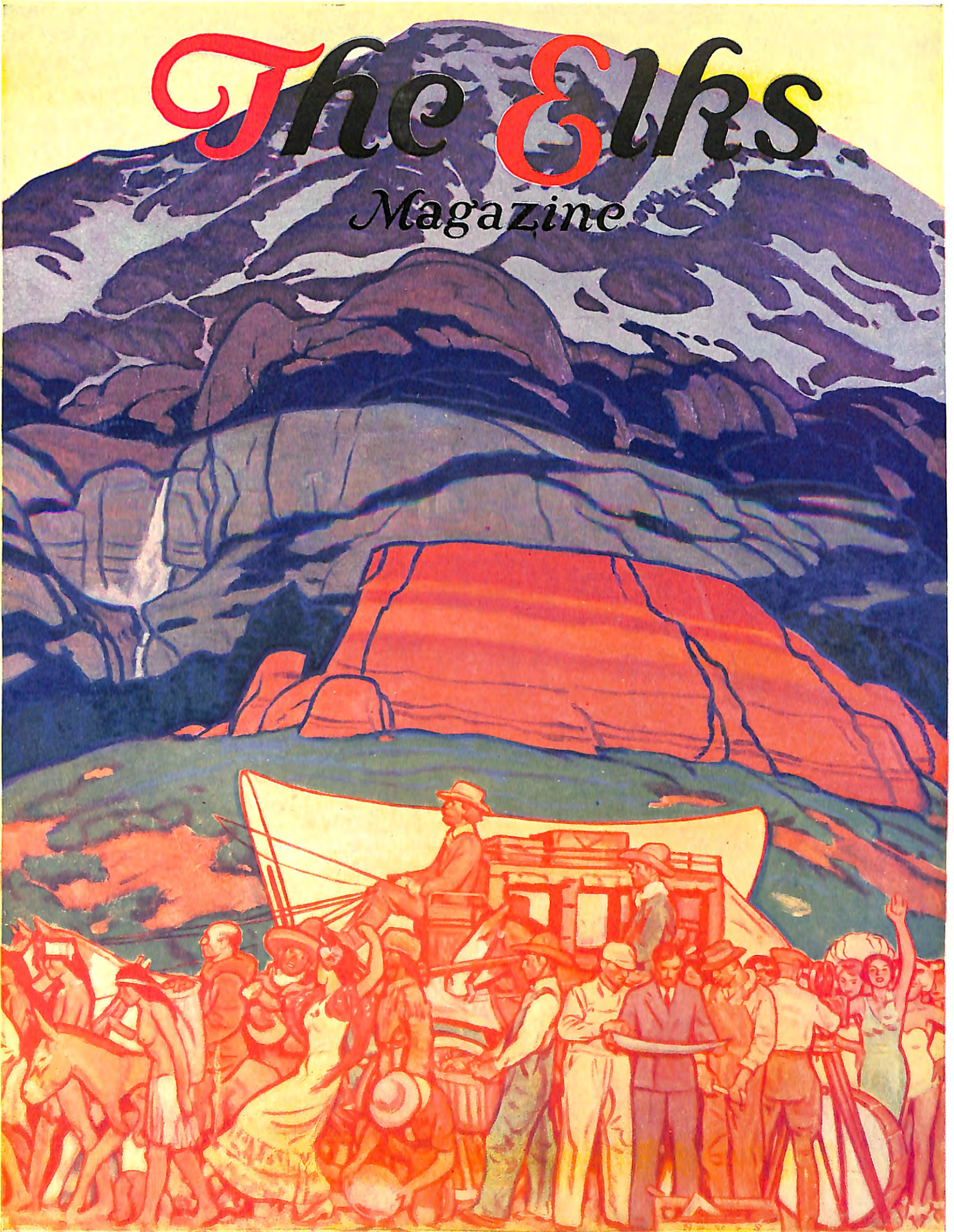


# The Elks

*Magazine*



FEBRUARY, 1936

CENTRAL EDITION



*“My dad says  
'complete' means  
CHEVROLET!”*

com-plete' (kōm-plēt') a. 1. With no part, item, or element lacking; free from deficiency; entire.

—Webster's Dictionary

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# When Doctors Catch Colds Get Fat—Feel Sluggish—

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MCGOVERN**

Formerly Physical Director of New York Physicians' Club, National Amateur Champion Boxer at 16! Learned science of training in prize ring days, but realized after opening first gym, he should know more about workings of human body. So he studied at Cornell University Medical Clinic, where he was also Physical Director for 8 years.

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Many of New York's leading doctors keep themselves fit by following the simple method now set down by Artie McGovern in his new book.

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Now McGovern has put his whole simple method into a new book—for the average business or professional man or woman; not for the chap who wants big muscles or track-meet prowess. It is ready to give you clear health and reserve energy at your desk or on your feet, without upset nerves or digestion, without colds, headaches or exhaustion.

Here at last is the "de-bunked" truth about health exercise. Artie McGovern shows how you can pare off a waistline sag or put on solid pounds the way *doctors* and *athletes* do. He shows how to resist colds; increase vigor; correct constipation without laxatives; eliminate nervous, sleepless tiredness.

And the entire McGovern Method consists of simple, easy exercises that you can do at home—without

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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 helping 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 important men.

## SEND NO MONEY

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The McGovern Method has worked for thousands and can therefore be sold on these terms:

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—What the McGovern Method did for him

	Before	After
WAIST	49 3/4	38
Weight	256	216
Neck	17 1/2	15 1/2
Chest	43	40
Expanded	45 1/2	47
Hips	47	41
Thigh	25	23
Calc	16 1/4	15



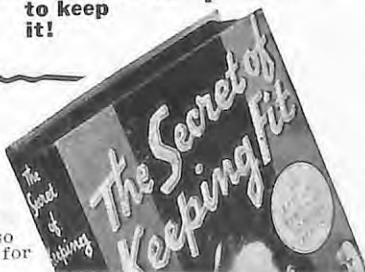
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(Please Print Plainly)

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City ..... State .....

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



# The Elks Magazine

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

To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken

the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ?—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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## FEBRUARY 1936

### This Month

IT IS the privilege of the editors this February to call to your attention the handsome cover mural by Harold Von Schmidt, a native Californian, who paints his interpretation of the colorful pageant of California's history against a natural background of the mesas and the mountainous country of California.

On page three of this issue Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan delivers

a message to all members of the Order. "The Man from the East," a strange story by Emile C. Tepperman, is bound to capture and hold your interest. Its final paragraphs are the most tantalizing we can imagine. Other features which we take particular enjoyment in presenting are "California, Daughter of Romance," an article by Bill Adams on the history of that State. It is illustrated by Mr. Frederick Widlicka, an artist new to our pages. "C'est La Guerre," by

Christopher Craig, is a subtly amusing story of mock war, stuffed shirts, and an ingenuous National Guardsman.

Much information concerning our National Parks can be found in Frank J. Taylor's article, "An Eyeful of Grandeur." Those members of our Order who are planning to visit the National Parks this summer on their way to the National Convention on the Coast will find much valuable information is contained in this article for their convenience.

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# Prepare for the Grand Exalted Ruler's Elks Anniversary Class!

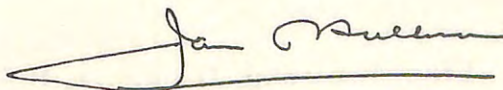
My Brothers:

By this time each of you have received from your Exalted Ruler an application for membership in our Order. Look about you for that relative, that friend, that son, that neighbor, that companion whom you know should be a brother Elk.

It is my desire that no stone be left unturned to make the "Grand Exalted Ruler's Elks Anniversary Class" in February the greatest event in our history.

The reports of the wonderful progress being made by our Lodges toward organizing their Anniversary Classes in commemoration of our 68th Birthday is most gratifying to me. Officers of our subordinate Lodges are marking this event, not alone by the initiation of a large class of new members and reinstatements, but also by instilling a real party spirit into all their members and by the adoption of appropriate programs for the occasion.

My brothers, I urge you to reserve the date set aside by your Lodge for this meeting. It is my fervent hope that in addition to the proposition of a candidate, you will be present at the Anniversary ceremonies. In this way the pulse of Elkdom all over the country will be quickened and our members' interest in our Order recreated.



James T. Hallinan,  
Grand Exalted Ruler.

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signed by the applicant. All applications must be ap-  
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For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see  
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*The keeper felt himself engulfed in a hazy mist. He was unable to recall anything after that.*

# The Man from the East

by Emile C. Tepperman

*Illustrated by C. C. Beall*

**M**ESSONIER took it like a man. When they brought him in for sentence he stood stiff and straight in the little square box with the low railing. His arms were steady at his sides, his chin up, and his eyes looked through the judge like those of one who is already dead.

Even His Honor seemed to sense this aspect of the supernatural about the defendant, for he pushed his hands out of the judicial robes, took a drink of water from a glass, and gulped before asking in tone somewhat less austere than usual, "Henry Messonier, have you anything to say before sentence is passed upon you?"

The courtroom was still, the way the world must have been after the Flood. There was the pall of the dreadful thing that had gone before (they all remembered the murder of Marian Mussey) and the words—the valedictory—about to be uttered in response to the judge's question by the man convicted of her murder. The

crack reporters of every paper were present, so were the trim little tongue-in-cheek sob sisters. And they all forgot their trade, forgot their poised pencils, awaiting with held-in breath the last statement of the vivid, strange being whom they knew by the name of Henry Messonier.

And the tall prisoner at the bar lived up to expectations. No one—not even the quickest-witted or most imaginative of them all could have anticipated what he said. For a long moment that seemed an eternity of suspense, he merely stared at the uneasy jurist. His sleek black hair and blacker eyes sunk beneath charcoal brows accentuated the whiteness of his hollow cheeks.

He spoke. The words came resounding from the depths of his chest. His thin lips formed them carefully, accurately. "Last week twelve of my so-called peers decided I was the murderer of Marian Mussey. Perhaps if I had taken the stand in my defense, a different verdict would have been reached. Let it pass—I

had a reason. Many men have stood right here, and in answer to your question have cried, 'I am innocent!' Some of them were truly guiltless, and they were like inarticulate animals in a trap.

"I am different. I am articulate. I say to you, Your Honor, that I did not kill Marian Mussey. She was far too glorious an actress to die. I loved her!" He had spoken quietly, almost tonelessly. Now he turned deliberately and stared about the courtroom. Pencils scraped on paper swiftly, frantically, trying to frame into phrases the emotions their owners sought to read into the taut motionlessness of his body.

Facing the bench once more, he went on. "I know her murderer. I could have named him at the trial. Do you know why I kept silent, Your Honor? Because I've reserved him! The murderer of Marian will be punished by my own hand!"

"He's mad!" The whisper ran through the room. The sob sisters wrote on furiously. This was prime filler for a column. But some of the men couldn't bear to look at the defendant. It was the feeling that a man gets when he thinks another man is breaking up.

Messonier, however, betrayed no outward weakness. He resumed. "You have heard my lectures and read my books on bizarre and occult matters. Many of you have scoffed. I tell you now, that from my cell I shall punish

the murderer and expose his guilt before the date set for my execution!"

The Judge took another sip of water, and rapped sharply with his gavel to still the frenzied buzz of talk. Then he said curtly to the clerk, "Take his pedigree."

The clerk intoned the routine questions.

"What is your name?"

"Henry Messonier."

"How old are you?"

"Forty."

"Where were you born?"

"Australia."

"What is your occupation?"

"Lecturer and student of occult phenomena."

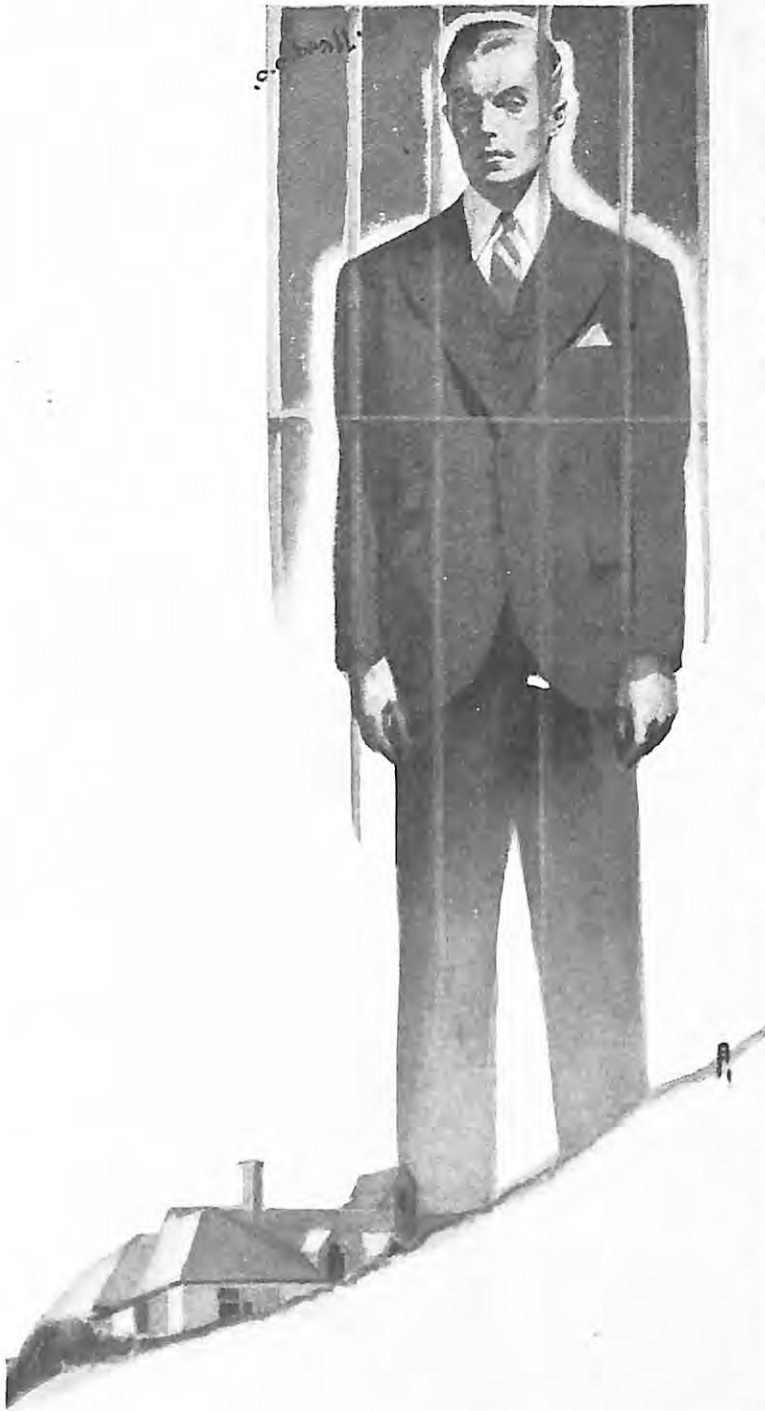
The clerk finished, and turned to the bench. People hunched forward in their seats. Even the court attendants were touched by the solemnity of the occasion. The judge cleared his throat. Everybody listened, breathless, while one man in a judicial robe told another man that he was to have a thousand volts of electric current switched through his living body on the twenty-fifth day of May, exactly three weeks later.

This was headline stuff for the papers, and they made the most of it. Every angle was covered, every item of information available about the principals was told and retold in a dozen different ways.

*"I saw him yesterday on the golf course. I tell you, I saw that man Messonier, who's in the cell upstairs!"*







Messonier, it appeared, had come to New York a year ago. No one knew where he came from. Later, there were some who said they had heard of him in India, in Thibet. They said he had studied strange lore in the east, and was the master of many queer knowledges.

Messonier himself opened a studio far uptown in a house he bought overlooking the Hudson. He organized lectures and wrote articles for the magazines on widely varied subjects. One article, for instance, was entitled, "Mysteries of High Asia." Another was highly removed from it in treatment, being a careful, scientific report on a little known species of deadly viper found north of the Himalayas, whose venom caused untold agonies of torture.

He sent engraved invitations to the wealthy and famous. They stated that Messonier knew everything there was to be known. Let them come to his studio and he would solve their problems. They came. His knowledge of their carefully guarded secrets was bewildering. But his solutions of the problems arising out of

those secrets was without doubt uncannily shrewd.

He began to be trusted. For, though his knowledge was dangerous to many people, he never let a word escape his lips for publication.

Marian Mussey—Mrs. Willis Sangerson in private life—was one of those who consulted him. Her husband was rated at one million dollars A1 credit by Dun's and Bradstreets', but not so highly where financial standing didn't count. Her problem must have been acute, for a short while after seeing Messonier she filed suit for divorce.

Sangerson never gave anything up once he got it. That went for his beautiful actress wife as well. He threatened to break every bone in Messonier's carcass. He met him one day, but did nothing. Perhaps what he saw in Messonier's eyes deterred him.

And then the tragedy. Beautiful Marian Mussey lying on her bed. Lifeless. Blood on her nightgown. Blood on the exquisite lace bedspread. Blood on the supple steel blade that pierced the softness of her breast. And the blood on the hands of Messonier who lay on the floor where it seemed he had slipped and struck his head against the edge of the telephone table.

Twelve men said he was guilty. But some said, "Sangerson's millions. You can't buck a millionaire no matter how smart you are. Money is smarter!"

He made no protestations of innocence when the police came. He sat in a stiff backed chair in the living room while his head was bandaged. He said nothing while they took measurements and photographs and fingerprints in the little sunlit bedroom next door where they finally drew a sheet over Marian Mussey's body.

Her cozy two room apartment just off the Drive was being gone over with a fine tooth comb, but Messonier seemed oblivious of it all. His hands gripped the arms of the chair. His eyes were focused through the open window on the Jersey shore across the river.

At last Captain Schlemmer of the Homicide Squad tapped him on the shoulder. "Your prints are on the knife handle, Messonier," he said. His voice was brusque, almost gruff. But it was tinged, perhaps, with a trace of compassion. How could this guy have killed her, he thought. Anybody can see he's nuts about her.

There was a wrinkle in each of his closely shaven cheeks as he went on to clinch the case and overwhelm the prisoner into a confession. "There's blood on your head, and there's a bit of black hair on the edge of the telephone table. You stabbed her in a fit of passion, and then when you realized what you had done you fainted. Come on now, that's the way it happened, isn't it?"

Messonier snapped his eyes and his attention back into the room. "No," he answered flatly, "that isn't how it happened."

And that's all he would say.

On the way to headquarters he made no attempt to hide his face from cameramen. No flicker of emotion crossed his sensitive, self-reliant features while he stood in the line-up the next morning, nor when he was arraigned later in the day.

He was led into the courtroom for the arraignment just as the presiding judge entered through the door at the opposite end alongside the bench. The clerk intoned, "His Honor the Judge of the Court of General Sessions, sitting in and for the County of New York!" But the eyes of everybody were turned toward the iron grill behind which the prisoner strode to the front of the courtroom. A judge was no novelty in New York. A man like Messonier was.

"Do you wish to hire a lawyer," the judge asked, "or shall the court assign counsel?"

Messonier seemed not to have heard. His attention was concentrated far outside of the Criminal Courts Building. The attendant tapped him on the shoulder and repeated the judge's question. The defendant shrugged and whispered some- (Continued on page 45)

# California,

by Bill Adams

**H**ISTORY is apt, too often, to be dry old stuff. Cabbages do not seem to be very romantic. But we are going to have a few dates; also to speak of cabbages. For history is parent to Romance and, though many living Californians may not know it, California was discovered largely through need of a cabbage patch.

By the year 1523 Cortes, the Spaniard, had conquered Mexico. Magellan, the Portuguese, had discovered the Philippines. The East Indies were known, with their riches of spices and silk. Spain, Portugal and England were reaching out for colonies. It is the Spaniard we will follow.

There were rumors of a strait far to the north, leading from the Pacific to the Atlantic, offering a road to Spain from the Indies. On it were said to be cities of wealth so fabulous that the very kitchen utensils were made of gold. To seek it Cortes built on the west coast of Mexico three ships. Since there were in America no horses save those the Spaniards rode, their rigging and iron work had to be carried from the Atlantic seaboard on the backs of men and women. They were not long at sea when scurvy broke out. Their crews mutinied. The ships were never heard of. Again Cortes sent out three ships. Again mutiny broke out. Having murdered their leader the crews landed a little way up what today is the Gulf of Lower California. Save for two who made their way back and reported to Cortes, all were killed by the Indians. Then

*Illustrated by  
Frederick Widlicka*



# Daughter of Romance

Cortes himself sailed north, landed at the site of the massacre, and founded Santa Cruz. Leaving Francisco de Ulloa in charge, with orders to find the strait, he went home to Spain. And now let's leave our dry old history a while to ask how came it that the Spaniards named the new found land California.

A Spaniard named Montalvo had written a book; a romance known to every Spaniard. Let's read a few lines of it. "On the right hand side of the Indies is an island named California, which is inhabited by women, without any men among them. They are robust of body with strong and passionate hearts and great virtues. Their weapons are of gold. The island abounds in gold and precious stones. It is one of the wildest in the world, owing to its bold and craggy rocks. Griffins abound in it and are not known anywhere else in the world."

Well, the new land was certainly wild and rocky. And it was on the right hand side of the Indies. Perhaps gold and precious stones would be found later. Griffins too, maybe. The matter of the women was evidently ignored. At any rate the Spaniards named it California.

In 1539 Ulloa sailed up the gulf to seek the strait and fabled cities. Come to its head, he sailed south, and out into the Pacific. Having then sailed almost to where today is San Diego he was forced back because of scurvy in his crew. All he had discovered was that California was not an island.

Three years later Cabrillo sailed on the same quest, and landed where today is San Diego, then went on till, when some way north of the Golden Gate, storms forced him back. In November, 1542, he anchored in a bay north of the Golden Gate and, unable to go ashore because of rough seas, took possession in the name of Spain. In January he died on his way south, and was buried on an island



off where Santa Barbara now is. At his dying order his pilot turned north once more, and not till well up the coast of Oregon did he turn back, his sailors scurvy-ridden and dying.

Fifty years passed. While the story of the strait and golden cities slowly died Spanish ships sailed from Mexico to the Indies and back with treasure of spices and silk. The outward voyage was easy, the return difficult. And at last it was learned that the best route home was by keeping well north, making the north coast of California and sailing down it. Always when the treasure ships came home their crews were thinned by scurvy. And thus we come to cabbages. If a harbor could be found and a settlement started, green vegetables would be obtainable for the crews. Also a fort was needed, for Francis Drake, pirate of England, was come into the Pacific and no Spanish ship was safe. In June, 1579, he anchored in the bay where Cabrillo had anchored forty years before, and stayed a month repairing his ship.

In 1595 Cermenho was ordered by Mexico's viceroy to explore the coast of California on his way home from the Indies. He anchored in the same bay, took possession in the name of Spain. Then, sailing south, he was wrecked, his spices, silks, and porcelains scattered along the beaches. Seven more years passed with nothing done. Always scurvy wrecked the galleon's crew. And then Sebastian Vizcaino was sent north and it looked as though at last Spain would occupy the land and start the cabbage patch. He came to and named San Diego, Santa Barbara and Monterey, and having sailed on to where now the border of Oregon is, was forced to go home. And all for want of cabbages, came home with less than half his crew.

