



THE
ELKS
MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1939



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The Elkadettes, a group of 100 girls organized by Houston, Tex., Lodge. With drums and bugles, they were a sensation at the Texas State Elks Convention.

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

DEAR BROTHERS:—

Since you honored me at St. Louis with the highest position within the gift of our Order, my attentions have been devoted exclusively to the affairs of Elksdom and I am sincerely impressed with the great responsibilities which fall to the lot of a Grand Exalted Ruler.

From a patriotic viewpoint, the Order has grown to be a very important factor in the present and future life of this Nation. We owe the heritage of the past to the distinguished gentlemen who have preceded us and we must devote our efforts to preserve that heritage.

But we have a greater duty to perform than the task which was assigned to those who have preceded us because our responsibilities toward our fellow Americans have grown immeasurably. The demand of the times is for a more loyal patriotic Americanism. We must establish ourselves firmly in the hearts of the community and continue the splendid work which has

always been done by our Order by way of charitable and patriotic endeavor.

The subordinate lodges can be built up and a prestige established by them which will attract worthy candidates for membership. Our patriotic efforts will furnish an appeal, but the local lodge must command the respect of the community if it is to succeed, and men who are worthwhile in the community will seek affiliation with our Order if we can establish such a reputation.

The active members of a successful lodge in each locality are best qualified to assist the weaker subordinate lodges and if the efforts of such members are directed not only in behalf of their own lodges but in behalf of other weaker lodges it will be a great year for Elksdom.

If we continue to devote our efforts during the coming year to teaching the value of Americanism, the desirability of our form of government, the merit of our safety program and civic improvement policy, and if we especially direct our energy toward the upbuilding of our local lodges, we will not only perpetuate the splendid record which has been established in the past, but we will make greater advancement in the future. It can be done. Let's do it.

Fraternally and sincerely,

H. C. Warner

Grand Exalted Ruler.

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THE ELKS MAGAZINE

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

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

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smoking
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fine old
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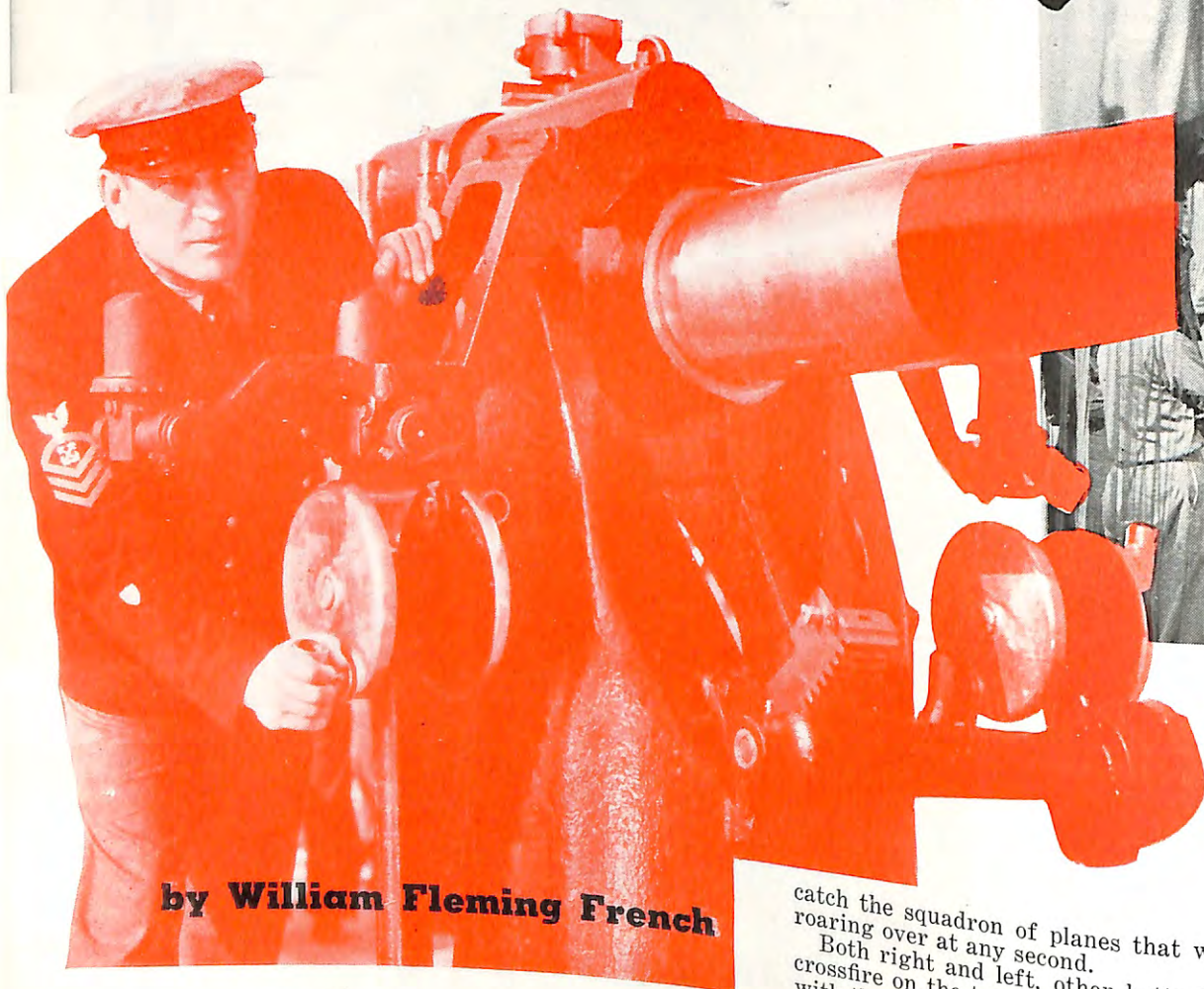
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of pure maple
sugar for extra
good taste

Velvet packs easy in a pipe
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**Better tobacco
for both**

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UNCLE SAM

TAKES OVER



The gun which Victor McLaglen so carefully aims in "Coast Patrol" is probably covered with fake gadgets to mislead any foreign snoopers.

by William Fleming French

HILL No. 4 was just a corn on the toe of the mountain. But the man on its crest, scanning sea and sky through heavy field-glasses, had a clear view of the drama unfolding below.

Behind him the operator at a portable radio was scribbling messages from the two planes circling overhead.

At his feet, a sweating crew was sighting against the two-score shore boats that had been lowered from the enormous transport lying half a mile out and were bobbing toward the frothy surf line. Hill No. 4 was set to shoot straight into those boats and the transport, acted as convoy.

On the shore below, another battery was lining against the tip of the mountain at the right—waiting to

catch the squadron of planes that was certain to come roaring over at any second.

Both right and left, other batteries were focusing a crossfire on the two submarines that were keeping pace with the small boats in their race shoreward.

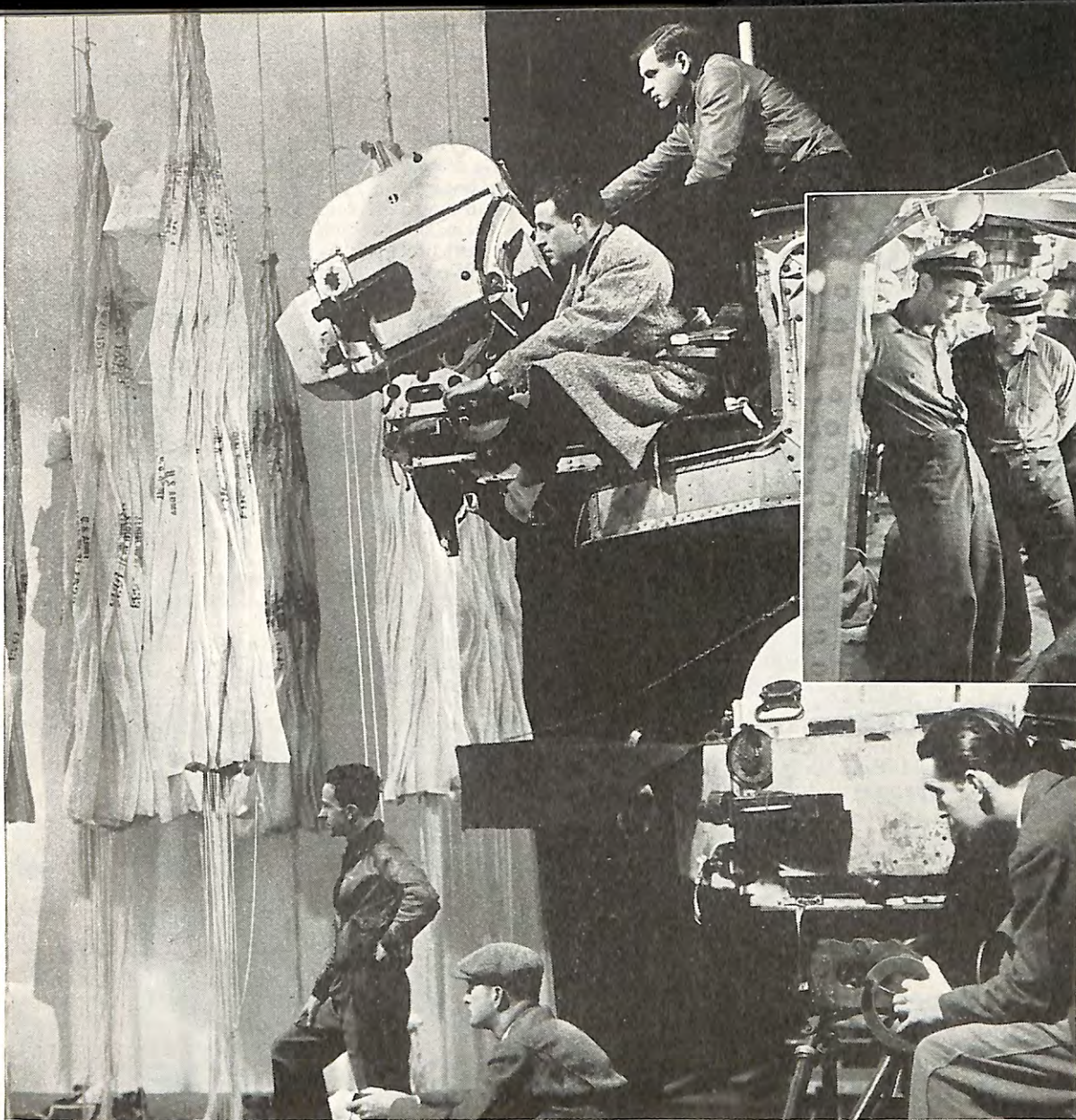
"There are thirty-five hundred marines landing down there," the man on the hilltop called to the crew below him. "Get them before they lay down a smoke screen."

With a wave of his hand he signaled his radio operator. "Proceed with order 116," he instructed. "Start 'em all shooting!"

"Brrr-rrrrRRRRR-OOOOOOORRRRR-rrrrrr! Brrrr-RRRR-rrrrrr-OOORRRRR-rrr! Brrrr-rrrr-RRRR-OOOO-RRRR-rrrrrr!"

In swooping pairs, a half hundred planes cleared the mountain tip and roared down toward the breaking surf. Spreading like water from a nozzle, they streaked above the racing boats—pouring streamers of smoke behind them.

The lowest planes appeared to pass within arm's reach of the crowded shore boats, and their trailing plumes fluffed almost to the water. Submarines, shore boats, transport and cruisers were lost behind the curtain.



Above: Robert Montgomery, Walter Huston and Director Jack Conway in the control room of a sub during "Hell Below". The jern is overrun with Navy technicians.

Left: Richard Rosson directs Wallace Beery in a U. S. Army parachute loft in "West Point of the Air".

Did you know that Uncle Sam keeps an eagle eye on every inch of film concerning Government military forces, and that, to Hollywood, his censorship makes the Hays office seem just a petty annoyance? Well, it's true—and Mr. French tells you why!

The man on the hill had turned his glasses back to the mountain tip. He lowered them, to glance at the watch on his wrist.

"11:57," he muttered. "Where's that blimp? If it doesn't get here within the next five minutes we've lost our one chance."

"Order No. 119 instructed it to clear that mountain at 11:59," replied a man who had left the group below to join him, "and it'll be any second now. Those navy boys—LOOK!"

Serenely, in seemingly hushed silence against the roar of the covey of planes, an enormous silver cylinder glided over the mountain and sailed seaward. Above the rising smoke screen it glistened in the sun of high noon, a thing apart from the turmoil below.

"LOOK!"

Four shore boats were nosing through the tatters of the drifting curtain. Behind them appeared half a dozen more.

Over their sides and into the surging surf poured blue-jacketed fighters. Gripping gunwales, they dragged the boats through foaming water to cut into white sand. A hundred blue figures were now on the beach, passing

out machine guns, ammunition, three pounders and signal corps paraphernalia.

The marines have landed, and have the situation well in hand.

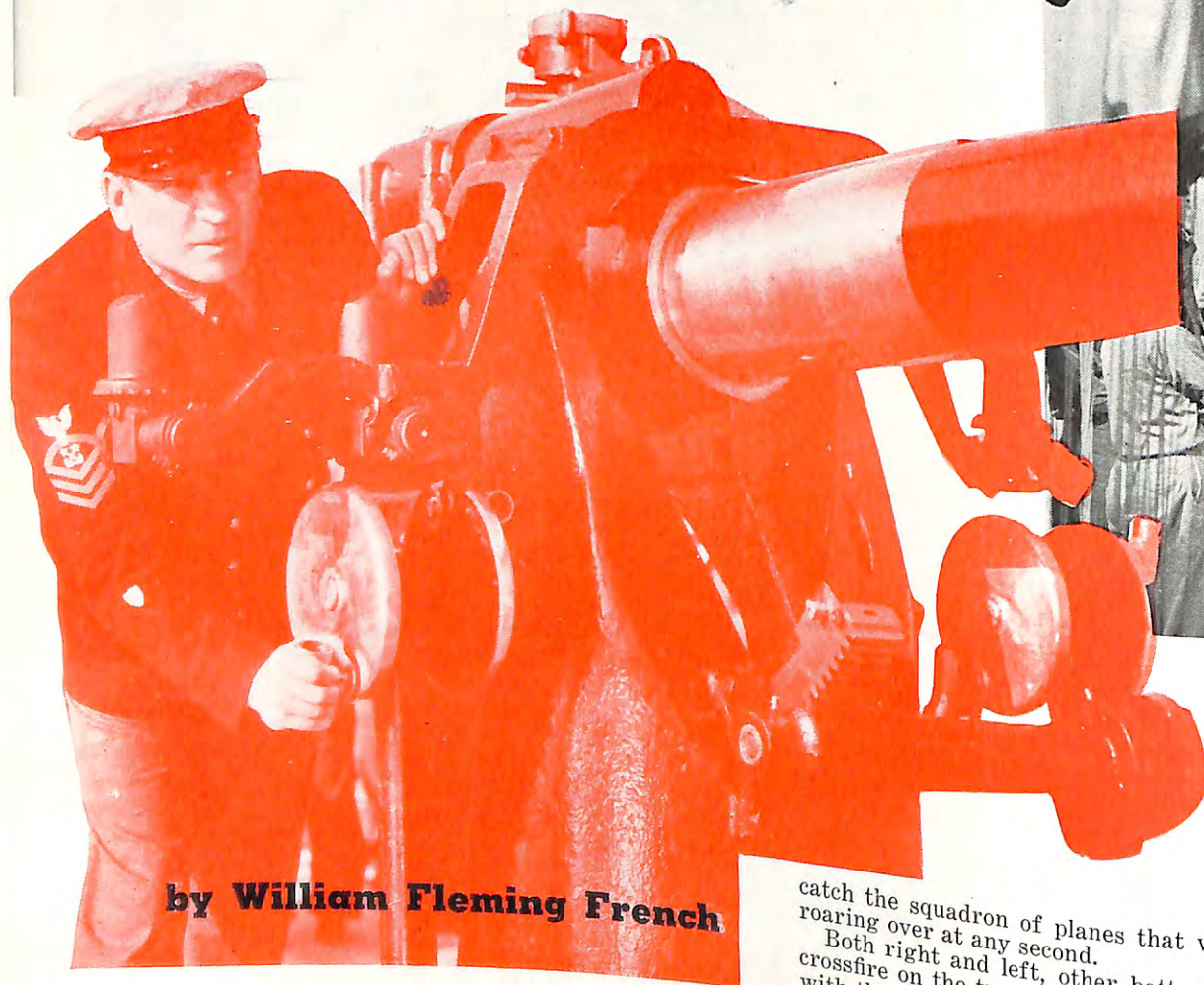
So have the army, the navy, the air forces, the tank corps, the undersea craft and the merchant marine. They have the situation as well in hand as the navy had the making of the motion picture, "Devil Dogs of the Air", that Lloyd Bacon was directing from the crest of Hill No. 4. Directing, incidentally, by official United States Navy Orders. In this picture the action for the "shots" was specified in meticulous detail in orders from the Chief of Staff of Naval Operations in Washington.

That's the way pictures are run when Uncle Sam is starring in them. He's a stickler for system and discipline, and everything must be strictly according to Hoyle. His demand for exact performance without a slip cramps Hollywood's slap-happy style.

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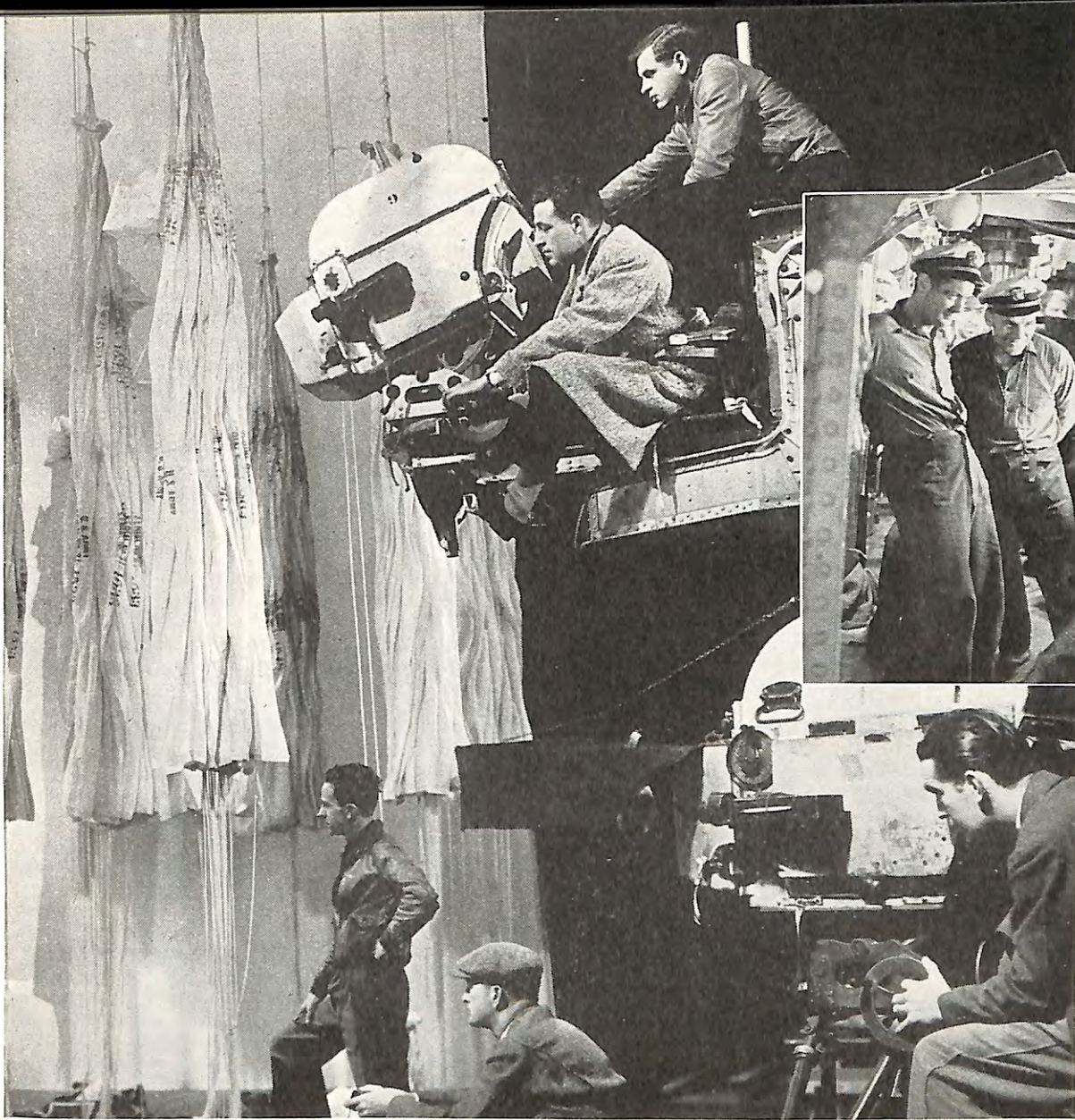
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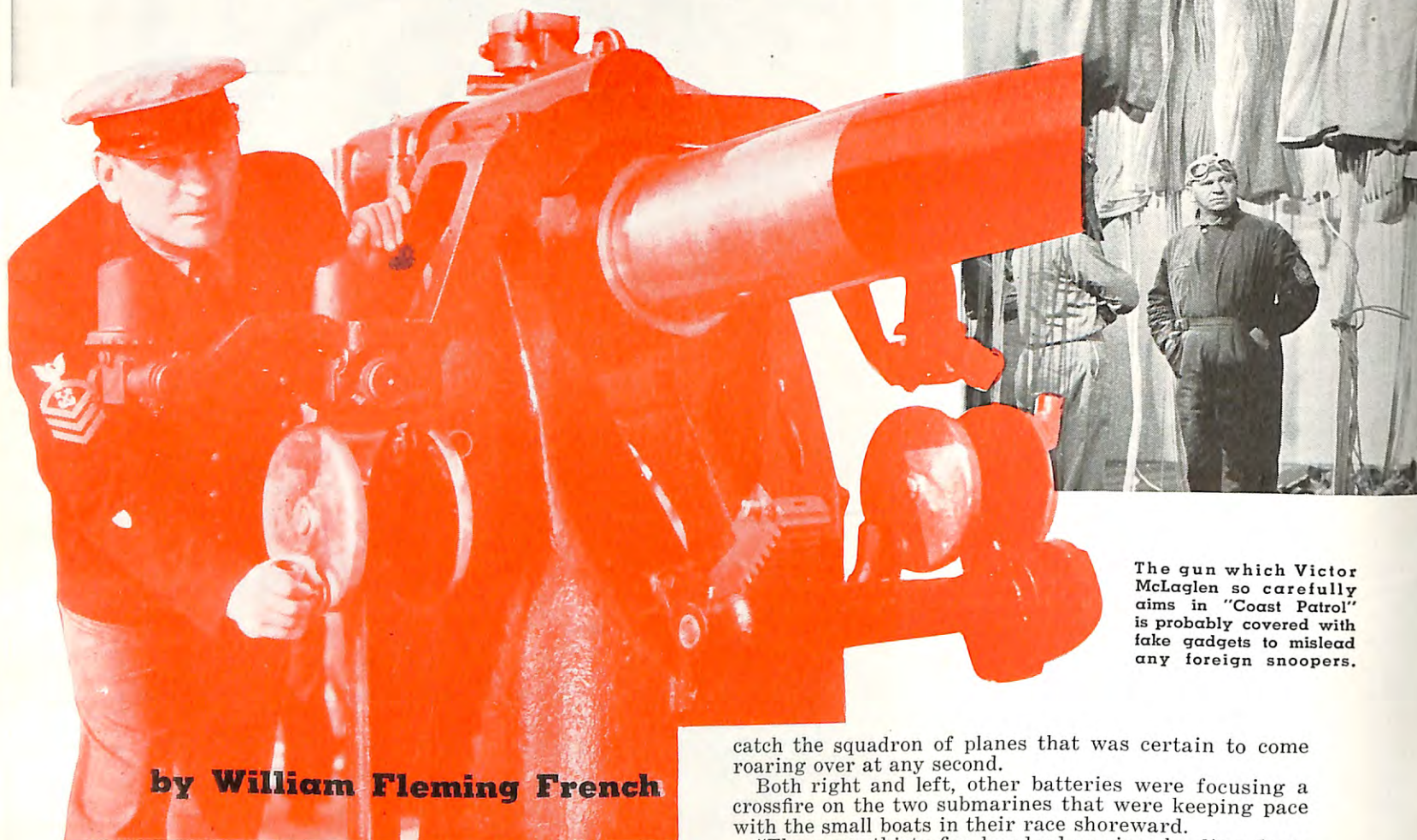
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whether it has the world by the tail or a Frankenstein in its lap.

However, the studios have excellent reasons for catering to Uncle Sam's whims. For one thing, it keeps down the high cost of shooting.

With the government's cooperation a sequence such as the landing of the marines in "Devil Dogs of the Air" cost in the neighborhood of \$30,000. Without the government's aid, and with about one-half the men and equipment used, the production costs on that scene would be approximately \$350,000. Without Washington's assistance, some of the big wartime pictures that have been made would have cost as much as five million dollars each.

There is no denying that various departments of our government have been very generous to the film industry. They have furnished more than two hundred million dollars worth of "props" and supplied the services, free of charge, of more than ten thousand men in the making of Warner Brothers' "Flirtation Walk", "Devil Dogs of the Air", "Here Comes the Navy", "Shipmates Forever", "Son of a Sailor", "Submarine D-1", "Sergeant Murphy" and "Wings of the Navy". Considering that cooperation has gone to a single studio, we will have to admit there is nothing niggardly about our star-spangled uncle.

He also gave "full cooperation" to other studios. To M-G-M in "West Point of the Air", "Hell Below", "Navy Blue and Gold", "Test Pilot" and other pictures; to Paramount in "Annapolis Farewell", "Hold 'Em, Navy", "Touchdown, Army!", to R.K.O. in "Annapolis Salute" and "Sea Devils", to Fox and to others.

But why should the government furnish a hundred million dollars worth of equipment for use in a picture, and also help in the revision and re-writing of scripts and in originating story plots with an eye to utilizing even more equipment, men and maneuvers?

Is it because Hollywood knows where the body is

buried, or because maybe an admiral or a cabinet member has a niece he wants to get in the movies? Or is Washington just a push-over for the studios?

Well, not such a push-over. It took Warner Brothers two months to get a "release" (which means permission to shoot) on their current picture, "Wings of the Navy", and during that time Washington put thumbs down on seven other pictures. The government had enough strings on the production of "Wings of the Navy" to operate a fifty-character puppet show.

Uncle Sam isn't only tough and exacting, he also insists on having the last word in everything. So there are plenty of producers who will tell you that he has a decided Svengali complex.

Restrictions are so stringent that producers face a "verboden" list that looks like the Manhattan telephone directory. Special men must be put on each picture to see that not a scene, or a single shot, steps over that "verboden" line. If as much as a toe protrudes, it gets the axe.

The government doesn't dare take a chance. If the wrong things get into one of these pictures the results can be disastrous.

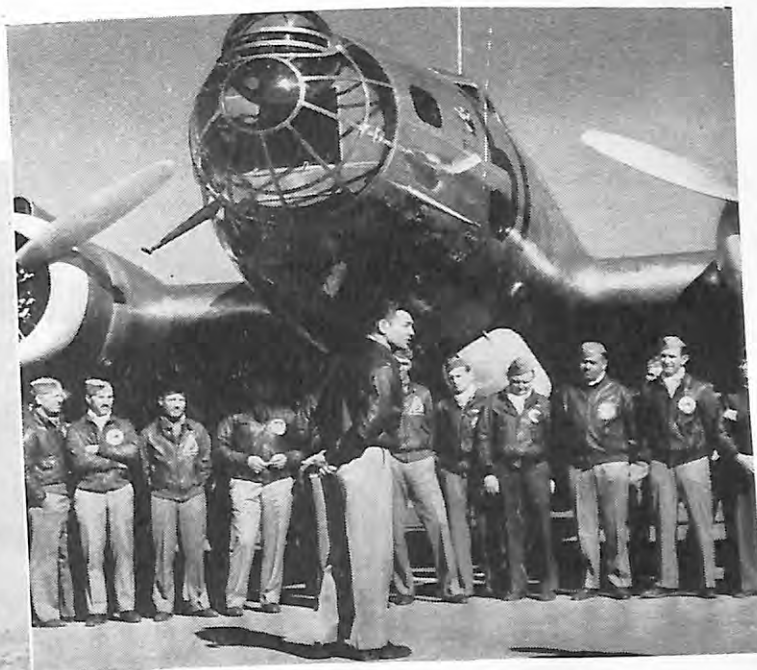
William Guthrie, whose job is to contract for locations, cooperation, equipment and the like for Warner Brothers pictures—and who deals directly with Uncle Sam—wraps it all up in the statement: "The government would rather kill a whole production than take a chance on a single shot. Hundreds of pictures are turned down by Washington every year, and the strings are being drawn tighter every month. The cooperation isn't all on one side, by any means. The studio that signs Uncle Sam for a picture has to play ball all the way. There is no such thing as a compromise with the army or navy.

