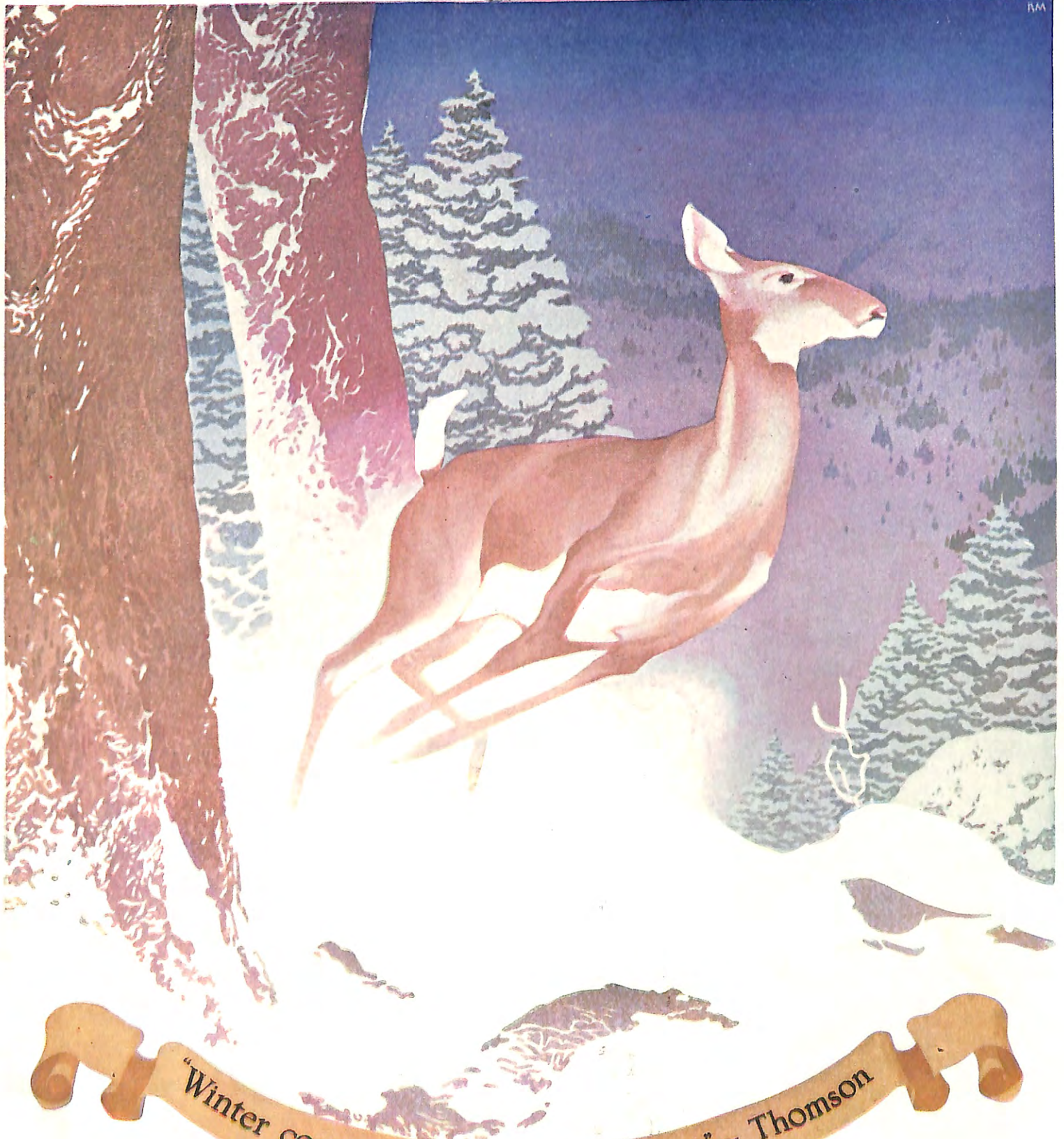


The Elks

Magazine



JANUARY, 1936

CENTRAL EDITION



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in wasted opportunity?*

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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

JOSEPH T. FANNING
Editor and Executive Director

Charles Spencer Hart
Business Manager

Neal H. Folwell
Managing Editor

J. J. A. McGuinness
Comptroller

JANUARY 1936

This Month

“BACKFIRE,” by Irving Van Zandt, the first story which appears in the January issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, is, we feel, a pleasant tale of romance on a Montana dude ranch. It ends with startling realism. The second story, “Going My Way?” by George Harmon Coxe, explains why truck drivers are so hard-hearted about giving you a lift when your automobile breaks down.

Morgan Farrell writes an interesting account of the ins and outs of Zeppelins in his article, “Lighter Than Air,” while Eddie Dooley will tell you a lot you did not know before about that rising young sport, Basketball, in his article which goes under the ambiguous name of “The Peach Basket Goes Big-Time.”

The editors also wish to call to your attention the magnificent response to the honor paid Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning by the subordinate

Lodges in initiating a Joseph T. Fanning Class. By these classes a vast number of responsible citizens have been added to our membership rolls.

We also wish to point out an important announcement concerning the Elks National Bowling Tournament which appears on page 37. It is an announcement which may have much to do with influencing your trip to Cincinnati in March. The cover design for this is by Ronald McLeod.

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When Doctors "Feel Rotten" —This Is What They Do!



HOW can many of New York's busiest physicians stand up under their gruelling duties? Why are their nerves so steady, their minds so clear after nights of broken sleep and days of fatiguing work?

The answer is simple. They follow rules for health described by Artie McGovern in his new book. Many not only go to McGovern's famous gymnasium in New York, but asked him to become Physical Director of the New York Physicians' Club!

These doctors are too wise to fall for work-outs that leave the "patient" gasping, dizzy, exhausted, the kind of exercise that does more harm than good. And not only doctors have benefited by McGovern's safe,

sane methods. Among the nationally known people who have used them are: Grover Whalen, Walter Lippmann, Roxy, Vincent Richards, Babe Ruth, Gene Sarazen, Rube Goldberg, Frank Sullivan, Paul Whiteman.

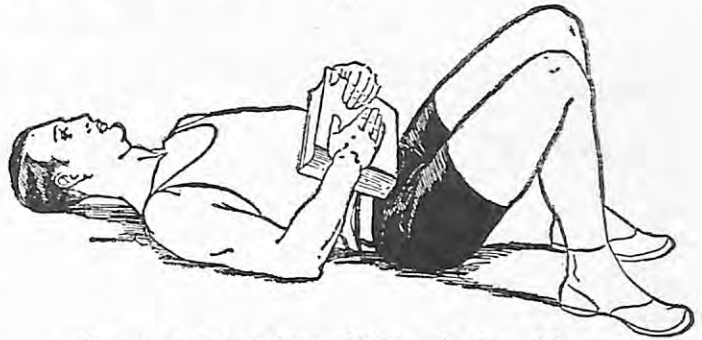
America's Greatest Trainer at Last Reveals His Secret of Keeping Fit!

In his new book Artie McGovern gives you the "de-bunked" truth about exercise. He explodes popular fallacies. He shows you how to increase vigor, feel better, end constipation, and either lose weight or put on solid pounds—how to get more enjoyment out of life. Your particular problem (depending upon the type of person you are) is treated as such.

Here is a book of unvarnished truth about your body, your health, your living habits. It shows the ONE safe way to control weight (the way doctors and athletes do); how to eliminate nervousness, sleeplessness; how to correct constipation without laxatives; how to tone-up your entire system, and build reserve vitality to resist sickness. And all with simple, easy exercises you can do at home—without apparatus!

Are You Overweight—Run-Down—Constipated?

Do you feel run-down? Are your muscles flabby? Are you overweight or underweight? Do you take laxatives? Do you sleep poorly? Do you wake up tired? If your answer to one or more of these is "Yes" then you owe it to yourself and family to try the McGovern method.



The exercise shown above, which may be done while you are lying in bed, is one of the best you can do! On the other hand, such stunts as bending over and touching your feet with your hands are some of the worst you can do—on a par with trick food fads and crazy diets. McGovern's book shows you how to keep fit without such drudgery or exhausting exercise!

Artie McGovern doesn't make you give up smoking, cocktails, juggle calories or vitamins. He has no pills, trick reducing salts, tonics or apparatus to sell you. His famous Method is based upon sound scientific principles; the result of 20 years' experience in planning physical culture programs for people in all walks of life. Thousands have paid up to \$500 for the McGovern course—now so clearly described and illustrated in this great new book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit"—the very same method relied upon by thousands of doctors and men important in public life.

SEND NO MONEY TRY THE McGOVERN METHOD ON THIS 30-DAY DOUBLE GUARANTEE

The McGovern method has worked for thousands and can therefore be sold to you on the following terms:

Price
\$ 1.98
—IF you decide to keep it!



1. Send no money with the convenient coupon below. When postman hands you your copy of Artie McGovern's new book, THE SECRET OF KEEPING FIT, deposit with him the Special Offer price of only \$1.98, plus few cents postage. If, after five days' reading, you are not convinced that the McGovern Method is just what you need and want—you may return it and your money will be refunded at once.

2. If, after applying for 30 days the principles clearly given in Mr. McGovern's book, you don't feel like a new person, vibrant with glowing health and new-found "pep"—if you aren't thoroughly convinced by actual RESULTS that it is working wonders for you—you may even then return the book for a full refund.

Clip and mail this coupon—without money NOW! SIMON AND SCHUSTER, Inc., Dept. 51, 386 Fourth Ave., New York City

BABE RUTH
—What the McGovern Method Did for Him

	Before	After
Weight	256	216
Neck	17½	15½
Chest	43	40
Expanded	45½	47
Waist	49½	38
Hips	47	41
Thigh	25	23
Calf	16½	15

WOMEN
Some of the famous women who have taken the McGovern course are Maureen Orcutt, Julia Hoyt, Babe Didrikson, Mrs. Morgan Belmont, Hannah Williams.

GENE SARAZEN
Says:

"McGovern's Course of Health Building is the most effective, valuable exercise system I have ever experienced. In previous years I have tried various methods to keep in good trim, but none compares with yours for getting results.

"Your health-building program has been of untold value to me. I heartily recommend it to golfers, both professional and amateur, and I am also convinced that it will prove a blessing for any average man or woman."

SIMON and SCHUSTER, Inc., Dept. 51
386 Fourth Ave., New York City

Send me a copy of Artie McGovern's new illustrated book, "The Secret of Keeping Fit," which tells in complete detail, the methods Artie McGovern uses in keeping doctors and famous men in all walks of life, up to par. When postman delivers it, I will pay \$1.98, plus few cents postage charges.

It is distinctly understood that, if I care to, I may return the book within 5 days. It is also understood that, if putting Mr. McGovern's method into practice does not, within one month, produce the actual results I want, I am to have the privilege of returning the book. In either case my \$1.98 is to be refunded at once.

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Check here if you are enclosing \$1.98 herewith, thus saving postage charges. Same refund privileges apply, of course.



A New Year Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler

My Brothers:

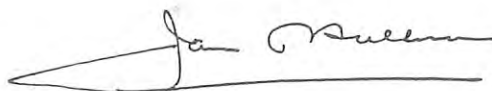
It is with pleasure that I take this opportunity of wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year.

Improving economic conditions encourage the belief that 1936 will be a memorable year for the Order. I would like to point out that February 16th, 1936, marks the sixty-eighth birthday of our Order. Elks all over the land are happy and proud of its sixty-eight years of progress and solid accomplishment. I know that all of the subordinate Lodges will want to celebrate this event and therefore it is my wish that at some meeting in February, as near the birthday date as possible, each subordinate Lodge of the Order initiate a class of candidates which will be known as the "Grand Exalted Ruler's Elks Anniversary Class."

Upon each and every one of you, my Brothers, I depend to render this event the success it should be. I know that in the circle of your friends and relatives, there are many who have the qualifications to become good Elks. Invite them to some social function in your Lodge. Give them the opportunity of seeing the work your Lodge is doing and I am certain they will then desire to join it.

The Joseph T. Fanning National Class initiation in November met with such widespread success and aroused so much enthusiasm among our Brothers, that I know you can make the "Elks Anniversary Class" a still greater success and an achievement of which all of us will be proud.

I am counting on each individual Elk to do his share in this project and I know that I will not be disappointed. Once again I wish you all a Happy New Year.



James T. Hallinan,
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Lighter Than Air

by Morgan Farrell

ALONG, pointed, silver shadow flits westward across the sky.

The reds, greens and purples of sunset stream athwart the clouds and shine upon the burnished hull of the great dirigible and the mounting waves of the South Atlantic, far below. The sun is still far above the horizon, dimly visible in an eerie darkness creeping up from the underworld in the west.

Suddenly the horizon is blotted out and the sun swallowed up by the advancing wall of solid black, now rolling high into the heavens and hurling its ominous mantle of midnight over the glories of the afternoon.

The Skipper scans the threatening wall with apprehension. He knows what it means—a piling up of strong winds—hurricanes, perhaps—charging headlong into another great wind-stream sweeping down from the north. Where the two meet there will be an awe-inspiring clash of all the giants of the storms.

He thinks of his great craft, tossed like an elongated bubble in that boiling tumult of the winds, clutched at, torn asunder and hurled in flaming ruin down into the pitiless sea.

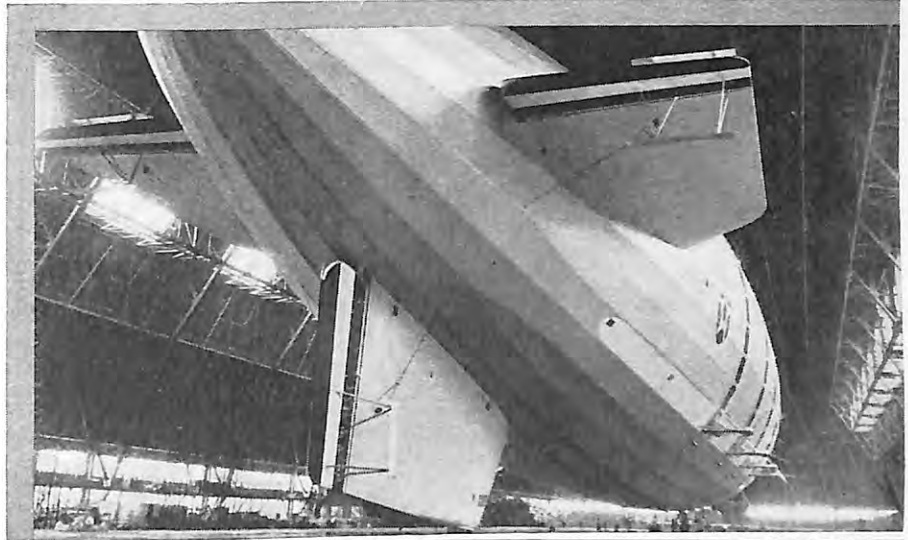
"Change course to One-eighty-two." His voice is harsh and guttural but firm as a schoolmaster's. "Drop 1,500 pounds from ballast tanks One to Eight. Elevator-man stand by to climb full-rudder as soon as the ballast is out."

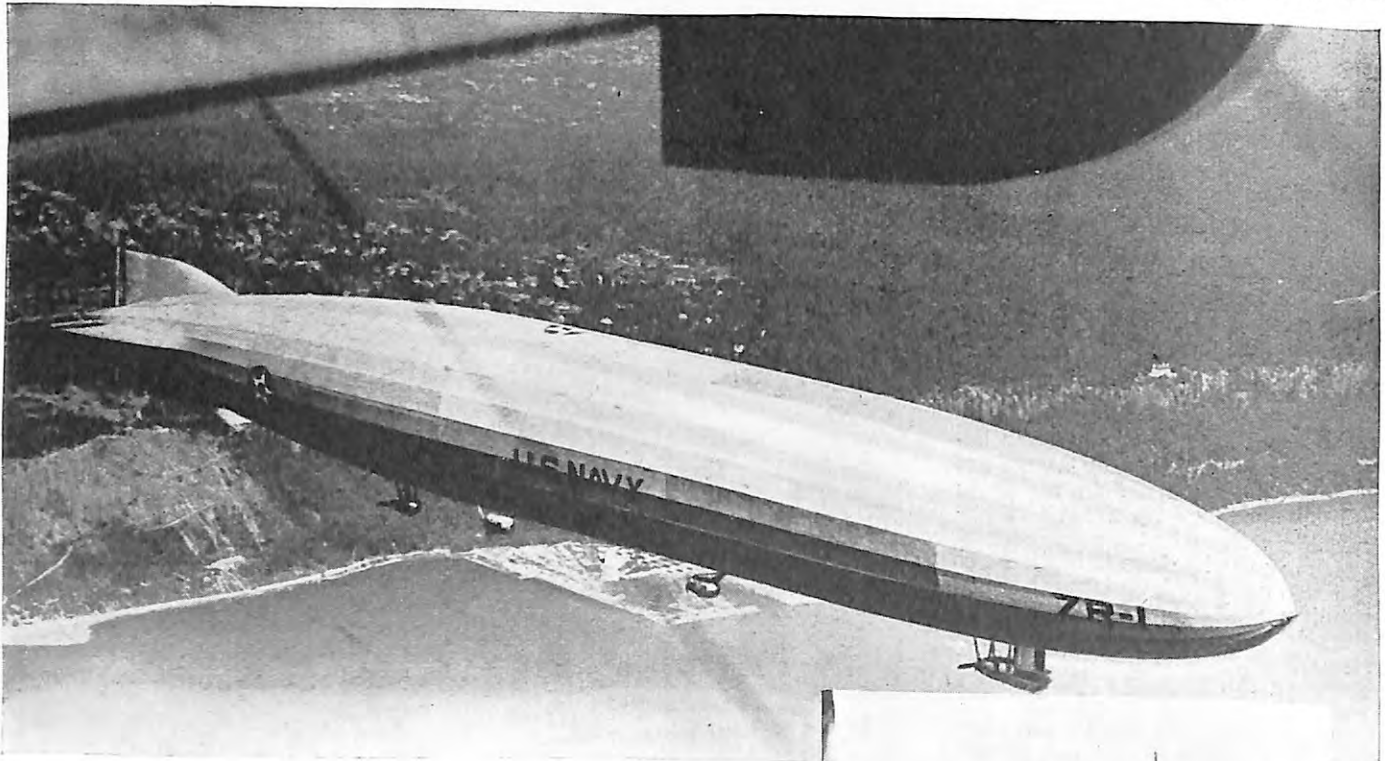
The dirigible swings sharply to the left, throws up her pointed prow and speeds on under the thrust of her five four-hundred horsepower engines. The rising wind is now a little abaft her starboard beam and drives her along at ninety miles an hour.

The Navigating Officer reports: "Sir, we are giving her full up-rudder but she won't rise."

The Captain, eyes glued on the altimeter, nods briefly. Well he knows it. She not only will not rise but she is rapidly falling. Five thousand feet—forty-five hundred—four thousand. His face is grim and set. He glances quickly around the control room. Each man is standing quietly at his post.

Right: *The Macon under construction.*
 Insert: *Inside the auxiliary control room of the Macon. The elevator wheel is on the left, while the rudder wheel is in the center. Control rooms on practically all lighter-than-air ships look like this.* Above: *A rear view of the Macon*





At the two small steering wheels the rudderman and the elevator-man hold their helms with both hands, against the kicking of the wind-wrenched rudders seven hundred feet aft. An officer and a quartermaster anxiously watch the gyro compass. Another officer stands close to a double row of little, pear-shaped pulls. The red ones valve gas out of the big, softly-swaying cells in the barn-like interior of the shell, to let the ship descend. His hand strays to the row of silver pulls, which drop water out of the ballast-bags to lighten the ship and send her up.

Still another officer keeps station near the two engine-room telegraphs on the starboard side of the control cabin. All five indicators point to "Full Ahead."

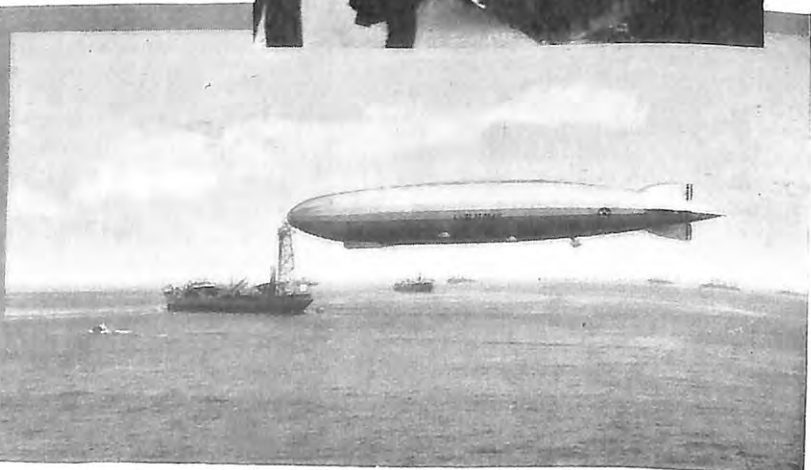
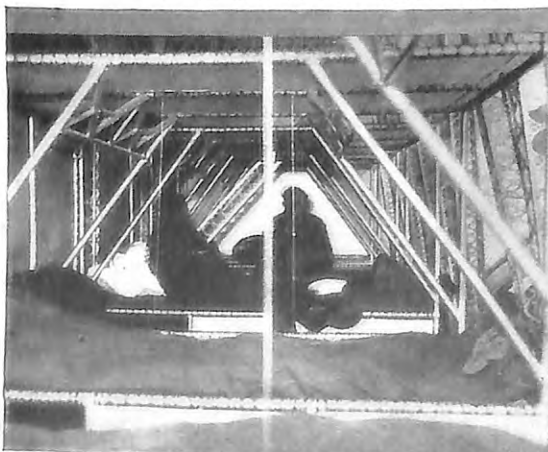
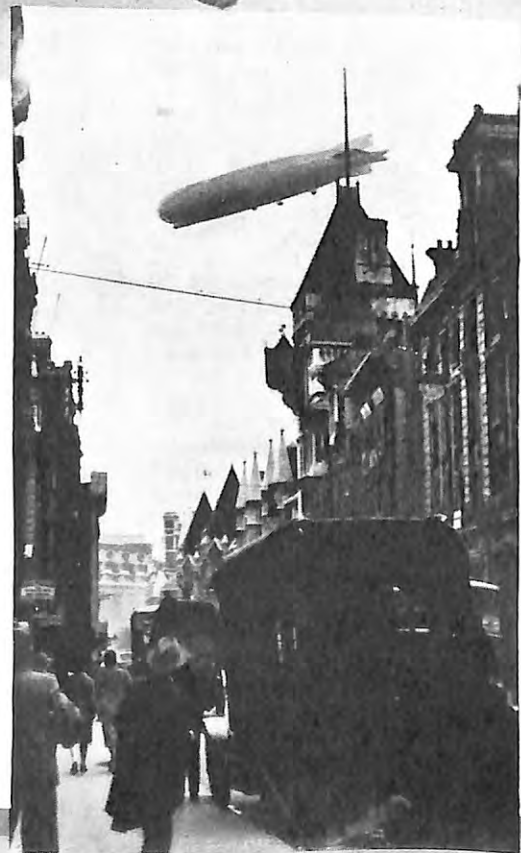
On the right the black wall of clouds stretches endlessly ahead. Since there is no getting around it nor any going back—the fuel is too low—the Captain decides upon the only possible course—to head into the storm.

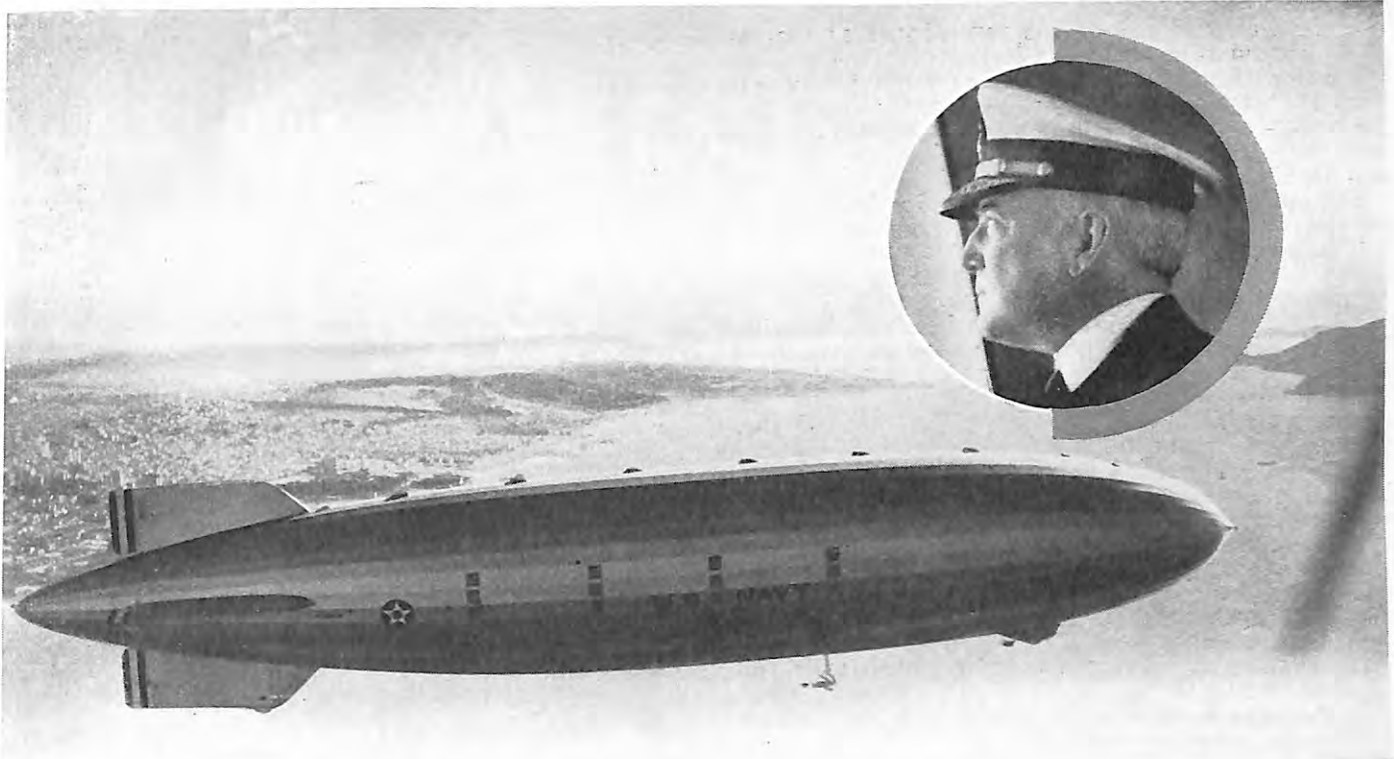
"Hard right rudder. Straighten out at Two-ninety-two," he barks.

Into the blackness plunges the devoted airship. At once invisible hands are laid roughly upon her. One moment she

Above: *The Shenandoah over the Palisades.* Right: *The Graf Zeppelin passes over London.* Below, left: *The crew's quarters on the Macon.* Below, right: *The U.S.S. Los Angeles, moored to the mast of the tender U.S.S. Patoka in Panama Bay*

Official photographs of the U. S. Navy and photographs by Acme, International and Wide World illustrate this article.





is tossed high into the air; the next, sucked downward almost into the sea. She lurches and twists and rolls, while the wheelmen struggle hopelessly to hold her on some sort of course.

The drumbeat of the rain sounds upon the taut canvas of the shell. Louder and louder it hammers. The noise almost drowns out the roar of the thunder. Lightning flashes on all sides—not single vivid streaks but three and four at a time.

The crew stand motionless, at their posts. The guttural voice of the Captain snaps out order after order. Around the ship the hurricane howls. By the flashes of lightning, the whitecaps gleam dangerously near—only three hundred feet below. The ship will not rise.

At this fatal instant the door from the passengers' quarters is thrown open. A white-faced young officer salutes quickly and reports:

"Captain, the wind is tearing the fabric loose from the port stabilizer fin."

This is the horizontal part of the tail of the ship. If the fabric goes and the wind gets inside the hull

it would tear the ship apart. The Captain's set face is ashen, but his voice is still firm: "Take three men and plenty of life-lines and sew it up."

The white-faced young officer salutes again: "Yes, sir."

The Captain orders the ship turned about to run before the wind. The engines are throttled down so that she will travel at the same speed as the wind. This is to give the men working on the slippery, rain-blown fin, sewing up the great rent in the canvas, a chance for their lives.

What must be the Captain's thoughts, as he tries to hold the bucking airship steady in that howling gale to keep the white-faced young officer, who he knew would be out there doing the riskiest job of all, from being swept overboard.

For that white-faced young officer is his son.

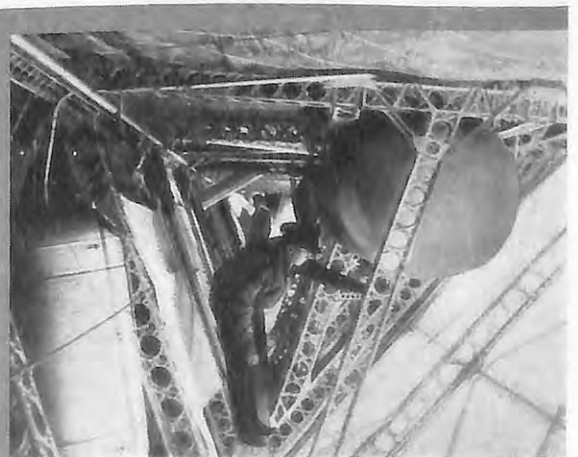
But at last the work is reported done and the worst is over. Only then does the Captain send the following radio to the Commander of the U. S. Naval Station at Key West:

"Dirigible Graf Zeppelin in danger—latitude—longitude—. Request you send destroyer to stand by to take off passengers.

Eckener."

As it happened the destroyer was not needed after all and Eckener brought his ship (Continued on page 38)

Above: The Akron over Golden Gate, California. Insert: Rear Admiral Moffett who was a firm believer in lighter-than-air ships. Below: Dr. Eckener with Grover Whalen. Below, right: An interior view of the Akron



ROSS stepped out of the ranch-house as the taxi ground to a stop. He looked over the girl who approached him and found reasons for approval. He liked the way her long slim legs swung straight from the hips, the way she held her head. She was, he felt, one blonde young woman who knew exactly where she was heading.

She spoke abruptly. "I'm looking for Miss Morrill, my sister."

"She's out on a pack trip just now."

She looked at him sharply. Then her lovely face clouded with disappointment.

He said, "If you can stand two hours on horseback I'll take you to her. They're camping at the lake on the way back."

"That's very nice of you."

"Not at all," said Ross. "I was just heading there for supplies. You can dress in Sue's cabin."

Her eyes had never left him. She seemed disapproving of his big hat and high-heeled boots, and undecided about his face, rough and unhandsome, but disturbingly attractive. He smiled at her frank stare and she became confused.

She paid the driver while Ross got her luggage. Then she faced him with the air of a young woman who has come to a decision.

"Are you by any chance the cowboy my sister is being a fool about?"

So that was it. His smile faded. "No."

"Has she come to her senses yet?"

Her annoyance began to infect him. "I don't think that's any of my business."



Backfire

by Irving Van Zandt

Illustrated by Harry Morse Meyers



Ross raised the 30-30 until the muzzle rested between the pain-filled eyes

"Well, it's somebody's." She lit a cigarette and exhaled impatiently. "Where's the proprietor?"

"He's in town today. I'm his son—Ross Anderson."

"Then it certainly is your business." Her tone became indignant. "The idea of allowing the workmen to make a play for your guests. You should realize that this circus clothing can make an irresponsible young girl lose her head."

Ross restrained his irritation with difficulty. "Sorry, Miss Morrill. We see to it that the wranglers are polite and respectful, but we can't keep the dudes chained up." He dropped the suitcases on the cabin floor and went out before she could reply.

Ross went to the corrals. A black and white pinto was saddled and tied to the fence. Beyond him stood two huge blacks, with bulging panniers on their pack saddles. He took his rope, entered the corral, and dropped a neat loop on a bald-faced bay.

He was giving a final tug on the cinch when Kay Morrill approached in riding clothes. When she started to walk behind the pinto, Ross suddenly grabbed her with both hands and jerked her roughly to one side.

"Sorry, Miss. You don't want to come up to the stern end of these ponies."

"That's absurd!" Her indignation was the greater for his having taken her by surprise. "I've been brought up with horses."

"Not with cayuses like these. They're gentle, but they don't take to things they can't see." Then he added, "There's dinner laid out for you in the house."

"No, thanks. I want to get started." Her anger was well checked, but her tone was scornful when she added, "I don't suppose you have anything so effete as an English saddle."

"They don't work out well in mountain country," said Ross. "You're riding Barney." He led the bay to her. As she started to mount, Eastern fashion, he stopped

her. "That's asking for trouble—I'll show you how to get on."

She followed his instructions, but there was no mistaking the rage in her eyes. That was why Ross did not put up too much resistance when she insisted upon short stirrups. He merely said, "It really isn't wise," and set about shortening them.

NOT that her blazing eyes intimidated him—but her unreasonable attitude led him to believe that she was hungry, and he felt that to goad anyone with an empty stomach was dangerous. He took two sandwiches from his saddlebags and handed them to her.

The pinto and Barney started off abreast, the pack horses following without lead ropes. The trail left the rolling bottom land and made for the ridge, a soaring, jagged rampart of rock, skirted with dense stands of majestic timber.

It might have been the food or she might really have been impressed. Anyway, she fainted at cordiality by saying, "Your location is lovely."

"Not bad," said Ross. "It'd look better with a little rain."

"Doesn't that haze mean rain?"

Ross laughed. "That haze happens to be smoke. From forest fires."

"I can't smell it," she said.

"It's probably traveled hundreds of miles and the smell's worn out."

Her disbelief was obvious and so was her resentment at what she thought was a ribbing. But Ross did not bother to argue.

The trail abruptly turned from a gentle rise to a full-bodied climb.

Ross noticed an uneasiness and discomfort in the girl's eyes as they ascended into the steeper places. And, at times, when Barney gave up his smooth gaits for convulsive leaps she seemed distinctly worried. Whenever they levelled off, more of Western Montana spread before them. Ross began to name the rolling valleys and rocky crags, but soon gave it up when he noticed her studied indifference.

Then there was that unfortunate branch—a low bough projecting too far over the trail. She saw it too late and struck out with her hand to ward off the blow. So sudden was the motion that it caused the tip of the branch to strike Barney in the eye. The big bay gave a startled snort and leaped backward, then sidewise, in one jump. Kay had risen in her stirrups and was already off balance. She went off over the pinto's shoulder.

The girl landed easily and rolled to a sitting position, and Ross saw that she was not hurt. When she looked around, she found him lengthening her stirrups, carefully unconcerned.

Dropping his sombrero on her head, he said, "Wear this and duck your head into it. I'm more used to it."

She stood up, furious at herself and at him. Her

head was thrown back and her eyes flashing. Ross thought he had never seen anything so beautiful. He grinned.

"You asked for it."

They stopped to wind the horses at the top of a particularly steep rise. It was a long shoulder running out at right angles to the main ridge, almost dividing the canyon in two with its bare, knifelike crest.

"North Spur," said Ross. "We're almost there."

The trail dropped for a short distance, then turned sharply. A few rods of dense timber and they stood at the edge of a tiny lake. It lay hidden in a pocket, with the ridge rising sheer and bare almost directly behind it. Ross pointed out the camp at the far end as he led the way along the water's edge.

"Kay! Kay, darling! What *are* you . . . ?" One always heard Sue before seeing her. She was the image of Kay, except that she bubbled and squeaked, while Kay called her shots.

"Kay, this is Jim Reynolds. Where did you come from? Oh, and Brad Jenks. Get off and tell me about it." The young men beside her proved that they were used to Sue by not trying to say anything. They turned to Ross and joined the three or four other dudes who were clamoring for mail.

Kay piloted her sister away from the mob. Her repressed indignation suddenly exploded. "What's this nonsense about your marrying a cowboy?"

"Isn't it wonderful? I'm terribly in love and I just don't . . . What do you mean, a cowboy?"

"What do I mean?" She looked dumfounded.

"You wrote me you were going to elope with some fool ranch hand, that's what I mean. I flew out to break it up."

Sue looked puzzled. "Did I write that?" Then she laughed. "That must have been Rusty. We had a fight and he got fired, and then the next day Jim and Brad came and it happened just like that. We took one look at each other and . . ."

"You mean Jim or Brad?" Kay always had to interrupt her sister.

"JIM, of course. Isn't he marvelous? Ross thinks he's swell. Isn't Ross nice? He's just out of Stanford!"

"Ross just out of Stanford?" Kay's eyes widened.

"No, Jim. Ross is a Yale man."

"What?"

"Sure. Then he went to school out here—something scientific. And he owns a wonderful factory somewhere—I mean Jim does—and we're going to be married this fall, we really are."

Sue was holding open the flap of a teepee. Her sister's eyes were disgusted. "Honestly, Sue, this is the limit. All night in a plane, all morn- (Continued on page 41)





Broadcast

by
PHILLIPS COLES



In the upper left hand corner is a caricature of WJZ's Bob (Believe It Or Not) Ripley, who relates of strange and paradoxical doings of nature, on Sundays at 7:30 P. M.

Ray Lee Jackson

Also at top is a photograph of Bernice Claire, a decorative young woman who sings for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

In circle is Nelson Eddy, who burst into fame with his singing role in the motion picture, "Naughty Marietta," and will shortly be seen with Jeanette MacDonald in "Rose Marie." Eddy sings for NBC Station WEAJ on Monday evenings.

At lower right is Portland Hoffa, who is Mrs. Fred Allen and that comedian's leading lady before WEAJ's mike.

Below, center, is Miss Basha Malinoff whose beautiful soprano voice has frequently been heard in performances given at the Hollywood Bowl, and by the American Opera Company in Los Angeles and the Chicago Opera Company in Chicago, as well as on the air via various and sundry well known radio stations. She was soloist at the Hollywood Bowl for a year and appeared with the San Francisco Opera Company.

Below, left, Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll, who are NBC's Amos 'n' Andy to you, missed a broadcast recently for the first time in eight years. Out hunting, they forgot the time, and their picture was taken to commemorate the occasion.

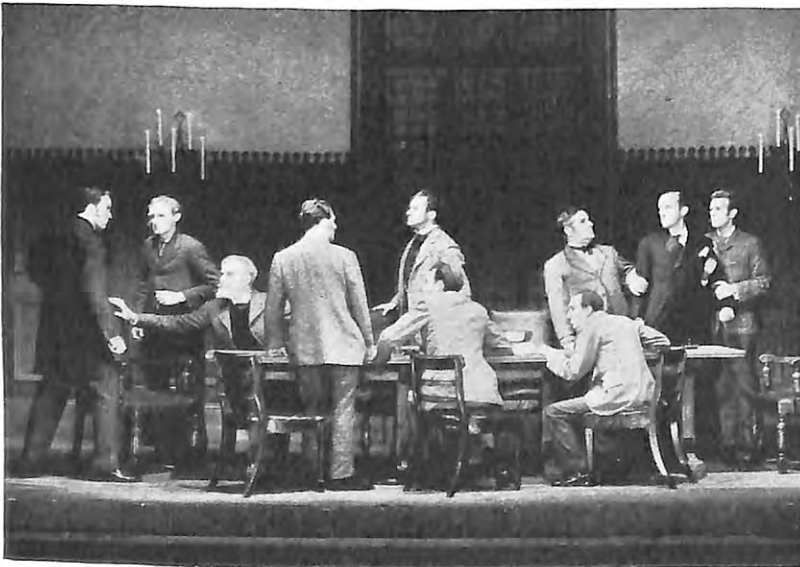
James Hargis Connelly

Ray Lee Jackson





Above are two gentlemen whose deft handling of the principal roles in "Professional Soldier" makes that motion picture the success it is. Freddie Bartholomew as the little King remains one of the screen's histrionic miracles. Victor McLaglen, who can act like a fool when the spirit moves him—which it usually does—is satisfactorily sentimental as his guardian angel.



Above is Big Rosie, a doleful pachyderm around whom the colossal and stupendous doings of New York's first circus-musical comedy revolves. What with clowns and acrobats and elephants, and Jimmy Durante plus tuneful music, "Jumbo" charms the senses and snares the imagination. It will probably run forever and we will be hearing about it for the next decade.

At right are several of the gentlemen who help make "Jumbo" the smash hit it is.

At left is a taut scene from "Parnell," a drama which concerns itself with the complications of love and politics on the ould sod. George Curzon and Margaret Rawlings, both London importations to the New York stage, lend their talents to make "Parnell" one of the hits of the year.

In the lower left hand corner you see a man about to die. Ronald Colman, who is well-bred even at the guillotine, makes screen history with his portrayal of Sidney Carton, the sacrificial hero of Charles Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," M-G-M's elaborate contribution to the current cycle of historical cinemas. Mr.

Colman, a suave Britisher, remains this Department's choice for Most Perfect Gentleman.

At right is a portrait study of Osgood Perkins, a skillful player who does much to add to each theatrical season. Already this year he has starred in "On Stage," an excellent play which suffered an untimely demise at the hands of the critics. Mr. Perkins is also currently seen as the villain in Lily Pons' picture, "I Dream Too Much." His acting of the role confirms the impression that Mr. Perkins cannot give an inferior performance.

At right is a scene from "Dead End," a melodrama by Sidney Kingsley which is considered by many to be the best play in New York. Mr. Kingsley trenchantly expresses his not-so-private opinions of gangsters, G-men, gutter urchins and snooty society ladies in language which can be—and frequently is—heard on the streets of any city slum. The play deals with a group of individuals who live on a dead end street on the East River and with a gangster who returns to the home of his childhood when fleeing from G-Men.



The cinema would appear to have broken out in a rash of costume pictures telling of the modes and manners of another day.

Errol Flynn, an engaging young Irishman newly come to the films, plays Captain Blood in the 1936 Hollywood version of that rousing tale by Rafael Sabatini. Below with a group of congenial friends, Captain Blood may be observed in an attitude which suggests an interesting hour of bloodshed and slaughter.



THE hot black coffee made me feel a little better and I had a second cup while Steve was filling the thermos and making my ham-and-cheese on white. He acted sort of patronizing about that sandwich.

"You gettin' soft or something?" he asked as he wrapped it and shoved it down the counter. "Where's your helper? You goin' it alone?"

I told him I was and kept sipping my coffee.

"Thirty-five," Steve said. "And was I you I'd take it easy with that sandwich."

I knew what he meant. On a long haul it's poor business to eat anything after the first few hours. It makes you sleepy, and sleep is a truck driver's worst enemy. I know because I was following right behind Shorty Bates last year when he hit the side of an overhead crossing and about five tons of lumber slapped him in the back.

So we don't eat much. We drink coffee and chew caffeine tablets. Steve's advice was good, all right, but I didn't want to explain the sandwich wasn't for me, so I paid him and said:

"I've never gone to sleep yet."

"If you had"—Steve waved his counter rag—"you wouldn't be here. Stay smart."

Outside it was cool and damp, and there was a smell in the air of a storm on its way. Three trucks—a Red-Ball and two Tri-States—were parked in the flood-lighted corral next to the bunkhouse, the protecting glare of the bulbs and reflectors making thick shadows that exaggerated their size.

Madge was still sleeping in her corner of the seat, and after twelve hours of it she still looked swell, with her face shadowed a little by the dim glow of the dash light, and something soft and warm reflecting from the whiteness of her throat. Madge wasn't the fragile fluffy type, but she looked it now. I'd never seen her asleep before and I got a kick out of just looking at her. Somehow, it gave me another



As I reached for the door-knob I heard her scream

Going My Way?

by George Harmon Coxe

angle on marriage; and the idea of being able to see her this way often made me feel pretty good.

She did not wake up when I started the motor, just hunched a little lower in the corner and burrowed the side of her chin in the fur collar of her coat. After I got straightened out on the road I thought about getting an arm around her. I wanted to hold her, have her lean on me. But it was only a thought. You can't drive one of these babies one-handed. I paid attention to the road.

The stretch was straight and flat here. My steady thirty pulled the white lane of concrete back into the headlights in an endless ribbon, and I got to thinking, like I always do, about Madge and my job, and how long it would be before we saved up the extra five hundred dollars.

If things had gone right we would have been married by now. We had planned it all last year. How much money we wanted to start off with, and how we were going to get it. Only Madge got sick and lost her job as stenographer, and left me to do the saving. I wanted to get married anyway and live with my folks for a while. But Madge said no. We'd wait until we could have a decent honeymoon and pay cash for the furniture and have a place of our own. That's why I gave up my day run and took this long-haul job. More overtime and more money.

At that it was a grind, trying to build up the five hundred she said we needed. Sometimes I guess I got a little bitter about it, wondering whether getting married was worth the struggle. Maybe it would be a struggle after we were married. But there would be

some fun, too. This way it was all one-sided. Madge home, and me away most of the time on account of the schedule. Once I tried to figure out how many miles I'd have to drive before we saved the money; but I got discouraged when I began to see how slowly those miles unrolled.

A bump where the concrete ended and the macadam began, woke Madge up. I looked over and she was watching me, her eyes shiny and smiling, her lips moist. For a minute or so she just sat there, still drowsy and hating to move, then she yawned like a contented kitten and sat up. I forgot about the miles. If someone had offered me what I wanted most in the next minute I'd have taken a kiss and been grateful.

Madge arched her back and stared out of her side

of the cab into the darkness. When she looked back at me her smile was gone. She asked me where we were and I told her.

"How much longer?" she wanted to know.

"An hour and a half to New London," I told her.

"Two or two and a half to Providence and then you can get out and stretch because I've got to do some unloading."

She looked at her wrist watch, moving towards me and bending over so she could see the tiny hands in the dash light. "And how long from there to Boston?"

"Another two hours."

"It's a quarter after twelve," she said dryly. "We won't get in until after six."

I pushed the thermos and the sandwich towards her.

"You'll feel better after you get rid of this."

I got a surprise then. She sat up straight and said, "You stopped!" with an accusing sort of tone, as though I'd double-crossed her.

"Sure I stopped," I said, and maybe I was a little snappy because I thought she'd be glad to get the coffee and would act like she appreciated the sandwich.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought you'd want all the sleep you could get. I fix it so you get sleep and food too and you crab."

"Well—" she picked at the waxed paper around the sandwich, her eyes following a sedan that flashed past and cut in front of me. "You might have told me."

We got back on a straight stretch of concrete and I lit a cigarette. I knew what she was irritated about. She hadn't intended to go to sleep: she didn't want to go to sleep. But she had and that made her sore.

You see, on this sort of run there would be some weeks when I'd only get home two or three nights, and that didn't give me much chance to take her to the movies. Lots of times I'd be so tired I'd go to sleep on her when I did take her out, and that was not so glamorous. She knew why I was *why* I was, doing this sort of work, but she hadn't felt the pain of needing sleep, the ache of fighting it when it pulled at your eyelids and your brain was drugged by the droning lullaby of the motor until you saw things on the road that weren't there. To her sleep was just a habit.

I think she came along with me to find out for herself. She wanted to visit an uncle in Boston, and she got the idea that this would be an interesting way of doing it. Besides, she argued, it would save the three dollar

Illustrations by
George Howe



bus fare, wouldn't it? So I fixed it with my boss and here we were.

The truck is a sleeper cab. Not a real modern one, but there is a rough bunk in a sort of little trough behind the seat, with ventilator shutters in each end at the sides of the truck. Red, my helper, could get two or three hours of sleep a night that way and we could keep rolling without too much risk.

I looked over at Madge. She was eating half of the sandwich and sipping coffee from the top of the thermos.

She didn't look at me; I wasn't feeling very sympathetic right then anyway. Because a while back I'd been sorry for her and had tried to get her to crawl over in the bunk and grab a few winks. But she got proud or stubborn or something and wouldn't do it. Now I told myself it was a good thing because after this when I said I needed some sleep maybe she'd know what I meant. And maybe she'd have some idea of what it was like to wrestle a truck for twenty-four hours.

SHE couldn't know about the cramps that got into the calves of your legs, or the aching stiffness that spread from your back and crept up through your neck and shoulders. But she'd have a taste of it. Just sitting is no picnic. After a while a truck seat gets like one in the bleachers at the end of a double-header. No soft spots any place.

At that it had been an easy trip. We'd got started about one o'clock that noon, and we'd get through between six and seven in the morning. Only about eighteen hours on the road. You can't kick at that. Plenty of times Red and I've been twenty-four hours on the road and thirty-five on duty, with nothing but a couple winks behind the seat.

"Here. You want some?"

I looked around. She was getting ready to pour some coffee into the thermos top.

"Go ahead," I told her. "It's for you. I had some."

"We'll save it then," she said, and put in the cork and screwed on the top.

I didn't argue because we were starting up a hill and I knew I'd have three shifts to make before I got over the top. Halfway up we were crawling and I had plenty of time to look around. Below and to the right was the Sound. You couldn't make out the shore line, but you knew what you saw was water. It was blacker than night, and flat, and a dampness floated up from that direction and chilled the air. I think we could have smelled the sea except for the truck, but all I got was the exhaust and the roar of the engine.

I saw the fellow when I looked back at the road. He was about a hundred yards ahead of us and the headlights made him look small and hunched as he climbed. I waited, sort of holding my breath, and sure enough Madge crashed through.

"Why don't you give him a lift?"

I blew out my breath and said nothing for a minute. I counted them. This was the fifth guy she'd wanted to pick up. The first was just a suggestion, but the argument got stronger every time.

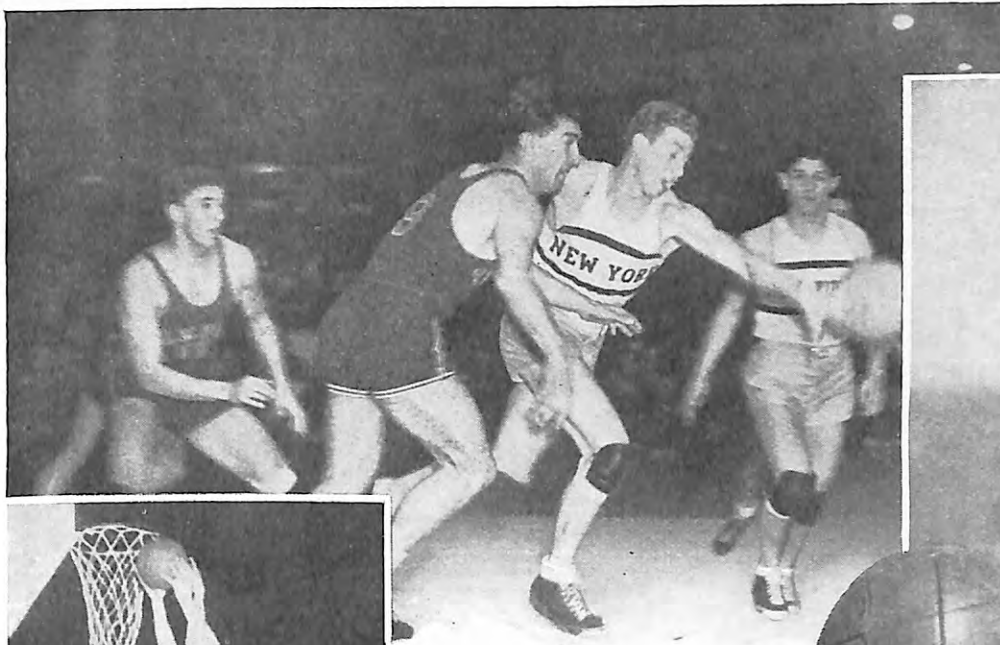
"I've already told you," I said. "I don't give anybody a lift. It's orders."

"Orders," she sniffed. And then, to make it tougher, this guy gives me the thumb.

Going slow like we were, it took us a long time to catch up with him and I could see he was young, and not a bad looking kid. His clothes were fairly decent, too. I really wanted to stop. I've felt that way before. But I like my job. And I almost lost it once when one of the big shots in the office saw me pull into a checking station with an old guy I'd picked up outside of Scranton. I was lucky to get *(Continued on page 45)*.



"Just remember that there's a reward and that I brought this guy in alone," I told him



Above: The art of bouncing or "dribbling" the ball is difficult to master. Left: Following the ball off the backboard is one of the game's first principles. Right: Dr. James A. Naismith, the father of basketball. When back in 1891 he hung two peach baskets at opposite ends of a small playing field at the Springfield, Mass., Y. M. C. A. College he invented a game which has swept not only the nation but the whole world



The Peach Basket Goes Big-Time

by Edwin B. Dooley

WHEN back in 1891 Dr. James A. Naismith, a physical instructor at the Springfield, Massachusetts, Y.M.C.A. College, hung two peach baskets at opposite ends of a small rectangular playing field, gave his boys a soccer ball, and told them that the team shooting the ball through the basket the most times in a definite period of play would be the winner, he never dreamed he was inventing a pastime that was soon to sweep over the entire nation and eventually around the world.

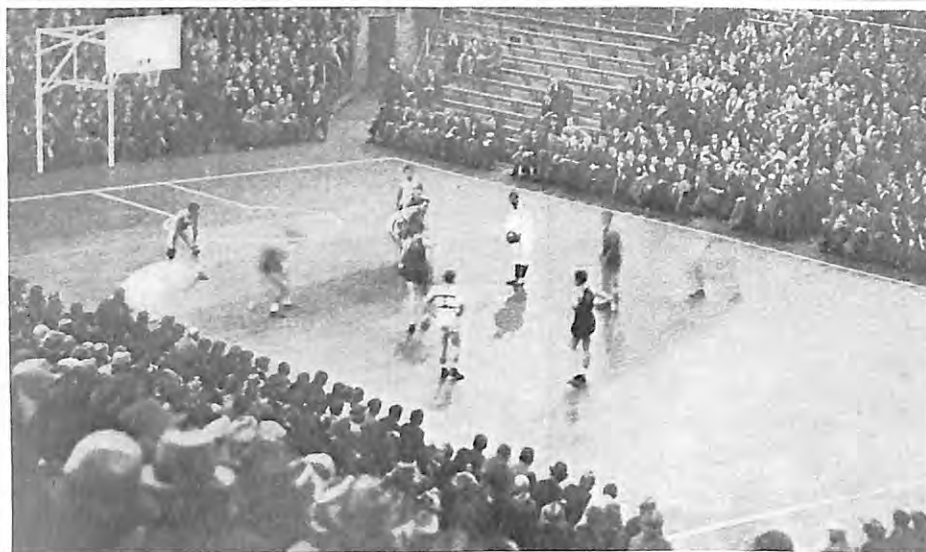
Almost before Dr. Naismith's improvised baskets were worn out and shattered by the repeated impact of the leather ball whisking through the light wood hoops, the game was spreading across the land with the rapidity of a forest fire. Amateur and professional teams sprang up in many states, leagues were formed, and in less than a decade basketball was known virtually everywhere. The technical sim-

Right, at top: A player will do anything legitimate to gain control of the ball. Right, below: A basketball court brings the center of interest close to the spectators, just as the prize ring does

plicity of the game, the absence of complicated equipment and heavy or cumbersome paraphernalia, and the ease with which a court could be laid out in any gymnasium or school yard made it appeal strongly to schools, recreation centers, clubs and colleges.

No sport in the entire category of team or individually competitive pastimes has a record of growth comparable to that of basketball. Virtually every high school and every college is represented by a cage quintet. Added to these groups are the professional leagues, and the industrial conferences scattered throughout the country. In interscholastic tournaments in Indiana, a state where basketball is perhaps the most popular of sports, and which each year sends to the colleges some of its most talented players, more than five thousand boys participate. In an elimination tournament in North Carolina last winter, more than three thousand high school students took part.

The tremendous popularity of the game—a popularity attained within the brief span of a single life—for Dr. Naismith is still hale and active in athletics in the Middle West—is best appreciated by recalling the tremendous success enjoyed by the game last year in attendance, gate receipts and the number of partici-



pants. While it has never been estimated accurately there is little doubt but that there are far more basketball courts in the world today than there are playing fields or courts for the purposes of other pastimes.

Last fall, college teams playing at Madison Square Garden on eight different evenings, packed that vast amphitheatre to the roof, and drew a total "gate" of approximately 100,000 customers. That figure represented only an insignificant portion of the basketball loving public. At the Palestra of the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia, a building constructed primarily, in fact exclusively, for the purposes of basketball, packed houses of 14,000 were the rule rather than the exception. In the Western Conference, where the Big Ten competition stirs up intense rivalries each year, games were at-

Left, above: Dr. "Fog" Allen, of Kansas University, a leading teacher of the game whose former pupils are spreading his doctrines and style of play. Left, below: Coach Howard G. Cann, of New York University, another famous figure in basketball

tended by crowds varying between 10,000 and 15,000.

In the South, the Southwest, and even on the Pacific Coast, huge throngs were the order of the day. Basketball has a magnetic appeal, a swiftness and suppleness of motion, and a certain intimacy of proximity to the players, that tends to attract spectators and increase the popularity of the game. The quality of teams of course has a lot to do with the size of the crowd, but invariably where competition is keen and standards of play are high, there is never a dearth of fans.

Right now the sport is in full swing. Not a town, a city, a village, or even the poetic hamlet that hasn't a team representing it. From coast to coast lively leather covered balls are beating a symphony of vibrant activity against thousands of backboards. Girls as well as boys have teams, and the fair sex plays the game just as ardently even if not so skillfully as its sturdier brothers.

That basketball now merits a place in the category of the nation's "big time" pastimes is admitted by anyone acquainted with the facts. The days when rivalries were limited to neighboring schools or clubs are



Above, left: "Getting the jump" is most important. Above, right: Nat Holman, a leading exponent of the game. Right, below: New York University and Kentucky struggling for possession of the ball, a thrilling part of any basketball game

Photos for this article by International and Wide World

gone forever. Today intersectional engagements packed with all the color, ballyhoo, interest and excitement of intersectional football games hold the attention of the fans. College teams make transcontinental trips perennially, covering thousands of miles, and playing almost nightly.

Many of these trips are made without any expense to the college—the players themselves paying their expenses, and travelling by motor car to cut down their overhead. If the particular team is a prominent one, boasting a long line of triumphs, and possessing a basketball heritage, it invariably makes a substantial profit.

Kentucky, Notre Dame, and Temple, three outstanding quintets of last season, made plenty of money by appearing at the Garden last winter

to meet teams of their high calibre. Ticket prices in big cities like New York range from fifty cents to two dollars and twenty cents, a scale comparable to that of hockey or football.

This year, for the first time in the history of the game, a team representing the West Coast visited New York for a game at Madison Square Garden. The Westerners wore the uniform of the Golden Bear of California, and engaged New York University, long a leader in the sport, and annually one of the greatest cage machines in the game.

Purdue, a prominent Big Ten team; Kentucky, one of the best fives in the South; North Carolina, an-

other ranking Dixie team; Rice Institute, the pride of the Southwest, and Notre Dame are other prominent elevens which will engage in important intersectional clashes in New York this year.

There are several things that account for basketball's present popularity, apart from the appeal which the game has inherently for those who play it. In the first place it is simple basically, and easily understood. The spectators sit around the court so close to the players, that they can actually hear them breathing, see the expressions on their faces, and catch the subtleties of play. The present rules require a

(Continued on page 34)



EDITORIAL

A SUGGESTED NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

THE New Year is a recognized time for the making of good resolutions; a convenient starting point for abandoning bad habits and forming good ones. This fact has been repeatedly commented upon in these columns and suggestions have been made from time to time for such resolutions. Naturally they have been, for the most part, of a specific fraternal character.

This year a suggestion is made which is without any definite fraternal significance, yet which does involve a duty which is fraternal in the broad sense that it is humanitarian. It relates to the care and consideration on the part of operators of automobiles on the public highways.

The statistics for the past year indicate that there has been no improvement in the tremendous number of fatalities and casualties from this source; and that a very great percentage of them continue to be directly attributable to lack of care in operating motor vehicles.

The staggering totals of the killed and injured are comparable with those incident to active warfare and they constitute a challenge to every agency with any capacity for the promotion of public safety. They prompt this repeated appeal to auto drivers for a more strict observance of the laws and reasonable rules which have been established for the safety to car occupants as well as to pedestrians.

This year the only suggestion here made for a New Year Resolution is that each member of the Order who drives a car pledge himself to a greater caution in operating it and to a more just consideration for the rights of others upon the highway, in the interest of humanity and the safety of those to whom he owes that definite duty.

A generous response from our great membership will surely

reflect itself in more favorable statistics for the coming year, and will constitute a valuable contribution to a cause of primary humanitarian importance.

THE OLD FIRE-PLACE

THERE is much to be said, of course, for the modern conveniences with which our present-day homes are equipped. Electric lights, bathrooms, steam heat, electric refrigerators, telephones, radios, all contribute to our comfort, ease and enjoyment of life. They have come to be regarded as necessities and are to be found in even the most unpretentious of residences. But when the old-fashioned fire-place was eliminated something more was abandoned than a mere architectural feature and the physical use made of it, something which cannot be replaced by any of the mechanical devices adopted in its stead.

In the old wintry days, when darkness fell, the fire-place with its blazing, crackling logs was the central feature of the home. In its cheery glow the whole family gathered. Within the radius of its brightness and warmth were combined the library, the living room and the nursery. There father read his paper, mother did her sewing, the children studied their lessons, friends were entertained.

There was something homey about it, something that created an atmosphere of happy domesticity. It seemed to strengthen and sweeten the family ties of affection and loyalty.

When alone, one sat in the big chair drawn close to the chimney corner, a pipe between the teeth and a good book in hand, there came a sense of peace and well being to which the old fire-place made its own contribution.



And when the book was laid aside one could gaze into the leaping flames, or into the glowing embers, and see again friendly faces dearly remembered. Perhaps one specially beloved looked out with tender smile. Dreams came readily there to wide-awake eyes. Visions evoked themselves. Problems seemed easier to solve. Thoughts were not only clearer, they were cleaner. The wholesome spirit of the hearthstone insured this.

But there is no romance in a radiator. It does not invite the family circle. No domestic spirit hovers over it. There is nothing about it to stir one's fancies, or to conjure up pleasant memories, or to prompt a real communion with one's inmost soul. It is wholly utilitarian and uninspiring. No sentiment ever attaches to it.

Mayhap most of us would be unwilling to forego the convenience of the modern heating equipment to which we have become accustomed. But those who recall the old fire-place will realize that in its passing something went with it which is a distinct loss to home life at its best; something we would gladly reclaim, if we only could.

THE FIELD IS RIPE

THE reports from the subordinate Lodges, as to the members initiated in the Joseph T. Fanning Class, on November 14th, indicate an aggregate of Twenty Thousand additions to the Order in that Class. It was the most successful event of its kind in the Order's history.

The result shows a fine response to the appeal of the Grand Exalted Ruler. It also bespeaks a splendid and deserved tribute to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning. But its greatest significance lies in the fact that the efforts to secure candidates for the Class found the field of available candidates ripe for the harvest.

As in all such cases, the work already done will continue to bear fruit for months to come. Already many Lodges have

reported unusual numbers of applications now pending.

A maintenance of the fine spirit thus far displayed will insure a most gratifying report on membership statistics at Los Angeles. The field is indeed ripe. The harvest only needs to be garnered.

WHERE PLEASING PROSPECTS ABOUND



IN one of the highways leading northward in the Piedmont section of Virginia, as a sweeping curve tops a gentle rise, there is brought into view a peaceful landscape, typical of that beautiful country. Woods and fields, with here and there a nestling farm house, and rolling hills climbing into the Blue Ridge Mountains in the distant background, combine to present a pleasing prospect. And in the very center of the scene, crowning a rounded foothill, stands a little church, shining white against the green trees behind and the greener fields on either side.

The modest building is without architectural pretensions; but, with its tiny spire pointing upward, it is unmistakably a church. And it adds a completing detail to the natural beauty of the picture which nothing else could so effectively contribute. It not only captivates the eye, but there is a suggestion of basic wholesomeness about it which inspires a feeling of grateful contentment.

Nothing can be radically wrong with a people who live in such surroundings, with so obviously cherished and well maintained a church in their midst. One does not bother to consider what denomination it represents, nor to wonder what creeds are recited therein; but instinctively recognizes the fitness of its setting and feels a sympathetic response to all it suggests.

In its essentials the picture is duplicated innumerable times in every part of our great land. It is typical of rural America. One does not tremble for the future of a country in which such pleasing prospects abound.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Interesting Incidents of the Joseph T. Fanning Classes

Many interesting incidents occurred in the initiations of the Joseph T. Fanning Classes which were inducted into the Order in November. For instance, four of the six candidates initiated by Riverside, Calif., Lodge, No. 643, on November 14, were from one family. They were Tom Topham and his three sons, Will, Robert and Jim.

The initiatory work for Hancock, Mich., Lodge, No. 381, was in charge of a degree team made up entirely of Past Exalted Rulers of Hancock Lodge.

The meeting of November 14 was, for Salida, Colo., Lodge, No. 808, one of the outstanding sessions of the Lodge's history in that the Joseph T. Fanning Class, numbering 23 candidates, was the largest class ever initiated into Salida Lodge. Among the distinguished guests present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen of Sterling, Colo., Lodge; Milton L. Anfenger of Denver Lodge, an Associate Member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; State Pres. Jacob L. Sherman of Denver Lodge, and D.D. W. R. Crylie of Salida Lodge.

Douglas, Ariz., Lodge, No. 955, initiated seven candidates in the presence of the largest gathering that has been seen in the Lodge Home in 10 years.

W. W. Watts, Secy. of De Land, Fla., Lodge, No. 1463, had the pleasure of proposing his two sons, Kenneth B. and Winston Wilford Watts, as members of the Joseph T. Fanning Class. Kenneth was initiated into De Land Lodge while Winston became a member, by request, of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168.

Lakeview, Ore., Lodge, No. 1536, has an active membership of 240, a roster that is large in view of the fact that it is situated in one of the smallest Lodge towns in the United States. Lakeview has a population of only 3,000. Despite this fact Lakeview Lodge initiated, on November 14, a Joseph T. Fanning Class of 30 candidates, with three reinstatements. The class is equal to twelve per cent of the entire Lodge enrollment.

Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, initiated its Joseph T. Fanning Class

in its new Lodge room, which was used for the first time.

The names of the members of the Joseph T. Fanning Class initiated by Columbus, Ga., Lodge, No. 111, and the sponsors of the candidates, are to be inscribed on a scroll and sent to the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago where they are to be made a part of the permanent record of the Order.

Plainfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 885, initiated among the candidates of its Joseph T. Fanning Class, Walter L. Hetfield, 3rd, and George F. Hetfield in the presence of their father, Walter L. Hetfield, Jr., who has been a member of the Lodge for some time.

Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, initiated 81 candidates. Even this

large class did not comprise the entire number of applicants, as 110 applications for initiation in the Class were received. A number of the candidates, however, were unable to be present on November 14 and were to be initiated later. On Joseph T. Fanning Night Miami Lodge also increased the number of members of the Ridolf family who belong to Miami Lodge. The Ridolf Elks consist of J. W. Ridolf, Sr., and his four sons. A grandson is a member of the Antlers Lodge.

P.E.R. J. D. Romer, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, had the pleasure of seeing his two sons initiated into the Order on November 14 as part of Mount Vernon Lodge's Joseph T. Fanning Class. Their picture appears on page 31.



Top: members of St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge who attended a party called "A Barnyard Strut," given recently by the Lodge

Bottom: the float entered by Ontario, Calif., Lodge in the annual Ontario City Armistice Day Parade. Exalted Ruler Gordon A. Billings is driving

**Lebanon, Pa., Lodge Enjoys
Thirty-Fifth Anniversary**

Lebanon, Pa., Lodge, No. 631, instituted in November, 1900, celebrated its 35th Birthday with an elaborate program of entertainment in the Lodge Home. Foremost among the invited guests was Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan. At the banquet, which was featured in the course of the celebration and held at the Hotel Weimer, Judge C. V. Henry was Toastmaster. Judge Hallinan delivered a most interesting address after which the Elks adjourned to the Lodge Home for the ceremonies attendant upon the occasion. A class of candidates, known as the "35th Anniversary Class," was initiated.

Two nights later Ladies or Family Night was held as part of the birthday festivities. A theatre party was given and later the anniversary buffet supper was held in the grill room of the Lodge Home. The Grand Anniversary Ball with a floor show took place in the ballroom of the Home and was largely attended by a crowd of enthusiastic celebrants.

**Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge
Sponsors Radio Programs**

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, took on a new responsibility early in the winter when it became co-sponsor with the Aberdeen Active Club in presenting the annual radio

program featuring the "Sunshine Kids." For several years this program has been sponsored by the Active Club in a drive for contributions for Christmas charities. This year the programs were broadcast from the Aberdeen Lodge room which offered greater facilities for visitors than the Station used heretofore. The largest assortment of talent that has ever appeared on the programs was featured.

When the season's broadcasting was over, the money was turned over to the Active Club for distribution and gifts. The Elks assisted only in raising money and sponsoring the programs.

**International Falls, Minn.,
Lodge Initiates 53**

In the presence of nearly 100 Elks from other northern Minnesota Lodges, International Falls Lodge, No. 1599, initiated 53 new members at ceremonies held in the Colony Club on November 2. The Degree Team of Virginia, Minn., Lodge, No. 1003, was in charge of the impressive services. Arthur P. Johnson, Pres. of the Minn. State Elks Assn., was among the prominent Elks present.

Twenty-nine members of Duluth, Minn., Lodge, No. 133, made the 165-mile trip from Duluth by chartered bus in order to attend. As one of the features of the meeting the Duluth delegation presented one of its members, John Paton, who now resides in International Falls, with a life membership in Duluth Lodge. Mr. Paton played an important part in the organization of International Falls Lodge instituted last August.

Early in October the young Lodge moved into new and commodious quarters. A newly decorated hall has recently been completed and is the center of many social activities.

**Greensboro, N. C., Lodge
Celebrates 35th Anniversary**

The celebration of the 35th Anniversary of Greensboro, N. C., Lodge, No. 602, was held by the Lodge at the King Cotton Hotel in Greensboro. A program of songs and ad-



Above: the officers of Chico, Calif., Lodge, who were prominent attendants at the Officers Conference of the North District of California, held at Sacramento, Calif., Lodge



Top: a group of Elks belonging to Greybull, Wyoming, Lodge, who gathered outside Cody, Wyo., to greet visitors to their Lodge

Lower Picture: the cast of the 2nd Annual Minstrel Show, held recently by DeKalb, Ill., Lodge, which played before a packed house

resses was delivered. The guest of honor and principal speaker of the evening was Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan who made a special trip to Greensboro to attend the Anniversary banquet and ball.

On the day of the banquet Judge Hallinan was escorted to Durham, N. C., for the Carolina-Duke football game where a special block of tickets had been set aside for the Elks. Immediately after the game the official party returned to Greensboro for the anniversary festivities.

**Peru, Ind., Lodge Warns
Lodges Not to Honor Card**

J. H. Huber, Secretary of Peru, Ind., Lodge, No. 365, warns Lodges of the Order not to lend money to Lester Miller, Member No. 738 in Peru Lodge, holding Card No. 276 paid to April 1, 1936. The owner of the card, who in November was in the vicinity of Houston, Texas, has been going from Lodge to Lodge securing money which he fails to repay, on the strength of his card.

(Continued on page 35)

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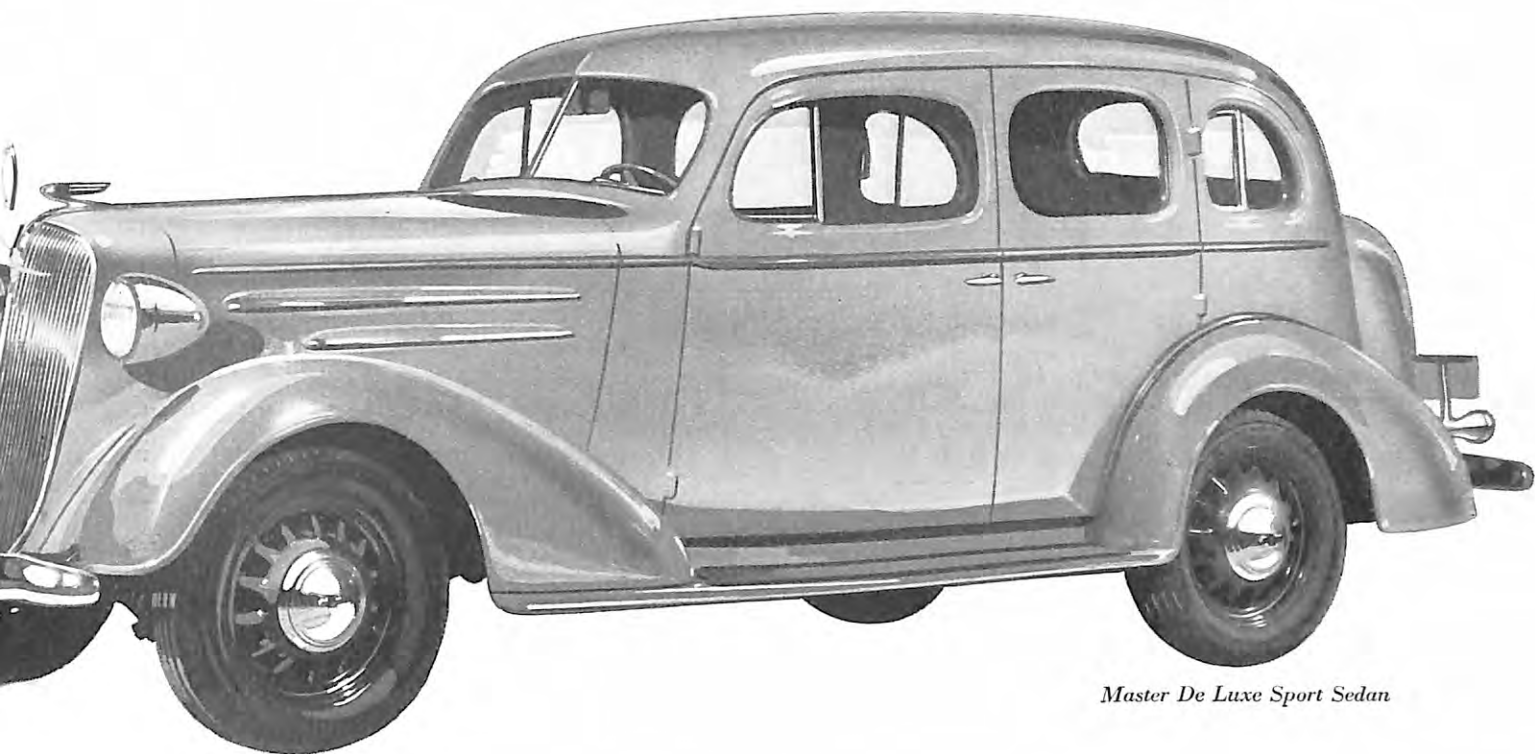
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Central Edition

*This Section Contains
Additional News of
Central Lodges*

C. M. Tardy Class Initiated by Florence, Ala., Lodge

The C. M. Tardy class of candidates was recently initiated into Florence, Ala., Lodge, No. 820, at a large meeting held in the Lodge Home. The floor work was put on by officers composing the Degree Team of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79. The Ritual was splendidly exemplified, assistance being given by the Birmingham Patrol.

Officers and members of Sheffield, Ala., Lodge, No. 1375, were also in attendance. A banquet was set prior to the meeting with Clarence M. Tardy, Pres. of the Ala. State Elks Assn., acting as Master of Ceremonies. Among the speakers were D.D. C. L. Haley, Jr., of Florence Lodge; E.R. Cecil Deason of Birmingham Lodge; Harry K. Reid, Herbert Baum, and Leon W. Friedman of Birmingham Lodge.

Music for the floor work and the opening and closing of the meeting was furnished by P.E.R. Prof. Fred L. Grambs, of Birmingham Lodge, at the piano. Several short addresses were made, and the candidates themselves expressed their appreciation of the fine manner in which the work was put on. The speakers at the meeting included E.R. Carl A. Keys and P.E.R. Ben M. Spielberger, both of Sheffield Lodge.

William Fex, Vice-Pres. of the Elks Luncheon Club of Birmingham Lodge, gave a talk urging Florence Lodge to institute a similar organization, and the announcement followed shortly that P.E.R. Clyde W. Anderson would organize such a unit. P.D.D. Harry W. English was a member of the Birmingham delegation present on the occasion.

Conneaut, O., Lodge Honors D.D. Ralph H. Stone

Conneaut, O., Lodge, No. 256, honored the District Deputy for Ohio, N.E., Ralph H. Stone who is a P.E.R. of Conneaut Lodge, with a dinner and party on the evening of October 21. More than 150 members of the Order attended the dinner and the Lodge meeting that followed. Among the Exalted Rulers present were Frank H. Wilberding, Cleveland Lodge, No. 18; L. B. Weikart, Ash-



Above: Hibbing, Minn., Elks honor Judge Martin Hughes at a testimonial dinner

tabula Lodge, No. 208; C. R. Gillen, Painesville Lodge, No. 549, and A. J. Nunn, Lakewood Lodge, No. 1350. Secy. E. B. Craig of Ravenna Lodge, No. 1076, attended. Many of these Lodges sent delegations, the Lakewood group, numbering 20 members being the largest.

Three Past Presidents of the Ohio State Elks Assn. were present and delivered short talks. They were James E. Breen, Ashtabula, William F. Bruning, Cleveland, and William G. Campbell, Lorain. P.D.D. John E. Creamer was a member of the Ashtabula delegation.

Mr. Stone outlined the aims of the Grand Exalted Ruler and announced his intention of attending on November 14 the meeting of that Lodge in the District initiating the largest class of candidates. It was expected that on "Joseph T. Fanning Night" several hundred candidates would be initiated in the Northwest District of Ohio.

Blue Island, Ill., Lodge Mourns P.E.R. Edward A. Bohn

The membership of Blue Island, Ill., Lodge, No. 1331, mourns the recent loss of Edward A. Bohn, a P.E.R. of the Lodge. Mr. Bohn was born in New York City in 1886 and came to Blue Island 23 years ago, joining No. 1331 in 1919. He was elected Exalted Ruler in 1926 and served the Lodge with distinction.

After retiring from office Mr. Bohn continued to be active in Lodge affairs and officiated at practically all funeral services in which the Lodge took part. Past Exalted Rulers of No. 1331 conducted the ceremonies at Mr. Bohn's funeral which was held at his residence.

Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge Receives D.D. Franz A. Koehler

Elmhurst, Ill., Lodge, No. 1531, was recently honored by a visit from D.D. Franz A. Koehler of Des Plaines Lodge, No. 1526, and his staff consisting of many dignitaries of the Order throughout the District. A banquet was held after the District Deputy's inspection of the Lodge.

Elmhurst Lodge was found by Mr. Koehler to be free of debt and in excellent financial condition. During the evening a class of 30 candidates was initiated with the Degree Team of Aurora, Ill., Lodge, No. 705, under the guidance of Secy. Leonard Applequist, performing the degree work which was interesting and entertaining to all.

Under the leadership of E.R. George A. Olson and Louis A. Holle, Chairman of the Membership Committee, Elmhurst Lodge is conducting a membership campaign, through which a large number of applications have already been secured.

Hopkinsville, Ky., Lodge Entertains Nashville Elks

On November 26 Hopkinsville, Ky., Lodge, No. 545, was host to 23 members of Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 72. The trip of 75 miles was made from Nashville in a chartered bus large enough to hold the entire delegation and a lively time was had both going and coming. The visiting party was headed by P.D.D. W. Hal Mustaine and P.E.R. Harry J. Connor.

The trip was made for the purpose of conducting an initiation for Hopkinsville Lodge. Nine candidates became members of the Lodge, with the Nashville Lodge Degree Team performing the ritualistic work in splendid fashion.

A turkey dinner was served by Hopkinsville Lodge in honor of the visiting Elks and the Reception Committee. More than 150 were present.

Hancock, Mich., Lodge Holds Roll Call Night

Hancock, Mich., Lodge, No. 381, entertained 100 of its members at a dinner recently on the occasion of annual Roll Call Night. Following the dinner a short musical program was presented and Past State Pres. Frank C. Condon of the Mich. State Elks Assn. delivered an address. A class of candidates was initiated with the Past Exalted Rulers Degree Team performing the work with a fine exemplification of the Ritual.

Results of the Joseph T. Fanning Class Initiation

The Joseph T. Fanning Class, initiated on November 14th, was the most successful event of its kind in the Order's history. As this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE goes to press reports are still coming in from subordinate Lodges all over the country, and while the number of new and reinstated members listed below is not complete, we are confident that, when all reports have been received from all the subordinate Lodges, the Class will pass the twenty thousand mark.

Alabama

Birmingham, 44; Blocton (West Blocton), 3; Ensley, 50; Florence, 24; Mobile, 40; Montgomery, 3; Selma, 4; Sheffield, 26.

Alaska

Cordova, 13; Fairbanks, 21; Ketchikan, 20; Juneau, 36.

Arizona

Ajo, 2; Clifton, 14; Douglas, 7; Flagstaff, 5; Globe, 10; Jerome, 14; Kingman, 10; Miami, 20; Nogales, 5; Phoenix 31; Prescott, 16; Tucson, 11; Winslow, 8; Yuma, 56.

Arkansas

Little Rock, 2; Marianna, 7; North Little Rock, 49; Texarkana, 12.

California

Alhambra, 10; Anaheim, 35; Bakersfield, 7; Berkeley, 17; Brawley, 6; Calexico, 3; Chico, 6; Compton, 4; El Centro, 21; Eureka, 15; Fresno, 4; Glendale, 13; Grass Valley, 2; Hanford, 1; Hollister, 10; Huntington Park, 19; Inglewood, 14; Long Beach, 11; Los Angeles, 17; Marysville, 22; Merced, 15; Modesto, 5; Monrovia, 25; Monterey, 32; Napa, 7; Nevada City, 7; Oakland, 9; Oceanside, 13; Ontario, 4; Orange, 7; Oroville, 4; Oxnard, 12; Palo Alto, 2; Pasadena, 5; Pittsburg, 4; Porterville, 8; Red Bluff, 7; Redding, 5; Redlands, 9; Redondo Beach, 9; Richmond, 14; Riverside, 7; Sacramento, 10; Salinas, 7; San Bernardino, 6; San Diego, 21; San Fernando, 10; San Francisco, 34; San Jose, 15; San Luis Obispo, 12; San Mateo, 22; San Pedro, 9; San Rafael, 30; Santa Ana, 2; Santa Barbara, 30; Santa Cruz, 15; Santa Maria, 3; Santa Monica, 15; Santa Rosa, 7; Sonora, 9; Stockton, 10; Susanville, 10; Taft, 8; Tulare, 4; Vallejo, 17; Ventura, 4; Visalia, 15; Watsonville, 2; Woodland, 4.

Canal Zone

Cristobal, 26; Panama Canal Zone (Balboa), 13.

Colorado

Alamosa, 10; Boulder, 14; Brighton, 1; Canon City, 6; Colorado Springs, 1; Craig, 5; Cripple Creek, 1; Delta, 5; Denver, 14; Fort Collins, 11; Fort Morgan, 4; Grand Junction, 3; Greeley, 39; Idaho Springs, 4; La Junta, 2; Lamar, 3; Leadville, 6; Longmont, 20; Loveland, 3; Montrose, 4; Ouray, 2; Pueblo, 21; Salida, 24; Sterling, 34; Telluride, 11; Walsenburg, 3.

Connecticut

Ansonia, 1; Bridgeport, 6; Bristol, 2; Danbury, 14; Greenwich, 1; Hartford, 17; Meriden, 16; Middletown, 8; New Britain, 5; New Haven, 9; New London,

2; Norwalk, 6; Norwich, 8; Putnam, 16; Rockville, 2; Stamford, 5; Torrington, 23; Waterbury, 5; West Haven, 2; Wilimantic, 13; Winsted, 2.

Florida

Arcadia, 9; Clearwater, 3; Cocoa, 5; Daytona Beach, 16; De Land, 17; Eustis, 3; Fort Lauderdale, 4; Fort Myers, 51; Fort Pierce, 14; Gainesville, 1; Jacksonville, 15; Key West, 3; Lake City, 11; Lakeland, 15; Lake Worth, 4; Marianna, 3; Miami, 149; New Smyrna, 19; Ocala, 3; Orlando, 4; Palatka, 4; Panama City, 30; Pensacola, 13; Quincy, 1; St. Augustine, 9; St. Petersburg, 45; Sanford, 9; Sarasota, 3; Sebring, 3; Tallahassee, 21; Tampa, 11; West Palm Beach, 69.

Georgia

Albany, 11; Americus, 41; Athens, 8; Atlanta, 40; Columbus, 23; Douglas, 13; Fitzgerald, 8; La Grange, 2; Macon, 3; Waycross, 15.

Idaho

Blackfoot, 8; Boise, 46; Burley, 18; Caldwell, 3; Coeur d'Alene, 19; Idaho Falls, 11; Lewiston, 32; Moscow, 14; Nampa, 84; Pocatello, 46; St. Maries, 11; Sandpoint, 26; Twin Falls, 8; Wallace, 28.

Illinois

Aurora, 52; Beardstown, 7; Belleville, 5; Belvidere, 1; Bloomington, 8; Blue Island, 11; Cairo, 41; Carbondale, 12; Centralia, 2; Champaign, 63; Charleston, 4; Chicago, 134; Chicago (South Side), 60; Cicero, 67; Danville, 5; Decatur, 5; De Kalb, 1; Des Plaines, 5; Dixon, 27; Du Quoin, 11; East St. Louis, 3; Elgin, 5; Elmhurst, 56; Evanston, 9; Freeport, 2; Galesburg, 16; Harrisburg, 33; Harvey, 7; Herrin, 6; Highland Park, 6; Jacksonville, 50; Jerseyville, 5; Kankakee, 31; Kewanee, 10; Lake Forest, 4; Lawrenceville, 1; Lincoln, 16; Macomb, 9; Mattoon, 4; Mendota, 15; Moline, 60; Mount Carmel, 6; Mount Vernon, 3; Murphysboro, 16; Oak Park, 51; Ottawa, 8; Paris, 4; Quincy, 15; Robinson, 9; Rockford, 68; Rock Island, 6; Springfield, 41; Sterling, 8; Streator, 12; Taylorville, 11; Urbana, 11; Waukegan, 4; West Frankfort, 12; Woodstock, 7.

Indiana

Alexandria, 3; Anderson, 4; Bedford, 5; Bloomington, 34; Bluffton, 12; Boonville, 1; Brazil, 3; Columbia City, 3; Columbus, 5; Connersville, 5; Crawfordsville, 22; Decatur, 29; East Chicago, 29; Elkhart, 4; Elwood, 1; Evansville, 68; Fort Wayne, 17; Frankfort, 14; Garrett, 16; Gary, 86; Goshen, 2; Greencastle, 21; Greensburg, 6; Ham-

mond, 4; Hartford City, 2; Huntington, 11; Indianapolis, 11; Jeffersonville, 2; Kendallville, 12; Kokomo, 27; La Fayette, 23; La Porte, 33; Lebanon, 3; Ligonier, 2; Linton, 20; Logansport, 41; Madison, 10; Marion, 15; Michigan City, 7; Mount Vernon, 20; Muncie, 9; New Albany, 4; Newcastle, 2; Noblesville, 12; Peru, 28; Portland, 14; Richmond, 42; Rushville, 6; Shelbyville, 10; South Bend, 44; Sullivan, 7; Terre Haute, 28; Tipton, 5; Union City, 5; Valparaiso, 4; Vincennes, 11; Wabash, 1; Warsaw, 35; Washington, 6; Whiting, 8.

Iowa

Atlantic, 5; Boone, 11; Burlington, 2; Cedar Rapids, 9; Centerville, 30; Charles City, 2; Clinton, 3; Council Bluffs, 13; Creston, 4; Davenport, 29; Decorah, 21; Des Moines, 9; Dubuque, 33; Estherville, 61; Fairfield, 9; Fort Dodge, 22; Fort Madison, 5; Grinnell, 48; Iowa City, 7; Keokuk, 4; Marshalltown, 4; Mason City, 17; Muscatine, 11; Newton, 6; Oelwein, 23; Ottumwa, 11; Perry, 7; Red Oak, 16; Shenandoah, 3; Sioux City, 33; Waterloo, 55; Webster City, 8.

Kansas

Atchison, 13; Augusta, 2; Chanute, 8; Cherryvale, 4; Concordia, 20; Fort Scott, 13; Galena, 9; Garden City, 2; Goodland, 4; Great Bend, 20; Hutchinson, 98; Independence, 4; Iola, 5; Junction City, 38; Lawrence, 13; Leavenworth, 154; McPherson, 4; Manhattan, 9; Newton, 1; Osawatimie, 25; Ottawa, 3; Pittsburg, 11; Pratt, 15; Salina, 23; Topeka, 79; Wellington, 2; Wichita, 20; Winfield, 1.

Kentucky

Ashland, 42; Bowling Green, 8; Catlettsburg, 28; Covington, 12; Cynthiana, 6; Frankfort, 12; Fulton, 2; Hickman, 3; Lexington, 1; Louisville, 51; Madisonville, 11; Middlesboro, 32; Newport, 24; Owensboro, 5; Princeton, 28; Richmond, 16.

Louisiana

Alexandria, 2; Baton Rouge, 18; Houma, 2; Natchitoches, 6; New Orleans, 37; Shreveport, 4.

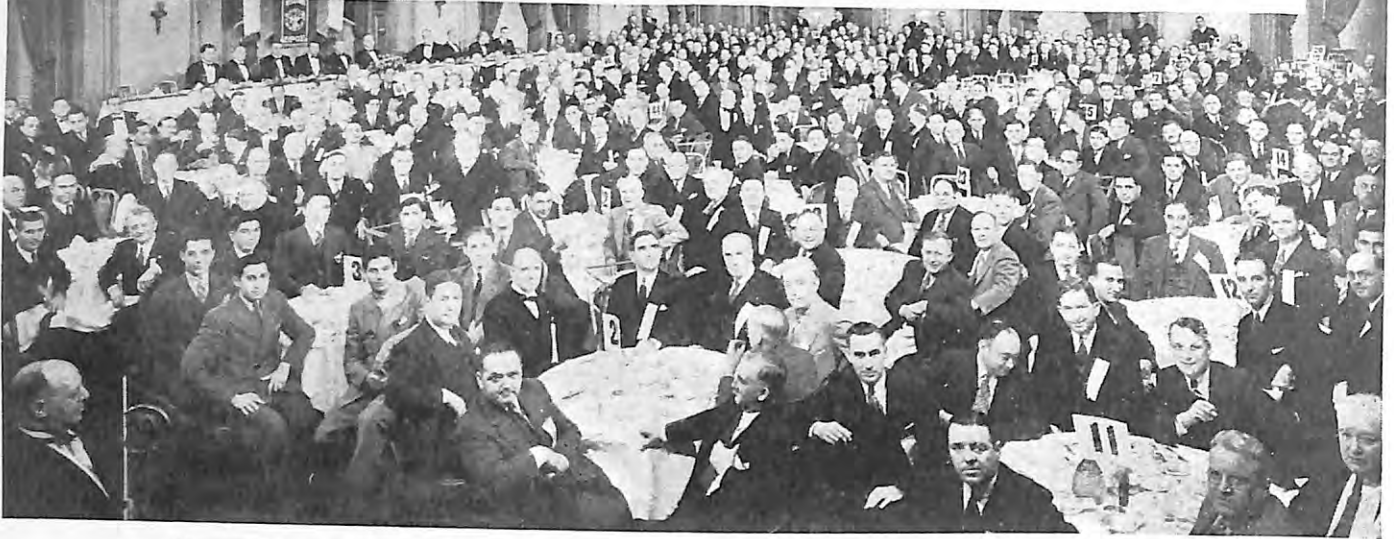
Maine

Bath, 5; Biddeford-Saco, 15; Gardiner, 8; Houlton, 1; Millinocket, 1; Portland, 3; Rockland, 9; Rumford, 7; Sanford, 6; Waterville, 2.

Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia

Baltimore, Md., 14; Crisfield, Md., 1; Cumberland, Md., 17; Frederick, Md., 13; Frostburg, Md., 5; Hagerstown, (Continued on page 32)

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



Above: Those who attended the 59th Anniversary of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4. Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan honored the lodge with his presence

Kaufman-Fabry

ON Wednesday, November 20, Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan visited Huntington, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1565, where he joined 100 members of the Lodge at a banquet. During the course of his after-dinner address, Judge Hallinan told the Huntington Elks about the \$1,000 scholarship that has been set aside in honor of the late Will Rogers, the award to be made annually by the Order to some promising youngster who will thus be aided in the pursuit of higher education.

Judge Hallinan was met at Commack by a police escort and motorcade. Before the banquet he addressed the assembled fraternal dignitaries in the Lodge Home, and after the banquet the program arranged for the Grand Exalted Ruler's official visit was conducted in the Masonic Building on New York Avenue. A buffet supper at the Lodge Home brought the evening to a close. Delegations from Freeport, Brooklyn, Queens Borough, Glen Cove, Hempstead and Patchogue were present.

Judge Hallinan's next visit was paid to Monessen, Pa., Lodge, No. 773. Saturday, November 23, was a memorable day for that Lodge and for the Elks of the Pennsylvania Southwest District. It was the first official visit of a Grand Exalted Ruler to the District and hundreds of members of the Order attended. All of the 21 Lodges in the District sent

representatives. Judge and Mrs. Hallinan had been met by a reception committee of Elks and their ladies in Pittsburgh and were accompanied to Monessen by a delegation of Pittsburgh Elks and by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener of Charleroi, Pennsylvania, Lodge.

At noon a banquet was served in the Johnson banquet room with 100 of the District Elks present, followed by the reception which took place in the Lodge Home. A buffet luncheon and entertainment were provided for the guests pending the arrival of the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party.



Left: Pennsylvania Elks at the Home of Lebanon, Pa., Lodge on the 35th Anniversary of the Lodge. Judge Hallinan spoke here

Below: distinguished Elks at the Chicago Birthday Dinner; seated in front are: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell; Louis M. Cohn, oldest Chicago member; Judge Hallinan; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson



At 3 o'clock a short afternoon Lodge session was held at which Judge Hallinan addressed the assemblage that crowded the Lodge room to the doors. Short talks were also made by Mr. Tener and D.D. James A. Ellis of Carnegie, Pa., Lodge. Mayor James Gold delivered a welcome speech and presented Judge Hallinan with a miniature gold key to the city, and Ben Kettering, a charter member of Greensburg, Pa., Lodge, presented him with a gavel and whisk broom. A committee of ladies entertained Mrs. Hallinan during the afternoon.

Among the prominent Pennsylvania Elks present, in addition to the 20 of the 21 Exalted Rulers of the Southwest District Lodges, were Past State Pres. John F. Nugent, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader; D.D.'s James Ellis and W. C. Kipp, and P.D.D.'s Francis T. Benson, S. P. Flenniken, William D. Hancher, Ralph C. Robinson, John F. Lowers and Charles S. Brown.

From Monessen Judge Hallinan proceeded to Milwaukee, Wis., where on November 25 he attended a testimonial dinner given in his honor and witnessed the initiation of 100 candidates into the Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler delivered an inspiring address to the large number of Elks assembled in the handsome Home of Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46. Many distinguished members of the Order were present at the meeting, among them being Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Judge Henry C.

Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. Mrs. Hallinan accompanied her husband on his visit.

Following the Milwaukee meeting Judge and Mrs. Hallinan, accompanied by Mr. Masters, drove with Judge Warner to Rockford, Ill., Lodge, No. 64. The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke at a noon meeting attended by nearly 200 representative business and professional men who are members of Rockford Lodge. During the meeting Mrs. Hallinan was the guest of Mrs. Warner who entertained a party of ladies from Rockford and Dixon at luncheon.

Subsequently the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party proceeded to Dixon for an evening meeting with Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, where a class initiation was held. Thirty-five new and reinstated members were added to the rolls. The banquet given by Dixon Lodge was attended by more than 300 Elks and their ladies, among those present being Mrs. Hallinan, Mr. Masters, Judge Warner, D.D. Philip H. Ward of Sterling Lodge, and P.D.D.'s Louis Pitcher, Dixon Lodge; A. J. Holtz, Rockford Lodge, and John W. Dubbs and D. M. Lotts of Mendota Lodge. The ladies were guests of Judge Warner during the Lodge session. A theatre party at the Dixon Theatre was given for all who wished to attend. At the close of the Lodge session a dancing party furnished entertainment for the Elks and their ladies for the remainder of the evening.

Judge Hallinan's next visit was

made on November 27 to Lebanon, Pa., Lodge, No. 631, on the occasion of the Lodge's 35th anniversary celebration. An account of the event appears in the "Under the Spreading Antlers" columns in this issue.

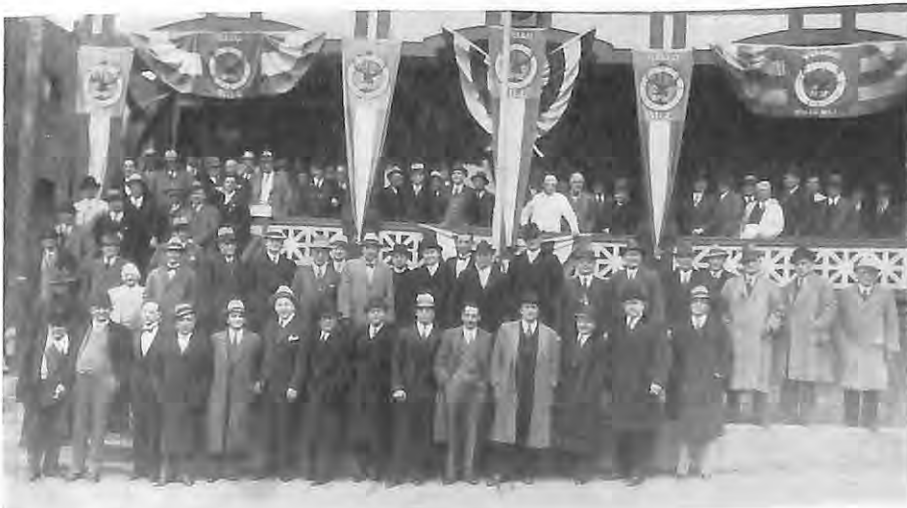
Selecting Utica, N. Y., as a central locality in which to meet, the Exalted Rulers of the New York State Lodges responded to an invitation from the Grand Exalted Ruler to participate in a conference with him on Sunday, December 8. The meeting was held for the purpose of securing a better understanding of problems which confront the Order at this time. Included in the invitation were a number of Grand Lodge officers, the District Deputies, and several officers of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. The number present totaled 110.

Lunch was served at 1:30 P. M. in the well appointed dining room of Utica Lodge, No. 33. E.R. J. Bradbury German, Jr., extended a hearty and cordial welcome to the assemblage, after which Judge Hallinan outlined clearly and forcefully his views and wishes with respect to the needs of the present. Other speakers included State Pres. George W. Denton of Gloversville Lodge; Grand Trustee William T. Phillips of New York Lodge; Charles S. Hart of Mount Vernon Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and Philip Clancy of Niagara Falls Lodge, Secy. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. Others responding to the invitation included Past State Pres.'s Joseph Brand, Bronx Lodge,

Right: Elks of Greensboro, N. C., Lodge gathered together to celebrate the 35th Anniversary of the Lodge, and to hear the Grand Exalted Ruler speak

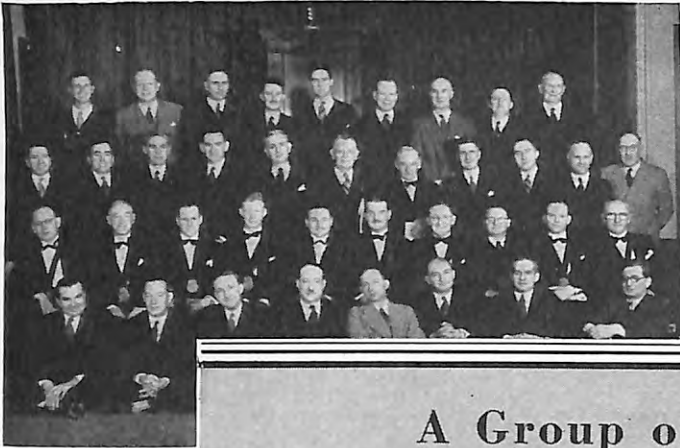


Below: Monessen, Pa., Elks, grouped in front of their Lodge Home with Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan, on the occasion of his visit there



George J. Winslow, Utica Lodge, and John T. Gorman, Owego Lodge, and D.D.'s Michael A. Petroccia, Glen Cove Lodge; John P. Doyle, Mount Kisco Lodge; Stephen McGrath, Oneida Lodge; William A. Wolff, Rome Lodge, and Francis G. Roddy, Troy Lodge.

