

The Elks

Magazine



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OCTOBER, 1936

CENTRAL EDITION

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... the only tires that have the Life-Saver Golden Ply

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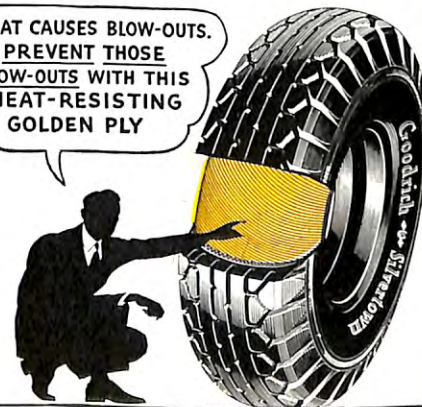
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The Elks Magazine

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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OCTOBER 1936

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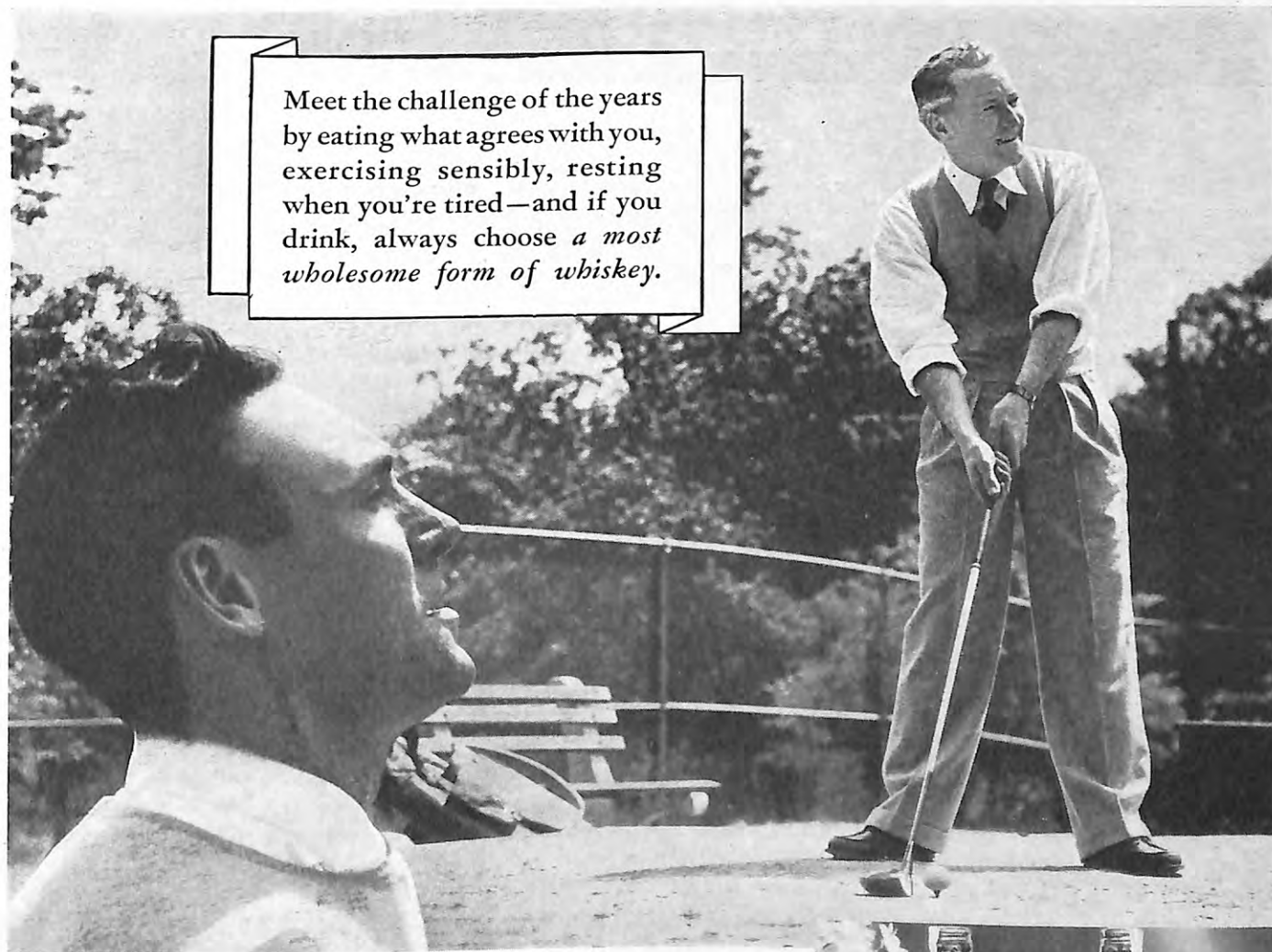
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When Doctors "Feel Rotten" —This Is What They Do!



ARTIE MCGOVERN

Formerly Director of New York Physicians' Club. National Amateur Champion Boxer at 16! Learned science of training in prize ring days, but realized, after opening first gym, he should know more about workings of human body. So he studied at Cornell University Medical Clinic, where he was also physical director for 8 years. Today, at 44, is a model of physical perfection—stronger and more active than the average college athlete.

HOW can many of New York's busiest physicians stand up under their gruelling duties? Why are their nerves so steady, their minds so clear after nights of broken sleep and days of fatiguing work?

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These doctors are too wise to fall for work-outs that leave the "patient" gasping, dizzy, exhausted, the kind of exercise that does more harm than good. And not only doctors have benefited by McGovern's safe,

sane methods. Among the nationally known people who have used them are: Grover Whalen, Walter Lippmann, Vincent Richards, Babe Ruth, Gene Sarazen, Rube Goldberg, Frank Sullivan, Paul Whiteman, Isaac Marcossou.

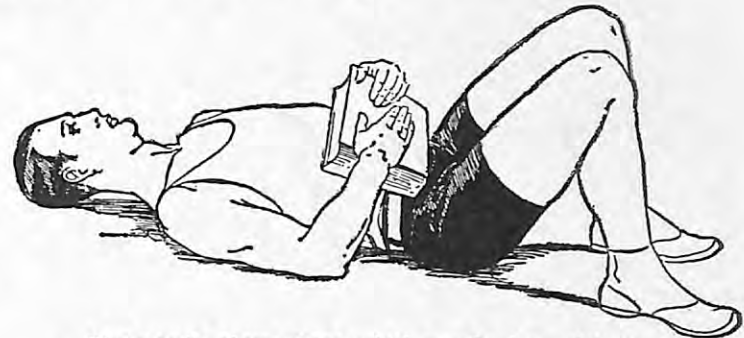
America's Greatest Trainer at Last Reveals His Secret of Keeping Fit!

In his new book Artie McGovern gives you the "de-bunked" truth about exercise. He explodes popular fallacies. He shows you how to increase vigor, feel better, end constipation, and either lose weight or put on solid pounds—how to get more enjoyment out of life. Your particular problem (depending upon the type of person you are) is treated as such.

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A Message FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

MY BROTHERS: As your newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler, I send you, through our great Magazine, my cordial greetings and my renewed expressions of appreciation of the opportunity thus afforded me further to serve our Order.

My ambition, hope and intention is that this year shall be the most successful the Order has ever experienced.

To accomplish this, your active cooperation is vitally necessary. Won't you help me make this the successful year for which we all hope and in which we are all deeply interested?

I am desirous that our whole membership should become more definitely Elk conscious, with a full appreciation of the relative privileges and duties involved in that membership.

One of the first steps toward this is an enthusiastic effort to bring back into our fold those who may have lapsed their memberships or dropped out for one reason or another, but who are still Elks at heart; to rekindle the fraternal zeal of those now on our rolls and to initiate a record number of fine new members, bringing new life and interest into each Lodge.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan rendered a splendid service last year; and many thousands of you came under the direct influence of his genial personality. I want all of us to show

our real appreciation to him—and to this end, a national class to be initiated in each subordinate Lodge at its last meeting in November is to be named, in his honor, the James T. Hallinan Class.

All of us have fine friends and neighbors who are not Elks, but who should be members and would probably welcome an invitation to join. Each of you have one such friend or neighbor, I know. Won't you get the application blank which will be sent to you signed up by him and turn it in to your Secretary *now*—today?

Worth while Lodges of our Order are the fraternal and benevolent nerve centers of their respective communities, radiating an influence which ever tends to make those communities better and finer places in which to live. All worth while men should feel an interest in this result. The James T. Hallinan Class is an opportunity for non-Elks to become affiliated with us in this work and to have a share in it.

Won't you help make this Class a success? Let us endeavor to pay him the fine tribute of sponsoring the greatest class of fine, upstanding American citizens ever initiated into the Order.

Yours in Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity,

David Sholtz
Grand Exalted Ruler



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



Mystifying the Man who Mystifies the Public

By Blackstone, World's Foremost Magician

MAGIC is bread and butter to me. I earn my living by mystifying the public with such famous illusions as the apparently disembodied and living head of a woman. Yes, I've amazed and baffled millions of theatre goers the world over with this trick and many others. But the tables were turned the other day at the Gillette factory in Boston. I was the one who was amazed and baffled during an inspection tour of this truly marvelous plant where Gillette Blades are manufactured.

I found sheer mechanical magic—wonders I can't explain—on every floor of this scientific factory. I stood wide-eyed with astonishment as I watched the operation of the automatically controlled furnaces in which Gillette steel is hardened. On each furnace is a magical black box. In this box is a steel strip of exactly correct hardness for perfect razor blades.

Then—as the steel in process passes through the furnace it must match this bellwether strip for hardness. If the slight-

est variation occurs—presto chango!—the temperature in the furnace is automatically raised or lowered to bring the steel to the exact required temper.

No less mystifying is a device that "sees" through steel. Every coil of Gillette steel is submitted to this searching test. No hidden flaws can escape.

And I was amazed to discover that the edges of the Gillette Blade are so sharp that they are positively invisible. I was unable to see them even with the aid of the most powerful microscope.

I could write on and on about the marvels I saw. But summing it all up—when the scientific wonders in this plant can mystify a professional magician—isn't it natural that the Gillette Blade shaves stubborn bristles with magical ease? I am convinced that every Gillette Blade shaves you in perfect comfort because every Gillette Blade is itself perfect. It's a mystery to me how any man could shave with any other blade.

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

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.



Flight's Ending

by Edward Shenton

Illustrated by

Robert Fink

BOYD THOMPSON, owner, manager, instructor, and now grease-monkey and washer of the Air-Way Aviation Company, stood in the entrance of the small hangar. A blue and gold monoplane was coming in low over the trees at the western end of the flying field.

"Too flat," Boyd said aloud. He walked out onto the field and then began to run. As he ran, he saw the big ship wobble, lose speed and pancake. It struck and bounced. A wing dropped sharply. The second time it hit on the tip of the low wing. Dust spouted from the dry earth, and above it the tail appeared, threshing like a whale about to sound.

Boyd gasped, waiting for the tail to flip over, for the flare of exploding gasoline.

Nothing happened. The dust subsided. The tail remained pointing into the heavens. By the time he had neared the plane, it was surrounded by pilots, mechanics, workmen and spectators. Over their heads, he saw the door wrenched open and arms reach up to drag the occupants out of the tilted cabin. Boyd stopped and fumbled in the pocket of his jumper for a cigarette. He lit it and wiped the sweat from his face. He was shaking and his stomach felt hollow and nervous. "Dib" Cuddy came toward him, grinning.

"The Boo'ful Lady got her bum-bum smacked," he said.

"Nobody hurt?" Boyd asked.

"Only a damn swell ship. What a landing. Did you see it?"

"What did you think I was running about?"

"Was that you running?" Dib asked. "I thought it was Johnny Lovelock, the pride of Cambridge."

"Oxford," Boyd corrected.

"Well, anyway, little children," Dib said, "the Boo'ful Lady will not fly-fly to Par-ee because the wicket mans has broke up her pretty gocart."

"That's something," Boyd said. "But that guy Blake ought to have his license suspended. He'll kill somebody one of these days."

"Himself, I hope," said Dib. "Any liquor over at your wigwam?"

"Shellac."

"My favorite drink," said Dib.

They returned to the hangar and entered the tiny office, partitioned off on one side. Dib slung his helmet at a filing cabinet and sat down in the swivel-chair.

"I can't wait to see the evening papers," he said.

"All the headlines. 'Beautiful Heiress in Airplane

Crash! 'Shirley Odgen Wrecks Plane on Eve of Trans-Atlantic Hop.'"

Boyd opened a battered locker and took out a bottle of rye and a single glass.

"And the pickstures," Dib continued. "Boo'ful Lady smiling as she's hauled up-side down from wreck. Boo'ful Lady waving to crowd as she stands right-side-up with one foot on wrecked plane. Boo'ful Lady presenting boutonnières to reporters. . . ."

"Stop it," Boyd said. "Here's your drink."

"Where's yours?"

"I'm not in a drinking mood these days."

Dib clicked his tongue sympathetically.

"Business bad?"

"If it was only bad I wouldn't howl."

Dib sipped at the liquor and said;

"Why don't you put in for a transport job and eat again?"

"How do I know I could get one?"

"Lissen, fellow," Dib said scornfully, "all you have to do is to let it be rumored that you're for hire and every M.O. will be grabbing at you."

"Thanks," Boyd said. He glanced at Cuddy and smiled. The lines of worry vanished from his face. He appeared much younger, a tall chap, lean and hard and sunburned. The guarded look left his gray eyes. He ran a hand through his blond hair and said:

"I want to click here. I've got everything in this place, my one shirt included. And I like to teach flying. I get a kick out of it. And then, I'm my own boss."

"Yeah," said Dib, "the original lone wolf."

"I'm still six months ahead of the sheriff. If by that time nobody yearns to be a flyer . . ."

Cuddy let the last drops of whiskey trickle down his throat.

"It's too bad the Boo'ful Lady didn't hire you instead of Blake. She'd be in Paris now and you'd have a sackful of patooties."

"There's a lot I'd do for some real money," Boyd said, "but that's not one of them. Before I'd play chauffeur to a spoiled, publicity-seeking, vain little brat of a multi-millionaire robber."

"Hey," Dib said, "you forgot 'lousy' and a few more."

Boyd laughed suddenly.

"I was just getting to them."

Cuddy picked up his helmet.

"I don't like your attitude," he said. "You've no



He threw back the upper slides of the cabin and dragged her inert body out onto the top.

respect for wealth or success or WOMAN. You're un-American, my boy. You'll never get far in the world."

"O.K.," Boyd said. "Come in again when you can't bum a drink anywhere else."

"Ungrateful, also. Won't listen to advice . . ."

Boyd waved his hand.

"On your way, pal."

Cuddy went out. Boyd lit a cigarette and sat in the swivel-chair. He leaned back feeling relaxed and drowsy after the excitement. Under half-closed eyelids, he noted the Trans-continental plane pivot daintily up to the awninged runway of the passenger terminal. Was he a fool, sticking it out? Slaving and sweating and skimping, pouring every thought, all his energy, every available penny into the school. The pilot of that distant plane was drawing a cool six or eight thousand a year. Was his desire to succeed merely stubborn vanity? He glanced at the army cot in the corner of the office with its neatly folded blankets. It represented a saving of forty dollars a month, the price of a room in town. Also, it stood for a hermit-like existence, cut off from most contacts with people. He stayed away from the commercial pilots at the field, except for Dib Cuddy. Was that vanity, too? Because there were only two students on the Air-way roster? And one of them owing 75 dollars that he knew he'd

head slightly and sat on the edge of the desk, swinging her flying helmet, white also, and white gloves of such fine leather that they seemed pliable as silk.

"You're Boyd Thompson, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"I'm Shirley Odgen."

"I know," Boyd said. "You weren't hurt?"

The girl shook her head.

"You're lucky," Boyd said. "You hadn't speed enough. You have to bring those ships in fast."

"Blake's no good," the girl said. "I'm not running him down just because he smashed my plane. He lacks judgment."

Boyd said nothing. The first surprise of her appearance was being dissipated by a rising curiosity. She was not looking at him. Her eyes were cloudy and brooding, her full red lips compressed.

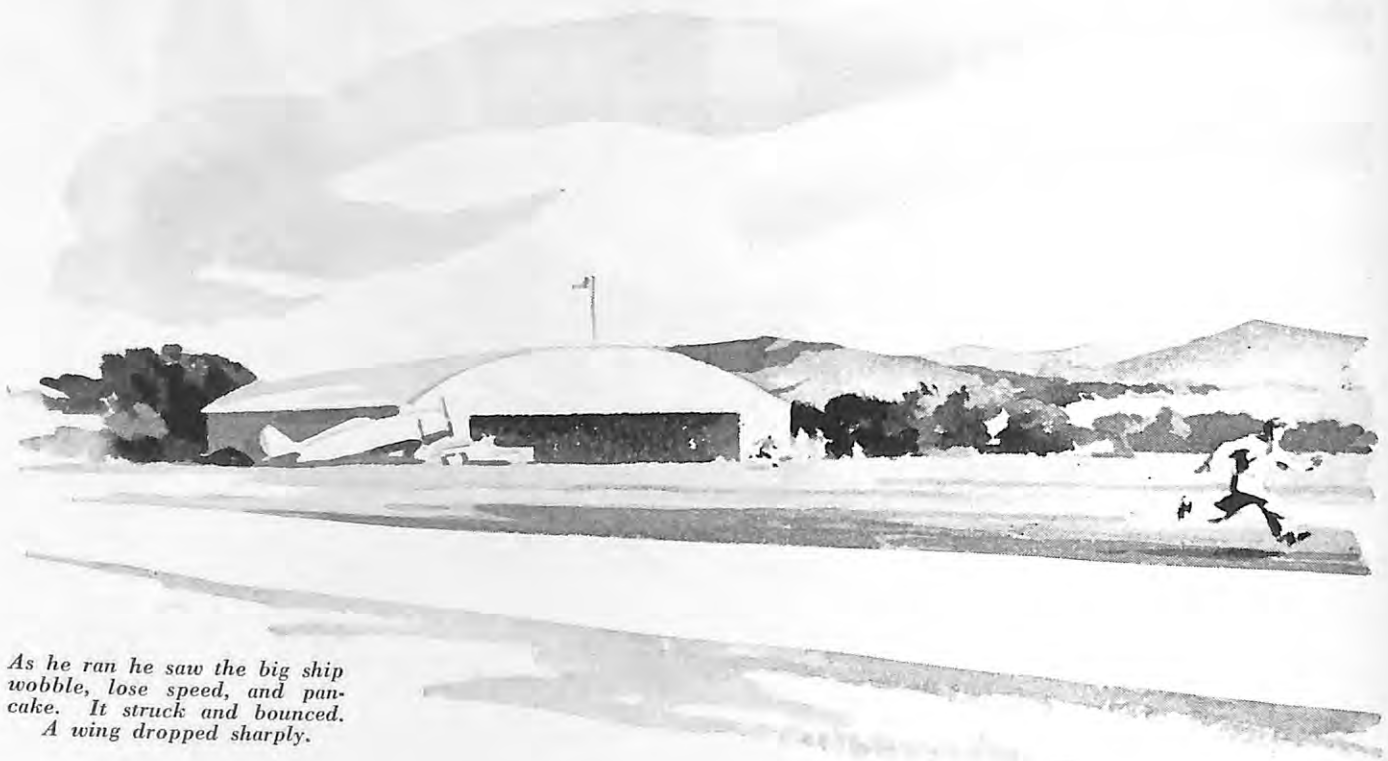
"I fired him," she said abruptly.

Boyd shrugged his shoulders, still silent.

"I'm going to fly alone," she went on. "That's why I came to you. When I asked who could teach me really to fly, everyone said, 'Boyd Thompson.'"

Boyd felt his heart leap. He hoped the eagerness did not show in his face.

"I've had about two hundred hours in small ships," she said. "I've flown that big plane in the air. I want



As he ran he saw the big ship wobble, lose speed, and pancake. It struck and bounced. A wing dropped sharply.

never collect. Yet he couldn't kick the bird out—Boyd grinned—since it made a little activity around the place. Anyway he was good for six months. Summer was at hand. Plenty could happen. If only the plant wasn't mortgaged to the roof. . . .

"May I come in?"

Boyd jerked erect. A girl stood in the doorway. Her face, shadowed against the sunlight outdoors, was a blur of dark eyes and darker hair. But he knew who she was at once. The flying suit of cream-white leather was sufficient.

"Oh sure," he said. "Certainly."

She stepped into the clarity of the inside light. Boyd pushed the swivel chair toward her. She shook her

you to teach me to get it up and set it down. And to navigate. I want to learn in a month. I don't care what it costs."

"But your ship's smashed," Boyd objected. "It'll never be rebuilt inside a month."

"I ordered another by phone," Shirley said. "It's being tested now. They'll fly it here in a week. We can start the next day."

Boyd gasped. A twenty or thirty thousand dollar plane—by phone. Why not? It meant nothing more to her than twenty cents did to him. Not as much.

"Well," she said, "will you?"

This was his chance. What would she stand for? One, two, three thousand? He knew all about her.

Shirley Odgen, the only child of old Hamilton Odgen, heiress to his millions. Her life had been a series of reckless exploits; in high-speed motors on land and sea, on the polo field, ski-jumping, mountain climbing, in the hunting field. They had made her swell copy for the newspapers. Boyd had read these accounts and gazed often at her photograph, accompanied by such phrases as "Daring," "Fearless," "Intrepid." Yes, he knew a great deal about her—but what he did not know was that most of this had happened because she was young and lonely, with no one to command her ardent spirit. And because so many men wanted to marry her and secure a share in the Odgen fortune. He looked at her carefully as she waited impatiently for his answer.

"Sorry," Boyd said, "I can't do it."

He saw her dark eyes widen.

"Why not?"

"In the first place," Boyd said slowly, "I couldn't teach you in a month. You don't realize how much knowledge and experience it takes to get a big ship, soggy with extra gas, into the air. The chances of a crack-up would be too many."

She gestured impatiently.

"I'll risk it."

"But I won't. Determination was in his voice.

Nobody needs to fly the Atlantic today. Even if I thought you had a chance, I'd still refuse."

"You're a little silly, aren't you?" Shirley Odgen said and went out of the office.

"Just like that," Boyd said mournfully to Dib, later in the afternoon, when Cuddy had dropped in, curious about the girl's visit. "Five G's walking away from me. I could feel that money sliding through my fingers."

"You're a—well, you know," Dib said.

"I know," Boyd answered.

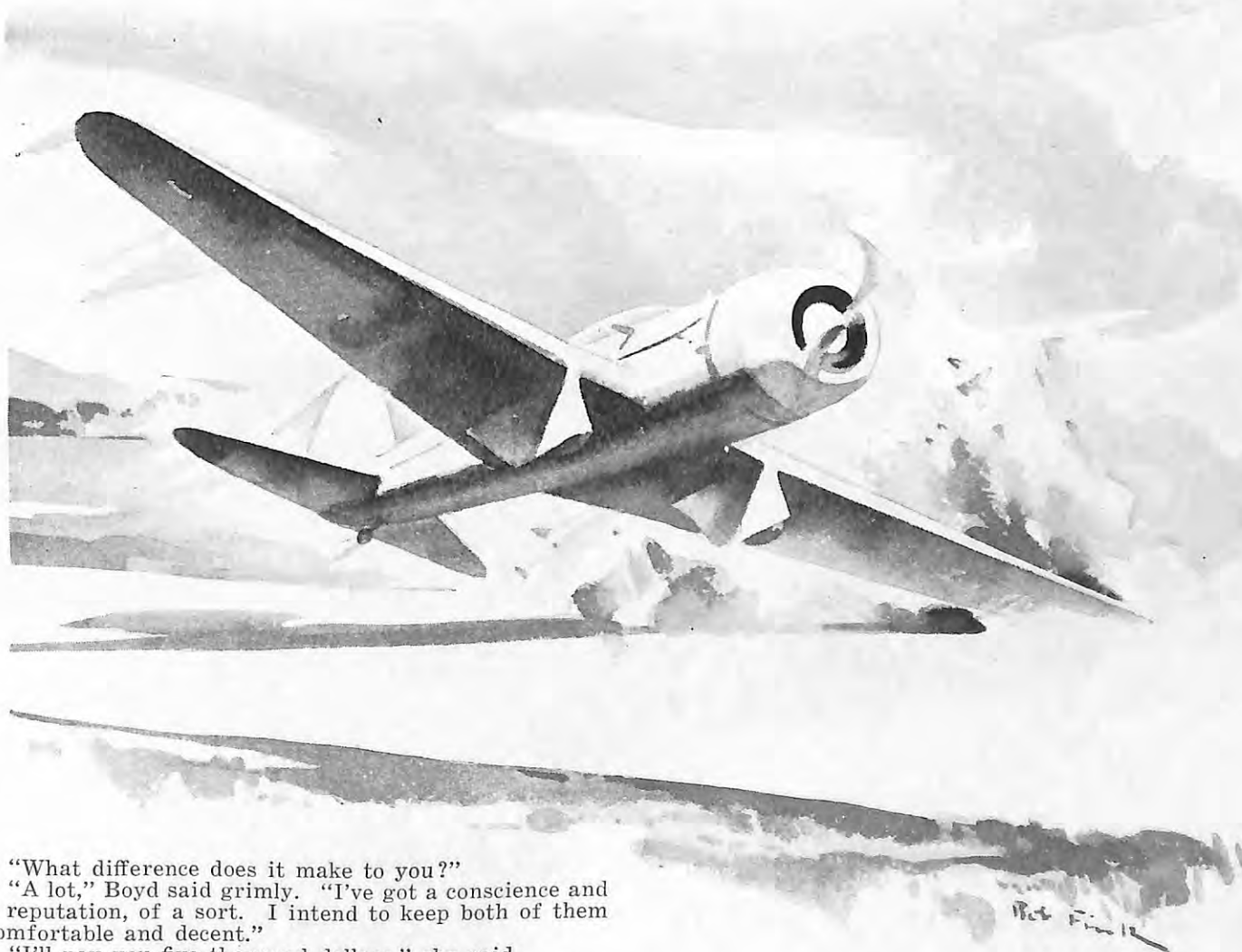
The next morning, the student who paid for his instructions, got rattled as he was bringing the ship in. Before Boyd could make a move, the plane stalled, fell and washed out the under-carriage. Boyd helped the shaking student from the wreck and gave him a stiff drink.

"Say, I'm sure sorry," he said.

"All in a day's work," Boyd answered. "We'll get out the other job and make a perfect three-pointer."

"Not me," said the student. "I'm through. I'll stick to my Chevie. If that can happen when you fall ten feet . . ."

He shook hands and departed. Boyd walked around the plane whistling. Only three months now, he



"What difference does it make to you?"

"A lot," Boyd said grimly. "I've got a conscience and a reputation, of a sort. I intend to keep both of them comfortable and decent."

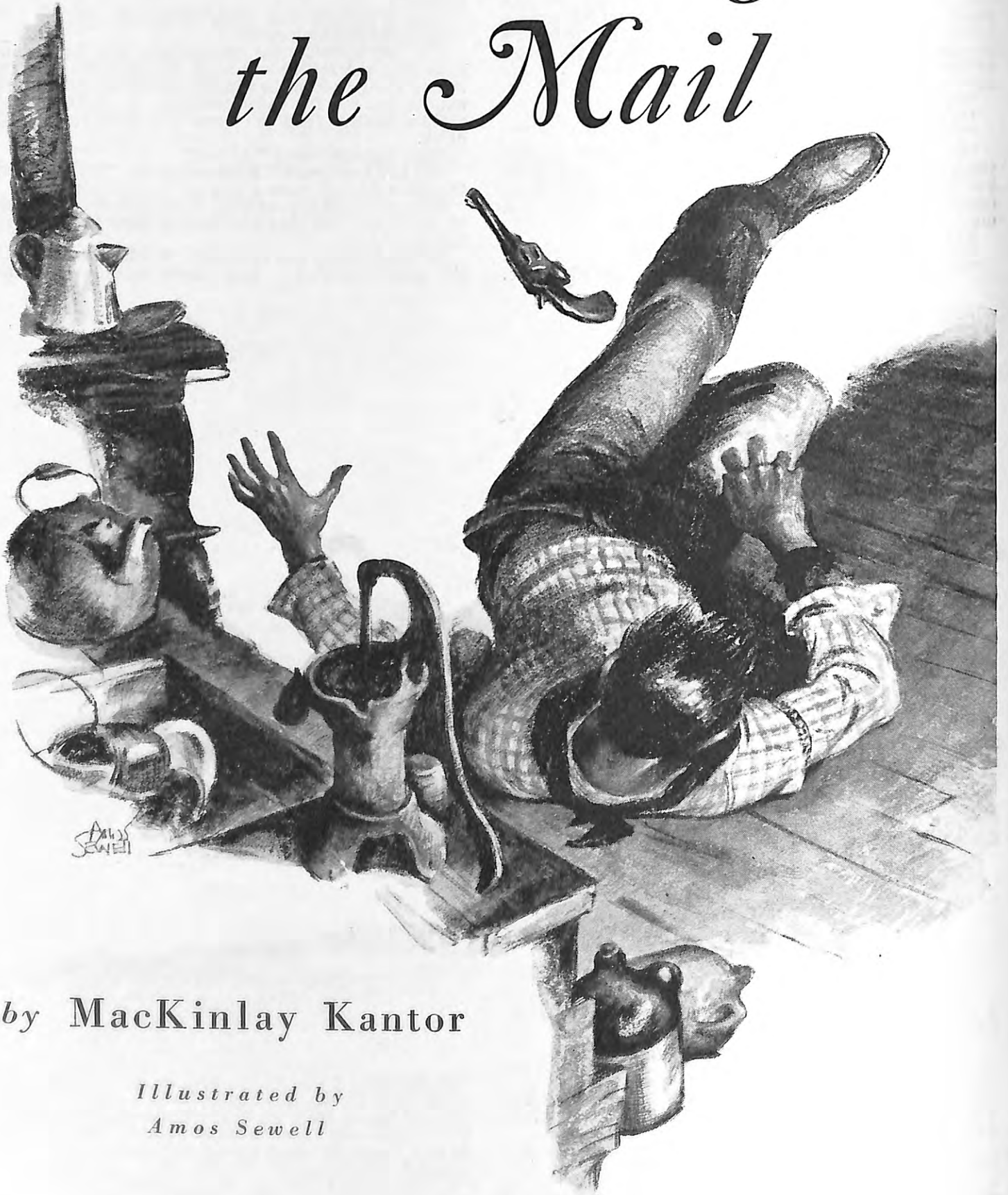
"I'll pay you five thousand dollars," she said.

Boyd knew his jaw was sagging. Five . . . That would put him . . . The interest due in September . . . Another year . . . He drew a deep breath and thrust his hands into the pockets of his jumper. He leaned forward until he was looking directly into her face.

"Listen," he said, and stopped until the gust of anger left him. "I can't and I won't. I told you several good reasons. There's another. I think it's a damn lousy stunt. It's meaningless—now. Circus stuff! Vanity!

thought, after I pay for the repairs on this one. He gazed up at the sky, flawless and blue. He lit a cigarette and cursed those ancestors of his who had carved their morals from New England granite. Why should he care if one silly crack-brained girl wanted to commit suicide? He went back into the office and telephoned the field manager to send a derrick-car to haul the wreck into the hangar. (Continued on page 46)

The Sheriff Gets the Mail



by MacKinlay Kantor

*Illustrated by
Amos Sewell*



THE evil thing which Manuel Romero did, in a squalid shack on the wrong side of the Santa Fe tracks—the thing for which he was sent to the penitentiary—was perhaps slightly less evil than a hundred other things he had done.

But on this occasion, Sheriff MacGill caught up with him in time. The sheriff swung a kitchen chair heavily on Manuel Romero's arm, with force enough to break Manuel Romero's arm in two places and send his revolver spinning across the room.

And when Manuel Romero wrenched out a knife with his left hand, Sheriff MacGill planted a freckled fist against Manuel's sensual lips, with force sufficient to leave the imprint of Mr. Romero's firm white teeth on the nether side of those lips for weeks to come.

In the next ten minutes Sheriff MacGill gathered up gun, knife, and Manuel, each as mute as the others, and carried them in his Ford roadster to the new courthouse and jail, where Mr. Romero, still slumbering, was placed in a barred chamber which smelled severely of disinfectant, and the gun and knife were locked in Sheriff Adam MacGill's upper right-hand desk drawer. Following which, Sheriff Adam MacGill considered that he had done a good day's work—or night's—one which he had wanted to do for years. So he went home and slept the sleep of the just.

And on the next day he arose and went forth, to set in motion the machinery necessary to convey Mr. Romero to Santa Fe penitentiary. This time no belts slipped from the rollers, no gears were stripped, no axles fell from alignment. On a pleasant afternoon not many weeks afterward, old Judge Thorpe informed Manuel that during the succeeding five years, he would be occupied in a pursuit utterly foreign to his tastes—namely, hard labor.

Sheriff MacGill waddled contentedly into his office and lowered himself into his chair, and placed his amazingly small neat boots on top of his desk.

"That's one worry off my mind," he said. "That's the biggest worry in the city of Ascension, in the county of Chupacera, and it's on the warden's mind instead of my own—beginning tomorrow."

Frank Ventura, Sheriff MacGill's deputy and friend, whose race was the same as Manuel Romero's but whose ancestry, record, and ambitions were wholly dissimilar, sat on the edge of the official desk and began to manufacture himself a cigarette with a black paper wrapper.

"One time," said Frank, "I caught a coyote in a trap. It was out in the Lorentio, too, not ten miles from your ranch house."

"There are plenty coyotes in the Lorentio yet," nodded the sheriff. "But there's going to be one less in Ascension from now on."

Frank Ventura pasted the cigarette paper with his pointed tongue. "The way I figure it, this particular coyote could be back here in about four years, if he behaves himself decently. The one I caught out in the Lorentio is dead now. He wasn't dead when I trapped him. The trap came down tight on his front paws, and the funny thing was that he seemed to blame me instead of the trap. I took him home and put him in a

chicken-wire pen, because I had heard how some crazy dude gave a boy five dollars for a live coyote in sound condition."

"Nobody," said Sheriff MacGill, "ought to pay ten cents for one."

The deputy agreed. "Nobody did pay ten cents for mine, though maybe they would have, if he had lived long enough."

MacGill wanted to know, "Well, why didn't he live?"

"Because I hit him on the head with a hoe," replied Ventura. "He was in my dreams every night. I used to imagine how he'd come through the window and take a healthy bite out of me. He would have done it, too, if it hadn't been for the chicken-wire. I wonder if they've got any hoes up in Santa Fe."

The sheriff chuckled. "Frank, you're a kind of fussy old maid."

"Maybe I am an old maid," said Frank, "but I'm not a bit fussy. I would be, though, if I were in your shoes. I hope you start wearing a gun, about four years from now."

