kidneys and liver were bad. He still had the powerful muscles that won him the championship, but the organs and the frame were battered and bruised and worn out. Jim told the promoter he had \$100,000 in the bank. He said he wanted to sock away \$50,000 more before he retired. Six months later he was dead. Brutal? Every day some of your best business men die because of such notions.

Wrestlers, once launched in their profession, do not have the costly gym expenses and retinue of managers and handlers that boxers do, hence their overhead is lower. Some

few of the top-notchers, such as Savoldi and Bronko Nagurski and Doctor Patrick O'Callaghan, have managers, because their affairs warrant it. Too, in certain sections of the country, wrestlers work under contract with promoters or booking offices. But generally they are freelancers, able to work where they wish, for whom they wish, when they wish.

In key cities in the country, usually cities where there are motion picture film exchanges, are located booking agents who act as employment agencies for the wrestlers and promoters in their districts. There are about two dozen of these agents, most of whom are also promoters, some of whom have been wrestlers in their time. They include Muscy Musgrave in Seattle, Joe Malcewicz in San Francisco, Jack and Lou Daro in Los Angeles, Ed White in Chicago, Max Bauman in Kansas City, Tom Pack in St. Louis, Ray Fabiani in Philadelphia, Paul Bowser in Boston.

Promoters and wrestlers each pay them percentages for their services,

which are indispensable. A coast promoter, for instance, could not afford to pay transportation by airplane to bring a man from Chicago for one night, nor would it be practical for him to contact each of the ten or twelve wrestlers he needs to fill out a card. He phones the nearest booking agent, gives his preferences, is told what is available and makes his matches. If one of his men has to be flown from Chicago, the agent prorates the transportation cost among the several coast promoters who will use him. Time and expenses and energy are saved, and everyone is happy—unless a couple of the agents happen to be staging a war, as sometimes happens, in which case there will be prices cut, and maybe an agent's throat, literally. That's so among the film exchanges, too, and any other agencies working under comparable conditions.

I haven't written any of this with the object of selling you on wrestling as an entertainment, nor have I wished to apologize for it either as a sport or a show. Because of con-

ditions that prevailed in the past, or still do exist in certain isolated sections of the land, there has been much misinformation broadcast about wrestling as a whole. This is unfair to the majority of the men who work hard and sincerely for the money you pay them, giving you what you ask for in entertainment. I've shown briefly the whole picture of wrestling in the United States, the showmanship, the brutality, the hard knocks every man who enters the professional ring must take.

As to its entertainment value, you'll have to judge for yourself. I know the head of a certain homicide squad, as hard-boiled a cop as you'd care to meet, who attended just one wrestling card in his life and was sick for two days following. He told me he'd rather see a man get his throat slashed in a good, honest street brawl than another wrestling match. I also know a rather gentle matron who wouldn't swap the weekly wrestling program in her city for her box at the symphony, if she had to choose.

So there you are again!

The Glorious Century

(Continued from page 17)

baseball in Germany and they don't play it in Italy. Somebody is going to come along and ruin my argument by saying they play ball in Japan, but I don't consider that baseball. The Japs don't hit hard enough.

"As long as we play baseball we'll be free from the threat of dictators and loss of personal liberty. Instead of blowing off steam at the expense of our neighbors, we go out to the ball park and take it out on the umpires or the visiting team. Baseball is the safety valve of our country."

If you believe this makes good sense, you are a dyed-in-the-wool fan and a credit to your community and country. If you believe this feeling for a mere game is hysterical and superficial, that's too bad. What do you do to make polite conversation, anyway, and don't you get awfully lonesome sometimes on those long, lazy afternoons when the rest of the gang is out at the ball park?

America's attitude toward its national game cannot be defined or analyzed. It must be sensed; it must be accepted as a phenomenon peculiar to us, for no other game in any other civilization ever was invested with the privileges and protection a benign public has seen fit to grant baseball.

A country which is experiencing a wide-spread surge of social consciousness and is becoming increasingly aware of the need for labor reform still sanctions contracts which bind ball players to indentured service. It is pretty difficult, of course,

to become righteously indignant over the sad plight of poor athletes who get \$2,500 to \$40,000 a year—the average runs about \$8,000 in the major leagues—for playing a game, but the fact remains that the standard baseball contract restrains only the player and gives protection only to the owner. The player is nothing more than a chattel, whose services can be sold or traded at the owner's whim. The heroes must play for the salaries offered them arbitrarily, or they don't play at all. The most sensational star and the rankest rookie have absolutely no control over the locale or conditions of their work. Once a player signs a contract he has sold himself, body and soul, to a team, but the owner can terminate the agreement on a ten-day notice.

IN any business but baseball such a contract would be considered unfair, unconstitutional, un-American and would be given a good going-over in any court of justice in the broad land. But baseball is not regarded as a business by the public, although there is probably a capital investment of close to \$100,000,000 in players, plants and franchises throughout the major and minor leagues. A few years ago when unionism was on the upbeat a half-hearted attempt was made to organize the players, but the movement died peacefully and quickly; maybe the labor leaders were fans at heart. So baseball—and all professional sports, which have followed the base-

ball model—continues to function in the same old way.

Monopolies are rigorously prosecuted by the government, yet nothing is done about the baseball situation which sees the Yankees and their affiliated teams dominating the major and minor leagues practically to the exclusion of all competition. Since 1920 four teams—New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Pittsburgh—have cornered the National League pennant market and a duplicate of that set-up is to be found in the American League. New York, Detroit, Philadelphia and Washington alone have divided the last eighteen championships.

Are there clamorous demands for reform so that the four weak sisters in each league can get into the ball game? Do enraged citizens write letters to the editor demanding to know how such things can be? Don't be silly. This is baseball and nothing must be done to disturb the traditional set-up of the grand old game.

And it has been a grand game throughout the first glorious century of existence. Of all the sports which intrigue a sports-loving country, baseball has brooked faith with the public least frequently. Before a championship prizefight the natural question all cagey citizens ask is: will the boys be in there leveling? None but the most outlandish optimist among horse-players believes that more than ninety percent of the races are won honestly. There have been so many ugly

charges of professionalism in college football that they leave one and all cold now, particularly the parties involved.

Since 1924, when Jimmy O'Connell and Cosy Dolan of the Giants were barred for life by Commissioner Kenesaw M. Landis, the breath of suspicion has not grazed the red neck of a ball player. Some of the fights in which Primo Carnera was engaged on the way to the heavy-weight championship were a stench in the nostrils of every clean-living citizen, but Primo ultimately reached the richest prize in boxing just the same.