"If you have a picture that needs navy cooperation, for example, you send seven copies of the script to the Chief of Staff of Naval Operations in Washington.

The Momson diving bell, which was used with such spectacular success in the Squalus disaster, played a big part in the film, "Submarine D-1".



Below: Most of the action in "Submarine D-1" took place in the bowels of this trim, deadly little monster.



Above: In "Test Pilot", Mr. Gable, like the U. S. Army, goes on forever. Here you see him addressing a group of real army pilots in front of one of the newest Army bombers. Depend on it: you'll learn no secrets here.

These copies are turned over to a board of seven members who pass upon it. During this process it receives the scrutiny of the O. N. I. (Office of Naval Intelligence) which turns in its recommendations or objections.

"The board is not gentle with a script. The members will pick it all to pieces and tell you what you can and what you cannot do. Then it comes back to you for revision.

"Often the corrected copy is accompanied by suggestions and data that help the picture immensely. Script revision and strengthening continues all through production, much valuable dialogue and "business" being developed with the help of officers and technical experts during the shooting.

"In the making of 'Submarine D-1', for example, we received assistance of great value from the officers at the U. S. submarine base and training school at New London, Connecticut.

"The shooting of the sequence showing how sailors escape from submerged submarines in cases of accident was made possible because the officers at New London helped us re-write the sequence to make it correct.

"After the synopsis or story is O. K.'d by the board at Washington, the matter of casting is taken up. And here is a rub. Many fine actors of the he-man type that studios like to put in action and production pictures

are automatically out of the running.

"If an actor is known to have played gangster parts, to have engaged in bar-room brawls in pictures, or to have become identified with parts in which he performs in a manner not becoming an officer of the United States Army or Navy he is tabu. If he has ever played the part of a pirate or an unscrupulous spy he is also "out". If he has ever played a part that ridicules army or navy officers he is plain poison. If he has portrayed a drunken U. S. officer he is also *persona non grata*.

"Altogether, casting a picture that is to have government cooperation is not a simple matter. But when both story and cast are O. K.'d you receive from Washington a notice which says, 'Synopsis of your story has been submitted by your company, requesting cooperation. Cooperation for the making of this picture has been granted. It is requested that a list of actual shots be submitted at your convenience.'

"The formal grant specifies that the studio does not pay an officer for anything he does for it. As long as he is engaged in the performance of his duty, Uncle Sam will do all the paying there is to be done. If an officer is retired or on leave of absence, he may be employed and paid. During that time he has no authority and only the privileges of a private citizen."

A complete list of every shot for which cooperation is requested is sent by the studio to the head of operations of the army or navy, or whatever department is cooperating. From that office in Washington it goes to the various departments or branches of service that are to perform the actual operations.

In the case of "Wings of the Navy", the list went to Admiral William D. Leahy, Commander of Naval Operations, and was sent by him to the Commander in Chief of the Fleet, from whose office part of the list went on to Captain Fitch, who furnished the full cooperation of the navy flying school at Pensacola, Florida.

"Next," continued Mr. Guthrie, "an officer was assigned to follow the picture through, representing the government. His job was to see that the studio got everything it needed and that (Continued on page 40)



Quiet!

Spies At Work

by Stanley Frank

Mr. Frank claims that more games are won by the boys in the back room than by all the ball carriers in the country.

DON'T look now, but the country is crawling with spies. With infinite patience and cunning the agents of a vast espionage network are combing every corner of the broad land, ferreting out secrets jealously guarded which will exert a profound influence on events commanding the absorbed interest of red-blooded Americans for the next three months. The confidential information these undercover men submit to the master minds will be used with diabolical cleverness to shock the Nation and will result in losses heavy enough to build a new super-dreadnought.

Don't be alarmed, though. These spies are not in the service of a foreign government menacing our most precious institutions. They are not on the prowl for blue-prints of infernal machines, nor do they seek to subvert our national defense. These espionage emissaries work in the open and the secrets they discover are available to anyone who has the discernment and the specialized knowledge they possess. A certain measure of fame, not a certain firing squad, is the reward of the most audacious.

For these omniscient gents are the football scouts whose important business it is to study men and their mannerisms, with a fanatic attention to insignificant de-

tails seldom encountered outside a laboratory. A good scout will study a star athlete for days and discover tell-tales, or little gestures of self-betrayal, which are unknown to the star, his best friends and even his coach. A smart adversary, translating these tip-offs into direct action, can accomplish results which are remembered forevermore as astonishing upsets, but behind the scenes there usually is a sport spy who has won the game without touching the ball.

The average football fan, who is completely baffled by mysterious diagrams and cabalistic charts of plays, believes a knowledge of so-called "inside" football begins and ends with the ability to diagnose those little circles, squares and dotted lines which are the symbols of formations and are so dear to the hearts of the technicians.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Coaches and scouts—who correspond to master minds and spies in the espionage set-up—are interested in much more human flesh-and-blood stuff. Their chief concern in plotting the strategy of a game is in personnel, not plays. Teams play games, but individuals win or lose them. Diagrams are dead-pan; they reveal nothing which is not already known. After all, the general "system" and favorite scoring plays of an established coach are public property; he will sit down far into the night with anyone who lends an attentive ear and he will ruin a dozen tablecloths with weird doodles outlining all formations extant. There are coaching schools and meetings held every year at which the name *(Continued on page 42)*

IN A small town the leading lawyer is father confessor to many; he knows the secrets of the human heart and, in addition, he is consulted on property litigation, wills and inheritances, divorces and marriage settlements. Bellamy Partridge's father lived in Phelps, N. Y., a town of less than 1500, and in "Country Lawyer" he has brought to life not only his own father but the typical small-town lawyer who is a progressive force in any community. This country lawyer was a regular Republican, but once, when the party committeemen crossed him off their slate, he made things hot for them in the primary and then voted and worked the regular way in the election. On Sundays he went to church with his family—including eight children—wearing a silk hat and a Prince Albert coat, and when, eventually, his wife managed to get rid of the top hat and substitute a derby, a new era had arrived. At one time the lawyer defended a firebrand and although the

A Strange American Chapter

American history is packed with the most extraordinary events—violent and strange. Some of them have been so obscured by controversy that nobody can judge them with detachment and calm. Only in our generation has it become possible to judge justly both sides in the American Civil War, or, as they say in the South, the War Between the States. The Mormon episode, which so occupied our fathers, is just emerging from partisanship with which it was viewed in the 19th century. Perhaps Vardis Fisher's startling novel, "Children of God", will do for the Mormon story what "Gone With the Wind" did for the war—bring it out into the open as a dispute between Americans of two opposing views. Vardis Fisher is the Idaho novelist who is especially sensitive to the biological urge as it boils up in human beings; in "Children of God" he arranges this vast material and with the privileges of the novelist breathes life into his characters. The whole Mormon story and its place in American history is tremendous. Mr. Fisher shows its beginnings in the New York farm boy who was both a mystic and a leader, and who appeared at a time when rural communities were greatly susceptible to missionary preachings and mightily concerned over the battle between Heaven and Hell. How he led his cohorts into Illinois and Missouri, and how their practices brought the most cruel attacks from their opponents is part of the story, but no less startling are the methods by which Joseph Smith converted his followers to his doctrines, especially that of polygamy. Under the administration of Brigham Young, polygamy was sometimes an economic measure, sometimes whole families of women bound themselves to a man in order to fare

Helen Wills, whose tennis-mystery story, "Death Serves An Ace," was published by Charles Scribner's Sons in August.



WHAT AMERICA IS

Reading

By Harry Hansen

man was found guilty, the lawyer had work for him when he returned, still believing in him. The author says of him, "He could not mend a doorbell or regulate a clock. A can opener was a mystery to him, a fountain pen an enigma. The only machinery of which he had any grasp was the machinery of the human mind." He has made a wholesome American story of this career, not so much a biography as the life-story of every small-town lawyer who reaches a position of eminence and trust—which means that he is called on to introduce all the important visitors at the Opera House. Like other chronicles about doctors, "Country Lawyer" will be read for the memories it evokes, especially if the reader recalls an "attorney-at-law" who resembled Bellamy Partridge's hero. (Whittlesey House, \$2.75)



John Gielgud, in "Early Stages" (Macmillan) tells the story of his life down to his recent appearance as "Hamlet" in New York.

better. Antagonism arose first in the church and then outside, and with the opposition of the rest of the United States the Mormon empire was doubly beleaguered. Mr. Fisher makes this an absorbing story because he tells it in terms of human beings and for the most part those of the Mormon leaders themselves, many of whom had lived plain, hard lives as American farmers. Under what they considered inspired leaders they went to any lengths, but when they had lost Brigham Young dissenting voices added to their troubles. Mr. Fisher calls his novel "an American epic" and we cannot dispute the phrase. If (Continued on page 43)



WHEN the doorbell rang, she was pushing a vacuum cleaner over the faded green rug in the living-room, and barely heard the summons above the wheeze of the worn motor. Thumbing the switch, she straightened and looked scowlingly into the hall. Nine o'clock in the morning was too early for peddlers, out here beyond the outer fringe of town, and having no neighbors, she almost never had any visitors.

There had been visitors enough in Brighton, after the thing happened. There had been smug social workers and meddling busybodies offering advice, and people feeling sorry for her. Even a shyster lawyer. But here on the outskirts of Lakeville, even after three years, no one knew her.

The bell droned again and she went into the hall to answer it, removing the frayed apron from her slim waist as she went. You could have pride even though on the verge of poverty. You could *look* nice even though hungry and tired, always tired, and . . . yes . . . discouraged.

She parted the curtains and looked out first, as always, before opening the door. That was habit. That was because Joe would some day escape from that place and return. With his amazing ingenuity he would eventually find a way.

But this wasn't Joe; this was a tall young fellow, very straight, very clean-cut and lean of face, garbed in the khaki of a state trooper. She opened the door to him.

"Yes?"

He said awkwardly, "How do you do? Are you Mrs. Marston, ma'am?"

She nodded.

"May I come in?"

He was ill at ease and, after stepping over the threshold, he stood with his cap in his hands, scowling at her. Perhaps he had not expected to find so pretty a woman, or such a young one.

"I suppose by now you've heard it over the radio," he said.

"Heard what? I have no radio."

"Oh. Well. . . I'm afraid I've got some bad news for you. Joseph Marston, your husband. . . You *are* Mrs. Joseph Marston, aren't you?"

"Yes," she admitted quickly, clenching her hands. "What about him?"

"He's escaped, ma'am."

She caught a quick, sharp breath, held it and stared at him. Just stared. She had known it would happen, of course. For three years, three and a half years now, she had known it, and waiting for the news had been like waiting behind boarded doors and windows for a hurricane, or waiting before a firing squad for the signal that would bring death. She had known it, knowing Joe, but even so, it was a shock and she wanted suddenly to sit down, sit very still with her fists clenched.

"He got loose last night, ma'am," the trooper said, "with two other men. The other two were caught right off, before they got half a mile from the asylum, but Marston killed an asylum guard and is still at large. He's sworn to kill you. That's why I'm here."

Leaning against the faded pink paper on the wall, Eve Marston looked at him and nodded and said mechanically, "It won't do any good. He'll keep his promise."

"We aim to see that he doesn't."

"No. He'll find me."

Escape from YESTERDAY

by Hugh B. Cave

Fate and courage tipped the scales in Eve Marston's three-year fight with fear.



She saw dark glowing eyes, thin lips drawn up in a smile. Ed Daniels had made a horrible mistake.

"He may find you, ma'am, but he won't harm you," the trooper said fervently. "We'll see to that."

She saw that he meant it, and she suddenly wanted to laugh at him. Would have, too, except that he was so young, so sincere, and might have thought her merely hysterical, or might have been hurt. But the idea of his saving her was ridiculous. A hundred like him could not keep Joe away, or even trap him if he came. Joe was too clever for them, despite his warped mind.

"If you don't mind, Mrs. Marston, I'd like to have a talk with you."

She closed the front door and led him into the living-room, where she had to move the carpet cleaner from in front of the only decent chair before he could sit down. When she picked it up, he clumsily took it away from her and set it down against the wall, staring at her as if still unable to believe she could be so young, so pretty.

"The way we look at it, Mrs. Marston, your husband will lie low for a while and then head this way. If you're brave enough to help us, we'll get him."

"You say he . . . killed a guard?"

"That's right."

"I'll help you. But it won't do any good."

"You mean he won't come here?"

"He'll come. Oh, yes, he'll come . . . in time. But Joe Marston is smart."

The trooper frowned at her and said quietly, "If it's not too personal, Mrs. Marston, would you mind telling me just what he has against you?"

"When they took him away, he swore I'd arranged it."

"I see. He blames you for what happened to him."

"Yes. You see, he. . ."

She found it easy to talk to him, even though his frank stare was embarrassing. She talked because she wanted him to keep on sitting there; because when he got up to go, and closed the front door behind him, she would be afraid. His presence was comforting—better than being alone.

She told him about Joe. Told of her unbelievable romance, her pride at becoming the wife of so brilliant a doctor. Of Joe's abrupt about-face after marriage, his furtive use of narcotics, his dismissal from the hospital, his drunkenness and degeneration and subsequent brutality. She told it all, even of the times Joe had locked her in her room, whipped her, starved her . . . even of the times he had threatened to kill her. Told it all without asking, in either voice or manner, for pity. It was merely a recital, and then her voice trailed out in weariness and she shrugged her shoulders. And the trooper, perspiring, made fists of his hands and said, "You poor kid!"

The room then was full of silence.

He stood up, finally. He said, "We don't want you to be scared, Mrs. Marston. If Joe comes here, he'll find us ready for him. There'll be men watching this house day and night, every minute, and if you have to go out for anything, some of the men will go with you."

"I won't be going out," she said.

The trooper clumsily thrust out his hand, a big, firm hand, all knuckles, that hid her own as completely as the walls of this house had, for three and a half years, hidden her from prying eyes. And she felt about the hand as she had so long felt about the house: it could be trusted.

"I'll be around if you want me," he said. "Just ask one of the fellows for Ed Daniels."

Staring at him, she said quietly, "Thank you, Mr. Daniels."

She didn't sleep that night. It rained, and her anxious mind turned every changing sound into something sinister, of which to be afraid. She lay awake and thought of Ed Daniels, out there, cold and wet, and of Joe. No doubt it was raining where Joe was, too, and he would be hiding in some dark, secret place, holed up like a hunted animal. His eyes would be bright and fearfully alert in a face black with stubble. He, too, would jump at every alien sound while planning a way to murder her.

She lay awake and listened to the rumble of rain falling on wet windows, and she was afraid. Not afraid of the dark, but of Joe. No matter how clever Ed Daniels and his men were, Joe would outwit them. She knew it.

In the morning, she made coffee for the men and asked them in. They had sat through the night in two cars, one parked in front of the house, the other in the yard. They were cold now and glad of the chance to come inside, but they were not talkative. And Ed Daniels was not with them.

She said, "Have you heard anything more about Mr. Marston?"

One of them gravely shook his head. "No, ma'am, we haven't."

"It may take a long time," she ventured.

"We've got plenty of time," he answered without smiling.

When they had gone, she cleaned up the kitchen, then went into the living-room and sat in the one good chair. Just sat there, thinking of the work she should be doing, but unable to put herself to it.

There were greeting-card verses to be put in final shape for mailing, and there was the popcorn bedspread, finished except for the last six rows, and there was a sleeve to be lengthened on the cashmere sweater which she had made on order for the Women's Exchange. She needed the money; the purse in her bureau drawer was about empty. But you had to be calm to do that kind of work properly.

About eleven, Ed Daniels came with a box under his arm. "You need this, Mrs. Marston," he said, and put it on the living-room table and opened it. It contained a radio. Awkwardly he said, "You'll feel better, knowing what's going on. I'll hook it up."

She watched in silence while he strung a wire along the molding, tested the set, wiped the dust off it with a clean handkerchief, then fumbled with the dial and found dance music. "Cheer you up," he said, and smiled at her.

"Who paid for it?" she asked.

"You?"

"Me? Why, no. You see, we . . . that is, I figured. . . ."

"Yes," she said simply, "I know," and watched a wave of red creep out of his khaki collar to flood his face.

He seemed grateful that she said no more. "It must be pretty lonesome for you out here," he said, to break an awkward silence.

"It is, sometimes."

"I was talking to my sister about you last night. Hope you don't mind, but I kept thinking about you—be-

ing alone here, I mean. If you like, Alice'd be glad to come out and stay with you until this thing blows over." He said that while sitting on the couch, staring down between his knees at the carpet. Then the ensuing stillness caused him to lift his head, and his gaze met hers.

"No," she told him, shaking her head.

"You'd like Alice."

"I'm sure of it. But. . . ."

"You're afraid Joe will come?"

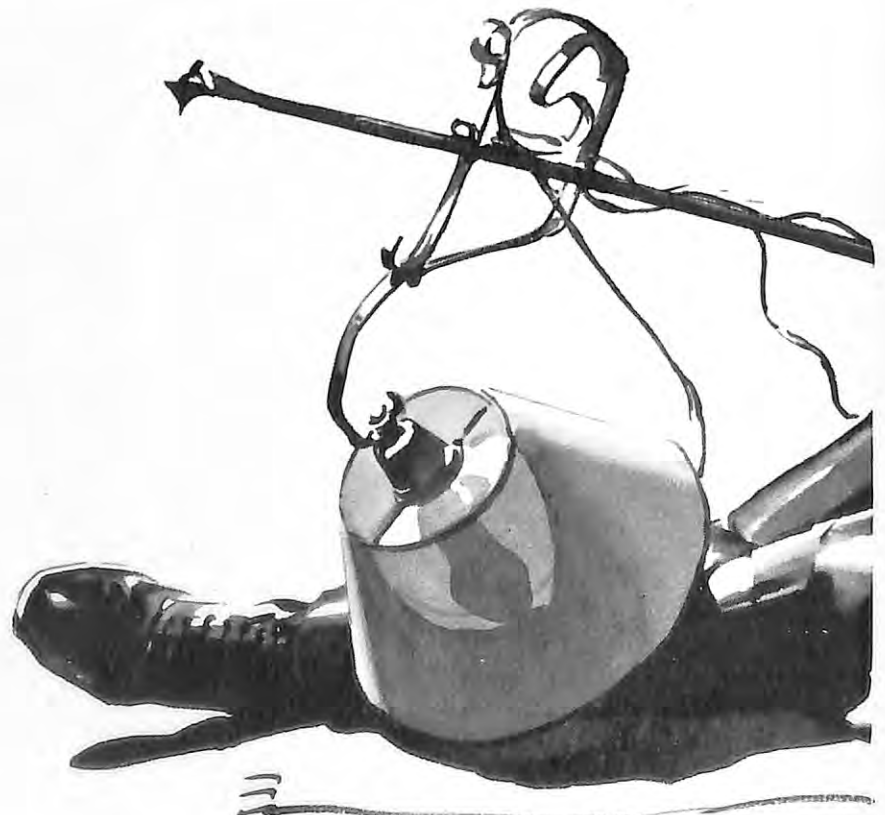
"I'd rather be alone when he does."

He said grimly, "If you're alone when he comes, it will be because a man named Daniels overlooked something."

They watched the house day and night, and by the end of the third day she was used to it. It helped, knowing they were within call. It helped to have them drop in for coffee, for a bite to eat, and to have them talk to her. Before long their reserve melted and she learned to know them by name . . . Frank, Tony, Paul . . . and for the first time in years she had friends.

Frank Martin lived only a mile or so north of her, on a farm, with a wife and a brood of kids. Tony D'Agostino was having trouble with Marie, his sweetheart, who was a dark-haired beauty with a temper; their spats were the joke of the outfit. Paul Cleaves was distantly related to the asylum guard slain by her husband the horrible night he made his escape.

That ugly smile bent his lips again and he looked from Ed's face into her own. "A tourniquet," he said gently. "Quite right, a tourniquet."



Ed—Captain Ed Daniels—was their god. The best scout on the force. The best shot. The whitest cop in the world. And Ed Daniels, twenty-nine years old, maintained a home in town for a mother and sister, had never married, had never—so they told her—shown even the beginnings of an interest in women.

She was frank with them, too, and told them something of her two years' training to be a nurse, and her marriage to Joe. How for three and a half years she had made a living by selling verses to the greeting-card companies, and doing needlework for the Women's Exchange, and how some day she hoped to write a book.

She enjoyed their company. She looked forward to Ed's infrequent visits. She was even happy, in a small, frightened way, until the radio muttered the words she had dreaded to hear.

"We interrupt this program, ladies and gentlemen, to bring you an important news item from Bradentown. Bradentown police this evening failed in a spectacular attempt to recapture Joseph Marston, dangerous killer, who escaped last Tuesday from the Blakeslee Hospital for the Criminal Insane.

"Informed by one Dominic Danotti, owner of a Bradentown barber shop, that a man shaved by him fitted the description of the hunted madman, police picked up Marston's trail and laid a trap for him at the rooming house in which he was hiding out. Marston,

however, outwitted them and escaped the net. Please consult your favorite newspaper for details."

"Too clever for them," Eve Marston whispered, fixedly gazing at the radio and oblivious to the dance music which followed the announcement.

There was more than the usual number of men watching her home that night. But Joe did not come.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we interrupt this program. . . ."

It came again at five the following afternoon, and she put down the cashmere sweater to listen.

"Joseph Marston, escaped maniac for whom the police of four States are desperately searching, less than half an hour ago added another to his growing list of victims. Walking boldly into the Bradentown barber shop of Dominic Danotti, Marston calmly drew a gun and shot to death the man who yesterday gave the police their first clue as to his whereabouts. Two patrons, cowering in fear of their lives, spread the alarm as soon as the killer had departed, but once more the maniac eluded capture and for the second time in twenty-four hours has disappeared."

There was more, but she forced herself out of her chair and silenced the radio with a nervous twist of the dial. The cashmere sweater lay on the floor at her feet, a sleeve half unraveled, and her clenched, white hands gripped the knitting needles (*Continued on page 44*)

Illustrated by GEORGE HOWE





A Short Short Story
by Georges Surdez

Illustrated by HAMILTON GREEN

WHEN THE Inspector General, who had commanded a battalion of the French Foreign Legion at one time, beheld the Xth Company of that Corps, in a review at Sidi-bu-Makash, he almost wept. Your true Legionnaire has a "something" that sets him apart from all other soldiers, a "something" that has nothing to do with externals, with the old-fashioned kepi or the blue sash—an inner awareness of his important status in the world.

By an unfortunate coincidence, a captain come to North Africa merely to put in his turn of colonial duty had been placed in charge of an outfit in which new men predominated. He had been an honest man, a good chief according to his lights, but he had turned out weird hybrids, contented, overfed men who strolled the streets mildly and resembled line infantrymen in masquerade costumes.

"You should have seen them march," the Inspector informed the colonel commanding. "Looked like a firemen's parade in the old village square. Something must be done."

"I'll send them Captain Talifer."

"Ah?" the Inspector seemed a bit worried. "I wouldn't want anything too drastic, you know."

Nevertheless, Talifer was appointed. He was a genuine Legionnaire, of the pre-war brand, with a stern, bony face and bushy eyebrows. His jaws slanted to one side, and old-timers still talked of the time, somewhere near Rheims, when he had remained in line with a shattered chin for three days, rather than to consent to turning his Legionnaires over to an outside officer. The colonel gave him no warning, merely sent him down to take charge.

"Lethargic, lethargic," Talifer muttered as he inspected the men. "I'll have to shake their blood a bit."

He marched them twenty-five kilometers on the second day of his reign, under a broiling sun. And on the third day, he marched them forty. In all his time in the Legion, he said, he had never seen such marching! And the men did not mind their bleeding feet, their aching shoulders and flanks, as much as his sarcasm and his unrelenting endurance. For he had dismounted and covered the ground on foot, sneering at complaints, insulting the perspiring, groaning stragglers.

"What a gait! You should be issued market baskets instead of rifles. Legionnaires? You march like ducks!"

Over forty-five, tall and lean as a stork, he did not show a trace of fatigue. And the wondering men almost believed then some of the yarns they had heard. Talifer believed in fundamentals and on the days when there was no march, there was drill. The captain taught

them to salute, to pivot. His "rehabilitation" of the company, as he termed it, progressed.

"If I had to take you into action," he commented once, "I'd send the enemy a note of apology. After all, preparing to meet a company of the Legion and having you appear would be a serious let-down."

At the end of five weeks, the captain could stand by and watch the sections march by without explosions of temper, and with only half a sneer. The Legionnaires who had known had remembered, those who had never known were learning. And there were what the book regulations call "outward manifestations of an inner feeling", for they walked cockily.

Where a group of them could be herded by a native policeman a month before, now a single glance was enough to bring a curse. The traders and the men of other military units grew to realize that there were Legionnaires in town. Talifer, scanning the police reports, grinned with satisfaction, for he considered them the barometer of his men's spirit. Which did not keep him from punishing them severely, after getting them out of trouble with the cops.

He knew that he had brought them all, his Legionnaires, to a pitch of intense hatred of him. That also was part of his business. Better hate than contented softness. In a little while, he knew, he would be able to relax his grip a bit, and they would get to understand what he was doing and like him for it. And, anyway, in the army as in love affairs, hatred is preferable to indifference.

Late one afternoon, after a particularly strenuous session of drill, Talifer led his company back to barracks. Then he trotted his small, wiry Arabian through the gateway, rounded a corner and entered the narrow, cobbled street leading to his quarters.

From a window of the second-story dormitory, the muzzle of a Lebel rifle peeped out, wavered, set rigidly. A pale flame flickered through the sun-light, the detonation thudded from wall to wall. The copper bullet passed a fifth of one inch from the captain's right ear on its way down, smote a paving block, ricocheted to skim beneath his nose, bounced off a wall and went whining into space.

Talifer reined his horse, turned in the saddle to peer upward. All the windows were open, but not a face showed. His short mustache bristled in a fierce grin, his tiny eyes squinted a moment. He seemed about to continue, then shrugged, wheeled his mount about, and reentered the gate.

"Bugler, get me a bugler!" he roared. And when the man arrived, breathless, he ordered, "Call the sergeants!"

Efficiency EXPERT



The noncoms appeared, trotting, many of them buttoning their tunics as they ran. Of late, when a bugle sounded, men no longer walked in that company. And they lined up before Talifer, who had dismounted and strutted up and down angrily, swishing his boots with his riding-crop. They felt that this was but a beginning—he would order everybody out, there would be a general smelling of rifle barrels, an investigation. Well, he might be a pre-war Legionnaire, but he would find out that he did not know everything. Whoever had attempted to kill him must have taken precautions against discovery. It would be a good laugh to see his frustration, his helplessness, before almost two hundred blank faces.

For long minutes, Talifer walked restlessly, automatically halting before one of the sergeants from time to time, indicating a dull button, a mud spot on a boot. They restrained their amusement. He was so furious he could not speak, they thought, and in the meanwhile, that gun was being cleaned, regreased.

Suddenly, the captain stepped back, started to speak, in a surprisingly gentle voice, "In my efforts to make Legionnaires out of you, I appear to have aroused dislike. No—hate—hate strong enough to make some of you wish to kill me. I had forgotten that Legionnaires are also men, not merely machines that walk and drill. In the future—"

Talifer paused, shrugged, took a deep breath and roared out, "In the future, I shall remember that Legionnaires must not only walk and drill, but that they must know how to shoot. The usual marches and drills will be continued. But we shall insert two additional hours each day until further notice, for practice on the rifle range.

"Until today, I did not think there was a man among

you with the guts to shoot a man he hated. I was wrong, I apologize. I shall make no further investigation to discover who fired at me. And I refrain not because I am soft-hearted, but because I am ashamed. I have been in the Legion twenty-five years, but I never thought I'd see the day when a Legionnaire would miss a mounted man, with a rifle, at forty paces.

"That disgusts me. Dismissed."

HAMILTON
GREENE

CALIFORNIA



OHIO



FLORIDA



TEXAS

LOUISIANA

Floats on Parade



In St. Louis, Mo., July, 1939



ILLINOIS

THE GRAND LODGE
Convention



INDIANA



ST. LOUIS

Photos on these pages by Howard Earl Day and Charles Ray



INDIANA

NEW JERSEY STATE ELKS ASSOCIATION



OKLAHOMA

OKLAHOMA



MASSACHUSETTS



OUR BEAUTIFUL ST. LOUIS

TERRIBLE, that black ship looked, looming up over them in the fog like a monstrous, dark, obliterating wave. Terrible, she looked, but seconds later the cry of old Moss, the carpenter, made her seem far worse. His shrieks turned the towering ship into some weird thing out of the next world, a thing come to draw them in her ghastly wake through the sable curtain at the end of the last sea.

Old Moss's shriek did that and it made the red hair on young Mr. Porter's head prickle in cold terror, as a third mate's hair should never do. Neil Porter's whole scalp crawled and the chill of it ran down his spine and froze his heart dead in his chest. It was a dread cry.

In the first moment the big ship seemed as impalpable as the fog wraiths that shrouded her superstructure. Then her black side came lifting soundlessly into view. Swiftly this appearance of vague unreality changed into the grim menace of a huge hull, a mass of black, overlapping plates.

Mr. Porter, standing on the lower bridge, lifted a wild hail to the navigating bridge of the *Everett*.

"Ship on starboard bow! Right on top of us!"

To his ears came the voices of the master and the pilot, snapping the same order to the helmsman. The engine room telegraph jingled. Neil Porter gripped the rail. From across the closing gap came the shrill clamor of voices. Three blasts of the whistle ripped the steamy air.

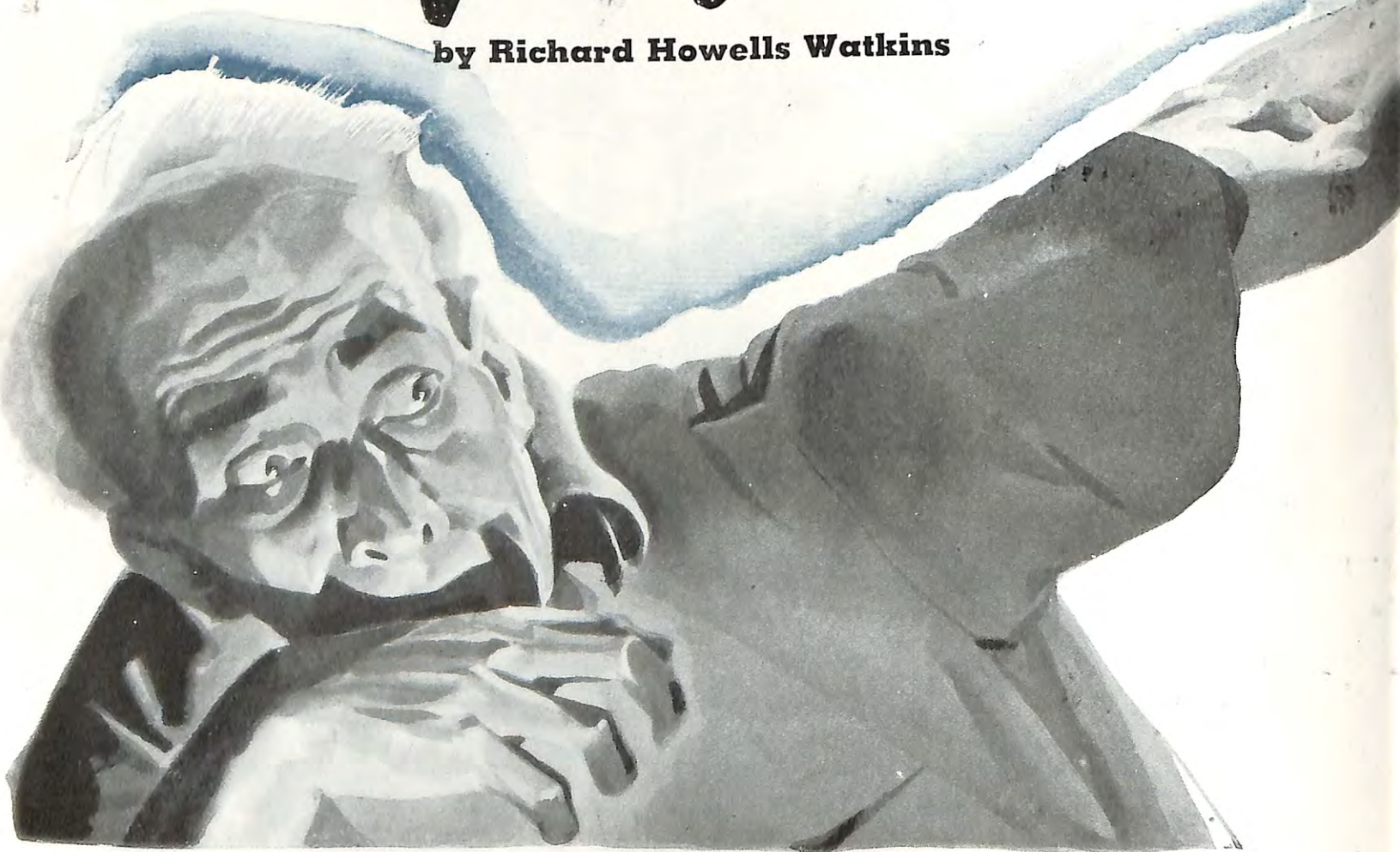
Time hung leaden. The ship towered. Under Neil's feet his craft shuddered violently to the thrash of the reversed screw. Slowly both ships began to answer their helms. But it was almost too late. The black, rivet-studded hull rose even higher in the mist—then closed with the *Everett's* lower bulwarks. The ships clashed their plates together.

Mr. Porter stood transfixed, staring upward at this giant craft come like Nemesis out of the fog. Squinting faces were peering at him; Oriental voices pierced his ears, running swiftly up the scale to high, thin panic. Those saffron faces added to the weirdness of that moment. The two hulls seemed to lock together with a grinding sound. They grated, steel against steel, with the strange ship weighing down heavily upon the lesser *Everett*.

It was not until then that old Bill Moss screamed.

Cargo of FEAR

by Richard Howells Watkins





An old man's scream and the glimpse of a shadow in the fog brought Neil Porter face to face with terror.

Illustrated by C. C. BEALL

had had another command sheered almost in half by a racing liner on the edge of the misty Grand Banks. Now he was a marked man, a man always on trial, a man who had lost his ship. And he was in fog again.

"Quiet the carpenter, mister," the ship-master ordered. "Get him stopped! Tell him to sound the wells—anything. The men . . ."

Neil Porter, hurrying down the ladder, could well understand how the men were feeling about that hysterical shrieking. That hadn't been the only close call, that sideswipe, since they had groped away from Gravesend. They shouldn't be compelled to stand that extra strain.

Before he was half way down Bill Moss choked himself off. At once the other noises of the crowded sea claimed the third mate's ears.

Homeward bounders, having lost their way in the cottonlike atmosphere, had dropped anchors all about and now told of their surrender with clanging bells. Outward bounders were still striving to get through and into the straits of Dover. Their whistles crashed and thundered. It might be less thick down Channel; they blared quavering determination to get clear of the ships and shoals of the shallow river mouth.

Neil Porter jumped down and grasped old Bill Moss by his pipestem arm. The carpenter's thin little body was shaking; his unshaven jaw was sagging. He was staring at the well deck bulwark, starboard side, about where Mr. Porter had made out that drifting shadow.

"Steady, Moss," the young third said. "Take it easy, man!"

From forward, the mate, Jack Garth, grim-faced and matter-of-fact, took shape. His oiler coat and trousers were rust-stained and he was panting, but his voice was cold and level.

"What's up now, carp?" Mister Garth inquired.

Slowly Bill Moss turned his enormous head and haggard face toward the chief mate. His eyes, deep socketed and cavernous, were still ablaze with terror. He raised the thin arm Neil Porter held to point to the bulwark.

"I saw—something—come over that rail," he said hoarsely. "Out o' the sea—something—"

A couple of men of the watch came sidling uneasily toward them.

"I saw a whole Jap merchant marine leaning on that rail," Jack Garth stated hastily. "What of it?"

"Somebody out o' the sea—in over the rail—boarding us," Bill Moss muttered. "Who could that be? A ship-mate—one o' the *Eileen's* crowd."

"Forget it!" snapped the mate. "You're jumpy, carp. Your mind's back on the sinking of the *Eileen*. Forget it!"

Neil Porter fussed with the visor of his cap. "You know, I thought I saw something myself—" he began uncomfortably and then stopped as the mate, over Bill Moss's head, demanded silence with a glare. The men were listening with mouths agape.

Mister Garth hailed the bridge and was ordered up.

And that scream made all that had gone before seem nothing. Neil Porter's starting eyes caught just a glimpse of the old man on the well deck below him, with his arms flung up to his face. And then in the cottony vapor he saw something else, a vague, yellowish, moving thing that drifted inboard from the well deck bulwarks. Even as he made it out, the figure faded from his sight near the edge of Number Two hatch. Moss had been facing toward that silent, shifting form; Neil Porter wondered fleetingly if that thing, rather than the ship, had wrung the cry from the old man.

Bill Moss shrieked again. But the first shriek had been tops with Mr. Porter; this second scream did not match the first. He turned his eyes and saw that the grinning, contorted yellow faces above him were receding. They and the black ship whose rail they lined grew ghostly. The ship became filmy, drawing back into the grey vapor from which it had materialized.

A narrow thing! Neil Porter jerked off his cap and wiped quick, chill sweat from his forehead. His nerves were still quivering like harp strings. Bill Moss was still yelling. It was just yelling now.

"A big Jap," Mr. Porter said to him. "Queer we didn't pick out her whistle."

Many sirens, whistles and foghorns clamored at Mr. Porter. The *Everett* was somewhere in the midst of the greatest jam of shipping anywhere on the seven seas, the jam in the broad estuary of the Thames.

Captain Cole hailed him from the bridge. He leaped up the rungs. The master stood like a gaunt spectre, staring ahead into opacity. His face was as immobile as a jade Buddha's. His fingers on the weather cloth were twisting like snakes.

It was not four months, Neil Porter knew, since Cole

"That's good advice, Moss," Mr. Porter said. "Forget it all."

"I can't forget the *Eileen*, sir." The carpenter shifted his eyes from the bulwark up into the smothering folds of vapor through which the ship was drifting. "Not in thick weather like this I can't forget. I keep thinking of big John Tully, the bos'n, with 'is chest stove in in 'is bunk and the black cook—we 'eard 'im yelling somewhere in the fog astern after 'e jumped overboard in 'is fear—and all them drowned men."

He pointed a hand to the rail.

"Often I've thought one of 'em may come back when the fog is thick—come back for 'is shipmates—for me or the cap'n—"

"More likely we'll go to meet 'em," the third mate interrupted with a young man's cheery pessimism. He had heard this before. "We've all got to hit bottom some day. Why worry? Sound the wells, carp. That Jap may have damaged us."

"Sound the wells, sir," repeated the carpenter. His sunken eyes clung to the young third mate's. "It might not 'ave been an old shipmate," he muttered. "It might 'ave been a living man."

Neil Porter didn't answer. But as Bill Moss started for his sounding rod Neil stopped him on sudden impulse.

"What were you doing down here on the well deck, Moss?" he demanded. "Your post was at the anchor windlass on the forecastle head with Mr. Garth. Speak up!"

"I came aft to report a leaking steampipe to the chief engineer, sir," the carpenter said. "If he had to, Mr. Garth could let go the anchors by 'imself. But even if I'd been forrad that thing out o' the sea—"

Neil Porter grunted and ascended the ladder. The lookout, posted on the lower bridge because visibility was better there, stared at him fixedly and seemed to relish his company.

On the bridge Mr. Porter found all three of his seniors waiting for him. For once there seemed a certain unanimity of thought between Captain Cole and Chief Mate Garth. Captain Cole knew the mate resented Cole's appointment to command of this ship which he had coveted himself. It made bad feeling. But now they both frowned at the red-headed third mate. In the background hovered Mr. Borg, the second, making no undue effort to attract attention to himself. The pilot had withdrawn to the wheelhouse.

"Mr. Garth tells me that you confirmed the carpenter's vision of a phantom boarding us from that Japanese vessel," Captain Cole said dryly. "Is that correct, Mr. Porter?"

"I saw something that looked vaguely like a man coming over the rail, sir," replied Mr. Porter unhappily. "But I couldn't be sure it was anything but—uh—imagination."

"You will kindly curb your imagination, Mr. Porter," said the gaunt master. "A man capable of the responsibilities of an officer should be able to do so."

"Spookie Bill Moss has this crew on edge now with his yarns about dead shipmates returning," Mr. Garth put in resentfully. "The old—"

The shipmaster stopped him with a severe glance. "Nevertheless, I think Moss is still capable of doing his work," he said. "I've been shipmates with him many a year. When you are sure that scraping did us no damage, Mr. Garth, you will take your post forward again."

Jack Garth, with his mahogany face grimmer than usual, departed. Neil Porter, on his first voyage as a watch officer, was sunk. The skipper was just, but severe. This looked bad for his record. It might mean his job. He was relieved when Captain Cole entered into consultation with the pilot.

"Judah!" exclaimed the solid Mr. Borg softly. "Fog in the Channel, a scary old goat for a skipper, a tough mug for a mate, a nut for a carpenter and red-headed third that also sees things. What more in the hoodoo line could we rake up?"

"A phantom stowaway—out of the East," replied Neil Porter not too amiably. "A thing that haunts Oriental ships, escaped now into our old hulk."

After Mr. Garth's report of no damage, the *Everett*, at dead slow, crawled on. The white fog was turning grey; the murk thickened as the short January day waned. Somehow the pilot kept her creeping over the bottom. The third mate was uncomfortably aware that old Bill Moss was prowling this ship, searching for somebody—or something—with sunken eyes feverish.

"It could 'ave been a man," the carpenter kept muttering until Captain Cole himself descended from the bridge, talked privately to the old man and sent him below.

Two hours after nightfall a chill breeze sprang up. It swept the fog from the water. Navigating and riding lights blinked in Neil Porter's strained eyes and the clamor of the blind ceased. Shipping moved freely again.

The *Everett*, dropping her pilot during the evening, stood away down Channel. She had not logged ten miles when the breeze fell.

Back came the fog, in stealthy triumph. It flung itself in clinging wisps and then in thick masses





Something, soundless as a wraith, was drifting through the murk of night. Neil Porter saw the sheen of oilskins.

over the ship. But she was clear of the narrow straits and the jam of ships. With her siren roaring she logged miles. When smooth seas were vouchsafed in the Channel in January, ships seize the gift.

On the surface the ship fell into her appointed routine. But Mr. Porter, standing the first watch, sensed a tension in everyone he encountered. The men, in groups, would come out on the well deck, stare at the fog, the head and the bridge and into the black alley-ways. They would talk in low voices and finally go back into the forecabin. Strange conduct for men in the watch below.

"Spookie Bill's yarn has got them going. And no wonder!" the young third told himself.

Captain Cole was rarely off the bridge. Neil Porter was bitterly aware that his mention of that thing that had come over the rail had undermined the master's confidence in him.

Silent, erect, the master wandered like an uneasy blind man through the dripping blankness of night and mist. His useless eyes searched the vapor ahead. It was out of such a damp vacuity that destruction, at twenty knots, had come upon his previous ship and death had come upon half her crew.

Midnight, which meant relief, approached with leaden slowness for Neil Porter. He did not enjoy the intermittent, hovering presence of the master. He kept his siren going. His gaze was always alert as he tramped the bridge.

Suddenly Mr. Porter stopped, sucking in his breath. A thin, shrill shriek of terror ripped at his ears. He jumped toward the engine room telegraph.

Again and again the high, chilling wail rose up to him. It came from somewhere forward, a desperate plea for succor.

Porter clutched at the bridge rail with hands that refused to grip.

"What—what is that?" he shouted. "What is it?"

A shadow drifted up to the third mate's side.

"I'll take her," said Captain Cole. His voice was low but entirely steady. "Go forward and find out what's happening."

Neil Porter went down the ladder like a man jumping. He understood action. The ship was alive with hoarse questions and running feet as he crossed the well deck.

A man writhed at the foot of the ladder leading to the forecabin head, still shrieking out his terror. It was Bill Moss again. As he rolled about on deck he pointed a shaking hand toward the top of the ladder.

Somebody thrust past Neil Porter. It was Mr. Garth with a greatcoat over his pajamas. He grasped the carpenter by the shoulders and heaved him to his feet.

"What's all the noise, carp?" he demanded sternly.

"'E—'e pointed 'is finger at me!" moaned Moss. He shuddered in Jack Garth's firm grip. "From up there!"

"Who did?" demanded Neil Porter.

"Something!" the carpenter said solemnly. "Something!"

"Oh, hell!" muttered the mate.

"Screwy!" growled Mr. Borg, at Neil's shoulder.

"Something!" the old carpenter intoned solemnly and several of the men around him shivered. "A man out of the sea, in wet oilskin, with 'is finger pointing at me. At the top of the ladder 'e stood. It's a warning!"

"It's a blasted nuisance," growled Mr. Garth.

"I couldn't sleep—with this fog," Moss quavered. "I walked around—then I saw it."

"You saw one of the watch—and he was making a fool of you," Mr. Garth stated coldly. "Turn in and forget it, carp. One of you men go below with him."

"Mark my words!" said Moss hoarsely, as a seaman led him away. "There's something wrong—something evil. There's—"

The mate turned to Porter. "Tell the skipper it's Spookie Bill with the heebie-jeebies," he said softly, smothering a yawn.

"What does the lookout say about this?" Neil Porter asked suddenly. "If there (Continued on page 46)



EDITORIAL

Our First Naval Hero

ON the 23rd of this month (September) one hundred and sixty years ago, off the coast of England there was fought one of the most amazing duels in naval history between the British *Serapis* and the *Bonhomme Richard*, flagship of the American Naval hero, John Paul Jones.



John Paul was born in Scotland and took to the sea when a mere lad. On his first real voyage, when he was a young man of some twenty-odd years, he came to Virginia to visit a brother, and for some reason undisclosed, added "Jones" to his name, so it may be said technically that John Paul Jones had his origin in that State, though in fact foreign born.

He had a most interesting history, to which we can only briefly refer, hoping to stimulate the reader's interest to reread it. On the outbreak of the Revolution, he offered his services to Congress and was appointed a lieutenant on a flagship. During the year 1776 he cruised in American waters between Nova Scotia and Bermuda and captured sixteen ships. The following year he was assigned to command the *Ranger*. On this ship he was the first to fly the Stars and Stripes at sea. He came more into public notice by urging the development of an American Navy and in capturing the *Drake*, a vessel greatly superior to the *Ranger*. When he transferred his activities to the other side of the Atlantic, the French gave him the *Duras* and the command of a small squadron. He changed the name of the *Duras* to the *Bonhomme Richard*, doubtless as a result of his contact in Paris with the great American patriot Benjamin Franklin, who had been accredited to France as a commissioner, and whose "Poor Richard's Almanac" was then being widely read for Franklin's sage comments. Jones then harassed the English coast and captured twenty-six vessels, becoming known as the "Terror of the Seas".

On September 23, 1779, he sighted a British fleet off the English coast and, while outnumbered and outclassed, he made the attack, singling out the *Serapis* for his special attention. He skilfully maneuvered the *Bonhomme Richard* so that the guns on one side of the *Serapis* were useless, to which vessel he then lashed his ship and the real battle was hand to hand over the sides of the two vessels. The *Bonhomme Richard* had been badly damaged by the *Serapis'* cannon, and when the tide of battle seemed to favor the *Serapis* her commander called on Jones to surrender, to which he replied, "I have not begun to fight"—a retort which has come ringing down through the intervening years. The *Serapis* finally struck her colors and surrendered to the *Bonhomme Richard* then in an almost sinking condition. In fact, she sank the following day. Jones' intrepidity and fighting spirit has from that day to this been an inspiration to the American Navy.

He was born in 1747, and after a most remarkable career died and was buried in Paris in 1792. In 1905 his body was brought to this country, escorted by a United States squadron and was buried with full naval honors at Annapolis, Maryland, in sight of the Naval Academy. In 1912 a memorial to him was unveiled in the City of Washington.

Improved Football

IT WOULD be difficult to select any topic for discussion which would not produce conflicting opinions. Among our national sports football is highly popular, yet there are many persons who regard the game as comprising a minimum of skill and a maximum of brute force—a revival of the spirit of the Circus Maximus which attracted those who delighted in the sight of blood and who derived

their supreme satisfaction in witnessing the "kill."

It would seem this appraisal of football is not sustained by the facts. It is a game of strategy, skill and manpower. It cannot be denied, however, that it involves danger of physical injury to the players which sometimes has resulted in life-long disability, or even in death. It is argued, and with logic to support it, that the game is not worth the life of even one young man.

Those who enjoy and support it, as well as those who think it is so hazardous that it should be discontinued, will join in approving steps recently taken by the football magnates to minimize and perhaps eliminate many of the dangers by providing the players with additional safeguards through modifying the rules.

Every sport is attended by some risk to those who engage in it, whether it be football, boxing, golfing, bowling, tennis, racing, yachting, swimming, skiing, fishing, hunting or what have you. Few, if any, would advocate abandoning all these sports and advise that we sit with folded hands, denying ourselves the manifold pleasures derived from participating in or witnessing sports and games of all kinds. Football is certainly no more hazardous than the most dangerous of these games and not as hazardous as hockey, for instance.

Nevertheless those who prescribe the rules which govern it will quiet opposition and increase its popularity by making it less dangerous.

Idleness is Dangerous

MOST of us at times are prone to bemoan our lot in life and think of others as being more happily situated. Those who work themselves into a frame of mind where they feel sorry for themselves are indeed to be pitied. They are apt to become morbid and spread discontent to those about them. Not enjoying their work, they become careless and inefficient. They shirk their daily tasks and sometimes even run away from them, thinking to find solace in idleness, which after all is said and done is the very hardest of work.

Idleness brings no compensation and at times results in embarrassment, even in disaster, which brings to mind a fable which points its own moral. Once upon a time, so the story goes, an ox becoming listless and discontented with his lot in life determined to show his boss how important he really was. Accordingly, without leave, he quit his work and wandered off to the woods for a day of idleness. Returning in the evening, he asked his companion of the yoke what his boss had said about his absence. The answer was, "Nothing, but I heard him tell the butcher to come around tomorrow."

A Bit of Self Laudation

THE monthly bulletin published by Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, of which its efficient Secretary, Brother W. S. Shelby, is editor, in its August issue urges members of our Order to patronize products advertised in this Magazine. After mentioning the products so advertised, the article concludes with the statement:

"*The Elks Magazine* is unquestionably the finest and



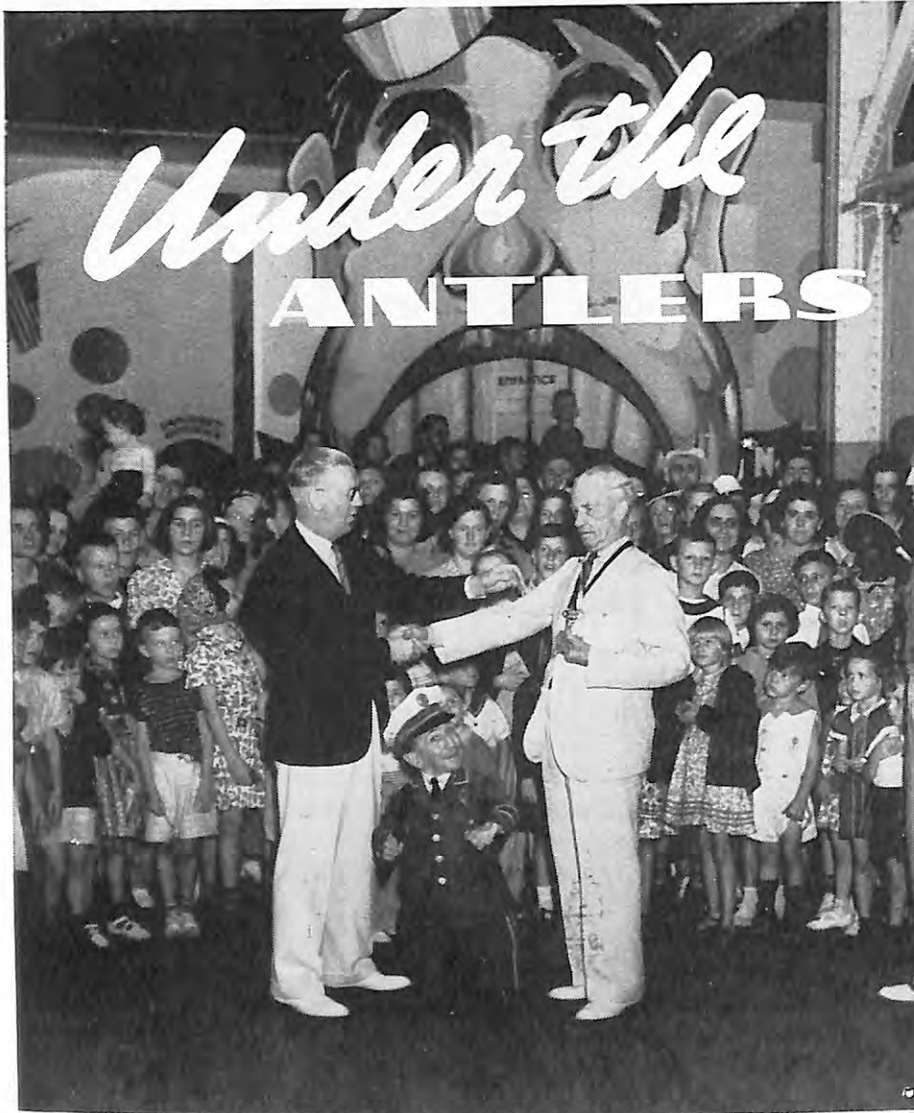
most attractive publication of its type in the world."

It is scarcely necessary to say that this statement meets with our hearty endorsement, and that it is much appreciated. It has been and will continue to be our aim and purpose to make *The Elks Magazine*, your magazine, an outstanding publication and worthy of our Order as its only official national publication. It reaches and is read by nearly one-half million members and by perhaps three or four times as many more comprising the families of Elks. This constitutes a discriminating sales audience of tremendous purchasing power which advertisers may well consider in offering their products for sale.

We do not often "blow our own horn" in these columns but the above quotation from the *Washington Elk* gives us an excuse and an opportunity which we gladly embrace, not only to call attention to *The Elks Magazine* as a valuable advertising medium but also to express thanks to our readers for their approval as evidenced by the Magazine's ever increasing popularity.



News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order



At left: Mayor George W. Krogman, of Wildwood, N. J., presents the Key to the City to Eugene Gallaher of Millville, N. J., Lodge on the occasion of the 17th annual seashore event for crippled children sponsored by Millville Lodge. Standing between them is the world's smallest policeman.

Clinton, Mass., Lodge Presents Prizes to Essay Winners

Sixty-six essays were received by Clinton, Mass., Lodge, No. 1306, in the recent Essay Contest conducted by the lodge. The contest was limited to students in the four classes of the Clinton High School.

Four cash prizes were offered, but the standard of excellence was so high that the judges found it difficult to make their decisions, and the number was raised to six. The first prize winners were Jean M. Kramer, Senior Class, Hazel Loewendorff, Junior, Philip Trott, Sophomore, and Dorothy Malatos, Freshman. Ella Day of the Senior Class and William K. Moran, Sophomore, were close seconds. Miss Kramer's father, George H. Kramer, is Secretary of Clinton Lodge.

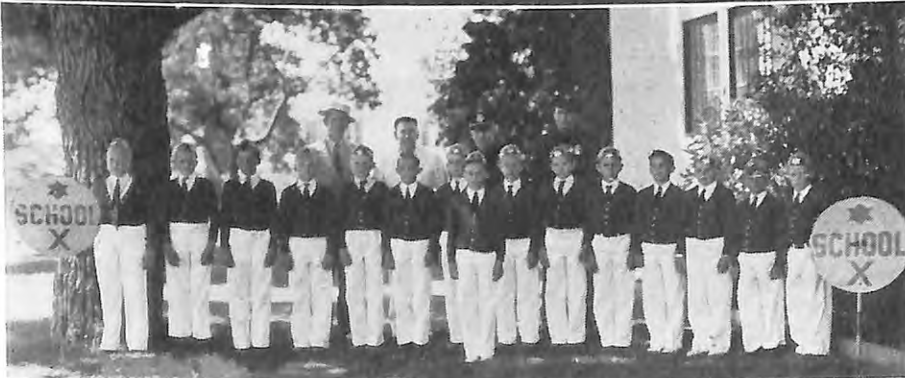
Rahway, N. J., Elks Sponsor Crippled Children's Clinic

Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, has a long and successful record of achievement in crippled children work. The first clinic of the year sponsored by the Elks Crippled Children's Committee, was held this summer at the Rahway Memorial Hospital under the direction of Dr. Fred L. Albee of New York, orthopedic surgeon, assisted by local doctors and by Dr. Robert L. Preston, a member of his staff. Practically all of the therapy cases are handled by the blind masseur, Dr. James Kleeman who was also present. Watson Rid-enour represented the Committee.

Thirty patients were examined and operations performed on two of the children and one adult. Treatment was recommended for others.

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge Gives Vacation Trips to Four Boys

In accordance with its annual custom, East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, sent two members of its Antlers



Left, center: The Junior Police Squad sponsored by Oceanside, Calif., Lodge, which contributes to the Lodges' traffic safety work.



At left: The three Daugherty brothers who have belonged to Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge for more than 20 years. They are Albert, age 80; Frank, age 76, and Ammon, age 78. The brothers seldom miss a meeting.

Right: The bowling team of Lakewood, N. J. Lodge which has enjoyed an active season.



organization, John O'Connor and John Hennas, to the Hoosier Boys State at Indianapolis for a week's outing as guests of the lodge. The trip afforded the boys a nice vacation in which they were grounded in the fundamentals of State Government while at camp.

Two of the outstanding school boy patrol leaders, Emil Bacho and William Paul, were given a week's trip by the lodge to Camp Elk in the Indiana Dunes State Park, and were driven there by E.R. George S. Callahan. Camp Elk is sponsored by the Indiana State Elks Association. A well rounded program conducive to the physical, educational and spiritual well-being of the boys was carried out there under the supervision of an efficient staff of instructors.

P.D.D. James Butler, of Worcester, Mass., Lodge, Dies

Worcester, Mass., Lodge, No. 243, has suffered a sad loss in the passing of P.E.R. James J. Butler, victim of a drowning accident on July 9. Mr. Butler was a tireless worker in the interests of the Order and one of Worcester Lodge's most valuable members. He served as District Deputy for Mass. West in 1921-22.

Prominent New England Elks Visit The Elks National Home

Headed by Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John D. Shea, of Hartford, Conn., Lodge, a party of 40 Elks, returning to their New England homes from the Grand Lodge Convention at St. Louis, paid a delightful visit on Friday, July 14, to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. They were entertained with a picnic lunch served on the lawns, and visited with the residents of the Home from their respective



Above: At Klamath Falls, Ore., are shown the new officers of the Oregon State Elks Assn. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier of Seattle stands in front, second from left.

Below is part of a large delegation of Salt Lake City Elks and ladies who made the trip to the Utah State Elks Association Convention at Price, Utah, in June in a chartered bus.

Below: Members of Hanover, Pa., Lodge who were present at a dinner and lodge meeting at which P.E.R. Charles J. Delone was honored.





Left: Lieutenant-Governor Horace T. Cahill of Massachusetts presents a flag to William Hogan, Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., with other dignitaries of the Order in Massachusetts. The flag was carried by the Massachusetts delegation in the parade at the Grand Lodge Convention in St. Louis.



Above: The officers of Great Bend, Kans., Lodge, shown with an Artificial Respirator purchased by the Lodge and presented to the city for use in the surrounding community.

States. The many attractive features of the Home and its surroundings were viewed with great interest.

The visitors left Bedford in the early evening by special bus for Lynchburg, Va., where they were entertained by Lynchburg Lodge No. 321. Before returning home, the members of the party went to Norfolk and Virginia Beach on a sight-seeing trip.

California Golfers Organize a League in South Central District

Eight men golf teams, made up of lodge representatives in the South Central District of California, were organized last Spring by Harry Lauder of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99. Mr. Lauder was voted the presidency of the new league for 1939. The teams play a schedule of games and prior to August 1, Los Angeles Lodge had won the beautiful silver trophy and gained a leg on the picturesque golf trophy presented by Santa Monica Lodge No. 906 to the League. This three-point league was sponsored by D.D. James J. McCarthy, a Past Exalted Ruler of Santa Monica Lodge.

The results accomplished during the playing season have been most gratifying. Many of the golfers made new friends on the links and enjoyed the spirit of goodfellowship

evidenced by fellow members who, otherwise, would probably have never become known to them in the regular routine of life. A large number of new members have been brought into the Order through this fine outdoor activity, especially in the younger group. All Elks are eligible to play in the league, regardless of lodge affiliation. Players on teams are inter-changeable.

All scheduled games are played at handicap which gives old-timers the opportunity to play on their lodge teams and to get some fun out of the play. Handicaps are changed and adjusted after each game. By this method of equalizing, all teams have an even chance to win. A different golf course is used each time, thus giving all of the lodge teams an even break against their opponents.

Several Important Grand Lodge Elections and Appointments

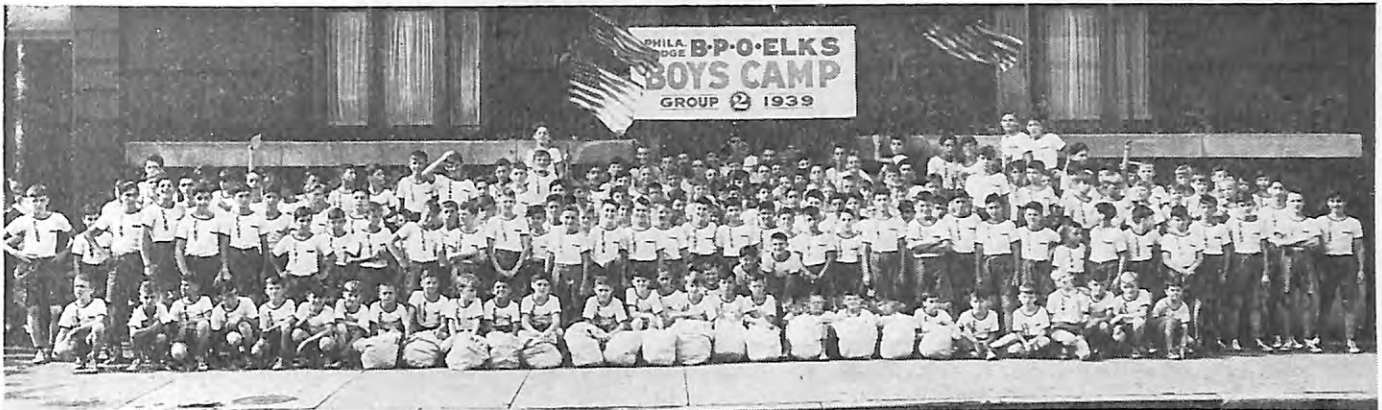
At the Grand Lodge Convention in St. Louis in July, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, No. 838, was reappointed a Trustee of the Elks National Foundation for a seven-year term. Mr. McFarland was a member of the original Foundation Committee.

It was erroneously stated in the August issue of the Magazine that Joseph G. Buch of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, had been elected for a five-year term as a member of the Board of Grand Trustees, whereas Joseph B. Kyle of Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152, was elected Grand Trustee for the five-year term. Mr. Buch was elected to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of Henry C. Warner, the new Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order. He is Chairman of the Board and Mr. Kyle is Vice-Chairman.

Among the fine Elk golfers of Southern California who have participated in featured play during the league games are Cecil Harris of Whittier Lodge, Floyd Sisk, Santa Monica, Johnny Figiera, Huntington Park, Ray Henry and Carl Redman, Long Beach, Harry Packham, Santa



Right: P.E.R. Jack Dodge of San Diego, Calif., Lodge cuts a cake at a dinner celebrating the 49th Anniversary of the Lodge. Mr. Dodge is surrounded by prominent San Diego Elks



Above: A large group of boys who were sent by Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge on a two-week vacation to the Boys Camp in the country.

Monica, Frank Morehead, Leonard Chudakoff, Hiram Casey and Art Rey of Los Angeles Lodge, Burt Brooks and Harry Beaver, Inglewood, Ed Jones, Long Beach, Con Lewis, Whittier, Adrian French, Huntington Park, Mike Mason, Compton, Earl Foremaster, Compton, and L. O. James, Los Angeles.

President Lauder predicts that next year an entry list of 20 teams—about 160 players—will constitute the league and that more prizes will be distributed. Periodically, throughout the season, socials are held after the games at some of the country clubs.

Hendersonville, N. C., Lodge Acquires Handsome New Home

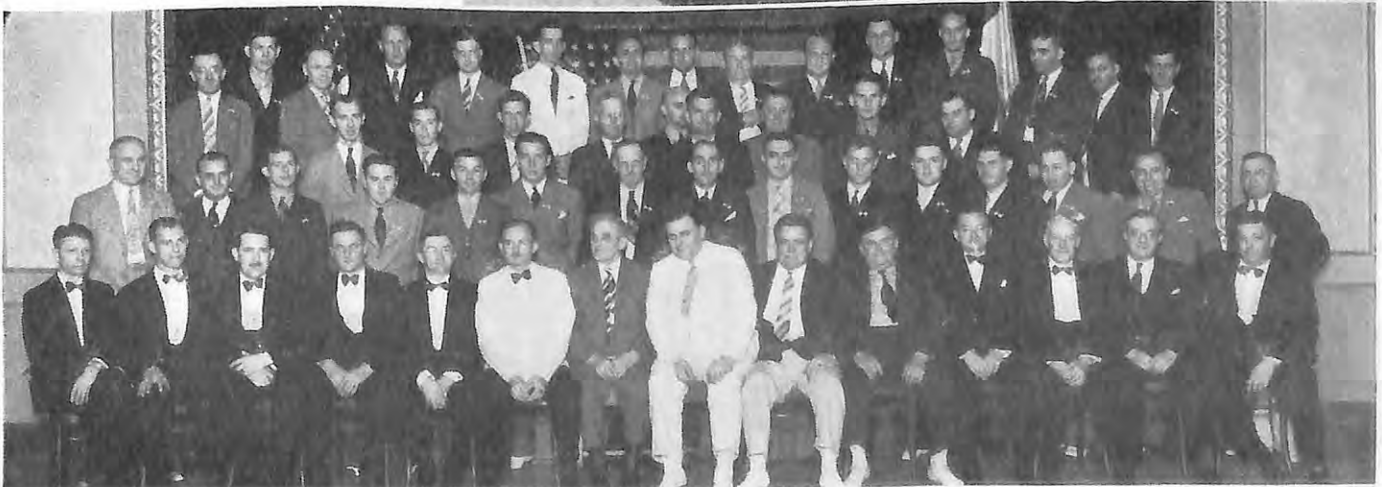
Seven months after its institution, conducted last December by Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, former Governor of Florida, Hendersonville, N. C., Lodge, No. 1616, moved from four rooms over a store into its new home. The house, which is so constructed as to be perfect for lodge and club purposes, affording every convenience for the comfort

Below: A large class of candidates recently initiated into Erie, Pa., Lodge, along with the officers of the Lodge and State Association officers.



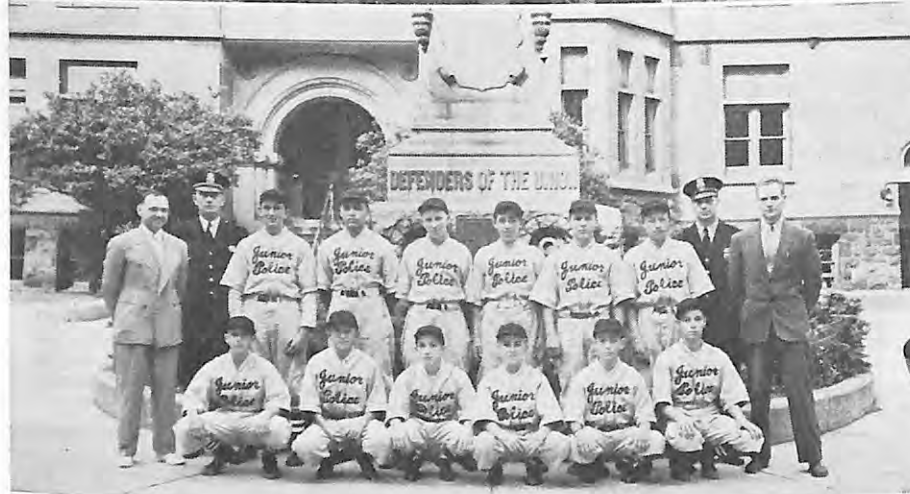
Above are the first thirty boys to go to summer camp under the sponsorship of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge. Another thirty-five were sent later.

Below: Appleton, Wis., Elks and civic authorities at the presentation of an inhalator by Appleton Lodge to be installed in the city's new ambulance.





Left: Muscatine, Ia., Elks and their ladies about to board a chartered train to Chicago to attend a double-header baseball game between the Chicago Cubs and the Brooklyn Dodgers.



Above: The Junior Police Baseball Team, organized and uniformed by Williamsport, Pa., Lodge in an effort to reclaim boys under police probation.

of members and visitors, is situated on ground which rises 100 feet above the street level, and is surrounded by fir and pine trees. The new home is one of the finest in that section of the country, western North Carolina in the Blue Ridge Mountains. To the left of the building are situated the Boy and Girl Scouts' cabins. Through Mr. Sholtz, looked upon as its "godfather", the

lodge was given the opportunity, on the night of July 4, to entertain the children of the community with a huge fireworks display. The evening was enjoyed by grown-ups as well, it being estimated that nearly 6,000 people witnessed the spectacle.

Unceasing effort on the part of the charter members was responsible not only for the acquiring of a home of this type in little more than



half a year, but for an increase in membership of 20 new names. S. J. Fullwood continues as Secretary, but because of his business which carries him to other parts of the country, the Exalted Ruler, W. D. Lohman, resigned some time ago. Harry E. Buchanan, President of the local Chamber of Commerce, unanimously elected to fill the office, is carrying on splendidly.

Philadelphia, Pa., Elks Foster A Successful Youth Program

Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, adopted a Youth Activity Program as one of the main contributions to its Americanization and community work as advocated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick during his administration. During the summer just ended, more than 250 underprivileged boys were guests of the lodge for two weeks at its camp at Green Lane, Pa. Samuel Kravitz is Chairman of the Committee. Since the camp was started three years ago by E.R. Max Slepik, the benefits and pleasures of these camp vacations have been enjoyed by approximately 500 youngsters.

Seventeen games had been played prior to August 1 by the Junior Baseball Team sponsored by Philadelphia Lodge, and the team was still undefeated. The American Legion Junior Team provided competition in most of the games.

New Orleans, La., Lodge Honors Memory of Capt. James Dinkins

At the regular meeting on July 27 of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, P.E.R. Waldo M. Pitkin delivered a eulogy of the life and character of a beloved member, Capt. James Dinkins, who died on July 19 at the summer home of his daughter in North Carolina. Capt. Dinkins was 94 years of age and had been an active Elk in good standing for the past 34 years. He was one of the best known men in New Orleans because of his interest in civic affairs and his position as a high ranking officer among surviving Confederate Veterans.

An instance of Capt. Dinkins' devotion to his fellow Elks was recalled by Mr. Pitkin. When the dedication exercises took place in 1936 at the tomb of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, P.E.R. of New Orleans Lodge, although the day was cold and rainy, the Captain insisted upon being present. During the ceremonies he paid an impromptu and glowing tribute to his old and valued friend.

Left: The Junior Baseball Squad sponsored by Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge. They were outfitted by the Lodge.



Above: A delegation of New England Elks who were guests at the Cavalier Hotel at Virginia Beach after attending the recent Grand Lodge Convention in St. Louis.

San Diego, Calif., Lodge Observes Its 49th Anniversary

San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, celebrated the 49th anniversary of its founding recently with a dinner which preceded the lodge meeting and was attended by many Past Exalted Rulers. San Diego Lodge enjoys the distinction of being among those older lodges whose first Exalted Rulers are still living. John M. Dodge, first Exalted Ruler of No. 168, attended the anniversary celebration and cut the huge birthday cake presented for the occasion by Ray Williams, a member. Mr. Dodge is Chairman of the Sunshine Committee, and spends a great deal of his time visiting and cheering indisposed members of the Order who reside in San Diego. Eugene Daney, third Exalted Ruler, was also present.

The highlight of the meeting was an address by P.E.R. the Rev. John Osborn who eulogized the "Spirit of Old 168" and urged the continuance of that spirit so characteristic of the early days and so needed in present times of unrest. The evening was concluded with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

The lodge celebrated Mr. Dodge's 86th birthday with a dinner attended by approximately 125 members, including many city and county officials. Mr. Dodge was presented with a sack of silver as a birthday gift from his fellow Elks. At the lodge meeting several members of the Troupers, a theatrical organization, put on an enjoyable program which also included band numbers by Merkley's Musical Maids. Henry U. Emery acted as Master of Ceremonies, and Est. Lead. Knight Clifford S. Maher, acting Exalted Ruler, made an appropriate speech.

Right: Some of the several hundred orphans who were entertained by Washington, D. C., Lodge recently at its 27th annual outing. Pitcher Joe Haynes; Jimmie Bloodworth, second baseman, and Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington baseball club, are shown with the children.

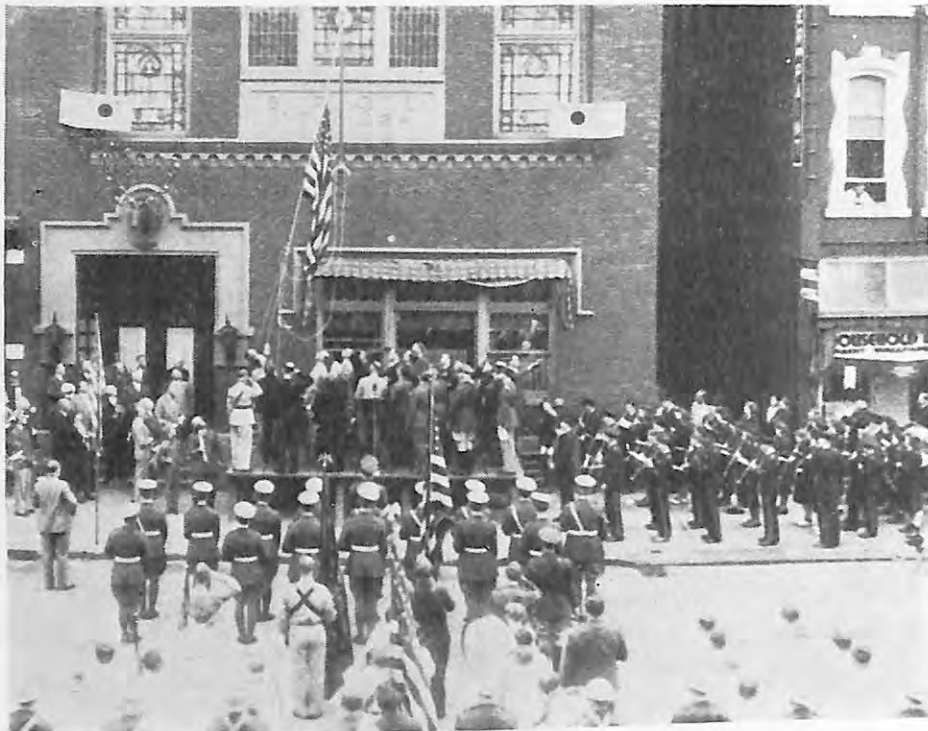


Above: The baseball team sponsored by Monessen, Pa., Lodge. The team has enjoyed a successful season.

Below: Augusta, Ga., Lodge officers and ladies at a dinner given by P.E.R. and Mrs. John W. Brittingham.



By Courtesy of the Washington Post



Left is pictured part of the ceremonies when a plaque was dedicated to Francis Bellamy, author of the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, at Hornell, N. Y., Lodge.

Hornell, N. Y., Lodge Dedicates a Memorial to Francis Bellamy

A bronze plaque, the gift of Hornell, N. Y., Lodge, No. 364, honoring the memory of Francis Bellamy, author of the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, was unveiled recently in Mount Morris, Mr. Bellamy's birthplace, in ceremonies attended by more than 5,000 people. The presentation speech was made by E.R. James A. Riggio, and the speech of acceptance by David Bellamy of Rochester, N. Y., a son of Francis Bellamy. During the exercises, the park in which the Elks Memorial is located, was dedicated by Mayor George B. Erbach. Former Mayor Fred H. Mills presided as Chairman.

The idea of the Memorial was conceived by P.E.R. Arden E. Page, former Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association, and arrangements for its erection were carried out by the lodge within a short time. When the Elks' plan became known, the citizens of Mount Morris expressed their desire to honor Mr. Bellamy's memory also and to give lasting recognition to Mount Morris as his birthplace. This was done by naming the park the "Francis Bellamy Memorial Park."

The trip to Mount Morris had been made by the Hornell Lodge delegation in a caravan of automobiles escorted by State Police. At 7:30 p. m., a parade moved through the business section to the Park. Mr.

Bellamy, as Honorary Marshal, walked with Scott D. Allen, Parade Marshal. The Elks and the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps headed the first of three divisions. The Mount Morris High School Band headed the parade as part of the

Marshal's staff. Many distinguished citizens participated. The procession was nearly two miles long. The ceremonies opened with the singing of "America" followed by the Invocation given by the Rev. Domenic Grasso. The history of the Pledge was given by E. A. Hapgood, Supervising Principal of the local High School. P.D.D. Martin T. Purtell of Elmira, N. Y., Past Commander Thomas Connors of the American Legion, Livingston County, and Harry J. Gaynor of Rochester, representing the Veterans of Foreign Wars, addressed the audience. Past District Commander, American Legion, George C. Newton, introduced the various officers who were present. S. E. Hitchcock, President of the Livingston County Historical Society, also was a speaker.

The huge boulder, in which the plaque is imbedded, was unveiled by Troopers Edward Knatt and J. G. McDonald. Letters and telegrams from some of the most prominent men in the country, including the

Even the best golfers were a little worried when they hit this tee, below, during the recent Warren, Ohio, Lodge Golf Tournament.



Right: Members of the Pittsburgh Pirates who were among the guests at a banquet held by McKeesport, Pa., Lodge. Paul Waner, Coach Abbie Fallquist, Ray Mueller and Elbie Fletcher are shown as they joined in song with Trustee Alfred O. West.

President of the United States, were read by Postmaster Louis C. Donovan. The Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Arthur O. Sykes, of Rochester, Past Grand Chaplain of the Order of Elks. The ceremonies closed with the singing of the national anthem.

Providence, R. I., Lodge Suffers Loss in Death of Edward Healy

Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, lost one of its most popular members when Edward J. Healy, for many years a ranking artist in big-time vaudeville, died, on June 18, as the result of injuries received when the apartment house in which he lived was destroyed by fire. Mr. Healy was awakened from sleep too late to escape with safety. He was severely burned and also injured when he jumped from the fourth story in a vain attempt to save his life. He died a few hours later at St. Joseph's Hospital. He is survived by his wife who was in New York City at the time of the tragedy.

Mr. Healy's sudden passing is mourned by scores of friends in Rhode Island and in other parts of the country. He was only 46 years

of age, having retired from show business several years ago when vaudeville was in a state of decline. He was the proprietor of a popular Chop House and Café in the heart of downtown Providence. Although comparatively a young man, Mr. Healy held a 25-year membership in Providence Lodge. He became a member shortly after his 21st birthday. Funeral Services were held at St. Peter's and Paul's Cathedral, and the large edifice was crowded with members of the Order of Elks and of the theatrical profession, including Mr. Healy's former stage partner, Alan Cross. During the recent convention at Pawtucket of the Rhode Island State Elks Association, tribute was paid Mr. Healy at one of the sessions.

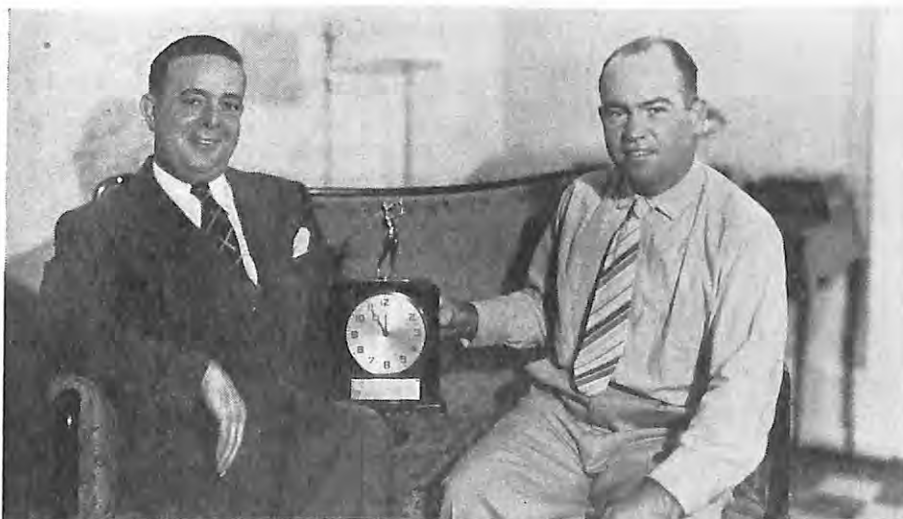
Millville, N. J., Elks Give 17th Outing For Crippled Children

The 17th Annual Crippled Children's Outing held recently at Wildwood by Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, proved to be the largest and most successful yet given. More than 800 children, their mothers, nurses and friends, enjoyed a great program. A large caravan of buses and private cars left the Elks' home in the morning escorted by police, both State and local. At Cape May Court House, in accordance with an annual custom, the children formed in line and marched through the old Baptist Cemetery to the tomb of the late Edward S. Culver, former



Above are the last surviving charter members of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge. They are, left to right: Albert Brow, Frank D. Myers, P.E.R. B. H. Smith and Ed Roberts. They are the oldest Elks in point of membership in the States of Arizona, New Mexico, Nebraska and Wyoming.

Below: Dr. E. J. McCormick, then Grand Exalted Ruler, presenting the Doctor McCormick Trophy to Dr. Alan P. Berry, winner of the annual golf tournament of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge.



Mayor of Wildwood. Mr. Culver was a prominent member of Millville Lodge and was for years a benefactor of crippled children. Flowers were placed by the children about the tomb, honoring Mr. Culver and others among their benefactors who had passed on and whose names were read off by Mrs. E. M. Bennett, former superintendent of the Millville Hospital. Paul B. Christy, a member of the Elks' Committee, spoke briefly.

At Rio Grande, a police escort from the resort joined the caravan and accompanied it to Ocean Pier. Mayor George W. Krogman and other officials extended a warm welcome and Eugene Gallaher, Chairman of the Millville Elks Crippled Children's Committee, was presented with a golden key to the city. Many presents, donated by business men, were distributed among the children. Rides and amusements were free. A large amount of candy was donated by Nathan Joseph, Frank Giuffra and Samuel Casaccio. The annual shore dinner served at the Blackstone Hotel for all members of the party, was followed by entertainment with vaudeville and performances by members of the group of little radio stars who accompanied the party to the resort.

Left is the band of Ensley, Ala., Lodge which has been active in all functions held by the Alabama State Elks Association.

The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention



The Columbus, Ohio, Lodge Band of 78 men won \$600 in the Band Contest at Sportsman's Park and for their showing in the Parade. They are pictured here as they passed the Reviewing Stand.

Howard Earl Day

AT St. Louis' magnificent Municipal Auditorium five thousand spell-bound Elks listened to Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick open the seventy-fifth annual Grand Lodge Convention of the B. P. O. Elks on Monday, July 10. Prior to the official Opening Session of the Grand Lodge, visiting

Elks filled the hospitable city of St. Louis to overflowing. They were a happy throng, old acquaintances greeting each other or new acquaintances cementing a friendship. Gaily uniformed bands and drill teams filled the streets, and the lobbies of the hotels resounded with the bang of blank cartridges and the crash of bands. Later in the evening it grew cooler and a welcome breeze sprang up which seemed to make everyone all the happier.

On Monday, the first day of the Convention, many important events took place. At 8:00 A. M. the qualifying round of the Elks National Golf Tournament got under way at the beautiful Norwood Hills Country Club. Some fine scores were turned in during the day.

The Elks Skeet Shooters started their contest at the lavishly equipped St. Louis Skeet Club at about 10:00 A. M. All day long registration took place at the home of St. Louis Lodge No. 9 and at the Convention headquarters in the Hotel Jefferson.

The Ritualistic Contest was held in the Auditorium and later the winners were announced. First prize went to Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289,

with a fine score of 94.76. Second came Decorah, Ia., No. 443, with a total of 94.28 and the Decatur, Ga., Lodge, No. 1602, team came third with 94.13. It is easy to see how close the contest was. The judges selected an all-star team composed of the following:

EXALTED RULER	Score
Victor H. Eichhorn, Elizabeth, N. J.	
Lodge No. 289	96.54
EST. LEADING KNIGHT	
John A. Kervick, Jr., Elizabeth, N. J.	
Lodge No. 289	95.15
EST. LOYAL KNIGHT	
George R. Bock, Elizabeth, N. J.	
Lodge No. 289	94.87
EST. LECTURING KNIGHT	
Pierre Howard, Decatur, Georgia	
Lodge No. 1602	95.24
ESQUIRE	
Charles T. Shallcross, Elizabeth, N. J.	
Lodge No. 289	95.08
CHAPLAIN	
M. D. Wells, Decorah, Iowa	
Lodge No. 443	95.05
INNER GUARD	
Leo P. Ronan, Decorah, Iowa	
Lodge No. 443	94.25

Just prior to the opening session, five thousand Convention-goers gathered to march to the Auditorium. The Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, Band, smartly uniformed in white trousers, purple jackets and white Sam Brown belts, gave an impromptu concert for the sidewalk audience. Among the listeners were the Tulsa, Okla., Lodge, No. 946, Drill Team, with similar uniforms of purple, trimmed in white, with shining swords and sheaths thrown in for good measure.

As soon as the Columbus band subsided, the Appleton, Wis., Lodge, No.



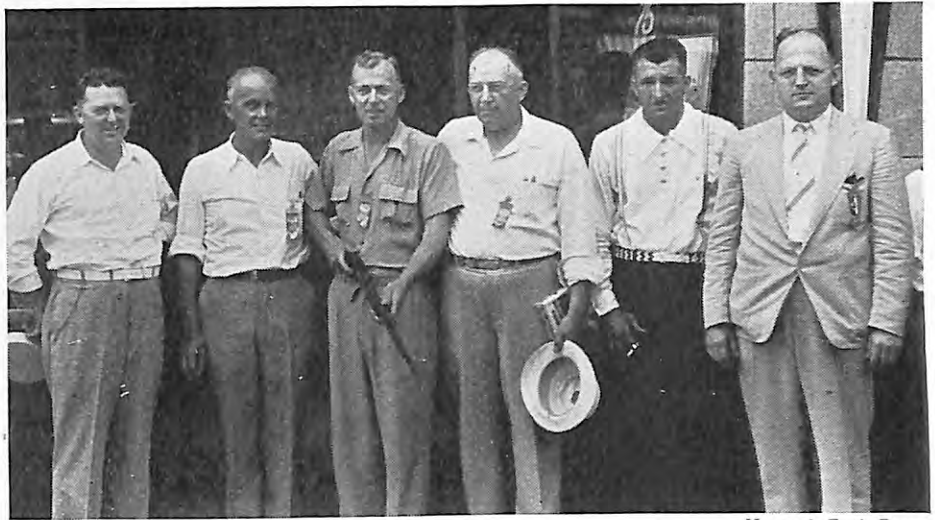
Howard Earl Day

Howard Popham, of Granite City, Ill., Lodge holding the John J. Doyle Trophy which he won in the golf tournament with a low net score of 61. He also received two other trophies.

337, musical unit took up the task, striking out with "On Wisconsin", while the many Elks and spectators cheered. At last they got under way and arrived at the Convention hall. The invocation was delivered by Grand Chaplain J. B. Dobbins, of Temple, Tex., Lodge, No. 138, and was followed by music from the Little Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Max Steindel. The first selection was the "Star Spangled Banner", sung by Rose Marie Brancato, Municipal Opera soloist. The orchestra then played the following selections: Overture from "Martha", "My Old Kentucky Home", "Song of India", "Dream Melody" from "Naughty Marietta", and the introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin". Next, the St. Louis Grand Opera Chorus, directed by Miss Edith Gordon, thrilled the assembled Elks as they sang "The Waltz Song", "Stout-Hearted Men", "Song of the Vagabonds", "One Kiss" and the "Marching Song". The soloists were Leone Foley, soprano, and Charles Galloway, baritone. The Orchestra then played two more numbers before the speeches began. The first speaker was Thomas F. Muldoon, Exalted Ruler of St. Louis Lodge No. 9, and then Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Bernard F. Dickmann, Mayor of St. Louis, welcomed the Elks to the city.

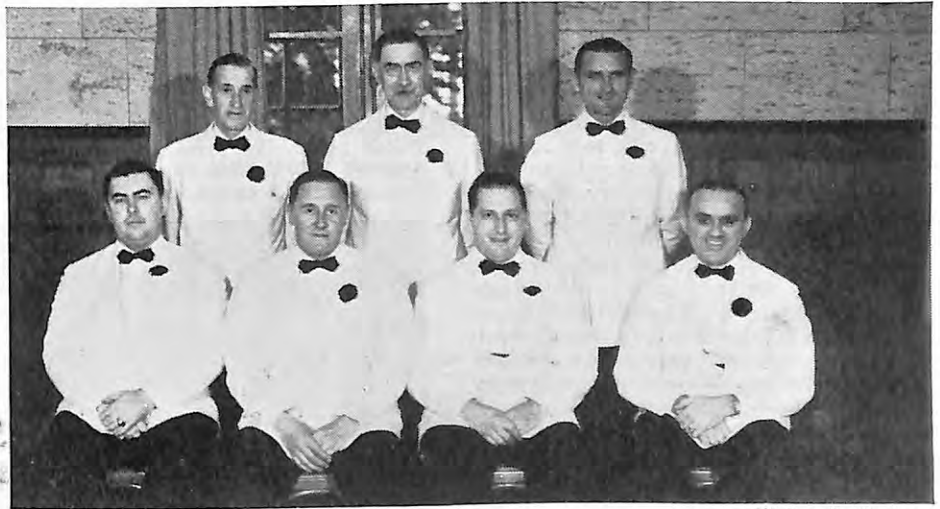
Speaking to five thousand persons, Dr. McCormick denounced Communism as diametrically opposed to democracy and Americanism, and declared that the Elks will devote all their money and man-power in an effort "to rid the country of every

Below are Mayor Bernard F. Dickmann of St. Louis, with Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick and Grand Exalted Ruler-elect Henry C. Warner at the baseball game between the Browns and the Cards.



Howard Earl Day

Above: The Five-Man Skeet Shoot Team of Lansing, Mich., Lodge which placed high in the event. Third from left is C. R. Beeder of North Platte, Neb., winner in Class "A" Skeet, and fifth from right is Bob Vincent, Lansing, runner-up.



Walter T. Cocker

Above: The Ritualistic Team of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge which won the National Ritualistic Contest at St. Louis with a score of 94.76.



Howard Earl Day

person who is in any way, shape or form connected with it."

"I have but to remind you that in our public school system and in our great universities," Dr. McCormick declared, "there are men and women who have cast God out of their hearts, who have turned their backs on 'government by and for the people', and who are openly advocating changes in our form of government that, to say the very least, would bring us to the brink of Communism and totalitarianism."

"We find that these individuals have made their ways into city, state and governmental agencies, that they are holding offices in our labor unions, stirring up strife and discord and doing everything possible to interfere with economic progress to the end that democracy may be torn down and discredited."

"I AM sure all of us recognize labor as the backbone of democracy and Americanism. We realize that under democracy, labor has made great strides and that the laboring man occupies a position in this country far above the plane on which he is placed in any other land, but I feel that I can truthfully say to you tonight that unless labor relieves itself of the services of many Godless, communistic, materialistic racketeers, the failure of labor is inevitable, and when labor fails, we all fail."

"Our President has said, 'There comes a time in the affairs of men when they must prepare to defend not their homes alone, but the tenets of faith and humanity on which their churches, their governments and their very civilization are founded.' In saving our homes and our faith and our government, we could do no better than to exclude forever from our shores those who are not in accord with the teachings of God and the fundamentals of democratic government."

"I would warn you that the God-

The Columbus, O., Lodge Drill Team, below, took the Class "A" prize in the National Drill Team Contest.

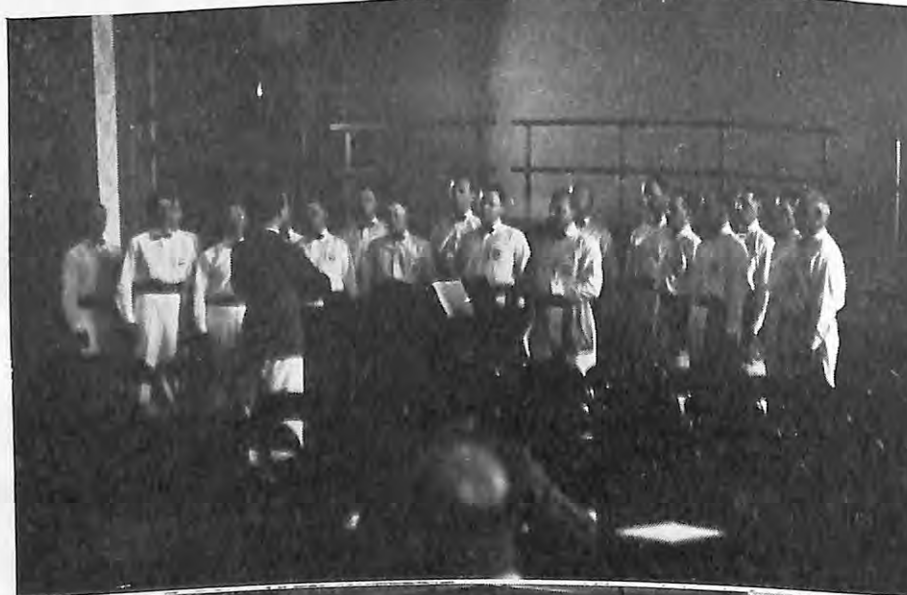
less philosophy which has worked its reign of terror in Germany is rapidly penetrating the United States and that many Fascist organizations, disguised as patriotic and Christian groups, are spreading a type of hatred and intolerance which is incubated on foreign soil and brought here to grow."

As Dr. McCormick closed his speech, the orchestra broke into "The Star Spangled Banner", followed by "Auld Lang Syne", as the Grand Chaplain closed the meeting with the Benediction.

Among the distinguished Elks on the stage were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener; David Sholtz, former Governor of Florida; Rush L. Holland; Raymond Benjamin; James R. Nicholson; Edward Rightor; Bruce A. Campbell; J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary; Charles H. Grakelow; William M. Abbott; James G. McFarland; William H. Atwell; John F. Malley; John R. Coen; Walter F. Meier; James T. Hallinan, and Charles Spencer Hart.

Their rendition of "The Lost Chord" gave the Omaha, Neb., Lodge Glee Club, below, first place honors in the contest held in the Municipal Auditorium.

Exalted Ruler G. D. Hubbard, of Elwood, Ind., Lodge came out on top in the high over all Skeet and Trap and in high gun Skeet.



Photos by Howard Earl Day





Howard Earl Day

TUESDAY

On the following day, July 11, the principal event was the first official business session of the Grand Lodge which was held at the Auditorium and an account of which was published in the August issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

At 8:30 in the morning the finals of the Skeet and Trapshoot Tournaments took place. W. H. Harrison, of Metropolis, Ill., Lodge, No. 1428, took first in both the high gun and the sixteen-yard high score, with Lyndon Hall of Vineland, N. J., Lodge, No. 1422, second, and A. C. Byrd, of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, third. Mr. Harrison received a beautifully mounted gun as his prize. Mr. Byrd also won the high handicap shoot. The five-man trapshoot team from Terre Haute Lodge took a trophy in their event while Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196, was second. E. H. Roberts of Lansing had low score in skeet and trap.

In the high over all skeet and trap and in high gun skeet, G. D. Hubbard, Exalted Ruler of Elwood, Ind., Lodge, No. 368, came out on top.

In Class "A" Skeet, the winners were as follows in their respective places: C. R. Beeder, North Platte, Neb., Lodge, No. 985; Robert Vincent, Lansing, Mich., Lodge; Birch James, Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge. In Class "B" Skeet: F. E. Richardson, Terre Haute; Keith Harrington, Lansing, and F. J. Fienup, St. Louis Lodge; in Class "C": C. E. Parr, Lansing, and Mark Morris, Clinton, Ia., Lodge, No. 199. As can be seen, Lansing and Terre Haute Lodges seemed to have an edge on everyone else.

While these contests were going on, the Golf Tournament was coming to an exciting close. Howard Popham,

A general view of the lavish Purple and White Grand Lodge Ball held at Municipal Auditorium.

of Granite City, Ill., Lodge, No. 1063, won the Elks National Golf Championship after shooting a two-under-par 69 in the final round at Norwood Hills. The John J. Doyle Trophy, value at \$2,000, one of three awards won by Mr. Popham, will be on display for the coming year at his home Lodge.

The Class "A" title was won by R. A. Richardson, of Suffolk, Va., Lodge, No. 685; Class "B" by Roy Whipple, of Springfield, Ill., Lodge, No. 158, and Class "C" by Tom Rogers, of Paducah, Ky., Lodge, No. 217. Fifty-five golfers competed in the tournament. J. E. Gundlach, of Belleville, Ill., Lodge, No. 481, made low gross score of 103.

AT 10:00 A. M. the St. Louis policemen and firemen put on an exciting exhibition baseball game at Sportsman's Park. In the Municipal Auditorium at noon a luncheon was given by the incoming and retiring Grand Exalted Rulers for District Deputies and delegates. Later on, at three o'clock, the new Grand Exalted Ruler, Henry C. Warner, was introduced at Sportsman's Park and stayed to watch the contests taking place on the field. There was heavy competition in almost every event. The best appearing band in the parade came from Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, with the Florida State and Appleton, Wis., Lodge's bands both receiving honorable mention. Colum-

Miss Virginia Stelloh, right, Queen of the Court of Beauty, was surrounded by admirers at the Grand Lodge Ball.

bus Lodge also had the largest band in the parade. The best uniformed unit was that representing Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, No. 134, with Pottstown, Pa., Lodge, No. 814, second. The prize for the largest unit and the one traveling the greatest distance was won by Casper, Wyo., Lodge, No. 1353, with the Iowa State Elks Association second. The Columbus, Ohio, Drill Team, performing superbly, took the Class "A" prize in that event. In Class "B" competition, Pottstown, Pa., Lancaster, Pa., and Tulsa, Okla., placed in the order named. In the drill-off, Columbus came out ahead with a fine score of 95.25 as against Pottstown's 93.35.

The Beauty Parade was an im-

(Continued on page 52)



Howard Earl Day

NEWS of the State Associations

MICHIGAN

With a record attendance and a registration of 145 delegates, the Michigan State Elks Association met at Muskegon June 15-18 for its 34th Annual Convention. The meeting opened on a patriotic note, with public Flag Day exercises at Hackley Stadium attended by nearly 2,000 persons. Boy Scouts and Sea Scouts and bands from the Muskegon and North Muskegon high schools participated in a pageant depicting the evolution of the American Flag. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson of Moline, Ill., Lodge, former Justice of the Illinois Supreme Court, delivered the address and Noel P. Fox, former Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, read the narrative.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, Dr. Edward J. McCormick, accompanied by his Secretary, P.E.R. Karl P. Rumpf of Toledo Lodge, was acclaimed by local representatives of the medical profession as well as by members of the Order, and was cheered by the public as he rode from the starting point in the convention parade to the reviewing stand in the business district. Fifteen bands from Western Michigan and a number from other sections of the State took part in the parade. Among the floats were the prize winning entry of Lansing Lodge No. 196 and the float entered by the Muskegon Medical Society which had entertained Dr. McCormick at a noon luncheon. The Grand Exalted Ruler was a guest of honor at the banquet for the delegates on June 17, at which he

delivered a stirring address on Americanism. John K. Burch of Grand Rapids, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Joseph B. Kyle of Gary, Ind., former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, were among the prominent Elks attending the Convention.

A cruise on Lake Michigan was the entertainment feature on June 16. A ball with an elaborate floor show was held on the 17th, and a picnic on the 18th at the Elks' Park on Lake Michigan attracted a crowd of 1,500.

Vice-Pres.-at-Large John Olsen of Muskegon, General Chairman of the Convention, was elected President. D.D. Irvine J. Unger of Detroit was chosen to succeed him as Vice-Pres.-at-Large. The Association voted to have the offices of District Deputy and District Vice-Presidents coincide, and divided lower Michigan into six districts and the upper peninsula into two, the Vice-Presidents to be elected by caucus. Joseph M. Leonard of Saginaw was re-elected Secretary for his third consecutive term, and James G. Shirlaw of Battle Creek was re-elected Treasurer for a seventh term. District Vice-Presidents chosen are as follows: Albert J. Ott, Traverse City; William McCarthy, Holland; Bohn Grim, Sturgis; Leo N. Dine, Saginaw; Hugh Hartley, Owosso; Ray Gorsline, Saginaw. Louis A. Worch of Jackson Lodge, was elected Trustee, succeeding himself. The Lansing Lodge Drill Team won the Ritualistic Contest and the \$500

prize to send the team to compete at the National Convention at St. Louis. The Muskegon team, defending champion, was second. Ludington, novice champion of two years ago, was third. Marquette Lodge won the novice contest with Pontiac second. All individual honors, with the exception of Esquire, won by Andrew Wierengo, Jr., of Muskegon, were taken by Lansing Lodge. Jackson Lodge No. 113 was awarded the 1940 Convention, and Muskegon Lodge No. 274 was chosen to act as host at next year's Bowling Tournament. Frank Stanich and W. R. Rhoades, both of Muskegon, were named President and Secretary respectively of the Bowling Association. State Chaplain Benjamin F. Girdler, of Grand Rapids Lodge, was reappointed by President Olsen.

MASSACHUSETTS

The 25th Annual Convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association was held at Newburyport and Salisbury Beach, Mass., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 16-17-18. The Convention opened on Friday evening at Salisbury Beach with an address by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, and an oration on Americanism by former Governor James M. Curley, of Boston Lodge. Prizes were presented by Pres. William J. Durocher, of North Adams Lodge, to various pupils of the High School for the best essay on Americanism.

The Sunday morning business session was attended by more than 400 delegates and alternates. E. Mark Sullivan, a member of the Grand Forum, and John F. Burke, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, both of Boston, were present. Mr. Malley, Pres. of the Mass. Elks' Scholarship, Inc., gave a report on the activities in the educational field. The Board acted favorably upon 18 applications for scholarship loans, ranging from fifty
(Continued on page 52)



Left: When the Maine Elks awarded the Elks National Foundation scholarship awards, two of the winners were photographed with Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation, extreme right; P.D.D. John P. Carey, of Bath, the Maine State Elks Assn. Scholarship Chairman, extreme left; Governor Lewis O. Barrows, of Augusta Lodge, and Mrs. Barrows. The first scholarship winner was not present when the picture was taken.



The Grand Lodge of Sorrow

AT THE time which had been set, the hour of eleven on Wednesday morning, July 12, the Elks 75th Grand Lodge Convention in St. Louis, Mo., put aside its business and turned its attention to the Memorial Service which is one of the basic tenets of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Acting Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, made the request that the Grand Lodge delegates stand in silence for a moment as a tribute to the virtues of those members who had passed on during the year, after which he called on Grand Chaplain J. B. Dobbins of Temple, Tex., Lodge, No. 138, to lead the Grand Lodge in prayer.

Then Judge Hallinan signalled to the Elks Symphonic Band of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, to begin the stirring strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers". At the conclusion of this selection Benjamin Vosik, of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, sang "The Lord's Prayer". He was accompanied at the piano by Mr. Budd Elton. As the closing strains of this solemn invocation faded on the air, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, No. 838, delivered before a silent and attentive audience the following address:

"What thought can we give,
What inspiration live,
To lives whose service loyal,
Were in themselves a fit
memorial?"

"The name of each Brother, inscribed on the tablets of love and memory of those who knew him best, and now recorded in the records of this Grand Lodge, is that of one deemed worthy by his fellows to lead in service to his community, the Nation and our Order. Whatever his lot in life might be, whatever part had been assigned to him in the drama in our country and in our Fraternity, he was an influence in the passing of a great era.

"A very few of these names may serve as examples:

"John Deardon, Senior Past Exalted Ruler and fine host of New York Lodge No. 1.

"Henry W. Mears, Past Grand Trustee, and the 90-year-old friend of Baltimore, Md.

"John C. (Isley) Karel of Milwaukee, Wis., that lovable and dynamic Past Grand Committeeman and friend of my college years.

"And the prominent 75-year-old Senior Past Exalted Ruler of

Seattle, Wash. Lodge, Senator James Hamilton Lewis.

"Pause if you will for a moment, my Brothers, at this tender hour of rare significance, and each of you may find the memory of the kindly act or loyal service of one of your intimate Brothers who have left us the tradition and the lesson of an age, which we succeed and for which we must carry on.

"The first opus of our Nation was one of construction, and the dedication of talents and ideals of a diverse peoples. The era just closed was an age of the worth of unity and understanding in service to our country. These were their traditions and especially do we inherit the ideals of their later years.

"In a small city, nestling on the river's bank, in the very heart of a nation at peace and with abounding resources, every flag-staff bore the Stars and Stripes at half-mast, the gentle breezes of the June day rippling the forty-eight white stars in the one field of blue, an emblem of our unity. As with one mind and with a single direction each business house was closed, and even the children stopped their play as something seemed to tell them that this was not an ordinary day and hour. The members of every post of each ex-service men's organization, all of the luncheon clubs, sponsors of each political party, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, marched in line or stood uncovered as a very simple funeral cortege moved away from the Elks Club. This was no individual high in position, fraternal or civic, who was revered and honored on his last ride a short three weeks ago. It marked the passing of an era, the funeral of the last surviving resident soldier of our Civil War. His day was done; and for at least a hundred miles around no other lived who had offered himself to preserve the Union. And messages came from the but scattered few of those who wore the grey, and who, with their sons of the Southland, had come to love and defend the 'government of the people, by the people and for the people', which must not perish from the earth.

"With the echo of the last shot of the firing squad and the tremor of the last note of 'Taps' echoing in the ear, the reflective eye saw the Star Spangled Banner leap to the masthead; and in the quiet hour of the early evening there was still peace, comfort and a unity of spirit.

"And only last week on the grave of this former Blue-Coat, was a Fourth of July floral tribute 'from

his Dixie friend', whom he had met in comradeship of mellow years. The scars of conflict and the early differences of honest opinions were wiped out in an understanding of and for the one America.

"This closing scene of the chapter of American life in which our Fraternity was born and in which our beloved Brothers lived and served, must have its sequel, supported with all the force of loyalty, of justice, of benevolence and of the brotherly love taught at our altar. We and those to follow us must carry on for this unity of spirit and the blessings of liberty, which this era preserved to posterity.

"Would it not be the wish and the prayer—yea, the desire and passion of these outstanding brothers that always the traditions and ideals of the past era should be maintained?

"Foreign forces may seek to destroy with insidious propaganda, but with no avail. Internal controversy may and will occur, but never to the point of conflict. Skepticism and bigotry can and must be crushed in a land where every creed and class have equal rights and privileges. But all of this only when our Nation is served each day by such ardent leaders of community, thought and action, as were these good Brothers who rested their faith upon the ideals of this great Fraternity. Let our resolve be their further memorial.

"May our litany of America be: 'America is a land of but *one* people gathered from many countries. Some have come for love of freedom and some have sought opportunity. Whatever the cause that drew them, each has come bearing gifts and has laid them on the altar of America. Some have brought their music; some have brought their poetry; some have brought their art, and some their Labor, Science and Invention. For all of these gifts we thank Thee, our God, and pray that we may show forth our gratitude by our respect for human personality and our concern for human justice.'

"God give us strength of purpose and of action!"

As Past Grand Exalted Ruler McFarland brought his address to a close, the Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046, Chorus rendered a moving selection before Grand Chaplain Dobbins once more offered a prayer in memory of departed Elks.

The Grand Lodge of Sorrow came to a close with the sad strains of "Taps" which was rendered jointly by the Aberdeen Chorus and the Columbus Lodge Band.

The District Deputies Appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner for 1939-1940



ALABAMA
ALASKA, EAST
ALASKA, WEST
ARIZONA, NORTH
ARIZONA, SOUTH
ARKANSAS
CALIFORNIA, BAY
CALIFORNIA, EAST CENTRAL
CALIFORNIA, WEST CENTRAL
CALIFORNIA, NORTH
CALIFORNIA, SOUTH
CALIFORNIA, SOUTH CENTRAL
CANAL ZONE
COLORADO, CENTRAL
COLORADO, NORTH
COLORADO, SOUTH
COLORADO, WEST
CONNECTICUT, EAST
CONNECTICUT, WEST
FLORIDA, EAST
FLORIDA, WEST
FLORIDA, NORTH
GEORGIA, EAST
GEORGIA, WEST
GUAM
HAWAII
IDAHO, NORTH
IDAHO, SOUTH
ILLINOIS, NORTHEAST
ILLINOIS, NORTHWEST
ILLINOIS, EAST CENTRAL
ILLINOIS, WEST CENTRAL
ILLINOIS, SOUTHEAST
ILLINOIS, SOUTH
ILLINOIS, SOUTHWEST
INDIANA, NORTH
INDIANA, NORTH CENTRAL
INDIANA, CENTRAL
INDIANA, SOUTH CENTRAL
INDIANA, SOUTH
IOWA, SOUTHEAST
IOWA, NORTHEAST
IOWA, WEST
KANSAS, EAST
KANSAS, WEST
KENTUCKY, EAST
KENTUCKY, WEST
LOUISIANA, NORTH
LOUISIANA, SOUTH
MAINE, EAST
MAINE, WEST
MARYLAND, DELAWARE & D. C.
MASSACHUSETTS, NORTHEAST
MASSACHUSETTS, SOUTHEAST
MASSACHUSETTS, WEST
MASSACHUSETTS, CENTRAL
MICHIGAN, WEST
MICHIGAN, EAST
MICHIGAN, CENTRAL
MICHIGAN, NORTH
MINNESOTA, NORTH
MINNESOTA, SOUTH
MISSISSIPPI, SOUTH
MISSISSIPPI, NORTH

J. E. Livingston
L. W. Turoff
Charles O. Fowler
W. C. Miller
Ralph E. Brandt
Chris Frey, Jr.
Joseph A. Cianciarulo
Edwin F. Pray
Lawrence T. Brazer
A. B. Snyder
L. P. Bonnat
Raymond C. Crowell
Robert W. Glaw
Jacob L. Sherman
W. B. Cooper
C. C. Bellinger
A. W. Luellen
Edward T. Cox
John P. Gilbert
Cullen H. Talton
J. B. McGuinness
Cecil H. Zinkan
C. Wesley Killebrew
H. O. Hubert, Jr.
W. G. Johnston
Dayton A. Turner
W. W. Bolles
William Schlick
J. Leonard Townsend
A. James Breckenridge
H. B. Walter
C. Fred Smith
L. C. Martin
A. W. Jeffreys
J. Francis Walsh
Paul V. Gouker
Dr. Lynn A. Fonner
Leo J. Keim
John H. Weaver
Nelson E. Kelly
E. D. Horst
Howard M. Remley
A. D. Bailey
A. N. Yancey
Amos A. Belsley
James A. Diskin
Earl S. Winter
J. O. Modisette
Elward Wright
John F. Ward
Walter S. Spaulding, Jr.
E. Leister Mobley
Warren M. Cox
Harold J. T. Hughes
George A. Underwood
Harold J. Field
John T. Hickmott
J. B. Cunningham
Harold A. Preston
William R. Davey
Dr. H. W. Schmitt
Dr. T. M. Pesch
L. A. Nichols
L. L. Mayer

Tuscaloosa No. 393
Juneau No. 420
Fairbanks No. 1551
Phoenix No. 335
Bisbee No. 671
Texarkana No. 399
Oakland No. 171
Fresno No. 439
Palo Alto No. 1471
Grass Valley No. 538
Anaheim No. 1345
Pasadena No. 672
Panama Canal Zone No. 1414
Denver No. 17
Fort Collins No. 804
Pueblo No. 90
Grand Junction No. 575
Wallingford No. 1365
Danbury No. 120
Daytona Beach No. 1141
St. Petersburg No. 1224
St. Augustine No. 829
Augusta No. 205
Decatur No. 1602
Agana No. 1281
Honolulu No. 616
Moscow No. 249
Burley No. 1384
Woodstock No. 1043
Rockford No. 64
Decatur No. 401
Springfield No. 158
Urbana No. 991
Herrin No. 1146
Jerseyville No. 954
South Bend No. 235
Fort Wayne No. 155
Marion No. 195
Brazil No. 762
Mount Vernon No. 277
Muscatine No. 304
Mason City No. 375
Fort Dodge No. 306
Lawrence No. 595
Wellington No. 1167
Newport No. 273
Owensboro No. 144
Jennings No. 1085
Houma No. 1193
Millinocket No. 1521
Portland No. 188
Hagerstown No. 378
Woburn No. 908
Fall River No. 118
Gardner No. 1426
Brookline No. 886
Kalamazoo No. 50
Flint No. 222
Mt. Pleasant No. 1164
Negaunee No. 1116
Hibbing No. 1022
Rochester No. 1091
Vicksburg No. 95
Greenville No. 148

MISSOURI, EAST
 MISSOURI, WEST
 MONTANA, EAST
 MONTANA, WEST
 NEBRASKA, EAST
 NEBRASKA, WEST
 NEVADA
 NEW HAMPSHIRE
 NEW JERSEY, NORTHEAST
 NEW JERSEY, NORTHWEST
 NEW JERSEY, SOUTH
 NEW JERSEY, CENTRAL
 NEW MEXICO, NORTH
 NEW MEXICO, SOUTH
 NEW YORK, EAST
 NEW YORK, EAST CENTRAL
 NEW YORK, NORTHEAST
 NEW YORK, NORTH CENTRAL
 NEW YORK, SOUTH CENTRAL
 NEW YORK, WEST
 NEW YORK, WEST CENTRAL
 NEW YORK, SOUTHEAST
 NORTH CAROLINA, EAST
 NORTH CAROLINA, WEST
 NORTH DAKOTA
 OHIO, NORTH CENTRAL
 OHIO, NORTHEAST
 OHIO, NORTHWEST
 OHIO, SOUTH CENTRAL
 OHIO, SOUTHEAST
 OHIO, SOUTHWEST
 OKLAHOMA, EAST
 OKLAHOMA, WEST
 OREGON, SOUTH
 OREGON, NORTH
 PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTHWEST
 PENNSYLVANIA, NORTHEAST
 PENNSYLVANIA, NORTHWEST
 PENNSYLVANIA, CENTRAL
 PENNSYLVANIA, N. CENTRAL
 PENNSYLVANIA, S. CENTRAL
 PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTHEAST
 PHILIPPINE, ISLANDS
 PUERTO RICO
 RHODE ISLAND
 SOUTH CAROLINA
 SOUTH DAKOTA
 TENNESSEE, EAST
 TENNESSEE, WEST
 TEXAS, NORTH
 TEXAS, WEST
 TEXAS, SOUTH
 TEXAS, EAST
 UTAH
 VERMONT
 VIRGINIA, EAST
 VIRGINIA, WEST
 WASHINGTON, EAST
 WASHINGTON, SOUTHWEST
 WASHINGTON, NORTHWEST
 WEST VIRGINIA, NORTH
 WEST VIRGINIA, SOUTH
 WISCONSIN, NORTHEAST
 WISCONSIN, NORTHWEST
 WISCONSIN, SOUTH
 WYOMING

Ernest W. Baker
A. O. Nilles
Joseph Brooks
L. Ott Gordon
Frank M. Rain
Earl L. Meyer
W. C. Draper
P. J. Hinchey
Russell L. Binder
Andrew F. Polite
Robert W. Kidd
Murray B. Sheldon
Charles L. Berndtson
Abner S. Lipscomb
Ralph E. Becker
Arthur H. Kimble
Golda H. Douglas
Thomas S. Leahy
Lewis M. Austin
Walter B. Coston
John A. Buell
Thomas F. Dougherty
W. C. Moore
Dr. D. A. Morris
P. J. McHugh
Jim Armitage
Harold P. Rosenberg
Charles E. Prater
Harry E. Foehr
Dr. V. E. Berg
Guy J. Snider
C. C. Armstrong
C. R. Donley
Fred McHenry
Frank J. Lonergan
John R. McGrath
Alfred A. McCabe
Fred Mac Gribble
John Niland
Fred McFarlin
Thomas B. Bradley
Max Slepik
E. Byron Ford
Chester W. Siegmund
John E. Mullen
Thomas G. Sharpe
Addison A. Harris
Ashley C. Pogue
Hugh W. Hicks
B. C. Morgan
Milburn Easum, Jr.
Thomas W. Hopkins
Ray J. Clark
Dean R. Daynes
John R. Hurley
Clifford J. Siegrist
Harry F. Kennedy
Walter R. Gehlen
George B. Simpson
Chester A. Steele
M. H. Porterfield
H. R. Harrison
Dr. C. O. Fillingier
Earl F. Otto
William J. Eulberg
M. J. Knight

Washington No. 1559
 Kansas City No. 26
 Livingston No. 246
 Dillon No. 1554
 Fairbury No. 1203
 Alliance No. 961
 Ely No. 1469
 Berlin No. 618
 Hackensack No. 658
 Madison No. 1465
 Penns Grove No. 1358
 Elizabeth No. 289
 Albuquerque No. 461
 El Paso No. 187
 Port Chester No. 863
 Middletown No. 1097
 Plattsburg No. 621
 Iliion No. 1444
 Cortland No. 748
 Salamanca No. 1025
 Fulton No. 830
 Freeport No. 1253
 New Berne No. 764
 Durham No. 568
 Grand Forks No. 255
 Elyria No. 465
 Alliance No. 467
 Kenton No. 157
 Portsmouth No. 154
 New Philadelphia No. 510
 Xenia No. 668
 Bartlesville No. 1060
 Woodward No. 1355
 Corvallis No. 1413
 Portland No. 142
 Sheraden No. 949
 Easton No. 121
 Woodlawn No. 1221
 Kittanning No. 203
 Ridgway No. 872
 Du Bois No. 349
 Philadelphia No. 2
 Manila No. 761
 San Juan No. 972
 Providence No. 14
 Greenville No. 858
 Brookings No. 1490
 Columbia No. 686
 Jackson No. 192
 Breckenridge No. 1480
 Amarillo No. 923
 Houston No. 151
 Marshall No. 683
 Salt Lake City No. 85
 St. Albans No. 1566
 Newport News No. 315
 Alexandria No. 758
 Ellensburg No. 1102
 Vancouver No. 823
 Ballard No. 827
 Martinsburg No. 778
 Princeton No. 1459
 Marinette No. 1313
 Wisconsin Rapids No. 693
 Portage No. 675
 Laramie No. 582



The Grand Exalted Ruler has appointed these men as his aids during his term in office

Uncle Sam Takes Over

(Continued on page 7)

had been granted it, we call him the liaison officer.

"On important pictures the studios secure the services of an officer to work with this government representative. Lt. Commander Hugh Sease (on leave of absence) acted as technical adviser on 'Wings of the Navy' and worked with the liaison officer. Together they contacted the officers who had charge of the different operations involved in the shooting of the picture.

"It was in a series of such 'huddles' that every detail of the landing of the marines in 'Devil Dogs of the Air' was worked out. Then official navy orders for each operation were written; orders for the dirigible 'Macon' to come down from San Francisco and pass over that mountain top at exactly 11:59; orders for 175 airplanes to maneuver over the landing party of 3,500 marines at the crucial minute and lay down a smoke screen; orders for the transport to lower the shore boats and land the marines; orders for the cruisers to go through their paces, for the submarines to convoy the landing boats and for a battleship to stand off to supply a striking background to it all. Orders for all to keep in radio communication with our control and camera planes that were circling overhead, and to cooperate with our stunt fliers, Frank Clark and Paul Mantz.

"Everything was navy controlled and went off with clock-like precision. There was not a single hitch. Each time we completed a shot our plane would radio the various units to proceed with the next order."

Here was a picture in which director Lloyd Bacon wasn't compelled to cope with stumbling extras, forgetful bit players and scrambled rehearsals. No need here for dozens of retakes on account of botched-up action, or a failure to understand instructions.

Director Bacon, himself a Lt. Commander in the Naval Reserve, with five naval cooperation pictures under his belt, loves to work with Uncle Sam.

"Everything is scientifically planned ahead when a branch of the service cooperates with you," explains director

Bacon. "All operations are analyzed and put in orders to eliminate false moves, waste motion and retakes.

"Of course, I face more responsibility with these pictures than in the making of an ordinary production. I am responsible in two ways—as a director and as an officer of the Naval Reserve. I am expected to appreciate the extreme danger of mistakes or carelessness. I should understand what cannot be photographed, and why.

"There are excellent reasons for the government's stringent regulations, and for its 'forbidden' lists, radical as they may seem. We of the movies who have been making pictures at air bases, forts, training schools, aboard battleships and submarines and in government plants have learned a few facts.

"We no longer smile pityingly when officers cover instruments with black velvet or masking tape when we are shooting inside government planes. We know how eager foreign intelligence departments are to see those little gadgets and how large a motion picture frame can be blown up. The use of those masks also compel us to design our own instruments when we reproduce the planes for close-up shots on our sound stages. We have had ample proof that other nations

are constantly alert for photographs of any new U. S. development. So when shots are taken inside boats, submarines or planes, all equipment, guns and instruments must be shot out of focus.

"There was a time when we rather resented the fact that we had to go on boats with antiquated gun turrets and out-dated equipment to make our shots. Now it is a pleasure to know, for example, that the turret used in 'Here Comes the Navy' was a replica of one on an outmoded ship. Our property and special effects departments get a kick out of making a Rube Goldberg-like gadget to represent the firing apparatus of a U. S. anti-aircraft gun, and products of their own imagination to be photographed as the trip for releasing bombs or snubbing landing planes on a plane carrier."

Washington recently had a good laugh when it learned that certain Asiatic military experts had gone to a great deal of trouble to secure film showing these amazing Hollywood war inventions.

"We know," continued director Bacon, "that certain foreign governments still harbor the notion (shared by so many million Americans) that Uncle Sam is gullible and boastful, and that sooner or later he will give

away his most valuable secrets. We know that every motion picture made in which any branch of the government cooperates is watched, and that at least one foreign power buys four prints of each.

"These prints are then cut to throw out the story and every foot of the film that shows any government war equipment, signal device, machinery, airplane instruments, gun mountings or submarine control rooms is blown up to enormous proportions and sent to the naval academy and war office for study by officers and ordnance experts. Now it pleases Hollywood to know that if any foreign government steals anything from a picture it will be something obsolete or designed by the imaginative souls in our special effects departments.

"We are proud to help Uncle Sam keep his secrets, and we en-



joy putting things in pictures that will fool spying foreign governments. Some of them are ridiculously glib in their belief of how childlike Uncle Sam is. The activities of Nazi spies recently exposed proves that. To these individuals there is nothing beyond the range of the plausible, so far as our government is concerned.

"For example, in 'Devil Dogs of the Air' we had a sequence showing air cadets in training, in which Frank Clark, the famous stunt flier, was required by script to jump his plane over an ambulance in making a landing.

"We later learned that one foreign government thought that was a standard requirement in the training of our fliers and that we abandoned it only after nine men had been killed trying it. They had blown that shot up, studied it and decided that we were silly to give such tests to beginners."

To prevent its secrets from leaking out through motion pictures, the government conducts the strictest supervision over every step of shooting a film. Officers from the branch of service the picture depicts are kept on

the set every minute of the shooting of scenes showing any United States equipment or portraying any phase of service life. So stringent is this rule that Lt. Commander Sease had to postpone an important trip to San Diego until the day when a love scene, with no service background and no bearing on service life, was being shot for "Wings of the Navy".

Even with such supervision, and even though the government's officer at the studio sees each day's rushes and throws out anything the least doubtful, and even though all the film goes to Washington for final censorship before a studio print can be made, Uncle Sam holds still another check rein.

"A record of every foot of film delivered by the laboratory to a studio making a picture with government cooperation must be listed and a copy of the record sent to Washington," explains William Guthrie. "The studio must account for all that stock. Footage numbers are printed at regular intervals on the film, and Washington wants to see all that film—including the O.K.'d material, the out-takes, the waste, the retakes and the short ends, or unexposed film. Thus the government is sure no cameraman shoots a hundred feet or so that doesn't come through for

O. K.—or that somebody doesn't lay aside a striking but contraband shot."

All this may seem very complicated and risky as well as costly to the government. But Washington knows it is an exceedingly profitable investment.

Fooling spying foreign governments



"It followed him back from California."

that want to steal United States war secrets is only one service motion pictures render Uncle Sam. It has three other jobs vital to our country to perform.

The first is educational—to tell us things we don't know about ourselves, to open our eyes to the things we should be proud of. If it were not for motion pictures, residents of Iowa, Kentucky, Colorado, Montana, Arkansas, North Dakota and other states remote from the seacoast wouldn't even know what a battleship or submarine looks like. And what could our government do to bring to our people the sense of the pride and loyalty inspired in the hearts of the cadets at West Point and the midshipmen at Annapolis that would compare with scenes from "Flirtation Walk", "Shipmates Forever" and "Navy Blue and Gold"?

The job such pictures are doing is not only vital to the welfare of our army and navy, but to the battle we are fighting for Americanism. Washington admits the crying need of something to stir patriotism and pride in the American heart. It is those qualities that are most needed in our fight against foreign propaganda.

The second job the movies are doing is in the recruiting for army,

navy and marine corps. No need to mention their value in inspiring young men with a desire to enter the service—or how attractively they present the life and opportunities afforded by each branch of service. They offer no dry arguments and sales talk, and they allow no chance for heckling.

So they have reduced the cost of recruiting 50 per cent and have eliminated the necessity of recruiting drives. Instead of the government having to put army, navy and marine recruiting sergeants and corporals on every street corner to attempt to intrigue the passing prospect, recruiting officers now sit back and take their pick from the cream of the crop.

Hollywood quotes Admiral Sellers as saying that the navy enjoyed valuable publicity from these pictures, and that besides inspiring young men to join up, and educating the country at large, they have enthused congressmen and senators in Washington, which resulted in excellent appropriations.

The movies' third and biggest job is to fight foreign propaganda and carry a message of friendship

and cooperation to friendly nations. With the U. S. fighting to strengthen its influence in South America and striving to make the world respect the Monroe Doctrine, our best weapons are motion pictures that *prove* our strength, and what we have and what we are doing. Seeing is believing, and Uncle Sam wants pictures to give South America—and the rest of the world—an eye-full.

So Washington sees to it that the government-supervised pictures show the things that will do America the most good. And if those things are not in a picture, they are written in.

For instance, let's see what was added to the script of "Wings of the Navy"—and why.

A great deal of this picture was photographed at the world's largest flying school—the navy's training school at Pensacola, Florida. It dealt with the life and training of American navy fliers. So what could be a better vehicle for carrying a message of America's preparedness, efficiency and friendship to South America?

The amazing shots of this great training school and the many views of America's mighty navy and air forces this picture contained would certainly quiet any fears regarding our strength that Nazi propaganda might arouse in South America. But

what message could it carry of our closeness and friendliness to the Latin countries of the Americas? Something to make us feel akin—almost as brothers-in-arms?

It happens that there is an agreement between the United States and Brazil whereby Pensacola accepts two Brazilian fliers a year for training. These men are generally the pride of the Brazilian flying corps, coming to America for final instruction that will make them super-aces.

The two Brazilians at Pensacola when the picture company arrived were Lieutenants Horta and Presser,

with 1,000 and 1,400 flying hours, respectively, to their credit.

The script was changed to tell how a young Brazilian officer wins recognition and makes close friends and buddies at Pensacola. Millions of Brazilians and other Latin Americans would see this, and it would help the good cause of pan-American friendship.

Greatly pleased, Horta and Presser secured permission from the Brazilian government to lend their hats, wings and uniforms to the picture company. Thus Albert Morin, playing the part of Armando Costa in

this film, is dressed in authentic Brazilian uniform and wears genuine Brazilian wings.

The sequence wherein the wings of the United States are pinned on Costa's breast beside the Brazilian wings is a gripping one. Against a background of battle planes and bombers is written a story of international friendship and cooperation no foreign propaganda can discredit.

So, while Hollywood shows the world indisputable evidence of America's strength and good-will, Uncle Sam rolls up his sleeves and plays ball with the movies.

Quiet! Spies at Work

(Continued from page 8)

men in the profession will explain, cheerfully and candidly, their schemes of operation.

Coaches and their systems are more or less constant, but the cast of characters changes constantly. A new college generation comes up every three years, in a football sense, and it is the passing parade of players which commands the attention of the scouts.

For these reasons the scouts concentrate on the key men and reconstruct the work of the other players from diagrams which are open books to them—no matter how much they confuse the laymen. Individual tell-tales are the scouts' dish, and they often come up with corkers.

Two years ago Herb McCracken, former head coach at Lafayette and then a free-lance scout, was tabbing Columbia at Navy for Stanford, which had a scheduled game with Columbia and did not want to go to the expense of sending a man across the continent for all the Lions' engagements. McCracken was sitting in the stands at Annapolis, watching Columbia in pre-game practice, and almost turned a flip-flop in ecstasy. He saw that Sid Luckman, Columbia's one-man riot squad, took three and a half steps before he punted the ball, or too much time in getting off his kicks. McCracken scarcely had written, "Punts can be blocked," into his footnotes when Navy swarmed all over Luckman and blocked his second punt. A Naval intelligence man also had discovered that weakness. The break helped the Middies win the game, 13-6.

THE forward passer who wets or flexes his fingers before he throws the ball couldn't tip off the scouts more shrilly if he announced his intention over the public address system. The star kicker who leaves the huddle and deliberately paces off his distance is begging to have his punt and himself flattened. Linemen who run interference for the ball-carrier must be careful not to betray their teams with an unconscious give-away. Inexperienced kids often go

into their crouch on the line with both feet parallel when the play calls for a straightaway charge, but they draw back one foot for a faster break when they are supposed to pull out and act as blockers ahead of the ball. Scouts equipped with high-powered field glasses will spot the tell-tale during the first five minutes and the following Saturday that player and his colleagues may be bowed down by furious futility. The upset was set up far in advance of the actual game.

KNOWING the direction of the play is a great help to the opposition. Some college backs cannot break themselves of the habit of glancing at the hole through which the ball will be carried, just before the snap from center. And then he wonders why he breaks his head trying to gain an inch at that spot.

Herb Joesting, an All-American fullback at Minnesota and the scourge of the Western Conference a dozen years ago, never was able to shake a tell-tale. When he was about to carry the ball, Joesting went into his crouch with a supporting hand on the ground. When he was to block for a team-mate, he would squat with both hands on his thighs. Every scout in the country knew the give-away, but nothing could be done about it. Joesting simply had too much raw power and too strong a line in front of him to be bothered by such trivialities, but a less talented youth never could have gotten to first base.

Slick spying was the decisive factor in the disposition of the Big Ten championship one year. Michigan's 17-16 victory over Ohio State in 1926 was a thriller and a first-rate example of the importance of good scouting. Michigan's espionage corps trailed Ohio State for weeks and was well paid for the time and trouble. The watchful waiting disclosed that Elmer Marek, Ohio State backfield star, would try to catch any and all punts, no matter how tricky same were. The guy had what practically amounted to a pathological

horror of letting a kick roll along the ground.

So they played the game and Ohio State was leading by 10-3 toward the close of the first half. Michigan had the ball near midfield. Everybody in the house expected Benny Friedman, Michigan's forward-passing genius, to put on his specialty act. But Friedman surprised one and all by punting. Imagine the great consternation in the Ohio State moaning section when Marek attempted to make a tough shoestring catch of the low, hard kick. He missed, the ball brushed him and Michigan recovered on Ohio's one-yard line. It meant a touchdown and, as developments presently proved, the ball game and the title.

ALTHOUGH football scouting is espionage in that its purpose is to gain secret information, the undercover phase of the work ends there. The Hawkshaws of the grid-iron do not invade the enemy's camp disguised as rather aged freshmen nor do they slink furtively into the stadium on game days lest they be discovered and threatened with violence by supporters of alma mater's dearest rival.

Most scouts are personable young gents who serve their colleges as assistant coaches during the week, then hop a train or a plane on Friday evening for their week-end assignments. Upon arriving at his destination, the scout casually and boldly walks into the office of the graduate manager, renews old acquaintanceships and is offered the pick of the seats in the house. The tickets are free and are supplied in required numbers to accredited scouts.

After the game the scout may be on the train with the team he has just observed. He will drop in and have a chat with the coach and probably will be invited to dinner with the entire staff. And if the coach has won the game and feels in an expansive mood, he may set up a round or several of high-balls.

Soon after McCracken was hired

by Stanford to scout Columbia, he visited Lou Little's office on a personal matter. It so happened that Little was holding a meeting with his assistants and was outlining important strategy for the next game. McCracken, of course, was embarrassed no end and begged to be excused after explaining his position.

"Oh, sit down and grab yourself an earful," Little said blandly. "You'll see the plays soon enough. What's the difference if you do know *what* we're going to use as long as you don't know *when* we're pulling it?"

THEY tell the story of a scout who got lost and missed an assignment to cover Notre Dame years ago. In desperation, the hapless gent called Knute Rockne over the long-distance telephone and Rock gladly gave him all the information he wanted.

A decade ago Yale and Harvard had a non-scouting agreement but it was abandoned after a few years. The pact led to loose talk of breach of faith, for volunteer alumni scouts persisted in communicating their bright ideas to the head coach at good old alma mater. The real reason for the decision to resume scouting, however, was founded on fact more than fancy. Modern football has become so intricate that young college boys, who also have a few classroom obligations, cannot do justice to themselves if they are not prepared to cope with the basic features, at least, of the opposition's offense and defense. Scouting, therefore, helps relieve the pressure on the gladiators and makes for closer, better played games.

Comes the inevitable question: will scouting win games? It will, as a rule—only if a team is unfamiliar with a trick formation to be sprung by the other side. It certainly can be a decisive factor when two teams are equal in man-power and a damaging tell-tale pops up at a critical moment.

It is eminently fitting and proper that the Army and Navy, the bulwark of our national defense, should maintain the most elaborate scouting

systems. The football intelligence corps of the Academies have the advantages of planes at their disposal as well as former players and coaches scattered at training bases throughout the country and fairly close to any given opponent. The Army frequently puts two scouts on a team in every game it plays and the week before the Notre Dame and Navy games, as many as eight Army scouts will descend en masse upon the cadets' next rival. One will watch the ends, another the tackles, still others the guards, centers, the ball-carriers, the blockers, the kickers and one liaison officer will map general tactics.

IN the main, scouts concentrate on the enemy's stars, for they feel a team can be defeated if its best man is stopped cold. When a weakness in a lesser player is uncovered, the team probably will be under orders not to capitalize on that flaw until a crucial moment of the game is reached. There are so many adequate replacements for a weak sister that making him look silly early in the exercises by exploiting a tell-tale will bring on the scene a substitute who may be harder to handle. Ordinary players with known Achilles' heels are "carried" until they are ripe for one, quick, decisive touch-down thrust.

Scouts encounter all sorts of harrowing experiences. They get their signals crossed and turn up at the wrong towns on the wrong dates. They report at their appointed assignments bright and early of a Saturday afternoon and learn the game was played the night before. They journey across the continent and discover absolutely nothing because the opponent of the team they are trailing is so weak—or strong—that nothing significant is seen. And then there was the lamentable case of the scout who traveled 1500 miles and returned to his chief with a perfect report, save for one little detail. The fellow was color-blind and watched the wrong team all day.

The most disappointing aspect of

the entire business is that scouts seldom, if ever, see their perspicacity pay off. Since they work a week in advance of the schedule, they are out and about on another job while the varsity is playing the team they scouted the previous Saturday. The only time a full-time scout has a chance to see his own gang in action is the last game of the season, but even then he may be a thousand miles away, spying on an outfit his team will be meeting the following season.

SIGHT unseen, the experienced scout can determine from sketchy newspaper accounts how well and resourcefully he labored. Occasionally he will get a thrill by remote control, as Herb Kopf did in 1931, when he was Columbia's ranking espionage agent. The year before, Dartmouth had whaled the quivering daylights out of Columbia by a 52-0 score. The following season virtually an identical Columbia team turned around and handed Dartmouth a stunning 19-6 shellacking. Such things came to pass because Kopf had Dartmouth's attack down cold from the actions of one man, the Number 2 back, who played on the left side of the double-wing formation. When the back was directly behind the space between the left end and tackle, it was a short buck at that hole. If he was stationed behind the tackle, the direction of the play was to the opposite side. And when he took up a position two steps behind the tackle, it was a strong-side reverse every time.

A swell and shrewd piece of work. It should be mentioned, however, that Columbia possessed the identical information in 1930, the year Dartmouth ran up the score in an exercise of higher mathematics. The trouble was that Columbia didn't have the men who could capitalize on the dope supplied by Master-mind Kopf.

Maybe scouts should play the games, too. That's about the only angle they overlook in influencing the swing of the victory pendulum.



What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 9)

Novels of the Hour

this story had been made up out of whole cloth we would have called it a romance by Jules Verne, it seems to have in it so little that is normal and rational. But making allowances for the author's invention, this is what stirred our fathers. Mr. Fisher has made a sensational novel out of this complex chapter of the American past (Harper & Bros., \$3)

Erik Linklater's chief character, Judas, in the novel of that title, is a stream-lined Judas. The author thinks of him as representative of modern business, a man who wants certain reforms and supports a leader who promises to get them, and then becomes timid and fearful

when that leader follows his theory to the end and threatens the abolition of property rights. It's a good story, although it will not put you into the Biblical setting—you will be thinking of modern analogies and wondering whether they are accurate. Mr. Linklater's Judas didn't want the thirty pieces of silver; he thought he was doing a service to

the community by warning men against an extremist, and he was horrified at the result. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2)

SOMEbody once spoke of William Blake, the author of "The World Is Mine", as a modern Dumas, and this seems to fit him after one reads his new story "The Painter and the Lady". The setting, the characters, the attitudes, are wholly French; there is a flood of action, much of it savoring of melodrama, as the author portrays two brothers, Stephane and Onesime Sabatier, sons of plain people in the vineyard country of southern France. Stephane prides himself on his business acumen and taunts Onesime, who wants to become a painter, but circumstances lead Stephane to become the painter and the champion of socialism, whereas Onesime loses touch with his art, and marries wealth. Ironically, it is a socialist government that carries out the sentence on Stephane, after a bourgeois government has condemned him. The scenes with women are replete with passion; the tempers of the characters lead to mad outbursts; there is a touch of Sardou in some of the situations, and some are funny enough to seem on the verge of burlesque. The author is evidently a man of varied talents who can invent many intensely dramatic situations with great ease and who feels deeply on economic inequalities—the French popular front affects events in the story. Good entertainment, even if highly spiced. (Simon & Schuster, \$2.50)

It used to be said in France that no king commanded the love and respect of his people better than did Henry of Navarre, who became Henry IV. But his period was turbulent; his career was affected by religious controversy inherited from the days of the Valois; personally, he was known for his affairs with women and for his long association with Gabrielle d'Estrees. Heinrich Mann, brother of Thomas Mann, told the story of his youth in a popular novel called "Young Henry of Na-

varre"; he has now portrayed him in middle age in "Henry, King of France". (Alfred A. Knopf, \$3) A large novel with many scenes, it describes Henry's compromises in love and politics; his long dalliance with Gabrielle, who wanted to become his wife; his marriage to Marie De' Medici, the Italian woman, for reasons of state. Their relationship was conventional; Henry wanted an heir, and Marie was willing to bear one, but she was also an intriguing with small respect for the king who had first supported the Protestants and then become a Catholic. Henry played for the favor of the common people, put on a big public works program, revised taxation and put more power into the hands of the central government. Here is a novel about him as he was, surrounded by wire-pullers, by designing friends and cover enemies. Mr. Mann sticks close to the historic story, for there is enough of it to make any novel exciting reading.

EVERYTHING that happens to us as individuals seems important and often earth-shattering; to many it is more important than the catastrophes of nations. Vicki Baum makes this clear in her new novel, "Shanghai '37", which is literally packed with incident from beginning to end. This is the story of nine human beings, from birth to death, each starting in different parts of the earth and winding up in Shanghai during the crisis of 1937, when an airplane bomb from unknown aviators hits a hotel and wipes out their lives. Miss Baum begins by taking each individual separately and then describes their activities in Shanghai, where the life lines cross. There is a Chinese coolie who becomes rich and the son of that coolie who becomes an intellectual and a doctor, with opinions that oppose his father's. There is a tormented Jew from Germany. A businessman born of an American father and a Hawaiian mother, an adventuress of easy alliances, a girl from the Midwest, are among the subjects. There is plenty of story, for Vicki Baum's imagination is a fertile

one; her narrative speed is headlong, and the reader can get out of breath but is bound to be entertained. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.75)

California's Labor Situation

Ever since John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" achieved its wide reading public, people have been asking whether his story exaggerates conditions among the migrants and immigrants now camping out in California. A novelist may, for his own purposes, dramatize his story as he pleases, but a scientific investigator must give us the facts. Those interested in the whole problem of shifting populations, which is larger than the California aspect of it, as well as of migratory workers, who are employed chiefly in California, may find valuable information in Carey McWilliams' "Factories in the Field". (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

MR. McWILLIAMS has been appointed commissioner of immigration and housing by Governor Olson of California. As everyone suspected, the problems of migratory workers are not new; they go back many decades and are caused by the fact that California needs a great number of fruit and truck workers for a short time at certain periods of the year and can't use them at other times. How to regulate this labor problem so that the workers won't starve or develop epidemics the rest of the year is a big problem. At one time California crops were valued at \$600,000,000 a year—they still run close to that figure. On top of these seasonal workers, California has had to care for an army of impoverished farmers from the dust bowl, who came in their jalopies and announced, "We was tractored off the farms." Obviously this problem can't be met by tossing several hundred thousand unwelcome visitors over the border of the state. Mr. McWilliams describes past and present developments, including the fact that the C. I. O. is today organizing the fruit workers, and that in time they may combine with all the other labor groups to give California a difficult situation.

Escape From Yesterday

(Continued from page 13)

as though they were weapons with which she might defend herself.

Ed Daniels, entering from the front hall and finding her that way, said quickly, anxiously, "Mrs. Marston, what's wrong?"

She turned and stared at him, and he came no closer.

"What is it, Eve?"

"He's killed . . . again."

Daniels' gaze shifted quickly to

the radio. "I never should have brought it," he said. Then, apologetically, "Look here, Eve, what difference does it make? You're not his wife. You can't think of yourself as the wife of a man who isn't human! Let him go on killing. He'll be caught. He'll pay for it. It's no concern of yours!"

She took a backward step and sat down, and then mechanically stooped

to pick up the sweater. Not until then did she look at him.

"I married him, Ed," she said.

He scowled down at his clenched fists and was silent.

He stayed longer than usual that time, and was there when a car drew up outside. Looking out, Eve Marston saw troopers talking to two men in the machine; then a trooper came to the door and rang the bell. Ed

Daniels answered the ring for her. "Reporters?" she heard him say. "How the devil did they find out...? Well, I'll see, but..."

He came into the living-room and said quietly, "A couple of newspapermen want to talk to you, Eve. I'd better send them away."

"I suppose it's their job," she said. "You want to see them?"

"What difference does it make?"

They questioned her for an hour and she wearily gave them the information they wanted. Then Ed Daniels, scowling at her, put a stop to it. "All right," he said, "that's enough, boys."

They argued. Ed made fists of his big hands and said again, firmly, "That's enough." They went.

An hour later the radio supplied further information about Joe.

"State police, answering a radio-car summons from Captain Edmund Aylesworth, are closing in on Joseph Marston, maniac murderer. Captain Aylesworth, patrolling lonely roads in the King Mountain district, discovered the hunted man cooking a meal in a picnic-grove fireplace, gave chase, but was unable to capture him. It is believed, however, that Marston is hiding in the region, and will not this time slip through the net being drawn about him."

The dispatch was from Green Falls, just across the line in a neighboring State. Would they succeed this time? Would they get him, or would he find some new way of eluding them?

ED DANIELS said, "That's that. They'll get him this time, and your troubles will be over." He sank into a chair, stared at her, then added gently, "In a way, I'm glad it's out of our hands, glad it's happening across the line. I wouldn't know quite what to do if it came my way."

She knew what he meant, and made no comment.

"After all," he said gropingly, "he's your husband. If I knew better how you felt..."

"I don't know myself."

He went to a window and stood there, looking out. After a while he said, "I wish you did know." When she failed to answer, he turned, glanced at her, then walked slowly to the door.

She worked on the sweater. There were no more news reports. Perhaps this time, she thought, they would catch him. He was clever, inhumanly clever, but surely with the odds so great against him he could not go on forever!

Twice she went as far as the front door, her mind half made up to go out and ask the troopers if they had heard anything more. Their cars were equipped with radios, they had told her, and they were in constant touch with headquarters. But perhaps they wouldn't want to be bothered with her.

One car, she noticed, had left. To join in the hunt, perhaps.

Time dragged on and on.

It was about nine o'clock when the doorbell rang, and as she put aside the sweater to answer the summons, the door opened and Ed Daniels' voice shouted, "Mrs. Marston!"

"Yes?" she answered.

"Someone here to see you," he called from the hall, and she heard the door close and heard him say, "This way, Captain Aylesworth." And then he walked into the living-room, trailed by a man in a dark blue uniform.

Impulsively, Ed Daniels gripped her arms and held her close. "It's all over, Eve!" he said triumphantly. "They've got him at last! Captain Aylesworth drove over to tell us the news."

SHE stared—not at him, but beyond him, at the man he had called Captain Aylesworth. She saw dark, glowing eyes in a handsome face, loops of jet hair curling under the close-fitting cap. She saw thin lips drawn in a smile. Ed Daniels had made a horrible mistake.

He must have sensed it when he saw the sudden twitching of her lips, the abrupt flow of color from her stiffening face. He scowled at her and turned quickly, releasing her.

The other man completed a forward step and smashed a gun to the side of Ed Daniels' head.

It was so easy, so cold-bloodedly matter of fact. The trooper had no defense for it, no time even to thrust up an arm to absorb some of the shock. His eyes showed white and he staggered backward, swayed on one foot like a man losing balance on skates.

He fell, and his outflung hand pulled a bridge lamp over on top of him. Its iron arm gouged his face. His head struck a radiator.

He rolled over and lay still, very still, while the radiator sang a low, metallic dirge which died to silence. Eve Marston gaped at him, stunned. She might have screamed, but the man in the blue uniform stepped close to her, held her and cupped a hot, salty hand over her quivering mouth.

"Be quiet, my dear," he said, and looked down into her face and smiled, showing his teeth.

She stopped struggling. Three and a half years of confinement had not robbed him of his strength.

"You see," he said, "I got here in spite of them. I look rather decent in a uniform, don't you think?"

He released her and she stepped away from him, but the gun in his hand was aimed at her and the sight of it played tricks with her throat. Something within her wanted to scream, but she knew the penalty.

"I—I don't understand," she said. "The uniform..."

"I had the good fortune, my dear, to run across a certain Captain Aylesworth. He was kind enough to supply me with a car, a name and these clothes."

"You... killed him?"

"Of course. He would have killed

me, would he not? But Captain Aylesworth happened to be quite alone in his car on a most out-of-the-way road, and was repairing a punctured tire when I came upon him. Later, by means of the two-way radio in his machine, I was able to spread a false alarm. The police of three States, my dear, are converging in that particular district, convinced that I'm safely trapped within it. And here I am."

HERE he was. Here *she* was—frightened, terrified, yet not surprised. From the beginning she had known he would somehow find a way. The latest broadcasts of news had heartened her, yet even then some inner voice, refusing to be silenced, had whispered a warning. Now he was here, leering at her, exulting in her terror.

She threw a quick, desperate glance at the door and edged toward it, but he was too fast. A movement of his long legs put him in front of her again, and he said softly, "Don't be a fool."

"You're going to kill me?" she asked.

"That's precisely why I came."

She faced him, staring straight into his bright black eyes, fighting for courage in the face of his inhuman smile. She had everything to gain, she told herself, and nothing to lose, nothing at all to lose, by matching his madness with a madness of her own.

Deliberately turning her back to him, she walked steadily to the prone form of Ed Daniels. Then she swung about, head high, outwardly calm, despite the wild racing of her heart.

"Doctor Marston," she said firmly, "this man needs attention!"

He had been fondling the gun. He looked up quickly, scowled at her. "What?" he said.

"This man needs immediate attention, Doctor Marston!" Her voice was a crisp command. "He'll bleed to death!"

Joe paced forward, frowning. If he expected her to retreat again, he was mistaken. She stood stiffly beside Ed Daniels, and for part of a second, as he stopped beside her and looked down, the gun was almost within reach of her curled fingers. Almost, but not quite.

"H'mm," he said. "Bad. Needs a tourniquet."

"Yes, Doctor Marston."

His head came up with a jerk. "Well, make yourself useful! Get me something to work with! Get a towel!"

It was almost too much to believe, that her curt use of the word "doctor" had jarred him from his purpose and made him forget for a moment the murder in his heart. She snatched avidly at the opportunity and flew across the room, not toward the bathroom, but toward the front hall.

His voice stopped her. "I said I wanted a towel! Towels are usually found in bathrooms, I believe!"

She stopped, faced him. The gun in his hand was aimed at her and with it he motioned her toward the bathroom door. The door was ajar. An ugly fate had left it so, enabling him to see the edge of the tub; otherwise, her ruse might have worked.

She went into the bathroom and snapped on the light. A moment later, when she emerged, he was still coldly staring at her. She forced herself toward him.

He snatched the towel. "Stand there," he said, pointing.

She retreated. Satisfied, he knelt beside Ed Daniels and placed the gun on the floor within easy reach. Then that ugly smile bent his lips again and he looked from Ed's face into her own. "A tourniquet," he said gently. "Quite right. A tourniquet."

BRUTALLY he lifted the trooper's head and slid the towel under it. Those hands of his, she saw with growing apprehension, were as strong and supple as ever they had been. His long fingers deftly twisted the towel into a knot and drew it tight. Tight around Ed Daniels' neck, throttling him!

She stifled a gasp of dismay, took a quick, faltering step forward and abruptly stopped. He was leering at her, showing his teeth again. "You asked for a tourniquet, my dear," he said. "What more do you want?" And then he laughed.

Uncouth and inhuman, his mirth snapped something within her and brought a flood of tears. All at once, arms outstretched, she was sobbing her heart out, begging him to be merciful.

"Be quiet!" he snarled.

The towel was tight around Ed Daniels' throat, but was too bulky to be entirely effective. He looked around him in search of something with which to apply more pressure. In reach, on a low table, lay the cashmere sweater with its steel needles.

He pulled a needle loose and tested its strength by bending it between thumb and forefinger. Lamplight winked along it and was deflected into his eyes. Forgetting Ed Daniels entirely, he stood up.

"Very nice," he said. "Better than a bullet. Much better. This will prolong your dying, my dear, whereas a bullet would send you to eternity all too quickly. Come here!"

Her eyes might be the whole of her

face, so wide were they with pure terror. Yet she had strength enough, or was desperate enough to say, "No!" and to thrust herself away from him.

"Come here!"

"No!"

He smiled. His gaze dropped to the steel needle and he ran his thumb along it as though testing the cutting-edge of a knife blade. He chuckled and the sound was ice-water coursing along Eve Marston's spine. He moved toward her.

She circled the table, moving when he moved, stopping when he stopped. Her hands, gripping the table's edge, were white and palsied. Her feet seemed glued to the carpet, lead-heavy. Her aching eyes tried vainly at first to watch his every move, and, failing in that, watched only his eyes. Was it true that a man's eyes forecast his movements? That by watching them you could tell what the brain behind them would scheme next?

Step by step she circled the table, desperately hoping he would continue to follow her. His gun lay on the floor beside Ed Daniels. If she could reach it . . . if, just once, that diabolically cunning mind of his would overlook something. . . .

But he made no such mistake. Playing cat-and-mouse with her, he let her get just so close, no closer, and then reversed his direction. Once, twice, three times he thwarted her. The smile never left his lips.

Then he lifted the table off the floor, turned it and flung it aside. "Hold it, Marston," Ed Daniels said weakly.

Poised to make his final lunge, Marston stiffened as though lassoed from the rear. He lost his smile, lost everything in his face that was even remotely human. He turned, noisily sucking breath through flared nostrils.

Ed Daniels was on his knees, holding the gun, aiming it. "Hold it," he said again. "You've done enough."

For an instant Marston stood motionless. Then he took a forward step, another, slowly closing the gap between him and the gun. He paused after each step as though wondering how many he could take before Daniels' finger would squeeze the trigger. His own hands were opening, closing, and were wet with perspiration. His face was drenched.

"You won't stop me," he said. "I'll kill you."

He took another step. Ed Daniels looked desperately at Eve, sweat and blood tracing lines of frantic indecision on his gaunt face.

Understanding his torment, Eve Marston threw herself at him and snatched the gun. And then the room exploded.

It was not the weapon in her hand which went off. She knew that, after staring at it and staring at the swaying, gasping shape of her husband. Her finger was nowhere near the trigger. The lethal bullet had come from behind her, from the hall doorway.

A trooper pushed her aside, gently, and strode forward to grip Joe Marston's shoulders. When he did that, Joe's knees buckled and he fell with a thud that shook the floor. Fell and rolled over, groaning, and then was still.

The trooper glanced at him, turned aside and looked anxiously at Ed Daniels. He said, "You all right?" Ed nodded.

"And you, Mrs. Marston?"

She placed the gun on the table and said, still staring at Joe, "Is he . . . dead?"

"He's dead."

SHE closed her eyes, swayed a little, then walked to a chair and sat down. The trooper helped Ed Daniels to the couch. "It was just luck," he said, "that any of us happened to see that message. If you hadn't left the bathroom light on. . . . Which one of you wrote it, anyway?"

"What message?" Ed Daniels said.

"Then you didn't write it?"

"No."

The trooper looked at Eve. "Then you must have . . ."

"Yes," she said, "I wrote it."

"What message?" Ed Daniels asked again.

"She wrote 'S. O. S.!' on the bathroom window—backwards—with a cake of soap. Listen, feller, you ought to have a doctor. Shall I send for one?"

Eve Marston got out of her chair and knelt beside the couch. Looking into Ed's face, she answered for him, "Yes, he needs a doctor."

"And a nurse, maybe?" the trooper asked.

"No," she said. "I'm a nurse."

Cargo of Fear.

(Continued from page 21)

had been anyone—where is the lookout?"

Nobody answered that question. Porter hastily ran up the ladder to the forecastle head. His flashlight made visible the swirling vapor that poured in over the bows. Then the light fell to something at his feet.

There was a huddled body near the head of the ladder. It was the lookout—a chunky, square-faced Cornishman named Pendine. He lay on his face. His skull just above his broad forehead had been crushed.

Horrified, Neil Porter gazed at the iron stanchion that formed the top

of the ladder. It was hard to believe that a fall against that could inflict such a terrible injury.

Mr. Porter leaned over the break of the fo'c's'le and called softly to the mate. Mr. Garth came up in a hurry.

From the bridge came the authori-

tative clamor of eight bells. On the well deck the men of both watches stood waiting.

But there was no explanation to be found of what had happened to Sam Pendine on the forecastle head during the middle watch.

The *Everett* slogged on down the Channel. The dead Pendine must await morning and a break in the fog. It was Mr. Borg's turn to watch the helmsman, keep the siren going and stare dutifully ahead at a mist as blank as eternity.

Neil Porter couldn't sleep. He tried and then came out on deck. He was beginning to feel sure that he had seen something palpable come aboard—not out of the sea, but from the Jap freighter. A man. About Pendine's death he could not make up his mind.

THREE times that watch, at the word of the master, Mr. Borg rang the engines down to locate more certainly the position of a near-by wailing ship.

At five minutes to four, still in the midst of blankness, Chief Officer Garth came clumping up the ladder. Wheel and lookout were relieved. The business of turning over the watch was gone through. Mr. Borg, yawning, departed. But Neil Porter did not go to his room. And once he caught a glimpse of Bill Moss, down on the well deck, staring at the rail. Neil had come down, without conscious volition, to look at that rail himself.

There was no relief for the master. He, too, continued his erratic and solitary wanderings. Once Neil Porter made out that he went forward to the forecastle head and stood long beside the ladder where Pendine had died. As he returned he saw Spookie Bill Moss.

"Go below, Moss," Captain Cole ordered. His voice was not too severe. Like himself, the carpenter was a survivor of the sunken *Eileen*.

"A living man could 'ave killed Pendine an' pointed a finger at me, sir," said the old carpenter as he turned toward the forecastle.

It was not until long after dawn that the sickly pall over ship and sea was lifted. When Neil Porter took over the bridge at eight the fog was replaced by a light southwesterly breeze that brought with it a grey, leaden sky and a dismal drizzle. The master stumbled wearily toward his cabin, telling Mr. Porter that he was to be called if the weather thickened at all.

There was no sign of the sun. The short, dark day was a mere interval between the long, northern nights.

No light at all was shed that day on Pendine's death. Bill Moss denied emphatically that the thing he had seen at the top of the ladder was the small Cornishman. "E pointed 'is finger at me, sir," Moss told the skeptical mate.

The dull clouds discharged themselves upon the clammy decks of the

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Pabst BLUE RIBBON

ship. The sea, awaking sluggishly from its lethargy, raised minute ripples to oppose with hissing impotence the progress of the freighter.

AFTER dinner the bos'n, a long, cadaverous man with a surly face, came somewhat sheepishly aft with a request to see the shipmaster. He brought with him a suit of sticky oilskins.

"Found these shoved in a ventilator on the fo'c's'le head, sir," he said to Captain Cole. "They belong to one of the hands. He left 'em on his hook by the fo'c's'le door last night when he came off lookout. The men think there's — a stowaway aboard that stole 'em. They'd like a search, sir."

"Nonsense!" said the master. "There will be no search!"

"The men understand an officer as well as Bill Moss saw somebody come off that Jap, sir," the boatswain persisted.

Captain Cole flung an angry glance at Neil Porter before he replied. "There will be no search, bos'n. Pendine was killed by a fall on deck. That will be all."

Sullenly the boatswain went forward. A little group of men were waiting for him outside the forecabin.

Captain Cole swung around on Neil Porter. His fingers were working.

"You see what an idle remark can do, sir," he said petulantly. "That — and a crazy carpenter."

"I've been watching Bill Moss today, sir, and he doesn't look particularly dodderly or batty to me," the third ventured. "I think the old fellow saw someone at the top of that ladder where — where Pendine was found." He paused, then plunged on, "Just as I still think I saw someone come aboard."

"That will be all," Captain Cole said sternly. His voice and words were the same as when he had dismissed the boatswain.

THE sea came up a bit as the south westerly breeze continued to blow that night. But the *Everett* stood on her course to round Ushant without another dose of fog to blind her lookouts and string up even tighter the nerves of her master and crew. Captain Cole turned in as soon as

he saw the beam of the powerful Ushant light.

When Neil Porter came on he found a clear, black sky overhead, with distant, pin-point stars and a black horizon. On the port bow the blink of Ushant showed plainly now. The southwester had gone around to northwest.

Not bad weather to start across the Bay," Neil Porter commented.

Jack Garth grunted and exposed his teeth in a cavernous yawn.

gown, came out of the saloon door. He threw the light from a torch full in Neil Porter's face.

"Return to the bridge!" he commanded. "Nothing serious has happened."

Again he entered the bridgehouse.

"Checking up on me," Neil decided unhappily. "Must think I'm framing this stowaway stuff to justify myself."

The man of the watch was slow in coming up to the bridgehouse.

"Somebody was yellin' in the officers' quarters, sir," the seaman reported. "Sounded like the steward. The Old — the cap'n an' the mate's both turned out."

He ducked, determined not to miss anything. A minute later Captain Cole led Manuel, the Spanish steward, up into the chartroom. Jack Garth followed. Mr. Borg came drifting up to the bridge.

"Somebody broke into the pantry," the second mate reported. "Manuel, asleep in his room next door, heard a noise and turned out. He got a fist in his eye before the sleep was out of it. Then the slugger skipped. He'd been pinching some grub. If the Old Man gets anything more than that out of Manuel I'm a Japanese

ghost myself. He's too scared."

Neil Porter craned his neck over the after side of the bridge. Then he walked to the ladder.

"Who's there?" he challenged, poised for a leap down the steep incline.

"Me, sir, the carpenter," said a voice below. "Anybody — anybody killed, sir?"

"No! Get forward, Moss!"

"I had to come, sir," said the carpenter slowly. "I can't sleep. I had to come."

Captain Cole and Mr. Garth came out of the chartroom. The shipmaster's torch flicked briefly at Neil Porter's right hand. In silence the third mate displayed his knuckles.

"No bruises or skin gone, sir," he said crisply.

"How did you learn that Manuel had been hit?" Captain Cole asked instantly.

His tall body sagged slightly when Borg admitted telling the third. But almost at once he straightened up again and issued curt orders. He made up two search parties, one



"Stop seeing things, mister, and I'll worry about the Biscay weather for you," he said, and clumped down the ladder.

Peace descended on the ship again, a peace interrupted only by the half-hourly clang of the bell on the bridge and the answering note from the bell on the head. At four bells, cold, sleepy men relinquished wheel and lookout to warm men who were just as drowsy. Mr. Porter with two hours to go, sighed and spread his arms wide on the bridge rail. He didn't have much hope of holding his job after this voyage.

Of a sudden he stood bolt upright. Somewhere on the ship a man had called out in high-voiced fear. The sound raised prickles on Porter's red head.

"That blasted carpenter!" he muttered savagely. "Watch your course!" he snapped at the quartermaster. Roaring for a man of the watch, he ran to the foot of the bridge ladder.

Captain Cole, thrusting one thin arm into a faded woolen dressing-

under Mr. Garth and including Neil Porter, the other under Mr. Borg and the boatswain, and dispatched them both with orders to search the black ship from chain locker to stern frames. Mr. Garth took his revolver with him.

They tackled the job. Although the other hands needed driving, Bill Moss was pathetically eager to find the very palpable phantom who had destroyed his peace. The fog had gone; Spookie Bill was a different man from the shaking coward whose yells had twice roused the ship.

The hatches were tight. There was no use lifting tarps and dragging off covers to go through the general cargo for Lisbon and Mediterranean ports. But the crew's quarters, storage spaces, engine room, coal bunkers and the like all came in for a combing.

UP on deck, after a long search, the old carpenter found a long slit on the outboard side of the canvas cover of a lifeboat. Neil Porter, with his heart in his mouth and a spike and a flashlight in his hands, slipped into the boat. He found nobody inside. But he looked thoughtfully at a few cigarette stubs and a chunk of bread on the bottom of the boat. Maybe they were indications of a stowaway's hideout. But they looked to Neil Porter as if they had been dropped into the boat through the slit in the cover.

He reported his find to the mate. Mr. Garth questioned him closely and finally crept into the boat himself.

With dawn the search was renewed. Mr. Borg, grinning, if red-eyed, handed a tidbit of news to Neil Porter. "When the Old Man turned in he locked his door," he said. "Tiethat!"

Neil Porter could have tied it. He had found Bill Moss, with a carpenter's flat, broad-leaded pencil, checking over a list of the thirty-five men of the crew.

"Ghosts don't need food or lifeboats to hide in," the old carpenter told the third mate. "It might be somebody of our crowd that's doing this, sir. It might be one of the crew that killed Sam Pendine."

"How does that square with the man you saw coming overside when the Jap sideswiped us?" Neil Porter demanded.

Bill Moss turned eyes deep-sunken in his enormous head on the third mate.

"You saw him, too, sir," he whispered. "You did, didn't you? It would be a comfort, sir, to know that—to know somebody else saw what I saw."

"I saw something, carp," Neil Porter admitted. "Don't ask me what."

Old Moss nodded his head in humble gratitude. "Thank you, sir, That'll 'elp, sir, if—" He shivered. "If the fog comes back," he muttered. "I keep thinking—thinking all the time about 'im. Once—" He pawed at a button on Neil's coat—

"Once I felt like I 'ad an answer—nearly—in my 'ead."

The men were still searching off and on when the next night came down on the ship. Neil Porter found that not a hand forward doubted that Sam Pendine had been murdered. But opinion was divided as to whether his killing was due to a physical or to a supernatural agency.

The wind backed to west and rose considerably during the day. That night the *Everett* found herself confronting a touch of genuine Biscay weather. The smooth seas were gone; a swell from the westward set her to lurching and wallowing on her course across the Bay.

Life lines were rigged along the main deck and boats and other gear were double-lashed for a spell of weather. The rolling ship fought to keep her decks clear of green water. Only Bill Moss still nosed around, searching like a weary old dog.

Around midnight the wind softened and hauled to the northeast. At four bells in the mid-watch, after only two hours in his bunk, Neil Porter awoke. He went out on deck. The black ship was ploughing steadily along. The wind was coming gently out of the south. There was a warmth to it that seemed to Neil Porter to herald the nearness of Spain. A sea was still running.

Mr. Borg, pacing out his long watch, kept his eyes and night glasses turning toward the port bow. He was looking vigilantly for the light on Cape Finisterre that warns of bleak Spanish mountains whose shoulders rest in the sea.

While Neil was still on deck, Captain Cole, noiseless as a wraith, came up to stand beside the second officer in motionless scrutiny of the black horizon. The night was heavy with vague, depressing menace.

UNEASY, Neil turned in. Toward the end of Borg's watch he heard the fog whistle thunder. Sleepily he realized that a wall of mist had risen out of the sea ahead of the ship. The warm wind had been treacherous. Fog!

Mr. Porter turned out again, red-eyed and wide awake. Captain Cole was already on the bridge. He had braced himself in the port wing and was facing the clammy vapor. Shortly afterwards, as eight bells struck, Jack Garth came up and took over the watch.

Mr. Borg left the dripping bridge. The master stepped toward the chartroom to work out once more their exact position. They had never picked up Finisterre light.

Mr. Garth took one turn on the bridge. Then he stopped to stare at the helmsman. The seaman, a pudgy, gum-chewing New Englander, was gulping uncertainly, clutching the wheel and gaping open-mouthed at the binnacle.

He looked up to find the mate's hard eye upon him.

"She won't answer, sir," he mut-

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tered in sheepish bewilderment. "I'm two points off and she won't come back."

Mister Garth shouldered him aside and gripped the spokes himself. He held the wheel only a moment. His eyes slid toward Neil Porter. Then he stepped quietly to the engine room telegraph and rang her down. Before he could get to the chartroom Captain Cole came hurrying out.

"She does not answer her helm, sir," Garth reported tersely.

"Stand by to ship the hand steering gear," the gaunt master commanded. "Get the chief engineer out to look at the steering engine. I'll take the bridge."

He strode into the wheelhouse, ignoring Mr. Porter.

Ten minutes later the hissing steering engine had been cut out. The breakdown necessitated shifting the control of the ship to the stern. The hand steering wheel was aft on the poop deck, almost over the rudder.

The bridge was deserted, save for a man stationed to relay reports from the lookout and work the whistle. The mournful blare thundered through the fog at two-minute intervals. Bill Moss drifted across the well deck, moving aft to work on the rigging of the wheel.

Far aft on the poop, Mr. Garth, as officer of the watch, took his stand beside the two men who struggled with the big hand steering wheel. The men had a hard fight to keep the rolling ship under control. Occasionally the mate gave them some help. He rejected Neil Porter's offer of a hand.

"You'll get yours in your own watch," he growled. Captain Cole and the chief engineer were in the steering engine house. Neil Porter and Borg, who had reappeared, waited at the door.

The chief engineer pointed a blunt, indignant finger at the steering engine.

"Jammed!" he said. "There was nothing wrong until some son o' perdition shoved that marlinspike in where it would do the most harm. Ye canna expect an engine to move the rudder in that condition, not any more than if ye'd unshackle the wheel chains from the quadrant. But the spike there—that'll be from your department—not mine."

"How long will it take to repair?"

asked Captain Cole. "We're in no good position for hand steering."

The chief flicked his eye toward the master; then dolorously surveyed the engine. "What a man can do I'll do," he said and wiped his hands absently with a bit of waste. "As for the time we'll finish, I couldna say, but we're starting now."

CAPTAIN COLE nodded and left the house. He paused outside, looking at the two sweating helmsmen fighting the wallowing, uneasy ship. He turned away suddenly, eyes drawn by Bill Moss, who was standing by the taffrail, outlined by the bank of fog astern. His big head was pointed rigidly toward the captain. Cole ignored that unwinking scrutiny.

"Due west, Mister Garth," he said wearily to the mate who stood by the binnacle staring at the wildly swinging compass. "We'll head into this sea and get a good offing. I don't trust this breeze and I don't like this fog. A lee shore like this Spanish coast is no place for a ship with a secret enemy in her. What do you make of this?"

"Just what you do, sir," replied Garth curtly. "A secret enemy—an insane or malicious person, stow-away or one of the ship's company, set on wrecking us. I've quit thinking Pendine killed himself by a fall on a smooth deck."

"There's something senseless—motiveless—that is the most horrible part of it," the master said. "What is he up to? What does he want?"

He laid a hand wearily on his forehead, then jerked it to his side. "No doubt we'll find out soon enough," he said grimly. "Mr. Garth, I will let you have some orders

shortly to insure the ship's safety."

He turned to the two junior mates. "I suggest that you both get some sleep now," he said, in a voice that was a command. "I will keep watch with Mr. Garth. Hereafter there will be two officers on duty during each night watch."

Mr. Borg vanished promptly. Captain Cole, after a look at the compass, walked forward toward the chartroom where his calculations in dead reckoning lay spread out on the table.

Unwillingly, Neil Porter left the chief mate on watch and the two struggling helmsmen to their toil. The fog swallowed up the stern of the ship almost instantly as he followed the master forward along the main deck.

Turning his red head, Neil caught sight of Bill Moss gliding along close behind him. The old carpenter was half shrouded in the billowing veils of vapor that swept soundlessly over the ship. There was something at once surreptitious and arresting about the old man's noiseless movements.

The third mate's scalp crawled under his red hair. He kept his pace and turned his head forward.

He kept going as far as the lower bridge. There he paused. Bill Moss did not appear on the well deck. He was still somewhere aft. Mr. Porter crept across the deck to the starboard side of the ship, slipped down the ladder to the main deck once more and doubled back toward the stern.

At the break of the bridgehouse aft he flattened himself out and peered around the corner of the house, squinting into the dark.

In the murk of mist and night he saw and heard nothing of the old carpenter. With redoubled care he slipped forward a few paces and took refuge in the thwartship passage. He paused then, rather uncertainly. "Am I a nervy fool?" he muttered.

Minutes passed but Neil Porter still stood there. The ship plunged on to westward, taking the seas bows on, blaring through the fog, fighting her rudder.

Steps sounded on the ladder from the lower bridge. Then the tall, spare form of Captain Cole loomed on the iron deck. He was walking aft. Here in the privacy of the alleyway his shoulders dropped. Captain Cole was



"I think we'll get off with no more than a lecture."

facing the open deck aft. He spoke sharply,

"Who's that?" he demanded.

Someone, as soundless as a wraith, was moving in the direction of Captain Cole. Neil Porter could see only the yellow sheen of oilskins and above them a sou'wester, reversed. This strange-looking headgear threw the man's face into complete obscurity.

"Is that—" Captain Cole's voice was curtly challenging.

As he spoke the other man leaped at him. The shipmaster was flung back against the rail like a child under the swift fury of that sudden, wordless attack. His head cracked against an iron deck stanchion; then sagged on his chest. The blow had knocked him unconscious.

The hand of the unknown, upraised to strike, at once dropped to grip instead. He clutched Cole around the thighs. He heaved upward and thrust the master's tall, limp body half over the rail. It balanced there momentarily as the attacker swiftly shifted his grip.

NEIL PORTER, charging toward that silent assassin, was too late to intervene. From out of the murk aft came winged aid to the master. A hurtling missile thudded against the attacker's back. It did not clatter to the iron deck.

The stricken man in oilskins staggered away from the rail. Incoherent noises rose from his throat. His twisted arms were clawing savagely at his back.

Suddenly he doubled up. He dropped. He lay on the wet deck plates, motionless.

Neil Porter caught at Captain Cole as he hung perilously on the rail. In frantic haste he pulled the unconscious master down to the deck where he lay still; then he spun around to face aft.

A man was slowly taking form in the mist. It was old Bill Moss. The carpenter sagged clumsily to the deck beside the captain.

"E's all right—sure 'e's all right," he quavered, touching Cole's bare head. "A crack on the poll, that's all."

Reassured, Moss's sunken eyes turned toward the still figure of the assailant. His darting hand jerked off the reversed sou'wester.

"But that one!" His voice was vehement. "'E ain't all right—not now! 'E never will shove my Old Man over the side so that 'e can get command. Not now!"

Neil Porter looked down at the grim features of Mister Garth. The carpenter's hatchet was half buried in his back. He was dead.

"Garth!" Neil croaked. "Garth! How—why did—"

"Aye, Mister Garth," said Bill Moss hoarsely. "If it wasn't no dead shipmate o' mine come over the rail then this was 'uman deviltry. I worked it out, man by man, crossing 'em off."

"But how did you—"

"Pendine wasn't killed when Mister Garth was in sight. No! Pendine was killed because 'e caught Mister Garth ghost-walking, trying to make us all think there was a murdering stowaway aboard. Maybe Mister Garth didn't mean to kill 'im when he struck, but kill 'im Mister Garth did, an' then he got away unseen."

HE pointed a crooked finger at the third mate. "Was it when Mister Garth was in sight that the steward was slugged? Was Mister Garth around till a minute after that 'andspike was shoved into the steering engine? Who wanted all 'ands to think a crazy stowaway was aboard—so that 'e could say the lunatic 'ad taken the Old Man over-side with 'im? Who wanted the steering moved aft—so 'e could get the Old Man alone down 'ere? Mister Garth is the answer to all those questions, sir!"

"Here's another one for you, carpenter," muttered Neil Porter. He was still confused. "Who was it that came aboard when that Jap freighter scraped us?"

Old Bill Moss smiled, a rusty, mirthless grin that contorted strangely his lined face. "The answer is still Mister Garth, sir. No matter which way you look."

"What?" Neil Porter stared uneasily. "What d'you mean, carp?"

"When that Jap fouled us, Mister Garth was alone on the fo'c's'le head," said the old man. "An' when 'e thought the *Everett* was goin' to be tramped down and sunk 'e quit his ship an' shipmates to leap for the Jap's anchor chain to save 'imself. 'E grabbed it an' made the bcw—but when 'e got up there a few seconds later 'e saw 'e 'ad guessed wrong. It was no head-on collision. It was a side-swipe. So aft 'e ran in the thick of the fog an' while the ships were still scrapin' together back 'e come over the rail to 'is duty."

He shook his head. "Only it wasn't to 'is duty. It was to scheme against the master—to try to kill 'im for a bloody command."

"By—Peter!" mumbled Neil Porter in slow acceptance. "It could be—it could be!"

"It was," said Bill Moss in his hollow voice. "Didn't you see the rust on Mister Garth's oilers from the Jap's anchor chain when 'e came to us on the well deck? Wasn't 'e panting 'ard? It was Mister Garth. But who'd suspect 'im, the mate? Who'd suspect 'im?"

Old Moss' hand plucked at Neil Porter's sleeve and his voice, breaking to a tremulous whisper, answered his own question.

"Nobody would suspect 'im but a broken old fool that 'ad to find out—that 'ad to know it wasn't a dead shipmate come for him from out o' the cold sea in the thick o' the terrible fog!"

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The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 35)

pressive spectacle made up of the cream of St. Louis' crop of fascinating young ladies. Miss Virginia Stelloh was the winner of the contest.

Later in the afternoon the St. Louis Browns played an exhibition game with the Cards. The Browns surprised everyone by winning with the overwhelming score of 14 to 4. After the game and in the evening, St. Louis had many attractions for her visitors: a prize-fight between Zivic and Burke; the musical comedy, "On Your Toes", at the Municipal Opera; midget auto races, and last, but not least, a tour of inspection of the huge Anheuser-Busch Brewery Plant.

WEDNESDAY

Early Wednesday morning the

Grand Lodge business session was held at the Municipal Auditorium and just after it the Glee Club Contest. The \$100 first prize was won by the thrilling singing of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, with Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046, running very close behind them to take the \$75 second prize. At 2:00 the Elks ladies held a tea and a bridge party in the spacious ball room of the Hotel Jefferson.

At eight o'clock that evening the Americanism Parade passed by the reviewing stand on the steps of the beautiful public library. Thousands of brightly dressed Elks filed past. Smart bands and uniformed drill units vied in splendor with each other. Every float seemed more spectacular than the one before it.

The beauty of the Oklahoma float left no doubt in the spectators' minds that it deserved the first prize of \$200. The second prize went to the Massachusetts State float and the third to California.

At the finish of the Parade all who felt the holiday mood went to the Purple and White Grand Lodge Ball and the Auditorium where the Court of Beauty presided. The Ball was an unqualified success from beginning to end.

Thursday, after the final Grand Lodge business session, the Elks and their ladies spent the day viewing the interesting sights of St. Louis or going for a ride on the historic Mississippi River boats, or saying goodbye to new friends and old until they meet at Houston next year.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 36)

to a hundred dollars, during the past year, bringing the total to 148 scholarship loans made by the Massachusetts Elks' Scholarship, Inc., since its inception. After careful consideration, the Board awarded the Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$300, allocated to Massachusetts as an eligible State, to Miss Marion G. White of Wakefield, sponsored by Wakefield Lodge No. 1276. Miss White is beginning her senior year at Mount Holyoke College where she has maintained an honor grade throughout her course.

The report of the State Secretary showed that the lodges in Massachusetts spent in charity during the year 1938-39 a total of \$91,808.60. Lowell Lodge No. 87 led the list with an expenditure of \$10,516.25, Haverhill No. 165 was second with \$9,478.66, Lawrence No. 65, third with \$6,222.98, Cambridge No. 839 fourth with \$6,148.67, and Gloucester No. 892 fifth with \$6,013.30. The lodge contributing the largest per capita amount for charity was Haverhill with \$18.05. Many lodges throughout the State observed Safety Night during the year. Everett Lodge No. 642, through Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, presented the city of Everett with a beautifully equipped safety car.

The election of officers resulted as follows: Pres., William F. Hogan, Everett; 1st Vice-Pres., Daniel J. Honan, Winthrop; 2nd Vice-Pres., Arthur J. Harty, Winchester; 3rd Vice-Pres., Francis J. O'Neil, Attle-

boro; 4th Vice-Pres., James A. Bresnahan, Fitchburg; Trustees: Frank T. Deery, Greenfield, Edward J. O'Rourke, Worcester, Alfred A. Blais, Pittsfield, George Wilson, Lawrence, John W. Cussen, Boston, and Thomas J. McCaffrey, Cambridge. The Association voted to combine the offices of Secretary and Treasurer, and Thomas F. Coppinger of Newton Lodge, who has been serving since the death of Secy. Jeremiah Hourin some months ago, was elected to fill the office. A unanimous vote gave the 1940 State Convention to Pittsfield.

Golf, swimming, deep sea fishing and social affairs afforded recreation for the Elks during their leisure hours and entertained the members of their families.

OREGON

The Oregon State Elks Association conducted an Americanization oratorical contest on June 30—the first day of its three-day annual convention. The 14 contestants participating were the winners from the various districts in the State. The program was broadcast over the radio at Klamath Falls where the Convention was held, and the names of the winners were announced as follows: first place, Miss Jean Dennison, Grants Pass; second, Miss Charlotte Von Volkenburgh, Portland; third, Alan Zuerfueh, Tillamook. It was estimated that nearly 1,500 people heard the speeches. The Elks themselves considered this the outstanding feature of the Convention. The Association decided to continue

its Americanization program and to broaden, if possible, the scope of this activity.

The Ritualistic Contest was won by Lakeview Lodge No. 1536 with a score of 98.80. Ashland Lodge No. 944 was second with 97.63, Grants Pass Lodge No. 1584 third with 96, and Portland No. 142 fourth with 86.01. A rodeo, golf tournaments, boating and automobile trips and picnics were among the recreational and entertainment features. A nine o'clock Sunday morning breakfast, served in the park, proved to be as delightful as it was novel. The Convention was one of the most successful ever held, with the host lodge, Klamath Falls No. 1247, and the city itself extending a fine hospitality that made everybody feel at home. The presentation of a key to the city was made by city officials. More than 600 guests attended the Convention as shown by registration.

THE officers of the Association for the year 1939-40 are as follows: Pres., Oscar Effenberger, Tillamook; 1st Vice-Pres., J. E. Luckey, Eugene; 2nd Vice-Pres., Robert A. Thompson, Klamath Falls; 3rd Vice-Pres., E. H. Miller, Heppner; Secy., Ernest L. Scott, Medford; Treas., H. L. Toney, McMinnville; Trustees: William M. Hartford, Portland, Harry Ruth, Eugene, Charles J. O'Neill, Grants Pass; Sergeant-at-Arms, Seymore Friendly, Portland; Asst. Sergeant-at-Arms, Howard L. Lowd, Grants Pass; Chaplain, H. N. Butler, Medford; Tiler, Harry Elliott, Tillamook.



Your DOG

by Edward Faust

"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of a new book just published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. Edward Faust, the new editor of "Your Dog" and a well-known breeder and expert, has written it in a thoroughly down-to-earth style and it is chock-full of practical information for the average dog owner. It is a beautifully printed, well illustrated, 48-page book and covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. The retail price of this new book is 50c but it is available to readers of *The Elks Magazine* at a special price of 25c. This can be sent in cash or stamps. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 E. 42nd St., New York.

Giving your dog his Saturday night

BY far the majority of readers of this page who write to have their dog problems solved are concerned with one or several of the more important subjects pertaining to the care of their pets. These are such matters as health, training, feeding and grooming. Not the least is the last of these and under this heading the query, "How often should I wash my dog?" figures most prominently with related questions concerning the care of its coat.

Washing the dog, an integral

part of grooming, is generally of more concern to most owners of a household pet than is grooming proper which, beginning with the simple things relating to the care of the coat, reaches into the fine points of stripping, plucking and, lastly, preparation for the show-ring.

This month we'll discuss that seemingly simple matter of how to wash a dog properly.

Certain opinion holds that the dog does not perspire through its skin but instead does this entirely through its lungs by way of the tongue, hence it has no pores to absorb foreign matter as have human beings and for this

(Continued on page 54)

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Your Dog

(Continued from page 53)

reason need seldom if ever be washed if given proper grooming. To a degree this is true although the dog's skin does possess perspiratory ducts which play a minor part to its tongue in this necessary function. Close examination of the dog's arm-pits, parts of its rear quarters and foot-pads on an excessively warm day or following violent exercise may reveal traces of moisture. Two of the dogs owned by the writer will under such conditions leave clearly definite wet foot-prints on the cement floor of the verandah to which they are usually confined.

For purposes of cleanliness and tonic-effect, if nothing else, all dogs are the better for an occasional bath at intervals more or less frequent depending upon the conditions under which they are kept, their daily habits, degree of activity and the extent of their natural cleanliness—some, like children, can become unaccountably and astonishingly grimy with no effort at all, while some others, particularly those of the Toy breeds, are as fastidious as a Holland housewife.

But in the main, dogs should not be washed nearly as often as is commonly believed. For the average house-pet, a bath once every six weeks in Summer is sufficient, provided it is given frequent brushing and combing in between times. In the Fall and early Spring, once every eight to ten weeks will do, while in Winter, to minimize the hazard of dangerous colds, one good scrubbing for the season should suffice or certainly no more than one every two months. Bear in mind that these injunctions carry with them the proviso that the dog be regularly and frequently groomed—once a day is not too much. This is a schedule for the dog that lives the comparatively inactive life of a family house-pet. The active outdoors dog used for hunting or on the farm may, by nature of its employment, require more frequent bathing, although the greater amount of fresh air and sunshine it gets will help keep its skin invigorated and free from odor.

MOST dogs like water but many view the prospects of a routine bath as an infliction by an otherwise kind owner who is given to temporary periods of sadistic insanity. When the dog develops an aversion to the bath—and some loathe it—this nearly always back-tracks to the owner who administers the tubbing. There's the individual who approaches the task in a do-or-die spirit or the one who adopts a martyr-like attitude toward it. For both, the ordeal results in something resembling a domestic riot from which the dog emerges a confirmed skeptic as to the benefits of soap and water.

But there is a way to bathe a dog and make it, if not a whole-hearted

pleasure, at least an event that carries a minimum of nervous wear and tear for both owner and dog.

First, always use a receptacle or tub that allows ample room. To crowd the dog into insufficient space results in hasty, inefficient bathing.

Second, use one of the advertised, standard dog soaps, never ordinary soap which too often contains caustics harmful to the dog's skin and coat. Next, provide yourself with a large sponge and a fairly large can or discarded kitchen pot to use as a bailer for pouring rinsing water over the dog. You do not need a bath brush; your fingers can easily rub a lather into the coat. If you dislike to handle the dog when it is wet, keep a pair of cheap rubber gloves for this purpose. Have ready two or three inexpensive rough bath towels—the number depending upon the size of your dog—which you can get at any five and ten cent store. These are for drying only. Have one or two kept dry in reserve to pin around the dog following the bath, if the day is chilly. These help prevent his catching cold.

BE sure the water is neither too warm nor too cold; test this by dipping your elbow into it. Luke-warm is about right, although if yours is a large dog, water that may begin by being warm may become chilled before the bath is over, thus it is well to have an ample reserve of hot water to maintain an even temperature—but don't run very hot or very cold water directly into the tub while the dog is in it. Blend your hot and cold water in a separate bucket or two before pouring it in for renewal. Fill the tub to about two inches below the dog's chest; if you fill the tub higher than this it will prevent proper soaping of the chest and abdomen.

At all times, handle the dog gently, particularly if it is its first bath. Talk to it quietly and soothingly. If it becomes unruly, speak more firmly and sharply but do not shout at it or hit it as both will only increase the dog's terror and confusion—and implant in it a permanent dislike for the tub.

Apply a heavy collar of lather around the dog's neck; this will turn back any unwelcome boarders which it may have been harboring. Keep this collar on until you thoroughly lather, rub and rinse the body twice. Then soap its head, but be careful not to get any into its eyes—hold one hand over the eyes, or a soap free cloth will do. When pouring rinsing water over the dog, do this gently as the water coming from above will be unseen by it and comes as an unexpected shock, especially if delivered with any force. Be sure to thoroughly rinse every particle of soap from the coat; any left to dry in is not good for either coat or skin.

Repeat this whole procedure twice, or more, if the dog's condition requires it.

Dry your dog thoroughly—right down to the skin and particularly under the arm-pits, abdomen, between the toes and inside the ears. For the latter purpose use a soft cloth or, better yet, before washing insert cotton in the ears. Be careful when wiping around the eyes, also. Both eyes and ears are easily damaged. Keep soap away from both and use the cotton ear-plugs as water-stoppers. When you are washing the ears be sure to use clean, luke-warm water.

DO not comb your dog immediately after bathing as this may pull out live hair if it is still damp.

Next take your reserve *dry* towels and pin them around the dog if the day is sunless or chilly. Use large safety pins that you are sure will not come open easily.

After the bath, induce your dog to romp with you or to play with any toy it may have—a ball is excellent as it requires more active movement for the dog. This will promote better circulation and will hasten the drying process.

Most dogs will race around frantically anyway which is to be encouraged.

Never permit the dog to lie around the house immediately after a bath, particularly in a draught. Even if you have no back yard and must keep your four-legged friend indoors, keep him moving for a while—at least a half-hour. Inactivity at this time may mark the beginning of a cold and this sometimes becomes a forerunner of that often fatal illness, distemper.

The best time to introduce the dog to his tub—yes, there is a best time—is on a sunny day so that if and when you are sure he is dry, he can be brought into the sunlight for his after-bath play.

Be careful of any disinfectants you may wish to add to the bath water. Use only those which are advertised for dogs, and avoid homemade preparations or those suggested by well-meaning but uninformed persons. Do not use kerosene, turpentine, carbolic acid or kindred products, some of which when absorbed through the dog's skin can produce dangerous and possibly fatal results. Don't apply scented powders or perfumes to your dog; most of these are particularly offensive to him and, besides, even for a Toy breed are unnatural to a normal dog. If given regular and thorough grooming he isn't likely to be afflicted with what the advertising men call B. O. anyway.

In a subsequent article we will discuss the second step in grooming which concerns the care of the coat, trimming, plucking, etc.

Rod AND Gun



by Joe Godfrey, Jr.

SEPTEMBER is the month we like to think is the best month of the year for good fishing, and it is. It's the time when migrating salt water fishes reach our American waters . . . the giant tuna is found from New Jersey to Nova Scotia, the blue marlin is off the Florida and Bahama coasts, the striped marlin is at Catalina, the Tyee salmon in the Campbell river, the white marlin off the coast of Maryland, blue

fish in the North Atlantic and striped bass in the North Pacific, broadbill swordfish in both the Atlantic and the Pacific. It's the time when the lakes lose their bloom and the lower temperature of the waters bring the fresh water fishes to the surface . . . the muskellunge comes out of his lair seeking battle, the black bass goes on his last feasting before turning in for the winter, the northern pike and pickerel rise to the top and the lake trout comes up from the depths to spawn.

But there are millions of us who must return to the big cities and small towns, where we live after

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23x5.25	17	3.00	1.35
23x5.25	18	3.00	1.35
23x5.25	19	3.00	1.35
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23x5.50	46	3.75	1.45
23x5.50	47	3.75	1.45
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To All Members

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

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

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary and notify him at once of your new address.

Labor Day, because school begins and the youngsters must answer the roll call. Did it ever occur to you that the fishes might have some understanding about this business of rising to the surface waters in September after the crowd goes home? It's like our big game animals that always stay within the bounds of a protected area. They do it every time. Somehow the grass tastes better within the limits of the National Parks. It is agreed that most of us go fishing in July and August when fishing is not always the best, and we return to the busy city life when the fishing begins to get good. It reminds me of my friend, H. H. Shugart, who says, "Thanks to you for sending me to such a fishing paradise as I found the Chippewa River to be. My daughter and I caught some large wall-eyed pike, a muskellunge and some bass. The muskie weighed 16 pounds and the largest wall-eye weighed 5 pounds, both caught by my daughter. We paid no attention to an expert's predilection to a major and a minor fishing period each day, during which fish catching chances are alleged to be intensified, but rather we adhered to our usual method and socked away at the fish all day long, every day, come rain or dry weather. Most of our fishing was done on the Chippewa River, near Ghost Lake, a very beautiful and satisfying spot. Of course, the water was a little too high one day, a little too low the next, rising instead of falling one day, and falling instead of rising the next; and it was the full of the moon, which is bad, so they tell me. Otherwise we would have slaughtered the fish, I guess. When we caught the wall-eyed pike, we caught the nieces and nephews, rather than the uncles and aunts. The next time you send me to a place in the wilds of Wisconsin, please tell me about a place that is rough, wild and woolly. Imagine living in a cabin with two bedrooms, a carpeted living room with four rocking chairs (one overstuffed), electric lights all over the place, a bathroom with all the usual prerequisites, including hot and cold running water and a shower. But the food was extra good, and we got hardened to the luxuries".

Most men who go on stag parties into the north country come back with boxes of fish and a good coating of sunshine. When the fish are served they are garnished with tall stories and potatoes. I suppose you have heard this one—

Who's the stranger, mother dear?
Look, he knows us; ain't he queer?

Hush, my dear, don't talk so wild;
He's your father, dearest child.

He's my father? No such thing!
Father died, away last spring.

Father didn't die you dub!
Father joined the fishing club.

But now the season's closed, so he
Has no place to go, you see;

No place left for him to roam,
That is why he's coming home.

Kiss him—he won't bite you, child,
All those fishing guys look wild!

It is at this time of the year that we begin to think of the great fun to be had in catching lake trout, casting for them in the shallows when they come out of the depths, where they have been all summer. Thousands of us have been trolling big spoon lures this summer, and thousands of lake trout have been taken out of the waters of Lake Superior, Lake of the Woods, Lake Michigan and other cold water lakes of the north. Lake trout are found in summer where the waters are deep and cold. Places to go for excellent fall fishing for the bigger lake trout are Lake of the Woods in Ontario, Crow Lake in Ontario, Isle Royale in Lake Superior, St. Ignace Island in Lake Superior, Grand Traverse Bay and Lake Charlevoix, Lake Michigan, the Apostle Islands in Lake Superior, and in all of the northern waters of Lake Michigan. The fall run of lake trout usually yields some big ones, but it will be hard to beat the 39-pounder that was taken out of the waters of Lake of the Woods this past summer. Those who have boats for hire call it deep-sea fishing. In a way it is that because you troll in much the same manner as you do in deep-sea angling. One of the first boats to enter this sporting game of catching mackinaw trout on spoon lure was owned by the Smith Brothers at Port Washington, Wis., just north of Milwaukee. They converted a commercial boat into a Lake Michigan troller, which looks something like the boats that ply the Gulf Stream off Florida. The equipment consists of swivel chairs for the fishermen, husky trolling rods, reels that hold 300 or more yards of braided copper or monel line, lead weights, triangles and an assortment of salmon spoons. The salt water trolling rods of steel or bamboo are the best. The Winona Great Lakes Trolling Reel No. 30 is the best I have ever used because it holds about 300 yards of copper line, it has an automatic drag and it is light in weight. It's good sport, especially in the fall when the fish are not very deep. They fight harder than a muskie.

If you want to liven up a party, you can do it by staging a fisherman's quiz. It's one thing to be able to catch fish and another to know all the answers about fishing and the fish, so here are some good questions and the answers —

What are the names of the three fish that belong to the pike family?

Answer: *Muskellunge, northern pike and pickerel.*

Do brook trout have scales?

Answer: *Yes. All trout have scales.*

Do rainbow trout spawn in the spring or autumn?

Answer: *Rainbows spawn in the spring. Brook trout spawn in the fall.*

Do fish detect sound through ears?

Answer: *No, they do not have ears, but fish feel vibrations through a nerve system.*

What fresh water fish resembles the barracuda?

Answer: *The muskellunge.*

Do game fish close their eyes when they sleep?

Answer: *No. Game fish have no eyelids.*

To what family of fish does the black bass belong?

Answer: *The sunfish family.*

To what family of fish does the wall-eyed pike belong?

Answer: *The perch family. It is called a pike-perch.*

Who wrote the fishing classic called, "The Compleat Angler"?

Answer: *Sir Izaak Walton.*

What is the world's record muskie, caught on hook and line?

Answer: *58 pounds, 9 ounces, caught this year in Grindstone Lake, Wisconsin.*

So many of the readers have asked for advice on the subject of what kind of an emergency kit to take on trips into the woods that I have consulted a sportsman-physician and have come up with the following list of items. Buy them at your drug store and place them in a metal container. Here they are:

Small bottle of iodine, for wounds, sores, bites, injuries.

Aqua Forte Ammonia (½ ounce)

to touch up insect bites or

Skeetostick (stops itching).

100 Bayer Tablets of Aspirin.

Tube of white vaseline.

Tannafax, for burns or sunburn or

Unguentine, for burns or sunburn.

Absorbine Jr., for muscular aches and pains.

25 Alophen pills (take one in case of ptomaine poison or constipation).

Can Squibbs soda bicarbonate, for gas or stomach upsets, one teaspoonful in ½ glass of water.

Three rolls of two-inch bandage.

Five yards gauze five inches wide.

Spool of adhesive tape—five-yard roll.

This is what the doctor ordered, so it must be good. If I were going to add anything to this list it would be: (1) A pair of small scissors. (2) Toothpicks. (3) A bottle of Horlick's Chocolate Malted Milk tablets. (4) A bottle of Sta-way. If you use Sta-way, you won't need Skeetostick because the mosquitoes go elsewhere when you have this on.

Thomas Shipp of Washington, D. C., tells me that Fish-O has become a regular feature of the rod and gun clubs in twenty-five States. Fish-O is the new casting game that met with such favor when it was introduced a few months ago, but Fish-O will really go places when it becomes a part of the physical education program of the schools of the country.

FREE VACATION TRAVEL

OFFERED BY THE MAGAZINE IN THIS NEW TRAVEL CONTEST

First announcement of the contest in these pages last month has met with instantaneous response. A large number of Elks at the St. Louis Convention expressed the thought that this contest will enable many Elks—and especially children—to place in the record some very interesting vacation experiences. And that's exactly what your Magazine would like to have. Put into a letter of 300 words, or less, the story of your most interesting vacation trip since January, 1938.

The primary purpose of the contest is to enable other Elks to learn of your experiences—the places you've gone to and how you got there. Whether you fly, or drive only a few miles from your home in your *own* car—we'd like to have you tell us something about it—principally *where* you went and what you did. And don't forget this contest is open to all Elks and their immediate families.

The 61 prizes to be awarded are as follows:

For the best Story of a Vacation Trip by Automobile—

- 1st Prize: 500 Gallons (as you need it) of your favorite gasoline.
- 2nd Prize: Complete set of 4 new tires for your pleasure automobile. Your choice of any grade A, nationally advertised brand.
- 3rd Prize: The Luggage you'll need for your 1940 Automobile Vacation Trip.

For the best Story of a Vacation Trip by Train—

- 1st prize: A fully paid first-class 'round-trip ticket with Pullman berth included, for a train trip to any place of your choice in the United States.
- 2nd Prize: The Luggage you'll need for your 1940 Train Trip.

For the best Story of a Vacation Trip by Steamship—

- 1st Prize: A round-trip ticket for a 6-day Cruise from New York to the West Indies or Bermuda.
- 2nd Prize: The Luggage for your 1940 Steamship Trip.

For the best Story of a Vacation Trip by Bus—

- 1st Prize: A round-trip ticket for a Coast-to-Coast Bus Trip.
- 2nd Prize: The Luggage you'll need for your 1940 Bus Trip.

For the best Story of a Vacation Trip by Plane—

- 1st Prize: A fully paid return ticket for a Plane Trip to any place of your choice in the United States, providing, of course, that the place of your choice and the point you start from are served by a commercial air line.
- 2nd Prize: The Luggage you'll need for your 1940 Plane Trip.

For the next 50 best stories, regardless of classification, the winners will receive a beautiful Big Game Fish Map in 8 colors, 3 feet by 3 feet in size, framed under glass. This map was created and designed by Joe Godfrey, Jr., well-known writer and national authority on fishing and hunting. It retails at \$25.

Your entry need not be written in professional manner—literary ability and elaborateness of entries will not count. Just tell us, in your own words, where you went and what you did for your vacation in 1938 or

1939. Any vacation taken since January, 1938, may be included.

Here is an excellent opportunity for your sons and daughters to take part in a most fascinating contest because it is open to all ELKS and their families. For assistance in the preparation of your entry, there will be no objection if you consult travel folders and descriptive material about the places you have been to. Your entry, however, must not contain any material copied from these folders, but must be the contestant's original composition.

Wherever your plans take you, to the California Golden Gate Exposition or the New York World's Fair—to Hawaii or a short cruise to the West Indies, fishing in Canada or the Gulf Stream, travel in your own car or by plane—the half million other Elks and their families will like to hear of your experiences so they may make plans to do similar things next winter and summer.

The rules are very simple, but read them carefully. Your letter or story must be postmarked not later than October 15, 1939.

Here's a real opportunity for you to give your Brother Elks the benefit of your travel experiences—and at the same time win a nice prize for your efforts.

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. Your letter or story should be written around the subject: "Where I Spent My Most Interesting Vacation and What I Did." It should be told in 300 words or less.
2. State in which classification your entry is to be judged—that is, whether Bus, Train, Plane, Steamship or your own Automobile.
3. Use business size paper, 8½" x 11" and type your letter on one side of the sheet only. If not typed, it should be written neatly in ink without crowding.
4. Place in the upper right-hand corner of the first page your name and full post office address, together with your lodge number. If you are not an Elk state your relationship to an Elk which makes you eligible. The contest is open to all Elks and members of their families.
5. All entries will become the property of The Elks Magazine and may be printed in this Magazine, with or without the name of the contestant. No entries can be returned. The decision of the judges will be final and duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.
6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Travel Contest Editor, The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. They must be postmarked on or before October 15, 1939. You may send more than one entry, but only one prize will be awarded to each winning contestant.

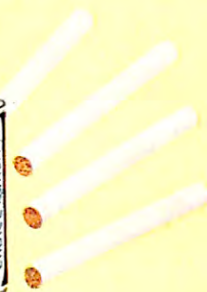
“When you like a cigarette the way I like Camels
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says Owen Harding, *Veteran Maine Guide*



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3 In the same tests, *Camels held their ash far longer* than the average time for all the other brands.

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OWEN HARDING, who knows the woods, streams, and portages of his native Maine country like a book, also proves a good guide on cigarette quality, as he shares his favorite brand with Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Stanford, from down in New York City. “Camels are a longer-burning cigarette,” Owen says, “and that means *more smokin’* for my money. It means, too, that Camels

taste cooler . . . milder. Better smokin’ and more of it.” *Judge your cigarettes by the way they burn.* Camels are known to burn longer, delivering steadily to smokers more pleasure per puff and more puffs per pack. And all the while you get the mild, ripe goodness of choice quality—finer, more expensive tobaccos. Camels are the quality cigarette *every* smoker can afford.

Denny for penny your best cigarette buy —————

Camel—the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos