

# The Elks

Magazine



JULY, 1935

WESTERN EDITION

RONALD

McLEOD

*Grand Lodge Meets in Columbus July 15*



*Its Quality shines brightest after 10,000 miles*

People who have examined the new Master De Luxe Chevrolet marvel at its quality. Very likely *you* will marvel, too . . . because Chevrolet has made this car so big and sturdy—so *fine* in every part—that it no longer looks or acts like a low-priced car! The most pleasing result of this high quality manufacture is that the Master De Luxe will continue to give real satisfaction long after you are satis-

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# The Elks Magazine

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

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

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JULY, 1935

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## This Month—The Convention



Charles Phelps Cushing

*In Columbus—amidst shaded lawns—stands Ohio's beautiful Capitol Building*

JULY 15th to 18th . . . in Columbus . . . Elksdom's greatest annual gathering . . . pomp and pageantry . . . fun and frolic . . . recreation and relaxation . . . the inspiration that comes from hearing the annual Grand Lodge reports and from playing your part in the conduct of America's greatest Fraternity.

Columbus . . . a fine civic and business center, centrally located, easy to reach . . . stands eager and ready to welcome you. Special, round trip fares on all railroads . . . ask your Lodge Secretary about them. Or see pages 28 and 29 of this issue for the U. S. automobile routes . . . also page 27 for the official program.

For a glorious good time . . . for a fresh viewpoint on things fraternal and eternal . . . for the good of your Order . . . come to Columbus this month . . . and bring your family with you.



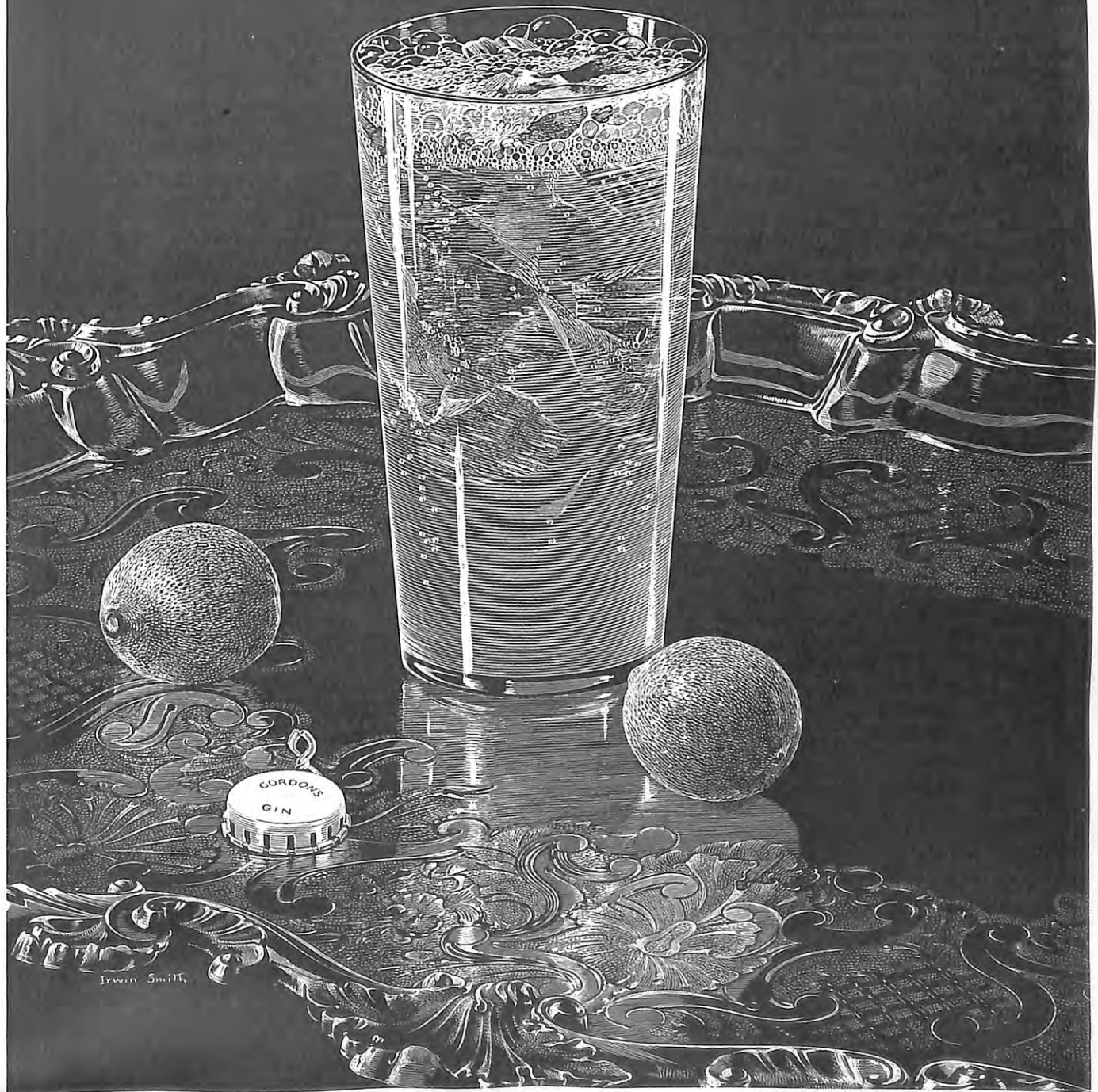
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For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see  
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# Harlem, Bedroom and Bath

by

Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by  
H. Weston Taylor



Enlisting the help of the taxi driver, Mr. Slappey dragged the limp little figure into the warm lobby

**F**LORIAN SLAPPEY surveyed his reflection in the tiny mirror and said ecstatically, "Hot ziggety dam! Ain't I somethin'!"

Mr. Slappey spoke without exaggeration. In truth, he was something: something to dazzle the naked eye. By contrast, the most brilliant of rainbows would have seemed pallid.

The slender figure of the erstwhile Beau Brummel of Birmingham, Alabama, was covered by garments of black and crimson which were liberally—even lavishly—decorated with heavy gold braid. This gold braid spanned Mr. Slappey's bosom, jutted out from his shoulders, bulged from his collar and extended down the legs of his pants. The cap which perched at a jaunty angle on his head also had its crimson top shot through with gold and its black visor embroidered with gilded oak leaves. "In all my life," Mr. Slappey confidentially informed his mirrored self, "I ain't never been raimented like this."

Mr. Slappey was exuberant. He had a job. The first legitimate job he had possessed since descending upon Harlem with the loudly expressed determination of conquering it. True, the early days of his residence in New York had been productive of no outstanding financial triumphs. He had been rudely snatched from the zenith of beauty and projected seven feet below the nadir of despair. He had been cold, hungry, alone and friendless.

But now he was working. His sybaritic days in Birmingham were but a vague memory, and the Slappeyan hands were—tonight—about to perform honest, though somewhat menial, toil.

This was, in brief, Florian's initial night as doorman of the Crestwood Castle Apartments, and, as he truthfully told himself: "No matter what else happens, I can always tell folks that I'se livin' on Sugar Hill with the dicties."

Mr. Slappey exuded self-satisfaction. True, the habiliments of his new profession had been tailored for a gentleman of greater height and girth than Florian possessed, and the gaudy hat betrayed a definite tendency to sit on his ears, but the material was rich, the gold braid elegant . . . and Mr. Slappey was thoroughly warm for the first time in many nights—for the first time, in fact, since the fateful evening when he had been ejected from his room in Mrs. Vetch's apartment on West 133rd

Street for the somewhat ridiculous reason that he was no longer able to pay his rent.

"An' what I mean," Florian informed his mirror: "I'se gwine be the best dawg-gone doorman Harlem ever had."

A peremptory knock sounded on the door of Mr. Slappey's modest basement room and a bullet-like head was inserted. Florian encountered the none-too-friendly gaze of Mr. Jim C. Tankard, ebony janitor of the Crestwood Castle Apartments. "Git on upstairs," growled that individual. "Time fo' you to relieve Frank."

Florian was indifferent to the hostility of his superior. He grinned, said, "Yassuh! I'se gittin'," and climbed the back stairs to the lobby where he paused to marvel afresh that this splendid structure was by, of and for colored folks.

Mr. Slappey found the magnificence of Harlem's best apartment buildings a seven-day wonder. Negro tenants exclusively . . . wealthy folks who paid high rentals, kept servants and owned flashy cars. Nothin' like this in Bumminham! Nossuh! Better to be a doorman on Edgcombe Avenue, reflected Mr. Slappey philosophically, than a householder in Birmingham.

Mr. Slappey strutted through the front door and relieved a thoroughly ungracious Frank, who muttered something derogatory and walked inside. Mr. Slappey strode up and down in front of the building looking—and feeling—like an Admiral on the bridge of a new battleship.

From the sidewalk, Florian gazed down a steep hill upon the metropolitan panorama. Hundreds of thousands of lights winked up at him: from Seventh and Lenox Avenue, from the congested cross-streets; from Bradhurst and Eighth and

Macomb's Place. Snow still blanketed the landscape, and from Colonial Park, immediately below, came snatches of juvenile laughter as the sons and daughters of definitely dusky parents dragged sleds across the frozen surface. "Culled chillun in the snow," reflected Mr. Slappey poetically. "They look like commas."

To the right and left Edgecombe Avenue stretched. Behind him was Sugar Hill . . . broad, impressive avenues, and streets lined with swank apartment houses, studded with restaurants, shops and intriguing, intimate night clubs. Mr. Slappey experienced the thrill of vicarious affluence, and was pleased to believe that some day in the not-too-far-distant future he would be a tenant in one of these buildings—perhaps even in Crestwood Castle which—so he had been informed—was one of the most popular in all Harlem. "Not a vacancy," the day superintendent had informed him proudly.

"How come not?"

"'Cause, come a vacancy, we right away fill it up off our waitin' list."

During his first hour on duty, nothing of any moment occurred. Couples departed from Crestwood Castle via private car and taxi. Other persons arrived. Mr. Slappey proved efficient at hailing cabs and opening and closing doors. He actually received one tip. It was a mere picayunish dime, but he was in no mood to quibble. He felt quite at home, enormously elated and profoundly optimistic.

At nine o'clock he discovered that three of his fingers had been anesthetized by cold. There being no call for him at the moment, he left his post and entered the lobby where he moved over to the telephone switchboard. A tall, slender young colored man—less gaudily arrayed than Mr. Slappey—looked up disapprovingly. This person, whose complexion was a rich colorado-claro, seemed not at all friendly.

"Cawn't you understand," he snapped, "that you are not supposed ever to intrude at all in this lobby?"

Mr. Slappey frowned and leaned forward.

"Says which?"

"Your place is in the street. Not within these presinks."

"Feller," exclaimed Florian. "You sho' talk funny. Who you is?"

"My name," explained the other with dignity, "is Mister Geoffrey Throckmorton."

**W**ELL, I'll be et fo' a catfish. Where fum you git that crazy speechment?"

"I was born in Bridgetown."

"Where that place is at?"

"The Barbados."

"Listen, Jeff—that don't tell me nothin'. I never heard of the place. But I do know this: there ain't no call fo' you gittin' persnickety with me."

"I choose my friends . . ."

"Well, I'se kind of got a habit thataway myse'f." Florian drew a deep breath, and spoke again: "You run that switchboard?"

"I cert'ny do. I also operate the elevator at night. And now, I shall be exceedingly gratified if you will remove yourself from my vicinity."

Mr. Slappey controlled himself with an effort. "I'se gwine," he remarked coldly, "but I'se tellin' you right now: You ain't populous with me. An—" hastily—"that ain't just because you don't talk good English, neither."

Mr. Slappey moved once again into the frigid outdoors. Mr. Geoffrey Throckmorton, of Bridgetown, Barbados, had not filled Florian with enthusiasm. But the feeling of distaste did not linger, and for the next hour Mr. Slappey was moderately busy. "This place is nice," he decided finally, "even if it is so dawg-gone refined."

Shortly before ten o'clock Jim C. Tankard, the black and truculent janitor—who preferred, and even insisted upon, the title of Night Superintendent—appeared on the sidewalk beside his new doorman. Florian asked, "How's I doin', Chief?"

*Morbid tucked himself into the dumbwaiter. Then Florian saw there was room for only one passenger*



"I dunno. Ain't nothin' to do nohow. We on'y got doormen to make the place look good. Now listen: I just got a telephone call, Florian. My Maw got indigestion fum eatin' too many chitlins. I'se gwine down to Seventh Avenue. Don't know when I'll be back. Git me a taxi."

Florian hailed a cruising cab and deposited his dour superior therein. Jim C. flung a warning out of the window: "Nothin' hadn't better go wrong while I'se away."

"Nossuh, Mistah Tankard. Nothin' ain't gwine wrong." Florian drew a deep breath as the taxi rolled down Edgecombe Avenue. "Tha's the trouble with Harlem," he told himself—"Ev'ybody's always tryin' to be better than somebody else. Nobody ain't willin' to be hisse'f—never."

But later as he strode up and down in the bitter night, he consoled himself with the thought that he was no longer combatting starvation, that his meagerly furnished room in the basement was deliciously warm and that he was by no means so badly off as he had been a few days previously.

He was even gratified that Jim C. had gone out. He assumed an air of proprietorship. The voluminous uniform gave him a feeling of authority, and he even faintly regretted that nothing was likely to happen in so respectable a place.

**B**UT scarcely had Doorman Slappey reached this conclusion when something did happen. A cab rolled up to the curb, its skid chains jangling. Florian moved forward in response to the cab driver's summons of "Hey buddy!"

"Yeh . . . ?"

The driver stepped down from his cab. "I got a feller in yonder. He's out cold."

Florian's eyes popped open. "What you mean: Out?"

"Make up the answer fo' yo'se'f. Some guy hailed me outside a ginmill an' poured this feller into the cab. He paid me fo' the ride an' gimme this address. Says this man lives heah."

"Wh-what did yo' passenger say?"

"He didn't say nothin', Sev'al times. Now—drag him out. I got to be rollin' on."

Florian peered inside the cab. He was a little man, exceedingly black and superbly unconscious. Alcoholic fumes assailed his nostrils, and Mr. Slappey said, "I reckon mebbe he's been drinkin'."

The passenger was dressed in dinner clothes, top hat and black overcoat. A white silk muffler cascaded from his collar. About forty years of age, reflected Mr. Slappey, and then his thoughts became financial. The man lived in Crestwood Castle. He was obviously wealthy. If, then—Mr. Slappey assumed the role of good samaritan, a sizable tip might result.

Enlisting the help of the husky taxi driver, Mr. Slappey dragged the limp figure of the little man into the warm lobby of Crestwood Castle. He deposited the saggy bundle in a deeply upholstered chair and watched the cab drive off. Then he scrutinized his charge. "He looks," stated Florian to the lobby, "like an accident that had gone somewhere an' happened."

The elevator reached the lobby floor and disgorged Mr. Geoffrey Throckmorton. Florian called, "Hey, Jeff! Looka heah, will you?"

Mr. Throckmorton looked—though not without disdain. "Where did he materialize from?"

Florian explained. In detail. "What's his name?" inquired Mr. Slappey, "an' what apartment does he live in?"

"I haven't the faintest inkling."

"Well, I don't inkle so good myse'f. Look . . . we hadn't ought to leave him spraddled out heah in the lobby. S'posin'

us drags him down to my room an' see has he got some identification on him."

Mr. Throckmorton shrugged elegantly. "I'll assist you, but the responsibility is solely yours."

"Feller," stated Mr. Slappey, "you uses mo' syllables to say less words than anybody I ever met up with. Le's go."

They toted the unconscious gentleman through the lobby and down to the basement, Geoffrey pausing en route to plug in a telephone call. Once in Florian's room, Mr. Slappey took command. "I'se gwine th'oo his pockets, Jeff. I want you fo' a witness."

Florian searched meticulously, but his quest yielded little. Undoubtedly this person, whoever he was, had left his papers in his business suit. There were none of the usual things: no lodge cards, letters, or address books. "No pothin'," stated Florian, "an mighty li'l of that." Then he questioned Geoffrey direct. "Ain't you got no idea who he is?"

"No. I've only been working here for about a fortnight myself. I may have observed him about the structure and I may not."

"Boy! You sho' ooze information. Now look. I got to go th'o his pants. He's bound to have a pocketbook."

The man had exactly that—in his hip pocket. Florian produced a wallet which bulged with money. "Sufferin' tripe! Jeff! Must be a hund'ed dollars heah."

He looked up to see the eyes of the elongated elevator man bent speculatively upon the wallet. (Continued on page 42)

*The chase around the kitchen was hectic but brief. Then Damon's hand clamped down on him, and Mr. Slappey was mauled, pummeled, kicked and expertly man-handled*

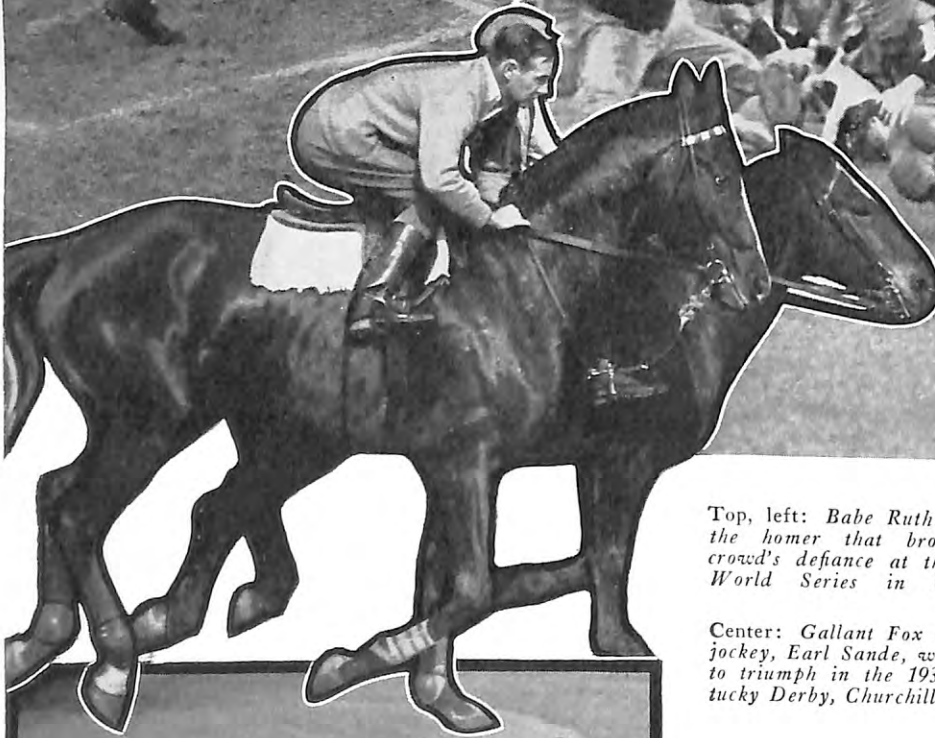


H. Weston Taylor



# BIG THRILLS

by JOHN

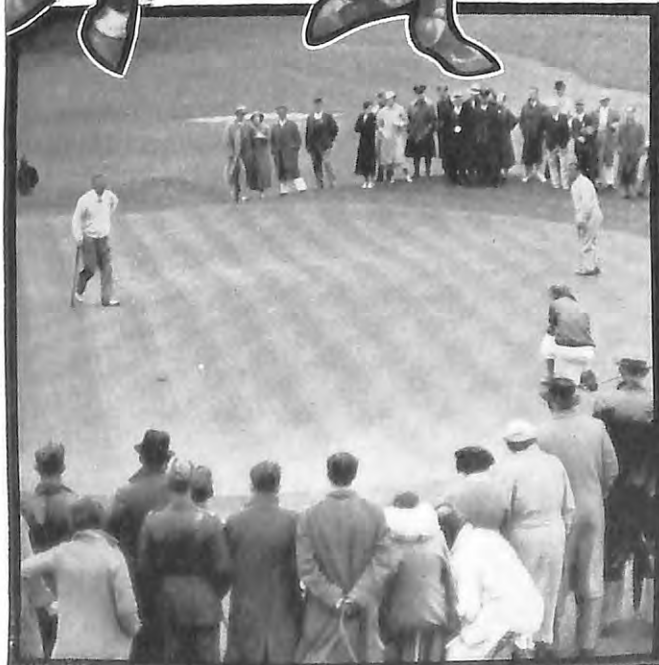


Top, left: Babe Ruth hitting the homer that broke the crowd's defiance at the 1932 World Series in Chicago

Above: The Columbia and Stanford teams in the thick of their battle in the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day, 1934

Center: Gallant Fox and his jockey, Earl Sande, who rode to triumph in the 1930 Kentucky Derby, Churchill Downs

Bottom: Gene Sarazen defeating Craig Wood in the 1935 Masters' Tournament. Sarazen's fight was magnificent

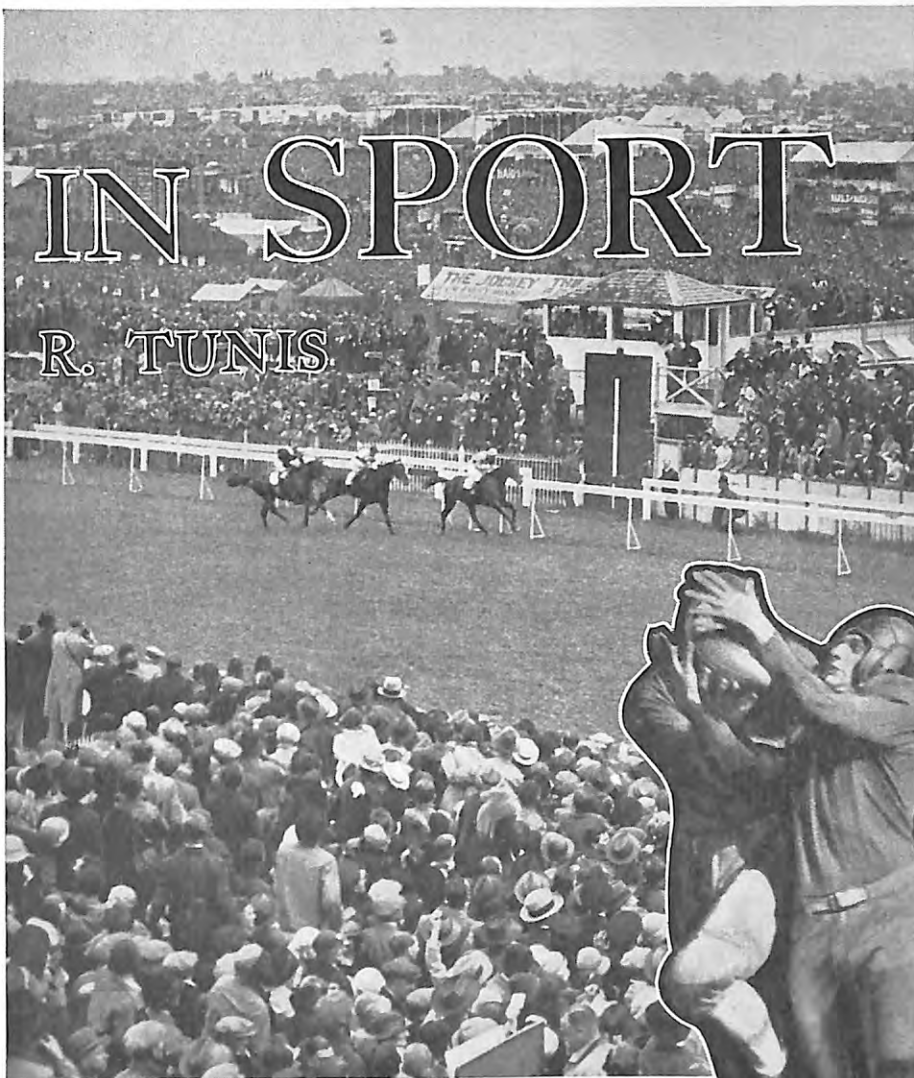


**W**HAT gets you in sport? What is it that brings you up cheering, that makes a sudden catch in your throat, that stops your heart-beat, that makes you forget everyone and everything but the scene before your eyes on the field? What gets you in sport?

Think it over. Do you pay money simply to see a game? Probably not, because you like different games and enjoy various sports. All right then, maybe it's the name. No, you don't go only to see the player, interesting as he may be, because champs come and champs go, but nobody goes on forever. If you analyze your feelings, you'll find that you attend sporting events for one thing. For the Big Thrill. The thrill of the split second, that's what you want in sport.

Yes, that single dramatic moment—that one crowded hour of glorious life which seems to last a lifetime and often lasts a matter of seconds—that's unconsciously what attracts you. For it you'll travel hundreds of miles, pay prices that are fantastic for seats, endure all sorts of discomforts just as part of the fun. You'll journey by bus or rail or plane; you'll sit or stand hour after hour in the burning sun, in freezing cold or pouring rain—for the Big Thrill.

Often that thrill is short. Painfully so, considering the time



Above: *The finish of the 1934 English Derby at Epsom Downs, where John Bull goes for his share of thrills*

Top, right: *The genial Earl of Derby who crossed the Atlantic for the thrill of seeing the 1930 Kentucky Derby run*

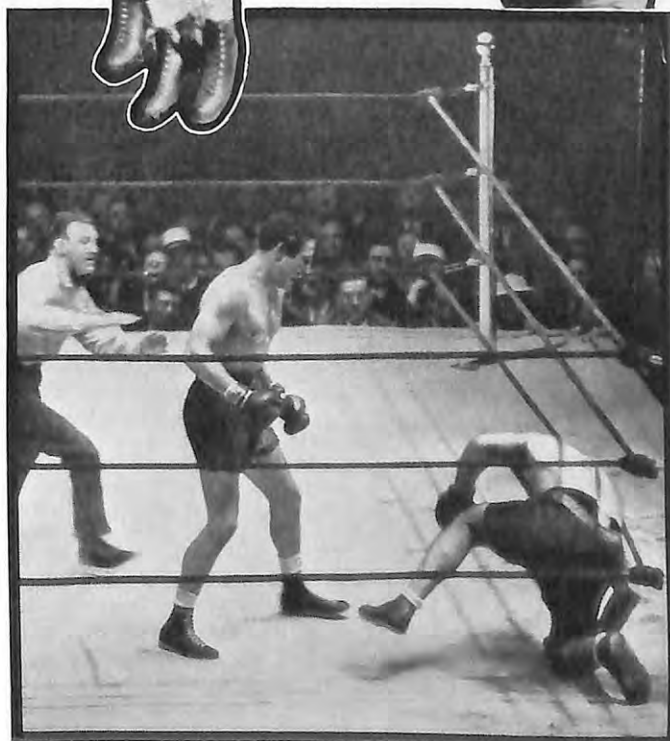
Center: *Siedel, Minnesota quarterback, intercepting a pass in the 1934 game with Pittsburgh, won by Minnesota*

Bottom: *Max Baer and Primo Carnera in the Madison Square Garden Bowl in 1934. Baer has downed Carnera*

*Photos for Pages 10 and 11 by Acme, Keystone, International, Underwood and Underwood, Wide World*

and effort expended. Yet you come away satisfied—if you didn't you'd never attend a great sporting event again. "I saw him hit that ball in . . ." "I was there when . . ." "The pass was made right in front of me. . . ." Maybe the dramatic event took only a few seconds—the winning forward, the well-delivered hook to the jaw, the record homer. But yet the knockout or the home run or the pass remains alive and vivid in your eyes years after names and places have faded from your memory. Because what you recollect is the Big Thrill.

Every sport has its Big Thrill, and each season has its Big Thrill of the year. For many of us the Big Thrill of 1934 was the Cunningham-Bonthron duel in the Baxter Mile in New York, for others it was the stand of Columbia's eleven at the Rose Bowl on New Year's Day. Too early to tell what the Big Thrill of 1935 will be, but up to early summer claim to that title must surely go to Gene Sarazen's amazing double eagle on April 7 in the 2nd Annual Masters' Invitation Tournament at the National Golf Club in Augusta, Georgia. There may be an athletic performance to equal this shot of the embattled Connecticut farmer which rang round the sporting world, but it's pretty difficult to (Continued on page 38)



# To the Scandal and Disgrace

by  
Weston Hill

Illustrated by  
E. F. Ward

AS to the remaining allegation, this Court of Inquiry finds that the following facts are established by the evidence: That said William Bailey, Lieutenant, U.S.N., commanding United States destroyer *Edwards*, is guilty of cowardice in the presence of the enemy, to the scandal and disgrace of the United States Navy. . . ."

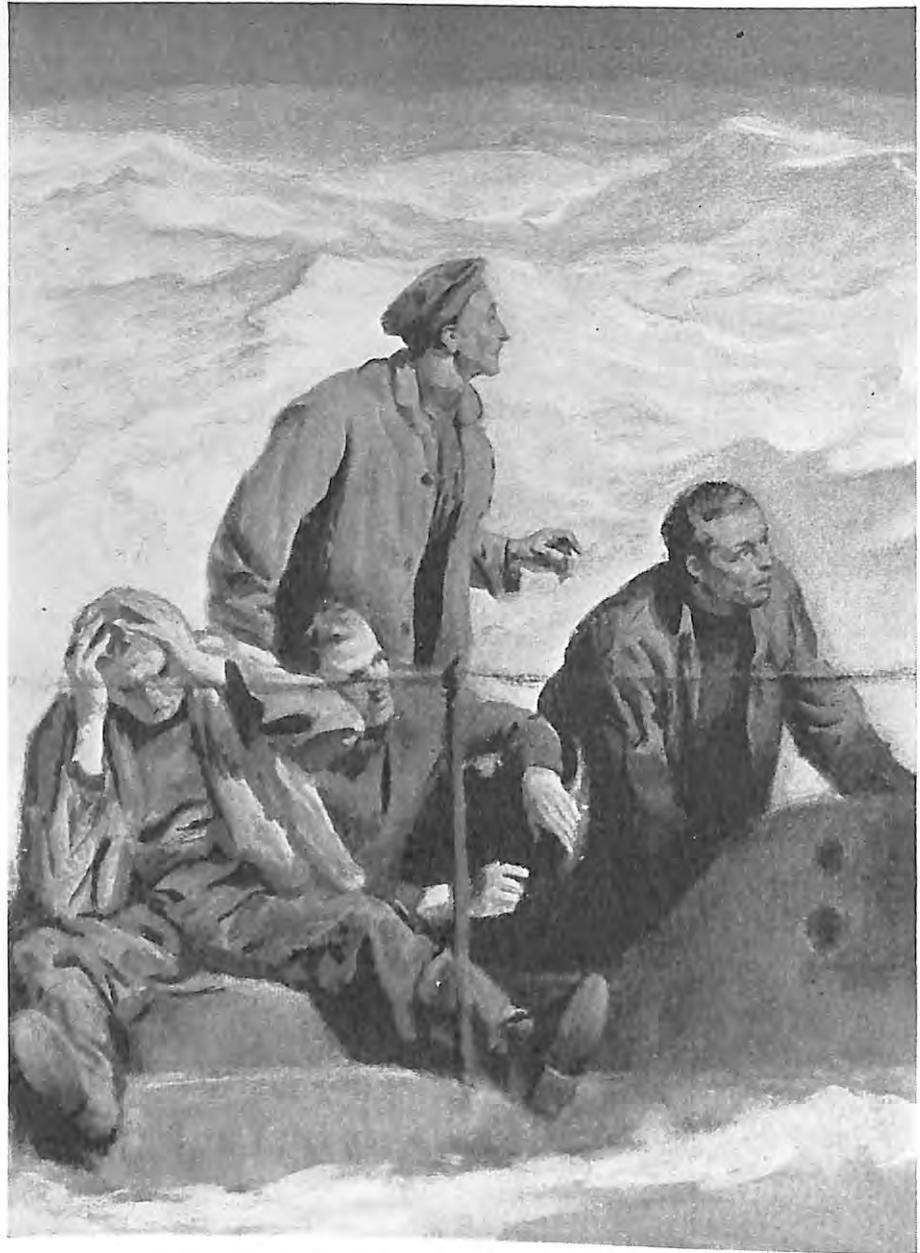
The hard young voice of the Judge Advocate paused. The members of the Court stirred; one or two stared out through the wardroom portholes at the green beauty of Queenstown harbor, and the destroyers moored abreast at their buoys. The Admiral, new lines about his mouth deep as the marks of a modeler's tool, raised his head and cleared his fierce old throat.