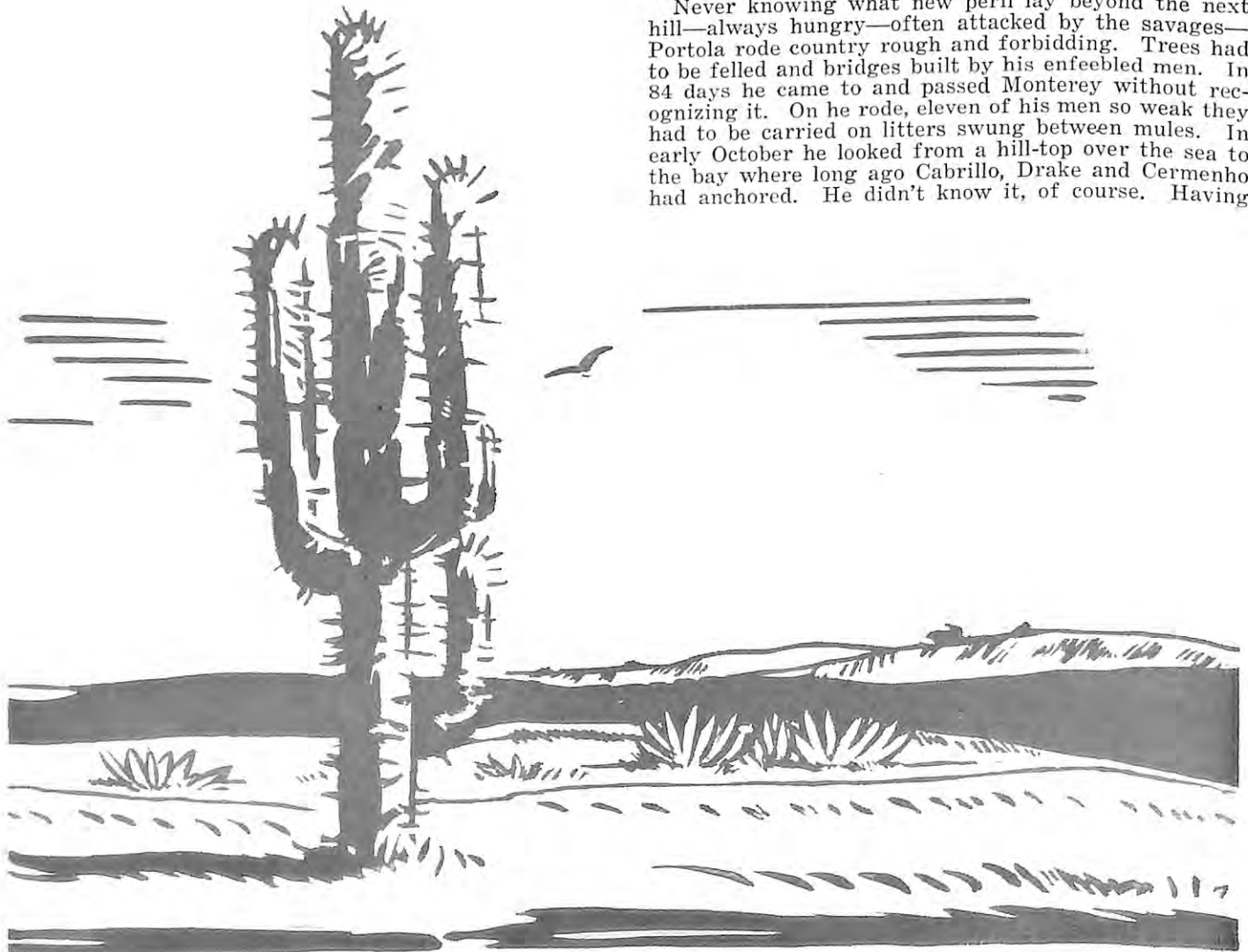
Now over a hundred and fifty years went by with

nothing done. For owing to fog and storm, and fear lest they be wrecked, the treasure galleons never stopped on California's coast. It was not till 1769 that Spain was awakened by rumors that Russia planned to occupy California. Also the Dutch were inquiring about the land, and, worse yet, the empire-hungry English. So Mexico's viceroy sent out two expeditions, a land party under Gaspar de Portola, and the ships *San Carlos* and *San Antonio*.

**S**LOWLY Portola rode north from Lower California. Beside him rode a grey Franciscan friar. The Padres were come into the picture. The friar was Junipero Serra, and so weak was he that he had to be lifted to his mule. When other friars, staying behind, bade him a tearful farewell, he ordered them to be less faint-hearted, and vowed that he would ere he died establish missions to save the souls of the heathen Indians of the land where he was going. It was March when Portola's advance guard set out under Captain Rivera with cattle, pack animals and drivers, and with twenty-five veteran soldiers to guard them. With him went also Father Juan Crespi. And in May Portola followed.

In April the little *San Antonio* crept into San Diego. Two weeks later came the *San Carlos* with half her people dead of scurvy. Helping the survivors ashore, the *San Antonio's* people became stricken also; and soon less than a third of the two ships' companies were alive. Hope was at its lowest ebb when in mid-May Rivera rode in. At once his party was busy caring for the sick and dying. When a month later Portola arrived, stores were running very low. He sent the *San Antonio* back to Mexico for more. Then, leaving the sick in charge of the Padres, with a few soldiers to guard them, he rode north with Rivera in the rear.

Never knowing what new peril lay beyond the next hill—always hungry—often attacked by the savages—Portola rode country rough and forbidding. Trees had to be felled and bridges built by his enfeebled men. In 84 days he came to and passed Monterey without recognizing it. On he rode, eleven of his men so weak they had to be carried on litters swung between mules. In early October he looked from a hill-top over the sea to the bay where long ago Cabrillo, Drake and Cermenho had anchored. He didn't know it, of course. Having



pitched camp he sent out deer hunters. Soon they came running back, shouting that they had seen a great arm of the sea that stretched inland as far as the eye could reach. Realizing then that he must have passed Monterey, he started back south without having seen what today is San Francisco Bay. It was December, and it was mule or nothing. In eleven days they ate eleven mules. Come to Monterey he set up a great wooden cross; then, in snow, sleet, hail, rain, blustering winds, passed through the coast mountains.

On January 24 he reached San Diego to find that despite disease and death and attacks by Indians, Serra had founded his first mission. Four months he stayed at San Diego, waiting for the San Antonio's return. Food was all but gone. It was go home to Mexico or perish. On the eve of the day he planned to start, with Serra broken-hearted at leaving the heathen unconverted, in came the ship at last. There was gladness and feasting. Then, sending her up the coast, Portola once more rode north. And Monterey was reached safely. There Serra built his second mission, and Portola his second fort. California was occupied at last!

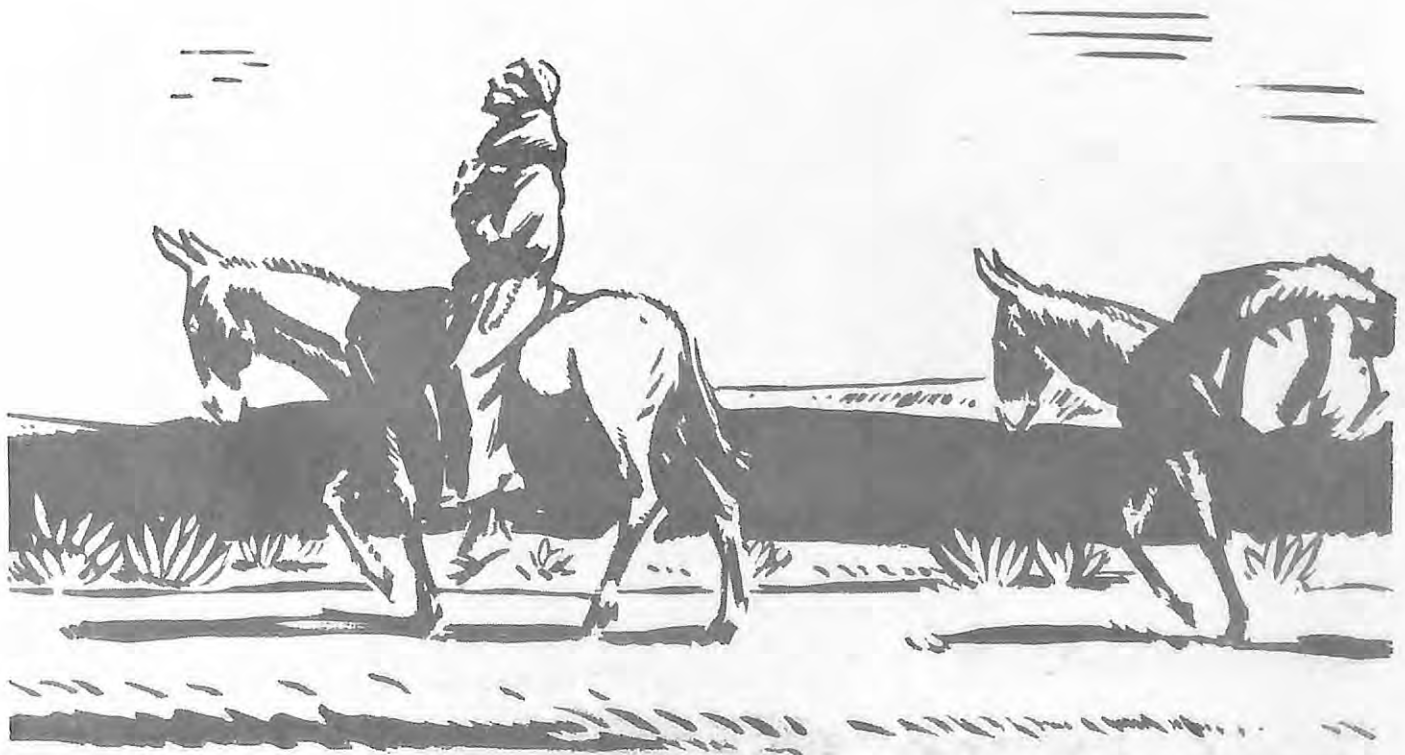
Four years passed by. Portola went home to Mexico. But the Padres stayed, and preaching to the heathen, planned more missions. In all California there were but 41 soldiers. Owing to so little protection and the difficulty of getting supplies from Mexico, not much could yet be done.

Now into the picture comes the greatest explorer of them all. Juan Bautista de Anza, nobleman of Spain and long-time Indian fighter, having determined that the easier way to get stores to the new colony was by an overland route, set out in 1773 from Tubac, Sonora. The way he took was El Camino del Diablo, the Devil's Road, over the scorched desert through the wild mountains. To guard 65 beef cattle, saddle and pack animals, guides and muleteers, he had 20 soldiers. There were Padres, also, who inspired the men and cared for the sick. The desert sun blazed down. Indians attacked and drove off many beasts. Over 200 years before the men of Coronado's army had perished along El Camino del Diablo. Onward marched Anza till, come to Las Tinajas, Altas, he paused for three days' rest. Great natural rock tanks Las Tinajas Altas are, the High Tanks. At the foot of the desert mountains, they are filled with clear sweet water. To climb to them is

difficult and at their feet lay bones of men who had perished, unable because of exhaustion to climb to the cold sweet water. In two months from Tubac, Anza came to the mission of San Gabriel where the Padres welcomed him gladly. Then on he hurried, to Monterey where he found the little garrison and the Padres well nigh dead of starvation. Four days he rested, then hastened back for Tubac.

In October, 1774, Anza set out again, this time with 240 settlers for Spain's new colony. Thirty were seasoned soldiers, each with a wife. There were 160 women and children, with 825 head of horses, mules, and cattle. There were guides and muleteers. There were Padres to pray. It was winter now in the desert and in the wild mountains. Icy streams had to be forded. Animals perished in the snow and frost. Sometimes Indians attacked. Men went snow-blind. Men and women fell ill from drinking at an evil spring. In one day six horses perished of cold. By night the soldiers made tents of their cloaks and blankets and kept great camp fires blazing. Often beasts were drowned while trying to cross icy streams. But always Anza got his people safely over. Always the Padres prayed. And when, after 73 days, he came to San Gabriel, not a man, woman or child had been lost and of eight babies born on the way all were alive and well.

Now California's pastoral age began. Missions were built all up and down El Camino Real, the King's Highway. Brought by the Padres, the orange, olive, fig, peach and grape increased and multiplied. Orchards and vineyards surrounded each mission. About each mission wandered cattle in great herds. Anza's soldiers became the heads of families whose names will never be forgotten. Homes were built round shady patios. Sons and daughters were born to California. The rose broke into flower—the heliotrope, the lily. On moonlit nights the Spanish señoritas danced with caballeros who through the sunny day had hunted bear and deer, or ridden half-broken horses after long-horned cattle. Guitars and the ripple of laughter broke starry stillness where palm fronds drooped and orange blossom filled the air with sweetness. The banners of Spain and of the Cross flew on the gentle wind. Wondering what it was all about, the Indians (*Continued on page 41*)





Above are Jane Cowl and Lily Cahill enjoying a cat fight at tea in the season's comedy hit, "First Lady," which deals with women meddling in national politics.

At left, a tense court-room scene is enacted in "Libel," starring Colin Clive.

In circle at lower left hand corner you see Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald having themselves a romance in the cinema, "Rose Marie."

Below, Wallace Beery finds himself in an unpleasant situation in the motion picture, "A Message to Garcia," in which Mr. Beery, Barbara Stanwyck and John Boles share the honors.





Above are three of the stars of "Boy Meets Girl," which is considered the funniest play in New York this winter. You see acting up, James MacColl, Jerome Cowan and Allyn Joslyn.

In the upper right hand corner are Joan Tompkins and John D. Seymour, two of the featured players in Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," a quietly humorous play which has taken New York by storm. It is a form of entertainment we do not often see in this country.

At right center Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are snapped wafting themselves about a dance floor in their usual delightful manner in "Follow the Fleet," their latest cinematic opus.

Below is a scene from George White's current edition of the "Scandals." You see at left and right respectively, Willie Howard and Bert Lahr, the show's comedians, and Rudy Vallee, who looks pleasant. Mr. Vallee surprises us with a swell performance, which probably ought not to be a surprise.



# Show Business



Eleanor Powell, top left, in her CBS program as star of the "Flying Red Horse Tavern," is ensnaring her new radio audience just as she did her motion picture audience. Miss Powell can dance, sing and act nobly, and she is a joy to look upon.

At top, center, is Louis Gress, Eddie Cantor's new radio maestro, who has been associated with the comedian through eighteen years of theatrical history.

Above, right, is a candid camera shot of Pick and Pat, blackface comedy team, heard via CBS microphones. Because of the burnt cork we can't for the life of us tell you which is Pick or which is Pat.

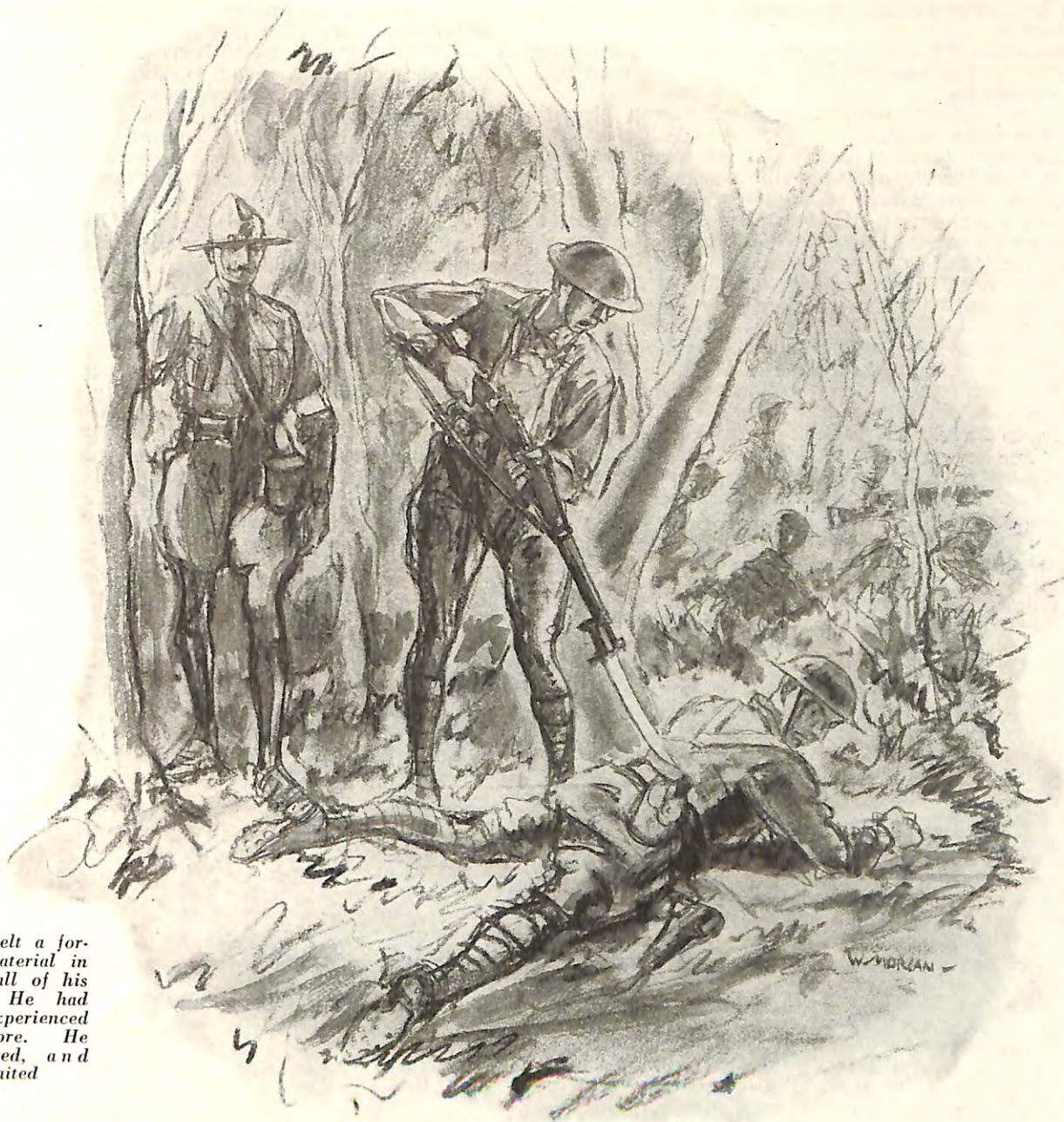
At right is a new study of that crafty crooner, Bing Crosby, who is probably the only gentleman of his profession who is equally popular with both sexes. This is an achievement which we feel ought to land Mr. Crosby in the Hall of Fame. Bing is well embarked on a WJAF program heard each Thursday night.

At left, lovely Dorothy Lamour, the most decorative feature seen on these pages in many moons, is known as the "Dreamer of Songs" who warbles her haunting melodies three nights a week for station WJZ.



Broadcast  
by Phillips Cole





Terry felt a foreign material in the small of his back. He had never experienced it before. He shuddered, and waited

# C'est La Guerre

by Christopher Craig

THE hot sun beat fiercely down upon the sweltering, khaki ranks. Beyond the hills that formed the rim of the oven they were standing in, the Pacific mothered cool breezes, but that small relief was denied the long rows of men standing stiffly for inspection.

They were standing at attention.

They were being reviewed.

The rifle barrels grew hot to the touch; the glistening bayonets sent sparkling shafts of light that tired the eyes; perspiration rolled unchecked down cheeks, and necks, and dripped regularly from the tips of noses, but still the reviewing officers did not come.

An army, even a National Guard army, is never late

for a review. It may be a little tardy in going over the top in the attack, or a little hasty in retreating under fire, but it is always on time when there is a review at hand.

Not so with General Officers. They give their commands for attack just as they had planned; they give their orders to stop and fall back (never, never retreat) in order to consolidate their positions just as the precise moment arrives, but they are not always so punctual when it comes to reviews.

Especially is this true when the reviewing officers are Regular Army men and the troops National Guard. This combination gives interesting results at times, and on

this hot, California day, it was developing a blazing class hatred.

"What the hell?" Private Bert C. Terry asked out of the corner of his mouth, "just what the hell does this guy think we are?"

"Silence!" roared Second Lieutenant Lewis, directly in front of third squad.

Private Bert Terry evidently did not hear. He was a barber from Seville, and no doubt accustomed to overlooking the conversation of others while he, himself, carried on a monologue. He was spending his vacation marching with other barbers and laundrymen and truck drivers over the Monterey peninsula.

"We have been in line here for half an hour," Private Terry continued. "Where the hell's the General?"

"He must be along the line somewheres," Private Everett Muldoon beside him replied, "or else we ain't standing to attention like this."

"He'd better come," Terry prophesied, "or the next time there is a war somebody will take a pot at him."

"You won't never get back as far as he is," Muldoon scoffed, "and he won't never get up as far as you are."

"Muldoon!" snapped the Second Lieutenant, "another crack out of you and it'll be the guard house!"

Private Terry smiled at the indignant Muldoon.

"That's the trouble with joining the same army with officers who know you. They can spot your voice a mile away."

"Pipe down," the corporal in the second squad warned them, "here he comes."

Down the blistering ranks came the reviewing officers. In the sunlight their bright bars and leaves and stars gleamed like gold. They strode with a jingle as their sword chains and spurs tinkled. They looked at the perspiring men sternly, as if they had committed some grave breach of conduct. They looked at the troops curiously, too, for they were wondering how so many misfits had managed to get into one division. Private Bert Terry marked one man in particular—a colonel, whose insolent glance would have been insulting if it hadn't been so cool and refreshing. He was a dapper chap, all shaved and powdered, with never a glint of perspiration on his forehead. Under his left arm and over his shoulder, he wore some red cords—a staff officer. Terry thought the General, even, would be a little embarrassed to find it necessary to give such an officer an order. For an instant, it seemed, their eyes met, but Bert Terry could not believe that so elegant a person would deign to notice one man—a national guardsman and in the rear rank, at that.

Later they executed a ragged squads right, and stumbled along in a cloud of choking dust before the reviewing stand. They marched on the leeward side of the stand, so that the dust would not blow down upon the General and his immaculate staff. They did eyes right, and held it for ten paces, only to find—on the command, "Front!"—that their ranks had taken numerous, mysterious bends. There was a moment of confusion while they once more dressed on their right, and then they were marching

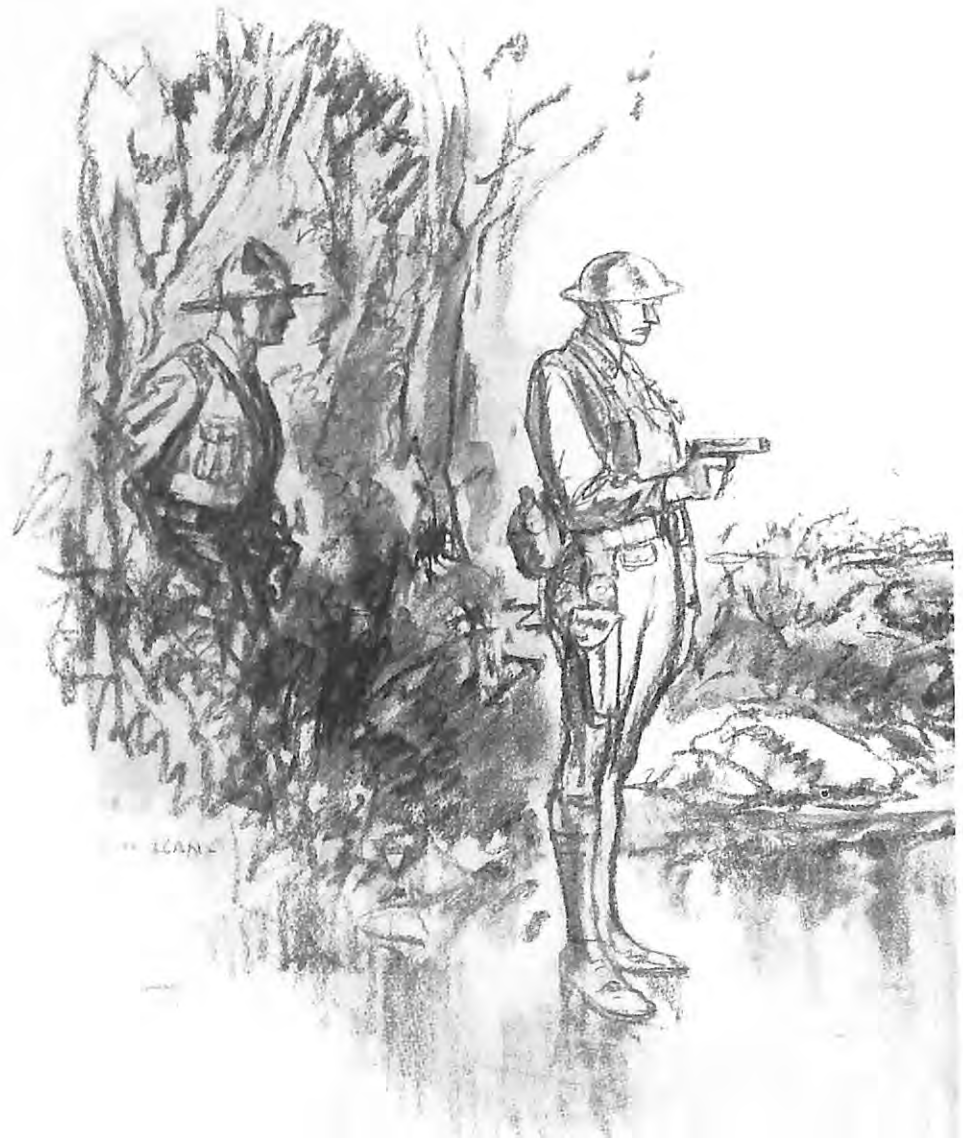
back, massing themselves into a tight, perspiring box before the reviewing stand.

Fortunately, because Terry's platoon was in the suburbs of the gathering, the General's words came to them over a public address system. They had expected praise, which they got in a small degree, but they were surprised and not a little refreshed by his closing remarks. Of course, he need not have uttered them, but it is always best to be on frank terms with your troops—such was the General's opinion.

"Tomorrow," he said, "you will enter these war games. This division of the National Guard will oppose one from the Regular Army. We of the staff realize that you are pitted against great odds, but we ask you to do your best. Act like soldiers and do your best." The General evidently liked that phrase, for he paused a moment, reflecting on it. "This training is good for you, and you must not feel it a personal misfortune when the Regulars defeat you. As in the game of football, there must always be some scrubs on which the varsity can practice."

They were marched back to the tents, then, and were dismissed.

"Nice sentiments," Muldoon said, tossing his rifle on a cot under the blazing canvas. "Just a bunch of scrubs. Who did the fightin' in the last war? What about the



Illustrations by  
Wallace Morgan

ole Rainbow Division? I guess us Guardsmen can fight!"

Private Terry unbuckled his cartridge belt and laid it, with his other accessories, in a neat pile on his cot.

"Of course we can fight," he agreed. "That was just a pep talk. What the General meant was we don't fight as nice as the Regular Army does. We get practically the same results, but we don't shove a bayonet in as slick as a Regular. I've watched those fellows practice, and the way they knock a man down and then stick him in the stomach, is enough to gladden your heart."

"Maybe so," Muldoon persisted, "but I still don't like the idea of his callin' us scrubs."

Terry patted him gently on the head.

"There, there," he said earnestly, "don't take it so to heart. You know what the General said—do our best and not take it as a personal misfortune if we lose."

"He said, 'when we lose.' We'll lose all right," Muldoon said morosely, staring at the wide cracks in the tent floor. "They've got that fixed all ready. It's like a wrestling match, only it ain't our time to win." He suddenly looked up at Terry and narrowed his eyes. "Say, who are you for: him or us? You talk like a spy."

Private Terry was unaffected by the serious charge.

"You know who I am," he said affably. "I've cut your hair once every six weeks for ten years. I don't have

the time or money to go around spying for the Regular Army."

"Rats," said Muldoon, and swung his dusty feet up on his blankets, "Nuts," he emphasized.

"Orders are orders," Terry continued his discourse. "You have to do as your officers tell you—even if they're wrong and you know it. An army must have discipline and that's the way to get it. That's the regulations. Now, tomorrow, just do your best. That's all even the Regular Army expects of you, and that's the most you can do for it."

Hitching up his pants, he walked briskly out into the heat. Muldoon raised himself on one elbow and watched him go. Then he half turned to one of the other men in the tent.

"Say," he asked, "was that guy kidding me?"

Muldoon, his head hanging over the edge of his cot and his mouth relaxed into a grotto, was subconsciously perplexed by the color of his closed eyelids. They were a bright red, and the phenomena grew and grew until it reached the proportions of an awakening thought, and he opened his eyes.

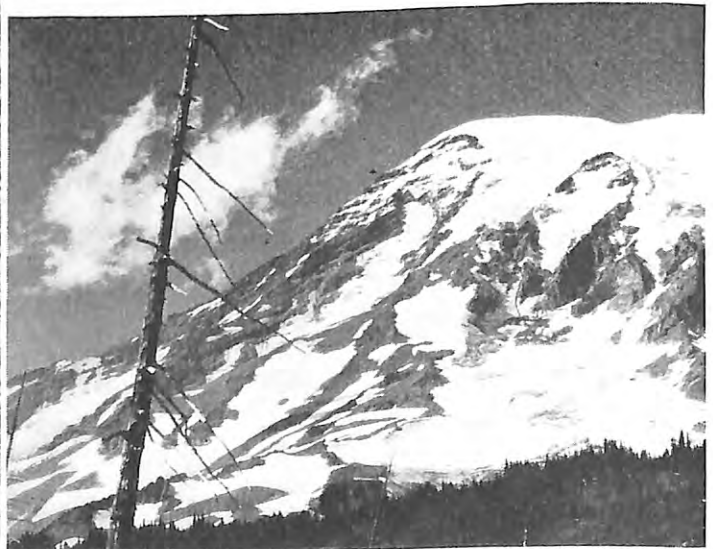
He was startled by the bright, open fire which flickered within a foot of his dangling head. He jerked that important part of his body back onto the coat he was using for a pillow, and *(Continued on page 30)*

*Terry stepped from behind the bushes, his pistol levelled at the car. "Surrender!" he shouted.*





Right: One of the sights to be seen at Yosemite National Park, Half Dome from Glacier Point. Above and on opposite page: The snow-clad granite barriers of the Colorado Rockies in Rocky Mountain National Park. Below: Mt. Rainier in July



**Y**OU'VE no idea what you've missed if you haven't visited one of Uncle Sam's great national parks in the West.

"But," I hear you say, "which one shall I see first? I haven't got all the time in the world, and there are many national parks. Which one is the best?"

The answer is: "Every national park!"

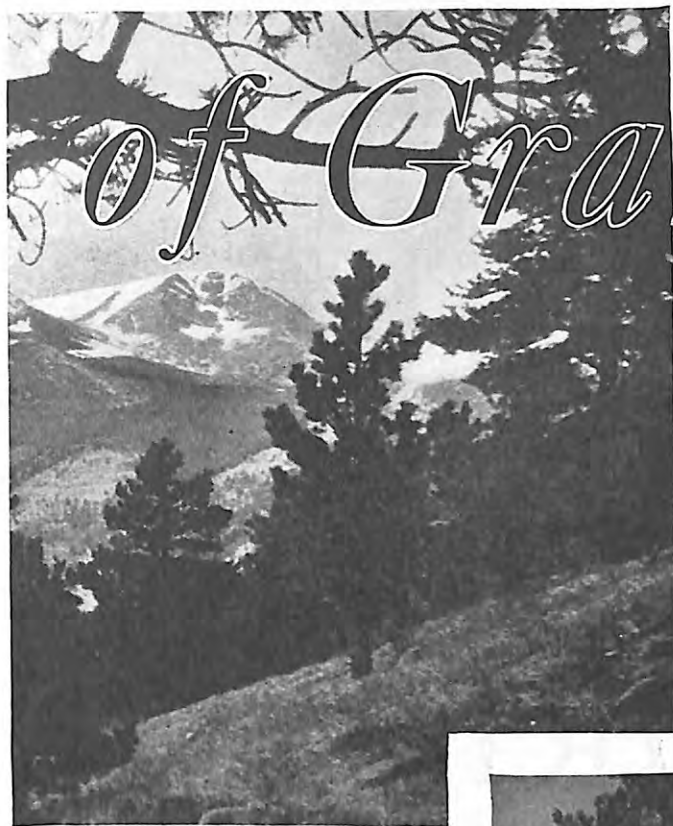
If you have any doubt about it, ask any superintendent of any national park. Each will swear by all that is holy that his particular bailiwick beats all others. What's more, he can prove it. It so happens that every one of these wonderlands excels each of the others—in some one thing. It was set aside "for the use of the people forever" to preserve some natural, unique, feature.

If you leave it to Colonel Thomson of Yosemite, he will prove without question that his waterfalls and granite cliffs are the most gorgeous and spectacular features of their kind on the face of the globe.

You can take the word of Tillotson down at Grand Canyon that his colossal colorful gorge, with its natural temples and spires, is the most magnificent spectacle on earth.

Up at Yellowstone they have more steaming geysers and bubbling pools gathered in one spot than are found in the whole world outside of the burning mountains, and more wild animals.

Carlsbad's dazzling underground chambers; Sequoia's Big Trees, the largest and oldest living things on earth;



# of Grandeur

by Frank J. Taylor

certain things in common. All are natural wildernesses preserved in their native state just as Nature created them in a fanciful mood. They are all administered by the National Park Service of the Interior Department, and the idea is to keep them in a wilderness state forever.

Nevertheless you can enjoy any one of them in comfort and in safety. Splendid roads have been built into each of these mountain fastnesses. Driving is safer on the mountain roads of the national parks than on the streets of your home town. Each park is reached by railroads and airlines, (Continued on page 33)

Center: Mt. Lassen, in Lassen National Park, California. Lower right: Zion Walls in Zion National Park. Note the spring water falling from the rocks at top



Photos for this article from Charles Phelps Cushing, and R. I. Nesmith and Associates



Crater Lake, set like a gem atop the Cascade Mountain range; lofty, placid Mount Rainier; Zion's rainbow canyon; Bryce's fantastic natural carvings, are all spectacles each without peer anywhere on the face of the globe.

So, if you want to visit the "best national park," pick any national park and you can't lose.

Keep in mind that we are talking about the parks that are located out where the West begins, between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. These were the original national parks. Back east they have added, in recent years, some nice recreation areas that are called national parks, but they don't compare with the real thing out west of the Continental Divide.

For all their unique features, the national parks do have





# EDITORIAL

## The National Ritual Contest



THOSE who have attended the Grand Lodge sessions during the past several years must have been impressed by the obvious growing interest in the Ritual contests which have been conducted under the supervision of the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge. It has been sometimes impossible to accommodate all the members who have desired to witness these contests.

This is a wholesome sign for it indicates an interest which goes beyond that in the mere contest itself. That interest is displayed primarily by the officers of subordinate Lodges who are seeking information and ideas for the better conduct of the ceremonies in their own Lodges. And this in turn is quite generally evidence of an intelligent interest in all the fraternal affairs of their respective Lodges.

The Chairman of the State Associations Committee has issued an instructive circular relating to the contest to be held at Los Angeles, and the event promises to attract a greater interest than ever among those in attendance upon that Convention.

It cannot be too frequently repeated that good ritual exemplification is an essential to successful administration of Lodge affairs. It seems to tone up, and help to inspire greater interest in all the other activities of the Lodge. It encourages an increased attendance; it inspires the enthusiasm of the officers; it impresses and assures the interest of new members; it gives dignity to Lodge sessions; its importance can scarcely be overestimated.

The Grand Lodge is wise to continue its encouragement of the National Contests; for the influence they exert, and

the effect of the preliminary local contests, are reaching into every Lodge in the Order.

## Now for the Grand Exalted Ruler's Elks Anniversary Class



THE success of the Joseph T. Fanning Class, initiated in November, and the continued interest among the Lodges in the selective campaign, gives fine promise for the Grand Exalted Ruler's Elks Anniversary Class to be initiated this month in observance of the 68th birthday of our Order. If this Class contains as many candidates as the Fanning Class, the additions to the Order upon these two occasions alone will approximate the total additions for the whole of last year.

This result may be reasonably anticipated; and, with the abnormal losses of recent years decidedly checked, the statistical report on membership at Los Angeles should be the most gratifying submitted for a number of years.

The fundamental purposes of the Order and its method of promoting them continue to appeal to the best American citizenship. The invitations to membership only need to be presented with intelligence and sincerity to secure thoughtful, and quite frequently, favorable, consideration. This is a matter for the subordinate Lodges; and what has been accomplished by many of them recently is proof of what can be done by others which undertake the service in the same spirit.

*NOW FOR THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S ELKS ANNIVERSARY CLASS!*



### New Election Calendar

**I**T is pertinent and timely to remind the administrative officers of the subordinate Lodges that the Grand Lodge, at Columbus, enacted important amendments to the statutes relating to the nomination, election and installation of subordinate Lodge officers.

After providing that the Lodge year and the fiscal year should end simultaneously on the 31st of March in each year, the Grand Lodge changed the election calendar so as to provide, as nearly as possible, for the actual official administration of the Lodge's affairs to conform to the fiscal year.

Nominations are now to be made at regular sessions after the first day of March. Elections are to be held at the second regular session in March, by Lodges holding semi-monthly meetings; and at the third regular session in March, by Lodges holding weekly meetings. Installation ceremonies are to be held at the first regular meeting in April.

It will thus be observed that not only has the time for these activities been moved forward, to begin in March, but also that the whole period from nomination to installation has been materially shortened. Instead of being stretched over three months, they are now concluded in one.

Since the new date for nominations is only about a month away, it behooves the members of the several Lodges to be giving thought to this matter now, looking to the selection of the best available candidates. If it be delayed, hasty and ill considered action at the last moment may lead to regrettable results.

It is obvious, though worthy of repetition, that the election of officers in the subordinate Lodge is one of its most important functions. Its welfare is definitely involved in the wisdom with which this function is exercised each year. It should be attended by deliberation and forethought; and

always the best interests of the Lodge should be the sole aim. It is time now to begin planning for next month's election.

### Elkdom Has Kept Pace

**D**URING recent years, when industrial conditions have been so generally disorganized throughout the country, few business concerns, and perhaps fewer fraternal organizations, have been able to carry on their affairs in the accustomed manner, or with their usual effectiveness. There has been a quite universal curtailment of activities.

The Order of Elks has been an outstanding exception to this general rule. While it has sustained losses in membership, there has been no failure in the maintenance of the standard or volume of its benevolent undertakings.

The reports of its officers show that its aggregate expenditures for charitable purposes have been consistently comparable with its most prosperous years. The Elks National Home has been conducted to its capacity without any retrenchment affecting its complete efficiency. The National Foundation has been administered with increasing effectiveness and is an ever growing Fund. THE ELKS MAGAZINE has maintained its leadership in the field of fraternal publications. Throughout the Order there has been a fine spirit of enthusiasm and devotion that has made the record of recent years one in which every loyal Elk could feel a keen pride.

Of course there have been a few subordinate Lodges whose peculiar circumstances and conditions have enforced reduced budgets and temporary abandonment of some current objectives. But as a whole the Order has kept pace with the increased demands upon it; and it has done so with a splendid courage and determination that has been inspiring in its example, and gives gratifying assurance of a continuing record of fraternal achievements.

# Under the Spreading Antlers

## News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

### Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow Visits Reading, Pa., Lodge

At the invitation of Past State President Daniel J. Miller of Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow journeyed from Philadelphia to the Home of Reading Lodge on December 30 to deliver a talk to the members, and the Membership Committee in particular, and to offer his congratulations and thanks for the splendid work they had accomplished. As a result of the efforts of the Membership Committee, which had just wound up an intensive membership campaign, 251 applications were received by the Lodge.

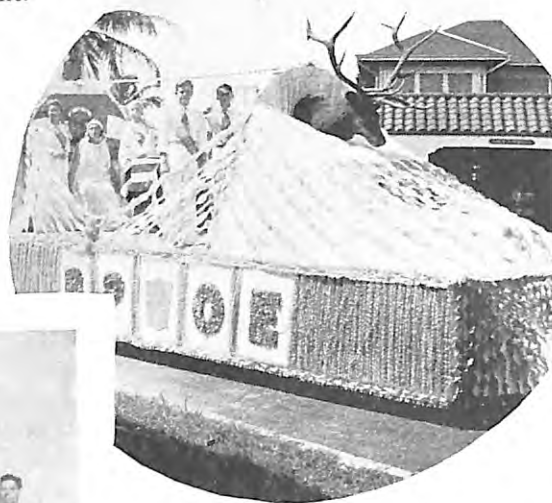
Mr. Grakelow pronounced this a real achievement.

The addition of 251 members is expected to solve most of the serious problems faced by the Lodge. Already a spirit of complete rejuvenation and enthusiasm is evident.

### Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge Celebrates Homecoming of Gov. Sholtz

Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge No. 1141, recently celebrated the homecoming of Governor David Sholtz, Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, at a meeting attended by

106 visiting Elks representing 23 Lodges of the State of Florida. All of the members of the State Cabinet and



Float entered by Fort Myers, Fla., Lodge in a recent Parade



At top: The Joseph T. Fanning Class initiated by Waukesha, Wis., Lodge

At Bottom: A group of prominent Cincinnati, Ohio, Elks who will conduct the 1936 Elks National Bowling Tournament

seven Past Presidents of the Fla. State Elks Assn. were present. Almost 300 Elks enjoyed the testimonial banquet held for the Governor. An elaborate program of entertainment and speeches concluded the evening's festivities.

### Birmingham Grand Lodge Convention Badges Still Available

P.D.D. Harry W. English of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 78, announces that a number of the handsome badges used during the Grand Lodge Convention in Birmingham in 1932 are still available. It has occurred to Mr. English that it would be better to offer them to members of the Order than to destroy them. There is no charge for the badges. Elks may obtain them by sending ten cents in stamps to Mr. English to defray the expense of packing and mailing. He may be addressed at the Home of Birmingham Lodge, No. 79, 1830 Eighth Avenue, North, Birmingham, Ala.

### Oelwein, Ia., Elks Stage Amateur Night

What was probably one of the most successful parties of a successful season was staged recently by Oelwein, Ia., Lodge, No. 741, entitled





George Cox and Judge Dulceber, of Fort Morgan, Colo., Lodge, with "Roscoe," the pig that has played so important a part in building up the membership of Fort Morgan Lodge

"Amateur Night." The party brought out local talent that was not heretofore known to exist. George Hoffman, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, acted as Toastmaster, introducing each number. There were about 13 entries in the contest for the amateur prize.

Most of the contestants were under 15 years of age. A group of unknown judges in the audience selected from the list the three outstanding entertainers. These three were selected as first, second and third in order according to the applause of the audience. Each contestant, however, was presented with a one dollar bill in addition to the five, three and two dollars presented to the winners.

After the conclusion of the program in the Lodge room, all repaired to the club rooms below. Here a band furnished excellent music for dancing and some guests enjoyed cards and other forms of amusement. Light refreshments were served.

#### *Mexia, Texas, Lodge Aids Needy Children*

Sixteen "most needy" children in Mexia, Tex., are wearing new sweaters or shoes as a result of assistance by Mexia Lodge, No. 1449. School principals were asked for a list of the children in their schools most in need of wearing apparel, and the Elks raised the funds to buy the children the most necessary garments.

#### *Antlers Lodge Instituted at Greenwich, Conn.*

The institution of a new Lodge of Antlers at Greenwich, Conn., with a list of more than 25 charter members, was scheduled to take place in January. The organization of the junior Lodge was in a large measure the work of E.R. Frederick D.

Barrett of Greenwich Lodge, No. 1150, who was ably assisted by the membership. This is the only Lodge of Antlers in Connecticut at present, although one is in process of formation in Danbury.

In appreciation of services rendered by members during the past year, the officers of Greenwich Lodge gave a party on Dec. 17 following the regular business meeting. Each member was required to perform a stunt after which he was permitted to draw from a grab bag one of the handsome prizes provided for the occasion.

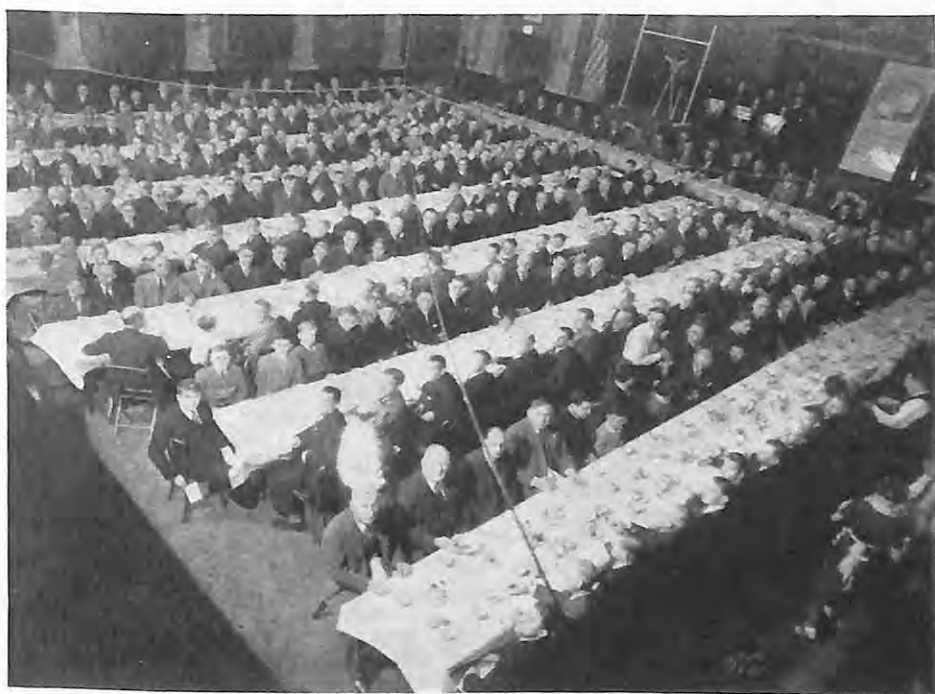
#### *Trenton, N. J., Lodge Entertains Crippled Children*

During the holiday season 500 crippled children were guests of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, at an annual party for underprivileged

#### *St. Louis, Mo., Lodge Holds Three-Day Carnival*

On December 14 St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, closed its three-day carnival. The membership was highly gratified with the final figures which showed a net profit of approximately \$4,000. The sum was to be turned over to the Social and Community Welfare Committee. The money will be spent for all-year-round attention to the eyes of children whose families cannot afford proper treatment, and as far as practicable for the purchase of shoes and stockings for the children of members of St. Louis Lodge who have not yet recovered from the depression. The Carnival was a great success and aroused considerable attention throughout the city and its environs.

