

The Elks

M z i n e



APRIL, 1934

WESTERN EDITION

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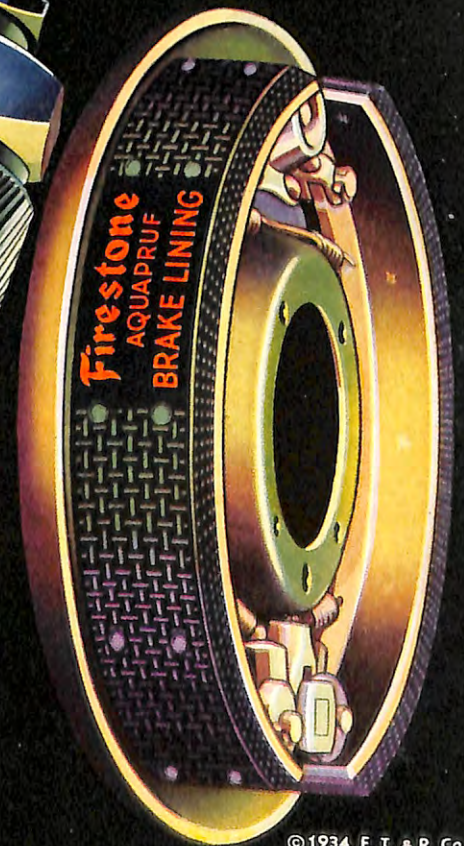
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The Elks Magazine

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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APRIL, 1934

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This Month

FLORIDA'S famous orange groves are one thing, and one that's well known—at least by hearsay—to most of us. But the stern struggle for livelihood—the heartaches and heartbreaks—which goes on behind the scenes in that land of sunshine, is another.



G. W. McCATHIE

In his story "Where Life Begins," Gordon Wallace McCathie has caught the spirit of the real Florida—of the very human people who make and break themselves in man's eternal struggle to eke a living from the soil.

Next Month

FOR next month's number Boyden Sparkes has interviewed a man who has never been interviewed before for a magazine article. That man is Dr. Charles W. Norris, Chief Medical Examiner of New York City. Dr. Norris' task is a gruesome, but very necessary, one. It is up to him and his staff to determine, when a person dies without a physician having been called in, whether that death was accidental, natural, suicidal or a murder. Just how this is discovered is the theme of Mr. Sparkes' important article. Watch for "Was It Murder" in the May issue.



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Franklin Booth

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A. P. Proctor's famous statue, "Pioneer Mother," graces Kansas City's beautiful Penn Valley Park

The 1934 Grand Lodge Convention

THE 1934 Convention of the Grand Lodge, which will be held in Kansas City, Mo., July 15-19, will find an efficient local organization that has spent months in planning to insure not only successful business meetings, but also to give visitors an enjoyable and interesting stay in the City.

A number of sight-seeing drives will provide the opportunity of viewing every phase of the City's life and development. Cliff Drive, the longest civic drive in America; Swope Park, the third largest park in the country; the Zoo; the numerous smaller parks; the leading industrial districts; the famous residential sections; all the leading boulevards and drives; the important public and business buildings; the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art; and many other civic, public and private points of interest will be viewed.

The business man who desires to gather knowledge about his particular industry will be accorded special opportunities to acquire such information.

The Convention visitor desiring amusement will find it as a guest at the Riverside Racing Park; at the Kansas City Baseball Park; at the dance in Convention Hall; at Fairyland Park or Winnwood Park; at "A Night in Venice"—a musical extravaganza and entertainment—and at the Military Extravaganza Night in the Convention Hall.

Women visitors will be particularly interested in the fashion show, the various teas, the luncheon at the Art Gallery and the visit to the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art.

For many years, "Make Kansas City a Good Place to Live In" has been the slogan of the Chamber of Commerce. Along with a marked business development there has been created a beautiful residence section. A well planned park system, connected by broad boulevard drives, has resulted from these activities.

Plan now so that July, 1934, will find you a welcome and hospitably received guest of "The Heart of America."

"We need \$400 less than we thought —we're buying a Studebaker!"

ALL over the nation, from Coral Gables to Seattle, from San Diego to Portland, Maine, the big motoring news of the year is . . . Studebaker!

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And into each of these newest Studebakers is engineered Studebaker's great advance in riding comfort—million-dollar Quadripoise Suspension—which cradles the action of all four wheels, not just the front wheels, and successfully subdues forward pitch.

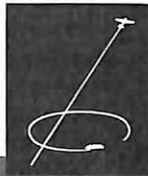


jouncing and sidesway—at all speeds and on all roads. Whatever your plans or your price ideas about a new car, see and drive a new 1934 Studebaker today!

DICTATOR	\$ 645	<i>Base prices at the factory. Bumpers, taxes, special equipment extra.</i>
COMMANDER	895	
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COMES THEIR STAMINA



FROM THE SKYWAY
COMES THEIR STYLE



\$645
AND UP, AT THE FACTORY

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Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler
 Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

Official Circular Number Eight

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

1412 Northern Life Tower
 Seattle, Washington
 March 15, 1934

DEAR BROTHERS:

The number of this Official Circular is a pertinent reminder that my term of office will soon be over. And since the term of office for Subordinate Lodge officers will terminate a month earlier than mine, it should remind all of us who hold official positions that whatever is to be done by us must be done quickly, or there is danger of its remaining undone, and, therefore, falling to the lot of our successors. Progress can only be measured by accomplishments, and so, let us diligently carry on to the very end.

Record of the Lodge Year

Although the Grand Lodge year is from one annual session to the succeeding one, yet the record of the membership will close on March 31. Notwithstanding this, we must not lose sight of the fact that we do not serve merely to make the record for our year alone. We are actors in the great movement of Elkdom and the influence of what we do will continue long after the close of our term of service. So, let it be for the best, as well as to the lasting credit of the Order, as a whole. Let us sow that others may reap. It is only thus that we can fulfill the requirements of our stewardship.

Mother's Day

One of the outstanding observances of our Order should be that of Mother's Day, May 13. I mention it now so that preparations can be made to show a proper regard for the world's most precious possession on the second Sunday in May, or on the meeting night of the Lodge nearest thereto. The day can be made one of great importance, as befits the subject, and every Lodge should endeavor to make it so. Start your plans now to show your reverence for God's noblest handiwork.

Kansas City Convention

Active preparations should be under way to send a good delegation from every Lodge to the Kansas City Convention next July. The local Committee in Kansas City is perfecting its plans for a great meeting and there is no reason why it should not be one of the greatest. It can be made so by the attendance of good-sized delegations, especially bands and other musical and marching units. Plan now on making this as a vacation trip, and arrange to take the family along, for entertainment will be provided for all.

"The Last Round-Up"

The final initiation of candidates, as well as reinstatements, to count on the record that will be compiled for the Grand Lodge Convention reports, must be had before April 1. What's done after that date will become a part of the record of next year. Let the final effort be unsurpassed. And then—start immediately to make the record for my successor a still greater one. The herd of Elkdom is on the move again, and greener pastures are ahead. Let us reach them as soon as possible.

Subordinate Lodge Visitations

Although this circular is dated March 15, it was, of necessity, prepared a short time in advance of that date, just after I had completed a journey which was commenced on Thanksgiving Day. I arrived back home on the fourth day of March. You will, doubtless, be interested in some statistics relative to my visitations up to that date and I give them to you:

Mileage traveled: By water, 2,259 miles; by air, 7,981 miles; by auto, 18,213 miles, by rail, 29,305 miles; total, 57,758 miles.

Number of Lodges visited: 341.

Number of speeches delivered to Elk audiences: 356.

Number of public address: 64.

Number of people present at meetings addressed: 73,136.

Number of radio addresses: 26.

Appointment of Grand Justice

Following the long-established custom that one becoming a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler shall resign any Grand Lodge office he may be holding at the time of the announcement of his candidacy, Brother Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, has resigned as a member of the Grand Forum, and I have appointed Brother Frank J. Lonergan of Portland, Oregon, Lodge, No. 142, to fill the vacancy.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Walter F. Meier

Grand Exalted Ruler

★

IT TAKES **Old-fashioned whiskey**
 TO MAKE OLD-FASHIONED COCKTAILS!



IF there's any mixed drink that shows up the quality and taste of a whiskey, it's an Old-Fashioned Cocktail.

Make your next Old-Fashioned with Paul Jones or Four Roses—and smack your lips over the finest cocktail you ever tasted!

For here are whiskeys with the same smooth body and the same old-fashioned mellow flavor that made them such favorites of connoisseurs in the old days. Paul Jones



has been famous since 1865. Four Roses is almost as old, and equally well-known.

These whiskeys are made by Frankfort Distilleries, America's largest independent distilling organization, which operated under government sanction even during prohibition.

These whiskeys are bottled only in full measure packages. They come sealed in the patented Frankfort Pack—a

tin-top-and-bottom carton that makes tampering impossible.

★ ★ ★

Four other famous Frankfort whiskeys

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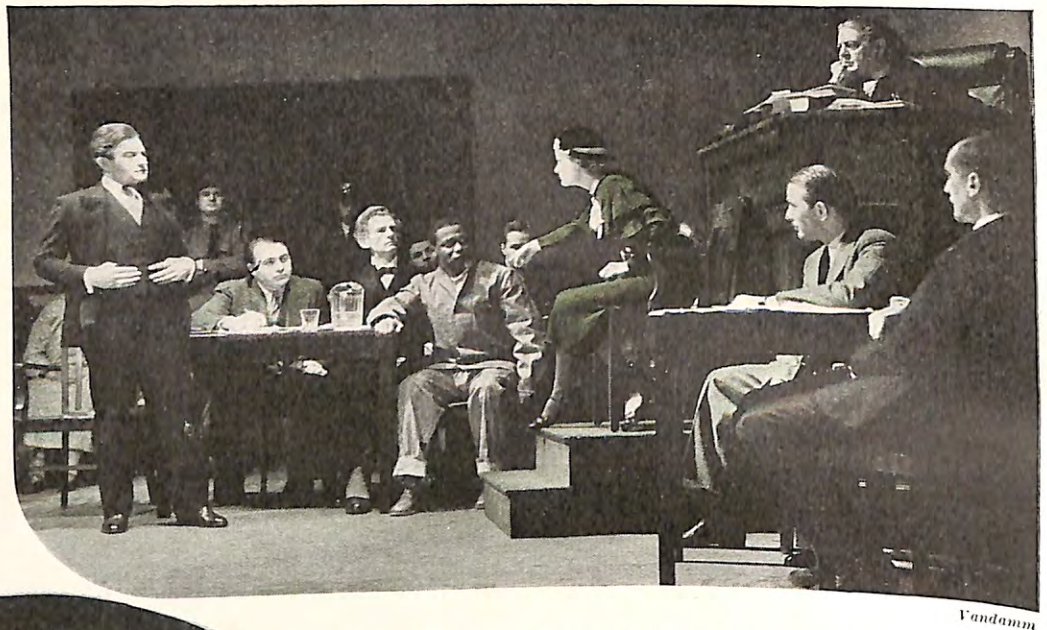
★ ★ ★

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful.

PAUL JONES ★ FOUR ROSES
MADE BY FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INCORPORATED
 LOUISVILLE ★ ★ ★ BALTIMORE



The picture at the right depicts the deeply thrilling courtroom scene from "They Shall Not Die," by John Wexley. The play is frankly propaganda dealing with the famous Scottsboro case. The facts of this cause celebre are presented according to the record, and whether you sympathize with the accused or not, a tremendously moving drama is set forth and splendidly acted. Claude Rains, the defending attorney, is shown at a tense moment with Linda Watkins in the witness chair



Vandamm

Behind the Footlights



White

Three very popular English players add luster to Keith Winter's drama "The Shining Hour." Gladys Cooper makes her debut on the American stage in the rôle of the wife of an English Yorkshire with his lovely and disturbing bride tragedy in its train. Raymond Massey, another Englishman, who appeared here a couple of seasons ago as Hamlet, may be seen reclining below with the beautiful Adrienne Allen, Mrs. Massey in private life, beside him

One of the best plays of the season is Sidney Howard's dramatization of Sinclair Lewis' novel "Dodsworth." This story of the successful automobile manufacturer, whose ambitious wife induces him to retire so that she may seek social triumph and what she vaguely terms "culture" in European travel, loses nothing of its force and poignancy by translation to the stage. The widening breach between the kindly, yet forceful Samuel Dodsworth and the wife whose selfishness hardens with each cheap social triumph is shown in a series of interesting episodes. Fay Bainter is excellent as the wife, while Walter Huston, pictured with her above, gives an outstanding performance as Samuel Dodsworth





Irene Dunne is scheduled to make her next appearance in a play tentatively entitled "Transient Love." The story is based on the old but reliable triangle formula. Ralph Bellamy, the gentleman in the case, and in the close-up at the left with Miss Dunne, is well chastised for his sins of transgression before the fadeout

and on the Screen

Reviews by Esther R. Bien

Lady Lee in the picture "Gambling Lady" is the daughter of a straight-shooting gambler who commits suicide as the only way out of his entanglement with a crooked gambling syndicate. Lady (Barbara Stanwyck), following in her father's professional footsteps, is innocently involved in a raid and her fate is further complicated by a designing lady who covets her husband. Miss Stanwyck; Joel McCrea, her handsome husband; and Claire Dodd, the covetous lady, are grouped in the foreground below

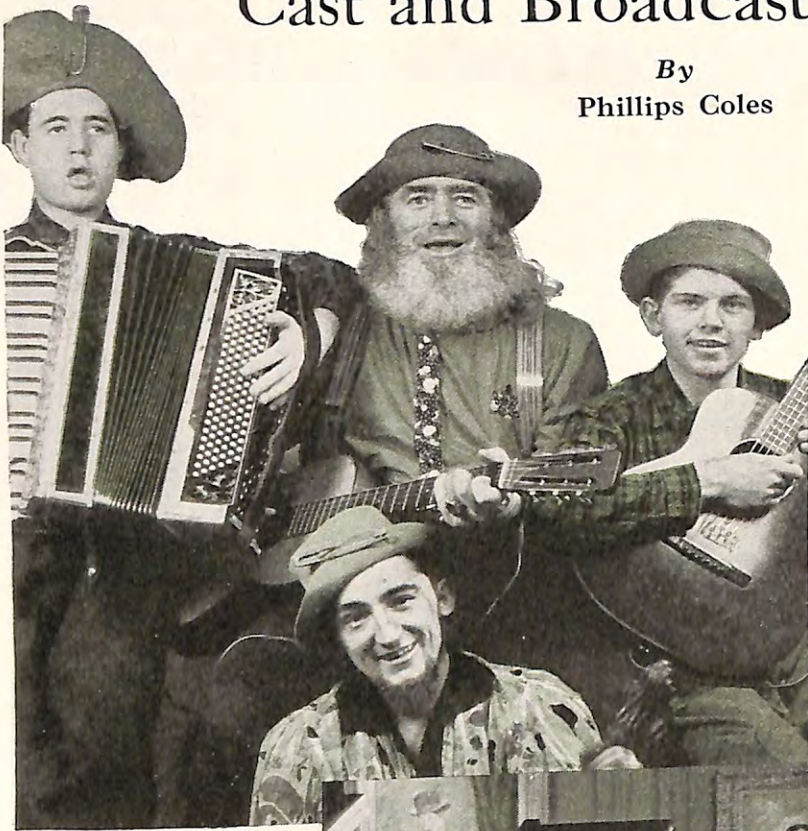


In the screen play "You're Telling Me," W. C. Fields is a small town optician with a mania for inventing. Most of his inventions are impractical but he finally hits on one that is sure-fire. Circumstances combine to make his daughter's happiness and his family's social security dependent on the success of this venture. As usual, he pulls a boner, and the kindly offices of a travelling princess are required to pull him out of his scrape. Adrienne Ames, the royal lady in question, is pictured above on the arm of Mr. Fields



Cast and Broadcast

By
Phillips Coles



Above are the four famous hillbillies from the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas, who appear several times a week over National Broadcasting networks. Pappy (rear center), giant bearded patriarch, leads the troupe in singing and playing music of the hill country. Though his beard and hair are the genuine alfalfa, there is no information available as to whether he sleeps with it under the sheets or out



George Gershwin, center, the famous composer of modern American music, is now being heard in his own program, "Music by Gershwin," over WJZ on Mondays and Friday at 7:30 P. M., EST. In the background of the photograph are some of the talented Mr. Gershwin's paintings

Right is Dave Rubinoff, who leads his orchestra and solos on the violin for NBC. In the recent World-Telegram poll of the nation's radio favorites he polled second as favorite instrumental soloist. Rubinoff was the only Simon Pure radio figure to win this distinctive and prized ranking



Jane Froman, above, sings each Sunday night over WABC with Nino Martini, the opera singer. The pulchritudinous Miss Froman would doubtless be heard more often except that she is starring nightly on Broadway in Ziegfeld's famous Follies





MANHATTAN COCKTAIL

1 part Italian Vermouth
3 parts Spring Garden Rye
Shake, strain and add Cherry

Manhattan Cocktail

At the fashionable places today, the Manhattan cocktail is again the correct aperitif, just as it was in the days of Martin's, Sherry's and the old Beaux Arts when it was made with authentic Spring Garden Rye. Aging for you through all the slow years in charred white oak barrels, this fine whiskey now comes to you in a mellow blend which has taken on added character and distinction.

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52 William St., New York

Rye

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"Mine Host's Handbook," 32 pages of information about the use, traditions, and service of fine spirits, with time-honored recipes. Send 10c to Room 1217 Penn-Maryland Company, Inc., 52 William Street, New York



Always ask to see the bottle and look for this emblem. It signifies that the whiskey on which it appears has its quality and purity safeguarded from the distillery to you by one watchful ownership

SO THAT YOU MAY KNOW



Henceforth

when you are buying wines and liquors look for this

Mark of Merit

on the neck of the bottle. It is the Guarantee of

The house of

Schenley



THE SCHENLEY MARK OF MERIT...YOUR UNFAILING GUIDE

Where Life Begins

*Louise turned quickly.
"You wouldn't anyway,
Bob Kendal. Arsenic
doesn't ripen, nor sweeten"*



by Gordon
Wallace McCathie

Illustrated by
Ralph Pallen Coleman

JESSE DONALDSON, Fire Warden for the Fifth Florida Drainage District and Deputy Sheriff of Broward County, unbuckled the heavy holster that hung at his waist and pushed his long legs into a pair of clean khaki coveralls.

"Come in," he boomed, hearing a knock. He turned to the mirror to adjust a neat bow-tie and a boyish figure swung into the bedroom.

"Hello, Jess; farmer once more?"

The face in the mirror grinned. "Farmer always, Bob, by choice; that"—pointing to gun and shield—"is grits and gravy." With a sweep of his hand, he smoothed a mass of greying hair, cow-licked over one eye. "How's the grove?"

"Grand! I can hardly believe that only a few short months ago it was nothing more than a twenty-acre brier-patch."

"It did look pretty tough."

"Tough? Whew! And the agent in New York called it a producing grove! Honestly, Jess, that first day, I was ready for——"

"Murder?"

"No—the canal, more likely." The young fellow chuckled. "You see, ever since I can remember, I've wanted an

Copyright, 1934, by Gordon Wallace McCathie

orange grove in Florida. I don't know why. Perhaps it's just romantic. Anyway, I've had the yen. And when I got enough money together, or what I thought was enough, I bought, sight unseen, and burned my bridges. It was a dumb move and I guess that's why I didn't let on——"

The Warden laughed. "You didn't have to. When I said you could make those sorry-looking trees bear fruit like the grove next to them, you got a moony look in your eyes that told me the whole story."

Bob's head drooped and he poked the corner of the rug with his toe. "I remember. Guess that's the reason I didn't quit right there."

"Yeah? Well, I guess not. Louise Fleming was the reason, when she came along and offered to help."

"Yes, when you said she knew more about citrus trees than you did——"

"You mean, when she smiled and said she was glad to have you for a neighbor?"

"Aw, she was engaged, Jess. How could that——"

"Still is, for that matter, but I notice John gettin' some reasonable stiff competition lately." The Warden paused, watching the color deepen under Bob's tan. "He saw you the other day, when you drove her home from the store on the truck——"

"What of it? I'd do that for any neighbor."

"I know, but John Padrick don't see it that way. He'd've cut out your heart that mornin' if he'd had the nerve."

"Oh, come now. Surely he's not that bloodthirsty." Bob laughed carelessly.

"Mebbe not, but he'll bear watchin', young fellow, if for no other reason than that he's Steve Mulford's grove manager."

"There you go—imagining things. Steve pulled a fast one, Jess, I'll admit, when he sold me that grove through an agent. But there's a crop on it now—thanks to you and Louise—that will more than cover the October note. What can he do?"

PLENTY. Slick as a greased moccasin,—that Steve. I've known him for years. Came here with him, when they were diggin' these canals from Lake Okeechobee. There was steady work then and we saved our money. I guess the reason I saved mine was because there wasn't any place to spend it. Anyway, when the job shut down, both of us had pretty big bank-rolls. I went to farmin' and Steve started buyin' up tax receipts. Old Cautious, I used to call him—always playin' a sure thing. Then, one Fall, the high water took everything I had in the ground. Steve laughed about it and showed me those little slips he'd bought, squeezin' 'em in his fist like he had the owners by the throat. It wasn't my idea of the way to get land—looked too much like takin' advantage of a fellow when he's down—but, just the same, it started me to thinkin' and the next year I set a grove.

"When it was about four years old, a fellow from Miami came out and wanted me to go in with him on two hundred acres of potatoes. I turned him down at first, cautious-like, but after he left, I got to mullin' the thing over: I hadn't had much excitement, outside of huntin' cats and fightin' fires—I'd been made Fire Warden that year—and the prospect of a quick crop before frost sort o' got under my skin. So, next mornin', I wired him to come on. Naturally, I was broke—the grove had soaked up my surplus—so I went to Steve and got a loan, givin' him a deed to the grove for security. The way I jumped into makin' a crop o' potatoes, you'd 'a' thought I was a schoolboy workin' for a scholarship.

"Then the frost came, early that year, and wiped us out. I borrowed again from Steve and replanted. This chap from Miami was a decent sort and he'd gambled everything on that first crop, so I cut him in for a third of the second one, for his labor. And the frost got 'em again. When I went to Steve for more money, he put his foot down and said, 'Nothin' doin'—'"

"Why? Surely the grove was worth—"

"About four times the total of all three loans." Jesse reached for a cigarette, puffed and pinched the flaming match between his fingers. "But Steve already had big ideas; his tax receipts were beginnin' to make him a big property owner and most of the land had young groves comin' on. Mine just hooked up, that's all. And, since then, he's acquired a few more, planted between, and made his Citrus Empire."

"You mean that the big one next to mine, the one with those handsome old trees, used to be yours?"

The Warden nodded, the keenness in his grey eyes dimming a little. He stood up and walked over to the window, shaking his legs to straighten the twists in his coveralls.

Bob watched him. "Why, the dirty crook!"

"No, I wouldn't say that—exactly. It was a business proposition—a little sharp, maybe, between friends—but perfectly legal. And, after all, so long as the trees are cared for, what difference does it make who owns them?"

"Difference? Why, man, if you owned those trees now—"

"That's just it; I probably wouldn't. Someone would have gotten them, the same way Steve did. I'm a farmer, Bob. I love the trees. But I love the dirt that's under 'em better—the old black muck, that gives 'em life and strength, and fruit. There's somethin' about it, a kind

of bottled-up energy, that makes it different from other soils. Cut it with a plow, give it some seed and a half-shower, and it'll put out a crop that'll make your heart sing. It's alive, Bob, it's—what's the word? Vital! That's it! Been storin' up richness for a million years, fairly bustin' for a chance to work! Take that run-down grove you bought, for instance. What other soil in the world would've brought it back in such a short time?"

Bob laughed. "I'm not much of a judge—"

"Well—no. I forgot you'd never farmed before. But I'm tellin' you, Son, you couldn't have done it under two years in the sand-land." He stopped to mash the cigarette against an ash tray. "And now that you've got it out o' the rough, a crop hangin' on it, Steve Mulford will want it back."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Sure. Don't you see? It connects—with the Citrus Empire."

"You mean he planned that when he dumped the thing on the market?"

"Why not? If you'd flunked, he'd've made what you put into it. Now that you've pulled it through, he'll find some way to take it away from you."

"Like hell he will!"

The Warden smiled sagely but, under the grey-shot brows, his eyes were dancing. "Good! I had a feelin' you'd know the answer if you knew what you were up against." He glanced at the clock over Bob's shoulder and reached for his hat. "Holy mackerel! Two cars of seed potatoes to be unloaded today, and here I am gassin' like I had nothin' to do."

BOB frowned. "You're not planting this early, are you?"

"Yep. I get 'em in the ground while their eyes are still waterin'. They'll be off in October—if I'm lucky—and say! If you want to see a sweet piece of muckland, run out to the Range Line tomorrow."

"Sorry, Jess; I'd like to, but the ploughing starts on the Blue Heron this mornin'."

"H-m-m-m. That'll take you away from your grove a lot, won't it?"

"All summer, I hope. I've fertilizer to buy, you know—and spray material. That job was a God-send to me."

"Broke?"

"Flat."

"Too bad. By the way, who's boss over there?"

"A little rat-faced fellow with a scar across his nose. I don't know his name."

Donaldson paused a moment, thoughtfully. "I do. Name's Mink. Worked for Steve until I ran him out of the county for moonshinin'." He smiled and, for an instant, his eyes twinkled in reminiscence. Then, suddenly, they hardened. "Watch your step, Bob; things may get complicated."

The straight heat of a Florida September made the earth a grill. Dry weather had come and, on the Blue Heron job, steel plows cut deep the black dirt's coolness and turned up great furrows to bake, like acres of corduroy, in a blistering sun. Disc harrows churned it to velvet and sent up choking clouds of dust that followed the slow-moving machines like a rolling smoke-screen, the tiny particles sifting through clothing and stinging wet bodies with the vehemence of sandflies.

Hard work, but Bob Kendal was glad to get it. It had made possible the last of the fertilization on his own grove and, in another week, the final spraying would be behind him.

It was dark by the time he reached home after the day's work. A bath in the tin tub by the pump, some quickly





"Is he—better?" she asked, advancing timidly

prepared food and then—bed. That was the ordinary procedure. The short hours before sun-up he spent with his trees. The new crop hung heavy in the branches and everything, then, was fresh and crisp and dewy. But there was always danger of infection and vigilance was essential.

One morning, having completed his round sooner than usual, he was standing at a far corner of the grove, where the two boundary ditches met at right angles. There was a path there that wound off around a marsh toward Fleming's farm, on the other side of Clipper Creek. The grass, he noticed, was beginning to grow again, in spite of the hot, dry weather. In the first few months it had been worn smooth. Louise came often in those days, with suggestions and advice and, occasionally, with a basket of honey-cakes.

Turning, he walked back slowly, stopping frequently to examine a leaf, a twig or a bit of fallen fruit. Once or twice he looked back. It had been weeks, now, since he had even seen her. "Of course," he told himself, "practically speaking, the grove is taking care of itself. And, besides, you're away before seven in the morning. And besides all that, you saps, she's engaged to John Padrick, which answers everything." He dropped the fruit he had been carrying in his hand and

went on, allowing his mind to play with strange thoughts. All at once, he stopped, listening. Someone was coming along the path, brushing against the bushes, and he ran back quickly. A spot of white was showing between the high myrtles and, by the time he had reached the edge of the grove, Louise was there, standing on the opposite bank. It was like a dream come true.

"I can make it," she said, laughing, and jumped. But her foot slipped. She fell squarely in his arms and he stood there holding her close; the softness of her body dizzied him.

"The cakes," she said finally, pressing back. "The ants will be in them."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I—I didn't see the basket." He let go of her, head still spinning a little, and helped her gather the scattered cakes. He tried to think of something else to say—something not quite so silly.

"There," she said when the last of the cakes were in the basket, "but they're covered with muck."

"They're not. See? Only the edges."

"Bob, you know they're ruined. You're just saying that—and I wanted them to be perfect."

"Really?"

(Continued on page 35)

What Can We Expect When

*An Interview with A. W. Robertson, Chairman of the Board,
Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company*

THE Government is spending many billions of dollars in public works, in farm subsidies, in the C.W.A. and in direct relief. It has put out great sums to thaw frozen credits. All this has been done with the thought of making new purchasing power available so that business can get on its feet and thereafter walk without aid. What are the prospects that business will get up and walk?