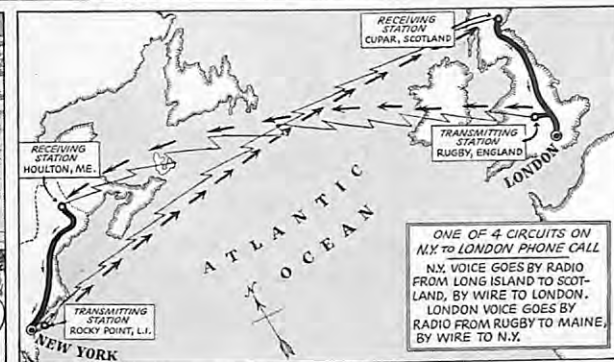
Conclusive evidence was presented three years ago, showing that Jockey Don Meade was betting on horses other than his own mounts. Meade was reinstated in Florida last winter, but the seven members of the Black Sox have not been permitted to set foot in a ball park since 1921, even though a Chicago jury acquitted them of charges of accepting bribes from gamblers to lose the 1919 World Series to the Cincinnati Reds.

Jockey Meade is permitted to ride horses with thousands of dollars riding on the nags' noses. The beautiful build-up that was engineered to steer Tony Galento into a fight with Joe Louis gives off an odor of dead fish. Nobody minds much, though. Larceny is expected in the boxing racket. But poor, illiterate Joe Jackson, perhaps the greatest natural hitter who ever lived, has not played a game in organized baseball since 1920, even though it was established he did not get a dime of the \$5,000 he was supposed to receive from the gamblers.

BASEBALL is proud of its reputation for rigid honesty, and with good reason. In the hundred-year history of the game, an umpire never has been accused of dishonesty. Of blindness and incompetence, yes. But of breach of faith, never. Since 1877, when the National League, in its second year of organization, barred Craver, Devlin, Hall and Nichols for throwing games, erring ball players have been punished with immediate disqualification. There are no warnings and there are no pardons.

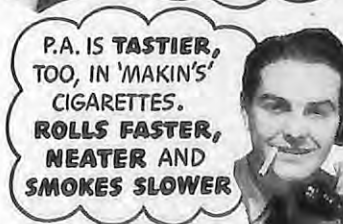
America is a little soft, silly and sentimental about baseball because it is the Horatio Alger story come to life. At that, it may be our most democratic institution. It can lift an underprivileged kid from a Baltimore orphanage and make him the most photographed celebrity of his time. He is, and through the second century will be known as Babe Ruth. It plucks a dollar-a-day cotton-picker from obscurity and makes him a Dizzy Dean, with financial security and a certain measure of enduring fame for the rest of his life.

Baseball's hold on the public is so strong that it can push a great disaster, such as the burning of the *Morro Castle*, back to page eleven of a daily newspaper. It did in Detroit five years ago when the Tigers were



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winning their first pennant in twenty-five years. It shares equal prominence with the latest war-scare every day during the summer and any self-respecting paper in a major-league city would sooner go to press without its mast-head on page one than without the final box-scores.

Failure of the home team to win arouses more indignation among the

citizenry than the fast ones pulled by the City Hall crowd and an unscrupulous public servant can hold an elective office longer than a losing baseball manager, hired by a private corporation, once the grandstand volves commence to howl.

The answer, of course, is that baseball is a semi-civic enterprise owned by individual stock-holders

but controlled by the community. That's how it has been for one hundred years and that's how it's going to be during the second century—if we're lucky. It is comforting to know that certain things remain constant and predictable in a world which changes with bewildering rapidity, and not much of it for the better, either.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 14)

years old when the story opens. Vivially interested in getting a suitable husband for their mother, Caroline Henry, who is only 32 and divorced, the children interpret in their own way the preoccupations of the adults with writing and working, and size up the various beaux who attend Caroline. This being a sophisticated American family, the children's father, Ned Henry, bobs up now and then, a good friend to all and especially to Weldon Haines, who is esteemed by the children as a good pal. Luce Delaney, another visitor, talks so seriously with Caroline about social reconstruction that the children are baffled and disturbed. Thus two stories develop: the story of Caroline's summer, with her own emotions affected by the men who enter her life, and the story of how the youngsters placed their own construction on events. It's an American family unlike any that have appeared in novels and yet one that is wholly plausible in these times and richly entertaining. (Putnam, \$2.50)

Mother and Daughter: How They Grew

Here is a remarkable story about American family life. A history, really, in which mother and daughter compare notes. Honore Morrow calls it "Demon Daughter", and it describes the household of William Morrow, and their three children, Richard, Felicia and Penn. Felicia is the central character and we follow her from the time she played with dolls in Gramercy Park until she marries. A strong-willed, energetic and unpredictable child, she taxed the ingenuity of Mrs. Morrow. She attracted various kinds of boys. Invariably Felicia would plan to marry them, but four passed her way before she actually married. In her teens the family moved to England and Felicia encountered the raised eyebrows of a little English town, where the conventions must be observed. Nigel was one of the lads who came into Felicia's orbit and that caused much worry to Nigel's mother. She resented Felicia's free way, especially riding on Nigel's motor-bike: "You know, astraddle on the pillion, cuddled into the back

of your young man's neck." Nigel had a narrow escape, but when Felicia was packed off to a finishing school in Brussels he was out of it. In Brussels came a handsome, polite member of the Belgian Air Force and Felicia married into a strictly conventional family.

MRS. Morrow, being a novelist, tells the story, but in alternate chapters comes Felicia's point of view and the effect is excellent. Here is the dilemma of the parent and the reaction of the daughter. I have never before encountered a similar situation in a book, nor have I seen it done with such success. Mrs. Morrow is proud of Felicia, of course—proud and captivated and when you've read the book you, too, will yield to the young lady's undeniable charm. (William Morrow & Co., \$2.50)

England When the Bombs Come

There must be a great many people who have looked up at the passing airplanes in the last few months with the apprehensive thought of what would happen if they dropped bombs. The war scares have worried everybody, the British more than any.

