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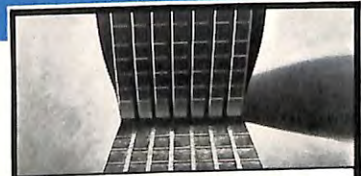
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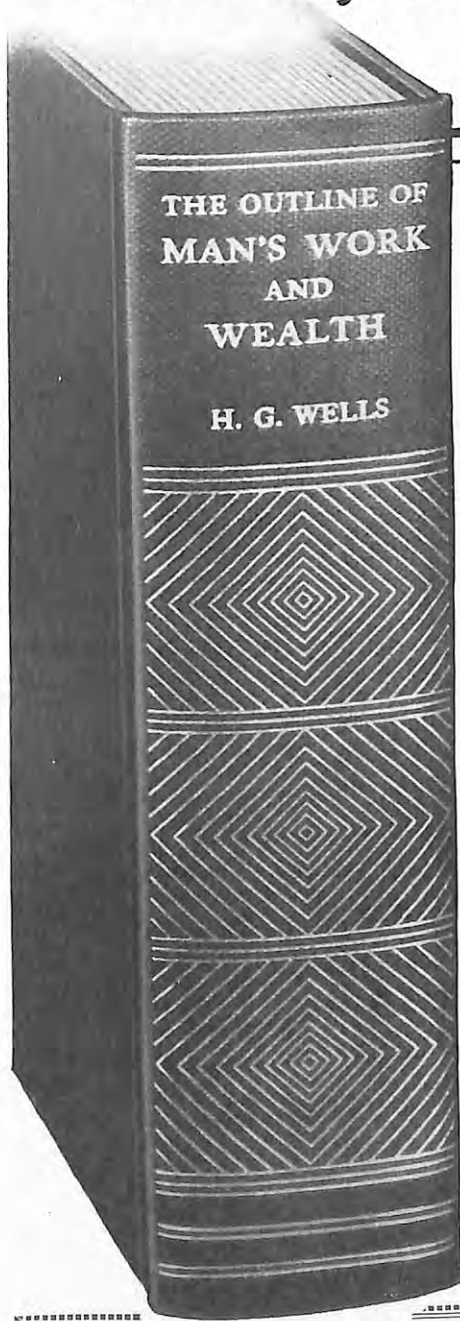


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# The Elks Magazine

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

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

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

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SEPTEMBER 1936

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Howard Chandler Christy, noted painter and illustrator, working on one of his world famous "Christy Girl" portraits

## A Word Picture of 1/80,000 of an inch

By Howard Chandler Christy, Noted Artist and Illustrator

IN THE YEARS that I have worked with palette and brush, I have painted many pictures . . . pictures of objects ranging in size from the delicate petals of a fruit blossom to the lumbering bulk of an elephant. But now I find myself doing a word picture of something so infinitesimal that it is invisible to the human eye.

My curiosity had been aroused by the experiences of Lowell Thomas, Boake Carter, Walter Pitkin and others who had watched the amazing process which gives razor blades shaving edges so keen they measure only 1/80,000 of an inch.

Consequently, I decided to make a visit to the Gillette Safety Razor factory where this wonder is performed. The almost unbelievable things I saw there led me to lay aside my brushes and paints for once . . . and turn to words for expression.

There I saw the grinding machines that are responsible for the amazingly keen shaving edges I had heard about. Incredible as it may seem, these gigantic machines, weighing four tons, are actually adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch. Honing wheels of exclusive design give 50 times the sharpening effect of old style methods. And abrasives as fine as cake flour are used to give the Gillette Blade not only the sharpest,

but the smoothest-shaving edges that modern science is able to produce.

But this was only one of the many processes through which Gillette Blades must pass before they get their final okeh. Earlier in the day my guide had led me into a huge, spotlessly clean room where I noticed a series of long box-like contrivances. Imagine my astonishment when I learned that these devices, so cool on the outside that you could rest your hand upon them, were the famous electric furnaces which harden Gillette Blade steel at an approximate temperature of 1500 degrees.

Each of these amazing furnaces is equipped with a remarkable little black box which can tell in an instant whether the steel passing through the furnaces requires more heat or less heat. Automatically a signal is flashed to a complicated battery of switches and instantly the temperature is raised or lowered according to the demands of the metal.

With such amazing equipment and such high standards of workmanship, is it any wonder that the Gillette Blade gives one perfect shave after another? Yes, I know now that the only way to get a perfect shave is to use the perfect blade, and that, of course, is the Gillette Blade.

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

**GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.**





THE old house lay warm in the morning sunshine, its numerous outbuildings clustered close. The broad veranda faced the south, with its slender pillars framing a view of rolling pasture land intersected here and there by crooked, black, snake fences. In the middle distance the soft green of newly planted corn bore testimony to the richness of the low grounds, those flat acres over which the river floods, a muddy, swirling torrent that, when the spring freshets come, mounts its willow-bordered banks to run freely, leaving a heavy silt deposit in its wake. Against the horizon reared the peaks of the not very distant Blue Ridge Mountains.

The main house was long and rambling; with its shutters closed against the heat it looked lonely, forsaken. The stables in company with the icehouse, the cornhouse, the smoke house and the other small buildings had once received a coat of whitewash, but most of the lime had long since succumbed to the ravages of wear and weather. There was a general air of delapidation about the whole place that might have irritated the eyes of a northerner, but which was the rule rather than the exception in this land of easy going plenty.

A young man in a yellow mesh shirt and rust breeches busied himself carrying forkloads of straw from the stack at the end of the barn into a box stall where he spread it evenly over the dirt floor. A boy, similarly dressed, but with jodhpurs instead of boots and breeches, sat on an upturned stable bucket polish-

ing a bridle. Chickens and ducks ran freely between his feet, and an old sow with her fourteen piglets wallowed and grunted in the mud beyond the fence that separated the stableyard from the pasture.

Obviously these two were brothers, they had the same crisp, tousled hair, the same blue eyes with little yellow flecks in them, and they wore their riding clothes with the same easy familiarity. The man was perhaps twenty-five, the red flush on his face and arms indicating that he had not yet become acclimated to the forceful southern sun. The boy was a bare twelve, his body was lithe and compact with the grace of boyhood and showed no signs of the awkward 'teen age.

"Do you suppose Sanders will truck him over today, Phil?" the younger brother briskly polished the bit in his hand with the sandy roots of a tuft of grass.

"Said he would, kid, said he'd be here by noon."

"Gee, I sure hope that horse is as good as he looks. Wonder how long it'll be 'til I can get on him!"

"Ought not to take long with a colt like that, he's half made now even if he is only halter broke. Of course we'll have to spend a few days letting him get used to us, it doesn't pay to go too fast with a thoroughbred, too easy to spoil 'em."

"Mawnin', Mistuh Philip, mawnin' Mistah Bob." The brothers looked up; a negro, past the prime of life, stood before them. He was clad in the usual clay-stained jeans and his face had an odd, comical twist to it.

"Mistuh Philip, suh, kin I speak to you a minute?"



# The Lunatic

by Margaret Cabell Self

Illustrated by Earl Blossom



"Why, certainly, Tom, fire away."  
 "Wel, suh, it's disaway, suh. When me an' my ole woman was married an' come hyere to live twenty years ago, us had only one chile. My cabin ain't only got one room to it, Mistuh Philip, wid a lof' over top. In dem days dat looked moughty spacious to me an' Sally, us an' de baby slep' in de baid in de corner an' it lef' a whole heap er room fo' de cookin'. Nex' year us gits anudder chile, an' de year after, dawged ef she ain't twins!" The old man paused in his narration long enough to spit at and hit a rooster that was pickin' around after corn kernels.

"Well, suh, befo' we knows it us has seben chillun, seben. Eben so we ain't so bad off, de chillun sleeps in de lof' an' Sally an' me, us still has de big baid, but dis year my mudder-in-law is done joined up wid us an' now we is downright crowded, an' I wus jes' wonderin', suh, ef you couldn't spare a leetle bit er money an' buil' me a 'ddition on my house so us could spread out a li'l."

The white man wiped the sweat off his cheek with his sleeve and leaned on his pitchfork.

"Tom," said he, "I know you've been a good tenant, and certainly if any of the cabins need repairs yours does, I don't believe it's had anything much done to it since slave days, also, as you say, ten people in two rooms is too many, but I honestly haven't got an extra red cent right now. But I'll tell you what, when I was

*As though an invisible rope had gone round his chest the colt checked, digging in his front feet until they ploughed the sod, almost he fell, almost, but not quite. The boy was catapulted forward on the neck, his heels on the chestnut's withers*

over at Middletown yesterday I put through a deal, and if everything turns out the way I think it's going to, you'll have your addition before cold weather sets in."

"Yas, suh, thank you kin'ly, suh." The negro turned to go, then stopped abruptly.

"Lawd have mussy, suh, dere's a truck comin' in hyere wid a ches'nut hoss in it!"

It was a blue, slat-sided open truck and the head of a thoroughbred colt looked over the hood of the cab. The driver backed the truck up to a bank, let down the tailboard for a gangplank, and loosened the guy ropes on the colt's halter. As soon as his head was free the chestnut pivoted and made a plunge to get away, but the driver held him, his left hand pinching his nostrils. Frustrated in his desire to take the tailboard at a bound, the colt put his head down and sniffed, then he stepped out gingerly, lightly, as though he were walking on eggs. As his front hoofs touched the turf he swung his hindquarters suddenly away and plunged backwards to be brought up short by the halter shank. There he stood, quivering, his silky coat shimmering in the sunlight.

"Boy, what a beauty!" Bob had dropped his work and was watching the wide eyed colt, entranced.

"Come over mighty quiet for a young one, Mr. Arnold," remarked the driver as he lead the protesting colt into the open box. "Don't reckon you'll have a



mite of trouble with him if you take him along easy." The negro grunted in obvious disagreement.

"Mistuh Phil, hyere come a man on a hoss lookin' fo' you." The driver quickly raised the tailboard of his truck and lost no time in getting under way. He barely avoided hitting the man on the big roan who had just turned in the yard gate. He was a man of at least sixty but he sat his horse with the ease and relaxation of one-half his age.

"Is this Mr. Arnold? My name's Peyton, sir, I used to know your father very well. I understand you two boys have turned farmers and come here to stay."

"Yes, sir, that's right. I don't know much about farming but I guess we can live off the land. I thought I might pick up a little extra money schooling horses. But won't you get off, sir, maybe I can scare up a little refreshment."

"Not today, thank you, not today. I've got to get right along back." He swung his leg over his horse's withers and sat sideways in the saddle. "So you're goin' in for horsebreakin'. Know anything about it?"

"It's about all I do know, sir, I've been riding and schooling and hunting ever since I can remember."

"How about the lad?"

"He's just as keen as I am and about the right weight for riding the two-year-olds before they get muscled up."

"Not much meat on him, certainly," remarked the older man looking down at the boy with kindly eyes.

"He's small, sir, but he can ride like a bat out of hell just the same!"

"M-m-m-m, what do you plan to do, buy your own colts or break 'em for other people?"

"Both, sir, fact is I've just spent all my ready cash on a sweet thoroughbred four-year-old. Thought I could kill two birds with one shot, get a horse for Bob to ride this summer and then maybe sell him for a good profit when the hunting starts. I'd like your opinion, sir, if you'd care to look at him, I think he's a natural."

The older man slid off onto the ground, handed his reins over to the negro and walked towards the box stall, the upper half of whose door was open. Inside the colt was standing alert, head high, a mobile, golden statue. The older man gave an ejaculation of surprise.

"But that's Gold Standard, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, do you know him?"

"Everybody around here knows that colt, Mr. Arnold! So you plan to let the lad ride him, eh?"

"Yes, sir, in fact there's a bet on, a thousand dollars to the colt, that I can get him ready for my brother Bob to ride in the September Hunter Trials!"

"September! And this is June! Sanders ran him around the ring for you, I suppose. Did he have on a bridle?"

"No, sir, only a head collar, but he put up a couple of jumps and the colt took 'em free and easy in his stride; stood away back and folded his legs up under him steady as an eight-year-old. It ought to be a cinch to school him, all he needs is to get used to weight, and you don't have to be so careful with him as you would if he were a two- or three-year-old. I ought to have him ready by September easy."

The older man looked at the colt a moment longer and then turned towards his own horse.

"Young man," he said, "did you ever have anything to do with a lunatic? Take a stupid person, or a nervous person, or a hot tempered person, and with the right kind of teachin' he'll learn. But take a crazy man, a maniac with the urge to kill and keep on killin', and all you can do is to put him in a strait-jacket, and that, Mr. Arnold is exactly what you've got here. You've got a mad horse. Not a vicious horse, mind, but a horse that goes literally insane as soon as you put a bit in his mouth or a saddle on his back! . . . He's killed at least one man that I know, of, and you plan to let that child yonder ride him in three month's time over the stiffest hunt trials course in the country! . . ."

He mounted the roan and held out his hand in farewell, "I'll tell you one thing, though, Mr. Arnold, I'd hate to see a son of your father hurt, but if you do succeed in training Gold Standard you'll get all the horse-breaking jobs you want, and you can name your own prices."

When the older man had gone Philip Arnold walked back and stood there looking at the young horse. All the lightheartedness that had characterized him a moment before was gone. He glanced over at the boy who had returned to the stable bucket and taken up the bridle, head lowered in an unsuccessful attempt to conceal his trembling lower lip, then he turned back to the colt.



"A hell of a kind of horse you turned out to be," he said, "here I go and spend my last hundred dollars on you, and then I find you're only fit to feed to the hounds!"

"Maybe he ain't as wuss as he's made out to be, Mistuh Philip," said the negro who had joined him at the stall door.

"He's crazy, isn't he?" said the young man. "Even if I could get him so I could manage him myself, the bet calls for Bob to ride, and I put no kid up on a man-killer. Besides, nobody would buy a horse with a reputation like that, I don't care how well he was schooled."

"Dishyere colt was bawn an' bred right across de mountain from here, Mistuh Philip. I'se knowed him sence de fust day he kicked up his heels and sassed his mammy, an' I knows whut ruint him 'cause I was right dah when it was done. Come 'long in de stall wid me, suh, an' I'll show you som'pin'."

The colt was standing as they had last seen him, head high.

"Dey lef' his manhood wid him twel he was a three-year-ole, dats how come he hole hisself so proud! But he'll put his haid down an' look at his jumps jes' de same." Gently the old man ran his hand along the neck to the ears, down the broad forehead, down, down to the muzzle, quietly soothing the restless horse with his low Negro voice and his softly stroking fingers. Slowly he raised his left hand and slipped it under

the colt's chin, deftly inserting a finger and thumb as he did so.

"Easy now, son, ain' nobody gwine hurt you!" The horse wrinkled his lips and partly opened his mouth at the taste of the man's fingers. Then slowly, oh so slowly, the right hand slid sideways into the mouth past the bars and caught the moving tongue, pulling it out. For a second the colt stood, mesmerized, the next instant he broke away from the negro, rearing so high that his head smashed against the overhead beams, but in the instant Philip Arnold had seen that which he was meant to see; he saw the scar of a gash, long healed, a gash so deep that it must have nearly severed the tongue! . . .

The men stepped outside the stall, leaving the colt alone to get over his fright. The negro cut a new piece off of the plug of tobacco which he drew from his pocket and stuffed it into his mouth.

"Mistuh Richard Taylor bred an' raised Gol' Stan'ard, Mistuh Philip, an' when he was a three-year-ole he tuck an' sold him to a dark complected stranger dat come along an' said he knowed all dey wus to know 'bout breaking colts. De man's name wus Mistuh Gibson, an' he come to fotch de colt one day when I was dah borryin' a reapin' hook from Mistuh Taylor. He had a bridle wid a spade bit 'long wid him. Is you eber seed a spade bit, suh? . . . Well, I ain't seed but dat one an' I don't wants to see no (Continued on page 42)

*He glanced over at the boy who had taken up the bridle, head lowered in an unsuccessful attempt to conceal his trembling lower lip.*





# Their Tony

by  
Talbert  
Josselyn

Illustrated  
by  
Charles  
Bryson



IT was merely by chance that Rod McLennan walked down that particular street that afternoon—and came upon the likeliest looking rookie he had seen in twenty years of baseball.

As it was, he intended going on by even after he was abreast of the ball field, for it was only a sandlot game. But the years of Rod's life spent in bush league, minor league, major, and minor again, attended to all that—and he couldn't any more have gone on without pausing for a moment, than he could have taken wings and flown.

He joined the other onlookers standing along the sidelines, and his eyes, half smiling, went over the two teams . . . North Beach and Red Star, according to the names on their faded, haphazard uniforms.

They were young, of an average age of eighteen, and they were taking their game in deadly earnestness.

And then, Rod McLennan was taking it in the same way.

It was a kid on the North Beach team. Tall, wide of shoulder; heavy-boned, large of wrist, angular; not filled out yet, and as a result, awkward looking—and instantly losing all awkwardness as he picked up a bat and stepped to the plate.

He settled his feet; looked at the pitcher. Slowly, rhythmically, his big bat began to pulse forward, backward . . . forward, backward—a smooth flow of controlled power, rippling, rippling, waiting . . .

The pitch came. The bat flashed forward . . . flailed forward . . . and smashed the ball on a line into left field.

Rod McLennan let out a shout.

"*Boy*, did you see him step into that one? That ball was hit! Say, what's that kid's name?"

An onlooker at Rod's side gave answer.

"His name's Tony Ferranti. But if you think that ball was hit, you ought to see one when he really socks it."

Rod glanced humorously down at the enthusiastic informant. He was a shrunken, crippled youth on crutches, his dark face pinched, his eyes deep-set; yet his face was now aglow, his withered body animate.

"You betcha he can hit 'em!" said the crippled youth. "If that's a sample, I guess you're right," agreed Rod. And then, because the other was so burningly enthusiastic, Rod added, smiling, "But I'll bet he isn't much in the field. Probably can't get out of his own way."

The look that the crippled youth shot Rod was blistering, almost venomous. The deep-set black eyes glared out of the pinched face.

"Yah, that's all you know about it!" He hitched around on his crutches, addressed a group beyond him. "This crazy guy thinks Tony can't field!" He fairly spat the words, and indicated Rod with a jerk of his head.

Rod found himself confronted by half a dozen small boys ranging in age from ten to twelve years, clad for the most part in grimy overalls and ragged, grimy sweaters. On their swarthy faces were looks which, for hostility, Rod hadn't seen the equal of in years. They glowered at him. They sneered, made comment among themselves.

"Yeah? Wise guy. Just you wait!"

Inwardly grinning, Rod waited. The North Beach team took the field. With two out, the bases became filled. The next batter crashed a hit that had every appearance of a home run. Howls arose . . . and at the crack of bat on ball, center-fielder, Tony Ferranti, whirled and started running, running with great long, driving strides, never once looking back, racing out, out into farthest center-field, angling a little toward left, and at the last moment he leaped, threw up a hand . . . and took the ball over his shoulder. Took it while he



*The boys were streaking after the fugitive, and the crippled youth was following in their wake*



was full in the air . . . landed . . . and kept his hold on the ball.

Arose a din of voices, and "There!" cried the crippled youth, and "There!" shrilled the six small boys, and they mocked at Rod McLennan, and jeered and gloated, and gave wild cheers as Tony Ferranti, now tossing aside his glove, came trotting in.

For a moment Rod McLennan wasn't able to speak, for he felt as though something had hit him in the chest. Finally:

"That kid can field," he said slowly.

So feelingly was this put that the crippled youth immediately changed manner. "I'll say!" he announced, eyes glowing. "There ain't a better one anywhere than Tony!"

"What does he do when he isn't playing with the North Beach team?" asked Rod.

"He fishes," said the other, and with a sweep of his crutch indicated the bay at the foot of the street, the great harbor entrance backed on the far side by towering hills, the open sea beyond. "Works for his old man on a fishing boat. Him," and now the speaker's voice was bitter, "him, having to fish, when he ought to be playing regular league ball!"

Rod McLennan, one-time major league player, and now a coach on the Class AA local minor league club, said nothing, but he watched, watched . . .

The game ended, and Tony Ferranti came in off the field with his team-mates. The crippled youth and the knot of small boys gave all of them greeting and commendation, but it was plain to be seen that their major greeting and commendation was for Tony.

"Gee, Tony," they cried, "you sure went swell. You hit four for four. And you sure robbed that guy of a home run!"

To all of which the lean, heavy-boned Tony Ferranti



grinned and showed white teeth and said, "Aw, I was lucky."

"Lucky nothing!" they retorted. "I guess you made all of those hits with your eyes shut; I guess you just stuck out your glove and made the catch!"

"Maybe I did," said Tony, and grinned again.

"Aw!" they said, and fell into step with him as he started to leave the field. And it was here that Rod McLennan interposed.

"They tell me your name's Tony Ferranti. I'd like to have a little talk with you."

The brown eyes of Tony Ferranti swiftly swept over Rod McLennan, and the grin went from Tony Ferranti's face. He spoke with crisp brevity.

"Yeah, I'm Tony Ferranti. What do you want?" And then, before Rod could answer that question, he was asking a second question, and now a different tone was in his voice. "Say, is it . . . is it something about Angelo?"

"Angelo?" said Rod.

The crippled youth, standing with the small boys beside Tony, cut in with explanation. "Angelo's his brother."

"Oh," said Rod. "No, it isn't about Angelo, unless he's as good a ball player as you are," and Rod smiled.

Tautness vanished from Tony Ferranti's face. At the same time he said briefly, "No, Angelo don't play baseball."

"Well, I'll say you do," said Rod. And then, seeing that he would have little or no chance of talking with

Tony alone, with the small boy entourage sticking like glue, Rod plunged into business. "Rod McLennan's my name. I watched you this afternoon. I think you've got the makings of a ball player, and I'd like to sign you up for the spring tryout with the Rangers."

For a moment Tony Ferranti continued to stand and regard Rod without change of countenance, as though Rod had asked him to have a cigarette or any other casual thing; and then, with so swift an intake of breath that his mouth flew open and his head went back, full comprehension of what he had unbelievably heard came to Tony Ferranti. His eyes widened . . . widened; his face became suffused; went a deep, deep red. He tried to speak, but the final result of all his efforts was one lone word.

"Gee!" he said.

Not so with the crippled youth, with the grimy, swarthy small boys. They knew what they wanted to say and they said it. The Rangers! The be-all and the end-all of their baseball knowledge and existence. For a guy to play on the Rangers—if anything rated higher in baseball they weren't aware of it. The major leagues? Sure, guys went to the majors, but the majors were things far away, unseen, remotely heard of, while the Rangers, why, here was something visible, something flesh and blood, something that they could look at, yell for, talk about, feel; something within reach of them, out in the big ball park, where they could look down from the rightfield bleachers . . . *Their* team! And now, here was Tony—Tony Ferranti—their Tony



*His face was now aglow, his withered body animate. "You betcha he can hit 'em!" he said*



—going to be signed up by the Rangers for spring tryout . . .

Talk? You bet they talked! But in the end they came around to Tony Ferranti's own ejaculation, for nothing seemed to sum things up better. "Gee!"

To which the crippled youth made addition, his deep-set eyes flaming their happiness. "I always knew you'd do it, Tony!"

Rod McLennan spoke. "All right, and now, because you're under age, let's go get your father's consent."

A cloud seemed to come over Tony Ferranti's face. It passed, yet it had left its mark. "Why . . . sure," said Tony. "I guess he's home from fishing now. We can walk over there—it's only a couple blocks—and . . . Sure, I guess he'll give his consent."

"Why shouldn't he?" said Rod. "A kid that can play the sort of ball you can . . . Let's go."

They started, and the crippled youth and the small boys fell in behind them.

"You seem to have made a hit with these kids," said Rod.

"They're swell kids," said Tony. "I get along with 'em fine."

The walk was made in silence, with Tony Ferranti moving like one in a dream; going along familiar streets that he had gone along a thousand times . . . and going along in a land that he had never before seen. The group that followed made up for Rod's and Tony's silence. The Rangers!

They came to one of a number of painted, one-story

houses having picket fences, with the blue bay shining below at the foot of the street. Tony opened a gate, and here the crippled youth and the small boys stopped, outside. It was clear that they had no intention of coming inside, and it was equally clear that they had no intention of leaving; in lives as colorless and uneventful as theirs, here was an event that loomed in gigantic proportion, and they weren't going to miss any of it. They would wait.

