

The Elks

Marine

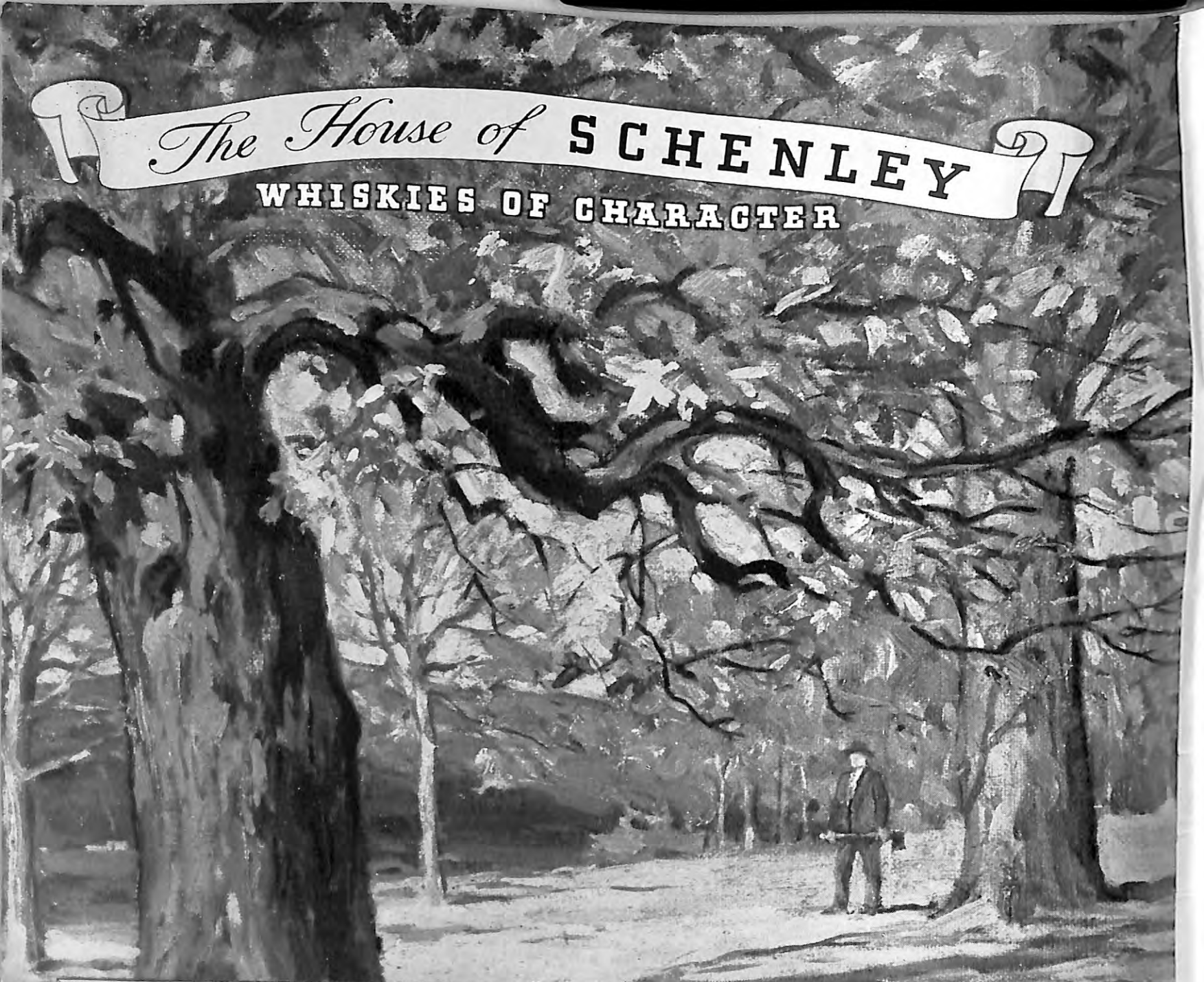


JUNE, 1936
EASTERN EDITION



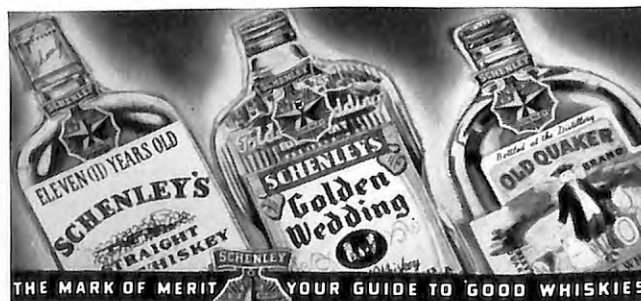
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The Elks Magazine

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

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

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

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JUNE 1936

This Month

THIS month's cover was drawn by Howard Butler, the first he has done for us, incidentally.

Matt Taylor's easy, narrative style is at its best in "White Mitts," a humorous story written in the present-tense jargon of the boxing game.

In "The Land of Champions" Jack

O'Donnell, widely-known sports commentator, offers tangible proof that the supremacy of California athletes is no legend and sums up with some "reasons why."

Howard Melvin Fast has contributed a grippingly intense story entitled "The Bookman." Its American Revolutionary background is beautifully illustrated by Jack Floherty, Jr.

In "Sir Judas," a story dealing with Sir Walter Raleigh, Rafael Sabatini employs his customary, vividly romantic style. The illustrations are done in color by Harvey Dunn, one of the most outstanding of present-day artists.

This issue also contains many features of special interest to those Elks who are planning to attend the Los Angeles Convention in July.

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*Why your car
needs Ethyl in summer*

(Only 43 seconds to read)



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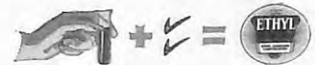
KNOCK is the name of that warning “ping.” It occurs when a gasoline breaks down (burns too quickly) under the heat of a modern high compression engine.

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forwarded to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home address Henry A. Guenther, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, Newark, N. J., No. 21, 300 Clifton Ave.



Lawrence H. Rupp

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

ON Wednesday, April 29, 1936, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp died at his home in Allentown, Pa., after an illness of six months' duration.

Mr. Rupp was born in New Tripoli, Pa., on September 26, 1881, the son of Alvin H. and Ellen Rupp. He attended the public schools in Coopersburg, later moving to Allentown with his parents. In 1902 he was graduated from Muhlenberg College, after which he studied law in the offices of his uncle, the late John Rupp. He was admitted to the Lehigh County Bar in September, 1905. At the time of his death he was a member of the law firm of Butz and Rupp of Allentown.

Mr. Rupp was active in politics, and served as District Attorney of Lehigh County. His strong and assiduous convictions in behalf of the Democratic party won him the State Chairmanship in 1918-19. He was also the nominee of his party for the Governorship and the U. S. Senate during his political career.

Mr. Rupp entered the Order of Elks on February 18, 1908, when he became a member of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130. He became Exalted Ruler in 1912. In 1916 he represented the Grand Lodge in a matter of litigation, and the following year he was appointed on a committee under Past Grand Exalted Ruler Jerome B. Fisher. In 1917-18 he was made a member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee and afterward became its Chairman. At the session of the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles, Calif., in 1921, he presented the resolutions for discharge of the Elks' War Relief Commission and during the following term served on the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary. Continuing as Chairman of that body in 1922-23 under Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, he also served in 1926-27 under Charles H. Grakelow, in 1927-28 under John F. Malley, and in 1928-29 under Murray Hulbert, all Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order.

Mr. Rupp's interest in Allentown Lodge and in the Pennsylvania State Elks Association never flagged while important posts of the Grand Lodge were engaging his attention. In 1918-19 he was a Vice-President of the Association, and in 1919-20

he was President of that body. On October 10, 1922, Mr. Rupp was elected an Honorary Life Member of Allentown Lodge. His Lodge voted unanimously to present him as a candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler at the 66th Session of the Grand Lodge in 1930, and when this Convention was held in Atlantic City, N. J., in July of that year, Mr. Rupp was elected.

At the expiration of his term as Grand Exalted Ruler he became a member of the Board of Trustees of the Elks National Foundation on which he served up to the time of his death.

Funeral services were held at Mr. Rupp's home in Allentown on Saturday, May 2, with many present and past officers of the Order serving as active and honorary pallbearers. On the previous day, May 1, Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, who was unable to attend the funeral services on Saturday, with a delegation of Past Exalted Rulers of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, visited Mr. Rupp's home for the purpose of expressing personally the sympathy of the Grand Exalted Ruler and the Grand Lodge to Mrs. Rupp.

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. A. O. Reiter, pastor of St. John's Reformed Church, of which Mr. Rupp was a member, and the Rev. Theodore Herman, head of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster. Mr. Herman delivered a eulogy on the life and career of Mr. Rupp, as also did former Judge Claude T. Reno. Among the many friends and associates who attended the services were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener and Charles H. Grakelow; Grand Trustee William T. Phillips; Charles Spencer Hart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Robert S. Barrett, former Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee; Past State Presidents Scott E. Drum, Louis N. Goldsmith and P. E. Minster, and Miss Emma Scholl, who served as Secretary to Mr. Rupp while he was Grand Exalted Ruler.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp is survived by his wife and his son, Lawrence B. Rupp; his mother, Ellen M. Rupp, and a brother, John A. Rupp. To them and to his many friends *The Elks Magazine* conveys the sincere sympathy of the entire Order.



The Bookman

by Howard Melvin Fast

Illustrated by
John J. Floherty, Jr.

*He lifted me into the saddle before
him and then we set off for the house*



WE WERE very poor, but we were never so poor as the soldiers. Before the war, it had been different, but as the war went on, we got poorer and poorer, yet we were never so poor as the soldiers.

I think it was in the fall of seventeen eighty that the soldiers were all encamped down in the valley beyond our house. It was just at the beginning of the winter, and the day they came, a film of snow covered the whole valley down to the river, which you could see from our house. Our house stood on a hill, commanding the valley and the river and the plain beyond it. Mother always watched the valley. She said that when father came back, we should see him riding up the valley all the way from the river. Father was with the Third Continentals, a captain. But this was before he was killed.

The soldiers came marching down the river-side, along the dirt road, and they turned up the valley, where

they prepared to encamp. They were part of the New Jersey line, all of them very tired-looking men, and very thin. We ran down to meet them, and they all waved to us. I was ashamed of myself, I was so fat and healthy.

An officer on horse was riding in front, an aide a little way behind him. When he saw me, he cantered over, drawing up his horse close beside me, and leaning over the pommel.

"Hello there, sonny," he said.

I didn't say anything, because I thought that maybe he would be thinking of how fat I was, he being so thin. His uniform was all torn and dirty, and his cocked hat flapped wearily. But I liked his face. It was hard and thin, but it had small, dancing blue eyes.

However, I didn't want him to think me entirely a dunce, and I saluted him smartly.

"Well, well," he smiled, "you've the makings, haven't you sir? And how old might you be?"

"I'm ten, sir."

"And what might be your name?"

"Bently Corbatt, sir."

"And I suppose you live in the big

house on the hill? Is this your sister?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, a little ashamed because Ann was so small. "But I've got another, sir."

"Another house?" he questioned, still smiling.

"No, sir. Another sister, who's much bigger than Ann here. And won't you come up to the house, sir?"

"Well—you're not Tories, then?"

"Oh, no, sir," I said quickly, and then added: "My father's with the Third Continentals. He's a captain," I finished proudly.

"Well," he said, not smiling now. He stared at me thoughtfully, and then shifted his gaze to our house. "Well," he said again. Then: "I'm General Wayne. I suppose you'll be very kind and introduce me to your mother?"

"She's dead, sir."

"I'm sorry. Then your sister, if she's the lady of the house."

I nodded. Bending over, he grasped me about the waist, lifting me to the saddle in front of him. Then he motioned for the aide to do the same with Ann, and we set off for the house.

"When did your mother die, son-



ny?" he asked me, as we cantered along.

"About three weeks ago—only." I told him about how she used to watch the valley all the time. "You see, father doesn't know yet," I said. "Sis thought it would be best not to let him know."

"I see," he nodded gravely, but now his blue eyes were warm and merry; I don't think they ever lost that merry look. I twisted around him, so that I could see the troops marching into the valley. Now they were passing through our orchard, and many stooped to pick up rotten apples from the ground. His eyes followed mine. "It's pretty hard, this business of war, isn't it—for soldiers?" He seemed to include me in the last part.

"Not too hard," I answered evenly, "for soldiers."

Jane was waiting for us on the porch, looking very grave, the way she looked since mother had died. We rode up, and the general lifted me down to the porch. Then he dismounted himself, bowing very nicely to Jane, sweeping off his cocked hat with a very graceful gesture, just as if it wasn't so battered and torn.

"Miss Corbatt?" The general said. Jane nodded.

"I am General Wayne of the Continental Army, New Jersey line. I have two thousand odd troops, which I would like to encamp in that valley, for a few weeks only—I hope—but possibly for a good part of the winter. I presume the property is yours?"

"Yes." Jane courtesied to him. "Yes, the property is my father's. Won't you come inside? We can talk about it there."

General Wayne entered the house after Jane, and his aide followed, and I followed his aide. Ann tried to follow me, but I pushed her back. "This is no place for little girls," I warned her.

In the living-room, I wasn't noticed, and I made myself very small in a corner. Jane sat in a chair, looking very pretty, I thought, and the two officers stood in front of her.

"You see," General Wayne was saying, "we can't be too far from the British—and we can't be too near. This spot is ideal."

"I think I understand."

"But you know what soldiers are—two thousand half-starved soldiers.

"My father is with the army, sir."

"Thank you, then. You are a very brave girl."

"No, no," Jane said quickly. "I'm doing nothing. Don't you see that it is safer with the troops here?"

General Wayne smiled sadly. "I'm afraid not. It is not very nice to have one's home turned into a battleground. Yet war is a bitter business all around."

"I know," Jane said.

"We should want to use your home as general headquarters. It will mean quartering myself and two or three officers. And a room to undertake business—"

Jane bent her head. "I'm sure you will be comfortable," she said.

"You are very kind. And now, if you will excuse me, you can make all arrangements with Captain Murry here."

The general left the room, and I followed him. Outside, he looked at me curiously.

"I suppose," he said thoughtfully, "that you will want to be a soldier some day?"

"Yes sir."

His face was very grave, his mouth thin as a thread; with one hand, he

He and Jane were close together kneeling on the floor, his yellow head contrasting with Jane's dark one



shook out my long hair; the other was clasp and unclasp itself nervously. "Suppose," he considered—"suppose I make you a sort of general's special aide, to look after things I miss on?"

I was thrilling with pride, and I could hardly keep from bursting into

shouts of pure joy; however, I managed to stand very still, saluting him. "That will be very fine, sir," I said. And I stood looking after him as he rode down into the valley.

I couldn't go in just yet. I had to stand there for a while, and be alone in my glory; so I remained as he left

me, very still, looking over the valley to where the sun was setting, making the river a band of gleaming red. Then, after a little while, I went inside.

I heard Jane laughing in the parlor, and it surprised me. It was the first time she had laughed since

"How do you do," he answered. "Captain Murry and General Wayne and some others will live at the house, Bently," Jane told me.

"I know," I replied.

I turned to go, and as I left the room, I heard Captain Murry saying: "I must apologize for my regimentals. We're pretty close to being beggars now—all of us."

The next few days were as exciting as any I had known. I had always considered our house a very lonely place, there being nobody I could play with outside of Ann and Jack, the caretaker's boy. And now, all of a sudden, there were two thousand men, encamped in a sprawling fashion through the apple orchard, over the hay-fields, and down the long slope to the river. Almost over night, bubbles of tents had sprung up all over the place, and in and around our sheds over a hundred horses were quartered. On the lawn, in front of our house, there were sixteen field pieces, ugly, sinister things, but oh how fascinating!

And the soldiers—I made great friends of many of the soldiers before the bookman came, and I will get to the bookman later. I guess General Wayne spread the word around, about the commission he had given me, because the men took to calling me lieutenant, which I was very proud of, though I tried not to show it. I stole cakes and bread for them from the kitchen—not that we had so much, but they had almost nothing at all; and all the time I had to myself, I spent down in their camp. They were always telling me stories, and some of them knew my father. Sometimes, they would let me handle a musket; but the muskets were taller than I, and so heavy I could hardly lift them. What I saw in the camp used to make me sick sometimes. The men were always cold, because they were short of clothing and blankets; hardly any had shoes, and most were woefully thin. It would make me sick, and then I didn't know whether I wanted to be a soldier or not. But the men were always talking about their pay, which was to come from Philadelphia some day, and how much better all things would be after that.

The winter stole on, and the men remained in the valley. More men came, until there were almost three thousand of them. At night, their fires twinkled like glow-worms, and in the daytime they were always drilling and parading. I didn't know why they drilled so much, but one day Captain Murry told me the reason. He said it was to keep them knowing that they were soldiers, and to make them forget that they were starving. I wondered how men could starve, yet live so long; but war is very strange, and you do not understand all the parts of it.

Our house became a busy place. In the parlor, General Wayne set up his main headquarters, and sometimes he sat there all day writing at his desk, receiving couriers, and dispatching

couriers, too. I knew that most of his writing was for pay and food for his soldiers, because that was the main topic of talk. All day, men rode up to our house and away from it, and many times in the night I woke to hear a horse champing his hoofs in front of the door.

I guess during that time Jane came to sort of like Captain Murry, and I guess she couldn't help it, he being around the house so much, and being such a handsome young gentleman, not at all thin and worn, like General Wayne.

Then the bookman came, after the troops had been in the valley for almost three weeks. They don't have many bookmen any more, men who wander around the country, stopping at houses to peddle books and give away news. Many of them write their own books, publish them, and peddle them. That is what Parson Weems did with his stories of General Washington.

Well, the bookman came one day toward evening, not from the river-valley, but riding the trail that trickled over the hills. He was dressed in worn homespun, an old broad-brimmed hat on his head, and a great pack of books on either side of his saddle. He didn't come to the house, but stopped at the barn, and I ran over to see what he had to sell. I knew he was a bookman, and I knew how rarely bookmen came now-a-days.

"Hello," I called.—"hello, there, you bookman, you!"

He looked at me very gravely, and right there I liked him, from the beginning. He had little blue eyes, like General Wayne's, always sparkling, and long yellow hair that fell to his shoulders. He seemed very old to me then, as most grown-ups did, but he couldn't have been much past thirty.

"Hello, sir," he said. He had a funny accent, vaguely familiar, and I took it to be back country talk.

"Yes," he went on, "how do you do?"

"Fine," I answered. "And I hope you have English books, though Jane says I shouldn't read them now."

"And why shouldn't you read them now?" he asked.

"You know we're at war."
"Oh, yes, I do know it. I had a devil of a time getting through the sentries." He spoke as if he didn't approve of sentries or war. And then his eyes roved past me, down into the valley. He seemed surprised, when he saw all the tents and soldiers.

"That looks like a big encampment," he said.

"Yes," I nodded proudly, "most all of the New Jersey line."

But he did not seem to wish to speak of the troops or the war. "What kind of books do you like?" he inquired, measuring me with his eyes.

Then I remembered my manners. "Won't you come in," I asked him, "and have something hot to drink. I am sure my sister would like your books, too." (Continued on page 32)



mother died. I went in, and there she was, standing with the aide, laughing at something he had said. When she saw me, she stopped, and Captain Murry came forward, offering me his hand.

"How do you do, sir," I said, with dignity, since I was of the army now.

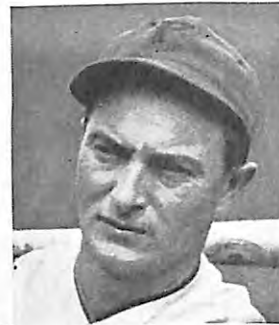


The Land of

Above: Jim Jeffries, and below: the late Jim Corbett



Right: Paul Warner, another famous Californian athlete



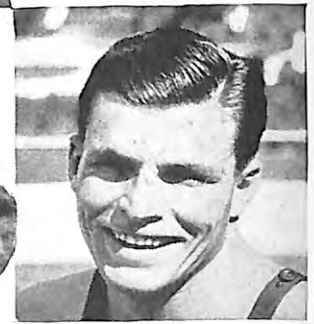
Below: Buster Crabbe, champion swimmer from California



Above: W. Lawson Little, Jr., and right: Olin Dutra



Below: Donald Budge, tennis star



WHEN the sports writers at Wimbledon sat at their typewriters in the late afternoon of July 6, 1935, to write the intensely dramatic story of one of the greatest comebacks in the history of sport—the comeback of Helen Wills Moody—they were unable to rationalize the amazing accomplishment they had just witnessed on the English court.

Rarely before in the history of sport had they seen an ex-champion recapture a crown that had rested on other heads for two years. Some of the oldtimers who sat in the press box that eventful afternoon had seen ex-kings and ex-queens of every branch of sport attempt to return over the comeback trail only to falter and fail. They were firm believers in the old sporting maxim, "They never come back!"

Had there been a precedent in the annals of sport they might have dug deep and found a reason why this little poker-faced girl from far-off California had been able to accomplish what she had that afternoon. There was no precedent for them to fall back on, but there was a reason—a sane, logical, reasonable reason—why Helen Wills Moody had upset the dope and recaptured her place as queen of the tennis world.

Helen of the poker face had the blood, the courage, the stamina of the pioneers who back in '49 crossed the Indian-infested plains, the rugged, forbidding mountains, the blistering desert, to reach a new land and build a new empire. That day at Wimbledon she summoned to her aid the same qualities that had carried her forbears across the plains; she exercised the same courage they had used in fording swollen rivers, in blazing trails through almost impenetrable forests, in fighting off the savages that lurked in every canyon.

Like her grandfather, who came to California back in the days of the gold rush, she didn't know the word "quit." When the "going got tough"; when she was within one little point of defeat; when it would have been so easy to say to her game opponent, Helen Jacobs, "Okey, Helen, you win!" she, instead, took a firmer grip on that old racquet and pulled a great victory out of the fires of defeat.

On that July afternoon at Wimbledon, Helen Wills Moody demonstrated something that every great coach of athletes in America has long



Above: Max Baer and his brother, Buddy Baer

Champions



Above: Bill Graber, and below: Norman Paul, both star athletes



Left: Mae Sutton Bundy, another tennis star



Below: Johnny Weismuller also Californian champion swimmer



Below: Eastman, star runner



Above: Frank Wykoff, and left: Elsworth Vines



by Jack O'Donnell

recognized—that California is a breeding ground of champions! She demonstrated, also, that there may be a lot of merit in the opinion voiced by Jack Kearns, maker of prize ring champions, that "California fighters don't know when they're licked!" If we are to believe what the sports writers said in their accounts of the Wimbledon match, Little Poker-face was "licked" in that third set when she was trailing the sturdy Miss Jacobs, 2-5. *But she didn't know it!*

Several years ago a professor of anthropology in a Western university predicted that California was destined to produce a race of super men and women. He based his prediction on the fact that Californians are an outdoor people; that from babyhood to maturity most of their waking hours are spent in health and strength-building sunshine, and that they subsist, more than the people of any other State, unless it be Florida, on fresh fruits and vegetables.

Whether the professor be right or wrong, the fact remains that California is, and has been for a number of years, contributing more than her share of champions to the world of sport. There is hardly a branch of athletics in which it does not boast one or more champions. This state-

ment takes in everything from pugilism to frog jumping! Not all of these leaders in the sport world hailing from California are California bred, But I believe the Golden State is entitled to claim credit for a considerable portion of the success of a man or woman who "grew up" within its boundaries.

Let's take a look at the sport records and see where California stands.

I don't believe anybody will disagree with me when I say that Helen Wills Moody is the champion of champions in the present day field of sport. She proved that a real champion CAN come back. That's more than Gentleman Jim Corbett, James J. Jeffries, or the incomparable Jack Dempsey could do in the prize ring. Helen comes of pioneer stock, her father having been born in Contra Costa county, where his father settled back in the gold rush days.

During the two years that Little Poker-face was in retirement recovering from the injury which forced her to default at Forest Hills, Californians dominated the tennis world. Helen Jacobs took up the racquet which her sister Californian laid down on the Long Island courts and

(Continued on page 45)

Photographs for this article by Acme, Keystone and Wide World



Above: Helen Wills Moody

White Mitts

by
Matt Taylor



I AM sitting with my girl Mabel that night on the steps of her brownstone stoop, and the moon is high, and the clock in the Metropolitan tower is chiming the quarter hours, and the beer trucks are rumbling on Ninth avenue. It is a moment of great romance, but there is nothing I can do about it because Mabel is weeping and her face is buried in the silk handkerchief she has swiped from my top pocket and I cannot even kiss her.

"I guess I can't ever marry you, Timmy," she sobs. "My duty is here."

By "here" Mabel does not mean the brownstone stoop. She means the top floor flat where she lives with her father and her three young brothers, Michael Aloysius, Vincent de Paul, and Francis Xavier. Mabel's mother is dead, and Mabel has been trying since she is a little shaver to keep her kid brothers out of reform school,



A. B. STEER

which seems to me hardly worth while.

Tonight the trouble is Michael Aloysius, he having announced he is about to become a pug, and maybe heavyweight champion of the world if he can make the weight. Heretofore I have been patient with Mike because I know he hasn't got a refined, cultural background like I got from working as head usher at the Elixir Theatre, which is the cultrest movie palace on Broadway. But when Mike makes Mabel cry so I cannot kiss her he is going too far.

"I tried to be a mother to him," she sighs. "He's only eighteen. Now he's going to be a pug and get cauliflower ears and puffy eyes and a broken nose and keep bad company and maybe get to be a gangster."

I am not sure about the gangster part, but Mabel is as right about the ears, eyes and nose as a Park Avenue specialist. Mike only thinks he can fight. He is big and strong, but he is a clumsy lunk of a kid and very slow on his feet. I figure some shyster manager is promoting him for a punching bag for a lot of second-rate heavies who want to look good.

"Oh, if he was only a gentleman!" Mabel goes on. "Like you, Timmy."

"It takes all kinds," I remind her gently.

"He's not a bad kid. All he needs is discipline and training. If he'd only join the Navy and learn a trade and get himself some ideals!"

I smile a little to myself at this. The Navy does a fair job at handing out ideals, but at the Elixir Theatre we top them. Our staff of ushers got as many ideals as they got brass buttons.

Then Mabel pulls a fast one. She says, "I



wish you'd get him a job at the theatre," and I see what she has been leading up to all the time.

There is no use trying to tell her I can't do it. She sells tickets at the Elixir box office and she knows I'm in charge of ushers with the title of third assistant manager. Also, she knows the corps is short a couple of plebes, which is what we call the new ushers during their probation.

I hem and haw. When I think of young Mike as one of the "Hussars of Service," as we call ourselves, I feel a little sick. Our ushers are as classy as the heavy drapes and the soft lights and the colored fountain in the foyer. They're the most genteel ushers on the main stem. We train them to say "thank you, sir or madam," under all conditions, never to smile, to wear white gloves and like it, to stand at parade rest at the head of the aisle, and to wave the hand gracefully when giving

directions. And here is Mabel expecting me to fit into this picture, young Mike—a shaggy-headed, awkward, freckle-faced young ape, who isn't even polite to the cop on the beat. The idea of it begins to make me mad.

"He'd do better as a pug," I said sharply. "He's just a Ninth avenue boy and he hasn't got the class."

"You're a Tenth avenue boy yourself," she snaps. "Hell's Kitchen, at that!"

"I'm different," I tell her. "I was born dignified. Think what Mike would do to our *esprit de corps!*"

"Think what the *esprit de corps* would do for him!" she argues.

"One bad apple is enough to spoil—"

"Don't call my brother a bad apple!" she cries, jumping up.

"All right," I moan. "Tell him to come around to the theatre in the morning and I'll see what I can do."

She smiles a little. "I told him that already," she says. Mike arrives the next morning only half an hour late. I have already fixed things with the boss, who is willing to take my word that the kid will do, and I am sitting around hoping it will not be as bad as I know it will be.

But when he comes into the ushers' recreation room in the basement, I see it is worse. He is chewing about a nickel's worth of gum and smoking a cigarette, and his hat is pushed 'way back and his hair isn't combed and the freckles are crowded on his nose like the spots on a telephoto picture. He lumbers over to me with his broad shoulders hunched and his arms swinging as though he is coming out at the bell. "Hi-ya," he grins. "I'm here for the job like I promised."

I give him a hard eye. "Michael, my boy," I say coldly, "you have been accepted as a candidate for the Elixir Hussars."

"It's okay wid me," he replies. "But I'd rather be a usher. Well, I promised Mabel. I guess it won't be so bad for a coupla months 'til I get m' stren'th. My manager don't want to start me in the ring 'til I get m' full stren'th."

I hold back what I want to say and point to the uniform I have laid out for him. "Climb into that," I say, "and meet me here."

I double-quick it out in front where Mabel is getting ready to open the box office. "It's no go," I tell her. "I can't make a gentleman out of him. He'll be a pug in a few months when he gets his stren'th."

She looks me straight in the eye. "Timmy Slattery," she says, "if you think I am going to sit back and let my poor dumb brother end up cutting paper dolls, you are dumber than he is. You and I are going to make something fine out of him."

"But—"

"You can do it if you try," she says. "This is the kind of refined atmosphere he needs. If you won't help, I—I never want to speak to you again!"

There is no mistaking that she means it. "I'll do what I can," I sigh.

So I go back and find Mike waiting, and I am surprised to see how good he looks. The Elixir uniform is very natty indeed, and it does things even to a young gorilla like Mike. Of course he slouches and chews gum, but he ain't quite hopeless. "Not bad," I have to admit. "But where are the white gloves?"

He stops grinning. "I t'rew 'em away," he says.

"They're part of the uniform. You'll have to wear them."

"I tell you I t'rew 'em away!" he says, sticking out his jaw.

"You promised Mabel!"

He chews his gum hard and gulps. "All right," he growls. "I wear 'em. But the first guy that opens his trap—"

I calm him down and he stretches out on a divan and stares at the ceiling and I start in with my opening address to Hussar candidates, which is a summary of pages 134-142 in the Ushers' Manual and Complete Handbook.

I explain the great cultural advantages of working in the Elixir Theatre—how we got real high-class murals in the foyer for ushers to look at, and how, at de luxe performances, the orchestra plays classical stuff like Tschaikowsky and Beethoven that is bound to make a guy cultured. I am just taking up our military training, which is almost as good as you get at West Point, when he interrupts.

"What's them funny t'ings on the wall?" he asks, yawning loudly.

I see a chance to get him interested, and I follow it up. "Those are the seals of different colleges," I explain. "Working for the Elixir is almost like going to college, only you get paid for it. We have the same spirit, the same loyalty, the same—"

"This college stuff is the bunk," Mike says.

I grit my teeth and proceed. "Here you will learn poise, dignity. You will handle crowds deftly; you will become a leader. You—"

"Where do the dames hang out? The ones that dance at the stage shows?"

"An usher on duty," I reply, "is like a soldier at the front. He has no time to waste on dames."

"Maybe it wouldn't be wasted," he murmurs,

and pulls out a brace of dice from his pants pocket. "Wanna roll 'em a bit?" he asks me.

"Gambling is not allowed," I tell him wearily. I am ready to give up. He doesn't get the idea at all. But then I think of Mabel and how much it means to her to start Mike off on the right foot, and how she cries with her face buried in a handkerchief, and I decide to try some more. Refining Mike is going to be tough, but I would do more than that for Mabel.

So I let him loaf on the divan and throw cigarette butts on the floor until the boys start to assemble for the matinee shift. Then I introduce him all around and the corp gives him a long locomotive and a chickawacka-ump-ba to welcome him and we sing our theme song, which is "Down the Aisle for Old Elixir." But even this doesn't register. He stands there grinning and the spirit of the thing doesn't get under his skin at all.

I pull him aside. "This afternoon," I say, "you will stay with Corporal Rabinowitz, who handles the extreme right of the orchestra. You (Continued on page 33)

Illustrated by Howard Butler



"I guess I can't ever marry you, Timmy," she sobs, "my duty is here"

Broadcast



The large and not-very-funny picture in the upper left hand corner is of Colonel Stoopnagle and his comrade, Budd. This brace of clucks do much to brighten dreary hours of the gloaming with their programs over WABC each Thursday at 9:30 P.M. The last week in June they take over the Fred Allen National Amateur Hour where Fred leaves off. The program will be broadcast as usual on Wednesday evenings at 9, with the clucks heckling the amateurs. In the way of a little polite log-rolling, this Department would like to announce that, Stoopnagle and Budd, aside from being two of the funniest comedians in the entertainment world, have established something of a reputation as being two of the swellest lads in Radio.

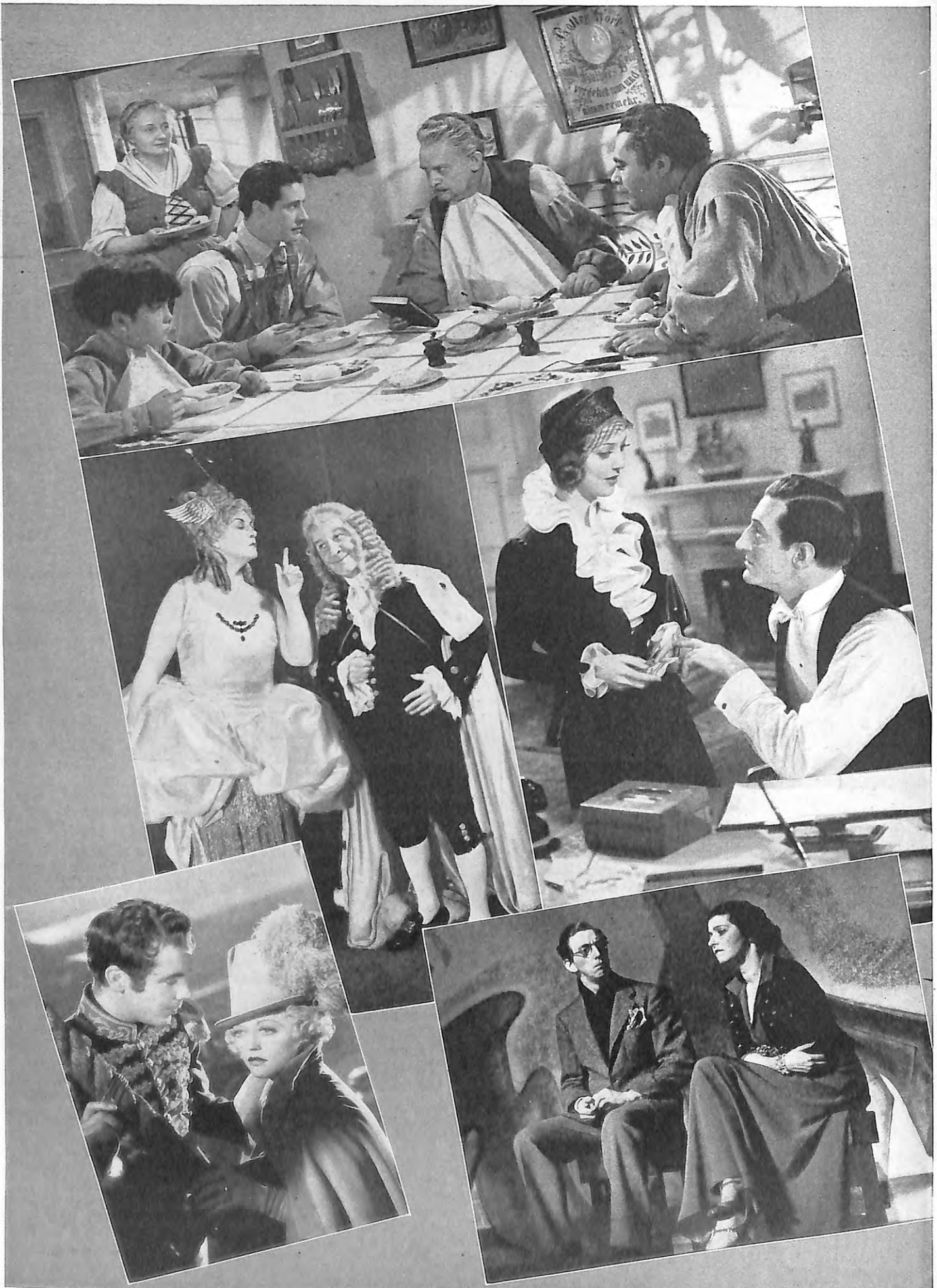
To their right is Alexander Gray, a baritone who augments the Chrysler Air Show, heard Thursday evenings at 8 P.M. over Station WABC, et al.

At top right is a gentleman named Dr. M. Sayle Taylor, known to his disciples as the "Voice of Experience," from whose lips drop pearls of wisdom each morning at 11:45 over WEAFF. Other pearls may be picked up on Sundays at 1:30 P.M., also over the NBC station.

Beneath the picture of Stoopnagle and Budd is Willie Morris, whose charming soprano voice embellishes the Fireside Recital on Sundays over WEAFF. An eventide program.

At bottom left is a portrait of Howard Petrie, an announcer for innumerable commercial programs, whose insidious larynx lures one to the indiscriminate purchasing of advertised articles.

Directly above is Ray Dooley, a mad wag if ever we saw one. She and her team-mate, Eddie Dowling, are always good for a couple of laughs on Tuesday evenings at 10 for the National Broadcasting Company's WEAFF.



Show BUSINESS

At top left is a scene of contentment from Twentieth Century-Fox's production, "Turmoil," starring Jean Hersholt, with Don Ameche, Allen Jenkins, J. Edward Bromberg, Ann Shoemaker and so forth, and so forth.

Below them at left are Vera Ross and Frank Moulan in the present edition of the Gilbert and Sullivan light opera, "Iolanthe." Gilbert and Sullivan is still so popular with the citizens that scarcely a year goes by without a revival of the Savoyard operas coming to Town.

To the right of Miss R. and Mr. M. are Miss Loretta Young, all sweetness and light, and the villainous Mr. Basil Rathbone, who take prominent parts in the motion picture, "Private Number." Mr. Rathbone appears destined to spend the rest of his days (which we hope are many) pretending he is an icy and satanic gentleman with the heart of a snake.

At bottom left are Dick Powell and Marion Davies, tastefully costumed for their roles in "Hearts Divided." The team of Powell and Davies is not, we feel, one to make the heart beat faster.

At bottom right on the opposite page are Ray Bolger and Luella Gear in Broadway's current musical comedy, "On Your Toes," the funniest and most tuneful extravaganza on the Town's boards. Bolger dances like a whirling dervish and Miss Gear is very droll. The plot occupies itself with taking the Russian Ballet for a long, hard ride.

At right one sees Walter Hampden, currently acting in his most noted production, Rostand's heroic comedy, "Cyrano de Bergerac." These are said to be Mr. Hampden's last performances of the famous role, a rumor which we regard as a highly regrettable bit of news.

Directly below are Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sydney being leered at during a court scene in M-G-M's cinematic effort, "Fury."

At bottom, Robert Montgomery and Frank Morgan, comfortably situated in a scene from the movie, "Trouble for Two," made from Robert Louis Stevenson's shocking story, "The Suicide Club." Among its pleasanter moments, the pictures includes that adroit and comely comedienne, Rosalind Russell. Miss Russell is this Department's nominee for Queen of Love and Beauty.



by Rafael
Sabatini



Sir

SIR WALTER was met on landing at Plymouth from his ill-starred voyage to El Dorado by Sir Lewis Stukeley, which was but natural, seeing that Sir Lewis was not only Vice-Admiral of Devon, but also Sir Walter's very good friend and kinsman.

If Sir Walter doubted whether it was in his quality as kinsman or as Vice-Admiral that Sir Lewis met him, the cordiality of the latter's embrace and the noble entertainment following at the house of Sir Christopher Hare, near the port, whither Sir Lewis conducted him, set this doubt at rest and relighted the lamp of hope in the despairing soul of our adventurer. In Sir Lewis he saw only his kinsman—his very good friend and kins-

man, to insist upon Stukeley's own description of himself—at a time when of all others in his crowded life he needed the support of a kinsman and the guidance of a friend.

You know the story of this Sir Walter, who had been one of the brightest ornaments of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and might have added lustre to that of King James, had not his Sowship—to employ the title bestowed upon that prince by his own queen—been too mean of soul to appreciate the man's great worth. Courtier, philosopher, soldier, man of letters and man of action alike, Raleigh was at once the greatest prose-writer and one of the greatest captains of his age, the



*Illustrated by
Harvey Dunn*

*Captain King
agreed that it was
Sir Lewis himself
who held the
warrant for Sir
Walter's arrest*

Judas

last survivor of that glorious company—whose other members were Drake and Frobisher and Hawkins—that had given England supremacy upon the seas, that had broken the power and lowered the pride of Spain.

His was a name that had resounded, to the honor and glory of England, throughout the world, a name that, like Drake's, was a thing of hate and terror to King Philip and his Spaniards; yet the King of Scots, unclean of body and of mind, who had succeeded to the throne of Elizabeth, must affect ignorance of that great name which shall never die while England lives.

When the splendid courtier stood before him—for at fifty Sir Walter was still handsome of person and mag-

nificent of apparel—James looked him over and inquired who he might be. When they had told him:

"I've *rawly* heard of thee," quoth the royal punster, who sought by such atrocities of speech to be acclaimed a wit.

It was ominous of what must follow, and soon thereafter you see this great and gallant gentleman arrested on a trumped-up charge of high treason, bullied, vituperated, and insulted by venal peddling lawyers, and, finally, although his wit and sincerity had shattered every fragment of evidence brought against him, sentenced to death. Thus far James went; but he hesitated to go further, hesitated to carry out the sentence. Sir

Walter had too many friends in England then; the memory of his glorious deeds was still too fresh in the public mind, and execution might have been attended by serious consequences for King James. Besides, one at least of the main objects was achieved. Sir Walter's broad acres were confiscated by virtue of that sentence, and King James wanted the land—filched thus from one who was England's pride—to bestow it upon one of those golden calves of his who were England's shame.

"I maun hae the land for Carr. I maun hae it," was his brazen and peevish answer to an appeal against the confiscation.

For thirteen years Sir Walter lay in the Tower, under that sentence of death passed in 1603, enjoying after a season a certain liberty, visited there by his dear lady and his friends, among whom was Henry, Prince of Wales, who did not hesitate to publish that no man but his father—whom he detested—would keep such a bird in a cage. He beguiled the time in literary and scientific pursuits, distilling his essences and writing that stupendous work of his, "The History of the World." Thus old age crept upon him, but far from quenching the fires of enterprise within his adventurer's soul, it brought a restlessness that urged him at last to make a bid for liberty. Despairing of winning it from the clemency of James, he applied his wits to extracting it from the King's cupidity.

Throughout his life, since the day when first he had brought himself to the notice of a queen by making of his cloak a carpet for her feet, he had retained, side by side with the dignity of the sage and the greatness of the hero, the craft and opportunism of the adventurer. His opportunity now was the straitened condition of the royal treasury, a hint of which had been let fall by Winwood, the Secretary of State. He announced at once that he knew of a gold mine in Guiana, the El Dorado of the Spaniards.

On his return from a voyage to Guiana in 1595, he had written of it thus:

There the common soldier shall fight for gold instead of pence, pay himself with plates half a foot broad, whereas he breaks his bones in other wars for provant and penury. Those commanders and chieftains that shoot at honor and abundance shall find here more rich and beautiful cities, more temples adorned with golden images, more sepulchres filled with treasure than either Cortez found in Mexico or Pizarro in Peru.

Winwood now reminded him that as a consequence many expeditions had gone out, but failed to discover any of these things.

"That," said Raleigh, "is because those adventurers were ignorant alike of the country and of the art of conciliating its inhabitants. Were I permitted to go, I would make Guiana to England what Peru has been to Spain."

That statement, reported to James in his need, was enough to fire his cupidity, and when Raleigh had further added that he would guarantee to the Crown one-fifth of the treasure without asking any contribution towards the adventure either in money or in ships, he was permitted to come forth and prepare for the expedition.

His friends came to his assistance, and in March of 1617 he set sail for El Dorado with a well-manned and well-equipped fleet of fourteen ships, the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke standing sureties for his return.

From the outset the fates were unpropitious. Disaster closed the adventure. Gondomar, the Ambassador of Spain at Whitehall, too well-informed of what was afoot, had warned his master. Spanish ships waited to frustrate Sir Walter, who was under pledge to avoid all conflict with the forces of King Philip. But conflict there was, and bloodshed in plenty, about the city of Manoa, which the Spaniards held as the key to the country into which the English adventurers sought to penetrate. Among the slain were the Governor of Manoa, who was (Continued on page 49)



MY BROTHERS:

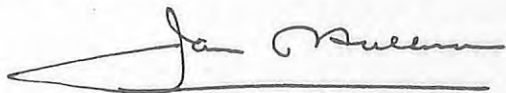
SECTION 229 of the Grand Lodge Statutes reads as follows:

"It shall be the duty of each Subordinate Lodge to hold services known as 'Flag Day Services' at the time and in the manner prescribed by the Ritual of the Order."

Flag Day, June 14th, is set apart as patriotic and sacred with all Elks when they gladly join with their respective Lodges in the beautiful ritualistic service prepared for that purpose by the Grand Lodge of the Order. These services are not optional but are required by the Statute which I have quoted.

We are proud that the Order of Elks is the first American fraternal organization to enact such a statute making the celebration of the birthday of the Flag compulsory, and I earnestly call upon every member of the Order to assist in observing this occasion and in making it an outstanding event in every community where an Elks Lodge is located. We want the people of America to know that reverence for the Flag is one of the basic principles of our Order, and the annual observance of a public Flag Day Service emphasizes this fact to every citizen of our country.

Should two or more Subordinate Lodges wish to unite in Flag Day Services and should they request of me the privilege to do so, I will be glad to grant the necessary dispensation.



James T. Hallinan,
GRAND EXALTED RULER



From Frank X. Leyendecker's painting for the cover of the first issue of *The Elks Magazine* published in June, 1922

Official Notice

from the

Grand Exalted Ruler

regarding

Flag Day



A Real Elks Parade



CURRENT song hit is appropriately entitled, "I Love A Parade." It caught the popular fancy not only because of its stirring melody but also because the refrain contained an obviously true statement. The appeal of a fine parade is quite universal. The Order has recognized this and for many years the outstanding public feature of each Grand Lodge Convention has been the Elks Parade.

It must be confessed that in recent years these have not always measured up to the generally maintained standard. The reasons for this are well understood. But those reasons no longer control; and the pageant should again take its proper place as a leading feature on the Convention program.

An Elks parade is not designed to consist merely of an incongruous host of marching men. Of course the numbers participating do bespeak the interest and enthusiasm of the membership and may be impressive as such a demonstration.



EDITORIAL

But the real purpose in view is to depict to the public the patriotic Americanism of the Order and its charitable, benevolent and fraternal character.

Dignity of deportment and good taste are essentials. Orderly movement and discipline are likewise requisites. Distinctive uniforms lend color to the display. Floats concretely picture to the eye the spirit and purpose of the Order. Good music is inspiring alike to marchers and spectators. And the whole pageant gives proof of the power of the Order and the earnestness of its members who thus evidence their loyalty. The thousands who observe it are impressed with the sentiments behind it and with the capacity of the great fraternity it represents.

It is to be hoped that the subordinate Lodges all over the country will generously participate in the parade at Los Angeles by providing distinctive and colorful units which will be real contributions to the event. Only by such general cooperation can it be made such an inspiring spectacle as will be worthy of the Order.

Let's have a real Elks parade this year. It will be good for the whole Order. Prosperity attends us; enthusiasm is pervasive. Let the pageant give proof of these facts.

Still Gallantly Streaming



IN the contemplation of conditions in other countries of the world, some of which are dominated by arbitrary dictators, some of which are actually embroiled in war while others are trembling at its threat, it is fortunate that we can contemplate our own country as still distinctively the land of the free; and that we can feel a justified confidence in continuing peace for its people. It is, therefore, appropriate that the subordinate Lodges should observe Flag Day this year with special pride and with a keener appreciation of its significance.

There is no ceremonial of our Order that is richer in patriotic inspiration; and when publicly observed it exerts an appreciable influence upon the whole community. It is instructive as well as inspirational; and the Lodge which conducts the program with dignity and impressiveness performs a patriotic service of real value and importance.

By virtue of its essential Americanism, the Order of Elks has a definite obligation in connection with the celebration of the birthday of the national emblem. For many years, in recognition of this obligation, it has played a leading part in the observance of the occasion and has had much to do with making it one of wider popularity.

The subordinate Lodges should make this year's ceremonial one of real community importance, in appropriate acclaim of all that is represented by our glorious banner that is still so "gallantly streaming" over us.

Service Emblems

IN nearly every subordinate Lodge there are a few faithful members who, for different reasons, never seek election to official stations, but who perform outstanding services to the Lodge. Promotion to important office constitutes an honor which is itself adequate compensation for the usual performance of the required duties. But ordinarily the unofficial member, who may perform even more valuable service, goes without any reward and frequently without any formal acknowledgment.

Several Lodges have adopted the custom of presenting to each of such members some distinctive fraternal emblem, as a concrete evidence of the Lodge's appreciation of the services which have been effectively and unselfishly performed. This custom is worthy of wider observance.

In most instances such services are undertaken without thought of, or desire for, any special reward except that which comes from the satisfaction attending their rendition. But in every case the presentation of a testimonial of appreciation would bring a natural gratification to the recipient. It would inevitably tend to inspire in him a continued activity in fraternal affairs; and it would stimulate a like activity in others, to the distinct advantage of the Lodge.

The idea is commended to the subordinate Lodges as one to which they might well give consideration. The presentation of such emblems could be made a noteworthy occasion each year, or whenever conditions might warrant. It would be sure to result in a more general interest among the whole membership; and in a greater readiness to undertake fraternal tasks.

Of course, theoretically, fraternal services are not supposed to be paid for in any way. But where they are of unusual character and importance, appropriate recognition should be accorded. And the method suggested is a pleasing and gracious way in which this can be done.

Club House or Home?

IN his official message to the California Elks Association, President George M. Smith used these apt words in conclusion:

"A building is just four walls, but let the spirit of friendship and fraternity spread its warmth and glow into every hallway, room and corridor of the edifice, and there is no king's mansion that can equal your Elks Home."

The thought embodied in this quotation is worthy to be carried to every subordinate Lodge of the Order.

However expensive and magnificent may be the Club House maintained, and however completely it may be equipped with the conveniences that make for physical comfort and enjoyment, it will never be anything but a social club until it is permeated with the atmosphere of true frater-



nity. This alone will convert the Club House into the true Elks Home it is designed to be.

So long as members make use of the provided equipment only for athletic purposes, or as a café, or reading room, or as a place to foregather for personal indulgence, the building will continue to be mere social quarters.

But when they bring to it the spirit of tolerance and sympathetic understanding; when they contribute to its associations a broad charity, a friendly kindness, a purpose to be helpful, a word of encouragement to those in need of it, and the real brotherhood which is characteristic of true Elks; then it becomes a real Home with all that is implied in that word. In that atmosphere, which can only be created by themselves, renewed loyalty and zeal are inspired, as the faith of a religious devotee is reborn with his every visit to his temple.

The perennial need of the Order is for more such Homes and fewer mere Club Houses.



Under the Spreading Antlers

Indiana Elks Mourn Past Grand Esteemed Knight Hubert S. Riley

Many associates in the fraternal, civic and political life of Indianapolis, Ind., and of the State at large, mourn the death of Hubert S. Riley, who was closely connected with these activities for many years. Mr. Riley was a Past Exalted Ruler of Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13, and served as Grand Esteemed Leading Knight in 1926-27, and for many years was an active member of the Grand Lodge. He was an outstanding figure in municipal affairs as President of the Board of Works and Sanitation in Indianapolis, and had served under three Mayors in important city posts. As a gesture of city-wide respect to Mr. Riley, Mayor John W. Kern ordered all the flags of Indianapolis to be flown at half-mast. He was general manager of the American Paper Stock Company.

Funeral services were held in SS. Peter and Paul Cathedral preceded by private services at the residence. Ritualistic services were conducted by Indianapolis Lodge in charge of the Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. Thirteen Past Exalted Rulers attended. All were honorary pallbearers. At the Cathedral, Mr. Riley's seven sons were active pallbearers.

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge Organizes Fair

The Elks of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, are staging an "Elks Fair and Exhibit" from June 15th to 20th, inclusive, at the Elks Fort

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Harrison Country Club at Terre Haute. The fair, which will be staged under a tent 240 feet long and about 80 feet wide, will house concessions and merchants' displays. Outside will be a Ferris wheel, merry-go-round, Keno tent, midget automobiles and many other devices for the pleasure of the public. The purpose of the affair, which is one of the largest undertakings of Terre Haute Lodge, is to make it possible for the members of Terre Haute Lodge to enjoy activities of the country club at no cost to the Elks.

Yonkers, N. Y., Elks Hold Celebration

"Bench and Bar Night" at Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge, No. 707, was recently distinguished by the presence of P.E.R. Ferdinand Pecora of New York Lodge, No. 1, a Supreme Court Justice of the State of New York. Justice Pecora's talk to the Lodge was made before 200 members and guests, all of whom were deeply in-

Judge James T. Hallinan with officers and members of North Adams, Mass., Lodge on the occasion of his visit there

terested in what he had to say. Among the guests were many prominent jurists and several high officials of the Order in the State.

In his speech Justice Pecora congratulated Joseph F. Crowley on his assumption of the office of Exalted Ruler of Yonkers Lodge and predicted for him "a year of enthusiastic success." The installation services were conducted by P.D.D. James H. Moran of New Rochelle Lodge.

Springfield, Vt., Lodge Wins Ritualistic Cup

Springfield, Vt., Lodge, No. 1560, recently won the Riley C. Bowers Cup for Ritualistic Excellence at a ritualistic competition against teams from Burlington and Barre, Vt., Lodges at the Home of Montpelier, Vt., Lodge. The contest, which is conducted each year by the Vermont State Elks Association, was presided over by P.D.D. John T. Nelson of Barre. The chairmanship of the meeting was turned over to P.E.R. John F. Burke of Boston Lodge, P.D.D. and Vice-Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn. Many distinguished New England Elks were present.

By capturing the contest Springfield Lodge will enter the New England division finals, which will probably be conducted in Holyoke, Mass. Talks were made during the day by E. Mark Sullivan of Brookline, Mass., Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Mr. Burke and P.E.R. Arthur L. Graves of St. Johnsbury, Vt., Lodge, now President of the Vermont State Elks Assn.





Above: Judge Hallinan and Elks of Reading, Pa., Lodge at the Lodge's annual banquet. Below, left: The officers of Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge who recently observed the 10th birthday of the Home. Below: A group of New Jersey delegates to last year's Grand Lodge Convention hold a reunion at the Lakehurst, N. J., hangars beneath the airship Los Angeles



Not long ago, incidental to the Eighth Annual Reunion of the Vermont Association, held at Springfield, a diploma was presented to Springfield Lodge certifying to the winning by that Lodge of the first Inter-State Demonstration of Ritualistic Excellence by the State Elks Associations of Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut. The contest was held last year at Holyoke Lodge and subsequently reported in *The Elks Magazine*. Mr. Burke presented the diploma to Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers of Montpelier, Vt., Lodge, who presented it to the team. The award of a similar diploma will be made annually to the winner of the Inter-State Ritualistic Contest.

Frankfort, Ind., Elks Honor P.E.R.'s

Ten Past Exalted Rulers of Frankfort, Ind., Lodge, No. 560, met recently for a banquet and then occupied the chairs at the annual P.E.R.'s meeting held by Frankfort Lodge. An interesting and constructive meeting was held and several impromptu speeches aroused the interest and enthusiasm of the Elks.

State Association Convention Dates for 1936

ASSOCIATION	CITY	DATE
New York	Poughkeepsie	May 31, June 1-2-3
South Dakota	Sioux Falls	June 7-8
Iowa	Decorah	June 7-8-9-10
Indiana	La Porte	June 9-10-11
New Jersey	Atlantic City	June 12-13
Michigan	Kalamazoo	June 12-13-14
Illinois	La Salle	June 17-18-19
Montana	Helena	June 18-19-20
Idaho	Pocatello	June 19-20
Connecticut	Willimantic	June 20
Arkansas	North Little Rock	June*
Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia	Annapolis	August 3-4-5
Wisconsin	Eau Claire	Aug. 20-21-22
Pennsylvania	Williamsport	Aug. 25-26-27
California	Oakland	Sept. 24-25-26
Nevada	Tonopah	Sept. 24-25-26
Vermont	St. Johnsbury	Oct. 4

*Date not yet set.

San Diego, Calif., Lodge Holds a Dance-Carnival

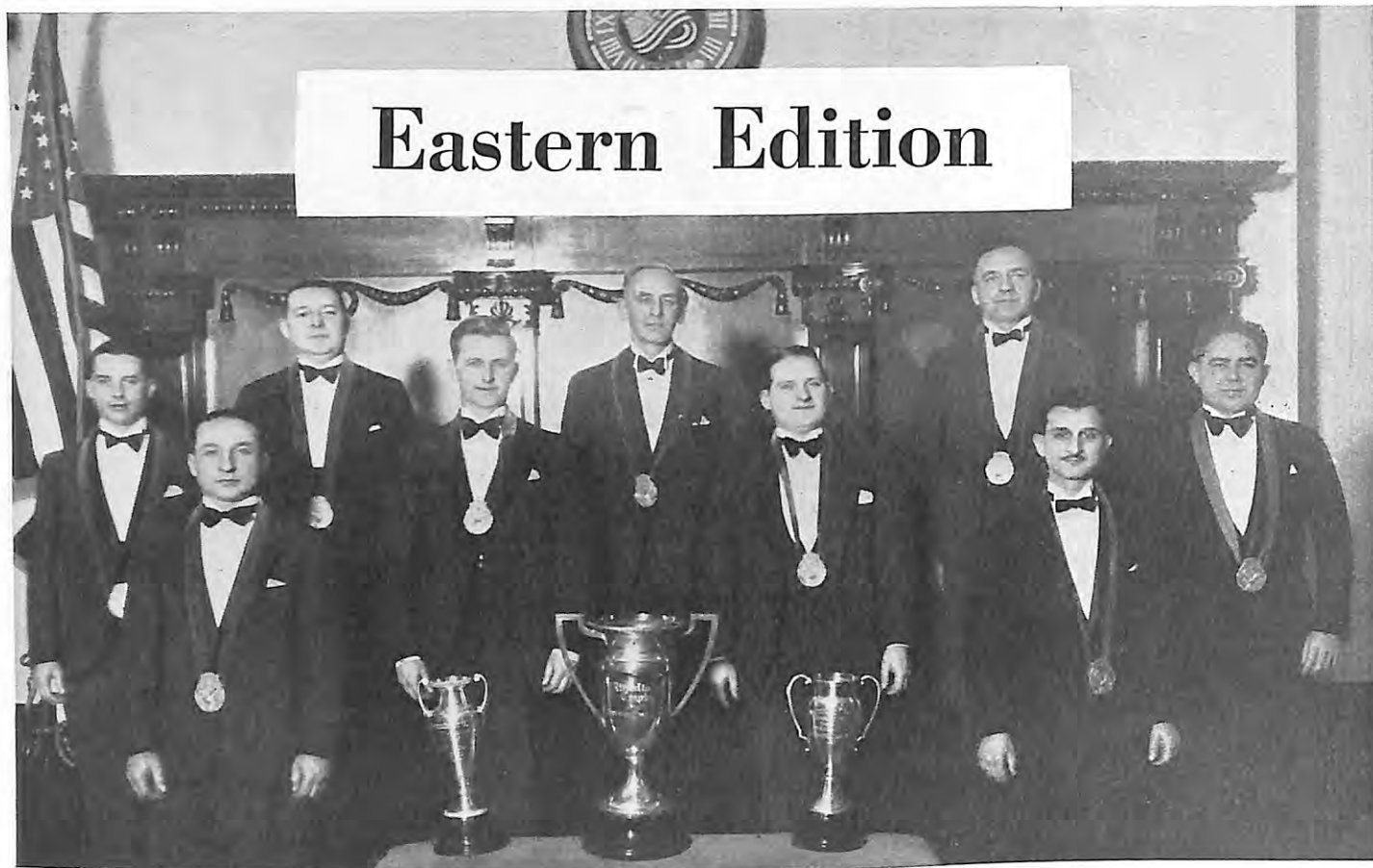
San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, recently held a most successful car-

nival and dance at which 100 visiting Elks from Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266, were present. The entertainment included a dance, a floor show, and a carnival with merchandise wheels and other appurtenances of such affairs. The visiting Elks were taken on a tour of the San Diego Exposition.

The Luncheon Club of San Diego Lodge is enjoying a boom, attracting many members. The local Sheriff, Ernest Dort, was Chairman at a recent meeting of the Club, with a talk on finger-printing and law enforcement by Undersheriff George Brereton as the featured speech.

Tiler of Charleston, S. C., Lodge Mourned by Members

Charleston, S. Car., Lodge, No. 242, mourns the loss of Willard P. Shaw who for the past eight years has been the Lodge's Tiler. Mr. Shaw served several times as an officer of the S. Car. State Elks Assn., and was for many years one of the most ardent workers of his Lodge. The Rev. J. F. Burkhart, Chaplain of Charleston, S. Carolina, Lodge, officiated at the funeral.



The Excellent Ritualistic Team of Danbury, Conn., Lodge

"Elks' Week" at Tarpon Tournament in Sarasota, Fla.

The Tenth International Tarpon Tournament, which opened on May 15 and will run through August 1, has designated the week of June 29 as "Elks' Week." To the member of an Elk Lodge catching the biggest tarpon off Sarasota during that week the Sarasota County Anglers' Club will award special prizes. Catches made by Elks will also be eligible for competition in the Tournament proper and may win one of the valuable prizes offered.

This is a new feature offered by the Sarasota County Anglers' Club, which annually sponsors the International Tarpon Tournament. Within the main Tournament a series of week-long tournaments, each week devoted to one of the foremost fraternal and civic organizations in the country, will be held by the Anglers.

Pennsylvania State Assn. Elks Meet

Members of the Advisory Committee and the Board of Trustees of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association met at the Home of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, on April 26 for their Annual Spring Meeting. Much of the business consisted of checking plans and arranging programs for the State Convention to be held in Williamsport the last week in August.

Past State Pres. Max L. Lindheimer of Williamsport, Chairman of

**This Section Contains
Additional News of
Eastern Lodges**

the State Advisory Committee, and Past State Pres. Howard R. Davis, Chairman of the local Convention Committee, were in charge of the meeting. The State Trustees and William J. Vannucci, Chairman of the local Hotels Committee, completed arrangements for providing quarters for the delegates. Among the prominent Elks present at the meeting were State President Frank J. Lyons of Warren Lodge; Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader of Allegheny Lodge, Assistant to Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; State Trustees Ralph C. Robinson, Wilkinsburg; James G. Bohlender, Franklin, and Dr. J. Roy Cherry, Williamsport; Past President E. L. Davis, Berwick; Scott E. Drum, Hazleton, and Harry I. Koch, Allentown; and Mayor Charles D. Wolfe.

Danbury, Conn., Ritualistic Team Wins State Championship

For the second successive year the Ritualistic Team of Danbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 120, became the state champions by winning the State Ritualistic Contest at Meriden. The contest was one of the closest ever

held by Connecticut Elks. Danbury Lodge, with a score of 98.58 per cent, barely defeated the Team of Willimantic Lodge, No. 1311, which scored 98.37.

In the elimination contest at Bridgeport, Danbury Lodge attained 99.94, the highest average of the Connecticut contest, defeating the teams from Derby, Norwalk and Milford Lodges. Last year Danbury Lodge received a trophy from the Conn. State Elks Assn., and by successfully retaining its State Championship this year will be presented with another trophy, emblematic of its victory at the State Convention in Willimantic on June 20.

The Lodge is now in line to win the larger trophy of the State Association, which must be won three times to be retained permanently. On March 26 the Team was presented with the Joseph A. Muldoon Cup from the Elks' Sunshine Clubs of Connecticut. D.D. Joseph A. Muldoon, accompanied by James Kelley, Chairman of the Clubs, was a guest of the Lodge for the presentation.

Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge Initiates Twelve

Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, recently initiated six candidates into the Order in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan. Among the initiates was Charles Friedmann, Jr., son of E.R. Charles F. Friedmann. P.D.D. James Dempsey, Jr.,

was the speaker of the evening. The meeting was well attended and a buffet supper was served after the session.

A short time afterward P.E.R.'s Night was observed by Peekskill Lodge. At this meeting the Past Exalted Rulers initiated another class of six candidates dedicated to Judge Hallinan. The meeting was also largely attended and was followed by an elaborate buffet supper.

Lynchburg, Va., Lodge Initiates 133

Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, recently initiated a class of 133 candidates, all men of unusually fine calibre, into the Order as members of the Hallinan-Harper Class. The average age of the initiates was 27 years and they numbered many of the finest young men of the city. In addition there were 17 reinstatements and the Lodge had still awaiting some 30-odd candidates. The class was named in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, a P.E.R. of Lynchburg Lodge.

Approximately 470 new members were added to the Order throughout Virginia when various Hallinan-Harper Classes were initiated. The Lynchburg Class was one of the largest groups of men initiated into the entire Order during the Lodge year. In initiating Hallinan-Harper

Classes, Richmond Lodge was second and Roanoke Lodge third. Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan was present to address the large Richmond class.

New Jersey Northwest Convention Tour

The Elks of the New Jersey Northwest District have planned a comprehensive tour of the United States which will wind up at Los Angeles, Calif., in time for the Grand Lodge Convention to be held there in July.

The schedule of the tour, which starts Wednesday, July 8, from Hoboken, N. J., includes the following stops: Chicago, where motor coaches will take the party on a sightseeing trip; Colorado Springs, and an ascent of Pikes Peak, and the Grand Canyon of Arizona, before the train arrives at Los Angeles. After the Convention two complete days will be left for sightseeing in Los Angeles.

On July 17 Catalina Island will be visited. The trip includes a 16-mile sail on the Pacific Ocean. On July 18 a tour of the motion picture studios of Hollywood will be made. Late in the day the return trip begins. Salt Lake City will be the first stop, after which a visit

to Yellowstone National Park and another to the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone Park will be enjoyed.

On Thursday, July 23, the Elks will leave Yellowstone for home, arriving in Chicago on July 25. On the following day the tour draws to a close in the late afternoon.

Complete information concerning this highly enjoyable trip across the continent can be secured from Harold T. Moffett, Chairman of the New Jersey Northwest Tour Committee. Mr. Moffett is the Exalted Ruler of South Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 1154. His address is 7 Dickinson Lane, West Livingston, New Jersey.

Quincy, Mass., Lodge Entertains D. D. Honan

Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, recently entertained D. D. Daniel J. Honan, of Winthrop Lodge, on his official visit, at the same time having as an honor guest P.E.R. Edward D. Larkin, P.D.D. for Mass. S.E. and a Past Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn. A featured event of the evening was the presentation of a silver set to Mr. Honan by State Pres. John E. Moynahan, of Lowell Lodge. Representative John Shaughnessy presented Mr. Honan with a handsome lounging chair as a token from the Lodge.

Among those present were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and James R. Nicholson; E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; D.D. Joseph W. Myers; State Vice-Pres. William B. Jackson; Past Grand Tiler Thomas J. Brady; State Treas. Bernard E. Carbin, Past State Pres., and P.D.D. Alfred P. J. Pinel. Many of the visitors spoke. Other features of the program included a delicious supper and a colorful musical program.



Above: The Interstate Demonstration Certificate of Ritualistic Excellence, which is awarded annually by the State Associations of Vermont, Massachusetts and Connecticut to Lodges winning ritualistic contests conducted by the associations. Springfield, Vt., Lodge won the above testimonial recently



Below: A class of 30 candidates initiated into Nulley, N. J., Lodge on the occasion of the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



*Above: Judge Hallinan laying a wreath at the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Jerome P. Fisher at Jamestown, N. Y.
Left: The Judge and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon with Carmon C. Camarillo and Mrs. Isabel Burket at the Camarillo Ranch, Camarillo, Calif.*

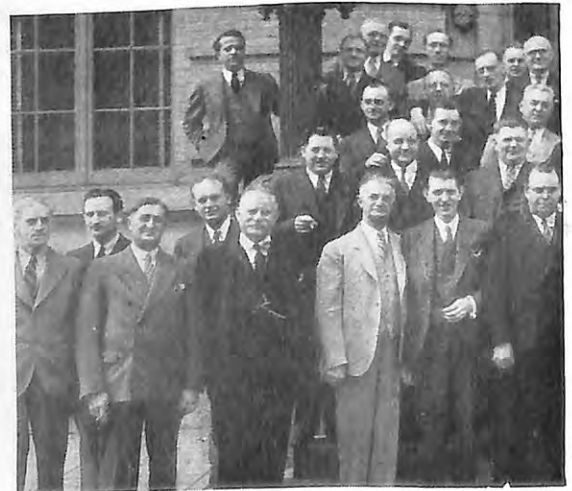
A delegation of Jacksonville Elks headed by E.R. Robert L. Bohon and Est. Lect. Knight Thomas E. Mallem, with Mayor John T. Alsop extending the city's official welcome, met Judge and Mrs. Hallinan and D.D.'s Caspian Hale and M. Frank O'Brien on Wednesday, March 11, and escorted them to their headquarters

Below: Judge Hallinan receiving the welcome of Elks of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where the N. Y. State Convention was held

in the George Washington Hotel. Prior to the meeting of Jacksonville Lodge, No. 221, the visitors enjoyed a pleasant dinner with Past State Pres. Harold Colee of St. Augustine Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council. A large attendance was on hand at the Lodge meeting. The Grand Exalted Ruler witnessed the initiation of seven candidates, and in his speech declared that he was particularly impressed with the showing made by

the State of Florida, which has contributed 1,500 new members to the Order during his administration. At the close of the meeting D. D. O'Brien presented Judge Hallinan with a silver electric coffee service as a token from Jacksonville Lodge. The Jacksonville visit concluded the Grand Exalted Ruler's official visits to Florida Lodges.

Georgia Elks welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler when he arrived in Atlanta, accompanied by Mrs. Halli-



nan, on Thursday, March 12. He was immediately rushed into a crowded program of Lodge business and entertainment. Arrangements for his reception were made by a committee appointed by E.R. Frank M. Robertson, the members being John S. McClelland, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; State Vice-Pres. Charles G. Bruce, and State Secy.-Treas. R. E. Lee Reynolds. D.D. J. Bush, of Athens Lodge, extended a formal welcome for the Georgia Lodges. Judge and Mrs. Hallinan were escorted by a large delegation to Griffin during the morning, where the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke at the dedication of the new Home of Griffin Lodge, No. 1207.

A six o'clock formal dinner at a downtown hotel was held for Judge Hallinan by Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, followed by a meeting in the Lodge Home at which a class of 30 candidates was initiated in his honor. A program of entertainment was delightfully carried out. Arrangements were made for the broadcasting of the Grand Exalted Ruler's speech over Station WSB.

A display of American flags, and official welcomes from the city, county and State, greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party at Athens, Ga., on Friday morning, March 13. They were met at Bogart by an honorary escort. The motorcade was composed of Elks and other citizens of Athens, city and county officials, and fire and police department officers. An informal reception was held at the Lodge Home in which members of the Bar Association joined. At one o'clock an elaborate luncheon was held in the Holman Hotel in Judge Hallinan's honor, the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge being among those present. Col. M. G. Michael, the first Exalted Ruler of Athens Lodge, was Toastmaster. Welcoming addresses were made by Mayor T. S. Mell for the city, Tate Wright for the Chamber of Commerce and Clarke County, and Treas. George B. Hamilton for

the State. The committee in charge of arrangements was composed of D.D. J. Bush, incoming E.R. Ed. Wier, J. L. McDuffie, George Burpee, John Elliott and W. C. Pittner. Among those who accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler to Athens from Atlanta were John S. McClelland, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; State Vice-Pres. Charles G. Bruce, and Frank M. Robertson, E.R. of Atlanta Lodge.

Judge Hallinan was a guest of Richmond, Va., Lodge, No. 45, on the evening of March 17 when the Lodge's Hallinan-Harper Class was initiated. The Grand Exalted Ruler and his companion, F. William Wolters of Queens Borough Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, were duly impressed by the size of the class which numbered 121 members, and thoroughly enjoyed the meeting and the fine hospitality shown them by Richmond Lodge.

The initiation of Hallinan-Harper Classes in Virginia has an interesting history. On December 6, 1935, the officers of the Va. State Elks Assn. met in Richmond. The initiation of the class in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler was slated to take place in February, and desiring to be of help to the subordinate Lodges of the State, Pres. Morris L. Masinter of Roanoke, together with the first, second and third Vice-Presidents—J. A. Kline, of Richmond, W. C. Abbott of Newport News, and R. Chess McGhee of Lynchburg—proposed to take the different sections of the State for the purpose of interesting the Lodges in the formation of classes. The Grand Exalted Ruler gladly consented to the addition of the name of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper of Lynchburg to his own as a name for the Class, and permission was granted to hold the initiation on March 17.

Mr. Kline was made General Chairman of the Membership Committee by Richmond Lodge. He ap-

pointed two teams, with P.E.R. George W. Epps, Jr., as captain of Team No. 1, and Est. Lect. Knight Russell R. Waltmyer as captain of Team No. 2. The teams put on a competitive and friendly campaign resulting in 121 applications for Richmond Lodge, which thereby won the trophy offered by Mr. Kline to the Lodges of his District.

Judge Hallinan spoke at a banquet and reception given by York, Pa., Lodge, No. 213, on Friday, March 20. Others on the speaking program were E.R. James E. Chalfant, who presided; Dr. Allan S. Meck, who delivered the Invocation; Judge Henry C. Niles, who gave the welcoming address; Mayor Harry B. Anstine, and Horace H. Ziegler, Secy. of York Lodge, who presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a handsome traveling trunk on behalf of the Lodge, acting in place of P.E.R. James G. Glessner. Mr. Glessner was unable to return for the occasion because of flood conditions in Fort Wayne, Ind. Another scheduled speaker, P.E.R. Judge Ray P. Sherwood, was marooned by the high waters at Pittsburgh.

Two hundred and fifty were present in the Lodge Home to honor the Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Secretary Masters. The Grand Secretary was accompanied by his Assistant, F. J. Schrader of Allegheny Lodge, a Past Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn. State Trustee Ralph C. Robinson, of Wilkesburg Lodge, also attended. The retiring E.R., Mr. Chalfant, was presented with a wrist watch by his fellow members as a token of appreciation of his successful leadership during the past year. Splendid entertainment followed the addresses.

Judge Hallinan was the principal speaker at the 47th Annual Banquet held by Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, on Monday, March 23, in the Lodge Home. A complete account of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to that Lodge will be reported in the July issue of *The Elks Magazine*.

Judge Hallinan and a large number of P.E.R.'s and members of Washington, D. C., Lodge, photographed when he visited there



The Grand Exalted Ruler and a group of distinguished Elks of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, when Judge Hallinan dined at the Home



Los Angeles, Here They Come

LESS than a century ago—a short space of time as the growth of nations is reckoned—a crawling caravan of covered wagons creaked and groaned over the plains of the "Great American Wilderness" headed into the setting sun. On the sides of the wagon boxes was scrawled the legend "California or Bust."

Forerunners of a new civilization, they were; lured by the magic cry of gold. After them followed other similar wagon trains bearing stout-hearted adventurers from all sections of Eastern America—stern-visaged New Englanders, rolling-gaited seamen from Atlantic wharves, stately Southern gentlemen from the plantations of Virginia. Rich men, poor men, beggar men and thieves; all lured across the trackless wilderness toward fortune.

The trip was months long. West of the Mississippi, towns were scarcely more than mere forts, meagerly garrisoned. Water holes were few and far between. Yet those behind pressed forward, undaunted by privations and dangers, spurred on by their dreams of wealth.

On May 25th, another caravan starts West from New York City with California as its goal—the Purple and White fleet of THE ELKS MAGAZINE of six Chevrolet Sedans carrying Elks Good Will Ambassadors. The object of this quest, however, is not wealth, but the dissemination of good will and fraternal greetings to some 350 lodges which will be visited prior to the opening of the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles the week of July 12th. They will follow three different routes across the country—Northwestern, Central, and Southwestern—and will meet again in Los Angeles on the opening day of the convention.

Of course, without fine cars and fine equipment no such journey could be attempted. But this year, as before, Chevrolet automobiles will be used. The models are De Luxe Sedans having the new Fisher all-steel "Turret Top," painted, as usual with the Elks official purple and white. Because a transcontinental run—under any conditions—calls for the sturdiest of tires equipment, both United States Tires and Goodrich Tires have been selected. Obviously a machine required to undergo the punishment incident to a journey of this kind must be carefully serviced and supplied with only the finer kind of oils and greases. Hence Quaker State Motor Oils and Greases will be depended upon as they have been ever since the inception of the Good-Will Tours. The cars will also use Ethyl gasoline exclusively. As they must arrive precisely on the moment all Ambassadors are equipped with Gruen Precision Watches.

ON MAY 25th, six Chevrolet Sedans appropriately decorated in the Elks colors of purple and white, will start westward from New York on a good-will tour over three transcontinental routes. These cars, bearing Elks Good-Will Ambassadors will be driven to the Grand Lodge Convention which opens in Los Angeles the week of July 12th. The three routes are so laid as to cover the principal cities of the country and THE ELKS MAGAZINE representatives will make frequent stops to extend greetings, compare notes of activities, plans and programs, and stimulate interest in making the 1936 Grand Lodge Convention the greatest in Elks history.

The six cars of this year's fleet, are routed as follows: The first two will proceed into New England as far as Boston where they will then turn west and for the balance of their journey follow a central route to bring them into California in the vicinity of Sacramento. Unit No. 2 goes into New Jersey visiting lodges along the Hudson River and will

arrive at the New York State Elks Convention on May 31st. They then visit upper New York and straighten out for their journey across the Continent via a Northwestern route entering Pacific Coast territory at Spokane. From there they follow the Coast down to Los Angeles. The remaining two will leave for the Jersey seacoast to take a southwestern route all the way into El Centro, California, and will visit their respective ways up the Coast into Los Angeles.

Of even greater significance is the scope and power of fraternal ties evidenced in the number and variety of representative American cities where the various cars of the caravan will find Elks. And, who will deny that fraternal activity of this character has played a major part in cementing the bonds of harmony between these widely diversified communities and turning them away from selfish individualism to a common goal?



IN THE HEART OF THE BUSINESS DISTRICT

Hon. Jos. T. Fanning,
Editor and Executive Director,
The Elks Magazine,
50 East 42nd Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Brother Fanning:-

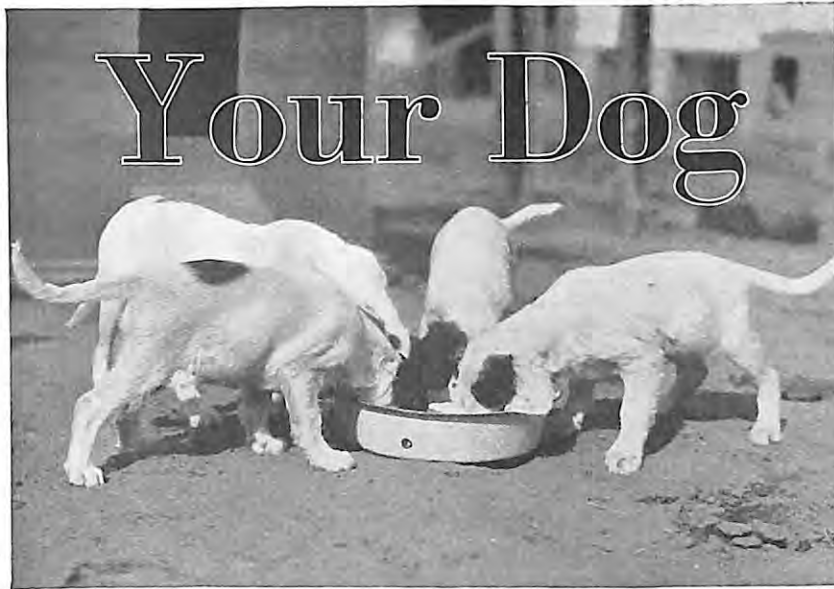
Many thanks for your letter of the 9th with accompanying schedule. This has enabled us to weld the links for a connected program which is substantially as follows.

We will have an escort from the State Highway Patrol at Pine City, half way point between Duluth and Minneapolis on the morning of May 25. Two of us will go to Duluth to meet Bro. Cunningham on the night of the 24th. If however we fail in this, have him call me at the Elks Club, Minneapolis when he arrives in Duluth. In Minneapolis we have arranged a parade through the Loop downtown at noon, then the pilot will be given four hours for correspondence, calls on dealers, etc., and at 5:30 he will make a short address over Station K S T P at Radisson Hotel.

At 8:15 we will have a joint dinner of the Entertainment and New Membership Committees, 78 in number and Cunningham will be the guest of honor and should make a brief address at this time. At 7:30 we will show Cunningham the finest talking picture outfit west of Chicago and this side of the "Rockies" in our own lodge room. At the business session which starts at 8:30 Bro. Cunningham should be prepared to make a lengthy address regarding the Elks Magazine, the National Home and the Grand Lodge Reunion. Cunningham will stop at the Elks Club overnight. His room will be waiting for him on arrival.

In the morning we will escort him to St. Paul with the Minneapolis motor cycle police in advance. For publicity pictures we have arranged that Mayor Wm. C. Anderson be at the Elks Club to greet Cunningham just before the parade gets under way. Vincent Jenny, Secretary of St. Paul Lodge is working well over there and that end is O. K.

Tony Pleva.



Photos by Armstrong Roberts

Your Dog

By Captain Will Judy
Editor, Dog World Magazine

Puppy & Dog Diet

ONE'S dog is almost all stomach and all heart—that is, your dog is always full of love and devotion, and seemingly always hungry.

The emphasis is on the word "seemingly" because dogs certainly have a weakness in the way of appetite; they often eat when not hungry just to please the master. Perhaps it is not exaggeration to say that about 70% of all the dog's ills directly and indirectly are traceable to stomach and intestinal disorders due to improper feeding.

Puppies are much like infants and require the same constant care. When a puppy hesitatingly and somewhat fearfully enters into your home for the first time (and then 48 hours later considers himself owner and boss thereof), give much care to the diet.

Feed four times a day to the age of five months; three times a day to the age of nine months; two times a day to the age of 14 months,

and thereafter once daily in the afternoon with just a light snack in the morning.

Always, you can safely feed lean meat to a puppy no matter how young and to a grown dog no matter how ill.

Milk is always a favorite of puppies and beneficial in every way. Older dogs also can drink it with benefit.

Commercial dog foods such as canned dog food and the dry or biscuit food can be fed, preferably mixed, to any age of puppy or grown dog.

Do not feed too many vegetables as ordinarily the dog does not like them and they are not easily digested by the dog. They should be well cooked, and fed with meat or other food. Their importance has been overestimated.

Toast, cereals, meat scraps, cooked vegetables—all can be fed to a young or old dog. Liver, tripe and kidneys can be fed once or twice a week, but well cooked.

Avoid these at all times—pastries, fried foods, sweets, pickled and seasoned food, and fish, rabbit and chicken bones regardless of size. Feed potatoes very sparingly and then with other food only.

If your dog is listless, has lost his appetite, is lazy, let him miss a meal; underfeed rather than overfeed him. Of course, give him plenty of exercise.

Cod liver oil is excellent for dogs of all ages but can be given to excess. A teaspoonful a day for an average-sized puppy is usually sufficient; a tablespoonful a day for the larger breeds either given by itself or mixed with the food is sufficient.

There are many, many statements made about the feeding of

(Continued on page 48)



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MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED



The Bookman

(Continued from page 9)



Picking up his packs, he followed me into the kitchen, and while Mary, the cook, put up the kettle, I ran to call Jane. Jane liked bookmen, because they made things less lonely. "I'm sorry," she told him, "that you have to eat in the kitchen, but our house has become a regular military depot. I should like to offer you tea, but you know that we have none now."

"You are a very loyal family, aren't you?" the bookman said.

"My father is with the Third Continentals," Jane said quietly.

The bookman looked at her curiously, as though he knew what Jane was probably thinking, how much more likely it would be for a strong man like him to be in the army, rather than wand'ring around with a pack of books. And then he said, a slow smile coming to his lips: "But somebody has to sell books. They are as necessary as war."

"Perhaps," Jane answered him.

I went out then, because Ann was calling me, and together we walked down into the valley. When I came back, the bookman was showing Jane his books.

HE and Jane were close together, kneeling on the floor, where the books were spread out, and there, in the fading twilight, his yellow head made a very nice contrast with Jane's dark one. When I came in, Jane glanced at me.

"Don't you want to look at the books, Bently?"

"I was down in the valley," I said importantly, "and there's a great hustle there. I think that the troops are going to move soon, maybe at the end of this week or before that."

The bookman was looking at me very curiously, which I thought strange for a person who had so little interest in war. But a moment later, I had forgotten that, and I was looking at the books with Jane. He had a great many books for children, fascinating books full of pictures, such books as we saw very little of. And he seemed to have read every book, for he spoke of them in a way that

no other person I had known ever had. He spoke of the books Jane wanted, too, and I could see that there was a lot in him that fascinated Jane, the same way it fascinated me.

I had my dinner, and after dinner, Jane was still with the bookman, talking about books and other things. Then I went out on the porch, where Captain Murry was smoking his pipe.

"Who is that tattered wreck?" Captain Murry asked me.

"Oh, he's just a bookman."

"Just a bookman, eh?"

"Yes," I nodded, and then I sat down to keep him company.

THAT evening, I sat in the kitchen, listening to the bookman. His stories weren't like the soldiers', about war, but about strange, distant lands. I could see right away that he liked me, and I was drawn to him more than I had ever been drawn to a stranger before. Later, Jane sat before the fire with us, and most of the talk was between her and the bookman. I remember some of the things he said.

"Egypt—like an old jewel in the sand. There are three of the great pyramids, and they stand all together, and if you watch the sun set behind them—" And that sort of thing, for there seemed to be no land that he had not visited, although how this should be so with a bookman, neither of us knew.

"And the war—?" Jane once said to him.

"I sometimes wonder about the war," he answered, "but I don't know whether it is right or wrong. This new land is so big, so wild—why should anyone fight about it?"

"It is a very beautiful land, this America of ours," Jane said.

"Yes, with beautiful women."

I don't know whether Jane resented that or not, but she said nothing.

"Brave men and beautiful women," the bookman went on. "Oh, don't I know—how those men in the valley are so slowly starving. As ugly as war is, it makes more than men of us."

"Yet you do not believe enough to fight?"

"Are there not enough—shedding blood?"

"I suppose so."

"I love books," the bookman said. "I used to dream of a great house, when I could live out my days com-

fortably and slowly, with many, many books around me—and peace. I used to dream of that."

"I know," Jane nodded.

"Funny, how you dream, isn't it?"

When I went up to bed, Jane was still there with the bookman, talking. Jane said: "Good night, Bently," and the bookman shook hands with me. "Don't love war too much, boy," he said.

THAT night, I dreamt of the things the bookman told me. He was to sleep in the barn, since there was no more room in the house, and I hoped I should see him the next morning.

The following day, there was more bustle than ever in the camp. All morning, it snowed; but the men were out, drilling in the snow, and new troops were trickling in all the time. At the house, General Wayne was in a fury of excitement, and I didn't dare go into the parlor. Once, a tall, tired-looking man rode up with a couple of aides, and he was with General Wayne for more than an hour. I heard the sentries whispering that it was General Washington; but he did not seem to be at all the great man I had heard of, only a tall, tired-looking person in a uniform patched all over.

I went to the kitchen, to examine the books the bookman had left, and while I was there, he came in. I was glad he had not gone. I hoped Jane would like him a great deal, perhaps induce him to remain a fortnight. I would have been content to listen forever to his smooth, enchanting voice.

"I want you to read this," he said. It was Malory's book on King Arthur, and I curled up before the fire with it. But I had a twinge of conscience. Arthur was English, out and out.

Two more days went by, while the bookman remained, and I noticed that Jane was spending more and more time with him. Nor did Captain Murry enjoy this. Once, I had seen Captain Murry in the tea-room, with Jane in his arms, and I know

(Continued on page 40)

White Mitts

(Continued from page 14)

won't have to do anything. Just observe."

I call the corporal over and he salutes and Mike looks him over and starts to laugh. "Has he got a stiff neck?" he asks me.

"The correct Hussar posture," I explain. "For the love of Heaven, will you throw away that gum!"

Well, there is always a lot for me to do at opening time and I cannot stay as close to Mike as I would like. I trust Rabinowitz, who is an old-timer with three service stripes, to see him through. I should have known better.

I am at the first landing of the grand staircase and we are just going into the feature picture when I see the corporal coming at me. He is out of breath and more excited than he should be. "That new plebe," he moans. "He's beat it!"

"You mean he's left his post?"

Rabinowitz nods helplessly. "I couldn't stop him," he says. "There was a snappy little number comes strolling in all by herself, and—"

"Where is he?"

Poor Rabinowitz can hardly get it out. "He—he's sitting down,"

"But he can't sit down!" I gasp.

"But he is. With the blond number. Over in the last row."

IT takes me about half a minute to find him. He is holding the blonde's hand and watching the screen and when I call him to attention he grins. "Hi-ya," he says. "Lousy picture, ain't it?"

I glare at him. "You're sitting down!"

"Sure," he replies pleasantly. "Met a little friend that was lonely. Besides, my feet hurt."

"It tells on page 67 of the Ushers' Manual what to do when your feet hurt."

"When my feet hurt I know what to do," he says sharply. "I sit down."

"Follow me to the ushers' room," I order him.

He gives the blonde a wink. "See the way it is 'round here, Babe?" he says. "Everyone is a little screwy."

Her giggle floats down the aisle after us, and my ears get red.

But I keep control. I got to find a new appeal. Mabel thinks there is a lot of good in Mike, and maybe there is. It's up to me to find it.

So I sit him down and talk to him like a father. I get very grave and tell him Mabel is now twenty-two and has a right to live her own life and stop worrying about her kid brothers and have a family of her

own if she wants. "I guess you know how I feel about Mabel," I say.

He nods and snaps his gum. "That ain't worryin' me," he says. "I'm countin' on Mabel."

"She loves me!" I bark at him. "She wants to marry me!"

He stares at me blankly. "She does? Oh, gosh!"

I take a minute to steady myself and get my hands unclenched. Then I change my line. I put a quiver in my voice and remind him of everything Mabel has done for him since his mother died. I talk about her sitting up on Christmas eve trimming the tree and squaring things with the cop after he busts a plate glass window on Hallowe'en. I tell him her life is just one long prayer that he will grow up to be genteel.

AND sure enough it works. His blue eyes get a little moist and then they fill up just as though I am John McCormack singing "The Minstrel Boy" at him with "Mother Macree" for an encore. He jumps up and grabs my hand. "Timmy," he says brokenly, "I am a no good egg. Gimme another chanct and I will stand on my feet 'til the blisters break."

I reach over and pound his shoulder. "The old McGuire spirit!" I say. Then I pull my Ushers' Manual from my hip pocket and thrust it at him. "Take this and read it."

He looks at it doubtfully. "I'll try," he says. "I'll even try that."



The next morning I call for Mabel and we stroll uptown and stop in for a quick lunch before the matinee. She is smiling all the time and looking at me in a way that makes my heart jump. "You've done it, Timmy!" she says softly. "This morning he helped me with the dishes."

"I talked to him a bit," I admit proudly.

"Oh, if he'll only keep it up!" She smiles at me again and then starts to cry. But this time I don't mind. She is crying because she is happy, and I feel a little that way myself. I think if she can love a roughneck brother that much, she's going to love a real polite husband twice as much. She reaches over and squeezes my hand and says, "You're awful good to me, Timmy," and I feel so swell inside I start to tingle.

During the next few days I stay close to Mike, and I must say he is trying. Of course, he's not perfect. He leans against a pillar now and again and unbuttons his collar when it begins to get warm, and he eyes some of the dames in a way an usher shouldn't. But the only bad break he makes is when a nice old lady with her little granddaughter comes up and asks him if the picture is fit for children. Mike grins at her and says in his opinion it ain't fit for animals, and the old lady stamps out.

I take him aside after this one and explain. In the Ushers' Manual there is an answer for every question a patron can ask, and a good usher is supposed to know them all by heart. "If anyone asks about the picture," I tell him, "you say, 'The comments have been very favorable, sir or madam.' Here it is on page six."

"I only got to page five so far," says Mike meekly.

HE is doing so well after a week I shift him to the mezzanine and put him on his own. He is very pleased about it and shakes my hand and promises to do his best, and he even salutes when he says it. It is something to tell Mabel, so I go down to the box office, and I am whispering to her when word comes to send the house doctor because a guy has fainted in the men's lounge.

A faint is routine stuff for me, but I go up with the doc anyway and watch him bend over a pasty-faced little guy that is stretched out on a divan. The doc looks up all of a sudden and grins. "Faint, nothing," he says. "He's out cold. Somebody clipped him one."

(Continued on page 42)

Elks 72nd Grand



TO ALL ELKS—

A marvelous electrical pageant, more elaborate and spectacular than any ever held in America, will furnish a glorious climax to the program arranged for the Elks 72nd Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles the week of July 12th.

Preparations are already under way for this unusual feature under the supervision of the Executive Committee of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99.

Elks who attended the 1929 Grand Lodge Reunion in Los Angeles will long remember the great electrical spectacle staged in the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum as one of the sights of a lifetime and Los Angeles Lodge promises that the 1936 pageant will be even more magnificent.

The Coliseum, where the 1932 Olympic Games were

staged, will be the scene of the Elks Electrical Pageant and although the comfortable capacity is 105,000 persons, it is confidently expected the supply of seats will be exhausted long before the night of the event—Thursday, July 16th.

With Americanism contemplated as its general theme the pageant will also have woven into it the thrilling romance of California. Lodges throughout the country are being informed of the committee's decision to include the electrical pageant in the entertainment program and numerous entries are anticipated from states and communities as well as individual Lodges.

ELKS 72ND NATIONAL CONVENTION COMMITTEE

OTTO J. EMME, *Chairman*
JOHN J. DOYLE, *Vice-Chairman*
EDW. A. GIBBS, *Secretary*
ROBERT L. CASEY, *Treasurer*
MONROE GOLDSTEIN, *Executive Director*

Preliminary Program Plans

SATURDAY, JULY 11TH

Arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler and Staff, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge Officers, Grand Lodge Committees and District Deputies of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

All Grand Lodge officials and visiting delegations will be welcomed upon their arrival at railroad stations and steamship landings by the White Squadron Drill Team of No. 99 and the Greater 99 Band, official guides, the Reception Committee and trained squads who will take charge of baggage, transportation to hotels, and other functions necessary to avoid delays and inconveniences.

Registration of delegates at Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel, the scene of all formal functions, Grand Lodge meetings, committee meetings and the housing of all Grand Lodge officers.

Registration of Elks and their families at the Elks Home, Sixth and Parkview Streets. Assignment of hotel rooms, distribution of official badges and issuing of hospitality coupon books.

All local committees will be functioning and will be glad to suggest informal entertainment and guide the visitors to points of interest in and around Los Angeles and nearby cities.

SUNDAY, JULY 12TH

A special service in churches of all denominations to be featured by addresses by speakers of national prominence.

Automobile tours of Los Angeles and Southern California, including the principal points of interest in the city and Hollywood, the Universities, Roosevelt Scenic Ocean Highway, Los Angeles Harbor, the Spanish Missions, the oil fields and the citrus groves.

Concerts by visiting bands and Glee Clubs in Westlake Park, Pershing Square, Lincoln Park, Lafayette Park and other recreational centers.

Arrival of The Elks Magazine "Purple and White Fleet" after transcontinental tour. Welcome to the Fleet by the Mayor of Los Angeles at the Elks Home.

Vesper organ recital by Sibley G. Pease, resident organist, Lodge Room, Elks Home.

MONDAY, JULY 13TH

Registration of Grand Lodge officers at Grand Lodge registration headquarters at the Biltmore Hotel, and all visiting Elks and their families at general registration headquarters. Issue of hospitality coupon books, distribution of badges and programs, detailing of guides, information and directions regarding local points of interest and entertainment centers. Registration will be absolutely necessary and will continue each day until adjournment, headquarters being open for the purpose from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

Trap shooting practice, Los Angeles-Santa Monica Gun Club, Clover Field, Santa Monica.

Opening of National Golf Tournament, Westwood Golf Club. 54 holes. Medal play at handicap, 18 holes. Golfing for all visitors at a score of world famous golf clubs in and around the city.

Automobile tours of Los Angeles and environs.

Reception of delegations will continue throughout the day and evening.

8 P. M. Official public session celebrating the opening of the Elks 72nd Grand Lodge Convention. Addresses of welcome by the Governor of California, Mayor of the City of Los Angeles, President of the California State Elks Association, and the response of the Grand Exalted Ruler. This program will be followed by a public reception to the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge officials and Grand Lodge committeemen, who will be greeted by public officials, military and naval commanders of the district, presidents and officers of Chamber of Commerce and other local organizations.

TUESDAY, JULY 14TH

Grand Lodge registration will be continued at the Biltmore Hotel and for Elks and their families at the Elks Home.

10 A. M. First business session of the Grand Lodge in the Biltmore Bowl, Biltmore Hotel.

Lodge Convention

BULLETIN NO. 3

"SEASHORE DAY" ON CRESCENT BAY—

AT REDONDO—By Redondo Lodge No. 1378. Surf bathing, deep-sea fishing, dancing in Mandarin Ballroom. Scenic tours for the ladies through Palos Verdes, America's Riviera. Open house and refreshments at the Elks Home. El Paso amusement enterprises free to Elks and their ladies. Aquatic sports in the world's largest salt water plunge. Visits to Manhattan and Hermosa Beaches.

AT SANTA MONICA—BY SANTA MONICA LODGE NO. 906.

Annual "Pioneer Days" parade, an epic of the "Old West" recalling the glamorous days of early California. Grandstand seats free for the ladies. Auto tours for the ladies embracing the Malibu Beach movie colony and the homes of the stars in Beverly Hills with an al fresco luncheon enroute. Golf for visiting Elks at Santa Monica Municipal links. Open house at Elks Clubhouse, professional entertainment, dancing and refreshments.

Drill team contests in The Palomar. Band contests in Westlake Park, opposite the Lodge Home.

Inauguration of Elks National Trap Shoot, Clover Field Gun Club, Santa Monica.

Elks National Golf Tournament, Rancho Golf Club. 54 holes, medal play at handicap, 18 holes. Golfing for all visitors at local golf clubs.

Auto tours of Southern California.

9 P. M. Grand Ball for visiting Elks and their families in The Palomar.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15TH

Grand Lodge sessions, morning and afternoon in the Biltmore Bowl, Biltmore Hotel.

Elks National Trap Shoot, Clover Field, Santa Monica.

ELKS NATIONAL GOLF TOURNAMENT, SUNSET GOLF CLUB
54 holes, medal play at handicap, 18 holes. Golfing for all visitors by courtesy of all local golf clubs.

FOOTHILL DAY

By Glendale, Pasadena, Monrovia, Alhambra, San Fernando and Whittier Lodges.—Featuring an automobile tour, leaving the Los Angeles Lodge Home, through the famous foothill region with its historic missions, citrus groves and vineyards, beautiful cities and private estates, the Huntington Museum, mountain observatories, etc. Luncheon in Carmelita Park, Pasadena. Open house at all the host Lodges.

CITY HALL NIGHT

By the "City Bills" Club, Hon. Frank L. Shaw, Mayor of Los Angeles, chairman and Hon. Paul Ritter, vice chairman. Drill team contests at The Palomar. Band contests in Westlake Park.

5 P. M. Massed band twilight concert in Pershing Square.

THURSDAY, JULY 16TH

10 A. M. Grand Lodge business session, Biltmore Bowl, Biltmore Hotel. Installation of officers.

2 P. M. Elks Grand Lodge parade, John J. Doyle, Grand Marshall, to be reviewed by the Grand Exalted Ruler, and officers and members of the Grand Lodge.

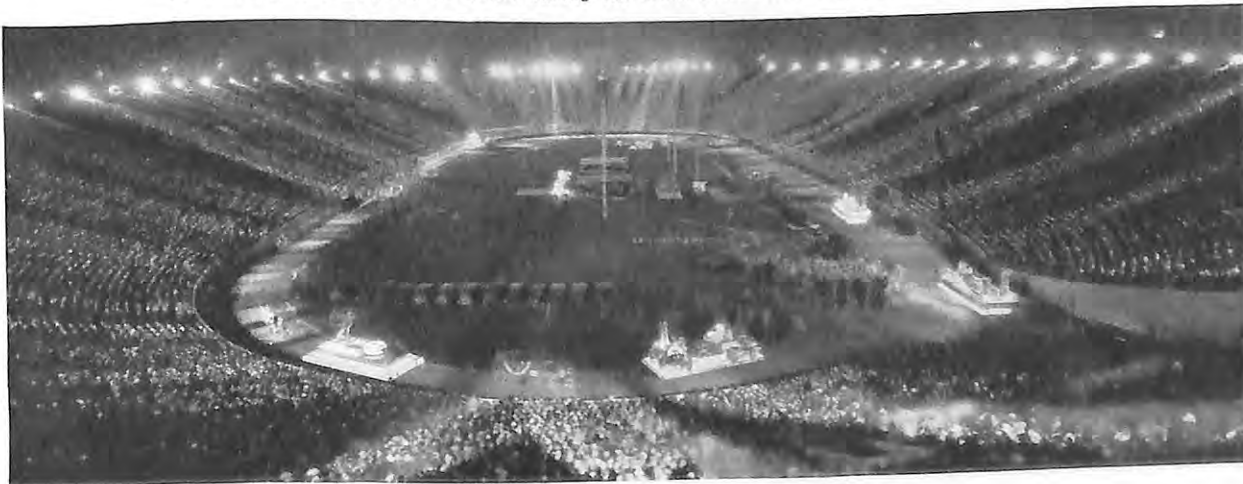
8 P. M. The Elks Electrical Pageant in the famous Los Angeles memorial coliseum with comfortable seating capacity for 105,000 persons.

FRIDAY, JULY 17TH

HARBOR DAY

By San Pedro Lodge No. 966. Visits to U. S. Navy warships. Auto tours to historic Point Firmin, Palos Verdes, San Vicente light-house, to the great docks and piers of America's second busiest shipping port. Yachting trips around Los Angeles harbor and inspection of the gigantic breakwater. Visits to unique fishing villages. Open house and refreshments at the Elks Lodge.

View of the Los Angeles Coliseum during the Elks Convention Electrical Pageant in 1929



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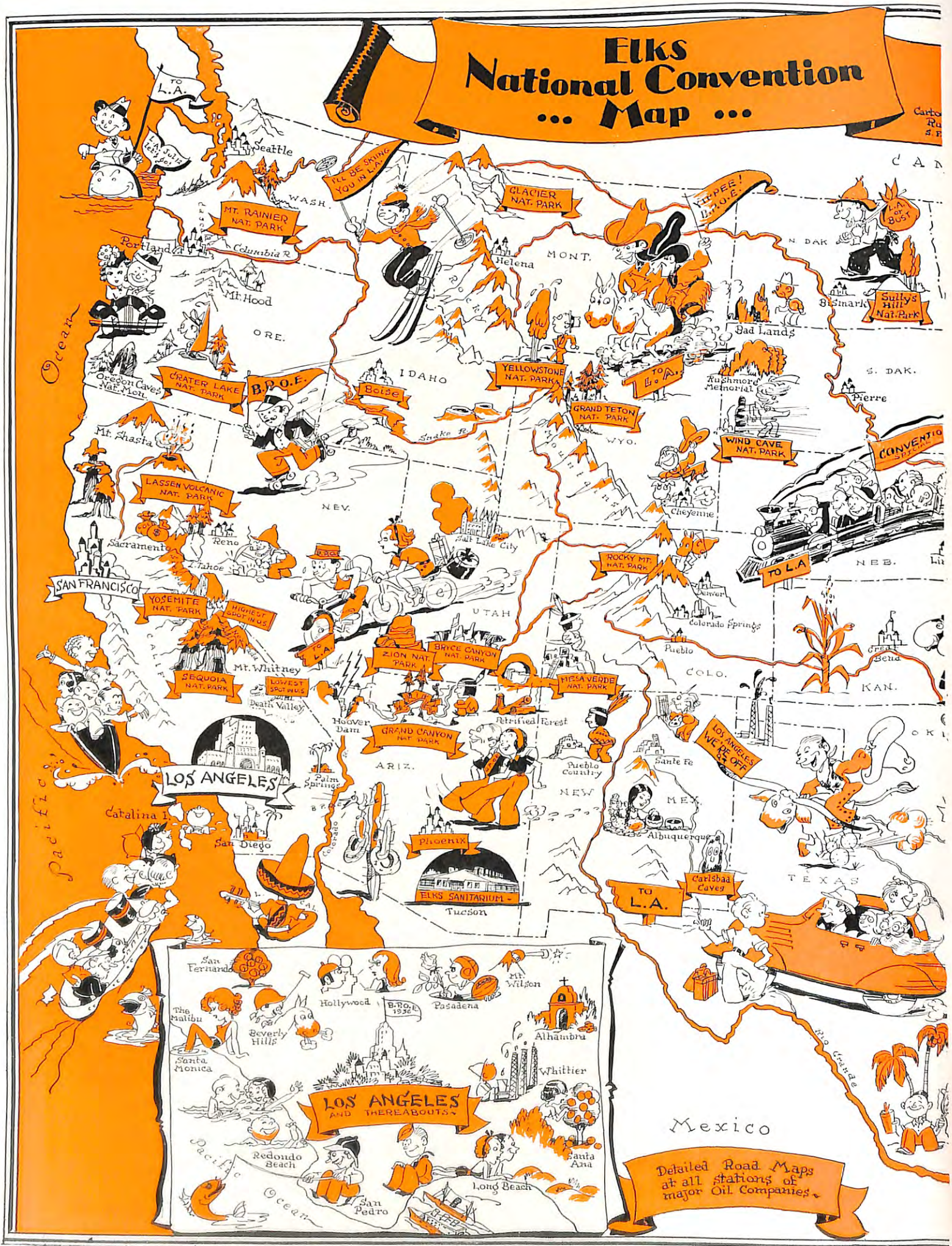
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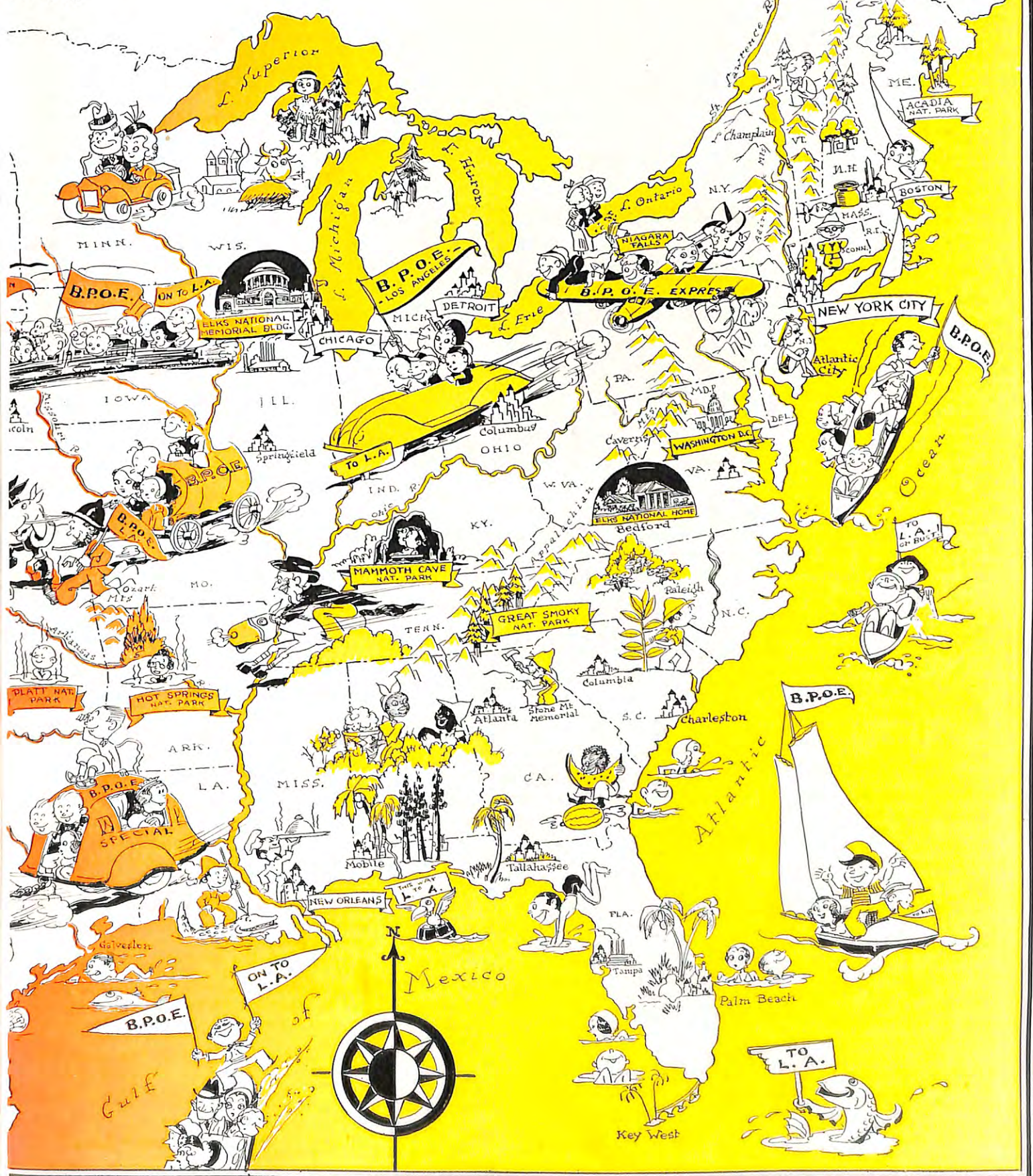
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The Bookman

(Continued from page 32)

that whenever Jane spoke of him, there was a funny, far-off look in her eyes. Even now, with the bookman there, Jane grew more and more downhearted as the time came for the troops to depart.

"But the bookman may remain," I once said to her.

"Yes," Jane answered.

The troops were to depart in the morning. That day they began to break camp, and the field-pieces were wheeled off our lawn, onto the river road. General Wayne was clearing his affairs in the parlor, and I could see he was more excited than usual.

"The old fox has something up his sleeve," one of the sentries told me.

"It wasn't for nothing, he was holdin' that palaver with General Washington," another said.

There was nothing much for me to do, since everyone was so busy, and I went to look for the bookman. I climbed to the little room he had, over the hayloft, and I thought I would surprise him. There was a crack in the door, and I looked through it. There was the bookman, sitting on the floor, writing in a little pad he held on his knee. Then I knocked. He seemed to stiffen suddenly. The paper he was writing on, he folded, thrust into a crack in the floor, covered his writing materials with hay, and then sauntered to the door. When he saw it was only me, he appeared to be relieved.

"Yes," he said when he had opened the door, "I should be settling things with your sister. I'm to leave soon, and I want to find out what books she'll take."

"You're going?" I said.

"You don't want me to, do you, laddie? But we must all go on, a-wandering. Perhaps I'll come back some day—"

Walking over to the house with him, I almost forgot about the paper. Then I remembered, and excused myself. Without thinking of what I was doing, I ran back to the barn, to his room. I was all trembling with excitement now, for I had quite decided to find out who our bookman really was. I dug up the paper, and began to read:

"Your Excellency:

"I have done my best, yet discovered precious little. There are all of three thousand troops here now, with twenty-two pieces of ordnance, all told, and they will be moving north the morning you receive this, possibly to

connect with General Washington. . . ."

I read on, but my eyes blurred. First I was crying, and good and ashamed of myself; then I realized that the bookman must not find me there. I stumbled down from the loft and out into the snow, the cold air stinging me into awareness, the paper clutched in my hand. The whole world was reeling around me.



"Why did it have to be him?" I muttered.

I guess I went over to the kitchen to look at him again, to see whether it had been my own, splendid bookman. I opened the door quietly, and there was the bookman kissing Jane. Then Jane drew back, holding her hand to her mouth.

"Go away from here," she whispered.

"You do love me, don't you," he said.

"I don't know—I don't know."

"Then I'll tell you. You do love me, but you have too much pride in that glorious little head of yours. I'm a tattered wanderer, who has fascinated you with his tales, and you certainly would be a fool to throw away yourself on someone like me. But you do love me."

"Yes."

Jane shook her head, and I remember that even then I thought that Jane was truly splendid.

"No," she said, "I'm not sorry. Why should I be sorry? I love you—that's all there is to it."

"Then you know. In the few days I've been here, you know."

"Yes, I know."

I could see the bookman's face from the side, and I don't think I ever saw a sadder face than that. And beautiful, too, what with all his yellow hair falling to his shoulders. I don't know how, knowing what I knew, I could have stood there, watching all this.

"If you knew all—but thank God

you don't. Listen, Jane. I kissed you once. I shan't kiss you again—unless some day I come back. Would you wait?"

"I love you," Jane said. "I know I'll never love anyone else the way I love you."

"Funny how I could go like this, kissing you only once. But there are some things woefully strong, Jane, and war is a curious thing."

"But don't go—"

I couldn't stand any more of that, I went up to my room and cried. Then I remembered that a Continental doesn't cry; I think I remembered my commission.

General Wayne was in the parlor when I came in, and I could see that he was annoyed being so busy. But he nodded to me.

"And what is your business, sir?" he inquired.

"Could I ask you something!"

The general pushed his papers aside. Now his eyes were twinkling, and I knew he would take some time with me. He had always liked me.

"Suppose a soldier runs away?" I said.

"There are times when the best do—have to," the general smiled.

"But suppose he knows his duty is to advance?"

"Then he's a coward—and a traitor," the general said slowly, staring at me very curiously.

"He's a coward, sir?"

"Yes."

I gave him the crumpled piece of paper. But I didn't cry then; I looked straight at him.

"What's this?" He read it through, puckered up his lips, and read it through again. "My God," he whispered, "where did you get this, child!"

I told him. I told him where he could find the bookman, and then I said:

"Will you excuse me now, sir?" I knew that something would happen inside of me, if I didn't get away very quickly.

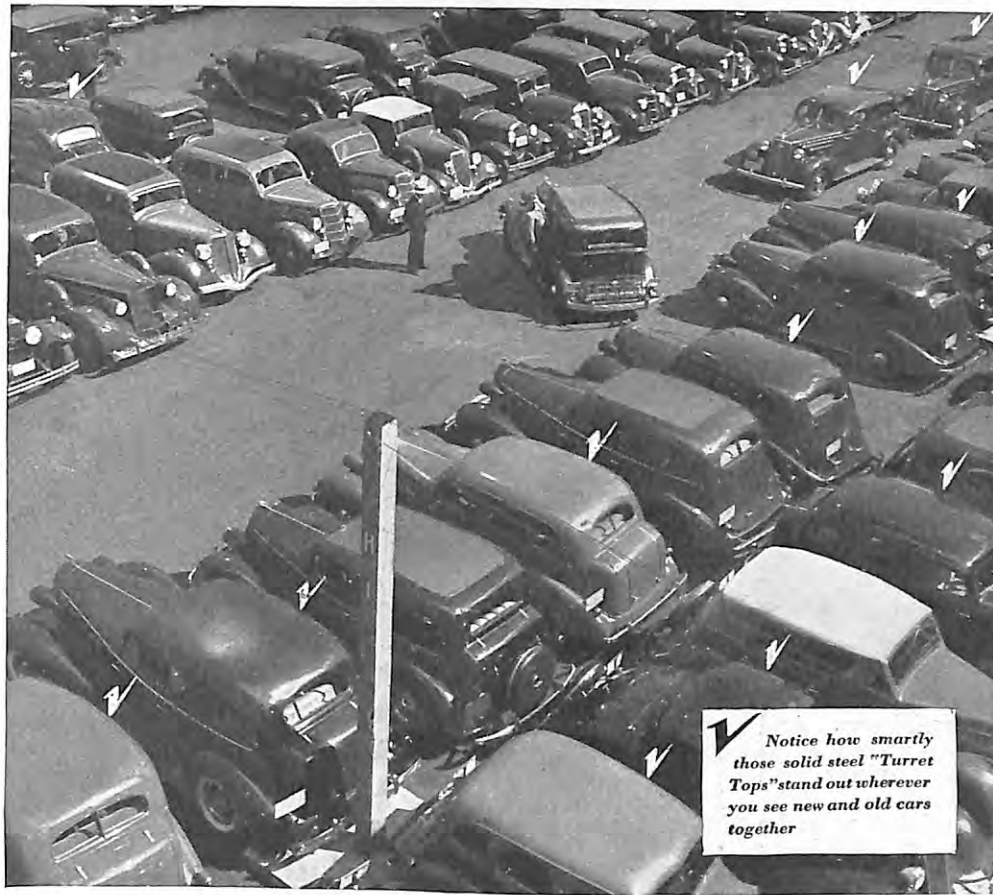
They shot the bookman that evening. Captain Murry tried to keep Jane in the house. "You mustn't see it," he pleaded with her. "Jane, why on God's earth should you want to see it?"

"Why?" She looked at him wonderingly, and then she put both her hands up against his face. "You love me, don't you, Jack?"

"You know it by now."

"And you know what funny things

(Continued on page 42)



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(Continued from page 40)

love does to you. Well, that is why I must see it—must.”

But he didn't understand; neither did I just then.

General Wayne came by while they were talking, and he stopped, staring at the group of us. Then he said, brusquely: “Let them see it, Captain, if they want to. I don't think it will hurt Bently. This spy is a brave man.”

They stood the bookman up against the side of the barn, up against the stone foundation. He smiled when they offered to blindfold him, and he asked not to have his hands bound.

“Could I talk to him!” I asked.

“Very well, but not for long.”

The bookman had a funny, tired look on his face. Until I was close to him, he had been looking at Jane. Then he glanced down at me.

“Hello, laddie,” he said.

My eyes were full of tears, so I couldn't see him very well now.

“A good soldier doesn't cry,” he smiled.

“Yes, I know.”

“You want to tell me that you saw me hide the paper, don't you, laddie?”

“Yes.”

“And you're sorry now?”

“I had to do it.”

“I understand. Give me your hand, laddie.”

I went back to Jane then, and she put her arm around me, holding me so tight that it hurt. I was still watching the bookman.

“Sir,” the bookman called out, “you will see that my superiors are informed. My name is Anthony Engel. My rank Brevet Lieutenant Colonel.”

General Wayne nodded. Then the rifles blazed out, and then the bookman was dead. . . .

But that night, Jane said to me, just as though I were as old as she, and as understanding:

“You see, Bently darling, he would have never delivered that message. He was going to give it up, all of it, because he loved me. . . .”

White Mitts

(Continued from page 33)

I get a quick chill and leave. And when I look for Mike where he is supposed to be, my heart sinks. He ain't there.

When I get to the ushers' room he is taking off his uniform. He looks up at me sadly. “It's no dice,” he says. “I'm just a pug at heart. Tell Mabel, will you, Timmy?”

“Did—did anyone see you do it?”

He shakes his head. “I invites him into the lounge alone. He is one o' the boys from Ninth avenue and he makes a crack about my gloves. Somet'ing 'bout the lily white McGuire mitts. I tol' you,” he cries bitterly, “if anyone opened his trap about those gloves—”

“I'll cover you up,” I break in.

“I'll get the doc to call it a faint.”

He shakes his head. “No use,” he says. “If you'd let me t'row away those gloves like I want—”

“I can't. I'd get fired for it.”

“Then I'm through! A guy my size with silk mittens! I don't blame that little guy much, even though I have to paste him one.” He frowns thoughtfully. “He is pretty quick, that little guy. Kind of hard to hit. Maybe my timin' ain't right. But when I get me stren'th, and buckles down to trainin'—”

I break in on him again, with more quivers in my voice. I talk about Mabel and the sacrifices she has made to bring him up right. I go way back to his childhood when Mabel nurses him through whooping cough and measles. I remind him how she teaches him his prayers and takes care of him when he comes home from that altar boys' picnic with his lip split open and both eyes blackened.

I put everything I got into that talk, but it is twenty minutes before I get to him and his eyes fill up. He grabs my hand again. “Can I have another chanct, Timmy?” he blubbers. “Just one more chanct?”

I nod slowly. “Just one more,” I tell him solemnly.

It isn't until a few days later that I breathe easily again. By that time Mike seems to have steadied down, and I don't keep such a close watch on the mezzanine. I take my place at the first landing of the grand staircase where I belong.

It is about eight in the evening when two guys pass me on the way up. One of them is big and one is little, and I think to myself the little fellow looks familiar. But it takes me all of five minutes to remember where I have seen that pasty face before. It is the guy Mike has clipped a few days back. As soon as I place him I turn and run for the mezzanine.

I am too late. Mike is gone from his post and there are funny scuffling noises from the men's lounge. No one seems to notice, because the orchestra is playing the overture from Tannhauser, which is one of those noisy ones. I dash into the room and am just in time to see Mike put away the big fellow with a haymaker to the jaw. It is a surprise to me, because I don't think Mike can do it.

The guy lands on the thick carpet with a dull thud, and Mike turns to the little fellow, who is looking scared. “Next time you better bring your gang,” Mike says. He picks up his hat, brushes some dust off his white gloves and turns and walks out.

I go close to him and whisper in his ear. “You promised not to scrap!” I tell him.

He is smiling in a wistful sort of way. “Know who that guy is?” he asks.

“I don't care who he is. You shouldn't—”

“He's Kippy Wallins and he rates pretty high. He's fightin' at the Garden next week.” He shakes his head a little. “It must be great to put

away a guy in a fight like that.”

I do some quick thinking. This Wallins is going to come to soon, and he's going to be awful mad. “You're transferred to the balcony,” I say, “beginning now. And you needn't mention this to Mabel.”

But I reinstate him in a week. When Mike behaves himself you can't help being a sap and liking him and trusting him. I stay with him that first evening and watch him work. Everything is going fine. Then I see a big, square-jawed sailor coming along, and with him the same blond babe that Mike finds for himself the day he starts to work, and I am worried.

But nothing happens. Mike recognizes the blonde and bows without smiling and takes the ticket stubs from the gob, who gives a friendly nod and asks, “How's the pitcher, bud?”

It is a great satisfaction to hear Mike start his answer. It sounds like he's got it down pat. He quotes from the Ushers' Manual, and he quotes perfectly. Oh, too perfectly. What he says is, “The comments have been very favorable, sir or madam.”

The blonde giggles. “Make up your mind,” she says.

“Wise guy, huh?” says the sailor, getting pink under the ears. “Maybe you'd like to come outside with me a minute?”

“Ushers are not allowed to fraternize with the patrons, sir or madam,” says Mike.

The sailor's neck now turns turkey red. He leans forward and his eyes blaze and he whispers fast in Mike's ear. Mike takes it. Then I hear something about “pretty white gloves” and Mike stops taking it. “C'mon,” he growls. “The lounge.”

I try to get in front of them, but the sailor pushes me aside. The blonde grabs my arm. “Stop it!”

she cries. "The usher will be killed!"
 "Can you guarantee that?" I ask coldly.

"That sailor is Fireman Pete, and he's heavyweight champion of the Atlantic fleet," she tells me.

And then my decent instincts, or maybe my sense of duty as a Hussar, rises up in me, and I go into the lounge. I am about to say, "Boys, can't we talk this over?" when they both look at me and say, "Scram!" There is a man sitting on the leather divan smoking a cigar and he also tells me to scam. "This may be good," he says, and pushes back his derby and leans forward. "Let 'er go, boys," he adds.

Mike hasn't bothered to pull off his coat or his white gloves when Fireman Pete comes prancing in. Fireman Pete has all that it takes, and it looks pretty bad for Mike for about a minute. But all of a sudden, Fireman Pete being a little careless, Mike lands one, and I get the biggest surprise of my life when that sailor goes groggy. Mike is as strong as an ox.

Even Mike knows enough to follow up an opening like that, and he closes in with his arms swinging. I find myself jumping up and down and yelling, and by that time Fireman Pete is stretched out on the nice red carpet I am a little hoarse.

Mike is brushing the hair out of his eyes, one of which is already closed and turning purple, when the man in the derby pounds his shoulder. "Come outside a minute, kid," he says. "I want to talk to you."

I trail along and tell the first usher I see to report another guy fainted in the men's lounge. Then I join Mike, who is being talked to hard and earnestly by the fellow in the derby.

"You're slow," the fellow is saying, "but you can wallop. Who's your manager?"

"I ain't really signed yet," says Mike. "Not 'til I get m' stren'th."

"Gosh Almighty!" cries the fellow. "Are you going to get more? Listen, kid. You're signing with me. I guess you know my reputation—Jake Law doesn't pick duds. If you got any brains, I'll have you in the ring with the big boys in a couple of years."

I sigh and turn away. This is the end. Instead of refining Mike all we have done is prove that he has a great future as a pug. I wonder how Mabel will take it, and I decide to find out.

It is her night off and she is sitting home mending Mike's socks when I get there.

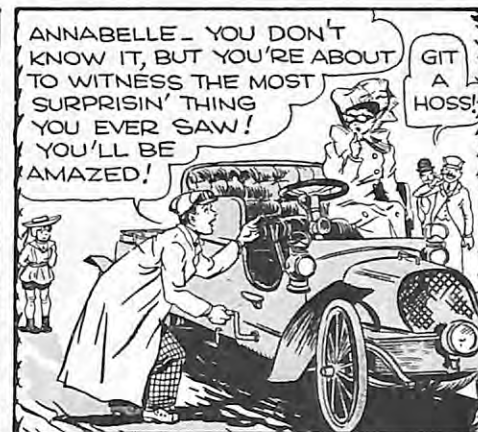
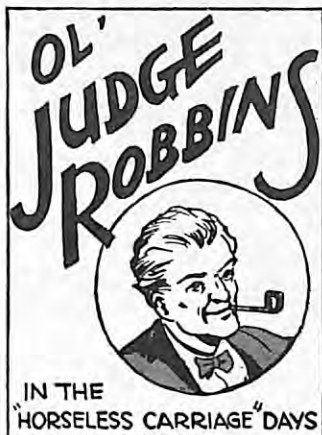
"Timmy!" she cries when she sees me. "What are you doing here? Something is wrong!"

"N-not much," I mumble. "It's Mike! Is he all right?"

I nod weakly. "Except for his eye," I say.

"He's been fighting!" she moans. "But we had him wrong," I hasten to explain. "He's no ham. He's a swell fighter. You ought to see that kid sock, honey. He—"

"You're as bad as he is! I don't care how hard he can sock."

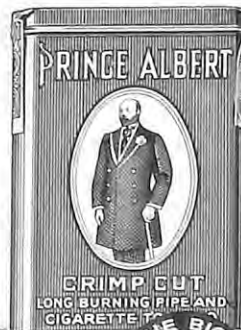


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Introduce yourself to Prince Albert at our risk. Notice how P. A.'s "crimp cut" makes for a cooler smoke. Enjoy steady pipe-smoking that doesn't bite the tongue. See how evenly Prince Albert cakes in your pipe. How mellow and fragrant and comforting Prince Albert is! Below is our man-to-man offer. P. A.'s grand "makin's" too.



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.

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MORNING AFTER NEXT PARTY



COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER



25¢ LARGE TUBE
100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE
200 SHAVES

"But he just knocked out the champion of the Atlantic fleet, and now Jake Law, the big fight manager, wants to sign him."

"Oh, Timmy! And you let him?"
"But listen, honey. It may not be so bad. He'll get in the big money, and he can pick up plenty culture between scraps. The million dollar gate is back. When a guy can fight like Mike can he owes it to the public."

"You shouldn't have let him!" She moans and reaches over and swipes my silk handkerchief out of my top pocket and starts to cry. "It doesn't matter how much money he makes," she sobs. "It's the principle of the thing. I counted on you, Timmy. And now—now you let me down! Oh, I—I don't love you any more. I don't ever want to see you again!"

I stand there next to her, first on one foot and then on the other, and I never love her so much as I do at this moment when I know I am losing out. There is nothing I can say until she calms down and she won't calm down, so I stretch out in a chair and light a cigarette and she looks at me and says how can I be so unfeeling about it, so I have to stand again and fidget around. "Blame me for everything," I mutter, and she gives me a black look and the final bust up, it would seem, is getting nearer and nearer.

And just then Mike says, "Hi-ya." He has come into the room without us hearing him, and he is in his street clothes and grinning and regarding us with his one good eye.

"Oh, Mike!" cries Mabel. "How could you?"

"He cracked wise about my gloves," Mike says.

"But you're going to be a fighter," she says accusingly.

He grins some more and rubs his chin for a moment. "No, I ain't," he says. "I changed my mind."

My eyes pop open. "You—you turned down Jake Law?" I gasp.

"Why not?" he replies. "Fightin' ain't genteel. I'm surprised at you."

I am glowering at him suspiciously. But Mabel swallows it whole. "Mike, you darling!" she cries. "You—you gentleman!"

"Tain't nothin'," he continues airily. "I got to thinkin' I ought to do what you want, sis. Timmy made me see it. He's a swell talker, Timmy is. He tol' me how you use to teach me prayers and trim Christmas trees and—What else was it, Timmy? What else did you tell me?"

"Never mind what else!" I growl. "You've lost your job."

"I was comin' to that," he says cheerily. "What would you kids think if I joined the Navy?"

"Oh, if you only

would!" says Mabel eagerly. "You'd learn an honest trade and get some ideals—"

"Just what I figured," nods Mike. "You gotta have ideals."

He plays it straight for another few minutes and then breezes out and I trail along and can hardly wait 'til he is down on the brownstone stoop to get it out of him. "Now come clean!" I growl.

"You heard it onct. I'm joinin' the Navy. That blond babe sort of likes sailors."

"Why did you turn down Law?"

HE chuckles a bit. "I figure I ain't such a good scrapper, after all."

I sneer at him. "You put away Kippy Wallins and you put away Fireman Pete and Jake Law says he'll have you at the top in a couple of years, and you figure you ain't such a hot scrapper. Is that right?"

"That's right," he says. "I figure it out after my go with that pasty-face feller. He is only half my size, but he has me dead on my feet before I clip him one. That's why I bought me these." He dips his hand into his inside pocket and comes out with a pair of white gloves and I look at them close for the first time.

They are not the same gloves I give him a few weeks back. They are at least two sizes bigger. Mike grins and tosses them at me and they land with a thud. I pick up one and turn back the cuff. There is the neatest brass knuckles I ever see fitting into the fingers of that oversized glove.

I frown at Mike and he continues to grin and finally I stop frowning. "I should be sore," I tell him. "But seeing as how you gave me a pretty good build-up with Mabel—"

"Forget it," he says. "I guess I know how you feel. I guess I'm kinda gettin' that way myself 'bout that blond babe."

LATER that evening I am sitting on the steps of the brownstone stoop with Mabel. The moon is high, and the clock in the Metropolitan tower is chiming the quarter hours, and the beer trucks are rumbling on Ninth avenue. It is a moment of great romance and I put my arm around Mabel and draw her close.

But she shakes her head and pulls away.

"What is it, honey?" I whisper.

She sighs deeply. "It's Vincent de Paul. I have to be a mother to him. He's only sixteen. And today he tells me he is going to be a wrestler, and—Timmy! You're sort of pale!"



The Land of Champions

(Continued from page 11)

beat all-comers in the United States Women's Singles (outdoor) in 1932-33-34. Miss Jacobs also was the spark plug of the Helen Hull Jacobs-Sarah Palfrey team that carried off championship honors in the Women's Doubles, 1932-34. In 1934 Miss Jacobs was California's representative on the U. S. Mixed Doubles championship team. The year before the Golden State was represented in this quartet by Ellsworth Vines of Pasadena, while in the same year (1933) Donald Budge, a California lad, was the U. S. Junior Singles champion. The following season he gave way to another Golden Stater in the person of C. Gene Mako. Mako also captured the National Intercollegiate championship in 1934, thus holding two crowns in that same year.

THE spark plug of the American team in the Davis Cup matches in 1935 was Donald Budge, the red-headed youth from Oakland who played with such surprising brilliance that the tennis moguls probably will give him first place in the 1935 rankings.

In a State where golf can be and is played three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, it is not surprising to find champions in both amateur and professional ranks. California takes the ancient sport almost as seriously as it does its climate.

Olin Dutra who, in the Second Annual Mid-summer Open Golf tournament broke all records for 72 holes of play by scoring 64—66—66—70—266, is a Californian who learned his golf on the famous links at Del Monte. Golfers the world over will tell you that Dutra is one of the most daring, tenacious, courageous players that ever laughed at a hazard. Dutra comes honestly by these qualities. His parents and his parents' parents were pioneers of the Golden State. His grandparents on his father's side were forced to fight desperately and almost continuously for a score of years to protect an old Spanish land grant back in the days when there were no fences between San Francisco and Los Angeles. Olin inherited courage, patience, accuracy and strength from those gallant forebears who, he will facetiously tell you, "probably traded the whole blamed grant back to the Indians for the proverbial barrel of whisky."

Nowadays, California athletes, in every branch of the sport, are always looked upon as the "dark horses" whether they be in an inter-sectional



Shaving with a Piece of Mind

by Walter B. Pitkin, Author of "Life Begins at 40"

DID YOU ever shave with a piece of mind? I've been doing just that for twenty-five years, but I didn't know it until a few weeks ago.

I went to Boston to satisfy my curiosity about a tiny strip of steel. I expected to watch raw metal turn into a razor blade. But I saw something more wonderful. I saw the transformation of Mind (far from raw) into a public utility.

Having removed some 47 feet and odd inches of whiskers from my shining countenance in the course of a quarter-century with the Gillette razor blade, I was eager to see how this public utility was made. I expected that such a small thing would be made in a small factory—perhaps a two-story affair on a couple of city lots.

Somewhat bewildered, I entered a huge eight-story plant spreading over two large city blocks—only to find that it was merely one of eight Gillette factories scattered around the earth. The place was quiet and clean, almost like a hospital. Immense semi-automatic machines, attended by one or two men each, were devouring great rolls of steel in preparation for further processing.

An engineer would revel in the ingenious devices for checking up continuously on the quality of the blades as they flow through the various production processes. But the Average Man would be more impressed, as I was, by the *Mind Behind the Blade*. And he would discern that, when he buys a Gillette Blade, he isn't buying merely a scrap of steel, he's buying a

Piece of Mind. And that Mind is so sharp that it produces blades of inconceivable sharpness. The Mind inhabits half a dozen tiny rooms adjoining the great machines. It is a Multiple Personality—nine of them, in fact. It is a Mind that thinks physics, chemistry, metallurgy, and machine designing.

Gillette spends more money on this *Mind* and its laboratories than many other companies might spend on their entire factory payroll. And that's why the Gillette blade, studied through a microscope even by an eye as untrained as mine, looks like a razor edge, while other blades look like fever charts and buzz saws. Can you imagine an edge only 1/80,000th of an inch thick and absolutely invisible to the naked eye? Probably not. I can't. Yet there the darned thing is!

Before you buy anything, study well the Mind Behind the Goods! If it is a dishonest Mind, the goods will probably be dishonest. If it is a dull Mind, the razor blade will be dull. If it is an ill-tempered Mind, the steel in the blade will go soft on you. But if it is a keen Mind that is determined to master every fact and to apply fact to factory, regardless of cost, then buy its product, even if it costs double the price of Half Wit Goods.

The real invisible edge of Gillette is Mind, which cuts through error and grows sharper as it cuts.

I hope that some day you, too, may make this psychological pilgrimage to the home of a Mind that is sharper than any razor!

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.

"HOLD YOUR
HARPOON
...I GIVE UP!"



A CLAMMY pipe full of seaweed tobacco is a weapon that will overpower any innocent whale. But if you're fishing the stream of life for pleasure and companionship, here's bait worth two of that: Sir Walter Raleigh in a pipe kept dry and shipshape. Sir Walter is a cleaner, cooler, milder smoke that raises no dark clouds anywhere. Instead, this sunny blend of well-aged Kentucky Burleys spreads only a winning fragrance that gains respect for all who puff it. In a modest way it's become the sensation of the smoking world. So try a tin; you'll be the catch of the season!

SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA



track meet, or in the Olympic games in a far country. In 1934, when 180 starters gathered to compete for the U. S. Men's Amateur Championship, there was much talk in the locker rooms about Dave Goldman running away with the coveted trophy. Goldman had shown quite a bit of stuff that season and many of the sport experts were willing to wager that he would carry off the big honor. But in the caddy house there was a difference of opinion. Some of the boys who do the heavy work of golf had seen a "college kid from out West" in some practice rounds which boded no good for Goldman or any other amateur at the Massachusetts course. That "college kid" was W. Lawson Little of Stanford University, and the caddies were stringing along with him.

Little gave an exhibition of coolness and courage in that gruelling contest that brought almost unanimous praise from the galleries and the newspapermen. He and Goldman fought it out in the finals, the college youngster from California taking the match, 8 to 7. Naturally, Little was placed on the 1934 Walker Cup team that went to the famous St. Andrews course in Scotland and kept unbroken the long line of American victors. Little also won the British Men's Amateur Championship that year, bringing the cup back to America for the first time since 1930 when Bobby Jones won the event. Last September he completed the "Little Slam" of golf when he became the only man in history to win both the British and American amateur championships two years in a row.

NORMAN PAUL, a University of Southern California athlete, shares with J. A. Gibson the world's record for the 440 yard hurdles (3 feet). The official time for that event was 52.6 seconds.

World's records for the 440 and 880 yard and the one mile and the 880 meter relays are held by California college teams. University of Southern California teams hold all of these except the mile which was won by a gallant Stanford team back in 1931, when the distance was covered in 3:12.6.

Jumping definitely is one of the favorite sports of California youngsters. Therefore, it is not surprising that the Golden State developed a boy who in April, 1934, made the amazing jump of 6 feet, 9½ inches. That boy was Walter Marty, who hails from Fresno State College in the heart of the raisin region. Marty's record still stands in the official records, but when the new champions are named the list of high jumpers will be headed by another Californian, Cornelius Johnson.

Bill Graber, of University of Southern California, gave the pole vaulters of the world a mark to shoot at when he cleared the bar at 14 feet, 4½ inches, back in 1932. They tried hard to beat that record during the

Olympic games but nobody came within inches of his mark.

While California has contributed only one real native son to the list of heavyweight champions of the world—James J. Corbett—that champ was the first under the Marquis of Queensbury Rules. Corbett learned to box in makeshift gymnasiums around San Francisco, doing much of his training on the beach near the Cliff House, and gradually building up his physique. Corbett was never a Goliath. In his fighting prime he weighed only 187 pounds.

MAX BAER, who clowned away his championship title in his "battle" with Braddock—and more recently folded up under the terrific onslaught of the "Brown Bomber" Joe Louis—is not a Californian, but went to the Golden State when he was little more than an infant and grew up under the invigorating California sunshine. Like many other fighters who learned their profession in the Golden State, Baer claims California as his "home State."

When James J. Jeffries was in his prime he was known as the California Bear, although he was born in Ohio, coming to Southern California when he was still a kid.

The baseball world is cluttered up with Californians. This is not strange in view of the fact that in 1934 California was second only to Texas in the number of baseball players produced for the major leagues. Texas was represented on the big time by 36 players, while California had 35. Among the outstanding stars from the Golden State are Paul Werner, who led the National League in batting last year with an average of .363; Lefty Gomez, a product of the San Francisco "Seals," who last year topped all pitchers in the American League, winning 26 and losing seven games, and is still going strong for the New York Yankees.

Among baseball's immortals who started their careers in California are Harry Heilmann, formerly with Detroit; Tony Lazzeri of the Yankees, and Lou Fonseca, former manager of the White Sox.

It is only natural that a State with several hundred miles of coastline, where swimming is an all-year-round sport, should develop champion swimmers. But it is unusual that in a sport where records are so short-lived California can boast of two men—Johnny Weissmuller and Buster Crabbe—whose records endure year after year. Before Johnny and Lupe became first page news because of their temperamental similarities as well as their temperamental differences, the now actor man hung up the following records which still stand as official with the International Amateur Swimming Federation:

The 100, 150, 200, 220, 300 and 500 yard United States free style for the men's 20-yard course. The United States men's 100 yards, 200

yards, 200 meters, 220 yards free style records for a short course. The United States 100 yards, 100 meter, 150 and 200 yards, 200 meter, 220 yards, 300 yards, 300 meters, 440 yards, free style.

There you are, swimmers, all marks to shoot at!

Buster Crabbe's records are not quite so formidable, the former University of Southern California athlete holding only championship crowns in the 300 yard medley on the men's 20-yard course; the 300 yard medley for the short course; the 400 and 1,500 meter records on the men's long course, free style, and, last but not least, the 300 meter medley on the same course.

CALIFORNIA mermaids hold the United States 500-yard, 20-yard course relay championship, and also the 440-yard long course record.

But, as Frank Menke says in his splendid record book, "Swimming records are like soap bubbles—they have little durability!" Even before this article sees its way into print all of the present-day records may be "splashed away," and new champions on the various thrones. And that goes for other sports, too.

No account of California as a breeding ground of champions would be complete without reference to its foot-ballers. Three times in the last ten years football elevens from the Golden State have been selected as National Champions by Professor Frank Dickinson of Illinois University. These selections were made on records kept of more than a hundred of the outstanding college elevens. Although his selections are in no way official they are accepted as such almost universally. Professor Dickinson chose Stanford as the National champions in 1926, while he named University of Southern California in 1928 and 1931.

THE greatest football team ever developed in America, however, was in all probability the University of California's "Wonder Team" of 1921. Here was a football machine that ground out the most amazing victories in the history of the sport. With Andy Smith as coach, the Wonder Team reigned supreme in the Western section of the United States. But the Eastern experts scoffed at the idea of it being as good as some of the all-powerful Big Ten. In 1921 Ohio State was considered the ultra in football East of the Rockies. Ohio State was invited to meet California for the American championship. The Rose Bowl at Pasadena was designated as the scene of battle. Ohio State (the writer's State, incidentally!) was considered a cinch—by Eastern experts. Ohio State was the "supreme power on the gridiron," one of the noted sports writers reported. There wasn't a chance of it losing!

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SO treacherous is Athlete's Foot that you may be infected and not know it. And if you *are* infected, you are a *carrier*. So contagious is the disease, you spread infection wherever you tread barefoot—at the beach, at the club, in your home. Your very family may be the next to suffer.

Don't be a carrier! Examine your toes tonight. At the slightest symptom douse on Absorbine Jr. Once the fungus is able to dig deep, painful soreness is the penalty. The skin turns white, gets moist and blistered, peels, cracks open with distressing soreness.

Absorbine Jr. kills the infectious fungus when reached. Promptly, it brings relief, cools and comforts. It helps to heal the broken tissues. Accept no imitations. Go to your druggist today and ask for Absorbine Jr., \$1.25 a bottle, or for a generous free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 410 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

If you are suffering with an extreme case, consult a doctor. So difficult is it to kill the fungi that cause Athlete's Foot, your own socks can re-infect you unless boiled 20 minutes when washed.

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the experts when the Golden Bears romped over the Ohio Staters, taking the "supreme power on the gridiron" into camp to the tune of 28 to 0!

Only in comparatively recent years have West Coast colleges taken up rowing in a serious way. The magnet, of course, is the now famous Poughkeepsie Regatta held annually on the Hudson River. For years this classic was almost a cinch for either Cornell or Syracuse. In fact, during the first twenty years of its existence Pennsylvania was the only other crew to carry off the eight oars honors. Then the West began sending "bigger and better" crews East. Washington was the first to carry off honors for the West Coast. That was in 1923. No California team was better than third until 1927 when University of California "showed." The following year, however, the U. of C. crew nosed out Columbia and Washington. Then again in 1932, 1934 and 1935 they flashed across the finish line in first place.

SEEKING a logical reason why California should produce such an abundance of champion athletes, I went to Dean Cromwell, famous trainer of the University of Southern California athletes, and known as "the champion maker" because of the dozens of world and national champions he has developed. Here's his answer:

"California's climate, sweet air, sunshine, and weather combine to make our young boys and girls athletic minded. The fact that they can

be outdoors twelve months of the year and not locked in houses during seasons of bad weather contributes more to the success of California in athletics than anything else.

"The youngsters are out in sun-suits and diapers as soon as they can walk and they are out that way the year round. Everything that has to do with the outdoors is kept before them as they come along and when they grow up they are distinctly products of the out-of-doors.

THE school system in California carries on the idea of outdoor play. The competent coaches in our high schools give our State a tremendous number of athletes in ratio to the population, these coaches knowing their fundamentals and having as raw material young boys and girls who have grown up with the advantages to be gained in a childhood spent under a California sun. It is the same old sun that they have in other States, but we have more of it here than they have in many other sections of the country.

"The parents themselves realize the value of this outdoor play. They get out and go, and they take their boys and girls with them.

"The matter of food carries a lot of weight. Fresh fruit and vegetables are always abundant and therefore reasonable in price. The boys and girls grow up strong and healthy eating the right kind of food. Nothing can do more to build up the body of a growing boy or girl than fresh citrus fruits and fruit juices, and fresh vegetables."

Your Dog

(Continued from page 31)

Readers' Service

Q—Where can I buy a dog knowing that I can depend upon the seller's statements?

A—Note the advertisements in this issue—all of reliable kennels.

Ask for a health certificate and preferably require that your dog be inoculated against distemper.

Kennels which advertise in the Elks Magazine furnish all necessary pedigree and registration papers. You can depend upon representations made by them.

Q—How can I check the shedding of the hair of my dog? It is a task each day to clean up after him.

Most dogs shed twice a year. Go over your dog's coat with thumb and finger or with a trimmer or dressing knife and pull out all dead hair. Do this daily for a week. Seize the tips of the hairs and pull with a quick jerk.

Brush your dog daily and vigorously down to the skin. A new coat is coming and you are helping nature by "plucking" the coat.

dogs. Observe your dog daily, then adjust his diet to his needs; consider particularly whether or not he receives enough exercise, and, above all—have regular hours for feeding; then maintain these hours. Always feed him in the same place and out of the same dishes. Punish him severely if he picks up food outdoors. This training may save his life from poisoning.

Do not feed him in the dining room or while the members of the family are eating.

Give your dog mineral oil about once every two weeks—a liberal dose as an internal cleanser.

There are a number of conditioners or tonics which contain mineral salts and vitamins that can be fed beneficially with the food if desired.

But bear in mind that more dogs become ill by being overfed rather than underfed and that very few dogs die of starvation whereas many die indirectly through eating too much food.

Sir Judas

(Continued from page 20)

Gondomar's own brother, and Sir Walter's eldest son.

To Raleigh, waiting at the mouth of the Orinoco, came his beaten forces in retreat, with the terrible news of a happening that meant his ruin. Half-maddened, his anguish increased by the loss of his boy, he upbraided them so fiercely that Keymis, who had been in charge of the expedition, shut himself up in his cabin and shot himself with a pocket-pistol. Mutiny followed, and Whitney—most trusted of Sir Walter's captains—set sail for England, being followed by six other ships of that fleet, which meanwhile had been reduced to twelve. With the remaining five the stricken Sir Walter had followed more at leisure. What need to hurry? Disgrace, and perhaps death, awaited him in England. He knew the power of Spain with James, who was so set upon a Spanish marriage for his heir, knew Spain's hatred of himself, and what eloquence it would gather in the mouth of Gondomar, intent upon avenging his brother's death.

HE feared the worst, and so was glad upon landing to have by him a kinsman upon whom he could lean for counsel and guidance in this the darkest hour of all his life. Sitting late that night in the library of Sir Christopher Hare's house, Sir Walter told his cousin in detail the story of his misadventure, and confessed to his misgivings.

"My brains are broken," was his cry.

Stukeley combed his beard in thought. He had little comfort to offer.

"It was not expected," said he, "that you would return."

"Not expected?" Sir Walter's bowed white head was suddenly flung back. Indignation blazed in the eyes that age had left undimmed. "What act in all my life justified the belief I should be false to honor? My danger here was made quite plain, and Captain King would have had me steer a course for France, where I had found a welcome and a harbor. But to consent I must have been false to my Lords of Arundel and Pembroke, who were sureties to the King for my return. Life is still sweet to me, despite my threescore years and more, but honor is sweeter still."

And then because life was sweet, he bluntly asked his cousin: "What is the King's intent by me?"



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"Nay, now," said Stukeley, "who shall know what passes in the King's mind? From the signs, I judge your case to be none so desperate. You have good friends in plenty, among whom, although the poorest, count myself the first. Anon, when you are rested, we'll to London by easy stages, baiting at the houses of your friends, and enlisting their good offices on your behalf."

Raleigh took counsel on the matter with Captain King, a bluff seaman, who was devoted to him body and soul.

"Sir Lewis proposes it, eh?" quoth the hardy seaman. "And Sir Lewis is Vice-Admiral of Devon? He is not by chance bidden to escort you to London?"

THE captain, clearly, had escaped the spell of Stukeley's affability. Sir Walter was indignant. He had never held his kinsman in great esteem; nevertheless, he was very far from suspecting him of what King implied. To convince him that he did Sir Lewis an injustice, Raleigh put the blunt question to his kinsman in King's presence.

"Nay," said Sir Lewis, "I am not yet bidden to escort you. But as Vice-Admiral of Devon I may at any moment be so bidden. It was wiser, I hold, not to await such an order. Though even if it come," he assured, "you may still count upon my friendship. I am your kinsman first, and Vice-Admiral after."

With a smile, Sir Walter held out his hand to clasp his cousin's in token of appreciation. Captain King expressed no opinion save what might be conveyed in a grunt and a shrug.

Guided now unreservedly by his cousin's counsel, Sir Walter set out with him upon that journey to London. Captain King went with them, as well as Sir Walter's body-servant, Cotterell, and a Frenchman named Manourie. Stukeley explained the fellow as a gifted man of medicine, whom he had sent for to cure him of a trivial but inconvenient ailment.

Journeying by slow stages, as Sir Lewis had directed, they came at last to Brentford.

At the inn at Brentford he was sought out by a visitor. This was De Chesne, the secretary of the French envoy, Le Clerc. The Frenchman expressed his deep concern to see Sir Walter under arrest.

"You conclude too hastily," laughed Sir Walter.

"Monsieur, I do not conclude. I speak of what I am inform'."

"Misinformed, sir. I am not a prisoner—at least, not yet," he added, with a sigh. "I travel of my own free will to London with my good friend and kinsman Stukeley, to lay the account of my voyage before the King."

"Of your own free will? And you are not a prisoner? Ha!" There was bitter mockery in De

Chesne's short laugh. "C'est bien drôle!" And he explained: "Milord the Duke of Buckingham, he has write in his master's name to the ambassador Gondomar that you are taken and held at the disposal of the King of Spain. Gondomar is to inform him whether King Philip wish that you be sent to Spain to essay the justice of his Catholic Majesty, or that you suffer here. Meanwhile your quarters are being made ready in the Tower. Yet you tell me you are not prisoner! Sir Walter, do not be deceive'. If you reach London, you are lost."

Now here was news to shatter Sir Walter's last illusion. Yet, desperately he clung to the fragments of it. The envoy's secretary must be at fault.

"'Tis yourself are at fault, Sir Walter, in that you trust those about you," the Frenchman insisted.

Sir Walter stared at him, frowning. "D'ye mean Stukeley?" quoth he, half-indignant.

"Sir Lewis, he is your kinsman," De Chesne shrugged. "You should know your family better than I. But who is this Manourie who accompanies you? Where is he come from? What you know of him?"

SIR WALTER confessed that he knew nothing.

"But I know much. He is a fellow of evil reputation. A spy who does not scruple to sell his own people. And I know that letters of commission from the Privy Council for your arrest were give' to him in London ten days ago. The warrant against you is in the hands of one or another of those that accompany you. I say no more. And now, Sir Walter, if I show you the disease I also bring the remedy. I am command' by my master to offer you a French barque and a safe conduct to the Governor of Calais. In France you will find safety and honor, as your worth deserve'."

Up sprang Sir Walter from his chair, and flung off the cloak of thought in which he had been mantled.

"Impossible!" he said. "Impossible! There is my plighted word to return, and there are my Lords of Arundel and Pembroke, who are sureties for me. I cannot leave them to suffer by my default."

"They will not suffer at all," De Chesne assured him. He was very well informed. "King James has yielded to Spain partly because he fears, partly because he will have a Spanish marriage for Prince Charles, and will do nothing to trouble his good relations with King Philip. But, after all, you have friends, whom His Majesty also fears. If you escape, you would resolve all his perplexities."

Half distracted as he was by what he had learnt, yet Sir Walter clung stoutly and obstinately to what he believed to be the only course for a man of honor. And so he dismissed

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De Chesne with messages of gratitude but refusal to his master, and sent for Captain King. Together they considered all that the secretary had stated, and King believed that it was Sir Lewis himself who held the warrant.

They sent for him at once, and Raleigh straightly taxed him with it. Sir Lewis as straightly admitted it, and when King thereupon charged him with deceit he showed no anger, but only the profoundest grief.

"What could I do?" he cried. "The warrant came in the very moment we were setting out. At first I thought of telling you; and then I bethought me that to do so would be but to trouble your mind, without being able to offer you help."

SIR WALTER understood what was implied. "Did you not say," he asked, "that you were my kinsman first and Vice-Admiral of Devon after?"

"Aye—and so I am. Though I must lose my office of Vice-Admiral, which has cost me six hundred pounds, if I suffer you to escape, I'd never hesitate if it were not for Manourie, who watches me as closely as he watches you, and would balk us at the last. And that is why I have held my peace on the score of this warrant. What can it help that I should trouble you with the matter until at the same time I can offer you some way out?"

"The Frenchman has a throat, and throats can be slit," said the downright King.

"So they can; and men can be hanged for slitting them," returned Sir Lewis and thereafter resumed and elaborated his first argument, using now such forceful logic and obvious sincerity that Sir Walter was convinced. He was no less convinced, too, of the peril in which he stood. He plied those wits of his, which had rarely failed him in an extremity. Manourie was the difficulty. But in his time he had known many of these agents who, purely for gold, were ready to play such parts; and never yet had he known one who was not to be corrupted. So that evening he desired Manourie's company in the room above stairs that had been set apart for Sir Walter's use. Facing him across the table at which both were seated, Sir Walter thrust his clenched fist upon the board, and suddenly opening it, dazzled the Frenchman's beady eyes with the jewel sparkling in his palm.

"Tell me, Manourie, are you paid as much as that to betray me?"

Manourie looked into Sir Walter's grimly smiling eyes, then at the white diamond. He made a shrewd estimate of its price, and shook his black head.

"Not half as much," he confessed, with impudence.

"Then you might find it more remunerative to serve me," said the knight. "This jewel is to be earned."

The agent's eyes flickered. "As how?" quoth he.

"Briefly thus: I have but learnt of the trammel in which I am taken. I must have time to concert my measures of escape. You are skilled in drugs, so my kinsman tells me. Can you so drug me as to deceive physicians that I am *in extremis*?"

Manourie considered awhile. "I... I think I could," he answered presently.

"And keep faith with me in this, at the price of, say—two such stones?"

The venal knave gasped. This was not generosity; it was prodigality. He swore himself Sir Walter's.

"About it, then." Sir Walter rolled the gem across the board. "Keep that in earnest."

Next morning Sir Walter could not resume the journey. When Cotterell went to dress him he found his master taken with vomits, and reeling like a drunkard. The valet ran to fetch Sir Lewis, and when they returned together they found Sir Walter on all fours gnawing the rushes of the floor, his face livid and horribly distorted, his brow glistening with sweat.

Stukeley, in alarm, ordered Cotterell to get his master back to bed and to foment him, which was done. But on the next day there was no improvement, and on the third things were in far more serious case. The skin of his brow and arms and breast was inflamed, and covered with horrible purple blotches—the result of an otherwise harmless ointment with which the French empiric had supplied him.

WHEN Stukeley beheld him thus disfigured, and lying apparently inert and but half-conscious upon his bed, he backed away in terror. The Vice-Admiral had seen aforetime the horrible manifestations of the plague, and could not be mistaken here. He fled from the infected air of his kinsman's chamber, and summoned what physicians were available to pronounce and prescribe. The physicians came—three in number—but manifested no eagerness to approach the patient closely.

Presently one of them plucked up courage so far as to feel the pulse of the apparently delirious patient. Its feebleness confirmed his diagnosis. He was not to know that Sir Walter had tightly wrapped about his upper arm the ribbon from his poniard, and so he was entirely deceived.

The physicians withdrew, and delivered their verdict, whereupon Sir Lewis at once sent word of it to the Privy Council.

That afternoon the faithful Captain King, sorely afflicted by the news, came to visit his master. To his seaman's amazement he found Sir Walter sitting up in bed, surveying in a hand-mirror a face that was horrible beyond description with the complacent smile of one who takes satisfaction in his appearance.

"Ah, King!" was the glad wel-

come. "The prophet David did make himself a fool, and suffered spittle to fall upon his beard, to escape from the hands of his enemies. And there was Brutus, aye, and others as memorable who have descended to such artifice."

Though he laughed, it is clear that he was seeking to excuse an unworthiness of which he was conscious.

"Artifice!" quoth King, aghast. "Is this artifice?"

"Aye—a hedge against my enemies, who will be afraid to approach me."

King sat himself down by his master's bed. "A better hedge against your enemies, Sir Walter, would have been the strip of sea 'twixt here and France. Would to Heaven you had done as I advised ere you set foot in this ungrateful land."

"The omission may be repaired," said Sir Walter.

BEFORE the imminence of his peril, as now disclosed to him, Sir Walter had been reconsidering De Chesne's assurance touching my Lords of Arundel and Pembroke and he had come to conclude—the more readily perhaps because it was as he would have it—that De Chesne was right; that to break faith with them were no such great matter after all, nor one for which they would be called upon to suffer. And so, now when it was all but too late, he yielded to the insistence of Captain King, and consented to save himself by flight to France. King was to go about the business of procuring a ship without loss of time. Yet there was no need of desperate haste, as was shown when presently orders came to Brentford for the disposal of the prisoner. The King, who was at Salisbury, desired that Sir Walter should be conveyed to his own house in London. Stukeley reported this to him, proclaiming it a sign of royal favor. Sir Walter was not deceived. He knew the reason to be fear lest he should infect the Tower with the plague by which he was reported stricken.

So the journey was resumed, and Sir Walter was brought to London, and safely bestowed in his own house, but ever in the care of his loving friend and kinsman. Manourie's part being fulfilled and the aim accomplished, Sir Walter completed the promised payment by bestowing upon him the second diamond—a form of eminently portable currency with which the knight was well supplied. On the morrow Manourie was gone, dismissed as a consequence of the part he had played. It was Stukeley who told Sir Walter this—a very well-informed and injured Stukeley, who asked to know what he had done to forfeit the knight's confidence that behind his back Sir Walter secretly concerted means of escape. Had his cousin ceased to trust him?

Sir Walter wondered. Looking

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into that lean, crafty face, he considered King's unquenchable mistrust of the man, bethought him of his kinsman's general neediness, remembered past events that shed light upon his ways and nature, and began now at last to have a sense of the man's hypocrisy and double-dealing. Yet he reasoned in regard to him precisely as he had reasoned in regard to Manourie. The fellow was acquisitive, and therefore, corruptible. If, indeed, he was so base that he had been bought to betray Sir Walter, then he could be bought again to betray those who had so bought him.

"Nay, nay," said Sir Walter easily. "It is not lack of trust in you, my good friend. But you are the holder of an office, and knowing as I do the upright honesty of your character, I feared to embarrass you with things whose very knowledge must give you the parlor choice of being false to that office or false to me."

Stukeley broke forth into imprecations. He was, he vowed, the most accursed and miserable of men that such a task as this should have fallen to his lot. And he was a poor man, too, he would have his cousin remember. It was unthinkable that he should use the knowledge he had gained to attempt to frustrate Sir Walter's plans of escape to France. And this notwithstanding that if Sir Walter escaped, it is certain he would lose his office of Vice-Admiral and the six hundred pounds he had paid for it.

"As to that, you shall be at no loss," Sir Walter assured him. "I could not suffer it. I pledge you my honor, Lewis, that you shall have a thousand pounds from my wife on the day that I am safely landed in France or Holland. Meanwhile, in earnest of what is to come, here is a toy of value for you." And he presented Sir Lewis with a jewel of price, a great ruby encrusted in diamonds.

THUS reassured that he would be immune from pecuniary loss, Sir Lewis was ready to throw himself whole-heartedly into Sir Walter's plans, and to render him all possible assistance. True, this assistance was a costly matter; there was this person to be bought and that one; there were expenses here and expenses there, incurred by Sir Lewis on his kinsman's behalf; and there were odd presents, too, which Stukeley seemed to expect and which Sir Walter could not deny him. He had no illusions now that King had been right; that he was dealing with a rogue who would exact the uttermost farthing for his services, but he was gratified at the shrewdness with which he had taken his cousin's measure, and did not grudge the bribes by which he was to escape the scaffold.

De Chesne came again to the house in London, to renew his mas-

ter's offer of a ship, to carry Sir Walter overseas, and such other assistance as Sir Walter might require. But by now the knight's arrangements were complete. His servant Cotterell had come to inform him that his own boatswain, now in London, was the owner of a ketch, at present lying at Tilbury, admirably suited for the enterprise and entirely at Sir Walter's disposal. It had been decided, then, with the agreement of Captain King, that they should avail themselves of this; and accordingly Cotterell was bidden desire the boatswain to have the craft made ready for sea at once. In view of this, and anxious to avoid unnecessarily compromising the French envoy, Sir Walter gratefully declined the latter's offer.

AND so we come at last to that July evening appointed for the flight. Raleigh, who, having for some time discarded the use of Manourie's ointment, had practically recovered his normal appearance, covering his long white hair under a Spanish hat, and muffling the half of his face in the folds of a cloak, came to Wapping Stairs—that ill-omened place of execution of pirates and sea-rovers—accompanied by Cotterell, who carried the knight's cloak-bag, and by Sir Lewis and Sir Lewis's son. Out of solicitude for their dear friend and kinsman, the Stukeleys could not part from him until he was safely launched upon his voyage. At the head of the stairs they were met by Captain King; at the foot of them a boat was waiting, as concerted, the boatswain at the tiller.

King greeted them with an air of obvious relief.

"You feared perhaps we should not come," said Stukeley, with a sneer at the captain's avowed mistrust of him. "Yet now, I trust, you'll do me the justice to admit that I have shown myself an honest man."

The uncompromising King looked at him and frowned, misliking the words.

"I hope that you'll continue so," he answered stiffly.

They went down the slippery steps to the boat, and then the shore glided slowly past them as they pushed off into the stream of the ebbing tide.

A moment later, King, whose suspicious eyes kept a sharp lookout, observed another boat put off some two hundred yards higher up the river. At first he saw it breast the stream as if proceeding towards London Bridge, then abruptly swing about and follow them. Instantly he drew the attention of Sir Walter to that pursuing wherry.

"What's this?" quoth Sir Walter harshly. "Are we betrayed?"

The watermen, taking fright at the words, hung now upon their oars.

"Put back," Sir Walter bade them. "I'll not betray my friends to no purpose. Put back, and let us home again."

"Nay, now," said Stukeley gravely, himself watching the wherry. "We are more than a match for them in oars, even if their purpose be such as you suspect—for which suspicion, when all is said, there is no ground. On then!" He addressed himself to the watermen, whipping out a pistol, and growing truculent in mien and voice. "To your oars! Row, you dogs, or I'll pistol you where you sit."

The men bent their backs forthwith, and the boat swept on. But Sir Walter was still full of apprehensions, still questioning the wisdom of keeping to their down-stream course if they were being followed.

"But are we followed?" cried the impatient Sir Lewis. "'Sdeath, cousin, is not the river a highway for all the world to use, and must every wherry that chances to go our way be in pursuit of us? If you are to halt at every shadow, faith, you'll never accomplish anything. I vow I am unfortunate in having a friend whom I would save so full of doubts and fears."

SIR WALTER gave him reason, and even King came to conclude that he had suspected him unjustly, whilst the rowers, under Stukeley's suasion, now threw themselves heartily into their task, and onward sped the boat through the deepening night, taking but little account of that other wherry that hung ever in their wake. In this wise they came at length to Greenwich on the last of the ebb. But here finding the water beginning to grow against them, and wearied by the exertion into which Stukeley's enthusiasm had flogged them, the watermen paused again, declaring that they could not reach Gravesend before morning.

Followed a brief discussion, at the end of which Sir Walter bade them put him ashore at Purfleet.

"And that's the soundest counsel," quoth the boatswain. "For at Purfleet we can get horses on to Tilbury."

Stukeley was of the same opinion; but not so the more practical Captain King.

"'Tis useless," he declared to them. "At this hour how shall you get horses to go by land?"

And now, Sir Walter, looking over his shoulder, saw the other wherry bearing down upon them through the faintly opalescent mists of dawn. A hail came to them across the water.

"Oh, 'Sdeath! We are betrayed!" cried Raleigh bitterly, and Stukeley swore more fiercely still. Sir Walter turned to him. "Put ashore," he said shortly, "and let us home."

"Aye, perhaps 'twere best. For tonight there's an end to the enterprise, and if I am taken in your

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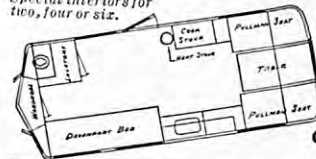
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company now, what shall be said to me for this active assistance in your escape?" His voice was gloomy, his face drawn and white.

"Could you not plead that you had but pretended to go with me to seize on my private papers?" suggested the ingenious mind of Raleigh.

"I could. But shall I be believed? Shall I?" His gloom was deepening to despair.

Raleigh was stricken almost with remorse on his cousin's account. His generous heart was now more concerned with the harm to his friends than with his own doom. He desired to make amends to Stukeley, but had no means save such as lay in the power of that currency he used. Having naught else to give, he must give that. He plunged his hand into an inner pocket, and brought forth a handful of jewels, which he thrust upon his kinsman.

"Courage," he urged him. "Up, now, and we may yet win out and home, so that all will be well with you at least, and you shall not suffer for your friendship to me."

Stukeley embraced him then, protesting his love and desire to serve him.

THEY came to land at last, just below Greenwich bridge, and almost at the same moment the other wherry grounded immediately above them. Men sprang from her, with the obvious intent of cutting off their retreat.

"Too late!" said Raleigh, and sighed, entirely without passion now that the dice had fallen and showed that the game was lost. "You must act on my suggestion to explain your presence, Lewis."

"Indeed, there is no other course," Sir Lewis agreed. "And you are in the same case, Captain King. You must confess that you joined with me but to betray Sir Walter. I'll bear you out. Thus, each supporting the other . . ."

"I'll roast in hell before I brand myself a traitor," roared the captain furiously. "And were you an honest man, Sir Lewis, you'd understand my meaning."

"So, so?" said Stukeley, in a quiet, wicked voice. And it was observed that his son and one or two of the watermen had taken their stand beside him as if in readiness for action. "Why, then, since you will have it so, Captain, I arrest you, in the King's name, on a charge of abetting treason."

The captain fell back a step, stricken a moment by sheer amazement. Then he groped for a pistol to do at last what he realized he should have done long since. Instantly he was overpowered. It was only then that Sir Walter understood the thing that had happened, and with understanding came fury. The old adventurer flung back his cloak, and snatched at his rapier to put it through the vitals of his dear friend and kinsman. But he was too late.

Hands seized upon him, and he found himself held by the men from the wherry, confronted by a Mr. William Herbert, whom he knew for Stukeley's cousin, and he heard Mr. Herbert formally asking him for the surrender of his sword.

Instantly he governed himself, repressed his fury. He looked coldly at his kinsman, whose face showed white and evil in the growing light of the early summer dawn. "Sir Lewis," was all he said, "these actions will not turn out to your credit."

He had no illusion left. His understanding was now a very full one. His dear friend and kinsman had played him false throughout, intending first to drain him of his resources before finally flinging the empty husk to the executioner. Manourie had been in the plot; he had run with the hare and hunted with the hounds; and Sir Walter's own servant Cotterell had done no less. Amongst them they had "cozened the great cozener"—to use Stukeley's own cynical expression. Even so, it was only on his trial that Sir Walter plumbed the full depth of Stukeley's baseness; for it was only when he learned that his kinsman had been armed by a warrant of immunity to assist his projects of escape, so that he might the more effectively incriminate and betray him; and Sir Walter discovered also that the ship in which he had landed, and other matters, were to provide additional Judas fees to this betrayer.

IF to escape his enemies Sir Walter had had recourse to artifices unworthy the great hero that he was, now that all hope was lost he conducted himself with a dignity and cheerfulness beyond equal. So calm and self-possessed and masterly was his defense from the charge of piracy preferred at the request of Spain, and so shrewd in its inflaming appeal to public opinion, that his judges were constrained to abandon that line of prosecution, and could discover no way of giving his head to King James save by falling back upon the thirteen-year-old sentence of death against him. Of this they now ordered execution.

Never a man who loved his life as dearly as Sir Walter loved it met death as blithely. He dressed himself for the scaffold with that elegance and richness which all his life he had observed. He wore a ruff band and black velvet wrought nightgown over a doublet of hair-colored satin, a black wrought waistcoat, black cat taffety breeches and ash-colored silk stockings. Under his plumed hat he covered his white locks with a wrought nightcap. This last he bestowed on his way to the scaffold upon a bald-headed old man who had come to take a last look at him, with the observation that he was more in need of it than himself. When he had removed it, it was ob-

served that his hair was not curled as usual. This was a matter that had fretted his barber Peter in the prison of the Gatehouse at Westminster that morning. But Sir Walter had put him off with a laugh.

"Let them comb it that shall have it," he had said of his own head.

Having taken his leave of the friends who had flocked about him with the observation that he had a long journey before him, he called for the axe, and, when presented to him, ran his fingers along the edge, and smiled.

"Sharp medicine," quoth he, "but a sound cure for all diseases."

When presently the executioner bade him turn his head to the east: "It is no great matter which way a man's head stands, so that his heart lies right," he said.

THUS passed one of England's greatest heroes, indeed, one of the very makers of this England, and than his death there is no more shameful blot upon the shameful reign of that pusillanimous James, unclean of body and soul, who sacrificed him to the King of Spain.

A spectator of his death, who suffered for his words—as men must ever suffer for the regardless utterance of Truth—declared that England had not such another head to cut off.

As for Stukeley, the acquisitiveness which had made a Judas of him was destined, by a poetic justice, ever desired but rarely forthcoming for knaves, soon to be his ruin. He was caught diminishing the gold coin of the realm by the operation known today as "clipping," and with him was taken his creature Manourie, who, to save himself turned chief witness against Stukeley. Sir Lewis was sentenced to death, but saved himself by purchasing his pardon at the cost of every ill-gotten shilling he possessed, and he lived thereafter a bankrupt of means as he was of honor.

Yet before all this happened, Sir Lewis had for his part in Sir Walter Raleigh's death come to be an object of execration throughout the land, and to be commonly known as "Sir Judas." At Whitehall he suffered rebuffs and insults that found a climax in the words addressed to him by the Lord Admiral, to whom he went to give an account of his office.

"Base fellow, darest thou who art the contempt and scorn of men offer thyself in my presence?"

For a man of honor there was but one course. Sir Judas was not a man of honor. He carried his grievance to the King.

James leered at him. "What wouldst thou have me do? Wouldst thou have me hang him? On my soul, if I should hang all that speak ill of thee, all the trees of the country would not suffice, so great is the number."

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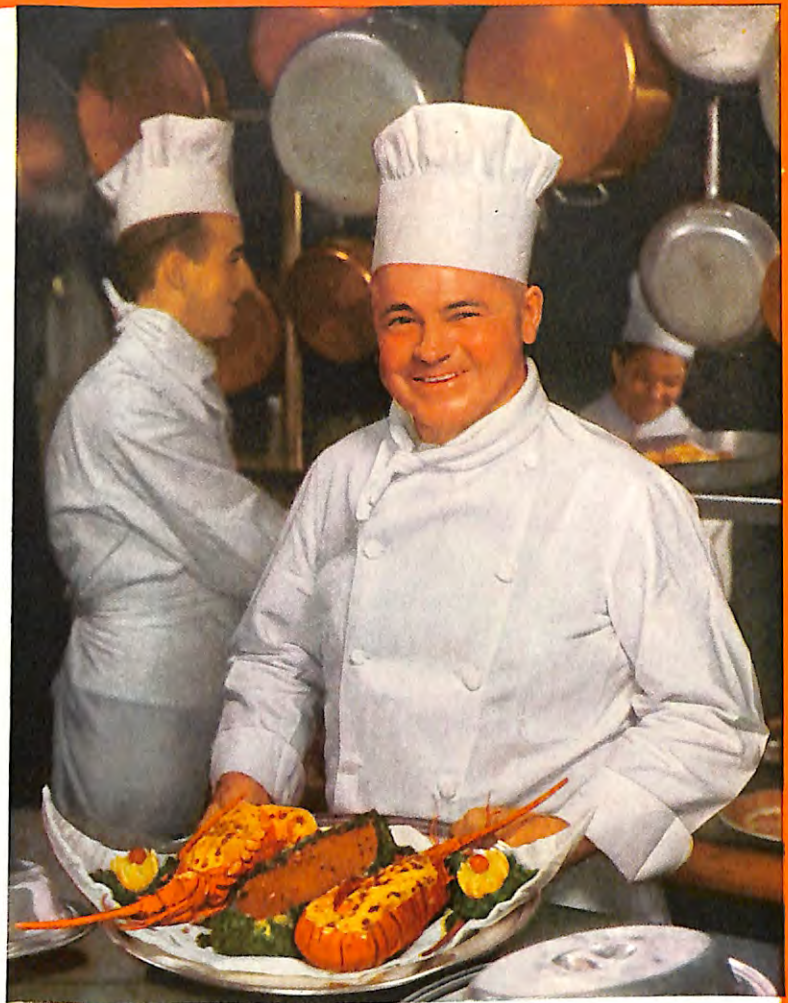
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