MacGill eyed his rifle rack lovingly. "There's 30-30's up there, any time they're needed. I reckon I'll never need one for Romero. I've still got my little .22 in the car, and I like to keep in practice. Which reminds me that Mrs. Donna Alvaretta out by Weaver Crossing, promised me some nice spring fries for tomorrow. Let's get Tommy and drive out there; we can shoot at jack-rabbits on the way."

They drew up a few minutes later in the driveway of the shining stucco cube where the fat old widower lived with his sixteen-year-old son. There was a two-car garage at the rear. One stall of the garage was sacred to the Ford, but from the other side came the monotonous hum of a turning-lathe.

The sheriff and his deputy climbed out of the car. "It sounds to me like Thomas Edison MacGill is working on gadgets," said Frank.

MacGill grunted. "I wish you'd drop that talk about Edison—it's been driving me crazy ever since he started to grow up. His center name is O'Brien, but that didn't stop him from inventing a rat trap last week. He caught the best mousing cat I ever had."

In the cool shadow of the garage they found a skinny, freckled youth in none too tidy white duck and cotton, bending seriously over the lathe. On the bench near at hand sat a bright-faced girl with hair the color of molasses taffy, who chewed an enormous wad of gum with mechanical regularity, and swung her tennis shoes in the air. "He's nearly finished with it," she greeted the men.

The sheriff's bulk filled the open door. "Gracey Devine," he said, "I bet you put him up to something else."

"It's a powder jar, for me," said Gracey.

"You can't make powder jars out of wood, can you?" asked Deputy Ventura.

"Can't I?" beamed young Tommy MacGill. "Watch this." He drove the cylinder of gleaming whitewood against the blurred spindle.

"What in hell is a powder jar?" demanded the sheriff.

"It's a jar to keep powder in," said Gracey. "And he's making a darling little cover for it, too."

Adam MacGill exploded. "Tommy, I'm conscious that your grandfather turns over in his coffin a dozen times a week. Now it's powder jars with darling little covers! If you don't get out and take a little exercise and try to act kind of normal, I'll ship you to Lorentio for the whole year."

His son grinned through the flying spray of spindle-dust. "I do get exercise, Pa. We just finished three sets a while ago—3-6, 6-4, and 6-1."

"Who beat?" asked Frank Ventura.

Gracey said with pride, "Tommy always wins. He just lets me win one game for fun."

"Playing tennis," scorned Adam MacGill. "Playing tennis with a girl and letting her win one game, just for fun! I had to work my head off when I was your age. And your grandfather used to rope mountain lions; don't ever forget that. Gracey Devine, I'm going to tell the Doctor on you. A girl fourteen years old



oughtn't to have powder jars and be using face powder, anyway."

Gracey dropped from the bench and danced lightly on her rubber-shod feet. "I'm fifteen," she cried. "A lady has to use powder to keep her skin in condition—don't you know that?"

The sheriff said, seriously, "You're impertinent, Gracey. I wish you'd go home and not bother Tommy."

Thomas MacGill pressed a switch, and the lathe ceased to turn. "Pa," he said, "I wish you'd leave Gracey alone. Anyway, it's hard to talk when I'm busy working; a good craftsman can't concentrate when a lot of other people are talking."

Frank Ventura went out behind the pepper tree to laugh. But Gracey made faces, and so did the sheriff. "I wish you'd scat, kid," Adam said. "You're always around here."

"That's not gallant," Gracey rebuked him. "I live next door, and I can't help it if I'm always around here."

Adam MacGill swore under his breath. "We figured on driving out to Donna Alvaretta's for those spring fries, Tommy," he said, pleadingly. "I've got a box of longs in the car. You can ride in the rumble seat and have the gun. I'll even let Gracey go along, if you're both so damn set on it."

"I'm sick of having the whole county laughing at me and asking if I use your lip rouge to make my cheeks red" he roared



Adam MacGill went away to his roadster in wordless defeat. He and Frank Ventura drove out to get the chickens together, alone.

Until the time when Thomas O'Brien MacGill was approaching his majority, they did the greater part of their pleasure driving together, alone. There is no need to chronicle the lack of sympathy with which Sheriff MacGill greeted his son's inventive determination, nor to record the details of the single summer which Tommy, perforce, spent at the Lorentio ranch when he was nineteen.

That year marked the last strenuous attempt of his father to dissuade him from his chosen course. It was also the summer in which Tommy contrived his Double-Simultaneous Can-Opener, which was screwed against the wall of the ranch kitchen, and in which the pedals and sprocket wheel of an ancient bicycle played an important part. Suffer it to be said that the ranch hands did suffer, and two of them were necessarily conveyed to a hospital, where the parings of tin cans were extracted from their anatomy. Tommy was not a popular addition to the ranch family in the Lorentio valley.

After that, his father wisely allowed him to con-

fine his researches to the MacGill garage, and to the lesser and more frivolous functions of human society. The sanitary refillable lip rouge container was patented by him when he was twenty—the day before Gracey Devine's nineteenth birthday, and Gracey put twenty candles on her cake, nineteen for her birthday and one for the lip rouge container.

Sheriff MacGill continued in office, and Manuel Romero continued in Santa Fe. Reports from that direction, whenever Frank Ventura could secure them, were disarming and discouraging. For Manuel didn't become the recalcitrant prisoner which Frank might have hoped. He wheeled his wheelbarrow in a straight and narrow pathway; he joined no riots, attempted no escape, and a casual observer might have believed that, on one of the few occasions in all history, a reformatory was actually fulfilling its intention.

Gracey Devine grew tall, until nature determined that she should grow no more in that direction, after which nature devoted its energies along horizontal lines, varying wisely and kindly through the milimetric gradations necessary to achieve the ultimate in feminine form. Gracey's hair turned from the color of molasses taffy to the color of golden sand, and her lips, kept in frugal and ornamental contour (Continued on page 38)

The lathe began to whine once more. "Got to finish this cover," declared Tommy. "Thanks just the same. It's got a depressed handle, concave circle, and it's plenty tough. Thanks just the same. I'll go tomorrow. Won't we, Gracey?"

"*Manāna*," Adam MacGill quoted viciously. "Always *manāna* with you!"

"There's the work of the world to be done," said Tommy, not at all bowed down by the thought. "Pa, did you ever stop to consider that more people need powder jars, for instance, even with darling little covers, than need mountain lions roped and hog-tied?"

His father shook his head blindly, and retreated into the bright sunshine. "It's the principle of the thing," he said. "I warn you, Tommy, you're liable to be shipped out to our ranch in the Lorentio valley, any moment. They'll put you to mending fences; that's work. They've got lots of fences out there now."

Gracey was delighted with the prospect. "I might hitch-hike over there, Tommy, and ride that little calico pony again. It certainly was smart of you when you got a portable lathe, instead of a permanent one, so you can take it with you. Sheriff MacGill, I bet Tommy could invent a beautiful fence-mender, if he only had the chance!"

Firebugs and Pyromaniacs

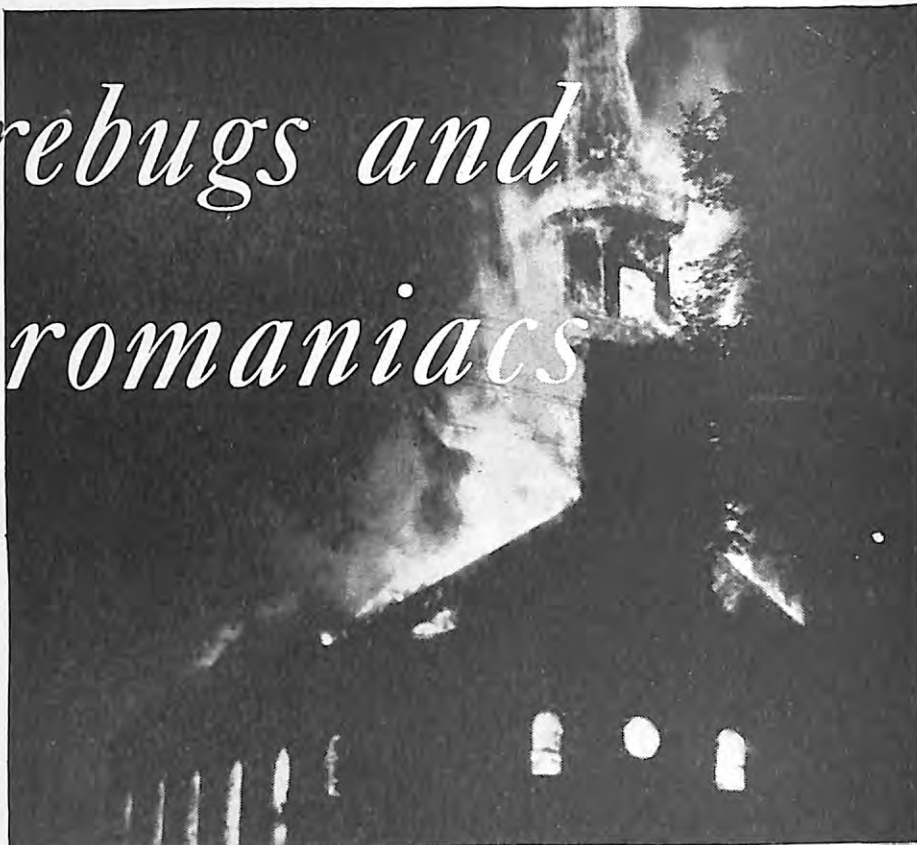
By St. Clair
McKelway

PROFESSIONAL arson as it is now practiced in the United States is the youngest and most lively of the major crimes. Murder, except in fiction, seems to be in a state of decadence. It is doubtful if people are done away with these days with as much grace and subtlety as they were in the time of the Borgias. Certainly machine guns, hammers, sashweights and such crude poisons as arsenic and hydrochloric acid cannot be compared in ingenuity with the refined homicidal instruments of the ancient Chinese, which included a sort of hat-pin for perforating the heart without leaving an exterior scar, and a gruel of pulverized horsehair which resulted in a peaceful death eight weeks after it had been administered. The fashion in robbery has drifted in the other direction and has become so refined that it is often a mere matter of bookkeeping and is consequently rather dull and humdrum. But arson is in a state of furious development, like air travel and proletarian literature. The technique of arson is being improved every day. Now that business is emerging from the depression and inventories are growing larger, the number of incendiary fires throughout the country is again increasing. In the next few years the chances are you will hear more about arson than you ever heard before, and the crime-prevention and crime-detection branches of the various state and city governments will pay more attention to it than they have in the past.

Before the great fire of London, in 1666 A.D., arson was distinctly a minor crime, with revenge as the only motive. The word originally meant "the wilful burning of another's property." The burning of one's own property was not arson and was not even considered a misdemeanor. It was simply thought to be a foolish thing to do. But after

Above: A church set on fire intentionally; and right: The gutted interior of a Chicago roadhouse burned to the ground by gangsters

Psychiatrists glottingly tell of one pyromaniac who was madly in love with a West Side warehouse which he set afire





Left, is a scene in one of five apartment houses badly damaged by mysterious fires in New York's Bronx. Police seek an incendiary but clues are scarce



A gang of firebugs specialized in cremating horses to collect insurance in stables like this. Old nags were substituted for race-horses



Three persons were injured and two firemen overcome in this incendiary fire in an apartment house

the London fire a new idea was born: the idea of fire insurance. And with the birth of fire insurance there came into being a new motive for arson. Almost as soon as the founders of fire insurance had begun to sell it, certain other inventive individuals figured out that if they insured their property for more than it was worth, and then burned it up, they would make a nice profit. The first professional incendiary, or

"firebug," as he is called today, probably set fire to houses and stores simply by piling up some rubbish and setting a match to it. That sort of thing is now considered by the professional firebug to be as passé as high shoes. Your modern firebug is using electrical devices which, attached to a doorbell, will start a fire when some innocent person touches the button. He is using the rays of the sun, directed through magnifying glass so as to set off a bit of inflammable gauze. One man in the middle west not long ago rigged up a fire-making apparatus which was successfully set in motion by the wind in the trees outside the house he wished to destroy. In nearly every case of arson today highly inflammable fluids, which leave no trace and have no odor, are employed by the expert firebugs, some of whom are talented chemists who concoct the fluids according to secret formulas of their own inventions.

This spirit of vigor-ousness and inventiveness on the part of the modern firebug is easily explained. In 1931, a year for which detailed figures happen to be available, the total fire

loss in this country was \$451,643,866. The National Board of Fire Underwriters, a special branch of which is concerned solely with arson, estimates that between thirty and thirty-five per cent of all fires in the United States are of incendiary origin. It is admitted that this is a conservative estimate. Some authorities place the figure as high as sixty or seventy per cent. But, accepting this estimate of thirty per cent, that would mean that fire losses through incendiaryism amounted to some \$135,000,000 that year, which is a handsome total for any industry, crooked or straight, to shoot at. The figure should interest you because, whether you are a farmer who insures his crop, a business man

who insures his stock, or a professional man who insures his household goods, you pay for that incendiary fire loss. Insurance rates are fixed in accordance with fire losses. If incendiaryism could be stamped out, or materially cut down, the rate you pay for your own fire insurance

would be considerably reduced. The insurance companies admit this, and, indeed, would like policy holders to understand it because they feel that an informed and indignant public would be of great assistance in the war on firebugs which is now going on.

The men who are trying all the time to catch professional firebugs and to prevent professional arson suffer a good deal from neglect. They are called Fire Marshals and you never hear much about them. While you read about, or see in the movies, the exploits of heroic firemen and policemen, the exploits of Fire Marshals are hardly ever chronicled at all. And, in the same degree, legislatures appropriate funds generously for fire departments and police departments, but are rather stingy when it comes to giving money to the branch called the Fire Marshal's Office. Fire Marshals are a mixed breed—half fireman, half policeman—the freaks of municipal evolution. The distinguishing characteristics of both fire and police departments may be observed in them. They have fire alarm signals in their homes and are continually getting out of bed and rushing to fires, but they wear neither boots nor helmets. They go to fires in red automobiles, with bells clanging and sirens screeching, but they never touch hose or ladder and they usually turn their backs on the blaze and watch the crowd. They are saving you money every day and when their work is more fully appreciated, and they are given more funds with which to carry on their work of detection and prevention, they will save you more. In the meantime they are catching a good many firebugs, and are learning some curious facts about how firebugs work and what they are like.

PROFESSIONAL firebugs regard themselves as upright citizens and their calling as one that is made necessary by the exigencies of competition in the business world. They are at least as arrogant as bootleggers were during prohibition, and as a rule enjoy a considerable amount of respect among the merchants who employ them. Charles Carmen, who was arrested in New York City in 1927 and sent to jail for a long term, was known as the Professor among the merchants he served. He was a snob at heart, and if he had followed his natural snobbish instincts, he might still be at liberty. When he was first asked by one Socrates Moscahlades to set fire to Bishop's Warehouse on Greenwich Street, Manhattan, he said, "I don't want to do any business with Greeks." But he finally took the job, and on June 24, 1927, did set fire to the warehouse, which burned to the ground and destroyed merchandise which Moscahlades and some associates had insured for a million dollars. Carmen was so highly thought of by one New York group, made up of mer-

chants who either had hired him in the past or had thought they might hire him some day, that after his arrest and conviction they organized a benefit performance for him at a Yiddish theatre on the lower East Side of Manhattan. The benefit performance was duly held in December, 1929, and funds were raised to make Carmen more comfortable in prison.

Carmen made the mistake of leaving a gasoline tin behind him when he set fire to the warehouse. He would never have left such a damaging piece of evidence if everything had gone smoothly. He had arranged on the second floor of the warehouse a fire-making apparatus consisting of a large candle placed on top of gasoline-soaked rags in such a way that the rags would catch fire when the candle burned down. The fire was supposed to start some four hours after he left the warehouse. As it happened, Carmen struck a match, and was bending over to light the candle when a black cat walked out from behind a packing case and startled him. He dropped the match and it fell into the gasoline-soaked rags. The flames leaped up and Carmen had to run, leaving inside the gasoline tin he had intended to take away with him after he had lighted the candle.

The gasoline tin formed the basis of a painstaking investigation by the Fire Marshal's Office of the New

Some firebugs work the whole country, like the old-fashioned traveling salesman. The National Board of Fire Underwriters, which with its special agents gives assistance to the country's Fire Marshals from time to time, was able about three years ago to get a glimpse at the inside machinery of one of the biggest arson rings that has ever come to its attention. The Fire Marshal's Office in St. Louis had been trying for a long time to run down a known professional firebug named Joe Ritter and had never been able to get enough evidence on him to warrant his arrest. A special agent of the National Board of Fire Underwriters was sent to St. Louis to "get" Ritter. The agent posed as a business man and opened a store in which he announced he was going to sell raincoats at amazingly cheap prices. To various underworld characters whom he had met through stool pigeons working for the Fire Marshal's Office, he intimated that the raincoats had been stolen and otherwise led them to believe that he was a pretty shady character, willing to do anything to make money. As the agent had hoped, Ritter, the firebug, heard about him and called at his raincoat store. Ritter suggested a job of arson to make the raincoat store really profitable; the agent quibbled about terms, got to know Ritter intimately, and finally

ring. He traveled about the country making contacts and arranging for incendiary fires, and usually was in some other city, drumming up new business, when the actual fire occurred. When Shapiro and Altman started the fire in Long Beach, for instance, Ritter was back in St. Louis negotiating a job for another merchant. It was there that he was arrested by the St. Louis Fire Marshal's Office on information furnished by the special agent. Ritter told his captors he wished to put on a clean shirt and while they were waiting for him he swallowed poison.

