

The Elks

Magazine



The summer skies are darkly blue; the days are still and bright - Sarah Whitman

AUGUST, 1936

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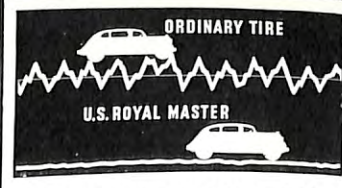
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The Elks Magazine

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

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

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AUGUST 1936

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John P. Sullivan

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

ON Sunday, July 5, 1936, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Colonel John Patrick Sullivan died suddenly in New Orleans, La.

Colonel Sullivan was born in New Orleans on March 5, 1875, the son of Patrick Sullivan and Mary O'Neill. He attended a school of the Jesuit Fathers. He entered Tulane University with the class of 1895 where he was outstanding in athletics. During his Freshman year he received an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point. From there he returned to New Orleans and entered Tulane Law School where he was graduated with a Degree of Bachelor of Laws. He entered the practice of law in New Orleans.

With the start of the Spanish-American War John P. Sullivan volunteered with the Louisiana Light Artillery. When he left the regiment he returned to his law practice with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

For many years he was a dominant factor in Louisiana politics. Both as an attorney and as a politician he grew steadily in influence and importance. Through all his political activities, however, Colonel Sullivan never ran for public office.

He entered the Order of Elks on October 10, 1901, when he became a member of New Orleans Lodge, No. 30. He was elected Exalted Ruler for the first time in April, 1904, and he served New Orleans Lodge as Exalted Ruler for sixteen terms at different times.

In 1906, 1907 and 1908 Colonel Sullivan served the Grand Lodge as Grand Esquire. New Orleans Lodge voted unanimously to present him as a candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler at the 47th

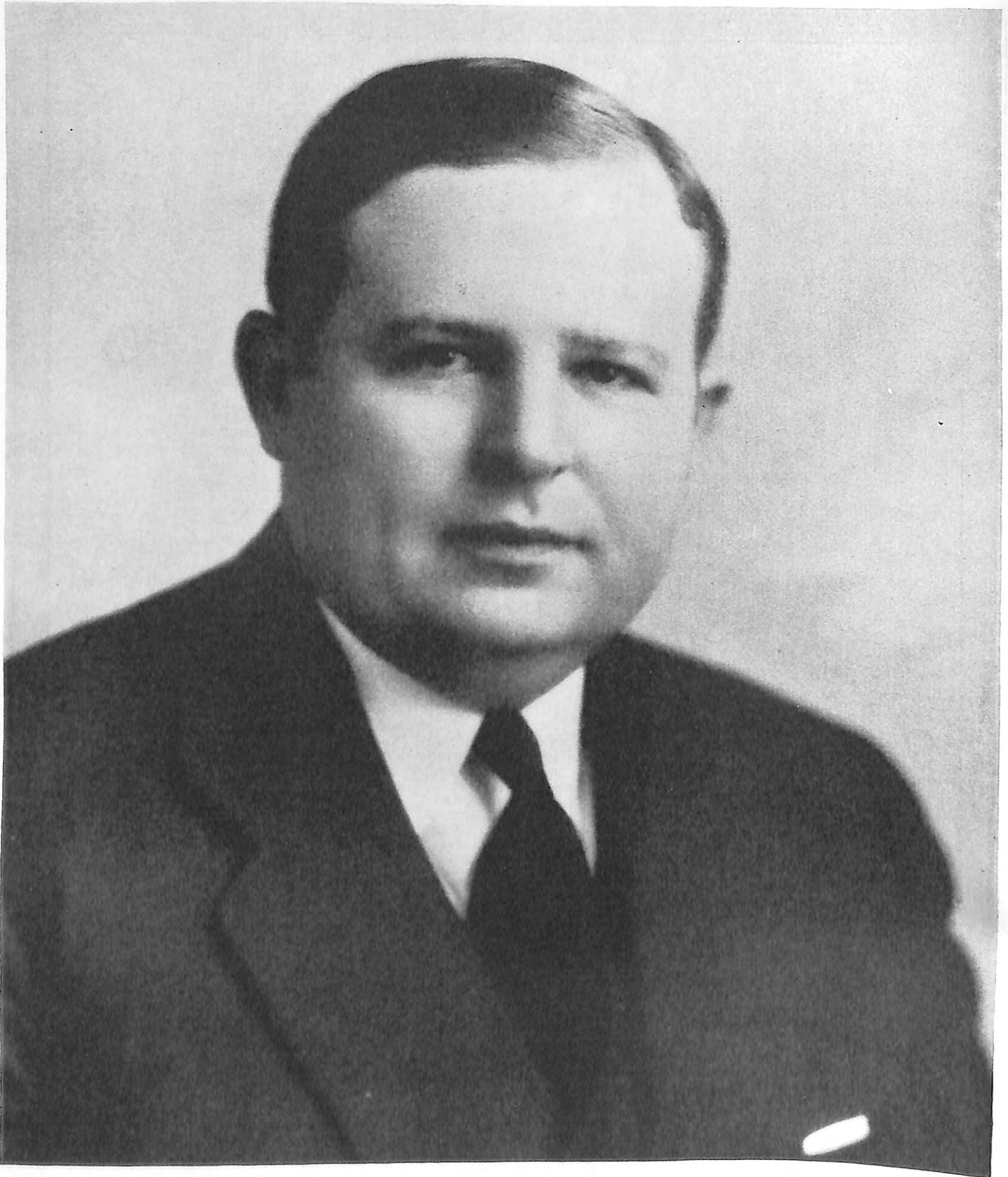
Session of the Grand Lodge in 1911 and when this Convention was held in Atlantic City, N. J., in July of that year he was elected.

In 1919-22 Colonel Sullivan served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge New Membership Committee. From 1922 to 1928 he was Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Grand Lodge.

Personal funeral services for the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler were held at the residence of his son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. W. P. Gardiner, with many present and past officers of the Order serving as active and honorary pallbearers. All members of New Orleans Lodge, No. 30, of which Colonel Sullivan was at the time Exalted Ruler, assembled at the Gardiner home for the Elks' ritual at 11 o'clock on Monday, July 6. Religious services were held Tuesday morning at the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, a lifelong friend and associate of Colonel Sullivan represented the Grand Lodge and the Grand Exalted Ruler at the exercises which were attended by prominent officials, Federal, State and City, as well as citizens from all walks of life in New Orleans—a tribute by thousands which indicated the great esteem and affection held for him by the people of his native city.

Colonel Sullivan is survived by his widow, Mrs. Katherine Fitzpatrick Sullivan; his daughter, Mrs. W. P. Gardiner, and his granddaughter, Marion Gardiner, and his two brothers, Frank B. Sullivan and George H. Sullivan. To them and to his many friends *The Elks Magazine* conveys the sincere sympathy of the entire Order.



David Sholtz

*of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge,
No. 1141, elected Grand Exalted
Ruler at the Grand Lodge meet-
ing in Los Angeles, California,
July 14, 1936*

Speech of Acceptance

by Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz

Before the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles, July 14, 1936

Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Rulers and My Brothers:

To Florida, for the first time in the history of our Order today has come great recognition and honor. As the humble instrument and representative from that State, you know with what mingled feelings of appreciation and respect I accept at your hands the highest gift of recognition that more than five hundred thousand of America's finest citizens can give—the position of Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

Naturally my heart is filled with appreciation for the compliment, and yet at the same time, the realization that for the coming year it will be my duty to assume the leadership in spreading everywhere the teachings, gospel, love and respect for the fine things that our Order stands for.

May I at the very outset express to the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Honorable James T. Hallinan, my sincere compliments, and heartfelt appreciation for the remarkable year of outstanding service which he—as his predecessors before him—has left—a record of accomplishment that is difficult to attain. You may rest assured that during the coming year the best that is in me will be yours to command.

Fifteen years ago this week in this great city and lovely State, the Elks of America, in convention assembled, were wise enough, as were the founders of our Order, to add to Elkdom a most important and essential element to spread its words and teachings. Here fifteen years ago was passed the resolution by the Grand Lodge Convention then assembled, setting up the machinery for the publication of the finest and greatest fraternal magazine in this country. Because of the fine underlying principles of our Order, one who believes and understands, feels that our Order must be blessed by Almighty God, for in spite of the common failings of man, we generally have been able to do the right thing. There was called to the leadership of the *Elks Magazine* a man amongst men, a man who next to my father I hold closest in respect and esteem, a man who for love of service to his fellow men has given practically all of his life to serving Elkdom, and that man, whom I know you all love and respect just as much as I do, is our beloved dean of the Order and Past Grand Exalted Ruler, the Honorable Joseph T. Fanning. He has been aided and helped by the loyalty and devotion of the many thousands of Elks in this country. More particularly has he been benefited by the able counsel and sound advice of men who now are your Past Grand Exalted Rulers. They, too, have given of their time and their energy for the love of the Order.

I doubt very seriously whether in the lifetime of many men have they been confronted with problems of such real importance as I have during these last few months. My Lodge, where I became a member twenty-two years ago, saw fit to endorse and offer me as a can-

didate for Grand Exalted Ruler, and the Elks of Florida through their State Association joined with them. The distinguished Exalted Ruler of my own Lodge so graciously nominated me this morning and another of my lifelong friends from my neighboring town was good enough to second that nomination in behalf of all the Elks of Florida.

I have had the honor and privilege for the last three and one-half years to serve the people of Florida as their Chief Executive. It was the knowledge and understanding of human nature and the many friendships gained within our beloved Order that made me better qualified to render service to our people in Florida. I have always felt that I was nothing more than an instrument of service and at all times have given the best in me in grateful appreciation for the privilege of serving my people there. The record stands for itself and I am proud of it.

The principles of our Order are necessary today in the hearts and minds of all of our people if we are to survive as a nation, because as Elks we appreciate our rights of citizenship. What a splendid opportunity it is that as the head of this Order a man may go from place to place, emphasizing, but perhaps not enough, the need for an appreciation of the blessings of Almighty God in this great land of freedom. You and I have only a lease on life and what we do with that lease in the short time we are here is for us to determine.

Just last week our Nation celebrated the one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. On July 4th, 1776, notice was served to the world that in this country one could find and have guaranteed to him a pursuit of happiness and personal liberty. Whether we like this heritage of our forefathers, we certainly should know by this time. Thomas Jefferson, thirty-three years old, wrote the Declaration of Independence. Liberty was a sacred word to zealous, fighting men. The fifty-five patriots who signed that Declaration in 1776 knew that if the Revolution failed theirs would be a death by hanging. They were willing, against great odds, to risk their lives for the cause of liberty. In my office at the State Capitol in Tallahassee, I have a framed portrait of Nathan Hale beneath which are inscribed these words, which means so much to me and to all Elkdom, "I wish to be useful."

How deplorable it is that such numbers of our people apparently do not appreciate personal liberty, nor the blessings and inheritance that we in America are privileged to enjoy today. The dictator of Italy says that liberty is a middle-class vice; the head of the German government denounces personal liberty as an indication of national weakness; the Soviet government says that liberty must be suppressed in the interest of the proletariat. And in our own country, the appalling truth is that these dictators of Europe have many admirers.

George Washington in his final message to the Amer-

(Continued on page 37)

It seems there were

by

Matt Taylor

*Illustrated by
Earl Oliver Hurst*



The Irishman sits on the floor and contemplates Mickey's left foot

THERE are three reasons why I like this kid Mickey O'Toole. First, he has no use at all for dames; second, he is the most promising young heavy I ever see; third, he is a friendly lad with a smile for everyone except the other guy in the ring with him. Which makes him, the way I see it, just about right.

So I am worried when I run into him this day in Kiley's gymnasium, where he trains. He is not smiling, and he is very mad indeed. "You're a lawyer, ain't you?" he says.

I tell him not exactly—I am a process server off and on, but it's not quite the same. "But I am a good fixer," I say.

"I thought you was a lawyer," he says, disappointed.

"But anyway how would you like to read this over?"

He holds out last night's paper and points to an item I have skipped because it is only a report of a wrestling fest somewhere in Brooklyn. It says how somebody threw somebody else with a body slam in the main event, and then it says in the prelims Mugger Raines threw Mickey O'Toole in twenty-three minutes and no seconds.

I am very sad as I read this and hand it back to him. I do not see much sense in this wrestling business, especially for a smart young boxer like Mickey, and I tell him so. "You are doing very nicely in the fight game," I say, "and you will soon be in the money. And now you go screwy and try to be a wrestler."

Two Irishmen—



"It ain't me," he says dolefully.

"What ain't you?"

"Mickey O'Toole ain't me. I mean this guy ain't Mickey O'Toole."

"You mean there are two Mickey O'Tooles?"

"I do not!" he snaps. "There's only one and that's me. This other is a fake and a phoney who is trying to cash in on my name. I wish," he says bitterly, "that you was a lawyer. Can't I sue or something? A wrestler!"

"I am a sort of lawyer," I tell him, meaning that I rate myself pretty high as a smoothy and have been fixing a lot of things for a lot of guys for a long time.

"My public is all mixed up," he complains. It seems he has been stopped four times this morning by guys that read the paper and think he has stooped to the ignoble art of wrestling. "I wouldn't mind so much," he says, "if it was something respectable. But this groan and grunt stuff—"

There is a commotion at the door and we turn and see a well-dressed lunk of a man lurching through the gate and growling at people. He is not a very tall guy, but he is as solid as the trunk of a tree, having a pair of shoulders that won't fit into a Pullman, much less a phone booth. He is wearing a black fedora hat over one eye and a fur-collared overcoat and he is swinging a blackthorn cane. Dark curls show underneath his hat, his eyes are blue and his jaw square, and altogether he is as romantic-looking as an Irish tenor if you disregarded the thickness of his neck. But it's no tenor voice that comes out when he opens his mouth and bellows. "Is there a mon her-r-e thot calls himself Michael O'Toole?" he roars, with a brogue like I haven't heard since the old days around the car barns.

Young Mickey steps forward. "You talking to me?" he says.

The fedora comes forward, his shoulders swaying like a steam shovel that's up in the air and out of control. He's not young, being forty anyway, and he has a bit too much stomach, but his neck and shoulders are the tip off. He's a wrestler.

He jerks a newspaper out of his pocket and it is folded to Runyon's column which this morning has a few words to say about Mickey O'Toole's fight at the Coliseum next week. "Will ye be good enough," he says fiercely, "to explain thot!"

Mickey glowers as he recognizes the blurb. "First," he says, "what about this?" And he shoves the wrestling item under the Irishman's nose.

It is now the Irishman's turn to glower. "'Twas an error o' judgment, an' nothing more," he says, and goes on to explain that he is off the boat from Ireland only three days when he tries to wrestle, and he is still groggy on his pins, and it is this grogginess that throws him and not the flying tackle that is no more than the butt of a goat in his middle.

"You call yourself Mickey O'Toole," says Mickey accusingly.

"An' why not," says the other grandly, lifting his bushy eyebrows, "when I am Michael O'Toole himself, the renowned Irish wrestler, an' nephew of Dennis O'Toole, the acknowledged champion o' his day? An' do you think, my fine lad, I'll be letting any mon in the sporting world but myself use the name o' Michael O'Toole?" And then he says all morning long his admirers have been asking with tears in their eyes if it's true he is about to put padded mittens on his hands instead of using his bare fists as a real man should?

Mickey gets beet-colored. "Listen, phoney," he says. "I've built up a rep around here. Maybe you're Mickey

O'Toole in Ireland, but this is Eighth Avenue, New York. Get yourself another name or else—"

He goes no further. O'Toole the Elder lets his cane drop, his arms shoot forward, and the next thing I know Mickey is resting crossways on the Irishman's shoulders and is wearing a pained and surprised expression. The wrestler stamps around like he is a Hungarian hooper going into the finale of a mazurka. He gives a toss and O'Toole the Younger lands against a wall six feet away.

The Irishman doesn't even wait to see if he gets up. "An airplane spin they call it now," he explains to me pleasantly, "but 'twas a great favorite wi' my late Uncle Dennis a good thirty years back."

While he is saying this and picking up his cane, Mickey is shaking the dust out of his eyes. He comes forward and lets the Elder have it as soon as he turns. A short left and then a right to the jaw is all that is necessary.

The Irishman sits on the floor and contemplates Mickey's left foot, which is just out of reach.

I know from the look in his eye he is meditating a toe hold, so I take a chance and step in between them, because this sort of thing is liable to go on all afternoon. "You boys ought to get together," I remark. "Let's go in the office and talk it over."

But when I finally coax them into the cubbyhole which Kiley calls his office they sit as far apart as possible and glare. I see at once it is a delicate situation and that I need help. So I round up a lightweight named Manny Bloom, who has a great reputation as a thinker, and Eddie Lane, who is Mickey's manager.

It is Eddie who pops the first idea as soon as I explain the situation. He says he is a firm believer in settling disputes, not by force, but in a civilized manner. So he pulls out a pair of dice and suggests they roll to see which is Mickey O'Toole and which ain't.

This gets us nowhere. They are both stubborn and they are both Irish, which some people say amounts to one and the same thing. O'Toole the Elder makes a speech about the grand old name he bears and tells how his Uncle Dennis brought undying glory to it. It would be a lasting shame upon him, he says, if he stakes such a birthright on a turn of the dice. To which Mickey replies he don't know about Uncle Dennis, but he is Mickey O'Toole and he stays Mickey O'Toole, and that's all there is to that.

Then I try one. I tell them they need only change their first name, so why not both give up the Mickey and take their middle handles? Whereupon O'Toole frowns and admits to Aloysius and Mickey blurts out he is Michael Ambrose. So we are still nowhere. The Mickey is just as important to them as the O'Toole.

It is then Manny's turn, and I must say he does very well. He goes 'way back to the Bible and the two dames who both claim the same infant and says why not pull a Solomon? Since both boys claim

the same name, why not cut it in two and each take half.

Mickey is still pondering this when O'Toole jumps at it. He says it is a fine idea indeed; he will be known to history as The O'Toole, which is fair enough because he is really a much better wrestler than his Uncle Dennis. In fact, he says, it is the way most of his admirers refer to him at the present moment throughout the length and breadth of Ireland.

Mickey finally snaps out of it. "If you're The O'Toole," he says, "what does that make me?"

"The Mickey," says O'Toole with a pleasant smile.



The boy glares at us all and walks out. The spirit of compromise is not in him. "It's all off," he calls over his shoulder. "I guess I can stand it."

But it is not as easy to stand as he thinks. O'Toole wins his next match, which is an important one, and he is booked around the circuit and the papers are full of him. Mickey has to take a lot of ribbing from guys that are confused, or pretend to be confused, and think he has given up fighting and lowered himself to wrestling. The strain begins to tell on him. He changes from a light-hearted lad to a touchy and sullen young

She keeps smiling and suggesting one dish after another and Mickey stares as though he is dizzy



source, and twice he finds it necessary to clip guys that rub it in.

It is not much easier for O'Toole the wrestler. Mickey wins his fight at the Coliseum and the sports writers mention him in their columns and anyone who doesn't follow closely finds it hard to tell which O'Toole is which. A couple of times I run into the Irishman on Broadway and I see it is wearing him down. He is in a black rage and he talks so fast he is hard to understand. But I gather he has had some sharp cables from the folks in Ireland who think he is disgracing the name of O'Toole by turning into a boxer.

Now O'Toole the wrestler I am not so much worried about, but I hate to see Mickey so upset he cannot train properly. He is a clean-cut lad with a sunny disposition by nature and you don't meet so many like him. He is taking his career serious, having chucked a good job with a trucking company to be a pug, which may or may not be a mistake according to the way you look at things. But the point is, he is shooting at something and I figure some sort of target is better than none at all. He is so strict with himself he won't drink or smoke. But the best thing about him is he won't bother with dames, even when they bother with him, which is often enough because he has a nice smile and is that kind of a guy.

So you see he is a kid to worry about. I give long and earnest consideration to O'Toole vs. O'Toole, as we say in the law, and I finally get the injured parties together again for another talk, even though Manny says since when did this kind of scrap ever get settled by talk?

But we all meet anyway, and I start things by explaining they both have a right to the name, and that the confusion will grow as they get famous. I say it can't be settled in man-to-man style because a wrestler can't fight a fighter and a fighter can't wrestle a wrestler. They won't roll for it, and they won't compromise, so what are we going to do?

Mickey says he doesn't know, but he is keeping his name. It seems his Aunt Katie just embroidered MICKEY O'TOOLE on the back of his bathrobe in big letters, and he would not for the world offend Kate by not wearing it in the ring. As for the Irishman, he talks some more about his Uncle Dennis.

So we are stymied when Eddie Lane remarks it is a funny thing how a guy is stuck with the name he is born with, unless he wants to go to court about changing it. Now a dame, he observes, gets herself a new name every time she marries a guy.

"Too bad it ain't the other way around," chuckled Manny. "Because sooner or later one of you guys would marry and then you would have a new name."

"Not me," says Mickey quickly. "I ain't marrying."

To this O'Toole gives a loud guffaw. Mickey, he sneers, will be a pushover for the first dame that can bring herself to smile at him.

Mickey glowers. "Listen, toe-pincher," he says. "I ain't bothering with dolls, much less marrying 'em, 'til I'm heavyweight champion. But you," he adds fiercely, "are a set-up for any doll that wants you, if dolls come that dumb, which I wouldn't know."

It is right here that I get my idea. I guess I am a born fixer. "If you're both so sure," I say, "why not lay a little bet?"

"Twenty bucks," agrees Mickey, "that he gets hooked first."

"Why not fifty?" says O'Toole, and guffaws some more. "Sure, an' the girls ha' given me no peace at all since I am a slip of a lad, and I'm still a free man and me forty-one next month!"

"Make it a worthwhile bet," I urge.

"Such as?" says Mickey.

"Your name. The guy that gets married first will take his wife's name for his professional label, which will no more than serve him right for getting married."

Eddie Lane frowns and shakes his head. "I don't like these goofy bets," he says.

"It's fair enough," I argue, "and it's a way to settle the whole thing."

Mickey walks over to The (Continued on page 38)

White Magic

by Irving Van Zandt, Jr.

Illustrated by Frederick Widlicka



THE pack train started. The señora held a camera to her eye and cranked the handle on its side. The horses and men crossed the clearing and passed through the gate.

Chibu, screened by the matted growth that fringed the hacienda clearing, watched the departure. His facial markings of bright red achiote added a touch of the ludicrous to a smile that was otherwise malignant. The markings proclaimed him a Zaparo, from a region considerably remote, but his unusual height indicated more than a trace of Jivaro. Blood of the head-hunting Jivaros and of the ferocious Zaparos, when mingled, had to produce a powerful and merciless fighter. Chibu led a small band that had deserted the tribe for a wandering existence. Half mischievous, half vicious, they had thrived on petty thievery. Now Chibu had conceived a more ambitious project.

With the departure of the pack train he saw his dreams fulfilled. For many months he had awaited this moment. Ever since these white people came to the Upano, tales had travelled all over the Ecuadorian Oriente; tales of the huge hacienda with so many buildings and a house big enough for a tribe, of the countless pack trains laden with strange, beautiful riches from another world far over the mountains, even from beyond Guayaquil. Chibu had come to watch with envy, and to wait.

He took one last look about the clearing. Then, with the speed and silence of the jungle-born, he found his way through the impenetrable growth to the Upano trail, and followed the pack train.

The señor had made many trips from the hacienda. But always he had left with but one or two horses and returned the same day. Now he took many horses and many men, and the pack saddles were bulging with food. He would be away for days.

Now was the time to strike. The señora was alone with a few servants. They would not fight, those mestizos. One spear thrown among them and they would hide in their beds. Chibu, in his contempt,

ignored the possibility that his own blood was mixed.

What could the señora do with the señor away? The attack would be nothing—and all those shiny gourds, those blow-guns that made a noise like thunder, and all the other precious things would be Chibu's.

They could take even the señora. But of what value was a woman who needed peons to prepare her meals and wash her clothes? They would not want her.

He was a fool, that señor, to leave the señora alone. But these white people who came from so far, from the big water beyond Guayaquil, did so many foolish things.

As mid-day approached, Chibu moved with extreme caution. Very slowly he advanced until he could hear the sounds of men and horses. Through the brush he saw them eating and resting. He watched until they continued on their way. Then he turned and quickly retraced his steps up the Upano.

He reached his camp long before the sun had set. He was greeted in silence by seven pairs of beady, questioning eyes.

"The señor has left on a long journey. We will attack tonight. Have everything ready."

The little brown men chattered with excitement, surrounding their tall leader, and pestering him with questions. "Tonight" was on every lip.

Then they realized that tonight meant now. It was too sudden to face so dangerous a task. Their nerve began to waver.

They wanted to wait and make sure. Had not the neighboring tribes, the Camelos and the Runiarus, warned them against it? Had these people not seen the great magic powers of the white strangers, and been awed into friendship?

"Camelos! Runiarus!" Chibu spat out the words in contempt. "They are not to be compared with Zaparos. It is the señor who has the magic powers, and he is far from the hacienda."

Shamefacedly they set to work. From small bamboo gourds they took quantities of a dark brown, almost black, sticky paste. Curari, the

dreaded strychnos decoction, a few drops of which would kill a jaguar.

The gummy poison was diluted to a liquid. Into it were dipped the grooved tips of the blow-gun arrows. Then quickly these pencil-thin shafts of chonta wood were set close to the fire, to insure adhesion. They similarly treated their long spears, also of chonta, with tips as hard as metal. With their spears and their bamboo quivers of arrows, all tipped with the deadly curari, they were equipped with engines of primitive death against which modern science had no defence.

Silently and swiftly they made their way through the darkened jungle. A matter of minutes brought them to the foaming white water of the Upano. After crossing a swaying vine bridge, they circled the clearing to approach the big house up-wind. Halfway across the clearing they were met by the din of frantic barking. In spite of their stealth and the favoring wind, the dog had sensed their presence. They stood silent, and waited.

The señora appeared in the doorway. She spoke to the dog, peered into the darkness, and returned inside. Chibu thought, "Fool. She hasn't the sense of a beast."

They advanced slowly, searching for the dog. Chibu caught glimpses of him as he passed through the squares of yellow light from the windows, but the glimpses were too fleeting for certain aim. The animal was aroused and nervous. Growling he climbed back on the porch and sat before the open door.

Chibu raised the long tube to his mouth. The distance was almost two hundred feet, not an easy shot for a blow-gun. He took careful aim, and the arrow sped on its way with the sound of a pulled cork.

The dog leaped into the air with a yelp. He fell back on legs that collapsed under him, and lay quiet.

A house servant peered out at the dead dog and the arrow that still quivered. With a shrill cry he slammed the door and rushed about closing the shutters. There was confusion as all the servants screamed in fright.

Chibu jumped with glee. Those mestizos they were babies. He could defeat them alone. With a word to his band he started for the house.

But the rest held back. They could not now surprise the hacienda. The big house was strong and the guns that sounded like thunder would kill them. They recalled the warnings of the Camelos and the Runiarus.

Chibu scolded them, insulted them for cowards. No Zaparo would fear danger. The riches were theirs for the taking. But his men would not budge.