Tony and Rod entered the house, and Rod found himself in a heavily-furnished living room with brightly-colored lithographs on the walls. At the same moment another door opened, and a grizzled, thickset, powerful man in jersey, heavy trousers and rolled-down rubber boots stood in the doorway.

"Here's dad now," said Tony. "He must have just come home." Swiftly he spoke to his father in Italian, indicating Rod; then turned to Rod. "Dad doesn't speak any English," said Tony. He made introduction. The two men greeted each other, each in his own tongue, and shook hands. The elder Ferranti indicated that they sit down, and then, elbows on table, sat forward in readiness to listen as to what had brought Rod McLennan there.

Rod told, with Tony acting as interpreter, and Rod's words came slowly, for he had never signed up a rookie under similar conditions. He explained who he was; told of the Rangers, broke off to ask if the elder Ferranti was interested in baseball.

The elder Ferranti, his (Continued on page 38)



"Listen," and Angelo's eyes narrowed, "a hundred and fifty a month ain't enough!"



1



# Snow



4

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2



3

# Business



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No. 1: At top left are various characters of assorted shapes and sizes who appear in First National's current mystery, "The Case of the Velvet Claws," starring Warren William as the famous Hawkshaw, Perry Mason. No. 2: At lower left, Fredric March, as the picaresque Anthony Adverse, tells Olivia de Havilland what she wants to know in one of the notable pictures of the year, "Anthony Adverse." Mr. March is his usual handsome, swashbuckling self. No. 3: Lower left, Pat O'Brien, Ross Alexander, Humphrey Bogart and Henry B. Walthall enjoying a friendly conversation in Vitagraph's current saga of the air, "China Clipper." We hasten to welcome the stage's Mr. Humphrey Bogart to the cinema constellation. No. 4: Center left, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell acting winsome together in one of their usual pictures, this time called "Stage Struck." No. 5: Above and on opposite page, Ralph Bellamy and friends enduring a little quiet persecution in Paramount's film of the uninspiring title, "Straight from the Shoulder." No. 6: From the above scene in "Lady, Be Careful" we bet we can tell you all about the picture, Lew Ayres, the hero, and Mary Carlisle are in love, and the handsome Mr. Larry Crabbe is crabbing their act.

In "Romeo and Juliet," at top, the cinema has at last grown up. Shrewdly cast and faithfully, if lavishly, produced, the film promises deeper enjoyment and a fuller, richer understanding of Shakespeare. Miss Norma Shearer, as Juliet, transcends herself as an emotional actress. She is heartbreakingly young and exquisitely beautiful, a tragic, love-shaken young girl. Leslie Howard is all that Romeo has meant to countless generations of imaginative Shakespeare lovers. The authentic and unretouched Shakespearean dialogue is at first difficult to assimilate as quickly as one must to accommodate the swift action of the plot, but it is soon fully understood and deeply savored. The settings are glorious, and the supporting cast, with John Barrymore as "Mercutio," Edna May Oliver as the Nurse, Basil Rathbone, Reginald Denny and many other well known names, act with authenticity and imagination. We bow to this magnificent gesture of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



# Broadcast



2

Bert Lawson



1



3

No. 1: Frances Langford and the lads of the male chorus work up a little improvisation before the broadcast of CBS's "Hollywood Hotel" one Friday evening at 9 P.M. No. 2: Virginia Verrill, of the CBS broadcast tastefully titled "Vocals by Verrill." No. 3: Left is Eddie Duchin, the lad whose band makes music for the Burns and Allen program. Mr. Duchin recently brought himself to the pleased attention of the Elks who were out in Los Angeles at the National Convention by broadcasting the souvenir song of the Reunion. No. 4: A candid (very candid) camera shot of Joe Helbock and "Stoopnagle and Budd's" Budd Hulick. Mr. Helbock is a "patron of the arts" to the not inconsiderable extent that he and his famous Onyx Club in New York have done much to sponsor swing music. "The Music Goes 'Round and Around" and "I'se a' Muggin'," brought out by Stuff Smith, both started here. Hulick and Helbock are snapped making funny remarks at a New York "swing session." Stoopnagle and Budd, on the National Amateur Hour, recently wound up their most successful broadcast series. No. 5: Handsome Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner who recently finished a succession of fine dramatic broadcasts.



4

Charles Peterson



5

Ray Lee Jackson



Top left: *A falcon spreading its wings to hide its prey.* Center: *A Greenland gyrfalcon.* Lower right: *A Cooper's hawk.*



# Falcon's Way

by Henry Morton Robinson

WHEN you watch a peregrine falcon soar to the peak of its spiral climb, tinkle its bronze bells in a little shiver of eagerness and then zoom downward in a power-plunge at its terrified prey, you become suddenly aware that nothing in the world of art, sport, or aeronautics can equal the grace and dash of that feathery dive. For the peregrine's swoop is one of the fastest and most brilliant maneuvers in nature; at the moment when its yellow knuckles shock the life out of its victim, the falcon is traveling well over two miles a minute. The canvas-back duck, accounted a speedster among game-birds, is a lumbering fowl by comparison; and even the green-winged teal that can fly 98 miles an hour with a following wind, has

no chance against the meteoric falcon. Drifting after a grouse or pheasant, the peregrine overtakes them in a few incredibly easy strokes, then makes a slanting downward rush and shears off the head of its victim with a single chop of his mailed talons. No camera has ever been able to record the lightning wrist-stroke that makes the actual kill. The agony is mercifully brief; then clutching the spoils of the chase the peregrine circles downward to lay his prize at the feet of his master.

What is the story of this fierce bird that ravages the upper air, does not hesitate to attack that king of feathered creatures, the bald eagle, yet can be trained to perch docilely upon a human wrist? It is a story





Left: Hunting with falcons in the Near East is an ancient sport and is indulged in today as enthusiastically as ever. These falcons have returned to their master after an unsuccessful attempt to locate game. Just below: Katherine De Mille, a Hollywood falconer, with one of her birds. At bottom: Captain Knight, distinguished British falconer, and friends inspect the Captain's birds



that goes back to medieval times (and even earlier) when the art of falconry was a prescribed course in the education of every young nobleman. At Flodden Field, gold-carpeted for the meeting of the French and English kings, a falconry tournament was the high point of the royal entertainment, and the kings vied with each other in demonstrating the speed and obedience of their imperial gyrfalcons. Centuries before this, in China and Turkestan, mounted hunters employed falcons to supply the tribal larders with food. And today the bronze music of the falcon's bells is heard in the United States as a few American sportsmen train their savage birds in the aristocratic practice of taking game without firearms.

I said a "few" American sportsmen, and that is precisely what I mean. For the falcon is by no means a common creature; quite literally it is the rarest of rare birds. A falcon cannot be bought in any shop or market in North America, and he cannot be hired for a weekend, no matter how much a host is willing to spend for the amusement of his guests. True, falcons may be purchased in England, but they travel badly; despite their native hardihood they succumb easily to pneumonia. Finally, this proud bird will positively *not* breed in captivity. And thus it happens that if you really want a falcon you must capture it in its wild

state—and that, my friends, is a rather large and exciting order.

Now before you go out hunting for this glamorous and elusive bird, you must realize that the creature you are looking for is ornithologically nothing more or less than a hawk. The two names have grown up beside each other in our languages: "hawk" was the homely Anglo-Saxon name for the aerial pirate that terrorized the poultry yard, while a "falcon" was this same bird, trained, hooded, and perched on the fist of a Norman knight. But despite this difference in terminology, the two birds are still the same creature, with the same magnificent courage, the same commanding eyes, razor talons and predatory beak. And today, as of yore, a hawk's spirit can be cunningly bent by the traditional methods of training, easily learned by anyone who has a little patience, plus a genuine affection for this truly noble bird.

There are in the United States many species of hawks suitable for training as falcons; scattered over the country from Maine westward to the State of Oregon are the goshawk, the sparrow hawk, the red-crowned and the sharp-shinned hawks—brave hunters all of them. Another bird of infinite dash and style is the American pigeon-hawk, or, as it is called in Europe, the merlin—a very plucky killer that is really a toy falcon.

Just below: *W. R. Best, professional falconer to the British Falconers' Club in England, with three hawks, a Shaheen, a Sparrow and a Goshawk. At bottom left: It is a dangerous task to locate the nest of the falcon, as the bird builds its home in all but inaccessible places high in the mountains. This picture was taken in New England on the Connecticut River*



The best time to get a falcon is the very hour before it leaves its fledgling nest. This usually involves the scaling or descent of some inaccessible cliff and the kidnaping of the young "eyases" (as the baby chicks are called) right from under the steel talons of the mother bird. She has gone to considerable trouble to conceal her nest in some lofty crag, and the skilful use of a telescope may be required to locate the exact position of the falcon's eyrie. But suppose now that you have already located a nest and are patiently waiting for the three chicks to lose their fluff and put forth fragile wings. You have been watching perhaps two or three days, when one of the eyases, stronger and bolder than his brothers, finally decides to test his powers of flight. Timidly he takes off and flies a few feet to the limb of a nearby pine. Already it is too late to secure him for training. Your job is now cut out for you—you must immediately capture the two remaining eyases before they fly away!

Drama and physical risk aplenty are connected with this little chore. Sometimes it is impossible to scale the smooth-faced cliff, and you must lower yourself from the top by a rope. I once went down the side of the Palisades to secure a brace of eyases that were teetering on the edge of their nest; in another three hours they would be able to fly away. Knowing that the enraged female would come at my eyes with her deadly claws, I armed myself with a pistol loaded with blank cartridges, and as she flung herself at me screaming with protective anger, I discharged the pistol twice, point-blank at her head. Despite her maternal emotions she was unable to (Continued on page 46)

Below: *Captain Knight training his South African eagle which is shown in the photograph on the page opposite at the right*

*Photos for this article by Keystone, Wide World and Capt. R. Luff Meredith*



Peerless, however, among aerial hunters is the American duck-hawk or peregrine, declared by experts to be mightier than the famed gyrfalcon of medieval times. Long-winged and iron-beaked, he is the skiey chieftain of his tribe, the rough diamond from which our best American falcons are made. Haughty, brilliant in action, and intractable as a stallion, he is possessed of a temper like Lucifer himself; after a year of freedom in the air, it is an almost impossible task to translate a duck-hawk into a falcon. I once captured one whose wing appeared to be slightly broken. It resisted me with beak and talons until I nearly lost patience, and was on the verge of abandoning it to its fate. At last, however, I got it in a snare, brought it home, and tried by every known method to win its affection and confidence. But in vain! Too long it had roved the unfettered blue, and now it had no intention of capitulating to earth-bound man. When its wing had mended, I reluctantly let it go, and its hoarse cries of hatred as it rose into the air showed me, without a shadow of doubt, how completely I had failed to master it.





# Editorial

## Membership



**S**TATISTICAL tables are the results of mathematical computations, dealing with certain accumulated data. When accurately compiled they speak the truth as mere figures go, and as of a specific date. But in considering the real practical conditions to which the statistics are intended to apply, they are frequently misleading in their implications, because so many important facts effecting those conditions have not been taken into account, and are not reflected, in the bare numerical statement.

That is peculiarly true of the statistics as to the membership of our fraternity, as contained in the Grand Secretary's report at Los Angeles. According to the tabulations submitted, the Order had approximately fifteen hundred fewer members at the end of the Lodge year than at the beginning; an average of little more than one for each subordinate Lodge. But this does not tell the true story of our membership strength.

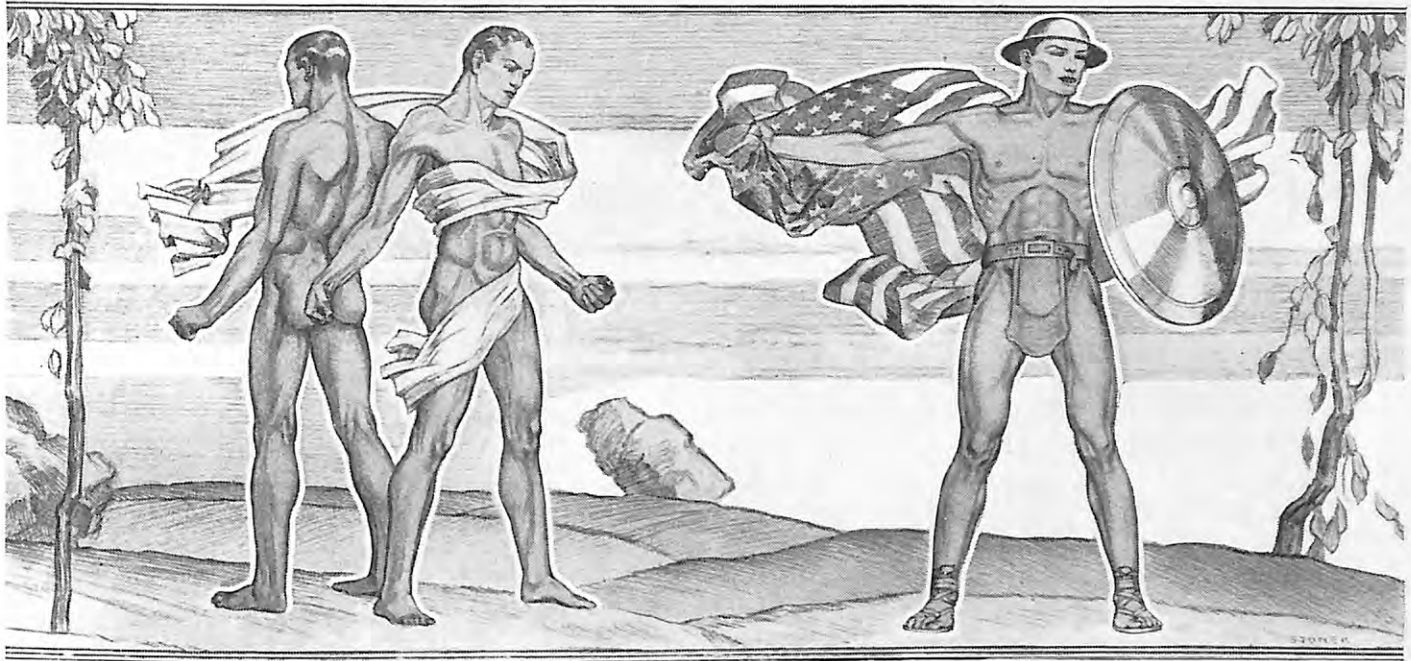
For instance, at the end of the statistical period there were actually elected and awaiting initiation a considerably larger number of candidates than were thus reported at the end of the previous year. These with the additional members initiated since the reports were made up, according to the

authoritative statement of the Grand Exalted Ruler, gives the order an enrollment in excess of that of a year ago from this date.

Again the inconsequential loss as reported to the Grand Lodge, was due primarily to the unusual numbers dropped by a few of the larger Lodges, which found it necessary to purge their rolls in the interest of economy and efficiency. But, during the same period, there was an increase in membership in 34 of the 48 states; thus showing the wide distribution of the general growth of subordinate Lodges.

In view of these facts, and of the experiences of all similar organizations in recent years, the statistics of our own membership may be analyzed with the utmost satisfaction; for it is obvious that the graph on the diagram is definitely tending upward.

But this is not the whole story, nor the best of it. From every one of the official reports made to the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles, it is apparent that Elks are more active, more fraternally loyal, and more confidently courageous, than they have ever been before. This fact far outweighs the import of mere numbers. And every member who knows the true conditions generally prevalent throughout the Order must feel only pride and gratification in their contemplation; for they insure a splendidly progressive future.



### Self Respect

**T**HERE is no one thing more essential to real happiness than self respect. Without it all other pleasures are dulled by a certain inescapable sense of unworthiness. It is to be achieved only by doing the things one knows he should do; and lack of it keeps one cognizant of his definite failure.

Fortunately self respect is not dependent upon the attitude of others. It is the one source of mental peace and poise as to which every man is independent of his fellows. His own conscience is all that must be satisfied; and with this at rest, he will be sustained by an inner spirit which will enable him to move serenely on his way, whatever others may think of him.

Of course the good opinion of one's associates is itself an essential to complete happiness. No man can fail to win such approval without a feeling of keen disappointment. But the acclaim of the world will not take the place of one's own satisfaction in the fulfillment of his moral obligations.

It is easy to state the accepted rule that self respect is obtained only by doing what one should do, according to his own intelligently conceived idea of his duty. However it is not always so easy to do this in the face of the difficulties which frequently present themselves and because of the many weaknesses inherent in human nature. Self respect is a real achievement; but it is worth all it costs in the efforts to surmount those difficulties and overcome those weaknesses.

If this sounds like a sermon, more appropriate to the pulpit, it is suggested that a brief study be made of the individual members of any Lodge. Note how many of them are striving to win the favor of others, as if that were the first concern of life; and often at the cost of true self respect.

Such a survey is likely to bring conviction that the sermon is not only timely but appropriate to these columns.

### Whiskers

**T**HE wearing of beards, like many other things, is entirely "a matter of taste," as the old woman said when she kissed the cow; or, as the French have it, "*chacun a son gout.*" But it is interesting to note how the fashion in such hirsute adornments has changed in the last fifty years.

Looking through your old family album, you will find that Grandpa nearly always wore a flowing beard. And it did seem to comport with, and maybe contribute to, the benignity of his expression. Uncle Jim, though only in his twenties, was apt to be sporting a jaunty set of burnsidies, or at least a natty goatee. It seems that some such facial covering was regarded as a desired evidence of masculine maturity and vigor.

In the earlier group pictures of members of the Order it is noticeable how few of the faces were clean shaven. In a typical picture of nineteen of the Charter members of Omaha Lodge, recently reproduced in its Bulletin, only two are shown without some sort of bewhiskered appendage. Mostly they ran to mustaches; but four of them were "bearded like the Pard."

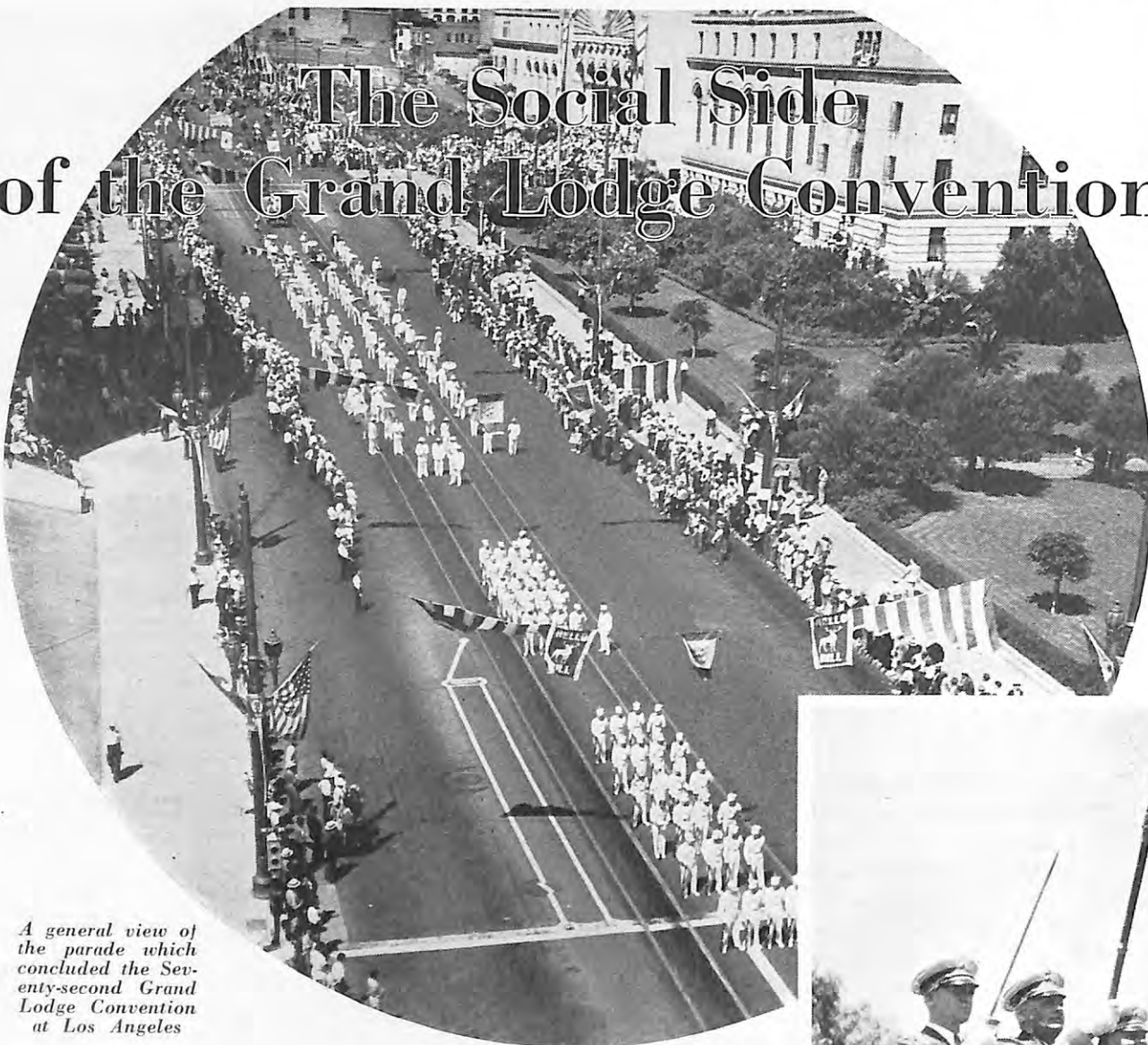
Compare the group pictures which now currently appear in *The Elks Magazine* from time to time. It is the rarest thing that even a tiny Hitler-like mustache is seen.

It would be difficult to say just what has contributed most to this change. But, if an opinion may be expressed, it is a change for the better. Features are now to be seen as they are moulded by bone and flesh. There appears to be something clean and hygienic about such a freshly shaved countenance. Although, it must be admitted, some faces would be improved just to the extent that they are covered by any sort of concealing growth.

It is pretty hot weather as this is being written. Maybe that will explain, if not excuse, it.



# The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention



*A general view of the parade which concluded the Seventy-second Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles*

All the color, pomp and ceremony of tradition marked the Grand Lodge Reunion which convened in Los Angeles, Calif., on Monday, July 13, 1936. Prior to the official opening meeting of the 72nd Grand Lodge Convention, however, a round of memorable social events occupied the time of the Grand Lodge officials and delegates. Trains, planes, automobiles and private cars brought thousands to the gathering of the Elks at Los Angeles.

Early arrivals included Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, who reached the Southern California city on an eight-car special train packed with guests from the Knickerbocker State via the Santa Fe Lines. With a flash of color and a martial refrain of music by Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, bandsmen, he was received by official greeters and officers, and a tumultuous reception. Among the hosts of the Convention at the station were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon; Grand Esquire John J. Doyle; Exalted Ruler Robert S. Redington, of Los Angeles Lodge, and Trustee Robert Casey.

Late in the afternoon Governor David Sholtz, of Florida, who was later elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order, held a conference with Judge Hallinan and planned for wide-spread activities of an Elks Americanization campaign during the next twelve months.

In brilliant regalia drill teams paraded in Westlake Park, Elk bands played patriotic music and the quiet of the Los Angeles Sunday evening reverberated to the effervescence of the delegates priming themselves for the important and spectacular events of the week.

On Monday, the 13th, the first day of the official Convention, many important events took place. In the morning the 54-hole golf tournament started with eighteen holes medal play and a daily handicap at the Westward Hills Course. Other activities of the morning were the National Ritualistic Contest, the Bowling Tournament at the Lodge Home, and auto tours, including sightseeing at universities, Westward Hills, motion picture studios and other local points of interest. Grand Lodge registration took place



at the Los Angeles Biltmore Hotel.

At noon the arrival of the Purple and White Fleet, Good Will Ambassadors of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, was celebrated. The six cars, bearing greetings from 600 Lodges which they had visited throughout their tour of the United States, were received with a flattering demonstration.

In the afternoon a practice trap and skeet shoot was held at the Santa Monica Gun Club.

*Opening Public Session*

At 8 o'clock in the evening the official public opening meeting of the Seventy-second Session of the Grand Lodge was held in the magnificent Home of Los Angeles Lodge. The program was an elaborate one marked by many highlighted events. With P.E.R. John G. Mott, of Los Angeles Lodge, presiding, the meeting came to order to hear an organ prelude by Wade Hamilton. A choral interpretation of "America the Beautiful" was sung by the audience and the celebrated Chanters of Los Angeles Lodge, under the direction of J. Arthur Lewis. The invocation was given by the Rev. Arthur O. Sykes, Grand Chaplain. Next Sigmond Romberg's famous "Desert Song" was sung by a trio of the Chanters.

