

JUNE, 1939

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



JOHN-HYDE
PHILLIPS

WHEN SMART AMERICA STEPS OUT...

PABST gets the Call!



At the Ambassador Pump Room, Chicago—*Pabst Gets the Call. Ultra-Smart. Famed for the touch that makes food divine. Simply bulging with celebrities and socialites. And for the peak of pleasure, their choice is Pabst Blue Ribbon—the Class of All Beers, in a Class by Itself.*

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The colossal statue of George Washington which is the dominating piece of sculpture at the New York World's Fair.

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

My dear Brother Elks:

At the Atlantic City Convention in July, 1938, I made the statement that we could not hope to progress unless we continued to justify our existence, that it is impossible for us to live upon the record which our Fraternity has established in the past.

I feel that much has been accomplished this year to elevate the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in public opinion. We have had a fine editorial response from our Civic Activities Program and from our Americanism program. The Americanism work was undertaken by all active lodges and I have heard it said that it was the best organized endeavor to spread the gospel of Democracy ever attempted in the United States.

I realize that many lodges may not find it necessary or expedient to undertake the work of teaching and aiding the foreign-born because in some communities there may be no foreign-born people. Therefore, to the Exalted Rulers of lodges where there is no necessity for aiding in the work to help the foreign-born and to all Exalted Rulers, as a matter of fact, I would recommend consideration of the idea of holding citizenship classes for organizations and people in their communities. After all is said and done, there are many native Americans who would welcome classes in citizenship.

I would advise those seeking information and details regarding Americanization work among the foreign-born to scrutinize the past record of Corning, New York, Lodge, No. 1071. This lodge has done a fine piece of work under the direction of Doctor John A. McNamara. Corning Lodge has recently completed another year in this work and should be commended by the Order as a whole. To Corning Lodge I extend my sincere congratulations.

In retrospect, it seems to me that we have done a great deal this year to "justify our existence" in the public eye. It is the duty of every officer and member of the Order to promote worth while programs in every community where there is an Elks lodge. The bread which we "cast upon the waters" will return manifold.

The size of our Order, as computed in lodges and in number of members, is a secondary consideration. Membership drives, lapsation problems and financial problems will largely disappear in the subordinate lodge if we see to it that every Elk is appreciative of the duties of membership and that every lodge functions as a center of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love, Fidelity and Americanism.

The Exalted Ruler who finds himself at the head of a lodge that is not going forward, but rather retrogressing, will find, upon analysis of the situation, that the real aims and purposes of the Order have been forgotten and that the lodge has not made itself a medium for community good, and that it is doing little or nothing to command community respect. Such lodges eventually eliminate themselves but do much damage to the good name of Elkdom in the process.

The Order will do well to take the charters of those lodges that exist for social purposes only, if they show no effort to fall in line with the constructive endeavors that have always been the life blood of the Order.

The plans for the National Convention in St. Louis are almost completed. I have inspected the facilities at St. Louis and will be there shortly to meet with the Convention Committee and with the officers and members of St. Louis Lodge. I know that the Elks of Missouri are making every effort to pave the way for one of the most successful Conventions in the history of the Order. Should the weather be warm, as it might be in any part of the country in July, you and your family will be comfortable in the beautiful air-conditioned auditorium and in the air-conditioned hotels, restaurants and theaters of St. Louis. Make your preparations now and greet your friends in St. Louis in July.

Cordially and fraternally yours,

Edward J. M. Cornick
Grand Exalted Ruler.

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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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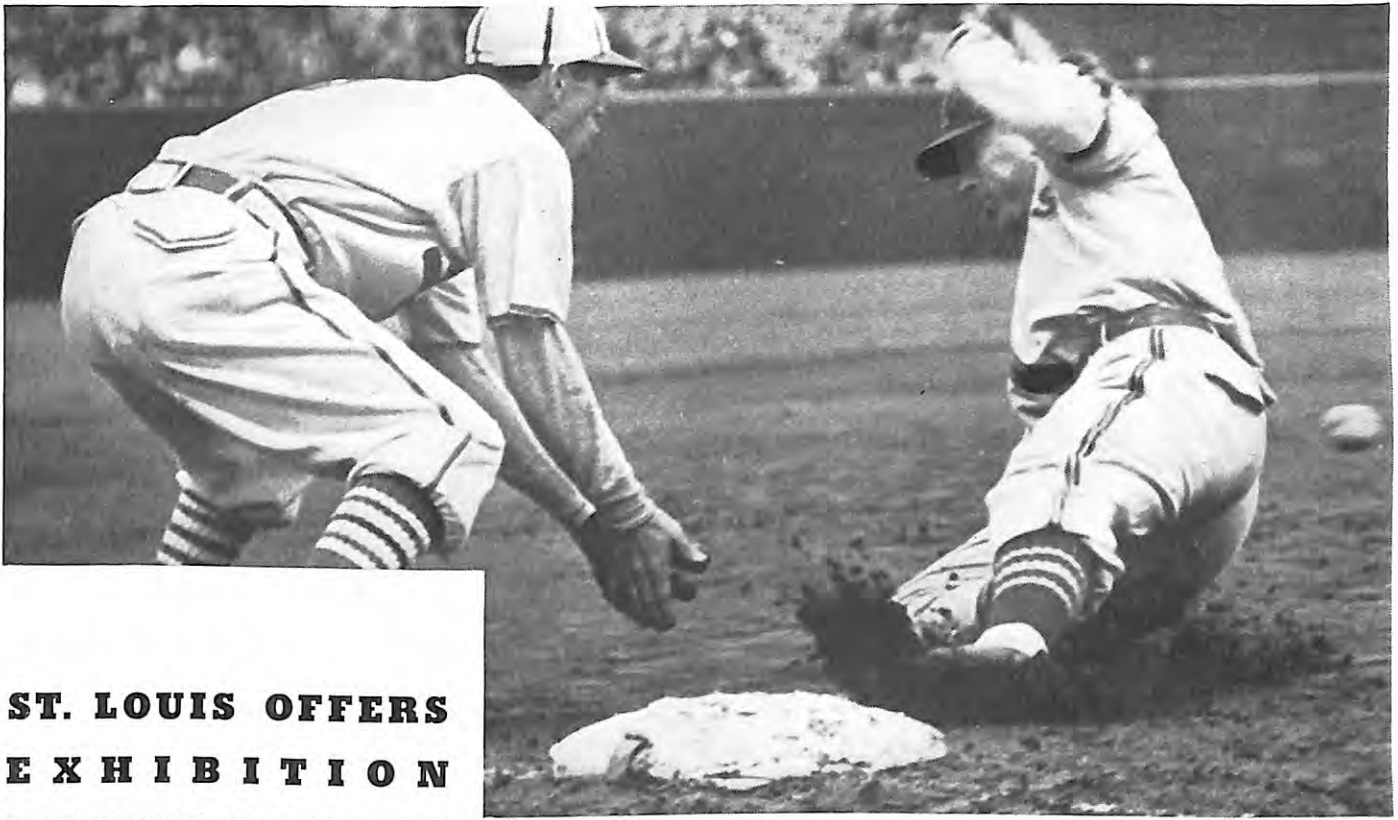
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ST. LOUIS OFFERS EXHIBITION BASEBALL TO CONVENTION

This time the Browns licked the Cards 10-4 to open the 1939 season, although they found the going pretty muddy.

EXTENSIVE plans for a special Elks' "Get Acquainted" celebration, featuring an exhibition baseball game between the St. Louis Cardinals of the National League and the St. Louis Browns of the American League for the championship of St. Louis on Tuesday, July 11, at Sportsman Park have been completed with the management of both clubs through the efforts of Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann, chairman of the Elks' National Convention Corporation.

Earlier in the day, eliminations for the Elks' Drum and Bugle Corps, Drill Teams and Band Contests will be held. The winner of the Elks' nation-wide beauty contest will be picked from more than 200 contestants. And the St. Louis Police Department will oppose the St. Louis Fire Department in a preliminary baseball game. Just preceding the championship game a huge parade of the Elks' musical units and patriotic groups will be held.

The honors were evenly divided in the annual spring city series between the Cardinals and the Browns last April, each team taking one game, leaving the city title in dispute and providing an ideal setting for the deciding contest as an outstanding feature of the Convention. With the colorful St. Louis "Gas House Gang" greatly strengthened this year, Manager Ray Blades will send a hustling, aggressive outfit on the field to battle the Browns.

They are ready for their tradi-

tional city rival, the Browns. Sparked by the well-known Pepper Martin, the Cardinals present a speedy front with such fleet stars as Terry Moore, recognized as the greatest fielding outfielder in baseball; Don Gutteridge, the fastest man in the National League; outfielders Lynn King, Enos Slaughter and shortstop Lynn Myers, to name only a few. Combined with the speed is the great punch of Padgett, Medwick, Slaughter and Mize and the pitching brilliance of Lon Warneke, Curt Davis and Bob Weiland, among the veterans, and Bob Bowman, Lefty Tom Sunkel, Morton Cooper, among the newer men on the squad.

The Red Birds are expected to go places in this year's National League race and, if they do, it will be far from a new story, because in the past thirteen years they have given St. Louis the distinction of having had more World Series than any other city except New York. In that period they have won five National League and three world championships. All of which means there will be some great baseball when the Cardinals battle the Browns for the title of St. Louis in the game staged especially for the benefit of the Elks' Convention.

The only "civic-owned" major league baseball club in the annals of the game is the American League entry in the Mound City, the Browns. The Club is owned by St. Louisans exclusively, and its stock is held by more than one thousand sports-lov-

ing individuals and staunch fans.

In the Fall of 1936 Donald L. Barnes, prominent St. Louis business executive, and a true sportsman interested in baseball, headed a small group of business men who decided to buy the American League franchise in St. Louis and put the Browns back on the baseball map.

William O. DeWitt, associated with the game for years in St. Louis, was elected Vice-President and General Manager, and the process of building was begun. Improvement was noted in the 1938 entry after the 1937 Club had finished a tail-ender.

The Club looks to the season that is just beginning with a great deal of confidence and enthusiasm. New leadership, new men in key positions and the general improvement of the Club presages better things in the days ahead. Fred Haney has taken over the field leadership of the team, and his fighting spirit has keyed the men to greater heights than Brownie teams have attained in years. The year 1939 looks like the best the new régime in St. Louis has seen, and St. Louis fans are trusting that it is.

Tickets may be purchased in advance by sending your check or money order in to Col. E. J. McMahon, Executive Director, Elks' National Convention Headquarters, 406 N. 12th Street, so get your seats now. Prices for the game will be \$1.78, \$1.68 and \$1.52 for box seats; \$1.38 for reserved seats, and \$1.12 for Grand Stand seats.

Not GUILTY



by Roger Torrey

There wasn't much Jesse Flanders wouldn't do for a friend—and he proved it, though his friends weren't quite like yours and mine.

Illustrated by AMOS SEWELL

JESSE FLANDERS carried the rifle and clock into the barn and kicked one of his dogs out of the way as he shut the door. It wasn't Prince—he'd never kicked Prince. He made a rough cradle of lumber and padded it with saddle blankets. He fitted this affair into the manger at the side of the barn. And then he got the gun and adjusted the slim muzzle an inch from a crack between the warped boards of the barn wall; the flat top of the 'scope sight centered a spot a foot below the window of the cabin across the clearing.

Jesse was satisfied with the rifle and how he'd set it. The cabin was three hundred yards away, and at that distance and from that padded rest the gun would shoot consistently into a space no bigger than a man's hand.

The space, in this instance, was directly over the cabin bunk.

The clock idea was simplicity itself. Jesse just wedged it on its side behind the rifle and connected its alarm key to the trigger of the gun with a piece of cord. He wound the alarm and turned the set until the clock rang—and he watched the alarm key turn slowly,

and as slowly ease the trigger off and snap the empty gun. He did this several times, making sure his mechanical finger would pull the trigger.

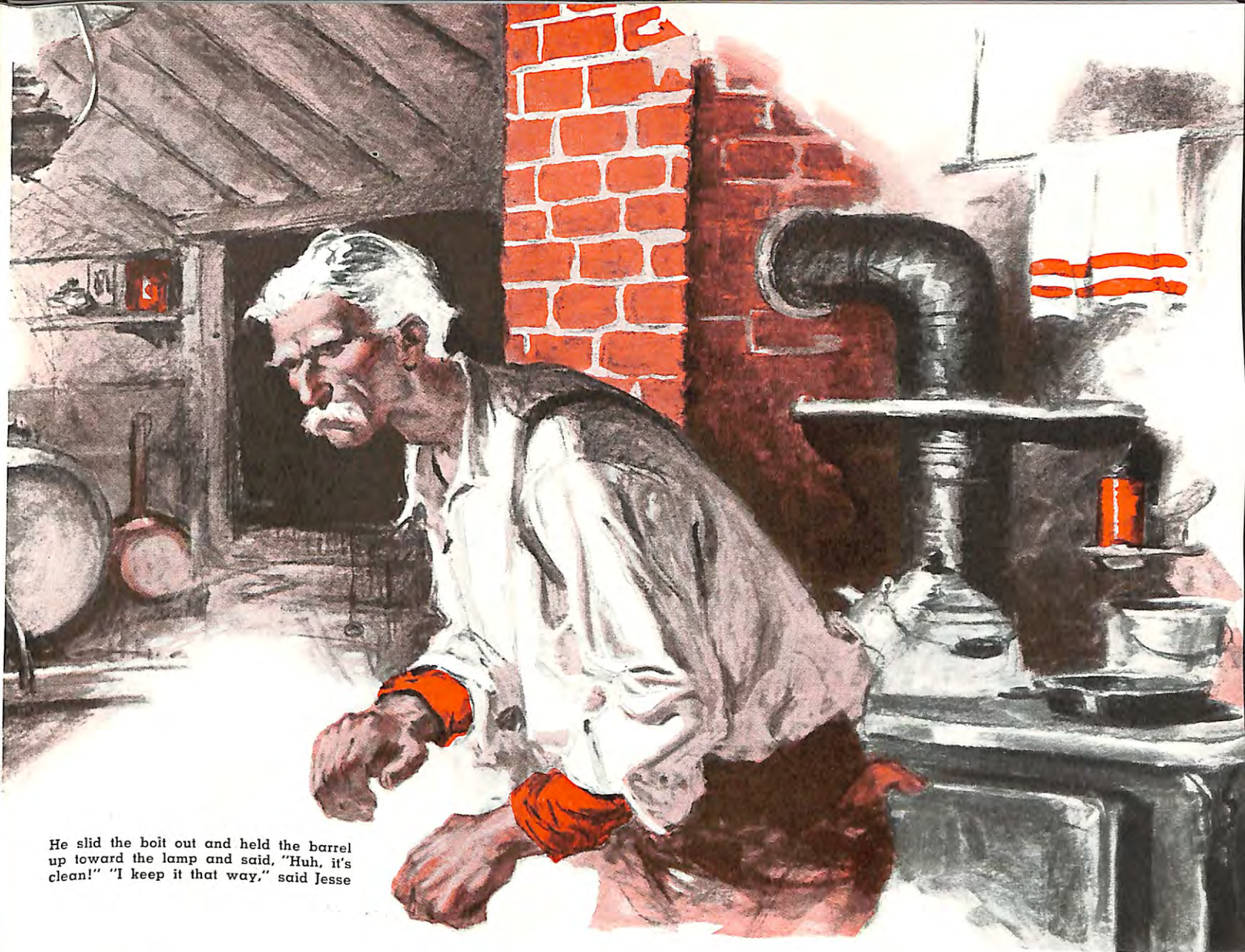
And then he loaded the gun and checked its alignment in the frame and set the clock for twelve. He tossed a couple of forkfuls of hay over it then, clearing it carefully away from the muzzle because of fire danger.

And that did it.

The seven horses he was taking were packed and saddled, and he stood in the barn door taking a last survey to make sure he'd forgotten nothing. He knew enough of murder to realize forgotten things could be fatal, though this knowledge had been gained by observation alone. Jesse was small, shriveled and seventy, and he'd spent most of that time in the woods. Hunting, trapping and guiding. And experience had taught him that when an animal lost its caution it often lost its life by trap and gun.

Jesse had no intention of losing what was left of his life by a hangman's noose.

He was closing the door when his glance fell on the five coyote traps hanging on the wall, and he scowled and wondered again why he hadn't been able to find the sixth and last. The coyote that had walked away with the trap and attached drag would have been worth five dollars in bounty money, even though its hide was a poor and worthless thing in summer. But it wasn't the five dollars—Jesse mostly hated to think of the brute floundering through the brush and dragging the aching, festering horror the trap had made of its leg.



He slid the bolt out and held the barrel up toward the lamp and said, "Huh, it's clean!" "I keep it that way," said Jesse

Jesse sighed, whistled up the dogs and made off for the horses.

Ike and Henry Protheroe lived at Thomas Meadow, six miles up the road from Jesse's place. Ike was lounging against the fence when Jesse rode up and Ike was an important factor in the plan. Jesse yelled the pack train to a halt and said, "You ready, Ike? We best be movin'."

Tall and slim, Ike Protheroe wasn't the laziest man in the country. His brother, Henry, had earned that title by virtue of bullying the gentler Ike into doing the bulk of his, Henry's, chores. But Ike recognized his own failing and secretly wondered why any man who knew him would ask him to work. He sparred for time with, "Dunno, Jesse. Henry, he don't favor it none. My back's give me a lot of trouble, too, lately."

Henry came stalking grumpily out of the house and toward the fence and Jesse slid from the saddle to meet him.

"Seems like mighty small business to me. Takin' Ike gallivanting around the woods jus' when I need him. Meek's bringing me up a little somethin' to drink this afternoon when he gets back from town, and I was figgering on Ike helpin' me out with the work around here."

Jesse said thoughtfully, "I heard Meek went to town and would be back this evenin'. I got to have somebody give me a hand if I'm goin' to get that cabin up."

Henry never worked but he got along with trading. He stared past Jesse and said, "We got the hayin' coming up, too. Right shortly."

"Won't be more'n a week, Henry, and I could give a

hand on the hayin'," said Jesse, knowing Henry, and knowing Ike's being with him could make or break his plan. "I been figgerin' on Ike, right along."

Henry had gained his point but he wouldn't admit it. "I was talkin' to Meek about that. We could get him to help out."

"You'd have to pay him," said Ike, pointedly. "This saves layin' out good money."

Henry snapped, "Go along then. I won't argue with a knot-head like you. Go ahead, go ahead." He leaned his fat body on the gate, and his little pig eyes, set deep in his mottled face, took in Flanders and every detail of the old man's equipment. He looked at the saddle and said, "Huh! Ain't that your old gun, Jesse?"

Jesse admitted the battered Springfield carbine in the saddle boot was his old gun, and he explained he'd hidden his new gun rather than carry it on the saddle and scar it. He added gently, "This old gun's got me a lot of venison and I can make out with it if we should so happen to want us a little meat. The new one's the same size, but it's more a target gun."

"What good's it if you don't use it?" snorted Henry. "I told you you was wastin' money when you sent away for it." He turned his attention to the dozen dogs clustered around Jesse's legs. "You find old Prince yet? I don't see him."

Jesse sighed. "He's gone, I guess. I got to pick a leader outta the pack and ain't one of 'em knows a bear from a bean dish." He stared around at the dogs who stood with lolling tongues, impatient to be on their way. "Figger I best keep 'em mighty close and then maybe none of 'em will stray. I sure do hate to lose old Prince.

"Let's get goin', Ike. You ride behind and see none o' the packs slip."

Ike went to the cabin for a jacket while Henry said darkly, "You ask me, I'll tell you that damn' dog didn't stray. No sirree, he didn't stray. That dog's laying out in the brush with a bullet in him, jus' like I keep tellin' you."

"Maybe so," said Jesse. "Here's Ike. We'll be back—maybe a week."

Ike whooped enthusiastically behind the horses and the pack train got into motion. And Henry leaned on the fence and watched them out of sight—his ill humor partially banished by the thought of free help with the dreaded haying—and partly by the sport he anticipated in plaguing the old man about his missing pack leader.

This was on Saturday.

HURD was Sheriff of the county and famous for having practically no temper at all. And on Tuesday afternoon, when his deputy called him to the 'phone, he was in good form. It was rural long distance and it buzzed and growled as that line always did, and after the ten-minute delay which had ended with him apologizing to the chief operator for using profane language over the 'phone, Hurd finally got a connection. A thin voice asked, "This Sheriff Hurd?"

Hurd said, "Speaking. Shake up your 'phone, I can't hear you worth a damn."

"That's what's wrong now. It's been shook up too much," the squeaky voice said. "We got a killing up here, it looks like."

"Where are you at?" cried Hurd. "Who's talking?"

At this point the 'phone went dead, but the operator was able to tell the now thoroughly enraged Sheriff that a man named Perkitt had been calling from Thomas Meadow. So the Sheriff loaded the Coroner and the one deputy the county allowed him into the county's rickety car and started down the road for Thomas Meadow.

They were met by at least twenty people—for by some strange telepathy the countryside had sensed something wrong and had gathered at the Thomas Meadow post office to hear the details. The Sheriff, a realist, blamed it on the party line. No one there could tell him more than he already knew because Perkitt, after putting in the call to the Sheriff, had returned to his homestead to look after his stock. It was not until the fuming Sheriff had driven eight miles back the way he'd come that he was able to discover what had happened.

Perkitt, about noon that day, had started to Thomas Meadow after his mail. His way led directly past Meek's cabin, three hundred yards from Jesse Flander's barn, and as usual Perkitt had stopped to ask if Meek wanted his mail brought to him. And he'd found Meek lying on his bed.

"Didja move him?" asked Hurd.

Perkitt said, "Didn't have to—I knew he was dead." He hesitated and looked a little sick. "The blankets was soaked with blood and his face looked greenish. Like it was molded, sort of. And there was flies, too. You know—them big blow-flies."

Hurd grunted and said to the Coroner, "You got a job, mister. Must have been dead two, three days."

"He was all right Saturday," Perkitt volunteered. "I saw him. He'd been to town and he brought back a bottle of whiskey for Henry Protheroe and I met him when he stopped in the post office for his mail. We rode back together."

Hurd said, "You'd best go back to his cabin with us," and Perkitt protested this on the grounds of having stock to feed and water. It ended with Hurd saying shortly, "You was maybe the last to see him alive. We'll help you feed and water and we'll go up there together."

They reached Meek's cabin long after dark, and after seeing Meek was really dead and had been for at least two days, the weary Sheriff decided to camp there and investigate in the morning. Perkitt suggested, "Why not go down to Flanders' place? He's gone, but he

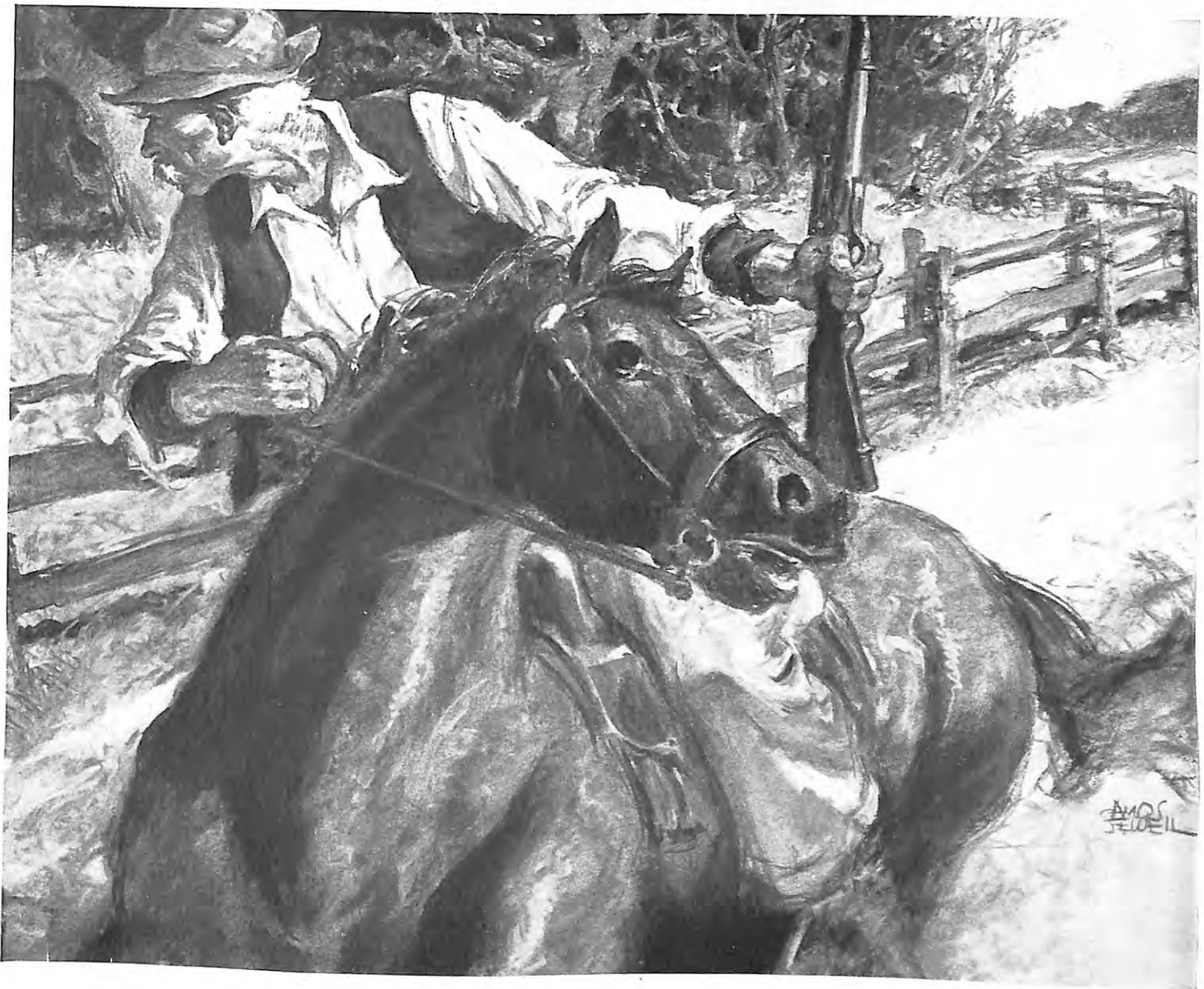


leaves it open. And he's mighty clean around the place for an old man. That is, outside of his dogs tracking in dirt and such."

Hurd growled that dogs belonged outside the house, but assented, and they went on to Jesse's cabin, well past his barn. Then, after supper when Hurd questioned Perkitt about knowing any possible enemies of the dead man, he ran into a blank wall, Perkitt insisting Meek had been well liked by everyone. But in the morning Hurd discovered many things—and everything he found confused him the more. The whole situation was topsy-turvy.

Without question it was murder, and death had been instantaneous. Meek had been killed while lying in bed, as his blankets were still around him. The fatal bullet had first gone through the cabin wall and had splintered this so badly that the angle of fire could only be guessed at. It had then broken Meek's left arm just above the elbow, passed on through his chest, and, on emerging, almost severed the right arm. The body was contorted from the tremendous shock, so much so that the puzzled Sheriff could only figure Meek's approximate position in the bed when hit. He could only say for sure the bullet had come from the clearing side of the cabin, and that meant nothing.

The body was in bed, which meant the fatal shot had been fired late in the evening, during the night or early in the morning. This precluded any possibility of the death having been caused by anyone's carelessness. Hurd knew no one would be hunting in the summer with



a big game rifle and there was little chance of anyone doing any target practice with such a gun at those hours.

The resistance of the cabin wall had been just enough to practically explode the bullet in Meek's chest. Hurd found pieces of copper jacketing strung all along the course of the wound, none large enough to warrant comparison with the bore of the murder weapon, if and when found. It made any guess at the calibre of the bullet pure conjecture. Hurd, who knew firearms, was certain from the havoc the bullet had wrought that the gun that fired it must be of much higher calibre than those used ordinarily in the neighborhood, and this fact seemed to be his only positive clue.

He questioned Perkitt with this thought in mind and he learned the only guns the homesteader knew of unusual high power were the two 30-06's belonging to Jesse Flanders. Perkitt's own gun was an antiquated 38-55, which cleared the homesteader in the Sheriff's mind—the nature of Meek's wound precluding any chance of its being made with that light a weapon.

Hurd talked it over with the Coroner and decided the best thing to do was find where Flanders had been between Saturday and Tuesday—and again Perkitt was able to help. He said, "I talked with old Jesse and Ike Protheroe when they was on their way up to Four Mile Ridge, Saturday. I made the ride home with Meek an hour after that, mebber more, and old Jesse would have been in the timber by that time."

But Hurd, with but one solid thing to set his teeth in,

Protheroe had practically told him Meek had killed the dog.

clung to it like a bull pup. He sent his deputy to check on the calibre of all the rifles in the vicinity and he asked the Coroner to postpone the inquest and then he borrowed a horse and started after Flanders, allowing four days for the trip and return.

Now, Jesse was supposedly building a cabin on Four Mile and Four Mile was high on the slope of Mount Evans and roughly four miles wide and twenty long. The ridge was rough—so cut with ravines, small lakes and streams that the Sheriff doubted if he'd find Jesse in less than two days at best, he having only a vague idea of the locality and four-day-old horse tracks to follow. Four days for the round trip was allowing none too much time, even if things went well. And the sheriff knew better than to count on that.

THINGS weren't going well at the ridge for Jesse. Far from well. He'd trapped there in winter, but running a marten line over twenty feet of snow is a lot different than hazing seven horses and twelve dogs through the underbrush the snow had covered. He had to make innumerable detours around fallen trees, gullies the snow had hidden from him and all, and the trip was harder than he'd thought it would be. After they'd finally reached the proposed cabin site, Jesse found he'd miscalculated the amount of cracklings brought for the dogs. He had to shoot a doe (Continued on page 37)

No matter how bad the double feature, everyone likes the newsreel. Here's how it's done, day in and day out.

At right and on opposite page is shown the attempted assassination of King Edward VIII. This picture was taken about thirty seconds afterward. The King, upper left, looked on unperturbed while London bobbies and mounted guards subdued his assailant. (in left foreground)

Below are Dr. D. E. Robertson and one of the three men who were entombed for eleven days in the Moose River gold mine, as they were brought to the surface.



NEWS for

EVERY week about 80,000,000 Americans, whose average mental age is somewhere around ten years, go to the movies. They go for various reasons, mostly because of habit, and they come away with various reactions. Frequently they are vaguely disappointed. Nowadays with double features almost universal they are often disappointed twice. They don't like the players, the plot is weak, the story doesn't seem real. The whole thing is definitely second-class entertainment.

Almost invariably, though, there is one bright spot in the evening. They like the newsreel. For ten minutes out of the two hours they are thrilled, amused and informed. For the space of a single reel their minds sit on the edge of their chairs. And then, with the inevitable travelogue, they slump back into dimly conscious contemplation of "Beautiful Benares, Gateway to the Mystic East".

The comparatively high standard of interest created by American newsreels is curious but explainable. Only one basis of judgment is applied to the finished product: "Is it interesting—is it news?" Nobody cares much whether it is artistic or not. No temperamental producer revises the plot after the picture is three-fourths finished. The acting doesn't smell like burning rubber, because nobody tries to act. It just has to be interest-

International News Photos



Wide World Photo



Acme Photo

\$100 a Week

by Kent Richards

This picture, one of the most remarkable in the history of aerial combat, was made as a Loyalist airman in the Spanish war floated earthward, while his disabled plane plummeted below trailing a streamer of black smoke. The plane burned up, but the flier landed safely.

ing, and if it is, and is presented pictorially within the limits of libel and good taste, then it is a good newsreel subject.

