

THE

ELKS

MAGAZINE



DECEMBER, 1939

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but



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

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

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THIS MONTH We Present—

JUST below is the closest we can come to approximating the features of *Stanley Frank*, with whom you are familiar.



Stanley Frank

At least, this is the way *Willard Mulvin*, his good friend, sees him. You'll be interested in his article, "No More Heroes," in this issue.

Borden Chase comes to us again with "Blockade", a story of war-

time shipping and a man who knew what it was all about. Mr. Chase was a member of the Armed Guard assigned to transports in the last war—and he knows whereof he writes.

Ben Peter Freeman, whose picture is just below, obliged us with the following: "If you want a few impertinent facts, here they are: I was born in the Middle West too late for the last war, and I hope my luck still holds. . . . After college I played a little semi-pro ball badly and laid bricks worse (no kidding). . . . I did a little newspaper work, but that was too hard, too. So I've been writing stories and I like that fine. . . . I've appeared in the *Post*, *Collier's*, *Redbook* and others, as well as a ton of pulps. I'm delighted to appear in *The Elks Magazine* and hope the Brothers will see me there again soon."



Ben Peter Freeman

His story, "Man of Ice", proves how hard it is to mix women and big league hockey.

Robert Ormond Case has been almost unbelievably prolific in the few years in which he has been writing. All the better magazines have published him—and some of the not-so-good ones. We think you'll enjoy "The King Sleeps", his first yarn for *The Elks Magazine*.

Kent Richards has been with us before and this time he's just as amusing as usual. See if you agree with his policy of "Do Your Xmas Shopping Late". We do.

Pat Frank, who wrote "Female of the Species," has been seen most in *Collier's*, although he's been in many other magazines. He's best known for his short short stories, and this one lives up to his reputation.

Don't forget our usual popular departments by *Harry Hansen*, *Edward Faust* and *Joe Godfrey, Jr.*

If you are going to buy a dog for Christmas send first for the dog book advertised in this issue. It is written by *Edward Faust*. Kennel owners and dog writers tell us that it is one of the best common-sense dog books recently issued.

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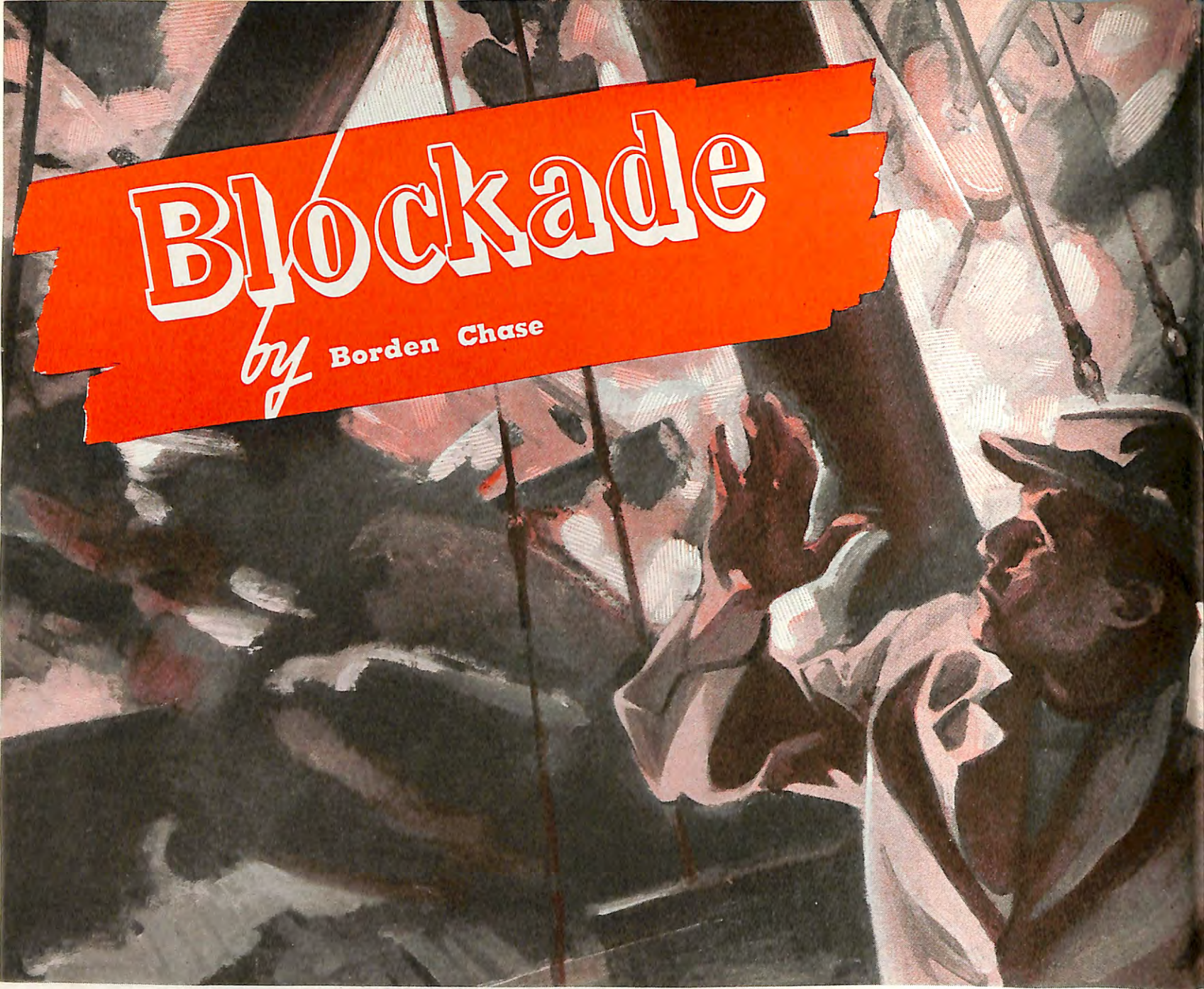
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Blockade

by Borden Chase



OLD JEREMY'S pipe was going strong and he watched the gray smoke curl along the overhead. Gray smoke against clean white enamel. That made a pretty picture. Jeremy folded his thin arms beneath his head. He watched one thread of the smoke wind around the edge of an angle iron. His bunk was the top one of three that lined the starboard bulkhead. A clean bunk. Yesiree! Things were certainly nice in the merchant service these days. Good food and clean bunks. Lazy Sundays.

Old Jeremy liked good food. He liked a clean bunk. He liked lazy Sundays, too. But he didn't like all the talk that went on about committees and delegates. That was new stuff. Committees and delegates. Jeremy supposed it was all right, but he didn't like it. This business of running to the captain every few minutes with a complaint—Jeremy couldn't understand that. Not at all.

Oh, there had once been times at sea when a crew had the right to kick. Take that cruise aboard the old *Arabic Princess* when this same Cap'n McLean had fed the men bad beef and green mutton. That had been a day. Almost wound up in a mutiny. Would have, sure enough, if Cap'n McLean hadn't been so handy with his fists. Knocked four teeth out of Madigan's mouth with the first punch. Smashed Blackfellow's nose with the second. Such a day! Old Jeremy ran the tip of

The flash and the shock and the noise of the bursting shell came as one.

his tongue over a scar that notched his lower lip. Cap'n McLean's fist had made that scar.

Things were different now. Very different. Madigan and Blackfellow were both gone. Killed in the big war. The old *Arabic Princess* was gone, too. Sunk with a cargo of horses. Cap'n McLean was left, but now he had to receive committees and delegates and such. Had to listen to their complaints 'most every day. And that didn't seem right to old Jeremy. Almost, it was like talking back to God. Yesiree! Talking back to God, that's what it was. Jeremy wagged his old head and watched another gray cloud flatten against the overhead. Committees and such!

"How's about killin' that pipe?" said Rodorf.

Jeremy looked down at the seaman who sat at a long table in the center of the crew's quarters. Rodorf had a spread of solitaire before him and Jeremy couldn't see his face. He looked down at the close-cropped red hair that grew like bristles from the top of Rodorf's head.

"Talkin' t'me, sailor?" he asked quietly.

"Yeah, I'm talkin' t'you," said Rodorf. He didn't look up. "How's about killin' that pipe?"



"Seamen's protests" and such new-fangled ideas were poison to old Jeremy. He needed only his Captain's orders and the wisdom of his years at sea.

"Y'don't mean to tell me you don't like it?"

"No."

"T'bad," said Jeremy. He puffed slowly. "T'bad y'don't like it. Me—I like it."

Rodorf turned a red seven and put it on a black eight. "Wise old guy, ain't ya?" he said. "We had a wise old guy like you on th' *Morania*. He got a sock in th' nose from me onct."

Jeremy breathed a small cloud at the overhead. "Got a sock in th' nose, eh? Guess he musta took that right up with th' committee, that's what."

Rodorf looked up. "You goin' t'kill that pipe?"

"Nope," said Jeremy.

Rodorf rested both hands on the table. They were big hands and Rodorf was a big man. His face was round and flat. He stared at Jeremy.

"You want a sock in th' nose?" he said.

Jeremy yawned. It was a peculiar yawn. Jeremy kept his short teeth clamped firmly on the pipe stem and yawned with his lips. The cords in his thin neck pulled taut and then relaxed. He stretched. One hand went slowly under his blanket. There was a knife in a canvas case near his right knee. He grinned down at Rodorf.

"Nope," he said quietly. "I don't want no sock in th' nose. Me—I jus' wanta be left alone, sailor. Jus' left alone, that's what."

The flat-faced seaman stood up. He rested one heavy hand on the rail of Jeremy's bunk. "I took enougha your guff," he said. "Now let's see how you like a sock in th' nose."

"Lay off him," said Slater.

Rodorf turned to look at the seaman in the lowest bunk of three at the far side of the crew's quarters. Old Jeremy rolled his head to look, too. Slater had been reading a magazine. One arm was bent at the elbow to prop up his head. There was strength in that arm. A broken nose and a swollen ear told Jeremy that Slater could take it. A set of lumped knuckles proved he could dish it out, too. Old Jeremy figured Slater was handy with his fists. He figured this might get interesting.

Rodorf had waited for the bow of the freighter to lift on a wave. As the deck slanted he walked toward Slater.

"What's it t'you?" he said.

"Lay off him, that's all," said Slater.

"Or what?"

"Jus' lay off him."

Old Jeremy sucked hard on the curved stem. The creases at the corners of his light blue eyes deepened. He nodded. Slater was all right. Slater had the stuff. Rodorf didn't have it. Rodorf was one of those committee guys. He was just full of talk.

"You mean you're goin' t'take that pipe all night?" said Rodorf.

"I mean lay off him," said Slater. He went on with his reading.

Jeremy chuckled. He built a cloud that almost obscured his small head. Rodorf waited for the deck to slant. He walked to the table. Jeremy watched him from the corners of his eyes. Rodorf looked up at him. Then he glanced at Slater. There were two others in the crew's quarters—young Teddy Hendel and Bat Solo. Bat Solo didn't count. He was gone in the head. Teddy Hendel didn't count, either. He was just a kid. Old Jeremy figured that Rodorf would let it go.

"A fine thing," said Rodorf. He sat down to his cards. "A fine thing, takin' that pipe all night."

Jeremy took his hand from the bone handle of the knife. He folded his arms again under his head. Committees and such. He listened to the wash of the bow wave against the steel plates. A guy like Rodorf couldn't have lasted long in the hard days. Not aboard a freighter. There weren't any committees and such in the hard days.

The door opened and a cool breeze blew in from the ocean night. It scurried the clouds above Jeremy's bunk. Along with the breeze came Slim McGuire. He closed the door behind him and stood looking at the men in the bunks. When the bow dipped he crossed to the table.

"Know what?" he said. His voice was tight.

When there was no answer, McGuire said, "It's come, that's what!"

Rodorf put down the cards and rested one wide hand on them. He looked up at McGuire. Slater put down his magazine. He sat erect in his bunk. He, too, looked at McGuire. Young Teddy Hendel was flat on his stomach in the bunk above. His face grew a grin as he lifted his head and looked over the rail. Bat Solo was snoring as he slept. Old Jeremy built another cloud. He watched it roll along the overhead.

"Y'sure about that?" said Slater at length.

"Yeah," said McGuire. He was wearing yellow oilskins and he opened the catches. "Yeah, I'm sure."

"Who tole you?" asked Rodorf.

"No one tole me," said McGuire. "I was comin' down from th' wheel. Got relieved late. So I stops in

did. I'm joinin' up first thing. How about you guys? You goin' t'join up?"

"What for?" said Rodorf. "What do I got to be joinin' up for? Y'think I'm gettin' kilt for some lousy capitalists? Y'think I'm fightin' so some guy c'n make money, eh?"

"Nuts," said Slater. He took the makings from his dungaree pocket and rolled a thin one. "When they tell you t'fight, you'll fight an' like it. What's a matter—scared?"

"I ain't a-scared," said Rodorf. "I ain't fightin' for no rich guys, either."

The freighter lifted and slid over a long wave. There was the sound of heavy water pounding on deck. Old Jeremy sat up in his bunk. He pulled up his blanket, rested both elbows on his knees and studied his toes.



Illustrated by HARRY MORSE MEYERS

t'see Sparks. He don't want t'say nothin'. Like he's tryin' t'get ridda me. Like he's tryin' t'get me out a th' wireless room. So I says, 'What's new?' I says, Sparks, he don't want t'say nothin'. So I says, 'Ya hear anything?' An' he shakes his head no."

"So what?" said Rodorf.

"So jus' then, in comes the Ol' Man. He's worried. He starts t'say somethin' to Sparks an' then he sees me. 'Git for'ard,' he says. 'What you snoopin' aroun' here for? Git for'ard!'"

"Then what?" asked Rodorf.

"I stuck aroun' out on deck. Then, on account the port was open, I hear the Ol' Man ast if there's any more news. Sparks says everyone's still talkin'. Everyone! He says it's come for sure, an' they're all in it now. All a them!"

"That's all you heard?" asked Rodorf.

"Ain't that enough?"

There was silence for a moment. The bow dipped into a big one and water chugged against the side plates. Rodorf looked up at Slater. "Whatta you think?" he asked.

Slater swung his legs over the side of the bunk. He reached for his dungarees, pulled them over his legs and stood barefooted on deck. "Looks like it's come, all right," he said. He put on his sox and shoes. "Had t'come sometime. So it come."

Teddy Hendel had jumped down to the deck. He was reaching under the bunk for his shoes. "I knew it would happen," he said. "I tole you it would, and it

"Joinin' up, eh, Teddy?" he said. "Goin' t'join th' Navy, eh?"

"Sure," said Hendel. He glanced into a small mirror that hung on the rail of his bunk, rubbed one hand along his smooth jaw and pushed his blond hair back from his eyes. "Sure, I'm joinin' up. Why not?"

"Ain't a bad idee," said Jeremy. He looked down at the boy. "Ain't bad at all. Navy's better'n merchant, anyhow. Wisht I c'd join. Too old, though. Too old unless we get in."

"We ain't gettin' in," said Rodorf. "Not till after them rich guys make enough. Not till then, we ain't."

Slater put a match to the tip of his cigarette. He seated himself on the edge of the long table and looked down at Rodorf. "You think we ain't gettin' in, eh, Rodorf?" he said.

"Later, I think. Not yet awhile."

Old Jeremy chuckled. He waggled one big toe. "Maybe th' Unit'd States ain't, Rodorf. But you—you're in right now."

"Me?" said the seaman. "Me, in? How you figger that?"

Jeremy pointed the curved stem of his pipe toward the deck. "Pig iron, brass an' copper—that's what we got. Pig iron, brass an' copper. War stuff. What you think them other guys goin' t'do about all this here pig iron, brass an' copper?"

"Ah, we're neutral," said Rodorf. He waved a big hand in derision. "We're neutral. They ain't goin' t'do nothin'."

"Maybe," said Jeremy. "Maybe, but I seen different."
"You seen?"

Jeremy nodded. "I was on the *California* las' time."

"So what?"

"So we was sunk."

Slater crossed the deck to rest an elbow on the rail of Jeremy's bunk. He looked up at the old man. "Submarine?"

"A-huh."

"The *California* was an American ship?"

"A-huh."

Slater flickered ashes toward the spitkid. "An' that was before America went in?"

"Way before. Back in Feb'rury of seventeen."

"Whereabouts?"

and shook his head. Rodorf pulled a sweater from under his mattress. He put it on and reached for his oilskins. Slim McGuire was still dressed for deck. He watched Rodorf snap the catches of his coat.

"You goin' alone?" asked McGuire.

"You want to come along?"

"It'd be better if it was a committee," said Slim McGuire doubtfully.

"That's all right with me," said Rodorf. He turned to Slater. "You want to come along?"

"Yeah," said Slater. "I'll listen." He looked up at Jeremy and smiled. "How's about you, Pop? Comin' along?"

"Me?" said Jeremy. He shook his head. "I ain't tellin' no cap'n how to run his ship. Nosiree! I ain't doin' that, sailor!"



He watched the submarine slipping quietly through the wreckage. It was bow on toward the locker and coming closer.

"Coast a Ireland. Cold, too, it was. Like t'freeze that time."

"Coast a Ireland, eh?" said Slater. He looked thoughtfully at the deck. "Where you figger us now, Jeremy?"

"Four, five days off."

Teddy Hendel came to rest an arm on the old man's bunk rail. "Guess this'd be the war zone, wouldn't it, Jeremy?"

"Yeah, Teddy. This'd be it, all right. This'd be it."

"Boy!" said Teddy slowly. He looked at the others. "We're in the war zone."

Rodorf's laugh was short, as though he had pushed it out. "Y'think that's good, eh?" he said. "Well, I don't think it's good. I didn' sign on for no war, an' I ain't gettin' mixed up in no war."

"Ain't you, now?" said Jeremy. He rubbed one big toe against the other. He looked out of the corners of his eyes at Slater and dropped a slow lid. "Rodorf ain't gettin' mixed up in no war, he says. Wonder how he's goin' t'keep out?"

"I'll tell you how I'm goin' t'keep out," said Rodorf. He slapped one hand against the tabletop. "I'm goin' back to America, that's how! I'm neutral, see? I ain't goin' to take no war stuff across. Any you guys want to come along while I tell McLean?"

"You're goin' t'tell Cap'n McLean to turn back?" asked old Jeremy in amazement. "You're goin' t'tell the Cap'n that?"

"Dam' right, I am!"

Jeremy looked down at his toes. He waggled them

Rodorf snorted. "We got a right t'petition," he said. He pointed at Jeremy. "You listen to that ol' guy an' you'll go nuts. I'm tellin' you we got a right t'petition."

"Petition about what?" asked Teddy Hendel. He had reached for his oilskins.

"Petition about goin' back, that's what!" said Rodorf. "C'mon! Get in that coat, kid!" He walked to one of the upper bunks and shook the sleeper. "You, Solo! Wake up an' get dressed."

"Huh?" said Solo. "What's a matter, huh? I jus' come in. G'way, I jus' come in."

Teddy Hendel laughed. "It's war, Solo. Better get up."

Bat Solo sat up. He rubbed two sets of broken knuckles into his eyes and looked stupidly about. There was a dark stubble on his jaw and black hair hung low over his forehead. He yawned and stretched. Rodorf shook him again. Solo nodded his head.

"All right, all right," he said. "I'm gettin' up, ain't I? What's a matter, huh?"

He climbed down onto the deck, pulled on his dungarees and searched under the lower bunk for his boots. Teddy found them for him and Solo pulled them on. Rodorf tossed a slicker at him. Solo rubbed his eyes and struggled with the catches.

"Sure you don't want t'come, Pop?" asked Slater. He, too, had put on a yellow (Continued on page 36)

No More Heroes



**Knute
Rockne**

by
Stanley Frank

Mr. Frank decides that the "Battle of the Century" between football coaches and college presidents is rapidly drawing to a close—with the presidents way out in front

AS accurately as a museum piece identifies an era which belongs to the dear, dead past, this anecdote is a whimsical memento fresh out of the lavender-and-old-lace department. It is a nostalgic nudge to the memory of that period of happy hysteria, when the football coach was a college's Number 1 glamour boy and All-Americans inherited cushy jobs.

It goes back more than a decade and concerns a social visit made by Bob Zuppke, University of Illinois coach, to Knute Rockne's home in South Bend shortly before their noble athletes were scheduled to beat the bejabbers out of each other. Zuppke rang the bell and the door was opened by a man-of-all-work who evidently was profoundly unimpressed by visiting royalty. "I'm Zuppke," the caller announced. "I want to see Rock."

"Soupy?" the varlet said. "Never heard of him," he slammed the door.

Taken aback by such impertinent ignorance, Zuppke pressed the button again. The same grim guardian of the portals appeared.

"Look," Zup explained patiently, "my team plays Notre Dame today. I'm the football coach—"

"The hell you are," the churl retorted. "Rockne's THE football coach."

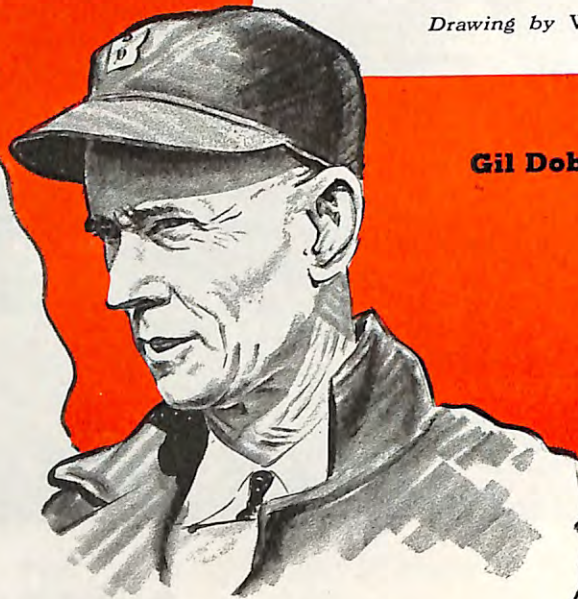
"No, no," Zuppke remonstrated. "Rockne's a genius. I'm just a coach."

One little word dates the gag, of course. The word is "genius", and it is as archaic in football as moleskin doublets, the field goal and youthful illusions. The *genus* genius has disappeared from the football scene and perhaps it's just as well. The word always was tossed around too carelessly and indiscriminately; it got so that a gent with nothing to say and a preoccupied expression on his classic pan immediately was labeled a master mind when he happened to win a major game.

They're all common, garden-variety coaches now. The shroud of mystery has been ripped from the racket and the men who teach kids the gentle art of depositing people on the seat of their pants stand revealed as ordinary working guys who are well paid to do a job. That's all.

There are no more miracle men and nobody is safe any longer from the hazards of a perilous profession. A dynasty died with the great Rockne in a Kansas corn-

Drawing by WILLARD MULLIN



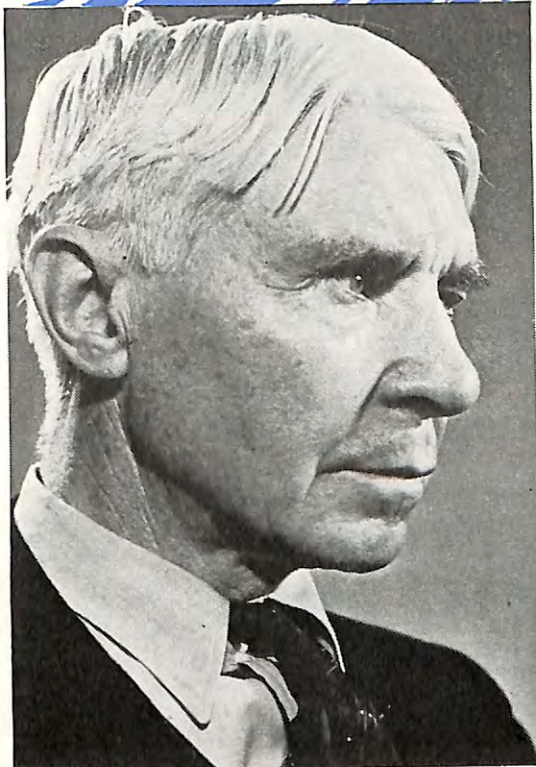
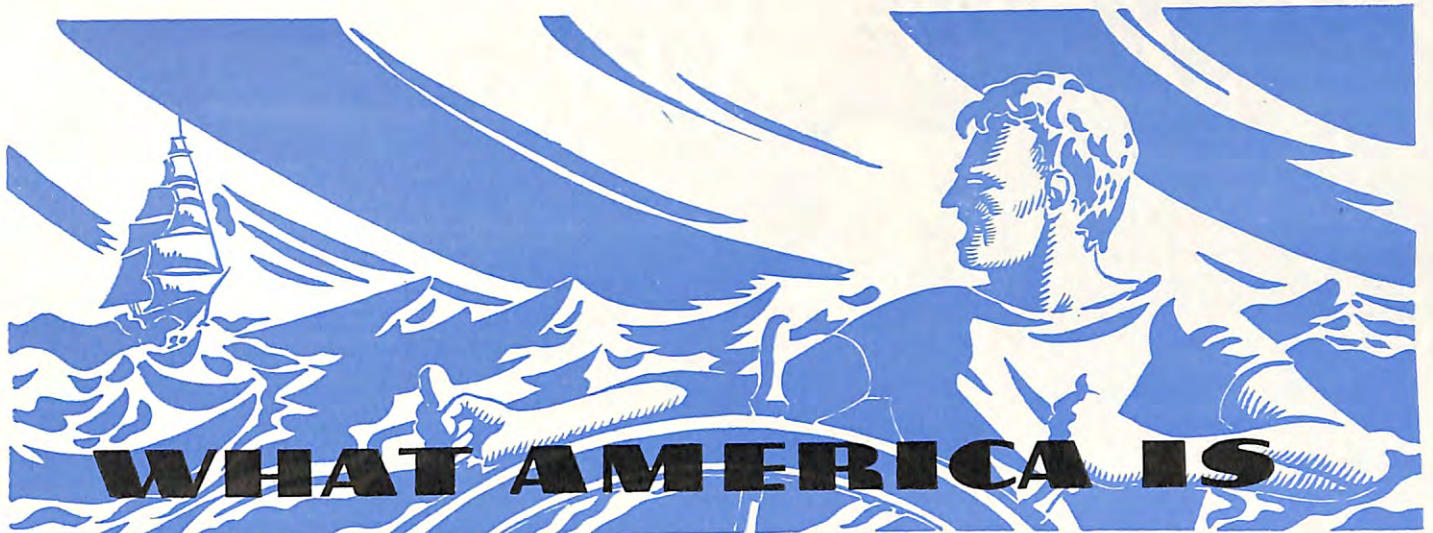
Gil Dobie



Pop Warner

field in 1931. It was embalmed belatedly a few seasons later when Gil Dobie, moulder of more undefeated teams than any other man in the history of the game, was fired by Cornell. And it finally was laid to rest last year when old Pop Warner, the last Roman, resigned at Temple, forced to concede the parade was passing him by at the double-quick.

The old guard which lived in splendid isolation in ivory towers, beyond and above public criticism and private explanation, has gone, and not one of the johnny-come-latelys has manifested a talent for capturing the nation-wide imagination of the customers. Several men—notably Minnesota's Bernie (Continued on page 48)



Carl Sandburg, author of "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years", a great new book. At top: Jacket design for "Live and Kicking Ned" by John Masefield. (Macmillan)

This month Mr. Hansen gives us a Christmas list that is well worth following.

by Harry Hansen

GREAT books are slow in coming; that is why December, 1939, is set apart in the calendar. It will be remembered as the time of publication of a great book: Carl Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years". We'll all be reading it eventually—business men, scholars, historians, children in the public schools—for it tells, better than anything else, how a great American stood steadfast during a time of disaster, met problems honestly and courageously, and applied the doctrines of common sense.

For many years Carl Sandburg has been gathering the threads for this work. By 1926 he had completed the story of Lincoln as boy and young man, lawyer and candidate, and he published it as "Abraham Lincoln: The Prairie Years", closing with Lincoln's de-

Reading

parture from Springfield, Ill., as the President-elect of the United States. In it the young Lincoln came alive as never before, because Sandburg, too, was a son of the prairie. And now, in "The War Years", Sandburg portrays the mature Lincoln, the troubled leader, the patient executive, confronted by countless problems, pulled in all directions by men with selfish and patriotic motives, harassed by inefficiency and by the angry temper of a public bitterly hating factional leaders.

Sandburg tackled a big job and came through with magnificent success. He waded through the morass of documents, military reports, where so many other biographers had bogged down, and kept his eye on Lincoln. This is the war as seen from the White House. McClellan, Sherman, Grant, Stanton, Chase, Greeley, Burnside, Hooker—these men live in relation to the President. And Lincoln is here in all his moods, trying to get something done despite the arrogance of his subordinates. Sandburg shows him in the valley of the shadow; he needs no eulogistic passages, no praise, to convince us of the stature of the man. Showing what Lincoln did, what he said, how he conducted himself from day to day, he reconstructs an era, puts before our eyes times long since dimmed by the years, and thrusts aside theories and speculations. Lincoln was this type of a man; he faced this sort of problem; he acted in this manner. If biography reconstructs a life, presents it as that life was seen by its contemporaries, Sandburg has accomplished a remarkable task.

"The Prairie Years" came in two volumes, and many people have it—well-thumbed, read by all the family. "The War Years" will take more time to read; it comes in four volumes. But it is far superior to romances, to fictive inventions. Besides it is American life emerging amid turmoil and confusion. When we see what the men of the 1860's came through, we have reason to take heart and say that our generation, too, will master its problems and carry on. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., \$20)

THERE is still plenty of room up in the sky, and those who want to get off the earth for a time can buy an airplane on installments (ten months to pay) and take flying lessons at any well-appointed field. There's no traffic jam to worry about, no red light at the corner where the beams of Mars and Jupiter intersect, no traffic cops. Even so, flying may be hazardous for the amateur, as Wolfgang Langewiesche tells in a book of his experiences, "I'll Take the (Continued on page 50)

Do your Xmas Shopping



ONCE again as the happy Christmas season rolls around, a noisy little band of un-Americans are getting out their drums and are trying to regiment this free-thinking country into a shop-early crusade. They're flying banners, sticking up posters, bellowing over the radio, "Do your Christmas shopping early. Do your Christmas shopping early."

They annoy the hell out of me and I holler right back at them, "Why?"

Who wants to shop early? Have we Americans, the flower and spawn of hardy pioneers, gone so soft that we can't even buy Christmas presents without laying out a month's itinerary and going on sort of a Cook's shopping tour with every minute accounted for? Are we to spend three weeks at this sort of thing: December 16, 3 P. M. at Hupp's, hand embroidered percale salt shaker for Aunt Minnie; 3.30 P. M., vinegar canister at Byington's for George; 4 P. M., necktie for Daddy in Elder's basement, and so on? What sort of a spontaneous Christmas spirit is that? Does that sound like fun or good cheer? Is that love and good will, etc.?

No. It's Christmas spirit on straight line production. I resent it. As a man of independent spirit I resist all these people who are trying to shove me around; who play on my psychological weaknesses to get me to spend three weeks of December milling around department stores and gifte shoppes buying presents. I

don't need three weeks in which to buy my presents, and there are plenty of them. All I need is three Martinis and a running start, and if I can't buy something for everybody from the janitor to Aunt Mabel between 1 P. M. and 5 P. M. on the afternoon of December 24, then my name is Tweedlepuss.

It's a pipe. I've done it for years. Every Christmas, in fact, since there have been Martinis. (There haven't always been Martinis, have there?) At one o'clock on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, it is my pleasurable custom to sally forth from the house fully loaded, with the trigger set at ready. With nerves taut, trained down to a hair, I feel like a combination of Lindbergh taking off for Paris, Columbus sailing out of Cadiz and the Yankees starting a World's Series.

In order to succeed at catch-as-catch-can Christmas shopping a man has to be light on his feet and long winded, naturally, but most of all he has to have imagination. He must be able to see an *objet d'art* on the run and know at once that it is just the thing for whoever it's just the thing for. And then he's got to buy it without a moment's hesitation. To hesitate—to endeavor to make a choice between two possibilities which seem equally happy—is to lose the game entirely. If you can't recognize at once the absolutely perfect gift, the once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to give Cousin Elmer just what he has always wanted—if you can't do this, I say, you can't come shopping with me on the

Mr. Richards conclusively proves—at least to us—that three Martinis and a running start are all that's needed for a streamlined Christmas shopping tour.

by Kent Richards

up for air there was a smile on the face that once had frightened the claws off a chicken hawk. "Always wanted one of these since I was six years old," she said and promptly resumed her playing. Need I add that today Aggie is the confidant of nearly every kid in town.

The experienced late shopper knows that the most sporting place to shop on the afternoon of Christmas Eve is a department store. Have you ever seen a department store at 4 P. M., December 24? Except for the knick-knack counters, which are crowded with frantic women trying to find presents for dirty bums who unexpectedly gave them something, the place is practically deserted. Wan clerks drag themselves dejectedly through the aisles, hopeless refugees from a human tornado which has already passed, and the show cases are a shambles. Everything's been picked over a hundred times by everybody in town. Fun, eh! Real sport! Who wants to shoot ducks when the air is so black with them you can't miss? It's the same thing with shopping when a store has twelve of everything you could conceivably want.

It isn't that way on December 24.

But it's surprising how quickly the perfect gifts will turn up. Walk rapidly through the stationery department. Presto! What is there on your right but an illuminated globe of the world! Now isn't that just the thing for George and Emily? What if you do think they may have one already? You aren't sure, are you, and besides they have growing children, haven't they?

I have an acquaintance named Herman who makes a practice of presenting marine life to his friends.

afternoon of December 24. Or any other time.

Of course some gifts seem more fortuitous than others. Some of mine have been known to change the entire course of their recipients' lives, which makes the whole thing more fun than ever. I hope you won't think me immodest if I point out what is the most remarkable purchase of my entire career. I haven't given up, of course, but quite frankly I never expect to stop it.

It was a very simple thing; some might think it hardly worth mentioning. But for Aunt Agatha it was perfect, as I knew it would be the minute I saw it. My Aunt Agatha was a—well, frankly, a sourpuss. Little children were afraid of her and the telephone pole in front of her house had not been approached by a neighborhood dog in over ten years. She might still be like that if on Christmas Eve three years ago I hadn't seen in a store window the perfect gift—a harmonica.

Now in my salad shopping days I might not have seen its possibilities for Aunt Agatha. I might have thought that the best thing for her was an axe. But being in full bloom, as it were—and I was—I knew it immediately for the ultimate. I bought it on the spot.

I watched Aunt Agatha intently while she unwrapped the harmonica, because to some extent, at least, my reputation was on trial. Anything might have happened but all she said was, "Gee, a Hohner!" Right away she blew on it, tentatively at first, then with fine, free spirit. Three minutes later when she came



Sold. That's the way—quick deals. But wait a minute, you'll have to carry it. Too late for deliveries, now.

Walk straight through the glove and hosiery departments without looking. No use trying to buy anything that comes in sizes. You don't know 'em and the store is out of the ones you think you remember. Try handbags. A woman can always use a handbag. If she's over thirty get black suede—never mind the style, just black suede—if she's under thirty get a brocade evening bag and don't waste time trying to pick out a special design. The one you see is the only one there is left anyhow.

Pass up the lipstick, rouge and perfume counters. Everything there comes in a dozen different shades and smells, and ten minutes picking them over will leave you groggy and on the ropes. Head for the book department. For a high school boy get Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases. At some time in his life he will decide to become a writer and will then look up several words in it. For a girl get the autobiography of some actress, especially one of the less conventional actresses. Don't look so wide-eyed. You know who I mean. For your secretary, or your office girl or any attractive young lady with whom you are carrying on a pleasurable nodding acquaintance get

All she said was, "Gee, a Hohner!" and right away she blew on it, tentatively at first, and then with fine, free spirit.



a copy of a little book called "The Prophet". Don't ask questions, there isn't time now, just get a copy of "The Prophet" and write in it, From your "Friend", Mr. Elmer Zwishbuckle, or whatever your name is. Then see if December 26 you aren't looked up to with a little more respect and perhaps even a little more awe. Maybe if the girl isn't a complete dud you might even get some admiration.

Don't try to get any current fiction; it's all gone.

Now, better make a bee-line for the toy department because toys are essential and they are pretty hard to buy when you've got a full load of packages to carry. If you're buying for more than four children—not all your own, I hope—it's just as well to buy two of everything you pick out, if there are two of anything left. Children are malleable and it is much easier, I have learned, to mould them to the toys than to mould the toys to them. In the toy department you will find a sailboat. If you are a novice at late shopping and haven't an objective point of view, you'll subconsciously begin to think how nice it would be to be sailing in the South Seas. Consciously you will think you have found the solution to everything. You haven't. Unless they

live in the Gulf of Mexico, and yours don't, kids nowadays don't want sailboats for Christmas. But then why should I make suggestions? If your kids haven't told you by now what they want for Christmas then something is wrong with them and they don't want presents, they want a doctor.

Some late shoppers that I have known have developed certain specialties which they purchase and present anonymously to people for whom they have a certain regard—well—a certain feeling. Among us insiders the type of these gifts identifies the donors as accurately as their fingerprints would. Thus one of my compatriots—Coreopolis, we call him—has been known, on occasion, to make presents of white doe rabbits which are rapidly approaching a state of motherhood.

Now a rabbit which is a prospective mother can be very cute and very amusing to the children and it doesn't get in the way much if kept out in the kitchen. But a rabbit that has actually become a mother is an agrarian problem which must be reckoned with in multiples of ten. This, I reluctantly report, is just what my generous acquaintance anticipates. Along about New Year's, when his nefarious schemes have borne bunnies, Coreopolis goes calling on those of his acquaintance upon whom he has bestowed his anonymous

largess, listening with a poker face to the fervent entreaties of wife and kiddies, "Oh, Daddy, please let us keep the dear little bunnies." And going home in the taxi he hisses to himself in fiendish glee, "That will teach Jones to beat me at golf!"

I have another acquaintance, Herman, by name, who makes it a practice to present marine life to his friends each Christmas. Sometime during the late afternoon of December 24, Herman saunters into his favorite pet store, glances around for a moment and then begins placing orders with the speed of a Wall Street trader. Not blindly, though. He matches the temperament of the fish to the temperament of his friends and his orders range from the ferocious Siamese fighting fish to the placid catfish from the bottom of the muddy Mississippi.

Your first reaction may be that a pair of fish is a pretty swell present and that Herman's friends are lucky. Well, fish are O. K. if you like them. If you do, the chances are you already have an aquarium full (in which case Herman would send you a hungry, sea-going cat). But if you happen to be allergic to the monsters—well, did you ever try and whelp a brood of guppies . . . ?

Even so, you are probably in the middle of trimming the Christmas tree along about 9 P. M., December 24, when Herman's messenger arrives with a pint carton full of water and two huge, practically suffocated fan-tail goldfish. The question is, what are you going to do with them? The bath tub's too big, you need the sink and the wash basin, a milk bottle is too small, you can't put them in the dishpan because the metal might not be good for them, and when you suggest a flower vase, your wife tells you that nobody *ever* put goldfish in one.

"Why not?" sez you.

"Why—why—it's ridiculous, that's why," she explains lucidly. "Who ever heard of putting goldfish in a vase?"

"We've got to put 'em somewhere. They'll die in that carton."

"We need a big glass bowl."

"But we haven't got a big glass bowl."

"Why don't you run down to the hardware store and get one?" the little woman suggests brightly. "It'll only take a half hour and it isn't snowing hard—er, not so very hard."

"Oh, let's throw the damn things out. They'll probably die anyhow."

"Why, I wouldn't think of it. They're beautiful and besides they're a Christmas present."

That settles it. And so, while you stalk through the snow to the hardware store, Herman sits quietly at home before an open fire, sips his highball and chuckles.

Of course, late shoppers like Herman and Coreopolis are distinct individualists and cannot be compared either in scope or sportsmanship with those of us who try to please our friends rather than ourselves. Ours is the more hazardous calling and while admittedly the rewards are greater, not a few have cracked completely under the strain. Some have given up Christmas shopping altogether. Others may be seen any time during the first three weeks of December going about town, towed by their wives, clutching in one hand the hated shopping list and in the other their beloved but soon to be purged pocket books.

Because so few have the keen eye and steady hand necessary to the strain of last-minute shopping, and because any other kind is unendurable drudgery to a man of spirit, possibly there ought to be some reform of the whole shopping system. Maybe there ought to be one big universal gift, filled with sweetness and light, which it would be as much pleasure to give to someone else as it would be to have for yourself. I have only one suggestion for this kind of gift, but it's a honey. How about Alexander Woollcott? Isn't that the perfect gift? To me Woollcott bulks large as a real possibility. Certainly there is all the sweetness and light you could want and certainly people would get more than a mere donor's pleasure in giving Woollcott away, piece by piece. From some angles it takes on the aspect of a public service. Many people are quietly giving Woollcott for Christmas this year. Not a few of them, I suspect, were something less than proud recipients of the same present a year ago. My secret operatives report that this movement has begun quite spontaneously without help from any one. It is movements like this that come from the heart of the people, that we ought to get behind at Christmas time. And if this is one of them I'm for it.



One of my compatriots, Coreopolis, we call him, has been known to make presents of white doe rabbits.

Many people, who were recipients of the same present last year, are quietly giving Woollcott for Christmas this year.





by Robert Ormond Case

UPROOTED in some gusty season long gone, the great spruce had crashed across the end of a small gully that ended abruptly in living rock. Roofed by the log, this pocket comprised a cave, dry and compact. Deep snows had covered it over, given it utter darkness, made it soundless and static. Through the months of the long cold, while winter storms thundered and the embattled crags moaned, there had been no outward clues to the secret the cavern held.

Now spring had come, with its swollen streams and bursting buds. Migratory birds were thin wedges against the southern sky. Grass-roots were stirring to life in the sponge-like soil in the lee of the sagging drifts. It was the season of awakening, and one day, bright with sunshine and cheerful with scudding clouds, the rotting snow thrust outward beneath the windfall. The farther darkness framed an enormous, shaggy head. It emerged slowly, weaving from side to side, enlarging the hole; then with painful gruntings and groanings the great ridges and massive undulations of a half-ton torso wriggled out in the open.

Moving stiffly, old Silver King, the giant grizzly—most formidable of the planet's carnivora—heaved to his feet and stood swaying, his small eyes blinking in the torture of blazing sunlight.

He lowered his head and rubbed one eye, then the other, against thick forepaws that could have broken a stallion's back, had the King been fully aroused. He was far from aroused at the moment; he knew that he was a disreputable object and he felt moody, the lethargy of hibernation still heavy in bone and sinew. He peered about him again, tears rolling down his fat jowls. Only his head was bulging; the rest of him was incredibly gaunt and malproportioned. His tremendously heavy pelt, shot through with silver that glistened in the sunlight, bristled in spots. Other patches

were pressed against ribs and thighs, bearing the imprint of the boulders that had comprised his winter bed.

He yawned cavernously, revealing three-inch canines that were like yellow sabres momentarily bared, and ambled down the gully. His movements were deceptively clumsy, a rolling motion caused by his need of shifting his bulk so that it was centered and supported over each planted foot. His head weaved from side to side as he shuffled on. It was not for the purpose of scanning the wooded slopes, his eyesight being poor. It was his nose that gave him his most vivid impressions; and upon him now, his sensitive nostrils quivering, impinged myriad clues to the strengthening pageantry of spring. Freshness and fragrance were abroad in the land. He could almost smell the new sap stirring into life in willow and spruce; the warm, spongy soil had a tang all its own.

The gully became a broad canyon where a robust stream chuckled; and on an open slope from which the snow had long since melted he found what he sought: new grass thrusting through steaming surface. He grazed here for an hour, turning his head sidewise, close to the ground, in the unaccustomed business. It was a necessary business and he craved grass; it was nature's fillip to digestive juices and processes dormant during the hundred-odd days of hibernation. At intervals he clawed under the surface, digging out the tangled roots. Again, in a momentary burst of playfulness, he thrust his nose deep in the damp earth, plowed great furrows here and there and raised up his head, snorting.

His shrunken stomach momentarily satisfied, he shambled down to the creek and drank deep. Now he was truly filled, close to bursting. He proceeded more slowly down the canyon, pausing at intervals to rub his sides against outthrust boulders and to take note of myriad trails of weasel, civet-cat and porcupine that had passed that way. Occasional birds were flitting in



The King Sleeps

The King ruled supreme over his forest domain until the day came when he must make his last long trek to see the other side of the mountain

Illustrated by PAUL BRANSOM

the willows here, and once, a remembered thrill thrusting through his mounting melancholy, he heard the humming of a honey bee.

He came presently to the break where the stream tumbled down into the great canyon of the river itself. For the first time he proceeded with caution, his steps muffled in the ancient, spongy leaf-mold. The last evergreen barrier was before him, walling space beyond. From that point the slope dipped sharply downward. He thrust head and shoulders through so gently that the motion of the parting branches would be imperceptible from below, and became motionless, one with the thicket, looking out over a vast, wooded, mountain-girt basin that extended to the pillars of a great gap looming in the misty horizon at the right.

This was his realm, the demesne over which he had been supreme for seventeen seasons past. Never before had he bothered to approach it with caution. As he faced into it now his short ears were so rigidly forward that wrinkles bulged over his jowls and all but closed his eyes, and his nostrils were intent. Unconsciously, attuned to his vigilance, the fighting hood on his neck reared up a little.

Nothing of menace was there, at least close at hand. Satisfied of that, his hackles lowered, his rigidity relaxed. No fear had been back of his reconnoiter, since fear had been left out of his nature a thousand generations before. He had merely been on guard; and the necessity of such caution—not on behalf of life and limb but to protect dignity and self-respect—served to reaffirm a verdict that had come to him before and during his hibernation.

For the plain truth of it was—and the old King was

amply aware of it—his life span was drawing to a close. That fact had been proved the season before: his lifelong mate had died and when he had sniffed half-heartedly on the trail of another female, a young grizzly whom he had more than once sent spinning with a single slap but who was now huge and formidable in his own right, had bellowed upon him and all but crushed him to a pulp. This meant that the King's procreative cycle was already run; he would never mate again. It meant, furthermore, that he must treat his late realm circumspectly thereafter. For physical comfort's sake, so that he could spend his last season in ease and peace, he must avoid meeting the young grizzly.

That this would be his last season of life—his final spring, summer and fall—the King knew. It was knowledge rooted in instinct rather than reason, one of the rare instances where nature gave advance hint of sentence of death. All hunted animals that roamed the forest had enemies that in the end, without exception, ran them down and destroyed them. The carnivora had none, except for man, and in the countless generations before man filtered into the forest with his axe and gun and emotionless traps, nature had evolved a simple means of eliminating the mightiest of the flesh-eating animals she had created.

It was not through swift starvation such as overtook the wolves and cougars once their hunting strength failed. Nor was it brought about by their own folly, as with the wolverene and fisher; these gluttons invariably died in torment, their tough fibers pierced by the quills of porcupines they had sullenly devoured. The grizzly needed no meat, once his fighting and mating cycle was

passed. Berries and wild honey and certain roots were sufficient. Fat grubs clawed from ancient windfalls, ground squirrels and moles gouged from some sunlit slope, an occasional spawning salmon stranded in the shallows—these tidbits satisfied his dwindling desire for meat.

The denial by nature of one necessity, and one alone, served to break down the incredibly persistent life that quickened the grizzly's bulk. That necessity was the deep sleep, the warmth and security of hibernation. The monarch of the forest, for all his resources in strength and stamina, was less equipped to face the rigors of winter than the most timid snowshoe rabbit. Deep snows bogged him down. The herbs, roots and berries upon which he depended were no more. Hunted animals were withdrawn to hidden valleys and forest glades known only to the wolves and the feline meat-eaters. Long before the warm chinooks rolled in from the sea he would be done for, his pain-racked, starved, utterly weary body but another unnoticed mound in the white immensity of winter wastes.

There was always ample warning of this grim finale. A restless hibernation was invariably the last; it meant that there would be no sleep at all the coming winter. The King had already received that warning. His last sleep had not been unbroken and dreamless. There had been intervals of half-waking, of moaning and tossing, of shifting his position. Once he had actually heard the distant sighing of the wind. He had dreamed that he was no longer secure beneath the windfall, with sufficient good fat stored on his ribs and lining his stomach to see the winter through; instead, he was hungry and cold, adrift in the thrumming barrens and the winds of space, a homeless, snow-whitened, forlorn wraith shambling down with the storm.

That desolate picture would be reality in the coming winter; and insofar as he was capable of feeling apprehension, it was a frightful prospect. Intervals of dozing were ahead, it was true. On sunlit ledges by day and in soft thickets of a warm summer night, he would

lie prone and motionless, his eyes half closed and all the aching thews and sinews of him relaxed and at ease . . . but it would not be true sleep. Comparing such lazy moments against the sheer, primal luxury of hibernation was like weighing the scent of distant flowers against the reality of wild honey oozing in a golden stream from a broken bee-tree. The substance of it simply was not there, and it never would be there. This side of death he would never know the sweetness of true rest again.

He thrust outward through the leafy barrier and lowered himself ponderously down the slope, yawning. The King was fearless; he was also philosophical. He had seen too much of life and death to rebel against the laws that govern the mountains, the forest and the sky. Spring was at hand. Fat summer beckoned. Beyond was lazy, golden autumn. His late realm was large and he knew every part of it, every wooded dell and spring and sunlit slope. Much of promise still awaited there, though he sampled their joys for the last time. To the regal at heart, winter and death were alike remote.

As spring strengthened in warmth and beauty, with the hills turned green and the forest flowers in full bloom, the young grizzly comprised a deepening shadow that fell across the King's lazy, sunlit path. It was easy to avoid the marauding young monarch at first, though each was aware that the other was abroad in the realm. Being old and experienced, the ripe wisdom of years told the King where his relentless enemy would probably be at any given time, and he saw to it, without haste but unerringly, that his own trail lay elsewhere.

The craving for spring meat, fierce and overwhelming, blinded the young grizzly to all else in the beginning. This meant mountain meadows where the big-horn were, the moose swamps and the deep thickets where the elk cows hid with their young. The King therefore held to the lower bottoms, lazy and content. It involved no inconvenience, his own craving for meat having almost died; but always his questing ears and



nose were turned toward the heights, alert for his enemy. It was only a temporary truce; an encounter was inevitable. In the young grizzly's viewpoint, the mere presence of another male was a constant affront, impossible to forget or forgive.

The first of their encounters came early one morning. Spring was full-grown, glorious summer at the threshold. Having dozed in the night, but only enough to dream longingly of true sleep, the King came into the clearing, yawning and bone-weary. Yet he was in a placid mood. The dew was still heavy on the grass; the sky blue and cloudless. No hungers or thirsts assailed him; he was merely on the hunt for certain beetles to which his fancy had turned. They would be easy to catch before sun-up, being still lethargic and chilled.

The breeze was behind him when he came into the open. He moved along, snuffing in the grass, enjoying all the delectable ground smells that permeated the grass roots. He was unaware, until they had almost met, that the young grizzly was also in the clearing. The young monarch was not on a beetle-hunt; he was coming on, at a leisurely but formidable pace, head lowered and fighting hood raised.

The King disdained to make a run for it. He continued to snuffle in the grass, though his hackles likewise reared. He turned a little aside, his head still lowered, pretending that the trail of a beetle led in that direction. The young grizzly bellowed from close at hand, the fighting challenge whose echoes rolled formidably from distant peaks. Still the King shambled on, neither hurrying nor slowing his pace.

At a loss, the young grizzly came up warily, circling. Had the mating season been close at hand he would have charged without hesitation, and the King, being outdone in bulk, strength and years, would have had no choice but to retreat or die. As yet, with red fires still dormant in his blood, the young monarch's mood was malicious and provocative only; he was inviting battle rather than rushing in blindly to the kill.

But the King's pretended indifference, his dignity, won the day. Appearing to disregard the young grizzly's rumblings and throaty mutterings, the half-hearted charges and simulated flank attacks—all carried out just beyond the reach of still terrible fore-paws—the aged warrior strode on. At the edge of the timber his enemy quit him with a final insulting bellow and circled back into the clearing, snuffing after the unwanted beetles that comprised the spoils of the meager victory.

The King merged into the shadows with heavy heart. The respite was temporary, the reckoning merely postponed. Of the two forces that had marked him for destruction—nature and his own species—the young grizzly would be the most ruthless and unforgiving. Nature, inexorable in the end, at least allowed a little time, a few golden days. But those same days would ferment and inflame the young monarch's blood, make him more determined to crush rivalry forever.

And that was bad. To quit the country while he still lived was unthinkable; to the King, this was life. Each tree, glade and ravine, the myriad moods of mountains and sky, comprised the very minutiae of being. Not the fact that he must pass from this beloved ground, but the manner of his passing, how much of sweetness and sunlight and tranquillity would be his before the final darkness, was at issue now.

He moved into the lower reaches of the valley, to ground of his own choosing, in preparation for the next skirmish. There was a certain ravine suited to the purpose. The juncture of this ravine with the main river canyon was littered with great boulders through which a narrow passage led. Above this junction the ravine broadened briefly, then dwindled and died in the crags above. There were slopes and ledges where the wild strawberries were (*Continued on page 40*)

He tried to lure his opponent out with a dozen wiles, but the King remained planted in his cleft.



MAN OF ICE



HOBNEY came out of the Garden alone, the way he always came out of the Garden, or the Forum, or the Olympia, or wherever the Tigers happened to be playing on the National Hockey League circuit.

Some bystanders yapped, "Hey, hard guy!" and Hobey ignored them. When the fans held up a game to heap abuse on his black head, Hobey laughed at them; and when they littered his way to the penalty box with programs and pennies, he thumbed his nose at them. But off the ice, it was to hell with them.

There was a light, papery snow falling, and Hobey halted irresolutely on Eighth Avenue. Cars rolled and lights flashed and people laughed. Hobey was hungry, but not ravenous, the way he usually was after a game. He could catch a newsreel, but he didn't feel much like a newsreel tonight. He didn't know what the hell he did feel like tonight.

Steve Cook, the Bruins' new center flash, crossed the street with two other Boston players and went into Jack's. They had a couple of girls with them, and the girls were pretty. Particularly the one Steve was piloting. They were laughing.

It looked bright and gay at Jack's. Hobey thought he might call up Mae and have her meet him some place. But he didn't want to call up Mae either. Mae had fat, grasping little hands, and she guffawed so loud everybody was always staring at them. Besides, all Mae wanted to do these days was talk about that laundry in Utica; the laundry Hobey was planning to buy when he hung up his skates in a year or two.

He wished he knew a girl like that one with Steve Cook. But he never met girls like that; people kept them away from him. He was Hobey Dahl, the hard guy, the ice mug, and he ate nice girls up. He smiled sourly, and on an impulse he started across the street to Jack's.

He walked a little stiffly, the feel of his skate blades still on his feet. A big, thick-set man with massive shoulders and a squarish, hard-fleshed face. A dull heaviness weighted his legs from hips to ankles. Eleven years up there took it out of the gams all right; that was where it got you. And playing damn' near sixty minutes of every game. What did they think he was, an iron man?

The familiar small scowl bent his black eyebrows as he entered Jack's. Damn' right he was the Iron Man. Four hundred and eighty consecutive games, and by the end of next year he would have a streak which no hockey player would ever touch. Let 'em laugh that off when they yelled those insults at him!

Most of the people at Jack's were in parties. There was a lot of merriment, and Hobey stood at the bar and had an ale and listened. Only the barman talked to him, and Hobey began to feel lonesome again. He decided he would go some place else and eat, and then he

He saw the hostility in her face. Her mouth was pressed tight and her small shoulders were set squarely.

Illustrated by W. EMERTON HEITLAND

They were two men and one girl—until Hobey got tired of being the iron man of hockey all by himself.

by Ben Peter Freeman

would catch that newsreel or something—anything.

Somebody said, "How you doing, Hobey?" and Hobey turned and saw Steve Cook grinning at him. The Boston star was lean and blond. He had a bold jaw and bold blue eyes. "You really socked me tonight when you checked me that last time," Cook laughed. "Now I know they didn't lie to me about you."

Cook always seemed to have a joke up his sleeve. Even when he started one of his wildfire dashes up the ice, he was laughing at you. He acted like a clown, but underneath he was a dead serious guy. Hobey was sure of that. Hobey had been sizing up the league's newest sensation all season, and he was just getting a kind of idea about him—

"Well, what do you say?" Cook demanded. He looked at Hobey quizzically. "I was asking you to come over to our table," he said, and Hobey realized, annoyed, that he hadn't listened to Cook the first time. That was the trouble with being alone so much; you kept listening to yourself all the time.

Cook chuckled, "Well, here he is, fresh off the ice, folks. Hobey Dahl, hockey's meanest man. Walk, do not run, to the nearest exit."

Hobey didn't like that, but he made himself grin, and he kept his eyes carefully on each person as Cook introduced them. The titter around the table got louder, and it took Hobey a moment, while he strained his ears, to realize that Cook was double-talking, jumbling up names so that they didn't make sense.

They were staring at Hobey curiously, amusedly, and Hobey stood there awkwardly, feeling a hot flush start at the back of his neck. Always clowning, Steve was. Hobey took his eyes away from the strangers and narrowed a challenging glance at the two Boston players in the party.

The Bostons gave him back the hard, level stares which were Hobey's measure of respect from every player in the league. He felt a little better then, but he felt foolish, too, showing his muscles to these guys.

A warm, slender hand put itself on Hobey's, inserted itself into his fist. He looked down, and it was the girl he had noticed coming in here with Steve. Her eyes were wide and of a clear brown. They were friendly, and darker, coppery lights caught in them, of the same color as her hair, which waved in a soft, rich brush to her shoulders.

The girl's voice was clear and friendly, too, with a quick, warm overtone. "I'm Martha Hale, Mr. Dahl," she said. "Sit down, won't you, and talk to me?"

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks," and sat down. Steve Cook was just reaching for the chair, and now Steve stopped—a sharp, amused glance sliding to the girl and then to Hobey.

Hobey's chin jutted at Steve. He heard the girl laugh softly and he jerked his head at her. She laughed at him. "Come out from behind that chip on your shoulder, Hobey," she said. "You can't scare me."

His grin came slowly. "I wouldn't want to."

She nodded solemnly, but those coppery flecks in her eyes were dancing. "Oh, yes, you would," she told him. "That's what you're trying to do all the time."



He guessed she was kidding him, but he didn't mind, if she would go on talking. He wanted her to go on talking to him. "You've got me all wrong," he protested.

"No, I haven't," Martha said. She put her hand to her face and considered him, and Hobey saw then that there was mischief in this girl. Not the coy, phony stuff most of these babes put out. Hobey figured Martha knew she was exciting, and she didn't mind exciting you, too, because then you both had more fun. Hobey's blood began to run faster.

"Big bad wolf, my eye," Martha said in a low tone. "You just act tough so they won't take any liberties with you."

Hobey looked startled, and Martha's eyes danced again. "Oh," she said, "I guess you still *think* you're tough. But you're just a woolly little lamb."

She leaned towards him swiftly. "Don't worry," she murmured. "I won't give you away to Steve."

Hobey was dazed then, and he gaped at her. "Let's go to the bar," Martha said. "Everyone here is bending a very large ear this way."

The light perfume of her hair was in his senses, and he got up a little blindly. They turned towards the bar, and Steve Cook pushed his chair out from the table. "We're leaving," he told Martha. "We're going some place to dance."

"Later," Martha said.

"We're all set to go, honey—"

Martha smiled at him sweetly. "Go on," she said. "We'll join you later. Come on, Hobey."

Hobey followed after her, noticing the flat set of her smooth back, noting the slight jut of Steve Cook's jaw as he watched her. Hobey felt Steve's eyes drilling his back, and he knew then that Steve wasn't sure of Martha, and it was making Steve a little nuts.

THE thought chased a strange elation over Hobey, and he wasn't embarrassed any more. He anchored an elbow on the bar and looked down at Martha. She sat a little slouched on the tall bar stool, and a slow color suffused in the smoothly planed hollows of her face as she looked up at him and their eyes locked.

He told himself, through the fascination tightening on him, that she wasn't as pretty as he had thought. But she was something else, and more than pretty. She caught you up, and swept you, and you flowed fast and smooth with her, and it was beautiful. The full flowing lines of her body in her purple dress were beautiful. If she clicked with a man, it would be something pretty special.

Martha's low words challenged, "Are they worth a penny?"

He asked huskily, "Are you going to marry Steve?"

A mask dropped over her face. Her eyes lowered to her long fingers on the stem of her glass. He sensed that she was displeased with the question, and with him for asking it. But he didn't care; he had to know. He waited.

"I don't know," Martha said at last.

He didn't say anything, holding himself still against the hard surge of exultation which beat up in him. Martha glanced at him, and then quickly back at her glass. She spoke jerkily, as if with reluctance. "I've known Steve years. We were sweethearts when we were kids."

He grunted, knowing she would speak again. A small pucker cut between the short, strong brows of her eyes. "Every time I thought I loved a man, I—I found I



didn't," she said. "Then I would go up to Dartmouth and watch Steve play hockey. When he turned pro, I used to go up to Syracuse to watch him."

She stopped, brooding, and Hobey waited stolidly with her, testing with her the pull of those many restless times, when she had seen through some man and turned back to Steve Cook's grace, and his flash and bold, demanding charm.

Martha gave herself a little shake and faced Hobey. "I'm a designer," she said smilingly. "I design women's dresses."

Hobey nodded absently. "I'll bet you're a good one." And she said defiantly, "I am!"

When Hobey only nodded again, Martha stood up. "I'd better go. They're waiting for me."

He shook his head impatiently and she sat down again. She waited, almost sulkily, and then she began to speak quickly about her work. She laughed and moved her hands, and he only half listened to her words, sensing the brittle nervousness in her. He guessed he had made her go further than she had intended, and without thinking, he put one of his big hands on hers, reassuringly. She hesitated, and then closed her fingers over his thumb.

He scowled, trying to get it straight in his own mind so he could tell her. He had to explain that he wouldn't let her down, as those other men had. That he was strong enough for her, and she wouldn't have to go back to Steve Cook again. That she didn't love Steve enough, or she would have married him long ago—

And then Steve was in between them, Martha's fur coat in his hands. There was a hard set to Steve's shoulders, and his eyes, raking from Hobey's hand on Martha's to Hobey's face, were wrathful blue fire.

There was something else in Steve's eyes, too, and it clicked into place in the back of Hobey's mind, in the pattern of Steve which he had been making. It checked with what Hobey had suspected before, but had only come to a slow conclusion about tonight, in the Tigers-Bruins game. Twice, when Hobey was about to deliver one of his bone-shaking body checks to Steve, the Boston flash had passed to a covered man . . .

Steve held the coat before Martha. His voice was soft, but angry. "Well," he demanded, "can we go now? Or do you want to pass out more peanuts in the zoo?"

Martha swung with her coat on her shoulder. Her face was pale and her eyes blazed at Steve. Steve shrugged and mumbled something apologetic.

Hobey stood quietly, a grim, small smile on his face. Up to now it hadn't mattered, this pattern of Steve which he had been forming; Steve was only another opposing center to be set on his ear. But now it mat-

tered; it mattered more than anything else in the world had ever mattered, and Hobey would take care of Steve.

Martha's hand was in Hobey's again, briefly. Her eyes were denying everything which had been between them this evening. Hobey said steadily, "I'll be seeing you."

He watched them go, and then he got his hat and coat and went into the street. It was snowing harder, and Hobey grimaced happily and bucked into it. He walked with a long, swinging stride, the dead heaviness in his legs forgotten. He felt drunk; he felt wonderful. He took his hands out of his pockets and made little circles in the air with his arms. Martha's face floated before him in the snow, her eyes caught, locked on his.

The "C" series in the play-offs, best two games of three between the fifth-place Bruins and the sixth-place Tigers, opened in the Garden on Tuesday night. Hobey sat on the locker room bench and laced his boots. He worked for an hour, drawing the laces slowly, evenly, until the skates were one with his feet.

He examined his stick carefully; everything had to be right tonight. The Tigers weren't going any place in these play-offs, but this series was the most important one Hobey had ever faced. He was sure he was right about Steve Cook. Steve was clever, but he had given himself away to Hobey Sunday night, in the last game of the season, and then later, at Jack's.

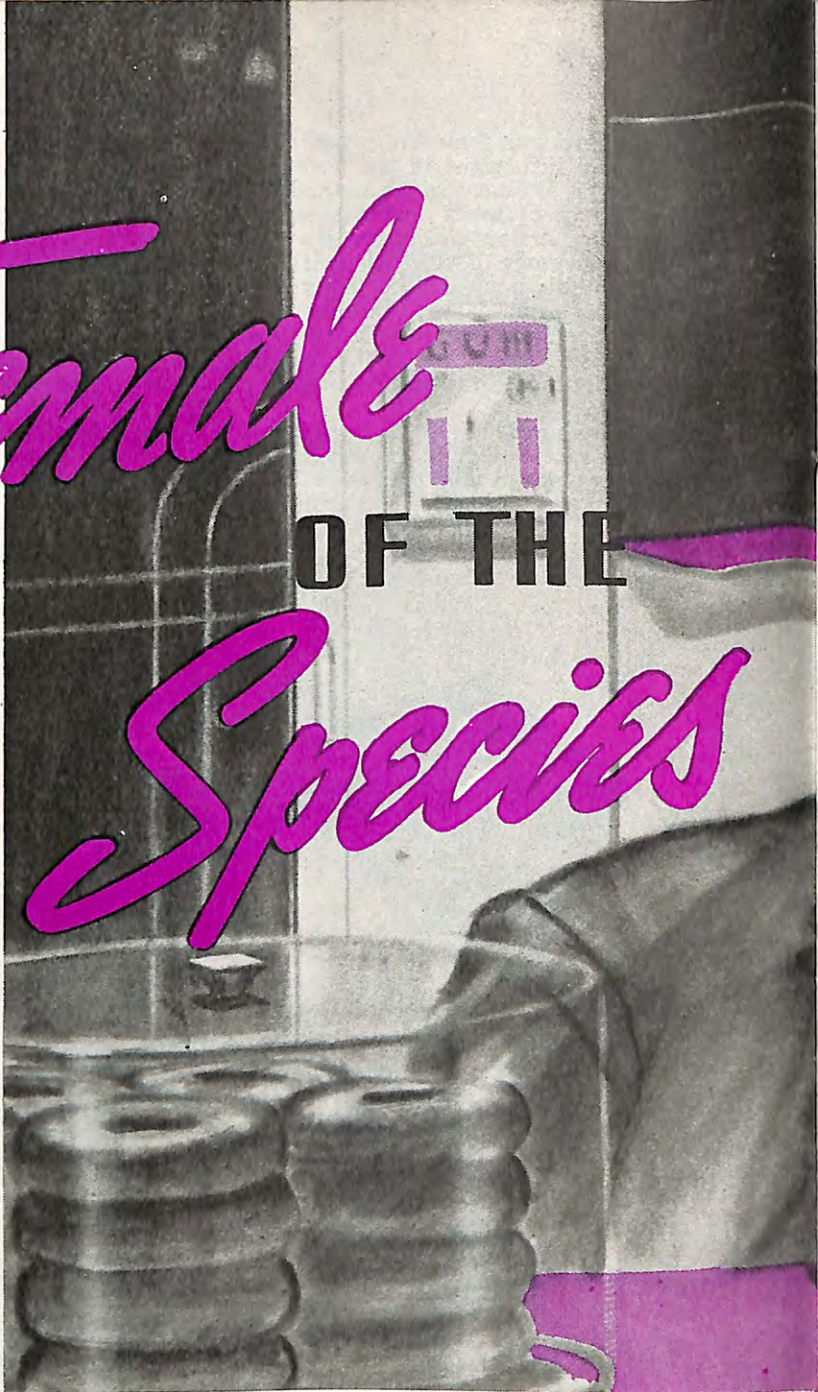
Hobey whistled lightly (Continued on page 44)



Four times more Hobey caught Steve flashing up the ice, and Hobey let him have it, all the way—as viciously as he could.

It was one of those new doughnut
and coffee shops and a slim blonde
girl was running it.

Female OF THE Species



**A Short Short Story
by Pat Frank**

**Mr. Poodle Face Stressi wasn't
wise to the old "inalienable
right" gag. But then, Poodle
Face was strictly a man's man**

Illustrated by JAMES WITLIG

"WHAT would you do," Poodle Face Stressi asked the bartender, "if a guy should walk in here tonight and throw a gun in your middle and hold you up?"

The man behind the bar—he was built like an out-size Napoleon—carefully wiped his thick red hands on his apron and rested them on the edge of the bar and inspected Poodle Face Stressi. All he saw was a scrawny, stunted man with a mashed-in nose and tight little eyes that flickered irresolutely as flies afraid to light.

"Well," the bartender said, "I'll tell you what I'd do. I've got a lead-filled billy here. If he was a little, nervous guy like you I'd smack him with the billy. But if he was a big fellow and didn't act nervous, I'd hand over the cash. Then when he was walking out the door I'd get him with the forty-five I've got under the bar."

"No kidding?" said Poodle Face Stressi.

"I'm not fooling," said the bartender, and Stressi saw he wasn't fooling. "You're new in here, so I guess you've never seen my marksmanship medals. Want to see 'em?"

"No, thanks," answered Stressi, flipping a quarter across the bar. "I've got to get going."

"Wish I'd see a holdup man!" growled the bartender, ringing up the coin. "I'd break him in half! I'd take him apart!"

"You probably never will," said Poodle Face Stressi. He slipped off the stool, walked to the door and made his way down Ninth Avenue. He smiled, in the twisted way he had, and considered the simplicity of the new idea. He decided it was safe as working in a bank.

Across the street the lights were still burning in the hamburger shop. He walked over there, ordered a coffee and waited for the last customer to leave. When he was alone with the counterman he sized him up. The counterman wasn't so big, and he was thin, and where his chin should have been there was nothing much.

"What would you do," Poodle Face asked suddenly, "if a guy came in here and held you up?"

The man behind the counter laughed. "He could

have everything in the joint!" he said. "It's not my money, and anyway, it's insured. Me, I'd rather be a live counterman than a dead hero."

"You sure of that?" Poodle Face asked carefully, because he was a three-time loser and couldn't afford to take chances.

"Sure I'm sure!" the counterman said, and then his laugh froze, because Stressi had lifted the little automatic from his pocket. "Don't put up your hands," Poodle Face ordered. "Just reach into the register and hand it over!"

"This is a joke, ain't it?" the counterman pleaded, his hands wavering.

"No," Poodle Face said, and the gun came up rigid and insistent. The counterman put his hands into the cash register and brought out the bills.

"You wait five minutes before you call the cops," said Poodle Face. "I'll be watching, and if you call before five minutes . . ."

"Don't worry. I don't want no trouble. Like I said, it ain't my money."

Poodle Face backed out of the door and faded into an alley. He came out on Tenth Avenue, walked fast for ten minutes and then stopped and counted the bills. Twenty-three dollars. Pretty good start for a man just out of the can. He needed seven more. This winter he wanted to play Miami. He needed thirty to get down there. And he intended to get it.



He saw a store's lights gleaming on the sidewalk farther down the street. It was one of those new doughnut and coffee shops. There weren't any customers in it. A girl was running it. She was a slim, blonde girl with a nice smile and graceful shoulders, but Poodle Face didn't notice this. He didn't like women, and women didn't like him. She smiled automatically when he came in.

"Coffee and two," Poodle Face ordered.

When the girl put the cup in front of him he tried a smile and said, "Sister, what would you do if a guy came in here and held you up?"

The girl's smile stopped and she looked at him with distaste. Finally she said, "I guess I'd give him the day's receipts, if I didn't faint first. Guns scare me to death."

"Yeah? I guess you don't keep much money in the register this time of night."

"No. Fellow comes around at seven and collects. They just leave ten dollars or so."

"So you think you'd faint, sister?"

"Sure, I'd faint."

"All right," said Poodle Face, showing her the automatic, "faint."

The girl's eyes grew wide and her mouth opened as if she were screaming, but no sound came out of it. Then she closed her mouth and began to act in an unorthodox fashion. She picked up a sugar bowl and

shied it at Stressi's head. He ducked, and it went through the glass door.

Poodle Face turned to get out, but a heavy coffee cup hit him behind the ear at the same time that he stumbled over the table near the entrance. He kept on crawling for the door, trying to dodge the coffee cups at the same time, but when he finally got there he saw a pair of thick, blue-clad legs in front of him. The cop must have heard the breaking glass. The cop lifted him to his feet by his belt.

THEY asked him all the usual questions when he got to the station, and he answered as pleasantly as possible, because his prints were on file and he had a record long as your arm.

He even told them about his smart new plan, because soon he was going away and wasn't coming back and he wanted to show them that he was no dumb thief.

"You aren't married, are you, Poodle Face?" one of the detectives asked.

"No. Who'd have a guy with a face like mine?"

"Never ran around much with women, did you?"

"No."

The detective shook his head sadly. "And I guess you never heard of a woman's privilege, either, did you?"

"No," Poodle Face admitted, "I never did."

They never did tell him what it was.



Drawings by Steele Savage



EDITORIAL

An Elk Christmas

THE month of December is a busy one for subordinate lodges of our Order. Much time and energy is devoted in preparation for the joyous Christmas time. This involves a lot of work in which every member is invited and expected to participate. It is a labor of love and brings rich reward in planning for the entertainment of children, many of whom would otherwise have a cheerless Christmas Day.

There is no set formula for bringing happiness and good cheer to the little tots, but each lodge is left to its own initiative and resourcefulness. Each community is canvassed by the members of the local lodge to ascertain the names, location and needs of worthy children. This information is reported to the committee in charge by which it is assembled and classified. Then comes the delightful task of making appropriate purchases. These of course include dolls, whistles and many other toys suitable to the various ages, as well as candies and fruits all done up in packages and labeled with each child's name. Then there are more substantial purchases of baskets of different sizes according to the needs of each family, filled with everything going to make up a good Christmas dinner. A typical basket will contain a ham, or a turkey, sometimes both, a sack of flour, and others containing rice, beans and what have you, not forgetting tea, coffee, butter, eggs and milk. But this is not all, for these surveys always result in the discovery of some children without shoes, stockings or proper clothing. This necessitates still other purchases.

When it is all done and the packages ready, the problem of delivery presents itself for solution. Sometimes the children are assembled at a Christmas tree where Old Santa presides, taking the presents from the tree and calling the name of the child endorsed on the packages. Their eyes sparkle and their faces beam as they receive their present. The baskets must, of course, be delivered at the homes, and this is done by volunteers from the membership of the lodge. Where no Christmas tree is provided, both baskets and presents are so delivered, but the tree loaded with presents and gaily trimmed and lighted adds so much to the occasion that it has quite generally been adopted.

Yes, there is a lot of work about it but there is no work, just a little thoughtfulness, about sending a few dollars to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia, to bring Christmas cheer to the three hundred members of our Order residing there. Let us not forget them.

Two Contending Forces

TWO contending forces are and always have been rife in the world and doubtless always will be—moral force and brute force. They ever contend one against the other for mastery. Moral force appeals to our better sentiments of heart and soul. Brute force appeals to those remnants of savagery which civilization has failed to eradicate. Moral force pleads for supremacy. Brute force demands it. Between the two there can be no compromise. One or the other must eventually rule the world. Which will it be? The ultimate answer probably lies centuries in the future.

At times the scales between these two forces seem to be evenly balanced, and then first one and then the other temporarily tilts the beam. This see-sawing back and forth causes uneasiness and at times grave apprehension that moral force is permanently outweighed. At such times consolation is derived by appraising the contest from the standpoint of history. All in all, moral force has little by little been gaining supremacy. Notwithstanding many reverses and setbacks, civilization has been pushing forward. It is buttressed by moral and not brute force. Religion, based on belief that a one and only God controls the destiny of nations



as well as that of men, is the foundation of moral force. One shuns war as the last regrettable and awful alternative. The other welcomes it as its highest objective. One holds dominant supremacy under dictatorships. The other develops under and controls in democracies. Let us carefully guard and protect our form of government from brute force and maintain it as a sure refuge for moral force and as an example before the world of what it can accomplish. That way leads to peace, security, liberty, the pursuit of happiness and freedom to worship God according to the dictates of the individual conscience. The other leads to dictatorship and to the loss of all we as a free, independent, liberty-loving and God-fearing people hold dear.

Author of the Tribute to the Flag

RECENTLY we made mention of the fact that the United States Flag Association had settled a long controversy as to the author of the Pledge to the Flag. Following this a number of requests have been received for information as to the author of the Tribute to the Flag used in the initiation of neophytes into our Order. This being within the personal knowledge of the writer, we are glad to comply.

The beautiful poem which has come to be known as the Tribute to the Flag was written by James King, now deceased, a Past Exalted Ruler of Topeka, Kans., Lodge, No. 204. It appears in the Ritual just as he wrote it, except that next to the last line was written by a member of the then Ritual Committee in substitution for this line as written by Brother King, to whom it was submitted by way of suggestion and accepted and approved by him.

At the time Brother King was not a member of the Ritual Committee but his poem was written pursuant to a request from the committee for suggestions in rewriting the ritual. He was at the time and for many years had been librarian of the Kansas State Library located in Topeka. His scholarly attainments were marked and generally recognized. He was a writer of ability and especially gifted in giving expression to beautiful thoughts in poetry. It may be doubted, however, if he ever wrote anything more worthy of him than the Tribute to the Flag.



Alert Patriotism

IN ITS lead editorial the *San Francisco Examiner*, in its edition of September 23rd, paid a high tribute to the Order of Elks as a loyal and alert patriotic organization. Much of it was printed by way of emphasis in black-face type. We regret that space forbids its reproduction in full.

Referring to it as going to "the very heart of America's greatest peril", the editorial prints the following resolution adopted at the recent meeting of the California State Elks Association:

"That this Fraternity raise its voice in protest to the properly constituted authorities in the Government of the United States against allowing aliens in this country to get control of great economic organizations, not for the good of those organizations, but for the purpose of using them to further their insidious purposes of destroying this Government."

Speaking of these subversive organizations, the editorial pointedly states that they:

"Fraudulently espouse apparently commendable causes in order to attract support and membership from careless and thoughtless Americans. Thousands of sincere but deluded men and women, who are not consciously disloyal to the United States, are thus enticed into supporting and financing unpatriotic alien objectives which, if ever attained, would undermine and destroy the vital institutions and distinguishing characteristics of American life."

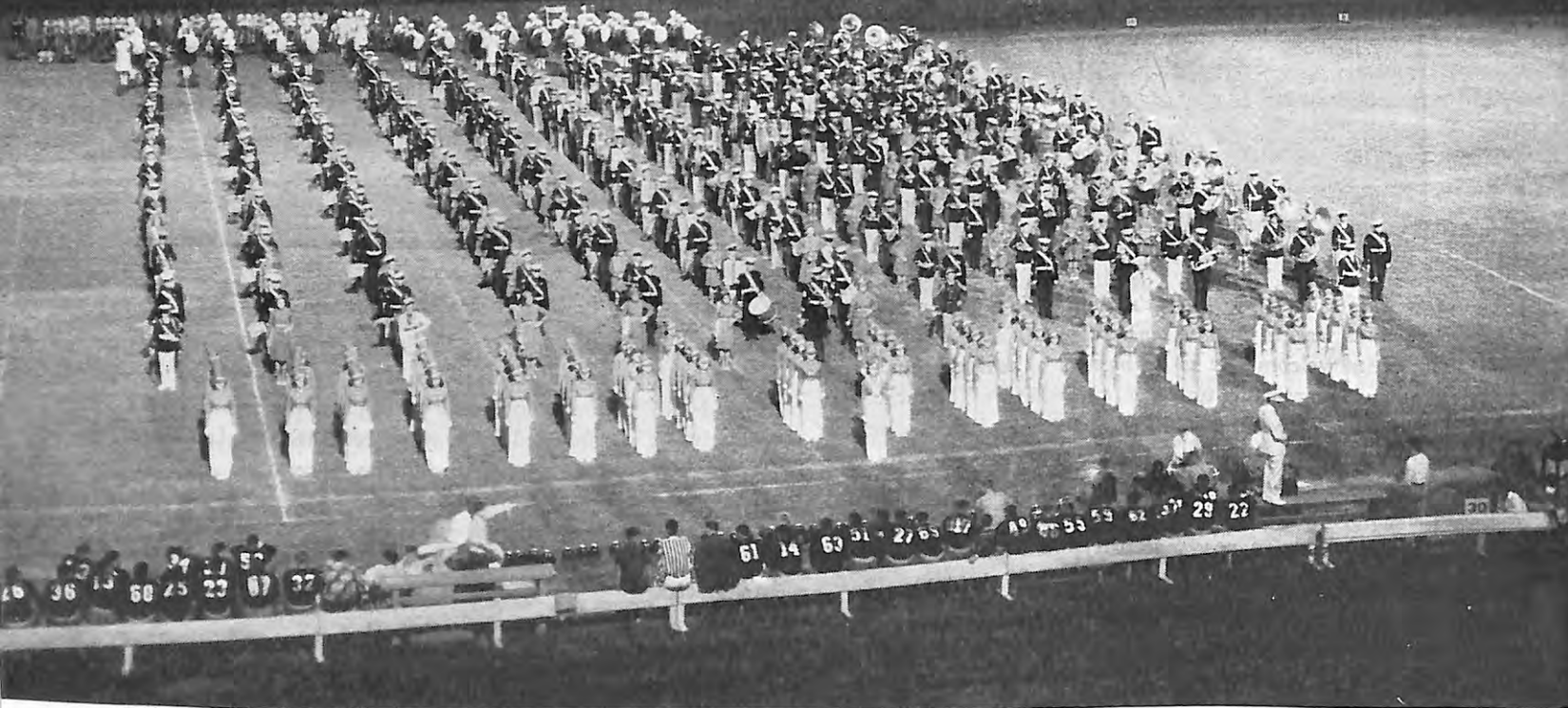
The editorial then continues:

"The Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks typifies loyal and alert Americanism at its best, as witness this patriotic pledge offered to California Elks by Thomas Wood of Santa Monica and adopted by them:

"The California Elks' Association reaffirms its allegiance to the United States of America and condemns the teachers of nazism as well as the teachers of communism."