The disposition of many business men, as well as of many wage earners, is to sit tight and let the Government spending make prosperity for them. Business has undoubtedly picked up, but it comes and goes in localities, more or less according to the amount of Government money being spent. Except in a few instances, business is not showing either an ability or a willingness to stand on its own feet. Is it possible for the Government to spend enough money to hand good business to everyone on a platter? Has any change come about which makes self-reliance unnecessary? Is there a connection between lack of enterprise and lack of business?

Every man knows that Government spending at the present rate cannot keep on forever. The few who pretend to think otherwise either foolishly imagine they can advance their own interests regardless of consequences or deliberately hope for national bankruptcy in order to establish some kind of a new society.

The sober citizen is willing to mortgage the future as an aid to economic recovery. He is willing to have the nation borrow for promotion purposes, just as he has in the past himself borrowed to promote his business. But he knows from his own affairs that, whenever the returns from the promotion do not justify the expense, he has to quit promoting. Are the employers and the employees of the country, urged on by many who call themselves authorities, taking an attitude toward the future which will effectively short-circuit the national spending for promotion purposes? Are they, by this attitude, shutting out one great section of business without which recovery is impossible?

If it be true that one section of industry is not participating in recovery, then this is a matter of concern to everyone, for unless all of industry and all of agriculture are prosperous, no one will be fully prosperous. We shall simply be driving a twelve with six cylinders missing.

Let us suppose that the Government this year puts five billion dollars' worth of new purchasing power into the hands of citizens. That is a tremendous sum of money—beyond the comprehension of any mortal. A few men with experience in large corporate affairs can comprehend what a hundred million dollars will buy in their own lines, and quite a number of men can comprehend a million dollars, but I venture to say that the comprehension of most people stops at considerably less than a hundred thousand dollars. Therefore, five billion dollars seems like a sum that could do anything.

Five billions in brand new purchasing power means much more than a five billion increase in the total volume of business, for the new purchasing power turns over and over again and each time it turns it is counted. It goes through payrolls, retail sales, jobbers, manufacturers, farmers and so on—and each operation develops a payroll. Our best estimates are that a dollar of new purchasing power passed down the line,

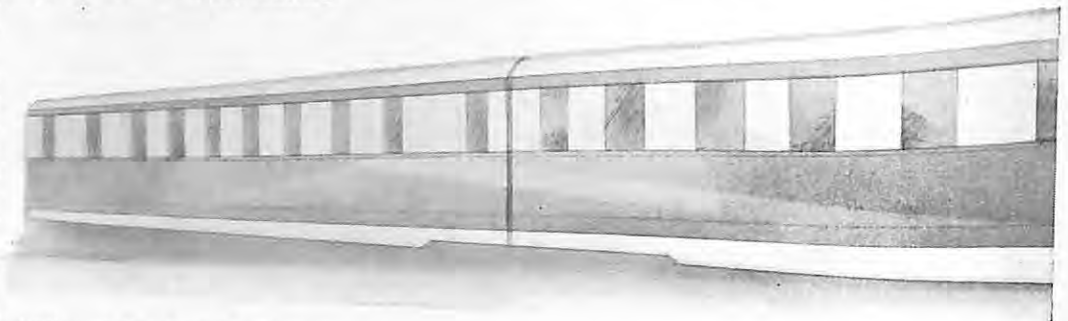
Copyright, 1934, by Samuel Crowther.

as in the old minstrel show, will add ten dollars to the total volume of business. Thus, five billions of new buying ought to produce a gross addition to the nation's business volume of fifty billions.

IF, just to use round figures, we say that the population of the country is one hundred millions, then fifty billion dollars works out to five hundred dollars of gross business per head. The calculation is meaningless, for business does not seep through in any such regular fashion, but at least it gives a grasp on the meaning of fifty billion dollars. It would certainly seem that such an addition to volume would set every wheel to turning and provide jobs for everyone. In point of fact, fifty billions added to our present expenditures would not quite put us back to where we were in 1931, and would fall considerably short of putting us where we were in 1922 when coming out of the depression of the previous year.

Everyone by this time is bored by statistics, and, on the whole, I think rightly so, for figures can be made to lie in the most facile fashion, and very few of us have either the technical knowledge or the time to check up the figures given to us. But recently some very valuable work has been done in estimating what the country spends, and these figures seem to me of high moment, because, for the first time, they show us how we earn our living and thus give us a clearer picture, not only of the size but of the character of the problems with which we are dealing. Our total spending is, of course, the same as our gross volume of business.

In 1929 the country spent a little over 376 billion dollars. This is excluding the New York Stock Exchange. By 1931 this had dropped to slightly over 242 billions and by 1932 it had dropped to less than 190 billions. It is unlikely that the figures



for 1933, when they are compiled, will exceed those of 1932. The country thus in 1932 and 1933 spent only about half as much in dollars as it did in 1929. This does not mean that it bought only half as much goods, for there was a great fall in prices. In 1929 the producers spent 73.75% of the total; consumers spent 21.50%; and government, 3.46%. By 1932, the proportion of the producers had dropped to 66%; consumers had risen to 24.32%; and government of all kinds had more than doubled to 7.94%. These are not the only spending groups, but they are the principal ones.

The drop in the spending of the major groups was by no means equal. Agriculture dropped in its spending from 12 billions in 1929 to 4.8 billions in 1932; manufacturing dropped from 72.3 billions to 31.2 billions; transportation from 8.4 billions to 3.9 billions; distribution from 132.1 billions to 63.5 billions; and banking and finance from 16.1 billions to 6.1 billions.

Government Spending Stops?

by Samuel Crowther

Illustrated by Shapi

From these figures it is evident that it is not possible to borrow enough money to re-create the business of 1929. The business of that year was nearly 200 billions above 1932. Even if new money turns over ten times, attaining 1929 would then take nearly 20 billion new dollars—which is a sum far beyond our borrowing capacity. Reaching the level of 1926, which is the goal most frequently mentioned, seems equally impossible, for in that year the country spent more than 338 billion dollars. It seems perfectly evident that we cannot borrow all the way back to prosperity.

LET us go a step further. It is the fashion to blame big business for much of our troubles. Up until 1917, the big business of the country was little business—that is to say, the individuals and partnerships in business spent more than the corporations. In 1917 this situation changed and the corporations spent more than the individuals. In 1929 the corporations spent 161 billion dollars as against 116 billions for individuals and partnerships. The corporations capitalized at a million dollars or more did nearly 78% of the corporate spending. This is not quite so remarkable as it would seem, because many corporations are only individuals working under a charter. But the significant point is that



in 1932 the individual and partnership expenditures were 67 billions as against 58 billions for the corporations.

This would indicate that big business has been hit harder than small business. That is true. But also it is to be observed that the years when big business was most prosperous were also the years of greatest general prosperity. If smaller business has gained something in the nature of a victory in having dropped less than larger business, it is the kind of victory that no one wants. As we pursue our inquiry further, we shall discover a most intimate connection between the drop in big business and the drop in small business.

Mr. Citizen is the man who makes business, and it is

Mr. Average Citizen who earns from one thousand to three thousand a year who counts most. As noted above, the expenditures of producers are the largest item in the total of spending, but the consumers come next. The total consumer expenditures in 1929 amounted to just under 81 billion dollars, and of this total Mr. Average Citizen contributed nearly 48 billions. The comparatively poor and the poor—that is, those with incomes of less than a thousand dollars a year—contributed under 16 billions. The expenditures of the rich—and certainly they devoted themselves to spending in 1929—amounted to much less than one per cent. of the total.

It can be taken for granted that (*Continued on page 43*)

"Just a minute, Kelly!" Lombarsi's voice was hard and brittle. His right hand slipped suggestively to his side pocket



IF you live in New Cranford, you know Robert Lee Scroggins. He's the town's wealthiest big-business man and even little children point him out in the streets. A shining example of the boy who made good, he ranks in public esteem with New Cranford's political pride, Mayor Kelly.

Regardless of where you live, if you've ever bought a tube of Pureintaste Tooth Paste you've met Robert Lee Scroggins face to face. His photo adorns every tube of the stuff. Do you recall? A smiling, genial looking chap with pearly white teeth. That was his own idea and he stuck to it—and later had the satisfaction and pleasure of knowing that his picture adorned bathrooms in every civilized country of the world.

It might have been foresight and cleverness, or, as his life-long enemy Mayor Kelly insisted, just dumb luck, but there is no side-stepping the fact that Scroggins made over five million dollars. Made it before he was forty years old too, giving him plenty of opportunity to enjoy life, make donations to worthy charities and ride various hobbies.

Just at present he was riding—aye galloping—his hobby of baseball. Every day that the New Cranford Superiors played, Scroggins was in the grand stand. He was a rabid, wild-eyed fan. The fact that the Superiors had, since the start of the season, suffered a depressing and monotonous losing streak, reacted upon Scroggins like a personal insult.

Today, even the disdained Brighton team had humbled the Superiors. To Scroggins, that was the last straw!

"It's intolerable," he muttered, starting determinedly for the club house. "I'm not going to stand for it!"

He went directly to the team manager and voiced his opinions. He talked bluntly and forcefully, telling the manager what he thought of him and his team, individually and collectively.

"I tell you, Kelly," he concluded heatedly, "you know as little about managing a ball team as your father does about the responsibilities of being Mayor. There isn't a real player on the team! It's a disgrace to New Cranford! You've got to—"

Young Kelly had his father's red hair and fighting jaw but lacked the Mayor's gift of eloquence.

"Get to hell out of here," he said angrily. He clenched his fists and took a step nearer Scroggins. "Beat it," he ordered. "Gowan, sell your toothpaste!"

"What?" gasped Scroggins, unwilling to believe his hearing.

"Beat it! Shove off! Vamoose!" Kelly said ominously and with a total disregard of the five million iron men backing up Scroggins.

"I'll show you," Scroggins promised, his complexion wavering between an unhealthy red and a sickly purple. "I'll make you and your bunch of incognito ball players the laughing stock of the country! I'll show you up for the incompetent popinjay that you are! Baseball manager! Baseball team! Huh!"

"Nerts," commented Kelly inelegantly. "Go take a cold shower."

The following day, the New Cranford Chronicle devoted most of its front page to the Scroggins-Kelly feud. Across the top of the page a screaming headline proclaimed:

A New Deal for New

SCROGGINS CHARGES BALL TEAM
MAKES NEW CRANFORD RIDICULOUS

The story that followed indicated that the town was losing business because of the unfavorable publicity given it through a consistently poor ball team; that the team was mismanaged and that the appointment of Kelly was in the nature of political graft; that the players on the team lacked even rudimentary knowledge of the game.

In conclusion, the irate Mr. Scroggins declared that, given one week's time, he would pick a team from the workers in the Pureintaste Factory and beat the Superiors (whose name he said should be changed to the Inferiors) merely to prove his contention that Kelly should be removed and some real ball players hired.

It was a blazing, scorching, bitter announcement and it caught the citizens of New Cranford at exactly the right time. Excited, gesticulating groups formed on street corners, in pool rooms, restaurants, movie houses and drug stores. It divided

by Clarence Cisin
 Illustrated by Frederic Mizen



Cranford

the town into two distinct camps; those who showed statistics proving Scroggins' claims, and those who were loyal to the political party now in power. There were friendly debates, heated arguments and fist fights. Life-long friends quarreled with each other and men who had previously found nothing in common became united in their mutual acceptance of the claims made. Even the announcement of the United States entry into the World War had caused less commotion than did this bomb-shell dropped by the publicity-minded Scroggins.

In Mayor Kelly's private office, above Kelly's Emporium on Main Street, the Mayor was laying down the law to the hastily assembled group.

"This is a fight to the finish," he said angrily, pounding the desk with his fist and sticking his chin out aggressively. "It was forced upon us by an unprincipled, unpatriotic demagogue. A narrow-minded, thoroughly selfish—"

"Hold on, Frank," interrupted Judge Walters soothingly. "That's mighty fine stuff but you'd better save it for the yokels. We've got to face this situation frankly. Scroggins is nobody's

fool and he's a multi-millionaire. He's taken a smart crack at us through the ball team—and, in my humble opinion, we certainly gave him a grand opening there too." The Judge looked meaningfully at young Kelly and nodded his gray head sorrowfully.

"Say! I don't like that!" began the Manager of the Superiors, jumping to his feet.

"Sit down and shut up!" ordered the Mayor, giving his son a look of sincere dislike. "What'didja have to choose Scroggins to pick on for, ya dumb lizzard? For two pins I'd push your homely mug in, even if it does look like mine!"

"This won't get us anywhere," said Health Commissioner Dr. Fanshaw. "What were you going to suggest, Judge?"

"Merely," said Judge Walters, "that we accept the challenge issued by Scroggins and let the Superiors play any team he can recruit from his factory hands. We'll make sure, of course, that he doesn't slip in a bunch of professionals! And we'll get the approval of the public by offering to wager fifty thousand dollars on the result, the money to go toward some public charity."

"FINE idea," Dr. Fanshaw agreed. "We can build a new wing on the hospital."

"And in addition to the fifty thousand," smiled Mayor Kelly, warming to the plan, "I'll make a personal wager against Scroggins! Make us look foolish, will he? We'll give him some valuable publicity for his Pureintaste junk!"

Mayor Kelly's reply to Scroggins was eagerly awaited by the citizens of New Cranford. They anticipated an effective barrage of wise-cracks for Kelly had earned a reputation for pithy repartee. They were not disappointed. The Chronicle, entering gleefully into the spirit of the occasion, devoted its entire front page to the Mayor's missive.

Under the caption AN OPEN LETTER TO SCROGGINS, Kelly said:

"Regardless of personal wealth, no man should be permitted to smirch the fair name of New Cranford. I resent the slurs that millionaire Scroggins has heaped upon this glorious City and in my resentment I feel certain that I speak for every honest citizen, rich and poor alike.

"To Scroggins I say: 'If New Cranford is so distasteful to you, why don't you go back to the place your ancestors originally came from?' Thousands of proud mothers and fathers have raised children here. This City is good enough for them and for their children and their children's children! And it was good enough for Scroggins to amass a vast fortune out of toothpaste which he claims will preserve teeth!

"Scroggins has tried to cloud the issue by harping on our baseball team. Every thinking person will realize that what this man really wished to do was to derive free publicity for his name and toothpaste by insulting New Cranford and its Mayor.

"To further his designs, Scroggins sneeringly states that he can recruit a ball team from his factory hands that will, within a week, humble our own Superiors! As Mayor of New Cranford, I accept that challenge. I will go further. If Scroggins is willing to back his noisy statements, I will wager \$50,000 upon the Superiors, with the agreement that the money is to be turned over to our worthy City Hospital.

"In conclusion, as Scroggins has felt free to indulge in personalities, I am taking the same liberty. I have never hidden the fact that my upper teeth are false. I have, as a matter of record, frequently and publicly praised the plate work done by our own dental specialist, Dr. Resnick. Perhaps I would be more reticent if I were the manufacturer of a toothpaste



Maheck, the next man up, made a safe bunt. The fans were on their feet, cheering wildly

supposed to preserve teeth for ever. "It is true, nevertheless, that Scroggins also wears a plate, although his was probably made by some exclusive and expensive New York dentist. In his case, it's his lowers that are false.

"I make you a sporting proposition, Scroggins. In addition to the money, I'll match MY UPPER FALSE TEETH AGAINST YOUR LOWER FALSE TEETH! The loser to forfeit his plate to the winner directly after the game. We'll meet at the home plate.

"Perhaps after the game you'll be forced to admit that your bark is worse than your bite!

(Signed) Frank A. J. Kelly,
Mayor, New Cranford."

Robert Lee Scroggins sat in his sumptuous private office and impatiently jiggled the transmitter on his telephone. "What's wrong with you, operator?" he demanded harshly. "Can't you get me The Chronicle? Yes T-H-E C-H-R-O-N-I-C-L-E! They're still busy! Well, I don't give a — Oh, hello! Chronicle? I want to speak to Winslow! Yes, the Editor! This is Mr. Scroggins. M-I-S-T-E-R Mister, S-C-R-O-G-G-I-N-S Scroggins! My Gad! Are you *all* dumb down there?" Mr. Scroggins crumpled a piece of inoffensive paper in his hand as he waited for the connection, mumbling, as he did so, a sufficient amount of abuse to justify the immediate removal of the instrument by the telephone company.

After a few minutes he heard the drawling voice of the editor, "This is Winslow, Mr. Scroggins. I have a reporter on the way—"

"Damn you and your reporters," snarled Scroggins. "I'll throw him out when he comes! Now you listen to me, Winslow! I'll never put another penny's worth of advertising in your yellow little sheet and you can cancel the ad scheduled for tomorrow! Who do you think you are, running that slander about me?"

"That was nothing," said Winslow soothingly. "You ought to see the follow-up the Mayor has just sent in! He figures you're going to back down on your challenge and of course, if you are, we've got to give our readers the—"

"Back down!" almost screamed Scroggins into the transmitter. "Did you ever hear of me backing down on anything? I meant every word I said about that half-baked team and that half-witted Mayor! You can say that the Pureintaste Team will be ready to play Saturday and that *all* bets are accepted! And you can also say that after I've cleaned up the ball team I'm going to clean up some of the dirty local politicians, too!"

"THAT'S fine, Mr. Scroggins," enthused Winslow. "You know our circulation has jumped to—" He stopped talking as the click of the instrument indicated that Scroggins had hung up.

"The war is on," said Winslow, beaming delightedly at his assistant. "Come on. We've got to get out an extra!"

By Wednesday, New Cranford looked and was as active as Chicago during the National Convention. Flags and bunting decorated store fronts and windows. Placards shouted "We're with you, Kelly!" "Hurrah for the Superiors!" "Shut out the Scroggins!" Torch light parades, led by the Pureintaste Band, flaunted banners and signs urging citizens to "Win with Pureintaste." "Take Baseball Out of Politics." "Watch Scroggins Show Up the Superiors."

Visitors continued to pour in from out of town. The three local hotels were doubling up on rooms and charging double prices. Business was flourishing in all the shops and the movies, beer gardens and restaurants were having difficulty in accommodating the crowds. It was like a frontier town in boom days.

Newspapers throughout the country played up the story, quoting widely Kelly's "I'll wager my uppers against your lowers."

At the Pureintaste factory, located on the outskirts of the town, the utmost secrecy prevailed. Twenty-five tough babies, hired by Scroggins from an out-of-town agency specializing in the supplying of strike-breakers and special officers, patrolled the Company's grounds and recreation field. Visitors, including sports writers and other reporters as well as the merely curious, were firmly and unpolitely shunted away.

Some news regarding the Pureintaste Team did, of course, leak out. Stories to the effect that every man on the team would receive a bonus of \$100 if the game was won by Pureintaste. Stories about the gorgeous purple and gold uniforms which Scroggins had ordered, the colors being the same as those used on his tubes of tooth paste.

But although rumors were plentiful about the actual baseball prowess of the team which had been recruited from among the hundred and five male employees, definite facts were as scarce as bankers who pay income taxes.

This lack of vital information was causing Mayor Kelly and his associates a great deal of worry. (Continued on page 32)

*It's the Old Underpinnings
that Give Way First in
Almost Every Sport*

Legs

by Edwin B. Dooley

A MAN is as old as he feels. An athlete is as old as his legs. Once the underpinnings begin to get wobbly, temperamental, or kinky, the best of 'em have to quit. His back may be as strong as a woodman's. His mind as sharp as a sword. It doesn't matter. Unless he has what it takes, namely legs, his playing days are over.

Only a short time ago, headlines blared the news across the country that Babe Ruth, baseball's greatest figure and biggest drawing card, had signed his 1934 contract with the Yankees. The amount involved was approximately one-third less than he was paid the previous year. Instead of \$52,000, he was cut to \$35,000.

What happened to the Babe in the short span of a single season that caused the genial Colonel Jacob Ruppert to tighten the purse-strings? Ruth is still hale and hearty. His batting eye is still keener than many of the younger idols of the diamond. His appetite is as ravenous as it was ten years ago. And his "whip" from the outfield to home plate still reminds you of a rifle shot. What then, has robbed him so heavily of his intrinsic worth?

THE answer is "legs." Like Ty Cobb and Hans Wagner and a hundred and more others whose spiked shoes stirred the dust around them into a halo of immortality, the Bambino has finally fallen a victim of the most feared malady known to the world of athletics. He'll still be an asset to his team of course—a tremendous asset in fact, but never again will he be the inimitable player he was a few years ago. Once a pair of legs start to creak and squeak in the joints, they're on the decline, and all the doctors and masseurs in the world can't put them in shape again.

Medical science has not as yet delved very deeply into the various ailments that beset athletes from time to time, raise havoc with their hopes, and shatter their careers. Consequently the ailment which most athletes fall prey to has never been named. It might well be called "legitis," but that is unimportant. The fans in almost every sport, be it baseball or boxing, tennis or track, are quick to recognize its symptoms. In

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baseball and boxing, they don't hesitate to let the athlete know what's troubling him. In tennis and track they are more sympathetic and usually have the patience to wait until the athlete discovers the "disease" himself.

Ruth didn't have to be told what was wrong with him. In other years he demanded his price and he got it. He knew what he was worth. He knew he could bang out homers better than the rest of 'em. And he knew who it was who was pulling the fans through the turnstiles. But this year he walked into Jake Ruppert's office and virtually said: "Well boss, just put me down for what you think I'm worth." There wasn't any holding out. There wasn't any argument or beating around the bush. The Babe knew he had "legitis," and so did the Colonel.

As a matter of fact the fans knew it too, but with the Babe, they just didn't have the heart to tell him. They kind of figured that after all he'd done for the game, they ought to let him find it out for himself. They often felt a lump in their throats as they watched the Babe try to get under a high fly deep in right field. And there were tears in their eyes when they saw him try to untrack himself to come in fast for a line drive just over the infield.

A couple of years ago the Bambino left his marks with the crack of the bat, and was under the ball with time to spare. Sometimes he'd stretch a clean double into a triple, or race home from second on a long single. He was a perfectly coordinated athlete, moving with the grace of a panther and the power of a bull. Suddenly the legs began to show signs of the wear and tear of years on the diamond. The resiliency of his youth was gone. In the outfield, his getaway was labored.

At bat, while he still took that vicious cut at the ball which always characterized his form, something was missing. The unseen but vital power which the spring in the legs supplies was gone.

Ruth is but one outstanding example of "legitis" in the realm of sport. Each year there are hundreds. In every athletic enterprise where a tax or burden is placed on the legs, the contestants inevitably pay the price. Now and then a player like "Rabbit" Maranville comes along, and defies time and theory to cut him down, but he is an exception. Most infielders sooner or later are struck with "legitis," and they

have tamed speed. They make their rackets do the work their legs used to do.

Boroetra who, only a short time ago, announced his retirement at the age of 38, returned recently to this country to compete once again in the indoor championship. The gallant Frenchman's racket is more clever than it ever was. And although his legs have failed him, he is hopeful of coming through successfully, as this is written on the eve of the contest. Were his legs as good today as they were five years ago, he would be the tennis marvel of the world—in fact, of all time.

There is something peculiarly inexplicable about the way some athletes avoid leg trouble for decades, while others are cut down at an early age. Perhaps it would be better to say "hampered," at an early age. Henri Cochet for example, al-



Sports in Which "Legitis" Sets in Early



Bill Tilden

Ralph Metcalfe

Babe Ruth

Billy Petrolle

Nat Holman

Paavo Nurmi

know when that happens it means either back to the minors or retirement.

Although few sports followers realize it, legs invariably spell the difference between the great and the near great; between the champions and the runners-up. Bill Tilden today, at forty-one, is perhaps the greatest stroke master in the ancient and popular pastime of tennis. He knows more about the game than anyone else in the world, including the colorful Jean Boroetra and the hard-driving Ellsworth Vines. Tilden can make a tennis ball do things no man has ever made it do before. His game is flawless. His form is perfect. On the court he is a towering and aggressive giant who anticipates every move of his opponent, and outwits or out-smashes his strongest rivals.

Yet Tilden, with all his experience, skill, technic and power, finds it difficult to keep up with the youngsters of the modern regime. Only recently, in the brightly illuminated arena of Madison Square Garden, Tilden and Vines clashed, before 16,000 ardent tennis enthusiasts, in the initial engagement of an exhibition match tour that will carry them around the world. Tilden obviously was the more finished player—the maestro as it were. But Vines, with his now brilliant, now erratic game, made Tilden look bad at times. Vines had what Tilden lacked—legs! The tall, young challenger tore from one side of the court to the other, making incredible returns, and lifting the fans out of their seats repeatedly by his soul-stirring gets.

But when Vines sent a shot whizzing to the far corner, Big Bill had to let it pass. He knew only too well that to go after it would be to act the part of a buffoon. It would be ludicrous. Five or ten years ago Tilden would go after every shot and any shot. But not today. His legs no longer have the snap, the verve, the zip they had then. And in order to offset that discouraging deficiency, he must concentrate more than ever on "anticipation." So long as he can anticipate the ball, he can be on hand to return it. But cross him up with a placement, and the legs which once bore him so buoyantly, simply lay down on the job, and refuse to respond.

Legs are important in tennis, and yet it is a game where many men have excelled, or at least played extremely well, long after they have lost their "legs," so to speak. These men have done what only the master of the game can do. They

though but 33, is by no means as fast over the court as he was in the days of his greatest achievements.

On the other hand, Tilden, whose ranking record is without parallel in the realm of tennis, managed to escape "legitis" until quite recently. Big Bill first appeared among the famous first ten of the tennis world back in 1919. Those were the days when Gerald L. Patterson, William M. Johnston, and André H. Gobert, the great Frenchman, dominated the courts. A year later, Tilden moved to the top of the list, and remained there for no less than six consecutive years—a feat that is not likely to be duplicated for some time. It took the great René Lacoste to displace him in 1926, and Henri Cochet in 1928.

AWAY back in 1920, Tilden could cover a court with the speed of a cyclone. And the same was true of him in 1929, and even in 1931 and 1932. For almost twenty years (he appeared on the national ranking list in 1915) he flitted about the court, swiftly and gracefully. It seemed as though his legs were made of rubber. At last, they began to show signs of wear. And today Tilden, like hosts of other players past forty, must conserve his energy, and make the racket do the work his legs once did.

Men can and do go on playing tennis all their lives. Norman Everard Brookes, the greatest of the veterans, carries on nobly today at the age of 57, and there is no doubt but that he could still give many of the youngsters a considerable workout. Then there is Otto Froitzheim, the talented German, who played here in 1914. Over forty today, Froitzheim is still a crack player, and ranked high in the game. And Arthur Gore, who was captain of the first British Davis Cup team to visit this country in 1900, was a regular competitor up to the time of his death at the age of 59.

Obviously the thing that makes them "hasbeens" is their legs. Their eyes are as keen as ever. Their strokes are better than they ever were. But the speed is gone from their legs. Sometimes it happens when they're young, and in their prime. And sometimes not until they've played a long time.

As a general rule it can be said that the age at which "legitis" affects athletes is inversely proportionate to the burden which the particular sport imposes on them. In track, where every-

thing is ultimately dependent on a man's legs, "legitis" comes early. On the other hand in certain of the field events, where the burden is distributed over the entire system, competitors well past the half century mark, still take the laurels. Silver haired Pat McDonald and Matt McGrath still outclass the majority of their younger rivals in the weight events.

"Legs" terminate the careers of sprinters, almost before they begin. Glance down the roster of champions of the last twenty years, and you'll find almost as many names as there were seasons. The Williamses, the Paddocks, the Scholzes and the Tolans passed from the scene of their triumphs swiftly. Scholz and Paddock stayed with the sport longer than most others to be sure, but their greatest racing was short lived.

Track coaches agree that sprinting takes something out of a man quicker than any other event in the category of track

of Europe, with a hand picked team of outstanding American athletes, he was unbeaten. The fastest man in Germany, France, Italy, as well as the Scandinavian peninsula, couldn't stay abreast of him once he left his marks. Truly he is the foremost sprinter the sport has ever known.

But the thing that will eliminate him, just as it has others of similar potentialities, is "legs." Young as he is, strong as he is, ambitious as he is, the day is not far off when he will find to his amazement and chagrin that his opponents are beating him off the starting line. It will be hard for him to believe, but it will nevertheless be a fact, that he, like his brilliant predecessors, has fallen a victim of "legitis."