St. Louis Lodge is happy to re-



Elks and their Sons at the Father and Son Banquet recently given by Lansing, Mich., Lodge

children from Trenton and adjoining townships. Presents were given each child and entertainment was presented in the form of singing and dancing numbers and reels of animated talking cartoons. Ice cream and cake were served to the children and their attendants.

Joseph G. Buch, General Chairman of the N. J. State Elks Crippled Children Committee, distributed the presents and was among those who spoke. Except for a group of children from the Orthopedic Hospital, those participating were all from private homes. The Trenton Transit Company provided the Committee with passes for use by the children for transportation. In addition to nurses of the Orthopedic Hospital, city and school nurses were on hand during the party. Dr. R. B. Ernest was in charge of the doctors' committee.

port that loss of membership has been checked and that attendance at regular meetings has been tripled. This is largely due to the fact that an outstanding speaker for every meeting night is provided.

#### *Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge Initiates Twelve*

Twelve candidates were initiated recently at an important meeting of Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge, No. 131. Four of the five members of the City Commission, Battle Creek's ruling body, were members of the Class, making a 100 per cent membership in the Lodge of the Commission members.

D.D. C. J. Howe of Hillsdale Lodge was present. In his speech he complimented Battle Creek Lodge on its present record and upon the manner in which the initiation was conducted.

# Central Edition

## District Deputy Visits La Porte, Ind., Lodge

Approximately 150 members attended a meeting at the Home of La Porte, Ind., Lodge, No. 396, to welcome D.D. Harley H. Rudolph, of Michigan City, Ind., Lodge, No. 432, on the occasion of his official visit. Elks were present from South Bend, Goshen, Gary, Valparaiso and Michigan City Lodges. Among those in attendance were Grand Tiler Joseph B. Kyle, Gary Lodge; O. Ray Miner, Warsaw Lodge, Pres. of the Ind. State Elks Assn.; State Secy. William C. Groebl, Shelbyville Lodge; State Chaplain the Rev. W. E. Hofenbacher, Logansport Lodge, and State Trustee Edward J. Greenwald, Whiting Lodge.

Thirty-two applications for membership and reinstatement were read at the meeting and one candidate was initiated.

## Indiana North District Holds Meeting at East Chicago

The semi-annual meeting of the 12 Lodges of the Indiana North District was held in November at the handsome Home of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, with 200 members in attendance. Boxing and wrestling events were the principal entertainment features. A floor show and lunch followed the sports card. The next day was taken up with registration, the business session and a chicken dinner given by East Chicago Lodge, and in the afternoon the initiation of a class of candidates took place, followed by a program of speeches by Grand Lodge and State Association members.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson of Moline, Ill., Lodge, was the principal speaker. Other talks were made by Grand Tiler Joseph B. Kyle of Gary, Ind., Lodge; Judge Frank B. Leonard of Champaign, Ill., Lodge, Chairman of the

## This Section Contains Additional News of Central Lodges

Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; D.D. Harley H. Rudolph of Michigan City, Ind., Lodge; State Pres. O. Ray Miner of Warsaw Lodge, State Secy. W. C. Groebl of Shelbyville Lodge, 1st State Vice-Pres. A. Gordon Taylor of La Porte Lodge and State Trustee Edward J. Greenwald of Whiting Lodge—all of the Ind. State Elks Assn.; Frank P. White of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, Executive Secy. of the Ill. State Elks Crippled Children's Clinic, and Jack S. Owen of Harvey Lodge, Secy. of the Ill. State Elks Assn.

The Spring Meeting of the North District Elks will be held at the Home of South Bend, Ind., Lodge, No. 235.

## News of Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge

At a Ladies' Night Banquet held recently by Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 889, 150 Elks and their wives enjoyed a novel feast of roast venison presented to the Lodge by Elwood Bonine, a member.

Dowagiac Lodge recently instituted an Elks' Dinner Club, which meets every Lodge night with a different speaker on each occasion. The club has proved to be a highly satisfactory adjunct to the Lodge.

## Decorah, Ia., Lodge Members Visit Dubuque Elks

In response to an invitation from D.D. F. Earle Handley of Dubuque, Ia., Lodge, No. 297, the Ritualistic

Team and 50 members of Decorah, Ia., Lodge, No. 443, recently motored to Dubuque, a distance of 120 miles, for an inter-Lodge visit. During the evening the Team rendered its usual fine exemplification of the Ritual.

The Decorah Lodge Team was awarded fourth prize in the National Ritualistic Contest at the Grand Lodge Convention in Columbus last July, and is the holder of the Iowa State Elks championship.

## St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge Resumes Activity

St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge, No. 40, whose activities of recent years have been more or less dormant, has resumed its former position in the Order under the administration of E. R. Walter Meierhoffer assisted by Chairman Harry C. Herschman of the Lodge's Board of Trustees. The Lodge recently leased space for Lodge and club rooms in the lower lobby of the Robidoux Hotel and entered into a contract for the use of the beautiful Crystal Room in the Hotel for initiations, balls and other special social events. The quarters were immediately redecorated and handsome and appropriate furniture purchased and installed.

A housewarming reception was held shortly after the Lodge moved in, and was well attended by members and friends, all of whom expressed their admiration for the new accommodations.

During the fall and early winter a number of entertainments, smokers and other social events were given that have increased the membership by a large number. More than 80 applications for reinstatement were received from former members. A "Barn Yard Strut" followed by several days the initiation held on Joseph T. Fanning Night. The Lodge quarters were decorated to represent a barn yard and many domestic



Above: Members of the Degree Team of Blocton, Ala., Lodge, State Champions in their field, who accompany State Pres. C. M. Tardy on his official visit



A group of distinguished Illinois Elks who were present at the initiation of the Joseph T. Fanning Class which was admitted into Chicago, Ill., Lodge No. 4 in November of last year



Above: The male quartet of Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge, a musical organization which has brought much pleasure to the Lodge



Above: The Champion Junior Division Baseball team sponsored by Junction City, Kans., Lodge for which a banquet was recently held by the Elks and their ladies

animals and fowl lent atmosphere to the occasion. The guests were entertained with stunts of magic, appropriate contests, and round and square dances. A special 15-piece orchestra furnished up-to-date music for regular dancing.

As a result of the work of the officers and the members of the Entertainment Committee, St. Joseph Lodge has increased its membership by well over a hundred since last summer, and expects a similar addition to the rolls within the next year.

**Chicago Lodge, No. 1596, Dedicates Home**

A three-day celebration, in which approximately 3,000 Elks and their guests participated, marked the dedication of the new Home of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 1596, located at 6158 Cottage Grove Avenue. The dedicatory address was delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson. The Ritual of dedication was performed by acting and past Grand Lodge officers. An impressive feature of the program was the initiation of the Joseph T. Fanning Class which increased the membership of the Lodge, instituted only last June, by 78 members. The initiation was performed by the Lodge's own officers.

Among those participating in the

ceremonies were D.D. Franz A. Koehler; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; P.D.D. Theodore J. Reinert; Frank P. White, Exec. Secy. of the Ill. State Elks Crippled Children's Clinic; Charles A. White, Past Grand Treasurer; F. J. Schrader, Assistant to the Grand Secretary; Arthur A. Olsen, Chairman of the Lodge's Building Committee, and John Davies, of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, Organist.

A card party for the ladies of the Lodge was given on the first day of the celebration, and Open House was held in the Lodge rooms. On the evening of the following day there was an athletic program which included eight boxing matches, the proceeds of which went to the Lodge's Charity Fund. On the final day Open House was again held. A Grand Ball for Elks and their guests in the evening taxed the capacity of the hall.

The Lodge is favorably located in Chicago's business and cultural district outside the "Loop," and its organization attracted wide attention. Taken as an example of the return of better times, its institution evoked general approval and enthusiasm in Illinois fraternal circles. The attitude of the press throughout the city made plain the public's belief that Chicago Lodge, No. 1596, is destined to play an important rôle in the civic life of Chicago's great South Side.

**Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge Feasts 400 Children**

Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 889, served a turkey dinner in December to approximately 400 worthy children. Before the dinner a present was given to each child by the Sorority Girls, a local woman's organization.

**Marietta, O., Lodge Mourns Secretary H. L. Theis**

The recent passing of H. L. Theis, Secretary of Marietta, Ohio, Lodge, No. 477, has brought sorrow to the members of the Lodge. Mr. Theis's faithful services and loyalty to the Order won him the devotion and respect of the entire membership. Funeral services were held on November 24.

**Dinner and Minstrel Show at Marion, O., Lodge**

One of the most successful recent social affairs held by Marion, Ohio, Lodge, No. 32, was a deep sea bass dinner at which the members were hosts. Covers were laid for more than 150. An audience of more than 200 persons witnessed the presentation of a minstrel show given by the Strollers Club, after which dancing was enjoyed. This was the first of a series of similar social affairs to be held by the Marion Elks for their wives and friends.



Above: The excellent Degree Team of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge which recently initiated into the Lodge a group of prominent citizens of St. Paul



DeKalb, Ill., Elks with the pig by means of which they will initiate a large Grand Exalted Ruler's Class

# The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



*The Grand Exalted Ruler and prominent members of Rutherford, N. J., Lodge on the occasion of Judge Hallinan's visit to that Lodge*

On Tuesday evening, December 10, 500 members of all the Lodges of the New Jersey N.W. District paid a fraternal visit to Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, at Elmhurst, L. I., as a tribute to Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan. The main feature of the event was an initiation ably conducted by the following representatives of the Lodges of the District: E.R. Frank E. Walsh, Newark; Est. Lead. Knight, Russell Williams, West Orange; Est. Loyal Knight, Julius Marion, South Orange; Est. Lect. Knight, William Ely, Dover; Esquire, Al Schleicher, East Orange; Chaplain, the Rev. Anderson Steffens, Boonton; Inner Guard, Harold Oldroyd, Nutley; Secy., M. E. Gregory, Morristown.

During the initiation the Drill Team and Glee Club of Queens Borough Lodge assisted in the ceremonies. Addresses were made by D.D. Harvey E. Harris, Bloomfield, Pres. of the N.J. N.W. District, through whose efforts the meeting was arranged; Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, Newark; William H. Kelly, East Orange, Past Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., and Charles Rosencrans, of Long Branch, D.D. for N.J. Cent. The meeting closed with an address of appreciation delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler.

All of the speakers heartily commended the work of those who took part in the impressive ceremonies. Every Lodge of the N. W. District of New Jersey was represented by its Exalted Ruler and many of its Past Exalted Rulers as follows: Newark, No. 21, E.R. Frank E. Walsh; Hoboken, No. 74, P.E.R. Henry J. Camby; Orange, No. 135, P.E.R. Fred L. Bross; East Orange, No. 630, E.R. F. Leslie Saunders, and P.E.R.'s William J. Harnisch and George F. Mack; Dover, No. 782, E.R. J. Virgil Puccini and P.E.R.'s John J. Donohue, A. J. Kaiser and Earl C. Nelson; Perth Amboy,

No. 784, P.E.R. William J. Smith; Bloomfield, No. 788, E.R. William A. Healy and P.E.R.'s Whitney H. Roddy, Francis B. Dwyer, James Finnerty and Frank L. Fisher; Morristown, No. 815, E.R. John J. Dugan and P.E.R. Dominick Bontempo; Montclair, No. 891, E.R. Harry S. Maher and P.E.R. Joseph A. Miscia; Belleville, No. 1123, P.E.R. Jack Deeny; South Orange, No. 1154, E.R. Harold T. Moffett and P.E.R. Joseph W. MacDonell; Irvington, No. 1245, E.R. William H. Franke and P.E.R. William G. Struening; Nutley, No. 1290, E.R. William J. Jernick and P.E.R.'s Joseph Blum, W. J. Fritchman, A. E. Horst, J. M. Mackay, William T. Maxwell, Thomas Reagen, E. K. Sorenson and Charles Young; Boonton, No. 1405, E.R. John J. Bolster and P.E.R. J. W. Lysons; Madison, No. 1465, P.E.R. Andrew F. Polite; Newton, No. 1512, P.E.R. Frank W. Lord; West Orange, No. 1590, E.R. William E. Kennedy.

The visiting Elks made the trip to

Elmhurst in 12 specially chartered buses. At the close of the session, adjournment was made to the dining room where supper was served and a long and delightful program was rendered by the Glee Clubs of all the Lodges.

On Sunday, December 22, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party journeyed to the Home of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, and in a round table conference discussed the manner in which Lodge sessions may be made interesting, Lodge membership increased by restoring to the rolls non-affiliated members, and the Grand Exalted Ruler's Anniversary Class to be initiated in February (this month). Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, of Newark Lodge, was a member of the Grand Exalted Ruler's party.

Judge Hallinan referred to a number of visits he had made in New Jersey and also referred to a return visit from the members of Rutherford, N. J., Lodge, No. 547, who had



attended in a body at Queens Borough Lodge on December 17. In pointing out the significance of his visit to Newark Lodge, he called attention to the fact that the fine spirit of cooperation existing among the New Jersey Lodges enables the State Association to function with its Lodges in New Jersey.

Those New Jersey Elks present at the Newark conference besides Mr. Guenther were: D.D.'s for New Jersey, N.W., N.E., South and Central respectively, Harvey E. Harris, Bloomfield; Nelson A. Pomfret, Paterson; Howard F. Lewis, Burlington, and Charles Rosencrans, Long Branch; P.D.D. Richard F. Flood, Jr., Bayonne; Pres. Nicholas Albano, Newark, and Vice-Pres.'s John Killen, Weehawken; Harold W. Swallow, Bound Brook, and Dr. C. O. Fogg, Lakewood, of the N. J. State Elks Assn.; E.R.'s Thomas A. McCarthy, Bayonne; E. W. Ladd, Ridgewood; Leo B. Bicher, Hackensack; John J. Bolster, Boonton; Frank E. Walsh, Newark; Frank R. Hellinghausen, Weehawken; Harry J. Seelig, Westfield; William E. Kennedy, West Orange; Robert F. McAlevy, Jr., Hoboken; Fred C. Woolley, Westwood; Edward H. Schulze, Asbury Park; Morton

C. Steinberg, Lakewood; Francis P. Oddo, Bergenfield; Arthur Skinner, Lambertville; S. M. Jordan, Union; W. H. Rodman King, Kearny; William H. Franke, Irvington; Joseph W. Maletz, Bound Brook; William A. Healy, Bloomfield; Michael Felcone, Trenton; Harold T. Moffett, South Orange; Thomas J. Hughes, Rutherford; Andrew J. Markano, Rahway; Louis Stultz, Jr., Freehold; Harry H. Smith, Englewood; Thomas F. B. MacNamara, Elizabeth; F. Leslie Saunders, East Orange; Alfred L. Cross, Orange; John V. Campana, Paterson; Daniel C. Hoare, Clifton; Carlton W. Rowand, Camden; W. Arthur Pettit, Burlington; William H. Cunningham, Somerville; William J. Jernick,

Lodges assembled in the Hotel Taft at New Haven, Conn., on Saturday evening, December 21, at 6:30 o'clock, in response to an invitation issued by the Grand Exalted Ruler to join him in conference. E.R. James E. Cobey extended a warm welcome to all in attendance.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied to New Haven by his Secretary, James D. Moran and P.E.R. Frank J. Rauch of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge; Grand Trustee William T. Phillips of New York, N. Y., Lodge; Charles Spencer Hart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, and State Secy. Philip Clancy of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge. The names of others participating in the



Above, Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan and a group of outstanding members of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge on the occasion of a recent visit he paid to that Lodge



Below and left, Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan and prominent members of Queens Borough, N.Y., Lodge No. 878, who tendered a testimonial dinner in honor of Judge Hallinan, on December 10 at the Lodge Home

Judge Hallinan and a number of prominent Elks who gathered to meet him at the Home of Paterson, N. J., Lodge



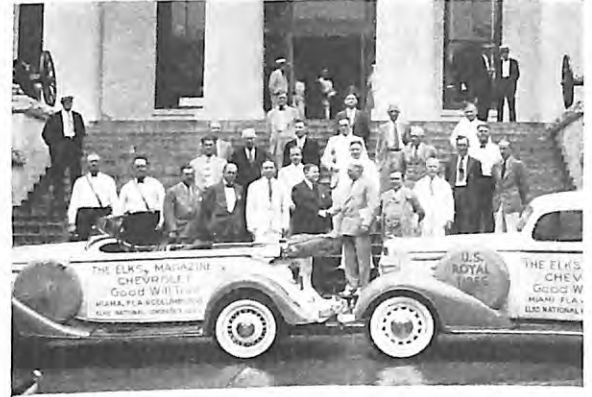
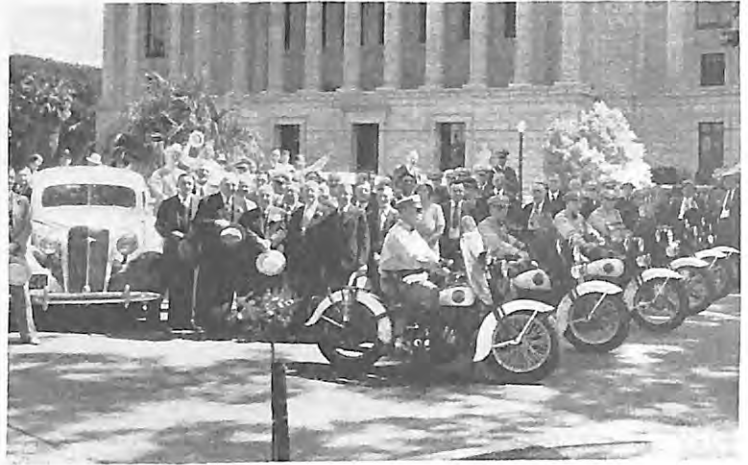
Nutley; Leslie M. Anderson, Mount Holly; J. J. Dugan, Morristown; Harry S. Maher, Montclair; Fred Klawitter, Millville; James A. Breslin, Lyndhurst; Maxwell M. Fischler, Hillside; Thomas L. Carney, Summit; Joseph H. Bonham, Bridgeton; Eugene McDermott, Union City; Edward Weinheimer, Red Bank; Thomas Loughlin, Dunellen, and William J. White, New Brunswick; Secy. Edward A. Reilly, Newark; Est. Lead. Knights Herman Hassemmer, Washington; William R. Condon, Newton, and William J. O'Donnell, Madison; P.E.R.'s Carlton T. Warwick, Long Branch; William J. Leslie, Phillipsburg and John McFarland, Millville; Harry Leonard, Camden, and John F. Goodwin, Plainfield.

The Exalted Rulers of Connecticut

conference, and their Lodges, are as follows: Past Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter, Hartford; George W. Hickey, Willimantic, Pres. of the Conn. State Elks Assn.; Joseph A. Muldoon, Bridgeport, D.D. for Conn., West, and George H. Loewenthal, Middletown, D.D. for Conn., East; P.D.D. William T. Conkling, West Haven; E.R.'s Harry B. Ford, Norwich; Stephen Cubes, New Britain; John D. Roy, Willimantic; Harry F. Fritz, Wallingford; James E. Cobey, New Haven; Arthur W. Swan, Naugatuck; David E. Lane, Ansonia; John W. Gorman, Derby; Fred Barrett, Greenwich; G. H. Scott, West Haven; Edwin F. Pequignot, Winsted; A. E. Crowther, Milford; C. J. Crowley, Torrington; George L. Betts, Rockville; Joseph

(Continued on page 39)

*A few of the more than 500 successful receptions that marked the course of the 1935 Elks Good Will Tour . . .*



# The 1936 Good Will Tour

*Six Good Will Ambassadors Scheduled to Visit Subordinate Lodges from Atlantic to Pacific Coasts*

by  
Edward Faust

**B**EGINNING the latter part of May, the 1936 Elks Good Will Tour, sponsored by THE ELKS MAGAZINE, will get off to a start from the City Hall, New York City. Prominent Elk and civic officials are expected to officiate.

The Tour will terminate, as is usual, at the scene of the Grand Lodge Convention, which, this year, will be in the far west, and the ambassadors, via three separate transcontinental routes, will visit subordinate lodges from New England to the Pacific Coast.

Six Chevrolets, painted with the Elks official purple and white, will comprise the fleet. Two will proceed along the New England Coast, doubling back through New York, New Jersey into the central portions of the middle and far west. Two other cars will move directly south through New Jersey and along the Atlantic seaboard into Florida, north to Tennessee, then west into California. The remaining two will travel due north from New York City, covering the northwest into Washington and down the Pacific Coast.

To members of the Order, it is hardly necessary to point out the purpose of the Tour, which is to arouse greater interest in the forthcoming Grand Lodge Convention, to extend invitations to the Convention and further publicize it by local newspaper publicity inspired by the occasion of the cars' visits. Last year, this publicity amounted to more than 500,000 lines of newspaper space. Needless to say, the benefits derived by lodges through the medium of such publicity in their local newspapers are considerable. Naturally, the more enterprising the local reception committees are, the more publicity is secured. Newspapers like big names, important people and those lodges which manage to enlist the participation of prominent citizens, Elk officials, State and City officers, find no difficulty in obtaining adequate news mention. An example is the large part of the above mentioned 500,000 lines being concentrated in 131 full newspaper pages which is a tribute to the industry and enterprise of the officials of as many lodges.

The Chevrolet automobiles selected for this year's Tour are Fisher Body cars. This means all-steel "Turret Top" affording a maximum of safety and durability. The new, improved Chevrolet engine is too well known to motorists to require description.

**E**QUAL care has been exercised in the choice of tires as in an enterprise such as a transcontinental Tour requiring thousands of miles of travel under all kinds of road conditions. For this reason, both United States and Goodrich Tires have been selected.

Ever since the inception of these Tours in 1929 Quaker State Motor Oils and Greases have been used exclusively. That the choice of these lubricants is sound is proved by the splendid condition of the cars at the termination of each Tour.

The good will personnel this year, will as usual comprise entertainers of ability and those lodges which will be visited will very much enjoy the fine program these brothers are prepared to present.

# A Candidate For Grand Exalted Ruler

DAYTONA BEACH, FLA., Lodge, No. 1141, announces that it will present Governor David Sholtz, Approving Member of the Board of Grand Trustees, for Grand Exalted Ruler for the year 1936-37 at the 1936 reunion of the Grand Lodge in Los Angeles, Calif., next July.

DAVID SHOLTZ was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1891 and was initiated into Daytona Beach Lodge, No. 1141, in 1914. In recognition of his keen personal interest and active service he was elected Esteemed Loyal Knight in 1917. During his term of office he volunteered for service in the United States Navy to enter the World War. At the close of the war he returned to private life, and in 1919 was elected Esteemed Leading Knight of Daytona Beach Lodge, and a year later he was elected Exalted Ruler.

Shortly afterward Mr. Sholtz' abil-

ity was recognized by the then Grand Exalted Ruler, James G. McFarland, who appointed him District Deputy for Florida, East. The following year he was chosen President of the Florida State Elks Association. Governor Sholtz was elected Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight in 1927, and the following year was appointed a Member of the Ritualistic Committee of the Grand Lodge, serving through the years 1928-29-30-31 and 32, and as Chairman during the last two years. In 1933 he was elected Grand Esteemed Leading Knight and in 1934 was raised to the office of Grand Trustee, on the Board of which he is now serving as Approving Member.

AMONG his many services was the creation of the Crippled Children's Commission and in great measure he was responsible for the organization of The Harry-Anna Home

at Umatilla. Governor Sholtz has served in many public offices of trust and responsibility. Having been admitted to the bar of Florida in 1915 after receiving his education at Yale and Stetson Universities, he was elected in 1917 to a term in the Florida State Legislature and appointed States Attorney for the Seventh Judicial Circuit by the Governor of Florida in 1919. His services and achievements as President of the Florida State Chamber of Commerce during the years 1928 and 1929 were appreciatively recognized by the business and professional interests of the State.

In 1932 the people of the State of Florida elevated Mr. Sholtz to the office of Governor.

In the light of his record of personal, fraternal and civic accomplishments, Daytona Beach Lodge invites consideration of Governor David Sholtz for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler for the year 1936-37.

## News of the State Associations

### New Hampshire

The annual meeting of the New Hampshire State Elks Association took place in Laconia, with Laconia, N. H., Lodge, No. 876, acting as host. Among the many entertaining features of the day's program were sightseeing tours and boat rides on Lake Winnepesaukee and Lake Winnisquam. State President Fortunat E. Normandin presided at the business session held at the Lodge Home following the opening of the meeting by officers of Laconia Lodge of which J. Alfred Tremblay is Exalted Ruler. More than 100 delegates and members of the State Association were present at the meeting.

THE reports of Secy.-Treas. W. J. O'Grady showed the Association to be in excellent financial condition with an increase in membership in many Lodges throughout the State. An impressive Memorial Service was conducted by Pres. Normandin, the eulogy being delivered by Ernest L. Bell, Jr., of Keene, N.H., Commander of the New Hampshire American Legionnaires.

A banquet was served at seven o'clock in the evening with Mr. Normandin acting as Toastmaster and P.E.R. Fred A. Tilton of Laconia Lodge in charge of the entertainment. Lawrence F. Edgerton of Springfield Lodge, Pres. of the Vermont State Elks Assn., extended a

general invitation to a meeting in honor of Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers of Montpelier, Vt., Lodge, and the invitation was accepted, a large delegation of New Hampshire Elks journeying to Springfield the following weekend to attend.

AMONG the other speakers were E.R. Tremblay; D.D. Albert N. Morris, of Berlin, N.H.; Past State Pres. Charles H. Bean, of Franklin, N.H.; State Vice-Pres. Carl A. Savage, of Nashua, N.H., and E.R. Kemp N. Saunders of Springfield, Vt.

Mr. Normandin declined reelection as President of the Association because of the pressure of business activities, and 1st Vice-Pres. Benjamin P. Hopkins of Keene Lodge was chosen to succeed him in that capacity. Mr. Hopkins, in his speech at the annual banquet, promised a busy administration. The following New Hampshire Elks were elected to office in the Association: 1st Vice-Pres., Carl A. Savage, Nashua; 2nd Vice-Pres., Ralph McCarthy, Concord; 3rd Vice-Pres., John M. Guay, Laconia; Secy.-Treas., William J. O'Grady, Nashua; Trustees; Fortunat E. Normandin, Laconia; Bernard J. Gilbo, Keene, and Harvey E. Sink, Concord. The officers appointed are Chaplain, George N. Lanoix, Rochester; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jeremiah C. Holland, Laconia, and Tiler, Dr. C. J. Washburn, Concord. The officers

were installed by Past State Pres. Frank J. Kelly of Concord.

### Kansas

The following officers were elected at the 1935 Convention of the Kansas State Elks Association: Pres. J. J. Ryan, Goodland; 1st Vice-Pres., J. C. Broadley, Pittsburg; 2nd Vice-Pres., James D. Reidy, Junction City; 3rd Vice-Pres., Basil McManaman, Pratt; Secy., Wayne H. Lamoreux, Great Bend; Treas., C. F. Clark, Hutchinson; Trustees: John Steuri, Great Bend; Fred Toms, Newton, and D. F. Dooley, Hutchinson.

PRATT Lodge, No. 1451, entertained the Convention which was the 30th in the history of the Association. The total registration showed an attendance of 233 delegates and members from 18 Lodges, and 157 ladies. All business meetings were held in the Municipal Auditorium and were presided over by Pres. Wayne H. Lamoreux. Much interest was shown in all State Association activities, particularly the Ritualistic work, Student Loan Fund and inter-Lodge visitations. Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight H. Glenn Boyd of Wichita, Kans., Lodge, and Grand Inner Guard, George M. McLean of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, were among the distinguished guests attending the meeting.

Salina, Kans., was chosen as the convention city for 1936.

# C'est La Guerre

(Continued from page 17)

the distance lent perspective to the scene before him. In the stillness of the night, disturbed only by the melodic bass concerto of his tent mates, Private Bert C. Terry was writing a letter by candle light.

"For—" Muldoon began.

"Sh," said Terry, zealously glancing up, "you'll wake up the men. They've got a hard job ahead of them. Go back to sleep."

"Shut up, for God's sake, Muldoon!" a sleepy voice said from the depths of the tent.

"See?" Terry asked.

Muldoon gave up. He gingerly laid his head back on the coat, staring up into the gloom at the peak of the tent. He was just realizing that he nearly always got the blame for Terry's talking out of turn. He turned to call him on it, and then realized that it would only make matters worse. Terry was noisily moistening the flap of an envelope. Instead of saying anything, Muldoon reached over and snuffed out the candle—burning his finger.

"Goodnight," Terry said, and Muldoon checked a retort.

THEY turned out before dawn. In the chill, early morning fog, they lined up before the rolling kitchens and got their bacon and egg and bread and black coffee. They ate hurriedly, burning their lips on the tin cups. Muldoon sat on the tail-piece of a 75, juggling his plate and cup. A few feet away, but indistinct in the fog, he saw Terry, who had fixed himself a neat table of cartridge cases and was eating his meager meal with the polish of a diner accustomed to fine hotels. His shoulders were square; his tin hat rested on his round head at the correct angle; his blunt toed shoes were polished and he looked like an illustration in the Manual of Regulations. It all made Muldoon mad.

"Do you like this grub?" he jeered.

"Of course."

It was a simple, unpretentious answer, but it stopped Muldoon. He was valiantly searching through his vocabulary for a reply, when the second lieutenant appeared out of the mist. The officer stumbled over Terry's foot and fell forward, only saving himself by catching Muldoon's shoulder. The sudden motion spilled half of that unfortunate's cup of coffee onto his lap.

"Damn!" Muldoon almost sobbed.

"Muldoon?" In the thick fog it was both a question and a command. "Muldoon, find Private Terry and both of you report to me in my

quarters as soon as you've finished breakfast."

"Yes, sir," Terry said, and when the lieutenant turned at the sound of his voice, he saluted so quickly the officer almost ducked. The eddying mists had hardly swallowed him when Muldoon snorted.

"His quarters! He's got a tent just like the rest of us. As an insurance man, Ed Lewis is bad enough, but as a second looney, he gets in my hair—and my coffee," he added, as an after-thought, surveying the dark stain on his trousers. Already the spot was acquiring a disturbing chill. "What'd you suppose he wants us for?"

"Talking in ranks," their corporal said. "You'll catch the devil."

"I think not," Terry replied, squaring his shoulders and packing his eating utensils neatly away, "I rather imagine he has a mission for us. One that he cannot trust to other people less reliable."

He walked off through the fog, followed by Muldoon.

The corporal looked after them. "Say," he finally said, "do you suppose that guy's serious?"

"Naw," one of the men answered, "he's a great kidder."

MULDOON attempted to walk right into the lieutenant's tent, but Terry checked him by the arm. Then he rapped smartly on the tent pole. "Come in." They stepped over the threshold and saluted. Lieutenant Lewis got up from his cot and walked over to a small table.

"I've got a job for you two," he said. Terry nodded with satisfaction. "I want a couple of scouts to go out and get the lay of the land. See this map? Well, we're here. The Regular Army is over there some place," he waved toward the north, "and we want to locate them before they do us. You men can understand that?"

"Sure," Muldoon told him.

"Yes, sir," snapped Terry.

"Well, if you can get in touch with him—"

"Who?" Muldoon wanted to know.

"The enemy," Lieutenant Lewis looked at his buck private steadily, as if attempting to decide whether the man had been insolent or just inquisitive. He eventually gave Muldoon the benefit of the doubt. "Make contact," he went on, "and report to us before the engagement. If we know the force and disposition of the enemy's troops, we may be able to hold them in check." Defeat was already written in the officers' words. Mentally, he had handed his

sword, hilt first, over the Regular Army. "There are a couple of pistols and some blank cartridges," he said, indicating the cot, "leave your rifles in camp and get going."

"Just go out and find the enemy and come back and tell you what they're doing and where he is?" Muldoon asked, getting his numbers mixed, "is that it, Ed?"

"Lieutenant!"

"Yeah, I mean Lieutenant," Muldoon said mildly, "but that's what you want, ain't it?"

"I thought I made it clear," the officer replied with dignity.

"Maybe it's clear to you," Muldoon persisted, "but I have a hard time gettin' things the first crack. If that's what you want, it's o.k. by me. I just wanted to know, that's all."

Terry was strapping on his pistol in the prescribed position.

"What shall we do with our prisoners, sir?" he asked.

"I don't think you'll get any," the lieutenant said, "but if you should, just take their identification cards and send them to the rear."

"And if we get nabbed?" Muldoon was resigned to his fate.

"Hand over your cards and go along quietly. You'll be exchanged when the war is over."

"Hope the food's better over there," Muldoon said, and picked up his pistol.

"It ought to be; that's the Regular Army," the Lieutenant said it almost reverently. "Good luck, men."

"Thanks," Muldoon said.

Terry clicked his heels, squared his shoulders, and saluted smartly.

"We shall do our best, sir!"

THEY moved slowly through the wet marsh grass. The fog, instead of lifting as it generally did, became thicker and wetter. It had a muffling effect, and the men felt abnormally alone. Private Bert Terry wriggled noiselessly over the ground on his stomach. Private Everett Muldoon lumbered heavily along after him on his hands and knees.

"What the hell do we have to crawl like this for?" Muldoon growled, following the soles of the feet before him as they alternately appeared and disappeared in the mist. "This ain't no regular war. Let's get took prisoners and rest a while."

"Sh!" Private Terry hissed, "we're in enemy territory."

They were headed up a little rise, and when they reached the top, Terry paused while Muldoon lumbered up beside him.



"Well, it's a cinch we ain't going to get any reports for the looey," he said, "as long as this fog's so thick. Whyn't it blow away like yesterday?"

"We'll stay here until it lifts," Terry decided, "and then we ought to be able to see something from this hill."

They listened quietly for a moment. Only the sounds of the boom of surf, far off to their left, reached their ears. Terry finally leaned over to Muldoon.

"You stay here," he whispered, "and I'll go along this ridge away. If I don't return in half an hour, run back to the Lieutenant and tell him I've made contact with the enemy."

"Fine," said Muldoon, "I'll rest up for a bit. See you later."

But Private Muldoon did not make his report when the stipulated half hour period had passed. Twenty minutes after Terry had wriggled off into the mists, a vagrant breeze blew a hole in the fog and the National Guardsman from Seville, California, found himself practically surrounded by Regular army machine gun units. He was the first prisoner of the war and was much fought over: everybody wanted him.

PRIVATE Bert Terry, in much the same manner, had also made contact with the enemy. He had crawled along the ridge, straining his ears to hear any noise which might indicate the presence of enemy forces. He moved along the ridge further, this time raising himself from the grass, the better to listen. There seemed to be a whispering in the air that was not accounted for by the slight breeze now blowing. He crawled further, and then suddenly stopped. Before him, three feet before him, were a pair of wide brown shoes. He could see the legs, too—khaki puttees. He inched away to the right—more feet and legs appeared in the mist. When he summed up the courage to look about him, he discovered the presence of men all about. The feet before him moved, and when the breeze thinned out the fog for a moment, Private Terry found himself the sixth man in a party of five enemy machine gunners.

He worked cautiously at his pistol, attempting to get it out in time to capture them, when a broad, hob-nailed foot was planted in his back. The owner of the foot stumbled, cursed, and then came back to peer down into the mist.

Terry felt a foreign material in the small of his back. He had never experienced it before, but they could be no doubt of the thing, now—someone was sticking a bayonet into his back. He shuddered, and waited. "Get up, you!"

There was a little flurry of excitement when the machine gunners discovered he had been so near to them. They looked at him curiously, as

though he were some strange animal. His captor was a runner, taking one of the official war games observers, a Major, on a tour of inspection. The fog suddenly began to lift, and in a few moments he could make out the features of his captors.

The Major wore a white band around his left sleeve.

"Now, what?" the runner asked, turning to the Major.

"You're to take his identification card and then escort him to the rear. I'll go back with you. It may be that the enemy is just over the ridge."

The bayonet pressed harder against Private Terry's back.

"Hey," the runner asked, "are there more of you guys over there?"

"Yeah, how near is the rest of your outfit?" a machine gunner demanded.

Terry looked at them stonily.

"Well, speak up," the man at the safe end of the bayonet repeated, "where are they, and how many?"

"I have forgotten," Private Terry told him.

The Major turned his back to the little gathering. He looked thoughtfully up into the fog, then, biting his lips, out over the plain. Finally he turned back just as the runner gave Terry another disgusted poke with the bayonet.

"Nuts," the runner said. "Fork over your card and get going."

Terry gave him his card, and then led the procession down the low hill. The Major walked beside the runner, who had relaxed and was carrying his rifle with one hand. The further down the hill they went, the clearer the atmosphere became. When they finally reached a road, Terry could see a quarter of a mile in any direction.

"Wait a minute," the runner said, lifting his foot onto a stone, "I gotta tie my shoe lace."

Like a flash, Private Bert Terry whirled on his captor, jerking out his pistol in the turning. The Regular Army man looked up at the noise, and his jaw dropped when he found that either eye could see down the muzzle of a .45 with equal facility.

"Stick them up!" Terry poked the gun at him.

THE man straightened up, raised his arms a bit and turned a protesting head to the smiling Major.

"Hey," he complained, "he can't do this. He's my prisoner."

"It doesn't look like it now," the Major said. He happened to be one of the few Regular Army officers who appreciated the value of the National Guard. "Leaving a prisoner with a gun in his holster is about the dumbest thing I ever saw done. You'll get yourself shot, doing things like that. You'd better turn over both his card and your own and do what he says."

"Yes," agreed Terry sternly, "fork 'em over, soldier."

He put them in his pocket. From the road came the whine of a car running at high speed. Terry motioned his prisoner into the highway.

"Get out there," he ordered, "and stop that car."

He and the now, very much amused Major, stepped behind some bushes, while the runner began to wave his arms at the oncoming vehicle. The car, a dull tan one of the army forces, slid to a protesting halt. The driver, a private, leaned from one window while an officer half opened the door on the side nearest the men hidden in the shrubbery.

"What the devil do you mean, hailing this car?" the officer barked.

Terry stepped from behind the bushes, his pistol levelled at the car.

"Surrender!" he shouted, and then recognized the officer as the immaculate, non-perspiring Colonel of the preceding afternoon. Terry, fortified by the automatic and the presence of the Major stepped nearer to the car. "Up with them and get out of there."

THE Colonel bounced out of the car, followed by his glowering driver.

"What do you mean?" the man demanded. "Stopping this car and ordering me to get out of—"

He stopped in mid-speech. His cold eyes had suddenly lighted on the insignia adorning Terry's collar. From the corner of his eye, Terry could see the Major suppressing a smile with difficulty.

"You're my prisoner, Colonel," Terry told him earnestly, "and so's your man."

"Oh, yeah?" The driver walked toward the National Guardsman.

"That's right," the Major suddenly perceived Terry's need of assistance. "According to the rules, both you and your driver are prisoners, Colonel Crawford."

For the first time, the Colonel seemed to see the official observer.

"This is preposterous!" he cried. "I'm on the General's business, and I haven't time to fool around like this."

"*C'est la guerre*," shrugged the Major, enjoying the situation.

"Yea," said Terry, "and you'd better hand over those cards of yours, too."

There was some more heated conversation before the Colonel surrendered his identification card. When Terry had the cards of his three prisoners in his pocket, he motioned them into the automobile.

"Get in," he told them. "Would you like to come along, Major?"

"I would," the Major admitted, "because it looks like you're going to have an interesting day."

The runner climbed into the front seat with the driver. The Colonel sat stiffly on the rear seat with the Major. Private Terry, his pistol in hand, rested on one of the small seats of the seven passenger car.

"Where to?" growled the driver. Terry looked at the Colonel. Tiny beads of perspiration had appeared on the man's forehead. They fascinated Terry, who had formed his own conception of this man; ice water, he believed, flowed freely through his veins.

"Where were you going, Colonel?" Terry asked.

"Headquarters."

Terry waved his free hand.

"O.K., driver, headquarters."

They drove along in silence for a mile or two. The Colonel looked straight ahead, the Major seemed intensely interested in the scenery and the two privates in the front seat were buried in thought. Finally, the driver turned from the road and piloted the car toward a farm house.

"Headquarters?" Terry asked tensely.

"Yeah," the driver said.

THEY stopped before the door. A sentry on duty snapped out a gun salute and then opened the door of the car. Terry shoved his pistol into the man's stomach. The astonished guard, when he realized that hell would pay when the war was over, began to groan.

"Shut up, you," Terry said, and herded his prisoners before him.

There was no one in the lower hall. The National Guardsman directed his wards into a closet at the far end of the corridor. He turned the key on them, admonishing them to be quiet. Then, with the Major still at his heels, Terry went cautiously through the house. They surprised an orderly in the kitchen, and Terry relieved him of his card and locked him up with the others. He told Terry that the signal corps was installed in the basement and the General and his staff were upstairs, questioning a prisoner.

"Anybody else in this building?" Terry asked.

"Not now," the orderly said, "but there will be soon. There's to be a meeting of all company commanders in half an hour."

At the head of the stairs, Terry paused. From one of the rooms came a low murmur of voices. Drawing a deep breath, Terry shoved his pistol around the door jamb and followed it into the room.

"Hands up!" he said, and almost wilted before the glare of the General whom he had interrupted.

"What is this?" the General roared.

Terry's observer stepped forward and explained. The General snorted.

"A prisoner—me? You're trying to tell me that this nincompoop is taking all of us prisoner?"

The Major was undaunted.

"These rules are your own, sir," he said, and drew from his pocket a mimeographed copy of them, "and the instructions are plain. I think it will be necessary for you to turn over your identification cards to this man."

"Bert!" It was a cry of astonishment.

Terry, holding his pistol on the group, flicked a glance at the prisoner the General had been questioning. It was Muldoon.

"You're just in time, Everett," Terry said, "relieve these officers of their cards and pistols, and help me march them downstairs."

The General, too furious to speak, stamped from the room, followed by his staff. Muldoon herded them down the stairs and held them in the hall until Terry, his pockets stuffed with documents, joined him. Terry walked down the hall and opened the closet door.

"O.K., Colonel," he said, "you can come out. Not you other guys—get back in there!"

The General eyed the Colonel coldly.

"I suppose you led this fool here?" he asked calmly, in the tone of a butcher addressing a spring lamb.

"I was ambushed," the Colonel defended. Terry did not like to interrupt this little scene, even though time was pressing—he was enjoying the Colonel's discomfort too keenly. Muldoon tugged at his sleeve.

"Hey," he protested, "let's get outa here. There's guys in the basement, you know."

Terry nodded.

"Let's go," he said to his party. "Muldoon, you go get the General's car and bring it around in front. Colonel, I wish you'd drive your car. General, you and the Captain get in the rear seat of the Colonel's car. You two Majors and the Lieutenant will go with Muldoon. Major," Private Terry turned and saluted the official observer, "will you let those birds out of the closet in half an hour?"

THE Major would.

When Muldoon brought the car around onto the drive, Terry herded his prisoners out of the building. They took their assigned places, and with the Colonel driving the lead car, they sped off down the road. Terry sat in front, his pistol in hand, and directed the driver. As they neared the front lines, Terry nudged the Colonel with his pistol.

"What's the password?" he asked.

"Dawn," said the Colonel.

"Dusk!" snapped the General from the rear seat.

"That's what I meant," the Colonel stammered, "I mixed them up."

The car drew up as a squad of infantrymen stepped into the road ahead of them. It was the guard at the front line. The Sergeant in command walked toward the car. Terry leaned out.

"Dawn!" he snapped, and the Sergeant and his men snapped to attention and executed rifle salutes. Reluctantly, the Colonel shifted gears and the car went ahead across No Man's Land. Terry looked severely at the General.

"Hardly cricket, sir," he admonished gently.

The General seemed to squirm. "Damned fool," he muttered, obviously referring to the red-bearded Colonel rather than the captor.

They had passed the National Guard lines before they realized it. Terry heard some shouting and turned to see a protesting squad of men dash out of the bushes and wave their rifles at the two departing cars. In a cloud of dust, they drove up to the headquarters of the National Guard Army. When the soldier on sentry duty saw the stars, and leaves, and bars in the cars, he called out the guard and they formed a silent, respectful aisle down which Terry led his file. Muldoon brought up the rear.

Into the main room of the building, where the Brigadier-General commanding the National Guard forces was conferring with his aides, Terry led his prisoners. As the officers scrambled to their feet, clicking their heels and saluting, Terry stepped forward to the map-covered table and tossed down his pile of identification cards.

"They're my prisoners, sir," he said, addressing the astonished Brigadier-General, "and here are the plans of the battle," Terry emptied his pockets.

While the captured General stood at the window, his back toward the room, Terry persuaded the officers of his army that it was all true. Finally the General himself turned and admitted it, and then broke into a tirade against his own staff—they took it, of course, for that is the primary purpose of a staff.

Embarrassed by the situation, the Brigadier-General looked over the plans Terry had delivered. He attempted to restrain a smile when he realized more and more clearly just what the enterprising Private Bert Terry had done to the annual maneuvers. By shifting his center until it was very weak, and swinging his enlarged forces over onto the Regular Army's unprotected right, he could smash their offense with ease. The location of every battery was before him. The force and disposition of every squad of men in the opposing infantry was plain. Finally he could no longer check himself. He chuckled and his staff did likewise. He looked at the furious General.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said with difficulty, "but this is really quite amusing. What shall we do?"

"Call the damned war off!" the General barked, and stamped angrily from the room.

THE hot sun beat down upon the brown and silent ranks. In perfect alignment, the perspiring men listened to the orders being read over the public address system by the Adjutant.

"Private Bert C. Terry!" the voice finally demanded.

There was a stir in the ranks. Private Bert C. Terry, his rifle smartly at his shoulder, his bayonet gleaming brightly in the sun, marched, and turned and marched again until he faced the Adjutant. There, he executed a snappy halt and stood stiffly at attention. He listened quietly as the citation was read to him. Then the smiling Brigadier-General shook hands with him and asked a question. Over the loud-speaker came Terry's answer.

"I only tried to do my best, sir, just like the General said."

Back in the ranks, the corporal of the third squad leaned toward Muldoon. From the corner of his mouth, he asked:

"Say, is that guy kidding?"

"Hell, no!" Muldoon replied, "before we separated this morning, he gave me a letter to mail to his girl—in case he didn't come back!"

## An Eyeful of Grandeur

(Continued from page 19)

and you can lay out your itinerary to include any of them on a round-trip to the Coast.

Now, which park will it be?

It is entirely possible to visit the whole chain of western national parks in one trip, but I wouldn't recommend it. It is just too much, short of taking the whole summer for the job. Yellowstone, for example, is larger than some eastern states, and several of the other parks are almost as large. You wouldn't want to be in the position of the sage-brusher who drove up frantically to the gates of Yellowstone one day and shouted at the ranger there:

"Gimme a sticker for my windshield, will you, so I can say I've been to Yellowstone! I've only got two weeks to do all the national parks!"

So I would say, pick two or three of the national parks that offer you not only inspiring scenery but the kind of sport that you enjoy. A national park is more than an eyeful of natural grandeur. It is a place in which to enjoy your favorite outing pastime.

Suppose your idea of a good time is fishing!

Glacier offers you just what you want. Rushing streams and dozens of mountain lakes abound in cut-throat trout and grayling. If you want a big fellow, troll the deeper lakes for a mackinaw trout that may be three feet in length and weigh twenty pounds. Yellowstone offers you the same variety of fishing. The sparkling pools and lakes and the clear streams of Yosemite, Sequoia and Lassen are the natural home of the gamey rainbow trout.

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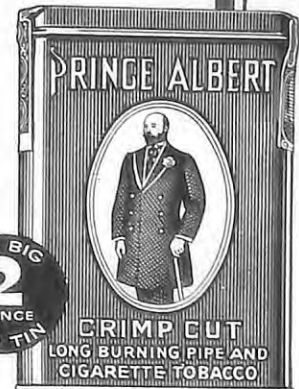
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Time flies—start today to smoke P. A. You owe it to yourself to know the difference.

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Suppose your sporting interest is trail riding!

In Yosemite, Lassen, Glacier, Yellowstone and the Grand Teton, you will find thrilling mountain trails through forests and over spectacular passes to the topmost points of the continent. In Grand Canyon, Zion and Bryce are many miles of safe trails winding around the dazzling cliffs and down into the gorgeous canyons. On Mount Rainier your trail pony carries you beyond timberline, across glaciers and snowfields that defy the sun all summer long.

Maybe you crave a good workout on your own two feet. Nowhere else in the world will you find such ideal trails for hiking. They are as safe as the streets you live on at home. You will find women and children trudging them unescorted. But a better plan, if you want the inside story of what is going on all around you, is this: Join the hiking party conducted by the ranger naturalist. Let him tell you about the glaciers, the animals, and the lore of the regions. This service is yours with the compliments of Uncle Sam.

Or you may be a camera hunter.

Yellowstone, you will find, is the world's greatest wild game sanctuary. With patience, you can stalk and snap-shoot grizzlies, black and brown bear, moose, elk, deer, buffalo and a host of lesser animals. In Glacier you can shoot bear, moose, mountain goats and sheep, and beaver with your trusty camera. Bear abound on friendly terms with humans in Yosemite, Sequoia, Lassen and Rainier. Deer are plentiful in Grand Canyon, Zion, Bryce, Yosemite and Sequoia.

**SUPPOSE** you want to rough it—either de luxe or otherwise.

In every park the rangers have laid out for your convenience campgrounds provided with running water, wood and sanitary facilities. You can pitch your tent at no expense, and make yourself at home, if you bring your own equipment. In all the parks these campgrounds are located near the principal points of interest. In Yosemite you can camp in the balmy climate of the protected valley at the 4,000 foot level, or you can pitch your tent at timberline at Tuolumne Meadows, 9,000 feet above the sea—but bring plenty of blankets. A similar variety of camp facilities await you in every Western national playland.

Even if you camp out, travel light. In each park there are stores, cafeterias and lunch rooms to provide you with your three squares a day at prices comparing favorably with those in your home town. If you don't want to bring your beds and blankets, housekeeping tents are already set up and await you at moderate terms.

In every park you will find popular

priced lodges, offering rooms at rates ranging from \$1.50 up to \$3.00 per day per person, hotels which offer a more luxurious service from \$3.00 upward, or you can register American Plan and have your lodging with meals included at rates ranging from \$4.00 to \$9.00, depending on your taste.

Now, which park will it be this year? You have these to choose from.

### Yosemite

Yosemite offers you a holiday of great variety. To many world travelers Yosemite is the "incomparable valley" itself, a narrow, woodland region about a mile wide and eight miles long, surrounded on all sides except its narrow entrance by lofty perpendicular granite cliffs, over several of which tumble the majestic waterfalls for which the park is famous.

Nowhere else in this land will you find sheer granite cliffs so spectacular as El Capitan, rising 3,604 feet above the floor of the Valley; stately Half Dome, a mile above the Valley floor; Glacier Point, from whose ledge 3,200 feet above Camp Curry there tumbles each night the tinkling embers of the firefall; and other famous landmarks. Yosemite Falls, with its total drop of 2,565 feet, Bridal Veil Falls, Vernal and Nevada Falls thundering with the waters of the Merced River, hold one awe-inspired.

Yet the Valley is but the beginning of your real Yosemite adventure. On all sides, from the rim around the Valley, there stretches over 1,100 square miles of almost innumerable mountain peaks rising up to lofty Mount Lyell, 13,000 feet in elevation. Between these heights there are alpine meadows, virgin forests, lakes and streams abounding in fish, living glaciers and spectacular gorges.

You reach the Yosemite's high country over well-kept trails. At strategic points are High Sierra Camps, where you may enjoy rustic but comfortable hospitality at rates almost as reasonable as staying at home. The best way to see the high country is from the back of a trail pony. You need not be a horseman to do this. The saddle animals are especially trained for transporting "dudes" from the city. Don't mind the name. Every trail rider is a "dude" to the wranglers. Give these picturesque yarn-spinners a chance and they'll make life on the trail or around the campfire an adventure you will long remember.

If it is wild life that intrigues you and your camera, you can snap-shoot bears at "The Salad Bowl" in the Valley. The park abounds in deer and smaller wild life as well.

How long does it take to see Yosemite right? About two weeks. But you can do it in two days if you have to, omitting the high country except for the trip over the Tioga Pass by motor. And it is worth the price, either way.

You can reach this mountain fastness over a high-gear highway connecting with Highway 99 at Merced, or if you come by rail or by plane, motor busses pick you up at Merced and whirl you into the Valley and out in less than two hours from Merced.

*Sequoia*

Sequoia's specialty is Big Trees. The finest groves of these largest, oldest living things are found within the boundaries of Sequoia National Park and General Grant, the latter really a part of Sequoia. The General Sherman Tree in Sequoia is estimated to have lived more than 4,000 years, and it has been adjudged by naturalists as the most ancient living thing on earth. Surrounding this venerable giant are thousands of other stately sequoias, not quite as old but many of them taller, more than 300 feet in height.

In this park you can camp or live at the lodge located in the Giant Forest. You can spend days on end tramping or riding trails reaching out in every direction, up the slopes of the Sierra Nevada, where the "Range of Light" as John Muir called it, is at its highest.

Topping these heights on the eastern boundary of Sequoia National Park is Mount Whitney, 14,496 feet high, loftiest pinnacle in the United States proper. From its eminence you may gaze, strangely enough, sixty miles beyond, into Death Valley, 276 feet below sea level and lowest point in the land.

Sequoia's lure is by no means limited to its groves of *sequoia gigantea*. Fishermen come from all over the world to angle in its streams for the golden trout, rarest of all the trout family. Trail riders find Giant Forest Lodge an excellent starting point for packing and camping trips into the high country. Sequoia's wild life includes bear, deer, wolverine, and a great variety of bird life.

To see the Big Tree Groves of Sequoia and General Grant is but a day's detour from Highway 99 or the railroads which connect Los Angeles and San Francisco via San Joaquin Valley.

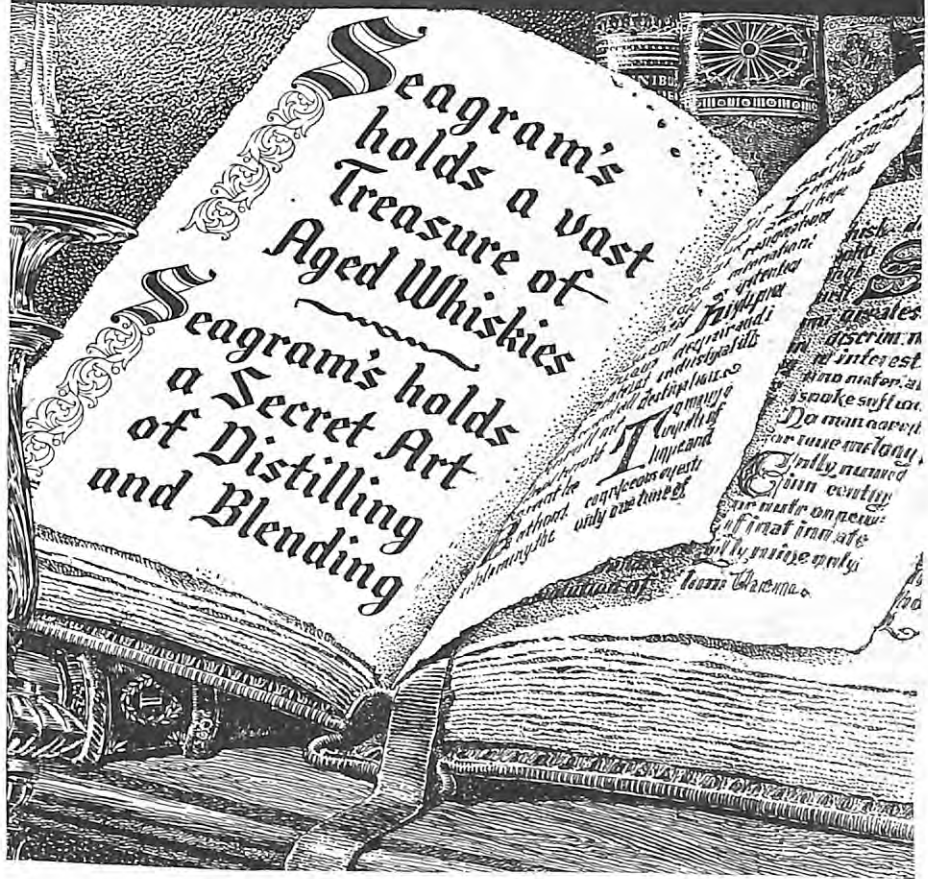
*Lassen*

Lassen National Park in northern California lies astraddle a "blown-up mountain."

Geologists tell us that there are two types of mountains—those that are pushed up, as was the case of the Sierra Nevada, from the interior of the earth, and those that are blown up by volcanic upheavals. Lassen belongs to the latter group.

It is the only active volcano in the United States proper today. Lassen still grumbles, seethes and sometimes smokes, yet you can motor almost up to its crater over a perfectly safe road, and walk a short distance to gaze down into its crater. You can see steam vents fuming and hear the rumbling of internal fires—all this in perfect safety, because Lassen

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Millions of gallons of rare whiskies... more than three generations of distilling and blending skill... Treasure and Tradition.

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SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN Matchlessly blended the Seagram way. Full 90 proof, rich — yet mild in taste.



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LISTEN, BEN. YOU LOOK SWELL IN THE MORNING, BUT BY 5 O'CLOCK YOUR BEARD MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE A TRAMP.

SO THAT'S WHY MARY TURNED ME DOWN AFTER MAKING A DATE THIS MORNING! BUT WHAT CAN I DO?



USE COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM! IT GIVES YOU A SWELL, COMFORTABLE SHAVE THAT LASTS HOURS LONGER!



**BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!**



**MOST LATHERS** are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only half-wilted.



**COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM** makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

**3 DAYS LATER**

SO NICE OF YOU TO ASK ME OUT TONIGHT, BEN.

NICE FOR ME, TOO!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES MAKE!



COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER



peak gives ample warning before its rare eruptions. Not since 1917 has Lassen actually heaved ashes and lava from its crater.

Although Lassen's volcano is the main attraction in this national park, it is by no means the whole show. Sloping down from the crater are hundreds of miles of dense forests, broken by mountain meadows, lakes and streams. Lassen Park is a favorite haunt of anglers and of trail riders.

Tucked away in these forests, strangely enough, are several simmering lakes, hot gurgling mud pots and black cinder cones, the latter reminders of the days when this region was alive with a host of active volcanoes.

To see Lassen you detour from Highway 99 at Red Bluff. You can visit the volcano crater in a day. To see the whole park, allow at least three days.

*Crater Lake*

Crater Lake, with its almost unbelievably placid and deep blue lake, set like a gem in the crest of the Cascade Mountains, is another relic of the days when belching volcanoes dominated the entire northwest.

Ages ago, so geologists say, there rose where Crater Lake now lies, a magnificent peak known as Mount Mazama. This astonishing volcano erupted so energetically that it eventually blew its insides out. The crest of the mountain caved into the crater, leaving the awful hole which eventually was filled with water and became Crater Lake.

Rising from the deep blue waters are Wizard Island and the Phantom Ship, relics of volcanoes which grew up inside the larger volcano. Aside from its shimmering beauty, Crater Lake is remarkable for its great depth, 2,000 feet in places. Although the lake has no visible outlet, its waters are fresh.

To visit this scenic gem, detour from Highway 99 at Medford, Oregon, and drive two hours over splendid highways through forests that tower 200 feet above you on either side of the road. The highway built by the National Park Service leads around the rim of the lake. From the Lodge, the trail winds down into the crater to the water's edge. You can do the Crater Lake trip easily in one day.

*Mount Rainier*

In the northwest, Mount Rainier so dominates the surrounding peaks and valleys that people refer to it as "The Mountain." This majestic peak soars 14,408 feet above the ocean, rising almost two miles above the surrounding Cascade range. Thus "The Mountain" is easily the most impressive elevation in the United States.

In ancient times Mount Rainier was one of the greatest northwestern volcanoes. At one time it rose 2,000 feet higher than it does today and was probably the highest peak in the land. Some ancient cataclysm ripped

2,000 feet of elevation off its crest. Today the volcano's fires are kept by everlasting glaciers whose icy arms creep down the slopes to carve the canyons deeper and to feed the turbulent streams.

Mount Rainier is a unique adventure. All summer long the flowers push up through the melting snow as winter recedes up the slopes. A short distance from blossom-carpeted meadows you may find yourself in the Crystal Cave of ice. Lower down you find yourself in dense forests penetrable only by following the numerous trails either afoot or on horseback.

Mount Rainier is but a two hours' ride, either in your own car or in motor busses, from Seattle or Tacoma. You can see "The Mountain" in a day, but you can spend two or three days to good advantage in this magnificent area.

*Yellowstone and Grand Teton*

Indians called the Yellowstone country "The Burning Mountains," because of its tremendous volcanic activity manifest by numerous intermittent eruptions of steaming geysers, also by bubbling paint pots and steaming hot water fountains.

Jim Bridger, the first white man to visit this astonishing region, was regarded as the complete liar by his fellow trappers when he told what he had seen in the Yellowstone. He never lived down his reputation for telling whoppers.

Today the Yellowstone country is just as amazing as ever. Covering an area of 3,438 square miles (larger than some states), Yellowstone straddles the Rockies at an elevation ranging from one mile to 10,317 feet at the peak of Mount Washburn. Off to the south is Grand Teton National Park, adding granite peaks and sylvan lakes to the Yellowstone region. Bordering on Grand Teton is Jackson Hole, famed rendezvous of bad men in the cattle rustling days.

Yellowstone's major attraction is Old Faithful Geyser, which has spouted hourly since time immemorial, and the host of other geysers, colorful terraces built by hot springs, and the gurgling mud pots. Next comes the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, a dazzling spectacle of many hues at the upper end of which tumbles the gorgeous and foaming Yellowstone Falls.

But to many people Yellowstone's greatest lure is its wild life. Here The Thundering Herd made a last stand and a thrilling come-back. Today Yellowstone's buffalo herds are on the increase. Here also the grizzly bear, practically exterminated elsewhere, has prospered and may be seen almost daily near the Canyon Hotel or Lodge. Here likewise the moose and the elk have thrived since Jackson Hole was made a winter preserve for them. Here are deer, antelope, numerous black and brown bear and many lesser animals living on friendly terms with humans. In Yellowstone Canyon you may see osprey

returning to their nests on pinnacles, squirming fish clutched in their talons, and a host of other birds.

Fishing Bridge, near Yellowstone Falls, is probably the greatest fresh water angler's rendezvous in the country. The trout supply seems inexhaustible. Awaiting you, if you are an angler, are dozens of other streams and as many lakes, the latter well stocked not only in trout but also grayling and some mackinaw.

In Yellowstone the traffic flows counter-clockwise around highways laid out in the form of a figure eight. By motor or bus you can make this circuit in two days. This is rushing it. A much better program is to allow from four to eight days. You may enter the park at any of four entrances—Gardiner, Montana, on the north; West Yellowstone, Idaho, on the west; Jackson, Wyoming, near Grand Teton, on the south, and the Cody, Wyoming, gateway from the east.

#### Glacier Park

Glacier Park is far more hospitable than its name suggests. The Blackfeet Indians had a much better name for the region. They called it "The Land of the Shining Mountains." Their name amply describes the glistening cliffs of these northern Rockies.

The park does have more than sixty living glaciers which cling all summer long to the shining mountain slopes, but your lasting impression of a visit to Glacier is the miles and miles of trails winding through peaceful evergreen forests, flower-strewn meadows and shimmering lakes, and you will remember forever the thrill of the trail ride up the slopes past surging, foaming cascades and waterfalls to the wind-swept passes of the Continental Divide. Glacier belongs to three continental water sheds. Some of its waters flow to the Pacific, some to the Arctic and some to the Atlantic.

Until recently the finest parts of Glacier were accessible only to trail riders. The chalets of the interior could be reached only by horseback or afoot. Now, however, a magnificent mountain highway over Logan Pass takes motorists to the heart of the Shining Mountains even to "Going-To-The-Sun," mecca of trail riders.

The Shining Mountains are far more than a region of scenery. Their lakes provide boating, fishing and swimming. It is a great land for camping. The wild life includes moose, elk, grizzly bear, brown bear and the elusive mountain sheep and goats—among the rarest of America's wild animals.

An angler could spend a month in Glacier fishing in a different lake or stream each day and still catching them—cutthroats, grayling and mackinaw.

At Glacier Park, entrance to the playland, is an encampment of Blackfeet Indians in their native teepees



## My adventure with the invisible

by Lowell Thomas, *World Traveler—Radio Commentator*

MACHINES chattered around me, a bewildering complexity of mechanism endowed with superhuman faculties of precision. They had cost millions of dollars—years of thought and research. As I stood on the fifth floor of the Gillette factory in Boston I reflected: "Imagine this prodigious assembling of technological perfection, just to make a blade."

My guide corrected me, saying: "That isn't what we are turning out here. We are all collaborating here to produce a perfect edge. And that, actually and positively, is a thing that you *cannot see*."

I was to learn he was right. My guide took me upstairs and introduced me to a technician who presided over an amazing instrument. The pet gadget of the blond young modern Merlin from M. I. T. is a "sharpness comparer." Within its mysterious interior an adaptation of the weird usefulness of the photo-electric eye detects to an uncanny degree of accuracy whether that precious edge comes up to Gillette standards of sharpness.

There I realized that what my guide had told me was true. The perfect edge is perfectly invisible. It can be measured only with light-waves!

In my wanderings around the globe this is just about the most

astounding spectacle I have observed in modern industry. I mean all this mighty, elaborately mechanized organization engaged in producing the unseeable.

Electric furnaces in which coils of steel are hardened and tempered, furnaces that look like long, miniature tunnels. Inside they are 1500 degrees hot, outside they are so cool you can rest your hands upon them. Diamonds from the fields of Kimberley or Brazil that play their part in the testing machines. Microscopes with a 3000-power magnifying capacity. Cathode ray oscillographs that far outstrip man's poor faculties of perception or accuracy.

And all for what? To turn out something too fine for the human eye to perceive—to produce a shaving edge of incomparable keenness. The doctors of physics, the draughtsmen in the designing room, the toolmakers in the machine shop are constantly experimenting, to produce

an even sharper, smoother-shaving edge—and it's difficult for me to imagine that today's Gillette blade could be improved upon. I know—I've tried them all—in all parts of the world.

So in view of what I've seen and experienced, I can't imagine how any shaver could select a blade other than Gillette.



Here are the facts about razor blades. Why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

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## IT WASN'T ETHER NEITHER!



IT was the paralyzing combination of rank tobacco in a pipe that needed a major cleaning operation. For wide-awake smoking happiness we prescribe regular pipe cleaning and a diet of mild Sir Walter Raleigh Tobacco. Sir Walter is a most remarkable combination of sunshiny Kentucky Burleys. So cool and slow-burning it heals scorched tongues and nurses grouches into grins; so delightfully fragrant it will make you and your pipe welcome in any ward or living-room. Try a 15¢ tin—see why it's become a national favorite.

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FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. E-62



and costumes, one of the most fascinating features of the park.

To the north of Glacier Park and really a part of it stretches Waterton Lakes National Park, the Canadian extension of the Shining Mountains, equally alluring.

For a glimpse of Glacier, detour from National Highway 2 over Logan Pass, but for a real Glacier holiday, allow a week or ten days and spend a night at least at each of the chain of chalets and lodges located in the Park. If you can only stay one night, by all means choose Going-To-The-Sun.

### Rocky Mountain

Within Rocky Mountain's 400 square miles are more than fifty peaks that scrape the sky almost two miles high. The highest of all, Longs Peak, is 14,255 feet.

Of all the parks Rocky Mountain is the loftiest and most alpine. Its sky meadows are gorgeous profusion of wild flowers. Its windswept timberline forests creep up to everlasting glaciers and are broken by crystal lakes. In the dramatic struggle for life at timberline, whole forests of trees have hugged the ground and lie flat like vines.

Rocky Mountain is distinctly a trail rider's park, and more than 1,500 saddle horses are used in the vacation season to transport visitors to this alpine vacation land.

To visit Rocky Mountain, detour from Highway 40 at Denver to Estes Park, or, if you travel by rail, a bus line meets your train at Denver.

### Carlsbad Caverns

If you are still a youngster at heart and like to explore underground caves, include Carlsbad Caverns in your trip. Here you will find another world consisting of the most spectacular group of brilliantly hued, delicately sculptured underground chambers yet discovered on this earth.

Although the thirty-two miles of this amazing chain of underground caves have been explored, there is still more to be discovered. The National Park Service has laid out trails and installed a system of concealed lights to illuminate the outstanding features of the caverns.

Although you may get a good glimpse of the caverns in one day's visit, you could spend days examining the fantastic details of this wonderland beneath the Guadalupe Mountains of New Mexico.

The Big Room, for example, is nearly 4,000 feet long and 625 feet wide and 300 feet high. It is the largest known chamber on earth. Its walls are crowded with stalagmites and stalactites ranging from tiny needle-like heights to enormous natural monuments larger than a house.

In the Music Room the formations resemble huge pipe organs. In another chamber they suggest a cathedral. Others are equally intriguing to the imagination.

Once the Carlsbad Caverns were known as "Bats Caves" because of the crowds of bats that pour forth at dusk from one of the natural openings. However, the bats do not occupy the chambers open to the public.

The Caverns lie in southern New Mexico and are but a detour from the southern routes across the country either by rail, plane, or motor.

### Grand Canyon

Grand Canyon is the world's most colossal and spectacular gorge, carved through the ages by the turbulent Colorado River as the earth in this region rose from beneath the sea. In the Grand Canyon's mile deep walls is spread out before you the whole story of the earth's creation.

Between the rims lies a vast sea of pastel shades blended from the innumerable natural temples carved in the sandstone by the winds and waters of time. Standing breathless on either rim, you are struck by the silence, so momentous you can actually hear it.

Someone has called Grand Canyon a "mountain upside down." It is literally that. You can follow any of the trails down from either the north or the south rim, winding deviously among the sandstone temples until you come to the Phantom Ranch at Bright Angel Canyon, one of the numerous white canyons off the Grand Canyon itself.

Starting out in a flurry of snow on the rim, at an elevation of 8,000 feet, you may find yourself in a tropical day at Phantom Ranch where the elevation is less than 3,000 feet.

The thing to remember about your Grand Canyon adventure is that all that goes down must come up. It is easy to go down, but the long hump is on the way back.

You probably would not realize it, but the Kaibab forest on the north rim is the greatest single unbroken stand of virgin timber in the entire United States today.

You can do Grand Canyon in a glimpse from either rim, but you will miss much. Take time to go part way down the trails into the canyon at least. Better still, allow three or four days to explore not only Grand Canyon but the fascinating surrounding country which includes the Painted Desert, the Navajo and Hopi Indian Reservations, and the Petrified Forest. On the north rim you will find, by a short trail trip, relics of ancient cliff dwellings hidden beneath the sheltering overhanging cliffs.

To reach the South Rim of Grand Canyon, detour at Williams on Highway 66. To reach the North Rim, detour near St. George from Highway 99, the Arrowhead Trail.

### The Rainbow Canyons

The Rainbow Canyons are the outstanding features of Zion and Bryce National Parks, perhaps the most



colorful and gorgeous spectacles of Nature's sculpturing in rock on this continent. These two canyons lie in southern Utah. Although they are hewn in the same strata, each is unique.

Zion Canyon has been styled "A Yosemite done in oil." In shape and size, its verdant valley resembles Yosemite. However, the magnificent cliffs on either side are hewn in sandstones that rise in layers of white, rose, ivory and golden tints. At the upper end the space between the canyon walls becomes so narrow that one wall actually overhangs the other. Verdant hanging gardens cling to the cliffs.

Trails wind up the cliffs and a spectacular highway mounts the east wall and bores into the cliff itself, offering a grand panorama of the canyon from its galleries. From this highway you get a closeup of the way in which the forces of erosion, notably wind and rain, have hewn this beautiful canyon.

Bryce Canyon, although carved in the same strata, is so utterly differ-

ent that you are astonished at its character. You come upon the rim of Bryce suddenly from a pine forest. You find yourself staring down into a far-flung amphitheatre crowded with innumerable delicately carved and brilliantly colored spires and minarets, sculptured through the ages by rain storms. These monuments seem strangely fragile until you follow the trails into the canyon and find them made of hard sandstone. As the sun strikes this fairyland from various angles, thousands of windows seem to be illuminated. You are at the gates of a dream city rather than in a canyon of rock.

To visit the Rainbow Canyons, detour from Highway 99 near St. George, motor through placid Mormon villages in which life flows as uninterrupted as it did half a century ago when this region was Brigham Young's "Dream of Empire." You can do the Rainbow Canyons in two days, or you can devote a week to them, exploring not only Zion and Bryce but journey down to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon.

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**But Absorbine Jr.  
Promptly Applied  
Saved Salesman's Job**

**T**WO days after he had found this first job in more than a year, J. W.,\* father of a little family, slipped on the icy street and gave his ankle a severe wrench, besides bruising his arm.

Driven home in great pain, he concluded he'd be laid up for some time and have to start job hunting all over again. But prompt and frequent massage with good old Absorbine Jr. quickly eased the pain and reduced the swelling. He was back at work, feeling fairly comfortable in a couple of days.

Get a bottle of Absorbine Jr. today and keep it handy for these emergencies. There's nothing like it for sore muscles, aches, sprains, cuts and bruises. Also great for killing the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot. Very economical, too—a little goes so far. All druggists', \$1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

\*Based on actual letter from our files

## ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises,  
muscular aches, sprains,  
Athlete's Foot

## The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 27)

A. Mastrobuoni, Bristol; John N. Russell, Meriden; D. G. Smithwick, Middletown; Franz J. Carlson, Hartford, and Louis B. Feinstone, Norwalk; P.E.R.'s Edward J. Daly, Secy., Bridgeport; Henry Martin, New Britain, and John R. Gallagher and William F. Smith, West Haven; Est. Lead. Knights Walter E. Monagan, Waterbury, and Alexander J. Le Pire, Putnam; and George U. Miller, Putnam.

On Monday evening, December 30, the Grand Exalted Ruler was a guest of honor in the well appointed Home of Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge, No. 480. Dinner was served at 6:30, after which Judge Hallinan was presented, in the Lodge room, to an overflowing audience of members of Schenectady and adjoining Lodges. P.E.R. Robert J. Walsh, P.D.D., presided at the session. Four charter members were present including P.E.R.'s Daniel H. Naylor and Walter E. Talbot, and 12 other Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge attended.

At the Home of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, on January 5, one of the most successful conferences of the year was held by the Grand Exalted Ruler, with Grand Lodge officers and representatives of the many Lodges in the section taking part. Besides the principal address delivered by Judge Hallinan, brief but important talks were given by Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, both of Springfield, Mass., Lodge; John E. Moynahan of Lowell Lodge, Pres. of the Mass. State Elks

Assn., and E. R. Dr. Patrick J. Foley of Boston Lodge.

The names and Lodges of those present at the conference, besides the speakers, are listed as follows: E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, Brookline; E.R. Michael J. Kelliher, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, Brockton; Thomas J. Brady, Member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, Brookline; John D. Shea, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, Hartford, Conn.; James D. Moran, Secy., Queens Borough; P.E.R. Frank J. Rauch, Queens Borough; D.D.'s Frank D. Houlihan, Framingham, Mass. Cent., J. Bernard Boland, North Adams, Mass. West., Daniel J. Honan, Winthrop, Mass. S.E., and Joseph W. Myers, Medford, Mass. N.E.; P.D.D. Frank C. Doucette, Malden; Pres. Moynahan, Lowell, and Past Pres. Edwin K. McPeck, Adams, of the Mass. State Elks Assn.; E.R.'s: (Mass. Lodges) Joseph Hardy, Attleboro, Francis C. Moynihan, Beverly, Robert J. Rowe, Brookline, Joseph D. Parker, Chelsea, James M. Buck, Clinton, Frank O. Miller, Concord, John Amoroso, Everett, Jacob Kline, Fall River, William F. Sammet, Fitchburg, William H. Mahan, Framingham, James F. Collins, Gardner, Kenneth S. Webber, Gloucester, Charles S. Burnett, Holyoke, Edward F. Jones, Jr., Haverhill, Francis S. O'Connor, Hudson, Peter Cairns, Hyannis, Edward J. Wolfendale, Lawrence, Alton H. Harris, Leominster, William H. Keenan,

(Continued on page 40)



# The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 39)

Lowell, Thomas F. Callahan, Lynn, Nicholas F. Benedetto, Marlborough, James R. Priest, Maynard, Edward S. Mitchell, Medford, Joseph Casey, Melrose, Samuel E. D. Hartshorn, Milford, James F. McQuade, Middleboro, Alfred E. Hoey, Natick, William J. Whalen, New Bedford, James G. Zafris, Newburyport, Thomas L. Ryan, Newton, Frank M. Sanders, North Adams, Fred H. Connelly, North Attleboro, John R. Russell, Norwood, William F. Regan, Peabody, M. J. Cox, Pittsfield, Clyde E. Orcutt, Quincy, Harrie M. Bates, Revere, Nathan S. Levin, Salem, Daniel C. Bennett, Somerville, J. E. Keefe, Springfield, Francis J. Unsworth, Taunton, Frank L. Baciagalupo, Wakefield, William J. Burke, Waltham, John J. McDonald, Wareham, Thomas P. Morley, Watertown, Norbert Roy, Westfield, Harry W. Stevens, Winchester, Harry G. Blazo, Winthrop, Abraham A. Brown, Woonsocket, and Raymon D. Leigh, Worcester; E.R.'s: (Rhode Island Lodges) E. G. Spooner, Newport, Frederick J. Jamieson, Pawtucket, Bernard J. McLaughlin, Providence, and Norman C. Church, Westerly; P.E.R.'s: (Mass.) Harry Gershaw, Salem, Frederick J. Hogan, Winthrop; Secy's: (Mass.) Frank J. Stickney, Gardner, and Thomas F. Nally, Springfield; Est. Lead. Knights: Charles Lindner, Arlington, Mass., T. P. Bedard, Webster, Mass., and Gerard R. Dolliner, Woburn, Mass.; Teddy Max, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of Providence, R. I., Lodge; John M. Brady and Dr. John H. Hall, both of Middleboro, Mass., and Ralph A. Henderson, Greenfield, Mass.

From Queens Borough Lodge, as an escort to the Grand Exalted Ruler, were P.E.R.'s F. William Wolters, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, P.D.D. Matthew J. Merritt, Congressman-at-Large, and James D. Hampton. Philip Clancy of Niagara Falls Lodge, Secy. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., was also a member of the escort.

The assemblage of men prominent in the Order and in public life was one of the largest that has gathered to pay homage to Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan during his term of office. Among those present were D.D. John P. Doyle, Mt. Kisco; P.D.D.'s Richard Leo Fallon and James H. Moran of New Rochelle; James Dempsey, Jr., Peekskill; Dr. Joseph E. Vigeant, Poughkeepsie; E. J. Murray, Yonkers, Vice-Pres. N. Y. State Elks Assn.; State Trustee Robert L. Dymes, Ossining; Past State Pres.'s Joseph Brand, Bronx, and Daniel A. Kerr, New York; Past State Vice-Pres.'s Isaac C. Hotaling, Ossining, and William A. Lockhart and Dr. Max Kaplan Leeds of Port Chester; Past State Trustee Joseph E. Steinmeier, Bronx; E.R.'s Charles F. Friedmann, Peekskill; John E. Canepi, Yonkers; Patrick E. Tierney, Ossining; Peter J. Mayers, New Rochelle; George B. Bley, Bronx; Arthur L. Johnston, Haverstraw; George M. Martin, Mount Vernon; Heber Sutton, Port Chester, and John J. Mooney, Mt. Kisco; P.E.R.'s Ray C. Delaney, Secy., Ossining; Abraham I. Menin, New York; John Slavin and John R. Murphy, Yonkers; Perley M. Acker, Peekskill; David Berman and J. Augustus McCullough, Port Chester; Dr. James H. Brennan and William J. Stewart, New Rochelle; Mayor Robert Smith, White Plains; City Judge Francis R. Doherty, White Plains; Congressman Charles D. Millard, White Plains, and Rev. Father James F. Jones, Bronx.

Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan made several other visits during the month of December.

Wednesday evening, December 11, marked the visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Home of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge, No. 535, where he was the honor guest at a dinner and reception followed by a special meeting of the Lodge. E.R. Francis J. Mahony presided. The Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by P.D.D. Frank J. McGuire, a P.E.R. and one of the oldest but most active members of White Plains Lodge. The meeting was largely attended by White Plains Elks as well as delegations from many Lodges in Westchester County.

The Past Exalted Rulers of White Plains Lodge who escorted Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan into the Lodge room, included Frank J. McGuire, Richard S. Hayes, Joseph B. McCarthy, Fred A. Onderdonk, George H. Fox, Thomas H. Callahan, D. Leslie Scott, Thomas P. McLaughlin and Edward R. Dowd.

Other visits made by Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan will be published next month.

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# California, Daughter of Romance

(Continued from page 11)

watched wide-eyed and learned half-heartedly the ways of civilization. No Californian dreamed that aught but peace would ever be.

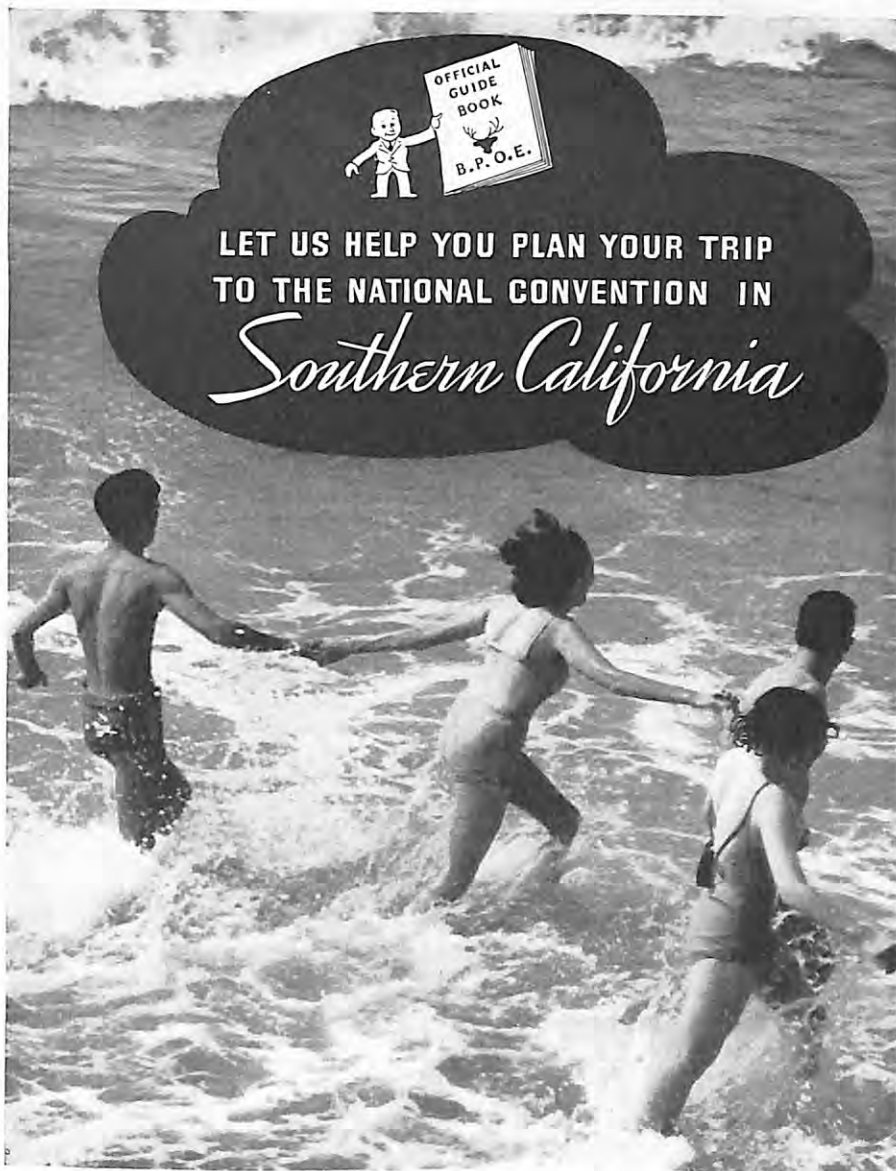
For a time no ships save those from Mexico came in to San Diego or to Monterey. And then the Yankee ships dropped anchor and the Yankee traders eyed the rich new land. Russians from the north built warehouses north of the Golden Gate. Half-fearful, the Californians treated all alike with courtesy and because supplies from Mexico were all too few, were forced to trade with them.

A fellow named Jedediah Smith, first American pioneer, arrived from beyond the great Sierras in the east. Perouse, the Frenchman; Vancouver, the Englishman, visited the young fair state. The señoritas danced with foreign gallants.

**I**N 1823 California broke free from mother Spain; threw in her lot with Mexico, already independent. Then, fearing lest their mission suffer, the Padres trembled. In 1821 the feared blow fell. Mexico ordered the secularization of the missions. With the rich wide mission lands taken from the Padres' rule, the Indians were scattered and left to shift for themselves. And with commerce growing ever greater, France, England, Russia and the United States looked greedily toward the richest spot on all the wide Pacific's shore.

There came one day to Monterey a Yankee captain with three war ships. An English fleet had sailed from South America and he was sure that California was its destination. So, to forestall the English, he landed his sailors and, flying a flag of truce, demanded the surrender of Monterey. Too weak to resist, and seeming not to care greatly, the Californians acquiesced. Up ran the Stars and Stripes. And scarce had that flag run up when the Yankee captain found that he had made a mistake—misjudged the English. So he hauled the flag down again, and apologized to the Californians.

In 1846 Fremont came across the Sierras. He'd been exploring in the west, and wished to rest his sixty weary men. The Californians gave him permission to remain if he'd stay in the great central valley. Ignoring the "if" he marched to Monterey. Then, ordered by Mexico to depart, he returned to the valley, offended, and thence watched the actions of the greedy ones amongst



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the American pioneers. When they marched to and captured Sonoma he hurried to join them there. With Freemont to back them, they hoisted the Bear Flag, and declared California an independent republic. Unable to understand, unwilling for trouble, the Californians were amazed that their most prominent citizens were taken prisoner by Freemont. And having been caught in a trap by the greed of a few of his fellow countrymen, Freemont himself was embarrassed. War breaking out between Mexico and the United States saved his face. Again a Yankee captain came to Monterey. And then within a week the Stars and Stripes flew over Monterey and San Francisco. The Bear Flag was hauled down forever. In the north the taking of California was almost bloodless. But in the south the caballeros defeated Kearney, and defied him till Stockton came with reinforcements. In January, 1847, the Americans entered the little town of Los Angeles. War was over, California American.

Now more than ever the American pioneers poured in. They came, sun-scorched, thirst-perished, in thousands along El Camino del Diablo. At Las Tinajas Altas many lay down and died, too weak to climb to the cold sweet water. All along the Devil's Road their white bones lay, and the bones of their beasts. Cholera, scurvy, dysentery, broke out. Indians attacked. And soon they gave up the Devil's Road for the easier route to the north.

OVER the easier route to the north they came in their thousands; shouting to the oxen, urging mules and horses; pausing now and again to bury a comrade slain by an Indian arrow; to wait while a baby was born. At camping time the fiddles played, and men and women danced. But soon the lush green grass of the prairies was left behind. Wagons went slower then. To lighten loads for the beasts, stores were abandoned till the trail became strewn with stores, picks, shovels, furniture, and all manner of household goods. Buzzards hovered over the trail by day. By night wolf and coyote howled. Cholera, scurvy, dysentery, broke out. The air was poisoned by bodies of dead beasts lying so thick that a man might walk for a hundred miles on them, never setting foot on the ground.

Let's follow, briefly, one party of the pioneers. In the spring of 1846, George Donner, a wealthy merchant of Springfield, Illinois, set out from Missouri with 88 people. The weather was lovely. Game abounded. Indians were friendly. Lush grass covered the prairie. There were milk cows that the women and children might have milk and cream. It was a happy party, and each afternoon at camp time there was singing and dancing. By September 20 they were past Salt Lake. Now an arid

desert stretched before them. Throats grew dry. Children began to wail, women to look troubled. Men looked at one another grimly. Maddened by thirst, some of the oxen galloped away to seek water, and lest he be lost in the mirage-glimmering desert, no man dared follow to bring them back.

For six days they crept over the desert; by then provisions were low. Sending on two of the strongest to seek help, the party camped that night with the Sierras in sight in the west. When morning came there was new snow on the mountain tops. So weak were the beasts now that the teams had to be doubled up. Six yoke of oxen to pull one wagon. Slowly they crept toward the snow-capped Sierras. On October 20 the cattle were turned out to graze. Instantly a band of Indians galloped up and drove off twenty head. Now none but the sick, the children, and the few aged, could be allowed to ride. In silence, save for the wailing of tiny children, the crack of the whips, the emigrant train crept on.

ON October 19 two men who had gone for help returned with seven mules laden with flour and beef sent by Sutter from Sacramento. Hope rose high. Now all was well again. But, making a dire mistake, the emigrants rested in camp for three days. And when they started again snow was falling in great slow-drifting flakes. Panicky, they split into small parties; each to seek its own way. After wandering vainly in the winter storms for two whole weeks, they joined up in one party again, deciding to kill the remaining beasts, preserve the meat, and all cross the high mountains together afoot. But that night a wilder storm than any yet burst on the mountains. The hungry beasts strayed off, and were lost. There was no escape now. The emigrants must winter in the mountains. In April the last of them tottered into Sacramento. Save for seven men, eight women, and thirty-six children, all had perished.

In January, 1848, James Marshall was building a saw mill for Sutter by the American river. On the 24th one of his laborers wrote in his diary, "This day some kind of mettle that looks like gold was found in the tail race." And a few days later James Brannan, a San Francisco merchant, galloped from Sacramento along the streets of San Francisco shouting "Gold! Gold in the American river!" Instantly merchants closed their stores. Laborers threw down their tools. Sailors deserted their ships, soldiers their posts. The world went mad. Thousands set out from the Atlantic States by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Their baggage must be carried on their backs through tropic swamp and forest. The tropic rain beat down. Fever broke out. In panic they dropped their belongings and hurried on

(Continued on page 44)

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FIRST GRAND PRIZE is \$2,500.00 cash—a new Buick 4-door Sedan or \$1,000.00 EXTRA may also be won for promptness, making \$3,500.00 all in cash. Second Grand Prize is choice of a new 1936 Oldsmobile Sedan or \$1,000.00. Then, there are 108 more cash prizes all of which will soon be awarded, and, three New York business or professional men, having no connection with our company will be the judges, and they, with the help of their assistants, will decide the winners. All Players who enter and compete for the prizes agree to accept the decisions of the judges and their award of the prizes as binding and final.



THERE IS NOTHING TO BUY OR SELL to win one of the cash Entry Prizes reserved for those who just submit solutions to the autographs. That's simple enough, isn't it? Just as soon as we receive the coupon you will be sent complete detailed Prize Lists, the Autograph Chart with 20 other autographs to be solved along with an Official Answer Sheet for sending your complete list of solutions. All this sent to you with no cost whatsoever. All answers submitted must be printed clearly in pen or pencil or typewritten in the same order as they appear in the Autograph Chart and bear the complete name and address of the sender.



THERE ARE 200 CHANCES FOR YOU TO WIN from \$1.00 to \$3,500.00, so—be sure to SEND THE COUPON quick. Did you ever hear of any contest that was so new, interesting and exciting with such big cash prizes where it was so simple and easy to win? First Prize will be awarded to the person whose answer contains the largest and nearest correctly spelled number of solutions to the 30 autographs in the Autograph Chart which you will receive by return mail. (The ten in this advertisement are a part of the 30); Second Prize will be given to the person submitting the next most correct list; and so on, until all 100 prizes in each class have been awarded. However, if there is a tie for any of the prizes in the solutions to the 30 autographs in the Autograph Chart, there will be as many prizes reserved for them as there are persons tied before any prizes are awarded—that is, if two



#### CAN YOU READ THESE UNUSUAL AUTOGRAPHS?

- 1 *Fred Astaire*
- 2 *Sam Haysman*
- 3 *Ray Grant*
- 4 *Allyson*
- 5 *Madame Beauveff*
- 6 *Colive Judge*
- 7 *Jessica Fragette*
- 8 *Bela Lugosi*
- 9 *Rochelle Hudson*
- 10 *June App*

or more Players tie for first prize, the first two or more prizes will be reserved for them and a second list of other unusual autographs will be sent to all persons so tied. Then the person sending the nearest correct answer to this second list of autographs will be awarded first prize; the person sending the second most correct answer, second prize; and so on until all prizes so tied for are awarded. In case of ties in the answers to the second list of autographs, the full amount of the prizes tied for will be paid to each Player so tied.

EVERYONE WHO ENTERS FOR THE GRAND PRIZES WILL RECEIVE A SPOT CASH PROFIT WITHOUT DELAY. Anyone may submit as many entries as he wishes, but only one of the prizes offered (the highest amount won) will be awarded to any one person or household. 100 Entry Prizes are to be won simply for submitting the best solutions to the unusual autographs according to these directions. 100 big Grand Prizes are to be awarded to winning entrants who qualify by simply obtaining \$4.00 worth of subscriptions to the Gentlewoman Magazine, keeping \$1.00 commission out of that as a cash award—and NOTHING MORE ever. Entrants in this Autograph Game may be offered additional special prizes, one of which may also be won.

WHO KNOWS—YOU MAY BE THE VERY ONE WHO CAN WIN \$2,500.00 CASH AND A NEW 1936 BUICK SEDAN OR \$3,500.00 ALL IN CASH. The only way for you to find out is to send your solutions to these autographs on the coupon at once. Do it NOW! This contest officially closes April 10, 1936, and all entries must be mailed before midnight of that date to count. No answers will be returned or corrected once they are received by us. We cannot be responsible for the receipt of, nor delivery of, literature, answers, and so forth, which may be lost or delayed in the mails.

THE AUTOGRAPH GAME IS EASY TO PLAY AND YOU NEED SEND NO MONEY at any time to win a cash Entry Prize. Don't go to any unnecessary trouble. Just SEND THE COUPON NOW! The prize winners will be announced just as soon after the close of the contest as possible.

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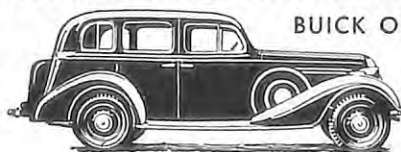


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(Continued from page 42)  
empty-handed. Fifteen hundred clamored for passage from Panama to San Francisco in a little steamer with room for only 75. She sailed with 350. From all the world ships made for the Golden Gate. By November 600 ships had entered San Francisco Harbor, and lay there, row on row, deserted by their crews. In Boston and New York the Yankee ship builders were busy building ships such as never had been. Swift clippers, to thresh their way west against the Cape Horn hurricanes, and, carrying stores of all sorts to San Francisco, pay for themselves with the profits of one voyage. Over prairie and desert now came the covered wagons in numbers far greater than ever. Hundreds set out for California in light spring wagons, in buggies. There were many who dared it afoot. In 1848 forty-two thousand emigrants started for the gold fields overland, and of them there died of cholera on the way five thousand. In 1849 the snow was of terrible depth in the Sierras. In 1850 it was worse. Survivors streamed into Sacramento with tales of horror left behind. Often the progress of the forty-niners was as the rout of a great army. The nearest thing to compare with it in all history was perhaps the retreat of Napoleon from Moscow. Rumors of watering places on the desert lured thousands to their death. Women carrying infants through the mountain snow, tottered on hopeless feet; their men left dead behind. All through the story the bravery of the women shines, never surpassed by that of any man. Again and again relief parties set out from Sacramento. Relief stations were established in the mountains. One relief party met an emigrant train that for 200 miles had eaten naught but the flesh of dead mules. Traders who hurried to the desert sold water at a half dollar a pint, flour at two and a half a pound, to such as could buy. Streaming into Sacramento, the survivors were welcomed, fed, clothed and cheered by the open-handed miners, as long ago the early pioneers had been welcomed, fed and cheered by the Spanish Californians.

IN 1850 California was admitted to the Union. And as the years passed on, and the easier gold was skimmed from the hill mines, men began to turn their minds to agriculture. The great rancherias of the Spanish days were broken up and settled. Acre after sunny acre was sown with wheat. In the sixties the first ship sailed from the Golden Gate for Europe with wheat. None finer ever grown. In the nineties there were often as many as a hundred ships at a time in San Francisco Harbor, waiting for the lighters that brought the golden grain from the great inland ranches. And soon the Golden Apple began to rival the Golden Grain. In 1873 Mrs. Eliza

Tibbets set out at Riverside two navel orange trees from far away Brazil. Up and down the sunny southern hills the groves spread fast. And presently there came upon the scene a new breed of pioneers; men who thought of water for the endless acres where no water was. Rivers were damned, canals built. Now California had indeed her cabbage patch. Where once had wandered antelope and elk, bear and coyote, where long ago the naked Indian sought for grasshoppers to roast, and gathered acorns for his acorn mush, stood olive, orange, fig, peach, apricot, nectarine, plum, persimmon, grape, in row on endless row. Where once the caballero rode his palomino horse after the long-horned cattle fit for naught but hides and tallow, there grazed on endless acres of lush green alfalfa countless thousands of sleek dairy cows. Where but a little while before the Indian had his dug-out in the dirt, young queenly cities rose.

Where Donner's people starved in the deep winter snow the rotary ploughs roar by, keeping the concrete highway open through the wildest mountain storms. Along the mountain side above the Donner camp the thundering freight trains rumble night and day; the Overland rolls by.

Where Portola and Serra, where Anza and his leather-jacketed veterans rode, lean-faced and gaunt, the children of the pioneers and forty-niners pass, making in one short day as many miles beneath the sunny sky as they in ninety days of toilsome traveling.

UPON the inland sea that stretches far as the eye can reach, bejeweled cities stand. In through the Golden strait Cabrillo, Cermenho and Drake each missed, the great fleets come. Today men bridge that strait, and bridge that inland sea.

The Golden Cities are found. The Cabbage Patch is found. And, here and there, the mission bells yet ring. And here and there you yet may find the names of Anza's veterans. And such as care to hearken in the moonlit nights, or when dark nights are starry, may, if they will, yet hear, in fancy, the creaking of the old slow-sailing treasure galleon's rigging, the slow and steady tramping of the old explorer's feet, the laughter of the dark-eyed senorita, the flutter of her fan, the groaning of the covered wagon's wheel, the crack of whip upon the oxen's flank, the sudden shrill of a swift Indian arrow, the answering rifle shot.

California, Daughter of Romance, at the right hand side of the Indies. Born of privation. Bred in the pains of forward-looking men. Fostered by Padres' prayers. Child of the hoarse-voiced pioneer; of the now cheering, and now gasping argonaut; of tears, and sighs, and laughter; of ever-present hope.

Tomorrow is another day. Romance goes over one. *Hail, California!*

# The Man from the East

(Continued from page 7)

thing to the attendant, who looked outraged, hesitated, then said, "Tell that to His Honor yourself!"

Messonier raised his head and addressed the bench wearily. "It makes little difference to me who handles this case. I understand that the State pays a thousand dollars to the lawyer who is assigned to defend a murder case by the court. All right, let somebody earn it. Give it to some young fellow who needs the money. It doesn't matter how he bungles it, I'll see that justice is dispensed—outside the courtroom!"

AND from that minute on the Mussey murder became feature material. The speech was just cryptic enough to titillate the public's fancy. It was the opinion of some that Henry Messonier was only a charlatan who couldn't resist play-acting at idiotic magic even when his life was at stake. That was the opinion of those who hadn't seen him, but read about it in the papers. Those who had noted the tight tense look in his eyes said, "Well, anything is possible. He's learned a lot in the East. There are stranger things on the earth than the mind of man—"

The Judge's remark to the assistant district attorney in charge of the case was more sophisticated. "I bet you," he said, while they talked it over at lunch, "that his defense will be insanity. He's started already looking dreamy, talking queer."

And Messonier, back in the Tombs, did only one thing to indicate that he took an interest in his own defense: he asked permission to send a cablegram. It was addressed to one, Norman Messonier, care of a certain monastery near Lhasa in Thibet, and it said, "The time has come. I need you. Do you remember the plans we often discussed in our youth? Come to New York. I count on you."

Then he seemed to forget about the whole thing. He asked for books—strange books whose titles the keepers couldn't pronounce because they were mostly in foreign languages. The books were costly, but he had money. So he did nothing but read and eat and sleep, and look out of his cell window at the traffic on Centre Street.

The young lawyer who was assigned to the case barked at him, and swore and perspired. He couldn't get him to talk, couldn't get a hint of how to go about saving his client from the chair.

At the trial Messonier let him cross-examine the People's witnesses as far as the inadequate preparation permitted, but refused to take the stand himself. The lawyer was glum.

He was getting a thousand dollars, had gotten a lot of publicity, but his reputation wasn't going to be enhanced when his client was convicted. And convicted he was. And sentenced. And back to the Tombs pending transfer to Sing Sing where he'd get a free haircut.

Willis Sangerson had been one of the witnesses at the trial. The district attorney had thought that the suave, polished millionaire husband of Marian Mussey would help the People's case.

But the papers next day spoke only of how Messonier's brilliantly intense eyes had rested on the witness throughout his testimony, had followed him as he hurriedly left the courtroom when he was excused.

Some sapient reporters button-holed Sangerson in the corridor. "Do you believe Messonier killed your wife?" they asked.

The dark hollows beneath Sangerson's eyes looked as if they had been dyed with ink. His usual jauntiness was not present. He glanced furtively back toward the closed door of the courtroom, and patted his wrist of a moustache with nervous fingers. "I'll leave that to the jury to decide," he said and started to walk away.

But one of the tabloid men stopped him by the simple device of stepping in front of him. "Just one question, Mr. Sangerson. Do you think there's anything to this boast of Messonier's that he can split himself into two entities and send one of them outside of the prison walls?"

"I know nothing of that!" the millionaire rasped. He forced his way through, and fled down the steps to his waiting car and chauffeur.

HE stayed in the city till Messonier was sentenced, and left the following morning for a week's vacation at the Ardmore Golf Club in Westchester. A columnist said, "Messonier talked big yesterday. He claims to be innocent of the murder of Marian Mussey, and threatens to punish her killer with his own hands. It sounds a little thick in view of the fact that he's in the Tombs, and isn't expected to go visiting any more. But why did a certain wealthy man-about-town get a sudden yen to go away and play golf?"

The papers shoved the case back to page two after that, but two days later it pushed itself right forward to page one again. Rather, Messonier pushed it. He told the cell keeper of the second tier that he wanted to see the warden on a matter extremely confidential. The cell keeper communicated the request to the hall keeper, who informed the warden. That official went up to the

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prisoner's cell, and Messonier calmly said to him, "I should like to have the consolation of a priest."

The warden was annoyed. "You didn't have to summon me. The keeper could have taken care of you. What is your religion?"

"I," said Messonier, "am a Buddhist!"

And so the Mussey murder won its way back to page one. Where to find a Buddhist priest—guru, Messonier had called it. A little known fact was publicized—that there are several thousand adherents of Buddhism in the United States, belonging to an organized church. But Messonier would have none of them.

"In Thibet," he told the warden, "I came to admire, and then to believe in Buddhism—the real occultism of the Dalai Lama. I must have an authentic lama who can guide my being out of my body and instruct it in the road to follow when it is free of its corporeal bonds. Such a guru—teacher—would stay at my side until the last breath had left my body. Only so could I be sure that my spirit would choose a proper reincarnation."

More Sunday features! Editors thanked their stars for Messonier. They ran free advertising for a lama!

And on Monday morning a real, authentic lama presented himself at the main entrance to the Tombs with a pass from the Commissioner of Prisoners permitting him to visit the prisoner, Henry Messonier, and to accompany him when he went up to Sing Sing with the next batch of felons.

The hall keeper respected the Commissioner's pass, but he was suspicious of this tall, thin lama with the piercing black eyes, who was clad in a flaming orange robe with a little diamond star flashing from the front of his bright red hat.

HE searched him carefully, as the rules provided, but found nothing more incriminating than a huge wad of United States currency. The lama, who spoke English better than the keeper, dazzled him with a smile that showed strong white teeth. "As you see, my friend, I am harmless."

The keeper was making out the prison pass which he had to give the visitor in exchange for the commissioner's pass. He looked up from his writing, moved somehow by the serene tranquillity of speech of this votary of a strange religion. He could find no adequate retort to that simple remark. Instead he busied himself with transcribing the name on the pass.

"Funny name," he said, struggling with the spelling. "Kushof Kharpa. What's it mean—sir?"

The lama smiled benignly. "It means Prince. I am a prince of Thibet."

Strangely, that melodious voice seemed to seep through the being of the keeper. He was a hardened man, and many lies had been told to him

at this gate, but he believed what the lama told him. This man must indeed be a prince in his country. He felt a spell being woven about him, and hastily handed over the pass.

"Go up that staircase to the right," he muttered, "to the second tier. The cell keeper will take you to Messonier."

The lama climbed the staircase and followed the cell keeper around the circular platform in front of the cell block. Messonier was standing close to the bars, as if he had known that his visitor would arrive at just that moment. The lama spoke swiftly to the prisoner in a foreign tongue, and Messonier answered him.

The guru turned to the keeper. "Let me in there, please."

"Sorry," the attendant replied. "It's against the rules. You'll have to talk to him through the bars—and in English, too."

The guru stepped a little closer to the attendant, speaking softly, soothingly. "It is necessary that I enter, my friend. Our religion is a strange one. It has rituals that cannot be observed through cell doors. There is a communion of spirit between the teacher and his pupil—"

The lama was looking straight into the keeper's eyes as he talked, and the keeper seemed to feel that he was engulfed in a hazy mist of strange conceptions that he had never known existed. As in a dream he felt himself taking the key from his belt and opening the door.

HE seemed unable to recall anything that happened after that. For him there was a hiatus of consciousness that must have lasted fifteen minutes, for the hall keeper downstairs stated that the lama had left fifteen or twenty minutes after his arrival. The next thing the cell keeper knew, he was standing on the platform outside Messonier's cell. The key was back in his belt. His body felt cold, the way it had felt that time before he got the fever and was sick. Alarmed, he stuck his eyes close to the bars.

There was Messonier all right, sitting on the wooden bench as usual.

The keeper's voice was hoarse, faltering. "What happened?" he asked the prisoner. "That lama chap must have hypnotized me or something. Did I open the door for him?"

Messonier seemed to be meditating. He was annoyed at the interruption of his thoughts. "Don't be ridiculous. Can't you see I'm here? If you tell the warden you dreamt that you opened my door he'll suspend you on suspicion that you were drunk!"

So the keeper said nothing further.

And strangely, the lama did not return to guide the soul of the condemned man into the right channels in the hereafter. In fact, he was never heard of again.

But Willis Sangerson was heard from. He came back to the city two days later, looking haggard, fear-



ridden. He came right down to the Tombs and demanded to see Messonier. He was taken up to the cell. He looked in and met the composed glance of the prisoner, then shivered. His moustached straggled, the dark pouches under his eyes were puffy. "It's he, all right." He stumbled away along the platform, and down the stairs to the warden's office.

The warden said, "What's the matter, Mr. Sangerson? You look like you've seen a ghost."

Sangerson shivered again. "A ghost! Worse than a ghost!" he whispered. He looked around the office. No one else was present. The warden had once, when he had charge of a western penitentiary, hunted an escaped convict with dogs. They had run the fugitive to earth, and the warden had seen the man's eyes just before he was caught. Sangerson's eyes reminded him of that hunted convict.

THE millionaire talked low, rapidly, as if he was afraid of becoming hysterical if he raised his voice. "I saw him yesterday on the golf course up in Westchester. I tell you, I saw that man Messonier, who's in the cell upstairs! It was drizzling—a little foggy. I was going over the course alone with my caddy, and I was at the eighteenth hole. He walked toward me out of the fog. At first I didn't know him. Then his features became clear. It was Messonier, I tell you!"

The warden laughed, a little nervously. "Impossible, Mr. Sangerson. It must have been your imagination. You see, he's safely up there."

The murdered woman's husband brushed his lips with the back of his hand. "That's what I thought—imagination. Especially when he turned and walked away, disappearing over a hillock. I was too stunned to follow. I let it go, thinking it was a shadow of the thoughts that are constantly in my mind. The caddie had been looking for a ball, and had seen nothing. So I forgot it. But last night—"

Sangerson closed his eyes and slumped into the chair beside the desk.

The warden was only mildly interested, but courteous. "You saw him again?"

"Yes. In my bedroom. I was asleep. I awoke to a touch on my face. And there he was again! This time he talked. And he laughed. God, he laughed!"

"What did he talk about? Did he mention the murder of your wife?" The warden was beginning to think, to recall Messonier's boast. Could it be that Messonier was really innocent of the murder? Could Sangerson have killed his wife? And could he have been so impressed by the prisoner's boast of occult powers that he had actually imagined seeing him?

But Sangerson glanced up with a sly look in his eye. "I suppose I

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was overwrought. Manifestly, he couldn't have been in Westchester if he was in the Tombs." He made the statement, however, with small degree of assurance.

After he left, the warden felt so disturbed that he went up to the second tier to assure himself that Messonier was really in his cell.

Sangerson's pitiable condition puzzled him. He had not failed to note that the millionaire had cunningly avoided telling what Messonier's wraith had talked of when he had awakened him by a touch on the face in the dead of night.

At dinner that evening the warden said to his wife over the coffee, "If Messonier is innocent, and if Sangerson is the murderer of his own wife. I'd hate to be Sangerson—millionaire or not!"

The warden's wife mentioned this matter to her sister. The sister discussed it with her husband and a neighbor, and by noontime the next day a good portion of the city was speculating on the possibility of Sangerson's guilt and Messonier's innocence. An equally important topic of conversation was: "What is there to this Eastern hocus-pocus and magic? Is it really possible for these students of Asiatic lore to perform things inconceivable to the Western mind—such as projecting their spirits out of prison walls in material shape? Was it a wraith Sangerson had seen, or a shadow thrown by his conscience?"

Whatever it was (they soon learned), it could make itself felt as well as seen.

**CAPTAIN SCHLEMMER** answered the call himself, though it was not yet in his province. He was interested in the case, having been the one to arrest Messonier. He followed the butler up the broad staircase in Sangerson's resplendent home in the east fifties, and entered the master's bed-room. Three physicians were there, and a male nurse. The physicians were in perplexed consultation. Sangerson lay on the bed. His frame seemed to be wracked by spasmodic agony. His clenched hands tore at the sheets, his mouth dribbled saliva, his eyes stared mutely at the three doctors for a hint that they might be able to save him.

One of the medical men, Doctor Ford, knew the Captain of Detectives, and greeted him.

"What's his trouble?" Schlemmer asked in a whisper.

Doctor Ford shrugged. "We don't know. There's something in his system. It seems to be eating him up from the inside, the way he describes the pain. He claims this man Messonier visited him while he slept in his room at the Ardmore Golf Club last night. Of course, that's preposterous. But whoever it was, he injected something into Sangerson's vein—there's the mark of a hypo needle in his arm. What the injected substance was, we

have no means of telling—now."

"You mean," Captain Schlemmer asked, "that all you can do is wait for him to die so he'll be a subject for a post-mortem?"

Doctor Ford nodded. "I confess we are helpless."

Sangerson's ears were made acute by pain. He heard the doctor's words—what amounted to a sentence of death. His lips formed anguished words. "Messonier said he could help me. Last night—he said 'when the pain comes, call me.' Bring him here. Quick! I can't stand this any longer!"

Captain Schlemmer said, "That's fool's talk. Henry Messonier couldn't have done this to you. He was in jail last night!"

Sangerson screamed, "Get him! I'll go mad!"

Schlemmer questioned Doctor Ford with his eyes. Ford said, "Who can tell? How can we say anything is impossible? Try it. It's the only chance. Medicine can't do a thing for him."

**T**HE detective who prided himself on being hardheaded, gave in. "All right. But I can't get Messonier out of jail because Sangerson saw visions last night. I'll call the Tombs and get them to ask him if he knows anything about it." He turned to leave the room.

"Wait," Sangerson babbled. "He won't help me if you don't tell him—" He hesitated, the words dying on his lips as if in revolt at being uttered. Then a terrible wave of pain engulfed his body, and he talked quickly, slurringly, the saliva drooling out between syllables. "Tell him—I—confess—confess to killing my—wife! I stabbed her. When he came I struck him on the head with the butt—of my gun. You'll find the gun—in that closet—top shelf. Then I put the blood and hair from his head—on the edge of the telephone table. Now call him—quick, for God's sake!"

There was a ghastly silence in the room as Schlemmer walked out with a bitter taste in his mouth.

He was on the 'phone, fidgeting, for fully fifteen minutes. When he returned to the bedroom there was an angry glint in his eyes. He grumbled at Doctor Ford, "The warden couldn't get a straight answer out of Messonier. He just looked through the cell bars and said he was glad Sangerson had confessed, that we could be assured that Sangerson wouldn't die by his hand. Said this guy has met his punishment, the rest is up to the law. And here's your man, dying!"

Doctor Ford was grinning like a chimpanzee. He chuckled. "Clever, that Messonier!"

Schlemmer looked at him, perplexed, then toward the bed. Sangerson lay in a calm sleep, breathing peacefully. His features were composed, betrayed no pain.

"What—what's happened?"

"Just after you went to telephone, the poison seemed to wear off. It left him tired and frayed but alive. I gave him a bromide and he went right to sleep! He'll live to stand his trial for murder."

"But I don't understand. What sort of poison could it be?"

Doctor Ford explained. "I understand it now. I recall reading an article by Messonier in the Medical Journal. It dealt with a little known species of the *Cerastes Cornutus*—the Horned Viper—that breeds in the region of the Himalayas. The venom of this viper, when injected into the human veins, causes intense pain by its action on the blood corpuscles, according to this article of his. But it becomes assimilated into the system within twenty-four hours, and the pain vanishes. The medical profession was somewhat skeptical at the time, I remember, and Messonier was to offer a practical demonstration shortly. This demonstration convinces me. What I don't understand, however, is: who injected it. Sangerson claimed it was Messonier."

Schlemmer drew the doctor into a corner of the room, out of earshot of the others. "Look here, Doc. I have a great respect for your intelligence. I want your advice." He produced a sealed envelope addressed to himself. The postmark read "Melbourne."

"This letter," he went on, "came today. I put it in my pocket unopened when I got the call that Sangerson was dying."

"Why don't you open it?"

"I'll tell you. It's in answer to a letter of mine. I had a hunch some time ago, and I wrote to Melbourne to get some information on Messonier. Do you know what I asked in that letter? I asked specifically whether Henry Messonier had a twin brother, and if so, where that twin was. You see, Henry sent a cable to a certain Norman Messonier in Thibet, and that gave me the idea."

**DOCTOR FORD** said nothing. He took off his glasses and polished them with his handkerchief, then put them on again. "I know what is in your mind, Captain, yet I cannot advise you. Still—"

The two men were silent for a long time. The other two physicians were ready to go, but they sensed the tenseness of those two and paid them no attention very elaborately.

Then Captain Schlemmer proceeded to tear the sealed letter very slowly into small pieces while Doctor Ford watched, nodding his head in understanding.

When the captain had reduced the envelope and its contents to minute scraps he stepped to the open window and scattered them to the wind.

"I'd rather not know the answer," he said. "If that letter said there was no such thing as a twin brother, I'd go mad!"

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A GOOD GUIDE



TO GOOD WHISKEY

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