The first speech was a greeting of welcome delivered by E.R. Robert S. Redington, of Los Angeles Lodge. Mr. Redington's remarks were followed by another musical number, "Carry Me Back to the Lone Prairie," by the Chanters. The Welcome from the City of Los Angeles

duce Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan.

Sounding the basic keynote of the structure of the Order, Judge Hallinan rededicated the fight of the Elks to destroy communism and all other "isms" opposed to the present system of government. In a stirring address Judge Hallinan urged the entire membership of the Order to continue its fight for true Americanism. "The fight must be carried on," the Judge declared, pounding the speaker's rostrum enthusiastically. "We have shown great progress in this battle during the past year. We have continued sending out petitions to Congress asking for legislation. We have given our vigorous support to the McCormick bill making it a crime to distribute anti-American literature in army and navy bases.

"I may say to the President of the United States and to the Governor of your state and to every one else that the best asset America has today in its struggle against communism and every other kind of ism is membership in the B. P. O. E.

"To preside over an organization

that has only the principles of Americanism for membership requirements, that welcomes to its doors the rich and poor alike, that takes into its membership, the Catholic, Protestant and Jew, is indeed a rare pleasure."

Judge Hallinan, a New York Supreme Court Justice, was wildly cheered as he struck at the subversive influences at work in the nation. He also reviewed activities of the Order during the past year, pointing with pride to a gain of 8,500 members in the 1,200 Elks Lodges of the nation, compared with a loss of 33,000 members during the preceding year.

"During the past twenty years," he reported, "the Order has distributed \$20,800,000 in charities. In the depression years an average of \$2,000,000 annually was spent."

More than 5,000 persons heard Judge Hallinan's words cheered by the distinguished assemblage. Seventeen Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order sat in dignity on the platform. Their names and Lodges are as follows: Joseph T. Fanning, Indianapolis, Ind.; John K. Tener, Charleroi, Pa.; Rush L. Holland, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Raymond Benjamin, Napa, Calif.; Edward Rightor, New Orleans, La.; Fred Harper, Lynchburg, Va.; Bruce A. Campbell, East St. Louis, Ill.; Frank L. Rain, Fairbury, Neb.; William M. Abbott, San Francisco, Calif.; J. Edgar Masters, Charleroi, Pa.; William H. Atwell, Dallas, Tex.; Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia, Pa.; John F. Malley, Springfield, Mass.; John R. Coen, Sterling, Colo.; Floyd E. Thompson, Moline, Ill.; Walter F. Meier, Seattle, Wash., and Michael F. Shannon, Los Angeles. Joseph T. Fanning, the Dean of Past Grand Exalted Rulers, was given the escort of honor to the dais.

Judge Hallinan's remarkable address was followed by two interpretations by the Chanters, "Friendship," and "To the Elks." The opening public session closed with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" by the Chanters and the large audience.



*Left: The precise Drill Team of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge which won the National Drill Team Contest*

*Below: The handsome float of the Indiana State Elks Association which won the prize for all floats entered in the parade outside California*

was delivered by Frank L. Shaw, Mayor of the city. His speech was followed by a Welcome from the State of California ably delivered by Frank F. Merriam, Governor of California. The guest soloist of the opening session was the renowned baritone, Nelson Eddy, well known to opera-goers, motion picture enthusiasts and radio listeners.

In a glowing tribute, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott next took the opportunity to intro-





*Tuesday's Activities*

On the following day, Tuesday, July 14th, the principle event of the program was the first official session of the Grand Lodge which was held at the Biltmore Hotel and which was recounted in the Convention story as it appeared in the August issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Early in the morning the National Golf Tournament resumed its play at the Rancho Golf Course. The National Bowling Tournament was continued at the Lodge Home and those at the Santa Monica Gun Club saw the National Trap and Skeet Shoot get under way. In Lafayette Park an excited crowd witnessed the Drum Corps Contest.

At the Home of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge a Fiesta Mexicana was held and thoroughly enjoyed by many Elks who had journeyed there to join in the celebration. Early in the afternoon Santa Monica held its Pioneer Days historical parade.

Meanwhile, back in Los Angeles, the State Association Presidents and Secretaries met at the Biltmore Hotel, afterward going to the vesper organ recital in the Lodge Room of the Home.

That evening more than 3,000 Elks with their wives and families gathered at the Palomar for the Grand Ball and entertainment presented as a prominent social feature of the Convention. The brilliant throng alternately danced throughout the evening and applauded the seemingly endless succession of special numbers provided for their entertainment. Dazzling screenland beauties, a spectacular review, music by Benny Goodman's Band, plus the traditional Convention contest and the selection of Miss Liberty, contributed to the gaiety of the Ball. As Miss Liberty, the winner of the beauty contest which was held at the Ball, Miss Shirle Hilf, of Seattle, reigned on the Americanism float at the beautiful Electrical Pageant the following night.

*Wednesday's Activities*

The morning of Wednesday, July 15th, found many of the delegates occupied by the second official session of the Grand Lodge at the Biltmore Hotel. Other Elks witnessed or participated in the Golf Tournament which this day was held at Sunset Field Golf Course, the Bowling Contest, the National Handicap Trap and Skeet Shoot and the National Drill Team Contest which took place in Lafayette Park. In the afternoon another business session of the Grand Lodge Convention at the Biltmore was held. In Westlake Park the National Band Contest drew hundreds of auditors and again in the afternoon a vesper organ recital provided a peaceful moment in the Lodge Room of Los Angeles Lodge.

That night was "City Hall Night," including an inspection of America's finest municipal building, exhibition of pistol shooting and entertainment and dancing in the marble corridors.

*Thursday's Activities*

Thursday morning opened with the Grand Lodge Session at the Biltmore Hotel. Various activities of an entertaining and educational nature occupied the hours of the delegates prior to witnessing the Grand Parade which took place that afternoon and the Elks' Motion Picture Electrical Pageant which was presented that evening in the Coliseum.

With bands playing, flags flying, drill teams swinging through convolutions, floats and pretty girls, glittering uniforms, mounted men and thousands of marchers, the Parade of the 72nd Grand Lodge Convention and delegates took place. Promptly at two P. M. aerial bombs burst, flags fluttered high in the air and the Parade swung into motion past the City Hall. Police estimated that at least 100,000 persons were massed

*Below: The smart drum and bugle corps of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge which was judged the best at the National Convention*

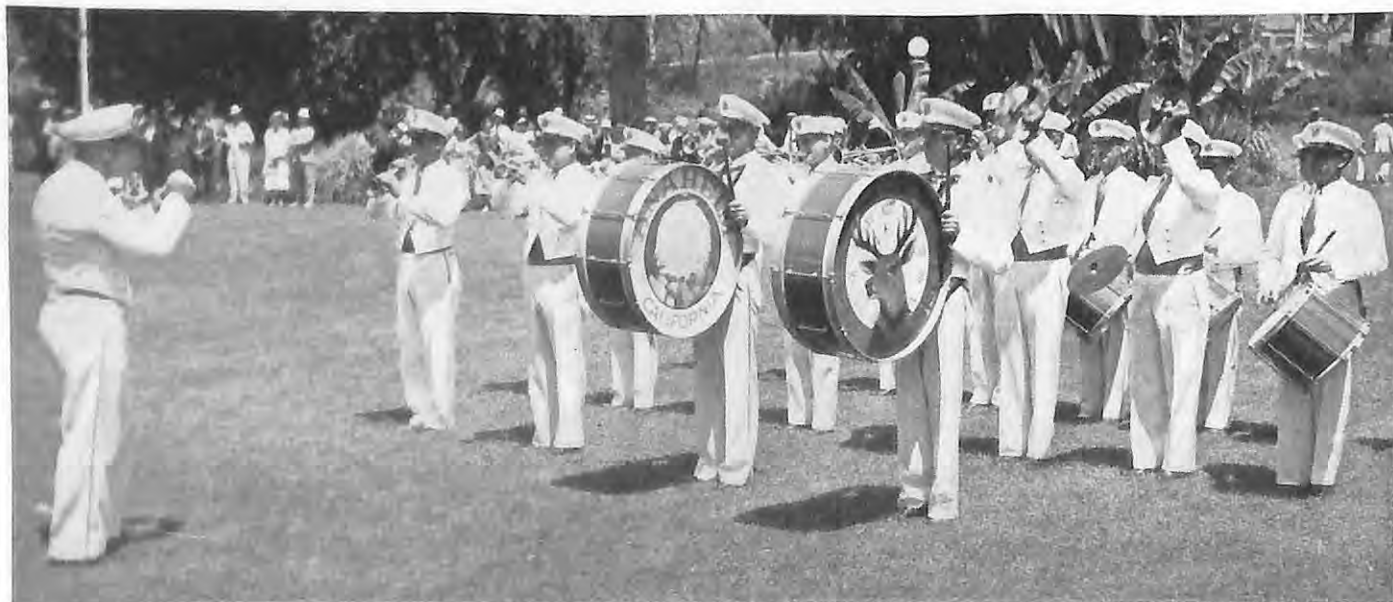
along the line of march with other thousands filling every window in the flanking buildings.

Drill teams and drum and bugle corps kept military smartness, but there were a score of comedy entries and in the marching delegations hundreds of Elks paraded joyously along under the inadequate, but welcome, shade of every known type of parasol. Led by the police motorcycle escort swooping and circling in amazing maneuvers, came Grand Esquire John J. Doyle and Lieutenant Harold William Roberts, Chief of Staff. Next, escorted by the Florida Color Guard, came the two men for whom this Convention marked a milestone—Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, Governor of Florida, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan. Governor Frank F. Merriman and Mayor Frank L. Shaw rode next in line. There is not sufficient space to include a description of the many costumed bands, drill teams, drum and bugle corps and delegations which added color, atmosphere, humor and beauty to the glittering spectacle, but perhaps the biggest hand of the Parade went to the Junior Drum and Bugle Corps of Decorah, Iowa. They were very small and young, those kilted drummers and buglers.

In this parade of the Seventy-second Convention of the Grand Lodge the Elks were out to put on a good show and they scored a remarkable success.

The winning floats in the Parade on Thursday were that of the Indiana State Elks Association, representing states outside California, and the float from Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, representing the floats of California.

The various contesting groups in the many other contests held throughout the conclave were as follows: The Drum and Bugle Corps Contest was won by the Anaheim, Calif., Lodge Team with 89.1 points; Anaconda, Mont., Lodge placed second and Long Beach, Calif., Lodge placed third. The Band Contest was



won by Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge. Glendale, Calif., Lodge ran a close second. Of the drill teams that of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge was judged the best. The teams of Oakland, Calif., and Columbus, Ohio, Lodges, however, were close runners-up.

First place and a prize of \$500 was captured by West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge in the National Ritualistic Competition. Second prize and an award of \$250 went to Glendale, Calif., Lodge. Third prize and a prize of \$150 was won by Lincoln, Ill., Lodge. Fourth prize and \$75 went to McAlester, Okla., Lodge, and fifth prize and \$50, to Everett, Wash., Lodge. The Florida team had a score of 97.67 compared with 97.54 for the Glendale team.

Longmont, Colo., Lodge received the award for the best musical unit from outside California. Among the other Lodges winning prizes for entries in the Parade were Glendale, Calif., Waltham, Mass., Columbus, Ohio, Sacramento, Calif., Grants Pass, Ore., and Anaconda, Mont.

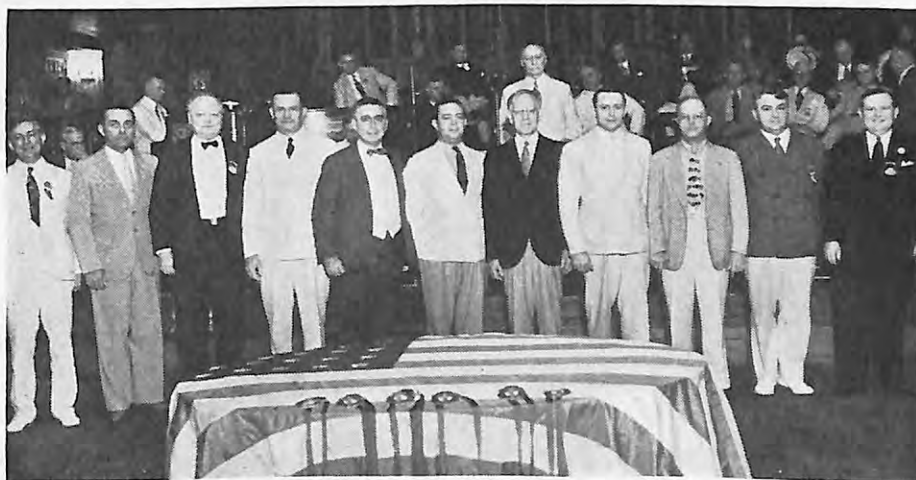
A. J. French, of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, won the John J. Doyle Trophy in the Golf Tournament with the splendid score of 228 for the 54 holes.

In the Skeet and Trap Shooting Tournament Grant Ilseng, of Fort Worth, Tex., Lodge, won the 16-yard event. He was followed up by H. H. Ford, Jr., of Redlands, Calif., Lodge,

and W. J. Kelly, of Iowa City, Ia., Lodge. The double championship was won by Grant Ilseng, who was run a close second and third by S. Naw, of Santa Ana, Calif., and William Buckman, of Visalia, Calif., Lodge. In the handicap event Grant Ilseng also took first place. C. F. Smith, of San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, placed second and Mrs. Mary Knight, of San Bernardino, came third. The five-man team event was won by five members of Iowa City, Ia., Lodge. They are F. M. Smith, W. J. Kelly, C. D. Schlessman, William Ruppert and W. P. Russell. Grant Ilseng and

H. H. Ford took the two-man event. Mrs. Mary Knight won the Ladies' Championship Match. The Skeet Championship was won by H. E. Kerr, of Orange, Calif., Lodge, with Grant Ilseng placing second and C. R. Clark, of Nevada City, Calif., coming in third. (Continued on page 56)

Directly below: A photograph of the Grand Lodge officers recently elected at the Seventy-second Session of the Grand Lodge, as they were being installed in office by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning



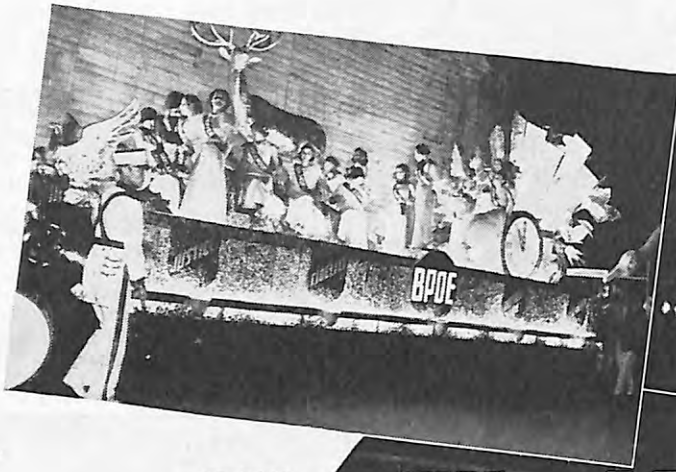
Right center: The Ritualistic Team of West Palm Beach, Fla., which won the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Contest

At bottom, right: The winners of the Elks National Trap Shoot, the team of Iowa City, Ia., Lodge which has captured the title for four successive years

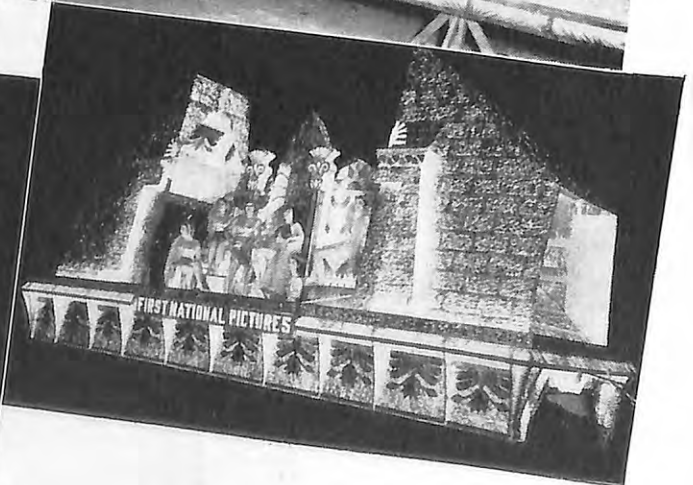
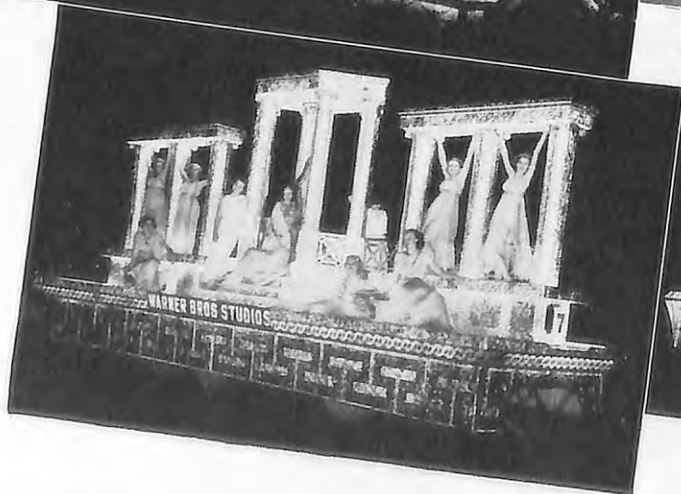
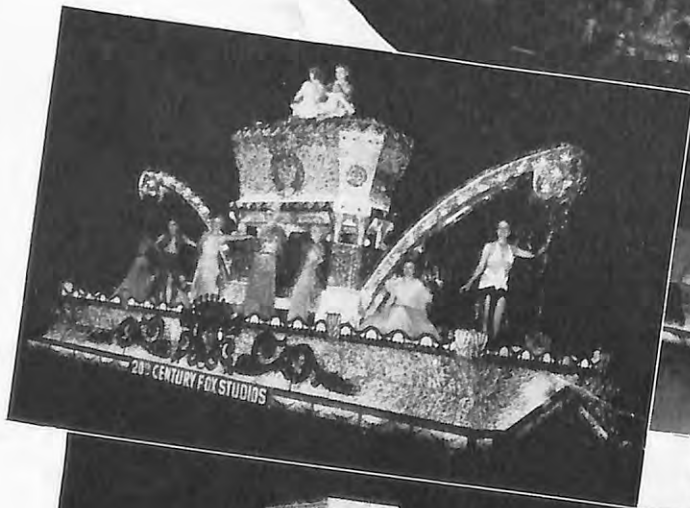
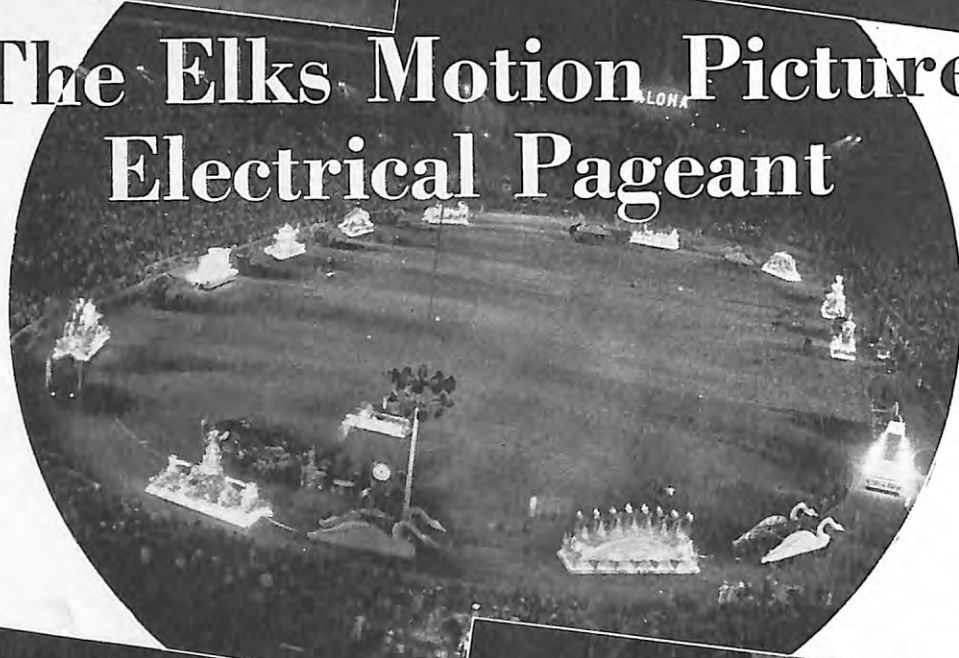
Below: A. J. French, extreme left, of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, being presented with the John J. Doyle Trophy as winner of the Elks National Golf Tournament

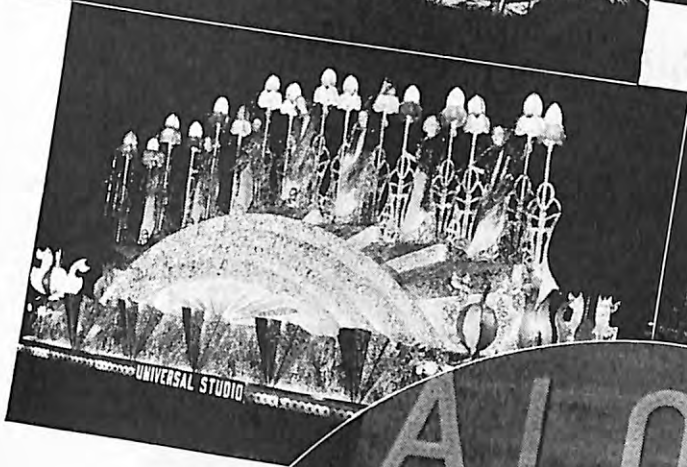
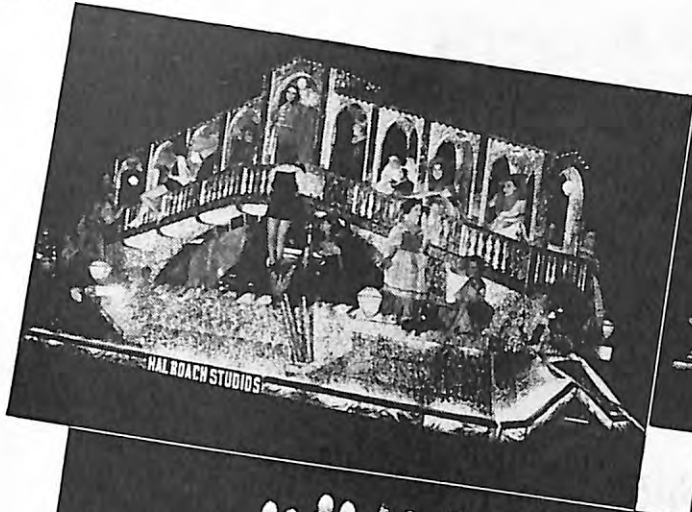






# The Elks Motion Picture Electrical Pageant





Photos by Carroll Photo Service and Wide World



# UNDER THE Antlers

## *New Lodge Instituted at Miami Beach, Fla.*

On July 2, a new Lodge, Miami Beach, Fla., No. 1601, was instituted by D.D. Caspian Hale of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge. Val. C. Cleary is the Lodge's first Exalted Ruler. Mr. Cleary, a former Mayor of Miami Beach, and a present city councilman, plans immediate negotiations for a Home for the new Lodge, and has under consideration the purchase of an ocean front residence near the center of the city with a view to converting the property into one of the most picturesque Homes in the Order. Besides an elaborate club-room and landscaped grounds, numerous cabanas would be built along the sands, providing facilities for a brand of entertainment seldom found in a fraternal organization. These plans are at present tentative, but judging from the enthusiasm of the membership of the new Lodge, nothing will stop them from carrying out their arrangements.

Besides Mr. Hale, other prominent Florida Elks present at the institution were Past State Pres. William P. Mooty, of Miami Lodge, No. 948; P.D.D. Arthur C. O'Hea, of Fort Lauderdale Lodge; P.E.R.'s Hayes S. Wood and T. J. Kelly, and Judge James A. Dunn of Miami Lodge;

## *News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order*

Past Exalted Ruler Harry Goldstein, Fernandina Lodge, and D. C. Coleman, Sheriff of Dade County.

### *Entire State of Florida Honors Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz*

Jacksonville, Fla., bedecked in holiday attire, joined all Florida recently in celebrating the return of Governor David Sholtz, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order. The greatest reception ever accorded a public figure in the State of Florida was held for the Chief Executive on his return from the National Convention in Los Angeles. Dignitaries, including State Cabinet officers, members of the State Supreme Court, distinguished members of the Bar and Bench, and political, social and civic leaders in their respective communities, joined in the all-Florida welcome to the Governor. Nearly all the Elk Lodges in the State were represented. The day's festivities included a demonstration that

took place when Governor Sholtz arrived, a breakfast, an informal review of the Florida National Guard, a reception and a luncheon.

The Grand Exalted Ruler spoke on two occasions—once in an informal message to members of the National Guard, and again at the luncheon held at the Mayflower Hotel. The luncheon address was broadcast over a State network of radio stations.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to the hotel at the head of a procession several miles long, with many bands marching in the parade. A handsome scroll, emblematic of the occasion and carrying the signatures of distinguished guests, was pre-



Above and on opposite page: Participants in the Convention of the Maine State Elks Association, held at Lewiston, Me., grouped before the Lodge Home at Lewiston



Governor Sholtz, Grand Exalted Ruler, addressing National Guardsmen of the 124th Infantry on the occasion of the huge welcome tendered him at Jacksonville, Fla., on his return from Los Angeles

sented to Governor Sholtz during the luncheon. The demonstration rivaled in its scope and enthusiasm the outstanding receptions given in Jacksonville for Col. Charles A. Lindbergh shortly after his flight to Paris, and to President Franklin D. Roosevelt a month before his inauguration.

**Impressive Rites Conducted for Indiana Judge**

Nearly every Lodge and county in the state of Indiana was represented recently at Bluffton, Ind., to pay their last respects to the late Judge Fred A. Wiecking. Judge Wiecking was stricken with a heart attack at Indianapolis and succumbed almost instantly. The military funeral, which was in charge of the American Legion was attended by hundreds of prominent state officials; Governor Paul V. McNutt, a close friend of Judge Wiecking; Elks from almost every Lodge in the state and a host of other Hoosier citizens. Many Posts of the American Legion were also represented at the funeral of Judge Wiecking, who was a past State Commander of that organization.

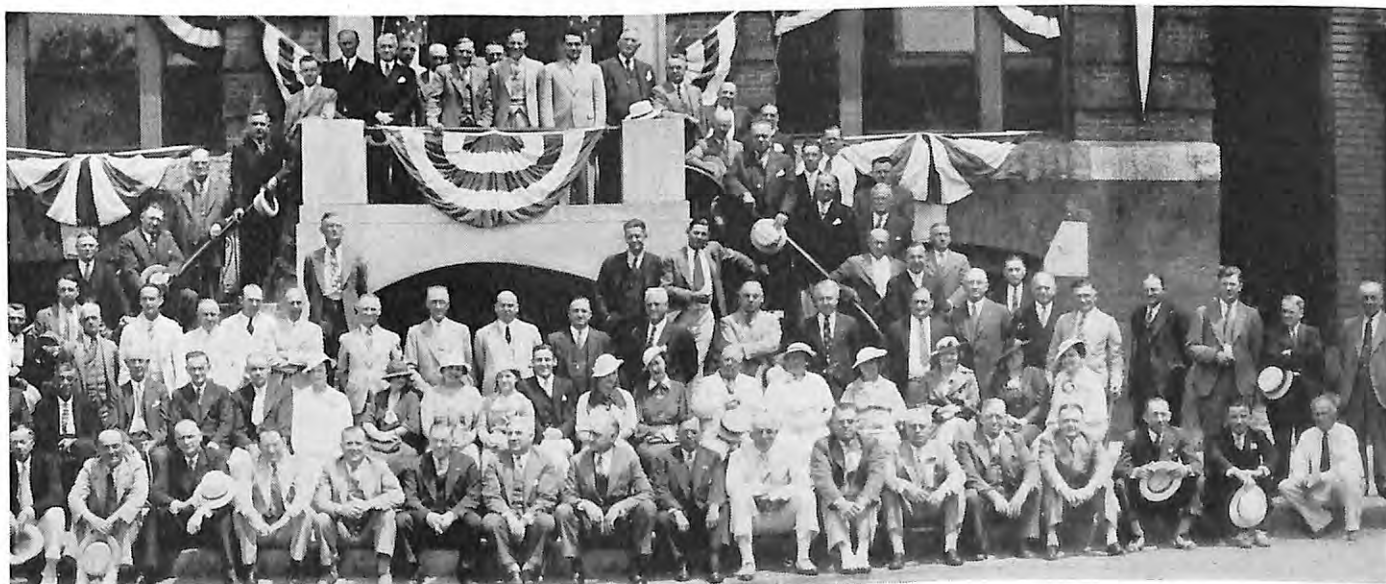
At the time of his death Judge Wiecking was a Judge of the Appellate Court. Previously he had been Assistant Attorney General and was public counsellor with the Public Service Commission. He was active



Left: P. E. R.'s of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge greeting Grand Trustee John S. McClelland, on his return from the Grand Lodge Reunion at Los Angeles



Left: A group of the Judges of San Diego, Calif., who were guests at a luncheon at San Diego Lodge's Monday Luncheon Club



in the Masonic Order, the American Legion and the Order of Elks.

Judge Wiecking was born in Bluffton, Ind., and became a member of Bluffton Lodge, No. 796, in 1915 at the age of 23. He served in the chair offices of the Lodge and became Exalted Ruler in 1924. As President he served the Indiana State Elks Association, and in 1935 he was appointed District Deputy of Indiana North Central by last year's Grand Exalted Ruler, Judge James T. Hallinan.

The Judge's untimely death comes as a great sorrow to all Indiana Elkdom, and especially to the Bluffton Lodge Elks by whom he was held in the deepest respect and affection.



Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz with Mayor George Sargent and Andrew Priest, Dallas, Tex., Elks, at the Texas Centennial in Dallas





Above: The handsomely uniformed Antlers Band of Warren, Ohio, Lodge which has focused much favorable attention on the Lodge recently

# Central EDITION

## This Section Contains Additional News of Central Lodges

### Woodward, Okla., Elks To Hold Rodeo

Woodward, Okla., Elks are preparing to hold their eighth annual Rodeo which is the only show of its kind sponsored and directed by an Elk Lodge and is rated the third largest rodeo in the world. The affair is set for September 18, 19 and 20, and among the many distinguished persons who have been invited and have tentatively accepted the invitation is Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, Governor of Florida.

World champion cowgirls and cowboys have already signed up. Arrangements have been made for the wildest bucking horses and Brahma steers in the country to add spills and thrills for the spectators. The entire show has always been put on by members of Woodward Lodge. No outside talent has ever been needed in the management of the show.

Among those who have built the rodeo into the third largest affair of its kind in the world are J. O. Selman, arena director; Dr. C. R. Donley, Pres. of the Oklahoma State Elks Assn. and Secy. of the local Lodge, and Representative Phil Ferguson, a rancher by profession, who has aided in securing stock and in the management of the show. Woodward Lodge extends an invitation to all Elks in the United States to

attend the Southwest's greatest rodeo to be held on September 18, 19 and 20.

### Columbus, O., Elks Sponsor Toy Making by Young Artisans

Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, with the cooperation of the city schools, merchants and manufacturing concerns, distributes several thousand toys to the needy children of the district every Christmas. All these toys are made from scrap materials and are manufactured by the boys of St. Vincent's Orphanage in Columbus and inspected by officials of Columbus Lodge. The Lodge furnishes raw materials, tools and the equipment necessary for the work.

At the close of the toy-making period, prizes are given to the five best artisans among the boys. Fred H. Hertel is Manager of the Elks Toys Activities of Columbus, O. Lodge.

### Birmingham Elks Patrol Gives Picnic

The Patrol of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, recently gave a picnic and outing which included a barbecue dinner, swimming, dancing and other features. The Patrol is composed of some of the most active members of the Lodge. Elks throughout



the State were invited as well as members of other fraternal organizations in Alabama.

**Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge Holds Fair and Exhibit**

In June Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, put on an "Elks Fair and Exhibit" at its Fort Harrison Country Club. The undertaking proved to be a most interesting and successful affair. The main attractions were held under the "Big Top" and featured merchants' and manufacturers' exhibits, big-time vaudeville, refreshment stands, merchandise displays and concession booths. In addition there were numerous other attractions, including ferris wheels, merry-go-rounds, midget automobiles and other diversions to appeal to both the young and old of Terra Haute.

**Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge Dedicates New Home**

Ottumwa, Iowa, Lodge No. 347, moved into its new Home on Tuesday, June 16. On that date the Lodge was favored with a visit from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson who delivered an inspiring address following the initiation of a class numbering 138 candidates. The class consisted primarily of business and professional men of the city, and brought the Lodge's membership to 720. The formal ceremony was conducted by Past Exalted Rulers of Ottumwa Lodge.

The dedication ceremonies were followed by a banquet attended by 475 members of Ottumwa Lodge and out-of-town guests. The new Home

was purchased last May. Elaborate and extensive improvements were made on the premises during the six weeks before the dedication took place. The Lodge was fortunate in securing the property, which had originally been constructed as an exclusive men's club. The facilities provide the Ottumwa Elks with one of the best Elks Homes in the Middlewest.

**Salem, Ohio, Lodge Loses Its First Exalted Ruler**

Members of Salem, O., Lodge, No. 305, are mourning their first Exalted Ruler, William Dutton, who died recently at his home in Massillon, O., at the age of 89, after a lingering illness. Mr. Dutton was a charter member of the Lodge and lived in Salem until about 30 years ago. He was continuously interested in the affairs of the Lodge and returned at frequent intervals to attend its meetings and functions. He was an honored guest when Salem Elks celebrated

their 40th Anniversary last year. Funeral services were held at Mr. Dutton's home in Massillon. Burial took place in Hope Cemetery in Salem, with services in charge of Salem Lodge.

**Hillsdale, Mich., Lodge Performs Kindly Act**

Hillsdale, Mich., Lodge, No. 1575, joined recently with members of the Masonic Order in Hillsdale in conducting services for Edwin James Willby who died suddenly in his office in Detroit, leaving no relatives in this country. Mr. Willby was born in London, England, in 1889. He was for a number of years a prominent citizen of Hillsdale where he maintained an office in the First State Savings Bank.

Hillsdale Lodge took charge of the body and of Mr. Willby's affairs. A Lodge of Sorrow was conducted by E.R. Wheaton J. Comar assisted by his officers. The eulogy was delivered by Dr. Eugene Allen. The services



Above: Elks of Saginaw, Mich., Lodge, who celebrated the Lodge's 50th Anniversary with a banquet and the initiation of 60 candidates

were attended by a large number of Mr. Willby's Hillsdale and Detroit friends, and by many more from surrounding communities. The remains were accompanied from Detroit by J. H. Miner, and Secretary Charles O. Arch, of Hillsdale Lodge, who had charge of the arrangements. Burial took place in Oak Grove Cemetery in Hillsdale.

**Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Lodge Increases Membership**

At a meeting on July 14 Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Lodge, No. 552, initiated 14 candidates into the Order and reinstated 12. The Lodge also had at that time five applications pending initiation. This is the first time in its history that a class of this size has been taken into Sault Ste. Marie Lodge in the summer time.



Above, left, Ottumwa, Ia., Elks who recently initiated 138 candidates in their handsome new Lodge Home in the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson



Left: Elks of Hibbing, Minn., who recently initiated 74 candidates in honor of the Lodge's first Exalted Ruler, the late State Senator John A. Healy



# News of the State Associations



Left: The comfortable Home of Willimantic, Conn., Lodge where the Conn. State Assn. Elks recently convened



## Massachusetts

The 22nd Annual Convention of the Massachusetts State Elks Association was held on June 20-21 with one of the largest attendances in years. Hampton Beach, N. H., had been selected as the place of meeting so that the Massachusetts Elks could enjoy a two-day sojourn at the seashore while transacting the business of the Association at the same time.

The Convention opened on Saturday night, June 20, with a banquet at the Ocean House. Some 600 attended. The business meeting took place at 11 o'clock on Sunday morning, with not a vacant seat in the Convention Hall. State Pres. John E. Moynahan of Lowell presided.

It was announced that Newton Lodge, No. 1327, had won the Ritualistic Contest, and that the three Lodges making the largest gain in membership during the past year were Springfield, Lowell and Framingham. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, reported that 12 applications for scholarship loans were granted this year, bringing the total to 99 since the incorporation of the Mass. Elks Scholarship Inc., branch of the Foundation.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson; E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; James M. Curley, Gov. of Mass.; H. Styles Bridges, Gov. of New Hampshire; the Selectmen of

Hampton; the Precinct Commissioner; the President and Secretary of the Hampton Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. Malley were invited guests. Delegates attending numbered 237. Mr. Sullivan presented a silver loving cup to Miss Edna Jones of Boston, the winner of the bathing beauty contest.

Following a speech made by D.D. Joseph W. Myers of Medford, Mass., Lodge, the Convention voted to accept the invitation of P.E.R. Kenneth S. Webber of Gloucester, Mass., Lodge, No. 892, to hold the 1937 Meeting at Gloucester. The names and Lodges of the 1936-37 officers of the Association are as follows: Pres., John F. Burke, Boston; 1st Vice-Pres., Hubert W. Flaherty, Adams; 2nd Vice-Pres., William B. Jackson, Brookline; 3rd Vice-Pres., William F. Hogan, Everett; Secy., Jeremiah J. Hourin, Framingham, (19th consecutive term); Treas., Bernard E. Carbin, Lynn, (17th consecutive term); Trustees: Michael J. Cuneo, Woburn; Edw. G. J. Ryan, Haverhill; John G. Hedges, North Attleboro; Alexander C. Warr, Wareham, Robert E. Comiskey, Fitchburg; Dr. L. J. Pereira, Holyoke; Daniel P. Barry, Arlington; Joseph E. Dow, Somerville.

## New Jersey

At the 23rd Annual Reunion of the New Jersey State Elks Association held in Atlantic City on June 12-13 the following officers were unani-

mously elected: Pres., Arthur Scheffler, Hoboken; Vice-Pres.'s: N.W., Frank W. Lord, Newton; N.E., Walter F. Schifferli, Rutherford; Cent., Charles H. Maurer, Dunellen; South, Arthur J. Skinner, Lambertville; Secy., John A. Flood, Bayonne; Treas., Charles Rosencrans, Long Branch; Trustee, George L. Hirtzel, Elizabeth. Appointments made by the President were: Sergeant-at-Arms, John Roeder, Jr., Hoboken; Chaplain, the Rev. Francis H. Smith, Trenton; Organist, Max Bernhardt, Bayonne; Inner Guard, John P. Vogler, Clifton.

The important business of the Association was transacted at two formal morning sessions. It was announced by Pres. Scheffler that crippled children work would continue to be the major welfare activity, that the youth movement and safe driving campaign inaugurated by retiring Pres. Nicholas Albano would also be continued, and that the organization of Antlers Lodges and the promotion of amateur Golden Glove boxing contests under the supervision of the A.A.U. would be inaugurated.

Chairman Joseph G. Buch of the Crippled Children's Committee reported the expenditure of over \$123,000 by the New Jersey Lodges in this work during the past year and also that the Lodge allotments for the physiotherapy pool at the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children at Longport near Atlantic City had been over-subscribed. He declared that

the construction of this pool, to be the finest of its kind in the world, is the realization of a dream long cherished by the Committee.

The first quarterly meeting of the State Association will be held in the Home of Newark Lodge, No. 321, on Sunday, September 13.

A round of social affairs, sports and contests made up a program that kept the visitors and their ladies constantly entertained. General Chairman Eugene E. Ebeling was assisted by P.E.R. Harry Bacharach, Pres. of the N. J. Public Utility Board; City Commissioners William S. Cuthbert,

Jesse Ward, Iowa City, Paul Schmidt, Iowa City, Arthur M. Umlandt, Muscatine, and Clyde E. Jones, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; of Ottumwa, Iowa, Lodge.

The first business session was called to order at 10 A.M. on Monday morning. A feature of the day was a round table discussion by house committees and stewards of the member Lodges, led by State Vice-Pres. Otto Kellum. The Scholarship report made by Past Pres. Louis and the membership report by Past Pres. Jones were well received.

Iowa City Lodge won the trapshoot

Fort Dodge, Otto Kellum, Boone, and John K. Finney, Fairfield; Secy., Dr. Jesse Ward, Iowa City; Treas., E. A. Erb, Burlington; Trustee, Henry Louis, Iowa City.

The Convention closed on Wednesday evening with a large reception and dance given in honor of the retiring and incoming Presidents.

*Rhode Island*

The Rhode Island State Elks Association held its first convention on June 28 at Newport. The Association was organized last May with five Lodges—Providence, Newport, Wes-



William F. Casey and Joseph A. Paxson, County Treasurer Enoch L. Johnson and Mayor C. D. White. The entertainment features included open house held both at the old Home of Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276, which was the center of the convention activities, and at the Lodge's present quarters; a banquet, followed by a card party; theatricals and dancing; a golf tournament at the Linwood Country Club; a visit to the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children; yachting and sight-seeing tours. The Drill Team Contest, Band Contest, Parade and Grand Ball were all held on Saturday, and a Beach Party was given on Sunday.

*Iowa*

The 31st Annual meeting of the Iowa State Elks Association was held at Decorah on June 7-8-9-10. The opening session took place on Sunday evening, June 7, at the Auditorium with E.R. E. C. Landswerk presiding. State Pres. John H. Gibson also spoke. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Floyd E. Thompson was the speaker of the evening. In addition to Judge Thompson, the Association was honored by the presence of Lloyd Maxwell, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and Senior Past President of the State Assn.; Judge Henry C. Warner, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees; and Past State Pres.'s Henry Louis, Iowa City; Clay Kneese, Muscatine; Dr.

Above and on opposite page: Participants in the Indiana State Elks Assn. Convention, held at Sullivan, Ind., before the Sullivan Lodge Home. In circle, the handsome float of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge in the convention parade

title for the fourth consecutive time. Results of the Golf Tournament showed George Frohwein, of Iowa City Lodge, low medalist and winner of the first flight, Thurst Kjome, of Decorah Lodge, winner of the second flight, and C. C. Warden, Iowa City, Lodge, winner of the third flight. The winning State Team Champions were Tom Baldwin, George A. Baker, Thurst Kjome and Ray Algyer, of Decorah, with Iowa City a close second.

Past Pres. Maxwell delivered an address at the Wednesday meeting, giving a splendid résumé of the Association's activities since its organization in 1906. Mr. Maxwell was accompanied by Mrs. Maxwell whose professional name is Basha Mallinoff. Her singing was a feature at the banquet held for the ladies at the headquarters hotel.

The State Convention next year will be held in Davenport. The 1936-37 officers are: Pres., Henry Cook, Ottumwa; Vice-Pres.'s: A. D. Bailey,

terly, Woonsocket and Pawtucket.

The business session was opened by P.D.D. Edward H. Powell. After he had given a résumé of the work of the various delegates who had been instrumental in bringing about the formation of this newest State Association, Past Grand Exalted Rulers John F. Malley and James R. Nicholson addressed the meeting. The election of officers resulted as follows: Pres. Edward H. Powell, Providence; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, George A. Dolan, Westerly; 2nd Vice-Pres., Thomas C. Mee, Woonsocket; Secretary, Bernard J. McLaughlin, Providence; Treas., Edward C. Morin, Pawtucket; Trustees: Thomas J. Flynn, Providence; M. Walter Flynn, Westerly. Frank McKenna, Woonsocket; John W. Baldwin, Pawtucket, and Edwin G. Spooner, Newport.



# The District Deputies Appointed by Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz



ALABAMA  
ALASKA, WEST  
ALASKA, EAST  
ARIZONA, NORTH  
ARIZONA, SOUTH  
ARKANSAS  
CALIFORNIA, BAY  
CALIFORNIA, EAST  
CENTRAL  
CALIFORNIA, WEST  
CENTRAL  
CALIFORNIA, NORTH  
CALIFORNIA, SOUTH  
CALIFORNIA, SOUTH  
CENTRAL  
CANAL ZONE  
COLORADO, CENTRAL  
COLORADO, NORTH  
COLORADO, SOUTH  
COLORADO, WEST  
CONNECTICUT, EAST  
CONNECTICUT, WEST  
FLORIDA, EAST  
FLORIDA, NORTH  
FLORIDA, WEST  
GEORGIA, NORTH  
GEORGIA, SOUTH  
GUAM  
HAWAII  
IDAHO, NORTH  
IDAHO, SOUTH  
ILLINOIS, EAST CENTRAL  
ILLINOIS, NORTHEAST  
ILLINOIS, NORTHWEST  
ILLINOIS, SOUTH  
ILLINOIS, SOUTHEAST  
ILLINOIS, SOUTHWEST  
ILLINOIS, WEST CENTRAL  
INDIANA, NORTH  
INDIANA, NORTH CENTRAL  
INDIANA, CENTRAL  
INDIANA, SOUTH CENTRAL  
INDIANA, SOUTH  
IOWA, NORTHEAST  
IOWA, SOUTHEAST  
IOWA, WEST  
KANSAS, EAST  
KANSAS, WEST  
KENTUCKY, EAST  
KENTUCKY, WEST  
LOUISIANA, NORTH  
LOUISIANA, SOUTH  
MAINE, EAST  
MAINE, WEST  
MARYLAND, DELAWARE  
AND DISTRICT OF  
COLUMBIA  
MASSACHUSETTS,  
NORTHEAST  
MASSACHUSETTS,  
SOUTHEAST  
MASSACHUSETTS, CENTRAL  
MASSACHUSETTS, WEST

*Clyde W. Anderson*  
*Charles O. Fowler*  
*P. G. Charles*  
*Francis L. Decker*  
*Frank H. Thomas*  
*R. J. Rice*  
*John O. Kroyer*

*Robert I. Montgomery*

*M. M. Swisher*  
*Frank A. Forderhase*  
*G. P. Campbell*

*R. W. Burson*  
*Archie M. Gibson*  
*John B. Bald*  
*H. D. Tobey*  
*G. L. Carrico*  
*Alton Beck*  
*Henry L. McGuire*  
*Francis W. Hogan*  
*W. A. Wall*  
*M. Frank O'Brien*  
*W. M. Carter*  
*Charles G. Bruce*  
*H. B. Roberts*  
*H. W. Elliott*  
*Mark N. Huckestein*  
*L. B. Hill*  
*E. D. Baird*  
*Hubert H. Edwards*  
*Joseph M. Cooke*  
*Otto J. Ellingen*  
*Raymond Moore*  
*C. E. Duff*  
*T. D. Gradinaroff*  
*H. B. Swain*  
*John L. Miller*  
*R. M. Barnard*  
*Chesley H. Thomas*  
*Henry J. West*  
*C. Otis Hall*  
*Robert Hardin*  
*Albert F. Duerr*  
*J. J. Barton*  
*W. H. Lyman*  
*Charles I. Zirkle*  
*J. B. McCarthy*  
*Abner Johnston, Jr.*  
*J. S. Mallett*  
*Sidney Harp*  
*Paul F. Fitzpatrick*  
*John P. Carey*

*Alfred W. Gaver*

*Frank J. McHugh*

*Harold Donovan*  
*Michael H. O'Connor*  
*John P. Dowling*

Florence, No. 820  
Fairbanks, No. 1551  
Ketchikan, No. 1429  
Flagstaff, No. 499  
Globe, No. 489  
North Little Rock, No. 1004  
Santa Rosa, No. 646

Hanford, No. 1259

Watsonville, No. 1300  
Redding, No. 1073  
Santa Ana, No. 794

Ventura, No. 1430  
Cristobal, No. 1542  
Florence, No. 611  
Boulder, No. 566  
Lamar, No. 1319  
Aspen, No. 224  
New London, No. 360  
Torrington, No. 372  
West Palm Beach, No. 1352  
Jacksonville, No. 221  
Lakeland, No. 1291  
Atlanta, No. 78  
Albany, No. 713  
Agana, No. 1281  
Honolulu, No. 616  
Lewiston, No. 896  
Boise, No. 310  
Pontiac, No. 1019  
Harvey, No. 1242  
Mendota, No. 1212  
Harrisburg, No. 1058  
Lawrenceville, No. 1208  
Granite City, No. 1063  
Kewanee, No. 724  
East Chicago, No. 981  
Garrett, No. 1447  
Alexandria, No. 478  
Terra Haute, No. 86  
Sullivan, No. 911  
Waterloo, No. 290  
Davenport, No. 298  
Fort Dodge, No. 306  
Topeka, No. 204  
Garden City, No. 1404  
Richmond, No. 581  
Madisonville, No. 738  
Jennings, No. 1085  
Donaldsonville, No. 1153  
Gardiner, No. 1293  
Bath, No. 934

Frederick, Md., No. 684

Lynn, No. 117

Plymouth, No. 1476  
Waltham, No. 953  
Holyoke, No. 902

MICHIGAN, WEST	<i>William T. Evans</i>	Muskegon, No. 274
MICHIGAN, EAST	<i>Joseph M. Leonard</i>	Saginaw, No. 47
MICHIGAN, CENTRAL	<i>C. J. Howe</i>	Hillsdale, No. 1575
MICHIGAN, NORTH	<i>F. O. Logic</i>	Iron Mountain, No. 700
MINNESOTA, NORTH	<i>J. O. Yotter</i>	Thief River Falls, No. 1308
MINNESOTA, SOUTH	<i>Raymond A. Brunelle</i>	St. Paul, No. 59
MISSISSIPPI, SOUTH	<i>Fred J. McDonnell</i>	Jackson, No. 416
MISSISSIPPI, NORTH	<i>J. M. Talbot</i>	Clarksdale, No. 977
MISSOURI, EAST	<i>C. Lew Gallant</i>	St. Louis, No. 9
MISSOURI, WEST	<i>L. L. DesCombes</i>	Warrensburg, No. 673
MONTANA, EAST	<i>Frank R. Bartelmey</i>	Havre, No. 1201
MONTANA, WEST	<i>F. B. Glaser</i>	Anaconda, No. 239
NEBRASKA, EAST	<i>J. C. Travis</i>	Omaha, No. 39
NEBRASKA, WEST	<i>Fred R. Dickson</i>	Kearney, No. 984
NEVADA	<i>H. C. Heidtman</i>	Reno, No. 597
NEW HAMPSHIRE	<i>Verne M. Whitman</i>	Laconia, No. 876
NEW JERSEY, NORTHEAST	<i>B. C. W. Stilwell</i>	Ridgewood, No. 1455
NEW JERSEY, NORTHWEST	<i>Thomas V. Reagen</i>	Nutley, No. 1290
NEW JERSEY, SOUTH	<i>Frank M. Travalline, Jr.</i>	Camden, No. 293
NEW JERSEY, CENTRAL	<i>Louis R. Harding</i>	Plainfield, No. 885
NEW MEXICO	<i>Arthur E. Carr</i>	Santa Fe, No. 460
NEW YORK, EAST	<i>Daniel M. Keyes</i>	Poughkeepsie, No. 275
NEW YORK, EAST CENTRAL	<i>Myron C. Alting</i>	Port Jervis, No. 645
NEW YORK, NORTHEAST	<i>Michael J. Degnan</i>	Hudson, No. 787
NEW YORK, NORTH CENTRAL	<i>Wm. B. Davidson</i>	Saranac Lake, No. 1508
NEW YORK, SOUTH CENTRAL	<i>Wilbur F. Knapp</i>	Bath, No. 1547
NEW YORK, WEST	<i>Joseph H. Tonnies, Jr.</i>	Buffalo, No. 23
NEW YORK, WEST CENTRAL	<i>John B. Keane</i>	Newark, No. 1249
NEW YORK, SOUTHEAST	<i>David E. Livingston</i>	Bronx, No. 871
NORTH CAROLINA, EAST	<i>L. P. Gardner</i>	Goldsboro, No. 139
NORTH CAROLINA, WEST	<i>George W. Munford</i>	Durham, No. 568
NORTH DAKOTA	<i>A. R. Weinhandl</i>	Mandan, No. 1256
OHIO, SOUTHEAST	<i>R. A. Jurgens</i>	Dover, No. 975
OHIO, SOUTH CENTRAL	<i>Charles F. Fast</i>	Columbus, No. 37
OHIO, NORTHWEST	<i>E. B. LeSueur</i>	Toledo, No. 53
OHIO, NORTH CENTRAL	<i>Charles A. Michael</i>	Bucyrus, No. 156
OHIO, NORTHEAST	<i>J. W. Fitzgerald</i>	Canton, No. 68
OHIO, SOUTHWEST	<i>Arthur R. Davis</i>	Greenfield, No. 717
OKLAHOMA, EAST	<i>I. C. Saunders</i>	Shawnee, No. 657
OKLAHOMA, WEST	<i>Jerome C. Sullivan</i>	Duncan, No. 1446
OREGON, SOUTH	<i>L. G. Lewelling</i>	Albany, No. 359
OREGON, NORTH	<i>Oscar Effenberger</i>	Tillamook, No. 1437
PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTHWEST	<i>Leonard M. Lippert</i>	McKeesport, No. 136
PENNSYLVANIA, NORTHWEST	<i>J. Austin Gormley</i>	Butler, No. 170
PENNSYLVANIA, CENTRAL	<i>Paul J. Dimond</i>	Latrobe, No. 907
PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTHEAST	<i>Harold B. Rudisill</i>	Hanover, No. 763
PENNSYLVANIA, NORTHEAST	<i>Max L. Silverman</i>	Scranton, No. 123
PENNSYLVANIA, NORTH CENTRAL	<i>C. D. Wharton</i>	Lock Haven, No. 182
PENNSYLVANIA, SOUTH CENTRAL	<i>Burt S. Burns</i>	Reynoldsville, No. 519
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS	<i>L. D. Lockwood</i>	Manila, No. 761
PUERTO RICO	<i>Chester W. Siegmund</i>	San Juan, No. 972
RHODE ISLAND	<i>Thomas C. Mee</i>	Woonsocket, No. 850
SOUTH CAROLINA	<i>William Elliott, Jr.</i>	Columbia, No. 1190
SOUTH DAKOTA	<i>James M. Lloyd</i>	Yankton, No. 994
TENNESSEE, EAST	<i>Albert G. Heins</i>	Knoxville, No. 160
TENNESSEE, WEST	<i>William P. Moss</i>	Jackson, No. 192
TEXAS, WEST	<i>John W. Penn</i>	El Paso, No. 187
TEXAS NORTH	<i>M. J. Vaughan</i>	Sweetwater, No. 1257
TEXAS, EAST	<i>Julius A. Bergfeld</i>	Tyler, No. 1594
TEXAS, SOUTH	<i>W. W. Short</i>	Houston, No. 151
UTAH	<i>Arthur Woolley</i>	Ogden, No. 719
VERMONT	<i>Bial J. Boynton</i>	Burlington, No. 916
VIRGINIA, EAST	<i>Wiley W. Wood</i>	Norfolk, No. 38
VIRGINIA, WEST	<i>H. C. Gilmer, Jr.</i>	Pulaski, No. 1067
WASHINGTON, EAST	<i>Cliff A. MacDonald</i>	Spokane, No. 228
WASHINGTON, NORTHWEST	<i>John H. Jessup</i>	Bremerton, No. 1181
WASHINGTON, SOUTHWEST	<i>John J. Langenbach</i>	Raymond, No. 1292
WEST VIRGINIA, NORTH	<i>Leslie N. Hemerway</i>	Parkersburg, No. 198
WEST VIRGINIA, SOUTH	<i>Stewart F. Ireson</i>	Williamson, No. 1408
WISCONSIN, NORTHEAST	<i>Myron E. Schwartz</i>	Two Rivers, No. 1380
WISCONSIN, NORTHWEST	<i>C. H. Cashin</i>	Stevens Point, No. 641
WISCONSIN, SOUTH	<i>Howard T. Ott</i>	Milwaukee, No. 46
WYOMING	<i>Charles L. Carter</i>	Sheridan, No. 520

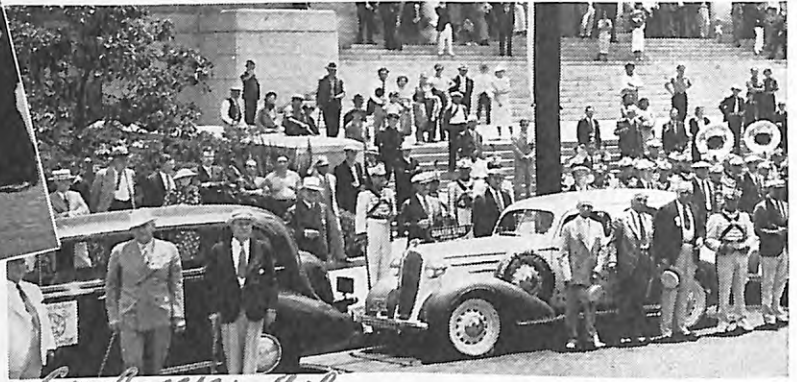
The Grand Exalted Ruler has appointed these men as aids during his term in office



# From the 1936



*Chicago, Ill.*



*Los Angeles, Cal.*



*Washington, D.C.*



*Great Bend, Kans.*



*Tallahassee, Fla.*



*Ely, Nev.*



*Orlando, Fla.*



*Kansas City, Mo.*

# Good Will Tour



*Sacramento, Cal.*



*Grand Haven, Mich.*



*Columbus, Ohio*



*New Brunswick, N.J.*



*Chicago, Ill.*



*Tucson, Ariz.*



*Colorado Springs, Colo*



# Excerpts from the Annual Report of the Elks National Foundation Trustees

**P**UBLICATION of excerpts from the Annual Report of The Elks National Foundation Trustees was made impossible in the August issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE by reason of space limitations of that number. Therefore, excerpts from this Report, read in full by the National Foundation Trustees' Chairman, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley at the Grand Lodge Sessions in Los Angeles, appear below.

"Since May 31, 1935, our principal fund has increased \$21,962.50 to a total amount of \$380,686.00, as against \$358,723.50 at the close of last year. This increase includes additional contributions of \$17,765.00, and profits on investments of \$4,197.50. The contributions have come almost entirely from subscribing State Associations, Subordinate Lodges and individual members and evidence the faithfulness of these organizations and individuals to the subscription agreements made in the past. Only a few new subscriptions were added to our list during the year. The profit upon investments has been due to the fact that many of the bonds held in our portfolio have been called at prices in advance of the purchase price.

"As we are emerging from a period of extreme economic depression, during which many fortunes have been lost and many trust funds have shrunk, you will be interested to know how we have guarded the moneys entrusted to our custody. In the financial statement attached to this report, our investments are carried at cost, and no loss or gain is shown until it is actually taken. We have had prepared by Standard Statistics, Inc., an analysis of our investment portfolio as of

National Foundation may be summarized as follows:

*Arizona State Elks Association—\$2,400.*

Arizona State Elks Association is maintaining a tubercular hospital at Tucson. As stated in our report of last year, many of the patients treated at this hospital are without financial resources of any kind. The Arizona Elks and other citizens of Arizona contribute as generously as they can. The doctors give their services without charge. Since a substantial number of the indigent patients are from Lodges outside of Arizona, the Elks National Foundation Trustees have considered it proper to assist the Arizona Lodges in their worthy endeavor. . . . Our donations have made it possible for the Arizona State Elks Association to balance its budget.

Appropriated \$2,400. Paid out up to May 31, 1936. \$2,000

*New Jersey State Elks Association—\$1,000*

It is unnecessary to recount the splendid work of rehabilitation of crippled children which is being carried on by the Lodges of New Jersey through the State Elks Crippled Children Committee of the State Association. The very substantial sums raised by the Subordinate Lodges of New Jersey have been insufficient to cover the cost of this great philanthropic work. We have responded to the appeal of the New Jersey State Elks Association by a donation to assist in providing money for special care and treatment of crippled children at the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children at Atlantic City. \$1,000

*Massachusetts Elks Association—\$1,000.*

The Massachusetts Elks Association maintains a Scholarship Fund from which scholarship loans are made to deserving young men and young women to enable them to have the benefit of a college education. The donation from the Elks National Foundation has supplemented the income of the Massachusetts Elks Association Scholarship Fund, and has made

possible many additional scholarship loans. \$1,000

*New York State Elks Association—\$1,000.*

New York State Elks Association raises a substantial fund for scholarship purposes each year. The donation from the Elks National Foundation supplements this fund and provides for the granting of additional scholarships in New York State. \$1,000

*Pennsylvania State Elks Association—\$2,500.*

Pennsylvania State Elks Association has likewise taken up as a group endeavor the granting of scholarship loans to the deserving and qualified young men and young women of Pennsylvania. This scholarship work has been carried on for the last two years. A donation of \$1,500.00 was made by the Elks National Foundation last fall to cover an appropriation agreed upon in the previous Grand Lodge year, and another donation of \$1,000.00 was made in May of this current year for scholarship awards. . . . The Pennsylvania State Elks Association has used the Foundation donations to supplement a fund raised by contributions of the Lodges of Pennsylvania. \$2,500

*Missouri State Elks Association—\$100.*

This donation was made to the Missouri State Elks Association to assist them in carrying on work of furnishing eye glasses to indigent children of defective vision. \$100

*Flood Relief Fund—\$5,000.*

Torrential rains continuing for many days during a period of unseasonable, moderate temperature, caused the rivers of the country to rise to unprecedented flood levels. . . . As soon as reports of these flood disasters were made known by newspaper and radio, the Foundation Trustees authorized the Chairman to send to Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan the following telegram: 'Foundation Trustees offer Five Thousand Dollars of available income for relief work by Subordinate Lodges in flood areas distributable as you



Below: Miss Roberta Follansbee, first prize winner of the Elks National Foundation's essay contest on Will Rogers. As such, she was awarded a \$1,000 scholarship by the Foundation Trustees. From left to right: Ann Alice Person, Robert N. Ice, Nan Correll and Laurence J. Legere, Jr., winners of contest's second prizes of \$300 scholarships each



June 11, 1936. The result is most gratifying. . . .

"Our records show that 438 Subordinate Lodges and 28 State Associations have subscribed for Honorary Founders' Certificates as of the end of this year. The co-operation which we are receiving from Lodges in the various States is indicated by the following table:

State	Percentage	State	Percentage
Connecticut	100%	New Hampshire	63%
Delaware	100%	Arizona	60%
New York	95%	Vermont	60%
Maine	92%	New Jersey	50%
Massachusetts	91%	California	46%
Rhode Island	80%	Pennsylvania	44%
South Dakota	72%	Maryland	40%
Nevada	66%	Florida	32%

"Pursuant to our usual policy, we have endeavored to use the income of the fund to foster, promote and assist in financing the welfare activities of the Order which are carried on by groups of Subordinate Lodges under well conceived plans. These Elk endeavors which you have been assisting through the agency of the Elks



designate. . . . (The distribution which the Grand Exalted Ruler made of this fund appeared in Judge Hallinan's report published in the August issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.) \$5,000

"The Massachusetts Elks Association has returned to the Grand Exalted Ruler \$1,350.00 of the \$2,000.00 shown in above tabulation, and this amount will go back into the Foundation Fund.

"In view of the small amount of money available for relief purposes in the Grand Lodge Emergency Funds, it was a great satisfaction to the Elks National Foundation Trustees to be able to meet an emergency situation, and to demonstrate the efficacy of the Foundation in philanthropic work.

Minnesota State Elks Association . . . \$300  
Vermont State Elks Association . . . 500

\$800

"The donation of \$300.00 to the Minnesota State Elks Association for social welfare work at the Mayo Clinic, and the donation of \$500.00 to the Vermont State Elks Association for maintenance of a

(Continued on page 54)



Chas. Phelps Cushing

# Your Dog

By Captain Will Judy  
Editor, Dog World Magazine

## Dogs and Busy Streets

I AM anxious to emphasize the importance of my subject in this month's issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Dogs have made themselves a part of our modern life; they go with us to all places; they ride with us in our automobiles and airplanes; they swim with us; they make themselves a part of our very lives.

In these days of much traffic, especially when the human death toll is rising rather than declining, the control of dogs on public streets and in public places is doubly important.

The dog refuses to become old-fashioned. He has conquered the automobile. He is adjusting himself to our traffic conditions. Ten years ago few dogs had any sense of automobile danger. Today, experience and necessity have placed in most dogs the caution of looking both ways on a street, of avoiding automobiles, and in fact, some dogs will step over the curb, see a car coming and return to the curb until it passes.

It is reasonable to believe that in due time dogs will be familiar with traffic signals. At present, dogs trained to lead the blind discern which way the traffic is moving and act accordingly.

There is not much difference in

mentality or intelligence between the various breeds. The abilities of the dog largely depend upon the dog owner. This adds one more responsibility to the owner. The person who is not willing to care for, feed and train his dog properly, should not own a dog.

The moment the new dog comes into the home, he should become accustomed to all noises. Take him with you on the street. Keep him close to you, *on leash of course*; let him be near the traffic and in the midst of all sorts of noises. Speak to him assuringly; pat him on the head; let him feel that he need not be afraid of traffic and that to run away wildly is certainly not the way out.

When you come to the curb, stop just a second, and say to your dog, "Stop." Then as you are ready to step off the curb, give your dog the command, "Go." Do this at every curb. You must believe me when I say that in time, even off leash, your dog will not step over the curb until you come to the curb and tell him to "Go."

If at any time, at home or elsewhere, the dog runs into the road, call him back promptly and with a firm tone of voice.

A dog is a good automobile lock which no burglar can pick. Really

(Continued on page 53)



## Buy the Dog Food you Know is Right

Buy it the way you would buy food for a baby—on a doctor's recommendation.

Veterinary Doctors have approved and are using Dr. Olding Dog Food. There is no higher recommendation or safer guide for you to use than that.

Be sure, be safe,—feed your dog Dr. Olding Dog Food.

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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**



# Their Tony

(Continued from page 11)

black eyes on Rod, his bronzed face immobile, listened to the question. As it was translated to him he gave a quick, vigorous shake of his head. He spoke. He had never seen a game; he didn't want to. Through Tony the clipped words were relayed: "No. I fish . . . I work." The look that accompanied them showed no pleasure.

"That's a help," said Rod to himself. "Well, I'd better get at it." He leaned forward. "Mr. Ferranti. It's as I've been telling you. I saw your son play baseball this afternoon, and I think he has the makings of a great player. I want to sign him up for this spring's tryout with our league club, so that he can get his start toward becoming a professional baseball player. It will be necessary to get your consent. Will you give it to him?"

Into swift, liquid Italian Tony Ferranti put all that Rod had said in English . . . Youthful Tony Ferranti, sitting there in his faded baseball uniform with the name North Beach across its front; Tony Ferranti, eighteen, wide of shoulder, large of wrist and hand, angular; his eyes shining, his face aglow with the joy and the wonderment that had been on him ever since Rod McLennan had spoken to him on the sandlot field, now pouring out all that Rod had said; pouring it out in joy and in hope . . . and in doubt and in concern—doubt and concern as he watched his father where he sat listening, his bronzed face mask-like, expressionless.

Tony finished. In the living room of the Ferranti family there fell silence.

For a long moment it held, and then the elder Ferranti brought his mouth down into a straight line, and his close-cropped head moved swiftly from side to side. In a single word he gave answer.

"No."

Rod was on his feet; was leaning across the table.

"But *why?* *Why?*" He shot out

the words, sent others crackling after them. "Listen! He's the likeliest kid I've seen in twenty years of baseball. He's a natural . . . a comer. This afternoon when I saw him . . ."

Rod was throwing words with both hands, the elder Ferranti was replying, Tony was translating forward and back, the room was filled with sound. At its height a door leading to another room edged open. Rod caught a glimpse of a stout woman, of a number of small, bright-eyed, inquiring faces. The elder Ferranti abandoned the main issue long enough to crackle commands; the stout woman, the bright-eyed faces disappeared; the door closed . . . the elder Ferranti came back to the main issue.

In the end, Rod got a story that went like this: The Ferrantis had always been fishermen. For hundreds of years in Sicily they had owned their own boats, as the elder Ferranti now owned his boat here in America. The Ferrantis would go on being fishermen, would go on plying their trade, their business . . . fishing. Those of them who weren't big and powerful enough would have something else to do, but those of them that were—and here the father gave swift gesture at Tony—would attend to their inherited business. There were many mouths to be filled in the family—again there was gesture, this time toward the closed door—everybody must do his part, and yet the one member of the family who should have thought most about his real part, thought only, when he wasn't fishing, of this game of baseball—of play, play, play!

At which point Rod managed to get a word in edgewise.

Okay! But what may seem play to you may not seem play to other people. It may seem business. It may mean more money in a season than ever could be hauled out of the ocean from a fishing boat.

Tony made translation. When he

had finished, the elder Ferranti instead of bursting into instant speech, as heretofore, was silent, his eyes fixed on Rod.

"Got him there," thought Rod. And he had—for a moment.

Then the elder Ferranti spoke through Tony.

"You've been a long time playing this baseball?"

"Twenty years," said Rod.

"And you've got money put away to show for it? To show for what you call . . . this business?"

Rod flushed. The old man had hit him in his most vital spot. He had never saved money—and he had never had much to save. In baseball he had been just good enough; never a star. A wave of resentment went over him. Why have to sit there and take all this stuff from some ignorant wop? Let the kid go his own way! There'd be plenty of other likely-looking kids to sign up, with their folks breaking their shins to help them. He gave a gesture of being through, started to rise from his chair.

Then he caught sight of Tony Ferranti's face. On it was the look of one who realizes that he has lost; of one who has had great hopes, has seen a great vision . . . and who now sees that his hopes and vision will not be fulfilled. Without help . . .

Rod shifted his gaze—and through a window he saw, beyond the picket fence, the crippled youth leaning on his crutches, the small boys standing, waiting . . . waiting for the news that Tony—their Tony—had been signed up by the Rangers.

Rod's jaws clicked together. Tony Ferranti would get his chance!

He regarded the elder Ferranti. "Got much to show for my baseball business?" he said in reply. "No, I haven't. I never got much, and I never saved. I was never a top-notch. But this kid," and he indicated Tony, "this kid is going to be different!"

And he began to talk the one language that, even under transla-



tion, the elder Ferranti would clearly understand. Money.

"Now, listen. You've told me that the fishing business hasn't been so hot lately, and that's the reason why Tony hasn't been going out fishing with you so much. Take a chance, then. Let him go down to the baseball training camp this spring. If he doesn't make the grade, he'll have lost only a month, with no expense to him; and if he does make the grade, he stands a chance of earning—" and here Rod made swift calculation—"he stands a chance of earning a hundred and fifty dollars a month—nine hundred dollars for the season. How much would that help the Ferranti bank account?"

He saw that he had scored; that the elder Ferranti's brows had come down in concentration—bank-account concentration. He hastened on. "Now, I'm not saying he'll do it. Good as he is, he may have to be farmed for experience, but if he does click, that's what he may make. And if at the end of the year the fishing business has snapped out of it, then Tony can go back to fishing if you think he can make more money at it than at baseball."

Rod threw out his hands with the gesture that he was indeed through. Take it or leave it.

The elder Ferranti's brows continued down. Then, slowly, they were raised.

"All right," said the elder Ferranti, and the words came relayed to Rod. "He can play baseball for the year, but that is only because of the need for money. For I tell you," and the father shook a warning forefinger at Rod and his eyes flashed darkly, "that no good will come of this. Money from play—bah!"

"Well, that's that," said Rod.

He drew a sheet of paper from his pocket, wrote swiftly and briefly with a pencil, handed the paper across the table to the two Ferrantis. "There, that's just a rough agreement that will tie things down for the time being. If you'll both just sign it . . ."

The elder Ferranti labored with the pencil. The pencil flew across the paper under Tony's hand.

Rod tucked the paper into a pocket and got to his feet. Once more he glanced at Tony, and the ex-

pression on that youth's face was worth going a long, long way to see. Then Rod's eye caught, through the window, the group waiting outside the gate. He smiled. Well, they wouldn't have to wait long now.

He was still looking at them when he saw their ranks split apart by a new arrival; by a smallish youth dressed in a snappy, faun-colored business suit and wearing a new-styled fedora at a jaunty angle. He walked right through the group, thrusting, kneeling them aside, and when they raised their voices he threw words back at them out of twisting lips. The next moment he had opened the front door, and was halfway through it before he saw that there were people inside. He stopped short; his small, black eyes darted from the elder Ferranti to Tony to Rod McLennan, and at the sight of Rod his feet shifted so that they took on the appearance of being ready to carry him either forward or backward.

It was Tony who spoke first.

"Hello, Angelo. Come on in. This is Mr. McLennan, the coach of the Rangers. We've been talking baseball."

The look on the youth Angelo's face changed. "Oh, baseball, huh?" he said, and came into the room.

"This is my brother, Angelo," said Tony.

"How are you?" said Rod.

"I'm okay," said Angelo.

Here the father began to speak, greeting Angelo, and though it was in Italian, his tone and manner were so different that the listening Rod, even though he didn't understand, at least comprehended—here was the son who was the apple of his father's eye. The father continued; and then his tone altered and he spoke crisply, the while indicating Tony with a nod of the head.

"What's that?" demanded Angelo, turning on Tony. "What's the old man trying to say about your signing up with the Rangers?"

"I've been signed up for a tryout with 'em," said Tony, and try as he did he couldn't hide the pride that was in his voice.

"Oh, you have, huh?" Angelo Ferranti's face took on a sharp incisiveness. "How much money are they going to pay you?"

"Listen, Angelo," retorted Tony,

and sharpness was in his voice for the first time. "I don't know as they're going to pay me anything; I may not be good enough to make the team. The only thing that counts is that I've got my chance."

The father was again speaking . . . and Angelo again listening. And again Angelo turned, this time upon Rod.

"Hey, he says something about your having promised a hundred and fifty a month. Listen," and Angelo's eyes narrowed, "a hundred and fifty ain't enough!"

Before Rod could answer, Tony had stepped forward so that he was close to his snappily-dressed younger brother, and all the incisive, clipped quality that had been in the father's words was now in Tony's. "There wasn't any hundred and fifty dollars promised. I *might* get that if I made good. Say," and Tony flung the words—and it was fortunate for him that his father knew no English—"I'd play for nothing to get a chance to play with the Rangers!" He swung to Rod. "Don't pay no attention to Angelo here. He thinks because he's got a job in the bottling business that he knows about every business."

The small Angelo sneered.

"Huh, you're easy! If it was me signing up you can bet that nobody would put anything over."

Rod McLennan spoke for the first time, and he smiled briefly as he said it. "Well, luckily for all of us, it isn't you." He continued to regard Angelo, and in his mind certain remembered things had come to the front . . . the look on Tony Ferranti's face on the ball field when Rod had first spoken to him; Tony's question, "Is it about Angelo?" . . . and the way in which Angelo had been ready to retreat when he had seen a stranger in the Ferranti living room. The bottling business . . . Yes, thought Rod, and many another business would young Angelo Ferranti be in; lines of endeavor of which Tony Ferranti might be more than worriedly aware. Here was a youngster who would bear watching.

"Well," said Rod, "I'll be getting along." He shook hands with the father, nodded at Angelo, and, accompanied by Tony, went out into the yard.

At the far side of the gate stood





the waiting crippled youth and the small boys, and as they caught sight of Rod and Tony their whole lives leaped into their eyes.

"Didja sign up?" they clamored.

"You tell 'em," said Rod, and he chuckled.

"You bet I signed up!" said Tony.

"Gee!" said the crippled youth and the small boys, and the joy on their faces was equalled only by the joy on Tony Ferranti's.

\* \* \*

He came back from the training camp as the regular centerfielder of the Rangers. In one month he had worked his way up from unknown rookie—from one of a score of unknown rookies—to a regular position. He was the find of his generation; the one rookie who went right to the top at the start; who had to be told a thing only once, and he had it—the kid who lived, ate, slept baseball.

On opening day the city filled the ball park to give the Rangers rousing greeting, and to get a look at this rookie of whom the sports writers had written so much. It saw a kid of eighteen; a powerful, heavy-boned, angular kid who hadn't filled out yet, and who as a result was almost awkward looking . . . until, when the Rangers came to bat, in his turn he stepped to the plate. And power stepped with him. He took his stand. Slowly, rhythmically his big bat pulsed forward, backward, waiting . . . waiting. And voices began to rise in the stands.

They did more than rise, up in the rightfield bleachers, in the cheapest seats. Here, a crippled, shrunken youth holding a pair of crutches, and half a dozen ragged small boys, had already set their voices at top pitch. With their faces fixed upon the waiting figure at the plate, they shouted and shouted his name . . . Tony . . . Tony . . . Tony!

Came the pitch, and the waiting figure left off waiting. His bat flashed . . . hammered the ball up against the centerfield fence . . .

**T**HEREAFTER for the rest of that game, whatever rookie Tony Ferranti did was greeted with a roar from the crowd. Nowhere was it more continuous than from one spot up in the rightfield bleachers . . . and on the dark, pinched face of the crippled youth, and the faces of the small boys, was a look of shining beatification.

Tony . . . Tony!

Their Tony!

The game ended. A throng of fans crowded on to the field to personally greet the team, and to greet, and to get a close-up of Tony Ferranti. Worming their way forward came a youth on crutches and a number of ragged small boys.

"Tony!" they said.

"Hello, Joe! Hello, kids!" said Tony, and in his voice was a tone that sounded as though it had been

waiting all this time just for them.

"Gee, Tony!" they said, and looked and looked up at him, and crowded closer and reached out hands and touched and fingered his uniform . . . The Ranger uniform.

**L**IFE for Tony Ferranti became a waking dream. He was doing the thing he had rather do more than anything else in all the world; doing, day after day, the thing he had hoped he could some day do, away off in the future, and here he was doing it now. And getting paid for it; bringing in to the Ferranti family as much money as his father. Is it any wonder that he went about like one who dreams and who still is awake?

And yet at times the look on his face was not that of one in happy dream. Concern, deep concern, would appear, to leave, to return again. So that finally one day Rod McLennan dropped in at the district police station.

"Howdy, Matt," he said to the captain. "Tell me what you know about Angelo Ferranti."

The captain's keen Irish eyes studied Rod. "So that's it! We don't know as much about that young man as we'd like to. So far all we've got are suspicions. He's clever."

"Sure I know he's clever!" said Rod. "He's worked his folks into thinking he's the finest kid in the world . . . and that Tony's just a lucky bum."

The captain's eyes flashed. "Bum! Say, there's the grandest kid ever, inside and outside of baseball. You should see the way the youngsters follow him around, and how he umpires their ball games—and whatever he says goes. There's your test on a kid! I wish there were more Tony Ferrantis in this district."

"You're telling me?" said Rod. "That's why I'm worried. Sooner or later this Angelo brother is going to pull something, and the kick-back is going to be mighty tough on Tony. That's why I want you to pin this Angelo's ears back before he can get started."

"We'll go after him," said the captain.

Early, the second morning after,

the telephone rang in Rod's hotel room.

"This is Captain Matt," said a voice. "Well, it's happened."

"Ferranti?" demanded Rod.

"Sure . . . at the bottom of it. But right now it's Tony. He's in the hospital with a bullet wound in his arm."

"Good God!" said Rod. For an instant he thought only in terms of baseball. "His arm—will it be all right for baseball?"

"Sure, in a month. But he may not be playing baseball. He's under arrest for burglary."

Rod's head snapped back. And then: "Hey!" he cried. "You know he wouldn't do that!"

"Sure I know it! But it's going to be bad for him if he doesn't talk—and he won't talk. We know he's shielding somebody—and this somebody is brother Angelo. We rounded Angelo up and put him over the jumps . . . and drew a blank. Perfect alibi; of course he'd have one. Unless Tony talks . . ."

Rod made question, and the answer came over the wire. "It was a hardware store; after guns. The patrolman cut 'em off in a back alley as they came out, but they went over a fence. Then somebody came around the alley corner and the patrolman fired. Yeah . . . and got Tony. Sure," and the voice at the other end of the wire made agreement to the words Rod poured out, "that's just what I figure: Tony had got wind that Angelo was going to be in this burglary and tried to stop him, and was too late. The gang that Angelo has been going with and who pulled this job have skipped town. Now here's where you come in, Rod. You know Tony better than anybody. Go see him and make him realize what he's let himself in for if he tries to shield this rat Angelo."

"I'll go right away," said Rod.

**A**S he stepped from the taxi Rod saw two figures coming down the hospital steps; one a bronzed, powerful, thickset man of middle age; the other, a stout woman with a shawl over her head. . . Tony's parents.

The father caught sight of Rod, and rage and speech boiled from him. Without understanding a word,



Rod knew well enough what he was saying: That's what comes from baseball! Burglar! Told you this would happen! And on and on . . .

"Ah, that for you!" said Rod, and started ahead—and a hand reached out and stopped him.

It was Joe, the crippled youth . . . and the half dozen grimy small boys. There was woe on the cripple's face, and on the faces of the small boys; several of the latter were openly sobbing, the tears making runnels down their dirty cheeks, and the more they tried to check the tears the harder they sobbed.

"Mr. McLennan!" cried Joe. "They . . . they won't let us go in and see him! And . . . and you know he didn't do it!"

"Of course I know he didn't!" said Rod. "But . . . Say, do you know who did it?"

"I ain't saying!" flashed the cripple. "But . . . but you just wait!" Into the cripple's face came a look of such hatred, of such vengeance, that Rod caught his breath. "You just wait!" repeated the cripple. "That's all!"

"I'll see you when I come out," said Rod. He went into the hospital . . . was shown to Tony Ferranti's room . . . came to Tony Ferranti lying on a cot. "Kid!" said Rod, and gripped his hand. "Now you're going to tell me some things."

THE pallor on Tony's face deepened. Rod heard him suck in his breath. For a moment the room was still. And then:

"I ain't talking," said Tony.

"But you've got to," said Rod. "It's your whole future! If you don't tell . . . Listen, we know a lot of things." Swiftly he sketched what he and the captain had surmised, and the look on Tony's face, try to hide it though he did, told Rod that they were right. At the end, Tony fixed his brown eyes on Rod, and a great ache was in them.

"I'd do anything for you," said Tony. "You know that. But . . . I ain't talking."

Rod tried different tactics. "Don't think for a moment you'll save Angelo by throwing yourself away. When he finds that he's gotten out of this jam, sooner or later he'll get over his scare and go after some-

thing bigger. You can't save him this way."

Tony shook his head. "I ain't talking."

Rod knew that he was licked. Knew that Tony wouldn't talk. He took a deep breath . . . looked out the window, trying to collect his thoughts. His eyes, moving along the street, took in a figure standing in a doorway. A smallish figure wearing a faun-colored suit. A faun-colored suit . . . Angelo. Angelo Ferranti, standing there, watching the hospital.

Rod's eyes took in something else—the crippled Joe and the small boys going along the sidewalk, leaving the hospital. And then they saw . . . what Rod had seen. For a moment they seemed to pay no attention, didn't alter their pace; then finally angled across the street—and came swiftly up to Angelo Ferranti. And the way they came up to him caused a chill to run along a watching Rod's spine.

"I'll . . . I'll be back soon," Rod told Tony Ferranti . . . and was out of the hospital and going along the street, his eyes on that group; on the crippled Joe now talking to Angelo and shaking his crutch at him, and the small boys ringed tight about.

Suddenly, Angelo's fist went out. It struck the cripple in the face; felled him. And then Angelo had knocked a small boy aside and was fleeing down an alley.

Rod raced forward. But even as he started, the cripple was up, was shrilling commands, and the boys were streaking after the fugitive, and the crippled youth was following in their wake, hurling himself along on crutches so furiously as to almost tear his shoulders out.

Rod reached the alley; turned down it. And saw the leading pursuer overtake Angelo and launch himself in diving tackle. He and Angelo went sprawling. Angelo half rose, beat at the other, kicked him; was free . . . and the next pursuer was on him, and the next. The racking cripple arrived, and swung aloft a crutch.

Rod began to run again. Then slackened. At command from the cripple the others got up; Angelo got up; and once more they ringed around him, and once more the cripple began talking. Slowly talking now, and indicating with his crutch, and his face was set.

"You will!" Rod heard him say. "You will—or we'll kill you!"

Angelo snarled at him; looked swiftly around like a cornered animal seeking escape. And equally animal-like, the ring around him took a step closer, and the cripple's crutch swung up.

Once more Angelo looked dartingly around; once more the ring tightened; and now the cripple's crutch was ready.

"This is your last chance!" came the cripple's voice.

Suddenly, wiltingly, Angelo Fer-

ranti gave signal of surrender. "Okay!" he gasped.

"Get going!" said the cripple.

Down the alley Angelo started, with some of the group ahead of him, some at his side, some at the rear. They herded him along.

Five minutes later, Rod McLennan watched Angelo Ferranti . . . go slowly up the steps of the district police station.

SEVERAL days after this, at the office of the ball park, an usher found Rod McLennan.

"Say, there's a crowd outside that wants to see you, and they won't take no for an answer."

"Okay," said Rod, and went out . . . and came upon a waiting group; upon the crippled Joe and the small boys, and a thick set, grizzled man—Tony Ferranti's father.

"Mr. McLennan!" said Joe. "We come . . . Tony's dad here wanted to come, and he don't speak no English, so he got us to come with him, and he wants to tell you . . ."

The youth turned to the grizzled, thick set, waiting man; spoke swiftly in Italian . . . listened . . . and turned to Rod again. "He says that his boy Angelo has been given a suspended sentence and been put in his charge—which perhaps you already know. But what perhaps you don't know, is that Angelo's dad has took charge of him like he should, and . . ."

Rod felt a tugging at his sleeve, and found the elder Ferranti, flashing of eye, nodding vigorously, and saying "Si, si!" and gesturing with a wide and heavy hand . . . and it needed no translation to tell how the elder Ferranti had taken charge of his boy Angelo.

"He says," continued the crippled youth, "that Angelo has been sent to some relatives in the country, and if Angelo don't do what he's been told, he'll take charge of him some more!"

Again the youth turned to the grizzled man . . . listened . . . and then said: "And he says this. That he is proud of his boy Tony, more proud than he can say, and that Tony can play baseball all the time from now on. There!"

The group stood silent, eyes on Rod McLennan. And Rod spoke.

"Tell Mr. Ferranti he'll be proud of his son Tony all his life!"

He gripped the elder Ferranti's hand; gripped that of the crippled youth; shook hands with each of the small, grimy boys. Then, looking at the whole group, he grinned.

"Listen! The doctors say that Tony will be able to return to the game in about three weeks. The first day he plays, there'll be a box at this ball park reserved for all of you, right down where you can see Tony close up, and where he can see you. And when he comes to bat," and Rod's grin widened, "I hope you'll be yelling the way you feel like yelling. He's . . . your Tony!"





mo'. Mistuh Gibson he had a big, heavy stock saddle wid him, too, de kine wid a girt' dat draws up wid leather strops sted er bucklin'. A powerful man kin moughty nigh cut a hoss in two wid a girt' like dat, specially ef de hoss is a colt an' don't know nothin' 'bout swellin' out his belly." Tom paused to aim another brown squirt at the rooster; score: two—nothing.

"Mistuh Gibson axes Mistuh Taylor did de colt eber done had a saddle er a bridle on him. Mistuh Taylor he lows es how dey done slip a snaffle in his mouf' once or twice, an' put a racin' saddle on him, but dey tuck it moughty easy so es not to skeer him.

"Mistuh Gibson he puff out his ches' like a turkey gobbler.

"Whar I comes from, us don't keer how skeered a hoss gits, de mo' skeered he is de mo' he bucks, an' de mo' he bucks de first time he's rode de quicker he larns dat it don't get him nowhar, an' den you don't have no mo' trubble wid him.' An' he walks up an' slips dat ar spade bit in de colt's mouf.

"C'ose, Mistuh Philip, I ain't sputin' dat white man's word, may be, whar he comes from, de hosses would stan' dat kine er treatment, but Mistuh Gibson he fo'got one thing, an' it wus de las' thing he eber did fo'git, too. He disrecollected dat Gol' Stan'nard ain't no cold blooded hoss, he's a thoroughbred.

"When he got de snaffle like he wanted it, Mistuh Gibson tuck an' heaved dat big ole saddle on to de colt's back. Gol' Stan'nard, he's a genmun, he is, an' up to dat time he hadn't eber been mishandled, he jes' stood dah widout movin', only when de man cinches up de girt' he gibs a kine er grunt an' stumbles sideways like he couldn't ketch his bref' right good.

"Uh huh, you is one er dese hyere quiet ones, is you?" says Mistuh Gibson, 'Reckon maybe I ought to er wo' my spurs,' an' he reaches down into a holster on his belt, an' he looses up a forty-fo' so he kin git at it easy, den he puts his foot in de stirrup an' de nex' minute he's on de colt's back. Gawd Almighty, Mistuh Philip, ef dat man weighed a poun' he weighed two hundred, an' de saddle by itself would tip de scales at over sixty! . . .

Still de colt stood dah. Po' li'l fellah, he didn't know whut had



## The Lunatic

(Continued from page 7)

struck him, but I seed his laigs tremblin' jes' de same, tremblin' like a nigger wid de swamp shakes! Mistuh Gibson he pulls de gun an' pints it up in de air.

"Let er go! . . . ' he hollers an' he fires, Bam!— Right den an' dah dat colt come to life. At de firs' buck Mistuh Gibson leans back in de saddle an' pulls on de spade bit. Up goes de colt on his hind laigs, his front foots reachin' fo' de moon, an' his mouf commencin' to slobber red. Mistuh Gibson gun de reins anudder jerk an' de colt come on over backwards an' es he fell he twisted sideways. Hadn't er bin fo' dat twis' de man mought er bin throwed clear, but es it wus he hung up somewhar an' when dey hit de groun', de pommel er de saddle cotched him right in de ches', he never moved no mo'.

"Us had a hard time pullin' him out er de way, 'cause de hoss had gone stark, starin' mad! He wus buckin' an' plungin' an a r'arin' roun' tryin' to git rid er de saddle. Three times he throwed himself, but e'vy time he come up on his feets again befo' us could grab his head, an' all de time de blood wus pourin' out er his mouf' like es if he wus a stuck pig! . . . Den he tuck de snake fence at de end er de yard, an' dats de las' anybody sees er him twel he come home by hisself two days later.

"De saddle an' de bridle wus gone, only de throat lash an' de brow ban' still hung to him. Dey was a boil es big es yo' fis' on his back an' his withers an' his belly wus like a side er raw beef. But 'is tongue wus de wors'. Mistuh Philip, suh, a strong man couldn't look at dat ar

tongue an' keep his breakfus' down! . . . Mistuh Taylor fed him fo' a month on milk an' mashes twel it healed over, den he turned him out."

The negro paused and spat again; score: three—nothing.

"Funny part er it wus dat de colt was still gentle an' easy to handle, long as nobody tried to put a bit in his mouf' er a saddle on his back, den he'd go crazy again, crazy es a June bug. Nex' thing dishyere Mistuh Sanders bought him fo' ten dollars, an' he schooled him to run roun' in de ring an' jump free, but dats es fur es he got."

"But, Tom, I still don't see what we can do with him, he's mad as ever." The negro did not answer, instead he went back to the stall, led out the colt and turned him loose in the big field behind the barn, the horse threw back his head and snorted. Then he bent his knees, dropped to his belly and rolled, three times from one side to the other without any apparent effort.

"Hah, man, dah's three hundred dollars he's wuth right dah," chuckled the negro. Gold Standard stood on his feet and shook himself; once, twice, he lifted his heels in a playful kick and then he was away, galloping for the live oak grove at the end of the pasture. The old man waited until he had reached his stride, then he put his little fingers in the corners of his mouth and whistled, a shrill piercing whistle. It was as though the magic wand of a King Midas had transformed the vital, rippling flesh to solid gold, the colt's front feet stiffened out ahead of him and he stopped dead in his tracks, motionless, frozen. Again his crest went up and he nickered, a clear, bell-like whinny, turned and trotted back to the paddock gate. The negro reached in his pocket for a nubbin of corn.

"My God, Tom!" exclaimed the young man, "what did you do, conjure him? What made him stop so quick? And how in time did you ever learn to make a noise like that? It's got me fairly deafened! . . ."

"I spent a heap er time an' mos' a barrel er cawn larnin' dishyere colt to come when he wus called, Mistuh Philip, suh," said the old man, "an' I reckon it's moughty nigh a year now sence he's done heard dat ar whistle." He fondled the soft nose, "But you ain't fo'got ole Tom, is you, honey boy, naw, suh! . . . A colt whut kin 'member dat good kin

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(Continued from page 42)

be taught other things, too, can't he, Mistuh Philip?"

But the younger man did not answer, he was thinking hard and muttering to himself as he stroked the chestnut muzzle. "Horses are creatures of habit—they don't learn through their minds, they learn through an association of ideas—through conditioned, reflex actions—" that's what Philip was thinking as he stood in the sun, looking at the colt that was a man killer.

THE twenty-fifth of September dawned clear and sunny with just a zip in the air to herald the approaching fall. Two horsemen, a young man and a boy were riding along a red clay road that was edged with a white panel fence. The season had been a dry one, clouds of red dust spurted up as the horses moved along at an easy, shuffling fox trot. Philip looking at his brother, thought how young he seemed; the very fact that, like the man, he was dressed in the formal hunt uniform, hard hat, black coat with a yellow collar, white stock, made him appear even more a little school boy made up for a play.

As the brothers were alike, so too were the horses, golden chestnuts, the two of them, close coupled and powerful; but where the man's bridle was the regulation hunting snaffle with braided reins, ring martingale and breast plate, and his English saddle was of gleaming leather with flask and sandwich cases attached, the boy rode with a soft, western hackamore, its noseband lined with sheepskin to prevent chafing. No bit was in his horse's mouth, instead the rope reins worked on a slip knot system, as the rider pulled, the pressure on the horse's nose increased. All well for someone with a strong arm, but what if a boy had to stop quickly?

The saddle was as odd, a yellow felt pad, trimmed away before and behind until little more than a broad, rounded surcingle fitted with a girth and stirrups was left. Surely never before had thoroughbred horseflesh gone to compete in a hunter trials thus equipped.

"Kind of late, aren't we, Phil?" said the boy.

"Well, I'll tell you, kid, I figured if we got there just before the class was

called the judges wouldn't be so likely to notice your rig and disqualify you. Even if you do get a clean performance, you know, you can't hope to place in the ribbons, because the class calls for a green thoroughbred, under six years, equipment and hunting appointments to count twenty five per cent."

"But it's not the cup we're after," interrupted the boy, "we're out to take Mr. Andrew Scott's thousand bucks, and will we take 'em, oh, boy! . . . This here colt could take the course blindfold and hindside to if he had to, after the number of times he's been over it! And can he jump! Wow! . . ."

"I'm not worrying about his jumping, kid," the man's face was serious, troubled, "I know he can jump when he's by himself, but he won't be alone today, he'll have a lot of fools cheering and yelling at him. What if something scares him, what if he bolts? Boy, if that colt ever gets to really running—you wouldn't have the chance of a snowball in hell! Not in that turn out you wouldn't! Sometimes I think I'm crazier'n the horse to even think about letting you try it! . . ."

"Aw, come off, Phil. You know as well as I do that Gold Standard is as handy in a hackamore as any other horse would be in a curb bit, and so far he hasn't shied at a thing. The only time we had trouble with him was that day we tried to put the saddle and bridle on him." The boy leaned over and stroked the golden neck. "Don't get cold feet now, Phil, not after all the work we've put on him, not when he's tried so hard to learn!"

They rode along in silence. Finally the man spoke, "O.K., kid, here's the gate. You keep out of sight, I'll send Tom over with your number, and—good luck! . . ."

The Middletown Hunter Trials course was a miracle of ingenuity for testing the ability of a horse over every kind of jump, and for affording the spectators the best

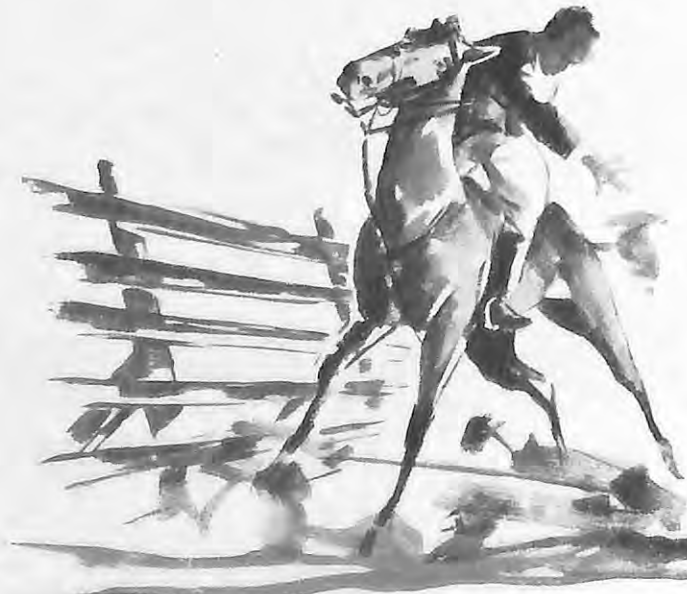
possible view of it all. It was laid out in a great oval shape, with a high ridge running lengthwise down the center, on this ridge the judges, the gallery and the horsemen who were not at the moment competing milled about, surging backward and forward over the crest of the hill as, with their field glasses they followed the riders galloping below them. A hunter Trials crowd is the most democratic and the best natured in the world. Gentlemen in pink exchanged views with darkies in jeans. Men, women and children they were all out to watch a good day's sport just for the love of it, for there was no gambling and the only prizes were trophies. All Middletown took a holiday on Trials day, and all Middletown was present on this twenty-fifth of September, laughing, joking, jollyng each other along.

As the brothers rode through the entrance gate, showed their exhibitor's badges and secured programs, they heard the big amplifier placed at the top of the hill for the purpose of making announcements.

"Mr. James' groom, please, Mr. James' groom, please, will Mr. James' groom come to the top of the hill by the judge's stand and bring Mr. James' red flannel underwear, please! . . ." A roar of delighted appreciation went up from the crowd and the brothers grinned at each other.

"Bet you that's some of Bill Brandon's monkey business," said the younger Arnold as they separated, he to ride to an inconspicuous spot near the starting post, the other to make his way to the top of the hill where he could watch the last entries in the Hunt Team class, the class that preceded the one in which Gold Standard was entered. On his way up the slope Philip Arnold spotted Tom, very dressy in a shiny suit, and dispatched him in search of the number that Bob was to wear. A team of three bay horses had just started, they took the first two jumps nicely, rounded a flag and

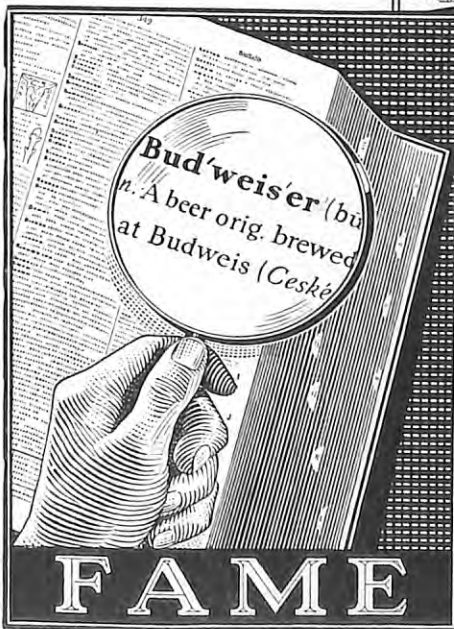
disappeared for a moment at the far end of the course to re-appear on the other side of the ridge still galloping in perfect hunt formation. The third jump was solid telephone post, not very high, as jumps go, but exceedingly odd looking. Arnold noticed that each of the horses jumped as though  
(Continued on page 51)



# Maybe he can give you a tip



*The bellhop sees a lot of people... hears what they have to say... knows what they like to do. Ask him three questions about beer. —Which beer does everybody from everywhere know?—Which beer has an exquisite bouquet and delightful flavor all its own?—Which beer is most called for in the best hotel dining rooms? He'll answer your three questions with one word—Budweiser.*



*Famous? Yes indeed! Look at page 349 of Webster's New International Dictionary. But, your palate will tell you—better than a dictionary—why America prefers Budweiser.*

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Above: A male Duck Hawk, the American peregrine. Center: An Eastern falconer with his birds and greyhound.

Photos by Ewing Galloway and Capt. R. Luff Meredith

withstand the roar and flash of gunpowder, and retired croakingly to a nearby crag while I stowed the eyases into a cotton-padded box, slung it over my shoulder and was up the rope in triumph. After my departure the falcon ruefully surveyed her empty nest, fumed for an hour or two, then straightaway proceeded—like a true maternal creature in an unspoiled state of nature—to lay another clutch of eggs.

When you have captured your eyas, take it home immediately and release it in a room that is absolutely quiet and dark. Why must the room be dark? Well, because the bird is extremely sensitive to strange surroundings and must be introduced with great care to its new environment else it will develop the bad habit known as "bating"—that is, jerking nervously at every new object it encounters. Soon after the eyas is released in the dark room a soft leather hood is fitted over its eyes and head. What the bridle is to the horse, the hood is to the falcon; no bird can be properly trained without it. The hood must fit snugly (it can be adjusted by lacings in the back) and should be so made that it permits the bird to eat and breathe without difficulty. At first the eyas naturally resents the hood, but with all firmness and gentleness it must be put on and taken off for two or three hours at a time so that the bird becomes accustomed to handling about the head.

Jesses, or narrow strips of leather, are now fastened to the hawklet's legs, just above the ankle. The jesses are then joined to a swivel, to which a long leash or *creance* is attached. Later, while the bird is being actively trained in the open, the jesses are of

## Falcon's Way

(Continued from page 17)



Above: A Greenland gyrfalcon, the only bird of this species to be captured in the United States. It was sent to England this summer.

great assistance in controlling and restraining its movements. Lastly, a tiny bronze bell is fastened to each foot; the falcon cannot move without jingling these bells and thus keeps its trainer informed as to its whereabouts at all times during training and flight. Frequently a stubborn bird decides to hide in a deep thicket or a high tree, and unless bells are attached to its feet there is no way of locating its hiding place. Excellent bells are manufactured in Holland, but the best ones are still made in India. So delicate and clear are these eastern bells that they can be distinctly heard a quarter of a mile away.

Equipped with this colorful harness, the eyas is now ready for active lessoning. First of all he must be "manned"—that is, gradually accustomed to the presence of his master and other human beings, a process that requires considerable patience and persistence. One of the best ways of manning a falcon is to smoke a pipe incessantly before it for 72 hours, day and night. Naturally you must have an assistant during this period, because no one man could stand up under

such a strain. But there is no substitute for this baptism of smoke; it impresses the bird with the constant presence of his new master, and it is also believed to act as a sedative on the young falcon. While the smoking goes forward, stroke the bird occasionally and speak to it softly. Whatever you do in the falcon's presence, remember this: Be gentle and leisurely about it. Harsh sounds and brusque movements are fatal while a hawk is being manned, and I have seen trainers ruin birds completely by an outburst of impatience or a sudden raising of the voice. As soon as possible, permit the bird to perch upon your wrist, a place he will grow to love. Apparently there is something hypnotic about this position, for it seems to soothe the hawk and quickly familiarizes him with his trainer.

For the first two or three days the bird is not fed at all, and at the end of this period he is faint with hunger. You now introduce him to food, not by thrusting it into his mouth (a goose may be fed so, but not a falcon) but in the following artful manner: You touch the bird gently on the shoulder with your finger, then as his head darts sideways in reprisal, you manage to have his beak strike a thin strip of lean beef that you are holding between the fingers of your other hand. Thus he wins his first meal as the result of an *attack* on something. To attack his food is characteristic of the falcon; it must be encouraged from the beginning, so that he will lose none of his natural dash in captivity.

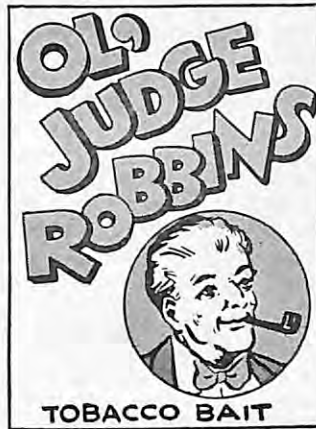
The first full feeding is done by candlelight. The hood is gently removed and in the semi-darkness thin

strips of fresh, warmed beef or liver are swung before the bird's eyes. Ravenously he assails the food, and although care should be taken not to gorge him at first, he must be sufficiently fed or else "hunger streaks" will develop in his wings and deprive him of his full powers of flight. Before the conclusion of every meal the hood is replaced so that the hawk will not make the disagreeable association between "hooding" and "end-of-eating." The whole early training of the bird lies in building up a series of associations favorable to the trainer, all tending to overcome the hawk's natural hostility to man, and to establish affection and confidence between the eyas and his master.

About a week is spent in these preliminary instructions, and then the hawk is introduced to the "lure," the most important item in the falconer's equipment. The lure consists of a weighted leathern disc, to which two pigeon feathers have been attached to give it a semblance of reality. In broad daylight the falcon is unhooded, food is placed in the center of the lure, and it is tossed a few feet away. If the hawk is keen with hunger he will dart at this artificial prey, but if he does *not* dart he is again hooded and the whole process is repeated until the promptings of hunger drive him to attack the lure with precision and despatch. About this time the falcon makes another important step in his education. He tries to fly away with the lure, but alas, he is doomed to disappointment. For the weighted disc is too heavy for him to lift, and this fact breaks him of the habit of "carrying,"—that is, flying off with the quarry that he must learn to deposit at his master's feet. It is a most important lesson; a falcon that "carries" is as bad as a bird dog that runs off with retrieved game and devours it in a secluded spot.

Gradually the lure is thrown further and further away. The bird is obliged to fly after it, first with a leash attached to his jesses, then—oh perilous moment in the life of the falconer—utterly free. The risk is that the bird, sensing its freedom, will elect to bathe its wings in some sun-washed cloud and never return to the dark captivity of the hood. This first unleashed flight is a great crisis with bird and trainer, but if the falcon's education has been properly managed it rarely flies away. The well-trained bird soars into its element; the broad regions of the sky beckon, and for a crucial moment he balances the temptation on his strong young wings. Then, if he has the makings of a true falcon, he darts toward the lure with the speed of light. He is no longer a wildling; for better or worse he is a winged projection of the falconer, and another symbol of man's cunning domination of nature.

While all this important psychology training is in progress, you must not neglect the purely physical side of your bird's conditioning.

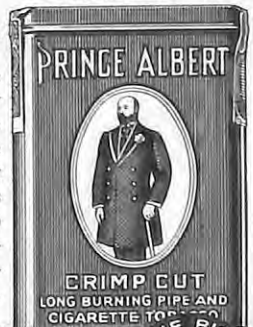


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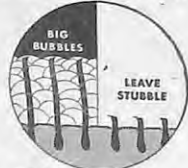


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**COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER**



Every day he should be set out upon a weathering block, a kind of perch with a rounded top that he can grip with both claws. Here the wind and sun beat upon him, hardening his sinews and bringing the lustre of health to his slate-colored plumage. At first he is secured to the block by a leash, but at length he is permitted to fly about the premises, testing his wings and indulging in those acrobatic stunts in mid-air that seem to be an instinctive part of his hawk nature. When he is three months old you will find him practising side-slips, loops and fake falls; he dives and volplanes tirelessly, apparently for the sheer joy of flying. One of the chief rewards of the falconer's life is to watch his bird playing happily in the air. At this period in the hawk's development he does not know that other birds are good to eat, and because he is well fed, there is no necessity of foraging for food. If you feed him promptly and regularly he will be on hand at meal times, and should be carried on your wrist while he partakes of his fresh beef or liver.

Now you approach the most critical test of all—"entering" your bird—that is, dispatching him after live quarry. You have let him go hungry for a day or two, kept him hooded, leashed, and constantly on your wrist. Then on a clear and windless day you take him out into the middle of a large field, preferably free of trees or hedges. You unhood the bird, stroking and gentling him while an assistant releases a live pigeon not far away. The beating of the pigeon's wings as it rises into the air should attract your falcon, but if he is of a "noble" strain he will permit the quarry to get two or three hundred yards away before he starts after it. A peregrine does not pursue his victim. No, he soars high into the air, hovers motionless for a few seconds, then with a penetrating cry that sounds like nothing so much as "killie-killie" he "stoops" for the fleeing pigeon. There is no escaping this death-rush, yet neither is there any undue anguish connected with the pigeon's fate. For a falcon's prey never dies a lingering death, and even the officials of national humane societies agree that there is no suffering when this dazzling bird administers his *coup de grace*.

The first and without exception the noblest falcon I ever saw entered in this country was flown by the late Erastus Tefft at his extensive country place in Brewster, New York. Mr. Tefft, known to his intimate friends as "Squire," owned a female peregrine, Flora by name—the fiercest and most regal bird I have ever seen, yet so affectionate with her master as to belie all statements that the falcon is incapable of tenderness. One glorious spring day Squire Tefft decided that Flora was ready for a trial. But no meek little pigeon for her! In accordance with his own knightly way of doing

things, Squire Tefft had provided a covey of pheasants to whet Flora's appetite. She was brought to the edge of the field, hooded and perched upon her master's wrist. In a dramatic silence the hood was removed, and true to her strain Flora immediately zoomed into the air "six steeples high" as the old falconer's phraseology so quaintly puts it. While she was soaring, a bird dog flushed a pheasant from a small thicket; the game-bird rose at its usual low trajectory and started off towards a distant copse. Afoot and on horseback we dashed after it, across fields, over brooks and stone walls, through the Squire's herds of imported sheep and shaggy Welsh ponies—all of us running breathlessly with one eye on Flora and the other one on the uneven terrain around us. At first Flora did not realize what was expected of her, or else she was giving the pheasant an unusually long head-start in its race for life, for the quarry was nearly three hundred yards away when Flora decided to stoop for it. But when she finally started in pursuit it seemed only a matter of a few leisurely wing-beats before she overtook her quarry. High above her prey she poised stationary for a fraction of a second, then started downward, dropping like a plumed meteor, her bells fairly screaming with the eagerness and speed of her flight. In mid-career she struck the fleeing pheasant with such force that the quarry was almost broken in two pieces, then circled downward to a happy landing (happy at least for trainer and falcon) directly at the Squire's feet. Both bird and trainer had proved themselves to be two excellent examples of what it will take to revive the art of falconry in the United States. Unfortunately, Erastus Tefft died last year and there is no one on the immediate horizon to take his place as America's outstanding falconer.

SOON after Flora's exhibition was over, another falcon—this time a short-winged American goshawk—was sent up after a pigeon. Unlike the peregrine, the goshawk does not soar into the air; instead, he darts after his quarry as soon as it is released, for he has no speed to equal the peregrine's, and cannot permit his prey to get too far away. This goshawk was a nervous little fellow, fairly aching to go to work. He flew alongside the pigeon for a few moments, then with a feinting upward maneuver he forced the unlucky bird to climb a trifle. As the pigeon started to mount, Tefft's goshawk performed a half-roll in full flight, delivered a death blow at the pigeon's breast, then flew with his pelt to a nearby tree.

This was distinctly a breach of good hawking manners, and had to be corrected immediately. So a professional falconer approached the tree and flashed the great brass buckle

of his falconer's belt at the goshawk's inquisitive eyes. Something about this flashing buckle usually brings the bird fluttering to earth, but in this case the goshawk decided not to come down, so the falconer had to tempt him with a special bait. From the green baize bag that he carried at his waist, the falconer drew a live pigeon with a cord attached to its leg. The pigeon started to fly away, whereupon the goshawk dropped his original prey and made off after the second bird. Overtaking and killing it as before, he sailed obediently to his master's wrist and made no attempt to carry his latest pelt to a tree.

**T**WO American boys, Frank and John Craighead of Washington, D. C., have demonstrated what the younger generation can do with falcons. Recently they captured a sparrow-hawk which they have trained, not exactly in the classical tradition, yet sufficiently to make him an exciting pet and a very adept hunter. In the air this sparrow-hawk, who answers to the name of "Bad-Boy," can ruffle a saucy bluejay and drive off a whole flock of crows, but is no match for anything larger. When no winged prey is available, Bad-Boy will do splendid work on ground game—rabbits, weasels, rats, mice and particularly snakes. If an estate is overrun with snakes or water rats, an active sparrow-hawk will clean them out quicker than anything else. There is practically nothing small enough to escape the sparrow-hawk's telescopic eye; I have seen this bird plunge from a height of 1,000 feet to nip a chipmunk at the mouth of its hole. Goshawks will even follow burrowing animals deep into their subterranean tunnels; I once had a falcon that forgot it was a denizen of the air and followed a rabbit two feet underground, ending up by getting caught in a steel trap that had been set there.

For the taking of larger game—fox and antelope, for example—the golden eagle, big brother of the falcon, is called into service. Few men have the patience or energy to train eagles, but there is a famous exponent of this art who recently visited us in the United States. Capt. Charles Knight of England has trained a huge eagle in the art of falconry, and while his bird is slower than a hawk, it offsets this comparative sluggishness by bringing its dreadnaught strength and courage to bear on the chase. The mighty whirl of this great bird's wings as it swoops down upon its prey is truly terrifying. Capt. Knight's interest in eagles began when he learned that several Asiatic tribes still use them to hunt gazelles and other fleet-footed small deer. Sensing the sporting possibilities of the bird, Capt. Knight decided to train a young eagle, and the results have been highly gratifying. The eagle is a marvel to behold



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in action, and fills the observer with wonder at the affectionate relationship between this gigantic falcon and its master. It is so heavy that Capt. Knight, although a large and powerful man, is unable to bear its unsupported weight upon his wrist; accordingly he has devised a brace which supports most of the burden. While handling the eagle, Capt. Knight wears a specially constructed and very thick leather gauntlet extending well above his elbow.

**O**NE of the most powerful incentives to the revival of falconry in America is the scientific interest that airplane designers are showing in the wing structure and flying secrets of these swift and beautifully-made birds. The body of a hawk is a perfect example of nature's streamlining, and its wings are so efficiently cambered and proportioned that they are the despair of aeronautic designers. Recent photographs, taken with cameras that click off a picture in 1/75,000th of a second, have revealed new and hitherto unsuspected data on the mechanics of bird flight, much of which is being applied to airplane design. But no one has yet fathomed the secret of the falcon's remarkable ease and speed of propulsion. Scientists have discovered that his bones are extremely light, hollow, and filled with warm air, and that his entire bony structure is a kind of secondary breathing apparatus, intimately connected with his lungs. Even the smallest of his quills are filled with air, so that the bird in motion is literally inflated with his own aerial element. One British authority maintains that if the falcon's throat were tightly constricted, he could breathe through his plumage! His soaring powers, which sometimes lift him out of the range of human vision, are due to his instinctive knowledge of rising air currents; he merely places himself on one of these mounting escalators and rides to the blue and uttermost ceiling of the world.

**O**NE of the chief obstacles to the growth of falconry in this country is the enormous difficulty of securing young hawks. I have received hundreds of letters from people all over the United States, begging me to tell them where and how they could obtain a brace of eyases. It would seem almost worth while for a group of ambitious young men to enter this field commercially; certainly there is no competition, and the market is bound to expand during the next few years. But until such traffic in falcons is established, I can only give the following advice to anyone who wants to catch his own hawk:

Go out with a good telescope and scour the surfaces of all cliffs, bluffs, or rocky mountainsides in your vicinity, searching particularly for any niche or crevasse that may harbor a

hawk's nest. Closely observe the course of all high-soaring birds, and if you notice two of them flying back and forth toward a single spot it is likely that they are bringing food to their nest. Your state ornithologist will be glad to give you information concerning the whereabouts of falcons in your neighborhood; often there is a generous bounty on them, because they are considered a menace to poultry and songsters. But no one can give you a blue-print or guide-book that will lead you directly to these wary birds, and even after you have located them you must form your own campaign to secure the precious fledglings.

There is a school of falconers who claim that a yearling bird, technically known as a "haggard" is preferable to a chick that has been lifted from its nest. The year of wild freedom that the haggard has spent in foraging for its own food unquestionably gives it greater strength and endurance. But what a contract it is to snare a haggard! Still, if you want the fun and excitement of trying, I suggest that you go about it in the following manner:

**D**RIVE a short stake into the ground, first having bored a hole through the top. Now pass a string through this hole, secure one end of the string to the leg of a live pigeon and hold the other end in your hand. Over the stake, set an ordinary drop-snare or bow-net. Now conceal yourself in a nearby hay-mow or thicket, pay out the string attached to the pigeon's leg, and hope that a soaring hawk will spot her fluttering wings. If she attracts a hawk, pull her gently toward the mouth of the snare. The hawk, intent solely on securing his prey, is likely to become entangled in the snare—and your experience with a haggard has begun! Haggards have a ferocity not equalled by fledglings, and although their training proceeds along similar lines it is considerably more difficult. Yet it can be successfully accomplished, as the achievements of Mr. Frank B. Levy of Long Island very brilliantly show. Mr. Levy has had remarkable success with yearling birds, and finds them incomparably harder and swifter—though much less docile—than their younger brothers.

**D**o not get the notion that the training of a falcon is a mysterious or impossible affair. Any man or boy of normal patience and ingenuity can become a falconer, if he has an affection for his birds. The ideal trainer, according to the old definition, is "a quiet man who isn't lazy." If enough such men can be found in the United States, it means that the ancient sport of falconry will enjoy a full-time revival, and that the jingle of the falcon's bells will again become a familiar sound wherever sportsmen gather for a day in the open.

# The Lunatic

(Continued from page 44)

he were afraid. This was a ladies' team, a mother and two daughters, representing a nearby hunt. They came galloping up the slope, perfectly spaced, Mrs. Gail leading, riding side. The girls rode astride, a perfectly co-ordinated whole they seemed, as they pounded up the rise, the horses glistening, the riders in their black coats steady in their saddles. The leader stood well away as he took off for the wicked timber fence that leaned towards him at the summit, though only four foot six, a horse would have to jump five feet or better to clear it because of the sloping ground, but the bay had a sturdy heart and he rose to it like a woodcock.

Not so the second horse, he hesitated then gave a sudden leap, but he had misjudged the distance there was a sound of splintering wood, and the great horse crashed through the jump, landing on his belly and throwing his rider ahead of him. It was only the agility and good horsemanship on the part of the third girl that prevented her piling up on top of her sister. The beautiful, rhythmic machine was no longer. Men streamed down from the hillside, some ran to the girl, some to the horse. An ambulance always on hand in case of accidents drove across the field, bell clanging.

PHILIP ARNOLD sat silently watching as the stretcher bearers lifted the crumpled, helpless figure into the ambulance and then bore it away. The loud speaker boomed out:

"It is impossible to tell exactly how badly Miss Gail is hurt. Let us hope not seriously. Will the crowd please clear the course? As the last entry is the final one to compete in the hunt team class, the judges for that class will see all competitors in the judging ring. Please do not strip your horses until told to do so. The judges wish to examine the appointments." A pause, and then, "Will class 3, novice hunters under six years, please get ready." Men with officials' badges herded the crowd back onto the ridge.

"Number 42, number 42, Mr. Edward Harland riding Gray Squire," announced the impersonal voice of the loud speaker. A man on a heavy set dappled grey appeared galloping through the field below Arnold. He came on at a steady hunting pace, taking the first jump, a brush, in his stride. The gray tried to refuse the second, a water jump with a hedge at the end, but his rider kicked him on and he took it, landing with a flounder. The man pulled him to his feet and they rounded the bend.

Arnold and the others hurried over the brow of the hill to watch the gray take the pole. When he came in sight he seemed to have steadied down and was galloping evenly. He gathered himself for the takeoff, and then at that precise moment, he caught sight of a news photographer squatting on the far side of the jump. Up went his head and he jumped short, landing astraddle the telephone post. The rider clung to his reins and scrambled to his feet waving an arm to show that he was unhurt. Freed of the weight the horse brought his hind legs over the jump, but he was limping in front as the man led him away.

"Looka yonder," said the disgusted voice of a groom standing near Arnold, "Ain't horses the dumbest fools! . . . That there Gray Squirrel's been around this course half a dozen times this week with never a peck, and then he gits scared at the click of a camera and jumps haywire!"

ARNOLD'S face stiffened with sudden resolution. He turned his horse and started threading his way through the crowd towards the man in charge of the entries, but he had covered barely half the distance when the amplifier spoke once more.

"Number 33, number 33, Mr. Robert Arnold riding Gold Standard, clear the course please." A streak of gold carrying a tiny, black coated figure separated itself from the group of horses at the starting post and came across the field at a steady, controlled gallop. Mr. Peyton appeared at the elbow of the older brother, field glasses in hand.

"My God, son, how did you do it? And what in thunderation is that rig the colt's wearing?"

"He's got on a hackamore, sir."

"No bit? What'll the lad do if he gets running?"

"God knows. I was just on my way to withdraw the entry when they started. He's been schooled around the course every day for the past two weeks, but I was a fool to think he could do it in this crowd."

He's all right so far," said the older man, using the binoculars, as the colt sprang easily over the three foot six hedge that was the first obstacle. The boy on the running horse never stirred in the saddle, his legs and hands didn't shift an inch.

"Colt's gwine mighty good, suh." Tom was at Arnold's stirrup, his old face a beam of delight. "Nuver saw no colt go better. He ain't no mo' het up den ef he wus in de schoolin' ring."

Arnold's eyes were slits against



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the sun as they followed the flying figure. At the broad jump the colt soared into the air and seemed to float there, his legs tucked neatly under him, then his forelegs stretched out as he landed, lightly, like a soap bubble. Arnold saw the boy reach forward and pat the gleaming neck. The rope reins were slack and the colt galloping easily, unexcited, when they rounded the flag.

Lifting his hand and applying his heels Arnold cantered over the hill, the other spectators crowding after him, for word had got around that it was the man-killing colt with a twelve year old up and not even a light snaffle between them and disaster.

THE colt came in sight still galloping smoothly, paying no attention to the photographer, he took the pole jump in his stride and started for the stiff, leaning post-and-rail. A few lengths away from it the great, golden horse appeared to grow in size, to gather power as he surged suddenly forward and over. Now they were galloping for the chicken coop, a big jump, but not tricky like the last. The colt was as cool and collected as ever, the rider seemed a part of him.

"Damned if I ever saw such a performance," said Peyton. "Here, Arnold, take my glasses." Through the glasses Philip could see the childish, confident face, calm, unperturbed. "No wonder the colt's quiet, the kid's riding as though he were cantering around on a hobby horse! God, if only his luck will hold! God, if only it'll hold!" breathed the man.

AND his luck did hold, over the in-and-out, three foot six at the take off, four foot six at the landing, with only room for one stride in between, over the double oxer, over the hitchcock, over the drop jump. They had rounded the bend at the other end now, and the crowd rushed back to its former position, clamoring and shouting.

"Keep still, can't you, you'll scare the colt!" The older brother watched the childish, confident face, the steady strides of the colt as he moved towards his last two jumps. The first was a snake fence and must be taken on the diagonal, the rope reins tightened a trifle, the boy swung his weight over towards the right and the golden horse responded instantly. Only one more now, a stone wall, one of the easiest jumps on the course—they're over!... Philip Arnold breathed a sigh of relief and lowered the glasses, then just as the colt came abreast of the finishing flag the unexpected happened, a car on the main road not fifty feet away backfired!...

"Watch out, Mistuh Philip," shouted the negro, "he thinks its de pistol shot! De pistol shot er

Mistuh Gibson. Lawd. Lawd have mercy on dat innercent li'l chile!" For before the crowd that colt had gone crazy!... He swerved to one side, his whole appearance changed, his neck stretched out, his nostrils flared and where before he had been galloping evenly, now he was running, running, running!...

A DEAD silence hushed the crowd, the silence of fear, every person present knew that no horse lived that could take the stiff timber jumps that lay ahead, going at that gait.

The colt took the first hedge and it seemed but the beat of a pulse when he was facing the water, over he flew, landing far beyond where he had landed on the first round. As one man the crowd turned and ran across the hill top. But Arnold was not with them, he had started for the low, dividing fence at the bottom of the ridge, cleared it, and was urging his horse with whip and spur up the slope that led to the terrible post-and-rail, the jump that had smashed up the Gail girl only half an hour before.

HE REACHED it as the runaway came into view, still rushing, mad, insane. A groan of despair went up from the hillside. Philip reined in his horse in front of the fence and parallel to it. The horse is a creature of habit—maybe, maybe, seeing his stablemate, the colt would stop, maybe not, for hysterical horses sometimes run blind. If he didn't stop, well, it would be better for Bob to smash into him than into the timber.

The colt pounded on, over the telephone post, taking off too far away, landing badly. Philip saw his brother kick his feet free of the irons and knew that he anticipated a crash. Then they were coming up the hill, not slackening the terrific pace a particle. Suddenly, when the horse was a bare hundred feet away the high, piercing whistle, Tom's whistle, cut the silence like a knife. ... As though an invisible rope had gone round his chest the colt checked, digging in his front feet until they ploughed the sod, almost he fell, almost, but not quite. The boy was catapulted forward on the neck, his heels on the chestnut's withers, but, as he had done three months before, the colt threw back his head and nickered, nickered, and Bob Arnold slid back onto the pad to topple gently off over the near shoulder. The negro and the white man reached him almost as soon as he touched the ground.

"Kid, kid, are you hurt," The boy stood up unsteadily, leaning on his brother's arm, his face was a dead white, even to the lips, but he managed a faint grin.

"O.K., Phil, but, gee, I sure thought there for a minute I was going to have to jump both you and the fence as well!..."

A month later the brothers walked across the stubble fields to inspect Tom's newly completed "ddition." They found the old man sitting in a broken rocker on the platform that served as a verandah.

"Tell you what, Mistuh Philip, I done change my mind 'bout spreadin' out. I done sont my mudder-in-law up to de lof' to sleep wid de chillun, an' now we takes in boa'ders in de 'ddition. I ain't has a thing to do now from sunup to sundown, but set on de po'ch an' spit terbacco juice at de hawgs! . . ."

## Your Dog

(Continued from page 37)

every automobile should carry a dog as protection. But do not permit your dog to ride near the steering wheel. Also, on hot days when you leave him in the car, lower one or two of the windows a few inches.

You should keep your dog off the running board, fender, or hood of the car. To have the dog ride in these places, altho it may appear "clever," is to endanger his life.

The whole subject of the dog and traffic can be summed up into the statement that you should keep your dog under control, be consistent in your training, and establish a mutual confidence between yourself and your dog. If you stop him at three curbs and then at the fourth, pay no attention to him, you have spoiled the value of your training.

The true dog owner does not permit his dog to run unsupervised on the streets or on other people's property. A due regard for the rights of others is one of the essentials of dog ownership.

The second part of my article this month hardly concerns traffic. Yet it is a subject demanding attention.

No matter how much we love dogs, we all must agree that the soiling of pavements by dogs is unsanitary and disgusting. The public has a right to complain against this. Few things cause so much unfavorable comment as this vice. But the fault is not in the dog as much as in the owner. Careless owners who permit their dogs to relieve themselves on the sidewalks are the guilty ones. A little bit of care can prevent this. A dog properly trained hesitates to soil the pavement and seeks some spot away from the pavement.

In conclusion, the true lover of dogs will have full regard for the rights and pleasures of those who do not own dogs, including that small minority which actually dislike dogs.

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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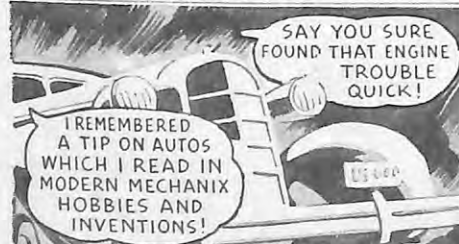
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Exalted Rulers and members of Lodges of New York East District at luncheon held in Los Angeles during the Grand Lodge Convention. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hallinan, P.D.D. John P. Doyle, and Charles Spencer Hart, Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge are at the head of the table in the center.

*Excerpts from the Annual Report of the Elks*  
**National Foundation Trustees**

(Continued from page 36)

camp for crippled children at Goshen, Vermont, were reported last year but are mentioned in this report because the money was actually paid out during the present year, and is included in the total expenditures from income for the present year.

The offer of an Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$300.00 to each state in which 50% of the Lodges are enrolled and paid up to date as subscribers for Honorary Founders' Certificates, or of the equivalent in money for use in a philanthropy selected by the State Association of such state, was continued by the Foundation Trustees during the year 1935-36 and was availed of as follows:

**New York**  
By selection of the New York State Elks Association during the Grand Lodge year 1935-36, scholarship awarded to Mr. William Moulton of Norwich, New York, a Freshman at Cornell University. \$300.00

**Connecticut**  
By selection of the Connecticut State Elks Association, scholarship awarded to Mr. Carroll Culhane of Waterbury, a student at Tufts College. \$300.00

**Massachusetts**  
By selection of the Massachusetts Elks Association, scholarship awarded to Mr. Edward F. Sullivan of Holyoke, a senior at Harvard College. \$300.00

The scholarship awarded to John F. Nagle of Springfield, Massachusetts, noted in our report of last year, was paid to him at the beginning of the school year, September, 1935. \$300.00

**South Dakota**  
The equivalent of an Elks National Foundation Scholarship was donated to the South Dakota State Elks Association for rehabilitation of crippled children for the Grand Lodge year 1934-35. However, the money was not paid out until July, 1935, and is therefore shown in this year's statement of accounts. \$300.00

A prize of \$1,000.00 was offered to the most valuable student in the senior or graduating class of a high or college preparatory school, or in any undergraduate class of a college, and honorable mention scholarships of \$300.00 each were offered to the students who rated nearest to the winner in point of merit. In accordance with the awards made at the last Grand Lodge Convention, the following money was distributed. \$2,200.00

You will be pleased to know that we have received a report from the faculty of St. Mary-of-the-Woods College that Miss Mary Louise Bruchmann, winner of our 1935 Most Valuable Student Prize, has completed the junior year with a grade of "A" or better in every study, and that she has merited membership in the under-

graduate chapter of Kappa Gamma Pi, national honorary society for graduates of Catholic women's colleges.

The Board of Foundation Trustees has decided to continue for another year the offer of an Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$300, upon the terms and conditions set forth in Special Bulletin dated October 1, 1931, copy of which is made a part of this report, amended as follows: That at least 50% of the Lodges in a State must have paid all installments due upon subscriptions. We urge the State Association in the states which are eligible to receive this donation to avail themselves of the opportunity to award a scholarship to some deserving young man or young woman, or to use the equivalent of the scholarship for some humanitarian service.

In the October issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, the Elks National Foundation Trustees announced the offer of the following prizes: The Foundation Trustees offer a scholarship award of \$1,000 to the most valuable student in the senior or graduating class of a high or college preparatory school, or in any undergraduate class of a recognized college, who is a resident within the jurisdiction of the Order. Honorable Mention Scholarships of \$300 each will be awarded to the two students similarly qualified whose merit ratings are nearest to that of the winner of the principal Scholarship. The Elks National Foundation Trustees offer to donate the sum of \$1,000 to the Charity Fund of the Subordinate Lodge of our Order which shall make the outstanding record of accomplishment during the Grand Lodge year 1935-36.

The decision of our Board with respect to these prizes will be announced in a supplemental report to this Convention.

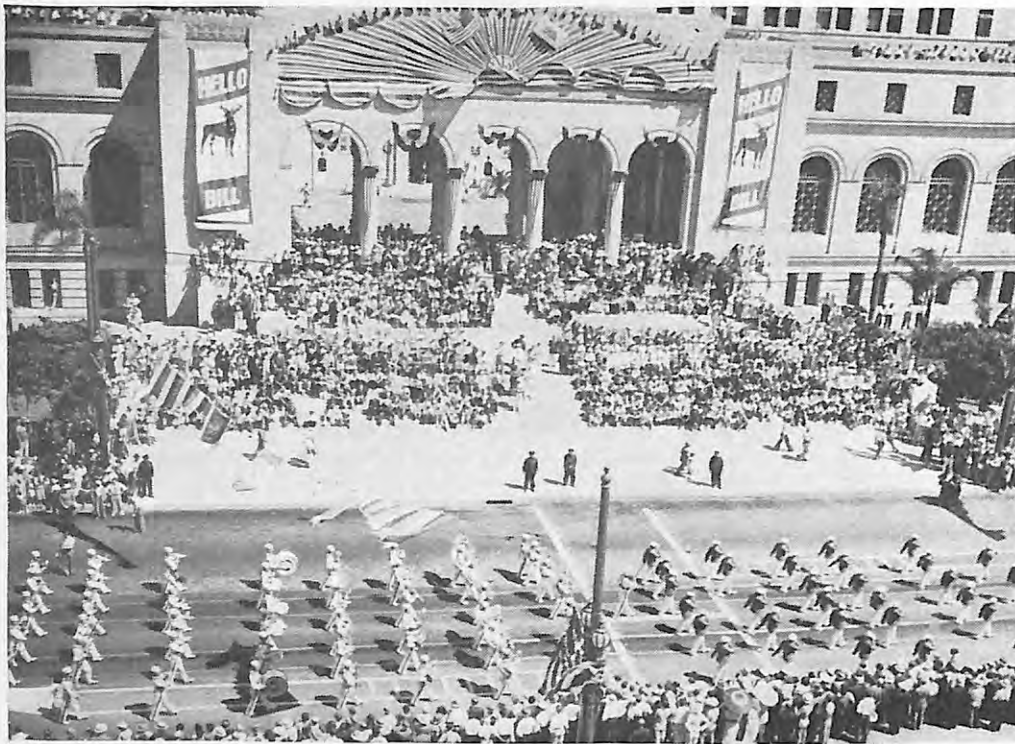
This supplementary report, which was read and adopted at the Grand Lodge Session, is in part as follows:

In the October, 1935, issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, your Foundation Trustees announced the offer of a scholarship in the sum of \$1,000 to the most valuable student in the graduating class of any high or college preparatory school or in the undergraduate class of any recognized college, and two honorable mention scholarships of \$300 each to the two candidates nearest in point of merit to the winner of the main scholarship; that the ten outstanding candidates for these prizes should be required to write essays upon the subject "WILL ROGERS—HIS PLACE AND INFLUENCE IN AMERICAN LIFE. . . ."

In pursuance of this announcement, some twenty-five students filed with the







Wide World Photo

The Elks Grand Lodge Convention Parade passing the reviewing stand in front of the Los Angeles City Hall

## The Social Side of The Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 23)

Other social activities which took place during the four days of the Convention included a dinner given by Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz at the Ambassador which was held before the Grand Ball.

More than 100 Elks and their wives were also guests at a breakfast and program given by the Kentucky delegation to the Convention at the Biltmore. Governor Sholtz, newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler, was the honored guest and principal speaker. Prof. Henry C. Curtis, of Lexington, was Toastmaster. The Grand Lodge Officers attending included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner, Judge Frank B. Leonard, of Champaign, Ill., Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and Judge H. B. Frederick and D.D. Caspian Hale of Florida.

Another social feature of the Convention was a dinner party for Grand Lodge officials and their wives given by E.R. and Mrs. Robert S. Redington.

The ladies of the Convention were magnificently entertained during their stay in the Southern California city with bridge parties, teas, shopping expeditions, sightseeing tours and various other affairs.

Other events included a trip to Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, where a huge entertainment entitled "Seashore Day" was enjoyed by hundreds of Elks.

The East District of New York also gave a dinner at the Biltmore Hotel. Among the distinguished Elks present were Judge Hallinan, Charles Spencer Hart, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, and District Deputy John P. Doyle.

That Thursday night, the last of the Convention, 80,000 men and women stood with bowed heads in Memorial Coliseum and offered a solemn and impressive toast to departed friends, a fitting close to the most successful Convention the Order of Elks has ever known. It was the success of not only the Convention, but of a day filled with spectacular events.

No place on earth but Southern California could stage a pageantry so inspiring as was arranged by the motion picture industry as a tribute to the visiting Elks in the "Elks Motion Picture Electrical Pageant." Millions of candlepower in light were used to transform the field of the Coliseum into a picture from the Arabian Nights. Each of the dozen floats

designed by the major studios of Hollywood was gloriously illuminated. First in the long procession of brilliant floats was that entered by No. 99, "America for Americans." From almost every city of any size in California a beautiful girl was sent as a representative at the pageant.

Among the many motion picture stars on parade were Leo Carrillo, Toastmaster, Shirley Temple, Jackie Searle, Freddie Bartholomew, Francis Lederer, Doris Nolan, Loretta Young, Irene Dunne, Sonja Henie, Cesare Romero, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Anita Louise, Pat O'Brien and Jack Benny.

Suddenly out of the blackness a great shaft of light from a million-candlepower searchlight picked out the enormous purple clock dial. As the chimes continued to strike the hour, great gold numerals inscribed by living figures appeared. Conrad Nagle, motion picture star, proposed the Eleven O'Clock Toast, while the multitude stood with heads bowed in silent tribute. The spectacle came to a conclusion with the throng singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Thus ended the 72nd Session of the Grand Lodge, one of the most memorable meetings in its long and honorable history.

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We know as well as the next one that it costs us (but not you) extra money to use the old-fashioned mash tub—but we have always refused to employ any method except the "Top-Run" process.

Yes, sir, in Crab Orchard we use the same sweet clear Kentucky limestone water and prize grains that go into our costliest whiskeys—the ones we reserve for bottling in bond.

Crab Orchard gets its shimmering glow—its bubbly bead and natural color—its warm, golden charm—from eighteen months of ripening in charred oak casks.

Then it is bottled *straight*—and goes from barrel to bottle to you.

After all these years as top-run whiskey makers, we know people can tell the difference.

That's made plain in the fact that Crab Orchard's popularity is growing greater day by day as more folks hear how much better it is. Ask for it *by name* at bars and stores.



### EVERY DROP 18 MONTHS OLD

Crab Orchard "Top-Run" quality is being constantly improved. Yet its price does not increase. You can get it in almost every bar and package liquor store. If you accept a substitute you may be disappointed—for Crab Orchard fans tell us they think it's easily the finest whiskey under \$1.50 a pint.



YOUR GUIDE TO GOOD LIQUORS

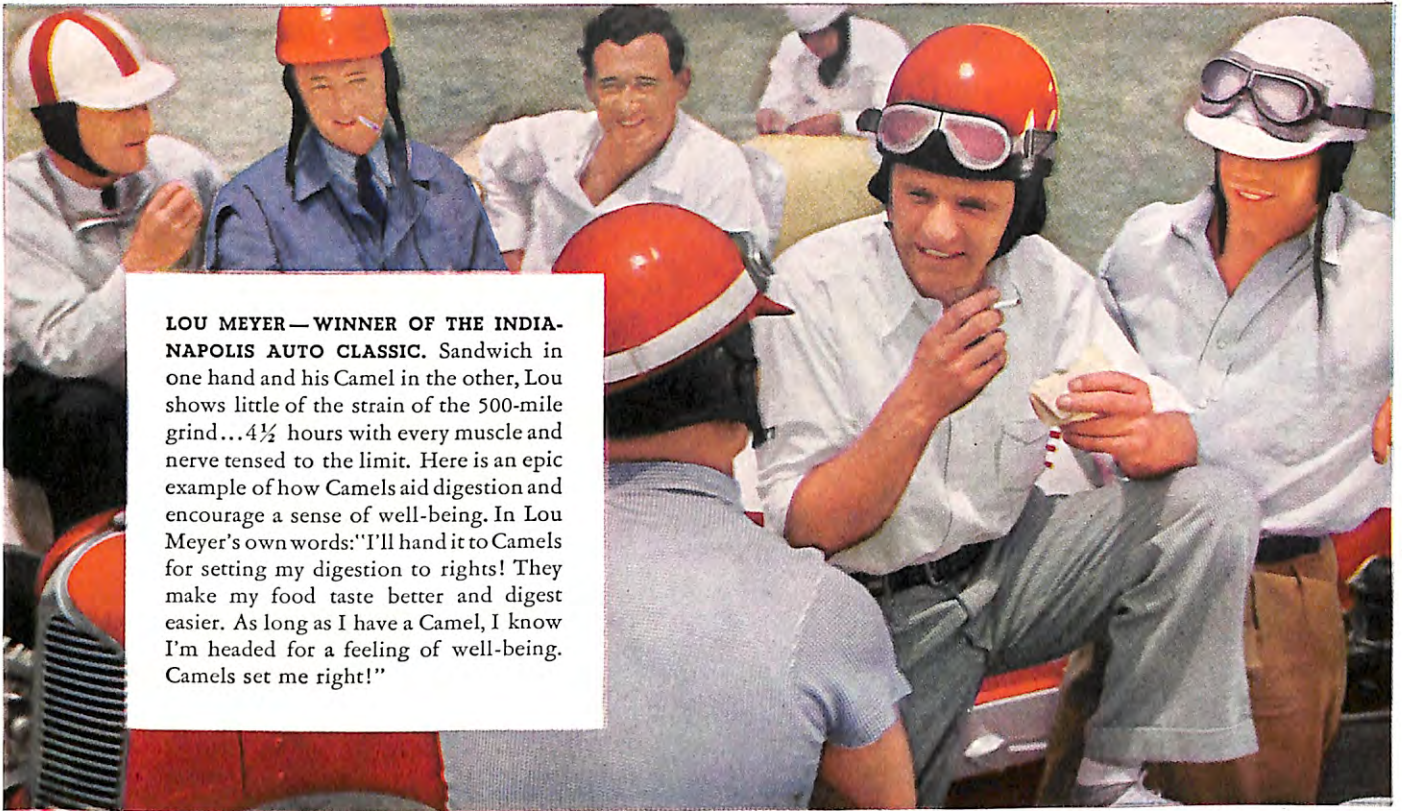
THE A. M. S. DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

# Crab Orchard

BRAND

*Top-run* KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

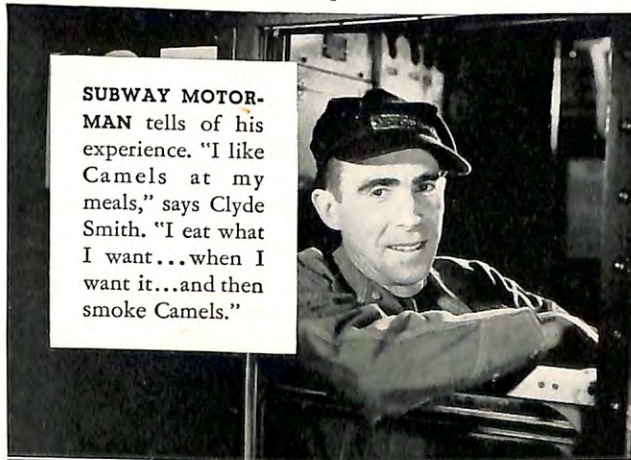




**LOU MEYER—WINNER OF THE INDIANAPOLIS AUTO CLASSIC.** Sandwich in one hand and his Camel in the other, Lou shows little of the strain of the 500-mile grind... 4½ hours with every muscle and nerve tensed to the limit. Here is an epic example of how Camels aid digestion and encourage a sense of well-being. In Lou Meyer's own words: "I'll hand it to Camels for setting my digestion to rights! They make my food taste better and digest easier. As long as I have a Camel, I know I'm headed for a feeling of well-being. Camels set me right!"

**OTHERS HAVE FOUND THAT GOOD DIGESTION AND A SENSE OF WELL-BEING ARE ENCOURAGED BY CAMELS... SO**

*"—for Digestion's Sake—Smoke Camels—"*



**SUBWAY MOTOR-MAN** tells of his experience. "I like Camels at my meals," says Clyde Smith. "I eat what I want... when I want it... and then smoke Camels."

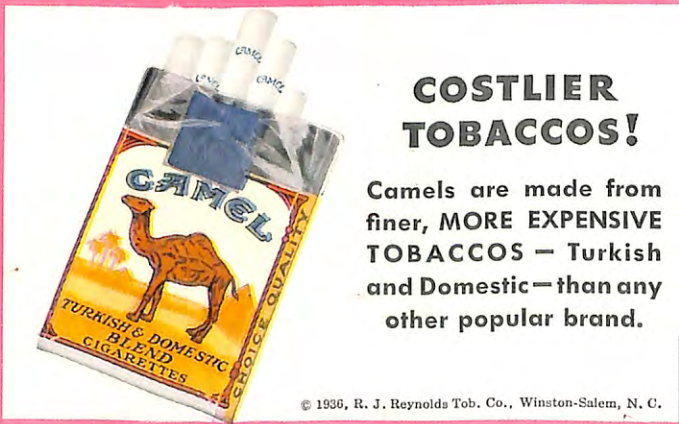


**NEWS HAWK.** Peter Dahlen, reporter, says: "It's swell the way Camels help my digestion—make my food taste better and set better. Camels don't frazzle my nerves."

**Good digestion and good feeling, helpful allies for every one, promoted by smoking Camels**

**I**T'S the experience of Lou Meyer that, even after terrific strain, digestion goes along more smoothly when he smokes Camels. Camels ease strain and encourage digestive well-being. They set you right!

Smoke Camels at mealtimes. The enjoyment of smoking Camels is followed by increased flow of the digestive fluids... alkaline digestive fluids... so necessary to proper nutrition. Mild, fine-tasting, refreshing Camels add to your enjoyment at mealtime or at *any* time!



**COSTLIER TOBACCOS!**

Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS** — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand.