

The Elks

Magazine



JULY, 1936

EASTERN EDITION

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DE-SKIDDED
TIRE

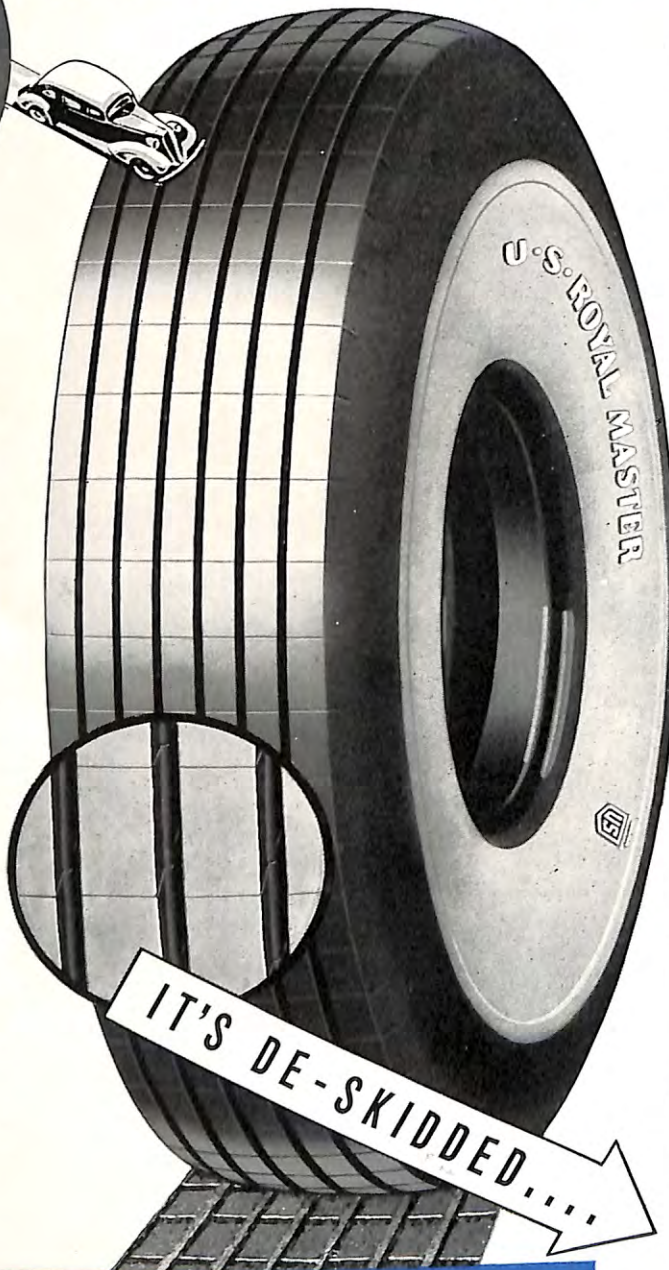
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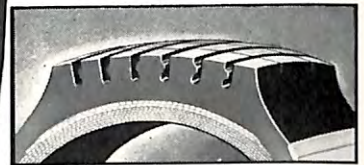
SAFER FROM SIDE SKIDS

De-Skidding puts hundreds of sharp-edged blocks on the road, wiping it dry with a windshield-wiper-blade action.



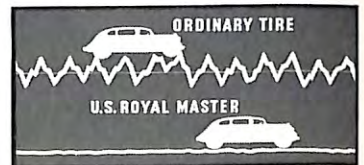
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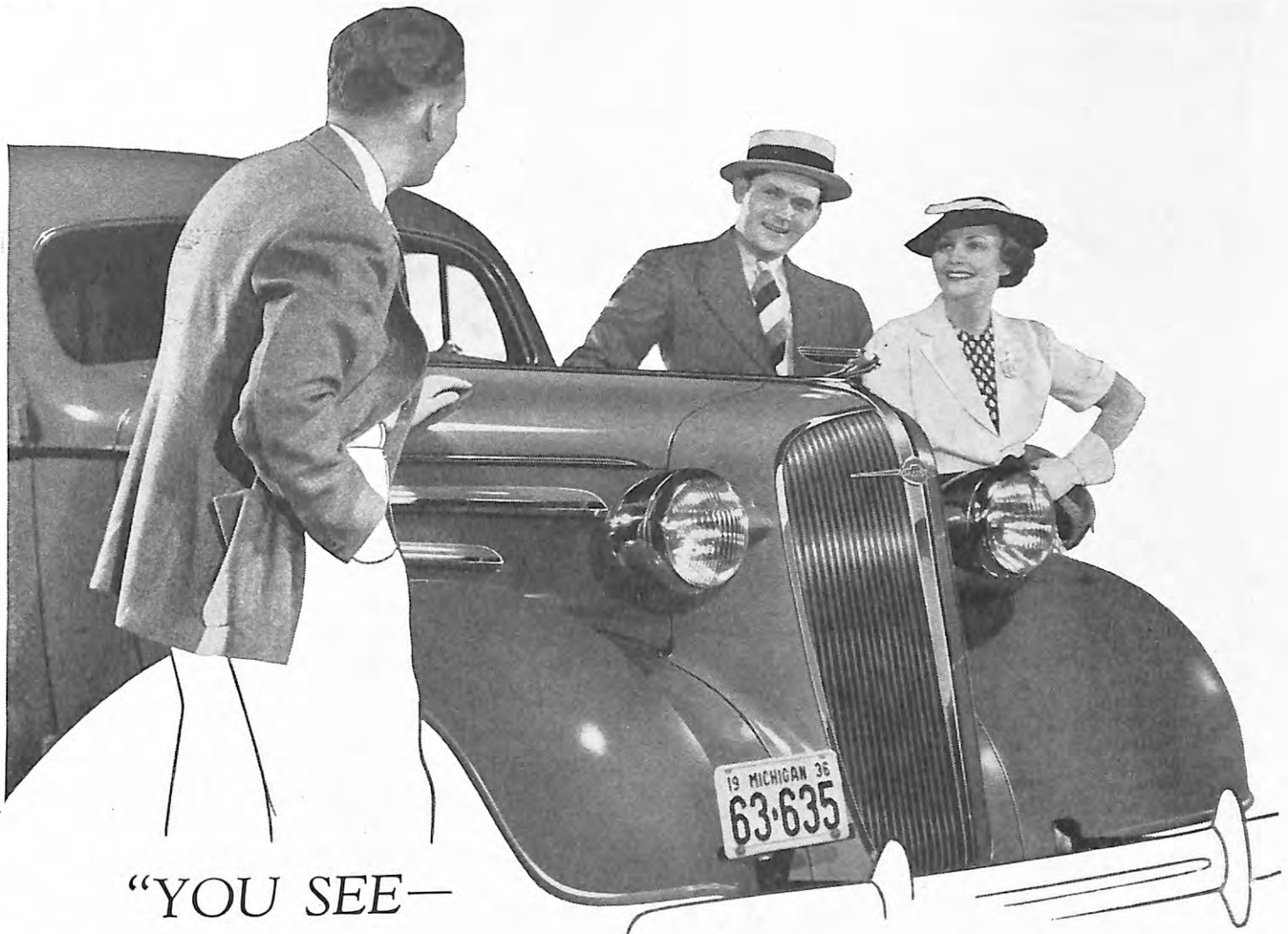
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The Elks Magazine

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

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

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

JOSEPH T. FANNING
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J. J. A. McGuinness
Comptroller

JULY 1936

This Month

THE vividly colorful tennis player on our front cover this month was drawn by George Howe. This is the first time Mr. Howe has ever done a cover for us.

Maurice Walsh begins a two-part story, "Face of Stone," in this issue, tell-

ing of the way of life in Ireland centuries ago. The lusty illustrations are by Harvey Dunn.

"Jonathan Had a Horse" is the story of a jockey at the turn of the century. We guarantee a shock of pleasant surprise at the conclusion.

"The Forgotten Man" is an article in which the author, Mr. Preston Pumphrey,

claims that America's forgotten man is the radio director.

Another exciting story, "The Queen's Ransom," by Holmes Alexander, is a tale of the efforts to save the city of Washington and Dolly Madison from the British in 1812. This issue also contains many features for those Elks planning to attend the Convention in Los Angeles.

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Bunk!

—says the famous
ALEX MORRISON

DON'T LOOK UP!
DON'T HURRY BACKSWING!
DON'T PULL IN!
DON'T DROP LEFT SHOULDER!
DON'T OVERSWING!
BE SURE TO PIVOT!
KEEP LEFT ARM STRAIGHT!



... and he guarantees to Improve Your Golf in Just Five Days!

ALEX MORRISON has done what thousands have urged him to do: put his way to learn the correct swing within reach of every one anxious to improve his game.

"Alexander the Great" is, as Bob Davis says, "the Wizard of Golf Instruction." His instruction brought Babe Ruth down into the 70's—enabled Doug Fairbanks to shoot 72 (on a par 71 course) in Los Angeles—helped big-framed Rex Beach shoot 154 for 36 holes in tournament play, and slender Clarence Budington Kelland get into the 70's. He has taught Jack Dempsey, the slight Charles Chaplin and the bulky Paul Whiteman, Grantland Rice, Rube Goldberg, Paula Stone, Annette Kellermann, and scores of others. Whatever golf lessons he chose to give were given at a charge of \$200 for 12 lessons.

He has written for American Golfer Magazine, for Ladies' Home Journal, American Magazine, Popular Science and others.

He has given lectures and exhibitions all over this country and Canada. Although this left him little time for tournament play, Alex has demonstrated that he can play the game with the best of them. In addition to defeating several of the leading players he has set many course records. Recently he tied the course record at Winged Foot (the scene of the 1929 American Open) with a 68. He has no less than 30 attested scores ranging from 65 to 69 over championship length courses: a few of

This fellow is considerably worried about his wind-up. The correct swing banishes all worry about ANY stage of a shot.

them, for example, the Brackenridge Park at San Antonio with a 69; Pasadena Golf Club, 69; the Detroit Golf Club (South Course), a 66, and 69 at Denver Country Club.

For Those Bewildered by a "Plague of Don'ts"

Alex Morrison has gotten out a book which clearly describes and pictures his simple way of learning the correct swing. There need be no question in your mind about being able to learn through a book like this one. It is sold not on promise but on performance—on a definite guarantee that it will improve your game, or cost you nothing.

So many "don'ts" are running through his mind that they show in his knees, his shoulders and his whole stance.

If you know Alex Morrison, you know that he is the arch enemy of Golf DON'TS! His last eighteen years have been spent to help the man so typical of thousands of golfers; the man who stands grimly before his ball "concentrating," with his knuckles white with tension, and the cords in his neck swelling with strain. Alex Morrison is out to help the fellow who really gets too little amusement, satisfaction and benefit from the game—who merely exchanges business worries for golf worries—who is in a constant panic about doing the wrong thing.

The Secret of the Correct Swing

If you are "stymied" by your apparent inability to apply seemingly simple principles, if the usual advisory jargon and generalities haven't gotten you anywhere, if you realize that mere intense concentration, will-power, and practice alone is not the

real answer—then you will be interested in how Alex Morrison can change your whole viewpoint, in his book, "A New Way to Better Golf."

First, Alex tells you how to banish mental tension and nervous strain, and how to play with muscular freedom and mental relaxation.

Then he analyzes the eight stages of the Correct Swing—not "correct" because it is the way he does it, but correct because of the structure of your own body. For years Morrison has studied anatomy and mechanics. As he has proven, when the proper muscles cease to function the wrong ones take charge—and you inevitably get a bad shot.

In simple terms and clear photographs he shows these eight stages. He proves by actual photographs there is not even a "pivot" in it! He gives you no such advice as is bewildering and killing the game of the gentleman pictured above. Then, having shown you how to get the Correct Swing, he shows how easy it is to put it into practice—in every shot, from drive to putt.

Alex Morrison
GRANTLAND RICE.

"Alex Morrison has been working for years on simplifying and developing a clear picture of what is needed to play better golf. He is something more than a fine teacher of golf. He is also one of the few who have made a close study of breaking up tension, which is the curse of every game played."

REX BEACH says, "Morrison knows more about his business than I will ever know about mine. He has taken the golf swing apart and examined it, oiled up loose parts, re-assembled them and put the whole thing into smooth running order. To watch him execute a shot is to realize that he has mastered the elusive principles of the golf stroke to a nicety which makes the swing of most experts look crude. You will find here the soundest, the simplest, the most sensible help you have ever found."

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120	110
110	100
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90	85
85	80
80	77
75	73

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Formerly in the high 80's.
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Formerly in the 80's.
Now in the 70's.

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A Message FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

MY BROTHERS: As the 72nd Annual Convention of the Grand Lodge of our Order approaches, it is gratifying to receive the splendid reports of progress in all Departments of the work of our subordinate Lodges.

The statistics of these reports are highly encouraging. Not alone have our Lodges initiated more new members this year than in any other year of the recent economic depression, resulting in a probable net increase in membership; not alone are the cash balances of our Lodges encouraging, but above and beyond these things is the spirit of optimism which prevails in these reports and indicates that Elkdome is again marching forward.

The progress attained is due directly to the fine, free, generous support of the Officers and members of our Lodges. To them I extend my sincere thanks in grateful appreciation of their zeal and enthusiasm. It is my hope that their efforts will continue unabated in the future and that they will dedicate themselves to the principles of our Order and give to my successor and his successors, as time goes on, the same cooperation which they have so generously extended to me.

James T. Hallinan,
GRAND EXALTED RULER



The Queen's

MOST persons who happened to be born in the City of Washington (I mean, of course, before it was either Washington or a city) can tell you stories that usually find a way into history books. For instance, there's the one about Farmer Burns' impudent remark to General Washington who was giving him patriotic reasons for selling land cheaply to the government. Burns said: "That's all very well, General, but where would you be if you hadn't married the widow Custis?" And then there's another of Mrs. John Adams getting lost in the forest while trying to find her way to the new White House. But you see I wasn't born till 1794 so I can't vouch for any of these. The fact is my vividest memory about the old town was a woman called Sweet Potatoes.

She was a gypsy, a tall, slender creature, dressed always in bright tatters with a red turban around her head. She moved through the streets (lanes they were then) at a short jerky trot like a nervous horse, and I never saw her in those days when she wasn't carrying a heavy cane to protect herself from rowdies and a big canvass bag out of which she'd take globes and painted sticks and waxen images to tell your fortune with. I don't recall that she was particularly uncouth, but that was her reputation anyhow—because, I suppose, she hadn't any friends to deny it. My mother used to say at table, "Have good manners, Tommy. Don't eat like Sweet Potatoes." Or if I said 'damme,' "Don't talk like Sweet Potatoes."

Even the darkies despised her. Old Kissy, our cook, would say when Sweet Potatoes crossed the back yard, "'At's pore white trash, Marse Tom. Mean 'nuff to steal bones outna a houn' dawg's mouff." Kissy said the Lawd had made gypsies homeless because their tribe had refused to shelter the Virgin and Child during their flight through Egypt. Kissy said gypsies were spawn of the Devil. She said they were wicked, they were imps of the earth.

Usually during my childhood there was a gypsy camp out on the Frederick highway. Every time something went wrong in town—a fire, a robbery, a kidnaping—the gypsies were blamed. We boys used to have stone fights in the empty lots. I was captain of one band and a lad named Neddie O'Neill was leader of



the other. Sometime's we'd become allies, march out and manoeuvre around the gypsy camp. We never attacked it; probably we wouldn't so much as have approached it if Sweet Potatoes had been there. She was an outcast even among her own people. Where she stayed was over the river on a bluff known as High Rock, and she lived in an old house-wagon which we called the Ark because

Ransom

by Holmes
Alexander

She took it like a little Princess accepting a courtier's gift, and then I left



a tavern-keeper and possessed of a certain English shilling which Lord Cornwallis once gave him for a mug of ale. Neddie filched the coin and said it was mine if I'd go to the Ark and stick out my tongue at Sweet Potatoes.

So one morning over I went—the shilling safe in my pocket because, for good reason, I trusted Neddie's promise less than he did mine. I grounded my canoe in the Virginia sand and crept through the bushes till I came to the clearing where the Ark stood, and peering out, saw Sweet Potatoes at the far side cooking over a small stone oven. My plans were laid. I'd steal up behind her, make my grimace and then run for dear life, hands over ears, so as not to hear her curses. That's what I started to do, but I wasn't half way across the clearing when I heard a voice behind me.

"My name's Jewel. What's yours?"

I hadn't noticed the little girl, but when I whirled around there she stood, frocked in a tiny gypsy costume that made her look like a dressed-up doll. I judged her to be about ten years old (some two years younger than I), and so appealing her simple beauty that I would have dared a legion of witches rather than pass her by. Her hair, as fair and soft as blown dandelions, was cut in a straight line just above the robin-egg blue of her eyes, but behind it fell in smooth ripples over her shoulders.

"Tommy's my name," I said and looked back to see if Sweet Potatoes was watching. She was—from the corner of an eye—but kept on with her work as if not to disturb us. Soon she called Jewel softly and sent her back to me with two slices of warm ginger bread—just what any mother might have done. I decided she wasn't much of a witch after all and sat down beside Jewel.

"Do you like here with Sweet Potat—?"

Somehow that derisive name didn't seem to fit the occasion, and I bit

it off as best I could.

"Yes," said Jewel, "with my mother. She puts black on my face."

"Black on your face?" Then I recalled that I had seen the child before—a bundled-up, swarthy little thing that Sweet Potatoes sometimes carried through town. It didn't strike me as strange at the moment that a

it looked like a boat on wheels. Neddie and I, as rival captains, would dare each other to cross the Potomac and stone the Ark, but it was pretty risky business because Sweet Potatoes was positively known to be a witch. If she looked at you and mumbled curses, you'd die in bed that night with fits. Finally, though, Neddie made me a proposition I couldn't resist. His father was

gypsy mother should have a blonde child, but I guessed that the false coloring was a disguise—probably used because Jewel had been kidnaped. I resolved briefly upon a desperate plot to rescue her by a quick dash, but Jewel's next words dissuaded me. "She's good to me. I love my mother."

Well, the end of it was I sat there with her for nearly two hours and finally passed over my precious shilling the way boys do before they've learned to make love in words. She took it like a little princess accepting some courtier's gift, and then I left, but not before I'd paid for the present at the risk of my life. As I ran down the hill and as I lay in bed that night waiting to have fits, I never regretted for a moment what I'd done. Die for a lady like Jewel? Willingly.

But I didn't go back to the Ark. Not that I died that night, but my father did the next morning—at sunrise. I'd understood vaguely for some while that he disapproved of the dapper young cavalry officer who often came to the house at unusual hours of the day. Of course, being a soldier, the Major was a better hand at duelling pistols than my father who was only an honest merchant. And when his friends brought father's body home that morning, mother wasn't there. She and the Major were already hurrying south to join Mr. Aaron Burr, who had promised to make them nobles if he became Emperor of Mexico. Father's funeral was next day and my aunt came over from Baltimore to take me home with her, so there wasn't much chance to revisit the Ark. In Baltimore I was apprenticed to a barrister in whose office I stayed six years and might have been there yet had not Mr. Madison declared War on England in 1812. I joined the militia though I didn't particularly care to be a soldier. Like every young chap of any mettle I wanted to go West—and build a log cabin—and fight Indians.

The British, it seemed, had to be fought first. In Colonel Merryman's Maryland regiment I marched clear into New York State to help General Winfield Scott chase redcoats back over the Canadian border, but after the battles of Lundy's Lane and Chippewa our year's enlistment was expired and the regiment disbanded. I thought it my chance to move westward, intending to join General Harrison in the Indiana Territory, but Colonel Merryman said if I came back to Maryland with him, he'd enlist a new regiment and make me a sargeant. That sounded better than the rank-and-file, so I rode the Colonel's spare horse back to Baltimore where we arrived just in time to hear that the British had landed and were marching on Washington.

There was no time to drill the new regiment. We organized in the armory one night and moved out to Bladensburg in the morning. At about noon here came the redcoats—at the first volley there went our untrained militia. Colonel Merryman and I were the only ones who had ever smelt gunpowder, and we swore ourselves blue in the face trying in vain to halt the stampede. If a troop of Regulars from Washington hadn't arrived at the moment, the British could have stacked arms and marched into the Capital barehanded.

"Sargeant," bawled the Colonel when we stood alone in the field, "I'm blistered if I'll retreat. Take my horse and inform General Armstrong that the Maryland regiment will stand to its last man, but that he'd best send up some replacements."

Orders were orders from Colonel Merryman, so I jumped on his charger and galloped back among the Regulars till I found a man tall and angry enough to be a General.



A mad gypsy muttering incantations as the waxen image began to melt over the fire. Suddenly I knew!

"Are you General Armstrong, the Secretary of War, sir?"

A little man nearby whom I took for the General's aide spoke up with a sour sort of smile.

"Not Armstrong certainly, but Secretary of War as soon as I have a chance to make the appointment. Lad, you're addressing Mr. Monroe, head of the Department of State and acting commander of these troops."

"I have the honor to inform you, Mr. Monroe, that the Maryland regiment has been reduced to one man who a moment ago was holding the field alone. Colonel Merryman respectfully suggests that you send reinforcements."

"Reinforcements!" roared Mr. Monroe. "If your Colonel can call troops from New Orleans and New York he shall have them. Otherwise, no. I'm afraid, Mr. President, that we're a pair of treed foxes, as they say in Virginia."

I looked again at the smaller man. "Mr. President?" Why, to be sure, this professor-like little gentleman was no other than President James Madison, and extremely uncomfortable he looked, too, at his Secretary's words. Mr. Monroe continued:

"The best we can do, Jemmy, is to fall back slowly, giving the citizenry a chance to flee. Thus we'll conserve our strength for a counter-attack under less hope-



Illustrated by
Rico Tomaso

less conditions. You should hang Armstrong for leaving the city so unprotected."

Mr. Madison seemed to regard the hanging of his War minister as of secondary importance. He had fished a pencil from his boot and was scribbling a note. Having finished, he glanced at me.

"Lad—"

"Sargeant, Mr. President, if you please."

"Sargeant then. You seem a level-headed young person. Do you feel yourself capable of finding Washington and the President's Mansion on Pennsylvania Avenue?"

"I lived on Pennsylvania Avenue for twelve years, sir."

"Unfortunately a President is forbidden that privilege. But no matter. Go to the Mansion and deliver this note to Mrs. Madison. No one else, mind you."

It was eight miles from Bladensburg field to the Capital City and I made the horse carry me there in less than half an hour. No one stopped me at the presidential threshold. I was in the drawing room before I was noticed and I recognized Mrs. Madison from among the crowd by her quaint face and Quaker bonnet.

"Thank thee, child," she said opening the note. "Oh, mercy, Jemmy says we must all fly . . . and I was keeping dinner for him, too."

"Dinner!" boomed a gentleman in unmistakably sen-

atorial tones. "Poison the meat, Dolly, and hope the British will eat it. Lad,—"

"Sargeant, Senator, if you please."

"Well, Sargeant, your duty henceforth is to save and protect Mrs. Madison. Fetch a carriage-and-pair from the stable and see that she stays at least ten miles ahead of the enemy."

In the stable was neither carriage nor horses. The townfolk had long since ransacked every barn in the city. However I found a pony and cart which I hastily produced at the front door. Mrs. Madison was being protestingly escorted thither by the Senator; she seemed far more disturbed by her 'Jemmy's' missing dinner than her own danger.

"It's less conspicuous and safer," declaimed the Senator, "for you to go with only two men. Tim here"—indicating a rather ashen-faced footman—"will be the other. I'll hurry out to join the President in whatever plans he has. Drive on, Sargeant."

And off I went in no very fine humor either. Here I'd come all the way from Canada to command a sargeant's squad and all I had was a pony cart, a lady and a footman. Still she was the President's lady and you couldn't help loving that sweet kind face of hers, "Queen Dolly" I'd always heard her called and she deserved the title. There's a saying that true (Continued on page 40)

Jonathan



But the contours under the turtle-neck sweater had already informed the little fellow that his boy was a girl

had a Horse

by Charles J. McGuirk

Illustrated by
George Howe

SITTING on a rail at the old Bay District racetrack in San Francisco that early December morning in 1894, he nor nobody else suspected that within four years he would change from a free-lance rider on the smaller western tracks to one of the greatest jockeys the world has ever known.

