

The Elks

Magazine

WESTERN EDITION
JANUARY, 1934



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THE ELKS MAGAZINE
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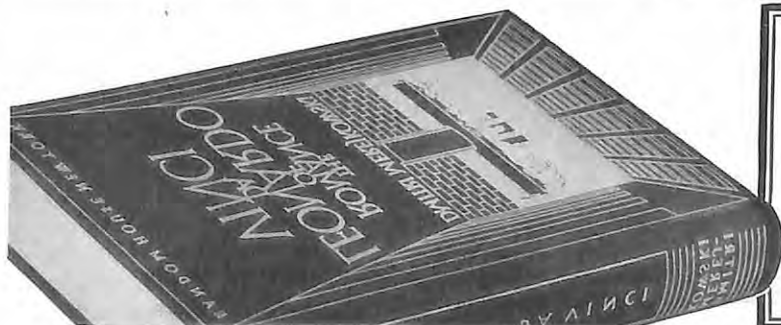
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From boyhood it was his habit to record his theories and observations; the habit grew with years. As a consequence, we have today, dispersed in European libraries, 5000 manuscript pages of unclassified reflections set down in reversed, or mirror writing.

It is only within a comparatively few years that Leonardo's mirror-written notes were deciphered. Merejkowski's book is based practically wholly upon them. The book has become a modern classic, one that really belongs in every library. It has appeared in several editions, but none comparable to the present Random House edition, the fine quality of which is barely suggested in the accompanying illustration.



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451

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The Elks Magazine

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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

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

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Managing Editor

JANUARY, 1934

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This Month

BE sure to turn to Homer Croy's article on kidnaping (see Page 9). Besides being informative and thoroughly readable, it gives timely and significant advice on the crime that is quickly becoming the most vicious and difficult one of all to curb. Cabrol's clever caricature of Mr. Croy to the right indicates the breadth of his intellectual capacities. In this article the man who writes Will Rogers' scenarios has concentrated all of his decidedly talented faculties.



Next Month

"FIGHTER'S FEUD," by Edward Shenton, is the title of the lead-off story in next month's issue. For ding-dong, hammer-and-tongs action you'll find it hard to beat. And if you're a follower of the manly art, we'll wager you'll clip out for keeps one or two of Ronald McLeod's soul-stirring illustrations.

Horatio Winslow, inimitable humorist, has written a story, "A Specter's Secret," which also will make its bow next month. It tells of the uproariously funny adventures of a young correspondence school detective, Jake by name, in the solving of his first case. There's a swell girl in it, too.



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What Will You Do With \$3500.00 cash If I Give it to YOU?



LOOK! THIS COMPANY GIVES AWAY \$6,000.00 ALL IN CASH PRIZES TO ADVERTISE THEIR PRODUCTS. LET'S TRY IMAGINE IF WE WOULD WIN \$3,500.00!

same evening

GEE, MARY, I WISH I COULD AFFORD TO MAKE YOU AND BABY HAPPY. EVERYTHING IS SO HOPELESS... AND NO JOB OR MONEY IN SIGHT ANYWHERE

HERE'S A LETTER FOR YOU, MRS. JONES... FROM TOM WOOD IN CINCINNATI.

DARLING-LOOK-WE WON HERE'S TOM WOOD'S CHECK FOR \$3,500.00 THAT'S MORE MONEY THAN WE EVER HAD

LATER

ISN'T IT ALL TOO WONDERFUL FOR WORDS! OUR BEAUTIFUL HOME...THE NEW CAR...ALL OUR BILLS PAID...AND REAL GOOD CLOTHES TO WEAR.

... AND A NICE DEPOSIT AT THE BANK, TOO. YES, I AM GRATEFUL TO TOM WOOD FOR ALL THE HAPPINESS THE \$3,500.00 PRIZE HAS BROUGHT US

2 MONTHS LATER



I'LL PAY \$250.00 JUST FOR THE WINNING ANSWER TO THIS QUESTION

I am going to give \$3,500.00 to some deserving man or woman who answers my announcements. You may be the one to get it! But, before I give it to anyone I would like to know that the money will be used wisely. What will you do with this fortune if I give it to you? Just answer this question—tell me in a sentence of 20 words or less what you would do with the \$3,500.00—nothing more to do toward the \$250.00 cash prize! Sounds easy? It is simple! Nothing "fancy" is needed—just tell me in plain words what you would do with the \$3,500.00. Answer now—Win!

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BE PROMPT! I Will Send You \$1,000.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE!

One thousand dollars EXTRA if you are prompt and win first prize in final distribution. So don't delay. Nothing more to do now or ever toward getting answer prize and qualifying for an opportunity to get your share of over \$6,000.00 to be given away. EVERY PERSON WHO TAKES AN ACTIVE PART WILL BE REWARDED IN CASH... Think what you would do with \$3,500.00—write your answer and rush it to me. SEND NO MONEY... No "puzzles," "number paths" or "lucky numbers" to win over \$3,500.00 cash. BE PROMPT. I will send you \$1,000.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE.

RULES—Only one answer accepted from a family. You must be over 16 years of age and reside within Continental U. S. \$250.00 given for best answer to "What Will You Do With \$3,500.00 if I Give it to You?" Answers must be postmarked not later than Feb. 28, 1934. Judges will consider answer only for practical value of the idea. Construction, spelling and neatness not considered. Duplicate prizes given in case of duplicate winning answers.

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Would you start a business of your own; would you invest in bonds; would you pay off a mortgage on your home or buy new furniture and clothes? Maybe you would use the money for education. Just think what \$3,500.00 could mean to you! Think of all the things you could do with it. Plan now — then write your answer—rush it to me at once. Yours may be the winner.

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Some say I am wrong. They say that the people who get money from me will spend it foolishly. Now I want to find out. I am going to give away over \$6,000.00. Someone is going to get \$3,500.00 All Cash. If I gave you the \$3,500.00 what would YOU do with it? Tell me in 20 words or less. Just sending an answer qualifies you for the opportunity to win \$3,500.00. If you are prompt I'll send you a \$1,000.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE! Here is an opportunity of a lifetime. Costs you nothing to win. Rush your answer today. Send no money—just tell me what you would do with the money if I gave you the \$3,500.00.

TOM WOOD, Manager
 Dept. HR-302-A H-O Building Cincinnati, Ohio

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THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the Subordinate Lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting, and forwarded to the

Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications.

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Henry A. Guenther, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Newark, N. J., No. 21, 300 Clifton Ave.



Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks
Official Circular Number Five

*To the Members of the Benevolent
 and Protective Order
 of Elks:*

*1412 Northern Life Tower
 Seattle, Washington
 December 15, 1933*

DEAR BROTHERS:

Since this communication will be published in the January issue of the Magazine, let it be my New Year's greeting to all the members of the Order. With the fading of the old year, characterized by its difficulties and, perhaps, disappointments—although it must have been productive of many pleasures too—comes the New Year, surcharged with hope and courage. Before it shall wane, I am confident that a new spirit will characterize every phase of life's effort. Already there is the advance influence of such a spirit. Let us prepare ourselves to take full advantage of all it will offer.

Armistice Day Initiation

Our simultaneous initiation of a National Class of candidates on Armistice Night was a great success. Owing to the fact that all Lodges have not made the report requested, it is impossible to give the aggregate results in figures. However, enough information has been forwarded to show that there was an average initiation of not less than ten candidates in every Lodge that caught the spirit of the suggestion and initiated members on that night. Many more were restored to membership through reinstatement during the campaign, and substantial numbers will yet come, through reinstatement as well as initiation, as a result of the work that has been done. Many messages were received showing a wonderful cooperation on the part of nearly every Lodge, and for the fine work done I am most grateful. I hope those who made reports will accept this as an acknowledgement of their communications.

In connection with this subject, it appears that a few Exalted Rulers seemed to think the matter of calling the Lodge session and initiating candidates on Armistice Night was one left to their discretion, and consequently they did not comply with my executive request. I greatly regret this, because compliance was a duty resting upon each one. Moreover, the failure in this respect was the loss of a most unusual opportunity for service to the Order, and I hope that in the event that such a simultaneous initiation shall be planned for another year, there may be unanimous action.

A few Lodges have not yet reported the number of candidates initiated on Armistice Night, and I would greatly appreciate it if every Exalted Ruler would ascertain whether the report was made and, if not, have the information forwarded without further delay.

Our Nation-Wide Broadcast

The broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting Network, following the simultaneous initiation of our National Class, Armistice Night, was a great success. With but few exceptions, its reception was perfect. I was very happy that our members could receive a message from our President, Brother Roosevelt, which was delivered through the courtesy of Post-

master General James A. Farley. The University Singers and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra contributed materially to the success of the program. The rendition of the Eleven O'clock Toast by Brother Joseph T. Fanning was wonderful. And for the privilege of speaking to our membership, as well as to our radio friends throughout the land, I am deeply grateful.

Our Anniversary Class

In my last official communication I suggested the propriety of observing the anniversary of the birth of our Order, February 16th, by the initiation of an Anniversary Class. I hope that the officers of our Lodges will press forward with their activities along this line without delay. This anniversary date should never be permitted to pass unnoticed. It should always be characterized by some special feature, and I am sure that no more appropriate manner of observance could be had than the bringing into the Order of a goodly number of eligible, high class citizens. I have suggested that this initiation be held on some date between Lincoln's Birthday and Washington's Birthday, and I trust that all of the Lodges will cooperate in this respect.

Twenty-one and Six Class

Inasmuch as our Grand Lodge at its Milwaukee Convention made provision for the bringing of young men under twenty-six years of age into the Order at a smaller initiation fee than prevails for older men, I am anxious that our Lodges shall take advantage of the opportunity afforded thereby. The initiation of young men into our Order brings virility and enthusiasm. There is an adage of "old men for counsel and young men for war." This is also applicable to fraternal organizations. When men have served the Lodges and the Order for a great many years, they are entitled to a rest from the heat and burden of the day. However, before they can rest there must be others to take their places. By bringing young men into the Order a period of training is afforded, which in turn will be reflected in the more active service rendered for the fraternity, as well as for humanity at large. Let every Lodge organize a "21 and 6" class, to be composed exclusively of candidates under the age of twenty-six.

May 1934 prove to be a great year for Elkdom. It can be made such if all will but cooperate to that end. I shall carry on to the utmost of my ability, and I appeal to all members of the Order to move forward as one solid phalanx.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Walter F. Meier

Grand Exalted Ruler



THE SLOUGH DEVIL

by MacKinlay Kantor
Illustrated by Courtney Allen

THE girl was saving his life. She worked with frantic haste, her tall body framed by the drenched grasses plastering this remote corner of the world. As for Peter Hawley, he was past the point where he could speak. He could only watch and try to stretch his cold muscles, and set down observations in a brain which was startlingly clear and photographic.

He had known many graceful women. But this girl, with her slender bare arms and legs, her mass of corn-colored hair and her ragged gingham dress, did Herculean things and did them with insouciant ease. The dead branch which she slid beneath Peter's sagging arms was huge and awkward; she moved it as she would have moved a house broom, or a parasol.

"Get your arms over it," she ordered. "Hang on."

She knelt amid the chocolate ooze, her feet vanished in the slow suction of the mire. Her big gray eyes were critical and appraising. "No." She shook her head. "You won't last five minutes that way. And I must go for a rope or—or something. . . . No, I'll have to tie you."

Peter Hawley heard some man whispering, "I—can—hang on."

"You can't. Here." Quickly she turned; the swamp talked and burred about her slim ankles. She lifted her faded blue dress; he recognized the dry sound of ripping cloth. This girl was a pioneer woman, a corn-colored ghost who had come out of the past to save him. She wore a petticoat, a brief length of cheap and snowy cotton, and she was tearing it into wide strips. . . .

Copyright, 1934, by MacKinlay Kantor.

Then, with lithe nonchalance she straddled the dry log and stretched her body toward his. The log settled, grunting and hissing, lower in the slime. "It won't sink," the girl reassured Peter. "Only a little way. It's like cork." She laced the torn strips of fabric around his shoulders and over his wrists, manacling him fast to this weird salvation.

She slid quickly back among the firmer hummocks. "I won't be long." The gray eyes smiled reassuringly, her coral-colored lips parted, closed again. Then the tropical boundaries fenced Hawley in; the girl was gone and he hung there, half alive, his muddy face floating above that glutinous surface.

His gun. Where was it? He had a heavy rifle . . . yes, it had fallen aside when he first went down. Over there among those sedgy masses. He could see the butt sticking up—a varnished knot of walnut on which a film of sunlight shivered and danced. What time was it? Once it had been noon. He had been hunting, all morning. Ate something. He walked. He watched for those evil tracks, the wallowing trail of the creature which he hated. He went through a wilderness of yellow lotuses, a jungle of meshing creepers.

Then it had happened. A lifetime ago.

Very far away he heard a heron crying. Perhaps his voice had sounded like that when this girl heard his call. Something wailing, aloof and eerie above the tangle of interlaced islands.

He whispered aloud, "Tim. I almost missed out. She gave me my chance, Tim. I won't miss out again. I'll get that devil." A greasy bubble formed outside his mouth; his eyes were closing. It would be good to sleep. Even in the midst of a writhing, sucking paste which encompassed his whole body.

Something was forcing his marble lips apart. He smelled the odor of whiskey. He looked up into the girl's face; yes, he reasoned foggily, she had pride—pride and strength, which the



She slid quickly back among the firmer hummocks. "I won't be long," The gray eyes smiled reassuringly

perfect modeling of her features could not conceal. Pride and strength, lost in this crazy strip of jungleland.

"I passed out . . ." he tried to grin.

She poured whiskey into his mouth. It flamed down his aching throat.

"Listen," she kept saying, "listen to me. Can you understand? You've got to fight! Hard! Both of us. . . . Don't close your eyes." Her words kept on, smooth and bitter—he wished she'd let him go to sleep again, and he could hear her talking while he slept.

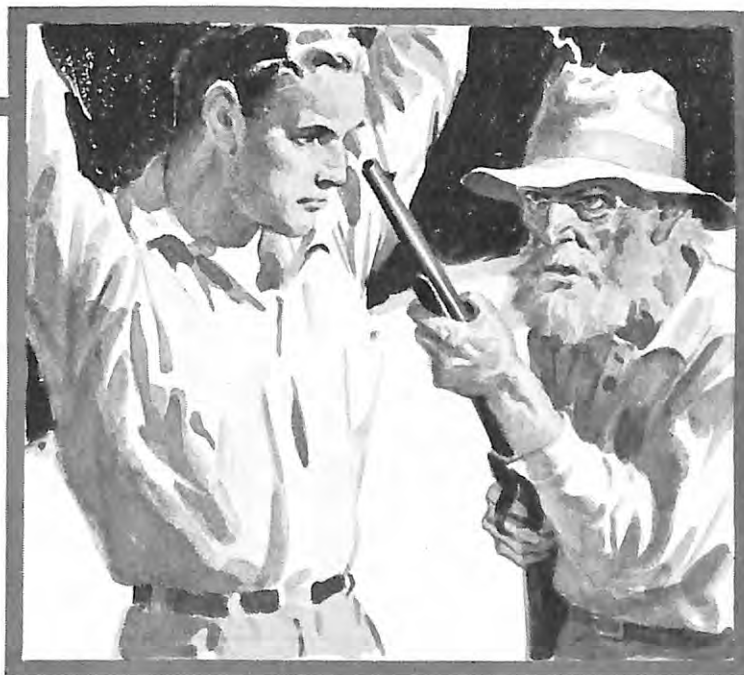
"There's no one else. No one. I've got this rope around you. I'm going to pull, across that branch up there. You must help."

His head jerked vaguely. He heard her go away from the pool. Presently a painful sawing . . . something was trying to cut his body off, below the shoulders. "Fight," she was calling. Her voice came down through the mosquito-laden haze. "Crawl. You've got to help."

Slowly he was rising out of the ghastly tide. He stared across the yards of bushy green which separated them. She had slid her rope through the smooth crotch of a broken willow, and her body bent fiercely against the taut strain. He began to wrench his arms across the log.

"That's good. You'll get out. We'll make it." She was cajoling—a warm tone which rapped into staccato hammer-strokes upon his consciousness. "Your legs. Try to push with them. That's right. Swim! You've got to live, you know. Somebody'll be expecting you to come back. You've got—to—" And in all the world, there was nothing except a searing knife which bound its blade around his arm-pits, and far away from him the tall woman with yellow hair, the woman who braced her legs among the reeds and tortured him . . . and tortured him and . . .

Water felt good, lapping over his face. Again, the whiskey. He swallowed automatically. The swamp air was breathless and solid, but now he could breathe, and nothing was pulling him apart.



"I'm not dead," he said aloud.

"No. You'll be all right."

He looked at her; then, painfully, he raised his head and stared along the length of his muddy trunk. From neck to toes, boots, and belt and breeches, he was encased with the thick grease of the bog.

"Where is—this?"

"Just a few feet away, under the trees. The quick-sand is over there. I brought you."

"Carried me?"

She gave a short laugh. "Hardly. I dragged you. You're heavy as sin. I didn't know you were so large."

Presently Peter Hawley wrenched his throbbing shoulders from the damp earth. He sat up and stared about him. The woman was sitting a few feet away, her knees drawn up and her faded gingham dress wrapped neatly around her naked legs.

"I'm a beast," he said. "I haven't even thanked you."

"It's nothing."

Peter grinned, wryly. "It's something more than that, to me. The only life I've got."

Her gray eyes met his, and now there was no sparkle of tenderness or sympathy. "I've hid your rifle," she said. "You'll

get it after a while—if I should change my mind—maybe.”

“Look here,” said Peter.

She told him, “I’m looking. If you’re able to talk, I ought to be able to listen.”

“Why did you hide my gun?”

She inquired, slowly, “Do you know where you are?”

HIS gaze traveled around the clearing in which they sat. On three sides, the drowned tangle of the Winneshiek hemmed them in, dense and impenetrable and mysterious as all eternity. Only on the east was there a break in the enshrouding gloom. There the low sunlight slanted across a lonely meadow of cat-tails and lilies, a flat marsh which straggled into a boundary of forest again.

But beyond the tops of distant trees he could see misty hills, high and knuckled with rock.

“Yes,” he said, “I can find my boat again, without any trouble. It’s at the head of a little bayou over there.”

She shrugged. “You don’t know where you are. Or if you do, you don’t mean to tell me.”

Hawley rubbed his bruised chest. “Quite probably I’m in Wisconsin. At least I’m in the Mississippi bottoms, somewhere between Wisconsin and Minnesota. And five miles downstream is the metropolis of Broken Bow, my—” he hesitated—“my temporary base.”

The woman came to her feet with a rare, lifting grace. Now that he was no longer fainting in that murderous bog, Peter could see that she was tall—nearly as tall as he.

“You’re on Black Island,” she said. “Folks don’t come here.”

Peter tried to stand. His legs were butchered muscles and red-hot clay, scorching when he moved them. “I came,” he said, between his teeth.

“Yes. With a rifle.”

And then he did manage to attain his feet. He leaned against the dead willow, breathing heavily. The sun was kissing the western horizon. Its straggling orange spread across the wild marsh, and already the surrounding thickets were fading from green into black.

“My name is Peter Hawley. Sorry that I can’t produce a card. But—I’m rather muddied, you see. My home is in New York.”

She nodded, coolly. “I knew you were from the city. Some city.”

“I’ve told you my name,” Peter said.

She lifted her brown hand and pushed the wealth of electric hair from her forehead. “I’m sorry, Mr. Hawley. My name is Ardith Kent. Why did you have that rifle?”

“Because I was hunting.” A mutter of anger cried up inside him. He didn’t have to tell her, or anyone. It was

something too grim and incomprehensible and horrible. . . .

He spoke roughly. “Where did you put my gun?” He set one tingling leg ahead of the other.

“Mr. Hawley,” said the girl, “you’re weak. You came close to death. Don’t try to bluster or threaten.” She laughed suddenly. “Why, I could handle you myself, right now. Not any other time. But right now.”

His pallor had given way to a blaze of anger. His fingers twisted convulsively, breaking their plaster of dried mud. “It’s something I don’t want to talk about. Black Island! I don’t care whether it’s Black Island or any other color. Something brought me here, and I’m coming back again.”

The girl’s mouth opened as if she would speak, then closed with firm resolution. Without a word, she turned and walked toward the dark belt of underbrush.

“Wait,” Peter cried.

Her face looked back, a mothy shadow against the dusky jungle. And now the sun had slipped down, and a vast pink wash spread over the marshland. . . . “Look here,” Peter called, “I don’t want any trouble with—with anyone. I’m here to hunt the slough devil. Do you get that? An animal! I don’t give a damn about anything else on this island or in the whole Winneshiek country. I’m after that animal, and I’m going to stay here until I get him.”

THE silence hung, thick and painted, between them. He could hear the feverish murmur of insects all about. When Ardith Kent spoke, there was a timbre in her voice which he had not heard there before.

“You said you could find your way back to your boat. I’ll take you at your word. But go now; it’ll be dark soon enough. And be careful where you walk, this time.”

The bushes swayed.

“Wait!” he called again. The echo went rollicking across the motionless tundras. He heard a crackling of twigs, a fading swish of the dense grasses. And the woman did not answer. She was gone.

He found a stick near at hand. Leaning upon it, he moved painfully past that fresh-trampled patch in the reeds. . . . The dusk was plum-colored when, gasping and lurching, he reached his boat.

Fish came up in an unending parade, flipping against the glassy surface of the slough as they nipped at dancing insects. The birds of evening cried throughout the whole wide valley. And dimly, behind the range of hills which squatted against the darkening eastern sky, he heard a railroad train go chewing away into oblivion. A machine! And this was like the Amazon. A hinterland, unexplored and uncombed. . . . Hawley tumbled across the gunwale, kicking the boat out from its muddy moorings with a stab of his aching leg.

His hand toyed with the lanyard of the motor. Peter Hawley stared. Something was lying in the boat, propped neatly across the thwart.

His rifle.

She had believed him. Somehow or another, he had made her understand. She knew that he was honestly hunting an animal, and not some person who hid in those suspicious wastes. She had taken the gun from its hiding place, and had brought it to the boat.

The motor popped and droned. The boat went skating down the shadowy bayou toward the Mississippi, muttering in its shallow coves. And all Hawley could see against the tawny western sky were those great, gray eyes—the tall, curving body in its gaunt sheathing of faded blue—

He drove his knuckles against the gunwale. No. No room for a woman in his mind. He would be only a hunter, until he pounded steel bullets into a tough hide and stamped a brawny carcass beneath his heels. . . . He couldn’t think of this girl, now. A marsh woman, from these green sloughs. He kept laughing at himself, in a sort of heady frenzy.

* * *

The (Continued on page 34)



Crouching, his rifle changed rapidly as he strove to hold its sights below the brute's massive shoulder

More and more prominent people are employing guards to protect younger children



You May Be Kidnapped Before 1940

by Homer Croy

Illustrated by
Rico Tomaso

LEND your ear to that husky new profession which is growing so fast—none other than kidnapping. It is booming merrily along—that is, merrily for the kidnapers. H. G. Wells, the greatest prophet in the world of what is going to happen in the future, has some words to say about kidnapping which do not make pleasant reading. In his new book, this:

“In the United States kidnapping cases will continue to mount. By the year 1940, kidnapping will be so prevalent that the average fairly successful American business man will be compelled to go about with an armed bodyguard. It will be no uncommon sight to see a business man walking down the street, accompanied by another man who has his hand on his holster.”

This would sound rather exaggerated if it were not for another unpleasant fact, and that is the way the former bootleggers are gazing upon the lucrative business of body-snatching. The repeal of prohibition has sent these gentry out to look for grass in other pastures. And they are not only looking at the kidnapping clover, but nibbling. Walking hand in hand with this fact is another: the National Council on Crime, after an exhaustive study, reports that there are at the present time 3,000 cases a year of kidnapping. *What?*—3,000 a year? Yes. Of course they are not reported. The families of the

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victims prefer to pay the money and say nothing. And that is where the trouble comes in—hush cases. The kidnapers know this, and fatten on it.

I was commissioned by this Magazine to go out and bring back a fair and unbiased report on the situation, and I hereby do—and it is none too encouraging.

In the course of my questionings I sought out Col. Robert Isham Randolph, former head of the Secret Six, which is an organization to help stamp out crime in Chicago. He knows what he is talking about and this is what he says:

“Kidnapping will grow. An army of men whose guns were for hire in beer-running, having been thrown out of employment, have turned their peculiar talents to the more dangerous—and more lucrative—racket of kidnapping for ransom.”

The idea of kidnapping men of importance and extracting money from their families is not new. Far from it. Most people do not know it, but the great Julius Caesar was snatched by kidnapers and kept for forty days. The kidnapers demanded a ransom of \$56,000—and got it, too. This made Caesar so mad, when he got back home, that he went after them with blood in his eye. He captured them and had their throats cut. That’s the way Caesar handled kidnapers.

No person is too important to be beyond the greedy eyes of the kidnapers. As I write this, the Governor of Iowa, Clyde



L. Herring, is being guarded by two dead-shots who are with him night and day. And also as I write this, the Governor of Kansas has a guard to protect his daughter from being kidnapped.

I could tell you of further cases, but it would only invite greedy kidnapers to them. However, I think I will risk one or two. For instance, Harold Lloyd. He is the richest actor in the world, and the kidnapers know it. He has three children, and with my own eyes I have seen armed guards in the car as the children ride by. In fact, my little girl went to the same school with the two older children; and it was a sight that raised one's indignation to see the Lloyd car come up with a guard sitting there to protect them.

Do you know why the street addresses of the Hollywood stars are not printed in the newspapers or magazines? Well, there's a reason. . . .

Did you know that two efforts were made to kidnap President Abraham Lincoln? Both of these plots were hatched up by John Wilkes Booth, who finally shot and killed him. The first plot was like this: Booth learned that President Lincoln planned to attend the theatre, and gathered his foul henchmen about him. One of his men was to turn off the gas lights and plunge the theatre into darkness, then Booth and his men were to seize Lincoln and tie him with ropes, drag him to a waiting carriage and hurry away in the darkness. However, on that night, Lincoln was very busy, and also a storm lashed and tore over the City of Washington, and so, at the last minute, Lincoln decided not to go to the theatre.

Two months later—March 16th, 1865, to be exact—Booth tried the same thing over again. He learned that Lincoln was to attend a matinee performance of a show to be given at the

Soldiers' Home in Washington. Booth and his men armed themselves with knives, ropes and revolvers, mounted their horses and hid in a stretch of woods where Lincoln's carriage was to pass. Again, at the last minute, Lincoln changed his mind and did not get into the carriage. If he had not made that off-hand decision, the history of this nation might have been changed.