Just what would happen to peaceful, industrious citizens of an English town if bombs suddenly fell out of the night sky is the subject of Nevil Shute's new novel, "Ordeal". Peter Corbett, the lawyer, who lives with his little family in the Southampton area, is the chief observer of the havoc, demoralization, courage, readiness, to be found after the bombs fall. With what nation are they fighting? They don't know. How are the bombs to be avoided? What must be done to protect water mains, electric services, the needs of everyday life? And what happens when Peter takes his family out of town, embarking on their old-fashioned sailboat? There is a thrilling story here, written in that snappy, forthright fashion that you met first in "Kindling", the story that Mr. Shute told about the man who started the wheels of a shipbuilding town that had long lain idle. (Morrow, \$2.50)

Novel About Bacteriologist

Physicians, surgeons and scientists generally are responsible for many books of reminiscences, biography and even fiction. "Wide Road Ahead", by Anne B. Fisher, is a novel—the story of how a woman gets a job with the Bureau of Animal Industry in Colorado and buckles down to the work of tracing diseases among cattle and horses in a wide area. At first this would seem to interest only those who know what a bacteriologist does. But the author has managed to portray the human side; the courageous endeavor of the woman, the helpfulness of one man, and the opposition of the doctor immediately in charge of the laboratory. It certainly gives those of us who have no conception of how science can aid cattle-raising an idea of what goes on in the great western farms and ranches. (Dutton, \$2.50)

Ambassador's Daughter Tells All

Martha Dodd, daughter of William E. Dodd, former ambassador to Germany, never kept her opinions to herself. She talked right out in front of the high officials of the Nazi party during the time that she lived in Berlin. She talks in a forthright way now, in her book, "Through Embassy Eyes". She met Hitler on an afternoon when he was gracious and charming to her, but the Reichstag fire trial, the great Purge, and all the political acts of the Nazis turned her against them. She thought of Goebbels as a man who could "hiss like a snake and coo like a dove." She met the former Crown Prince and the Princess, who kept up the formality of royalty at their home, and she disregarded the conventional obeisances. She drove and read with the son of the Crown Prince, Louis Ferdinand, who had worked in the Ford plant at Detroit, until his father asked her to try to curb "some of Louis' obvious Americanisms". She enjoys setting down that Thomas Wolfe, the author, sat in the Stadium at the Olympic Games in Berlin and let out a whoop whenever Owens won, to the great distress of Hitler who didn't like the whoop or the runner. Miss Dodd's book,

spiced with anecdotes about life in Berlin and the story of a quick visit to Russia, is frank and uninhibited. Her father likewise did not hide his feelings and as a result the last year of the Dodds in Berlin was not a comfortable one. (Harcourt, Brace, \$3)

Arthur Train as Lawyer and Writer

A month ago I described the richly human qualities in Edna Ferber's own story, "A Peculiar Treasure"; if you enjoyed that book, you will enjoy another author's personal reminiscences: "My Day in Court" by Arthur Train. Mr. Train has entertained vast numbers of readers by his stories of "Tutt and Mr. Tutt", the series that proved most popular in the Saturday Evening Post. He is also the author of various novels. But before he turned to writing he was a lawyer and prosecutor in New York City, and twenty years of criminal court experiences gave him a great fund of material to draw on. For this reason "My Day in Court" has a double appeal; it describes Mr. Train's experiences as a prosecutor and then tells how the lawyer became a writer, and that section of the book is no less profitable and entertaining. (Scribner, \$3.50)

That Spanish-American War

If George Gallup could have polled the American people in 1898 he would have found every man Jack—and every Jane—convinced that an American could lick ten armed men of any other nation with his bare hands. He would have seen Admiral George Dewey's picture in every window; he would have heard troops singing "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" as they paraded in khaki, ready to fight for "Cuba Libre" (pronounced Lee-bray). And on every boy he would have seen a celluloid button (or a row of them) with pictures of battleships and labelled "Remember the Maine".

Gregory Mason, who writes a book called "Remember the Maine" has found a lot of amusing and ludicrous facts about our war-making in 1898. He was 8 years old when the Maine blew up in Havana harbor and the country demanded war. Today he looks back on those days as an age of hysteria. He tells about Teddy Roosevelt and the Rough Riders at Santiago. About the dreadful confusion in the Service of Supply. About the battle of Manila, where Dewey's ship fired 5,859 shells, of which only 142 hit their targets. Of the charge up San Juan Hill, and Richard Harding Davis, the Gibson man, and Richmond Pearson Hobson, the brave lieutenant who was kissed by a million women—or maybe a few less.

There are many men alive today who recall the Volunteers marching to fight, despising the Regulars, and the enthusiasm everywhere when Cervera's fleet was sunk. But they

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aren't aware that the results of that war determined the present complications of the United States in the Far East. The Spanish-American war started our enthusiasm for colonies and gave us the Philippines.

It brought us into the world theatre. Mr. Mason thinks it started the white man cleaning up the Tropics and that 500 years from now it will be remembered chiefly as the starting point of the white man's war

against tropical disease, and hence of tropical conquest. An interesting book about our past, a bit more gossipy than Walter Millis' "The Martial Spirit", which covers the same ground. (Henry Holt & Co., \$3)

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 37)

on Judiciary, was Toastmaster. Dr. McCormick spoke on Americanism and the part the Order is taking in its perpetuation.

The official party was accorded receptions at New Smyrna Beach by E.R. J. J. Reilly and a large crowd of Elks, and also at Cocoa where the Exalted Ruler, E. W. Smith, and the officers of Cocoa Lodge presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with the key to the city.

At the next stop, Fort Pierce, a huge welcoming delegation, headed by E.R. E. K. Sumner, D.D. Chelsie J. Senerchia of Miami, P.D.D. Alto Adams and James P. Newell, escorted Dr. McCormick and his party to Mr. Adams' 10,000 acre ranch where a barbecue was served for 500 Elks and their ladies. Dr. McCormick addressed Fort Pierce Lodge at an evening meeting. The next morning, escorted by a delegation of Miami and Miami Beach Elks, headed by Ed Graham, Chairman of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Committee, and E.R. Otto Stegemann of Miami Beach Lodge, the party motored to West Palm Beach. There E.R. B. C. Simonson, P.D.D. W. A. Wall and large number of local members acted as official escort, and luncheon was served. On the trip to Miami, a brief stop was made at Lake Worth where E.R. Harry Haimowitz and a delegation of Lake Worth Elks extended a hearty welcome, and another at Fort Lauderdale where E.R. H. S. Becker, P.D.D. Arthur O'Hea and P.E.R. Thomas B. Manuel, Mayor of Fort Lauderdale, received the distinguished guests. The Mayor presented the key of the city to Dr. McCormick.

The official party arrived at the Miami city limits at 4 P. M. and was met by E.R. William Shayne of Miami Lodge, a motorcade of 25 cars and a police escort. On the courthouse steps the key of the city was presented to Dr. McCormick and a reception was held. One of the members of the Elks Reception Committee was Val C. Cleary, the first Exalted Ruler of Miami Beach Lodge. The motorcade then proceeded to Miami Beach. At the City Hall Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, former Governor of Florida, and Mayor John Levi participated in the welcome after which Dr. and Mrs. McCormick were taken to the Roney-Plaza Hotel.

During his stay in the Miami area, Dr. McCormick was the honored guest at a joint meeting of Miami and Miami Beach Lodges in the Miami lodge rooms. The Grand Exalted Ruler, introduced by Mr. Sholtz to the large crowd of Elks representing many States, delivered a stirring address on Americanism and the Order of Elks. He received a tremendous ovation. That evening he participated in the burning of the mortgage on the home of Miami Lodge.