The speed with which news happens requires that newsreel men be alert. They've got to have ants in their pants—twenty-four hours a day. Unlike their luxuriously upholstered Hollywood cousins, newsreel men can't horse around for weeks building sets and background, salving temperament and generally working themselves up into an emotional lather until they are in the mood to produce the greatest picture of all time. Out in Hollywood they can take two years messing around trying to find someone to play a Rhett Butler or a Scarlett O'Hara. But the newsreels have to shoot Scarlett and Rhett as they are; the delay of an hour may mean that the wind has long since been gone, and the news value of the story along with it. It's got to be news, and it's got to be timely.

The newsreel business is a highly competitive little industry controlled in America by five companies: Universal, Fox, Pathe, Paramount and MGM. Although the parent companies of several of these outfits are among the bluebloods of Hollywood, the newsreel units themselves are as independent as a labor leader on pay day. If a big star from Paramount comes back from Europe, like as not Fox will cover the story along with the rest.

But if a mere featured player arrives in New York from the Coast on the Twentieth-Century, as they do in droves, even the newsreel outfit owned by the company to which the player is under contract will ignore the event. Newsreel men don't think much of Hollywood, anyway. It's sissy.

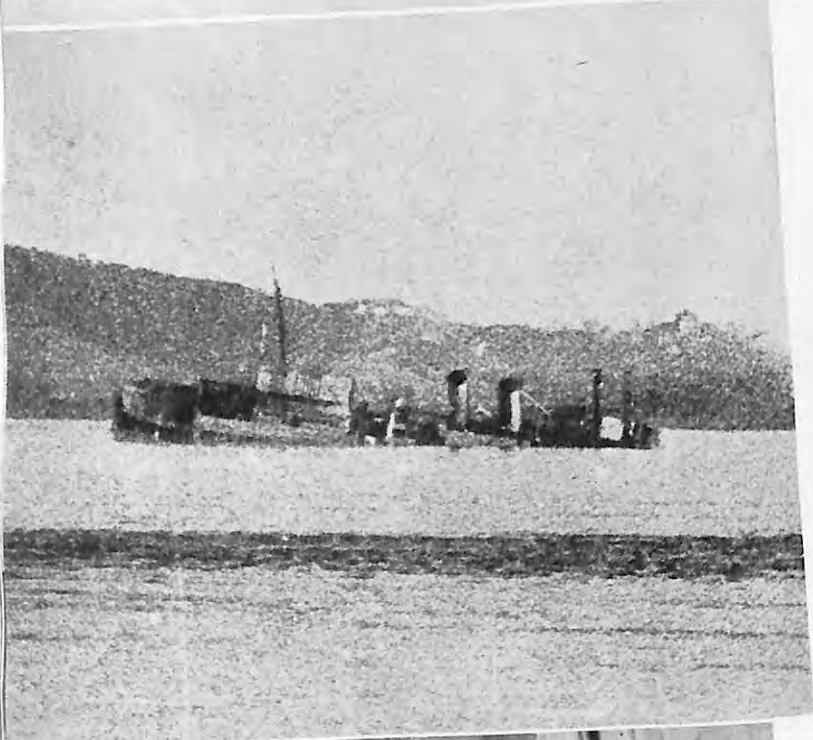
Inspiration and imagination by the barrel go into the making of a newsreel, and hair-trigger decisions are frequent, but it would be ridiculous to think that the business consisted mainly of rushing around under pressure for emergency coverage of major events. Newsreel editors aren't paid to sit around on pins and needles for a big story to break; they are paid to cover the day's news all over the world completely and efficiently. They succeed because they have reduced the procedure to a routine which some of those on the inside have called monotonously interesting. Every story that comes along, big or little, is grist for a mill that grinds out about 2,000 feet of finished action film a week. Every story falls into a category already occupied by hundreds of others which have preceded it. There is nothing new in the newsreels. It's invariably the same old stuff.

One man, who has filled every job from cameraman to editor in the twenty years he has been in the business, says that in his time there has been only one story



Wide World

Above: Three sections of film taken at the time of the assassination of King Alexander of Jugoslavia at Marseilles, France. Pictures show the assassin as he was set upon by an enraged mob who shortly afterward killed him.



New York Daily News Photo

Above center: A remarkable newsreel scoop taken as the murky waters of the Yangtze closed over the ill-fated Panay just after Japanese planes bombed her, despite the two U. S. flags she flew.

Above: Just before John Ward's fantastic leap from the seventeenth story of the Gotham Hotel. When Ward saw nets being raised to trap him he decided to end his eleven-hour indecision.

which can be called unusual. That was the suicide leap of demented John Ward from the seventeenth floor of the Hotel Gotham in New York in the summer of 1938. The mere fact that it was a suicide wasn't of particular importance. But the fact that a man would stand for eleven hours on a narrow window ledge of a swank and dignified Fifth Avenue hotel while scores of people endeavored to dissuade him from his crazy purpose and thousands watched in morbid anticipation from the street below, that, in the opinion of newsreel veterans, is news.

Ward's suicide leap was the most difficult subject to photograph of any event in recent times. Camera crews are a patient lot—they must be, for their business frequently demands that they wait uncomplainingly for hours on the pleasure of important people. It is not unusual for them to spend half the night standing around in varying degrees of discomfort in order to get a twenty-foot shot of some personage emerging from an historic meeting. But at least they can relax until the subject comes out. On this occasion, however, not only did the cameramen have to wait ten hours to get the climax of the story—they had to wait with their heads and equipment pointed upward. With less than ten seconds to get the whole scene, their cameras had to be in constant readiness. There would be no opportunity for even minor adjustments—and no retakes. It was like getting all set and braced to have a tooth pulled, and then having to wait ten hours for the dentist to yank! Every newsreel man in New York assigned to that story had a crick in his neck the next day. Not a few of them had a crick in their nerves.

A COMPLETE newsreel is made up and distributed nationally by each of the five companies twice a week, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Each reel is from 800 to 1,000 feet long and covers from eight to twelve subjects. These may include anything from a publicity stunt, such as a bevy of bathing beauties playing water polo with oranges on the beach at delightful Santa Moronia, California, to a mine disaster in which a score or more lives are lost. The final group of a dozen or less subjects is the pick of from fifty to a hundred which are received at each office in New York from all over the world during the half-week.

Once the subjects are complete they are assembled into a reel and a sound track is made. Despite the realistic sound effects which accompany the newsreels, except for speeches or interviews, over ninety per cent of the film is shot silent and the sound dubbed in at the studio. The sound effects man works along with the commentator whose material is read into the recording instrument as the film is run off before him. Voice and sound effects must be harmonized so one doesn't drown out the other. If the commentator stumbles over a word, only the section in which the error occurs needs to be done over.

When the sound track is finally set, the master negative is rushed to one of the great printing laboratories and the positive prints are run off for theatres all over



International News Photo

Probably the most spectacular news shot of all time, the burning of the dirigible *Hindenburg* was one of the easiest to get. All the newsreel companies were on the spot.

the country. Packed in round aluminum containers, marked "Highly Inflammable", they come off the laboratory production line like fruit in a huge cannery—hundreds of them taking news in sound and pictures to relieve the boredom of eighty million moviegoers.

Sometimes when the deadline is close or the subject hot enough to demand a "special", real, tremendous effort is used to cut minutes from the amount of time normally required by the process of developing, editing, cutting and printing. Showing the first pictures of a disaster like the explosion of the "*Hindenburg*" gives a theatre great local prestige and draws many patrons. Such beats mean increased business for the newsreel company that makes them.

Probably the most elaborate preparation to cut an hour or so from the normal time required to deliver films to an eager New York audience occurred over ten years ago when one of the more enterprising companies chartered a special train to bring film of Lindbergh's reception in Washington following his flight to Paris in 1927. One newsreel company chartered a three-car special train, always an expensive thing to do, and had it waiting with steam up at the Union Station in Washington to receive the exposed film as fast as a special motorcycle messenger could bring it from the reception.

The train had a car for developing, printing and drying; another car for projection and editing, and a third for making appropriate titles. This was in the good old silent days. At seventy, eighty and ninety miles an hour thousands of feet of film were developed in the first car and handed back to the second for cutting and editing, where it was reduced to the appropriate length and reassembled. Meanwhile the titles and captions were set up in the third car and photographed to be cut into the final negative where they belonged. When the master negative was complete, it was run through duplicating printers in the first car and positive prints were run off until the train reached New York. By that time there was a positive print ready for every major film house on Broadway and the reels were actually being

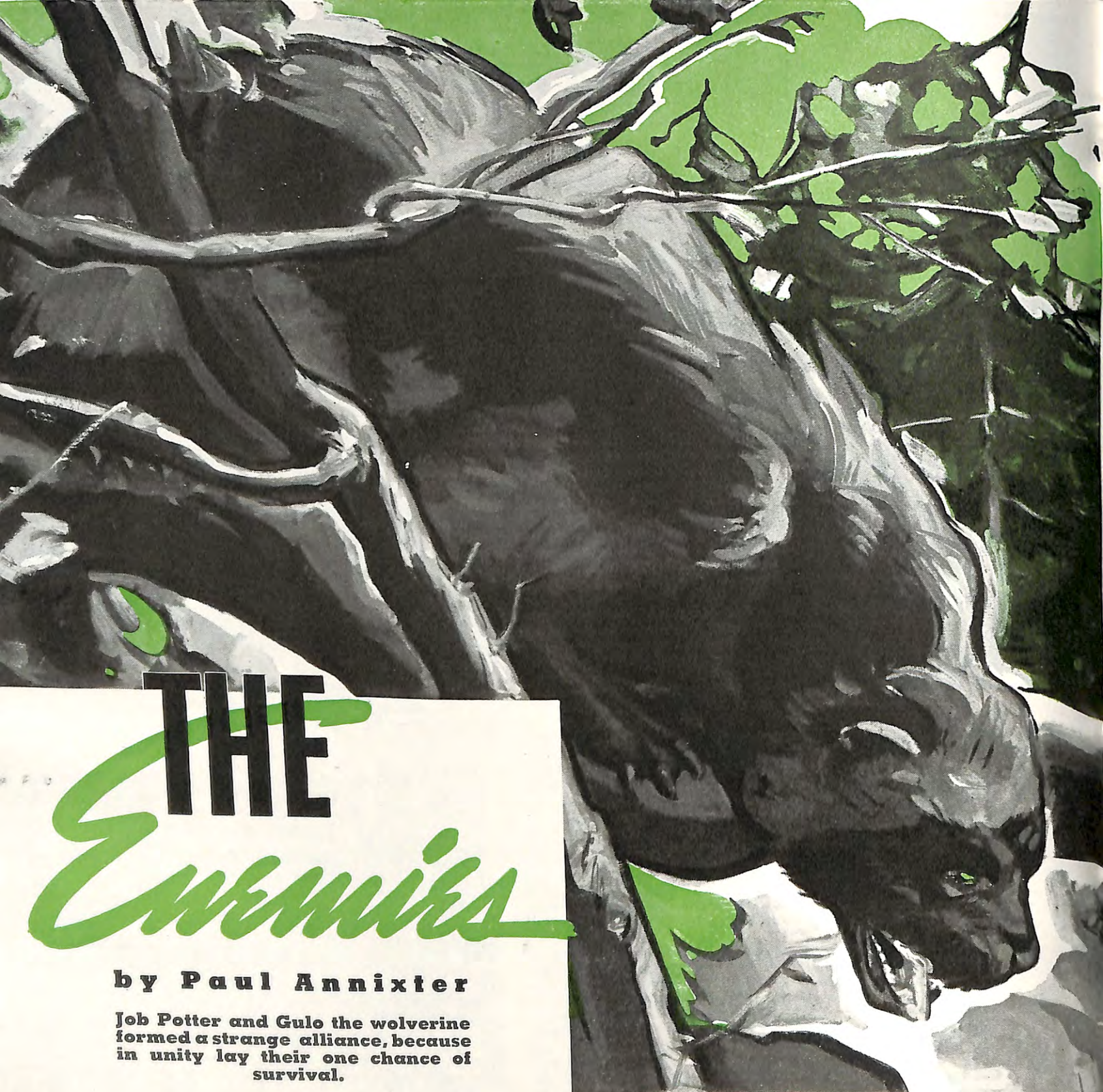
shown to the public less than four hours after the event occurred. The competition shipped their negative by air but by the time their film was developed, edited and positive prints made, they had been beat by a matter of several hours.

Most newsreel men agree that the most pleasant people to photograph were the Duke of Windsor, while he was Prince of Wales, and Jimmie Walker, before a shadow no bigger than Judge Seabury appeared over his political career. In the early days of newsreels, the Prince of Wales visited the United States and Canada and often played ball and pool with the men assigned to cover him. Jimmie Walker treated them all like pals. Of the Presidents, Calvin Coolidge was undeniably the most popular. There wasn't anything he wouldn't do and cameramen delighted to get him rigged up in overalls for a hay-pitching sequence or outfitted in his fishing costume for an Isaac Walton angle. Franklin D. Roosevelt is popular because he is colorful, but he lacks the stolid patience that marked the taciturn Coolidge.

The late John D. Rockefeller is supposed to be the only man who ever got by with a blatant advertisement for his product in a newsreel. A few years before his death he was being shot in sound when suddenly at the end he shouted, "Hurrah for Standard Oil". There isn't an editor in the world who would have cut out that commercial.

The bane of the cameramen are a few freaks who appear at almost every public event and try to stand in front of the camera, and "get into the movies". Some of them make a practice of it—lens lice, they're called—and one of them with a profile amazingly similar to Roosevelt's is constantly besieging the newsreel offices asking if they don't want to make pictures of him.

Most people, and particularly business men, are reluctant to be photographed because they are afraid of how they will look on the *(Continued on page 38)*



THE *Enemies*

by Paul Annixter

Job Potter and Gulo the wolverine formed a strange alliance, because in unity lay their one chance of survival.

ON A narrow rocky ledge hundreds of feet above the green spruce-choked valley, Gulo, the giant wolverine, went shuffling one late Fall day. He was a squat, logy beast, some three and a half feet long, with the body of a small bear and a black, macabre visage from which two green-shadowed eyes glared forth with a ferocity beyond expression. Gulo was a cross, being the largest and most blood-thirsty of the true weasel clan and likewise related to all the musk-carrying pole-cats that ever tainted fresh air.

He moved with the truculent swagger and that unhurried calm which only the truly great achieve. For small though he was, he belonged to the great of the forest world. As a fighter he had no equal for his size on the American continent. He gave a trail to no beast and had been known to drive a full-grown cougar

from his fresh kill. As a still-hunter and stalker he had no peer and as to craft and the robbing of traps and snares it must be added that even the red fox was dull-witted beside him.

That gait of his, a slouching double-shuffle, epitomized more than anything else the malign nature of the beast. Though the afternoon sun was still high, he loafed unhurriedly in the open without thought of cover. For rash indeed would be the killer, regardless of size, that would contest the trail with him and neither man nor beast would eat of his tough and musky meat. His coarse, ragged pelt, which seemed ever in a state of moulting, was practically worthless to trappers; men killed his kind only to be rid of a troublesome thief. So, though all creatures were his potential enemies, his evil reputation forced them to respect him.

Gulo was out on a still-hunt, having chosen the hour with purpose aforethought. Down from the rocks into the blue gloom of the century-old spruce that furred the mountain slope he shuffled, his soundless progress a triumph of self-effacement. Squat and phlegmatic as he was, Gulo never ran anything down; his entire resource lay in his stalking craft.

Presently there was a rustling amid the blue-black shadows. A hen partridge went skittering away through the thickets, dragging one wing and sounding a faint, pitiful cry of "quit, quit, quit." Gulo scarcely glanced at the mother bird, trying to lure him with her age-old ruse of being wounded. He turned about in his tracks and followed her back trail, threading the thickets like a measuring worm. A minute later he almost stepped upon something small and warm that stirred. He struck out with a full-armed blow, bash, smash, again and again. Four, five, six baby partridge were annihilated in the tiny forms in which they lay hidden, with scarcely a sound to mark the slaying. Then Gulo crouched and like the true trencherman he was, polished off the kill to the last claw, feather and tendon, oblivious to the piteous cries of the mother bird circling about him.

Licking his black lips with omnivorous satisfaction, the wolverine moved on to further hunting. The mere slaking of his hunger pangs was negligible in this

Illustrated by HARRY MORSE MEYERS

He crouched flat and motionless, glaring downward with a look of hate and fury that could only be born of old association.



beast's hunting. His kind had been dubbed the "Glutton of the North" by old-time hunters and trappers, and he lived apparently for prolonged orgies of gorging and the deep feeding dreams which followed.

An hour later even his stupendous appetite was assuaged by the rich hunting he found among the grouse and partridge coveys along the high slopes. This was the month when the young birds were just beginning to follow their parents abroad, all unaware of the devilish ingenuity of Gulo's kind for discovering forms and hiding places. Toward sunset, fed to repletion, the wolverine climbed back toward the high, rocky ledge on the mountainside. Here, recessed behind a narrow shelf of rock, was a deep crevice which was Gulo's secret den. It was roomy and dry at all times and almost impregnable to anything save a cougar or a mountain goat. High up near the mountain's rim, it afforded him a commanding lookout over the jumbled valleys below. Here the old wolverine had lived for two years, lord of all he surveyed, seemingly safe from all creatures.

But on this afternoon as he climbed up over the bare rocks, a movement far below him in the spruce valley suddenly froze him to the fixity of stone. He crouched flat and moveless among the rocks, glaring downward with a look of hate and fury that could only be born of old association. In it was a blend of interest, of excitement and a definite recognition of something familiar. For it was his enemy of long standing, the trapper, Job Potter, who had just emerged from the shadows of the spruce far below.

AS Gulo went forth on his hunting that afternoon he did not dream that keen eyes were watching him from the depths of the spruce wood two thousand feet below. A lank, long-limbed woodsman who had been sitting in the thickets, moveless as a stone for over an hour, rose to his feet, yawned vastly and stretched while a wide grin spread over his face. His patience and woodcraft had been rewarded at last. He had discovered the secret that had baffled him for over a year.

"Ay, yo're a smart one, ye devil-skin, but this time I've spotted ye for sure. An' it's an ace in the hole for me, too, laddy-buck, you wait and see."

For nearly two years, ever since he had filed claim on his small mountain homestead, a grim and very real feud had existed between Gulo and Job Potter for the supremacy of the spruce valley. Some perversion of his hybrid nature inspires the wolverine, wherever he ranges, to kill, destroy and make trouble in general in his encounters with all other creatures. Particularly is his ingenuity for dark cunning loosed against man and all his works. Let a trapper attempt to operate in a region inhabited by a wolverine and his catch of fur will be next to nothing, for it is one of the wolverine's chief delights to rob traps not only of their bait, but of their fresh-caught kill. This devilish proclivity makes Gulo the most thoroughly hated by woodsmen of all quadrupeds.

Job Potter had not been a week in the high mountain valley before he discovered that Gulo was a concomitant of his homestead. He had always discredited most of the tales he had heard of the wolverine's uncanny cunning, but a year in the region had proved that they were true, and more. Job earned his chief livelihood along the trap line and hunting trail, having taken up his small mountain homestead as a mere summer make-shift. Within a month, however, he saw that there would be a grim competition for every pelt he lifted here, for every creature that fell before his rifle.

From the day he had discovered the settler's presence in the valley, Gulo had set himself to devising means by which the man's life here would be made untenable. Unknown and unseen, he had dogged Job Potter's footsteps as he came and went at his fishing and hunting, drawn by both fear and fascination. In his mind the spruce valley and the whole mountainside belonged rightly to him—a promising range in which the settler was a mere interloper. Job Potter no sooner began operations on his trapline that first Fall than he learned at first hand of the devilish cunning of wolverines in

playing hob with traps in general. Possessed of a nose which could detect the smell of iron through a foot of snow, traps were a boon rather than a menace to Gulo's kind. A trap often stood for a banquet to him, sometimes a double banquet, the bait and the baited. They were an eternal challenge to his wile.

During the first few weeks of his trapping, Job found himself checkmated at every turn of the game by the wolverine. Within a month he saw that as long as Gulo remained in the region his fur catch would be next to nothing. Nettled though he was over the matter, the settler's wrath had not been untempered by a degree of pleasure at the prospect of what lay ahead—a prolonged game of wits with the wiliest of all the forest creatures. Anything that would break the deadly monotony and loneliness of his forest life was welcome to Job. He prided himself in his woodcraft and he believed that a few weeks at most would terminate his duel with the wolverine. During that time he put forth all his skill to outsmart the little robber only to have the best of his sagacity matched and mocked repeatedly, his traps sprung and robbed nightly, pelt after valuable pelt destroyed, the catch mangled or eaten and the traps themselves dragged away and hidden in the forest past any finding.

AS the weeks wore on into months, the relation between the woodsman and his four-footed enemy had taken on an increasingly peculiar nature. All interest had left the affair for Job. His fur take had dwindled to practically nothing and there began mounting in him a wrath such as he had never known before as he saw himself being made a fool of in his prided and chosen field. Gulo, he decided, must die, and he gave up his regular activities and brought to bear all his trapping skill to pinch the toes of the wolverine. In that, too, he failed signally. All winter the feud continued with the score of vantage steadily mounting in favor of the little quadruped. For days at a time Job would do nothing but hunt for his enemy, only to find that the wolverine had been apprised of his whereabouts and had been playing hob in some other part of his range. Mixed with Job's baffled rage was an almost superstitious feeling of awe and admiration for the devilish ingenuity of the shaggy little beast.

With the coming of warm weather and the cessation of his trapping, the depredations of the wolverine had diminished. Only at long intervals during the summer months had Job seen signs of his presence. During that time the settler had sought vainly to discover the location of the wolverine's den, but not until this October afternoon had a lucky chance divulged Gulo's secret.

Delighted at having found his enemy's stronghold at last, Job returned to his cabin in the valley to prepare for a relentless hunt for the renegade. That very night he set vigorously to work on his campaign. He burned six of his best traps in the open fireplace to destroy every scent of iron or human hands. Later he handled the traps with gloves which had been treated with a solution of lye. Early next morning found him climbing up the bare slope of the mountain to Gulo's den. With infinite care he planted the six sets in likely places among the rocks, two baited, the others planted craftily close by as secondary sets, for it was useless, he knew, to try and fool the robber with bait alone.

The following morning he returned to the high ridge. Not a trap had been touched. He spent all that day in the vicinity of the den with his rifle—and netted a complete failure. He put in two other long vigils without result and finally was forced to decide that the wolverine had abandoned his high retreat.

In this he was correct. On the afternoon he had seen Job watching him from the spruce wood, Gulo had left his old den, never to return. A secret hiding place unknown to any, he had to have; his craft demanded it. Unable to find another such stronghold, he took to sleeping wherever daylight found him, usually in the gnarled, overlapping branches of some ancient spruce, only venturing forth at nightfall.

Unknown to Job, Gulo had spied upon him from a discreet distance, his green-shadowed eyes aglow with



malign sagacity as he watched the complicated preparations of his undoing. Later Job saw that his sets had been carefully investigated but not a one of them had been touched. Gulo himself had completely dropped out of the picture. His predilection for trouble-making, however, was doubled if anything. As if in reprisal, one afternoon a few days later he entered Job's cabin by way of the fireplace chimney while the trapper was busy cutting wood, and rifled his precious food supply, befouling and scattering such of the meal, flour, sugar and beans as he could not eat, and carrying off his entire Fall supply of bacon. Could Gulo have heard the trapper's language when he discovered the havoc wrought, he would doubtless have been largely repaid for having been driven from his favorite den.

By this time Job's very life had come to revolve around this prolonged feud with the little despoiler. The game of wits for him had taken on a significance and gravity impossible for a city-bred man to conceive. His purpose had stiffened to a grim and humorless



He leapt in, wielding his hatchet like a madman; struck twice with cool precision.

determination to win out, for his pride as a woodsman as well as the very tenancy of his mountain homestead were at stake. If he were blocked from another season's trapping his meager funds would be gone and he would have to give up and depart in defeat. So things went on till the first snow-fall in November.

Then Job hit upon a location which suggested to his mind one final ruse. Up near the head of the valley a little stream came pitching down from the rimrocks in a twenty-foot waterfall. At its foot a small cave had been hollowed out behind the falls by the action of the water through hundreds of years, a rock chamber which could be entered from only one side of the falls by passing along a narrow ledge through swirling curtains of spray. Crouching within this low rock aperture, Job had a conviction, gleaned from certain signs and feelings, that the old wolverine had more than once used this place as a secret hideout.

And instinct, certain and sure, whispered that sooner or later the robber would return. In the very entrance,

therefore, at the edge of the pool, he planted one of his best sets, fastening a heavy rock clog to the trap's chain. The constant play of water, he knew, would kill every warning scent of steel or human hands; more, the set was so placed that no creature could enter the cave without running foul of the pan of the trap.

Job returned to his cabin aglow with the certainty of victory. He gave himself until the end of the year to culminate his plan. If he won, he would celebrate the event by a trip down to the distant settlement in the valley to visit two of his old-time trapping partners, Pete and Joe Mellott. What a holiday they would make of it! Afterward, he would have plenty of time before Spring to make up for his losses by a few lucky catches along his trap line.

It was that night that his prolonged concentration on the wolverine was broken by the advent of other enemies in the valley. As he sat by his open fire there came to him across the stupendous stillness of the forest and mountains a long, high (Continued on page 41)



WHAT AMERICA
IS Reading

by Harry Hansen

IN 1927 there appeared an extraordinary study of the economic and social history of our country called "The Rise of American Civilization". It was the work of Dr. Charles A. Beard and his wife, Mary R. Beard, both well known for their books on labor, economics and education, and it appealed to all liberal and progressive-minded citizens and stimulated many other studies of American life. It was reprinted several times and published in revised form in 1933, and now the Beards add an entirely new volume, "America In Midpassage", dealing entirely with the "immediate past",

the post-war period, and falling into two parts—political and economic, and social and cultural, the latter emphasizing the contribution of writers and painters in that period. The Beards are not interested in theorizing and philosophizing; they see American life as a tremendous stream of energy, changing and affecting millions of people, and they are interested in finding out whether the American spirit is going progressive or retrogressive. Their sympathies are with the humanitarians and the "humanistic wing of American democracy"; they see men in the grip of forces stronger

C. S. Forester, whose stirring sea story, "Captain Horatio Hornblower", (Little Brown & Co.) is exciting reading.

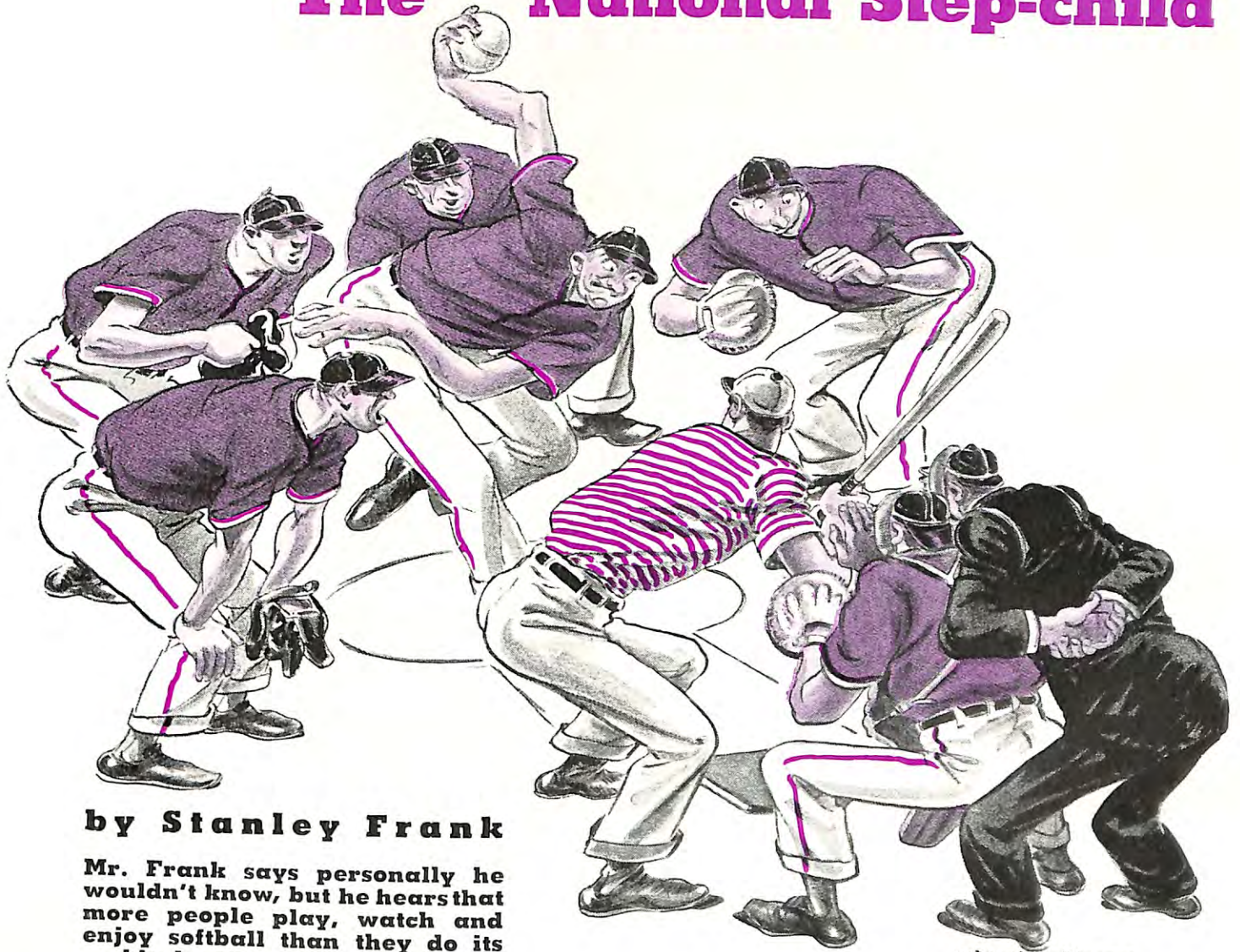
than themselves, and they applaud attempts to make democracy work better in the face of the swing toward totalitarian governments abroad. The reader of "America In Midpassage" will find opinions given emphatically over a vast range of subjects, showing a familiarity with many phenomena of American life, and will be stimulated to think for himself, whether or not he agrees with the Beards' emphatic conclusions. The relation of business to science, of social turmoil to artistic expression; the question of how far the American people approved acts of the Roosevelt administration on which they could not vote; the relation of our domestic affairs to foreign policy and the attitude of workers, citizens in business and the professions, and public officials to the labor movements—these and other subjects come in for consideration from the point of view of authors who want American democracy to function fully and successfully. There is so much in this book that no mere paragraph can convey its richness; it is naturally one of the most important analyses of American life that has been made in twenty-five years, and taken together with "The Rise in American Civilization", does for our age what Bryce's "American Commonwealth" did for readers almost fifty years ago. (Macmillan, \$3.50)

On the Old Cattle Trail

A few months ago I recommended "Powder River: Let 'Er Buck" by Struthers Burt as an excellent human story of the great plains and the cattle country; if you took my advice you will know how to value my suggestion that "We Pointed Them North", the recollections of a cowpuncher, is a fine, original document that revives the stories of the cattle trails. It embodies the recollections of the cowpuncher who was known to his associates in Montana as Teddy Blue and whose real name was E. C. Abbott. Helena Huntington Smith found him in Fergus County, Mont., a few years ago and took his story word for word. It's a corker.

Teddy Blue is the fellow who once rode his horse into the parlor of a Miles City, Mont., resort, jumped out of the window and dashed for the ferry just a few rods ahead of the sheriff, and yelled at a jack rabbit, "Get out of the way, brother, and let a fellow run that can run!" A roistering cowpuncher, he started north with Texas outfits in the days before the fences came, and he found out how herds were kept together, how strag- (Continued on page 47)

The National Step-child



by Stanley Frank

Mr. Frank says personally he wouldn't know, but he hears that more people play, watch and enjoy softball than they do its big brother . . . baseball.