At the termination of the conference the Grand Exalted Ruler introduced individually each Exalted Ruler present, after which he held a reception with opportunity for all to greet him personally. Other visits made by The Grand Exalted Ruler will be reported in next month's issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.



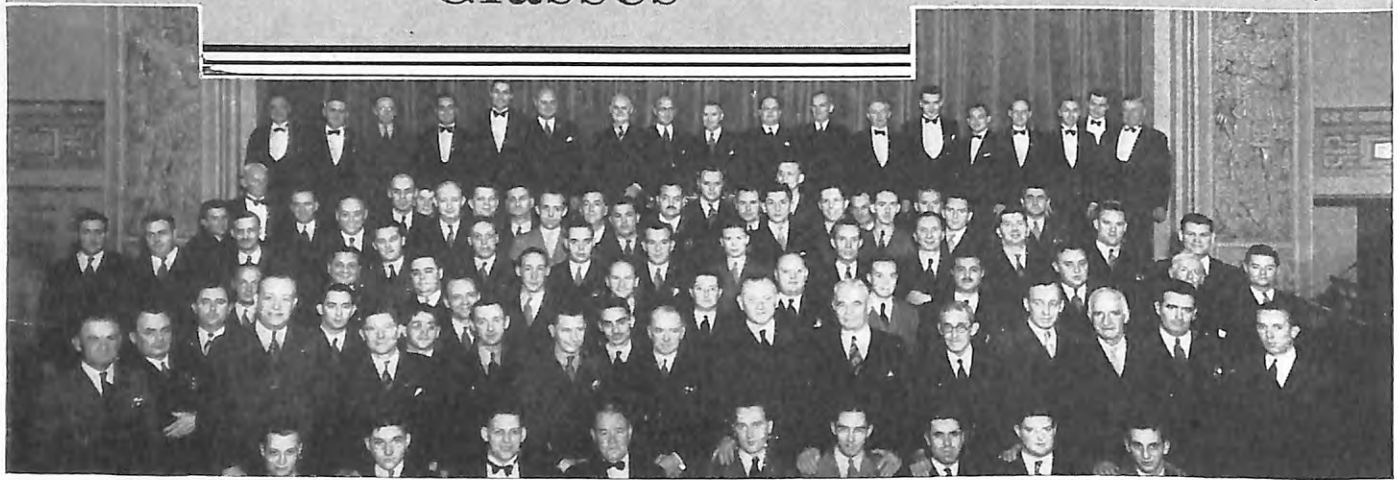
SAN
RAFAEL
CAL.



MIAMI, FLA.

A Group of Joseph T. Fanning Classes

QUEENS BOROUGH, N.Y.



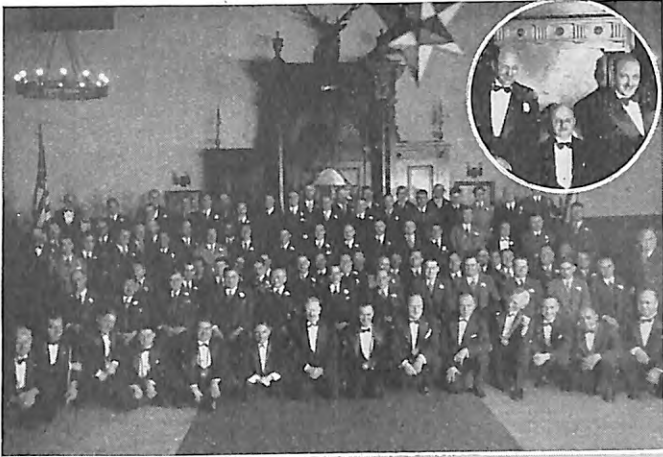
PUEBLO, COLO.



SALIDA, COLO.

GRAND FORKS, N. D.



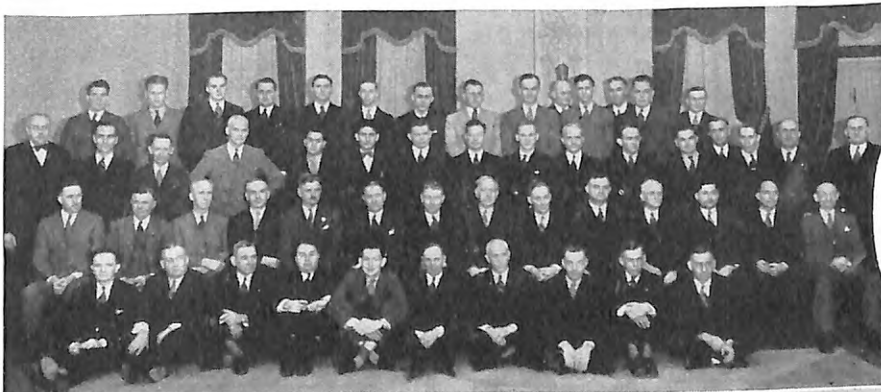


MOUNT VERNON, N.Y.



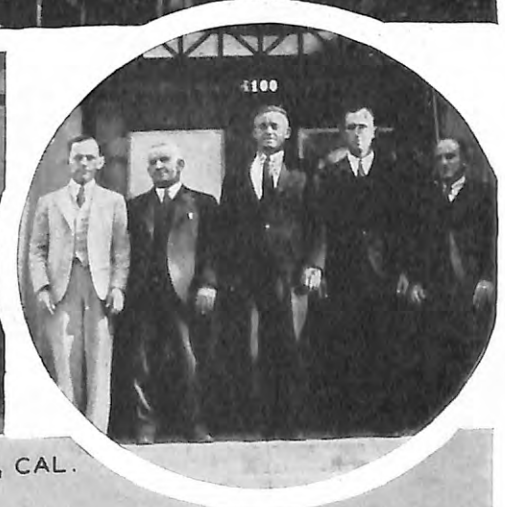
PLAINFIELD, N.J.

GREENSBORO, N.C.



DIXON, ILL.

ENSLEY, ALA.



RIVERSIDE, CAL.



(Continued from page 27)

Md., 23; Havre de Grace, Md., 1; Towson, Md., 4; Washington, D. C., 78.

Massachusetts

Adams, 17; Attleboro, 5; Boston, 31; Brockton, 31; Brookline, 4; Cambridge, 10; Chelsea, 2; Clinton, 2; Concord, 1; Everett, 11; Fall River, 8; Fitchburg, 4; Gardner, 2; Gloucester, 7; Greenfield, 7; Haverhill, 9; Holyoke, 5; Hyannis, 6; Lawrence, 12; Leominster, 3; Lowell, 16; Lynn, 2; Malden, 2; Medford, 4; Melrose, 3; Middleboro, 22; New Bedford, 14; Newburyport, 3; Newton, 2; Northampton, 2; North Attleboro, 7; Norwood, 5; Peabody, 4; Pittsfield, 14; Plymouth, 2; Quincy, 23; Revere, 6; Springfield, 10; Taunton, 1; Wakefield, 3; Wareham, 4; Webster, 4; Westfield, 3; Winthrop, 7; Woburn, 4; Worcester, 1.

Michigan

Alma, 4; Alpena, 11; Ann Harbor, 8; Battle Creek, 22; Bay City, 22; Benton Harbor, 12; Big Rapids, 1; Cadillac, 8; Coldwater, 1; Detroit, 79; Dowagiac, 7; Ferndale, 11; Flint, 15; Grand Rapids, 55; Hancock, 1; Hillsdale, 5; Holland, 11; Ionia, 9; Iron Mountain, 6; Ironwood, 2; Jackson, 44; Kalamazoo, 26; Lansing, 12; Manistee, 6; Manistiquie, 6; Monroe, 7; Mount Pleasant, 14; Muskegon, 6; Niles, 9; Owosso, 17; Pontiac, 11; Port Huron, 9; Royal Oak, 50; Saginaw, 18; St. Joseph, 2; Sault Ste. Marie, 15; South Haven, 1; Sturgis, 12; Travers City, 9.

Minnesota

Albert Lea, 10; Austin, 21; Bemidji, 8; Brainerd, 3; Crookston, 11; Fari-bault, 3; Fergus Falls, 19; Hibbing, 22; International Falls, 62; Mankato, 11; Owatonna, 2; Red Wing, 4; Rochester, 3; St. Cloud, 7; St. Paul, 31; Stillwater, 4; Thief River Falls, 7; Virginia, 14; Willmar, 10.

Mississippi

Biloxi, 27; Canton, 26; Clarksdale, 1; Columbus, 7; Corinth, 5; Greenville, 3; Greenwood, 5; Gulfport, 18; Hattiesburg, 8; Jackson, 9; Natchez, 13.

Missouri

Clinton, 3; Columbia, 10; De Soto, 2; Excelsior Springs, 2; Joplin, 5; Kansas City, 34; Lexington, 19; Macon, 4; Nevada, 7; Poplar Bluff, 2; Rich Hill, 2; St. Joseph, 31; St. Louis, 34; Sedalia, 5; Springfield, 1; Trenton, 9; Warrensburg, 18; Washington, 8.

Montana

Anaconda, 5; Billings, 3; Butte, 8; Dillon, 2; Glendive, 11; Great Falls, 17; Havre, 65; Kalispell, 15; Lewistown, 2; Livingston, 17; Miles City, 28; Missoula ("Hellgate"), 18; Red Lodge ("Bear Tooth"), 4.

Nebraska

Alliance, 10; Chadron, 5; Fairbury, 1; Falls City, 5; Fremont, 29; Grand Island, 9; Hastings, 18; Kearney, 3; Lincoln, 27; McCook, 3; Nebraska City, 16; Norfolk, 5; North Platte, 11; Omaha, 38; Scottsbluff, 6; York, 4.

Nevada

Ely, 15; Goldfield, 12; Las Vegas, 9; Reno, 2; Tonopah, 5.

New Hampshire

Berlin, 4; Claremont, 2; Concord, 2; Dover, 4; Franklin, 3; Keene, 4; Laconia, 5; Manchester 1; Nashua, 4; Portsmouth, 3; Rochester, 1.

New Jersey

Asbury Park, 7; Atlantic City, 2; Bayonne, 25; Bergenfield, 4; Bloomfield,

2; Boonton, 2; Bridgeton, 7; Burlington, 8; Camden, 51; Cliffside Park, 8; Clifton, 9; Dover, 3; Dunellen, 4; East Orange, 1; Elizabeth, 19; Englewood, 14; Freehold, 5; Hackensack, 8; Hoboken, 8; Jersey City, 34; Kearny (Arlington), 8; Lakewood, 23; Lambertville, 3; Long Branch, 10; Lyndhurst, 14; Madison, 3; Millville, 10; Montclair, 2; Morristown, 2; Mount Holly, 4; Newark, 56; New Brunswick, 18; Newton, 2; Nutley, 3; Orange, 2; Passaic, 3; Paterson, 151; Penns Grove, 5; Perth Amboy, 1; Phillipsburg, 8; Plainfield, 19; Rahway, 3; Red Bank, 5; Ridgewood Park, 10; Ridgewood, 5; Rutherford, 24; Somerville, 1; South Orange, 8; Summit, 2; Trenton, 5; Union, 7; Union City, 78; Vineland, 2; Washington, 6; Weehawken, 17; Westwood, 1.

New Mexico

Albuquerque, 39; Clovis, 6; Gallup, 11; Las Vegas, 8; Raton, 7; Roswell, 19; Santa Fe, 20; Silver City, 1; Tucumcari, 10.

New York

Albany, 11; Albion, 19; Auburn, 14; Bath, 9; Beacon, 2; Binghamton, 8; Bronx, 13; Brooklyn, 109; Buffalo, 52; Catskill, 4; Corning, 13; Cortland, 6; Dunkirk, 8; Elmira, 20; Freeport, 35; Fulton, 11; Geneva, 5; Glen Cove, 8; Glens Falls, 10; Gloversville, 5; Great Neck, 9; Hempstead, 9; Herkimer, 10; Hoosick Falls, 2; Hornell, 7; Hudson, 9; Huntington, 2; Iliion, 32; Ithaca, 8; Jamestown, 12; Kingston, 19; Liberty, 5; Little Falls, 9; Lynbrook, 2; Lyons, 17; Malone, 16; Mamaroneck, 4; Medina, 5; Middletown, 9; Mount Kisco, 2; Mount Vernon, 85; Newark, 2; Newburgh, 8; New Rochelle, 18; New York, 116; Niagara Falls, 9; North Tonawanda, 4; Norwich, 9; Ogdensburg, 12; Olean, 7; Oneida, 4; Oneonta, 6; Ossining, 8; Oswego, 1; Owego, 6; Patchogue, 1; Peekskill, 4; Plattsburg, 5; Port Chester, 2; Port Jervis, 28; Poughkeepsie, 94; Queens Borough, 73; Rochester, 22; Rome, 20; Salamanca, 6; Saranac Lake, 6; Schenectady, 11; Seneca Falls, 4; Staten Island (Stapleton), 10; Syracuse, 10; Ticonderoga, 6; Troy, 10; Utica, 14; Watertown, 4; Watkins Glen, 7; Wellsville, 21; Whitehall, 6; White Plains, 10; Yonkers, 3.

North Carolina

Asheville, 26; Charlotte, 25; Concord, 9; Durham, 15; Greensboro, 104; High Point, 3; New Berne, 2; Salisbury, 11; Wilmington, 1; Winston-Salem, 11.

North Dakota

Bismarck, 37; Devils Lake, 8; Dickinson, 13; Fargo, 18; Grand Forks, 22; Jamestown, 20; Mandan, 3; Minot, 9; Valley City, 6; Williston, 34.

Ohio

Akron, 40; Alliance, 17; Ashland, 8; Ashtabula, 9; Athens, 4; Barberton, 22; Bellaire, 1; Bellevue, 13; Bowling Green, 1; Bucyrus, 10; Cambridge, 11; Canton, 31; Chillicothe, 10; Cincinnati, 26; Circleville, 12; Cleveland, 22; Columbus, 18; Conneaut, 63; Coshocton, 8; Defiance, 86; Delaware, 15; Dover, 4; East Liverpool, 3; Findlay, 7; Fostoria, 1; Galion, 9; Gallipolis, 14; Greenville, 6; Hillsboro, 2; Ironton, 81; Jackson, 10; Kent, 7; Lakewood, 20; Lancaster, 8; Lebanon, 3; Lima, 3; Logan, 8; Lorain, 4; Mansfield, 19; Marietta, 7; Marion, 15; Martins Ferry, 6; Marysville, 5; Middletown, 3; Mount Vernon, 3; Napoleon, 2; Nelsonville, 43; Newark, 8; Newcomerstown, 11; New Lexington, 5; New Philadelphia, 25; Painesville, 9; Piqua, 7; Portsmouth, 9; Ravenna, 32;

Salem, 19; Sidney, 7; Steubenville, 7; Tiffin, 2; Toledo, 17; Troy, 4; Uhrichsville, 11; Upper Sandusky, 4; Van Wert, 30; Wapakoneta, 2; Warren, 3; Washington, C. H., 5; Wellsville, 1; Willard, 7; Wilmington, 1; Wooster, 7; Xenia, 8; Youngstown, 14; Zanesville, 5.

Oklahoma

Alva, 29; Bartlesville, 2; Blackwell, 8; Duncan, 7; El Reno, 23; Enid, 14; Hohart, 7; McAlester, 2; Mangum, 7; Muskogee, 17; Nowata, 2; Sapulpa, 36; Shawnee, 37; Tulsa, 47; Woodward, 3.

Oregon

Albany, 13; Ashland, 16; Astoria, 22; Bend, 3; Corvallis, 4; Eugene, 21; Grants Pass, 15; Heppner, 12; Klamath Falls, 9; La Grande, 5; Lakeview, 34; McMinnville, 26; Marshfield, 12; Medford, 12; Oregon City, 2; Pendleton, 14; Portland, 36; Roseburg, 3; Salem, 14; The Dallas, 6; Tillamook, 6.

Pennsylvania

Allegheny (Pittsburgh, N. S.), 41; Allentown, 5; Altoona, 13; Ambridge, 36; Apollo, 13; Ashland, 18; Bangor, 1; Beaver Falls, 9; Berwick, 13; Bethlehem, 5; Blairsville, 7; Bloomsburg, 15; Braddock, 12; Bradford, 18; Bristol, 17; Brownsville, 13; Butler, 12; Canonsburg, 7; Carlisle, 5; Chambersburg, 16; Charleroi, 2; Chester, 1; Clearfield, 6; Coatesville, 6; Columbia, 1; Connellsville, 19; Coraopolis, 6; Corry, 10; Du Bois, 10; Easton, 5; East Stroudsburg, 13; Ellwood City, 16; Erie, 11; Frackville, 3; Franklin, 6; Freeland, 13; Gettysburg, 5; Greensburg, 2; Greenville, 2; Grove City, 1; Hanover, 13; Harrisburg, 32; Hazleton, 16; Homestead, 16; Huntingdon, 12; Jeannette, 14; Jersey Shore, 13; Johnstown, 20; Kane, 3; Kittanning, 5; Knoxville (Pittsburgh), 18; Lancaster, 26; Lebanon, 19; Leechburg, 1; Lehigh, 7; Lewistown, 10; Lock Haven, 2; Mahanoy City, 14; McKees Rocks, 26; Meadville, 3; Milton, 2; Mount Carmel, 6; New Castle, 3; New Kensington, 19; Norristown, 7; Oil City, 1; Philadelphia, 31; Philipsburg, 3; Pittston, 10; Pottstown, 17; Pottsville, 12; Punxsutawney, 7; Reading, 41; Red Lion, 1; Reynoldsville, 16; Ridgway, 2; Rochester, 2; St. Mary's, 3; Sayre, 2; Scottsdale, 4; Scranton, 25; Shamokin, 10; Sharon, 5; Shenandoah, 20; State College, 5; Sunbury, 15; Tamaqua, 2; Titusville, 5; Tyrone, 7; Uniontown, 13; Warren, 1; Washington, 25; Waynesburg, 7; West Chester, 1; Wilkes Barre, 8; Williamsport, 5; York, 14.

Rhode Island

Newport, 10; Pawtucket, 11; Providence, 52; Westerly, 5; Woonsocket, 2.

South Carolina

Anderson, 2; Charleston, 27; Columbia, 10; Greenville, 27; Orangeburg, 20; Rock Hill, 4.

South Dakota

Aberdeen, 63; Brookings, 23; Huron, 11; Madison, 22; Rapid City, 26; Sioux Falls, 32; Watertown, 9; Yankton, 3.

Tennessee

Bristol, 36; Chattanooga, 9; Columbia, 16; Jackson, 20; Johnson City, 1; Knoxville, 6; Memphis, 16; Murfreesboro, 11; Nashville, 12; Trenton, 6.

Texas

Amarillo, 29; Austin, 4; Borger, 9; Breckenridge, 4; Brenham, 7; Burkburnett, 4; Cisco, 13; Cleburne, 4; Dallas, 19; Denison, 3; El Paso, 4; Fort Worth, 10; Galveston, 19; Houston, 20;

(Continued on page 34)

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 23)

Greenwich, Conn., Lodge Enjoys Busy Winter

With a shuffleboard tournament, numerous social activities, sporting events and special meetings, Greenwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 1150, is enjoying one of the busiest winters in its history. The idea, conceived by E.R. Frederick D. Barrett, of holding dinners prior to regular meetings, is being carried out and has greatly increased Lodge attendance. A harvest dance and beefsteak supper were held recently, attended by more than 300 Elks and their friends.

The bowling team of Greenwich Lodge was again entered in the City Bowling League with play at the Recreation Alleys. During the past few years the Team has won numerous trophies, placing first in the Fraternal Bowling League for three years.

Columbus, Ga., Lodge Visited by Governor David Sholtz

Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight David Sholtz, Chief Executive of the State of Florida and Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, was the honor guest at an oyster supper recently in the Home of Columbus, Ga., Lodge, No. 111. Before the supper Governor Sholtz addressed the Lodge, congratulating the membership upon the large number of new members initiated in the past few months. Rhodes Brown responded to the Governor's address.

C. P. Treadway, Chairman of the Florida Road Commission, who accompanied Governor Sholtz to Columbus, spoke briefly. E.R. E. E. Hill, who introduced the Governor to the gathering, also delivered a few remarks.

"Hill Billy" Night Featured By Visalia, Calif., Lodge

The "Hill Billy" Night held recently by Visalia, Calif., Lodge, No. 1298, when officials from Sequoia and General Grant National Parks and the various CCC camps, forestry officials and leading citizens of the hill country were guests in the Lodge Home, turned out to be one of the most enjoyable affairs ever given by the Lodge. More than 250 Elks and their guests were present. A Spanish dinner was served at the conclusion of which Toastmaster Norman Wolff called for the introduction of visiting officials.

Short addresses were made by Jason Barton, of Three Rivers; U. S. Commissioner Walter Fry; Guy Hopping, Superintendent of General Grant National Park, and Col. John R. White, Superintendent of Sequoia National Park.

Following the dinner and speeches a dancing act was put on. Later the biggest feature of the evening was staged—a two-round boxing bout between "Hill Billy" Jason Barton, Mayor of Three Rivers, and "Lowlander" Charles Hammer, Mayor of Visalia.

Special Invitation Dance Held by Tyler, Tex., Lodge

A special invitation dance was held recently by Tyler, Texas, Lodge, No. 1594, and a nine-act floor show presented in the Lodge's spacious new rooms. Later in the evening a large group of prominent Tyler citizens were initiated.

Tyler Lodge is enjoying an active year and is rapidly approaching its membership limit. Under the tutelage of E.R. Julius Bergfeld the Lodge has had an unprecedented growth and occupies an outstanding position among the city's fraternal organizations.

News from Far-Off Agana, Guam, Lodge

The entertainments of Agana, Guam, Lodge, No. 1281, are events in the social life of the Island and are always looked forward to and well attended. One of the most delightful was the dance held by the Lodge on October 12, in honor of the seven officers and five passengers of the giant Pan-American plane, the China Clipper, on the termination of its trans-Pacific flight—the first from the United States to Guam.

The spacious club rooms of the Lodge Home were beautifully decorated with flowers and tropical palms and were taxed to capacity by the large number of guests in attendance. The dance was one of the two principal entertainments in

honor of these pioneer fliers and followed the afternoon reception held for them by the Governor of Guam. The Home of Agana Lodge was also the scene of a costume ball on Hallowe'en.

Membership Enjoys Busy Month in Leominster, Mass., Lodge

Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237, recently received a visit from D.D. J. Bernard Boland of North Adams, Mass., Lodge and his official suite. The Lodge provided a hearty reception for the guests and initiated a fine class of candidates in honor of the occasion. After the District Deputy's speech refreshments were served and a social hour enjoyed.

A few days later Leominster Lodge held its first carnival and beano party for the purpose of raising money for its charity fund. The second beano game and carnival, however, held on October 25, was the largest single entertainment given by the Lodge in some time. Twenty-three hundred persons crowded into three buildings, including the Lodge Home, to participate in the many activities provided by the Committee. All three halls were connected by loud speakers and microphones over which announcements were made from the main hall, which was widely separated from the other two.

The coincidence of the beano game occurred when all those drawing prizes were found to be from out of town. Mayor Sidney E. Bell officially opened the carnival by tossing a new twenty-five cent piece from the stage of the main auditorium.

Meanwhile Leominster Lodge is going ahead with elaborate plans for the winter season.

Milo H. Bemis, Correspondent
(Continued on page 36)



The James B. Kelsey Class, recently initiated into Leavenworth, Kans., Lodge, comprised 118 candidates

(Continued from page 32)

Marshall, 1; Mexia, 4; Pampa, 25; Plainview, 5; Port Arthur, 5; Quanah, 5; Ranger, 1; San Antonio, 3; Seguin, 3; Temple, 3; Tyler, 22; Waco, 5; Wichita Falls, 11.

Utah

Cedar City, 3; Logan, 1; Ogden, 11; Park City, 2; Price, 5; Provo, 3; Salt Lake City, 14.

Vermont

Barre, 15; Bennington, 15; Brattleboro, 1; Burlington, 25; Hartford, 5; Montpelier, 1; Rutland, 9; St. Albans, 15; St. Johnsbury, 3; Springfield, 20.

Virginia

Alexandria, 8; Charlottesville, 17; Danville, 9; Fredericksburg, 15; Hampton, 17; Harrisonburg, 5; Lynchburg,

22; Manchester, 3; Newport News, 10; Norfolk, 9; Portsmouth, 4; Pulaski, 5; Richmond, 27; Roanoke, 9; Winchester, 12.

Washington

Aberdeen, 21; Anacortes, 24; Ballard (Seattle), 63; Bellingham, 10; Bremerton, 45; Centralia, 16; Chehalis, 9; Ellensburg, 2; Everett, 154; Hoquiam, 35; Kelso, 25; Longview, 41; Naval (Port Angeles), 81; Olympia, 16; Port Townsend, 14; Puyallup, 11; Raymond, 6; Seattle, 55; Spokane, 60; Tacoma, 44; Vancouver, 10; Walla Walla, 6; Wenatchee, 17; Yakima, 2.

West Virginia

Beckley, 7; Bluefield, 50; Charleston, 162; Clarksburg, 11; Elkins, 3; Fairmont, 21; Grafton, 15; Huntington, 56; Martinsburg, 3; Morgantown, 4;

Moundsville, 1; Parkersburg, 14; Princeton, 6; Sistersville, 64; Wellsburg, 13; Wheeling, 27; Williamson, 4.

Wisconsin

Antigo, 4; Appleton, 30; Ashland, 13; Beaver Dam, 10; Beloit, 5; Chippewa Falls, 27; Eau Claire, 77; Fond du Lac, 15; Green Bay, 29; Hudson, 7; Kenosha, 12; La Crosse, 4; Madison, 17; Manitowoc, 4; Merrill, 78; Milwaukee, 128; Oconto, 4; Oshkosh, 13; Platteville, 4; Portage, 36; Racine, 3; Rice Lake, 9; Sheboygan, 11; Stevens Point, 2; Superior, 7; Two Rivers, 2; Watertown, 1; Waukesha, 71; Wausau, 20.

Wyoming

Casper, 10; Cheyenne, 22; Greybull, 10; Laramie, 18; Rawlins, 6; Rock Springs, 6; Sheridan, 20.

The Peach Basket Goes Big-Time

(Continued from page 19)

team to bring the ball up towards its own basket in ten seconds, and prevent the contest from dragging by placing certain restrictions on the man holding the ball.

As with all games, basketball grew increasingly complicated as it developed, but fortunately for the sport itself, virtually all teams regardless of where they come from, play under similar rules. What little differences of interpretation there may be, can easily be ironed out before the game starts. Officials in some sections of the country allow more body contact than others. Body checking is occasionally condoned, but for the most part it is an easy matter for two teams coming from opposite ends of the land to meet on a basis of equality.

As the game is played today, five men constitute a team. There is a center, a right and left guard, and a right and left forward. The court may vary in length depending on the facilities of the building where the enclosure is located. At each end of the court are large "backboards" to which are attached iron rings or hoops draped with cord "nets." The nets have no purpose other than to enable the spectator or player to determine whether or not the ball has gone through the basket.

The idea of the game is to score the most baskets. Each basket counts two points. If a player violates a rule the penalty for which is a "free throw," the player on the opposite team stands on a line known as the "free throw" or "foul" line and endeavors to score a basket. This free throw, or foul shot, if successful, counts one point.

Play is started by an official who brings the rival centers to the circle marked on the floor in the middle of the court, and tosses the ball above their heads, at the same time blowing a whistle which signifies play has begun. They jump for the ball and try to tap it to one of their team mates. The man catching the ball passes it

to one of his fellow players, and the ball is worked or dribbled near the basket until a player gets a chance for a shot.

Play is usually limited to two halves of twenty minutes each, or to four ten minute periods. In the early days of the game, professional teams were accustomed to play in an enclosure surrounded by a net. The court had the appearance of a cage, and hence the nickname of "cage pastime." Professional teams did not as a rule use backboards, but today the backboard is a regular feature of courts everywhere. In some places, where the seats are arranged entirely around the court, the backboards are made of transparent glass so as to allow the patrons seated behind them to see the game without visual hindrance.

LIKE all competitive pastimes, basketball has become more and more scientific with its growth. Some students of athletics believe that the cage sport is today the most scientific of all physically competitive games. Coaches like Nat Holman, of City College, regarded by many as the leading exponent of the sport, and considered to be the foremost player the pastime ever knew; Howard Cann of New York University, voted the greatest player in the college world of his day; Dr. H. C. Carlsen of the University of Pittsburgh; F. C. "Fogg" Allen of the University of Kansas; and Adolph Rupp of Kentucky, have developed intricate systems of offense and defense, and have reduced the play of their teams to a mathematical formula.

While it may seem like a very simple matter to teach a team to pass the ball towards its basket, and shake a player loose so that he can get a shot at the basket, the fact is it is a most difficult task. "Doc" Carlsen, the Panther coach, who like Nat Holman has written volumes of technical matter dealing with the cage

game's intricacies, has devised a system of play which calls for meticulous timing, astute judgment, and a sixth sense for knowing where every one of your teammates is at every moment of play.

To watch Pittsburgh's basketball team in action is to see the personification of perfect synchronization in team play. Every man has a specific duty to perform and the success of every play depends on every man carrying out his assignment perfectly. Plays vary as in football, depending on the alignment of the opposing team and its particular style of defense. "Pitt's" rangy players whisk the ball around like a quintet of Oriental magicians handling Indian clubs, and unless a rival team is unusually resourceful it finds the Panthers rolling up points with startling frequency and incredible nonchalance.

One of the finest features of basketball is that unlike football and many other physical pastimes, it does not place a premium on height or weight. The strict rule against bodily contact cuts down the significance of excessive avoirdupois, and the facility with which a ball may be bounced around on the floor, under the arms and between the legs of tall players, gives the little fellows a chance to equalize the struggle.

New York University's team last winter was by no means in the mid-get class, but neither did it compare to some of the tall, powerfully constructed, and extremely heavy quintets from other sections of the country, which it encountered at the Garden. Yet the superb teamwork, the clever passing, and above all the accurate shooting of the Violet contingent made it one of the outstanding teams of all time. It not only held its own with the best in the land, but completely dominated the play by its clever handling of the ball, its strong and persistent defense, and its intelligent use of cage strategy.

Western teams as a rule run big.

For years the Big Ten quintets have been made up of tall, fast moving, swift-passing young men with the stamina of zebras and ball handling ability of jugglers. Eastern teams, particularly those around New York on the other hand have run small. Some of the greatest collections of basketball talent ever assembled at City College, which usually rates with the best in the game every year, have been incredibly small in stature, and unimpressive to look upon.

Reared in the shadows of the city, nurtured on the fumes of myriad autos, they lacked the imposing stature of their contemporaries from the Corn Belt and the wide open plains. Instead of spending their younger years in the bucolic atmosphere of green pastures and invigorating surroundings, they wiled away their hours in stuffy and sweaty gymnasiums or crowded Y.M.C.A.'s, learning the clever devices of the court which were to stand them in good stead later on when they became members of college quintets.

THE city boys in most instances are veritable "Dead-eye Dick's" when it comes to sending the leather covered sphere through the iron ring. They can find the hoop from any angle and score easily while on the dead run. Their tall, handsome adversaries from the country can run them ragged, but usually the latter spend too much time passing the ball around and working it directly under the basket. The dwarfed city chaps finding their path to the basket blocked by Herculean young Adonises simply stop in their tracks and send the ball in from long range.

That has been the story of most of the inter-sectional clashes in this city and elsewhere. And the chances are it will be the story again this year, both in New York and Philadelphia where most of the big inter-sectional games will be played. California, Kentucky, Notre Dame, Purdue and teams of that calibre, excellent and talented though they are, and possessed of a marked physical advantage over their comparatively puny Eastern adversaries, will more than likely leave the court vanquished by the superior marksmanship of the city-bred lads.

Basketball, more than any other pastime, save tennis,—and certainly more than any other team game, demands perfect muscular coordination on the part of every player, as well as perfect teamwork on the part of the members of the unit. Nat Holman, talking to the writer about his methods, said: "I want as many boys as care to play the game, to come out for the team at City College. Even if a fellow is a miserable shot, slow in getting around, or lacking in talent I don't mind. You can, in time, teach him these things and make a player out of him. But if he lacks muscular coordination, if he doesn't know how to use his feet to

run on or his hands to pass with, or how to coordinate them into a working unit, I must say I haven't much patience with him, nor can I do anything for him. Basketball today demands 'a priori' that a man have control over his arms and legs. Shooting baskets is merely a matter of practice coupled with good judgment of distance and angles, but the rest of the game requires that a man be well coordinated in his movements."

THE modern game has a quick turnover of talent. Basketball, scientific, fast, and taxing pastime that it is sets too fast a pace for young men nearing their thirties. It is a sport definitely suited to the tempo of youth and adolescence, and while it is true that many professionals have played the sport year after year for two decades and even more, they did not play the devitalizing game that is in vogue nowadays.

Modern basketball permits virtually no stalling at all. In the old days a team could "freeze" the ball for minutes at a time. Professional players could, by using the once popular two handed "dribble" monopolize the ball for five minutes at a time, brushing off their opponents with a swish of their hips, or a whirl of their shoulders. Not so today. The cage pastime is strictly a scientific game in which individual ability is overshadowed by team play, and where the man with any selfish motive is entirely out of place.

Strict enforcement of the rules of play and a gradual transformation in the spirit of rivalry between college institutions have tended to eliminate from the game the evils that once characterized so many contests. Dirty play, intentional fouling, and disreputable conduct on the part of players is now practically unknown. Teams play as spiritedly as in the past to be sure, but their feelings towards each other are tempered by an amicable attitude and a profound sense of sportsmanship and fair play. Where games once broke up in brawls friendly hand clasps now begin and terminate the engagements.

Each year it seems, basketball players everywhere are becoming more accurate in the art of sending the ball through the iron ring. Last season, the shooting of Willie Rubenstein of N.Y.U. was nothing short of phenomenal. Against the strongest opposition in the country, and in the face of close guarding that taxed all his resources, the Violet ace tallied repeatedly.

Almost in the same class with Rubenstein was Jules Bender, Long Island University sensation and his talented teammates Phil Rabinowitz and Ben Kramer. These three "dead shots" had the uncanny faculty of scoring from any place in their half of the court, and while on the run.

Contrasted to these players whose penchant was for fairly long shots,

is Capt. Clair Cribbs of the 1934-35 Pittsburgh team. Regarded by experts everywhere as one of the smartest and best all around players in the game, Cribbs seldom took a shot from more than three feet away from the basket. His outstanding feature was his ability to weave his way through a defense, and cut for the basket at terrific speed.

OTHER brilliant scoring players of last winter, some of whom are going strong in competition this year, were Capt. Paul Birch of Duquesne, whom his coach Chick Davies called "the greatest player he had ever seen"; Leroy (Big Ed) Edwards of Kentucky, the man who single handed tallied twenty-six points against Chicago; Al Bonniwell of Dartmouth, one of the foremost players in the Eastern Intercollegiate League; Buzz Borries of Navy; and Joe Stancook of Army.

Because of the nature of the game, it is almost impossible for writers and coaches to determine fairly each season that man who is entitled to be called the greatest player of the year. Different players are subject to different stimuli. Some high scoring young men are "fed" the ball by their teammates, while others have to depend more on their own resources, because their team lacks the still and passwork of some of its contemporaries.

There appears to be no accepted technique in shooting goals. Some players send the ball in a high arc, while others merely skim the top of the iron ring. Most players shoot the ball over hand, but Ed Hargaden, one of the best players Georgetown ever had, and one of the best shots the college world has ever seen, used a peculiar and unique style. He twirled the ball under-hand with scarcely any arc at all, yet his point total each year was most impressive.

Scoring baskets is only a small part of the game, and a man, strangely enough, may be a terribly poor shot, and yet be an invaluable asset to his team. Leonard Maidman of N.Y.U. cannot be placed in this category because he wasn't a bad shot at all, but his work as a defensive man and a "feeder" was far more valuable to his team than his scoring.

Some players excel at snaring the ball away from their opponents, and getting it to their teammates when the latter are cutting for the basket. Others are gifted with a sixth sense that makes them formidable on defense. Others have endless endurance and their constant efforts keep their team in the running.

For sheer drama, stage effects, and tense atmosphere, few if any sports can equal basketball. At tip-top struggles, the gymnasium, palestra, or enclosure is usually packed to the doors. The stands are constructed so close to the playing floor that spectators can reach out and almost touch the man with the ball on a

side-line throw-in. If the rivalry is keen, and it usually is, the air is electric; the crowd tense and expectant.

WHEN Columbia and Penn met at Rutgers' new court at New Brunswick last season, in a game that was to decide the championship of the Eastern Intercollegiate League, the crowd, or the larger part of it anyway, journeyed from Philadelphia and New York to witness the contest. You could have heard a pin drop when the teams took the floor to start play.

The game provided a dozen thrills a minute. First Columbia and then Penn held the lead, and the players gave all they had every second of the contest. In the dying moments of play—with only five seconds to go in fact, Capt. Bob Freeman of Penn prompted by desperation, sent the ball flying two-thirds the length of the court to win the coveted crown for his team. As the ball swished through the net, the final whistle sounded, and pandemonium broke loose. Penn's followers were in frenzy of joy, while Columbia's rooters were crushed by the sudden turn of fate.

THIS year, N.Y.U. with virtually the same team as it had a year ago, appears certain to dominate the Eastern circuit. N.Y.U. is not a member of the Eastern Intercollegiate League, which is made up of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Dartmouth, Columbia, Cornell and Penn. However there is no doubt but that the standard of play of such teams as N.Y.U., Ken-

tucky, Notre Dame, and the like is easily as good and very likely far superior to that of the Eastern Intercollegiate League in recent years. There was a time however more than a decade ago, when the Eastern League represented the tops in the cage game.

ELI quintets, such as those Orson Kinny, now a prominent basketball official, played on, were almost poems of action. They were flawless in their teamwork, smooth in their passing, and incredibly accurate in their shooting. Dartmouth in the days of "Tim" Cullen, now a well-known magistrate in Brooklyn, had splendid teams, and Penn for many years but particularly in the days of the famous McNichols represented the ultimate in basketball excellence.

SMALL men and tall men have excelled in the cage pastime and it is an accepted fact that there is no physical formula for success on the court. For the center position, a tall man is necessary, but there have been so many brilliant forwards and guards of small size that it cannot be argued that physical proportions are important. Little, ill formed chaps have frequently proved that they could do more excellent work on a basketball floor than their big well proportioned brothers. Almost always the smaller man makes up in skill, shooting ability, and general cleverness what he lacks in the way of size and weight. Shiftiness and the faculty of being elusive and quick on one's reflexes are more important than height or heft.

Unlike sports that are dependent on ice, weather, or temperature, basketball, being played indoors mostly, has no variable as to playing conditions. In this era of excellent lighting virtually all teams are assured of proper illumination and a good playing floor. Sportmanship is universally of a high standard, and the game rolls along at a merry pace.

This season, basketball interest and attendance will undoubtedly reach a new high.

COLLEGE and high school teams while drawing the most interest and getting the most publicity do not by any means constitute the largest division of the sport. Every brokerage house of importance, every factory, every industrial unit of any size has a team in its particular league. In addition to the thousands of quintets of this nature which crowd the floors of gymnasiums, clubs, and Y.M.C.A. buildings everywhere, there are innumerable teams representing recreational centers, boys' social organizations, etc.

Because the game is easily mastered by the youngsters, and easily taught by those who have the experience of play under an able tutor, it gains favor quickly and will continue to grow each year. The money turnover in basketball each winter has never been computed, but there is no doubt but that it runs into many figures. Railroads, hotels, and sporting goods houses profit tremendously by it, and the players and fans derive untold benefits, directly and vicariously through playing and watching the pastime.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 33)

New York Lodge, No. 1 Entertains 10,000 Children

Elks Day was celebrated at the Polo Grounds on November 24 by New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, when more than 10,000 small boys who engaged in impromptu snowball bar-rages between halves, witnessed the New York-Philadelphia professional football game as guests of the Lodge.

In field boxes directly in front of the rooting section seating 4,000 of the youngsters, were U. S. Senator Robert Wagner, Supreme Court Justice Ferdinand Pecora, P.E.R. of New York Lodge, and many other Elks prominent in the public life of New York City, including Edward P. Mulrooney and James J. Dooling. About 3,000 members of New York Lodge, Bronx Lodge, No. 871, Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878, and Staten Island Lodge, No. 841, attended the game together with a delegation of Fidelity Post No. 712 of the American Legion which is composed entirely of members of the Order.

William T. Phillips, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and Secretary of New York Lodge, estimated that about \$12,000 was raised for Elk charities from the sale of tickets for the game.

News of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge

The Thanksgiving Masquerade Dance held in the Lodge Home by Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, was attended by over 300 Elks and their friends. Many of the more than a hundred persons who came in costume received prizes in their respective classes.

After a long lapse of time E.R. George B. Bley was successful in reviving the Harold G. Dagner Post No. 871 of the American Legion and the Post recently held its installation of officers in the Lodge Home. The program consisted of a band concert by the Brooklyn Concert Band and a number of songs by the Bronx Lodge Glee Club under the leadership of

Fred Vettel. County Commander Jeremiah Cross and his Legion officers conducted the installation. The Drill Team of Bronx Lodge, under the able leadership of Captain M. William Byrne, assisted. The principal speaker of the evening was the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Jr., a member of Congress, who was followed by Mrs. Dagner, mother of the young man for whom the Post was named. Mr. Bley also spoke. He extended an invitation to the various Legion Posts to hold their installation of officers, as well as other functions of the Posts, in the Bronx Lodge Home.

After the installation ceremonies a floor show was held in the ball room of the Home, and dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.

Bronx Lodge is working hard on preparations for its "Frolics of 1936" which will be held in February in the Bronx Winter Garden. The Glee Club will render a varied program as an important part of the entertainment.



The Netherland-Plaza
Hotel in
Cincinnati

**An Announcement Concerning the
Elks National Bowling Tournament**

The Netherland-Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati, Ohio, has been selected by the Elks National Bowling Tournament Committee as headquarters for the bowlers who attend the 19th annual Elks Bowling Tournament which is to be held in Cincinnati beginning March 28 and extending through early April.

The managers of the Hotel are members of the Order and are cooperating with the local committee to make the Tournament an outstanding success. To increase the desirability of the Netherland-Plaza as headquarters for the Elk bowlers visiting the city, special rates will be in effect. All rooms have shower and tub baths and circulating ice water. Rates for single rooms will be three dollars; two in a room with twin beds, two dollars and a half per person, and a large room accommodating four or five persons, two dollars per person. The Hotel is located four and one-half blocks from the Central Bowling Alleys where the Tournament will be held, and four blocks from the Home of Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, which will be the center of entertainment activities. Twenty-four alleys, all in perfect condition, will be used for the Tournament. Checkroom facilities will be more than ample.

Plans for the Tournament have been submitted to Frank G. Mitzel, President, and John J. Gray, Secretary-Treasurer, of the Elks National Bowling Association.

The Committee states emphatically that the Tournament will not be conducted for bowlers of the first rank alone. While there will be monetary rewards and medals for the top-flight bowlers, those players who fail to hit the head pin occasionally and who miss spares frequently, will also share in the prize money by winning good-fellowship prizes.

Detailed information can be had by communicating with E.R. George F. Conyer, Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, N.E. corner 9th and Elm Streets.

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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

**50 pipefuls of fragrant
tobacco in every
2-ounce tin of Prince Albert**



PRINCE ALBERT *the national
joy smoke!*

Lighter Than Air

(Continued from page 7)

safely to the coast of Cuba and then on, by easy stages, to New York. That adventure over the South Atlantic was just one of his numberless conquests over the demons of the storm. He has been lost in a snowstorm over the jagged peaks of the Alps. He has hurdled his ship like a race-horse over high-tension lines when, sluggish with the cold, she was charging into them, nose in the air and tail bumping along the ground. He has driven her into the outer edge of a typhoon off the coast of Japan and harnessed that fierce whirlwind to his will. Riding the storm like a gull's feather, his ship made two hundred miles in a little less than an hour. Then she swung out of reach of the vortex and headed peacefully across the Pacific for Seattle. This, incidentally, turned out to be an unbroken ocean voyage of *six thousand miles*.

NEXT, the Doctor-Skipper took his ship from Berlin to Leningrad and up into the Arctic, almost to the Pole, cruising far eastward, north of Siberia. And so back to Berlin. About 7,000 miles of this voyage were made without a stop.

Eckener has done everything with the Graf Zeppelin, that human mind could conceive or human hands execute, to convince the world that a lighter-than-air ship can go anywhere under any conditions over the face of the globe.

He brought her around the world in twenty-one and one-third days elapsed time. The flying time was 288.2 hours and the distance flown, 20,373 miles. The average speed was 70.7 miles per hour.

The trip was made in four titanic hops of 4,400 to 7,000 miles each: Across the Atlantic from Lakehurst to Lake Constance; over Russia and Siberia to Japan; across the Pacific to Seattle and on to Lakehurst.

The Graf is now over seven years old. She has been in active service all that time. For four years she has made two or three round trips a month, on regular schedules, between her home port on Lake Constance and Rio de Janeiro, crossing the Equator on each voyage. She has flown over 600,000 miles under various commanders and carried thousands of passengers and tons of mail and freight. No wonder Dr. Eckener says: "What more do you want?"

Well, nobody could want any more proof of the staunchness, airworthiness and dependability of a rigid airship for travel over the seas and the lonely places of this Earth. The Graf Zeppelin and our own non-military training ship, the Los Angeles,

have demonstrated their fitness by their long record of voyages without a single fatality.

LET us look for a moment at this lighter-than-air type of ship. If it has been able to perform such record-breaking enterprises, it must have an important rôle to play in the air transportation of the future. The ocean-hopping plane has pushed it from the front page but then the plane may not be the last word in man's determination to conquer the air, as we shall see.

The balloon was man's first contraption to lift him into the sky. First, it was just a bag full of hot air. When the air cooled off the balloon came down. Later, when hydrogen could be produced in large quantities, it was used to inflate balloons. Of course, a balloon went wherever the wind blew it—which did not satisfy the self-willed aeronauts at all.

So they began to experiment with motors and propellers to drive their egg-shaped balloons. They were successful from the start. Readers may recall Roy Knabenshue's tiny dirigible, driven by foot-power, in which he made many flights, mostly from the top of the New Jersey Palisades out over the Hudson River. When he wanted to point his little ship up, he had to get off his bicycle and run like a squirrel along the length of the tubing which formed the keel of his ship. His weight brought the head down. When he wanted to go up he scrambled back to the stern. Roy was certainly the original Man on the Flying Trapeze.

When the bag is just a bag, the machine is called a blimp, from the British "B-Limp" wartime class of observation craft. But when the single gas cell is composed of a light duralumin frame covered with cotton duck, the ship is a semi-rigid dirigible. Nearly all modern, so-called blimps are of this last class. Some of them have complete shells of duralumin.

These motor-driven gas-bags are still doing good service in the U. S. Navy, while the Goodyear Company operates a squadron of them for sightseeing and advertising.

Count Zeppelin at the age of sixty, was the first to conceive the idea of stringing together a row of a dozen to fourteen balloons and surrounding them a long cigar-shaped hull, made of latticed ribs, and beams of aluminum with criss-cross wire bracing; the whole covered with a tightly fitted skin of light-weight duck. From three to five engine cars or gondolas and a control cabin were hung from the framework below the hull, while horizontal and vertical

rudders were fitted at the stern to the fins, which kept the ship from rolling too much.

And that is how a dirigible is constructed to this day. When you stand on the catwalk inside the great shell, arching high above your head like a railroad terminal of the days gone by, you are just a bit surprised to see that the whole structure is held in the air by a long row of gas-filled bags. They float between webs of crossed wires and press gently against the arched ceiling of the hull.

The motion of the ship, traveling at eighty miles an hour is hardly perceptible. A quiet reigns within the vast hull. Only if you listen carefully can you hear a dreamy humming—the sigh of the wind on the canvas envelope and the muffled sound of the motors far away.

You walk down the catwalk, which is merely a strip of thin wood not much wider than your foot, with clothes-line hand ropes on either side. Between the swaying gas-cells you see the canvas bags of water-ballast hanging and the blue metal tanks of gasoline. If you are especially observant you will notice the canvas hose leading overboard from the bottom of the water bags and the thin wires leading from their valves, forward to the control-room. You will also notice the wire cables, half as thick as a cigarette, which control the rudders from the steering wheels forward.

SUDDENLY you look down. Beside your feet, through a great square opening in the canvas shell, you see the white-caps and the wrinkled face of the ocean, thousands of feet below. Strangely enough you feel no fear, for there is nothing by which to gauge the awful depth below you. These openings are necessary to let the air out of the hull, when the gas-cells expand in the heat of the sun and take up more room.

An officer shows you a little gun pointed downward and connected to a recording instrument. This measures the height of the ship more accurately than the altimeters in the control-room. He fires the gun. The instrument promptly records the time it takes the sound to reach the surface of the sea and the re-echo back to the ship.

"Would you like to see the engines?" your guide inquires with a smile. Not knowing what you are up against you falter: "Oh, yes." He leads you up a narrow ladder, curving inside the shell. At the top, he points downward. You put your head out of the square port in the canvas envelope. The wind whips your face to one side. Below you, seemingly a long way off, you see a

silvery boat-like car, something like those on a Ferris wheel. A narrow aluminum ladder leads down to it. A grimy face grins up at you. Far, far below the kindly grin, your wandering eye picks out a toy steamer. That settles it. If an ocean liner looks that small, it can stay there.

You wave nervously to the engineer and back hastily into the shell of the airship. "No, thanks," you gasp, "some other time." The officer laughs. "It is hard at first—" meaning, to climb down twenty feet of slender ladder in an eighty-mile gale—"but you get used to it." "Not I," you murmur, following him forward into the passenger space.

It is like stepping off the platform of a train-shed into the aisle of a Pullman compartment car. Here are the same shiny, mahogany partitions, the green carpeted passageway, the doors opening into the staterooms. You look into one of the rooms. There are the familiar deep, upholstered seats, windows with silk curtains, baggage racks, reading lamps, ash-trays. But there is no hard click of wheels on rail-joints, no lurching, no clank of couplings. Just a velvety sensation of being afloat in space and the drowsy hum of the wind on the canvas.