On February 3 Dr. and Mrs. McCormick were honored at a banquet given by Miami Beach Lodge at the Fleetwood Hotel attended by 300 Elks and their ladies. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address on Americanism was broadcast over Station WIOD. Dr. McCormick enjoyed the races at Hialeah Park and many of the pleasant outdoor sports, and presented a trophy at the Jai-Alai games.

EVERY available seat in the main dining room of the Hotel Elton in Waterbury, Conn., was occupied on February 16 when the Grand Exalted Ruler's banquet was held by Waterbury Lodge, No. 265. Dr. McCormick made his official visit to the lodge on the 71st Anniversary of the Founding of the Order and was greeted enthusiastically by more than 400 members of Connecticut lodges and other visiting Elks. Dr. McCormick was introduced by the Toastmaster, P.E.R. John Hughes Cassidy. He held his audience spellbound with a magnificent talk on Americanism and its close relationship with the aims and principles of the Order. His address was broadcast over Station WBRY on the Columbia hook-up. On behalf of Waterbury Lodge, E.R. Mortimer A. O'Hara, Master of Ceremonies, presented Dr. McCormick with a handsome hall clock, and also gave him a beautiful buffet server for Mrs. McCormick. The Eleven O'clock Toast was given by Frank C. Winters, of Monmouth, Ill., Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee.

Seldom at one gathering can be found as large a number of distinguished Elks as was present on this occasion. Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass.,

Lodge, attended, together with Grand Esquire George M. McLean, El Reno, Okla.; Joseph M. Leonard, Saginaw, Mich., Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; C. L. Chapin, Hartford, and Arthur W. Swan, Naugatuck, D.D.'s for Conn. East and West respectively; State Pres. Robert P. Cunningham, Danbury; Mayor Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; Past Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter, Hartford; Joseph E. Sommers, Naugatuck, Pres. of the P.E.R.'s Association; Karl P. Rumpf, Toledo, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, many past and present State Association and lodge officers, and prominent members of the clergy.

P.E.R. George T. Ryan was Chairman of the Reception Committee which met the Grand Exalted Ruler at the city limits upon his arrival in Waterbury and escorted him to the lodge home where a reception was held. The police escort accompanying the party was headed by Capt. William Duggan.

Mass. State Elks Hold Grand Exalted Ruler's Banquet at Boston

The Massachusetts State Elks Association sponsors annually, at the Copely-Plaza Hotel in Boston, a banquet and reception honoring the Grand Exalted Ruler. This year, on February 15, the attendance was estimated at nearly 1,000. Lodges throughout the section were represented. Seated at the head table with the State President, William J. Durocher of North Adams, were the invited guests headed by Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Grand Exalted Ruler, and including Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Chicago, James G. McFarland, Watertown, S. D., and William Hawley Atwell, Dallas, Texas; Grand Trustees J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S. D., Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland, Calif., and Henry C. Warner, whose candidacy for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler has recently been announced by his lodge, Dixon, Ill.; Grand Esquire George M. McLean, El Reno, Okla.; E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, a member of the Grand Forum; Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury, Conn., a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary;

Frank C. Winters, of Monmouth, Ill., Chairman, and John F. Burke, Boston, a member, of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; Joseph M. Leonard, Saginaw, Mich., Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; Edward H. Powell, Providence, R. I., a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Karl P. Rumpf, Toledo, O., Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, and the four District Deputies of Massachusetts, John E. Moynahan, Lowell, William J. Dalton, Norwood, Daniel P. Barry, Arlington, and Hubert W. Flaherty, Adams.

The Invocation was given by State Chaplain Frank H. Goodwin of Holyoke. The dinner was enlivened

by the rendition of popular musical selections. The Haverhill Lodge Glee Club participated in the program. Past State Pres. Patrick J. Garvey, Holyoke, acted as Toastmaster and the Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by E.R. John J. Darcy of Lawrence Lodge. During the evening the Nicholson Trophy for ritualistic excellence was formally presented to Clinton, Mass., Lodge. One of the largest delegations in attendance was made up jointly of members of Quincy and Leominster Lodges, led by their respective Exalted Rulers, John G. Nicklas and John F. Sullivan. It was announced that the coming convention of the Mass. State Elks Assn. at Newburyport would be held on June 16-17-18.

For Anglers Only

(Continued from page 16)

upon the man, or the group of men. There are those who prefer to go fishing rather than to go out and catch a fish, and so there has developed a saw which has become famous in the barrooms and sporting circles of the world. You have heard it at banquets. Perhaps you have given it as a toast. It bears repeating: "Behold the fisherman. He ariseth early and disturbeth the household. Mighty are his preparations. He fareth forth full of hope. He returneth late, smelling of strong drink. And the truth is not in him."

Nowhere in the world is there better fishing to be found than in the Florida waters. More people fish there than anywhere else on the face of this earth. During the winter months close to a million people try for all the varieties of the game fish, such as Mako Shark, Blue Marlin, Wahoo, Tarpon, Dolphin, Kingfish, Bonefish, Bluefish, Barracuda, Amberjack, Tuna and dozens of the other more famous acrobats of the Gulf Stream. This stream, a fabulous deep-blue in color, keeps our Atlantic shore from being a cold place and attracts in numbers that grow beyond the millions, the fish that are normally found in the waters of New Zealand, Australia and South Africa. The stream skirts the shores of Florida and comes closest to land at Palm Beach and Miami Beach. It is thirty miles wide at these two spots, extending as far east as the shores of Cat Cay and Bimini in the West Indies. In contrast to the blue color of the Gulf Stream, the ocean waters on both sides of the stream are an unbelievable iridescent green. The two colors present a fascinating, ever-changing contrast.

Each year Palm Beach, Miami, Fort Lauderdale and many other Florida cities hold fishing contests with substantial prizes offered to the lucky anglers. Other places in the Atlantic also lure the anglers with fishing tournaments. The annual

Bermuda Game Fishing Tournament will be held March 16 to June 1, with trophies awarded by the Bermuda Anglers Club for the largest Marlin, Tuna, Wahoo, Bonito, Amberjack, Barracuda, Rockfish and Dolphin.

In August, when the Giant Tuna reaches the shores of Maine and Nova Scotia, thousands of anglers from various parts of the world will gather there to attempt to catch the biggest fish that swims. They will congregate at places such as Ogunquit, Maine, and Yarmouth, Wedgeport, Liverpool and Shelburne in Nova Scotia.