THE kidnapper is a particularly loathsome monster, for he works under the cover of darkness, and takes advantage of one of the finest of human traits—the love of one member of a family for another. The family, driven half insane by fear and worry, will do anything to get their loved one back. All this the kidnapper knows and trades on.

In my investigations a bit of news that surprised me was that the firm of London Lloyd's is secretly writing insurance against kidnapping. And very secretly, for naturally if prospective kidnapers learned that a man had had himself insured, and they knew they were sure of their money, they would snatch him first of all.

The utmost secrecy prevails in securing this insurance. Applicants only of the highest integrity are accepted. The identity of the person cannot be known even to the office force. The head of the local company alone deals with him. Even his name cannot be cabled to the main office in London for confirmation; it is sent—but it goes in code. Immediately the man is accepted he is no longer a name but a number, so that no one working on the books will know who he is.

Here is the rate: For \$100,000—\$750 a year. (This is for men and women.)



The family, driven half insane by fear and worry, will do anything to get their loved one back. All this the kidnapper knows and trades on fully

The company will not insure a child for more than \$50,000, and the rate is just twice as high as it is for men and women. In other words, it costs as much to insure your child for \$50,000 as it does yourself for \$100,000.

How does a victim fare when he goes into the hands of a kidnapper? No two alike. Sometimes very nicely; sometimes . . . Sometimes he is kept in an abandoned house; sometimes in a cellar; sometimes in a gangster's apartment. Always his eyes are taped, or otherwise covered, and he is never permitted to see his abductor.

An odd case was that of Charles M. Rosenthal, a broker, of New York. The bait thrown at him was a pretty girl. The girl made herself agreeable and he asked to call on her. But when he came, four men were waiting on the porch. They entered the car, a pistol was shoved into his ribs—and that's how he was "snatched." His eyes were taped, his family paid the kidnapers \$50,000. The day they freed him they paid part of it back to him—a ten-dollar bill—and turned him loose. He was unshaved, his clothes were wrinkled and soiled, his eyes were inflamed. He had no idea where he was. And with the bill still in his hand, he walked into the police station and reported.

"Have you any clues?" the police asked.

He had only two. One was that he had heard music late at night, which he judged to come from a Negro night club. The other was this: the kidnapers had made him take dope. Once when the cover was off his eyes for a moment he saw the name of the druggist on the bottle—Lowenstein's Pharmacy, it said. But these clues were enough, and four men went to Sing Sing. And the decoy woman? She was turned loose. I don't know why. Personally, I think she should have been clapped in, too.

The worst treated of any victim I know of was Jake the Barber. Twelve years ago Jake (real name John
(Continued on page 32)



The full range of superlatives must be trotted out to do justice to Maxwell Anderson's "Mary of Scotland." Here is one play that we might venture to call great; a robust and sympathetic historical picture in the grand romantic manner, written with great beauty, superlatively well acted and lavishly mounted in the Theatre Guild's best style. At the left are pictured Helen Hayes who adds new stature to her fame by the dignity and fire of her portrayal of the ill-fated queen, and Philip Merivale who gives what is by all odds the finest performance of his career as her reckless lover James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell



Behind the Footlights

For those not too fastidious about the broadness of the humor in their theatrical fare, "Sailor, Beware!" by Kenyon Nicholson and Charles Robinson can be heartily recommended as an evening's uproarious entertainment. The fleet is lying in Panama Bay and its sailors are swarming in Panama City. The little tableau at the right presents the three moving spirits in the play's nautical romance. They are Audrey Christie, Bruce Macfarlane and Edward Craven



The picture at the right presents a quorum of the players in "The Pursuit of Happiness." In the usual order they are Eleanor Hicks, Charles Waldron, Hunter Gardner, Seth Arnold, Raymond Walburn, Peggy Conklin and Tonio Selwart, a recent importation from Munich who is fast on his way to joining the ranks of the matinee idols. This play by Alan Child and Isabelle Loudon is a slight but amusing comedy built around the ambiguous possibilities latent in the quaint New England courting custom of a bygone century known as "bundling"



The beauty and outstanding artistry of Dorothea Wieck (circle) when she appeared as the sympathetic teacher in "Maedchen in Uniform" made such a favorable impression that she was lured to Hollywood to appear in American films. Her first California assignment was in "Cradle Song" and her second, entitled "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen," will shortly be forthcoming. In this story of a screen star's kidnapped child, Alice Brady and Baby LeRoy will co-star with Miss Wieck



And On the Screen

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien

"If I Were Free," based on a play by John Van Druten, is a thoroughly pleasant, adult and credible evening's screen entertainment. A highly competent cast which includes Nils Asther, Henry Stephenson, Laura Hope Crews and Vivian Tobin is headed by the two floating dreamily on the river Thames in the picture at the right—Irene Dunne and Clive Brook



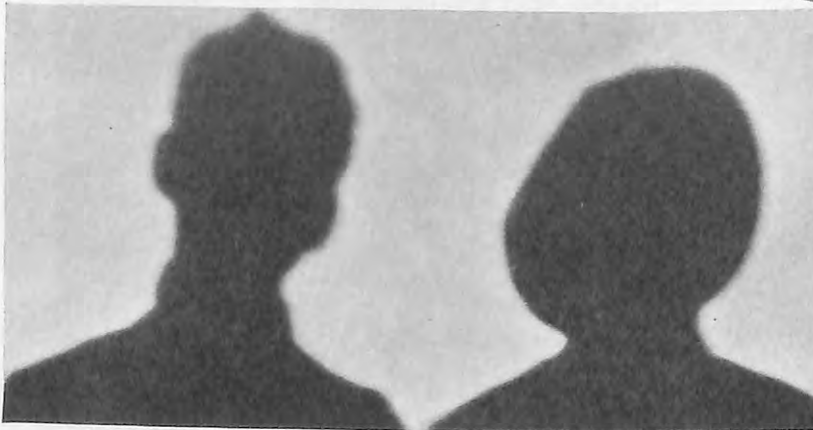
No wonder Adolphe Menjou and Joan Blondell (left) look so startled. In the hurly-burly of a sales convention at Atlantic City they have just been discovered in the wrong room by the wrong person and Mr. Menjou's hopes of obtaining the job of Sales Manager of the company are at stake. This and many other lively complications of a like sort form the backbone of the picture "Convention City," about to be released



Gertrude Niesen, above, sings just the way she looks. Her songs, however, are those of frustration and unrequited love—and we cannot imagine why



Leopold Stokowski, the guiding and unifying force behind the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, is pictured above, directing the Symphony in one of its magnificent nightly performances over CBS at 9 P.M. The sponsors of this brilliant quarter hour program deserve all the sales they may make for this stroke of consummate genius



Cast and Broadcast

By
Phillips
Coles



That conversational machine-gun Floyd Gibbons, NBC's star radio reporter, is caricatured above. Off the air now, he will doubtless soon be back



RAY LEE JACKSON

Lum and Abner, left, of that mythical community, "Pine Ridge," have opened their party-line to NBC-WEAF eavesdroppers from Monday through Friday evenings. It's all in a spirit of good clean fun

"And what does that get you? I'll bet you don't make ten grand a year"



by Carl Wall

Illustrated by
J. Henry

Smart

LOUEY STEIN, attorney-at-law, stood at the window of his private office philosophically contemplating the effect of the vernal equinox upon upper Broadway. He reluctantly turned away as Miss Gorfev, his secretary, entered.

"Lot of baby carriages out today," he observed.

"Just like Sunday," agreed Miss Gorfev.

"And it's hot," elaborated Louey. "I'm getting a tan just standing at the window."

Miss Gorfev interrupted her employer's springtime mood.

"Your brother is outside," she stated. "Do you want to see him now?"

"In about five minutes."

"That's what I told him."

"You know that jig-saw puzzle?" said Louey. "I finished it."

"No!"

Louey pointed proudly toward his desk.

"There it is," he said. "Washington Crossing the Delaware. You know those little white pieces that we thought were part of his pants? They were the ice cubes. They're all around the boat."

Miss Gorfev surveyed the completed puzzle with the proper amount of wonderment.

"I don't see how you ever did it," she said.

"You can put it away now," Louey commanded. "And put some papers on my desk."

"Seems a shame to break it up again," Miss Gorfev commented as she slipped the puzzle into a drawer.

Five minutes later Louey looked up from his papers to greet his brother Jake. Jake was immaculately dressed in a double-breasted suit of Maxfield Parrish blue with blending tie and socks of light pink.

"How's Mr. Blackstone?" Jake asked. He always asked that.

"How's Mr. Capone?" asked Louey. He always asked that.

The usual courtesies having been observed, Jake drew out an enormous gold cigarette case, lit an imported cigarette

and got down to business.

"How does it look?" he asked.

Louey tapped the papers in a business-like manner.

"Not any too good," he said, "but I think I can get you out of it."

"That's indeed fine," said Jake.

"I know," he said. "One of these days I'm going to find myself playing quarter-back for Sing Sing." "One of these days you're going to do something just a little dumber—"

Jake gestured impatiently.

"I know," he said. "One of these days I'm going to find myself playing quarter-back for Sing Sing."

"Not quarter-back," said Louey. "Just one of those dumb guards. Why don't you smarten up, Jake, and get out of the racket before they get you. It doesn't pay."

"Doesn't pay!" Jake snorted. "What do you mean, doesn't pay? I cleaned up plenty last year and I'll clean up plenty this year. About ten times more than you'll ever make in the law business. You're the one who had better smarten up. Any dumb ditch-digger can make an honest living."

"Dumb!" Louey yelled. "Why, you dumb palooka! You're just like the rest of these cheap crooks who spend half of their lives hiding in Yonkers and the other half behind the bars. And they think they're smart. Why, there isn't a crook in the world that has the I. Q. of a second rate village idiot. And I know."

"And I suppose that includes me?" Jake demanded angrily.

"It certainly does," said Louey, "and it also includes all of your best friends."

"And I suppose you're the smart guy?" Jake sneered. "The guy who worked his way through C. C. N. Y. and read books in his spare time. One of Dr. Eliot's five-footers and every inch an honest citizen." He flipped his cigarette ash into the waste basket. "And what does that get you? I'll bet you don't make ten grand a year."

"That's right," Louey agreed, "I don't. But whenever a stranger taps me on the shoulder, I know it's just for a match or the correct time or probably the way to Grant's Tomb. Nothing else."

"Nothing to be afraid of, eh?" said Jake. "Just like every other dumb John Citizen who's afraid to cheat on his income tax. Do you know why you're honest? Because you're too dumb to be anything else, that's why. You couldn't make a dishonest dime if you offered to give half of it to charity."

Louey reached for a cigar and lit it slowly. It was his way of counting to ten.

"Listen, Jake," he said finally. "Who's the smartest crook you know—outside of yourself?"

Jake considered for a moment.

"The smartest guy in any racket," he answered emphatically, "is Joe Salina. Why?"

"He's a pretty smart guy, huh?" Louey asked. "I suppose it would be pretty hard to put anything over on Joe, wouldn't it?"

"Hard?" Jake laughed.

"It's impossible. That guy took a correspondence course in swindling. Studies it nights."

Louey studied the length of his cigar ash and carefully deposited it in the waste basket.

"Jake," he said, "I've got a proposition to make. You think this guy Salina is pretty smart, don't you?"

"Like Einstein," said Jake.

"And if a dumb, honest guy like myself put anything over on him—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Jake, "while I laugh three times like a horse."

"Never mind that," said Louey. "I say I can."

"For how much?" snapped Jake.

"How do you mean?" asked Louey.

"How much says you can pull a swindle or any kind of a racket on Joe Salina and get away with it? I'll give you five to one. I'm sick of listening to this song and dance of yours anyway."

"How about a thousand?" asked Louey.

"Just like a ribbon clerk," said Jake.

"Five thousand."

"Make it ten."

Louey hesitated. Ten thousand was a lot of money but for that matter so was fifty thousand.

"O.K.," he said.

They shook hands elaborately.

"And now," said Jake, "all that you have to do is to get some gold leaf and go over a couple of bricks. Joe's nuts about them."

He drew out his check-book and with a flourish made out a check for fifty thousand dollars.

"All right," he said. "Let's see you cover it."

Louey's hand trembled a little as he signed his check. Ten thousand was a lot of money. Jake examined it carefully.

"Who's going to hold the stakes?" he asked.

"How about Miss Gorfey?" asked Louey. "She's my secretary."

"O.K.," said Jake. "Bring her in."

Louey pressed the buzzer and Miss Gorfey came in ready for dictation.

"Miss Gorfey," Louey explained. "Jake and I have made a little bet and we want you to hold the stakes."

"All that you have to do," said Jake, "is to hang on to these checks until—how long do you want, Louey?"

"A week is enough," said Louey.

"Give you two weeks," said Jake magnanimously. He turned again to Miss Gorfey. "Just keep them for two weeks and I'll be in to pick them up."

He took up his hat and placed it on his head at what he considered a fetching angle.

"By the way," he asked, "when does that case of mine come up?"

"Not for a month," Louey answered. "Calendar's pretty crowded."

"Well, then," said Jake, "paul revere for a couple of weeks and don't nick Joe for too much."

He gave Miss Gorfey a gallant little bow, which was somewhat marred by the fact that his hat remained on his head, and left the office.



"Just a smart guy from Kalamazoo," Salina laughed. "Trying a trick like that in this town! Take him down to the station and lock him up!"

"Miss Gorfey," Louey commanded, "beat it down to the bank and cash that check of Jake's right away. Just in case."

His secretary obediently sped out of the office and Louey stalked to the open window. The sunlight was still warm and the same baby carriages with the same smiling matrons still paraded along Broadway; but somehow the Spring had gone out of Louey's heart.

"Ten thousand dollars," he murmured to himself, "is a lot of money."

The door opened and Miss Gorfey entered.

"It didn't take you long," Louey observed.

"I didn't go to the bank," she said. "Going down in the elevator, I happened to notice that the check was dated two weeks ahead and so I didn't think it would do much good to walk all the way to the bank."

Louey examined the check mournfully.

"That's the trouble with Jake," he observed sadly, "he's so used to dealing with crooks that he doesn't even trust his own brother."

That was on a Tuesday.

By Saturday morning with an average of three hours sleep for the past four nights, Louey was asking himself questions and not waiting for the answers. Miss Gorfey had sympathetically tried to take his mind off the matter by bringing in new jig-saw puzzles but it was quite useless. Louey merely toyed with them and once or twice he had nearly ruined a set by absent-mindedly chewing on several of the pieces.

Miss Gorfey left promptly at one o'clock, as she did every Saturday afternoon, and Louey began a systematic pacing of his office. He carefully went over the variety of schemes that had popped into his head during the last few days.

The chief trouble with all of them was that they were



outside the law and that wouldn't do. He had to have something legal, absolutely air-tight. Like a breach of promise suit. If he were only a woman!

After a mile or so of walking about the room, Louey plopped down in a chair and picked up the morning paper. He decided to put the whole thing out of his mind over the week end and get a fresh start Monday morning. That was the time.

He glanced over the paper, read the sport page and one or two editorials. The same old stuff—Yanks win, Civic Reform League demanding another investigation, and the editorials never changed.

Louey's eyes absently roved over the classified section. People were selling a lot of things these days. Cheap too. There was a yacht for sale and further down a Rolls Royce. He read the latter ad carelessly: "Owner leaving for Europe wishes to dispose of this excellent car. Any reasonable offer will be considered. Call University 8-4567."

University 8-4567. Louey repeated the number slowly. It seemed familiar. He was positive that at some time or

the other he had called that number. None of his business associates had a car of that description and yet—he reached for the telephone and gave the number to the operator. The party at the other end answered quickly.

"Avenue Club."

"The Avenue Club!" repeated Louey.

"Yes," the voice at the other end answered. "Who do you wish to speak to?"

"Wrong number," said Louey hanging up.

He leaned back in his chair and lit a fresh cigar. The Avenue Club was owned by Joe Salina and the Rolls Royce was undoubtedly his! For some reason or the other, Louey felt suddenly excited. He sat for some moments staring straight before him and then suddenly began chewing enthusiastically on the end of his cigar. To the casual observer it might seem that he had gone slightly daft but a more thorough diagnosis would reveal that Louey's brain was in a family way.

An hour later at his hotel, Louey was putting the finishing touches to a rather amazing change in his manner of dress. He had discarded his dark, double-breasted business suit and substituted for it a plaid creation of well-spaced brown and white checks, which could only be described as gorgeous. A pair of black and white sport shoes, a purple tie, a green shirt and a light fedora completed, as society editors say, the ensemble.

WITH a final look at himself in the mirror, which dazzled him for a few moments, Louey locked the door of his room and went down to the lobby. He stopped at the desk to exchange a few words with the manager and then stepped gaily into a waiting taxi.

"The Avenue Club," Louey directed and leaned forward on his cane in the approved fashion.

"Spring," observed the taxi driver softly to himself, "is in our midst."

A short while later, jauntily swinging his cane, Louey entered the Avenue Club. It was a swanky sort of a place with everything done in the modern manner—even the ash trays. A waiter approached him.

"I have come," said Louey, "to see about the automobile that was advertised in the paper this morning."

"Then it's Mr. Salina you want to see," said the waiter. "He's in his office. Just follow me, please."

Salina, a short, crafty looking gentleman of perhaps forty, looked up from his desk as they entered.

"He," said the waiter, "has come about the car."

Salina nodded.

"O.K." he said.

The waiter withdrew and Louey turned a little nervously to Salina.

"My name is Stein," he said. "I called you a little while ago."

"Sure," said Salina. "Sit down. Have a drink?"

"No, thanks," said Louey sitting down in a chair beside the desk.

"You want to buy the car?"

"How much are you asking for it?" Louey enquired.

"You know what the ad said," Salina smiled. "Any reasonable offer will be considered. I'll tell you the truth about it. It's two years old, in perfect condition, has new tires and only thirty thousand miles on it. The reason I'm selling it is because I'm going to Europe for an indefinite vacation and I don't want to go bankrupt paying storage charges on it, besides I might buy a car over there. Until the other day I had an agency trying to sell it for me but I don't think they tried very hard. They wanted too much commission, anyway, so I took it off their hands. That's the whole story. What do you think it's worth?"

Louey hesitated.

"I suppose you want cash?" he asked.

"Certainly," said Salina. "I don't want to be bothered with any other arrangement. I've had two or three other people who wanted to buy it on time payments. They knew I was going to Europe."

"Well," said Louey slowly, "suppose I give you sixteen thousand for it?"

Salina leaned forward. Sixteen thousand was only a few hundred under the original cost of the car.

(Continued on page 41)

The Fastest Sport of All

by Roger Birtwell



KEYSTONE

A "puck's-eye-view" of a goalie, or the way he looks to the player who takes a header before the net—a thing which often occurs in the heat of hockey battles. This unique photograph was taken through the ice



INTERNATIONAL

A thrilling moment in a match between the Boston Bruins and the New York Americans. The player at the left has just made a shot which is about to elude the goalie and enter the net for a score



INTERNATIONAL

Crowds turn out for hockey in Europe, too. Here are shown amateur teams from the United States and Poland contending during the 1931 International Championships in Warsaw



INTERNATIONAL

The New York Rangers receive the coveted Stanley Cup, for which professional teams have battled since 1893

DOWN through the autumn-browned Connecticut hillsides, one afternoon in November, 1921, a southbound express train thundered its way, bearing the Harvard football team—then one of the gridiron powers of the country—on a trip to New Jersey for its annual struggle with Princeton.

Next to your correspondent, who was present in a newspaper capacity, sat a young man who at the time was generally regarded as the foremost college athlete in America—George Owen. A wizard on the gridiron, and captain of Harvard on diamond and rink, he had taken the place of Brickley, Hardwick and Mahan in a succession of great Harvard athletes that was to come to an end with his own graduation.

While the players sat around, all of them rather tense with concentration on the football engagement of the morrow, I

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asked Owen what sport he enjoyed most of all. "I'd rather play hockey than eat," came the All America halfback's quick reply.

Seven years later, when St. John Ervine, distinguished British critic, was making a tour of America, he was asked what American sport he liked most.

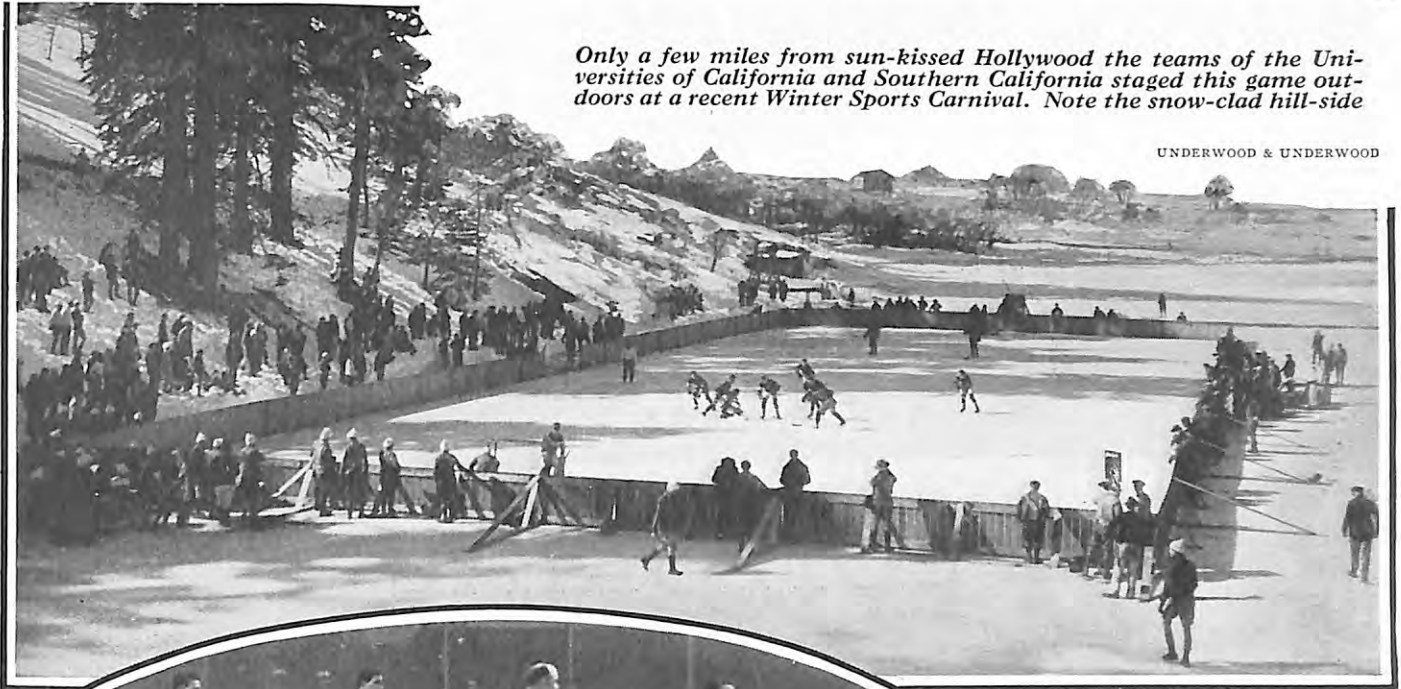
"Hockey," again was the immediate answer. Later Ervine wrote in the London Observer that "there is no other game in the world so thrilling, so stirring, so demanding in courage, swiftness and skill. The players move with the grace of stags in flight and the speed at which they move is greater than that of a race horse. It is a game which never ceases to be enthralling."

What is the story on this sport which is picked over baseball, football, tennis and golf by such varied persons as a great all-round American college athlete and a scholarly critic from overseas?

Why is it that ice hockey, in existence as Canada's national

Only a few miles from sun-kissed Hollywood the teams of the Universities of California and Southern California staged this game outdoors at a recent Winter Sports Carnival. Note the snow-clad hill-side

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD



Left: A tense moment in a nip and tuck battle between the Montreal Maroons and New York Americans

ACME



INTERNATIONAL

A goalie speeds the puck away from his net and the chase is on. Excitement never wanes in hockey. Note the tense expression of every player



ACME

The Canadiens, who have often won the Stanley Cup, and the Rangers battle before the net at Madison Square Garden, the New York hockey fan's paradise

sport for half a century, has suddenly spread at such a terrific pace—despite the fact that it costs from a quarter to half of a million dollars to build an indoor artificial rink—that there are leagues all the way from Glasgow, Scotland, to Hollywood, California? That World Amateur Championships held at Prague, Czechoslovakia, and Grynica, Poland, find traveling teams from the United States and Canada fighting it out in the final round?

Why is it that schoolboys and townfolk in the cactus belt of torrid Texas are playing the game on artificial ice, and that publicizers of the soothing warmth of California's sunshine rave in the next breath about the feat of the University of Southern California, located at Los Angeles, in winning 35 consecutive games, many of them played in indoor artificial rinks at times when bathing beauties were sunning themselves on nearby sands.

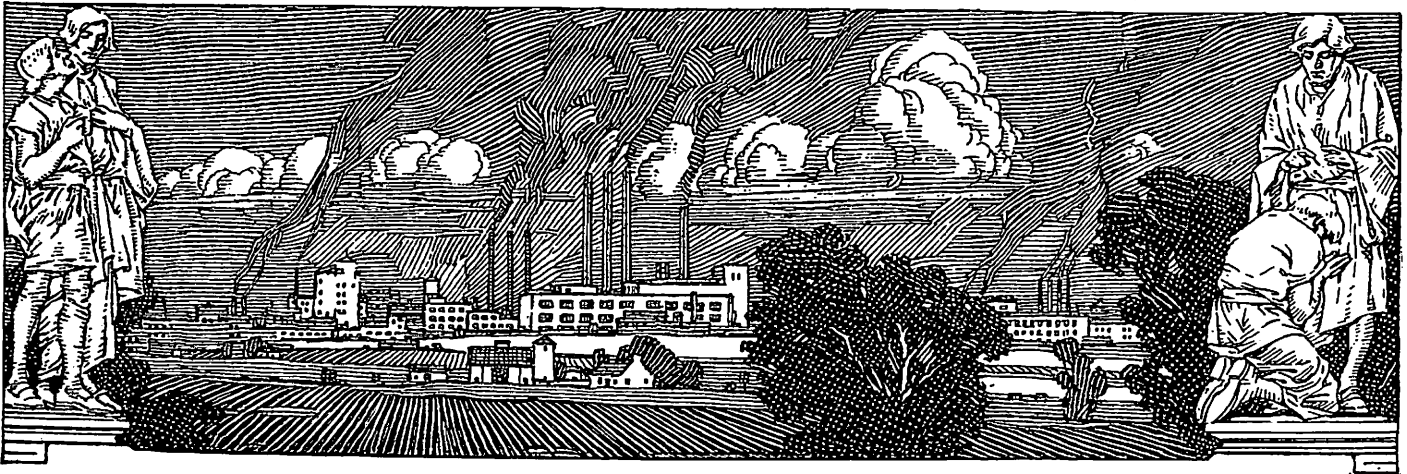
Stories about the origin of the game are both numerous and unauthentic. Some say it was the White Man's adaptation on ice of the Indian game of lacrosse. Others say it was invented by students at McGill University in Montreal. And there are others who declare that it was a development of an old

Canadian pastime in which boys on skates used to tease hungry timber wolves by tempting them with pieces of raw meat which they dragged over the ice on the ends of ropes. The wolves, often wild with hunger, would come out of the woods and race after the meat on the ice. But the wolves were at a disadvantage because of their insecure footing and in the end the boys always frightened them away by the simple expedient of firing off a shotgun.