"Gentlemen," he told them in a voice which broke in spite of him, "this Court was convened at my precept. The fact that the accused is my son has not influenced your finding. I would not have had it otherwise. The fact that he is presumably a prisoner, and is not present in his own defense, does not alter the fact that instead of remaining with his own men at all costs, as was his duty, he surrendered himself to the very submarine which had just torpedoed and sunk his ship, and killed most of his crew."

AN enlisted man, whose face seemed strangely old and who carried an arm in a sling, twisted painfully in his chair. "Admiral, sir," he said in a husky whisper, "he couldn't of done nothin' else. They took him. It ain't as though he could get away. He had to surrender."

"That," said the Admiral, "is beside the point. There are no mitigating circumstances. Among the officer personnel of the United States Naval forces operating in European waters, there can be no such thing as surrender. . . . Mr. Judge Advocate, you will let me have the complete record of this case immediately for forwarding to the Secretary of the Navy."

Rising from his chair, he made a gallant effort to walk erectly from the wardroom. But his shoulders shook, and the members of the Court could not look at him. At his going, there was a moment's silence, each man busy with his own tragic thoughts until the Judge Advocate, hard young voice tired now, spoke from the head of the green-topped mess table.



"So by now the Germans saw it wasn't any pipe dream,

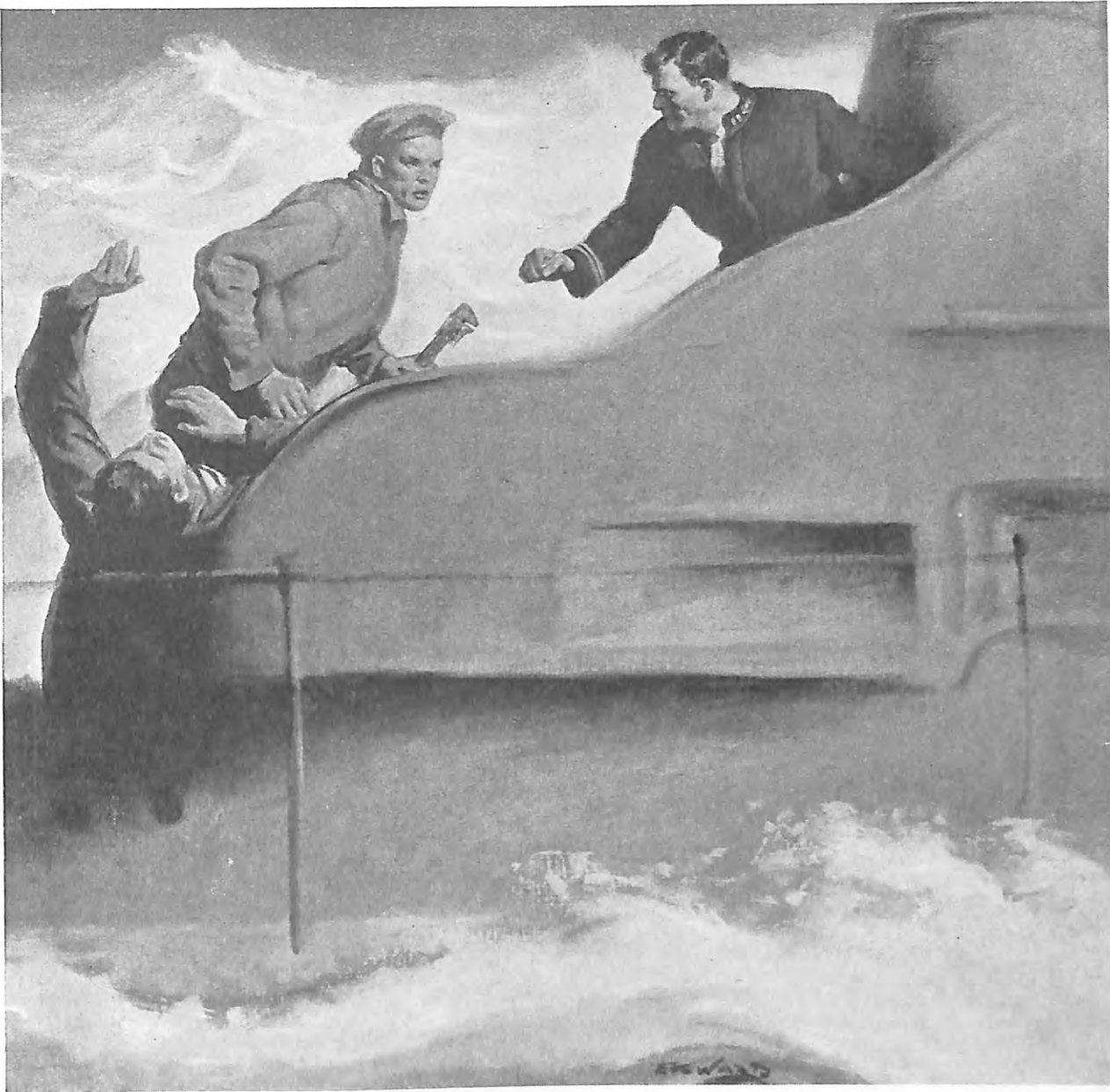
"This Court having finished the inquiry it was ordered to make, is adjourned to await the action of the convening—oh, damn it!" he burst out, "I—I can't say it! Once we adjourn, it's a General Court-Martial. It's on his record and it'll never come off. And I *know* him better! Didn't I room with him plebe year? Didn't he beat Army with a busted collarbone? Didn't—"

The President of the Court raised a three-striped arm. "Just a moment." He paused, the more carefully to weigh his words. "While I realize, as we all do, that it was Admiral Bailey who convened this Court, I also realize—as we all do—that—well, that the old boy is leaning over backward because—you know why. I know what our duty is, but I—I can't help feeling as the Judge Advocate feels."

The Judge Advocate abandoned all pretense to officiality. "Hell's bells, you know what I mean. We're finding him guilty. Why? Because he isn't here to prove himself innocent, and if there's any doubt we can't give him the benefit. We're crucifying him—and we haven't got one real, honest-to-God fact! Two of his men, from a distance, saw him aboard the U-boat—that's all we've got to go on, and you just heard this fellow here say that the water was rough and they were half-frozen."

"That's right, sir," whispered the enlisted man with the slung arm.

"How did he get aboard?" continued the Judge Advocate



and about a dozen of them came pilin' out of the after hatch at once"

heatedly. "Did he climb there, or did they haul him out by the neck? We'll never know, unless——" He ran a hand through his crisp black hair. "Of course, there's that poor devil of a seaman who's been delirious for so long. They've got his name now. It's Harvey. But he's too far gone to testify—they don't give him a chance. He might have pulled through—the pneumonia crisis has passed—but that bullet-wound in his chest——"

"Bullet-wound!" exclaimed someone.

"Yes. That's another mystery. There was only the torpedo—how in hell did he get shot?" The Judge Advocate turned back to the President of the Court. "You're decoding officer for Base Six, Commander. Does the Admiralty know what U-boat torpedoed the *Edwards*?"

"Yes. It was either the *U-121* or the *UC-111*."

"How do they know?"

"That's hard to say—but you know how accurately the London Admiralty can trace the movements of each individual U-boat, and identify them from day to day. In the first place, the U-boat commanders are a chatty lot—from the minute they leave Bruges they're always chewing the fat by radio. We can't decode all their talk, but we can decode some of it. Then, too, each U-boat commander has his own special way of operating. For instance, we know that Hans Rose in the *U-53* is out now."

"How?"

"Because five ships were torpedoed yesterday in the Bay of Biscay within about two hours by the same submarine. Only Hans acts like that. He raises hell one morning in one spot, then he lies low for a few days. The other U-boat commanders take it easy and act with caution. Another way the Admiralty knows them apart is by the pitch of their radio spark, or the sending peculiarities of their radio operators. In this case, the Admiralty heard the *U-121* and the *UC-111* talking to each other going out of Bruges. They know that the UC-boats are mostly small mine-layers, and that the *U-121* is one of the big 2500-ton *untersee* cruisers. So the Admiralty thinks that the *U-121* and the *UC-111* were going out together—the *UC-111* was going to lay some eggs in the Channel while the *U-121* stood by."

WHICH indicates," said the Judge Advocate, "that it was the *U-121* which sank the *Edwards* and picked up Lieutenant Bailey."

"That's right. A 500-ton mine-layer like the *UC-111* wouldn't risk attacking an American destroyer—her job was to lay mines. And here's another thing." He lowered his voice and leaned across the mess table. "That night, after the *Edwards* was torpedoed, the Admiralty heard the *U-121* and the *UC-111* talking for several hours. But they haven't heard either of them since. In other words, they've parted



*The Judge Advocate rose slowly to his feet. "Don't you see?" he said. "His whole thought, from the instant the Edwards was torpedoed, was of the enemy"*

company. Now, what I want to know is this: First, why should a big U-boat just starting out on a four weeks' cruise, want to take a prisoner? Second, having taken a prisoner, what will they do with him? They can't keep him aboard to learn all their secrets and witness every violation of International Law they commit. Will they take him back to Bruges and to hell with the trip, or—"

"Or," finished the Judge Advocate, staring straight ahead, "get rid of him some other way."

"Yes. . . . They probably took him on deck next morning and shot him."

"If they were going to do that, why take him aboard in the first place?"

"We're—we're not sure that they did. It's the contention of this Court that—"

"That he climbed aboard and gave himself up? By God, I may be Judge Advocate, but I don't believe it!"

"Then how did he get on the submarine's deck?"

"All right. I'll ask you one: If they shot Lieutenant Bailey, who shot Harvey?"

The President of the Court shook his head doggedly. "It's too much for me. There's something about all this that we don't know. I guess we never will know. If only Harvey—"

A hospital corpsman, white hat in hand, entered and stood at attention. The Judge Advocate turned on him.

"Yes?"

"Surgeon reports a change in Harvey's condition, sir."

"A change? For the better?"

"Nossir. He's dying. But he's conscious."

The Judge Advocate cast a wide-eyed, significant look at the President of the Court. "Tell the Surgeon," he snapped at the hospital corpsman, not looking at him, "that the Court of Inquiry requests permission to convene in the sickbay."

The members of the Court were all talking at once. "It's just on the chance that he might say something. . . ." "Yes, but the boy's dying! . . ." "But good God, we've got to. . . ." "Up to the Surgeon whether. . . ."

The Admiral, his shoulders squared, re-entered the ward-room. Behind his beard his face was pale. "Gentlemen," he said with a pathetic attempt at firmness. "I wish to be present if this man Harvey's testimony is taken—because of the importance of this case, and for no other reason. *No other reason.* Do I make myself clear?"

The Judge Advocate and the President of the Court, neither trusting himself to speak, nodded in unison. The hospital corpsman, out of breath, returned.

"Permission granted, sir," he said.

They filed forward to the hushed white sickbay, disposed themselves awkwardly, and tried not to look too hard at the wasted form and feverish, death-mask face on the bunk. The Surgeon whispered fragmentary cautions to the Judge Advocate: ". . . Just came out of it. . . . beginning of the end. . . . What? Not a chance. Resistance gone. . . . Well, perhaps a few minutes. . . . No—won't make any difference either way. . . . Don't waste time asking him questions—just let him talk. . . . All right. . . . go ahead now. . . ."

The Judge Advocate turned to the bunk. "Harvey, we're—trying to find out what happened the night the *Edwards* was torpedoed. Tell us what you (Continued on page 54)



On the  
Screen



Above: A scene from "Becky Sharp," the new technicolor film, based on Thackeray's novel, "Vanity Fair." In the center are Miriam Hopkins and Cedric Hardwicke, two of the leading members of the play's fine cast. The production is an excellent one and the coloring of the film is beautiful



Above: Elizabeth Bergner with Hugh Sinclair in the movie, "Escape Me Never." Splendid as was the stage production of this play, it is perhaps even better on the screen, and Miss Bergner is, of course, as delightful as ever

Above: This summery picture of Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery was taken from "No More Ladies," a screen romance in which these two actors co-star, supported by a cast that includes such popular players as Franchot Tone and Edna May Oliver



Left: Will Rogers and Billie Burke in "Doubting Thomas," a genuinely funny movie in which these actors appear as a couple whose marital bliss is upset by the wife's desire to be an actress. At left is Alison Skipworth

# Buholoji

by  
Wynant Davis  
Hubbard

**D**ID you hear the news?" my capitao asked me one morning as I stepped out of the house to give him the orders for the day.

"No," I replied; "what is the news?"

"Shaghiga was found dead."

"Shaghiga? Where?"

"In the bush. Near Mokokabello's village. He was standing leaning against a tree with his head against the trunk and his arms folded."

"Who did it?" I asked.

My capitao shrugged. "Shaghiga was buholozi. What do I know about such things."

That is the usual answer which a white man receives to a question of this type. Yet every native knows about buholozi, the native name of witchcraft, for witches, witchcraft and witch-doctoring govern nearly every daily act of every native throughout Africa. A white man must live in Africa for years, as I have, before he can appreciate the dominating position

Above: *Witchcraft suspects must submit to poison tests*

in the ordinary daily life of the natives which witches and all connected with them have assumed. And one must live close to the natives for years before one can secure any reliable information concerning these practices. Considering the almost universal belief in demonology and the equally universal knowledge of the practice of witchcraft, the reticence of the natives concerning it is extraordinary.

Shaghiga worked for me as an ordinary compound native for two years, in 1927 and 1928. During these years he gradually advanced himself until he secured a position as one of the six chosen natives who carried our moving picture cameras. As a result, I came to know him somewhat better than I did the average compound native. I liked Shaghiga. He was big and strong, and willing, and he had the round, open face which I have found usually indicates a reliable character.

I left Africa in 1928, not to return again until 1931. When I did go back I took up land in the Namwala district of Northern Rhodesia and settled down to conduct some scientific experiments. Almost all of my old natives turned up asking for work. Among them was Shaghiga. I took him on gladly, as I remembered him as an especially willing worker.

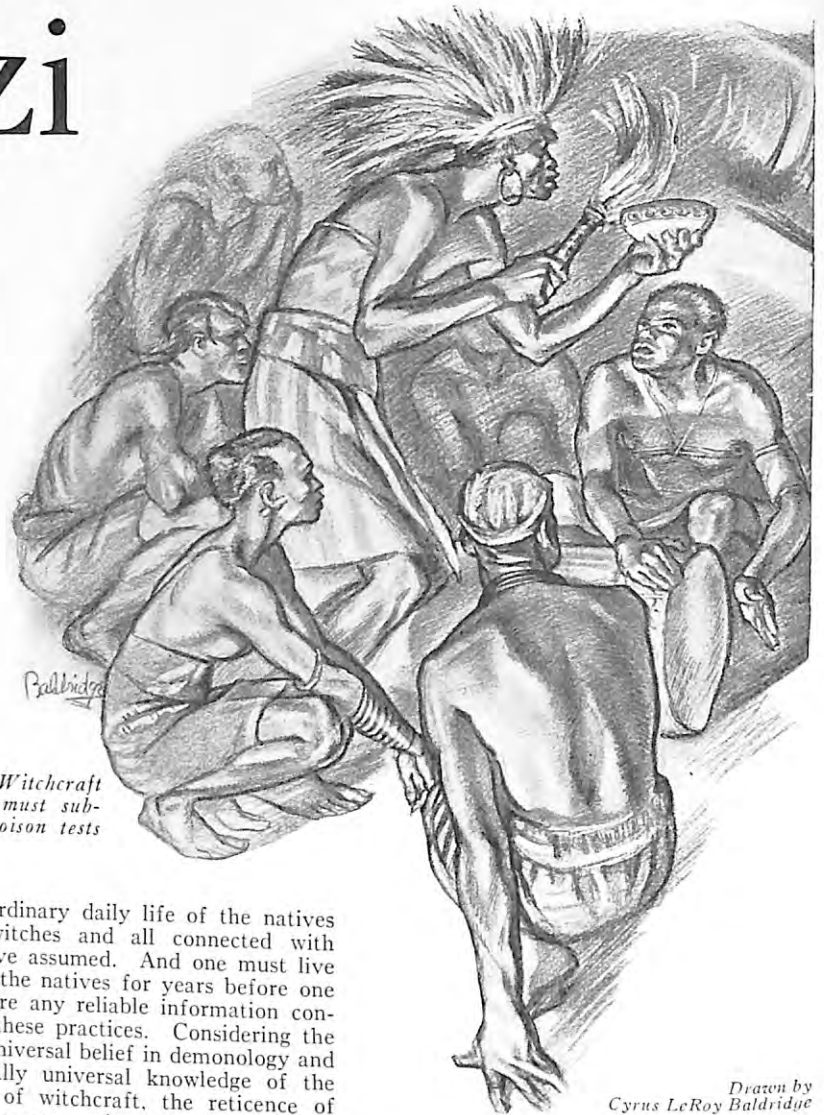
One of our first tasks was to build a house. While we were making and burning the bricks and cutting trees to be sawed into timber, my wife and I camped in a series of grass huts. Our native workers lived in another group of less elaborate huts not far away.

About the only recreation which natives have is gossip. They play few games and of course they do not read, so of a night-time, little groups

gather before the huts and gossip of whose wife ran away with whom, the joke which Makashaluma played on Shafuma, whose grain was eaten by the white ant and other matters of great interest. My wife and I, sitting about our campfire, grew so accustomed to the chattering of the natives, to the excited rise and fall of their talk, that we paid little or no attention. However, when our personal boys began appearing in the morning wearing frowns and dark looks, we questioned them.

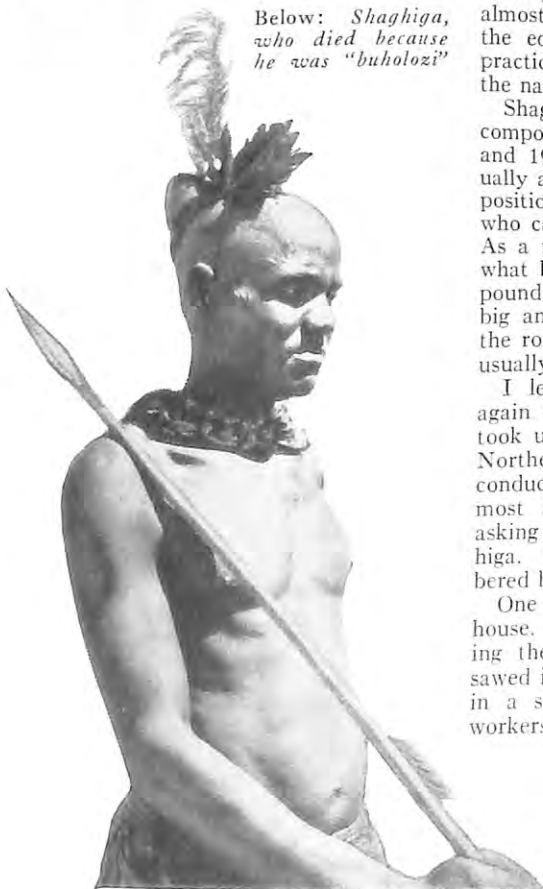
For some weeks we could elicit nothing definite. There were vague hints of a headless man who roamed about at night and there was a tale of a disembodied light which floated about down by the river, but no definite accusations or statements.

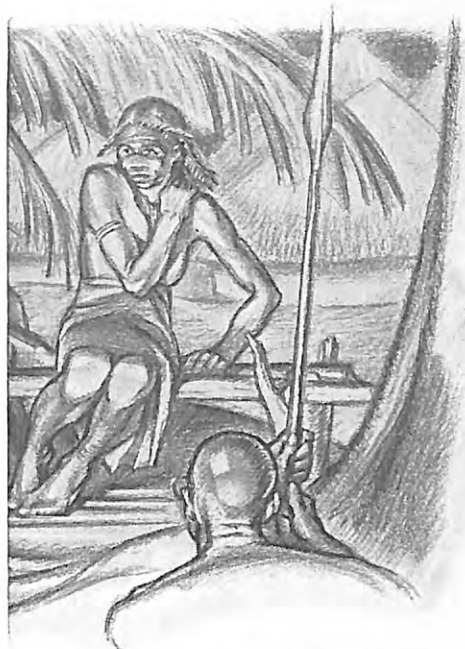
Then one night Lavison, our waiter, whom I had employed for ten years or so, woke me up, whispering excitedly that there was a light down by the river. I got up and together he and I stole out of the camp and stood on the edge of the open veldt staring over the half-lit country. I could see nothing except the towering palm trees and the dim glint of the river. Patiently I waited for some ten minutes. Nothing materialized. Lavison, wrapped in his blanket, stood motionless beside me. Although I could scarcely see



Drawn by  
Cyrus LeRoy Baldrige

Below: *Shaghiga, who died because he was "buholoji"*





Right: *The author and his pet lioness, "Paddy." The natives call Mr. Hubbard "brother of lions"*



Below: *Mrs. Hubbard, baby Wendy Hubbard and the nurse, Mianje, inspect a dead lion*



him, I sensed that his body was tense with expectation and that he was controlling his breathing with the greatest difficulty.

We saw nothing that night, but the next day my capitao came to me, and walking with me out on the veldt beyond the hearing of any of the natives, told me that he was having great difficulty in controlling the compound. There was trouble afoot, he told me. People were falling sick for no reason. There were strange noises and curious shapes had been seen and yet not seen in the darkness. The people were afraid.

"But what," I asked him, "do you expect me to do? You are the head of the compound. I have you there just to settle such trouble as this. You know about these things. I know nothing."

The old man looked at me for a long time. 'In'kos," he said, "you and I have hunted together, we have worked together for many years. We have gone without food together. You are my father. There are some things which I do not have to tell you. There are things which happen of which it is not good to speak."

As I watched the old man's wrinkled face, I realized that he was afraid. I realized that his even mentioning the sicknesses and the half shapes had called for all his courage. This man, old and experienced, was afraid, because he believed that someone in the compound was practicing witchcraft.

No one would name a name or give me more than the most covert hints, but gradually in the course of a week it became clear that the man whom everyone suspected was Shaghiga. No one told me what the type of magic was which Shaghiga was practicing, but I guessed that he was suspected of employing tuyewera.

Tuyewera, sometimes also known as mu-lombe, are sprites. They are of human shape about two and a half to three feet high with protruding tummies and with the body facing in the wrong way in relationship to their head and feet. Tuyewera are invisible to anyone except their owner.

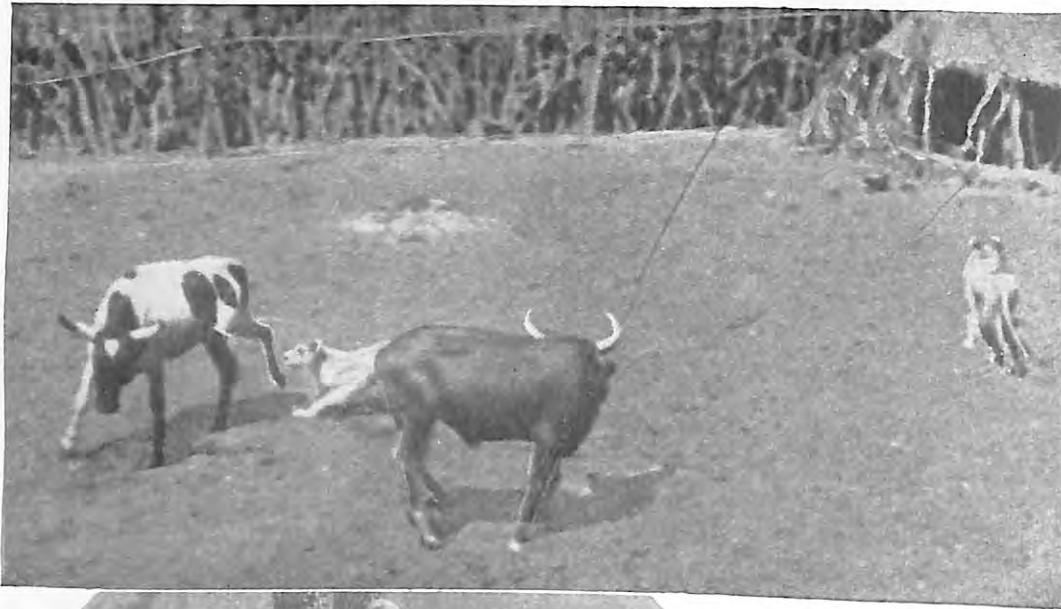
Tuyewera might have been acquired by Shaghiga in one of two ways. He might have acquired them from his balunda, or blood brother, or he might have inherited them. If

he obtained them from his brother he probably did so to become rich, because tuyewera can be sent out at night, to steal and rob for their owner. When a tuyewera steals a gun, for instance, it is very difficult to discover the theft, for the tuyewera leaves another gun in the place of the one which he stole. This second gun, however, is of no value because the tuyewera fashions it out of a stick or a bit of bark. Being made of such flimsy material, the substitute of course cannot last for long. As you can readily see, thievery of this sort is most difficult to discover.

Were the activities of tuyewera confined only to stealing, there would probably not be much outcry against them, but tuyewera like company. A single tuyewera, known as a kayewera, becomes very lonely, so he goes to his owner, appearing only at night, and asks for a companion. Let us guess that Shaghiga had been given one kayewera. One night, when Shaghiga was asleep, his kayewera woke him and spoke somewhat as follows:



Right: *The Capitao, who announced the mysterious death of Shaghiga*



Above: A case of "man bites dog." As Mr. Hubbard said in his article, "These Jungle Movies," printed previously in this magazine, lions attack villages only by night. So, wanting a film of such an attack, he staged one himself. He captured two lions and turned them loose on his cattle. But the unexpected happened. As shown here, a cow kicked one of the lions on the nose and the king of beasts retreated. The cattle were uninjured.

Above: Mangineera, who told how the natives find a switch



Above: The huge negress, Mianje, goes into her dance to rid herself of the devil

"Shaghiga, I am your kayewera. I have worked faithfully for you. I have stolen much. I have made you wealthy, but you keep me far out in the bush, where I am alone. I am lonesome. Give me another kayewera to keep me company."

If he had been given a kayewera, Shaghiga probably did not know how to obtain another. "But," he would exclaim, "even should I wish to give you a companion, I do not know how to obtain one. Doubtless in time you will grow accustomed to being alone."

With which the kayewera would go away. But it was determined to have a companion. So, after leaving the hut of its master, the kayewera slipped unseen through the gloom of the village and passed into another of the huts. Finding a sleeping man, it would take a small hollow reed and, putting the reed to the lips of the sleeper, would quickly suck out the breath of the unconscious man. Sealing the tube firmly with balls of wax, the kayewera would glide from the hut and take refuge in the bush.

Within a week the man whose breath had been sucked away would fall ill and die. When he was buried the kayewera



Above: An African dressed and ready for a native dance

would exhume the corpse and, taking the reed into which he had sucked the original breath of the dead man, would blow it back into him again. Then it would enfold the crossed arms of the corpse and by massage work out the stiffness. The legs, too, were massaged, and the corpse would come to life. But it would come to life not in its original form, but as a second kayewera.

One or two evenings later, not one, but two tuyewera would appear before Shaghiga. "Hello!" he would exclaim. "What is this? Don't I see two of you?" And then his original kayewera would tell him what he had done.

Shaghiga would probably be both horrified and frightened. He would order his kayewera never to do such a thing again.

"Ha," they would answer, "not do it again? We are used to being many. If you don't let us do it again we will suck your breath away from you."

And from then on Shaghiga was in their power.

As I have said, not long after I hired him, Shaghiga was found dead, standing against a tree. Whether he had been tried by divination, found guilty and been forced to drink poison, or whether his own tuyewera had turned on him and sucked his breath away, I can only guess.

The curious thing about the mysterious illnesses of which my captao had complained was that they ceased not when Shaghiga was hired,

but upon the day upon which he was found dead. You may not believe in tuyewera; you may not believe that unseen sprites ride upon the backs of hyenas or that they can suck away the breath of living men. I do not say what I believe, but I will give you another story which (Continued on page 47)



Ray Lee Jackson

# Cast and Broadcast



Ray Lee Jackson

by  
Phillips  
Coles



William Haussler

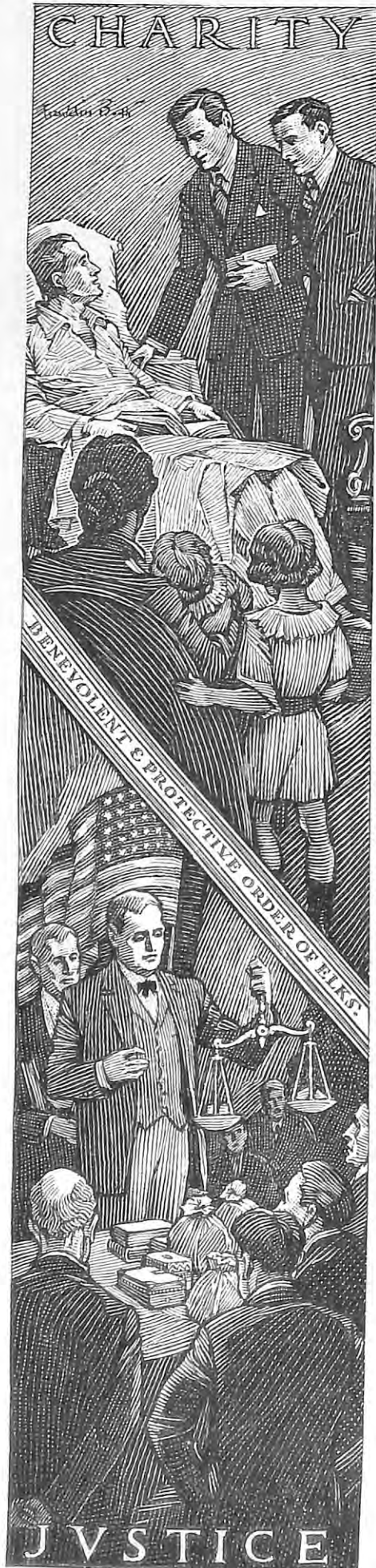
Janet Van Loon, top, is the bright girl who thought up the idea of giving youngsters home from school ill a special, nation-wide program of their own. She is shown with an elephant, clown, horse and giraffe—all made from corks, paper, matchsticks and bits of string, fashioned according to the directions she gives in her broadcasts over an NBC-WEAF network each schoolday morning. The kids love it. Janet has gone off the air now that school is out, but she'll be back.

Gale Page, above center, used to sing over a Spokane, Wash., station. Now she is contralto soloist for NBC's Fibber McGee and Molly program each Tuesday evening at 10 P.M.



Al Jolson, above, having conquered everything else, has turned to the most universal entertainment medium of them all—the radio—and has bagged the radio fan. If his tremendous popularity made any criticism possible we might hint that radio is his least successful venture. It is the one medium in which the centrifugal force of his personality is not so strongly felt. He is heard Saturdays at 9:30 P.M.

At left are Jacques Frey (top) and Mario Braggiotti (foreground), two attractive young men whose tandem work on one or more pianos is practically miraculous; it must be heard (at 8 P.M. on Mondays) to be believed. The only fault we can find is that by the time you have persuaded everyone to keep quiet and have settled down to listen, the boys are gone again. A few judicious letters to the Columbia System might fix this matter up



# EDITORIAL

## THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

**E**VERY thoughtful citizen must experience a very deep sense of thankfulness that Independence Day is not an occasion to be observed as a mere formality, attended by perfunctory ceremonies; but that, after more than a century and a half, it is still an event in which Americans may feel a happy and enthusiastic pride—one upon which fathers may yet remind their children of a national history that un-faillingly inspires patriotic loyalty and devotion.

That sentiment is inspired by the recitation of the earlier events of that history, with their heroic examples of self sacrifice and service on the part of the founders of the Republic. The continuing story of America's consistent development as a great power among the nations of the earth evokes a thrill of patriotic pride in every heart. And the realization of its future, as a mighty champion of liberty, as a potent influence in the preservation of world peace, and as a leader in the advancement of civilization and the betterment of humanity, brings a conscious joy in the privilege of sharing as a citizen in the promotion of that high mission among the people of the world.

The observance of the fourth of July as the anniversary of our national independence is intended to foster that sentiment, to reinspire that pride and to deepen that joy, in the minds and hearts of our older citizens; and to give them birth in the minds and hearts of the youth of America. It is well that the occasion be celebrated in such a manner as to insure the accomplishment of that purpose. Elk Lodges may perform a true patriotic service in promoting and conducting, or sharing in, such celebrations.

The true spirit of the anniversary is to be found in the abiding faith that the promises of the Declaration of Independence have been kept and performed; in the knowledge that our strength rests in our patriotism, as it is born of it; and in the realization that peace and security and true liberty are safe as national heritages only so long as love of country burns in the hearts of the people.

It is in such a spirit that Elks are called upon to celebrate the event this year, bringing to that service grateful hearts that the anniversary may still be called *THE GLORIOUS FOURTH*.

## WISE CRACKING

**I**N recent years in this country a style of speaking or type of conversational comment, known as "wise cracking," has developed into quite general use. It is probably a more or less direct product of the special columns conducted in many newspapers, in which the authors seek to accentuate the purport of their brief paragraphs by a studied terseness of expression, or by pithy plays upon words. The epigrammatic style has caught the fancy of a large circle of readers, many of whom seek to emulate it and thus to become conversational wise crackers.

The ability to sprinkle one's talk with such expressions may be evidence of a certain mental sprightliness and sometimes of real wit. It may prove an acceptable style to some listeners. But it is an accomplishment the value of which depends largely upon the wise restraint put upon its display. People generally weary quickly of the obvious effort to convert every sentence into an epigram. They naturally resent the attempt to be continuously 'smart'.

Apart from this, wise cracking has a very definite tendency to become caustic. Feelings and sensibilities are frequently wounded in order that a phrase may be skillfully turned. It was said of a noted wit that he would sacrifice a friendship to evolve a witticism. This serious indictment may not properly be applied to all wise crackers; but certainly there is danger that it may become more generally deserved because of the inherent temptations of the practice.

After all the most pleasing—and, accurately speaking, the most brilliant—conversationalists are not those who purposely seek to win that distinction by pedantic phrase making, by caustic criticisms and by studied verbal smartness. They are those who express clear and clean thoughts in clear and clean language, easily understood, and used with kindness and consideration.

Wise cracking may add a momentary sparkle to an occasion, but it is not designed to maintain the comfortable interchange of thought which constitutes the most satisfactory conversation.

### THE ANNUAL CONVENTION AT HAND

**C**OLUMBUS is near the exact center of population in the United States. That point is approximately the center of Elk population. It is also true that there are few cities in the country within a given radius of which there are so many subordinate Lodges.

All this makes for the convenience and inexpensiveness with which Lodges and individual members may participate in the Convention to assemble in that City on the 15th of this month. The facilities of Columbus for the comfortable accommodation of all visitors are ample. The local Lodge and the City have completed elaborate plans for the entertainment of the Convention and those in attendance in a manner that should arouse an unusual interest among Elks generally. The program, which is published in this issue, provides an attractive variety of fraternal, social and athletic events.

The Annual Convention of the Grand Lodge is the supreme event of the fraternal year. The business transacted and the features incident to its sessions present to the country a picture of the character, strength and importance of the Order as a patriotic and benevolent organization. It is highly desirable that this picture should be an accurate one. This depends, in large measure, upon the number of Lodges and individual members participating in the scheduled activities.

The Columbus Convention should be one of the largest and most successful in the history of the Order. The indications are that it will establish a record of which every Elk may feel proud.

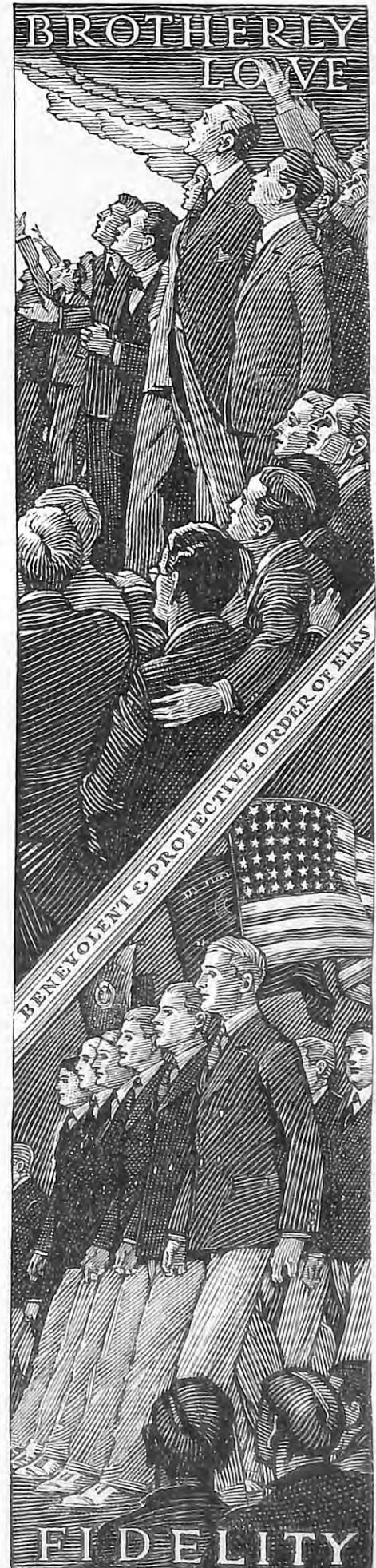
### A GREAT MILITANT FRATERNITY

**A**T this writing the statistical reports of the Grand Lodge officers have not been compiled. Except upon reasonably accurate forecasts it cannot be predicted whether the Order has lost or gained in membership during the last year. It cannot be stated whether its charitable expenditures have been greater or less than in recent years; whether or not the aggregate of fraternal activities show an increase.

However, those who have a real knowledge of the Order as a whole, of the character of its membership, of the extent and diversity of its benevolent service, and of the fine spirit of loyalty which pervades that membership, will have no fear of the deductions properly to be drawn from the statistics when they become available for analysis. They know that the Order of Elks has successfully weathered the storms which have beset all such organizations in recent years, and that despite the natural loss in membership and curtailment of income during that period, it has maintained itself as a great militant fraternity, with an enviable record of consistent achievement.

All through those troublous years, as during the years of unusual prosperity, it has time and again demonstrated its capability as an agency for ameliorating unhappy conditions, for inspiring confidence and for promoting the general welfare. It has retained its place as an acknowledged leader in its chosen fields of endeavor.

If it should appear that further loss of membership has been sustained, or that its charitable expenditures have been curtailed, it will be accepted as a mere temporary condition, which may be regretted but which should cause no serious concern. It will only inspire real Elks to greater fraternal devotion and a loftier courage. The pathway lies straight ahead; upon it the Order will continue to march triumphantly forward.



# Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

### Mother's Day Service at Betty Bacharach Home

An outstanding Mother's Day service was held this year at the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children at Longmont, N. J., near Atlantic City. U. S. Senator W. Warren Barbour was the principal speaker. In his address he lauded Congressman Isaac Bacharach and Harry Bacharach, Mayor of Atlantic City, for their part in giving the Home as a Memorial to their mother, and spoke highly of the Elks organization and the individuals who have supported the institution. Bronze plaques were unveiled during the ceremonies in tribute to a number of persons who had aided in carrying on the work of the Home. Three of these were memorial tablets.

Dr. Edwin H. Coward, E.R. of Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276, was Chairman. The speakers included Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the N. J. Crippled Children's Commission; P.E.R. Judge Joseph A. Corio; the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Mellen, and Mrs. Joseph Foy, Mrs. Herman Burwasser and Mrs. Millard F. Allman, Past Pres.'s of the Ladies Auxiliary. Mrs. Allman is a member of the Board of Governors of the Home. A program of music was presented in which the Atlantic City Male Chorus and the Atlantic County Service Band took part.

The Home is planning the installation of a ninth unit, a therapeutic pool which, when erected, will be the largest of its kind in New Jersey. It will be a salt water pool. Salt water is more buoyant than fresh water and when heated to the proper temperature is more efficient in the treatment of Poliomyelitis (Infantile Paralysis).

*Elias Rosenbaum, Secy.-Treas.,  
Board of Governors*

### Al Smith and LaGuardia Are Successful Minstrels

The joint theatrical debut recently of former Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, and Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia, of New York City, as the interlocutors of the Charity Minstrels held by New York Lodge No. 1, would assure these gentlemen a successful career on any stage were they not already so busy.

The jokes, perhaps, would have brought the hook for a performer on amateur night, but considering the eminence of the cast and the pertinence of the subjects, the gags were received with loyal enthusiasm. The chief dialogue successes were political allusions, as when the Mayor advised the Governor that he was not so good and ought to hire a hall.



*Wide World Photos*

**Mayor LaGuardia of New York City, former Governor Alfred E. Smith, and in the background, left to right, Supreme Court Justice Ferdinand Pecora, E.R., of New York Lodge, P.E.R. Judge James G. Wallace, and P.E.R. Chief Magistrate James E. McDonald, as they appeared at the Minstrel Show given recently by New York Lodge**

Mr. Smith replied that he already had one. "Oh!" replied the Mayor. "I thought Jim Farley had that one."

Another of the Mayor's nifties occurred when Mr. Smith requested the minstrels to sit down. "Gentlemen," came Mr. Smith's rich baritone, "be seated."

All but a small number of the Mayor's side of the house were seated, but these few remained standing awkwardly. Mr. LaGuardia came to the rescue.

"Members of the Board of Estimate," he roared, "sit down!"

Supreme Court Justice Ferdinand Pecora, E.R. of New York Lodge, said to Mr. LaGuardia: "I understand that there isn't anything too large or too small for you to use for publicity for yourself."

"Well," Mr. LaGuardia came back like a hawk, "I never used a midget."

The big hit of the show was Interlocutor Smith in his song and dance, "The Sidewalks of New York." Summoning all his capering grace, he waltzed over the stage, leading the ensemble in the throatiest chorus of the evening with emphatic waves of the script he held in his hand. Before he sang he spoke a tribute to the author of the song, James W. Blake, who died recently. The applause lasted so long that the Eleven O'clock Toast was delayed fully 15 minutes past its traditional time.

### Thirteen Initiated at Petersburg by Juneau, Alaska, Elks

On May 9 a group of 12 officers and the Drill Team of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, including two P.E.R.'s, journeyed by chartered boat to the town of Petersburg, in Southeastern Alaska, to perform a special initiation ceremony by authority of F. J. Chapman, D.D. for Alaska, East. The 14-hour trip was thoroughly enjoyed by the delegation, the seas being calm and the weather clear.

The entire town of Petersburg was thrown open to the Elks. The Juneau members initiated 13 candidates into the Order, after which a newly constructed "Bill's Club" was dedicated. Juneau Lodge has subsidized the Club for a period of two years, and the Club expects to become self-supporting by the end of that time. The new rooms of the Club are very attractive, offering a card room and a pleasant resting place—a distinct need in the town of Petersburg.

*P.E.R. L. W. Turoff, Correspondent*

### Host of Pa. Elks Gather at New Castle, Pa., Lodge

Close to 500 members of almost 30 Elk Lodges in the Pennsylvania N. W. District and points outside, assembled recently at New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69, to participate in the Fifth Annual District Round-Up and reception to Grand Lodge and State Association officials. From noon until midnight, the various events kept the visiting throng busy. Chartered buses and auto caravans brought the delegates from distant cities, while others came by train. Most of the afternoon hours were devoted to informal meetings and good fellowship.

The evening was filled with diversified programs. At the Castleton Hotel, nearly 60 visiting dignitaries attended a banquet in honor of Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener and Charles H. Grakelow. J. A. Gormley, Pres. of the N. W. Dist., presided as Toastmaster over the brief speaking program. State Chaplain M. F. Bierbaum invoked grace, and afterward Mr. Tener, Mr. Grakelow, and State Pres. Scott E. Drum addressed the diners. Mayor Charles B. Mayne extended the City's official welcome, and State Vice-Pres. Frank J. Lyons responded for the Elks. Immediately after the banquet the guests joined the huge throng at the Home of New Castle Lodge.

A class of 84 candidates, assembled from



all over the District, was formally inducted into the Order in a closed session at which E.R. C. Leroy Hughes and his corps of officers officiated. Following the ceremonies came the main addresses of the three outstanding Elk leaders—Mr. Tener, Mr. Grakelow and Mr. Drum. At the close of the speaking program a buffet lunch was served.

Other notable Elks in attendance during the rally, in addition to those already named, were: Francis T. Benson, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations; D.D. John T. Lyons; State Trustee C. O. Morris; Past State Pres.'s John F. Nugent and G. J. F. Falkenstein; H. E. Garwig, Secy. of the N. W. Dist. Assn.; Charles S. Brown, Secy. of the S. W. Dist. Assn.; P.D.D.'s Joseph Riesenman, Jr., Walter C. De Arment, Robert R. Risher and James G. Bohlender; F. L. Bensinger, P.E.R. of Franklin, Pa., Lodge; A. J. Fleishamer, Est. Loy. Knight of Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, and George W. Wolf, of Atlantic, Ia., Lodge.

C. Leroy Hughes, E.R.

**Golf Tournament Held at Elks National Home**

The Golf Club of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., recently held its annual tournament, competing for a silver cup donated some years ago by Mount Vernon,



H. B. Miller

Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon at the Home of Glendale, Calif., Lodge where he attended a meeting. He is surrounded by members

N. Y., Lodge, No. 842. The winner this year was O. L. Gordon, of Robinson, Ill., Lodge, No. 1188.

The trophy was presented by Grand

Trustee Henry A. Guenther who, at the time, was present at the Home attending a meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees, of which he is Home Member. He congratulated the members of the Club upon the development and care of the course and the successful carrying out of the tournament.

The present officers of the Club are O. L. Badger, Pres.; Peter Malotte, Vice-Pres.; N. J. Galapean, Secy., and William Miller, Treas. The members of the Tournament Committee were S. H. De Hoff, Thomas Murray and George Bailey.

**The Elks National 1935 Bowling Tournament**

THE 18TH ANNUAL ELKS NATIONAL BOWLING TOURNAMENT conducted by the Elks Bowling Association of America, under the auspices of Cicero, Ill., Lodge, No. 1510, was terminated recently. The Champion Waldorf Golden Bock Team, representing Cleveland, O., Lodge, No. 18, retained its title in the Five-Man event. Scoring 3,025 pins, the Cleveland Team won the title for the second consecutive year. The Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, Team—Jess Pritchett's crack Cook's Goldblume Five—finished second with 2,956 pins.

In the Two-Man event Earl Cornish and Chet Bowe, of Elgin, Ill., Lodge, No. 737, cleaned up with a score of 1,317. Abe Chayken and Chief Meyers of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 1331, ran them up with 1,287 pins. The Individual Event was won by Jess Pritchett of Indianapolis Lodge with games of 234, 252 and 214, totaling 700 pins. The All-Events title was taken by Joseph Kissoff of Cleveland Lodge, scoring 668 pins in the Five-Man Event, 635 in the Doubles and 660 in the Singles. He totaled 1,963 pins.

At the annual meeting of the Association, held in the Cicero Lodge rooms, Frank G. Mitzel of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, was elected President for the ensuing year. Mr. Mitzel has served either as a Vice-President or a member of some Committee ever since the organization of the Association. He is a former Treasurer of Detroit Lodge.

Vice-Presidents elected were Dave Wells, Louisville, Ky.; S. A. Hanson, Oak Park, Ill.; Phil Birkenhauer, Toledo, O.; Charles A. Reading, Chicago, Ill.; Joseph F. Krizek,

Cicero, Ill.; and Charles K. Summersby, St. Louis, Mo. John J. Gray of Milwaukee, Wis., elected Secretary of the Assn. for a three-year term at the 1934 meeting, holds over for two more years.

Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, was unanimously awarded the 1936 Elks National Tournament. Bids were also submitted by the Lodges of Columbus, O., Milwaukee, Wis., Kalamazoo, Mich., Peoria, Ill., Fort Wayne, Ind., and Rockford, Ill.

The rule stipulating that members must present their paid-up membership cards before being allowed to participate in the Tournament, will be strictly enforced in the future. The President was granted authority to name a committee of members in the local Lodge, where the tournament is to be held, to examine the card of each member entered in the Tournament before he is permitted to bowl. The card must be paid up to April 1 of the current year.

The Lodge which is represented by the winning team in the Five-Man Event will be awarded a handsome trophy. Through the courtesy of Louis Mulac, Pres. of the Windy City Bowling Assn. of Cicero, E. W. Linsz, Proprietor of the Linsz Recreation Rooms in Cleveland, and Jess Pritchett of Indianapolis, Cleveland Lodge will be awarded the trophies for the years 1934-35, and Indianapolis Lodge the trophy for the year 1933.

The prize list, amounting to \$4,890, was distributed among the Elk bowlers by Secretary Gray. The checks were issued to the winners, and forwarded to each Lodge.

John J. Gray, Secy.,  
Elks National Bowling Assn.

**"Boys Civic Day" Sponsored by Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge**

Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36, recently sponsored a "Boys Civic Day," under the leadership of E.R. Joseph A. Muldoon. Through the offices of the Lodge and of Mr. Muldoon, the City Government positions, from the Mayor down, were filled for one hour by school boys of the City, two being selected from each public and parochial school in Bridgeport. The method of selection was based on their scholastic and general department records. Because of the merit of the idea, the Superintendent of Schools gave it his whole-hearted support. The names of the boys chosen were sent to the Lodge Home a week before the event, and at his office the Mayor drew from a hat the names of the boys who were to fill the various positions.

During the week following the drawing the local radio station presented capable speakers in five-minute addresses on various phases of boy life. All were Elks and members of Mr. Muldoon's Committee. They included: Chairman Robert A. Beers, President of a local bank; Judge Samuel Mellitz of the Common Pleas Courts of Conn.; former Mayor E. T. Buckingham, State Compensation Commissioner; J. William Hope, Treas. of the State of Conn.; former City Clerk Robert E. Noonan and Joseph Dewhirst, a successful dairyman.

On the day preceding Civic Day the boys were called to the Aldermanic Chamber of the City Hall and each was presented with a Certificate of Authority to fill the pre-designated office. Civic Day saw the boys conveyed by Elks to the various buildings in which they were to hold office. Afterward, at noon, they were brought to the Mayor's office where a broadcasting program was in progress. Fifty of the boys went on the air, after which they were returned to the Lodge Home and served a splendid luncheon by the newly organized Emblem Club of Bridgeport Lodge.

Vast publicity was accorded the venture,



Stiekeler Studio

*The Good Will Tour Ambassadors standing with Max Baer, when they visited Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge. In the picture are Past State Pres. Charles Wibiralksi, P.D.D.'s James Harkins and Frank L. Ten Broeck, and Max Baer*

particularly to the "City Judge" who presided on the bench decorated with a large shiner. The entire affair did not cost Bridgeport Lodge a dollar. The certificates were donated, the radio time was a gift of the local station, the luncheon was given by the ladies of the Lodge, 50 quarts of milk was the gift of a generous member, and the transportation of the boys was taken care of by members. It is felt by the Exalted Ruler and the members of the Lodge that Elk Lodges throughout the country would find it advantageous to sponsor such affairs.

*Joseph A. Muldoon, E.R.*

### Join the Big Horned Toad Derby at Columbus

ARIZONA STATE ELKS who are going to the Grand Lodge Convention at Columbus will take with them several hundred horned toads for the amusement of the delegates. Some time during the Reunion a toad race will be held. Any Lodge may enter a racer for this event. The racer may be secured from the Arizona delegation without cost. Toad-racing has proved to be a wonderful sport—one that offers lots of fun to those who participate.

### Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge Members Lose Cards

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, reports the loss of three membership cards. They belong to C. O. Self, Card No. 407, Membership No. 808; Gilbert W. Rowe, Card No. 69, Membership No. 2148, and William Blaikie, Card No. 495, Membership No. 2105. Finders of these cards are requested to return them to Secy. C. L. Shideler of Terre Haute Lodge. Lodges are also warned against honoring these cards if presented.

*C. L. Shideler, Secy.*

### Rahway, N. J., Lodge Active in Crippled Children Work

Rehabilitation of crippled children by Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, has won State-wide recognition and has become one of the most vital of community interests. The recent achievement of procuring artificial feet for John Leveridge, 14 years old, who was cared for at the Rahway Memorial Hospital following the freezing and consequent amputation of his feet, has won many favorable comments from all parts of

the State and will receive recognition in the annual book on rehabilitation published by Joseph G. Buch, head of the State Crippled Children activities. The surgical work was performed by Dr. John M. Randolph.

Many children in the City and vicinity have had the full use of arms and legs restored through operations by Dr. Fred S. Albee, noted orthopedic surgeon, who is a member of Rahway Lodge, and who has performed all of the operations. Practically all of his cases have again attained normal use of their members.

The citizens have joined in appreciation of this work, and cooperate in its promotion. The annual concert of Rahway Lodge for the benefit of the crippled children's fund reached greater heights this year than ever before. The seating capacity of the Grover Cleveland School Auditorium was exhausted. The program itself merited widespread interest aside from the appeal of so worthy a cause. Three distinct musical organizations, the Rahway Men's Glee Club, the Rahway Woman's Choral Club, and the Rahway Symphony Orchestra—all under the direction of Melvin W. Reed—participated. The vocal and instrumental numbers were of a high standard of selection, and were presented with an artistic finish. There were several solo numbers, also of excellent quality.

Short addresses were made during the intermission by Frank W. Kidd, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee, and by Mayor John E. Barger, each praising Mr. Reed, and the extensive welfare work of the Elks.

*Joe Keating, Secy.,  
Crippled Kiddies Committee*

### Varied Activities of Cleveland, O., Lodge

Cleveland, O., Lodge, No. 18, recently held a card party for the benefit of Boy Scout Troup 123. So large was the attending crowd that the Lodge was obliged to bring in additional card tables and chairs to accommodate the guests. More than 400 persons were present and more than 600 tickets were sold, with the result that the party was both a financial and social success. The returns almost completely equipped the Troop. Plans are already under way for another event of a similar character to be held for the benefit of the Boy Scouts early in the Fall.

One of the Lodge's most enjoyable social affairs was a Breakfast Dance given in honor of the retiring Exalted Ruler, Dr. H. H. Prentice, and E.R.-elect Frank H. Wilberding. An excellent orchestra and floor show provided entertainment. The attendance was greater than at any dance held by the Lodge during the season.

*William F. Bruning, Secy.*

## What the Antlers Stand For

THE ANTLERS is the junior organization of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Members of the Antlers meet Elks on common ground. As the youth of America the Antlers, whose members are potential Elks, hold great promise for the future of the parent Order.

An investment in American boyhood is an investment that will return steady dividends. An Antler is an apprenticed Elk and an Antler-Elk is a trained Elk. The qualifications for membership in the Junior Order speak for themselves. An Antler must be a white, American citizen of sound mind and body, between the ages of 15 and 21. He must be of good moral character and believe in the existence of a Supreme Being. His relationship to an Elk is not required. Boy Scouts are excellent prospective material for Antlers, especially Veteran or Eagle Scouts.

Members of the Antlers Advisory Council of an Elk Lodge should be men who have a clear conception of the governing structure of the organization, and a keen appreciation of its underlying purposes. Each member of the Advisory Council should appreciate the opportunity afforded him to instill into the Antlers the fundamental principles of Americanism.

Antler Lodges function through committees in the same way as do Elk Lodges. They conduct charities, cooperate with Elk committees and assist at special Elk observances. Inter-Lodge ritualistic contests are held, and the Antler officers periodically exemplify their work before the parent Lodge. Sponsorship is given to athletics, musical groups, drill teams, dances, dramatics, debating, hiking, picnics, and the like, as well as to participation in public, patriotic and holiday observances.

Financial support is not required from the Antlers other than dues and initiation fees, and these should care for ordinary Lodge expenditures and social events, leaving a surplus for the Treasury. The cost incidental to organizing is repaid by the Antlers.

The members of the Antlers Council of the Grand Lodge are eager to cooperate with Elk Lodges interested in instituting Antler Lodges of their own. It is appreciated that the above general outline cannot anticipate all questions. Those desiring further information should write to C. Fenton Nichols, Antlers Counsellor of the Grand Lodge, 405 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California. Mr. Nichols will also be available in person at Grand Lodge Headquarters during the Annual Convention in Columbus this month.

# Western Edition

*This Section Contains Additional News of Western Lodges*



*The Ritualistic Team of Prescott, Ariz., Lodge, which won the Ariz., State Elks Assn. Contest at Kingman recently, acquiring the Herman Lewkowicz Trophy*

## *Tacoma, Wash., Lodge Loses Secy. Terry C. Mallory*

Terry C. Mallory, a veteran member and Secy. of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174, died on May 19 to the deep sorrow of his fellow members. During his 33 years of membership, he was active in all the work of the Order, and his devotion to his Lodge endeared him to Elks throughout the Northwest.

Mr. Mallory was initiated in February, 1902. In 1919 he was made Asst. Secy. of the Lodge, and in 1923 was elected to the office of Secretary, holding that position until his death. For 16 consecutive years Mr. Mallory never missed a regular session of Tacoma Lodge. He was so well acquainted with the membership that he was able to call every Tacoma Elk by his first name even when the membership was in excess of 3,300.

Funeral services for Mr. Mallory were conducted in the Lodge Home. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier delivered the eulogy.

*Emmett T. Anderson, P.D.D.*

## *Brawley, Calif., Lodge Stages "Days of '49" Party*

Brawley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1420, recently staged a "Days of '49" celebration which was a highly successful and picturesque affair, thoroughly enjoyed by the members and their visitors. Prior to the festivities most of the male citizens of Brawley grew beards in order that they might be in character with the period.

A prize of \$50 was offered for the best set of whiskers. It was, however, a member of El Centro, Calif., Lodge, No. 1325—P.E.R. Clyde (Smokey) Hill—who won the prize for the most luxuriant beaver. Unfortunately, Mr. Hill, shortly after winning the \$50, was fined just that amount by the Elks' court for wearing his hat in the wrong way.

*Henry Swanson, Secy.,  
El Centro Lodge*

## *San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Picks a Winner*

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, has for many years sponsored an Elk scholarship and has put many fine boys through college; but the latest candidate, now at Leland Stanford University, appears to be the pick of the lot. He is Norman Strickler Buell, the son of a widowed mother not in the best of circumstances. His preparatory school record was exceptional, and when he appeared before the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Lodge and applied for the Scholarship, he created a splendid impression. Since entering Stanford he has become exceedingly popular with his instructors and with his fellow students.

He never misses an opportunity to help in his own education, and although he has found it necessary to borrow from the University Fund on occasion, he has always paid the money back out of his earnings. The Elk Scholarship is \$500 a year. Under present conditions, however, this does not go far. Mr. Buell's money-making activities include, from time to time, selling programs at athletic events, taking care of a large town house and another small one, mowing lawns, caring for three autos, acting as life guard at a private pool, and doing a hundred and one odd jobs of the sort.

He has worked as a gardener to pay for his room, as a waiter for his board, a dishwasher, salesman of Christmas cards, promoter of ping-pong matches and as reagent and invoice maker for the University's Chemistry Department. He tutored in chemistry, English and mathematics, and has acted as cook and house boy. He has never stopped to count the number of windows he has washed. Once he chartered a 70-foot launch for a fishing trip and netted himself \$30. Through these jobs he has earned enough to make all school and living expenses not covered by the Scholarship.

In his studies Mr. Buell has been exceptionally successful. In no quarter have his grades fallen below a B average; in one quarter they were straight A's, and in others

they varied between A and B. In speaking of his athletic activities, Mr. Buell says, with characteristic American understatement, "During the past year I have not been able to devote much time to sports, but have played on the Junior Varsity Tennis Team, and indulged in fencing, etc. I was on the Freshman Swimming Team and played guard on the Frosh Water Polo Team."

Young Buell was the first sophomore at Stanford to receive a bid to a professional chemical fraternity, formerly composed of upper class students only. He was elected to the Vice-Presidency, and now in his Junior year at Stanford is President of the Professional Chemical Fraternity. In June, shortly after this is written, he will have finished his courses for graduation, thus completing his requirements in three years instead of four.

Mr. Buell's ultimate objective is chemistry. While he has been in college he has served as Assistant in the Physics and Chemistry Departments and is still working in those capacities. He was detailed to make qualitative and quantitative analyses of metals being used by the head of the Department in an X-ray tube now in process of invention. Although the reduced appropriation in the Physics Department eliminated Mr. Buell from a job last March, the Department passed a special rule retaining him alone as Research Assistant. In addition to this unusual distinction conferred upon a student in his junior year, he has found the pay of great help.

Mr. Buell possesses a letter in recognition of his splendid scholastic record from President Ray Lyman Wilbur of Leland Stanford University, which says,

"It gives me unusual pleasure to inform you that the University has granted you Lower Division honors because of your record as a student. I wish to congratulate you upon the success which you have attained."

In a letter to C. Fenton Nichols, Antlers Counsellor of the Grand Lodge and a promi-



*Norman Strickler Buell, the likeable young man who is profiting by a scholarship awarded him by the San Francisco, Calif., Elks. In Mr. Buell the Lodge picked a winner*



Shangle Studio

**Vivian Beach, well-known local sportsman, receiving a check from Elks of Medford, Ore., Lodge. Mr. Beach was injured in an automobile accident and the Elks put on a benefit smoker for him. The check constituted the proceeds from the smoker**

ment member of San Francisco Lodge who has personally interested himself in this young man, Mr. Buell says (writing of what would appear as hardships to the average person),

"I would not have given up the last two years for any conceivable substitute. It has meant an average of five hours sleep a night for weeks on end and rather delicate figuring to do everything needed as well as possible in 24 hours a day, but it has been the grandest training one could wish. I have been happier than ever before, have learned more, been of more help to others, and I cannot be too grateful to those of you—all of you—who have so kindly given me this opportunity."