To the salt water angler, spring-time is Tarpon time, and he gives little thought to any other fish. The fresh water angler is talking about nothing but Salmon and Trout. In New Brunswick, watered by some of the largest rivers in Eastern Canada, Salmon fishing is supreme. This great Canadian province has salt water on three sides of its boundaries and a number of its best rivers empty into the sea. The Atlantic Salmon runs up these rivers, affording great sport to the angler. If you must have a Salmon to make your fishing season a success, take a trip to the Restigouche, the Miramichi, the Nipisiguit or the Saint John, for these are the most famous Salmon streams in the world. Catching a Salmon in these rivers is a thrill that lasts a life-time, for when King Salmon strikes a feathered fly, nothing else matters. Your full attention and utmost energy are focused on catching this big one, and if you win this battle, you'll never forget it, though you live to be a hundred. It's a proven fact. The Atlantic Salmon is recognized as the gamest, strongest and perhaps the most intelligent of all anadromous fish and that, in case you didn't know, is the kind which is equally at home in fresh and salt water.

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Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 35)

Brookings, S. D., Elks Burn Their Mortgage; Initiate Class

With impressive ceremonies, the youngest lodge in South Dakota, Brookings No. 1490, celebrated the burning of the mortgage on its home and initiated a class of 32 candidates on February 6. The candidates and out-of-town Elks were guests at a dinner at 6:30. Lodge convened at eight. The ritualistic work was performed by the Degree Team of Huron Lodge No. 444. Lee Comstock and C. E. Bates, the two oldest members of Brookings Lodge, were in charge of the mortgage-burning ceremonies.

P.E.R. Homer Dwiggin was the principal speaker. Carl H. Nelles, of Madison, Secy. of the S.D. State Elks Assn., addressed the Class and Past State Pres. E. C. McKenzie, Huron, D.D., also spoke. A cafeteria supper was served to the 350 Elks present and a floor show presented.

Home of Bay City, Mich., Lodge Is Remodeled and Beautified

Extensive and costly rebuilding improvements have been but recently completed by Bay City, Mich., Lodge, No. 88. The lodge is noted for its hospitality and the excellent food served in its dining room. It is estimated that 40,000 meals a year are served in the home. A staff of 17 people is required to operate the club facilities, and there are now finer and more ample accommodations for visiting Elks, members and their families than ever before in the 51 years since Bay City Lodge was instituted.

The most important alterations were made in the kitchen, where up-to-date equipment has been installed. A large part of the building is air conditioned. Indented in the walls of the large Indian Lounge are murals depicting forest scenes which tell the story of Michigan's pioneer greatness and wealth. All were made by a member, Frank H. Shearer. Some were enlarged from photographs no larger than a special delivery stamp. The beauty of the

whole interior and the convenience manifested throughout have made the home one of the most perfectly appointed in that part of the country. P.E.R. Otto M. Pierce acted as Chairman of the Rebuilding Committee.

Chattanooga Elks Junior Band Gives "World's Fair Minstrels"

The Chattanooga Elks Junior Band "World's Fair Minstrels", held on February 17 at the Frye Institute, was a big hit and a financial success. The bill, consisting of an old-time minstrel performance and a variety program of modern dances, songs and expert skating exhibitions, was received with continuous applause by a packed house. Proceeds from the show are to be used to send the Band on its good will tour in July to the New York World's Fair.

The Junior Band of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, is a famous organization. It will be entertained at the Fair on Tennessee Day. A large party of local citizens will accompany members of the Band and the Chattanooga Lodge delegation on the trip.

A Perpetual Light Will Burn in Allentown, Pa., Lodge Shrine

A resolution has been adopted by Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, providing for the installation of a Perpetual Light in the Memorial Alcove of the lodge home. In 1925 a specially constructed glass enclosed book was purchased for the purpose of entering the names and biographies of departed members. The idea was originated by P.E.R. A. L. Knauss, now Secretary, when he was serving as Esquire.

Mr. Knauss worked unceasingly in compiling the necessary data, there being a list at that time of 149 members who had died. In 1927 the book was completed and placed on a pedestal in the Niche. It was dedicated by the late P.E.R. Lawrence H. Rupp, who later became Grand Exalted Ruler. Today photographs

and biographies of 290 departed members, including 11 Past Exalted Rulers and one Grand Exalted Ruler, are contained in the Shrine upon which the Perpetual Light will shine.

Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge Gives \$500 to Local Youth Units

Working funds of three local youth organizations were augmented recently by cash gifts from Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 852. The presentations were made by P.E.R. J. Victor Schad, a Past President of the N. Y. State Elks Association, E.R. Harry A. Hecox, and P.E.R. Thomas H. Fogarty. A check for \$200 was handed to Miss Betty Whittemore, Broome County Girl Scout Director, a second for \$100 to Frank E. Warner, Boys Club Board President, and a third for \$200 to Frank Gugelman, Executive Secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Schad stated that the gifts were made in appreciation of the fine cooperation of the citizens of Binghamton during the convention of the State Elks Association held there last June. The money will be added to the respective funds for the erection of a camp handicraft lodge by the Girl Scouts, a Y. M. C. A. camping lodge, and an addition to the building housing the Boys Club.

P.E.R.'s Night at Wakefield, Mass., Lodge Well Attended

A professional vaudeville entertainment, a chicken dinner and a lodge meeting were features of the Old Timers and Past Exalted Rulers Night held recently by Wakefield, Mass., Lodge, No. 1276. Many charter members were present. The Chairs were occupied by former heads of the lodge.

Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge Wins State Ritualistic Championship

The Ritualistic Team of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36, led by E.R. James T. Welch, won the State championship in the contest held

some weeks ago at Danbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 120. The meeting took place in the afternoon and was largely attended by members and visiting Elks. Bridgeport Lodge defended its title of last year and will be the permanent possessor of the handsome State Trophy if it wins again in 1940. It will receive a smaller trophy during the State Convention in Danbury this coming June for its 1939 victory. Danbury Lodge is already the proud owner of a large trophy, having won the State Contest three years in succession. The Danbury team finished second this year, and Norwalk Lodge No. 709 was third.

The competition was in charge of the Ritualistic Committee of the Conn. State Elks Assn., headed by Chairman Charles A'Hearn, P.E.R. of Waterbury Lodge. State officers in attendance were Pres. Robert P. Cunningham, Danbury, Secy. Archie J. McCullough, Derby, and Trustee William Hession, Derby. After the contest Mr. Cunningham called on several distinguished Elks for remarks and Mayor Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, and a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; D.D. Arthur W. Swan, Naugatuck, and D.D. Samuel C. Duberstein, Brooklyn, responded. Mr. Duberstein was one of five members of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, who acted as judges in the contest, the others being P.D.D. Thomas F. Cuite, P.E.R. J. J. Duberstein, Arthur F. DeFranzo and Louis Jaccarien. A hot roast beef supper was served by the host lodge at the close of the meeting.

The Big Brother Club of Grand Island, Neb., Lodge

Since the organization last Fall of a Big Brother Club by Grand Island, Neb., Lodge, No. 604, this unique venture has worked out most successfully. The purpose of the Club is to help poor, fatherless boys in their formative years, to gain their confidence and break down the sense of inferiority nearly always found in boys who have no fathers.

