

The Elks

Magazine



Chas H Grant

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 - Sight Singing



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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APRIL 1936

This Month

OUR cover this month was executed by Charles Henry Grant once the official painter of the American fleet.

The fictional content begins with a story by Reg Dinsmore, ably illustrated by John J. Floherty, Jr., who made last month's cover design. "Old Hay

Burner," a story of a California race track, was written by an author familiar to most of our readers, Jack O'Donnell, and illustrated by Scott Evans, an artist of more than a little promise. We are also publishing a posthumous article by the late Arthur Chapman, "Rodeo." "Cops and Robbers" is an exciting short story by Fergus Ferguson who has done several

short short stories for THE ELKS MAGAZINE in the past.

Other features which will hold interest for Elks include the Grand Exalted Ruler's Message on page 5, and the itineraries offered by several Eastern Lodges for pleasant cruises, by which they have planned to reach the Grand Lodge Convention in July.

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William W. Mountain

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

ON Monday, February 17, 1936, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain died in Bedford, Va., while visiting at the Elks National Home.

Mr. Mountain was born in Howell, Mich., on November 2, 1862, a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Mountain. He received his early education in that city, and was a graduate of De Pauw University.

He became a well known business executive, and served for some years as President and General Manager of the Flint Varnish Company, which he built up to be one of the largest paint and varnish manufacturing companies in the world.

Mr. Mountain entered the Order of Elks in 1909 when he was initiated into Flint, Mich., Lodge, No. 222. He was elected Exalted Ruler in 1915 and served five terms in that office. In 1918 he was appointed a member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee and in 1919 he became Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. His Lodge voted unanimously to present him as a candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler at the 57th Session of the Grand Lodge in 1921 and when this Convention was held in Los Angeles in

July of that year, Mr. Mountain was elected.

At the expiration of his term as Grand Exalted Ruler he became a member of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission (then the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission) on which he served till the time of his death.

Funeral services were held at the MacDonald Funeral Chapel in Howell on February 21, with the officers of Flint Lodge conducting the rites. The funeral sermon was preached by the pastor of the Howell Baptist Church of which Mr. Mountain was a member, while the eulogy was delivered by Henry C. Warner, member of the Board of Grand Trustees. Among the many friends and associates who attended the services in addition to Mr. Warner were John K. Burch, Past Grand Trustee, Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Grand Treasurer, and Florence J. Schrader, assistant to the Grand Secretary, all of whom, with Mr. Warner, represented the Grand Lodge.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mountain is survived by his wife, two daughters and one sister, Mrs. H. F. Keen, of Chicago. To them and to his many friends, *The Elks Magazine* conveys the sincere sympathy of the entire Order.

The Elks 72nd Convention Bulletin No. 1

To the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Past Grand Exalted Rulers, the Grand Lodge officers and committeemen, the District Deputies of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and the officers and members of all subordinate Lodges of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America:

GREETINGS:

Honored for the fifth time, Los Angeles Lodge No. 99 awaits in pleasurable anticipation the opening of the Elks 72nd National Convention, scheduled for the week of July 12.

A program replete with entertainment features possible in no other section of the world is being developed. Every Lodge and every community in California wants the great hosts of Elkdom to visit with them and spend not a week, but a whole season as their honored guests.

The 72nd Convention Committee wants to help every Elk to make his plans clear,

arrangements easy and the way smooth on this great Western Pilgrimage. You are urged to address inquiries to us with the assurance that prompt answers will be given.

If you plan to motor West the Automobile Club of Southern California volunteers to provide all necessary maps from any section of the United States together with detailed reports on road conditions, hotel accommodations and points of interest enroute, or to handle the shipment of cars from any of the forty-six widely distributed forwarding agencies which they maintain throughout the country.

Subsequent bulletins will detail contests, prizes and particularly entertainment features for the members, their mothers, wives, sons and daughters.


Yours for the best Convention ever,

Otto J. Emme, Chairman.

John J. Doyle, Vice-Chairman.

E. A. Gibbs, Secretary-Treasurer.

Monroe Goldstein, Executive Director.



A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler

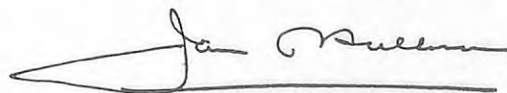
My Brothers:

I am sincerely grateful for the loyal and devoted support received from you in connection with the Grand Exalted Ruler's Elks Anniversary Class initiations held by our subordinate Lodges, the results of which are contained in this issue of our Elks Magazine. It records the devotion of our Brothers to the aims and purposes of our Order.

The month of April begins the new subordinate Lodge year. To the retiring Exalted Rulers I take this means to express my appreciation of the support which they have given to me and for the interest that they have taken in my program. To their successors I extend my heartiest congratulations, and I am asking the members of our fraternity to continue to give them the same support, cooperation and assistance that they have extended to their retiring Exalted Rulers.

Looking back at last year convinces even the most skeptical that the Order of Elks has reason to be cheerful and hopeful. All signs indicate that the coming Lodge year of 1936-37 presents the bright promise of an already dawning prosperity. A quickening of activity is being felt in each subordinate Lodge. On the occasion of my visits throughout the country I have found a cheering note ringing in the voices of our Brothers, a noticeable increase in attendance at meetings and members inspired with tireless zeal for the continuance of our works of charity, mercy, of affection and fraternal love.

My Brothers, your work this year has been excellent, and our success and future prosperity depend in a large measure upon the continuance of this spirit.



James T. Hallinan,
Grand Exalted Ruler.

The Catgut Kid

by Reg Dinsmore

Illustrated by John J. Floherty, Jr.

MARTY MULDOON, six shots of liquor beneath his belt and a satisfying supply on hand, sat in the cabin doorway. An ancient, black fiddle was tucked beneath his stubbled chin and, as he drew weird discord from its strings, the huge dog at his feet lifted its muzzle and gave vent to doleful howls.

Marty lowered the fiddle, took a long pull from the bottle beside him and turned a reproving eye upon the dog. "Pomp," he said with drunken gravity, "d'ye realize it's because of yer off-key singin' thot I have to live th' life of a domned harmit? Lucky fer yer it is thot th' nighest settlemint is thirty mile away else ye'd be shot fer a banshee. Now let us try thot last chune a'gin—an' not so mournful-like."

Again Marty tucked the fiddle beneath his chin and lifted the bow. His moccasined foot began a measured tapping. But he did not play. Pomp, the mongrel, had come suddenly to his feet. A growl was rumbling deep in his massive throat. Hackles slowly lifting, he stood looking out onto the lake that lay before the cabin.

Marty's eyes narrowed and he squinted into the glare of the June sunset. Out there in the red sun-path on the water was the black silhouette of an approaching canoe.

"Company!" snorted Marty. "Jist whin me an' you get well started on a grand big music festival, Pomp! Ain't it hell? Ain't it?"

Moving with a slow reluctance, Marty left the doorway and put his fiddle away. Then hurrying a bit, he lifted a loose floor board, took six bottles of whiskey from the table and the nearly empty bottle from the threshold and stowing them beneath the floor, replaced the board. This done he went unsteadily down to the landing to meet the canoe.

As the craft came nearer, Marty saw that it contained but a single paddler. He noted the unevenness of the paddle-strokes. His brain, always the last part of him to surrender to alcohol, told him that this was no woodsman.

Pomp, the dog was at the water's edge now, roaring defiance at the intruder. The yellow-red hackles along his spine stood erect in a stiff ridge. His lips were skinned back, displaying wicked, inch-long fangs.

"Pomp," said Marty, shading his eyes with a toil-gnarled hand and peering, "it's a greenhorn. Shet yer fool head afore ye scare th' daylight outa him! Well, by all th' saints, it's a *bhoy!*"

And a boy it was. A boy of perhaps fifteen, slim, almost frail. He was bareheaded and his yellow, un-combed hair made startling contrast with a pair of wide, dark eyes. He wore a blue cotton shirt from which one sleeve was entirely missing, patched and faded overalls. On his stockingless feet were a pair of old sneakers, sizes too large. Even the canoe was old. Its red paint was leprous and spotted by many patches. The battered paddle was a foot too long for the boy's reach.

The boy came on, paddling slowly as he neared the shore. His dark eyes appraised Marty and the dog, leaped with eager interest to the logging camps up the bank.

Marty's liquor was getting to him now but he managed to lurch, spraddle-legged, to the water's edge. As he caught the prow of the canoe he wondered vaguely where the boy could have come from, who he was. He managed to get the sharp prow between his knees. It steadied him. He stood staring in blear-eyed amazement.

The boy did not immediately leave his seat. Sitting there in the stern of the craft, he silently returned old Marty's stare. There was something, a certain wisdom, in his wide eyes which gave Marty an uneasy feeling.

Still voicing savage threats the great dog waded out beside the canoe. He kept on until his bared fangs were no more than a foot from the boy's face. The wooded shores echoed to his roars, but Marty, in his trance, did not call him back.

The boy did not once glance at the dog, however. His gaze was still fixed on Marty, but he said, calmly: "Lay off your bluffing, pooch!" and he reached out an arm, the thin arm without the shirtsleeve, and, throwing it almost roughly about the dog's neck, drew the snarling head close against his thin chest.

The dog's growl suddenly ceased. His hackles flattened. His stump of a tail began to wag. He made no attempt to draw away.

Marty gasped. "Me lad," he said solemnly, "'tis an awful chanct ye took! Oi onct seen thot big divil nigh kill a man fer less'n thot."

Still eyeing Marty the boy rubbed the dog's ears. "Who are you?" he asked.

Marty drew himself up to his full five feet-six and slapped himself dramatically on the chest. "Lad, before yez stands Martin Muldoon, onct th' best white water man east av' th' Rockies! Marty Muldoon, who could run a boom av' toothpicks an' niveh wet a foot!"





The boy's grin was like sun breaking through storm clouds. "Swell!" he said. "I'm Por—I'm the Catgut Kid. You're plenty plastered, aren't you?"

Marty stiffened indignantly. Was he getting old, he wondered, that a mere child like this should notice his condition after only a half-dozen drinks? And again he experienced that strange uneasiness.

"Ye'll do well to kape a civil tongue in yer head, lad! I'll own up to takin' a drap or two—but only because a chill took me. Now air yez comin' ashore, or are yez goin' ter squat there grinnin' at me th' rist av th' day?"

"Is that an invitation, Mr. Muldoon?" smiled the boy.

"Sure it's an invite—an' seein' as how Pomp's indorsed yez, yez kin call me Marty."

"Check!" said the boy and got to his feet.

Marty noted the boy's thinness. "Could yez be doin' wid a bite o' grub?" he asked.

"Could the Holland Tunnel swallow a velocipede?" grinned the boy.

"Av tunnels an' velocipeds it's little Oi know," admitted Marty. "But there's beans an' bacon an'—"

"Lead me to it!" said the boy and stepped ashore.

Going up across the stump-studded clearing, Marty's legs refused to function properly, he stumbled and fell. He tried to get up, fell again. Yet his brain was valiantly repulsing the alcoholic surges which assailed it and he suddenly recognized his strange uneasiness for shame. He was surprised at himself. It had been years since he had felt shame for being drunk.

"Don't let this worry yez, lad," he said. "It's only a tetch av vertigo."

The boy smiled like an angel, a very wise angel. "Vertigo? Is that anything like gin?"

Marty rolled to a stump, sat up and got his back against it. "Vertigo, ye disrespectful blather-skite is a sickness, a rush of blood to th' brain er somethin'."

"A rush of booze to the brain—in your case, Marty. You're fried, slopped, pickled! Why alibi? Here, let me help you."

Marty found himself being helped to his feet, into the cabin and into his bunk. But now a guest was beneath his roof and he mustn't let the booze take him until he had provided for that guest's comfort.

"Bacon an' beans—in cupboard," he muttered. "'Taters in 'tater-hole. Coffee—thot tin over there. Make free wid everythin', lad." Then with the next breath, he snored.

For a moment the boy stood regarding the old man with a twisted grin. Then he unlaced Marty's heavy logger's boots and pulled them off. "Funny!" he said, speaking half to himself, half to the dog. "A souse always kids themselves. There was Python Pink—she ex-

pected everybody to believe she got lit because one of her snakes had bitten her. And the Armless Wonder—his alibi was toothache. Makes me sick!" He turned from the bunk, stood with hands on thin hips, surveying the cabin.

The cabin was small, made of peeled spruce logs. The seams between the logs were calked with long-fibered, gray moss. Beside the bunk occupied by Marty there were two others, all with mattresses of fir boughs. There was a small cookstove and two decrepit chairs. There was a pine table with legs of round, peeled cedar. A rough shelf in a corner held a tin water bucket and a smoke-blackened coffee pot. On another shelf there was a small radio, a battery set. A large packing case nailed against the wall and fitted with shelves served as a cupboard.

The boy couldn't know it, of course, but in winter, when the other camps were occupied by a sixty-man logging crew, this cabin served as combined living quarters and office for the camp boss and two scalers.

"Swell," approved the boy, still speaking aloud. "I wonder if the old guy lives here all alone? I wonder what he's like when he's sober. I wonder if he'll let me stay? Gee, I'm starved!"

He crossed to the cupboard and was about to open its leather-hinged door when his eyes fell upon Marty's fiddle on the cupboard's top. He became motionless. A strange expression filtered into his eyes. Then his hands lifted and he took down the violin.

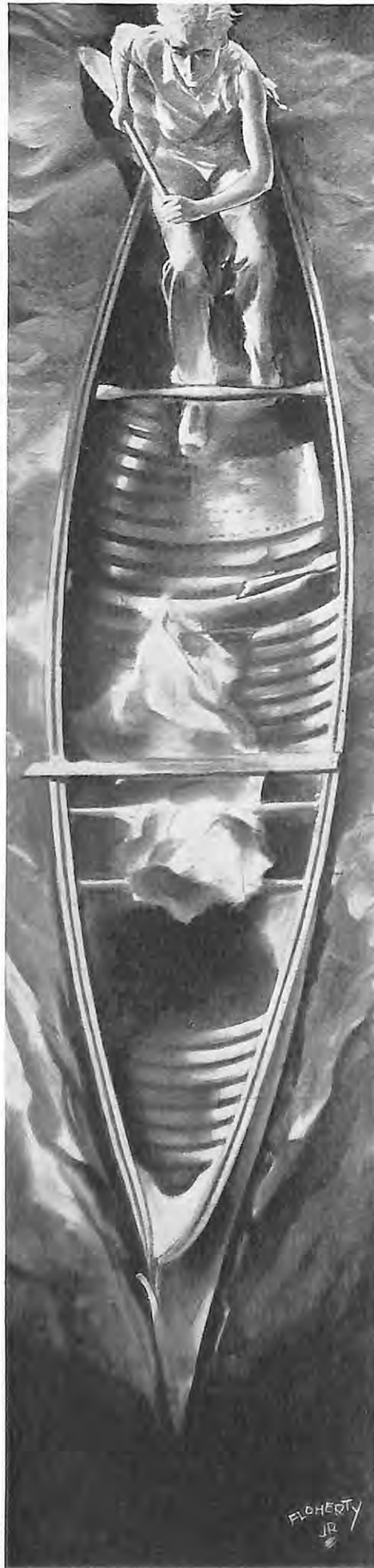
The boy handled that old black violin with an almost reverent touch. He examined it minutely and at length. He took down the bow and subjected it to the same painstaking examination. Then glancing at the sleeping Marty, he tucked the violin beneath his chin.

Slowly at first but with increasing rapidity, his slim fingers performed an intricate fingerboard exercise. Then the bow came up, caressed the strings and a haunting, whispering melody filled the cabin. Pure and ineffably sweet the black fiddle sang, the playing of a master.

Pomp, the mongrel fidgeted as the music did something to his doggish soul. He dropped to his haunches. His head lifted and his muzzle writhed in an unnatural, toothy grin. Then he howled sobbingly and long.

The boy whirled and stared at the dog. Then he smiled and, putting the violin away, proceeded to find food and eat his first square meal in days.

Marty awoke with a head far too small for the ache it contained. His mouth tasted like a mouse nest. His first conscious thought was of a big, quick drink. He swung his feet off the bunk and



sat up with some difficulty.

The boy was standing in the open doorway, looking out onto the lake where mist-wraiths dance slowly in the morning sun. Marty saw him and paused, peering. Memory of yesterday returned and he grunted.

The boy turned, stood for a moment in silent contemplation. "You look like you need some of the hair of the dog that bit you, Marty," he said.

Marty groaned. Then he growled. Then, not knowing why, he lied.

"Ain't got nary a drap, lad. Nary a drap."

With the words out, Marty wondered why he had said them. Never, it seemed, had he needed a drink so badly. And there beneath the floor were six full fifths of whiskey. His head was full of trip-hammers, his stomach sick and fluttery. One stiff hooker would make a new man of him but now he couldn't have it because he'd lied to the boy. Why he had lied, Marty didn't know.

"Tough luck!" said the boy and started for the stove. "Black coffee's the next best thing. Take it easy and I'll make some that'll knock your eye out."

For a moment Marty sat on the edge of the bunk, watching and wondering how a mere child could know so much about first-aid for a hangover. Then with a puzzled shake of the head, he got to his feet and made his way down to the lake shore. There he scrubbed his face in lake water and the cold shock of it did much to clear the cobwebs from his brain. With clearer thought came the realization that he had a problem on his hands and he sat down on a boulder and tried to solve it.

What to do about this boy? From whence did he come? To whom should he be returned? Certainly the lad couldn't stay on here. So long as he was here that liquor beneath the cabin floor was useless.

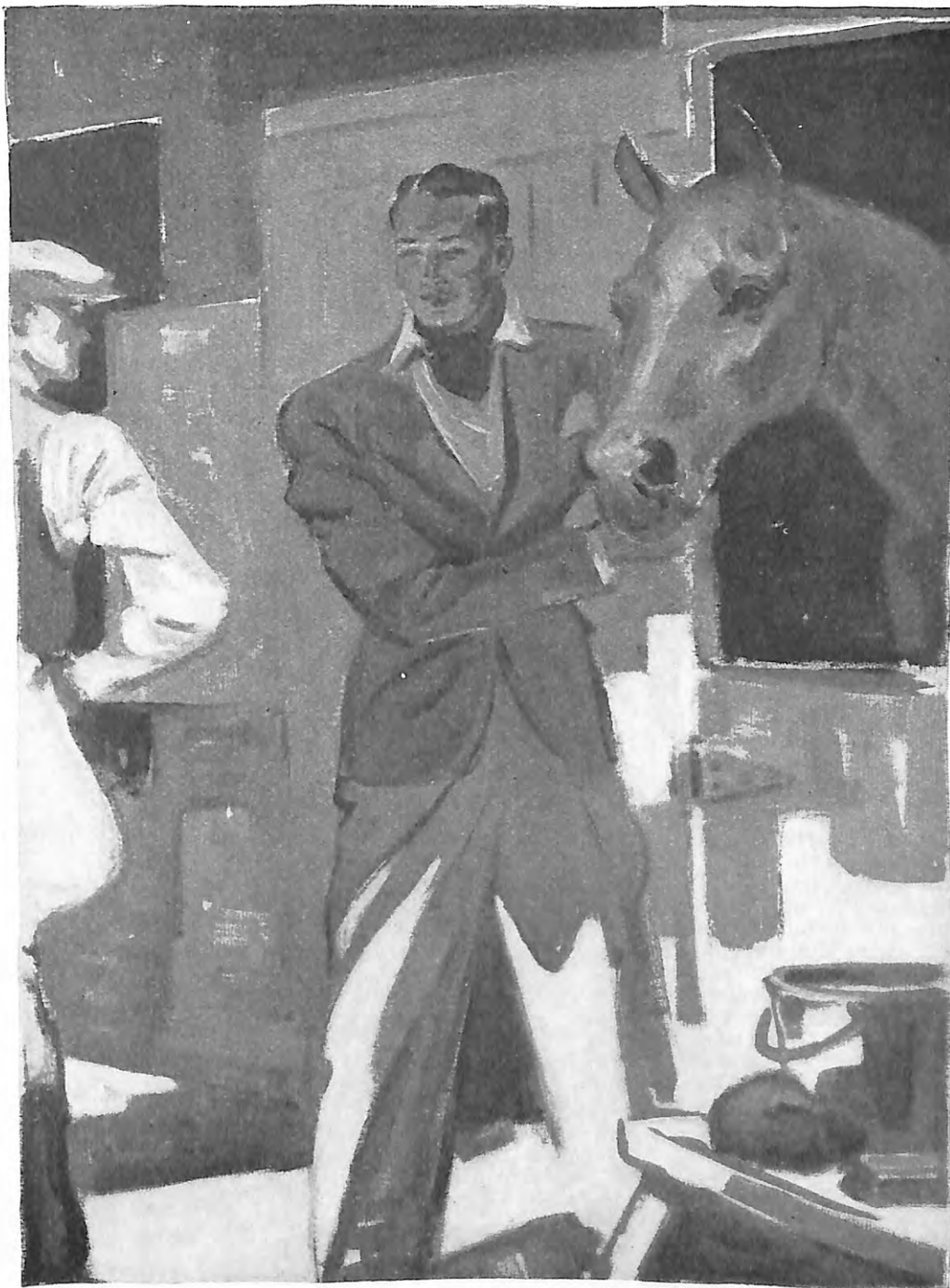
But why was it useless?

Marty couldn't find an answer to that. Needing a drink as badly as he did, why he didn't go and get one he didn't know. But he did know that while the boy stayed he should leave the whiskey alone. Strange. Yes, the boy must go.

A cheery hail came from the cabin. "Oke-doke, Marty! Chow is down!"

Marty returned thoughtfully to the cabin. He'd have a talk with the lad before deciding what to do.

The aroma of coffee and frying bacon met Marty at the door. A stack of golden-brown flapjacks was beside the steaming coffee pot on the table. Marty thought that somehow the cabin had never looked so cheerful. Too, it was kind of (Continued on page 46)



I'm beginnin' to feel sorry for him, he's so trustin'

Old Hay Burner

by Jack O'Donnell

UP to about a year ago I'm what the smart boys call a skeptic. More'n fifteen years around race tracks made me that way. I used to cross my fingers every time I read a newspaper and whenever I'd see anything about Hollywood I used to cross my hands and legs, too. But now I believe everything the papers say about the movie capital.

How come? Well, it was like this:

When hoss racin' was revived in California I was stranded up in the northwest and jumped at a chance to slow freight it to Santa Anita with old Doc Howard's string of three sellin' platers which was known as the Hardly Able Stable because Doc's nags was hardly able to win enough money to pay for shippin' from one track to another.

On openin' day at Santa Anita, the plant is jammed

to the fences. The movie picture colony moves in like it is a De Mille spectacle. But that was only a appetizer; they come back strong the next day an' the next.

The track management ain't slow to see that there's a gold mine in this enthusiasm if something can be done to keep it at fever heat. So they decide to put on a special race to be known as the Moving Picture Derby. This race, they explain, will be restricted to California foaled hosses owned by men and women in the movie industry.

Well, when this announcement breaks in the mornin' papers, the roads between the stables look like a movie set, they're so cluttered up with swell limousines. Out of 'em pours a stream of famous actors, writers, directors and producers, and all of 'em are lookin' for the same thing—a race hoss foaled in California, although most of 'em don't know that foaled and born means one an' the same thing.

Old Doc Howard an' me are sittin' out in front of his barn wonderin' if we can find some sucker who'd give us ten bucks for a hoss the Doc has called The Pouter so's we can buy hay an' oats for the other two platers. The prospects ain't lookin' any too bright when a big peacock blue limousine drives up an' out hops a gal all decked out in the horsiest outfit you ever see—whipcord pants, shiny boots, clinkin' silver spurs, an' a bowler hat fresh from Piccadilly. I look at her coal black hair an' dark, shadowed eyes, an' I almos' fall off the upturned bucket I'm roostin' on. Know who she was, Katie Malbrouk, the movie queen! I'd seen her in dozens of P.N.P. pictures and recognized her just like that! The Malbrouk! Gee!

"Is this Doc Howard's stable?" she asks swankin' up and pointin' her ridin' crop at Doc's barn.

"Yes," admits Doc, getting' up. "I'm Doc Howard, Miss. Anything I kin do for you?"

She takes a quick look around as if she is scared somebody will beat her to what she's after.

"I understand you have a horse here named The Pouter!"

"That's right," says the Doc.

"He's a—or is it a she?" asks the movie queen.

"Gelding!" the Doc tells her. I can see she don't know what he means, but she ain't lettin' a little thing like that stop her. She plays safe on the sex question, asking, "Is The Pouter a California-born horse?"

"Foaled on the McTurk place up near San Jose," the Doc explains.

"Is he—is The Pouter for sale?" she asks.

Doc Howard is about to answer when a guy I immediately recognize as Burton Merrill, the great lover of the screen, busts into the group as excited as a bromo seltzer.

"Give you a thousand dollars for a horse you got here named The Pouter!" he yells, waving a batch of greenbacks.

Before Doc has a chance to open his yap, the Malbrouk dame turns on the actor, screaming. "Get away from here, you big ham! I'm making arrangements to buy The Pouter from Doc Howard. I'm offering two

"I see," says Miss Malbrouk, "that you are starting that wonder horse." Gypsy's eyes turned a steely grey



thousand dollars for the horse and if you don't—"

"I'll make it three," says Merrill quietly.

"Four thousand," snaps Katie Malbrouk, her black eyes gleamin' and throwin' off sparks like a jeweler's window.

"That's too much for any horse except Man O' War," says Merrill. "Anyway, I'll be a sport and let you have him—that is if Doc Howard will sell for that amount."

I take a quick look at Doc. He's gaga—the pace is too fast for him and he needs a breather. He's blinkin' his eyes and runnin' the tip of his tongue across his lips. Four grand for The Pouter! Would he take it? Would he!

"What do you say, Doctor?" says Katie, turning to Howard.

"Well," says Doc slow like, "I wasn't aimin' to sell



Illustrated by
Scott Evans

I have a hunch Wells will throw a fit when he gets a peep at what Miss Malbrouk is dumpin' in his lap and I want to see the fun, so I agree.

Wells explodes a few minutes later when I lead The Pouter up to his barn, an' The Malbrouk who's already there with Merrill, explains she bought the nag for four thousand.

"That's just thirty-nine hundred and ninety-five dollars too much!" says Wells. "That nag is dead but he refuses to lay down!"

"But— but—" stammers the actorine, "I was told he was a good horse!"

"So was Black Gold but they did away with him when he broke a leg," says Wells. "Why they let this fellow live with three bum legs is more'n I can figure out. Four thousand dollars for a one-legged —!" Wells stops short and turns to The Malbrouk. "Say," he says kinda puzzled, "what's got into all you picture actors anyway? Have you all gone hoss crazy? There's been a dozen movie people here this morning tryin' to buy hosses. Ain't more'n half an hour ago a feller I see in one of them jungle pictures was here with his girl. She just begged me to find her a race hoss that was foaled in this state. What's the big idear?"

I see a hard, cunnin' look come into Miss Malbrouk's eyes. She comes closer to Wells and asks, "Was she a little blonde, and did she talk with a foreign accent?"

"Yeah!" says Wells. "Hungarian, or maybe it was Ethiopian. I ain't so good dopin' out them foreign languages."

"Sounds like Gypsy Mareno and Mickey Mason," says Merrill who up to this time ain't took no part in the conversation.

"That's right—I did hear him call her Gypsy," says Wells. "Friends o' your'n?" he asks the gal.

"Not exactly!" snaps Miss Malbrouk.

"I get y'a," says Wells, "but anyway they're comin' back to see if I've found a hoss she can buy."

I see the Malbrouk gal's eyes close like half-opened shutters and she says with plenty of emphasis, "You've found one!"

Wells looks at her as if he don't understand. "Sell her The Pouter!" snaps the actress. When she sees Wells hesitate she tosses him some bait. "Half of what you get for him is yours!"

"Hey! Hey!" cuts in Merrill who seems to be gettin' a big bang outa this event. (Continued on page 50)

The Pouter, but if you're willing to pay four thousand for him I guess you've made a purchase."

The nex' minute Katie is peeling hundred dollar bills off a bank roll big enough to pay off the national debt.

"Know anybody else that's got a California born hoss for sale?" Merrill asks Doc Howard.

"There's quite a few of 'em around," says Doc. "Did you see Bob Wells?"

"Never heard of him," says Merrill.

"He runs a public training stable," Miss Malbrouk explains. "He's going to train my horses for me. I'll introduce you to him if you like!" Then she turns to Doc. "Would you have The Pouter delivered to Mr. Wells' barn?"

"Sure! You'll lead him over for her, won't you, Jimmy?" he says to me.





Show BUSINESS

At upper left, on the opposite page, is Madame Fannie Brice, performing some mad antic which we take to be a comment on the modern dance, in the chronic Ziegfeld Follies. Exotic, we call it. Although the "Follies" is a musical revue of the good old tradition, musical shows are taking it somewhat on the chin these days, when compared with the lavish and glowing spectacles arranged for us by the cinema.

At upper right, on the same page, is Osgood Perkins discussing, with *savoir-faire*, life and love with Ina Claire, who has that ever-desirable role of a wealthy widow in the Theatre Guild's production, "End of Summer." Below them you see Roland Young working around toward making a play for Loretta Young, while Franchot Tone registers Boyish Charm. The picture is "The Unguarded Hour," an M-G-M mystery-romance.

At bottom Miss Shirley Temple, with grace and poise, expresses her views to Guy Kibbee, in her current starring role in "Captain January." Miss Temple remains the Phenomenon of the Age. Above, Robert Montgomery and Myrna Loy, all cozy and warm, take the leads in, a fresh and engaging screen comedy of the Arctic, "Petticoat Fever." It is a title which we feel could be improved upon.

Richard Barthelmess, above center, departs temporarily from the films to star in the play, "The Postman Always Rings Twice," a vivid, if unpleasant melodrama of death and destruction in which Mr. Barthelmess adopts the unflattering role of a mouse, in training to become a rat. At upper right you find George M. Cohan, in his current expression of Irish wit and charm, "Dear Old Darling." Mr. Cohan's vehicle is, as usual, a great hit.

At bottom, splitting across the two pages, is a sinister study of Boris Karloff, facing disaster in "The Walking Dead." Mr. Karloff, it begins to appear, can be discovered any wet midnight, lurking in a cemetery.



Broadcast

At top is an alluring photograph of Maxine, one of those amateur hour discoveries, who is making herself audible as the featured canary with Phil Spitalny's all-girl orchestra over the Columbia network early Sunday evenings. In addition to sounding well on the air, Maxine possesses the advantage of looking well in magazines and other public places.

At her left is a picture of Kate Smith (Miss Smith is the one in the middle) with the Original Celtic Basketball Team, a professional bevy of ball bouncers. Miss Smith, who is a rabid sports enthusiast, recently became enamored of the manner in which the team made baskets, so she bought it. But she can still be heard singing her little heart out for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

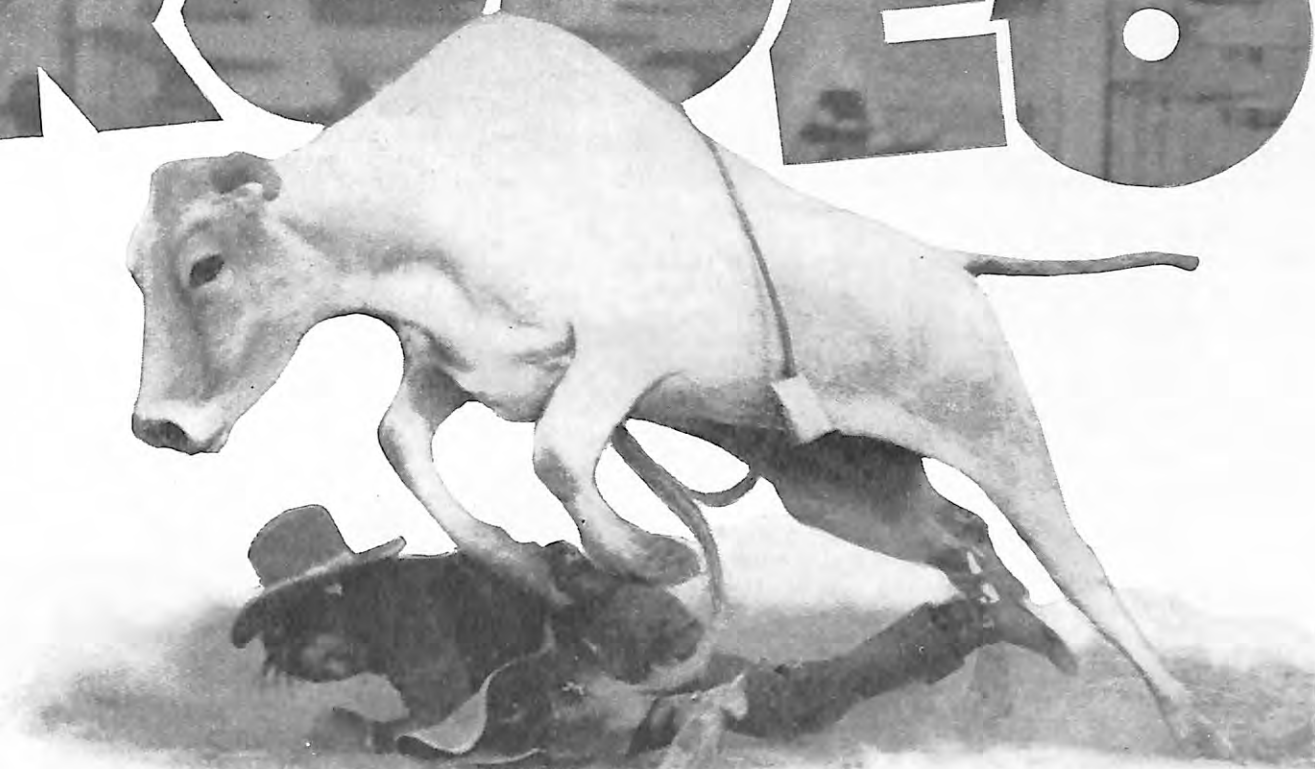
Below is Uncle Ezra (obviously), getting ready to catch a train. Uncle Ezra performs his stuff for the National Broadcasting Company's WEAJ at 7.15 (EST) on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Never having gotten around to listening to Uncle Ezra, we cannot tell you what he

sounds like, but he is, we infer, one of the local yokels.

In the center of the page one finds Red Nichols, to whom the public first loaned its ears when he rent the air with his Five Hot Pennies. Mr. Nichols, who from the photograph appears to be a serious young man, is studying out a new arrangement on his trusty ol' harpsichord. Now that "swing" music is making the nights hideous, Red Nichols, as an exponent of that art, must be having a boom. Swing music, incidentally, sounds to these untutored ears like what we used to call "hot" music ten years ago.

Lower right: James Melton is making noises like a tenor for three ornamental members of the current "Ziegfeld Follies" cast. The program, which also features Fannie Brice, Patti Chapin and Al Goodman's Orchestra, can be tuned in over the Columbia network Saturday nights from 8 to 9 P.M. It is rebroadcast from midnight to 1 A.M. Jimmy Melton is worth hearing. He has a rich, mellow voice which takes to the microphone like grease to the griddle.

RODEO



by Arthur Chapman

HOW had it been reborn, this raw Western town of my youth?

Here were cowboys on the streets—men in high heels and jingling spurs, as in early days. Here were cowponies, standing at hitch-racks or careening madly around corners, as they did thirty years ago. The flimsy, fake-front stores and pioneer mercantile establishments of log and rough boards had long ago been replaced permanently with brick and stone. The glistening mudpuddles at roadsides no longer reflected the images of cowpunchers and stage-coach drivers—up-to-date paving had been done too well. Yet enough of the past gleamed through to show that the old West had been reborn in this favorite cowtown of mine, still remote from railroad.

One touch of the rodeo's gauntleted hand, and anywhere came the same transformation scene so stirring and so colorful, yet so genuine that the tenderfoot and old-timer succumbed alike.

If it were not for the rodeo we would be apt to forget a lot of things that should not be forgotten. We would be apt to forget that the cattlemen were the fore-runners of the farmers, the engineers and the men who made the West's foundation secure.

We would be apt to forget that we still have a cattle industry that is the marvel of the world and we still have the riders whose saddle prowess is needed to keep such a mammoth industry going at top speed.

The rodeo proves this last contention in particular. No old-timer, witnessing a first-class rodeo today, ventures the opinion that the riders are any less skilled or daring than the cowboys of yesterday. In fact some of the rodeo cowboys of today put on a hair-raising stunt called bulldogging in which a steer is thrown

without the use of a rope which would have "stumped" any of the riders of the open range. But perhaps the old-timers would have measured up with practice—for bulldogging is of recent origin.

Nor is it contended that bronc riding and other rodeo features are more difficult than when they were a matter of necessity on the open range. Bucking horses are more difficult to secure, perhaps, but they are "plenty vicious" when captured.

Calf roping is another rodeo sport that has been developed past the old-time point of business. A cowpony, trained to calf roping, will follow every move of the erratic, speedy little animal it is pursuing. To keep one's equilibrium in the saddle





and at the same time make an accurate cast of the rope calls for no small degree of skill. Nor is this all there is to calf roping. After the calf has been roped the cowboy must jump out of the saddle, throw the animal "by hand" and tie three feet together so the calf cannot get up. A tussle with a 300-pound Brahma calf is an excellent bit of exercise in itself.

"Braymers" represent a breed of cattle introduced to the ranges of the southwest in recent years. They are a cross breed between the sacred cattle of India and the ordinary, active cattle of the western range. Usually a plainly discernible hump at the fore shoulder tells of the East Indian blood—that and the sharp horns, rolling eyes, fleetness of foot and evil disposition.

It is dangerous for a man on foot to be in a corral or an arena with these cattle, as they are always "on the prod," to use a local western localism descriptive of a steer that is inclined to fight. The introduction of Brahmas into the rodeo arena speeded up the sport of calf roping 100 per cent and made it one of the liveliest events on the bill of fare at these cowboy entertainments. So finely drawn is the sport today that the competitors bring their own highly trained cowponies, as a split second's difference may result in the winning

or loss of what amounts to a really sizeable purse.

The rodeo, being strictly on a competitive basis, has a sporting angle which the old Wild West exhibition lacked. The one and only and beloved Buffalo Bill died broke because he could not read the handwriting on the wall. If he had turned rodeo producer, instead of clinging to his old-fashioned kind of entertainment, he might have retired with his fortune intact and his big heart unbroken. The answer to the rodeo's popularity is constant novelty. When you have seen one Wild West show you have seen them all, but the rodeo is different every time.

Today more than 100 rodeos are produced in the United States and Canada every season between February and December. These are rodeos of what might be called the first class, offering cash prizes ranging



At top, left: Steer wrestlers' lives are not altogether dull. If the steer falls or the bulldogger's hold slips serious injury may result. Center, at left: Bob Crosby, permanent holder of the Roosevelt Trophy as the best all-around cowboy, casts a loop over a calf. Bottom: John Bowman, a foremost rodeo contestant, ties his calf



from \$2,000 or \$3,000 up to \$35,000, approximately, at Madison Square Garden. Probably the total prize money at these rodeos amounts to \$300,000 or \$400,000. The more successful contestants make from \$3,000 to \$10,000 or \$12,000 a year—most of them cowboys who would be lucky to be drawing down \$60 a month and "keep" at ranch work.

It costs close to \$250,000 to put on a top-notch rodeo in the east, including prize money and rental of livestock but without a dollar being paid to contestants in the way of salary or expenses. Such things are not a part of the rodeo "hand's" life. If he has breaks at a rodeo he lives until the next one on what he can borrow or what he can wheedle out of Lady Luck with little squares of ivory decorated with cabalistic dots.

In addition to the rodeos cited, there are dozens of "bush league" contests, staged at little towns or at dude ranches, where the prizes amount to little or nothing but where ambitious youngsters can get the training that fits them for the "rodeo circuit." Some of the exceptional contestants become stars without any preliminary rodeo experience.

Outstanding among the rodeo stars who leaped from obscurity to fame and wealth is Bob Crosby, who in three years of gruelling contests won permanent possession of the Roosevelt Trophy and became the unquestioned champion all-around cowboy.

Bob and his brother were trying to make a cattle

ranch pay at Kenna, N. M. There were not enough returns for two—barely enough for one. Bob self-sacrificingly stepped out. He took a job in a factory, and his first pay check bounced back marked “no funds.” While talking this over with a local banker, the official said:

“Bob, you can ride and rope—why don’t you try this rodeo game? If you’ll take a shot at it, I’ll pay your expenses for half your winnings.”

Crosby thought if there was anything in it at all there was no use “splitting” with somebody else. He borrowed enough money to take him and his pet roping pony to New York where Tex Austin was putting on a rodeo at the Yankee Stadium. That was in 1923. When Bob took the field it was not in the glory of pink shirt, bat-wing chaparejos and high-crowned hat. He wore

there is to do in bulldogging (politely termed steer-wrestling in the East) is to get on a fleet pony and pursue a steer, which is given a start of a few feet. After the bulldogger has caught up with the steer, he leaps from the saddle, grabs the fleeing animal by one horn and around the neck, stops the critter in its tracks and wrestles him to the earth. It is claimed that friezes on Greek vases indicate that Grecian cow-herds used to perform this feat. Bill Pickett, who got as much as \$12 a week for exhibition bulldogging at rodeos, never claimed to be an authority on Greek friezes, however, so credit for the stunt goes to him. Now a lot of white cowboys who specialize in bulldogging at rodeos, make thousands of dollars a year and revel in silk shirts that were quite beyond Bill’s financial reach.

Dick Shelton, of Tilden, Texas, has been the most con-

Photo by
Bob Wallace



Above at left and on opposite page: Roping six horses at once, a stunt to entertain a rodeo audience. Above at right: The steer wrestler, or bulldogger, has made the jump from the saddle and must stop and throw his steer. Right: Bucking horses have various techniques, though kicking is possibly the most spectacular



overalls and a black shirt, and his wide-brimmed black hat had a funny low crown. He has never changed his sartorial style in the arena.

The unknown cowboy from New Mexico took the glory and cash away from his famous and decoratively-clad competitors. Such calf roping, in particular, had never been seen before. Crosby dashed out of the chutes like a thunderbolt and roped and tied with unerring accuracy and speed.

When the contests were over, Crosby collected \$2,300 in prize money. Then he went to another rodeo, and another, with like results. He proved to be a consistent winner, and the mortgage which was weighing down the cattle ranch was soon lifted. Now he and his father own two other ranches. Today, though he is suffering from an injury to his knee which would put a less game individual on the shelf, Crosby wins from \$10,000 to \$12,000 a year in rodeo contests.

Of medium height, solidly built, weighing about 175 pounds, and with keen gray eyes that look out of a face that is browned by New Mexico winds, Bob Crosby is the typical cowboy in everything, excepting such a few details as smoking, drinking and “cussing.” He has even filled in as lay preacher in the pulpit on occasion.

Crosby’s injury was sustained while bulldogging, a delightfully simple pastime introduced in rodeo circles by a Negro cowboy from Texas, one Bill Pickett, but not yet taken up by the horseback-riding public. All

sistent winner of big prizes for bulldogging in recent years.

Shelton is over six feet tall and weighs more than 200 pounds—all bone and muscle. The late Tex Rickard wanted to make a championship heavyweight prize fighter of him. Dick was a ranch hand when someone called the attention of the 101 Ranch Wild West show to his all-around prowess. From exhibitions with the 101, Dick drifted into the rodeo and soon became a top-notch, especially in bulldogging. Like all successful contestants in the events where time counts, Dick devotes much attention to the choosing and training of his cowponies. When once he has been brought abreast of a running steer, his skill and strength are relied upon for the rest. He holds numerous records in steer wrestling, including that of 6½ seconds, the best indoor record made in the Madison Square Garden arena in 1928.

Today Shelton takes along at least two bulldogging ponies, even to the most distant rodeos. He carries a groom to see that the animals (Continued on page 38)

NOT until his car had slowed and stopped did Mr. Brady realize that he had done a fool-hardy thing, and by that time it was too late. Already the shady little man had slipped neatly into the seat beside him and slammed the door.

"Thanks, buddy," the man whispered and his voice was not reassuring.

"S'all right." Brady did not see what he could do about it then. He slipped in the clutch and the car moved forward and it seemed problematical that he would reach New York intact. "Hell, he's just a thumber," Brady told himself practically, but he knew that here, perhaps, was trouble. Mr. Brady was a man of parts and he did not let his mind put a blacker word to it than "trouble," but there it was. Unarmed, carrying money, he had allowed himself to pick up, late at night, on a lonely road, a ratty stranger with a scarred, furtive face, a whispering voice and a right hand which twitched nervously. Brady could not see the other hand, the one nearer him, but he wondered, lips tightening, what there was in his guest's pocket besides his hand. Hand and pocket were close to Mr. Brady's ribs, so he sat completely still, eyes ahead, foot forcing the accelerator, recalling unlovely details of frequent hold-ups in that region.

"Oh, he's all right," Brady tried to think, but something deeper in him said, "If he's going to pull anything, he'll do it right here, along this stretch." It had to be along that stretch, for only ten miles ahead was the first of a string of towns. Mr. Brady watched the mileage, his foot pressing the accelerator to the floor while the speedometer finger quivered at seventy and the twitchy stranger retained his silence. Brady did not break that silence. He thought he felt something hard jamming against his side but he made no move to confirm it. Only once he stole a look at his guest and met small black eyes shining in the dashboard's reflected light. They had to be pretty beady eyes, Brady knew, to shine in that glimmer.

The miles ticked off: eight, seven, six—. "One mile now," Brady thought tensely. Around the next curve, he remembered, was a town and welcome lights and still more welcome police. He held himself tight, while the car roared on and they were around the curve. "God!" Mr. Brady relaxed and a sigh escaped his lips as street lamps grew thicker, as traffic converged and they were no longer alone. "Never again!" vowed Mr. Brady thankfully. "Never again will I be such a fat-head." He kept up his speed. He couldn't get rid of this unwelcome guest soon enough. "I'll drop him at the next corner," Mr. Brady planned, and his very soul seemed to rub its hands. Once more, trouble and Mr. Brady were strangers.

But this was not Mr. Brady's night. Scarcely had he caught his breath when trouble appeared once more in person. It roared up behind him on a motorcycle, it held up a gauntleted hand and Mr. Brady groaned aloud. Dejectedly he slowed to the curb and bitterly watched the motor-cop leave his machine and stride back along the sidewalk. Mr. Brady, preferring to meet disaster on his feet, got out and stood his ground as up loomed the red, enraged face of The Law, men-



"One more word outa you," Officer Mulchy barked, "and I'll run you in!"

Cops and

tioning several things that ought to be done to half-wits who tear through towns at seventy miles an hour.

"Sorry," Brady said lamely, conscious that he hadn't a leg to stand on. Only a few minutes ago he had been thinking lovingly of police, but no one, he reflected, not even his own mother, could look with love on a cop with an ugly mug like this one. And in truth Officer Mulchy was known as the Meanest Cop in Jersey, a designation he had foully won though it did him no injustice. A sneering, beefy bulk, he roared at length at Mr. Brady and Mr. Brady had to take it, though it seemed that the very air must be stained by the abuse issuing from Officer Mulchy. Brady's jaw hardened but he said nothing, and the little stranger, too retained his masterly silence. Only when at last Officer Mulchy handed in the ticket did Mr. Brady speak.

"Thursday!" he gasped, though he was aware that speech was useless, if not fatal. "Good God, officer, could you possibly make it another day? I know I was speeding, I admit everything, but I've got business on Thursday that may mean more money than I've seen in years." Whately he looked at Officer Mulchy. This ticket for *Thursday* topped all the hard luck since 1929. "I'll be glad to show up any other day," he urged desperately. "I'll pay a double fine, I'll do anything, I'll—I'll buy a new court-house if you'll make it any day but that!"

Officer Mulchy rocked on his heels, and his face, if anything, grew beefier. He was thoroughly enjoying himself. "So you can't come Thursday, now ain't that tough? What do you want me to do, cry?"

"But I say—" Brady began, and at that Officer



Illustrated by
George Howe

Robbers

A Short Short Story
by Fergus Ferguson

Mulchy, out of the corner of his mouth, outdid his previous efforts in vituperation. He hoped, he said, that he was not putting Mr. Brady out *too* much. And Mr. Brady said quietly, no, all it might do was wreck his business.

At this the little man, surprisingly, found his voice. "Listen, officer," he whispered. "I hate to see this bird get in wrong. Listen, he's a white guy. Why, if he's as mean as you claim, he wouldn't've picked me up. In the dark and all. He's all right. Can't you give him a break?"

Brady glanced at his defender in astonishment and saw him wilt and cower under Mulchy's glassy glare. The little man began to twitch and his hat, somehow, blew off, and as he cringingly hopped out to recover it Mulchy turned on him. "One word more outa *you*," he barked, "an' I'll run you in." He tucked his summons book back into his side-pocket and the little stranger, by some hideous ill-fortune, bumped into him as he started to get back into the car. Mulchy looked as if he would like to smash him on the jaw, but all he did was turn the air blue once more, lean forward to favor Brady with a few more choice remarks about seeing him on Thursday, and, at last, he took himself off, his motor back-firing like his own speech.

Brady thought no more of letting the little man out, for the calamity which had befallen him seemed now to be shared by his guest. Grimly he started his car and was off again and nothing was said until at the New York end of the tunnel the twitchy man said, "Thanks, Jack, I'll get off here." Brady, red eyed and haggard, stopped the car, nodding perfunctorily. After all, the

little guy had tried to stand up for him. Then, once more, the stranger surprised him.

"Listen, buddy," he whispered, standing at the curb, "don't let that business about Thursday bother you. You go on about your own business and forget the ticket."

Brady gave him one long, disgusted look. "No, I mean it," said Twitchy earnestly. "Jest forget it. It'll be O.K."

Longingly Brady regarded him. Just once, just once tonight he'd like to slug someone. A vast regret filled him that this little man was smaller than he. "Yes, forget it," he said, "and go to jail." All he could think of was that he knew no one in Jersey who could fix that ticket and that he was up against it. The little man shook his head, sighed, held the door open reflectively and then seemed to make up his mind. "Well, if you won't believe me," he whispered sadly, "I'll leave this with you. Goodnight, and good luck, Jack."

Silently as he had come he faded into the crowd and Brady, puzzled, picked up the gift which the stranger, departing, had left behind him. His tribute.

"Well, I'll be damned," said Brady aloud, remembering many, many things; remembering his first fears of the little man, that little man's foray after his hat and his all but suicidal jostling of Officer Mulchy. "Well, I'll be damned. A pickpocket!"

For there, in the custody of Mr. Brady reposed the summons book of Officer Mulchy which the little stranger, gratefully, had lifted from Officer Mulchy's pocket before the Meanest Cop in Jersey had roared off like a snarling mastiff to harry a helpless world.



EDITORIAL

Exalted Rulers' First Duty

EACH subordinate Lodge of the Order is an administrative unit of the parent organization; and all of its activities are required to be in conformity with the Constitution and statutes of the Order relating thereto, and with the by-laws of the Lodge which must be approved as required by Grand Lodge enactment. Each member of a Lodge is also a member of the Order; and his fraternal rights and duties are likewise legally established and controlled. It follows that the first duty of an Exalted Ruler-Elect is to familiarize himself with the provisions of law relating to these matters which are to be under his official supervision during the ensuing year.

Without a comprehensive knowledge of these provisions on his part he is not adequately equipped to preside over the meetings of the Lodge and to assume leadership in the conduct of its business. And yet experience has taught that many such officers do not, as a preliminary preparation, acquaint themselves with the laws that must control them, the Lodge and its members; and that they frequently permit, or acquiesce in, irregular, and even illegal, action by the Lodge, through ignorance of the governing regulations.

This fact was recognized by the Grand Lodge Committee on Lodge Activities which prepared the Manual for Officers and Committeemen, in which the suggestion is made that each Exalted Ruler, before assuming his official duties, should make a thorough study of the laws under which the business of the Lodge is to be conducted.

The matter is again called to the attention of the newly

elected officers as one of real importance. Compliance with the suggestion will increase their efficiency and will prevent the embarrassment, and not infrequently the troublesome consequences, arising from a failure so to do.

Another duty of such officers, which is really incident to that above referred to, is that of familiarizing themselves with the accepted rules of parliamentary procedure, which are designed to insure an orderly conduct of the Lodge meetings over which they are to preside. Without a reasonable knowledge of such rules a presiding officer is materially handicapped in maintaining proper control over such meetings, and insuring proper direction to the business under consideration. A good presiding officer is a product of experience. But the result will be hastened by a study of the rules which he is called upon to enforce as well as to obey.

Every Exalted Ruler-Elect must acknowledge the wisdom and timeliness of these suggestions; and should readily adopt them in his preliminary preparation of himself for his installation. Such a compliance really constitutes his first official duty.

Representatives to Los Angeles Convention

THE annual Convention of the Grand Lodge is naturally the outstanding event of the fraternal year. The matters which are then considered and determined are of importance to the whole Order. Every Elk has an interest in the actions of this legislative body. The interest of Grand Lodge members is somewhat more specific, because they have the



privilege of attending and participating in the proceedings. But the interest of the Lodge representatives is the most direct and personal, because they are definitely charged with the duty of such attendance and participation.

And yet the average number of Lodges without any official representation at such Conventions is in excess of four hundred,—more than one-fourth of the whole number of subordinate Lodges. Of course the delinquent Lodges are not always the same ones. There seems to be no general rule that applies to the situation. Large and prosperous Lodges as well as small ones, and Lodges near by the Convention city as well as distant ones, are to be found in this unrepresented group. The only explanation is that such Lodges definitely disregard the pertinent laws designed to secure such representation.

Article III, Sec. 4 of the Constitution provides that the Exalted Ruler shall be the representative of his Lodge to the Grand Lodge session and requires an alternate to be elected to serve in his place if he be unable to attend.

Sec. 128a of the Grand Lodge Statutes provides that: "*It shall be the duty of the representative of the Grand Lodge to attend the session thereof.*" And it further provides that the Lodge shall pay the expenses of such representative.

No specific penalty is prescribed for failure to obey the mandate of the statute, it probably having been assumed that a proper regard for its own best interests would be a sufficient incentive to any Lodge to an observance of the law. And it only remains to call the matter to the attention of the Lodges and to urge their careful consideration of the very obvious advantages to accrue from such representation.

The Exalted Ruler who attends a Grand Lodge session will secure such information, receive such inspiration, and experience such official fraternal contacts, that he will be

much better equipped to administer the affairs of his Lodge. The whole Lodge will be the direct beneficiary of this increased efficiency and enthusiasm. It is the most direct way in which the subordinate Lodges and their members may be promptly and fully advised of Grand Lodge action and the reasons therefor, and of the policies and purposes of the new administration. It is the only way in which their views and opinions upon matters pending before the Grand Lodge may be properly presented and considered.

It would seem that such consideration should insure a complete representation of Lodges at Grand Lodge sessions. And it is hoped that the approaching Convention at Los Angeles will establish a new record for such official attendance.

Habit



THE word habit is very resistant to decapitation. Leave off the first letter and "a bit" remains. Behead again and the same "bit" is left. Drop the b and "it" still remains.

The thing which the word defines is equally resistant. A fixed habit becomes so much a part of a person's daily life that it is followed unconsciously; and to rid one's self of it becomes increasingly difficult with its continued indulgence.

Of course all habits are not vicious. Many are good and should not be abandoned. But since all grow more persistent as they are longer followed, and since each habit is likely to have some influence upon the forming or continued practice of others, it is wise to exercise caution against the contraction of those which are bad.

Habits are as insidious as they are persistent. They often become dominating before one is aware of it. Fortunately this is as true of good ones as it is of bad ones. The suggestion is obvious.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Holds Grand Ball

The annual Grand Ball, held by San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, took place on February 8 in the handsome Lodge room of the Home.

Est. Lead. Knight George Doherty, Chairman of Arrangements, reported the presence of 1,200 members and their ladies. During the course of the evening C. J. Goodell, on behalf of the Lodge, presented a beautiful bouquet to Mrs. Peter J. Mullins, wife of the Exalted Ruler. Mr. Mullins delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast. A dinner was served in the main dining room to a capacity crowd of 500. The event was one of the most brilliant affairs ever conducted by the Lodge and has done much to add to the prestige it enjoys in the city of San Francisco.

High Elk Officials Attend Dallas, Texas, Initiation

Past State Pres. Harold Rubenstein, of Brenham, Tex., Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, State Pres. Fred E. Knetsch of Seguin Lodge, and many other notables of the Order in Texas, attended the initiation ceremonies for a large class of candidates in the Home of Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71, recently.

Before the meeting Past State Pres. George W. Loudermilk, E.R. of Dallas Lodge, gave a stag dinner for Mr. Rubenstein, Mr. Knetsch, E.R. Andrew M. Smith of San Antonio Lodge, E.R. J. A. Bergfeld of Tyler Lodge, and others, at the Hilton Hotel. Many members of Fort Worth Lodge, headed by E.R. A. F. Graham and P.E.R.'s C. H. Robinson and John D. Carter, attended the initiation. Mr. Knetsch, D.D. E. J. Ormsby of Mexia Lodge, and Past State Pres. H. E. Holmes of Temple Lodge, spoke at the meeting.