Hard running Ray Barbuti, the former Syracuse ace, whose heroic finish in the Olympic 400 meter race at Amsterdam in 1928 earned for him a permanent place among the track stars



Where "Oldsters" Play as Well as Youngsters



Murray Murdoch

Gene Sarazen

Joe Ruddy

Devereux Milburn

athletics. The tremendous energy burned up by a runner in the short span of a 100 yard dash or a furlong sprint, leaves him weak and devitalized, and robs him of something that can never be replaced. Into the short stretch that separates the starting line and the worsted tape, a sprinter puts his heart, his mind, and every fibre and muscle of his being. Terrific physical effort and intense mental concentration are epitomized in the whirlwind drama of a scorching "century."

Legs of course are the most important assets a runner has, and since the burden is placed entirely on them, they don't stand up very long. At least not in the sprints, the quarter, half mile, or mile. Every year, with few exceptions, a new sprint champion comes over the horizon, holds sway a few weeks and passes out of the picture. The pace is too strenuous to retain for long. The legs can't stand up under the strain. They lose some of the spring that shoots a sprinter out of his holes, and gives him the edge which means victory or defeat.

Ralph Metcalfe, the ebony flash from Marquette University, and the fastest sprinter in the world today, is something of an exception. For two years the colored sensation of the Middle West has shown his heels to the fastest speedsters in competition today. He is comparatively young, as champions go, and still improving, but with all his superb talents, his phenomenal speed, and his tremendous love for the sport, it is unlikely that he will hold for long the coveted title of "the world's fastest human."

Too many other great sprinters have demonstrated that speedsters' legs don't last long, to presume that Metcalfe can survive the inevitable fate. This streak of dark lightning against a white horizon is a silent symphony of perfect co-ordination as he burns up the pine boards or cinder path. Lithe of muscle, tall, intelligent, and extremely powerful, he leaves his mark like a shot and picks up speed and momentum in every successive space-consuming stride. And yet, like Paddock, Tolan, Williams, and the rest of the sprint immortals, in a year or so, in all probability, Metcalfe will be pushed into the background—outclassed by others who could not have come within two yards of him when he was at his best.

It will not be his rivals who will lead this dark skinned Apollo to the tape. Already he has either tied or beaten every mark from the 40 yard dash to the 220. On his recent tour

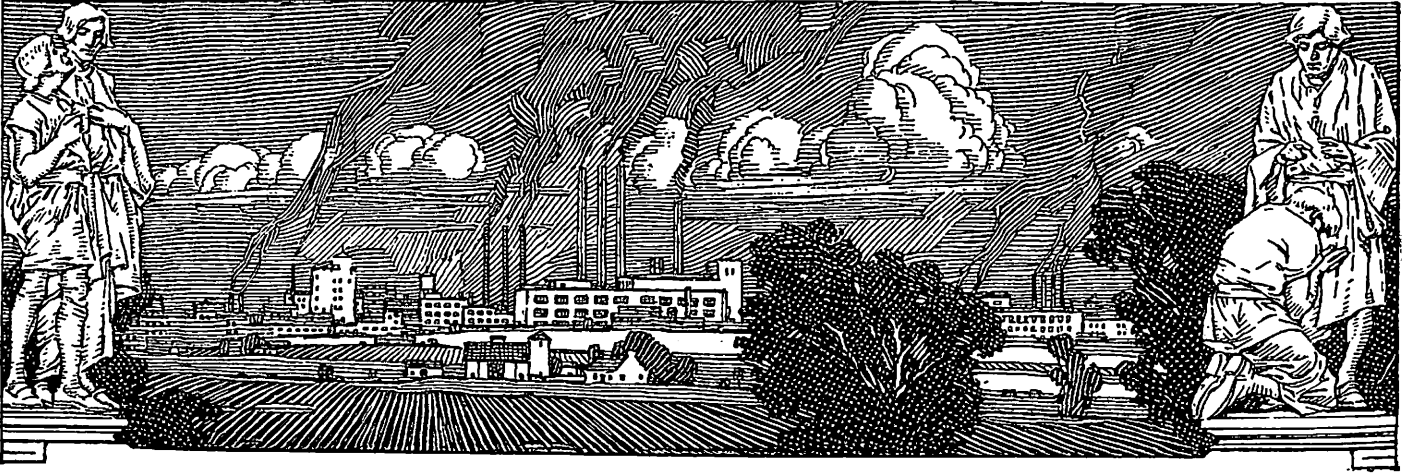
of all time, can tell you how quickly a fellow's legs will leave him. The winter after the Olympics, Barbuti put on his track togs and took his place at the starting line of a sprint race in a Newark Armory. The crowd held its breath in avid expectation. And that was as it should be, for Barbuti had scored a decisive triumph over the fastest 400 meter men in the world, by diving headlong across the finish line in the international games.

The gun barked, and the sprinters left their marks in unison. All except Barbuti. Aggressive as he was, he could scarcely untrack himself. Something had disappeared from his legs. They looked as powerful and tough as ever, but not as fast. The vital "kick" was gone. Not the "kick" which comes in the last lap of a mile race. But the "kick" that shoots a man forward from the mark, and carries him with blazing speed to the tape.

PERHAPS the finest example of the gradual deterioration of legs in a runner is seen in the case of the inimitable Paavo Nurmi, the greatest runner footracing ever knew. Nurmi has lived on running. Ever since he was eleven years old he has considered running a very necessary part of his life. In the long jaunts over the hills, or in the swift sprints along the road, he finds a certain nourishment.

In his prime the Phantom Finn won more titles, and broke more records at distances varying from the mile to 15,000 meters, than any man before or since. At one time in his career it could justly be said of him that he could have beaten any runner in the world from the half mile up to and including the marathon. His stride was long, easy-flowing, and effortless. His lungs were bellows. His knowledge of the subtleties of the sport was unsurpassed. And his desire to conquer all opposition was consuming.

A decade ago, before the King of Sweden, Nurmi raced through a mile in the hitherto unprecedented time of 4 minutes 10 2-5 seconds. It was one of the most inspiring achievements in the world of track athletics, and opened a new vista to mile runners. Until a few years ago that performance stood as a constant challenge to milers everywhere. Finally Jules Ladoumègue shattered it, by (Continued on page 41)



EDITORIAL

SENTIMENTAL TOMMIES? SURE!

IN presenting a formal committee report to the California State Elks Association last September, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Abbott, after referring to the splendidly courageous spirit which had been displayed at the Grand Lodge Convention in Milwaukee, and which bespoke the fidelity of the Order to that ideal sentiment which we call fraternity, said:

"I have been many times accused of being a sort of 'sentimental Tommy.' I freely and proudly admit the soft impeachment. I do not know what this old world of ours would be like if it were not for sentiment. The love of home, of mother, of wife, of children, of our flag and our country, all of the things we hold most dear,—all sentiment; and I glory in the thought that real heart sentiment has actuated the work not only of those of our members who have gone on before, but of you men who make up the bone and sinew of our Order in California today."

In that statement and in the brief but forceful remarks with which he embellished it and applied it to the Order, the speaker touched the very heart and central power of the force which has carried the Order of Elks forward throughout the years of its existence. In the essentially material aspects of some of its administrative functions, we sometimes lose sight of the basic truth that the Order is founded on sentiment and that all its objectives are really sentimental.

The splendid physical instrumentalities sometimes employed, and the substantial dollar-and-cent accounting involved, are only means to the ends in view. The convertible value of some of its accomplishments in terms of money, does not change that fact. Brotherly love is a sentiment. Charity, in its true significance, is a sentiment. Fidelity is a sentiment. If they be duties imposed by our human relationships, they are none the less duties which can be performed only by the translation of sentiment into concrete action.

The conduct of the Order's affairs is a real business. The successful administration of its activities calls for the soundest of judgment and the highest intelligence, as in any other enterprise. But after all, what the Order seeks to accomplish is the consummation of the hopes, the purposes and the aspirations of all the "sentimental Tommies" who make up its membership.

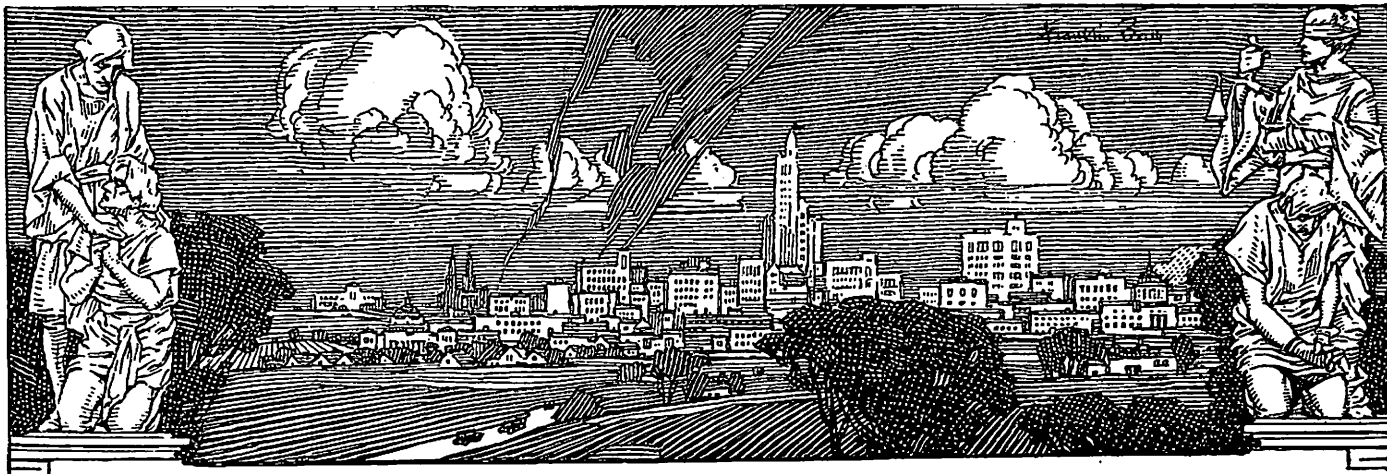
Indeed every true Elk is a "sentimental Tommy"; and should emulate Past Grand Exalted Ruler Abbott in his pride in that appellation.

A NOTEWORTHY OCCASION

NEW YORK LODGE, No. 1, departed this year from its usual method of entertaining the Grand Exalted Ruler upon his official visit. Instead of an elaborate banquet at one of the great hotels, a reception was held at the Club House, in connection with the regular session of the Lodge, in commemoration of its own Sixty-Sixth Anniversary and that of the Order. The innovation was generally regarded as a most agreeable one, affording opportunities for fraternal contacts which could not be so satisfactorily made, nor so comfortably enjoyed, at the usual formal event.

The occasion was marked by the attendance of Post Master General James A. Farley, Mayor LaGuardia, Ex-Mayor O'Brien and other high officials of the State and Nation, and was made specially noteworthy by the presentation of honorary life memberships to two former Governors of the State, Hon. Charles S. Whitman and Hon. Alfred E. Smith, both of whom have been members of the Order for years and who were present to receive the distinction in person.

The most gratifying features of the occasion were the fine address by the Grand Exalted Ruler and the expressions from the distinguished honorary life members and other notables of their appreciation of their fraternal associations in the Order, of their pride in its accomplishments and their confidence in its future. The Lodge-room was filled to overflowing with members and visiting brothers, including a number of Past Grand Exalted Rulers and Grand Lodge Officers, and all were thrilled and enthused by the inspiring program. The whole



occasion had a fine, old fashioned Lodgeroom atmosphere. It was not merely a social gathering.

The annual banquet of the Mother Lodge has been for years an outstanding event, to which those who customarily attended looked forward with keen anticipation. It had become somewhat a recurring traditional event. But certainly no former occasion has been more pleasing, more distinctive nor more fruitful of desired fraternal results.

THE PURSUIT OF PEACE

WHEN the World War was finally concluded, and its tremendous sacrifices of life and treasure were fresh in mind, there seemed a definite world purpose that it should be the last war. And there have been many efforts made, and some progress achieved, toward this end.

In the last few years much has occurred which has increased the difficulties in the path of those who seek an assured permanent world peace. Those mounting obstacles have discouraged many; some leaders seem to have lost faith and to have joined those who croak of other wars to come at no distant day.

This is unfortunate. The cause of world peace is of primary importance to all nations. There never was a cause which so justified tenacity of purpose, patience, consideration for others, undaunted courage and unflagging effort on the part of those whose service and influence might advance it, and who, by virtue of their capacity to serve, are charged with a special responsibility in the premises, a duty to the whole world. In the hearts and minds of these leaders there should be no despair. There should be no cessation, nor let-up, in the efforts to promote that cause. It means too much to all the peoples of the earth.

We were ready to make every sacrifice, to exhaust every resource, to win the war. At an incalculable cost we saw it through. The same indomitable spirit should be displayed to prevent any repetition of its horrors and heartaches and useless waste.

It will not do to sit supinely by and let the defeatists sneer the world into another great conflict. The cause of peace should be aggressively supported by every intelligent citizen. Those who are leaders in the movement should be sustained and encouraged by a demonstrated approval which will constantly revitalize their efforts.

There are too many who speak slightly of international conferences which are aiming at definite objectives

promotive of world peace. Such an attitude is not helpful. It is hurtful. It is unpatriotic.

True patriotism seeks for the peace not only of our own country but of the world. It prompts every possible effort to assure it on the part of each one of us.

FRATERNAL PUBLICITY

IT is one of the treasured traditions of the Order that an Elk makes no boast of his good deeds; on the contrary, he prefers to conceal them from public knowledge. As applied to individual conduct, and as related to individual beneficiaries, this attitude is altogether commendable. It is one of the finest of Elk attributes.

But there are many benevolent activities of the Order, and of its subordinate Lodges, which not only deserve to become generally known but whose influence for good is increased proportionately to the publicity accorded them. Such publicity is not only suggestive to those who may emulate the good example, but it also attracts favorable attention to the Order and arouses a desire among acceptable non-members to have a fraternal association with those engaged upon such humanitarian endeavors.

One of the important reasons for the establishment of **THE ELKS MAGAZINE** was that a suitable medium might be provided for giving appropriate publicity to the Order's fraternal activities and accomplishments. And that it has admirably served that purpose is a well recognized fact.

However, in order that it may increase its usefulness in this field, it must have a more effective cooperation on the part of the subordinate Lodges. They must realize that information of their newsworthy endeavors must come from them voluntarily. It is obvious that **THE ELKS MAGAZINE** cannot itself maintain a field corps of reporters for this service; but that it must be rendered by the respective Lodges.

The officers and members of the subordinate Lodges should recognize the propriety of seeking publicity for their benevolent and social services in their several communities. And they should have a true conception of the fraternal value of such publicity. They should endeavor to secure this locally through their daily papers. They can insure it throughout the Order by seeing that timely reports are sent to **THE ELKS MAGAZINE**.

The methods suggested are altogether appropriate. The end sought is altogether desirable.



Guests at the dinner given for Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier by Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Indiana State Elks Association Holds Mid-Winter Meeting

The Annual Mid-Winter Meeting of the officers and committees of the Indiana State Elks Association was held recently in Indianapolis. All five District Deputies of the State were present, as well as all of the Vice-Presidents of the Association and heads of the important committees. On the second day of the meeting, Sunday, February 4, a dinner was held at noon, after which a round table talk was held.

The District Deputies reported excellent progress in their Districts, all save one making the statement that a significant increase in membership could be expected. The 1934 Convention of the Indiana State Elks Association will be held at Anderson in June.

R. A. Scott, Superintendent,
Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

Interesting Doings of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge

The preliminary arrangements made by Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, for the Grand Lodge Convention to be held there July 15-19 were reviewed by Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier in company with Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and James S. Richardson, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, when they visited Kansas City some time ago. The incorporation of the Kansas City 1934 Convention Committee, Inc., and its financial set-up, were approved. This insures the proper carrying out of the various entertainment projects and the many details in connection with the making of a successful Convention.

A group of twelve singers, to be known as the Elks' Songsters, has been organized by Past Exalted Ruler Edgar P. Madorie. They made their first public appearance at a Thursday club luncheon attended by 150 members. Rehearsals are held regularly on Tuesday and Friday nights under the direction of Frank Lorenz, an expert pianist, and Dr. E. L. Eaton, an able director. The songsters will not only entertain at Lodge functions but will sing about town advertising the activities of the Elks.

The organization of a drill team has been completed with Clarence A. Over, for twelve years in charge of a drill team of another Order and now an Elk. The team will participate in the parade at the Grand Lodge Convention.

Trapshooters are to be in prominence at the Grand Lodge Convention. Kansas City has been the center of national trapshooting activities for many years and the preliminary plans contemplate bringing to the City many of the country's most expert trapshooters for the Convention.

Hugo Roos, Correspondent

Massachusetts State Elks Hold Meeting

A recent meeting of the Massachusetts State Elks Association—the seventh of the Lodge year—was held in the Home of Brookline, Mass., Lodge, No. 886. The State Association meeting was also a combined meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers, Secretaries, District Deputies, Grand Lodge Committeemen, and Committeemen of subordinate Lodges. Thirty Lodges were represented. The session was called at 3 P.M., February 4, by Exalted Ruler John H. King of Brookline Lodge, who delivered a short address of welcome, and then turned the meeting over to State President Edward D. Larkin.

Reports of the Committees were read and many resolutions made. Among the reports were several of interest to the Order at large. Trustee William B. Jackson, of the Bedford Hospital Committee, reported that there was a surplus in the Hospital Fund that would cover any deficit, and that he felt that the entertainments at the Hospital should be carried on as they had been in the past. In the absence of Chairman Joyce, President Larkin stated that the Leeds Hospital work was going forward, and that the usual good work was being performed by the Committee.

Past President Michael H. McCarron stated that a letter had been sent to every Lodge in the State asking them to foster a group of young men between the ages of 16 and 21 and organize them as an Antlers Lodge.

There were several noted speakers at the meeting. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, delivered a very interesting talk on matters of importance to all Elks. The Hon. E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, was recognized and gave one of his usual interesting addresses, and Representative Daniel Honan made some pertinent remarks.

Jeremiah J. Hourin, State Secretary

New York State Elks Association Gives Scholarship

The Scholarship Committee of the New York State Elks Association, through Past District Deputy George A. Swabach, of Rochester Lodge, No. 24, has designated the first resident of New York State to receive a scholarship awarded by the Elks National Foundation Trustees, under the Chairmanship of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley.

The fortunate young man is Robert Ayrault, whose father, J. A. Ayrault, is a Past Exalted Ruler of Medina, N. Y., Lodge, No. 898. Young Ayrault is now a Freshman at Hobart College, Geneva, N. Y.

Dr. Murray Bartlett, President of the College, and a member of Geneva Lodge, No. 1054, in transmitting the certificate of the College to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Secretary of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, wrote:

"Allow me to say that the selection of Robert Ayrault for this scholarship is an excellent one. Mr. Ayrault is one of the most promising young men in the Freshman Class in every way. I have, however, been most impressed by his splendid spirit in getting an education under very great difficulties. While taking an honor rank in his studies, he has supported himself during this semester by working long hours and showing great courage and determination. We have been much concerned about him and this munificent gift of the Elks Foundation relieves us greatly as it will enable him to pursue his studies without the danger to his health and peace of mind under which he has been working. You may be interested to know that it seems to us quite appropriate that Mr. Ayrault should get his education here, as he is a connection of the Ayrault family that many years ago were benefactors of Hobart."

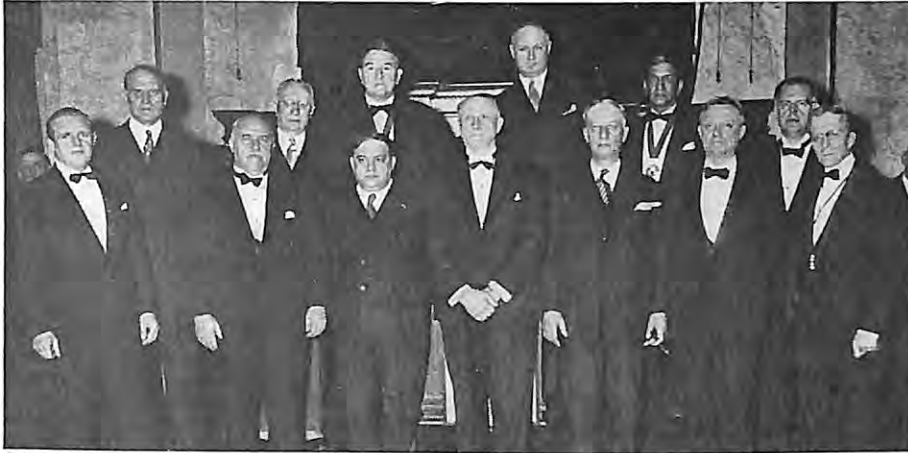
Past Commander of G. A. R. Praises Elks

Members of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, are indebted to Hiram R. Gale, Past District Commander of the Grand Army of the Republic for Washington and Alaska, for his radio speech praising the Order of Elks, delivered over radio station KJR recently.

Mr. Gale's address made reference to several patriotic organizations, including the Daughters of the American Revolution, the American Legion, the Disabled War Veterans, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Mr. Gale stressed not only the patriotic ideals of the Order, but also laid emphasis on its charitable activities.

Victor Zednick, Secretary

The Sixty-Sixth Birthday of the Order in New York



International News Photo

At the 66th Anniversary of the Order at New York Lodge are (front row, left to right): Chief Magistrate McDonald, former Mayor O'Brien, Mayor LaGuardia, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, former Governor Smith, former Governor Whitman, Supreme Court Judge McGoldrick; back row, left to right: Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener and Joseph T. Fanning, Exalted Ruler Wallace, Postmaster General Farley, Esteemed Leading Knight Ferdinand Pecora, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert

Queens Borough Lodge Observes the Order's Birthday

In celebration of the Sixty-sixth Anniversary of the birth of the Order, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier and a large delegation of Past Grand Exalted Rulers, together with other prominent Elk officials, were the guests of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, on February 16.

Mr. Meier and his delegation, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, John P. Sullivan, James R. Nicholson, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, William M. Abbott, J. Edgar Masters, John F. Malley, Murray Hulbert and John R. Coen, arrived under the escort of James T. Hallinan, member of the Board of Grand Trustees of the Grand Lodge. The Hon. Michael F. Shannon, former member of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge, was also in the party.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and his distinguished entourage received the hospitality of Queens Borough Lodge at a banquet before attending the meeting. After dinner the party proceeded to the Lodge room where they were received with a round of enthusiastic applause. Past Exalted Ruler Matthew J. Merritt officiated as master of ceremonies. He introduced the Grand Lodge officials, while thirteen Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, led by the Drill Team, acted as Mr. Meier's Escort of Honor.

One thing stood out in the proceedings of the evening as the introductions were made—namely the enthusiasm with which the large gathering present received the name of Past Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan. He received a great ovation from the members of Queens Borough Lodge who appreciate the honor which he has brought to it, and his untiring and constructive efforts in its behalf.

Exalted Ruler Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., Justice of the Supreme Court, extended a warm welcome to the Grand Exalted Ruler and his official party, stating that the occasion of Mr. Meier's visit in company with twelve Past Grand Exalted Rulers was a fine tribute to Queens Borough Lodge, and expressing his thanks for the honor and distinction which had been conferred upon No. 878 by the Grand Lodge officers.

Grand Exalted Ruler Meier delivered an interesting message concerning the condition of the Order at large and relating a number

of his experiences while visiting the subordinate Lodges. Thus far during his administration Mr. Meier has covered 52,000 miles, from Alaska to the Gulf of Mexico and from Maine to California. He said that his visits disclosed considerable interest and activity in the subordinate Lodges, particularly in outlying districts where the Lodges are small in membership. Mr. Meier stated that the membership in the Order is increasing, and referred to the Armistice Night Initiation as playing an important part in the increase.

Mr. Meier congratulated the officers of Queens Borough Lodge upon the manner in which they had initiated a class of seventy-four candidates, commenting favorably on the fact that most of the initiates were young men. The Grand Exalted Ruler also paid tribute to the members of the Grand Lodge present and expressed the thought that the Past Grand Exalted Rulers accompanying him, as well as all who had preceded him in office, had done much for the progress and growth of the Order.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's message was warmly welcomed by the crowd which filled the Lodge room to capacity. He received great applause as he terminated his most interesting address. Upon the conclusion of the Grand Exalted Ruler's speech he was presented with a handsome gift by Past Exalted Ruler John E. Tiffin, on behalf of Queens Borough Lodge. Mr. Meier responded with words of appreciation.

The Glee Club of Queens Borough Lodge,



Exalted Ruler Sabbatino, District Deputy Cuite and Mr. Meier at Brooklyn Lodge

under the direction of Past District Deputy Clayton J. Heermance, a Past Exalted Ruler of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, rendered several selections during the evening.

After the session a collation was served in the Lodge dining room and grill, and during the social session which followed, the spirit of enthusiasm which had greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party on their arrival prevailed until a late hour. The meeting was one which will never be forgotten in the annals of Queens Borough Lodge.

Formal Re-Dedication of Old Home Held by Brooklyn Lodge

An occasion which many members of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, had been eagerly awaiting arrived on February 17 when the doors of the old Home of the Lodge at 150 South Oxford Street were once more thrown open for the reception of the members. Since September, 1928, the Lodge had made its home at 110 Livingston Street. Before moving to the Livingston Street Home, the Elks had had 150 South Oxford Street as their Lodge Home since March, 1915. Many old members of No. 22 were happy indeed to move back into the building they remembered so pleasantly.

Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier was the guest of honor at the banquet which preceded the opening of the Lodge. Reservations for the affair were limited to five hundred, that number being a capacity crowd. Magistrate Sylvester F. Sabbatino, Exalted Ruler of Brooklyn Lodge, was toastmaster at the formal re-dedication dinner. Grand Exalted Ruler Meier was among the distinguished speakers of the evening. He spoke inspiringly in re-dedicating the Home.

Among the guests at the meeting were: Michael F. Shannon, former member of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge; Supreme Court Justice James T. Hallinan, a member of the Board of Grand Trustees; District Deputies Thomas F. Cuite and James H. Moran; Alonzo L. Waters, President of the New York State Elks Association; Past President Philip Clancy, State Secretary; Past Presidents William T. Phillips, Joseph Brand, D. Curtis Gano and Dr. John E. Dearden; and State Vice-Presidents George A. Danner and Frederick H. Rasch.

Upon completion of the dedication ceremonies and on behalf of the Lodge, District Deputy Cuite presented a handsome gift to the Grand Exalted Ruler, asking that it be a token of the Lodge's appreciation and esteem and that it also serve the purpose of commemorating Mr. and Mrs. Meier's twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

New York Lodge Celebrates Sixty-sixth Anniversary

One of the most important meetings ever held by New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, was that of February 18, commemorating the Sixty-sixth Anniversary of the Order. The meeting took place in the Lodge Home.

Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier attended, accompanied by the following Past Grand Exalted Rulers: Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, John P. Sullivan, James R. Nicholson, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, William M. Abbott, J. Edgar Masters, John F. Malley, Murray Hulbert, Lawrence H. Rupp and John R. Coen.

Other Grand Lodge officials present were Michael F. Shannon, former member of the Grand Forum; James T. Hallinan, Grand Trustee; George E. Strong, member of the

(Continued on page 46)

Western Edition

This Section Contains Additional News of Western Lodges



The re-built Home of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge

San Francisco Lodge Reorganizes Antlers Lodge

The business-like way in which San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, recently accomplished the purpose of its drive for new members in the San Francisco Lodge of Antlers makes interesting reading. The membership drive was instigated and sponsored by C. Fenton Nichols, Chairman of the Antlers Council of the Grand Lodge.

It had become apparent to San Francisco Lodge that its Antlers Lodge was not in the best of shape. The membership had shrunk and many of the remaining members were behind in their dues. Many of these boys were so much dead weight, and it was evident that the organization could not progress until it had been reorganized. It was the desire of the reorganization faction of the junior Lodge to cut the membership down to approximately fifty boys who could be used successfully as a nucleus for a rejuvenated Lodge. Last fall their object was achieved.

When Antlers Counsellor Nichols was ready to begin his campaign for new members, the local Advisory Council proceeded along a carefully planned course. First it interviewed the principals of the local high schools, asking them to meet with the Council at the San Francisco Lodge Home. At this gathering the entire object of the Antlers Organization was discussed, the benefits to boys of high school age being pointed out. The Lodge gained permission of the principals to conduct the membership drive

through the medium of the local schools.