Before a "Little Brother" is taken into the Club, the Committee confers with the mother as to her willingness to have her son become a member. Thus future friction is eliminated. Most of the boys who have joined—they range from eight to 12 years of age—are now members of Boy Scout troops through arrangements made by their individual sponsors. The "Big Brother" must file an application with the Committee, listing his hobbies and stating his preference as to age and his willingness to take "his little brother" out several times a month. The first meeting is usually at a dinner. While the chief benefit derived by the young members of the Club is psychological in that confidence is won and a feeling is created that "some one is in back of them,"

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skating, basketball games, hunting, theatre-going and many other diversions which otherwise would be out of the question, can now be enjoyed. Whenever possible, the Big Brothers find them jobs such as running errands, making Boy Scout woodwork equipment, filling scrap books, etc., thus giving the boys a sense of responsibility.

Once a month Grand Island Lodge gives a dinner for Big and Little Brothers, followed by entertainment. Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick has declared this to be one of the finest movements ever started by a lodge of the Order. The Club is growing rapidly, with new members being taken in at practically all of the meetings.

Three Rivers, Mich., Lodge Holds Successful Twenty Year Night

Twenty-year members were in charge of the banquet and program on "Twenty Year Night" held recently by Three Rivers, Mich., Lodge, No. 1248, and life memberships were presented to P.E.R. M. I. Walton, Melvin Crowl and J. W. Everett. All three joined as charter members when Three Rivers Lodge was instituted in 1911. Presentation of the certificates, the first ever issued by the lodge, was made by E.R. J. Murray Reed.

P.E.R. John F. Cross, one of the 20 veteran members in whose honor the "Night" was held, introduced School Superintendent Walter Horst, whose vigorous address on Americanism was a feature of the speaking program. P.D.D. Charles L. Stebbins, of Lansing Lodge, gave a splendid talk from the floor at the close of the ceremonies in which a class of candidates was initiated.

De Land, Fla., Lodge Observes Past Exalted Rulers' Night

P.E.R. Peter Gessner, an officer of the Florida State Elks Association, presided over the meeting at which De Land, Fla., Lodge, No. 1463, observed its Past Exalted Rulers' Night. A minute of silent prayer for departed Past Exalted Rulers was included in the ceremonies. After the meeting, the House Refreshment Committee served a chili supper in the Grill Room.

Present and Future Activities of Orange, N. J., Lodge

Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, instituted September 23, 1889, is making plans for a great community celebration of its Golden Jubilee during the week of September 16 next. The lodge is justly proud of its record of progress. An Americanism program, in charge of Assistant Attorney General William J. McCormack, P.E.R., long a student and lecturer on un-American activities, is one of the lodge's present projects of importance. Recently, on P.E.R.'s Night, P.E.R. John H. Moran presided over ceremonies in

which William McCarrick, proposed by his father, Frank McCarrick, was initiated. Mr. McCarrick Sr. was initiated in 1907 when Mr. Moran was serving as Exalted Ruler.

Charles F. Werner, aged 76 years, has served as Chaplain of Orange Lodge for 21 years. After his participation in initiation ceremonies on February 8, at which time he celebrated his 49th anniversary as an Elk, he gave an exhibition of club swinging and gymnastics. Mr. Werner was formerly a big-time circus performer.

Wilmington, Del., Lodge Initiates Large Class at Dinner-Meeting

Many prominent State, county and city officials were included in the large class of candidates initiated into Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307, on February 15. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow of Philadelphia was the main speaker, stressing in his remarks the importance of "Americanism Week." An essay contest on "True Americanism", being conducted at the time in the local high and junior schools, was sponsored by Wilmington Lodge. Other guests and speakers included D.D. Charles P. Boyer, Crisfield, Md., Philip Gayaut, Washington, D.C., Pres. of the Md., Del. and D.C. Elks Assn., and E.R. Hannon E. Norris of Alexandria, Va., Lodge. The Alexandria Elks Degree Team conducted the initiation.

Following the dinner and initiation ceremonies, which took place in the Du Barry Room of the Hotel Du Pont, a reception for the new members was held at the home of Wilmington Lodge.

Tri-State Elks Association Meeting Is Held at Baltimore, Md.

One of the best attended quarterly meetings in its history was held by the Md., Del. and D.C. Elks Assn. at Baltimore, Md., on February 12. Abraham Lincoln's Birthday was fittingly commemorated during the meeting which was followed by an elaborate dinner in the home of Baltimore Lodge, No. 7, for Elks and their ladies. Another meeting is scheduled to take place in Washington, D.C., this month—April 23. Plans are being made for the annual convention of the Tri-State Association to be held at Crisfield, Md., in August.

An appropriation was authorized in order that distribution of the Braille Edition of the Reader's Digest may be continued. The Association's social service program was furthered by the authorization of an appropriation for equipping and maintaining a cabin at Camp Catocin. Underprivileged children are there provided with summer camp and recreational facilities under the supervision of the Maryland League for Crippled Children. Pres. Philip Gayaut of Washington presided, and the meeting was attended by Dr. Arthur G. Barrett, Baltimore, a mem-

ber of the Lodge Activities of the Grand Lodge, D.D. Charles P. Boyer, Crisfield, and many past and present officers.

Boise, Ida., Lodge Honors Its Secretary, John D. Case

Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, demonstrated the affectionate regard which it holds for its Secretary, John D. Case, with a surprise party honoring him on December 21. A record attendance was the first surprise, for Mr. Case had planned an "Old Clothes Night" for that evening in preparation for Christmas basket distribution. A second came when he was temporarily deposed at his desk by P.E.R. Homer Hudelson, and a third was a "panning" from the floor for fictitious shortcomings.

P.E.R. E. D. Baird, Past Pres. of the Ida. State Elks Assn., and a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, voiced a tribute of appreciation of the Secretary's eight years of loyal, efficient service. He also gave statistics showing that 45 per cent of the present membership had been proposed by Mr. Case, and that his efforts had been largely responsible for the standard of perfection maintained in the lodge finances during the depression years. Mr. Baird then presented a handsome Seth Thomas mantel clock to Mr. Case as a gift from the membership. A concert by the Elks Band and vocal selections by Dr. L. F. West, accompanied by Avery Thomas and Frank Pratt, followed the meeting, and a Dutch Lunch was served in the dining room of the lodge home.