At any rate, hockey got its start on the lakes and streams of Canada in the early eighties, undoubtedly as the natural outgrowth of man's desire for a game on ice.

The game grew rapidly in Canada and by as early as 1908—the year in which amateur and professional hockey became definitely divided—some of the most brilliant chapters in the history of hockey already had been inscribed. Already some of its Ansons and Clarksons, its Heffelfingers and Poes, had contributed never-to-be-forgotten deeds to the ice game's saga.

Already Tommy Phillips had streaked his way up and down the rinks of the Dominion to gain undisputed rank as the greatest left winger of all time. Already Russell Bowie, an amateur, had blazed his trail of glory and Frank McGee had secured athletic immortality with Ottawa's Silver Seven. Already Art Ross, Lester Patrick and Hod Stuart had earned places among the greatest defense (Continued on page 44)



EDITORIAL

GOOD RESOLUTIONS

ANY day, in any month, is a good one upon which to make a resolve that should be made; the earlier the day and the earlier the month the better. But New Year's Day is so distinctive a calendar date from which to make calculations of time that it has been quite generally accepted as a starting point for new enterprises and as a day upon which new resolutions for personal conduct are adopted.

So many of our members will begin the New Year by making such good resolutions that this word of approval and encouragement would seem to be timely and justified, even if it be a paraphrastic repetition of like comments in the past.

The fellow who specifically determines to abandon a harmful habit, to give up a hurtful indulgence, or to correct a fault, and who sincerely intends to maintain a new course of conduct that will be improving for himself and helpful to others, deserves a pat on the back. He should not be made the butt of wisecracks of questionable wit and in unquestionably bad taste. The mere fact that the good resolution is made is of itself evidence that encouragement is needed; and that every suggestion of weakness and prediction of failure should be avoided.

There is a definite value that flows from the resolve itself. It indicates a mental attitude that is commendable and marks a step forward on the right road. The ultimate success or failure of the purpose relates only to the extent to which that value is enlarged.

A wit who was once reminded that the road to hell is paved with good intentions, wisely replied that he would rather contribute such paving material than never to do any road work at all.

So here is a fraternal clasp of the hand to every brother who makes a good resolution on New Year's Day. He is a good Elk for doing so. The longer he keeps it, the better Elk he will become.

THE ARMISTICE DAY PROGRAM

THE thousands of Elks, and the millions of non-members, who listened in upon the broadcast of the program incident to the initiation of the N. R. A. Class on Armistice Day, must have been impressed with its excellence, as well as its patriotic and fraternal significance.

The musical numbers, by the University Singers and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, were appropriate and beautifully rendered. The address of the Grand Exalted Ruler was characteristically thoughtful and eloquent. Postmaster General Farley was most happy in his expressions, giving further evidence of his loyalty and enthusiasm as an Elk. And the fine rendition of the Eleven O'clock Toast by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning was a fitting conclusion of the fraternal program.

Quite naturally the outstanding feature of the occasion was the message from the President of the United States, read by the Postmaster General at his request. Elks everywhere felt a thrill of fraternal pride in his special greeting to his own Lodge, Poughkeepsie, New York, and in his congratulation of his son James upon his initiation as a member of Cambridge, Mass., Lodge. It was quite like having the President pay a fraternal visit to each Lodge.

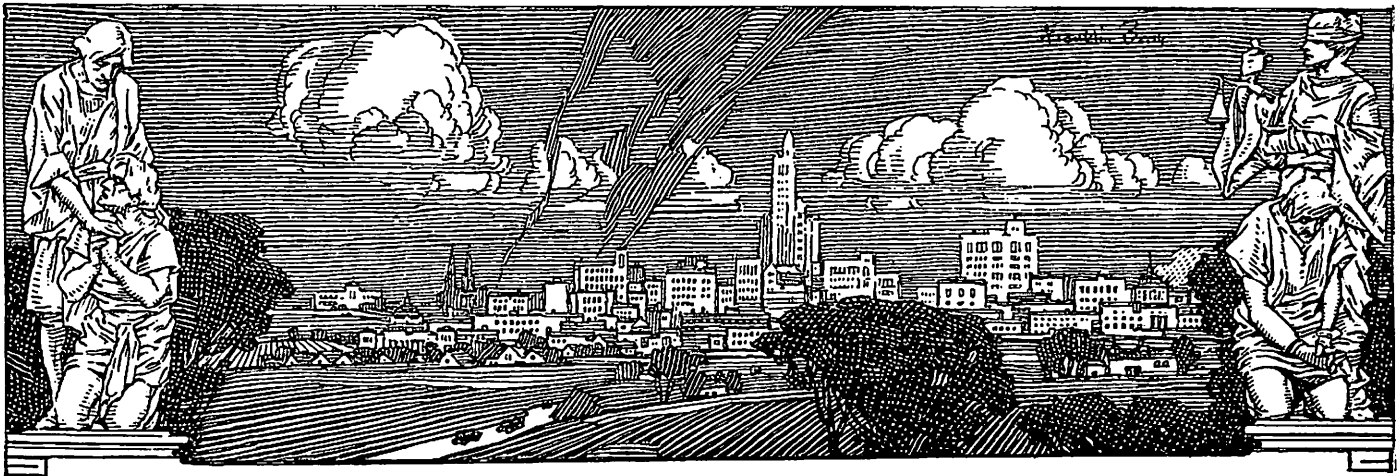
The fact that approximately ten thousand members were added to the rolls in the N. R. A. Class bespeaks the success of that particular feature of the occasion. But no mere figures can measure the value of the broadcast to the Order. Its influence will long continue and will undoubtedly reflect itself in the result of the Sixty-fifth Anniversary Class to be initiated in February.

The membership generally will carry in grateful appreciation the service of the participants and the generous courtesy of the Columbia Broadcasting Company whose facilities were made available for the nationwide broadcast.

THE HUMBLE TASKS

HELEN KELLER is one of the most unique personalities of all history. Blind, deaf and mute, as a child, she has achieved a high place among the accomplished women of her time, despite her seemingly insurmountable handicaps. The story of her training and development is a true wonder-tale. Naturally her philosophy of life is of more than ordinary interest and inspirational value.

On one occasion she indicated that philosophy in these words: "I long to accomplish great and noble tasks; but it is my chief duty and joy to accomplish humble tasks as though they were great and noble." Leaving out of account her modestly implied disclaimer of achievement, the real lesson embodied in the quotation is obvious.



Perhaps most of us have felt the same longing to do great things and to do them gloriously. But too few have recognized the chief duty of performing the less theoretic tasks as if they were great and noble. And fewer still have experienced a real joy in their performance.

Yet life is very largely made up of the humble tasks; and the spirit with which we undertake them has much to do with our own happiness and the happiness of those about us.

The opportunities for deeds which the world accounts great and glorious do not come to many. But all of us may give dignity and nobility to our less glamorous tasks by the willingness, earnestness and sincerity with which we perform them.

All of us cannot be Exalted Rulers and take the lead in fraternal affairs which may meet popular acclaim. But we can all be loyal, earnest Elks, ready to respond to the calls upon us for the more humble fraternal services. And we can, by a joyful performance of them, make a truly noble contribution to the final achievement.

The humblest tasks thus performed become clothed with importance. They cease to be humble. They acquire a true dignity and nobility, in which the greatest may feel pride and gladness.

OUR FAITH

THIS is no assumption of the rôle of prophet. It is simply a pronouncement of an abiding faith. No specific day is predicted for the fulfillment of that faith; but we feel assured it is not beyond the limit of a true patriotic patience.

We earnestly believe that these things will be witnessed by us in America, within a time that, in all the circumstances, will be reasonable:

- All willing workers gainfully employed.
- Agriculture on a properly profitable basis.
- Racketeering eliminated as a serious social menace.
- A more substantial general prosperity than ever before.
- America with an international prestige enhanced and assured.
- A higher standard of living more intelligently enjoyed than ever before.
- True fraternity as a more effective force in our national life.

All this will not just happen. It must be brought about by the industry, the intelligence, the patience, the

courage, and the patriotism of our people. Confidence in these qualities of American citizenship is the basis of our faith.

SHORTER WORK HOURS

UNDER the National Recovery Administration numerous codes have been adopted, governing the conditions under which the various classifications of business are to be conducted. In all of them a distinctive feature is the fewer number of hours per week during which labor may be employed.

The specific temporary purpose of this is to create a necessity for the immediate employment of additional labor and thus to reduce the number of the unemployed. But it is also in keeping with the trend that has been quite consistent for a number of years, toward an ever lessening schedule of work hours. And it is very likely that this policy will eventuate in a more or less permanent and generally accepted basis of employment.

No one will question the wisdom of insuring for those who work for wages a fair remuneration for their labor and a reasonable time during which they can do something else. Just what limitations should be adopted in given cases must remain a subject of debate; and with this we are not here concerned.

But, from an economic and social standpoint alike, perhaps the most important question involved in the anticipated readjustment of labor schedules is—How are the additional off-duty-hours to be spent? Whether or not the shorter work hours will prove of real benefit to labor will depend upon the answer to this question.

If the spare time, thus secured, is to be spent in hurtful dissipation or in unwise indulgence; or if it is to be passed in mere indolent idleness; then it would seem better if it had not been provided.

But if that time be spent in wholesome recreation, which revives and restores the jaded mind and body; or if it be used for the acquisition of a better education, and a wider culture; or if it be availed of for closer and more improving associations with family and friends; or if it be spent in a variant form of labor in one's own interest, without impairment of capacity to meet the demands of the daily job; then the wisdom of the adoption of the shortened labor period will have been demonstrated.

In the encouragement of labor to most effectively employ these additional hours of leisure, and in the provision of opportunities to spend them most advantageously, benevolent organizations will find a new and fruitful field of endeavor.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Panama Lodges Welcome Mayor-Elect and Mrs. La Guardia

Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542, entertained Mayor-Elect Fiorello La Guardia and Mrs. La Guardia at dinner during the course of their trip through the Panama Canal. Mr. La Guardia is a distinguished member of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, and recently won the sensational Mayoralty election held in New York City.

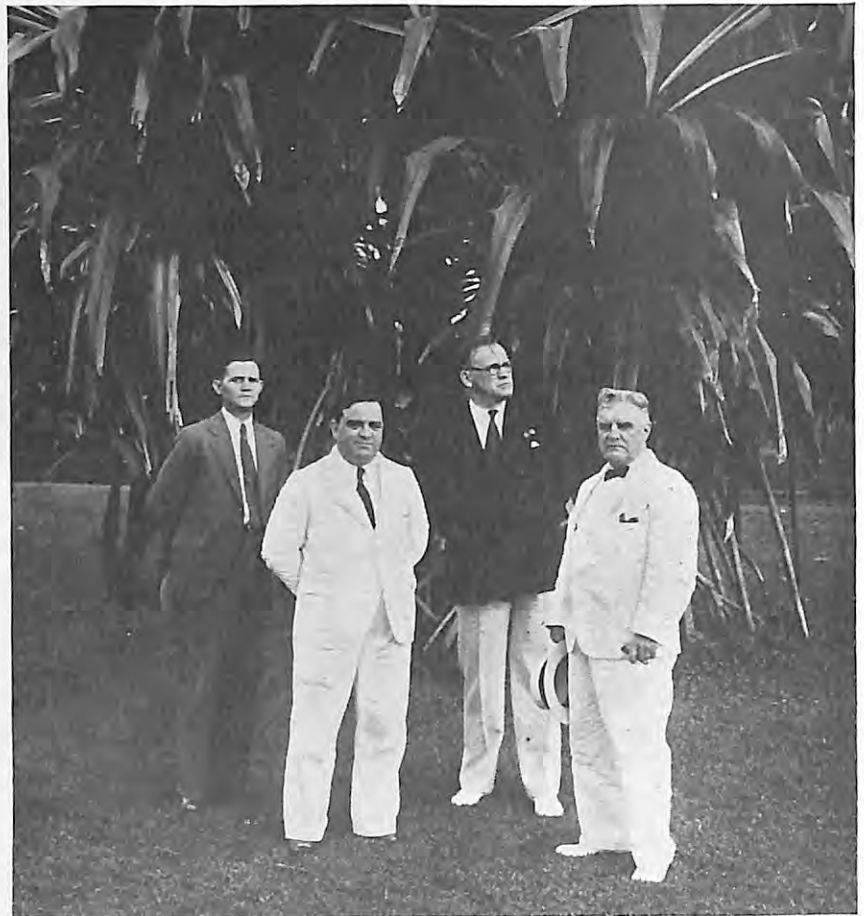
The officers and members of Cristobal Lodge were delighted to meet Mr. and Mrs. La Guardia and expressed the hope that their trip would be duplicated some time in the near future. Upon the Mayor-Elect's arrival in Panama, the Lodge extended an invitation to dinner. Mr. La Guardia's time was at a premium, so a large reception could not be held, and it was not until the day before he was scheduled to leave that acceptance was definitely received. Accordingly it was deemed best to entertain the Mayor-Elect and his wife informally.

The dinner was held at the Strangers' Club in Colon, the affair being tendered strictly members of Cristobal Lodge, those present including Mr. and Mrs. La Guardia, Exalted Ruler John W. Dwyer, Senior Past Exalted Ruler and Past District Deputy Arthur W. Goulet, Esteemed Leading Knight V. J. Clarke, Treasurer T. A. Aanstoos, W. W. Moot and C. C. Bailey, and the wives of the attending members.

After the dinner, which ended at 10:30 P.M., Exalted Ruler Dwyer took Mr. and Mrs. La Guardia for an automobile ride around the Atlantic side of the Canal Zone, returning them to their hotel in time for a good night's rest preparatory for their plane trip north the next morning. This was the only affair of its kind attended by Mayor-Elect La Guardia while in the Canal Zone, and Cristobal Lodge felt highly honored by his acceptance of the invitation.

While at Balboa, Mr. and Mrs. La Guardia were shown every possible courtesy by the members of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414. Past District Deputy Richard M. Davies, former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and Secretary of No. 1414, met them at Cristobal and joined the Mayor-Elect's body of escorts, taking the party on a sightseeing tour upon its arrival in Balboa.

Some time after the visit of Mr. and Mrs. La Guardia to Cristobal, the *S.S. Rotterdam*



Exalted Ruler W. C. Friday, Mayor La Guardia, of New York, Frank A. Tichenor, Editor of "New Outlook" and Past District Deputy R. M. Davies, also of Panama, C.Z., Lodge, snapped during the Mayor's visit to Balboa, C.Z.

arrived on a cruise, and on her passenger list of four hundred were some forty members of the Order, headed by Past Exalted Ruler Frederick E. Goldsmith of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. The Elks on the liner were extremely anxious to hold Memorial Services on December 3 on board ship, and called on the Exalted Ruler of Cristobal Lodge for assistance. They were accordingly furnished with the necessary ritualistic information, suggested programs and the loan of a banner from Cristobal Lodge to add the necessary Elk touch to the ceremony. Members from Elk Lodges all over the country were present at the services. Miss Marie Houston, daughter of a member of Cincinnati Lodge No. 5 sang and with the aid of the Captain, J. Van Dulken, and the crew, the services were admirably performed. The Lodge was delighted and impressed with the desire of the band of forty cruising Elks to hold Memorial services at sea, and was happy to make it possible for them to do so.

Exalted Ruler J. W. Dwyer

California Elks Mourn Past District Deputy Horace W. Amphlett

Elks all over the country as well as throughout his own State experienced a pang of sorrow upon hearing of the death of Horace W. Amphlett, of San Mateo, Calif., Lodge, No. 1112, who passed away in his sleep in San Francisco. Mr. Amphlett had spent the night at a hotel, leaving a call for the morning. When no response was made to the call, a bellboy investigated and found that he had passed away.

Mr. Amphlett was Secretary to Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, during Mr. Abbott's term of office. He was a Past Exalted Ruler of San Mateo Lodge and served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler in 1926-27. He maintained his interest in the activities

of the Order throughout the years, and his death is a particularly severe blow to Elks in the West.

As owner and publisher of the *San Mateo Times*, Mr. Amphlett gave splendid support at all times to the activities of the Order. He had built up a fine news organ and had increased its circulation until the *San Mateo Times* has become a powerful influence in the peninsula section of California.

Funeral services for Mr. Amphlett were held on December 2 and were attended by a large gathering, including the most prominent Elks and newspaper business leaders in that part of the country.

Maine State Elks Inaugurate Crippled Children Movement

A movement which will mean a home for the crippled children of the State of Maine was inaugurated at a special meeting of the State Activity Committee of the Association held recently at Waterville. At the annual meeting of the State Association next summer, rules and regulations will be drawn up and the Committee incorporated.

William P. Toulouse, President of the Maine State Elks Association, presented the suggestion of the Home to the Committee, and it was voted to take the necessary steps to assist the crippled children of the State and eventually to provide them with a home.

A decision was reached at the meeting to raise a fund by voluntary subscription from the Elks of Maine and others interested in aiding the unfortunate children, the fund to be known as the Maine Elks Association Fund for Crippled Children, and the income from the fund to be devoted to the treatment of crippled children in Maine under the supervision of the State Elks Association.

The principal to be accumulated will be for the creation and maintenance of a home in Maine for crippled children, the home to

be named the Maine Elks Home for Crippled Children.

Present at the meeting inaugurating the crippled children work were: State President William P. Toulouse; Vice-Presidents Albert C. Jones and Arthur C. Labbe; Secretary-Treasurer Edward R. Twomey; Exalted Ruler Paul F. Fitzpatrick and Past Exalted Ruler Simon Glazer of Gardiner Lodge, No. 1293; and Exalted Ruler A. A. Matthieu and Past Exalted Ruler Gordon Gallert of Waterville Lodge, No. 905.

Edward R. Twomey, State Secretary-Treasurer

New Antler Lodge Instituted in Burbank, California

Over three hundred people recently witnessed the installation of the first officers of the Antler Lodge of Burbank, Calif., instituted that evening at the Lodge Home of the brother organization, Burbank Lodge, No. 1497. The officers were installed, after initiation ceremonies, by the Antlers of Alhambra, Calif., with Past Exalted Antler John Disbrow acting as installing officer.

Representatives from the following Antler Lodges were present: Long Beach, Pasadena, Los Angeles, Glendale, Inglewood and San Fernando. Past President Horace H. Quinby, of the California State Elks Association, was the guest of honor. He made a short address on the principles of the Order of Antlers. Mr. Quinby was presented with a beautiful stand made and given to him by Henry Luttge. Exalted Ruler Edward E. Radcliff of Burbank Lodge was master of ceremonies, and introduced Judge Clifford Thompson who in turn introduced Judge Bert Wix of Glendale, who spoke on Americanism.

The newly installed Exalted Antler, Harry A. Colvin, and Leading Antler Fred Hawke were presented with gavels for their respective stations by Mr. Luttge. Herbert K. Smith, Antler Advisor, and Director of the fifty-three piece band of Inglewood Lodge, Max Haub, Antler Advisor of Alhambra Lodge, and Barney Fikes, Antler Advisor of Burbank Lodge, all spoke a few words.

The institution of the Lodge of Antlers, the twentieth in the State of California, was a big event in the fraternal life of the City. The fifteen young men, charter members, who were initiated, were: Harry A. Colvin, Fred Hawke, Victor Schreiner, Joe Stephenson, Marvin Dahl, Albert Maitral, Tommy Bane, Charles Stolper, Robert Eaton, Cecil Swartz, Wilcken Byram, Robert Dillman, Maurice Mallory, James Johnson, and Harold Clapper.

Henry A. Colvin, Exalted Antler

American Legion Appreciates Milwaukee Lodge Celebration

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, has set aside one day annually for a Public Ceremonial and a Reception devoted to the American Legion and the World War Veterans of Milwaukee and the State at large. Recently more than two thousand of these soldiers assembled at the Milwaukee Lodge Home at this annual reception. Their appreciation is expressed in the following letter:

"On behalf of the forty-two hundred American Legionnaires in Milwaukee County, I wish to express their sincere appreciation of the delightful Memorial Celebration which we attended as your guests on Monday evening, November 13th.

"We believe this annual event to be unique in fraternal circles because it furnishes not only great inspiration and worthwhile fun but also brings our two great organizations into a common understanding of our ideals and purposes that would be possible in no other way. We Legionnaires consider this event the finest of the many activities in which we participate each year and trust that we will ever be able to strengthen our existing friendship.

"With sincerest wishes for the greatest possible success of your organization, especially in your efforts to bring about a better understanding of American ideals, we are

Cordially yours,
The Milwaukee County Council
The American Legion

By Frank L. Greenya,
Chairman"

P. J. Kelly, Secretary

Information Sought Concerning Clarence W. Dittmer

Information has been requested by the Secretary of Hastings, Neb., Lodge, No. 159, concerning the whereabouts of Clarence W. Dittmer, who has been missing for a year and a half. He is six feet tall, weighs 225 pounds, and is of fair complexion. He is a member of Hollister, Calif., Lodge, No. 1436. Anyone having information concerning Mr. Dittmer is requested to immediately notify his father, Henry Dittmer, of Minden, Nebraska, by wire, collect.

George V. Helmann, Secretary

Secretary Howard D. Ferris, of Portland, Me., Lodge, Dies

The members of Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188, are stricken with sorrow over the recent death of Howard D. Ferris, their secretary. Mr. Ferris had been a member of the Order for twenty-four years, having affiliated with the Portland Elks in 1909. He was appointed steward when the Home on Free Street was opened and served continuously until about two years ago, when he became Manager of the Home and dining room. He

also became Secretary of Portland Lodge in 1919 and served for over ten years, resigning in 1929 on account of ill health. He again became Secretary of the Lodge a few months ago.

One of the most popular members of the Lodge, Mr. Ferris was widely known throughout the State, and also among members of the Order from coast to coast. In his capacity as Secretary, as Steward and later as Manager, he extended greetings to hundreds of visiting Elks and their families who made it a point to call at the Lodge Home when in that section of the State.

The funeral services were held in the Lodge Home on Free Street in Portland. The Rev. Morris H. Turk officiated.

Norfolk and Western Magazine Lauds Elks National Home

In the November, 1933, issue of the *Norfolk and Western Magazine*, a publication for the thirty thousand active and retired employees of the Norfolk and Western Railway Company, there appears an interesting article about the Elks' National Home at Bedford, Va., written by A. Cheff. It is a splendid article, doing full justice to this materialization of an ideal—the Elks' National Home.

The article takes up more than four pages of space. It is fully illustrated with photographs of the exterior and interior of the Home. There are twelve photographs, one full page being devoted to a ten-picture photomontage. It is gratifying to know of this outside interest in Elksdom.

PLANS FOR 1934 GRAND LODGE CONVENTION BEING FORMED

During the recent visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier to Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, in company with Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, a conference was held relative to the steps which had been taken in preparation for the National Convention, which will take place in Kansas City, July 15-19, 1934.

A sincere spirit of enthusiasm emanates from Kansas City Lodge, as host of the next Convention. The members are all uniting to make it one of the best that has ever been held. Before the time of the Convention, which also marks the Fiftieth Anniversary of No. 26, one thousand new members will have been enrolled in the Lodge. A large class was admitted in November, and each month is to see the induction of another similar one.

W. H. H. Piatt, former President of the Kansas City Bar Association, has been chosen as the Chairman of the Executive and Advisory Convention Committee. He has already started active work in the formulation of preliminary plans. Mrs. W. F. Dwyer, President of the Ladies' Auxiliary, has been named Chairman of the Women's Division of the same Committee.