He nor nobody else dreamed that he would practically leap off that rail into international fame and fortune and to hobnobbing with champion pugilists, plunging gamblers, beautiful women and titled ladies in America and England, with millionaires and dukes and earls.

And if you had told him that, one day, he would carry the colors of the King to victory in the English Derby, he would have studied you coldly with his crinkled, brown-flecked gray eyes, sneered at you with his hard young mouth, and informed you you were balmy.

He would have told you that or anything else he thought of you, despite his diminutive size. Holding himself on the rail-top with his strong gentle hands, in possession of his first full growth, he was five feet even and weighed sixty-four pounds. But none of it was soft. At twenty, an up-and-down career of fifteen years behind you does not tend to sweeten your soul.

The youngest—and runt—of the family of three boys and a girl born to a barber and his wife in Kokomo, Indiana, he had begun to live his own life at the death of his mother when he was five as the adopted son of a family named Blauser. In the last seven years, he had served an apprenticeship as an exercise boy. The apprenticeship had begun under his brother, Cash, then head jockey of a two-horse racing stable and it had revealed him for six years as the worst rider in the Western Circuit, an innate fear of horses and his size and weight preventing him from managing any animal he rode. He had ridden three years before he even got that third in New Orleans and three more years, bitter years, were to pass before he ever won a race.

Then, suddenly, last year he had found himself and begun to win. In the previous Autumn he had come to San Francisco to lead the field home in a long series of races. He had conquered his fear and learned his trade. On that early morning he was one of the most successful jockeys of the meet, with money stuck in every nook and cranny of his room in the best hotel in San Francisco and a wardrobe which was guaranteed to knock your eye out—and did.

He wasn't wearing any of it at the moment. He had on a long-peaked cap, a turtle-neck sweater, riding breeches and boots because he was working, pursuing the study of his trade. Breezing a horse that morning, he had gotten the feeling, a hunch, that the track rose in a slight, almost imperceptible ascent here along the backstretch for a distance of about a furlong. If it were so, a smart jockey riding a race could ease his mount up along it and ask him for speed from its top.

It wouldn't mean much of an advantage but any advantage, no matter how small, counted. He had learned that in the air as he was thrown from one horse after another in a procession that was six years long. He had learned that you have to know the horse you ride, the ground you ride him over and from what position you can best send him away when you ask him to make his bid. Most jockeys rode their races as the breaks offered. They were all natural riders. He wasn't. So he always tried to foresee the breaks and take advantage of them.

A cold wind blew in from the Golden Gate and the horses came out from behind the curtain of morning fog. There were all kinds from 2-year-olds up, stake horses, handicap horses, condition horses, selling platers. They came at all paces. They came breezing by or extended for clocking. Their boys did not ride as jockeys ride today, crouched over the mane in the "monkey seat." They rode bent forward with the vague idea of stream-lining but it had not yet occurred to anyone to shorten the stirrups. The little fellow on the rail never noticed them, didn't even see them. He was watching the horses' legs and feet and their muscles from the time they turned into the backstretch until they reached him. His hunch was right. There was a slight incline.

"What you doin' out here, Son,"

He looked up almost level at a tall, thin man with inscrutable brown eyes, a broad nose and a tight secretive mouth who, despite the earliness of the hour, was meticulously dressed in a black morning coat, striped trousers and a derby hat. A large pearl stick-pin dominated the wide striped silk cravat beneath his winged collar. Field glasses glinted in the case slung from his shoulder. He carried a stop-watch in his hand. He was George E. Smith, "Pittsburgh Phil," owner of a racing stable and the heaviest and shrewdest plunger of the day, who would bet a hundred thousand dollars on a horse to win and never change expression as he won or lost. He thought and talked horses and nothing else and he made his bets solely on his own level-headed, excellent judgment and what unimpeachable information he could pick up. There was an even-toned casual-



ness in the little fellow's greeting from the rail-top. "Hello, Mr. Smith. Why, nothin'. I'm just sittin' here, watchin' 'em go by. You been clockin' 'em?"

The tall man's eyes narrowed as he studied the boy. "Yes." He said. "What horses you ridin' this afternoon?"

The little fellow's eyes wandered across the enclosure and picked up a ruck of horses, seven or eight of them, running, bunched, past the judges' stand. Three men moved toward the finish line, watches in hands. Sending a stable away for timing, training and general information.

"Why, Thistle." He answered the gambler. "Oh My, Rhoderick Dhu—"

His voice trailed away as the small black horse, hugging the rail, galloped into his sight around the turn. He noted that the boy riding him was also small and his head was large and mis-shapen under his cap. The gambler followed his glance and now both were watching. As the horse drew almost abreast of them, a scrap of paper, lifted by a light wind flurry, rose in its path. The horse shied and bucked and the rider described a perfect arc and landed on head and shoulder on the track where he lay without movement.

The ruck of horses was rounding the turn when the little fellow leaped and lit running. Reaching the prostrate form, he swooped and lifted the lad, even in that split second surprised at his lightness, and ran to the inside of the track. "Pittsburgh Phil" from inside the enclosure, lifted him out of his arms and the little fellow crouched against the rail. The horses thudded past him.

He swung up and over the rail to find the gambler kneeling on one knee, holding the boy's head against his arm and pulling at his cap. The cap came away to release a cascade of long black hair but the contours under the turtle-neck sweater had already informed the little fellow that his "boy" was a girl.

There was a huge bump on the right side of her forehead, long scratches on her face and little freckled pug nose and she had the longest eyelashes the little jockey had ever seen. They fluttered and parted to reveal a pair of bewildered blue eyes that rolled and finally centered on the gambler, on the jockey. She straightened immediately and wobbled uncertainly to her feet.

"I must have fell." She told nobody in particular and the little fellow, from the vantage of his great age and experience, saw that she was just a young kid, eighteen or so. "Where's my hoss?"

Neither answered. Both stared at her in what she correctly interpreted as a puzzled but disapproving manner. To tell the truth, she was something totally outside their experience. In those days, no nice women wore pants for the simple reason that no nice woman had legs. A lady became a long dress at her neck. Only a certain, a low type of woman would dare get into riding breeches and take a horse around a race track, even if she thought of it and could ride astride, which she couldn't. But anyone could see that this girl was not that type—

A long, gangling middle-aged man with large protruding eyes and a halo of wispy hair at the base of his bald crown, flapped across the enclosure in overalls, the bottoms of which were stuck into boots. Ignoring her rescuers, he grasped the girl by the shoulders and peered at her.

"You hurt, Mary?" he demanded anxiously. "I saw you fall."

"No, Daddy." She reassured him. "Just a bump and a few scratches."

"That's good!" He rejoiced and turned to the jockey. "I saw you save her life, young feller. That was mighty quick work. My name's Strange. Jonathan Strange." He thrust out a long limp hand which the little fellow took and dropped. "This is my daughter, Mary."

"Glad to meet you," the little fellow mumbled. He thought for a second of giving his own name on account of the girl. But his brother, Cash was carrying it to fame as one of the better jockeys on the Eastern Circuit, "The Big Apple," and he had promised himself he would not own it until he was as good a jockey as Cash or better. "My name's Blauser." He identified





He looked at her and saw that she was Mary Strange, and the reason he hadn't known her was because she was wearing a dress

himself. "Jim Blausen. And this is Mr. Smith."
 "I saw Mr. Smith lift Mary over the rail." Jonathan acknowledged, turning to stare at the gambler. "Why, say! You're Pittsburgh Phil, ain't you? The plunger?" And as the gambler nodded. "Why, sho! My daddy pointed you out to me at New Orleans years ago. He was Ezekial Strange. Remember him?"

Not only Pittsburgh Phil but the little fellow remembered Ezekial Strange. He was a racetrack character who had toured the smaller circuits for years. Sometimes he had one horse, sometimes, when luck had been kind, as many as four or five. But he was never without the firm conviction that some day he would come into the possession of a great stake horse which would win all the biggest purses and enable him to retire to a large farm which someone else would work for him.

"Why certainly I remember Ezekial?" the gambler smiled as he shook hands. "How is he?"

"He's dead." Jonathan told them simply. "Died last October down in Tulsa during a race meetin'. That's why we're here. Me and Mary were farmin' up in North Dakota when we got word. We had awful poor crops last year so we went down to Tulsa and buried him. He left us all he had in the world, the mare, Nioby. You just saw her throw Mary."

"Where is she now, Dad?" Mary asked.

"She's all right." Jonathan told her. "I saw one of the boys catch her. He'll bring her back to the barn. She's a pretty good horse. Mr.—Mr. Pittsburgh. I know horses because I spent most of my boyhood with my father around racetracks. I tended his horses and helped him train them. But I never liked the life. So when I married, I went to farmin' but I never made more than a bare livin' at it. My wife died five years ago. Mary here inherited her grandfather's love for horses. She could ride almost as soon as she could walk. So when we got back home after the funeral and found out there wasn't much left out of the farm, we sort of decided to sell out and bring Nioby out here and send her to the races. That's what we did. Now she's about all we got."

"How'd you get out here?" The gambler asked.

"Why, we come out behind Nioby by easy stages. Took us five weeks and we got here three weeks ago with quite a little money, enough, anyhow, for stable rent and feed and entry fees and, maybe, a little bet, any time we like Nioby's chances. We didn't aim to waste any money on trainers or exercise boys so I'm trainin' her myself and Mary's ridin' her. We bed down in the stable and cook our own meals. Nioby's entered in the fifth Saturday. Wish you'd come and look her over. Like to get your opinion."

The sun was coming up to dispel the fog. Niobé had been blanketed and put in her stall by the unknown good neighbor and Mary hurried to bring her out on a halter to the exercise ring to cool her out. Pittsburgh Phil watched the mare as she stepped briskly and daintily behind Mary. The little fellow watched the girl, his first shock of horror at sight of a young woman in breeches already fading before an awakened sentimental admiration for her graceful feminine awkwardness in those unconventional garments.

"Think she'll go any place?" Jonathan asked after what he considered a long enough period for anyone to form an opinion.

"Maybe. And maybe not." Pittsburgh Phil replied noncommittally, answering the question as asked.

"Sure she will." The little fellow stated with conviction, but he didn't mean the mare. A feeling of embarrassed panic seized him as the eyes of all three centered upon him. "Who's ridin' her Saturday?" He blurted to relieve the situation.

"Why," Jonathan scratched his chin. "We hadn't come to that yet. We still got four days but I admit gettin' a good jockey might mean a little trouble. No good boy's anxious to be up on an unknown and this'll be Nioby's first showin' in such refined company."

"I'll ride her." The little fellow brusquely announced.

The eyes of Jonathan and Mary rested upon him and then moved with one accord (Continued on page 38)

The Forgotten Man



by Preston Pumphrey

I GUESS you could describe me as the 'forgotten man,' because nobody knows the radio director. Few radio listeners even are aware that he exists. But radio programs don't just happen. They are created bit by bit, and even the most outstanding artists in other fields must learn from the radio director how to adapt their talents to the microphone.

I remember how, some three years ago, Frank MacMahon wanted Madame Jeritza for a guest appearance on one of his programs. Jeritza wasn't interested. The fee was satisfactory—no trouble there—but she had sung on the radio before, and what the critics said next day convinced her that radio was no place for a great singer.

Some mutual friends came to MacMahon's aid, and persuaded her to try radio once more. She came to rehearsal. The result was as bad as Jeritza herself had feared. MacMahon didn't tell her that, but when the orchestra went home he kept Jeritza and an accompanist in the studio. Then MacMahon worked. So did Jeritza. From two feet he moved her back to three, then five, finally ten feet from the microphone. He taught her to turn her head aside on fortissimo passages. He went over the numbers time after time until she handled the microphone like an old friend.

No one loves that kind of grueling rehearsal, least of all, an international star. Jeritza was angry. She said things that had best not be repeated. She almost wept. Only the

odd discipline of the theatre—the habit of taking orders from the director—held her to rehearsal. Finally MacMahon was satisfied. The broadcast that night justified his expectations, but Jeritza swept regally from the studio without condescending to notice him.

Early next morning she came to his office, in her hands a large autographed picture, in her eyes tears. "Ah, Mr. MacMahon. I am sorry. All my friends said my singing last night was good. For the first time on the radio it was the real Jeritza. And you made me do it. How can I ever hope to thank you enough?"

By and large, the great stars of the entertainment world are easy to direct. Gladys Swarthout, Lawrence Tibbett, Bea Lillie, Ben Bernie, Frank Crumit—wise in the ways of the theatre, they enable a director to show them off to the best possible advantage. It is the girl fresh from her debut at Town Hall, or the one who has just finished six months broadcasting for some tiny radio station that is hard to manage.

But just what does a radio director do? Does he direct the orchestra?

No. Does he write the broadcast? Not necessarily. Does he control the dials? No. Does he direct the actors? Yes. Oh, then only dramatic radio programs have directors? No. But if there are no actors to direct, what does the director do? There's the question.

Usually the director's work on a broadcast begins long before rehearsals start. He goes over the musical suggestions of the conductor and singers, and marshals the music in its final order. He writes, or supervises the writing of the continuity. He engages the actors and any guest stars the program pre-



Right: Jack Smart, a radio actor who is so good he can practically name his own salary

sents. Then, in rehearsal, he strikes out those ideas, musical and otherwise, which don't live up to expectations, he adds any needed new material, and sees that every performer delivers the best that's in him. On the director really depends the success or failure of the broadcast, not only because of the planning he has put into it, but also because in radio productions are made or irretrievably marred in rehearsal.

Even so, almost the only radio directors known to the public are those who write, direct, and play in their own productions, such folk as George Frame Brown, Phil Lord, and Mrs. Berg. Can you name even one more?

One of the director's lesser jobs is telling the audience what to do. Don't think when you receive tickets to a broadcast that the sponsor has made them available just out of the goodness of his heart. Usually studio audiences are invited because they are needed. Only a good-sized audience can give a production that full-throated laughter or hearty applause which tells the folks listening at home that something noteworthy is happening in the studio.

Not long ago a comedian, who had best be nameless, was declining steadily in popularity. The jokes he told grew staler and staler, and the laughter came more and more faintly. So the studio engineer rigged a spe-

cial system to magnify the laughter. When the audience tittered politely, the sound came over the air as gales of laughter. The trick worked. And not one of the radio critics dared say he was no longer funny.

On most programs applause is rigorously controlled. Any studio audience will applaud heartily at the end of a program. Often they will applaud a particularly magnificent number, just as they would in a concert hall. But radio directors often

want applause at times when the studio audience could have no possible reason for giving it. For instance, Portland Hoffa always has her round of applause when she makes her appearance before the microphone in Town Hall. The

Below: Madame Schumann-Heink, the opera star, with Mrs. Gertrude Berg of the "Goldberg Hour." Madame Schumann-Heink is one of the few stars who habitually speeds up her performance in an actual broadcast



Right: Madame Maria Jeritza singing, with Walter Damrosch conducting. Madame Jeritza at first had great difficulty adjusting her voice to the microphone



Below, from left to right: Ray Kelly, NBC's sound effects chief, makes thunder with a window screen, and next, Kelly testing his rain-making machine, which works by dropping rape seed on a circular disk. Last: The wind machine, which can produce either a zephyr or a gale



studio audience wouldn't give it spontaneously. Why should they? Portland has been sitting there on the platform in front of them for twenty minutes. In several of the studios the audience is asked to applaud solos they don't even hear, because the soloist sings so softly to the microphone that in the studio the voice seems drowned under the orchestral accompaniment.

Getting applause or laughter from an audience is really a job of cheer leading. Sometimes a director uses a big sign reading "APPLAUSE" or his other sign which says "LAUGHTER." When laughter is wanted, the sign is necessary, but for applause I personally prefer just to use my hands. The harder I clap, the louder the audience applauds. Of course I may be a little prejudiced on the subject, because so often when I use the applause sign I get it upside down. Then the audience sees something like this: "ESQVILIDV." Fortunately, when they do, they applaud anyway.

Audiences can be faked with the aid of the studio sound effects department. But there is a peculiar hollow quality to the sound effects imitation which makes the real audience much preferable. Cheering is the one audience effect which a phonograph record reproduces satisfactorily. Supply me with a brilliant sports announcer like Ford Bond or Ted Husing, and a clever sound effect man like Clem Waters or Harry Saz and I'll give you a radio prize-fight, a football game or a horse race you couldn't tell from the original.

Sound effects are to radio what scenery is to the stage. Perhaps they are even more important. And they are achieved by innumerable clever devices including a great deal of honest realism. One of the favorite journalistic stories about radio describes the quest for a certain sound effect—perhaps beer pouring

from a bottle. The story tells of various experiments—running water from a faucet, pouring water from a glass, using the milk the stenographer brought for lunch. Finally, some one has an idea! A messenger is sent downstairs for a bottle of beer. It is opened. They pour it. Eureka! Beer poured from a bottle sound like beer poured from a bottle. Such stories are nonsense.

Whenever a sound effect is wanted, the first move of the operator is to get the object described and do exactly what the script calls for—if he can. When you hear a man walking upstairs in a radio play, be sure that in the studio a man really is walking up stairs. Sound effect departments have stairs just for that purpose, portable stairs which they

haul from studio to studio. The dishes you hear in the breakfast scene are real dishes. Even the scene where mother is doing the family wash is reproduced with a washboard, a tub of water and some old rags. Nothing sounds quite so much like the truth as the truth itself.

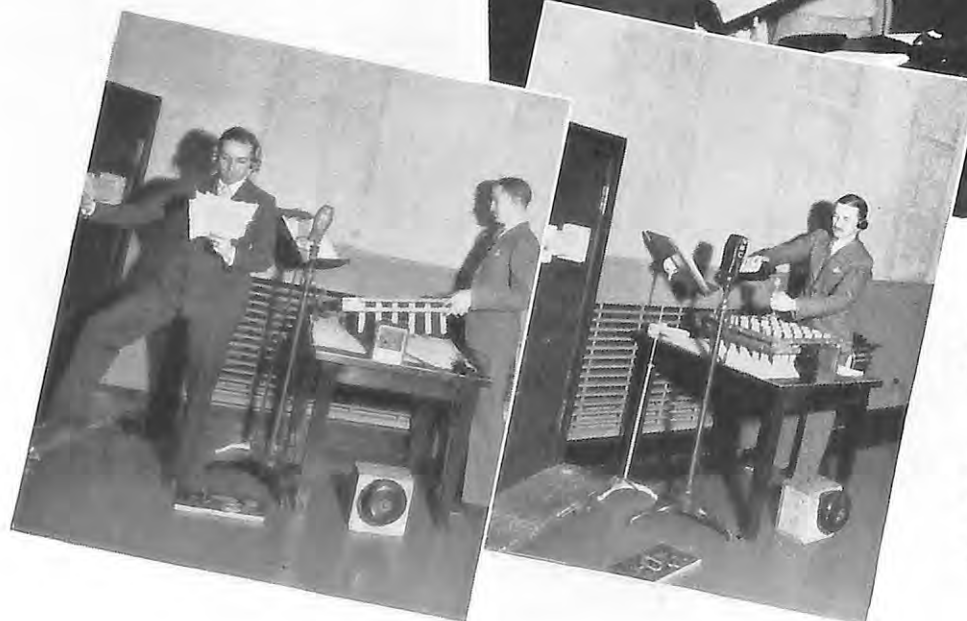
Unfortunately the right materials can't always be obtained. I remember one detective story which called for a hatchet murder. Here the real thing was out of the question. Undaunted, the sound effect man sent out for some canteloupes.

(Continued on Page 52)

Below: Conrad Thibault, who possesses one of radio's top flight voices. It is excellent for the mike



Above: Mrs. Gertrude Berg directing and acting in her famous radio program, "The Goldbergs," which she also writes



Left: Sound effects men producing the effects of a closing cabin door, marching soldiers, and the pouring of a drink. The men wear earphones so they can hear the dialogue and catch their proper cues

Broadcast



At top is Patsy Kane, the alluring little come-on used by Don Bestor's orchestra as a soloist. She is heard with the band latish on Thursday and Saturday evenings over the Columbia network.

At right of her is a study of Hal Kemp, whose orchestra has been heard these many years over some ten million mikes, to use a nice, round number. Currently, Kemp and the boys are making music for Columbia's Frank Crumit-Julia Sanderson show.

Above, left, Margaret McCrae tweekles most of the vocal choruses featured by Freddie Rich and his band on those Saturday night WABC performances.

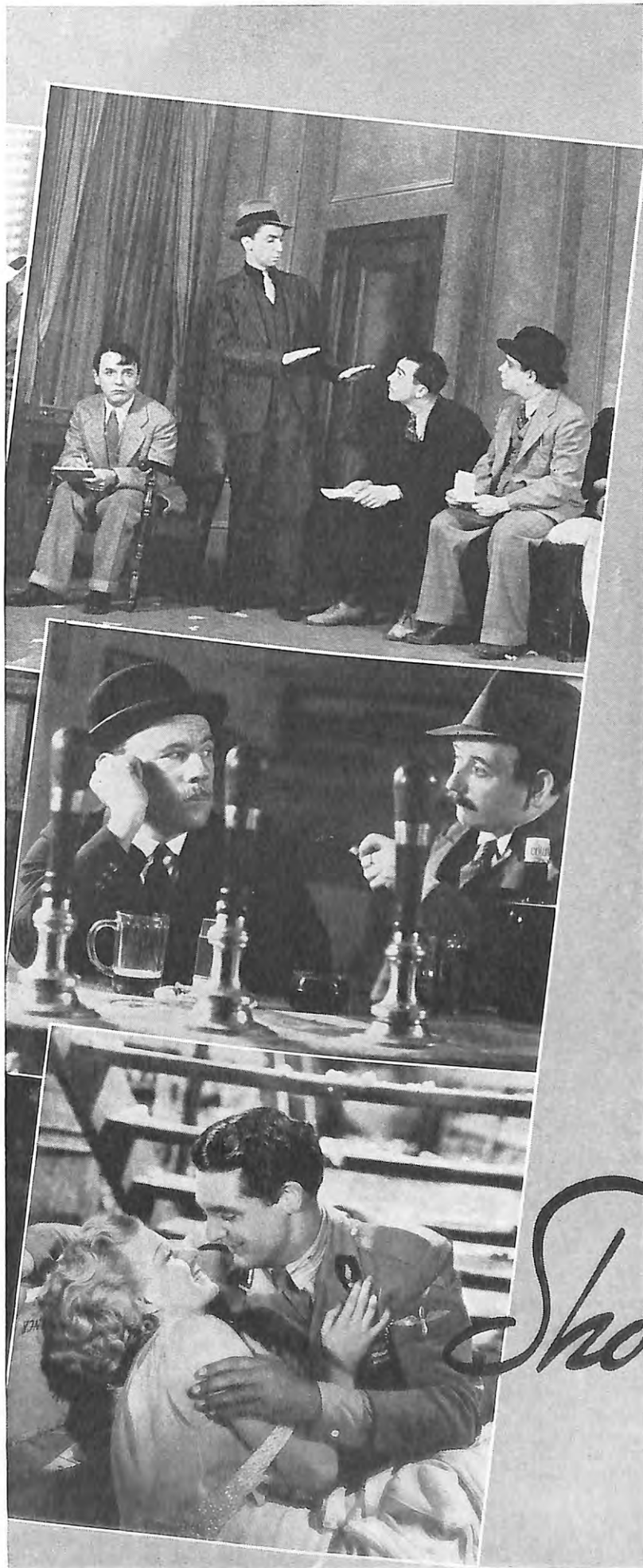
NBC's Allen Prescott, with young friend is above right. Through Mr. Prescott's home-body broadcasts he is known, somewhat startlingly, as "The Wife Saver." We thought you'd like to know.

Below is Mrs. Wynant Davis Hubbard, a lady who has traveled extensively through Darkest Africa, and has but recently returned from Ethiopia, a land which you may have heard about. Mrs. Hubbard, who is the wife of the author whose works appear frequently in THE ELKS MAGAZINE, has been heard frequently of late as a guest star on various NBC programs.

Below right is Ferne, the pretty violinist featured by Fred Waring's Pennsylvanian's each Friday night from 9:30 to 10 over an NBC network. Waring programs are this Department's idea of the best for music, comedy and slick direction, and we repeatedly and respectfully call attention to these opinions.