Homecoming Visit of D.D. Scott E. Drum to Hazleton, Pa., Lodge

A season of fresh activity in Hazleton, Pa., Lodge, No. 200, was ushered in with the official homecoming visit of D.D. Scott E. Drum. The presence of almost 300 Elks, representing 23 lodges and including a large number of dignitaries of the Order, was a tribute to Mr. Drum's popularity and a mark of appreciation of his services as a Past Exalted Ruler of Hazleton Lodge and a Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. Preceded by a dinner at the lodge home, the meeting was conducted in the auditorium of the Hazleton Masonic Temple, this being the only hall in the city large enough to accommodate so large a crowd. Among the leading Elks who attended both events were Past State Pres. Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, D.D. Robert C. Baker, Bloomsburg, Past State Pres.'s E. L. Davis, Berwick, George J. Post, Mahanoy City, and Grover Shoemaker, Bloomsburg, and a large number of Past District Deputies.

One of the high spots of the evening was the presentation to Mr.

(Continued on page 55)

Your Dog

(Continued from page 15)

her attack on the midnight prowler. She possesses little of the insouciance of the male and, as a rule, seldom quarrels with her kind for the fun of a fight. But when she *does* go to war, she is just as game and every bit as damaging.

Regardless of the predominance of the male dog in most he-man dog stories, it is the female who is the truly steadfast companion. She flavors her devotion with genuinely companionable qualities of gentleness and quiet ease. As a companion she'll intrude none of the rowdy boisterousness of the male; her play periods are marked by gentle consideration and her walks with you are less likely to be made conspicuous by wild forays of fruitless investigation.

In the field, she can do all that the male can do. She is a gun-dog par excellence. According to her breed and training she'll point, flush or retrieve with equal enthusiasm and often with even greater efficiency than the male.

With children, her maternal instincts enable her to discern their weakness and she becomes the tender guardian, an amiable playmate with an almost inexhaustible patience, yet keenly alert to their welfare.

Her manners are better and, un-

less threatened by the loss of it, she eats her food more slowly, quietly, and with none of the greedy gulping of the average male.

Time and again, prospective puppy buyers have left a kennel convinced that the proprietor had some dark and wily motive in recommending the purchase of a female dog. The kennelman only speaks from experience. Like others who really know and have worked with dogs, he exalts the female over the male because she not only has all of the latter's virtues plus many distinctive features of her own, but possesses few, if any, of his vices.

Last, but not at all least, if you have a pedigreed female you can, if you wish, always find a mate for her and be rewarded with puppies which, when sold, will add to your pocket-book. The better the stud you select, the greater chance of having quality pups to sell at quality prices.

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 54)

Drum of a volume consisting of testimonial letters received from Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener and Charles H. Grakelow, State Pres. E. D. Smith and over fifty others from former Grand Lodge and State officers. It also contained the signatures of more than 450 Elks in Mr. Drum's district, Pennsylvania Northeast, and of the 20 members of the class of candidates initiated that night. The volume was compiled by William H. Gerlach who acted as General Chairman in arranging the evening.

Dinner-Meeting on P.E.R.'s Night at New Castle, Pa., Lodge

Fifteen Past Exalted Rulers of New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69, enjoyed the lodge's annual Past Exalted Rulers Night festivities beginning the evening with their customary dinner in the private dining room of the lodge home. They elected their officers for the coming year, and then occupied the Chairs during the meeting attended by the entire membership.

The Exalted Ruler is the only "honor guest" who attends the dinner. On this occasion E.R. Harry G. Harris presented the former leaders of the lodge with handsome "Past Exalted Ruler" buttons.

Prominent Elks Participate in Institution of Anniston, Ala., Lodge

After several months of spirited organization work, carried on under the personal supervision of Clarence M. Tardy, of Birmingham, Pres. of the Ala. State Elks Assn., Anniston, Ala., Lodge, No. 189, was duly instituted on January 25 with a large charter membership. Mr. Tardy attended the initial meeting and received high praise for his efforts. The new lodge was honored by the presence of John S. McClelland of Atlanta, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, who represented the Grand Exalted Ruler and delivered the main address. The meeting was followed by a banquet, enjoyed by more than 200 members and visiting Elks.

The officers were installed by D.D. George Ross of Bessemer, Ala., Lodge. W. D. DeBardeleben was

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New support for reducible rupture, designed by ruptured man for security and comfort—light, durable. Will send it to you without a penny in advance—wear it 10 days—if satisfied pay only \$8.65 single, \$9.85 double, or return without obligation. Send today for Sta-Put—give location of rupture, size when out, age, occupation, waist and hip measure. Scott Appliance Company, 9203 Morris Avenue, Steubenville, Ohio.

To All Members

CONGRESS recently enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address.

This law places an unusual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member immediately notifies THE ELKS MAGAZINE or Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

DELICIOUS MAPLE SYRUP

1939 crop direct from Adirondack groves. We supply clubs and hotels. Fine wholesale and retail trade.

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elected Exalted Ruler; Dalton Swann is Secretary. The Degree Team of Birmingham Lodge, headed by Harry K. Reid, assisted by the Birmingham Elks Patrol under the command of Capt. Charles McCombs, was in charge of the initiatory work.

E.R. Edward W. Griffith, of Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge, Dies

In the death of E.R. Edward W. Griffith, who died on January 26, aged 47 years, Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge, No. 461, has lost a sincere member as well as a militant worker for the welfare of the Order in New Mexico. Mr. Griffith took part in the reorganization of the N. M. State Elks Assn., serving as its first President in 1936-37. He was largely responsible for the success of the Elks Annual Charity Fair, was active in the movement which resulted in the remodeling of the lodge home, and assisted materially in building up the membership.

Mr. Griffith was buried in Calvary Cemetery, Albuquerque. Elk services were conducted at the graveside.

Death Claims Two Beloved Members of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge

Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, lost two of its most beloved members in one month when P.E.R. David E. Uhl, aged 68 years, passed away on February 3 and George D. Bostock, former Secretary, aged 91, died on February 12. Mr. Uhl was a Past President of the Mich. State Elks

Association and a former Trustee of the lodge. He was the owner of the Grand Rapids Fancy Furniture Company, a leading citizen and an Elk with a host of close friends in the Order.

"Dixie" Bostock, as he was known to hundreds of his fellow Elks and other friends, was believed to be the oldest Elk in western Michigan. He served as Secretary of Grand Rapids Lodge for 41 years, and for 13 years acted as State Secretary. He had been more than 50 years an Elk, and was a Life Member of his lodge. Mr. Bostock's body lay in state in the lodge home on the day of the funeral. Past Exalted Rulers and officers exemplified the Ritual at the services. The Eulogy was delivered by Past Grand Trustee John K. Burch.

Goldsboro, N. C., Lodge Entertains Elks from Many Lodges

Goldsboro, N. C., Lodge, No. 139, entertained the Elks of eastern North Carolina recently, approximately 200 members of New Berne, Durham, Fayetteville, Washington, Elizabeth City and Goldsboro Lodges being represented at the meeting. Elks also attended from Raleigh, N. C., Washington, D. C., Lynchburg, Va., Wilmington, Del., and Atlanta, Ga. The New Berne and Wilmington delegations came by chartered car.

A barbecued dinner with all the trimmings was served, after which the meeting was called to order by E.R. Fred P. Parker who welcomed the visitors and then turned the

gavel over to D.D. William C. Moore of New Berne. Past Grand Inner Guard George W. Munford, Durham, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, delivered an address on Americanism and an entertaining talk was given by Judge John J. Burney, Wilmington. A social session followed the speaking program.

Carlinville, Ill., Elks Give Grid Banquet for Local Team

Carlinville, Ill., Lodge, No. 1412, gave a grid banquet recently at the Knights of Columbus Hall for the local Community High School football team. The banquet room was filled to overflowing and the affair was highly successful.

E.R. R. G. Borman presided and Attorney E. R. Phelps, Captain of a former Carlinville High School team, acted as Master of Ceremonies.

A Large Class Is Initiated at Sturgis, Mich., Lodge

Two hundred and fifty Elks attended an initiatory meeting and a banquet held recently by Sturgis, Mich., Lodge, No. 1381. Eight reinstatements were received in addition to the 30 new members and one by dimit. P.E.R. Fred Lynch of Kendallville, Ind., Lodge, spoke on Americanism, to which the Class was dedicated. E.R. Neil Verburg and the Degree Team of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, conducted the ritualistic work.



St. Louis in July

(Continued from page 1)

embodied in the Jefferson Memorial wherein are housed the thousands of Lindbergh trophies and countless other fascinating and historical objects.

For those Elks whose hobby it is to blast a little white ball along the fairway, and perhaps dig a few divots, St. Louis offers some of the finest golf links in the country—and some of the country's outstanding tournaments are planned for St. Louis this season. Last year the Western Open was among the many major golf tournaments held in St. Louis.

The vast area which is Forest Park and the nationally-famed Zoo add to the list of St. Louis' outstanding attractions. Shaw's

Garden is recognized as second only to the Kew Botanical Gardens in London.

The Mississippi River itself, dividing St. Louis and E. St. Louis, furnishes other means of entertainment. Palatial stern-wheelers give excursions every day and evening during the summer months and various aquatic events are held on this broad expanse of water.

St. Louis' Art Museum is one of the finest in the country. Two large universities, with a total of more than 15,000 students, aid in increasing St. Louis' reputation as a great medical center. The city is famous for its food and there are innumerable night clubs and

theaters.

Its transportation facilities are unequalled. It has a large, modern airport and is the second largest railroad terminal in the United States. It is served by numerous bus lines and can be reached over excellent concrete highways.

But St. Louis' proudest boast is of its hospitality. And to be certain that every event will move with precision and that the pleasure of your visit will be unsurpassed by the color and showmanship of these added attractions the St. Louis Elks and the numerous other civic leaders who are cooperating in the formation of the extensive program have utilized every facility.



Kingdom of Heaven

MAN IS CLOSER to heaven than he has ever been before.

And despite all his pretensions of advanced civilization and increased intelligence, the best use he can put his new kingdom to is to use it as a vantage point for quicker, more complete, and more inhuman destruction of his fellow men!

It's a bitter commentary on the world we live in. But it's also a frightening one. For today's bombings give

clear evidence that there are no more barriers, no more refugees, no more isolated areas. Evidence, too, that *we* no longer can sit smugly and serenely enveloped in a mythical cloak of *isolation*.

* * *

If general war comes, we have a slim chance of staying out of it—and just as slim a chance of avoiding slaughter from the heavens.

The one hope is to work for peace

now. There is no time to lose, no effort to be spared, no decent human to be excused from the job.

Naturally, we need all the help we can get. So if you agree with us that another war will bankrupt America—physically, morally and economically—we invite you and urge you to write to us.

Send your letter to WORLD PEACEWAYS, 103 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

The day of Richard E. Waggener, leading television engineer, is full of complicated technical problems. You can be sure he welcomes pleasant leisure moments spent with mild, rich-flavored Camels. He says: "It's a comfort to

LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!"



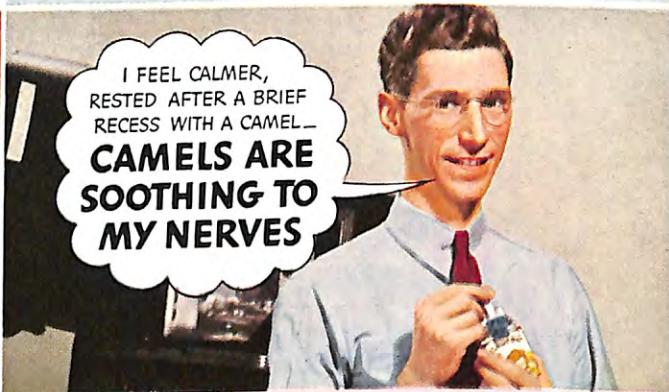
1 A TELEVISION BROADCAST is all set to start—time to be cool, steady. Engineer Richard E. Waggener of Philco (left) passes his Camels to Katharine Aldridge and Shane Kelly. All three welcome the pleasure of a mild, good-tasting Camel. "Easing off to let up—light up a Camel is a grand way to lessen nerve strain," says Dick Waggener.



2 ON THE AIR! Eye of television is an amazing scanning beam that zigzags over a scene 13,000 times per second. Reception is remarkably clear, thanks to engineers who solve television's knotty problems. Many of these hard-working experts are Camel smokers. They find a pause and a Camel a delightful way to smooth out the rough spots of busy days.



3 AT A HOME RECEIVING SET: Mrs. Dorothy Temple is taking in the televised show while she enjoys a Camel. Mrs. Temple finds that Camels are an important contribution to the pleasure she gets out of living. She says: "Camels always taste so good. They have a wonderful mildness. Besides, I find a pause and a Camel so soothing to my nerves."



4 "MY JOB CALLS FOR intense concentration," says television engineer Waggener, "and that might mean a lot of nerve strain if I didn't take it easy now and then to let up—light up a Camel!" For real enjoyment, for all the pleasure there is in smoking, let up—light up a Camel—the cigarette America's smokers treasure most for mildness—for rich flavor!



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



HE'S RESTING HIS NERVES

... AND SO IS HE!

Above—the Harlequin Great Dane relaxing after a hard run. Although the dog's nerve system is high-keyed, sensitive like our own, when he tires, he halts *instinctively!* We are apt to keep going long past the capacity of our nerves. Yet you owe it to yourself to rest your nerves. Do it pleasantly, easily. Pause now and then—LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! Try Camels—today! There's a world of comfort, pleasure in the *milder, richer-tasting tobaccos* of this finer cigarette. And remember, smokers find Camel's costlier tobaccos are soothing to the nerves.



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