It brings a sense of pride and satisfaction to every Elk that he is a member of an Order which has established itself as an outstanding patriotic organization throughout the length and breadth of the land. Now as never before we must stand on the watchtowers, ever ready to recognize subversive movements which threaten our liberty and ever alert and vigorous to defend against them.

Under the ANTLERS



Above is a picture of the San Diego Stadium when the football teams of the U. S. Marines and Willamette University of Salem, Ore., met in conflict before a crowd of 6,000 persons. Through its Civic Affairs Committee, San Diego, Calif., Lodge succeeded in getting the city to provide night lighting for the stadium.

Vermont State Elks Association Convenes at Bennington

The 12th Annual Convention of the Vermont State Elks Association, in progress over the weekend at Bennington, ended on October 1 with the installation of new officers as follows: Pres., Harold J. Arthur, Burlington; 1st Vice-Pres., Alfred E. Watson, Hartford; 2nd Vice-Pres., John T. Nelson, Barre; 3rd Vice-Pres., Vernon J. Loveland, Rutland; Tiler, Joseph Rushlow, St. Albans; Secy., Christopher Merrill, Burlington; Treas., Austin Chandler, Bellows Falls; Trustees for three years: Dr. E. W. Robinson, Bellows Falls, H. A. Butler, Burlington, J. A. Abel, Rutland, Roland Cheney, Hartford. Burlington was the place chosen for next year's meeting which will be held on October 12-13.

The delegates were welcomed to

At right is the float entered by Northampton, Mass., Lodge in the Columbus Day Parade celebrating the dedication of the Calvin Coolidge Memorial Bridge. The local lodge of Elks took an important part in this event.

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Bennington by J. Halsey Cushman, Village President, and addressed by Fred C. Martin, Collector of Internal Revenue. An informal dance on Saturday night, at the Elks'

club rooms, attracted a large crowd. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was delivered by D.D. John R. Hurley of St. Albans Lodge. The visiting Elks were escorted to various places of historical interest on Sunday morning, and at 1 p.m. a banquet was served at the Hotel Putnam. Lieutenant Governor William H. Wills was the principal speaker. At 2:30 the



Right, seated center, is E.R. Anthony Belmonte of Albuquerque, New Mexico, Lodge who was the first to affix his signature to a petition requesting a bond election for the establishment of a juvenile detention home.

business meeting was called to order by State Pres. Dr. R. R. Bennett of Bennington Lodge No. 567. The Association voted a grant of \$25 to the Brandon School Band and passed a resolution to continue its sponsorship of the summer camp for crippled children at Goshen. The Convention was attended by many Past Presidents and Past District Deputies and by prominent Elks from Massachusetts and the State of New York.

**SOUND MOTION PICTURE
IN COLOR
OF 75TH GRAND LODGE
CONVENTION**

When the 75th Grand Lodge Convention was held at St. Louis in July, Anheuser-Busch, Inc., made a complete sound motion picture, in full color, of the Elk activities in the Missouri city. Anheuser-Busch has very generously offered to supply prints of the film for showing in Elk lodges to our members. The picture will be available beginning December 25 and it will take about 20 minutes showing time.

No charge whatsoever will be made for the borrowing of this sound film, but because the number of prints are, of course, limited, an early request should be made for the film if you'd like to see it in your lodge. Requests for the film, stating the date on which you'd like to show it in your lodge, should be sent to Jack Boyle at *The Elks Magazine* and he will complete the arrangements for you. Please be sure to specify the date on which you'll exhibit the picture in your lodge.

New Brunswick, N. J., Elks Take Crippled Children to World's Fair

Approximately 100 crippled children, accompanied by doctors and nurses, parents and friends, were guests of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, on September 25 at what the Elks modestly called an "outing". It was an extraordinary occasion, for the day was spent at the New York World's Fair. The group included some crippled youths and older girls. The party was in charge of a committee from New Brunswick Lodge headed by E.R. Robert C. Carlson.

The three buses chartered for the trip by the lodge's Crippled Children's Committee, made the first stop within the Fair grounds at a restaurant for luncheon. At 1 p.m. chartered Fair buses drove up to take the children on a two-hour tour



Above is an emergency car, fully equipped, donated recently to the community by Akron, Ohio, Lodge.

Below is the State Champion Ritualistic Team of Pennsylvania which comes from Homestead, Pa., Lodge.



Above, with prominent Elks, are the winners of a Safety Week Essay Contest sponsored by Conneaut, Ohio, Lodge. The Lodge gave prizes for the best essays on safety.

Right: Dubuque, Ia., Elks present a set of jewelry to the famous golfer, Edith Estabrooks, in honor of her brilliant and decisive victories in the Iowa State and Women's Western Golf Tournaments.

of the grounds, covering the foreign buildings, commercial exhibits and amusement area. A specially prepared meal was served at the restaurant before the return trip was begun.

Grand Trustee Joseph Buch to Be Honored by New Jersey Lodges

This year the Elks of New Jersey will honor Joseph G. Buch, P.E.R. of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the N. J. State Elks Association. Mr. Buch is also Chairman of the Crippled Children's Commission of the State of New Jersey, composed of representatives of the public, the State and various organized bodies, which cooperates with the Elks in their vast crippled children program.

Each lodge in the State will initiate a "Joe Buch Class", all candidates initiated between October of this year and July, 1940, being eligible to join the Order as members of the Class. The opinion is unanimous that Mr. Buch's outstanding service to humanity and his State-wide popularity make him deserving of this signal honor.

Parkersburg, W. Va., Elks Honor Arthur Logan, Scholarship Winner

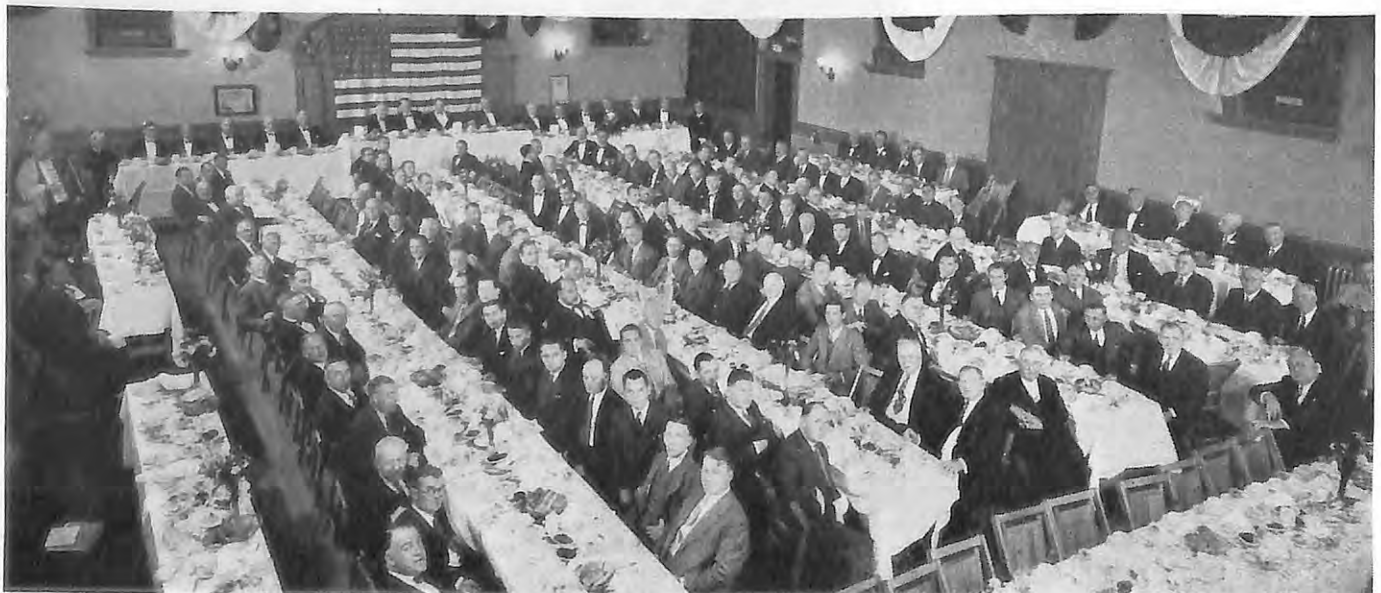
Arthur B. Logan of Parkersburg, West Va., one of this year's winners of an Elks National Foundation scholarship award, was honored on September fifth by Parkersburg Lodge No. 198 and presented with his prize-winning check of \$150. Exalted Ruler Charles C. McConnell presided at the meeting to which the

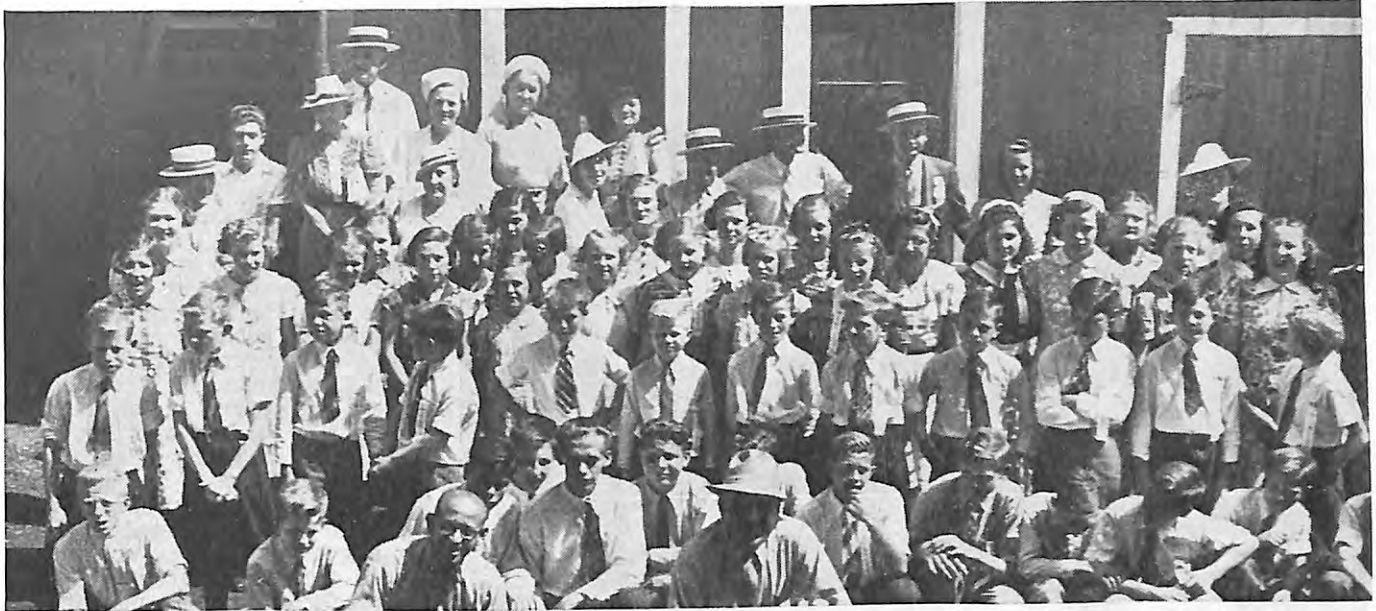


public was invited, and Past District Deputy Leslie N. Hemenway made the presentation. Mr. Hemenway gave a brief history of the Foundation, enumerating many of its accomplishments. In reciting young Mr. Logan's record, he pointed out that the "most valuable student" awards are made not only for scholarship, but for extra-curricular activities, character and resourcefulness. Mr. Logan is a junior at Marietta College in Ohio. He stood highest in his class as a sophomore, winning

Above: Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge honored its retiring Secretary, Loyal T. Bintliff, with a dinner and special meeting recently. Among those attending were the officers, shown above. Mr. Bintliff is shown seated in the first row, center.

Below are those who attended the Fiftieth Anniversary dinner of Orange, N. J., Lodge. Many high officials of the Order were present to mark the notable occasion





Above are some of the children who were entertained by Lima, Ohio, Lodge at the Auglaize County Fair at Wapakoneta. The children were from the Allen County Children's Home.

the \$40 Hyde prize, and in the local schools was twice winner of the Solomon Prager prize and prizes for essays given by the National Society of Colonial Dames and the D. A. R. During his spare time he has worked to help pay his way through high school and college.

Among others who spoke were John A. Davis, Jr., Superintendent of the Wood County Schools, Prof. John Sant who brought greetings from Marietta College, Councilman Andy Swearingen and Edmund Weinheimer, another Parkersburg student who has also been the recipient of an Elks Foundation scholarship award. The ceremonies were attended by numerous representatives of local civic organizations and the city administration in addition to officers and members of Parkersburg Lodge.

D.D. Dr. Thomas Sharpe Visits Orangeburg, S. C., Lodge

About 150 members and visiting Elks were present at a meeting of Orangeburg, S.C., Lodge, No. 897, honoring Dr. Thomas G. Sharpe, District Deputy for the State, on the occasion of his official visit. A duck supper was served after the business session.

Dr. Sharpe was introduced by immediate P.D.D. Julian S. Wolfe, P.E.R. of Orangeburg Lodge. In his address the District Deputy congratulated E.R. R. G. Carson, Secy. T. A. Jeffords and Asst. Secy. Cliff Langford upon the excellent general work that is being carried on in the lodge, and upon the acquisition of the large class of business men initiated that night. E.R. Mortimer M. Weinberg of Sumter, S. C., Lodge, was also a speaker. Dr. Sharpe was accompanied by a delegation from his own lodge, Greenville No. 858. He is the present Exalted Ruler.

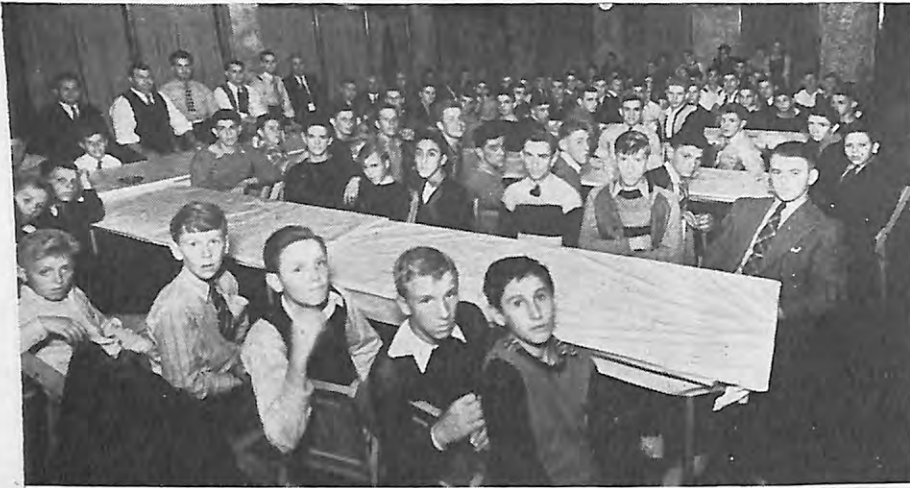
Two Rivers, Wis., Lodge Aids in Local Citizenship Program

This year's citizenship program at Two Rivers, Wis., got off to a fine start on October 9 when 34 foreign-born residents attended the first Americanization Class sponsored jointly by Two Rivers Lodge No. 1380 and the Board of Adult and Vocational Education. In this class it was found that ages ranged from

Below is the float entered by Malone, N. Y., Lodge in the parade of the New York State Elks Assn. Convention held at Saranac Lake, N. Y. Malone Lodge's float won first prize.



Right is the handsome float entered by Butler, Pa., Lodge in the annual Baseball Night Parade.



Left is a photograph of the Hillside Elks Junior Baseball League which was honored at a banquet in celebration of the League's fifth anniversary by the senior body, Hillside, N. J., Lodge.



Above is the float entered by Cody, Wyo., Lodge in the second annual home-coming day parade of the Cody High School.

Below is the baseball team which has been sponsored by Lorain, Ohio, Lodge in the last four years. The team has won four titles.



20 to 72. Although there is great variation among the members of the class, all have a common aim—to become American citizens. Carl Schinke, Chairman of the Americanization Committee of Two Rivers Lodge, Ted Dohr, a member of the Committee, Class Instructor Reuben Witt of Manitowoc, Wis., and Vocational Director A. A. Kruschke addressed the group. After the class period, Mr. Schinke and Mr. Dohr made a report to the lodge, in session that evening, of the successful inauguration of the program. The Elks had been interested in securing a good attendance, but the response exceeded their expectations.

One class for the non-citizens, whereby they can be provided with an educational program which will aid and fit them to become citizens, is offered at the vocational school every Monday evening. Those desiring instruction in reading, writing and elementary English receive special help on Thursdays. Citizenship work for another group—those who are native-born and have reached voting age since May 21 or will reach that age before May 21, 1940—was to be taken up later.

D.D. H. P. Rosenberg Visits Ashtabula, O., Lodge Officially

D.D. Harold P. Rosenberg, of Alliance Lodge, made the first of his series of official visits to the lodges in his district, Ohio, Northeast, on October 5 when he conducted the formal inspection of Ashtabula, O., Lodge, No. 208. The meeting was attended by visiting Elks from Barberton, Alliance and Conneaut, O., and Braddock, Pa. A class of candidates was initiated, and the Grand

Below is a class of candidates initiated into Okmulgee, Okla., Lodge, with officials seated in front of them. At right, seated, is Grand Esquire George M. McLean.





Above are the Pasadena Elks Toppers, winners of the California State Elks Assn. Championship Drill Team Contest which was held at Santa Monica.

Exalted Ruler's message delivered to the lodge by Mr. Rosenberg in an interesting address.

During the meeting three applications were voted upon, seven were reported for vote and seven new applications were presented. The lodge reported a gift of \$200 to the Community Funds, one of \$35 to the Y.M.C.A., and another of \$25 to the Y.W.C.A. The Ashtabula officers entertained the District Deputy at dinner at the Hotel Ashtabula, and luncheon was served at the close of the lodge session.

Lima, O., Lodge Is Host to Children At Auglaize County Fair

Lima, O., Lodge, No. 54, acted as host to more than fifty boys and girls from the Allen County Children's Home during the Auglaize County Fair at Wapakoneta, O. E.R. Harry Kahn of Wapakoneta Lodge No. 1170, Secretary of the Auglaize County Fair Board, declared a "Special Children's Day" in honor of the children, who were brought to the Fair in automobiles driven by members of Lima Lodge and their wives. The motorcade was escorted by State Police and Deputy Sheriffs of both counties.

The children were in charge of William J. Renz, Trustee of Lima Lodge, who saw to it that they did not miss a thing. Particularly did they enjoy the special attraction for the day, dog races with monkey jockeys. A letter to the Elks from the Superintendent of the Home stated that the children were grateful for their wonderful outing and that "they would have something to talk about for some time to come."

Recent Events on Elks Program at East Liverpool, O.

East Liverpool, O., Lodge, No. 258, sponsored a Junior League Baseball Team last summer and at the end of the season, at a banquet held in the lodge home attended by 175 fans, presented the Team with a handsome

Right is the Junior League Baseball Team sponsored by East Liverpool, Ohio, Lodge. The team won a trophy as League runner-up.

silver trophy as league runner-up. The Team won the second half title but was defeated by the American Legion in the play-off.

The Elks duckpin bowling season opened on October 9 at the Elks' alleys with an inter-lodge league of six teams instead of four as of last year. Twenty matches were scheduled. An Elks Inter-Lodge Duckpin League with Braddock, Ellwood City, Etna, Sheraden, Wilkinsburg, McKeesport and Homestead, Pa., and East Liverpool, as member lodges, opened its season on October 29 with 21 matches scheduled. E.R. Thomas F. Maley, of East Liverpool Lodge, is President, and H. F.

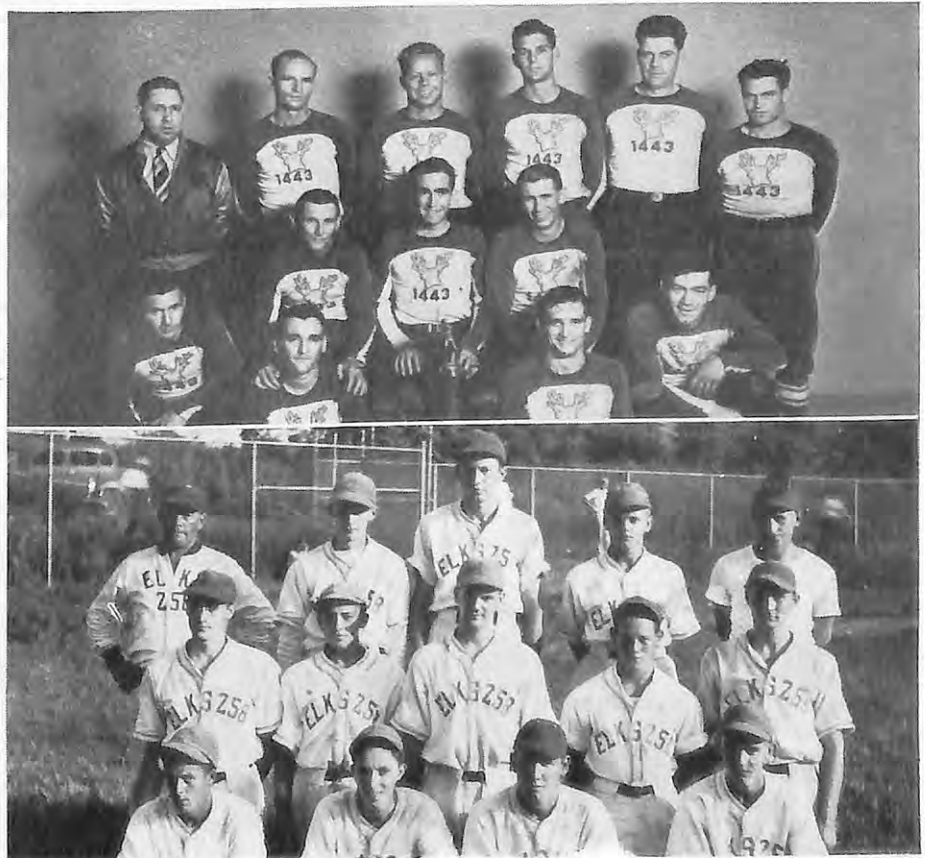
Stocker of Sheraden is Secretary-Treasurer.

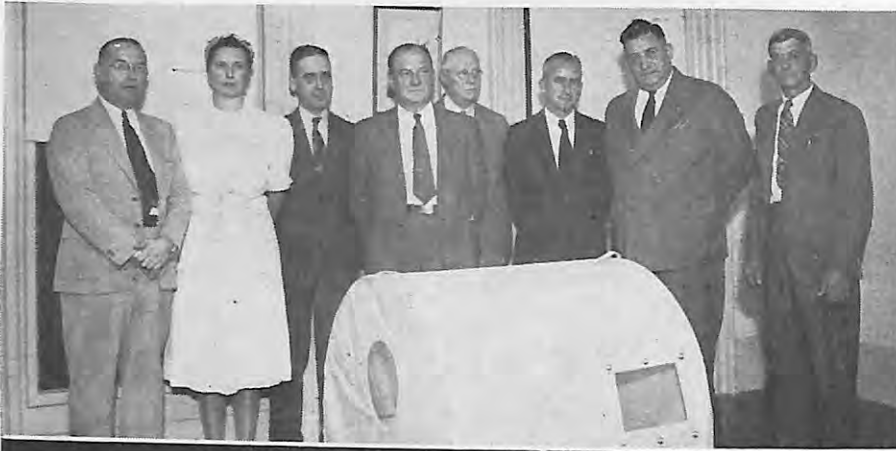
November 2 was the date set for the official visit to East Liverpool Lodge of D.D. Dr. V. E. Berg of New Philadelphia. The District Deputy made his formal inspection, and was entertained by the officers and members.

The Pasadena Toppers Win Cups At Calif. State Elks Convention

In one of the most colorful drill team contests ever held by the California State Elks Association, the celebrated Toppers of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, won with an

Below is the Oxnard, Calif., Lodge Softball Team which won the Elks Softball Championship of the State of California, playing against the team from Alameda Lodge.





Left are Elks of Middleboro, Mass., Lodge with a committee from St. Luke's Hospital, shown with the oxygen tent which was presented to the Hospital by the local Elks.



Above are prominent Elks of Texas who were present at the Texas State Elks Assn. Night held at Fort Worth Lodge. Among those seated are Grand Chaplain J. B. Dobbins, State Pres. A. V. Tate, D.D. B. C. Morgan and E.R. Willis O. Moore

almost perfect score. The contest was held on the famous Riviera Polo Field in Santa Monica during the 1939 State Convention. The Toppers won two cups outright—one for the 1939 drill championship, another as the best marching unit in the huge parade. They also came home with a leg on the permanent drill trophy which must be won three times.

The Toppers are commanded by Captain Al Palomares and are in charge of W. O. Kelley, Manager. They carry a fancy drill team, a complete floor show, and their own orchestra, having some 40 members in the troop when traveling. The organization has covered thousands of miles, representing the Elks and furnishing publicity of the finest type. The Toppers will represent the California State Elks Association at the Grand Lodge Convention in Houston next July. They promise that their show will be outstanding to a greater degree than ever before and they will enter the fancy drill contest superbly uniformed and trained to the hilt.

San Diego, Calif., Elks Aid In Stadium Illumination Project

Through its Civic Affairs Committee, San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No.

168, has brought to completion an important project. Several civic bodies had met with failure in their efforts to interest the City Council in lighting Balboa Stadium so that night events could be held there. The members of the Committee, Chairman William Brunson, E.R. Edgar B. Hervey, Est. Lead. Knight Clifford S. Maher, P.E.R. Morley H. Golden and Louis Weggenman, City Councilman, took up the work, and on the night of September 23, P.E.R. Albert E. Flowers, a member of the City Council, representing Mayor Percy Benbough, turned the switch that put in operation what was pronounced by experts to be one of the finest lighting systems yet devised. The ceremonies conducted by the Elks in charge were colorful and impressive. The Exalted Ruler, Mr. Hervey, acted as Master of Ceremonies.



A football game between the U. S. Marines and the Willamette University of Salem, Ore., was witnessed by a crowd estimated at 6,000. Preceding the game and between the halves, a colorful spectacle was presented in which four bands, the U. S. Marine Band, Bonham Brothers Boys Band in blue uniforms, Merkleys Melody Maids in red uniforms, and the North Park Boys Band, assisted by the Hoover High School and the San Diego High School drill teams, participated. In the involved maneuvers which they executed so superbly, the bands and drill corps were trained by Drum Major Jackson P. Rohoff of the Marine Corps Band.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz Honored at Daytona, Fla.