The preparation of an entertainment program at this early date is difficult, but the following program has been tentatively arrived at:

Saturday, July 14th
8:00 P. M.—Dinner to National Officials

Sunday, July 15th
6:30 P. M.—Dinner to the Grand Exalted Ruler

Monday, July 16th
3:00 P. M.—Tickets to all visitors giving admission to Riverside Racing Park

8:00 P. M.—Public ceremony—Convention Hall

Tuesday, July 17th
10:00 A. M.—Fashion Show for women visitors

1:00 P. M.—A two-hour sightseeing trip over the city for all visitors

8:00 P. M.—Dance in Convention Hall with entertainment

Wednesday, July 18th
10:00 A. M.—Visit to William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art and luncheon for women at the Art Gallery

3:00 P. M.—Free tickets to Fairyland or Winnwood Park

8:00 P. M.—"A Night in Venice"—a musical extravaganza and entertainment in Convention Hall

Thursday, July 19th
2:00 P. M.—Parade

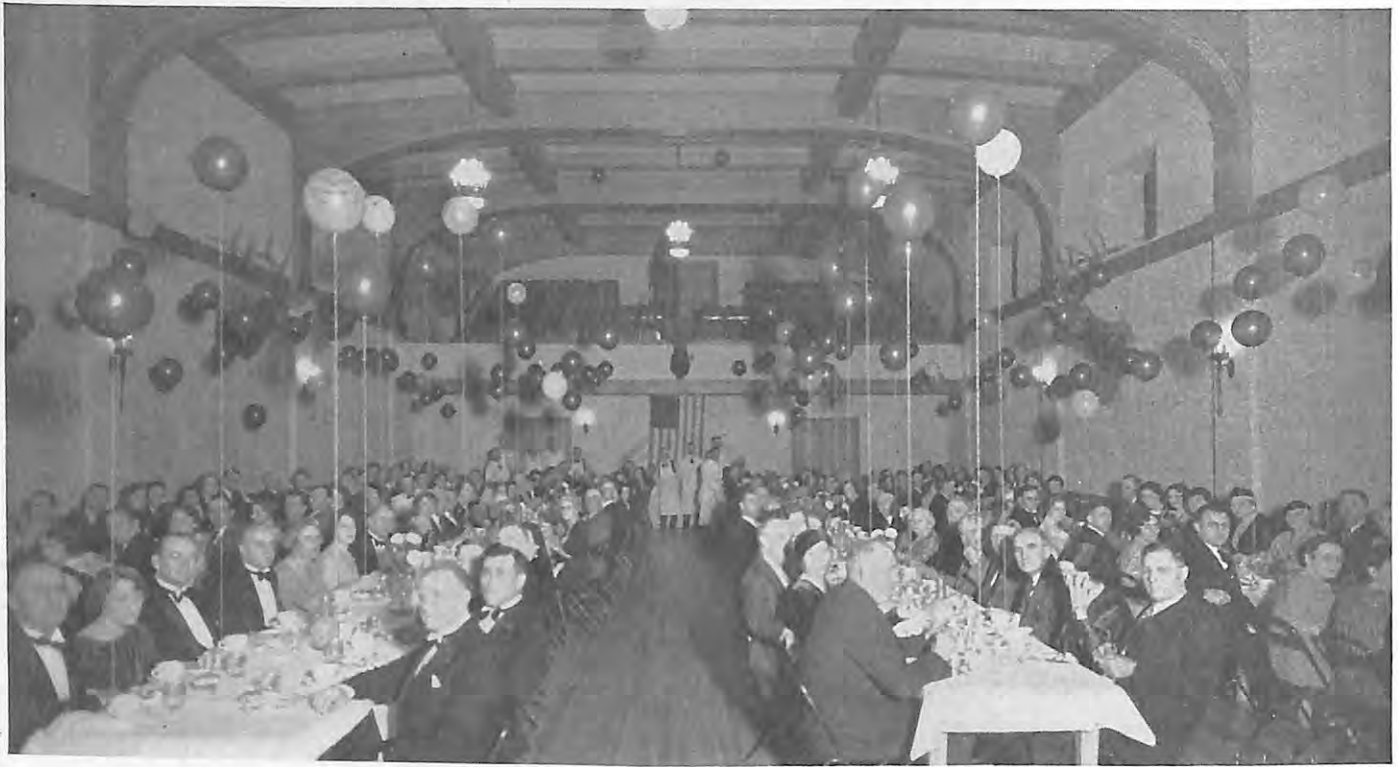
8:00 P. M.—Military Extravaganza Night in Convention Hall, including drum and bugle corps contests, drill team contests, etc.

Plans are now in formation for the naming of Committees on Parade, Information, Health and Sanitation, Distinguished Guests, Automobiles, Registration, Women, Publicity, Police and Public Safety, Bands, Trap Shooting, Golf and Gymnastic Groups.

Hugo Roos, Convention Correspondent

Western Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Western Lodges



JORUD PHOTO SHOP

Above is photographed the large crowd attending the gala dedication ceremonies of Helena, Mont., Lodge's new Home. The dinner in the spacious Lodge Room was attended by Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier

District Deputy Hebenstreit Visits Long Beach Lodge

Accompanied by twenty members of the drill team of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415, and by officers of several neighboring Lodges, District Deputy C. P. Hebenstreit paid his official visit to Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888. A dinner at the Lafayette Hotel preceded the Lodge session.

The District Deputy delivered a straightforward address that was the most invigorating talk Long Beach members had heard in recent years. Mr. Hebenstreit stressed the importance of the duties of the Lapsation Committee and complimented Long Beach Lodge on attaining second place among the California Lodges in regard to charity disbursements for the year.

On Thanksgiving Day the Drum and Bugle Corps of the Lodge staged a Dinner Dance at the Houghton Park Club House. The Drum and Bugle Corps is now engaged in planning ways and means of defraying the cost of attending the National Convention at Kansas City, Mo., next July.

At the time of writing, Long Beach Lodge's newly constructed building, earthquake-proof throughout, was almost completed. It was planned to hold a public reception at the opening of the Home with all Southern California invited.

Larry Zeman, Chaplain

Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge Locates Elk's Missing Brother

THE ELKS MAGAZINE article on Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier's trip through Alaska, in the October, 1933, issue, suggested to I. C. McCloskey, of Clearfield, Pa., the idea of writing to Alaska Elk Lodges for information concerning his brother, Edgar L. McCloskey, Jr., who disappeared twenty years ago while visiting friends in Detroit,

Mich. Shortly afterward, headlines in the Clearfield, Pa., *Progress* announced that Mr. McCloskey, missing twenty years, had been found by mere chance, in Alaska.

The missing man's brother had written to C. Martin Carlson, Secretary of Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1429, requesting information and enclosing a picture of his brother. Mr. Carlson's answering letter stated that the missing man was in the City of Ketchikan, was well known to him and would soon communicate with his family.

Edgar L. McCloskey, Jr., terminating his visit to friends in Detroit a year before the World War began in Europe, acquired a severe case of wanderlust and ended up in Ketchikan, where he became a fisherman and fur trader. At one time, years after he had arrived in Alaska, Mr. McCloskey started out to visit his home across the continent, but Seattle was as far as he managed to go before the urge to return North overcame him. A search instigated by his brother, who was at that time the county sheriff in his home State, involved the aid of the United States Secret Service to no avail. The only trace the McCloskey family ever succeeded in finding was his war record, which showed that he had been in the army from February, 1914, until December, 1920, and had seen service overseas, in Siberia, and in the Philippines. This information was received in 1923.

In 1921 he had been declared to be dead by a formal court order, but the records of the War Department rekindled hope in his family, and the search was continued. Every possible source of information was exhausted until Mr. I. C. McCloskey conceived the idea of trying the Elk Lodges in Alaska through reading of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Alaskan Lodge visits.

*C. Martin Carlson, Secretary,
Ketchikan Lodge*

San Pedro, Calif., Lodge Initiates Candidates

San Pedro, Calif., Lodge, No. 966, recently initiated a large class of candidates at a meeting at which Past District Deputy Frank R. Cryderman delivered a most appropriate address. Other members, who had become Elks in the earlier period of the Lodge's existence, contributed many entertaining and instructive reminiscences. After refreshments had been served in the banquet room, the members of the new class returned to the Lodge room and elected a President and Secretary of the Class, each member pledging himself to bring into the Lodge another new member before the end of 1933.

Robert R. Snodgrass, Secretary

Las Vegas, N. M., Lodge Initiates Class of Nineteen Candidates

The membership of Las Vegas, N. M., Lodge, No. 408, was increased recently by the addition of a class of nineteen new candidates. The initiation was held after the regular meeting. The acquisition of the new members will help Las Vegas Lodge to pull itself out of the state of financial depression it has endured in the recent past. In the meantime, several transfers and reinstatements were pending, thus insuring an even larger enrollment. At the time of writing, activities planned by the Lodge included an active part in charity work in the City, and a teachers' dance.

Marysville, Calif., Lodge Entertains State Judges at Dinner

At one of the regular monthly dinners given by Marysville, Calif., Lodge, No. 783, the members were treated to the unusual spectacle of the Judges of the California

Supreme Court, of the Sacramento District Court of Appeals, of several neighboring Supreme Courts from surrounding counties, and of members of the Bar from many places in northern California, gathered about one board. More than three hundred members of Marysville Lodge attended.

Supreme Court Judges who attended the Marysville dinner were: William H. Waste, Emmett Seawell, Grand President of the Native Sons of the Golden West; Ira F. Thompson, John W. Shenk, Jesse W. Curtis, Homer R. Spence, William H. Langdon and John W. Preston. Representing the State Appellate Court were Judges John F. Pullen, J. A. Plummer and Ralph Thompson. B. Grant Taylor, Clerk of the High Court, was also present.

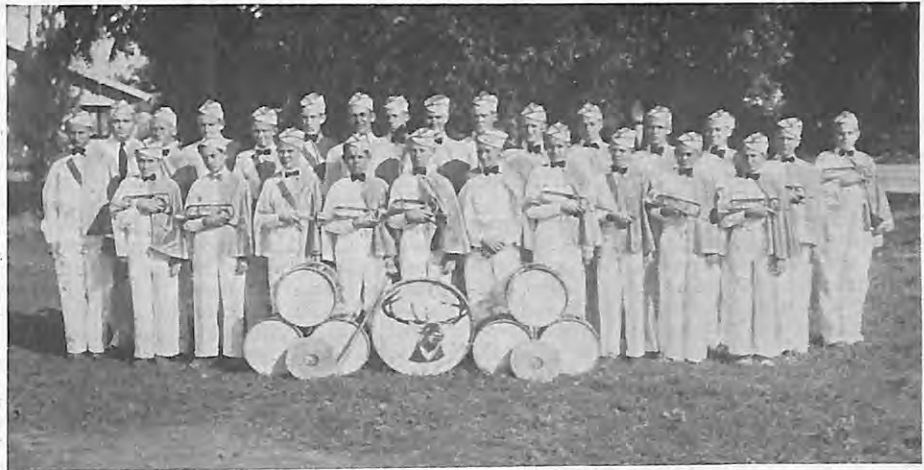
Superior Court Judges were Ernest Weyand, Peter J. Shields, Malcolm C. Glenn, Dal Lemmon, Harry Dierup, Raglan Tuttle, J. O. Moncur, Arthur Coats and Warren Steel. Governors of the California Bar were Jesse Carter, Richard Belcher, J. W. S. Butler and A. G. Bailey. Judge C. E. McLaughlin came from Sacramento, representing the retired jurists of the Appellate Court. Of the jurists attending the dinner as guests of Marysville Lodge, only a small percentage were not Elks.

Peter J. Delay, Correspondent

District Deputy and Aspen, Colo., Elks Visit Leadville Lodge

District Deputy Henry B. Zanella, of Colorado West, paid his official visit to Leadville Lodge, No. 236, accompanied by a number of members from Ouray, Colo., Lodge, No. 492. On the same evening Leadville, Colo., Lodge was treated to a surprise visit from a large delegation of members of Aspen, Colo., Lodge, No. 224, who desired to renew old acquaintances and to acquire new, and to hear the instructive and constructive message ably delivered by District Deputy Zanella.

After an initiatory ceremony and the District Deputy's message, plans were made for



SORENSON'S PHOTOS

The Oroville, Calif., Boy Scout Drum and Bugle Corps, winner of several contests. Sponsorship of the Corps is an activity of Oroville, Calif. Lodge. The Drum and Bugle Corps is one of Oroville Lodge's favorite projects

more of the inter-Lodge visits throughout the District. The Lodge meeting was followed by an old time German repast and a social session much enjoyed by all. The members responded with speeches, stories, jokes and poems. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was impressively rendered by District Deputy Zanella.

Henry Walsh, Exalted Ruler

Moscow, Idaho, Lodge Proud of Fine Bowling Alleys

In 1916 Moscow, Idaho, Lodge, No. 249, purchased a pair of bowling alleys for \$1,500 and installed them in the basement of the Lodge Home. When the building was remodeled in 1927, a pair of excellent new tournament alleys, costing around four thousand dollars, was installed alongside of the old pair. The alleys all have automatic pin-

setters and are situated in a well-lighted, ventilated room, 101 feet deep and over fifty feet wide. They are equipped with twenty-two regulation mineralite bowling balls and half a dozen lighter ones for women.

Four teams, the American Legion, the Firemen, the Nighthawks and the Elks (all are members of Moscow Lodge) bowl league games on Tuesday and Wednesday nights, while Thursday afternoons and evenings are reserved for lady bowlers. Teams from Moscow Lodge have appeared in the International Bowling Congress, held in various cities of the West each year, and great interest is shown in the sport by most of the members.

Dr. E. T. Baker

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Holds Charity High Jinks

Old Clothes Charity High Jinks Night, held recently by Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, was pronounced a great success by all who attended. There was no Lodge meeting on the evening of the event. Admission was by presentation of a paid-up membership card and a contribution of either men's or women's wearing apparel, or a basket of foodstuffs. Excitement and variety were provided on this evening by the intrusion into the Lodge Home of several unexplainable and unsavory individuals who spent several hours devouring everything in sight before they were detected. This incident provided the members with something to discuss other than old clothes.

Dan R. McGarry, Correspondent

Membership Increasing Rapidly in Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge

At the same time that it reinstated six members, Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266, initiated a class of eighty-five candidates into the Order. Another initiation of at least one hundred and fifty is scheduled for January 20, at which time the officers of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, will exemplify the ritualistic work. Bakersfield Lodge is looking forward, on this night, to one of the finest meetings and most enjoyable social sessions in its history. It is expected that San Francisco Lodge will be represented by not only a large delegation of members, but by its Glee Club and Drill team.

Howard W. Haskett, Secretary

Visalia and Tulare, Calif., Lodges Hold Joint Service

Early in December, Visalia Lodge, No. 1298, and Tulare Lodge, No. 1424, held their



Members and prospective members attending the Columbus Day dinner at the Inglewood, Calif., Lodge Home. The Lodge was host to the members

annual joint memorial services for their departed members. The speaker of the evening was Past District Deputy the Hon. James E. McCormick of Modesto Lodge, No. 1282, one of California's finest orators. The musical features of the exceptionally fine program offered by the Lodge included several appropriate numbers by Visalia Lodge's twenty-six piece symphony orchestra, under the direction of Clyde E. Keener.

Several days later Visalia Lodge's officers performed the ritualistic work of initiation for a class of candidates in their usual efficient manner. Preceding the initiation ceremonies a turkey banquet was spread. J. Thomas Crowe, President of the California State Elks Association, was present as the guest of honor.

James T. Boyer, Secretary, Visalia Lodge

Hanford, Calif., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-Second Anniversary

Hanford, Calif., Lodge, No. 1259, observed its twenty-second anniversary with a big turkey dinner. The event is an annual one. Covers were laid for two hundred, and a second table was required to accommodate all. On this, as on other occasions of the sort, the charter members of the Lodge were guests of honor. Of the fifteen original members nine were present with ten Past Exalted Rulers also among the distinguished guests.

A Lodge session followed at which the following were introduced: J. Thomas Crowe of Tulare Lodge, No. 1424, President of the California State Elks Association; Past State Trustee George C. Cobb, and Past District Deputy E. C. Niete, both of Visalia Lodge, No. 1298, and the officers and charter members of Hanford Lodge. Several interesting addresses were delivered at the meeting, including one by State President Crowe.

Harry Kimball, Secretary

Tacoma, Wash., Lodge Conducts Christmas Drive by Radio

Early in November Tacoma, Wash., Lodge,

No. 174, started its drive for funds, pledged to purchase clothing, food and toys at Christmastime for unfortunate children in the community, with regular Friday night broadcasts over Station KVI by "The Stocking Fillers," the Lodge's happy broadcasting group. During this period it was hoped and expected that several thousand dollars would be raised.

"The Stocking Fillers" is the only organization of its kind among the 1400 Elk Lodges using this method of appeal for funds for charitable work. During the last eight years Tacoma has come to recognize this splendid radio attraction as a valuable adjunct to the charitable organizations of the City, and has supported it with the utmost generosity.

An intensive drive was made to rout the dollars from the pockets of Tacoma citizens and spend them in the interests of the needy and unfortunate. Splendid talent was obtained, and the first broadcast featured Miss Viola Westerman, nationally known concert violinist.

Favorable discussion of this plan of Tacoma Lodge occupied considerable time on the floor of the Grand Lodge Convention at Milwaukee last July.

The names of the leading "Stocking Fillers" are as follows: Harold D. Hayward, Chairman; District Deputy Bertil E. Johnson, Past District Deputy Emmett T. Anderson, Exalted Ruler H. R. Laird, C. Val Fawcett, City Finance Commissioner; Leo Doyle; Hilton B. Gardner, and William Conner.

A Fathers and Sons party held a short time ago at Tacoma Lodge attracted more than six hundred Elks and their sons to the Lodge Home. Both fathers and sons participated in the program that ran throughout the evening and which included musical selections, comedy skits, dancing and novelty stunts. The athletic events of the program included a wrestling match, a boxing tilt, fencing and a tumbling act. After the program was completed, the boys and their fathers were served milk, sandwiches and ice cream in the Lodge Room. At the end of

the evening everyone went home delighted with this entertainment provided by Tacoma Lodge.

T. C. Mallory, Secretary

Past State President Eustace, of Idaho, Honored by his Lodge

Tribute was paid recently by his fellow-members and townsmen to M. H. Eustace, Past President of the Idaho State Elks Association, at a banquet held in his honor in the Home of Caldwell, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1448. Mr. Eustace has been appointed Special Assistant to the Attorney General of the Tax Department at Washington, D. C. The affair was attended by more than fifty Elks, including the present officers and many Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, and was a complete surprise to Mr. Eustace, himself a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1448. He served as District Deputy for Idaho South in 1930-31. Shortly after the institution of Caldwell Lodge in 1922, Mr. Eustace was appointed Secretary of the Elks Home Board, and his fine service while on the Board was praised in all of the speeches made during the course of the evening. Past Exalted Ruler A. C. Garber, on behalf of the Lodge, presented the Past President with a handsome brief case.

The recent appointment of Mr. Eustace to an important federal position makes the second member of Caldwell Lodge to be honored at Washington. T. A. Walters was the first Caldwell Elk to receive recognition under President Roosevelt's administration. He was appointed First Assistant to the Secretary of the Interior, assuming his duties on May 1, 1933.

Fred La Follette, Correspondent

Pasadena, Calif., Lodge Has Busy Month

In Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672, no month in recent years has been as full of Lodge activities as was November last. Among the events held at the Home was the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy C. P. Hebenstreit, bringing out one of the largest crowds of the year to greet him. The second class of candidates of the month was initiated into the Order that night in the District Deputy's honor. Another event which furnished an evening of pleasure and entertainment was "Family Night," to which members were invited to bring their entire families to the Lodge Home. The price of admission was canned food and clothing, and hundreds of items of useful merchandise were donated to be distributed to the needy at Thanksgiving time.

Afternoon and evening card parties helped round out the social program of the month, and the Thanksgiving Dance, with all its holiday atmosphere, more than served to keep up the interest of the members in their Lodge.

Russell A. Stapleton, Past Exalted Ruler

District Deputy Brouillard Visits Oroville, California, Lodge

District Deputy Everett H. Brouillard, of Susanville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1487, was the guest of honor not long ago at a "Duck Dinner" and initiation ceremony at a regular meeting of Oroville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1484. As Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, F. H. O'Brien was in charge of the dinner. Mr. O'Brien and his Committee, consisting of Past Exalted Ruler E. A. Steadman, Mulford Fox and U. M. Damon, went hunting for the ducks to be served at the dinner. All they needed—such good shots are they—was one day to bring down the required number of ducks.

O. A. Qualls, Correspondent



Members of Moscow, Idaho, Lodge, bowling on the fine new alleys that have recently been installed in the Lodge Home



Miss Margaret Matheson

Contributions to *Elks National Foundation* Held Tax Exempt



Percy Harold Willette

THE Commissioner of Internal Revenue, under date of October 11, 1933, ruled that the Elks National Foundation is an organization operated exclusively for charitable or educational purposes, and that gifts to the Foundation are allowable deductions for income tax purposes. The following is quoted from the Commissioner's letter:

"Reference is made to the evidence submitted by you for use in determining your status for the purpose of Federal income taxation and whether contributions made to you are allowable deductions in the income tax returns of individual donors.

"It is held that you are entitled to exemption under the provisions of Section 103(6) of the Revenue Acts of 1932 and 1928. You are not, therefore, required to file returns for 1932 and prior years and future returns will not be required so long as there is no change in your organization, your purposes, or your method of doing business.

"Since it is held that you are entitled to exemption under paragraph (6) of Section 103 of the Revenue Acts of 1932 and 1928, it follows that contributions made to your organization by individual

donors are deductible by such individuals in arriving at their taxable net income in the manner and to the extent provided by Section 23(n) of the Revenue Acts of 1932 and 1928."

Elks Foundation Scholarship Goes to Student at Colby College

The Maine State Elks Association recently selected Percy Harold Willette, of Waterville, Me., for the three-hundred-dollar scholarship allocated to the State Association by the Elks National Foundation.

Young Mr. Willette graduated from the Waterville High School last June with an excellent scholarship record. He is now a student at Colby College. The award of the scholarship to Mr. Willette was received with pleasure by the citizens of Waterville, as they felt he richly deserved it. During his Junior year at the Waterville High School, while experimenting in the chemical laboratory, Mr. Willette suffered the loss of his left hand and received severe injuries to his left leg. Consequently, he has been seriously handicapped in earning money to put himself through college and to achieve his ambition to become a lawyer.

Miss Matheson, of McGill, Nev., Wins Foundation Scholarship

Miss Margaret Matheson, of McGill, Nevada, a sophomore at the Utah State Agricultural College, has the distinction of being the first young lady to receive an Elks National Foundation Scholarship. The 1933-34 Scholarship of \$300, allocated to the Nevada State Elks Association by the Foundation, under the Chairmanship of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, was awarded to Miss Matheson as a young lady of superior ability and high character, in accordance with the recommendation of the State Association.

Miss Matheson graduated from the White Pine High School, of Ely, Nevada, in 1932, and was valedictorian of her class. During her high school career she was prominent in dramatics and athletics, and on the school publications. Since entering the State Agricultural College she has continued in both dramatic and athletic activities. Miss Matheson is majoring in English and expects to teach this subject after her graduation from college. Her selection is a popular one with the Elks of Nevada.

John Madison Gray, State Secretary

News of the State Associations

Vermont

The 1933 meeting of the Vermont State Elks Association was held in Burlington and was attended by over 100 enthusiastic Elks representing the ten Lodges of the State. An excellent dinner was served the delegates, after which the annual Convention and election of officers was held.

The meeting was presided over by Arthur E. Sherwin, retiring President of the Association. The following were elected officers for 1933-34: John J. Cocklin, Rutland Lodge, No. 345, President; Lawrence F. Edgerton, Springfield Lodge, No. 1560, First Vice-President; Arthur L. Graves, St. Johnsbury Lodge, No. 1343, Second Vice-President; James E. Burns, Montpelier Lodge, No. 924, Third Vice-President; John J. Mullen, Rutland Lodge, Secretary, and Louis F. Linsenmeir, Burlington Lodge, No. 916, Treasurer.

Among those present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William J. Lonergan, of Bennington Lodge, No. 567; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, of Montpelier Lodge, and Past State President

Charles F. Mann, of Brattleboro Lodge, No. 1499. Mr. Sherwin, the retiring State President, was given a rising vote of thanks for his work during the past year.

Several changes in the Constitution were discussed. They will be brought before the Association at its next annual meeting. This will probably be held in Rutland. Exalted Ruler John J. Mullen, on behalf of his Lodge, invited the Association to hold its next meeting in Rutland.

Edward J. Dailey, Burlington Lodge, Correspondent

Utah

The 1933 Convention of the Utah State Elks Association, which was held at Ogden, was made the occasion for the launching of the fall fraternal season, and delegations were sent by all the Elk Lodges in the State. The Convention was brief, being called merely for the election of new officers, and was held under the "Good of the Order" of a formal session of Ogden Lodge, No. 719.

There were present two hundred Elks from Ogden, Salt Lake City, Logan, Provo, Park City, Eureka (Tintic), Cedar City and

Price Lodges, when Exalted Ruler Arthur Wooley of No. 719 called the meeting to order. When the time was at hand for the initiation of Frank W. Matthews, Jr., into the Order, Mr. Wooley called upon State President Frank W. Matthews, Sr., to take charge. President Matthews then called upon a number of prominent Elks present to assist him in the ceremony of initiating his son.

The business reports were read, and Treasurer J. Edwin Stein reported with regret that all the funds of the Association were tied up in a bank failure. A motion to borrow from the Student Loan Fund to defray the Association expenses was defeated by a majority who held that the Student Loan Fund must be kept inviolate. Consequently the Elks in attendance at the meeting contributed a sufficient amount to pay the current bills.

Following the ceremonies in the Lodge room, the local and visiting Elks were guests of Ogden Lodge at a buffet supper at which barbecued lamb was served.

The following officers will serve the Utah State Elks Association during the year 1933-34: J. Alan Pike, Eureka (Tintic)

Lodge, No. 711, President; Harold V. Leonard, Price Lodge, No. 1550, First Vice-President; Dr. A. C. Johnson, Cedar City Lodge, No. 1556, Second Vice-President; Lester Taylor, Park City Lodge, No. 734, Third Vice-President; J. Edwin Stein, Provo Lodge, No. 849, elected for the sixth time, Treasurer, and B. P. Spry, Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85, elected for the fifth time, Secretary.

Selection of the time and place of the next annual meeting of the Association was left to the discretion of the President and the Executive Committee.

D. J. Greenwell, Ogden Lodge

Pennsylvania

When the Pennsylvania State Association assembled in Altoona for its twenty-seventh annual convention, presided over by President James B. Sleeman, the first business session was held in the Logan Room of the Penn-Alto Hotel. Addresses made by Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, also of Charleroi Lodge, marked the opening of the Convention.

During the first day's meeting, officers for the ensuing year were elected and committee reports were heard by the assemblage, including those of the District Vice-Presidents, the District Deputies, and the Charity, Distribution, Flag Day, Legislative, Memorial, Ritualistic, Red Cross and State Welfare Committees.

Many members and visitors assembled in the evening in the Home of Altoona Lodge, No. 102, to join in the festivities which included dancing and entertainment by the Spirit of '76 Trio.

A funfest, also at the Home of Altoona Lodge, afforded the delegates much pleasure and amusement on the afternoon of the second day of the Convention. Though the picnic, scheduled to be held at Lehrsch's Park, was canceled because of rain, the sumptuous food and musical entertainment were merely transferred to the Lodge Home, and the delegates enjoyed themselves just as well. The dancing and other entertainment provided in the Home at night also afforded the visiting delegates much pleasure.

In the Ritualistic Contest, Washington, Pa., Lodge, No. 776, was the winner for the fourth consecutive year, taking home a silver loving cup and a cash prize.

On the following day the last business meeting of the Convention was held, and the new officers of the Association installed. In the afternoon the annual street pageant and parade—colorful with floats, Elk bands, marching Lodges, mounted Guards, and the American Legion drum and bugle corps—took place. With flags flying, bands blaring, silk and velvet uniforms glittering in every possible color and design, the procession drew cheers from the thousands of spectators lining the streets four and five deep. The officers of the State Association and honored guests occupied automobiles at the head of the parade.

The Grand Ball, which was heavily attended, ended the Convention.

Officers elected to serve the Pennsylvania State Elks Association for the year 1933-34 are: Daniel J. Miller, Reading Lodge, No. 115, President; Scott E. Drum, Hazleton Lodge, No. 200, Vice-President; W. S. Gould, Scranton Lodge, No. 123, Secretary, and Henry W. Gough, Harrisburg Lodge, No. 12, Treasurer. The members of the Board of Trustees are: Lloyd W. Fahler, Mahanoy City Lodge, No. 695, Chairman; Dr. J. Roy Cherry, Williamsport Lodge, No. 173, Vice-
(Continued on page 48)



Members and guests at the dinner given Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier by Amsterdam, N. Y. Lodge

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

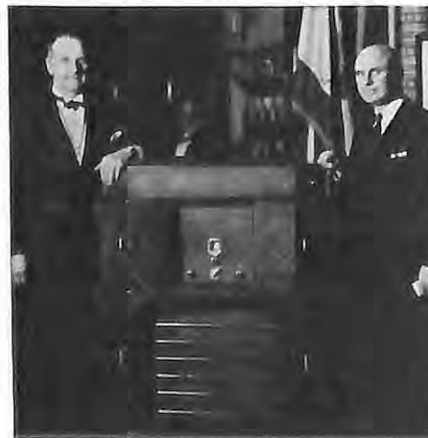
Accompanied by Joseph G. Buch, Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association and Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the Association, and Nicholas Snyder, a Past Exalted Ruler of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier, after visiting several celebrated spots in New Jersey, paid his official visit to Trenton Lodge on October 13.

He was met at the outskirts of Princeton, N. J., by a motorcycle escort and the officers of Trenton Lodge. After viewing a few more points of historical interest, Mr. Meier proceeded to Trenton, where he was escorted to the Windsor Hotel. There he was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Trenton Lodge. After dinner he was taken, with the drill team and band of the Lodge in attendance, to the Home of No. 105.

A most interesting meeting followed with the following prominent members of the Order present: Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther; State President Charles Wibiralski; Miller W. Frace, Vice-President for the Central District of New Jersey; J. Harry Todd, Vice-President for the South District; Past State Presidents Joseph G. Buch, John H. Cose, Albert E. Dearden and Francis P. Boland; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Thomas Osborne, Harry H. O'Claire and Frank L. Ten Broeck, and Past District Deputy Charles R. Tomlin. Also present were many Past Exalted Rulers, and the Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and other officers and members of the following New Jersey Lodges; Bridgeton, Burlington, Camden, Freehold, Lakewood, Lambertville, East

Orange, Kearny, Mount Holly, Millville, Penns Grove, Vineland, Trenton and Jersey City.

About two hundred and fifty members of the Order attended this meeting. As usual, the principal address was that of Mr. Meier. Following his speech, the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a set of Lennox ware, a product of Trenton, said to be the finest china produced anywhere in the world. In accepting this present from Trenton



E. H. Scott, a member of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, presents Mr. Meier with his latest model radio on behalf of himself and his fellow members

Lodge, Mr. Meier gave his assurance that it would be greatly prized by Mrs. Meier and himself, especially since he had, since July 12, spent but three full days in his home. The gift from Trenton Lodge showed full well that the members of the Order appreciate the sacrifice made by both Mr. Meier and his family.

One of the most pleasant of the Grand Exalted Ruler's official visits was that paid to Clifton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1569, on October 14. Clifton Lodge gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Meier in the new Lodge Home, with about two hundred Elks present at the festivities. State Senator John C. Barbour presided as toastmaster, introducing Mayor Crine Kievit, who welcomed Mr. Meier to Clifton. Greetings were extended by Exalted Ruler Leon C. Rodger, after which Mr. Meier was introduced.

The Grand Exalted Ruler then proceeded with the ceremony of dedicating the new Home of Clifton Lodge, choosing a number of prominent Elks to fill the stations of Grand Lodge officers. Upon completion of the ceremonies the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered his address.

Speeches were also made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, State President Wibiralski, State Vice-President Patrick J. Cunningham, Past State President William Conklin, William E. Brown, Chairman of the Building Committee, Senior Past Exalted Ruler Walter Morejohn, of Clifton Lodge, and Exalted Ruler Rodger.

Mr. Rodger presented Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, on behalf of the Lodge, with a
(Continued on page 48)

Further Details on the National Bridge Tournament

By Bede Armstrong

Card Editor

I HAD hoped that in this issue I would be able to make a complete report regarding the great Elks National Bridge Tournament. However, I find this will be impossible, for at this date, December 5th, there are 61 Lodges which have not yet filed returns—among them being Hilo, Hawaii; Balboa, Canal Zone; Juneau and Ketchikan, Alaska. It will be some little time before these far-away points can get their reports in.

In addition to this the compiling and checking of the returns is a tremendous task and will take the better part of the month of December. A complete report will be compiled for the February number. Especially in view of the fact that it was a brand-new venture, this affair went over in fine shape.

You were asked in the November issue how you would bid and play the following hand at contract, rubber bridge, with both sides vulnerable, and South being the dealer.

♠ A-Q-10-7		♠ 9-2
♥ 9-5-2		♥ J-6
♦ 10-5-2		♦ K-8-6-4-3
♣ 8-3-2		♣ J-9-5-4

♠ K J 8 5		♠ 9-2
♥ 8-4		♥ J-6
♦ Q-J-9-7		♦ K-8-6-4-3
♣ K-10-7		♣ J-9-5-4

♠ 6-4-3		♠ 9-2
♥ A-K-Q-10-7-3		♥ J-6
♦ A		♦ K-8-6-4-3
♣ A-Q-6		♣ J-9-5-4

The bidding would go as follows, using the Culbertson system:

South	West	North	East
2-H	Pass	2-S	Pass
3-H	Pass	4-H	Pass
Pass	Pass		

With the "Official" system the bidding would be:

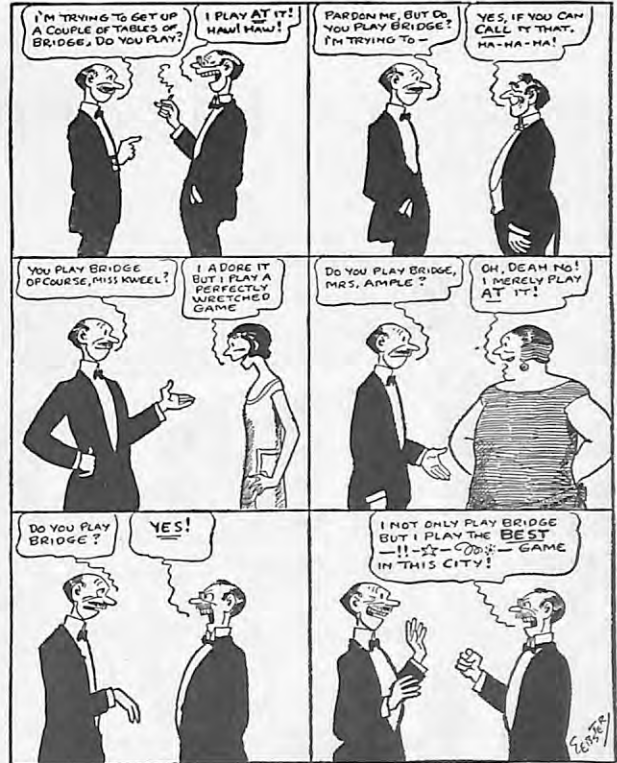
2-C	Pass	2-D	Pass
2-H	Pass	2-S	Pass
4-H	Pass	Pass	Pass

In the "One Over One" system the bidding would get to four hearts, with South opening a heart and North denying support on the first round with one no-Trump. Then, on the second round, three hearts would be shown by South and four hearts by North.

The "Official" system two-club bid is, of course, entirely artificial as far as the clubs are concerned, and also as to the diamond response. This diamond bid simply said to South that North did not hold an Ace and a King or two Aces. The forcing bid in the

Culbertson system with only four-and-a-half honor tricks is justified by the solid heart suit and by its length.

By playing the hand correctly, South is able to make a little slam. It would be (Continued on page 39)



A Prize Will Be Given to Every Elk Who Submits the Correct Solutions to the Two Problems Below:



BOTH CARTOONS REPRODUCED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, H. T. WEBSTER; THE PRESS PUBLISHING CO. AND FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., PUBLISHERS OF "WEBSTER'S BRIDGE."

Problem No. 7. What is your version of the correct bidding and play of this hand? Contract bridge, North and South vulnerable. South dealer. The solution will be published next month.

♠ A-6-3		♠ 7-4-2
♥ Q-J-10		♥ 8-7-5-4-2
♦ 10-7-6-3-2		♦ K-8
♣ 6-2		♣ Q-J-10

♠ K-Q-9		♠ J-10-8-5
♥ 9-6-3		♥ A-K
♦ 9-5-4		♦ A-Q-J
♣ A-9-8-5		♣ K-7-4-3

	N		E
W			
		S	

Problem No. 8. Spades are trumps. South has the lead. How many tricks can you take against any defense by East and West? Give your version of the correct play. The solution will be published next month.

♠ 8-5-4		♠ None
♥ None		♥ J-9
♦ K		♦ 10-5-4
♣ K-Q-5-4		♣ 10-8-6

♠ 9		♠ None
♥ K-3		♥ J-9
♦ Q-7-6-3		♦ 10-5-4
♣ 7		♣ 10-8-6

	N		E
W			
		S	

♠ J
♥ Q-4
♦ A-J-9-2
♣ 9

Send your answers to both problems to Bede Armstrong, Card Editor, THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They must reach him before the first of February, 1934.

Elkdom Outdoors

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart, Associate Field Sports Editors



Renovo, Pa., Lodge has constructed a beautiful country club on a branch of Young Womans Creek near Renovo. It is in the heart of the State's greatest fish and game territory

Members of the Order will find there an abundant provision of bear, deer, grouse and other species of small game amid unexcelled scenery. There is also excellent fishing



Montana Mallards were more than plentiful according to Dr. G. A. Dutt who, with R. R. Williams and party, killed the limit in two and one-half hours of actual shooting, taking only the difficult shots and picking big birds. Until you have shot at single teal flying down wind across a blind on a cold November morning, Doc claims, you have never been hunting



H. M. Burton of Ogdensburg, N. Y., sent in the above snapshot showing a partridge eating from the local mail carrier's hand. While the partridge was not afraid of his mail carrier friend who had fed him every day for two months, he was a little shy of Burton



Herman R. Beemer of Lafayette, Indiana, had the good luck to catch a 37½ pound musky at Horsehead Lake in Northern Wisconsin. The fish measured 52 inches in length, and had a girth of 23 inches



"Dock" standing pheasant in an Alfalfa Field—owned and trained by Parnell McCarthy of Oneida Co., New York

In a Kansas hedge where quail shooting conditions are perfect, Jack Lindburg of Pittsburgh is waiting for the birds to rise while Guy W. Von Schrilltz snaps the picture

"Nap" on pheasant—owned and trained by W. D. Legue. Snapshot sent in by Carl F. Moore of South Brownsville, Pa.

Action "Shots" of Members' Bird Dogs



"Spreckels" stops a pheasant. This well set up dog is owned by F. D. Garroin of Fresno, California



"Snowball" and "Chief" on point with "Jerry" backing. The fortunate owner of all three dogs is C. A. Roush of Hillsboro, Ohio



Will the owner of the above dog please identify himself to ELKDOM OUTDOORS. We cannot locate him



A beginner's first point. J. H. Bowman of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, owner



(Center Picture) The dog in the foreground was running down wind when he caught the scent of a prairie chicken he had passed. He froze in his tracks and pointed the bird over his shoulder. The other dog drew up and backed. Just before this "shot" the bird flushed. It can be seen in flight. The dog is owned by Paul Cooper of Lewistown, Montana



Nell pointing quail. Her owner is A. W. Goltra of Crawfordsville, Ind.



Attention quail hunters. Joe Boothe of Sweetwater, Texas, sent in the above snapshots of his English Setter, "Chief." In one picture "Chief" is pointing a single bird; the other is a covey point. ELKDOM OUTDOORS issues this challenge: Which is which? In writing your answer, simply state "picture on left," "picture on right." The answer will be published in the February issue of ELKDOM OUTDOORS



Georgia Hall, Warm Springs Foundation, built by popular subscription of Georgia's citizens and recently dedicated by President Roosevelt

President Roosevelt's Birthday Ball

ONE of the greatest social events in the history of the United States, sponsored by what is undoubtedly the most distinguished national committee ever gathered together for any humanitarian cause, is to take place on January 30th.

When Franklin D. Roosevelt was inaugurated President of the United States, he retained only one other office—the Presidency of the Warm Springs Foundation at Warm Springs, Georgia.

For many years this Foundation—a national institution for the care of sufferers from infantile paralysis—has been of the greatest interest to Mr. Roosevelt, and it has been the beneficiary of much of his personal fortune.

In order to relieve him of concern in this respect a group of distinguished American citizens have organized a national committee for the purpose of holding a Birthday Ball for the President in every city and town in the United States on the occasion of his fifty-second birthday, January 30th, 1934. The receipts from these events will constitute an endowment fund for the Warm Springs Foundation.

Mr. Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, was invited to become a member of the Na-

tional Committee and to act as Chairman of the Division of Fraternal Orders. As this issue goes to press a Committee is being organized under his direction which will have in its membership the leaders of American fraternal life, including Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier.

It is hoped that every Lodge in the Order will hold a ball or dinner on the President's birthday to help make the public's gift to its President conform to its appreciation of his sterling character and of this great work for the relief of children handicapped by infantile paralysis.

The National Committee feels that every American citizen will welcome this opportunity of honoring the President and of helping to relieve him of other cares so that he may be able to devote all of his energies to the affairs of the national government. The Elks have a special interest in this matter in that the work at Warm Springs is wholly in accord with Elkdom's activities elsewhere in caring for crippled children.

From 11:15 to 12:15 on the night of January 30th all these social events throughout the country will be brought together by a great radio program to be carried by both national chains. In addition to an unparalleled entertainment program, it is expected that

the President will acknowledge the honors paid him in an address over the combined networks.

The membership of the National Committee, insofar as it had been organized at the time of going to press, follows:

Vincent Astor	Henry L. Doherty, <i>Chairman</i>
W. W. Aterbury	Edgar Kobak
Gordon Auchincloss	Albert D. Lasker
Merlin H. Aylesworth	Governor Herbert H. Lehman
Bernard M. Baruch	John L. Lewis
Karl A. Bickel	George MacDonald
Cornelius N. Bliss	Dr. W. B. Mayo
Thomas E. Burke	William Gibbs McAdoo
Walter P. Chrysler	Jeremiah Milbank
Joseph V. Connelly	Henry Morgenthau
Kent Cooper	A. A. Myrup
J. Cheever Cowdin	Adolph S. Ochs
Governor James M. Cox	William S. Paley
Joseph E. Davies	Joseph M. Patterson
John W. Davis	George F. Peabody
Charles G. Dawes	Gen. John J. Pershing
Joseph T. Fanning	Frank L. Polk
Edward A. Filene	E. Wesley Preston
Harvey S. Firestone	John J. Raskob
Harry Harkness Flagler	Will Rogers
Raymond D. Fosdick	Dr. J. Bently Squier
John P. Frey	Grover A. Whalen
William Green	A. F. Whitney
W. Averell Harriman	Cornelius Vanderbilt
E. Roland Harriman	Whitney
Patrick Cardinal Hayes	John Hay Whitney
Will H. Hays	Matthew Woll
Edward M. House	Owen D. Young
Otto H. Kahn	
	Carl Byoir, <i>General Director</i>
	Keith Morgan, <i>Director of Organization</i>

You May Be Kidnapped Before 1940

(Continued from page 11)

Factor) grew tired of scraping upturned faces, folded his trusty razor, and started in to get rich quick. And he did. But the underworld was waiting to give him a haircut, and it did. Among his amazing exploits was this: he bought up an exhausted platinum mine in Africa, dressed Negroes in muddy clothes, had them photographed, and started in to sell stock in the mine. He had his "literature" and prospectuses all ready to mail when he was exposed. And what do you suppose the up-and-coming Jake did? He sued the British Government for the money he had spent on postage!

One day Jake was "snatched" and a hard time he had of it. He was held twelve days, his family paid \$50,000 to the abductors, and he was turned loose three blocks from the police station—an ironically favorite place for returning kidnap victims. His clothes were disheveled, he had a long beard, and his eyes were swollen from the bandages. He had been slapped and slugged and kicked.

"I was treated like a dog," he said. "They threatened to cut off my ears. They even made me sleep in a bed that was infested with vermin."

A bit of news that Jake brought back from his excursion into the underworld was that forty prominent men in Chicago were marked for kidnapping. The police gave

this information to the intended victims and immediately they surrounded themselves with guards.

Kidnapping runs in Jake's family, for his son was lifted, too. And Jake had to pay the same amount for him as he paid for himself.

THE art of kidnapping has grown and developed nicely during the last few years. In the early days, two men could attend to the grisly details, but now it takes at least five to do a neat, workmanlike job—and the jobs are becoming more workmanlike all the time. The crudities of the early days are passing. If you are kidnapped now, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that it was not by a bunch of bungling amateurs.

The first person in the complicated job is (in the terms of the underworld) "The Peddler." He is the one who locates a man who has money, or who is related to somebody who has money. He sells this information to the underworld. His job is over and he can go to Atlantic City for a vacation.

The work is now taken up by "The Finger," who finds out all he can about the proposed victim—what time he leaves his home, when he arrives at his office, where he

spends his evenings, when he is apt to be alone. The trap is now set.

The next person, or persons, who come into the picture, are the "Muscle Men." They are the ones who actually poke the gun into the victim's ribs, put him into a car and whisk him away. They are considered clear at the bottom of the social kidnap ladder. No brains—nothing but loaded gats.

Now comes the fourth, a man who is respected by all ambitious kidnapers. He is "The Voice," the one who gets in touch with the victim's family or friends, and who carries on the actual contacts. He is the one who runs the biggest risk, and who has to out-smart the family, the police force and the public. If he bungles, the jig is up. He is the one who accepts the money and who has to be on the watch for tricks, marked bills and endless traps. When he has the money he passes the word to the "Muscle Men," who are guarding the victim (possibly two hundred miles away) and they take him out into the street and do what is known technically in the underworld as "dump" him.

As you have probably seen in the papers, there has been talk of establishing in the United States an American Scotland Yard which will deal, among other crime prob-

lems, with kidnapers. I fell to wondering about it and sought out Homer S. Cummings, Attorney General of the United States.

"We want to establish something even more ambitious than the Scotland Yard of London. There are many curious misapprehensions concerning Scotland Yard. It has been so puffed up and glorified that the average person has the wrong conception of it. It is not nearly so large, nor so important, as we commonly think. In the first place, it is not a detective force at all and it does not have jurisdiction throughout England. Scotland Yard is merely the Metropolitan Police Department of Greater London. It is just one of the 187 police forces in England and Wales. It is not allowed to operate outside of London, except upon special invitation, when it is sometimes called in by other cities—such as Bath, or Liverpool—to help solve a crime. However, its Criminal Record Office acts as a clearing house for information for the British Isles.

"Scotland Yard, in ancient days, was occupied by the Kings of Scotland on their visits to London. In this way the name arose—Scotland Yard, the yard, or enclosure, where the Scottish Kings stayed. The name was retained when the present building was erected. And that is how it came about.

"I do not wish to boast, but here is something worth calling attention to. Scotland Yard has a collection of some 500,000 fingerprints. The Division of Investigation of the Department of Justice in Washington, D. C., has approximately 3,925,000 on file."

ALL this is very well, but what is one going to do if he is kidnapped? There are several things for the family, or friends, to do. I have put in a panel accompanying this article, the advice given by the Chief of Police of New York. This advice shows how the matter should be handled locally.

In addition there is something else which is growing more and more advisable, and that is to turn the United States Government loose on the case. Every day the Government is becoming increasingly important in kidnap cases. You may be astonished to know that there was not a single national law against kidnapping until June, 1932. Absolutely none. During that month the so-called "Lindbergh law" went into effect.

And how do you suppose the Government clamps down on the kidnapers? It has two bear traps which it sets. One is if the kidnapers transport the victim across a state line. The other is if the kidnapers use the United States mails to send their letters. The Government does not wait until it has proved that one or the other of the violations has been made, but hops to it from the beginning.

So now to answer the question: Telegraph the Department of Justice, Division of Investigation, Washington, D. C. If you cannot remember this long and complicated name, send your wire to J. Edgar Hoover, Washington, D. C. That is all the address you need. He is the Head of the Division and he will set the hell hounds loose.

Don't stop to write—telegraph. Of course, if you have received threatening notes, or warnings, or mysterious telephone calls, then you may move more slowly and write. But the safest thing to do is to telegraph. The Department will send an investigator who will work with you and who will help trap the men who are trying to intimidate you.

There is a saying in the underworld of kidnapers: "Watch out for Whiskers." "Whiskers" means Uncle Sam by reason of the beard he is usually depicted as wearing.

Jake the Barber has this to say, and Jake ought to know what he is talking about:

"The Federal Government is the only agency which can stop kidnapping." Pay attention to what Jake says—it cost him \$100,000 to find out.

How do the different states handle the kidnap situation from the legal point of view? It would be too long even to summarize, but here is the way New York goes after it. Death had never been the penalty for kidnapping in New York until the twenty-fifth day of last August, when the Governor signed a bill providing death for any kidnapper when the victim was not returned before trial. Other features in the bill are these:

It is a felony for anybody to withhold

If You Are Kidnapped

By James S. Bolan

Former Police Commissioner, New York

"If you are a "kidnap possibility" you should have your wife, or relatives, or legal advisers, instructed to report the case to the police at once, and not try to deal with the kidnapers direct. Naturally, a family wishes to shield the kidnapped person from threats of violence, but the police can deal with a kidnapper better than any friend or personal representative.

Do not withhold information from the police. This only complicates and delays matters.

A point for those in the State of New York to remember is that it is now a felony for a member of the family, or anyone else concerned, to withhold information from the police.

Report kidnap threats, or actual body-possessions, immediately. Even an hour's delay may frustrate capture.

If you request, the crime will be kept secret.

You may arrange to meet the kidnapers, or their intermediaries, at any time or place—if you notify the police in advance.

The police must in the line of duty attempt to apprehend the criminals, but not at the risk of the safety of the family or of the individual kidnapped.

Work with the police, not against them.

information from the authorities. (This, presumably, is aimed at such a condition as when John J. O'Connell, Jr., was kidnapped in Albany, and his politically powerful uncles refused to co-operate with the authorities.)

The prosecutor in the district where the kidnapping takes place is compelled to bring the kidnapper to trial within thirty days after the indictment.

In addition to the death penalty, the new law increases the prison sentences. Even if the victim is released and not killed, the sentence for the kidnapper is from twenty years to life imprisonment. Until the passage of the new law, the penalty was from ten years to fifty, and no more.

WHAT should be done to prevent kidnapping? What should be done so that a business man can feel that he is not in danger of being "snatched"? A legitimate question. Following is the platform urged by THE ELKS MAGAZINE. It is very simple, and we

think it would prove to be quite effective.

1. Remove technicalities from criminal court procedure.

2. Eliminate political interference from courts. In other words, in order to prevent kidnapping, we will have to begin—not with the gangster, but with the courts. In conjunction with this we wish again to quote the Attorney General of the United States; "There is a matter to which I invite your serious attention in eliminating kidnapping. I refer to the unscrupulous lawyers who aid and abet kidnapers, and who employ every unworthy artifice in their defense. There is reason to believe that in many localities, certain members of the bar are in touch with, and are regularly employed by, the criminal element. Their elimination is part of the problem of crime."

3. Protect witnesses from intimidation.

4. Pass a Federal anti-firearms law.

5. Tighten up the parole laws.

6. Loosen up the extradition red tape between states.

7. Require the registration of all machine guns. As this is written we are pleased to report that this very move is being contemplated by Washington. President Roosevelt himself is interested, and it seems now that he will sign an order which will require that every machine gun in the United States shall be registered, and that the possession of an unregistered weapon of this kind will be a felony. The sooner this becomes effective the better.

8. Develop an American Scotland Yard.

If drastic action is not taken conditions will become intolerable. No business man will be safe and no member of his family will be safe. Some day, when he least expects it, a pistol will be poked into his ribs; or the telephone at the office will ring . . . and it will be his child who has been "snatched."

ONE of the most amazing cases in all kidnap history is the famous one of Pat Crowe. He is, as you may know, the most notorious kidnapper in the world. He has been before the public for thirty-three years.

He was born on a farm in Iowa. He grew tired of walking up one side of a row of corn and coming back on the other side, so he went to Omaha to get rich. He got together a bit of money and opened a butcher shop, but things didn't go any too well, and after a time he lost his shop. He lost it to the so-called Meat Trust, a matter very much talked about in those days. He was accused of pilfering from the cash drawer and was discharged from the butcher shop which he had once owned and where he was then working.

He bore a grudge against the meat packing Cudahy family, and, brooding on this, decided to get even with them and at the same time make some easy money for himself. The family had a cherished son—Eddie Cudahy, fifteen. Just a week before Christmas, in the year 1900, Pat Crowe walked casually down the dark street, for it was seven o'clock in the evening. Eddie Cudahy came home from a friend's where he had been playing; but Pat Crowe was not quite sure he knew him—especially in the dark—so leaping forward he seized him and said:

"You're Eddie McGee. I'm the sheriff. Come with me—we want you for robbery."

"I'm not Eddie McGee—I'm Eddie Cudahy."

"You are Eddie McGee and you've got to come with me."

He put him into a buggy and sped away

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(Continued from page 33)

into the darkness.

The family waited for the boy to come home, but he didn't come. Then one of the servants, happening to go outside, found a strange-looking stick in the yard with a piece of paper wrapped around it. The paper said that the boy would be returned for \$25,000. "If you don't give us the money we'll put acid in his eyes." And there were the instructions for delivering the money. The father was to get into his buggy alone and drive west from Omaha along a certain road till he came to a lantern. This was to be the first sign. Then he was to continue driving along the same road till he came to another lantern which would have black and white ribbons tied around the handle.

The father's answer was to telegraph to Chicago for twenty Pinkerton detectives. But the mother broke down under the strain. She begged the father to get the money and drive along the road as the note ordered. The father telephoned the bank, and at five o'clock, by special arrangement, got the money in gold. How much do you suppose it weighed? One hundred pounds!

He piled the money (in four bags) into the buggy and started west. He found the first lantern, and then continued. But there was no second lantern, and he began to be alarmed. Then, just as he was preparing to turn back, he saw a lantern with the black and white ribbons around the handle. He threw out the money, turned and drove back, arriving home at nine o'clock. At eleven a sound was heard outside the house—quick footsteps, somebody running. One of the servants opened the door—and standing there was Eddie, safe and unharmed.

He had been kept in an abandoned house on the outskirts of Omaha.

"Do you think you would know the house?"

"Yes, I think so." And he did.

The police got hold of the owner. "I rented it to a man for a month who paid me cash in advance."

"What did he look like?"

By checking up, the police knew they wanted Pat Crowe, and they started to look for him. The case became a world sensation. They received telegrams from everywhere that he had been discovered—one came from Tasmania—but it was never Pat Crowe. A year went by and they searched the world over—and all the time Pat Crowe was in Omaha. He had never left the City!

The amazing hunt went on. Five years later a man turned up in a miners' saloon in Butte, Montana. He had been drinking

and thought that he held the world in the hollow of his hand.

"Shay, I'm the man who kidnapped Eddie Cudahy."

The miners laughed, and it made the man mad. "Sure I am." And forthwith he began telling the details.

"You're afraid to tell that to the police."

"The devil a bit I am."

And then the miners walked down the street behind the swaggering gentleman who told the story to the police. The police wired to the officers in Omaha, but the officers in Omaha did not get excited, for they had had thousands of telegrams in the five years. But the descriptions tallied and they sent a man to bring the boaster back—and sure enough it was Pat Crowe.

Pat Crowe was tried in Omaha; he had sent a letter to a Catholic priest confessing the deed and this was put in evidence. When the jury came in they turned Crowe loose! Unbelievable but true.

Why? The jury was composed mostly of farmers. They hated the so-called Meat Trust, and in substance they said:

"If Pat Crowe got \$25,000 from the Meat Trust—why, more power to him!"

Crowe was given a tremendous ovation, people paraded the street shouting his name as they have done recently for our flying heroes.

Eddie Cudahy grew up, and when he was married Crowe telegraphed his congratulations.

Where do you suppose Pat Crowe is now? I saw him recently in the Bowery, New York—an old bum. He shuffles up to people, holds out his hand, and begs for a dime—and when he gets it turns it into drink. He sleeps in "flop houses," and in summer he sometimes sleeps on park benches. That is the afternoon of the world's most famous kidnapper.

How Kidnapping Ransoms Range in Amounts

Victim	Time	Sum Paid
Leon Gans	June, 1931	\$10,000
Frederick Strauss	August, 1931	\$50,000
Charles Rosenthal	August, 1931	\$50,000
Howard Woolverton	January, 1932	\$20,000
Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr.	March, 1932	\$50,000
Haskell Bohn	June, 1932	\$12,000
Charles Boettcher, II	February, 1933	\$60,000
Peggy McMath	May, 1933	\$60,000
Mary McElroy	May, 1933	\$30,000
William Hamm, Jr.	June, 1933	\$75,000
Jerome Factor	April, 1933	\$50,000
John Factor (Jake the Barber)	July, 1933	\$50,000
August Luer	July, 1933	\$10,000
John J. O'Connell, Jr.	July, 1933	\$40,000
Charles F. Urschel	July, 1933	\$200,000

The Slough Devil

(Continued from page 8)

second late, hot summer dawn had come, a clam-shell pink above the river trees, before Hawley chugged upstream from Broken Bow. For two nights and a day, in the miserable river-side hotel, the man had nursed and kneaded his flesh, stimulating its tendons, soaking in hot water, building back the strength which that ordeal of quicksand had torn down.

It had done more than to make a new man of him. The treatment had kindled a fresh flame of vengeance, and had fanned a new, quivering spark of emotion. He had his landlord send meals to his room. When he was not tending his body as he would have tended some abused mechanism, he was cleaning his rifle and greasing cartridges. A hundred times he lifted the heavy Savage to his shoulder and drew the opal pinpoint against the open sight. When his chance came—it was true enough that he had more than a revengeful satisfaction to consider. Life and death might be balanced against each other, and very suddenly, up in some lonely tongue of alders.

No one in Broken Bow seemed alive when he left. The river drew weaving current threads in voiceless skeins over the gray surface. In an hour it would mirror the sun, and all the willows on shore would rise in salad brilliance. Now they were flat walls of brown haze.

The motor sang its little tocsin song. Hawley squatted in the stern, his hand frozen around the black lever. In the boat

were blankets, and food for days to come. He sat suspended in a pastel vacuum, with river and trees and drifting branches coursing silently past him.

Above the first bend, his eyes caught a movement near a spectral day-post on the east bank. He throttled down, watching. A low canoe crept into the current, its paddle lifting steady fans of silver from the water. A gray figure waved an arm, then the paddle dipped steadily once more.

Hawley thought, "It's that old man, the one I talked to when I first came. He saw—Tim. . . . Catfish Collins, the people call him." He headed inshore.

The two boats swung together, opposite Mollin's Slough. Broken water gushed and rattled between them as Collins extended his paddle and Hawley drew the craft close. "What is it?" he asked.

One of Catfish Collins' eyes was pearly and sightless. But the other grinned craftily. "I wondered. You was on Black Island?" "I've been a lot of places," Hawley told him curtly.

"Find anything?"

"Tracks."

The old man spattered tobacco juice on the purple water. "You found tracks. Anything else?"

Peter could feel a warmth which was not of the sunrise, twitching under the hard skin of his face. "What if I did?"

Collins grunted. "She or him?"

"I saw a woman. I was stuck in the

mud. In fact—well, I yelled—and she heard me. She came and pulled me out." The words seemed awkward and ill-chosen. "I suppose that she saved my life. Did she tell you?"

Catfish gulped on his mighty cud. "Hell, no. I don't go near there. But I saw you a-pointing that way, day before yesterday. Wanted to tell you to keep away. The girl's all right, I guess. But her man—father or uncle or brother, whatever he is—he'll shoot the daylight out of you. Even them government hydro-what-you-call-it fellows—"

"Hydrographic survey. What about them?"

"They don't go near. Nobody does. It's a bad place—mostly marsh and brush. A lot of little sloughs. Maybe that devil you're hunting, lives there—"

Hawley's throat was dry. "Why didn't you tell me so when I first made inquiries about—the animal?"

Catfish Collins blinked his one eye, and with a warped arm he made an encompassing sweep which included the whole universe. "Young man," he said, "there's fifty-sixty square miles, right here, where it can hide. Else it wouldn't have lived this long. This one is old. I tell you, it's been here forever."

"All I can do is hunt."

"Certain. Go to it. Others have hunted, and give it up." Catfish gulped slowly. "I

(Continued on page 36)

"One sip tells me it is Fully-Aged"



"BOY, that beer packs a real punch in flavor and strength. Just what I have been looking for. What kind is it?"

"I knew you'd say all that, Bill. Blatz Old Heidelberg has the extra fine qualities you have a right to expect in *real* beer—rich, tangy flavor and satisfying strength. Ordinary beers can't begin to

compare in quality with Blatz Old Heidelberg — the beer you *know* is FULLY-AGED"

Order by the case for home enjoyment—ask for Blatz Old Heidelberg at the club and wherever beer is sold ON DRAUGHT.

BLATZ BREWING COMPANY
Established 1851
MILWAUKEE

In any State where its sale is legal, those who prefer beer of greater alcoholic content than 3.2% may now secure rich, creamy, FULL STRENGTH Blatz Old Heidelberg Beer, in bottles or on draught

Blatz
Old



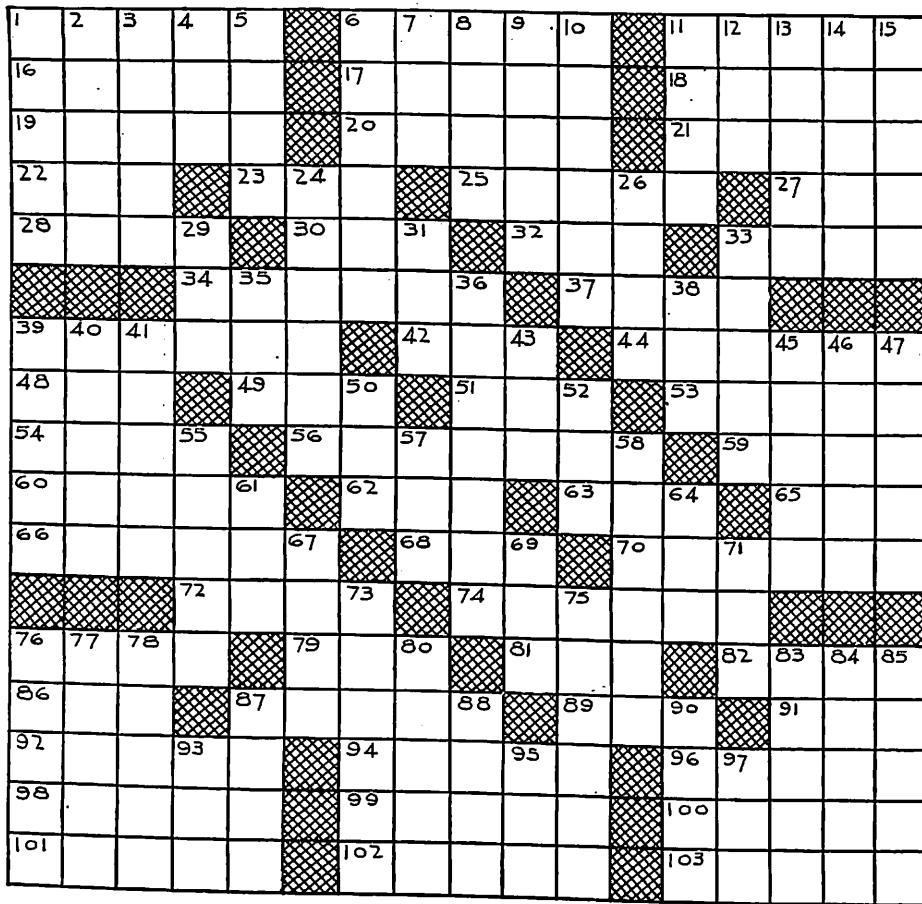
Heidelberg
BEER

MADE IN MILWAUKEE



Cross-Word Puzzle

By Richard Hoadley Tingley



Across

- 1—Wing of a building
- 6—Went
- 11—Arrives
- 16—A gazelle of Arabia
- 17—Mother of Pentheus (Myth)
- 18—Goddess of peace
- 19—Obeys
- 20—Commence
- 21—Concise
- 22—Employ
- 23—Elongated fish
- 25—Ignore
- 27—Intoxicating liquor
- 28—Trial
- 30—Permit
- 32—A weight of India
- 33—Stains
- 34—Entertains
- 37—Healthy
- 39—Smoothed
- 42—Seize
- 44—Sent forth
- 48—Slack
- 49—Modern
- 51—End
- 53—Intrepid

- 54—Exclamation of sorrow
- 56—Separated
- 59—A hollow or depression
- 60—Repeats
- 62—A common fish
- 63—Born
- 65—Piece out
- 66—Respect
- 68—Beverage
- 70—Expunger
- 72—Pitcher
- 74—Inclines
- 76—Swift
- 79—Snare
- 81—Intimate
- 82—Auction
- 86—Existing
- 87—Clear
- 89—Wrath
- 91—Cannon
- 92—Torment
- 94—Anew
- 96—A subterfuge
- 98—Stakes or puts up
- 99—Strength
- 100—Bulge
- 101—Endures
- 102—Walk
- 103—Haste

Down

- 1—The major scale
- 2—Ascend
- 3—Woodbines
- 4—Conducted
- 5—Otherwise
- 6—Allegories
- 7—Era
- 8—Fashion
- 9—Afflictions
- 10—Refutes
- 11—Quote
- 12—Native metal
- 13—Joyous
- 14—Follow
- 15—Appears
- 24—Avoided
- 26—Dull brownish yellow
- 29—Yellowish brown
- 31—A cardinal number
- 33—Sweethearts
- 35—Males
- 36—Lampoons
- 38—Snout
- 39—Puff up
- 40—Dells
- 41—Elevate
- 43—Offer
- 45—Men
- 46—Summon forth
- 47—Restrain
- 50—Peruke
- 52—Indite
- 55—Icy rain
- 57—Tub
- 58—More profound
- 61—Stitch
- 64—Before
- 67—Bill of fare
- 69—Wing
- 71—Dolt
- 73—Disavow
- 75—Judged
- 76—Deadly
- 77—Scene of action
- 78—Chairs
- 80—Large Asiatic cat
- 83—Active
- 84—Leap
- 85—Concluded
- 87—Fewer
- 88—Venture
- 90—Subsides
- 93—Group
- 95—A species of ground pine
- 97—Rim

don't blame you. I—I seen your brother, after folks found him. But you waited a long time about coming.”
 Hawley said, “I was in Asia when it happened.” He looked down at the rifle which rested upon the thwart. “It was months before I heard. I came—as quickly as I could.”

With a sturdy shove, the old man nudged his canoe away from the drifting boat. “Wish you good luck, my boy.”
 Peter snapped quickly: “One minute. The girl—Ardith Kent. Why do they—?”
 “Ain't nobody knows.” Old Collins crouched like a monkey in his battered craft. “They’ve been here a good while. The old man—Joe Kent, he calls himself—looks like a mean one. . . . They just showed up on that island, one time. And been living there ever since. Take care. He’s liable to drill you if you get too close.” He swung the prow downstream and went swishing away toward Broken Bow.

THE sun was harsh above the lotus beds when Hawley landed on Black Island. This time he drew his boat high above the soggy shore line, and covered the motor to protect it from dew or rain. He rolled his blankets and buckled the roll over his shoulder; the loaded haversack thudded against his hip.
 This might be a long hunt. He was still dazed at his discovery of the past two weeks: that in the heart of the prosy middle-west lay this narrow everglade—as blank and forbidding as Papua.

Black Island was a good place for anything to hide. For an animal—or a man.
 He strove tediously through the luxuriant weeds. Underfoot, his boots sank and bubbled in equatorial slime; the birds, flicked up before him, whistling their distress at this invasion. Once he disturbed a white-tailed deer, and his sights drew down on its tan flanks before he realized what it was. And everywhere were tracks, the delicate paw-prints and tracery of furry swimmers who crept amid the gnat-laden bayous.

But no tracks such as he sought, like those he had seen two days before.
 Hawley sweated his way toward a willow ridge which lost itself in the hazy flats. Somewhere, on one of these firmer veins of earth, was hidden a cabin—a shack—a habitation of some sort. Even a woman tanned as wild honey, narrow-hipped, with fluid muscles, even such a woman could not live for years in the underbrush. No, there would be a house.

It was something more than fear, which kept her rooted here. Pride, or strength. She had them both.
 He reached the ridge. As he stood there, warm moisture trickling down his temples, his rifle loose in his hands, he detected a sly pulsation in the thicket behind him. But before he could move, something hard had been pushed against his spine.

“Put it down,” droned a husky voice.
 Hawley’s finger curled past the trigger guard. He did not turn his head.
 “Quick!” said the man in the bushes. “He stole from widows and orphans. He ruined me, doing it. I’m still glad I killed him. Just as soon kill you.”

He talked like a petulant child, this man with the husky throat—this man who crept through the laced tangles more softly than any lizard. When Peter had dropped his gun and swung round to face the voice, he could only marvel at the netted wrinkles in the man’s voice, the staring and insane simplicity of his blue eyes.

He was slight and knotty, a little coil of brown fishline crouching among the willows. Under the torn hat, his long hair was white as dandelion floss. The steel muzzle of his carbine did not waver; it stared like a Promethean eye squarely into Hawley’s face.
 “You oughtn’t to have come after me,” said the old man. “Now I’ll have to kill

you, and put you down there under the chinquapins."

Peter found his voice. "I'm hunting," he said.

"She told me," Joe Kent whispered. "Still, I don't believe her. She's what you might call gullible. You're hunting me. The slough devil is just an excuse."

Hawley said, "It killed my brother, and I'm hunting it. I don't know who you are, and I don't care!" In his mind was one thought: he must distract this maniac, must take his senses away from their bitter concentration on that gun, must vex and puzzle him until his skinny muscles wavered and relaxed. . . .

The old man's stubbled chin trembled. "Widows and orphans, and sixty thousand dollars of their money. Probably you'd do the same as I did. You would if you were decent. And if I killed him once, I've killed him a lot of times since. A hundred times. Years of times. I'm still killing him."

"Yes," Peter heard his own throat rattle out the words. "I'm sure I'd have done the same."

The muzzle of the carbine seemed to sway lower; then quickly it jerked up until it was an inch from Hawley's forehead. He knew that he must hold his arms where they were—high in the cloud of gnats above his head. The stringy finger of that blank-eyed man could jerk, long before Hawley's hand had ever wrenched the weapon aside.

"Not sorry," whispered the man in the thicket. "You hear that? I'm not sorry. I didn't want the law to turn him loose to do it again. The law would have, too. He was a smooth talker. Smooth, and mighty handsome. Like you."

Behind the mouldy black hat, the willows quivered soundlessly. Stealing through the dense tangle, a single ray of sunlight came down to blot on Ardith Kent's rich hair. In a dream, Hawley saw her face pressing forward as spray after spray of the slim leaves bent silently away, in back of the man with the leveled gun.

"Handsome folks are that way," said Joe Kent. "They can't be honest and look like you. So they're better off in the swamp. It's a quiet place to lie. Deep and quiet. You oughtn't to have come for me. But now—"

The girl's arm came past him in a flashing lunge; the barrel of the old carbine jerked toward the sky. The shot rapped out, sullen and defiant, and a leaf pirouetted gracefully down as the bullet went keening away. Then Peter had his arms around the little man. Kent was a hissing, fiendish twist of wires, his blue eyes rolled back in his head, his crooked teeth bared as he fought.

"Get the gun," said the girl, from a misty distance. "Don't hurt him. Please. He—he doesn't know—"

Hawley twisted the carbine out of those wrinkled claws. Like a slippery snake, the man darted past him. He wrenched into the glade; Peter plunged toward him, a hand outstretched. Joe Kent curled himself through a nest of twisted creepers. He went crashing off into the tangles, low against the ground, a little woods creature fleeing from all the wrath of creation.

Peter tried to overtake him, but the matted vines would not let his big body pass. He heard bushes far away yielding and crackling as Kent went through. Then a spongy silence hung over the ridge.

Scratched, bleeding, Hawley turned back reluctantly. The tall girl was still standing at the limit of the green brake. Under mellow tan, her face was chalky. She looked at Hawley with agonized supplication.

"He got away?"

"Yes. Here's the gun. Has he got another?"

She shook her head. "No. That's the only gun he has. I followed him. I was

afraid you might come back today. For an old man, he moves very fast. I—just came up in time."

"Who is he?"

"My mother's brother."

"His name is Kent?"

Her deep eyes were opaque. "That's just a name we took. His name was Graceway. Kenneth R. Graceway. My name is really Ardith. Ardith Ferren."

"You know, now—" He tried to control his voice. "You know that I was telling the truth. That I wasn't hunting for him."

She said, "Yes. I believed you. Otherwise I wouldn't have put your rifle back in the boat. . . . He's actually mad. He'd be harmless if he could go back to the world. But he can't go back."

"But you—this—" He gestured crazily at the wet denseness around them. "This is no place for you. You must go back—somewhere—out of this horror. How long have you been here?"

For a long moment she did not reply. They stood frozen apart, so motionless that a catbird began to flirt its way through the creepers toward them. Then the girl lifted her bowed head. "That's not for me to tell you."

"You've saved my life." He reached forward to grasp her icy hand. "Twice you came when I needed you. There must be something more than common humanity in that. Something psychic."

She let her hand lie in his. "Just luck," she whispered. He could see her round, cream-colored bosom rising and falling above the low neckline of the torn dress.

"Do you have to stay here?"

"Yes. I've got to look after him. If he went back to Kentucky, he'd be behind the bars and he would die. His heart's none too good. I'm afraid. . . . This Winneshiek isn't all horror. Some people think there's nothing but beauty here. And we have found it that way. For—moments."

Hawley scraped his dry throat. "It's the years between those moments, which count."

"I ought to know," said Ardith Ferren. "I've been here four years. Away from the world. Lately it's hurt—worse than before." She turned quickly away, as if to hide something which she knew her face would reveal, some unutterable longing which this man might see printed there.

HAWLEY picked up his rifle. He stood with it in one hand, and the old man's carbine in the other. "I could fix it, permanently." He spoke with a bitter challenge. "You wouldn't." Her voice was soft, and wholly resolute.

He sighed. "No. Not after what you've done. And there's work for me. It all grows out of a demoniac, primitive hatred. Sometimes I think of Ahab in 'Moby Dick'—"

"Melville. Yes, I know," she said.

"First I had dogs, but they're worthless in all this water and muck. Lately, I've been going it alone. It's something I don't like to talk about. . . . We were both would-be scientists, my young brother and I. Just the two of us. Parents dead. Fortunately we were rather well-off, and didn't have to work for a living. Tim inclined toward entomology; my especial yen was for the Gobi desert. I was out there last year when—when this happened to him."

Her eyes riveted against his face. Her lips were pale. "That man, last year—the young man down below Sidota Slough? We heard—"

His dark face was stony. "That was Tim. He had come up the river on a little private field trip. He left the launch and went hunting butterflies. When he didn't come back the guide organized a search. They found what was left of him."

"It—" Her fingers crept slowly to her

(Continued on page 38)



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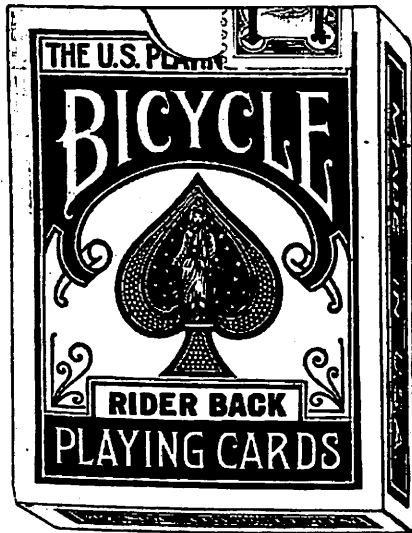
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(Continued from page 37)

chin. "It's here on this island! I crossed fresh tracks a while ago. We lost our dog Sunday night. Uncle had gone upstream to hunt for him—that's why I was alone, the day you were caught in the sand—"

Cold sweat stood out on Hawley's forehead. "For God's sake, why didn't you tell me about those tracks before? Show me!" His hands tightened around the barrel of his rifle until the knuckles shone gray. "Show me—"

"Right—back here. Before I came to the willows. Only a little way—"

There was a hot eternity of swishing grass and interlocked switches that snapped against his face . . . the woman went ahead of him, shoulders lifted, arms going up to twist the branches aside as she guided him through. He heard the endless humming of insects around him, muted somehow by the hammering pulse which fought within his own body.

As she paused beneath a blasted cottonwood, Peter Hawley dropped to his knees and stared at the huge, cloven hoofprints that sank cruelly into the soft dirt. "Fresh," he said. "Not long. It must be close by. I've studied up on their habits, as much as possible. They're apt to find a dark place and lie there in the mud through the hotter part of the day." He cried wildly. "If I could only be sure that this is the one!"

The woman's hand fell against his arm, and even through the drenched wool of his shirt there seemed a sturdy coolness in her touch. "You're not mistaken. There's only one of them left. We've heard about it ever since we came here. Clammers, fishermen . . . sometimes we've talked to people. More than one man is hiding out, in the Winneshiok. And they've told us about the slough devil. Long ago there was a herd. This is the last one. They'd always been here."

"Not always. I don't—" He heard himself talking with a curious classroom detachment—"I don't incline toward that theory. They weren't indigenous. Domestic stock that ran wild, back in the days of the French or Spaniards, and reverted to type."

She whispered, "It's very large, they say." He handed the old man's carbine to her, then turned and hung his blankets and haversack upon a broken limb. "I guess we leave each other here. But don't give your uncle the gun, for a while."

HE turned, and with lowered head he followed the cumbersome trail which straggled downhill through the soft mould. The minutes passed, to the chirping of warblers and the relentless whine of flies. He moved deeper and deeper into boggy tangles.

A stick snapped. He whirled. The girl stood close behind him, the carbine still in her hand. "You've got to go back," cried Hawley.

"Back to what?" She laughed, an unpleasant sound. "God knows what this has done to my uncle. I can't go back to our cabin—not after what I did to him in the willows. Not until enough time has passed for him to forget everything except—except the one thing that's always in his mind."

He reached her side. Catching her arm, he pointed toward the desolate pools below them. "These tracks are heading straight for that bog. The slough devil's apt to be within a hundred yards of us, right now. You know what it did to—what it can do to anyone."

"Maybe," said Ardith Ferren, "it's my duty to come. I saved you twice. Maybe—again—"

"It's my job," said Peter. "I won't miss. I know my duty, too."

She wrenched herself loose from the clutch he had placed upon her. Her voice was flatly hysterical. "Don't talk to me about duty. You know so little about it! One year of tragedy, you've had. And I've had

four years—four years alone on this island with an old man who talks day and night about killing, killing, killing!"

He said, "I didn't mean—"

"He had a bank, a tiny one in Kentucky," the girl sobbed. "He killed one of his officers—dishonest fool who ruined the bank and ruined my uncle. He shot him in a rage, and then he ran away to St. Louis where I lived with my mother. Those were her last days—you understand? She was dying. My uncle had supported us when I was a baby—kept us alive. We owed him everything. I promised mother that I wouldn't leave him. He was pursued—always pursued in his mind. We came up the river. This place—he had hunted and fished here, years before. We built a cabin. I've—Duty! Oh, don't say the word to me! . . ." Her eyes were wet, silvery. "I'm not afraid, Peter Hawley. Not afraid of a slough devil or—"

Ardith. Faint and far away they heard the cry—a squawking sound that tottered up out of the seething marsh. Ardith. They could see the man coming—the sun made metal out of his white hair as he ran, drenched to the waist, splashing through the mud. . . . He came closer, waving his arms, wailing. He was passing the last whorl of lily-pads, now, and they could see his face, taut and staring, seeing no one else but the tall girl who stood at the head of the black slope.

"Ardith!" Graceway kept moaning. "They're out in the swamp! Coming after me . . . posses, sheriff's men—they want to take me away . . . I heard them. Ardith!" He fell down, got up again, lifting blank eyes toward the woman beside Peter Hawley, looking through Peter Hawley as if he were not there. "Right behind me! They're coming. I heard them—making a noise—I haven't got my gun, Ardith—"

He threw a quavering glance over his shoulder, and screamed.

Hawley had eyes only for this shrieking creature, stammering and frenzied in his nameless terror. He did not see what was coming behind him. Ardith Ferren saw it before he did.

With a smothered sob, she flung up the old carbine. The firing-pin clicked against the empty shell in the chamber. Then, before Hawley could move, she had dropped the gun and was racing down the slope. She did not scream. "Uncle Ken," she called rapidly, "run in a broken line. Zig-zag. Hurry! Turn—turn—"

Crushing up out of the lotus bed came a vast, gray, black shape—a gaunt thing with an enormous snout and elephantine ears. A mass of curving yellow tusks sprouted from its drooping jaws. The boar raced like a hound, three hundred pounds of bone and wire, long legs hurling up the slime as its sharp hooves drove down.

Hawley had his rifle at his shoulder. The front sight drew against that muddy hide. He felt the trigger oozing back under his finger. Then the figure of the woman danced in front of him. He slapped the barrel aside; his bullet crashed harmlessly into the swamp.

The old man whirled about, lifting his arms high above his head. He plunged forward, flat on his face. Three yards away, the mighty boar skidded, evil eyes blinking. Something had distracted him. The flutter of pale blue—the woman's dress—

His tusks clashed together; he screamed once, and hurled his grotesque shape toward her.

How he reached that lower slope, Peter Hawley never knew. He realized only that he was there, that with a bruising thrust of his shoulder he had crushed the girl aside. . . . He was crouching, his rifle clanging rapidly as he strove to hold its sights below the brute's shoulder. The boar stumbled, roared, plunged on. The last shell clicked

into the barrel. Again the rifle spurted. The slough devil coughed and went down, its wide tusks raking up the decaying leaves a few inches in front of Hawley's shoe.

In that red moment he felt nothing except the shudder as he drove the butt of his rifle at the dead animal's skull.

"My uncle," Ardith was saying. "He's—oh, he—"

Beside the old man, Peter dropped to the ground. Graceway's eyes gazed at the sky, silently and without contempt, as Hawley lifted him in his arms.

"He's gone?" the girl asked.

"Yes," said Peter.

"That first shot—it didn't—?"

"It went into the swamp. No—you see, he's—not touched. His heart, I suppose. The strain. Perhaps he imagined he saw them."

Ardith whispered, "Always—he's been imagining that he did. . . . This is so much better. You see? So much better for him."

"For us all," Hawley said. "So much better."

She clung beside him, and began to cry very quietly. Hawley looked down at her bent shoulders; and now some deep spring of thanksgiving tore loose within him, as he carried the little old man up the ridge. The cardinal flowers were like tanagers' wings as they tramped through them.

Further Details on the National Bridge Tournament

(Continued from page 29)

entirely wrong to bid a little slam, however, because the high card tricks do not warrant it and because there had to be three very lucky breaks in order to take twelve tricks: First, a double finesse; second, the two-two division of the trumps held by the opponents; and, third, the opportunity for an end play.

The correct play follows: West would lead the Queen of diamonds. South would take the trick with the Ace and then exhaust the opponents' trumps. After that South should lead a spade and take the double finesse to Dummy's ten. A diamond should be led back and trumped by the declarer and then another spade led and finessed with the Queen. After that, another diamond would be led from Dummy and trumped by South—thereby eliminating the diamonds from both North and South.

Next, a spade would be led, which would be won by Dummy's Ace. To trick nine the fourth spade should be led from Dummy, South discarding the Six of clubs. West wins the trick and at this point, no matter what he does, the declarer will take the balance of the tricks—for if a diamond is led the Dummy will trump and South will discard the Queen of Clubs. If a club is led, which is naturally the proper lead for West to make, it would be up to the Ace-Queen in the declarer's hand.

FOLLOWING is the November double Dummy problem on play:

♠ None		♠ None
♥ K-9		♥ A-J-7
♦ A-10-8-3		♦ 9
♣ None		♣ 9-6

♠ None		♠ None
♥ 8-6-3		♥ A-J-7
♦ Q-7		♦ 9
♣ 10		♣ 9-6

	♠ 5	
	♥ Q-10-5	
	♦ 5 4	
	♣ None	

	W	N	E	
		S		

Hearts are trump; South has the lead and can win four of the six tricks against any defense. The solution is as follows:

South leads the Four of diamonds, West plays small, and North wins the trick with the Ten (should West play the Queen, the trick would be taken by the Ace in North's hand). North leads the Ace of diamonds and East trumps with the Seven of hearts, leading back the Ace of trumps—North playing the King on the Ace. East continues with the Jack of trumps, South winning the trick with the Queen and leading back the Ten of hearts, and then the good Five of spades for the last trick. At trick four, should East lead a club, South would discard the spade—North would trump and South's Queen and Ten of trumps would

take the balance of the tricks.

In a variation to the above play, should East lead the Jack of trumps at the third trick it would be taken by North's King and North would lead back a diamond; if East should trump with his Ace, South would discard the Five of spades and then make his two trumps. If East discards a club, South trumps with the Ten and leads a spade, West trumping and North overtrumping with the Nine, and East taking the trick with the Ace—South then making the last trick with the Queen.

IN the November issue I said that the proper way to bid correctly one of the problem hands was not to treat it as you would when you are playing the hand; that is, not to consider it as a double dummy problem. In bidding your hand you should be guided only by the cards you hold in your own hand, plus what would be the natural response from your partner or your opponents if they were holding their hands closed against your view. In this way you will be more apt to arrive at the correct solutions.

I feel sure that dozens of the members who answered the November problem played the hand first and then, when they saw that by good play a small slam could be made, bid the hand with the definite idea of reaching that slam.

If I should include everybody who played both problems correctly but who reached a Six-Heart bid, the list of solvers would be just six times as long as it is below. Following is a list of the prize winners who correctly bid and played both problems:

- Walter Latzer, Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15.
- Carl A. Semrich, Watertown, Wis., Lodge, No. 666.
- A. J. Scheineman, Sterling, Ill., Lodge, No. 1218.
- Fred B. Hamill, Champaign, Ill., Lodge, No. 398.
- Frank L. Ziegler, Hanover, Pa., Lodge, No. 763.
- J. L. Cummings, Huron, S. Dak., Lodge, No. 444.
- Edmund F. Sullivan, Norwood, Mass., Lodge, No. 1124.
- George F. Murray, Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902.
- Jess Capes, Concordia, Kansas, Lodge, No. 586.
- George O. Ferguson, Tampa, Fla., Lodge, No. 708.
- E. M. Brennan, Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86.
- Buell B. Root, Columbus, Neb., No. 1195.
- O. J. Carey, Burkburnett, Texas, Lodge, No. 1489.
- J. W. Boren, Marinette, Wis., Lodge, No. 1313.

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This Year's Winter Cruises for Elks

THE Elks Cruises of the last two years were so successful that a Caribbean holiday on the good ship "Reliance" has become an annual event that is looked forward to with keen anticipation by many members of the Order. This season there will be two parties, organized under the auspices of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

The first, sailing on January 12th, is intended for those whose play-time is necessarily limited. This nine-day Cruise includes a day at Nassau, rich in historic lore, and world-famous for its fashionable hotels and splendid bathing. Then on to Havana, for two days and three unforgettable nights in this "Paris of the Western World." If conditions make it inadvisable to call at Havana, members of the B. P. O. Elks, their relatives and friends, will enjoy instead the charm of lovely Jamaica, and the picturesque appeal of that "Magic Isle,"—the Black Republic of Haiti.

The second Cruise, sailing January 27th, is of nineteen days' duration, and should satisfy the desire of those who seek a closer acquaintance with the chief ports of our American Riviera. You will call at Port de France and St. Pierre in Martinique, that beauty spot immortalized by Lafcadio Hearn, and the birthplace of Josephine, who was destined to wed "the Little Corporal." Here you will view St. Pierre, America's Pompeii, totally destroyed by the eruption of Mont Pelee, in 1902, and whose ruins a contrite Nature seems intent upon obliterating, by ferns, and mosses, and lichens.

THE next day the ship arrives at Bridgetown, that very British capital of Barbados. Very British, because it has its own Trafalgar square with its own Nelson Monument. The very air of this Island, aptly named "the sugar-bowl of the Empire," is sweetened by its chief product. Mile upon mile of sugar cane; thousands of gaily-garbed natives in the fields; patient burros plodding toward the old mill under unbelievable loads of the dull green stalks—this is a vignette of the Barbadian countryside.

Your meals ashore will undoubtedly in-



Willemstad, Curacao



La Guayra, Venezuela

clude flying-fish, prepared in a way that recalls to your palate that prize trout which only you knew how to cook over the hickory fire. You won't want to leave this place; and after you've tried the famed "green swizzle," you'll want, more than ever, to stay. But there's much yet to be seen, so anchors aweigh to La Guayra.

One morning you will look out of your porthole at a wall of dark green mountains. Scattered along the base of this wall are splotches of pink and blue and yellow and mauve. The mountains are the Andes of South America, and the splotches of color are the houses of La Guayra, seaport of Venezuela, and gateway to Caracas, the beautiful Capital in a valley three thousand feet above that rolling surf. You will visit Caracas, of course; either by the electric train which runs up this true scenic-railway, or by motor-car over a magnificent concrete road. This trip may give you the most lasting impression of the whole cruise. Then, again, it may not, for next day you will arrive at the Dutch island of Curacao.

In the quaint little capital, Willemstad (but not so quaint that it is not also a bustling sea-port), the ladies in your party will probably "go haywire," for here articles are free of duty and are priced accordingly. If you have a moment between shops, you will discover the pontoon bridge which opened early this morning to admit our ship into the inner harbor. You will discover, also, a curious native dialect, called Papiamento, which sounds like a compound of the less intelligible parts of Dutch, English, Spanish and the conversation of the Big Bad Wolf!

The pontoon bridge opens, and we're on our way along the Spanish Main to Colon. And as the "Reliance" steams majestically through these cobalt seas, we might dream about the legends of this stretch of seacoast. Ours is a pleasure pirate cruise; but it is not hard to conjure up, from our school-boy reading, visions of pirates who were not pleasure-bent; of those stout conquistadores who steered their galleons over these same sapphire waters toward Panama, City of fabulous wealth.

Today the wealth of Panama is of a different nature; it is symbolized by man's greatest modern engineering achievement—the Panama Canal. This is a work which should make every American swell with pride. You will have ample time to inspect the Canal, on a trip which takes you across to the Pacific.

The prow of the "Reliance" is now turned Northward, and after glorious days in Kingston and Havana (or Port-au-Prince

and Bermuda) you may, perhaps, pause to reminisce. You will find it hard to decide which feature of the cruise was the most enjoyable—the ports of call, the special program of entertainment, the congenial fellow-travelers you met on board, or the superb ship itself. Of one thing, however, you will be certain. You will have returned renewed in vigor, broadened in outlook, and with a new zest for living.

Smart

(Continued from page 17)

"Sixteen thousand?" he asked.

"I know those cars are worth a lot of money," said Louey apologetically, "but that's all I could afford to pay right now and beside you have to figure in depreciation, you know."

Salina arose and poured himself a drink.

"That's right," he said, "you have to figure depreciation. Are you sure you won't have a drink?"

"Just one," said Louey.

"All right, then," Salina decided as he handed Louey his drink, "we'll call it a bargain. Let's drink to it."

They clinked their glasses together and Louey smiled a little nervously.

"Could I have the car right away?" he asked. "I want to go down to Atlantic City for the week end and it's such nice weather. I'd like to drive down."

"MARVELOUS weather," Salina agreed, "perfectly marvelous. I think, perhaps, it could be arranged. Of course, we have to transfer the license but I could take care of that Monday and you could take the car today. I'd give you a bill of sale and I believe everything will be all right. Do you want to take a look at the car now? It's right outside."

"I suppose I might as well," said Louey.

The car was parked on a side street. Louey examined it casually, not even bothering to lift the hood.

"It's nice and shiny," he observed to Salina.

Salina looked at him curiously. He was beginning to believe that his prospective buyer was something of a queer character.

"What sort of business are you in, Mr. Stein?" he asked pleasantly.

Louey hesitated for an instant.

"Oh, I'm in the law business," he said and laughed a little self-consciously. "I'm a lawyer."

Salina stared at the purple tie.

"Is your office in New York?" he asked.

"Yes," said Louey. "I have a little office uptown."

They went back to the office and Salina prepared a bill of sale.

"How is this?" he asked Louey and read from the paper: "This is to certify that Joseph Salina has received from Louey Stein the sum of sixteen thousand dollars in full payment for the above. And I have the motor number and license number of the car included. Now all you have to do is to pay me the money and I'll sign it."

"Very regular," said Louey and drew out his checkbook.

The smile left Salina's face.

"What are you going to do," he asked, "pay me with a check?"

Louey looked up innocently.

"Why, certainly," he said. "You don't think I'd carry that sum of money in my pocket, do you?"

Salina looked at him sharply.

"How do I know the check is any good?" he asked.

Louey pointed to the phone.

"All that you have to do," he said, "is

(Continued on page 42)



Net Circulation

EVERY advertiser wants to buy "net" circulation: every reader a possible buyer. Every publisher wishes he could offer and deliver net circulation.

There's no such thing as actual "net" circulation; but the Elks Magazine comes pretty close to delivering it. The magazine is *subscribed* for, *paid* for, by 560,000 members of the Elks organization. They like it as a magazine, not simply as an "organ" of their fraternal order. In fact, it is a good magazine, with fraternal news a feature, rather than a fraternal magazine with other features added.

The members of the Elks organization are men of standing in their various communities; business and professional men; citizens active in the affairs of the community; owners and makers of homes; heads of families.

The Elks Magazine goes to these homes; the families like it; they find that it's made for them to like. Advertisers who want to talk to that sort of men and their families can do it, nearer *net circulation*, we think, in the Elks Magazine, than in any other.

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(Continued from page 41)

call up the bank. They'll tell you the check is good."

"The banks are all closed," said Salina impatiently. "It's Saturday afternoon."

Louey thought for a moment. "Why don't you call up my hotel?" he asked. "The manager will tell you that none of my checks have ever come back."

Salina picked up the phone. "What's the number?" "Lincoln 4-3000."

"What hotel is it?" Salina asked. "The Martin," said Louey. "It's a good hotel."

"I know it is," said Salina, "I just want to be sure I'm not calling a buddy of yours."

He gave the number to the operator. "Hello," he said after a moment. "Is this the Martin? I want to speak to the credit manager. Hello! This is Joseph Salina speaking. Do you have a guest there by the name of Stein—Louey Stein? You have. How long has he been registered, please? Two years? Would you describe him to me, please?"

SALINA turned to Louey and nodded his head at intervals, evidently checking the manager's description.

"Do you think his credit's good for say—sixteen thousand. You do. Just one more thing. What is Mr. Stein's occupation, do you know? An attorney? All right, I'm much obliged to you."

He turned smilingly to Louey and picked up the telephone book.

"I just want to be sure that was the Martin," he said. He checked the number carefully. "It was all right."

"Sure it was," said Louey, "I told you that."

Salina studied him thoughtfully. "Why don't you wait until Monday to get the car?" he asked. "We could do everything more business-like."

"No," said Louey. "I want the car today. I told you that I wanted to go to Atlantic City. If I don't get it today, I won't take it."

"All right," Salina decided suddenly. "I'll take a chance."

After all, he thought, sixteen thousand was quite a bit more than he would ever be able to get for the car. It was, as a matter of fact, a gift.

Louey made out the check and passed it over. Salina examined it carefully.

"It's all right," said Louey. "You don't have to worry about that check. Just let me have the receipt and I'll be on my way."

Fifteen minutes later, Louey came to a slow stop in front of a second-hand automobile dealer on Amsterdam Avenue. He was met at the door by a snappily dressed, aggressive salesman.

"I want to trade in this car for a smaller one," Louey explained, flicking his hand toward the curb. "I think a big car like this uses too much gas, don't you?"

"They certainly do," the man agreed. "Big cars are terrible gas eaters. What do you get on a mile with that?"

"To tell you the truth," said Louey, "I don't know. I just bought it about half an hour ago and I haven't driven it very far. But I just happened to think that a car like that is too big for me."

"You just bought it half an hour ago," said the salesman in amazement, "and you want to trade it in now?"

"That's right," said Louey. "It steers hard—that's another thing I found out." He pointed carelessly to a small, weather-beaten coupe.

"There's the kind of a car I want," he said. "How much is that?"

"That's two hundred dollars," replied the other.

"All right," said Louey. "I'll take that. How much could you give me for a cash difference on the other car?"

"I'll have to talk with the manager about that. I don't know—"

"I'm in a hurry," Louey said. "I want to go to Atlantic City this afternoon and I haven't packed yet."

"It'll take some time," the salesman explained. "Our appraiser will have to examine the car and—"

"All right," said Louey. "Just tell them that any reasonable offer will be considered. I'm going down to the hotel and get my bags packed. I'll leave the car here and take a taxi. Be back in about an hour."

He hurried to the curb and flagged a passing cab. The salesman watched him in astonishment and then literally ran into the manager's office.

"Mr. Bell," he said excitedly, "a guy just drove up in a Rolls Royce, that he just bought about ten minutes ago, and he wants to turn it in on that 1929 coupe—the two hundred dollar job with the bad rubber." "Lay off that stuff," said the manager. "It'll get your kidney after a while."

"No kidding," said the salesman. "It's out in front. The guy left it there while he went back to his hotel. He's going to Atlantic City this afternoon. Come on, I'll show you."

The other followed him unbelievably to the window and stared silently at the car. "How much does he want for it?" he asked.

"He didn't say. He just said that any reasonable offer would be considered."

"Yeah?" said Mr. Bell. "Well, you just get the police on the phone and have them trace that license number."

Inside of twenty minutes, the automobile dealer was in touch with Salina.

"Mr. Salina," he said over the phone, "this is Mr. Bell, manager of the Amsterdam Motor Company. I understand, Mr. Salina, that you're the owner of a car bearing the license number 9Z 9876?"

"I was until an hour ago," Salina grunted. "I just sold it to a fellow by the name of Stein. Why?"

"A short man in a brown and white check suit?" asked Bell.

"That's right."

"Well, right after he left you, he came over to our showroom and said that he wanted to trade in the car. He wanted a cash balance for it."

"Is he there now?"

"No. He'll be back shortly though."

"Listen, Mr. Bell," Salina roared. "Get a cop and hold that guy until I get down there. I'll be down right away. The ——— paid me with a check."

Half an hour later, a cab came to a stop in front of the showroom and Louey got out. He took his travelling bag from the driver and strode briskly up to the door. He was met by the manager.

"I'm the owner of that car at the curb," said Louey. "Did you have it appraised yet?"

"Certainly," Mr. Bell smiled. "If you'll just step into my office, we'll talk the whole thing over."

Louey looked around him. "I'm in a hurry," he said. "Haven't got much time."

"It'll only take a few minutes," said Mr. Bell leading the way.

He flung open the door and allowed Louey to precede him into the office. They were greeted by Salina and two uniformed policemen. Louey gazed at them in amazement.

"What's the idea," he gasped.

"Put the bracelets on him," Salina commanded.

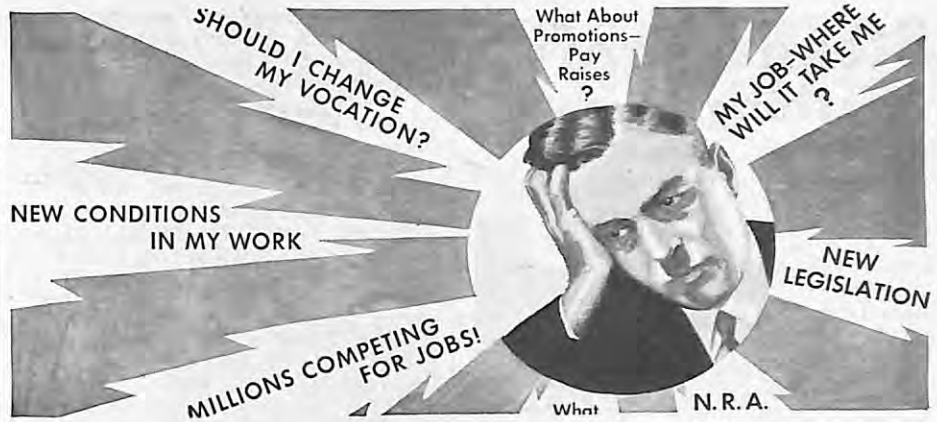
Louey struggled vainly as the officers obeyed Salina's order.

"Just a smart guy from Kalamazoo," Salina laughed. "Trying a trick like that

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 36)

G	A	B	L	E	F	A	R	E	D	C	O	M	E	S
A	R	I	E	L	A	G	A	V	E	I	R	E	N	E
M	I	N	D	S	B	E	G	I	N	T	E	R	S	E
U	S	E	E	L	E	L	I	D	E	R	U	M		
T	E	S	T	L	E	T	S	E	R	D	Y	E	S	
	A	M	U	S	E	S	S	A	N	E				
E	V	E	N	E	D	N	A	B	B	E	A	M	E	D
L	A	X	N	E	W	T	I	P	B	R	A	V	E	
A	L	A	S	D	I	V	I	D	E	D	S	L	O	T
T	E	L	L	S	G	A	R	N	E	E	E	K	E	
E	S	T	E	E	M	T	E	A	E	R	A	S	E	R
	E	W	E	R	S	L	O	P	E	S				
F	A	S	T	N	E	T	A	P	E	S	A	L	E	
A	R	E	L	U	C	I	D	I	R	E	G	U	N	
T	E	A	S	E	A	G	A	I	N	B	L	I	N	D
A	N	T	E	S	N	E	R	V	E	B	I	L	G	E
L	A	S	T	S	T	R	E	A	D	S	P	E	E	D



WHERE DO YOU GO FROM HERE?

in this town! Take him down to the station and lock him up."

"What for?" asked Louey. "What's the charge?"

"What's the meaning of this outrage?" grinned Salina. He turned to the officers. "I'll come down to the station myself and make the complaint. It's either grand larceny, passing a bum check, forgery or all three. I'll make a personal appearance and if this cheap crook doesn't get ten years, I'll eat that purple tie of his."

"Can I use the phone a minute?" Louey asked humbly.

"What do you want to do, get hold of some shyster?" Salina asked. "I thought you were in the law business yourself."

"No," said Louey. "I just want to call up a friend."

"O.K.," Salina agreed.

With some difficulty, Louey picked up the phone.

"Hello," he said a moment later. "Is Miss Gorfev at home? . . . Hello, Miss Gorfev? This is Louey. Listen, I want you to bring me a jig-saw puzzle. That's right. I'll be down at the jail. Yes. The jail. And listen, you'd better bring that one of the famous oil painting. You know, the one with over three hundred and fifty pieces."

AT ten-thirty, Monday morning, Louey stood at the open window of his office. It was a wonderful morning with a clear, cloudless sky and a bright, friendly sun. He looked up Broadway. The baby carriages were not as yet on the sidewalks but he knew that they would be later on. It was just a little early for them.

Miss Gorfev entered and closed the door quietly behind her.

"Your brother Jake is outside again," she said. "He's sore as a boil."

"Just ask him to step in," said Louey pleasantly.

Jake, however, was already in.

"Listen, you _____" he began.

"Not in front of a lady," Louey admonished and motioned to Miss Gorfev to leave the room. She went out hurriedly, and Louey turned to Jake.

"What's on your mind, Jake?" he asked.

"You know what's on my mind," yelled Jake. "You lousy swindler! Tricking Joe Salina into getting you pinched and then suing him for fifty grand for false arrest."

"That was Joe's fault," said Louey. "I told him all along that check was good but he wouldn't believe me. It's worth more than fifty thousand, I'm letting him off

(Continued on page 44)

YOU'RE like a million other men today—you're facing a big question. The late depression turned business topsy-turvy and now the "New Deal"—the rebuilding period—stares you in the face.

Where you are "going from here" is a question you want answered right if you expect to get ahead—progress—grow instead of standing still.

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Business organizations are rebuilding—reorganizing for the new conditions. Before it is over, every man and every method will be judged in the cold light of reason and experience—then dropped, remade or retained. This spells real opportunity for the man who can meet the test—but heaven help the man who still tries to meet today's problems from yesterday's standpoint! Out of the multitude still jobless there are sure to be many frantically eager to prove him wrong and take his place.

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Seeing these danger signs, many aggressive men and women are quietly training at home—are wisely building themselves for more efficient service to their employers. They are studying with us because our training courses have been revised, and are as fresh, vital and up-to-the-minute as the problems that face you today.

You naturally ask, "Has your training helped men withstand conditions of the last few years?"

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(Continued from page 43)
easy. I spent two days and two nights in jail. Look at the prison pallor!"
"You'll never collect," Jake declared.
"It's an airtight case," said Louey easily. "I'm an honest man with a good record. Salina just called me up about ten minutes ago. He wanted to settle out of court for fifteen thousand."
Jake changed his tactics.
"Listen, Louey," he pleaded. "Salina's wise to the fact that I'm your brother. He told me that if I didn't call you off he'd run me out of town. I wouldn't have a chance. He's King Kong in this racket."
"Why should I lose fifty thousand?" Louey asked. "I don't make that much in five years in the law business."
"If the case goes to court," wept Jake, "they'll laugh Salina off his feet and he'll take it out on me."
"Why should he take it out on you?" Louey asked.
"Because I told him about the bet," wailed Jake. "I dropped into his office this morning and I noticed that he looked sort of down at the mouth. So I told him about the bet. I thought it was sort of funny and that it would cheer him up."
"So you went down to warn him, huh?" said Louey. "Thought you'd do a little two-timing."
"No," said Jake, "I just thought it was funny. That's why I told him. Honest."
"Huh, huh!" smiled Louey. "You just thought it was funny."
"Listen," said Jake. "Settle it out of court for fifteen thousand and I'll make up

the difference myself. Salina would ruin me if anybody ever hears about this. He'd put me on the spot the way they do in the movies."
"How would you settle it?" asked Louey. "With a couple of checks dated two years ahead?"
Jake drew out his check-book hurriedly. "I'll date it today," he said. "I'll even put the time on it."
"O.K." said Louey. "After all, you're my own flesh and blood. And make out another one for fifty thousand for the bet and then you can call up Salina and give him the good news yourself."
"I gave you a check for the bet," Jake protested. "Your secretary has it."
"Yeah," said Louey, "but you made a little mistake about the date. It was a little futuristic."
Jake glared at him.
"I want this in writing," he demanded. "You'll get it in writing," agreed Louey, "after Miss Gorfe deposits those checks."
It was nearly noon when Louey resumed his stand at the window. He lit a cigar and stood basking contentedly in the warm sunshine. The baby carriages were out in full force now. He stretched his neck and looked up Broadway. Hundreds of them—as far as the eye could see. It was a wonderful day for the vitamins, Louey told himself—a wonderful day.
He half turned as the door swung open and Miss Gorfe entered.
"Lot of baby carriages out today," he observed.
"Just like Sunday," agreed Miss Gorfe.

The Fastest Sport of All

(Continued from page 19)

men in the annals of the ice.
Great teams such as the Winnipeg Victorias of '96 and the Montreal Shamrocks of 1900 had made their mark. Also the even more famous Kenora Thistles—with Phillips and Ross on their roster—and the colorful Silver Seven.
It was in 1908 that Hod Stuart and Lester Patrick were aiding the brilliant Montreal Wanderers in their trek to the Stanley Cup. In that year also, Cyclone Taylor joined Ottawa and began a series of ice feats that are still told and retold with hushed voices by firesides in the North Country. And in 1908, on an outdoor rink at St. Paul's School in Concord, N. H., sweeping up and down the ice with the speed of the wind, was a blond-haired, handsome youth who was destined to become America's greatest amateur hockey player of all time. His name was Hobey Baker.
THE movement to draw a distinction between the amateurs and professionals had been going on for several years. Prior to that, amateurs and professionals had played together. And, just as in the case of some of our old American "town teams" in baseball, some of the players got paid and some didn't.
But hockey was even closer to the hearts of Canadians than baseball was to those below the Border. They lived and breathed hockey. And they bet and battled over it as well. Up in the northern mining towns, the players were rough and tough and so were the spectators. Pitched battles involving both players and spectators were by no means uncommon. The fans bet heavily and saw to it that good money was paid to procure star players for the teams on which they bet. Art Ross, who now is Manager of the Boston Bruins, once was paid \$3,000 for playing ten games with Haileybury, a mining town in Ontario, during the silver boom.

In the back country mining towns, crowds often pelted players of visiting teams with everything from bottles to boulders whenever the visitors advanced anywhere near the home team goal. History records one case when, in the closing stages of a hard-fought game, a visiting player swept down the ice on a dash that might have carried his team to victory only to have a live cat thrown at him from the stands. With a swish of his stick he knocked the cat back into the stands and continued onward for a shot at the goal. The only complication was that when he hit the cat back it landed in a woman's face and registered its displeasure by scratching one of her eyes out. The latter immediately started a law-suit against the player, the rink and probably the cat as well. Such was hockey in ye olden days.
During the sixteen years from 1908 to 1924, the glacier that was hockey increased in volume until it had a thorough hold on every city, town and hamlet in the entire Dominion. Professionals competed each year for the Stanley Cup, which had been presented by Lord Stanley, Governor-General of Canada, in 1893, and which had come to be emblematic of the professional championship of the world. The amateurs meanwhile made annual quests of the Allan Cup, which was put into play in 1908 and represented the amateur rulership of the Dominion. In fact, Canada dominated hockey to such a degree that, until the very last few years, possession of the Allan Cup denoted the amateur championship of the world.
This sixteen-year period witnessed the great Stanley Cup champions of 1915, the Vancouver, British Columbia, Millionaires. This team included such hockey immortals as Cyclone Taylor, Frank Nighbor, the great poke-checker; Frank Patrick, brother of Lester; and Mickey MacKay.
Next to the peerless Taylor, who was the Red Grange of the ice, the foremost figure of this time was Allan, "Scotty," David-

son, whose brief but brilliant career constitutes one of the epics of the game. Gaining nationwide fame as an amateur in Kingston, Ontario, he turned pro with Toronto. He played as a professional for only two years, but starred to such a supreme degree that he still is held to have been the greatest right wing in the history of the game. Davidson deserted the rinks of Canada for the trenches of France and went to his death while attempting to rescue a wounded officer on the banks of the Somme, the place where battle-scarred Frank McGee of the old Ottawa Silver Seven also met his fate.

It was in the autumn of 1924 that the hockey glacier dipped down into the eastern United States. Canada had the players and the hockey background, but it took the big American cities of New York, Chicago, Boston and Detroit to provide the customers and the capital, the ballyhoo and the fanfare, which were to start the glacier spreading over a good portion of the Northern Hemisphere.

OUT in the northwestern States of Washington and Oregon, high-class professional hockey already had been played. The Portland, Oregon, Rosebuds had reached the Stanley Cup final in 1916 and the following season the Seattle Metropolitans had brought the famous trophy south of the Border for the first time. But elsewhere the pro game had made no important inroads into the United States.

But in 1924, Boston joined the National Hockey League, which had been formed in 1917 and which by then was the one big major league of professional hockey. And in 1925, the Hamilton, Ontario, Tigers—one of the strongest teams in the Dominion—was shifted intact to New York, outfitted in uniforms that looked like Old Glory put through an egg-beater, and renamed the New York Americans.

Here the promotorial guns of two big-time figures in American sports, Colonel John S. Hammond and Tex Rickard, turned their fire on hockey. The New York Americans were to play their first home game against Les Canadiens of Montreal. Hammond and Rickard promptly flooded Manhattan's millions with publicity. They "papered" Madison Square Garden with free tickets to such an extent that the "dead heads" and the paying customers combined to jam traffic for blocks around, thereby creating the impression that half the City of New York was trying to get into the game.

Colonel Hammond, a West Pointer, brought down the West Point Cadets' Band and the Governor-General's Band from Canada as well. The bands marched all over the ice playing "The Star Spangled Banner," "God Save the King," and all manner of martial music. The tumult became so terrific that even the hockey players got shaky at the knees and began to wonder into what strange world the game of their boyhood had led them.

It was on that night that New York got its first glimpse of Howie Morenz. One of the most colorful and spectacular players the game has known, Morenz appeared at center ice for the Flying Frenchmen, as Les Canadiens were commonly known, and by his comet-like speed and stick-handling genius, he sold the game to the population of New York.

WITHIN the next twelve months, Chicago, Detroit and another New York team—the Rangers—had joined the big league hockey parade. Pittsburgh already had come in. And in Boston, foundations for astounding success were being laid through the managerial ability and business versatility of Art Ross and the intelligence and imagination of a publicity man, Frank Ryan.

The U. S. A. now began to corral a few
(Continued on page 46)

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(Continued from page 45)

championships for itself, and in 1928 the Stanley Cup went below the Border for a second time, when it was captured by the New York Rangers. The following winter the Cup went back northward only as far as Boston, an exceptionally powerful team of Boston Bruins keeping the battered old trophy in U. S. territory for the second year in a row.

So great had American interest in hockey become that in the autumn of 1929 the entire seating capacity of the Boston Garden, except for about 1,300 top gallery rush seats, was sold out for the season before the opening game was played. The Garden seated more than 15,000 persons. Despite the fact that the Bruins were paying \$100,000 a winter for the use of the Garden rink for their 22 home games, the team was making money hand over fist and even during and after the stock market crash of 1929, the Boston Bruins stock soared to dizzy heights.

Outstanding stars such as Eddie Shore, an Edmonton, Alberta, farmer, who had joined the Bruins and by his speed, color and fiery play earned the sobriquet of the Ty Cobb of Hockey, received around \$10,000 a winter for playing 44 games—an average of more than five dollars a minute throughout the season for the actual playing time that he spent on the ice.

At that time, the feeblest of major league substitutes commanded \$4,000 for the short season. Meanwhile Les Canadiens were refusing offers of as high as \$50,000 for Morenz. Our football-playing friend of 1921, George Owen, was paid a bonus of \$15,000 for signing a Bruin contract in the middle of the 1929 season.

Two years ago Madison Square Garden in New York—which Tex Rickard had constructed primarily as a prize-fighting plant, with hockey as a reluctantly admitted sideline—showed a net profit of \$312,000 for the year on professional hockey. At the same time boxing, which was supposed to be the main support of the Garden, registered a loss of \$2,900. And last year amateur hockey was added to the list of the Garden's money-earners.

AND now we come to American amateur hockey, which—during the past thirteen months—has undergone a boom that, down through the years, has been paralleled only rarely in any sport.

The game made cursory inroads south of the Border about a decade after it had gotten under way in the Dominion. Harvard and Brown met on the ice of Spy Pond, Arlington, Mass., in February, 1896, in a variation of the game that was known as ice polo. It was played with a short stick and a hard rubber ball. Harvard won, 5-4, and repeated the victory the following winter at Providence.

In 1898, the two teams changed to hockey, and, by the turn of the Century, most of the larger northeastern colleges had picked it up. Among these pioneers were Princeton, Columbia, Yale, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Springfield and Dartmouth. Most of them had pretty fair teams from the start, but Massachusetts Tech must have slumped a trifle in 1905, in which year she took a 25-to-0 pasting from Harvard!

Among the prep schools, St. Paul's School—still known as "The Cradle of American Hockey"—together with Andover, Exeter, St. Mark's and the Greater Boston high schools, made rapid strides in developing the game.

Because artificial rinks were too expensive and natural ice was too dependent on the whims of the thermometer, it was not until the second decade of the new century that the game gained much headway. Then the racing figure of Hobe Baker blazed its pathway over the rinks of the country.

Before he entered college Baker had become somewhat of an American legend. As a schoolboy at St. Paul's, he had helped the New Hampshire school to gain victories over several of the big colleges in the East. The Harvard septet of 1908, for instance, had paraded its way to one-sided victories over Princeton, Dartmouth and Columbia and had an unbeaten record until it journeyed up to Concord, N. H., where it bowed before the onslaught of St. Paul's School, 5 to 3. "Too much Hobe Baker," the Harvard men afterwards explained.

Entering Princeton in the autumn of 1910, Baker during the next four years—by his speed, skill, daring, color and splendid sportsmanship—did more than any other American to popularize hockey throughout the country. Under the spell of the Princeton boy, interest in hockey bloomed throughout the land, much as tennis did at about the same time through the meteoric activities of Maurice McLoughlin.

Persons who had known nothing of hockey turned out to see Baker and became hockey fans for life. For the first time in the United States, crowds fought to get into hockey games. I can still remember standing for more than an hour in a line a quarter mile long one wintry night when Princeton with her flashing Baker played the Boston A. A.

As a result of the tonic provided by Baker, the amateur game took on a new life and by the time the United States entered the war, club teams, schools and colleges were playing it throughout the northern strip of the country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Rinks seated only about 5,000 in those days, but they were well packed plenty of the time.

After the war—which saw Baker follow Frankie McGee and Scotty Davidson to a hero's grave overseas—the country received a large dose of what was often described as "shamateur hockey." Players masquerading as amateurs, and possessing amateur credentials, played in championships throughout the country and received good pay for so doing, despite their amateur standing.

This practice reached a humorous high spot when one of the outstanding amateur stars of the country brought a suit in court against a Boston rink for back salary that he claimed was due him. It was in this case that the "tin box" became famous, the player testifying that the amateur stars had their pay left for them in the boxes. The idea evidently was an excellent one, for it was immediately picked up by platoons of politicians all over the country.

Teams from Minnesota, Pittsburgh and Boston dominated amateur hockey during the first few seasons after the war. Moose Goheen of St. Paul and Herb Drury of Pittsburgh were among the outstanding stars. George Owen of Harvard and Howell Van Gerbig of Princeton, meanwhile, provided the college customers with plenty of thrills.

When professional hockey invaded the big cities of the East and Middle West, the amateur game—except for an occasional splurge—went into an eclipse and most sport followers firmly believed that the professional game had sounded the death-knell of amateur hockey.

IT was not dead, however; it was just asleep. And in the early nineteen-thirties, a gentleman stepped into the picture who was just the man to awaken it. His name was Rufus Trimble. He was a former Princeton player and he held a hockey portfolio from both the colleges and the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, which body had assumed control of the amateur game in 1930.

The trouble with amateur hockey at this time was that—compared with professional hockey—it had become as dull as a game

of parcheesi between a pair of nonagenarians. Starting with the same rules as the amateurs, the pros—thanks chiefly to the adoption of forward passing innovations first tried out by Frank and Lester Patrick in the old Western Canada League—now had an immensely speedier, more open and more spectacular game.

The chief advantage that the pros held over the amateurs was that their rules permitted forward passing in all three zones of the rink. This made the game infinitely more enjoyable for players and spectators alike.

"Throw that whistle away!" meanwhile had become the battle-cry of the ever-diminishing galleries at the amateur games as referees constantly blew their whistles to call back forward passes and to enforce a multitude of picayune rules.

Now Mr. Trimble took up the refrain. Aided by Joseph Bulkley of New York, a former Yale star, and by Denton Mullin, Manager of the Crescents of Brooklyn, he succeeded in getting the old rules tossed into the ash heap. In their place, Trimble substituted rules permitting forward passing in all three zones. He also incorporated other legislation that minimized whistle-tooting and which in general speeded up the game.

The resultant boom in amateur hockey interest was both immediate and terrific. The A. A. U. accepted the new rules during the closing days of November, 1932. The opening game of the season in New York the following week drew a crowd of 7,500. And the opener the year before had drawn only 923 customers.

New York's second game of the season the previous year had attracted 2,300 spectators. With the new rules, the attendance for the second game leaped to 11,000. On Sunday afternoon, December 18—despite the counter attractions of a pro game on the same ice in the evening and another amateur game on a rival rink in the afternoon—a crowd of 12,000 watched the Atlantic City Sea Gulls play the St. Nicks of New York. More than 1,000 fans stood up throughout the entire game, because Garden employees, through custom, had neglected to open the top gallery for a mere amateur game.

The major league game in the Garden that same evening was attended by approximately 5,000 fewer customers than the amateur contest. And the new rules had been in force only three weeks!

Like wildfire, interest in the game spread throughout the country. Madison Square Garden and the Coliseum, in New York, had large crowds throughout the season, but even New York, with its teeming millions and its vast stretch of suburbs, had to yield the palm for attendance to a seaside resort in southern New Jersey—Atlantic City. After a succession of large turnouts at the home rink of the Sea Gulls, the Atlantic City Auditorium reached a grand climax when the Sea Gulls, who are amateurs, took the ice against the New York Rangers, a professional team.

This game had the distinction of drawing the largest crowd that ever has witnessed a hockey game in any place in the world. The official attendance figures totaled 22,157—which is quite an indoor gathering, Mr. Reader, when you realize that the average legitimate theatre in New York City seats less than 2,000.

The Rangers, who a month later won the professional championship of the world, defeated the Sea Gulls, U. S. amateur title-holders, 6 to 2, but the amateur team—composed in the main of boys about 20 years of age who were working at various Atlantic City hotels—gave the famous New York aggregation a gallant struggle. Atlantic City scored its two goals in less than a minute of play, thanks to a whirlwind attack that temporarily dazzled the professional stars.

Despite its rather southerly location, Baltimore, Maryland, kept two indoor rinks with artificial ice humming throughout the winter. They had big crowds and a cracker-jack team, the Orioles, which constituted one of the strongest amateur clubs in the country and played before packed galleries wherever they appeared.

DOWN through the South hockey continued to boom. Even the depression failed to check it. The simple expedient of correcting a few bad rules caused the game to carry the country by storm. Down in Texas where a piece of ice once was considered a greater curiosity than the hanging gardens of Babylon or a set of Siamese triplets, indoor artificial rinks flourished in the Cities of San Antonio, Dallas and Houston. And cowboys sat in ten-gallon fedoras watching the amateur hockey stars of the Far South as they ranged up and down the frozen surface playing what previously had been only a northerner's game.

Along with their perpetual summers, sun-soaked shores and kindred climatic conditions rather foreign to a game played on ice, Los Angeles and Hollywood constituted the hockey center of the Southwest. Amateurs, colleges and schoolboys all had teams. Both communities, incidentally, have had professional teams as well.

Another variety of hockey that enjoyed considerable success was played by so-called industrial amateur teams. These were organized and conducted by business houses, the teams consisting of their employees. This was done sometimes for the sake of free publicity in the sports pages, and sometimes for the promotion of health and sociability among the employees. A good case of the latter was the New York Stock Exchange team. Perhaps the best known and most powerful team of this kind was the Hershey Hockey Club of Hershey, Pa., composed of employees of the chocolate manufacturing company there. There were few teams in the country strong enough to compete on even terms with the Chocolate B'ars as they called themselves.

Most bizarre of the industrial teams, perhaps, was one composed of a squadron of twenty employees of a Detroit undertaking establishment. The twenty undertakers cut quite a swath through the Middle West and planned to enter the national championships. Overtime work, induced by an influenza epidemic, prevented this, however. This year several breweries are considering organizing hockey teams and it is said that one of them is contemplating efforts to get some of the hockey-playing undertakers to forsake embalming for brewing.

In the section of the A. A. U. that operates in the vicinity of Boston, a total of 114 amateur squads—averaging about fifteen players to a squad—were in A. A. U. competition. And, including school, college and scrub teams as well, New England alone had several hundred teams on the ice.

The individual prowess of a Belmont, Mass., schoolboy—George Ford by name—added greatly to the amateur boom in New England. Although Belmont is one of Boston's smallest suburbs, crowds of as high as 11,000 thronged the Boston Garden to see the Belmont High School team in action. Veteran Boston hockey writers declared that Ford is the greatest American schoolboy player since the days of Hobey Baker. Ford entered Harvard this past fall.

Amateur hockey also has been sweeping Europe. One United States team and three Canadian aggregations toured England and the Continent last winter and played before capacity houses of from 5,000 to 10,000 wherever they went. The U. S. team played 46 games in seven countries, and, incidentally, was defeated only four times. Sport fans of Paris and London are particularly

(Continued on page 48)



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(Continued from page 47)

fervent in their loyal support of the game.

AT present there is no contest that settles without question the amateur rulership of the world. In the old days, the Allan Cup competition in Canada was regarded as the virtual world's championship. Shortly after the war, the so-called World Amateur Championship was instituted in Europe by the International Ice Hockey League. Until last year Canada won this every time it entered, and there was no doubt about the supremacy of the Maple Leaf over the rinks of the world.

But last winter, the Boston Olympic Club—known in Europe as the Massachusetts Rangers—competing in the world championships at Prague, Czechoslovakia, defeated all its European adversaries, and then fought their way to victory over Canada in a thrilling overtime battle in the final round.

The United States had sought this crown for several years in vain, and there was considerable rejoicing by American sports followers in the belief that the U. S. finally had captured the amateur championship of the world.

Their celebration, however, was doomed to be exceedingly short-lived. Canada had sent the team that held her national championship and Allan Cup. The team had won it at the close of the previous season, and thereby earned the right to represent Canada abroad the following winter. But, since the previous Allan Cup series, some of the best Canadian players had deserted the team. Hence, as it was quickly pointed out by Canadian hockey writers and sports columnists, the United States team really did not deserve the world's championship which it had fought so hard to gain.

The personnel of the Canadian Allan Cup winners almost invariably changes from sea-

son to season. This is true of the majority of amateur hockey clubs. And Canada invariably enters, both in Olympic and World Amateur competition, its Allan Cup winner of the previous spring. Canadian hockey authorities consider this advisable in order to be represented by clubs capable of effective team-play. Until the United States finally threatened Canadian amateur supremacy, this didn't matter, for Canada was champion, anyway.

But now the United States—as represented by the Boston Olympic Club—holds a so-called World Championship that has been rendered hollow and futile by Canadian claims that the Dominion did not have its best team on the ice at Prague. For that matter, neither did the United States. In the opinion of this inexpert, at least, the Atlantic City Gulls was one of several American outfits that could have knocked galleywest any of the teams that competed for last year's "World Championship."

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 28)

Chairman; Matthew A. Riley, Ellwood City Lodge, No. 1356, Secretary; Ralph C. Robinson, Wilkinsburg Lodge, No. 577, and S. A. Marthouse, Tyrone Lodge, No. 212.

Gettysburg was the City unanimously selected by the delegates as the place of meeting for the 1934 Convention.

Oregon

The sixteenth annual meeting of the Oregon State Elks Association was held at Portland, Ore., with Portland Lodge, No. 142, acting as host. Seventeen of the twenty-two Lodges of the State were represented at the two-day session.

The meeting was devoted almost entirely

to Good of the Order. A special Committee, appointed for the purpose, recommended the State Association's program of activities for 1934. The program was adopted by the delegates. Foremost among these activities was the formation and carrying on of an Antlers organization in the various Lodges where practicable.

The officers elected to serve the Association for the ensuing year are as follows: A. W. Jones, Salem Lodge, No. 336, President; William M. Hartford, Portland Lodge, No. 142, First Vice-President; H. B. Holdman, Pendleton Lodge, No. 288, Second Vice-President; William M. Briggs, Ashland Lodge, No. 944, Third Vice-President; F. D. McMillan, Klamath Falls Lodge, No. 1247,

Secretary; H. L. Toney, McMinnville Lodge, No. 1283, Treasurer, and J. L. Tucker, Astoria Lodge, No. 180; J. R. Guynes, Oregon City Lodge, No. 1189, and William F. McKenney, Portland Lodge, Trustees. Officers appointed by the President are: S. C. Friendly, Portland Lodge, Sergeant-at-Arms; J. F. Scholl, Baker Lodge, No. 338, Chaplain, and I. W. Campbell, Portland Lodge, Tiler.

District Deputies C. C. Bradley and O. L. McDonald attended the sessions and spoke to the delegates.

George E. Secord, President, and Victor Zednick, Past Secretary, of the Washington State Elks Association, attended the final session.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 28)

beautiful cigar container, the joint handiwork of the Lodge's Treasurer, Charles Marks, and his father.

There were present at the Lodge Home that evening, besides those already mentioned, the following prominent members of the Order: Past State President George L. Hirtzel; Past District Deputies Grover E. Asmus, Peter J. Gallagher and Richard F. Flood, Jr.; and the Exalted Rulers of the New Jersey Lodges of Ridgewood, Westwood, Weehawken, Union City, Passaic and Lyndhurst.

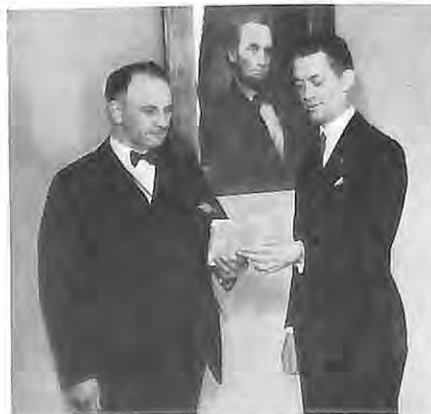
Grand Exalted Ruler Meier traveled back to New York after his visit to Clifton Lodge feeling that he had had highly satisfactory visits in each of the four New Jersey Districts, and confident that all had gone pleasantly both for himself and the Lodges visited. He left the State of New Jersey reluctantly, yet looking forward with anticipation to his visits through New England and Northern New York State.

On the morning of October 16, accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier left Boston to visit Lodges in New England. Their immediate destination was Portland, Me.

The two high officials of the Order were met at the train by a delegation from Portland Lodge, No. 188, and others including Past Grand Tiler Michael H. McCarron, a Past President of the Massachusetts State

Elks Association; District Deputy Fred L. Sylvester and Past District Deputy Lester C. Ayer, both of Maine, West.

Luncheon was served at the Lodge Home with Exalted Ruler John J. Devine presiding, Philip C. Deering welcoming Mr. Meier on behalf of the City, and the Grand Exalted Ruler himself addressing the gathering. The distinguished visitors were then taken for a drive about the City, after which they were obliged to leave for Bath, Me., where



Mr. Meier and E. A. Hayes, National Commander of the American Legion in Indianapolis

the Grand Exalted Ruler was scheduled to speak.

At Bath Lodge, No. 934, Mr. Meier spoke to some thirty members of the Order who had gathered to greet him, and then hastened to keep an engagement in Lewiston, Me., where a banquet was served in his honor with the following prominent members of the Order in attendance: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley; Past Grand Tiler McCarron; Governor Louis J. Brann, a member of Lewiston Lodge, and his aide, Col. Daniel S. Dexter; State President William P. Toulouse; Past District Deputies Albert C. Jones, L. Kenneth Green, Lester C. Ayer, Arthur C. Labbe, E. R. Fitzgerald and George McCarty; Mayor Robert J. Wiseman, of Lewiston; Mayor Lloyd H. McFadden, of Auburn; and Grand Lodge Reporter Joseph F. Mellyn, of Boston Lodge. The following Maine Lodges were represented: Waterville, No. 905; Rockland, No. 1008; Portland, No. 188; Rumford, No. 862; Gardiner, No. 1293; Bath, No. 934; Sanford, No. 1470; Augusta, No. 964, and Millinockett, No. 1521. Portsmouth, N. H., Lodge, No. 97, was also represented.

An address of welcome was delivered by Governor Brann, and Mr. Meier delivered the principal address of the evening. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley also spoke, devoting his remarks primarily to the Elks National Foundation.

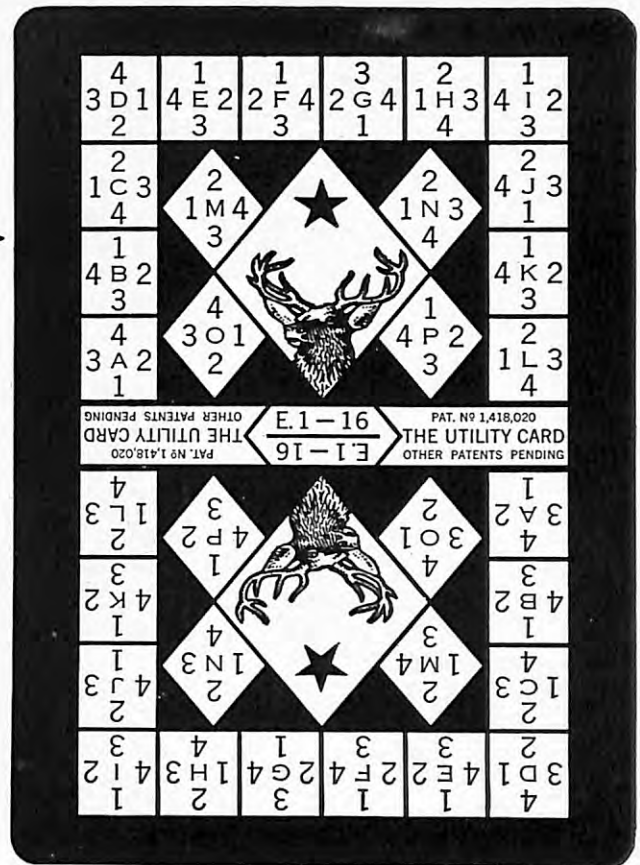
Mr. Meier's further visits will be reported in the February issue.

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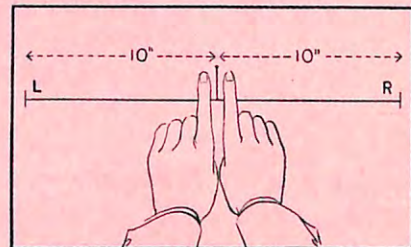


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