

THE MAGAZINE

OCTOBER 1941

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Elks

David Berger

A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER



Philip Gendreau

HELLO, AMERICANS!

Again I greet our great army of a half million patriotic Elks with this inspiring salute—a salute which is taking deep root throughout our broad land in the hearts and minds of our loyal and freedom-loving people.

It is a salute every Elk, in fact every American citizen, should be proud to extend to a fellow-American, and the recipient should be equally as proud to be so recognized. Let's make it a grand salutation. Use it often—use it proudly—use it in earnest. It means something—it means a lot.

As your recently elected Grand Exalted Ruler I am truly proud and grateful for the warm welcome, the hearty and sincere reception accorded me in the cities where I have had occasion to visit. Three very fine and inspirational meetings have been held with District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers in Salt Lake City, Chicago and Bedford, Virginia. In these conferences wholehearted and loyal cooperation in the programs outlined for the coming year have been outstanding. I appreciate the clear understanding, the approval and the loyal devotion of my District Deputies, as evidenced at the conferences held. I realize that without their united and earnest help, and more, the help of every individual Elk, the essential things for Elksdom during the coming year cannot be accomplished. I am hopeful and trustful that great things are to be done, and I realize the need of the help of all.

In brief monthly messages through this, your official Magazine, it will be difficult to outline all of the many beneficial things for which we strive. The National Defense and Public Relations Commission is fostering the program of recruiting and preparing aviation cadets

for training. This is a great program, in which we are all deeply interested, which has the attractive slogan, "Keep 'Em Flying." In this branch of defense for America the Elks are to have an important and greatly needed part. I know we will be equal to the occasion. You can learn more about being a U. S. Army Aviation Cadet by reading particulars in the message of the National Defense and Public Relations Commission on page 1 in this issue.

Your Grand Exalted Ruler will try to be broad enough to take in every feature of the work of Elksdom; to give to every phase of the work of the Elks his best thought and earnest cooperation. But there are many important phases. Not only is there patriotic work for the defense of our America, work for charity and crippled children, but earnest, faithful effort must be employed to keep the growth and prosperity of Elksdom at its highest, that we may have strength to accomplish our aims.

The Grand Lodge Activities Committee begin their year with the promotion of an October round-up, to bring back into the folds Brothers who have been dropped from our rolls, or who are delinquent. Let's make this month, October, a wonderful round-up month. To use a sprightly western phrase, let's "corral the strays". Let's start off in a cloud of dust, like the cowboy who rode off in all directions. The month of October is dedicated to brotherly love.

With fraternal greetings to all.

Philip Gendreau
GRAND EXALTED RULER.



WANTED!

One hundred thousand Patriotic Elks who will each get one or more candidates for the Flying Cadet Corps of the United States Army.

We will help you. Your Lodge Defense Committee will help you.

Sign the coupon below for full information.

At the request of the Adjutant General of the Army, we have undertaken to get one hundred thousand candidates for the Air Corps. It is an opportunity to render the greatest single patriotic service that this Order has ever undertaken in its long history of patriotic and benevolent activities.

As in previous accomplishments of our Fraternity, the success of this venture depends upon every individual Elk doing his part. Our Grand Exalted Ruler, your Defense Commission, the Defense Committee of your local lodge can accomplish little without your help.

The task is not a difficult one. Admission to the

Air Corps Cadet training school requires that a young man between the ages of twenty and twenty-six inclusive submit credentials of good character with his application after which he must pass a physical and mental examination.

The pay while in training is \$75.00 per month plus equipment and maintenance.

Full information regarding all requirements will be sent immediately upon receipt of your request on the coupon below.

Surely there are many young men in your community who will enthusiastically grasp this opportunity. After you have received complete details talk it over with them. Get in touch with your local lodge Defense Committee Chairman who is now organizing a "Refresher Course" in your community to assist all candidates who desire to "brush up" on certain subjects required to be passed in the mental examinations.

Do it today—With your help we will have 25,000 candidates by Christmas.

Elks National Defense Commission,
292 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send full information regarding the Elks Flying Cadet Program.

NAME (Print)

ADDRESS

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THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

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

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . . ."—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

TOM WALSH, author of "Alias Miss Shea", has written well and frequently for us before. He was born and raised in the Yorkville section of New York City, attended Columbia University and thought of becoming a Civil Engineer, but the fates which plan our paths turned him into an author instead, and a good one.

The magazines which now take most of his work are *Colliers*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *The Elks Magazine* and *Woman's Home Companion*. He has written largely stories of crime and police detection. Apart from the fact that he writes about them there is something in these matters which fascinate him. One of his favorite themes is the Police Department of New York and he writes at times so sympathetically of the police that we suspect he was never chased by the cops of Yorkville when he was young.

Roderick Lull, who wrote "The American Way", is just as familiar to you all as Tom Walsh. His family moved to California in the 1850's and he was born in San Francisco, where his father was city attorney, in 1907. He went to private schools there but, the family fortune failing, went to work instead of to college. His first job was as office boy with the industrial publication he's still with, now as an editor, moving to the Portland office twelve years ago.

While in high school he sold a group of sonnets dealing somberly with prison life, which made Harriet Monroe, editor of *Poetry*, think of him as an ex-convict. His first fiction was placed with *Midland* ten years ago. He and Richard Wetjen edited a small literary magazine called "*The Outlook*" for a short time.

His hobbies are fly-fishing; hunting dogs, especially sporting spaniels, and sailing, though so far he hasn't been able to afford his own boat.

"Iron Man" was written by William Fay whose background of sports is complete. He's played practically everything and even spent a short time in the ring. He was a "Golden Gloves" champ and fought one professional fight. He likes to think of his one fight as a draw, which the referee called it. But it persuaded him that boxing was definitely not his career—so we'll leave you to your own conclusions. Whether or not he can box, he can certainly write and you can expect to hear a lot from him in the future.

James Monahan has written a fascinating article about the baby sensation of America, the "juke-box". Its influence and ramifications are infinite. It might even mold the youth of the Nation irreparably—although we hope not. The article is called "Explosion in Vulgarity".

J. B. S.



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Tom was a stranger, and afraid,
in a world he never made.

Then Schultz looked around
and their eyes met.

Illustrated by
C. C. BEALL

WHEN he was a block from the house he heard the airplane overhead. He stepped into the street, away from the trees whose branches made a fluttering canopy above the sidewalk, to see it better. He felt a sense of pride in standing there in the open watching the plane winging south. When he had first come the sound of a plane's engines had sent him scurrying for shelter, his small fists clenched so tight they sometimes drew blood from his palms, his heart beating so hard it seemed it must burst. And they had all been very kind, putting their arms around him, explaining gently over and over again that here, in this country, an airplane meant commerce, travel, the swift, sure flight of the mails—not death and ruin and terror as in his country. He had listened to them and had had nothing to say. They thought him stupid, he was sure, though they never intimidated it. They were far too kind and considerate for that. He liked them and he was grateful. Only—

The plane was gone now, and he walked on toward the house that was his present home. Only they could never quite understand. They read the papers and the magazines and suffered honestly for those to whom the sky was a dark source of death. But words, no matter how cleverly contrived, could not make those feel it who had never experienced it. You could write that men and women and children ran for air-raid shelters, but you could not adequately describe their terror, or their fear, or their blind, fist-shaking rage. You could write that a raid had tumbled, like so many tenpins, a row of workers' houses some-

eled several times since. The house he had lived in in Manchester had been built almost two centuries ago, and little had been done to it in three generations. Yet it was never considered especially old.

The entrance hall was large and dusky and cool, and there was the smell of many flowers. He started up the stairs to his room. Aunt Kate heard him and called to him. That was what they had asked him to call them—Aunt Kate and Uncle George. But always in his mind he thought of them as Mr. and Mrs. Lambert.

She came into the hall, looking pretty in a white linen dress, and smiled at him. She said, "How was school today, Tom?"

"It was fine, Aunt Kate," he said dutifully. He still felt a little strange with her; it embarrassed him when she questioned him as if she were his mother. And the accent of her speech, like that of almost everyone he had met since landing in America, still seemed odd and foreign.

"Good," she said. "Of course, it's only been three days since you started. It takes a little time to become acquainted. Are you making friends?"

"Yes, Aunt Kate," he said. It was not true.

"And do you like the boys?"

He said "Yes" again, wishing she would release him.

"Splendid. I want you to remember that you can bring anyone here you like—we can always find cookies and things for your friends. We want you to feel completely at home—as if this had always been your home."

He thanked her and she went back to the living room. He went to

tapped spring, "I hope the war lasts until I'm old enough to fight. I want to fight them too."

His mother had cried then, sharply, and his father had patted his shoulder with a heavy hand. Then it was time to go.

He remembered his last sight of them from the boat-train. His mother, smiling a false smile and waving a limp handkerchief. His father, stolid in his R.A.F. uniform, his face expressionless, his hand moving slowly in the gesture of farewell.

He had told the boy next to him that his father was a fighter pilot, and the boy had been obviously impressed. It wasn't quite true—his father was too old for that, and so was a gunner in a bombing squadron. But it was only a little lie. And after all, the bomber crews were the most daring of all. They were the ones who went night after night to the Continent to blast the German positions.

Tom went to the bathroom and washed. He wanted to stay in his room, but he knew that Mrs. Lambert would be disappointed and a little hurt if he didn't come downstairs. And Mr. Lambert would be home before long. He straightened his tie, brushed his hair and went to the living room.

She was sitting by the window, knitting, and as he came in she pointed to some newly completed squares. "Bundles for Britain," she said. "To help keep some brave soldier warm."

He smiled and sat down near her, his body tense and awkward. He wanted to ask her if there was a letter from home, but he knew she would have told him at once if there was. It had been two weeks since

THE AMERICAN WAY

By Roderick Lull

where in the Midlands, and killed and wounded twenty, but you could not give the reader the smell of blood, or communicate the feeling that came to those who saw homes they had known all their lives blasted into rubble.

He felt very lonely when they talked about the war. Perhaps they had seen that, he thought; now they talked of it little in his hearing. And when they did, it was with dead, repetitive statements of their certainty of British victory.

He turned the corner and was home. It was a handsome house, set well back from the street. He had been surprised to learn that it was considered very old—it had been built fifty years before and remod-

his room and put his books aside and took off his coat. "As if this had always been your home," she had said. And she had meant it, fully. She couldn't know that this house could never be anything but a foreign place, no matter how long he lived in it.

He sat on the bed, remembering his good-bye to his father and mother. There had been a long air-raid that day, and all of them were tired and grave. As they came to the station a single plane was sighted, far away, a mere dot in the sky. He had stared at it, hearing the dull thudding sound made by the anti-aircraft batteries, and suddenly he had said, feeling emotion welling up in him like water from a newly

he had heard. But he knew he must not worry. The mails were uncertain now. And there were the long delays caused by the censorship.

She talked while she knitted, of little, unimportant things. Soon there were steps outside and the big front door opened and Mr. Lambert came in, a tall, greying man, dressed in light tweeds, with an eternal slight smile on his narrow face. He said, "Well, this is a pleasant domestic scene," kissed his wife and patted Tom's shoulder.

"I think we might have tea," he said. "I know Tom would like it."

"I don't have to have it," Tom said.

"We'd like it too. An excellent habit—we should have borrowed it



The sound of a plane had sent him scurrying, his small fists clenched tight against his ears.

from abroad before. You see, you're helping civilize us, Tom." Mrs. Lambert said something pleasant and went out to instruct the maid. Mr. Lambert began asking questions about school.

"Fine bunch of boys go there," Mr. Lambert said categorically. "I know most of their parents. A representative group."

He said, "Yes, sir." He thought of the boy who sat three desks away from him, the boy with the stocky body and the blond hair, whose name was Schultz. It had been a shock to hear the name, and he had stared at the boy a long time, until the teacher had demanded his attention. He had thought about the boy for hours and he had listened carefully for a German accent when he spoke. There had been none; he talked like any American, but that meant nothing.

He had tried to put the boy out of his mind—he knew there would be trouble if he let it prey on him. He did manage that to an extent—there were so many other things to think about. But when he thought of school, he thought at once of the blond hair and the full lips and the name Schultz.

He said, hardly knowing he was saying it, "There's a boy named Schultz in my class."

"Schultz? Of course. His father has the packing plant here—he's done's very well with it. I've just seen the boy a time or two and—" Mr. Lambert paused suddenly. He looked at Tom with narrowed eyes.

"Oh, I see. Schultz. German."

Tom said nothing.

Mr. Lambert lighted a cigar and walked up and down the room. "Tom," he said softly, "in this country—well, we don't think in terms of nationalities. We're the melting pot, you know. It's not as it is abroad. I do want you to remember that. It's important."

"Yes, Uncle George," he said.

Then Mrs. Lambert came back and in a few minutes the maid followed with tea and scones. The three of them sat and ate and drank and Mr. Lambert told some jokes that were different from English jokes, but still quite funny. One of them he couldn't understand, as its point revolved about a phrase he had never heard, and Mr. Lambert explained it to him. Then they all laughed together over his understandable ignorance of American slang. Only Mr. and Mrs. Lambert didn't laugh about that until he had laughed first.

When tea was over he excused himself to go to his room and study for a while before dinner. He did open his books and run through the assignments. But he couldn't seem to concentrate well. He sat at the little desk, his mind a confused medley of pictures—his family, and the smell of England in winter, and the hole a 1,000-pound demolition bomb made in solid concrete, and the dog he couldn't bring with him, and a boy named Schultz.

HE HAD been given a battered desk equipped with two cubbyholes in which to put books and papers and pencils and odds-and-ends. The teacher, a young woman with earnest eyes behind thick-lensed glasses, sat back of a flat-topped desk with a blackboard behind her. The mathematics hour was over, and it was a study period.

The next hour was to be given to English history; he opened the thick squat book and began reading about Cromwell and the Cavaliers and the Roundheads. It was at once familiar and strange. He had known, if somewhat vaguely, of this all his life. And it was strange because the book said by intimation that England was a foreign country—an interesting place, many thousands of miles away, which most of the book's readers would never know at first-hand.

He lifted his eyes from the page, though he kept the book open and his head down in case the teacher should glance his way. She was very kind and pleasant and for a while she had made him acutely unhappy because she so obviously tried to help and favor him. Now he looked on the teacher objectively, liking her in a passive way, and thinking it a little odd that she should defer to him. The schools were very different in England. They were much more strict. And they didn't have about them this school's smell of new paint and freshly scrubbed corridors.

He looked ahead and to the right, to the desk in the front row where William Schultz was. The boy's real name, he thought, was undoubtedly Wilhelm, anglicized to avoid criticism. He knew that he could never call him Bill, as the others did. He was apparently studying hard, turning a page each minute or two, his head moving slightly from left to right as he read. His jaw was heavy and fleshy, and there was the suspicion of jowls where the line of the jawbone ended on either side. He was, Tom thought suddenly, the perfect picture of a German.

He felt nervousness mounting inside him, and then a hot anger, and on top of it all an emotion of wonder that anywhere in the world a German boy could mix with others as one of them and be accepted; even, apparently, be liked. Then Schultz looked around and their eyes met. It was Schultz who looked away first, an expression of mild wonder on his face.

Before the history hour there was a twenty-minute recreation period. The bell rang and all hurried out. When he reached the corridor and was walking down it toward the bright outdoors he found Schultz walking beside him.

"Your name's Tom, isn't it?" the boy said.

"Yes." He spoke the single word harshly, gratingly.

"You came over here from England, didn't you? I mean, your parents sent you because of the bombing?"

The word "bombing" brought a legion of memories flooding back. The look on his parents' faces as they said good-bye; the ruin that had once been a fine house in which a friend of his had lived; the knowledge that in a year, two, three, the fate of all that England was and stood for and meant was to be finally decided. And no doubt relatives of this boy manned the planes that spread the ruin, and fed and fired the anti-aircraft batteries that sought to bring his father and the other fighting men down.

He shrank back, feeling the blood leave his face. He saw the look of amazement in the other boy's dark, placid eyes. He said, "Leave me alone. Don't talk to me." He rushed ahead, running down the corridor to the playground.

He spent the period watching others at games. No one invited him to join in, though a few spoke to him. Anyway, he did not understand their strange games and would have been small use as a participant. Twice he noticed the boy Schultz. Each time the boy was looking at him, his face somber, his eyes wondering. And each time Tom turned his back and walked farther away.

The interminable school day came to an end at last and he went home, feeling a bleak depression and a sense of vague fear, as if he had been transported to a place where

(Continued on page 36)





By William Fay

THE cabbie said to Patsy, "You couldn't get through that mob with an army tank."

Patsy said, "I'll do all right." The driver looked at him and understood. Patsy, in a double-breasted coat of camel's hair, seemed to fill up the cab.

"I'll tryta pull up closer to the curb."

"It's okay, pal. Right here."

He gave some money to the cabbie and the cabbie dug into his coat for change. But Patsy said, "Forget it,"

and the cabbie grinned his happiness and said, "Let's see you murder 'em. Those bums." He leaned across the wheel and watched while Patsy wedged himself into the crowd.

Patsy felt wonderful today, with only three beers after breakfast. His strength was big inside of him, just waiting to be used. The fans, in line through patient hours for bleacher seats, gave recognition, called to him. A mounted policeman cut a path for him, two other policemen walked beside him, help-

ing him through the crowd. He was late, of course, but was—well, he was Patsy Dale, the big league football man, the leading scorer in the National League.

Steve Evans, the Giant coach, inquired, "You get lost on the subway? You have to stop a runaway horse?"

Patsy said, "Steve, you know I always ride in cabs. You know I had to see a dame."

And this was true, though Steve accepted such frank evidence as foolishness. There was a girl named



Steve had many earnest things to say while Patsy sat there on the bench lacing up his cleated shoes.

Lucy, which was something that another girl was not supposed to know. Steve said, "Well, now you're here, sit down. Look, Patsy—"

Steve had many earnest things to say while Patsy sat there on the bench, lacing up his cleated shoes.

Patsy said, "Don't worry, Steve, we're hot today. The boys are hot. This is our day, kid."

"That so? Well, does that mean the Dodgers can't be hot, too? How about Gallagher, your pal?"

"Joe? What about Joe?"

Patsy was a patsy who liked to butt his head like a billy-goat just to show how tough he was.

"Nothing about him. Except the boy is half racehorse. You've got to stop him this afternoon or there won't be any play-off checks, that's all. He's a great kid."

Patsy said slowly, "He can be stopped. Anybody can."

"Maybe he can," Steve said, "and maybe he can't. You want to know something?"

"What?"

"Your pal is only six points behind you. He might be the Mr. Big this year instead of you."

"So?"

"So have a nice afternoon, Patsy. Give us a ball game. Good luck."

Patsy went on lacing his shoes, pulling the laces carefully, testing the freedom of his foot by moving it inside the shoe against the tightening leather. Steve's little challenge assailed him, but did not break his confidence. Joe was good, all right. Damned good, in his careful, flashy way. But they'd all make way for Patsy, when Patsy opened up the valves of his big energy. The hell with Joe. Well, not exactly, but the kid got in the way, was such a perfect, nicely mannered punk, it could be quite annoying.

Herman, the little man who rubbed the athletes when he wasn't sweeping out the place or tidying the lockers, said, "Telephone for you, Patsy."

"Who is it?"

Herman replied with an exaggerated smile of approval. Patsy said, "Oh. I meant to tell you I was out on the field or something. You said I was here? Well, all right, Herman."

He went to the phone and Lucy said, "Hello, muscles," in her affectionate contralto. Lucy was the greatest girl in all the world, except for Margaret. Lucy was a little stouter than she used to be. Not heavy, mind you, simply rounded out a bit, a woman only one year younger than himself, but warm and comforting; it would be hard to put aside the warmth and humor and the splendid fun that Lucy had been for a fine ten years.

"I didn't get you, sugar. What you say?"

"I said," she told him, "that I didn't want to be a mustard plaster on your manly chest. But you ran out of here like a man who has stolen a watch. Did you say I was to meet you after the game?"

"Well, you see I was just so darn late, darling. No. I have to see Steve and some league officials, baby. About the Cleveland trip. I'm sorry, though; I'm sorry, baby." Sometime, he thought, bitterly; sometime, you bum, you'll have to tell the truth.

"Uh-huh. Well, then, I'll have a bite with myself. Eat some flesh off

my arms." Lucy's voice was nice; he'd have to have a record made of Lucy's voice that he could play in lonely times. "Good luck with the Brooklyns, Patsy. Take care you don't get hurted. You're not a boy, you know."

"What do you mean, I'm not a boy?"

"Oh, Patsy, don't be silly. God, I sit here like a frightened soldier's wife beside the radio, every time you try to imitate a billy-goat and butt your foolish head to show how tough you are. Listening is bad enough; I couldn't bear to watch it—actually. Be sensible now, Patsy, please. G'bye."

Feel like a boy, though, Patsy thought. Power was in his legs and in his hands, his waistline flat and hard from the eleven weeks' campaign, his deep chest orderly and quiet with his breathing and his energy intact.

Steve called, "All right, boys!" It was time to go out on the grass.

THE Polo Grounds were packed with people and the noise they made. The noise was partisan, since half of it had come across the bridge from Brooklyn, and a sporting noise from Brooklyn is a thing to quake the hearts of little men. The Sunday was the first one in December and a fair wind swept the top tier of the stands and starched the bright flags and the pennants there.

Patsy stood at the west end of the field and booted footballs high and far away and listened to the customers who called his name. His eyes trailed every now and then to Gallagher, across the grass, where Joe warmed up with the Brooklyns, throwing passes, catching them, then putting place-kicks through the uprights at the east end of the field.

Joe was a big man, not so huge as Patsy, made more classically, on younger lines, and reasonably resembling Patsy in his college days. He had a slightly moving-picture face. The guy looked good. He chased an errant forward pass that brought him close to Patsy. He wrapped a hand around the ball, looked over. "Boo!" he said, then tossed the ball back into play. "I'll see you later, pal. Whew! I'm starving to death right now."

Patsy said, "Don't worry. You'll be eatin' dirt all afternoon."

"Huh? You mean a tramp like you—and those bums?" Joe gestured to the Giants. Joe seemed happy with the situation, so Patsy permitted himself to grin. He mumbled something unintelligible.

Pals, all right. Maybe too much pals, thought Patsy. The more you help a kid like that, the more he comes to expect. See you later, pal. The hell—you can't get rid of him!

Some fun, he thought. You show the kid like a prize hound at a show. The prize hound turns and bites your arm off at the elbow.

In the stands, upstairs, behind the west goal where the wise ones sit, sat Margaret, where she sat each Sunday that the Giants played at home, understanding everything she saw and keeping her statistics of the game. This would be the first time she had ever seen them on the field together, Joe and Patsy. First time she'd ever seen Joe play.

But there were things to do.

Patsy, as the Giant's captain, walked out to the center of the grass to shake the hand of Eddie Falk, the captain of the Dodgers. The referee tossed a nickel in the air and Patsy said, "Heads," and the coin said tails.

Falk declared that Brooklyn chose to kick and to defend the west goal. The teams spread out across the field, with Patsy back against his goal-line, hoping that the ball would come to him. The whistle blew.

Joe kicked for Brooklyn. He moved in and booted it a mile. It hoisted high and Patsy saw it coming. He was running as he took it. He was to the five, the ten, the fifteen yard mark, running like a train. The Dodgers dropped him on the twenty-five, which wasn't bad. It took two men to knock him down.

The signals were crisp and authoritative. McDermott called them in a rasping voice. He fed the ball to Patsy. Patsy hit the middle of the Dodger line, he cracked it and went plunging on. Joe hit him hard and dropped him when he'd gone four yards. Joe said, "It's like stopping the subway with your head."

Patsy didn't feel like laughing. He said, "I'll be back again."

Patsy heard McDermott calling him again. The play went to the right. The Giants cleared the Dodger tackle out of there, they blocked the end and Patsy ran with one arm swinging free, the ball tight at his chest. He shed a tackler from his knees; he pivoted and moved against the Dodger secondaries. Joe felled him like a tree.

The Giants had to kick. The kick was brought back to the twenty-three. The Dodgers worked a fake reverse that made a single yard. Joe carried wide and flipped a lateral to Schwartzler who raced down the sidelines for a dozen yards before they stopped him. Now Joe would take it, Patsy knew.

But not this time. The next time it was Joe. Joe cracked the Giant line for six. And then for nine. The kid was blazing fast and slipped through tacklers like a ghost. He took a pass from Falk that carried him almost to midfield. Patsy took a wild desperate dive at him and missed. Two other people brought him down. The Brooklyn fans were crazy in the stands and Patsy wondered just how Margaret felt.

Patsy told himself this couldn't



last. The kid was crazy wild, beyond himself. The game had only just begun. Wait till Joe had played a quarter, then they'd have to take him out. Flash alone does not make quality. Patsy was a sixty-minute guy. Sixty minutes every game. The Iron Man. You read about it in the papers all the time. Could Joe do that?

The kid was laughing there across the line, pleased with himself. Patsy watched him come through once again, then hit him, planted him, shoved him in the ground like an asparagus. The impact was tremendous.

Patsy got up. He wasn't sure that Joe would. He was frightened. After all, it wasn't necessary, wasn't right. But Joe got up, as though the tackle was a routine matter. "You were definite," he said. No more. Perhaps it hadn't been as bad as Patsy thought.

The Dodgers kept on rolling. Schwartzler, Kearns, Mazzotti, all were valiant, but Joe Gallagher was the boy who carried all the freight. He scored in seven plays, went over standing up. He tied the season's scoring mark that Patsy had already set. The happy Brooklynites threw hats away and cut the air with screaming, and their programs and their papers, and their empty peanut bags rained in the air and littered up the field.

Joe took with a becoming modesty the plaudits of his teammates. The kid was much too pat, too sweet about the thing, no cockiness, and Patsy told himself it was a phony attitude, and that the geezer would come out in Joe when things got tough.

Joe stood in kick-formation then, to try for the extra point. The atmosphere was crowded with his name. The ball came back and Joe was slow in handling it. He missed the extra point. He ducked it, Patsy thought. He couldn't stand the pressure. Hell, he had no right to miss a kick like that. The teams lined up again and then went back to work.

Patsy took the kick-off. He went rolling up the field. He put his head down, blasted yards through the resisting hands that tried to stop him. He went thirty yards. The teams lined up and Patsy told McDermott, "Lemme have it, Mac." He looked across the scrimmage line at Joe. Why, hell, he'd put this young punk in the league. If it was not for him—for all the things that he had done and taught the kid, he'd still be out in Idaho. The guy'd be selling vacuum cleaners near that jerky college he had gone to—Whosis Normal—if you didn't look it up you'd never know the name of it.

Not that Joe had ever done him any harm, exactly, but—

IT WAS ten days ago. It was a Thursday evening. He was at Lucy's house, where he should not have been. It wasn't Lucy's fault; she didn't know the turn for moral betterment he was about to take. He simply sat there drinking Scotch and wondering when he'd find the strength of soul to tell her he had found the girl he wished to marry. He was so fond of Lucy, with her quiet, undemanding ways, and so accustomed to the comforting companionship she gave him, that he didn't want to hurt her. He couldn't get himself to say, "The ball game's over, Lucy. This time I really am in love. I've found the girl, the kind of girl I always told myself I'd marry. I've got a diamond in my pocket that's as big as either of your bright blue eyes, for her."

Instead, he said, "Well, baby. Gotta go. Gotta see pals."

"What kind of pals."

"Pals like Joe."

"Oh. Well, Joe's pretty. He's a sugarcake."

"You leave 'im alone. He's a good kid. He's a great guy. No sugar on Joe. Just because he's pretty."

"Well, you were pretty once yourself. Tell Joe I was asking for him, will you, darling? And do try to get some sleep. You're going to need it."

Patsy left, not happy with the problems of a double life. But the evening air refreshed him, took the burning from his eyes. He walked the seven blocks to Kelly's, which was quite a fancy chophouse. Well, he had a date with Joe; he simply hadn't added that a girl would be there too.

Joe was just a habit he'd acquired. He liked the kid. Joe made him proud. The things that Joe was doing out in Brooklyn were the greatest things that happened in the league. Of course, Patsy had discovered Joe. He had found him just three years ago, in Idaho, playing ball for Snavelly Normal—that's what they called it, Snavelly Normal, a little school no bigger than an Idaho potato. Joe was a cat amid a field of mice. It might have been small-time at Snavelly Normal but the big league stamp was very clear on Joe. Patsy raved so much about the kid that seven big league scouts went after him, and Brooklyn was the lucky club that won him in the draft.

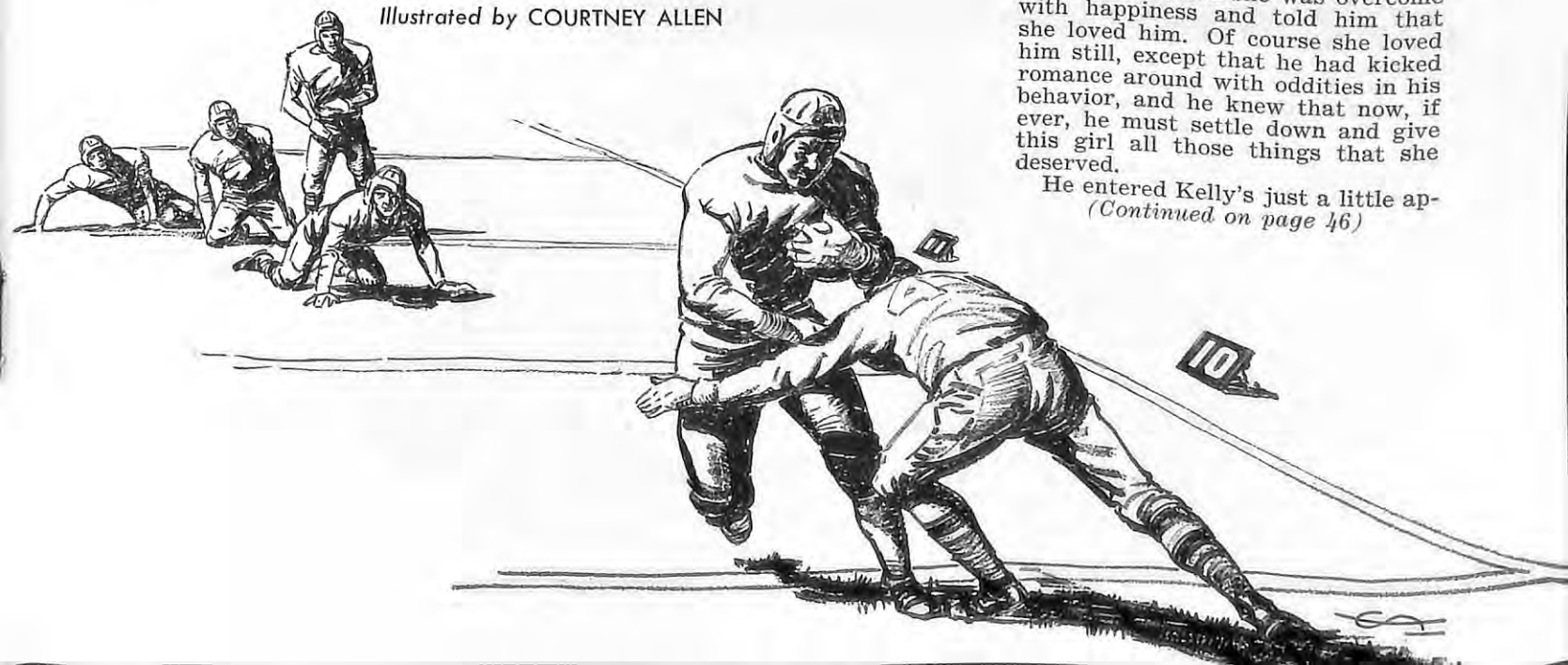
Nice thing about Joe, you could bring him any place. He never had to be ashamed of Joe in front of Margaret. He wouldn't sit there with a racing form, forgetting to remove his hat, like certain other men who shared in Patsy's affections.

Margaret seemed to like Joe pretty well. It was convenient, when his flagging spirit needed Lucy, to tell her he had spent the afternoon with Joe. And other times, if he was late, or mixed up in a card game with the boys, Joe would come around, apologizing for the National Football League, and sometimes even take her to a movie.

It took a lot of cards, some dice and many calculations to acquire the diamond Patsy had for her. It was a diamond in his own proportions. It would dazzle her and he knew what she'd say. She'd say, "Why, Patsy—it's just beautiful—it's sweet, but Patsy, dear, you're too generous, extravagant!" She'd be so pleased that she would cry, as once she'd cried, a year ago, when she was overcome with happiness and told him that she loved him. Of course she loved him still, except that he had kicked romance around with oddities in his behavior, and he knew that now, if ever, he must settle down and give this girl all those things that she deserved.

He entered Kelly's just a little ap-
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Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN



WHAT AMERICA IS

Reading



At left is Virginia Cowles, young American war correspondent, who tells the story of her adventures in Europe in "Looking for Trouble".

of this mulatto daughter to a convent life and her elopement; the birth of her daughter in turn; the cruel imprisonment of Matthew by Barbary pirates, the agitation against the slave trade back home, the abolition of the trade in the early 19th century, and the final upheaval in England when the granddaughter of Matthew returns to claim the ancestral estates. This brief outline will seem conventional, but Marguerite Steen has found so many unconventional incidents to embellish the framework of her novel that it moves forward under its own steam at a pretty good rate of speed.

You must be prepared for a recital of passion, violence and bloodshed, yet Miss Steen does not write a stark, realistic, but a romantic tale. She is a far better writer than Van Wyck Mason and Evelyn Eaton ever thought of being, to mention only two writers who have written romances about the 18th century. She has a flow of language, a play of expression that reminds me of the opulent pages of "Anthony Adverse", but she lacks the poetic touch of Hervey Allen. She writes with such assurance that I suppose she has her history straight—I have never met, in the pages of a novel, a character exactly like the Abbess of this tale, but the responsibility for depicting the life of a Catholic convent in Cuba in the 18th century is her own. It's a pretty torrid novel all around. (Viking Press, \$3)

FREDERIC PROKOSCH'S new novel, "The Skies of Europe", is one of his best, though its interest lies not so much in the story as in the people. It is really a procession of characters who are affected by the coming war in Europe, and by the actual war in (Continued on page 35)

Frederic Prokosch, author of "The Skies of Europe", winner of the Harper Prize Novel Contest in 1937.

By Harry Hansen

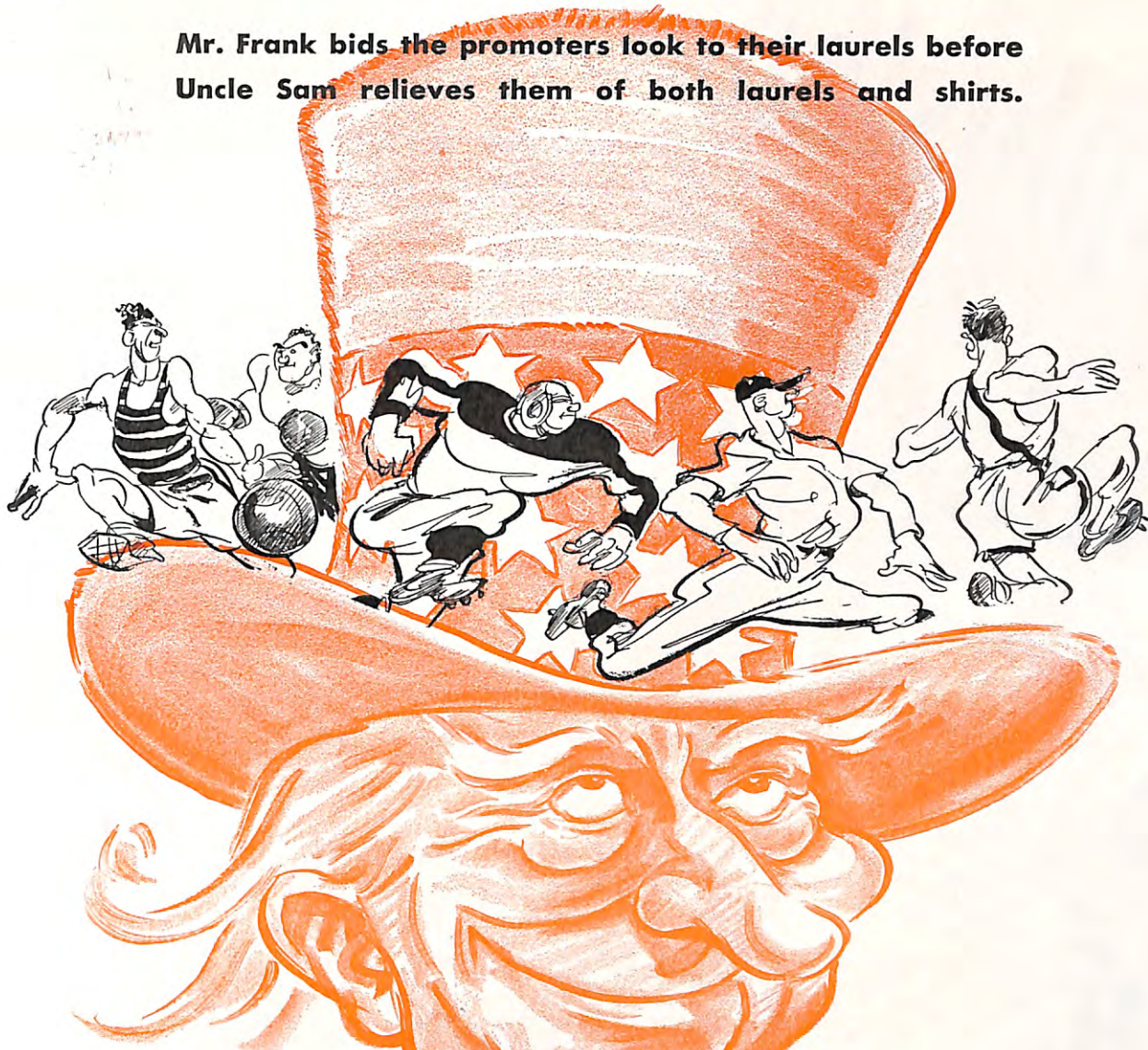
THIS year first prize for the biggest, bulkiest, longest novel goes to "The Sun Is My Undoing", by Marguerite Steen, an English writer, who has packed no less than 500,000—half a million—words into her story. But the important news is that it's alive; this story of the last days of the slave trade, involving several English families at home and in Cuba, is filled with so much action, so many characters and so much torrid love-making that it is a whole world by itself. Talk about the novel of escape—you can escape all the tribulations of the present by plunging into this novel, but once in you can't escape all the troubles that the

later 18th century had, in the days when English shipowners were making money out of selling African slaves while their women at home were agitating for the end of the slave trade from which their good living came.

Matthew Flood gets into this trade because he is being hounded for debt, and the torrid sun of the Equator certainly proves his undoing. Although he leaves at home the refined Pallas Burmester, hoping to marry her eventually, he follows the practices of certain Englishmen in Cuba by entering a left-handed alliance with a Negress named Sheba, who caters to his lusts and eventually bears him a daughter. The story is concerned with the fortunes of Matthew and his friends, the dedication



Mr. Frank bids the promoters look to their laurels before Uncle Sam relieves them of both laurels and shirts.



Mr. Whiskers Goes To Bat

By Stanley Frank

PITEOUS bleats fit to induce sympathetic quivers in a hard-hearted landlord are to be heard in the broad land. This cacophony of caterwauling is coming from football coaches who have seen the teams they have been developing with loving care raided and ruined by the draft. Nuts to Hitler, and, for that matter, nuts to the football coaches. The draft unquestionably has taken thousands of football candidates. It will claim more—many more, unfortunately. All sports have suffered serious losses of man-power as a result of the first peace-time draft in our history, yet it is a grim paradox that war, the bitter fruit of 2000 years of civilization, can make professional and amateur sport a more important, and significant, national activity than it ever has been.

Promoters and brass hats of organized sport can't see this, of course. The myopic magnates can see nothing but a dollar sign. They cannot see that the Federal Government is amassing for them, at no extra charge save sincere cooperation, an enormous backlog of potential cash customers and a hitherto untapped source of athletes. By playing ball with the Government and by junking their traditional attitude toward the paying public, the brass hats can build up a generation of good will during this period of emergency.

They might as well make the gracious gesture and show they are aware of their place in the changing social order. If they don't volunteer their services and their facilities, they will discover the control of sport, like the athletes, will be taken

over by the Government, and no questions asked.

It may sound pretty fantastic now, but it is quite possible a Federal agency will administer all amateur and professional sport at some date in the misty future. It can happen in these strange times of regimentation. It is happening. Now. A few weeks ago President Roosevelt appointed John B. Kelly, Democratic leader of Philadelphia and Olympic sculling champion in 1920, national director of physical education.

The Americans, they are a funny race. In time, we will be busting with red blood corpuscles and abundant good health. Then we will be wanting to make a muscle and maybe bat the ears off our fellow citizens in friendly competition. When the basic

(Continued on page 54)

Explosion in Vulgarity

By James Monahan

MORE than 3,000,000,000 nickels annually cascade down the coin-chutes of a half-million American juke-boxes, the phonograph records go 'round and 'round, and the music comes out everywhere!

From the Maine coast south to the Florida Keys, from the lumber camps of Washington State to the border towns of Southern California, in restaurants, taverns, cocktail lounges, ice-cream parlors, beauty shops, filling stations, Bar-B-Q stands, army canteens, hotel lobbies, and railroad terminals — wherever people have nickels and time on their hands — these garishly modern, brilliantly lighted musical monsters give forth Bing Crosby crooning *Trade Winds*. The Inkspots harmonizing *When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano*, and Kay Kayser's lads swinging through *Ferryboat Serenade*. For months on end the stillness of the Petrified Forest was broken by soul-stirring calls to *Begin the Beguine* and the northern pines and hemlocks swayed to the rhythms of the *Beer*

The coin-box operator had to become somewhat of an expert on music and music lovers.

Barrel Polka. Wherever you've been, you may never have seen or played the jukes, but it's a safe bet that you have heard them aplenty. Their music is inescapable. It can be heard even above the din of 45 million radios, whose place the jukes have usurped as the infallible index and pace-setter of America's popular songs.

The juke-box, as it is called (to the everlasting chagrin of a new and somewhat self-conscious industry), is an automatic phonograph, stocked with about twenty standard disc records, and it is played by inserting a nickel in the slot and pushing down a selector lever for the tune of your choice. Indeed, it is considerably more than just that. It is a bewildering burst of colored lights that dims the aurora borealis by comparison, and causes modern industrial designers to writhe in aesthetic pain. It is the repository of enough swing to keep a whole generation of young rug-cutters sublimely happy; enough streamlined old-favorites to provide their elders with a pleasant nostalgia; and enough imported folk music to enliven even the night sounds of the foreign quarters. It is also the insatiable, nickel-snatching device which is providing a thriving industry with more millions of dollars of cash income than the popular music trade has seen in many a year.

In the past few years four or five manufacturers have turned out close to 500,000 of these nickel-in-the-slot phonographs, representing a total investment in juke-boxes now "on location" of approximately \$87,500,000. They are still producing new machines at the rate of 75,000 to 100,000 per year. Some 150 big-time regional distributors sell these machines — for cash or on credit — to about 5,000 operators who, though they may be small businessmen in their way, are actually the gold-plated kingpins of the industry.

Each operator owns from ten to two thousand machines which he has placed in the most profitable "locations" he could find or wangle. He has stocked his juke-boxes with his proportionate share of the 37,000,000 brand new and carefully selected phonograph records for which the industry paid out upwards of \$10,000,000 last year. He services his machines regularly, keeps them in perfect working order and tuned to within the last nickel's worth of public taste.

More important, perhaps, is the fact that the operators' collection men make the rounds regularly to empty these musical behemoths of their unwieldy load of nickels — estimated at \$150,000,000 worth in 1939 — the new musical coin of the realm. And in each instance, the collection man dutifully splits the take — on a 50-50 basis — with the location owner who contributed no more than a few square feet of floor space and the necessary electrical current. Thus half a million smaller businessmen — tavern keepers, restaurateurs, and the proprietors of soda foun-

Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast, and America's brain child, the juke-box, certainly proves it.

tains, hot-dog stands, etc.,—pocket an unearned contribution of \$5 or \$10 per week toward their month's rent and overhead, and they probably reflect that they are quite as fond of juke-boxes as are their customers—although for entirely different reasons.

Now, perhaps, you can understand why record companies, bandleaders, singers and song-pluggers fuss over and pamper the juke-box operators. In the first place, 37,000,000 records per annum is a nice piece of business. Secondly, those 3,000,000,000 nickels carry quite as much significance for a bandleader or a recording artist as does the popular vote for a political candidate in an election year. Radio can continue to play a popular song, for one reason or another, until it actually begins to hurt. But a number is played repeatedly on the music-boxes only because the cash customers wish to hear it again, and are willing to pay for the privilege. Thus record sales and the reputations of recording artists rise and fall today according to the inexorable clicking of the individual coin registers—one to each record—on half a million juke-boxes. The American nickel has not been associated with such supremacy since old Tom Marshall offered to peg the national economy to a good five-cent cigar!

Of course, the business sounds fantastic and improbable. But before you decide that it must be another cockeyed craze or a passing fad, you should talk to the boys who collect juke-box nickels by the barrelful and bank the tangible profits of this seeming fantasy in American swing. From the largest manufacturer down to the smallest operator, they will concede that much of it does sound improbable. They may admit that it took them several years to completely wipe the incredulity out of their own bewildered eyes. However, they will offer overwhelming evidence that there is nothing faddish or passing about modern coin-operated phonographs—and, please, don't call them juke-boxes again!

Probably they're right. This is, indeed, an industry that is rapidly assuming fabulous proportions in the field of public entertainment, and its foundations seem to be sunk deep in solid ground. They may be right, also, when they tell you, in answer to your question of how and when and why it all began, that the coin-operated music-box was born by sheer ingenuity out of popular taste, along about the time that Repeal gave the lift to American conviviality, and because the people clamored for more music—but music over which they could exercise some selectivity and control.

A little more than ten years ago, coin-in-the-slot music machines were over a quarter-century old; but the modern coin-operated, multiple selection, high-fidelity phonograph was as yet unborn, and even the despised term "juke-box" was unknown. A mechanical contraption known as the Regina Music-Box, which played



American youth has taken the juke-box to its collective heart.

Edison cylindrical records, was exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair in 1896; and in later years the mechanical piano became a commonplace and somewhat nerve-jangling fixture beside the high marble soda fountains of the nation. Wurlitzer produced a huge cabinet which contained a mechanical calliope, triangle and drums; and the "penny arcades" offered rows of slot-machines equipped with earphones which gave wheezy renditions of *The Rosary*, *Old Black Joe*, and *Come, Josephine, in My Flying Machine*, and similar period pieces. But these seem to have been the forerunners rather than the direct forebears of the super-streamlined "phonos" of the present day.

The latter, indeed, are more the direct issue of a casual mating of the improved electrical phonographs of the late 1920's with the mechanism of the slot-machine. Who accomplished this eminently satisfactory union first, and who followed, are questions as confusing as the welter of patent litigation which cluttered the court calendars almost as soon as the early juke-boxes learned to swing.

However, it is significant that before 1933 most of the present manufacturers of music-boxes were contentedly making pinball games, musical instruments, bathroom scales, or were engaged in pursuits far removed from both coin-machines and music. The financial rewards of purveying nickel-music to the American public were still too slight to attract any more than a journeyman's interest. But in the first stirrings that preceded the inevitable repeal of Prohibition, the brewers, distillers and makers of glassware, bar fix-

37,000,000 records per annum is a nice piece of business in any man's language



tures, and kitchen equipment were by no means the only people who worked up a fine enthusiasm for the coming business boom. The manufacturers and operators of coin-machines opened their eyes and contemplated a quite unexpected aspect of the post-Repeal tavern keepers' requirements.

In *The Billboard*, weekly trade journal of show business which now serves the "phono" field, one manufacturer sized up the situation in these words:

Beer is here. State after State has voted for repeal. Thousands upon thousands of new restaurants and beer gardens have opened, and thousands more are on the way. These places must have music. . .

Music, of course! But what kind of music, and through what medium? Radio had been tried in the restaurants and bars of the Speak-easy Era and quickly abandoned as unsatisfactory and a nuisance. Dial-twiddling customers caused it to bark out news or politics when other customers wanted music; and there was always some contention between those who wanted their music classical or "sweet", and those who preferred it popular and "hot". "Wired music" was more satisfactory, but it added another item of expense to the overhead. Thus the wily "phono" pioneers envisioned the twofold advantage that was to make the coin-phonograph the answer to the bartender's prayer: for the customer, the privilege of selecting his own music, for which he would pay a price; for the tavern or restaurant owner, music that would be a source of extra revenue rather than another item of expense.

These commercially auspicious circumstances, however, attended the national *debut* of the coin-phonograph and not its birth. At the time of Repeal it was about three years old; it had been born and reared "on the other side of the tracks", and it had already acquired the unsavory connotation of "juke".

Even though there was not much money to be made in music-boxes, one or two manufacturers of amusement games and vending machines nevertheless produced, in 1930, the first models of coin-phonographs equipped with record-changers and operated by coin-slot mechanisms. They possessed none of the mechanical or tonal qualities of the present-day machines; but neither was their appearance as assaulting to the eye. Produced as a sideline, they were neither numerous nor profitable. Owners and operators were not geared for service, and records were left in the machine until they were played out or until the needle was worn to a stub. Still, they did make music of a sort.

For some unfathomable reason, their sole regional popularity was concentrated in the southeastern States, and particularly in Florida and south Georgia. There, in speak-easies heavy with the fumes of corn likker, and in drug stores and diners

where cokes were the strongest drink, the nickel-in-the-slot phonograph blared out the blues and cut its teeth as a medium of popular musical entertainment. And it became known as a juke-box. Its southern admirers remarked casually that they were going "jukin'" in their favorite "jukes" or "juke-points" which happened to be wherever dance music emanated from a coin-operated phonograph.

Earlier, the mechanical piano had been called a "juke" or "juke-organ" in the South, particularly in the turpentine and lumber camps of Georgia where the juke-house was—and still is—the inevitable recreation shack provided for the Saturday night frivolities and razor-slashing of the colored workers. For a long time even southern philologists disputed the origin of the term. Its derivation was attributed variously to the Scottish verb "jook" or "jouk" meaning to move quickly or pulsatingly, and to a West Indies colloquialism meaning to jerk or pull. In 1938, however, Dr. Alonzo Turner reported to the American Dialect Society that he had traced the origin of "juke" back through the Gullah negroes to the languages of West Africa where *dzug haus* (juke house)

means a "disorderly house, a house of ill-repute"—thereby settling a question of academic interest, but only coarsening the hair-shirt which the coin-phonograph industry had thrust upon it practically at birth.

Then came Repeal. Vending machine manufacturers who had been turning out coin-phonographs as a limited sideline were swamped with more orders than they could fill, and other manufacturers were attracted to the field. The machines were improved mechanically, and advanced ideas of electrical amplification, tone and volume control, and high-fidelity reproduction were borrowed from radio and incorporated. Business boomed incredibly. Music-boxes filed off the assembly lines on a mass production basis and were sold long before they could be crated and shipped. In the year 1935 alone 120,000 machines, valued at close to \$40,000,000, were manufactured and sold.

Conservative heads in the new industry predicted that the saturation point of a freak post-Repeal market had already been reached. But such gloomy predictions were based upon the false assumption that music-boxes were adaptable only to places where liquor was sold. Actually, a



much larger public, entirely outside the newly licensed bars and grills, was beginning to discover that music-for-a-nickel was something it had wanted for a long time.

That is where the operators came in. More than any other, this remarkable phalanx of the industry has been responsible for the coin-phonograph's success and far-reaching influence in the field of popular music. They were the pioneers who traveled up and down the highways and Main Streets of America extending the incredible network of the juke. Their experience in barrooms and taverns merely taught them the simple economics of the game. The public wanted music and was willing to pay for it. A good music-box (representing an investment of several hundred dollars) installed in the right location would soon be drawing its own weight in nickels. It was merely a job of finding new locations. And they didn't have to be cocktail bars or taverns.

So the operators moved into the drug stores and soda fountains, the

roadside diners and hamburger stands, the beauty parlors, barber shops and railroad terminals. They had irresistible arguments to offer: something that would attract customers and keep them on the premises; and profits for the location owner with no more expense or investment than a few kilowatts of current to keep the machines running. Thus the music-box network spread across the land.

Of course, these pioneers, who had been recruited largely from the ranks of operators of vending machines and pinball games, and who had little knowledge of the nuances of popular music, were quick to learn that there was considerably more to the successful operation of music-boxes than putting a machine in a good location, stocking it with records, and calling occasionally to collect the coins.

Whenever he opened a machine and emptied its cash box, and expressed his disappointment over the counted coins, the operator had only to take another look inside to learn why things were so. There are twenty

records in the average music-box, and for each record there is an individual counting device which registers when the customer's nickel is inserted and the selector-lever is pressed down. These meters told the disappointed operator an unmistakable story: some records were making all the money, others were getting scarcely any play at all. If the music-box was to maintain its best possible average in that particular location, it had to be stocked with twenty records all of which possessed maximum nickel-pulling power. While it was conceivable that an occasional favorite or smash-hit might outstrip the others, there was certainly no place in the box for duds or indifferent numbers that couldn't pull their own weight in coins. That was just common sense.

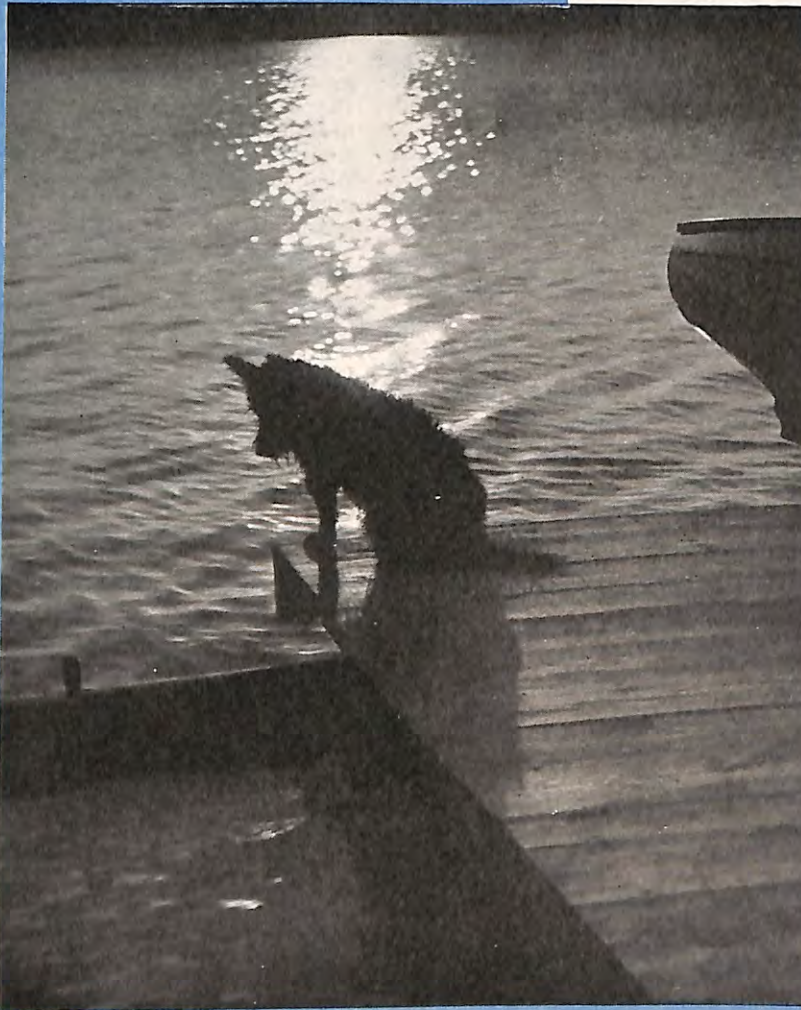
So the coin-phonograph operator, in addition to being the smallest unit in a fledging industry, had to become something of an expert on public taste in popular music! He scanned the popularity reports and disc reviews in the trade papers, and laid in his supplies of new numbers only after ear-tiring "auditions" that would defeat even the hardest radio sponsor. Meanwhile, he was learning plenty about the vagaries of popular music as he covered the locations on his own route.

He found that numbers that might load up the coin compartments of machines in bars and restaurants would go begging for nickels in the drug stores and soft-drink parlors

(Continued on page 40)



Doris Day
Atlas Photos



Your DOG

By Edward Faust

"YOU, of all people will like that movie," our friend said, "it's all about horse-racing and the last scene's a pippin with. . ."

"A race that the long shot wins to get the owner out of hock accompanied by Mendelssohn's Wedding March." We knew the formula. It seldom varies.

For a long time we have avoided yarns dealing with racing because those we have read or seen on the screen were either super-saccharine or over-sour. No doubt the loss has

been ours. But there has been so much rigmarole written around the race-hoss by guys and gals whose imaginations, romantic or otherwise, exceeded their store of facts. One of the realities seldom mentioned is getting up in a frosty barn at five A.M. and out on a wind-swept track to gallop somebody's gee-gee, which after a while loses its glamor—if any was ever attached to this chore. We know. We did that back in our teens. How many noble nags lifted the mortgage from the old home-

stead we don't know. Nor did we ever get time to compile statistics showing how often the "I will," murmured by beautiful heiresses depended on Dobbin's winning the Derby.

But something that's a stand-out in our memory was the high regard for fighting dogs that prevailed among the boys who chaperoned the horses. Perhaps that no longer exists. We hope it doesn't. Besides, it's agin the law to stage dog fights, which are anything but a sport. If you have even seen one, and we don't mean a casual street encounter, but a battle between two seasoned canine gamesters, trained and eager to fight, you'll know what we mean.

It's a bloody, brutal spectacle, rightly outlawed. Scores of barns had their champions, most of them running to bullterriers or a variant of that breed; and were some of those purps battle-scarred! The track being a small world in itself, not a few of these dogs became known wherever hosses were run and a lot of chips used to change hands when two outstanding scrap-pers met.

Every once in a while we run across somebody who takes pride in the fact that his pooch is a fighter. Let us say that there are not many dogs that won't fight if given sufficient reason, so the distinction bogs down right there. Further, don't ever let anyone wish a fighting dog off on you. A fighting Fido can cause you more trouble than you can shake a stick at. This opinion, too, is the result of experience. When the races would open down South or in the far West, our brother, a steeplechase jock, would follow them. We would stay up north, closer to home. This was always late Fall. Come Spring he'd invariably show up home with a dog from the track, a fighter usually ragged-eared and pock-marked with battle scars. It would take our poor mother all Summer to get rid of the dog which in the meanwhile would keep the neighborhood in an uproar. But this never discouraged Bob. Each Springtime he'd return with another. No, Brother, don't ever accept, shelter, buy or borrow a fighting dog unless you're willing to spend a lot of time pacifying your neighbors . . . or maybe get yourself in a lawsuit or two.

Now, there was a time when dog-fighting was a recognized sport and for this purpose the bullterrier was to some extent developed. The Bedlington terrier, the dog that looks like a lamb—he does, no kidding—and can fight like hell, was to an even greater degree bred for this purpose. Both breeds, while not quarrelsome and swell as companion dogs, are still plenty tough when they go to war. Unfortunately, here and there, behind closed doors, dog fights are still held. To our thinking, two weeks in a sunken wreck would be a light sentence for the people involved in them.

Another alleged sport which has happily passed is bull-baiting. For
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Old Mr. Trullinger reviews some gripes he's had for a long time—but flavored with a dash of sentiment.

HOW about a little *pot pourri* this month, pals? A little bit of this and a bit of that, some of it seasoned with arsenic and the rest with a dash of maple syrup. Okay? Well, suppose we list a few things that make hunting the great sport it is, if for no other reason than to make you more impatient for:

The smell of desert sage, pine woods, marshlands or a birchwood fire. . . . The thump! ka-thump! thump! of a spooked buck. . . . Varmint hounds, running a red-hot track on a frosty night, and telling the whole world about it. . . . Venison liver, stripped with bacon. . . . The eerie yapping of a moon-struck coyote, and the roar of a northeaster as it buffets the old duck shack just before dawn. . . . The far-off spang! of a rifle in the deep woods. . . . "Come and get it or I'll feed it to the dogs!" . . . A rainy day in camp, and nothing to do but play poker, nurse a bottle of rye, and eat. . . . The raucous quack! quack! quack! of feeding mallards as the new season dawns. . . . The booming rise of a flushed grouse. . . . "Mark!" . . . Tired dogs, sprawled before a fireplace in camp. . . . The tooth-rattling jar of a 10-gauge on a cold morning. . . . A red-legged black duck, back-pedaling away from 12-gauge trouble. . . . A crisp morning, two willing beagles, and a briar patch. . . . Deer tracks in the fresh snow, or just the fresh snow.

THINGS worth experiencing again: Another day of upland gunning on a frosty, sage-scented morning near Pilot Rock, Oregon, and not forgetting the farm breakfast that preceded the day's sport. . . . That endless flight of ducks across Marse Tom Yawkey's big dyke at sunset, down in the Winyah Bay country of South Carolina. . . . You just stand there and marvel. . . . The thrill, as a kid, that accompanies the realization that you've just been given your first, honest-to-gosh gun. . . . The cathedral-like majesty of an unspoiled forest of Douglas firs. . . . The Painted Desert at sunset, and the beautiful cloud formations you can't help noticing on the west coast of Florida, even when you're crowding up on motionless bird dogs, shotgun poised. . . . Another day on Lac St. Pierre, in Quebec, with blue-wing teal whistling in like feathered bullets. . . . A day with the jack-snipe on those marshy islands in Nehalem Bay, in Oregon, and a good deal more than that with those Yarmouth County woodcock, in Nova Scotia.

IT'S doubtful if any sport in this country is assailed by more cranks or hedged in by more restrictions than shooting. Despite the nationwide popularity of powder-burning sports and the millions spent every

year by target shots, upland, wild-fowl and big game hunters, gunners still permit themselves to be pushed around by politicians, phony conservationists and frequently incompetent game officials. The situation shouldn't exist.

No golfer, baseball fan or, for that matter, horseshoe player would tolerate the interference and sometimes idiotic regulations which are imposed on the shooter by various

individuals who, more often than not, know nothing about gunning sports or conservation, and care less. Nevertheless, Joe Hunter, the Casper Milquetoast of sports, takes it on the chin from these people in one way or another, with only an occasional bleat of protest. He is, as a matter of fact, the only guy in sports who lets outsiders dictate the rules of his own game.

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Red Gun

By Ray Trullinger



LANAHAN'S headlights picked her abruptly out of darkness at the far end of a turn just past the Mall. For a moment or two on that deserted park road she was pinned clear against a background of trees and rain-drenched shrubbery, with a long coat flapping out behind her as she ran, and her legs flashing silkily in the flared-out white beam of his lights. It was a little past twelve in the morning then, a chill October night laced with hard-driving particles of rain, the black sheen of the road ahead spattered and broken by pelting drops, the grass showing heavy and sodden under its glittering weight. Lanahan, rolling along pretty good, relaxed and comfortable behind the wheel, had a glimpse of the legs first, and then of a face that turned to him as he whirred by—a white, indistinguishable face sucked back instantly beyond his window in the moment that his eyes jerked round to it.

If she called to him at all her voice was lost in the watery swish of tires on the road beneath. When he rolled to a stop—not too fast, for it was a skiddy night—she was some twenty yards behind him. By the time he opened the door and looked back he had it all figured out in his mind, for Lanahan had put in some time on a park beat in the Bronx, two years ago, before he made plainclothes. He knew how these things went: a pickup, a couple of drinks, a guy getting fresh—that was the old story in the Bronx, and he supposed it was the old story here. The picture was complete in his head as soon as he saw her, a place in it for everything, even for the man who pounded up right after her, grabbing her wrist and hauling her out of the coupé just as she started to ease in.

The man—a hammered-off little bird with powerful shoulders and unpleasant dark eyes—waved one hand at Lanahan after that almost negligently.

"Go on," he said. "Keep movin', bud. This got nothin' at all to do with you."

"I think it might have," Lanahan said, thinking as he spoke that you were glad enough to get out of the uniform, but it saved you a lot of trouble all the same. One look at it generally toned down guys like this. Now, because he was in civvies, because he might be some mild little guy easily scared in a spot like this, the boyfriend got tough. Lanahan wished he wouldn't; it was a lot of trouble booking things like this at the precinct, and showing up in court in the morning; it cut into your spare time. So he spoke almost mildly, not hard-boiled or tough about it at all. If the guy would only use his head—

He didn't. He gave Lanahan the old slit-eyed stare.

"I told you to get goin'," he said.



"I meant it, bud. Now, before you start trouble. Just push on and let me and the girlfriend here—"

"I'm not," she said to Lanahan, in a quick and angry voice. "I'm not at all. And I don't want to go with him. Please, mister—"

When she tried to twist away from him the stocky man made a mistake; he forced her arm up between her shoulders with a sudden powerful jerk. She moaned slightly at that, between her teeth, and Lanahan, who had certain ideas about women, even one as obviously dumb as this, started quickly out of the car.

He was a second or so slow. As soon as he started to move the big man dropped her arm, stepped back, and brought his right hand out of his pocket in a fast and vicious smash. Lanahan, surging up from the running board, had no chance to duck that swing; he couldn't even get his arm up to break it before the gun barrel whacked dully against the side of his head. The blow didn't put him out, but it floored him; he seemed to be a long while on his hands and knees, a lot of crazy colored streaks whirling around before

Of course, Lanahan knew that a cop's life was a hard one, but even at that he never expected anything like Hilda Shea

his eyes, the solid earth beneath him tilting up and down like a rowboat in a storm.

The rain brought him around at last—the sting of its cool heavy drops on his neck and the back of his skull. He wobbled erect, fumbling for his service revolver, and feeling for the first time a great flower of pain bursting out all over the side of his head. But the big man was gone then, the girl was gone too; and when Lanahan, cursing savagely, ran through the trees to the walk beyond he found it desolate and still.

After he had tried the other side of the road, with no better luck, he tramped back viciously to the car,

picking up his sodden hat from the place when the gun had knocked it. When the voice came he straightened fast and swung around snarling, before he placed it or took in the words. It was the girl's voice; it came from his car.

"Did he hurt you much?" it said. Lanahan saw her sitting inside, the door closed, looking at him gravely, as if she were worried about him, through the open window.

"He let me go before he hit you. So I ran and a car came by and I guess that frightened him off. I waited by those trees while you looked for him. Then I got in here because it was raining so hard and

because I knew you'd be back."

Lanahan glared at her with small, hot eyes. His sleeves were plastered to his arms by now; his socks squished thickly in his shoes; his shirt collar clung like a rag to his neck. He was so angry that his voice came out high and girlish.

"Where did he leave his car? On this road?"

"Why—" she looked around as if she were bewildered—"I don't know. Some place near a hill, past those trees. But he had plenty of time to get back to it; you'll never catch him now."

That was true enough. In a place that looked, she thought, something like the place where his car had parked, there was only an empty stretch of road. Lanahan whined by it at sixty, and down to the nearest park entrance. He passed two cabs, a yellow coupé, and a limousine with a woman in evening dress sitting alone on the back seat. No, it was dark—maybe black, she said; but she wasn't sure—sedan.

Clear of the park he saw no policeman in the side street, no squad car cruising the avenue. He was out of luck, too, at the diner on Lexington Avenue where he'd been going to get some coffee and call the precinct. The diner was closed now, one dim light on over the long deserted counter; when he saw that, Lanahan grunted surlily and rolled on to the curb two doors down.

"Come on," he said. "Upstairs,

Alias

MISS SHEEA

By Thomas Walsh

Lanahan bellowed, "Anybody tell you you could use that phone? Did they?"



sister. I got some questions to ask you."

She looked at him a little uncertainly, but in the end she went up ahead of him without any argument; she even asked him, when they were inside his apartment, whether there was anything she could do. Lanahan tossed his keys to the table and said she could start some coffee. And then she could sit down and wait until he was ready to talk to her. He didn't call the precinct immediately because the stocky man was one thing he wanted to handle himself. When he got that name from the girl, and the address—well, there were a lot of things about the stocky man that Lanahan was going to attend to personally.

In the bathroom he soaked a towel in cold water and held it against his head. His gray eyes stared back at him from the mirror flecked with pin points of bitter anger—anger directed at himself for the sucker he'd been, at the stocky man for the free swing he'd had, at that girl for all the trouble she'd caused.

Most of all, perhaps, it was directed against the girl. Going out with a heel like the stocky man, parking with him somewhere and then bawling for help. The more he thought about that the madder Lanahan got, so that after a minute or two he marched into the living-room, fuming, the damp towel pressed against his head.

She was sitting near the door, her back to him. She was using the phone. Lanahan caught a few words as he came in.

"Harkins?" she said. "Yes—I've got it now, Madge. The what? On West Forty-Seventh?"

Lanahan bellowed from behind her, "Anybody tell you you could use that phone? Did they?"

Her eyes flew to him, wide and startled. "I'll call you later," she said quickly into the mouthpiece. "I'll let you know how I made out. Goodbye, Madge." Then she hung up and smiled at Lanahan.

She had a nice smile—demure, a trifle shy. She had a nice face, too. Lanahan saw blue-black hair, thickly curled about her ears, very clear, very deep blue eyes, a prim little snub of a nose, a mouth without too much make-up on—if that, he thought disagreeably, wasn't only due to the rain.

"I thought," she said, making a gesture toward the phone, "you wouldn't mind. I only called my girl friend."

"One thing," Lanahan barked, in a loud and not too well controlled voice, "one thing I want to know. Who was the guy that socked me? Where can I find him now?"

Her eyes widened again—candid and sincere.

"I don't know that—honestly I don't. I was just walking across the park tonight when it started to rain, and he came along and offered me a lift. Then he parked and wanted to get fresh. So—"

Lanahan said tightly, "It started

to rain at ten o'clock. It's after twelve now. You sat around a couple of hours with him before deciding you better run?"

"Well—we just talked at first and listened to the radio. I don't know how long."

"So you don't know his name—you don't know what kind of a car he had or anything about him. I'm supposed to believe that?"

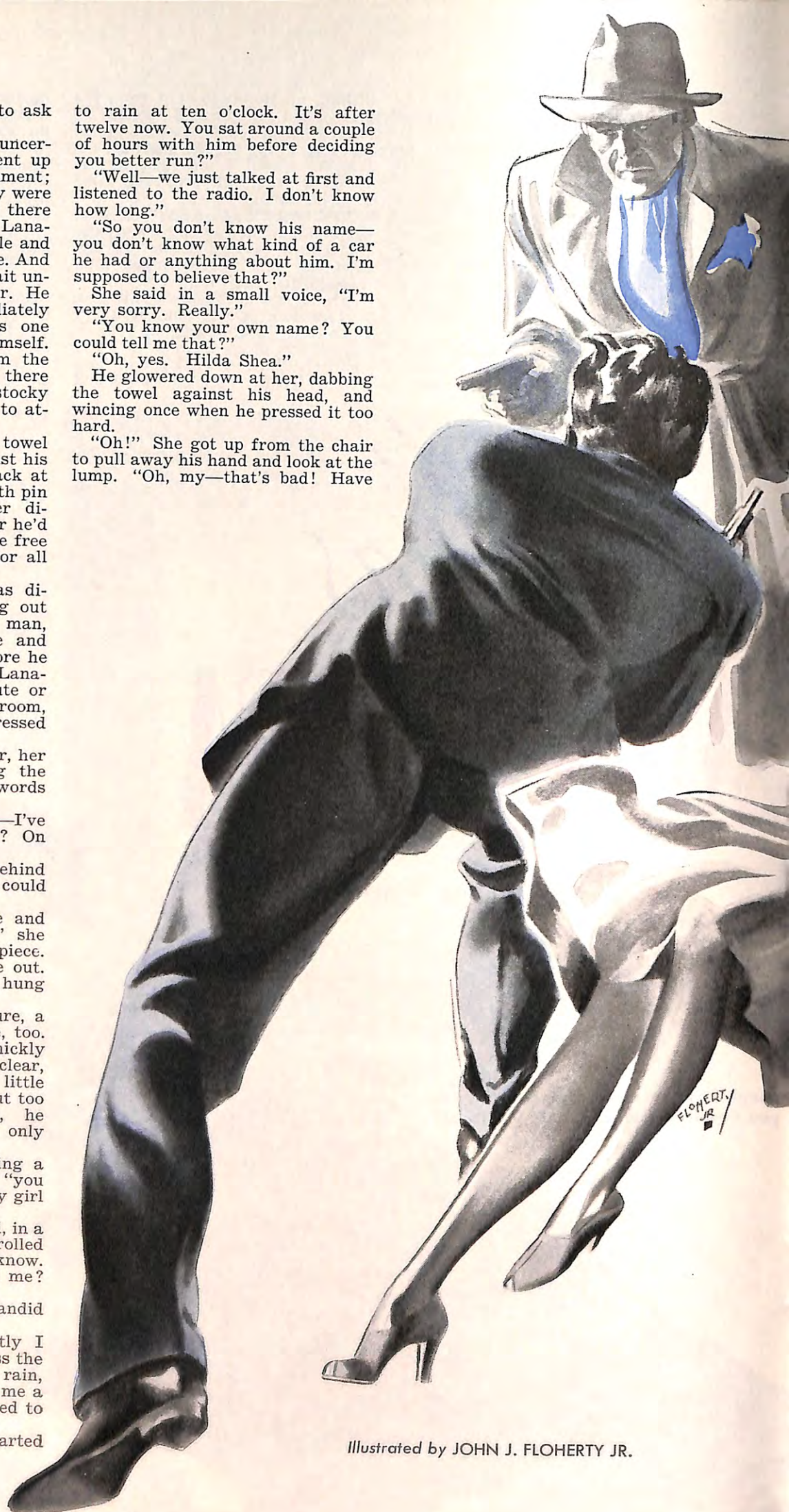
She said in a small voice, "I'm very sorry. Really."

"You know your own name? You could tell me that?"

"Oh, yes. Hilda Shea."

He glowered down at her, dabbing the towel against his head, and wincing once when he pressed it too hard.

"Oh!" She got up from the chair to pull away his hand and look at the lump. "Oh, my—that's bad! Have



Illustrated by JOHN J. FLOHERTY JR.

you any iodine? It helps to take the soreness out."

Lanahan extended his forefinger to a chair. "Sit there," he said. "Right there, Hilda Shea. And no phone. Got that?"

Back in the bathroom, with the door open so that he could hear if she tried to use the dial, he soused iodine into the hair over his ear. He

number; after a fashion he even managed to describe the girl—so high, so heavy, brown coat, brown hat. But he didn't say anything to the man at the other end about being a cop himself; just then he couldn't. When the boys downtown got hold of this—

There was a sputtering hiss from the kitchen, a steamy burnt smell as

the driving rain to the nearest subway, thinking of women in general and that girl in particular all the way.

Lanahan wasn't exactly a woman-hater; but he had pretty definite convictions about them all the same. The first, the strongest, was that they always meant trouble. They did things to a man, not deliberately perhaps, but because they were what they were—with different ideas, different feelings, different standards of value. Lanahan had concluded long ago that the best thing to do was to steer clear of them. A cop, of course, couldn't always do that. Take tonight. Take that Hilda Shea. If it hadn't been for her he'd be in bed now, comfortably asleep, no bump on his head, no cuts on his fingers, no worry in him at all as to what the boys downtown would have to say when the story got around tomorrow.

Women,—Lanahan had been wont to remark—you could have them for all of him. A man with any brains steered clear of them; they could teach you a lot, they could give you a laugh now and then, but that was as far as they should go. The boys downtown were going to remember his arguments tomorrow, when they saw the lump on his skull, when they found out about the car she'd taken. Lanahan's car, right from under his nose. A baby-faced, empty-headed little—

There was no word descriptive enough there for Lanahan's mood. He got to the hotel fifteen minutes later—very mad, very wet, and very cold. After the clerk gave him the room number of Mr. John Harkins of Syracuse he plunged straight across the lobby for the elevators, shouldering a heavy-set man aside from his path.

"Hey!" the heavy man said, putting a hand on his shoulder and regarding him broodily from muddy brown eyes. "What's the big rush, Lanahan? Who's chasing after you?"

Lanahan looked back then, at Joe Craigin, of the D.A.'s office. Had a friend here, he mumbled; just looking him up to say hello.

"Me," Craigin complained, following him into the elevator, "me, I'm working. The night shift again. Chasing here, chasing there. Rain maybe, snow maybe. Who cares? Good enough for Craigin."

They came to nine, the floor Lanahan had called for, and he stepped out. Craigin stepped out, too.

"Where," he asked, "would nine twenty-seven be?" The depressed brown eyes peered past Lanahan and picked out a directing arrow on the wall; he had started to move off before Lanahan spoke, rather thickly. Nine twenty what?

"Seven," Craigin answered, staring at him sadly. "No daytime pick-up—no, no. Craigin's workin' tonight. Craigin can take care of it. Craigin—"

Lanahan got in to step beside him. "What went on?" he asked, his voice

(Continued on page 43)



In that instant Lanahan knocked Hilda Shea over, dropping his bony length sideways and down.

the coffee boiled over. Lanahan, making a dash for that, saw that she hadn't set the gas low, the only way to make good coffee; she'd turned it on as high as it would go. When he touched it he seared his palm on the glass handle; when he gulped a mouthful down he scorched his throat. He was so mad then that he flung the cup into the sink, and got three cuts on his fingers from some of the flying china. He was just standing there, snarling breathlessly, when the words she had said on the phone popped into his head. Harkins. West Forty-Seventh street. Wouldn't that be where she'd be headed for now?

It seemed like a good idea until he got out the phone book. There were Harkinses there, but none on West Forty-Seventh. The what? she had said. Something went there. A hotel maybe. A hotel of course. He got out the classified book and went doggedly through the hotels on West Forty-Seventh until he came to one that had a Harkins registered. John J., of Syracuse, New York. No, Lanahan said; he didn't want to talk to him. He just wanted to know whether or not he was there.

It was raining outside, harder than ever. Of course he couldn't find a cab; at the corner he just missed a bus. So he tramped three blocks in

wasn't gone long—not much over a minute. And he didn't hear any sound from the room behind him. But when he came out again it was empty, and the door to the hall stood open.

The only thing he heard was a sound from the street—the grind of a car motor turning over. Lanahan stood stock still for a moment, only his eyes moving to the table where he'd tossed his key ring. It was gone. He roared then and jumped to the window; he was just in time to see the tail lights of the coupé whisk south around the nearest corner.

Lanahan felt a little dizzy then; for a minute or two he couldn't do anything at all. After that, somehow or other, he managed to call in about the car. He gave the make, the model, the year and the license



Editorial

This Year and Next

THOSE deprived of the privilege of attending the Philadelphia session of the Grand Lodge will be able to keep in touch by reading the reports appearing in the August and September issues of your Magazine. The August issue deals with the Grand Lodge proper and very fully sets out what was done, including reference to the interesting addresses delivered. It should be read carefully. The September issue deals principally with the social features in which you will be interested and which you will regret that you were not privileged to enjoy. They were elaborate, well-planned and afforded real pleasure to all those in attendance.

The next session of the Grand Lodge will be held in the city of Portland, Oregon. This beautiful city on the west coast, which is known as the City of Roses, has an enviable reputation as a host city. Its climate is delightful; its hotels, first class, and the welcome which its people extend to all visitors is unbounded. You should begin even at this early date to make your plans to attend for it will be an interesting and enjoyable session. The great West will welcome you to its many points of interest which are unparalleled in this or any other country.

Grand Lodge Organized For Work

THE Grand Exalted Ruler has met in conference his District Deputies and has forcefully outlined to them his plans and purposes for the year; has explained to them

their part in carrying his messages to the subordinate lodges and urging upon them their active support in making his administration the unqualified success which it should be and which, with this support, it unquestionably will be.

He has appointed his Grand Lodge Committees and urged upon them that each has its duties to perform in their respective fields of endeavor. All this is to the end that the year's activities may be coordinated and made effective in an effort to build the Order into an organization of actual accomplishment, not only for its own aggrandizement but for the loyal support of our Government in these days of stress and trial when the institutions of which we are all so proud are threatened with overthrow.

The opportunity for real accomplishment is presented, the organization for the year's work is completed and it now becomes the duty of every Elk to put his shoulder to the wheel and assist the Grand Exalted Ruler to attain the results which his earnestness so richly merits.

A Boy's Town For Boys

THE history of the establishment and development of Boys Town, Nebraska, makes most interesting reading.

The credit belongs to the Rt. Rev. Msgr. E. J. Flanagan, for it was his idea and is his execution. Starting from zero as to finances, he has builded an institution which stands not alone to his credit but also to the credit of the American effort to teach homeless boys Americanism and prepare them for useful lives as citizens of this Republic.

Within ten miles of Omaha, Father Flanagan by dint of long, hard work, and the assistance of interested friends, acquired a sizable tract of land which he has improved and on which he has erected a home for homeless, abandoned boys, regardless of race or creed. His basic thought is "there is no such thing as a bad boy", if he is given a fair opportunity to be a good boy, and this opportunity is afforded at Boys Town



Drawings by John J. Floherty, Jr.

which is incorporated and is operated by the boys after the plan of incorporated towns and villages. From their ranks the boys elect a mayor, a council and other officers, including judges who constitute a judicial department which hears and decides all infractions of the town laws and fixes the punishment, one of the most drastic of which is to attend movies standing with the culprit's back to the screen. If you don't think that is a severe punishment, just try it sometime.

Boys Town provides adequate schooling for its residents and trade training, printing, office and clerical work, farming, dairy farming, shoe repairing, dry cleaning, laundry work, carpentry, woodwork, mechanical arts, cooking, landscaping, tailoring, etc. The work is chosen with reference to each boy's liking and qualifications and is carried on under trained adults. There is an athletic director to care for the physical side of the boys' lives and this is supplemented by an excellent physician and a dentist for whom modern equipment is provided.

It is a complete town with a complete institution for the education and training of homeless boys who are fortunate enough to be admitted. When they graduate, they go forth into the world well-equipped to meet the problems of life. It is complete in all its appointments save and except the needed capacity to care for all who seek admission. It now can accommodate about five hundred boys but Father Flanagan is striving to double its capacity and looking to what he has accomplished, he doubtless will be successful.

Do not make the mistake of classifying it as a Catholic institution because it is headed by Father Flanagan. He is a Catholic to be sure, but beyond that he is a friend of the homeless boy regardless of race, color or creed. His work is non-sectarian and non-proselyting. Regardless of the boy's religion, he is trained and schooled in it. No man with a narrow view of religion could accomplish what Father Flanagan has accomplished, but be he Catholic, Protestant or Jew, "Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free", those who know of his

work will honor him and bid him Godspeed to the full realization of his fondest dream.

What Is Decided Is Decided

THE people of our country may be, and generally are, of different minds regarding proposed legislation. This results in deliberation and in debate until a law has been enacted, but when this has finally been done we all stand loyally in support of what has been decided. This is one of the distinguishing characteristics of our people and of our form of government.

The so-called Lend and Lease Bill resulted in differences of opinion and was thoroughly discussed both in and out of Congress until its final passage. There then arose the question of carrying it into effect, the initial step being the appropriation of many billions of dollars. There were some differences of opinion as to the necessary amount, but the discussion was short. When the appropriation was made and the task of assistance to England and her allies was undertaken we all stood back of the proposition, although some retained the views they expressed when the bill was under consideration. They probably will continue to retain them, but will not join in an effort to forestall or delay such help as our Government may be able to extend to England, China, Greece and all other countries which are resisting aggression in an effort to maintain their independence.

Those who opposed this bill are as truly loyal Americans as those who favored it. Their principal argument was and is that it means we are to plunge into another foreign war. Those supporting the bill were equally certain that it was the only way to keep out of war. It remains to be seen which side was right on this proposition, but the die has been cast and we all are now upholding our Government and hoping and praying that war may be avoided.



Left is the float sponsored by Cumberland, Md., Lodge as it appeared in a parade held during the "B. & O. Day" festivities.

Boone Lodge Stages Successful Picnic-Reunion for Iowa Elks

The largest attendance and the best weather in years conspired to make the 1941 stag picnic given by Boone, Ia., Lodge, No. 563, one of the most successful in years. Annually Boone Lodge acts as host at a central Iowa reunion which has expanded to the extent that Elks from all over the State make it a point to be among those present. Among the more than five hundred who attended the outing this year were members of a large delegation from Rochester, Minn., Lodge, No. 1091. Among the guests of note were Arthur P. Lee, of Marshalltown, Past President of the Iowa State Elks Association, State Trustee A. D. Bailey, Fort Dodge, and Dr. L. A. Peters, Past Exalted Ruler of Boone Lodge, the newly appointed District Deputy for Iowa, Northeast.

The Harley Reed farm provided an ideal locale for the outdoor program of competitive games and entertainment which began in the forenoon and continued throughout the day. Luncheon was served during the noon hour and dinner was ready at six-thirty. The chefs in charge provided a variety of appetizing dishes to go with the customary fried chicken and sweet corn. First, second and third prizes were awarded in ten separate trapshoots. A professional vaudeville show was presented after dinner. The program was appropriate to the occasion, including rifle and pistol shooting by champions, tightwire and unicycle performing and fancy skating in both solo and ensemble features.

Wilmington, Del., Lodge Presents An Iron Lung to Local Hospital

Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307, has presented an iron lung for infants to the Doris Memorial unit of the Wilmington General Hospital. The lung is of the most modern type and can be operated by electricity or, in case of power failure, by hand, and is the first of its kind to be installed in the State.

Formal presentation was made by E.R. John C. Newnam who stated that the Committee on Social and Community Welfare had studied the problem of what was most needed in the community and had decided that an iron lung for infants was essential. David Snellenburg, President of the Hospital Board, expressed appreciation of the gift. Among those who attended the ceremonies were Chairman Thurston C. Lowe, John L. Carney and Alfred J. P. Seitz, members of the Elks Social and Community Welfare Committee; officers and trustees of the lodge and hospital officials.

A demonstration of the respirator was given by Miss Helen Connolly, Superintendent of the Doris Memorial Unit, and Miss Mary Ferry, director of nurses. The lung was installed in the contagious wing because of its value in the paralytic type of infantile paralysis which sometimes follows attacks of measles. It can be used for infants up to three years of age.

Connecticut State Elks Transact Business at Summer Dinner-Meeting

The Connecticut State Elks Association held its summer dinner-meeting at Savin Rock, West Haven, on August 4.

Under the **ANTLERS**

Below: Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, is congratulated by Governor Leon C. Phillips of Oklahoma at a recent dinner held by the Lodge in Mr. McLean's honor.





Above are shown officers of Miami Beach, Fla., Lodge and other prominent Florida Elks at a recent Open House held in the Lodge's new home.

Right are 14 members of the "Wade K. Newell Class" of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., Lodge, with their Lodge officers and P.D.D. James Bates.



Representatives were present from every lodge in the State. Pres. Frank M. Lynch, of New Haven, outlined the program for the coming year, emphasizing the State Elks Defense Commission, which will be headed, as last year, by P.E.R. James L. McGovern, of Bridgeport.

Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley, P.E.R.'s of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, were guests of the Association. Mr. Nicholson outlined plans for the work of the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission of which he is Chairman. Mr. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, spoke on the activities of his committee.

The Connecticut State Elks Scholarship Commission elected Harry Schwartz, of Norwich, Chairman of the Commission; William J. Nolan, New Haven, is Secretary. P.E.R. Ronald H. Ferguson, Rockville, was elected Chairman of the State Board of Trustees; P.E.R. Edward J. Daly, Bridgeport, was chosen Secretary.

Right are the members of the team which won the Oregon City, Ore., Elks Bowling Association championship.

Below are the Majorettes of the Hibbing, Minn., High School Band, sponsored by Hibbing Lodge, which won first prize at the Minnesota State Elks Assn. Convention at Brainerd.

Sayre, Pa., Lodge Gives a Picnic For Members and Their Guests

Members of Sayre, Pa., Lodge, No. 1148, and their ladies enjoyed an outing held at the Cold Brook Club, Elmira, N. Y., on August 3. The lodge acted as host and everything was free. Approximately five hundred attended. An orchestra provided music for the Elks and their guests during the entire day which was further enlivened by games and a program of splendid entertainment.

Cambridge, O., Lodge Is Engaged In Unique Civic Service Project

The members of Cambridge, O., Lodge, No. 448, have undertaken a new and progressive program in the line of civic activity. Early in the summer, a committee was appointed for the purpose of bringing new industries to the community with the idea of creating employment, thereby offsetting the necessity of caring for the unemployed. The committee was voted an appropriation for the necessary expenses in-





Above are recently initiated members of Waterloo, Ia., Lodge, photographed with their Lodge officers.

Right is a picture taken when the members of Minot, N.D., Lodge presented ten radios to two of the city's hospitals.



involved in calling on certain industries in the East whose requirements could be met in the natural resources of Cambridge and of Guernsey County. Unlimited water power, coal mines within a few miles of the city and splendid transportation facilities constitute some of the advantages that should tend to make the thriving town one of the centers of the pottery, plastic and glass industries in the State of Ohio.

E.R. S. C. Carnes, Secy. Samuel G. Austin, P.E.R. S. J. McCulley, Charles H. Sipe, Jr., and Dale J. Abbott were appointed members of the committee. The outcome of this new type of civic service work, as undertaken by Cambridge Lodge, is regarded with interest.

Sayre, Pa., Lodge Holds Funeral Services for P.E.R. George Bolton

In the death of charter member George Bolton, aged 72, Sayre, Pa., Lodge, No. 1148, has lost its first Past Exalted Ruler. A former member of Elmira, N.Y., Lodge, No. 62, Mr. Bolton was one of the organizers of Sayre Lodge and upon his election to the highest office in the lodge in 1909, served two consecutive terms. He was instrumental in the building of the present lodge home, serving as a member of the Lot and Building Committee which made and carried out the plans for construction in 1914. His valuable participation in the progress of the lodge was rewarded when a grateful membership voted him an honorary life membership. Mr. Bolton had also been identified with the growth of the city since its early days, having been proprietor of a men's furnishing store for many years.

Services were conducted by Sayre Lodge at the funeral home where Mr. Bolton had been taken on the evening preceding his burial. He was removed the next day to the lodge home where the funeral services were held.

Open Air Concert Is Dedicated To Rochester, N. H., Lodge

The Rochester City Band dedicated its open air concert on August 5, the fifth of its summer series, to Rochester, N. H., Lodge, No. 1393. The bandstand

was decorated with American flags and bunting in the Elks' purple and white. The special program presented was enjoyed by approximately 1,500 people.

Minot, N. D., Lodge Presents Radios to Local Hospitals

Some weeks ago, Minot, N. D., Lodge, No. 1089, voted to provide the two hospitals in the city with radios for the use of the patients. Ten radios were purchased, five for each hospital.

Est. Lead. Knight C. E. Cushing, Chairman of the Committee on Standing Relief, made the presentation. The radios were formally accepted by Iver Iverson, Business Manager of Trinity Hospital, and Mother Celsa, Mother Superior of St. Joseph's Hospital.

Freeland Lodge Is Host to Elks of Pa. N. E. District

The Pennsylvania Northeast District Elks Association met at Freeland for

its 16th quarterly conference on August 10, registering the first 100 per cent attendance in its five-year history. All of the 19 lodges in the district were represented. The 140 delegates who attended were accompanied by a hundred visiting Elks and their wives from some 25 cities in the northeast section of the State.

The business session, conducted by Pres. Thomas Giles of Shamokin Lodge, was held in the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium. A conference dinner was served in the home of Freeland Lodge No. 1145 where, also, entertainment was provided for the visiting Elks during the business meeting by the Elks' Quartette and a troupe from Wilkes-Barre.

Student aid funds and inter-lodge visits were among the subjects taken up at the conference. On the suggestion of P.E.R. A. L. Mitke, of Freeland, a member of the Executive Board, silent tribute was paid the memory of Amandus Oswald who died in July. Mr. Oswald was a charter member of Free-



Right is a photograph of the Bowling Team of Marysville, Calif., Lodge.



Above: Alexander Walker, Sr., and his five sons, who were recently initiated into Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge, are photographed with the Lodge officers.



Left: The Junior Elks Baseball Team, sponsored by Boise, Ida., Lodge.

land Lodge and had served as Treasurer since the organization of the lodge in 1909. The meeting was adjourned with the selection of Ashland as the meeting place for the next district conference, to be held on November 9.

**Roy E. Bowersock, Vice-President
Of the Ohio State Elks Association**

P.E.R. Roy E. Bowersock, of Lima, O., Lodge, No. 54, passed away on July 22 after a lingering illness. At the time of his death, Mr. Bowersock held

office in the Ohio State Elks Association, having been elected Third Vice-President at the State convention in 1940. He served seven consecutive terms as Exalted Ruler of Lima Lodge, and was the moving factor in establishing the present lodge home. His election as Exalted Ruler for seven straight years set an unsurpassed record in the lodge, attesting to his ability and enthusiastic leadership. He was kindly in disposition and generous in doing good deeds.

Impressive Elk services were held in

the lodge home on July 24, with practically the entire membership in attendance. Four uniformed members of the Elks Patrol of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, acted as honor guard. Mr. Bowersock was buried from the Central Church of Christ.

A host of Elks and other friends came from all over the State to pay their last respects. The State Elks Association was represented by present and past officers including Pres. E. B. LeSueur, of Toledo.

Mr. Bowersock was born in Allen County, Ohio, in 1884. He taught school as a young man. Later he served as deputy and federal investigator for the county prosecuting attorney. Interested in sports, he became part owner nearly two years ago of the Lima Panda baseball club of the Ohio State League, serving as president of the club. Mr. Bowersock also sponsored softball and basketball teams in the city recreation department.

**Boston Lodge Entertains Large
Party of Shamokin, Pa., Elks**

Sixty-five members of Shamokin, Pa., Lodge, No. 355, headed by P.E.R. Daniel H. Jenkins, Chairman of the lodge's Vacation Club, and accompanied by



Left: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, with inmates of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children in Umatilla, Fla., pictured when he visited there.

Below: A class of prominent members recently initiated into South Orange, N. J., Lodge, among them being Rt. Rev. Msgr. James E. Kelly, President of Seton Hall College.





Above are members of the Ritualistic Team of Minot, N. D., Lodge, which has held the championship for the State for eight consecutive years. The two P.E.R.'s shown individually at right were not available for the group picture.

their wives and friends, arrived in Boston for a one-day visit on August 15. With the House of the Angel Guardian Band furnishing the music, a large delegation of local Elks, led by E.R. John H. Howard of Boston Lodge No. 10, gave the visitors a rousing reception at India Wharf as the Eastern Steamship Lines steamer *Boston* was nudged into her berth. In the welcoming party were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, and D.D. Patrick J. Foley, Est. Lead, Knight Max Ulin, Est. Loyal Knight John F. Meldon, Judge Leo P. Doherty and John W. Shanley, all of Boston Lodge.

Notified by D.D. Joseph Neary, P.E.R. of Shamokin Lodge, in advance of the coming visit, Boston Lodge not only had the officers meet the party at the dock with the band, but arranged a tour of the city taking in all of the historic points of interest. The rest of the day was spent at the lodge home where a collation was served and a twelve act show was put on under the

direction of P.E.R. Joseph A. Crossen. The visitors from Pennsylvania enjoyed to the utmost the New England hospitality dispensed by the Boston Elks and their stay was equally pleasant for their hosts.

Burlington, Ia., Elks Occupy Places of Honor at Banquet

In celebration of the dedication of the huge Iowa Ordnance Plant, a banquet was held in the new auditorium at Burlington, Ia., at which two tables, banked with flowers and decorated in the Elks' colors, purple and white, were reserved for the officers and members of Burlington Lodge No. 84 who attended. Vice-President Henry A.

Wallace was present. The program was arranged in connection with the Vice-President's speech on July 31, which was broadcast over national hookups and through short wave to foreign nations.

Among those present were distinguished men from all over the country including Philip B. Fleming, Administrator of the Wage and Hour Division, military officers and construction engineers, and four hundred Burlington citizens. Two important papers changed hands that evening. Mr. Wallace was given a check for \$740 by Dale O. Logan, Exalted Ruler of Burlington Lodge, to pay for a \$1,000 Defense Bond, and the bond was turned over to Mr. Logan by the Vice-President.

Fall from Boat Takes Life of John B. Stahl, of Fremont, O.

P.E.R. John B. Stahl, of Fremont, O., Lodge, No. 169, was the victim of accidental drowning in the Sandusky River on Sunday, August 10. His death was a tragic climax to a family picnic and outing arranged by Mr. Stahl, and occurred when a huge wave from a passing motor boat caused his launch to swerve, throwing him overboard. Rescue attempts were futile because of the speed with which the launch was traveling at the time of the accident.

Mr. Stahl was 72 years of age. He was for 48 years one of Fremont's most prominent attorneys, had served three terms as President of the Sandusky Bar Association, was a former President of the Sandusky Law Library Association, and was one of the trustees originally responsible for building up the present law library which ranks as one of the five largest in the State of Ohio. Appointed District Deputy for Ohio, Northwest, in 1903, Mr. Stahl served two consecutive terms. He enjoyed the distinction of being the only Exalted Ruler of Fremont Lodge ever reelected to a second term. Services were held by the lodge in the chapel of the funeral home where the body was taken when it was recovered several hours after the accident.



Above, left, is a group of 44 boys who were sent to camp this summer as the guests of Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge.



Left is a picture taken when the members of Atlantic, Ia., Lodge presented a resuscitator to the city's Fire Department's Safety and First Aid Divisions.



Above: A photograph of Union City, N. J., Lodge's Fife and Drum Corps.

Salem, O., Elks Present the City and Community With a Resuscitator

Salem, O., Lodge, No. 305, recently presented to the city and community a new resuscitator to be used by the rescue squad of the local fire department which is headed by Chief V. L. Malloy. The resuscitator was presented by E.R. Lloyd Robusch, Charles A. Irey, Chairman of the Civic Committee, Secy. G. Kenneth Mounts, P.D.D., and Dr. R. T. Holzbach. Mayor Norman Phillips and Fire Chief Malloy accepted the machine on behalf of the city of Salem.

In accepting the gift, Mayor Phillips thanked the Elks for their fine gesture and stressed the importance of the addition to the Rescue Squad's equipment for emergency cases.

Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland Installs New Lodge at Cedartown, Georgia.



H. O. Hubert, Pres. of the Georgia State Elks Assn.



H. G. McSpadden
District Deputy, Georgia, West



R. M. McDuffie
Past District Deputy

PAST District Deputy Roderick M. McDuffie of Atlanta, P.E.R. of East Point, Ga., Lodge, together with H. G. McSpadden, District Deputy for Georgia, West, Captain H. J. Stewart, Secretary, and Hamilton Grant, all of Rome Lodge No. 694, State Pres. H. O. Hubert, Jr., Decatur, and eight former Elks residing in Cedartown, organized and participated in the institution of a new lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, Cedartown, Ga., No. 1644, on August 20. The date was chosen because it made possible the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland at this the institution of the 13th lodge in which he has participated in the State of Georgia within the past four years. Other prominent Elks in attendance were: P.E.R. Joe W. Anderson, Chattanooga, Pres. of the Tennessee State Elks Association, D.D. Harry K. Reid, Birmingham, Ala., and delegations from East Point, Atlanta, Rome, Decatur, Athens and LaGrange, Ga., and Chattanooga, Tenn. Officers of Cedartown Lodge were elected as follows: Exalted Ruler, E. P. Livingston; Est. Lead. Knight, Henry Stewart; Est. Loyal Knight, John Pickett; Est. Lect. Knight, Marvin E. Watson; Secy., Lester C. Litsey; Treas., D. L. Roberts, Jr.; Trustees: M. M. Cornelius, W. G. Bruner, J. Brantley Edwards, Glenn T. York, and C. W. Peek, Jr. The Ritual was exemplified by the national ritualistic champions of Decatur, Ga., Lodge, No. 1602.

Cedartown was once called Cherokee Trading Post. The site for the city was won from the Indians by trader Prior, a white man, as a wager on a baseball game. The first settlers came to the vicinity because of the big spring which produces two million gallons of water per day. Recently there has been erected over the spring the city water plant from which is derived, for use of the citizens of the town, one million gallons of water, said to be 99.98 per cent pure.

In 1920, Cedartown had a population of about 4,000. In 1930, the population had increased to more than 8,000, and Cedartown obtained the enviable reputation of being one of the two cities in the United States to have doubled its population during that period of time. The present population is approximately 12,000 within a one-mile radius of the courthouse.

Cedartown is surrounded by one of the richest iron ore territories in the United States. The city boasts one of the outstanding newspapers in the South. The Goodyear mill gives employment to 1,400 persons, the Cedartown Yarn Mill employs 400, and the

Textile Woolen Company 500. There are many smaller industries, such as the National Oil Products, employing approximately 200 each.

The city is operated by a City Manager with a commission form of government. Recently erected have been a City Hall at a cost of \$150,000, a modern disposal plant costing \$175,000, and a \$50,000 school building. A \$25,000 gymnasium is now in course of construction. Also under construction is another modern theatre. The Courthouse is located in a large park which has equipment for the entertainment of people of all ages. There are many miles of pavement, lined on each side by fine business houses and beautiful homes.

In Cedartown at the present time are a well organized defense unit of some sixty prominent business men, and a Lions, a Rotary, a Kiwanis and an Exchange Club. The members of these groups have graciously accepted Cedartown Lodge of Elks as the one organization that should—and could—be representative of all of them. Officers and members of the new lodge have resolved to do their part in making the thriving and progressive city a better place in which to live and to rear and educate their children. The aim of the lodge is to so organize its efforts that it will become eventually the leading civic, social, charitable, fraternal and patriotic organization of the community.



Above: Helena Lodge's prize-winning float in the Parade held during the Montana State Elks Assn. Convention in Helena.

NEWS of the State Associations

MASSACHUSETTS

The 27th annual convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association was held at the New Ocean House at Swampscott, Mass., on June 14-15. The meeting opened on Saturday afternoon, with a large registration showing a representation of practically all of the lodges in the State. Colorful exercises were held that evening followed by a supper-dance and entertainment. Congressman Joseph Casey, P.E.R. of Clinton, Mass., Lodge, No. 1306, was the principal speaker. The championship ritualistic team from Newton, Mass., Lodge, No. 1327, participated.

The business session was called to order on Sunday morning by State Pres. Daniel J. Honan, of Winthrop. Reports were read by the various committee chairmen and several resolutions were passed. One recommended the purchase of defense bonds and stamps by the lodges of the State. Others were of a patriotic nature and of equal importance. Officers were elected as follows: Pres., Arthur J. Harty, Winchester; 1st Vice-Pres., Francis J. O'Neil, Attleboro; 2nd Vice-Pres., James A. Bresnahan, Fitchburg; 3rd Vice-Pres., George Steele, Gloucester; 4th Vice-Pres., David Greer, Newton; Secy.-Treas., Thomas F. Coppinger,

Newton; Trustees: three years, Mason S. McEwan, Brookline, Dr. Henry I. Yale, Peabody, Daniel J. Hurley, Quincy, Edward J. O'Rourke, Worcester, Elmer A. E. Richards, Hyannis; one year, James W. Fallon, North Adams.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, was a speaker, and Daniel J. Doherty, of Woburn Lodge, State Administrator of the Defense Saving Program, addressed the meeting. Mr. Malley introduced a distinguished visitor from Boston, the Rev. Father James H. Doyle who but recently had been assigned by His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell to take charge of the Catholic unit of the United Service Organization. Father Doyle spoke on the subject of the U.S.O. program. A banquet in the main dining room on Sunday afternoon closed the convention.

MISSISSIPPI

At its annual convention at Jackson, Miss., on Sunday, June 22, the Mississippi State Elks Association elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: Pres., A. W. Lang, Gulfport; Vice-Pres., L. L. Mayer, Greenville; Secy.-Treas., Sam Miller, Hattiesburg; Trustees: North, Griffin B. White, Jr., Canton; South, Murray G. Hurd, Gulfport; Tiler, H. H. Harris, Clarksdale; Esquire, James T. O'Neill, Natchez; Chaplain, the Rev. John L. Sutton, Jackson. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, attended the convention and delivered a fine patriotic address.

(Continued on page 36)

Among the distinguished Elks who attended the Connecticut State Summer Meeting at West Haven, Conn., were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson, Chairman of the Elks National Defense Commission, and John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation, and E. Mark Sullivan, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum.





Above: Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland photographed as he was greeted on his return to Atlanta, Ga.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

AT THE close of the Grand Lodge Convention at Philadelphia, Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland left for his Chicago office in the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building. A series of conferences with Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, was held, and the appointment and notification of District Deputies for the year were completed.

On Thursday, July 24, Judge McClelland returned to Atlanta, his home city, where he was met at the railroad station by an enthusiastic welcoming party. Police Chief Hornsby and the police band, led by Captain Gering, broke into "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here". A parade was already in formation, with a group of colorfully decorated cars and floats. Mayor Roy LeCraw, in the official city car, led the parade down Peachtree Street to the Ansley Hotel. The procession included

the Degree Teams of Atlanta and East Point Lodges, the police band, the "old Southern Colonels", dressed in black frock coats and flowing black ties, the championship Shrine band of Yaarab Temple, the Girls' Military band, the Rainbow Girls' Drill Team, in white and red silk uniforms, Kle Club cars, and representatives of the Optimists, Lions, Civitan and Kiwanis Clubs and the Defense Corps.

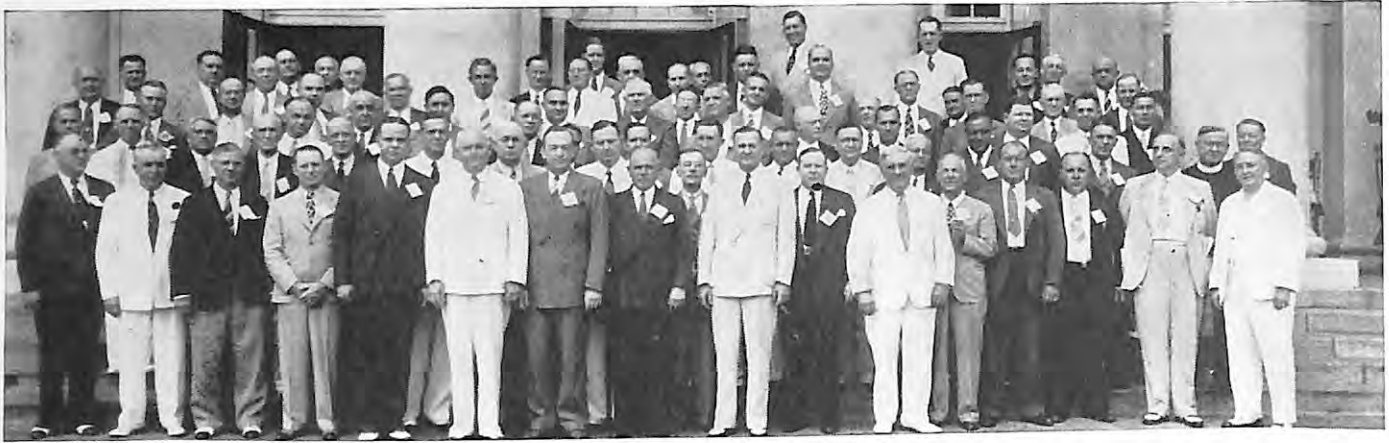
At 9 p.m., a dinner-dance was held on the Roof Garden of the Ansley Hotel in Judge McClelland's honor, attended by more than a thousand guests.

Below: Past Grand Exalted Rulers Henry C. Warner, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Bruce A. Campbell and Floyd E. Thompson, are photographed with Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland at the District Deputy Conference in Chicago, Ill.

In a welcoming speech of great warmth and sincerity, Wellborn R. Ellis, Exalted Ruler of Atlanta Lodge No. 78, introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler who used for the first time, in greeting the Elks of his home State, the salutation, "Hello Americans!" The new form of greeting, which will accentuate the 1941 spirit of the Elks in the leadership of their new Grand Exalted Ruler, was received with an outburst of applause. Judge McClelland then made his first speech in Atlanta as the highest officer of the Order, after which he was presented by Atlanta Lodge with an oil painting by Salzbrenner depicting three elks in a forest representing the spirit of tranquility. Three other lodges in the Georgia, West, District, East Point No. 1617, Buckhead No. 1635 and Decatur No. 1602, presented Judge McClelland with a \$100 Defense Bond, and Mrs. Frank Fling, representing the wives of the Atlanta members, presented Mrs. McClelland with a handsome handbag.

Judge McClelland held his first District Deputy Conference in Salt Lake City, Utah. In company with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, Grand Secretary Masters and Tom Brisendine, Executive Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, he was met at





the train on August 1 by a large delegation of Elks headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, and E.R. Harold M. McNeil, Salt Lake City. An auto caravan, led by police, escorted the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Mayor Abe Jenkins, to the home of Salt Lake City Lodge No. 85 where an informal reception was held. On Saturday morning at ten o'clock, the Grand Exalted Ruler had the pleasure of meeting his District Deputies in person and outlining to them their program for the year. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell, Chairman of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, gave an interesting and instructive outline of the history and accomplishments of the Commission. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Coen described the program recently adopted by the Grand Lodge for the purpose of assisting the Government in supplying aviation cadets for the United States Air Corps, and recalled the success of the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission, of which he is a member, in its nation-wide essay contest on "What Uncle Sam Means to Me". Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, was present and told of the Foundation's achievements. He urged the District Deputies to explain the objectives and workings of the Foundation to the subordinate lodges. Among others in attendance were Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Ed. D. Baird, of Boise, Ida.; P.D.D.'s Dean R. Daynes, George H. Llewellyn and Paul V. Kelly, all of Salt Lake City Lodge, and Jack B. Dodd, Cody, Pres. of the Wyo. State Elks Assn., A. H. Christiansen, Boise, Pres. of the Ida. State Elks Assn., and Barney S. Antic, Ballard, Pres. of the Wash. State Elks Assn.

Pictured with the Grand Exalted Ruler at his District Deputy Conference at the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va., are Dr. Robert S. Barrett, member of the Board of Grand Trustees; Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, and Past Grand Exalted Rulers Charles S. Hart, David Sholtz and John F. Malley.

On Sunday morning, August 3, Exalted Ruler McNeil arranged a visitation trip for which a special bus was chartered. The first stop was made at Park City Lodge No. 734, where a group of members, anxious to meet the Grand Exalted Ruler, formed a reception line. A buffet luncheon was served and a short meeting was held. E.R. Lawrence L. Rasmussen voiced the gratitude of the Park City membership for the honor brought to the lodge by the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit, and Judge McClelland, in responding, expressed his thanks for the enthusiastic welcome. The next stop was made at Lukes Hot Pots, a sequestered resort in the mountains of Utah famous for its geysers and volcanic scenery. Here, in this beautiful setting, a "Purple Day" family outing was being held by Provo Lodge No. 849. The Grand Exalted Ruler's party, which included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell, Grand Secretary Masters and Mr. Briesdine; D. E. Lambourne, Vice-Pres. of the Utah State Elks Assn., Past State Secy. Harry S. Joseph, P.D.D.'s W. Harry Nightingale and Dean R. Daynes, Est. Lead. Knight A. W. Olsen,

Among those pictured at the District Deputy Conference at Salt Lake City, Utah, are Judge McClelland and Past Grand Exalted Rulers John R. Coen, Bruce A. Campbell, John F. Malley and J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary.

Inner Guard Max W. Gerber, Parker Campbell and James Murphy, all of Salt Lake City Lodge, was given a royal welcome by the members and their families, and greetings were extended by E.R. Seth Billings, of Provo Lodge, and P.E.R. J. Edwin Stein, District Deputy for Utah. A delicious chicken dinner was served. Judge McClelland bade western hospitality a reluctant farewell when he boarded a train for his return to Atlanta.

On Saturday, August 9, at 10 a.m., the second District Deputy Conference was held in the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago. Forty-seven District Deputies attended. Also present were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell, Floyd E. Thompson of Moline, Ill., Lodge, Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Ill., Lodge and Grand Secretary Masters; J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, S. D., Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Vice-Chairman Joseph B. Kyle of Gary, Ind.; Past Grand Inner Guard Frank A. Small of St. Joseph, Mich., Bert A. Thompson of Kenosha, Wis., Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and representatives of various State Elks Associations. Mr. Campbell represented the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, and invited the District Deputies to make a personally conducted tour of the building before leaving Chicago. Judge Thompson presented an inspiring picture of the Elks National Foundation, and Mr. Warner vividly portrayed the activities of the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission. Grand Secretary Masters described the functions of his office.

The third, and final, District Deputy Conference was held at the Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia, on Saturday, August 16th at 10 a.m. In this
(Continued on page 36)



What America is Reading

(Continued from page 12)

Spain. A young American named Philip, whose uncle keeps an inn in the Salzkammergut of Austria, has reasons for visiting Paris, Munich, Madrid and other European places, and everywhere he encounters adventures, some of which are emotional. In Paris, for instance, he falls in love with a hoyden called Saskia, who is a Ruthenian emigre living with a Russian. In Munich Philip stays at the Pension Lucrezia, managed by Frau Meyer, and meets a collection of middle-class people who are helpless in the face of the new rampant Nazi doctrines. In Spain Philip runs into the backwash of the war, and here horrible stories of cruelties to the little people come to his attention. He is something of a philosopher; he recognizes the demoralization that comes to people when they lose their self-esteem. Thus this novel is about a wide variety of human beings who are not leaders but members of the human race, pushed about by events not of their own designing. These things happen under the skies of Europe, and, while we find no solution, nor see any great change in Philip, we enjoy reading this mature, well-built novel, filled with characters that show what a crazy-quilt all living is. (Harper & Bros. \$2.50)

RENE KRAUS wrote a good book about Winston Churchill; it was on the best-seller lists for many months. He now amplifies that information in a new book, "The Men Around Churchill", which gives sketches of thirteen British leaders in the Churchill circle and a chapter about King George VI. I don't expect this book to have the popularity of the first, but it is good to refer to, and it should throw into relief the figures of men whose names are often in the news. Here are portrayed the enigmatic Lord Halifax, who is no longer an appeaser, because he thinks Hitler's system is bondage; Anthony Eden, the man who stood behind Wavell; Sir Archibald Sinclair, Churchill's Man Friday; Sir Kingsley Wood, whose change is called "the toughening up of a softie"; Ernest Bevin, the fire-eater who once fought Churchill; Herbert Morrison, the La-Guardia of England; Clement Attlee, who does "the dirty work for Churchill" with clean hands; Albert Victor Alexander, the lord who rules the water; Arthur Greenwood, who also came in by way of labor. Then the soldiers—Sir John Greer Dill and General Sir Archibald Wavell, and the "eccentrics"—Lord Beaverbrook, described as "a Canadian Yankee at King George's Court" and Sir Stafford Cripps. The King is a modest gentleman, "grateful for being overlooked". Mr. Kraus says that "to many Englishmen the institution of kingship is a condition of their own well-being, an almost physical ne-

cessity". Wendell Willkie called him "earnest-minded". (Lippincott, \$3)

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE is the best-known small-town editor in the country, just because he doesn't let the country forget it. He is probably responsible for most of the Santa Fe's passenger business out of Emporia, Kans., for he gets around. But he set his heart on running the *Emporia Gazette* when he was a young moon-faced Kansan with baggy pants, and he told his public he intended to stay there, and he did. Yet he has given presidents advice ever since the days of McKinley, and maybe they listened to him just because he kept rooted in the midwestern town and knew Kansas politics by heart.

The story of how William Allen White developed as a national figure is a fine, upstanding American tale, and Everett Rich, also of Emporia, tells it in "William Allen White: The Man from Emporia". (Farrar & Rinehart, \$3). He says that when White bought the *Gazette* in 1895 with \$3,000 worth of borrowed money, he was a provincial hayseed, and what he wrote from day to day was cocksure, illiberal, intolerant—just what we think a small-town editor would write. But White's mind didn't stop, and he was always meeting people who could tell him something new. He learned a lot from Theodore Roosevelt, and he followed Roosevelt into the progressive party and out again; he became thoroughly liberal, broke with party lines, supported social legislation and argued for all the movements that would improve human relations. He had a basic faith in the common man that must have come down from that Abolitionist mother of his.

This then, is the book about an upstanding American, a man who has done a lot for his community, who knows New York and Chicago as well as he knows Emporia, and yet always gets back on the train for the home town. He has profit-sharing plans for his employes, Christmas parties and all that sort of thing, and Emporia thinks he's tops. And so do we.

WASHINGTON, the capital of the United States, in the days of the Civil War—what a theme! Again and again we return to this critical period in American history and read anew about Abraham Lincoln, Seward, Stanton, Grant, McClellan, and Mary Lincoln. Margaret Leech has found innumerable details of life during the war that other authors have not yet mined from the inexhaustible records and in "Reveille in Washington, 1860-1865" she gives the whole chronicle. This is how Washington lived through the hard days, what its people did in the war, how the news was received and how

the leaders acted. But here, too, are the citizens, the common people, soldiers, nurses, camp followers, clerks and the wounded.

We know something about the wounded from the journals of Walt Whitman, but Miss Leech reveals aspects of hospital life heretofore ignored. Ambulances were used for the first time in the Civil War, but the appointments of hospitals left much to be desired. Clara Barton served usefully after the Second Bull Run while most of the male nurses were disgruntled and drunk. Louisa M. Alcott served as a nurse in Georgetown.

WHILE official Washington worried over the influx of runaway slaves, and wondered how to make effective use of the large number of Negroes available for enlistment in colored regiments, the social side of Washington enjoyed balls, private theatricals, dinners and levees. No capital can quite forego its usual life; in fact these distractions help it to bear its burdens. In the third year of the war, writes Miss Leech, the Union was drunk "in its crazy pursuit of pleasure". Washington, which saw some of the worst side of the war, had to let off steam. "For dancing was the rage, and in crimson velvet and purple moire antique, in pink and green silk and white tarletan, the ladies tossed their cataract curls in the mazes of the polka and the lancers." And while this went on a second draft was ordered. "Faintly, through the rhythm of the orchestra sounded the President's call for troops."

The President is in the center of all this, trying to get action on the field, urging his generals to bring in victories, hopefully turning to Grant. And center of her own court was Madam President, the lady whose charge accounts grew ever larger—one store sent a bill for 300 pairs of gloves ordered in four months. In the summer of 1864 she owed \$27,000. "Her dress for the second inauguration ball cost \$2,000. She was back on her unsteady pinnacle of arrogance, while the clouds gathered that would darken her brain and send her stumbling out of the White House, a sick and haunted woman."

Miss Leech has made the whole history alive. She has portrayed human beings as they were in their daily activities. The reader recognizes that life in this capital was far from simple, even though it may have been provincial. To the capital came all the complaints, confused orders, demands. Here every general, every politician, every member of Congress, deposited his troubles. The aftermath of every victory and defeat brought exaltation or depression to Washington and affected the nation's spirit. This book tells us what Washington was really like, in

days when its citizens could hear the rumble of the Confederacy's guns. (Harper & Bros., \$3.50)

DAN McGRATH of Boise, Idaho, (Burley Lodge, No. 1384) is the author, with Helen Addison Howard, of "War Chief Joseph", a biography of an Indian strategist, which Caxton Printers, Ltd., are publishing. . . . "Salud! A South American Journal", is Margaret Culkin Banning's lively

account of a South American trip, in which she observed many things of interest to women and found out more about people than mountains (Harper, \$2.75). . . . There is excellent information in "Aztecs of Mexico," by George C. Vaillant, associate curator of Mexican Archaeology, American Museum of Natural History, and the illustrations really tell something about Aztec art, living conditions, customs. A fine book for

those interested in exploring other civilizations. (Doubleday, Doran, \$4) . . . Going South! Next stop, "Yucatan", by Lawrence Dame, the report of a trip into the Mayan lands, with illustrations and plenty of dialogue. (Random House, \$3). . . . "The Corn is Green", the play by Emlyn Williams in which Ethel Barrymore has been starring in New York City, may be had in book form now. (Random House, \$2)

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 32)

Several other prominent Louisiana Elks attended the session, including Sidney Freudenstein, New Orleans, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, Sidney A. Harp, Donaldsonville, Pres. of the La. State Elks Assn., and P.E.R.'s Clarence LaCroix and Felix J. Marx, Baton Rouge.

Retiring President Ben Wilkes, of Greenville Lodge, directed the convention proceedings. Mayor Walter Scott welcomed the Association to Jackson and in his talk called attention to the fine work of Jackson Lodge No. 416 on behalf of orphanages and other charitable institutions. The late U. S. Senator Byron P. (Pat) Harrison was eulogized in a resolution citing his membership in Gulfport, Miss., Lodge, No. 978, and his record as a faithful Elk of long standing.

RHODE ISLAND

More than 100 delegates from the five lodges of the State attended the annual convention of the Rhode Island State Elks Association, held at Newport on June 22. Dr. Ambrose H. Lynch, of Providence Lodge, was elected President. Also elected were: 1st Vice-

Pres., Alfred H. Chapman, Westerly; 2nd Vice-Pres., James A. Taylor, Woonsocket; 3rd Vice-Pres., William W. Woodcock, Pawtucket; 4th Vice-Pres., Albert J. Halleck, Newport; Secy., Charles W. Noonan, Providence; Treas., Dr. Edward C. Morin, Pawtucket; Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Thomas J. Flynn, Providence. The Association voted to hold the 1942 convention in Westerly.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, was the principal speaker at the meeting which was held in the home of Newport Lodge No. 104. Talks were also made by E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; E.R. Thomas N. Kelly, Judge Mortimer A. Sullivan and Attorney General John H. Nolan, Newport; D.D. M. Walter Flynn, Westerly, and P.D.D. Edward H. Powell, Providence.

Alfred L. Gibson, a student at the De La Salle Academy of Newport, was announced the winner of the Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$300 by selection of the Rhode Island State Elks Association. A scholarship of \$150 was awarded Miss Helen Lucek, a graduate of Blackstone High School.

Both recipients were present, together with several winners of scholarship awards of previous years. Several important resolutions were adopted at the business session.

THE convention was opened with a sightseeing tour followed by a noon luncheon at the LaForge Cottages. Mayor Herbert E. Macauley extended the city's official welcome and J. C. Earle McLennan, President of the Newport Chamber of Commerce, conveyed greetings. Retiring State President John H. Greene, Jr., of Newport, responded for the State Association. P.E.R. Francis X. Flannery, of Newport Lodge, presided. Among the many distinguished visitors introduced were Capt. Frank H. Roberts, inspector in charge of ordnance at the Naval Torpedo Station; Maj. John B. Gegan, representing the commanding General of the Harbor Defenses of Narragansett Bay; Perry Belmont, former Minister to Spain; P.D.D. John E. Mullen, Providence, Assistant Attorney General, and Chief Justice Edmund W. Flynn of the State Supreme Court. Supper in the Rathskellar at the lodge home wound up the convention activities.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 34)

beautiful setting in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, where the Order of Elks exemplifies in its finest sense the practice of Brotherly Love, a most inspiring meeting was held and the Grand Exalted Ruler, meeting his District Deputies in person, outlined their program. At this conference, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland of Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge, represented the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, made a fine address and out-

lined the program of the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission, while the achievements of the Elks National Foundation Trustees were set forth effectively by the Chairman, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles S. Hart, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, introduced Captain Tom W. Hammond of the Adjutant General's Office at Washington, D. C., who explained in detail the procedure to be followed by the subordinate lodges in setting up local units of the Elk Flying Cadets. Past Grand Exalted Ruler David

Sholtz, of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, also addressed the District Deputies, and Grand Secretary Masters again explained the details of his office. The following Grand Lodge officials also attended the conference: Wade H. Kepner, of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, Home Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Approving Member Robert South Barrett, Alexandria, Va.; Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, El Reno, Okla.; Grand Inner Guard Hugh Hicks, Jackson, Tenn., and Daniel J. Kelly, Knoxville, Tenn., a member of the Grand Forum.

The American Way

(Continued from page 7)

he had no friend and no well-wisher, and where there were none he could understand, even as there were none to understand him. He felt infinitely small and tired, and the close, intimate coolness of the house was scant relief.

Mrs. Lambert did not come into the hall to welcome him as she usually did. But as he started up the stairs there were heavy footsteps

behind him, and then a low, familiar voice saying, "Oh, Tom."

He turned and looked down at Mr. Lambert. He said, "Yes, Uncle George." And then, for manners' sake, he said, "Good afternoon, Uncle George."

Mr. Lambert was crumpling a handkerchief with one hand, as if it were a bit of paper he meant to destroy. Mr. Lambert's eyes were

worried and there were new, etched lines in his forehead. Mr. Lambert said, "Come here a minute, will you, Tom?"

He went back down the stairs, thinking it was odd that Mr. Lambert should be home so early. It was but a little after three and Mr. Lambert, even though he was a banker, didn't usually get home until some time after four. And Mr.

Lambert, in some curious, hard-to-define way, was different than he had ever been before.

"Come in here, Tom," Mr. Lambert said. He followed the man into the living room. Mrs. Lambert sat in her usual chair but she had discarded her knitting. The smile she gave him was forced and mechanical.

There was something wrong, dreadfully wrong, he thought. He felt a thrust of fear that made it hard to breathe.

Mr. Lambert said, "Sit down, Tom. There's—a letter for you from home. From your mother. She wrote me in the same mail, Tom. I thought I ought to tell you before you read your letter. You see, there's bad news. Your father—" Mr. Lambert stopped, and his eyes were haunted. His face was thin and drawn and infinitely tired.

Tom said, "You mean, my father's been—been killed?"

"I'm sorry," Mr. Lambert said. "Both of us are sorrier than we can say. He was on a raid, over France somewhere. His plane didn't come back. He died in the line of duty, Tom—he died a hero."

Mr. Lambert took a step toward him and he backed away. Mrs. Lambert stood up, a letter in her hand. It was the one from his mother. He said, "Thank you for telling me, sir. I—"

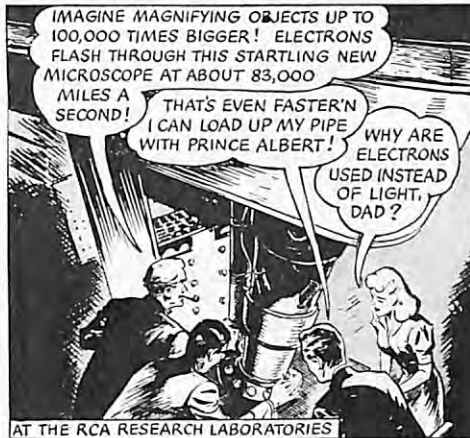
HE WAS away then, running out of the room. He heard Mr. Lambert call his name, and then Mrs. Lambert saying, "Leave him alone for a while, George. It's better that way. After the first shock is over we can help him. But not right now." He went down the hallway and out the back door. He ran across the garden and through the back gate and turned to his left.

He knew where Wilhelm Schultz lived—he had seen him coming out of the big white house one day, and he had seen the name "F. W. Schultz" on the mailbox. He slowed to a fast walk, his mind wild and confused. There was the feel of his father's hand on his shoulder, the sound of his father's even, pedestrian voice, the fine look of his father in his R.A.F. uniform. There was his father laughing with him over a small injury and making him laugh too, and there was his father reading to him when he was very small and having trouble with the pronunciation of foreign words. "Don't know how anyone ever thought up such crazy languages," his father was saying, and his mother was laughing at them both, her eyes bright and loving. There was his father correcting him when he had done wrong and explaining that the wrongs you did could hurt no one so badly as yourself. There was his father on long walks, dressed in old-fashioned plaid knickerbockers, swinging a heavy stick while he told the names of birds and flowers and gave the histories of points of interest.

Finally, there was his father in an

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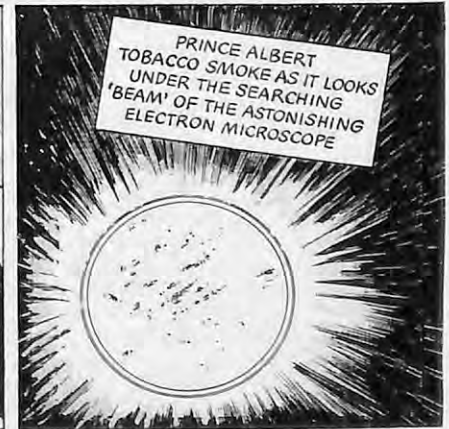
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airplane over France, and there was the cruel-eyed pilot of the fighter that was about to destroy it. Or the cruel-eyed crew of the deadly anti-aircraft unit that brought the bomber down.

He came to the Schultz house and the front garden was empty. He walked past it and back, suddenly feeling helpless, then feeling his rage grow because of his helplessness. The front door opened and Wilhelm Schultz came out.

There was red before his eyes when he rushed through the gate. He heard his own voice as if it were someone else's voice, crying, "Hun! Boche! Hitler! Dirty Hun! Oh, you dirty, dirty Hun!" When he pounded his fists against Wilhelm Schultz's chest he barely felt any physical sensation.

He felt Wilhelm Schultz' hands pushing him off, and he heard, from far away, a scared voice saying, "Look here, Tom—what's the idea, Tom—what did I ever do to you?" And then stronger hands had him roughly by the shoulders and he was dragged back.

THEN he was in a long bright living room, sitting in a chair, and a man with grey hair and a small beard was anxiously watching him. Soon Mr. Lambert came hurrying into the room, his clothes mussed, as if he had left home in a great hurry.

Mr. Lambert said, "I'm damned sorry, Fred. We won't talk now. It was such a shock to him—I know you understand. Over here we just can't realize how they feel. All I can do is apologize for him, Fred. I'll take him home now."

Mr. Lambert's hand, guiding him to the car, was gentle. They rode home in silence. All he felt was weariness, and confusion, and bitterness.

They both came with him to his room and saw that he went to bed. The maid brought food, which he tasted because they were trying to be kind and he did not want to offend them. Both of them moved about abruptly, wastefully, as if they did not know what to do.

Mr. Lambert said, "Good night, Tom. We understand—believe me, we do. We won't bother you now. Try to sleep. All I'll say is that the Schultzes aren't any more German, the way you think of people being German, than we are. Or you are. That's true, Tom. Now do your best to rest."

He heard the door close. He did not remember what Mr. Lambert had said—he did not even remember his speaking. He had been too far away to hear. He was thinking that he had a job to do, and he had to do it. It was the only way he could show what was in him. It was the only way he could perform a sacred and inescapable duty.

Mr. and Mrs. Lambert were both at the table when he came downstairs in the morning. They greeted him cheerfully and he said, bowing

a little, "Good morning, Aunt Kate. Good morning, Uncle George." He sat down at his place and felt the constraint in the room.

"I hope you're feeling better, Tom," Mr. Lambert said.

Tom said, "Yes, Uncle George," and ate a little of his breakfast. The Lamberts seemed old and strange and far away this morning. The Lamberts were kind and good but they did not understand. They meant well, but they were stupid. He glanced at them quickly and had no emotion for either of them. It was almost as if they did not exist at all.

No one in the world really existed now, except Wilhelm Schultz. Wilhelm Schultz was to be the end, the beginning, and the fulfillment.

Wilhelm Schultz was about to die, and dying in some small measure to pay for the death of the quiet, handsome, smiling man who had been his father.

"Tom," Mr. Lambert said. "About yesterday. I don't want to trouble you now, but I do want to try to make you understand that—well, that in this country we don't hold it against anyone because he has a German name and is of German origin, no matter how strongly we feel about the war. I wish you would promise me to think about that, Tom. And later on, when you feel like it, I'd like a talk with you."

"Yes, Uncle George," he said. He looked at Mrs. Lambert. Her eyes were pools of worry and she looked older than she had yesterday. He smiled at Mrs. Lambert and she smiled back at him. Now she did not look so old any more.

WHAT he was going to do would hurt them a great deal, he thought. Then he put that thought aside, as a non-essential. They were good, and they were nice to him, but he could not let them stand in his way. He remembered a thing his father had told him once—"Always do what you feel you have to do, what you are sure is right. You'll never go far wrong then." His father, the gentle, understanding man, whom people like Wilhelm Schultz had killed.

"One thing more, Tom," Mr. Lambert said. "You don't have to go to school today. Not until you feel that you want to. Stay out as long as you like."

He stood up. He said, "Thank you, Uncle George, but I'll go today." He looked at both of them and said, "Goodbye Uncle George and Aunt Kate." The silence was heavy when he left the room.

He put on his coat and gathered his books. He left the house by the front door and as he walked down the street he thought he could feel their eyes on his back. He walked three blocks, to where he was safely out of sight of the house. Then he turned up the hill, away from the school.

He sat on the hillside, hidden by a tree, and carefully went over, again and again, the plan he had

made during the night. It was very simple. Very sure. He remembered the time his father had taken him to watch raw land being cleared for a house. He remembered the black-powder blasting, and the way the fuses had been set. Anyone could do it.

In the basement of the Lambert house there was a canister of black powder and a coil of fuse. And there was an old bicycle pump which was the perfect instrument for his purpose.

AFTER a time he heard the deep-throated roar of a big car; that was Mr. Lambert on his way to the bank. He left the hill and went back to the house by a route which led him to a little-used gate near the basement door. He had unlocked that door before going to breakfast this morning. There was not one chance in a thousand of anyone visiting the basement today.

He examined the rear of the house carefully, staring at each window in case someone should be looking out. Then he opened the gate and ran swiftly across the short space of ground between it and the basement door. A moment later he was inside, the door closed firmly after him, and the only sound was the loud beating of his heart.

For an hour he experimented with the fuse, measuring and cutting lengths and carefully checking the time it took them to burn. At last he was satisfied. He filled the pump cylinder tight with black powder, attached a fuse, and wrapped it in newspaper. Then there was nothing to do but wait the slow hours through until the school day was over.

The hands on the little pocket watch he had been given for his birthday seemed hardly to move at all. Half a dozen times he thought the watch must have stopped but when he held it to his ear it ticked away cheerfully. Then he thought it must be running slow, but the noon strike of the city hall clock showed it to be right.

He sat on a bench in a dark corner and shivered with the damp chill of the basement. He wondered, absently, what would happen to him. He would be arrested, of course, questioned, imprisoned. Probably the sensible thing to do would be to refuse to answer. They would be like Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, only much less gentle and kind. There would be nothing he could say to make them see. Then he put these thoughts aside, as you put aside minor matters when something of immense importance must be attended to.

It was two o'clock when he left the basement. He made his way to the street without being seen from the house. He felt the cylinder against his body, and it warmed and encouraged him. And now, the moment being so close, he felt excitement rising in him, and a grim sense of purpose that nothing could change.

He came to the Schultz' house by a side street. There were many trees and bushes in the yard to provide cover. Most of the window-blinds were drawn against the heat of the afternoon, and it was an easy matter to climb the fence on the blind side of the house and hide himself back of a laurel bush. Wilhelm Schultz would be home inside the hour.

Again he reviewed his plan in his mind, and again it seemed flawless. He flattered himself that there was no chance of a slip-up. It represented justice, pure and absolute. His father had often talked to him of justice. It was the most important of all things, his father had told him, his voice low and grave and authoritative. Justice must be, and it was a thing worth dying for. Millions of men, in truth, had died for it through long centuries of history. All the progress of the world was toward the goal of justice and right for all.

Today he was the bearer of justice for Wilhelm Schultz—for all that Wilhelm Schultz and his race represented.

HE WAS ready, the little book of matches open beside him, when William Schultz came home. The cylinder lay beside the walk, hidden by grass, where he had placed it. He struck a match and lit the fuse.

Wilhelm Schultz came through the gate, kicking a rock ahead of him, his school books under his arm. The small bright flame ran swiftly along the fuse toward the cylinder. Wilhelm Schultz came level with it and the fuse had not yet reached its object.

Tom stood up then, showing himself. He said, "Hello."

Wilhelm Schultz looked at him with surprise in his big eyes. He said, "You! What are you doing behind that bush?"

The flame had reached the cylinder now, and the fuse was only a line of dark ash leading to it.

He said, "Wait a minute. Where you are."

Then Wilhelm Schultz, following the line of Tom's gaze, saw the cylinder too. He saw the remnants of the burned fuse. He said, his voice rising high, "What's that you got there?" He was backing away swiftly, his eyes tremendous and frightened.

Tom knew he had failed. He felt an immense rage at his own failure—a rage almost equalling his hate for Wilhelm Schultz. He stepped from behind the laurel bush, his eyes on the impotent cylinder. He started toward it, thinking he would pick it up and hit Wilhelm Schultz over the head with it—make some use of it at least.

He did not hear Wilhelm Schultz cry, "Don't you go near that—it might go off. Say, you must be crazy!"

He was almost over it when he saw the spark. Then he saw, out of the corner of his eye, Wilhelm Schultz rushing toward him, an arm

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shielding his face. Something hit him hard and tumbled him backward. There was a tremendous wall of flame and a gigantic pain. After that there was a sense of falling into a pit, and blackness.

Now it was as if he were rising, infinitely slowly, out of some deep, frightening place. Far above him there was light, and as it grew there was a sudden rush of pain that made him cry out, then clench his teeth. When he tried to move it was as if his body had been harshly bound with tight bands. Then the light blinded him and he shut his eyes hard against it. Far away a vaguely familiar voice said, "Tom," and it was a while before he realized that it was his name and the voice was calling to him. He opened his eyes again carefully and saw distorted shadows that slowly sharpened and became distinct—as if he were looking through field glasses which must be focussed to fit his eyes. Another voice said his name, and it too was vaguely familiar—it was like a voice out of another time, the deep past, which he had difficulty remembering. Then it was all clear—the small white room with its single window, the narrow, white-covered bed on which he lay, and standing over him Mr. and Mrs. Lambert.

Mr. Lambert smiled wanly and sat on the edge of the bed. He said, "How are you feeling, Tom?"

There were thick bandages about his face and chest and his right arm was stiff and immovable in a plaster cast. "I guess I'm all right."

"You are," Mr. Lambert said. "And it's a miracle of the first water. There's a broken bone in that arm of yours—it happened when you fell—and you've some nasty burns. But you'll be good as ever in two weeks. The doctor says he can't see why you weren't killed—and Bill Schultz too."

He turned his eyes away at the mention of that name. He felt Mrs. Lambert's cool, small hand take his hand and he heard her say, "Don't let anything worry you, Tom. Just rest. Later on there'll be plenty of time to figure it all out."

It would be good to rest, he thought; to forget it all, as if it had never been. Only that was obviously impossible. It had to be figured out now. It couldn't be evaded or postponed. He closed his eyes again and thought back. He saw, just before the flash of blinding light, Bill Schultz running toward him. He felt again Bill Schultz' hand striking his shoulder with all the force at his command. He said, "It's funny. Just before it went off—" He paused, then said, "Was he hurt?"

"Not seriously — minor burns. He's up and around. The fact is—"

MR. LAMBERT left the room. He was away a minute or two. When he returned Bill Schultz and his father followed him. One side of Bill Schultz' face was heavily bandaged.

He would have given anything he had to be able to look away, to not face them. You couldn't let yourself do that. It was a thing his father had often talked to him about—you had to face unpleasantness honestly, no matter what it cost you. He looked at them and made a small smile that hurt his cheeks and lips. He said, "I guess you saved my life—Bill. I guess I don't know—don't know why you did. It's all sort of mixed up. And—well, I'm sorry."

There was embarrassment on Bill Schultz' face. Tom thought it was a good face. That was surprising. It was as if he had never seen Bill Schultz' face clearly before. It was wide and patient and the eyes were intelligent and gentle. Yes, it was really a good face, and it was very good to look at it.

Mr. Schultz said, "We understand, Tom. All of us. We know how you felt. Only we hope you don't feel that way any more. You see, we aren't what you thought we were, Tom. Not anything like that. It's hard to explain."

Bill Schultz said, "I hope you get better quick, Tom." Then Mr. Schultz said something to Mr. Lambert and he and his son left. At the door Bill Schultz said, "Anyway, you're getting out of school for a while, Tom. You have all the luck."

It hurt his face to laugh.

Mr. and Mrs. Lambert stood by the bed and smiled down at him. Mr. Lambert said, "Better now, Tom?"

"Yes," he said. "Only—I don't exactly know what to say. The way it is—well, I can't figure out what came over me. It doesn't seem as if it could have happened now."

"I can figure it out, Tom," Mr. Lambert said. "It's clear enough. And understandable enough. Now—it's all over now, isn't it, Tom?"

He nodded, and it hurt his neck and chest. But that kind of hurt didn't seem to matter. He lay still, looking up at Mr. and Mrs. Lambert. He felt almost the way he had when looking at Bill Schultz—as if he had never seen their faces clearly before. They had fine faces. They had faces like his parents—the same kind of faces, even though the features were entirely different. It was odd he'd never felt so close to them before. It was fine to feel so close to them now, for the first time.

He thought about himself then, and that was odd too. Because it was such a different self than it had been before the accident. Remarkably different. It was as if he had grown a great deal older in a very short space of time. As if something had happened to make him wonder, in amazement, at the kind of person he had been yesterday.

Explosion in Vulgarity

(Continued from page 17)

where young people gathered; and that what delighted the customers in the taverns had no appeal whatever in the fancy cocktail bars. The jitterbugs were attracted to their favorite bands and what the band was playing was a secondary consideration. If he covered a metropolitan territory, he learned to include a few reels and come-all-ye's for the Irish places, a few folksongs for the Swedes and Norwegians, some grand opera for the Italians, and only one hundred percent Greek music for the Greeks!

Today an experienced operator can keep the record assortment in his music-boxes so exquisitely balanced and up-to-date that each one will yield a maximum gross week after week, and the coin meters are there to remind him when his judgment errs.

There are choice locations in the larger cities where music-boxes gross

as much as \$25 or \$50 per week, although the average is reported to be nearer \$15, and in the outlying territories it is likely to be less. But in order to yield a net profit to the operator a machine must take in not less than \$12 per week in the larger cities, nor less than \$7 per week on the rural routes. If a machine falls below that minimum, and cannot be built up within a reasonable time, it must be removed to a more profitable location.

Each music-box represents an average investment of about \$300. According to the accepted practice of the trade, the operator writes off his investment at the rate of 25 percent yearly for depreciation, and actually tries to replace his machines with new models after they have seen four years of service. The second-hand machines are reconditioned and sold to dealers in the Orient and South

America. Despite war conditions, this export trade has been averaging \$40,000 per month during 1940.

And he is under constant pressure from both the manufacturers and his location owners to buy new models. A restaurant proprietor who has visited a rival establishment, or a soda clerk just returned from a vacation out of town, will complain that he has seen a brand new phonograph that is six feet tall, or has an all-over cabinet of translucent plastic, or one that waves the Stars and Stripes in a fan-driven breeze when the box plays *God Bless America*. The bedeviled operator promises to look into the matter, and takes another aspirin.

Music-boxes have changed considerably in the past five years. Mechanically, they have been improved tremendously. In appearance—well, that is entirely a matter of opinion.

"Streamlining" touched them with a giddy hand in 1935-36, at first merely modernizing the cabinetwork a little, but rapidly sweeping on through successive models with brilliantly lighted domes and pilasters of red, yellow, blue and green plastics, until in 1940 manufacturers were boasting of "animated, light-up waterfall scenes", and "rainbow colors in motion". Industrial designers have declared that juke-box design derives from nothing previously known to man, and can be compared to nothing else, except possibly to the New York taxicab, which Raymond Loewy has called "an explosion in vulgarity". To which the operators have replied that they never heard of any person refusing to patronize the music-boxes because he didn't like their looks.

But with streamlining came practical improvements. For instance, wall-boxes and remote control selectors were developed, so that today a patron can insert his nickel and register his selection by wire on the centrally located music-box without ever having to leave his seat at the table or the bar. Naturally, this kind of equipment has increased the operator's investment per unit, although it is only intended for larger establishments and, when installed wisely, has the ultimate effect of increasing the machine's gross.

So whether he is operating a small route of twenty machines, or a big regional business of several thousand units, after he has counted up his

mountainous pile of coins and paid off the location owner on a 50-50 basis, the operator still has an investment to amortize, and must defray the considerable expense of servicing the machines. And not the least item of expense is the cost of records. These cost him from 19 to 47 cents apiece; each one is good only for 125 or 150 playings; and after that they have a recovery value of a few cents each when sold to the second-hand outlets. But he doesn't trifle in this matter, either by economizing on replacements or putting in cheaper platters. He is fully aware that his records—and not merely the black "biscuits" themselves, but the subtle sound production of which they are capable—are his essential and highly perishable stock in trade.

Indeed, he is likely to tell you that he has saved the American phonograph record business from virtual extinction. That may sound like a broad claim; but only the tone of it, and a few minor details, are disputed in the trade. Before the nationwide advent of the music-boxes, the sale of disc records in the United States had dropped from 65,000,000 in 1929 to only 10,000,000 in 1932-33. Following the acceptance of the music-box in 1933-34 and paralleling its rise in popularity, record sales climbed to 33,000,000 in 1938, 60,000,000 in 1939, and will perhaps reach an all-time high this year.

Just how much direct effect the coin-phonos have had on this increas-

ing sale of disc records for home use is, naturally, a matter of speculation. There are record manufacturers who are inclined to minimize it, but there are just as many veterans (who confess that they had given up the business as hopelessly lost just seven years ago) who openly sing the praises of the industry and salaam the very locations upon which the almighty juke-boxes stand. Whichever way you are inclined to view it, you must admit that 37,000,000 records per year—the average consumption of music-boxes exclusively—make a whopping order for an industry whose total output was less than a third of that in 1933.

The popular bandleaders and recording artists are considerably more generous with their praise. They are perhaps the most nervously expectant readers of *The Billboard's* weekly "Music Popularity Chart" which lists the big-money makers on the coin-machines, as well as the best sellers of the retail record and sheet music trade, and the "songs with most radio plugs". If a bandleader or singer spots one of his recordings listed under the secondary heading of "Coming Up", he knows that he has good cause to step down from the podium and celebrate. There are just a few lines of type (and a prayer) between that and the big-league listing of "Going Strong" and if he can make that category, well—everybody's happy!

The Popularity Chart is probably

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the most convincing record of the power of the nationwide coin-phonograph network. The appearance of a record in the "Going Strong" category almost invariably forecasts a boost in retail sales which will appear on the chart weeks or months later. Bing Crosby's version of *Sierra Sue*, for instance, became a music-box favorite in the last week of July, and had climbed to third place among the retail best-sellers a month later. The same thing happened in the cases of such popular numbers as *Six Lessons from Madam LaZonga*, *Sunrise Serenade*, *Beer-Barrel Polka*, and *Begin the Beguine* (which held its place among music-box favorites for five years). But the classic example of juke-box magic concerns an obscure bandleader and an unknown singer who both took a long gamble.

Orrin Tucker's is a name to be reckoned with today; but in the autumn of 1939 he was an obscure orchestra leader in Chicago, with a good band and a talented (but even more obscure) little singer named Bonnie Baker. Rummaging through a pile of old sheet music, Tucker found a battered copy of a "cute" number called *Oh, Johnny, Oh!* which had been written by Abe Olman and published with considerable success in 1917. Deciding that with a cute Bonnie Baker rendering of such a cute number he might have something, Orrin Tucker made a recording of *Oh, Johnny, Oh!*

The rest was inevitable. From obscurity Orrin Tucker and Bonnie Baker were boosted almost overnight onto the Hit Parade. They were launched as a \$10,000-a-week theatre attraction, and they took their place among the highest paid recording artists. They're still 'way up there on the crest of the wave.

The thing to be borne in mind about these music-box successes is that they are not the result of organized publicity or professional song-plugging, but that they have been achieved by something approximating a spontaneous popular vote. They exemplify the potent force behind the machines: the millions of fingers that press down the selector buttons, and the billions of nickels that are dropped voluntarily into the coin-chutes. The popular music that rises supreme from the phonographs is the music of the people's choice.

It may seem incredible that any such far-flung and devious business, which had its earliest beginnings close to the dark byways of the pre-Repeal slot-machine trade, should exist today so singularly free from racketeering and rough-stuff. It is true that only recently there have been window-smashings in St. Louis, which police attributed to the "juke-box rackets"; and that in another region of the Middle West there are rumors that a strong-arm combine is trying to force operators to use only non-trade-marked records made under racket auspices. But these are the exceptions.

In most states, and in the metropolitan areas, the operators are or-

ganized in their own closely knit trade associations which were set up in the earliest days of the game for the expressed purpose of preventing any repetition of the old slot-machine evils, as well as for policing any cut-throat competitive practices that might militate against the business as a whole. The operator may grumble occasionally when he is forced to adhere to the association rules forbidding "bumping" (which means stealing another dealer's locations), but most of the time he thanks his lucky stars for a strong organization which keeps the rackets away.

And he has his other worries. Because he is looked upon by the location owners along his route as something of a man of property, he is constantly being touched for loans. The bartender's wife is going to have a baby, or the widow who owns the ice-cream parlor needs \$100 for the down payment on a new car. He is reminded, of course, that he can take the full receipts, instead of 50 percent, from the music-box until the loan is paid off! What can a man say? Competition for new locations being what it is today, it is a safe bet that the bartender or the poor widow can encounter some other operator who will be delighted to make the loan—and acquire a new location. So the coin-machine operator, who had to become a connoisseur of popular music in order to ply his trade, now turns small-time banker and makes the loan. It's just one of the crazy headaches of a crazy game.

Right now the music-box industry is confronted by two innovations which might turn the whole trade upside down, although the operators declare that they are not worried. One is the "Automatic Hostess" or wired music-box, which recently had its field trials in New York; and the other is the coin-operated musical film or "soundie".

In the first instance, the "music-box" which is installed in the tavern or restaurant is not a phonograph at all, but an amplifier and a microphone, both connected by telephone wire to a centrally located record-playing exchange. After inserting a nickel in the slot, you are greeted by the "hostess", you request the number you wish to hear and it is played over the wire from one of the turntables in the central studio.

The wired music-box has been a howl and a money-maker during the New York trials, although much of its success is attributed to novelty. Part of the fun has been in kidding the "hostess", which has led to a good deal of barroom ribaldry, and which the promoters are now trying to discourage. For an extra nickel the hostess will announce a "dedication" of the number according to your specifications.

The trade points out that the wired system will be practical only in the larger cities, and that even there it involves heavy expenses for equipment and line charges. Moreover, they say, it will never be popular with proprietors who have been con-

ditioned to the richer profits of the plain old coin-phonograph. Under the wired system, the operator takes the first \$10 of the gross receipts for expenses, and gives the location owner only 35 percent of the balance. Thus, his machine would have to gross about \$35 per week in order to yield him as much profit as he would make on a gross of only \$17.50 under his present arrangement.

The operators pretend to be laughing-off the loudly trumpeted possibilities of the coin-machine "soundies".

"If you like a record, you'll play it as often as you feel like hearing it," says one of them. "And if somebody else puts a nickel in the machine and selects the same number, you won't mind hearing it again. That's the way it is with songs. But when you've seen a movie once, you've had your money's worth, but you probably won't spend money to see it a second time. Even if you do, twice is enough. If someone else puts a coin in and you've got to take it a third time, you'll run for the nearest exit."

Whether this new competition is actually as unimportant as these spokesmen believe, remains to be seen. But talking to the operators you gather the firm impression that nothing is likely to supplant the popular and seemingly perennial juke.

And there's that hated term again. It is almost impossible to avoid. The industry may talk in terms of coin-operated, electrical phonographs; the dealers may call them music-boxes, and *The Billboard*, for headline terseness, may use the word "phonos". But to the millions of customers who keep the records playing, the glorified instruments are still "jukes".

Nevertheless, the entrepreneurs of nickel-music definitely do not like it. Mention it in their presence and they'll politely correct you, or pretend not to know what you mean, or simply boil over with rage. This attitude was demonstrated for the record only recently. Robert Yoder, *Chicago Daily News* columnist, published a generous appreciation of the coin-phonographs and their music. Indeed, it made such pleasant reading that *The Billboard* reprinted the column in its entirety for the edification of the trade. But not without adding this explanatory footnote:

Mr. Yoder used the term "juke-box" in his column. We have substituted the more favorable term "music-box".

Of course, one must remember that the jukes are very young and tremendously successful, and try to overlook such things if at times they seem to put on airs. They've grown big and gaudy and are inclined to wear their fine raiment like the little girl from across the tracks who now has the biggest mansion on the lakefront drive. So forget it. Just close your eyes and remember that it's music they're making. Only if your ears are painfully acute will you catch a metallic undertone. Those are nickels, billions of nickels, and, so far as the operators are concerned, they're already "in the bag".

Alias Miss Shea

(Continued from page 23)

becoming quiet with some effort.

"Fella named Shaughnessy," Craigin told him. "Stopping here name of Harkins. The D.A. wants him. Material witness in that building racket case. He don't show up at home all day, and we find out by tapping his phone he's registered here under that phony monicker. So the D.A. figures to pick him up in case he's thinking of blowing town.

"Nice game of stud downtown," he added. "Craigin lucky too. For once. Five or six men there but who gets called? Craigin, o' course. Always Craigin. Well—"

He stopped before nine twenty-seven, sighed a little gloomily, and rapped.

"I'll go in with you," Lanahan said. "In case there's trouble, Joe."

"Trouble," Craigin repeated, with a small nod, as if he knew all about that and didn't have to be warned of it by anyone. "Sure, there'll be trouble. Ain't Craigin here? No sense to spoiling his record now—not after twenty-three years. No, no. No simple pick-up for that man. Not right. Not—"

The door didn't open. A girl's voice—Hilda Shea's voice—said from behind it, "Who's there?" Craigin announced in his patient and wearily resigned way that the police were there. She'd better open up.

She did. Craigin went in first and Lanahan followed him. Her eyes seemed to jump as she saw him over the heavy man's shoulder.

"Oh, I didn't—"
"Fella named Shaughnessy," Craigin said. "The D.A. wants him. Anywhere around, lady?"

But she couldn't seem to take her eyes off Lanahan, who stood there and gave her a glittery-eyed stare. Craigin opened the bathroom door, looked inside, came around in front of the girl again, said, "Excuse me, lady," and opened the closet door.

"Nope," he said then. "No Shaughnessy. I knew it. All night now hangin' around. Waitin'. Of course, you wouldn't know where he's gone, lady?"

"What?" Hilda said. She got her eyes away from Lanahan with a jerk. "I'm afraid—he might be in that Automat on Broadway, having coffee. He mentioned something about it when he left."

"He might be," Craigin said, "but he won't. I can tell you that now, lady. Not with Craigin looking for him. Well—could try it, I suppose. You hang around here till I get back, Lanahan?"

"I'll hang around," Lanahan said grimly. "Don't worry about that, Joe."

"Shaughnessy comes, keep him

here. Ten minutes—no longer. Well—"

He shambled out, closing the door behind him. This Hilda Shea, Lanahan observed, was nobody's fool; in the couple of seconds she had to pull herself together she did a pretty fair job. When they were alone she propped her arms behind her on the bed and laughed merrily.

"My," she said, "I guess I'm the dumbest thing! You heard me on the phone, didn't you? I never thought of that. When I saw you coming in I couldn't believe my eyes."

"I guess you couldn't," Lanahan said. "I had a turn like that myself tonight. When my car was stolen by a girl who probably thought she was the smartest thing alive."

"Oh—stolen!" Her mouth wrinkled up a bit. "That's a nasty word. Isn't borrowed much nicer? It's parked downstairs now, with the keys in it. And I was going to phone you just as soon—"

Lanahan repeated very stolidly: "That's what a judge is gonna call it. Stolen."

"A judge!" She seemed genuinely outraged. "Why you know you wouldn't be that mean about it."

Lanahan's gaze didn't soften at all. "Wouldn't he?"

The blue eyes searched his with

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more than a trace of worry in them.

"But why should you do that? You've got your car back now and it wouldn't do any good to get me in to trouble." Suddenly she showed him the dimples again. "You're angry, of course—but you'll forget that too. Because you're just like that nice Mr. Higgins who went to school with Joe. That's who I thought you were when you and that policeman knocked. Mr. Higgins and the lawyer."

Lanahan raised his brows. "What do you want a lawyer for?"

"I don't. Joe does." She looked extremely solemn now. "Because he's in trouble, you see. Oh, not for anything he did—he's not mixed up in it personally at all. It all happened because he was in Mr. King's office last week, waiting to see about a job, when those—those gangsters came in. They had some crooked organization for contractors and they wanted Mr. King to join it and pay them a lot of money. But he wouldn't; instead he got mad and tried to throw them out. And one of them punched him and Mr. King fell down and hurt his head. The paper said his skull was fractured. He's very sick. And Joe was the only one who saw them, and heard what they were talking about before the fight. He's the only good witness there is."

A vague memory stirred in Lanahan.

"Then why is this Joe hiding out here now?"

"Because," she said indignantly, "the police want to put him in jail. A material witness—is that what they call it? Just when he has a chance at a good job and is to see the man about it tomorrow morning. And if he's in jail of course he can't see the man and of course he won't get the job. The police say they have to lock him up to be sure he's safe, because the men who hurt Mr. King might try to harm Joe or keep him from testifying against them. As if they could frighten him that way, no matter what they did!"

"A hero, I guess," Lanahan said sourly. "He gets the job and he marries you. That it?"

"Me?" She had a clear laugh, no way forced. "My goodness, Joe isn't my boy friend. He's married to my sister, Madge—that's who I called on your phone tonight. Because I think that man in the park was one the police wanted—the very one who punched Mr. King. Joe says he must have been."

Lanahan lit himself a cigarette.

"So you don't know the guy who socked me?"

"No. Nothing more than that. I had supper at Madge's house tonight, and she told me about the police wanting to lock up Joe,

and how he was trying to hide from them until he could find out about the job. Then when I left Madge's I suppose those men were watching, and followed me in their car—maybe because they thought I was Joe's wife."

She shivered slightly. "I took a cab because it was raining, and they stopped it in the park and scared off my driver with a gun. But I got out the other door while they were fussing and ran and ran—I dropped my handbag somewhere in the trees. Then I thought I'd lost them and came out again to the road hoping I'd get a lift, and you came along, and he hit you, and—"

"Yeah." Lanahan felt conscious of the throb in his skull again. "I remember that. Why didn't you tell me what it was all about when I picked you up?"

"Because I thought it might be all a trick—that you might be in with them, trying to find where Joe was. When I saw your gun—"

"Cops carry guns," Lanahan said. "Even cops in plain clothes."

"Oh!" For an instant she covered her mouth with a palm. "I didn't know you were a policeman—truly I didn't. Not till now. When I saw you come in with that other man I thought you brought him to have me arrested. That's why I sent him off."

Lanahan scowled at her. "You mean this Shaughnessy didn't go to the Automat?"

"Maybe he did," she said quickly. "Could you help Joe at all, Mr. Lanahan? Fix it, I mean, so that they wouldn't have to lock him up? This job means a lot to him and Madge. If he doesn't get it—"

"I'm not the D.A.," Lanahan said. "I'm not even working on this case. I don't know anything about it at all, outside of bumping into Craigin on the way up here."

Somebody rapped on the door. She got up watching Lanahan rather gravely. "Why, then—" she said, and stopped a moment, thoughtful.

"Why then—" the smile came back—"why then I guess it can't be helped. Can it?"

"Not by me," Lanahan said.

She looked funny, Lanahan thought—like she was up to something here. While he was trying to figure that out she walked around him and opened the door. In a moment her voice came, pleased and welcoming.

"That nice Mr. Higgins! Joe's going to be glad to see you; he just went downstairs to call you up. Did you find out about the lawyer?"

A very tall young man with a stringy build came in and eyed Lanahan uncertainly.

"This is Mr. Lanahan," Hilda said. "He's from police headquarters; he's waiting for Joe, too. This time I think they're actually going to lock him up. Didn't you bring the lawyer with you?"

"Who?" the young man asked vaguely. "The lawyer? Well, I didn't think—"

"But you have to get him—you have to get him right now. He'd know some way to stop them from locking Joe up. When he hasn't done anything at all! I think that's a shame."

"Maybe I'd better," the young man said. "I'll go round for him now. Tell Joe." He nodded to Lanahan, backed to the door, nodded again, and went out.

A couple of minutes later Craigin came back. He'd had no luck. Joe Shaughnessy was nowhere about. At a quarter to two, at two o'clock, he was still among the missing. Craigin got rather uneasy then, glancing every couple of minutes at his watch.

"Don't like this much," he told Lanahan, at two fifteen. "Where'd he be, this late? Sure you don't know where he's at, lady?"

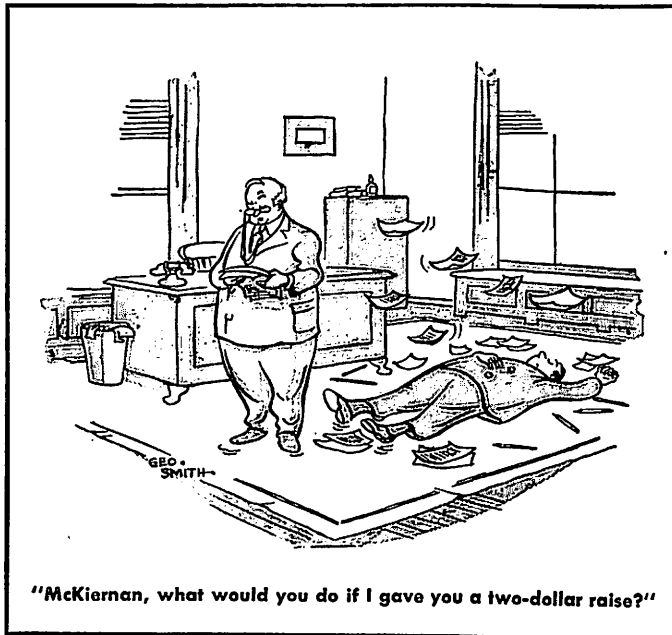
Hilda shook her head. He might have gone for a stroll before his coffee. Or maybe Mr. Craigin had missed him in the automat.

Craigin grunted. "A beanpole like him? Six feet three or four? Not unless he chopped his legs off."

No club smashed Lanahan then; but he felt for an instant as if one had. That nice Mr. Higgins, lean and stringy—Hilda would not look at him. She remained very bright and cheerful. Oh, he'd be back soon. He'd—Mr. Higgins, Lanahan thought; a man he'd never seen before. But who was as tall as Joe Shaughnessy, whom he'd never seen either. And who had looked bewildered and uncertain when she talked about the lawyer and rushed him out as soon as he came in. Mr. Higgins—

"Ah," Craigin muttered, "he shouldn't be mopin' around. Not now it's murder. If these punks . . ."

"Now it's what?" Hilda asked, low and shakily.



"McKiernan, what would you do if I gave you a two-dollar raise?"

"Murder," Craigin said. "Pete King died tonight, nine o'clock. Why not Shaughnessy? those boys are going to figure. Can't hang 'em twice. So—"

There was no color left in Hilda's face; she looked at Lanahan as if she wanted to speak but could not. And Lanahan, understanding it all then, a little slow, a little late, the way he'd been slow and late in everything since he'd met this girl tonight, got out of his chair and picked up his hat.

"We'll get some coffee," he said. "You and me, Hilda. Get your coat."

He didn't speak again until they were in the lobby; but all the way down he could feel her hand trembling on his arm. By the desk, in a flat and quiet voice, he said, "You were pretty smart up there. You fooled me easy. It wasn't Higgins that came in before; it was Shaughnessy. Only you knew I'd never seen either of them, and you figured you could pass one off as the other. You were smart, Hilda—too smart maybe. Now—"

She whispered starkly, "I only wanted to help him—until tomorrow, till he'd found out about the job. Would they kill Joe if they found him now? Is that what you mean?"

When he looked at her white face Lanahan felt uneasy and angry, and something else too. Something he couldn't quite fit a word to.

"They've got to find him first," he said gruffly. "You know where he'd go?"

"My apartment—he might go there. It's not far."

"It's a try," Lanahan said. They walked down the street to his car—parked half a block away, the keys still in it, as she'd said—and drove east across the side street, toward the address she gave him. Lanahan should have been sore with her now, sorer than a boil; yet, oddly, he wasn't. And that was peculiar because in his mind the ideas he had framed about women were backed up solidly by everything that had happened tonight. Trouble—she'd caused plenty of that. By not talking to him when she should have, by foxing him back there in the hotel—all night she'd been dynamite.

Lanahan knew all that, he saw it clearly, and yet the only thing he did now was console her. They'd get this Joe Shaughnessy now, he told her; they'd bring him back and turn him over to Craigin and pretend they'd met him in the coffee shop. Then everything would be all right. Maybe the D.A. could even fix things up about the job. So she didn't have to worry at all. She wasn't, was she?

"No," she said, but her smile quivered slightly on her lips. "Not now. Not if you stay with me."

Lanahan shifted around, uncomfortably; he didn't want her to talk like that. Because, if she was getting any ideas—Lanahan let the rest of that sentence lay where it was. He'd learned tonight, if he'd never known it before, the trouble and worry that

came to pass when women got mixed up in stuff like this. And as soon as he was through with Joe Shaughnessy—

He didn't finish that sentence either. Soon they came to a quiet uptown side street, and stopped before a narrow stone house, remodelled into two- and three-room apartments, all darkened now at twenty to three in the morning. There was a squad car parked down at the corner, a uniformed patrolman leaning on it casually, and talking to the two men inside. Lanahan was reassured by that, and by the dim repose of the street—so reassured that perhaps he was a trifle careless.

He followed her up some stairs after she unlocked the street door, and paused on a dim landing while she fumbled again for her keys. There was a strip of carpet on the floor, thick enough to muffle any steps—a cluster of shadow past the stairwell behind him dim enough to muffle any shapes. Lanahan, glancing into it, saw nothing and turned his back. A moment or two later he heard the voice—very close, very low, flat, careful and deadly.

"Okay now," it said. "No yappin'. Open up, sister—move in. Stand nice and still, bud—nice and quiet. Don't move your hands. Don't turn."

By then Lanahan didn't have to turn; he felt the nose of the gun against his spine. Hilda Shea's breath came out in one stifled rush; before him her face turned quickly, pale against the doorframe.

"Open up," the low voice repeated. "Quiet, sister. That's the ticket. The lights now—turn them on. And in, both of you."

The gun kept hard against Lanahan's back for three or four steps; then it eased away and the door closed quietly. Standing near the door, the stocky man who had slugged him in the park looked faintly surprised when he saw Lanahan's face.

"You," he said. "Still hangin' around, bud? I warned you back there—I told you, didn't I? If you're gonna keep on askin' for it—"

His dark eyes moved quickly around the room.

"Fons," he said, to the man behind him. "Pull down the shades over there. Look around the joint. Then see what this monkey's got on him."

Fons—a small man swathed in a dashy tan raincoat—edged out from the door like a shadow and slipped over to the windows. Hilda was standing by the couch, one hand on Lanahan's arm, the other clenched by her side.

"How did you follow me here?" she asked shakily. "What do you want? I've nothing for you. No money or jewels or—"

The stocky man grinned at her. It wasn't a nice grin.

"You dropped your handbag, sister. Remember? When you got out of the cab. We found it. What we want—we had an idea you might know where a guy named Shaughnessy is."



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"No." She shook her head vehemently. "I never—"

"You never heard of him," the stocky man said. "Sure. Only we're not gonna take your word for that."

There was a click from the bedroom as Fons turned on those lights; after a moment he came out, keeping behind Lanahan, and crossed to the tiny kitchen.

"Me," the stocky man said, in his harsh, flat voice, "I'd talk, sister. Before we have to make you. Where's Shaughnessy?"

She shook her head mutely—badly scared, Lanahan saw, but not giving way to that scare all the same. Then, as Fons came out of the kitchen, a buzzer came on insistently. The stocky man didn't move his eyes to it; he just took one quick step back, flattening himself against the wall three feet to the right of the doorway.

"All right," he said. "Press the button out there, Fons; let the visitor up. I got a hunch it might be the guy we're waitin' for. Mightn't it, sister?"

She shook her head dumbly again; but Lanahan saw the sick fear flaring in her eyes. He felt funny himself, clumsy and stiff, curiously empty, but he wasn't conscious of any fear at all. Shaughnessy—on the stairs now, in a moment at the door. And Lanahan the cop, Lanahan with a gun in his pocket that Fons hadn't had time to locate—Lanahan was the only man that could give this Shaughnessy a break.

He couldn't see much hope for the break; but he never thought of not making it. To Lanahan it was a reaction as uncomplicated as hunger. So he tensed the muscles in his calves and thighs, looking as frightened as he could to fool the stocky man, and hoping for a chance—a second, maybe, for the stocky man to take his eyes off him—when they had to open the door.

He had one quick thought about the girl: poison, of course. Dynamite. Like he'd known. Yet he wasn't angry with her at all. All he did was move his shoulder closer to her side. One quick shove when he jumped, and she'd be out of line, on the couch. A nice kid. Neat. Clean. Smarter than you'd think at first. And nervy enough to—

The hall carpet muffled any footsteps, so completely that the three

hard raps on the door seemed to spring forth out of air. Fons, at the knob, made a little noise breathing; then he pulled it quickly back, himself behind it, and the stocky man did what Lanahan had been praying he'd do. His head turned to the opening door, and his gun turned too; and in that instant Lanahan knocked Hilda Shea over the couch with a lunge of his shoulder, dropping in the same movement all his bony length sideways and down.

He fired from the floor—blindly, around a chair, at the stocky man. He knew he missed. Fons screamed something behind him, and the chair split miraculously apart not an inch from his cheek, white packing and a broken spring snapped out almost into his eyes. That was the stocky man's try—close for a snap shot, not three inches off.

Then Lanahan fired again, at the place where the stocky man should be, and somebody else, from the doorway, fired too. And through the chair rungs Lanahan saw more and more of the stocky man's legs—his knees, his waist, his chest and his face—as he slid down gently against the wall to face him. The stocky man was snarling curses, but his gun hand was empty; it hung limp and shattered in his lap.

And someone—not Fons—said behind Lanahan, "Easy now, leggo the gun. Just let it lay and take your hand off it."

Lanahan let it lay. He'd never been so glad to do anything in his life. There were two men now just inside the door, big men in police uniforms, and gawky Joe Shaughnessy was nowhere around at all.

The thing that surprised Lanahan most was that after it was all over, after the policemen had gone off with Fons and the stocky man, after all the explanations had been made and all the neighbors had gone back to bed, Hilda Shea got kind of silly.

She babbled on in an excited voice how lucky it was that the policemen who had been in the squad car at the corner when they entered the house had picked out the coupé by its license plates as one that had been reported stolen, and come right in after them as soon as they saw that. They'd even picked out the right bell too, second floor front, because that was where the lights had turned

on; and they'd come prepared for trouble because the coupé was a stolen car. But then, Hilda Shea said, policemen were awfully smart; they always did the right thing.

Lanahan looked down then curiously, into the shining blue eyes.

"Even me?" he asked.

"Of course," she said. "You were very—"

The blue eyes shone more than ever; to Lanahan's dismay he saw now that they shone with tears. It was nothing, she told him; only she'd been so worried and so frightened and so upset all that night—

Lanahan gave her a handkerchief; Lanahan sat down on the couch beside her to jolly her out of that. It was four o'clock then, three hours and a half since he'd met her, but somehow it seemed much longer. A lot had happened in that time, and kind of dazedly Lanahan went over it all in his mind: the way he'd been slugged, the way his car had been stolen, the way a witness the D. A. wanted had slipped away under his nose. And then, just to top it off, the way he'd damn' near been killed. Lanahan reflected to himself that that would make up a record even for Craigin.

Not that he blamed Hilda Shea for any of it; if he perceived a connection it assumed no importance in his mind. Everything was fine now, he said. The muggs were in jail and they couldn't harm Joe, and there was no reason now why the D. A. wouldn't let him be free until the trial. So—

"So," Hilda Shea said, blinking away the tears that had only made her prettier. "I'm silly, of course—but I'm not going to be any more. Ten past four! You never did get your coffee, Mr. Lanahan. Would you like some now?"

Well, Mr. Lanahan said, he wouldn't mind. When it came, it was pretty bad coffee, but he didn't attach too much importance to that. Because she could learn, Mr. Lanahan thought, she could pick it up easy, if she had someone around to drop her a hint once in a while. Not now, of course—not tonight. But next Tuesday or next Wednesday or next Thursday—

They'd have a lot of time together then. Even before he asked Mr. Lanahan had no doubt of that at all.

Iron Man

(Continued from page 11)

prehensive. He was late. He'd entered near the bar and thought a brandy would be just the thing to fortify him for this milestone in his life. The bar was separated from the restaurant by a partition. He sipped the brandy slowly. He peeked through the partition and he saw that they were seated at a table. They were laughing. There was something they found funny. She was so lovely, like a college kid. Oh,

well, she wasn't much more than a college kid. Just twenty-three.

Margaret was hatless and her black hair shone in the amber light. Her hands were white and gently expressive. She laughed with happiness when talking and she looked so very dear to him he failed to sip his brandy for a moment.

Nice kids, the two of them. And Joe looked—why, the boy looked logical, right where he sat. If they

didn't look so natural, and if they only didn't talk so much—

Patsy turned toward the bar, looked in the mirror there. He didn't look like any college boy. His face was red from weather and the liquid he put in his stomach. His face was fat. He moved down the bar a bit, to look at them through the partition door, to look at Joe, then at himself again. He hadn't thought of it like that before. If only Joe and

Margaret didn't talk so much, so easily and naturally. They didn't talk like that with him around.

But then Joe saw him. Joe stood up and waved at him and Margaret looked about for him. He couldn't make believe he hadn't seen them.

Patsy joined them at the table. He wondered if she knew he had been drinking. He was sensitive about her thoughts of him, especially in the season when a halfback is supposed to stay in shape. Most times he relied upon the Iron-Man tradition to explain his little ventures. Made him colorful and different. She had told him in the past she liked him for his strength and recklessness. She told him once that she'd been thrilled by his remaining power when other men collapsed.

Joe had been talking of his boyhood back in Idaho and now, with Patsy seated, Joe lost little time returning to his subject. He talked about his mother, which was something he had done before, but now, as Patsy listened, it all seemed so saccharine-sweet. Noble, indeed, to help his mother, Patsy thought, but pretentious as hell to talk about the thing. Margaret, Patsy saw, was listening with a rapt attention. It was more than politeness, anyhow, and Patsy said to her, "Look, honey, I got a cousin in the Salvation Army. The man is so holy he floats like a bird. Of course he's not a handsome guy like Joe. He lost his hair when he won his wings."

"I'D LOVE to meet your cousin, Patsy," Margaret said. She pressed his sleeve affectionately, as compensation for the silence she expected. "And then what, Joe? What did your little brother do?"

Joe told her of his little brother and himself, selling papers after school. Would wring tears from a porcelain cat.

"I usta sell papers, too," Patsy interrupted. "After reform school. After I stole the papers."

He got a laugh, but just a little one. The saga of Idaho's first legitimate saint went on and Patsy thought: This guy is selling himself; he has no shame.

Patsy called the waiter. He said, and strongly, "Old-Fashioned, eh? Put two shots in it, George. You have one Margaret? No? You, Joe? It's apt to wither up your wings. Be good for you."

"It wouldn't be so good for the ball game, though," Joe said. "I think I'll skip it, Patsy."

And Margaret said, "I think Joe's right, dear. It wouldn't do you any harm to skip it, either."

"All right," he said, "all right. Bring me a malted milk. Lord!"

"But Patsy. Nobody's trying to punish you."

Joe smiled. He said, "Well, Patsy's tougher than the rest of us."

Patsy said, "Yeah. I've got muscles in my brain. I wouldn't mind—but now we're here we might as well enjoy ourselves. What difference does a drink make?" He turned to

Joe. "The trouble with you physical culture guys is that you don't play enough football. You worry about your health and then you play maybe fifteen, twenty minutes a game. Two quarters at the most. If they didn't pamper all you kids you could take a drink once in a while without tarnishing your souls." Joe didn't answer him directly. Joe just grinned and sipped tomato juice and Margaret looked uncomfortable and Patsy disliked himself for the runaway antics of his tongue. "Okay," he said, "okay, we'll talk of something else." But no one spoke. Patsy cleared his throat. "How are you, sugar? How's teachin' school?"

"Oh, fine, Patsy. Just fine."

Some fun, he thought. He slipped his hands into his pockets, felt the diamond ring. He watched them drinking soup. He let his soup alone. Who was this guy across the table, anyhow? God, you help a kid; you treat him like a brother, like a son; you sponsor him; you show him like a prize hound at a show; the prize hound turns and bites your arm off at the elbow; makes his little sermons on the evils of a drink, one drink. The hell with that. Sweet Joey, with his winning ways; he wins so much the world is in his lap. But not this time. Nobody wins Margaret; nobody but Patsy.

They were in the second half. Time out for Brooklyn. Patsy walked about the grass. He took a little water from the trainer's pail. No more. He disdained an opportunity to sprawl out on his back. Instead, he walked around, observed the others in repose, saw Joe, not far away, his hands behind his head, stretched out on Brooklyn's forty-yard line. They'd better take him out and rest him or the guy would fold up like a paper bag, he thought.

It was Brooklyn's ball. Midfield. Time in. The play was to the right, a tackle smash, with Schwartzler carrying. Patsy watched its plan unroll, foresaw the course of it and threw his body at the hole. The bodies made a pyramid and Schwartzler limped when he got up.

Patsy was in the ball game now. He rubbed his hands. He roved the Giant backfield, watched the play. Joe carried on a quick reverse. Patsy hit him cleanly, driving pads into his stomach. He could feel and hear the breath go out of Joe. Joe looked a little green there on the ground, more than a little ill. It wouldn't hurt the guy, just slow him down. Joe grinned a foolish grin, then went back into formation and the Dodgers had to kick.

Ferguson ran the ball back for the Giants to the thirty-three. Patsy was anxious now and ready to go. He wanted back those points that Joe had made. He hit the middle for five yards, then slashed the tackle, churning cleats, exploding into open space before they knocked him off his feet. First down. Someone had punched or kicked him in the mouth. Not purposely he knew. But things like that must happen. Patsy wiped the

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blood off with his hand. He liked the taste of it. His lower lip had blown up to the thickness of a lemon.

McDermott called his number once again and Patsy swept the end, his blockers running hard ahead of him and picking off the Dodgers as they came. Patsy ran with hard knees high. He got away from one man, swiveled, headed for the sidelines, switched the ball into his left arm so his right hand would be free in his defense. He went for twenty yards, for thirty yards, then Joe came driving at him, trapped him. Patsy slashed with one big hand, but Joe slipped under it and hit him squarely, knocked him out of bounds. The bodies tumbled, then attained their feet again, and Patsy, eager to display his strength, ran back into the play, full out, to show the great size of his energy. Joe ran along with him, and Patsy knew Joe had no right to run along with him. Joe should be through, washed up. Those twenty-minute kids cannot stand up in such a test as this.

But there was not much time for thinking things. The rhythm of the play was deep in Patsy. He was rolling. He was gaining every time he packed the ball away. McDermott called the signals. McDermott gave it to him every time and Patsy welcomed it, he wanted more, he knew that Margaret watched with wise eyes from the stands. He made six yards, another five, but every time a body hit him, the lump of flesh was Joe and Joe was bleeding at the mouth and Joe said, "Patsy, don't be so aggressive. What's the matter with your other bums? Give them a chance."

Patsy rolled wide on the next one, then dropped back and threw a long pass to Maccini who took it on the twenty, ran for seven yards before the Brooklyns got him down.

Now was Patsy's time. For seven yards. For seven yards Patsy was a worthy bet to go through a roomful of cops. "Lemme have it, Mac," he said, and McDermott, in the huddle, said, "Just who the hell else would get it?"

A quick reverse and Patsy went for three yards. There was no Joe there. For Joe was somewhere on his back, and Patsy laughed and tried again and went up to the one-yard line. Joe hit him in the middle and his breath went out of him and he lay for a moment with his mouth wide open and he didn't know what happened to Joe. He didn't care. Not now. A single yard was all he had to gain. He gathered in his energy and spent it in a crushing drive. The opposition folded. He was over. That was six points and the Giant fans made noise as great as Brooklyn made back in the opening quarter of the game.

Patsy stood back, trying for the extra point. He called upon the poise gained in the ten years he had labored with the pros. The ball came back. The pass was perfect. Maccini held the ball and Patsy booted it. He dropped it clear between the bars to put the Giants in the lead, and told himself, "That's right, pal. You didn't fold," and looked across at Joe whose failure, earlier, had meant the margin of his team's defeat.

The clock said there were not so many minutes left. There'd be a host of forlorn passes, there'd be frantic running here and there, but now the Giants were solid, tied together by his leadership, and Patsy told himself the game was nicely packed into the record books, and thank you very much.

He kicked off for the Giants. He kicked it deep and right to Joe and Joe came up the field, the ghostlike measure of his stride a pretty thing to see. Patsy lay back and watched his teammates pile at Joe. He watched Joe shed them from his silken pants, come up the field, come up for thirty, forty, fifty yards right to the center of the field. Patsy swore and moved into position, gauged the distance, threw himself and crushed the young man in the dirt. Joe got up and said, "I thought that you'd gone home, a nice old man like you."

The nice old man walked back and held his aching ribs together with his hands and waited for the Dodger play. It came, a sweep, off to the left, with Joe and Schwartzler running tandem, Schwartzler in the van and clearing out the Giant end. Then Joe, alone, and driving hard, and watching Patsy very, very carefully, feinting with arms and hips, and calculating all the time, and Patsy went at him and missed, and Joe had gone another twenty yards before somebody pulled him down.

Schwartzler carried then and he was pretty good. He went for five, and then, for none, and Joe, who had been in there fifty-seven minutes, tried again and captured yards the Giants didn't want to give away. The pressure didn't stop and they were on the Giant twenty-five, relentless, pushing, fighting all the time and every time that Patsy wiped his face and found the sight to see, the sight was Joe, the kid was moving, clawing at the yards and making them and finally there wasn't far to go. There only were three yards to go and Patsy threw his body at the line and he came back with Joe's hot cleats propelling him across the line. The score was Brooklyn, 12, the Giants, 7. Patsy pulled himself erect, or tried to pull himself erect. The hands that did the job were Joe's, and Joe said, "Patsy, boy—you'll have to change your habits." Patsy reached 'way back to throw a punch at him, then thought, the hell with it and threw his helmet on the grass and stood there sick inside himself while Joe quite calmly kicked the extra point. This time he didn't miss.

The shower helped a lot. It burned his open cuts, but then the ice of it broke through the dullness that possessed him and he sat there pulling on his sox and then his pants and listening to the melancholy Giants in the dressing room.

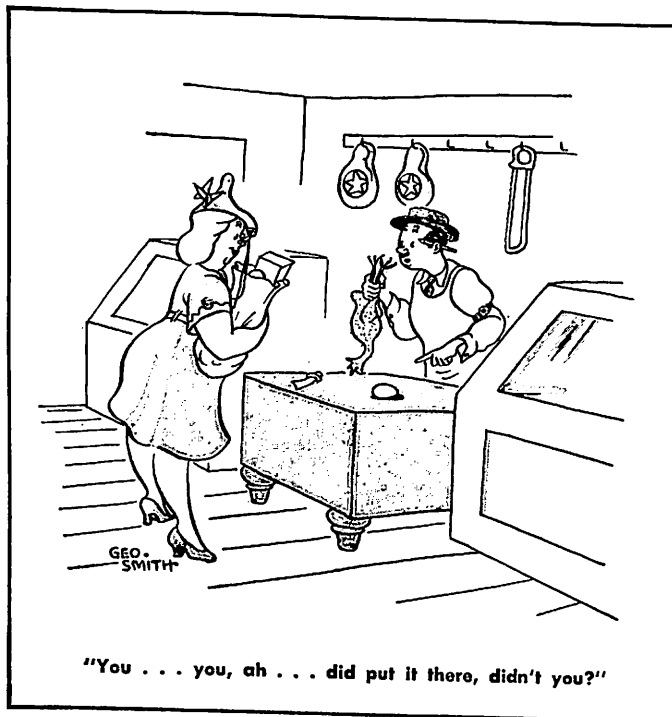
He walked outside, where Margaret would be waiting for him, in the little room next to the dressing room. He pulled himself together, inhaled deeply on his big cigar.

She was waiting there. She only lacked some school books for her arms. She laughed and talked with Joe. Joe had a little patch beneath one eye, his cheeks were crimson from the shower and from pleasure and he stood there kicking one leg freely as a colt, as though the ball game hadn't started. Patsy said, "Oh, God!"

They saw him. Margaret kissed him lightly on the forehead. She said, "Patsy, you were wonderful. They couldn't expect you to carry the whole game by yourself."

"The man's a murderer," said Joe. "He tried to kill me seven times. I counted them. Patsy, boy, you were a sight to see. Come on. I want a steak. I want two steaks. I want to eat one and I want to put the other on my eye." The boy was full of life and happiness and Patsy said, "The hell with you. The hell with steak. You don't mind, do you, kid?" To Margaret, he said, "Look, baby, I'm too tired. Too tired. You go with Joe. Just lemme have a little kiss. G'bye."

He felt the need of something stronger than a young girl's damp and birdlike kiss upon his forehead. He walked back into the club-



house and he said to Herman, "Got a nickel, Herman?"

He put the nickel in a phone and called up Lucy.

Lucy said, "Oh. You don't have to talk about the Cleveland trip."

"Don't want to talk. I want someone to hold my head. And when I talk I want to talk to adults."

"This is not the Children's Aid," she said. "Whatever are you talking about?"

"Look, Lucy, darling, you're the sweetest little girl in all the world. You wait for me. You make some soup or something warm. I tell you what I'll do." His hand went in his pocket. "Lucy. Listen, honey, tell me what you'd do if I should come in with a diamond that is bigger than the six lumps on my head."

"I'd die," she said. "I'd float away as sweetly as a butterfly. Don't be so foolish, Patsy. The Brooklyns must have kicked you in the head. You—you—"

He thought that she was on the verge of tears. This pleased him very much. He held the diamond in his hand. It was a very pretty thing. He crawled into a cab. He said, "Be careful, Mac. Don't try to snatch this rock. You're dealing with an Iron Man."

Your Dog

(Continued from page 18)

this our old friend the bulldog was used. Some claim is made that this explains his protruding jaw and sharply receding nose. The idea being that the pup with a pushed-in schnozzle could breathe more easily when he got a grip on the bull's lip and could therefore hold his grip the better.

In the division of breeds officially determined by the American Kennel Club, the sporting group leads all others. This numbers such breeds as the pointers, the retrievers, setters and spaniels. The name pointer comes from the dog's use to "point" to the quarry, always one of the game birds, partridge, etc. When locating the game, he freezes into a rigid position, neck and tail outstretched and head held high. This is a signal for the hunter to move forward, flush the game and make his kill, if he can. Now the retriever also plays his part in his Boss's sport in the field, his job being to bring back the game after it is knocked over. For this there are land and water bringer-backers but both kinds can turn their hands to either work and do it well. Now there are a heap of other breeds that also are natural retrievers, to mention one—the standard poodle whose name is derived from the German word "pudel" signifying water. This dog, as we've said before, is not a boudoir hound but can be and is used here and there as a water retriever. Officially, there are five variations of retriever recognized by sportsmen.

(Continued on page 53)

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The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the December issue should reach us by October 15th.

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Vacations

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By John Ransom

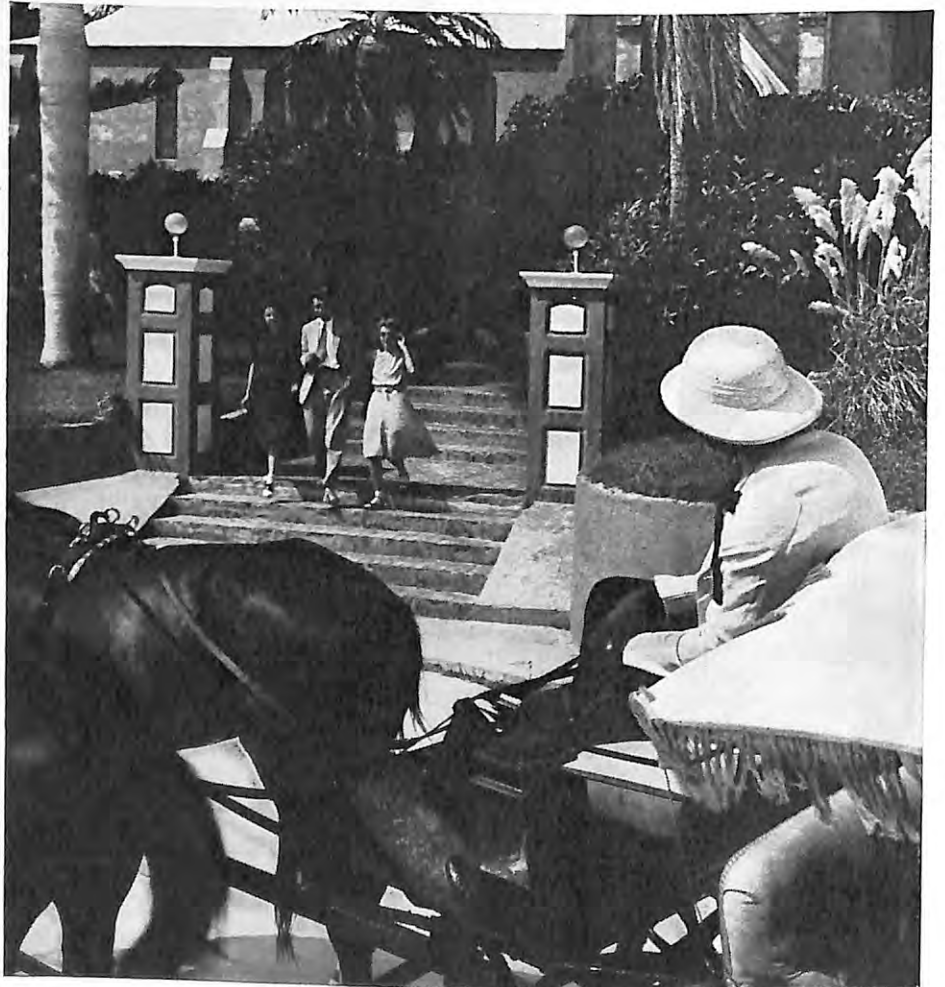


Photo by Walter Seifert

Mr. Ransom has some pretty tales from Bermuda that just might give you an idea for your vacation.

THIS time we think we have the perfect place for a November vacation, one you'd never think of—Bermuda, land of the sky-blue waters. That isn't strictly true, because no sky ever matched the indescribable color of the Gulf Stream around these tight little islands.

America is right in the middle of her effort to complete the bases on Bermuda which Great Britain gave her in return for those much-needed destroyers some months ago. The Army and the Navy have taken over, but that doesn't mean there isn't still room for all. True, it's a little

more difficult to get there, but that lends a sort of spice to the going. The Alcoa Steamship Lines regularly run two very modern and delightful ships, the *Evangeline* and the *Acadia*.

Yes, you'll enjoy life aboard the *Acadia* and *Evangeline*, and you'll be particularly interested in your fellow passengers—composed of "Islanders", vacationists, Army and Navy officials, as well as engineers, technicians and skilled artisans on their way to Uncle Sam's new island base. It's a grand crowd that knows how to make the most of

the brief 40-hour cruise.

Then there are always the fast, luxurious Transatlantic Clippers, the last word in travel comfort and elegance. You'd better make your reservations early on this one, though. There are a lot of people who have the same idea.

Situated at the trade crossroads of the western Atlantic, this tiny British outpost has played an important role in the development of Anglo-American cooperation. When war broke out, Bermuda's large American Colony joined with English and Bermudian residents in sponsoring a number of relief enterprises.

On the military and naval side, there are more British soldiers, sailors and flyers in Bermuda than in recent years. With the addition of American air and naval base workers, U.S. troops, British censors and evacuees, the population of the Islands is considerably changed.

From the tourist standpoint, however, Bermuda's allure is even brighter than before. The charming quaintness which has characterized these islands for three centuries remains miraculously unchanged.

The Army and the Navy have taken over many of the huge resort hotels, like the Castle Harbor and the St. George, while the British Censor Board is housed in the Princess and the Bermudiana. At the Elbow Beach are the R. A. F. and His Majesty's Navy, although this hotel still has a few rooms for tourists.

But don't be discouraged. There are still the Inverurie and the Belmont—and the world doesn't support any finer hotels than these. The Inverurie is on the water's edge and from the gleaming white coral of which it is built, to the warmth and genuineness of its hospitality, the Inverurie is truly Bermudian. It is located in a semi-tropical garden of cedars, palms and flowers in luxuriant profusion, and overlooks Bermuda's beautiful harbour. Here no one hurries, and no one has a care—it is a delightful, restful spot in a place called Paradise.

At Inverurie or the several delightful cottages in the Inverurie gardens where guests may live and have their meals at the hotel, the most critical traveler will find everything that makes for complete comfort and convenience. Rooms are available, single or en suite, with and without bath, all with fresh water.

Or perhaps when your luxury liner lands you in Bermuda, you disembark at Hamilton, the capital city of the colony, the center of its business life. Clustered near the steamship docks and the ferry terminal, are the principal shops, the banks and public buildings. On the opposite shore of Hamilton Harbor, within a few minutes by frequent ferries, on a commanding height in secluded Warwick Parish, stands Belmont Manor. This famous resort hotel, surrounded by its own 200-acre private estate, is happily remote from

the bustle and turmoil of the crowded city, yet conveniently accessible to all its activities. Belmont Manor is the nearest hotel to Darrell's Island, the Bermuda terminus of the trans-oceanic planes of Imperial Airways and Pan American Airways. The Bermuda air service connects at New York and Baltimore, with the various air lines of the American mainland, so that Bermuda is practically overnight from the principal cities of the U.S.A. and Canada.

From either of these hotels, when the morning sun streams into your window, from an unbelievably blue sky, you look out at an enchanting vista of green-cedared islands dotting the "Bermuda blue" waters of Granaway Deep and the Great Sound, or your eyes sweep over the wooded hills of Warwick.

There's always time for a dip before breakfast. You don your bathing suit, in your room if you wish. At the Belmont the pool is only a step from the door. It's a big pool, 25 x 75 feet, and the water is heated to a comfortable temperature on cool days. A continuous stream of salt water is piped directly from the bay to the pool and is constantly changed.

At Inverurie your pool is the Bay itself, just outside your front door. Also both hotels have delightful surf beaches on the south side of the island—a short trip by bus.

After breakfast, if you are a golfer, you can't resist the Belmont's 6,200-yard championship course. The first tee and the 18th hole are right at the door. In the golf clubhouse, men and women players find every wish anticipated. One of the professionals is Nicol Thompson, former open champion of Canada. There is a 400-yard niblick-and-putter layout for practice rounds. The "19th hole", or golfers' grill, provides luncheon and refreshments from dawn till dusk.

In addition to these two super-watering places, there are innumerable houses, cottages, cabins and smaller guest hotels. So you can see the problem of accommodations is easily solved.

The Army and Navy have occupied less than one-fifteenth of the island area, and the quiet tourist haunts in Paget, Warwick, Southampton, Somerset, Devonshire, Hamilton and Smith's Parishes are just as pristinely serene as before.

"Paradise" is an overworked word, but your children will agree with us once they've spent any time in Bermuda, that it's the one inevitable word for them.

Think back to your own childhood. Today, in these islands, your children can do the kind of things you most loved to do before you grew up, simple things that seem very far removed from the life they lead now in cities or suburbs. They can keep rabbits and goats, paddle around in shallow pools, drive an ancient donkey to town or go fishing.

As you know, Bermuda has no au-

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Vacations Unlimited

(Continued from page 51)

tomobiles. If your children go off on their bicycles for a picnic on one of the coral beaches, you don't have to worry about them, they'll return home brown and unmenaced.

As there is no poverty to speak of, there is no social unrest. Strikes are unknown.

There is no criminal class, no gangs, no racketeers, no underworld, no kidnapping—because there is no possibility of hiding or escaping. The only way to reach or leave the islands is by ship or airplane; all arrivals and departures of which are under constant surveillance. There are no large cities to facilitate concealment. All of the inhabitants are known to one another in their respective neighborhoods. The private possession of firearms is rigidly prohibited. The police are exceptionally able, are literally everywhere at all times and are highly respected by everyone.

Life is indeed serene in these islands. There is every reason to believe that this favorable situation will continue and will become more favorable. Bermuda, which never has leaned toward the left, will continue toward the right. The adventures and misadventures of other countries which have dabbled in regimentation, communism, fascism and other isms, have caused Bermuda to be more than ever content with its own, old-fashioned, conservative, but successful and continuously prosperous scheme of living.

Bermuda has never been the object of a military or naval attack, nor is it likely to be, with the two greatest navies in the world protecting it.

To many visitors the beaches with their surf-bathing are the chief attraction, and to some a light mahogany tan is the best evidence of an enjoyable holiday with which to arouse the admiration of working partners at home. Bermuda does not stint in water or bright light. The experienced traveler or the solitary admirer will take them both in that strict moderation which the ancient Greeks, under similarly pleasing atmospheric conditions, so persistently advised. The very fortunate, however, especially those in good company, sometimes forget their lesser blessings and take them too much for granted. But the sun must be heeded, for in his might he does not spare the skin of the careless or those too deeply engrossed in their own affairs.

The absence of automobiles and the resulting leisurely locomotion in Bermuda make the place essentially restful to travelers from the American Continent, and a haven to the many with wearied nerves. At the same time, the facilities for most forms of out-of-doors sports, together with the moderate temperature, offer a healthy outlet for exuberant

energy, and the island is becoming more and more of a resort for amateur athletes and young people.

There are numerous sights you can't afford to miss, no matter how short your stay. For a real thrill, take a trip to the Government Aquarium. There you may don a diving helmet and stroll along the sea floor for fifty feet, taking notes as you walk of various forms of marine plant life, the rainbow coloring of tropical fish and the lacy patterns of coral formations—ten minutes of this for only ten shillings! After this under-water jaunt, visit the Aquarium proper, where you'll find yourself just a pane of glass away from such tropical monsters as the green moray, shark and octopus, as well as the milder rockfish, seahorse, eel and many other species. Sightseers' delight are the beautiful Sea Gardens located on the coral reefs and reached by small steamers. Just off the reefs you transfer to a glass-bottomed boat which makes its way over the gardens—giving you ample opportunity to examine at close range the marine growths peculiar to Bermuda waters and the fish which cruise about them. Island caves are a favorite point of interest to visitors. Effectively presented with under-water and overhead lighting, their weird, fantastic, crystal-like formations are well worth a day of exploring. Then you'll want to devote a day to doing the Islands by train—you'll be fascinated by the miniature railway!—stopping en route perhaps at some quaint inn for luncheon.

If you're history-minded, browse around the rooms of the Historical Societies and get to know Bermuda's exciting background. You may be surprised to learn many interesting stories about the early relationship between this colony and America.

Spend a day roaming through the winding streets and byways of old St. George, taking time to spend a few minutes in St. Peter's Church, one of the oldest churches in the Western Hemisphere. Notice the old-fashioned candle lamps and the history-telling marble scrolls on the walls. If you're lucky, you may see the rare old silver communion service, dating from 1684.

A lazy and lovely way to acquire knowledge of Bermuda is to hire a sailboat for a few hours, lounge under the sail and listen to your native pilot let himself go on Island history, current events and life in general. If you like to sail as well as listen, make a day of it. Take a box lunch to eat on one of the tiny, wooded islands which dot Little Sound.

Devote one day to going through the Parliament Buildings in Hamilton—listening in, possibly, to a session of Bermuda Legislature. Bermuda is the oldest self-governing colony in the British Empire, and its

Parliament follows the procedure of that of the oldest, England.

Bermuda is a garden lover's Eden. All of you who were interested in our Southern Garden Tours should find this Island perfect.

Many Americans who have visited Bermuda in recent years ask the question, "What is happening at Bermuda?" It may be said in utmost truth, "Bermuda is cooperating fully with the democratic war efforts. But nothing has been done and nothing will be done to destroy the fundamental charm which made you love the island life."

Already the people of Bermuda are planning for the time when their island home will recover world leadership in the travel trade. Bermudians know that this balmy paradise can be a great economic asset to England both during and after the war, and they are determined to protect their only peace-time industry, the tourist trade.

With the same rare foresight, Bermudians are safeguarding their land against certain unnecessary modern ills, such as the billboard, night club and the private motor car. It is a safe prediction that the reward for this wisdom will be an even greater American and Canadian tourist trade when the war is won.

And here is a word to those of you who are wise enough to visit this lovely spot in the Atlantic:

Don't forget to carry a flashlight with you when bicycling after dark. It's as important in Bermuda traffic as car headlights in your home town. The penalty for disregarding the law is the same, too—a ticket!

Don't wear short shorts—(moderate-length models are approved)—or backless halters. Don't cycle on the right side of the street, because the right side is wrong. Bermuda is British, so keep to the left.

Don't hurry and hustle. You're miles away from a subway, so take advantage of the far-from-the-maddening-crowd atmosphere—revel in the peacefulness of Bermuda.

Don't get panicky about the American-British currency problem. Bermuda merchants are most considerate and although merchandise is usually marked in sterling—dollars at bank rates are readily quoted.

Don't try to acquire a dusky tan your first day at the beach. There's a touch of tropical heat in Bermuda sun which can, if you won't listen to reason, give you a bad burn.

Don't forget to keep your sun glasses close to you—at least until you've become used to bright sunlight on startlingly white coral.

Don't miss a single thing the Islands have to offer. Shed all your city cares. Don't think about anything but pink and white sand, blue water and having a wonderful time. . . . AND don't forget you'll come back to Bermuda—you always do!

Your Dog

(Continued from page 49)

Another pooch that enters the sport picture is the setter. His job is like the pointer's—to point the game so the hunter can flush it. In this family there are three varieties, the English, the Irish and the Gordon, all fine field dogs.

Nine different kinds of spaniels are in the next group of four-legged sportsmen which includes the enormously popular cocker. The latter breed numbers the English Cocker and the American version. The American variety, however is held by many hunters as being a bit too light to break through rough country and for this his heavier English cousin gets the nod. Properly trained, these breeds are all-arounders in the field. They should locate game, flush it and retrieve it.

Still another variety of purps shares their masters' enjoyment of hunting—the hounds. A roll call of them shows some 16 breeds officially recognized but there are a lot more that have no social standing, particularly our own American Coonhound. The hound family we note is roughly divided between dogs possessing unusual speed and those whose noses are exceptionally keen. The former hunt by sight, keeping the game in view by their speed, the latter depending upon tracking powers or scenting ability. Incidentally, in this group are found some of the oldest breeds on earth. From the pint-sized Dachshund to the giant Scottish Deerhound and Irish Wolfhound, all in this family are endowed with plenty of what it takes. The little Dachs, is primarily a badger dog—in fact gets his name from hunting those mean critters.


Yes, indeed, Fido is an enthusiastic recruit when his Boss becomes a field sportsman or follows the chase, and when we mention the last any foxhunt without fox hounds would make a perfect "what's wrong here" picture. In fact, it just couldn't be. More than this, such a little snip as the foxterrier has been used time and again in this particular pastime.

Being little, game and scrappy his job is to go in and yank Mr. Fox out of his hole at the end of the run. For this he gets a free but somewhat rocky ride, carried in a bag by one of the mounted grooms.

Neither he nor his previously mentioned cousin, the bullterrier, is the only one of this family to be catalogued as a sporting gent. Every one of the 21 breeds in the group are gamesters to the core. These dogs, called terriers from the latin word "terra" meaning earth, were developed to dig for burrowing game and when not over-matched can always render a fine accounting on such varmints.

As a sportsman, the pooch invades still another field, this time not a blood sport. We refer to racing. Here we find the greyhound and the whippet, another hound, sharing honors. The first usually sent over an oval course in pursuit of a mechanical rabbit. The purps are confined to boxes which automatically open as the fake bunny passes the starting post with a buzzing sound. While we think a lot of Fido, we'll say right here that we have our doubts about the savvy of these dogs, who day after day will run themselves ragged chasing something that they never catch. Or maybe they do know it's a come-on but enjoy the thrill of the run. Dog races are mostly held at night and have grown to be betting propositions of no small proportions. Whippet races are as a rule something different. The dogs are run straightaway on a course marked out in lanes. The incentive is to reach a man standing at the finish line waving a white cloth, the dogs being taught at an early age to tear such a cloth and you can bet they enjoy it. The system used for greyhound racing is getting popular among the whippet people and may in time supersede any other.

Then there are the sled dog races, usually marathons of a hundred miles or so and productive of tremendous interest up where the snows



"How to Know and Care for Your Dog" is the title of Edward Faust's booklet, published by the Kennel Department of The Elks Magazine. One canine authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all the books on this subject". This beautifully printed, well-illustrated 48-page book covers such subjects as feeding, bathing, common illnesses, training and tricks, the mongrel versus the pedigree, popular breeds, etc. It is available to readers of The Elks Magazine at a special price of 25c. Send for your copy NOW. Address—The Elks Magazine—50 East 42nd Street, New York.

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lie thick. Here too, as in greyhound and whippet racing a lot of sheckles are bet.

Next as a sportsman we find the pooch going in for field trials in which he shows an admiring world just how good he is in the hunting field. (At some later time we'll ask you to attend one of these with us—on this page.) Here he's asked to duplicate whatever work he is intended to do while his Boss shoots over him. These events are not only exciting but provide darned good sport and some startling examples of canine brain power.

Then there are the coonhound trials, trailing trials, and for all we know maybe a score or more of other fields of sport in which Fido

has faithfully followed his master.

Last but not least are the obedience tests and bench shows. In a previous and recent article we told you about the former and quite a while back we went into the details of the bench show.

Yes, just as he strung along with man to be a guardian, a worker and a companion, so too, has the pooch gone along with him in his sporting activities whenever he, the dog, could. We see him a fighter, a hunter, a courser, a racer, a trailer and a showman. Pretty useful guy the high-brows have labeled "caninus."

SPECIAL NOTE: For you who may have missed our recommendation in your July *Elks Magazine* here's a repeat of a tip; The Fleisch-

mann Distilling Co., will send to those interested a beautiful full-color 13" x 15 $\frac{3}{4}$ " picture of any or all of the following breeds of dogs—Cocker Spaniel, Wire-haired Foxterrier, Smooth Foxterrier, Greyhound, Collie, Newfoundland, St. Bernard, English Setter, Irish Setter, Beagle, Pointer or Siberian Husky. Those who have previously sent for these pictures will note the addition of the Irish Setter and the Smooth Foxterrier to the set. These really are splendid reproductions, showing the finest types of dogs and, there isn't a line of advertising to mar them. If you're interested, send ten cents for each print or \$1.20 for the entire set. Address—Kennel Dept., *The Elks Magazine*—50 E. 42nd St.

Mr. Whiskers Goes to Bat

(Continued from page 13)

program of physical improvement is rolling, it is logical that someone bearing a high-sounding title such as Coordinator of Athletics and Recreation will be appointed to take charge of competitive sport as an adjunct of modern living.

This is not communism. It is wave-of-the-future stuff, but not the totalitarian variety. It is simply enlightened, progressive government. It may even be vital to our pursuit of life, liberty and happiness. At least two of those ideals are contingent upon health—the long-range purpose of sports—and, for all we know, liberty may fall into that category as well.

Sport can be more important than a recreational activity; it is, indeed, closely allied to the defense program. We always have prided ourselves on our vigorous and vibrant youth. We have the best athletes, haven't we? Look at all the records credited to us in the books; look at the carloads of gaudy and glittering trophies we have won in international competition. Name the game and we'll mop up the world. Sure, we're tough and hard to lick in fun, frolic or fight. Or so we thought until another batch of records was submitted for sober examination. They were the reports of Army doctors who gave the once-over to the flower of our manhood.

The results were surprising. Shocking is the more appropriate word. In some sections of the country reflections for physical unfitness ran as high as 45 percent; the all-over average was approximately 33 percent. What good are our records and championships won in privately sponsored competition if one American boy in three is unfit

for the first obligation of citizenship?

Unfortunately, not every country has permitted sports to limp along on a free-and-easy basis. Specifically, all but one country has been blind to the necessity of sport for all. That is Germany—Nazi Germany. The fiendish manifestations of the Nazi health program are at once a withering indictment and a spectacular, if appalling, vindication of a national sport program. The Nazis have more and better instruments of destruction than the forces of democracy. And they are effective only because the Nazis have superbly conditioned men to operate them and perform prodigies of strength and endurance. Hitler's henchmen of horror and death are capitalizing now on the Strength-Through-Joy movement which was instituted in 1933 and which was

nothing more than a vast network of neighborhood athletic clubs.

We know what makes Hitler the monstrous menace he is: a gigantic reservoir of athletes feeds his conquering legions with man-power. We have better athletes; we could have more athletes. But what are we doing with them? We see organized baseball, with its forty-odd professional leagues and 5,000 players, devoting all its energy to the development of the 400 players—no more, no less—who can make the sixteen major-league baseball teams each year.

We have great universities concentrating their major athletic effort on the momentary success of forty-man football squads. Yes, I know every backwoods college makes a pretense of sponsoring intramural athletics, but name me five colleges that select the intramural director with half the care lavished upon the choice of the football coach—or pay him one-quarter the salary drawn by the football master-mind. Show me a college that is as concerned with the physical tone of its student body as it is with maintaining the weight of a 200-pound tackle, and I'll eat the tackle, hoofs, hair and bone.

We like to believe the high schools are doing their bit in making America strong and sturdy, but what are they contributing?

Graduating classes exposed to two hours of wand-waving a week and maybe ten basketball players who look very fancy indeed tricked out in fetching satin uniforms.

That, in essence, is the sum utilitarian total of the athletic achievement of the greatest sports-minded nation on earth. We are nothing more than a vast



cheering section for a ridiculously small handful of specialists; less than fifteen percent of us participate regularly in athletic activity once we have left school. That is the distorted picture John B. Kelley is trying to balance. It is a staggering one-man job. It cannot be done by one man, but it can be put across with the assistance of organized sport.

Ranking Army people recognize the value of sports as a morale builder and a safety valve. From time immemorial soldiers confined to camps have turned to games for diversion. The success of the comprehensive intramural programs is proof of the fundamental hold of sports upon young men. Army people want to make sports their chief extra-curricular activity, but understandable obstacles impede them. These obstacles could be circumvented easily with the cooperation of men trained in the administration of sport.

Instead of griping about the athletes they have lost to the Army, amateur and professional promoters would do well to go where the athletes are—to Army camps, and stage regularly scheduled games and exhibitions. If the present trend continues, the Army will wind up with most of the good players anyway. None of us really knows how many topflight athletes have been called to service. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, estimated before this semester began that 9,000 Columbia students and men in graduate schools enlisted or were called up by the Army. Columbia is the largest university in the world, but it is only one. The extension of the selectees' period of training will effect deeper inroads into amateur sport and, will affect the sources of professionals.

These transplanted athletes will continue to play their games. And if the soldiers cannot get games with the college boys, they'll form leagues among themselves and command the bulk of the headlines and gate receipts. Although the colleges have had a year's warning, Rutgers is the only school with sufficient foresight to schedule a football game with a

soldier team. The Scarlet, a principal in the first football game, is meeting the Camp Dix team this month. Pressure of circumstances probably will force more schools to follow Rutgers' lead. Don't forget the Marines played Camp Lewis in the Rose Bowl in 1918 and the Great Lakes Naval Base met the Marines in the big-money game the following year.

Did I say money? That sudden rustling you hear at this point would be the magnates coming to life at the mention of cash customers.

Sure, there is money to be made in playing ball with the Army. Not much now, perhaps, but a hatful when the world regains its sanity. Sports will boom after the war; they always do. The enormous audience assembled and cultivated by the Army will turn to those teams and colleges which gave them a break when they were removed from civilian life. You know how sport loyalties are: you root for the first big-league ball club you saw when you were a kid and you go through life with your football interest wrapped up in the old school you, or a relative, attended. Your first love usually is your last love and that's how it can be with the million unattached fans the Army is gathering to be converted by promoters.

Try to envision a fairly typical draftee from a rural community to whom the big names of baseball, let us say, are legends. He is marooned in one of the great, sprawling camps in the South and the Southwest, far off the beaten track. One day next Spring a major-league ball club, en route north from the Florida or California training camps, plays an exhibition game at the Army base. The country boy never will forget the day he lived and breathed the same air with the big heroes. He will try to recapture that feeling when he returns to civilian life. He will be a fan and there are a million like him waiting to be wrapped up for future delivery at the box office.

Sporting gents should get acquainted with Army camps. That is where they will be finding their athletes—and their customers.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 19)

of his own game.

Last year duck and goose hunters bought over \$1,000,000 worth of Federal duck stamps. They've been buying these stamps for several years. Was any of this money, presumably earmarked for wildfowl restoration, ever spent in Canada's prairie provinces, whence comes 70 percent of our annual fall flight? No brother, it wasn't. That money has been used to maintain a lot of non-producing "sanctuaries", and to buy up and bait—that's right, chum, bait is the word—more good duck marshes, from which hunters are promptly given the old heave-ho.

In other words when the hunter

contributes his annual frogskin under the present setup, all he's doing is paying a dollar for the dubious pleasure of cutting his own throat.

If the money from duck stamp sales was spent in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta to restore drought areas, control natural predators and protect in other ways the great nesting areas in that vast nesting region, within five years southbound migrations would approximate or surpass the great flights of 40 years ago. What's more, there would be no need for the present restrictive gunning regulations; in fact, farmers likely would be squawking for crop protection.



DAYS that might have been duds are thrilling experiences with SUPER-X. Time and again you marvel at the way SUPER-X sends an old drake into a spin—and each experience like that shows you the importance of SUPER-X short shot string!..You take home ducks.

WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY
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Please mail, FREE, the new 76-page
Western Ammunition Handbook and
your new folder giving full particulars
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Costs Only One-Cent-a-Day

The National Protective Insurance Co., 628 Pickwick Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., has especially prepared a new Old Age accident policy with Hospital and General Coverage benefits to be issued exclusively to men and women—ages 70 to 90, who are prevented on account of their advanced age from getting insurance from other companies.

This new policy pays maximum benefits of \$2,000, increasing to \$3,000. Maximum monthly benefits of \$150, including Hospital care. Large cash sums for fractures, dislocations, etc. Doctor bills. Liberal benefits paid for any and every accident.

The Company is the oldest and largest of its kind and has promptly paid Over One and Three-Quarter Million Dollars in cash benefits to its policyholders.

Then entire cost is \$3.65 for a whole year—365 days—Only One-Cent-a-Day.

Simply send name, age and address of person to be insured, and the name and relationship of the beneficiary—that is all you do—then the Company will send a policy for 10 days—FREE INSPECTION, without obligation. 30 days' insurance will be added free when \$3.65 is sent with request for policy. Offer is limited, so write today.

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Tints Hair JET BLACK

This remarkable CAKE discovery,

TINTZ Jet Black Shampoo, washes out

dirty, loose dandruff, grease, grime and

safely gives hair a real smooth JET BLACK

TINTZ that fairly glows with life and lustre.

Don't put up with faded dull, burnt, off color hair

a minute longer. TINTZ Jet Black Cake works

gradual... each shampoo leaves your hair blacker, lovelier, softer,

easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Full cake

50c (3 for \$1). TINTZ comes in Jet Black, light, medium and dark

Brown, Titian, and Blonde. Order today! State shade wanted.

SEND NO MONEY Just pay postman plus post-

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TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 656, 207 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO

RHEUMATISM

ARTHRITIS - NEURITIS - SCIATICA

Why continue to suffer the agonizing

pains of these diseases when the

usual remedies have failed. Learn

about a new, trustworthy, modern,

non-surgical treatment method. This marvelous

treatment is completely explained in Dr. Ball's new

FREE Book. Write today. No obligation.

BALL CLINIC, Dept. 7100 Excelsior Springs, Mo.

A pleasant little surprise which often delights sportsmen at this season of the year is the discovery that a favorite bit of grouse cover or duck marsh has been converted into an "inviolable" sanctuary, largely through the quiet—but effective—efforts of one or more nice old ladies with a penchant for Sunday bird walks.

These sanctuaries later become a focal point for all the game-destroying vermin in the county, but the nice old ladies are not concerned about that.

Gripe Dept.:—

The bird who dallies in a warm clubhouse while four shivering skeet (or trap) shooters await his pleasure outside. . . . The nitwit in a nearby duck blind who blasts away at mile-high birds, thereby spoiling his own and everyone else's day. . . . The gent who harps about conservation at sportsmen's meetings and later breaks every game law in the book afield. . . . The perennial card who snatches up a strange weapon around a gun club and gives an impersonation of Billy the Kid. . . . Unfortunately these fools invariably shoot someone else, and never themselves. . . . The geezer who, after scoring two obvious misses, turns and remarks, "Boy, did you see that pretty double I just made!". . . . The hunting camp humorist who surreptitiously changes the sight setting on a carefully targeted rifle, thereby causing its owner to miss his only opportunity on a long-planned trip. . . . The amateur camp cook who imagines everybody loves burned fried eggs, greasy bacon and a generous seasoning of garlic in everything, including the coffee. . . .

It's a bit early to talk about next Spring's fishing, considering we're just nudging the hunting season, but we've uncovered a little sad news and it might just as well be passed along now.

Unless your agent is all wrong like a marked deck, next June will witness a number of glaring shortages in the matter of piscatorial equipment. Right now it's hard to get aluminum rod cases and fly boxes. Hooks are getting scarce and so are better-grade artificials. Ditto gut leaders. Silk and nylon lines are still to be had, but, barring a miracle, they're not going to be growing on bushes next Spring. There are other items on the vanishing list, too, but we'll skip 'em here. Incidentally, ask your favorite sporting goods dealer how his deliveries of woolen hunting clothing are coming through. They ain't.

You won't believe it, maybe, but competitive tuna fishermen caught approximately

50,000 pounds of blue-fin tuna almost within sight of the Goddess of Liberty last August, in three days. . . . The boys were competing in the fourth annual U. S. Atlantic Coast Tuna Tournament, off Belmar, N. J. . . . Deer are becoming so numerous in Westchester County, just over the New York City line, that the blamed critters eat all the floral grave decorations in cemeteries almost before the mourners get home from the funeral. . . . Late this last summer Floyd Landon, a White Plains, N. Y., angler, hooked and brought to net a lake trout estimated at over 15-pound weight. . . . He strung his prize catch on one of those metal fish stringers, and tossed the trout overboard. . . . The fish promptly broke the metal stringer and got away. . . . We could tell you what Mr. Landon remarked shortly thereafter, but this is a family magazine, etc., etc.

Has any Brother ever noticed that, immediately following any vicious criminal shooting, about fourteen new anti-gun laws are proposed in the State Legislature?

Most of these laws, drawn up by some goof who never has handled a weapon outside a shooting gallery, invariably take in everything from Junior's cap pistol to that captured German machine gun on the village square. And equally uninformed editorial writers bat out inspired essays titled "Firearms Must Go!" and "These Killings Must Stop!" and, almost before anybody knows what's what, every farmer, hunter and target shooter in the state has a full-blown battle on his hands to retain possession of his beloved sporting shootin' irons.

Just why the law-abiding gun owner should be placed on the defensive because of the activities of a thug with a pistol is something that's never quite clear.

Advice Dept.: A portable radio will keep you abreast of the news or that backwoods hunting trip this fall, and at the same time help you while away those dull moments in a duck blind when the birds aren't flying, which is often. If the news you hear isn't so good, drop the blating radio overboard and never mind what's happening in the world.

There are two schools of thought in this country concerning the proper way to hang a deer:—The hang-'em-by-the-hocks faction and string-'em-up-by-the-horns group.

Considering that only one hunter out of six gets his buck, it's this writer's suggestion that hunters concentrate on getting their venison. After you've shot your deer, hang the critter any damned way you please, because it really doesn't matter. Getting the buck is what matters.

Advice to the gunlorn:—There is no substitute for pure, 100 percent woolen underwear on a hunting trip; it's pneumonia insurance. . . . The guy who shoots first and looks afterwards is the gent beloved of country undertakers. . . . There is no record that any deer hunter ever wore a set of antlers in the woods—at least not visible antlers. . . . If your hunting companion is careless with his shotgun or rifle, tell him about it once in a quiet, polite way. . . . If he continues his carelessness, smack him over the noggin with any convenient blunt instrument. . . . Better a lost friendship than a Grade A funeral. . . . Contrary to popular belief, a deer's fall coloration is not bright red, as, for instance, a hunter's shirt. . . . A pistol or revolver has no place in the fall hunting scene. . . . Leave your handgun at home and keep out of trouble.

For several years New Jersey has soaked woodcock hunters an extra two bucks for gunning timberdoodles in that state. There is no explanation, except that all woodcock hunters are known to be slightly pixilated, and will stand for anything.

Incidentally, this special hunting license thing is getting to be quite a racket with many of our state game commissions. Planking down your one- or two-buck resident license fee no longer means you're entitled to hunt everything in the state.

Gangway, men, we're headin' for Maine and the season's first whirl with those artful dodgers, the ruffed grouse!



"Do you mind, sir, if I list you as a dependant?"

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He is an active and enthusiastic Elk, serves on two committees and gets down to the club regularly. He thinks the Magazine is swell, and reads every issue thoroughly before putting it in his waiting room where his many patients get a chance to read it (and its advertisements).

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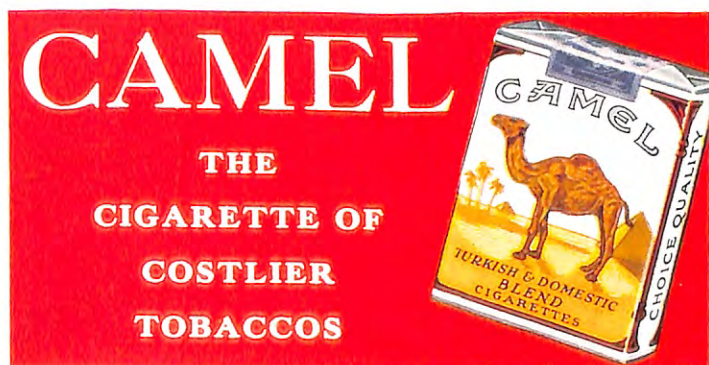


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