On opposite page: Top left, Miss Kay Francis ably portrays Florence Nightingale in a cinema regrettably known as "The White Angel." Miss Francis gives her usual capable but uninspired best to the role of the famous nurse.

Opposite her is a shot of two balmy creatures in the clutches of an M. D. We refer to the riotous Miss Mary Boland and her team-mate Charlie Ruggles in a scene from their rollicking new comedy, "Early to Bed."

At left center is Romance, in the form of the startlingly beautiful Dolores Costello, flanked by George Raft. They appear in a cinematic effort tastefully entitled "Yours for the Asking." Miss Costello, after a considerable absence from the Hollywood lots, is forcefully reestablishing herself as a capable actress.

In curious contrast to them is a shot of seven little gutter snipes playing in Broadway's most exciting show, "Dead End," which continues to run through the summer.

At bottom left are two stage gentlemen who lick the stuffings out of the motion picture industry with their brutal interpretation of a brace of goosy scenario writers loose in Hollywood. The comedy, "Boy Meets Girl," is slated to last out the summer, providing at least one spot in Manhattan where the citizens can find a laugh on hot and humid evenings.

Beside them, a scene from the film, "The Crime of Dr. Forbes," in which Robert Kent and Glorious Gloria Stuart involve themselves in the most frightful difficulties over a mercy killing.

This page: Top, a covey of tough lads and a lady who provide New York with another summer laugh in a mad farce, "Three Men on a Horse." The play has been running well over a year and appears to be well nigh indestructible.

Center, Roland Young sceptically surveying a colleague in one of the weird scenes from Mr. H. G. Wells' even weirder motion picture, "The Man Who Could Work Miracles." Mr. Young as a miracle worker is something to think

Show Business

twice about. Despite the comedy, this English film contains definite and encouraging implications of social criticism.

Bottom, Jean Harlow and Cary Grant in a highly characteristic pose from M-G-M's highly characteristic film, "Suzy." We bet it's about love.

"Yes!" he cried, "it will be a sickle of death, and I will wield it. Look at me!"

Part I

IN THEIR own gathering way and in their own time the rumours of the sword fights of Urnaul and of his failure to win the red woman Alor came home to Long Baravaish beyond the mountains that hedge in the high plain of The Ser. There in that lean hamlet, where the squat houses were strung far apart along the slope, below the pines and above the marshes of Rem, lived Urnaul's father and the four brothers of Urnaul.

The father, Orugh, old only in years, grizzled, wide as a door, padded in sound flesh, was an easy going man who took a great pride in what he deemed his notable virtue: steadfastness; but his sons knew that, whatever else he was, he was not steadfast. They might agree that he was a trace obstinate on occasion, yet easily relenting, forgetting anger readily and his desperately sworn pledges with indifference; and they would point out that the reason he had most of his own way was because his own way was a good way, and it pleased them to let him have it. By trade he was a sword maker and a notable one.

Delgaun was the oldest brother, a taciturn dark man who held reason as the only god. In his early manhood he had travelled widely, unchronicled, unheard of, wearing no sword, but now, youth put away from him, he had finally moored himself in his own haven, where he took thought before giving tongue and held steadfastly by a peace that hid some old unquiet at its core. Next to Delgaun came Con, a giant of a man, with black crisp curls and white teeth, a great lover, with brittle laughter, and the best swordsman in Long Baravaish now that Urnaul was killing in The Ser so that no man but Urnaul should be the father of Alor's son. Younger than Con was Flann, lantern-jawed, horse-headed, with a corrosive tongue, a sour rind, and a kind core. And last there was Maur.

Maur, the youngest son of Orugh, was a stripling of twenty, with a mobile mouth, darkish wavy hair, and eyes like a deer's; he had the delicately-smooth, olive-brown skin of a girl, and a girl like him would have lovers in plenty. He was full brother to Urnaul and Delgaun and half brother to Con and Flann; he was the apple of his father's eye, and Delgaun, fifteen years older, loved him as a cow her calf, perhaps because he



Face

was not unlike what Delgaun himself had been before he had gone out into the world, disappeared for ten years, and come back that heavy, taciturn man. Young Maur was a great talker, had a theory about most things, and would have a theory about everything if he knew that far. He would be the last to admit that he did not. Worse than that he was something of a poet—or, at least, a maker of songs. Here is a bit of one:

Baravaish is lonely by the marshes of the Rem,
With the lapwing calling weary and the plover's pain,
The high eerie shaken whistle of the curlew
Calling rain.

Wandering men of Baravaish go far away from Rem,



of Stone

Their feet on all the winding ways, their keels on
plain of sea,
Till the hollow homing hunger murmur dimly,
"What seek ye?"

Then weary men of Baravaish come homing back
to Rem,

To the slope below the pine trees
by the gold bar of the sea,
Till again the wander hunger
thrills its siren,
"Follow me."

Some held that that was a
reasonable good song, and some

that it was a desperately bad one, but most did not think
much of it either way. Maur himself had no doubts at all.

When the tales of Urnaul and the woman Alor came
at last to Baravaish, Maur had his theory ready.

"Alor is the Woman-without-mercy, and Urnaul no
more than her sword hand. She
is the sum of all the appeals
that woman makes to man, and
no man knows where her glam-
our sits to grasp it. She is older
than all the tales, and all the great
tales have been about her."

That last sentence pleased him

by
Maurice Walsh

and he contemplated it. At the time—a harvest evening—he was pacing back and forth before his father's house. A long house it was, and a low one, with thick walls of sun-dried clay and a roof of thatch, and the bent-grass eaves jutted out over a wide sun-porch one highstep off the ground. Stout old Orugh lay leg-wide in a twisted oaken chair; Con and Flann sat against the wall, and Delgaun on the edge of the porch, his shoulder leaning on a post, and his deep-set eyes follow-

of this woman and that woman before Alor was born." "Golden women that caused wars, and dark ones that sapped the strength of men! A long line, Flann, and of that line is Alor."

"She is a red woman, they say," said Orugh.

"And, so, notable in our dark-haired world," said Maur. "A red woman that stays in a man's mind, a man told me once, and he could not tell me anything else of her beauty or even anything of the lack of it."



ing Maur's feet pacing back and forth on the packed clay.

This lad Maur was of good height, slender and supple like a lance, his hair waving on his poet's brow, green-girdled saffron-yellow tunic leaving neck, arms and legs bare and brown, and raw-hide sandals giving plenty of room to his wide-spaced toes. He did not pace with any regularity. When talking he was inclined to step aside, to check abruptly, to lean his breast on the rail of the porch and fix his dreamer's gaze on the man who had spoken last. It was only while others gave tongue—which he made sure was not too often—that he paced steadily.

"Alor is older than all the tales, and all the great tales have been about her," he repeated, and looked down at his brother Degaun. It was Flann, the satiric one, who took him up.

"I have never heard a great tale of Alor or any other woman," said he, "but, good or bad, there were tales

"When I was young," said Con, who was still that, "there came tales of a woman in Far Mussoul whose appeal was not in beauty, but whose appeal was so great and so wicked that her judges, to condemn her, had to be blindfolded."

"I would like to judge that woman, but not blindfolded," said Flann. "Was that the one that the terrible Stone-Face did all the killing for?"

"That was the one. And, when they killed her, Stone-Face disappeared, and no man has seen or heard of him to this day."

"Delgaun," said Flann slyly, "you were out and about the world that time yourself?"

Delgaun's heavy head nodded slowly.

"Maybe you loved that woman too, Delgaun?"

"She was made that way," said Delgaun in his low slow voice, "but she was not wicked."

"A wonder that you did not try a clout at Stone-Face?" hinted Flann derisively, his eyes sharp, bright.

"That is no wonder," said Delgaun patiently still.

"No wonder at all surely," agreed his father. "Delgaun was never a sword fighter," and added regretfully, "though he has the wrist and the thigh bone—But tut! We were talking of my son Urnaul and the woman Alor, and what I am saying is that he will have his own way with her yet."

"A pity for the men he met that he did not have that way at the beginning," said Flann in a flat voice.

"Milk-tooth! What do you know about Alor?" derided Flann.

"I have limned a picture of her in my mind's eye," said the poet, "and I know her to the very marrow of her bones. Look now! She has red hair and she stays in a man's mind. Brief enough. But enough. Men attract her and she attracts men, but in the end it must be that something in her revolts against them. And that is because she has some secret ideal-man in her own mind.

Time and again she imagines her ideal alive in a man here and there, a man like Urnaul—a man like Con here—"

"What about yourself?"

Con wanted to know.

"Wait till she sees me. The thing I am certain of is that some icy virgin in her takes fright when her hero becomes the mere male—"

"What else would a hero become?" Flann inquired.

"Nothing in his power, and there you have the core of the trouble. She means no harm, but the harm is done; she is no vampire, but she drains the joy of living out of a man; she is without guile, and she might as well have all the wiles of the serpent. I need say no more."

"You have said a good deal, long talker," said Flann.

"My son Urnaul should fit the ideal of that woman or any other woman," persisted Orugh obstinately. "He is the best man of his hands between here and wherever he is."

"Woman has not been an affair of hands since Deirdre died, old fellow," said Flann.

"Urnaul is a good swordsman," said Con the swordsman, "even if he is not as good as his father thinks."

"He is the best swordsman I ever made a sword for."

"There is one swordsman in The Ser that might puzzle him," said Flann. "Fergus of Running Water."

"I made a sword for Fergus, too," said Orugh.

"I saw Fergus at a practice bout once," said Con frowningly. "A rod of steel and light as a blown leaf. He is good as the best, small as he is."

"There is only one way to beat him," said Maur grimly.

Con grinned. "You have the trick, young Maur?" "I will give it to you, Con. Keep his blade engaged till you are ready to strike the killing blow."

"I have it now," said Con soberly, and then he laughed. "Every man that tried Fergus tried that, and they are all dead or maimed."

"It is the only way, nevertheless," Delgaun stood up for Maur.

"Hear the skilled men talk!" taunted Flann. "But if only Stone-Face of Far Mussoul would come out of his hole and borrow a sword, as they say was his custom, he would soon put your puny swords in their place, and a deep and narrow place."

"He might do that," agreed Con weightily.

"That man is dead," said Delgaun.

"How do you know?"

"I stood on his grave," said Delgaun.

"Oh!" said Flann. "So?" (Continued on page 39)

*The Wastes of Rem
before my eyes set my
feet on roads across the
world—across all the
world . . .*



*Illustrated by
Harvey Dunn*

"But he will have it. Look at the qualities to him! Grave and steadfast, deep as a well, not readily touched, not to be turned aside—"

"Not able to turn aside," put in Flann.

"Constant then," insisted Orugh, "and renouncing nothing he sets his mind upon."

"You have put your finger on all his faults, my father," said Maur of the theories. "Urnaul the Steadfast, moving in his own deep groove, will never believe that Alor, if once she loved him, no longer loves him. The flame in him must flame in her, burn to the bone, consume unquenchably, delight him and her till time be done. Let all men beware then that Alor is Urnaul's woman—not yet his mate, not yet the mother of his son, but his woman against all comers. Who dare question it? Die then! There is Urnaul for you."

"That is indeed Urnaul," agreed Delgaun deeply.

"And that man will never have his way with the woman that is Alor," proclaimed Maur positively.



EDITORIAL

Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan

BEFORE the next issue of The Elks Magazine, Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan will have surrendered his office to his successor and will have become the junior Past Grand Exalted Ruler.

He will thus take his provided place among a distinguished group who have established a high standard of leadership and of devotion to official duty and who have created an enviable record of fraternal achievement. Yet he may carry into his new association a consciousness that he has earned a high place among his predecessors by his own loyalty and zeal and by his splendid administration of the Order's affairs during his term of office.

Notwithstanding the exacting duties resting upon him as Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, Judge Hallinan has met every demand of his position as chief executive of the Order. He has not only displayed a self-sacrificing devotion to his fraternal duties and an unusual ability in dealing with its business affairs, but he has also exhibited a rare capacity for inspiring enthusiasm among its entire membership.

By his winning personality, the obvious sincerity of his own fraternal loyalty, and the forceful eloquence with which he has delivered his messages to the subordinate Lodges, he has done much to revive the true Elk spirit throughout the entire Order. And at the conclusion of his term that spirit is more distinctly pervasive than it has been for years.

Judge Hallinan may contemplate with just pride the marked success of his administration. And it is with confident assurance that it is voicing the sentiments of the whole membership that The Elks Magazine expresses to him their

keen appreciation of his splendid services, their sincere personal affection and their earnest wishes that he may have many years of happy associations in continued service to the Order as Past Grand Exalted Ruler.

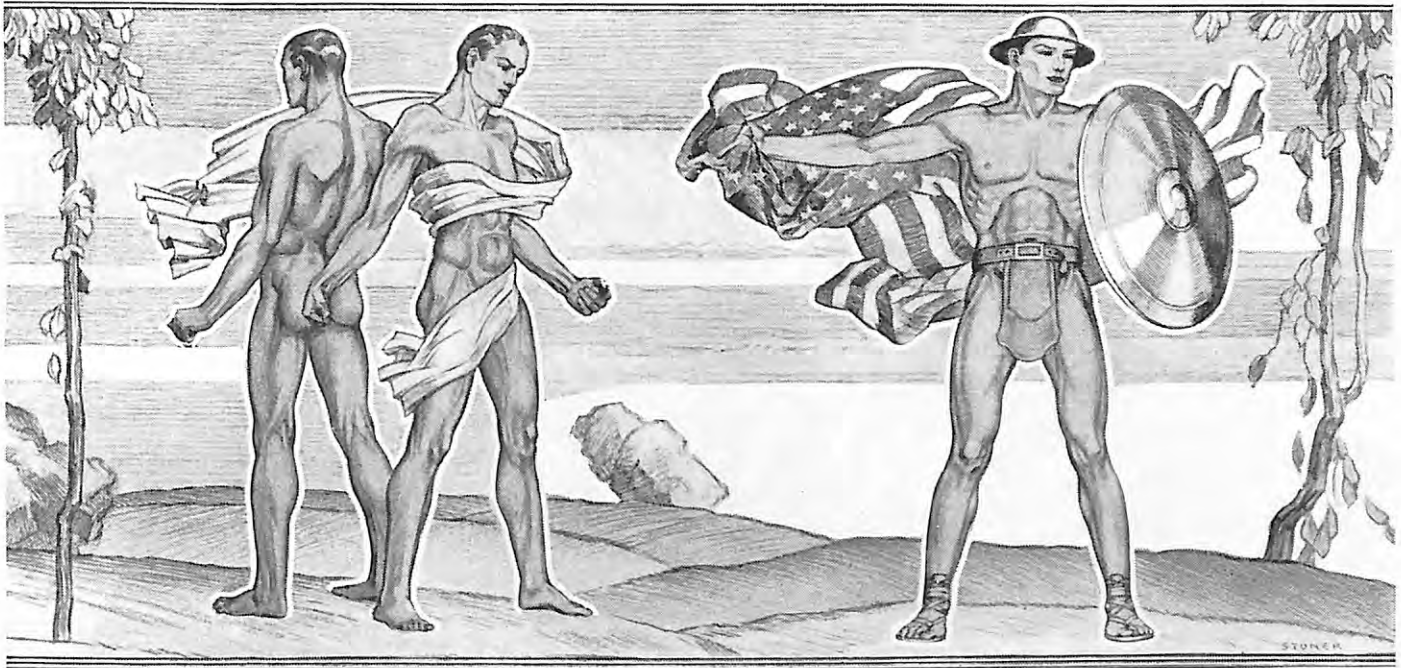
Keep the Enthusiasm Alive

EVERY well informed Elk will realize that there is a marked improvement in conditions throughout the Order generally. The revived enthusiasm of its membership has displayed itself by increased activity in the subordinate Lodges in every field of fraternal endeavor. It behooves all those who are interested in the Order to strive to keep this enthusiasm alive, so that the good work may continue.

One of the most effective ways to accomplish this is through the full attendance of Exalted Rulers, as Representatives of their respective Lodges, at the approaching Grand Lodge session in Los Angeles.

The experience of recent years has proved that the conferences of Exalted Rulers, held as special features of the Grand Lodge Conventions, have resulted in an enthused official leadership in the subordinate Lodges, which has been definitely reflected in a more enthused lay membership.

The immediate and personal contact which the newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler thus establishes with the Exalted Rulers of the Lodges, and the opportunity thus presented to discuss his policies with those upon whom he must rely in carrying them out, insures prompt action, without the delay incident to the old plan, with its impersonal aspect, of issuing official circulars, sometimes long after the Grand Exalted Ruler has been installed.



The Exalted Rulers are thus made to realize more fully the important part they play in the administration of the Order's affairs; and they are naturally inspired with a determination to meet their responsibilities with aggressiveness and courage.

The importance of the attendance by Exalted Rulers upon the Grand Lodge Convention cannot be over accentuated. And each subordinate Lodge is urged to have its Representative at Los Angeles.

The Glorious Fourth

INDEPENDENCE DAY, or the Glorious Fourth as it is frequently termed, being the anniversary of our national independence, is an appropriate occasion for patriotic celebration.

All over the country this day will be observed, in many instances by ceremonials with elaborate programs.

The subordinate Lodges of our Order, as units of a distinctively American fraternity, should promote, or participate in, these celebrations. Failure to do so is an invitation to criticism for lack of interest in an important and significant patriotic event.

The occasion is one in which the school children of the community should have a part which will stimulate their enthusiasm and prove instructive as to facts of historic moment. The Lodges in the respective cities may well make effective contribution to the event by fostering the attendance and participation by the schools.

There are so many ways in which the subordinate Lodges may prove their interest that it would be futile to multiply suggestions. But it is earnestly commended that each should take some appropriate part in the celebration in its community of so important a national anniversary.

The Boy and the Good Gang



THE word "gang" and its derivative "gangster" have come to convey a menacing and sinister meaning in our present day language. And yet it is as natural for boys to form associations and attachments which result in their becoming a recognized group as it is for them to shoot marbles or spin tops. But these groups, which are generally called gangs by themselves, are not always, and need never be, of the criminal and evil type ordinarily suggested by that word. It is a matter of proper guidance and supervision.

The disposition of the boy to form his friendships, to idealize his friends and to imitate them, is one which parents and teachers should recognize as normal and which they should seek to guide and direct rather than to discourage or prohibit.

Boys are not inherently evil minded and vicious. They may become so if permitted to cultivate evil associations and to follow undirected youthful impulses. But they are just as readily amenable to good influences, wisely exerted upon them.

Therein lies the value of such organizations as the Boy Scouts, DeMolay, and Antlers. Through such instrumentalities the boyish tendency to form groups of congenial companions is encouraged; but it is also guided, so that the selections may be helpful, not hurtful; and so that their activities may be character building but none the less attractive.

When a Lodge of Antlers is formed and supervised along such lines and with such purposes in view, it is a potent agency for developing good citizenship. It is a boy's gang in a sense. But it is a good gang. It meets the desire of boyhood as well as its need.

Under the Antlers



Top: Officers of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge who conducted a Service Night Program which was attended by members of other fraternal orders
Underneath: Candidates, initiated into Jackson, Tenn., Lodge, in celebration of its 45th Anniversary

Cornerstone of New Pool Laid at Betty Bacharach Home

Federal, State and Elk officials with more than 1,000 residents and visitors gathered at the Betty Bacharach Home for Crippled Children near Atlantic City, N. J., on Mother's Day to pay tribute to mothers all over the world and to witness the laying of the cornerstone of the new therapeutic pool and physio-therapy department. The impressive ceremonies were opened by Dr. Edwin H. Coward, E. R. of Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276, which body takes a deep interest in the welfare of the Home. Dr. Coward introduced Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the New Jersey State Elks Crippled Children's Committee. Among the speakers were Governor Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey; William H. J. Ely, Administrator of the Works Progress Administration, which contributed materially to the building of the unit;

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

U. S. Senator A. Harry Moore, who laid the cornerstone of the new building housing the pool, and U. S. Senator W. Warren Barbour.

The department will house one of the most modern therapeutic pools to be used for the treatment of infantile paralysis. According to physicians it will be superior to any now in existence, including the one at Warm Springs, Ga. The building of the pool was made possible through the Government grant of the W. P. A., plus funds raised through the efforts of Joseph G.

Buch of Trenton, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Commission of the State of New Jersey, and a committee headed by Col. William H. Kelly, and the Crippled Children's Committees of 62 subordinate Elk Lodges throughout New Jersey.

John C. Hilder, Former Managing Editor of The Elks Magazine, Dies

On May 20, John Chapman Hilder passed away at the New Haven, Conn., Hospital, after a three-year illness. Though born in England, Mr. Hilder was long identified with editorial circles in New York. He was with *The Elks Magazine* from 1922 to 1930 and previous to that time was associated with such publications as "The Delineator," "Vanity Fair," "Harper's Weekly," "Harper's Bazar" and "Motor Life." He left *The Elks Magazine* in 1930 to become a free lance writer, in which field he achieved

considerable success. It will be recalled that during this period several of his stories appeared in *The Elks Magazine*.

Mr. Hilder is survived by his wife, Vera de Wolfe Hilder, and by John C. Hilder, Jr., a son by a previous marriage. To them and to Mr. Hilder's many friends *The Elks Magazine* offers its sympathy.

Annual Golf Tournament Held at Elks National Home

Each spring while the Board of Grand Trustees is in session at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., the Golf Club, composed of residents of the Home, plays its annual tournament for the trophy cup donated by Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge No. 842. This year the cup was won by Charles R. Lucas, of Pulaski, Va. Presentation of the cup was made by Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, who, in the course of his remarks, paid a fine tribute to Frank Meehan, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, a resident of the Home, who laid out the golf course and organized the club over five years ago. S. H. DeHoff, of Towson, Md., conducted the tournament and introduced the winner.

Norwood, Mass., Officers Installed by State Legislators

The new officers of Norwood, Mass., Lodge, No. 1124, were installed by Representative Daniel J. Honan, D.D., and Representative Joseph A. Milano, a P.E.R. of Melrose Lodge, both State Legislators. In honor of the new E.R., who is Representative Frank B. Coughlin, Mr. Honan arranged for a suite of 45 Senators and Representatives who are members of the Order to assist in the ceremony. Every one of the 16 Legislators who acted as Grand Lodge officers for the ceremonies is a P.E.R. of his own Lodge.

Right: *W. O. Lyman, new Exalted Ruler of Topeka, Kans., Lodge being installed by his father, P.E.R. Dr. W. H. Lyman*

Below: *Officers of the Ladies Auxiliary, a valuable asset to Boonton, N. J., Lodge in its welfare work*

Jerome and Prescott, Ariz., Lodges Hold Joint Meeting

An unusually large attendance was present at a joint meeting of Jerome, Ariz., Lodge, No. 1361, and Prescott, Ariz., Lodge, No. 330, at the latter's Home. A large delegation from the "Upper" and "Lower" Regions of the great mining center on the Verde was in attendance. Among those present were D.D. Alex W. Crane and P.E.R. Joe Haldiman, of Phoenix Lodge.

At the close of the meeting, at which joint installation ceremonies were held, a turkey dinner was served, while singing waiters regaled the members with music.

Ilion, N. Y., Lodge Officers Installed by P.D.D.'s

For the first time in the history of the New York North Central District the officers of a Lodge were installed in the presence of a D.D., with P.D.D.'s as installing officers when the new administrative body of Ilion, N. Y., Lodge, took office.

Pittsfield Elk Bowlers Close Successful Year

Sixty-five members of the Elks Bowling League of Pittsfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 272, and guests attended the annual banquet held at the Lodge Home recently to mark the close of another successful season. Prizes were awarded. A program of entertainment comprised the social doings.

Madison, Wis., Glee Club Holds Concerts

The Glee Club of Madison, Wis., Lodge, No. 410, recently held two concerts over Radio Station WIBA. The Club was organized by Alexius H. Baas in September, 1935, and has since enjoyed a busy season singing at social functions of the Lodge and broadcasting. Next year the Club expects to present an elaborate concert with a nationally known soloist.

News of Leominster, Mass., Lodge

The officers of Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237, have been busy of late installing officers of other Lodges. When the Leominster Elks attended the installation of Marlborough Lodge officers, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, of Boston, was in charge of the ceremonies.