Next the reorganization body invited the deans of boys of the various high schools to meet with them at dinner. Again the objects of the Antlers were reviewed, and the pledge of the deans' cooperation was secured. At this conference many valuable suggestions were received.

The ensuing step in the campaign was to invite to the Lodge Home the leaders of various high school activities, student body presidents, athletic leaders, school organization leaders, etc. At this meeting the Elks proceeded to "sell" the Antlers to the boys, receiving their pledge to return the following week with a selected group of their friends. This subsequent meeting had an attendance of approximately sixty boys, of whom more than half were signed up for membership.

After the initiation of the candidates the old members of the Lodge stepped aside and offices were filled by a majority of new members who immediately took hold of the Lodge in a business-like and efficient way. The boys were given to understand that the organization was now in their hands and that it was up to them to put it over.

To date the largest class of candidates to be initiated into the Lodge was composed of thirty-five boys. With this class the new boys have brought in over one hundred of their fellows, and The Antlers of San Francisco Lodge is now definitely on the upgrade, headed for a new and progressive era in its history. It is confidently expected that the present rate of expansion will give

the Antlers two hundred and fifty members by summer. The Lodge activities are being carried along most successfully, and each boy is a strong booster for the organization and proud of his membership in it.

*C. Fenton Nichols,
Grand Lodge Antlers Counsellor*

Past Officers of Sterling Lodge Initiate Class

At a recent meeting of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336, the Past Exalted Rulers performed the initiatory ceremonies held during the session. It was the opinion of old members of the Lodge that no better exemplification of the ritual had been given in many years. Six candidates were initiated, bringing the number of new members to enter Sterling Lodge within the last three months to a total of forty-five. Attending the meeting was a large delegation of Elks from Holyoke, Colo.

District Deputy Max F. Marsau presided over the initiatory session, the remaining chairs being filled by Past Exalted Rulers, all of whom are members of the Logan County Bar Association, including County Judge H. L. Kinkley; L. G. Giacomini; George E. McConley, Jr.; R. M. Sandhouse; Dr. J. H. Jackson, Commander of Sterling Post No. 20 of the American Legion; former County Treasurer A. Vern Coverdell, and R. L. Sauter.

At another Elk gathering—a Sister Lodge meeting at Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809—many members of Sterling Lodge participated. Among them were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, District Deputy Marsau, and several officers of No. 1336.

J. J. Cunningham, Secretary

Merced Lodge Sponsors Cub Scout Troop

Recognizing the need for training among boys not old enough for regular Boy Scout work, Merced, Calif., Lodge, No. 1240, has appointed a Committee for the purpose of assisting other organizations in this line of work and to sponsor a Boy Scout Troop of its own. The Committee appointed has been very active and has organized a Cub Pack of boys who are not old enough for regular Scout work.

Although the first of its kind in Merced County, the boys of the Cub Pack demonstrated their worth during the Christmas school vacation by making toys. Some even went so far as to give up some of their own playthings so that less fortunate little fellows might have a happy Christmas. Boy training is and will continue to be one of the ways in which Merced Lodge is endeavoring to carry out its patriotic principles.

Merrill T. Austin, Correspondent

Past Exalted Rulers Preside at Salt Lake City Lodge

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, recently held in the Lodge Home a meeting to honor jointly the Past Exalted Rulers and Old Timers among the membership. The various chairs in the Lodge were occupied by Past Exalted Rulers, with James W. Collins presiding. The night was the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mr. Collins's regime as Exalted Ruler of No. 85. At the time he held office he was the youngest man ever to hold the chair in Salt Lake City Lodge.

During the Lodge session Mr. Collins called upon all of the old members who had remained members continuously for twenty-

five years or more, and about forty responded and presented themselves before the altar. Each was presented with a white carnation by Past Exalted Ruler Collins. Among those present were three really old timers, the holders of cards Numbers 11, 22 and 54. These were respectively Carl Schmidt, Past Exalted Ruler Harry E. Deardorff and J. T. McConnell. During the evening the Past Exalted Rulers conducted the entire business of the Lodge and, under Good of the Order, inducted the present Exalted Ruler, George H. Llewellyn into their ranks with an interesting and entertaining ceremony.

The Past Exalted Rulers who presided in the various chairs were as follows: James W. Collins, Joseph T. Pence, Dean R. Daynes, E. Hugh Miller, E. W. Browning, H. E. Deardorff, W. H. Nightingale, Harry S. Joseph, S. W. Tooke, O. R. Dibblee, W. V. Wiegand, A. G. Gunn, Thomas Homer, D. T. Lane and E. W. Kelly.

N. A. Smithen, Secretary

Eugene, Ore., Lodge Burns Notes and Mortgages

The Old Timers Night staged a short time ago by Eugene, Ore., Lodge, No. 357, turned out to be one of the most convivial affairs of the season. There was good reason for the general hilarity felt by the members, as the featured event of the evening consisted of the burning by Secretary J. E. Luckey of notes and chattel mortgages against the Lodge to the amount of \$9,000. The burning of the papers, clearing up all indebtedness, cleaned the slate of Eugene Lodge and a considerable balance is left in the treasury.

There were two hundred members of the Lodge in attendance at the meeting, including three charter members and forty-eight old timers who had been affiliated with the organization for twenty years or more. The evening was rounded out with a program of vocal and instrumental music, following a dutch lunch.

Eugene Lodge has made an enviable record for the past ten months, having since last April 1 reinstated 123 former members and initiated twelve new ones. There are, at the time of writing, fourteen new candidates awaiting initiation.

Otto Gilstrap, Correspondent

Aberdeen Lodge Initiates Walden Class

Rube Walden, pace-setting membership recruiter of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, came into his own recently when, at the Lodge Home, a large class of candidates was initiated in his honor. Mr. Walden recruited almost every member of the class practically without assistance, and the occasion was held to recognize him as the Lodge's champion member-getter. The Elks enjoyed a buffet lunch after the ceremony of initiation.

In recruiting competitions, Mr. Walden has been a leader for years. It is estimated that in the five years that he has been acting as the Pied Piper of Aberdeen, he has brought at least one hundred and fifty new members into the fold with paid-up and acceptable memberships. Mr. Walden attributes his success as a star recruiter to a natural friendliness with people, plenty of determination and tenacity, and to his firm conviction that every man who can afford to should belong to the Order of Elks.

He is a disciple of Elkdom as well as a good salesman. He claims that he has no particular system of sales talk, although those who have yielded to his supplications aver that there are certain Waldenian touches that reach high persuasive levels. Mr. Walden has been known to visit a bashful prospect as many as eight or ten times.

Mr. Walden's fame as a recruiter is widespread. He has had offers to become a solicitor from Lodges throughout the State of Washington. He served one year as a solicitor for a Seattle Lodge (not an Elk Lodge) and in that capacity obtained five hundred members, averaging about thirty a week for months at a time. He has, however, no desire to return to the calling professionally. Member-getting is his avocation now, and he is content to leave it that way, just keeping his hand in with twenty or thirty candidates for Aberdeen Lodge now and again.

Earl B. Hunt, Secretary

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Visits Bakersfield Lodge

Members of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, recently made a trip to the Home of Bakersfield, Calif., No. 266, four hundred miles away. A special train was chartered with two dining cars, a club car and an orchestra aboard. The meeting was thoroughly enjoyed by all the participants.

These inter-Lodge visits, often made by the Lodges of California, have become an institution in the far west. There is no question but what they have benefited the California Elks greatly. They make for a well-rounded spirit of fraternalism, acquaint the members with the activities of other Lodges, and augment the friendships cemented by individuals and Lodges both.

Great Falls Elks Proud of Home

The Elks of Great Falls, Mont., Lodge, No. 214, have a Home of which they are justly proud, receiving many compliments from visiting brothers and others regarding it. Some of the features are a large and well appointed club room and reading room, a large banquet room, and a modern and well equipped kitchen. A recent improvement has been added by the installation of a sound system between the Lodge and

banquet rooms, permitting the transmission of music, speaking, et cetera.

The Old Timers Party held recently was attended by some 700 Elks and invited guests. Both modern and old time dances were enjoyed. Additional entertainment was furnished by an Old Time Fiddlers' Contest and a Harmonica Band. The party was reported as being the most enjoyable of any that had been put on for many years.

G. W. Pfaff, Correspondent

Compton, Calif., Lodge Starts Membership Campaign

A concentrated drive for new members has been started by the Elks of Compton, Calif., Lodge, No. 1570. Two teams have been organized to line up candidates and to secure as many reinstatements as possible. One, the Purple Team, is headed by Dr. L. Cowen, while the White Team is led by Otis Reifsnnyder. The team winning the competition—that is to say, the one bringing in the most candidates and reinstatements—eats a chicken dinner, while the losing team eats beans.

B. F. Boggs, Correspondent

Aberdeen Lodge Entertains at Annual Shut-in Party

One of the most interesting features of the Social and Community Welfare Work carried on by Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, is the entertainment of those whom the Lodge terms "Shut-Ins." Early in February Aberdeen Lodge held its annual Shut-In Party, which proved to be the most successful affair of the sort that has been held to date.

There were in attendance sixty-odd guests of honor, some of them in wheel-chairs, some on crutches, and some merely old people from the different institutions of the City and locality. A program, lasting an hour and a half, was presented for their entertainment. Afterward the guests were invited to partake of a buffet lunch in the Lodge dining room, which they appeared to enjoy thoroughly. Also in attendance were some two hundred and fifty members and their families.

Earl B. Hunt, Secretary

Marysville, Calif., Lodge Initiates Candidates

Marysville, Calif., Lodge, No. 783, initiated a class of candidates into the Lodge with the Past Exalted Rulers holding sway over the meeting. Those Past Exalted Rulers in the chairs were: Francis F. Hall, Exalted Ruler; Hanlon P. Kerrigan, Esteemed Leading Knight; Fred H. Heiken, Esteemed Loyal Knight; Dwight D. Johnston, Esteemed Lecturing Knight; Walton M. Langdon, Esquire; Ray Maxwell, Chaplain; Mat Arnoldy, Inner Guard; Edward C. Johnson, Secretary; Lou H. Woodworth, Treasurer; Leo J. Smith, Tiler.

On the occasion of the meeting, Exalted Ruler Charles Merz, home from a trip to Honolulu, was given a vociferous welcome. Fourteen more candidates were reported to be awaiting initiation.

Peter J. Delay, Correspondent

Reno Lodge Celebrates Past Exalted Rulers' Night

One of the most enthusiastic and heavily attended meetings of Reno, Nev., Lodge, No. 597, was held in the Lodge room not long ago when over two hundred members were present to celebrate Past Exalted Rulers Night. All the officers conducting the meeting were Past Exalted Rulers of No. 597, under the direction of Past Exalted Ruler George C. Steinmiller. They conducted the ritual and initiatory work in excellent fashion. Mr. Steinmiller is a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State



Glendale, Calif., Lodge's float in the Pasadena Tournament of Roses

Associations, and is a Past President of the Nevada State Elks Association.

Twenty-one candidates, most of whom are lawyers and professional and business men of Reno, were initiated into the Order. Before the meeting one hundred and fifty members of the Lodge enjoyed a banquet prepared by Tiler Cliff Kumel, Steward of the Lodge, and Harry J. Goose, No. 597's first Exalted Ruler.

John Madison Gray, State Secretary

Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge Holds Civic Night

A splendid meeting recently held by two hundred and fifty members of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415, in the Home of the Lodge was that to which public officials of all cities in the locality were invited to be present. The meeting was called "Civic Night."

A great many visiting officials and dignitaries from the surrounding towns turned up. Among them were public figures from Huntington Park, South Gate, Vernon, Maywood, Bell and Lynwood. The meeting was in charge of Floyd E. Tumbleson, Esteemed Loyal Knight, who was introduced by Exalted Ruler Ezra Neff.

There were many excellent speeches and short talks delivered during the course of the evening, among them being one by District Deputy C. P. Hebenstreit, who explained in detail the many charitable and patriotic activities of the Order and assured the visiting public officials that Huntington Park Lodge was steadily seeking opportunities to better the communities within its jurisdiction.

Mr. Neff also spoke, stating that it was the desire of No. 1415 to support all laudable public movements and pointing out the fact that the Lodge was in a position to take a disinterested part in such matters, since an Elk Lodge may not take any part in a political controversy. After the close of the meeting a buffet luncheon was served in the Jinx Hall.

Ezra Neff, Exalted Ruler

Four Idaho Lodges Hold Bowling Tilt

Idaho Elks of four Lodges recently matched their skill in a bowling competition on the alleys of Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310. There were three classes of events, five-man teams, doubles and singles. The Lodges represented in the tournament were Pocatello, No. 674, Nampa, No. 1389, Caldwell, No. 1448, and Boise.

Pocatello's star, Carmack, won the singles event with a total score of 578. Malvin, of Boise, was second with 563; N. Nye, Sr., of

Caldwell, bowled 555 for third. C. Cox, of Nampa, scored 546 for fourth place.

The Case and Oakley two-man combination of Boise Lodge annexed the tournament championship in this division with a total score of 1163. Bertsch and Morgan, also of Boise, took second place, scoring 1144; third place went to Pocatello's Carmack and Gibson, score 1083; and another Boise couple, Gross and Barber, bowled 1059 for fourth place.

Competition between the five-man teams was unusually close. The Nampa entry won first place with a score of 2606, just 10 points over the runners-up from Caldwell. Boise was third with a total score of 2581, and the Pocatello score was 2543.

Bowling has been steadily mounting in favor among Idaho Elks for several years. Some splendid bowlers have been developed and the inter-club tournaments are sport highlights of the winter season, serving likewise to foster and encourage cordial and helpful relations between the various Lodges. The women, too, are taking an interest in the game and several Lodges have ladies' teams.

Glenn Balch, Correspondent

Visalia Lodge Celebrates District Deputy's Visit

One of the most enjoyable evenings recently spent by the members of Visalia, Calif., Lodge, No. 1298, was the occasion of the dinner for District Deputy Ben F. Lewis. More than one hundred and fifty members of the Lodge assembled in the elaborately decorated dining room of the Lodge Home. District Deputy Lewis was introduced to the membership during the course of the evening, and his address was greeted with prolonged applause.

A class of candidates was initiated into the Lodge in honor of the District Deputy, and the work of ritual was faultlessly rendered, evoking from Mr. Lewis several compliments. Incidentally, the officers of Visalia Lodge were scheduled to conduct the initiatory ceremonies for a class of candidates to be initiated into Fresno Lodge, No. 439. The Lodge is proud of this recognition of its officers.

James T. Boyer, Secretary

News of St. Maries, Idaho, Lodge

At a recent meeting of St. Maries, Idaho, Lodge, No. 1418, District Deputy Lee Allen, of Moscow Lodge, No. 249, was present and delivered an excellent address to the membership. The members of the Lodge took the District Deputy through the District, pointing out to him, among other things, a

recently flooded area of the nearby country.

St. Maries Lodge has found that many of the men from the Civilian Conservation Corps are Antlers from the East. They are frequent visitors to the Lodge Home and the Elks of No. 1418 find them good company. At present the members of the Lodge are busily engaged in a membership campaign.

W. M. Cullen, Secretary

Lakeview Lodge Entertains Past Exalted Rulers

Lakeview, Ore., Lodge, No. 1536, crowded nearly two hundred and fifty members into the Lodge rooms not long ago to celebrate Past Exalted Rulers Night and to entertain some seventy odd members from Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge, No. 1247.

Five Past Exalted Rulers, Judge Fred Reynolds, Commissioner B. K. Snyder, Colonel F. P. Light, A. J. Ousley and John Ward filled the chairs, assisted by past officers of the subordinate posts. Exalted Ruler Isaac Kent opened the session, welcoming Exalted Ruler Lloyd J. Goble and Past Exalted Rulers G. W. Houston, Frank R. Olds, Wilson S. Wiley, E. S. Veatch, and E. B. Hall, of Klamath Falls Lodge. Visitors from six States were present. Secretary F. D. McMillan, of the Oregon State Elks Association, was also present.

Lakeview Lodge has opened a series of Big Boy Nights for sons of Elks. The affairs are staged on alternate Friday nights in the Lodge Home. Herman Arzner is in charge. Lakeview Lodge has appointed Kenneth B. Wall to succeed Lee Beall as Secretary. Mr. Beall resigned recently because of the pressure of outside activities.

Harry Dutton, Correspondent

Monrovia Lodge Visited by Glendale Elks

A short time ago Monrovia, Calif., Lodge, No. 1427, entertained, and was entertained by, members of Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, and the Glendale Lodge Band. The musical organization gave an excellent concert which was thoroughly enjoyed by the members of both the visiting and the Home Lodge. The visit provided a pleasant evening for all concerned.

A. J. Walker, Secretary

Interesting Events Enjoyed by Fresno Lodge

Members of Fresno, Calif., Lodge, No. 439, have enjoyed several interesting meetings in the not too far distant past. One was a session attended by State President J. Thomas Crowe, who delivered a splendid address to the assembled Elks. Dinner was held in the new Lodge quarters and a good program of entertainment kept the assemblage amused and interested. Exalted Ruler J. C. Hinton presided.

Not long afterward the officers of Porterville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1342, visited Fresno Lodge to conduct the initiatory work on a class of candidates. Supper was served for all members and the visiting Elks from Porterville. A crowd of four hundred was present and the entertainment was diverting. This important meeting of Fresno Lodge was followed during the week by a visit of the Fresno officers and members to Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6. A special train left Fresno at seven-thirty A.M., arriving at Sacramento at three-thirty P.M. Here, at Sacramento Lodge, the Fresno Elks were entertained royally with dinner, amusement, music and dancing. A class of candidates was initiated by the officers of Fresno Lodge.

Forty Elks and their ladies from Fresno Lodge were present. In all there were present in the Sacramento Lodge Home more than four hundred Elks and a hundred ladies.

Fred S. Linsler, Secretary



Sketched by Verne Slocum

The Officers and House Committee of Everett, Wash., Lodge—at work and at play

Poker Rules that Should Be Standardized

By Bede Armstrong

Card Editor

FOR the past few months the Card Department has been devoted exclusively to Contract Bridge. Some readers may consider this a little one-sided, so poker will occupy the space this month. What game do you like to read about? This Department is yours. I can best give you what you want by knowing your desires. Write me.

During the past month several questions regarding poker rules have come to this desk. They have all been answered directly by mail, but some of the points raised are of sufficiently general interest to warrant mention in these columns. The first one is whether in playing "Wild Widow" (which is a game combining the features of "Deuces Wild" and "Spit in the Ocean") a hand of five of a kind could be called.

The inquirer put up the argument that there is nothing in poker that designates more than a set of fours. The answer is that unless there be a definite house rule to the contrary, in all games where there are wild cards five of a kind can be made. They beat four of a kind. This rule is accepted generally by the book authorities. It is based on good, sound logic, for it is the intention that the rank of the hands in poker should depend upon the difficulty of making them. Surely it is harder to get a set of five than a set of four.

The second question: In playing Joker and Deuces Wild, player A turned over his cards, declaring his hand as four Jacks. Player B had and showed four Kings. Player B raked in the pot, whereupon player A discovered that he really had a straight flush. His hand contained the Jack and Seven of diamonds, two deuces and the Joker. A now claimed the pot. B protested that A had called his hand as four Jacks and should abide by it. A claimed that the cards showed for themselves, and added that if it had happened that he had in a hand only three Aces and claimed four, B would not abide by his call



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

of four but would claim that the cards showed only three.

Here again house rules are often different from those of the book authorities. The latter are united in declaring that B is right and wins the pot. "Where there is an option in calling a hand the holder must abide by the call he makes when he spreads his hand," is the way one author puts it. Another says: "A player before laying his cards on the table should be sure he knows their full value. He should carefully verify the claims of others who declare that their hands are better. It is no one's business to tell an opponent that his hand is better than he thinks, and those not in the pot have no right to say anything."

In a Jack Pot game the question came up as to whether a player with only four cards could win the pot. It appears that A held three Queens, discarded two cards and only took in one on the draw. He did not notice this until the call was made. His three Queens were high, but he only held four cards. He claimed that his being short a card made no difference to the other players. The whole injury was to himself, he said, as it curtailed his chances of having a still better hand. The player who made the call claimed the pot on the grounds that the four-card hand was foul.

Here again house rules might govern differently. I know a great many clubs where the four card hand would be ruled the winner. The consensus of the book rules on the point is worded as follows: Any hand of more or less than five cards, any part of which has been looked at, is foul. The player forfeits all he has contributed to the pot, unless it happens to be a Jack Pot and is not opened on that deal.

What do you poker players think of these decisions? Are they in accordance with the practice of your locality and club? Let me have your comments. Poker is governed by more different rules than any other card game. Almost every locality has certain regulations which are unknown at other places. This, no doubt, is largely due to the many frills that have been added to the game in various places.

There is no doubt that the old style draw poker game has gone the same route as the dodo. It put too high a premium on patience. The new games are popular with many fairly good players because they tend to compensate for the skill of the old-timers.

Do You Know the Correct Answers to the Six Questions Below:

- (1) Which is easier to fill—a four-card straight open at both ends or a four-card flush?
- (2) During the draw the dealer exposes a card. Should he give the player another card before serving the next player, or after all the other players have been served?
- (3) If you are dealt a pair of Aces in a two-handed poker game it is eleven to one that your opponent does not hold a better hand. What would you say the odds are if the game is three-handed? Four-handed? Five-handed? Six-handed?
- (4) There is \$1.00 in antes in a Jack Pot and it is opened for \$1.00 by the player on your left. You have reason to believe he has two low pair, and you also believe that he will call a \$1.00 bet after the draw. Would it pay you to go into the pot on a pair of Aces?
- (5) Would you go in if you had only a pair of Deuces?
- (6) What results (in money) do you estimate you would get from following your decision in a series of plays such as those outlined in Questions 4 and 5, repeated twelve times?

Send your answers to Bede Armstrong, Card Editor, THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago, Ill. They must reach him before April 25th, 1934.



Among the guests at the dinner for Mr. Meier given by the Acting Governor of Puerto Rico are, back row center: Governor Benjamin J. Horton, Mr. Meier, and Chief Justice Emilio Del Toro Cuebas

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

ON the morning of November 17, in company with District Deputy Pitchford and Past Exalted Ruler C. G. Kendall of Rock Springs, Wyo., Lodge, No. 624, Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier traveled to Greeley, Colo., where he had breakfast with a large number of the members of Greeley Lodge, No. 809. All of the officers were in attendance, and in addition Past President W. R. Patterson, Treasurer of the State Elks Association, was present.

Mr. Meier's next visit was to Loveland, Colo., Lodge, No. 1051, where a large number of the members welcomed him at 9:15 A.M. Past State President L. J. Rachofsky was among those present, and all of the officers of the Lodge and many prominent City and County officials joined in the greeting.

About eighty members had gathered at Fort Collins Lodge, No. 804, at 10:15, and here the Grand Exalted Ruler enjoyed a meeting and addressed the assemblage, which included Past President Byron Albert; State Secretary Hurley; District Deputy Pitchford; D. L. Anderson, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce; the Hon. A. P. Fisher, Judge of the County Court; and many others prominent in public affairs of the community, all members of the Order.

MR. MEIER'S next visit was to Cheyenne, Wyo., Lodge, No. 660, where he spoke to some sixty-five members of the Order at a luncheon.

Following the luncheon, in company with District Deputy Pitchford and Exalted Ruler Kendall of Rock Springs, Wyo., Lodge, who had accompanied him on his trip after the meeting at Denver, the Grand Exalted Ruler proceeded to Laramie, Wyoming. At the Summit Inn, outside Laramie, the party was met by an enthusiastic delegation of members. Mr. Meier was dressed in full cowboy regalia and escorted to Laramie. A dinner was to be given later in his honor by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Laramie Lodge, No. 582, and Mr. Meier

took the opportunity to call upon a number of ailing members of the Lodge during the afternoon.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's address was delivered at the dinner, after which his official visit was paid to the Lodge, it being the first visitation by a Grand Exalted Ruler ever had by Laramie Lodge. At the conclusion of the meeting, Mr. Meier was presented with a handsome set of gold-mounted cuff links by the Hon. J. R. Sullivan on behalf of the Lodge. Later adjournment was made to the dining quarters of the Home for a barbecue and a program of musical selections. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler.

On the following day Mr. Meier visited Rawlins, Wyo., Lodge, No. 609, where he was guest of honor at a luncheon. All of the officers of the Lodge and Past District Deputies N. R. Greenfield and L. J. Nelson were present.

A dinner at Rock Springs, Wyo., Lodge, No. 624, was the next event on the Grand Exalted Ruler's schedule. A special escort was waiting ten miles outside the City to escort him to the Lodge. At the meeting held later 150 members and many distinguished Elks in the vicinity were present. Past Grand Tiler R. W. Jones, member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, attended with a delegation from Pocatello, Ida., Lodge, No. 674, which included Past District Deputies A. J. Pierce and William Wallin. A fine musical program was rendered and Mr. Meier was presented with an elk's horn gavel bearing a silver plate suitably engraved.

AT noon on Sunday, November 19, the Grand Exalted Ruler was honored at a luncheon at the Bannock Hotel, in Pocatello, Ida., given by the officers and members of Pocatello Lodge, including District Deputy A. I. Myers. Officers and members also came from a number of other Idaho lodges.

Later, accompanied by a sizable escort,

Mr. Meier proceeded to Idaho Falls, Lodge, No. 1087, which convened with 175 members in attendance. Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight George W. Edgington acted as Chairman of the meeting. Mr. Meier inspected the Home of the Lodge and attended a reception and also the open house held immediately afterward. Then, at a special meeting of No. 1087, he addressed the Elks, who were so anxious to hear him speak.

A hasty visit was next paid to Blackfoot, Ida., Lodge, No. 1416. Awaiting the Grand Exalted Ruler were seventy-five of the members and they greeted him enthusiastically. At the conclusion of the meeting, Mr. Meier returned to Pocatello for a banquet at which he delivered his address.

Later he attended a Lodge session with some three hundred and fifty members of the Order present, among them being Harry S. Joseph, of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; Past Grand Tiler R. W. Jones, member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; District Deputy A. I. Myers of Idaho South; Nicholas Ney, President of the Idaho State Elks Association; Past President Frank B. Parke, and Past District Deputies William Wallin, A. J. Pierce and Judge O. P. Duvall.

During the meeting of Pocatello Lodge the members repeated the following pledge, conceived, composed and administered by District Deputy Myers:

"Brother Walter F. Meier, our Grand Exalted Ruler, in sincere appreciation of having been so splendidly favored with your presence and your visitation, we, as officers of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, do hereby re-obligate ourselves as Elks. We furthermore sincerely promise you increased loyalty for the good of the Order. We pledge you our renewed effort to conscientiously help our Lodge carry out all of your plans and programs with new interest and vigor. Amen."

Mr. Meier was greatly pleased with this evidence of Pocatello's Lodge sentiments. After he had addressed the meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with a deerskin vest ornamented with elk designs worked in beads, the tanning of the skin and the execution of the beadwork being the handiwork of Jeanette Pocatello, the only daughter of Chief Pocatello of the Shoshone Indian Tribe. On the adjournment of the formal meeting an extremely fine musical program was presented.

Upon his arrival in Boise, Idaho, on November 20, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier was met at the station by a delegation of officers and members of Boise, Nampa and Caldwell Lodges. Mr. Meier was the guest of honor at a breakfast given by these officers and members, among those present being several of the officials mentioned above and also State Vice-President Homer Huddleston; Past District Deputies William Wallin and P. G. Flack, a Past State President; and Exalted Ruler Albert A. Jessup of Boise Lodge, besides many leading Elks and officials.

At noon of the same day Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a luncheon given by Boise Lodge, No. 310, at which were present many ladies as well as members of the Order. At its conclusion Mr. Meier was presented with a huge bouquet of chrysanthemums on behalf of the El Korah Temple of the Shrine, and with a pen and pencil set on behalf of Boise Lodge.

As was expected by the members, Mr. Meier delivered the chief address on this occasion. Among the distinguished members of the Order present were a group of Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, and the majority of the members of the Reception Committee which had greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler at the railroad station. During the afternoon Mr. Meier visited twelve

members of the Order in the Boise Veterans' Hospital, and also several of the Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers who were ill. He was accompanied on his visits by a delegation of Boise Lodge members.

On the evening of November 20, Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a dinner held by Nampa Lodge, No. 1389. One hundred Elks were present, enjoying the music played by the Nampa High School Orchestra and the speech delivered by Grand Exalted Ruler Meier, broadcast over the radio. In addition to Past Grand Tiler Jones, District Deputy Myers, Vice-President Huddleston, and Past District Deputies Wallin and Flack, there were present M. H. Eustace, Past President of the Idaho State Elks Association; O. M. Thurber, Past President of the Minnesota State Elks Association, and Harvey Moore, Past District Deputy for Idaho South.

Immediately after the banquet, Grand Exalted Ruler Meier motored to the Home of Caldwell Lodge, No. 1448. Here a class of candidates was initiated with a very creditable exemplification of the ritual. At this meeting Mr. Meier observed many of the Elks he had seen and met at the two previous Idaho Lodge meetings, recognizing among them some of the most distinguished members of the Idaho branch of the Order.

On the morning of November 21, Mr. Meier was driven to Payette, Idaho, where he had breakfast at the Bancroft Hotel in company with District Deputy Myers and Brigadier General Leroy V. Patch, a Past Exalted Ruler of Boise Lodge and at one time the commanding officer of the 146th U. S. Field Artillery and the 333rd French Heavy Artillery of the A. E. F. in France during the World War. Brigadier General Patch is a Past State Commander of the Idaho American Legion. Also present at the breakfast were a number of members of Boise and Caldwell Lodges.

AFTER breakfast Mr. Meier motored to Baker, Ore., where he arrived at ten in the morning. Upon his appearance at the Home of Baker Lodge, No. 338, the members immediately held a meeting at which Mr. Meier had the pleasure of meeting Past President E. H. Jones of the Oregon State Elks Association. From Baker Mr. Meier proceeded to La Grande, Ore., Lodge, No. 433, where he spoke at a joint meeting of the Chambers of Commerce of La Grande and Baker. Many distinguished men of the locality were present, among them being Past District Deputies C. R. Eberhard and G. L. Biggers.

Mr. Meier's next visit was to Pendleton, Ore. Ten miles outside the City he was met by a large delegation of Elks and other prominent citizens and escorted to the Home of Pendleton Lodge, No. 288. On that evening, November 21, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a meeting of the Lodge in company with one hundred members of the Order, including Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Charles C. Bradley, present District Deputy for Oregon, North, and Past District Deputy H. J. Ritter. Mr. Meier was presented with a very fine Pendleton blanket.

The next day, November 22, the Grand Exalted Ruler, in company with District Deputy Bradley, made the trip to Heppner, Ore., where he was guest of honor at a breakfast given by the members of Heppner Lodge, No. 358. Later he went to the Lodge Home and spoke to a representative number of members. Mr. Meier's visit was the first ever paid by a Grand Exalted Ruler to Heppner Lodge, and therefore he was doubly welcome. He then attended a luncheon meeting of The Dalles Lodge, No. 303, with about one hundred and twenty of the members present, among them being Past District Deputies George C. Blakeley and Dr. B. C. Olinger.

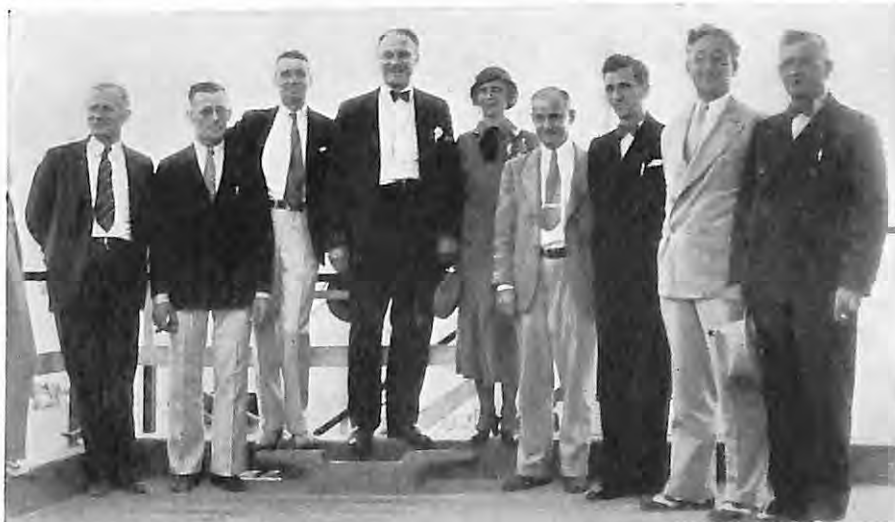
His next visit was to Hood River, Ore., Lodge, No. 1507, where a large number of members had assembled to meet him and to hear his address.

That evening, at the Evergreen Hotel in Vancouver, Wash., Mr. Meier was the guest

of honor at a dinner held by Vancouver Lodge, No. 823, among those present being District Deputy Bradley, of Oregon North; District Deputy Bertil E. Johnson, of Washington Southwest; Past District Deputy Lewis Shattuck; George C. Cadwell, Chairman of the Reception Committee; Exalted Ruler J. W. Albinson; and James P. Clancey, Treasurer of the Lodge for twenty years. Many nearby Lodges were represented. Mr. Meier delivered an address at the dinner and afterward at the Home of Vancouver Lodge, where four hundred members of the Order assembled. At the end of the evening the Grand Exalted Ruler left for Longview, Wash., where he remained overnight.

On the morning of November 23, at ten o'clock, Mr. Meier delivered an address before the assembly of the Longview High School, and again at eleven he spoke at the dedication ceremonies of the Antlers-Elks Playfield, a project undertaken jointly by the Antlers Lodge of Longview (the first to be organized in the State of Washington) and the Longview Lodge of Elks, for the purpose of providing a recreation center and playfield.

At noon Mr. Meier delivered another address, this time at the Monticello Hotel at a combined meeting of the service clubs of Longview and Kelso, and Longview Lodge, No. 1514, and Kelso Lodge, No. 1482. Many former service men were present, as well as a long list of distinguished men in fraternal, civic and business circles of the surrounding territory. George E. Secord, President of



Mr. and Mrs. Meier arriving at Miami from Puerto Rico



The Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Meier arriving at Cristobal, C. Z., greeted by Past District Deputy R. M. Davies, District Deputy C. F. Magee, Exalted Ruler and Mrs. J. W. Dwyer and others

the Washington State Elks Association, was among those who listened attentively to Mr. Meier's talk.

At two-thirty P.M. the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the High School assembly in Kelso. Upon the occasions of addressing both High School assemblies Mr. Meier was given an official escort by members of the Antlers Lodge. In the evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor at a dinner given by the officers of Kelso Lodge and a number of Exalted Rulers from visiting Lodges. Later, at eight o'clock, a regular meeting of the Lodge was held, and Mr. Meier was once more called upon to speak to the assembled members, this being his sixth address of that busy day.

On the ensuing morning Mr. Meier proceeded to Chehalis, Wash. On arriving at the Chehalis Golf and Country Club he was greeted by a number of Elks who constituted his escort into the city. Among these was Past District Deputy J. H. Johnson.

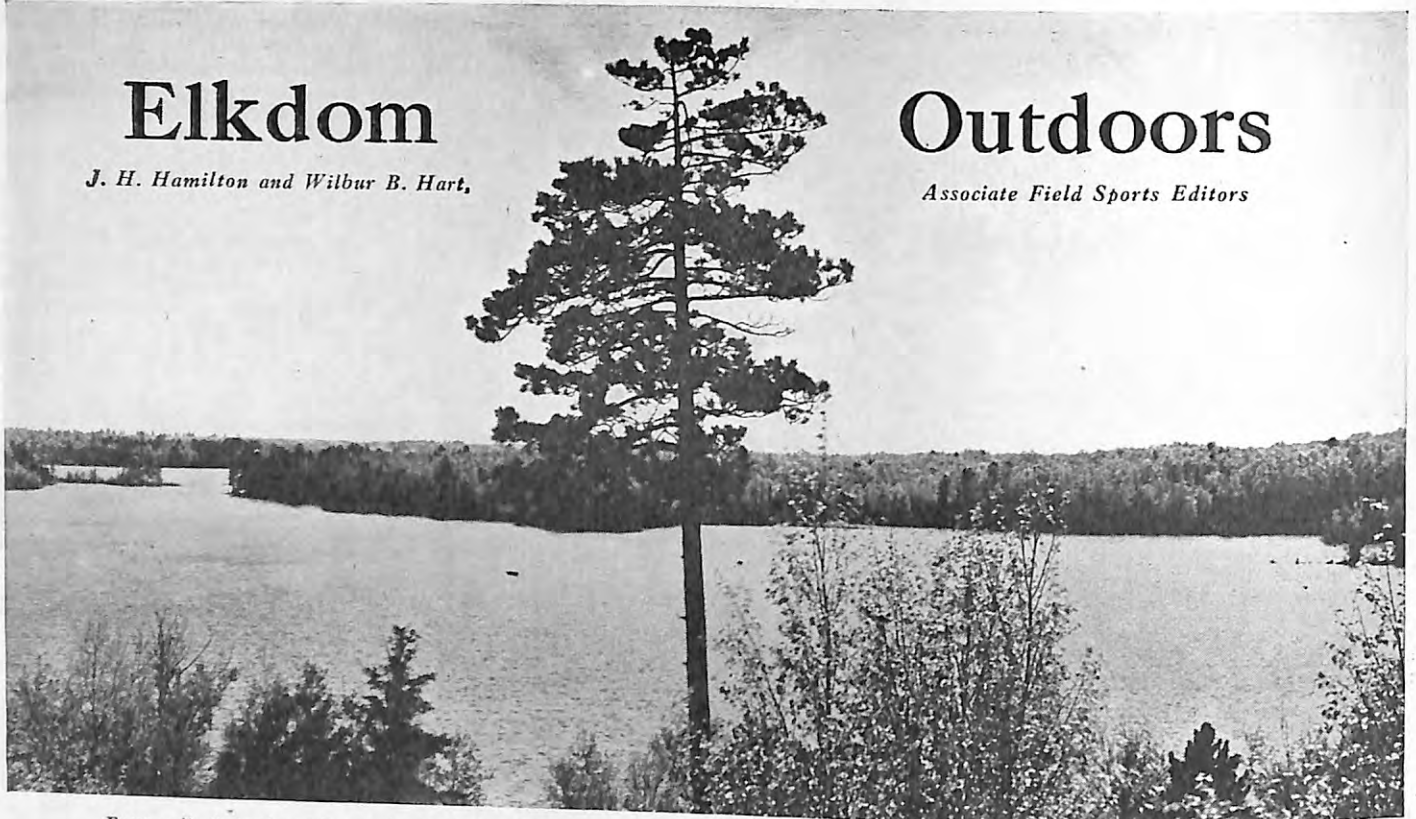
At noon Mr. Meier was the guest of
(Continued on page 46)

Elkdom

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart,

Outdoors

Associate Field Sports Editors



Four-mile lake from Sugar Loaf Hill. That is all the information ELKDOM OUTDOORS has. Can someone identify it?



Left—W. O. King, E. R. Campbell, A. M. King and R. H. Campbell—all of Salem, Ore., Lodge—with a day's bag of Chinese and Hungarian pheasants



Above—Five of the seven Hartman brothers, all members of Ventura, Calif., Lodge, with a score for each. The deer were killed within thirty miles of Ventura. The brothers report that deer are plentiful thereabout

Below—E. L. Humberstone of Sterling, Colo., with a 200-lb., 8-point buck killed about sixty miles northwest of Eagle, Colo. Humberstone says that northwest Colorado is an ideal locality for deer



Right—P. M. Peterson of Racine, Wis., who leaves his home State to journey to Nebraska for his duck and pheasant shooting. His bag was taken near Omaha. We always thought there was good pheasant and duck shooting in Wisconsin too





The thirty-pound muskie pictured at left with Butch Bazley, was caught at Mullet Lake, Mich., on Decoration Day by Butch and Stogie Shafer of Akron, Ohio

Above—T. L. Berry of Fargo, N. D., with a string of wall-eyed pike taken by moonlight in a Minnesota lake. Mr. Berry does not reveal just which lake it was



Above—Dr. LeRoy Williams, Ennis Gaterwood and W. W. Christopher with their catch of Jack salmon taken from the Lake of the Ozarks in southern Missouri. The fifteen Jacks weighed 47 lbs. Your Editor can recommend this spot as he has fished it often



Above—Not to be outdone by his famous brothers, George Hartman contributes a catch of steelhead trout taken in the Ventura River



Above — Frank Von Eiff of Brooklyn Lodge with two large fluke caught from one of Capt. Martin's boats in Sheephead Bay

Right — Again Charles Wiberg of Sandpoint, Idaho, scores in ELKDOM OUTDOORS with two steelhead trout caught in Lake Pend d'Oreille, Idaho

Left — M. H. Hamilton of San Francisco, not to be topped by Wiberg, also registers twice in ELKDOM OUTDOORS with a whopping striper

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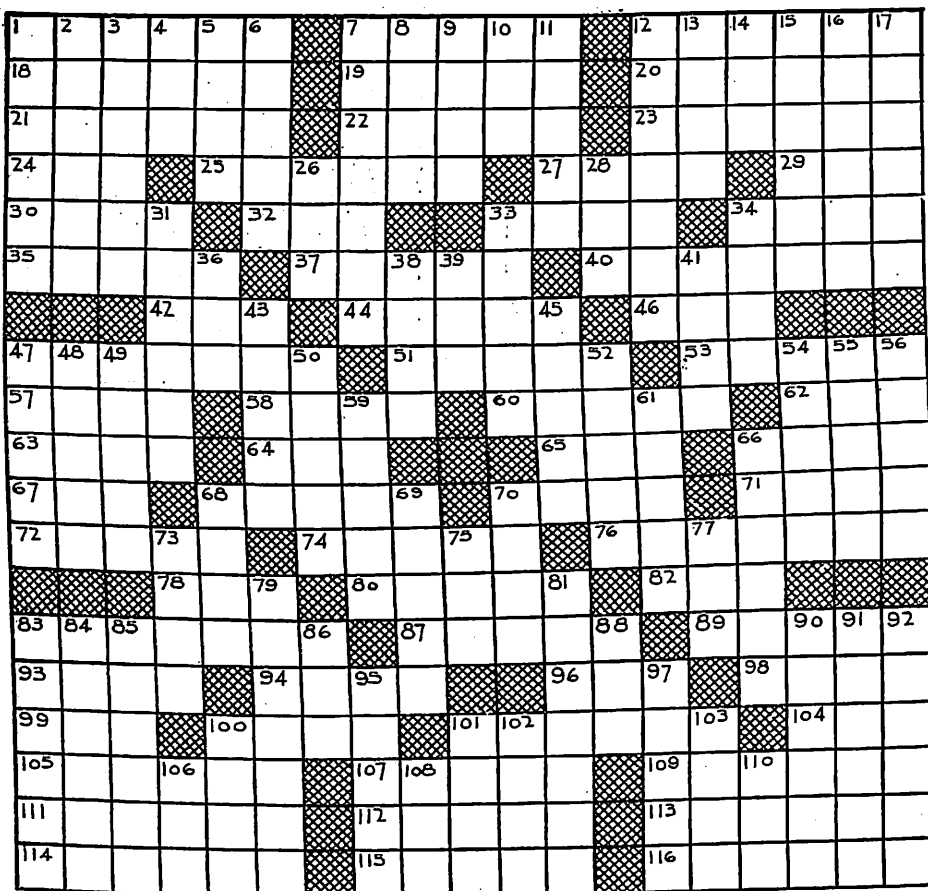
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Cross-Word Puzzle

By Richard Hoadley Tingley



Across

- 1—Flat
- 7—Volcano in Martinique
- 12—Chafes
- 18—Part of the coating of the eyeball
- 19—Willow
- 20—A retaliatory answer
- 21—The East
- 22—A fixed gaze
- 23—Church festival
- 24—Torn piece of cloth
- 25—More obtuse
- 27—Stuff
- 29—Miss Tarbell's first name
- 30—Pen name of Charles Lamb
- 32—River in Wales
- 33—Shoshonean Indians
- 34—An old-fashioned person
- 35—Dispatches
- 37—City in Prussia
- 40—Explains
- 42—Condensed moisture in the air
- 44—Benches
- 46—Noise
- 47—Withdraws
- 51—Plant of the heath family
- 53—Brief
- 57—Heroic
- 58—Skin
- 60—Shapeless masses of matter

Down

- 62—Guido's highest note
- 63—Shed
- 64—Exclamation of surprise
- 65—Card game
- 66—To box
- 67—Frost
- 68—Answer
- 70—Blemish
- 71—Lug
- 72—Agony
- 74—Apparatus for sifting
- 76—Diminished
- 78—Bleat
- 80—A mound or heap of stones
- 82—Perched
- 83—Classifies
- 87—Kingly
- 89—Plants that die after flowering
- 93—Billow
- 94—Sailors
- 96—Tear
- 98—To gather harvest
- 99—Strong beer
- 100—A lateral part
- 101—Check
- 104—Epoch
- 105—One who slays
- 107—A water-raising wheel
- 109—Saluted
- 111—All
- 112—Pollute
- 113—Aver
- 114—Required
- 115—Public vehicle
- 116—Made into one homogeneous whole

Down

- 1—Keeps tally
- 2—State of mind
- 3—Source
- 4—Unit
- 5—Care for
- 6—Entertained violent dislike
- 7—Own
- 8—Renowned Italian family
- 9—Untruthful person
- 10—Ever (poetic)
- 11—Build
- 12—Lubricated
- 13—Measure of sheets of paper
- 14—Belonging to a thing
- 15—Idea
- 16—A scoop
- 17—Wanders
- 26—Born
- 28—An anarchist
- 31—A slave to a habit
- 33—Till
- 34—Pleasant
- 36—A weight used in India
- 38—Appear
- 39—Head
- 41—Suits
- 43—A V-shaped piece for splitting
- 45—Narrow row boat for racing
- 47—Pay
- 48—Era
- 49—Doorkeeper
- 50—Percolates

Down

- 52—A defensive covering (variant spelling)
- 54—To pot again
- 55—Laminated rock
- 56—Supplied with auricular organs
- 59—A memento
- 61—Minute orifices
- 66—One who makes a statement
- 68—Bring up
- 69—Periods of time
- 70—Large floating mass of ice
- 73—Musical instrument
- 75—Contend
- 77—Nonsense
- 79—Dressed
- 81—Tell
- 83—Arouse
- 84—Salty
- 85—Bold
- 86—Mournful
- 88—Recline
- 90—Staggered
- 91—A thin fabric
- 92—Dug with a garden tool
- 95—Leases
- 97—Exclamation of disapproval
- 100—Withered
- 101—Operatic solo
- 102—Finger adornment
- 103—Story
- 106—Cover
- 108—A grain
- 110—Sick

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 36.

A New Deal for New Cranford

(Continued from page 16)

"Supposing," said the Mayor, choosing his words with care and rubbing his chin reflectively, "supposing that Scroggins really has a good team. It's not impossible, now, is it? And supposing we lose the game. Where are we going to get the fifty thousand?"

Before anyone could answer there was a knock on the door and one of Kelly's clerks entered.

"There's a man downstairs wants to see you, sir," said the clerk. "Says it's important and he must see you right away."

"Tell him I'm in an official conference and can't be disturbed," snapped the Mayor.

"I did tell him that. But he says it's about this baseball game. He drove up in front of the store a minute ago in a big new Lincoln car with New York license plates on it."

"Why don't you see him, Frank?" urged Dr. Fanshaw. "Maybe he knows something that will benefit us."

"Tell him to come up," ordered Kelly.

The clerk departed and returned shortly followed by a rather distinguished looking gentleman who carried himself with a certain air of authority. His clothes were quietly expensive and he wore spats and carried a cane. As he entered the room he removed his derby and addressed himself to Kelly.

"This is indeed a pleasure, Your Honor," he said, walking to the Mayor and extending his hand.

Kelly carefully scrutinized his visitor as he shook hands. "I don't think we've met before," he said cordially. "How can I be of service to you?"

"It is I who can be of service to you," replied the stranger. With a slight flourish he took a card case from his pocket, withdrew an engraved card and handed it to Kelly.

The card read:

J. Richard Lombarsi
President
THE FIXERS COMPANY
New York City

Kelly shook his head perplexedly. "You'd better explain, Mr. Lombarsi. Just what do you want and how do you propose to be of assistance to me?"

"If these gentlemen will—" Mr. Lombarsi began, nodding at Dr. Fanshaw and Judge Walters.

Mayor Kelly impatiently cut in. "These gentlemen are City Officials. Whatever you have to say to me, you may say to them also."

"That's all right with me, then," said Lombarsi, smiling pleasantly. "As my card states," he continued, "my company is engaged in the fixing business. All of my clients want something fixed, you see?" He shrugged his shoulders slightly as though apologizing for explaining anything so obvious.

"Sometimes," he went on, "it is a prize fight, sometimes just an individual or a business deal. A baseball game, with fifty thousand dollars at stake"—he looked meaningfully at each of the men—"is far too important to be left to chance. That is where my organization comes in. For a very moderate remuneration we entirely eliminate any chance of our client sustaining a loss. We fix matters quietly and confidentially. But our clients always win."

Judge Walters was the first to break the tense silence.

"How do you operate, Mr. er— Lombarsi?" he asked conversationally.

"Quietly and confidentially," Mr. Lombarsi answered. "My men are all experts, I assure you."

Mayor Kelly rose to his feet in righteous wrath. "In plain English," he thundered, "you're a cheap, New York gangster! I ought to have you thrown in jail! What colossal impudence! What—"

"Just a minute, Kelly!" Lombarsi's voice was hard and brittle. His right hand slipped suggestively to his side pocket. "Calling names is a childish pastime," he continued evenly, "and one that ill befits the dignity of a Mayor. Yes, Kelly, even a hick Mayor like you in a one-horse town like New Cranford."

"This is an outrage," blustered Dr. Fanshaw, starting to rise from his seat. "I'll—"

"You'll sit down!" Lombarsi ordered in an icy tone that carried with it the chill of death. "And be quiet!"

Dr. Fanshaw sat down. He remained quiet.

"THANK you," said Lombarsi, bowing slightly to Fanshaw. "And now, Kelly," he said to the Mayor, "I was saying, when I was interrupted, you really should be more courteous. Without knowing a thing about me, you put me in your own class by calling me a cheap crook! If I had the mentality of a petty politician I'd be a small town Mayor instead of a big town business specialist."

"You'll pay dearly for this insolence," Mayor Kelly promised. "I've heard about New York bandits before but—"

"There you go again," chided Lombarsi, keeping his hand in his coat pocket and watching the men carefully. "I'm afraid you are incorrigible. I'll have to be brief with you. The Research Department in my office has on file a complete record of the bids you accepted and approved for the sewer system that the citizens of New Cranford paid for last year. These contracts, as well as several other equally lucrative ones which you have passed upon, are enough to prove you and your administration—"

"Stop!" shouted Kelly excitedly. "It's a lie! I've never taken a cent of graft and your insinuations—"

"Wait a minute, Frank," interrupted Judge Walters. "Perhaps we've all been a bit hasty with Mr. Lombarsi. After all, he's a business man and he has come here with an offer to assist us. As long as he gives us his word not to indulge in violence, I feel that we might do well in engaging his services for Saturday's game."

"Why—er—yes," echoed Dr. Fanshaw nervously. "If it is clearly understood that his methods will be—"

"What's your price, Lombarsi?" Kelly asked pointedly.

Lombarsi smiled and nodded his head approvingly. "That's better, gentlemen. I thought you'd be reasonable about this deal. And I assure you that there will be no violence whatsoever. That's crude and old style stuff." He beamed at them indulgently and continued: "My fee will be only ten per cent. A mere five thousand dollars."

He drew a paper from his pocket and handed it to the Mayor. "Just sign your name to this contract," he said. "It's quite all right. Purely a matter of business routine."

Kelly read the contract and handed it to Judge Walters. It stated: "If the New Cranford Superiors win the game this Sat-

urday, I agree to pay THE FIXERS COMPANY of New York City the sum of five thousand dollars."

"Sign it, Frank," the Judge advised. "If a question ever arises you can show that you employed Mr. Lombarsi for special coaching work."

"Of course," agreed Lombarsi. "But you need have no qualms, gentlemen."

The Mayor signed the paper and handed it to Lombarsi, who carelessly stuffed it in his pocket.

"Good day, gentlemen," he said, walking to the door. "I'll see you after the game Saturday."

After he had gone, Judge Walters reached for the phone and dialed a number. "Hello," he said. "Tim? This is the judge. I want you to get hold of two good rat exterminators right away. Yes. A personal job. Sure, get Dopey Louey if he's not too hopped up. I'll meet you in my chambers in half an hour and give you the data."

The Judge hung up and turned to Kelly and Fanshaw.



"The Fixers Company will be minus a president shortly," he remarked grimly. "We can't take chances with that slicker. Of course, it's unfortunate. I rather liked that poor Lombarsi. Too bad he insisted upon the contract! Well, it's his funeral. And the boys will pick up the contract and return it to us tomorrow."

"I certainly hope so," said the Mayor prayerfully. "You know, what gets my time is how the devil that New York crook got wind of that sewer contract! I thought we covered all the loopholes there, and, by George, I still think we did! But—I wouldn't want an investigation started."

"Stop worrying," Judge Walters advised. "As far as as we're concerned, Lombarsi's a dead issue."

When a manufacturer visits a Mayor—that's business. But when a Mayor visits a manufacturer—that's news.

Mayor Kelly paid an unexpected visit to the Pureintaste Factory on Friday morning and was ushered into the private office of Mr. Scroggins.

He nodded cordially as he entered the room and said: "How do you do, Mr. Scroggins?"

There was no responsive smile on Mr. Scroggins' face as he arose from his seat and faced the Mayor.

"You can cut out the social amenities," he said brusquely. "Exactly what do you want, Kelly?"

Kelly's fighting chin protruded aggressively. With a visible effort he checked the retort that trembled on his lips. He jerked a cigar out of his pocket, bit off the end and spat it on the floor.

"All right, Scroggins," he said evenly. "Have it your own way. I came here to tell you that you're going to lay off me and my administration. Is that clear?"

"Is that a threat?" Scroggins demanded. "If you think—"

"It's good advice," the Mayor interrupted. "Good, friendly advice. And you'll do well to take it."

Mr. Scroggins walked closer to Kelly. "When I want advice from a crooked politician," he bellowed, "I'll send for you."

"That's libel," the Mayor shouted, excitedly shaking his finger at Scroggins. "I'll have you in court for that! And what's more, I'll have your rotten factory shut down, too! You may not know it, but my inspectors report that you have violated five different city ordinances here, right in this building. You'll find that being a millionaire won't help you in this matter!" He turned and started for the door.

"Just a minute, Kelly," Scroggins called after him. Kelly faced about and waited.

"Now that you've made your little speech," Scroggins continued, a sardonic smile curving the corners of his mouth, "let me tell you something. You're not going to do a thing about a suit for libel or about your trumped-up violations either. You're going to forget about the whole thing, Kelly, and like it!"

"Sez you," Kelly snarled. "Try and stop me." He started for the door again.

"Well, if you insist," Scroggins said resignedly. "I'm sure the newspapers will be delighted to print the story of The Fixers Company and Mr. Lombarsi."

KELLY'S hand released the door knob as though it had been jerked away. He stood for a moment staring wide-eyed at Scroggins and breathing heavily. His robust aggressiveness disappeared and he seemed suddenly a tired, middle-aged man, bewildered and pathetic.

"What did you say?" he asked weakly, walking slowly to a chair near the desk and slumping down into it.

If Scroggins felt any sympathy for the Mayor, he didn't show it.

"Listen to me, Kelly," he said harshly. "I had Lombarsi call upon you and—"

"You had him call!" The Mayor stared at Scroggins incredulously. "Why, I thought he—"

"Certainly," Scroggins went on, "you thought he was a gangster. He is, as a matter of fact, an actor. And a very good one, too, although at present out of work."

Kelly muttered incoherently, his eyes never leaving Scroggins' face.

"You're through, Kelly," Scroggins said. "I'll give you your choice of resigning or being kicked out of office."

"You can't do that, Mr. Scroggins," the Mayor pleaded. "Why, it would kill my wife. It would, Scroggins. She's not well, you know. And the shame—the dis-

(Continued on page 34)

(Continued from page 33)

grace—" He bowed his head to hide his emotion.

Scroggins sat silently waiting. He had enjoyed fighting a belligerent politician. But the sight of this broken, tragic figure took all the sport out of it and left him rather nauseated.

"Until you so obligingly signed the paper Lombarsi gave you—" Scroggins continued, "I had no proof that your gang were grafting. It was merely a hunch, you see, and so were the remarks he made to you about the sewer contracts."

Kelly jumped to his feet. "Say—" he began.

"Sit down!" Scroggins ordered. Kelly reluctantly obeyed and he continued, "Lombarsi reported to me immediately after leaving your office. He gave me the agreement you signed—which I, of course, have had photostated—and left at once for New York. I thought New Cranford might be an unhealthy place for him. He will, however, return to testify when I send for him."

Kelly had quite regained his composure. He looked at Scroggins and there was a trace of admiration in his glance.

"You won't mind if I resign because of poor health, will you?" he asked.

"I'll let you know after the game tomorrow," said Scroggins. He walked to the door and held it open. "And I'll be more inclined to grant your request if your team wins," he added sportingly.

"Thanks, Mr. Scroggins," Kelly replied with a sigh of relief. "The Superiors may not be world champs, but they'll certainly make your factory boys look sick. That game's in the bag!"

Scroggins smiled. "Don't let me detain you, Kelly," he said.

Long before the sale of tickets began early Saturday morning, the enthusiasts were lined up at Kelly Field in a solid, sweating, hilarious mass of humanity. By eleven o'clock the entire bleachers section was sold out and at noon the ticket booths were closed.

An enormous crowd still clamored for admission and a dozen speculators, working under the personal direction of the astute Ben Lebolt of New York, did a thriving sidewalk business selling two-dollar grandstand seats for five dollars.

Adding to the already colorful scene, a battery of thirty attractive young girls, dressed in nurses' uniforms trimmed with purple and gold, passed out samples of Pureintaste Toothpaste.

In the locker room, Manager Kelly was giving final advice and encouragement to his team.

"And remember, men," he concluded, "no matter how easy those factory boys seem, no matter how big a lead we run up, there must be no let-down at any time. Shut them out, if possible! Beat 'em bad! Knock the stuffin' out of 'em!"

The Superiors' pitcher, "Big" Callahan, shifted his wad of chewing tobacco to the other side of his jaw. He literally exuded confidence. "It'll be a shame to take the money," he stated. "That Scroggins must be nuts! They ain't even ever had a baseball team before!"

"Forget that," Kelly snapped. "Play 'em as if they were champs! Get out there now and give 'em hell!"

Cheers mingled with boos and catcalls as the Superiors trotted onto the field. Little

Fred Novis, third baseman and team clown, tipped his cap at a group of cheerers and thumbed his nose in the direction of some raspberry experts.

A few minutes later the Pureintaste Team made its appearance and the crowd really let loose. Shouts of "Back to the factory, bums!" "Ain't they a pretty sight?" and "Look at them uniforms!" were heard on all sides.

In the grand-stand, Judge Walters turned to the Mayor and Doctor Fanshaw.



"It's a surprise for the skipper!"

"Can you beat it?" he asked, pointing disgustedly at the Pureintaste players. "Every-one of them is wearing overalls!"

"It's one of Scroggins' tricks," averred Doctor Fanshaw. "If they lose, people will say they were only a bunch of factory workers and, if they win, it will make the Superiors just that much more ridiculous."

THE loud speakers announced: "Batteries for today. For the Superiors, Callahan and McDonald. For Pureintaste, Petersen and Schultz."

Mayor Kelly beckoned to one of his assistants and spoke rapidly to him. The man nodded and edged his way out of the stand.

"I'm going to check up on that bunch of ball players," Kelly said. "If Scroggins tries to ring in any new men—and I wouldn't put it past him—he forfeits the game!"

As though in direct reply, the loud speakers again commanded attention. "Mr. Scroggins wishes the public to know," said the announcement, "that every man on his team has been an employee of the Pureintaste Company for a period of three months or longer."

A slightly intoxicated gentleman leaned over and tapped his neighbor on the shoulder. "That's 'n' example kind of men's runnin' this country," he observed sneeringly. "Now they're boastin' 'bout givin' a few men three months' work."

"Play ball," shouted the umpire, and the game was on.

The Pureintaste pitcher, a slim, smiling youngster with large, blue cherubic eyes, became the immediate target for the fans' sense of humor. They called him "Angel Face," "Darling" and "Mama's Boy," and interspersed their descriptive terms with loud and prolonged Bronx cheers.

Petersen took it all smilingly. He appeared as unconcerned as though he were being praised instead of ridiculed. Unfortunately for him, however, his pitching during the first inning was pathetically inadequate. He displayed speed but no control,

and walked the first three men at bat, filling the bases.

"Take that dumb Swede out!" bellowed one of the customers who had paid a speculator's price for his seat. "Take him out or give us our money back!"

Others cried "It's a gyp!" "Kiss your teeth good-bye, Scroggins!" and one critic started throwing ripe tomatoes.

By the time Petersen managed to find the plate, two runs had been scored. He actually struck out the next man up and exceptional catches by the Pureintaste outfield retired the side.

The Superiors' pitcher, "Big" Callahan, had obviously taken Manager Kelly's advice to heart. He was deadly serious. For the first time in his career on the team, he put everything he had into the game.

The Pureintaste batsmen tried hard. For a team of amateurs with scarcely a week's training behind it, they did better than even the most optimistic fans had anticipated. But the nearest they came to scoring was a man on third.

In the second inning, Petersen really unlimbered. Tall, thin and still smiling unconcernedly, he displayed not only perfect control but an assortment of hooks, curves and cannon balls that held the Superiors scoreless. Even Manager Kelly, watching

him closely from the sidelines, gave voice to an admiring "That Swede would make a good pro," and mentally decided to look him up and make him an offer after the game.

Again "Big" Callahan grimly kept the Pureintaste men from scoring and the game settled down to a pitchers' battle with the odds, and a two-run lead, in favor of the Superiors.

In the beginning of the ninth, Doctor Fanshaw turned to the Mayor. "A grand game," he said seriously, "and thank the Lord we've still got those two runs! This is one time Scroggins guessed wrong, but I must say those factory boys put up a stiff fight."

Mayor Kelly merely nodded. He was watching intently as Shields, the Superiors' first baseman, stepped to the plate.

"Come on, Squarehead!" Shields shouted at Petersen. "Put it anywhere near me and I'll knock it to Sweden!"

Petersen solemnly shook his head. "No," he said. "Ay don't tank you even know right direction." Then he wound up and let go. A sizzling scorcher that cut the plate in half and smacked into Catcher Schultz's glove with a deep, resonant boom.

The next ball was wide, but Shields tried for it and fanned the air. The crowd razzed him generously.

Petersen grinned amiably and tossed another fast one that broke sharply and cut the inside corner of the plate. Shields made a desperate swing at it and registered a clean miss.

"Here it is," said Schultz, holding the ball up for Shields to see. "Ain't it cute?"

Callahan came to bat and determinedly smashed the first ball pitched for a single to left field.

Leslie, the next up, was hit by a pitched ball. He went to first and Callahan advanced to second.

In the grand-stand, Mayor Kelly began to smile. This was something like it. He watched appreciatively as he saw Hardy, a pinch hitter, stroll to the plate.

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With two strikes and two balls called, Hardy connected for a long drive into center field. It had all the earmarks of an easy two-bagger and brought the fans to their feet. There was a second's silence as Gomez, the Pureintaste fielder, leaped high into the air, neatly spiked the ball and made a perfect throw to second. Callahan was caught napping and the side was out.

Mayor Kelly sighed bitterly as he sank back into his seat. "It's uncanny the way that Pureintaste team plays," he remarked in a puzzled tone. "Uncanny!"

"Cheer up, Frank," Judge Walters comforted him. "Callahan will hold them and we're still in the lead. The game's as good as over now."

The crowd lost no time in telling Callahan what a bum he was. Their razzing had the effect of shaking the confidence which had sustained him throughout the game, and it was with a feeling of nervousness that he faced Chapman, the Pureintaste shortstop, in the second half of the ninth.

Chapman fouled the first two balls, adding to Callahan's nervousness. The next four tosses were wide and Chapman walked.

Gomez disdainfully passed up one and then dropped a single in short left, Chapman going to second.

Maheck, the next man up, made a safe bunt and the bases were full, with none out.

The fans were again on their feet, cheering wildly, as Schultz stepped to the plate. Tall and powerfully built, he handled his bat with an ease and sureness that now seemed to Callahan an ominous warning.

The Superiors' catcher signaled for a fast one, inside. Callahan negatively shook his

head. Instead, he insisted upon a slow drop.

The ball dipped perfectly, but Schultz, timing his swing accurately, connected with it. There was a soul-satisfying solidness to the impact as bat met ball.

"He's knocked it over the fence!" screamed the crowd deliriously.

Chapman, Gomez, Maheck and Schultz playfully rounded the bases, bringing in four runs.

In justice to Mayor Kelly, it must be reported that he took defeat like a man. With his head held high, his chin up and walking with the slight swagger familiar to his townspeople, he strode to the plate to fulfil his agreement.

Scroggins, smiling broadly and looking as genial and good-natured as a kind-hearted philanthropist, met him there.

A group of policemen kept the cheering, jeering, hilarious crowd from swamping the two men. Only the reporters were close enough to hear the conversation.

"A clean sweep for you, Mr. Scroggins," said the Mayor. "Permit me." He reached toward his mouth, but Scroggins grasped his hand.

"Keep them, Kelly," he said. He drew a large tube of toothpaste from his pocket and handed it to the Mayor. "And keep them bright and clean with Pureintaste."

Kelly grinningly accepted the offering. "Thanks," he said. "And now about my—"

"Sh!" Scroggins warned, stepping closer to Kelly and whispering in his ear. "I think you've learned your lesson. New Cranford needs an experienced Mayor. One who realizes that honesty is the best policy. If you'd like to tackle the job from that angle—"

"Shake," agreed Mayor Kelly, extending

his hand with a heartfelt sigh of relief.

And that's the way the newspaper photographers snapped them.

"I haven't had so much fun since I was a kid," confided Robert Lee Scroggins to John Scott, his Director of Sales. "Everything worked out exactly as I planned it. Pureintaste has gotten a million dollars' worth of publicity already. And the News Reel people took pictures of the game, too!"

"We've had a thirty percent increase in sales," stated Scott, "and jobbers are telegraphing their orders from—"

"And the best part of it," continued Scroggins exuberantly, "is the way those wise-guy politicians played right into my hand! How they jumped at that baseball game wager!"

"I used to play baseball when I was in college," said Scott. "If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I'd never have believed it possible to take an ordinary bunch of factory boys and whip them into a real team in less than a week. It's amazing! We certainly were lucky to have such material lying around!"

"Lucky!" echoed Scroggins, laughing until the tears streamed down his cheeks. "Lucky?" he repeated, looking at Scott reproachfully. "How many times must I remind you that luck has little to do with success? It's foresight that counts, Scott. Foresight! I spent most of my vacation last summer scouting around for that talent. Picked 'em up here and there—the cream of a dozen different bush league teams. Of course I had to offer them a little special inducement in the matter of salary. But they certainly earned it today!"

Mr. Scott looked admiringly at his chief.

"It's sheer genius, sir," he said with unmistakable sincerity.

Where Life Begins

(Continued from page 11)

"Of course"—flushing a little—"I always want my baking to be perfect."

"Oh! I thought—well, a little muck won't hurt 'em. I can brush that off." They laughed and Bob said: "Come on. I'll empty the basket and take you home."

"And be late for work? You'll do nothing of the kind. You can empty the basket if you like—I'm dying to see the cottage since you added the kitchen—but I can walk back. I don't mind it at all. Really, Bob, I'd rather."

There was an interval of silence as they stood gazing at each other. Then, suddenly, she turned away and Bob followed her through the trees, wondering at the startled look that had come into her eyes. Surely, he thought, after the months she'd known him, after the dozens of times she'd been in his grove—true, there'd been men working before, or Jess had been there, they'd never been alone—but, well, she needn't get panicky. From now on—

"Oh, I think it's wonderful, Bob. I had no idea—"

He looked up. They were in the clearing, at the rear of the house. "Oh, that? Second-hand lumber. Thought I might as well put a porch on while I had the material."

"It's lovely," she said. "Anyone would think you were married, the way things are fixed. Just like a woman would want them."

A gentle breeze, coming in through the kitchen windows, chased wisps of chestnut hair across her cheeks. Bob shrugged. "Don't give me too much credit; they're your ideas."

"I did say something about a cupboard in the corner, didn't I?"

"And a pump inside 'until you can have running water' and 'a sink right beside the

pump, with a drain-board' and 'lots of windows, with little short curtains—'"

He expected her to laugh about that but instead, he saw her lips begin to quiver. She went to the window and, pretty soon, her head was in her arms and she was sobbing.

"Louise! What's wrong?" He was beside her and because things were happening within him, only the tips of his fingers touched her.

"I—I guess I'm foolish, Bob,"—she was dabbing at her eyes and a smile was struggling through—"but I've wanted things so long, the kind of things you see pictures of in magazines, the things they have in cities—conveniences. And when I saw your kitchen, just as I planned it—"

"Hardly cited," was his laughing comment, "or like magazine pictures."

"But it's convenient and easy to clean. That's what I mean. It's drudgery I hate. And monotony—the humdrum drag of trying and never succeeding."

BOB knew what she meant. Dad Fleming had been Mulford's grove manager until a tractor he was driving turned over backwards and made him a helpless cripple. Since then, with a few chickens and green vegetables, the Flemings had found it increasingly difficult to make ends meet.

"Sometimes," she went on, "I think I'll go mad if I don't get away from it. I've never seen a city larger than Miami. But I want to. I want to see big ones, where there's movement and life and sound, something to make you feel glad to be alive."

Bob smiled. "That's the way I feel about these orange groves, Louise. Just think: somewhere, someone plants a sour-orange seed. It sprouts and leaves appear and

gradually darken, as the stem gets harder and roots spread out for moisture and food. Then a bud is grafted to the seedling from a sweet orange tree and grows, eventually, to a beautiful tree itself. Blossoms come on and, after them, the fruit, as sweet and fresh as the blossoms. Birds build nests in the branches and rear their young and are content to stay, year after year.

"There's nothing about it that's spasmodic. It's all been gradual, but constant. And the sounds that go with it are that way too—blending and soothing. They match the movement, the constant movement of things that are alive and growing. There's nothing raucous or blatant about them, no great blasts, no popping-off of whistles, no clatter of air-hammers. Rather, it's a symphony, that grips and stirs and makes one strive for the sheer joy of being a part of it."

"You make it beautiful," she said quietly.

"It is beautiful!"

"Perhaps. But I want to see the other side too—your side. John said we'd go to New York on our honeymoon and I'm crazy to go!"

She turned again toward the open window, resting her elbows there and cupping her chin in open palms. Bob saw eagerness in the smooth profile and wistfulness but, to him, it seemed more like a child's who was waiting for Santa Claus, rather than a woman's, waiting for her lover.

Outside, loose boards rumbled loudly. A car had crossed the bridge over the irrigation ditch and was speeding up the lane through the orange trees.

"It's John!" the girl said, running past him to the porch. She had that startled look on her face that Bob had seen a few minutes earlier, out there on the ditch-bank.

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A car door slammed and Young Padrick came around the corner of the house, immaculate in flannels and sport shoes. He frowned when he saw Louise.

"Ready?" he asked, curtly. Then, seeing her flush: "Hello, Kendal."
"Howdy," Bob answered. "Won't you come in?"

"No, haven't time. Come, Louise, your father will be worried."

She hesitated, the flush deepening, but finally she said: "May I have my basket, Bob?"

"Surely!" He went to empty it, boiling inside, and when he returned, John said crisply: "Crop looks good, Kendal; you're lucky—having early fruit."

"I'd be burnt up if it wasn't,"—Bob was helping Louise down the steps, thinking of the October note—"and if we don't get some rain soon, I may wish it was earlier than it is."

"Why not make it earlier?" Padrick suggested.

"Spray with arsenic?"

"It's done."

"Not in this county—with Jesse Donaldson a deputy."

LOUISE turned quickly. "You wouldn't anyway, Bob Kendal. Arsenic doesn't ripen, nor sweeten; it simply reduces the acid content so the fruit will pass State tests—"

"Providing," John cut in, "the inspector at the packing house doesn't catch up with you."

"Even if he doesn't," Louise insisted, "it just throws a lot of tasteless fruit on the market to give Florida citrus a bad name—it's unfair!"

Bob laughed. "So are many things—that people get away with."

September passed. The coral roads, white and blazing in the sun, were thick with dust. Clouds of it lifted from the wheels of passing traffic and scattered behind like ashes on the dry weeds and grass. The muck on the ploughed land dried to bits of cork and, on the raw prairie beyond Kendal's grove, great cracks opened where the earth's seared skin had stretched and broken. Old heads sniffed anxiously for news of rain.

Bob's crop, thanks to its early variety, was maturing in spite of the handicap. The last spraying had been accomplished with Steve Mulford's equipment and crew. Steve, oddly enough, had been unusually accommodating.

"Won't cost you much, Bob,"—it was the first time the old man had ever called him by his first name—"just pay my men their regular wages and fix the spray material yourself. That'll save time and labor and you'll be sure of a good mixture." Bob had started to thank him but Steve brushed it aside. "Forget it, Son. You've had a hard pull there." He left the young man staring into a cloud of dust. "If he's a rascal, that's a funny way to show it," Bob thought.

The picking started in the middle of October. Bob and Jesse stood by as the stack of field crates got higher and higher. They were discussing the quality, which was none too good, and the probable yield.

"Can't expect 'em all to be perfect," the big deputy grunted. "Better be glad you've got fruit at all."

Bob laughed. "Don't be such a gloom, Jess. You're wrong about Steve."

"Yeah? Hope so but I don't believe it. He's too smart to let this slip through his fingers."

In town, the fruit moved slowly up the long belt into the packing-house; the young grove-owner watched it through the grading machines and waited for word from the inspector that the samples had passed the tests. He thought of what Jess had said and it amused him to think of the machines as Steve Mulford's fingers. A door opened at

the far end of the building and a man came out with a test tube in his hand, motioning for Bob to come over. A moment of silence as Bob looked through the glass tube into the light. Then, briefly, at his elbow, the word, "Arsenic!"

Bob laughed, expecting a joke, but the eyes he saw were level, accusing, and his temples began to pound, fiercely.

"Impossible!" He shouted the word over the din of the grading machines but the man simply lifted his eyebrows and said something about "Evidence" and "No mistake" and, over his head, the man's arm waved and the machinery stopped.

To Bob, the world stopped too. "I tell you, it can't be! All I own is in that grove."

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 32)

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

I pulled it out of the weeds, worked it with my own hands, slaved like a dog to get a crop on it. Do you think I'd risk it for—"

The inspector shrugged. "You did the spraying?"

"I couldn't. I was working. But I made the mixture; Steve Mulford's crew sprayed it."

"Pretty clever—"

"What do you mean?" Bob took a step forward.

"I mean you can't prove anything on Mulford."

"Why can't I? I know what they did; they switched sprays—"

"Prove it!"

Bob opened his mouth to speak, then nodded slowly. "I see. No witnesses. Nothing but my word against his. That means the whole crop—"

"Must be destroyed."

In a daze, Bob drove back. He stopped at the Warden's cottage and Jesse came out and, leaning over the door of the truck, listened to the story.

"Wait"—he advised when Bob suggested going immediately to Steve Mulford—"until you get some evidence. It's one thing to suspect, m'lud, it's another to know and it's somethin' else to prove it to a jury."

"Jury? What do I care about a jury? I'll—"

"Hold on, young fella. No use gettin' excited. You'll only get in a jam."

"But Jess, you don't know what it means—to lose everything."

"No? Think a minute."

"Well, maybe you do, at that. But you had a job, you could go on—"

"Haven't you?"

"The ploughing?"

"Sure."

"But the note's due this month. I couldn't possibly make enough—"

"Hell! Cross that bridge when you come to it. It'll cost money to put you off and take time. Steve expects you to get discouraged and quit."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah."

Bob rammed the starter button. "I'll stay till I'm blasted out!"

Jesse, laughing, stepped aside and watched until the truck had disappeared across the Main Canal.

Early the next morning, Bob drove on to the Blue Heron. Mink came over just as he cut off the motor.

"Hello, Kendal. Come for your tractor?" "Hardly," Bob answered, stepping down from his truck. "I came to go to work."

"Not here. Can't use you."

"Why? Job closed down?"

"Oh no, we're still working."

"Well, what's the matter? Wasn't my work—? Listen, Mink, this arsenic business hasn't anything to do with it, has it?"

Mink nodded. "The other boys wouldn't like it."

"Working with a crook, eh?" Bob's laugh was harsh and the superintendent walked off without further comment.

Later, with his tractor loaded on the truck, Bob pulled up by the general store and crossed the road to his mail-box, perched with the others, on a long rail, like a row of setting hens. The farmers who were there either found their mail unusually interesting or hurried off. "Strange," he thought, "how whisperings travel." His own box was empty and he knocked it shut with his fist, walking back toward the truck, under the awning that stretched across the store front. Louise came out as he passed the entrance.

"Louise!" He leaned toward her, smiling hopefully, then drew back. "You've heard!"

"Yes,"—coolly.

"You believe it?"

"I'd rather not but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, Bob, don't you remember? When John suggested the arsenic?"

"Do you think I was serious?"

"I can't help remembering what you said about people getting away with things."

He started to explain but she stopped him. "Please. Let's not discuss it—here."

"All right, let's go home. We can talk on the way."

She shook her head. "John is waiting." And, presently, Bob saw them smiling at each other as they drove away.

SOMETHING went out of him then and his feet lagged. There was nothing to go home for anyway; the trees would be stripped and the fruit destroyed. He'd rather be away when that happened; off someplace, where he'd be alone.

"Steve expects you to quit." The words came back as clearly as if they had just been spoken. "John too," he thought and his fingers curled into fists. If he could only find some evidence, some definite proof of his innocence. But where? Would there be traces of arsenic on Steve's spray equipment? After thirty days? Unlikely. Mulford was too clever. Yet, there might be something else—even the wise ones left clues sometimes. He'd have a look anyway . . . tonight . . . in Steve's barn. . . Maybe he'd find something. There wasn't much chance, to be sure, but there was a hope and even that made him feel better.

He lifted his head. It was a perfect day, all blue and gold, and suddenly he remembered what Jess had said about the quantities of fish in the canals beyond the Range Line. "Why not?" he thought, "I've plenty of time for once and I'll be alone that way—to think."

He went back to the store for tackle and, at the counter, someone came up to speak

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"That Fellow In Your Last Ad Was JUST A PIKER!"

writes H. B. McKee of Peoria, Illinois



* An exact quotation from Mr. McKee's letter. R. O'Hara, Notary Public (Seal).

A PIKER? We didn't think so. The motorist whose story we told, at that time, drove 26,450 miles without a single motor repair! That sounded like a real record to us . . . until we got this letter from H. B. McKee:

*"That fellow in your last ad was just a piker. He hasn't much to crow about. I have driven a Graham Custom Eight 48,000 miles without having the valves ground, without spending a nickel on the motor. The car has been serviced with Quaker State at regular intervals. She's still peppy, and can still make the speed I demand."**

The evidence piles up

Letters, letters, letters. From motorists all over the country. All of them telling us that Quaker State saves a lot on repair bills . . . cuts down oil costs. Each one reflecting an enthusiasm that you'd never believe a

thing like motor oil could inspire. But there's a very simple reason:

An extra quart of lubrication in every gallon

A gallon of ordinary motor oil contains one quart, more or less, of a thin, watery material called "light-end" oil. This vaporizes, burns up, blows away. Your motor does not get proper lubrication.

Quaker State removes "light-end" material at the refinery . . . instead of in your motor. You get "an extra quart of lubrication in every gallon" . . . which means fewer added quarts. Your motor gets constant lubrication.

Cost less per year

For the same number of crankcase fillings, Quaker State costs just a little more than ordinary oil. (About \$2.94 more per year for the average motorist.) But, obviously,

since Quaker state contains *four full quarts of lubrication* to the gallon, you don't have to add oil so often. Thus, over any reasonable period of time, your oil bill, with Quaker State, is actually less than with ordinary oils.

Look for the Quaker State sign. Most places will service your car from refinery-sealed cans or double-sealed drums. And take good care of rear-end, transmission, and chassis . . . ask for Quaker State Superfine Greases. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.



"First
choice of
Experience"



RETAIL PRICE... 34¢ plus 1¢ Federal Tax: 35¢ per quart

(Continued from page 36)

to the storekeeper. Bob recognized one of Steve's men.

"Seen the Warden?" was the casual inquiry.

The storekeeper shook his head. "This dry weather keeps Jess hoppin'."

"Muck-fires?"

"Yes—little ones. But you know how Jess is. If somebody lights a match out there and leaves it, he'll drive forty miles to put it out."

The other man laughed. "And a hundred to find the guy that lit it."

"Ain't you right?" replied the storekeeper.

"Ol' Jess sure gets 'em."

"Hmph!" Bob grunted bitterly. "He don't get all of them." He gathered his purchases and walked out.

DOWN the road, in front of Mulford's Grove, someone stepped out and flagged him down. There was a muffled explosion ahead and a huge pole sunk into the earth and stood upright.

"Got a match, Buddy?" asked the man, grinning. He was red-headed and Bob grinned back. "What's the shootin' for?"

"Blowin' in poles for a power-line."

"What do you mean—'Blowin' in'?" Bob asked.

"Why—blowin' in. Gotta do it in this soft muck to get the poles in deep enough. We put a charge in the hole, set the pole up on it, touch her off and—Blooey!—she's in."

Bob smiled. "Sounds simple."

"And is," the red-head continued. "When you know how." He spat a long stream of tobacco juice into the white coral dust.

"But me an' dynamite was buddies before I knew how to chew tobacco." He stepped back, grinning again. "Thanks for the match, friend. I'll smoke after a while. You'd better get under way now; they'll be ready for another shot in about five minutes."

"Friend!" Bob thought as he drove on. It was good to have someone call him that.

The next morning, before daylight, Jesse Donaldson awoke. He sniffed once and ran to the window. In the East, grey shafts were pushing back the night, the West was red, with great plumes, blacker than the night itself, lifting above a flaming horizon.

"Hell! The world's afire!" He tore into his coveralls—"And a fire like that don't happen; somebody sets it!" Potatoes would go first thing . . . three hundred acres . . . almost digging time . . . and he'd planned on enough from the crop to help Bob with that note. He pushed his feet into high leather boots.

"Mighty peculiar, I'd say."

Minutes later, driving southward, he crossed the bridge over the Main Canal and entered the one wide street of the tiny village. It was empty and, in the murk of dawn, the tall Australian pines that lined its edges stood like rows of waving church spires. Beyond, to the south, were the truck-farms, extending for a mile or more to the boundaries of the vast new citrus development, the Blue Heron.

Donaldson stopped once, gave instructions to an assistant, and turned westward along the south bank of the Main Canal. Here were the old groves, solid miles of fruiting trees, with lanes at intervals that led to the owners' homes. He slowed down finally and turned, following the flower-bordered drive-

way to the heart of the Citrus Empire.

Ideas were shaping in his mind as he rapped on Steve Mulford's door and, presently, Steve stood there, glaring. John was behind him.

"Well? What in hell do you want?"

"Tractors!" Jesse pointed westward.

Steve looked. "God! The whole works is burnin'!"

"You're damned whoopin'! And it wasn't burnin' yesterday!"

"Well don't look at me," Steve snapped. "Ask your boy friend about it, he was out there yesterday."

"Kendal? Don't be a fool!"

Steve shrugged. "One of my boys saw him buying fishing tackle."

"And that makes him a fire-bug?"

"He made some remark when your name came up," said John over Steve's shoulder. "Seemed to be sore at you for something."

"Listen." Jesse Donaldson stepped nearer. "If you think you're goin' to frame some-thing else on that lad, you're mistaken."

"What are you talkin' about?" Steve snarled. "Somethin' else."

"Aw, nuts!" Jesse swung on his heel and pounded across the porch. At the top of the steps, he turned. "Make it snappy with those tractors."

Joining the Empire on the west, was Kendal's place, the last of the citrus plantings and, beyond, the open prairie, virgin muck-land, that burned like charcoal. Ten miles out, the fire line went southward from the Main Canal to the edge of Clipper Creek, a shallow, meandering stream that came in from the southwest and lost itself in a bit of 'gator-infested marshland back of Bob's grove.

Donaldson knocked loudly on Kendal's door and, when there was no answer, circled the house and flashed a light into the bedroom. It was empty. Had something happened to Bob? Had Steve, or John, put over another fast one?

Tractors were barking as he swung his car out of the grove—the farmers were get-



"Must be a bilious attack. I see spots"

ting started. A car zipped by—his men, with orders to cut a hundred-foot strip through the middle of the potato crop with the tractors that were already on the ground. Maybe, only maybe, the fire would stop there and he'd save half.

Clouds of smoke, rolling eastward, blotted the road for stretches and made driving difficult but in a brief lift, he saw a man dodge behind some bushes. Something in the gait prompted him to speed ahead and, suddenly, to jam on the brakes. Bob Kendal stepped out.

"What are you doin' out here?" Jesse's voice was unintentionally loud and gruff.

Bob stiffened. "You talk like I hadn't the right."

"Maybe you haven't." It was taut nerves that snapped that answer. "But never mind

now, get your tractor out and make it fast!" There was a sound of grating gears and the Warden's car disappeared in the thickening smoke. Bob stood a moment, scratching his head and frowning, then broke into a run.

The sun came up, a burning saucer, in a ceiling of thick, grey fumes. Behind clamoring motors, sweaty bodies toiled and the stinking odor of burning muck clogged lungs. Lips and throats parched and eyes stung and legs rubbed raw on iron tractor seats. The long dry grass of the open prairie burned like gunpowder and, beneath it, the black soil caught and smoldered red and its richness turned to ashes. Twenty tractors, dragging disc-harrows, cut wide strips before the blaze, the Warden's crew worked in it. Criss-crossing, cutting, riding for short distances in the very line of flames, they tried to crush its fury with the width and weight of cleated tractor-wheels. Bob joined them. Their machines got hot and little flames, like pilot-lights, showed over the vents in the gas-tank caps. Donaldson yelled at them: "You fellows won't get sense until your tanks bust and blow you to hell-and-gone. Get back here and cool those engines." But his heart swelled at their courage; and at Bob, a beginner, who had the nerve to ride with them.

Noon came. The potato crop was somewhere back of the blaze—burned out. New strips had been cut farther east. And jumped, as chunks of blazing weeds were carried across them, to land and start new fires.

WHEN the women came with sandwiches and water and coffee, Louise was with them and the men took turns, running to cram food and drink through cracked lips. Bob, with his lashes and hair scorched, avoided her until she came and stood in front of him and wiped his eyes with a cool, wet handkerchief. Then he gaped in astonishment: "Louise—" but she had hurried away and someone was calling him to help with a tractor that had bogged down.

Evening blurred in a line of leaping flames; the fire swept steadily eastward. At dusk,

when the wind died, some went in for rest. Others, Bob among them, stayed on, strengthening defenses and spreading the attack. Then darkness settled and the wind freshened and flames leaped high again, seething forward through the grass and hurdling irrigation ditches as if those strips of water were bridged with paper.

Sun-up found them, less than a mile from Kendal's grove, making a stand in the last of the open-country irrigation ditches. Behind them were the orange trees, hundreds of acres, already black with soot.

They had cleared a space wider than usual and were waiting, wet sacks in hand, to smother the sparks or bits of blazing grass that were bound to come over.

John Padrick came out—pale-looking, Bob thought, and worried—and the Warden ordered him to join the men who were ploughing a path beyond the marshland, in front of the Fleming farm. Padrick kept an arrogant front and paused to light a cigarette. The Warden slapped it from his fingers. "Think you're on a picnic?"—he pointed to a yellow-painted tractor—"Get goin'!"

The Power Company's crew had abandoned their truck and were standing in line with the farmers. The Red-headed Dynamiter grinned as he recognized Bob.

"Got a match, Buddy?"

(Continued on page 40)



“CANADIAN CLUB”

“CANADIAN CLUB,” happily, is one of those few products known the world over for consistent, unvarying excellence. When Hiram Walker, in 1858, founded this now vast business, he laid down hard-and-fast principles of quality and purity. Those principles have not been changed in 75 years. They

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WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO ✓ ✓ PEORIA, ILLINOIS



(Continued from page 38)

Bob gave a wan smile. "You can light it off my trees if we don't stop it now."
"Them yours?" The dynamite-man jerked a thumb over his shoulder.

Bob nodded.
"Gees! That's tough." Red haired hands took a firmer grip on the sacks.

"Here they come!" A torch of grass came over and the Red-Head fairly leaped at it. Then others came. And more—the whole field was aflame. Men flailed and cursed and, when the sacks dried, they stomped the blaze with their feet and beat at it with sticks. And the fire burned on, furiously.

BOB'S feet were blistered, his head throbbled. He stumbled once, staggered up again, and his eyes felt like smoking marbles. Suddenly, he threw the sacks away and laughed and it felt like the edge of a saw in his throat. What was he fighting for anyway? Let it burn, let the whole damned thing go up in smoke. Let Mulford learn what it meant to be wiped out. Citrus Empire was it? Bah! In an hour, there'd be nothing but charred limbs left—like blackened bones. He shuddered at that—bones sounded human—and rubbed the soot from his eyes. If the fire ran through his place, there'd be no marsh to check it on the south, no Clipper Creek—it would spread again and everything would go. Ahead, in the haze, he saw the Dynamiter, working his sacks like the grove out there were his own. Then an idea came. Crazy, perhaps, but he believed they could do it—he and the Red-Head—and he started running. They'd have to work fast.

A few minutes later, the Warden heard the first explosion: Boom! He snapped erect, squinting through an opening in the smoke. Boom again! A big tree lifted and came down, roots on top. He stood there a moment, blinking, then ran for the cut in the canal bank where his car was parked. Backing into the highway, he straightened the wheels and sped eastward. The explosions now were more frequent and tree after tree went hurtling skyward.

Abreast of Kendal's grove, he saw two figures moving—one of them red-headed—and he watched them through a curtain of drifting muck and foliage. They would stop, punch something into the soil under the roots of a tree, lean over it a moment and go on to the next. Almost at once, a tiny wisp of smoke would rise and, Boom!—another tree swapped ends. The effect was perfect. A deep groove, fully a hundred feet wide, moved southward behind them and into it came the water from the drainage ditches.

Louise came up, driving Bob's truck.

"Who is it?" she asked.
"Bob and the dynamiter."
"Bob? He knows nothing about dynamite. Why did you let him—?"

"I didn't. First I knew about it, trees were flying in the air. But he's doin' a good job. Wish we could plug the sluice at the end of his grove.

"Back the water up quicker?"
"Yes. Not necessary but surer."

"Did John come out?" she asked.
"Yes. He's over on your place. If he could see what they're doin' and had the nerve—"

"Look! That's John, driving that yellow machine, coming around the marsh!"

"Damned if it ain't! And headin' straight for the sluice!"

"What good is that? There's no gate to close."

"He can plug it with the tractor if he's got the nerve to drive right into it."

"Look! What's Bob motioning him to the right for?"

"Don't know. May be somethin' in the way—can't see through the smoke."

Boom!
"That's the last tree, Louise. When it clears—"

"There! Bob's running out—still waving him to the right. Don't John see?"

"Guess not—the smoke—"

"Jes! The front wheels are down! He's hit something!"

"Gator-hole prob'ly—"
"They're up again! In the air!"



"Yep—and the rear ones bogged!" Jesse was standing now. "If he don't lay off that gas, the whole machine will—there it comes! And Bob's reachin' for him, tryin' to snatch him off—"

"Bob slipped!" Louise screamed. "It's coming over backwards! It'll kill them both! Bob!" Her voice trailed off and the Warden caught her as she wilted into oblivion.

STRANGE voices were whispering when Kendal awakened and, behind a misty curtain, people moved about. He blinked a few times and tried to raise himself but a pain shot through his leg and he dropped back to the pillow and closed his eyes.

When he opened them, Jesse was there, smiling at him. The grey in his hair glinted like gold and Bob wondered about that until he turned his head and saw that it was the sun, setting in a clean, blue sky.

"Jes—where am I?"
"Don't you remember, Bob—the fire?"

He tried but his mind cleared slowly. There was smoke, he recalled and explosions and trees shooting in the air—"The Big Trees, Jess, the ones you planted, are they—?"

"Never a leaf shriveled. A few of yours were scorched, but they'll come out; that ditch you fellows blasted this morning sure did the trick."

Everything came back then: the yellow tractor racing across the field, the gator hole that he knew was there. John Padrick clutching at a lever and the look on his face when his fingers missed it. "What—what about John?"

"Tractor got him. And came near gettin' you."

"Was he—killed?"

There was a nod and Bob groaned: "Tough on Louise."

"Yes," Jesse agreed. "But it could have been worse."

"How?"

"It might have been you."

"Me? Why, John was her—"

"Not since yesterday mornin'."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this: night before last, she went to Steve's barn—"

"But I was there myself that night; I was coming back when you met me on the road yesterday morning—"

"I know, and I couldn't dope it out until Louise gave me the clue—she was on her way that night, when you came along; hid behind a bush until you passed—"

"How do you know all this?"

"She told me, this mornin', after the accident."

"And she found something?"

Enough. There was an old coat of John's there and the bill for the arsenic was still in the inside pocket. When she faced him with it, yesterday mornin' he tried to lie out of it. And made it worse when he accused you of settin' fire to the 'Glades. Then Steve stepped in, boastin' about the whole business—includin' the fire—"

"Why set the 'Glades afire?"

"Well, Mink planned it—that rat knew I was suspicious about the arsenic—and he figured they'd burn me out and throw the blame on you—"

"Strengthen opinion against me all around, eh?"

"That's it. They had no idea the fire would get away from us, but John did the actual work and he did it too well."

"But why brag to Louise about it?"

"Oh, Steve thought she'd keep her mouth shut, bein' she was engaged to John. But she fooled 'em; flew into both of 'em like a bobcat and ended up by handin' the ring back. Then John got mad and accused her of bein' in love with you—"

"Why the yellow—"

"Wait a minute. Get this, Son—she said: 'I'm proud to admit it!'"

"Aw Jess, she didn't!" Bob tried to pull himself up but the Warden pushed him back. "Now don't get excited, Lad. You can't get up with a busted leg. She'll be here in a few minutes and you can ask her. Just now, there's somethin' I want to show you." He reached into his pocket and handed Bob a long slip of paper. Bob glanced at it and a puzzled look came over his face. "It's—it's the note! Marked paid!"

Jesse was smiling. "That's damages."

"But I don't understand—"

"Neither did Steve, at first. But he agreed, finally, that it was better than takin' a chance with a jury on a charge of arson."

There was a light tap on the door and the Warden turned. "Come in," he boomed and stood as Louise entered.

"Is he—better?" she asked, advancing timidly. There was a sound from the bed and Jesse stepped aside. Bob was laughing and she ran to him, kneeling beside the bed. "Are you—all right, Bob?" Her voice shook a little as she took hold of his hand and her lashes were suddenly wet, but there was a sparkle under them and Bob leaned forward.

"Perfect—Darling."

There was a rush of scarlet in her cheeks and she glanced warily over her shoulder. Jesse was in the doorway, grinning. "I forgot to tell you, Bob," he said. "Mink left this mornin' and I'm pretty certain he won't be back. Fact is, he assured me he wouldn't. Can you handle the foreman's job on the Blue Heron?"



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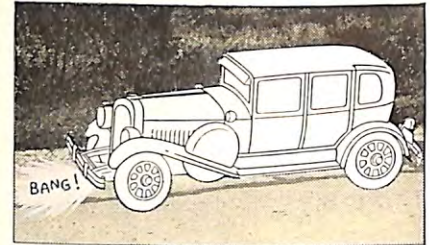
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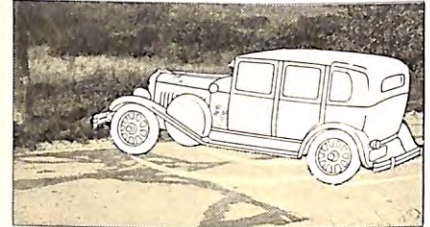


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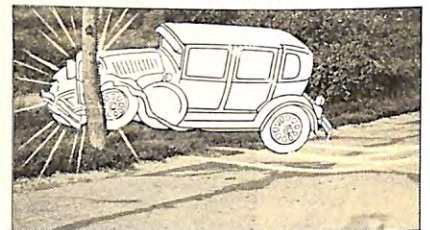
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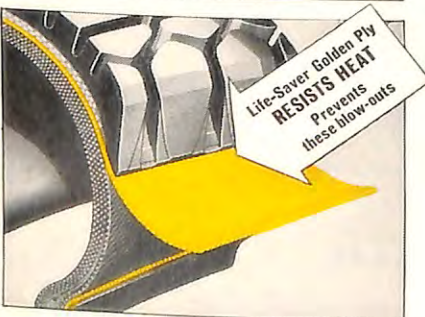
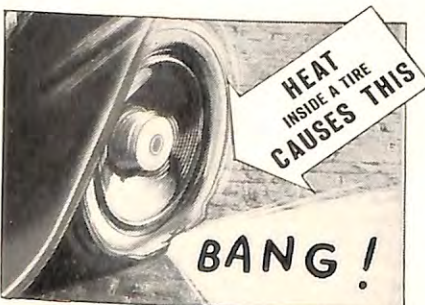


A terrible drag set in. He tried to steer. He tried to stop. But no use. He was headed for trouble.



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WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

April, 1934

"Can I! Honest, do you think there's a chance?"

"Oh, maybe. One of the owners called me on the phone about an hour ago. He seemed pretty tickled the way the fire was kept out of their property and he's comin' out in the mornin'; wants to thank you personally." The door closed quietly.

"Louise,"—Bob was drawing her closer,

"If I do get that job, will you—marry me?"

She nodded. "Even if you don't get it." "And can you wait until next year, when our crop comes off, to see the cities?"

She smiled. "I've changed my mind about the cities, Bob. This is where life begins—in these orange groves. And, with you, I'll find joy in being a part of it."

Legs

(Continued from page 19)

stepping the eight furlong under 4:10. And following him, came Gene Venzke, Jack Lovelock, Bill Bonthron and Glenn Cunningham. Of these, Lovelock's time of 4 minutes 7.6 seconds was the best.

When the New Zealander, with the colors of Oxford on his chest, raced to that memorable record, in the international college meet at Palmer Stadium in Princeton last summer, track experts began to predict a 4 minute, 6 second mile. Previously, such a mile was virtually undreamed of. And yet, more than five years ago, when Nurmi was visiting this country, he himself told the writer (through the medium of Hugo Quist, his friend and adviser) that he could have set the mile mark at 4 minutes, 6 seconds if he had cared to.

One has but to study Nurmi's career to be convinced that he could have done as he said, had he so wished. He was master of himself, and of his legs. But in due time, his legs mastered him. He found to his deep disappointment that while he could run all day if need be without tiring, he no longer could finish a mile or 1500 meter race with a sprint. It was a hard blow for him to take, for the mile was his pet among races.

All his years of training for the ancient pastime, all his careful dieting, all his Spartan living did not help to stall off "legitis." Although still a young man in his thirties at that time, he could no longer hold his own with the best milers in the game. Immediately he turned to distances, where the legs do not have to work under high pressure, but merely have to be durable. He set his heart on the marathon, a trying event which he felt sure he could run. In his practice timings, he found he could cover the twenty-six miles faster than any Olympic champion ever covered them before. His old legs, gone though they were so far as speed was concerned, could still carry him.

Nurmi's athletic career was cut short however, just before the last Olympic Games, when he was declared ineligible for amateur competition. Charges of professionalism were responsible for the decision of the authorities, and as a result, the finest of all marathoners never toed the mark. Today, Nurmi is in the same class with the veteran distance runner Clarence De Mar. Both of them can run for hours, provided they're not hurried too much. The muscles are still in their legs, but their legs are not what they used to be.

LAST fall I sat beside an old Yale football ace, and watched Notre Dame defeat a plucky Army team by a last quarter surge of overwhelming power. Army, after playing a brilliant, bang-up, heady game all afternoon, suddenly seemed to tire and "fold up." Outweighed ten and fifteen pounds a man on the forward wall, the strain on the Cadet linemen was terrific, and they were taking unmerciful punishment from the hard charging and Herculean South Benders.

With Army leading by a touchdown, the former Yale player turned to me and said: "The jig is up. Army's going to take it on the chin." I was a little amazed, and asked him why he thought so. "For the simple

reason," he replied, "that those West Pointers are all washed up. They've lost 'em," he went on. "Can't you see, they've lost 'em!"

"Lost what?" I pleaded. "Lost what?" "The old legs, man! The old legs! Can't you see that Army's backs are fairly staggering around, and the linemen have no punch in their charge. In a couple of minutes Notre Dame will start riding through that Cadet forward wall as though there was nothing in front of them. Yes sir, once the legs go, a player's done. He's through. And what I'm telling you is that Army's through."

The ensuing minutes of play proved he was right. Army had suddenly lost its "steam," and Notre Dame rode over it, and scored a touchdown.

Somewhat elated at his prediction as to the outcome, my Yale friend continued to dissertate on the subject of legs. "Why," he said boastfully, "this modern generation is a joke. Football players today don't have the legs we used to have. That's why you have so many substitutions. So many injuries. So many sprained ankles, and bad knees. Trouble is, you ride too much today, instead of walking. And, boy, it's just too bad."

"Why our Olympic sprinters, and hurdlers, with the exception of the 1932 games, couldn't even survive the preliminary trials. They lacked legs. A couple of races and they were through for a month. Not so, thirty years ago. Runners had real legs in those days, and so did the football players. Team after team played through without a substitution, and fellows like Heffelfinger and Hinkey didn't know what it was to be out of a game in four years of play."

Maybe he was right. We didn't argue the point. But in any case, this much was true of what he said: Legs are most important in the majority of sports. In football, the lineman's drive, and the back's drive, come from the legs and the legs alone. If he has no legs, he has no drive. And in professional football, a star back who loses his legs, or in other words, loses the ability to get off his stance quickly, is dropped from the team in short order. The fact that he may be able to carry half a dozen men on his back doesn't matter. Unless he has speed and that elastic quality of moving with agility, he's done.

NAT HOLMAN, the finest all around basketball player the game ever had, who now teaches the sport at City College, New York, and almost yearly turns out championship teams, told me not long ago that he believed the most important thing in the sport is legs. Legs, and the ability to handle the ball swiftly and deftly are the two basic requisites a man must have who comes out for his team.

So important are legs in the cage pastime that once they begin to bother it's time to think of hanging up one's suit. The strain on the legs in this game is terrific, and that accounts for the comparative youth of those who play it. Here and there one runs across a man of thirty-five, still playing the game,

(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

but invariably he is simply a fixture. A pass is fed to him in a clearing, and he lets it go for the basket. Unless he has an "eagle eye" he doesn't remain on the team for long.

The average impression of golf is that it is a game where judgment, coordination and touch are the essentials. And yet my friend Gene Sarazen, one of the greatest golfers in the world, told me some time ago, that many a tournament is lost and won by legs. When the legs begin to weary in the long drawn out tournaments, perfect physical and mental coordination is impossible. "Many a slice and many a hook," said the affable Sarazen, "can be traced to creaky knees, or weary arches. That's why I never fail to keep my legs in training as well as my hands and arms. In preparation for a tournament I walk over the course several times a day, not only to practice shots, but to keep my legs in readiness for the grinds to come."

On the other hand, golf puts a much less severe and sudden strain on the legs than do most of the more strenuous sports. So long as a man keeps himself in good shape, as does Sarazen, for example, he can play a good game of golf for many long years—as witness the many famous "oldsters" who are well in the top flight every year.

Perhaps the best way to comprehend the important part legs play in certain sports is to look over the rosters of those pastimes in which the burden on the underpinnings is light or negligible. Talking to Devereaux Milburn, the former international polo player and one of the most charming and colorful figures ever to live up a chukker, I mentioned the fact that it was surprising to find so many men past forty still playing a grand game of polo.

"Ah," he said, smiling, "but you mustn't forget, in polo, the ponies do most of the work. If a man had to use his legs as he has to in boxing, football or baseball, polo would be a young man's game."

Until the recent influx of college men into wrestling circles, the large majority of grapplers were burly gentlemen, well on in years. Waldek Zybysko was still tossing cauliflower-pachyderms on their heads after his fiftieth birthday. Strangler Lewis is by no means a youngster, and neither is Joe Stecher. Hans Steinke might well be a grandfather, and the same is true of dozens of others in professional ranks.

WHAT a contrast with boxing, where the heavy strain on the legs causes men to retire before they're out of their twenties. Just a few weeks ago, Billy Petrolle, the famous Fargo Express, the man whose burgeoning punch dropped Justo Suarez, the mighty Argentine; Billy Townsend, the Canadian Terror; Eddie Ran, the Polish Pounder; Stanislaus Loyaza, the champion of Chile; Hilario Martinez, of Spain; Les Murray of Australia, and many others—announced that he would retire from the ring.

At the ripe old age of twenty-nine Petrolle is through. He still can punch, and he still can take it. But he's lost that which a great boxer must have, namely, "legs." Today, he no longer has the speed and shiftiness that characterized his earlier bouts. He's a target for his opponent. And as the rounds wear along, his feet and legs become heavier, until he thinks he is dragging them around.

Other fighters have tried to defy the warning which their legs send up to the brain. And every time they did, they paid the

penalty of being knocked out by a younger, faster man whose legs still responded to the directions of his mind. Legs forced Dempsey, Tunney, Firpo and other famous pugilists into retirement. Legs were the only things they couldn't lick.

The one thing that keeps Dempsey out of the ring today is "legitis." He could train himself back into condition. He could roll punches off his shoulders and hit with the "wallop" of a mule. But his legs wouldn't carry him for more than two or three rounds at most. After that he'd be in his own way, and very likely would swear that everybody in the place was hitting him with a pair of boxing gloves.

Hockey and swimming, like wrestling, are sports in which athletes last long because they don't have to mistreat the legs. Hockey, for all its thrilling and bruising play, its hair-raising scrimmages and incredible shots, does not tax the legs very much. The ice provides an almost frictionless surface for the sharp skates, and the players glide about at break-neck speed with a minimum expenditure of energy.

Fancy a boxer, a miler, or a football player engaging in 420 consecutive games. And yet that is the record compiled by Murray Murdoch of the New York Rangers. Before he joined the Rangers he played twenty straight games with the Winnipeg Maroons, and since coming to the Big Town he has played 400 consecutive contests with Les Patrick's sextet.

One of the leading swimmers of the present day is Joe Ruddy of the New York A.C. There is no doubt but that he can outswim any man his age, and perhaps any man half his age. A great part of his life has been spent in the water, teaching his children as well as others how to navigate under their own power.

Since the burden, in swimming, is distributed equally over all parts of the body, the legs do not suffer unduly, and a man may be just as good and as fast a swimmer at sixty as he was at twenty. In bowling, where there is little leg work, the same is relatively true. The older a man gets, the more proficient he frequently becomes.

EVEN in the popular game of squash legs are comparatively unimportant. An expert player doesn't have to move around very much, although the ball travels plenty. Steven Feron, one of the game's greatest, for example, has been playing championship squash for more than thirty years, and he still puts up a tip-top game. From 1902 to 1914 he held the open championship. Today, several decades later, he is only a shade below the form which characterized his play in those memorable years of his career.

Walter Kinsella, who took the title from Feron in 1914, is another gentleman who has been playing squash regularly for more than thirty years, and who still can make the best of them step lively to win. Another veteran is Frank Ward, and in the amateur ranks, Filmore Hyde. Every one of these players can get in the court with the youngest and best in the game, and more than hold their own.

How different it would be were old Jim Jeffries or Jess Willard to don the gloves again, or were Ty Cobb to return to the diamond and try to steal home. What a joke it would be, were Eddie Casey to try to run the broken field, or Nurmi race the mile. The sports they played demanded "legs," and without them they'd be helpless.

IN THE MAY ISSUE—COME BACK TO ERIN

A Thrilling Drama of the Old Ireland and the New

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

What Can We Expect When Government Spending Stops?

(Continued from page 13)

those with incomes of less than a thousand dollars a year must spend practically all they earn for the elementary necessities such as food, clothing and housing. If these are the people who have been hardest hit by the depression and if we should start out, as a measure of humanity, to put them on the national payroll, we should soon be scraping the bottom of the box. For those earning more than a thousand dollars a year could not raise 16 billions a year to support their less fortunate brethren. If we should even attempt any such thing, we should soon all of us be in the class that needed help. And there would be none to help us.

All of this simply goes to show that we can be prosperous only to the extent that we are able to exchange goods and services one with the other. If we restrict our buying to the absolute necessities of life, then gradually fewer goods and services are exchanged, our standards of living drop, what were once necessities become luxuries, and we exist like the Orientals on the borderline of starvation.

We have been doing just that. In 1929 consumers spent 23 billions for food as against 16 billions in 1932. Because of lower prices, this represents a very small drop in the actual quantity of food consumed. We spent 17 billions for housing in 1929 as against 11 billions in 1932. This again is a comparatively small drop in actual housing. But we spent nearly 9 billions for clothing in 1929 as against less than 4 billions in 1932; and 13 billions for transport, including the upkeep of automobiles, in 1929 as against only 6 billions in 1932. We have already started to cut out the luxuries. That is the beginning of the descending spiral.

This country was built up by the rise in the standard of living steadily transforming what were once luxuries into everyday necessities. Now, what is the real difference between a necessity and a luxury? Is it a matter of goods or is it a matter of outlook? I think it is a matter of outlook. Practically all spending is for future needs. We buy clothes to wear tomorrow. If we knew we were going to die tomorrow, we should not buy the clothes—or at least we should buy only one suit. We build houses to live in tomorrow. We build ships to sail in tomorrow.

The buying and selling of goods and ser-

vices is stimulated or retarded by persons and corporations directly as they have confidence in the future. Unless tomorrow has a pleasing and definite outline, we put off buying until we see its outline more clearly. If we are content to take Government money, whether as employers or as employees, and wait to see what tomorrow has in store for us, then the figures I have given above prove conclusively that tomorrow will have nothing at all in store for us.

TRANSLATED into plain terms, this simply means that the business head—be he the manager of a small or a large business—who makes no extensions or improvements in plant equipment or stock, but who marks time waiting for that mysterious thing known as demand to emerge, will never see any worth while demand emerge. If there are enough of such men, then there will be no possible way for the spending by the Government to start business. For the largest possible spending can create only a comparatively small demand over a comparatively limited period. When the spending stops the demand will stop and the country will be exactly where it was before—except that it will have a heavier debt.

Everyone in business knows that the amount of business which comes without effort is negligible and that no success is ever achieved simply by meeting demand. We are all familiar with the kind of salesman who drops in to say, "You don't want anything today, do you?"

In spite of the fact that not a single prosperous business in this country was ever founded on merely meeting demand, the strange delusion has gained ground that business is already too big for the needs of consumption and that all our efforts should now be devoted to spreading out the demand among the largest possible number of concerns and employees, and that it is an act almost of treason to further a product, a method or a machine which displaces men from jobs or adds to the productive capacity of the country. It seems to be taken for granted that, if only we all lie low, business will some day sweep in like a hurricane. Every man in business knows better than that.

Take this matter of over-capacity. What
(Continued on page 44)

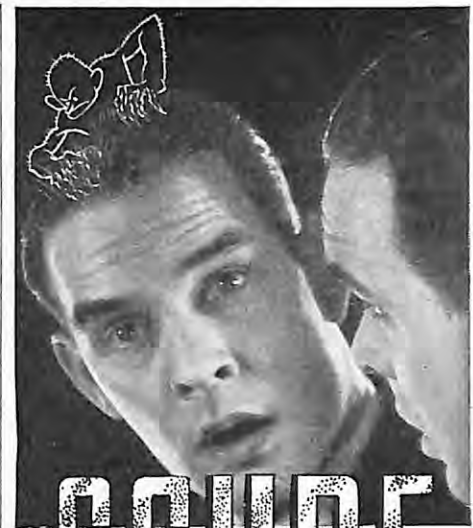


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Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary in this regard, and notify him at once of your new address.

(Continued from page 43)

is capacity? Presumably it is calculated from consumption. Then what is consumption? I have in my life managed to get along with one pair of shoes. But only when I could at the time afford only one pair. Few men and still fewer women are content with a single pair of shoes. As income goes up, so does the number of pairs of shoes owned by an individual. But would this be the case if shoes were standardized and all were made in one color and style? Hardly anyone would want more than three pairs of shoes, if all of them had to be alike. As it is, the shoe people not only make attractive styles but also they make many kinds of shoes for many purposes—and, as one's income increases, one buys more and more varieties of shoes.

In no sense are all the shoes needed, but the manufacturers teach us to sell ourselves. If the income of the country is up, it will buy shoes as luxuries and soon the original luxury purchase will become a necessity purchase. If income goes down, the old shoes are worn and, when replacement time arrives, only the necessary shoes are bought.

Now, then, can anyone estimate the shoe consumption of the country without knowing its income? At one income level, a man may buy five or six pairs a year, but at another level he will buy only one pair—or none at all if his old ones are good. If the price of shoes rises higher than income rises, then the effective income for shoe buying is cut down. If the shoe manufacturers introduce no new styles, then there is no style reason for a man buying new shoes. And, although all of us affect not to bother about styles, we do follow the styles if only at a distance. No man would today be caught wearing a pair of the old peg top trousers.

GEORGE WESTINGHOUSE did not meet a demand when he devised his air brake and started a great industry. He saw that trains could go no faster unless a better method than the old hand brake was devised to stop them. He worked out a brake. That was the beginning of his troubles and not the end. He spent a long time trying to get a road to let him give a demonstration, and it was many years before his brakes became standard passenger equipment and many more years before they became standard freight equipment. The fast freight of today would be impossible without air brakes. The fast freight has brought about billions of dollars in savings every year through speedier turnovers of stock. Likewise the refrigerator car has brought to the market products running up to the hundreds of millions which would not otherwise be grown.

If, in 1869, George Westinghouse had been prevented from inventing his air brake, on the ground that it would cut down train crews, how many hundreds of thousands of men would have had new and better livings closed to them? Even the few thousand brakemen involved were not thrown permanently out of work, for the higher speeds possible with the air brake created an amount of traffic that needed ten new railroad employees for every brakeman displaced.

Was there any demand for the alternating current when Mr. Westinghouse sponsored its development? On the contrary, that current was fought tooth and nail as highly dangerous to mankind. It took years to establish it. Yet without the alternating current the great transmission systems of today would be impossible and we should not have been able to spread our factories all over the country regardless of coal facilities. They would all of them have to be concentrated, as once they were, near cheap sources of power.

The great utility companies were not built

up to meet any demand. It took a long while to establish electric lighting, but, had they stopped with lighting, we should not have our great utility corporations with their immense demands for heavy machinery. The utility companies depend on industrial users and they must sell their output at rates lower than a concern can produce power for itself. The great turbines and dynamos that my Company makes are bought because salesmen and engineers see, through their use, a way to cheapen costs and thus to sell more power.

Nearly every household which is wired for lighting now also has some electrical machinery. But none of that machinery was produced to meet a demand. The electric iron is now a necessity but when it was first brought on the market, few housewives would have anything to do with it. The old flat iron was good enough for them. And so it was also with the electric washing machine, the vacuum cleaner and no end of other devices.

Everything electrical has had to be aggressively sold, and for a long time not even the local dealers could be persuaded to sell them. The utility companies must have a large use of household electricity if they are to attain the volume necessary to low-cost production—and low rates. That is the reason why they go into sales campaigns when the local merchants are unable or unwilling to spend the money.

Nothing could sound more reasonable than adjusting production to demand—until one tries to plot demand. Then the trouble starts. For demand depends upon the purse and state of mind of the buyer, upon the ability of the seller and upon many other factors—all of which vary from day to day and not all of which are known. Demand can be charted with a measure of accuracy only where all the inhabitants are always near to starvation. Then they will buy only enough to keep them alive. None of us want to reduce our country to a point where its demands can be thus charted.

THE important part of all this is that the attitude of waiting for demand to arise has thrown a whole section of industry out of work. Throwing that section out of work has reacted in such a way as to throw out also an army of transport and distribution workers. Industry in a general way is divided into those sections making goods for consumption and those making goods for capital purposes. In the first class come the manufacturers of foods, clothing and the articles consumed. In the second class come those who make houses, locomotives, power plants and other durable articles.

In a semi-civilized country like Russia, the great majority of the people will be engaged in sustenance trades, but in our country the man who makes the machine is as important as the man who operates it. Roughly speaking, about one-half of all the gainfully employed people in the United States are normally employed in making durable or capital goods. So "capital goods" is not just a phrase of interest only to Wall Street. If we wait for demand for new capital goods, we stop progress. We may preserve the employment of a few people in the consumer industries, but we throw out of work about one-half of all those normally employed. In the speeches about the men thrown out of work by progress, I have never heard of any discussion of where the growing population would look for jobs if there were no progress. If our present progress is bad, our past must also have been. So we ought to set about cutting out some of our progress. Where shall we start? Shall we, in the interest of employment, do away with the automobile or the electric motor or the steam engine? Or shall we outlaw all of them? The question becomes too absurd to answer.

Take more figures. It is generally assumed that all business had gone down. That is true, but the consumer goods business has not fallen off to any tremendous degree. The Federal Reserve figures on production tell the story. Their volume index, which covers the quantity and not the price of goods, shows that in June, 1929, capital goods, including iron and steel, other metals, coke, lumber, automobiles, locomotives and ships, stood at 37.802. Consumer goods—that is, textiles, leather, food, tobacco and paper products—stood at 38.872. In March, 1933, with all production at its lowest point, the index number for capital goods was 7.576 and for consumer goods 26.499. This means that, while consumer goods declined 32%, the production of durable goods declined 80%.

WORK this out in terms of unemployed men. At a time in the fall of 1933 when about ten million men were unemployed, a survey showed that about one-half of these men were commonly employed in the production of goods and the other half in the production of services. Naturally the service men could not find work because the producers were not functioning. Of the unemployed producers, eleven-twelfths had been engaged in the durable or capital goods section of industry.

That is, four million of the five million unemployed producers were out of work because no one was trying to make a better or cheaper product. It is reasonable to assume that an equal number of service men were also thrown out, so that of the total of ten million unemployed, eight million were out because the country had temporarily stopped improvements.

I have before me a table showing the relative decline in spending for various purposes. The percentages are illuminating. During the period 1929-1932, wages and salaries declined 48.7%; interest declined 41.6%; dividends declined 54.7%; capital outlays declined 60.4%; and investments declined 68.2%.

Durable or capital goods are paid for by savings or money borrowed on long term—they amount to the same thing for in sound finance money borrowed at long term must come from savings. The percentage decline in capital outlays is greater than the decline in wages, for the big corporations have not reduced their working forces as much as their business has gone down. But it is the decline in capital outlays that has dragged down wages.

Until the capital outlays begin again, those wages will not start to climb and, until they climb, there can be no wide diffusion of prosperity.

That gets us back to where we started. Business progresses by the exchange of goods and services for goods and services. In no other fashion can we make our livings. The exchange mounts to higher and higher planes only as we provide more, better and cheaper goods and services to exchange. We cannot do that unless continuously we revamp our mental and material equipment. This very act of going forward to better things brings into purchasing power a whole section of industry and serves to provide markets for the new products or methods. This self-generated purchasing power goes far beyond the largest possible purchasing power of government. It is sound and natural and has no come-backs.

Therefore it is up to business men to use the purchasing power provided by Government funds as a method of getting permanently under way—and not simply as manna for the day's needs.

The only thing that stands in the way of reviving prosperity is the attitude of waiting until it reaches the door-step and knocks. It has never yet knocked. It has always had to be caught and hauled in.

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Sixty-sixth Birthday of the Order in New York

(Continued from page 23)

Grand Lodge Activities Committee; John A. Wert, District Deputy for New York Central, and James H. Moran, District Deputy for New York East.

A feature of the meeting was the introduction to the large attendance of Mayor Fiorella H. LaGuardia and former Mayor John P. O'Brien by Chief Magistrate James E. McDonald, Past Exalted Ruler of New York Lodge. Later in the evening Justice Edward J. McGoldrick introduced former Governors Charles S. Whitman and Alfred E. Smith of New York, each of whom was presented with an Honorary Life Membership by New York Lodge.

Postmaster General James A. Farley, Past President of the New York State Elks Association, accompanied by State President Alonzo L. Waters, State Secretary Philip Clancy and other members of the State Association, was introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert. Mayor LaGuardia was presented by Exalted Ruler James Garrett Wallace. Mr. LaGuardia spoke, extending a warm welcome to the Grand Exalted Ruler on behalf of the City

of New York and of New York Lodge. Mr. Wallace responded, briefly outlining the history of the Order in the metropolitan area, and then introducing Mr. Meier.

The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an address that was very well received. A greeting to him was next extended by State President Waters. He was followed by former Governors Whitman and Smith of New York and by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener, former Governor of Pennsylvania. Judge O'Brien spoke next, citing the charitable accomplishments of the Order.

Esteemed Leading Knight Ferdinand Percora was introduced and delivered a powerful address entitled "Washington, Our First Citizen," which was enthusiastically received by his audience.

The program was carried out under the floor leadership of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert as temporary Grand Esquire, assisted by Justice McGoldrick. Most of the speakers confined themselves to interesting references to the Order. From start to finish it was a thoroughly constructive and memorable occasion.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 29)

honor at a luncheon given by Chehalis Lodge, No. 1374, and attended by about one hundred and fifty Elks and prominent citizens. After this enjoyable affair, Mr. Meier made his way to Centralia, Wash., Lodge, No. 1083, where he delivered his message to the many members who had gathered there during the afternoon.

Olympia was the next stopping place and at the Home of Olympia Lodge, No. 186, he greeted the members who had gathered to meet him.

From Olympia the Grand Exalted Ruler journeyed to Puyallup, where he was guest of honor at a dinner held by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Puyallup, Wash., Lodge, No. 1450. At the meeting which followed, the Grand Exalted Ruler enjoyed, for the first time, the pleasure of attending a session of an Elk Lodge in company with his son, Ronald W. Meier, who had been recently initiated into Seattle Lodge, No. 92, as a member of that Lodge's Armistice Day Class of candidates. Past State President Emmett T. Anderson and a number of officers and prominent members of various neighboring Lodges were present.

MR. MEIER then proceeded to Tacoma, where he participated in a radio broadcast conducted by the "Stocking Fillers," an entertainment troupe consisting of members of Tacoma Lodge, No. 174, who each year, through their radio work, raise a large sum of money to be added to the Lodge's Charity Fund. At the conclusion of the program, Mr. Meier motored to his own home in Seattle. This was the Grand Exalted Ruler's first trip home since the first day of October, when he had started East.

On Saturday, November 25, in company with District Deputy Marle G. Ringenburg, Mr. Meier made a trip to Bremerton, where he visited Bremerton, Wash., Lodge, No. 1181. The meeting took the form of a luncheon and approximately seventy members of the Order were present, among them being Past District Deputy H. E. Gorman.

Returning from Bremerton by air, Mr. Meier proceeded to Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, for a dinner attended by members and their ladies. His address there was perpetuated by means of a talking motion picture apparatus. The talking film was taken for the subsequent use and benefit of the Lodge. Further motion pictures were taken at the dance held after the dinner. Present at the affair were many prominent members of the Bar and of civic and state governing bodies. Two of the distinguished Elks who attended were Past State President Frank L. Cooper and Past District Deputy A. W. Swanson.

On Sunday the 26th, Mr. Meier held a meeting with Anacortes, Wash., Lodge, No. 1204, and addressed about fifty members. He then paid a visit to Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, where a regular meeting of the Lodge was opened and Mr. Meier officially received. Past State Presidents H. H. Griggs and Paul P. Wells and Roland G. Gamwell were among those who were present.

Mr. Meier's next visit was to Port Angeles, "Naval," Wash., Lodge, No. 353. Here a noon meeting and luncheon were held in the Lodge's new Home. They were attended by many well-known citizens and about eighty-five members, among them being Past State President and former Mayor H. M. Fisher. At the conclusion of the meeting Mr. Meier held a conference with the officers and Past Exalted Rulers, discussing with them the peculiar problems at present facing the Lodge.

Mr. Meier then journeyed to Port Townsend, Wash., Lodge, No. 317, and was officially received by a hundred members and entertained at dinner. His was the first visit ever paid Port Townsend Lodge by a Grand Exalted Ruler.

ON November 29, Mr. Meier paid his official visit to his own Lodge, Seattle, Wash., No. 92. Early in the evening he was guest of honor at a dinner given by the

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officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Seattle Lodge and Ballard, Wash., Lodge, No. 827, in the private dining room of the Home of No. 92. All the officers of both Lodges were present, and among the guests were District Deputy Ringenberg and Past State President A. W. Tenney, both of whom are Past Exalted Rulers of Ballard Lodge.

A short speaking program was presided over by Exalted Ruler George C. Newell of Seattle Lodge at the conclusion of the dinner. The Grand Exalted Ruler was first to be called upon and he responded with an expression of his gratitude for the many courtesies extended him by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of both Lodges, as well as for the many friendships resulting from his fraternal connections in the two Lodges.

Later Mr. Meier was escorted into the Lodge room where, before a record-breaking attendance, the officers conducted an initiatory ceremony for a class of six candidates. Mr. Meier was accorded a splendid reception. The crack drill team and band of Seattle Lodge participated in the program and a fellow-member, Mr. Marshall, sang a solo of his own composition, complimenting the Grand Exalted Ruler and his son. In his speech, knowing that the members of his home Lodge would be interested, Mr. Meier related incidents of his extensive travels about the country and told of the new spirit now pervading the Lodges in all sections.

The visit to his home Lodge brought to a close the Grand Exalted Ruler's visitations for the month of November.

ON December 2, in mid-afternoon, Mr. Meier was met in Reno, Nevada, by Past Grand Esquire Harry H. Atkinson; Past State President Dr. George C. Steinmiller, former member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; State President S. H. Cooper; Past State President H. J. Gazin, and many others. After a dinner given by Reno Lodge, No. 597, a regular meeting was held. In addition to the distinguished Elks on the Reception Committee, there were also present at the meeting District Deputy E. H. Grenig and Past Exalted Ruler H. J. Goose, the first District Deputy to serve in the State of Nevada. The Reno Lodge officers admirably performed a ceremony of initiation, following which Mr. Meier delivered his address.

Accompanied by District Deputy Grenig, Mr. Meier paid his next visit to the Home of Elko, Nev., Lodge, No. 1472, on the following morning, this being the first official visitation of a Grand Exalted Ruler to the Lodge. Mr. Meier was greeted on his arrival by Past State President Christopher H. Sheerin and a group of Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge.

In the evening he was guest of honor at a dinner held by Ely, Nev., Lodge, No. 1469, after which Lodge was regularly convened with one hundred and eight members present. Mr. Meier delivered a most interesting talk, which proved to be one of the pleasantest and most successful of his entire tour.

Early on December 4, the Grand Exalted Ruler drove to Kimberly, Nevada, to call on Past State President A. J. Proctor, who has been ill for many months. Mr. Proctor served as District Deputy in 1927-28, is a Past Exalted Ruler of Ely Lodge, and has rendered valuable services to the Order over a period of many years.

It was originally planned that the trip to Tonopah from Ely would be made by air, but so severe were the storms encountered over the mountains that it became necessary to change the course, and the plane accordingly headed for Las Vegas. Upon his arrival in Las Vegas, Mr. Meier was taken to view the Boulder Dam, and through the courtesy of Superintendent

Frank T. Crowe, a member of the Order, was treated to a thorough inspection of this gigantic project.

Upon his return Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a dinner held by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Las Vegas Lodge, No. 1468. The regular session of the Lodge, held later, was attended by eighty members, including Past District Deputies Harley A. Harmon and Dr. Roy W. Martin. After his speech the Grand Exalted Ruler received from the members of the Lodge an exceedingly handsome gold watch fob, the pendant of which is a medallion struck to commemorate the commencement of Boulder Dam. Only two other fobs have ever been presented, one being to ex-President Herbert Hoover and the other to John R. Coen when, during his term as Grand Exalted Ruler, he visited Las Vegas Lodge.

At nine-thirty on the morning of December 5, Mr. Meier arrived at the Home of Goldfield, Nev., Lodge, No. 1072, where he remained for a short time visiting and talking with the twenty-five members who had assembled there to meet him. He then left to pay his deferred visit to Tonopah Lodge, No. 1062.

It will be remembered that inclement weather had forced the pilot to change the course of Mr. Meier's plane, and that the Tonopah visit had been necessarily postponed. Mr. Meier addressed the members and expressed his regret at not having been able to keep his previous engagement. The meeting was most pleasant and later Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a luncheon given jointly by the Elks and the Rotary Club.

Shortly afterward Mr. Meier motored to Reno, and there entrained for California, where he was scheduled to pay a number of official visits to Lodges in the Bay District of the State.

HE arrived early in the morning on December 6, was met in Berkeley by a delegation of officers and members of Berkeley Lodge, No. 1002, and escorted to the Lodge Home. During the morning the Grand Exalted Ruler enjoyed a drive about the City and a visit to the grounds and buildings of the University of California.

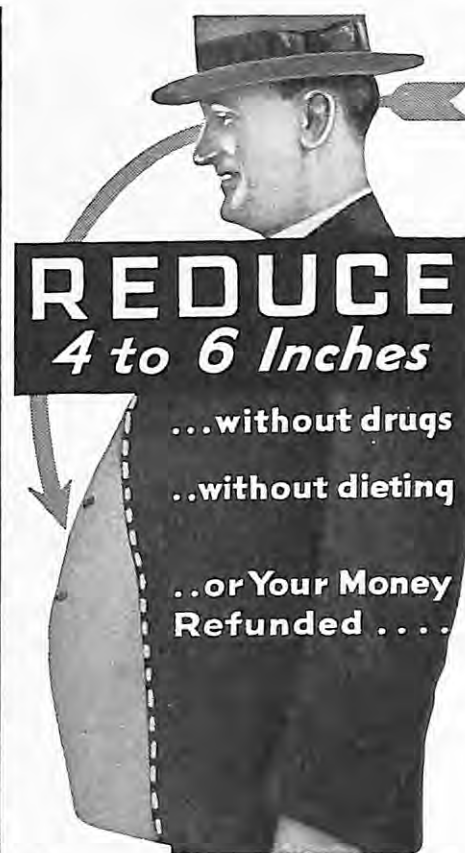
At noon he was guest of honor at the Berkeley Elks Luncheon Club, presided over by Exalted Ruler B. J. Osborne. Among the distinguished Elks present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott; Past State President Fred B. Mellmann, member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; District Deputy Jordan L. Martinelli; Edgar Dale, Trustee, and Dr. Herbert Powell, Chaplain, of the California State Elks Association; and Past District Deputy Hubert N. Rowell. Many officers and Past Exalted Rulers of No. 1002 and other neighboring Lodges attended the function.

In the afternoon, accompanied by several Elk officials, Mr. Meier drove to Mountain View Cemetery, where he placed a wreath on the monument erected to the memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry A. Melvin, and a bouquet at the Elks Rest of Oakland Lodge, No. 171. Later he visited a number of members of the Order confined to their homes through illness.

Alameda Lodge, No. 1015, was next host to the Grand Exalted Ruler, and in the evening Mr. Meier was guest of honor at a dinner held by Oakland Lodge, followed by a regular meeting with about three hundred and fifty members of the Order present. Mr. Meier pronounced the meeting one of the finest he had attended.

The assemblage included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Abbott; Mr. Mellman; C. Fenton Nichols, Chairman of the Antlers Council of the Grand Lodge; District Deputy Jordan L. Martinelli, and Past District

(Continued on page 48)



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Reduce Like This
Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing.

(Continued from page 47)

Deputies Hugh H. Donovan and Hal E. Willis. The California State Elks Association was represented by Past Presidents John D. Saxe and James M. Shanly; Trustee Dale, and Vice-President L. J. Guglielmetti. Delegations were present from San Francisco, Vallejo, Santa Rosa, Napa, Petaluma, Berkeley, San Rafael, San Mateo, Richmond, Pittsburgh, Eureka and Alameda Lodges.

Mr. Meier's next visit was to Richmond Lodge, No. 1251, where he breakfasted with many of the members. His visit was the first ever paid the Lodge by a Grand Exalted Ruler.

After breakfast Mr. Meier proceeded to Vallejo, being met outside the City by a delegation of members of Vallejo Lodge, No. 559, and many prominent citizens. After a meeting in the Lodge rooms he hastened to Napa Lodge, No. 832, and then to Santa Rosa Lodge, No. 646, for a luncheon, among those present being Past District Deputy W. Finlaw Geary. An afternoon call was then paid and an address made to about fifty members of Petaluma Lodge, No. 901.

San Rafael Lodge, No. 1108, entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler at dinner, with Past State President Saxe and Past District Deputy Charles A. Redding present. Mr. Meier was unable to remain for the Lodge meeting, since it was necessary for him to catch a train out of San Francisco. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Abbott and District Deputy Martinelli sped him on his journey.

Upon arriving in Los Angeles on December 8, Mr. Meier was met at the station by Dr. Ralph Hagan, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and the Hon. Michael F. Shannon, then a member of the Grand Forum. During his short stay in Los Angeles, Mr. Meier attended to such mail as had accumulated. Upon leaving Los Angeles late in the morning, he was met by Mrs. Meier, who accompanied him to Texas for a round of official visits to Lodges in that State.

UPON arriving in El Paso December 9, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Meier were greeted by a large Reception Committee from El Paso Lodge, No. 187, consisting, among others, of District Deputy George L. McCann; W. W. Bridgers, Past President of the Texas State Elks Association; Past District Deputy John Burke, and Exalted Ruler William A. Johnson. A Reception Committee of ladies greeted Mrs. Meier.

While Mrs. Meier was being entertained by the ladies, Mr. Meier attended a football game and was later taken on a motor trip over the Scenic Drive. During the dinner hour he and Mrs. Meier were the guests of Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Johnson.

The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered his address to El Paso Lodge at a public meeting held that evening in the Lodge room, before a large and distinguished audience. All of the El Paso Lodge officers were present and many neighboring Lodges were represented.

FROM El Paso, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Meier flew by easy stages to Panama, arriving there late in the afternoon of December 13. They were met at the landing field by District Deputy Charles F. Magee and Past District Deputy Richard M. Davies, former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee and Committee on Credentials, who boarded the plane and flew with them to Cristobal. The official Welcoming Committee—composed of John W. Dwyer, Exalted Ruler of Cristobal Lodge, No. 1542, and Mrs. Dwyer; Senior Past Exalted Ruler A. W. Goulet, Past District Deputy; Past District Deputies J. Lang Wardlaw and J. W. Coffin; and officers,

Past Exalted Rulers and members—met the party. A car was placed at the Grand Exalted Ruler's disposal by the Hon. J. L. Schley, Governor of the Canal Zone.

That evening Mr. and Mrs. Meier were guests of honor at an informal dinner at the Hotel Washington, those present including the members of the Welcoming Committee. At the conclusion of the dinner, Mr. Meier was presented with an annual pass over the lines of the Panama Railroad through the courtesy of Governor Schley.

On the following morning Mr. and Mrs. Meier were driven by Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Dwyer from Cristobal to Gatun, where they inspected the Gatun Locks, and then visited the U. S. Submarine Base, and the U. S. Fleet Air Base. During the morning visits were also paid to the Colon Hospital and to the Ste. Vicente de Paul Orphanage conducted by the Sisters of Charity, where the guests witnessed the mechanics of a soup kitchen which is supported almost in its entirety by Cristobal Lodge. At noon Mr. Meier was the honor guest at luncheon of the Past Potentates of Abou Saad Temple.

Mrs. Meier was a guest that afternoon of the ladies of No. 1542 at tea, while the Grand Exalted Ruler was attending a business meeting with the members of the Lodge. In the evening he attended a meeting of Cristobal Lodge and witnessed the initiation of the "Walter F. Meier Class," consisting of eight candidates. There were present at the evening meeting two hundred and forty-three members of No. 1542 and thirty-one members of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414. Upon adjournment of the meeting the party repaired to the Strangers' Club to attend a supper and dance given by Cristobal Lodge. Mr. Meier spoke at both the Lodge meeting and the dance.

On December 15 the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party boarded the yacht *Rolling Stone*, made available by a member, Robert Wilcox, and proceeded to Pedro Miguel Locks where they were met by the officers of Panama Canal Zone Lodge. After luncheon Mr. Meier, in company with Mr. Davies and Exalted Ruler Dr. Walter C. Friday, made an official call on Governor Schley, followed by an official call on Antonio Gonzalez, the American Minister, at the American Legation. From there the party proceeded to the Presidencia de la Republica where a call was paid on President Harmodio Arias, who graciously received the group, having his picture taken with them.

During the evening Mrs. Meier was a guest of the ladies of the Lodge while the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a stag dinner party. On the next day they drove through the country with Dr. and Mrs. Friday and Mrs. Magee, and that evening a dinner was given by No. 1414, following which a regular meeting of the Lodge was convened. At its conclusion the members attended a dance at the Century Club. On the ensuing day the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Meier left Panama.

THEY arrived by plane at the Isla Grande Airport, San Juan, Puerto Rico, late in the afternoon of December 20. Here the Grand Exalted Ruler and his wife were met by a Reception Committee composed of District Deputy J. D. Woodward, a group of officers and Past Exalted Rulers of San Juan Lodge, No. 972, and ladies.

At the Berwind Country Club in Sabana Llana they were guests of honor at a dinner given by Trustee Charles M. Gans. Among those present were Acting Governor Benjamin J. Horton; District Deputy Woodward; Past District Deputy John S. Beck; many officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, and prominent Government and Civic officials. Grand Exalted Ruler Meier's speech was followed by short talks by Governor Horton; Exalted Ruler Noah Shepard;

Colonel George L. Byroade, Commanding Officer of the U. S. Military Forces in Puerto Rico; and Manuel V. Domeneck, G. E. Gonzalez, Ramon Valdes, W. E. Moreton, Trustee Gans and Past Exalted Ruler A. J. Perrone.

On the following day the Grand Exalted Ruler paid his official call on Acting Governor Horton, accompanied by Mr. Perrone, District Deputy Woodward and Major John Wilson—Mr. Meier also called upon Colonel Byroade. Later Mr. Meier visited the U. S. District Court for Puerto Rico, accompanied by a group of distinguished members of the bar. At noon an informal luncheon took place at the Union Club, with many of the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of No. 972 attending. That afternoon Mr. Meier was present at the retreat and regimental parade at the El Morro Drill Grounds, and he took the salute with the reviewing officer, Major Holmes E. Dager. This was a signal honor.

At seven that evening the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Meier were guests of honor at a dinner given by Acting Governor and Mrs. Horton. Among those present were former Acting Governor Martin Travieso and Mrs. Travieso; the Hon. Emilio del Toro, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Puerto Rico; Past Exalted Ruler F. C. Holmes and Mrs. Holmes; Mr. and Mrs. Carlos J. Torres; Mr. and Mrs. William E. A. Lea, and Jose Ramon Quinones. All these gentlemen are members of San Juan Lodge.

At the conclusion of dinner a meeting was held at the Home of the Lodge at which time Mr. Meier paid his official visit. There were many distinguished guests present, most of whom have already been mentioned in connection with the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to San Juan; and also Past District Deputy George Spaven, Sr., and a great many Naval, Governmental and Civic officials.

At one P. M. the following day a roast pig luncheon was given the visiting Elk official and his wife at Treasure Island Camp. Many prominent members of San Juan Lodge, including Past District Deputy Spaven and his wife, were present. Later in the day Mr. Meier was the honored guest at a dinner given by Ramon Valdes, Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus. Many representatives of San Juan Lodge and of the local branch of the Knights of Columbus were present. At the conclusion of dinner all present were called upon for addresses, and all responded.

The festivities were continued late into the night with a dance and reception given at the Home of the Lodge. More than two hundred were present. This was the last official event of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Central American trip, for on the following day, December 23, escorted by officials of the Lodge and of the Island, he and Mrs. Meier were escorted to the airport, from which they flew to Miami. These were the first official visits of a Grand Exalted Ruler to the Lodges of the Canal Zone and Puerto Rico.

AT five in the afternoon of December 23 Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Meier landed in Miami to be greeted at the airport by a Reception Committee from Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, and driven to the Miami Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables. On the following day Mr. Meier attended the Olympia Men's Bible Class, said to be the largest non-sectarian Bible class in the world. Mr. Meier was introduced and spoke in the Olympia Theatre. Publicity had been given to the fact that the Grand Exalted Ruler would be there, and about 1,500 persons were present, including many members of the Order. His address was broadcast over radio station WQAM.

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