Stanley Frank

TO SAY that softball is sweeping the United States is as vague a piece of reporting as the off-hand comment that Miss Hedy Lamarr is a very wonderful creature because she has such soulful eyes. Both dead-pan statements fail to get down to the fundamental nature of things; they need a blood transfusion to make them come to life. Now, I wouldn't know about Miss Lamarr, worse luck, but softball is such an emotional affair that it was the springboard which introduced the sit-down strike, labor's most powerful convincer, into this country. In spite of it all, everybody loves it.

Mother India has been blamed for such abuses as child marriages, the caste system and screwball maharajas. Certain profound parties tried to hang the rap on India for the wave of sit-downs in this country three years ago on the grounds it was just a manifestation of the passive resistance propounded by Mahatma Gandhi. It was a good try, but the social historians failed to patronize American industries.

The first sit-down strike in the United States occurred at Akron, Ohio, in 1935 during a softball game. More specifically, it took place before the game. Two teams of rubber workers were about to play an industrial league contest when the highly organized workers, all carrying union cards in their hip pockets, discovered the umpire was not a paid-up member in good standing. They laughed when one of the teams sat down and refused to play, but the dissenters weren't clowning. There was no NLRB at the time, but the original umpire was replaced with a union man and the game continued

in discreet disorder. And that started it, so help me.

That's how it is with softball, strictly a synthetic, bush-league game, but awfully important to those who play and watch it. The kid brother and the poor relation of regulation baseball, softball has been ridiculed as a sissified take-off of the real thing. Its fans don't mind much. Essentially a local proposition, softball never has been in competition with baseball and never will. It produces no national heroes. Games interest only those within a radius of a few miles, but in the aggregate, softball attracts more players and spectators than baseball in this country or, for that matter, any other game, with the exception of basketball.

Mr. Frank Menke, the sports historian, estimates there are 72,000,000 softball addicts in America this very minute, a figure exceeded only by basketball, with 90,000,000. Baseball, he maintains, commands an active audience of only 60,000,000. It is not known how many door-bells Mr. Menke rang before he arrived at these free-hand statistics, but there is no doubt that softball has come like a house afire in recent years. In 1925, the total number the game enlisted was something less than three million.

Old-line baseball men haughtily regard softball as a feeble imitation and are pretty contemptuous of it. These snide remarks can be piped down quickly, as every softball nut knows, by a reference to a certain series of games played in the autumn of 1934 at St. Louis.

It so happened there was a rather heavy concentration of major-league baseball (Continued on page 45)



OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
CITY OF SAINT LOUIS
MISSOURI

BERNARD F. DICKMANN
MAYOR

March 16, 1939

Dear Brother:

As Mayor of the City of St. Louis, I wish to extend to you a personal invitation to come to St. Louis this summer for the Elks' Diamond Jubilee Grand Lodge National Reunion during the week of July 10.

I can assure you that we will leave nothing undone to make this convention the finest in the history of the Elks. We are proud to place at your disposal all the facilities of our city.

Our Municipal Opera in Forest Park is presenting a fine musical attraction, "On Your Toes", during convention week. There will be major league baseball at Sportsman's Park. We invite you to visit our famed Art Museum; our many municipal buildings and memorials, including the Jefferson Memorial containing the Lindbergh trophies; the Jewel Box, and Shaw's Garden, where rare botanical attractions are exhibited, and our zoo, one of the finest in the country. And we want you to enjoy a Mississippi River cruise on our million-dollar excursion steamer.

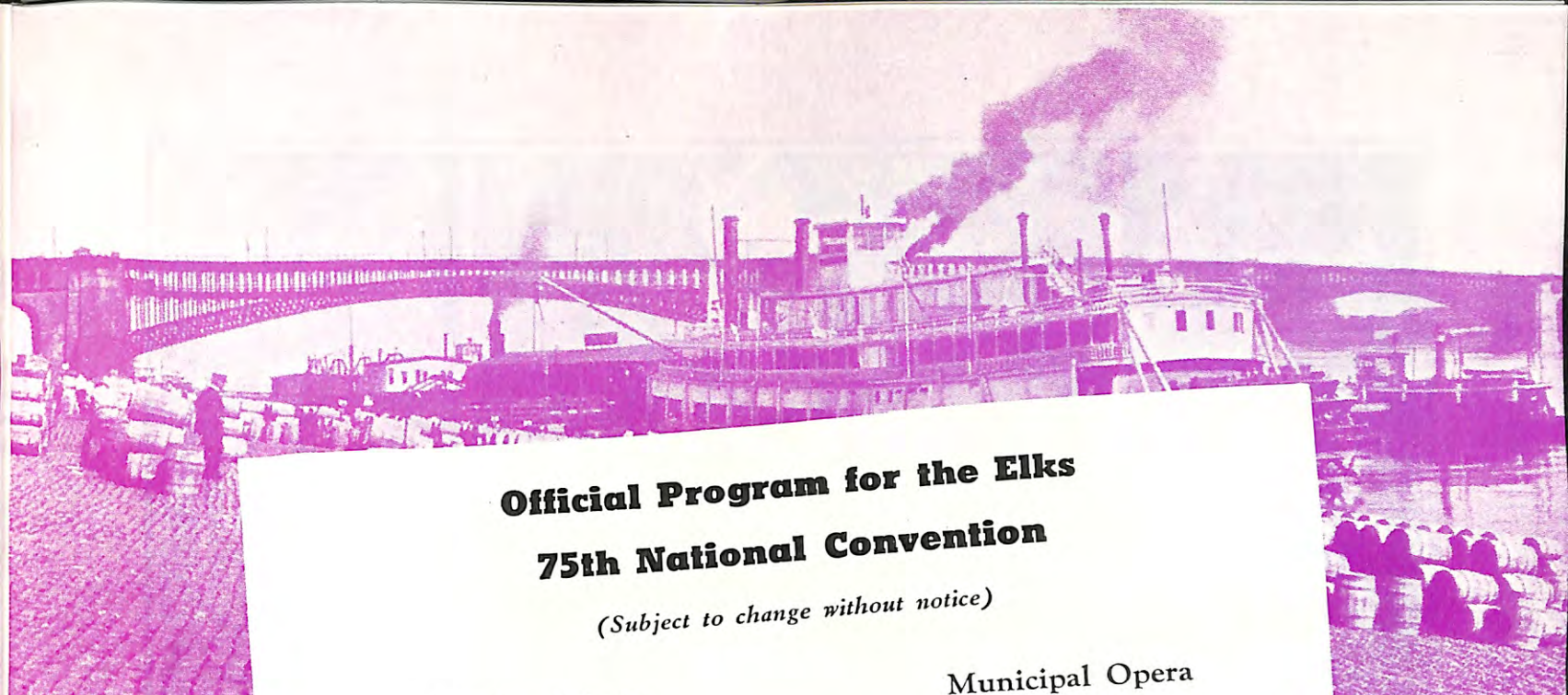
The Elks' Americanism march, a night parade of massive, dignified floats, will be an inspiring part of the convention. There will be countless contests, including parade, band, golf and skeet-shooting competitions -- and, of course, there will be the Grand Lodge Ball and the Grand Lodge National Ritualistic Contest.

We are confident that our city's many facilities, and the features of the convention, with its appealing theme of Americanism, will make your visit a memorable one.

St. Louis bids you -- Welcome!

Bernard F. Dickmann
Bernard F. Dickmann, P.E.R.
Mayor

St. Louis in July



Official Program for the Elks 75th National Convention

(Subject to change without notice)

Sunday, July 9

Registration of Grand Lodge Officers and Delegates.

Monday, July 10

Registration of Grand Lodge Officers and Delegates.

8:30 P.M. Opening Ceremony and Show—Municipal Auditorium.

Tuesday, July 11

10:00 A.M. Business Session of Grand Lodge—Municipal Auditorium.

Afternoon Committee Meetings.

Wednesday, July 12

10:00 A.M. Business Session—Municipal Auditorium.

2:00 P.M. Business Session—Municipal Auditorium.

8:00 P.M. Grand Parade.

11:00 P.M. Grand Lodge Ball—Municipal Auditorium.

Thursday, July 13

10:00 A.M. Final Session.

Open House

St. Louis Lodge No. 9 Clubhouse Open House, Entertainment, Floor Show, Refreshment—All Week.

Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company Open House, Buffet Lunch, Refreshments, Beverage—All Week.

Municipal Opera

"Dream Waltz"—Sunday, July 9.

"On Your Toes"—Musical Comedy, Monday, July 10, and following week.

"Elks Night"—Tuesday, July 11.

Baseball

"Elks Special"—Tuesday, July 11, 2:30 P.M.

"City Championship"—St. Louis Cardinals (National League), and St. Louis Browns (American League).

Boat Excursions, July 10-11-12

Steamer President—Most Beautiful and Largest Boat on the Mississippi River—Day and Moonlight Excursions—Reserved for Elks—Three- to Five-Hour Trips.

Sight-Seeing Trips

July 10-11-12

Lindbergh Trophies—Shaws Garden—Art Galleries—Zoo—Snake House. Two-Hour Trips to Many Historic Places, and Refreshments at Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company.

CONTESTS

July 10-11-12

See Special Announcement to All Lodges

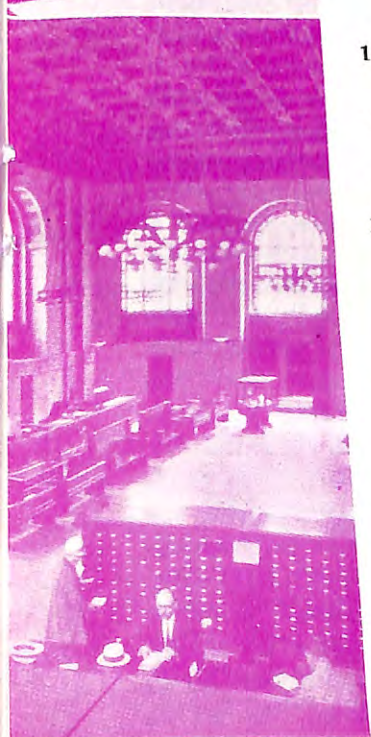
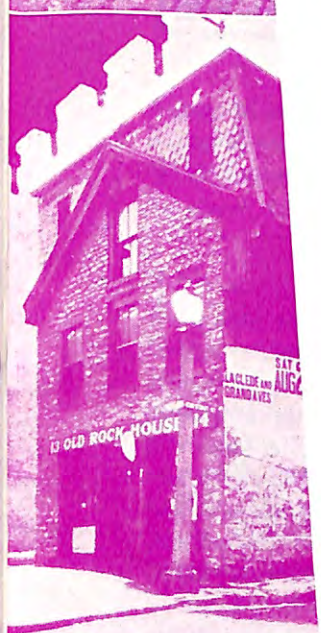
Ritualistic—One Thousand Dollars in Prizes—\$1,000.

Two Thousand Dollars—\$2,000—in Cash Prizes for Band—Drum and Bugle—Glee Club—Drill Team—Floats.

Golf—John J. Doyle \$2,000 Golf Trophy, Plus a Dozen Beautiful and Valuable Prizes.

Trap and Skeet Shooting—Many Valuable Prizes.

Special Entertainment for and by the Ladies.





Drawings by C. B. Falls

EDITORIAL

Flag Day

AT the Dallas (Texas) Session of the Grand Lodge in July, 1908, the observance of Flag Day, June 14th of each year, was made mandatory for subordinate lodges of our Order.

Section 229, Grand Lodge Statutes, reads as follows:

"It shall be the duty of each Subordinate Lodge to hold the service known as 'Flag Day Services' at the time and in the manner prescribed by the Ritual of the Order. The Grand Exalted Ruler may, in exceptional cases and for good cause, grant a dispensation for a different day or to any two or more lodges to hold such services jointly."

Occasionally adjacent lodges have obtained a dispensation to hold a joint ceremonial, but generally each lodge observes the day with appropriate services in its own community. Flag Day is so close to the patriotic heart-throbs of the members of every subordinate lodge that they enthusiastically join in arranging for a public ceremonial in which the impressive ritual prescribed by the Grand Lodge is exemplified. Thus the standing of the lodge in its own jurisdiction is stamped by public approval and non-Elks are influenced to identify themselves with an outstanding patriotic organization. Furthermore, and what is even more important, it serves to stimulate the patriotism of the membership of the lodges. Pride of membership and pride of country go hand in hand.

On June 14th let us all stand at attention and repeat the pledge to the Flag so familiar to every Elk:

"I pledge allegiance to the Flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands, one Nation, indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."

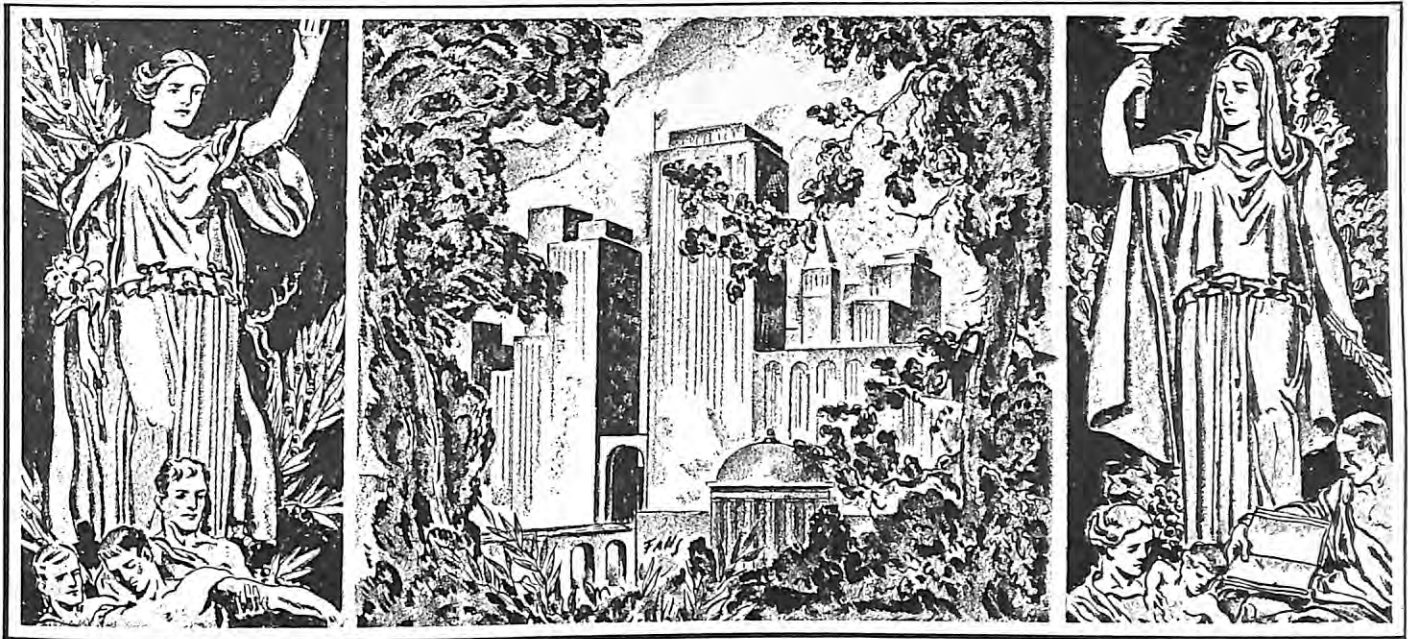
This pledge is always appealing, but never quite so appealing and important as in this Year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-nine and the One Hundred and Sixty-third Year of the Independence of the United States of America.

A Follow-up Campaign

IN our May issue we were privileged to print an open letter from the Grand Exalted Ruler in which he made an appeal to all Elks to take an active interest in assisting foreigners residing in the United States to become naturalized citizens. We enthusiastically endorse all the Grand Exalted Ruler said in that letter and hope that every Elk read it carefully and will become active in carrying the suggestions into practical effect. The initiative is part of the duty of the officers, especially the Exalted Ruler, of every subordinate lodge. This appeal must not go unheeded for it outlines a practical program which when fully carried out will demonstrate that the patriotism of our Order consists of concrete accomplishments rather than mere high-sounding phrases.

There are thousands of foreigners who have resided in the United States for many years who will welcome information as to how they may become citizens of their adopted country and who will appreciate a guiding and helpful hand to this end. Many of them have the desire, but have hesitated to take the necessary steps because they have not known how to go about it. Others fear they cannot properly answer the questions which will be propounded to them. Still others have merely neglected to make application for naturalization, fully intending to do so at some convenient time. The Grand Exalted Ruler has forcefully outlined how all of these situations may be met and the problems solved in a practical way. Thus he has presented an activity which must appeal to the patriotism of every Elk, and has pointed the way to real service doing our bit to preserve and protect our American institutions that this generation may transmit to succeeding generations the blessings of freedom and liberty which we enjoy, but are sometimes prone to appraise too lightly.

The Grand Exalted Ruler is to be congratulated on the splendid success of his Americanism campaign. He now has



suggested a "follow-up" campaign which we are sure will be equally successful. Let us all pull together and, to use a slang phrase, put it across.

Religion and Democracy

It is often asserted that religion is democracy's first line of defense against dictatorial government. Current events in some foreign countries lend credence to this statement. It is also asserted that Bible reading and Bible study are gradually being displaced by the reading of novels, magazines and newspapers, and that attendance on religious services has been materially curtailed by the ever-increasing use of the automobile and by games and amusements of various kinds, many of which are brought into the home by radio, which soon will be augmented by television. All of this is food for serious reflection by those zealous in their belief in a democratic form of government.

In this connection it is interesting to note the result of a recent survey conducted by the American Institute of Public Opinion, popularly known as The Gallup Poll. The survey was made to determine what books of all time have the greatest interest for contemporary readers of America. A cross section of men and women in every walk of life in every State, as they responded to the question, "What is the most interesting book you have ever read?" disclosed that the Bible received the most votes. This would seem to refute the theory that Bible reading is on the decline and give encouragement to those claiming that religion is the real foundation of our democratic form of government.

The survey made other disclosures, however, which are less reassuring. It disclosed that the Bible was most popular among those over fifty years of age, that it was much less popular among those from thirty to fifty, and that a very small percentage of those under thirty even mentioned it.

Whether this indicates a falling off in religious sentiment among those under thirty as compared with those of more advanced age may be open to question, but it is not open to question that the preservation of our form of government is largely dependent on the young men and women of

America. If, therefore, it be a fact, as to which we have no doubt, that our democratic institutions are buttressed on religion, a revival of religious sentiment and of Bible study in the younger generation should be encouraged.

It has often been said that we are not truly appreciative of that which has come to us without effort or sacrifice on our part. It cannot be denied that such things are often accepted with complacent indifference. Let this not be said of our blessings of liberty and religious freedom.

Utilizing a Hobby

THE Social and Community Welfare Committee of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge No. 37 is engaged in a laudable activity which might well be adopted by other lodges. It manufactures bird-houses which it presents to anyone interested in preserving bird life. They are principally made from waste material and hence the cost is small. Also from waste material this committee has made up over five thousand toys which it has presented to poor children at Christmas time.

Perhaps every lodge in our Order has one or more members with a penchant for woodwork. Some follow it as a hobby and are equipped with all necessary tools to do good work. Frequently they are at a loss to find something to do in their shops, and would gladly undertake to make bird boxes and toys if they knew that they would be made to serve some useful purposes through the medium of a distributing agency such as a lodge committee.

Waste material accumulates in every lumber yard, in fact, about every household, and can be had for the mere asking. Many hobbies serve no useful purpose, but wood-working is not one of them. The joy and satisfaction which would come to the amateur craftsman in making birdhouses and especially toys for poor children would compensate him a thousand-fold for his time. A little piece of wood, a little paint and a little time will make next Christmas more enjoyable for many children. Why not try it out in your lodge? Ask for volunteers and you will be surprised at the response.



Left: The Arch of Americanism which has been erected in the grand foyer of the home of Los Angeles Lodge. E.R. Elmer D. Doyle stands in the foreground.

Elks Americanism Program Enjoys Success

REPORTS on the success of Americanism Week received from subordinate lodges in all parts of the country, as well as newspaper editorials and thousands of news stories, reveal that the subordinate

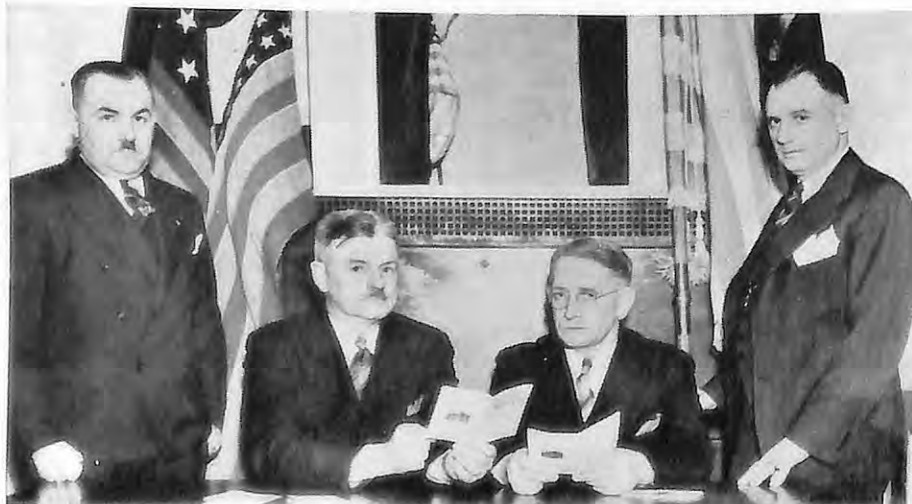
lodges of the Nation responded wholeheartedly to the Americanism Week appeal of Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Grand Exalted Ruler, and that the American people supported with genuine enthusiasm the Elks' program.

Not only did the subordinate lodges carry out their Americanism Week activities vigorously, thoroughly and effectively, but they secured the cooperation of leading citizens in their communities and enlisted the support of many substantial groups, thus reflecting the high regard in which the Elks are held by their fellow-citizens. Numerous city officials issued official proclamations calling upon their citizens to support Americanism Week. Clergymen hailed the Elks' Americanism Week from their pulpits. Civic associations rallied behind the program. Prominent professional men, members of the Judiciary, leaders of the Boy Scout movement, the American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, merchants, bankers, educators and leaders of women's organizations assisted in making this nation-wide program an event of real significance.

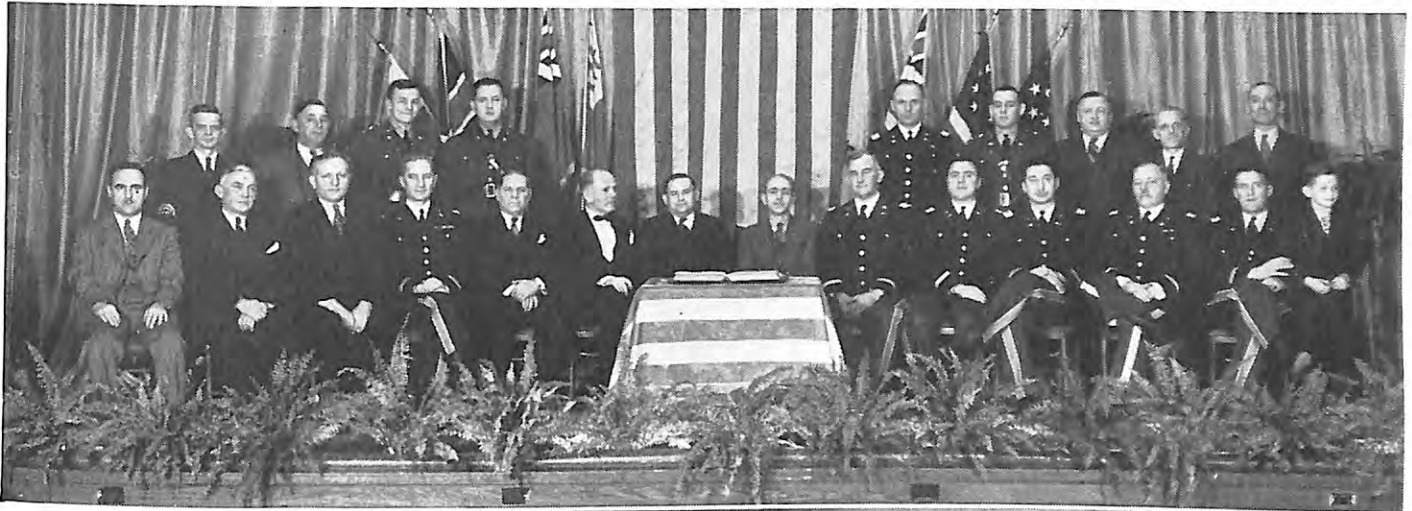
So widespread were the country's Americanism Week celebrations and so generally did the subordinate lodges respond to the plea of the Grand Exalted Ruler that it is not possible to do more than pick at random a relatively small number of lodges and, relating their activities in this program, let them typify what the Order as a whole accomplished. In general, the program for the week included public meetings, public addresses, parades, rallies and radio broadcasts, and brought before millions of Americans the need today for a vigorous spirit of Americanism to counteract the insidious spread of vicious alien "isms" in this country.

Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, No. 221, placed its Americanism Week activities in charge of Col. William F. Murray, retired United States Army officer, who arranged for meetings to be held under the auspices of Jacksonville Lodge in public and parochial schools. His committee sponsored a broadcast over a local radio station and held a public meeting at Hemmin Park. The work of the Jacksonville Elks impressed the entire community with the patriotic nature of the Elks and reflected the manner in which the Order is in the forefront in promoting Americanism.

In Donora, Pa., scores of aliens took out their first citizenship papers as part of the Americanism Week program carried on by Donora



Left: Distinguished Elks who were present at the climax of Americanism Week as it was sponsored by Gary, Ind., Lodge. Henry C. Warner, former member of the Board of Grand Trustees and a candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler, is shown seated second from left.



Above: Those distinguished Elks who were on the speakers' platform at Red Bank, N. J., Lodge when Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, sixth from left in the front row, delivered a patriotic address.

Right: A frequent scene at Donora, Pa., where Donora Lodge is sponsoring a campaign to naturalize aliens of its district.



Lodge, No. 1265. This unusual activity was jointly sponsored by Donora Lodge and the Donora *Herald-American* and received national recognition when the story of what the Donora Elks were doing was carried over the wires of the Associated Press.

At Louisville, Kentucky, Dr. Edward J. McCormick appeared before an immense gathering at the Jefferson County Armory and delivered the principal address of the Americanism Week program arranged by Louisville Lodge No. 8. Upwards of 15,000 persons attended this meeting, which was the high-spot of the week's activities.

In Aliquippa, Pa., the Woodlawn Lodge program was hailed in a proclamation issued by Burgess George L. Kiefer, calling upon all citizens to take part in the activities initiated by the Elks and urging all to display the American Flag for the period of Americanism Week.

A similar proclamation was issued in Hagerstown, Md., by the Mayor and Hagerstown Lodge No. 378 in cooperation with the local American Legion. Arrangements were made for the local newspaper to carry a series of articles on how to respect and care for the American Flag. These articles attracted the attention of the entire community to the work of the Elks. In a public ceremony

Right: Frank Bartel, commander of Kenosha Post of the American Legion, presents a citation to E.R. Arthur J. Schmitz of Kenosha, Wis., Lodge for the outstanding patriotic work of the Lodge over a period of many years.

at the Maryland Theatre in that city a Catholic priest, a Jewish rabbi and a Protestant minister took part in a public Americanism ceremony, which emphasized tolerance as a keystone of Americanism.

Even Los Angeles, accustomed to the spectacular and normally blasé so far as celebrations are concerned, was impressed with the program of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99. Mayor Bowron urged the support of all citizens in a public proclamation and the Los Angeles Elks presented a tableau,

"The Evolution of American Presidents", preceded by a program of patriotic music by the Elks Chanters and the Symphony Orchestra. Joseph Scott, attorney and authority on the Constitution of the United States, delivered the principal address of the Los Angeles Americanism Week program.

Many New England lodges held enthusiastic Americanism Week ceremonies. In Pawtucket, R. I., Pawtucket Lodge No. 920 held a patri-

(Continued on page 44)





Above: A dinner held by Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge on the occasion of the installation of officers. Among those at the speakers' table are Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan; George M. Cohan, the well-known stage celebrity, and Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick.

Under the ANTLERS

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Anderson, Ind., Lodge Subscribes For Honorary Founder's Certificate

An event of great importance in the history of Anderson, Ind., Lodge, No. 209, took place recently when a check for \$1,000, payable to the Elks National Foundation, was presented to Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick by the Exalted Ruler of Anderson Lodge, to pay for an Honorary Founder's Certificate. The presentation was made in Union City, Ind., where Dr. McCormick and

visiting Elks were attending the Central District Meeting and ceremonies in connection with the dedication of the new home of Union City Lodge No. 1534.

In presenting the check, the Exalted Ruler stated that Anderson Lodge proposes to give \$1,000 a year to the Foundation. This is not only a fine gesture on the part of the lodge but evidence of the efficient management of its finances and the splendid cooperation that exists among the offi-

cers and members. This is the first time that a lodge in the Order has pledged itself to make a substantial annual contribution to the Foundation after it has completed its payment for a thousand-dollar subscription as an Honorary Founder.

Flag Day to be Observed by Elks at New York World's Fair

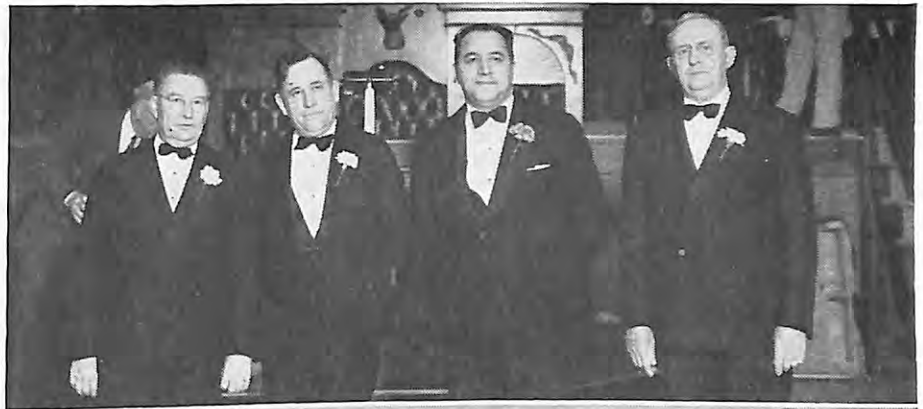
Wednesday, June 14, has been officially proclaimed "Elks' Day" at the New York World's Fair, 1939, according to an announcement made by Charles Spencer Hart, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, who is Chairman of the Advisory Committee for Fraternal and Service Organizations of the Fair. The day, especially significant for many years to the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, will be celebrated with special ceremonies.

Delegations, bands, drill teams and other uniformed units of lodges throughout the East are expected to



Left: The winners in the essay contest on Americanism conducted by Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge are shown at a dinner held at the lodge home. Standing are members of the lodge committee which sponsored the contest.

Right: Special District Deputy William Frasier of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, E.R. M. A. deBettencourt of Houston Lodge and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain who were present at Houston, Texas, Lodge when a class of 120 was initiated.



gather in "The Court of Peace" at 4:00 P.M. for the special Elks ceremonies. The ceremonies will be brief, to enable members of surrounding lodges to return home for their own special "Flag Day" ceremonies in the evening.

The occasion will underscore the patriotism of the Order, Mr. Hart said. A special feature of the Elks program in "The Court of Peace" will emphasize to the thousands who are visiting the Fair the Order's leadership in love of Flag and of country. There will be an inspiring mass Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag by the thousands of Elks who are attending "Elks Day" at the Fair.