Then he drew himself up and glared into their faces. "Am I not your curaca—your chief? Come."

Without a backward glance he moved forward. Meekly the rest of the band followed him, their leader.

The noise within the house suddenly stopped. There were a few minutes of silence. Then the shutters were opened. The house seemed as peaceful as if nothing had happened. Even the señora could be seen sitting near an open window. Chibu stopped and turned to his men.

"You see, they are fools. Again they do not heed a warning. Come, we have won."

They stepped forward confidently. They did not hurry—it was all too easy. White people were so stupid.

Twenty feet from the window Chibu stopped. He took an arrow from his quiver, twirled a bit of kapok around the butt end, and inserted it into his blow-gun.

It would be a difficult shot. The señora was in sight, but two screens had been arranged so that she could be hit only through a narrow opening. He put his lips to the ivory mouthpiece and aimed with deliberation.

Then suddenly he took the gun from his mouth and listened, startled expression about his eyes.

The señora was not alone. She talked to someone behind the screen. Then came other voices; two men were arguing. They talked in the strange language of the whites.

He stared unbelieving. There were many voices. Men's voices. The señora listened and once in awhile she would laugh and say something herself.

Then a house servant came to the window carrying a tray on which were many glasses—so many Chibu could not count them all. He served one to the señora and then crossed behind the screen to serve the others.

Chibu felt terror chilling his stomach. With so many glasses and so many voices there must be a dozen white men in the room. It was not possible, but there they were. Magic! The señora also had these strange powers. She could produce an army from nowhere.

From the porch came a deep and ominous growling. The dog no longer lay in the patch of light. Chibu was stunned with fright. The señora could even give back life to the dead! He had heard enough. His band had already deserted. He turned and made for the jungle.

The house servant in the shadows of the porch stopped his throaty growling as Chibu ran away. He entered the house and went to the big room.

"Señora they have gone."
"Gracias, Enrique. Were they very frightened?"

"Yes, señora. They will never return."

Enrique left the room. Mrs. Eckhardt, wife of the entomologist, sank back in her chair with a weary sigh.

"Impressing them may be better than killing them," she said aloud. "But it's terribly grueling."

She got up and crossed the empty room. The flow of raucous dialogue ceased as she turned off the radio.



Broadcast



Left, attractively grouped about a microphone is a quartet known as "The Twin City Foursome," which exercises its collective larynx for WJZ early on Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings.

Below them is a shot of Poley McClintock of Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. Mr. McClintock is that delightful gentleman who busts into every selection with his bull-frog bass. The picture, before our layout man got his scissors on it, showed Mr. McClintock gleefully whanging at his traps.

Opposite him is Old Father Wynn, heard with the National Broadcasting Company at 9:30 P.M. Tuesday evenings along with his stooge, Graham McNamee and the Lennie Hayton band. Mr. Wynn, we hasten to tell you, is in the best of health. He is TALKING into the mike.

At bottom left is an engaging young man commonly known as Ray Heatherton who lends his pleasant baritone to the "Chesterfield Dance Program" on Friday evenings at 10 P.M.

Bottom right is attractive Rita Johnson, a featured ingenue on the NBC dramatic casting lists.





Top left: Two noble lads in the persons of Randolph Scott and Henry Wilcoxon who play "Hawkeye" and "Major Heyward" in the famous Fenimore Cooper classic, "The Last of the Mohicans."

Top right: Fredric March and Katharine Hepburn impersonating the swaggering Earl of Bothwell and Mary Stuart, in the tragic film drama, "Mary, Queen of Scots."

Center: Peering through a fence, are Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie and Bennie Bartlett in Paramount's new horse opera, "The Texas Rangers."

To their right is Myrna Loy with Warner Baxter, currently being applauded in the cinema's interpretation of Richard Sherman's charming story, "To Mary, With Love."

Bottom: Gary Cooper finds himself on what is known as a spot in his present melodramatic vehicle, "The General Dies at Dawn."

Show Business

Face of Stone



The second part of a two-part story
by Maurice Walsh

MAUR and Delgaun went many steps on the roads that Delgaun had known of old. They were in no great hurry, for the end of their road was sure and might be the end of all roads. So they swung well away from The Ser, and went northwards on the skirts of the mountains, loitering and resting in the pleasant peopled valleys that splayed out from the trunks of the ridges; and, in time, they came to the grey northern sea, and crossed to the heathery land of Bulthe, and went up to the hill country of Llyd, and the savage mountains of Caora, and to the Drum of Ness at the very edge of things. Beyond Ness were only the wastes of cold green sea, out of which, sometimes, came high-prowed long ships manned by blond savages who killed and feasted and made love incontinently and without grace.

But they could not forever keep edging away from the thing that drew them. At last and at long last, they again saw, far in the south, the smoky blue ramparts that hedged The Ser. In less than a week they were toiling over the Pass-of-Paps, and, in three days more, were well out into the vastness of the high grass plain.

It was hereabouts that Maur began to suffer small fits of depression and even more tell-tale little fits of overstimulation. He was no coward, but he was highly strung.

Behold them, then, of a fine morning in late summer, on their final march. Behind them the stupendous plain of The Ser spread itself out to where, far and far away, loomed the blue ridges of the mountains; and the same weary sweep of plain went

away in front of them, slowly lifting its grey green like the sea until, like the sea, it rolled starkly over the horizon, beyond which were, not mountains, but, instead, serene white towers of clouds lifting themselves out of the void beyond the world's edge. Far flung though that plain was, the immense arch of the sky did not come down to meet the horizon, but swooped far, and untellably far beyond it, so that the towering white clouds seemed to be in the very foreground, and the plain, by contrast, no more than a palm's breadth balanced in the void of space. An imaginative man might have a fear that this plot of earth would at any moment reel and topple and fall forever through that void.

Maur was in one of his good moods this morning. He did not walk as if on the brink of the void. He was at one with sky and mountain and plain, and the austere morning light he evolved out of himself; for, in his own mind, he towered into the sky and looked abroad over worlds. But, whatever he was in his own mind, in fact he was no more than a bright speck crawling on that overawed cowering spread of grey-green that swept wearily up to the horizon and rolled over into the depths of the sky.

Maur was attired in his orange tunic, gathered loosely at the waist by a green girdle and leaving neck and arms and legs bare and brown. Aside on his head clung a brilliant green cap with an orange flap falling to his shoulders, and his fine, darkish hair waved above his poet's brow. At one hip swung a small leather satchel that clinked as he walked, and over his left shoulder stood the chased hilt of a long sword. As was

his habit, he did not seem to be walking of any set purpose. He strolled, he loitered, he paused and hurried to overtake the steadily pacing Delgaun; he gazed narrow-eyed into the abyss of the sky, wide-eyed at the cloud mountains beyond the world, frowningly at the withering grass about his feet; he whispered words to himself, whistled the bar of a tune, intoned the verse of a song. Evidently the song was his own, for he smiled with some vanity, recited the verse as if he flavoured it, shook his head, changed a word or two, and again intoned:

"Though death my steps doth dog
with threat of Pain hereafter,
I'll season Life with Love
And Love with Laughter."

But sober Delgaun, never changing his easy, long-thighed stride, shook his head.

"No, young Maur! That is not a good song, and, besides, it is not a true one."

"How so, Delgaun?"

"Death is only the welcomer at the end of pleasant roads or hard ones, and pain has no meaning where there is no beginning and no end. Moreover Love, from what I have seen of it, has many attributes, but laughter is not one of them. Try again, small brother."

"Maybe you are right, Delgaun,"

*"She is the calm and the great one,"
said Maur to himself . . . Delgaun
stayed where he was, leaning a
little forward on his staff, his hands
cupped over the top of it, and his
chin on his cupped hands*



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said Maur, but doubtfully. "You sometimes are."

He paused, frowned, looked at his sandalled toes, and grew vacant eyed with the inner travail of creation. Delgaun went pacing steadily onward.

This sober-brown Delgaun was a man of good height and carried little flesh on his firm bones, showing no signs of great strength or urgent speed or even enduring toughness; just an ordinary tall man, unduly long of thigh perhaps, with a blue-shaven set face, black hair cut straight across black bar of brow, and a silken shading of dark hair filming bare arms and legs; a sober man with all the fires quenched in him. His only weapon was a smooth long staff of seasoned ash.

He strode on, lifted up a few feet of slope that ran almost unnoticeably across the plain, and stopped dead.

"This is the end of the road, I think," said Delgaun.

He was looking directly down into a small valley.

THAT valley was one of the secrets so well hidden in the vastness of The Ser. That great plain seemed everywhere to flow up to the horizon, desolate, austere, unlined, with nothing above but the cloud shadows or the wind or the grass leaning with the wind, with no refuge where one might cower away from the uncaring immobility of the void; yet all across its vastness it was seamed with little hollows such as this; narrow, shallow, verdant, pleasant winding valleys, with a stream loitering and hastening, a cluster of shielings at some wimpling ford, hand-tilled gardens on one slope, and, on the other, terraced plots of barley facing the sun.

A hundred paces or so below Delgaun, and on the near side of the stream, two score or more people were loosely congregated. They were all men, a vari-colored group reclining at scattered ease about a wide clay-stamped exercise ground, eating the forenoon meal and idly watching two boys playing at wrestling. Some distance down stream, beyond the broken waters of a ford, a hand-railed plank made a bridge, and beyond it a cluster of low grass-thatched houses sheltered under the slope. Here and there about the houses bare-legged children were at play, and brown-kirtled women paced quietly.

"Come, brother!" Delgaun, without turning his head, called to Maur striding up the slope. "I see dinner in front of us."

"Dinner is more profitable than song-making, I think," said Maur sadly. "What place is this?"

"We shall find out soon enough," said Delgaun, and, throwing up his head in some strange gesture of finality, strode over the brink of the valley. And then there was nothing on the vastness of the plain but grey-green grass undulating faintly in the

wind and cloud shadows running smoothly under the sun.

Down in the valley the whole atmosphere underwent some subtle change. It was quiet but not aloof, secure not uncaring, serene not austere, restful not immobile. Outlanders held that the people of The Ser moved like moles within their shallow burrows, hiding away from the weariness of the plain and the eternal yawn of the horizon; but this was not so. When the red ball of the sun was going down far and far beyond the far-flung horizon the men of The Ser had a habit of coming up to the rim of their valleys to get a cold bath of the mind, to feel more keenly their own security, to appreciate better the darkening valley below them and the congenial spirits at hand, to reassure themselves that they had won a smooth, if not high, level out of life. That was The Ser and the magic of it. Delgaun and Maur went down between the garden strips to the group reclining about the exercise ring. A dog or two barked, but none growled, men lifted hands in greeting, and the boys stopped wrestling.

"Good day to the good work!" saluted Delgaun.

"Ye are welcome over the brink," said an elderly man. "Sit in and eat with us."

These men of The Ser were short in stature, strong-bearded, sallow of skin, and attired in brightly dyed linen; and their eyes had a subdued but not cowed look. They made room for the two brothers, served them with brown bread and strong cheese, and moved a jug of dark ale near their hands. As they ate they talked of things on the surface of the mind, and Delgaun let Maur do the talking for the two.

MAUR told them of the easy-going men of Builthe and their famous triple-run spirit, of the singing men of Llyd and the songs they made, of Caora where the old savagery was rising head after long head-hiding, and of their journey north to Ness on the edge of the world, where the men ate flesh only and had evolved a power of darkness that ruled them with a rod.

"If men are not careful," said the forespeaker, "they will be free nowhere."

"Not even in The Ser," said Delgaun, speaking at last. "I believe we are nearer to a place called Running Water?"

"It is but a mile down the stream," he was told. And a man, here and there, looked at each other and at the long sword leaning against Maur's supple shoulders.

"Fergus the swordsman lives there," one ventured.

"Fergus the Killer I have heard him called," said Delgaun.

"This is Alder Hollow," another said tentatively.

And Maur took that man up. "The woman Alor stayed in this place?"



"She stays here yet." The man gestured with a hand.

Some distance—a long stone throw up the valley—a wooden-stooped hut sheltered under a leaning alder on the brink of the stream, and a woman in a sky blue robe sat on the crutch of a root, her shoulder against the trunk of the tree.

"That is Alor," said the man. "The woman with red hair."

"I will look at it," said Maur on his feet, and with no further word strode light-footed up the valley.

"May your store increase," said Delgaun, and followed him, but he moved heavily, and his staff of ash helped his slow feet.

Their backs were scarcely turned before a youth slipped away from the ring, but in the opposite direction, running with all his might down the course of the stream. Delgaun heard the pelt of his feet dying away in the distance, and shook his heavy head.

"The men of The Ser have embraced their own tyranny," said Delgaun with a grim significance.



The locked blades lifted with a smooth slowness into the air, hung there astrain, then groaned and writhed

ALOR saw the two men coming, one behind the other. But already she had seen them come over the brink. She had been sitting as she sat now, a shoulder against the alder, her eyes vacant and her fingers crumbling brown bread, half-hearing the quiet water of the pool, rippled by the eddy of a trout, lap-lap softly against the overhang of the bank, when something—chance or foreboding—made her lift her eyes to the rim of the valley; and there on the very brink, a man stood on wide-planted feet, a triangle of sky showing between his legs. That triangle of sky, by some trick of perspective, made the man tower immensely into the blue; one far-reaching arm, thrown out as it were across universes and spiral nebulae, held down little earth under the point of a staff; and his head, vast and brooding, was set forward towards her. She saw him throw up that massive head into the sky, the promontory of his jaw against the void, and, the next instant, he strode immensely down into the valley; and then she

saw that, having dipped below the rim, he was no more than a tall man, followed by another not so tall. But in all her after days her outstanding memory of that tall man was as she had first seen him, a colossus communing with the void, a portent that, in one long stride, had assumed the littleness of man to deal with man and with her.

Here now were the two men coming to see her. Well, many men had come to see her—and many of them would never see anything any more. The tall man she had seen as a portent came behind, and slowly on the prop of a staff. A supple youth was in the lead, supple as a wand, strong as a lance, his hair about his brow over great eyes, and the cross of a hilt above his left shoulder. O poor foolish men, looking death at each other over the hilt of a sword for the love of death to the love of woman!

Maur stopped before her and gave her the woman's salute, hand to brow, and, in return she inclined her head slowly.

"I am Maur, the brother of Urnau

and of Con," said that lad, "and this is my brother Delgaun."

The calmness of her remained calm as smooth water.

"I have heard Urnau speak of Delgaun and of Maur," she said, and, though she had red hair, her voice was low in pitch and with a certain toneless quality that, somehow, moved one. She looked at Delgaun, and Delgaun looked at her, his eyes steadfast in a steadfast dark face.

"We have heard of Alor too," said Maur. "Men speak of her in all the valleys and in all the hills."

"Men are always at the speaking," said Alor. "It is a refuge of theirs. Is Flann's arm healed?"

"It is healed," said Maur, "but he has another wound that will not heal."

"I do not believe in that kind of wound. Will you break bread with me?"

"We have eaten."

"Sit ye then."

"She is the calm and the great one," said Maur to himself, and sat

(Continued on page 40)



EDITORIAL

Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz

LHE recent election of Honorable David Sholtz as Grand Exalted Ruler is an event of unusual significance in the history of the Order. The readiness of the Governor of a great state to assume, during a part of his gubernatorial term, the duties of Chief Executive of our Fraternity is striking proof of the public recognition of the high honor which attends selection to that fraternal station. It also bespeaks the great loyalty and devotion of one who is thus willing to undertake such duties in addition to the heavy burden of responsibilities which already rest upon him.

Governor Sholtz has been an active figure in the Grand Lodge for years. As District Deputy, Grand Lodge Committeeman, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight and member of the Board of Grand Trustees, he has become so familiar with every phase of the Order's activities that he is peculiarly well experienced and equipped to administer those affairs as its Grand Exalted Ruler.

His winning personality, marked by an unflinching good humor and yet by a very deep earnestness, has won the affection as well as the confidence and esteem of all his fraternal associates.

His popularity with the membership generally is attested by the generous acclaim with which he is received in any Elk gathering. And this popularity is sure to grow during his administration, because it is the essential result of his naturalness and sincerity and his demonstrated love for the Order and all its members.

It requires no prophet to predict with assurance his successful administration as Grand Exalted Ruler. And *The*

Elks Magazine extends congratulations to the Order, as well as to the newly elected Chieftain, with every good wish for mutually happy experiences under his able leadership.

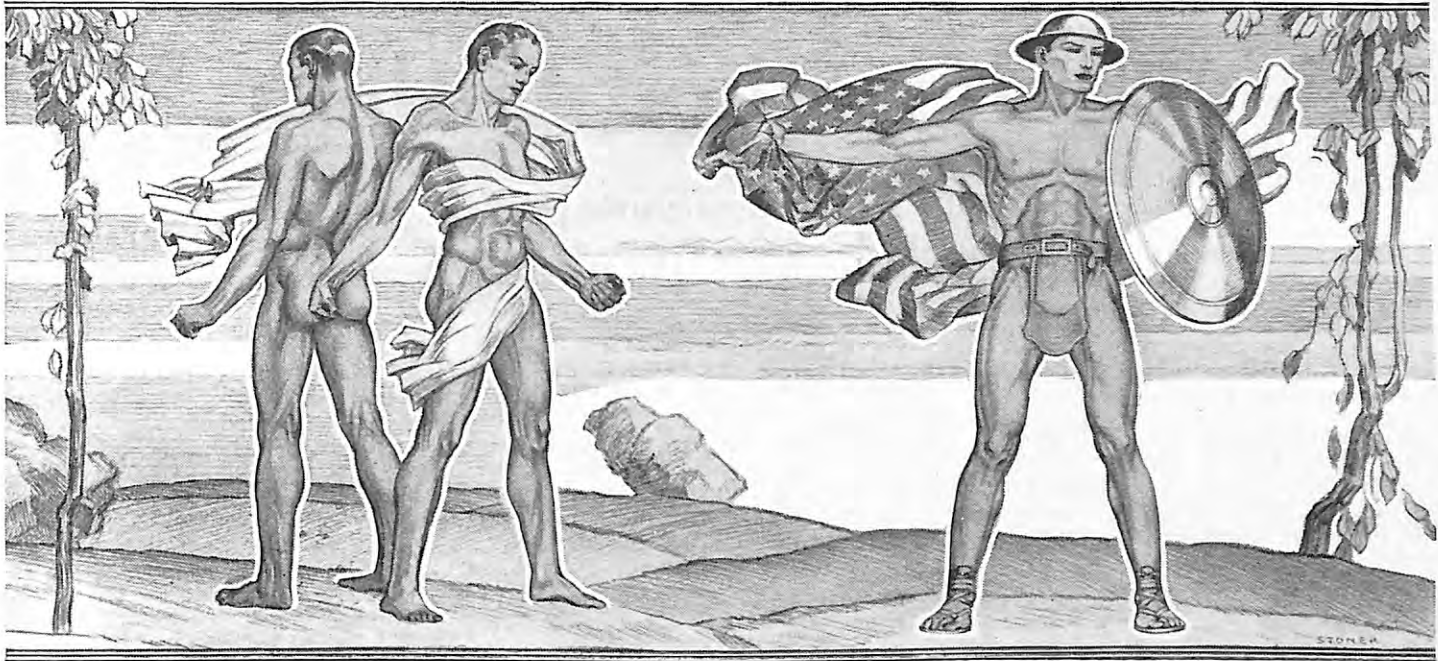
JOHN P. SULLIVAN

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel."

THE death of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan calls for something more than a mere formal obituary notice with a brief biographical sketch of his career. He was for so many years such an active leader in the determination of the Order's policies and in the direction of its affairs; he contributed so much to its achievements and exerted such an influence upon its history; his own loyalty and enthusiasm was such an inspiration to its membership; and he was so widely known, admired and beloved by Elks all over the country, that it is peculiarly appropriate, in these columns, to pay a special tribute to his character, personality and fraternal devotion and to voice the sentiments which pervade the whole Order at his untimely passing.

Of stalwart physique and commanding appearance, he was for more than a quarter of a century a familiar and conspicuous figure at Grand Lodge Conventions. And no member of that body had greater capacity to win its favorable action. His deep, resonant voice, his compelling earnestness and his dramatic eloquence, never failed to arouse an enthusiastic response.

With a mind as vigorous as his great body, his interests were many and diversified; but the Order of Elks always held first place in his heart.



He loved the Order because he was himself thoroughly imbued with the spirit born of its cardinal principles and because he believed it to be a most effective agency for benevolent service. Even after he had been Grand Exalted Ruler, he served as Exalted Ruler of his own Lodge for a number of years, making its affairs his first concern.

He was a loyal friend, impulsively kind and generous; and no appealing petitioner ever left him empty-handed.

He was active in the political life of his city and state. Peculiarly well equipped for success in this field, he became a dominating influence. It was but natural that this should involve him in many conflicts and controversies. But he continued to hold the confidence and affection of his followers, in defeat as well as in victory; and his opponents always accorded him the tribute of respect and admiration.

Few officials of the Order ever had so extensive a personal acquaintance throughout its membership; and none was ever more beloved by his fraternal associates.

They will continue to cherish his memory; for the captioned tribute of David to the slain Abner may well be paraphrased as to John P. Sullivan:

"There is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Elkdom."

The Real American



IT IS with a very just pride that we proclaim that the Order of Elks is an American Order. But if that pride is to be intelligently entertained, there must be a proper conception of the term we employ before we use it indiscriminately. We must know exactly what it means.

The mere fact that every member must be a citizen of the United States, while perhaps distinctive as a requirement, may mean comparatively little of itself. Other like organizations either have a similar membership qualification, or the overwhelming percentage of such United States citizens among their members is practically assured by local conditions.

But there is something more in our claim of true Americanism than the mere legal status of our members. As the term is used by us it implies that the Order of Elks is *distinctively* American in that it is representative of the highest and best and most essentially national in American citizenship. It, therefore, behooves us from time to time to remind ourselves just what sort of an American an Elk should be. And what sort of an American an Elk almost always is.

First of all he is a patriot. He loves his country and its institutions. Though he may have partisan political differences with his fellow citizens, this is really a part of his patriotism rather than a disregard of it.

He hates war and all its horrible incidents; but he is ready to fight for his country when the call comes for such a sacrifice. His pacifism need not and should not interfere with his patriotism.

Instead of shirking that important civic duty, he casts his ballot at elections; so that he may play his proper part in the popular government of which he recognizes himself as a unit.

He is tolerant of the beliefs and opinions of others. His only demand is that they shall represent, and be reflected in, decency of conduct.

Under the Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Governor Sholtz Prepares Meal at Marianna, Fla., Lodge

When Governor David Sholtz, alone, arrived early for the installation ceremonies at Marianna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1516, after having been the principal speaker at the Con-

initiated into the Order in the "James L. Williams Class," named in honor of a Trustee of the Lodge. Mr. Williams was instrumental in securing the members of the Class along with 12 reinstatements. Previous to the meeting a dinner was given for the initiates in order that

Henry C. Warner and D.D. Franz A. Koehler. A host of visiting dignitaries of the Order was present. The officers of Chicago Lodge were installed and the new Home was officially dedicated with befitting ceremony.

Following the installation, E.R.



Left: A large Class of Candidates recently initiated into Reno, Nev., Lodge. The officers stand behind them



The officers of Jerseyville, Ill., Lodge and prominent Elks of the Missouri and Illinois State Elks Associations who attended a dinner given in their honor by Jerseyville Elks

vention of the Georgia State Elks Assn., he found Major Albert Korst, the lone Elk in charge, preparing the meal. Invited to take a hand the Governor pitched in and assisted Major Korst.

During the evening Marianna Lodge played host to a number of distinguished guests. Among those present in addition to Governor Sholtz were D.D. Caspian Hale of New Smyrna Lodge, Fla., P.E.R. James G. Mathis of Panama City, Fla., Lodge, and the members of the prize-winning Degree Team from Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge. Governor Sholtz delivered the principal speech.

Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge Initiates 20, Reinstates 12

At a regular meeting on June 15 of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, a group of 20 candidates was

they might become acquainted with the officers and Trustees of the Lodge.

A large number of P.E.R.'s was present. After the meeting the Drill and Degree Team put on a snappy entertainment, a collation was served, and the evening wound up with an interesting and instructive motion picture.

Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, Occupies New Quarters

After having occupied quarters on Washington Street for close to 20 years, Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, has moved into its new Home at 57 West Monroe Street. Among those participating in the ceremonies of taking possession of the new Home were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Floyd E. Thompson, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Trustee

Irving Eisenman, starting his second year as presiding officer of Chicago Lodge, delivered his message to the members. Judge Thompson also delivered an address. An elaborate program of entertainment was staged and refreshments were served.

P.E.R. James T. Bennett, of Albion, N. Y., Lodge Passes On

The loss of P.E.R. James T. Bennett, who died suddenly on May 12, is deeply felt by the members of his Lodge, Albion, N. Y., No. 1006. At the time of his death Mr. Bennett was serving as a member of the Lodge's Board of Trustees. For nine years he was Election Commissioner of Orleans County and for many years was Postmaster at Eagle Harbor. Funeral services were held on Thursday, May 14, for Past Exalted Ruler Bennett.

Waycross, Ga., Lodge Holds Fish Fry

Among the guests at a fish fry held recently by Waycross, Ga., Lodge, No. 369, were U. S. Senators Richard B. Russell and Walter F. George, and Congressman Braswell Dean. The affair was given at Sweet Gum Springs in honor of the ladies of the Lodge. An attendance of several hundred was registered.

Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge Burns Mortgage

The meeting at which Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge, No. 483, burned its mortgage on the Lodge Home, was the largest and most important one ever held by the local branch of the Order. Out of the total membership of 246, 202 Crawfordsville Elks were present to witness the happy event.

Crawfordsville Lodge is now free of debt and possessed of a Home refurbished from basement to attic.

Lansford, Pa., Lodge Mourns Col. George Mortimer Davies

The recent death of Colonel George Mortimer Davies, aged 88, a member of Lansford, Pa., Lodge, No. 1337, brought sorrow to many Elks in the State. Col. Davies became a member of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge, No. 109, on January 23, 1894. He became affiliated with Lansford Lodge on November 14, 1934. The title of Colonel was conferred upon him in 1918 by the Tamaqua Chapter, Spanish-American war veterans. His record of civic and fraternal service won him respect and admiration in every community in which he lived, and his passing brought real grief to

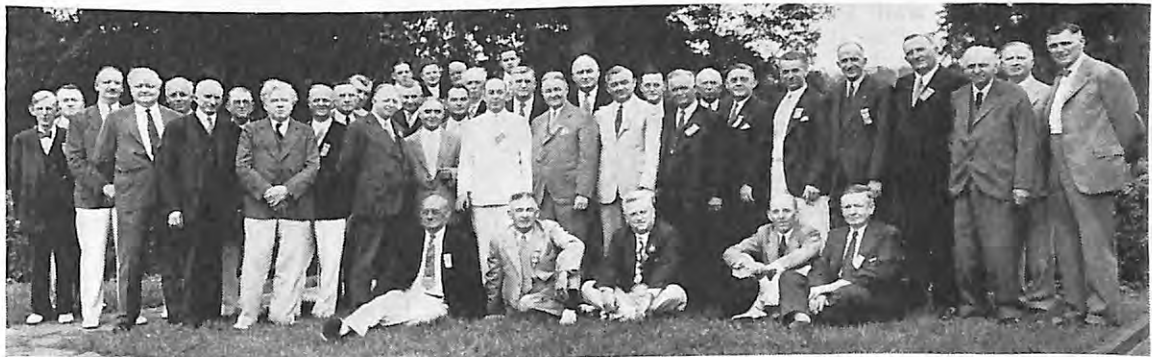
both Lodges of which he had been a member.

Freeport, N. Y., Lodge Honors Retiring Exalted Ruler

Herbert A. McIlroy, the retiring Exalted Ruler of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, was honored recently at a testimonial dinner given by his fellow members in the grill room of the Home. As tokens of the Lodge's appreciation of his many services a gold wrist watch, a secretary, and an Honorary Life Membership were presented to him.

Among those who spoke were H. Alfred Vollmer, the new Exalted Ruler of Freeport Lodge, and P.E.R. George S. Johnson; State Vice-Pres. Dominick Guando of Hempstead; D.D. Michael A. Petroccia of Glen Cove, and P.D.D. Judge Peter Stephen Beck, a P.E.R. of No. 1253.

Right: Judge James T. Hallinan, then Grand Exalted Ruler, and prominent Connecticut Elks photographed at the Conn. State Elks Association Convention at Willimantic, Conn.



Right: The officers of San Jose, Calif., Lodge photographed before the "Kick-Off" dinner which started the ball rolling on plans for the football game between Auburn (Alabama Poly.) and the University of Santa Clara, which is to be sponsored by the Elks



Right: The attractive home of Osawatomie, Kans., Lodge, where the Lodge's 20th Anniversary, and the burning of the Home's mortgage were simultaneously celebrated



Western Edition



Above: Andy Berry, co-holder of the A.A.U. double handball championship (his partner is Joe Gordon), one of the outstanding athletes in the Order. Berry and Gordon challenge any Elk team to wrest the championship from them. They can be reached at Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, where they are members.

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge Sponsors Oratorical Contest

Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593, held an Oratorical Contest for students in the Aberdeen High Schools, the title of the subject for the oration being "What My American Citizenship Means to Me." The Lodge put up \$25 for first prize, \$10 for second, and \$5 for third. The elimination contest was first held before the combined senior and junior high school student bodies for the purpose of choosing the three best orations. These were then presented before Aberdeen Lodge at an open public meeting where the orators contested for first, second and third places.

The oration delivered by Miss Sylvia Karjalainen, aged 16, whose father chose to live in Russia relinquishing his American citizenship, won the first prize in the Contest. Life in Aberdeen under the Stars and Stripes and the contrasting life in Russia under the hammer and sickle of the USSR formed the background of Miss Karjalainen's address.

Two Events Enjoyed by Boise, Ida., Elks

Following a custom inaugurated some years ago, members of Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, journeyed to Payette Lakes for a recent weekend to hold a special meeting and initiation for those members of Boise Lodge who reside in that vicinity and are unable to attend the Boise meetings regularly. The program on Saturday evening included a minstrel show for the enjoyment of a large and appreciative audience. On Sunday morning the officers and visiting members from Boise Lodge held a regular meeting and initiation. The entire town of McCall on Payette Lakes welcomed the visiting Elks with banners and flags and evidences of the warmest hospitality.

Early in June Boise Lodge held a joint meeting with the John Reagan Post of the American Legion. The attendant ceremonies included maneuvers by the Elks Drill Team and the Legion Drum and Bugle Corps, an address by P.E.R. Ralph R. Breshears, and musical numbers by the Elks Chorus. Immediately after the ceremonies the Elks and Legionnaires retired to the dining room for refreshments.

As the division of these funds among the various stockholders would have been so small as to hardly pay to make the disbursement, Mr. Black and Mr. Hobdy donated the money to the Elks' Charity Fund, feeling that in so doing a maximum amount of good would be accomplished. The majority of the interest holders were members of El Centro Lodge.

News of San Diego, Calif., Lodge

Attention of the community has been centered on San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, during the past several months by a series of meetings of city-wide interest. Two meetings of the Monday Luncheon Club were particularly outstanding. At the first one, E.R. Judge Arthur L. Mundo, sitting on the Appellate Court, had as his speakers the other three Justices of that Court and as his guests the entire roster of the Judges of the city, with three exceptions. The meeting brought this group together for the first time in



This Section Contains Additional News of Western Lodges

Substantial Gift Made to El Centro, Calif., Lodge

The sum of \$302.87 was recently placed in the Charity Fund of El Centro, Calif., Lodge, No. 1325, by Paul Black and Ira Hobdy, both of whom were at one time connected with a local bank. When the California Oil Company was organized by them, \$100,000 worth of stock was sold among the people of the community. The Company failed to strike oil and after all bills were paid a balance of \$302.87 was left in the El Centro Bank where it lay for some 16 or 17 years.



the history of the city of San Diego.

The second important meeting was called "Outstanding San Diego Day" with 15 leading men of San Diego giving two-minute talks on "What San Diego Needs Most." Both meetings drew front page stories from the local newspapers.

In addition, a smoker and a Ladies' Night brought out attendances that taxed the facilities of the Lodge Home. A recent regular Lodge session was marked by the initiation of a class of 16 candidates.

Greybull, Wyo., Elks Greet Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. T. Fanning

A Reception Committee and a large number of the members of Greybull, Wyo., No. 1431, and their wives, gathered in the depot at Cody, Wyo., to greet Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning and Mrs. Fanning on their arrival there recently. A short time later the Greybull Elks visited Cody where they initiated a class of 20 members in honor of Mr. Fanning.

La Junta, Colo., Lodge Holds Unique Initiation

Under a special dispensation La Junta, Colo., Lodge, No. 701, moved the Lodge to the foothills of the Rockies recently and there, out of doors, initiated a class of 65 candidates. The meeting was held on the rim of Red Rock Canyon. Two days before several of the members had gone to the scene and barbecued approximately 1,000 pounds of beef and pork. With all the trimmings,

the barbecued meat provided an excellent meal for the more than 500 Elks who were present to enjoy the day's outing. Among the guests were Elks from Pueblo, Rocky Ford, Trinidad and Lamar Lodges. Several of these Lodges added candidates to the Class.

Among the distinguished guests present were Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Dr. Lloyd R. Allen, of Colorado Springs Lodge; State Pres. J. L. Sherman, of Denver Lodge, and State Secy. W. P. Hurley, of Fort Collins Lodge. One of the members of the class of initiates was Kit Carson III, grandson of Kit Carson, the famous Indian scout and plainsman.

Tyler, Texas, Lodge Sends Flowers to Hospitals Weekly

Tyler, Texas, Lodge, No. 1594, at a recent meeting, adopted a resolution to send flowers on each Sunday morn-

ing to those patients in different hospitals in the city who do not receive them. No discrimination as to religious or fraternal connections is made. Tyler Lodge does not expect to secure new members through the patients to whom the flowers are sent, as most of them are from out of town. The Lodge does feel, however, that those who receive these attentions cannot but have a kindly feeling for the Elks in their home towns.

Breckenridge, Texas, Elks Erect Memorial Wall

Dedication of a memorial wall erected by Breckenridge, Texas, Lodge, No. 1480, around Eastside Cemetery, was held recently with a program prepared by the Lodge. Many Elks of State prominence took part in the elaborate speaking program.



Above: Elks and Antlers of Portland, Ore., Lodge at a banquet recently given by Portland Elks for the newly-elected officers of the Antlers Lodge



Left: Elks of Sterling, Colo., Lodge before the Lodge Home on the festive occasion of burning the Home's mortgage. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, a member, is seen in the center of the picture



Left, The officers of La Junta, Colo., Lodge and newly initiated Elks at the out-door meeting recently held by the Lodge

The Grand Lodge

Convention

In Los Angeles, Calif., July, 1936

THE 72nd Convention of the Order of Elks was held in the beautiful city of Los Angeles on July 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th. Not only did Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, do everything in its power to make the delegates, alternates, visiting Elks and their families and friends comfortable, but the whole city outdid itself. The city was bedecked with signs of welcome, American flags, and decorations in the Elks' purple and white. Saturday and Sunday, July 11th and 12th, saw the arrival of hundreds of Elks.

Due to the fact that the list of social and sports activities is a long one, space in this issue does not permit publication of an account. Such a report will appear in the September issue of *The Elks Magazine*. The remainder of this article will be devoted to the business transacted at the Grand Lodge Sessions.

First Grand Lodge Business Session

The first business session of the Grand Lodge took place on Tuesday morning, July 14, at 10:00 A.M. Grand Esquire John J. Doyle, of Los Angeles Lodge, declared that the time had come to open Grand Lodge, and the smartly uniformed Drill Team of Los Angeles Lodge formed a line for the entrance of Grand Lodge officials. First to be escorted to the dais were the Past Grand Exalted Rulers attending the Convention, all of whom were escorted to their chairs in the order of their seniority service. They were: Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, Raymond Benjamin, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, William M. Abbott, J. Edgar Masters, William Hawley Atwell, Charles H. Grakelow, John F. Malley, John R. Coen, Floyd E. Thompson, Walter F. Meier and Michael F. Shannon. Grand

Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan was then escorted, with great acclaim by the audience, to his place on the platform. After the invocation by Grand Chaplain the Rev. Arthur O. Sykes of Lyons, N. Y., Lodge, Judge Hallinan made his opening remarks. Three selections appropriate to the occasion were rendered by the chorus of Los Angeles Lodge, the Chanters, under the direction of their conductor J. Arthur Lewis. After the closing of their last selection, entitled "To the Elks," written by two members of Los Angeles Lodge, Judge Hallinan introduced the Past Grand Exalted Rulers to the assembly. He then announced that the report of the Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials showed that there were in all 1,392 Grand Lodge Members in attendance at the Convention.

At this point the Grand Exalted Ruler requested the delegates from the Lodges in Alaska, Puerto Rico, Hawaii and the Panama Canal Zone to stand. These delegates had come hundreds of miles to attend the Grand Lodge sessions. They were greeted with vigorous applause. Judge Hallinan then presented the officers who had presided in the various chairs of the Grand Lodge during his administration. He also called upon the members of the Board of Grand Trustees and introduced them from the dais.

It was unanimously agreed not to read the printed minutes of last year's Grand Lodge Convention, inasmuch as they were available to all the delegates. The Grand Exalted Ruler then appointed the assistants to the Grand Tiler and the Grand Inner Guard, the six Election Inspectors and the six Clerks of Election, as well as the Committee on Distribution of which Edward A. Gibbs, P.E.R. of Los Angeles Lodge, was Chairman. The reports of the

Grand Treasurer, the Grand Secretary, and the Grand Trustees were approved at this time. Excerpts from these three reports may be found elsewhere in this issue.

Judge Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, was introduced to present the tentative budget for the next Grand Lodge year, after which Judge Hallinan introduced Otto J. Emme, P.E.R. of Los Angeles Lodge, who made a splendid speech of greeting.

Judge Hallinan then presented the name of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert for reappointment as a member of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson for appointment to fill the vacancy left by the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, as a member of the Elks National Foundation Trustees; and E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee of Judiciary, to serve as a member of the Grand Forum. All of these nominations were seconded and the appointments unanimously approved. The Memorial Committee was then appointed, consisting of the following members: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, Grand Esquire John J. Doyle and Exalted Ruler Robert S. Redington, all of Los Angeles Lodge, and it was moved by Mr. Shannon that the Memorial Services of the Grand Lodge be held on Wednesday at 11 A.M.

Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan then delivered a splendid address in which he cited some of the great work that has been done this year by the Order. What he said in general will be found in the excerpts from his report to the Grand Lodge, printed elsewhere in this issue.

Judge Herbert B. Frederick, Exalted

Ruler of Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, was then introduced and, in an excellent speech, he placed the name of Governor David Sholtz, Past Exalted Ruler of Daytona Beach Lodge, in nomination for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler. Judge Frederick told of Governor Sholtz's record as a public servant and as a devoted member of the Order of Elks; of his work in the Grand Lodge, and of the great service he has rendered, among other things, for the crippled children in the State of Florida. He said, in closing, "We need this man because we need his matchless talent. . . . For your Grand Exalted Ruler I proudly offer Governor David Sholtz."

After the tremendous applause had died away, Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan recognized District Deputy Caspian Hale, of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, who seconded the nomination. E. R. Anthony J. De Lisio, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, moved that one ballot be cast for the unanimous election of Governor David Sholtz to the office of Grand Exalted Ruler for the year 1936-37. After this had been done, and Governor Sholtz had been unanimously elected, the Governor was escorted to the dais by Judge Frederick, Mr. Hale and Mr. De Lisio, while the audience, standing, vigorously applauded their new leader. The Grand Exalted Ruler-elect then delivered his speech of acceptance, which is printed on Page 5 of this issue.

The officers, also unanimously elected, who will serve with the Grand Exalted Ruler, are as follows: Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171; Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, Lester C. Ayer, Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188; Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight, H. B. Brewer, Casper, Wyo., Lodge, No. 1353; Grand Secretary, J. Edgar Masters, (reelected) Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494; Grand Treasurer, Dr. Edward J. McCormick (reelected), Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53; Grand Tiler, Sidney Freudenstein, New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30; Grand Inner Guard, George M. Thompson, Charleston, S. C., Lodge, No. 242; Grand Trustee, five years, William T. Phillips, New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1; Grand Trustee, to fill the vacancy left by Governor Sholtz, John S. McClelland, Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78.

Then a beautiful floral piece in the Elks' purple and white was presented to Governor Sholtz from his home Lodge. In accepting the fine tribute, the Governor expressed the wish that the flowers be given to a hospital, preferably one for crippled children.

E. R. William A. Black, of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, then presented the name of his city as a meeting place for the 1937 Grand Lodge Convention. His address was warmly received and it was voted that next year's Convention meet in Denver.

After the Benediction by Grand Chaplain Sykes, the first business session of the Grand Lodge was closed by Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan.

Conference with Exalted Rulers

Similar to the conference held by Judge Hallinan at last year's Convention, an informal meeting of the Exalted Rulers attending the Convention was called for the purpose of their meeting the newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler and several of the other newly elected Grand Lodge officers. The meeting was held at three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon and was opened by Governor Sholtz.

The address of the Grand Exalted Ruler-elect and the many telling remarks which he made before introducing the several other speakers on the program, were received with sincere and hearty acclaim.

During this program, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge No. 1336; Fred B. Mellmann, newly elected Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Charles Spencer Hart, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2, addressed the assembled Exalted Rulers.

During the meeting, Governor Sholtz made two announcements of great interest to the Exalted Rulers. One was that he would give a cup to the Lodge making the greatest net membership gain during his administration and that he would pay a personal visit to that Lodge to make the award. The other was that it was his intention to have two great National Classes during his term of office, one

to be initiated in November of this year, the other in February, 1937.

SECOND BUSINESS SESSION OF THE GRAND LODGE

The Second Business Session of the Grand Lodge held on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock was called to order by Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan. The invocation was given by Grand Chaplain Sykes, at the close of which the Grand Exalted Ruler announced that this was the Grand Chaplain's 71st birthday, and requested the delegates to stand in honor of the occasion. The first order of business, the reading by Chairman Edward A. Gibbs of the report of the Committee on Distribution, was then taken up.

Following this the annual report of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission was read by its Chairman, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, excerpts of which will be found elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Tener announced that at a special meeting of the members of the Commission held in Los Angeles, it had been decided to turn over to the Grand Lodge the sum of \$150,000. The Commission recommended that one-half of this amount be used to pay in full the balance of the indebtedness on the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia. Mr. Tener reported that the Grand Lodge at this time owes not a penny in the world and said that the Commission recommended that the remaining \$75,000 left from the earnings of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission be turned over to the Grand Lodge for use as it saw fit. The Chairman then introduced the members of the Commission, and following Mr. Tener's remarks, the report of the Commission was unanimously adopted.

Judge Hallinan then rose to express his appreciation of the work of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission and *The Elks Magazine*. The Grand Exalted Ruler took this occasion to introduce Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Home, who told something of the great work that is being done there.

The Grand Exalted Ruler then presented Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. Mr. Malley read the report of the work of that body, excerpts of which will be



printed in the September issue of the Magazine. The report was unanimously accepted.

The Grand Exalted Ruler told of the work that had been done by individual Lodges during the early part of this year to relieve suffering in the flood afflicted areas of the country. Before turning over the meeting to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon to conduct the Grand Lodge of Sorrow, Judge Hallinan spoke eloquently of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler John P. Sullivan, of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, who passed away on almost the eve of his departure for Los Angeles to attend the Grand Lodge Sessions.

Mr. Shannon called the Grand Lodge of Sorrow to order and as he delivered the opening words in this ceremony, the music of the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria" was played. After prayer by the Grand Chaplain, the Chanters of Los Angeles Lodge sang a lovely choral setting to the words of the Twenty-third Psalm. P.E.R. Jordan L. Martinelli, of San Rafael, Calif., Lodge, No. 1108, then delivered the general eulogy for those Elks who had passed away during the year. A solo, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere," was rendered by a member of the Chanters.

It was at this time that eulogies were delivered for those three great servants of the Order who have passed away during the last Grand Lodge year, Past Grand Exalted Rulers W. W. Mountain, Lawrence H. Rupp and John P. Sullivan. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain delivered the eulogy on Mr. Mountain, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Grakelow delivered the eulogy on Mr. Rupp and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor eulogized Colonel Sullivan. It is to be regretted that space does not permit the printing of the beautiful and moving addresses delivered by these three Past Grand Exalted Rulers. In Mr. Rightor's eulogy on Colonel Sullivan, however, he related an incident that, because of the Colonel's ever-faithful devotion to the Order, was both interesting and touching. Just as the physician and priest, who had been ministering to him at the last, announced the passing of Colonel Sullivan to the throng of friends who had been awaiting, that night, news of his condition, the clock across the street struck eleven. The

Los Angeles Chanters rendered several appropriate selections during the ceremonies and the Grand Chaplain delivered the benediction to a beautiful musical accompaniment.

The Second Business Session of the Grand Lodge then adjourned to meet at two o'clock in the afternoon. After the Session had been resumed, Robert S. Barrett, of Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, reported from the platform on the work which has been done on a memorial for the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Colonel Walter P. Andrews. Mr. Barrett said that since the Committee had been appointed at the last Grand Lodge Convention to make arrangements for the erection of the memorial to Colonel Andrews, definite progress had been made and shortly a lot was to be purchased for the erection of such a monument. Arrangements have also been made that will make possible the erection of this monument to be ready for dedication in October of this year. A report of the dedication will be made before the next Grand Lodge Sessions. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, is Chairman of the Committee in charge of the memorial.

Following this D.D. Sidney Freudenstein, of New Orleans Lodge, was recognized and came before the delegates to move that a resolution be adopted to recommend to Grand Exalted Ruler-elect David Sholtz the appointment of three special Committees of three members each to make arrangements for suitable memorials to be erected in memory of the late Past Grand Exalted Rulers John P. Sullivan, W. W. Mountain and Lawrence H. Rupp. Mr. Freudenstein also recommended that a preliminary appropriation be made by the Grand Lodge of \$1,000 each toward the erection of these memorials. This motion was unanimously adopted. The Grand Exalted Ruler then called to the platform the Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, P.E.R. C. Fenton Nichols, of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3. Mr. Nichols opened the reading of his report by thanking Judge Hallinan and the Grand Lodge as a whole for assisting him in his work of serving the boys of America. He also extended thanks to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning,

Editor and Executive Director of *The Elks Magazine*, for the articles about the Antlers that had been published in the Magazine. Mr. Nichols reported that on January 25, 1936, there were 58 Antler Lodges, and that five new ones had been instituted within the Grand Lodge year with indications to the effect that many more would shortly be organized. He told of the great work with the young men of the United States that was being done in the Antlers Lodges. At this point in the program Judge Hallinan requested all Past Grand Exalted Rulers present to come to the platform. After they had been escorted to their places, Judge Hallinan announced the appointment of assistants to the Grand Esquire.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, of Napa, Calif., Lodge, No. 832, Vice-Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, then read a supplementary report of that body, excerpts of which will be printed in the September issue of the Magazine. Mr. Benjamin included in his report the reading of an essay by Miss Nan Correll, a seventeen-year-old girl of Tucson, Arizona, the winner of one of the four \$300 Scholarship Awards offered in this Grand Lodge year by the Elks National Foundation Trustees. The award was made for the best essay on "Will Rogers—His Place and Influence in American Life." This remarkable piece of writing was received with great applause as was the announcement of the names of the other young people—Robert Nolan Ice, Topeka, Kans.; Lawrence J. Legere, Jr., Leominster, Mass., and Ann Alice Person, El Paso, Tex.—who had also been awarded \$300 Scholarship prizes by the Foundation Trustees in this contest. Mr. Benjamin also announced the award of the Foundation's first prize Scholarship of \$1,000 which was made this Grand Lodge year to Miss Roberta Follansbee, of Leominster, Mass. Mr. Benjamin told the delegates something of this young lady's accomplishments and her remarkable abilities in scholastic work which justified, in the belief of the Foundation Trustees, the awarding to her of the Prize.

At this point in the meeting Miss Mary Louise Bruchmann, who received the National Foundation Trustees' Scholarship of \$1,000 in 1935 at the

Grand Lodge Convention in Columbus, was called to the platform. Miss Bruchmann came before the delegates, she said, in order to thank them again for all that the Grand Lodge had done for her. She told of the great success which she had been able to achieve this year while attending St. Mary-of-the-Woods College in Indiana, and how she had made such good use of the Scholarship awarded her that she had been elected a member of two distinguished national Societies during her year at College. She also stated that she still had \$500 left of the \$1,000 awarded her last year, which amount she intended to use in her Senior year. This charming young girl was hailed with great enthusiasm by the Grand Lodge members. After the reading of the remainder of the supplementary report of the Foundation Trustees, the report was unanimously accepted. A resolution, introduced by George R. Wickham, of Denver Lodge, regarding the Grand Lodge Convention to be held next year in Denver, was unanimously adopted.

At this point in the meeting, Charles Spencer Hart, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, was called upon to read the report of his Committee, excerpts of which are printed elsewhere in this issue. After the reading of his report, which was also unanimously adopted, Mr. Hart introduced the members of his Committee, both active and associate. He, also, referred to the splendid work of Miss Mary Louise Bruchmann and called attention as well to that faithful Elk, P.E.R. William J. Leslie, of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, No. 395, who was present in Los Angeles attending his 36th consecutive Grand Lodge Convention.

A telegram was then read from Petaluma, Calif., Lodge, No. 901, reporting that, for the fifth consecutive year, its membership is paid up to date in full.

Judge Hallinan then rose to commend Greensboro, N. C., Lodge, No. 602, which, early in his administration, had promised to double its membership of 160 by the end of his term. Greensboro Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler said, had accomplished this and he wished to extend congratulations to the officers and members of that Lodge. He also extended congratulations to the Illinois State Elks Association for

its outstanding work in making a net increase of 1,670 members in the Lodges throughout the State during the past Grand Lodge year.

The Grand Exalted Ruler then called upon Chairman Frank B. Leonard, of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, a member of Champaign, Ill., Lodge, No. 398, for a report of his Committee. Judge Leonard, among other interesting facts, said that to date, with the exception of Louisiana, every State in the Union had a well organized State Elks Association, and added that before the close of the next Grand Lodge year Louisiana would also have a State Association. Credit, Judge Leonard said, was due to Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan for this splendid record of achievement and he also added that because of the Grand Exalted Ruler's work, any idea of the existence of conflict in any respect between the State Association and the Grand Lodge had been dispelled. He also said that he was confident that Grand Exalted Ruler-elect Sholtz would carry on this program just as vigorously. Judge Leonard also pointed out that the Committee desired a greater uniformity, insofar as possible, in the Constitutions of the various State Associations and that his Committee hoped for the formation of district organizations within the various State Associations. While many Elks cannot attend either a National Convention or a State Convention, very few members, Judge Leonard pointed out, would be unable to contact their fellow Elks at a District Meeting. This, he said, was obviously of great advantage. He also recommended that arrangements be made for State Association nights in the various Lodges and suggested that a group of State Association officers arrange to visit those Lodges on these occasions in order that they might explain to the Lodge the work of the State Association and hence facilitate the work to be carried on among the Lodges in each particular Association. Judge Leonard also told of the two meetings which had been held during the Grand Lodge Convention for the various State Elks Association officials attending the Convention.

Judge Leonard's report was unanimously adopted and his remarks warmly applauded.

The winners of the Grand Lodge

Convention Ritualistic Contest were then announced. They are as follows:

Lodge	Prize awarded
1. West Palm Beach, Fla., No. 1352	\$500.00
2. Glendale, Calif., No. 1289..	250.00
3. Lincoln, Ill., No. 914.....	125.00
4. McAlester, Okla., No. 533..	75.00
5. Everett, Wash., No. 479...	50.00

After the members of the Ritualistic Team winning the first prize had been introduced to the Grand Lodge and the representatives of the other prize-winning teams mentioned above had expressed their thanks for their awards, the report made by the Ritualistic Committee was unanimously adopted. The motion for its adoption was seconded by a member of the Ritualistic Team of Newton, Mass., Lodge, No. 1327, which, incidentally, had held the National Ritualistic Championship since 1933.

The Grand Exalted Ruler then called upon George E. Strong, of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, temporary Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, of which he is a member, to read the report of that Committee in the absence of E. Mark Sullivan, its Chairman. Mr. Sullivan, because of his election at this Convention to the Grand Forum, was unable to read his report.

The report was unanimously adopted by the Grand Lodge and the meeting then was adjourned by the Grand Exalted Ruler, until ten A.M. on Thursday.

The report is as follows:

The Committee on Judiciary of the Grand Lodge herewith respectfully submits to this session of the Grand Lodge the following report:

During the current Grand Lodge year the Chairman of this Committee has given official approval to amendments and revisions of By-Laws submitted by 338 subordinate Lodges. He has written 263 opinions interpretative of Grand Lodge Statutes and By-Laws of subordinate Lodges. He has approved the applications of 8 Lodges for leave to publish regular Lodge bulletins, and has examined and approved the house rules of 10 Lodges, and Articles of Incorporation submitted by 9 Lodges. Matters of pardons, appeals, and miscellaneous matters of an official nature, including oral opinions, are not included in the above classifications.

Many officers of subordinate Lodges have asked for special legislation calculated either to curb the activities of what they commonly term "The Political Secretary," or to limit the term of his continuous service. This Committee feels that this matter merits special comment by it in its official report.

This Committee respectfully reports that in its opinion no such special legislation is required. But the Committee does recommend to the consideration of such Lodges a By-Law which many Lodges have found



very effective, namely, that the compensation of the secretary be fixed at a specific percentage of dues actually collected. Many Lodges adopting such a By-Law have found that it effectively restricts the political activities of their secretaries and forces them to greater and more sustained effort in the collection of Lodge dues and eliminates the favoritism that some secretaries are inclined to show delinquent members.

It is very pleasing to report the ready disposition of the subordinate Lodges to bring their By-Laws up to date and into full conformity with current changes in the Grand Lodge Statutes. There are, however, a number of subordinate Lodges whose By-Laws are in sore need of revision. This situation does not call for new legislation, but this Committee suggests that District Deputies might remedy this situation wherever it exists by requiring such subordinate Lodges to revise their By-Laws and to be prepared to present to candidates upon initiation copies of By-Laws that are at the time in full conformity with the Grand Lodge Statutes.

Many subordinate Lodges have made inquiries of this Committee regarding the effect of existing Federal tax laws upon Lodge income derived from entertainments and from the operation of restaurants and dining rooms. These inquiries are so numerous that this Committee takes this opportunity to say that in each such instance subordinate Lodges would do well to take up such matters with the Collector of Internal Revenue of their respective districts. Elk Lodges are not exempt from the Federal entertainment or amusement taxes except where it can be shown to the Collector of Internal Revenue that the proceeds of such entertainments or amusements are to be devoted exclusively to definite charitable, educational, or other humanitarian purposes. This Committee, therefore, recommends to all subordinate Lodges that they adopt a By-Law requiring the proceeds from all such entertainments to be turned over to a committee, duly authorized to hold the same in a special fund, which fund shall be expended for definite charitable and philanthropic purposes, and upon terms that will preclude diverting such funds to other purposes. Such a provision will aid in satisfying the requirement of the Federal statute.

Many inquiries have been received by this Committee respecting the effect of the Federal Social Security Act and cooperative and supplementary acts of a similar character adopted or to be adopted by the several States. There is some apprehension that subordinate Lodges may, under these acts, be required to make provision for persons in their employment. At this time it would appear that the Lodges may fall within the scope of these statutes, but in any event the final answer will depend upon the scope and effect of the social security act adopted by the respective States, and in that event officers of Lodges will do well to take advice of local counsel.

The Committee on Judiciary has considered the recommendation for a graduated initiation fee presented by Brother William G. Leslie, Past Exalted Ruler of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge No. 395, and respectfully reports that in its opinion there is no need of further legislation of this character.

Your Committee on Judiciary has considered the recommendation of Brother G. H. Lochman, Past Exalted Ruler of Winchester, Mass., Lodge, No. 1445, calling for the three following amendments to Grand Lodge Statutes:

- (1) The establishment of "Consecration Day," at which time all members would be required to renew their Elk obligation;
- (2) Publishing in *The Elks Magazine* the words of *Auld Lang Syne*; and

(3) The adoption of a standard design for a Past Exalted Ruler's Jewel.

The Committee on Judiciary having considered the foregoing recommendations, recommends that the same be not adopted.

Your Committee on Judiciary has considered the recommendation of Brother Thomas F. Nally, Secretary of Springfield, Mass., Lodge No. 61, that the Grand Lodge authorize a special membership card for members of the Order while serving in the military or naval service of the country, and respectfully recommends that the same ought not to be adopted.

Your Committee on Judiciary has considered the recommendation of Brother R. L. Quesser, of Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge No. 18, that the Grand Lodge authorize a standard form of membership medal to be issued to all members of the Order who have been continuously in the Order for fifty years or more, and it now respectfully recommends that the same ought not to be adopted.

Your Committee on Judiciary has considered the recommendation of Brother Harvey E. Harris, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of the Northwest District of New Jersey, that Section 115 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, respecting the time for nomination of candidates of subordinate Lodges, be amended, and now respectfully recommends that the same ought not to be adopted.

Your Committee on Judiciary has considered a petition presented to it by the Exalted Ruler and the Past Exalted Rulers of Peabody, Mass., Lodge No. 1409, asking that the Grand Lodge officially recognize the Emblem Club of the United States of America as an auxiliary to the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Your Committee respectfully reports that the said petition could not be granted without an amendment to the Constitution of the Grand Lodge, and, moreover, that this instant petition is not unlike those presented in previous years to the Grand Lodge by other and similar organizations, all of which have been successively denied by the Grand Lodge. Your Committee on Judiciary, therefore, reports to the Grand Lodge that said Petition cannot now be considered for action by this Grand Lodge session, for constitutional reasons, nor should it, in the opinion of the Committee on Judiciary, be considered on its merits.

There has been submitted to the Committee on Judiciary, by Brother Edward J. Nagle, of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, a resolution authorizing an amendment to Section 172 Grand Lodge Statutes, whereby a subordinate Lodge would be granted authority to issue life membership to any member who had paid dues to that Lodge for thirty consecutive years. This resolution has not been presented to this Committee as required by statute. Your Committee has, however, out of courtesy to Brother Nagle, given due consideration to his resolution, and respectfully recommends to the Grand Lodge that the same ought not to be adopted.

Your Committee on Judiciary has considered the recommendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler that the following Resolution be adopted:

"BE IT RESOLVED: That the Committee on Judiciary be, and hereby is, authorized and directed to revise the official compilation of 'OPINIONS AND DECISIONS' of 1924, and all legal opinions and decisions supplementary thereto, and to cause to be issued a new edition, to be known as 'OPINIONS AND DECISIONS,' said work to be done under the direction of the Grand Exalted Ruler";

and your Committee now respectfully recommends the adoption of said Resolution.

The Third Business Session of the Grand Lodge held on Thursday morning, July 16th, was duly opened by Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan. After the invocation by Grand Chaplain Sykes, Judge Hallinan announced that messages had been received from Past Grand Exalted Rulers Murray Hulbert, James G. McFarland and James R. Nicholson, regretting their absence from the Grand Lodge Sessions. Judge Hallinan moved that letters of greeting be sent them in the name of the Grand Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener was then called upon to report on the work of his committee for a memorial to the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann. Mr. Tener stated that contracts had been made for a bronze plaque to be used for this memorial; that the modeling of the bas-relief had been done, and that the casting for the plaque was about to be started. He also recommended the appointment of James S. Richardson, of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, to fill the vacancy left on the August Herrmann Memorial Committee by the late Colonel John P. Sullivan.

At this point in the meeting Lloyd Maxwell, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, presented the final budget of estimated receipts and expenditures for the year ending May 31st, 1937, which budget was unanimously adopted by the Grand Lodge. After this Henry C. Warner, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, read the following announcements, and resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

"Since the Grand Lodge Session at Columbus, Ohio, the Grand Exalted Ruler, by and with the advice and consent of the Board of Grand Trustees, revoked the charters of the following Lodges:

Peoria, Ill., No. 20.
Meridian, Miss., No. 515.
Corpus Christi, Texas, No. 1030.
Brownsville, Texas, No. 1032.
Quanah, Texas, No. 1202.
Miami, Okla., No. 1320.
La Grange, Ill., No. 1423.
Mercedes, Texas, No. 1467.

"During the past year, the Grand Exalted Ruler accepted the surrender of the charters of Somerset, Ky., Lodge, No. 1021, and El Dorado, Ark., Lodge, No. 1129.

"RESOLVED: That the proper officers of the Grand Lodge be and hereby are authorized to provide out of the appropriation for General Assistance a contingent fund of \$1,000.00 for the use of the Grand Exalted Ruler, so that General Assistance Donations may be made without loss of time.

"RESOLVED: That the proper officers of the Grand Lodge be and hereby are authorized to provide out of the appropriation for the expenses of the Elks National Foundation Trustees a contingent fund of \$1,000.00 for the use of the Chairman of said Trustees, so that the Trustees may function without loss of time.

"RESOLVED: That the proper officers of the Grand Lodge be and hereby are authorized to provide out of the Emergency Charity Fund a contingent fund of \$2,500.00 for the use of the Grand Exalted Ruler,

so that in emergencies donations therefrom may be made by him without delay.

"BE IT RESOLVED, That the Grand Exalted Ruler, with the approval of the Board of Grand Trustees, be and he is hereby authorized and empowered to institute any legal proceedings, enter into any agreement, make compromise of any or all claims, or take any other action he may deem advisable or necessary in the premises for the best interests of the Order, in connection with the funds now on deposit in the Chicago Bank of Commerce, Chicago, Illinois.

"BE IT RESOLVED, That the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America authorize and empower the Board of Grand Trustees to borrow on behalf of the Grand Lodge such sum or sums of money from time to time as it shall deem proper or necessary to carry on the work of the Grand Lodge, and to make, execute and deliver such note, notes or other instruments as may be necessary or convenient in connection therewith. In the event that it shall be necessary for the Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Secretary or Grand Treasurer to join in the execution of any such instruments to evidence the indebtedness thereby created, such officers are hereby jointly and severally authorized to do so.

"BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, That the Grand Secretary be, and he hereby is, authorized and empowered and directed to furnish a certified copy or certified copies of this resolution under the seal of the Grand Lodge wherever necessary to evidence the authority herein conferred."

P.E.R. Milton L. Anfenger, of Denver, Colo., Lodge, then read a resolution of appreciation on the part of the Grand Lodge for all that the Governor of the State of California, the Mayor of the City of Los Angeles, the local Lodge, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and the people of the city of Los Angeles, had done for the entertainment of all Elks visiting the Convention. This resolution was adopted by a rising vote of all the delegates with sincere and vigorous applause.

At this point Monroe Goldstein, Executive Director of the 72nd Grand Lodge Convention Committee, Robert L. Casey, Treasurer of the Committee, and Otto J. Emme, General Chairman, were called to the platform, and all were publicly thanked for the great work that they had done in making the 1936 Convention so marked a success. Grand Esquire John J. Doyle was also commended by the Grand Exalted Ruler for his splendid efforts for the success of the Reunion.

Grand Trustee Warner then presented the following resolution which was unanimously adopted:

"RESOLVED: That in accordance with Section 15, Article III, of the Constitution, and Section 49 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, there are hereby fixed and assessed upon each member of the Order as of April 1st, 1937, annual dues in the amount of \$1.35; that of the amount so fixed and assessed \$1.00 for each Elk on its roll of membership as of said April 1st shall be paid by each Subordinate Lodge on or before May 1st, 1937, for the expense of publishing and distributing the National Journal known as *The Elks Magazine*, and the same is hereby appropriated for such purpose; and of the

amount so fixed and assessed 35 cents for each Elk on its roll of membership as of said April 1st shall be paid by each Subordinate Lodge on or before May 1st, 1937, to meet the expenses of the Grand Lodge, including the maintenance of the Elks National Home, and the same is hereby appropriated for such purpose."

John E. Drummey, of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee, then read his final report in which he stated that present at the Grand Lodge Convention were 17 Past Grand Exalted Rulers, 19 Grand Lodge Officials, 24 Grand Lodge Committeemen, 115 District Deputies, 739 Representatives, 102 Alternates and 511 Members, making a total of 1,527 Grand Lodge Members in attendance. Judge Hallinan then introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon who spoke eloquently on the great work which Judge Hallinan has done throughout his entire term of office. He said, among other things, that the Judge had "given everything he had during his administration, and he had a lot."

E. R. Redington of Los Angeles Lodge then came to the platform and was accorded a rising vote of thanks for what he and his Lodge had done in furthering the success of the 72nd Convention.

Judge Hallinan then presented Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen who expressed his appreciation on the part of the Elks of the State of Colorado for the Grand Lodge's selection of the city of Denver as its next meeting place. Mr. Coen also told of the celebration scheduled to be held in Denver on the following Friday in memory of that colorful old member of the Order, Buffalo Bill. He said that after the dinner, to which all visiting Elks would be welcome, that was to be given in the Home of Denver Lodge on the night of the celebration, a pilgrimage would be made to the grave of William Cody (Buffalo Bill) on Lookout Mountain. Memorial services, participated in by the Grand Exalted Ruler and numerous State dignitaries, would be held. These services, he said, would be broadcast over a national radio hookup.

After Mr. Coen's remarks, Judge Hallinan spoke of his deep appreciation of what the Order had done for him during the past year. "If we have accomplished any success," he said, "it does not belong to the Grand Exalted Ruler but to the members of the Order in general who have put over his program." He asked the delegates to put over the program of David Sholtz in the same manner and wished those assembled the very best of luck, thanking them for their devoted cooperation. At the close of his remarks, Judge Hallinan received a genuine ovation. He then turned over the remainder of the Session to the Order's senior Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Joseph T. Fanning, a Past Exalted Ruler of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, and Editor

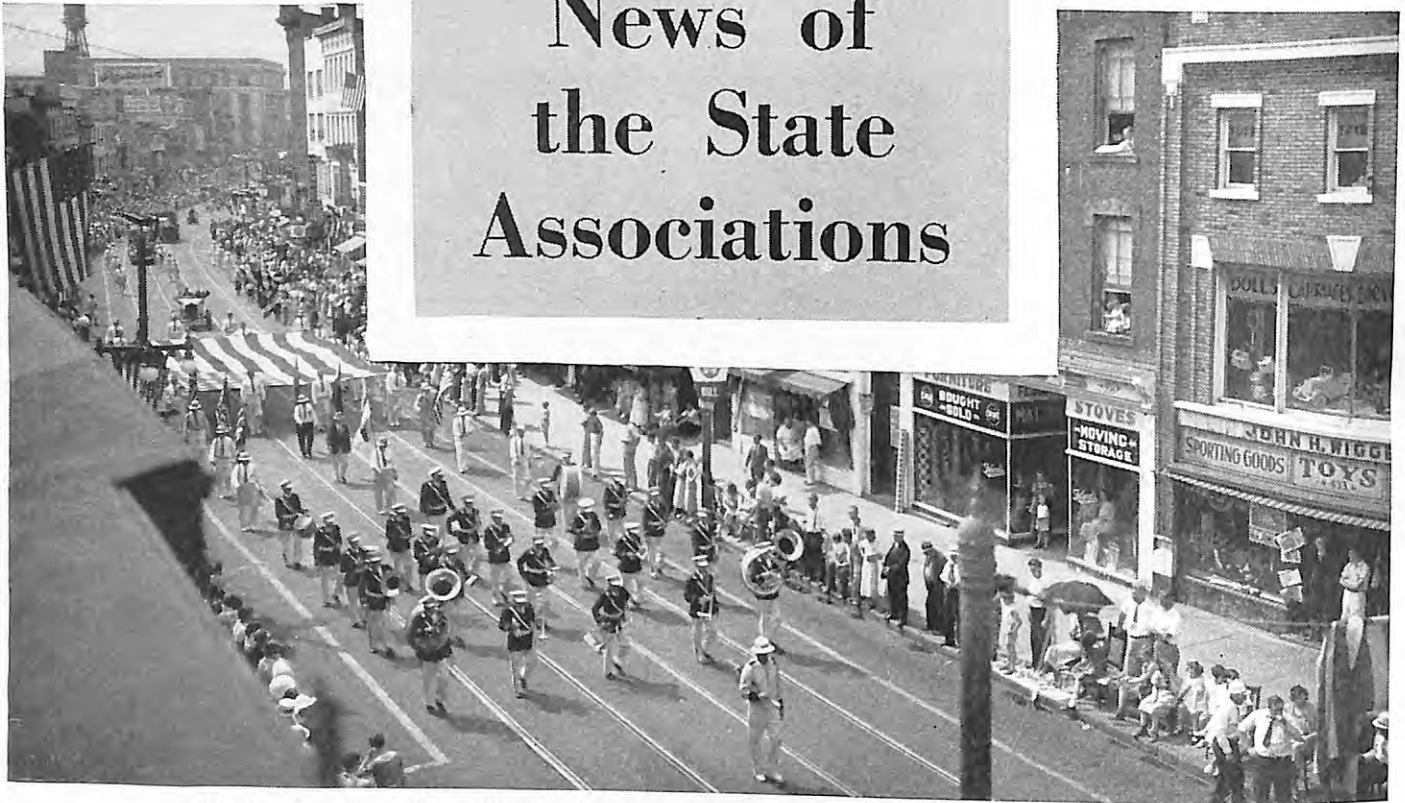
and Executive Director of *The Elks Magazine*.

The retiring Grand Exalted Ruler here placed his jewel of office around Mr. Fanning's neck and requested him to conduct the installation ceremonies for the Grand Lodge Officers. Mr. Fanning recognized Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, who offered a resolution of heartfelt thanks to Judge Hallinan, saying that the splendid results of the past Grand Lodge year were acquired through his unselfish sacrifice and devotion, his untiring energy and his superb quality of leadership. Mr. Phillips moved that the Board of Grand Trustees be authorized to purchase a suitable token to express to Judge Hallinan the Order's appreciation of his leadership during his year of office. This resolution was unanimously adopted. Mr. Fanning then expressed his appreciation to the Grand Lodge for the opportunity of acting as Installing Officer for the newly elected Grand Lodge Officers, and requested Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, of Fairbury, Neb., Lodge, No. 1203, to act as Grand Secretary during the installation.

After Mr. Rain, acting in his official capacity, had called the roll for the newly elected Grand Lodge officers, Mr. Fanning requested that they be escorted to their respective places before the altar for installation. When they had been duly installed the Grand Exalted Ruler, David Sholtz, addressed the Session. In the course of his speech he paid splendid tribute to Mr. Fanning and declared that it was one of the proudest moments of his life to be installed by this great and beloved leader of the Order. He also deemed it an honor that his administration was to follow the splendid one that had just come to a close. He also expressed his belief that membership in the Order of Elks was the proudest possession that any man could have. In a simple, direct manner he told his audience that he could not hope to carry on alone. He had, he said, to have the help of every Elk, and he promised all present, if each and every one would sincerely constitute himself Grand Exalted Ruler in mind and thought, that the next Grand Lodge year would be a great one.

Here the delegate from Honolulu, T. H., Lodge, No. 616, rose to present both the incoming and retiring Grand Exalted Ruler with the traditional Hawaiian lei, and E.R. Frank H. Wells, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, came to the platform and presented a jewel of office of the Grand Exalted Ruler in the name of his Lodge. A token of appreciation was also presented to the newly installed Grand Exalted Ruler by the Elks of Utah. After the closing hymn had been sung, and the Grand Chaplain had given the benediction, the Grand Exalted Ruler declared the Grand Lodge Session of 1936 closed.

News of the State Associations



Above, New York State Elks parading down Poughkeepsie's main street

New York

More than 6,000 Elks invaded Poughkeepsie, N. Y., between May 31 and June 3 when Poughkeepsie Lodge, No. 275, was host to the 24th Annual Convention of the New York State Elks Association. Aside from the business sessions, the four days were spent in a gay round of sports, parties and tours, climaxed by a parade three miles long.

Although the Convention did not open officially until May 31, delegates began arriving the afternoon of Memorial Day. They were entertained at a pre-convention dance at night in the Lodge Home. Sunday's activities began at 9 A.M. with registration of delegates, followed by an all-day barbecue at the Elks' Health Camp for underprivileged children at Freedom Plains. A trapshoot was held at 11 o'clock. Golf at the Dutchess Golf and Country Club and a baseball game between Bronx Lodge, No. 871, and the Poughkeepsie All Stars entertained those who did not attend the barbecue. About 200 visiting ladies were given a silver tea in the afternoon at the Home by the Ladies' Auxiliary of Poughkeepsie Lodge.

The State Ritualistic Contest, held Sunday afternoon in the Home, was won by Fulton Lodge with a mark of 99.22, with Port Jervis Lodge second, mark 98.64; Mount Kisco Lodge third, mark 98.29, and Plattsburg Lodge fourth, with a mark of 98.01. The winning team was headed by E.R. James E. Lanigan.

Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Halinan was the principal speaker in the evening at the opening ceremonies at Vassar Institute. E.R. E. Ralph Le Blanc, of Poughkeepsie Lodge, and Mayor George V. L. Spratt, a member, welcomed the delegates and visitors. Other speakers were State Pres. George W. Denton, of Gloversville Lodge, and former Supreme Court Justice John E. Mack, of Poughkeepsie Lodge. Grand Chaplain the Rev. Arthur O. Sykes, of Lyons Lodge, Hon. Pres. of the Assn., and James H. Moran, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, Secy. to the Grand Exalted Ruler, were among those present. State Chaplain the Rev. Dr. W. F. Hoffman, of Haverstraw Lodge, gave the invocation.

Election of officers took place at the Monday morning business session. Their names and Lodges are as follows: Pres., Dr. Leo W. Roohan, Saratoga Springs; Vice-Pres.'s: S.E., Dominick Guando, Hempstead; East, Ray C. Delaney, Ossining; East Cent., Arthur L. Johnston, Haverstraw; South Cent., Harry A. Rood, Corning; N.E., Frank C. Fowler, Hudson; West Cent., Frank D. Smigelsky, Syracuse; West, Frank E. Morton, Olean; Secy., Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls; Treas., John T. Osowski, Elmira; Tiler, Frank J. Hogan, Troy; Sergeant-at-Arms, Warren S. Hastings, Albany; Trustees, Dr. Francis H. Marx, Oneonta; J. Theodore Moses, North Tonawanda; Eugene F. Sullivan, Fulton; Peter A. Buchheim, Albany; Charles



Above, at the Georgia State Elks Association Convention: District Deputy J. Bush, Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, District Deputy Caspian Hale, of Florida; Past State President F. F. Preston and J. Clayton Burke, Secretary of Atlanta, Georgia, Lodge

L. Jones, Jr., Iliion; James C. Crilly, Southampton; Edward J. Murray, Yonkers, and William F. Edelmuth, Kingston.

The entertainment features carried out by Poughkeepsie Lodge were diversified and plentiful. They included motor trips for the ladies to Lake Mohonk, Vassar College, a boat trip to West Point, where the excursionists viewed the dress parade of

the cadets at the U. S. Military Academy; boxing bouts, bowling and trapshooting, and an automobile trip to the home of President Roosevelt at Hyde Park. Mr. Roosevelt is an Honorary Life Member of Poughkeepsie Lodge.

At the golf course where a tournament was under the charge of Chairman Charles Spencer Hart, of Mount Vernon Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, assisted by the local Chairman, Thomas F. Leahey, a highly successful and interesting tournament was crowned by the White Plains team being declared the winner of the State Association trophy. This trophy was presented to the successful contestants by Mr. Leahey.

On the bowling alleys of the roll-off teams representing five different districts of the State resulted in the team from Utica Lodge, of the North Central District, being declared the winner. To the members of this team was presented the beautiful trophy which was donated by the Association. Other teams, finishing in the order mentioned, included Hudson, from the Northeast district; Oneonta, South Central district; Middletown, East Central district, and Poughkeepsie, East-

ern district. E. R. John S. Schneider, of Utica Lodge, was present and accepted the trophy.

The parade on Wednesday brought the convention to a close. Three hundred Poughkeepsie Elks were led by Mayor Spratt, a cordon of police commanded by Chief George P. D. Leadbitter, a member of the Lodge, and a squad of firemen under Chief Chris W. Noll, a Trustee. Honors in the procession went to Troy Lodge for making the best appearance and having the largest number of men in line; Peekskill Lodge for having the best float, and Buffalo Lodge for coming the longest distance. Albany Lodge and New York Lodge, No. 1, sent large delegations. The parade was described by the press of the city as one of the finest ever staged in Poughkeepsie.

Indiana

An attendance of more than 1,000, representing the 64 Lodges in the State, was present in La Porte, Ind., on June 9-10-11 when the Indiana State Association held its 35th Annual Meeting. In addition the number was augmented by visitors from adjoining States, bringing the attendance to more than 1,800. Prominent Indiana Elks in large numbers

were present, including Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Dr. Frank J. McMichael of Gary Lodge; Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Harry W. Loewenthal of Evansville Lodge; Robert A. Scott of Linton Lodge, Superintendent of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va.; Clyde Hunter of Gary Lodge, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and Past State Pres. Alvin Padgett of Washington Lodge. Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters also attended.

Official greetings to the visitors were extended for the city by Mayor Alban M. Smith, a member of La Porte Lodge, and E. R. Isadore E. Levine, General Convention Chairman, for the Lodge. Many golfers played in the annual golf tournament, and a great many sportsmen took part in the trapshoot. More than 200 couples attended the Grand Ball held in La Porte's beautiful Civic Auditorium. The Grand Parade climaxed the convention activities. It brought out a large number of musical organizations, drum and bugle corps and an array of floats declared to be the most beautiful ever entered in an Indiana State Elks procession. The Convention closed with a monster stag picnic at the La Porte Country Club.

Pres. O. Ray Miner, of Warsaw Lodge, presided at the business sessions. Reports of the officers showed the Association to be in splendid condition, with a membership of 57 Lodges. Steps were taken at one of the sessions to further a plan of centralized children's welfare activity by the appointment of a special committee, with funds available to carry on the work. No ritualistic contest was held, but a demonstration of ritualistic work was made by the present champions, the members of the team of Frankfort Lodge, No. 560.

Logansport was selected as the 1937 Convention city. A sign of the great interest taken in the Association by the Lodges was the fact that Richmond Lodge asked for the 1938 meeting, and Evansville Lodge put in a bid for 1939. The names and Lodge affiliations of the new State officers are as follows: Pres., A. Gordon Taylor, La Porte; 1st Vice-Pres., Milo B. Mitchell, Linton; 2nd Vice-Pres., Raymond F. Thomas, Terre Haute; 3rd Vice-Pres., Claude E. Thompson, Frankfort; 4th Vice-Pres., Glenn L. Miller, Logansport; Secy., W. C. Groebl, Shelbyville, (reelected); Treas., LeRoy E. Yoder, Goshen; Trustees: Reinhart J. Stetter, Fort Wayne, two years, and Harley H. Rudolph, Michigan City, five years; Chaplain, the Rev. W. E. Hoffenbacher, Logansport; Tiler, Frank Re-cobs, Tipton; Sergeant-at-Arms, Jerome D. Beeler, Evansville.

(Continued on page 51)



Left, the officers of the Indiana State Elks Association; and at top, officers of the New Jersey State Association

Excerpts from Annual Reports

Submitted to the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles, in July

From the Annual Report of the Grand Secretary

Grand Lodge Finances

THE total income of the Grand Lodge for the year ended May 31, 1936 amounts to \$330,451.91; expenses amount to \$296,226.74, showing an excess of income over expenses of \$34,225.17.

Current assets are \$231,318.22; other assets are (cash in closed bank) \$268,585.43; fixed assets are \$1,214,177.52, making the total assets of Grand Lodge \$1,714,081.17.

Subordinate Lodge Finances

REPORTS filed in this office show that subordinate Lodges of our Order had, at the beginning of the year just closed, cash on hand in the amount of \$1,828,407.27. During the year, they received from all sources \$14,079,821.46, and expended \$13,593,635.49, leaving their cash balance as of March 31, 1936, \$2,314,593.24. These figures show a gain of \$486,185.97 in subordinate Lodge cash assets.

These reports show total assets of subordinate Lodges to be \$69,258,497.45.

New Members and Reinstatements

AGAIN it is pleasing to report a gain in new members and reinstatements.

From April 1, 1935, to March 31, 1936, 39,885 new members joined our Order. In that same period, 20,913 former members were reinstated. These figures show that 9,530 more members were initiated and 1,087 more members reinstated than during the preceding year. On April 1 of this year, 6,790 applicants had been elected to membership and were awaiting initiation.

Splendid membership work was done last year, and good results were obtained. Thirty-one States, Alaska and Hawaii showed membership gains. Reports also show that 693 Lodges registered membership gains.

Charitable, Welfare and Patriotic Work

BELOW is a list of Charitable, Welfare and Patriotic activities in which subordinate Lodges are engaged, together with total moneys expended for same:

Relief of Members, their Widows, Orphans, Dependents, Burials, etc.	\$ 342,683.13
Summer Camps, Outings, etc.	26,742.27
Milk, Ice and Fuel .	23,703.63
Crippled Children ..	157,952.19
Medical Aid	20,611.07
Hospitals	22,193.70
Miscellaneous	
Charities	151,857.19
General Aid for Needy Families .	60,598.68
Thanksgiving Baskets	23,203.70
Christmas Baskets .	305,368.51
Boy Scouts	17,141.74
Girl Scouts	3,044.82
Big Brother Work .	11,069.42
Playgrounds, including prizes ...	7,975.94
Scholarships, Text Books, etc.	8,956.29
Red Cross, Salvation Army, etc.	54,965.27
Veterans Relief ...	5,323.40
Flag Day, Constitution Day, etc.	45,137.53
Elks National Foundation	16,340.00
	<hr/>
	\$1,304,869.07

Detail of subordinate Lodges' charitable, welfare and patriotic activities has been assembled and immediately after the Grand Lodge Session an analysis of this work, in book form, will be mailed to each subordinate Lodge of the Order.

Fraternally submitted,
J. EDGAR MASTERS,
Grand Secretary

From the Report of the Board of Grand Trustees

The Elks National Home

CONCRETE evidence of the Elks' understanding of Brotherhood is found in the Elks National Home, located in the Blue Ridge Mountains at Bedford, Virginia. The Home is a beautiful structure, most effectively combining classic and mission features of architecture. In its appropriate setting, the first view of it compels an admiration which grows as the details of its arrangement and its furnishings, and the completeness of its equipment to fulfill its purposes are more carefully noted.

The Order has maintained a distinctive policy in the administration of this haven for its aged and indigent members. The Home has

never been regarded as an ordinary charitable institution, to be peopled by inmates who might there receive merely shelter and food. On the contrary, it is a real home in all that the word implies. It is a place where worthy aged and indigent Elks will find the good things of life—those things which round out the daily happiness of every man.

The care of the Home is in the hands of a capable, earnest and painstaking Elk, Superintendent Robert A. Scott—a member singularly fitted for the duties of his office by reason of his executive ability, courteous manner, and cheerful disposition; a man whose veneration and respect for the aged have endeared him to all guests.

Fraternally submitted,
LLOYD MAXWELL, Chairman

From Report of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission

To the Officers and Members of
the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of
Elks of the United States of
America:

Death of P.G.E.R. William W. Mountain

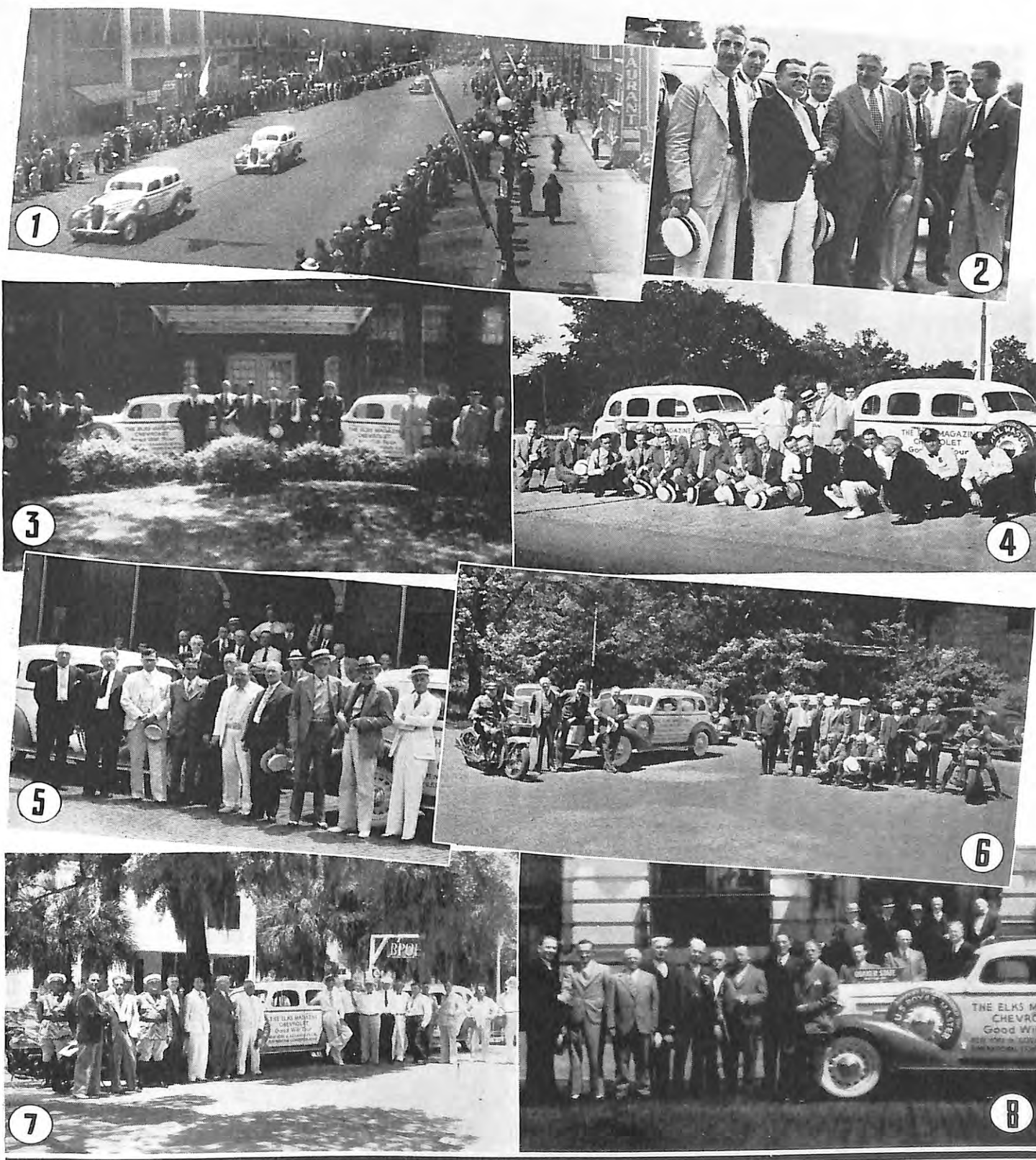
FOR the first time since their appointment upon the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, in 1921, and through their continued association upon its permanently established successor, the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, it becomes the sad duty of the Commission to report the death of one of its members.

On February 17, 1936, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain passed away while on a visit at the Elks National Home, in Bedford, Va.

Brother Mountain became a member of the original Commission by Grand Lodge Resolution, adopted at the end of his term as Grand Exalted Ruler, in 1922; and he became a life member of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission upon its creation in 1931.

From the very first suggestions that the Order should erect a National Memorial to its members who served in the World War, and should establish an official journal, Brother Mountain displayed a keen interest in the furtherance of these projects.

(Continued on page 44)



1. The Elks Purple and White Cars are seen parading before thousands attending Indiana State Convention at La Porte. 2. Good Will Ambassadors greeted by Lodge, City and County Officials at Jacksonville, Florida. 3. Officers and members of Kenosha, Wisconsin, Lodge welcome Good Will Ambassadors. 4. Members of Indianapolis, Indiana, Lodge hail arrival of The Good Will Couriers to that city. 5. Officers and members of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, accord Elk Emissaries splendid reception. 6. Purple and White cars arrive in Buffalo, New York. 7. Elks Good Will Ambassadors welcomed by officers, members and escort at New Smyrna, Florida, home Lodge of District Deputy Caspian Hale. 8. A unit of the 1936 Good Will Fleet welcomed by members of Elks Lodge at Trenton, New Jersey



Courtesy Viking Press

Famous Deadwood Stage of frontier fame and Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. Colonel Cody standing beside the Stage, Chief Iron Tail on an Indian pony, Dexter Fellows, author of "This Way to The Big Show," seated beside the driver.

Selected Books For Elks and Their Families

by Claire Wallace Flynn

Everybody Enjoys Biography

THIS WAY TO THE BIG SHOW—*The Life of Dexter Fellows, as Told by Himself with the Assistance of Andrew A. Freeman* (Viking. \$3.50)

ARE you still enough of a small boy to love a circus? Does your heart still throb with strange excitement at a Wild West Show? Do you still adore clowns, elephants, acrobats, Indians, blaring bands and hard wooden benches under a sun-scorched canvas top? Yes? Then you're definitely the man to get this book and settle down to a grand afternoon.

Dexter Fellows, best-known and best-loved press agent in the land, has for more than forty years moved across the States and Canada preparing the way for the shows of Pawnee Bill, Buffalo Bill, Barnum and the Ringlings. Newspaper men from coast to coast hail his coming—which is no mean triumph. He has given millions of passes away to create "good will"—and *has* he got it! And, now, he has put his fantastic experiences into a book that positively bulges with racy anecdotes.

People you know well: Edwin C. Hill, "Bob" Davis, Frank Sullivan, Alexander Woolcott and hundreds of others, would walk miles to foregather with Mr. Fellows and listen to his amazing yarns. They have all read his book and are cheering it. A great crowd. You'd better join them.

RIDING FOR TEXAS (Reynal & Hitchcock. \$2.00)

A galloping volume recounting the almost unbelievable exploits of Captain Bill McDonald of the Texas Rangers, as told by the distinguished Colonel Edward M. House to Tyler Mason.

Well, Texas certainly seems to have put her stamp on some of the best books of the summer. This one, about Bill McDonald's hair-raising adventures (all true as gospel) reads almost as fast as Bill could shoot—which was *fast!* The Panhandle was a tough place in those early days, but Captain Bill kept the peace with his Winchester and his soft, deadly voice. Theodore Roosevelt was his friend, and once when Bill up and defied the United States Army in the little matter of a Brownsville raid, T. R. took the ranger's part in the ticklish affair. Long ago western-thriller writers used to try to concoct heroes something like Bill McDonald—but here's the simon pure article for boys of all ages between eight and eighty.

THE WAY OF A TRANSGRESSOR—by Negley Farson (Harcourt-Brace. \$3.00)

You've probably read this book, or are familiar with its contents from long reviews, but we feel that we must mention it briefly here because it is such a remarkable record of a man's life and a man's thinking. Negley Farson was for more than

ten years special correspondent in Europe and Asia for the *Chicago Daily News*. A flier in the Great War. Sailed a 26-foot sailboat across Europe from the North Sea to the Black Sea. Represented some mysterious American capitalists in Russia while the Tsarist world was tumbling down around his ears. He knows everyone and has been everywhere. His book jerks you into sudden unaccustomed vitality. It is bold, brutal, honest. It recounts the kind of living that most men dream of before necessity clamps them down with steel rivets to deadly office chairs. You'll relish every word of it, but God help you, it won't leave you very calm.

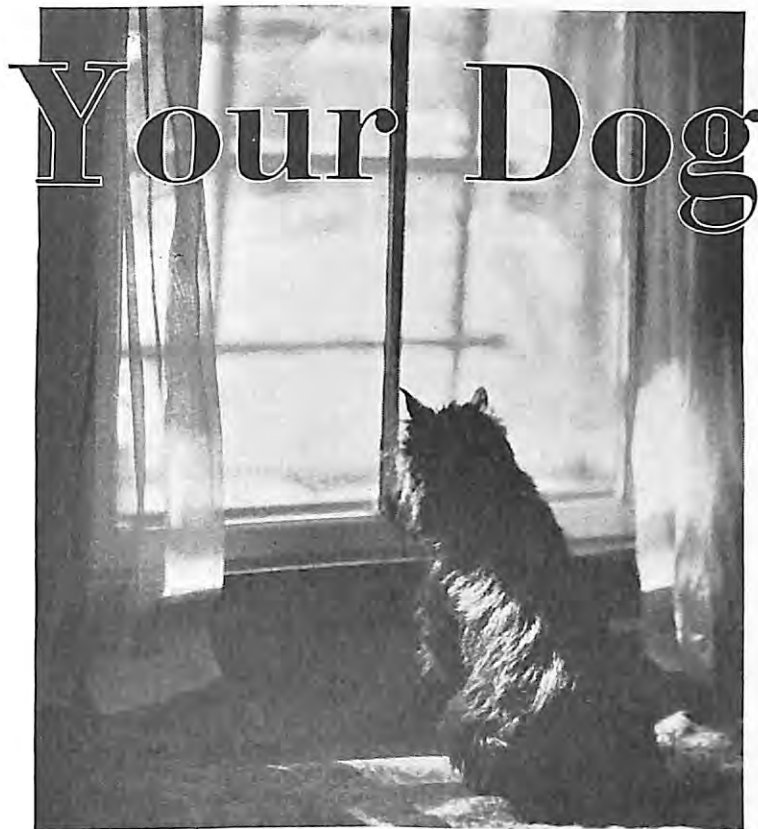
Hush, a Mystery!

HALFWAY HOUSE—by Ellery Queen (Stokes. \$2.00)

Ellery Queen, ace amateur detective, gets a hard one to solve in this. Here is the set-up:

A shack on a lonely road midway between New York and Philadelphia. Joseph Wilson, kind, middle-class salesman, is found murdered in the shack. Lucy Wilson, widow of the murdered man, hurries on from Philadelphia. At the same time, there arrives from New York's best penthouse circles a Mrs. Jessica Borden Gimball, who identifies the body as that of her husband, Joseph Kent Gimball, the financier.

Dirty double-dealing somewhere!
(Continued on page 47)



R. I. Nesmith & Associates

By Captain Will Judy
 Editor, Dog World Magazine

The Dog's Skin and Care

Dog breeders refer to the hair of the dog as the coat. Because the dog has this protection for the skin, its functions are not identical to those in the human.

The dog does not have the sebaceous or sweat glands so necessary in the human skin. Logically, therefore, the skin is not an important part of the excretory or "throwing-off" system in the dog.

The chief organ of perspiration of the dog is the tongue. In hot weather, do not be perturbed when your dog "unreels" his tongue and lets it hang out considerably. Let him perspire and froth at the mouth as much as he pleases—it is beneficial and a relief to the dog.

Modern living conditions for dogs



H. Armstrong Roberts

have brought increased problems; the skin particularly has been affected. The dog roaming the fields and living in the wilds, getting plenty of exercise, and to a great extent having his coat cleaned by outdoor contacts, did not have the skin problems of his descendants of today.

Many dogs now live indoors, particularly in heated apartments (and we permit too many of them to sleep near the radiator). When air-conditioned rooms become common, the dog's skin will benefit considerably. But at present, the dry air and the indoor confinement increase greatly the tendency toward skin ailments.

The skin may be affected by external or internal causes or both. The latter are chiefly thru diet, altho the effect of diet upon the skin has been overrated. Nevertheless, when there is a bad skin condition, there should be a change in diet, particularly toward solid foods, lean meat and a laxative such as mineral oil or in extreme cases, castor oil.

One of the best treatments to avoid skin diseases and to eliminate it after it has made its appearance is cleanliness. This is done thru daily grooming, particularly with a fairly stiff-bristle brush. First, brush against the "lay" of the coat and well down toward the skin. Finish with brisk brushing in the direction of the lay.

(Continued on page 53)

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Ryman's Gun Dog Kennels, Shohola Falls, Pa.



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DOG ENCYCLOPEDIA

By CAPTAIN WILL JUDY, Editor Dog World

This new revised second edition contains 325,000 words, 587 articles, 375 pictures, covers all dog subjects, all dog breeds of the world, answers 10,000 questions about dogs, is really many dog books in one, and is the one book which every dog lover should have in his library. Price \$5 cash or C.O.D. delivery.

JUDY PUBLISHING CO. 3323 Michigan Blvd. Chicago

Excerpts from the Annual Report to the Grand Lodge of Grand Exalted Ruler

James T. Hallinan

In accordance with Section 24 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, and with a deep sense of gratitude and appreciation, your Grand Exalted Ruler spreads before the delegates to the Convention, the record of our activities of the past year.

The hopes of our Brothers who conceived and brought into being this leading American Fraternity have been more than fulfilled. One has but to consider the variety of the many activities maintained by our subordinate Lodges at the present time to comprehend what a wondrous development has been attained by the Order in our great land, and to realize its marvelous usefulness today.

At Columbus I appealed for a continuance of the support of the membership of the Order hoping to inspire our Brothers with tireless zeal for the continuance of their works of charity, of mercy, of affection and fraternal love, so that when the Convention of 1936 arrived, I would be able to make a report that would be encouraging, inspiring and reveal an awakening of a new spirit among our members, our Officers and subordinate Lodges. I called upon my Brothers to assist me in three activities, to wit:

THE INCREASE OF OUR MEMBERSHIP
THE REINSTATEMENT OF WORTHY BROTHERS
THE RETENTION OF OUR PRESENT MEMBERSHIP

Increase of Membership

Upon assuming office I urged our Brothers to attract members to our doors, not by means of drives, nor the giving of inducements for membership, but by asking the Brothers of our Fraternity to ask and answer this question—"If the Order of Elks has been good enough for you, why is it not good enough for your son, your friend and your companion," particularly stressing the proposal of young men.

I therefore arranged for National Class Initiations as follows:

THE JOSEPH T. FANNING CLASS:

On the evening of Thursday, November 14th, 1935, approximately seventeen thousand American citizens became members of our Order, and approximately six thousand

former members again joined the ranks, making a total increase of twenty-three thousand men.

I selected as the recipient of the honor of this Class, a member of our Grand Lodge since 1881; the Dean of our Past Grand Exalted Rulers, and one who is loved and respected throughout the Order. The results were most gratifying and were beyond my fondest expectations.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S ANNIVERSARY CLASS:

So successful was the Joseph T. Fanning Class, that I communicated with our subordinate Lodges, requesting the initiation of a special class to be known as the Grand Exalted Ruler's Anniversary Class, at some meeting during the month of February, and in answer to my appeal came the proposition of some sixteen thousand applicants for admission, together with approximately five thousand reinstatements. As a result of these two initiatory classes, supplemented by other initiations held by our subordinate Lodges during the year, there was initiated as brethren of our Fraternity, the largest number in the past six years, or a total of thirty-nine thousand, eight hundred and eighty-five, a remarkable result, for which I am most grateful.

Reinstatements

During the economic depression existing in our country, many worthy and deserving Brothers were compelled to leave us due to circumstances beyond their control. They loved the joys of life and nobly responded to the many demands made upon them as Brothers of our Fraternity. I desired these good Brothers back with us and I requested our Lodges to bend their efforts to secure their reinstatement. So nobly and well did our subordinate Lodges co-operate with me in this endeavor that I am pleased to report that during the past year twenty thousand, nine hundred and thirteen former Brothers of our Order were reinstated.

Retention of Membership

So impressed was I with the great zeal and fraternal spirit of the Brothers of our Fraternity, that I spurred our Lodges to leave no stone

unturned in retaining their present membership, and to endeavor to reduce the great number of lapsations in the month of April.

The response to my appeal was exceptional, with the result that our record this year surpasses that of the past six years.

Whether I have been successful in increasing our membership, reinstating our worthy Brothers, and retaining our present membership, I am going to leave to our Brothers to say. Pleased am I to report that in *thirty-one states* of our Union, the Order this year shows a net gain and our reports indicate that *six hundred and ninety-three of our subordinate Lodges, or more than fifty per cent*, have closed the subordinate Lodge year with a net increase of membership.

These reports received at the close of our subordinate Lodge year are highly encouraging. Not alone have our Lodges initiated more new members this year than in any other year of the economic depression; not alone are the cash balances of our Lodges encouraging, but above and beyond these is the fact that we have finally stopped our great losses in membership, and we are now on the road to build up our Order to the position that it is rightfully entitled to enjoy.

I am particularly happy to report that everywhere I have travelled and visited, I found a reawakening of the spirit of our members, with well attended meetings and with subordinate Lodges enjoying the real and true spirit of Elkdom.

Elks National Memorial Commission

THE ELKS MAGAZINE:

During the past year our official organ, "*The Elks Magazine*," has continued to demonstrate its great value to our Order. Under the able direction of the National Memorial & Publication Commission, and Joseph T. Fanning, as Editor and Executive Director, with his staff and assistants, it has again proven to be one of the leading publications in America.

Through its medium I was able to keep the interest of our Brothers aroused and centered in the success of our National Class Initiations. It also afforded me the opportunity of placing before our Brothers the progress of my program during the

(Continued on page 48)

Speech of Acceptance by Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz

(Continued from page 5)

ican people boiled down to its essence that which he had learned after fighting and struggling for half a century to establish and safeguard the public interest. Liberty was important to him and sacred to his fellow citizens because so few people could then enjoy it. Washington's heartfelt wish was that "the happiness of the people of this State, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete."

EVERY one who lives or has lived in the United States has been benefited by it. Millions of men and women from every country of the world, particularly Europe, have crossed the seas to establish new homes in a new land. Why? Because political liberty was the common right of every American citizen and because hopeful opportunities presented themselves for economic betterment. As late as 1863, nearly one hundred years after the birth of our Republic, millions of slaves were held in bondage and American women had but few rights. Today, we of America are too smug and self-satisfied. We do not fear the military might of any ambitious dictator. America has as its foundation public school education and too many of our people have fortunately learned the essential principles of American life. We in this country are free to write, to talk, to assemble, to travel, to organize, yes, and to think as we please, so long as we refrain from undue interference with others. That is and has been the unchallenged heritage of every American and that heritage must be guarded. Many of us are willing to fight or die in order that these principles of our American government will not be violated. And yet there are some today who would take from you and from me these priceless privileges. There are those who would deprive you and me of the right to maintain our families and our home or to have an orderly government, or to worship Almighty God as we see fit according to the dictates of our own conscience.

There are three great philosophies of life which have been in existence from time immemorial. The philosophy of Caesar—and that exists today—is that philosophy which says "The world is mine, I will take it." How apparent that is in modern times, is readily seen when we look at what has taken place in Africa by the

Italians under their dictatorship, by what has taken place in recent months in Germany, yes, and when we see what Japan has done and is doing in Asia. "The world is mine, I will take it" is their philosophy.

Then, too, we have the philosophy of the man who from the beginning of time has been the hoarder; selfish, self-serving, thinking only in terms of himself, and that philosophy too is still apparent even in our great country. "The world is mine, I will keep it."

But how much finer, how much more beautiful, how much more self-satisfying is the philosophy that I believe stands out above all others, the philosophy of the Elks of America, "The world is ours, we will share it."

THE record of Elkdom in the seventy years of its existence shows that its philosophy has always been, "The world is ours, we will share it." No one can take away from me, just as no one can take away from you, the joyful realization of gratitude which we see in the hearts and faces of men and women, yes, children, too, when Thanksgiving baskets are distributed by the hands of thoughtful Elks; that inspiring look in the eyes of little children all over the country at Christmas time when the Elks have their community Christmas trees; the children's Easter Egg hunts, and the splendid educational work, the willing help extended at innumerable times to those less fortunate. I know there must be a thrill of pride in the heart of every Florida Elk here this morning to realize that at this particular moment there are scores of little crippled children, who never would have had a chance to rehabilitate themselves and to grow with stronger bodies into fine men and women were it not for the human understanding and willing desire on the part of Florida Elkdom to do its part to make the world a better and finer place in which to live. And how much pride and deserved satisfaction there must be in the hearts of the Elks of the State of New Jersey who know what splendid work is being done in their crippled children's home. Yes, and in many other States, the tubercular work, the educational work of New England and New York. And what of the four hundred brethren this very moment at Bedford, Virginia, who

are being made happy and comfortable just because an American organization is human enough to appreciate the hardships that may confront everyone of us in the declining years of life.

THE people of every community have begun to look to us to continue this work and to take leadership in every legitimate charitable and humane enterprise. We must not fail them in the administration of this trust. We must carry on wholeheartedly with our efforts to make every Elk community a better place in which to live through the practical example of our public service.

We, of Elkdom, have an important part to play in the scheme of American life. It has never been said and it must never be said that when the opportunity of public service has presented itself we failed to carry our brother, our friend, our neighbor, our fellow citizen along to an increasing and greater enjoyment of the rights of American citizenship.

Thank God, men of Elkdom, that you enjoy the priceless privilege of American citizenship. It is only by the grace of God Almighty that you were born in this land of freedom or were given the privilege and right to become a citizen of this great country. It is worthwhile fighting for. It is worthwhile, practicing those teachings of charity, justice, brotherly love and fidelity. We need good will in America. We need neighborliness in America. We need friendship and human understanding, the serving of others, and during this coming year, you, my brothers, marching as an army, can make for Elkdom a firmer place in the element of useful service. No Brother can do it alone. No Grand Exalted Ruler can do it by himself. He has to have help. If you are more interested in what you can get out of the Order, than what you put into it you are of no benefit to yourself, much less to the Order. Petty jealousies, selfish ambitions, greed and avarice so common to human nature must continue to be driven out into the world of darkness. This great opportunity is yours as well as mine. As your Grand Exalted Ruler I consider that each and every one of you is just as much a part of that high position as am I and I call upon you to join me in marching forth in the cause of Elkdom. "The World is Ours, let us Share it."

It Seems There Were Two Irishmen—

(Continued from page 9)

O'Toole. "It's a bet," he says. "Will you shake on it?"

"Much as I dislike to take yer hand," says O'Toole, "I will."

But I am a very thorough guy, with all my legal training, and I tell them they have to put it in writing so there will be no misunderstanding. I have the papers ready the next day and the O'Tooles sign and Eddie and Manny are witnesses and we all celebrate the sealing of the bet by going out to eat lunch.

There is a sign in the window of the DeLuxe restaurant across the street which says it is under new management, but we go in anyway, because it can't be any worse than it was before. O'Toole dives into the menu and calls loudly for service and a blonde girl comes over.

O'Toole rattles off his order and hardly looks at her; Mickey looks at her and can't talk. It is Fate at its trickiest. He couldn't meet her yesterday; it has to be today. It is a funny thing how your troubles come when you're least expecting them and can't handle them at all.

You can almost hear something click. It is Fate, all right, pulling a fast one at the psychological moment.

She keeps smiling and suggesting one dish after another and Mickey stares as though he is dizzy. She is pretty near the top as blondes go, but still I have hopes for Mickey; we have had some heart-to-heart talks and he is a steadfast lad. Finally he nods his head to a cup of coffee and she brings it and he sits there and never takes his eyes off her as she waits on the other tables and goes into the kitchen and comes out again.

O'Toole the Elder doesn't talk much either, but that is because he is very busy with a steak. When he finishes he claps his hands and the blonde kid comes over.

"A nice bite o' meat," he says, "and ye can tell it to the cook."

The girl smiles. "That's Ma," she says. "I'll tell her."

"Yer mother is it?" says O'Toole. "'Tis a lucky lass ye are."

"Mother and I just took over the restaurant," she says. "We hope you'll come again."

O'Toole beams. He says will she please present to her dear mother the compliments of none other

than Michael O'Toole himself and tell her to broil up another steak that is a twin of the first only a bit larger.

Well, the kid is finally convinced he means it and goes off to the kitchen. She is back in a minute and with her is her Ma, who wants to see what manner of guy can put away two of her steaks. Her Ma is also blonde, and all flushed from the heat of the range, and she smiles almost as nice as the kid when O'Toole jumps up and does his stuff. He bends over her hand and presents his compliments in person and looks more like an Irish tenor than ever.

Now I am watching Mickey all this time and I see something has got to be done. So I grab him and lead him out. The sunlight and fresh air brightens him a bit and we walk over to Broadway together. He doesn't talk for a while. Then he blurts out, "I ain't going in that place again!"

"The coffee was pretty bad," I nod.

"What coffee?" he says.

I let it go and we walk on. I am leaving him at the corner when he says, "You got both copies of that agreement?"

"I gave O'Toole his," I admit sadly. "I guess it's too late to back out of it."

"Who said I wanted to?" he growls. "I ain't going in that place again."

But I know guys well enough to check up on him the next noon. I look through the window and there

is Mickey sitting alone at a table with a dinner in front of him that he doesn't see. He is talking to the blonde kid and worshipping her with every look. At another table O'Toole has an arm lock on a twelve inch sirloin and is not paying a bit of attention to anyone.

I wait in front and in half an hour he comes out. When he sees me he glowers. "You would have to put that bet in writing!" he sneers.

"I thought you were a safe guy with dames," I sigh.

"So did I," he says.

We walk a block before I can get up courage to ask it. "W-what's her name, Mickey?" I say.

"Anna," he snaps.

"Anna what?"

"I didn't ask her what," he says.

"Didn't she tell you?"

"She started to but I wouldn't let her. I'm scared to hear it." He turns his eyes on me and they are like a little kid's eyes—sort of panicky. "I guess it's happened," he says.

"Maybe if you'd go 'way—"

"Go 'way?" he cries. "I can hardly wait 'til dinner."

I give a long sigh. "When it happens that way," I tell him, "there is nothing you can do."

"Nothing," he echoes grimly. "I am going back for another cup of coffee."

It goes on like this for a week, and Mickey gets worse and worse. He eats all around the clock at the De Luxe restaurant and he takes Anna home and leaves her at her

door. But still he don't want to know her name.

"It might spoil everything," he says. Then he blurts out, "Her mother's folks were German."

"Some German names are nice," I tell him. "Stop imagining things. You got a fight tonight."

"I'll try," he says grimly.

Well, he gets the decision that night in ten rounds, but it is heart-breaking to watch him. The other guy is a set-up, but Mickey hasn't got his old-time pep, and the gallery stamps as though its feet are frozen. I get down to his dressing room as fast as I can. Eddie Lane is bawling him out and Mickey is stretched on the table staring at the ceiling. "I couldn't quite get into it," he says, and turns to me. "I knew a





German once whose name was Hansenpfeffer."

Eddie and I exchange a look and we do some tall talking. We get him to agree to go to the Adirondacks for a month and do some training at a place we know. But even when he promises I know he doesn't mean it. He just wants to shut us up so he can beat it to the De Luxe for a cup of coffee and Anna.

And sure enough, in three days he reneges. I go to see him, and I know it's no use arguing. He looks me straight in the eye and says, "Anna and I have decided we are made for each other."

"Ain't that something!" I say bitterly.

"I am a lucky guy," he assures me. "Anna always used to say she would never marry a fighter."

"But her name!" I moan. "You don't know her name."

"I made her promise not to tell me," he admits. "She thinks I am a little screwy on the subject of names, but she loves me anyway. I will marry her first and find out afterwards."

"You can't do that!" I cry. "Remember the bet!" I grab him by the arm and shake him. "Hell, Mickey, it might be Duffelmuffer!"

Mickey pales. But I can't shake him. "Maybe O'Toole won't hold me to the bet," he says.

"A bet's a bet and you know it. Her name is your ring name the minute you marry her. It's all in writing."

"We are getting married Saturday," says Mickey firmly.

But I beg him to find out her name first, and finally he agrees. He says it won't make any difference—he is that crazy about the girl—but if I want I can go to the restaurant and find out, and he will wait. He pretends he isn't worried, but I know better. I leave him in the office in the gym and set out hoping for the best.

I am back in twenty minutes. Mickey sits up straight in his chair

when he sees me and plants his feet on the floor. "Well?" he says hoarsely.

"I have some sort of good news," I say, "and I have some sort of bad."

"Her name?" says Mickey, holding tight to the arms of his chair.

"Her father's folks were German, too," I tell him. "He kept a delicatessen in Cincinnati. He—"

"Spill it," says Mickey. "I can take it."

"Her name," I say slowly, "is Mauss."

"Mouse?" roars Mickey, jumping like he is shot.

"M-a-u-s-s," I spell.

"It sounds the same," he sighs. He closes his eyes and I see him shudder. "Mickey Mauss!" he whispers. "Can't you just see it outside the Garden?" Then he opens his eyes and glares at me. "We are getting married Saturday just the same!" he cries.

"Wait a minute!" I break in. "I have some good news, too." And I tell him how I go into the restaurant and do not see Anna at first, because she is sitting all by herself in a booth in a corner. The restaurant seems empty and I naturally think she is in the kitchen, so I open the swinging door a little and look in.

I do not see Anna, of course. But what I do see is Anna's mother, and Anna's mother is sitting nowhere else but on the knee of Michael O'Toole, the Irish wrestler. Her eyes are closed and she is stroking his tumbling curly locks. As for O'Toole, he wears that beatific look I have seen when he finishes a second sirloin.

I admit I should not stay to listen, but my alibi is I am too surprised to move. I stand and stare and hold my breath just long enough to hear O'Toole say 'tis a cruel and heartless thing for a lady lovely as herself, and as fine a cook, to be keeping herself a widow woman any longer.

"So if you'll only have patience," I tell Mickey, "O'Toole the wrestler will be marrying the mother, and he will thereby become Mickey Mauss according to the bet, and you will keep on being Mickey O'Toole."

The boy's eyes light up and he grins. Then his face clouds. "Did he look to you," he asks, "as though he might be in sort of a hurry about marrying her?"

"I know the look you mean," I answer, "and I should say it would be any day."

"I will wait," says Mickey. "But not too long. It will be spring almost before you know it."

Before a week is out Mickey is restless. "He knows the way things are," he complains, "and he is trying to outstay me."

"Don't let him," I reply.

"But he don't love Anna's mother the way I love Anna!"

"You can't tell," I argue. "She broils a pretty fine steak."

The next week, when O'Toole goes to Pittsburgh to wrestle, Mickey is



fit to be tied. "If he had any real romance in him," he grumbles, "he'd elope with the woman."

"Take it easy," I plead. "Think what the boys would say if you were billed in the ring as Mickey Mauss."

"All I can think of," he says, "is Anna and the time we're wasting."

The next week O'Toole is grappling in Cleveland.

"He's getting me down," Mickey growls. "Anna keeps asking what we're waiting for."

"Stay with him," I beg. "Stay with him just a little longer."

"Until next Saturday," Mickey says, and I know he means it.

On Friday O'Toole takes the train for Albany just as though there is not a thing on his mind. Mickey pulls me aside as I am leaving him that night. "Tomorrow," he says, "I tell Anna and we will be married."

I trail along with him the next day when he goes over for lunch. Anna's face lights up as she sees him, and she smiles pleasantly at me. "Lunch isn't quite ready," she says. "We have a new cook."

"Where's your ma?" I ask quickly.

"She left early this morning," Anna says. "She had to go to Albany."

I give Mickey a quick look. "Your Ma's admirer wrestled in Albany last night," I tell Anna.

She nods merrily. "I know. Wouldn't it be funny if she was going to marry him?"

"What would be funny about it?" asks Mickey.

"Oh, nothing much," she says, "only—"

"It wouldn't be funny," I interrupt. "It would be wonderful."

It is almost too much to hope for, but I sit around until two o'clock smoking cigars while Mickey and Anna put their heads together whenever the trade don't keep her busy. I am just finishing my third cigar when the telegram comes.

I stiffen as Anna tears it open. Her eyes dance and she laughs.

(Continued on page 50)

Face of Stone

(Continued from page 17)

on the edge of the porch. But Delgaun stayed where he was, leaning a little forward on his staff, his hands cupped over the top of it, and his chin on his cupped hands.

She turned a little to face between them, her shoulder still against the tree, her eyes calm—almost weary, all emotion hidden beneath her cool beauty. The water gurgled softly somewhere nearby, a small breeze moved in the dark green leaves of the alder, stirred in the luster of her hair, died away into the quietness that lay waiting all about them.

But there was no quietness in Maur, as though he had lost his tongue all of a sudden. There was a yeasty ferment in his mind, and, already the beginning of a new song—his great song. Alor was beautiful. Indeed, she was beautiful, sitting there so still—troublingly lovely-colored, translucent—a delicate glowing of the flesh with a flame for crown. . . . So frothed the ferment in him. . . . Her blue dress like a flower—alive like the petals of a flower—the life within making it alive. . . . And her eyes! Her eyes in some lights would be grey and in some touched with green, but, in no light at all touched with blue—and a man looking therein would be as in a vortex, a whirlwind, a place of innumerable falling waters. . . . Spirit of the flesh, that was Alor—the last word of the flesh at war with what man had painfully evolved out of the beast. Purer than snow, more crystal than a pool in basalt, sweeter than a birch after rain—woman incarnate. Man had no weapon against her. . . . Reason but the forerunner of enthusiasm; coldness only the urge to surrender, taking thought no more than the breeding ground of dreams. . . . Such was the yeasty ferment out of which Maur would distill his great song.

BUT sober Delgaun of Long Baravaish, that reasoning steadfast man, told himself that he was looking at no more than a medium-tall, red-haired, fair-skinned, grey-eyed, cleanly-built woman, who might be interested in life and love, but hid all interest under dangerous calmness.

The silence held for a long time and Alor broke it.

"When you are still," she said to

Delgaun, "I would know that you are the brother of Urnaul."

"You would know that," said Maur.

"I am Urnaul's brother," said Delgaun.

"You are alike, and yet unlike. Urnaul had the face of one already doomed, but you—you have the face of doom."

"You would know that too," said Maur, "who know all things." His tongue had come back to him. But, somehow, he no longer looked at Alor as a woman to whom courtesy should



be yielded. She was something great and impersonal. He consumed her with his great poet's eyes, and there was awe in his voice.

"You are the Woman-without-Mercy?" said he.

But Alor moved her head sadly from side to side.

"I am only a woman," said she, "and I use no wiles."

"I do not think that you use wiles," said Maur, "who are all wile despite you."

"I think that you are a maker of songs, Maur," said Alor, and a small smile came into her eyes.

"I will make a song about you, Alor."

"I hope it will be a good one."

"It will be the best I can do."

"I hope it will be a good song nevertheless," said Alor.

"There will be in it the killing of Urnaul and of Con—"

"I did not kill Urnaul and Con."

"Yet they are dead. There will be in it the seeking of a woman who did not know love—"

"Love does its own seeking," said Alor, "and I shall know it when it finds me."

"Love has found only Death with you," Maur proclaimed. "Why did you not stay in your own valley and let love seek you there?"

"Because I am free to come and go, as you are. But it may be that all seeking, even Love's, is foolish, for I am come to think there never was a man in all the world."

"There was Urnaul."

"He is dead."

"And Con."

"He is dead too."

"And Flann is maimed?"

"Flann had a kind heart—he will suffer always," said Alor, and Delgaun moved his head in assent, his eyes close on her.

"But Fergus of Running Water is still alive?" hinted Maur.

"He is not my man either."

"He will be my man this very day," cried Maur hardily.

"Then I think that your great song will never be sung," said Alor, and her voice carried the very note of doom.

And his dreamer's eyes widened on her, and he saw himself a dead man. O Death! Was he to find that grim one this day, and never see Alor again—his great song unsung?

"Have you no fear?"

he murmured, and silence drove down on him.

"I do not fear you or Fergus," she said with calmness, "but Fear stands at your side."

Maur looked up at his brother Delgaun, but Delgaun was no longer looking at anyone. He looked at the ground over his cupped hands, but his set face was not the face of fear. And his heavy ruminative voice spoke to himself only.

"Urnaul was a likable man," said that slow voice.

"And I liked him," said Alor.

"A man must do what he can for his own," he went on as if he had not heard her, "and that is not easy sometimes. Urnaul was my mother's son, quiet like she was, and when he was little he used to follow me everywhere, holding a finger or a tunic edge, and trusting me as once men trusted the old gods. And Alor liked him."

"I liked him, Delgaun."

"But he loved Alor."

"Are you sure that he loved me, Delgaun?"

"Alor will tell me that."

"I will tell you, Delgaun." She sat

up then and leant to him, her body all grace, her long slender hands clasped over her knees, and her face alive and urgent.

"There are two men that I—that no woman—can hold," she said, "and one of them is the Killer. Did you know that, Delgaun?"

"I know it, Alor."

"The love of killing grows on what is shed, Delgaun. The killer has only one passion, and he goes on killing till he himself is the kill. In the beginning he might love a woman, but in a little while beauty will not move him, love touch him nor lust rend him, for he has a thirst that no wine of love can quench, a passion that will share nothing with the love of woman or the love of song or the love of anything but Death. Urnaul of Rem the lover! Urnaul of Rem was only a killer—like Fergus of Running Water, Black Canac of Caora, the terrible Stone-Face of Far Mussoul. That is true, Delgaun."

"It is what I sought to know," said Delgaun.

"Do not blame me or anyone for the death of Urnaul."

He lifted his eyes then and looked at her steadily for a long time, and her eyes, grown darker, met his fairly.

"I do not blame you at all, Alor," he said at last. "I am glad now that Urnaul rests."

"I was afraid of you, Delgaun," she said in a low voice, "for I know that if I failed to answer you would kill. But I am afraid no longer."

"I may kill you yet, Alor," said Delgaun.

"But I would no longer fear."

And the two of them, looking at each other, thought their own thoughts.

Young Maur looked at Delgaun as if he were seeing him for the first time. But suddenly he had a thought of his own and made a question out of it. "Who is the second man you cannot hold, Alor?"

"You are the last man I would tell that to," said Alor.

At that instant a shadow fell on the grass amongst them, and the three turned and looked up at the caster of the shadow; a slim, fair man who smiled at them.

"I am Fergus of Running Water," said the stranger.

FERGUS of Running Water was the greatest swordsman in all the hollows of The Ser—no man of The Ser disputed that any longer—but one might wonder where in that slender body hid the strength that must go with skill to make greatness. He was not tall, and, though slender, looked neither quick nor lithe. He held his sloping shoulders stiffly, his small head was carried stiffly on a wiry neck, and he walked in an odd rocking stiff-kneed fashion. His face was the color of peat ashes; his hair was thin and fine and flaxen; his eyes small and pale and deep-set.

And he was forever smiling or laughing at some thought of his own, for, like all abnormal men, he was not quite sane. But men said that, when he fought, his pale eye grew yellow and wide and unwinking as a lion's.

"I am Fergus of Running Water," said he in a light high voice. "Who are ye?"

Maur, knowing that the sudden hurry of his heart would show in his voice, waited on Delgaun, but Delgaun said nothing.

And then Maur rose to his feet and made his words slow and even.

"Fergus the Killer I have heard you called. I am Maur, brother of Urnaul, and this—"

Delgaun's heavy voice stopped him, and, besides weight, the voice had now some brazen quality to it.

"I have no name," he said. "I am a man that was dead."

Fergus contemplated him, head aside and eyes fleering.

"You may have no name, and you may have been dead too," he agreed. "But a man with a face like yours did not die easily. Where is your sword?"

BUT Delgaun only turned his shoulder to him and leant heavily on his staff.

Fergus laughed. "He will not die twice," said he, "and a man with a staff moves safely with Fergus." He turned back to Maur. "So you are Maur, brother of Urnaul and of Con—and of Flann—and you bear the sword of Ough that I have made sing my own tune. Why did not Ough make a sickle of it?"

"It will be a sickle of death," said Maur in his teeth.

"And why not? It was that in Urnaul's hands—till I came; and Con had a trick or two as well. But Flann!—I warn you, young cockerel, that I am not often in the mood that gave Flann his life."

And Maur for the life of him could not think of anything that would be fitting to retort.

"Not that I compel any man to fight me," went on Fergus lightly. "Sword fighting is the game I play with life, but I am the player." He looked at Alor and smiled at her mockingly. "Perhaps their business is with you, Alor, this dead one and this young one, and, for me, they are welcome. You may be a good excuse for fighting, red one, but, myself, I seek no excuses. If your young cockerel wants a bout, send him down to me in the ring."

And with a final laugh, he turned on his heel and strode off down the valley, having had none the worse of it that time.

"There is Fergus the Killer for you," said Alor.

"He was brief enough," said Maur.

"But he kills slowly," said Alor.

"And I will kill him this day," said Maur, his hand on the loop of his sword; but for the first time in his life, Maur was not sure of himself.

"Patience, little brother!" said Delgaun, putting a quieting hand on Maur's shoulder. "One should not choose death till there is no other road. Wait ye here for me!"

And with no other word he turned and went down the valley, walking heavily, his head down, and his ashen staff helping his slow feet—to all seeming an old and weary man.

DOWN at the ford, above the bridge, all the men of the hamlet, three score or so, were congregated round the brown, hard-beaten circle of the exercise ring, and Fergus, leaning on the hilt of his sheathed sword, stood in the center and was still in laughing humor.

"Here comes a warrior with a staff of ash," he cried. "A fine weapon for a dead man—or one who loves life and is craven."

The men made room for Delgaun and he stepped within the margin of the ring. His face was serious but not yet hard, and his voice, when he spoke, matched his face.

"Men of Alder Hollow, I have broken bread with you, and there is one thing that with all my might I would urge you to do—for your own sakes and for the sake of Fergus of Running Water."

And Fergus laughed high and clear, and patted one hand on the hilt of his sword. "I do my urging with this," said he, "for its sake and mine."

The forespeaker stopped him with lifted hand.

"What would you urge, man-without a name?" he asked Delgaun.

"I would urge that you forbid Fergus to fight."

And again Fergus laughed that high and fleering laugh. "Who would dare—?"

And again the forespeaker stopped him with outflung hand.

"If the people bid, Fergus will obey," he warned him sternly. "And if the people are driven to outlaw Fergus, Fergus will know it, and after that he will know nothing."

"And many men will lack knowledge at the time I lack it," said Fergus. "Answer this prudent fellow, old man."

The forespeaker decided there was nothing else he could do.

"Why should we forbid Fergus to fight, stranger?"

"Ye know that the killer shall not go on killing for the sake of killing. That is the law."

"But we compel no man to fight Fergus, and Fergus dare not kill lest challenged to the death."

"Yet Fergus kills and kills and kills. The people outside The Ser hold ye to be wise. Will ye let the people know that the solitude that surrounds ye and the terrible bowl of the sky has, at last, made ye cruel. Do ye love blood?" There was something utterly hopeless in his tone, and behind the hopelessness, a taunt that he could not hide.

"We compel no man to fight

Face of Stone

Fergus," said the other, the fore-speaker, stubbornly.

Delgaun looked slowly round the ring, and shook his head sadly. "Ye will not heed me. From the beginning I knew that ye would not heed me. I am too late, for your secret lust rules you. Ye are no longer wise."

"Are you our judge?"

"And I will judge ye," said Delgaun, his voice hardening. "Ye have grown weary of the even level that will rise not to ecstasy nor sink to despair. In your secret places ye love to be stirred by the sound of swords, and the rending of wounds and the smell of blood; and I warn ye uselessly that that lust is the beginning of the end. Look to your own peace, ye fools, for soon the little rivers that run in all your valleys will sing mournfully to themselves, and the desolation that surrounds ye will have gathered ye in its arms. There I have judged ye, and ye will not heed."

"Who heeds a dead man giving tongue?" taunted Fergus.

SLOWLY Delgaun again looked round the ring of subdued but obstinate faces, and his voice hardened still more.

"Fools! Ye will not judge Fergus, and I dare ye to judge me, but there is one that ye will judge, as I have seen one judged. When Fergus is dead ye will judge Alor, putting a bandage, if need be, over your eyes that she be condemned."

A man of middle years whispered to his neighbor. "I saw that done the time Stone-Face killed the champion at Far Mussoul."

But the forespeaker remained stubborn as ever.

"Whatever we may do to Alor or to Fergus," said he, "we compel you to nothing. If Fergus and your young swordsman fight, they fight. Let them fight!"

"Blood! Ye shall have it," said Delgaun, and without another word strode out of the ring.

"Send down your young smiter with the sword," Fergus called after him, "and I will show him the face of Death."

Delgaun came to where Alor and his brother waited for him. Alor was standing now, tall and lovely and calm as the sky; and Maur held the sheathed sword upright before him.

"I am ready to kill him now," he said. His young cheeks had blanched, but his jaw had a firm line.

Delgaun came close and looked into those young and stern eyes.

"Must Fergus die then?"

"He or I this day."

"Very well so," said Delgaun softly.



Delgaun

He turned from them to the stream, lifted up his staff, and ran his hands caressingly along the smooth length of it.

"You were a fine companion on many a road," he addressed it, "and pleasant thoughts your aim. Under my chin you whispered words of wisdom, and, whistling in the air, kept time to Maur's singing. Here now we part; go thou on a voyage of thine own!" And he slung it javelin-like into the water, where it sank and dipped and floated aslant to balance over a stone at the tail of the pool.

He faced around on Maur then and took the long sword firmly out of his hands, and that rigid face and those glazed eyes Maur had never seen before.

I AM Urnaul's brother, and I am yours too. You will do what I tell you."

His tone was so masterful that Maur had nothing to say but: "What must I do, Delgaun?"

"You will go out of this hollow now—now—and southwards over the mountains to Long Baravaish and your father's house. There you will stay until I send for you, or till another hunger drive you."

"And what will you do, Delgaun?"

"What is easy to me, strange man who was my brother, the thing that the wolf in me howls to do. I will do what Fate has driven me to since the death of Urnaul. A good man lost his life and one his right hand because of my stubbornness not to be driven; but Orugh, your father, shall not lose the apple of his eye."

"Some day he shall lose it," said Alor softly.

HE turned to her and she met his terrible eyes without flinching. "You are there, Alor, and my heart is empty, but I will be wise for a little while for your sake. Go you with Maur. A woman like you cannot long be safe anywhere, but even for one other hour you are not safe in The Ser. Go you with Maur. Your seeking was all folly from the beginning, and you know that now. Go to my father's house above the Rem,

that pleasant quiet house where you can hear the sea birds cry and see the gold bar of the sea under the setting sun. There I know that you will have peace; and you will spin your web, and drink my father's ale, and listen to men talk of the mystery that has no solving; and you will smile your woman's smile because you are wiser than all the men. And—yes—in time you will find the father of your son, and when the time comes you will sleep—and sleep—and sleep—and that will be the best of all. Go you, Alor! For I am only a dead man knowing fear."

ALOR said no word, but, all the time he was speaking, her eyes, wide and grey, remained drowned in his, and slowly, slowly her eyes darkened and a light grew behind them.

But he turned his back on that light, and his hand wreathed round the hilt of the sword. The blade hissed out of its sheath and shone on him with a blue wickedness, and, then, driven by some terrific power of wrist, leaped into a double cross in the air. The sound of it was thin and clear and full of a whimpering exultant madness.

"Thou patient one, with only one song! My father made you. He knew his work and you know yours. I feel you leap under my hand, and your voice is known to me."

The blade swung and swung in time to his words, and his voice was an undertone to the singing of the blade.

His glazed eyes glared at Maur and Alor over shoulder.

"Be not here when I return!"

And he strode down the valley, no longer old, no longer weary, his long thighs thrusting him forward with the unaware strength of a beast launched on its prey.

MEN flinched aside from him as he came, and he shore through them as if they were not there.

"Come, Fergus, my brother!" boomed his brazen voice. "We are well met, and Death is the mercy we seek."

"Well said and well met, dead man!" cried Fergus gaily, his sword aleap out of its sheath. "You have played your game to the end, and in the end you have come alive again to die not easily . . ."

There were no more words and no more ceremonies of battle.

These two killers took no notice of the men that subduedly gloated all around them. They were alone in their own world facing each other, intent, cat-like, cautious, crouching, stealthily circling, drawn closer together—closer—closer—deadly—one

already doomed. Then the blades clanged and held, held as if they had iron hands.

Fergus hurled himself right and then left, strained forward and leaped suddenly back like a deer from a snake; but still the blades remained locked. Tensed sinews stood out on forearm and neck, bodies swayed and stiffened, bony knees bowed and trembled, muscles ridged flat on long thighs, feet that seemed to lift with feather ease met the ground with the stamp of iron, and the edges of the sandals bit deep into the stamped clay of the ring. And always the blades remained locked.

FERGUS, failing for the first time to free his blade, now faced Delgaun, wrist against wrist, loin contending loin. The locked blades lifted with a smooth slowness into the air, hung there astrain, groaned and writhed, came down into a steep sudden swoop to the very ground, and bent into a bow with a thin double cry. A strong man using his strength might bend one of these wisps of steel into a half circle, but these blades, gnawing each other in Alder Hollow, writhed on each other like hazel twigs.

Fergus found himself yielding a single stamping stride, and the hilts came up shoulder high on the outer circle. It was then that the first blow was struck. It was the last blow also.

Fergus was in the very act of yielding the step he required for balance, when Delgaun disengaged with some shattering explosion of force that he had held in leash, and Fergus, loosed of the full strain, came in a stride, off guard for the fraction of a second. No one there might follow the lightning flat half-sweep of Delgaun's blade. All that everyone saw was Fergus's fair head leap in the air—leaping, falling, rolling, eyes still flaming. And the body of Fergus ran terribly three steps, swayed, crumpled, crashed, and his sword struck the earth. Fergus had found his Mercy.

THEN Delgaun swung the full circle, and the men of Alder Hollow shrank within themselves. His face, wiped clean of all expression, was set in a rigid mask, his cheeks flat bosses of stone, his nostrils flaring wings of porphyry, ridges of alabaster lining the promontory of his jaw, his eyes glazed with a hard film; and when he spoke, his voice came out of his throat as if that throat was brass, and, though his voice was not loud, it filled all the valley and the sky over it.

"What man in all The Ser will dare trouble Alor?"

"Stone-Face!" said a man in his throat.

Delgaun came up to the hut by the alder tree. His order had been obeyed. There was no one there.

He sheathed his clean blade, hung

it on his shoulder, and for a long time stood looking into the quiet flow of the pool.

"To the rim of The Ser—I will guard ye from afar," he said at last, as if those he addressed were within hearing.

And he went on staring at the pool. But suddenly he threw up his head, extended his empty hands and looked wide-eyed into the abyss of the sky.

"And then—and then—and then?" His voice boomed, and he went on staring unwinkingly into the uncaring sky.

A deep and vital change had taken place in this man Delgaun, and, in his own mind, that change should have shaken the heavens. But the void had not changed at all. The voice remained austere aloof, concerned not with Delgaun, nor with Life, nor with Death, concerned only with Nothing.

DELGAUN, head down now, plodded slowly up the slope between the barley fields, where the beared ears, turning yellow, rustled softly to themselves of their own fullness and their own death, and so came over the brink to the desolation of the plain. There, as ever, the wind blew forlornly across the leaning grass, and the cloud shadows still ran smoothly under the sun. But a shadow at Delgaun's very feet stopped his feet dead, and brought his head up.

Alor stood facing him upright



Alor, the Red Woman

like a spear, upright like the staff she held against her breast with her two long hands, her face calm and her eyes darker than grey.

Delgaun's eyes dropped to the hem of her blue robe.

"Fergus has found Urnaul's peace," he told her in his old heavy voice. "Where is Maur?"

"Maur is gone."

"Gone?"

"I sent him away."

"He went?"

"He will do anything I tell him for a little while." She smiled then. "The second man I cannot hold forever is the song-maker. Maur does not know that yet, but you knew, Delgaun."

"I know, Alor. I was a song-maker, too."

"But you have learnt to keep your songs in your head, Delgaun. Maur will make a great song about me, and he will be very unhappy, but he will be so proud of his song that he will have to think hard and still harder to nourish his unhappiness."

"That is true, I think," agreed Delgaun. "What will you do, Alor?"

"That does not matter now. I know what you will do, Delgaun."

SHE stepped close to him and he lifted up his head. She put his staff into his hands, and his hands came to the head of it as of old.

"I will take the sword," said Alor.

Without a word he let her unloop the sword from his shoulder, and she stood it on the ground between them, her hands on the cross of the hilt.

"I, too, will be wise for a little while—for your sake," she said, her voice stirring yet sad. "Listen now! You will go southwards over the mountains to your father's house above the Rem, to hear the sea birds cry and see the gold bar of the sea under the setting sun, to drink your father's mead and talk of the mystery that has no solving, and in the end to do the best of all—sleep and sleep and sleep—That is what you will do, Delgaun."

"And what will do you, Alor?"

"I will find peace, too. I know now—here in my heart—that in the end I shall find peace."

"In the end we all find peace," said Delgaun. "It may be at that end you will find that peace."

"Even so." She looked down, hiding her eyes, and her voice reached him as from a great distance. "All my other seeking has been finished this day."

Delgaun looked at that bent and lovely head, and his voice did not change from its quietness.

"I told you where to find peace, Alor, and you have not forgotten. That place still waits you. You need have no fear."

She looked up then and her eyes were deep.

"I have no fear, Delgaun," she said. "I will go with you to that place."

"Very well so," said Delgaun.

Excerpts from Annual Reports

(Continued from page 32)

As a member of the Commission having them in charge, he was loyal and diligent in service; wise in counsel; considerate in conference, and generous and genial in disposition.

His associates in that service here make record of their fraternal sorrow at this death, their sincere appreciation of his contributions to the work upon which they were so long mutually engaged, and their affectionate memory of the many happy hours shared with him upon those congenial tasks.

Under the provisions creating this Commission, the death of Brother Mountain does not create a vacancy to be filled by appointment or election.

The Elks National Memorial Building

In accordance with the pertinent Grand Lodge Statutes, the duty of the supervision and maintenance of the Elks National Memorial in Chicago rests upon this Commission, and the expense thereof is made a charge upon the funds coming into their hands from the publication of *The Elks Magazine*.

From the dedication of the Memorial that duty has been observed as a primary obligation, and its maintenance has been of a character in keeping with its fraternal significance and its importance as a Memorial which bespeaks the Order to the World.

The Memorial is kept in perfect repair, its administrative force is fully adequate to its needs, the buildings and grounds are always scrupulously clean, and the art treasures are carefully protected. Yet it is worthy of statement here that the entire expense of its maintenance, including taxes, insurance, municipal assessments, repairs, salaries and wages, averages only approximately 1% each year upon the cost of the Memorial.

An ever increasing number of our members and of the public generally, continue to visit the Memorial as a patriotic and fraternal shrine, and to receive from that experience the inspiration which it naturally provides.

Appreciative expressions are constantly heard from these visitors, giving proof of the fact that the Memorial is effectively serving its purpose. Typical of such expressions is that of Judge K. M. Landis, who, when he first entered the building, with instinctive reverence removed his hat and said:

"I do not know a great deal about the Elks Fraternity. But I will say that any Order or Association that can conceive and erect so fitting and

beautiful a Memorial to its soldier dead, must amount to something."

The Elks Magazine

THE ELKS MAGAZINE, consistently conducted in conformity with the high standards adopted for it at its inception, continues to hold its unique place among fraternal publications. It is admitted by competent critics to be in a class by itself.

It has become more and more useful as the official journal of the Order, providing the means of direct contact with the entire membership. This is true because the members are more generally reading the Magazine, not only for entertainment but as a source of fraternal information. And each succeeding Grand Exalted Ruler is more extensively making use of it as the most effective medium of communication with the Order as a whole.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE thus continues to prove its value to the Order as its official organ, while at the same time it is maintaining its high standard of excellence for its literary contents.

Last year the Commission turned over to the Grand Lodge at Columbus the sum of \$50,000.00 from the surplus earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. This sum with the amounts previously turned over to the Grand Lodge since the establish-

ment of the Magazine, makes an aggregate of \$1,857,169.77 which has been made so available to the Grand Lodge from the earnings of its official Journal.

Your Commission is again pleased to show in the appended financial statement the result of another year of successful operations of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, which will enable them to place a substantial sum at the disposal of the Grand Lodge, for application to such specific purposes as it may deem proper, thus again relieving the members from increased dues which would otherwise be necessary to be levied.

With this report and as a part thereof, there is filed a financial statement to June 1, 1936, of the receipts and disbursements of the Funds of the Commission, under the official audit of West, Flint & Co., New York, N. Y.

The Grand Lodge Auditing Committee also audited the accounts of the Funds under the control of the Commission and has certified its approval of them in its report to the Grand Lodge.

Fraternally submitted,
NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION,
 JOHN K. TENER,
Chairman.

JOSEPH T. FANNING,
Secretary-Treasurer.
 (Continued on page 46)

From the total surpluses earned by The Elks Magazine during the past fourteen years, there have been turned over to the Grand Lodge, or paid out at its direction, the following sums:

Total Surplus—May 31, 1935.....	\$2,352,789.46
Less Total Disbursed to Grand Lodge—May 31, 1935.....	1,854,539.54
Balance of Surplus—June 1, 1935.....	\$ 498,249.92
Less Paid to Grand Lodge at Columbus, Ohio.....	50,000.00
	\$ 448,249.92

The Elks Magazine has received and paid out the following sums during the past year:

RECEIPTS:			
Grand Lodge Subscriptions—1936.....	\$437,416.95		
Grand Lodge Subscriptions Previous Years.....	23,723.31		
Advertising Receipts.....	171,318.05		
Interest Received.....	1,577.63		
Miscellaneous Receipts.....	113.09		
	\$634,149.03		
DISBURSEMENTS:			
Cost of Publication—For the year ending May 31, 1936.....	465,469.04		
Operating Surplus for Year.....	\$31,910.78		
Maintenance of Memorial Bldg.....	3,567.39		
Expenses of Commission.....	12,500.00		
Special Membership Publicity.....	3,419.48	51,397.65	117,282.34
Special Advertising Publicity.....			
Total Surplus—May 31, 1936.....			\$ 565,532.26

The above surplus is made up as follows:
 Inventory of Invoices (printing paper, stories, articles, cover designs, illustrations, etc.) already paid for but applicable to future issues of the Magazine.....

	\$ 28,699.80		
Less—			
Advertising Receipts on account of future issues.....	15,009.12	\$	13,690.68
			32,000.00
Securities.....	\$301,939.50		
Working Capital.....	17,902.08		
Closed Banks.....	200,000.00		519,841.58
Reserve.....			
			\$ 565,532.26

CHEVROLET OWNERSHIP

...A state of complete motoring satisfaction!



There is a *new state* in America today. It's the state of *complete motoring satisfaction*. And almost a million owners of 1936 Chevrolet cars will tell you that Chevrolet created it!

It's a very pleasant state to be in, because these owners of the *only complete low-priced car* enjoy many motoring advantages which are reserved for them alone.

Chevrolet promised them that this would be true, on the day the 1936 Chevrolet was introduced. They believed—and bought Chevrolets. And now they are telling friend after friend that Chevrolet is the outstanding value in the low-price field.

Of course, you know why Chevrolet owners are getting

so much extra pleasure and so much extra satisfaction out of their motor car investments.

It's because Chevrolet is, in reality, *the only complete low-priced car* . . . because it alone brings to its owners the comfort, safety and performance advantages of New Perfected Hydraulic Brakes, Solid Steel one-piece Turret Top, Knee-Action Gliding Ride*, Genuine Fisher No Draft Ventilation, High-Compression Valve-in-Head Engine, and Shockproof Steering* . . . all at Chevrolet's low prices and with Chevrolet's low operating costs.

Chevrolet cordially invites *you* to enter this state of complete motoring satisfaction this summer by placing your order for a 1936 Chevrolet.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

GENERAL MOTORS INSTALLMENT PLAN—MONTHLY PAYMENTS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE

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

*It's a pleasure to own
The only complete low-priced car*

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

When writing to advertisers please mention The Elks Magazine

Excerpts from Annual Reports

(Continued from page 44)

Report of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge

GRAND Exalted Ruler and my brothers of the Grand Lodge:

Brevity is the soul of wit even if he failed to win the Kentucky Derby, and for your peace of mind I will follow the example of a well known weekly magazine which publishes at the head of each story the actual reading time. This report will take six minutes.

As in previous years your Committee consisted of five members appointed by the Grand Exalted Ruler from various sections of the country. We, therefore, divided the country into five divisions, under the jurisdiction of these committee members. In addition to this, with the sanction of the Grand Exalted Ruler an Associate Committee of 27 members was appointed to cooperate with the five active members of the Committee.

It is the duty of this Committee not only to originate ideas which will be helpful to subordinate lodges but to gather information concerning the progressive ideas which develop in subordinate lodges and which have been found successful in building up interest and attendance.

The first action of this Committee during the current year was to place in the hands of every Exalted Ruler a chart of suggested lodge activities indicating how every lodge meeting during the course of the year could be successfully organized.

This chart met with such unanimous approval that it was decided to print it annually and place it in the hands of every incoming Exalted Ruler. We are, therefore, placing in your hands today a blank chart for your use during the coming year as well as a small master chart containing suggestions of this Committee based on the wealth of material furnished us by successful lodges during the past year.

If you have any additions or suggestions which you care to make in reference to it they will be gratefully received by this Committee at its rooms here in the hotel. In fact, every Exalted Ruler present will be more than welcome for a personal discussion of the problems which confront him during his administration.

We also are placing in your hands today an officers' work sheet which was compiled from information furnished by a large number of subordinate lodges. The purpose of this work chart is to help every officer who is desirous of making his ad-

ministration a success, and certainly a very important element of success in any lodge is the efficient balancing of the budget.

This work sheet offers, as an example, a balanced budget of a lodge of 800 members. Sample budgets of lodges of larger and smaller membership will be furnished on request.

The next activity of your Committee was the promotion of the Joseph T. Fanning Class in honor of the Dean of our Past Grand Exalted Rulers. This promotion was done under the able direction of Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan and our Committee as a unit wishes to express today our great admiration for him for the splendid and inspiring leadership which he has given us during the last year.

We sent out letters to every Exalted Ruler outlining the program for the class. Posters were designed and sent out to each subordinate lodge and material in reference to the matter was continually run in *The Elks Magazine* prior to the initiation of the class, and after the installation a list containing the name of every lodge was run in *The Elks Magazine* showing the number initiated.

As you doubtless know, it was the largest single class ever initiated at one time in the Order and totalled over 23,000, surely an overwhelming indication of the affection which is held by our membership for the Dean of our Past Grand Exalted Rulers.

The next action of the Committee was to submit a plan for raising Christmas Funds for each Lodge.

In January your Committee developed and distributed a program for the Grand Exalted Ruler's Class following the lines similarly used in promoting the previous class, the result of which was a class named in honor of our Grand Exalted Ruler which numbered close to 20,000.

The success of these two classes, coupled with the splendid work of the individual subordinate lodges in lapsation and reinstatement was instrumental in stopping the loss of membership in the Order with the result that Grand Secretary Masters' report to you this week will show in no uncertain terms that loss of membership in our Order has been stopped and that we can look forward during the coming year to an increase under the administration of our newly elected leader, the dynamic Governor Dave Sholtz.

Another activity of your Committee for this year was to submit a Flag Day program to each subordinate lodge for their considera-

tion and use if they so desired. This suggested program was based on a very successful one conducted by Kenosha Lodge last year, the attendance at which was over 30,000.

Reports from the active and associate members of this Committee indicate that this plan was adopted in great measure by hundreds of subordinate lodges in the medium and smaller sized cities, inasmuch as the plan was not practicable for metropolitan cities.

Your Committee recommends for future consideration of the Grand Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler and future committee a very definite program to be adopted during the coming year for reinstatement and lapsation work, and suggests that a definite period be set aside for this work during the months of October and November.

There are too many unaffiliated Elks in the United States today. Certainly there are 100,000 of them who, under these better economic conditions, can be persuaded to rejoin the ranks of Elkdom.

May I again say that the success of your administration will depend upon the balancing of your budget and a definite program of lodge activities to be set in motion immediately upon your return from this convention. The destiny of your lodge rests with you and the members of your official family, and today, more than ever before, there is need for constructive leadership, harmony and full cooperation in your official family, frequent executive sessions and a definite responsibility to be assumed by each officer of your lodge.

May I recall to your memory the famous words of General Foch in the first Battle of the Marne when he sent this unforgettable message to the War Cabinet in Paris: "Our left wing has been turned, our right has been driven back. We will attack in the morning." I leave this thought with you, that under the able leadership of Judge Hallinan our losses have been stopped and under the leadership of Governor Sholtz let us move forward during the coming year to a greater accomplishment of membership, social service and fraternal achievement.

In conclusion, I take this opportunity of introducing the members of the committee who are present and who have rendered splendid services this year. I would like to ask them to rise:

I not only want to thank these men who have given so much of their abilities and time to our
(Continued on page 55)

Selected Books for Elks and Their Families

(Continued from page 34)

Ah, Romance!

GONE WITH THE WIND—by Margaret Mitchell (Macmillan. \$3.00)

A passionate and unforgettable panorama of Civil War and Reconstruction Days in the South.

Scarlett O'Hara, daughter of a Georgia planter, is the protagonist of this full-bodied romance, and through her fatal, calculating, green eyes we behold an abundant feudal society trampled under marching feet and a new, ruthless order swarm for a time across its devastated body. Never a creature of "sweetness and light," Scarlett becomes increasingly shrewd and pitiless in her campaign to rehabilitate her war-wrecked world. The men who love her, the three men she ultimately marries, her friends, her households—these are presented with glamour and robustness.

Here is a work of enormous talent, just missing genius. It is important because it provides gorgeous entertainment and at the same time recreates in a spectacular manner one of the most tragic eras in American history.

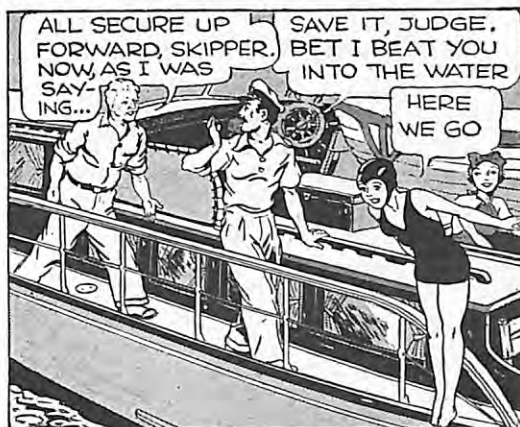
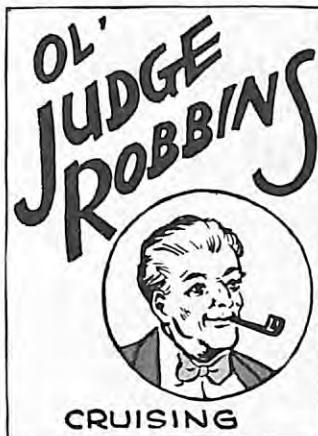
Crackerjack Travel Stuff

MEXICAN INTERLUDE—by Joseph Henry Jackson (Macmillan. \$2.50)

On July first, just passed, Vice-President Garner and a special delegation met a group of distinguished Mexicans halfway on the international bridge at Laredo, Texas, and officially opened the Laredo-Mexico D. F. Highway, which runs seven hundred and sixty-eight miles from the Texas border to the Capital. That was news.

But here comes a book, by one of the editors of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, that makes that news look decidedly anticlimatic. For last autumn Mr. Jackson took his trusty old Ford and his trusty young wife and explored every inch of that very Pan-American Highway that now so proudly pops into print.

Well, the Jacksons went rolling down to Mexico with their eyes very wide open. They discovered "Made in Japan" on the bottom of lovely Mexican pottery, and they found Mexican coffee simply terrible. They saw parrots on the loose, as it were, and soul-stirring scenery; encountered the world's rockiest roads and little coconut candies called, poetically, Volcanoes of Love. They met Diego Rivera, the great Mexican artist, and one night in a mountain restaurant they heard, cutting across the soft Mexican night, a familiar voice crying from a radio in the corner, "A-a-a-all right!" A most companionable book.

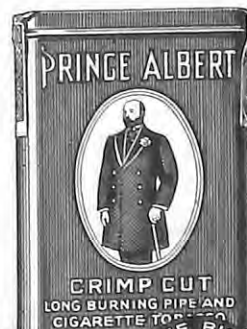


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There's good reason why Prince Albert is the world's largest-selling smoking tobacco. P. A. is the "crimp cut" smoke... packs easier in your pipe, cakes nicely, burns cooler. P. A. is prime tobacco too—every last particle of it. Smokes sweet, mild, and tasty. Doesn't bite the tongue. So get in on Prince Albert—the princely tobacco for pipes and roll-your-own cigarettes too. See our money-back offer below.



PRINCE ALBERT GUARANTEES SATISFACTION

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

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

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



NON-STOP FLIGHT FROM NEW YORK TO LOS ANGELES

GIVE HER ALL SHE'S GOT, AL... WE'VE GOT TO SHAVE BEFORE THAT RECEPTION TONIGHT.

NOT ME!

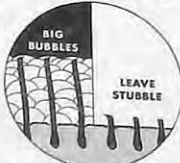


SAY YOUR FACE IS SMOOTH... WHAT'S THE SECRET?

I USED COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM THIS MORNING—BOY! THOSE SMALL BUBBLES GIVE SKIN-LINE SHAVES THAT LAST! COMFORTABLE, TOO!



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.

NEW YORK—AFTER THE TRIP BACK

YOU'RE SURE RIGHT, AL... I SHAVED WITH COLGATE'S IN LOS ANGELES THIS MORNING... MY SKIN FEELS SWELL AND IT'S STILL SMOOTH AS SILK!



COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER



Excerpts from the Annual Report of
Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan

(Continued from page 36)

year, as well as to keep them advised as to my visits and conferences, and it is my fervent hope that the Order will always have the benefit of the invaluable services of our Magazine, and those in charge of its publication.

Elks National Memorial Building:

My duty as Grand Exalted Ruler made it necessary for me to frequently visit the city of Chicago, where I made my headquarters in our beautiful National Memorial Building. I was thrilled with the great number of people that came to this structure daily to enjoy its beauty, its mural paintings, and had the opportunity of realizing the conveniences afforded our Grand Lodge Officers for the carrying on of our official business.

Our gratitude should be forever extended to the Brothers who planned and successfully completed the erection of this building, in tribute to the Brothers of our Order who made the supreme sacrifice during the World War.

I am sincerely grateful to each member of our Elks National Memorial Commission, and to its Chairman, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Hon. John K. Tener. These Brothers have been untiring in the management of our Elks Magazine and in the supervision and control of our Memorial Building, and as a result of their efforts our Order has been the recipient of many contributions that have enabled us to carry on our great works of Elkdom.

At Columbus this Commission turned over to the Grand Lodge the sum of fifty thousand dollars, which was used by the Grand Lodge toward its expenses, and subsequently a further contribution of twelve thousand, five hundred dollars was made by the Commission, which was disbursed under my direction, in behalf of our new membership, reinstatement and rehabilitation work. During the year, the Commission advanced, for use of the Grand Lodge, the sum of fifty thousand dollars, which has since been repaid, and pleased am I to express to the Elks National Memorial Commission my sincere thanks.

Elks National Foundation

During the year I have been interested in promoting the Elks National Foundation, and have presented to all of my audiences on the occasion of my visits the many

benefits extended under the provisions of its charter.

The first contribution that I received on behalf of the communities affected by the floods was a check in the sum of five thousand dollars, donated to me as Grand Exalted Ruler, for disbursement to the areas affected. The Foundation Trustees and its Chairman, John F. Malley, carefully weighed and studied all appeals forwarded to them. Their care in selecting the investments of the Foundation has been such that the Order has never sustained a loss through any investment, and is receiving the highest rate of interest compatible with safety. The report that will be submitted at the Grand Lodge Convention by the Chairman will reveal some interesting details in connection with this philanthropic activity.

The Elks National Home

I had the great honor of visiting our National Home, so efficiently and capably managed and directed by our Board of Grand Trustees. I have spoken of this feature of Elkdom on the occasion of all my visits, for in the beautiful city of Bedford, Virginia, under the excellent management of Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of our Home, we are continuing to perform a real work of Elkdom that has won the love and admiration not only of the Brothers of our Fraternity, but of the citizens of our land. A complete report as to our Elks National Home will be submitted by the Board of Grand Trustees, each of whom I compliment for the interest and effort that they have given to this most worthy project.

Visitations

The year just passed has been one of much activity. Upon the adjournment of the Grand Lodge Session, my District Deputies were appointed and the Regional Conferences immediately held, commencing with the initial meeting at Richmond, Va., on July 30th, 1935, and continuing until every section of our territory was covered. At these conferences I urged the District Deputies to give their attention to the establishment of closer relationship between Grand Lodge and subordinate Lodge, in addition to the formulating and adoption of plans for the successful carrying out of the projects suggested by me.

As a result of my experience in

Grand Lodge, I felt that there was a need of a personal contact between the chief presiding Officer of our Fraternity and the Officers and Brothers of our subordinate Lodges, with the result that I have had the opportunity of visiting approximately two hundred and forty Lodges of our Fraternity throughout the United States; a number of such Lodges never before having had the privilege of a visit from a Grand Exalted Ruler, and to all of these Lodges, who have been so gracious to me on the occasion of my visits, and who have made my stay so happy and memorable, I desire to express my sincere appreciation.

State Conferences

This year I inaugurated the plan of holding numerous luncheon conferences in many of our States, to which were invited our Exalted Rulers, Secretaries, District Deputies and representatives of Grand Lodge and State Associations. Through this medium, I was able to get a closer contact than ever before with the Officers of our subordinate Lodges, and with the assistance of the conference at the Convention City in Columbus, augmented by the subsequent meetings in various States, I believe a better understanding and relationship has been created between Grand Lodge, State Association and subordinate Lodge.

State Associations

Of great assistance to our Order have been our State Associations, and I had the happy privilege to attend many of their Conventions, at which time I expressed my appreciation and the grateful thanks of the Grand Lodge for the splendid support received by us this year from the Officers of such State Associations, together with the members thereof.

In many instances, where I was unable to attend a Convention of a State Association, I designated a Brother of the Grand Lodge to represent me, so that he could personally, in my name, extend my gratitude for the splendid progress attained this year.

To all Officers of each State Association and to their members I now return my most heartfelt thanks, for this, one of the banner years of Elkdom.

(Continued on page 52)



Tony Sarg in Whisker Land

*Famous Marionette King's
Word and Picture Story of
Machine Age Magic . . .*



1. Gillette Blades may be small—but look at the factory where they are made. Eight stories high and covering two city blocks. Imagine my surprise when I approached this tremendous plant!



2. I met my guide, the walking encyclopedia of the Gillette factory. Said he, "Mr. Sarg, I'm going to show you things that will amaze you." "Lead on," said I, "amazement is my long suit."



3. We entered a modern laboratory that would have delighted an Edison. Here graduate chemists and engineers check and re-check every batch of steel for quality—and they're hard men to please.



4. Next came sheer mechanical magic—a little black box attached to each electric hardening furnace that automatically orders more heat or less heat as required for perfect tempering of razor blade steel.



5. Just warming to his task, my guide said, "Here is the electro-magnetic tester that 'sees' through steel. It reveals hidden flaws in steel, much as the X-ray reveals broken bones in the human body."



6. "Now look at one of our gigantic grinding machines. They weigh 4 tons, yet they're adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch! That's what gives Gillette Blades shaving edges so sharp they're invisible!"



7. And from this point right on to final inspection and sanitary wrapping—I was amazed by one marvelous process after another. Do you wonder that I always shave with Gillette Blades?

● **TONY SARG**—king of marionettes and mechanical genius—expresses in his own way the amazement voiced by other trained observers. Grantland Rice, Boake Carter, Frank Buck, Melvin Purvis, these and other professional skeptics were bewildered by the scientific precision methods employed in producing the Gillette Blade. Check your experience with theirs. Buy a package of Gillette Blades and see for yourself how quick and easy shaving can be. We promise you the best shaves of your life—or your money back.

Let no one deprive you of comfort by selling you a substitute.

Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

THE NEXT ONE IN GETS ATHLETE'S FOOT



SHE'S A "CARRIER"

THE young lady who just made the beautiful swan dive has Athlete's Foot.

If you could see the infection her bare feet spread you would hesitate before you put your own feet on the plank.

The danger lurks everywhere—at the club, at the beach, even in your own bathroom, and your family may be the next to suffer.

Why not use Absorbine Jr. as an Ounce of Prevention?

Since it kills the fungus, it is foolhardy to wait until you get Athlete's Foot before doing something about it.

Keep a bottle in your club locker. Douse it on after every swim, every shower.

If you already have a case of Athlete's Foot, use Absorbine Jr. morning and night.

Go to your druggist today and ask for Absorbine Jr. and accept no cheap imitation. Unknown substitutes may not only be ineffective but actually dangerous to your condition. Price, \$1.25 a bottle. 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

It Seems There Were Two Irishmen

(Continued from page 39)

"Goodness gracious me!" she cries. "Ma's gone and married Mr. O'Toole the wrestler!"

I slump back and relax. Then I lean over and pound Mickey on the shoulder. "Am I a fixer or ain't I?" I cry.

"What on earth's the matter?" asks Anna.

"Not a thing, my darling child," I reply, forgetting myself so far as to lean forward and chuck her under the chin. "Not a single blessed thing. Mr. O'Toole of Ireland has married Mrs. Mauss and everything is fine and dandy."

"I don't know what you're talking about," says Anna. "Anyway, Ma isn't Mrs. Mauss."

"Huh?" I say.

"I wanted to tell Mickey but he didn't seem to like me to talk about those things. Ma's been a widow two times. After my father died we had a quick lunch place in Los Angeles and Ma met this brakeman on the Santa Fe and she married him and—"

"His name?" I yell. "Quick!"

She smiles pleasantly. "That's the funny part of it," she says. "His name was O'Toole, too."

I will never forget the look Mickey gives me. "Great little fixer!" he sneers.

"But we're back where we started from!" I moan. "How can O'Toole change his name to O'Toole when it is O'Toole? I mean he's still O'Toole and you're O'Toole and there are two O'Twos—I mean two O'Loos—toodle-oos—"

"He's drunk," Anna says.

"No," says Mickey bitterly. "He's just a fixer." And he proceeds to tell her about the bet he has made with the Irishman, which is the first she knows about it.

Now Anna I figure is one dame that's got some sense, but I guess I am wrong. I do not see anything in Mickey's bet to make her sore, but she sees plenty. Her eyes flash and she jumps up. "So that's the way it is, Mickey O'Toole!" she cries. "That's why you've been putting off marrying me! It didn't matter about me—all you thought of was your disgusting, brutal old fighting."

Mickey gapes. "But honey—"

"I've been much too easy with you!" she cries. "You knew how hard I fell for you, and you thought you could get away with anything. Is that it?"

Mickey shakes his head. "You got me all wr—"

"Well, I'll tell you something, Mr. O'Toole! I always said I wouldn't marry a fighter, and I never should have changed my mind!" And with that she turns and rushes into the kitchen.

Mickey follows, pale as a sheet, and mumbling. In two minutes, when he comes out again, he is still pale, but he is not mumbling. He reaches over and grabs the lapel of my coat and growls, "She's gone! Through the back door! If I can't get her back—"

"Maybe I can fix it," I murmur weakly.

"If she don't marry me, and damn' quick," he goes on fiercely, "it'll be your fault. I'll be seeing you, and we'll settle this. Get that, fixer!"

But I am not one to wait for trouble to catch up with me. I take an afternoon train to Bridgeport to visit some cousins I haven't seen in twenty years. After a week they begin to hint maybe I am missing Broadway too much, so I have to come back. If my luck holds, I figure, maybe I won't run into Mickey.

But the second day I meet him. He slaps me on the back and seems glad to see me. "Atlantic City was great," he says. "You ought to try it sometime when you are on a honeymoon."

I sigh with relief. "Then she got over being mad?"

"Mad?" he says. "Oh, that. We fixed that up. Anna never did want to marry a scrapper."

It dawns on me then. "Mickey!" I cry. "You ain't—you didn't—"

"Fighting's no game for a smart young fella like me," he says. "I never would have found it out except for Anna."

"You would have been fighting Joe Louis in a couple of years," I moan.

"I got back my old job in the trucking business," he says amiably. "Come up to dinner sometime. Anna can cook better than her ma."

Well, I still see Mickey now and again. He's got two strikes on him as far as I'm concerned. He's not off dames anymore, being terribly married, and he is no longer a promising young heavy. But he is still a friendly lad with a smile for everyone, and I like him.

Besides, I got to stand by. If he ever runs into trouble he'll need me to fix things.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 31)

Illinois

The Illinois State Elks Association met at La Salle on June 17-18-19, for its 33rd Annual Convention. On the eve of the Meeting a banquet was held for 400 guests at the Kaskaskia Hotel, with Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell and Floyd E. Thompson delivering inspiring and patriotic addresses. A dance followed the banquet.

The first business session, held at the Home of La Salle Lodge, No. 584, was called to order by Pres. Albert W. Jeffreys of Herrin. Past Pres. Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees, delivered the Invocation. P.D.D. James Finnern, of La Salle Lodge, greeted the Convention on behalf of the Lodge and introduced Dr. H. M. Orr, Mayor of La Salle, who also made a speech of welcome. Reports of the President and various officers of the Association were submitted, including the report of the Association's Crippled Children's Commission. The report showed that at least 25 children were being hospitalized continuously during the year, and that more than a thousand crippled children had been treated since the organization of the Commission. Past Pres. Frank B. Leonard, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, addressed the Convention concerning the work of his Committee.

Ritualistic teams from Lincoln, Champaign, Harvey, Sterling and Monmouth Lodges participated in a spirited contest. As the winner of the Contest, Lincoln Lodge became the representative of the State at the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles last month. Arrangements were also made for the float representing the Association in the Los Angeles parade. The report of the Membership Committee showed that Illinois had made a splendid gain in membership under the leadership of Pres. Jeffreys. A clinic for crippled children, under the direction of Dr. Cooper, was an impressive feature of the Convention.

Memorial Services were conducted on Friday morning by Grand Trustee Warner, after the Convention had been addressed by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Chicago. The Association was honored by the presence of Lloyd Maxwell, of Marshalltown, Ia., Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, all the District Deputies of the State of Illinois, and Past State Pres.'s W. J. Grant, William R. Fletcher, Eugene W. Welch, William Frasor, J. C. Dallenbach and J. F. Mohan.

The Convention was successful from a social as well as a business
(Continued on page 54)



GO FARTHER
BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

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



Traveling Elks



San Francisco, Calif., No. 3

Will find splendid accommodations, hospitality, friendliness and reasonable rates in the Elks Clubs listed here.

MAKE THEM YOUR HEADQUARTERS WHEN TRAVELING

- ARKANSAS
Fort Smith, No. 341
- CALIFORNIA
Anaheim, No. 1345
Bakersfield, No. 266
Grass Valley, No. 538
Los Angeles, No. 99
Pasadena, No. 672
Sacramento, No. 6
San Francisco, No. 3
Santa Ana, No. 794
- CONNECTICUT
Torrington, No. 372
- FLORIDA
Lakeland, No. 1291
Pensacola, No. 497
- HAWAII
Honolulu, No. 616
- IDAHO
Blackfoot, No. 1416
- ILLINOIS
Aurora, No. 705
Canton, No. 626
Litchfield, No. 654
Rock Island, No. 980
Springfield, No. 158
- INDIANA
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Indianapolis, No. 13
- KENTUCKY
Louisville, No. 8
- MASSACHUSETTS
Haverhill, No. 165
Pittsfield, No. 272
- MICHIGAN
Jackson, No. 113
- MINNESOTA
Brainerd, No. 615
St. Cloud, No. 516
- MONTANA
Missoula, No. 383
- MISSOURI
Joplin, No. 501
- NEBRASKA
Omaha, No. 39
- NEVADA
Elko, No. 1472
- NEW HAMPSHIRE
Rochester, No. 1393
- NEW JERSEY
Bridgeton, No. 733
Passaic, No. 387

- (NEW JERSEY—Cont.)
Phillipsburg, No. 395
Trenton, No. 105
- NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque, No. 461
Silver City, No. 413
- NEW YORK
Amsterdam, No. 101
Cohoes, No. 1317
Freeport, No. 1253
Hempstead, No. 1485
New Rochelle, No. 756
Port Chester, No. 863
Poughkeepsie, No. 275
Queens Borough (Elmhurst), No. 878
Rochester, No. 24
Staten Island, No. 841
Troy, No. 141
- OHIO
East Liverpool, No. 258
- OREGON
La Grande, No. 433
The Dalles, No. 303
- PENNSYLVANIA
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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.

Excerpts from the Annual Report of Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan

(Continued from page 49)

Dispensation for New Lodges

Dispensation has been granted for the institution of new Lodges, as follows.

- New Orleans, Louisiana, Lodge No. 30;
- Bessemer, Alabama, Lodge No. 721;
- Sumter, South Carolina, Lodge No. 855;
- Florence, South Carolina, Lodge No. 1020;
- International Falls, Minnesota, Lodge No. 1599;
- State College, Pennsylvania, Lodge No. 1600;
- Miami Beach, Florida, Lodge No. 1601;
- Decatur, Georgia, Lodge No. 1602.

If these Lodges shall have made application for Charter, in accordance with Section 102, Grand Lodge Statutes, I recommend favorable action by the Board of Grand Trustees and the Grand Lodge.

Dispensation for Antlers Lodges

Dispensation has been granted for the institution of new Lodges, as follows:

- Nevada City, California, Lodge No. 518;
- Irvine, New Jersey, Lodge No. 1245;
- Union City, New Jersey, Lodge No. 1357;
- Monrovia, California, Lodge No. 1427;
- Ridgefield Park, New Jersey, Lodge No. 1506.

Building Applications

Plans for Homes this year, involving an expenditure of approximately two hundred thousand dollars, were submitted by the following Lodges, under the provisions of Chapter 14 of the Statutes, and were approved by the Grand Trustees and Grand Exalted Ruler:

- Mamaroneck, New York, Lodge No. 1457;
- Provo, Utah, Lodge No. 849;
- Pittsburgh, California, Lodge No. 1474;
- Hudson, New York, Lodge No. 787;
- New Rochelle, New York, Lodge No. 756;
- Ottumwa, Iowa, Lodge No. 347;
- Columbus, Georgia, Lodge No. 111;
- Greensburg, Pennsylvania, Lodge No. 511;
- Panama City, Florida, Lodge No. 1598;
- Ellwood City, Pennsylvania, Lodge No. 1356;
- Lewistown, Montana, Lodge No. 456;
- Merced, California, Lodge No. 1240;
- Elwood, Indiana, Lodge No. 368.

Emergency Charity Fund

Out of the "Emergency Charity Fund," there was paid this year, the sum of one thousand, three hundred dollars as follows:

- Paid to Helena, Montana, Lodge No. 193, for relief of suffering caused by earthquake \$500.00
- Paid to Watkins Glen, N. Y., Lodge No. 1546, for relief of suffering caused by flood 400.00
- Paid to Houston, Texas, Lodge No. 151, for relief of suffering caused by flood 400.00
- Making a total of \$1,300.00

In the month of December, I re-

ceived telegrams from Helena, Montana, Lodge No. 193; Watkins Glen, New York, Lodge No. 1546, and Houston, Texas, Lodge No. 151, requesting immediate relief to aid the Lodges in their work of helping at once those in distress. After careful investigation, the sums hereinbefore mentioned, were forwarded to these Lodges, as a result of which your Grand Exalted Ruler has received numerous communications, showing the great appreciation of our Order for the contributions so made.

During the month of March, 1936, a dreadful calamity affected many sections of our country, due to rising waters and the flooding of adjacent cities and towns, in many instances affecting the Homes of our subordinate Lodges. Numerous appeals came to your Grand Exalted Ruler and without any solicitation, the Elks National Foundation, through its Chairman, John F. Malley, placed at the disposal of the Grand Exalted Ruler the sum of five thousand dollars for immediate relief, with the result that after a proper and thorough investigation, your Grand Exalted Ruler was able to send to the following Lodges the amount set forth herein, to wit:

Johnstown, Pennsylvania, Lodge No. 175	\$750.00
Coraopolis, Pennsylvania, Lodge No. 1090	250.00
Martins Ferry, Ohio, Lodge No. 895	250.00
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, Lodge No. 109	250.00
Renovo, Pennsylvania, Lodge No. 334	250.00
Apollo, Pennsylvania, Lodge No. 386	250.00
Maine State Elks Association	300.00
Newport, Kentucky, Lodge No. 273	100.00
Massachusetts State Elks Association	2,000.00

Making a total of \$4,400.00

Your Grand Exalted Ruler has returned to the Foundation the unexpended balance of \$600.

Conclusion

Your Grand Exalted Ruler is impressed, and this impression will last during his life, with the fine fraternal spirit and zeal of the Brothers of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of America. They have worked so faithfully to maintain and to enlarge the activities of our Order, they have shown such unity and affection when the occasion appealed to their hearts, that the memory of this year's service with such Brothers will be a lasting pleasure to your Grand Exalted Ruler.

(Continued on page 55)

Your Dog

(Continued from page 35)

Do not bathe your dog frequently if he is afflicted with a skin ailment. Certainly do not use irritating soaps. Use principally a mild soap. Often the skin condition is made worse or brought on by excessive bathing or by the use of soaps strong in chemicals.

We must mention also the presence of worms. The dog can be wormed as an aid to the treatment altho the effect of worm infestation on the skin has been exaggerated.

Skin ailments usually are divided into eczema, mange and ordinary rash. Usually eczema reveals itself as a dry spot on the skin, usually dark in color, accompanied with loss of hair and itching. If serum oozes out of the afflicted area, the term wet eczema is applied. Such cases are cured only over a long period of time.

Most skin ailments require much patience and many treatments over a period of at least thirty days, but do not give up.

Mange is an ancient skin ailment which often causes the loss of the hair, the breaking out of the skin into red, raw spots, and finally the death of the dog.

Usually it begins about the head and spreads over the entire body within about six weeks. Red spots appear, serum flows, a scab forms, and the dog scratches this itching spot. Then the open sore takes on infection, the hair begins to fall, and there is a musty odor.

This mange, sarcoptic mange, is caused by a mite which can be treated externally. While follicular mange is caused by a mite which digs into the skin and can hardly be touched by treatment.

Chronic, extreme cases, particularly a mange where the spots are bloody, should be treated by a veterinarian. What we say here is by way of general treatment and more in the way of prevention than of cure.

If necessary clip the hair close to the skin so that applications can reach the skin.

What gives relief in one case may not in another. Treatments in skin ailments are varied and the results are not entirely certain.

Applications should be daily or every second day, preferably daily—a mixture of oil and tar and alcohol, a mixture of crude petroleum and tar, a mixture of sulphur and lard, daily rubbing merely with olive oil or castor oil or vaseline, a mixture of camphor and vaseline, a mixture of zinc oxide and vaseline, a sponging daily with a one to five per cent formaldehyde solution, and

so on. Preparations are almost endless in number and help in some cases and not in others.

Rotenone ointments in recent use have had value in the treatment of follicular mange. Best results, however, have been obtained by injection under the skin, of fetal extracts and of amniotic fluids. In the latter, five to 10cc is injected at three-day intervals for three times. Each time the dog is bathed in a 2% solution of creoline or pine oil.

To answer a question often asked—there is little danger of infection to humans from a skin ailment of the dog.

Give attention to the health of the dog. Avoid excessive sunlight, keep the bowels open. Badly infected dogs should be kept away from other dogs. As we said, skin ailments are common and increasing but man's best friend deserves every care and patience necessary to cure a skin ailment and the master is well rewarded by his dog's gratitude.

Readers' Service •

Q—Is there danger that my dog will have ear trouble by swimming in the water?

A—Very little. The internal ear of the dog is well protected.

Let your dog swim as much as possible. Let him enjoy life this summer when he is at the water's edge. Unless the day is cold and without sun, you need not rub him dry. He should run vigorously for a little while after he comes out of the water.

Q—Have just bought a Setter puppy. Have been told he should be inoculated against distemper. Is this correct?

A—By all means have him inoculated. While not 100% assurance against distemper inoculation nevertheless has saved many a dog, and if you value your puppy take him to the veterinarian at once for the three treatment (21 day) inoculation.

(Next month Captain Judy will discuss Dogs and Busy Streets.)

If you want further detailed information as to the care of your Dog, we will be glad to send you a pamphlet at no cost to you. Address The Elks Magazine—50 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

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To Dog Owners

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- Fat is not only unbecoming, but it also endangers your health. Insurance companies know the danger of fat accumulations. The best medical authorities warn against obesity, so don't wait any longer.
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News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 51)

standpoint. A fish fry, a bridge party for the ladies, a visit to the Big Ben Clock Works, vaudeville and dancing were features of the entertainment program.

J. Paul Kuhn, of Aurora Lodge, was elected President for the ensuing year, with Albert W. Arnold, of Lincoln Lodge, as Secretary, and Earl Schryver, of Springfield Lodge, as Treasurer. Danville was chosen as the 1937 convention city.

Michigan

Kalamazoo Lodge, No. 50, acted as host to the Michigan State Elks Association during the State Convention at Kalamazoo on June 12-13-14. E. R. John T. Hickmott and City Manager Edward C. Rutz, a member of the Lodge, extended official welcomes to the visitors and delegates. Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan was an honored guest. Many other Grand Lodge officers, including Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Chicago; Judge Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Ill., Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees; Judge Frank P. Leonard of Champaign, Ill., Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and John K. Burch of Grand Rapids, Mich., a former Grand Trustee, attended. The Grand Exalted Ruler held an important conference with the Exalted Rulers of Michigan Lodges prior to the opening of the Convention, and delivered an address at the opening session.

Some of the outstanding events that took place in the course of the three-day meeting were the Memorial Services; Flag Day exercises, presided over by State Pres. Frank G. Mitzel of Detroit; the Ritualistic Contest, won by Kalamazoo Lodge, with Lansing Lodge second and Benton Harbor Lodge third; Drill Teams, Lansing, first, Benton Harbor second, Kalamazoo third; the annual meeting of the Mich. State Elks 1500 marching Elks, 53 motor vehicles, mounted men, eight bands and drum and bugle corps witnessed by thousands. The Grand Exalted Ruler and his staff of Grand Lodge officers, and State and Kalamazoo Lodge officers and judges, reviewed the parade from the reviewing stand. Battle Creek Lodge won the prize for having the largest marching delegation.

The Annual Banquet filled the Crystal Room of the Lodge Home to capacity. Judge Hallinan was the principal speaker, and others on the

program were State Chaplain the Rev. Paul C. Heenan, Toastmaster Clark W. MacKenzie, Mayor Paul H. Todd, Pres. Mitzel, Past Grand Trustee John K. Burch, and E. R. John T. Hickmott. The Grand Exalted Ruler's Ball followed the Banquet.

The visiting ladies were entertained on Saturday by the ladies of Kalamazoo Lodge at the Maple Hills Golf Course, and plans for their amusement during the business sessions were carried out.

Many business matters of moment were taken care of during the Convention. Revisions were made in the Constitution and By-Laws of the Association, and a resolution was adopted recommending that delinquent boys in the State be paroled to Elks Lodges. Traverse City Lodge was chosen as the 1937 place of meeting. G. A. Kusterer, of Grand Rapids, was elected President. The other officers elected are as follows: Thomas Gillotte, Pontiac, Vice-Pres.; Arthur E. Green, Kalamazoo, Secy.; James G. Shirlaw, Battle Creek, Treas., and Hubert A. Kurrasch, Alpena, Trustee. Grand Rapids was awarded the 1936 State Elks Bowling Tournament. Gillis Van Sluys was elected Pres. of the Mich. Elk Bowling Assn., Tony Earhart, Secy., and Count Malcheski, Treas.

Maine

The Annual Convention of the Maine State Elks Association at Lewiston on Saturday and Sunday, June 6-7, was featured by the presence of two Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order, James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley, both of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61, and the Governor of Maine, Louis J. Brann of Lewiston Lodge, No. 371. More than 250 delegates attended with their wives and families. The business session, with Pres. Paul F. Fitzpatrick presiding, was held in the Home of Lewiston Lodge, and the convention dinner and dance were held in the DeWitt Hotel.

A handsome trophy, to become the permanent possession of the Lodge winning three State Ritualistic Contests, was presented to the Association by the Gannett Publishing Co., Inc. This year's contest will be held in the Fall. Lewiston Lodge was the winner of the first and only trophy offered since the Association was organized in 1928. This trophy was also presented by the Gannett Company. Pres. Fitzpatrick reported on the crippled children activities carried on during the past year, and State Secy. Edward R. Twomey made a report on

(Continued on page 56)

From the Annual Report of The Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 52)

Nothing could have been accomplished without the fine, free and generous support of the various Committees, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, and Officers and Members of the Grand Lodge. Little indeed could these Committees have done, despite their fine leadership, without the support of the Brothers in general. To these Committees, and to our Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Officers and Brothers of our Fraternity in general, your Grand Exalted Ruler, closing his year of service in that distinguished position, returns his heartfelt thanks, and prays that Almighty God will in His generosity and mercy continue to inspire our Brothers with tireless zeal for the continuance of their works of brotherly love, of charity, of mercy and of affection.

JAMES T. HALLINAN,
Grand Exalted Ruler



Excerpts from the Annual Reports of

Grand Lodge Committees

(Continued from page 46)

Order during the last year but I also want to thank you men who are the leaders of your respective lodges who have worked and who are continuing to work with us in giving us a helping hand at every turn. It is you alone who have made and will continue to make the Order of Elks the greatest fraternity in America.

Brother Grand Exalted Ruler, I move the report of the Committee be adopted as read.

CHARLES SPENCER HART,
Chairman



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News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 54)

last Spring's flood relief work in Maine.

Lester C. Ayer, of Portland Lodge, was elected President. The other officers for the coming year are: 1st Vice-Pres., Clarence H. Thyng, Sanford; 2nd Vice-Pres., Arthur C. Labbe, Augusta; 3rd Vice-Pres., Arthur J. Lesieur, Biddeford-Saco; Secy.-Treas., Edward R. Twomey, Portland (re-elected); Trustees, Paul F. Fitzpatrick, Gardiner; Philip M. Israelson, Rumford, and Romaine J. Marcoux, Lewiston.

Kentucky

For the second time in 18 years, Richmond, Ky., Lodge, No. 581, was host at a convention of the Kentucky State Elks Association when the annual reunion of the Association took place there on May 17-18-19. A fine spirit of fraternalism prevailed, and an elaborate and enjoyable program was carried out. Open House was held for all members and visitors, both day and night. A registration of 385 was reported.

The Kentucky Elks were honored by the presence of many distinguished members of the Order, including Judge Frank B. Leonard, of Champaign, Ill., Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, who acted as official representative of Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, and the following officers of the Kentucky State Assn.: Pres. Kelly D. Harper, Catlettsburg; 1st Vice-Pres. W. W. Coulter of Fulton, and 2nd Vice-Pres. Henry Rudig of Lexington; Secy.-Treas. Richard H. Slack of Owensboro; Trustees, Clyde R. Levi, Ashland; LaVega Clements, Owensboro, and Abner Johnston, Madisonville. Every Lodge in Kentucky was represented. The attendance cup, a hand-

some silver trophy, was awarded to Catlettsburg Lodge for the largest representation.

The establishing of a fund to care for tubercular cases where patients are unable to pay for treatment, and certain changes in the By-Laws of the Association, were among the important matters taken up at the business session held in the Richmond Lodge room. Election of officers resulted in the naming of Arnold Westermann, of Louisville, as President for the ensuing year. The other officers are: 1st Vice-Pres., William Sellemeyer, Covington; 2nd Vice-Pres., E. C. Walker, Frankfort; 3rd Vice-Pres., Ernest Warren, Middlesboro; Secy.-Treas., Richard H. Slack, Owensboro (reelected); Trustees, H. E. Curtis, Lexington; Clyde R. Levi, Ashland; and LaVega Clements, Owensboro.

On the long list of entertainment events was a ball game on the campus of Eastern Teachers College on Monday afternoon between Eastern and Western State Colleges; special parties, and wrestling and boxing matches followed by a dance at which a floor show was presented by professional entertainers. The Annual Banquet was held on Tuesday evening, May 19. Walter B. Smith, Jr., of Pineville, delivered a fine address, and a minstrel show was presented by the Louisville Elks Glee Club. The Grand Ball followed the banquet and was attended by a record-breaking crowd.

Special music rendered by Past State Pres. James A. Diskin's Kentucky Colonels of Newport was one of the most popular features of the Convention. Mrs. J. N. Culton was chairman of the committee providing entertainment for the ladies, which included luncheons, bridge, golf and motor trips. R. Leon Elder was

Chairman, and H. Bennett Farris, T. C. Dickinson, J. Preston Smith, James B. McCarthy, R. B. Terrill and Nelson Hurst were members of the local Reunion Committee in charge of arrangements.

Georgia

The Georgia State Elks Association held a three-day convention in Columbus on May 4-5-6. Reports showed increased activity in the State during the past year and enthusiasm prevailed among the hundreds of Elks who attended the meeting. Many prominent members of the Order were present, among them being The then Grand Trustee David Sholtz, Governor of Florida, who spoke at the opening session; C. M. Tardy, President of the Ala. State Elks Assn.; Caspian Hale, D.D. for Florida, East, and many others from neighboring States. Pres. Walter E. Lee, of Waycross Lodge, presided.

Many social features were arranged for the Elks and their ladies. An interesting trip was made to Fort Denning, the home of one of the largest Infantry schools in the world. The business sessions were held in the old southern residence recently acquired by Columbus Lodge, No. 111, and remodeled prior to the Georgia State Elks Convention.

George W. Upchurch, of Savannah Lodge, was elected President for the ensuing year, and R.E. Lee Reynolds, of Atlanta Lodge, was reelected Secretary-Treasurer. District Vice-Presidents are as follows: Charles G. Bruce, Atlanta (reelected), Dist. No. 1; E. E. Hill, Columbus, Dist. No. 2; J. H. Walker, Jr., Griffin, Dist. No. 3; Henry A. Kieve, Albany, Dist. No. 4; A. A. Nathan, Brunswick, Dist. No. 5; George W. Crawford, Fitzgerald (reelected), Dist. No. 6.



A large group of participants in the Kentucky State Elks Assn. Convention at Richmond

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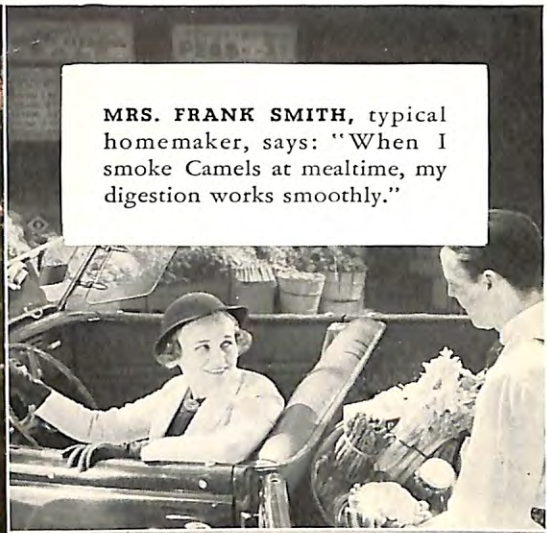


The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

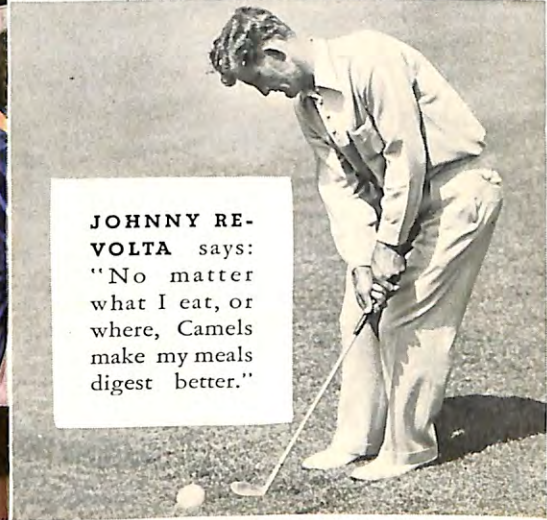
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