A celebration in which outstanding members of the Order from all over the State participated, was staged in Daytona, Fla., the weekend of September 16-17 in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, former Governor of Florida. It was the anniversary of his 25th year as a member of Daytona Beach Lodge No. 1141. The program, arranged by E.R. W. Cecil Grant, opened with an executive meeting of the officers of the Florida State Elks Association, followed by a banquet in the home of the lodge. Mr. Sholtz delivered a stirring address against "isms" of all kinds except Americanism. An entertainment program was presented at the Beach Pier Casino.

On Sunday morning a meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Florida lodges was held, with State Pres. Chelsie J. Senerchia, of Miami Lodge, presiding. Among the high ranking Elk officials who attended

Below and on opposite page are pictured those who attended the annual outing which was held by Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge at Timber Lake, Long Island, New York.

the celebration were Past State Pres.'s L. F. Chapman, DeLand, Frank E. Thompson, Lake City, Harold Colee, St. Augustine, Judge Alto Adams, Fort Pierce, and J. Edwin Baker and W. A. Wall, West Palm Beach. A large delegation from Jacksonville Lodge No. 221 was headed by Robert L. Bohon, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, Past State Pres. M. Frank O'Brien and E.R. Thomas E. Mallem. Mr. Sholtz passed through Jacksonville early Saturday morning, was welcomed by a crowd of local Elks, and was their guest at breakfast.

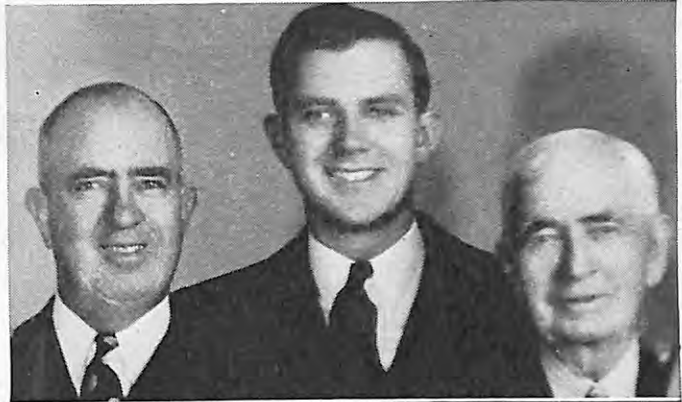
Valparaiso, Ind., Elks Celebrate Opening of Remodeled Home

Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge, No. 500, held a "Grand Opening" of its completely remodeled and newly decorated home on October 5. Nearly 200 Elks attended and were shown through the building which is now one of the most adequate and attractive lodge homes in that section of the country. Elaborate plans for the event had been made by the lodge officers and committees. A buffet luncheon and social session followed the presentation of a fine entertainment program featuring a number of vaudeville acts.

Mayor C. L. Bartholomew welcomed the guests, acting for the city and also for Valparaiso Lodge of which he has been a member for 36 years. Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle, of Gary, Ind., Lodge, was the principal speaker. Mr. Kyle congratulated the lodge upon its rejuvenation and the place it has attained as a center of community activity. Under the leadership of E.R. Fred Skinner, Jr., Secy. E. F. Karow and their associate officers, the lodge has made extraordinary progress. Three charter members, Attorney William Daly, John D. Stoner and J. H. Wilson, were present, and although badly crippled from two automobile accidents within the past 18 months, another member, Charles E. Hyde of Chesterton, joined in the celebration. Visiting Elks attended from Gary, Michigan City, Ligonier, La Porte and East Chicago, Ind., Lodges.

(Continued on page 52)

Right are three generations of Keegans who are members of Globe, Ariz., Lodge. They are: right, J. J. Keegan, the only living charter member; left, his son, W. E. Keegan, Sr., and, center, W. E. Keegan, Jr. J. J. Keegan has been a member for over forty years and is an honorary life member.



Above are a large number of Elks who attended a dinner given for State Pres. Frank T. Lynde of Wisconsin. Antigo, Wis., Lodge Elks were hosts to those honoring Mr. Lynde.

Below is a picture of the Orange Softball Team sponsored by Orange, Calif., Lodge which got to the playoffs of the Southern California Night Ball League.



GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*



Above are a large number of distinguished Elks who were present when Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner placed a wreath on the grave of Grand Chaplain John Dysart on the occasion of Mr. Warner's visit to Dubuque, Ia., Lodge.

THE first of three outstanding conferences held in the East by Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, took place in the home of Utica, N. Y., Lodge, No. 33, on September 30. More than 200 high officials of the Order in the State of New York were in attendance. The Exalted Rulers, Esteemed Leading Knights and Secretaries of all the lodges of N. E., North Cent., South and West Cent., and Western New York participated. The morning was devoted to Grand Lodge conferences, followed in the afternoon by the N. Y. State

Elks Association meeting, and in the evening by a meeting of the Association Trustees.

A call for a patriotic and united America in these times of stress was the keynote of the speeches made at a noon dinner by Mr. Warner, who gave the luncheon, and other leading Elks. The luncheon meeting was opened by Dr. Verner Kennedy, E.R. of Utica Lodge, and the Invocation given by the Rev. Arthur O. Sykes of Lyons, N. Y., Lodge, former Grand Chaplain of the Order. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart

of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler. Among others who attended the dinner and took part in the proceedings were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, Supreme Court Justice; Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, New York Lodge No. 1; Grand Tiler Capt. Stephen McGrath, Oneida, N. Y., Lodge; George I. Hall, Lynbrook, N. Y., a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; State Pres. Francis H. Marx, Oneonta; D.D.'s Golda H. Douglas, Plattsburg, Thomas S. Leahy, Ilion, L. M. Austin, Cortland, Walter B. Coston, Salamanca, and John A. Buell, Fulton, and Past State Pres.'s J. Victor Schad, Binghamton, John T. Gorman, Owego, William E. Fitzsimmons, Albany, Dr. Leo W. Roohan, Saratoga Springs, James H. Mackin, Oswego, Supreme Court Justice Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., Queens Borough, George J. Winslow, Utica, and George W. Denton, Gloversville. The home of Utica Lodge had recently been newly decorated and renovated, and praise was heard on all sides for its appearance.

On Sunday, October 1, the same

Left: Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner with the Keller family, all members of Aberdeen, S.D., Lodge. Behind Mr. Warner can be seen, among others, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Trustee J. Ford Zietlow and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland.





Left: On his visit to Elgin, Ill., Lodge, Mr. Warner congratulates E.R. Walter E. Miller on the occasion of the initiation of 55 candidates. State Pres. Joseph M. Cooke and Judge Frank W. Shepherd, P.E.R., for whom the class was named, are also shown.



Above: The Grand Exalted Ruler with prominent Illinois Elks is photographed when he visited Jerseyville, Ill., Lodge.

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler pictured with a distinguished group of Illinois Elks when he visited LaSalle-Peru, Ill., Lodge.

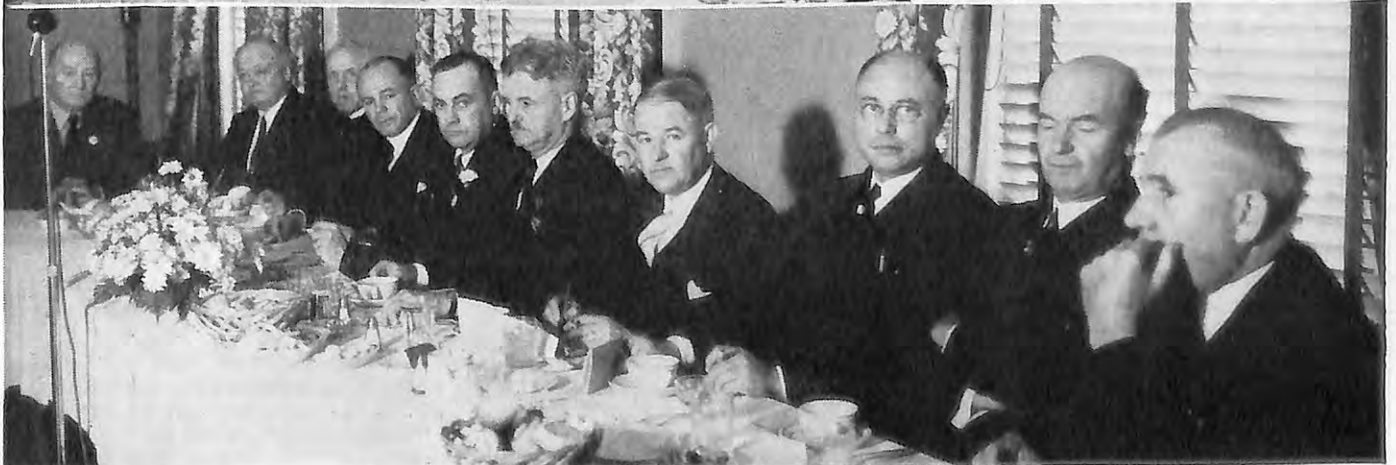


procedure was followed with a luncheon given by the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Hotel Biltmore in New York City and attended by representatives from many lodges, including those of East Central, Eastern and Southeastern New York. At this conference Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Judge Hallinan, and Major Charles Spencer Hart were present together with Joseph G. Buch of Trenton, N. J., Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Ray C. Delaney of Ossining, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; Grand Trustee Phillips and Mr. Hall; D.D.'s Thomas F. Dougherty, Freeport, Arthur H. Kimble, Middletown, and Ralph E. Becker, Port Chester, Mr. Marx, and many other leading Elks.

Among those present at the Grand Exalted Ruler's conference at Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, on Monday evening were Judge Hallinan and Mr. Buch; Charles Wibiralski, of Perth Amboy, N. J., a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; Henry A. Guenther, Newark, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; D.D.'s Russell L. Binder of Hackensack, Murray B. Sheldon of Elizabeth, Andrew F. Polite of Madison, and Robert W. Kidd of Penns Grove, and Past State Pres.'s George L. Hirtzel, Elizabeth, Fletcher L. Fritts, Dover, Nicholas Albano, Newark, William H. Kelly, East Orange, Richard P. Hughes, Burlington, John H. Cose, Plainfield, Edgar T. Reed, Perth Amboy, William Conk-

(Continued on page 51)

Below: At the speakers' table are some of the Elks officials present when Mr. Warner visited Utica, N. Y., Lodge. Included were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan and Charles Spencer Hart; Dr. Arthur O. Sykes, former Grand Chaplain; Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, and Grand Tiler Stephen A. McGrath.



Elks National Traffic Safety Campaign Holds Exhibit

At Automobile Show

The 40th Annual Automobile Show was held in New York City during October. Most outstanding among the exhibits this year, other than the cars themselves, was a display of many forms of educational work that has been done in traffic safety. It was an exhibit which represented the combined efforts of the automobile industry, in cooperation with State Governments, Chiefs of Police, Highway Commissioners and leading Safety Experts, to *do something* towards saving the life of the save-a-second motorist and the save-a-second pedestrian. New York's Lt. Governor Charles Poletti, a member of New York Lodge No. 1, opened the exhibit, dedicating it to the greater interest of motorists in safe driving.

Elkdom is proud of the part it has played in traffic safety education, ever since our nation-wide campaign got under way. Pictured at right is the exhibit of the Order, which helped to spotlight attention on some of the traffic safety work accomplished by our group of a half-million men. The exhibit explained how the Elks' Traffic Safety Program plan was born in October, 1937, when Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart appealed to every lodge in the United States to get behind the Elks' Traffic Safety Program.

The exhibit displayed letters from President Franklin D. Roosevelt, New York's Governor Herbert Lehman and New York City's Mayor F. H. LaGuardia—all members of the Order. Thousands of other letters had been received from Exalted

Rulers, State Safety Commissioners and high government officials, but these could not be shown at the exhibit, due to lack of space. We also showed pictures of some of the traffic safety cars and ambulances which have been purchased by many of our lodges, and which, when completely equipped, have been donated to the communities in which the lodges are located. We estimate that between twelve and fifteen thou-

sand people stopped to look at our exhibit.

In connection with this continuing safety work, it is interesting to point out to all of our readers that there are at this time 17 lodges which will, within the next few months, purchase automobiles and, after equipping them as safety cars, will present them to their communities. This traffic safety work is one in which the entire nation is interested.



Exhibit of the Order of Elks which was displayed at the Annual Automobile Show in New York.

Blockade

(Continued from page 7)

oilskin jacket and sou'wester.

"Nope," said Jeremy. "Warm in here. Cold on deck. Me, I'll stay warm. Won't do you no good, anyhow. Cap'n's still boss of his ship, spite a hell, high water an' committees."

"Maybe so," said Slater. "Still, it'd be better if you come along. You're th' only old-timer we got, Jeremy."

Jeremy looked down at Slater. He took the curved stem of his pipe from between his worn teeth. He looked at young Teddy Hendel and then at Rodorf. He sniffed. He sniffed again when he saw Bat Solo walking toward the door. He sniffed a third time at McGuire.

"Committees an' such," he said, and there was scorn in his words. "Never did see one a these here committees at work. Guess maybe

I'd better go along. Jus' go along t'seed what happens."

He lifted his thin legs over the side of the bunk, felt carefully for the rail of the bunk beneath, and climbed down to the deck. He dressed, pulling his belt tight and lacing his shoes carefully. The others waited. When Jeremy had put on his oilskins, Rodorf opened the door. Wind came toward them. It swirled over the bow and brought spray with it. Old Jeremy looked at the night sky. Small rain clouds made patterns against the spread of stars. A big one hit and the decks went awash. The bow of the freighter lifted slowly. It hung for a moment before it buried in another hill of dark water. Old Jeremy rolled with the ship. His steps were sure. Firmer and yet more yielding than those of the others. He was

first to reach the iron ladder that led to the bridge but he stepped aside to let Rodorf climb.

Captain McLean was waiting. A tall man, gray and stooped. He stood near the dodger in the port wing of the bridge and watched the committee coming toward him. Thorn-ton, the second mate, stepped forward. McLean waved him away. He looked at Rodorf.

"Yes?" he said. "What now?"

"About this war," said Rodorf.

"We hear there's a war."

"Who says so?"

Rodorf pointed toward McGuire. "He heard it."

"And?"

"Well, we didn't sign on for no war. We figger you got t'turn back."

Old Jeremy was standing very straight. His hands were at his sides and his eyes were turned

toward heaven. The North Star was over his left shoulder and he looked at it. Almost it was as though the old seaman wanted something familiar to which he might cling. Sacrilege was aboard this night. The sound of it was harsh in his ears. "So you figure I have to turn back, do you?" said Captain McLean slowly.

"Yes, we figger that," said Rodorf. "Why?"

"On account we didn't sign on for no war. We're neutral. We ain't takin' no sides an' we don't want t'get mixed in no war."

"Neutral, eh?" said McLean. "That's the only reason you want me to turn back?"

"That's the only reason."

"Would it make any difference if I doubled your wages?"

"Huh?"

"You heard me, Rodorf! Would that make any difference to your neutrality?"

Rodorf rubbed a hand along his jaw. He looked at Slater. Slater grinned. Rodorf said, "How's about it, Slater?"

"What do I care?" said Slater. "I'm jus' listenin'."

"How about you, McGuire?"

"For double?" said McGuire.

"That ain't bad, Rodorf."

"That all right with you, Jeremy?"

Jeremy's eyes were on the North Star. He kept them there. His mouth was closed. He kept it closed.

"Speak up, Jeremy!" said Captain McLean. "Would double wages change your mind, you old walrus!"

"I do what I'm told, Cap'n," said Jeremy. "I'm a seaman."

"You might have been a seaman once, Jeremy," said McLean. "Now you're a sea lawyer. A mumbling old woman like the rest of them!"

"WE don't have to take no abuse, Cap'n," said Rodorf quickly. He leaned forward and squinted out from beneath the brim of his sou'wester. "You ain't got no right t'abuse us, an' we don't have t'take it!"

The captain's hands were tight about the rail. He eased his body to the lift of his ship. He breathed deeply through his nose and stared back at Rodorf.

"You want double wages?" he said.

"We'll put it up to th' crew."

"Do that," said Captain McLean. "And get off my bridge!"

Old Jeremy had closed his eyes. He opened them now and looked again at the North Star. A cloud was racing toward it, but the North Star was still in its place. Jeremy wondered about that. He turned and followed the men to the ladder. He grasped the iron rails with both hands as though to brace himself for a kick. It didn't come. Old Jeremy would have felt better if it had. He walked forward. . . .

There was a meeting at the change of the watch. Another meeting in the morning. A committee informed

the captain that double wages were not enough. They suggested triple wages. Captain McLean suggested they all go to hell. The committee threatened to report him for abusive language. The captain said he was sorry his language was abusive. He hadn't meant it to be abusive. He would pay triple wages and the ship would continue. The committee agreed.

And that night the ship ran without lights.

Old Jeremy stood the morning watch in the eyes with Slater. They watched the gray dawn creep out of the east and spread across the water. Gray water. The world was gray. Wind was promising but it hadn't come. The ocean was flat.

"We was lucky," said Slater. He jerked a thumb toward the freighter's stack. The crew was at work, painting out the flaring red band. Painting it gray. Painting the bridge gray, and the lifeboats.

"Yop," said old Jeremy. "We was lucky."

"I don't like paintin'," said Slater.

HE turned the collar of a worn blue coat higher about his neck. Summer was gone. There was a nip in the air. Jeremy looked off to the south. He looked to the east, then back to the south again. He shifted his chew of tobacco and pursed his thin lips. He started to whistle. Not loud. The notes split and wavered off key. The tune was old: *It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go. . . .*

Slater grinned. "Feelin' good?" Jeremy broke the tune. He looked to the south again. "Nope," he said. "Jus' whistlin' up a wind. You know how to whistle good, Slater?"

"What you want wind for?"

"Waves. Waves an' rain."

"I don't want no rain."

Jeremy looked to the south. "Rain'd be good," he said. "Y'can hide in rain. Hide good. Subs can't see much in rain. Not if it's heavy rain." He half turned to glance at the bridge. Captain McLean was looking south. Using a glass. Jeremy leaned over the rail to watch a porpoise at play. "Yeah, y'can hide good in rain."

"A-scared a them subs?"

"Yop."

Slater laughed. "They ain't goin' to bother us none."

"Maybe."

Slater liked the old fellow. Wanted to cheer him up. "Ferget about them subs, Jeremy. Gettin' triple wages, ain't ya?"

"Yop."

"Easy way t'make money, ain't it?"

"Maybe," said Jeremy. He watched the porpoise slide through a wave top.

"You really a-scared?" said Slater doubtfully.

"I tole you I was, onct."

"Then why don't y'keep a better lookout?"

"What for?" asked Jeremy. He turned to look at the curving wake that spread like a white crescent over the gray water. The freighter was swinging north. Jeremy nodded and leaned over the rail again to watch the porpoise racing the bow. "Suppose we sighted a sub, eh? Then what?"

Slater's grin was wry. "Yeah, then what?"

"We got no gun," said Jeremy. He leaned well over the rail and looked aft. "Not that it'd do much good, but we got no gun."

Slater looked aft. "What you lookin' at?"

"Nothin'. Jus' lookin'."

"Changed course, didn't we?"

"A-huh."

"Why?" said Slater. "Why're we runnin' north?"

"Zig-zaggin', I guess," said Jeremy. He looked down at the flat gray water. Spat on it. "Always zig-zag on account it fools them subs. Used t'zig-zag a lot in the old war. Zig-zagged over most a this here ocean, I guess."

"Zig-zaggin'," said Slater. "That's crazy."

An hour passed. And another. Rodorf and Teddy Hendel came forward to relieve them. Slater stayed to talk. Old Jeremy walked aft. He folded his thin arms on the curving taffrail and looked down into the bubbling wake. Soon he heard leather heels on the steel deck. A pair of blue coated arms were folded on the rail beside his.

"Did you see it, Jeremy?" asked Captain McLean.

"Yes'r," said Jeremy. "I seen it."

"Think you're going to spend that triple pay?"

"That wasn't none a my doin', Cap'n."

"I know it."

Jeremy watched a smother of white water roll over upon itself. He shifted his chew and looked at the back of his right hand. There was a white scar that ran the width of it. A rope burn. Made when Jeremy had helped to launch one of the old *California's* lifeboats.

"I figgered you seen it," said Jeremy. "That's why I didn't report, s'r. I seen you change course."

"I know," said the captain.

"No use to scare 'em," said Jeremy quietly.

"No use," said Captain McLean.

THE blue coated arms were gone. Jeremy heard leather heels on the steel deck. Going away. He looked toward the far horizon, pursed his thin lips, and told the gray water in a quavering whistle that it was a long, long, way to Tipperary. . . .

The day was long. The night was longer. Talk and more talk, until Jeremy tore a page from Slater's magazine, rolled it into wads and stuffed his ears. He slept in his clothes with a lifejacket for a pillow, and his shoes swung by their laces that were knotted to the bunk rail. He'd been to the galley for a chat

with the cook. A small canvas bag was tied next to his shoes. Jeremy was tired. He slept with his mouth open and he snored. But he came awake all over when he was called for the morning watch.

"Still waitin' for rain?" asked Slater.

"A-huh," said Jeremy.

He looked into the gray dawn. He shook his head and pursed his lips. They were dry. He lifted the bottom of his lifejacket, dipped into a pocket of the old blue coat and took out a plug of tobacco. He offered it to Slater.

"I'm chewin'," said Slater. He pointed to the canvas bag old Jeremy had tied to his waist. "What's that?"

"Stuff," said Jeremy. "Jus' stuff."

He watched the narrow rim of dawn grow into the sky. Watched the gray water. Then he turned to look into the night from which they were running. He stiffened. Bent forward as though to push the sight of his old blue eyes through the darkness.

"Submarine, broad off th' port quarter!" he yelled.

The flash and the shock and the noise of the bursting shell came as one. The freighter staggered, rolled hard over and slowly righted. The air held a reek of burnt powder.

"Th' bridge!" yelled Jeremy. He pointed to the twisted wreckage. "They got th' bridge!"

Flame and sound came again to smother his words. Strange sound. Unlike any of the sounds of peace. It was the sounding of tearing steel, mingled with the thunder of an exploding shell. The gray ocean echoed it, rolled it over and sent it back to mingle with the cries of frightened men.

Slater started to run aft. He stopped. He turned and started to run forward. He stopped again.

There was nowhere to run. No-where to go. He looked at Jeremy. The old seaman was staring at the wreckage amidships. Perhaps he heard the cries of wounded men. Perhaps he heard Slim McGuire calling on his God for mercy. Perhaps he saw old Cap'n McLean, a bleeding, tattered remnant of a man as he climbed down to the forward deck. He didn't seem to.

"Th' wireless," he said slowly. "They got th' wireless. Clever guys, that's what they is. They got th' wireless."

"What d've do?" yelled Slater. "Now what, Jeremy?"

Others had come to join them. Teddy Hendel was there. So was Rodorf. His big hands were tight about the port rail and he looked across the water toward the submarine. Bat Solo was running aft along the slanting deck. He stopped. He looked about as though he were lost.

"We gotta get outta here!" he cried. "Th' lifeboats—launch th' lifeboats!"

"Yeah!" cried Rodorf. "Th' lifeboats!"

The word was called again and again. Bat Solo started toward the boat deck. He saw Captain McLean coming toward him. The captain lifted an arm.

"Keep away from the boats!" he yelled. "Not the boats!"

"Get outta th' way!" warned Solo. "Get outta th' way!"

Slater started toward the boat deck. Old Jeremy caught his arm. Pulled hard. "No," he said. "Not th' boats. Th' Cap'n's right. Not th' boats!"

Slater pulled away. Teddy Hendel followed. Captain McLean ran toward them.

"Go for'ard!" he called. "For'ard, you fools!"

Rodorf carried a knife in his hand. His mouth was open and his eyes were wide. "Git outta th' way!" he yelled. "You done this! You done it!"

He ran toward the twisted wreckage amidships. Captain McLean laughed. A short laugh. He lifted his left arm with his right and put the mangled hand into the opening between the second and third buttons of his uniform coat. The freighter was listing hard over. She lurched as a third shell holed her waterline.

"Hurt bad, Cap'n?" asked Jeremy.

"A little," said McLean. He looked at the old fellow and tried for a grin. "Aren't you joining that committee, Jeremy?"

"I don't join no committees, Cap'n. Me—I'm a seaman."

"I guess you are, Jeremy," said McLean. He nodded toward the bridge. "You know what that means?"

"Yes'r," said Jeremy. "They figger to sink us without trace."

"That's it."

"Clever, ain't they, Cap'n?"

McLean shrugged one shoulder. "Always have been," he said. "Clever enough to establish a silent blockade. They don't want any incidents like the *California*, Jeremy. Not this time."

Jeremy motioned toward the men who were climbing over the wreckage amidships; climbing over twisted steel to reach the boat deck. "Tough on 'em, Cap'n. Mighty tough."

"It's bad."

"You didn't get off no message?"

"Not this morning. I reported the sub we sighted yesterday, but they caught us cold this morning, Jeremy."

"Yes'r. Caught us cold, they did."

McLean looked toward the men on the boat deck. He shook his head. "Not a chance, but perhaps it's better that they don't know it." He turned to smile at Jeremy. "Got any ideas, old-timer?"

"One," said Jeremy. "I got one idea, Cap'n. I been lookin at th' onion locker. Might be that some of us c'd get clear."

"Then what?"

Jeremy grinned. "Then anything, Cap'n. Most anything."

"Might as well try it," said McLean. He put out his good hand. "Here's luck. You'll need it."

Jeremy shifted his chew. He braced his knees against a hatch coaming. The freighter had lost

headway and her stern was low. Jeremy looked aft. "I was sort a figgerin' you'd come along. Jus' t'help out, Cap'n. You'd be lots a help."

McLean's smile was slow. "You're a faker, Jeremy."

"It ain't as though you could do anything here, s'r."

"I'll stay."

"I was afraid you would," said Jeremy. He shook the captain's hand. Held it firmly for a moment and then let it go. "Guess I better be startin', Cap'n."

"Guess you'd better."

Old Jeremy started aft. He made his way



through the smoking steel that had once been the bridge. The freighter was listing heavily now, dipping her port rail into the salt sea. Her bow was high but already the water had crept over the after rails. Jeremy saw Rodorf and Slater working at one of the port boats. They had it clear of the side but the falls were fouled. Another boat had been launched and nine men were in it, four at the oars, pulling away from the freighter.

Jeremy reached the Number Four hatch. To his left was a passageway that led to the galley. The onion locker was lashed to the deck and bulkhead close to this passage. It was a slatted crate, tall as Jeremy's shoulder and still damp with its coat of gray paint. It was clear of the wreckage and hadn't been damaged. Jeremy slipped his knife from its canvas case and slit the lashings. He opened the lid. The locker was half filled with onions. It was heavy.

Jeremy found a split rail and used it as a pry. He tilted the locker, heaved again and tipped it over. Onions rolled across the slanting steel deck. Dozens of onions. Hundreds of onions. Jeremy upended the locker and worked it toward the starboard rail.

Someone called his name. He looked toward the lifeboat. It was swinging clear and Slater was beckoning to him.

"Hey, Jeremy!" called Slater again. "Come along, old-timer!"

Jeremy let the onion locker settle onto the deck. He ran, slipping and slid-across the hatch. He waved his arms.

"Don't go in that boat, Slater!" he called. "Don't none a you go in that boat. Come with me!"

Slater shook his head. "Better hurry, Jeremy!"

Teddy Hendel waved an arm. "Come on, Jeremy! Hurry!"

Rodorf was slacking the forward fall. "Let the old fool stay!" he yelled. "Lower away, aft! Lower away, I tell ya!"

Jeremy reached the rail. He stood waist deep in water and beckoned to the men in the boat. He pointed to a dark shape that looked like a whale awash a few hundred yards distant. There were men at the forward gun. Men who waited for orders. There were blue coated men on the small bridge. They watched the freighter through glasses.

"Don't go in that boat," said Jeremy. "They'll sink ya, that's what!"

"Why?" said Slater. "Why'd they want a sink us now? We're neutral,

ain't we, Jeremy? We ain't at war."

Jeremy pointed to the bridge. "Neutral—yeah, we be neutral. You come with me, like I say. Don't go in that boat!"

Rodorf cursed at Teddy Hendel. "Lower away, aft!" he yelled. "You want a spill us over th' side? Lower away! Don't listen t'him! Lower away!"



"Meet a couple of old friends of mine."

"Last chance, Jeremy," said Slater. "Better come along."

"Don't go," said the old seaman. His voice was almost a sob. "Do like I tell ya—don't go!"

"Lower away, kid," said Slater. Teddy Hendel slacked the fall and the boat dropped into the sea. Slater waved. "S'long, Jeremy!"

"S'long," said Jeremy. "S'long, fellers."

He watched the boat pull clear, then he turned and hurried toward the onion locker. Captain McLean was there. So was Thornton, the second mate. The first and third mates were still in the wreckage of the bridge.

"Comin' along, Cap'n?" said Jeremy hopefully. "Or maybe you, sir?" He looked at the second mate.

"We're staying, Jeremy," said Thornton. He was a young man, and he smiled. "Glad to help you get this over the side, though."

He put his shoulder to the locker and heaved. Captain McLean helped.

The crate teetered for a moment on the rail and splashed into the flat sea. Three men looked at it.

"Goodbye, Jeremy," said Thornton. "Good voyage, old-timer."

"Thank ye, sir," said Jeremy. He looked at the captain. "Sure y'don't want a come along, sir?"

"Not this trip," said McLean. He pointed toward a life raft nearby.

The lashings were cut and two water casks were made fast to it. "I see you've been busy. We'll get it over if we can. Better hurry now, Jeremy."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Jeremy. He stood very straight and saluted the captain. The salute was answered. He turned and saluted the second mate. This, too, was answered. "Good luck, sirs," said Jeremy.

The freighter was listing hard over. Dangerously hard over. Jeremy swung his thin legs past the rail and slid along the slanting plates toward the water. Not fast. The list made the slope a gentle one. Soon he was in the water. His lifejacket held him high. He waved and paddled toward the onion locker.

The water was cold but not as bad as Jeremy had expected. A man could last quite a few hours in it. Not all day, but quite a few hours. Jeremy looked to the east. There might be a little wind. Enough to break the clouds, at least. That would be good. Jeremy figured he could use some sun.

He put one hand on the corner of the onion locker, hooking his gnarled

fingers about a slat. The locker bobbed and swung toward him. It was floating bottom down and Jeremy pulled it over on its side. He opened the canvas covered lid and tried to work one leg inside. The crate turned over and pushed him under the surface. He tried again. And again. At length he got one leg and one arm into the locker. He eased his body over the side, careful to keep his weight in the center.

Soon it was done. Jeremy was in the onion locker and the cover was closed. His weight submerged all but a scant two feet. That was fine. Mighty fine. Old Jeremy sat in his wet cell and looked out between the slats. The freighter was stern down. Her bow was lifting as he looked. Cap'n McLean had gone forward. So had Thornton. Jeremy figured the cap'n would have liked to stand on the bridge when his ship took the big dive. He couldn't though. There wasn't any bridge.

She listed hard. A boiler went and

steam spouted through the wreckage amidships. Then her bow lifted high and she slid stern first beneath the gray water. She sighed as she died.

"G'bye, ol' girl," said Jeremy. His chew tasted bad. Salt water doesn't mix with tobacco. He spat it out. The submarine was moving now. Moving toward the first of the lifeboats. Jeremy heard voices. He couldn't hear what the voices were saying. He was watching some men on the submarine. They were setting up a machine gun. Jeremy turned his head carefully and looked between the slats at the other lifeboat. Teddy Hendel was in that. Teddy was just a kid. Slater was in it, too. Not a bad guy, Slater.

PIECES of driftwood had come to the surface. Jeremy looked at each one carefully. Then he saw the raft. Saw the two water casks lashed to it. It was floating near a scatter of broken gear. Then Jeremy heard the first burst of shots. He heard men screaming. He tried not to look, but he had to look. It was terrible.

He was glad it didn't last long. Only a minute or so. The submarine swung wide and cruised toward the second boat. The one with Teddy Hendel in it. Jeremy just couldn't look now. He closed his eyes when

the sharp, flat bursts came bucketing over the water. He kept them closed long after the screams stopped. Then he watched the submarine slipping quietly about amidst the wreckage. It was bow on toward the onion locker and coming closer.

"Jeepers," said the old seaman. "Maybe they saw me."

He tried to make himself small. The dark bow of the submarine swerved. Jeremy watched the crew passing the machine gun below. He saw the officers on the small bridge looking through their glasses. One was looking at the crate. Right at it. Jeremy tried not to breathe. He heard a command. Then another. The officers left the bridge and went below. Soon Jeremy was alone. An ocean stretched out to a circular horizon, and old Jeremy was alone in the middle of it.

"Swine," he said. "Lousy swine, that's what."

He pushed up the lid of the onion locker. He tried to stand and the locker turned. It spilled him into the water. Jeremy paddled toward the life raft. It was slow work and his legs hurt. He paused for breath. Then he paddled again. Soon he reached the raft and swung one leg aboard. That was as far as he could get. He rested and tried again. This time he made it. He rolled over

and drew a deep breath.

A high wind was breaking the clouds. Jeremy waited until the sun showed. Just resting. Soon he got to his knees. A broken oar drifted alongside. Jeremy reached for it. Pulled it aboard. He opened the canvas bag that was tied to his waist. Two cans of beans, four tins of beef, canned biscuit, and canned chocolate bars. They were all wrapped in a flag that carried white stars on a blue field. Beneath and beside the blue field were alternate red and white stripes.

JEREMY tied the flag to the broken oar. He set the oar upright at one corner of the raft and lashed it in place with the cord of the bag. He shook both of the water casks. Nodded, and took the knife from its canvas case. He opened a can of beans.

A thin streamer of smoke showed to the west. Jeremy looked at it. He sat down, crossed his legs and dipped two fingers into the beans. The smoke grew a funnel beneath it and soon Jeremy could see the hull of a freighter. He nodded.

"Run their damn blockade, that's what I did," he said. "Yesiree! I run their damn blockade."

He dipped his fingers into the can and tried some more beans.



The King Sleeps

(Continued from page 17)

ripe. Crawfish were in the shallows and an occasional stranded salmon.

The King passed tranquil days here, at ease except for the mounting weariness caused by being ever on the alert. Vigilance must be eternal now, day and night; his enemy would be systematically patrolling the domain, crossing and re-crossing the river, working ever downstream. Sooner or later the hide-out would be discovered, and against that certainty the King had his strategy ready. He lay on the high ledges by night, his sensitive nostrils trained upon the whispering shadows below. By day he never wandered far from the gap between the boulders.

THE attack came, fortunately, at sun-up. As he watched from his ledge above the ravine the King saw the young grizzly shamble into view. He was coming down-river, just beyond the boulder-strewn gap, sniffing for sign, his head lowered and weaving. The young monarch was a magnificent specimen now, in the full prime of his strength and pride. His disreputable winter pelt was gone; his summer fur glistened and rippled

in the sunlight. His torso bulged, not with fat but fighting, meat-born thew and sinew. He was looking for battle, thirsting and hungering fiercely for it, the King knew; for the love moon, the mating moon, was not far away.

Opposite the gap, while the King descended softly from his place, the young monarch's head swung round. He had caught the scent of the lair and he turned instantly in that direction. His walk became a shuffling trot, then a headlong run. The King was charging, too, though the boulders momentarily hid his enemy from him. He was ready for it, having drunk at the creek an hour before. There was no meat in him, true, but he had likewise expended no energy in the effort and excitement of the hunt. These details might easily be essential in an all-day battle.

They met in the gap, precisely as the King had planned. Taken by surprise in that first headlong, breast to breast charge, the young grizzly was thrown back. He rebounded on the instant, unhurt, raging, but more cautious.

There were the usual prelimi-

naries, awesome but meaningless. Each reared like a giant boxer, head outthrust and just beyond striking distance, huge forearms swinging. They feinted and weaved. Alternately, with right and left, one struck and missed while the other roared his defiance and disdain. A hundred times in his seventeen years of supremacy, the King had strutted through this ritual, enjoying each swaggering gesture to the hilt. Now, his old blood sluggish and his heart filled with a species of sadness rather than rage, it was merely wearying.

It was soon over, the battle joined. The young grizzly leaped in close, striving with bared fangs and sweeping forepaw for a simultaneous throat-hold and body-hold. But the King knew all the tricks of close fighting and with double blows to chest and shoulder hurled his opponent back. Again the young monarch leaped and again was repulsed. He came in crouching, low to the ground, in such position that no single blow could swerve him. The King met him low. They reared together, grappling; but when the young grizzly attempted to lower his crushing embrace from unyielding

chest wall to the more susceptible lower ribs, the King was first and the young monarch was forced to tear himself free with a mighty backward wrench.

From a safe distance he reconnoitered the King's position, his small eyes glittering and his jaws foam-flecked. He tried to lure his opponent out with a dozen wiles, but the King remained planted in the cleft. He tried to scale the adjacent boulders, but the King's instant lunge at his unprotected rear quarters forced him to fall back. He rolled on his back, close at hand, forepaws in air, inviting a throat-hold. His mountainous contortions might have been ludicrous except for the deadly purpose behind them; always, like a vast and watchful reptile, he inched imperceptibly closer. The aged warrior, having explored all such devices a dozen seasons before, brought him to his feet, squealing with rage, with a lightning-like, raking blow across his exposed belly.

One more grappling test, brief but colossal, produced the stalemate for which the King had planned. Though he was already done for, his meatless resources spent by the furious effort, he maintained his formidable front. The young bear was unaware of it; to the outward eye the aged battler was as immovable as the rocky walls that flanked him. Each lowered to the ground, the King thankfully; his opponent furious and watchful.

Nose to nose they lay, hackles reared and forepaws tensed for instant thrust and parry. At intervals they rose up, matching movement for movement, weaving, rearing, sinking back slowly to their haunches. Again and again the young grizzly belled his rage and humiliation, but the King remained silent, saving his forces. . . . Thus the long day passed; midday, midafternoon, early evening. Survival on the one hand and pride on the other kept both chained to the spot.

The shadows of sundown were lengthening when the young grizzly's thirst and mounting hunger forced a grudging retreat. It was a face-saving business whose every gesture the King recognized. The young battler

drew away, rumbling his spleen and defiance. From a short distance he whirled suddenly and charged anew, stopping short of actual grappling contact. He retreated again, head on shoulder, inviting pursuit. From a greater distance he shambled back and forth, bellowing insults. But each time he wheeled and swung back he was farther from the gap, closer to the river bank.

There he made his final gesture. He turned and began what appeared to be a headlong charge toward his enemy. He stopped abruptly and roared his defiance with the full force of his great lungs, throwing his head to the left, then to the right, so that the echoes of it rolled and reverberated in the valley. He poised, listening. When no answer came, he wheeled and shambled off upriver, merging like a silent shadow into the deepening dusk.

THE King made sure that it was no ruse. When ears and nose told him that his nemesis was actually gone, he backed out of the gap. He crossed the shadowed slope slowly. He drank at the creek. Then he mounted the heights beyond, lifting his bulk from ledge to ledge, puffing. He achieved the ridge and turned along it, beginning his last retreat.

At dawn he was miles below, this side of the great gap that bounded the domain to the south. He rested there, in a thicket overlooking a man-made clearing that flanked the river bank.

The King knew the man and the man knew him. They were enemies, yet there was no hate between them; their long feud had been more a matching of wits, of strategy against strategy. On that spring day three years before when the man had begun the clearing, the King had watched curiously from a ledge on the high, wooden slope. He had watched the man build his cabin and clear his land. He had seen the woman hang out clothes that had fluttered bravely in the sunlight. He had heard the wailing of their little one, their cub, fat and clumsy as any young grizzly. Just last year, of a summer day, he had seen this young one following the man around in the clearing, imitating his elder's work and play, as all cubs do.

All this had been interesting and understandable to the King. He had not resented the man's coming, nor the cabin and clearing; it had been of benefit, in point of fact. The man was smart; he knew tricks. He had planted vegetables and the King had sampled these by night and found them good. The man had built a smaller cabin and a fence and had put in there certain animals until then unknown to the King. Funny animals that were round and fat, that grunted and squealed. The King had stolen one of these fat ones by night and had found its meat exceedingly good.

Best of all had been the honey bees that the man had put out in boxes along the edge of the clearing.

To the King this had been by far the man's smartest trick; at first it seemed incredible that bees were actually living in these boxes, that they were storing honey there. They were bees, no doubt of that, and the boxes smelled more and more like honey as the summer had worn on. At dawn in late autumn he had stolen down and broken into one of these boxes. He had disembowled it as easily as crushing an egg-shell. He had spread it apart and there, in a golden comb was honey. He had gorged this honey and was in the act of breaking the second box when the man's shot had crashed from the cabin.

Then the King learned that the man was not only smart but able to defend that which was his. He was



"Well, I'm not going to migrate! I like snappy weather."

dangerous in that defense, one to be respected. Frail as he seemed to be, he had the ability to strike from afar off. There had been a flash, a startling roar, and the pain of the man's distant striking had lanced through the top of the King's neck, through the great muscles that joined his shoulder. This had comprised a lesson not to be forgotten; whenever he saw the man again that old wound itched and he kept out of sight. Thereafter it had only been by night that he had stolen the honey and the fat animals that squealed.

He had held no animosity, and the man, in turn, had not trailed him into the forest but had been enraged and violent only when he, the King, was a trespasser. All this was as it should be, since everything that moved had its proper place in stream, forest and sky. Each had his food, his lair and his young and was entitled to defend them. This was the man's place where he had his mate and reared his young. It was his realm; within its bounds even the King had never challenged his right and rule.

And now, knowing the man, aware of how dangerously he could defend his rights against anything that breathed, the King moved in close to the edge of the clearing and there took up his residence. It was the farthest corner of the valley; beyond this point he could not retreat. For a few days, at least, the young grizzly—who was merely suspicious but not understanding of men—would not draw near.

NIGHTS were long and wakeful, since he must keep perpetually on the alert. As surely as that the sun would rise on the morrow was the certainty that the young grizzly was on the prowl again, trailing him down. The new moon, the love moon, was a strengthening crescent in the sky. To the young grizzly each hour that his enemy lived was fuel to mounting fires.

It was by day that the King lived from moment to infinitely pleasant moment. After he had gorged on salmon-berries and drunk deep, he loved merely to lie there, comfortable and warm, and look down on the man's clearing. It was not far away; it was so close, in fact, that even the King's near-sighted eyes could see all that was going on. He came to know when the man's sleep was done; there would be a stirring in the cabin, the chopping of wood, smoke pouring from the chimney. Later the man would go out to the edge of the forest, his axe over his shoulder and the stick that struck from a distance held carelessly in the other hand. Then, from the interior of the cabin from time to time, would come the sound of the woman's voice raised in song.

But most of all, because the way of cubs, man cubs, was a delight to the eye, he loved to watch the little one at play. The King did not show himself, of course. The man would

think that Death, not one who understood, was peering from the thicket. But the day really began for the King when the man cub came out of the cabin and the woman, after glancing about the clearing and toward the forest, went back inside and left him there.

The little one would not join his father, because the man was now laboring deep in the forest, his axe ringing. He played close at hand and when he strayed too far away the woman would come to the door and call him back. She watched her cub, this woman, more closely even than a she-grizzly. At his slightest cry she always came running, if only to look and laugh and turn away; he was ever in her thoughts. . . .

Until the last day, that is, the certain day when she invariably went down the river bank and later came back to hang out clothing on the line. That once she relaxed her vigilance, forgetting the ancient law of the forest: that a cub unwatched is a cub lost.

IT was warm and pleasant beyond words that morning. The man went to the forest, his axe blade flashing in the sun, his striking stick swinging loosely. Later the woman came out and went down to the river bank, clinging to the little one with one hand and balancing a great basket on her shoulder with the other. The King was a little disappointed to realize that this was the day for the clothes on the line; because the bulk of the cabin was in the way, he was forced to move a little from his hiding place, and creep silently along the slope, closer to the clearing, to bring the woman and cub into view.

He was presently glad that he had moved, for when the little one returned alone—its mother unaware that it had gone—the King was much closer than usual, so that he could see the cub more clearly. It was a novel and delightful sight, indeed, this cub; chubby and bare-footed, hairless except for great curls that hung down over its alert, laughing eyes. It came around the cabin, halting to stand on tiptoe, so that it could shout into a barrel that stood there. Its tiny voice rumbled in the barrel, "Boo! . . . Boo!"

It came on past the cabin and out into the open. It was now close to the King who was lying in grass that barely concealed his great, bulging torso. The King knew that the cub, if startled, would run away, perhaps hide in the cabin, and the day and clearing would be empty again. He therefore held himself motionless as a stalking cougar, scarcely daring to breathe.

The little one came on, closer yet, and squatted to examine some insect that crawled laboriously there. It was a beetle, thrusting through the grass. The little one took up a stick and put it in the beetle's path. The insect crawled upon the stick, but soon released its hold and fell,

and though the cub turned round and round, backing this way and that, the bulky insect had eluded him.

The King understood. Beetles had a habit of crawling down close to the grass roots and lying there, motionless. The cub would one day learn to depend on his nose rather than his eyes in such a case.

The little one moved farther up the clearing so that the King was forced to thrust his nose ever so gently through the grass, parting it to peer through. The cub stooped and took up a stone in its forepaw. It whirled its forepaw vigorously and released the stone which flew like a bird, and the cub's effort caused it to sit down with a grunt. It rose up to its hands and knees, then reared up and so stood, spraddle-legged, its head thrust forward a little, its arms hanging loosely. Its mouth opened as though it intended to cry out; yet it made no sound. The King could see the whites of its eyes glisten.

Because the cub's posture was odd and it stood motionless, the King's curiosity was aroused. He thrust his head farther through the opening in the grass, his nostrils quivering. The wind was coming from the sun, which was down-river. This made it impossible to gain any inkling of what impended from the up-river direction, so that it was his eyes alone that detected the young grizzly who was just emerging from the shadows beneath the farther trees.

The King lay quiet, watching. The cub likewise stood motionless, seeming to be paralyzed both by fright and curiosity. As the young grizzly came on, his nose close to the ground and his small eyes fixed intently upon the cub, the King noticed that his enemy's pelt was darkly stained with mud and littered salmon-berry leaves. He had just come from the swamp, that was plain.

BUT he had also been gorging on more than berries. There were other stains on jowls and chest, the marks of the kill. The young monarch, therefore, had just eaten warm meat. It could not have been long before, else he would have paused to remove these stains, being both fastidious and vain. He had surprised some unfortunate raccoon, perhaps, in the salmon-berry swamp.

The unfortunate part of it was—the King sensed this with vague regret—that the blood-lust, the fevers born of the kill, still held the young grizzly in their grip. He knew little of man. The cub was before him, alone and helpless, and to the inflamed young monarch, already in the reckless mood of the season, the cub was meat. His nose told the story; not only his nose but his belly was low as he advanced, crouching. His weight was shifted forward, braced and ready to charge should his quarry flee.

The cub turned suddenly, aware

too late that Death was in the clearing. It ran, screaming on a high, piercing note. It stumbled and fell, rose up clumsily. The woman's answering scream came from the river; she knew, as mothers do, that this was no ordinary cry. The ringing of the man's axe stopped in the forest. He shouted, too, and from afar off came the sound of his crashing through the brush. But he was too far away, and the woman was too far away, because the cub was down again and the young grizzly had begun his charge.

THE King knew that something must be done. He was himself no longer safe now; within a dozen breaths more, cub or not, his own presence would be discovered. Only the scent of fresh blood in his nostrils had blinded the young monarch to the nearness of his arch-enemy. Moreover, there had been something about the way the cub had wailed in hopelessness and terror that struck deep. Because he had watched the little one play—understandingly, with no hate in him—it might have been a grizzly cub that had cried out there, calling on all who heard to come quickly, at any cost.

So the King reared up from where he lay, grunting with the effort, and emerged from his hiding-place. He knew that he must build up his charge quickly, and he did so, hurling himself forward. The wisdom of a hundred battles was in it as he struck hard and low, shoulder to shoulder, so that when they rolled over and over from the shock of it, he had his grappling-hold below the short ribs; and the little one was up and away.

This was a killing fight at last. Both knew it, and the young grizzly knew that he was the master. In the open, the old warrior was done for. The King, likewise aware that the issue could not long be in doubt, at close grips, planned his final strategy. Because his thews of shoulder and forearm were mighty as of old, he must crush while his brief flame of strength lasted. It could not endure, because there was no meat in him. His failing hind-quarters could not shift his bulk quickly enough in the open. Crush hard, avoid a throat-hold, break free and back up step by step toward the timber—there beckoned his sole hope. . . .

But he had not reckoned on the young monarch's terrible

strength, thrice compounded as it was by his rage and madness. The King crushed, hugging close, but his opponent's raking rear talons—he fended them too late—all but disemboweled him. He tried to break free, calling on the memory of his strength for the colossal effort. Instead, he was down, clamped in a grappling hold more savage than had ever crushed him. Long canines closed on his throat, mounting deeper, probing for the hidden jugular.

On his back, struggling still but his eyes dimming, the King saw the woman snatch up the cub and retreat into the cabin. That was a good sight, and as he strove to arch neck muscles that once had sufficiently protected his life-blood from any fangs but were failing now, he saw the man come into the clearing.

THE man dropped to his knee and roared above the thunders of the death-battle. The young grizzly was stung so severely that the pain of it pierced his rage. He hurled himself free, biting at his flank. He whirled, biting still, at the same time bellowing on a new and questioning note, seeking the source of the thing that had wounded him. The stick roared again, and he was down, threshing in the grass.

The King came up to his forefeet slowly. His ribs were crushed and his haunches and belly were in a deepening welter. His jugular had not been pierced, but from the wounds there, and from his crushed and torn body, the living deeps of

him were draining away. He was done for and he knew it; and yet, because he was the King and could still breathe, he came up with a final effort and so stood on all four feet.

The young monarch was prone and still, and the King went by his body without a glance, heading toward the timber and higher ground. Always, in an extremity, it was good to be on high ground. The man was kneeling, his stick motionless. The King expected the stick to roar again, though he did not look to right or left as he shambled on. But the stick remained silent, and the world was silent, except for the voice of the woman soothing the frightened cub as the King went on into the shadows.

He longed to stop there, but knew that he could not. The high ground beckoned—a long slope above the timber, a certain ledge. He plodded on, though the weariness of all the world seemed to be crowding in. Shadows different than the usual shadows were deepening about him. Yet he was in no pain. His wounds were remote. He was only tired; and his pace, which could not be hastened, seemed all too slow for the long heartbreaking distance to be covered.

HE emerged from the timber and mounted laboriously up the slope. It was a long pull and a hard one, but he made it to the ledge. All his resources seemed spent there, but he put out his final effort. He got his forepaws on the ledge and paused, panting; then, with a tremendous heave, dragged his mangled body up.

He crept forward, inch by inch, until the rock was firm against his back. He stretched his broken body and extended his forepaws, resting his head upon them. His nose was pointing directly into the breeze that rolled up from the wooded valley. It was good to smell the timber. It was good to see the green of it, the gleam of the shining river meandering between; and it was warm on the ledge. He knew that he would never be cold again, nor weary. He would never face a winter storm, after all. That was good, too.

He yawned, pressing his back against the wall. His eyes closed slowly. Comfortable at last, the gods of mountain and sky being kind, the King slept.



"You are now beginning to feel sleepy."

Man of Ice

(Continued from page 21)

through his teeth, and Bingo Martinson, the Tigers' chunky goalie, frowned at him. "Damn' waste of time," Bingo grumbled. "We'll be lucky to get one game from these Bruins, let alone get in the next bracket. I oughta be on that train."

Bingo paused, his eyes round and scared, and HobeY felt a new and entirely unexpected rush of sympathy for Bingo. The little goalie was worried about a woman, too. Bingo's wife was up there in Winnipeg, and she was expecting a baby.

"Quit frettin'," HobeY said. "She'll be okay."

"Sure," Bingo said raggedly. "Sure she will. But I ought to be up there with her. This is our first . . ."

HobeY mumbled soothingly, surprised and awkward with this new feeling of friendship he had for Bingo Martinson. Before this, Bingo had been just another hockey player. A teammate at the moment, but maybe last year Bingo was with Toronto, and maybe next year he would be traded to Detroit. And all hockey players came into the league with a black scowl for the veteran HobeY Dahl, the hardest, most merciless man on ice.

"You're not so tough," Martha had said. "You just act tough so they won't take any liberties with you."

HobeY shook his head wonderingly. It was kind of like that. He didn't bust the new ones over the boards, and give 'em the butt end of his stick in the guts for the same reasons he used to; because he was a rough kid who had been kicked around, and figured you had to get the other guy first, before he got you.

HOBEY gave them the business now, once in a while, because he had to keep them respectful. Let those guys suspect just for a second that he wasn't the old HobeY Dahl, that his legs tied up like gnarled tree roots along in the second period, and they would be all over him like a pack of wolves. And he needed another couple of years to have his stake for that laundry.

He wanted the laundry more than ever now. Martha had left her office at four o'clock this afternoon to sit with HobeY while he ate his dinner. He had told her about the laundry; explained that it was a good business. It was the only thing he had learned in his boyhood with a wandering and wastrel father.

He told her about the eight shining trucks, and the white house with the pillars in the residential section. The house went with the deal. Utica was a nice place to live. It was close to New York. It was, HobeY said, blushing a little, a swell place to raise kids.

Martha listened to him, her lips

parted. Her eyes were bright, and the coppery flecks in them glowed. And then her eyes were uneasy, brooding, and she pulled restlessly at her gloves.

"You go so fast, HobeY," she said. "This is only the second time you've seen me. I—I don't even know you."

"You know me all right," he told her steadily. "You knew me the minute you saw me in Jack's the other night. You could tell all about me, and I—"

She was trembling, and he reached his hand across the small table and put it on hers. She hesitated, and then, as she had done the other night, she closed her fingers over his thumb. He waited, and she quieted.

"I don't aim to rush you into anything," HobeY said gently. "It's just—well, we both know it's right." His black eyes were bleak for a moment, and then they softened on hers. "I've been a pretty lonesome guy all my life," HobeY said. "I guess I was waiting for you."

After a while she said lowly, "I don't know, HobeY."

His ice cream was flat. He knew what was holding her back. She had broken her heart over men before, and now she didn't trust herself any more. Steve had always taken her back, and she felt she owed Steve something. And Steve was a damned attractive guy. He had gone to college, too; he wasn't a roughneck like HobeY.

HobeY took her to her flat, and before she got out of the taxi she let him kiss her. Her lips were cold; but her hands, in his, gripped fiercely. He watched her go, and his heart took up its savage beating. She was dead wrong about Steve. HobeY would prove that to her tonight . . .

And now it was tonight, and it was time to go out there. HobeY got up and filed out with the others. He skated on the rink with short, choppy strides, jabbing from the heels, warming up slowly. The fans gave him a ring of boos when he came around, but he hardly heard them. All his senses were alert on Steve Cook. He didn't look into the seats for Martha.

There was the whistle, the face-off, and Steve Cook snagged the puck, pivoted and whirled, and was stick-handling up the ice with the fans coming out of their seats roaring. Pol Pruett, the Tigers' left defense, swung to head Steve to the corner, and Steve loomed, fainted Pruett and drove past him.

HobeY swerved and glided outwards. He watched Steve's eyes. He had learned in this year not to watch Steve's hips, or his stick, or his shoulders. Steve could fool you with his tricks and his breathless change of pace. He was a cutie. You had to glue to his eyes—

HobeY hit. He hit with his mas-

sive shoulder and his hip, and smoothly, deftly, he let his black head bump Steve's jaw while the butt end of his stick found Steve's belly. HobeY ground the stick just a little.

Steve flapped through the air and crashed the boards, and HobeY's stick nicked the puck from his own skate, and HobeY was ka-slammng up the ice. A thin grin etched his lips. Steve had tightened up on that check instead of relaxing and rolling with it. HobeY had figured Steve would tighten up.

FOUR times more, in that period, HobeY caught Steve flashing up the ice, and HobeY let him have it. HobeY let him have all of it, and he grunted pleasedly when he felt Steve still fighting it. Nobody could fight that kind of bruising and still play hockey. Even HobeY's worst enemies conceded that HobeY dished the hardest body check the league had ever seen.

The fourth time, to make it stick, HobeY went into the boards with Steve, and he worked Steve over a bit when they jackknifed over.

HobeY knew it was a penalty this time, and he waited for Steve. Steve came up panting, stick high, eyes blazing.

"Come on," HobeY invited softly. "Throw it."

But Steve didn't throw it. That other thing, that tiny fear was in Steve's eyes behind the fury, and HobeY curled his lip at him and laughed. HobeY skated to the penalty box, and the fans abused him in a fine frenzy. It was a long habit of the fans, even the home fans, to abuse HobeY Dahl.

The penalty timekeeper said to HobeY, "What are you tryin' to do, kill that guy?"

HobeY looked innocent. Up to that other night, when HobeY's slow and patient pattern of Steve had finally completed itself, Steve had been too cute for HobeY, too. Steve was strictly lightning, and he had such a sweet change of pace, a defenseman couldn't get a clear shot at him. But Steve wasn't going to be so fast from now on. . . .

Twice more, in the beginning of the second period, HobeY hit Steve. HobeY checked cleanly, with his stick and head where they belonged; but he checked viciously, with all his hard two hundred pounds jolting, expertly timed.

The Bruins' first line, geared to the crackling pace of Steve Cook, bogged down, and the Tigers poured two goals into the Boston nets. Steve was slower; and now, when Pol Pruett moved in with HobeY to sandwich Steve, Steve's flip pass and his lightning split of the defenseman didn't come off.

HobeY faked an elaborate body check, and when Steve stiffened, Pol

Pruett lifted the puck and stick-handled into a scoring set-up which flared another red light over the Boston nets. Steve was groggy; and with his teammates staring oddly, and the fans jeering him for the first time, Steve went off the ice with his first line.

Pol Pruettt grinned at Hobey. "You kinda softened that guy up. Maybe he can't take it so good?"

"Maybe," Hobey said laconically. He didn't think Steve would be back on the ice tonight. Steve was badly shaken up all right, but anybody who knew hockey, and knew men, knew that Steve had quit out here tonight. Martha knew hockey. Now she ought to know about Steve.

Hobey grinned wearily. This business had taken it out of him, too. He welcomed his four minutes on the bench, and when he saw that Steve didn't come back to the ice, he fell to dreaming. He was still dreaming when the final bell banged.

HOBEY showered and dressed swiftly. His legs were killing him, but he didn't stop for a rub-down. He told McLean, the Tigers' manager and coach, that he would fly to Boston in the morning. McLean protested, and Hobey grinned at him. He couldn't stop grinning, and his face hurt. He stopped only for a word with Bingo Martinson. Bingo sat on the bench, still in his pads, his lips folded, expelling anxiously.

"Snap out of it," Hobey commanded, and when Bingo only stared at him vacantly, Hobey was moved to sudden inspiration. "You're having a family now; you've got to think about the future," Hobey said. "Look, remember me tellin' you about that laundry? Well, how would you like to be my partner?"

Bingo's eyes came back into focus, and he looked at Hobey first in amazement, and then eagerly. They chattered about the laundry. Hobey would handle the plant; Bingo could take the outside end. Bingo had fifteen grand in the sock. From their combined hockey earnings in the next two years, they could pay off the mortgage.

Martha lived in East Fifty-Seventh Street. Hobey stretched his finger for her bell, then hesitated. He had just busted Steve Cook wide open. Steve was a phony, but Martha had believed in Steve. It would look bad, Hobey's breaking in right now, as if he were coming to crow.

He went away reluctantly. He ate supper, then went to the hotel to sleep. At eight-thirty the next morning he was ringing Martha's bell. She kept him waiting on the tube for a long moment before she said, "All right, you can come up."

Martha was pouring coffee for herself. She had on a navy blue suit, and a beam of sun was on her copper hair. Hobey felt his heart turn over; she was so beautiful.

Martha said coldly, "Well, you did it, didn't you?"

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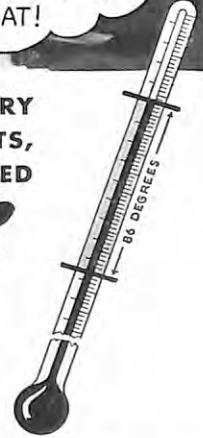
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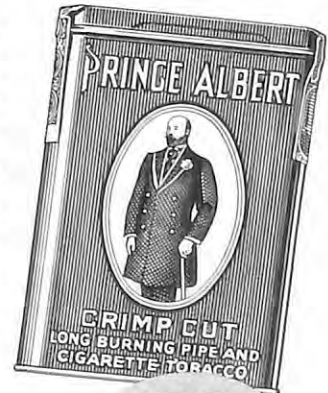
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She raised her head to look at him, and he saw the hostility in her face. Her eyelids were red, as if she had been crying; but there were no tears about her now. Her mouth was pressed hard and her small shoulders were set squarely.

Hobey spread his hands. "Steve isn't man enough for you," he said simply. "I had to show you."

"You mean Steve was in your way!" she lashed out at him. "So you beat him up. That's the way roughnecks like you do things; beat people up who are in their way."

"Wait a minute," Hobey said, stung. "I only roughed him twice, and then not bad. I wanted to show you he would scare; that he'd fold up and quit. And I did show you!"

"You showed me, all right," Martha said. "You showed me everything they say about you is true. You're mean, and ruthless, and arrogant. You're a dirty player!"

His own anger rose in him, and he choked it down. He shook his big head; he had to make her see it straight. He put his hands on her shoulders, firmly, and she didn't move under his hands, only stared at him contemptuously.

"You're being dumb," Hobey said quietly. "Steve is a phony, and you know it. If I didn't show him up, later on somebody else would come along and do it." He scowled at her unblinking hostility, shook her a little. "If Steve thought I was working him over, why didn't he take a poke at me?" he demanded.

Her eyes wavered, and then she cried, "Steve isn't a hoodlum like you. He plays clean! And he's thinking of the team. He's the star; he can't afford to get hurt—" Her voice broke, and tears blinded her eyes. She put her hands to her face.

He let his hands drop from her shoulders, and a bitter depression came down upon him. He could figure men, but not women. Not even the woman he loved. Martha was nuts about Steve; she had been all the time. It had amused her, maybe given her a small thrill to make the tough roughneck Hobey sit up and beg.

He reached to the table for his hat, and Martha sniffed and looked at him. There was something else in her face now; a haunted, pinched



"I warn you, Harkins, I'm a hard man to beat on my own court."

something. He knew what that was; she was doubting Steve. She wasn't sure, and she was fighting that doubt, but it was eating her.

Strangely, that thought gave him little satisfaction. He ought, he told himself grimly, to be glad about it. It would spoil things for her. But he could only feel sorry. He didn't want it to be like that for Martha.

HOBHEY turned to the door, and it all went through his mind in a rush—how he had wanted it to be, and now, how it would have to be. He was a damn' fool, but he couldn't help himself. He realized he had known, the moment he saw she was in love with Steve, what he would have to do.

Hobey turned back to Martha. "I guess I was wrong," he said gruffly. "I thought I could muscle in. Don't worry about Steve. He's okay."

A question formed in her eyes. "He'll be okay, I tell you," Hobey said evenly. He jerked at the door and went out. Martha's eyes were wide. . .

Hobey rode the plane to Boston. He reached the Garden in time to participate in the afternoon drill with the Tigers. Bingo Martinson was jubilant. He was the father of a baby boy. "Now we've gotta make that laundry hum, Hobey!"

Hobey grunted sourly. There wasn't going to be any laundry. There wasn't going to be anything. But he wouldn't spoil Bingo's fun so soon. Bingo would see it all for

himself tomorrow night.

The sourness worked in him, turned to a small rage, and for a moment, when Hobey took the ice with the Tigers the following night, it was the way it used to be with him. The great crowd greeted him with the usual barrage of invective; louder this time, because of what he had done to Steve Cook in New York the other night.

The big muscles in Hobey's back and neck swelled, the way they always swelled in answer to that greeting. Let 'em yell. He'd make 'em eat those yells. They hadn't been able to get him off the ice yet. Four hundred and eighty consecutive games; and when he went off the ice, it would be under his own power, and when he damn' well felt like going off.

He skated along the boards, undulating a little to taunt them, and then he saw Steve Cook skate out onto the ice. Lean, blond, a quick flash in his black and white and gold jersey, but Steve's face was haggard when he passed Hobey.

Hobey remembered then, and all the hell went out of him, and the zest. He wheeled, his blades slithering the ice, and coasted across to meet Steve. Hobey growled, "Wait a minute. I want to take down my hair."

Steve's eyes were nervous, suspicious, and Hobey said, "I was a dope, see? I thought I could cut you out with your girl. All right, so I couldn't. So now you can get the shakes outta your knees and do your stuff tonight. I'll listen."

Steve's lips hung open, and Hobey snarled, "Yeah, yeah, I'm not kiddin'. I'm just a sucker, see?"

Steve's eyes came alert, gleaming, and they held scorn too, for a sucker. Hobey nodded, pushed off. He skated behind his net, put his skates together and coasted to his position at right defense. He bent over, his stick on the ice before him. The referee blew his whistle and dropped the puck.

It was a hard thing to do, but it was easy, too. All he had to do was keep his eyes off Steve's eyes, and watch Steve's hips, or his shoulders. Steve was sure to fool him then. Steve came zooming up the center alley, and Pol Pruett moved to head him, and to poke-check while Hobey

dealt out the usual heavy business.

Hobey watched Steve's hips and lunged, and Steve flipped the puck over Hobey's knees and was between and through Pruett and Hobey like a slice of lightning. Steve picked the puck, fired it at the corner, and was around the net and back to take the set-up pass from his wing and backhand it at Bingo.

Bingo caught the puck, cleared it behind the net for Hobey, and Hobey kicked his legs up the ice. "Get it up there, Hobey," McLean had told him. "You've got Cook duckin'."

So Hobey took it up there, and Steve swooped and set himself. Hobey thought, "The guy ain't losin' any time. He wants to know was that last an accident." Hobey didn't pass then, and Steve let go.

HOBEY rolled with the check, but Steve could hit. Hobey wheeled after Steve, watched Steve streak up the ice. Pol Pruett missed him, and so did Dave Banner, the Tigers' center. Steve feinted Bingo, had his angle and fired. The red light glowed over the Tiger, and the crowd howled.

There was the face-off, an offside, and Pruett passed to Hobey and Hobey wheeled it into the Bruins' zone. Steve checked Hobey again, and Hobey hit the ice. The fans jeered him, and Dave Banner forced a face-off with Steve at the boards. Dave scraped, passed to Hobey, and this time a Bruin wing hit Hobey.

For a moment Hobey raged. It was long years since they had dared to tangle with him like this. He jabbed back down the ice, and Steve was coming again. Hobey kept his eyes on Steve's hips, and Steve changed pace, slid sidewise and back, went around Hobey grinning.

Hobey lunged, and panted a little. It was coming now, the moment he had been bluffing off for two years. The moment when they would know his legs were gone, and would bump him around to deaden his legs, and then stickhandle all around him like he was an old man with a cane.

He had to go up the ice with the puck again, and they hit him twice more. Steve hit him, and then that other wise-guy wing took a crack at him. He followed the puck back behind his own blue line, and now they were coming.

Pol Pruett was in the box for tripping, and four Bruins, on the line with the power play, roared down on Hobey. He glided, he lunged and swiped, and they were all over and around him like a swarm of mad hornets. They yelped at him, too.

"Pick it up, Hobey. You're draggin' your tail!"

Steve Cook laughed at him and blocked him and zipped around him, and Hobey was foolish. He tried to watch Steve's eyes now, but it was too late. He didn't have it any more. His legs were a couple of dead trees, and they were chopping him down. They had waited a long time to chop him down.

He picked himself up off the ice

again, and McLean was calling him in. Dimly, and without rancor, he understood why McLean hadn't called him in before. McLean had to know, for next year, that Hobey Dahl was finally washed up.

He started for the bench, and he staggered once. The fans rose and blistered him. The fans had waited a long time to chop him down, too. He had meant never to give them this chance. Eleven years he had fought them. Eleven years—

He had his shower, and he came out to sit on the bench in front of his locker while he towed himself. The way his legs felt, they would never hold him up again.

Bingo Martinson, looking worried, followed Hobey from the showers. "So what if they won't give you a contract next year?" Bingo urged lowly. "We can still swing the deal by givin' them back a mortgage. It'll be harder going, but . . ."

Hobey listened, shrugged. "I'll think about it," he said dully, but he knew he wouldn't think about it. What did he want with a laundry now? Or with a white house with pillars in a nice residential section?

HE dressed swiftly and was outside before the others. He would ride to the station alone. He didn't want Bingo chattering at him, and he didn't want to see the pitying and the coldly pleased eyes of his teammates. He hadn't planned to go out like this . . .

Hobey came out of the Garden. It was blowing, and he pulled up his collar. Somebody gripped his arm, and he swung around, scowling. He stared. It was Martha.

He collected himself. He said curtly, "I guess Steve will be out soon."

Martha said, "I don't want to see Steve. I want to see you." And when he only blinked, his heart suddenly thudding in his chest, Martha said softly, the quick overtone rich and warm on her words, "I knew you were going to do something crazy. I knew it when you left me yesterday. So I flew up here after you." And she added, "I saw the game tonight."

Her coppery hair was blowing in the wind. Her eyes were brown and clear and deep. He couldn't let himself believe what he heard in her voice, what he saw in her eyes. He couldn't take another knock like that.

"Look," Hobey began hardily. "Don't go getting any cockeyed ideas—"

"I saw you speak to Steve before the game," Martha said. "I saw his face. I saw how he changed. I saw—" She shuddered. "Oh, Hobey," Martha moaned. She reached up blindly and seized his lapels. She put her face on his chest.

The wind blew her hair. Her perfume caught and ran through his senses. He came alive and put his arms around her.

"You're shivering," Hobey said gently. "You're cold. I love you like hell. Let's get in that cab."



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No More Heroes

(Continued from page 8)

Bierman, Fordham's Jimmy Crowley, Alabama's Frank Thomas, Duke's Wallace Wade, T. C. U's Dutch Meyer, Notre Dame's Elmer Layden—have been in a position to inherit the mantles dropped by Rockne, Dobie and Warner, but they have displayed remarkable restraint. Their reticence was puzzling to the layman, but their motives suddenly became crystal-clear last year when Dr. John Bain Sutherland, the Pittsburgh master mechanic and the coach who unquestionably was recognized as the head man of the business, got the heave-o as if he were an upstart who had just blown every game on the schedule.

If it could happen to Sutherland, it can happen to anyone. That is the specter which is plaguing every coach in the country. In fifteen years at Pittsburgh, Sutherland had become an institution fully as imposing as the magnificent Cathedral of Learning. Confronted with suicidal schedules, Sutherland's last five teams had lost only five games; his associates were agreed he was the soundest and most successful practitioner in circulation. That was the trouble. Sutherland became too prominent, too good for his own good.

Even if a football coach nowadays does resolve to challenge lightning with his bare hands and seeks a preeminent place in his profession, the occupational hazards will cool his ardor soon enough. After all, success is measured comparatively and by the yard-stick of past performances. The man who produces an undefeated team is bound to come upon evil days which bring two or three losses a season and certain spoiled parties are going to make snide remarks. There is nothing quite so worthless as last year's scrapbook containing last year's scores. They make interesting reading for the coach, but the yelping of the wolves cannot be piped down by brandishing the evidence which gave the old grads delusions of grandeur in the first place.

An all-winning team is lovely to behold, but, like the butterfly, it doesn't live long, as many celebrated citizens have discovered. The classic case in 1939 is, of course, Mr. Dutch Meyer, of Texas Christian University,

whose proteges romped through ten straight games in '38 and were held to a one-touchdown margin only once.

It is reasonable to assume that Mr. Meyer this season was as good a coach, at least, as he was last year, but his kids commenced this last season on a high note of frustration by dropping their first four exercises. The difference was that Davey O'Brien, picked as the player of the year in '38, was not among those present—and it made a whale of difference, for which Meyer's sterling strategy could not compensate.

A NATIONAL authority predicted out loud in a national magazine, September issue, that Jimmy Crowley of Fordham would emerge from the mob as the coach of the year. A month later Crowley, still seeking his first major victory, was as dead in the national scheme as the late, lamented Mr. Kelsey. Lou Little undoubtedly turned in an outstanding piece of master-minding when his lightly-regarded Columbia team licked Stanford in the 1934 Rose Bowl affair. He, too, went into late October looking for his first decision with his fifth undistinguished team in a row.

Our old friend Zuppke, now one of the hallowed elder statesmen of the

profession, had a terrible time trying to fashion a touchdown with his '39 Illinois crew. Credited with one of the keenest football imaginations extant, Zuppke's heroes scored exactly one touchdown in their first three games. It wasn't enough.

These sourpuss statistics are not presented for the purpose of undermining reputations men have built laboriously. There is only one reason for exhuming the dreary facts and it must be obvious to every clear-minded, right-thinking citizen: A coach is no better than his material. This is an awfully trite declaration, to be sure, but it never was truer than in 1939 and it will become increasingly patent in succeeding seasons.

THE age of the wonder worker in football is out of date because the sources of playing material no longer are held in monopoly by a few coaches, colleges or even a broad geographical section of the country. The top-flight coach of twenty years ago got that way by virtue of his contacts in prep schools, the inducements an indulgent athletic committee permitted him to extend promising schoolboys and, most importantly, the material he attracted by the power of his own personality and prestige. There were certain well defined areas where potential varsity stars were known to flourish. New England, especially the Greater Boston district, was the best football incubator in America and the woods of Western Pennsylvania and Ohio were thick with talent. There were good pickings, too, in the Illinois, Indiana and Michigan regions, but the rest of the country was generally unexplored. Good high school coaches were very scarce and, for that matter, so were football teams.

Where one young gifted gladiator grew a generation ago, three blossom today. The catch, though, is that there are ten schools striving for high ranking for every one which once had a pretentious football program. In other words, no coach can hold the copyright on the concentration of talent which once could give him a crushing advantage over his colleagues.

Football has become such a competitive sport that the decisive factor in the rise of a star no long-



"Pleasant outing, eh, old man?"

er is sheer technical skill. Spirit has replaced skill as the first prerequisite of the outstanding player. And this, too, is merely another explanation for the most significant development of the 1939 season—the emergence of the South as the dominant section in the game.

This was entirely predictable, for the tide of football supremacy has been shifting for a half-century in the slow but inexorable manner of a glacier. Assume this glacier had its origin along the Atlantic seaboard, where football was born. For thirty years high-class football was the exclusive property of the East; it seemed to be a typographical error when one of the old, aristocratic schools was beaten by an upstart from the provinces. Walter Camp drew upon Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Pennsylvania for the personnel of his first six All-America teams. It was not until 1898, when Camp picked Chicago's Clarence Hershberger for fullback, that football in the hinterlands was accorded recognition.

THE glacier was moving westward, supplying fresh streams with the enthusiasm which is so vital to top-notch football. The effete East already was getting a bit jaded with hysteria and hoopla, the natural by-products of the game. And so men who had learned the sport in the

East tapped the new faucets of spirit. This was the era of the early 1900's, when Fielding Yost was turning out dreadnought point-a-minute teams at Michigan; when the University of Chicago was riding the crest with the great Walter Eckersall; when unheard-of Notre Dame was building slowly the tradition which was to be given dramatic expression by Rockne, Gipp and the Four Horsemen.

THE restless glacier continued westward, engulfed in the '20's the virgin territory of the Pacific Coast. Football had been played after a fashion on the Coast, but for several years rugby actually was the big autumn hooray. The revival of football witnessed the rise of teams such as Stanford, California, U. S. C. and Santa Clara, which were to make the Far West the powerhouse of the Nation.

The glacier melted quickly in sunny California, spilled over into the Southwest, the last section to vibrate to the thrill of big-time football, and, therefore, the generator of the fiercest spirit. In 1916 Southern Methodist was buried by Rice under a 143-3 score; twenty years later S. M. U. was in the Rose Bowl. The most spectacular team in 1938 was Texas Christian, which averaged four touchdowns a game in ten engagements with major teams. Far

back in the dark ages, T. C. U. went through the entire 1902 season without scoring a point. Small wonder that the cow country went crazy over its newly-found place in the bright lights. The Southwest is on the up-beat now, but in time the hysteria will be dissipated and no section will be able to claim a really lasting superiority.

SUCH a state of affairs will not be favorable for reputations made overnight or miracle men who can remain at the head of the parade indefinitely. Smart football cookies now realize they can commit professional hari-kari by extraordinary success just as surely as a disastrous season once meant the loss of their jobs. The gent who remains among the employed is the one who wins most, but not all, of his big games. He constantly threatens to gain canonization as a Big Brain, but he just manages to miss it. He has the good sense to deprecate his own importance in the papers and, above all, he is very happy to let the academic watchdogs take an increasingly strong hand in the administrative end of the business.

A revolution—not entirely bloodless—has come in football. Any day now, freshmen will be as familiar with the name of the college president as they once were with that of the head coach.

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What America is Reading

(Continued from page 9)

High Road". (Harcourt, \$2.50) Langewiesche is 32, German-born, and getting naturalized; he was doing research work for a professor at the University of Chicago when the repeated passing of the transcontinental plane overhead made him sell his old car for \$75 and invest the money in five hours of flying. He tells how to begin, and how many weary hours the student does nothing but try for a good landing—for that is important. Otherwise men may talk about him as two pilots talked about another as they sat at the airport cafe:

"He undershot."

"The damn fool. I suppose he lost his ship?"

"Sure he lost his ship."

"Lost his job?"

"Sure he lost his job."

"Then what is he doing now?"

"He's pushing up the daisies."

But "Red" Langewiesche took the high road just the same, and he gives a first-hand report of what the amateur has to learn; what he thinks about when he flies dead reckoning, and what he must do when he loses his way; "Red" lost his way, down in the piney woods of Georgia, and found a clearing and came out again. The air is free and there's a lot of it, but every aviator has to start and stop, has to go up, conquer the air currents and land without mishap—that's all there is to it, but your hair can turn gray on one flight, mister.

To those who enjoyed Anne Morrow Lindbergh and Antoine de Saint Exupery I'd say, read "I'll Take the High Road"; it is not lyrical writing, but it tells a great deal about a flyer's task. For those interested still more there is the life story of Capt. Eddie Musick, who was in on the start of American flying, from 1912 on, and who went down with the Samoa Clipper in the Pacific Ocean in January, 1938. It's called "From Crate to Clipper" and comes from the pen of William Stephen Grooch, and reads like high adventure. (Longmans, Green, \$2) Finally, there's a new manual out: "The A B C of Aviation", by Lieut. Col. Victor W. Page, U. S. Air Corps Reserve. (Norman W. Henley Co., \$2.50) Packed with technical information, diagrams, instruction, it will make us understand how airplanes function and what an aviator must learn to succeed.

ONE of the finds of the season is "Maud", the diary of Maud Rittenhouse, who was a belle in Cairo, Ill., in the late 1880's and 1890's, and who lived a lively social life. She describes her beaux and her parties with much gusto, and recalls, for many readers, social conventions that lasted down to the jazz era. To say that the girls of fifty years ago didn't have a good time is wrong; they probably had a better

time than do the girls of today, for they often found men easier to manage. (Macmillan, \$3.50)

Another book that women ought to read with pleasure is Francis Griswold's novel, "A Sea Island Lady", (Morrow, \$3) This is a story of the South in the post-war years. It deals with the fortunes of a Yankee woman who arrives at Beaufort, S. C., in the final days of Sherman's march to the sea, with her carpet-bagger husband, a minister who doesn't deserve the cloth. When she breaks with him she starts teaching school among the Gullah Negroes of the island of St. Helena, and later she marries into a southern family, and becomes the mainstay of the new life that builds up around her. For many pages the author describes her adventures during the long years up to the present, a most satisfying record, unusually well done.

The new biographies are so many that I can't begin to enumerate them here. Those who want to go back a bit will find "Elihu Yale; the American Nabob of Queen Square" by Hiram Bingham worth looking into; (Dodd, Mead, \$3.50) Those who want to read about our own time may dip with profit into the two volumes of Henry F. Pringle's "The Life and Times of William Howard Taft". Taft's life had much to do with issues that crop up today and his long association with politics and administration as governor-general of the Philippines, secretary of war, President and finally chief justice, makes any biography a comment on the measures with which he dealt. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$7.50)

If you think books are bulky this year, remember this is the holiday season; publishers always put their best and biggest wares in the windows for December. I have already spoken of the unusually large number of books on painting that beguile the eyes (led off by "A Treasury of Art Masterpieces from the Renaissance to the Present Day", edited by Thomas Craven). Don't turn aside when you see the word Greece on a book, thinking that it means the heavy tomes of college days; Dr. Will Durant's "The Life of Greece" is by no means tough reading, but light, spirited, human. The man who could make several hundred thousand readers enjoy reading about philosophers ("The Story of Philosophy") can make Greece equally exciting reading. As he says, the Greeks faced all the problems that we meet today—erosion, loss of forests, limitation of families, emancipation of women, corruption in politics, unconventional behavior, conflict of religion and materialism, and dictatorship. (Simon & Schuster, \$3.95)

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)

lin, Englewood, Francis P. Boland, Jersey City, and Albert E. Dearden, Trenton. At each of the conferences Mr. Warner presented his program. He stressed the continuance by the subordinate lodges of works of charity and beneficence and called attention to the need for increase of membership, retention of the present membership and the reinstatement of former members. His addresses were well received and he was assured of the complete support of all present.

The Grand Exalted Ruler visited Indianapolis, Ind., for the 20th annual District Deputies Conference with Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Indiana lodges which took place at the Claypool Hotel Saturday and Sunday, October 7-8. A caucus of State Association officers and District Deputies was held at nine o'clock Saturday night and plans were discussed for the rest of the year. On Sunday morning each District Deputy held a meeting for his district and at these meetings the Grand Exalted Ruler's plans for the year were discussed. Luncheon was served in the Riley Room at one o'clock. State Pres. Claude E. Thompson, of Frankfort Lodge, acted as Toastmaster. Grand Exalted Ruler Warner was the principal speaker. Talks were also given by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Grand Trustee Joseph B. Kyle of Gary Lodge, 2nd Vice-Pres. of the Ind. State Elks Assn. Mr. Kyle, who has been appointed Chairman of the State Membership Committee of Indiana, outlined his plans for increasing membership in the State and selecting as new members only the highest type of American men for the lodges. Approximately 250 Indiana Elks were in attendance, including ten Past State Presidents and the following District Deputies: Paul V. Gouker, South Bend; Dr. Lynn A. Fonner, Fort Wayne; Leo J. Keim, Marion; John H. Weaver, Brazil, and Nelson E. Kelley, Mount Vernon.

En route to South Dakota, an unannounced visit was paid to St. Paul, Minn., Lodge, No. 59, now located in commodious new quarters, well equipped. Splendid progress is being made in building up the lodge.

On Friday, October 13, Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046, initiated a large class of candidates, among the number being four sons of Manna Keller who has been an active member of the lodge for several years. At the dinner which preceded the ceremonies, Mr. Warner and Grand Secretary Masters; Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, Grand

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Trustee J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, Leo A. Temmey, Huron, Pres. of the S. D. State Elks Assn., and P.D.D. Father P. McGeough of Valley City, N. D., Lodge, were among those present. The meeting at Aberdeen was one of the most successful ever held by that splendid lodge.

Mr. Warner and Mr. Masters then went on to Huron. They were honored by Huron, S. D., Lodge, No. 444, with a dinner and reception after which the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered his address. Open House was a feature of the program and candidates and visiting Elks who were hunting in the vicinity were invited to share in the festivities. While in South Dakota Grand Exalted Ruler Warner and Grand Secretary Masters were guests of Mr. Zietlow and enjoyed three days of splendid pheasant shooting. The Grand Exalted Ruler proved his ability as a marksman and each day bagged his limit of birds.

Mr. Warner arrived in Dubuque, Ia., on Wednesday afternoon, October 18, accompanied by F. Earle Handley of Chicago, a Past Exalted Ruler of Dubuque Lodge No. 297, and a Past President of the Iowa

State Elks Association. They were met between Dubuque and Galena by an automobile caravan escort with the Reception Committee headed by E.R. Louis B. Bray. Joined near Dubuque by a police escort, the caravan proceeded to Linwood Cemetery. There the Grand Exalted Ruler placed wreaths on the graves of Past Grand Chaplain Dr. John Dysart and P.D.D. Adolph Zillig. Both were active members of Dubuque Lodge for many years. More than 300 enjoyed the dinner given for Mr. Warner and the address which he delivered at the close of initiation ceremonies for a class of 26 members, formed in his honor. Present at the meeting were a number of prominent Elks from other Iowa cities. Among them were State Pres. Arthur P. Lee, Marshalltown; D.D.'s Howard M. Remley, Mason City, and A. D. Bailey, Fort Dodge; E.R.'s Russell W. Meyer, Davenport, E. Harold Skinner, Cedar Rapids, and Floyd A. Hexom, Decorah.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was present at a splendid meeting of Elgin, Ill., Lodge, No. 737, on Saturday, October 21, having accepted an invitation extended by E.R. Walter E.

Miller to witness the initiation of the "Judge Frank W. Shepherd Class". Judge Shepherd was the first Exalted Ruler of the lodge. He has served for many years with distinction as Circuit Judge in Illinois. The class numbered 55 members.

Mr. Warner was met at St. Charles by a delegation of Past Exalted Rulers of Elgin Lodge and given a banquet at the Club Arcada. State Pres. Joseph M. Cooke of Harvey was the only speaker at the dinner. The initiation ceremonies preceded the formal program. Mr. Warner's presence attracted a score of leading Elks of the State, and Exalted Rulers of 17 lodges attended. The Grand Exalted Ruler addressed 250 members of the Order in the lodge room, speaking on Patriotism and Americanism. Dr. Henry Lee Wenner spoke for the Class in response to the welcoming speech made by the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Miller. Frank P. White, of Oak Park Lodge, Executive Secretary of the Crippled Children's Commission of the Illinois State Elks Association, explained the work undertaken by the State organization. The evening was concluded with an informal session.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 33)

Now There Is a Piano at Bristow Okla., Lodge

El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743, had two pianos. Bristow No. 1614 had none.

P.E.R. George M. McLean, Grand Esquire, heard of the "differential" and persuaded the El Reno members to divide up. Now the Bristow Elks have music.

D.D. Nelson E. Kelley Visits Mount Vernon, Ind., Lodge

One hundred and ten members of his home lodge, Mount Vernon No. 277, greeted P.E.R. Nelson E. Kelley, District Deputy for Indiana, South, when he made his official visit on October 17. A fine meeting was held and a class of candidates initiated. The lodge also held a Lodge of Sorrow that evening, honoring the memory of P.E.R. Virgil D. Smith whose death occurred on October 11.

Dubuque, Ia., Elks Honor a Famous Golfer, Edith Estabrooks

In recognition of her brilliant and decisive victories in the Iowa State and Women's Western Golf Tournaments, members of Dubuque, Ia., Lodge, No. 297, presented Miss Edith Estabrooks with a beautiful set of jewelry. The set included a solid gold bracelet, necklace and ring, with zircon settings.

The ceremony was held at the Estabrooks residence. In making the presentation, E.R. Louis B. Bray expressed the Elks' appreciation of

what Miss Estabrooks has done for Dubuque in her numerous golf victories, particularly in the Women's Western. The Western is recognized generally as second only to the national tournament in importance.

Death Comes to John E. Hurley, Former Grand Treasurer

With deep regret Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, announces the death of former Grand Treasurer John E. Hurley. Mr. Hurley died on September 24 in his 79th year. Born and educated in Providence, Mr. Hurley began his career in the printing trade. For 25 years he was President of the Remington Printing Company.

Mr. Hurley had been a member of Providence Lodge since 1904. He served as Exalted Ruler in 1914-15, as District Deputy in 1921-22, and as Grand Treasurer of the Order in 1934-35. He was prominent in musical circles and active in civic affairs. In 1900 he was elected a member of the Common Council, receiving both Democratic and Republican nominations for the post.

He was buried in St. Francis Cemetery, Pawtucket.

Norfolk, Va., Lodge Initiates Its First Fall Class

Norfolk, Va., Lodge, No. 38, initiated its first Fall class on October 17. More than 200 members were in attendance.

Happy to be selected as host for

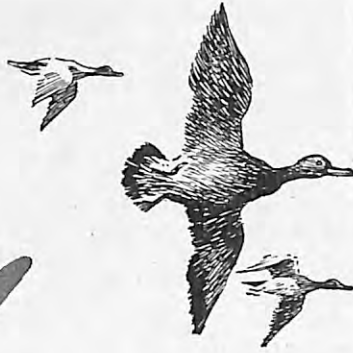
the 1940 Convention of the Virginia State Elks Association, the lodge is already formulating plans for the big event. The meeting will be held in August.

Albuquerque, N. M., Elks Help to Establish Juvenile Detention Home

Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge No. 461, has cause to be proud of its latest achievement dealing with the welfare of the youth of the community—the establishment of a Juvenile Detention Home. After a survey had been made, disclosing urgent need for an institution which would serve to prevent boys and girls under investigation for delinquencies from being locked up in the county jail with adult criminals, the lodge launched a campaign for a \$50,000 county bond issue. A petition to the County Commissioners, requesting that a bond election be called, was started at an initiation meeting. E.R. Anthony Belmonte was the first to affix his signature. Hundreds of other citizens signed with the Elks. The election was called by the Commissioners and the bonds were voted. Work on the Home was taken up immediately afterward to assure its early completion. State Senator Don L. Dickason, Est., Lead. Knight, was responsible for the legislation authorizing the bond issue.

For several years Albuquerque Lodge has provided milk for underprivileged school children. It has also furnished clothing and medical attention when needed.

Rod AND Gun



H. Armstrong Roberts

by Joe Godfrey, Jr.

From ruffed grouse to Russian boar, they haven't a chance of hiding from Mr. Godfrey

THE hunting season is on in full blast in the southern states, so sportsmen from all parts of this country are preparing for what they expect will be the best hunting of their young lives. Regardless of age, we think of sportsmen who go hunting as being young because, to be sure, youth is a state of mind rather than a time of life, and all men who enjoy the thrill of hunting must be young. You are young if

you have an appetite for adventure. Some folks put it another way when they say, "You are as young as you feel."

Northern shooting for ducks and geese this year was the best it has been in several decades, with sportsmen everywhere enjoying the fun of getting the limit on the days that were cool enough to give them ideal shooting conditions, and now the season is closed again for another year, but it's wide open in the southern zone, and you can shoot ducks and geese from now until 4 o'clock p.m. on December 29, according to the Federal Migratory Bird Laws released this year by the Biological

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BRAND NEW—SOMETHING HE'S NEVER HAD BEFORE—JUST OUT!

TWO PRICES—\$2.00 & \$5.00

DO YOU know a hunter? Not the "pro" who spends all his time at it—but the business or professional man who fondles his guns and plans ahead to get a few days or a week away from business. Do you want to "WOW" him? The biggest, grandest and most useful present you could find for him is Hunters' Guide and Almanac—just published!

For the first time in one volume, everything the occasional hunter wants to know about hunting grouse, pheasants, quails, ducks, geese, rabbits, squirrels, deer and big game. Over 200 pictures—North American birds and animals, their tracks and signs. Over 50 maps, meteorological weather forecasts, safety facts, first aid, camp cookery, authoritative information on dogs, guns and ammunition, bow-and-arrow hunting—cleaning game—AND—best of all, official last-minute facts on game conditions in every State, Canada, Mexico and Alaska supplied by state conservation chiefs; tells where game has been planted, what game is abundant, all 1939-40 State laws—season dates—bag limits. Every subject covered by outstanding authorities. Knowledge your friend would give his left barrel to get. Now beautifully printed, with frontispiece "Wild Geese in the Rockies" by R. H. Palenske. Two editions—the de luxe volume bound in genuine limp leather, imprinted in gold with the name of the owner, at \$5.00 and the standard edition, bound in leatherette, for only \$2.00.

If your local Book, Department or Sporting Goods Store cannot supply you, order your own and your gift copies of HUNTERS' GUIDE AND ALMANAC direct. Send order and remittance and names to be imprinted on de luxe editions to:

HUNTERS' GUIDE AND ALMANAC
Dept. 712 Lafayette, Indiana

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ALL ROOMS WITH BATH—RADIO RECEPTION

Survey. These southern states are: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, New Mexico, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia.

WILDFOWL SHOOTING GUNS

Beware of the hunter who claims that he kills pheasants with a .410 gauge gun or crows with a .22 rifle, because he's either one who doesn't know what it takes or he loses a lot of cripples that go scurrying into the brush to die a miserable death. You must have the proper equipment to bring down game cleanly and humanely. There are so many factors that must be taken into consideration that the man charged with the sale and the fitting of a new gun should be a specialist in his work. The man selling the gun should have complete knowledge of what the gun is to be used for, he should also know whether the hunter is a fast or deliberate shot and what his experience is in the field. There are four types of shotguns: a trap gun, a skeet gun, an upland game gun and a waterfowl gun.

The trap gun should be a .12 gauge and may be an over and under double barrel, a single barrel, a double barrel or a repeater. Automatic shotguns were never intended for trap shooting. Usually the single barrel guns have 30 or 32-inch barrels, improved modified or full choke; the double guns have the same barrel lengths with one barrel bored modified or improved modified, and the other full choke. The gun should weigh about 8 pounds, for an 8-pound gun absorbs considerable of the recoil. This gun can be used for waterfowl if it is of the double or repeating type, but in most instances the stocks are too straight for consistent work.

The skeet gun should be a .12 gauge and must be either a double barrel, over and under, repeating or automatic. The most popular barrel length is 26 inches. If it is a double or over and under, one barrel is bored slightly closer than the other, the closer boring being intended to take care of the outgoing target of skeet shooting, and the open barrel for the incomer which is always getting closer. If it is a repeater or automatic, the barrel is often fitted with a compensator having a choice of chokes from the wide-open skeet or spreader tube to the super full choke. The stocks have slightly more drop than the trap guns, and this additional drop has a tendency to make the gun shoot lower and reduces the possibility of over shooting. In trap-shooting the target is usually a rising target, but in skeet the high house target is a falling target. The skeet gun makes an ideal gun for upland game shooting, especially for quail, ruffed grouse and woodcock, because these guns handle easily.

The upland game gun should be a

.12 gauge, but should be lighter in weight than the skeet gun because when in the field no one wants to carry more weight than necessary. This gun should be a lighter double or over and under, weighing about 7 pounds, with barrels 26 to 28 inches in length. The stock dimensions vary, of course, with the individual, but a standard dimension of 1½-inch comb and 2½ inches at heel will fit most of the shooters. This makes a great gun for pheasants and partridges. If the sportsman prefers a .16 gauge, it should weigh 6½ to 6¾ pounds, 26 to 28-inch barrels, and this makes a great gun for quail, ruffed grouse and woodcock. If the nimrod wants a .20 gauge gun, it will weigh from 5¾ to 6 pounds, other specifications being the same. Recent years have seen more .28 gauge guns in the field, and under ideal conditions, with the birds holding well, it makes a fine little gun for the experienced hunter. The .410 gauge gun is limited to the expert and should only be used in the field at short ranges.

The waterfowl gun trend has been toward heavy guns with heavy shot charges. The .10 gauge super magnum duck gun, which shoots 5 drams of powder, is a powerful gun. These are made up only in double-barrel guns, but the .12 gauge can be obtained in either the double or the repeating type. These guns are intended for pass shooting at waterfowl that are flying high, so they are effective at extremely long ranges. The standard duck gun is a .12 gauge shotgun, some people preferring the repeating type or the automatic, possibly due to the 3 shots available. The trend, however, has been to the double and the over and under. These guns should weigh 8 pounds or more. A .10 gauge gun should weigh 11 pounds or slightly less. These guns are best for geese and ducks.

To get the best results when you are shooting from 50 to 75 yards away, barrel length should be 28 or 30 inches, full choke, and the shells of No. 4, 5 or 6 Shot. Super-X is considered a good long-range shell.

GROUSE IN TENNESSEE

If there is a finer sport in all the world than shooting ruffed grouse, we would like to hear about it. The grouse, being partial to hill country, finds living conditions in the Roan Mountain country of northeast Tennessee to his liking, so this particular spot provides the hunter with ideal hunting. These brown bombers are also plentiful in the other sections of Tennessee where the altitude is 3,000 feet and over. The season is open from November 25 to January 25, and the bag limit is 4 a day. Men who would like to hunt these birds would do well to contact Walter Keyes. They say of him that he knows the ruffed grouse as well as he knows the mem-

bers of his own family. Everyone around Roan Mountain knows him. Other guides with good dogs are available at reasonable prices.

While the grouse shooting is on in east Tennessee, other sportsmen will be getting their quota of quail near Norris and Knoxville, and duck and geese shooters will be getting their share of the birds at Reelfoot Lake at the other end of the state. This 14,500-acre stretch of water was formed by an earthquake in 1811 when a large tract of timberland sank below the surface of the nearby Mississippi River. Reelfoot is located on the Mississippi flyway, which is the greatest airway of migratory waterfowl, and right now the skies are filled with ducks and geese as they wing their way southward. Other good spots for shooting in west Tennessee are to be found at Open Lake, Lauderdale Lake and many well known sloughs along the Mississippi. Besides the good quail shooting in the Norris lake district, there is also good duck shooting on this great lake. Excellent accommodations may be had at Norris, a TVA town that houses the men who operate the great TVA dam. Quails are found in nearly every county in Tennessee with the larger numbers in the western portion.

NEW HUNTING GUIDE

A new book, just published, called *Hunters' Guide*, is the best I have ever read on the subject of hunting. It is written by the best authorities and will stand up the year round as the most interesting book on hunting ever put between two covers.

SMALL AND BIG GAME SHOOTING

The small game rifle usually has a caliber from .22 to .25; the medium game from .25 to .30; the large game ranging from .25 up to .600 Nitro Express. The .22 long enjoys the greatest popularity as it can be used in the well known slide-action or pump-action repeating rifle, bolt action, single shot, lever action, and automatic rifle. The medium game rifle from .25 caliber to .30 is used for game ranging from the muskrat up to the small deer. The large game rifle from .25 caliber up to .405 Winchester is used for game ranging from the deer up to the big kodiak bear. In recent years there has been a demand for the double barrel rifle in shooting big game animals, the advantage being that two rifles built in one sometimes are better than one alone when big game continues to come at you.

A tip in shooting game: Always hunt against the wind. Where a keen sense of smell is the greatest protection from hunters, as in the case of the bear, it is important always to hunt down wind.

Merry Christmas!



Monkemeyer

Your DOG

by Edward Faust

Your Dog's Christmas Tree

NO animal that man has domesticated adopts his master's house with anything like the intense possessiveness of the dog. Open your home to the average puppy and with the slightest encouragement, sometimes none at all, he'll fancy himself Boss of the house long before

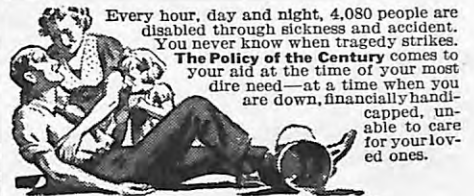
he grows up enough to wear long pants and have an eye to the ladies—an amiable delusion which the smart dog often succeeds in palming off on his master as a fact, with the result that it is not at all unusual to see Fido regarded in many a household as an important member of the family. All of this is a roundabout way of trying to account for the reason why some owners would no more think of omitting the dog's name from the family Christmas list than they would that of a



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of a book just published by the Kennel Department of *The Elks Magazine*. Edward Faust, the 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 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.

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wealthy, senile bachelor uncle.

Braving the jests of the unfeeling, some there are who go so far as to install a separate tree for the dog—an idiosyncrasy to which the writer pleads guilty, offering an admittedly feeble excuse that it keeps the two graceless scamps that have the run of the house from investigating the tid-bits and fascinating gimcracks within their reach on the larger family tree; a fantasy that fools no one and never has the least influence on the dogs.

POSSIBLY you may be among those many who enlarge their enjoyment of this finest of all holidays to include their dogs on the Christmas list. If so, you may find the following suggestions helpful:

To begin with, if you want to make a hit with your four-legged friend be sure to include something to eat—some little specialty that he doesn't get too often, or you can fall back on one of the better kind of packaged food staples. Although throughout the year we advise against feeding confections, on this one occasion the rule can be broken and if your dog likes candy include a few of the more simple and wholesome sweets. An excellent non-fattening substitute is a "confection" designed for dogs and which they keenly relish. This can be bought at almost any of the five and ten chain stores, many of which also sell a complete Christmas stocking for the dog containing an assortment of doggy nicknacks, foods, accessories, etc.

If yours is one of the long-haired breeds and you want to present him with a comb, select one with coarse teeth—the fine-toothed kind will pull out too much hair. If choosing a brush, get one with fairly stiff bristles about one inch long for short-coated dogs or better yet, a grooming glove. If the dog's coat is of the broken-haired kind such as the Welsh, Wire-haired Fox Terrier or Airedale, the brush bristles should be about one and one-quarter inches long, and for long-coated dogs about two inches. For both comb and brush and other accessories, too, you'll find that it pays to get the best.

Another useful tool for all but the short-coated dogs, is a good stripping comb, particularly necessary to preserve a smart appearance if yours is one of the broken-haired terriers previously mentioned, or any similar breed. For this and most of the better grade accessories you'll have to shop at one of the larger department stores or your local pet shop. The stripping combs range from the more expensive imported varieties, which are largely used only by the experienced exhibitor, to an inexpensive and more popular version that employs a replaceable razor blade. With this you should have a stripping chart which will show you how to barber your dog according to the standard of his breed.

Then there are any number of advertised, better-known dog soaps,

most of which contain effective flea-killing ingredients. A useful adjunct to these is a handy dog washer that will go a long way toward making the dog's bath a pleasure to both you and the dog. This is a rubber hose contraption that slips over a tub faucet and has a brush-like end designed to contain a cake of soap, thus enabling you to soap, scrub and rinse the dog more conveniently. Other utility gifts include dog dishes of various kinds and sizes; two particularly useful ones are built into one unit containing separate compartments for food and water. If your dog is one of the long-eared breeds such as some of the hounds and spaniels, you will find a narrow-mouthed, deep dish especially designed to prevent the ears from entering the dish while the dog feeds. Another gadget is the "silent" dog whistle which can be tuned to so high a pitch as to be almost inaudible to human ears although clearly heard by the dog.

Usually one of the first thought-of accessories is a new collar, and if this is your choice, then best not get the flat kind, the round collar is better as it is less wearing on the dog's coat. Avoid the chain collar unless you want to use it to teach a fairly large and wilful dog to heel, but in no event should it be employed as your dog's permanent collar. While a harness is undoubtedly more comfortable for the dog it has a tendency to "throw out" his elbows, and for this reason a collar should be preferred.

WHAT about a blanket? Frankly, unless your pet is one of the short-coated, smaller and weaker breeds, we advise against any protection other than that furnished by the dog's coat. But if you must provide an overcoat then be sure that it wraps around the dog well under his stomach. It is now possible to get blankets that are reversible—one side waterproofed against rain, the other used as a regular coat—and, of course, in many gay color combinations. Between the coat or the sweater, the latter is to be preferred as it furnishes full body protection.

Perhaps nothing gets mislaid around the average house more often than the dog's lead and for this reason most dog owners would do well to have one or two extra leads on hand. Almost all the department chain stores now sell them.

Another gift that will be more than appreciated for its year-round use is an outdoor trolley, which, if you have a back yard, will enable you to confine your dog within bounds and at the same time afford him ample opportunity for exercise. This is a fifty-foot twisted steel cable (it can be adapted to lengths smaller) which runs through a pulley to which the end of the dog's chain is attached. Erect this between two posts and fasten the dog to the chain and you'll never again

have to organize a searching party.

Last but not least is a comfortable bed. Of course, if he is like the average dog he'd rather sleep in yours, but that's a bad habit, besides being unsanitary. Dogs like to think that certain parts of the house belong to them and their sleeping quarters should be reserved to them alone. Here you have your choice of the indoor dog house, so colored and designed as to grace almost any living room, a wicker basket or wooden dog bed. Either of these should be accompanied by a cushion, preferably stuffed with cedar shavings.

Of course, in these enlightened days few people would think of buying the dog a whip for Christmas or at any other time—as a matter of fact, as one eminent authority once rightly said, "dog-whips should be used on the people who make them—not dogs"—and this is so because they can be used as fearful instruments of torture. If the dog must be punished, a few loosely rolled sheets of newspaper smacked over his rear-end is sufficient—the noise will frighten him but the blow will not severely hurt or injure him.

SO much for the dog's Christmas tree. Let's talk about our own trees and still confine ourselves to the dog. For example, if you haven't a dog, give a thought to buying one. You couldn't get a better Christmas present for yourself, your family or a friend. It is said, and with much truth, that the dog's love is the only love that money can't buy. He's a Christmas present that, given reasonable care, will last from twelve to fourteen years—a living present that only asks for the chance to give a good master his entire devotion. Before buying the puppy, consider carefully if you have ample room if your choice is one of the larger breeds; you'll need at least a fairly large back yard, as the big dogs are unhappy if too closely confined. Almost all of the medium-size dogs will thrive in smaller quarters, as long as they are given frequent exercise periods and most of the Terriers and all of the Toy dogs endure apartment house life very well, provided they, too, can get a reasonable amount of outdoor activity. If you plan to buy a dog for a friend the same advice holds true, of course.

When buying, select the active puppy with a clear eye and a clean breath. Between the pet shop and the kennel it is best to make your purchase from the latter. There are some good pet shops but not many, while most of the kennels are kept up to a high standard.

Then, too, should you buy the dog as a gift for a friend it will be an appreciated extra thoughtfulness to put into the hands of the recipient the information he or she may need to give Fido the care he should have.

P.S. *The Elks Magazine* will be glad to tell you where to buy the dog accessories mentioned in this article and how much they cost.

THE *Elks* MAGAZINE

TRAVEL CONTEST

. . closes next month

Just one more month—or until January 31, 1940—is all the time you have left to send in your entry to this vacation travel contest.

The primary purpose of the contest is to enable other Elks to learn of your vacation experiences—the places you've gone and how you got there. Many of you visit new places every time you go away—many of you keep going back to the same *old* place because you haven't wanted to try a new spot.

It's not so much the value of the prizes that should interest you as the knowledge that your letters will be helpful to all Elks and their families in knowing something about the kind of new vacation places to visit.

For the best 61 LETTERS or STORIES of 300 words or less telling us about your most interesting vacation trip within the last two years—what you saw, how you traveled and where you went—*The Elks Magazine* will award prizes 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 sells for \$25.

It isn't necessary that your entry be written in professional manner because literary genius and elaborateness of entries will not count. All we want is for you to tell us, in your own words, where you went and what you did for your vacation this year; and if you feel that your vacation of 1938 was more interesting than the one you have taken or will take this year, tell us about that. Any vacation taken since January, 1938, can be included.

If you haven't yet taken your vacation, go to any of the many places that are so appealing in December—whether to Florida for its bathing and fishing or Canada for skiing and winter sports. Go to Bermuda—you can by plane or boat; or Hawaii—to Southern California or Mexican resorts, and steamships do still operate to the West Indies. Havana offers you an unusually grand time for New Year's Eve. And all of these holiday experiences are the things we want you to put on paper so that the half-million other Elks and their families might make plans to do similar things in 1940.

The rules are very simple, but read them carefully. Your letter or story must be postmarked not later than January 31, 1940.

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 January 31, 1940. You may send more than one entry, but only one prize will be awarded to each winning contestant.

GOOD FRIENDS AGREE—

**"THERE'S EXTRA PLEASURE . . . AND
EXTRA SMOKING IN CAMELS!"**

NORTH, East, South, West, you'll hear the same story: One true yardstick of cigarette pleasure is *slow* burning! Kenneth E. (Nick) Knight (*below, left*) confirms the experience of millions of smokers when he says: "One of the first things I noticed about Camels was their slow burning. I figure that's why Camels smoke so much cooler, milder and taste so much better. Camels last longer, too." Howard

McCrorey agrees on Camel's slow burning, and adds: "To me that means extra pleasure and extra smoking per pack."

Yes, the *costlier tobaccos* in Camels are *slower-burning!* And of course the extra smoking in Camels (*see right*) is just that much more smoking pleasure at its best—*Camel's costlier tobaccos!* Enjoy extra pleasure and extra value in America's No. 1 cigarette...Camels!



**CAMELS — LONG-BURNING
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Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower than any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**



Cigarettes were compared recently... sixteen of the largest-selling brands... under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain **MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT** than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED **SLOWER** THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—**25% SLOWER** THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of **5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!**

3 In the same tests, CAMELS **HELD THEIR ASH FAR LONGER** than the average time for all the other brands.

**MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!**

**PENNY FOR PENNY
YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY**

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