Grand Trustee Joseph G. Buch a Leading N. J. Elk and Citizen

P.E.R. Joseph G. Buch, Treasurer of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, was appointed a member of the Board of Grand Trustees this past February and elected Vice-Chairman of the Board at the organization meeting. Mr. Buch was born on August 7, 1881. He was initiated into Trenton Lodge on April 19, 1906. After having served in all the other offices, he was elected Exalted Ruler for the year 1909-10. In 1916 he was elected Treasurer of the lodge and has held that office up to the present time. He was appointed District Deputy in 1918 and the next year became a member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee. In 1924 he was appointed a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and in 1937-38 he served as a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge.

In 1921 Mr. Buch was elected Trustee of the N. J. State Elks Association. He has held this office since that time with the exception of



Above: Two officers of Clearwater, Fla., Lodge present one of the many American Flags which were given to flagless school rooms in Clearwater.

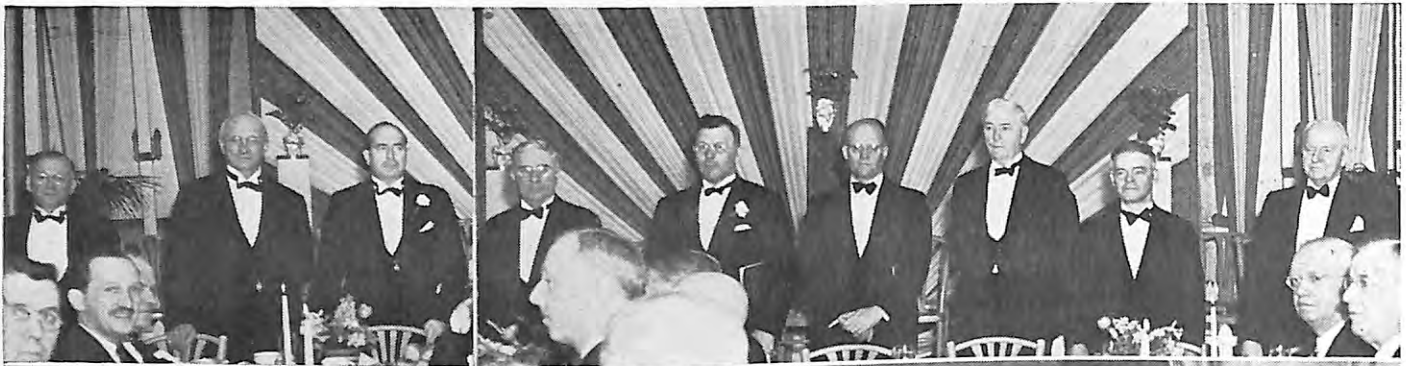
the year 1922-23 when he served as State President. Mr. Buch is at present Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of Trenton Lodge and General Chairman of the N. J. State Elks' Crippled Children Committee, and has served continuously in both offices since the year 1923. In July, 1929, he was appointed by the Grand Exalted Ruler as Special Grand Deputy to visit Illinois, North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska, Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, California, Oregon and

the State of Washington for the purpose of explaining the New Jersey plan for carrying on the work of aiding crippled children. Through his visitations many States adopted the activity and are engaging in the work with marked success.

On October 4, 1926, Mr. Buch was appointed a member of the N. J. State Crippled Children Commission by Gov. A. Harry Moore, P.E.R. of Jersey City Lodge, and at the organization meeting following his appoint-

Below is a large class which was initiated into the Order by Prescott, Ariz., Lodge.





At top are distinguished Elks who were present at the 35th Anniversary celebration of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, fourth from left, was the principal speaker.

Morgan F. Larson. Mr. Buch was appointed, in November, 1937, a member of the Unemployment Compensation Commission by the Hon. Harold G. Hoffman, Governor of New Jersey. This appointment was immediately and unanimously confirmed by the State Senate. Upon assuming office, Mr. Buch was elected Chairman of the Commission and still holds this important position. In September, 1938, he was appointed a member of the N. J. Council and Advisory Committee, National Youth Administration.

Above: Members of Appleton, Wis., Lodge for 25 years or more were present at P.E.R.s' and Old Timers' Night. State Pres. T. F. McDonald is seated in the front row, sixth from left.

ment, he was elected Chairman-Director of the Commission. He has been reappointed by other Governors and is still serving as Chairman-Director. In May, 1928, Gov. Moore appointed Mr. Buch a member of the State Rehabilitation Commission, of which he is still a member, having been reappointed by succeeding Governors. In December, 1928, Mr. Buch was awarded the Civic Cup given the outstanding citizen of Trenton for the year, the presentation being made in the Capitol Theatre in Trenton by former Governor

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Officers Installed by Dr. McCormick
The 36th staff of officers of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, which has the largest membership in the Order, was installed on April

18 by Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick. The Grand Exalted Ruler, who made a special trip from Toledo for the ceremonies, was met by a welcoming committee of 65 physician members of the lodge. George M. Cohan, world-famous stage star, a member of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, and proud of the fact that he has been a member of the Order in good standing for more than 35 years, contributed greatly to the success of the evening, entertaining with recitations, patriotic selections and current song hits. Selections were rendered by the Elks Glee Club, and an exhibition was given by the Drill Team, directed by Fred Wagner. Among the honored guests were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Supreme Court Justice, and Congressman-at-Large P.D.D. Matthew J. Merritt, P.E.R.'s of Queens Borough Lodge; D.D. Samuel C. Duberstein, Magistrate Sylvester Sabbatino,



Left: E.R. I. W. Cowan, left, of Compton, Calif., Lodge receives the first-prize check of \$500 from R. S. Redington, right, Chairman of the Santa Anita Charity Day Executive Committee, as Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, center, smiles his approval. Compton Lodge won the prize for selling the most tickets for Charity Day at Santa Anita Race Track.



Left are the four Denver, Colo., winners of the Elks Annual Boxing Tournament.

P.D.D. Thomas F. Cuite, Secy., and Harry Wolff, P.E.R.'s of Brooklyn Lodge; P.E.R. W. P. Dunne, Bronx Lodge; County Clerk Paul Livoti; former Aldermanic President William Brunner, and Magistrate Jenkin R. Hockert. Exalted Rulers were present from 10 lodges in the Southeast District.

Dr. McCormick addressed the audience on Americanism. P.E.R. Supreme Court Justice Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a set of glassware, a gift from Queens Borough Lodge. Frank O'Connor made the presentation of a desk clock to Mr. Cohan, and the new Exalted Ruler, John Frank, was presented with a traveling bag by P.E.R. John Scileppi, Deputy County Clerk. The retiring Exalted Ruler, William P. Schmitt, was voted a Life Membership.

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge Celebrates Its 35th Anniversary

The 35th anniversary of the founding of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, was celebrated on April 13. The evening began with an impressive memorial service for departed members, led by P.E.R. Attorney Philip O'Brien and attended by more than 200 Elks. In the main ball room, beautifully decorated, the second part of the program was directed by Toastmaster P.E.R. John J. D. McCormick. It included the anniversary dinner, singing by the Elks Choral Club, and the presentation by P.E.R. Thomas F. Griffin of Honorary Life Memberships to those charter members who were present. Acceptance was made by the first Exalted Ruler of the lodge, P.E.R. John F. Sheehan. Eleven Honorary Life Memberships were awarded in all, six of the remaining charter members being unable to attend.

Among those who were seated at the head table were the speakers of the evening—Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge; James J. Murray, for 21 years Secretary of Holyoke Lodge; P.E.R. Attorney Clifford S.

Lyon; Mr. McCormick, Mayor William P. Yoerg and Congressman Allen T. Treadway, together with other distinguished Elks including E.R. Albert W. Southard, P.E.R. P. J. Garvey, Past Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., Thomas Griffin, Esquire of the lodge, and P.E.R. F. Herbert Webster.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge Establishes Speech Clinic for Children

In response to the request of the Grand Exalted Ruler that the subordinate lodges adopt a civic activity program, Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, recently established a Speech Clinic for the treatment of stuttering and speech defect cases among underprivileged children. Robert J. Fry, a member of the lodge, is serving, without compensation, as Director of the Clinic, and under his tutelage cures already effected have been phenomenal. Several boys from

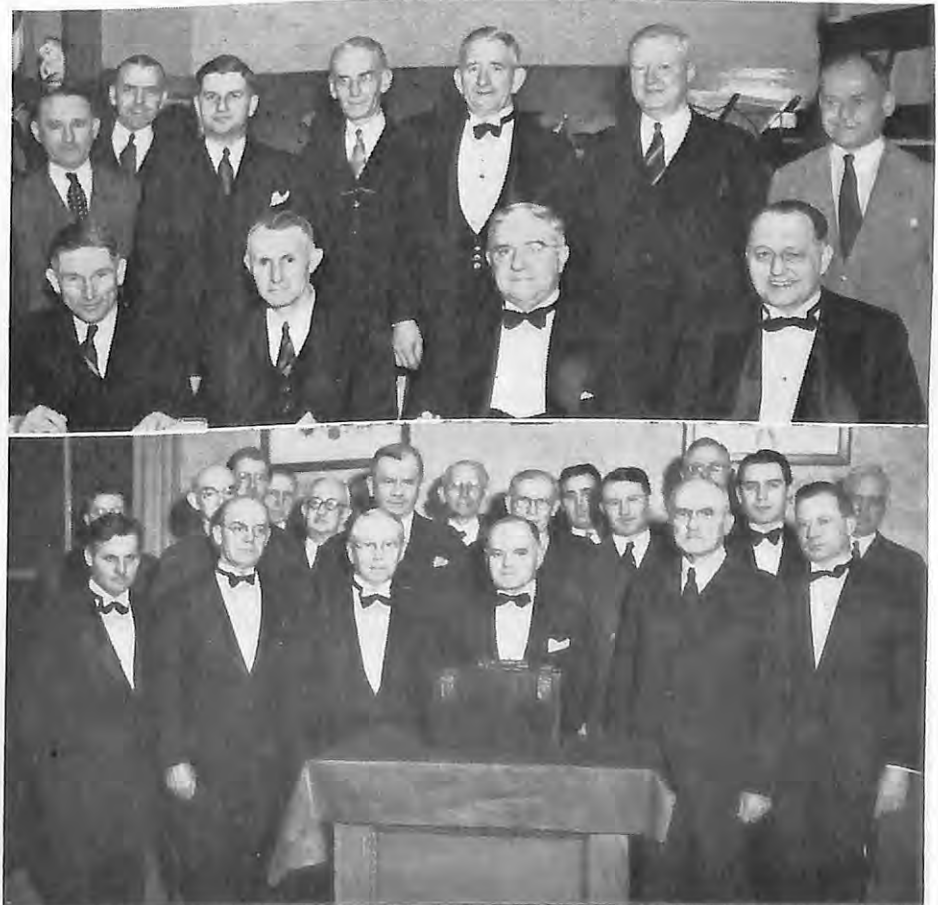
six to 12 years old have been taught to talk who previously could not utter a word.

Mr. Fry believes in the value of physical exercise during the period of treatment and his private tutoring in speech correction and general psychological readjustment is supplemented by work in the Elks' gymnasium under the supervision of Physical Director Arney Faust. The accomplishments of the Clinic have received a large amount of publicity in the press, reflecting great credit on Seattle Lodge.

Senator James Hamilton Lewis, P.E.R. of Seattle, Wash., Lodge

Funeral services for United States Senator James Hamilton Lewis, senior P.E.R. of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, were held on April 12 in the Senate Chamber in Washington, attended by President Franklin D. Roosevelt, members of the Cabinet, Justices of the Supreme Court, colleagues in Congress and diplomatic representatives of foreign governments. The services lasted twenty-eight minutes. When the

Below are prominent Massachusetts Elks who were present at the 35th Anniversary celebration of Beverly, Mass., Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation, is seated third from left.



Right: Well known citizens and Elks of Woburn, Mass., who were present when a cardiette machine was presented to the Woburn Choate Memorial Hospital Charitable Association by Woburn Lodge.



At top: Officers and members of the New Jersey State Elks Assn. who gathered for the State Ritualistic Contest finals at Belleville, N. J., Lodge recently. Elizabeth Lodge won the competition.



Left: Officers and members of San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge with their mascot, "Emaline", shown as they embarked on a wide-spread membership campaign.

Chamber had been cleared, the casket was borne down the steps of the Senate wing of the Capitol between rows of Senators and Representatives, designated to represent the two Houses at the burial which took place in the Abbey Mausoleum, across the

Military Road from Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Va. Mr. Lewis was born May 18, 1863. He was initiated into Seattle Lodge January 26, 1893, and was almost immediately elected Exalted Ruler, serving during the lodge year of

1893-94. He was voted an Honorary Life Membership on April 4, 1901. During the nineties, Mr. Lewis was active in politics in the State of Washington and served one term as Congressman. Later, taking up his residence in Chicago, he became Corporation Counsel, and was subsequently elected United States Senator from Illinois. He was serving in that capacity at the time of his death which occurred on April 9, 1939. Seattle Lodge held Memorial Services in his honor on April 13. E.R. Henry Clay Agnew, P.E.R. E. B. Herald and former State Senator William Wray spoke in memoriam.

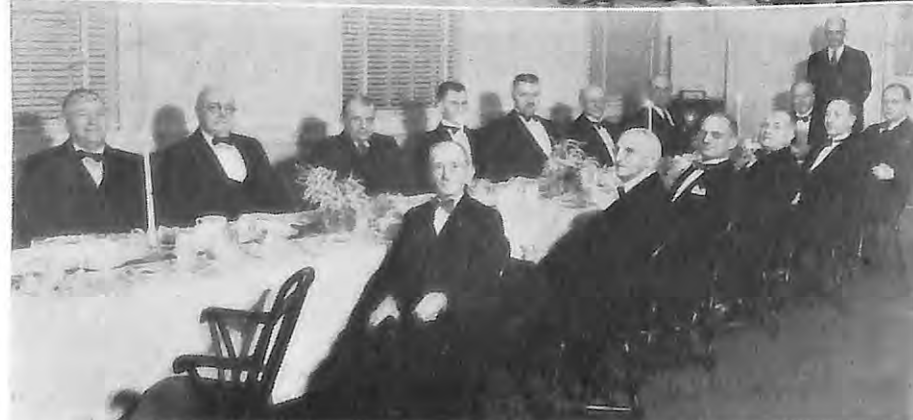


"Educational Officers' Meeting" Held at Alameda, Calif., Lodge

The second "educational officers' meeting", held in the California Bay District, took place in the beautiful lodge room of Alameda Lodge No. 1015 on Sunday, March 12. It was attended by representatives of all the lodges within the jurisdiction of D.D. Sherwood Jones of Alameda. After he had extended an official welcome, E.R. Donald Quayle turned the meeting over to the District Deputy. A general discussion followed, covering the problems with which officers of the various lodges are faced, and acquainting each lodge with the activities of the others.

All in attendance were inspired by

Above, left: Officers and members of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge and their sons are shown as they packed baskets with all manner of food for hungry homes within the Lodge's jurisdiction.



Left: P.E.R.'s of Medford, Ore., Lodge on the occasion of their annual banquet on P.E.R.'s' Night.

Right: At the opening of the 22nd annual Elks Bowling Association of America Tournament at Toledo are shown Secy-Treas. John J. Gray; Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick; Roy C. Start, Mayor of Toledo, and Phil A. Birkenhauer, Pres. of the Elks Bowling Association.



talks made by Grand Trustee Fred B. Mellmann of Oakland, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott of San Francisco, who spoke on the functions of the Grand Lodge. Ways and purposes of maintaining a lodge budget were described by Fred Nance, Chairman of the Auditing Committee of Alameda Lodge.

State Ritualistic Finals Held at Belleville, N. J., Lodge

Officers of the N. J. State Elks Association and other prominent Elks from the 61 lodges of the State, more than 200 in all, assembled in the home of Belleville, N. J., Lodge, No. 1123, for the State Ritualistic Contest finals. The Ritual was beautifully exemplified by Elizabeth, Lyndhurst and Dover Lodges. Mount Holly Lodge, also scheduled to compete, was unable to do so when one of the members of the team became ill.

Elizabeth Lodge No. 289 won with a total score of 98.98, Lyndhurst was second with 98.96, and Dover third with 98.05. The personnel of the

Below: Officers of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge and a large class of candidates initiated into the Lodge in honor of State Pres. Alex W. Crane.

Elizabeth team, now holder of the State Championship, was as follows: E.R., Victor H. Eichhorn; Est. Lead. Knight, J. A. Kervick; Est. Loy. Knight, G. R. Bock; Est. Lect. Knight, E. F. Donahue; Esq., Charles Schallcross; Chaplain, C. V. Kronimus; Inner Guard, Frank Brown; Secy., E. J. Hirtzel; Treas., J. J. Higgins; Tiler, S. C. MacCartan. Arrangements for the contest in Belleville were made by E.R. Harold A. Gahr and P.E.R. Harold Cavanaugh. Past Exalted Rulers made up the Reception Committee. Among the Elk dignitaries who attended were State Pres. Howard F. Lewis, Burlington; State Vice-Pres.'s Dr. Fred H. Roever, Hillside, Joseph Miscia, Montclair, and Edward Griffin, Bayonne; Past State Pres.'s George L. Hirtzel, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and Murray Sheldon, Elizabeth; State Chairman, Ritualistic Contests,

Nelson A. Pomfret, Paterson; State Chairman of the Publicity Committee William J. Jernick, Nutley, and D.D. Robert B. Groat, Washington, N. J. During the afternoon and evening musical selections were rendered, and a buffet lunch was served.

Celebration of 25th Anniversary At Beverly, Mass., Lodge

Beverly, Mass., Lodge, No. 1309, observed its 25th Anniversary with a banquet and entertainment and a fine speaking program, attended by nearly 200 members and guests. The highlight of the celebration was the entrance of the lodge into the Elks National Foundation. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation

At bottom: A class of 72 candidates which was recently initiated into Jackson, Tenn., Lodge.





Left: City Health Director Dr. James R. Smith of Erie, Pa., accepts a bill of sale in the name of the City of Erie for an automatic drainage and aspirating outfit, and a resuscitator and inhalator machine, presented by Erie Lodge.

Trustees, welcomed the lodge into the Foundation whose aims and achievements he explained in his address, the principal one of the evening. Mayor Daniel E. McLean, acting on behalf of the lodge, presented the check for one hundred dollars to Mr. Malley.

P.E.R. S. John Connolly of Beverly Lodge, Mr. Malley's official secretary during his term as Grand Exalted Ruler, and P.E.R. W. H. McSweeney of Salem, Mass., Lodge, a member of the staff which instituted Beverly Lodge, were among the prominent Elks who were present. Toastmaster Joseph M. Greenlaw, P.E.R., was introduced by the Exalted Ruler, Horace J. H. Sears who opened the anniversary program and made the welcoming speech.

"Inter-Lodge Friendship Night" at Marion, Ind., Lodge a Success

By special dispensation granted through D.D. Carl T. Bartlett of Muncie, Marion, Ind., Lodge, No. 195, changed its meeting night of March 8 to March 10 and held an "Inter-Lodge Friendship Night" with the neighboring lodges of Hartford City, Muncie, Anderson, Union City, Elwood, Portland, Alexandria and Tipton, Ind., as guests. The affair opened with a banquet. An "All Star" staff of officers from various lodges, headed by E.R. Leo J. Keim of Marion, presided at the meeting, the largest ever held by the host lodge. W. C. Groebl, Shelbyville, long-time Secretary of the Ind. State Elks Assn., was a special guest and one of the speakers. A class of candidates, three for Marion Lodge, two for Elwood and four for Muncie, were initiated by an "All-Star" Degree Team with E.R. Walter Hayden of Muncie Lodge in charge.

Marion Lodge is again financing "The Signal", a safety bulletin published by the local high school. On March 15 the lodge observed its 48th anniversary with a banquet and meeting and honored its only living

charter member, Charles Halderman. Mr. Halderman was presented with an electric clock and engraved cigarette cases were given Fred Sweetser and P.E.R. Harry Charles. Both have been Elks for 43 years and both are life members.

Danbury, Conn., Lodge Honors Judge Martin J. Cunningham

In recognition of his thirty-five years of membership as an Elk, Judge Martin J. Cunningham, Mayor of Danbury, P.E.R. of Danbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 120, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight and a present member of the Grand Lodge

Committee on Judiciary, was given a testimonial dinner by the lodge some weeks ago. The festivities took place in the Peacock Room of the Hotel Green. The attendance was not limited to members of the Order, and representatives of practically every fraternal, civic, business and manufacturing group in the community were present with several hundred Elks to pay tribute to the sterling qualities which have distinguished Judge Cunningham as an Elk, a public official and a citizen.

The speakers of the evening were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, P.E.R. James L. McGovern, Bridgeport, Editor of the *Times-Star*, and the Rev. Hamilton H. Kellogg, Rector of St. James Episcopal Church, Danbury. Mr. Malley and Judge Cun-

Below: Elks and city officials of Akron, Ohio, pictured in front of the Akron Lodge home on the occasion of the presentation of a second traffic safety car by Akron Lodge to the City.



Right: The Holyoke, Mass., Lodge Basketball Team which won the championship of the City League.

Right: Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick embarks in a Goodyear Blimp for a trip from Akron to Alliance, Ohio.



ningham were fellow students at the Yale Law School. Dr. Samuel F. Mullins, Danbury, was Toastmaster. The speeches were interspersed with vocal solos and orchestra music was furnished by a group of Danbury musicians. To Mr. McGovern fell the honor of presenting Judge Cunningham with a memento of the occasion, a handsome gold watch with his name M. J. Cunningham appearing on the face instead of the customary numerals to mark the hours.

Judge Cunningham was the first President of the Connecticut State Elks Association, and two years later was elected to serve a second term. An Honorary Life Membership was conferred upon him by Danbury Lodge in 1928 for distinguished service to the lodge and the Order.

Santa Barbara, Calif., Antlers Attend a Meeting in Los Angeles

Members of the Antlers Lodge sponsored by Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, enjoyed a two-day participation in a recent meeting held in Los Angeles in which the Antlers of Huntington Park, Alhambra and Los Angeles, Calif., also took part. The main purpose of the meeting was to promote interest in the reorganization of various Antlers Lodges of the State. At the same time plans were made for the organization of ritualistic teams to compete at the 1939 Convention of the California State Elks Association.

The four Exalted Antlers of the lodges, Dave Karp, Los Angeles, Edward Miratti, Santa Barbara, Gil Mahorney, Huntington Park, and Bill Norris, Alhambra, were speakers on the program, along with members of the Advisory Councils, committee chairmen, guest speakers and Past Exalted Antlers. Social activities of the week-end included dancing, swimming, bowling, basketball and several dinners.

Lawrenceville, Ill., Elks Give Annual Bingo Party For Charity

Time has shown that the officers of Lawrenceville, Ill., Lodge, No. 1208, in charge in 1921, made a wise choice when they decided upon the rehabilitation of underprivileged, crippled children as an activity that would be of lasting benefit to the community. Until 1937 the work was financed entirely by the lodge, with little publicity. Attention was attracted, however, by the growing number of cases where children had become active and useful as a result of the Elks rehabilitation program,



Above: P.E.R.'s of Redlands, Calif., Lodge photographed on Past Exalted Rulers Night.

and many persons outside the lodge expressed the desire to help. It was then that the two-day Elks Annual Benefit Bingo Party came into existence.

Each year, on the Saturday before the party is held—always the Wednesday and Thursday of the first week in February—the Lawrenceville *Daily Record* donates its entire front page and three-quarters of another for publicity on the event. The parties are so popular that the lodge home is taxed to handle the crowds. This year 1606 tickets were sold.

For the past 18 years A. J. Faust has been in charge of the work.

Through his efforts and the visits he makes to the homes of parents, it is believed that every underprivileged crippled child in the county has been "contacted." In the past 11 months 45 children have been rehabilitated wholly or in part; 27 of them have been sent to Research Hospital in Chicago as often as necessary, and eight have been supplied with eyeglasses. Lawrenceville Lodge maintains from six to eight beds in the Chicago Research Hospital and they are occupied at all times.

Right: Secy. L. H. Gilbert burns the mortgage on the Albion, N. Y. Lodge home as officers and members look on.





Compton, Calif., Lodge Receives Prize At Second Victory Dinner

For the second consecutive year, Compton, Calif., Lodge, No. 1570, won the \$500 first prize for selling the largest percentage of tickets in the Santa Anita Charity Day ticket contest. During the annual Victory Dinner, which was attended by 150 persons, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles Lodge, made the announcement that permission had been granted by the Board of Grand Trustees for starting construction on Compton Lodge's new building. Again this year the race track motif was carried out in the decorations and table appointments. Among those present were P.E.R. Robert S. Redington, Los Angeles, Chairman and P.E.R.'s Raymond C. Crowell, Pasadena, George Wickham, Glendale, J. L. Hofer, Huntington Park, and Glen Rood, Compton, members of the Elks Charity Day Executive Committee; P.D.D. George Hastings, Glendale; Mayor Leroy Aylmer, Compton, members of the City Council, and other leading Elks and officials.

During the lodge meeting which followed the Victory Dinner, presentation of the prize-winning check was made by Mr. Redington to E.R. Lawrence W. Cowan, to be placed in the Charity Fund of Compton Lodge. The annual Charity Day races are sponsored by four groups in Los Angeles County—Elk, Shrine, Jewish and Catholic. To stimulate ticket selling, the Elks Charity Day Executive Committee offers prize money to the lodge selling the most tickets on a per capita basis. This year P.E.R. Ralph Pierson and his committee sold 638 tickets for a percentage of .303 or better than 200 per cent more than the lodge finishing second. Mr. Shannon congratulated the lodge and also spoke on the Order and Americanism.

Right: Elks of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge who were present at a party given for all those members whose birthdays occurred during that month. Past Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, is third from the right in the first row.

Above: E.R. F. Leo Gallagher of Providence, R. I., Lodge is shown seated in the center of a large class of candidates initiated in his honor.

Ground was broken and actual construction started on the new lodge home April 3. The building permit calls for a \$10,000 building, constructed so that future additions may be made. It is expected that the structure will be completed about July 1.

Butte, Mont., Lodge Honors P.E.R. Archie McTaggart, P.D.D.

Special honors were paid P.E.R. Archie McTaggart by Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, at a meeting preceded by a dinner held at the New

Finlen Hotel and attended by 40 officers, Past Exalted Rulers and visiting Elks. The ceremonies with which the "Archie McTaggart Class" was initiated were unique. D.D. James T. Finlen, Jr., of Butte, and Ed Johnson, Anaconda, Pres. of the Mont. State Elks Assn., acted as Exalted Ruler and Est. Leading Knight respectively. The other offices were filled by Past District Deputies from all over the State. P.E.R. P. J. Driscoll, on behalf of the membership, presented Mr. McTaggart with a chime clock. The evening ended with a barbecued venison supper.

Mr. McTaggart has been an Elk

Below: Elks of Marshfield, Wis., Lodge shown at a testimonial dinner to State Pres. T. F. McDonald at his home Lodge.





Above: Elks of Atlantic City, N. J. Lodge with their ladies as they celebrated the Lodge's 45th Anniversary with a dinner dance.

for 35 years. He served as District Deputy for Montana, West, in 1926-27. He has also served two successful terms as Mayor of the city. During his administration as Exalted Ruler of Butte Lodge, financial arrangements were completed for the erection of a new \$150,000 home. To his skilful guidance goes the credit for an early disposal of the first and second mortgage bond issues. Mr. McTaggart was instrumental in the organization of Dillon, Mont., Lodge, No. 1554. He assumed and carried out all the necessary duties incidental to the formation of a new lodge, and led in giving it a fine send-off. The

Butte members, accompanied by their Drum and Bugle Corps, travelled to the institution meeting by special train and motorcade.

Jerome, Ariz., Lodge Holds Initiation Meeting in Clarksdale

Jerome, Ariz., Lodge, No. 1361, initiated a class into the Order recently in the nearby town of Clarksdale. E.R. T. C. Henson and his officers were commended highly for their splendid handling of the ritualistic work. Many members of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge, No. 330, came by automobile to participate in the meeting which was largely attended.

The evening wound up with a lively social session during which refreshments were served.

Erie, Pa., Lodge Gives Two Life-Saving Machines to City

Erie, Pa., Lodge, No. 67, has presented the city with a Fritz automatic drainage aspirator outfit and an E. and J. resuscitator and inhalator. Presentation of these two valuable life-saving instruments was made during ceremonies at the lodge home, to Dr. James R. Smith, City Health Director, by E.R. Ford O'Dell and P.E.R. Clarence Teal. Harold R. Waterman was Chairman of the Committee.

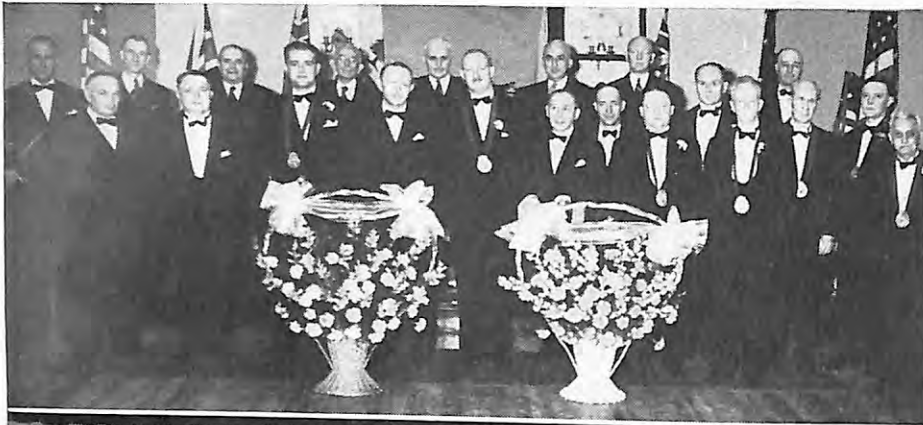
Both machines are housed at St.

At bottom: Boy Scouts of Whittier, Calif., who were entertained at a party by Whittier Lodge.

Below: Elks of Port Huron, Mich., Lodge with a class of 86 candidates they initiated recently. Secretary of State Harry J. Kelley was the principal speaker.



Ymas Party sponsored by Elks Club 1928



Left: Elks of Cchoes, N. Y., and eight P.D.D.'s of the District who were present at the homecoming of D.D. Homer A. Tessier. Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. J. Edward Gallico was among those present.



Above: The cast of "Pirate Gold", a theatrical entertainment presented by Norfolk, Neb., Lodge. The performance was very well received by a large audience.

Below: Orphans of Denver, Colo., who were entertained recently by members of Denver Lodge. Several distinguished members of the Grand Lodge were present.



Below: Members of Huntington, Ind., Lodge at a recent successful meeting when a large class of candidates was initiated in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler McCormick.

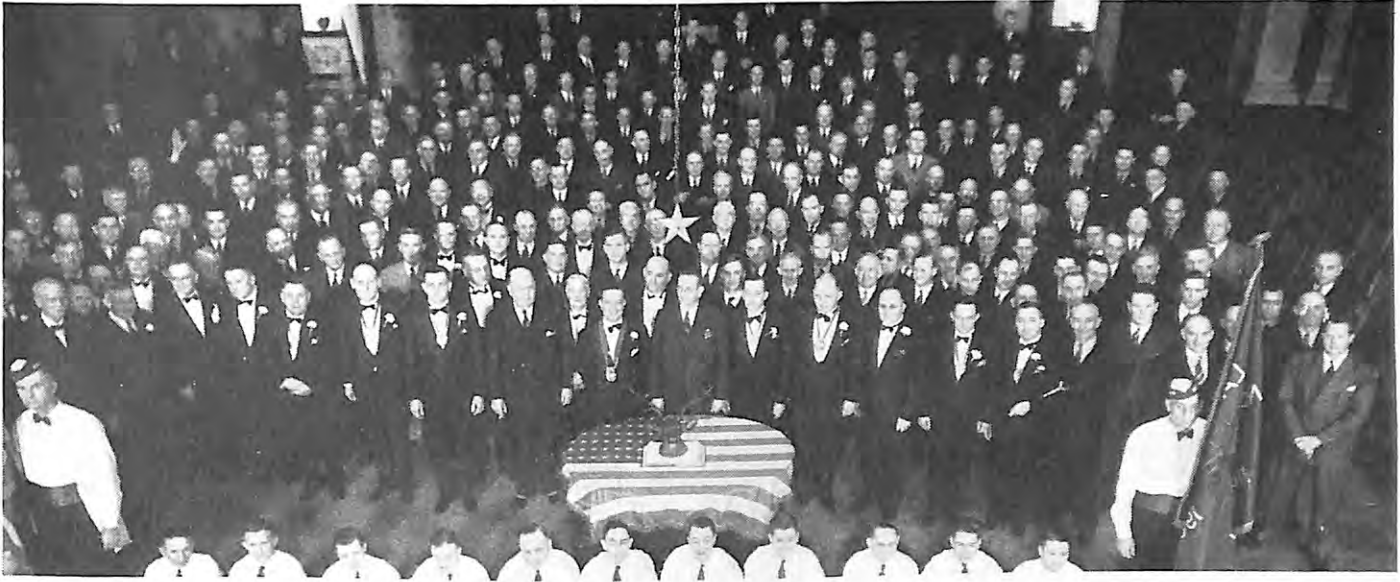


Vincent's Hospital. A year ago, an Iron Lung was presented to the city by Erie Lodge and installed at Hamot Hospital. These gifts have been made as a part of the local Elks' campaign for the betterment of humanity.

Lewistown, Mont., Lodge Gives Ambulance to City At Large

Lewistown, Mont., Lodge, No. 456, has presented a fullsize, completely conditioned and expertly equipped ambulance, without qualifications of any kind, to the city at large. The ambulance is housed in the Fire Department building, subject to call from any citizen in need of the service. Members of the Fire and Police Departments, the State Highway Patrol and any designated county representative, are on hand at all times to answer such call. The maintenance costs are shared jointly by the city and county.

Formal presentation was made before a large gathering on April 5. The public ceremonies followed a dinner in the grill room of the lodge home at which Mayor William Dissly, State Highway Patrolman Larry Conwell, members and members-elect of the City Council, and Police and Fire Department Chiefs, were among the guests of honor. A. W. Johnson of the Elks Ambulance Committee delivered the presentation address, and official acceptance was made by Mayor Dissly. The ambulance was parked in front of the home during the afternoon, where it was inspected by several hundred persons. Expressions of admiration were heard on all



Above: Officers and Elks of Lansing, Mich., Lodge photographed on the night that Governor Frank D. Fitzgerald was initiated into the Order. Lansing Lodge was deeply grieved when Governor Fitzgerald, shown at center with Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, passed away shortly afterward.

A Lodge of the Order Is Instituted at Gadsden, Alabama

After many months of hard work by Pres. Clarence M. Tardy of the Ala. State Elks Assn., a new lodge—No. 1314—was instituted at Gadsden, Ala., on April 21. A banquet was given before the ceremonies in honor of the newly elected officers and of the visiting Grand Lodge, State Association and lodge officers and their ladies at the Reich Hotel. About 100 visitors attended from Bessemer, Ensley, Anniston, Decatur and Birmingham. Music was furnished by the Ensley Lodge Orchestra under the direction of J. W. McFarland. Albert Rains acted as Toastmaster, and City Commission President Herbert Meighan welcomed the guests.

A class of 145 candidates was initiated, the ritualistic work being performed by the officers of Anniston Lodge No. 189, instituted but four months before. D.D. George Ross of Bessemer installed the officers of Gadsden Lodge, who are headed by Dr. O. L. Haggard, P.E.R. John S. McClelland of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, welcomed the new lodge into the Order.

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sides, as well as comments on the spirit of service as exemplified by the local lodge of Elks.

Cullman, Ala., Elks Hold Open House In Their New Home

Cullman, Ala., Lodge, No. 1609, held open house in its new home on April 12. About forty new members were initiated into the lodge, the work being put on by the ritualistic team from Decatur, Ala., Lodge. Luncheon was served before the meeting and dancing and games entertained the members and guests. Visitors attended from Ensley, Birmingham, Bessemer, Decatur and Florence.

The Cullman Elks have taken over a four-story concrete building, ideal for lodge and club purposes. It was previously occupied as an orphanage conducted by the Odd Fellows.

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge Sponsors Successful Basketball Team

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, has undertaken for the first time the sponsorship of a basketball team. In this, its first season, the team has won two championships. It captured city honors and a purse of \$200 in a six-team league, winning 10 out of 13 games and scoring 385 points

to the 249 of its opponents. Rene Desorcey, Elks' center, was awarded a trophy as the most valuable player in the league, while Capt. Joe Cuddy led the league in points scored with 37 floor goals and 17 free tries.

The team won the championship in the Western Massachusetts Tournament, participated in by the eight leading quintets in five cities, by winning three games with no defeats, scoring 49 floor goals and 32 free tries to 43 floor baskets and 15 free tries for their three opponents. This prize was \$100. Capt. Cuddy was voted the most valuable player in the Tournament. He was the highest scorer, with 44 points. The season record of the Elks' team was phenomenal, considering the high caliber of the opposition.

Below: The Edward J. McCormick Class of 58 candidates is shown when it was initiated into Petoskey, Mich., Lodge on P.E.R.'s Night.



NEWS of the State Associations

OKLAHOMA

A band concert at 3 p.m. on Saturday, April 22, at the home of the host lodge, Tulsa No. 946, opened the 32nd Annual Convention program of the Oklahoma State Elks Association. The State Ritualistic Contest was staged at five o'clock, followed by the banquet for Elks and their ladies held in the Masonic Temple Building. Bartlesville Lodge No. 1060 was the winner of the Cup in the Ritualistic Contest in which Oklahoma City, El Reno and Duncan Lodges also participated. Bartlesville Lodge was presented with the Dick Crutcher Trophy. The George M. McLean New Membership award was won by Altus Lodge No. 1226.

The Association had as honored guests Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, who made the principal address; the Governor of Oklahoma, Leon C. Phillips, a member of Bristow Lodge, instituted last year, who spoke on Americanism, and Mayor T. A. Penney, a member of Tulsa Lodge, who made the welcoming speech.

At the Sunday morning business session, the 1939-40 officers were elected as follows: Pres., William L. Fogg, El Reno; 1st Vice-Pres., W. H. Eyer, McAlester; 2nd Vice-Pres., Dave Perry, Enid; 3rd Vice-Pres., Paul Thorn, Shawnee; Treas., R. V. Miller, Tulsa; Secy., Howard F. Collins, El Reno; Trustee for five years, C. D. Cund, Duncan; Trustee,

three years, H. J. Salz, Woodward. Oklahoma City Lodge No. 417 was awarded the 1940 Convention.

The open meeting, addressed by Mr. Campbell, was conducted by Grand Esquire George M. McLean of El Reno Lodge. P.E.R. B. B. Barefoot of Oklahoma City Lodge, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and a Judge of the Criminal Court of Appeals, made a fine report on the activities of his committee covering the efforts of the State Association to help young boys committed to the State Training School at Pauls Valley. The Association is undertaking to furnish these boys with a library from books donated by members of the lodges of the State. More than 1,000 volumes have already been sent to Pauls Valley. The lodges also look after these boys when they are released from the training school, seeking employment for them and starting them on the right road. Another activity which is resulting in much good is the collection by the lodges of used shoes which, through an arrangement with State officials, are sent to State institutions to be repaired. The State furnishes the labor and material and returns the shoes to the lodges which distribute them to those in need.

The Tulsa Patrol Drill Team gave an exhibition in front of the lodge home on Sunday afternoon and at seven o'clock a buffet stag luncheon was served in the Elks' Grill Room

followed by a floor show, also staged. Visiting ladies were entertained at a dinner in the Masonic Temple by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the lodge, followed by a bridge party. Registration was highly satisfactory, and the Convention was voted a success from every standpoint.

FLORIDA

D.D. Chelsie J. Senerchia of Miami was elected President of the Florida State Elks Association at the 34th Annual Convention held in Orlando April 23-24-25, and voted one of the most successful in the Association's history. The other officers elected to serve with him are as follows: Divisional Vice-Pres.'s.: S.E., W. A. Wall, West Palm Beach; S.W., R. V. Lee, Fort Myers; Cent., L. L. Anderson, Cocoa; N.E., C. G. Campbell, Lake City; N.W., W. H. Cates, Tallahassee; Treas., Robert L. Bohon, Jacksonville; Historian, A. M. Taylor, St. Augustine; Tiler, Tom Sheridan, Ocala; Chaplain, the Rev. M. J. Nixon, Ocala; Sergeant-at-Arms, Peter Gessner, De Land. St. Augustine Lodge No. 829 was awarded the 1940 meeting.

The Convention was opened by Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz of Daytona Beach Lodge, former Governor of Florida. Other Grand Lodge officers who participated were Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight I. Walter Hawkins, De Land; Robert L. Bohon, Jacksonville, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council; D.D.'s M. A. Rosin, Arcadia, and J. M. Dell, Gainesville, and Past Pres.'s A. M. Taylor, Alto

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Below: Oklahoma Elks who were present at a banquet at Tulsa, Okla., Lodge when the 32nd annual Convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Assn. took place



Not Guilty

(Continued from page 7)

for dog food and, the venison being too fresh, four of the dogs fell ill. He knew they'd be all right in a day or so, but sick dogs always worried him.

And more than all, he wanted to know how his plan had worked out. Setting the gun had seemed a good idea at the time and he still thought so. He still wanted to be a murderer. But the question of whether he was or wasn't was in every waking thought and even creeping into his dreams.

He'd dream of Meek lying in bed while the alarm key on the clock so slowly turned. Or it would be a nightmare, with the Sheriff clapping a hand on his shoulder and saying, "Flanders, I want you!" Sometimes Meek and the Sheriff and the set gun in the cradle would whirl around in his head like a crazy pin-wheel. Sometimes he would hear Henry Protheroe say, over and over again, "That dog's layin' out in the brush with a bullet in him, just like I tell you. You got neighbors, Jesse, ain't you?"

And, to cap it all, Ike Protheroe had turned out to be more of a detriment than a help. Jesse not only had to do the cooking, he had to wash up afterward. And Ike made no pretense of helping cut logs for the trapping cabin.

On Wednesday morning the old man decided to end the uncertainty and started back. Just about that time Hurd was setting out for the ridge. But Jesse, instead of returning the way he'd come, decided to angle across country and pick up a ranger's trail and possibly have easier going for his horses.

They made the trip down in one day and got to Protheroe's about six, delighting Henry, who saw in them an audience for his theories regarding the murder. With even fresh delight Henry realized Jesse and Ike wouldn't even know about it. He shouted to Jesse, while the pack train was still fifty yards from the gate, "Didja hear about th' killin'?"

For the moment Jesse felt so sick with relief he could hardly sit his horse. He forced himself to call back, and hoped Henry wouldn't notice how flat his voice sounded, "What killing?"

The dogs created a diversion then and gave Jesse a chance to gain control of himself. They caught the Protheroes' mangy shepherd dog away from the shelter of the porch and they almost killed him before they could be whipped away. And then, his voice almost too casual, Jesse asked, "Who got killed and who done it?"

Ike came up from behind the pack train and heard this last remark and spluttered in disgust, "Jus' my luck! I go away and there's a killin'."



"Meek got shot and they don't know who done it yet. Perkitt said the Sheriff went after you guys. Didn't you meet him?"

For one awful moment Jesse thought the Sheriff had found the set gun. Then Henry continued with, "Course you and Ike being together out in the woods like that puts you in the clear—he jus' wants to find out about your guns. He asked Perkitt all about 'em. I could've told him you took one and hid t'other but he didn't ask me."

Jesse said, "I'm not the only man in this country that owns a gun."

Henry laughed at this. He said, "Lucky thing I let Ike go 'long with you. Sheriff said Meek was killed with a big gun and you got two. And mebbe if I told how Meek mebbe shot old Prince they'd take you down and ask you questions. They'd think you done it because of that, I bet. Hey, Ike, did he get away and go back and do it, hey?"

Ike snickered. "I was watchin' him pretty close, Henry. I know he's a bad one."

JESSE knew he was safe by that time. Ike would swear he was with him every moment of the time. He said steadily, all his fear gone and the heady thought of success in its place, "I'll be goin' along. I've got dogs to feed and horses to unpack and supper to get."

He swung up on his horse again and Henry shouted, "Well, I'll tell the Sheriff to come and get you, Jesse. My argument is you allus ought to kill a man with a cap pistol 'cause nobody'd know who done it like with one of them big guns of yours. Now, with a cap pistol chances

are the man that was killed wouldn't even know he was shot and there he'd be. Ha-ha-ha."

Jesse said gravely, "Well, chances are a man killed with a gun as big as mine wouldn't know he was shot either. He'd be dead too soon. I thank you, Ike, for your help. I'll see you men bye and bye."

Henry shouted, "When the haying starts!" and then to Ike, fretfully, "He ain't got no sense of humor at all. He didn't even figger how I meant a guy killed with a cap pistol wouldn't be hurt none."

Ike agreed. "Old Jesse's funny. Nothin' would do him but we go up and build that cabin. We get there and nothin' will do him but we get back. He's crazy, if you ask me."

"It's a shame Meek got killed," said Henry. "It'd been funny if old Jesse had really got sore at him. He was gettin' kind of sore at that."

And Ike said, "Bet it'd be funny if the old man got really mad just onct, at that."

Jesse thanked his lucky star for two things during the ride home. One, that his plan had been successful. The other, that he'd left the ridge by a different route and so avoided the Sheriff. He hadn't thought of it before, but there was a possibility the Sheriff might want to see where he'd hidden the rifle. He went on to his house and unpacked, and he waited until dark to retrieve the hidden gun. At that late date he wanted no slip-ups. He carefully cleaned and oiled it, even changing his sight setting back to the customary hundred and fifty yards and put it in the corner.

He ate his lonely supper with the consciousness of a hated task well done.

Hurd had been having a nasty time on his trip into the mountains, having soon discovered that riding in a car is no conditioner for horse-back riding. He'd found Flanders' trail with no effort but the jolting, up-hill, down-hill ride was brutal and darkness fell before he'd reached the new cabin site. He spent a most miserable night. In the morning he went on and found Jesse gone again.

He made better time than Jesse had on the out trail but even so, it was five o'clock before he reached Protheroe's and he'd cursed crazy trappers until his voice was hoarse. He'd lost what little temper he had far back on the trail.

The first person he saw was Ike, who was mending the front gate while Henry directed operations from inside the house.

"Howdy, Sheriff," said Ike cheerfully—too cheerfully to suit Hurd. "Lookin' for me?"

"Yeah. For you and Jesse Flanders. You guys crazy? What's the idea of bucking brush all over the country?"

Henry came out and looked with disfavor at the repair job on the gate. He said to the Sheriff, "They went up to build a cabin. This fool here can't mend a gate, much less build a cabin."

Hurd asked Ike, "Was you an' Flanders together all the time? Did he take a gun with him?"

Henry said, "They was together all the time, Sheriff, else it's a cinch Ike'd got lost. Jesse took his old Springfield."

The choleric Hurd had an election coming up in the future and, after all, he was a politician. He swallowed, and asked Ike, "D'ya know what he did with his other gun, Ike?"

"He hid it," Henry said. "He didn't want to scratch it carrying it on the saddle, so he hid it. I told him it was a waste of money buyin' some-thing and then not givin' it use."

The Sheriff climbed wearily back on his horse, leaned in the saddle and said bitterly, "I asked Ike. If I wanted to know what you know about this I'd have asked you. Take your flannel, mouth and go to hell with it."

He swung around and rode away, mumbling to himself.

Henry said, "What'd he say?" in a surprised voice.

"Sounded to me sumthin' like 'votes be damned', but I couldn't hear him good," said Ike. "He's sore at you, Henry."

Henry said, "You fix that gate," and stalked back to the house, grumbling about people good tax payers elect to public office.

Hurd met his deputy at the turn into the Flanders place. The deputy didn't know Jesse was back, but he remembered where the key was hidden and had decided to spend the night there. Above the rattle of the car he shouted to the weary Hurd he'd found no gun that could be the murder weapon, and they rode on together to the house, Hurd, exhausted and saddle sore, riding ahead, and the deputy trying to keep the car in the bumpy road without running it up on the Sheriff's horse.

Jesse Flanders heard the approaching car and met them. He said, "Hello, Sheriff. Henry Protheroe told me you were lookin' for me when I got in last night."

"Henry Protheroe's brains run out of his mouth. If I leave this horse

will you take care of it until Perkitt comes after it?"

Jesse said, "Why, surely. I'll take it to him in the mornin'. You gettin' any place on the murder?"

He helped the Sheriff unsaddle and said, "You best come in and have supper. You look done in."

The Sheriff went into profane detail about just how done in he was. And then, while Jesse was at the stove, he asked, "You loan that other gun o' yours? While you was runnin' the hills, we stopped here a night and I didn't see it."

Jesse stirred frying potatoes vigorously and kept his back to Hurd. He said, "I hid it. It's new and I like to keep it good."

"Don't suppose anybody could have taken it an' you not know it? Meek was killed with a heavy gun. We don't seem able to locate any except your two."

"Don't see how, Sheriff," said Jesse, turning. And, hoping nothing in his expression would show how shaky he felt inside, said, "Nope! Don't see how. I hid it where nobody'd find it."

Hurd persisted. "Whereabouts?" "Under the house on one of the sills. Nobody'd look for it there."

Hurd said, "I guess not," and went to the gun in the corner. He slid the bolt out and held the barrel up toward the kerosene lamp and said, "Huh! It's clean."

"I keep it that way," said Jesse, turning back to the stove.

SUPPER calmed Hurd. He and Jesse watched the deputy wash dishes, and Hurd said reflectively, "It don't look like I'm goin' to find this hiller. Well, maybe he had a good reason for it."

The deputy said, from his vast inexperience, "Probably over money or a woman or whiskey. That's about all that causes killin's."

Hurd laughed and asked, "All right, Jesse. How about it? You was the only man with a gun that could do it, even if you wasn't here but up in the middle of the damndest country I never want to see again. Now, did you kill him over money, a woman or whiskey?"

"Well, now, Sheriff," Jesse said slowly, "I don't guess I killed him over none of them things you name. I'm sorta old for women and I get

along without money, and whiskey makes me sick when I drink it. So I guess maybe I'm not your man."

Hurd said, "I was makin' fun."

The inquest was set for Monday and on Sunday Jesse found his dog. He was taking a last look for his missing coyote trap but with little hope of finding it. Riding vacantly along the edge of a gully he looked down and saw, picked at by buzzards, but still recognizable, Prince. And on Prince's right front leg—a trap. His trap. Looking along the trap chain he saw the drag wedged between two rocks. Staring stupidly at the body of the dog he realized that he—not Meek—had killed Prince. That there'd been no reason for killing Meek at all.

Now, Jesse was a just man in his fashion. He sat there quietly and thought it over. The dog had disappeared and he'd mentioned this to Henry Protheroe. Protheroe had practically told him Meek had killed the dog. And he, Jesse, had taken this as gospel and gone ahead and taken care of the matter in the proper fashion. Not in the legal way, as he well knew, but in the only proper, honorable way to avenge a friend.

Prince had been just that. He'd raised him from a pup. Prince hadn't been away from his side since that time, except while working out a trail for Jesse. He'd been a companion, and a dignified one. He'd been a friend, and a faithful one. Jesse knew that most people didn't think as he did, but to him Prince was more than a dog.

He turned quietly away and rode back to the house and he shot his twelve dogs. He knew no one who'd give them proper care, and he'd always thought a dog was better off dead than mistreated. And then he donned his only suit of clothes and mounted his waiting horse.

Jesse had to go to the District Attorney's office to find the Sheriff, but he thought Hurd was the proper man to surrender to and followed him there. He walked in and said, in his gentle little voice, "I come to give myself up, Sheriff."

Hurd had been complaining to the prosecutor about his lack of success. He looked up with amazed eyes and gasped, "You mean to say you killed Meek?" Jesse said, "Yeah. And Henry Protheroe."

News for \$100 a Week

(Continued from page 11)

screen. The thought of a camera frightens them to death and rather than risk appearing ridiculous, they avoid the newsreel men like a plague. They needn't bother, for although the reels aren't censored, a newsreel editor rarely allows an important personality to get into the reel in any but a favorable light. At that, business men are the most difficult to get

at to photograph. Actors without make-up are next. Politicians are easiest of all.

The newsreel cameraman is popularly supposed to lead a life of thrills and some of them do, but for most of them it is pretty prosaic. Fifty per cent of every reel is devoted to sports and while photographing football, hockey, tennis, swimming

meets, golf, ping-pong, bicycle races, track meets, curling, basketball and boxing matches can be interesting, the edge wears off after a few weeks. It is true that a cameraman is on call at any time and may be sent in a plane to get a shipwreck at sea or out on the edge of a steel girder 70 stories above the street to get a shot of a gang of riveters; but, like

everyone else, cameramen tend to become grooved. Those that are good at interviews, do interviews; those who show aptitude for sports, do sports, and so forth.

They are not gay young adventurers one step out of the Foreign Legion. Their average age is something over forty and they are a lot more interested in their kids than in risking their necks. Compared with Hollywood the pay is not high either. The Hollywood minimum is \$250 a week and some movie cameramen make \$1,000, but newsreel men are usually on a union scale of \$100 a week, although a few get \$115, and a very few, \$125. Although it wasn't true in the old days, they now work forty hours a week. If the overtime piles up in an emergency they take a few days off to make up for it. It's pretty humdrum, but most of them have been at it for fifteen years or so and it's the kind of humdrum they like.

Bonuses aren't what they used to be either. Once in a while an outstanding job is rewarded with a little extra cash, but this is very rare unless a cameraman consistently shows willingness to do more than he is asked. The estimates of Norman Alley's bonus for his remarkable scoop of the bombing of the gunboat *Panay* by the Japanese vary widely—from \$500 to \$5,000. A good guess would be \$1,000. But Alley had one of the greatest pictures ever taken as well as one of the biggest scoops in newsreel history. If he had been freelance instead of on salary, newsreel men admit that he could have asked and received any price for his negative. In newsreel parlance "any price" is about \$25,000, roughly enough to run an entire newsreel company for about two weeks.

In the spring-time cameramen are often assigned to make thrill shots at the amusement parks. This usually consists of riding the roller-coaster, the snap-the-whip and any new instrument of mental mayhem that ingenious inventors may have been able to devise during the preceding winter. This sounds like a pleasant holiday. It isn't. The cameraman must ride

these death-defying contraptions, in which everybody else hangs on for dear life, without hanging on to anything more stable than a little hand movie camera. Not only that, he's got to ride them backwards, leaning out over the side and standing up, knowing that if he misjudges height and his head hits a cross-beam, it's all over. He can't scream when the coaster goes into an almost perpendicular drop. He's got to take pictures—good, clear, steady ones and a focus—one of the toughest assignments in the business.

One of the most difficult and hazardous routine winter assignments is the shooting from the top of the Brooklyn Bridge of a new liner or warship as it glides proudly up the East River in New York. Taken from the topmost point of the bridge, 272 feet above the water, a new battleship is a sure-fire newsreel subject. From that point it is possible to get shots from five angles. But to climb up there on a cold winter day in a high wind is something else again, even if you're not subject to dizzy spells from high places. The cameraman must carry his equipment while walking up a steep incline to the pipe which holds the main cables. There are two side cables for him to hang onto, but they are so rough that they wear through the strongest gloves before the ascent is completed. To hold them without gloves would rip a man's

hand to pieces before very long.

Early one morning, a year ago, a cameraman managed to lug his equipment up to the platform on top of the tower and to get it set up. Although the day was clear, there was a bitter wind blowing and to keep warm while waiting for his ship, he commenced jumping up and down on the platform and waving his arms. In half an hour he was surprised to see the heads of two policemen appear over the edge of the tower. Obviously miffed and panting heavily, they were after him. "What are you doing up here, buddy?" they challenged.

When explanations were made, it developed that hundreds of people had seen the cameraman and, thinking he was about to commit suicide, had sent in a riot call.

One of the coldest jobs is shooting the bob-sled racing at Lake Placid. This is usually covered by a crew from New York which invariably appears at the Mt. von Hovenburg run dressed just as they would be for a potato race on a cool day in Times Square, with the possible addition of a pair of rubbers. With only a "city overcoat" between them and 10° below zero weather while snaking down the mountain on a bob-sled at seventy or eighty miles an hour, they nearly freeze to death.

The cameraman himself gets the most satisfaction out of those assignments which call for the strongest

combination of skill, tact and patience. Taking pictures of church ceremonies—inside the church—is an outstanding example. When the Pope died recently, a cameraman was permitted for the first time to shoot a part of the ritual. Expecting a swell story, the cameraman took an advantageous position as the ceremonies commenced in the tomb-like silence of the church. He adjusted his lens for light and distance and then pressed the automatic starter button on his camera. He almost dropped it. In the vast silence of the church, his camera, one of the best and quietest obtainable, sounded like a threshing machine. He felt as conspicuous as if he had shouted,

"Hooray for



"Shall we forget about the football and think of a baseball bat—now that summer is here?"

Hitler!" He was in a tough spot. His training told him to "get the picture", his sensitiveness told him not to mar the service. He finally solved the problem by wrapping his coat around the camera to deaden the sound. He said later that he could feel the gratitude of the dignitaries when they realized that he wasn't going to keep up his noise throughout the entire service.

Veteran newsreel men point to a recent big story as one of the most difficult of its kind in twenty years. It was the arrival in New York, on one of the coldest days in January, of the survivors of the wrecked Imperial Airways' New York-Bermuda plane, *Cavalier*. It was a real story and elaborate preparations were made to insure thorough coverage. At the pier where the rescue ship *Baytown* was scheduled to dock, crews were setting up cameras hours in advance. One crew went down the harbor in a tug boat to meet the *Baytown*, but in the near-zero weather they were stiff with cold. When they reached the *Baytown* they were not allowed to come aboard. They returned to the pier.

If they hoped to get warmed up they were disappointed for they were immediately instructed to set up their equipment in a place that offered a chance for an extra shot. The pier was a swarm of reporters, newsreel and radio men, photographers, friends of the survivors and police. All had been refused permission to board the ship down the bay. The boat was late and the pier was a shambles of men and women with deadlines to meet and all of whom wanted something "exclusive". When the survivors were taken off, the crowd around them was so dense that the cameras, so carefully placed, were unable to function. The only newsreel shots of any value for one company, at least, were taken by a roving cameraman with a small hand camera. There were so many newspaper photographers on the pier that the incessant popping of their flash bulbs provided a continuous light that was sufficient for newsreel purposes. It was one of the worst demonstrations of aggressive news-gathering in the past decade. As one of the survivors expressed it, the greeting by the "press" was the most horrifying part of the entire experience.

Newsreel companies depend to a large extent for their world coverage on the freelance photographers. Somebody with a movie camera can be

found in nearly every corner of the world. If he knows how to use that camera with skill, the chances are his name is listed in the files of one of the newsreel companies in New York. If anything important happens suddenly in his neck of the woods he will probably get a cable from the company asking him to cover it before he knows it's going on. In many foreign and domestic cities there are several photographers listed and some of them are well enough known to be in the records of all five companies. When all of them at the same time decide to cable the same man to cover some unexpected event, there is apt to be some confusion. But when the remaining companies all cable the same second choice there is hell to pay. When there is a delay of this kind the remaining companies will usually drop the story. News doesn't wait; it's got to be photographed NOW.

MOST European news is covered by the American companies by exchange agreements with foreign newsreels concerns. If the news ticker flashed that an "explosion rocks London", a cable from the American editor to his London affiliate will confirm the fact to call upon any of the dozen or so freelances he has on tap there for emergencies.

The freelances are usually paid at the rate of \$2 a foot for anything they submit that is finally used in the reel. Once in a while, when there is considerable work for them to do, they are paid a flat \$35 a day, the newsreel company doing pretty well for itself if more than eighteen feet

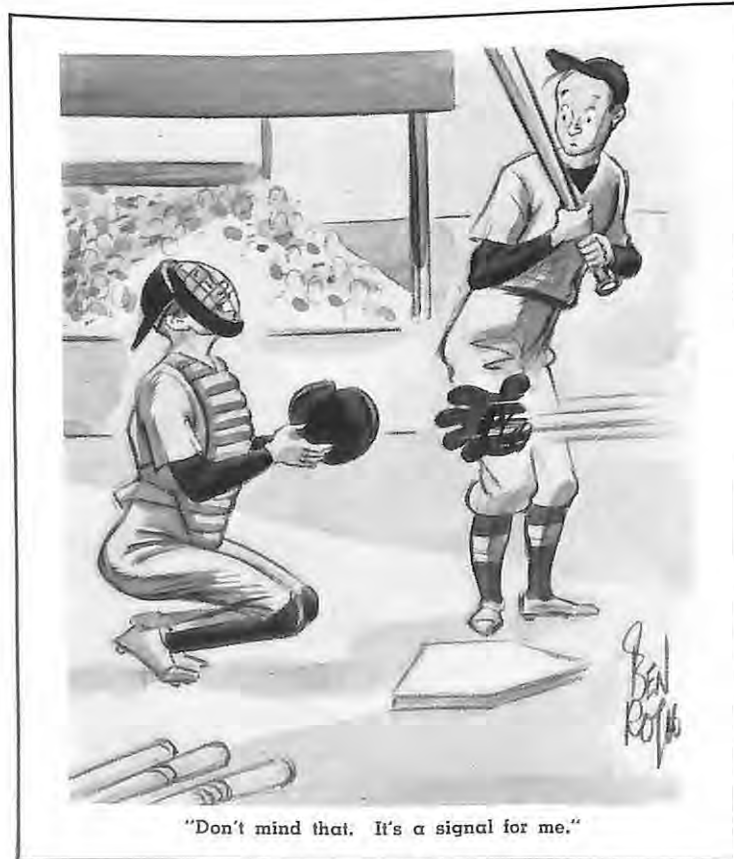
of usable material is submitted. Occasionally freelances refuse to cover for any particular company and take a chance on getting some spectacular stuff that they can sell at a spectacular price. The companies discourage this, though. It tends to disorganize the smooth flow of negative, and leads to shopping around with a subject, frequently to the detriment of its news value.

The cost of newsreel equipment offers a considerable discouragement to the would-be freelance and sometimes to the companies themselves. A good sound camera runs to about \$6,000 and a tripod adds another \$750. Almost any amount of money can be spent on special lenses. A 24-inch telephoto lens, for example, which is an essential part of the equipment for distant shots, costs about \$900. Some silent cameras can be purchased for around \$500 and even \$100 home movie cameras have been known to produce newsreel shots which editors talked about for weeks. But by and large it takes good equipment for good pictures, so the newsreel companies supply their own.

The job of the newsreel editor is to give the public today what it is going to want tomorrow. Gauging public taste isn't always easy because it's subject to wide variations. In general, though, most editors agree on a few subjects that are more or less sure-fire. Heading the list are spectacular catastrophes with interest increasing in proportion to the number of killed and injured. Death, the most interesting subject day in and day out in newspaper reporting, also heads the list

for newsreels, provided, of course, that the incident makes a good picture. Pictures of naval maneuvers with a long line of battleships and cruisers and of massed airplane formations also rate high in public appeal. Personalities who are in the news are of never failing interest, provided the cameraman is clever enough or lucky enough to get them to do something besides take off their hats and wave them.

Sex, they all agree, is important; the difficulty comes in getting it on the screen as news. Pretty girls in bathing suits carry most of the sex-interest load. Notorious criminals are almost certain to send little shivers up the spines of an audience, especially as they are seldom photographed unless captured, when almost invariably they glower in the best tradition, much to the editors' delight. Such frightening of little



"Don't mind that. It's a signal for me."

children seems to be regarded as a good moral influence.

Children and animals are almost sure-fire. An appealing shot of a ragamuffin eating an ice cream cone on a hot day is worth double its weight in gold and every summer eighty million people chuckle inside over a shot of a group of polar bears in a zoo trying to cool off under a shower bath or sitting on cakes of ice. Parades, particularly of important fraternal organizations, sports of all kinds and war scenes just about complete the list of subjects which the editors believe can't miss.

These are the hot subjects but theoretically anything will get in the newsreels if it's news. There is no Hays organization acting as official censor and, except for the six States that have censorship laws, the newsreels can do what they like, when they like, as they like. They have been sensible enough to realize, however, that if they constantly offended good taste, public morality or important politicians they would let themselves in for the strictest sort of regulation and possibly some punitive taxation. So within the industry itself there have grown up a few taboos which editors observe more as a matter of self-preservation than because of any formal agreement. Although these taboos might be presented as an altruistic code of fair play, actually they boil down to this: handle with kid gloves any group or individual which might be in a position to make an effective reprisal if offended. The same applies to any subject such as religion on which numbers of influential people have strong prejudices.

Newsreel editors act independently in deciding what subjects might offend, and every once in a while their interest in the dramatic news value of a particular subject leads them into error. This is especially true of morbid stories from which they sometimes wring the last ounce of horror. When the G-men finally caught up with Dillinger and killed him the newsreels were allowed to take pictures of the notorious gunman as he "lay in state" in the undertaker's parlor in a little Indiana town. Thousands of the mildly curi-

ous who went to the movies that week expecting to see Dillinger's body laid out on a slab were somewhat startled. Others who were suddenly and unexpectedly confronted with a flash of the wax-like corpse were rudely shocked and some of them voiced a considerable but ineffectual protest. Newsreel coverage of violent death has continued through the Spanish and Sino-Japanese wars and even included the suicide of F. Donald Coster, McKesson and Robbins swindler. Newsreel men say the public has now become hardened to death and gets a kick out of the shock produced from the screen. There will probably be more of it in future reels.

SEVERAL years ago an enterprising young man opened a theatre in New York which showed only newsreels and short subjects. The show lasted an hour and cost twenty-five cents. It was amazingly successful, and now there are a dozen or so such theatres in New York alone and a number have opened in other cities as well. The success of the March of Time movie is also indicative of growing interest. This is really a glorified newsreel presenting but three subjects in twenty minutes and going into considerable detail regarding the background and sidelights of the main subject. This "reel" is released once a month and in four years has become a featured part of the program of nearly 8,000 U. S. theatres.

It wasn't so long ago that newsreels were bought by exhibitors mainly to empty the theatre of people who might otherwise want to sit twice through the comedy or the feature picture. Now the exhibitor's problem is how to keep people from sitting through the newsreel twice.

With such widespread and increasing public interest it is natural that various groups should endeavor to use the newsreels to advance their own interest. As a medium for propaganda it is doubtless tops. In the dictator countries the entire content of the reels is controlled or directed by the government. In America the Federal Government can influence but not direct. Even at

that, a good part of every reel released in this country is inspired or actually arranged by a publicity man "in the pay" of somebody or other. Some newsreel men deny this, of course, feeling somehow that to admit it would be to impinge their honor. Actually most of the stuff is harmless drivel. The small proportion that might be considered insidious is carried solely on its merit as news.

Sometimes the "interests" consider the newsreel important enough to make their own pictures of whatever it is they want covered and send a print free to each of the newsreel companies. When Italian farmers were being moved in Libya, for example, the Italian government took movies of the settlement of these modern pioneers and of a few attractive little stucco houses in which they were to live. Prints were given to all the newsreel companies (and used) because this colonization was evidence of the prowess of Mussolini in establishing an empire. As the pictures showed only happy, smiling people, it looked to some 80,000,000 Americans who saw the pictures as if everything were going well by Italy. Perhaps a few of them thought that maybe there was something in this Fascism after all. Anyhow that's the way propaganda works.

The future of the newsreel seems secure despite the fact that the companies engaged in the business don't make much, if any, money. Their popularity is proof that the public wants them and what the public wants in this country it gets—even including slap-happy Lew Lehr.

Of course, if the wrist-tapping boys in Hollywood continue at the present rate to turn out these features that they charitably refer to as "B pictures", something really exciting might happen to the newsreels. It is just possible that the public might demand a movie program made up of a newsreel which runs an hour and a half and a feature picture that lasts ten minutes. It's not such a bad idea at that. Is there anyone in the audience who would join a committee to get the thing started?

The Enemies

(Continued from page 15)

quavering chorus made up of many voices. At first they were almost musical, those cries, but into the notes crept a sinister, wailing undertone, a terrifying tocsin of threat and disaster.

"Timber wolves," muttered Job. "I ain't heard their devils' chorus in five years. A pretty sure sign of a long, hard winter."

He would have to guard carefully his few head of stock from now on.

Three more weeks passed in which he examined his new set daily with the aid of a field glass from a point a quarter of a mile below. Then came

the afternoon, on the very day before New Year's, that Job was certain, even before he reached his lookout, that his trick had won.

While he was still a thousand yards from the foot of the falls, he rounded an abrupt turn among the rocks and came face to face with Gulo. How long before the wolverine had run foul of his trap he could not say, but it must have been hours, for, with a strength that seemed incredible, the little beast had dragged trap and rock clog out of the cave, literally fallen with them down the precipitous rocks into the stream be-

low and thence struggled for more than a thousand yards into the forest.

At the appearance of the man on the ridge above, Gulo had staged a show of hate, fury and unquenchable ferocity such as would visit Job in his sleep years afterward. The animal flung himself this way and that, snapping at the trap which was already scored bright with teeth marks, tearing at the very ground like one possessed of devils.

For more than three hours he had fought that trap desperately, at first in a wild desperation, then in a cold,

deadly silence, reasoning out each move, jerking, twisting, hurling trap and clog about with a maniacal fury. But the deathly clasp of the steel jaws on his left foreleg was inexorable. Exhaustion was beginning to claim him when Job appeared, galvanizing him to one more paroxysm of passion.

The trapper stood waiting until that futile fury ceased and the robber lay panting, a red froth on his black lips, but still glaring implacably into the face of his enemy. Then Job approached to within fifteen feet and stood impassively looking down. It was a dramatic moment.

Finally he spoke. "Yo're a smart one, ye black devil, but I pinched yore toes at last," he said quietly and without passion. "But it ain't much credit to me, at that. Ye had me fair stumped at every turn of the game. If I hadn't hit on that cave up yonder ye'd be makin' a fool o' me yet. Yo're the one critter of the woods that coulda done it, too. I'll say that fer ye."

The wolverine flinched slightly at sound of his voice, but the steady glare of his green-shadowed eyes did not waver. Job continued to stand there, considering the situation, trading stare for challenging stare with the despoiler. He had brought no rifle with him; the only weapon he had was the light hand ax he carried at his belt. He saw now that it was going to be a ticklish matter, dispatching the old wolverine, now that he had him in a trap. There was that in the eye and the grinning teeth of the beast that would give pause to any man, even armed with an ax. In that tense interval of silence, a flitting movement among the spruce shadows caught and held the eyes of each.

A pair of skulking wolves, Job made out. They were gone almost before he had rightly seen them. Job knew what that meant, being familiar with the ways of wolves. The whole of a hunting pack would be scattered in there amid the gloom of the surrounding spruce. In spite of his woods training, a slight shiver passed over the man. Was it his trail they had been following, or the wolverine's?

Not two, but four shadowy forms were now flitting in and out among

the trees, fierce, straw-colored eyes aflame in the dense shadows. The trapped wolverine, short ears laid flat to his skull, bared his glistening fangs and crouched low to the ground as if carved in rock. His green-lit eyes glowed with a deadly challenge.

JOB'S first thought was to dispatch the wolverine with his hatchet and strike back for his cabin, trusting that the wolves would be occupied in polishing off their ancient enemy and allow him to depart in peace. The robber scarcely deserved a quick and merciful end, yet it was not in Job to leave the animal to be torn to pieces by the pack. The wolverine himself, however, blocked the idea. Sagging low on three legs as Job advanced upon him, the squat beast defended himself with such savagery that the trapper retreated again and again to escape a pair of jaws second to none in all the wilderness for strength and crushing power.

"Yo're a prime devil, like I said before," Job spoke down into the creature's implacable eyes. "But this time ye'd have done better to give in. Well, I did my best fer ye, let the wolves finish it if yo're set on it—"

Oaths, fervent and wrathful, suddenly broke from Job. The pack, emboldened by the conflict between the man and the wolverine, as well as by the descending darkness, had begun closing in from all sides in a phantom circle. There were swift impressions of lolling tongues, white

fangs and lambently glowing eyes as the beasts slipped in and out among the tree trunks. Job counted no less than eleven of the gray, flitting forms, their pale eyes burning with the lust of slaughter.

He cut loose with a wild yell or two to intimidate the skulkers, but the yells had less than no effect. The pack had gathered now in an uneven circle with the man and the wolverine as a hub, apprised in some fashion that the man was unarmed. Fierce with hunger, they yet lacked courage to attack the one thing in the woods they really feared. Job, however, was no longer eager to strike out for his cabin through the rapidly darkening woods. Whatever was to happen, he had suddenly decided, must happen right here.

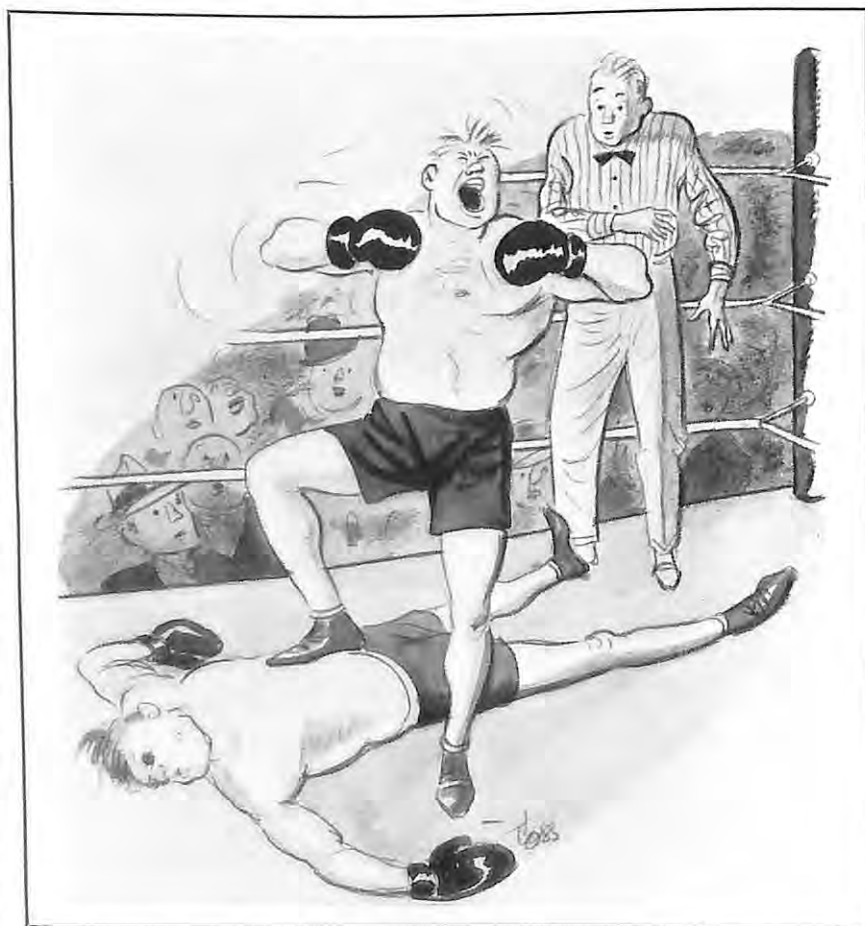
He knew the way of the wolves. They would hang about indefinitely, slowly nerving themselves to action. Gradually they would grow bolder and fiercer as the night drew on; finally would come their concerted attack. It would be a battle then, a prolonged siege in which Job would have nothing but a hatchet with which to defend himself. Some New Year's Eve this would be—one to remember to the end of his days—if he lived through it!

"Fire," Job suddenly muttered. "Where in time's my sense gone to? Got to have light. It'll soon be so dark I can't see the varmints."

He sprang to work, gathering dry twigs and branches and handfuls of needles, hacking away a pile of dry,

tindery wood from a blasted cedar snag. Arranging his fuel in a high pile, he set it going, then, hatchet in hand, he stood waiting, no more than ten feet from the snarling wolverine. The squat beast took no notice of him now. His grim gaze was fixed on the circling pack. He knew well enough what was coming.

The wolves continued their uneasy weaving and shifting as the ruddy light of the fire illumined the surrounding trees. A few of them sat on their haunches with lolling tongues, awaiting some move from their leader. Job cast a glance aloft at the nearby trees. Most of them were too big to climb, their branches far too high. But even if he did take to a tree, the night cold would get him.



The wolves could wear him out.

Suddenly, as at a given signal, the entire pack flung themselves forward as one, their focal point the hunched form of the wolverine. When but six feet away the gaunt leader dodged to one side, quick as light, just avoiding the wolverine's low, vicious lunge. That dodge was part of the wolves' strategy. The lunge left the wolverine open to the slashing attack of the two wolves just behind the leader. Or so it seemed. But pivoting low on three legs with what seemed incredible strength and agility for a beast of his size, the wolverine caught the second wolf in mid-leap with a bear-like, full-armed blow that had every ounce of his tremendous strength behind it. The bare force of the blow hurled the wolf over and over in the air, to land slashed and bleeding ten feet away.

The leader meantime had circled swiftly and now hurled himself in from the rear in long, silent bounds. Once more the wolverine was ready and caught the gray devil full in the throat with a raking blow of his long, curved claws that ripped clear through the wolf's hide from the base of the jaw to the shoulder blade, laying open the jugular.

JOB POTTER, watching closely, swore deliberately under his breath. For a whole year he had been banking up a personal score against the wolverine. But watching the little beast's deadly fighting tactics, his personal aggrievement was banished and sudden hope flashed through his brain. He knew of the age-old hatred between wolf and wolverine. His enemy had become, all at once, an ally sorely needed.

"Go to it, ye black devil," he yelled, with real admiration. "I'm behind or beside ye, when needed."

His enthusiasm was almost fatal, for, maddened by the smell of fresh blood, one of the circling wolves sprang in upon him from the rear. Forewarned by a saving second, Job wheeled with a downward sweep of his hatchet which caught the gray killer on the back of the head, cleaving its skull. It fell to the ground without a sound, twitching its life out at the man's feet. Job seized the body by the hind legs and flung it far out among its fellows.

There was a brief respite in which the wolves snarled and tore at the body of their erstwhile mate. The man and the wolverine drew a bit closer together, Job getting his back up against a gnarled pine tree. Had it been possible, Job would have freed his ally from the torment of the trap, yet handicapped as he was, the wolverine was plainly a match for any two wolves.

Abruptly then, the wolves, their appetites only fired to reckless frenzy by their brief repast, swept forward in a compact mass—nine of them, for the first wolf which the wolverine had wounded was back in it now. The gray tide overflowed the wolverine first. The little beast was literal-

ly submerged by the combined rush from the sides and rear. Job leapt forward as to the rescue of a com-patriot and again his weapon swung in a well-placed blow that dropped one big, gray brute beneath the feet of the fighters to stay. His whoop of triumph brought two more wolves lancing in at him. For a space thereafter pandemonium reigned under the lurid light of the leaping fire and the pale, silver radiance of the rising moon. A struggling, snarling mass of bodies surged and heaved amid an awful medley of snarls, howls and yelps and the throaty worry of the pack. For that time Job had gone down. Just as his hatchet blade had sheared into the shoulder of the foremost wolf, the jaws of another fastened on his leg. He rolled on his back, one mack-inawed arm protecting his throat, and finally, after four or five blows of his weapon, struggled to his feet, dispatching his attacker with a final, telling stroke.

Spurning the body aside, Job sprang to the side of the heaving pile of wolves that quite obscured the silently fighting wolverine. He might have made good his escape just then, leaving the pack to settle their score against their ancient enemy, but such a thought never even occurred to him. He had forgotten all about his own danger by now and was only looking for a chance to deal a telling blow against the pack. He leapt in, wielding his hatchet like a madman. The situation was not as drastic as it appeared, however, there being no greater master of in-fighting in the world than the American wolverine. His thick, shaggy hide besides being almost impregnable is several sizes too large for him so that he can shift inside it like an overcoat, leaving only a mouthful of fur in the jaws of his enemies. Already he had exacted the penalty from one of his attackers and still had no vital wound.

Job watched keenly the heaving mass and struck once, twice, severing the spine of one beast and smashing in the skull of another.

ONLY four of the killers left, the wolverine locked in a death grip with one of these. Carried away by the sweeping victory they were winning, Job cut loose with yell after yell, leaping in and out among the remaining wolves, his swinging hatchet reflecting moonbeams and fireglow in streaks of darting light. He was pressing the battle now. As the beasts circled and skirmished about him, wolf-fashion, the wolverine secured the hold on his opponent's throat which is the objective of all the weasel clan. The gasping, blood-choked howl of the dying wolf suddenly brought home to the remaining three of the pack the desperateness of their plight. The heart seemed to go out of them; they fell back farther and farther in their skirmishing and finally turned tail and fled, wraithlike, into the ink and silver shadows of the forest.

The abrupt silence that followed their going was broken only by the crackling of wood in Job's fire. The victors stood in the midst of a small shambles, Job still palpitating from the exhilaration of battle, his features working with a conflict of emotions, the wolverine crouched ember-eyed and gory over the carcass of his final victim. Weak and wounded as he was, still trapped and near the end of his powers, he yet glared up dauntlessly into the man's face. He knew Job's superior craft, saw him once more as his original enemy, the grimmest of all foes, yet there was not a vestige of fear in his being. No doubt Job, too, was going to turn on him now. Very well, he would bite the bullet, fight it out to his final breath. His black lips flickered over bared teeth in a harsh, throaty challenge.

NONE of this was lost on Job Potter. The significance of such valor in the face of death was a thing designed to touch him where he lived, for his whole being had been transformed in the past hour. After a space of utter silence, he spoke down into the grim eyes in a slow, soothing drawl.

"Easy, easy, old timer. Y'ain't aimin' to tackle me, are ye, after the fine scrap we put up together? As far as I'm concerned, we're even, and more. It's free ye'll go now, if ye'll let me loose ye. Which I said, if ye'll only let me—"

He jerked back as the wolverine came suddenly in at him in a low, swift, wrenching rush. There was no softening of the fire in those green-lit eyes, no wavering of the ferocity in the fierce, black visage. No place in that grim nature for softness or trust.

What to do? Job stood pondering, then an idea flashed abruptly to his mind. He broke off a long, dead limb from a nearby tree and with it drew the wolverine out to the very end of the trap chain. With tooth and claw the little beast attacked the limb. Waiting his chance, Job got the end of the heavy branch upon the long bracket that clamped the jaws of the trap, and pushed down with all his strength. The spring bent downward and the teeth of the big trap fell slowly apart.

"There ye are, ye devil. A bit of a Christmas present fer ye. I reckon I shoulda put ye out fer the trouble ye made, but I couldn't, after that bonny fight. May ye keep clear o' me an' my traps from now on."

It was some moments before the wolverine realized that he was actually free. Job stood chuckling at the animal's amazement. Abruptly then, the reddish glow of the malevolent little eyes flamed anew and the squat beast came in at him once again. Job Potter was no coward, but he was not designed for fighting devils straight from the Pit. He retreated without shame, up a pile of boulders and thence into the limbs of an overhanging spruce. And there

he perched until finally the wolverine dropped the offensive, and, for no reason that anyone could see, sat down on his ragged tail. Then his snout pointed straight up in the air, his head waving from side to side, his jaws working as if he were snatching at gnats. Suddenly he got up and with never a backward glance, shambled off into the treble-

welted shadows beneath the spruce, still with that slow, unhurried calm that only the truly great achieve. Watching, the man knew instinctively that he would see him no more. Once seen and outmatched, his final secrets disclosed, an animal of such craft, Job knew, would depart and show himself no more.

It meant victory, yet much more

than that. To Job, with his crude, yet mystical imagination, the silent forest had resumed its old immutable peace. And tomorrow was New Year's Day by the humped-up hummy-dum! If he turned out at dawn he could make it to the settlement by noon. And what a day he would make of it, with good old Pete and Joe Mellott.

Elks' Americanism Program

(Continued from page 22)

otic mass meeting in its auditorium, at which civic, patriotic and other fraternal orders took part. Justice Francis B. Condon, of the Rhode Island Supreme Court, delivered an address on Americanism.

Americanism Week was an outstanding success in Willimantic, Conn., where Lodge No. 1311 sponsored various talks on Americanism in local schools the week of March 1st. Here the Knights of Columbus, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and other patriotic and fraternal orders supported the program of the Elks.

More than 1,400 new citizens were the guests of the Milwaukee Elks as a feature of the program promoted by Milwaukee Lodge No. 46. The new American citizens were addressed by Chief Justice Marvin B. Rosenberry, of the Wisconsin Supreme Court.

Parades, public meetings and the enthusiastic support of various leaders in the city's civic and community life helped make the Americanism Week program of Bronx Lodge No. 871 in New York City an event of unusual public significance.

Americanism Week was proclaimed from the skies in Huntington, W. Va., when a flotilla of airplanes dropped 15,000 leaflets upon the city. Each leaflet contained Lincoln's Gettysburg Address and had printed on it a phrase which pointed out that the leaflet had been dropped by courtesy of Huntington Lodge No. 313.

The Pacific Coast, long noted for the vigor of its patriotism, carried on a wide variety of Americanism programs. In Fresno, Cal., Fresno Lodge No. 439, sponsored an essay contest in the schools, held an evening street parade in which patriotic, civic, labor and fraternal groups took part, had members of the Order speak on Americanism at luncheon clubs and benefited by the cooperation of local clergymen who urged their congregations to aid the Elks in making Americanism Week a success.

At Santa Ana, Cal., L. A. Lewis, of Whittier, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary and Past President of the California State Elks Association, urged the more than 600 persons who attended the patriotic meeting sponsored by Santa Ana Lodge No. 794, to wake up to the menace of Communism. The enthusiasm manifest at this

meeting resulted in the decision of the lodge to make this an annual event.

Americanism posters designed by school children were displayed in the store windows of local merchants as part of the program outlined for this week by Lyons, N. Y., Lodge, No. 869. The Lyons Elks distributed small American Flags which they requested to be worn on coat lapels during this week. Local clergymen held special Americanism services the week of March 1st.

Led by the McKinley High School Band, more than 1,500 Boy Scouts from 309 troops in St. Louis took part in the Elks' Americanism rally in that city and paraded from the club rooms of St. Louis Lodge, No. 9, to the Congress Theatre. Here the Rev. William A. Kiefer, S. J., of St. Louis University, made the principal address. A patriotic rally during this week was attended by the public as well as by members of the local American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the Boy Scouts.

At a rally held in the Memorial Auditorium at Lowell, Mass., Homer L. Chailaux, National Americanism Director of the American Legion, was the principal speaker. Representatives of all military and semi-military organizations in Lowell attended this meeting, which was hailed as one of the most "patriotic expressions of loyalty to the United States ever held in Lowell".

Virtually the entire community turned out to take part in the celebration staged by Woburn, Mass., Lodge, No. 908, which was featured by ceremonies in the Woburn High School, at which Daniel J. Dougherty, former National Commander of the American Legion, delivered a stirring patriotic address.

Merchants in Red Bank, N. J., backed the Americanism Week program of Red Bank Lodge No. 233. At the request of the local Chamber of Commerce they flew American Flags from their places of business. The Mayor, councilmen, clergymen and patriotic organizations cooperated with the local Elks in their program.

A radio program broadcast direct from the Elks Home in South Bend, Indiana, over Station WFAM, was a feature of the celebration staged by South Bend Lodge No. 235. Col.

John G. Emery, Grand Rapids, Mich., war hero, made the principal address. The closing ceremonies in this city included honoring 213 local residents who had recently become American citizens.

One of the outstanding programs in the Nation was that carried out by Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5. The program in this city was carefully planned well in advance, newspapers gave liberally and consistently of their space to carry to the public news of the Cincinnati program and the week was replete with a variety of activities. Features included a "Town Meeting", a patriotic parade, comprising four divisions, an address by Mayor James G. Stewart, a public Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, the active participation of clergymen of all denominations and the holding of Youth Day at Fountain Square. Here was introduced a new type of pledge, embodying a rededication to the ideals and principles of American democracy. Thousands of children took this pledge.

In Jersey City, N. J., a parade preceded the holding of a rally in the lodge room of Jersey City Lodge No. 211. The speakers at the meeting included a Catholic priest, a rabbi and a Protestant minister. More than 5,000 members of veterans' organizations and fraternal, social and civic groups took part in the parade and rally.

Throughout the nation leaders in government backed the Americanism Week program. In Maine, Governor Lewis O. Barrows left a sick bed to talk at a meeting sponsored by Waterville Lodge No. 905. In Beaumont, Texas, John C. Metcalfe, former investigator for the Dies Committee, spoke at the City Auditorium at a meeting sponsored by Beaumont Lodge No. 311. In Toledo, Ohio, Harold G. Mosier, a former member of the Dies Committee, was the principal speaker at a rally in the Municipal Auditorium. In Dover, N. H., the Rev. G. E. Thomas, authority on international affairs, made the principal address.

So successful was the Americanism Week program that Grand Exalted Ruler McCormick has urged all lodges to adopt a program for the naturalization of aliens, a logical development and follow-up of the Americanism Week program.

"Every lodge has by now received a plan for the naturalization of aliens," Dr. McCormick said. "Here is an unparalleled opportunity for the Elks of the Nation to do a concrete job of Americanism. Moreover, this is the kind of activity which reflects credit upon our Order, brings it new

prestige, aligns it with leaders of thought and public opinion, forces it to the front and attracts to it the kind of American gentlemen we seek on our membership rolls.

"Americanism Week has given our lodges an opportunity to show what they can do when they get back of a

national program. Their work was magnificent and resultful. Now it is my earnest hope and the hope of the leaders of Elksdom, that these same splendid lodges will take hold of the Naturalization Program and put it across with as much vigor and enthusiasm as Americanism Week."

The National Step-Child

(Continued from page 17)

talent in St. Louis at the time, the foremost of whom was Paul Waner, who had just been crowned the National League batting champion with a mark of .362. George Sisler, a former American League star and manager, was promoting a charity softball game and asked Waner to lead a team of major-leaguers against a collection of local amateurs. Waner readily agreed; there is nothing a ball player loves more dearly than to hit a ball, and the fact that an amateur was to pitch the large, inviting softball was so much gravy on his dish.

From all sides, major-leaguers came a-running to lend a hand and grab a bat. Lloyd Waner volunteered; so did Jim Bottomly, Marty McManus, Wally Schang, Johnny Tobin, Joe Mowry, Heinie Meine and Phil Todt—all ranking major-leaguers, or just a few seasons removed from the big-time. They condescendingly accepted an amateur to pitch for them in the unfamiliar underhand manner prescribed by the rules; and blithely went out for a pleasant afternoon of exercise and exhilarating batting.

It is a painful duty to relate that these heroes of American youth were made to look like so many tramps by a collection of eighteen-year-old amateurs. They lost the game, 3-2. They yelped for a recount and a return match. They swore terrible vengeance on the brash upstarts; they advised the loved ones of the amateurs to stay away from the carnage. So they played the second game and lost that one, too—4-3.

The major-leaguers might have been warned that softball is not as soft as it appears to be. Although the game is a direct off-shoot of baseball and was played thirty years ago in gym-

nasia and playgrounds with limited space, softball developed a definite technique as soon as it moved outdoors and, about fifteen years ago, began to pop up all over the country. It was known variously as mush-ball, diamond ball, kitten ball and playground ball. Called by any name, the public said it was dull stuff.

The game was malingering, getting nowhere in a hurry, for the want of a personality with the prestige of an authentic sports background to give it a shot in the arm. In 1933 this same Sisler who gave Waner a fast sales talk got interested, and the panic was on.

Although Sisler holds no high administrative position in the national organization, he will be regarded some day as the Alexander Cartwright of softball. He was among the first to recognize the tremendous recreational possibilities of the game. And he was the very first baseball

man who manifested any interest at all in the orphan. Long before he was elected last winter to the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N. Y., the baseball shrine, Sisler was a hallowed hero. Playing with the St. Louis Browns in the glamorous post-war era, Sisler broke Ty Cobb's monopoly of the American League batting championship by hitting .407 in 1920 and bounced back with .420 two years later, still the all-time league mark.

A brilliant career was ended with tragic abruptness when Sisler's eyes, tortured by sinus trouble, went bad on him in 1922. A series of operations kept him out for a year and he returned in '24 as manager of the Browns, but he was practically through as a player. He lasted at St. Louis for three more years, wandered to the Boston Bees, then finished at Rochester and Shreveport.

Eye trouble drove Sisler out of baseball before his time, but he had no trouble seeing the future of softball when he opened a sporting goods store in St. Louis in 1933. Like most confirmed baseball men, Sisler was left absolutely cold by the faint carbon copy of his old game. But he shortly discovered he was selling large and profitable quantities of softball equipment and, like any good salesman, he began to study his market.

Any sport will flourish if there is a league to sustain and heighten interest. Sisler tried to organize the hundreds of softball teams around St. Louis into leagues, with possible state and national tie-ups, and accidentally stumbled upon an astonishing condition which was obstructing the widespread growth of the game, and a pretty silly state of affairs it was, too. Solid, upright business men, the



"I must request you, madam, to refrain from saying, 'Beep, Beep' at the crossings."

sponsors of most of the teams for the resultant publicity, had boundless faith in the integrity of the people with whom they had commercial dealings. These same men, though, hollered bloody murder when a volunteer umpire called a close decision against their teams. Every umpire was under suspicion of being blind, prejudiced, incompetent, or all three, and only a citizen combining the virtues and wisdom of Mr. Chief Justice Charles E. Hughes and Bill Klem could maintain order.

Sisler attacked the situation the hard way. He bluntly told the softball sponsors his league umpires were to be the absolute bosses on the field and that they could like it or lump it. He gave his umpires authority to make their decisions stick and assigned them to regular schedules, after the fashion of big-league arbiters. He even paid his men a fee for working the games and promised to support them to the limit in the squabbles which were sure to come.

THEN softball began to go to town—in fact, from town to town. From its cradle in the Middle West, the game spread with amazing speed to every state in the broad land. The second national tournament, held at Chicago's natural amphitheatre in Lincoln Park, attracted 200,000 spectators in 1934 with 100,000 watching the final game won by the Ke-Nash-A-Club of Kenosha, Wis. Since that time the tournament has grown to such proportions that it now is staged in Soldier Field, the largest stadium in the country, and accommodations still are inadequate. The championship contests will be held at Soldier Field this year from September 6th through the 12th, and with good weather the games will attract close to a half-million fans, or more than twice the number of customers who will see the Yankees win the World Series. Last year's national title was won by Pohler's Cafe of Cincinnati in the men's division with teams from forty-three states and Canada competing, and the J. J. Krieg girls of Alameda, Calif., won in their bracket.

Sure, gals play softball, which is one of the chief reasons why it is looming. There are very few team games our fine-feathered friends can play under men's rules and when they do strike

one the lovely ladies immediately get delusions of grandeur and try to take charge, as usual. Less strenuous and safer than baseball, softball is the perfect substitute for women.

FOR that matter, it is right down the alley of men. Now, baseball is the grand old national game and all that sort of thing, but it is a dreadful bore when played by anybody but professionals. Baseball is, in fact, strictly a spectator sport; the degree of proficiency required to play it fairly well is far beyond the ability of the overwhelming majority.

Hardly a man alive beyond the age of twenty-one plays baseball on an informal basis more than once a year, usually at a picnic or a clam-bake and after four hours of miserable inactivity one and all invariably agree it was a horrible mistake in the first place. You know how the typical pick-up game goes. A batter walks when the pitcher, trying to recapture his lost youth, heaves the ball in the general direction of an innocent bystander behind third base. The batter promptly steals second base at a discreet dog-trot, goes to third on a weird overthrow by the catcher and scores on a passed ball. And so far into the night.

Softball, a compact, capsule version of baseball, eliminates the worst features of baseball and capitalizes on the most attractive aspects. The regulation game, confined to seven innings, can be played in one hour, an important consideration for people who work all day and want to get a little relaxation at night. In most municipal and industrial leagues, games commence early in the evening and are finished before dusk sets in. Since a comparatively small field is required, lighting systems

can be installed at a low cost for night games and a ten-cent admission charge will cover operating expenses.

The softball capsule, in addition to being short, is sweet to take because the action is faster and stresses the fundamental feature of baseball, which is the business of hitting and fielding the ball without too much time out for deep-seated strategy. The softball, which is twelve inches in circumference, is a third again as large as a baseball, which means the average dub can catch and hit it with a fair degree of regularity. Since the bases are only sixty feet apart, base-stealing had to be curtailed and it was accomplished effectively by the rule which makes the runner keep contact with the bag until the catcher has received the pitch. That, and the presence of a tenth player, known as the "short fielder"—who functions as a roving outfielder—makes for close, interesting games.

SOFTBALL still is so young that its rules are not yet standardized. One faction is agitating for the elimination of the tenth player. Diamonds are subject to local variations; distances between bases range from forty to seventy feet and the distance from the pitcher's box to the plate may be anywhere from thirty-five to fifty feet, depending on house rules. Then there are two distinct games of softball. One is known as fast pitching and uses the twelve-inch ball, while a sixteen-inch pumpkin is used in slow-ball pitching. It's very confusing, as you can see.

Another, and more serious problem the softball people must contend with, is the emphasis on pitching, particularly in top-flight tournaments.

Although all balls must be thrown underhand—a strict rule which is observed everywhere—good softball pitchers develop as much trick stuff and can generate as much speed as any major-league star. Too much, in fact. Great softball hitters are comparatively scarce but outstanding pitchers are a dime a dozen, or so it seems. Harry Kraft, for example, struck out 38 batters and gave only six hits in a nineteen-inning game, while Ke-Nash-A en route to the national championship five years ago, and Russ Johnson of Hamilton, Canada, once fanned 31 men in a twelve-inning



"But I'm not the Count of Monte Cristo!"

battle, then mowed down eleven in four innings as a relief pitcher the next evening. Even the gals blow 'em down. Bessie Johnson, of the title-winning J. J. Kriegs, had a no-hit, no-run game with two out in the ninth in the pay-off game with the Down Drafts of Chicago last year when Marge Brown, the meanie, got a solid single. The offense is bound to get a break sooner or later, as soon as the pitching distance is increased, the team is reduced to

nine players and the ball is made livelier.

Although both games have much in common, softball is no menace to the future of baseball. Softball is essentially humble, bush-league stuff for local consumption. There is not enough money involved to induce promoters to back it in a big way, and it's just as well. After all these years, baseball has too much glamour, background and organization to be dislodged by its kid brother. But

softball is more fun to play—and that is certainly the main idea of all games.

Veteran baseball players and fans would sooner be found dead up an alley than at a silly softball game, but they are in the minority and fast becoming more so. That drives them wild and please don't mention it. Particularly to Mr. Paul Waner. He'll bash your brow with a ball bat. At that, it will be the first hit he's made in connection with softball.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 16)

glers were lost and found, how cattle were urged for days across the waterless, dry-as-dust Powder River country in midsummer, how the cowboys had to fight racketeers and rustlers and deliver their herds as ordered. When they received their money they scattered it in the saloons and dives of the cattle towns. Those were the days when a sharp line was drawn between women who were "respectable" and women who were "loose" and the first group held its noses high in the air. "If you mentioned a decent woman's name in a saloon in those days you were liable to get your eye shot out," said Teddy Blue. "Now, if you go into a saloon, there they all are." But when the cowboys married a good woman, they were submissive males. Teddy Blue gave up smoking, chewing and gambling for the girl he married, and didn't take a drink "for ten years and three days, and then it was some rock and rye for a sore throat." He became a rancher and a patriarch, as did many another of the early cowboys, for the hard riding and work in the open was for young men, and when cowboys became middle-aged they had settled down. It's a swell book, a fine slice of Americana. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$3)

Major Robert Rogers Once More

Readers tell me that they find "The Tree of Liberty" by Elizabeth Page, which I described a few months ago, more history than novel. There is another big, fat novel about colonial days awaiting readers—"Next to Valour" by John Jennings, and this you will find to emphasize the story rather than the history. Indeed, "Next to Valour" comes closer to the older type of historical novel because the characters observe a certain formal delivery in their language, whereas writers in recent years have been trying to convey an informality that is akin to modern speech. Mr. Jennings writes about the adventures of Jamie Ferguson, a Scot who comes to America after the collapse of the Stuart cause in 1745

and gets into the French and Indian war with the redoubtable Robert Rogers. Tramping through woods, fighting Indians and the French, taking part in the attack on St. Francis and the campaign against Quebec led by Wolfe, together with love and marriage, this is a novel that will evoke once more reminders of the terrain covered by Kenneth Roberts in his novels, and especially in "Northwest Passage", which deals with the life of Rogers. The comparison between the two books is inevitable and leads to the conclusion that Kenneth Roberts' work is far superior, especially in portraying the pangs of suffering and the turmoil of the human heart. But Mr. Jennings has described a vast amount of adventure, based on a great deal of original research, and by the time you get to page 820 you ought to be living mentally in the old colonial province of New Hampshire and observing the fortunes of the early fighters of Ticonderoga, Fort William Henry, Fort Edward and Crown Point. (Macmillan, \$2.75)

Dr. Victor Heiser's New Advice

When an international medical authority sits down with us to discuss health in terms that you and I can understand, he is worth listening to. The high authority of Dr. Victor Heiser is unquestioned. He wrote "An American Doctor's Odyssey", and that has been read by hundreds of thousands of Americans and has been published in foreign countries. Now he provides in one book so much worthy professional advice that if we had to pay for it in private consultation it would eat up the little that the tax collectors leave us.

Dr. Heiser is a firm believer in the theory that our health is directly related to the food we eat, the amount we eat and the way we eat it. He recalls the old saying that people dig their graves with their teeth. He feels that if only one dietary rule were possible, he would put proper mastication foremost. He is against all those habits our mothers used to warn against: bolting hot biscuits,

eating too much sugar, eating too much fat, filling up with desserts, including, however, mother's favorite, pie, which Dr. Heiser also condemns as hard to digest, making trouble for the stomach.

Dietary advice has changed a great deal in twenty years. Dr. Heiser believes the soy bean has great merits; Henry Ford practically lives on it and recently he jumped over a table (at 77) to show Dr. Heiser that he was free from arthritis because of the soy bean. Not too much of anything is one of Dr. Heiser's rules—not too much salt, not too much meat; also not too little water and fresh air. He discusses milk, teeth, protection against germs, the place of exercise and play in normal living, the effect of heating on the human system, common colds, vision and sleep. He is helpful, never impatient, never an extremist, always emphasizing common sense. As he says, many of us already know what is good for us, but we don't follow our own knowledge. Maybe "You're the Doctor" will help make people conscious that they are responsible for their own health and can get the best results themselves. (W. W. Norton & Co., \$2.50)

The Borden Murder Mystery

The Borden murder mystery of Fall River, Mass., is a hardy perennial that defies the efforts of all the amateur sleuths. Now Marie Belloc Lowndes takes a turn at it and in "Lizzie Borden: A Study in Conjecture" suggests a solution. Just to remind the reader—Andrew Borden and his wife Abby were found with their skulls battered in on Aug. 4, 1892, and Lizzie Borden, daughter of Andrew, who had married Abby when Lizzie was two and a half years old, was tried for the murders and acquitted. She was 31, and for thirty-three years more she lived in Fall River, and no one ever discovered how the Bordens were killed. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes suggests a motive—passion and frustration; she believes Lizzie may have been

stopped from seeing the man of her choice by both her parents. There was bitter feeling between Lizzie and her step-mother and the groundwork is well developed by the author. But whether this is the right solution nobody knows. It suffices to say that the Lizzie Borden case, though gory and crude, remains interesting because no one has the key to the mystery. (Longman's, Green, \$2)

Three Little Girls from China

There is a delightful little book about three little maids from China just off the press; they happen to be the daughters of Lin Yutang, whose book, "The Importance of Living", has been a best-seller for so many months that it must have been read by half the nation. This book,

"Our Family", by Adet and Anor Lin, aged 16 and 13 respectively, with added comments by their younger sister Meimei, gives an unexpected and delightful glimpse of what Pearl S. Buck calls "a charming, simple family life, an expression at its modern best of the old Chinese family." Dr. Lin has refrained from correcting the spelling or eliminating anecdotes about himself.

While Lin Yutang has written a great deal about his attitude toward life, the little girls are impressed chiefly by his eager digestion, his ability to eat at any times, especially roast beef. Also "Father can go on and talk endless." Anor, sizing up her life in New York, says the city "has it's good and bad sorted out." "if they don't mind I'd say I like

Paris better," says Anor, "but sometimes I do long for New York. It is real hard to say. . . I like dogs when they are hot in America. I like American schools. The people walk much too quick in the streets. I hate their lunches. I love their bosses. I like the bottom of Radio City. I think the slang is awful. A heavy skin of dust in New York. They rush when they have nothing to do."

But they thoroughly enjoyed their visit in China, where the food is good and everyone talks Chinese. What they write is interesting on every page, not merely children's chatter. Mrs. Buck, describing their playing with her own children, says of them "Never once have I seen them forget the beautiful courtesy natural to Chinese family life." (John Day, \$2)

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 36)

Adams, Frank Thompson, J. Edwin Baker, W. P. Mooty, Harold Colee and J. J. Fernandez. The retiring President, M. Frank O'Brien, was presented with a silver set of goblets by E.R. Judge J. A. Dunn of Miami Lodge in appreciation of his successful work during the past year. P.E.R. L. E. Broome of Orlando Lodge delivered the address at the Annual Memorial Services. Superintendent J. Edwin Baker of the Harry-Anna Home For Crippled Children at Umatilla, made an impressive report of the activities of the home. The Association moved to hold an essay contest for high school students of the State, the subject to be "Americanism." Orlando Lodge provided many entertaining features for those attending the meeting. The annual Exalted Rulers and Secretaries Breakfast, held prior to the opening of the business session, was attended by many dignitaries of the Order. The three-day program was climaxed by the Presidents Ball held on the last day at the beautiful Orlando Country Club. A dinner preceded the dance.

On Sunday, April 24, the Association paid tribute to the memory of the late Caspian Hale, P.E.R. of New Smyrna Beach Lodge, and former Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge. Headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz, a large delegation visited

New Smyrna to take part in unveiling ceremonies conducted by Past Exalted Rulers of New Smyrna Beach Lodge. Mr. O'Brien unveiled the monument erected in Mr. Hale's memory and Mr. Sholtz delivered the Eulogy. A beautiful program of music was rendered during the service.

ARIZONA

The Arizona State Elks Association held one of its most successful conventions on April 20-21-22 when Douglas Lodge No. 955 entertained an estimated attendance of 800. Among the distinguished guests were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon of Los Angeles, Calif., Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight E. M. Dickerman, Tucson, Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight M.H. Starkweather, Tucson, Past Grand Tiler Joseph F. Mayer, Globe, D.D. Charles J. Grier, Ajo, and State Pres. Alex W. Crane, Phoenix. Social activities included the annual convention dinner dance held in the new high school gymnasium, the State Officers Breakfast in the banquet room of the Gadsden Hotel,



"You're new here, aren't you? My name's Butterfingers."

a scenic tour to the Wonderland of Rocks, a stage show brought from Hollywood and presented for Elks and their ladies at the Club Top Hat, and numerous luncheons and dances. The initiation of the "Convention Class" by the Douglas officers was followed by entertainment and a Dutch Lunch.

The Ritualistic Contest was won by Douglas Lodge, with Prescott second and Kingman third. The following officers were elected for the

ensuing year: Pres., Henry M. Beard, Douglas; Vice-Pres., A. F. Switzer, Winslow; Assistants to the President, Isaac Polhamus, Yuma, and Ed Locklear, Prescott; Treas., Francis L. Decker, Flagstaff; Secy., I. B. Ward, Douglas; Trustees: Peter Riley, Clifton, R. H. McKinley, Winslow, and Henry F. Colman, Yuma. The 25th Annual Meeting will be held next year at Winslow.

The Association decided to conduct an essay contest with appro-

prate prizes for pupils in Arizona schools, the subject to be of a patriotic nature. It was also decided to sponsor a softball program in the State to be conducted by the WPA with the support and approval of the Elks. The membership report showed a net gain for the past year, and numerous constructive proposals were made concerning the Arizona Elks Hospital at Tucson. The Hospital has been sponsored by the State Association for a number of years.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 35)

Secy. Reither, Yankton, S. D., Lodge, Retires After 25 Years

Secretary Louis A. Reither of Yankton, S. D., Lodge, No. 994, relinquished his office on April 3 after twenty-five years of service. During all this time, Mr. Reither missed but one meeting. The lodge is proud of the fact that on every occasion of inspection, the various District Deputies and other Elk officials have been impressed with the accuracy, competence and integrity which characterized Mr. Reither's performance of his duties. The high order of his work, which has been a leading factor in the growth and prosperity of Yankton Lodge, was officially recognized in a Resolution prepared by a committee of Past Exalted Rulers, and unanimously adopted at the meeting.

Benefit Concert Sponsored by Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge

A benefit concert was sponsored recently by Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge, No. 255, for a fund with which to purchase uniforms for the Central High School Band of 60 members. Jerry Cimera, nationally known trombone player, was a guest artist, and several University of North Dakota musicians appeared in featured numbers.

E. R. Ronald N. Davies presented the leader of the band with a check for the uniforms. The affair was managed by a joint lodge and high school committee. The Central High School Band has held the North Dakota championship for fourteen of the past sixteen years.

Ashtabula, O., Lodge Honors Veteran Elks on "Old Timers Night"

Ashtabula, O., Lodge, No. 208, observed "Old Timers Night" some weeks ago and entertained 68 of the 127 veteran members. Arthur Sweet, 47 years a member, was given special honors. Among the speakers were D. Raymond Tickner, the youngest Past Exalted Ruler, and Secy. James E. Breen, Past State Pres., who pre-

sented the Old Timers, initiated 35 or more years ago, with remembrances. In an interesting talk, Mr. Breen told of the financing of the home which was paid for in a relatively brief period and is now worth \$200,000. The lodge's summer home on Lake Erie is also entirely paid for. Dinner was served in the Elks' dining room for 200 members.

At the regular meeting the next week, P. D. D. Ralph H. Stone of Conneaut, O., visited Ashtabula Lodge and installed the new officers.

Chicago Heights, Ill., Elks Visit Blue Island On Sad Mission

A delegation of officers and members of Chicago Heights, Ill., Lodge, No. 1066, journeyed recently to Blue Island, Ill., to comply with the last request of one of their fellow members, that they take part in his funeral services. Edward Fordtran was for many years a photographer in Chicago Heights. Ten years ago he opened a studio in Blue Island, but kept up his membership in Chicago Heights Lodge with which he had been affiliated for many years.

Warsaw, Ind., Lodge Stages Egg Hunt for City's Children

Warsaw, Ind., Lodge, No. 802, put on a gigantic Easter Egg Hunt for the children of the city on Easter Sunday afternoon which drew 600 boys and girls to the Warsaw City Park and twice as many grown-ups who came to watch the fun. Early in the day members of the lodge hid about 1,500 colored eggs, some in spots easily seen and some in obscure places. Before the hunt, the children were assembled in the armory where tickets were distributed. Finders of golden and purple eggs and children who found three eggs apiece, were rewarded with cash prizes.

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Gives Support To Prevention of Crime

Having been requested by the Milwaukee Junior Chamber of Commerce to select from that organization a speaker to address a regular lodge meeting during Crime Prevention Week, Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, chose one of its officers, Est. Lect. Knight Carl F. Zeidler. On April 17, Mr. Zeidler spoke before the lodge on Crime Prevention, and talks on the same subject were made by Edward H. Wenzel, Capt. Richard Froemming and Ben Wolff.

It was stated that the sum of \$15,000,000,000 is spent annually in this country for combating crime, five times more than the total educational cost for the Nation, a cost of approximately \$120 per capita; that 4,300,000 men, women and children are now engaged in criminal pursuits throughout the country; that lack of parental discipline and poor surroundings are causes annually of delinquency and criminal behavior. The belief was expressed that parents can do a great deal in the way of disciplining, guiding and directing the destiny of youth. Attention was called to the fact that many offenses lessen the protective powers of city safety de-

State Association Convention Dates for 1939

| ASSOCIATION | CITY | DATE |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------|-------------------|
| Iowa | Fort Dodge | June 3-4-5-6 |
| South Dakota | Aberdeen | June 4-5 |
| Indiana | Evansville | June 4-5-6-7 |
| New York | Saranac Lake | June 4-5-6-7-8-9 |
| Utah | Price | June 9-10-11 |
| Wyoming | Laramie | June 9-10-11 |
| Mississippi | Jackson | June 14 |
| Michigan | Muskegon | June 15-16-17-18 |
| Massachusetts | Newburyport | June 16-17-18 |
| North Dakota | Valley City | June 21-22-23 |
| New Jersey | Long Branch | June 23-24 |
| Connecticut | Danbury | June 24 |
| Maine | Portland | June 24-25 |
| Rhode Island | Pawtucket | June 24-25 |
| Idaho | Coeur d'Alene | June 26-27-28 |
| Oregon | Klamath Falls | June 30, July 1-2 |
| Nebraska | Fremont | June* |
| Minnesota | Duluth | Aug. 3-4-5 |
| Virginia | Winchester | Aug. 3-4-5 |
| Washington | Everett | Aug. 21-22 |
| Pennsylvania | Bethlehem | Aug. 21-22-23-24 |
| Colorado | Salida | Aug. 24-25-26 |
| Montana | Livingston | Aug. 24-25-26 |
| Wisconsin | Wausau | Aug. 24-25-26 |
| Maryland | | |
| Delaware and District of Columbia | Crisfield, Md. | Aug. 27-28-29-30 |
| Ohio | Cedar Point (Sandusky) | August* |
| California | Santa Monica | Sept. 14-15-16 |
| Vermont | Bennington | Sept. 30, Oct. 1 |
| Nevada | Elko | October 1 |

*DATE NOT YET SET.

partments. The turning in of a fire alarm, for instance, curtails the service of the fire department to the extent that a condition of grave danger to a community is often created.

A proposal was made that the lodge go on record in support of a Crime Prevention program, and a motion was made by Mr. Wenzel that the movement be endorsed in a Resolution and that a copy be sent to the Grand Lodge. A resolution was drafted accordingly by a committee appointed by E.R. Clem A. Czerwinski, and duly passed by the lodge. The members of the Committee were Mr. Wenzel, Chairman, Capt. Froemming, Mr. Zeidler and Mr. Wolff.

Indiana North Lodges Hold Semi-Annual Meeting at East Chicago

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, was host to the lodges of the Indiana North District at their semi-annual meeting on April 15-16. More than 300 Elks and their ladies attended the Saturday evening program which included entertainment and dancing and the serving of a buffet luncheon. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was delivered by former Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner, who will be presented at the Grand Lodge Convention next month by his lodge, Dixon, Ill., No. 779, as a candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler.

At the Sunday morning business meeting, reports were read by Secretaries of the various lodges, all of which were shown to be in a splendid financial condition. Adjournment was made for a turkey dinner, and in the afternoon the initiation of a class of candidates was performed by chair officers from the respective lodges. Short talks were made by Mr. Warner; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Chicago; Raymond F. Thomas, Terre Haute, Pres. of the Indiana State Elks Assn.; P.D.D. Edwin Loewenthal, Evansville, and Claude E. Thompson, Frankfort, 1st Vice-Pres. of the Ind. State Elks Assn. D.D. L. E. Yoder, of Goshen, was in charge of the meeting which was one of the most successful ever held in the District. Kendallville Lodge No. 1194 was awarded the next meeting to be held in the Fall. The visiting Elks were loud in their praises of the beautiful home of East Chicago Lodge where they were entertained, and in which the business sessions were held.

Two of the newly installed chair officers of East Chicago Lodge are sons of two Past Exalted Rulers—Allen P. Twyman and Leo McCormack.

Houston, Tex., Lodge Initiates the "M. A. deBettencourt Class"

Two Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order, Frank L. Rain of Fairbury, Neb., and John R. Coen of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, attended a meeting of Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151, on March 28, at which Houston Elks paid honor to their retir-

ing Exalted Ruler, M. A. deBettencourt. Special District Deputy W. M. Frasor of Blue Island, Ill., also attended as the personal representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick. The "M. A. deBettencourt Class" of 122 candidates was initiated as one of the highlights of the meeting, at which 612 Elks were present.

Mr. Frasor and both Past Grand Exalted Rulers paid tribute to Mr. deBettencourt for the splendid progress made by Houston Lodge during his administration. Members of the lodge recognized his outstanding full-time service by proposing him for honorary life membership, and presenting him with a beautiful watch, suitably engraved. At the next regular meeting Mr. deBettencourt was unanimously elected to honorary life membership and presented with a card of solid gold. Special honor was paid also to Grover M. Burge who, since his initiation on January 24 last, had secured the applications of 52 friends. All of the applications were accepted by the lodge.

Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge Holds Its Annual Easter Ball

Many Exalted Rulers and members of nearby lodges attended the Annual Easter Ball held by Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, No. 847, in the auditorium of the lodge home. About 100 couples participated in the Grand March led by E.R. Richard D. Roberts and Mrs. Roberts, and directed by Maj. John T. Burke. B. J. Maloney was Chairman of the committee in charge of arrangements. Mr. Roberts gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast. The auditorium presented a beautiful appearance. A large crystal ball was the main feature of the decorative scheme, and streamers and flowers were used in profusion. Refreshments were served in the dining hall.

Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge Awards World's Fair Trip to Contest Winner

In connection with its observance of Americanism Week, Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, sponsored an Americanism Essay and Declamation Contest. Miss Peggy Plumb, a June graduate of the Nottingham High School, was the winner of the attractive award donated by the lodge—a three-day visit to the New York World's Fair, with all expenses paid for the contest winner and an accompanying parent or guardian.

Seven finalists competed before a large audience in the Auditorium of the Syracuse Museum of Fine Arts. P.E.R. Frank D. Smigelsky, Superintendent of Syracuse high schools, was Chairman of the program for the evening, appointed by E.R. Frank J. Spring. The Judges, Mayor John H. Walrath, Crandall Melvin, Frank L. Ward, William E. McClusky and E. A. O'Hara, publisher of the *Syracuse Herald*, were seated in the audience while the contestants spoke from the stage.

Afflicted Boy Sent to Sanatorium by Akron, O., Elks

An act of generosity on the part of Akron, O., Lodge, No. 363, sent a local boy, suffering from a baffling ailment, to a health hotel in New York State for a stay of at least six weeks. Felix Presinski was a healthy lad a few years ago, active in Boy Scout work and showing sufficient talent for the planning of a musical career. Funds were voted by the lodge to complete a fund for defraying the expense of a trip and sojourn at the sanatorium. Financial aid was also given by Attorney Fred Smoyer and Assistant Prosecutor Robert Azar who brought the boy's sad plight before the lodge's Board of Trustees of which he is a member.

Father Installs Son as Exalted Ruler of Decorah, Ia., Lodge

Eleven years after his own installation as Exalted Ruler of Decorah, Ia., Lodge, No. 443, Dr. J. D. Hexom had the honor of installing his son, Floyd Hexom, in the same high office. The new Exalted Ruler has served in all the Chairs and has participated in five State and three National Ritualistic Contests.

Loveland, Colo., Elks Are Guests of Greeley, Colo., Lodge

At a dinner-meeting of the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809, which preceded a recent regular lodge session, several past and present officers of Loveland, Colo., Lodge, No. 1051, were guests, among them being E.R. Edward M. Specht and P.D.D. William Daley. P.E.R.'s Charles Littell and S. G. Reeve were chosen President and Secretary respectively of the P.E.R.'s Association for the coming year. An entertainment program was presented later for the enjoyment of all the Greeley members and their guests.

Bozeman, Mont., Lodge Repeats Success With 1939 Minstrels

Nearly 300 more tickets were sold for the 1939 revival of black face comedy put on by Bozeman, Mont., Lodge, No. 463, than for the similar show presented last year. Both were financial successes. Two performances of the Minstrels were given in the high school auditorium by a remarkable cast of local talent. Fred Lay was Interlocutor. The climax of the Olio was a burlesque number danced by E.R. Clifford Vance and his sister. George Gordon, a negro waiter at the lodge home, possessor of a fine tenor voice, was one of the stars of the show.

Correction Concerning An Item About Princeton, W. Va., Lodge

Princeton, W. Va., Lodge, No. 1459, through Secy. L. L. Lambert, has called our attention to a discrepancy in an item about the lodge published in the April issue of *The Elks Magazine*. Princeton Lodge

voted a generous donation toward the equipping of a ward in the Morris Memorial Hospital for Crippled Children at Milton, W. Va. It did not, however, assume the entire responsibility. The W. Va. State Elks Association undertook the job of equipping the ward, and requested lodges of the State to make any contribution they could toward its furnishing.

Princeton Lodge does not want more credit than is due. We are glad to make this correction and at the same time, felicitate the lodge upon its conscientious feeling in the matter.

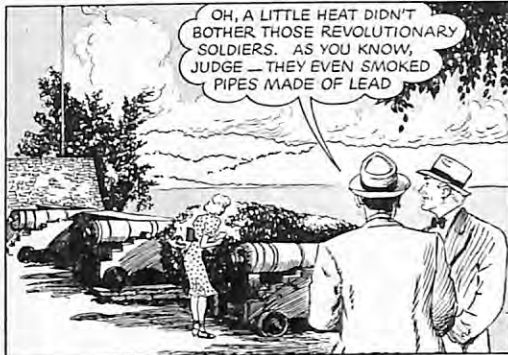
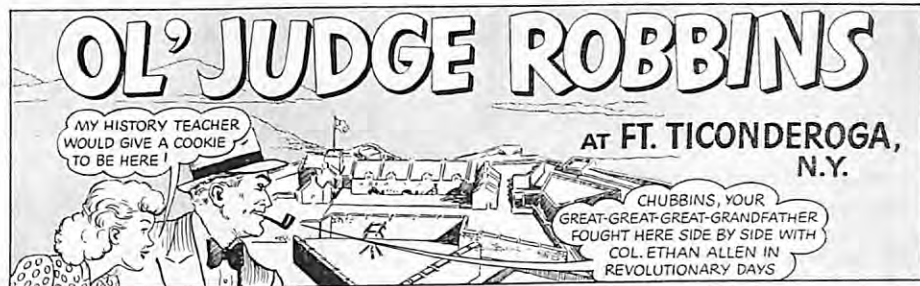
Homecoming Visit of D.D. H. A. Tessier to Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge

Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1317, marked the official homecoming visit of D.D. Homer A. Tessier with an outstanding program which began at 2 P.M. when the P.E.R.'s Association of the N. Y. Northeast District convened. At 4 P.M., E.R. A. A. Scully conducted the lodge session at which the District Deputy was formally greeted and a large class of candidates initiated by the local officers.

The banquet was attended by more than 300 Elks. Practically every lodge in the district was represented by a delegation. The speakers were Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. J. Edward Gallico, of Troy, N. Y., Lodge, who delivered an address on Americanism; Past State Pres. Dr. Leo W. Roohan, Saratoga Springs; Past Vice-Pres. Edward M. Smith, Cohoes; P.D.D.'s Robert J. Walsh, Schenectady, and Henry S. Kahn, Cohoes, and D.D. Robert E. Cummings, Bennington, Vt. P.E.R. Raymond Van Santvoord was Toastmaster. On behalf of the lodge, P.E.R. Joseph Wallock presented Mr. Tessier with a handsome traveling bag. The evening was brought to a close with a program of entertainment, a feature of which was a demonstration of professional gamblers' tricks by Michael MacDougall, internationally known "card detective."

Installation Committee of Penna. N.E. District a Success

Appointed by P.D.D. George J. Post of Mahanoy City, Past Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., an Installation Committee has performed a novel and valuable service in the Pennsylvania Northeast District. Members of the committee were William Yadusky, Shenandoah, A. L. Mitke, Freeland, Robert W. Davies, Bangor, and Dr. S. H. Straessley, Wilkes-Barre. Mr. Post was Chairman. The District was subdivided, each committee member being given four lodges. It became his duty to install the officers of his respective lodge without the use of the Ritual. Each committee member carried with him his aides and, in addition, was accompanied on all his visits by Mr. Post and the Guard of Honor of Mahanoy City Lodge No. 695. The ceremonies proved to be so inspiring

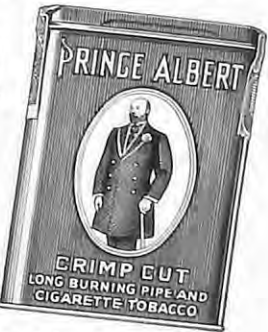


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to officers and members alike that in practically every instance a request was made by the individual lodge that a similar rendition be given next year.

Interesting Features of Two Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge Meetings

At the last meeting in March of Lancaster, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1478, E.R. John Schrader had the pleasure of initiating his son along with other members of a class of candidates. At the meeting in April when the new officers were inducted, the Chairs were occupied by Past Exalted Rulers. The new Exalted Ruler, Floyd G. Wendel, was installed by his father, George J. Wendel. Mr. Wendel, Sr., was the lodge's first Exalted Ruler.

A large representation of the membership and many visiting Elks, including a delegation from Buffalo, N. Y., headed by E.R. Dr. Andrew C. Callahan, witnessed the installation ceremonies. A luncheon was served and entertainment presented by a clever magician.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Presents Flags to Supreme Court

An impressive ceremony took place on April 10 in the new \$5,000,000 Queens County Court House in Jamaica, N. Y., when Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, presented to the Supreme Court of the county four beautiful American flags and standards, one to be used in each of the four parts of the Court. As his first official act, the new Exalted Ruler, John Frank, made the presentation on behalf of the lodge. The flags were accepted, in the presence of 500, by Justice Charles W. Froessel, a member of No. 878, who presided in Part I of the Court.

The Rt. Rev. Monsignor John J. Clarke of St. Michael's Church, Flushing, delivered the Invocation. The Rev. Andrew Magill, of the Jamaica Presbyterian Church, pronounced the Benediction. A brief talk was made by Supreme Court Justice P.E.R. Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., of Queens Borough Lodge, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. Also present were Judge James T. Hallinan, P.E.R. of Queens Borough Lodge, a Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order and a member of the Supreme Court, Queens County; Justice Frank F. Adel, P.E.R. Queens Borough Lodge, a member of the Appellate Division, Second Department, and Justices Charles J. Dodd and Philip Brennan, members of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, and members of the Supreme Court, Kings County.