Pool and Billiard Players Perform at Elks National Home

Through the courtesy of the National Billiard Association of America it has been made possible for the residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., to enjoy the privilege of witnessing the performances

Flag Day Announcement

Inasmuch as Flag Day, the 14th of June, falls on Sunday, it is possible some Lodges will prefer to hold their observance of this national occasion on the Saturday preceding or the Monday following, in which case a special dispensation is hereby granted giving my permission to any Lodge to hold the ceremony on either day it wishes.

It is my hope that every Lodge make this an important event in its community. Flag Day has become increasingly popular in its observance and many Lodges have increased their membership and prestige by their successful conduct of a community-wide program on this day.

JAMES T. HALLINAN,
Grand Exalted Ruler.

of national pool and billiard champions. Among these stars are James Caras, George Spears, Ruth McGinnis, Joseph Procita, George Kelly, Allen Hall and Willie Hoppe. The players are putting on exhibitions in cities all over the country and the National Billiard Association has graciously included the Elks National Home in their itinerary, thereby affording the residents of

the Home, many of them distinguished billiard players in their day, the privilege of witnessing present-day champions in action.

Champe S. Andrews Succumbs; P.E.R. of New York Lodge No. 1

P.E.R. Champe S. Andrews of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, died suddenly on February 25 in New Haven, Conn. Mr. Andrews guided No. 1 brilliantly and constructively from 1902 to 1905. He never lost his interest in the Order, always keeping in touch with current Lodge affairs and supporting Elk activities. He was born in Yazoo City, Miss., a little more than 60 years ago.

Mr. Andrews was initiated into Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, before coming to New York City in 1900 to establish a law practice. He became affiliated with New York Lodge and was appointed Esquire by the late Edward Leach, Past Grand Exalted Ruler. He was elected Exalted Ruler in 1902 and served three terms. He established the weekly Lodge circular and was responsible for the endowment of New York Lodge's room in the Post Graduate Hospital. In 1904 he was appointed a member of the Board of Governors of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., to fill the unexpired term of the late Meade D. Detweiler, Past Grand Exalted Ruler.

His death comes as a real bereavement to the Order at large and to New York Lodge No. 1 in particular.



A large class of candidates initiated by Charleston, West Virginia, Lodge

Ossining, N. Y., Lodge Burns Mortgage

Three years ago Ossining, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1486, built a handsome new Home at a cost of \$30,000, and being unable to bear the entire financial burden at the time, took out a considerable mortgage. For several years the Lodge has been amortizing the mortgage and recently the payments were completed.

The mortgage was burned at a venison dinner given in the Lodge Home. The deer served as the principal course was shot by Est. Loyal Knight Harold J. Cullen and Thomas O'Brien. Among the distinguished guests present were P.D.D.'s James Dempsey, Jr., of Peekskill, James H. Moran of New Rochelle, and Dr. Joseph E. Vigeant of Poughkeepsie. Other guests from out-of-town Lodges were E.R. Heber Sutton of Port Chester Lodge, P.E.R. Edward R. Dowd of White Plains Lodge, Est. Lead. Knight Frank Wells of Mount Vernon Lodge, P.E.R. William P. Crowell of New Rochelle Lodge, and E.R. Charles F. Friedmann and P.E.R. Dr. Sol R. Werner of Peekskill Lodge.

Xenia, Ohio, Lodge Celebrates 35th Birthday

Xenia, O., Lodge, No. 668, celebrated its Thirty-fifth Anniversary recently and on that evening was host to Wilmington, O., Lodge, No. 797. The trip to Xenia was made by

interesting anecdotes of its early days. Mr. Kany presented the Xenia Elks with a large picture of the late Hugo N. Schlesenger, the Lodge's first Exalted Ruler.

Leominster, Mass., Elks Visit North Adams Lodge

Fifty-three members of Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237, recently paid a return visit to the members of North Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 487. D.D. J. Bernard Boland and his suite from North Adams had recently visited Leominster Lodge officially. The Leominster delegation was royally received and entertained at a banquet at the Richmond House. As most of the visitors stayed the weekend, a dance was given for them on Saturday night, and Sunday was spent enjoying social pastimes.

William J. O'Brien, Jr., Robert W. Brown and Rush L. Holland.

For the past few years he had been a resident of the Elks National Home in Virginia, where he was much loved and respected by his fellow Elks. Burial took place in Omaha.

Distinguished Elks Accompany D.D. Bush to Augusta, Ga.

A number of distinguished Elks, members of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, traveled by motor recently to Athens, Ga., Lodge, No. 790, for dinner and a special reception held for them. The visiting Elks were John S. McClelland, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; Secretary J. Clayton Burke; P.D.D. J. O. Perry, Jr., and Lieut. Ragsdale. After the dinner at Athens Lodge they accom-



Members of Klamath Falls, Ore., Lodge entraining for Alturas, Calif., where they held a joint meeting with Lakeview, Ore., Lodge



Members of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge who recently paid tribute to the memory of Will Rogers and Dr. Frederick Warde, actors, at a memorial service. Rupert Hughes, author, delivered the eulogies

the Wilmington Elks for the purpose of conducting an initiation of 15 candidates into Xenia Lodge. A turkey dinner was served to the 80 members who participated. E.R. James P. Kyle presided as Toastmaster. A response was made by P.D.D. Kent Browning of Wilmington Lodge.

P.E.R. W. L. Marshall, the only charter member of Xenia Lodge present, outlined a history of the Lodge, and P.E.R. Jacob Kany, one of the first members initiated, related

Moses P. O'Brien Succumbs; P.E.R. of Omaha, Neb., Lodge

In the death of Moses P. O'Brien on February 25, the Order has lost a devoted member. Mr. O'Brien died at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. He was a Past Exalted Ruler of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39.

Mr. O'Brien served as Secretary to five Grand Exalted Rulers during their terms of office. He was Secretary to Past Grand Exalted Rulers George P. Cronk, Joseph T. Fanning,

panied D.D. J. Bush, a P.E.R. of Athens Lodge, Aaron Cohen, a life member, and Fire Chief Lester of Athens to Augusta Lodge, No. 205, where Mr. Bush made his official visit. After the regular Lodge meeting the Augusta Elks entertained in honor of the District Deputy. Augusta Lodge has taken on new life, having emerged with flying colors from a great many difficulties.

Milk and Medical Fund Sponsored by Mendota, Ill., Elks

When the members of Mendota, Ill., Lodge, No. 1212, learned that many children of school age were in need of milk, and dental and medical assistance, they agreed to underwrite the project of assisting these underprivileged children. With the cooperation of the Elks, two Parent-Teachers Associations and several churches, a party was given, and the proceeds directed toward the fund. Mendota Lodge has unofficially, yet enthusiastically, committed itself to a program with which to carry on this work throughout the year. The first such party netted \$140.

International Falls, Minn., Lodge Sponsors Testimonial Dinner

International Falls, Minn., Lodge, No. 1599, sponsored a testimonial dinner recently for the industrial leaders and business men of the city. Officials and operating executives of the Minnesota and Ontario Paper Company were guests of honor. The dinner, held in the Lodge's new Hall, and attended by 105 persons, was given to promote a better understanding between manufacturing industries and the local business men. Among the company officials who spoke briefly to express their gratitude were R. H. M. Robinson, C. S. Pope, R. W. Andrews and C. T. McMurray. Est. Lect. Knight L. P. Blomholm acted as Toastmaster. E. R. J. A. Rose extended greetings from the Elks. Others who spoke were H. M. Morse and J. J. Hadler.

International Falls Lodge was instituted in August, 1935, and is going strong. Shortly after the testimonial dinner, a "moose mulligan" feed was held by the members. A dancing party followed in the Lodge quarters.

Life Members of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge Meet

Life Members of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, were recently entertained in the private dining room of the Redmont Hotel with a "Major Bowes Night." The entertainment was composed of one-minute speeches, songs by individuals, assembly singing and a quartet. The quartet received the only "gong" of the evening. The meeting was turned over to the Master of Ceremonies, Dr. H. A. Elkourie, after being called to order by the President, Leon W. Friedman. Arrangements were in the hands of P.D.D. Harry W. English and State Pres. C. M. Tardy. Eighty-one Elks with their ladies and friends attended.

Ga., some thirty years ago and there became affiliated with Atlanta Lodge, No. 78. He was a Past Exalted Ruler.

Melrose, Mass., Lodge Entertains Police

One of the most successful "Professional Nights" on its entertainment program in recent months was held by Melrose, Mass., Lodge, No. 1031, when Police Night was observed. E. R. Joseph Casey presided and introduced the guest of honor, Supt. Edward M. Woods of the Metropolitan District Police, who, after a brief summary of police activities, presented the speaker of the

of law and order, up to the present system of modern times. A program of entertainment ended the evening.

Renovo, Pa., Lodge Seeks John P. Hayes

The Elks Magazine is in receipt of a letter from M. C. Coleman, Secretary of Renovo, Pa., Lodge, No. 334, asking for information concerning John P. Hayes, whose last known whereabouts was Olean, N. Y. Mr. Hayes is a life member of Renovo Lodge. He is five feet, seven inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, and is nearly bald, although he has some gray hair. When last seen he wore a black striped suit and black overcoat.



Above: Judge Hallinan and other distinguished Elks with whom he met at the home of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge

Birmingham Lodge was saddened recently by the news of the death of Will V. Zimmer, who was the first Est. Lead. Knight of the Lodge. He was elected to that office when Birmingham Lodge was instituted in 1888. Mr. Zimmer moved to Atlanta,

evening, Capt. Henry R. Hayes of the Charles River Upper Basin Division, Metropolitan District Police.

Capt. Hayes spoke at length on the gradual development of the police from the time of the Romans when soldiers constituted the enforcement

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge Holds Polish and German Nights

At Top: Members of Moline, Ill., Lodge dedicating their new Rathskeller with a venison dinner. Below: The officers of Oxnard, Calif., Lodge with the large class of candidates they recently initiated into the Order

With more than 200 persons attending, Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, observed Polish Night as one in the series of Nationality Nights that it has been holding during the year. Among the guests of honor were Mayor William P. Yoerg of Holyoke and Mayor Anthony J. Stonina of Chicopee. Entertainment consisted of speaking, skits, music by a five-piece Polish orchestra and feats of magic by the Rev. Father Celestine Rozewicz.

More than 300 Elks and their friends attended German Night held some time later, when a dinner menu made up of German dishes was served. Later a motion picture show, in which views of Germany were thrown upon the screen by John J. Lynskey and Fred Hunt, was presented. Fred and Albert Hupfer later entertained with piano and accordion selections, and sang.

Ball Held by Drum Corps of Union City, N. J., Lodge

The Drum and Fife Corps of Union City, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, recently held an Old-fashioned Mask and Civic Ball at the Lodge Home. Cash prizes were awarded for the most original and the most comical costumes for both women and men, and dance music was furnished by a well known local orchestra. The Ball was given to aid the Lodge's treasury.

New Castle, Pa., Lodge Holds P.E.R.'s Dinner

Charles H. Van Fleet was chosen President of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69, when the Lodge's former Past Exalted Rulers assembled in the Home recently for their annual dinner. After the short business session the 14 Past Exalted Rulers with the present Exalted Ruler, Bertram Davis, as guest, adjourned for a regular Lodge meeting. It is customary for the former Lodge heads to fill the various chairs on this occasion.

D.D. Westermann Visits Hopkinsville, Ky., Lodge

P.E.R. Arnold Westermann, of Louisville Lodge, No. 8, D.D. for Kentucky West, paid his official visit to Hopkinsville Lodge, No. 545, recently. A luncheon and program of entertainment were offered for Mr. Westermann's visit, and a class of candidates was initiated prior to the District Deputy's address.

P.E.R.'s Night Held by Winchester, Mass., Lodge

A class of candidates was initiated on the occasion of Past Exalted Rulers' Night celebrated recently by Winchester, Mass., Lodge, No. 1445. Following the ceremonies a novel bit of entertainment was presented by

Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan and the officers of Corning, N. Y., Lodge, on the occasion of his pleasant and constructive meeting with that Lodge, which took place in January. Many members were present to greet him



Exalted Ruler John F. Malley of Springfield Lodge, State Administrator of the Federal Housing Administration; Past Grand Tiler Michael H. McCarron of Woburn Lodge; D.D. Joseph W. Myers of Medford Lodge; P.D.D.'s Fred H. Scholl of Winchester Lodge and John F. McGann of Somerville Lodge, and P.E.R. Hugh S. Boyd of Newton Lodge.

A midnight supper was served by the Board of Stewards.

Hibbing, Minn., Lodge Entertains With Ladies Night

Success was achieved by Hibbing, Minn., Lodge, No. 1022, with a recent entertainment entitled "Ladies Night" held in the Lodge Home. The party, sponsored by the Hibbing members, was held in appreciation of the cooperation extended the Elks by the Hibbing City Band. More than 500 persons were present in the Lodge Home to enjoy "The Darktown Minstrels," staged by members of the Band in an entertaining program of 45 minutes' duration. Dancing and lunch were enjoyed.

No. 1046. Ten new members were initiated in a ceremony that followed the banquet. Addresses were also made by D.D. Milton E. Dowdell of Mitchell Lodge, and State Secy. Carl H. Nelles of Madison Lodge, No. 1442. Following the dinner and speeches the ladies retired to play cards while the Elks adjourned to the meeting room. E.R. C. L. Morgan was in charge of the initiation.

A floor show was one of the chief entertainment features of the evening, and a dance followed the vaudeville program. Twenty-seven tables of contract and auction bridge were at play.

Marion, O., Lodge Loses P.E.R. Leffler

The membership of Marion, Ohio, Lodge, No. 32, mourns the loss of P.E.R. Charles W. Leffler, 81-year-old retired business leader and former County Treasurer, who died at his home in January. The aged Elk was an honorary life member of Marion Lodge. The Elks conducted a service at the funeral.

Morgan City, La., Elks Enjoy Duck Supper

Members of Morgan City, La., Lodge, No. 1121, recently enjoyed their second annual Duck Supper at the Lodge Home when local Elks were present in large numbers. D.D. Sidney A. Freudenstein of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, was their guest.

E.R. C. A. Barnes enacted the rôle of Toastmaster splendidly, and Mr. Freudenstein delivered the principal speech.

Moline, Ill., Lodge Dedicates Rathskeller

The new Rathskeller in the Home of Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556, was recently dedicated with a venison dinner enjoyed by 250 members and their friends. Among the distinguished visitors was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, a P.E.R. of the Lodge. On the program, wrestling matches, sparring bouts and several interesting talks were featured. Judge Thompson delivered the principal address.



The Grand Exalted Ruler, James T. Hallinan; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, standing, and E.R. Walter L. Pierpont, P.E.R. J. C. Travio and Alfred Sorenson, the only charter member of Omaha, Neb., Lodge present, at the 50th Anniversary of that Lodge

Arthur J. Harty, Sr., in collaboration with Walter F. Shea. The act was a travesty on NBC's Fred Allen's Amateur Hour.

Among the distinguished members of the Order who were present at what was one of the pleasantest gatherings held in recent years by Winchester Lodge, were Past Grand

Mitchell, S.D., Elks Initiate Ten

Approximately 400 persons attended a banquet given at the Home of Mitchell, S.D., Lodge, No. 1059, to hear an address delivered by Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight J. Ford Zietlow of Aberdeen Lodge,

Eastern Edition

Allegheny, Pa., Elks Bowl at Cincinnati

Allegheny, Pa., Lodge, No. 339, has organized a ten pin bowling league which has been operated successfully from the start. The principal object of the organization, called The Elks' Tournament League, is the building up of bowling teams to attend various tournaments each spring, in addition to the promotion of the best interests of the Lodge. Teams from Allegheny Lodge have contested at the national tournaments of the Elks National Bowling Association, at the American Congress, the Tri-State Tournament and many others. Five teams from Allegheny Lodge will participate this year in the Elks National Bowling Tournament at Cincinnati. Several teams will also be heard from at the American Bowling Congress Tournament at Indianapolis.

One of the Allegheny Elks Tournament sessions was marked by a perfect game bowled by Thomas J. Burns of Team No. 4. He made 12 perfect strikes for a score of 300. It was his first perfect game and one of the few ever bowled in Pittsburgh or the vicinity.

Homecoming Visit of State Vice-Pres. Kleps

On the evening of the homecoming visit of State Vice-Pres. Albert F. Kleps, Jr., to Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950, he was greeted by one of the largest numbers of Western New York Elks that has assembled at a meeting in many years. Both Mr. Kleps and his father, Albert F. Kleps, Sr., who was a member of his son's escort, are P.E.R.'s of Batavia Lodge. Among the speakers were Grand Chaplain Dr. Arthur O. Sykes of Lyons, N. Y., Lodge; Philip Clancy, of Niagara Falls Lodge, Secy. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., who was present as special representative of Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan; D.D. Dr. Roy M. Bradley of Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge; Alonzo L. Waters of Medina Lodge, Past Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., and Samuel Ray, 84-year-old P.E.R. of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge.

The evening's program terminated in a social hour in which the hospitality of Batavia Lodge was extended to all visiting Elks as well as local members by E.R. Robert A. Harvey.

Alexandria, Va., Lodge Leads Move for Boys Club

Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, at a recent meeting, unanimously approved the formation of a Boys Club in the city of Alexandria. The Lodge appointed a committee to confer with other local organizations, and appropriated \$120 as its contribution toward the operation of the Club for one year.

This Section Contains Additional News of Eastern Lodges



Above: The jewel presented to Judge Hallinan by Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, at the Sixty-Eighth Anniversary Banquet held by New York Lodge No. 1. The jewel was the gift of Alfred Schickerling, Sr., a life member of the Lodge. He will make a similar gift annually as long as he lives



Above: Important members of Boston, Mass., Lodge greeting Joe Cook, stage and radio comedian and a fellow Elk, when he arrived in that city

D.D. John P. Doyle Visits Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge

A large delegation of Elks from Lodges in the East District of New York was present at Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, recently to honor D.D. John P. Doyle of Mount Kisco Lodge, No. 1552, when he paid his official visit. The entire Peekskill membership and all the visitors were invited to dinner. About 250 enjoyed the hospitality of Peekskill Lodge. State Vice-Pres. Edward J. Murray, of Yonkers, also paid his official visit on that evening, and in his speech stressed the matter of the forthcoming Convention of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. to be held in Pough-

keepsie May 31, and June 1-2-3.

Among the other speakers were Mr. Doyle; P.D.D.'s James H. Moran of New Rochelle Lodge, an Associate Member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Joseph E. Vigeant, of Poughkeepsie; James Dempsey, Jr., of Peekskill; Frank J. McGuire of White Plains, and State Trustee Robert L. Dymes of Ossining. After the meeting entertainment was presented in the Lodge Home and refreshments were served.

Warning to Lodges Issued by Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge

Sistersville, W. Va., Lodge, No. 333, reports the loss of membership cards belonging to George B. Collier, Membership Card No. 782, and Norris D. Henderson, Membership Card No. 1008. Since the theft, Akron, Ohio, Lodge, No. 363, through a communication from Secy. J. E. McLaren, has reported that the Collier card was presented there and a loan of five dollars attained thereby. Other Lodges of the Order are warned against advancing money on these two cards.

Bluefield, W. Va., Lodge Aids Drum and Bugle Corps

One of the outstanding activities of Bluefield Post No. 9 of the American Legion has been the sponsorship

of a Boys and Girls Drum and Bugle Corps in Bluefield. The Corps took first prize last fall in the parade at St. Louis.

Last December it became known to Bluefield Elks that this organization was in need of funds for equipment and uniforms for some of the members who were unable to purchase them, and that the Corps was trying to arrange a benefit dance for this purpose. Bluefield Lodge, No. 269, thereupon donated its dance hall and sponsored the dance. Arrangements were also made to hold another dance in a municipal building on the same evening. The affair held for the Corps by Bluefield Lodge alone netted more than eighty dollars.

**Bristol, Conn., Elks
Celebrate Anniversary**

Seventy-five members recently attended the celebration of the Thirtieth Anniversary of Bristol, Conn., Lodge, No. 1010, held in the Lodge Home. Among those present were ten of the living charter members, each of whom was presented with a genuine calf billfold and card case as a present from the Lodge. During the dinner a program of vaudeville kept things lively and a number of speeches were made. E.R. Joseph A. Mastrobuoni was Master of Ceremonies, introducing former Mayor Joseph F. Dutton who acted as Toastmaster. The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by P.E.R. Thomas A. Tracy.

**West Chester, Pa., Lodge
Honors Herb Pennock**

On January 30 the tenth annual banquet in honor of Herb Pennock, a member of West Chester, Pa.

**D.D. Roy M. Bradley Visits
Olean, N. Y., Lodge**

A large number of members of Olean, N. Y., Lodge, No. 491, heard the interesting message brought to the Lodge by D.D. Roy M. Bradley of Jamestown Lodge, N. Y., West, on the occasion of his official visit on

quested application blanks with a view to introducing young men to the organization. After the Exalted Ruler's welcome to the assemblage, Richard Spitz, Chief Counsellor, delivered an address. Talks were also made by State Pres. Nicholas Albano of Newark, and other Elk dignitaries as well as Police Judge Thomas H.



Above: *The Antlers Lodge recently instituted by Irvington, N. J., Lodge as the second such organization in the State. About 100 boys were initiated in the presence of many Elks*



Woonsocket, R. I., Elks with a tablet containing photographs of deceased Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge

Holleran and the Commissioners of Irvington.

The presence of delegations from other parts of New Jersey indicated interest in furthering the Elks' movement for young men throughout the State.

**Ellwood City, Pa., Elks
Initiate Large Class**

The largest turnout in the history of Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge, No. 1356, greeted D.D. L. D. Gent of Franklin, and Frank J. Lyons of Warren, Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., when a big class was initiated on the occasion of their visit. Among the other distinguished Elks present were P.D.D.'s Robert R. Risher, Pres. of the Pa. N.W. District Elks Assn., John T. Lyons and Howard Ellis; Wilbur Baird, Vice-Pres. of the N.W. Dist. Assn., and P.E.R. Robert Christy of Grove City, Pa., Lodge.

The degree work performed by the officers of Ellwood City Lodge was the feature of the meeting. A fish fry was held in the Lodge Home. Nearly 200 participated in the evening's program.

**W. N. Perkinson Mourned
by Danville, Va., Elks**

The untimely death of P.E.R. W. N. Perkinson occurred at his home in Danville, Va., on January 25. Mr. Perkinson was only 43 years of age. He was born on the 16th of August, 1892. He was initiated into Danville Lodge, No. 227, in October, 1916, and was the only one of the Lodge's Exalted Rulers to serve two terms, being elected in 1929 and 1930.

Mr. Perkinson was P.D.D. for Virginia, West, and but recently retired as President of the Va. State Elks Assn., serving during 1934-35. His fellow members feel his passing deeply and join in mourning a widely loved and respected Elk.

Lodge, No. 853, was held in the Lodge Home. The event is unique in that it has been held for ten consecutive years to honor one of the greatest southpaws of all time. During these years virtually every outstanding major league ball player, athletes who have obtained recognition in other fields of sport, and well known sports writers have joined the West Chester Elks in paying tribute to their fellow member.

After an absence Herb Pennock has returned to the Boston Red Sox as coach of the pitching staff.

**New Jersey Elk Bowls
Perfect Score**

Interest in Elk Lodge bowling activities was illustrated recently when the Rev. Joseph Spielman, a member of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, rolled a perfect game of 300 on the regulation Brunswick-Balke alleys of Boonton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1405. Shortly after the event he was called on the telephone by the Associated Press, the United Press and newspapers in Chicago, New York and Philadelphia. He was later a guest of honor at a dinner given by Boonton Lodge and was similarly honored by Newark Lodge. The wide publicity given the Rev. Mr. Spielman's exploit has greatly increased bowling interest in New Jersey.

January 15. The rendering of the Thanatopsis by Dr. A. D. L. Campbell, Mr. Bradley's official escort, added to the solemnity of the ceremonies in which five candidates were initiated.

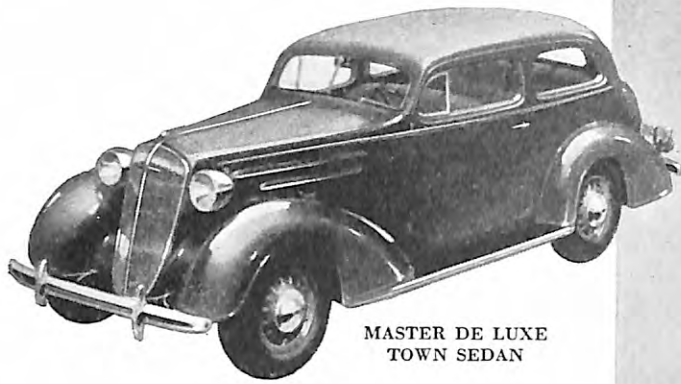
**D.D. Caspian Hale Visits
Cocoa, Fla., Lodge**

D.D. Caspian Hale of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, paid his official visit to Cocoa, Fla., Lodge, No. 1532, on the occasion of a regular meeting. The local members turned out in full force, augmented by many Elks from adjoining States as well as representatives from Lodges up and down the east coast. An elaborate supper was served after the meeting.

**Antlers Lodge Instituted
at Irvington, N. J.**

Irvington, N. J., Lodge, No. 1245, recently installed the first Antlers Lodge in the county, the second such organization in New Jersey. A public installation was held under the leadership of E.R. William H. Franke, and about 100 boys were initiated as Antlers in the presence of a large crowd of Elks and their friends.

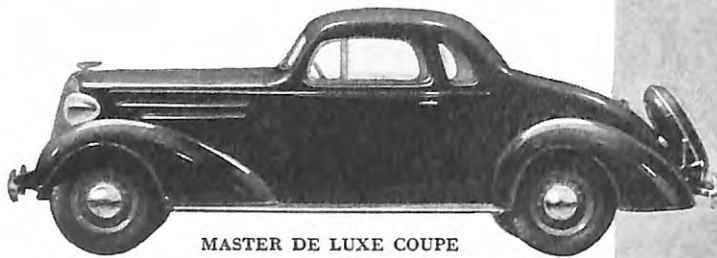
The work was carried on so successfully that many of the older guests present at the ceremonies re-



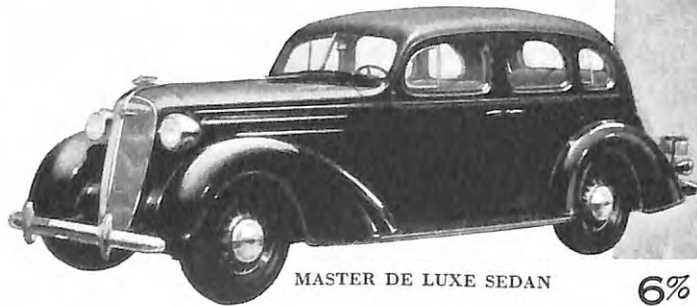
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TOWN SEDAN



MASTER DE LUXE COACH



MASTER DE LUXE COUPE

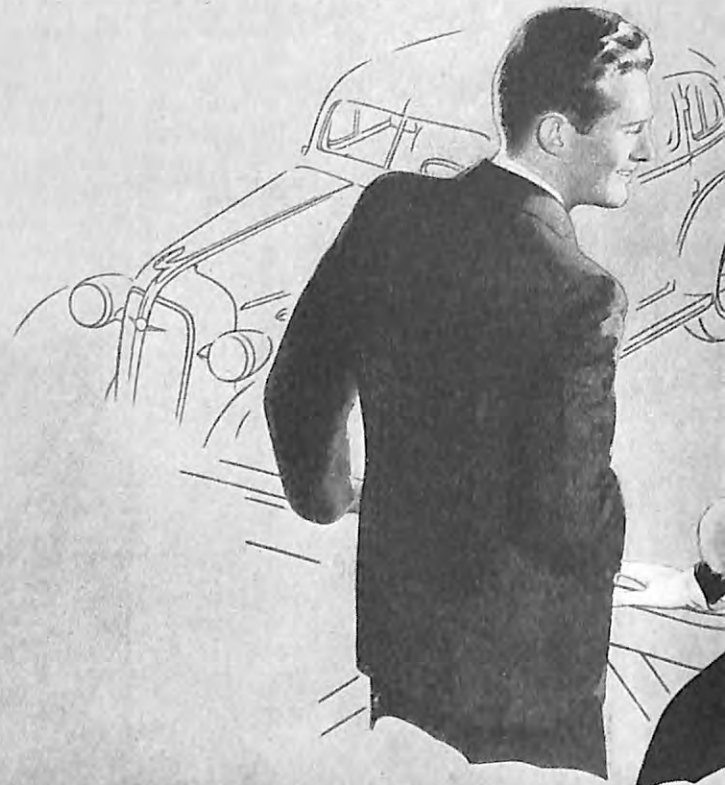


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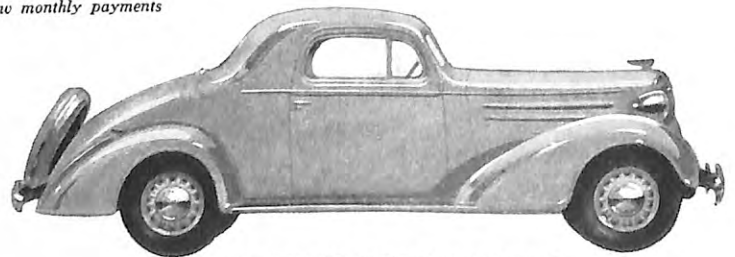
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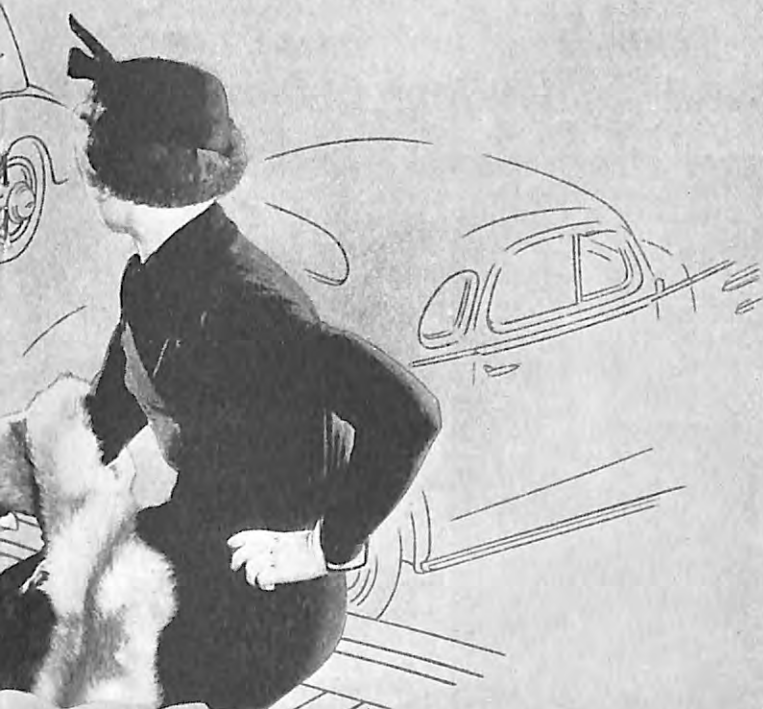
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—the safest known. Only Chevrolet has a *Solid Steel one-piece Turret Top*—the crowning improvement in style and safety. Only Chevrolet gives the famous *Knee-Action Gliding Ride**—comfortable beyond any valid comparison. And only Chevrolet brings you *Genuine Fisher No Draft Ventilation*, for more healthful comfort in all weather—a *High-Compression Valve-in-Head Engine*, for maximum performance with economy—and *Shockproof Steering**, for greatest driving and parking ease.

Buy one of these new Chevrolets for 1936 and you will get the smartest, safest and most spirited of all thrifty motor cars.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN



STANDARD SPORT SEDAN



STANDARD TOWN SEDAN

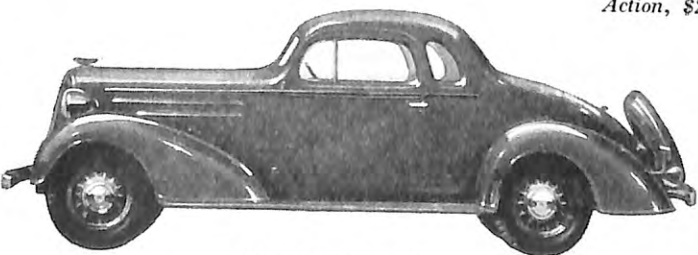


STANDARD COACH



STANDARD CABRIOLET

**Available in Master De Luxe models only. Knee-Action, \$20 additional.*



STANDARD COUPE



STANDARD SEDAN

low-priced car



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

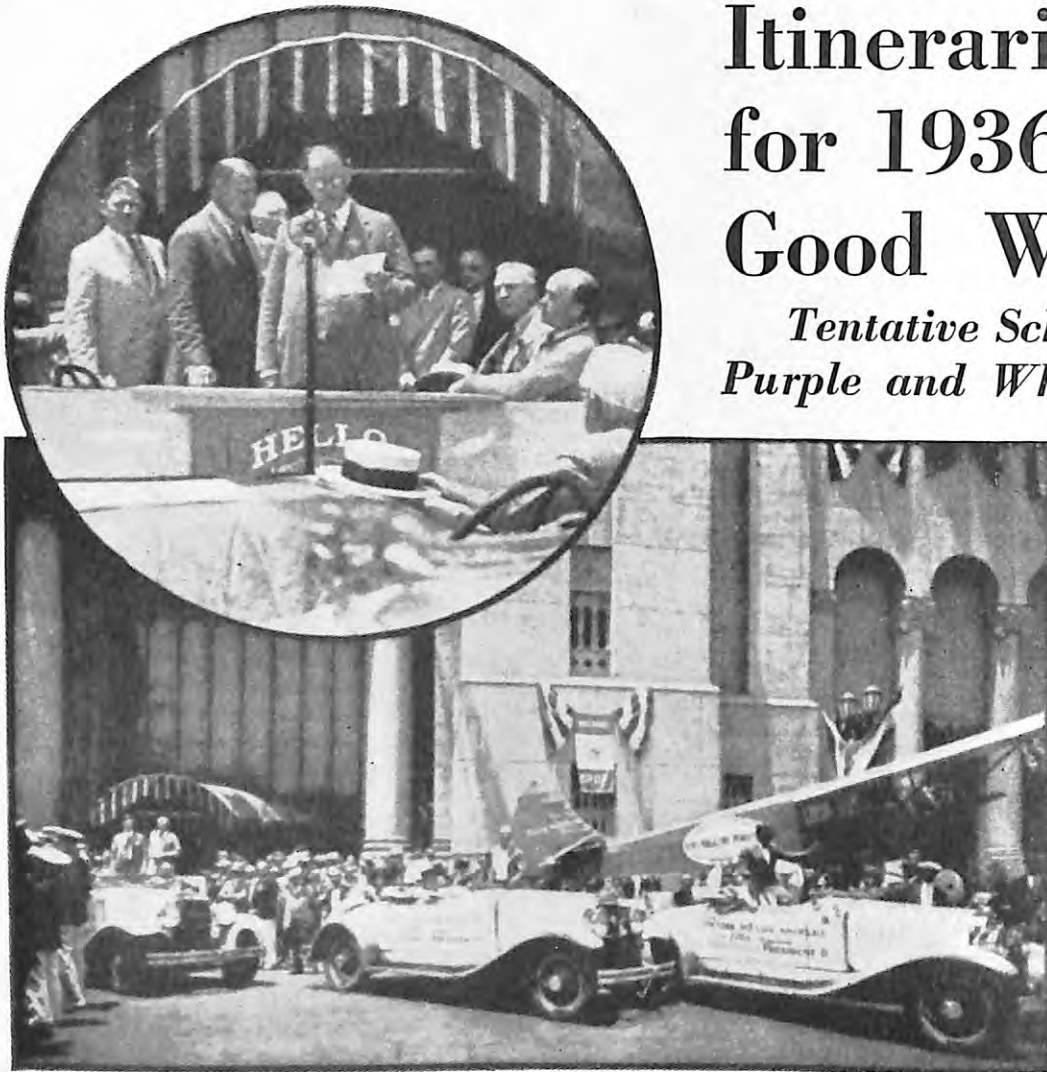
Itineraries for 1936 Elks Good Will Tour

Tentative Schedules of the Purple and White Ambassadors

By
Edward Faust

In the circle are the group on the speakers' stand welcoming the arrival of the Elks Magazine Purple and White Fleet and airplane in 1929. Left to right: Exalted Ruler Edward Gibbs, of Los Angeles Lodge, Robert E. Clift, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Mayor John C. Porter, and Michael F. Shannon, Grand Exalted Ruler 1934-5.

General view of the Purple and White Fleet and ceremony, at their welcome in front of Los Angeles Home



CEREMONIES worthy of the occasion will mark the starting of the Elks Good Will Fleet on its annual transcontinental Tour which this year begins at New York City, Monday May 25th.

The Fleet comprises six Purple and White Chevrolet De Luxe Sedans. Three separate routes will be used, two cars to each route and the Tour will terminate on Sunday, July 12th, at Los Angeles, site of the 1936 Grand Lodge Convention. The route of each car lies over historic ground—routes which have played a major part in the opening of the great West. Route Number 1—Southwestern—is charted through the country which at one time echoed to the tread of the Spanish Conquistadors on their way to the California of long ago. Route Number 2—Central—at its earlier stage covers much of the hallowed ground of Revolutionary times while at its far western end, it enters the territory through which those early American geniuses Hill and Harriman pushed their railroads into the West. Route Number 3—Northwestern—also in its inception traverses the ground over which marched the armies of Burgoyne and Gates and follows through the Northwest of the covered wagon days. The cars will be equipped with United States and Goodrich tires and

Quaker State Oil will be used as in previous tours.

Tentative Itineraries

ROUTE No. 1

Mon.	May	25th	New York City	A.M.
			Plainfield, N. J.	P.M.
Tues.		26th	Staten Is., N. Y.	A.M.
			Perth Amboy, N. J.	P.M.
Wed.		27th	Red Bank, N. J.	A.M.
			N. Brunswick, N. J.	P.M.
Thurs.		28th	Trenton, N. J.	A.M.
			Burlington, N. J.	P.M.
Fri.		29th	Philadelphia, Pa.	A.M.
			Camden, N. J.	P.M.
Sat.		30th	Norristown, Pa.	A.M.
			Wilmington, Del.	P.M.
Sun.		31st	REST	
Mon.	June	1st	Baltimore, Md.	A.M.
			Washington, D. C.	P.M.
Tues.		2nd	Red Lion, Pa.	A.M.
			York, Pa.	P.M.
Wed.		3rd	Chambersburg, Pa.	A.M.
			Cumberland, Md.	P.M.
Thurs.		4th	Clifton Forge, Va.	A.M.
			Lynchburg, Va.	P.M.
Fri.		5th	Roanoke, Va.	A.M.
			Winston Salem, N. C.	P.M.
Sat.		6th	Greensboro, N. C.	A.M.
			Charlotte, N. C.	P.M.
Sun.		7th	REST	
Mon.		8th	Columbia, S. C.	A.M.
			Charleston, S. C.	P.M.
Tues.		9th	Savannah, Ga.	A.M.
			Jacksonville, Fla.	P.M.
Wed.		10th	St. Augustine, Fla.	A.M.
			Daytona Beach, Fla.	P.M.
Thurs.		11th	New Smyrna, Fla.	A.M.
			Deland, Fla.	P.M.
Fri.		12th	Orlando, Fla.	A.M.
			Ft. Pierce, Fla.	P.M.
Sat.		13th	W. Palm Beach, Fla.	A.M.
			Miami, Fla.	P.M.
Sun.		14th	REST	
Mon.		15th	Ft. Myers, Fla.	A.M.
			Sarasota, Fla.	P.M.
Tues.		16th	St. Petersburg, Fla.	A.M.
			Tampa, Fla.	P.M.
Wed.		17th	Clearwater, Fla.	A.M.
			Lakeland, Fla.	P.M.
Thurs.		18th	Ocala, Fla.	A.M.
			Nalchassoo, Fla.	P.M.
Fri.		19th	Albany, Ga.	A.M.
			Columbus, Fla.	P.M.
Sat.		20th	Macon, Ga.	A.M.
			Atlanta, Ga.	P.M.
Sun.		21st	REST	
Mon.		22nd	Chattanooga, Tenn.	A.M.
			Nashville, Tenn.	P.M.
Tues.		23rd	Jackson, Tenn.	A.M.
			Memphis, Tenn.	P.M.

Wed.	June	24th	Little Rock Ark.	A.M.
			Ft. Smith, Ark.	P.M.
Thurs.		25th	Muskogee, Okla.	A.M.
			Tulsa, Okla.	P.M.
Fri.		26th	Shawnee, Okla.	A.M.
			Okla. City, Okla.	P.M.
Sat.		27th	El Reno, Okla.	A.M.
			Wichita Falls, Tex.	P.M.
Sun.		28th	REST	
Mon.		29th	Dallas, Tex.	A.M.
			Ft. Worth, Tex.	P.M.
Tues.		30th	Waco, Tex.	A.M.
			Austin, Tex.	P.M.
Wed.	July	1st	Brenham, Tex.	A.M.
			Houston, Tex.	P.M.
Thurs.		2nd	San Antonio, Tex.	A.M.
			Del Rio, Tex.	P.M.
Fri.		3rd	REST	
Sat.		4th	El Paso, Tex.	A.M.
Sun.		5th	REST	
Mon.		6th	Douglas, Ariz.	A.M.
			Bisbee, Ariz.	P.M.
Tues.		7th	Tucson, Ariz.	A.M.
			Phoenix, Ariz.	P.M.
Wed.		8th	Yuma, Ariz.	A.M.
			El Centro, Cal.	P.M.
Thurs.		9th	Brawley, Cal.	A.M.
			San Diego, Cal.	P.M.
Fri.		10th	Oceanside, Cal.	A.M.
			Santa Ana, Cal.	P.M.
Sat.		11th	Long Beach, Cal.	A.M.
			Santa Monica, Cal.	P.M.
Sun.		12th	LOS ANGELES	

ROUTE No. 2

Mon.	May	25th	New York City	A.M.
			Greenwich, Conn.	P.M.
Tues.		26th	Stamford, Conn.	A.M.
			Bridgewater, Conn.	P.M.
Wed.		27th	New Haven, Conn.	A.M.
			New London, Conn.	P.M.
Thurs.		28th	Newport, R. I.	A.M.
			Providence, R. I.	P.M.
Fri.		29th	Woonsocket, R. I.	A.M.
			Boston, Mass.	P.M.
Sat.		30th	Haverhill, Mass.	A.M.
			Lowell, Mass.	P.M.
Sun.		31st	REST	
Mon.	June	1st	Manchester, N. H.	A.M.
			Concord, N. H.	P.M.
Tues.		2nd	Holyoke, Mass.	A.M.
			Springfield, Mass.	P.M.
Wed.		3rd	New Britain, Conn.	A.M.
			Danbury, Conn.	P.M.
Thurs.		4th	Montpelier, N. J.	A.M.
			Phillipsburg, N. J.	P.M.
Fri.		5th	Allentown, Pa.	A.M.
			Wilkes Barre, Pa.	P.M.
Sat.		6th	Hazleton, Pa.	A.M.
			Shamokin, Pa.	P.M.
Sun.		7th	REST	
Mon.		8th	Altoona, Pa.	A.M.
			Johnstown, Pa.	P.M.

(Continued on page 44)

Official Elks Tours To Grand Lodge Convention

Four Delightful and Picturesque Tours Planned by Eastern Lodges to the Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Special Train

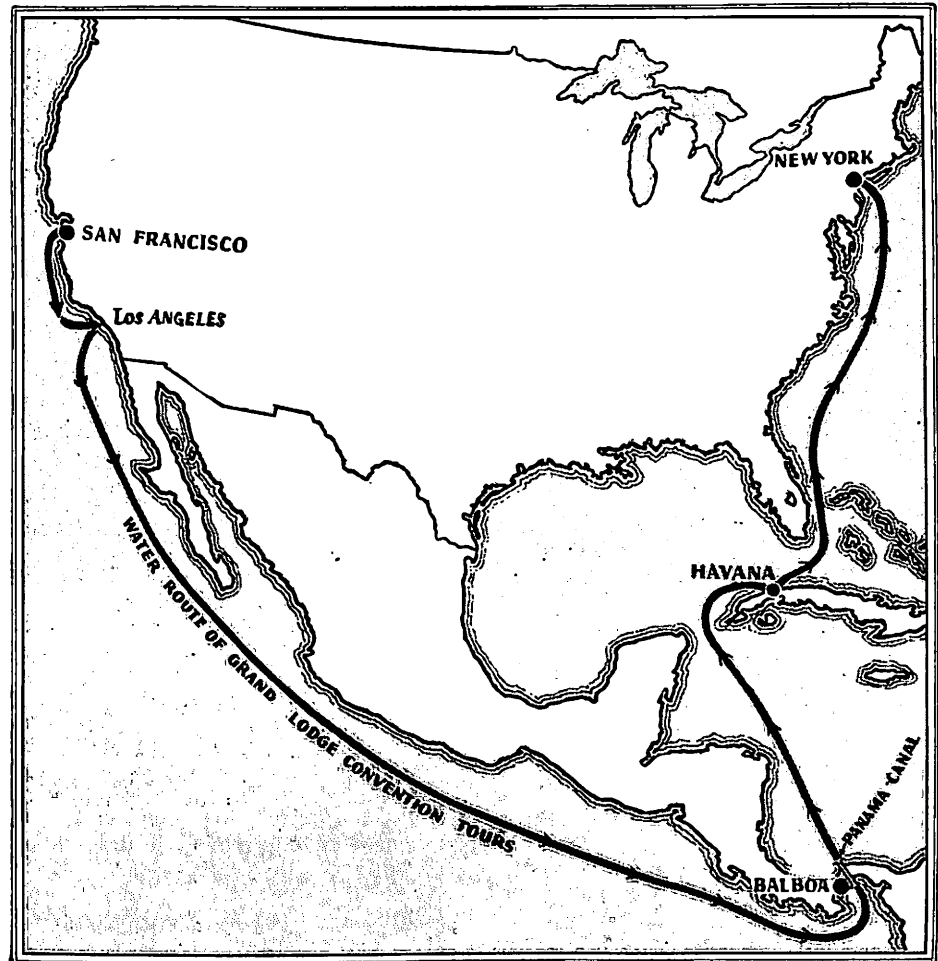
Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878, presents a de luxe trans-continental tour to the Grand Lodge Reunion at Los Angeles, Calif., next July on the Grand Exalted Ruler's Special Train. Many interesting and picturesque points of interest on the continent will be visited by the train which leaves New York on Thursday, July 2, and arrives at Los Angeles on Sunday, July 12, at 9 A.M.

Among the stops made by the Grand Exalted Ruler's Special will be Chicago; Mandan, North Dakota; Gardiner, Mont., in Yellowstone Park; the Grand Canyon in Colorado; Denver, Colo., and Colorado Springs, which will include a sightseeing drive to the summit of Pike's Peak. An opportunity to visit Albuquerque, New Mexico, will be offered and a sightseeing trip along the Grand Canyon of Arizona will be included in the itinerary. An option of return to New York via the Pacific northwest and Glacier National Park is also offered, although the principal route of the trip will embrace a return by water on a Panama Pacific steamer, the S.S. *Virginia*. Stops made along the water route which commences at San Francisco will include a visit to Balboa, Panama City and a call upon Canal Zone Elks. The ship will pass through the Canal during daylight hours. The cruise through Caribbean waters en route to Havana will offer a pleasant interlude.

On Thursday, July 30, the S.S. *Virginia* will arrive at Havana Cuba. Late that afternoon the ship will embark for New York, arriving there Monday, August 3, at 9 A.M.

The optional return route via the Pacific northwest and Glacier National Park also begins at San Francisco. Stops will be made at Portland, Ore.; Spokane, Wash.; Belton, Mont., located on the shores of Lake McDonald, and a subsequent arrival at Many Glacier Hotel for an overnight stop on Swift Current Lake. St. Paul, Minn., is the next stop made by the tour followed by brief visits and sightseeing tours at Chicago. The train will arrive in New York on Sunday, July 26.

Full information concerning the details of this fascinating trip on the Grand Exalted Ruler's Special may be had by application to John G. Toomey, Chairman of the Grand



Lodge Reunion Committee, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, B.P.O.E., Queens Boulevard, Elmhurst, N. Y.

All-New England Elks Tour

An All-New England Elks tour which will send delegates to the Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles, Calif., next July has been organized by prominent and active members of the Order in New England. The All-New England Elks train will leave Boston on Thursday, July 2, and will arrive at Detroit via the Canadian Province of Ontario. Stops will include Jackson, Battle Creek and Kalamazoo, Michigan, and a stop will be made for a comprehensive tour of Chicago and a visit to the Elks National Memorial. That evening the tour will be resumed. The first sightseeing stop thereafter will be the Twin Cities of St.

Paul and Minneapolis in Minnesota.

On July 5, the touring Elks will arrive in Livingston, Mont., in time for church services, at the conclusion of which they will visit Yellowstone National Park. The Grand Canyon will be the next stop-off place of the trip. On July 9, the Elks will arrive at Portland, Oregon, for breakfast. A motor and railway trip will continue through the States of Oregon and California, winding up in Oakland and San Francisco and including a comprehensive tour of these States. Motor coaches will take passengers through the Yosemite Valley along the Merced River to Merced, Calif., where a train will continue to Los Angeles.

On Thursday, July 16, the All-New England tour will be resumed and a journey will be made through the States of California, Arizona and to the Grand Canyon of Arizona. The

(Continued on page 45)

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

AT the Alexander Hamilton Hotel in Paterson, N. J., on December 3, Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan addressed 260 members of Paterson Lodge, No. 60, New Jersey jurists, visiting Elks and friends. The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party had been met on the New Jersey side of the George Washington Bridge by local and State police and escorted first to the Paterson Lodge Home and later to the Hotel. There a dinner was given in his honor by the Lodge with P.E.R. Nelson A. Pomfret, D.D. for New Jersey, N.E., acting as Toastmaster. In his speech Judge Hallinan complimented Paterson Lodge not only for its increased membership and prosperous condition, but for its charitable work, and congratulated the Lodge upon its fine staff of officers headed by E.R. John V. Campana.

After the delivery of the invocation by the Rev. Joseph H. Dempsey, a member of Morristown, N. J., Lodge, Mr. Pomfret introduced those at the head table in the following order: Past State Pres. William Conklin, Englewood; State Pres. Judge Nicholas Albano, Newark; Est. Lead. Knight Judge Robert Irwin, Jersey City; Mayor John V. Hinchliffe; Recorder Vincent C. Duffy; Prosecutor Arthur C. Dunn; Common Pleas Judge Joseph A. Delaney; Circuit Court Judge Joseph G. Wolber; City Editor of the *Paterson Evening News* A. J. Greene; P.D.D. E. G. Stalter, Paterson; Joseph G. Buch, Trenton, Gen. Chairman of the N. J. Crippled Children's Committee; Past State Pres. Richard P. Hughes, Burlington; Criminal District Court Judges Thomas J. Kennedy and Forster W. Freeman; Common Pleas Judge Robert H. Davidson; the Rev. Joseph H. Dempsey; P.E.R. John C. Wegner; E. R. John V. Campana, and Theodore W. Hendershot, Gen. Manager of the *Paterson Morning Call*.

The Paterson reception brought together one of the largest numbers of prominent New Jersey Elks in the history of the Lodge. Judge Hallinan was presented with some beautiful silks for Mrs. Hallinan by P.E.R. E. G. Stalter, and with a motion picture camera by P.E.R. John C. Wegner on behalf of Paterson Lodge.

The next event, with the Grand Exalted Ruler the guest of honor, was the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Meriden, Conn., Lodge, No. 35. Meriden Lodge was instituted in 1885, and throughout its

existence the loyal support of its members and various officers has been constant. The Lodge is housed in its own building.

The Fiftieth Anniversary Banquet was held in the Lodge Home. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, United States Senator Francis T. Maloney and Mayor Stephen L. Smith, both members of Meriden Lodge, were also honor guests. Every Lodge in Connecticut was represented by a delegation, and after the final roll call it was found that over 300 Elks were seated at the tables. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address had been keenly anticipated and prolonged applause greeted Judge Hallinan when he arose to speak and also at the conclusion of his talk. P.E.R. William S. Clark, Chairman of the Anniversary Committee, presented Judge Hallinan with a chest of sterling silver flatware, made in Meriden, on behalf of the Lodge. P.D.D. Daniel J. Donovan was Toastmaster.

The Grand Exalted Ruler paid his official visit to Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, on Monday evening, December 9. Members of the Lodge and large delegations from surrounding Lodges gave him a rousing reception. Many Past Exalted Rulers, Committee Chairmen, and members of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge were members of his party, among them being P.E.R. F. William Wolters, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; P.E.R. Matthew J. Merritt, P.D.D.; P.E.R.'s Frank J. Rauch, George A. Burden and John Scileppi; Secy. James D. Moran, and Theodore Groh, who led the lay members. Others in attendance were Judge Nicholas Albano, Newark, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn.; D.D.'s Nelson A. Pomfret, Paterson, and Howard F. Lewis, Burlington; Past State Pres.'s Francis P. Boland, Jersey City, William H. Kelly, East Orange, and Albert E. Dearden, Trenton, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls Lodge, Secy. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.; P.D.D.'s of N. J. Richard F. Flood, Jr., Bayonne, John W. Cantillion, Red Bank, and Edward L. Grimes, Somerville; Congressman Edward T. Hart, and Surrogate John H. Gavin; and P.E.R.'s Charles V. Halley, Jr., Bronx Lodge, John J. Fallon, Hoboken, and W. J. Leslie, Phillipsburg.

After the Grand Exalted Ruler and

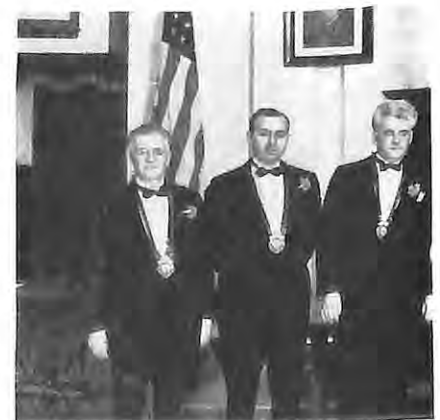


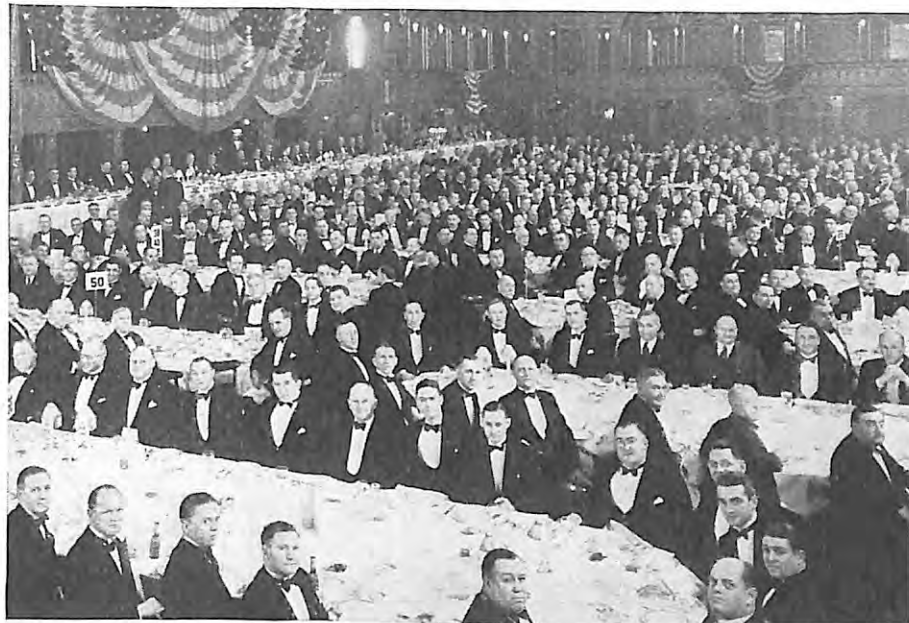
Above and right: The banquet prof-
fered by New York Lodge, No. 1, in
celebration of the Sixty-eighth Anni-
versary of the Order. Among the
hundreds of distinguished members
of the Order present were Grand Ex-
alted Ruler James T. Hallinan and
nine of the Past Grand Exalted Rulers
of the Order. The affair was one of
the most brilliant held by Elks
during the Lodge year and climaxed
a season of intense activity experi-
enced by New York Lodge itself

Right: Prominent members of Omaha,
Neb., Lodge in attendance at a ban-
quet tendered Judge Hallinan on the
occasion of his visit to that Lodge.
The affair was also in celebration of
the Lodge's 50th Anniversary and
was one of the gala events of the year

Right: Grand Exalted Ruler James T.
Hallinan and Elks of Oakland, Calif.,
Lodge laying a wreath on the grave
of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry
A. Melvin. Among those in the pic-
ture are Judge Hallinan, Past Grand
Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott
and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters

Below and right: The Grand Exalted
Ruler and the officers of Newburgh,
N. Y., Lodge on the occasion of the
Judge's visit to that Lodge, where a
number of notable members of the
Order in New York were present





his suite had been escorted into the Lodge room by 12 P.E.R.'s of Jersey City Lodge, namely, Christopher J. McCabe, Myron C. Ernst, A. Harry Moore, Patrick H. Sullivan, Francis P. Boland, Frank G. Walter, Dennis A. Hanrahan, William A. Dittmar, James F. Kennedy, Frank B. Chapman, Charles P. McGovern and Frank P. McCarthy, Commissioner Arthur Potterton spoke as representative of the Mayor, heartily welcoming them. In referring to the close relations that exist between Jersey City and Queens Borough Lodges, Mr. Potterton made a further reference to the fact that Judge Hallinan's father and mother had been early residents of Jersey City. U. S. Senator A. Harry Moore was then introduced by E.R. Frank T. Judge. He also extended a welcome to the Grand Exalted Ruler and presented him with a handsome gift as evidence of the esteem in which he is held by Jersey City Lodge and its members.

ON his visit to Corning, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1071, on January 7, the Grand Exalted Ruler joined with other Supreme Court Justices and former Supreme Justices in honoring Justice John C. Wheeler who took his place on the Supreme Court bench January 1. More than 300 Elks and friends attended the reception and dinner given by the Lodge to mark the visit of Judge Hallinan and the high honor that had been bestowed upon Judge Wheeler who is a member of Corning Lodge. Seated at the banquet table with the Grand Exalted Ruler were Justice Wheeler, Supreme Court Justices Benn Kenyon of Auburn, a member of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge, and William F. Love of Rochester; former Supreme Court Justices Arthur Sutherland of Rochester, and Edwin C. Smith of Bath, N. Y.; E.R. Edward J. Dailey who acted as Toastmaster; P.E.R. Leland B. Bryan, and Judge Delmar M. Darrin of Addison, Dean of the guest jurists.

The Committees in charge of arrangements were headed by Mr. Dailey, Mr. Bryan and Est. Loyal Knight Alfred Vaksdal. Perry Bradley was Chairman of the Entertainment Committee. The dinner was held in the Masonic Temple Cathedral and a reception took place in the Home of Corning Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler opened his speech by complimenting the Exalted Ruler and the membership upon their arrangements. Among those who listened to his address were many who had never fully understood the principles of the Order, but were moved by Judge Hallinan's instructive and inspiring message to apply for membership. In his speech Judge Wheeler expressed his gratitude for the privilege of sharing the honors of the Testimonial with the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order.

(Continued on Page 40)

A
 Group of
 Grand Exalted
 Ruler's Elks
 Anniversary
 Classes



MUSKEGON, MICH.



GREENVILLE, S. C.



CHEYENNE, WYO.



CHARLESTON, W. VA.



SHERIDAN, WYO.



ALTOONA, PA.



BATTLE CREEK, MICH.



POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y.



PROVIDENCE, R.I.



TULARE, CAL.



Officers and guests, and the Grand Exalted Ruler's Elks Anniversary Class at Judge Hallinan's Home Lodge, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge No. 878. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, the guest of honor, is in the first row, center

Results of the Grand Exalted Ruler's Elks Anniversary Class Initiation

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Elks Anniversary Class was an outstanding success. As this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE goes to press reports are still coming in from subordinate Lodges all over the country, and while the number of new and reinstated members listed below is not complete, we are confident that, when all reports have been received from all the subordinate Lodges, the Class will reach the twenty-five thousand mark

Alabama

Birmingham, 11; Ensley, 44; Florence, 1; Selma, 1.

Alaska

Juneau, 28.

Arizona

Ajo, 15; Bisbee, 2; Clifton, 17; Douglas, 17; Globe, 5; Jerome, 27; Kingman, 14; Miami, 10; Nogales, 14; Phoenix, 36; Prescott, 7; Tucson, 21; Winslow, 6; Yuma, 31.

Arkansas

Fort Smith, 7; Jonesboro, 13; Little Rock, 2; Mena, 2; North Little Rock, 29.

California

Alameda, 10; Alhambra, 20; Anaheim, 18; Bakersfield, 9; Berkeley, 7; Brawley, 35; Burbank, 5; Calexico, 3; Compton, 5; El Centro, 14; Fresno, 3; Gilroy, 2; Glendale, 10; Grass Valley, 4; Hanford, 3; Hollister, 15; Huntington Park, 15; Inglewood, 8; Long Beach, 9; Los Angeles, 54; Marysville, 12; Merced, 64; Modesto, 12; Monrovia, 41; Monterey, 21; Nevada City, 14; Oakland, 12; Oceanside, 4; Ontario, 12; Oroville, 8; Oxnard, 43; Pasadena, 13; Petaluma, 5; Pomono, 4; Red Bluff, 5; Redding, 6; Redondo Beach, 9; Richmond, 27; Riverside, 2; Sacramento, 18; Salinas, 9; San Bernardino, 11; San Diego, 31; San Fernando, 13; San Francisco, 45; San Jose, 3; San Luis Obispo, 3; San Mateo, 17; San Pedro, 10; Rafael, 10; Santa Ana, 30; Santa Barbara, 19; Santa Cruz, 26; Santa

Maria, 6; Santa Monica, 22; Santa Rosa, 15; Sonora, 7; Stockton, 6; Susanville, 4; Taft, 7; Tulare, 42; Valjejo, 8; Ventura, 10; Visalia, 9; Watsonville, 10; Whittier, 8; Woodland, 12.

Canal Zone

Cristobal, 14.

Colorado

Alamosa, 28; Aspen, 3; Boulder, 24; Brighton, 8; Canon City, 30; Central City, 8; Colorado Springs, 11; Craig, 7; Creede, 25; Delta, 7; Denver, 23; Durango, 6; Fort Collins, 27; Grand Junction, 12; Greeley, 35; Idaho Springs, 2; La Junta, 19; Longmont, 10; Loveland, 5; Montrose, 9; Ouray, 5; Pueblo, 45; Rocky Ford, 19; Salida, 12; Sterling, 22; Telluride, 7; Trinidad, 5; Victor, 11.

Connecticut

Ansonia, 3; Bristol, 3; Derby, 4; Greenwich, 26; Hartford, 37; Meriden, 17; Middletown, 8; Milford, 9; New Britain, 8; New Haven, 2; New London, 18; Norwalk, 6; Norwich, 22; Putnam, 25; Rockville, 4; Stamford, 10; Torrington, 6; Wallingford, 4; Waterbury, 6; Willimantic, 12.

District of Columbia

Washington, 30.

Florida

Arcadia, 10; Clearwater, 2; Cocoa, 6; Daytona Beach, 20; De Land, 11; Fort Lauderdale, 2; Fort Myers, 25; Fort Pierce, 2; Jacksonville, 20; Key

West, 2; Lake City, 1; Lakeland, 8; Miami, 100; New Smyrna, 6; Ocala, 5; Orlando, 2; Panama City, 10; Pensacola, 12; Quincy, 52; St. Augustine, 6; St. Petersburg, 8; Sanford, 5; Sarasota, 1; Tallahassee, 11; Tampa, 26.

Georgia

Athens, 16; Augusta, 12; Columbus, 12; Macon, 3; Milledgeville, 2; Savannah, 7; Waycross, 12.

Idaho

Blackfoot, 11; Boise, 44; Coeur d'Alene, 12; Idaho Falls, 17; Moscow, 29; Nampa, 8; Pocatello, 44; Twin Falls, 43; Wallace, 33.

Illinois

Aurora, 15; Beardstown, 7; Belvidere, 4; Bloomington, 11; Blue Island, 8; Cairo, 9; Carbondale, 20; Chicago, 153; Chicago (South Side), 22; Chicago Heights, 1; Cicero, 4; Clinton, 7; De Kalb, 37; Des Plaines, 40; Dixon, 2; Du Quoin, 25; East St. Louis, 4; Elgin, 9; Elmhurst, 17; Evanston, 4; Freeport, 4; Galesburg, 26; Harrisburg, 6; Harvey, 6; Herrin, 7; Highland Park, 8; Jacksonville, 128; Jerseyville, 3; Kankakee, 21; Kewanee, 4; Lake Forest, 6; La Salle, 8; Lincoln, 8; Litchfield, 7; Macomb, 10; Marion, 17; Mattoon, 8; Mendota, 11; Moline, 26; Monmouth, 10; Oak Park, 27; Ottawa, 10; Paris, 8; Pekin, 2; Pontiac, 5; Princeton, 3; Quincy, 27; Robinson, 7; Rockford, 36; Rock Island, 20; Springfield, 83; Streator, 2; Taylorville, 6; Waukegan, 6; Woodstock, 8.

Indiana

Alexandria, 15; Anderson, 14; Bedford, 14; Bicknell, 18; Bloomington, 10; Bluffton, 12; Boonville, 2; Brazil, 4; Columbia City, 10; Connersville, 10; Crawfordsville, 15; East Chicago, 14; Elkhart, 3; Elwood, 23; Evansville, 24; Fort Wayne, 19; Frankfort, 10; Garrett, 15; Gary, 27; Goshen, 5; Greencastle, 10; Greensburg, 13; Hartford City, 7; Huntington, 7; Indianapolis, 6; Kendallville, 1; Kokomo, 15; La Fayette, 15; Ligonier, 3; Linton, 39; Logansport, 12; Madison, 4; Marion, 7; Martinsville, 3; Michigan City, 2; Mt. Vernon, 3; Muncie, 10; New Castle, 10; Noblesville, 7; Peru, 7; Portland, 4; Richmond, 24; Rushville, 6; Shelbyville, 4; South Bend, 12; Sullivan, 17; Terre Haute, 20; Tipton, 12; Union City, 10; Valparaiso, 2; Wabash, 7; Warsaw, 11; Whiting, 3.

Iowa

Atlantic, 4; Burlington, 20; Cedar Rapids, 39; Centerville, 17; Charles City, 5; Council Bluffs, 23; Creston, 11; Decorah, 8; Des Moines, 153; Dubuque, 33; Fort Dodge, 10; Fort Madison, 4; Iowa City, 13; Keokuk, 12; Le Mars, 30; Marshalltown, 6; Mason City, 9; Muscatine, 5; Oelwein, 9; Ottumwa, 13; Perry, 25; Red Oak, 12; Shenandoah, 6; Sioux City, 20; Waterloo, 36; Webster City, 19.

Kansas

Aitchison, 5; Chanute, 3; Cherryvale, 3; El Dorado, 9; Galena, 14; Great Bend, 8; Hutchinson, 25; Independence, 4; Junction City, 10; Manhattan, 9; Osawatimie, 7; Ottawa, 3; Pratt, 49; Salina, 19; Topeka, 19; Wellington, 2; Wichita, 14; Winfield, 4.

Kentucky

Ashland, 17; Bowling Green, 9; Covington, 12; Cynthia, 3; Frankfort, 14; Fulton, 6; Henderson, 5; Hopkinsville, 11; Louisville, 72; Madisonville, 22; Newport, 22; Paducah, 4; Richmond, 12.

Louisiana

Donaldsonville, 6; Morgan City, 10.

Maine

Augusta, 6; Biddeford-Saco, 21; Gardiner, 6; Houlton, 4; Lewiston, 9; Rockland, 3; Rumford, 1; Waterville, 3.

Maryland

Annapolis, 1; Baltimore, 50; Cumberland, 6; Frederick, 17; Frostburg, 5; Hagerstown, 25; Havre de Grace, 2.

Massachusetts

Attleboro, 4; Chelsea, 1; Clinton, 5; Concord, 2; Everett, 4; Fitchburg, 8; Framingham, 15; Gardner, 1; Gloucester, 1; Greenfield, 12; Haverhill, 11; Holyoke, 9; Hudson, 15; Lawrence, 12; Leominster, 5; Lowell, 18; Malden, 4; Medford, 11; Melrose, 5; Middleboro, 2; Milford, 1; New Bedford, 4; Newburyport, 6; Newton, 5; North Adams, 9; Northampton, 9; North Attleboro, 10; Norwood, 15; Peabody, 7; Pittsfield, 11; Quincy, 5; Revere, 3; Salem, 3; Somerville, 54; Springfield, 58; Taunton, 4; Wakefield, 9; Waltham, 1; Webster, 3; Winchester, 4; Worcester, 5.

Michigan

Alma, 6; Alpena, 11; Ann Arbor, 18; Battle Creek, 27; Bay City, 28; Benton Harbor, 14; Coldwater, 23; Detroit, 68; Dowagiac, 7; Flint, 14; Grand Haven, 5; Hancock, 8; Holland, 5; Ionia, 20; Iron Mountain, 6; Ishpeming, 19; Jackson, 32; Kalamazoo, 39; Lansing, 30;

Ludington, 20; Manistee, 23; Manistique, 5; Marquette, 22; Monroe, 12; Mt. Pleasant, 13; Muskegon, 26; Negaunee, 2; Niles, 3; Owosso, 10; Royal Oak, 3; Saginaw, 30; St. Joseph, 15; Sault Ste. Marie, 5; Sturgis, 3; Three Rivers, 20; Traverse City, 7.

Minnesota

Brainerd, 14; Duluth, 28; Faribault, 23; Fergus Falls, 46; Mankato, 6; Red Wing, 5; Rochester, 8; St. Cloud, 6; St. Paul, 10; Stillwater, 2; Virginia, 17; Willmar, 5; Winona, 17.

Mississippi

Canton, 4; Columbus, 3; Corinth, 2.

Missouri

Carrollton, 2; Clinton, 1; Columbia, 5; Hannibal, 19; Joplin, 18; Lexington, 4; Maryville, 1; Rich Hill, 2; St. Joseph, 47; St. Louis, 24; Washington, 27.

Montana

Anaconda, 6; Billings, 17; Bozeman, 3; Butte, 11; Dillon, 4; Glendive, 10; Great Falls, 108; Havre, 27; Helena, 12; Kalispell, 18; Lewistown, 6; Livingston, 25; Miles City, 50.

Nebraska

Alliance, 8; Fairbury, 9; Fremont, 14; Grand Island, 8; Hastings, 20; Kearney, 5; Lincoln, 26; McCook, 1; Nebraska City, 1; North Platte, 10; Omaha, 175; Scottsbluff, 24; York, 4.

Nevada

Elko, 30; Ely, 8; Goldfield, 4; Las Vegas, 13; Reno, 180; Tonopah, 6.

New Hampshire

Berlin, 7; Claremont, 3; Dover, 12; Keene, 4; Laconia, 9; Manchester, 8; Portsmouth, 3; Rochester, 1.

New Jersey

Asbury Park, 4; Atlantic City, 9; Bayonne, 20; Bergenfield, 2; Bloomfield, 2; Boonton, 2; Bound Brook, 1; Bridgeton, 6; Burlington, 8; Camden, 85; Cliffside Park, 7; East Orange, 15; Elizabeth, 50; Freehold, 5; Hackensack, 27; Hillside, 4; Hoboken, 12; Irvington, 28; Jersey City, 16; Kearny, 8; Lakewood, 10; Long Branch, 10; Lyndhurst, 7; Madison, 5; Millville, 5; Montclair, 5; Morristown, 1; Mt. Holly, 4; New Brunswick, 32; Newton, 18; Nutley, 11; Passaic, 1; Paterson, 78; Penns Grove, 3; Perth Amboy, 7; Phillipsburg, 11; Plainfield, 1; Red Bank, 3; Ridgefield Park, 8; Ridgewood, 4; Rutherford, 6; Somerville, 5; South Orange, 7; Summit, 1; Trenton, 1; Union, 4; Union City, 14; Washington, 2; Weehawken, 4; Westwood, 1.

New Mexico

Albuquerque, 12; Carlsbad, 2; Las Vegas, 14; Raton, 3; Roswell, 8; Santa Fe, 16; Silver City, 22.

New York

Albany, 36; Albion, 15; Amsterdam, 26; Auburn, 20; Batavia, 2; Bath, 9; Binghamton, 6; Bronx, 24; Brooklyn, 145; Buffalo, 22; Catskill, 6; Corning, 30; Cortland, 6; Dunkirk, 1; Elmira, 20; Freeport, 14; Fulton, 14; Geneva, 10; Glen Cove, 15; Glens Falls, 10; Great Neck, 4; Hempstead, 13; Herkimer, 3; Hornell, 8; Hudson, 15; Huntington, 3; Iliion, 29; Ithaca, 10; Kingston, 9; Lancaster, 3; Little Falls, 8; Lockport, 15; Lynbrook, 6; Lyons, 4; Malone, 17; Mamaroneck, 3; Medina, 7; Mt. Kisco, 6; Mt. Vernon, 25; Newark, 16; Newburgh, 7; New Rochelle, 26; New York, 46; Niagara Falls, 15;

North Tonawanda, 1; Norwich, 5; Ogdensburg, 15; Olean, 21; Oneida, 19; Oneonta, 20; Ossining, 8; Owego, 4; Patchogue, 7; Peekskill, 10; Plattsburg, 18; Port Jervis, 11; Poughkeepsie, 125; Queens Borough, 173; Rochester, 56; Rome, 25; Salamanca, 5; Saranac Lake, 23; Saratoga, 35; Schenectady, 5; Seneca Falls, 2; Southampton, 8; Staten Island (Stapleton), 8; Syracuse, 2; Ticonderoga, 3; Troy, 22; Utica, 28; Watertown, 8; Watkins Glen, 8; Wellsville, 19; Whitehall, 9; White Plains, 13; Yonkers, 6.

North Carolina

Asheville, 21; Durham, 11; Greensboro, 17; High Point, 3; New Berne, 3; Wilmington, 16.

North Dakota

Bismarck, 15; Devils Lake, 10; Dickinson, 11; Grand Forks, 16; Jamestown, 37; Mandan, 4; Minot, 2; Valley City, 10; Williston, 10.

Ohio

Akron, 66; Ashland, 6; Ashtabula, 9; Athens, 3; Barborton, 9; Bellevue, 12; Bowling Green, 3; Bucyrus, 10; Cambridge, 9; Chillicothe, 8; Circleville, 4; Cleveland, 16; Columbus, 20; Conneaut, 3; Defiance, 10; Delaware, 5; East Liverpool, 3; Elyria, 46; Findlay, 4; Fremont, 5; Galion, 58; Gallipolis, 20; Greenfield, 4; Greenville, 2; Hamilton, 7; Hillsboro, 6; Ironton, 23; Kent, 3; Lakewood, 9; Lebanon, 3; Logan, 8; Mansfield, 48; Marietta, 9; Marion, 10; Martins Ferry, 11; Marysville, 4; Middletown, 7; Napoleon, 2; Nelsonville, 44; New Lexington, 12; Norwalk, 16; Piqua, 12; Portsmouth, 5; Ravenna, 14; Salem, 5; Sidney, 3; Steubenville, 9; Toledo, 43; Uhrichsville, 3; Upper Sandusky, 12; Wapakoneta, 7; Warren, 4; Washington C.H., 22; Wellsville, 9; Wooster, 4; Xenia, 20; Youngstown, 18; Zanesville, 6.

Oklahoma

Altus, 3; Alva, 15; Duncan, 7; El Reno, 10; Enid, 15; Hobart, 10; McAlester, 1; Muskogee, 2; Nowata, 2; Oklahoma City, 11; Okmulgee, 3; Sapulpa, 18; Shawnee, 12; Tulsa, 11; Woodward, 1.

Oregon

Albany, 23; Ashland, 15; Astoria, 3; Baker, 18; Bend, 20; Corvallis, 9; Eugene, 67; Grants Pass, 6; Heppner, 20; Hood River, 10; Klamath Falls, 25; La Grande, 15; Lakeview, 27; Marshfield, 25; McMinnville, 30; Medford, 15; Oregon City, 2; Portland, 25; Roseburg, 5; Salem, 17; The Dalles, 11; Tillamook, 6.

Pennsylvania

Allegheny, 18; Allentown, 111; Altoona, 16; Ambridge, 16; Apollo, 11; Ashland, 12; Bangor, 10; Beaver Falls, 8; Bellefonte, 7; Bethlehem, 6; Blairsville, 2; Bloomsburg, 6; Braddock, 12; Bradford, 8; Bristol, 10; Butler, 8; Carlisle, 2; Carnegie, 1; Chambersburg, 41; Charleroi, 19; Chester, 4; Clearfield, 4; Coatesville, 8; Columbia, 6; Corry, 7; Danville, 7; Donora, 2; Duquesne, 4; Easton, 26; East Stroudsburg, 10; Ellwood City, 28; Etna, 7; Franklin, 22; Freeland, 3; Gettysburg, 7; Greenburg, 41; Greenville, 14; Grove City, 1; Hanover, 14; Harrisburg, 65; Homestead, 5; Huntington, 6; Indiana, 120; Jeannette, 27; Jersey Shore, 8; Johnsonburg, 11; Johnstown, 26; Kane, 1; Kittanning, 5; Knoxville, 2; Lancaster, 21; Lansford, 13; Latrobe, 3; Lebanon, 12; Leechburg, 5; Lehighton,

5; Lewistown, 62; Lock Haven, 18; Mahanoy City, 6; McKeesport, 54; Meadville, 3; Middletown, 7; Milton, 6; Monessen, 10; New Castle, 16; New Kensington, 45; Norristown, 18; Oil City, 3; Philadelphia, 32; Philipsburg, 10; Pittsburgh, 38; Pittston, 11; Pottstown, 25; Reading, 60; Red Lion, 8; Renovo, 6; Reynoldsville, 16; Rochester, 5; St. Marys, 17; Sayre, 18; Scottsdale, 2; Sharon, 10; Shenandoah, 8; Sheraden, 4; State College, 10; Sunbury, 15; Tamaqua, 4; Tarentum, 12; Tyrone, 18; Washington, 14; Waynesburg, 5; West Chester, 5; Wilkesburg, 22; Williamsport, 11; Woodlawn, 16; York, 26.

Rhode Island

Newport, 7; Pawtucket, 4; Providence, 118; Westerly, 2; Woonsocket, 6.

South Carolina

Anderson, 8; Charleston, 23; Columbia, 23; Florence, 42; Greenville, 50; Rock Hill, 16; Sumter, 16.

South Dakota

Aberdeen, 20; Deadwood, 2; Huron, 24; Mitchell, 24; Sioux Falls, 39; Watertown, 24; Yankton, 3.

Tennessee

Bristol, 28; Chattanooga, 13; Colum-

bia, 14; Jackson, 7; Johnson City, 4; Knoxville, 15; Memphis, 18; Nashville, 8; Trenton, 2.

Texas

Amarillo, 45; Austin, 1; Breckenridge, 5; Brenham, 19; Cisco, 16; Cleburne, 1; Dallas, 21; Denison, 25; El Paso, 20; Fort Worth, 24; Galveston, 10; Houston, 65; Marshall, 1; Mercedes, 2; Mexia, 8; Plainview, 4; Port Arthur, 3; Ranger, 1; Seguin, 1; Sweetwater, 2; Temple, 3.

Utah

Cedar City, 9; Eureka, 13; Ogden, 9; Price, 15.

Vermont

Barre, 3; Bennington, 14; Brattleboro, 4; Burlington, 11; St. Albans, 2; St. Johnsbury, 3; Springfield, 8.

Virginia

Clifton Forge, 10; Danville, 2; Fredericksburg, 16; Hampton, 11; Newport News, 12; Norfolk, 15; Petersburg, 2; Portsmouth, 7; Roanoke, 30; Suffolk, 16; Winchester, 13.

Washington

Aberdeen, 55; Anacortes, 10; Ballard, 14; Bellingham, 15; Bremerton, 13; Centralia, 21; Chehalis, 15; Ellens-

burg, 3; Hoquiam, 9; Kelso, 29; Longview, 19; Olympia, 17; Port Angeles, 15; Port Townsend, 20; Puyallup, 5; Raymond, 10; Seattle, 24; Spokane, 39; Tacoma, 55; Vancouver, 25; Walla Walla, 25; Wenatchee, 120; Yakima, 25.

West Virginia

Bluefield, 13; Charleston, 92; Clarksburg, 7; Fairmont, 15; Grafton, 15; Hinton, 5; Huntington, 57; Mannington, 57; Martinsburg, 1; Parkersburg, 15; Princeton, 5; Wellsburg, 4; Wheeling, 15; Williamson, 7.

Wisconsin

Antigo, 26; Appleton, 33; Ashland, 4; Baraboo, 6; Beloit, 5; Chippewa Falls, 12; Eau Claire, 10; Fond du Lac, 31; Hudson, 16; Janesville, 8; Kaukauna, 9; Kenosha, 7; La Crosse, 10; Madison, 50; Manitowoc, 9; Three Rivers, 20; Marshfield, 45; Merrill, 15; Milwaukee, 57; Oconto, 16; Oshkosh, 30; Platteville, 14; Portage, 15; Racine, 8; Rhinelander, 2; Rice Lake, 6; Stevens Point, 13; Superior, 115; Two Rivers, 1; Watertown, 7; Waukesha, 35; Wausau, 14; Wisconsin Rapids, 32.

Wyoming

Casper, 25; Cheyenne, 41; Greybull, 5; Rawlins, 15; Rock Springs, 13; Sheridan, 44.

Rodeo

(Continued from page 17)

are well looked after. All this expense must come out of his winnings. In some years Shelton has paid out \$2,500 in entrance fees. As high as \$100 an event must be paid by the contestant taking part in a first class rodeo, as a gesture of good faith.

Unlike Crosby, Shelton goes in for expensive clothes, and his wardrobe of fancy shirts, vests, "chaps" and sombreros is the envy of most of his companions. Dick owns a ranch near the Mexican border and between rodeo seasons keeps in form by hunting in Texas or Old Mexico. His wife, Rene, is the daughter of "California" Frank Hafley, an old-time wild west show impresario. The Sheltons have a son, 12 years old, who has already demonstrated that he has much of his parents' fearlessness and skill in the saddle. Mrs. Shelton is a trick and fancy rider and would be riding outlaw broncs as well, but her husband vetoed that at the outset of their romance.

Mike Hastings is the veteran among steer wrestlers today. Mike got his first inkling of this rough sport from Bill Pickett himself twenty-five years ago. Since then he has thrown hundreds of steers, weighing 1,200 pounds each, without receiving a serious injury. Mike doesn't account a broken arm or fractured rib as "serious."

Everett Bowman and Hugh Bennett are two "top hands" who have come up since Shelton started his career. Bowman is from Fort Thomas, Arizona, where he owns a general store and filling station, paid for out of rodeo winnings. Hugh

Bennett is a Texas cowboy—a college athlete. In spite of his 200 pounds he is fleet as a deer and has won many match foot races. Bennett and Bowman are equally good at calf roping or bulldogging, and are up among the big financial winners. So is John Bowman—not related to Everett—a strapping cowboy from Trent, Texas, who wrestles steers and ropes calves.

The bronc riders seldom do anything else. Theirs is the most dangerous of all the rodeo feats. Some of them don't last long under the pounding they take—a few have gone on for years. Bob Askin is the veteran among the prize-winners today. Bob is from Ismay, Montana, the home of another great rider, Paddy Ryan. Earl Thode, of Belvedere, S. D., is among the few bronc riders who are equally good at bulldogging and calf roping. So is Howard Tegland, of Jackson Hole, Wyoming. The "cowboy's cowboy," when it comes to bronc riding, is Pete Knight, a young Canadian ranchman. Pete won his spurs at the Calgary Stampede and has taken down more firsts in Canada and the United States than any other rider in late years. Pete is about medium height and gives little indication of his great strength. He is admitted to rank with Thad Sowder, Harry Brennan, Sam Scoville, and other great riders of the past, when it comes to skill, grace and daring in the saddle.

Another great rider who has drawn down many first prizes at western and eastern rodeos, is Floyd Still-

ings, of Marshfield, Oregon, a slim, blond young cowboy who has an uncanny knack of maintaining his balance on the worst outlaw horses. Other men of the first class are Harry Knight, a young Californian; Frank Greenough, of Red Lodge, Montana; Breezy Cox, Pine Tip, Arizona; Leo Murray, Fort Worth, Texas; Walter Jeacock, Quemado, N. M.; Herman Linden, Cordston, Calif.; and Irby Mundy, Ulstersville, Colo.

Calf roping, one of the major events of the rodeo, was a favorite amusement of the late Will Rogers.

If you were a guest at the ranch of the humorist in California and were a fair "hand" at staying on a cow pony's back and could throw a rope with a reasonable degree of accuracy, the chances were that you would soon find yourself in overalls or leather "chaps" competing against your host. Several frisky calves, of the type known as Brahma, were always kept on the Rogers ranch. Calf roping vied with polo when it came to keeping Will Rogers in the physically fit condition in which he was always found. That and trick roping would keep him interested for hours—both of them reminiscent of the rodeo life which he had loved professionally in early days and which never lost its charm for him.

So many cowgirls have been killed riding broncs that there is a growing disposition to take this feature out of rodeo contests. Women have been favored in some ways, such as allowing them to ride with "hobbled" stirrups—that is, the stirrups fas-

tened down with a rope extending from one to the other, underneath the horse. But this is a handicap when a horse falls, though it may keep the rider from being pitched off when the horse keeps its feet. Probably a score still compete in rodeos. Outstanding among these daring women of the rodeo is Florence Randolph, of Ardmore, Okla. She is the wife of Floyd Randolph, also a rodeo contestant and now an Oklahoma sheriff. Florence asks no odds when it comes to drawing an outlaw bronc for a ride. She has been seriously injured many times, but always "comes back," as fearless and skillful as ever. A vivacious brunette, she is popular socially in her home city and has made many talks on her rodeo experiences to women's and men's clubs and on the radio. She has even successfully conducted a rodeo of her own.

The rodeo cowgirls are for the most just ranch girls who have shown exceptional skill and nerve in riding unbroken broncos. A whirlwind among them is Tad Lucas, of Fort Worth, Texas, who has been winning all kinds of championship trophies and cash prizes for years. Tad is slight of build, weighing only about 100 pounds, but she has ridden the wildest bucking horses, besides excelling as a relay race rider. Last season she shattered her elbow when thrown from a bucking horse at a rodeo in Chicago, and may have to retire permanently from the arena in which she has won fame and fortune.

Other fearless riders are Grace Runyon, of Cheyenne, Wyo.; Vaughn Kreig, Holly, Colo.; Bea Kirnan, Fort Worth, Texas; Mabel Strickland, Cheyenne, and Fox Hastings, of Fort Worth.

GAMENESS is one of the chief requisites of a rodeo contestant. Bronc riders and bulldoggers and steer riders frequently are badly hurt, but it's something else again to get them to admit it. Dr. H. O. Clauss, official physician at Madison Square Garden, who looks after injured prize fighters, six-day bicycle riders, hockey players and other athletes who are candidates for first aid, says rodeo contestants are his biggest trouble. They simply refuse to believe that they are injured.

I heard the doctor giving some well-meant advice about Fox Hastings, cowgirl, who was in a stretcher on her way to the hospital after an accident. A bucking horse had turned a complete somersault with Fox. She had been unable to disengage her feet from the hobbled stirrups and came up in the saddle, completely "out."

"This girl has brain concussion," said the doctor. "See that they keep her in the hospital several days for observation. If they don't, she's liable to drop dead any minute."

Fox refused to remain in the hospital. That night I saw her sitting

with the other cowgirls in the arena, and next day she made another ride.

During most of a recent rodeo season, Marie Gibson rode with a broken jaw, which she had received when a bronc fell with her. With a bandage under her jaw and tied tightly over the top of her head, Marie rode through one rodeo after another, winding up in New York where she took first money. She was riding for something more than glory. Marie, who had been brought to Montana from Belgium when she was a child, had been riding broncs on the "rodeo circuit" for years. She had a ranch to run and children to educate. That was why she stayed out there in the rodeo arena with a broken jaw, riding as if her life depended on it. Just last year, with her ranch paid for and her children educated, Marie Gibson was killed while bronc riding at Boise. A stumbling bronc fell and rolled on her, crushing her to death.

COLLECTING bucking horses is a matter of eternal vigilance and no little expense, to say nothing of ten disappointments to one real reward. Notable among the "strings" of buckers gathered for rodeo purposes are those of Colonel W. T. Johnson, of San Antonio, Texas, McCarty and Elliott of Cheyenne, Wyoming, and the community-owned broncs of the Pendleton, Oregon, Roundup Association.

Colonel Johnson keeps about 150 bucking horses on his Bird's Nest Ranch in Texas. The Colonel got into rodeo production through a costly mistake. As a successful stock raiser, he was induced to put on the American Legion rodeo in San Antonio in 1928. When the rodeo was over, Colonel Johnson was \$43,000 in the red. This stirred his Texas ire, and he vowed he would go into the game in a big way and make a million out of it before he quit. Now he puts on the rodeos that wind up the season in New York and Boston. He has won back his \$43,000 and more, and, besides a priceless Texas drawl, he has a lot of bucking horses that are the chief public enemies of the equine outlaw world.

LOTS of people think bucking horses are trained," said the Colonel. "They aren't. Bucking just comes natural to them. The best buckers are big ranch horses that have gone sour on the world. I have a scout up in Canada now looking over some prospects that I've heard of. A ranchman has a horse that he can't break to harness or saddle. He sends the horse to a local rodeo. If the horse makes good, he is sent to more rodeos and we hear of him.

"Usually the horse is described as something breathing fire and brimstone and throwing cowboys so far that they have to take an automobile to get back. We check up the horse's record as against the cowboys who have tried to ride him. If he has

thrown good riders, we buy him. Even then it's taking a chance."

The Colonel's expression grew sad as he continued.

"Last year, for instance, I heard of a bad horse in North Dakota. He was named Swede. No matter what his name might have been, I wanted him. He performed like a world-beater. The ranchman who owned him said I had to buy nine other horses to get this buck. I kicked and said the bucking horse was all I wanted. The ranchman said ten or none. So I said all right and gave him a check for \$800 for the ten horses. Then I said: "I'm making you a present of these nine other horses—all I want is this Swede horse." It was the ranchman's turn to kick, but I explained that the nine horses would be no good to me, just eating their heads off. So he took the nine horses back and I went away with \$800 worth of Swede horse.

"Well, that horse started in great. That season he bucked off some of the best riders in the country. They couldn't savvy his style at all. Then what happened? This Swede horse got to thinking things over and decided to change his style. He quit the straight bucking he had been doing and became a spinner—just spun round and round like a fool top. Riders can stay on a spinner. Now I don't know what to do about this Swede horse. We've got to make him get back to his old style of bucking or he isn't worth a nickel."

COLONEL Johnson's horses represent the cream of at least 500 buckers he has bought in the last few years. He has a man checking the performance of each of his bucking horses at every rodeo. If a horse goes below sixty percent in the number of riders thrown, he is removed from the "string." Then every year there is a loss from rattlesnake bites. Last year the Colonel lost ten horses that way; this year it was only four up to August. Some horses wilt under a long railroad ride; others will buck as well at the end of a 2,000 mile journey as on the home pasture. The most consistent buck in Colonel Johnson's "string" is old Fiddle Face. He has been bucking for years, and has spilled every well-known rider. If any cowboy stole a ride on him it was because Fiddle Face was just feeling fifty-fifty.

Of late years the best record has been made by Midnight, a black horse owned by Ed McCarty and Verne Elliott, who furnish the bucking stock for the Cheyenne, Fort Worth and other big rodeos. Midnight "turns on" right at the chute gate, heels high in the air and the rider going over his head.

Whether the modern riders average as well as those of the days of big herds and more cowboys is a question that would keep a debating society in material for many a long

evening. The rules have changed a lot, which makes comparison difficult. The old-timers rode their broncs to a finish; today a ride is ten seconds in duration. But the broncs used to be saddled in the open, which took a good deal of "steam" out of them. Today they stand quietly in a saddling chute. They are fresh at the start, and anyone who stays ten seconds in the saddle and rides according to the rules, keeping his feet moving along the horse's sides, earns whatever prize money he is able to draw down.

The rodeo had its genesis among the friendly—and sometimes not too friendly—contests between "top hands" of various cow outfits at roundup time. The boys of the Hash-knife and other big outfits used to settle their disputes by holding a rodeo—which is Spanish for "roundup"—in the main street of Pecos City, Texas. Phoenix, El Paso, and other big towns in the southwest, held contests back in the '80's.

The first big rodeo was held at Cheyenne in 1900. A railroad agent

got the idea of bringing in the best cowboys in the west to compete for prizes. It was a big success, and Cheyenne hasn't missed a year since. Other western cities took up the idea—then it spread to the east.

The hard life of rodeo judges is enough to prove how much "on the level" these contests are. I have seen a judge badly beaten by a contestant who did not agree with his ideas of judging. When the cowgirls get after the judges, the arbiters usually hunt cover. I came on two big fellows hiding out in a small room at rodeo headquarters one night, avoiding an angry cowgirl who was not satisfied with the rating they gave her. The only judge I ever heard of who got the better of a cowgirl in such a case was in a western city where a rodeo had just been concluded. The cowgirl had been given third place in the bronc riding, and thought she should have had first. She wound up the tirade by declaring that she would have the judge run out of town.

"No," she corrected herself, "I'll

do better than that—I'll have you killed. I can get the job done for two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars for killing me?" echoed the judge. "I sure hate to see you throw away your dough like that. Why, I can get the job done for you for half the money!"

A contestant may cover thirty or forty rodeos in a season, which means a lot of physical battering around—more than anybody but a cowboy could stand. Many travel from one rodeo to another in automobiles, with their ponies carried along in trailers. The unsuccessful one can usually wangle a ride and a "stake" from the winners.

ALTOGETHER it is a life part gypsy, part circus, and like nothing else in the world.

"I s'pose," said one of the rodeo "hands," pushing back his big hat and gazing contemplatively at the crowd gathering for a western rodeo, "it'll go on as long as there are horses to be rode and cowboys to be thrown."

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 33)

On Thursday, January 9, the Grand Exalted Ruler paid an official visit to Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, where he first became an Elk. With him was one of the largest escorts that has accompanied him on any of his visitations. The membership of Bronx Lodge turned out in full force and the entertainment and dinner held in his honor, as well as the Lodge meeting, were enjoyed to the utmost by hundreds of Elks. Strict attention was paid to the expansive address delivered by Judge Hallinan in his usual forceful and interesting style, and enjoyment and approval of his speech was demonstrated by prolonged and hearty applause. P.E.R. Seymour Mork was assisted in the presentation of the Grand Exalted Ruler's gift by the Bronx Lodge Drill Team under the direction of Captain C. William Byrne.

Among the prominent Elks of New York State who were present were P.E.R.'s F. William Wolters, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, George A. Burden and Frank J. Rauch; Secy. James D. Moran and Est. Lead. Knight John G. Toomey, all of Queens Borough Lodge; D.D.'s John P. Doyle, Mount Kisco, Robert S. Kelly, Newburgh, and Michael A. Petroccia, Glen Cove; Herbert R. Ninesling, Great Neck, and E. Lee Heidenreich, Jr., Newburgh, Vice-Pres.'s of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.; Fred Rasch, Glen Cove, Past State Vice-Pres.; P.D.D.'s James H. Moran, New Rochelle, Clarence J. Seaton, Haverstraw, Harry Kohl, Newburgh, and Thomas

F. Cuite, Brooklyn; E.R.'s Roland A. Crowe, Glen Cove, Irwin R. Browner, Great Neck, George I. Hall, Lynbrook, Peter J. Mayers, New Rochelle, and George M. Martin, Mount Vernon; P.E.R.'s John J. Martin, Frederick E. Goldsmith and Samuel McKee of New York Lodge, No. 1, and Edward R. Dowd, White Plains; Secy. Robert B. Finley, Lynbrook; Est. Lead. Knight A. J. DeLisio, Est. Lect. Knight George J. Reigler and Inner Guard Jeff Marcus of Brooklyn Lodge, and City Magistrate Earl H. Smith, New York Lodge, No. 1. Inner Guard Fred Bird was present from Hackensack, N. J., Lodge.

The Past Exalted Rulers of Bronx Lodge acted as a Committee under the Chairmanship of P.D.D. Arthur B. Kelly, efficiently carrying out all arrangements for the event. The P.E.R.'s of Bronx Lodge who attended were William H. Meyer, Bertram L. Kraus, P. Joseph Conroy, Seymour Mork, David E. Livingston, Charles T. Rudershausen, Daniel E. Kiernan, Albert G. Schildwachter, a Past State Vice-Pres., and Mr. Kelly. Entertainment was provided by Stephen Connolly, Est. Loy. Knight Fred Vettel, Edward Gillice, Jerry Kahn, Timothy Connolly, James Miller, William Blauvelt, and Mr. Kelly. Royal C. Breslin was at the piano.

The official visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler to Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1485, on January 10 was inscribed in the Lodge records as one of the outstanding events in the 11 years of the Lodge's existence.

Five hundred members, including numerous dignitaries of the Order, prominent jurists and public officials, were present to greet Judge Hallinan. Before the formalities in the Lodge room, a dinner and a reception were held in the main dining room. Seated at the head table with the Grand Exalted Ruler were Judge J. Dwight Rogers, E.R. of Hempstead Lodge; P.D.D. Gustav H. Papenmeyer, a Trustee of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.; State Vice-Pres. Herbert R. Ninesling, Great Neck; Supreme Court Justices Thomas J. Cuff and Frank G. Hooley; Mayor George M. Estabrook; Supervisors J. Russell Sprague and A. Holly Patterson; D.D. Michael A. Petroccia, Glen Cove, and P.D.D. Justice Peter Stephen Beck, Freeport.

JUDGE HALLINAN'S visit was of special significance not only because of his personal popularity and the rarity of visits by a Grand Exalted Ruler to the Lodge, but because he conducted the institution of Hempstead Lodge. As he entered the Lodge room, he was escorted by Mr. Papenmeyer who was the Lodge's first Exalted Ruler. Judge Rogers delivered a brief address of welcome, after which Judge Hallinan spoke. He was presented during the evening with a bronze statue by Mr. Papenmeyer on behalf of the Lodge.

Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan arrived in Detroit, Mich., on Saturday, January 11, at noon. Detroit, Lodge, No. 34, held an afternoon

Lodge session at three P.M., presided over by E. R. Irvine J. Unger, at which time 24 candidates were initiated by the crack Degree Team of Kalamazoo Lodge, No. 50, holder of the Michigan State Ritualistic championship.

At 7 P.M. a banquet was held in the Lodge Home. Two hundred and fifty Elks were present from neighboring Lodges in Michigan and from Ohio. P.E.R. Frank G. Mitzel, Pres. of the Mich. State Elks Assn., presided at the banquet. Among those attending were Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, O.; Past Grand Trustee John K. Burch of Grand Rapids, Mich.; Ward E. Fulcher of Pontiac, D.D. for Mich. East; C. J. Howe of Hillsdale, D.D. for Mich. Cent.; Charles W. Casselman of Fostoria, Pres. of the Ohio State Elks Assn., and numerous present and past officers of Lodges in both States.

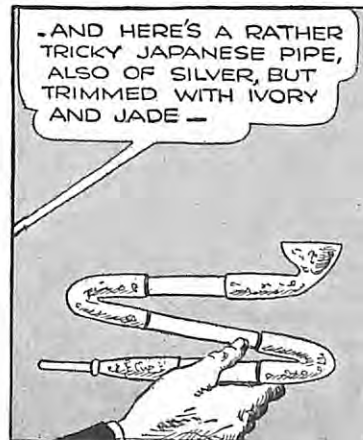
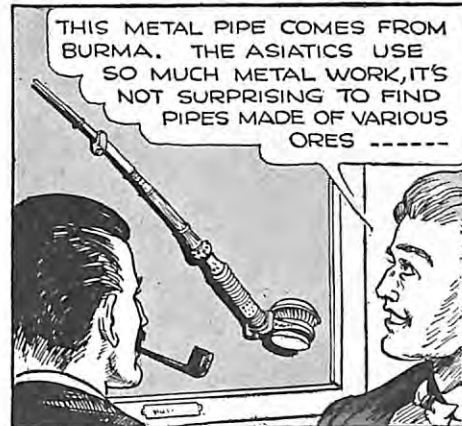
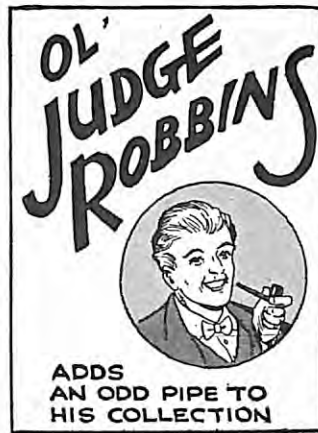
On the occasion of Judge Hallinan's visit, Detroit Lodge celebrated its Golden Jubilee, having been 50 years in existence on December 13, 1935. One charter member of the Lodge is still living, and several "Old Timers" were present at the banquet who have been Elks for over forty years.

On Sunday, January 12, Judge Hallinan conferred with the officers and committeemen of the Mich. State Elks Assn., who held their mid-winter conference in Detroit at that time to coincide with the visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

For the first time in its history, Greenwich, Conn., Lodge, No. 1150, had the honor of receiving a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order when, on January 14, Judge Hallinan was accorded a reception in the Lodge Home, preceded by a dinner at the Pickwick Arms Hotel. Officers and delegations from Lodges in Western Connecticut and Westchester County, N. Y., attended in large numbers. More than 200 Elks, who assembled in the Elks' Auditorium, enjoyed the eloquent address delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler and a number of brief speeches made by visitors who stand high in the Order.

A parade was formed at the railroad station to escort the Grand Exalted Ruler and other guests to the hotel. The American Legion Fife, Bugle and Drum Corps furnished music, and also in line were a motorcycle squad of police and marching units of regular and fire police. Riding with the Grand Exalted Ruler were Charles Spence Hart of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; J. J. McGuinness of Mount Kisco, N. Y., Lodge, Comptroller of The Elks Magazine; E.R. Frederick D. Barrett of Greenwich Lodge, and First Selectman Oscar D. Tuthill.

Mr. Barrett presided at the formal session in the Lodge room. Mr. Tuthill was the first speaker, extending a welcome on behalf of the citizens of Greenwich. At the conclusion of the Grand Exalted Ruler's address

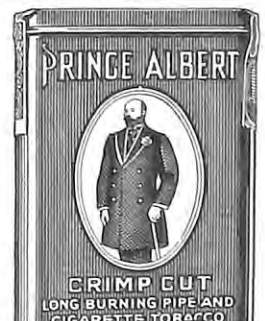


**THE BEST "BREAK"
A PIPE CAN GET**



Smokers who make pals out of pipes agree that Prince Albert is *the* tobacco for breakin' 'em in—and for forever after! P.A. cakes nicely—smokes sweet. It is "crimp cut" for coolness—does not bite the tongue. The big red tin holds 50 pipefuls. Swell "makin's" for roll-your-own cigarettes too.

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OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

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

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



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

STRAINED BACK SPADING HIS GARDEN



But good old Absorbine Jr. Soon brought relief

WHILE turning over the top soil for a spring vegetable garden, Grandpa K* put too much enthusiasm into the task for his elderly years.

Result: a strained and very sore back that probably would have stopped his gardening for the season (and disturbed his sleep for many nights) had "mother" not promptly, vigorously and frequently applied Absorbine Jr.

This marvelous old liniment, Grandpa K reports, stopped the pain so rapidly that, as usual, he got his seed in ahead of the neighbors.

For sore muscles, strained ligaments, aches, bruises, cuts and the like, you simply can't beat soothing and swift-acting Absorbine Jr. And, of course, it's a marvel for killing the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot. Economical, too, because a bit goes so far. Get a bottle today at your druggist's—\$1.25. For free sample, fill out and mail coupon below.

**Based on actual letter from our files*

W. F. YOUNG, INC.
410 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.
Gentlemen: I should like personally to test
Absorbine Jr. Kindly send a free sample to

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

(Print name and address)

ABSORBINE JR.

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

P.E.R. Frederick J. Whelan responded, expressing the Lodge's appreciation. Others who spoke were Mr. Hart, D.D. Joseph A. Muldoon, of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, D.D. John P. Doyle, of Mount Kisco, N. Y., Lodge, P.D.D. James H. Moran of New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, and the Rev. Father James F. Jones, Chaplain of Mt. Kisco Lodge. Other prominent members of the Order who were present were Philip Clancy, of Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, Secy. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., P.D.D. Joseph M. Fitzgerald of Derby, Conn., Lodge, and John A. Condon, New Haven, and Robert M. Wellstood, Greenwich, Past Pres.'s of the Conn. State Elks Assn. Included in the New Haven delegation were E.R. James E. Cobey and his son, Donald Cobey, who recently became a member of New Haven Lodge.

Seventeen charter members of the Greenwich Lodge of Antlers were presented to Judge Hallinan at the Pickwick Arms during the dinner. This is the second branch of the junior organization to be instituted in Connecticut and its membership already numbers more than twenty of the finest young men in the community.

FOR the first time in 43 years Newburgh, N. Y., Lodge, No. 247, was honored by the visit of a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order when, on Friday, January 17, Judge Hallinan visited the Lodge in his official capacity. His address to the membership was made at a dinner held for him in the Lodge Home. At a short business meeting held before the dinner, E.R. John F. Kingsley reported that during the past year the Lodge had reduced the mortgage on its property by \$4,500.

Representatives from the eight Lodges in the East Central District and dignitaries of the Order from many sections of the State participated in the festivities, among them being D.D. Robert S. Kelly and State Vice-Pres. E. Lee Heidenreich, Jr., both P.E.R.'s of Newburgh Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced by P.E.R. Jacob A. Decker, P.D.D. for the District. Est. Lead. Knight Daniel Becker, City Recorder, presided at the dinner. P.D.D. Henry Kohl, P.E.R., was Chairman of the Reception Committee. After the speeches, the Lodge presented Judge Hallinan with a handsome traveling bag for his daughter who has been attending school for several years in Newburgh, the presentation being made by P.E.R. Raphael A. Egan.

Four hundred Elks, representing 11 Lodges in the East District of New York assembled in the Moses Taylor Jr. American Legion Hall in Mt. Kisco, N. Y., on Tuesday, January 21, when the Grand Exalted Ruler paid his visit to Mt. Kisco Lodge, No. 1552. Judge Hallinan was met at the railroad station early in the evening by officers and other prominent members of the Lodge and

escorted to the Lodge rooms where a dinner was held in his honor with 125 Elks and friends in attendance. Later the entire party adjourned to Legion Hall.

The regular Lodge session opened the evening's program. At its close each visiting delegation was escorted into the meeting room and introduced, after which initiation ceremonies were held for a number of new members of Mt. Kisco Lodge. The occasion also marked the official home-coming visit of D.D. John P. Doyle.

Included in the large number of prominent Elks who attended were Edward J. Murray of Yonkers, a Vice-Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.; P.D.D.'s James H. Moran, New Rochelle, James Dempsey, Jr., Peekskill, Dr. Joseph E. Vigeant, Poughkeepsie, and County Judge Gerald Nolan, Yonkers; E.R.'s John E. Canepi, Yonkers, Peter J. Mayers, New Rochelle, George M. Martin, Mount Vernon, B. J. Santoro, Mamaroneck, Heber Sutton, Port Chester, Francis J. Mahony, White Plains, P. E. Tierney, Ossining, Daniel M. Keyes, Poughkeepsie, Louis Rogen, Beacon, and Charles F. Friedmann, Peekskill. Delegations also attended from Bronx, N. Y., and Greenwich, Conn., Lodges.

Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan arrived in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., early in the evening on January 29 and was escorted by the American Legion Drum Corps and a police escort to the Home of Poughkeepsie Lodge, No. 275. The Home was elaborately decorated and illuminated for the occasion and the distinguished guest and his party received a fine ovation as they entered the building, accompanied by E.R. Daniel M. Keyes and his staff of officers.

ABANQUET was held in Judge Hallinan's honor in the main dining room with about 200 members and guests present. Mayor George V. L. Spratt officially welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler to Poughkeepsie. District Deputies and Exalted Rulers made brief speeches in which they praised the Grand Exalted Ruler's leadership and pledged their continued support. In his address Judge Hallinan expressed his appreciation of the delightful hospitality extended by Poughkeepsie Lodge, and promised that he would attend at least one day's session of the New York State Elks Association Convention to be held in Poughkeepsie on May 31, and June 1, 2 and 3.

After the banquet the Grand Exalted Ruler was greeted in the Lodge rooms by more than 400 Elks, and later attended a meeting of the Lodge. In the party accompanying him to Poughkeepsie were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert of New York Lodge, No. 1; George W. Denton of Gloversville, Pres. of N. Y. State Elks Assn.; Charles Spencer Hart of Mount Vernon, Chairman of the Grand Lodge

Activities Committee; Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, New York; State Vice-Pres. Edward Murray, Yonkers; Past State Vice-Pres.'s Max Kaplan Leeds, Port Chester, and Robert L. Dymes, Ossining; D.D. John P. Doyle, Mount Kisco; Secy. James D. Moran of Queens Borough Lodge; P.D.D.'s Judge Gerald Nolan, Yonkers; James H. Moran, New Rochelle, and James Dempsey, Peekskill, and the Rev. Father Jones of Mount Kisco and the Rev. Father Torpey of Pawling.

P.D.D. Dr. Joseph E. Vigeant was Honorary Chairman of the Committee in charge of the banquet and E.R. Keyes was general Chairman. Included in the large number of guests were many Past District Deputies, Exalted Rulers, Past Exalted Rulers and officers of New York Lodges. D.D. Michael A. Petroccia of Glen Cove Lodge was also present.

A James T. Hallinan Class initiation of 50 candidates, speeches by the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley; E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and D.D. George A. Dolan, and the unveiling of a bronze plaque in memory of P.E.R. James F. Duffy, Grand Treasurer at the time of his death, were the principal events in connection with Judge Hallinan's visit to Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14. On that evening—Friday, January 31—a regular session of the Lodge was held and supper and entertainment were provided. About 600 Elks attended.

Members of the Lodge who had been initiated by Mr. Duffy were present to witness the unveiling of the plaque. Mr. Nicholson officially presented the tablet to the Lodge.

IN his address on Saturday evening, February 1, at the Thirtieth Birthday Celebration of North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1011, the Grand Exalted Ruler bestowed the highest praise upon the Lodge for its splendid condition, its fealty to the Order and its contributions to civic and social life. The Lodge owns a beautiful Home Free from debt, and has a \$10,000 Endowment Fund for its philanthropic work.

From the time of his arrival the Grand Exalted Ruler was in the hands of the Reception Committee headed by P.E.R. Edward J. Cooney and composed of P.E.R.'s of the Lodge. The Anniversary Banquet was held at six o'clock, and following the post-prandial exercises a class of 10 candidates was initiated. John J. Fitzgerald was Chairman of the Banquet Committee and P.E.R. Ralph L. Harden acted as Toastmaster. Greetings of the Lodge were conveyed by E. R. Frederick Connelly, and the Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by P.E.R. William A. Rohman of Attleboro Lodge. Judge Hallinan was presented with a sterling silver military set by P.D.D.



Joe Cook and one of his elaborate "inventions" which he used in the musical comedy "Fine and Dandy"

How to cure Whisker Trouble

*Devious Dee-vices and Mystifying Machines
Make Shaving a Pleasure*

by Joe Cook, Comedian of Radio, Stage and Screen

I BELIEVE I was teathed on a camshaft. Maybe that's why machinery is my dish. And talk about inventions—they all call me "Joe" around the patent office in Washington. Yes I know my machinery—and the machinery I saw in the Gillette factory puts anything I've ever seen way behind the eight ball.

"It's unbelievable the number of dee-vices they have around the place just to make sure that there is no such thing as even a single sour Gillette blade.

For instance, they start out with a coil of the finest steel that money can buy, and put it through more tests than a guy trying to get his first driver's license. Metallurgists—the gents who know all about metal—"X-Ray" the steel, pop it into a furnace and burn it—take pictures of it enlarged hundreds of times. Say—there isn't a hidden flaw that can get by. These Gillette people are harder to please than the critics on opening night.

Of course the big Five-Star feature is the battery of grinding and sharpening

machines which put so fine an edge on each blade that you can't even see 'em. What's more I accidentally dropped one of these blades and my guide informed me that the blade would not pass inspection. I made him prove it. We placed the blade in a magazine containing 1000 blades. We alone knew the portion of the holder we had placed it in.

The blades were then handed to an inspector in the final inspection department, who ran her eagle eye along the tightly packed mass of blades and instantly picked out the one I had dropped! That shows you how perfect a blade has to be to get by Gillette inspection.

Lack of space causes me to omit many of the pains-taking processes that Gillette deems necessary in producing its blades. All I can say is—that if every whisker-troubled human could only take a trip, like I did, through the Gillette plant, nothing but a Gillette edge would ever touch his face. Yes sir—I'm keen for Gillette blades—and vice versa.

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.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.



ANYONE with a shorter neck would be bowled over by that never-cleaned pipe and gorilla tobacco. Now, we believe that a pipe is the world's swellest smoke if properly tended and packed with a clean-burning, pleasant-smelling tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Walter—to use a much abused phrase—is definitely *milder*. It's a well-aged Kentucky Burley mixture that burns cool and slow while giving off a winning fragrance. Try a tin. Giraffes, pygmies, red-blooded men and slim blondes will seek your company and applaud the aroma. 15¢—wrapped in heavy gold foil.

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA

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-64

Joseph D. Irvine on behalf of the North Attleboro membership.

The Lodge was honored on its anniversary not only by the Grand Exalted Ruler but by two Past Grand Exalted Rulers—John F. Malley and James R. Nicholson, and by E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; D.D. Daniel J. Honan of Winthrop; State Pres. John E. Moynahan of Lowell; James D. Moran of Queens Borough Lodge, Secy. to the Grand Exalted Ruler; Chairman of Selectmen Irving Linley and Congressman Joseph W. Martin, both of North Attleboro Lodge, and Selectmen Donald Le Stage and Frank Westcott. Several hundred Elks were present.

Judge Hallinan was the guest of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9, on February 6. He spoke at the Lodge Home at the dinner given for him and enjoyed the initiation ceremonies and social time that followed. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell was present. During his visit in St. Louis Judge Hallinan was received at the City Hall by Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Bernard F. Dickmann who is Mayor of the city. He found himself in a merry company of Elks, for many of the city officials are members of St. Louis Lodge.

The Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, began Friday afternoon, February 7, with the arrival of the Grand Exalted Ruler at Union Station where he was greeted by Judge James M. Fitzgerald, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, leading the Reception

Committee. The Committee in general charge was headed by Esq. William Raab, Chairman, E. R. Walter L. Pierpoint and Secy. Penn. P. Fodrea. After broadcasting a greeting over Station KOIL, Judge Hallinan was escorted to the Elks Club Hotel where a continuous stream of visitors paid their respects during the afternoon. Past Grand Exalted Rulers Frank L. Rain of Fairbury, Neb., Lodge, and Grand Secy. J. Edgar Masters of Chicago were also present.

The evening program opened with a 6 o'clock banquet on the second floor of the Elks' building. Those at the speakers' table were Judge Hallinan; Mr. Rain; Mr. Masters; Judge Fitzgerald; Mr. Raab; D.D. Judge Fred C. Laird of Fremont; State Pres. G. T. Tou Velle, Lincoln; A. Schneider, of Benedict, Chairman of the Neb. State Elks Crippled Children's Committee; Mayor Roy N. Towl; P.E.R. James C. Travis, Chairman of the Banquet Committee, and Alfred Sorenson, a charter member of Omaha Lodge. E. R. Pierpoint was Toastmaster. A feature of the banquet was the presentation of an electric clock to the Grand Exalted Ruler by Judge Fitzgerald on behalf of the officers and members of No. 39.

Immediately after the banquet a Lodge session was held for the initiation of the "Frank L. Rain Fiftieth Anniversary Class." One hundred new members were admitted to the Order in addition to 46 reinstatements. (Story of Omaha meeting to be continued in May issue.)

Itineraries of The 1936 Good-Will Tour

(Continued from page 30)

Tues.	June 9th	Uniontown, Pa.	A.M.	Fri.	July 3rd	Woodland, Cal.	A.M.
"	"	Pittsburgh, Pa.	P.M.	"	"	Stockton, Cal.	P.M.
Wed.	"	10th Steubenville, Ohio	A.M.	Sat.	"	4th Merced, Cal.	A.M.
"	"	Wheeling, W. Va	P.M.	"	"	Fresno, Cal.	P.M.
Thurs.	"	11th Marietta, Ohio	A.M.	Sun.	"	5th REST	A.M.
"	"	Zanesville, Ohio	P.M.	Mon.	"	6th Visalia, Cal.	P.M.
Fri.	"	12th Newark, Ohio	A.M.	"	"	Tulare, Cal.	A.M.
"	"	Columbus, Ohio	P.M.	Tues.	"	7th Porterville, Cal.	P.M.
Sat.	"	13th Springfield, Ohio	A.M.	"	"	Bakersfield, Cal.	A.M.
"	"	Cincinnati, Ohio	P.M.	Wed.	"	8th San Bernardino, Cal.	P.M.
Sun.	"	14th REST	A.M.	"	"	Riverside, Cal.	A.M.
Mon.	"	15th Greenville, Ohio	P.M.	Thurs.	"	9th Ontario, Cal.	P.M.
"	"	16th Anderson, Ind.	A.M.	"	"	Pomona, Cal.	A.M.
Tues.	"	17th Indianapolis, Ind.	P.M.	Fri.	"	10th Whittier, Cal.	P.M.
"	"	Crawfordsville, Ind.	A.M.	"	"	Alhambra, Cal.	A.M.
Wed.	"	17th Terre Haute, Ind.	P.M.	Sat.	"	11th Monrovia, Cal.	A.M.
"	"	Danville, Ind.	A.M.	"	"	Pasadena, Cal.	P.M.
Thurs.	"	18th Champaign, Ill.	A.M.	Sun.	"	12th LOS ANGELES	A.M.
"	"	Springfield, Ill.	P.M.				
Fri.	"	19th St. Louis, Mo.	A.M.				
"	"	20th Sedalia, Mo.	P.M.				
Sat.	"	21st Kansas City, Mo.	A.M.	Mon.	May 25th	ROUTE No 3.	A.M.
"	"	21st REST	P.M.	"	"	New York City	P.M.
Sun.	"	22nd Topeka, Kan.	A.M.	"	"	Queensboro	A.M.
Mon.	"	22nd Manhattan, Kan.	P.M.	"	"	Elizabeth, N. J.	P.M.
"	"	23rd Sallna, Kan.	A.M.	"	"	Bayonne, N. J.	A.M.
Tues.	"	23rd Hutchinson, Kan.	P.M.	"	"	Rahway, N. J.	P.M.
"	"	24th Great Bend, Kan.	A.M.	"	"	Irvington, N. J.	A.M.
Wed.	"	24th Garden City, Kan.	P.M.	Thurs.	"	28th Newark, N. J.	P.M.
"	"	25th La Junta, Colo.	A.M.	"	"	Jersey City, N. J.	A.M.
Thurs.	"	25th Pueblo, Colo.	P.M.	Fri.	"	29th Hackensack, N. J.	P.M.
"	"	26th Colo. Spgs., Colo.	A.M.	"	"	Paterson, N. J.	A.M.
Fri.	"	26th Denver, Colo.	P.M.	Sat.	"	30th Ossining, N. Y.	P.M.
"	"	27th Leadville, Colo.	A.M.	"	"	Newburgh, N. Y.	A.M.
Sat.	"	28th Grand Junction, Colo.	P.M.	Sun.	"	31st Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	P.M.
Sun.	"	29th Price, Utah	A.M.				
Mon.	"	30th Salt Lake City, Utah	P.M.				
"	"	30th Eureka, Utah	A.M.				
Tues.	"	30th Ely, Nev.	P.M.				
Wed.	July 1st	Tonopah, Nev.	A.M.	Mon.	June 1st	As above	A.M.
"	"	Reno, Nev.	P.M.	"	"	2nd Oneont, N. Y.	P.M.
Thurs.	"	2nd Marysville, Cal.	A.M.	"	"	3rd Norwich, N. Y.	A.M.
"	"	2nd Sacramento, Cal.	P.M.	Wed.	"	4th Syracuse, N. Y.	P.M.
				"	"	5th Rochester, N. Y.	A.M.
				Thurs.	"	6th Buffalo, N. Y.	P.M.
				"	"	7th Jamestown, N. Y.	A.M.
				Fri.	"	8th Meadville, Pa.	P.M.

Fri.	June	5th	Oil City, Pa.	P.M.
Sat.	"	6th	Warren, Ohio	A.M.
"	"	"	Canton, Ohio	P.M.
Sun.	"	7th	REST	
Mon.	"	8th	Akron, Ohio	A.M.
"	"	"	Cleveland, Ohio	P.M.
Tues.	"	9th	Findley, Ohio	A.M.
"	"	"	Ft. Wayne, Ind.	P.M.
Wed.	"	10th	Defiance, Ohio	A.M.
"	"	"	Toledo, Ohio	P.M.
Thurs.	"	11th	Detroit, Mich.	A.M.
"	"	"	Pontiac, Mich.	P.M.
Fri.	"	12th	Flint, Mich.	A.M.
"	"	"	Lansing, Mich.	P.M.
Sat.	"	13th	Grand Rapids, Mich.	A.M.
"	"	"	Jackson, Mich.	P.M.
Sun.	"	14th	REST	
Mon.	"	15th	Kalamazoo, Mich.	A.M.
"	"	"	S. Bend., Ind.	P.M.
Tues.	"	16th	Michigan City, Ind.	A.M.
"	"	"	Chicago, Ill.	P.M.
Wed.	"	17th	Elgin, Ill.	A.M.
"	"	"	Sterling, Ill.	P.M.
Thurs.	"	18th	Rockford, Ill.	A.M.
"	"	"	Milwaukee, Wis.	P.M.
Fri.	"	19th	Madison, Wis.	A.M.
"	"	"	La Crosse, Wis.	P.M.
Sat.	"	20th	Red Wing, Minn.	A.M.
"	"	"	Minneapolis, Minn.	P.M.
Sun.	"	21st	REST	
Mon.	"	22nd	St. Paul, Minn.	A.M.
"	"	"	St. Cloud, Minn.	P.M.
Tues.	"	23rd	Fargo, N. Dakota	A.M.
"	"	"	Jamestown, N. Dakota	P.M.
Wed.	"	24th	Bismarck, N. Dakota	A.M.
"	"	"	Dickinson, N. Dakota	P.M.
Thurs.	"	25th	Miles City, Mont.	A.M.
"	"	"	Billings, Mont.	P.M.
Fri.	"	26th	Livingston, Mont.	A.M.
"	"	"	Butte, Mont.	P.M.
Sat.	"	27th	Missoula, Mont.	A.M.
"	"	"	Wallace, Idaho	P.M.
Sun.	"	28th	REST	
Mon.	"	29th	Spokane, Wash.	A.M.
"	"	"	Wenatchee, Wash.	P.M.
Tues.	"	30th	Seattle, Wash.	A.M.
"	"	"	Tacoma, Wash.	P.M.
Wed.	July	1st	Kelso, Wash.	A.M.
"	"	"	Portland, Oregon	P.M.
Thurs.	"	2nd	Salem, Oregon	A.M.
"	"	"	Eugene, Oregon	P.M.
Fri.	"	3rd	Bend, Oregon	A.M.
"	"	"	Klamath Falls, Oregon	P.M.
Sat.	"	4th	Redding, Cal.	A.M.
"	"	"	Chico, Cal.	P.M.
Sun.	"	5th	REST	
Mon.	"	6th	Santa Rosa, Cal.	A.M.
"	"	"	San Francisco, Cal.	P.M.
Tues.	"	7th	Oakland, Cal.	A.M.
"	"	"	San Jose, Cal.	P.M.
Wed.	"	8th	Salinas, Cal.	A.M.
"	"	"	Monterey, Cal.	P.M.
Thurs.	"	9th	San Luis Obispo, Cal.	A.M.
"	"	"	Santa Maria, Cal.	P.M.
Fri.	"	10th	Santa Barbara, Cal.	A.M.
"	"	"	Ventura, Cal.	P.M.
Sat.	"	11th	Oxnard, Cal.	A.M.
"	"	"	San Pedro, Cal.	P.M.
Sun.	"	12th	LOS ANGELES	

Convention Tours

(Continued from page 31)

following day a stop will be made at Albuquerque, New Mexico, to the Harvey Indian Museum. The trip will include stops at Colorado Springs and Pike's Peak, Kansas City and Chicago. On July 22 the train will arrive in Boston.

An Optional Return Trip Number One is offered from Los Angeles with stops at Las Vegas, New Mexico; Boulder Dam, Nevada; Salt Lake City and Colorado Springs, visiting Pike's Peak, thence on to Chicago, New York and Boston.

Optional Return Trip Number Two will include stops at Santa Fe, San Diego to visit the International Exposition, Tia Juana and Agua Caliente in Mexico and then a sea voyage from Los Angeles aboard the Panama Pacific liner, S.S. *Virginia*, which will put into port at Balboa, Canal Zone, where the afternoon and evening will be spent ashore, a daylight voyage through the Canal and a cruise through the Caribbean to Havana, Cuba. The cruise ends with a trip up the Atlantic Coast to New York.

Bookings and arrangements can be made upon application to Thomas J. Brady, Past Grand Tiler of Brookline, Mass., Lodge, No. 886.

(Continued on page 46)



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is not PABST

THE real test of beer goodness is flavor. Convinced by this test—millions of Americans—from Detroit to New Orleans—from Los Angeles to New York—have made Pabst TAPAcan their choice for beer.

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Mr. Brady is Chairman of the All-New England Elks Official Tour.

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge's 10,000-Mile Tour

Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, also offers a tour to the Los Angeles Grand Lodge Reunion which embraces many points of interest aside from the ultimate object, the Convention itself. The trip starts Saturday, July 4, from New York City. The first stop is Chicago where a visit to the Elks National Memorial will be paid. A full day will be spent at the Grand Canyon in Colorado and a trip to Yosemite Valley will necessarily require a night and a day, as will the city of San Francisco, in California.

From that city visits will be paid to Del Monte and Santa Barbara, both handsome California cities, and next, Los Angeles and the Convention. After the Grand Ball the traveling Elks will resume their tour, making a stop to the International Exposition at San Diego. Other high spots of interest will be Agua Caliente and Tia Juana, across the Mexican border.

Upon the return to Los Angeles the last portion of the trip will be completed aboard the Panama Pacific liner, *S.S. Virginia*, a vessel of some 33,000 tons. The first port of call will be Balboa in the Panama Canal Zone where an afternoon and evening ashore will offer opportunity to enjoy the hospitality of Canal Zone Elks. Havana, Cuba, will be the next and last stop before arriving in New York on Monday, August 3.

For complete information concerning this tour application should be made to P. Joseph Conroy, P.E.R., Chairman of the Los Angeles Grand Lodge Reunion Committee at Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, 2050 Grand Concourse, Bronx, N. Y.

Jersey City, N. J., Reunion Tour

Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, will operate a tour to the Convention city, Los Angeles, which will include visits to Chicago, Colorado Springs and Pike's Peak, Albuquerque, New Mex., and the Grand Canyon of Arizona, before arriving at Los Angeles. Resumption of the trip will allow Elks to see Tia Juana, Agua Caliente and Yosemite Valley, before arriving at San Francisco. Portland, Oregon, will be the next port of call, followed by Seattle, Wash., and an all-day sail on Puget Sound.

A tour of the quaint cities of Ventura and Vancouver is offered before the Elks commence a three-day motor tour of the Canadian Rockies stopping at Chateau Lake Louise and Banff Springs Hotel. A trip will be made to Winnipeg before the itinerary calls for visits to Duluth and Buffalo over the Great Lakes.

A complete itinerary with prices and other information can be secured by writing to the Chairman of the National Reunion Committee, Denis F. X. O'Brien, Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211 at 2855 Boulevard, Jersey City, or to Secretary and Assistant Treasurer, P.E.R. Charles P. McGovern of that Lodge.

The Catgut Kid

(Continued from page 8)

nice having this youngster grinning across the table at him. But the boy couldn't stay. No, sir! That liquor. . . .

The boy filled a cup, shoved it across to Marty. "Hop to it," he smiled. "And eat some of those pancakes, whether you want them or not. You'll need them if you're going to work."

"Me? Work?" Marty was mildly surprised.

"Well, what do you do here if you don't work?"

"Me? Why Oi'm a caretaker fer th' Bond Pulp Company. Oi stay here summers. Oi see to it thot th' quill-pigs don't chew things up an' Oi look after th' tools, Oi do."

"That's all there is to do?" asked the boy.

Marty gulped scalding coffee and blinked. "Oi reckon there's plinty Oi could do."

"What?" insisted the boy.
"Well," reluctantly, "th' camp storehouse needs fixin' an' Oi don't guess th' cook would be mad should he find some stovewood cut whin he gits here nixt fall."

"Swell," said the boy. "I'll help you."

Now Marty Muldoon wasn't paid for repairing camps or cutting stovewood. This caretaker's job was a sort of pension. He'd earned it by long and faithful service to the company in his younger days. As a caretaker he had no intention of establishing a precedent by doing a lot of hard work. But he didn't explain this to the boy. Instead, he said:

"Yer folks, Catgut—ain't they goin' ter worry considerable should yez stay on wid me?"

The boy's shoulders slumped ever so slightly. His eager eyes curdled with sudden hurt.

"I haven't any folks, Marty. They are—dead."

"Huh!" grunted Marty and scowled into his coffee cup.

This was an angle unexpected by Marty. You couldn't send a boy back to his folks if there were no folks. But he must be gotten rid of somehow. That liquor. . . .

Then Marty had a thought. There were homes for waifs like this boy. Places where they housed

them, fed them and gave them schooling. Marty didn't know just where himself but Ed York, woods superintendent for the company, would know. That was it, b'gorra! He'd make a trip down-river to Sawville and have a talk with York. York could place the boy in some such place. He'd be better off than here.

The boy's eyes were shining again. "What are you going to start on first, Marty?" he asked.

MARTY hated to hurt the lad's feelings. It would do no harm to let him stay for a day or two. He, Marty, could keep the clamps on his thirst that long. He said, slowly:

"Well, maybe we'd best get started on th' wood-cuttin'. Kin yez swing an axe an' dr-rag one ind av a cross-cut saw, lad?"

"I'll try hard," promised the boy.

"It's har-rd wor-rk," said Marty, ominously, paving the way for the boy's final dismissal. "Ye'll likely not be stayin' long. But while yez do be stayin', there's wan thing Oi must warn yez about." He pointed to the violin.

"Thot fiddle—Oi fetched it wid me from th' ould country. Oi've had 'er iver since I was knee-high to a hop-toad. She's sung under sod roofs in Kilkenny an' in loggin' camps from Michigan to th' River du Loup. 'Swateheart' Oi calls her—an' she's th' only swateheart Oi iver had. Somehow Oi could niver get much out av her but th' front ind av St. Patrick was a Gintleman an' th' last ind av Rory O'More but Oi love her jist th' same. Oi'd feel turrible should she get broke. Yez won't lay hand on her, will yez, lad?"

For a moment the boy was silent, thinking deeply. Then he said, seeming to weigh his words:

"Let me take the violin in my hands, Marty. Now. Then, if you say so, I'll never touch it again."

This seemed fair enough to Marty. He got up, took down the violin. Brow creased with unconcealed worryment, he placed it tenderly in the boy's hands.

The boy was standing now. His face was expressionless but his eyes were pools of dancing light. For a moment he turned the violin with studied awkwardness, looking at it. "May I look at the bow, too?" he asked.

Marty passed him the bow.

Suddenly the boy tossed the violin under his chin. "Did your sweet-heart ever sing you this, Marty?" he asked. Then the bow flashed and danced and swooped and the cabin was filled with the brilliant, rollicking air of an old Irish jig.

Marty Muldoon stiffened as if from a physical blow. His stubbled jaw fell slack. His eyes bulged. Then the music seemed to penetrate him, to loosen creaky joints, and he began to dance. He danced wildly, grinning, gesticulating.

The jig ended and now the old

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black fiddle began to sing. "Come back to Erin—" it sang, low ineffably sweet.

Marty froze. Straight as a ramrod, head back, eyes half closed, he listened. Part of him seemed to drift away, back into the past. Cherished visions came. A humble, sod-roofed cottage in Kilkenny. A beautiful, dark-haired Irish mother singing by a peat fire in the gloaming, singing to a child at her knee. The child was himself. Tears blurred the visions, coursed down Marty's seamed cheeks. He scrubbed them away with a shirt sleeve, unashamed.

For an hour the old fiddle sang, sliding without pause from song to song, while Marty alternately marched and danced and wept in mood with the music. And then the boy suddenly stopped playing.

Marty sank weakly into a chair. Somehow he felt very old and very tired. He felt very happy, too. He couldn't remember when he had felt so happy. He had to try twice to speak.

"Lad, lad, be yez saint, or be yez devil?"

"Just the Catgut Kid," smiled the boy. "Fiddle strings—catgut, see?"

"An' how Oi see!" said Marty, humbly. "But who give yez th' name?"

"Oh," said the boy, "some funny people," and he replaced the violin on top of the cupboard.

"Wait!" cried Marty. "Play more! More!"

The smile of the Catgut Kid was infinitely wise. "Not now, Marty," he said. "Maybe this evening—if we cut a good lot of wood."

MID-SEPTEMBER and another canoe came up the lake to land at the logging camps. Old Marty, busily at work, heard the grate of its prow on the beach gravel and turned to see Ed York, the woods superintendent, stepping ashore. He hurried down to the landing to greet him.

"Lord," boomed York, shaking hands and shoving a cigar at the old man, "it's good to see you looking so rugged, Marty! We were worried about you at the office. You haven't been outside since June. How come you missed your Fourth-of-July blow-out?"

"Oi couldn't seem ter get away," Marty told him with a sheepish grin. "Been humpin' meself all summer."

York's glance ran swiftly over the camps up the bank and he grunted with surprise.

The camp storehouse had been re-roofed with new "splits." The broken door of the blacksmith shop had been mended. There were two new ventilators on the horse hovel which stood across the little brook from the other buildings and the foot-log across the stream had been replaced by a rustic bridge which would have done credit to a city park. Too, on the hardwood ridge

beyond the clearing there were several ricks of newly-cut cordwood.

"Great Scott, Marty, you've been throwing yourself, haven't you?"

"I've been driv'" declared Marty. "Driv' like a slave!"

"Driven?" York was puzzled. "The company didn't order you to do all this, Marty."

"Not th' company, Ed. Me swamper."

"Your swamper?"

MARTY bobbed his head. "Yup, Oi hired me a swamper 'long las' June. An industrious little cuss he is."

York scowled. "Who gave you permission to hire anyone?"

"B'gorra," said Marty, standing very straight and looking the superintendent squarely in the eye, "whin Oi pay outa me own pocket, it's no permission Oi'm askin'. Th' lad's earned his fifty cints a day if iver a bhoys did, an' if th' company's so close-barked they can't give him his keep, Oi'll pay for that, too!"

Ed York sat down on a boulder and motioned Marty to do likewise. "Start at the beginning," he ordered.

"Right! This lad—fifteen he is an' a little feller—paddled in here from somewhere las' June. His outfit was a fishline, two hooks an' an old shinglin' hatchet. His grub was down to a heel av bread. No tent, nary a blanket an' domned few matches. A city kid wid no idea av wot he was up agin' in the' big woods."

"City boy?" York's eyes had sharpened with interest.

"Thot's right. Some big town, Oi disremember which. Maw an' daddy killed in an auto accident five years ago. Shyster lawyer stole th' family money an' shoved th' lad into an orphanage. Th' bhoys got too much spirit to stay in a place like thot so he takes his fiddle, th' only thing he had left, an' runned away."

"A fiddler?"

"Fiddler—hell! He's a violinist, Ed York! Wid a fiddle thot bhoys kin make yez hate an' love, laugh an' weep, all in th' same breath! Thot's why Brocanini grabbed th' lad fer his show."

"Who's Brocanini, Marty?"

"Some foreign critter—a fakir who runs a concession in a travellin' motor carnival. For goin' on five year now, Brocanini has made a slave av th' lad, dr-raggin' him from one ind av th' country to 'tother, makin' him play, half starvin' him, watchin' him like a bobcat watches a rabbit run to see he didn't get away. It was th' carnival people who give the lad his funny name—Catgut Kid."

"Th' boy hated Brocanini. He hated the carnival. He knowed he could earn money wid his violin if he could be on his own. So he runned away—three times. Every time Brocanini hunted him down an' dr-ragged him back to th' carnival."

"Thin, las' June, th' carnival came to Sawville. Somehow th' lad got

to talk with one av th' town boys an' he larned th' town was spang on th' edge av th' big woods. He knowed that if he could get into th' woods, Brocanini couldn't find him. So he made a trade wid th' town bhoys.

"Somehow he got hold av a handful av tickets fer Brocanini's show—told me he didn't feel like he'd stole 'em after th' way he'd slaved fer Brocanini—an' swapped 'em wid th' town kid fer th' old canoe an' th' outfit. Thin he slipped away in th' night an' headed up-river. Had to leave his fiddle behind fer Brocanini kept it under lock an' key only whin th' lad played it. An' by sheer luck, he hit these camps. Yez kin see fer yersilf, Ed, Oi couldn't turn a bhoys like thot away."

For some time York sat smoking and looking at his hands. Then he asked: "You going to make a lumberjack out of this boy, Marty?"

Marty bristled. "Lumberjack—hell! D'yez think Oi want him to be like mesilf? He's got talent, Oi'm tellin' yez! And ambition! It'll fair bust me heart to lave him go but he's got to. Lissen."

For minutes Marty spoke swiftly, his old face alight with earnestness. Then he ended and waited with bated breath for York's reply.

The woods superintendent drew hard on his dead pipe, looked at his hands and got to his feet. His rugged face told nothing. "I'll see the boy, hear him play, before I promise," he told Marty, slowly.

"Thot ye'll do," agreed Marty. "He an' Pomp are off after a mess av trout. He'll be back soon. An' if yez don't agree to hilp me, thin Oi'm done wid yez an' yer company, foriver, amen!"

OLD MARTY was alone again. Ten days had passed since the Catgut Kid had gone away with Ed York. It was evening. A kerosene lamp filled the cabin with yellow light and black shadows. Marty, pipe clamped between toothless jaws, was hunched before the radio, twiddling the controls. A voice in the loudspeaker suddenly said:

"And now, friends, we have a surprise for you. The next contestant on this amateur hour comes from the northwoods. He is fifteen years old, plays the violin and is known as the Catgut Kid. Catgut, will you step over here to this microphone, please?"

Marty stiffened, holding his breath. His hands fell away from the radio controls, became tense, gnarled fists. His heart was in his throat, leaping, choking him.

Again the voice of the conductor, calm, friendly, encouraging.

"What is your name, Catgut—your real name, I mean?"

"Porter Aherne, sir."

"Where is your home, Porter?"

"Why, sir, I guess the only home I've got is with Marty Muldoon at a logging camp on Sky River."

"And what do you wish to play?" "I'd like," said the Catgut Kid, slowly, "to play Marty's favorite tune. He may be listening in."

"All right, Porter, play it."

To Marty, tense and strained, it seemed that he would suffocate as a piano played the haunting introduction. Then a violin—his own old black fiddle, which he had given the Kid—began to sing. Softly it sang, softly and as true as silver, telling of Irish longing, of Irish homefolks and Irish love. And then the song was done.

Marty breathed again. For the space of a breath he stood before a radio that was silent. And then it came. Applause. Applause which did not begin gradually, but which burst in the loudspeaker with a sudden, tumultuous roar. Such applause as Marty, who had listened to this amateur hours for weeks, had never heard before. He stood there while the conductor plead with the studio audience for quiet, stood until, at long last, the thunderous acclaim ceased. Then he turned away.

THE radio continued to speak. Another amateur was introduced and went into a song.

Marty didn't hear. Now he was hearing only two voices within. One, a triumphant voice, was saying: "That was the boy, Marty! The Catgut Kid! He went over big. Big! He got his chance and you, Marty, gave it to him. Nothing can stop him now! He's made. Made! Aren't you glad?"

And then the other voice, a sinister, jeering voice:

"Marty, you old fool, don't you know what you've done? You've lost the only person you ever really loved! You gave him all your money and your beloved fiddle and you sent him away! You've started him up the ladder of fame and left yourself at the bottom! Now he'll forget you. A broken-down old lumberjack like you will have no place in his life. Fool! Blind fool!"

The voice was not only sinister but very convincing.

Marty began pacing the floor. The radio played on. Outside the trees moaned under the lash of a chill night wind. And now that persistent, sinister voice was drowning out the exultant one. Over and over it told him that he was a soft, sentimental old fool. So insistent did it become that Marty finally believed.

A trembling seized upon him. He felt suddenly cold and empty and very much alone. Then he found himself on his knees clawing at the loose floor board, lifting it. One by one he took the bottles from their hiding place and arranged them in a row on the table.

The first shot of liquor was like sweet fire in Marty's throat. The second, which soon followed, partially silenced that jeering voice. The fifth stilled it completely. The radio played on.



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Marty drained the bottle, reeled to his bunk and flopped upon it. And then his brain, always the last part of him to surrender to liquor, caught meaning words from the loudspeaker.

"Anything, dear people," the conductor was saying, "may happen in an amateur hour. Listen: While I was giving you the results of tonight's contest a moment ago, Porter Aherne, whom you have so overwhelmingly elected by applause and telephone vote as the winner of this contest, received the offer of a sixteen-week engagement from the manager of a chain of large theaters in the East—"

Thunderous applause drowned the voice and Marty gripped his reeling senses and waited.

Again the conductor's voice. "Quiet! Quiet, please! I have more to tell you! Porter will accept that offer by wire. But first, he says, he shall send a wire to the northwoods. To Marty Muldoon, his

dearest friend, thanking Marty for making all this good fortune possible and telling him that he shall never, never forget. And now, since we have three minutes left and since you have been so insistent that Porter play again, he will gladly oblige. Here he is—the Catgut Kid!"

Marty's senses were wavering on the ragged edge of oblivion yet he had grasped it all. The Catgut Kid was going up the ladder and the Catgut Kid *wouldn't* forget. The world *was* right after all.

THEN the old black fiddle sang and Marty closed his eyes. Again he saw a humble sod-roofed cottage in Killenny. He saw a beautiful dark-haired Irish mother sitting by a peat fire in the gloaming and singing to the child at her knee. The child was himself.

Marty snored.
Marty was dead drunk.

Old Hay Burner

(Continued from page 11)

"That's no way to get even with Gypsy for cutting in on you. After all you didn't seem to care much for Mickey until you lost him."

"You keep out of this," says the Malbrouk gal. "I got stung when I bought this hay burner, now it's somebody else's turn. Do I make myself clear?"

"I'll try to sell your hoss for you, Miss Malbrouk," says Wells, "but I won't lie about him if they ask me a lot of questions. I ain't gonna get myself into no jam with the stewards just for a few dollars!"

"You won't have to lie," Miss Malbrouk promises. "If I know those two dumb clucks they won't ask any more about the horse than I did—if as much. Just don't let 'em know they're buying him from me. Let 'em find that out when you hand them the bill of sale. And will she burn! I'd give a night's sleep to see the show. In fact, I'll come back later—maybe I'll get a laugh!"

When the two actors move off Wells tells me he has to go to the racin' secretary's office and asks if I'll stick around and keep an eye on things until he gets back.

"An' if them kids come around lookin' for me don't shoot off your face about The Pouter's—er—peculiarities. Understand?"

"I get you," says I, but I'm hopin' he'll be back before anybody shows up askin' questions about The Pouter. But no such luck. Wells is hardly out of sight before a tall, good-lookin' young feller with broad shoulders and a nice smile drives up in a sporty little runabout. He asks for Wells and I tell him he'll be back shortly.

"My name's Mickey Mason," he

says, puttin' out a big strong hand for me to shake. "Mr. Wells is tryin' to find a horse for a friend of mine."

"Yeah! He said something about expectin' you," I tell him, introducin' myself. "Fac' is I think he's found a hoss for you."

"Honest? Gee, that's swell. Where is he?" he asks, grinnin' like a happy kid.

"Over there," says I, pointin' out The Pouter, who is standin' with his head stickin' out the stall door.

This big kid goes over and begins patten' the hoss's nose. "How old is he?" he asks.

"Five," I tell him.

"Is he a good runner?" he inquires.

"When he's right he's got speed to burn," says I truthfully.

"Can he run the Derby distance?" he wants to know.

"He holds the track record at Green Meadows for the mile an' an eighth and the mile an' a quarter," I inform him. "He broke both the old track records as a three-year old."

"Gosh!" he busts out, "he must be some horse!"

I'm beginnin' to feel sorry for this kid, he's so trustin' and knows so little about hosses, and I'm hopin' somethin' will happen so's he an' his gal won't pay out a lotta dough for this cripple. Of course, I don't want to stick my nose in somebody else's business but I can't help tryin' to tip the kid off to look up The Pouter's four and five-year-old form before buyin' the nag, so I says, "Why don't you look over his past performance record?"

"Oh, I'll take your word for it,"

he says, trustin' as a child. "You're sure Mr. Wells will sell him?"

"You don't have to worry about that," I assures him. "I heard the hoss's owner tell Wells to sell if you wanted to buy."

"Got any idea how much he wants for him?"

"Off hand, I'd say about five grand!" I'm hopin' this will scare him off but if you think it did you don't know these movie people. When he don't say anything but just keeps on rubbin' The Pouter's nose, I add: "That's a lot of dough, ain't it?"

He just laughs and says, "Miss Mareno—that's the girl who wants to buy—doesn't expect to get a good horse for less. In fact she left ten thousand with me with instructions to go that high if I found a horse I liked."

"I guess you movie actors make a lot of money, don't you?" I says, just to keep the conversation movin'.

"The big stars do," he admits, "but neither Miss Mareno nor I are stars. She's playing bits, waiting for her chance, and I just do special stunts in cockeyed African pictures."

"Gee whiz!" says I, "do bit actors make enough dough to put out ten grand for a race hoss?"

AGAIN he just laughs, showin' a row of nice big white teeth. "You see," he says, kinda confidential, "Miss Mareno is rich in her own right—her dad's one of the biggest ranch owners in Brazil."

"Oh!" says I. "Then she ain't a big shot in the movies like Katherin Malbrouk or Mae—"

"She'll be bigger one of these days," he cuts in dead serious. "All she needs is a break. She almost got one the other day but—well, Miss Malbrouk killed the deal. She's a star and has lots of influence with the big shots in the industry. She'd do anything to keep Miss Mareno in the extra ranks, but—"

Lucky for me Bob Wells pops along at this minute and the kid's attention switches back to the business in hand.

"I hear you found a horse for Miss Mareno," he says to Wells, a broad grin on his face. "How much are you asking for him?"

"For a quick cash sale I'd let him go for five grand!" Wells tells him.

"You've got a buyer!" says Mickey quick as a flash, hauling out a roll of bills that would choke the Holland tunnel. "Make out the bill of sale or whatever papers are necessary in the name of Gypsy Mareno. Miss Mareno just engaged a trainer for the horses she's buying and is down at his stable now."

It takes Wells only a jiffy to transfer the ownership of The Pouter to Miss Gypsy Mareno. He hands the paper over to Mason and pockets the five thousand. Then something that sounds like escapin' steam comes from his mouth as the kid jumps

into his sportster and goes after his girl friend.

Danny Davis, who exercises hosses for some of the small stables, tells me what happens when Mickey Mason meets Gypsy at Brannon's stable.

Accordin' to Danny, Gypsy and Brannon are talkin' in front of the tack room when Mickey drives up all flushed and excited. He leaps out and rushes up to Gypsy.

"Honey!" he yells, "I've bought a swell horse for you!"

Gypsy gets all excited but Brannon don't. He's as cool as a snowball.

"What's the name of the hoss?" asks Brannon.

A blank look comes over Mickey's face. He begins to stutter: "I—I—why, I guess I didn't get it. But he's a good horse—"

"Who says he's a good horse?" asks Brannon.

"The man I bought him from!" says Mickey.

"That's strange," says Brannon, sarcastic, "I never heard a hossman admit his hoss was good when he was tryin' to sell him!"

Then Gypsy Mareno goes into action. Takin' her cue from Brannon she turns on Mickey: "You mean to say, Meekey, you buy a horse and you not know hees name!"

"What's in a name, as Shakespeare says?" is Mickey's comeback. "What you want is a horse not a label!"

"What you pay for heem, Meekey?" demands Gypsy.

"Got him cheap," says Mickey. "Five thousand!"

"Huh!" Brannon grunts. "You must-a bought Discovery!"

"Listen!" says Mickey, gettin' kinda mad, "the best way to decide what kind of a horse I bought for Miss Mareno is to go and see him. He's over at Bob Wells' barn."

"Now you leeson, too!" says Gypsy, marchin' up to Mickey and shakin' a shapely finger under his nose. "You are a veer-ry, veer-ry dumb beensness man to buy a horse like a peeg in a poke. And you want me to marry you. Ha, ha! That ees funny. I never marry you, Meekey, until you show me you have some sense! Sometimes I zink you no good for anysing except sweeming."

"Yeah!" yells Mickey, sore as an ulcerated tooth. "Well, I know somebody that doesn't think I'm so dumb!"

"Cut out the battlin' and let's go see this hoss!" says Brannon. "Maybe he did get a lucky buy."

ABOUT the same time that Mickey is tellin' Brannon and Gypsy about the hoss he bought, the Malbrouk gal comes back to find out if a sale has been made. She laughs until she's doin' a shimmy when Wells tells her he sold The Pouter to Gypsy Mareno for five grand. She's still laughin' when Gypsy, Mickey and Brannon drive up and get out of their car.

Wells excuses hisself as soon as he sees them and ducks into his tack

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room. I guess he ain't got the nerve to face Brannon. But The Malbrouk, with an amused smile on her pan, stands her ground. Her chin goes up and her nose wrinkles as if she smelt something over-ripe when Gypsy sweeps past her. I get a hunch that everything is set for a dainty little brawl.

BRANNON has seen me around the tracks a lot an' prob'ly figures I'm workin' for Wells. Anyway he comes right over to me and says, "Where's that hoss Mr. Mason bought a while ago?"

"In his stall there," I tell him. "Bring him out!" says the trainer. When I lead The Pouter out into the open Brannon snorts, "Ye gods! It's The Pouter!"

He closes his eyes as if to shut out a bad view and I hear him mutter: "Five thousand for that piece of fromage!"

I don't know what he's talkin' about but Gypsy does.

"You say hees a piece of cheeze, Meester Brannon?" she asks and you don't have to be a fortune teller to know by her tone that Mickey Mason is facin' a crisis in his love life. Brannon just nods.

But I got a hand it to the kid. He ain't quittin' in the stretch. He canters right up to Brannon and shouts: "You're nuts! If you knew as much about horses as you say you do you'd know that this is a good one! Two years ago he broke two track records at Green Meadows!"

"You're right—he did!" admits Brannon. "And last year he broke every bone in his four legs, and since then he's broken every hay-eatin' record in race track history. And furthermore, he'll break Miss Mareno's heart before he'll win a race."

"I thought that's what trainers were for—to get horses in shape so they can run," says Mickey. "You're a trainer and you've got almost a month to get this horse ready for the Moving Picture Derby."

"Listen, son," says Brannon, soothin'ly, and I can see he's got hisself under wraps, "this old hay burner ain't got a leg to stand on. He's pulled up lame every time he's started in the last year and a half. In order to get a horse in shape for a winnin' effort you've got to build up his muscles and his wind. To do that you've got to work him—gallop him every day."

"Sure—I know that much!" says Mickey.

"Well," says Brannon, as patient as a teacher with a dumb kid, "the Pouter's legs are as brittle as peanut candy. I happen to know he's had a good rest, but if I started trainin' him just about the time I got him up to the point where he needed one final prep his legs would go bad. Either that or he'd break down in the race. If The Pouter's wind and muscle could be built up without gallopin' him, he would beat any-

thing at this track. But I'm a hoss trainer, not a miracle worker!"

"Who deed you buy theese horse from?" pipes up Gypsy, giving Mickey a witherin' look.

"From me, Miss Mareno!" pipes up Miss Malbrouk, smiling sweetly. "Allow me to congratulate you on the acquisition of such a splendid animal!"

Gypsy turns on her with fire in her eyes and brimstone on her lips. "From you?" she shrills. "You sell Meekey theese terrible creeples?"

"If you'll look at the bill of sale I think you'll find I sold him to you, my deah," says The Malbrouk, the words drippin' honey as they come outa her mouth.

"So!" snaps Gypsy, "you theenk you are veer-ry clever—no? You theenk you get what you call even weeth me by pulling the wool over Meekey—no?"

THEN she turns on the kid. "So! You buy of her a horse and make of me the laughing stock—yes? Meekey, you should do not a thing but sweem. You are veer-ry dumb."

"Now, listen, Gypsy!" says Mickey. "I don't care what Brannon says, I know I can get this horse in shape to win even if he can't. Just give me a chance and I'll—"

"He ees yours!" Gypsy screams. "Take heem out of my sight. I do not want to see heem ever again. Nor you—until you get some sense into your head!"

With that off her chest she and Brannon climb into Mickey's car and roar away.

When they're outa sight Mickey goes up to The Malbrouk and says: "You think you put something over on Gypsy and me, don't you? Well, get all the laughs you can out of this deal right now because you won't have a laugh left in you when Gypsy's horse beats yours in the Derby!"

"Listen, big boy!" she tells him, "while you were dickerin' with Mr. Wells for the purchase of this piece of fromage, as Brannon calls him, I bought Lord Jim, the best California bred horse in training. Lord Jim will wear my silks in the Derby and he'll beat The Pouter, or any other horse your girl friend may enter, by a dozen lengths!"

Mickey don't answer that one but he turns to me and says, "Kid, you know a lot about horses—tell me this: Could The Pouter beat Lord Jim if he was in shape?"

"He beat him twice at Green Meadows," I tell him, which is a fac' as you all know, "and if The Pouter was in shape he could beat him again!"

"That's all I want to know!" he says and his jaw sets. Then he turns to the gal again. "I'll have The Pouter in shape for the Derby and if he doesn't beat your nag I'll parade up and down Hollywood Boulevard on a Saturday afternoon with a sign on my back saying, 'I'm

the biggest chump in Hollywood!"

"Why bother advertising what everybody already knows?" says The Malbrouk with one of them tantalizin' smiles, and with a saucy flip of her hand in Mickey's direction she goes to her car, leavin' me alone with The Pouter and Mickey.

"Looks to me like you've got a hoss on your hands," I tell him. "What you want to do with him?"

He don't answer me for a minute, just stands there as if he's thinkin' deep.

"Buddy," he finally says, "do you know a good boy around this track—a boy who knows horses—who can keep a secret even from you?"

"That's easy—Danny Davis, down at Brannon's stable," says I. "He knows plenty about ridin' an' trainin' an' he could keep a secret from his wife!"

"Good!" says Mickey, taking the bridle from my hand, "I'll look him up. Thanks a lot for the tip."

With that he marches off leading The Pouter.

That's the last I see of him or Miss Mareno until the day of the Derby, but in the meantime I hear she's bought that good four-year-old Teapot from Hank Dwyer for six thousand bucks, which is about four grand more'n Hank paid for him the year before. But at that, I figger that she's made a good investment because the clockers tell me Teapot is sharp as a tack an' is the horse Miss Malbrouk's Lord Jim has got to beat to cop the Derby.

HAVIN' heard that Danny Davis is back on the track, I am out scoutin' for him, curious to know what he and Mickey have been doin' with The Pouter. I find Danny in the track beanery wrappin' hisself around a stack of wheats. Grabbin' the stool next to him I get right down to brass tacks. "Where you been, Danny?" says I.

"Around!" says Danny.

"What you and Mickey Mason been doin' with The Pouter?" I deman'.

"Well," says Danny with tantalizin' slowness. "I guess it ain't no secret. We been gettin' The Pouter ready to win the Movin' Picture Derby this afternoon."

"Don't make me laugh, Danny, it shows up the tartar on my teeth!" says I tryin' to get sarcastic.

Danny just keeps on feedin' hisself hotcakes.

"Where's he been workin' him—out in a alfalfa field?" says I, losin' patience.

"Not Mickey Mason, kid!" says Danny, real emphatic. "He don't train no hoss in nobody's alfalfa field. He's modern, that guy is!"

"Mebbe he hired a gymnasium then," says I, and I'm beginnin' to burn a little.

"Listen," says Danny, wipin' his mouth, "you been 'round race tracks a lot but you ain't never been 'round a race track where you met any of these Hollywood actors. They don't

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do nothin' like anybody else does, and that goes for hoss trainin' too." "You mean to tell me this guy Mason has trained The Pouter to a point where he can win a race without ever havin' run him?" says I, gettin' sore at being ribbed.

"You're right as rain!" says Danny. "I give you my word The Pouter ain't run a hundred yards since Mickey Mason and I took him away from this track!"

"Danny," says I, madder'n an Ethiopian at an Eyetalian banquet, "You're either a damn fool or a damn liar!"

HE JUST laughs at me and says, "Boy, there's plenty you and me can learn around Hollywood!"

I'm so disgusted I get away from there before I bust him in the nose. When I cool out a bit I ankle over to Brannon's stable to get a line on Teapot, which I hear has a good chance to beat Malbrouk's hoss in the Derby.

As I turn the corner of Brannon's barn I hear Gypsy's voice comin' from a stall. She's pleadin': "Please, Doctair, tell me he will be all right!" And then the doc's gruff voice, "I'm sorry, Miss Mareno, but your horse is in no condition to run this afternoon. He has a fever and—well, Mr. Brannon will tell you what that means."

Well, that was the set-up three hours before post time for the big Movin' Picture Derby.

Gypsy Mareno is just about heart broke. She is standin' in front of Brannon's stable still pleadin' with the vet to do something when up to the barn drives a big van and out leaps Mickey Mason, brown as chocolate and grinnin' like a coon at a watermelon feast. He starts for Gypsy but pulls up sharp when he sees tears tricklin' down her velvety cheeks.

"Gypsy!" he says with a lot of anxiety in his voice. "What's wrong, kid?"

"Don't bother me now, Meekey," she says motionin' him to keep quiet. "Somethenck terrible has heppen!"

"What is it, Gypsy?" he deman's, goin' right up to her and tryin' to take her in his arms.

"No! No! Meekey!" she shouts, holdin' him off. "Can't you see there ees trouble? My horse—my Teapot—he ees seek—he cannot run thees afternoon. The Derby eet will go to that Katie Malbrouk. I weel not be in eet a-tall!"

"Oh, yes you will!" Mickey tells her, showin' his nice white teeth in a big grin. "You'll not only be in the race—you'll win it!"

Gypsy looks at Mickey as if she thinks he's off his nut. "How can I win thees race when my horse he ees seek?" she asks.

"You're going to win it with The Pouter!" he tells her. "I've got him right here in this van."

This is too much for Gypsy. "Please, please, Meekey!" she

screams. "Theese ees no time to make jokes. Can you not see I am almos' crazy weeth the disappointment? Go 'way now—"

Mickey grabs her firmly by the shoulder. "Listen," he says, "I nominated The Pouter for you, and he's going to win this afternoon!"

By this time Gypsy is hysterical. The strain, coupled with the disappointment caused by her hoss's illness, and the untimely arrival of Mickey and The Pouter has got her down. She lights into Mickey with the swellest mixture of American and Brazilian you ever heard. Boy, did she cut him down. But Mickey takes it like a thoroughbred. He just lays off the pace until she has shot her bolt then he says, "Listen, Gypsy! You think I'm dumb, but I'm not. I know The Pouter can take this race. You have everything to win and nothing to lose, except the jock's fee, by letting him run. Hoss racing is uncertain at best. Don't forget that the great Man O'War was beaten at Saratoga, and a cheap selling plater beat Wichone and Gallant Fox at the same track."

He goes on this way for five minutes tellin' her things about racin' I know he's learned from Danny Davis. At first Gypsy is stubborn and refuses to listen. But fin'ly she weakens to the point where she says, "All right, all right, Meekey. You have made the fool of me once—you may as well do eet again!"

I AIN'T got the heart to listen to any more.

Now that Teapot is out of the Derby I know that Lord Jim is the hottest thing since the Chicago fire and I mosey over to the clubhouse hopin' to find somebody to make a bet for me on Miss Malbrouk's hoss. At the bar I run into The Malbrouk and her trainer, Bob Wells. They're makin' free with a bottle of wealthy water and Wells motions me to join 'em.

"What's this I hear about Teapot being excused?" Wells asks.

"Developed a fever," I explain.

"He's out of the Derby!"

"Damn!" says The Malbrouk, lookin' terribly disappointed. "That'll take all the joy out of winnin' the race."

There ain't no tears in Wells' eyes, however, as I hear Miss Malbrouk has promised him half the winnings if Lord Jim pops down in front. What she wants most is the honor of winning the race and the satisfaction of beatin' Gypsy.

"Miss Mareno's startin' The Pouter," I tell them.

"So I see by the program," says Wells. "What's the gag—want to see her colors in the race?"

"Her boy friend, Mason, has an idea he can win," says I. "Him and Danny Davis have had the hoss out in the country some place gettin' him in shape."

Wells busts out laughin' at this.

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but I see a worried look come over The Malbrouk's pan.

"Is there any danger?" she says to Wells.

"Not the slightest!" he tells her. "The Pouter couldn't go a mile and a quarter on a street car. If there had been the remotes' chance of ever bringin' him back to the races I'd never have let you sell him. The kid's just nuts, that's all."

"No, Miss," says I. "You ain't got nothin' to worry about today. You're hoss is in."

At this minute The Malbrouk spots Gypsy, who is walkin' along toward us like one of them robots you see on the stage. She don't look to right or left and you can see she's feelin' so low she'd have to reach away up to touch bottom. She's about to pass without seein' us when The Malbrouk pipes up—"Why, how do you do Miss Mareno! I hope you are enjoying the races!"

GYPSY stops and acts like she's just been woke up from a sound sleep, but when she sees Katie Malbrouk her big blue eyes turn to a sort of steely gray.

"I see by the program," says Miss Malbrouk, "that you are starting that wonder horse—The Pouter. Do you really think he has a chance to win, or couldn't you resist the temptation of seeing your colors in the same race with mine?"

"I am starting heem because Meekey theenks he can win, Miss Malbrouk," says Gypsy cold-like.

"And of course you're backing him, aren't you?" The Malbrouk asks trying' to taunt the kid.

I can see Gypsy ain't got no more intention of bettin' on The Pouter than I have, but she wouldn't let Mickey down in front of her old rival. Instead she says, "Yes, I was just on my way to buy some teekets."

"Just a complimentary bet of five dollars, I presume," says Katie Malbrouk.

Again I see Gypsy hasn't given the matter a thought, but again she comes to the front for Mickey. "No," she says, "Meekey ees so sure I theenk I bet a thousand dollars!"

The Malbrouk is smart enough to see Gypsy is just talkin' so she pulls a fast one which shows she ain't no dumb cluck when it comes to business. "It would be silly of you to tear your clothes trying to get through that mob," she says sweeter than sugar. "If you're really going to bet—if you're not bluffing—I'll be glad to take the bet myself. If your horse wins I'll pay you just what you'd get in the mutuels!"

She sure has Gypsy on a spot. I'm standin' a little back of the Malbrouk gal and catchin' Gypsy's eye I give her the office note to fall into this trap. But no dice! Gypsy'd rather lose her right eye, I figure, than run from The Malbrouk.

"Zat ees veer-ry nice of you," she says without battin' an eye. "Eef I lose I send you my check tonight!"

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Are you smart? Here's a puzzle that will test your wits. The Scrambled Letters below, when properly re-arranged, will spell the name of a Famous Movie Star.

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"It's a bet!" says The Malbrouk, "and if you win—but how ridiculous—ha, ha, ha—the idea of The Pouter beating Lord Jim is just *too* funny!"

As Gypsy moves away I feel like tippin' my hat to her. If any gal in this world ever made a pure and simple loyalty bet Gypsy Mareno is that gal.

We're all movin' down to the rail as the hosses come out for the Derby, when along comes Mickey. He's lookin' for Gypsy so I lead him to where she's sittin'—all alone—at a little table near the bar.

"Come on, Honey!" he says, takin' her hand. "Come on down by the rail and watch The Pouter make Katie's nag look like a polo pony runnin' against Discovery!"

"No, Meekey," she says, "I can not stan' any more. You are veer-ry seely to theenk The Pouter can beat Lord Jim. The Pouter he weel break down sure. Mr. Brannon he know!"

I KNOW the gal is right, but Mickey won't take no for an answer. He practically carries her to the rail. And just to show you the tough luck Gypsy's playin' in he drags her to a spot right in front of the Malbrouk gal and Wells. Gypsy is lookin' for a way to scam outa there when there's a great roar from the stands and seventy-five thousand people yell, "They're off!"

I can see Gypsy close her eyes and I see a pained look comes across her face. Mickey on the other hand is yellin' like a Missouri hog caller: "Come on POUTER! Come on POUTER!"

The race bein' over the mile and a quarter route the field has to pass the grandstand before they go into the first turn. I look away from Gypsy in time to catch the order of the nags as they thunder past the judge's stand the first time: It's Brown Derby on the rail by a length, with Lord Jim layin' right at his flank. Then there's four in a bunch with The Pouter on the outside takin' the overland route. Behind them are the other eight starters, already beginnin' to string out. At the quarter Brown Derby and Lord Jim are still in the lead, but Pee Wee Broom, who has the leg up on Gypsy's hoss, has moved up alongside of Crackerbox which is third on the rail.

THEY are the same at the half except Lord Jim is beginnin' to creep up on Brown Derby, makin' more daylight between him and The Pouter. It seems to me that Jockey Mince on Lord Jim is makin' his move a little early in the race, but he has always ridden the hoss so he probably knows what he's doin'.

At the three quarters Wells begins callin' the race to Miss Malbrouk. "Brown Derby is beginnin' to dog it," he says. "Lord Jim's lookin' him in the eye right now and he'll fold up like a six-bit suitcase before

he gets to the turn. Mince is ridin' a nice race."

Brown Derby does fold up at the far turn and Lord Jim takes the lead. But I also see another hoss begin to overhaul Brown Derby and that hoss is The Pouter.

JOCKEY BROOM is watchin' every move Mince makes on Lord Jim and ridin' a nice race. As they start round the far turn Broom lets out a wrap and The Pouter shoots past Brown Derby as if that plater was tied to the fence.

"What's that going after Lord Jim?" Miss Malbrouk screams above the roar of the crowd, and I can see she's pretty nervous.

"Nothin' to worry about!" says Wells. "That's just the old Pouter. He'll crack up before he gets to the head of the stretch and finish lame and last. He always runs just like he's runnin' now—always first or second until his legs begin to buckle!"

"But—but suppose they don't buckle today?" says The Malbrouk, nervously chewin' her lip.

"Keep your chin up, Miss Malbrouk!" says Wells with all the confidence in the world. "No hoss that's been out of trainin' as long as The Pouter has can run a mile and a quarter, legs or no legs."

But somehow or 'nother The Pouter don't seem to be payin' no attention to what Wells is sayin'. He just keeps creepin' up on Lord Jim with every jump.

As they come into the stretch Lord Jim is out in front by two lengths, but the boy on Gypsy's hoss don't seem worried. When they start down that long last quarter mile Jockey Mince looks back over his shoulder and laughs at Pee Wee Broom on The Pouter.

I take a quick peek at Gypsy. She's standin' there beside Mickey, her eyes closed tight and her little fists doubled into knots. Mickey is yellin' "Come on, Pouter!" and with each mention of the hoss's name he drives his right fist into the palm of his left hand.

DOWN the stretch they come, Lord Jim and The Pouter increasin' their lead over the field at every jump.

"He'll crack in another jump! He'll crack in another jump!" Wells is yellin' now, but he's lost a lot of that confidence and his eyes are beginnin' to bulge. But the only thing that cracks at this point is Jockey Broom's whip as he brings it down on The Pouter's flank just as they hit the sixteenth pole. And you shoulda seen that old brittle-legged beetle respond! He just lays back his ears and begins to level. The way he cuts down Lord Jim's lead is somethin' I'll never forget.

"He'll crack in another jump! He'll crack in another jump!" Wells is screamin' to The Malbrouk.

The crowds on the lawn and in

the stands are roarin' their frantic appeals to hosses and jocks. "Come on, Lord Jim!" "Come on, Pouter!" I'm gettin' pretty excited myself, but knowin' The Pouter as I do I'm just waitin' for him to break down and pull up or fall.

As Lord Jim and The Pouter thunder along fifty yards from the wire they're head and head. Both boys are givin' their mounts the leather and the crowd is goin' wild.

"Come on, Lord Jim!" I hear The Malbrouk scream frantically, but I know it's all over but hangin' up the numbers. Lord Jim gave everything he had in that run down the stretch and it took somethin' out of him. He hung just a trifle at the end and the old Pouter's snoot dropped down in front just in time to get the decision.

WHEN The Pouter's number is hung up in the top slot with Lord Jim's second, I see The Malbrouk reach out and grab the rail for support. She hangs there for a minute then she turns on Wells, screamin', "I thought you said he couldn't lose—that he was a cinch! I've lost a small fortune not to mention the great honor of winning the Moving Picture Derby!"

"I can't understand it," moans Wells. "I thought sure The Pouter would crack!"

"He did crack!" Mickey yells at him pointin' to the board as the time for the race is bein' hung up. "He cracked a fifth of a second off the track record!"

Then I see that The Malbrouk can't take it. She don't turn and offer congratulations to Gypsy, who by the way is dancin' about like a crazy chorine, but beats it from there right quick.

NEXT thing I know Gypsy is all wrapped around Mickey. "How deed you do eet, Meekey?" she is askin' between happy sobs. "How deed you do eet?"

"Simple!" says Mickey, grinnin' like he's the happiest guy in the world. "You see all that a hoss gets out of gallopin' 'round and 'round a track is good muscle and good wind. Those are the things he needs in a race. But The Pouter having tender feet can't be trained that way, so I remembered how I used to get my wind and muscles in shape when I was a champion swimmer. So—"

"How?" asks Gypsy, breathless.

"Simply by swimming," says Mickey. "So Danny Davis and I took The Pouter to a secluded spot out past Malibou and swam him a mile or so every day. The salt water toughened his feet and—well, he got into excellent shape without ever havin' to touch his feet on terra firma!"

"Meekey!" says Gypsy. "You are a veer-ry smart man!"

And that was that!

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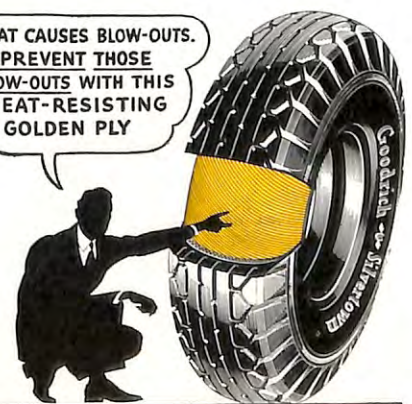
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