At the end of the corridor you pass into the saloon. Tables for four are neatly set for dinner, with snowy linen, gleaming silver and glassware, flowers and candelabra. It might be a hotel dining-room on solid earth instead of a saloon hung in the clouds.

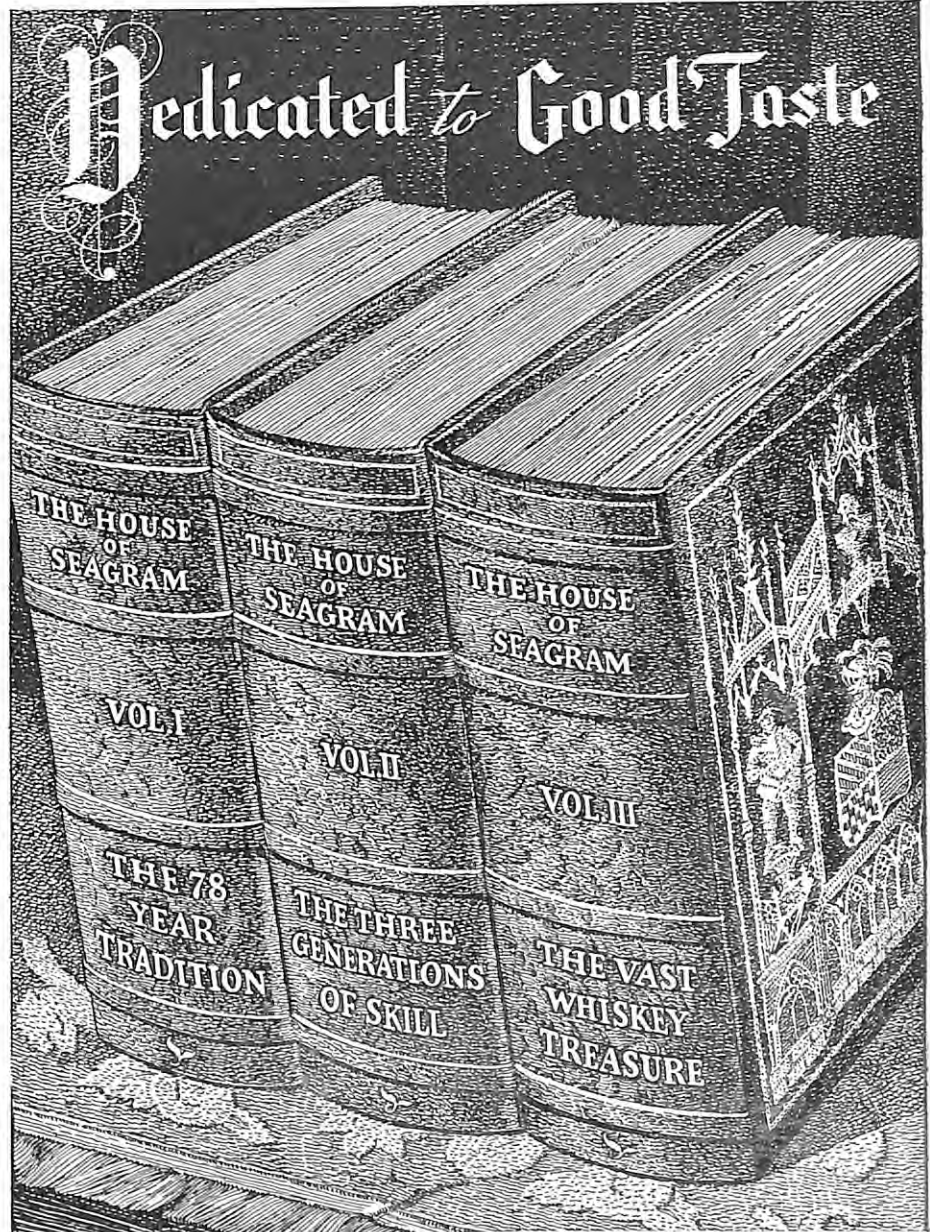
THE officer leads the way into the control room. It is like the pilot-house of a yacht, with windows on all sides and the prow of the ship jutting out above and ahead. We have already seen it in action during the South Atlantic storm. A steward announces: "Dinner is served."

And if you do not think they serve an excellent dinner on this air-liner, you are wrong. Caviar, green-turtle soup, creamed fish, venison, wines for each course, ices, a fine cheese-tray, excellent coffee, all topped off with choice liqueurs.

When you sit quietly, looking out at the ever-changing light on the cloud-banks and the creeping sea below, you are soon overcome by the utter restfulness of travel by airship. Soon it is impossible to keep awake. That faint, endless hum has a hypnotic effect. And how you do sleep in the wide, comfortable berths, afloat in the air.

At this point, perhaps, the reader's mind flashes back to certain other dirigibles: "Yes, that's all very well but what about the Akron and Macon?" The answer is partly that our Naval airships attempted the impossible, partly that they had hard luck, partly that they were departures from tried design.

The French, for example, sent their dirigible Dixmude on a simple ferry-trip across the Mediterranean



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and she was never heard from again. The Germans dispatched their war dirigible L59 from Constantinople to Southwest Africa, loaded with supplies for a beleaguered garrison 3,700 miles away. When she got there the garrison had surrendered and she had to *turn back without landing*. She reached Constantinople with empty gas tanks after a non-stop voyage of 7,400 miles. Let an airplane try that.

Meanwhile the English started improving on the old Count's designs and lost one ship after another. Finally they gave it up and dismantled the R102, their last airship. It is generally thought by experts that their designers spaced the frames and other structural members too far apart.

The first big rigid airship built in the United States was the Shenandoah—Daughter of the Stars. Experts, who saw her slender form against the sky, declared she was altogether too slender. Yet she gave a good account of herself until one fatal fall day in 1925. Over the protests of her Commander Zachary Lansdown, she was ordered into storm-swept Ohio to put on a show for some gathering. It was a fatal order. Near Niles a tornado snatched her out of the heavens, dashed her control car to destruction and tore the ship, herself, into three pieces. Two of them ballooned safely to the ground. Commander Charles E. Rosendahl, our foremost dirigible expert, piloted the biggest section down.

THE Akron and Macon were sisters. Their design was a new and bold one. There were huge triangular, latticed-girder rings and three keels of the same construction. There was a great, gaping opening in the bottom, through which planes could be hoisted. It was closed by sliding doors. Then, too, the eight engines were *inside* the hull. They drove propellers, which could be swung around to push or pull in a vertical direction, thus helping the ship to rise or sink. On the shell were immense pipe coils for recovering water from the engine exhausts to keep the weight on board constant, as fuel was used up.

All this was in accordance with the best American traditions of progressiveness, but alas! The Akron was mistakenly driven into a storm center off the Jersey Coast. Caught in descending currents she struck the angry waves, tail first, at one hundred miles an hour and was torn asunder.

The Macon developed a defect in one of her structural members. When it gave way the tail framework of the ship collapsed, puncturing some gas-cells and down she came. Fortunately she remained afloat long enough so that all but a very few of the crew were saved.

Meanwhile the trusty Los Angeles, now over eight years old, has gone

about her jaunts across the Continent, out to sea, up and down the Coast, with the regularity and reliability of a stout cruiser. She will not fly much more, however, for age has attacked her joints and she is being studied to find out what happens to a dirigible when it grows old.

She was a grand ship in her day. This writer recalls an all-day cruise in her with some skeptical engineers, who were not at all sure that they thought much of the lighter-than-air craft. But the old ship gave them such a smooth, delightful ride, except for a brief kicking-up of the heels over the skyscrapers of Mid-Manhattan, that they were sold, one and all, on the dirigible as the ideal means of travel.

But what of the future of the lighter-than-air ship? With giant, four-motored planes making 2,500-mile hops across the shortest Atlantic and Pacific water-jumps, does it not look as though the flying-boat would definitely nose the airship out of its stronghold?

PERHAPS and perhaps not. Predictions of what may happen in the conquest of the air are rash things to make. But as records stand, the score is about like this:

The Pan American Airways' China Clipper recently completed a 2,400 mile flight from Alameda, California, to Honolulu, carrying two tons of mail and a crew of nine—no passengers—elapsed time 21 hours. Eventually the Clippers will do much better than that.

Even if they do, however, they have a long way to go to equal the performance of a ship like the Graf. She could make that flight in an easy 35 hours, carrying 60 people including her crew and 15 tons of freight. Moreover she could continue on to the Philippines if she took a direct course. Thus she could cover in one hop what the flying boats expect to cover in five, thereby partly making up for lower speed.

As far as safety is concerned, the airship has one unanswerable argument. Whatever may happen to the engines, the ship stays up. That is hardly the case with planes, though it has been demonstrated that a plane having two or four motors can still fly after half the motors have quit. Still, the Graf once limped home after a flight above the ocean on one motor.

One of the telling arguments against the dirigible is cost. Of course it depends upon the kind of money you use and the way the ship is built. The Akron cost \$5,500,000 but her sister cost only \$2,700,000. The Los Angeles cost \$750,000—in Germany. The new ship LZ-129, now building in that country, will cost about \$1,750,000. She will carry a crew of 40 with about 60 passengers and some 30 tons of freight and mail. The figures are unofficial.

Now, while the Clippers can trans-

port 30 passengers, they can only carry two or three tons of freight in addition. And they have not yet demonstrated that they can do that on the shortest ocean hop of 2,500 miles. The cost of the Clippers started at \$250,000 and has been mounting.

So it looks as though the cost per ton of useful lift is not so widely different for ocean-hopping aircraft, whether lighter or heavier than air. We need not go into the operating costs. That is still a matter of bookkeeping.

There have been some pretty hot arguments between the advocates of one form or another of aircraft. Each side argues that its particular form of machine is the one and only. Of course, this is not very convincing to open-minded people.

If we could close our eyes and travel ten years into the future of air transportation, with a return-trip ticket in our pockets, here is what we should probably see:

At main airports on the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, dirigibles will swing at anchor at their mooring-masts. On Wednesdays and Saturdays one of them will take off for Europe on the East and for Asia on the West Coast. Once a week an airship will set out for South America, for through traffic only. The flying-boats, which leave from the nearby bays, will take care of the local, coastal traffic, throughout the Americas.

The fast Transcontinental planes, which cross the United States in ten hours, will arrive and depart every half hour. In fact, planes will arrive and take off every few minutes for points north, east, south, west.

Commuters, taxi-drivers and sportsmen will come and go in wingless, tail-less giros, which rise straight up in the air from the lawn in front of the Administration Building. Or drop straight down on it, discharge their passengers, fold their rotor-blades back and turn themselves into cars, headed for the giro-garage.

BUT what in the world is that thing gliding like a ghost, over the tree-tops toward us? It looks like a flying windmill, with a sprawling framework surrounding a cabin and four horizontal propellers whirling dizzily above it. Down it swoops, pauses in mid-air and settles gently upon the turf.

It is a helicopter, a weird craft visualized by that imaginative and prophetic Frenchman, Jules Verne, fifty years ago. He foresaw the submarine, the development of electricity and the conquest of the air—not to mention voyages to the Moon. He was right in most of his guesses. And there have been helicopters, which managed to get off the ground and hover in the air. Maybe they will be among the practical flying machines of the next ten years. Who knows?

Backfire

(Continued from page 10)

ing in an ailing taxi, hours being bullied by this Ross person—just to find you've changed your mind."

"But, Kay, it's really different this time. I'm so much in love I'm even trying to pair everybody else off. There's a school teacher here I almost matched with an old bachelor, but she beat me to it—or maybe he did. What do you mean—that Ross person—Ross is awfully nice."

KAY crawled into the tepee and stretched herself wearily on a blanket. "All right. I'll grant you're in love. I should have known better anyway."

As Sue started to leave, she hesitated. "You will forgive me, won't you? And now that you're here you must stay a while."

But Kay was already half asleep. "Well, I'm not going back this minute," she murmured. "Wake me when anyone starts eating."

After supper there was a fire against the biting cold that even an August evening has at 9,000 feet. Not a big fire, for Ross would take no chances with the dry timber.

He noticed Kay sitting a little apart from the others. As he watched she suddenly smiled at him. He sank to the ground beside her, expecting another skirmish.

HER voice was thoughtful. "I'm afraid I was rather nasty today. Thanks for being so decent."

That embarrassed him. "I wasn't so pleasant myself," he said, "and you were hungry."

"That's no excuse."

"Well, most dudes who've ridden a lot get on the fight about riding our way. They think we're trying to show off. You did everything I asked you to."

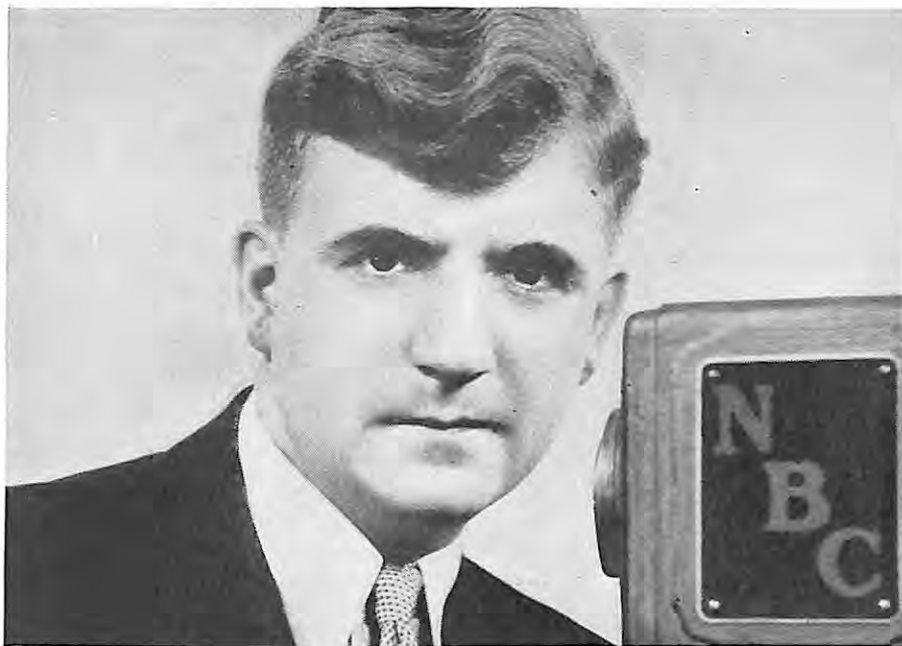
"Except the stirrups." Kay lit a cigarette. "Frankly, I thought *you* were showing off."

"You can't expect people to know the difference between Central Park and a ranch—if they've never seen a ranch. I have seen Central Park, but I'd get all riled up if anyone asked me to do deep-knee bends for a trot."

Kay laughed. "That must be the West's criticism of Eastern riding."

"I suppose if you're riding for sport you can do what you please. But when you have to be in the saddle ten or twelve hours a day you can't follow all the rules. You have to sit there and ride."

He was rolling himself a smoke when she said, "You should have told me Sue had gotten over her glamorous cowboy."



I've had a fortune spent on my face

by John B. Kennedy, *Editor—Radio Commentator*

MY FACE isn't my fortune — that's certain — but there's a factory in Boston where they've *spent* a fortune on my face and *yours*. I flew over to Boston for this story — visited the Gillette Safety Razor Company where they make razor blades with the scientific accuracy and sanitary care I thought limited to only the most delicate surgical instruments.

Yes, Gillette has spent millions in developing equipment to produce and test the Gillette Blade. I watched every step in its manufacture — saw it enter the process as part of a huge coil of strip steel, until it emerged as one of a family of five or ten blades in the familiar Gillette package. I was tremendously impressed. My conception of razor blade manufacture was completely changed.

Before I get technical, let me explain that as a veteran reporter I have inspected many factories and manufacturing processes. Yet the intricate detail and intense supervision of each Gillette operation made even my hard-bitten mind marvel. As we approached the hardening room in my tour of the factory I had a vision of grimy men sweating before fiery furnaces. But what a surprise! Why, the place might have been an air-cooled office. It was clean — without odor. Here 18 electrically controlled and operated furnaces, the like of which

you've never seen — hardened Gillette steel to perfection. Midway on each furnace is a little black box — a truly magical box. In it is a bellwether strip of steel — exactly correct in hardness for the manufacture of the Gillette Blade.

Through magnetic control — this master strip automatically regulates the temperature of the furnace so that the steel passing through is tempered to the identical hardness of the master strip. That's an untechnical way of explaining a process so marvelously skillful that its scientific description would fill a library.

And that's only one of many processes that made a lasting impression on me. The blades are honed by the sweetest process I have ever seen. Conveyed through whirring cycles of abrasive wheels and leather — they come out the sharpest, cleanest-shaving blades that science can produce.

I could enumerate a half-dozen or more operations that would amaze you; but having seen a blade start as raw, cold-rolled steel, and finally emerge with edges so sharp the human eye cannot see them, and so hard that they can actually cut glass — I'm more impressed with results. I'm impressed with the fact that the Gillette Blade has *the* shaving edges for any man who is particular about his face.



In view of these facts — impartially recorded by a trained observer — how can any man accept a substitute. It pays to ask for Gillette Blades and insist on getting them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

"I still think it's not my business."

"You have a queer code. I suppose it's none of my business that you've been to Stanford."

Something in that annoyed him. He felt an implication that he was acceptable only because of his college background. "If I told you, I suppose you'd have considered me almost civilized?"

She crushed out her cigarette and a moment later said, "Well, it is rather a shock to find a Stanford man—and a graduate student—beguiling a lot of Easterners with fancy cowboy clothes."

"Instead of selling bonds in New York?"

"Not exactly—but it's a far cry from scientific training to dude ranching."

He looked at her quizzingly. "The rush to employ nascent mining engineers is hardly a stampede these days—or maybe you haven't heard."

"But you miss the point." She slapped the ground impatiently. "They'll never come running out here looking for you. You should be in the cities selling yourself."

"I've got a job this fall—an outfit in Butte."

Her answer was almost a snort of disgust. "And spend your life being a field man for a small company."

That was what he wanted, he told her. A job where things were happening—not desk-work.

"Desk-work is second-hand work," he added. "And second-hand living. Out here we're still close to the real thing."

Kay was inexpertly derisive. "How virile of you! You'll be terribly disillusioned when you learn there aren't any more covered wagons or Indian fighting!"

He rolled a cigarette while searching for a reply, but finally decided that explanation would be long and useless.

Yet he could not kill the feeling that he must convince her—of what he was not sure. Something connected with work and values and the satisfaction of struggle. But whatever it was, his chance was gone. Sue came over with Jim Reynolds and Brad Jenks.

HE DID not often see Kay alone in the days that followed. He swam with them, swimming in the icy lake being a matter of breathless dips. He led them on rides along the timber-locked trails, and once he guided them up the ridge behind the lake—an unsatisfactory climb, for the smoke-pall had thickened and they could see only a grey flannel world.

On these occasions he always felt himself to be the fifth member of a foursome. Of course it was the natural thing for her to be paired off with Brad Jenks, who was an engaging and wealthy young man recovering from pneumonia. She had stepped into a situation involving an extra man, and Ross was often busy with the other dudes. Yet it seemed

to Ross that Kay was more than casual in her acceptance of Brad. She seemed to seek him out, to be obvious about their being together. He liked Brad—but he detected something false in the set-up. It made him uncomfortable.

THEY were returning from a ride one afternoon when the Forest Ranger arrived in camp. He was too rushed even to observe the convention of preliminary small talk.

"Think you could break camp in the morning, Ross?"

"I guess so," said Ross. "Closing the forest?"

"Closed it two days ago. I let you stay as long as I could, but it's getting so a dirty look is apt to start something." The ranger rolled himself a smoke. "Don't know as it does much good to close it," he added. "The Super's still writing out permits for wood-cutters. We got to watch them every minute—turn your back and like as not they'll spill pipe coals all over."

"We'll pull out after breakfast," said Ross. "I've been getting a little worried myself."

The ranger loped down the trail after declining their invitation to supper. Ross ruled against any camp fire at all, though the night was bitterly cold.

It was doubtless the absence of fireside conversation that prompted Kay; and possibly the vague suggestion of moonlight that filtered through the smoke.

"Let's take one more ride," she said.

Sue was enthusiastic. "I haven't had a moonlight ride since Rusty was fired. That is the moon, isn't it?"

"It isn't a good idea," said Ross.

Kay said, "We Easterners never have good ideas."

He glared at her. She would not understand that the horses needed the night for eating and resting. She was used to having them in stables, stuffed with grain and hay and unused energy.

"Riding through timber at night is dangerous," he said. "The ponies get spooky and they're liable to smash you into a tree."

Kay's tone was extremely scornful. "Why, you poor, frightened child! Is this the second-hand living you despise?"

"You forget that you managed to get yourself knocked off a horse in broad daylight."

"It would be foolish, Kay," said Brad. That did not help either.

Kay was silent a moment. Ross could feel her eyes dark, and hot with resentment. It was like waiting for a blast to go off.

But all she said was, "Yes, I had a fall, but I didn't need your shoulder to cry on." She walked towards the horses. "If the rest of you want to stay here and be bullied you can."

Sue followed her.

The boys looked anxiously at Ross.

"What do you think we'd better do?" asked Jim.

Ross could not keep the anger out of his voice. "Oh, go along and try to keep them from breaking their damned necks. Don't let them get out of a walk."

He heard them ride away. He half wished Barney would shy off from everything—then he was terrified that he would. He should have gone with them—their safety was his responsibility. But his patience had a limit.

He walked about the camp, half worried, half furious, awaiting their return. After an hour he heard their voices and the sound of the horses. Then suddenly they were coming at a dead run. They raced into the clearing and dismounted, Kay well in the lead. That was the last straw.

Kay was triumphant. "We didn't find a single ghost. You shouldn't be afraid of the dark. Really!"

Ross did not answer. He walked over and began to unsaddle the horses.

Kay followed him. "You're so fascinating when you're being strong and silent."

"You. . . ." He spun around. He grabbed her by the shoulders and began to shake her. Then—perhaps it was his anger, perhaps the surprise of finding her so soft, almost fragile—he kissed her.

He expected blind fury when he let her go. She said, "That was very masterful." But the scorn in her voice was unsteady. He turned and walked back to camp.

Now he'd done it. With one absurd gesture he had confirmed her judgment of cheap heroism. But he could still taste the sweetness of her soft lips, and he could not be sorry.

ROSS awoke just before dawn, troubled by a vague uneasiness. As he lay half awake, a gust of wind blew open the flap of his tepee, and he was conscious of the sharp, acrid smell of smoke. He sat bolt upright and thrust his legs in his boots.

Outside the tent, in the half-light of earliest dawn, the smoke was much thicker. It came in waves—not evenly distributed through the air as it had been. He began to hear, or perhaps to sense, a distant roaring. Forest fire!

A vast, destructive power had been unleashed. A power that advanced now with deliberation, now with lightning speed, but always terrifying, ruthless, omnivorous, acknowledging no master but the wind.

He ran across the camp and awoke the wranglers. "Tex, run up the ridge a bit and see where it's heading, and how fast. The rest of you get those ponies saddled fast—and don't leave them loose. Thank God we hobbled them."

He strode to the line of tepees. "Last call," he shouted at each. "We're breaking camp in ten minutes." There was something in his voice that brought them to their feet

without any hesitation or protest.

Even Kay. After last night he was surprised that she accepted so peremptory a command.

Then he returned to help with the horses. They were cinching up the last of them when he saw Tex running along the edge of the lake.

"It's sweeping up the canyon like a scart rabbit," Tex said. "It's safe below the Spur—the fire's all on this side and the wind'll hold her."

"How about the upper pass?"

"Not a chance—the fire's almost in it now. I figger we got almost an hour to get over the Spur. After that it's got to be the ledge trail."

"Ledge trail, hell—the dudes couldn't ride out that way." Ross was frowning as he made hasty calculations. Then his voice sharpened. "We can get over the Spur in half an hour if we leave this stuff. Peel the saddles off those pack horses. Tex, you haze them down the trail—make them think hell's after them. They'll make better time than the dudes."

Tex started them off on the dead run. Then Ross noticed Kay standing behind him. His frown faded and his face broke into a reassuring grin.

"Going to take a little lope before breakfast," he said. "Or should I say canter? Just discovered we're out of grub."

He tried to read her face. It was calm and confident, but there was also a seriousness that told him she was aware of the raging fury of a forest fire, the resistless power and the terrible speed.

"I heard what Tex was saying," she said. "I don't need babying."

"Then you also heard we have plenty of time. But the quicker we get moving the sooner we get a breath of fresh air." He took her arm and hurried her to the horses.

The other dudes were getting into their saddles. Their eyes were smarting from the smoke and they looked vaguely pale and uneasy.

ROSS was everywhere, being carefully casual, and gently prodding the slow. Jim and Brad helped by trying to look bored with the whole business. Sue, of course, refused to believe the situation unusual. She was chatting with the school teacher. "He's got a sweet horse, and he's such a nice old man. Jim says his feet need trimming—I mean his hooves . . . the horse's. . ."

The smoke grew thicker by the minute. The distant roar was louder—a low sound, but alive, like the labored breathing of some huge beast.

Then only Ross was unmounted. His pinto was tied to a tree. One of the wranglers took his place at the head of the line and they started down the trail.

Kay rode over to Ross on Barney, the big bay. "Are you going to stand here and defy the flames, my hero?"

His arm indicated the tepees and

the other camp equipment in a sweeping gesture. "Got to get this stuff away from the fire. I'll ride out on the ledge and see you at dinner."

"Why be melodramatic?" Her scorn lacked some of its complacency. "Why don't we all pitch in and get it over with?"

He glared at her. She never would understand the responsibilities of taking care of a lot of dudes. There was genuine anger in his voice. "Because it's more help to have you clear out—and not be a bother and a worry for once."

Before she could answer he turned Barney around and slapped him on the rump. The big bay broke into a lope.

Then he set to work with desperate haste. He struck the tents and folded them in piles. He gathered together all the more valuable camp equipment. The smoke was burning his throat and the fire sounded nearer every minute.

He picked up the tarpaulins the wranglers slept on. Then he heard a hoof beat and looked up. Kay was riding Barney back through the smoke.

"What happened?" His voice, for once, showed panic. A vision of the whole outfit cut off by the approaching flames made him sick with fear.

Kay was dismounting when another horse loped into camp. Brad. His voice was husky with worry. "What are you trying to do, Kay? Come on—we haven't much time."

"I'm going to stay. I'm tired of being called useless."

BRAD jumped to the ground. Ross was silent. If he felt any admiration for her courage it was more than offset by his anger at her stupid wilfulness.

But there was no time for pointless argument. The trail to the Spur would be blocked by now—they would have to go out with him. He put them to work.

They tackled the piles of folded tents and bedding, and wrapped them in the large tarps, making several unwieldy bundles which they tied securely with rope. All the odds and ends of camp necessities went quickly into the bundles. Ross saved out only his rifle and scabbard, which he strapped to his saddle. Water might damage it almost as much as fire.

The smoke was choking them, making their eyes burn. The roar had tripled in volume. It was now a vast, hollow booming, and Ross could hear the sharp crackle of burning pine needles.

He tossed Kay a rope and pointed to the lake. There was neither time nor breath for words. She took off her boots and plunged to her knees in icy water.

Ross and Brad were dragging the heavy canvas-wrapped packages to the bank, pushing them into the shallow water. Kay took a couple



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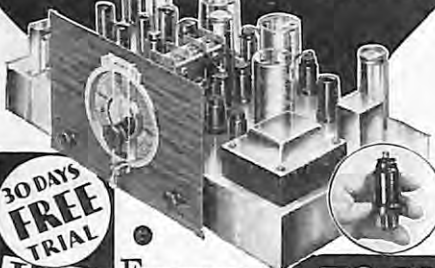
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of hitches around each roll, tying them tightly to one another. Then came the packsaddles and paniers, and the food chests and the job was done.

Ross took the loose end of the rope as Kay climbed out of the water. He wrapped it around a large rock which he rolled over the bank.

As he watched Kay forcing her wet feet into her boots he felt a touch of pity. He knew they were aching with the cold, but there was no time to chafe them back to warmth. The fire was roaring through the tops at an incredible speed. They could feel the heat of it. Burning embers rained on the camp, starting spot fires in the dry needles.

They climbed into the saddle and Ross led the way up the ridge. The horses were half mad with fright. The crackling of the flames sounded like pistol shots and the heat was unbearable. Ground fires were springing up all around them.

They followed the merest semblance of a trail. Narrow and rocky it sidled up the bare face of the ridge, on one side a wall of rock, on the other a sheer drop, growing greater at every step of the way. Bad enough for a calm, sure-footed horse, it was no place for ponies fleeing in terror.

Ross kept the pinto calm by talking gently and stroking his neck. Kay and Brad had less luck, but they kept to the trail somehow.

The trail reached a point half-way up the ridge and levelled off. The going was easier but they were still at the mercy of a single misstep.

The air became clearer and now they were far beyond reach of the fire. They could look back and see the wave of destruction sweeping up the slope below. Already it was surrounding the lake. The leaping wall of flames was a terrifying spectacle, even from a safe distance.

The narrow ledge continued to a point just beyond the North Spur. There the trail dropped abruptly down a steep coulee, and back into the timber. It widened considerably at the top of the coulee.

Ross brought the pinto to a stop. "We'd better walk them down this. They're not at their best today."

He swung to the ground. Kay was just free of the off stirrup when Barney gave way to blind terror. With a snort he squeezed past the pinto, knocking Ross against the rocks. He planted his feet nervously on the edge of the coulee—then suddenly bolted, straight down the slope at a panic-stricken dead run.

Kay clung like a burr. There was no stopping him and she merely tried to stay on. She rode with the skill that comes only from growing up with horses, and she needed it.

Ross stared, horror-stricken. Then he leaped back into the saddle, dug in his spurs and raced after her.

Barney reached the bottom and plunged on. Kay was still with him,

sawing on the reins. Ross was terrified that she would not stop him before he hit heavy timber.

Ross was just at the bottom when it happened. The bay tripped over a log. Kay stuck with him. He took two crazy stumbling leaps and fell headlong. Kay went off over his head and rolled into a tree.

Ross leaped off his horse and knelt beside her. He could find no broken bones, but he could not hope that she had escaped unhurt. She opened her eyes and shook her head. She was shaken and bruised and badly frightened but that was all. Suddenly she looked beyond him and her face twisted horribly.

"Look at Barney! What's wrong, Ross?"

Barney was on his feet, shaking convulsively. He was pounding the ground with his off fore. There was something unnatural about the motion that Ross could not analyze at first. Then he saw it, and he felt cold and sick.

The hoof was dangling loose and useless, and it bent straight up whenever the leg was set down. It was a clean break at the ankle.

Brad ran up as they stared. Ross went over to examine it but he had no doubts. He took the rifle from the scabbard.

"Ross, oh, please!" It was almost a wail. He turned to look at her. She took a grip on herself. "I just wanted you to hurry."

Ross peeled off Barney's saddle. He led the other horses into the trees and tied them securely. Barney kept pounding the stump of his leg, trying to shake off this strange thing that tortured him.

Ross raised the 30-30 until the muzzle rested between the pain-filled eyes, the barrel slanting upwards. He set the stock against his shoulder, and, bracing himself, pulled the trigger.

THE roar was deafening. Barney reared, screaming with shock and pain, jerking the reins from Ross's hands. Then he crumpled and fell to his side. His muscles twitched convulsively, and then were still. There was a round black hole in the middle of his forehead, rimmed with the ghastly blue-grey of powder burn. Ross could hear the other horses pawing the ground and straining in terror, but their reins held.

He walked over and quieted them. Then he hung Barney's saddle and bridle on a limb.

He found Kay close to tears. The remorse and shame in her eyes were pitifully real—it hurt him to see her suffering. He spoke rapidly to break an awful moment.

"We'll have to go tandem on the paint. Just down to the ranger station—about a half hour's ride. There's a logging road from there and we can 'phone for a car."

"Oh, Ross, I... I'm..."
 He wanted to soothe the strain in her voice. "Don't blame yourself,

Kay. Nobody could hold a terrified horse on that hill."

Brad said, "Wouldn't it help if I rode ahead to 'phone?"

Ross was grateful. "Yes—it's a ranger trail from here—marked like that tree, a dot and a blaze. You can't miss it."

They watched Brad lope down the trail.

She turned. "Oh, Ross, I've caused so much trouble." There was a sob in her voice.

"That's only half of it—I'll probably have to carry you down."

Kay seemed not to hear. "Will you ever forgive me?"

Ross looked down at the contrite face tipped up to him. A tear

was streaking her smudged cheek.

The anxious lines in his face softened. "Everything's all right as long as you weren't hurt." His voice said more than his words.

And it knocked the last faltering prop from under her. She swayed weakly. He caught her, marveling that her strength had lasted so long.

Then suddenly his face was buried in her hair and his arms tightened around her.

She said, "We were fools to fight it," as his lips found hers and they clung to each other.

Then he laughed. "What will Sue say to this?"

"Who cares?" She lifted her eager mouth to his.

Going My Way?

(Continued from page 16)

by with a bawling out because the rules say: *No Pickups!*

You can't blame the company. Ten thousand in cigarettes is nothing for a truck like this. And when I get soft hearted I think about Madge and how bad I want to get married; and about Lefty Conlon and Sam Spurr. Lefty picked up a guy and got a gun in his side while three other punks came up and ran off with the truck; Sam got kidnapped for a few hours while some hoods got rid of his load.

"How would you like it, walking all night?" Madge asked, disdainful-like. "You'd want a ride, wouldn't you?"

"I would," I said, "but I wouldn't expect to get it. Not at this time of night."

"To hear you the whole thing is a racket and every man on the road wants to run off with your truck."

"Listen," I said. Sort of irritably I guess, because here I was being hard—we were just passing the hitch-hiker and I could see the sort of hurt disappointment on his face—and trying to hold down my job and having to argue with Madge to justify myself.

"I know the orders," I went on. "I run into this same thing every night. Only you're not here and I don't have to get bawled out for it. So make out you're not here. Suppose I get caught making a pickup? Suppose I lose my job. Swell, huh? And anyway, who's idea was it, your coming along?"

"I thought you'd like to have me," Madge said and her voice sounded stiff, throaty.

"That's what I thought," I said. "But if you don't like my routine, let it go. I'll get back my day run and we'll wait."

"I don't want to wait," she said and moved up against me and slipped her arm through mine. I melted at that, and then she spoiled it all by tacking on a little more. "Only—I can't help feeling sorry for them. I hope the boy wasn't sick."

I had a crack on the tip of my tongue but I smothered it. She was no shrew, Madge, but every once in a while she'd get on a tear about something and then it was hard to change her mind. She was that capable, big-hearted kind and I had an idea she'd be a little bossy after we were married. But I didn't think I'd mind because I figured she'd be good around the house; good with kids, too. I was glad I didn't say anything. I guess we were both tired—maybe tired of waiting for something that seemed a long time in coming.

It began to drizzle and I started the windshield wiper. We went on without speaking for another couple miles, and then I saw this guy plodding along ahead of us. This time, after the row and everything, I didn't think she'd say anything. A fellow would have kept his mouth shut, knowing how I felt about it. Maybe she was thinking about the kid we passed. I don't know the reason but she went ahead with it.

Her hand tightened on my arm and she said, "Listen, Joe," in that confidential mother-knows-best manner, "I've never been so very wrong before, have I? It's raining and he hasn't even got a coat."

I had no intention of stopping, but right then and there something hot and angry flared up inside of me. What was the sense of working nights, and eating caffeine tablets and aching for sleep if it meant being miserable and quarrelling. Before I knew it I said, "Okay," and slipped into neutral.

"Oh." That's all she said but there was a lot of pleased thanks in her voice. I couldn't tell whether she was proud of me, or tickled silly because she'd had her way and I was breaking regulations.

I braked down, and I could see now that this new fellow was small and thin, and that he didn't expect a lift. He hadn't bothered to turn around.

"I hope I get fired for it. I hope this guy pulls a gun and makes us

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walk in, and then maybe you'll keep your nose out of my business."

That's what I said, and at the time I meant it, I was that sore. Madge took time to look around at me and her dark eyes were narrowed and angry and hurt. She said, "Joe Martin. You ought to be ashamed," and then she flounced around on the seat and looked at our customer as the truck stopped.

WELL, this guy was surprised, all right. Maybe because I stopped, and maybe because he looked up and saw Madge hanging out looking at him. She had to tell him to get in, and when she pushed over on the seat she whispered, "Now don't be nasty to him either."

A car swung around a curve up ahead, spotlighted us. I hoped it wasn't a stockholder of the company or a friend of the boss when I shifted; then I took a look at our passenger. His clothes were a network of wrinkles and the rain glistened on his shapeless felt hat. His face was thin and very white and tired-looking except for the gray eyes which were shrewd and bright and kind of wary; not what you'd expect in a pickup like this. I remembered about the eyes later.

"Well," he said when he got settled. "Well, this is fine. Mighty nice of you. So many trucks passed me I didn't think you'd stop. At night and all. Appreciate it, though."

"You would have been wet through if you had gone on much longer," Madge said, her voice warm and friendly. "How far are you going?"

"Far as I can."

"Well, we're going to Boston." She gave me a quick, superior glance that seemed like an effort to mock my suspicions.

Nobody spoke for a minute or so and then he said, talking to Madge. "I'd never expect to find anyone like you on a truck. Are you—is he your husband?"

"No," Madge said, "that is, not yet." And then, ignoring me to keep me in my place, she went on to tell him all about it, giving it to him from start to finish. She had a good listener and I guess it was a story she liked to hear and talk about.

There was something triumphant and maybe a little proud in the way she went on. She even repeated herself when she explained that I didn't have to be making these overnight trips but that I was doing it so we could save money and get married that much quicker.

I didn't say anything because I was still sore; and I stayed sore because she had been right and everything had turned out okay. Besides, it burned me to see her being so damned confidential to a stranger.

For the next few minutes I paid attention to my job while we went through New London. When we had crossed the bridge I took a quick look at this fellow.

I could see now that he wasn't a

bad little guy. Tucked off in the corner with one hand in his coat pocket, he was quiet and kind of helpless-looking and appreciative of the ride. I began to feel a little sheepish about it. Madge was right again. She usually was. And I had an idea I'd hear about this thing, the rest of my life probably, whenever Madge could use it as an illustration to win an argument.

After a while Madge began to question him. He answered her, too. Not always right away, but he answered. Edward Wainright, he said his name was. That sounded familiar, although I could not place it.

"How far are you going?" Madge asked him.

"Well," he said, hesitating a little. "I'd like to get into Canada." And then Madge came out with a typical woman's question.

"Why?"

That stopped him for a minute. When he finally answered he said, "Well, the police are looking for me. I'm supposed to be in prison but I had a bit of luck."

He spoke quietly, simply, like a man commenting on the weather, but he could not have jarred me more if he'd shouted. I thought, "Well, here goes the job and everything else," while my nerves tightened up like violin strings.

HE kept on talking in that quiet, weary tone, but I knew right then who he was. You don't get to read the papers regularly on a job like this. Still I knew something about him.

He had killed a man named Tabor who had been bothering his wife. I think a real good lawyer could have got him off with self-defense but as it was they gave him five to eight years. And then he had escaped while a deputy was taking him from the courthouse. I could see why now. Because he looked so docile and harmless. This deputy, under-rating him, had put one cuff on him and was holding the other. Wainright tripped the deputy and jerked the cuff from the fellow's hand. He was small, he was lucky to lose himself in the crowd until he could steal a car.

"You see," Wainright explained. "I've had a lot of tough luck these past three years. Sickness. No job. Lost my house. Ruth, that's my wife, was the only one that brought in any money."

"She shouldn't have worked at all because of her lungs, but she was a good stenographer and she made thirty a week at it. I tried to get her to take the few hundred we had and go West, to Arizona or New Mexico and see if we couldn't make some sort of a living while her lungs got strong. But she was afraid to give up her job—and it was a long time before I found out that in order to keep working she had to put up with a lot of offensive attention from her boss, this Tabor.

"Well, the details don't matter. Anyway, I came back to our place one night. I heard her scream as I reached for the door-knob, and they were still struggling when I went in. I guess it looked worse than it was because Ruth had been fighting so hard her hair was down and the sleeve of her dress was torn."

Wainright paused and looked at me. I could see that his eyes were hard and metallic, and didn't fit his face.

"Maybe you know how I felt. Ruth tried to smooth it over. Tabor was a—well, arrogant, disdainful. He was twice as big as I am and when I told him to get out he laughed. There was a gun in a table drawer and I grabbed it. To get him out, that's all; to get him out so Ruth wouldn't see him laugh at me. He started for me and he was ugly. When he grabbed me I pulled the trigger."

WAINRIGHT looked away and his voice was apologetic. "I suppose it was a fool thing to do. I don't seem to regret it—about Tabor. I do when I think of what Ruth went through. What money we had went for the lawyer. I knew she'd never get West. She had luck enough to get another job while I was waiting trial and she wouldn't give it up. She had to live, she said; and I'd need things in prison.

"I really had no intention of trying to escape. The thought just came to me while I was walking with that jailer." Wainright moved his free hand in a shrugging gesture. "My luck held. I've seen Ruth. We talked things over and she wanted me to go back, said she'd wait for me. I didn't tell her I thought she'd be dead before I was free.

"They've got a reward out for me, but I decided to take a chance, and well, my luck is still holding. I guess you can see what this ride means."

We went on for about five miles with nobody saying a word. The lights of a passing car flashed briefly into the cab. Twice my eyes slid towards Wainright and I jerked them back. I was beginning to get scared but I couldn't miss the irony of the set-up: Madge had her way; I had my angry wish—except that I'd picked up a murderer instead of a gunman. And here we were, riding side by side. It was Madge who spoke first.

"How far have you come today?"

"Well," Wainright said awkwardly, as though we had a right to know but he didn't want to tell, "I've been going since five o'clock."

"You'll have to keep going after you leave us, too," Madge said. "Why don't you lie down in back of the seat for a while. There's a place and—"

Her voice trailed off, and when I looked at her, her face was white and stiff-looking.

Wainright kept right on surprising me. He said he guessed he would, and climbed over the seat,

stretched out on his side. Madge shoved over towards me then, but she didn't say a word. Neither did I. I just did a lot of thinking in a very short time while the whining suck of tires on the wet concrete and the rumble of the truck droned out a weird accompaniment.

BY that time I was plenty scared; scared in a nervous, jittery way because I didn't know what was coming next. Sort of panicky, like one time I was swimming a long way from shore and something brushed up against my leg. I didn't think this guy would hurt Madge, and I didn't have room for any, "I told you so," thoughts. I don't know what worried me most, my truck and my job—or Wainright.

The guy's loony, I thought. But that didn't comfort me any. I couldn't figure his attitude, or why he told us his story. And he kept one hand in his pocket. I didn't like that either, although there was no kick in the way he'd been behaving. The whole thing was a headache, screwy. It didn't make sense.

I kept worrying about all these things until I got the germ of an idea which began to blossom of its own accord. I got to thinking about the reward.

I didn't know how much it was, but I told myself it must be at least five hundred. And it seemed worth a try when I thought of how sick I was of this night and day job, and seeing Madge once or twice a week and the rest of the time thinking how much I wanted her and how long I had to wait. One half of my brain argued that way; the other half argued: This guy has had enough tough breaks. You'd be a lousy heel to turn him in.

WELL, telling myself I'd be a heel only made me try to justify myself. After all, this guy had killed a man. He had been convicted and who was I to say the sentence wasn't just. Certainly the yarn he'd given us was prejudiced.

Somebody would get him anyway, I argued, so why not me? My story would be that he was hiding in the truck, that I didn't pick him up. And it shouldn't be too tough. He was a little fellow and I thought I could take him with one hand.

When I remembered my blackjack I began to get confident. It wasn't a blackjack really; it was more like a policeman's night stick. I had it for emergencies and it was in a little holder fastened to the front, upright part of the seat beside my right leg. A quick little crack with that, not too hard, and—

Keeping my eyes on the road, I reached down for that club. I did it slowly, easily, while the tires sucked wetly on the concrete and the strident whine of the windshield wiper topped the rumble of the truck: vague far-away sounds submerged

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by the pounding of my heart. My fingers slid along the polished surface of the handle and suddenly my nerves tightened up on me and I was sweating and scared again. Then I felt a hand on my wrist. Madge's hand.

I held steady for a moment or so, tensed, holding my breath. I don't think she knew about that stick, but something must have told her what was in my mind, what I was up to. She kept holding my wrist, her hand soft and hot, until I let go of the stick and reached for the wheel.

I glanced over at her. She still looked stiff-lipped and she shook her head the least bit, her dark eyes round and wide with some inner disturbance.

I EXHALED, relaxed. And now that she'd made up our minds, damned if I wasn't glad. I felt relieved, sort of buoyant inside. I knew now that it would have been a crummy trick after he had trusted us with his story.

When we started through Providence I knew I'd have to tell Wainright to get out before we got to the warehouse. I was wondering how to say it when he sat up on the bunk, told me to pull off my regular route and go down a side street.

I got sort of cold all over and began to curse myself for not slugging him when I had the chance. I made the turn and was thinking, "Here's where the stick-up comes," when he said, still speaking softly:

"I guess I can give you the rest of the story now. I'm not going to Canada; I'm getting out here. I was going to look up a fellow I know to do the job, but I think you'll do even better because I'm not sure I can trust him."

I kept driving without saying a word.

"That reward adds up to three thousand now," he went on. "And I figured out a plan when I talked with Ruth. I want that reward—or part of it. I've got to have it for her. Two thousand will keep her out West for two years if she lives simply. And two years in that climate will mend her lungs. That's all I want. The other thousand is your share if you take me in."

EVEN then I didn't know what the score was. I didn't believe him. I just sat there slack-jawed, driving automatically. When I could think it was, "Now I know he's loony." I finally said, "I don't like it."

"I don't blame you," Wainright said. "It sounds crooked. But look at it my way. They want me. They're willing to pay. I'm broke. I'll never get away, and I don't want to. But somebody will collect that reward. Probably a bunch of cops."

He climbed over on the seat. I was in too much of a fog to say anything. I just sat there with my palms damp on the wheel, not know-

ing I was holding my breath—until I blew it out.

"It's a cinch, really. Say I stuck you up." Wainright pulled a heavy-looking automatic out of his pocket and I knew I'd guessed right about that anyway. "And I got careless and you jumped me. You can't lose your job that way, and you can make twice the five hundred you need."

"How do you know I won't hold out the whole three thousand," I stalled, concentrating on keeping my voice flat.

"You won't," Wainright said. "I've been sizing you up. I like your girl. She's honest. When I heard you needed money, too, I decided to risk my story. I had to be sure. That's why I played meek and got in back—to give you a chance to jump me."

"Suppose I had," I said, and my voice was stiff, like my muscles.

"I had the drop on you all the time." Wainright waved the gun. "I might not have shot you, but I'd dumped you out and taken the truck until I got clear. Then I would have tried to make it here and looked up the fellow I told you about. But the two of you are better than he is. And you played square with me. How about it? Make up your mind."

I SAW the green lights of a police station two blocks ahead, and then I remembered that this was the town where Wainright had lived and been arrested. The sweat came out on my forehead. I couldn't make myself say either yes or no. I mumbled, "Well—" and that seemed to be enough for Wainright.

"Get a story and stick to it," he hurried on. "I'm bringing you right to the station so you won't have to split that money with the police. When you collect, two thousand goes to my wife. I'll give you a letter later." His voice got sharp, incisive. "Promise now, both of you!"

Madge and I said, "I promise!" in a sort of mechanical chorus.

He gave me the automatic, and even then if he'd started blasting I'd have been no more surprised. And then I knew I had to go through with it. I stopped in front of the station house and we went up the steps with the gun in Wainright's back and Madge tagging behind me.

There was a uniformed officer sitting behind the dais-like desk, and a chubby fellow with a freckled face and glasses lounging against the heavy rail.

Wainright said, "Hello, Lieutenant," wearily.

The fellow looked up, stared at Wainright; then at me and the gun. He put down his pen and leaned back in the chair and finally grinned.

"Well, well," he said. "Hello, Eddy. Welcome home. Where you been keeping yourself?" He pressed a buzzer button.

The freckle-faced fellow bounded off the rail. "What the—" he flung out. "What—" His eyes widened

behind his glasses and his face folded up in a grin. "Boy," he breathed, "is this gonna be something." He stepped over to me. "I'm Malloy, of the *Leader*. What's the story?"

I gave it to him. At first I was stiff-lipped and jumpy, but I improved as I went along; I turned on the innocence and kept talking fast so he couldn't interrupt. When I wound up I had things under control and I made my voice hard. "Just remember that there's a reward and that I brought this guy in alone."

MALLOY'S hand came up in a confident gesture. "I'll remember." He turned and grinned at the Lieutenant who was looking kind of sour. "It'll be a pleasure."

Two plain clothesmen came in and took Wainright and the gun. Malloy grabbed a phone and the Lieutenant steered us into a little anteroom and left us alone. The moment the door closed Madge was in my arms. She pulled my head down and clung to me, hard. I held her tight because suddenly I was shaky again. We stood there like that, not talking, for quite a while. Then I did what I'd wanted to do—about three months ago, it seemed—after we'd left Steve's.

"It's okay." I said after I'd kissed her and got my breath. "If it hadn't been for you I wouldn't have stopped, and we wouldn't get any money; and if it hadn't been for you I might've tried to slug this guy. Come on, quit crying. You were right, all the way around."

"Oh—no!" she countered, blinking back the tears. "You were right, Joe."

Well, women are funny. I didn't know what she meant, couldn't think of an answer. "I was right?" I snorted.

"We never should have stopped. I never should have asked you to. Suppose he was like the gunmen we read about? He might have held us up, taken the truck. You'd've lost your job. Suppose—why"—her mouth gaped a little—"why he might have—"

"Yeah," I snapped, failing to grasp that a lot of this was just nervous reaction. "But he didn't. Everything—"

"But suppose he had?"

MAYBE you can figure that. It's always been too deep for me whatever it proves. All I know is that things worked out all right even if you think we are a couple of crooks. There was some kick about the reward, but the newspaper fellow knew too much and they had to pay.

Wainright's wife is living out in Arizona while he serves out his term.

I guess it was a good break in some other ways, too. I'm on a day run now, and Madge and I like married life. She's boss around the house, and I do the driving.

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