Home Lodge at Elks National Home Installs Its New Officers

Installation of the 1938-39 officers for the Home Lodge at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., took place on the regular meeting night of April 3 in the lodge room. The ritualistic work was in the capable hands of P.E.R. J. Bell Smith of

Fremont, O., assisted by P.E.R. Charles I. Crow, Aberdeen, S. D., O. L. Gordon, Robinson, Ill., John E. Pedigo, Danville, Va., Fred G. Spencer, Fulton, N. Y., Joe M. Johnson, Nashville, Tenn., Albert S. Harn, Bloomington, Ind., Charles Martin, San Francisco, Calif., and Jess R. Batt, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The officers who were installed are as follows: E.R. Daniel F. Edgington, Wichita, Kans.; Est. Lead. Knight, George N. Rigby, Yonkers, N. Y.; Est. Loyal Knight, John H. Burden, Rochester, N. Y.; Est. Lect. Knight, John H. Cooper, Buffalo, N. Y.; Secy., George Wolfe, Bluefield, W. Va.; Treas., Kern A. Drake, Meadville, Pa.; Tiler, G. P. Tollmann, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; Esq., Charles L. Conover, Peru, Ind.; Chaplain, Thomas H. Hughes, Adams, Mass.; Inner Guard, Maj. Fred A. Smith, Corning, N. Y.; Organist, Capt. Ralph H. Nutting, Daytona Beach, Fla.

Father Installs Exalted Ruler of Wilmington, N. C., Lodge

P.E.R. Sam M. King, Secretary of Wilmington, N. C., Lodge, No. 532, enjoyed the privilege recently of installing his son, Donald C. King, as Exalted Ruler before a large gathering of members. The ceremonies were followed by a social session and the serving of a splendid buffet supper.

New Castle, Pa., Elks Sponsor Successful Benefit Party

Between eight and nine hundred persons attended the "Greater New Castle" benefit party on April 13 sponsored by New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69. Highlights of the evening included Bingo, handled by the American Legion, fortune-telling by volunteers, cards, a floor show, dancing and the distribution of major prizes which took place in the lodge room. R. Michael Frazier acted as Master of Ceremonies. Harry Alexander was General Chairman.

Many distinguished Elks were present, and all appeared before the microphone, including the newly-installed Exalted Ruler, Hugh D. Graham. The next day receipts were counted and preparations made to turn over the whole amount to the Greater New Castle Association.

Fifty-First Birthday Observed by Birmingham, Ala., Lodge

More than 200 members of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, attended the celebration of the lodge's 51st Anniversary at the Tutweiler Hotel. E.R. Harry A. Gorman was Toastmaster, and the speakers were Exalted Ruler-elect Harry K. Reid, P.E.R. Borden Burr, Trustee John W. Allen and P.D.D. Harry W. English, the only living charter member of No. 79.

Tucson, Ariz., Lodge Presents Service Pins to 35-Year Members

At a recent meeting, Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, presented service

pins to those members of thirty-five or more years continuous membership. Formal presentation was made by Alex W. Crane, Pres. of the Ariz. State Elks Assn. In a brief talk, Mr. Crane paid high tribute to those who had done so much in the early days to lay the foundation of Tucson Lodge.

The meeting was well attended. Mr. Crane and Exalted Ruler-elect Edward J. Brennan headed a large delegation from Phoenix Lodge No. 335. Tucson Lodge is the first lodge in Arizona to present its members with Service Pins.

Prominent Fort Collins, Colo., Elk, W. V. Roberts, Dies

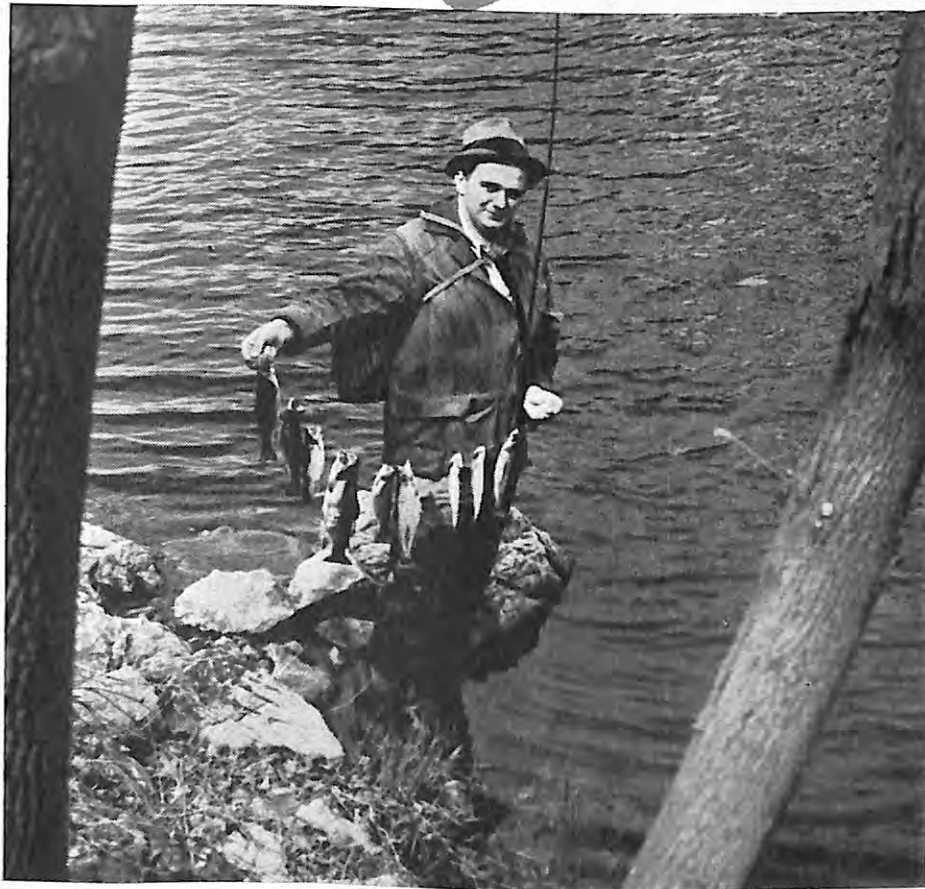
W. V. Roberts, a charter member of Fort Collins, Colo., Lodge, No. 804, and one of the first Presidents of the Colorado State Elks Association, passed away in Denver on March 29, at the age of 77. For more than thirty years he was a leader in the State Association and had attended all but one of its annual conventions. He seldom missed a Grand Lodge Convention, and numbered among his hundreds of friends in the Order were leading Elks from every section of the country. Mr. Roberts was born in Fair Haven, Vt.

Nutley, N. J., Lodge Closes Silver Jubilee Year With Dedication

Nutley, N. J., Lodge, No. 1290, brought its Silver Jubilee year to a close with a fitting climax, the dedication of its beautiful new home. The building was literally packed to the doors throughout the afternoon and evening of March 19 with Elks and their friends. Services began at 3 P.M. with the entry of the brilliantly uniformed Drill Team of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge followed by E.R. Eleazer Barth and the Nutley officers, accompanied by their suites. The impressive Ritual of dedication was conducted by D.D. William E. Kennedy of West Orange Lodge, assisted by past and present officers of West Orange and other New Jersey lodges.

In his address of welcome, Mayor Frederick Young commended the lodge for its fine contribution to the civic life of the community. Past State Pres. Henry A. Guenther of Newark, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, gave an inspiring talk on the home and the purposes to which it was being dedicated. The next featured speaker was State Pres. Howard F. Lewis of Burlington. P.E.R. Edward Yerg, Chairman of the Building Committee, and Past State Pres.'s Murray Sheldon of Elizabeth, Edgar T. Reed of Perth Amboy, Judge Nicholas Albano of Newark, and George L. Hirtzel of Elizabeth, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, also spoke. The dedication was ably handled by the Silver Jubilee Committee made up of all Past Exalted Rulers, charter members and officers of Nutley Lodge under the Chairmanship of P.D.D. T. V. Reagen.

Road AND GUN



by **Joe Godfrey, Jr.**

Mr. Godfrey has more information about where and when to enjoy yourself with fish.

WE know that man is more than a machine and that he cannot live by work alone. He is more truly himself when he is at play. Small wonder then that we are restless people seeking the exhilaration of going places to fish, to hunt, to golf, or just for a change of scenery. We find delight in sitting above fast-whirring wheels, and in the run of water along the ship's side, and in the clouds as we speed thousands of feet in the air, because they are a part of a joyous search for the good things of life beyond the horizon. This life, in America, at least, is not going to depend so much on what we do when we work as what we do in our time

ELKS

off, so millions are going out this year with a song in their hearts on happy journeys. You may be the one who finds this joy of living by taking weekend fishing trips, or you may be the one who feels the need, because you only live once, of longer fishing trips. All of us know what keen enjoyment can be had through the proper use of leisure time, so let's go fishing. Let's get so enthusiastic about our next fishing trip that we will even remember to take along the boys and the girls. These youngsters like fishing, too.

Miami Breaks Records

IN the \$10,000 Metropolitan Miami fishing contest which came to a close in April, 53,000 women entered fish in the tournament. Think of that when lighting your pipe just before you start on your journey. This is the biggest fishing tournament in the world, with an entry list of more than 124,000 fishermen from

(Continued on page 54)

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A Trout Fishing Trip

WHETHER or not you are a bass bug, a wall-eyed pike worrier, a muskie mauler, a pike puncher, a salmon soother, a trout teaser, or a lazy sun-basker on the piers or shores, you will have to admit that fly fishing is the finest type of fishing, and that salt water game fishing is the most spectacular. If you are in a stream after trout or salmon, and your luck is just so-so, here is a tip that may help you. Cast out and retrieve on the surface, then cast out again and retrieve about two feet below the surface, then four feet below, then try retrieving very slowly. This is the way to find the right level, and rises to the fly should increase. If the trout still refuse, try casting smaller sizes or dry flies.

Definition of a Guide

IN salt water fishing, as good a tip as I know is to follow the sun—south in winter and north in summer—for that's what the fish do. Be where they are at the right time and then you will seldom hear the time-worn expressions used so often by the guides: "It was great here last week" or "They'll be biting better in September". Because guides have used these expressions so often, most folks think they are conservationists in disguise, but this is not so. It's more fun when you take a guide. You learn the local expressions, native chatter and all about the big ones of days gone by, and your chances of catching more and bigger fish are a good deal better.

What Baits To Use

IT'S time now to go fishing. The seasons are open. The fish are waiting for you to lure them to the surface, so get out that bait casting tackle box, give it a good going-over, sharpen up your hooks, see if your box contains a few of those old reliables such as the Bass-Oreno, Pikie-Minnow, Pal-O-Mine, Silver Minnow, Shannon Spinner, Weezel, Dardevle, Shimmy Wiggler, Tin-Liz, River Runt, Hawaiian Wiggler, Muskill Spoon, McMahan Spoon, Muskie Hound, Mud Puppy and the Flapper.

Every season brings new lures into the lives of anglers, and no season is complete unless you add to your already large supply of lures. Just to name a few of the new baits that have attracted so much attention, there is the Bleeding Bait, the Fish-Obite, Spook River Runt, Punkinseed, Wiggle Twin, Sprite, Spotty The Wonder Frog, Jitterbug and the Dinger. You will be delighted with these new-action baits for no matter where you try them, from Maine to California, they will catch fish.

My Summer Address

IF anyone wants me on short notice, I would like to give you my summer address. But where I will be there are no telephones, and if you fail to reach me in one place, try another.

As this Magazine goes to press, I will be trying out my new Kiest Reel and my new Gep Rod and an assortment of new lures in Reelfoot Lake, near Union City, Tennessee. That's the lake, you know, that was formed not so many years ago by a volcano. It's full of trees, tree stumps and bass. It's a great spot. By the time this issue reaches you, I'll be surf casting for channel bass at Oregon Inlet in North Carolina. Here they fish all year 'round, and it's always good for big ones. Then back west to attend the Elks' Convention in St. Louis in July—as good a time as any to go back to a favorite spot—Lake of the Ozarks in Missouri. Last time I was there, in one day I caught a half-dozen black bass on River Runts, the largest being 4 pounds, and I also caught a dozen white bass. This year I'll try a variety of lures, among which will be the Bleeder Bait, a sure fish-getter resembling an injured minnow.

After this jaunt, it's up into the north woods country for yours truly—to Wisconsin for a muskellunge. (I know where one is waiting for me in Chippewa Lake near Hayward. He's been there every year.) Then to Minnesota for a big northern pike. I'll be heading for a great spot—Basswood Lake, north of Winton, in the Superior National Forest. And then into Michigan for a Steelhead Trout. By then it will be August when I will be heading east to fish in New Jersey, New York, Maine and Nova Scotia. After bagging a giant tuna in the North Atlantic, I shall be at home, planning another fishing trip. Sure sorry you all can't come along.

What to Wear

WHERE will you go on your vacation? Perhaps for trout in Yosemite Park or in Yellowstone Lake. It's great to fish in these cold waters. There are also some keen spots for muskellunge and bass in Ontario, and some choice places for trout, bass and ouananiche in Quebec. No matter where you go fishing, however, it is always good to remember that elaborate clothing is not necessary. If you are getting up an outfit, be sure you have a silk cape or a rubber raincoat. In the north a leather jacket or a sweater is invaluable. Men should wear boots. Women should wear knickers and high boots. Where it may be cold in the morning and evening, a woolen shirt is better than cotton. Felt hats go best. Gloves are necessary when working around camp. New shoes should be bought now and broken in before starting. In the mountain areas, such as in British

Columbia and the Yukon, medium-weight woolen underwear feels good.

How to Cook Fish

YOU might catch a fish twenty miles from nowhere, so you should remember a quick and easy way to cook it. *To Roast a Fish:* Clean. Salt on inside and out and impale on a forked stick by which it is turned often while roasting in front of the coals. This preserves the original flavor of the fish. *To Fry a Fish:* Clean. Then dry the fish with a towel. Roll lightly in bread crumbs and fry with a slice of bacon. Butter adds to the flavor. To prevent curling, sever the backbone in several places. If fish are small they may be fried crisp, in which case you can leave the heads on.

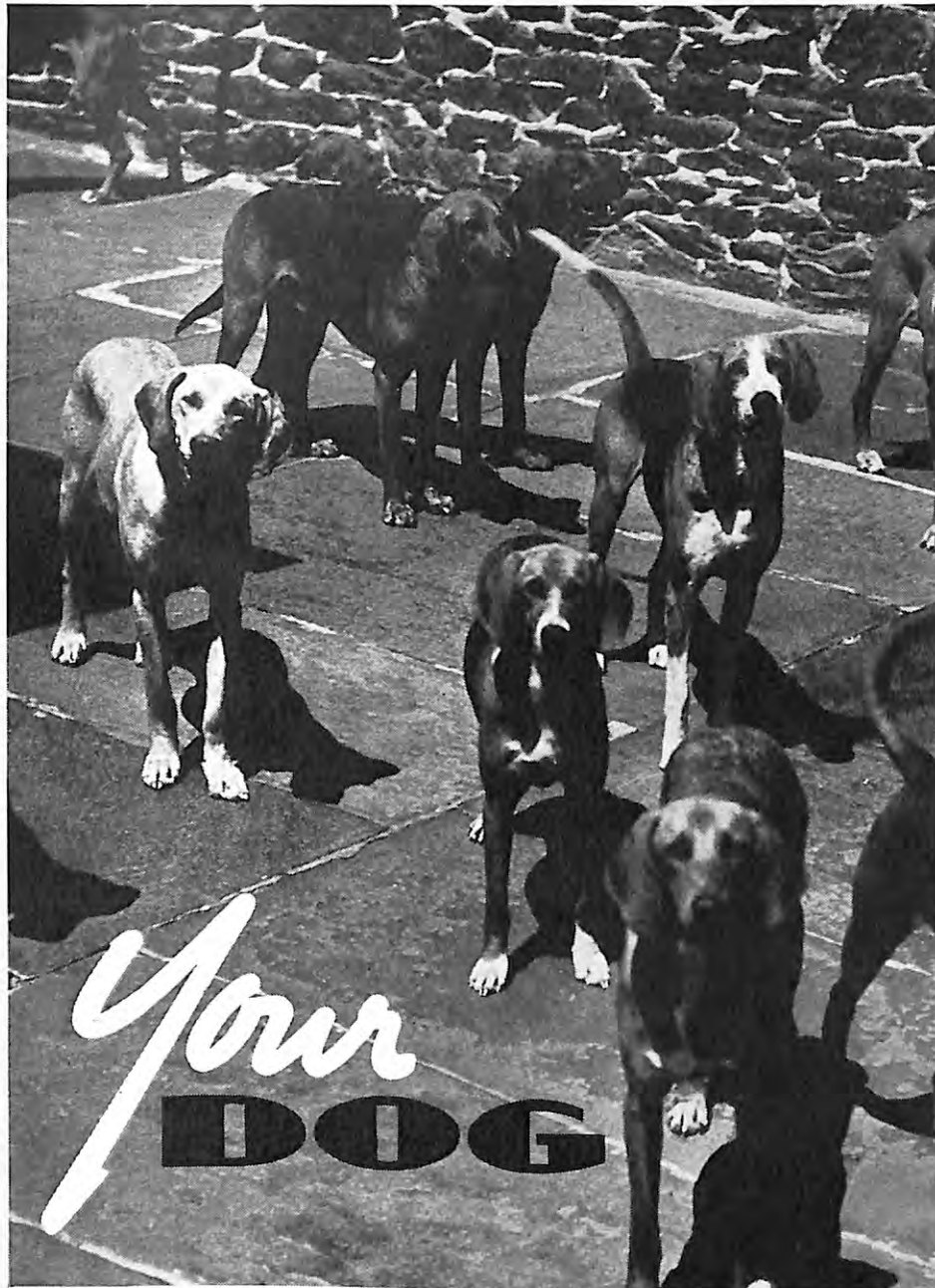
Fishing in Michigan

MICHIGAN has thousands of miles of good fishing waters, and it's a paradise in the summer time. It boasts a greater variety of fishing than most states. If you like the kind of fishing I do, I can tell you where to go. Go north to Traverse City, and go to Lake Charlevoix, for there you will find large steelhead trout that jump from 3 to 6 feet out of the water. How did steelhead get into Charlevoix? Back in 1893, at the end of the Chicago World's Fair, an exhibit of Oregon Steelhead was emptied into Lake Michigan at Chicago. Years later they caught some of these same steelhead—they had moved 300 miles north to Lake Charlevoix, and every year these lightning-fast trout afford sportsmen real Oregon Steelhead angling—in Michigan.

Fishing in New Jersey

NEW JERSEY is a fishermen's paradise that attracts a million anglers a year. We all know of the excellent salt water angling along the Jersey Coast, but not many of us are aware of the fact that New Jersey boasts 1,400 miles of babbling brooks and rushing streams stocked with trout, and Jersey has over 100 lakes stocked with bass, perch and pickerel. Fresh water anglers go for the speedy Brook, Brown and Rainbow Trout in Jersey streams. Its hatcheries this year produced 250,000 Brook Trout, 125,000 Rainbows, 125,000 Brown Trout. No license is needed by girls and women, nor by boys under 14, but all others pay \$2.10 for the annual resident license, or \$5.50 for the annual non-resident license. Nearly all of the salt water fish that swim are found in the New Jersey waters and, of course, there is no license required for ocean fishing. From Sandy Hook to Cape May, the salt water angler finds plenty of fun catching bluefish, tuna, albacore, bonito, marlin, flounder, fluke, sea bass, porgy, weakfish, croakers and sharks.

Vacation time is here. Let's go fishing!



H. Armstrong Roberts

by Captain Will Judy,
Editor, Dog World Magazine

Is Your Dog Here?

AS every pure-bred dog is assigned to one of six groups, this second in a series descriptive of various breeds continues to review them group by group, although not in the order that the American Kennel lists them. Last month we presented the Sporting Group—so-called gun dogs, those valued assistants to man when he would a-hunting go, chiefly after feathered game. This month we introduce the Hound and Non-Sporting Groups. Current popularity obliges us to give greater attention to certain breeds than to many not so well known. This is not to discount the latter, but among the 107 recognized pure-breds many are seldom seen in the average home or

even in the show ring. To describe them is scarcely necessary. But on to our breed descriptions, beginning with the Hounds.

DACHSHUND: This droll little fellow is among the first ten of all breeds registered. Origin, Germany. He is strong-willed but teachable, affectionate, peaceful, although a savage fighter when aroused. He combines the digging-for-game Terrier characteristics with the tracking abilities of the Hound and is used abroad on small game. The heavier weight (35 pounds) is used on wild boar. His legs are extremely short. Marked by strong bone; long, powerful jaws, and a well-muscled body. Eyebrow bones are prominent; his eyes oval and dark. The breed has three varieties of coat: short-haired, long-haired and wire-haired. Its minimum weight is four to five pounds; maximum, about 35 pounds.

(Continued on page 56)

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Your Dog

(Continued from page 55)

BEAGLE: An Englishman of fine disposition. Merriness and quick intelligence make him the ideal companion. A true sportsman, used largely to course rabbits. He has an excellent nose for tracking and a melodious, double bell-note bark. He is low-set, has a long, rounded ear, a short back and heavy bone structure. His gaily-carried tail and large, pleading eyes add to his attractiveness. He can be classed as short-coated. His colors are black, tan and white, black and tan, lemon and white or any other Hound color. Adult height, 15 inches.

GREYHOUND: One of the oldest breeds. Carvings on Egyptian tombs from 3,000 to 4,000 B.C. depict this Hound. He was very likely a pet and companion of Cleopatra. Ancient Athens knew him. The Roman poet, Ovid, extolled him. He is one of the fastest dogs on earth. An aristocratic, sagacious, gentle dog, his head is long and narrow and he is fast enough to hunt by sight, not scent. He has a long, lean body, tremendous power in rear quarters, arched back, tucked-up abdomen and the great chest capacity a runner must have. Fine coat of various colors. His weight is between 60 and 70 pounds.

Others of the Hounds are: **WHIPPET**—Origin England. A smaller edition of the Greyhound, although a distinct breed ranging from 17 to 20 inches high. **NORWEGIAN ELKHOUND**—dog of the Vikings, a hunter and herder. An ancient, hardy breed, unusually steady, of medium size. The coat is thick and gray with black-tipped hair, and the tail curls over his back. **BORZOI** (Russian Wolfhound)—a dog of remarkable speed. Picturesque, graceful, with a long head and body. Any color except black. Maximum weight is 105 pounds. **AFGHAN:** a dog of Royal Egypt, coming to us by way of Afghanistan. Mentioned 3,000 to 4,000 years ago. Used for hunting leopard and gazelle. He is hardy and uniquely graceful. He has silky hair with a Poodle-like topknot and is noted for his long head and body.

BLOODHOUNDS: One of the world's greatest trackers, he was introduced into Europe from Asia Minor prior to the Crusades. Centuries of careful breeding originated the name, "Blooded Hound". A strong, dignified and devoted animal, not savage. When tracking he does not attack his quarry, but locates and holds it. Average weight is from 80 to 90 pounds. **IRISH WOLFHOUND:** Largest, although not the heaviest, of all dogs. Said to be the dog the late Conan Doyle had in mind in his Sherlock Holmes classic, "The Hound of the Baskervilles". A powerful, rough-coated giant, unusually gentle. He is used successfully for lion hunt-

ing in Kenya, Africa. Is a splendid guardian. A dog of almost any color, he is from 28 to 31 inches high and weighs between 90 and 120 pounds. **SALUKIS**—the Asiatic Greyhound. A breed said to be 4,000 to 5,000 years old. Is docile and affectionate and has a silky coat, all colors except blue. His height is between 23 and 28 inches.

BASSET HOUND—Origin, France. A tracker, slow, but efficient. He is quiet and devoted, has a long body and short legs. Excellent for sport or home, he weighs from 25 to 40 pounds. **SCOTTISH DEERHOUND:** A stately, rough-coated giant, somewhat resembling the Irish Wolfhound. Loyal, brave and a splendid guardian, he is from 28 to 30 inches high. **FOXHOUND:** An English dog, rugged and clean-cut, a good hunter or pet. One of its earliest importers was George Washington. The Foxhound has a short coat, of variegated colors, black, tan and white, and there are two types—American and English, the latter being the larger. **HARRIER**—Hunter of the Hare, hence the name. An ancient breed seldom seen in this country, it is a smaller edition of the Foxhound. **OTTERHOUND:** Almost extinct on this side of the Atlantic. A powerful water dog resembling a rough-coated Bloodhound, although smaller.

Non-Sporting: **BOSTON TERRIERS**—one of only two American breeds. Originated in Boston about 1868. Cross between the Bulldog and the White Bull Terrier. The Nation's leading dog in numbers registered. Gay, remarkably obedient, clean and easily house-broken. Should have large, round eyes, set far apart; large, flat-topped skull; short muzzle; ears thin and erect, and back to curve in rear, with straight or screw tail. A shiny, short coat, brindle and white; white muzzle and blaze over head, on chest and part of legs is preferred. Three weight divisions: light, under 15 pounds; middle, 15 to 20 pounds, and heavy, 20 to 25 pounds.

POODLE: This dog emphasizes the absurdity of its group name—Non-Sporting. The Poodle is very much a sporting dog, a fine retriever on land or water, and is so employed abroad. Erroneously called the French Poodle, actually it is of German origin and is a dog marked for uncanny intelligence. He is even-tempered, indifferent to strangers but fondly attached to master and home. The Poodle has a heavy, curly coat, usually clipped into various patterns and of any solid color. His head and muzzle are long; his eyes, dark and oval. Two sizes: standard, over 15 inches high, and miniature, under 15 inches. **CHOW CHOW**—a Chinese

breed used there as draught-dog, for hunting, herding, as a pet and, believe it or not—for food. This breed is distant with strangers, dignified and noted for an unusual homing instinct. He is powerfully built, has a broad, flat skull, black tongue and mouth, and deep, almond-shaped, dark eyes. He has a scowling expression and a dense, outstanding coat with lion-like ruff around his neck and shoulders. He can be smooth-coated, in any solid color, and weighs from 40 to 50 pounds.

BULLDOG—every inch an Englishman. He is so named because he was used years ago for bull-baiting. Despite his ferocious appearance he is remarkably gentle, game and courageous, and not quarrelsome. His head is large, with the eyes far apart. He is noted for his short, wrinkled muzzle and projecting lower jaw. He was bred that way because a bull usually lowers its head when charging and the receding nose of the dog enabled it to breathe while clinging to the bull's nose or lips. One of the few dogs with a rose ear, folded back showing part of the inside. He is characterized by wide shoulders and shuffling gait. He wears a short, flat coat of various brindles or solid red, fawn or piebald, and carries a short screw or straight tail. Kindliness makes him excellent with children. **DALMATIAN**—origin, Dalmatia, a Province of old Austria. He instinctively loves horses. His silhouette suggests the Pointer, but he's spotted either black or brown on white. The spots should be distinct. He is alert, clean and a good guardian, weighing between 35 and 50 pounds. **FRENCH BULLDOG**—resembling his English cousin, but smaller. He has large upstanding ears, a receding muzzle and compact body. His maximum weight is 28 pounds. The smooth coat can be any color except black. He is a bright, merry little dog. **SCHIPPERKE**—origin, Belgium. Developed as a canal boat guard. The name is Flemish for Little Captain. He has a dense, curly black coat and fox-like head. A smart, lively dog, weighing up to 18 pounds. **KEESHOND**—a native of Holland. A fairly large dog, his coat is silver gray, tipped with black, outstanding and full. His muzzle is a dark mask. A bright inquisitive dog between 15 and 18 inches high.

(To be continued)

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

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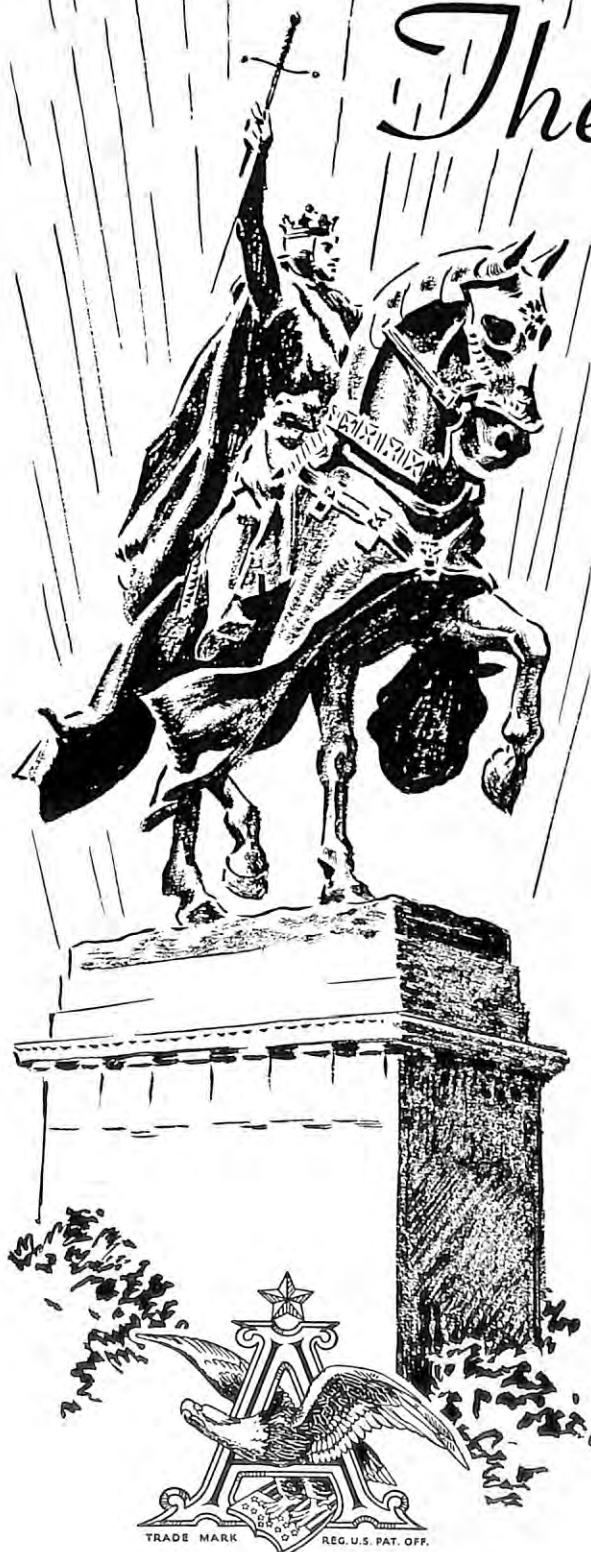
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Lou Sloan (center), All-American Canal engineer, pauses to enjoy a Camel, the cigarette he calls "the best-tasting and mellowest I know."

"FOR SMOKING PLEASURE AT ITS BEST
LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!"

L. R. SLOAN, JR., IRRIGATION ENGINEER



1 LOU SLOAN is engineering a link in the All-American Canal that winds from the Colorado River to California's Imperial and Coachella Valleys. Lou says: "Out here, where the heat hits 120 degrees, it's mighty pleasant to LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL."

2 THIS PICTURE shows Lou directing a giant shovel that grabs up 25 tons of dirt per scoop. Men in this barren country find few high-spots in life. So Lou and most of his fellow workers are grateful for the true smoking enjoyment they get from Camels. "I like Camel's mellow mildness and delicate flavor," says Lou. "Mildness" and "flavor" are words that Camels put into many a smoker's mouth. Smokers enjoy Camels *more* because there's *more* to a Camel.

3 GRAPPLING with knotty problems in a withering climate, engineer Sloan finds each mellow, cheering Camel a good friend indeed. He says: "I'd walk a mile for a Camel any time!" And Lou finds Camels uniformly good—always mellow and delightful.

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