During the recent flood Leominster Lodge was the first organization to offer flood relief to sufferers in the city when it voted a donation of \$150 to the Mayor and City Council for the Relief Fund. Receipt of the offer was gratefully accepted.

Lynchburg, Va., Lodge Initiates Sixty-Four

At a meeting held May 28th, Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, initiated a class of 64 candidates. Two reinstatements and one affiliation also joined Lynchburg Lodge to swell the total to 67. Lynchburg Lodge had been having pronounced success in its membership campaign, having recently initiated 133 and reinstated 17 in the Hallinan-Harper Class. On March 26th the Lodge initiated a class of five candidates.

Millville, N. J., Elks Hold Charity Benefit

The Millville, N. J., Elks recently gave a musical revue sponsored by and given for the benefit of the Crippled Children's Committee of Millville Lodge, No. 580. More than 125 children were on the program.



Below: *Officers of Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge who conducted a fine Mother's Day program at the Lodge Home*



Eastern Edition

New Castle, Pa., Elks Aid Red Cross

The Elks of New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69, recently turned over a check for \$750 to the Lawrence County Chapter of the American Red Cross. This handsome sum represented receipts from a benefit party held in the Lodge Home in March. The check was presented by Chairman Harry Alexander, who was in charge of the party arrangements.

Hampton, Va., Lodge Celebrates 39th Anniversary

The 39th Anniversary of the institution of Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, was recently celebrated with an elaborate party at the Lodge Home. P.E.R. Roland D. Cock, Commonwealth's Attorney, presided at the banquet. The entertainment featured a floor show with music, impersonations and dance numbers. Approximately 250 Elks from surrounding Virginia Lodges attended.

Harry-Anna Home Children Entertained by Circus

The children of the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home at Umattilla, Fla., were entertained by the Mighty Haag Shows of Marianna, Fla. A number of the performers and all of the executive staff of the Show are members of Marianna Lodge, No. 1516. The program was dedicated to "Col." Leonard Jones, a twelve-year-old patient in the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home. A box of candy was presented to each little guest by Mrs. Ernest Haag.

New Kensington, Pa., Lodge Gives Party

New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512, celebrated the Sixty-Eighth Anniversary of the Order with a

party for members and their ladies. Some 500 persons attended the banquet which took place after the Lodge meeting. The ladies were entertained at cards during the Lodge session. District and State officers spoke, praising the work being done by the officers of New Kensington Lodge.

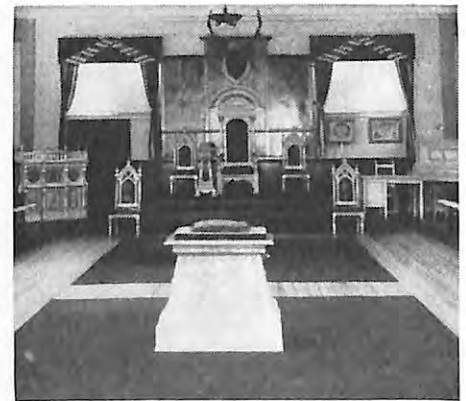
Among the speakers were P.E.R. and Past State Pres. M. F. Horne, who acted as Toastmaster; D.D. W. C. Kipp of Apollo Lodge; P.D.D.'s J. K. F. Weaver, Tarentum, and Francis T. Benson, Kittanning, and P.E.R. D. A. Reeser of New Kensington Lodge. Music and dancing were enjoyed after the speeches were over.

Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge Entertains Crippled Children

Fifty-three crippled children, being cared for by Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1477, were recently guests of the Columbia Broadcasting System at one of its big Sunday evening broadcasts. The children were in charge of E.R. Bernard J. MacEvoy and the other officers of the Lodge, about twenty members of the Ladies' Auxiliary and three district nurses. All were transported by special buses, with official police motorcycle escort from Bergenfield Lodge to the broadcasting station on 45th Street, New York City, and return. The children were never more excited about anything; the studio audience shared in the thrill.

Danville, Va., Lodge Initiates 14

Danville, Va., Lodge, No. 227, recently initiated a class of 14 prominent business men of the vicinity. The success which Danville Lodge is enjoying in regard to initiating members promises a bright future for the Lodge and its interested members.



Above: The impressive Lodge Room of Norfolk, Va., Lodge.

Below: Senator A. Harry Moore laying the cornerstone for the Therapeutic Pool at the Betty Bacharach Home near Atlantic City.



Palatka, Fla., Lodge Host to Florida Elks

Elks from all sections of Florida convened at Palatka, Fla., to participate in the first annual "All Florida Elks Day" held in the famous Palatka Ravine Gardens. D.D. Caspian Hale headed a program of speakers which also included Past State Pres. Harold Colee, a member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, and Pres. of the Florida State Chamber of Commerce; Secretary of State R. A. Gray; State Attorney General Cary D. Landis; State Railroad Commissioner Eugene Mathews; State Senator Henry Murphy, and Richard Forester, who developed the Gardens. A concert by the Red Men's Band followed a tour of the Ravines made by the visiting Elks. Another feature of entertainment was a baseball game between the Washington Senators and the Louisville Colonels, who were training in Florida.

Motorcades arrived from Jacksonville, Sanford, Daytona Beach, Ocala,

DeLand, Lake City, Gainesville, St. Augustine and New Smyrna. Visiting Elks were met by a reception committee of local Elks and their wives and escorted through the Gardens to view the plants and blooms that were to be seen in such profusion. A buffet lunch was served.

Freeland, Pa., Lodge Honors D.D. A. L. Mitke

Freeland, Pa., Lodge, No. 1145, recently staged an elaborate reception in honor of P.E.R. A. L. Mitke, D.D. for Pa. N.E., when he paid his official visit to his home Lodge. The program opened with a regular Lodge session followed by a supper and reception to the officers. During the meetings two candidates from White Haven were made Elks. On behalf of the Lodge, Est. Lect. Knight George Feissner presented the District Deputy with a gold wrist watch. Among the speakers were State Vice-Pres. J. P. Fitzpatrick, Pittston; Past State Pres. S. Clem Reichard, Wilkes-Barre, and

P.D.D.'s Robert F. Adam, Sayre, Wilbur G. Warner, Leighton, and J. G. Thumm, Shenandoah.

Following the regular Lodge session a conference of Exalted Rulers was held to prepare for the Northeast District Ritualistic Contest scheduled to take place at Wilkes-Barre Lodge with eight teams from the District Lodges participating. Delegations were present at the meeting from Berwick, Tamaqua, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Lansford, Pittston, Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, Leighton, Easton and other Pennsylvania towns and cities.

Seventeen New York Bowling Teams Meet

Through the efforts of the New York State Bowling Committee 17 Elk teams assembled in Utica recently for the 13th Annual New York State Bowling Tournament. The team from Malone, N. Y., Lodge No. 1303, registered the high score of 2859. State President George W. Denton rolled the Meet's first ball.



Watertown, N. Y., Lodge, which enjoyed a very successful Lodge year in 1935-36, was ably captained by the group of officers shown in the picture above

Below: A photograph taken at Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge during the Mother's Day ceremonies, with the Lodge's tableau of the painting "Whistler's Mother" shown in the background



Troy, N. Y., Lodge Holds Reception For D. D. Roddy

Celebrating the homecoming visit of D.D. Francis G. Roddy, Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, recently held a reception and dinner in the District Deputy's honor. Following the meeting of the P.E.R.'s Assn. of the N.E. District of New York, held in the Troy Lodge Home, a reception took place at which Elks from 15 Lodges joined in paying their respects to Mr. Roddy. Immediately after the reception 185 guests and members of Troy Lodge attended the dinner at which P.E.R. Dr. J. Edward Gallico, a Past Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., presided as Toastmaster.

Among the speakers were Mayor Chester J. Atkinson; E.R. Robert L. Rickerson; P.E.R. Surrogate Bertram P. Kavanagh, and State Senator William T. Byrne, P.E.R. of Albany Lodge. Dr. Gallico announced that the committee had sent a morris chair with a stool and reading lamp to Mr. Roddy's home as a

token of esteem from the Lodge. This time a number of Elks from Laconia, N. H., Lodge, No. 876, were present. Again a supper and entertainment followed the meeting.

Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge Holds "New Members' Night"

Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge, No. 1356, recently held one of the most enthusiastic and successful meetings in its history in honor of members who have been initiated during the present year, the occasion being known as "New Members' Night." The Lodge has increased its membership approximately 50 per cent during the Lodge year.

A special committee purchased and prepared for each new member a gift typifying some habit or peculiarity of each individual. Practically every new Elk responded with a brief speech. A class of candidates was initiated during the evening by the Lodge officers. Following the meeting a plate luncheon was served after which the bar was opened.

Fort Pierce, Fla., Elks Celebrate Tenth Anniversary

Members of Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge, No. 1520, and approximately half a hundred visitors celebrated the 10th Anniversary of the institution of the Lodge and as an added feature staged a bonfire of the mortgage and notes on the Lodge Home. The anniversary address was delivered by P.E.R. Alto Adams, P.D.D. for Fla. East. The guest speaker, State Pres. W. P. Mooty, of Miami Lodge, struck the match that lighted the bonfire. Two candidates were initiated, and refreshments were served following the session.

Reynoldsville Degree Team Initiates DuBois Class

The Degree Team of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, recently traveled to DuBois, Pa., Lodge, No. 349, and there initiated into the Order a class of approximately 25 candidates from DuBois and Johnsbury, Pa. Two weeks later the Reynoldsville Elks initiated a class of 14 into their own Lodge, and one into DuBois Lodge. About 60 DuBois members attended the meeting, augmenting the gathering to more than 300. The Lodge session was followed by a fish supper. On this occasion Reynoldsville Lodge presented life memberships to its six remaining charter members, all of whom are good and faithful Elks.



Left, from left to right: P.E.R. Charles S. Burnett and E. R. Jerome T. Hobert, of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge with Governor James M. Curley, of Mass., watching a little boy, a refugee of the recent flood, who was one of those housed in the Holyoke Lodge Home

Below and on opposite page: Participants in the testimonial dinner held by Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge in honor of retiring E. R. George M. Martin.

token of esteem from the Lodge. Mrs. Roddy was also remembered with a large bouquet of roses.

At the Lodge meeting that followed the dinner, 21 candidates and 10 reaffiliations were received into the Order. A large list of distinguished Elks representing various New York Lodges were present.

Wakefield, Mass., and Concord, N. H., Elks Hold Inter-Lodge Visits

Wakefield, Mass., Lodge, No. 1276, with its Exalted Ruler, Frank L. Bacigalupo presiding, recently inducted three candidates into Concord, N. H., Lodge, No. 1210, at the Concord Lodge Home. Elks from Everett, Mass., Lodge, No. 642, were also present at the meeting. A supper and entertainment followed the formal session.

Three days later Concord members journeyed to Wakefield, and with E.R. David J. Adams presiding, in-



News of Quincy, Mass., Lodge

Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, recently enjoyed one of the big evenings of the year on Past Exalted Rulers' Night when nearly all the past officers attended and took part in the activities. Other events held during the latter part of the winter which attracted attention were the trips of some 25 members to the banquet and reception given for Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan in Boston, and of the Degree Team to Norwood Lodge, No. 1124, where it assisted in the evening's program.

On February 22 a stag party was held with an elaborate program of wrestling and boxing. Quincy Lodge's well known "Beano" game, which has been in continuous play for 18 months, still holds the interest of many of the Lodge's members.

Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge Honors Member

In the presence of over 50 fellow members and other friends, Steve Kuk, a member of the New York Giants rookie group, was given a send-off by Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge, No. 101, with which he is affiliated. The testimonial dinner given for him was held in the main dining room of the Lodge Home. Many prominent members of Amsterdam's business, social and fraternal life spoke, praising the young baseball player's ability and wishing for him a successful career. Cards and music were enjoyed after the close of the speaking program.

Corry, Pa., Lodge Honors P.E.R.'s

One hundred members of Corry, Pa., Lodge, No. 769, gathered in the Lodge Home recently to observe P.E.R.'s Night at which time a class of candidates was initiated into the Order in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan. Past Exalted Rulers conferred the Degree. P.D.D. Jack F. Austin, the Lodge's

first Exalted Ruler, delivered the principal address. A social session with refreshments closed what was a most enjoyable meeting for all.

Red Bank, N. J., Lodge Celebrates Silver Anniversary

One of the entertainment features presented by Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, in the celebration of its 25th Anniversary, was a minstrel show held in the Lodge Home before a crowd of 400 persons. Many song and dance acts brought forth whole-hearted applause from the audience. Other events held during the week of the Lodge's Silver Anniversary celebration were a Charter Members' Night and a Leap Year Dance which was preceded by a second showing of the minstrels which had also been presented two weeks before.

Charter Members' Night was one of the pleasantest occasions enjoyed by Red Bank Lodge in some time. After the Lodge session, during which an initiation took place and talks relating to the Anniversary were made, the charter members were guests of honor at a dinner in the grill room. Special entertainment was presented and various indoor games were enjoyed by the Elks.

Holyoke, Mass., Elks Hold "Irish Night"

Five hundred and sixty persons enjoyed an old fashioned corned beef and cabbage dinner in the Home of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, and at least 600 attended the show which followed as a feature of the annual "Irish Night" held by the Lodge. Delegations of Elks from Springfield, Westfield, Northampton, Three Rivers, Ware and Greenfield, Mass., and Hartford and Rockville, Conn., attended.

Holyoke Lodge has not held such a big "Nationality Night" in many years, reservations being made far in advance. The hall was gay with

green and gold decorations, with the shamrock scattered about in great profusion. A minstrel show furnished entertainment. P.E.R. John J. Sheehan acted as Master of Ceremonies with Thomas F. Griffin as interlocuter. Edward F. Gilday, Sr., directed the music and John Marion was the accompanist for the show.

San Juan, Puerto Rico, P.E.R. Receives Presidential Appointment

P.E.R. Martin Travieso of San Juan, Puerto Rico, Lodge, No. 972, a present member of the Lodge's Board of Trustees, has been selected by President Roosevelt to fill the position of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Puerto Rico. It is with pride and satisfaction that San Juan Lodge makes this announcement, expressing at the same time its most sincere felicitations and congratulations to Justice Travieso.

Framingham, Mass., Lodge Initiates Class

On P.E.R.'s Night Framingham, Mass., Lodge, No. 1264, initiated a class of 15 candidates known as the Frank D. Houlihan Class, in honor of P.E.R. Frank D. Houlihan, D.D. for Mass. Cent. Visiting Elks were present from Cambridge, Natick and Hudson, Mass., Lodges, and from surrounding cities. Following the initiatory ceremonies, which took place in Odd Fellows Hall, the meeting adjourned to the Lodge Home where a buffet lunch and entertainment were provided.

At a previous meeting Framingham Lodge initiated a class of 23 candidates. Another class of eight or more will have been initiated by the time this item appears, totaling approximately fifty new members.

Hampton, Va., Elks Initiate Class At P.E.R.'s Night

Not long ago nine candidates were initiated into Hampton, Va., Lodge, No. 366, at a special observance called Past Exalted Rulers' Night. Invitations were sent to all members of the Lodge who had held the chief chair at some period during the Lodge's 39 years of existence. During the evening Past Exalted Rulers were called to the Chair and presided for limited periods. Following the initiation and a number of short talks, a social session was held.

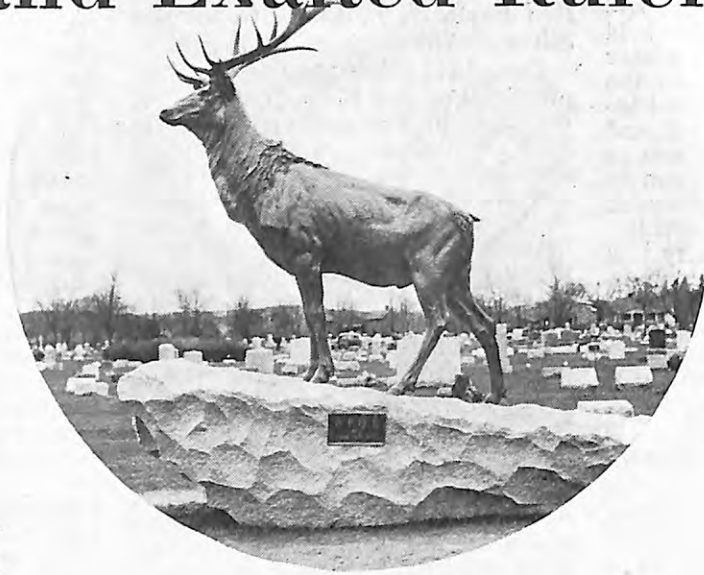
Past State Pres. Thomas L. Sclater, Secretary of Hampton Lodge, is its oldest P.E.R. in point of service. Mr. Sclater has the record of having held office in the Lodge since the day of its institution.

Many Elks Attend Shamokin, Pa., Lodge Party

A record breaking crowd attended the St. Patrick's Day Dance held by Shamokin, Pa., Lodge, No. 355, in the Lodge Home. The dance, limited to members and their ladies, was an informal affair. A turkey dinner was served during the evening.



The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



In circle: *Elks Rest, a monument dedicated by Elmira, N. Y., Elks in the presence of the Grand Exalted Ruler*

GRAND EXALTED RULER 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. Other speakers were Judge Forrest R. Shanaman, a member of Reading Lodge, and Dr. Calvin O. Althouse, Exalted Ruler-Elect of Philadelphia Lodge. John S. Williams, D.D. for Penna. S.E., P.D.D. P. M. Minster and E.R. John H. Brehm, all of Bristol Lodge; E.R. G. Russell Bender and Secy. S. Paul Seeders of Pottstown Lodge; E.R. George M. Kirk of West Chester Lodge; E.R. C. R. McFerren of Lebanon Lodge; P.D.D. Gurney Aflerbach of Allentown Lodge, and Secy. James D. Moran of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler, were special guests.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was met by a Reception Committee headed by E. R. Philip W. Osgood and taken to the Abraham Lincoln Hotel, and later to the Lodge Home where over 200 Elks gathered for the celebration. Judge H. Robert Mays of Reading Lodge was Toastmaster. Past State Pres. Daniel J. Miller, P.E.R. Harry J. Miller, Karl J. Blankenbiller, and Lewis J. Kershner were members of the Banquet Committee headed by C. D. Slater.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Lodge No. 289, was honored on March 25 with a visit from the Grand Exalted Ruler. The ceremonies began with a dinner for Judge Hallinan attended by the Lodge officers and Past Exalted Rulers. The Lodge session opened at 8:30 in the auditorium of the Home. The Grand Exalted Ruler en-

Part of the reception committee of Scranton, Pa. Lodge which received Judge Hallinan on the occasion of the Lodge's 47th Birthday



The Grand Exalted Ruler and Port Jervis, N.Y., Elks, who welcomed Judge Hallinan to their Lodge Home



Judge Hallinan with members of Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge on the occasion of his visit there



tered just before the initiation ceremonies, escorted by P.E.R.'s Otto Schauble, George L. Hirtzel, Charles V. Kronimus, John J. Griffin, Thomas E. Collins, William F. Barry, A. T. Pendleton, George Mack, Joseph A. Brophy, Henry Kreh, Jr., James F. Pierce, Henry R. Lammerding, Edward A. McGrath, Kenneth G. Caughman and Joseph G. Higgins. D.D. Charles Rosencrans was also present.

Forty-three candidates were members of the Class. The initiation ceremonies were performed by E.R. Thos. F. B. MacNamara and his fellow officers, recent winners in the State Ritualistic Contest.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, introduced by Exalted Ruler MacNamara, congratulated the lodge upon the splendid work of its officers in winning the State Ritualistic Contest, thereby receiving the plaque presented by the Board of Trustees of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and bringing to the Lodge Home the Coveted Joseph T. Fanning Cup.



On Friday, March 27, the Grand Exalted Ruler paid his official visit to Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, and on the next night officially opened the Elks' 19th Bowling Tournament held in that city. During his busy stay in Cincinnati, Judge Hallinan, accompanied by other prominent Elks, visited the burial place of Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann, who was a P.E.R. of the local Lodge, and placed flowers upon the grave. Among those in the party were Col. James A. Diskin, Newport, Ky., Lodge, Associate Member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Senator Charles B. Truesdell, Newport, D.D. for Ky., East; James S. Richardson, Secy. of Cincinnati Lodge, and former Secy. of the Board of Grand Trustees; E.R. Charles L. Groneck, Newport, and E.R. Carl R. Ritter, Covington, Ky., Lodge.

On Saturday, March 28, with Secy. Richardson of Cincinnati Lodge, and a delegation from Newport Lodge, No. 273, the Grand Exalted Ruler inspected flood conditions in Newport and made a contribution of \$100 to be used by the Lodge in its relief work. He also conferred with E. P. Hettiger of Fort Thomas, Ky., Chairman of the Disaster Committee of the Red Cross, and with officers of the American Legion of Newport. The Newport and Covington Courthouses were visited. A tour of scenic places in Campbell and Kenton Counties, was made, with Newport Lodge and Covington, Ky., Lodge, No. 314, as hosts, and a tour of inspection of the Army Post at Fort Thomas was conducted for Judge Hallinan and his party by Col. Charles L. Mitchell. The Grand Exalted Ruler was entertained at luncheon at the Highland Country Club at Fort Thomas where he opened the golf season on the club grounds.

ON Sunday, March 29, Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, enjoyed the official visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler. This was a big night for the Columbus membership, with the head of the Order making one of his best speeches, and the Ohio State Ritualistic Contest being held during the meeting.

The largest party held by Nutley, N. J., Lodge, No. 1290, in recent years

was attended by over 1,000 visiting Elks who came from all over the State to take part in the festivities honoring the Grand Exalted Ruler on March 30. Practically every Lodge in New Jersey was represented. Judge Hallinan was met in Jersey City by the Nutley officers and an escort of motorcycle police. After the elaborate dinner given by Nutley Lodge, a meeting was held when a class of 32 candidates was initiated. Among the prominent officials of the Order who helped Nutley Lodge in its entertainment of its distinguished guest were Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther and State Pres. Judge Nicholas Albano of Newark Lodge, and D.D. Harvey E. Harris of Bloomfield Lodge. P.D.D.'s Vincent J. Kane, South Orange, and A. J. Kaiser, Dover; E.R. Frank E. Walsh, Newark, and Mayor William H. Williams, E.R. of Belleville Lodge, were there.

ELKS from all parts of the East arrived in New Haven, Conn., to attend the installation ceremonies and banquet held on Thursday, April 2, by New Haven Lodge, No. 25. The Grand Exalted Ruler was met and taken to the Hotel Taft to a luncheon by a delegation of local Elks and a special police escort. At 7 P.M. the installation services, conducted by Judge Hallinan, took place in the Lodge room, after which the dinner was held in the Banquet Hall of the Lodge Home.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was the principal speaker, and the Hon. James A. Shanley was Toastmaster. Other speakers were Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, E.R. Elwood G. Feldstein and P.E.R. Ferdinand Pecora, Supreme Court Justice, all of New York Lodge, No. 1; Mayor John W. Murphy, and retiring Exalted Ruler James E. Cobey and John R. Thim, the newly installed Exalted Ruler, of New Haven Lodge. D.D. Joseph A. Muldoon of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, was present.

ON FRIDAY, April 3, Lockport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 41, celebrated its Golden Jubilee with a reception to the Grand Exalted Ruler followed by the 50th Anniversary Banquet. E.R. Fred G. Lewis, Mayor A. A. Van De Mark and the Hon. Charles Hickey, Dean of the Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers, welcomed Judge Hallinan, who referred to the Order's long record of achievement and to the part played therein by Lockport Lodge. Other speakers included Grand Chaplain the Rev. Arthur O. Sykes of Lyons Lodge; D.D. Dr. Roy M. Bradley of Jamestown Lodge; State Vice-Pres. Albert F. Kleps, Jr., of Batavia Lodge, and State Secy. Philip Clancy, a P.E.R. of Niagara Falls Lodge.

Other prominent Elks in attendance included Past State Pres.'s D. Curtis Gano of Rochester and Alonzo L. Waters of Medina; State Trustee

(Continued on page 50)

News of The State Associations

Texas

Texas Elks held the 12th Annual Convention of the Texas State Elks Association in the Lodge rooms of San Antonio, Tex., Lodge, No. 216, on April 24th and 25th. The Convention was called to order by State Pres. F. E. Knetsch, of Seguin Lodge, who presented, among others, the following distinguished members and guests: George M. McLean, El Reno Lodge, Grand Inner Guard; H. S. Rubenstein, of Brenham Lodge, a member of the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge, and several Past State Presidents and D.D.'s. The report of the President showed that there were 18 Lodges in the State Assn. in good standing as compared to eight of the previous year and that the financial condition of the Assn. has improved about 500 per cent.

All visitors attending the Convention were royally entertained by San Antonio Lodge by way of sightseeing tours, theatre parties and other amusements. One of the important social features of the two-day session was the Battle of Flowers Parade. A committee was appointed to meet with a well known citizen of San Antonio to consider his proposal that the Elks take over a hospital in San Antonio to be dedicated to the service and benefit of crippled children.

On April 25th the Convention adjourned with a Grand Ball held in the quarters of San Antonio Lodge. A large delegation of Elks from Seguin Lodge who accompanied Pres. Knetsch to the Convention were present. New officers elected to the Association for the ensuing year are:

John D. Carter, Fort Worth, Pres.; Vice-Presidents: Claude Manning, Jr., of Fort Worth; H. G. Schultz, of Temple; Matt Sinnett, of Pampa; V. G. Sharver, of San Antonio, and T. J. Vallas, of Breckenridge; Trustees: W. B. Smith, Dallas; Allen Hanney, Houston, and J. A. Bergfeld, Tyler. J. R. Prey, Fort Worth, was appointed Secy., and Meyer J. Rachofsky, Dallas, reelected Treas.

by Augusta Lodge, furnished special music at the church services and entertained the delegates throughout the day. The Ritualistic Contest was held Sunday afternoon with three Lodges competing. Great Bend Lodge placed first; Hutchinson Lodge second, and Pratt Lodge, third.

The first business session convened Monday morning, May 11th, with J. J. Ryan, State President, presiding. The invocation was followed by the introduction of a group of Past Presidents. An address of welcome was delivered by R. H. Lively, of Salina, responded to by State Pres. Ryan.

At 11:00 A. M. a very impressive Memorial Service was held, and a special eulogy was given by Past Pres. Walter Reed Gage, of Manhattan, for deceased Elks.

A street parade was held Monday afternoon with several bands participating, including the Salina High School Band, Leavenworth Elks Band, Sacred Heart Band, and the Junction City Band. In the line of march were the Salvation Army Scout Troop, sponsored by Salina Lodge, the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, and many Elks and their ladies.

The annual banquet was held Monday evening attended by approximately 600 Elks and their ladies. During the banquet the H. Glenn Boyd Trophy, donated by P.E.R. Charles A. Wilson, of Wichita Lodge, was presented to Great Bend Lodge, winners of the ritualistic contest, and prizes for the golf tournament were announced as follows: Charles

(Continued on page 51)

State Association Convention Dates for 1936

ASSOCIATION	CITY	DATE
Montana	Helena	July 30-31, August 1
Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia	Annapolis	Aug. 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

Kansas

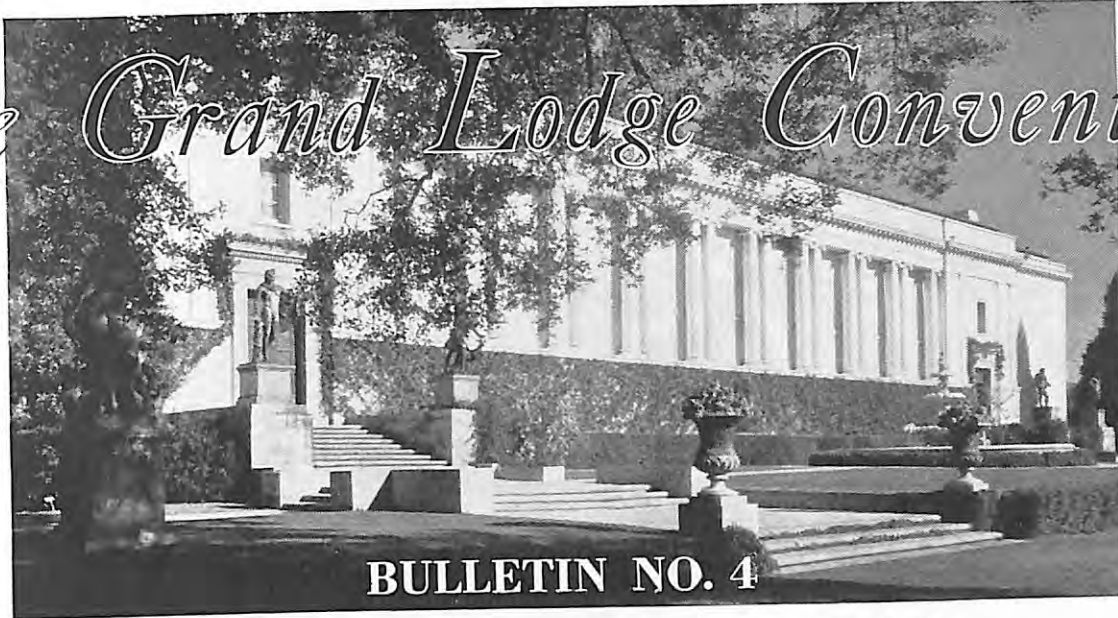
The Kansas State Elks Association held its 31st Annual Convention at Salina, Kans., on May 10th, 11th and 12th, with the largest attendance in several years. Twenty Lodges from Kansas were represented, with visitors from Winslow, Ariz.; Casper and Sheridan, Wyo., and Victor, Colo. Registration totaled 681.

The Convention opened Sunday morning, May 10th, with the delegates attending Mother's Day Services at the First Methodist Church. The Augusta Boys Band, sponsored



Participants at the Missouri State Elks Assn. Convention, held at Joplin, Mo.

The Grand Lodge Convention



BULLETIN NO. 4

Above: The Huntington Library and Art Gallery at San Marino, Calif., and, below, "The Blue Boy" one of the masterpieces to be seen there

"ALL is in readiness for the Elks 72nd National Convention. All arrangements to receive and entertain visiting members and their families have been completed and, in all modesty, we feel the 1936 gathering in Los Angeles the week of July 12th will be voted one of the best in the history of the Order!"

Otto J. Emme, P. E. R. Los Angeles Lodge No. 99, General Chairman, in making the foregoing statement, adds: "We have had the enthusiastic cooperation of all California Lodges and all governmental and civic bodies of the metropolitan area in making up our program. Los Angeles, honored by being awarded, for the fifth time, the privilege of being the scene of a Grand Lodge meeting, is determined that all previous conclaves here shall be surpassed by this year's. Hence our confidence that the week of July 12th will be one never forgotten by all who attend the Convention."

"Elk Lodges of nearby cities which will be hosts on special days during the Convention have arranged elaborate programs. Mention has previously been made of 'Sea Shore Day' with Santa Monica Lodge No. 906 and Redondo Lodge No. 1378 in charge (Tuesday, July 14th); 'Foothill Day,' Wednesday, July 15th, under the auspices of Alhambra No. 1328, Burbank No. 1497, Glendale No. 1289, Monrovia No. 1437, Pasadena No. 672, San Fernando No. 1539 and Whittier No. 1258, and 'Harbor Day' with San Pedro No. 966 officiating.

"These tours offer perhaps the greatest variety of interesting things to do and see ever encompassed within a similar space of time. Beaches, surf, mountains, vast citrus groves and vineyards, magnificent estates—all will be visited and each offers special attractions for members of the Order and their families.

"Typical is the motor tour of the

'Foothill Region' by the Lodges listed in the preceding paragraph. Leaving Los Angeles Lodge No. 99, Sixth and Parkview Streets, at 9 o'clock Wednesday morning, a caravan of autos will take guests of the Foothill Lodges through the Southland's most scenic and historic districts.

"Missions, founded by the Franciscan *Padres*, miles of orchards, private estates, beautiful public parks and gardens, museums of the old west and the world famous Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery—these are just a few of the places to be seen. At the Huntington Gallery will be seen the great Gainsborough 'Blue Boy,' one of the world's most famous paintings together with other eighteenth century masterpieces. There also can be seen such treasures as the Gutenberg Bible, first European book printed with movable type; a manuscript in Ben Franklin's own hand,

as well as one of the world's finest collections of tapestries, furniture, miniatures, porcelains and other objects of art.

"The foregoing is necessarily hardly more than a few highlights of the 'Foothill Tour.' Space limitations prohibit any listing of all the treats in store for those who make it. Open house at all participating Elk Lodges and luncheon at the Pasadena Clubhouse will be added features.

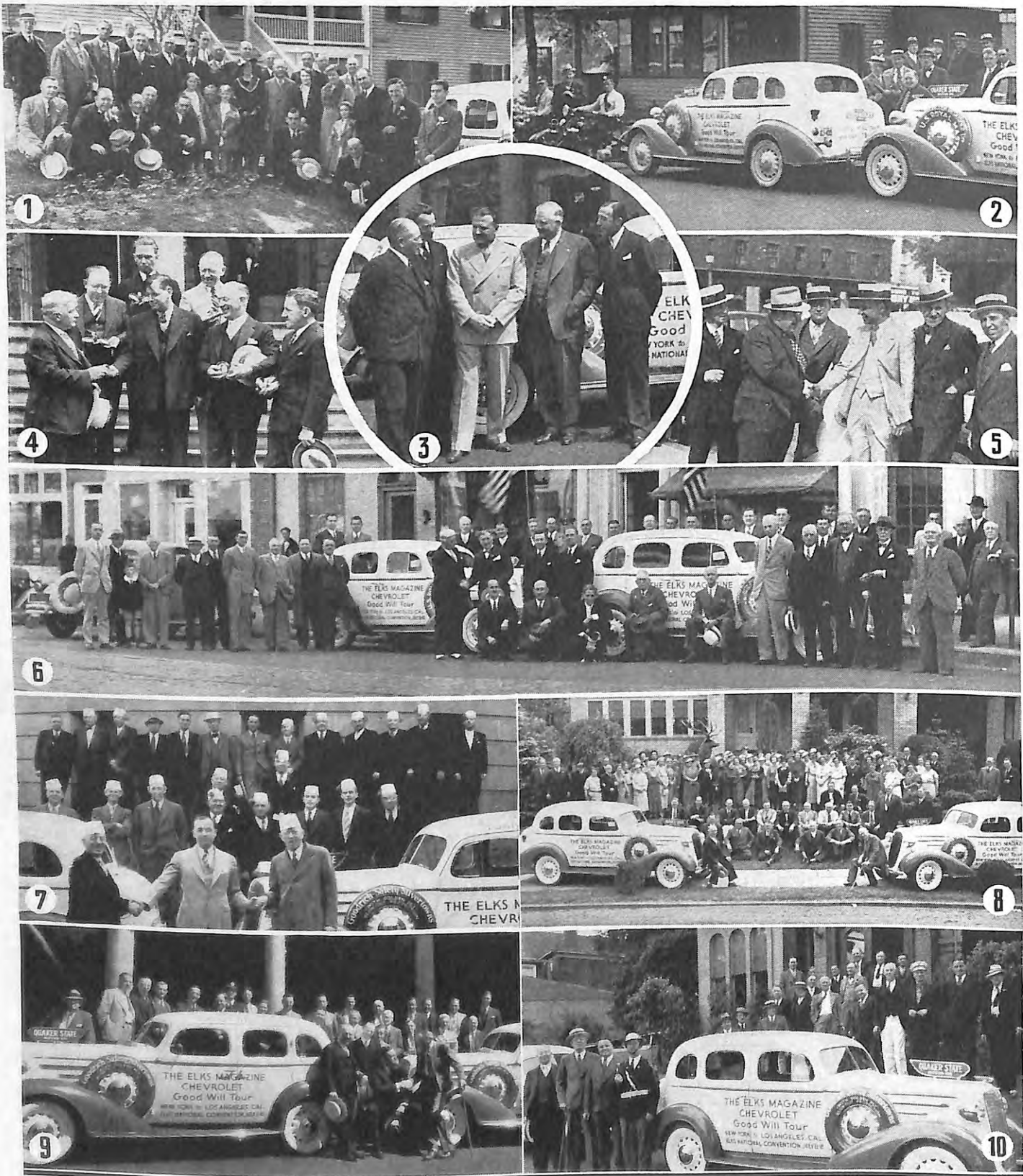
"Thursday will be another outstanding day. Two mammoth parades are scheduled. The first will be the Elks annual Convention Parade with scores of bands and drum corps furnishing music for thousands of smartly uniformed marchers, striking floats, and so forth. This is to be held in the afternoon. Then in the evening the Elks Motion Picture Electrical Pageant will be held in the Los Angeles Coliseum and will be one of the most gorgeous illuminated spectacles ever seen in America. Scores of dazzling floats, introduction of motion picture stars, startling demonstrations of electrical wizardry and a breathtaking finale will make this the 'Show of the Century.'

"The Grand Ball in the Palomar Tuesday evening with one of the nation's Biggest 'Name' bands and a brilliant screen beauty revue, and 'City Hall Night' Wednesday evening with America's finest municipal administration building holding open house, are two other events which will provide unique entertainment for visitors.

"Golf, trap-shooting, and bowling tournaments; band, glee club, drill team and drum and bugle corp contests; for national championships, are still additional interesting offerings.

"Come to the Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles for the time of your life—you'll not be disappointed!"





1. Elks Good Will Ambassadors greeted by delegation at Woburn, Mass. Lodge. 2. Showing Exalted Rulers Neylon Sampson of Springfield, Mass., B.P.O. Elks and Jerome Hobart of Holyoke Lodge together with Good Will Ambassadors Downing and Harrison. 3. Detroit, Michigan, left to right: Charles Spencer Hart, Business Manager The Elks Magazine, Lynn Clarke of Quaker State Oil Refining Co., W. S. McLean, Advertising Manager of Fisher Bros., H. B. Hatch, Asst. Sales Manager Chevrolet Motor Co., and C. P. Fiskien, Advertising Manager, Chevrolet. 4. New York Elks Good Will Ambassadors being presented with Gruen Wrist Watches by C. J. Ryan representing Mayor La Guardia at City Hall, New York City. 5. Mayor Archambault together with Brothers Atkinson, Markham, and Keenan greeting an Elks Good Will Ambassador at Lowell, Mass. 6. Good Will Couriers with delegation from Burlington Lodge in front of lodge building. 7. Reception Committee at Newburgh Lodge receiving Ambassadors Christensen and Stalser. 8. A fine turn out of Rahway members and their ladies welcomes Elk Couriers at Rahway, N. J. 9. Members of Elizabeth, N. J. Lodge with Good Will Ambassadors. 10. Elks tourists at Ossining, New York.



Photos by
H. Armstrong Roberts

By Captain Will Judy
Editor, Dog World Magazine

Hot Weather and Your Dog

DOGS like to be outdoors. They get spring fever in the spring and turn gypsy in summer. Let your dog outdoors as much as possible. Let him run to his heart's content—with due regard for your neighbor's lawn and garden, however.

As the hot weather season approaches, your dog will not require as much food. He just doesn't feel like eating a full meal. Cut down on the quantity. Whatever you have been feeding to him in winter, you can feed him in summer but in about one-fourth smaller quantity.

Water for the dog in hot weather is more important than food. Sweat glands do not function to any extent on the dog's body. In other words, dogs perspire through the tongue

rather than the body and in this regard are entirely different from human beings and most animals.

If your dog slobbers and foams at the mouth during the hot weather, the better for his system. It is a sign of good health.

Give your dog plenty of clean, fresh water (not cold) frequently during a hot day. Keep the water dish in a cool spot, away from dust and wind and slightly above the ground. Put nothing into the dog's drinking water except clean water. The water should be changed at least twice a day.

Shade is the great pleasure of the dog during the hot sun of the day. If he digs into the ground, let him enjoy the cool feel of mother earth next to his body. If no shade trees are available, build a shade platform under which he can crawl.

On very hot days or nights, you can mop your dog's face, and particularly around the legs and the loins with a cloth dripping with cool water.

Should a dog be overcome with heat, place him in a cool quiet spot; and if you wish, place ice packs on his head just as with humans.

You can let your dog swim in the open water as often as he wishes.

Brush your dog daily during warm weather just as during the cold weather. This is as beneficial as bathing.

If your dog wants to play ball or engage in other sport, do not do so during the hot period of the day.

If you do clip your dog, do not let him go out into the hot sun immediately. Bear in mind that his coat is as much protection against heat as against cold.



For questions and answers about
dogs please turn to page 49

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Jonathan Had a Horse



(Continued from p. 13)
to Pittsburgh Phil.

"You're pretty lucky, Mr. Strange," the gambler said simply. "Let's get back to the hotel."

Mary and Jonathan watched after them silently until they disappeared from their vision. Then Jonathan scratched his chin again.

"What do you s'pose Mr. Pittsburgh meant when he told me I was lucky?" he asked.

"His name ain't Pittsburgh, Paw," Mary, now informal, corrected him. "It's Smith. And I suppose he meant he's a good jockey. He's tiny enough. Not much bigger'n a hop-toad. But he must be awful strong to snatch me off the track in the nick of time. Paw! Suppose he should win that race on Nioby? And suppose you and me bet all our money? My! You and me could buy that little house up on Avocado street and furnish it just like we wanted. We could have a what-not in the parlor and curtains on all the windows. I'd like," she admitted, suddenly wistful, "to sleep in a bed just once again. Away from a stable. I like horses but I hate to smell like one." Niobé tossed her head and Mary, reminded of her duty, resumed her tour of the exercise ring.

And in the shiny black hansom, drawn by a high-stepping dock-tailed sorrel and driven by a negro coachman, which the little fellow had retained indefinitely as a fit vehicle for a jockey of his attainments, Pittsburgh Phil put a question.

"Think she's got anything?"

"Sure!" the little fellow exploded. "She's pretty as a picture. Damn shame a girl like her havin' to sleep in a barn!"

"I mean the mare."

"Oh, the mare. I don't know. She's got good conformation but how you goin' to tell what a hoss has got till you work him out?"

The gambler did not believe him. Thinking, eating and talking nothing but horses, he discounted sentiment and suspected the jockey had discovered some quality in the mare which was not apparent to the lay eye.

"Then, why you ridin' him?" he asked reasonably.

"I don't know," the little fellow frankly admitted.

"Well," Pittsburgh Phil philosophically reflected after a long pause, "anyway, Jonathan's got him a horse."

But Mary's plight so upset the little fellow as to disarrange his whole routine of living. Ordinarily, on reaching his hotel, he would have donned a quiet plaid suit with four-inch checks and had his breakfast served at an inconspicuous table in the dining room in front of a large plate-glass window. There he could eat practically unseen, except by everybody in the hotel and the crowds passing in the street. Finished breakfast, he would have gone to bed and slept dreamlessly until it was time to go to the track.

This morning, however, he had his breakfast in the privacy of his room, while he ate, considered the brutality of a world which not only allowed, but even forced, a young girl to live in a barn.

He knew all about barns. He had inhabited many in a career which included jobs such as handy boy in a livery stable, the same thing in a saloon, and assistant to "Professor" Talbot, a pioneer balloonist and carnival grifter from whom he had parted when he refused to make a jump from a balloon in a parachute which the "professor" had built from memory. There had been time when a hay-loft or a stall seemed as luxurious as a bridal suite would today. But this was different. Mary Strange was a girl—even if she did wear pants.

Thinking of her did him no good. It prevented him from sleeping and he went to the track to ride five horses away outside the money. He didn't get even a third. His bad showing did not worry him, but Mary did. When thoughts of her persisted through dinner, the one big meal of his day, and put him, as he expressed it, off his feed, he considered seeing a doctor because he knew something must be the matter with him.

Why should he be the one to worry over a stray, a maverick, he happened to pick up off the track, just because she happened to be a woman?

The answer was, he shouldn't. Having decided which, he went right on worrying. How was he possibly to know that he was in the hands of a fate which at that very moment was using this girl; her father, a middle-aged failure, and an untried horse to lift him from obscurity to fame?

Early the next morning, the resplendent hansom, drawn by the

high-stepping sorrel and piloted by its sleepy black coachman, crept through the pea-soup fog rolling in from the Bay and deposited him at the track. A few moments later he arrived at the Strange stable to find Mary sitting on her cot in the tack room while Jonathan saddled Niobé in her stall. Mary was still dressed as she had been yesterday. She was still wearing pants.

"Hello," she hailed him, noting again his tininess in his riding clothes. "Were you curious about Nioby? What hoss are you breezing?"

"Why, I was hoping you might let me take Nioby out this morning," he told her with a diffidence which sat strangely upon him. "I'd kind of like to get a line on her."

"Why sho'!" Jonathan stuck his head into the tack room. "I been inquirin' around about you, Son. I hear you're a right smart jock. You ought to be able to do somethin' with Nioby. Come 'ere and measure these stirrups. I reckon you and Mary are about the same leg-length."

The blush which mantled him to his ears at the mention of these unmentionable props of the female anatomy, amused Mary but she hid her amusement, as a lady should, and watched him adjust the leather. When her father tossed him into the saddle, she walked with Jonathan alongside the daintily stepping mare and listened to his instructions.

"I'd kinda like to clobber her this mornin'," Jonathan said. "Loosen her up and when you're ready, let me know."

The little fellow nodded as they turned into the track. Niobé was restive under the strange rider. She tossed her head and danced and then, responding to his low, even voice, she ambled away in a ladylike canter. Mary and Jonathan found Pittsburgh Phil at the finish line below the judges' stand. Several of his horses were out on the track. He was

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Face of Stone

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"Very well so," said Delguan. "It will be the last you'll hear of it. Look!" he pointed down the slope to the Marsh of Rem. "Here is Ager the Blender home from Rem Cove."

Ager the Blender, expert in spirits, rode the top of the high green bank of the Rem River nearly half a mile distant. So rare was the evening air that the legs of the pony he bestrode could be seen like black knitting needles busy against the grey levels of the marsh. The hunched rider sat far back on the crupper, and his feet wagged below the pony's belly. Before him balanced two full panniers.

It was an evening of the late fall, and after a day of sun and haze the air had become crystal clear with a faint hint of edge to it. The usually blurred lines of Rem Marsh were now drawn surely, and the high embankment of Rem River curved across its breast like a green ribbon; at the very limit of distance the mountains that upheld the plain of The Ser had taken on substance, and peak rose behind purple peak etched with a point of silver; and dead in the west the orange ball of sun hung poised above the gold bar of the sea. The wild duck were beginning to flight inland, and, ever and again, the hiss of their short hurrying wings went overhead. But for that sound and the faint thin song of the evening midges there was a stillness that filled all the bowl of the sky, and in that stillness Orugh and his four sons watched Ager the Blender homing from Rem Cove.

"He is not at his singing this evening," commented Maur at last. "Too much Rem brandy—"

"Or not enough," said Flann. "He would sing full to the thrapple and sing better than you, Maur."

"You would say that, right or wrong, horse-face," said Maur.

Presently, Ager angled off the embankment to the pony trail that wound the length of the township fifty paces below the houses and as many above the edge of the marsh.

"Give him a call, father," suggested Con.

"No. If he carries too much of his own load inside him he might not like us to see."

But when Ager came to the side-track leading up to the house he turned in without pausing, as if the visit had already been decided on.

"The old hero!" commented Orugh. "He wants us to taste his Mussoul blend."

"He might have news or a new tale," said Maur, a trifle sourly.

It was then that Orugh had his first twinge of foreboding, and it made him lift his voice.

"You are welcome, fine man. What do you bring?"

Ager lifted a hand in reply. "A sword, my sorrow," he said in a murmur to himself, and in silence rode up to the bar of the sun-porch.

"I see you have it with you," said Con then.

Con referred to the two wooden-hooped casks balanced in the panniers, but Ager took him up differently.

"I have it with me," he said. "Is the news with you already?"

And he placed his hand on the finely chased hilt of a sword that hung long and lean from a loop under his left shoulder.

The four sons looked at the sword and looked at their father, and their father, before he spoke, drew in a long breath through open mouth.

"We have no news," said he. "Is it Urnaul?"

"Urnaul it is," said Ager. "He is dead. This is his sword."

"Who killed him?"

"Fergus of Running Water did."

"We were talking of that man," said Orugh.

"I was always afraid of Fergus the Killer," said Con frankly simple. "but I will not be afraid any more now."

Orugh gathered his thoughts. "Come off your horse, Ager, and tell us what you know."

"I will, Orugh." He pivoted off his pony, slung the reins over the rail, and lifted himself stiffly to the porch. There he unslung the sheathed sword and laid it across Orugh's knees; and old Orugh laid his hand softly on the cross at the hilt.

"It is the sword I made for him," he said softly.

Flann drew forward a chair, and Ager, exhaling his breath wearily, sat down amongst them.

"It is not pleasant to be the bringer of bad news," Ager said, "but someone had to bring it. The word came to me at Rem Cove only this morning."

The five kin of dead Urnaul behaved each in his own way. Orugh sat looking down at his hands crossed on the cross of the sword; Delgaun had drawn up his heels to the edge of the porch and looked out across the marsh over his clasped knees, still as a rock, queerly aloof, as if he had drawn himself deep down and away from all this mad business of blood and love; Con's strong teeth were clenched so that the muscles of his jaw stood out; Flann's nose twitched, and the sardonic line deepened at mouth corner; and young Maur, sitting close to Delgaun, watched their visitor with frowning eyes that held a touch of jealousy, for this Ager of the hollow cheeks and domed brow was reputed to be the best story-teller in Long Baravaish.

"A Mussoul boat put in at Rem

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The Queen's Ransom

(Continued from page 9)

aristocrats don't have to be snobbish to prove their good breeding. That was Mrs. Madison. Just as polite and considerate to me as to the Senator. Just as brave and high-headed trundling through those empty streets in a pony cart as if it were a coach-and-four on Inauguration Day.

"Thee must be hungry, Sargeant, and thee, Timothy. . . . See here is a loaf of bread I took from table as I left. Thee'd best munch it as we go along."

We munched it as we crossed the Potomac on the last ferry of the day, heading inland through Virginia with Tim and me walking to spare the pony's strength. News of the invasion had gone on ahead and I dreaded meeting passersby who might recognize my charge. The British General, no doubt, would pay a large bounty for a member of the royal family, and while Virginians are rarely traitors, most of them talk overmuch. I was apprehensive.

"That farm house, Sargeant," said Mrs. Madison. "If I might rest for a half-hour and take a cup of tea. . . . Surely the danger is well behind us now."

I wasn't, I said, certain of that. Soon the enemy would be scouring the countryside with cavalry patrols and the fewer persons who had seen Queen Dolly the better. But the appeal of her tired, anxious face turned our course off the highway into the farmyard. Mrs. Madison entered the door and tripped lightly upstairs, regally confident of her welcome. Out of the kitchen stormed an infuriated housewife.

"Mrs. Madison, if that's you, come down and get out. Your husband's got mine out fighting and damme you sha'n't rest in my house."

We took to the road again, the worst of my misgivings realized. An unfriendly witness had identified the fugitive. The pony and cart, having attracted attention, were liabilities now. Plainly our best hope was some sort of disguise. I glanced at Tim and reverently smothered the thought of putting Queen Dolly into a footman's livery. Yet a change of costume and conveyance we must have. Mrs. Madison sat, hands clasped in lap, eyes cast down. I wondered if she were praying to her gentle Quaker God, and when I turned my gaze to the road again I was sure of it. There approaching us, drawn by a stout team of mules, came the Ark.



Recognize it? As if I had seen it only yesterday. In the driver's seat sat Sweet Potatoes, older, gaunter, grimmer—and Jewel. Not the little flaxen-haired child to whom I had given the shilling, but Jewel for all that she was a fine, firm-limbed girl of eighteen, and a vision of loveliness that made me gasp as if Queen Dolly's prayer had brought down an angel. I stepped to the lead-mule's bridle.

"I commandeer this team, wagon and all contents thereof in the name of the Army of the United States."

That was enough to do the business, but I added for Jewel's benefit, "Demand made by Sargeant Thomas Lacy, confidential aide to the President."

No trace of emotion on either face before me even when I ordered both vehicles off the highway into a woodland trail.

"Now, Mrs. Madison," I said, "if you'll please to step inside this wagon. Doubtless you'll find some gypsy clothes there. Put them on and see that your head and face are covered with a shawl. Tim, you're to mount on the pony and ride to the nearest town. Establish communication with the most available body of American troops. Discover whereabouts of the President and inform him of our general location. Be off."

From her concealment Mrs. Madison

tossed me a gay-colored tunic which I donned over my uniform. My hat I discarded and soiled my face with a handful of sod. To all appearance I had turned gypsy, and so had Queen Dolly when a moment later she descended from the Ark.

"Thee'll hang for a spy, Sargeant, should they catch thee out of uniform."

"In a good cause, madam," I bowed. "For God, for country and for the President's lady."

My last words stirred Sweet Potatoes out of her lethargy. She dropped a courtsey to my refugee.

"Ladee-presidente? . . . You seek me? . . . You like me put spell on enemy? . . . drive him away?"

"Indeed," said Mrs. Madison, "I think that would be most helpful, truly I do."

"Come . . . I talk to ladee alone."

It was, I thought, well to have these two together, nor was I chagrined when Jewel surrendered her place on the seat and walked beside me as I led the team back on the road. My strategy was no longer that of desperate flight. Reasonably secure in our disguise, I determined to journey toward the river and await developments, hoping that some craft might be procured to carry Mrs. Madison to the comparative safety of Baltimore or Philadelphia.

"Where were you bound, Jewel, when we met?"

She was unimpressed at my use of her name; if she had any recollection of our previous meeting, there was no sign of it in her face.

"High Rock," she said.

"Then to High Rock we'll proceed. You'll have suffered no inconvenience and have done your country a great service. Moreover your mother may find in Mrs. Madison a very generous patron for fortune-telling."

Jewel's hand was on my arm; her eyes entreatingly sought mine.

"Don't laugh at her. Please. Yes, I know she's supposed to be mad. For the last three years I've been at school in Richmond. She sent me there. Living among other people I came to know what a strange creature she is. But the strangest thing about her is the way she loves me. Do you know what she's doing now? She's promising to put a curse on the British army if Mrs. Madison will adopt me and make me a lady."

"But, Jewel—"

"Oh, of course she can't cast any

such spell. But she thinks she can. I said she was mad. So were her parents. She says her mother could make stars move, make comets go. She says her father had demons in him which he could drive into other people and make them kill each other and kill themselves. Listen: last night she made another of her waxen images. She told me it was her father holding her mother in his arms. She said if she burned the figure, all the demons would be released from her father's buried body and her mother's ghost would rise up. Together—demons and ghosts—they'd haunt the earth. That's what she's promising to do to the British. Not for hate. But for love. For me, don't you understand? And listen again: mother believes her own soul must come out to lead these spirits. She thinks she'll have to die for me."

I glanced back at the Ark. Sweet Potatoes' face was like an angel's. I mean that. It was like a poet's must be—or a saint's—when they have visions. There was a gleam over that gypsy's countenance that fairly lightened it into beauty. Suddenly I could read in it the whole story of that strange life. Something unusual in her make-up—call it madness, call it genius—had set her apart from other people, from her own tribe even. And she'd been inexpressibly, spiritually lonely. The woman in her had longed for a child. For something . . . for somebody . . . to love. So she'd stolen Jewel, as a starveling might steal bread. She'd nursed the child and educated her and now she was begging the chance to die for this child's happiness. I couldn't help but think of all the proper, self-righteous persons who'd scorned Sweet Potatoes, never tried to understand her, never realized that she might be a human being, a woman as well as a gypsy. And I thought of my own mother, despising Sweet Potatoes, deserting me.

"You won't laugh at her?" breathed Jewel.

"I won't. I never did. Jewel, do you remember how once a boy named 'Tommy' gave you a silver shilling?"

It was a mistake. Jewel's hand was off my arm; her eyes lost their warmth and gazed aimlessly away. Perhaps, I thought, I deserved the rebuff. Why should she remember a trivial incident of eight years

past? And if she did, why should she admit it? For what was I to her now? Besides there was a War; I had a duty, and the duty was not love-making. We must reach High Rock by dark.

We did. And the British reached Washington. Looking down from the bluff and over the river, we could see their red coats against the red of the setting sun, their bayonets holding the last rays. Mrs. Madison stood beside me; big tears shone on her cheeks.

"Thee mightn't understand, child," she said. "But I saw the city being built. Not with stone and timber but with men's hopes and dreams and ideals. A magic city like King Arthur's Camelot. The night before Mr. Madison became President we went up to Capitol Hill all by ourselves; we prayed for God's help in our sacred trust. And now . . ."

She paused. The sun was down, but in its place leaped another flame. The British were firing the city. The Capitol first . . . the Navy Yard . . . the President's Mansion. A wind blew over my face. I saw the flames widening across the sky. The fire would spread, destroying the whole city. I led Queen Dolly back to the Ark and put her inside.

Sweet Potatoes was busy. She squatted on the edge of the bluff and took from her bag the figure which Jewel had mentioned. She kindled a small fire and beckoned us to surround her. Mrs. Madison sat opposite her; Jewel on her right; I on her left. How to describe that night? An impossible task. A flaming city in the sky; a sweet-moving river beneath; a mad gypsy muttering incantations as the waxen image began to melt over the fire. For hours, it seemed, we sat with no sound save the droning of that voice. What held us there I cannot say. Then the voice seemed to louden, to expand its volume, its reach. It became a moaning, a wail, a shriek. Suddenly I knew. That wind against my face. It grew into a gale.

And on the wings of the gale, rain. Black rain pierced with great chasms of lightning, drummed by thunder like heaven's artillery. By the flashes we saw the storm break in huge waves over the city. We saw steeples fall and trees go crashing and the British tents flung skyward. We saw the flames die under the

drenching. And then the storm was gone and a quiet lay over the river again, while the city seemed to breathe as in a safe, silent sleep.

Only then I became fully aware of Jewel. She must have crept toward me at the first burst of the gale. Her head was on my shoulder and her tears on my cheek were warmer than the rain. I put my arm round her, felt her throb to the motion of her sobs. She put something in my palm, the silver shilling that had hung by a string against her heart, but neither of us spoke until dawn showed us the gypsy's body still hunched immobilely over the ashes.

"For me," wept Jewel. "For me."

And Mrs. Madison knelt down to close the dead eyes and compose the limbs.

That really ends the story I wanted to tell—the story of the strangest woman I ever knew. Of course the storm is part of American history, and so is the fact that the British marched out of Washington that day, an army defeated though no shot had touched it; and the Americans marched in. The enemy then tried to capture Baltimore and Mr. Key wrote a song about our victory there. But no one ever wrote a song about what happened that evening on High Rock when we buried the woman called Sweet Potatoes.

I wish I could write one—a hymn.

About noon the President arrived (Tim had found him) with a troop of cavalry. The troopers dug a pit, wrapped the body in an American flag and fired three volleys over the grave. That was all. But I'd like to write that hymn all the same.

And Jewel? No, Queen Dolly didn't adopt her. You can't adopt another man's wife, but you can give her a wedding present.

"Thee simply must accept it, dear Jewel," said Mrs. Madison, pouring tea, for the War was over and there was time for such things. "Thee and Thomas—or must I call him Captain now?—will need it to build thy new homestead in the West. It's no more than the legacy would be if I were allowed to make thee my daughter. Besides I look upon it as a debt that can never be paid in full. Call it—why, call it—a ransom."

"A Queen's ransom," I put in.

Mrs. Madison shook her head. "No. A nation's ransom," she insisted. And I know that she believed it.



Jewel



Tommy

Face of Stone

(Continued from page 39)

Cove while I was there," Ager began in his grave, story-teller's way, "on her half-yearly passage from Cahen of The Ser with a cargo of barley, and her master landed at the point looking for a butt, or maybe two, of out graded spirits—and a sound judge. 'Is that Long Baravaish under the pine hills?' he asked—six or seven of us kicking our heels amongst the puncheons. 'Well you know it, Coll,' said I, 'and you calling at Rem Cove twice a year this ten year.' 'You are from that place yourself, Ager,' said he then. 'Tell me did you know a tall swart hero named Urnaul of Rem?' 'I did, and will again,' said I. 'The best swordsman from Long Baravaish to the point of Rem, and the son of my friend, Orugh the swordmaker.' 'That's the man,' said he, 'and you are the man I am looking for. Urnaul was the best swordsman about here, it might well be, but he was not the best swordsman in The Ser. Fergus of Running Water killed him in a sword fight three weeks ago come tomorrow morning.' And that is how I heard it, Orugh."

ORUGH bowed his head and waited.

"I would not believe it at first," went on Ager, "but the shipmaster sitting there on one of my own kegs, was sure of it. 'I saw the killing,' said he, 'and here is Urnaul's sword.' Coll is a man of The Ser himself, and, while his boat was taking in its cargo of the famous Ser barley, he went inland to a place called Alder Hollow on the far side to see his brother. The woman Alor had already been living in that place for a week in a small shieling by herself, and, on the evening that Coll arrived, Urnaul came over the brink and stayed the night with the chief man of Alder Hollow. Urnaul was in the finest humor, giving some of the youths a lesson-bout in the ring, and laughing when some of the venture-some ones kept drawing toward the red-haired she-devil, like a red flame drawing moths. All might have been well for that time if someone had not sent word down to Running Water, which is only a mile or so below—"

"Someone would do just that," said Flann bitterly, "and be very careful of his own skin."

"Anyhow, Fergus the Killer came up hot foot in the morning, and, with Fergus and Urnaul in the same place, short was the time till the swords began to stir and whisper in their sheaths.

"Was the woman Alor at the bottom of the trouble?" Maur asked.

"That very question I put to the shipmaster, and he only laughed at me. 'Maybe she was and maybe she wasn't,' he said. 'Fergus, as the world knows, needs no excuse to draw a sword, and the sword was soon drawn.' It appears that Fergus came up to Urnaul like a fighting cock, head out and knees stiff in that way he has. 'I hear you are a fighting man, Urnaul of the Rem, son of Orugh,' says he. 'When cause is given,' says the weighty Urnaul. 'Cause or no cause,' challenged Fergus, 'will you try a bout with me?' 'If Alor will let me.' That was what Urnaul said: 'If Alor will let me.' 'I need no leave myself,' said Fergus laughing—he laughs readily but it is not good laughter. 'Nor does Urnaul,' said the red woman. That is the thing she said. 'Nor does Urnaul. Fight if ye like and kill if ye like—ye are no men of mine.' That's it."

And then Delgaun, who did not seem to be listening, groaned deeply: "Brother—O brother mine!"

"Without more ado they fought in the ring in Alder Hollow before all the people. It was a good fight as the sailor told it, but, being of The Ser, he had a bias for Fergus. Myself, I will never believe there was a better swordsman than Urnaul."

"Fergus killed him, nevertheless," Flann reminded him.

"He did. From a skilly bout it grew slowly to deadliness: that is Fergus's way. Urnaul took many wounds, for Fergus is a slow killer, and there was blood on Fergus too." But Ager did not tell Urnaul's kin that the blood was mostly Urnaul's. He threw his hands wide with a gesture of finality. "What more is there to tell?"

"No more, indeed," agreed Orugh forlornly.

"Did Alor go away with Fergus?" Maur questioned after a pause.

"That I did not ask. But Fergus, whose only love is swording, was boasting all that day that Alor would be a fine lure to lead hardy men that way."

"The Ser is proud of him," said Maur.

AND Delgaun shook his heavy head.

"Fergus sent back the sword?" said Con in his teeth.

"He sent it back with Coll, the shipmaster."

"That is what a fighting man would do," said Con.

"And that is all then," said Orugh wearily.

Ager hesitated. His eyes rested on Delgaun who was the full brother of dead Urnaul, but Delgaun sat still

aloof as an idol, shoulders hunched to his lifted knees, and his gaze out over the marshes of Rem turning wan and strange in the desolate after-light. Then Ager's eyes flitted past Maur and Flann and stopped on Con's.

"There was a message with the sword, Con," he said. "Fergus the Killer sent it. 'Tell Orugh and his sons,' it runs, 'that if one of them would like to try what Urnaul tried, Fergus can be found.' That was it."

"It is the message of a fighting man," said Con.

Ager lifted himself slowly to his feet, and grunted a little.

"You will try a mether of our new rum," invited Orugh, on his feet also.

"I will not, Orugh, and thank you. It might not sit well on its foundation. Come round tomorrow, Con, and I will have the new blend ready."

"I may not be around tomorrow, Ager," said Con quietly.

WHEN Ager was gone the five men sat still for a while and said nothing. The death of Urnaul had brought its weight of gloom to his kin, but these men—and men everywhere—possessed too much poise to be long unbalanced by death and loss. Urnaul had been a likable man in his own way, but the road he had chosen met and dared death at every turn, and death had, at last, grown tired of being dared. But now, though Urnaul had found his only peace, he had left his kin with a challenge on their hands that would have to be answered one way or another. They sat there thinking their own thoughts, and, beyond a doubt, four of them thought alike; for their eyes watched the hunched shoulders of Delgaun, who was the oldest brother and full-brother to the dead man, the brother who had first right to speak or do. They waited for him, but Delgaun made no least move, and at last Con lifted on his feet.

"Let it be!" he said fiercely, as if someone had been speaking. "Delgaun is no swordsman, and I am. I always knew in my bones that Fergus and I would look at each other over the hilts. I will take the sword."

"I am Urnaul's full brother too," cried Maur, on his feet also. "I will take it."

"Wait till you are a man," Con stopped him forcefully.

It was then that Delgaun, turning head over shoulder, looked at Con, and Delgaun's face was strangely rigid, and a hard film over his dark eyes.

"Is there nothing I can say will

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"SO LONG, CALIFORNIA!

*I'm off to New York
with Ethyl!*

(Yes, sir! And the hotter the day, the more you need it.)



HERE'S A HOT TIP FOR COOL DRIVING THIS SUMMER—
in 43 seconds

BEWARE a "pinging" sound this summer when you "step on the gas" for pick-up, or hills. It is your engine's way of saying: "I feel hot weather, too. I'm *losing* power, *wasting* gas and *overheating*. Give me better gasoline."



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.

Cars built in recent years have high compression engines. And in summer the knocking evil is at its worst because hot weather increases engine heat.



THE CURE—and preventive—of knock is better gasoline. That is why most oil companies now improve gasoline by adding anti-knock fluids (containing tetra-ethyl lead) made by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.

They recommend, as their *best* fuel for summer driving, special gasoline sold at pumps marked "Ethyl" on the base or globe.



+ =



YOU GET at the "Ethyl" pump

⚡ Enough anti-knock fluid to stand up under the highest engine compression on the hottest day.

✓✓ All-round quality that is double-checked—by the oil companies and the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation—at the refinery and at the pump.



GIVE YOUR CAR the coolest fuel this summer. Avoid knock — power loss, gasoline waste and overheating. Get more power from each gallon of gasoline you buy! ...

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL

Face of Stone

(Continued from page 42)

stop you, Con?" he said hopelessly. "Only one thing, Delgaun, since the right is yours."

"And that I will not say." His voice deepened and was strangely weary. "I will play no more games with Fate that plays always with loaded dice." He looked at his father. "Have you nothing to say, Orugh, to this folly of killing?"

Orugh touched the hilt on his lap. "This is Urnaul's sword. I made it. Sword making is my trade."

"Very well so," said Delgaun and turned resolutely away from them.

Con took the sword from his father's knees and looked over the hilt at his brother Flann.

"If this sword comes back, Flann," he said, so derisively bitter that one would know he was of Flann's blood, "try and forget that I am your full brother."

"I will start doing that now, Con," said Flann, satiric to the end, "but, in case my memory is tougher than I hope it is, I have always Maur's trick of fence to fall back on."

Maur, for once, had nothing to say.

A WEEK after the mid-winter festival the sword came home again. Con did not bring it. Con lay dead in Alder Hollow of The Ser, and Fergus of Running Water was his killer.

"I send back the sword," ran the message this time. "Con was a good man but ye will need to send a better."

"He will not get that one, nor any one," said Flann.

And Delgaun, placing his hands on his half brother's shoulders, besought him: "Hold you by that, Flann, for death is an unmanly thing."

But next morning Flann rose at the first light, and dressed himself for the road, and his face and his voice mocked himself and the world.

"The truth is with you, Delgaun," said he, "but I cannot face it. I have tried, and I have tried hard, but I cannot forget that I am Con's brother. There is no need to say anything to me."

And he took the sword and went away.

"It will be my turn next," said Maur, throwing back his supple shoulders.

Orugh, the father, looked at his youngest son and from his youngest to dark Delgaun who met his look; and there was the same fear in both their eyes.

"It is a hard thing to be a father," said Orugh.

"You know that at last, old man,"

said Delgaun harshly. "Fate is cutting close to the bone now. Who put the sword in her hand? Let her cut then!"

FLANN brought the sword back himself.

It was a sharp evening after a sunny day of Springtide, and on the open hearth of Orugh's house a fire of peat and bog-pine flamed brightly, filling the cavernous room with a ruddy, homely, heart-easing glow, glistening the resinous black rafters of the high-pitched roof, gleaming on the shields of bronze, setting grotesque shadows dancing on the lime-washed walls. Orugh and his two sons, Delgaun and Maur, sat wide-legged round the hearth, their eyes on the heart of the fire, their faces withdrawn and serious, the high lights defining the clean-cut angles of brow and jaw; and a silence that had grown with the months weighed them down. Even Maur had lost his ready tongue.

Somewhere nearby a hound barked, and, in a little while, a step sounded on the boards of the porch, and a man pushed open the door to the wan light of evening. That man was Flann.

The three men at the fireside stirred, made a move as if to rise, and then sat, very still.

"You are welcome home, Flann," said his father gravely.

"Maybe I am, Orugh," said Flann, and his voice, at any rate, had not lost its satiric trick.

He walked on feet not too certain to the fireside, and Delgaun pulled a high straw hassock behind his knees. But Flann stood looking down at the flames that whispered to themselves, his cheekbones strongly lit, and his long, hollow cheeks in shadow. The hilt of the long sword stood up above his left shoulder, and his right arm was slung in a silken scarf across his breast.

"Sit you," Orugh invited.

Flann drew his arm from the sling and thrust it into the light of the fire.

"Fergus of Running Water did that to me."

There was a white rag on the stump of the forearm where the hand should be.

The men drew in their breaths.

"I will fashion a hand for you," said Orugh then.

"Is that all you have to say?" Flann laughed bitterly. "Why do you not ask is Fergus dead? Fergus is not dead. Fergus is far from death, and Alor is very much alive. He refused to kill a man who had no skill. Take your sword home, you will not

need it any more," said he. "Take your sword home, and tell Orugh make a sickle of it."

And Flann sat down, and carefully returned his maimed arm to its sling.

But Maur was on his feet, hands dunting, head up, body tense like the whip of a lance.

"Yes!" he cried, "it will be a sickle of death, and I will wield it. Look at me! I am a man grown. All this winter I have been practising fence, and there is not a man in Long Baravaish can touch me. I will take the sword." He put his hand to the hilt at Flann's shoulder. "Are ye listening to me? I will take the sword."

"Make a song of it," said Flann.

"The song will come later," cried Maur. "I will let the sword sing, and I be silent."

"It has come now, father," said Delgaun darkly, his head down and his eyes still on the fire.

"It has come now, Delgaun," agreed Orugh heavily. "It is a hard thing to be a father."

IT is a hard thing to be unhappy—that is what you mean, old man." And Delgaun's sombre voice, at last finding tongue, went on reasoning to itself. "Unhappiness comes hard on the young. I was once young that am not yet old. But I know, too, that unhappiness does not come hard on the old. Orugh, my father, is old, his high deeds and hot desires behind him, laughter easy to him, and tears easy, and all his yesterdays only a dream. I know all that, and yet—" He lifted his head, leant forward to the old man and looked close into his face. "And yet, foolish that I am, I would do anything that I could to keep this last unhappiness from you, my father."

"You were never a fighting man—you can do nothing, Delgaun."

"Nothing—I know that; for no man can escape his fate. At last I know that."

HE rose to his feet, walked to the open door, and stood looking out across the marshes of Rem dim in the gloaming, small splashes of water glimmering like cold steel in the after light. And the heavy lonely timbre of his voice had an undertone of bitter revolt and terrible despair.

"I used to make songs too, Maur, and I am one of your wandering men of Baravaish. The wastes of Rem before my eyes, the crying of the curlew, the fighting of the duck, the trumpet of the wild geese in the dark of the morning put restlessness on

me, set my feet on roads across the world—across all the world. . . . But at the end, when I thought I could remember nothing but my own bitterness, I remembered the russet green of the bearded rushes, the ruddy green of the marsh grasses, the bright green of Rem ribbon, the little pools shimmering in the sun, shivering in the wind, the lonely calling of the curlew, the long necks of the duck, the salt air of the sea, many things besides. So was I drawn home to Long Baravaish, to my father's quiet house, to hear the shore birds cry and see the gold bar of the sea under the setting sun; to sit after the day and drink our father's mead and talk of the mystery that has no solving, and, when the time came, quietly to die, and sleep—and sleep—and sleep, and that would be the best of all."

"Maur could never sing like you, brother," said Flann in a strange gentle voice. "Oh! but I am glad that I am home."

"Rest you, brother," said Delgaun, "but I am not yet asleep. Maur's wander hunger is in me again." He looked back over his shoulder, and his voice was quiet now. "My eyes are weary of the marshes of Rem; the salt air has grown stale in my throat; your mead, father, that inspired me yesterday is sour today. I think that I will take a step or two on roads I know with your son, Maur."

"You will take the sword, Delgaun?" was what his father asked him.

"I will take no sword," said Delgaun.

"I will take the sword," cried Maur, "and in our own time come down on The Ser and on Fergus." He had shed all the gloom of winter, and was again a vital seeking youth. "Tell me, Flann," he inquired eagerly, "did you see Alor?"

"I saw her."

"What is she like?"

"She is a woman with red hair," said Flann, "and she stays in a man's mind."

"Is that all?"

"It is enough." Again he thrust out his maimed arm. "She salved that for me, this is her scarf, and that is her last bandage. She was kind—and not wicked." He laughed unhappily. "Look ye! If I could grow a hand on that stump I would again try Fergus with Maur's trick. That is the kind of woman Alor is."

"I will judge her for myself," said Maur.

"Very well so," said Delgaun.
(To be concluded next month)



Melvin Purvis, former G-Man, employing the instrument used to determine the gun from which a bullet was fired

Getting the Drop on Public Nuisance No. 1

By Melvin Purvis

Former G-Man and Nemesis of Gangdom

WHEN the rataplan of gunfire hushed, Public Enemy Number 1 lay sprawled on the street. This gangster's swift justice at the hands of law and order marked the beginning of the end for one of the most vicious gangs in the history of crime. And in this spectacular man hunt, as in most others, scientific skill and close attention to detail played leading parts.

These are the similarities between the manufacture of Gillette Blades and crime detection, although I didn't know this until my recent inspection trip through the Gillette factory. Previously I had taken razor blades for granted. I couldn't imagine the scientific skill, expert craftsmanship and tremendous care that is lavished on the Gillette Blade.

I saw things on my visit to the factory that are almost unbelievable. Yes, I saw wonders that a non-scientific mind simply cannot grasp. The automatic control mechanism on the electric hardening furnaces positively awed me. In these furnaces the world's finest steel is treated with more heat or less heat as required

for utmost uniformity with the correct standard. This system alone was evolved at a cost of many thousands of dollars and years of research and labor.

Familiar as I am with the microscope I was greatly impressed with Gillette's constant use of this scientific instrument to assure perfection in the finished product. I marvelled at a photo-electric device developed by Gillette which measures the sharpness of the blade edges, and guides the skilled technicians who keep the huge grinding machines in tune. These machines weigh four tons each and can be adjusted to a fineness of 1/10,000 of an inch.

Most impressive of all is the precision of every operation. A trip through the factory is a revelation to one who appreciates accuracy and meticulous attention to detail. More than that, a man leaves the Gillette plant with a feeling of gratitude to these experts who have the drop on Public Nuisance No. 1—these Gillette scientists who have made the removal of unsightly bristles so much easier and more comfortable for every man.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

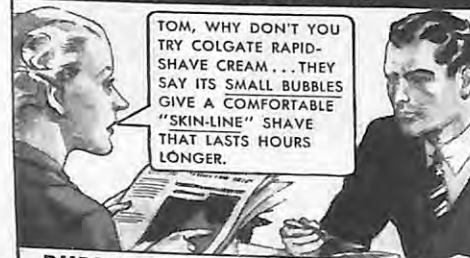
GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Jonathan Had a Horse

(Continued from page 38)



NEXT MORNING



BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!



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



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

NOW... AT NIGHT



dressed exactly as he had been the day before except that his coat and hat were gray. He held a stop-watch in his hand and he greeted them with a grave courtesy.

"Miss Strange," he declared, "you will learn plenty about your mare this morning."

"Why I know all about Nioby," Mary told him. "I've been riding her every day."

"True," the gambler smiled, "but I doubt if she has ever been ridden as she will be ridden today. May I assist you to a seat on the top-rail?"

Niobé remained as tractable as a lady's hack but she still resented her rider and, being feminine, bided her time. As they came into the backstretch, she swerved suddenly and bolted. The little fellow slid his hands along the reins and exerted a steady pull. It had no effect. The mare had the bit in her teeth.

Riding with his knees, he rose out of the saddle and, lying across her neck, he fought her for the bit. Within half a furlong he had conquered her and she was ambling along as though nothing had happened. But something had happened which was to revolutionize race riding in the flat. When he went up on her shoulders, he noticed immediately that her stride lengthened and became freer until he forced the bit from her and regained his control.

This fact was in the back of his mind even as he sent her away extended to be clocked for the mile. As he rode it, he found her an ordinary horse, running with the willingness of the thoroughbred, but faltering badly in the last furlong. As she flashed across the finish line, Pittsburgh Phil's stop-watch caught her at 1:51, Jonathan's at 1:49. The gambler's face was expressionless but Jonathan's was full of woe.

The little fellow could have called her time within a second or so because even then he was a wonderful judge of pace. But as he pulled her to a walk, he was no longer interested.

THE same instinct which had sent him out to sit on a rail to check the accuracy of his hunch that the track rose slightly along the back-stretch now set his mind digging for the reason why a horse should move more freely and with a longer and more powerful stride when he moved his weight to rest it on her shoulders. Or did all horses? And, if they did, what would be the result of riding them that way, with shortened stir-

rups, his rump in the air, his body crouched over their necks so that he looked, for all the world, like a monkey-on-a-stick?

He was still asking himself that question when Niobé turned into the stable yard and he saw Mary. She was looking up at him, a blanket in her hands and an anxious question in her eyes. As he slid to the ground, she asked it.

"What are her chances Saturday?"

HE turned to loosen the girth and take off the saddle and Mary stepped forward with the blanket. He took it from her and covered the mare.

"She's a willin' little hoss," he answered then.

"Can you win with her?"

He picked up the halter, removed the mare's bridle and slipped it over her head and as Mary took up the lead rope, he looked at her and then beyond her at a shadowy jockey riding with shortened stirrups. The jockey's rump was in the air and he crouched low over the horse's neck, for all the world like a monkey-on-a-stick.

"If what I think is true," he said softly, "your hoss has better than an even chance." The swift joy which suffused her face and lighted her eyes alarmed him. "But don't you bet on her," He warned. "After all, seven other hosses will face the barrier with her and anything can happen in a hoss race. The purse is a thousand dollars. That's a nice tidy little sum, if we win it."

But Mary's smile didn't abate as she started cooling out the mare in the ring. Then Jonathan was towering above him.

"She didn't do so good this mornin'," he lamented. "Still want to ride her Saturday?"

The little fellow did not look at him. His eyes were on Mary, admiring her graceful, feminine awkwardness in her riding breeches. He was seized with a sudden intense desire to see her in a dress.

"Do you?" Jonathan persisted.

The little fellow's eyes rested on him coldly.

"I said I'd ride her Saturday," he said. "I'm ridin' her."

Later that day, Pittsburgh Phil joined him at the hotel cigar counter where the little fellow was purchasing a couple of the sixteen coronas he smoked daily.

"I want you to ride my Alcazar in the fourth Saturday," he told him.

"All right," he said, but the little fellow absently accepted the commission. He was still preoccupied with the possibilities of the crouch seat.

"Give him his head. He's a good horse and I think he's right. Too bad about Jonathan's little mare."

"What is it?"

The gambler's shrewd eyes swiftly appraised him. "That she can't go the distance," he said. "I rate her a six-furlong horse."

"That's right," the little fellow assented. "She faltered in the home-stretch this morning. Say, Mr. Smith, I'd like to ask you for a favor."

"What is it?"

"Why," the little fellow was embarrassed. "I'd like you to invite Mar—that little girl to watch the races from your box Saturday."

"So that's the way you feel, is it?" the gambler smiled.

"Now don't you get the wrong idea!" the little fellow hastily explained. "I know this sounds as if I was off my nut, but I'd kind of like to see what she looks like in a dress—if she's got a dress."

"All right," the gambler agreed, after an instant's reflection. "I'll have her in my box. You know, I'd like to see her in a dress myself just once. I bet she's a mighty pretty girl."

SO on Saturday, Mary Strange was watching the races from Pittsburgh Phil's box while Jonathan, her father, readied up Niobé, the little mare, for the fifth. As soon as the gambler put his eyes on her, he knew he had won his bet. She was a mighty pretty girl in a dress. Her blue eyes were dancing. Her full lips were red with health. And her long, thick black hair was sleekly glistening.

The dress was a basque of green lightweight wool with leg-o-mutton sleeves and a bustle. Her short waist and long, full skirt made her look three inches taller and the leg-o-mutton sleeves and the bustle an inch or so wider than she really was in her sweater and riding breeches. And a large gray felt hat with a brim upturned on one side and trimmed with two long plumes made you think of a princess in a mythical romantic kingdom.

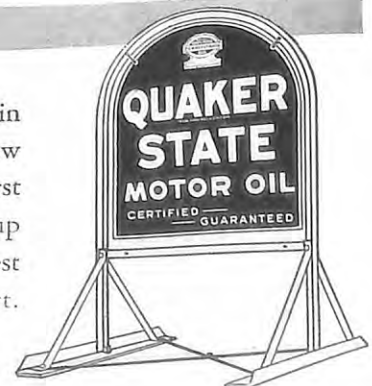
She had something of a princess' hauteur, too. Under her basque dress and her skin, her heart was thumping with excitement. The sky was as blue as only a California sky can be and this was the same track over which she had ridden Niobé morning after morning for months. Yet today it seemed all different. The fashionable crowds in the stands held her eyes like magnets and the hum of thousands of people made her nerves vibrate. There was electricity in the air and on the track sleek thoroughbreds soon to be running.

But there was no sign of excitement in the manner with which she accepted a pair of field glasses from the gambler and watched three races run. She saw the little fellow ride all three of them and she saw him



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BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

Prove it yourself! Try the "First Quart" test. Drain and refill with Quaker State Motor Oil. See how far you go before you have to add the tell-tale first quart. And remember . . . the oil that stands up longest is giving your motor the best and safest lubrication. The retail price is 35¢ per quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Co., Oil City, Pa.



He walked in the locker room and spread ATHLETE'S FOOT



HE WAS A "CARRIER"

HED be the most unpopular man in the club if his friends knew he was a carrier of Athlete's Foot. But he doesn't know it himself! That's the treacherous thing about this disease. There's no pain at first. Yet as soon as the fungus fastens on you, you spread Athlete's Foot wherever you walk barefoot. You infect your friends, your own family, and let yourself in for painful trouble.

Don't be a carrier. Examine your toes tonight. If you note the slightest redness, douse on Absorbine Jr. at once. Or else, tiny, itching blisters may appear. Then excessive moisture, white, dead-looking skin, painful peeling, raw, distressing tissues. Absorbine Jr. kills the fungus when reached. Promptly, it brings cooling, soothing comfort and aids in healing raw tissues. So get a bottle immediately. Accept no substitute. All druggists, \$1.25; for a free sample, write to 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.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches,
bruises, sprains and Sunburn

win the third and her laugh cut through the roar of the crowd as he flashed across the finish line.

"My!" she told Pittsburgh Phil, "I'm glad he's riding Nioby! If it was anybody else, I'd be worried about our money. But with him in the saddle, I just know for sure we'll win."

"You got a small bet down, Miss Strange?"

"A small bet! Didn't Daddy tell you? We're betting every cent we own! Five hundred and eight dollars. That's what we had left from the money we got from the farm when we paid all expenses this morning. Daddy didn't want to bet at all until I told him what Mr. Blausner said to me after Nioby's work-out the other morning. Then he went out and bet all of it. We got thirty-to-one. They just don't know Nioby out here."

"What did he tell you?" the gambler asked weakly.

"He said, 'If what I think is true, your hoss has better than an even chance.' Wasn't that wonderful? We're going to buy a little house on Avocado street. I picked it—"

"Miss Strange," the gambler interrupted, "will you wait here for me? I got a horse in the next race. I have to give his jockey instructions." He hurried to the paddock and found the little fellow settling in the saddle. "Wait!" he barked. "What was your idea of touting Jonathan and his daughter into betting on that six-furlong horse of theirs you're riding in the fifth?"

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Smith," the little fellow told him.

"Didn't you tell Mary Strange that if what you thought was true, Nioby had a better than even chance to win?"

"Why, yes," the jockey admitted. "But I was thinking of something else."

"Yes? Well, your thought is going to send them both home in a barrel. They've bet every cent they had on her."

The little fellow paled and then set his jaw.

"All right," he said calmly, "then I'll have to win."

BUT he didn't know how he was going to win. He rode Alcazar by instinct in that race and brought him home in second place a nostril behind the winner. But all through the race he was trying to figure how he was going to win an eight-furlong race on a six-furlong horse. He didn't even hear Pittsburgh Phil tell him he had ridden a great race. He said, "Hello," to Mary when she spoke to him but he didn't notice her beautiful green basque dress because he didn't even see her.

He went to Niobé's stall and got her leaded saddle from Jonathan and was weighed in. He returned to the paddock and handed the saddle to Jonathan and his thoughts kept whirling. Jonathan threw the sad-

dle on the mare and tightened the girth. He grinned at the little fellow and offered his hand to help him mount. But the little fellow stopped him.

"Shorten those stirrups!" he suddenly commanded, and as Jonathan's lax mouth dropped open and his eyes bulged. "Go ahead! Here! I'll do it!" His hands moved swiftly on the leather. The stirrups were hanging just below the seat on the sidepads when the bugle sounded, "To Post." The little fellow went into the saddle from Jonathan's hand and rode out into the track without a backward glance.

THERE are some old-timers still around who remember that race. They will tell you about the roar of laughter that went up from the stands as the eight horses flashed away because one of the jockeys was riding with his rump in the air and stretched across a little horse's mane, for all the world like a monkey-on-a-stick. But Pittsburgh Phil didn't laugh. One of the hunches that enabled him to amass three millions on the race track before he died told him to call a betting commission.

"Bet a thousand dollars for me," he instructed, "on Niobé to win."

The little fellow was riding with every bit of skill he had picked up in seven years of hard schooling. He was riding for his reputation. He was riding for a girl he had picked up off the track. He was riding with his head.

He was riding on the mare's shoulders, his knees bent back against her sides. He was lying parallel to her head and thus was stream-lined against the wind. Niobé was carrying a hundred pounds in that race, sixty-four of it the little fellow on her shoulders, thirty-six of it, dead weight on her back and sides. And she ran as if she carried nothing, as if she were running free. He settled her down in sixth place against the rail so that the five horses in front broke the force of the wind.

Going into the backstretch he held her checked, allowing the others to waste their strength on the slight rise which he, and he alone, knew was there. As they rounded the far turn, he knew he was on top of the rise and he let her out a little, moving her up to third place and into a pocket that seemed air-tight. He did it deliberately because he knew that here she breathed air that did not come to her in a rush.

They were in the home-stretch now in this position, the leader against the rail, the second horse hugging him on the outside. And then Niobé, at the leader's heels, hopelessly frozen there.

But now the little fellow knew he had saved Niobé her two furlongs. Now he made his bid. Leaning farther forward, he loosened the reins. "Go on, you beauty!" he whispered. "Go on, Niobé!" and the little mare responded. She saw a crack of light

between the first and second horses and she made for it. The outside horse saw her coming and swerved aside. She was through!

The stands rose as if they were one body and forgot to laugh at the "monkey-on-a-stick" as Niobé fought to the leader's flanks, to his saddle girth, to his bridle. They were nose and nose when the little fellow booted her with his unspurred heel. She flashed home, the winner by a length.

It must have been some time after, when he slid from Niobé's back into the arms of a laughing girl in a green basque dress who was beside herself with excitement.

"Oh Mr. Blauser!" she cried. "You won! You won! I knew you would! And Daddy and I bet all we had and we won fifteen thousand dollars!"

He fought himself out of her embrace and looked at her and saw that she was Mary Strange and the reason he hadn't known her was because she was wearing a dress.

Years afterwards, down in Los Angeles and at the other end of his life, he would cherish her as a sweet, lovely memory and remember her in her green basque dress as one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen. But now he was thinking of a vow he had made never to take his own name until he was as good a jockey as his brother, Cash, or better.

"That's fine, Mary," he told her, "but my name ain't Blauser. It's Sloan. Tod Sloan. I'm going to take it places."



The seventh inning stretch *for* PABST



Drop the old thermometer down a couple of inches with the delicious cool refreshment that is waiting for you in those famous silver cans that bring you Pabst Export Beer.

The product of ninety-two years of brewing experience is brought to you intact—with all its goodness sealed in.

Light, which injures beer flavor, is excluded. You enjoy Pabst—delicious, fragrant—just as Pabst made it.

For the most in summer refreshment, you will want this beer with its fine flavor. At the ball game, at work, at home or at play—join the millions who enjoy real beer goodness—insist on Pabst TAPaCan.

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Enjoy genuine Old Tankard Ale—full bodied, full flavored, full strength. Brewed and mellowed by Pabst.

INSIST ON ORIGINAL PABST TAPaCan

- Brewery Goodness Sealed Right In
- Protected Flavor
- Non-refillable
- Flat Top—It Stacks
- Saves Half the Space
- No Deposits to Pay
- No Bottles to Return
- Easy to Carry
- No Breakage

Your Dog

(Continued from page 37)

Readers' Service

Q—How can I rid my dog of fleas?

A—Consult advertisement on dog page this issue of The Elks Magazine.

Q—I have been advised not to feed raw meat to my German Shepherd. Is this correct?

A—It is not correct. Many leading kennels rely upon raw meat as a staple. To keep your dog healthy you might vary the diet by cooking the meat occasionally and make a frequent substitution of some of the better brands of prepared dog foods. The Elks Magazine is sending you a list of reputable dog food advertisers.

Q—I have been told that a Cocker Spaniel is not only a good house pet but can be used as a gun dog. Is this true?

A—Yes, the Cocker makes an excellent lively and interesting house pet and if you want him as a gun dog you had best buy a large and heavy Cocker for this purpose although the practice is not prevalent.

PABST *Export* TAPaCan BEER

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The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visit

(Continued from page 33)

J. Theodore Moses of North Tonawanda; P.D.D. Aloys F. Leuthe, E.R. George E. Carrie and Secy. James J. Mullane of Niagara Falls Lodge; Secy. J. J. Donovan of Buffalo Lodge; P.D.D. Oren C. Steele, E.R. Robert A. Harvey and Secy. Frank H. Homelius of Batavia Lodge; E.R. Emmett B. Kane and Secy. R. Pollo Stillman of Albion Lodge, and E.R. George E. Callaghan of Medina Lodge. Many P.E.R.'s of the Lodge were also present.

THE Grand Exalted Ruler made his official visit to Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346, on Saturday night, April 4. He was the guest of honor at a dinner in the Spanish room of the Lodge Home, and later at the Lodge session he installed the newly elected officers headed by Francis L. Giles, Exalted Ruler.

P.E.R. Philip Clancy, Secretary of the N. Y., State Elks Association, acted as the Grand Exalted Ruler's official escort. Both Judge Hallinan and Mr. Clancy in their addresses expressed their pleasure at the number of Past Exalted Rulers in attendance. Nearly all were there, escorting the head of the Order and his official escort into the Lodge room. The Lodge presented Judge Hallinan with a table lamp.

Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 263, was visited by Judge Hallinan on Sunday afternoon, April 5, at 3 P.M., at which time a special session of the Lodge was held for the purpose of installing the new officers.

P.E.R. Dr. Roy M. Bradley, D.D. for N. Y., West, presided at the session which continued after the installation of officers had taken place. Among the visitors were Frank J. Lyons of Warren Lodge, Pres., and the Rev. Father Diamond, Chaplain, of the Pa. State Elks Assn., and delegations from North Tonawanda, Buffalo and Dunkirk, N. Y., and Corry and Warren, Pa., Lodges.

Shortly after the arrival of the Grand Exalted Ruler in Jamestown, a number of officers and members accompanied him to the cemetery where Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Jerome B. Fisher is buried. A wreath was placed upon the grave.

The Grand Exalted Ruler conducted the installation of the new officers of his own Lodge, Queens Borough, N. Y., No. 878, on Tuesday evening, April 7. John G. Toomey is the new Exalted Ruler. The meeting brought out a large and enthusiastic representation of the membership.

The new officers of Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1477, headed by E.R. Bernard J. MacEvoy, enjoyed the honor of being installed by the Grand Exalted Ruler. A meeting of the Lodge was held on Tuesday evening, April 14, for that purpose, in the Fire Headquarters, the Lodge accommodations being too small for the large crowd. D.D. Nelson A. Pomfret of Paterson Lodge, and Past State Pres.'s Joseph G. Buch, of Trenton, and William Conklin, of Englewood, attended.

A two-day visit made by the Grand Exalted Ruler to South Bend, Ind., was sponsored by the 12 Lodges of the Indiana North District. The occasion was the Eighteenth Semi-Annual Reunion on April 18-19 of the Association, with South Bend Lodge acting as host.

Judge Hallinan and his party were met by the local Reception Committee together with Grand Tiler Joseph B. Kyle of Gary, D.D. Harley H. Rudolph of Michigan City, and Floyd D. Saxton of Gary, Secy. of the District Association, and escorted to the Hotel La Salle. Immediate after his arrival Judge Hallinan conferred with national and State officials of the Order and the South Bend officers. A tour of the city at 10:30 wound up with a visit to the campus of the University of Notre Dame, where a large crowd of Elks had already gathered. The Comptroller of Notre Dame, Frank Lloyd, a prominent Elk in that section, was on hand and took keen pleasure in showing the visitors around.

JUDGE HALLINAN had brought his young son with him from New York, and they enjoyed themselves hugely watching Coach Elmer Layden put the football candidates through a scrimmage.

After an informal luncheon held in his honor at the Hotel, the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke at 1:30 P.M. over WSBT, the broadcasting station of *The South Bend Tribune*. A reception for Judge Hallinan and his party was held at 2:30 in the club rooms of the Home.

The Banquet at 7 P.M. honoring the Grand Exalted Ruler was the outstanding event of the Reunion. It was held in the Notre Dame Dining Hall, with more than 1,000 persons gathered there. D.D. Rudolph was Toastmaster. The program was as follows: Welcome and Introduction of Toastmaster, E.R. Vurpillat; Invocation, the Rev. Father W. E. Hof-



"Hello Babs, on time again — trying for a punctuality record — or just, All American Wife?"

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fenbacher, Logansport, State Chaplain; Announcement, A. Gordon Taylor, LaPorte, First State Vice-Pres.; Introduction of Guests, Grand Tiler Joseph B. Kyle; Welcome to the Grand Exalted Ruler, Mayor George Freyermouth, State Pres. O. Ray Miner, Warsaw, the Rev. Father Hugh O'Donnell, and Robert A. Scott of Linton Lodge, Superintendent of the Elks National Home; Address by the Grand Exalted Ruler; Auld Lang Syne. Con Holloway's Band from LaPorte, which furnished the music for the Reunion, played during the banquet. Michael Shannon, Jr., was an invited guest.

AMONG the prominent Elks present, whose names have not been heretofore mentioned, were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Chicago, Ill.; Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, O.; Judge Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Ill., Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees; Judge Frank B. Leonard of Champaign, Ill., Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; John K. Burch of Grand Rapids, Mich., former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; James D. Moran of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, Secretary to the Grand Exalted Ruler; Fred A. Wiecking of Bluffton, H. D. Andrews of Noblesville, Harry E. McClain of Shelbyville, and David R. Scott of Linton, District Deputies for Indiana; Franz A. Koehler of Des Plaines, D.D. for Illinois, N.E.; William Frasier of Blue Island, P.D.D. for Illinois, N.E.; E.R. Irving Eisenman of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4; Wilbur Hart, manager of the Chicago office of *The Elks Magazine*, and the following officers of the Indiana State Elks Assn.; Secy. William C. Groebl, Shelbyville;

Treas. T. E. Jeanneret, Ligonier; Trustee Edward J. Greenwald, Whiting; Tiler, Frank E. Recobs, Tipton, and Milo B. Mitchell, Linton, Raymond F. Thomas, Terre Haute, and C. E. Thompson, Frankfort, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Vice-President, respectively.

During the evening tribute was paid Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning who has been a member of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, for many years, and is that Lodge's senior Past Exalted Ruler. Mr. Fanning instituted South Bend Lodge in 1892. A magnificent ovation followed the mention of Mr. Fanning's name and was repeated when his telegram to District Deputy Harley H. Rudolph, containing greetings to his fellow members of Illinois, Ohio, Michigan and Indiana, was read to the assemblage, and also when the Minutes of the institution of South Bend Lodge were read. The Minutes have been preserved by the Lodge in a special case.

After the banquet a stag was held in the South Bend Lodge Home, attended by the Grand Exalted Ruler, his party and the other guests. Wrestling matches and boxing bouts were featured.

AN important and successful business session was held on Sunday, April 19, at 10 A.M. in the Home, presided over by District Deputy Rudolph. An afternoon meeting took place at 1:30. A class of candidates was initiated, the ritualistic work being performed by the State Champion Ritualistic Team of Frankfort Lodge headed by P.D.D. C. E. Thompson. Short talks were made by the Grand Exalted Ruler and other Grand Lodge officers. At 4 P.M., a stag was held and the remainder of the day spent socially.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 34)

McCullough, winner, first flight, W. C. Hoffman, runner-up; Orval Lowe, winner, second flight, Neal Hawkins, runner-up; Bryan J. Hoffman won the bogey flight. All winners in the golf tournament were from Salina Lodge. During the banquet all of the State officers present were introduced, a short talk being made by Wayne H. Lamoreux, State Secy. Following the banquet a splendid floor show of ten acts was given and this was followed by a dance. All activities of the evening were held in the Masonic Temple.

At the final session held on May 12th, the following officers were

elected for the ensuing year: Pres., J. C. Broadley, Pittsburg; 1st Vice-Pres., William D. Reilly, Leavenworth; 2nd Vice-Pres., Fred Straley, Topeka; 3rd Vice-Pres., J. E. Larson, Ottawa; Secy., Wayne H. Lamoreux, Great Bend (re-elected); Treas., C. F. Clark, Hutchinson; Trustees: John Steuri, Great Bend, Fred Toms, Newton, and D. F. Dooley, Hutchinson. The newly elected officers were installed by Past Pres. F. W. McDonald, of Lawrence Lodge.

Hutchinson, Kansas, was selected as the Convention city for next year, the meeting to convene on Sunday, Mother's Day, in May.

HINT TO WIVES WITH TENDER NOSES



IF he won't clean his pipe and give up that coal-gas tobacco, clip this ad and lay it beside his easy chair along with a pack of pipe cleaners and a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh. 'Tis thus many a loving wife has freed her home from tobacco far too strong and odorous for this sensitive world. Sir Walter Raleigh is a fascinating blend of extra-mild and extra-fragrant Kentucky Burleys. Smoked in a well-kept briar, it makes the air clearer and sweeter, and your curtains stay fresher. It's your move!

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Santa Ana, No. 794</p> <p>CONNECTICUT
Torrington, No. 372</p> <p>FLORIDA
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Pensacola, No. 497</p> <p>HAWAII
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Blackfoot, No. 1416</p> <p>ILLINOIS
Aurora, No. 705
Canton, No. 626
Litchfield, No. 654
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Elko, No. 1472</p> <p>NEW HAMPSHIRE
Rochester, No. 1393</p> <p>NEW JERSEY
Bridgeton, No. 733
Passiac, No. 387</p> | <p>(NEW JERSEY—Cont.)
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Trenton, No. 105</p> <p>NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque, No. 461
Silver City, No. 413</p> <p>NEW YORK
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Coboes, No. 1317
Freeport, No. 1253
Hempstead, No. 1485
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Poughkeepsie, No. 275
Queens Borough
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|---|---|

Note to Lodges: If you are not listed above—advise the Elks Magazine and your lodge name will be added in the next issue.



Gus Haenschen, a successful radio orchestra leader, has his hair cut each week while eating lunch

The Forgotten Man

(Continued from page 16)

Down came the hatchet, smacking through the canteloupe's skin, squashing into the soft inside. By the time we finished rehearsal the slaughter of canteloupes was tremendous, but the sound effect would have made your blood run cold.

Dying men once were a problem, too. It's no fun to be a sound effect man if you have to fall down dead on the hard studio floor a dozen times in an hour.

Unfortunately you can't impersonate a falling body by dropping a sack of sand. All you hear when a sack of sand falls is one thump, like the villain's fall in the old melodrama, while a real body falls in a series of crashes, body first, and then arms, head, and legs making small thumps of their own. Radio was several years old before some sound effect operator discovered that he could get all the effect he needed by falling forward over a table and then thumping it with his arms.

If the sound comes from an object too large to bring into the studio, the sound effect operator goes to real life and makes a record. He takes phonographic recording apparatus to a railroad and brings back records of freight and passenger trains starting, of the train clicking over the rails as heard from the inside of a Pullman, of the locomotive whistling for a grade crossing. He records crowds cheering at fights and football games, women chattering at a bridge club, men and women talking together at a reception. It is hard to stump a sound effect man these days.

Some time ago a journalist wrote that the best sound of a pistol shot was made by snapping a spectacle case in front of the microphone.

That bit of mis-information has been copied from newspaper to magazine and back again like a joke in the humorous papers. The truth is that the best sound of a pistol shot is made by firing a pistol.

When an actual pistol isn't used, the sound of a shot is more or less successfully imitated by striking a cardboard carton from the grocer's with a stick or a rapier. The actual pistol always is better, but if there is to be a fusilade as the Indians attack the emigrants, the magazines of the revolvers won't last long enough. There's no time to reload, so the shooting is done with a stick and a cardboard carton. A record is used for machine gun fire. With three sound effect men, one to run the machine gun record on the phonograph, one with stick and carton for musketry fire, and one with the thunder drum for heavy artillery, the director can produce the Battle of the Argonne.

An automobile door is used for an automobile door, a screen door for a screen door, a regular door and window for regular door and window effects.

It couldn't be otherwise, because at the correct distance from the microphone any sound it picks up is identical with that sound.

Often would-be singers or actors say: "I'd like to know how my voice sounds over the mike." Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it sounds just the same as it does in the room. The hundredth time it sounds worse, because the microphone has caught some defect which is scarcely noticeable in the same room, and focused it in sharp relief on the ear.

True, the microphone enables what
(Continued on page 54)



I got mighty lonesome last year. An occasional game of pool or basket-ball with the boys seemed to be about the only pleasures I was getting out of life.



But when it came to parties—especially mixed parties—I was a “wash-out.” About the only thing I could do was a little clowning now and then. No wonder I wasn't popular with the other sex.



Until that day when I read how another fellow—just like me—had become popular in a few months' time by learning to play music through a new short-cut method. I wrote to investigate.



Say, when that demonstration lesson came I was sure surprised—knew at once that at last there was a way to learn to play that was quick, easy and sure-fire. I sent for the course. Every lesson was real fun.



The next time I was invited to a party I offered to play for the crowd. They thought I was kidding—but when I sat down at the piano and really played music, you should have seen their astonishment. Kept me playing for hours, for singing and dancing.



Never feel lonesome, now. In fact I've got so many invitations to parties it keeps me stepping. Thanks to the U. S. School of Music, I've quit being a “stay-at-home.” And better yet, I've found Janet, and we've set the date.

Friends... Good Times... Popularity

—so easy when you learn music this short-cut way

THINK of the most popular men and women that you know. What is there about them that makes them welcome wherever they go? Why are they always the center of attraction?

Isn't it because they can entertain and make people happy? You bet it is! There's no question about it—the man or woman who can entertain is always popular. And being able to play a musical instrument is one of the finest and most appreciated forms of entertainment.

Learn at home—without a teacher No tricks—No stunts

And now the fun and popularity of being a good musician is no longer within the reach of only a few who can afford private instruction or have the time and patience to practice day after day for long, tedious hours. At last everyone can learn to play his favorite musical instrument—simply, easily, quickly—at the cost of only a few pennies a day.

The whole secret is in the wonderful simplified method perfected by the U. S. School of Music. This “at-home” method has proved in thousands of cases that almost anyone can learn to play his

favorite musical instrument during his spare time—without a teacher.

When you finish your course with the U. S. School of Music you do not depend on any trick “numbers” or any secret method to pick up pieces—but you play from music just like the best musicians. You learn real music—right from the notes.

Learn Any Instrument This Easy Way

Thousands of our pupils have learned to play this easy way—just as they learned to spell words when they were children. You simply can't make a mistake. First you are told how a thing is done—then an illustration graphically shows you how, and then, when you play, you hear it. That's why you make more progress than if you had private instruction.

These remarkable lessons come to you by mail. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up which is not entirely plain, you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply! The course is practical.

Theories are forgotten—accomplishment is stressed—you learn from the start how to play. The U. S. School of Music course is highly simplified, direct. That is why many of our pupils get ahead twice as fast—three times as fast—as those who study the old, slow and dull way.

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We couldn't possibly tell you the whole interesting story of the U. S. School of Music on this page. So we have printed a book—“How You Can Master Music In Your Own Home,” that fully explains this remarkable course. Clip and mail coupon NOW, and the fascinating free book and Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. U. S. School of Music, 3627 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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Applications must be filed seven days prior to event. See Local Agent in your town, or address Rain Department, 209 W. Jackson St., Chicago, Illinois.

To Dog Owners



Hollyheath Kennels
Upper Montclair, N. J.

The Elks Magazine presents a new department, the leading articles of which will be written by Capt. Will Judy, internationally famous authority on dogs.

Your questions relative to the care, training and diet of your dog are invited. All questions will be carefully considered and just as carefully answered and we invite you to write at any time expressing your opinion about this department or any other subject pertaining to dogs.

The Elks Magazine will also appreciate readers giving their patronage to kennel, dog food and accessory advertisers whose announcements appear in the Dog Department.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

(Continued from page 52)

we used to call a "parlour voice" to entertain millions of people. It has made possible the crooner, whose voice perhaps wasn't large enough to more than fill the coupe as he rode with his girl on moon-lit nights—until radio gave him amplification. But the microphone never puts anything into the voice.

The director must keep the rehearsals moving along as fast as possible—especially when there is an orchestra around, because orchestra men are paid by the hour—not by the job. Yet one can't cut the orchestra time down too much because the New York musician's union demands one hour of rehearsal pay for each hour of sponsored broadcast.

Nor is the hourly pay particularly modest. Six dollars an hour for rehearsal—twelve dollars an hour for broadcast. If the broadcast is less than an hour in length—fifteen or thirty minutes as most broadcasts are—it counts as an hour anyway.

SIT down with pencil and paper and see how six dollars an hour for rehearsal and twelve dollars for a broadcast mount up. Suppose a musician plays a one hour program each week. That means at least four hours rehearsal—usually more—and an hour of broadcast, a minimum of \$36. Two other half hour broadcasts a week can't bring him less than \$24 each, or \$48. And a little fifteen minute program will net at least another \$18. Total, \$92 a week for eleven and a quarter hours of work. Yet these eleven hours of work a week are only a beginning for the good radio musician to whom for nine or ten months of the year checks totalling \$300 to \$400 a week are not uncommon. The better men in Harry Horlick's, Gus Haenschen's, Frank Black's, or Howard Barlow's orchestras will average \$12,000 to \$15,000 a year.

Actors, on the other hand, are paid, not by the hour, but by the job. Actors in radio have no union. Their fees range from two dollars a program, up, with fifty dollars a program the top except in unusual instances.

The typical fee for radio actors in New York is twenty-five to thirty-five dollars. Usually the same fee is paid indiscriminately to all members of the cast, from the leading lady to the policeman who has five unimportant lines. That isn't the way of the stage, but it is likely to persist in radio. The actors seem to be satisfied with the uniform fee principle, and it saves the producer from a lot of dickering over prices for each program.

Here and there radio has an actor who, like Jack Smart, or Richard Gordon of Sherlock Holmes fame, consistently commands a premium fee above the other members of the cast. But such actors are few indeed. Consequently, although the earnings of a score or two of the

radio actors will stand comparison with that of the musicians, in general, the radio actor who averages \$5,000 a year is fortunate indeed.

Singers, too, are paid by the job. That's the advantage or disadvantage of being rated an artist. Another disadvantage is the inevitable artist's manager who collects twenty per cent or more of the salary.

How much are artists worth? How old is Ann? An artist is worth what he can get. When Conrad Thibault first came to radio, one of the prominent program producers refused to hire him at seventy-five dollars a program. Six months later they were happy to pay two hundred and fifty dollars. Thibault wasn't a materially better singer at the end of those six months. He hadn't even attracted a tremendous following. But he had demonstrated the fact that he possesses one of radio's top-flight voices.

If you were starting to produce a radio program you would find that you could hire plenty of good crooners for \$50 a program. But legitimate voices come higher. You'd probably start your scale of payments at \$75, unless you weren't too particular about quality, and what you paid above that would depend as much or more on the artist's proved reputation and his manager's bargaining ability than on the quality of the voice.

ANNOUNCERS, too, are often rated and paid as artists. When you put on your program, if you wanted a particular announcer from the network payroll you would go to the artist bureau of the network on which you were broadcasting and engage him, paying anywhere from \$25 to \$250 a program for his services. The artist's bureau deducts its percentage, and the announcer gets a very tangible reason for putting all the enthusiasm he can command into the words you give him to say. Of course, not every announcer is hired in this way. Many a check finds its way direct from the sponsor to the announcer without benefit of artist bureau commissions.

On a full hour program in the evening an announcer is likely to receive \$100 or more, particularly if, like Jimmy Wallington on the Eddie Cantor hour, or Graham McNamee on Ed Wynn's program, he also serves as one of the actors in the show. Half-hour programs usually rate an announcer's fee of \$25 to \$50 while fifteen minute programs pay from \$25 down.

Count \$100 for every sponsored hour program, \$50 for every half-hour, and \$15 for every quarter-hour program your favorite announcer has during the week, and you will come close to the sum of his radio pay checks. (He may have others from recording and motion pictures.) But beware of calculating the year's income by multiplying the weekly figure by fifty-two. A \$400 a week

income can shrink like a wool sweater in hot water when programs start going off the air.

The network announcer has his regular salary in addition, but not all announcers are on network pay-rolls. Many of the men whose names you know best are working for themselves. Some like Louis Witten, Harry von Zell, or Tiny Ruffner work only for a particular producer. Others, like Jimmy Wallington, Jean Paul King, or Basil Ruysdael are truly free-lancers, working for any producer who will hire them. But the successful announcer, whether working as a free-lance or for the network, makes more money than the Secretary of the Treasury. And probably he has more fun.

An announcer needs to have more than a pleasant voice, good diction, and an attractive personality. He must be a quick thinker. Sometimes the copy he reads is slipped into his hand so that he sees it for the first time as he is delivering it to you. And when there is an emergency in the studio, it is the announcer who must save the program.

Once in a Chicago studio Jean Paul King was announcing a home-makers broadcast in which Grace Vial Gray talked on home decoration. In the middle of her talk Miss Gray started to fall. Jean caught her in one arm, and taking the script from her limp hand continued: "As Grace Vial Gray was going to say—" In a moment one of the men in the control room came out and took her from his arm. Not until Jean had finished the broadcast did Miss Gray recover from her faint.

EMERGENCIES are rarely that serious. Occasionally though, a program ends ahead of time, and the bogie of silence on the air looms before the producer. I remember one evening when one of my dramatic programs finished a minute early. We had no orchestra, no way of filling the extra time with a bit of music. I looked imploringly at Ben Grauer who was announcing, and pointed to the clock. Half a minute later Ben came to the end of his lines. A minute to go. But there was Ben—still talking on. From memory he repeated his copy from the previous night's broadcast. Still a half minute to fill. He thought back another week, remembered a few more paragraphs, and kept on talking until the second hand finally hit the hour.

Emergencies are the rule rather than the exception in broadcasting. Sometimes a microphone goes "dead" or develops a sputter in the middle of a broadcast. The engineer is prepared for that with a spare microphone over in one corner of the studio so that he can still pick up the program after a fashion while a new microphone is being put in the right position.

Sometimes the sound effects refuse to sound. About three years ago I was directing a detective serial—

thirty-nine episodes in which to discover who committed the murder in the first broadcast. On the opening night the sponsor's officials and their wives were all on hand in the studio in a gala mood; the cast were in full dress for the only time during the series; whatever they might do later, most of the sponsor's employees were listening in at home for the big opening night.

The little house-party which opened the play started smoothly. Then came the murder. The script said: "So you thought I wouldn't care, did you? Well I do. (PISTOL SHOT)." The actor started the line, "So you thought—" I raised my hand. He came to the end: "Well, I do." I brought my hand down as a cue for the shot. Nothing but silence. The actors looked up from their scripts in surprise.

AT the back of the studio the sound effect man was snapping his pistol. Three cartridges missed fire. Then the pistol jammed. His face flushed, he shook his head sadly. Evidently the shooting would have to be a silent one. I throw a cue to the murdered man's fiancée. She screamed, according to script, and the play went on.

Why didn't you have two pistols, you ask? That's what I asked the sound effect man as soon as the broadcast was over. I found out. At that time the network had only two pistols, and the second one was being used on another program.

Once I even had a singer fail to appear at the microphone for a solo. Later I discovered that she had been outside the studio talking to a man. Still she was not to be blamed too much because that particular broadcast was five hours long and nobody except the directors and the engineers stayed on the job all that time.

But most of the emergencies in broadcasting are the result of the time requirement. Every program must end exactly at the time specified, and "exactly" means within ten seconds plus or minus.

That's why signatures were born. The director of a program with a good melodic signature doesn't need to worry much about his timing. He makes sure that the program won't be too long. Then, if it proves too short, he merely fills in the extra time with more signature at the end.

The real difficulties in timing are presented by a program which has no musical signature, or one with only a few notes. Lowell Thomas solves his timing problem both by having carefully timed rehearsals, and by an ingenious card system. As the Thomas broadcast starts, the producer who is standing beside him lays down a card with a blue figure-14½—meaning that there are 14½ minutes to go. Every half minute the producer lays down another card in front of Thomas. Finally he gets



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down to two minutes. The color on the card changes to red. The cards fall in front of Thomas every fifteen seconds. He speeds up—leaves out sentences or paragraphs—and almost always ends his broadcast exactly on time.

IN theory, timing a radio program is very simple. As one radio executive remarked to his director after the program had mis-timed so badly that the New Year was rung in over the air at 12:04 A. M., "There's no excuse for it. Anybody knows that two and two make four."

But the first thing the radio director discovers about timing is that two and two don't make four. More often they make five, because with rare exceptions a program takes longer when it is on the air than it does in rehearsal. Singers in rehearsal save themselves, but when they get on the air they hang on to their important notes like a freshman girl clinging to a star halfback's arm. Announcers put more personality into their comments—actors play their lines up to the hilt—comedians think of new gags—the studio audience laughs and applauds—and precious seconds slip away. Most comedians can be counted on to add two to four minutes in an hour—even while making every effort to stay on time. In her Friday night concerts Jessica Dragonette habitually uses two minutes or so more time than her solos took in rehearsal.

After a little experience with any particular program the director knows just about how much slowing down to expect. (Schumann-Heink is almost the only artist who habitually speeds up in actual performance.) But every so often the director finds that he has estimated badly. What's to do about it? That all depends on what's been done before. If possible, toward the close of the program the director has placed an elastic section—perhaps a part of the script that can be omitted—perhaps a piece of music which can be cut in half or doubled or even left out entirely. A sign to the conductor—a sign from him to his men—and the cut is made.

SOMETIMES the cut is not as simple as that. During a broadcast Abe Lyman was forced to cut half a chorus from a waltz. Bernice Claire was singing at the time he made the cut and so didn't see the signal. Came time for the cut, but she

opened her lovely mouth to sing on. What was Lyman to do? He did it. Leaning down from his platform he clapped his hand over her mouth and dragged her away from the microphone while the show went smoothly on.

Many a conductor finishes a program stop-watch in hand, slowing or speeding his tempo to bring his orchestra to the last note just as the second hand swings to the program close. And the seasoned announcer with a page to read can add or subtract twenty seconds without the audience being a whit the wiser. So



Fred Waring, one of the highest paid radio stars in the industry

bringing a radio program out on time is not so difficult if the show has been properly rehearsed and nobody gets his signals mixed.

For the Indians had nothing on radio folk when it comes to using sign language. When you attend a broadcast and see the director shake his fist at the conductor, it isn't a challenge to a fight. It's merely the sign to stop the music as soon as possible. And when some one points a finger at some one else, it isn't the finger of shame. That finger merely says: "You're it. Go ahead with whatever you are supposed to do next."

When the director wants to speed up the performance he waves his hand in small circles in front of the performers. When he wants them to slow down he puts the tips of his fingers of both hands together and slowly draws them apart as though pulling taffy.

Perhaps he wants to tell the per-

formers how many seconds to slow down or speed up. There's a sign for it. For five or ten seconds he holds up five or ten fingers. For a half minute he crosses one index finger with the other, half-way down. For fifteen to fifty-five seconds he uses both hands to make numerals. For instance, to signal forty-five seconds he holds up four fingers on his right hand and five fingers on his left. For a whole minute he holds up one finger.

One finger also is the sign to repeat part of a musical number. It refers to the first, or repeat, ending of the music. Two fingers call for the second, or final ending of the number. When the director wants the conductor to eliminate a number or a performer, or wants an actor to leave out a section of the script, he draws his finger across his throat—a clean cut.

If performers are too far from the microphone the director holds up one hand to represent the microphone and pushes the other toward it. When they are too close, he pulls the other hand away.

It is amazing how these standard signs can be combined with a little imagination to send long messages. Suppose the director, listening in the control room, hears too much of the bass in a quartet. The conductor glances in. The director holds up four fingers, and then, to make sure that there will be no mistake, counts them off—one, two, three, four. The conductor nods his head. He knows something is being said about the fourth member of the quartet, the bass. Then the director puts his palms together and slowly draws them apart.

The conductor reaches over with his baton and waves the bass back two or three inches. The musical balance of the quartet is restored, and the director nods his head in approval.

OF course, all this is done that radio programs may get and hold a larger audience. But perhaps all directors are wasting their time.

At least one man believes so. Writing me on the letter-head of "The Mercantile Trading Corporation" he said: "I understand that the great problem in radio broadcasting is to get an audience. Consequently I have created an organization to supply listeners to radio programs, and I hope I may be favored with your order at a price of \$8.00 per thousand listeners."

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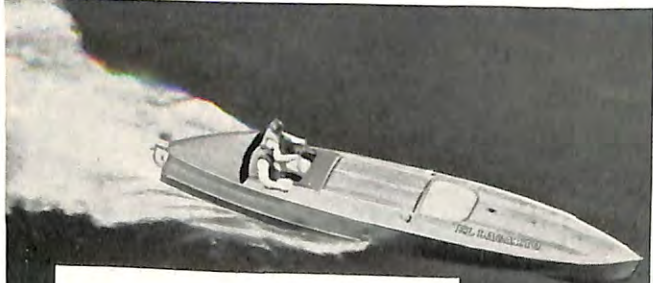


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