### **Puyallup, Wash., Lodge Performs Noteworthy Act of Friendship**

Puyallup, Wash., Lodge, No. 1450, has been extremely busy with Acts of Friendship this year, thereby winning the praise and approval of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon. One of the Lodge's Acts in particular is most interesting:

A Puyallup high school girl was stricken with infantile paralysis on the fourth day of her senior year. She was taken to the Orthopedic Hospital at Seattle, 42 miles away, and treated for four months. At the end of that time she was sent home with the understanding that someone would bring her back to the hospital at least once a week for treatment. As the girl is absolutely helpless from her waist down, in a cast from hip to toe, the trip is difficult both for the girl and her escort.

It is a member of Puyallup Lodge, a different one each week, who drives her the 84 miles, spending half a day—from 1 P.M. to 5 P.M.—in taking the girl to the hospital, waiting for her, and bringing her back to Puyallup. This has been going on for three months. Twice a week the wife of one of the Lodge's officers drives the girl 20 miles to a swimming pool where she can be exercised in the water. The lady is an expert swimmer and teacher. All during this treatment the crippled girl has carried on her school activities, the teachers visiting her home regularly. She graduated with her class in June, carried onto the platform in the arms of a good Elk.

While Puyallup Lodge was busying itself in this case, another crippled girl, six years old, was discovered. She was suffering with curvature of the spine. She, also, is being taken to and from the Hospital in Seattle, and, twice weekly, to the swimming pool.

Dana T. Robinson, Secy.

### **Mr. Shannon Attends Meeting at Glendale, Calif., Lodge**

Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, recently honored Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon with a banquet held in the Oakmont Club, and attended by prominent Elk dignitaries, County and City officials, and members of the local Lodge. Fifty persons attended the dinner which was held prior to a regular Lodge session.

At its conclusion the group left for the Lodge Home and there witnessed the initiation of a class of 14 candidates by the Glendale officers under the leadership of E.R. Aubrey N. Irwin. The ceremony was followed by a splendid talk by Mr. Shannon. The Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced to the 500 Elks present by P.E.R. Albert D. Pearce, former member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee.

Among the prominent Elks present were Past State Pres.'s Mifflin G. Potts, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, and P.E.R. of Pasadena Lodge, and John J. Doyle, Past Grand Esquire, and P.E.R. of Los Angeles Lodge; P.D.D. Thomas A.



T. Major Edgcomb

**Elks of Red Bluff, Calif., Lodge and THE ELKS MAGAZINE Good Will Ambassadors on their official visit to the Lodge, pictured before the County Court House at Red Bluff. The Caravan was received most hospitably by the Lodge, and its members enjoyed a pleasant visit**

Abbott, Tiler of the Calif. State Elks Assn.; P.D.D. C. P. Hebenstreit; E.R. Louis J. Euler and P.E.R. Charles J. O'Hara of Los Angeles Lodge, and E.R.'s, officers and members of the various Lodges of the Calif. S. Cent. Dist.

A concert was given by the Glendale Elks Band, under the direction of Joseph Burke, and several patriotic and special selections were played preceding the initiation ceremonies. Refreshments were served after the close of the Lodge session by the House Committee for all those attending.

Roy N. Clayton, Correspondent

### **Medford, Ore., Sponsors Benefit for Local Man**

Medford, Ore., Lodge, No. 1168, and the mat-and-leather fans of Medford, united recently to aid Vivian Beach, well known local wrestling-match timekeeper, with a benefit stag smoker. Mr. Beach was in a motor accident recently and both his legs were broken. The proceeds from the Smoker were turned over to him.

The benefit, which was given in the Lodge Home, was sponsored by the Elks. A raised ring in the Lodge Hall made every seat a good one, so that all in attendance enjoyed the event. The program included 15 rounds of fast and aggressive boxing from the pick of the Medford district C.C.C. camps.

Mack Lillard, for whom "Vi" Beach served as timekeeper on many occasions, canceled his regular Thursday evening bone-crushing festival at the Armory and furnished his best talent for the matches at the stag smoker. A check for \$175, the amount of the proceeds, was sent to Mr. Beach. It was learned that the check was merely a starter, for since its presentation several others have come in for the injured man.

Ernest L. Scott, Secy.

### **Red Bluff, Calif., Members Enjoy Unique Dinners**

One hundred Elks of Red Bluff, Calif., Lodge, No. 1250, were invited to a special dinner in the Lodge Home recently to honor a mess of 387 trout just taken from the cool streams of the Mt. Lassen region. The guests of honor were paid flattering tribute by the assembled members. Albert Trede, who was in charge of the Trout-Catching Committee, provided motion pictures in color showing the activity which went into the securing of the dinner. Color pictures of the recent round-up held at Red Bluff were also shown.

Two weeks before, the sheepmen, who are numbered among the members of Red Bluff Lodge, provided three lambs for a dinner and introduced a dancing entertainment as a side dish. An Italian Dinner, directed and arranged by Tiler Ned Zaniboni, a fresh crab dinner, directed by Est. Loy. Knight Arthur Fickert, a chicken dinner provided by the P.E.R.'s, and the annual buck stew—all with entertainment—have been Lodge night activities which have helped to increase the attendance.

L. E. Lafferty, E.R.

# Official Program of the Grand Lodge Convention

## Columbus, Ohio, July 12th to 18th, 1935

### SECTION I—GRAND LODGE PROGRAM

Friday, July 12

Arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon and Staff.

Saturday, July 13

Committee Conferences.

Sunday, July 14

2:00 P.M. Reception to THE ELKS MAGAZINE Good Will Tour at Elks Home.

Monday, July 15

10:00 A.M. National Ritualistic Contest, Elks Home—Lodge Room.

8:15 P.M. Escort of the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, and Grand Lodge Officers from Deshler-Wallick Hotel to Memorial Hall.

8:30 P.M. Official ceremony of the Seventy-First National Reunion of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. *Public Invited.* Memorial Hall.

Tuesday, July 16

9:45 A.M. Escort of the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Rulers and Grand Lodge Officers from Deshler-Wallick Hotel to Memorial Hall.

10:00 A.M. Opening Business Session of the Grand Lodge at Memorial Hall. Elections of officers and selection of next year's meeting place.

4:00 P.M. Conference, State Association Officials at Deshler-Wallick Hotel.

Wednesday, July 17

10:00 A.M. Second Business Session of the Grand Lodge at Memorial Hall. At this session will be held the Annual Memorial Service for Grand Lodge members who have passed beyond.

2:00 P.M. Third Business Session of the Grand Lodge at Memorial Hall.

Thursday, July 18

10:00 A.M. Final Business Session of the Grand Lodge at Memorial Hall. Installation of officers for ensuing year.

2:30 P.M. Grand Fraternal and Patriotic Parade with numerous Elk and military units.

2:30 P.M. Aerial escort of Parade by planes from Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, and Selfridge Field, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

### SECTION II—

### ENTERTAINMENT AND SPORTS

Saturday, July 13

3:00 P.M. Baseball—Columbus vs. Kansas City.

Band Concert at Elks Home. Dancing and Entertainment in the Elks Sunken Garden all evening.

Sunday, July 14

Church services at all churches. Inauguration of Elks Eleventh National Trap and Skeet Shooting Tournament. Target practice only. Columbus Gun Club.

¶ All program hours are Eastern Standard Time.

¶ Bands and Committees will meet all visiting delegations each day at the Union Station.

¶ Registration for members and ladies at the Elks Home, Fifth and Broad Streets.

¶ Credentials for Grand Lodge Members, necessary for admission to business sessions, issued at Grand Lodge Registration Headquarters, Deshler-Wallick Hotel.

Inauguration of Elks Seventh Annual Golf Tournament, Wyandott Country Club. Practice round.

3:00 P.M. Sight-seeing Trip for Grand Lodge Officers, Committees and their families.

3:00 P.M. Baseball—Columbus Red Birds vs. St. Paul. Bathing at numerous nearby pools.

Open house and Sail Boat Races at Buckeye Lake.

3:00 P.M. Polo games at Harbor Hills, Buckeye Lake.

3:00 P.M. Outboard motor races above O'Shaughnessey Dam on the Scioto River. Reception and Entertainment at Elks Home.

6:00 P.M. Banquet celebrating Golden Jubilee of Columbus Lodge, No. 37. Elks Home.

Monday, July 15

9:00 A.M. Opening of Elks Seventh National Golf Tournament, Wyandott Country Club.

9:00 A.M. Opening of the Trap and Skeet Shooting Tournament, Columbus Gun Club. Bathing at numerous nearby pools.

Open House at Buckeye Lake Yacht Club.

1:00 P.M. Grand Circuit Harness Races at Ohio State Fair Grounds.

2:00 P.M. Automobile tour of the City for all Elks and their ladies, starting from Elks Home. Ohio State University, Upper Arlington, Riverside Drive, Storage Dam and Zoo.

3:00 P.M. Baseball—Red Bird Stadium, Columbus Red Birds vs. St. Paul.

Band Concert, dancing and entertainment at the Elks Home and Sunken Garden.

Tuesday, July 16

9:00 A.M. Continuation of Trap and Skeet Shooting Tournament at the Columbus Gun Club.

9:00 A.M. Continuation of Golf Tournament at the Wyandott Country Club.

10:00 A.M. Shopping tour for Elks' ladies conducted by Elks' Women's Club, starting from Deshler-Wallick Hotel.

1:00 P.M. Grand Circuit Harness Races at Ohio State Fair Grounds.

2:00 P.M. Automobile tour for visitors. Cars leave from Elks Home. Bexley Air Port and Buckeye Lake. Open house at Buckeye Lake Yacht Club.

2:00 P.M. Card Party for visiting ladies, Elks Home. Band Concert, dancing and entertainment—Elks Home. Bathing at numerous nearby pools.

8:00 P.M. Concert program Columbus Elks Chorus and visiting Elks choruses; Columbus Maennerchor—Elks Home.

Dancing, bathing, amusements and "The Days of '49" at Olentangy Park.

8:30 P.M. Baseball, Columbus Red Birds vs. St. Paul.

Wednesday, July 17

9:00 A.M. Continuation of Golf Tournament, Wyandott Country Club.

10:00 A.M. Shopping tour for ladies conducted by members of the Elks' Women's Club starting from Deshler-Wallick Hotel.

1:00 P.M. Grand Circuit Harness Races at Ohio State Fair Grounds.

2:00 P.M. Prize contests for Bands, Drum Corps and Drill Teams at Olentangy Park. Preliminaries starting at 2:00 P.M.; finals at 8:00 P.M. "Days of '49" special attractions, bathing, dancing, etc., at Olentangy Park.

3:00 P.M. Baseball, Red Bird Stadium, Red Birds vs. St. Paul.

Open House at Buckeye Lake Yacht Club. Bathing at numerous nearby pools.

Band Concert and entertainment at Elks Home and Sunken Garden.

3:30 P.M. Tea and entertainment at Governor's Mansion followed by visit to Gallery of Fine Arts. For all Elks and their families.

5:00 P.M. Exhibition drill by Lady Elks Drill Team of Lorain, Ohio, in front of Elks Home.

8:00 P.M. Final contest for Bands and Drum Corps and Drill Teams at Olentangy Park.

8:00 P.M. Championship wrestling match at Haft's Acre.

10:00 P.M. Stag Frolic for uniformed men at the Greystone Ball Room under the auspices of the Columbus Elks Patrol. All Elks invited.

10:00 P.M. Grand Crystal Ball at Memorial Hall, East Broad Street, adjoining Elks Home. Elks Choruses, Community Singing, Continuous Entertainment and Dancing at the Elks Home and Sunken Garden.

Thursday, July 18

"Days of '49" special attractions, amusements and elaborate display of fireworks at Olentangy Park.

8:30 P.M. Baseball, Red Birds vs. Minneapolis.

Bathing at numerous nearby pools.

Continuous Entertainment and Dancing at the Elks Home and Sunken Garden.

# ALL ROADS LEAD TO COLUMBUS

*Join the Big Parade - July 15 to 18*



FROM MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL



MILWAUKEE



DETROIT

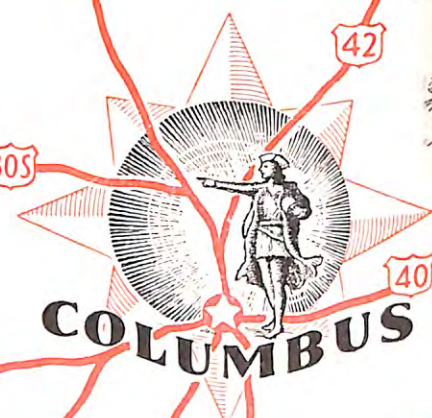
CHICAGO



CL



PEORIA



COLUMBUS



ST. LOUIS



LOUISVILLE



KNOXVILLE

NASHVILLE



Take this Road Map and Program with you to the **GRAND LODGE CONVENTION**

U.S. INTERSTATE HIGHWAYS

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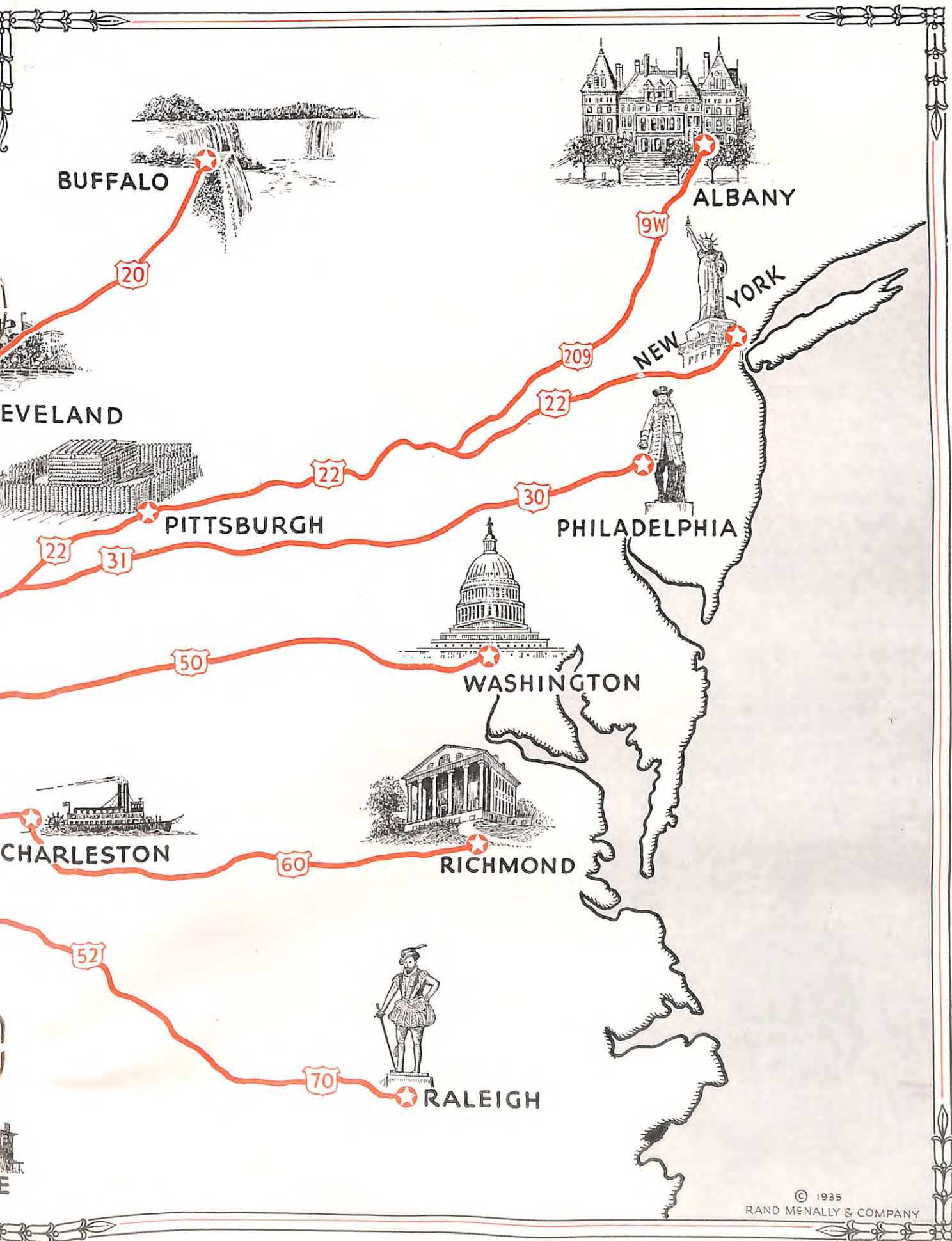
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*The First of a Series of Messages to  
Appear Regularly in The Elks Magazine*

# W<sup>M</sup> Whiteley Greets You from Leith, Scotland

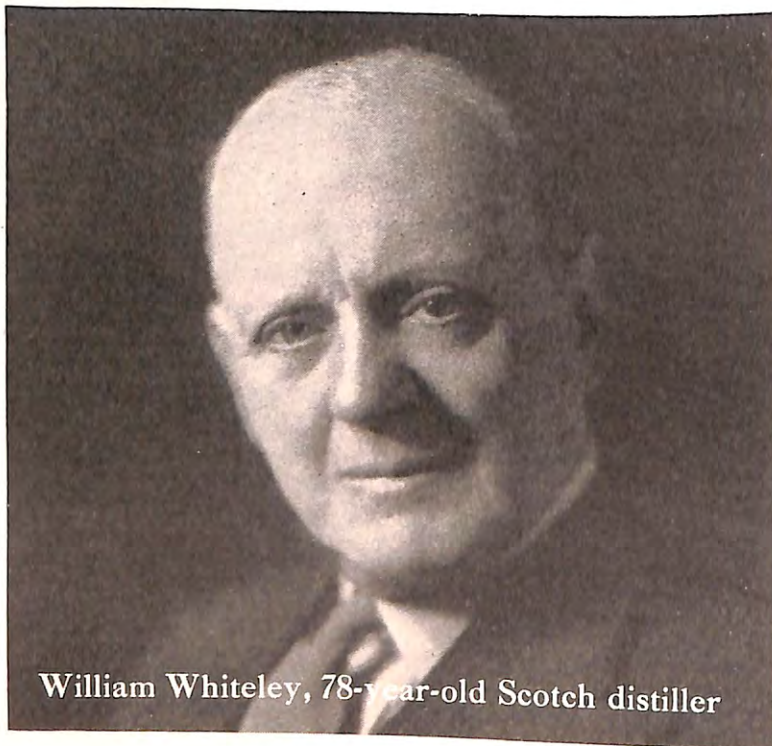
"I extend my best wishes for greatest ELKS Annual Convention in your history. We have joined your BIG PARADE—with full-page advertisements in your great magazine."

(Signed) Wm. Whiteley.



FIFTY years' experience and close personal supervision of every step in the production of the whiskies that bear his name, make William Whiteley's Scotch Whiskies the best that money can buy—dollar for dollar.

*You'll find them at the bar of your local Elks Club . . . And also in Columbus.*



William Whiteley, 78-year-old Scotch distiller



### WHITELEY'S KING'S RANSOM

A mellow Glenforres Glenlivet blend brought to a ripe old age, then shipped 30,000 miles round the world to further mature it and add to its exquisite bouquet and fine, round flavor. 94 proof—you'll taste the difference!

### WHITELEY'S HOUSE OF LORDS

The only Scotch whisky supplied to the House of Lords. The only Scotch that can rightfully carry on its label this distinguished name—"House of Lords." Praised by connoisseurs for its maturity, "balance" and flavor.



### WHITELEY'S LIQUEUR SCOTCH

All that the name implies—a true liqueur Scotch whisky, with body that gives remarkable zest and sustained flavor to highballs. A "friendly" Scotch that is popular at bars and in homes both for its quality and economy.

SOLE IMPORTERS AND AGENTS FOR U. S.—ALLIANCE DISTRIBUTORS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.



# The Order Presents a Flag Staff to a National Shrine

ON FLAG DAY, June 14, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, through the medium of the Grand Lodge, presented to the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation a handsome flag staff as concrete evidence of the deep interest it feels in the service performed by the Foundation. The presentation was made at Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson at Charlottesville, Va., where the flag staff was erected.

The officers of Charlottesville Lodge No. 389 conducted the dedication ceremonies. Among those present and assisting in the presentation were Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper of Lynchburg, Va., Charles S. Hart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and Morris L. Masinter, Member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.

At the conclusion of the Ritual as performed by the officers of Charlottesville Lodge, Exalted Ruler C. J. Morrisette turned the gavel over to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Harper who took charge of the ceremonies on behalf of the Grand Lodge. Mr. Harper spoke briefly before introducing Charles S. Hart, the acting Grand Chaplain, who delivered the invocation.

Next Mr. Harper introduced Morris L. Masinter, who delivered a short history of the Flag and spoke on the origin of the Elk ceremony observing Flag Day.

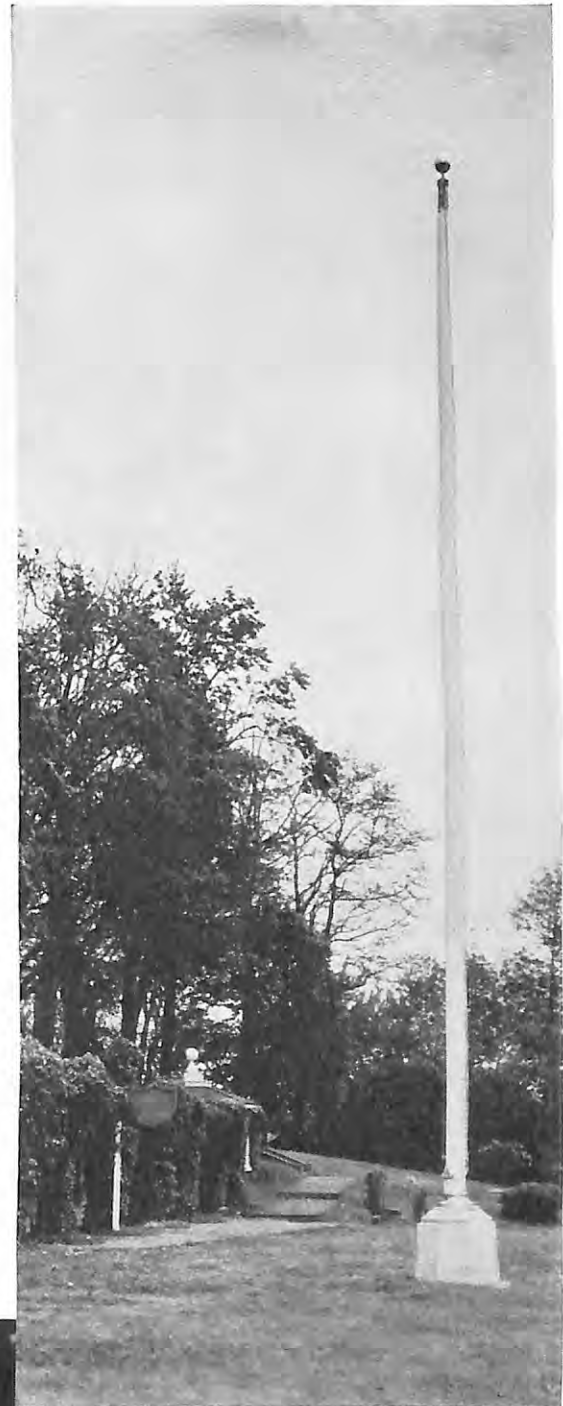
Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon was the next speaker. His was a stirring and patriotic address, reciting several anecdotes of heroes who died for their country and of the Continental Army at Valley Forge and Bunker Hill. He expressed the opinion that the solution of the troubles of our times would be a return to the simple faith and life of the pioneers who wrested a Nation from the wilderness and raised the torch of liberty in a darkened world. He finished with an inspiring tribute to Thomas Jefferson.

Mr. Shannon said, "No statesman has furnished a greater part of the idealism represented by the flag than Thomas Jefferson." In speaking of the qualities of Jefferson he concluded his address with the words, "I like to recall these simple, homely virtues because I believe it was the ability to love, enjoy, and practice the simple things, combined with great intellectual

endowments, that enabled Thomas Jefferson to give physical and mental strength throughout a long and useful life to his part in the building of the foundations of a successful and permanent democracy."

At the conclusion of his address Mr. Shannon presented Mr. Stuart G. Gibboney, President of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, who accepted the flag staff for his Organization.

Immediately upon the conclusion of the presentation, W. N. Perkinson, President of the Virginia State Elks Association, on behalf of the Association, presented to the Foundation a handsome American Flag, the first to be flown from the staff. Mr. Gibboney made an excellent and appropriate speech of acceptance, and the Flag was raised to the peak of the staff while the band played the Star Spangled Banner. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Harper then led the large crowd in the pledge to the Flag, and declared the impressive ceremonies concluded.



Holsinger

*Above: The flag pole presented to the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation. The pole, erected at Monticello, the Home of Jefferson near Charlottesville, Va., was presented by the B. P. O. E. The dedicatory ceremonies were conducted with impressive ritual by Charlottesville, Va., Lodge*

*Left: The handsome base of the pole with its suitable inscription. Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper spoke at the conclusion of the ritual, Mr. Shannon making the presentation on behalf of the Order*

# News of the State Associations



Officers of the North Carolina State Elks Association elected at the closing session of the Annual Convention at Salisbury, N. C. They are, left to right, W. B. Davis, Greensboro, Secretary-Treasurer; Furman James, Concord, Trustee; N. P. Mulvaney, Asheville, President; R. E. Stevens, Goldsboro, 1st Vice-President; Paul Whitlock, Salisbury, 2nd Vice-President. Mr. James is shown holding the cup his Lodge won for attendance

## Florida

THE Florida State Elks Association held its Annual Convention at Ocala, Fla., on April 21-22-23 this year, with a total of 27 out of 33 Lodges represented by 500 Elks. Ocala Lodge, No. 286, was host.

On the first evening of the meeting, an inspirational service was held at the War Memorial Building, with Governor David Sholtz, Past State Pres. and a member of the Board of Grand Trustees of the Grand Lodge, as the principal speaker. Others who delivered addresses were Past State Pres. Harold Colee, Secy.-Treas. of the Assn.; D.D. M. E. Welborn, and Father M. J. Nixon. On the morning of the 22nd, prior to the formal opening of the Convention, a breakfast was held for officers of the Assn., Exalted Rulers and Secretaries. The first business session opened with Pres. Caspian Hale presiding.

For the third consecutive time the Ritualistic Contest was won by Tallahassee Lodge, No. 937, this year with a score of 98.91. The fine work of New Smyrna, West Palm Beach and Sanford Lodges made the competition a close one. The Tallahassee Team now has permanent possession of the State Ritualistic Cup. It will represent No. 937 at the National Convention in Columbus.

The Memorial Address was delivered by Herbert B. Frederick of Daytona Beach Lodge, No. 1141. A splendid tribute was paid the late Walter P. Andrews, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, who died recently. The Convention set aside Sunday, June 16, as Home Day, when Exalted Rulers and Secretaries were scheduled to hold their annual meeting at Umatilla, Fla., the seat of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children. February 16 was established as Elks Crippled Children's Charity Day, to be observed by all Florida Lodges.

At the conclusion of the meeting the retiring President, Mr. Hale, was presented

with a desk set in appreciation of the achievements of his administration. Past Pres. J. Edwin Baker made the presentation. The retiring Secy.-Treas., Mr. Colee, who did not seek re-election to office, was presented with a set of silver goblets by the Elks as a token of their appreciation of his many years of successful work in the Association.

## State Association Constitutions

THE State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge has announced through P.G.E.R. Floyd E. Thompson, Chairman, the completion of a new guide constitution for State Elks Associations. It is recommended that State officials secure copies from Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Elks National Memorial Building, 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago, and transmit them to their Committees on Laws for study. With this model guide ways may be found for improving State Association constitutions.

The gift was made by Mr. Hale.

Tampa was chosen as the 1936 Convention City. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Pres., W. P. Mooty, Miami; 1st Vice-Pres., J. J. Fernandez, Tampa; 2nd Vice-Pres., A. B. Dooley, Pensacola; 3rd Vice-Pres., J. T. Bird, Daytona Beach; 4th Vice-Pres., Claude Johnson, Tallahassee; 5th Vice-Pres., W. M. Carter, Lakeland; Secy.-Treas., A. J. Cleary, Miami; Sergeant-at-Arms, Peter Gessner, DeLand; Chaplain,

Father M. J. Nixon, Ocala; Tiler, W. A. Wall, West Palm Beach; Historian, A. M. Taylor, St. Augustine. Members of the Executive Committee are Pres. Mooty; immediate Past Pres. Hale; Vice-Pres. Fernandez; Secy.-Treas. Cleary; Past Pres. J. Edwin Baker, West Palm Beach; L. L. Anderson, Cocoa, and A. C. Altwater, Sebring.

## Georgia

COLUMBUS, GA., LODGE, NO. 111, was host to the Georgia State Elks Assn. at its Annual Convention held on April 28-29-30. Approximately 400 Elks attended, among them being John S. McClelland, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge, and C. M. Tardy, Pres. of the Alabama State Elks Assn.

Among the social and entertainment events presented by the Convention Committee were a dutch lunch for delegates and their ladies in the grill room of the Lodge Home, and a program rendered on the terrace by a chorus of negro spiritual singers, on the first day. On the second day a luncheon, Army style, was given at Fort Benning. An interesting tour was made over the Reservation, and at 3 P.M. there was a review of the full military dress parade of the 29th U. S. Regiment. A Grand Ball was held in the evening in the ball room of the Lodge Home. Music was furnished by the 29th Regiment Infantry Orchestra.

The election of officers for the ensuing year took place at a morning business session on the 30th. Walter E. Lee, of Waycross, was elected Pres., and R. E. Lee Reynolds, of Atlanta, was re-elected Secy.-Treas. The Vice-Pres.'s are: Charles G. Bruce, Atlanta, 1st Dist.; Jack Walton, Columbus, 2nd Dist.; W. F. Crute, Macon, 3rd Dist.; Alva S. Jarnagin, Albany, 4th Dist.; George W. Upchurch, Savannah 5th Dist., and George W. Crawford, Fitzgerald, 6th Dist. After the election, the remainder of the day was given over to entertainment, informal parties, golf and sightseeing.

Peter G. A. Vig, D.D. for Ga. South, served as General Chairman of the Convention Committee. The success of the annual meeting was so marked, due to his unusual ability in planning, that at the last executive session he was presented with a beautiful watch by the members of the Assn. in appreciation of his untiring efforts. Mrs. T. B. Lamar served as Chairman of the Ladies' Activities Committee which contributed in no small way to the success of the Convention. Albany Lodge, No. 713, was the winner of the Phil Maggioni Cup in the Ritualistic Contest. An executive meeting of the Assn. is scheduled to take place in Macon in October.

R. B. McKnight, Secy., Columbus Lodge

## Alabama

CLARENCE M. TARDY, of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, was re-elected President of the Alabama State Elks Assn. at the concluding session of the Annual Convention held in Demopolis May 5-6-7, with Demopolis Lodge, No. 681, acting as host. Other officers elected to serve during the coming year are: Charles L. DeBardeleben, Selma, 1st Vice-Pres.; Edward N. Levy, Demopolis, 2nd Vice-Pres.; Thomas I. Dennis, Birmingham, 3rd Vice-Pres.; Frank O'Hear, Ensley, 4th Vice-Pres.; and Clyde W. Anderson, Florence, 5th Vice-Pres. Past State Pres. Fournier J. Gale, of Mobile, was elected Secy.-Treas. The Trustees are Thomas E. Martin, Montgomery; S. B. Israel, Blocton; Sam Lefkovitz, Bessemer; H. E. Seilhorst, Mobile, and L. A. Goldman, Demopolis. The 1936 Convention will be held in Mobile.

The silver cup for floor work went to the Ritualistic Team of Blocton Lodge, No. 710, with Frank S. Israel as E.R. The presentation speech was made by Dr. H. A. Elkourie, E.R. of the State Assn. Degree Team. Nine candidates were initiated into the Order. Amendments to the by-laws and constitution were adopted in order that nine Districts might be set up throughout the State, with a supervisor for each. Efforts will be made to increase the number of Lodges in every District. Resolutions were adopted to encourage a Ladies' Auxiliary for each Lodge. The President has appointed a committee to choose regalia for the Degree Teams.

An inscribed white gold watch was given to Pres. Tardy, the presentation being made by Mr. Gale, and a scroll carrying the names of the nine Lodges of the State was presented by Dr. Elkourie. Pres. Tardy and Dr. Elkourie were hosts at a dinner for the Birmingham Lodge Patrol, which is headed by Capt. Charles McCombs, on the night preceding the end of the convention.

**North Carolina**

AT the Home of Salisbury, N. C., Lodge, No. 699, approximately 125 North Carolina Elks attended one of the most enthusiastic Conventions of the North Carolina State Elks Assn. held since its reorganization several years ago. The social activities included a dance each evening and a barbecue. The Ritualistic Contest was an engrossing competition. Asheville Lodge, No. 1401, competed with Durham Lodge, No. 568, the Judges voting two to one in favor of Asheville. Col. T. L. Kirkpatrick, candidate for Governor of the State, was present and made a short but interesting talk.

Officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: N. P. Mulvaney, Asheville, Pres.; R. E. Stevens, Goldsboro, 1st Vice-Pres.; Paul Whitlock, Salisbury, 2nd Vice-Pres.; W. B. Davis, Greensboro, Secy.-Treas.; R. Furman James, Concord, Trustee for three years. Wilmington was chosen as the meeting place for the 1936 Convention, at a date to be selected by the President in conjunction with Wilmington Lodge, No. 532.

W. B. Davis, Secy.-Treas.

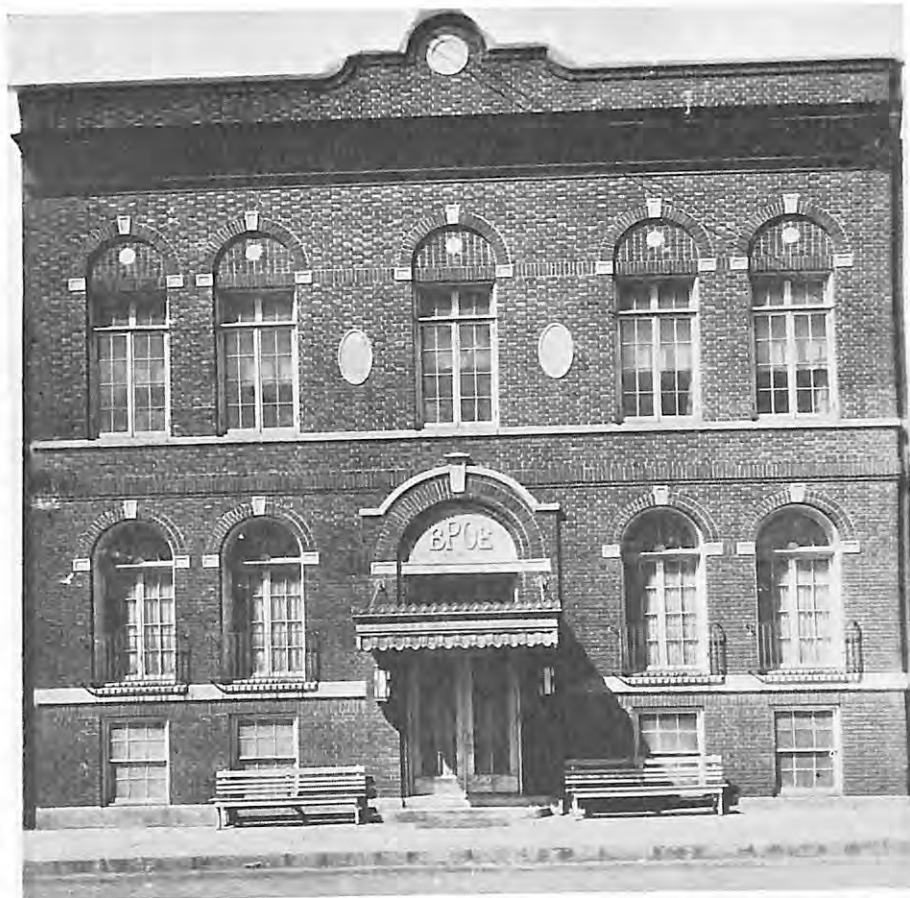
**Oklahoma**

THE Oklahoma State Elks Association held its 28th Annual Convention at Enid, Okla., on May 25-26-27. An attendance of more than 400 Elks were registered, representing the 20 Lodges of the State as well as a number from Kansas.

George M. McLean of El Reno Lodge No. 743, Pres. of the Assn., presided at all the sessions, and full credit for the success of the meeting was given to him as a result of his efforts in contacting the membership throughout the State and in creating interest in the Association. W. H. Hills, newly-installed Exalted Ruler of Enid Lodge No. 870, was General Chairman of the Convention. Under his leadership Enid Lodge furnished the delegates a complete program of entertainment and proved itself to be an excellent host.

The peak of the Convention was reached on the night of the 26th when 375 Elks and their ladies participated in a banquet given in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge No. 664. H. Glenn Boyd, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, of Wichita, Kans., Lodge No. 427, was a distinguished guest at the dinner. Both he and Mr. Campbell spoke. McAlester Lodge No. 533 took first place in the State Ritualistic Contest. McAlester also was named as the 1936 Convention City.

Officers elected for the ensuing year are: Pres., Louis F. Pfotenhauer, Oklahoma City;



The new Home of Martinsburg, W. Va., Lodge, where the West Virginia State Elks Association Convention will be held August 12, 13, 14

1st Vice-Pres., E. B. Smith, Sapulpa; 2nd Vice-Pres., C. R. Donley, Woodward; 3rd Vice-Pres., W. H. Hills, Enid; Secy., Floyd H. Brown, Blackwell (re-elected), and Treas., H. A. P. Smith, Shawnee (re-elected).

D. H. Perry, D.D.

Texarkana; 1st Vice-Pres., John Pruniski, North Little Rock; 2nd Vice-Pres., Frank Andrews, Brinkley; Secy.-Treas., Victor A. Ghio, Texarkana; Trustees: Chairman, Dr. Leonard R. Ellis, Hot Springs; Charles E. Moyer, Little Rock, and C. C. Mitchener, Marianna.

In addition to those elected to office in the Assn., other distinguished Elks attending the meeting were H. H. Waterman, Hot Springs; A. J. Wilson, Little Rock, and R. J. Rice, North Little Rock, each of whom had been recently elected Exalted Ruler of his respective Lodge.

It was planned by the newly organized State Assn. to hold a conference of new officers of subordinate Lodges. Arrangements also were being completed for the initiation of a State class of candidates, with the best Degree Team in the State performing the initiatory work.

Floyd E. Thompson, P.G.E.R.

**Iowa**

THE 30th Annual Reunion of the Iowa State Elks Association was held June 3-4-5, with Muscatine, Ia., Lodge, No. 304, as host. There were more than 650 registered guests, including Past State Pres. Clyde E. Jones, of Ottumwa Lodge, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, and Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.

An opening session was held on the evening of June 2 with Mr. Jones as the principal speaker. The first business session was held on the following morning, and for the next two days business meetings and social activities filled the time of the delegates. More than 1,000 Elks attended the annual fish fry picnic held on the afternoon and evening of the first day. On June 4, four Lodges competed in the State Ritualistic Contest.

(Continued on page 52)

**National Ritualistic Contest**

THE National Ritualistic Contest, conducted by the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge, will be held in Columbus on Monday, July 15th, at 10 A.M. The same prizes as were awarded last year will again be given, namely:

First prize . . . . .	\$150
Second prize . . . . .	125
Third prize . . . . .	100
Fourth prize . . . . .	75
Fifth prize . . . . .	50
Total . . . . .	\$500

**Arkansas**

REPRESENTATIVES of the Elk Lodges of the State of Arkansas met on May 30 in the Lodge room of Hot Springs Lodge, No. 380, and reorganized the Arkansas State Elks Assn. The meeting was called by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson. The former Arkansas Association was disbanded 10 years ago.

Officers elected to serve during the next year are all Past District Deputies. They are: Pres., Dr. Leonce J. Kosminsky,

# The Launching of the



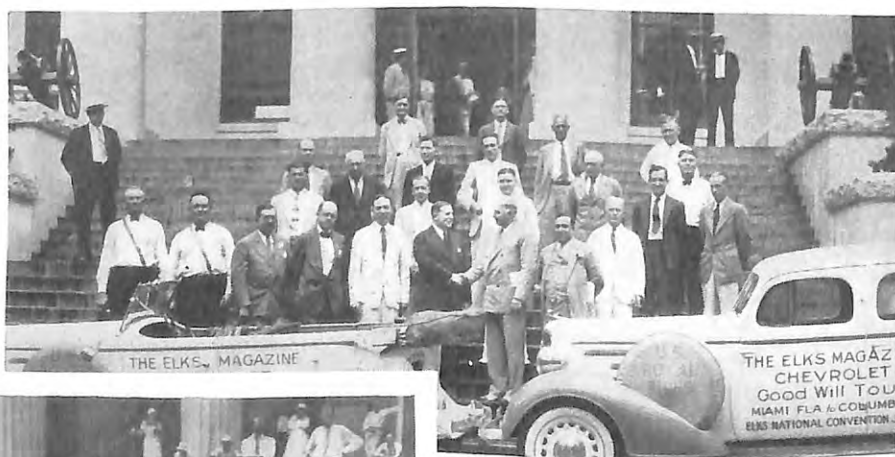
Above: The Fleet arrives in Oakland, Calif., to be greeted by Exalted Ruler Emil P. Schlichtmann and members of that Lodge. The four cars of the Western routes were assembled at the Oakland Plant of the Chevrolet Motor Co.



Above: Sacramento, Calif., was selected as the starting point for the two Western divisions of the Purple and White Fleet. In this group are Governor Frank M. Merriam, D.D. William J. Quinn, D.D. Carl Sturzenacker and officers and members of Sacramento Lodge, including Reception Committee Chairman Neil McAllister, Exalted Ruler Ashen and Arnold Vogel of No. 6



Above: Howard Davis, President of City Council of Los Angeles, Calif., joins Exalted Ruler-elect Otto Emme and other City and Elk officials in extending greetings to Good Will Ambassadors Axel Christensen and George L. Stalzer on their arrival. Sacramento was the starting point for these drivers



Above: Governor Dave Sholtz, of Florida, speeds the Miami-to-Columbus cars on their way with a preliminary ceremony at the State Capitol, Tallahassee. View shows the Governor with the Ambassadors and members of No. 937

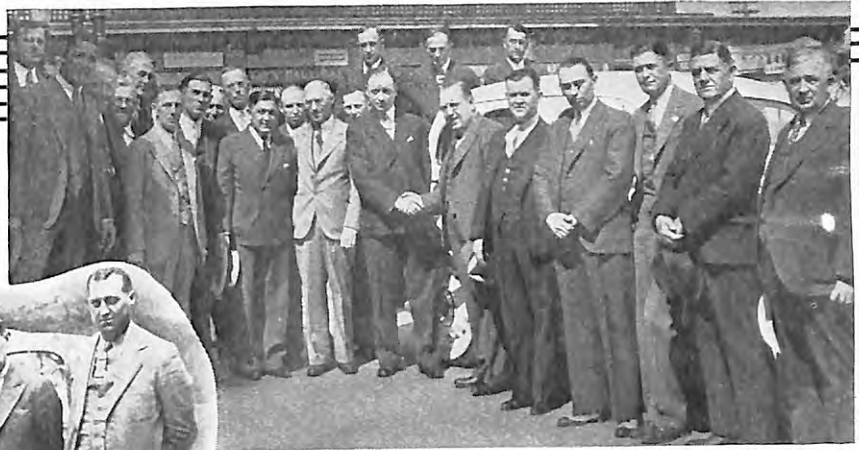


Left: Mayor A. H. D. Fossey with Hayes Wood, Exalted Ruler, and Thomas J. Kelly, Exalted Ruler-elect, together with City officials and members of Miami, Fla., Lodge, greeting the Ambassadors of the Good Will Fleet during their visit

# GOOD WILL TOUR



Below: J. H. Gauthier, Secretary to Mayor Mahoney, of Worcester, Mass., gives Ambassadors City key. E.R. Leigh at right



Above: The Ambassadors of Route No. 1 are officially started at Lowell, Mass., by Mayor J. J. Bruin and Exalted Ruler J. E. Scott with D.D. F. C. Doucette, P.D.D. J. E. Donnelly and Lodge members

Below: Mayor Charles Bartlett with Exalted Ruler James E. Dolson and members of Evanston, Ill., Lodge inspect the Good Will Fleet on its arrival there



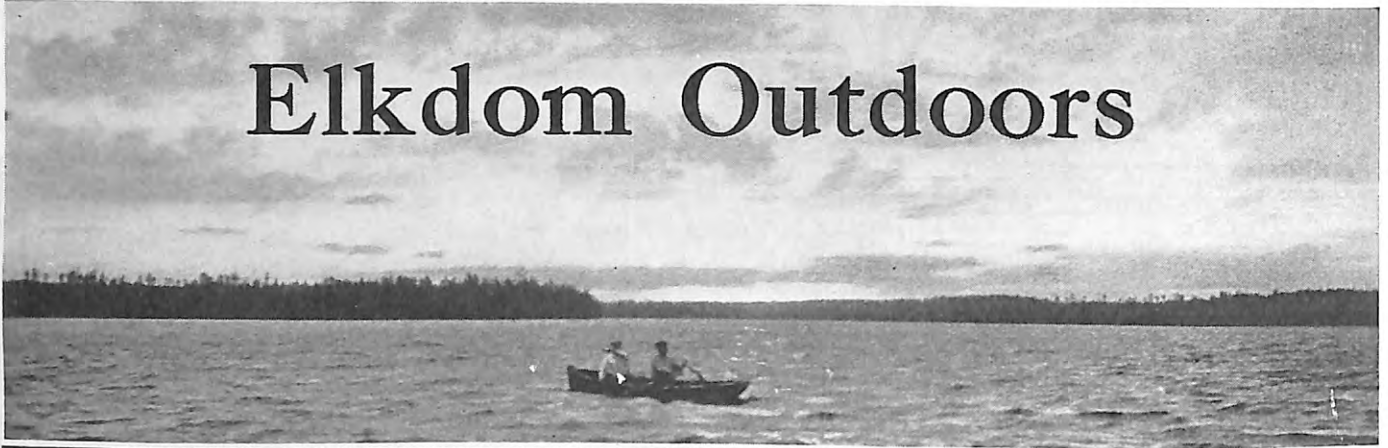
Above: At Springfield, Mass., left to right, Joe Horan, Exalted Ruler G. D. Cummings, N. J. Sampson, Mayor Martens, T. J. Nally, Joe Downing, Philip Caporale, City Prosecutor, and Ed Van with H. F. Williamson and Joe Gallagher

Below: When the Miami to Columbus division of the Good Will Fleet arrived in New Smyrna, Fla., it was received by Mayor W. E. Swoope, Past Exalted Ruler W. M. Miller, Exalted Ruler-elect L. J. Johnson, Jr., W. W. Scott and other members of Lodge No. 1557



Above: Ceremonies preliminary to the start of the Eastern Division of the Good Will Fleet at Detroit. Officers and members of that Lodge sped the Good Will Ambassadors on their way

# Elkdom Outdoors



Above: As the sun is setting Wisconsin musky fishermen take to their boats, for at this time of day lunge fishing is at its best. Until one has hooked a big musky from a canoe in open water his fishing education is not complete. Many record fish are taken from Wisconsin waters every year

Below: The Wisconsin Conservation Department spends considerable time and money in the propagation of pike. This practice is well worth while as pike afford home and visiting sportsmen great sport. The scene below shows the laying of pike eggs at the head of the famous Wisconsin River



Above: Small mouth bass fishing in Wisconsin affords one of the finest recreations in the State. Although the fish above are not record size, they represent a full day's sport for the four fortunate ones who caught them. A great many record small mouth bass are taken in Wisconsin's plentiful waters during the season



Above: Ivar Hennings of The South Bend Bait Company with a 17-lb. lake trout caught at Lake-of-the-Woods, Ontario. Mr. Henning was trying out one of his own new baits, the Spoon-Oreno, and hooked this trout while casting with light weight tackle. Mr. Henning's baits are carefully tested before being sold



Left: Mrs. W. C. Taylor of Madison, Wisconsin, and her 43½-lb. musky taken on a jointed pikie minnow from Lake Tapos, Vilas County. Mrs. Taylor is loud in her praise of the pikie minnow as a dependable fish getter



Right: One of the prize muskellunge of the year was taken by Louis E. Fazen, Jr., of Racine, Wisconsin, Lodge No. 252. He landed this splendid 46-pounder at Pipestone Lake, Ontario, Canada

# How Will They Finish?

**\$1000<sup>00</sup>** in prizes

**\$500<sup>00</sup>** first prize

(\$250 Each League)

**\$250** Second prize

**\$250** Other prizes



*Three Prizes  
for Every Lodge*

Three prizes of  
three Cartons  
of Old Golds to  
every Lodge  
that has ten or  
more members  
entered

**H**ERE is a chance to win a substantial amount of money and have a lot of fun at the same time. **AT NO EXPENSE.**

One thousand dollars in prizes for the winning forecasts **ACCOMPANIED BY A TWENTY-FIVE WORD STATEMENT** giving your reasons why you think the National and American League teams will finish the 1935 season in the order you designate.

All you have to do is write your selection on the official entry blank below or a similar one, cut out the blank and send it with a twenty-five word (or less, if you prefer) written statement giving the reason for your choice.

**ANYBODY** can compete and your twenty-five word statement will not be judged for literary excellence, punctuation or grammar. It's the reasons you give that count. Women as well as men are eligible. Several women were former prize winners.

A simple way to go about making **YOUR** forecast is to see how the teams finished last year, study the sporting pages of your newspaper for the expert opinions of baseball writers as to the 1935 chances for the various teams.

At the close of the 1935 baseball season the winners will be announced and the names and awards printed in the November issue of **THE ELKS MAGAZINE.**

All entry blanks and statements (send the blank with your statement) must be received in the office of **OLD GOLD** Contest Editor by midnight of Thursday, **AUGUST FIRST, 1935.**

Take your pencil **NOW** and enter this contest, which is conducted mainly to furnish interest and amusement among thousands of **ELKS**, although you **DO NOT** have to be an Elk or a member of an Elk's family to compete. The contest is open to **ANYONE.**

Send all entries to—

**OLD GOLD BASEBALL CONTEST EDITOR**  
119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

**SPECIAL NOTICE:** Note closing date is extended to August First, 1935

See **OLD GOLD** Baseball Contest Poster in your local Elks Clubhouse



### The Teams

National League		American League	
Boston	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Washington
Brooklyn	Cincinnati	St. Louis	Philadelphia
New York	Chicago	Detroit	New York
Philadelphia	St. Louis	Cleveland	Boston

National League		American League	
1		1	
2		2	
3		3	
4		4	
5		5	
6		6	
7		7	
8		8	

PLEASE PRINT

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....Lodge No.....

# Big Thrills in Sport

(Continued from page 11)

imagine at this time just what it will be.

Of course you all know the background: how the Masters' is run each spring; how it was open to amateurs and pros, with \$5,000 in prizes to the winners; how the course was designed under the supervision of Bobby Jones with reproductions of famous holes he had played upon the world over. You probably know that Bobby himself comes out of retirement for this one show each year, the only tournament in which he competes. What you probably didn't realize is that Sarazen was convinced he was due to win—in fact, had said so openly to more than one acquaintance, among others Bobby's father, R. T. Jones, Sr.

At the end of the first day's play a dam-Yankee, Henry Picard, the pro from Hershey, Pa., who plays golf to keep the world chocolate-conscious, set the pace with a blazing 67, 5 under par and better than the competitive course record. All Dixie was sad and weary as one R. T. Jones, Jr., of Atlanta, was 7 strokes behind the leaders with a 74. Sarazen had a 68.

Second day, Picard led with 135. Sarazen tied with two others for second with 139 and was 4 strokes in the rear. On the third day Craig Wood, the blond bomber from Deal, N. J., swept to the lead with a 209, Olin Dutra, U. S. pro champion, was second with 210, Picard third with 211, and Sarazen fourth with 212. The

final day was the first anniversary of Wood's wedding. His bride was present, so the boy with the face of a movie star decided to celebrate. He finished off with a blazing score of 282 for the 72 holes, or an average of less than four strokes to a hole, which should have meant the match. Two hundred and eighty-two was 6 under par for the course, and while the newspaper men were sending off bulletins telling how he had sewn up the title, he sat down with his bride in the clubhouse to celebrate.

**B**UT Sarazen was still on the course. There were four holes with pars of 5, 3, 4, 4, or 16 in all, left. His score for the 68 holes played was 269, so with Wood's 282, it meant that even if he covered the four remaining holes in perfect golf he would still lose by three strokes, 285 to 282!

Then came the Big Thrill. I'll insist it was the Big Thrill of 1935. It happened on the 485 yard par 5 fifteenth hole, scene of the most famous shot in golfing history. Gene's drive went 265 yards, but he was still a good 220 from the pin, with a downward lie on a soggy, rain-soaked course. Grim-lipped, the Little Sardine took his special spoon, his favorite club! Beyond and above lay the green. He sighted, struck. The ball

whistled through the air, bounced onto the green and rolled—into the cup! A double eagle, three under par, a shot far rarer than a hole in one. By this one stroke he made up Wood's handicap, went on to tie, and won the play-off by five strokes.

You call it luck? All right, call it luck, call it a fluke, call it chance or what you will. I prefer to call it the response of a fighting heart—the reply of a great champion, a man who never says die and does not know what the word surrender means—this Big Thrill of 1935.

This Big Thrill came at the start of the



Underwood and Underwood

*Pym, the Bolton goalie, (left) in a thrilling play during this year's final soccer match at Wembley Stadium in England*

season, most come toward the end. But not always. Last fall the Big Thrill in football came not at the finish, but almost exactly in mid-season. It was on October 24, 1934, when the majority of contests between the leading elevens had yet to be decided.

It was all the fault of the schedul-makers. They had matched Pittsburgh and Minnesota on that Saturday in October, after Minnesota the mighty had smacked Pitt 7-3 the previous year, knocking the Panthers out of the national title hunt. There to see were 64,850 frenzied fans, most of them convinced that history would not repeat itself. The majority were Pittsburgh citizens, but many were among them who had traveled all the way from Minneapolis.

And there they were—the two best elevens in the country playing an early season game for what amounted to the national title. For a while Pitt, with its marvelous offense, trampled the Norsemen and gained a 7-0 lead as Izzy Weinstock got through the Gopher line and passed to Mike Nicksick who went 64 yards for the touchdown. Was Minnesota discouraged? Answer, yes. All the remainder of the half they were playing a desperately defensive game. Twice the powerful Panthers penetrated their 15-yard mark, once reaching within 6 yards of

another score before they were stopped.

Everyone anticipated some sort of a comeback in the second half. But Pitt still kept the upper hand. In fact there were only a few minutes left of play when a Panther back fumbled and lost 15 yards. A punt followed, and Minnesota received the ball just outside the Pittsburgh 50 yard line mark. *the first time they had been beyond their own 32 yard line.*

Time was running out fast. Coach Bernie Bierman sent in Stanley Kostka, the darndest thing that ever hit a line. Low, immense, terrifically fast, Kostka took the ball straight into the pile and came out the other side, going strong. He bowled along 8 yards before being stopped. On the next play Minnesota was in Pitt territory for the first time in the game. Again Kostka, and again. This was something like. The little section of Gopher rooters in the stands rose, howling in delight. Ball on the 30 yard line; on the 22 yard line. Then with everyone concentrating on Kostka, Alphonse on a neat reverse play broke through for a touchdown. Big Bill Beban, the Minnesota guard, kicked the goal and the score was 7-7.

After the kickoff Pug Lund, the Minnesota captain, went wild. With Kostka running interference, he carried the ball in a series of ripping plays for a total of 47 yards to the Pitt 17 yard line. Then he was held. The score was tied, the title for the Big Thrill.

Glen Seidel faded back, took the pass and shot a lateral to Kostka. Kostka lateraled in back to Lund. But on top of Lund were the Pitt ends and tackles, some of the greatest linemen in football. He ducked one, jabbed past another, side-stepped and wrenched himself free from a third tackler, and coolly shot a forward right into the arms of Big Bob Tener, the Gopher end, who gathered it in on the 10 yard line and ran for the winning score. And though the home team was bowing to defeat, even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer this magnificent last minute stand which for the second year had won a national championship.

What's the longest distance you ever traveled for a Big Thrill? From Chicago to St. Louis? From Minneapolis to Pittsburgh? That's nothing. Each fall at World Series time hitch-hikers from Little Rock, Ark., and Dallas, Tex., fall into the lines before the ticket booths in New York, Philadelphia or Washington for the opening clash. Once a sportsman traveled clear across an ocean for his Big Thrill, and got it too. He is the bearer of an old and honored name in

(Continued on page 40)





# Kentucky *discovered* Crab Orchard first—now this straight bourbon whiskey is known from coast to coast! . . .

**L**ONG AGO, Crab Orchard whiskey enjoyed a local but enthusiastic fame in the Blue Grass country.

But two generations passed before the straight bourbon whiskey bottled and labeled under the Crab Orchard brand gained nationwide popularity almost overnight.

Amid the confusion of repeal, people found it lived up to their idea of a Kentucky whiskey—that it was rich and mellow,

as only a whiskey distilled the slow, old-fashioned way can be—that it was straight as a string—and *cost surprisingly little*.

Good news spreads fast. One man told another—and another—and another—until this once-local favorite has become America's fastest-selling straight whiskey!

Your taste will tell you the secret of its popularity. You'll find it amazingly ripe and mellow—and attractively low in price.

Kentucky straight whiskey

Made the good old-fashioned way

Smooth and satisfying to taste

Sold at a price anyone can pay

*A good guide to good whiskey*

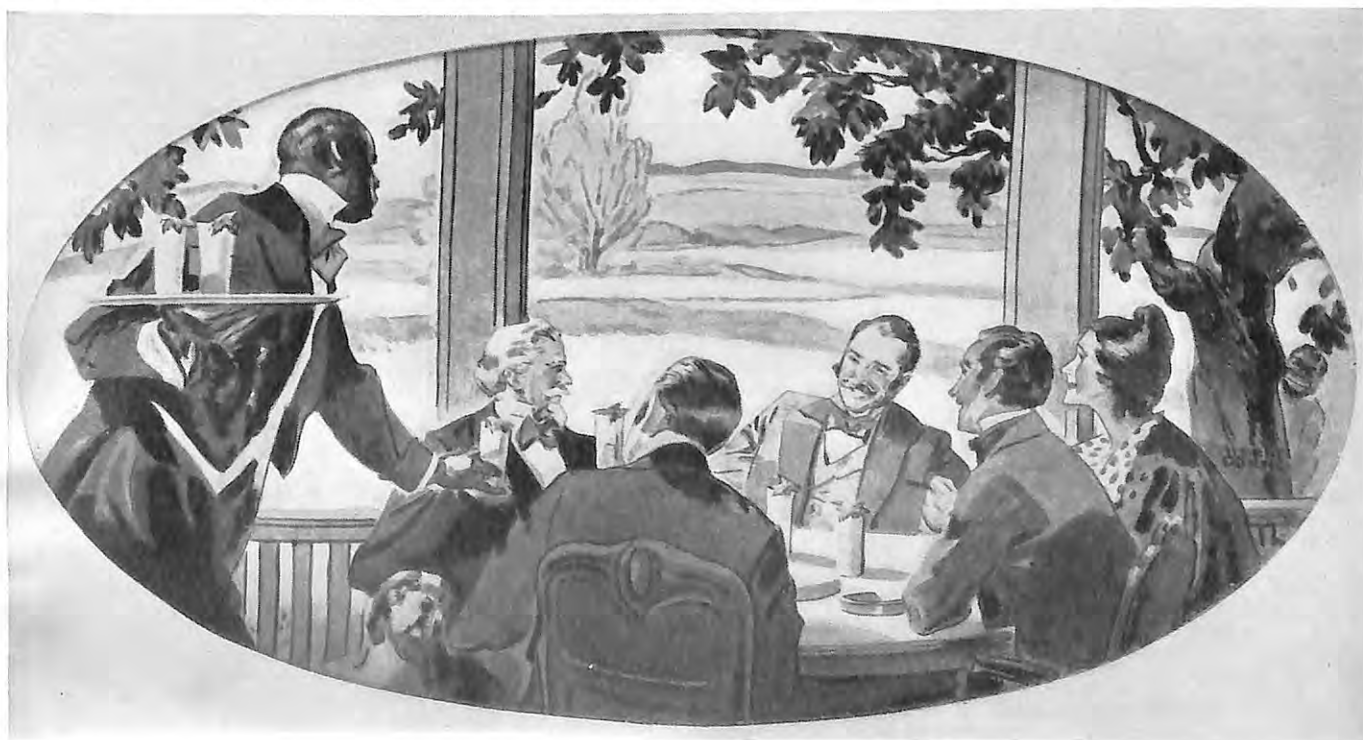



*Savory dishes and a noble whiskey made the old Crab Orchard Springs Hotel the mecca of all the Blue Grass country sixty years ago*

## Crab Orchard

**AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY**

© 1935  
The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation, Louisville, Ky.



(Continued from page 38)

sport—the Earl of Derby—a name associated with the most celebrated horse race in history.

The present Earl, for whose ancestor the famous English classic is named, and who himself has been the owner of a Derby winner at Epsom Downs, came over as the guest of William Woodward of New York City, who won the Kentucky Derby this year with Omaha and who, back in 1930, was racing the three-year-old, Gallant Fox. The Earl could not have picked a better host, and as he sat in the glass pagoda at Churchill Downs that afternoon he must have received a thrill as tremendous as any when his own colors went to the front at Epsom.

The race was to be a duel between Gallant Fox and E. F. Pritchard's Tannery, pride of the Blue Grass State. A battle between North and South. At the start Tannery was well up, just behind Alcibiades, a filly, with the Fox well in the rear. Past the half the order was little changed—Alcibiades, Tannery, T. M. Cassidy's Crack Brigade in third place. But Earle Sande had brought Gallant Fox up into fourth, just ahead of Gallant Knight. Between the half and three-quarters, things happened. Sande moved the Fox along on the outside to third, to second, then even, while Tannery pushed up with Alcibiades and there they were, neck and neck, not a whisker's lead to be discerned by the anxious men in the box. Down the track they pounded, Tannery on the rail, Alcibiades in the middle, the Fox on the outside. It was a killing pace, and as they swept past the three-quarter mark, Alcibiades suddenly cracked open. He faltered, fell back, and there was the race, Tannery and Gallant Fox, North and South, fighting for the lead and victory.

The distinguished men, with glasses at their eyes, watched feverishly for signs of daylight. Not a foot, not an inch, not a crack. During a matter of seconds that seemed ages, they held even. Then came the Big Thrill. Slowly, imperceptibly, the Fox edged on. An inch, a foot, a few feet—when bang! Tannery cracked, just as Alcibiades had done. Within the space of a few seconds the horse went back, and as Sande swept down the stretch under the wire on the greatest 3-year-old of the day, victor of his sixth race in succession, the jovial old Britisher lost his composure and turned to embrace his host, happy for an American Big Thrill which he had traveled 3,300 miles to witness.

FIVE years ago there were three men in sport who could always be counted on to furnish a thrill in any competition: Hagen, Tilden and Ruth. The Babe's thrill was always the Big Thrill, it was the kind of moment sport fans will endure any amount of punishment and pay any price to see, because they know that when it comes it will lift them to their feet in frenzy—that it will be sporting history, something to recall as the years roll along. If you were at the World Series of 1932 you probably saw the big boy at his best.

It was the first year, remember, that the Yanks had won the pennant since 1927. In the two opening games in New York they had beaten the Cubs easily, and they moved on with a 2-0 lead, comfortable but by no means secure. At Wrigley Field the Chicago crowd was hostile to the Yanks and especially to Ruth. They jeered his every move. When he banged out homers in practice they yelled, and when he muffed a fly in the sun they roared their approval. The Babe retaliated by smacking out a homer his first time at bat, sending in Combs and Sewell ahead for three runs.

In the fourth he tried for a shoestring catch in the field, which got past him. The mob rose, hooting and yelling as the hit went

for two bases. Into the fifth with the two nines were tied at 5-5. Ruth came to bat. Instantly the whole field stood, booing and razzing, while lemons were tossed onto the plate. It was not an equal contest, one man against that gang, but Ruth was their master.

Charley Root, the Cub twirler, uncoiled his arm and split the plate. Strike one! Yells, boos, groans and cries from the crowd, from the substitutes on the Chicago bench, from all over the stands. Ruth stepped from the batter's box and held up one finger. A fighting challenge. One down, it said, that finger, but it only takes one to hit it. Again the pitcher threw the ball, and this time Ruth swung and missed cleanly. The mob was delirious with joy. Two strikes! Only the man at the plate was cool in that immense throng. He stepped back, holding up two fingers, saying in pantomime:

"Yes, O.K., two strikes on me. But wait." And turning, he swung his forefinger in the direction of the center field fence, a challenge to the crowd. One man against 50,000! Silence settled over the stands. Such a thing as a batter calling his shot had never been done before. They were subdued by his courage and audacity, and they waited as he set himself to face the pitch.

It came. Across the plate. He met it on the nose. Crack! Up and out, up, up it flew, out of the park in deep center, exactly where he had indicated, the highest homer of the series, the longest ever seen in Chicago. It broke the defiance of the crowd. It broke the heart of Charley Root. It broke up the Series, for New York won the game 7-5 and the next afternoon took the final one 13-6. The Babe's Big Thrill.

NOW I have heard the roar which greets a homer in a crucial game from the bat of the mighty Ruth, I have listened to the ecstasy of the Yale stands as the bulldog claws, snarls, fights and chaws his way across the Princeton goal, but candor compels me to admit that when it comes to thrills in sport it's hard to beat the winning goal in a Cup Tie match in England. Broadly speaking, there is only one popular sport abroad, and that is association, or soccer football. And the Cup Tie is the World Series of the game.

We think we know something about crowds in this country, but that crowd at the Cup Tie is a crowd. One hundred and twenty thousand broke down the gates the year the stadium was opened, and when I went a few years back, the place was crowded with well over 100,000. The two contestants, all that remained of fifty-odd clubs that had started the season in the fall, were the Bolton Wanderers from the north of England, and Manchester City from the midlands. Their supporters had descended upon the capital by train and bus all night, queer youths in caps and faded overcoats who had been saving for months and months to make the trip. The previous evening they had been standing at the fly-frames of a cotton mill in some bleak Lancashire town. All night they had traveled. Tonight they would return the same way. All this for their Big Thrill, the Cup Tie.

Some of them without tickets were in line as we reached the Wembley Stadium at noon. The majority were forced to stand in the cheaper places which did not entitle one to a seat. At last the game started in a drizzle. "Oop, na, City, oop, na," they shouted. Easier said than done. Smith and Vizard, the Bolton stars, in rare style, their tricks with the ball many and subtle, bombard the Manchester goal. But no score comes. After an interval Manchester attacks. Pym, the Bolton goalie—once he was a fisherman in a Devon village—saves a ball headed for the corner of the net and applause ripples round the stadium. Then

suddenly the ball is passed to Vizard—Vizard the Wizard they call him affectionately. He dribbles past one opponent, outruns another, passes to Smith, takes the pass back and then, old fox that he is, without even troubling to make the ball dead, shoots hard and true with his left foot. A goal.

England's Big Thrill! Like a single thunderclap the Bolton stands explode. A hundred thousand people in delirium, hundreds and hundreds of caps thrown into the air, while down in the front row a man begins a clog dance in front of the stands. And above the noise and cheering comes the cry, louder and more insistent, "Th' Coop, th' Coop." The Cup, emblem of victory, is being brought out from the stands and placed on the touchline. A score has been made and tradition demands its appearance.

American or British, the crowd comes for that split second when the forward finds the goalie off balance and jams the ball into the net with the end of the game approaching and only a matter of seconds left between victory or the umpire's whistle and a scoreless tie. The crowd travels all night, lines up for hours in the rain, stands still longer in wet and cold—for the Big Thrill. England or the United States, baseball or soccer, it's all the same. The gang turns out for the Big Thrill.

ANOTHER goal which furnished a Big Thrill took place on another continent in another sport. It was the winning point in the National Hockey championships of 1933, the fifth and deciding game of the tightest hockey series of history. On the Toronto side where Charlie Conacher, Joe Primeau and Harvey Jackson, the great Maple Leaf line, while Boston had Eddie Shore and Lionel Hitchman, George Owen of Harvard (one of the few collegians who ever made good in the big-time) and Tiny Thompson, the marvelous goal keeper. The first game after fourteen minutes overtime went to Boston, 1-0. The second sent the Bruin fans to the Psychopathic Hospital when after fifteen minutes of overtime, Toronto evened by winning 1-0. In the third game Boston was victorious after fourteen minutes overtime, a spectator in the crowd dropping dead from heart failure as the winning goal was scored. Toronto evened the series by copping the fourth 5-3, and the final battle drew the largest crowd in the history of the sport, 14,540 persons paying to see the issue settled and get their Big Thrill of hockey for all time.

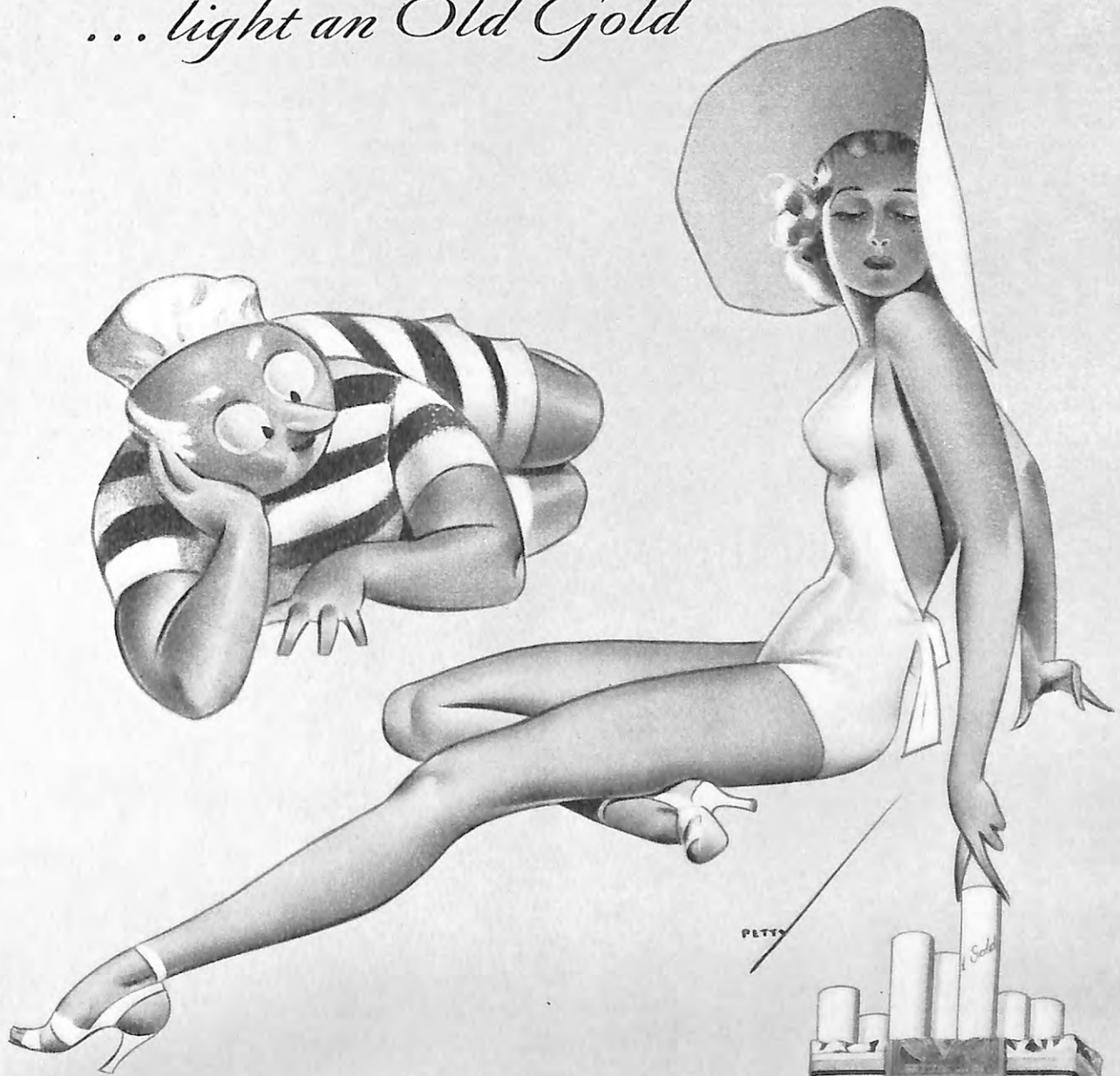
They got it. At one o'clock in the morning the two teams were still battling, yet not a person had left the arena. In succession one, two, three and four twenty-minute periods of overtime were played, and still no goal was caged. It's nearly two A.M.—enter the hero of the Big Thrill. He is the smallest player in league hockey—126-pound Ken Doraty, a third string sub who had been farmed out to Syracuse early in the season and recalled merely to sharpen him for the next year's campaign. Blair of Toronto came streaking down the ice when he saw the little chap to one side. He passed, the midget sneaked in past the Bruin defense, and jammed the winning goal through Thompson. The Big Thrill, after exactly 104 minutes and 46 seconds of play!

Big Thrills in boxing have been noticeable by their absence in recent years, which is doubtless why the Baer-Carnera fight at the Madison Square Garden Bowl in 1934 attracted such attention. In the ring was Maxie Baer, the playboy with incredible confidence and a sledge-hammer right gained from four years of slaughtering cattle with an axe. He had actually killed a man—Frankie Campbell—in the ring, while his adversary, Primo Carnera, the title holder, had done in Ernie Shaaf the previous year. When two killers meet something has to bend. Sixty thousand wild-lunged fans

(Continued on page 42)

# Bothered by a Beach-Bore?

*... light an Old Gold*



When a balmy breeze blows a bounding beach comber plop in the sand beside you . . . don't yell for the life guard. Light a sunny-smooth Old Gold. Its mellow fragrance will calm your raging tempest like nobody's business.

ONLY FINE OLD TOBACCO can give that natural aroma and fragrance of Old Gold cigarettes.



© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

AT TRYING TIMES . . . TRY A *Smooth* OLD GOLD

(Continued from page 40)

packed the Bowl that June night for the Big Thrill.

At first it seemed likely to come soon. Baer felled his man three times in the second round. But Carnera has 263 pounds of beef behind him. What an ox he is for taking punishment! He came back for more, and more. Time after time he was flattened, time after time he was down with the crowd madly yelling for Baer to administer the Big Thrill, to knock him out. But each time Mussolini's boy managed to stagger to his feet. With succeeding blows, the crowd, hysterical from the start, went wild. Still the fight dragged on. In the tenth Baer came out of his corner deadly serious. Up to then he had been clowning, now he saw the title was his and weaving in, he let loose with a terrific right that would have bent a horse's jaw. It was the Big Thrill at last. The giant staggered, took the blow on the chin, fell across the ropes and onto the ring. He pulled himself together but in the next round the referee stopped the agony. The title was Baer's.

NO Big Thrill of recent years has been more sensational than the duel between Bonthron and Cunningham, the one captain of the Princeton track team, the other a crack miler from Kansas. It was at their first meeting in the Baxter Mile, in the indoor meet of the New York Athletic Club in Madison Square Garden in January, 1934, that these two rivals put on a race such as

sporting history had never seen. For three laps they outdistanced the field, and when the bell rang for the final lap Cunningham had the lead, a stride in advance of his rival, while 15,000 track fans, jammed and packed into the Garden, roared themselves hoarse in a fever of frenzy.

One lap, 440 yards. Less than a minute for the Big Thrill. On the second turn, the Princetonian challenged, but unequal to the task of pushing ahead of the flying Kansan, fell back. He came up, however, on the third bank, was neck-and-neck as they pounded up the straightaway, and absolutely even when they came down for that final corner. The entire Garden was on its feet, men and women standing on chairs, waving hats, sticks, newspapers and shouting their favorite's name. On they came toward the tape, legs aching, lungs bursting, with not a hair between the two. Straining every nerve, calling on every muscle, with the crowd in delirium, the pair hit the tape almost exactly together. As one man their chests snapped the worsted. They were clocked in identical time, 4:14 for the mile, although after a conference the judges gave the decision to Bonthron. Those of us who saw it will always recall it as one of the greatest thrills of 1934.

Lucky you, if you can still respond to the Big Thrill. No matter what your age, that is proof you are still young. Some cannot, especially those who get paid for watching sport events. Yet frequently one is thrilled despite oneself. I can remember not long

ago standing on that rise in the Derby course on Epsom Downs that is called Tottenham Corner. Here you see the race as a sudden mad rush of horses appearing from the hollow—as a mass of panting, foaming faces, of straining, tense jockeys, the hoofs of the horses beating a rat-tat-to on the soft turf and disappearing quickly in a cloud of dust around the bend. Now they are: now they are not. For a matter of seconds only, you see the race. To know who has won you must wait until the numbers are hoisted half a mile away on the stands where sit the King and Queen.

BUT when you hear that cry "They're Off!" it's impossible to keep down that leap in your heart, to subdue that surge of high emotion as the pack comes toward you. That brief moment, the Big Thrill, makes up for all the trouble of the tedious ride through traffic from London—compensates you for a wait of three or four hours at your vantage point by the rail. After all, every Big Thrill entails some sacrifice. Some pay more cash than others, some have better seats than the rest, but every one has to endure hours of discomfort and travel distances to get that dramatic split second of the Big Thrill. And remember, when the knockout or the home run happens, if you tingle all over and your blood pressure rises and you feel a crimson glow steal over you, that the time and money and trouble are worth it. You're still a boy with the kids. You can appreciate the Big Thrill.

## Harlem, Bedroom and Bath

(Continued from page 9)

"He seems," agreed Geoffrey, "to be quite fiduciary."

"Drunk," corrected Florian. "No matter what you call it—tha's all it is. But he looks like a nice feller."

He thumbed through the wallet and shook his head sadly. "Nary a clue. What you reckon us ought to do?"

Mr. Throckmorton was of little help. "We shall do nothing," he asserted. "Whatever is performed will be done by you of your own violation."

The door closed behind him, and Florian regarded the little man hopelessly. "This sho' ought to be a lesson to you, Rich Feller. An' whoever you is, I hope you don't forget who he'ped you."

HE turned to go—then thought better of it. A picture flashed through his brain: Geoffrey Throckmorton's interest in the money which wadded the stupefied gentleman's pocketbook. Suppose, reflected Mr. Slappey, that Mr. Throckmorton should decide to help himself to the cash? In that event Florian would be accused . . . and would have no defense. He fancied that he saw the diminutive figure stir, but that did not alter his determination. Intent upon protecting himself, to took the wallet from the man's pocket and bestowed it carefully in the top drawer of his decrepit dresser—under a mass of brilliant neckwear. Then, reflecting piously upon the evils of drink—Florian returned to his duties at the front door, hoping that Jim C. Tankard, the janitor, would soon return from the bedside of his chitlin-stricken mother.

But Jim C. did not immediately return and Mr. Slappey's problem remained acute. He felt a keen desire to see this affair through: to discover the identity of the little man and to tuck him safely and comfortably in his bed. Then a large tip would be in order when the man should have recovered from his stupor and successfully

have weathered the headache stage. Naturally, if Jim C. returned and performed this charity—the little man's gratitude would be directed toward the janitor.

It was not until forty minutes after resuming his vigil at the front door that Mr. Slappey found an opportunity. He flung open the door of a taxi and assisted a couple to alight. They were very elegant folks: the man tall and black and austere; the woman short and creamy of complexion. The man acknowledged Florian's courtesy with a quarter and a kind word.

"New here, aren't you?"

"Yassuh—I sho' is."

"Well . . ." The man gestured his thanks as Mr. Slappey scurried to open the lobby door, "you look as though you should remain a long time."

"I hope so, suh. Jobs is pretty scarce nowadays."

He followed them into the lobby.

"Mistuh . . . ?"

"Yes?"

"I wonder could I obtrude fo' just a minute?"

The man was patient enough, and Florian told his story. "Now if you-all would be ginuous enough to take one look at this feller an' tell me who he is an' where at he lives. . . . You is bound to know him."

The man laughed, said "Certainly" and followed Florian to the basement. Within the sanctuary of Mr. Slappey's room he stared at the small person and nodded. "I don't know his name," he told Florian, "but he lives in apartment 4-A."

Ten minutes later Mr. Slappey again impressed Mr. Throckmorton into service. The gent from Bridgetown took the master key from its hook in the lobby office and helped Florian drag the groaning and faintly protesting little man into the elevator. Florian opened the door of apartment 4-A and personally finished the job of laying the inebriated gentleman on one of the twin beds.

"How come you is so skeered of comin' in heah?" he inquired of Mr. Throckmorton.

"This manoeuver is exclusively yours," retorted that person. "I desire to go on record as having maintained a position of distinct aloofness."

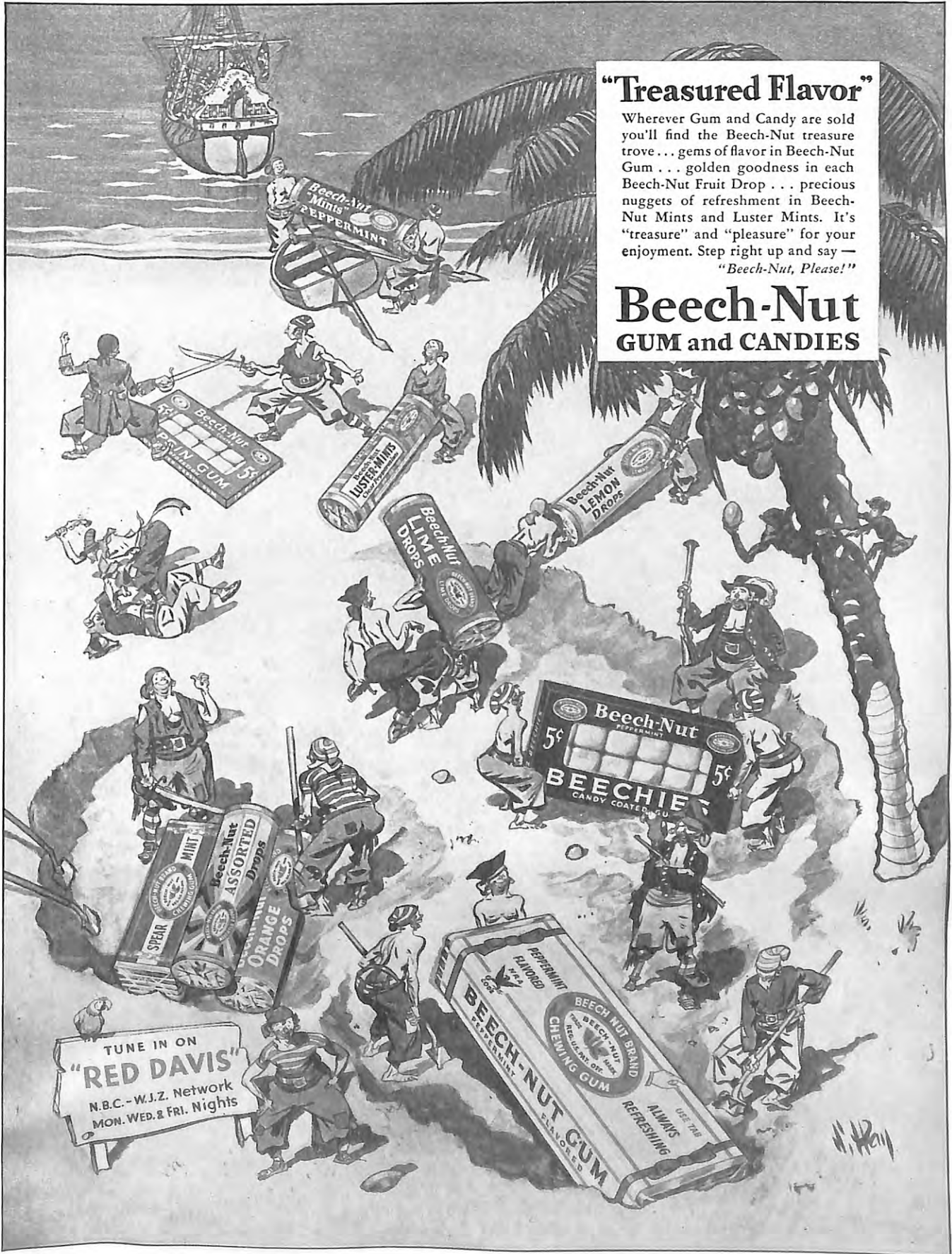
"Feller, whatever that means—you did it."

The elevator buzzer sounded and Geoffrey fled. Mr. Slappey gazed approvingly at the interior of the apartment. Bedroom, large living room, kitchen and tiled bath. New, modern, spic-and-span. He knew vaguely that an apartment like this in Crestwood Castle brought about ninety dollars per month rent, and he observed that the furnishings were in keeping. He gazed down at the restless figure on the bed. "You is my friend fum hencefor'd," stated Florian, "whether you know it or not. An' in case you forget, I'se gwine remind you."

He walked downstairs, exceedingly well pleased with himself. To encounter the opportunities of life with eyes open and brain busy—that was Florian's creed. If worst came to worst, he knew that his actions would elicit the approbation of the formidable janitor; that his job would be more secure.

FOR approximately a half hour Florian was kept busy. Folks were arriving. Some few were leaving. Mr. Slappey scurried back and forth across the sidewalk, opening car doors, closing car doors, swinging the lobby door wide so that people could enter and depart. He was thoroughly happy. The atmosphere surrounding Crestwood Castle made him feel good all over . . . it reeked with financial security and social eminence. He decided that the adjective "dicty" which was so frequently used on Seventh and Lenox by way of opprobrium, was not so, in fact; and he entertained vast ambitions to himself become one of them.

(Continued on page 44)



### "Treasured Flavor"

Wherever Gum and Candy are sold you'll find the Beech-Nut treasure trove... gems of flavor in Beech-Nut Gum... golden goodness in each Beech-Nut Fruit Drop... precious nuggets of refreshment in Beech-Nut Mints and Luster Mints. It's "treasure" and "pleasure" for your enjoyment. Step right up and say—  
*"Beech-Nut, Please!"*

## Beech-Nut GUM and CANDIES

TUNE IN ON  
**"RED DAVIS"**  
 N.B.C. - W.J.Z. Network  
 MON. WED. & FRI. Nights

(Continued from page 42)

During a lull in the lobby activities, Jim C. Tankard returned.

"Hope yo' Maw is better, Mistuh Tankard."

"Oh, she's all right. How's things been goin' heah?"

"Fine an' dandy. 'Ceptin' fo' one thing." "What?"

Florian walked into the warm lobby with Jim C. and told him—proudly and graphically—the story of the little man. But, strangely enough, Mr. Tankard displayed no enthusiasm. His head was thrust forward, his eyes were bright and his voice sharp.

"Tell me again what he looked like, Florian."

Mr. Slappey did as bidden. Jim C.'s voice took on more of an edge. "That," he announced, "must have been Mistuh Morbid Gregg."

Florian was commencing to suspect that all was not as it should be. He said, "Yassuh—he looked like mebbe he could of been named such." "Good gosh! An' you put him in apartment 4-A?"

"Tha's the one thing I didn't do nothin' else but."

Mr. Tankard gave vent to an outburst of vivid profanity. "Of all the slab-sided, slew-footed, bug-eyed nit-wits, Florian Slappey—you is the worst. You has played hell sho' nuff."

"H-h-how come?"

"Cause you has just about fixed things to git somebody extincted, tha's what. Listen: You remember that taxi which drave up just as I was arrivin' back? Remember that big brown man an' the good-lookin' woman which got out an' come in heah? Does you remember?"

"Y-yassuh."

"Well, they was Mistuh an' Missus Damon Watkins, an' they lives in apartment 4-A. Nor neither that ain't all: Marvella Watkins used to be Morbid Gregg's wife."

"Golla!" stated Florian, "that's the funniest thing—a man livin' with his ex-wife an' her new husband."

"You is talkin' foolishment. They don't live together at all. In fack, Damon Watkins has been tellin' folks he was gwine beat up Morbid Gregg the fust time he get a chance."

"But that other gemmun—he told me Mistuh Gregg lived in 4-A."

"He did," snapped Jim C. "Until day befo' yestiddy. Then he heard that his ex-wife an' Mistuh Watkins had filed an application fo' our fust vacancy, so not darin' to live right in the buildin' with them, he moves out. Well, we told Mistuh an' Missus Watkins that there was an apartment vacant, an' they moved in—only they don't know yet that Mistuh Gregg has moved out, an' also they don't know they has got the apartment he used to have."

"Didn't she used to live heah with him?"

"No. He moved in after he got divorced away fum her, an' the wust place he could be is where he is—on account Damon is mean an' jealous an' big. It's easy to figger what happened tonight. Morbid celebrated too much an' passed out. Somebody in the gimmill knowed where he used to live, an' didn't know he had moved—so he sent him

heah. An' after what happened between Damon an' Morbid three nights ago, they's libel to be an awful mess."

Florian groaned. "The mo' I heah, the onhappier I git. Tell me mo', Mistuh Tankard."

Jim C. plunged into a story of marital discord, jealousy and divorce. He explained that since Marvella's marriage to Damon, she had been making his life miserable by invidiously comparing him with her ex-husband, which—explained Jim C.—was the reason Damon Watkins had decided that he must reside in Crestwood Castle. . . . "Just to prove he could do anything Morbid Gregg could do."

"An' I got 'em all up yonder together!" Mr. Slappey was reflecting upon the enormity of what he had done. "Could anything be wuss?"

"You is dawg-gone tootin' it could. What's gwine happen to you will be heaps wuss. Now heah's what occurred three nights



Photo by White

*The elevation at the right is part of the Great Circle built by the prehistoric Moundbuilders in what is now Newark, Ohio. Something to see on your way to the Grand Lodge Convention in Columbus*

ago. . . ." Mr. Tankard made a gesture of anger. "They's a swank li'l night club on Seventh Avenue called the Hi Feller—"

"I was there once," recalled Mr. Slappey. "Befo' I become a member of the workin' classes."

"Well, three nights ago Damon an' Marvella went there after attendin' the show at the Lafayette, an' who should be sittin' a few tables away but Morbid Gregg. So after a few minutes, Marvella—she goes an' sits down at her ex-husband's table, an' then somebody which knowed them, laughed—an' right off Damon come struttin' over an' says out loud that he's gwine massacre Morbid an' pitch him out on his ear."

**SUFFERIN'** tripe! This Damon must be mean!"

"You'll find out. Only this night Ise speechifyin' about, Damon di'n't git no-where."

"How come?"

"Cause Morbid has got 'fluence, an' the bouncer at the Hi Feller seen what was fixin' to happen. So he follered Damon across the room, grabbed him by the collar—an' then when Damon riz up, the bouncer took a good poke at him an' flang him into the gutter."

"Well, why should that make Damon mad at Morbid?"

"On account of sev'al things. Fust, Damon didn't git to beat Morbid up. Second, Marvella stayed inside a long time with her first husband. Third, Damon couldn't come

back in after her. An', fo'th—ev-ybody in their crowd knows what happened, so they is laughin' at Damon. That was when he started swearin' he was gwine exterminate Morbid—an' it was right after that that Morbid told me he was movin' away fum this buildin': sudden, complete an' permanent. So he exodusted an' that made an apartment vacant, an' Damon an' Marvella got the apartment. . . . an' now you has gone an' put Morbid right up there with them, an' I woul'n't be s'prised if a'ready Mistuh Gregg was playin' trumpet duets with the Angel Gabriel."

**MR. SLAPPEY** shrank within his uniform. Woe weighed heavily upon him. He said, "I done my best."

"You sho' did. Ain't nobody in the world could have done so many wrong things in such a few minutes." Then Jim C. dropped all pretense of friendliness. "Now you listen: This heah is a

respectful, quiet apartment house, an' we ain't cravin' to have no manslaughter committed. So I'se tellin' you, Florian Slappey, you got to do somethin' about it."

"I—I got to do which about what?"

"Somethin' to rescue Mistuh Gregg away fum Damon Watkins."

"B-b-b-but, Mistuh Tankard. . . s'posin' they 'scowered him a'ready?"

"Then you can drag the body out."

Mr. Slappey shook his head mournfully. "I don't crave no part of this, Mistuh Tankard." Then a faint spark of hope appeared. "Maybe Damon ain't yet found out about Morbid bein' where he is."

But it so happened that Florian's hope was expressed a few minutes too late. Up in apartment 4-A, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins had paused in the living-room for a bit of refreshment plus a brief quarrel. Marvella was in a nagging mood, and Damon was truculent. They said uncomplimentary things to each other quite vehemently—so vehemently, in fact, that their words penetrated through the door to the ears of the suffering, sobering gentleman on the bed. Mr. Gregg moaned, moved, blinked, and tried to rise. His head was splitting, and he fell back helplessly.

Damon Watkins heard sounds in his bedroom. He flexed his mammoth muscles, took swift strides across the room and flung open the door. For just an instant he stared: then his chocolate-cream complexion became suffused with a lavender overtone of anger, and he said: "You!"

Mr. Gregg pressed shaking hands against throbbing temples and admitted the truth of the accusation. "Uh-huh!" he said, "Ise me."

A thin, cruel smile creased Damon's lips. "Now," he stated, "I got you where I want you."

"Yeh. . . . But, honest, Damon—I ain't got no idea how I got to be where you wanted me."

Mr. Watkins delighted to terrify his victim. "You know what's gwine happen?"

"I ain't yearnin' to heah."

"Fust off, Ise gwine slap you down. Then Ise gwine pick you up an' do it all over."

Then Ise gwine take my fist an' kiss you in the face with it . . . lots of times."

"Don't talk so homicidal, Mistuh Watkins. I got an awful headache."

"Feller, you is fixin' to ache all over." With dreadful deliberateness, Damon removed his coat. "This," he explained, "is gwine be the happiest event of my ma'ied life."

"Oh . . . please . . ."

"Git up an' prepare to be walloped!"

Mr. Gregg shook his head. "I coul'n't do no such of a thing, Damon. Leave me explain . . ."

The sharp, insistent sound of the front door buzzer broke in upon the impending drama. Damon made a gesture of annoyance. A second long buzz decided him. He closed the bedroom door and locked it from the living room side. He put the key in his pocket . . . and faced a thoroughly frightened wife. Marvella said, "I never knowed Morbid was heah."

"Oh, no? Well, you suspeck it now, don't you?"

She clutched his arm. "Don't you go hittin' him, Damon. He ain't half yo' size."

"Hmph! I wish he wasn't even that big." The buzzer again. Furiously, Damon strode to the door and flung it open.

**H**E found himself staring into the troubled eyes of a very little man in a very big uniform. Mr. Slapppy was indubitably in the grip of a profound emotion which was not untinged by terror. His eyes were rolling, his knees shaking and his voice came quivering.

"P-p-please, suh, Mistuh Watkins . . . I crave to make talk with you fo' a minute."

"What do you want?"

"I—I—well, you see, suh, I—I was up heah a li'l while ago while you-all was out, an' I left somethin' by mistake."

"What kind of somethin'?"

"It—it don't hardly matter. Just somethin' that never was supposed to be delivered to 4-A. Tha's all."

"Ain't nothin' heah."

"Aw, Mistuh Watkins. I know good an' well I left this thing in yo' apartment, an' Ise sorry . . ."

"Well, you is gwine be ten times as sorry if you don't quit botherin' me."

"But, please . . ."

"Ise told you fo' the last time. Now git this, an' git it straight: Does you come anywheres near this apartment again, Ise gwine hit you so hard yo' gran'-chillun will be born without teeth."

The door slammed, and Mr. Slapppy stumbled toward the stairs. "Morner an' worsor," he reflected miserably. "That feller Damon . . . he's turrrible!"

He dragged weary feet down to the basement where he encountered the distinctly hostile Jim C. Tankard. The janitor received the pessimistic report of his doorman, and delivered an ultimatum. "You git Morbid Gregg out of 4-A or somethin' awful is gwine happen to you."

Florian shook his head hopelessly. "I done my best, Mistuh Tankard. Honest I did. It's a mackerel I didn't git flang down did. The steps—Damon was that mad."

Mr. Tankard made a large gesture. He said, "I got it!"

"You got which?"

"I got an idea how you can rescue Mistuh Gregg."

Florian was doubtful. "I ain't crazy 'bout how you utter them words, Mistuh Tankard."

The powerful fingers of the janitor closed about the rather puny arm of the abysmally unhappy Florian. Jim C. launched into oratory which made up in effectiveness whatever it may have lacked in rhetorical polish. In the end he convinced Mr. Slapppy that nothing could ever be more awful than what would happen to him in the event that



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# UNION LEADER



## THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

Morbid Gregg should be demised that night in apartment 4-A. The conclusion of his passionate speech found Mr. Slappey quivering with apprehension and longing with all his heart for the relatively quiet and uneventful atmosphere of his beloved Birmingham.

"Now look . . ." Jim C. was working fast. "Yonder's the dumb waiter. Git yo'se'f inside of it an' pull that rope 'til you git to the fourth floor. That'll let you off in the kitchen, where you'll find a door which opens into the bedroom. If Morbid ain't a'ready been mayhemmed, you can bring him down with you. It's simple as one-two-three."

"I know . . . but I never was no good at mathematics."

"Git goin'!" Jim C. was positive and powerful. He fairly flung Florian into the dumb waiter, and that worried gentleman found himself ascending the shaft before he had time to put his conscientious objections into words.

THE journey up the dumb waiter shaft seemed interminable. Florian hoisted himself with a marked absence of enthusiasm, reflecting glumly upon the woes which were being visited upon him. For one thing, he was crowded and uncomfortable; the compartment in which he rode being scarcely large enough for his own modest frame. "I—I ain't got ary idea where Ise gwine," he told himself, "but Ise on my way, sho' nuff."

The situation was appalling. Florian knew that—with all good intentions—he had blundered, and thus jeopardized his cherished job. He bethought himself of the vengeful Damon Watkins and the threats which had been flung at him at the front door of apartment 4-A. He remembered the diminutive Morbid Gregg and shuddered with pity at what was about to happen to that gentleman. And then—last of all—he recalled the fact that Jim C. Tankard was neither a weakling nor merciful. He entertained a deep suspicion that if he failed in this mission, Mr. Tankard would uphold the honor of Crestwood Castle by making a sincere attempt to annihilate him.

"One!" counted Florian miserably. Then—"Two! Three! An' heah I is. . . ." Trembling fingers slid the door back an inch or two, frightened eyes peered into the gloomy kitchen. From the living room came the angry voices of a man and a woman. Mr. Slappey eavesdropped. It was apparent that Marvella and Damon knew of Morbid Gregg's presence, and that a tearfully hysterical Mrs. Watkins was imploring her Herculean husband not to carry out a series of vicious threats which he was uttering in a most convincing manner.

Obviously, this debate had been going on since Mr. Slappey's inglorious retreat from the front door. He could tell that Marvella realized the futility of her battle . . . but she was struggling fiercely to dissuade her husband from committing homicide. It was equally plain that Damon was enjoying his moment of triumph. Morbid was in his power—apparently there was no possibility of escape. He was pleased to bait his distraught wife and the cowering little ex-husband in the next room. Florian drew a free breath. He said to himself, "I got to ack, an' ack fast."

He eased himself out of the dumb waiter and tiptoed across the tiled floor to the bedroom door. Timidly he pushed this door open and inserted his head. Finger on lips, he said, "sssssssh!" and beckoned to the terrified Morbid Gregg.

Mr. Gregg hesitated not upon the order of his going, but went at once.

"The waiter yonder," whispered Mr. Slappey. "The dumb one."

Evening clothes sadly the worse for wear, top hat slightly lopsided, eyes filled with

suffering and apprehension, Mr. Gregg dived for the tiny compartment. He was pathetically gratefully. He said, "I ain't never gwine forget this," and Florian retorted, "Neither I ain't, an' that ain't no lie."

Morbid tucked himself, not without difficulty, into the dumb waiter. Mr. Slappey shoved him in snugly and then realized for the first time that the thing could accommodate only one passenger. He jerked the rope and caused Mr. Gregg to descend with great speed. He heard the dumb waiter clattering down to the basement, heard Mr. Gregg scrambling out of it, heard—faintly—the pleased voice of Mr. Tankard, and then—

Then the kitchen was bathed in brilliance and Florian turned to gaze up at the towering, menacing, furious figure of Damon Watkins. Mr. Watkins roared "You!" and started forward, fists clenched.

It was all too patent that Damon understood what had happened. All his wrath was now directed toward the little Birmingham gentleman in the crimson uniform; the man whom he had flung away from his front door a few minutes since, and who now appeared miraculously in his kitchen.

Damon said things. Unkind things. He said them loudly and bitterly. Marvella came through the door and emitted a screech which did nothing to allay Mr. Slappey's apprehension. Florian tried to argue the matter, but it became instantly apparent that Mr. Watkins was in no mood to debate any point. He was thirsting for gore, and Florian was close at hand.

Big red uniform, gold braid, flappy trousers and too-large hat all conspired to handicap Florian. He dodged here and there—not to mention hither and yon. He howled for mercy, though without expectation of receiving it. He even found a split-second in which to anathematize himself for his courageous altruism.

THE chase around the kitchen was hectic, but brief. Florian slipped, then knew an awful moment as Damon's hand clamped down on his arm. What occurred immediately thereafter was on the ghastly side. Mr. Slapped was mauled, pummeled, kicked and otherwise expertly manhandled. He struggled heroically, but with small effect; he howled and yelled and pleaded. Then he felt his bruised body being lifted and carried through the living room. Damon opened the front door and pitched Mr. Slappey into the hallway. Florian landed running. He negotiated the first downward flight in one jump and the second in slightly less than no jumps at all. He was sobbing with anger and agony. He hit the lobby floor and fled past the switchboard like a crimson streak. He stumbled down the basement steps and encountered the scowling visage of Jim C. Tankard.

"Mistuh Gregg has gone," announced Jim C., "an' you is gwine."

"I—Ise which?"

"You is gwine. You're fired!"

Mr. Slappey staggered back against the wall. "I—Ise fired, after I gotten him out?"

"You was fired the minute I knowed you gotten him in. Now git them monkey clothes off an' beat it! Quick!"

Plumbing depths of dank despair which had theretofore been beyond the limits of his most pessimistic imagining, Florian shed the gaudy raiment of which he had been so inordinately proud. The uniform cascaded about his feet and lay there—the discarded trappings of another profession which had proved definitely unsuccessful. Mr. Slappey decided unambiguously that whereas the rôle of good Samaritan might fit in with a Birmingham scheme of things, it was grievously unappreciated in Harlem.

He washed his face and winced when his fingers touched the recently-inflicted bruises. No question that Mr. Watkins was an efficient avenger. All in all, reflected Florian

—it might perhaps be better for him to go at once, inasmuch as the prospect of encountering Damon frequently at the front door was not particularly alluring. He understood now why Morbid Gregg had forsaken the apartment house after learning that Damon's name was on the waiting list.

Florian donned his civilian clothes. He opened his suitcase and commenced to pack. He came at length to the top drawer of his dresser and remembered the wallet which he had removed from the hip pocket of Mr. Gregg before the commencement of the shambles. He said, "Hot diggity dawg! I'll take that pocketbook back to Morbid, an' git me a reward!"

He probed into the drawer for the wallet and then whirled closer. His one good eye was wide and staring; once again terror stabbed him. Then he collapsed into a chair, overcome by woe unutterable.

The wallet had vanished! Gone! Departed! And now indeed there was no faintest glow of hope on Florian's horizon. The wallet had disappeared! Geoffrey Throckmorton, the elevator gentleman, knew that it had been there at the hour of Morbid's advent. Geoffrey knew . . .

Florian rose abruptly. Geoffrey Throckmorton! He remembered the hostile, calculating gaze of that individual; the covetous gleam in his eyes. "That dawg-gone hunk of sidemeat!" exclaimed Mr. Slappey. "He stole it!"

He leaped toward the door, intent upon accusing Mr. Throckmorton of grand larceny. Then a new thought came to him and he hesitated. Geoffrey would have hidden the wallet, and Florian's accusation would boomerang upon himself. He might be arrested. Mr. Slappey gave vent to a bitter sigh. Here he was in a large and strange city, surrounded by enemies and dangers. Better bide his time, say nothing about the wallet—and meanwhile see whether he might devise ways and means of proving Mr. Throckmorton's guilt. Of course, he'd be more or less a fugitive—since it now behooved him to keep plenty of distance between himself and Morbid Gregg, lest that person should suspect him of helping himself to the lost wallet.

Sped on his way by the unkind farewells of Messrs. Tankard and Throckmorton, Mr. Slappey and suitcase started down Edgecombe Avenue toward the declivity which would lead him to less pretentious stamping grounds. Florian was crushed in spirit and broken in body. Each step was a physical ache and a mental sorrow. He fingered the two dollars and eighty cents in his pocket and realized that he could subsist upon that amount for only a very brief time.

HOSTILE Harlem! More than three hundred thousand other colored folks—and not a brother in the lot. Beaten, battered, discharged, broke, cold, miserable, friendless, bewildered. That was the little man who, up to a few weeks before, had been the social toast of dusky Birmingham.

Mr. Slappey did not sleep well that night. He tossed restlessly on a lumpy mattress in a cheap rooming house. He knew that there was no one in all Harlem to whom he might turn for help . . . and at least two men whom he must avoid lest mere misery become catastrophe.

The following morning Mr. Slappey breakfasted frugally on coffee and grits. He purchased two cigarettes and one stick of chewing gum and turned his weary, painful way toward an employment agency he had observed on Seventh Avenue . . . most positively *not* the one which had negotiated his job at Crestwood Castle.

Then, suddenly, a hand fell on his shoulder, and a small, thin voice said, "Hey—you!"

Florian looked into the eyes of Mr. Morbid Gregg. He murmured, "Oh! my Lawd!"



Then he put out a pleading hand. "It wa'n't my fault, Mistuh Gregg—honest it wa'n't. An' if you'll leave me pay you back as soon as I git a job . . ."

Morbid's voice was kindly. "Ain't you got no job?"

"Nossah, I ain't. After you gotten down that dumb thing, Mistuh Watkins found me in his kitchen an' beat me up. Then Jim C. Tankard discharged me fum bein' doorman. But honest, Mistuh—I done the best I could, an'—"

Morbid smiled. "You done noble, Brother. An' does you crave a job, you come right along with me, 'cause jobs is the most things I has fo' fellers like you."

Florian introduced himself by name and fell into step beside the little man, wondering whether he might not be walking into a trap.

"Listen, Mistuh Gregg," he pleaded with desperate earnestness, "I never stoled yo' wallet. I on'y hid it in my drawer so's that elevator boy wou'n't know where it was at—an' then when they th'owed me out, the pocketbook was gone, an' tha's the Gawd's honest troof!"

Mr. Gregg beamed upon him. "Of co'se it is," he agreed. "I was commencin' to git conscious when you hid it. I seen what you done an' then passed out again. An' after I come down the dumb waiter I took it out of the drawer my ownse'f, an'—he reached into his pocket—"heah it is!"

A sigh escaped from between the lips of Mr. Slappey. A sunbeam touched his bruised eye caressingly. He heard Mr. Gregg speaking again: "Heah's twenty dollars reward, Brother Slappey. An' also Ise gwine give you a job." Morbid stared thoughtfully into the morning light. "In fact," he said, "they ain't on'y one person I could still feel sore at. What I'd like to know is who was foolish enough to put me into that apartment in the fust place!"

Florian put a pleading hand on Morbid's arm.

"Listen," urged Mr. Slappey; "I crave to ask you a favor."

"Shuah, Florian—shuah. I'll do anything you want."

"Then promise me," persisted Mr. Slappey, "that you won't never bother with that mess no mo'. You see?"—brightly—"I say this . . . and I know it's the right thing in this heah case. I say you should always let lying dogs sleep."

## Buholozi

(Continued from page 18)

may make it difficult for you to decide exactly what you do believe.

My native carpenter's name was Shaluma. Shaluma, like Shaghiga, had worked his way up through many years of compound service. He came to me one evening wearing a very worried frown. "In-kos," he said, "Mianje must dance."

Coming suddenly without warning, Shaluma's solemn statement of the fact sounded ludicrous. I nearly laughed at him, but realizing that there was probably some reason for his coming to me, I controlled my face and told him that as far as I was concerned his wife could dance her feet off.

Sitting in my deck chair, I stared up at the worried native standing before me. Obviously, he wanted to tell me something, but he did not quite know how to put it, so I tried to help him out. "Why ask my permission for a dance? You have tom-toms in the compound. You dance every night."

Mianje, Shaluma assured me gravely, was possessed by a devil. Unless the devil was appeased and quieted by dancing, Mianje would die.

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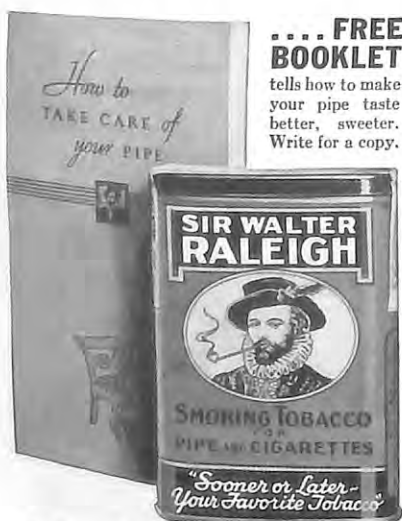
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The idea of a dance to drive out a devil was intriguing, so I gave my permission. Within a short time nearly all of the natives in my employ, together with their wives and children, came over from the compound and squatted in a circle on the farther side of the campfire. It was not the usual chattering throng which comes for a party. On the contrary, every one of the black faces was solemn and quiet. Without fuss the people formed their circle and waited quietly for Mianje to appear.

Half-naked natives blend remarkably with the gloom and the darkness of night. At times they seem to step out of nowhere, so silent are their feet and so dark their bodies. Mianje appeared thusly. One moment my wife and I were gazing at an empty ring of silent black figures. The next a huge, coal-black negress had appeared from nowhere and was standing in the firelight, her arms outstretched, her knees bent and her gaze fixed rigidly at some point far above our heads. She was a magnificent specimen, nearly six feet in height. She had a huge but perfectly proportioned body. Her skin gleamed from some oil which had been rubbed over it. On the calves of her legs and on her arms were clusters of rattles made from small dried gourds filled with pebbles. Around her waist she wore a sort of kilt made of short joints of polished reed. On her head were shells and beads. As she stood rigid, staring into space, the natives began to sing. It was a low chant, accompanied and punctuated by a rhythmic clapping of hands. The drums began to beat; a pulsing, throbbing rhythm, low, but insistent, rose into the night. Mianje began to dance.

At first her movements were stiff and awkward, but as the throbbing of the drums pounded into her, and the rhythm of the singing beat into her head, the speed of her dance increased, her limbs loosened, her movements became more graceful, and of

greater rapidity. Before our eyes Mianje changed from what had looked like a sleep-walking native into a woman full of life and graceful energy. For an hour we watched. Not for a moment did Mianje cease her dancing. On and on, shuffling, whirling, gliding and bending, the huge negress danced. Shaluma, somewhat outside the circle, squatted on his haunches, staring fixedly at his wife. We grew tired after a time, and retired to our grass shelter. Several times during the night I awoke, and still the dance continued. It was far into the early hours, in that cold, misty time which presages dawn, before Mianje dropped exhausted and nearly unconscious. The drums ceased and the singing stopped. Shaluma gathered Mianje up, and with the rest of the compound following silently, he carried her to their hut.

LATE the next morning I saw Mianje pounding grain and tossing quick badinage back and forth with the other women as if everything were perfectly normal. When I came on Shaluma working on the rafters of our house, he informed me gravely that the devil had been danced out of Mianje and she was now well again.

It was a year or so later that my wife and I decided to make a trip into a bit of unknown veldt to study lions. We wanted to take our baby daughter with us, which meant that we should need a nurse of some sort. It was impossible for us, situated as we were, over a hundred miles from the nearest white settlement, to obtain a white nurse. So I endeavored to secure a native woman. In the part of Northern Rhodesia in which we were, the native women seldom go out to work, but after much talk, Shaluma came to me and said that Mianje would like to try and act as nurse. We took her on, and my wife tried to teach her some of the simple fundamentals of cleanliness



"Watch yer car, Mister?"

Drawn by George Shanks

and quietness that nurse maids should know.

Once we had established our camp at the Mubi pans, which is native for "the dangerous place," our system of hunting was a simple one. Each morning I left camp on foot. If I was successful in my quest, I would send back word to my wife and she would drive out with our ton-and-a-half truck and bring in whatever it was that I had shot or collected. It was impossible in such a country to leave the baby behind, so Mianje would sit in front and hold the baby on her broad lap while my wife negotiated the stumps and holes and bushes which obstructed the veldt.

My wife and I are the only white people ever to have visited the Mubi area. The animals which live about the pans know nothing of modern rifles or such weird contraptions as motor cars. Consequently, whenever my wife drove out, game of all descriptions ran close beside and close ahead of the truck. Sometimes these animals were so numerous and so close that she had to stop because the dust which rose from their pounding hoofs obstructed the view and rendered driving impossible. More often than not, these animals were zebra.

My wife reported to me that whenever she saw zebra, Mianje cowered in the cab and shielded her face behind the tiny baby. This seemed to us both an extraordinary performance. So I called Shaluma over to her fire one night and questioned him.

By dint of careful persuasion we eventually pried the story out of Shaluma. The devil which inhabited Mianje was a machoba, sometimes called a chimvule or a chihulli. Now a chihulli is really nothing but a shadow. I had often heard the word used, but until I talked with Shaluma I had never appreciated the great importance which attaches to a person's shadow.

When a person dies his corpse is buried. "But," Shaluma explained to me, "you cannot bury a shadow." So although the man is dead, the shadow remains in the village in which he lives. It is these shadows or shades which are the "higher power" of the natives' religion. It is the shades which protect them, it is the shades who try to hurt them. It is to the shades that the natives address their prayers, and it is the shades whom they must placate with offerings. The chihulli control every act and every thought of every person in every village.

Mianje was purchased as a wife for Shaluma when they were both about ten years old. When Mianje was about fifteen, she was suddenly seized by a terrible sickness. She vomited much. She fell down in fits. She grew weak, and it was quite obvious that unless she were cured she would die. So a witch doctor was summoned. Through his powers of divination he discovered that Mianje had become inhabited by the spirit, the chihulli, of a man who had died in a village about ten miles away. But although the witch-doctor was able to discover the cause of Mianje's sickness, he was unable to exorcise the intruding spirit. For his services in discovering the cause of his wife's sickness the witch-doctor demanded and received a payment of six full-grown cattle, which at that time would have been worth about three hundred dollars.

Although he was unable to drive the devil out, the witch-doctor devised a system by which Mianje could keep her machoba reasonably quiet. Machobas are very partial to the sound of rattles. They also are very fond of singing and the pulsing throb of drums. The witch-doctor was able to tell Mianje that her machoba had a very specific antipathy for zebras. She was forbidden to utter the word zebra. Should her machoba, through her eyes or through her ears, hear the word zebra mentioned, see a live zebra, a zebra skin or a piece of zebra meat, it would go into such a furious rage that its



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struggles would utterly destroy Mianje. So whenever Mianje by accident heard the word zebra or saw one of the animals itself she had, as soon as possible thereafter, to put on her rattles and summon her friends and dance until the devil was appeased.

At the time of which I write Mianje was a grown woman of about thirty-five. She was, as I have said, a magnificent physical specimen. There was, so far as I could detect, nothing wrong with her except her morals, of which she had none at all. Yet this powerful negress trembled and hid behind a year-old baby to avoid the sight of a harmless zebra. Sometimes when, by accident, she saw a skin or a live animal, Mianje trembled, her muscles began to stiffen, and she acted exactly as does a person who is about to have an epileptic fit. To her and to all the other natives, her machoba was a very real and a very terrible thing. She and they believed implicitly that only by dancing could the machoba be appeased and Mianje's life was saved.

Both my wife and I have seen Mianje dance not once, but many times. We have watched her when zebras have been all about. We have seen this powerful woman disintegrate completely into a fearful, cringing shape. And all because the shadow of a man who has been buried these many years entered into her when she was fifteen years old.

**O**NCE, some years ago, while I was on a hunting expedition in the western part of the Namwala district, I came by accident into the midst of a trial for witchcraft. We had had a long day, over twenty miles, and my carriers were very tired. The sight of the little village clustered on a rise at the edge of the veldt up which we were traveling was very welcome. But as we passed through the outer circle of huts I noticed at once that something was wrong. Usually, native villages are dirty and littered with all manner of trash. This one had been swept as clean as it is possible to sweep the ground. There was no chaff, there were no corn husks or ashes anywhere about. The villagers, instead of welcoming us, were silent and stared at me with hostile glances. I could see no fires, which was very unusual, for the time of our arrival was that at which the evening meal is usually prepared. My carriers, too, noticed the situation at once. They fell silent and pressed close to me.

Realizing that some ceremony was afoot, I passed right through the village and made my camp under a tree on the farther side. It is not well to ask too many questions, so I gave the usual orders for the preparation of the camp and my evening meal as if I had noticed nothing. Later, after I had supped, I called my faithful pock-marked gun-bearer, Mangineera, and questioned him. Mangineera had been in my employ since the first few days of my arrival in Northern Rhodesia many years ago. I always think of him as some sort of super-intelligent black bulldog, with his filed teeth, protruding jaw and perpetual frown. He is devoted to me and never works for any other white man. In his complete trust in me Mangineera has told me many things which I could not have learned in any other way.

Mangineera squatted beside my desk chair and grinned at me as he inhaled a huge pinch of the vicious native snuff. He had already guessed what my questions would be.

"What," I asked, nodding towards the village behind us, "does it all mean?"

"Buholozi!" (Witch-doctoring.) "There has been a trial to find a witch."

"But," I interrupted, "I thought all that sort of thing had been abolished by the government."

Mangineera shrugged and grinned at me. "You have seen," he said.

"Yes," I agreed, "I have seen a clean village for once in my life and I have seen that

there were no fires. Tell me all about it."

"This morning," began Mangineera, digging his heels comfortably into the dust, "a man of the village took a fowl and went out into the bush. There he made a funnel out of the leaves of the mulumbwe lumbwe tree. He stuck this funnel into the mouth of the fowl, and covering the fowl's eyes so that it could not see, he poured poison down the funnel. Then he spoke to the fowl, saying, 'Now, if there be a witch about, die.'"

"And did the fowl die?"

"Yes," Mangineer told me. "It has to die, because if it does not die with the first poison, the man will give it a second, then sometimes a third drink."

"But," I asked in astonishment, "what is the reason for that? If the man keeps on giving the fowl poison until it dies, why bother? Why not just say that there is a witch about?"

"It is our custom. The reason for some of these things which we do, even we ourselves do not understand, but it is necessary that a fowl should die."

"And then what?" I asked.

"When the fowl has died, the men who have killed it return with it to the village. They lay it before the headman and tell him that there must be a trial, because they have determined that someone in the village is practicing witchcraft. So when the sun was straight overhead," and Mangineera held his hand aloft to show the position of the sun, "all the people of this village were summoned and told to bring a fowl. Each person's fowl was then given one drink of the mwavi, or poison. The person, perhaps it was a man, perhaps it was a woman, whose fowl died was declared to be the witch. Tonight that person must sit upon the chitala and drink from the mwavi cup. That is the reason why this village has been swept clean and why there are no fires. When the witch has been found, new clean fires will be made and life will go on as before."

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that tonight someone is to be poisoned in this village?"

**M**ANGINEERA turned his head away. "I have spoken." By which I knew that he meant he dared not tell me more. So I sat out in my deck chair, keeping an eye on the dark, silent village, a few yards from my camp. Slowly the moon, yellow and huge, as it only is in Africa, mounted above the trees and shed a hard white light over the scene. The grass-roofed huts, which in daylight looked brown and smoke-stained, stood out sharp and black as in a silhouette. Bare trees rose spidery and thin against the gray skies. There were no sounds from the village, but beyond it, on the dark veldt, a jackal yapped shrilly. Far away I heard a hyena whooping as it trotted on its search for bones. Then as I watched, I saw a group gather in the center of the village. My fires had fallen in upon themselves. I believe the villagers thought the white man to be asleep. They could not see my figure in the shadow of the tree under which I sat.

Blanket-wrapped figures issued from the huts and joined the main group. In a moment or two the crowd moved off. I lost sight of them behind the huts and then saw them again dimly as they appeared on the edge of the open veldt. Then I saw no more, but I realized that I had seen a person being escorted to his death by poison.

Later I found out more and was able to reconstruct exactly what had happened. Had I not arrived, the ceremony of the chitala would have taken place at sundown. Because of my presence, it was postponed until after moonrise. Then, the woman, for I found out it was a woman whose fowl had died under the poison test, was escorted by the villagers to the spot on the veldt at which the chitala had been built. A chitala

is merely a sort of rude bench made by sticking four forked sticks into the ground and laying poles across them. On this bench the person who is to be tried must sit. His feet are placed on other poles laid upon the ground. For some reason which I have been unable to discover, the person taking the mwavi test must not touch the ground with any part of his body. Around the neck of the accused were hung the heads of the fowls which had died by poison. Once the suspected witch was seated on the chitala, a gourd cup filled with mwavi was handed to her. This she drank. . . . If she vomited it, the preliminary tests on the fowls were considered to have been manufactured in some fashion and the accused was deemed not guilty. If this happened, all her relatives immediately fought with the accuser and his relatives. But if she drank the poison and died, as happened in this case, her relatives took the body and ran away with it onto the veldt, where they burnt it. The bones, which did not burn, were ground to a powder and mixed with oil from castor beans; the resulting mixture was smeared about the eyes and across the cheekbones and left untouched until it wore away.

THIS, of course, is nothing more or less than the old system of trial by error. Mangineera and others have assured me that accused people do often vomit the poison and so escape. Why some should vomit and others not is a matter I cannot explain. Perhaps they are given some medicine by the village witch-doctor before taking the test. Perhaps their tummies just revolt. It is even possible, I suppose, that they may be innocent. You will have to judge this for yourself, but I confess that after many years of close association with natives, I have not yet made up my mind how these things are done.

According to my own natives, I am a witch-doctor. Not in the proper sense of the word, because they qualify it and say that Sibyunibyuni, which is my native name and means "the Father of Birds," is a mata-kati of lions.

My ranch, Ibamba, is the most famous spot in Northern Rhodesia for lions. I took it up for this very reason. Lions come to Ibamba to breed and bear cubs, for there is much dense bush, and water and game are plentiful.

For the last three years I have had a lioness as a pet. When she grew too big to keep in the house—I have two small children—I moved her to a huge outdoor paddock, some fifty yards from the kitchen door. There she rolled and played and talked and roared and grew very fat. Every evening at sundown she would roar and call. Often her calls were answered and huge-maned lions came out of the dark veldt and visited with her. At least two or three times a week wild lions roamed about our house and talked to my foster child and pushed so hard against her wire enclosure that I had constantly to repair it.

TWO other men had in previous years tried to settle on Ibamba. In each instance the lions had raised such havoc with their cattle that they had been forced to quit. When we arrived, with our cows and oxen, the natives freely predicted that it would only be a question of months before we, too, would be driven away. But I, boasting, told them that lions were my brothers, that they would do me no damage. During those first few months one of the Namwala traders also had some cattle on Ibamba. Mine were kraaled in a flimsy makeshift fence of light poles somewhat like a picket fence. Each night the trader's cattle were driven inside a dense, thick fence of thorns.

Within a day or two of our arrival, three lions came to visit us. They went first to



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my flimsy cattle karal, and from the depressions which we found in the ground the next morning, the three huge beasts had watched the cattle for hours. One of them approached so close that the impressions of its front feet actually extended under the lowest of the pickets of the karal into the inside. They made no attack upon the cattle. Towards dawn the three lions rose, and walking along a path, visited another small karal in which I had a few pigs. These they counted and examined. Apparently satisfied that I was starting off in the right direction, the lions went over to the trader's karal and killed two cattle.

From that time, as regularly as clockwork, these three lions, a male and his two wives, appeared every two weeks. They investigated my cattle and then went over and counted the pigs. They took an interest in the calves and my small flock of goats. Then, just as invariably, they killed one or more of the trader's cattle.

After a month or two of this, the natives began to talk, but, as I pointed out to them, it was only what they could expect. Was I not a brother of lions? "Perhaps," they would answer, "but you just wait until Matapeta's cattle have been taken away." But even when the trader's cattle were finally removed, the lions did not attack any of the animals which belonged to me.

ABOUT a year after our arrival, when we were pretty well settled down, a party of strange lions came on to Ibamba. They stampeded the cattle at a native village on the corner of the ranch, killing ten in one night. Gorged with food, they entered the thick bush which extends to within a few hundred yards of my house, and lay down to sleep off their feed. For several days they remained there, coming out at night to drink, when we would see their tracks in the paths. My natives grew jumpier and jumpier. Each night they expected this troop of killers to attack our cattle, and one night they did. I woke up suddenly to hear shouts and yells coming from the compound several yards away. I could hear cattle bellowing. I heard a lion growl. Grass torches flared up. Then I heard the sound of pounding hoofs and knew that my cattle had been stampeded out of their karal in the compound, and were being chased across the dark veldt by a party of lions.

In the morning my captao arrived with a long face. "All the cattle are gone," he told me. "The lions have eaten them all." "Nonsense," I replied. "Send out natives to find them."

He shrugged. "Find them? Now at last the lions have eaten them. You will find some, but not all."

"No," I told him. "You will find them all." I was only boasting, because to the last I wanted to keep up the belief that lions were my brothers. Imagine my astonishment, to say nothing of that of the natives, when, by evening time, every one of our cattle had been found and returned. The lions—there had been five of them—had not killed a single one.

This indeed established my reputation as a brother of lions. When my pet lioness grew up and began to call with her full voice, I experienced a phenomenon which leads me to believe that perhaps I really am a matakati of lions. I always knew at least twelve hours beforehand when lions were coming out of the bush to visit with my pet. Occasionally there might have been tracks or roarings or some other signs of the presence of lions which could be said to have given me a hint. But on several occasions, as I worked about the ranch in the morning, the feeling grew on me that wild lions were about, that that night they would come up out of the veldt and roam about my house. What induced this feeling I could not tell you, but it was unmistakable. It was infallible. I felt a sort of tension. I was nervous and expectant. Lions, wild lions, were coming, and I knew it while the sun was still high and many hours must pass before they would dare to issue from the safety of the thick bush.

One afternoon I went out hunting with Shamakembwe. We were looking for a buck to shoot for meat. It was a futile hunt, but we were thorough. We covered about ten miles, most of it close along the edge of the thick lion bush. We saw no lion tracks. We heard no lions' sounds, but as we stood talking near the house upon our return, the sudden conviction came to me that lions were coming. I turned to Shamakembwe and told him, "Lions will be about tonight."

He shook his head. "No," he retorted. "There are no lions on Ibamba. Have we not just come from out the bush where we saw not even so much as a duiker?"

"That is true," I agreed. "Nevertheless, lions are coming."

He shook his head in disbelief, but as he trotted off to the compound I noticed that he kept turning his head, watching, and that he held his spear high and ready.

There was absolutely no reason whatsoever for my having had that feeling, but I knew that lions were coming. About nine o'clock, as my wife and I were preparing for bed, a low moan sounded from the edge of the grain field, a hundred yards or so from the house. Then the full-throated, crashing roar of a male lion rolled forth. Again and again it sounded. My lioness roared in answer, and for twenty minutes such a volume of sound echoed and re-echoed over Ibamba that it seemed as if the very roof of the house quivered with the vibration. My lion had come.

Perhaps you can explain these things. I can only tell you what I have seen and heard and experienced. I can foretell the coming of lions. Although they kill the cattle of everyone else in the Namwala district, they never kill mine. With such an experience as this, who am I to question the tuyawera of Shaghiga or the machoba of Mianje? How do I know that there is no such thing as witchcraft? Who am I to judge whether or not you find a witch by poisoning fowls? I cannot explain my own experience. If you can, I should be most pleased to hear from you.

## News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 33)

istic Contest, the first prize being awarded to Decorah Lodge No. 443, the second to Keokuk Lodge No. 106, the third to Des Moines Lodge No. 98 and the fourth to Boone Lodge No. 563.

The principal highlight of the Convention was a fifteen-minute address by Grand Exalted Ruler Michael P. Shannon from his office in Los Angeles, Calif. The telephone

conversation was reproduced through a loud-speaker system to the Convention assembly. It was the first time a Grand Exalted Ruler had talked to a State Association meeting in this way.

The teams of Iowa City Lodge No. 590 won both the golf and trapshooting matches. The membership trophy, presented to the Association by State Pres. A. M. Umlandt,

went to Muscatine Lodge, which showed a 23.9% increase in membership during the year. The band concert contest was won by Fairchild Lodge, No. 1192, and the drum corp contest went to Burlington Lodge, No. 84, first, with Decorah Lodge second. During the afternoon of June 5 the Convention program concluded with an outboard motor boat racing regatta on the Mississippi River, followed by the Parade and the Grand Ball held at night in honor of the new State President.

The 1936 Meeting of the Assn. will be held in Decorah. Officers elected for the ensuing year are: Pres., John H. Gibson, Des Moines; Vice-Pres.'s: John K. Finney, Fairfield; George A. Baker, Decorah, and Otto Kellum, Boone; Secy., Dr. Jesse Ward, Iowa City; Treas., E. A. Erb, Burlington; Trustees: Henry Louis, Iowa City; Clay Kneese, Muscatine, and Dr. J. A. Walsler, Marshalltown. Members of the Committee appointed to administer the Iowa Scholarship Foundation are Henry Louis; R. E. White, Ottumwa; B. B. Anundsen, Decorah; A. M. Umlandt, Muscatine, and John H. Gibson.

Harry W. Greer, Muscatine Lodge

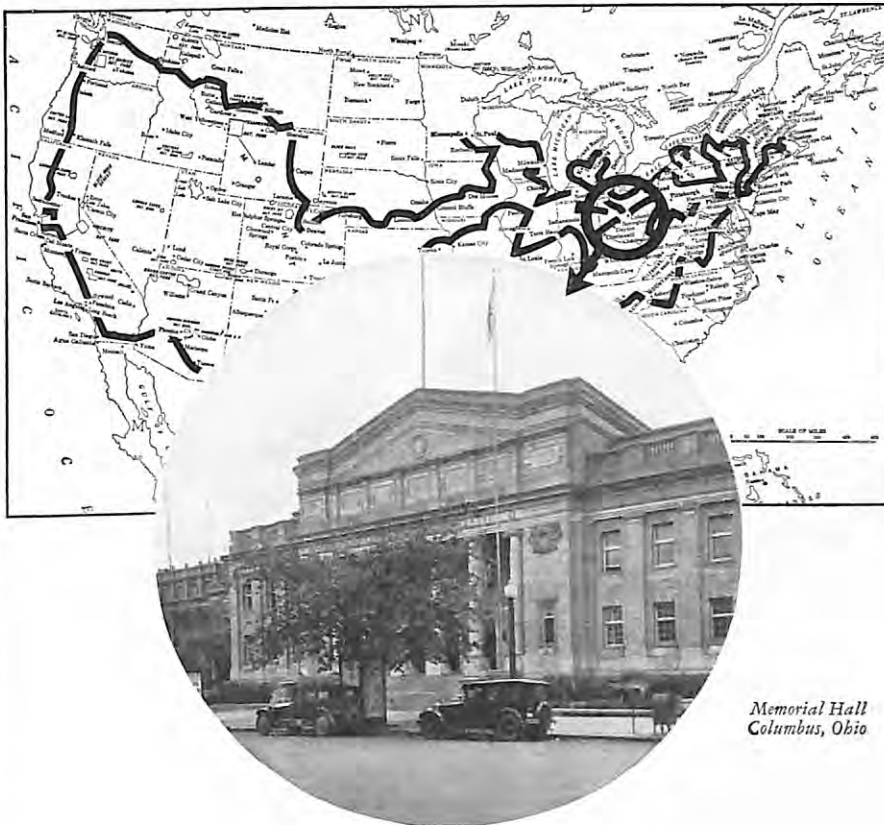
**Nebraska**

THE 23rd Annual Convention of the Nebraska State Elks Assn. closed recently after having witnessed a large registration of members at Grand Island Lodge, No. 604, host Lodge to the delegates. Visiting ladies stayed at the Stratton Hotel, opposite the Lodge Home. Entertainment on the first day of the meeting included concerts both afternoon and evening by the Neb. State Elks Assn. Band, which was awarded first prize at the Grand Lodge Convention in Kansas City last year. Other amusement features were golf matches, theatre parties, informal receptions at the Lodge Home and the Stratton Hotel, and dancing.

The business sessions opened Monday, June 3, with State Pres. Frank I. Holmes presiding. D.D.'s Telford C. Lord and Earl D. Mallery addressed the gathering. Committee appointments took up most of the morning session. Committee reports were heard during the afternoon. The report of Past State Pres. Charles A. McCloud, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, showed the State Assn. to be in good condition financially.

A telegram was read as a matter of emergency business concerning McCook, Neb., and vicinity, heavily hit by the recent flood disaster. A telegram was dispatched to Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon requesting assistance from the Grand Lodge. Past State Pres. Fred L. Harrison, P.E.R. of Grand Island Lodge, and Chairman of the Lodge's Board of Trustees, informed the Convention that Grand Island Lodge was making an immediate donation of \$50.00 to the Red Cross for flood relief.

The banquet for the State Assn. officers, delegates, their ladies, and attending Elks, was held in the new Lodge Auditorium, with 250 present. Entertainment was furnished by the Elks Minstrel Boys Band of Grand Island, their chorus and affiliated entertainers. Speakers of the evening included Judge Paul N. Kirk, E.R., of Grand Island Lodge, Toastmaster; State Pres. Holmes; P.E.R. J. C. Travis, of Omaha Lodge and Commander of Omaha Post No. 1 of the American Legion; and August Schneider, Chairman of the State Crippled Children's Committee. The Ritualistic Contest was held after the banquet with three teams competing. The judges ruled Omaha Lodge first, Lincoln Lodge second and Kearney Lodge third. A stag party followed the contest and was largely attended. Vaudeville entertainment was presented on the stage of the Auditorium.



Memorial Hall  
Columbus, Ohio

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At the business session of June 4, C. A. McCloud, on behalf of York Lodge, donated \$50.00 to the Red Cross for flood relief. Mr. Schneider, who has devoted the better part of his life to work for crippled children and other unfortunates, presented the report of the Crippled Children's Committee, and it was adopted with acclamation. North Platte was recommended to the State Board of Trustees as the next Convention City.

Officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows: Pres., Guy T. Tou Velle, Lincoln; 1st Vice-Pres., James M. Fitzgerald, Omaha; 2nd Vice-Pres., James L. Martin, Scottsbluff; 3rd Vice-Pres., J. C. Travis, Omaha; Secy., H. P. Zieg, Grand Island;

Treas., Gould Dietz, Omaha; Trustees: Chairman, Charles A. McCloud, York; Charles A. Laughlin, Grand Island, and William A. Gregorius, Columbus.

Mr. Tou Velle appointed the Rev. Father Patrick McDade, of North Platte, Chaplain, and W. J. Sheehan, of Grand Island, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Crippled Children's Committee is made up of August Schneider, Chairman; Gould Dietz, James L. Martin, Howard Loomis of Fremont, Dr. C. P. Fall of Beatrice, Frank Real of McCook, and A. C. Bintz of Lincoln.

The Convention closed with the Elks Annual Convention Ball held in the main ball room of the Grand Island Lodge Home.  
 William J. Sheehan, Sergeant-at-Arms

**To the Scandal and Disgrace**

(Continued from page 14)

know about it, old man." The form stirred. Just perceptibly, the head nodded.

The Judge Advocate's voice was not quite matter-of-fact. "Tell us in your own words," he said gently. "Take your time, and take it easy."

"I . . . can't remember . . . much." The words were the merest wisps. "One of them . . . black nights. . . ." The voice trailed off into incoherent mumbling; then, gaining strength, went haltingly on. "We didn't . . . see nothin'. The torpedo . . . about blowed us in two . . . an' the boilers done the—the rest. The Skipper . . ." There was a ghastly chuckle from the bunk . . . "He makes the bridge in . . . one jump an' yells, 'Man the fo'c's'le gun! Sound gen'ral quarters! Where's the goddam submarine?' . . . all in one breath, like. . . . Then he seen we was all ripped open, and he . . . give the order to abandon ship."

THE voice stopped. The members of the Court stirred uneasily and looked at one another. Only the Admiral—hope, fear and devotion to duty fighting a deadly fight for his emotions—remained motionless. The Surgeon stepped forward with something in a glass. The Judge Advocate looked a question at the Surgeon, received an answering nod, and turned back to the bunk. "So then?"

"So then . . . now . . . Number Three gun's crew was at their gun, fightin' mad, lookin' for the sub. One of . . . the officers, he run past down the deck and tells them to abandon ship, and . . . and I heard one of 'em . . . tell him to go to hell. . . ."

"Insubordination!" whispered someone. "Guts!" retorted the Judge Advocate shortly, under his breath.

"By the time I made the deck, she was . . . way down by the stern an' goin' fast. The Skipper yells every man for himself . . . but—but I see two of the . . . deck force on the super-structure, tryin' to clear away the motor dory. . . ."

"Guts!" said the Judge Advocate, this time to himself.

"So then I . . . we . . . the Skipper. . . ." The blue lips stumpled and stopped. A shudder shook the bunk; the voice rose to a sobbing, like the crying of a child. The members of the Court, as one man, leaned forward rigid and tense. The Admiral made

a muffled sound in his throat, and rose to pace with short, uncertain strides the length of the little compartment. The Surgeon bent over the wasted arm outside the sheet, did something with a needle, and turning to the Judge Advocate, formed with his lips a soundless "Hurry!"

The Judge Advocate gritted his teeth. "Yes, Harvey. The Skipper—Lieutenant Bailey. What about him?"

The sobs from the bunk faded and ceased. There was a dreadful moment when no one moved. Then, with a new, almost phonographic clarity, the voice resumed:

" . . . God, the water was cold. . . . We done the best we could, but a—lot of the boys give up. . . . I got carried off from the rest, sort of. . . . I got a life-belt somewhere . . . after that, I don't know. . . . Fin'ly the moon come out, and all of a sudden, not a hundred foot away, I see a great dark thing raise up out of the water, an' —an' damn if it ain't the submarine!" The voice sank to a loud, unearthly whisper. "An' I see somethin' else, too. There's a man in the water alongside, swimmin' towards her. He climbs onto her deck, just for'ard of the conning tower, an' he. . . ."

"Who was it?" No one knew who spoke. The question was involuntary with them all. "It was . . . the Skipper—Lieutenant Bailey!"

The Admiral, white as chalk, wet his lips. The Judge Advocate looked at the Surgeon, who nodded and again pronounced soundlessly, "Hurry!" The voice droned on:

"The Skipper . . . gets to his feet, stiff like, and crawls right up to the conning tower, an' he climbs a couple of little iron steps to the conning tower hatch, an' he waits there. . . ."

THE Admiral drew a great, hopeless breath that caught in his chest.

" . . . All of a sudden the hatch cover opens, an'—out comes a head . . . an' the Skipper says somethin' to himself, like, an' he hauls off an' slugs that kraut with everythin' he's got. The head grunts an' disappears, an' there's a lot of yellin' down in the submarine. . . ."

The Admiral sprang to his feet and stood speechless, his face working. The Judge Advocate bent incredulously over the bunk.

"What's that you're saying, Harvey? Do you know what you're talking about?"

" . . . Yes, sir. . . . I remember the whole thing now. . . ."

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The Judge Advocate was whispering excitedly to the Surgeon. The Surgeon nodded, and whispered in reply. "Yes—rational enough . . . usually are at the very end . . . but . . ."

He shrugged. The President of the Court, his voice carefully controlled, took up the questioning.

"Where were you at this time, Harvey?"

" . . . In the water. . . "

"In relation to the submarine?"

"Sort of . . . sort of close aboard. So I—I tried to yell to the Skipper and tried to swim over . . . but I couldn't yell and I couldn't swim, like in a dream. . . . So the Skipper looks around, like, for a club or somethin'. But there wasn't nothin'. An' just then another head sticks out, and the Skipper lets go at it again. . . ."

The Admiral's last vestige of self-control was gone. "Yes?"

" . . . So by now the Germans seen it wasn't no pipe dream, an' about a dozen of them come pilin' out of the after hatch at once. So just then I sort of got movin', an' the Skipper turned around an' seen me comin', an' he yells 'Keep off, keep off! For God's sake, go back! This is my job! . . . or somethin' like that, just as the krauts reached him. An' then one of them seen me too, an' he cracks down at me with his gat—twice. I didn't even know he got me at first. I was so numb. The Skipper started forward, an' then he seemed to sort of change his mind, like . . . an' . . . an' that's all . . . right, sir. . . . I don't mind . . . the lights . . . I . . ."

The Surgeon worked fast, cursing under his breath. Finally, he straightened up. "Just like that," he said.

**BACK** in the wardroom, the little group of officers scraped their chairs noisily along the linoleum, and tried to be unconcerned. But the thing they had just seen held them in its vise; and one by one they fell silent. The Admiral, watching them all and seeing what was in their faces, sank his chin upon his broad chest; then raised his head and stared straight before him, into the years ahead. Only the Judge Advocate, his young face drawn and distraught, seemed not to be gripped by the moment's implications; completely alone with his thinking, among those about him, he ran a hand through his crisp black hair; for him, the wardroom and its occupants did not exist.

The President of the Court cleared his throat. "Well," he said, glancing from one to another, and striving for an impersonality of tone which did not come, "will someone tell me why he slugged those hunks?"

It was the Admiral who gave words to what the others dared not say. "Commander," he said brokenly, but with a brave sort of sternness, "he did that so that he would be taken prisoner, instead of being sent back into the water!"

The others said nothing. Only the Judge Advocate moved; he raised his head with a jerk, and stared strangely at the Admiral.

"Exactly," he said, more to himself than to the Admiral, "that's it. Yes, that *must* be it! Messenger!" He scribbled something upon a sheet of paper, which he handed to a sailor who appeared from the wardroom passageway. "Expedite," he said.

The President of the Court observed him curiously. "What's that you're doing?" he asked. The Judge Advocate did not answer directly. After a moment he drew a long, determined breath, and in an almost conversational manner commenced to talk.

"A little while ago," he said, "we were about to find Lieutenant Bailey guilty of cowardice. It seems to be a foregone conclusion that—that what we have just heard in the sickbay supports such a finding. To arrive at some conclusion is of course the duty of all of you—of all of us. If this were a civil court, Lieutenant Bailey would

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stand innocent until proven guilty. But this is a military court, and we've got to consider him guilty until he's proven innocent. The General Court Martial, to which we apparently must sentence him, must take the same attitude."

He glanced at the Admiral. The Admiral looked up quickly, but his eyes did not modify their hopelessness. The President of the Court, a little frown between his eyebrows, watched the Judge Advocate.

"What we have, as a result of our inquiry," went on the Judge Advocate discursively, "is a set of facts. From these facts, there is apparently only one conclusion to be drawn, only one finding to be arrived at. But," and he leaned across the table and stabbed a pointing finger toward the President of the Court, "that finding, I maintain, is entirely *circumstantial*. Is that correct?" He did not wait for verification. "Then is it not equally correct that if, from the same set of facts, another equally logical conclusion can be drawn, this second conclusion, however circumstantial, in itself, reflects a reasonable doubt upon the first?"

The President of the Court narrowed his eyes thoughtfully. "Don't forget," he said, "that the accused is guilty until proven innocent."

The Judge Advocate rested his elbows upon the table, matched his fingerprints meticulously together. "Let's review the significant facts. First: The *Edwards* was torpedoed, by either *U-121* or the *UC-111*. Second: The *U-121* and the *UC-111* had apparently been working together, because the London Admiralty heard them in constant radio communication. Third: After the *Edwards* sank, they apparently parted company, because the London Admiralty has not heard them since the morning after the *Edwards* went down. That's forty-eight hours ago."

"Yes," interrupted the President of the Court, "but—"

"Fifth," went on the Judge Advocate, now a little pale, "Lieutenant Bailey deliberately swam to the *U-boat* when it emerged, climbed aboard her, and after a hand-to-hand struggle was taken prisoner by her crew. Now," and his sudden earnestness was almost shocking in its intensity, "there's one more fact which, if my deductions are correct, is of tremendous importance. Can you tell me what it is?"

The President of the Court considered; then shook his head. "What is it?"

"Alone," pursued the Judge Advocate, "this other fact means nothing. But place it beside one of the facts I have just mentioned, and—ah! Let me have them!"

HE snatched from the returning messenger a sheaf of papers, glanced hurriedly through them, and thrust them triumphantly into the hands of the President of the Court. "Here are your decoded radio messages and routine reports from the London Admiralty for the past forty-eight hours, together with copies of all S.O.S. and A.L.L.O. submarine warnings from Lands End and from all ships in the submarine zone. As a qualified expert in the day-to-day spotting and identification of enemy submarines, can you tell the Court the present location of the *U-121* or the *UC-111*?"

The President of the Court swiftly sorted the messages upon the table-top. "I . . . see," he said finally, "not a thing." He raised his eyes to those around him. "It comes down to this," he told them, addressing them all, "the *U-121* and the *UC-111* are unreported since the morning after the sinking of the *Edwards*!"

"In your capacity as senior decoding officer," pressed the Judge Advocate tensely, his young voice ringing strong, "will you tell the Court, Commander, whether in your experience the London Admiralty has ever lost track of any *U-boat* for so long a time?"

The President of the Court could not conceal his rising interest. "I don't know what this all means," he replied, "but I can state positively that such a thing has not happened before—not since the United States Navy has been operating over here. Upon the Admiralty's ability to locate any *U-boat*, plot the radius within which at its known course and speed it can operate within twenty-four hours, and route convoys and transports around the danger area, depends the whole success of our convoy system and the transportation of our troops to France! You all know that! It isn't possible for any *U-boat*—any submarine, for that matter—to remain submerged for more than twenty-four consecutive hours without coming up for air and for battery recharging; and on the surface, *U-boats* are always detected because they are in constant radio touch with their base, and are constantly being spotted and reported by Allied surface vessels!"

THE Judge Advocate's eyes snapped and shone with suppressed excitement. "In other words, Commander," he persisted. "No *U-boat* can operate in submarine waters for more than a few hours without being detected and identified by the London Admiralty?"

"Unqualifiedly, yes."

"Then the Admiralty can locate any *U-boat* from day to day, within a few minutes of latitude and longitude and time?"

"That's correct, but—"

The Judge Advocate's voice cut like a knife. "Then where are the *U-121* and the *UC-111*?"

The President of the Court sat back and stared; and raised his chin in dawning comprehension. "I think I see what you're trying to get at, Lieutenant. But it just isn't possible!"

"Why isn't it possible?"

"It just isn't, that's all. If only one were missing, I might agree that there's something to it. But it couldn't be both. He could have succeeded with one, but—well, it just couldn't be both, that's all. It isn't even conceivable!"

The Judge Advocate, beside himself, pounded the table with a hard clenched fist. "For God's sake, man—don't you see that's the very thing that proves it?"

The President of the Court was openly incredulous. "Proves it! How?"

The Judge Advocate rose slowly to his feet. Outside, the lowering gray sky frowned down through the ports; and only the slap of the harbor waves against the ship's low freeboard punctuated the bated stillness of the wardroom. "Don't you see?" he repeated, turning to face the others. "His whole thought, from the instant the *Edwards* was torpedoed, was 'Get the submarine! Get the submarine!' He knew that ships and men and ammunition were expendable. He was thinking only of the enemy. When the submarine appeared he swam over to her—he boarded her—he put up a fight so that they would take him prisoner. Why? Because he hoped that somehow, some way, he'd get his chance to sink the *U-121*! Then, suddenly, he saw Harvey in the water. He shouted to him—what was it? 'Keep off! Keep off! This is my job!' That's the other important fact—what he cried out to Harvey! Harvey would have interfered with his plan—he knew the *U-boat* might take one prisoner, but never two; and he knew, too, that poor Harvey was expendable. Add that to the known fact that the *U-121* and the *UC-111* have disappeared, and as God is my judge, you've got the answer!"

"But he couldn't have sunk them both!" exclaimed some one.

"But he did! After they took him below on the *U-121*, he learned that the *UC-boat* was nearby. He knew that the *U-121* wouldn't want to keep him—that the *UC-*

boat was a mine-layer and would therefore be going back to Bruges, and that he'd probably be transferred to the *UC-boat* to be sent back to Germany as a prisoner of war. So he waited—he watched his chance. When the two boats came together the following morning, and he was put aboard the *UC-111*—well, what happened? We don't know. He broke away somehow—dashed below—fought his way to where the mines were stowed. How did he manage it then? We don't know that, either. But somehow, he detonated one mine, and that set off all the others—and crushed both boats like eggshells!" He straightened. "It fits. Every fact's accounted for. Gentlemen, Lieutenant Bailey is—good God, where's the Admiral?"

No one had seen the Admiral leave the wardroom. But he was no longer there. The members looked at one another; the President of the Court and the Judge Advocate stared into each other's eyes.

It was at that precise instant that the Admiral reappeared. From the wardroom passageway he strode slowly toward them, to confront them across the green-topped mess table. In his hands, drawing their glances like a magnet, he bore a roll of stained and dog-eared paper.

For the space of a measured moment, the dramatic tableau held. Then the Admiral spoke. "In what latitude and longitude," he asked, and his tone was one they never had heard before, "were the *U-121* and *UC-111* last reported?"

It was the Judge Advocate who answered. "Latitude 45-45 north, longitude 15-42 west, sir."

The Admiral took a forward step, and leaned heavily upon the table. With a hand which did not waver, he held out to the Judge Advocate the stained and dog-eared paper. "I request," he said hoarsely, "that this be read into the record of the proceedings of this Court!"

THE Judge Advocate studied the paper, and sprang to his feet, his face glowing. "This," he said, "is the rough log of the United States submarine *L-10* for the day following that upon which the *Edwards* was torpedoed. May we ask, Admiral, where you got it?"

The Admiral bowed. "The commander of the *L-10*, who returned to Berehaven yesterday from a patrol assignment, came down last night by destroyer and gave me his routine report in person."

"I will read," said the Judge Advocate, "from the rough log of the *U.S.S.L-10*: 'Latitude 45-45 north, longitude 15-43 west. Course 140 true, speed 6 knots at periscope depth. At 8:20 GMT through periscope sighted two large enemy submarines on surface 2 points on port bow, lying alongside and awash. Sounded general alarm, dove to 40 feet, made ready for firing Numbers 3 and 4 torpedoes from port bow tube. At 8:32 rose to periscope depth, and set range 1500 yards. Before torpedoes could be fired, violent explosion took place in vicinity of enemy submarines. Dove to 40 feet, set course 140 true, checked torpedoes to ascertain that none had been fired. At 8:45 rose to periscope depth. Enemy submarines had disappeared, probably destroyed by explosion.'"

The members of the Court were on their feet. The Judge Advocate's voice ceased; momentarily he shut his eyes hard; then he reached forward and laid a hand upon the Admiral's gold-braided sleeve.

"All I can say, sir," he said huskily, "is that I'm glad—I mean, I'm sorry . . ." He paused in confusion.

The Admiral raised his head, and drew to his full height. "As for me," he whispered. "I thank God!"

This time, when he left them, his shoulders did not shake.



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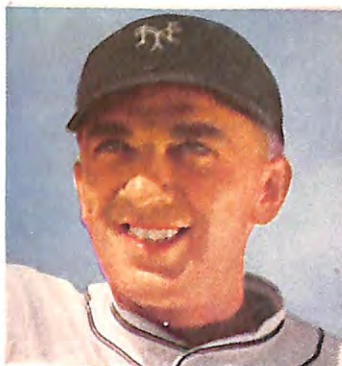
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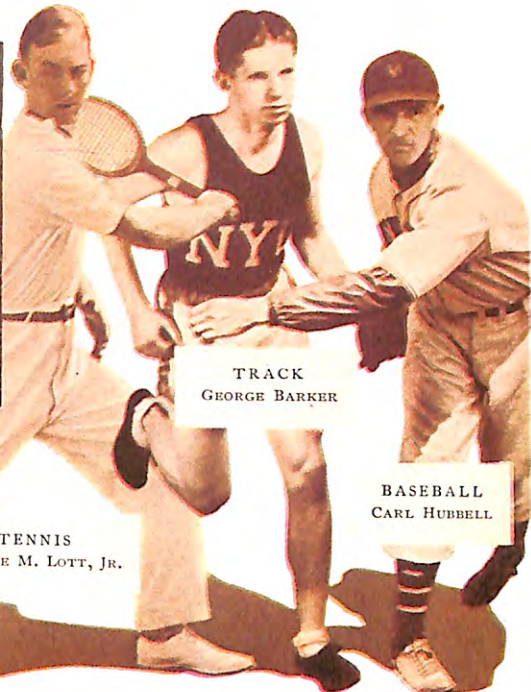
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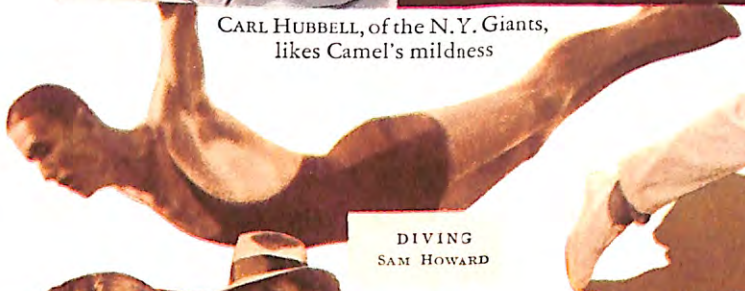
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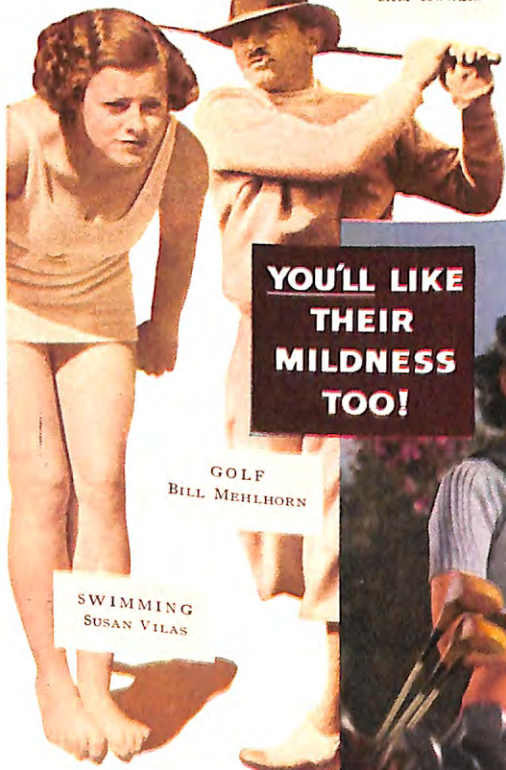
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The fact that athletes smoke Camels freely shows how mild Camels are. For athletes put mildness first. As Carl Hubbell says: "Camels are so mild that no matter how many I smoke they never get my wind or ruffle my nerves."

Here's Bill Mehlhorn, the veteran golfer: "From years of experience, I know that Camels will never get my wind."

And George M. Lott, Jr., dynamic tennis star: "Camels never take the edge off my condition or get my wind, because they are mild."

Sam Howard and Susan Vilas, among the diving and swimming champions, and George Barker, the track star—all agree that Camels do not disturb their nerves or wind.

*Why this mildness, approved by athletes, is important to you!*

Because Camels are so mild...made from more costly tobaccos than any other popular brand...you can smoke all you please. Athletes are agreed that Camels do not jangle the nerves or get the wind. And you'll find that your taste never tires of their appealing flavor.

KEEPING IN "CONDITION" means much to every one in enjoying life more. Smoke Camels, the cigarette athletes say never upsets the nerves or disturbs the wind.

SO MILD YOU CAN SMOKE ALL YOU WANT  
**Camels**

• Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.



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