Joe Eisenstein, another notorious firebug who had clients in a dozen eastern and middle western cities, was finally arrested and convicted in New York in 1930. He was a firebug who prided himself especially on his knowledge of chemistry. He claimed to have worked out a secret formula for a highly inflammable fluid which left no suspicious trace or odor after it had been used. He wore tortoise shell glasses and called himself Dr. Eisenstein. He was also proud of his timing. When he was finally arrested for setting off a blaze in the Dachis Fur Company building in New York he asked what time the alarm had been turned in. He said he had timed it to start three hours and a half after he had left the place. It turned out that he had been wrong by twelve minutes.



These gentlemen were gathered together by Newark, N. J., police as part of an arson gang

All photographs are by Pictures, Inc., and Keystone

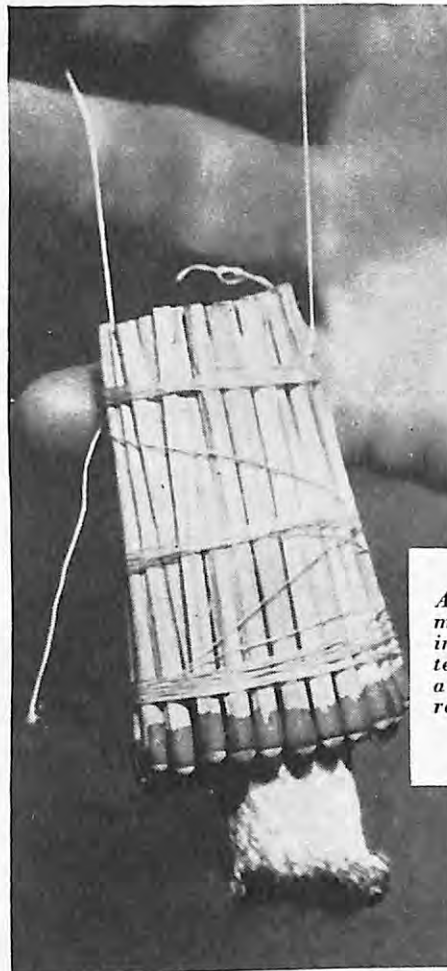
York Fire Department which led to the arrest of the Greek merchants two months after the fire. They confessed and in their confessions named a man named Joseph Kwit as the person who had carried on the negotiations with the fire bug, who was known to them only as the Professor. Kwit admitted that his real business was that of acting as procurer for the Professor. As soon as Carmen had got out of Sing Sing, he had made Kwit his partner and, by way of demonstrating his skill as a firebug, had set fire to a small store Kwit owned at that time on the lower West Side. Kwit collected \$12,500 insurance on this fire, and was able thereafter to recommend Carmen to other merchants with an enthusiasm based on personal experience.

abandoned the raincoat business to become the firebug's secretary and assistant. The agent stayed with Ritter until Ritter undertook an arson job for a millinery establishment in Long Beach, Calif., which resulted in the arrest of one of Ritter's gang, a man named Altman, the proprietor of the millinery store; Morris Shapiro, and Ritter himself. Ritter committed suicide while he was under arrest, when he learned that his "secretary" had been a special agent and that there was enough evidence against him to send him to prison for life. Ritter was revealed as the head of a prosperous arson

Eisenstein lived like any respectable citizen. He had a wife and two boys, the eldest of whom, it developed after his father's arrest was specializing in chemistry. Eisenstein had been a clothing merchant in Pleasantville, New Jersey, at one time, but for five years before his arrest had been a professional firebug. He usually charged from eight hundred dollars up for a fire, with a stipulation that he was to receive a bonus of one hundred dollars if he achieved "complete destruction." In going over his past record, New York investigators found that in Philadelphia, Eisenstein had once sued a merchant who had just had a fire and had obtained an attachment on the insurance money the merchant was due to receive. When he had contracted to set this merchant's store on fire, Eisenstein

had accepted a part payment in cash, and had made the merchant give him conventional promissory notes for the balance. The merchant had tried to default, Eisenstein had hired a lawyer, and the Philadelphia courts had made the merchant pay him out of the insurance money.

The Dachis fur store occupied the ground floor and the second floor of a building on Twenty-seventh Street in Manhattan. Months before the fire the fur merchant had partitioned off a section of the second floor and installed there a small perfumery shop. He hired a man named Leavitt, who, it turned out later, knew nothing about perfume, and made him the dummy proprietor of the shop. Dachis confessed later that this shop was set up simply to furnish an explanation for the inflammable liquid which would be used by the firebug. When Eisenstein was placed in charge, the first thing he did was to make several gallons of this inflammable fluid, using his secret formula. Then he cut a hole about two feet square in the floor of the fake perfumery shop and a similar hole in the floor of the Dachis store, leading into the cellar. This was to insure a draught. To make the draught perfect, he pulled up two or three floorboards in the store. Eisenstein then set up the fire-making apparatus. He had brought with him a grooved board, a piece of punk, some



A bunch of matches formed into a torch intended for use by a Chicago gang responsible for at least 25 fires

mable fluid. An open container of the fluid stood at the end of each streamer. Eisenstein then lit the end of the punk, and left. When the inflammable fluid was ignited a little over three hours later, the explosion was so terrific that it blew out the front wall of the building and hurled an iron gate across the street. It was after midnight on a Sunday, and the street was not crowded. The gate hit a passing Greek, who had to be treated for cuts and bruises at St. Vincent's Hospital, but no one else was injured by the explosion. Dachis achieved "complete destruction" on this job. It was a two-alarm fire.

* * *

Dr. Eisenstein, Professor Carmen and Ritter were family men who did not consort with professionals in other types of crime. This seems to be typical of firebugs. The National Board of Fire Underwriters has found that most of them have been respectable married men, and while their wives knew what business their husbands were in, the ladies did not appear to

consider it criminal. Some years ago a notorious firebug named Horowitz, who had been operating in Camden, Newark and other New Jersey cities for some time without being caught, was killed in an explosion which went off before he expected it to in a store in Paterson, New Jersey. It was found that he lived in New York and had a family. When his wife was informed of his sudden death, she exclaimed in an aggrieved tone, "For three years I have been expecting something like this to happen!" Firebugs sometimes exhibit highly civilized feelings. The New York fire marshals were once hot on the trail of a gang of firebugs, and had learned of their plan to set fire to an East Side building on a certain day. Mysteriously, the setting of the blaze was postponed for three days, and the fire marshals failed to catch them that time. The fire marshals did not find out why the postponement had been made until they arrested the firebugs some months later: somebody had died in the tenement next door to the store which was to be burned, and the firebugs had not wished to upset the funeral services by having a fire. So they had put off the fire for three days.

Professional arson seems to be a man's job, on the whole. Only a score or so women have been convicted of the crime in the past twenty years in the United States. The majority of these were rooming-house keepers.

Another, a widow, burned up her apartment to collect insurance. She was betrayed by an urn containing the ashes of her husband, who had been legally cremated some

(Continued on page 44)



Shyly posed are these volunteer firemen of Beverly, N. J., who confessed to setting the fires they put out

non-safety matches, some tissue paper, and several large bundles of absorbent cotton. He was chewing all through these preparations a large wad of chewing gum. He laid the punk on the grooved board, which was nailed to the floor of the fur shop, and at the end of the board placed the chewing gum. The matches were stuck in the chewing gum so that their heads touched one end of the punk. The tissue paper was then laid over the matches, loosely fluffed. Leading from the tissue paper to the front and rear rooms on the second floor, and to the four corners of the downstairs room, like streamers at a gala, were ropes of absorbent cotton which had been soaked in the inflam-



Left: Three of twelve girls who were accused, convicted and imprisoned on charges of arson

Amateur Hour

by Octavus
Roy Cohen

A TALL, harassed gentleman emerged from the control room and spoke to Roger Hartley, whose famous Amateur Hour had now been in rehearsal for several hours. He said, "Sorry, Mr. Hartley, but you're still running three minutes over."

Mr. Hartley abandoned some of his professional geniality. He cast a jaundiced eye over the eager amateurs who had been rehearsing ardently for that night's broadcast. He said, "We'll cut it the easy way. We'll give one of 'em the gong."

"Which one?"

"That blonde lad in the corner. What's his name?"

The tall man consulted a list. "Eddie Williams," he answered. "He sings."

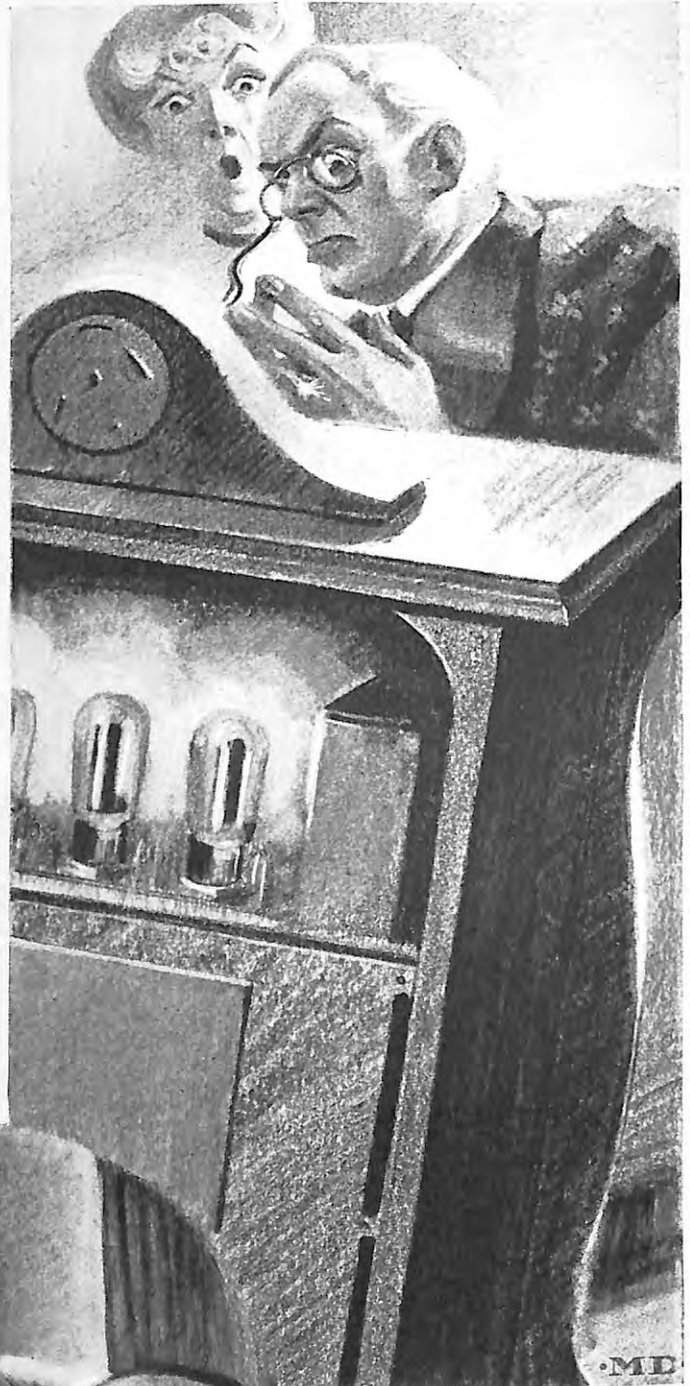
WELL, I'm gonna tell you exactly what happened, on account of me and Eddie Williams being pals, even if he is a little screwy. Of course, he says he ain't—but I ask you—If a guy would always rather work and study than to run around with good-looking girls—well, is he goofy or is he goofy?

For five years me and Eddie have been working in the shipping department of the Alcazar Hosiery Company, and they call us "Assistant Shipping Clerks" which is a fine title, even if it don't bring in no heavy sugar when the weekly pay envelopes are passed around.

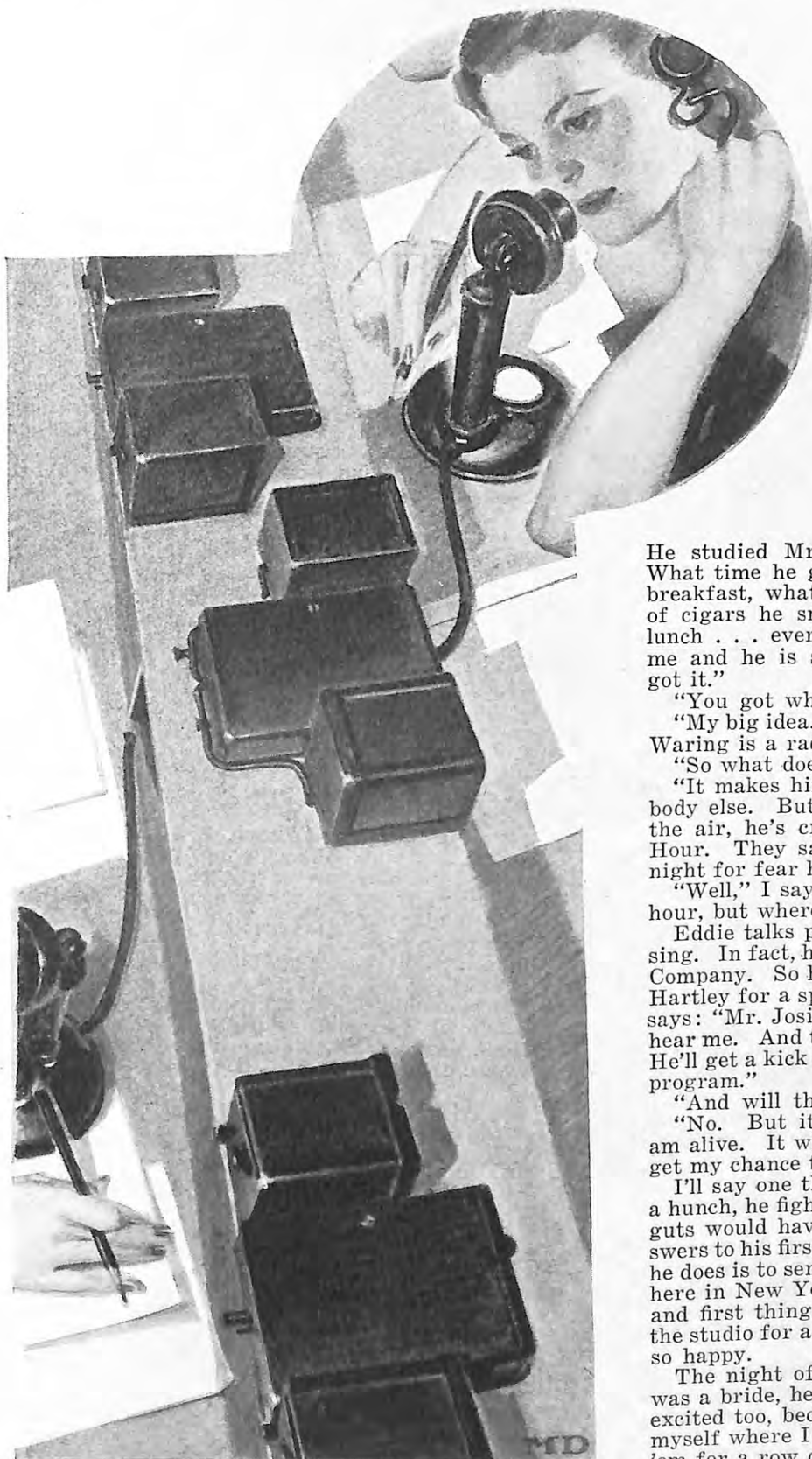
Now Eddie, he could have had lots of fun. He was well built and good-looking with that kind of yellow hair that the dames go for in a big way. He could dance and he could sing. Boy! could that lad sing. He used to knock Mother Machree right off the Christmas tree, and when he turned loose on My Wild Irish Rose, it would grow hair on a potato. The girls upstairs in the plant was always trying to double-date with me and Eddie, just so as they could get Eddie, but he wasn't very keen about them. He said most of them was dumb clucks, which was true, but a guy ain't supposed to be chasing brains when he takes a girl out.

Not that Eddie was a sap, or anything else but a regular guy, but he was full of nutty ideas. Like for instance, studying books, and also thinking Mr. Josiah Waring, which was owner of the Alcazar Hosiery Company, was a great man.

Well, I ain't got anything against Mr. Josiah Waring, mind you, but also I ain't handing a lot to a bozo just because he has a wad of dough. I tell this to Eddie Williams, and he



Illustrated by
Michael Dolas



says, "That ain't the point, Tommy. Mr. Josiah Waring is really a fine man. He's self-made."

"Him and lots of other so-and-sos," I answered, but Eddie shakes his head.

"I want to be like him," he says, "I want to get somewhere."

He did, too. He was always trying to improve himself—spending good dough for school books, instead of being satisfied with all he learned in the first seven

grades of grammar. He studied all about business administration and the hosiery racket, and he read books on advertising and exploitation and what-not. "For why?" I ask him. "What chance has an assistant shipping clerk got to get anywhere with a lot of fancy knowledge?"

"That isn't the point," he explains. "It's simply that when my chance comes, I'll be equipped to take advantage of it."

Equipped! Laugh that off! But Eddie was always talking that way. So I don't argue with him about words, but I say "When your chance comes! Why, Mr. Josiah Waring doesn't even know you're alive. You're just a small name at the bottom of the payroll."

"He'll know I'm alive," says Eddie. "I'll see that he does."

Well, that idea eats on Eddie Williams something terrible. Making Josiah Waring know he's alive.

He studied Mr. Waring like he would study books; What time he got up in the morning, what he ate for breakfast, what time he reached the office, what kind of cigars he smoked—and how many; where he took lunch . . . everything. And then one day he comes to me and he is smiling all over. He says, "Tommy, I got it."

"You got what?"

"My big idea. Listen: I just found out that Mr. Josiah Waring is a radio fan."

"So what does that make him?"

"It makes him human. Like you and me and everybody else. But that ain't all. Of all the programs on the air, he's craziest about Roger Hartley's Amateur Hour. They say he even hates to make dates on that night for fear he'll miss it."

"Well," I says, "that's a swell break for the amateur hour, but where do you come in?"

Eddie talks plenty then. He reminds me that he can sing. In fact, he's the best singer in the Alcazar Hosiery Company. So he says he is going to apply to Mr. Roger Hartley for a spot on his amateur hour. "And look," he says: "Mr. Josiah Waring will be listening in, and he'll hear me. And then I won't be just another name to him. He'll get a kick out of one of his employees being on that program."

"And will that make you a better shipping clerk?"

"No. But it will make Mr. Josiah Waring know I am alive. It will make me an individual. And I might get my chance that way."

I'll say one thing for Eddie Williams: When he gets a hunch, he fights it through. A guy without that much guts would have quit cold when he didn't even get answers to his first three applications; but not Eddie. What he does is to send a telegram to Mr. Roger Hartley, right here in New York, saying he must get on the program, and first thing you know they tell him to show up at the studio for a trial . . . and honest, I never seen a guy so happy.

The night of the show, you would of thought Eddie was a bride, he was that excited and nervous. Me, I'm excited too, because I have managed to get a ducat for myself where I can be right there and hear Eddie knock 'em for a row of ashcans. Him: He is white and then red like he didn't know whether to have fever or not, and I am trying to cheer him up. I say, "Look Eddie—if you really wow 'em you might get a week's stage engagement."

He says, "I don't care about that. I'm doing this so Mr. Josiah Waring will hear me. That's all."

Nuts! That's what he was. Letting ambition for business get stronger than a desire to go on the stage. Some guys ain't quite correct upstairs.

The big auditorium of that studio is a knockout. It's full of them new-fangled chairs that look uncomfort-



able and ain't. Eddie has been grim since dinner, which I think is because he is frightened, but he says no, he has an idea. So I sit down and wait with all them other goofs that had got ducats also, and finally the program starts and when the curtain rolls back there are all the amateurs sitting on the stage looking scared to death, and believe me, brother, you couldn't ever think they wasn't amateurs. Eddie is sitting in the back, near the side and he looks like just before the kickoff of a football game.

The show is like all the other Roger Hartley Amateur Hours, only it is more exciting being right there and watching. First some music plays and then a guy talks into the microphone about Roger Hartley, and then another bird tells the world about what they are selling, and then Mr. Hartley, which is a short, chunky chap with a pleasant voice—he takes over the microphone and pretends he has just pulled a number out of a hat and says that the first act is the Watson Sisters, Harmonizers.

Well, they are pretty good, and the audience gives them a big hand, and then comes a skinny lad from Weehawken who plays elegant on an ocarina, which is one of them musical sweet potatoes. The audience goes for him in a big way and it looks like he is sure to be in the running for a week's engagement at some theater, and after him comes two girls who play guitar and banjo, and what I mean, they sure tickle hell out of them instruments.

It was funny about how Eddie looked, because for the first time I got wise to what this really meant to him. I sort of shivered, wondering if even a self-made man like Mr. Josiah Waring could ever understand, or if he would be as proud as Eddie Williams wanted him to be.

And there was Roger Hartley talking to Eddie. Just like he did to the others—but I knew there was something coming. I could see it in Eddie's face, like I told you.

Mr. Hartley says, "You are Eddie Williams?"

"Yes sir."

"Where do you come from, Eddie?"

"New York."

"Oh! Right here in the big city, eh? Have you lived here long?"

"Yes sir." Then Eddie pulls his rabbit out of the hat, the words kind of stumbling over each other. He says, "I work for the Alcazar Hosiery Company!"

"Well, there was a dead silence, and you could of knocked Mr. Roger Hartley down with a feather if you had of had a feather. There was Eddie giving a plug

to another company when this program was being sponsored by somebody else. Of course I caught his idea now: There couldn't be a chance of Mr. Josiah Waring not knowing that Eddie worked for him.

Well, ordinarily, Mr. Hartley has got a nice, pleasant voice, but when Eddie pulled that crack about working for the Alcazar Hosiery Company, Mr. Hartley was not pleasant no more. In fact, he says, kind of nasty: "You put that in since the rehearsal this afternoon," which struck me as a dumb crack because the public likes to think that these amateur shows ain't rehearsed.

Well, Eddie chokes, "Yes sir," and Mr. Hartley says, "Go ahead and sing!" and Eddie starts, but I see Mr. Hartley make a motion to a guy that is sitting on the side of a stage with a big gong, and I know the payoff is coming.

Eddie starts to sing, and I'm here to tell you that he never sung no better in his life. He was the best yet on that program, except maybe the ocarina player—and he was just going good—figuring how happy Mr. Josiah Waring must be, when "Bang!" that gong sounded. And how it sounded!

Eddie looked around kind of startled, and then a lot of dumb turnips in the audience began to laugh, and Mr. Roger Hartley waves Eddie away from the mike, and announces "That was Eddie Williams, folks. Next on our program is . . ."

I saw Eddie walk back to his seat and keep on going. So I ease out, though I have trouble doing it on account it's against the rules to open the door during a broadcast. I tell the doorman I'm sick—which ain't such a lie at that. Anyway, I find Eddie at the elevator. He didn't look like he had seen a ghost. He looked like the ghost.

Am I depressed? You'd of thought he was in the middle of being operated on and the chloroform gave out. He is trembling all over and for a long while he does not say nothing, so I tell him to buck up. With that he laughs kind of harsh.

"I'm a smart lad, ain't I Tommy?"

"Sure you are," I says, "and a swell singer."

He says something profane. "Smart! Well, Mr. Josiah Waring knows all about me now. He knows I work for him and that I made the Alcazar Hosiery Company ridiculous."

"You didn't do no such a thing. You went to the bat for him—"

"—and struck out!" Boy! Is Eddie whipped. He says, "I might as well stay home tomorrow. There isn't any sense in going downtown to the office just for the sake of being fired." (Continued on page 43)



Broadcast

Right: Ken Murray, who, with his stooge, Oswald, and Russ Morgan's band, makes the hour of 8:30 on Tuesday evenings over the C. B. S. Stations a pleasant interlude.



Ray Lee Jackson

Right: A study of Helen Hayes who is continuing again this year her exceedingly fine dramatic broadcasts with N. B. C.



Ray Lee Jackson

The inimitable Fred Astaire, right, of the stage, screen and the world at large, has opened a new radio series Tuesday evenings at 9:30 P.M. for N. B. C.



Radio welcomes back to the air lovely Mr. Fred Allen, a portrait of whom appears above, who returns to the "Town Hall" conducting his National Amateur Hour and merrily making monkeys out of his national amateurs.

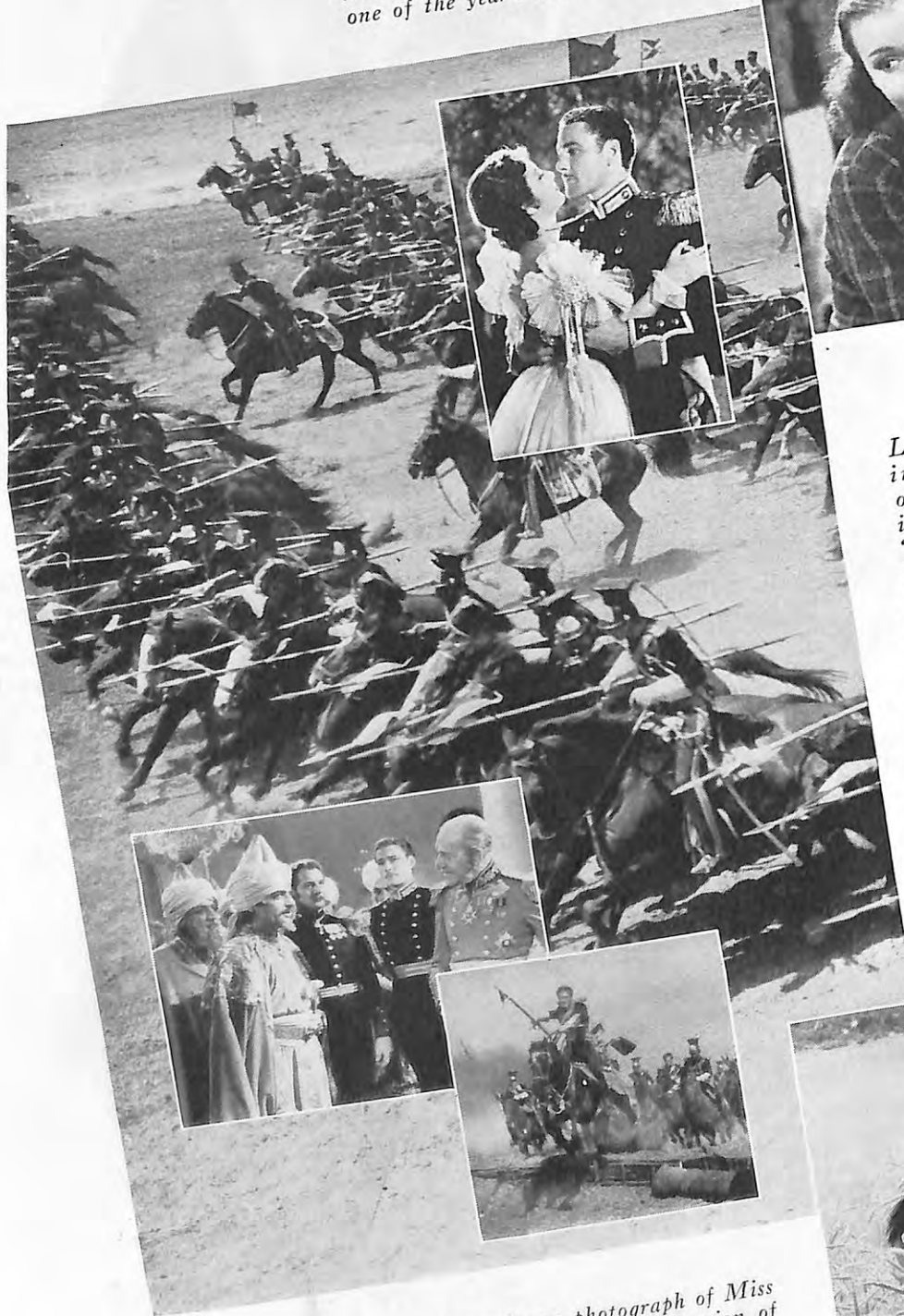
Joan Marsh, right, recently finished a long broadcast series with C. B. S. on the "Flying Red Horse Tavern" program.



Writing radio pages these days is almost indistinguishable from writing screen pages. Witness the many film personalities hanging around here. Left are Jack Benny, heard on W.E.A.F. Sundays, and Bob Burns who is heard on Thursdays over W.E.A.F., recently made a film together. We imagine this shot is from the picture. Benny is working on Burns' "bazooka."



Right is, probably, the new screen idol, Burgess Meredith, with Margo, snapped in a tragic moment, in "Winterset," a motion picture made from Maxwell Anderson's famous play of the same name. "Winterset" promises to be one of the year's memorable films.



Left: One of the most important offerings of the year, is Warner Brothers' "Charge of the Light Brigade," featuring the action; Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland, inset at top, and C. Henry Gordon, Robert Barrat and Henry Stephenson, closely grouped with Mr. Flynn at lower left. Typical of the fast action of the film is the inset of Mr. Flynn during the immortal charge of the Light Brigade.

Right: A handsome photograph of Miss Loretta Young in the latest version of "Ramona," which was a notable film of the past decade. Playing opposite the star is the screen's new find, Don Ameche. This will be Miss Young's first important film in many months.



Show BUSINESS



Above: Roland Kendrick, Philip Ober and Louise Platt in the Philip Barry comedy, "Spring Dance," first offering of the Broadway season.



Above: That great Heart Throb, Clark Gable, and the perennial Marion Davies indulge in a whimsical bit of by-play in their current film, "Cain and Mabel," produced by Cosmopolitan-Warner Brothers Pictures. Even with the black glasses we say, "Marion never looked lovelier."



Until Arthur Treacher, left, appeared there had never been found a film genius who could suitably portray P. G. Wodehouse's supernatural valet Jeeves. Now, with the discovery of Mr. Treacher, you have Jeeves to the life performing his miracles in the cinema, "Thank You, Jeeves."

Despite the appearance of Miss Helen Hayes on this and the radio page, this Department is not log-rolling. We merely wish to point out that Miss Hayes, shown with Vincent Price, below, is again this year making theatrical history with her valid performance as the Widow of Windsor in the quiet but pleasant play, "Victoria Regina."



Above: Richard Walker, Darrell Fancourt and Radley Flynn are three notable members of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company once more sojourning in New York to provide this season's share of Gilbert and Sullivan. The scene is from the operetta "Princess Ida."



Editorial

Do What You Can



IF I had a million—" How frequently that subjunctive statement is heard, followed by the declaration of how much good would be done with it.

It is pleasing to contemplate what we would do with a million dollars. And nearly always we mentally list the charities we would foster, the generous and kindly things we would do for others. But we usually wind up with a futile sigh and with a general feeling of helplessness because the million is not available to us.

How much better it would be if we would contemplate the little we can do and would then do it. It may be only a dollar at hand, or merely a dime, to be applied in furtherance of a generous impulse. But single dollars and modest dimes may do a lot of good and bring a lot of happiness if rightly used.

The great aggregate of charitable expenditures does not come so much from the millionaires as it does from the small givers whose nickels and dimes pile up into the effective totals.

Don't worry about the million you do not have to spend in promoting the good you would like to accomplish; just be glad of the small amounts you do have and give them freely in aid of the causes you can serve. The actual gift of a

dime is more effective than the mere contemplation of a donation of a thousand dollars never made. The one is the lasting good deed we do, the other is only the passing emotion we feel.

Just do what you can. Don't worry about what you can't do.

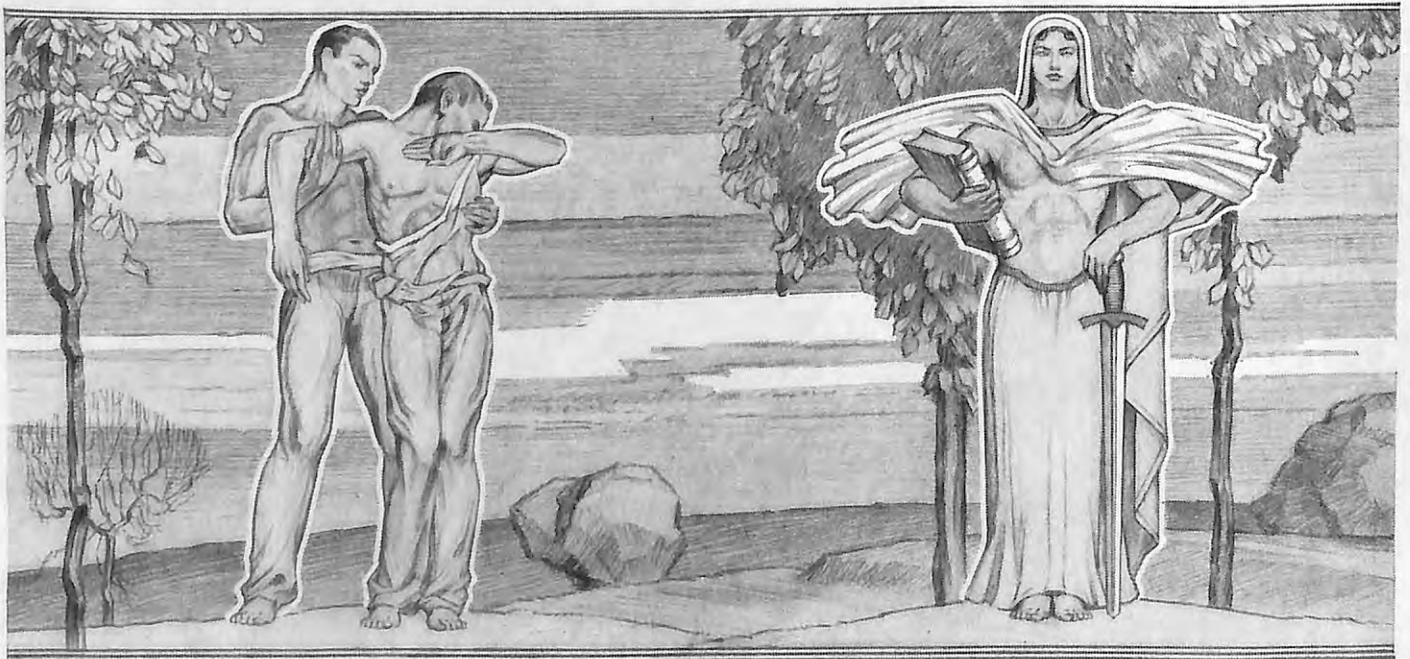
Fraternalism Still Appeals



IN a recent circular News Letter, issued by the New York State Elks Association, there was a discussion of the statement sometimes made that "the days of fraternalism have passed."

The purpose of the circular was to controvert that assertion and to support the contention that men today seek the pleasures, advantages and opportunities of fraternal associations as keenly as they ever did.

It is true that there are now many more forms of entertainment and diversion than existed in the earlier days and that these compete in their appeal with the social incidents of lodge meetings. Undoubtedly this accounts, in a measure, for an apparent lack of interest in fraternalism as evidenced by attendance upon lodge sessions. But, as stated in the News Letter, human nature has not changed; men are as fraternally inclined as ever; and they are as steadily induced to form fraternal membership associations.



In truth, fraternalism in its broad concept, has a stronger hold upon men than ever before. Social consciousness, which leads to fraternal charitable activities, is more generally pervasive than it has ever been in all history. It is not fraternalism which has lost its appeal; but only that the social contacts incident to membership must share with other diversions in their claims upon the member's available time.

The days of fraternalism have not passed, for men have not changed in their impulses toward human helpfulness, as expressed in fraternal undertakings; except to become more firmly imbued with their obligation to share in such undertakings. So that in seeking applicants for membership there should be no feeling of handicap. The response to appropriate approaches was never more ready than it is today.

Reputations at Stake

IN a gracious and hospitable editorial greeting to the Elks, upon the occasion of their recent convention, the Los Angeles Times referred to the first Convention of the Order held in that City in 1909; and it quoted from one of its editorials of that earlier time in which it had said: "Our reputation is at stake. These tens of thousands exercise a great deal of influence in their communities."

The implication was obvious that the reputation of the City was again at stake, for it would be measured by its treatment of the visitors who would return to their homes with impressions created by the attitude and conduct of the people of Los Angeles.

It is pleasing to state that the reputation of Los Angeles as a convention city was materially enhanced by the experiences of the Order during the recent sessions of the Grand Lodge therein. The welcome accorded was sincere and graciously evidenced; the entertainment provided was as generous as it was brilliant and distinctive; and the people of the city were most hospitable and kindly in their interest in the Order and in their concern for the comfort and well being of the members in attendance. From this viewpoint the Los Angeles Convention was a great success.

But the thought is suggested that, even as a city's reputation is at stake in its entertainment of a fraternal convention, so the reputation of the organization is at stake in the conduct and deportment of those who attend it. And in this aspect the convention at Los Angeles may be contemplated by Elks with the utmost satisfaction.

It is confidently asserted that no convention of any fraternal order was ever attended by men of a higher type of American citizenship, more earnest of purpose, or of better conduct and deportment.

All this may well be assumed as matter of course. It is to be expected. But in the light of other experiences it is worthy of prideful comment.

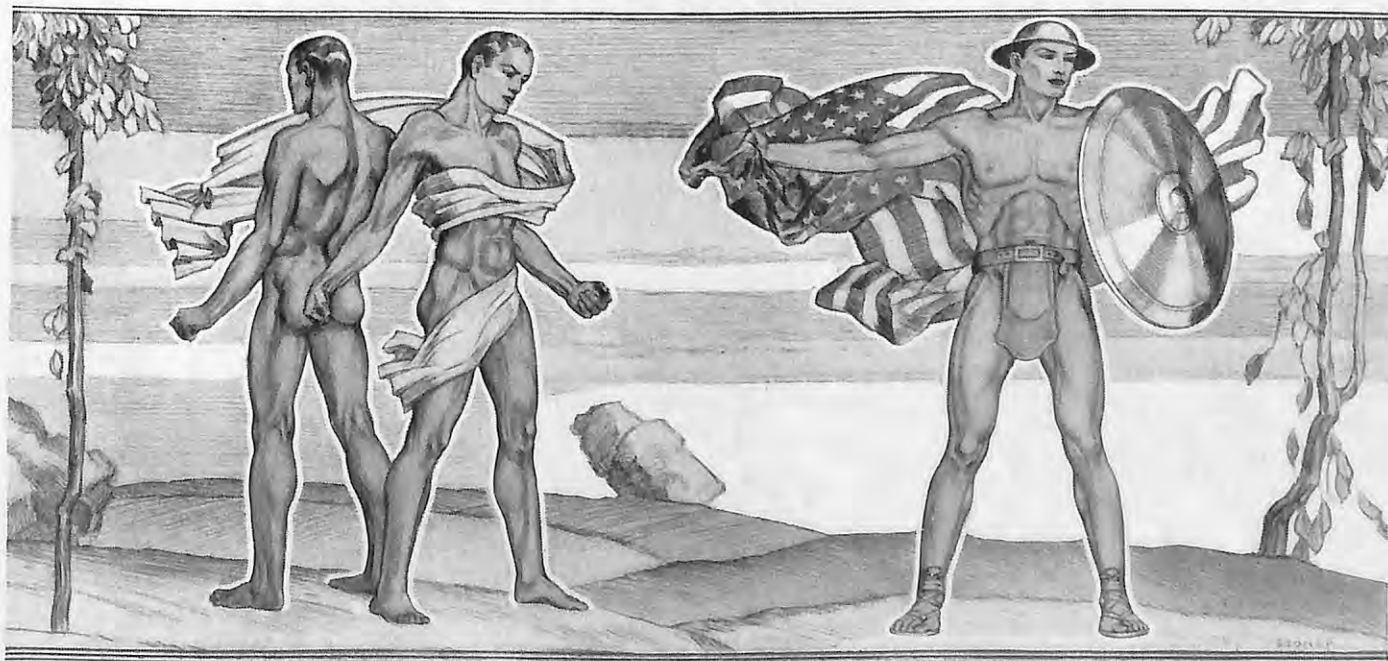
A Good Litany Amendment

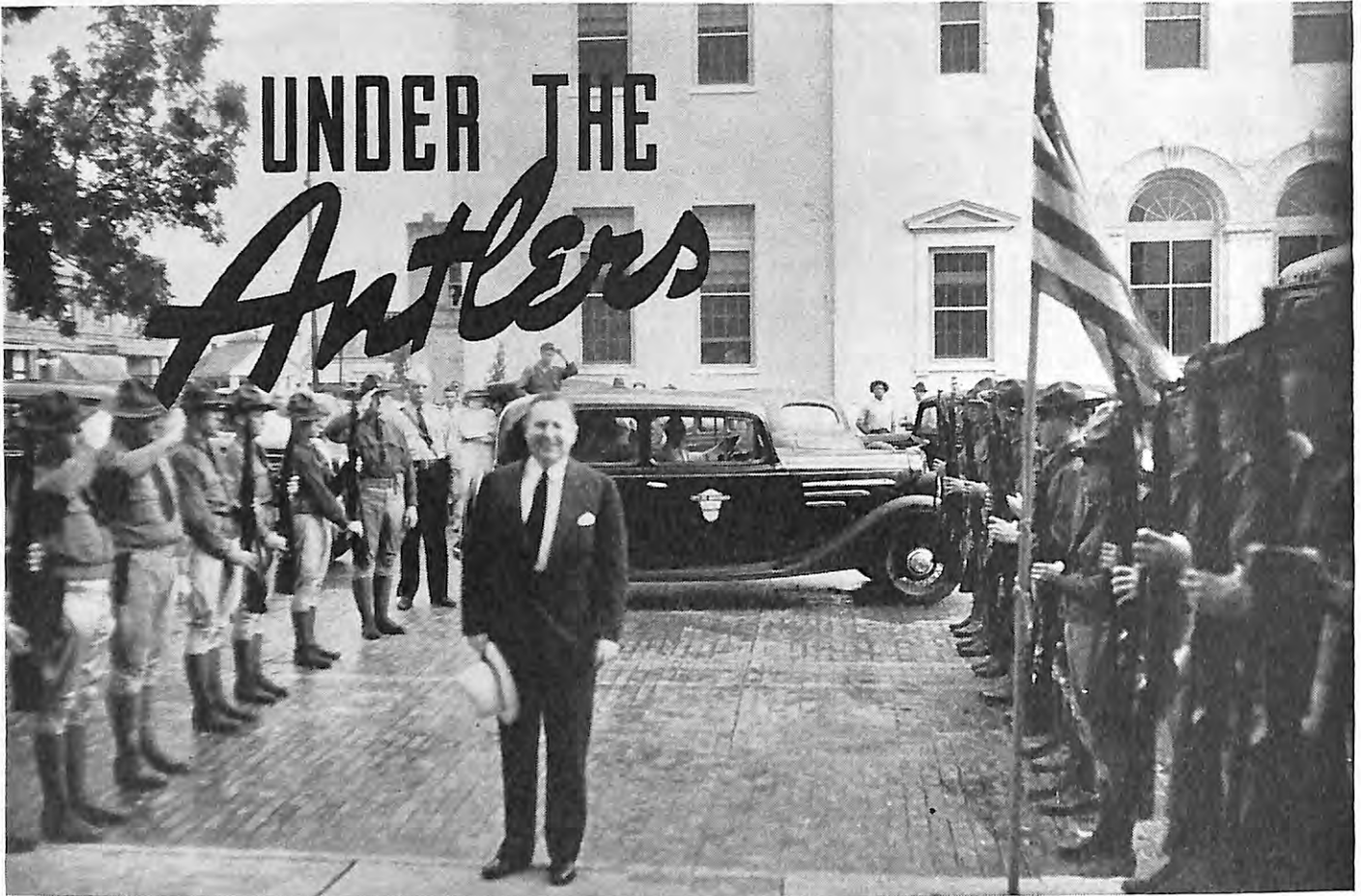
IN some churches which observe a distinctive formality of service a Litany is recited, in which supplication is made for deliverance from certain recited evils and errors. A resolution recently adopted by Bronx Lodge No. 871 embodies a petition which would prove a good amendment to such a Litany.

With a preamble which recites recent disclosures of "befouled bigotry, racial prejudice and political intolerance," without definite specifications, the resolution provided that the Lodge stand while the Chaplain offered a prayer for "Divine Deliverance of ourselves and this nation from the evils of bigotry and intolerance."

Certainly no more appropriate a petition could be addressed to the Supreme Being in whose existence all Elks believe. More injustice, cruelty and human suffering flow from the named evils than from any other cause. And our Order has set its face against those evils as wholly inconsistent with the true spirit of fraternity as taught and exemplified by Elks.

The true conception of the brotherhood of man rejects racial prejudice, narrow minded bigotry and intolerance as out of accord with its altruistic ideal. We may well pray to be delivered from such sinister influences in our fraternal and national life as well as in our individual lives.





Franklin, Pa., Lodge Mourns P.E.R. Lieut. Col. Wilson

Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110, mourns the recent death of P.E.R. Lieut. Col. Edwin Gordon Wilson, one of the outstanding Franklin veterans of the World War, and a citizen possessing the high regard of hundreds of residents of the community. The sudden passing of Lieut. Col. Wilson shocked the members of Franklin Lodge, particularly as he had but recently taken a lively part in the annual outing given by the Lodge the week before his death. His father, John A. Wilson, a prominent Elk for years, was a first cousin of the late President Woodrow Wilson.

Mr. Wilson became a member of Franklin Lodge on October 24, 1906. In 1916 he was elected Est. Lect. Knight, and the following year he became Est. Loyal Knight. In 1918 he was elected Exalted Ruler. During his term of office he served overseas, but retained his place in the Order, carrying the honor of office bestowed upon him.

To his brother, Lieut. Col. Alfred M. Wilson, who is also a member of the Order, and to his many friends, Franklin Lodge conveys its most sincere condolence.

Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge Entertains 250 Crippled Children

Two hundred and fifty youngsters recently made merry at Echo Lake Park on the 12th annual outing for

crippled children sponsored by Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289. The children played all kinds of games, enjoyed musical entertainment and partook of an elaborate luncheon. Many games and sports contests were run off, the winners being awarded prizes. The outing was one of many conducted throughout the State under the auspices of the New Jersey State Elks Association.

Bessemer, Ala., Lodge Holds Interesting Meeting

A recent meeting, at which 15 candidates were initiated, was one of the most enthusiastic and interesting ever held by Bessemer, Ala., Lodge, No. 721. E.R. Wilson R. Hogg called the meeting to order. The class was initiated by the Degree Team of Blocton, Ala., Lodge, No. 710, headed by Frank S. Israel as Exalted Ruler. The Patrol of Birmingham Lodge, No. 79, under the direction of Captain Charles E. McCombs, assisted in the ceremonies. The Patrol also put on a parade and drill in the streets of Bessemer prior to the meeting.

Many Past Exalted Rulers of Bes-

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Above: *The National Guard presenting arms to Governor David Sholtz, Grand Exalted Ruler, as he went to a public reception in his honor at Waycross, Ga., when Waycross Lodge initiated the "David Sholtz Class"*

semer Lodge attended. Talks were made by State Pres. Clarence M. Tardy of Birmingham Lodge; Leon W. Friedman, Mr. Israel, Capt. McCombs, Arthur Green, and the newly elected Mayor of Bessemer, Jap Bryant, who was one of the initiates. Mr. Tardy was presented with a typewriter by the membership as an expression of appreciation for what he has done for Bessemer Lodge. Secy. A. R. Oxford announced that 37 can-



didates were awaiting initiation and would be inducted into the Order at a future meeting.

Lunch and other refreshments were served both before and after the session. P.D.D. Harry W. English was a member of the Birmingham visiting delegation.

Greenville, S. C., Lodge Clothes Needy Children

A charity program, embracing provision of clothing required by needy children of the city and Parker school districts in order that they might attend school during the coming session, was provided by Greenville, S. C., Lodge, No. 858, at a meeting recently, according to an announcement by E.R. E. M. Whar-ton.

The project has received hearty approval and promise of cooperation from Dr. J. L. Mann, superintendent of city schools, and L. P. Hollis, superintendent of Parker schools. Greenville Lodge voted an initial sum of \$1,000 to aid these "forgotten children" in securing adequate clothing. The funds are being expended through the Social and Community Welfare Committee.

The plan is for teachers to fill out blank forms provided for the purpose, stating the actual need of each child. The requisitions are sent to the Lodge Home and the articles needed are purchased from local stores.

Visiting Elks Throng Panama

One hundred and forty distinguished Elks and their ladies thronged Panama recently, having arrived on the *S. S. Virginia* from the National Convention in Los Angeles. They were greeted by more than 350 Panama Elks and taken on a sightseeing trip through Balboa, Panama City and Old Panama. Many of the local Elks turned their automobiles over to the visitors. During the evening a large delegation of Elks from Colon arrived by special train to attend a dinner dance tendered the visiting Elks at the Miramar Club, sponsored by Panama, Canal Zone, Lodge, No. 1414. Est. Lead. Knight James O. Des Londes, of No. 1414, and P.E.R. Vincent J. Clarke, of Cristobal Lodge No. 1542, spoke on be-

half of their Lodges, and a number of responses were made by Exalted Rulers in the visting delegation.

Shreveport, La., Lodge Contemplates Fishing Lodge

The recent passing by the Federal Government of the Flood Control Bill will result in the building of numerous dams which will create reservoirs and lakes on the Mississippi, Ouachita and Red Rivers, thereby giving to Louisiana many more lakes. This outlook prompted Shreveport, La., Lodge, No. 122, at a recent meeting, to pass several resolutions. One sponsored a movement to make Northwestern Louisiana a "Fisherman's Paradise"; another provided that a Progress Committee of five be appointed to secure 100 new members or more at the regular initiation fee in the next four months. If this number of candidates is secured the Lodge hopes to build a hunting and fishing lodge on one of the lakes in the Shreveport territory.

Prior to making these resolutions, Shreveport Lodge held an Elks' Picnic and Fish Fry at Lake Bisteneau for members and their families and a few friends. More than 100 persons enjoyed a pleasant day.

It is the idea and purpose of the Elks who are sponsoring the hunting lodge movement to have all the new lakes properly stocked with fish and make Louisiana all that a fisherman could wish. Members of the Order from all over the country are invited to visit Shreveport Lodge and fish with the Elks there. Shreveport Lodge guarantees as good fishing as can be found anywhere throughout the country for 12 months during the year.

Hagerstown, Md., Lodge Sponsors Memorial to Accident Victims

On April 11, 1935, the nation was shocked by a grade crossing accident at Rockville, Md., which took the lives of 14 high school students when the bus in which they were returning to their homes in Williamsport, Md., was struck by a fast train.

Deeply moved by the tragedy which had befallen the grief-stricken parents and a neighboring community, Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, Lodge, No. 378, quickly initiated and sponsored a movement for the erection of a memorial to the young victims. Starting with a substantial donation of its own and actively promoting the project, the Lodge met with immediate success. The Williamsport Memorial Library, now nearing completion, will stand as a beautiful and important contribution to the civic and educational life of the community, as well as a memorial to the young people who lost their lives.

The structure was erected at a cost of more than \$20,000. It was this achievement that won for Hagerstown Lodge the Tri-State Elks Association's Award for Distinguished Service in Elkdom for 1936.

Death of P.E.R. Craffey Grieves Albion, N. Y., Elks

Albion, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1006, was deeply grieved by the death of P.E.R. James T. Craffey, of Albion, who succumbed suddenly of a heart attack on August 11. Mr. Craffey ably served the Lodge as Exalted Ruler in 1926-27. He held the post of Treasurer during last seven years. His funeral was widely attended by members of the Order.



Left: The Rochester, N. H., City Band which recently gave a concert in honor of Rochester Lodge. More than 5,000 persons attended

Below: Elks of Davenport, Ia., Lodge who enjoyed a fish fry at Mayville during August





Above: A float entered by Crookston, Minn., Lodge in a Crookston parade, which won first prize

Ensley, Ala., Lodge Initiates Class

Before a large attendance a class of seven candidates was initiated into Ensley, Ala., Lodge, No. 987, by the Degree Team of Blocton, Ala., Lodge, No. 710. P.E.R. Robert Moore presided and P.E.R.'s I. A. Millar, Dennis Echols and Tony Schilleci were also present. C. H. Dees, in the name of the Lodge, presented a gold headed cane to Clarence M. Tardy, Pres. of the Alabama State Elks Assn. Mr. Tardy responded with sincerity, declaring that he appreciated both the honor and the gift. Besides Mr. Tardy, P.D.D. Harry W. English was present as a member of the delegation from Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79.

Harry J. Armstrong, Charter Member of Chicago Lodge No. 4, Succumbs

Harry J. Armstrong, one of the last old time minstrels and a charter member of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, died in Chicago on August 19 after an illness of several months. He was born James Henry Armstrong in Wilmington, Del., on April 25, 1850. He began his theatrical career under canvas with White and Pelton's Minstrels, joining the show at Harper's Ferry. After the close of the Civil War he was playing variety shows in and around Philadelphia. Mr. Armstrong was associated with the group that founded the Order of Elks but was too young

Right: Orphans of St. Vincent's Orphanage, of Columbus, O., who under the sponsorship of Columbus Lodge make toys for local Christmas consumption

This Section Contains Additional News of Central Lodges

to become one of the founders. He was, however, a charter member of Chicago Lodge, No. 4.

After he left Philadelphia Mr. Armstrong was a clown with John O'Brien's and the Keystone State Circuses. He appeared in New York with Emerson's Minstrels. This was followed by appearances with Harry Robinson's Minstrels, then Tony Pastor's, Harry Miner's, and other New York variety shows.

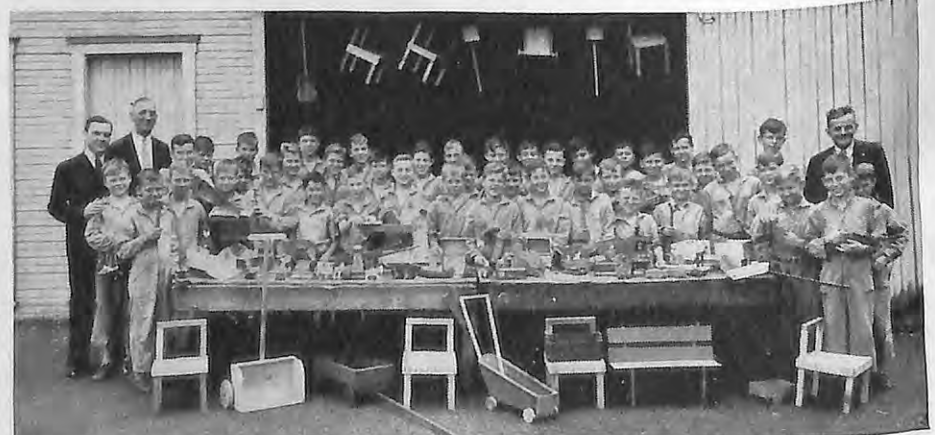
Mr. Armstrong appeared in countless cities throughout the United States, endearing himself to the hearts of minstrel show lovers. His last appearance was with an old timer act called "The Jolly Corks" with Armstrong, Cunningham, Moran and English.

Funeral services for Mr. Armstrong were held on Friday, August 21. Interment took place in Elks' Rest, Greenwood Cemetery, Chicago.

Cicero, Ill., Elks Mourn Past Exalted Ruler

Cicero, Ill., Lodge, No. 1510, mourns P.E.R. Joseph Z. Klenha, Chairman of the Lodge's Board of Trustees for the past three years, who passed away on August 11 and was buried on August 14. The end came after an illness of several months.

Mr. Klenha was born in Chicago, Ill., in 1875, and was educated in the



schools there, later taking up law. He moved to Cicero in 1914. Three years later he was elected President of the Town, serving for 15 years. Mr. Klenha's interest in the Order never flagged. He was deeply loved and respected by the entire membership of the local Lodge.

Alabama P.E.R.'s Association Elects Officers

At a recent meeting of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of Alabama held in Birmingham the following officers were elected to serve through the coming year: President, Dr. Irving Silverman, of Birmingham; Vice-Presidents, Robert L. Moore, Ensley; Ben Mendelsohn, Birmingham, and George Ross, Bessemer; Secretary, Harry W. English, Birmingham; Treasurer, John W. O'Neill, Birmingham, and Chaplain, Prof. Fred L. Grambs, Birmingham.

Bay City, Mich., Lodge Celebrates Forty-eighth Anniversary

More than 300 members of Bay City, Mich., Lodge No. 88, met recently to honor 45 lifetime and honorary members of the Order at a banquet and ceremonies that also saw the induction of a class of 35 candidates into the organization. The testimonial to those who have been active in the Order for the past 35 years or more brought together many prominent members of the Lodge, including John C. Weadock, of New York City, who served No. 88 as its first full-time Exalted Ruler. At an informal session following the banquet and initiatory ceremonies an impromptu meeting was held.

One of the high-lights of the evening was the honoring of Thomas C. Hughes, Secretary of the Lodge, whose portrait was hung in the Lodge room along with pictures of Past Exalted Rulers. The festivities marked the 48th anniversary of the Lodge and also the culmination of 30 years of Mr. Hughes' zealous service as its secretary. During that time he has missed but three Lodge meetings.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Boys' Band Tours to the West Coast

As a climax to the work of the previous 12 months during which the members of the Elks' Junior Band

of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, had practiced, rehearsed and given concerts, the group entrained for a trip to the Pacific Coast where the boys were vociferously greeted at the Grand Lodge Convention in Los Angeles. The party of 34 youthful musicians traveled as far as the Golden Gate and back on board a special Pullman, visiting many points of interest along the way. Their appearances were greeted with plaudits wherever they performed. The band was in charge of P.D.D. W. V. Turley and Mrs. Turley and its conductor, Major Henry Hobday, and Mrs. Hobday.

Points of interest in Texas were visited, as well as San Francisco, Calif., Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah, and many nationally known landmarks. Considerable space was accorded the trip made by the Band in the Chattanooga Sunday Times. Fully two pages of the magazine section were devoted to their exploits.

Hibbing, Minn., Lodge Initiates Seventy-four Candidates

Hibbing, Minn., Lodge, No. 1022, recently initiated a class of 74 candidates in honor of its first Exalted Ruler, State Senator John A. Healy, deceased. There were also seven reinstatements that evening, making a total of 81 new members taken into Hibbing Lodge. Five hundred Elks from northern Minnesota were in attendance at the meeting.

Present and past officers of Bemidji, Minn., Lodge, No. 1052, assisted in the Ritual, and Duluth, Minn., Lodge, No. 133, cooperated by sending its quartet. Following the initiation a floor show, musical program and supper were enjoyed. Among those in attendance at the meeting were D.D. Charles A. Bardesson, State Pres. A. P. Johnson, Past District Deputies W. F. Marcum and H. E. Terrell and Past Exalted Rulers Judge Theodore C. Bailey and Winthrop C. Batchelder.



Above: The Ritualistic Team of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge which was named the State Champion Team when it won the Ritualistic Contest at the State Convention



One of the features of an outing recently held by DeKalb, Ill., Lodge was a horse race. The contestants are shown at left



More than 1,000 persons at an outing held by Jackson, Mich., Lodge, saw these youngsters at left compete in a sack race. A ball game and fine dinner were included in the day's activities

Florence, Ala., Lodge Initiates Thirty-two

With a large attendance and much enthusiasm, Florence, Ala., Lodge, No. 820, held a big meeting recently with 50 visitors present from the Alabama Lodges of Birmingham, Ensley, Bessemer and Blocton, and Nashville, Tenn. A class of 32 candidates was initiated into the Order. The floor work was put on by the Degree Team of Blocton Lodge headed by Frank Israel, acting Exalted Ruler.

Visits of The Grand Exalted Ruler

Immediately after the Grand Lodge Convention at Los Angeles, Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, accompanied by a delegation of some 47 Florida Elks who were traveling with him, was entertained and shown every honor by San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3. In company with Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, William M. Abbott, of San Francisco Lodge, and John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were met by E. R. George Doherty and other officers and members of the host Lodge, and taken on a tour of the city, after which a noon luncheon was served at the Lodge Home. The afternoon was spent in further sight-seeing. Through the courtesy of the city of San Francisco, city police boats were provided and an inspection of the new San Francisco-Oakland bridge was made.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's special train left San Francisco early Sunday morning, July 19, and arrived at Truckee in the afternoon. Here the party was met by a number of Nevada Elks and taken on a sight-seeing trip through the mountains to Lake Tahoe where a banquet was held in Gov. Sholtz's honor. On Monday morning at 9:30, P.D.D. George C. Steinmiller, E.R. T. L. Withers, Secy. J. C. Kumle, and a number of other prominent Reno Elks, took the party on an automobile trip. Reno, Nev., Lodge provided a reception and banquet at the

Tavern. Hundreds of Elks and their families joined with Governor Richard Kirman in paying tribute to the Grand Exalted Ruler. Governor Kirman officially welcomed the party to Reno.

On Wednesday morning a committee composed of P.E.R. Craig Lewis, T. Joe Cahill and George Carroll of Cheyenne, Wyo., Lodge, greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party at Cheyenne. An official welcome was extended at the grand stand at the Frontier Day celebration by Governor Leslie A. Miller, Mayor Archie Miller, and other public officials, and many members of Cheyenne Lodge. After the frontier parade, Gov. Sholtz attended the Rodeo where he met Governor Edward C. Johnson of Colorado. In the afternoon Mr. Lewis and other officers were hosts at the Cheyenne Lodge Home where

a reception was given and a Dutch Lunch served to hundreds of visiting Elks from Colorado, Wyoming and nearby States. In the evening Gov. and Mrs. Miller entertained Gov. Sholtz and his party at a banquet.

On July 23 the travelers were met in Denver at 11:30 P.M. by a delegation of Denver Elks with police escort. The next morning they were taken on a sightseeing trip that wound up at a noon luncheon at which Gov. Johnson and Mayor Ben F. Stapleton were present. The Grand Exalted Ruler's banquet was held with 1,000 members of Denver Lodge and Elks from many other Colorado cities and their families participating. At the speakers' table were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Hollis B. Brewer, of

Among those at the Va. State Elks Assn. Convention, were, left: Caspian Hale, Chairman of The Grand Lodge Activities Committee, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz and other distinguished Elks



Above: Grand Exalted Ruler Governor David Sholtz and members of Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge pictured when he visited there

Casper, Wyo., Lodge, Gov. Johnson, Mayor Stapleton, and many other notables. The speeches included the dynamic and patriotic address delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler. At the end of the banquet all adjourned to the top of Lookout Mountain to pay honor to the late William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) who was himself an Elk. His Lodge, Omaha, Neb., was represented at the ceremonies by Secy. Penn P. Fodrea. The pilgrimage to the Mountain was an important event and the ceremonies were most impressive.

The party left Denver Saturday afternoon, July 25, arriving in Chicago Sunday morning. There the Grand Exalted Ruler spent some time attending to various official business matters before resuming his visits en route to his home in Florida.

(Continued on page 54)

News of The State Associations

Alabama

At the 13th Annual Convention of the Alabama State Elks Association held in Mobile on May 24-25-26, Clarence M. Tardy, of Birmingham Lodge, was unanimously reelected President for a third term. The State was divided into Districts and a Vice-President elected for each. They are, first, second, third, fourth and fifth, respectively, Clyde W. Anderson, Florence Lodge; Sam Lefkovitz, Ensley; E. G. Gillespie, Blocton;

who also presented the badge to Mr. English; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor of New Orleans, La., Lodge; John J. Kennedy of Biloxi Lodge, D.D. for Miss. South; State Pres. William Estopinal of Gulfport, Miss., Lodge, State Secy. W. W. Walker, of Pascagoula, Miss., Lodge, and D.D. J. Bush, of Athens, Ga., Lodge.

E.R. Fournier J. Gale of Mobile Lodge, and Mayor Charles A. Baumhauer extended hearty welcomes to the 300 Alabama Elks and the large

number who registered from Mississippi, Georgia and Florida. Mobile Lodge proved to be an excellent host, serving the visitors with all kinds of refreshments, and offering constant entertainment. A Grand Ball and the Convention Parade were staged most effectively.

Connecticut

James T. Hallinan, then Grand Exalted Ruler, was guest of honor and principal speaker at the Seventh Annual Convention of the Connecticut State Elks Association held in Willimantic on June 20. One hundred and ninety-four delegates and over 250 members of Lodges in Connecticut and neighboring States were in attendance. The business session was held in the attractive Home of Willimantic Lodge, No. 1311. The Convention Banquet was served in the Pavilion at Elks' Park where the Lodge's Country Fair is held the last three days in August and Labor Day each year. P.E.R. William B. Sweeney, Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements acted as Toastmaster.

John J. Nugent of Ansonia was elected President. The other officers are: 1st Vice-Pres., William S. Murray, Norwich; 2nd Vice-Pres., Robert P. Cunningham, Danbury; Secretary, A. J. McCullough, Jr., Derby, (reelected); Treasurer, John F. McDonough, Bridgeport, (reelected); Trustee, five-year term, Howard G. Mitchell, New Britain. Danbury Lodge, No. 120, was awarded the trophy for winning the Connecticut (Continued on page 55)

Left: Maurice Carroll Culhane, Waterbury youth who received the Connecticut State Elks Association's Scholarship Award



The Sunbury, Pa., Lodge delegation represented in the Pennsylvania State Elks Convention Parade at Williamsport, Pa.

Charles L. De Bardeleben, Selma, and John A. Lamey, Mobile. Trustees are Phillip G. Buchanan, Birmingham; Thomas E. Martin, Montgomery; Frank S. Israel, Blocton; Harry H. Myers, Mobile, and Dr. H. A. Elkourie, Birmingham. The other officers are as follows: Fournier J. Gale, Mobile, Secy.-Treas.; Chaplain, John Robinson, Florence; Sergeant - at - Arms, Charles McCombs, Birmingham; Inner Guard, Harry Reed, Birmingham; Tiler, William Fex, Birmingham; Publicity, Harry W. English, Birmingham; Exalted Ruler of the State Championship Ritualistic Team, Frank S. Israel, Blocton. A special badge was presented to Mr. English, who is one of the oldest Elks in the State and one of the few living charter members of his Lodge.

A record number of Grand Lodge officers honored the meeting by attending. Among them were Gov. David Sholtz of Florida, then a member of the Board of Grand Trustees, who was a pre-convention speaker, and



Right: Eight of the ten young men who received Pennsylvania State Elks Assn. Scholarships at the recent State Convention



Billings, Mont.



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Selected Books

For Elks and
Their Families

by Claire Wallace Flynn

GREEN LAURELS—by Donald Culross Peattie. (SIMON & SCHUSTER. \$3.75)

TO read this book is sheer adventure.

It is sub-titled "The Lives and Achievements of the Great Naturalists." At first glance this might put you off—unless you happen to be something of a nature-lover yourself, but don't let it.

Mr. Peattie, himself a naturalist of note, is the farthest thing you can imagine from a pedant. His book is scholarly, yet young and passionate. Coming to it as we did here, with a shamefully limited knowledge of the scientists of the out-door world, it had the effect of removing blinders from our dull eyes. The chapters on Linnaeus, the great Swedish naturalist of the eighteenth century, for instance, come like a sudden bright light, they are so full of ardors and beauty.

We think that of all the books that we have read this past summer, *Green Laurels* is by long odds the most significant and stimulating—a swell volume bringing us the sound of birds and bees and brooks, the scent of wild tundras of the north and bamboo forests of the south, of the sweet, small flowers of our own fields. And above all, it brings the fascinating stories of the men who studied these things.

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK—by Walter D. Edmonds. LITTLE, BROWN. \$2.50)

Man's incredible powers of survival is the keynote of Mr. Edmonds' historical novel of the pioneers of the Mohawk Valley during the years of the Revolutionary War.

Gil Martin and his young wife, Lana—settlers possessing that basic simplicity and resoluteness that we like to believe inherent in all Americans—see their log-cabin home burned, their crops destroyed their neighbors killed and scalped. They rebuild and replant, only to go through the same tragic experience again. Tories and hostile Iroquois bring devastation. Storms and starvation batter upon their strength and courage. But do not conquer them.

This is decidedly one of the year's big books. The people who move across its pages are living men and women, glowing, indomitable. Mr. Edmonds writes about them as though they stood at the other side of his desk telling him in simple tones all about the years of their depression. They could take it, these forefathers of ours, and even come back for more.



Photograph by Thos. W. Decart

Bob Davis, author of "People, People Everywhere," says (along with a lot of other folks): "Rarest of all things on this earth is a kindred soul."

THE ENCHANTED VOYAGE—by Robert Nathan. (KNOPF. \$2.00)

Mr. Hector Pecket, an inconspicuous citizen of the Bronx, possessed a landlocked body but a seagoing soul.

So, in his modest backyard he built himself a mad little boat. Without a keel and open at the seams, it would have foundered in an inch-deep brook, but as it rested there on the ground Pecket used it as the ideal retreat in which to contemplate the unpredictable ways of God and man, and in which to dream of the golden ports of the Seven Seas.

Enter Fate in the person of Mrs. Pecket. Tomfoolery was tomfoolery,

but good business was something else again. So she put Hector's darling craft on wheels and negotiated its sale to the butcher for a tricky hamburger stand.

Came the owner's last night aboard! A kind high wind filled the sails and off went the boat carrying Mr. Pecket straight into one of those series of fantastic and touching dramas with which Mr. Nathan endows us.

Your heart will turn back to this book long after your mind has forgotten even its title.

WASHINGTON AND HIS AIDES-DE-CAMP — by Emily Stone Whiteley. (MACMILLAN. \$2.50)

They were very boyish and very gallant, those thirty-two lads who were Aides and Secretaries to Washington during the days of the Revolution. Most of them were still in their twenties.

This isn't dry, historical stuff. It teems with stirring incident, and the brave nimbus of a great cause shines over every chapter. Among this little Official Family of Aides (each wearing a bright green riband across his breast as the distinguishing mark of his office) were Alexander Hamilton, handsome as a god, who served Washington for four years; and John Laurens, son of the President of the Congress, raging at any slight or plot against his Chief; and Richard Varick, one-time officer in the command of General Benedict Arnold. Soon after he joined Arnold, Varick realized a secret, ominous air about his superior. The story of Arnold's betrayal of the American forces, the terrible situation that young Varick found himself in, the assumed madness of Arnold's wife—this indeed, as the author suggests, is like a page out of Sir Walter Scott. Later, Varick's appointment as Secretary to Washington illustrated warmly the understanding side of the Commander-in-Chief's nature.

A grand addition to your Americana shelf.

PEOPLE, PEOPLE EVERYWHERE—by Bob Davis. (STOKES. \$3.00)

Bob Davis is more than a newspaper man, a globe trotter and a raconteur. He is as much an American institution as was Will Rogers, and as well loved. A new book by him, therefore, is something to be read eagerly.

This one is full to the brim with stories of people; the most interesting subject in the world—to other people.

There's Flora MacDonald, for instance, the great Scottish heroine, who saved Bonnie Prince Charlie, last of the Stuarts, from falling into the hands of the English, and who—believe it or not—lived in North Carolina for several years.

(Continued on page 52)

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The Sheriff Gets the Mail

(Continued from page 15)

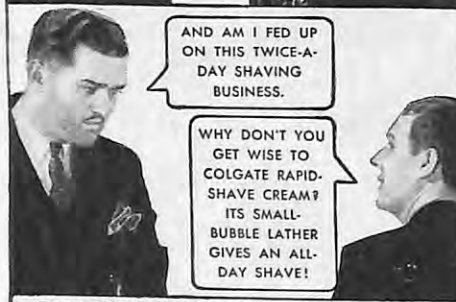


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BOY! REHEARSAL ALL DAY. BROADCAST TONIGHT. THEN THAT MIDNIGHT RECEPTION!

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AND AM I FED UP ON THIS TWICE-A-DAY SHAVING BUSINESS.

WHY DON'T YOU GET WISE TO COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM? ITS SMALL-BUBBLE LATHER GIVES AN ALL-DAY SHAVE!

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FOLKS, I'M HERE TO TELL YOU THERE'S NOTHING LIKE COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM FOR A SMOOTH, SOOTHING "SKIN-LINE" SHAVE THAT STAYS WITH YOU!



COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
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by the ministrations of the MacGill Sanitary Refillable Lip Rouge Container, were something to dream about.

Sheriff MacGill, in fact, did dream about them. They figured prominently in his nightmares. "Frank," he told his bosom friend in the week during which Thomas MacGill patented his Collapsible Cigarette Holder, "if it hadn't been for her, things would have been different. They'll never be different now."

Ventura laughed gaily. "Maybe Tommy's been a fool at times," he said. "Maybe Gracey has, too. I don't dare tell you what you've been all the time."

"I can't help it!" Adam MacGill shook his bullet head. "He's the only son I've got; this isn't what I wanted. You haven't got a son, Frank, and likely you never will have, because you're too lazy to get married. But when a man's only got one son, he ought to be excused for wanting that son to be just what he wants him to be."

"He's six foot one, and sound in wind," said Ventura. "He can put a ball square through that fence around your tennis court. He puts so many balls through the meshes that he tells me he's figuring on inventing a new kind of cheap wire to put around tennis courts, because you won't spend the money for the expensive kind of mesh."

Sheriff MacGill regarded his own boot toes and found them lacking in beauty. "I know how it'll end up," he said. "He's talking about marrying her next year, if he makes enough money off his gadgets. I suppose you'll say that's as it should be. He may be a lot of good to Gracey Devine, but he never was any particular good to me."

This was the morning on which Ventura was to begin a long-deferred vacation, and he wished to leave no aloes of parting in the mouth of his friend. So, wisely, he remained silent, put away his gun, put on his hat, and departed to visit his sister's family in Amarillo, Texas.

Three weeks later, the last spokes of afternoon sunshine were whirling above the mountains when Deputy Sheriff Frank Ventura arrived back

in the metropolis of Chupacera county, and lost no time in examining the Police Positive .38 which he had stowed in his desk.

Sheriff Adam MacGill snarled only the most ill-natured of greetings.

"The same to you," said Frank, sweetly. "You act like a wolf with a bad case of blood poison."

Sheriff MacGill's hair had once been red, and now whenever he became enraged, his scalp shone like fire through his silver curls.

"I'm waiting to be informed," continued Ventura, "what's wrong. That isn't a proper way to greet an old friend."

"Shut up!" MacGill's freckled fist rang against the desk. He wiped his forehead. "It's Tommy," he explained.

Ventura's brown fingers paused in their examination of the .38. "What ails him?"

"What ails him, just now, is a new invention of his. It ails me, too."

Frank sighed.

"MacGill's Sanitary Refillable Lip Rouge Container," quoted the sheriff, in falsetto. "He's been manufacturing them, out at his work-bench in the garage, and advertising them in the newspapers of Denver, Fort Worth and El Paso. People send in two-bits apiece for them, wrapped in paper in envelopes addressed to Thomas O. MacGill & Company. I never was so mortified in my life. It's bad enough to be shamed in private. But to have him advertising those damn things—"

Ventura asked, cautiously, "How about Doc Devine's little girl?"

"She thinks he's the greatest genius since Benjamin Franklin," cried Adam MacGill. "Maybe she won't mind having a husband that lies awake nights imagining lip rouge containers and eye-lash curlers, but I mind having that kind of a son!"

Frank Ventura buckled on his cartridge belt and holster. The sheriff peered through a fog of wrath to inquire about it.

"Manuel Romero is out of Santa Fe pen," said Frank.

MacGill grunted. "Why didn't you tell me?"

(Continued on page 40)

★★★★ STARRING *the spotlight cars of 1937*



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Starring new style!

New "winged victory" louvers and radiator grilles! New one-piece hoods! New torpedo type headlamps! New high-visibility windshields! New interiors richly styled by Helen Dryden!

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These great new 1937 Dictators and Presidents justifiably emphasize their low prices! On a dollar for dollar basis, they cannot be equalled! Dictator prices at the factory begin at \$665—President prices at \$965. Studebaker's C.I.T. 6% budget plan offers low time payments.

The Sheriff Gets the Mail

(Continued from page 38)

"Because you were shooting all directions about Tommy's advertising campaign."

Said the sheriff, "His grand-dad is turning over in his grave. When did you hear about Romero?"

"I got it on the train," Ventura replied. "Does Tommy make much money on the lipsticks?"

"That's not the point. . . . Well, I guess Romero's time was up, at that."

"He said he'd get you, Adam."

MacGill locked his desk.

"Wait a minute," urged the deputy, seriously. "Aren't you taking a gun?"

The stubbled flesh of the older man's face blazed scarlet. "Listen, you over-done weenie! Don't tell me what kind of rattlesnake eggs to chew. I was in this country before you were."

"I reckon," whispered Ventura, "that Romero hates you worse than he does the judge or jury."

Sheriff MacGill declaimed, "I may not know enough to keep from having a disgraceful son, but I know enough not to worry about a pint-size weasel like Romero. If he comes close to me, I'll pull all his teeth at once."

Frank Ventura patted his own holster.

"Let's go and eat, out at my place," said the sheriff.

They went outside and climbed into the little car. The Continental Divide was a mighty chain of amethyst in the west, the Magdalena mountains looked like a painted clasp on that chain.

Ventura took a mouthful of the clear air. "Great country," he murmured. "I don't see how folks stand it, back east in Amarillo."

Tommy wasn't home, when they arrived at the house.

"You want a drink?" the sheriff asked, sadly. "No? Then let's eat."

They were finishing their supper when Tommy MacGill came springing up the front steps. "Pa," he exploded, before he was fairly inside the room, "Romero's out of the pen!"

"Well, what if he is?" inquired MacGill coldly. "Don't you make polite conversation with your friends when they've been away to Amarillo?"

Tommy blushed. "I'm sorry, Frank. I didn't mean—"

Ventura grinned, and made a Navajo sign.

"No," Adam MacGill replied to his own question, "you don't. You don't make polite conversation; you make polite gadgets, instead."

"Maybe I'll make some polite money, too," said Tommy. "You'd be surprised if you knew how many quarters I've put away in the bank."

His father finished his last bite

of apple pie, and Maria Annunciata brought in the coffee. "I don't care how many quarters you put away in the bank," said the sheriff, soberly. "Yes, I do, too. You may not realize it, but every blasted quarter you accept for one of those tin lip-sticks was milled right out of my hide."



Gracey

"You'll be twenty-one in another ten days," said the sheriff. "Perhaps it's necessary for a man to take it on the chin when his son is still his child. But no man can persuade me it's necessary when that son has turned into a man. I might as well tell you now, Tommy: you've put your last advertisement in the papers. It's the Lorentia valley for you. Beef is high, and it's time you got busy growing it."

Tommy turned, at last, with a flippancy he didn't feel. "Or else?" he inquired.

Sheriff MacGill upset the empty coffee cup. He stood up with both pudgy, freckled hands spread palm down on the tablecloth. "Or else you move out of my garage and set up shop some place else! Any place else. You move out of my house, too. You move your mail out of my post office box. I'm sick of having the whole county laughing at me, and asking if I use your lip rouge to make my cheeks red. I'm sick of the whole business. You've rubbed it in my face long enough, boy!"

No rouge of any sort had been rubbed into Tommy MacGill's face. It was very white. "I'll pay you rent," he said. "I've paid all my own expenses for the past seven months, and I've got money in the bank today. I'm dickering with two differ-

ent novelty concerns. I'm not starting life with empty pockets and an empty brain, no matter what you say or think."

Frank Ventura gulped. "Look here, folks," he began.

Adam MacGill turned his head slowly. "I'd just as soon you didn't say anything, Frank. Probably Tommy would, too."

"I reckon you're right, at that," sighed Ventura.

The sheriff drummed on the table top. "Maybe you thought it was a good game while it lasted, Tommy, and maybe you thought it was a funny one, too. But I didn't. Now I've called you, and you can either shove over your whole stack, or else—"

"Or else, just shove," nodded Tommy.

"Yes," agreed his father.

The boy opened his mouth and closed it several times. "If it were myself only," he said at last, "I'd tell you to go snuggle on a cactus. But I've got to think about Gracey. I'll go over to Doc's and get her advice. Will you wait until I finish talking to her?"

The sheriff went to his smoking cabinet and crushed two cigars beyond repair before he could draw a whole one from the box. When he turned to reply, his hand was no longer trembling, but his eyes were as frosty as ever. "O.K., son. Frank and I are going downtown for the mail. We'll be back pretty soon."

Frank Ventura moved to the door and watched Tommy as he went away through the growing darkness. When at last Adam MacGill spoke from behind him, there was no longer any venom in his voice. "Let's walk downtown, Frank. Cool enough now."

MacGill donned a light leather jacket and zipped the patented fastener halfway up the front. On the way toward the mottled lights of the Plaza, he spoke only once. "His grand-dad used to rope mountain lions, Frank."

"And you ought to wear a gun, Adam." But the sheriff did not hear him.

At Nick Donegal's Recreation Tavern, Nick Donegal sidled from behind the bar and beckoned. "Manuel Romero is back in town, sheriff. Well?"

"His time was up," said MacGill, and returned to his interrupted beer.

Donegal shook his head. "He ought to be heeled, Frank."

"Ain't it remarkable how good the desert smells?" asked Ventura. "That's one thing you miss in Amarillo."

Donegal shrugged. "It's the old man's funeral, not mine. But I remember how Romero used to look at

MacGill, in court, when his back was turned."

In the post office lobby, with the wail of the south-bound Limited still echoing back up the valley, twenty men were waiting for their mail. The letters clicked against the windows of the private boxes, as clerks sorted them. Sheriff MacGill stood in front of the MacGill box, dangling keys in his hand. . . . When at last he had opened the box and scooped up a sheaf of envelopes, the lobby was empty except for the faithful Ventura.

Frank took one look at the vari-colored burden in the sheriff's hands. He choked. "I'll see you outside," he cried, and fled.

He waited for five minutes on the corner, staring up at the stars, and worrying about the MacGills. . . . The screen door swung open, and Adam appeared. His hands were empty; the lights of the lobby burned yellow behind him, and he was silhouetted as solid and black as a horse.

Manuel Romero couldn't miss. He stepped quickly from behind the big package-mail-box, twenty feet from the steps. Ventura tried to howl, "Jump!" but he could utter only an inarticulate yelp before the Mexican's pistol banged. MacGill threw up his hands; he staggered back, and his legs seemed to break at the knees.

Ventura had his revolver out, before the flash of Romero's gun was well away from the muzzle. The deputy fired three times—a single, stuttering explosion. Romero blazed a wild shot against the sky. He turned half around, and fell dead.

Clerks were coming from inside the post office, and a dozen people from the restaurant across the street. Frank raced up the steps, and he was the one who found the small round hole in Adam MacGill's leather jacket.

Adam MacGill's weathered face seemed strangely flat. His eyes were closed. When breath came, he breathed as if his disappointed lungs could not decide whether to go on with their labor or not.

Ventura found the town's one motor cop squatting beside him.

"Is he gone, Frank?" Ventura shook his head. "Not yet. The hole's right over his lungs, though. Have you seen Doc Devine anywhere around?"

The policeman shook his head. "I don't think he's downtown yet."

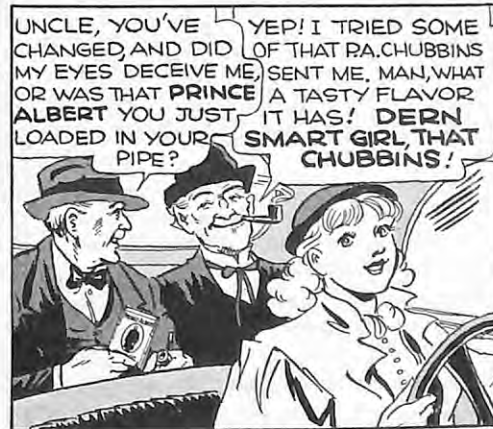
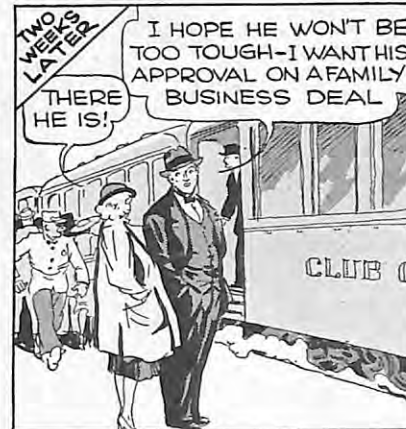
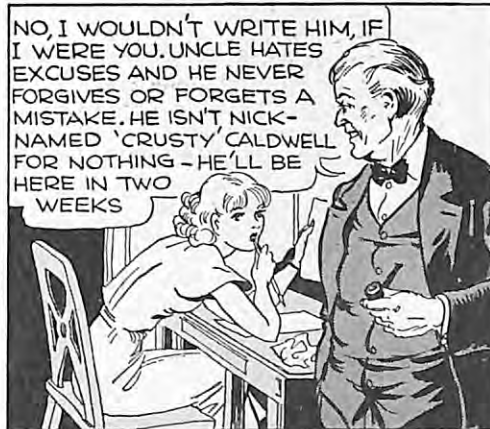
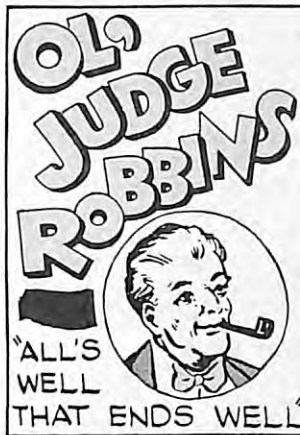
"Let's go," said Ventura. "I see Nick Donegal's car across the street."

There were a dozen hands ready and anxious to lay hold, by this time. They carried Adam MacGill across the street, and lowered him into the rear seat of Nick Donegal's car, where Frank Ventura took the solid, gray-haired head between his hands.

"Should you keep his head up or down?" voices demanded.

"I don't know," answered Frank, dully. "Step on it, for the house."

Nick Donegal himself was at the

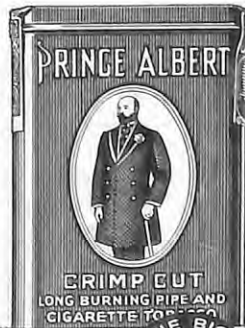


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after strenuous drive
Nurse praises
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*Based on actual letter in our files

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

wheel. The car wrenched in a wide circle, and went booming away up Alvera Street with the motor cop screeching ahead, and other cars growling behind.

When Nick Donegal slid his wheels against the curb in front of the MacGill house, the motor cop was sprinting from the Devine home next door. The tall, lean shape of Doctor Devine came after him, satchel in hand.

Sheriff MacGill opened his eyes and closed them again. "Romero?" he asked.

"Yes," said Frank. And, mechanically: "I always told you you ought to wear a gun."

MacGill nodded as they lifted him out of the car. "For once—you—were—right."

Ventura cried, rapidly, "Don't talk—for God's sake, don't talk! You wouldn't have had a chance to use the gun, anyway."

There were lights inside the MacGill house, and there were a young man and a young girl who came slowly from inside as the sheriff was carried up the front steps. Tommy MacGill uttered one startled exclamation. He froze beside the doorway; Gracey Devine sobbed, and put her arms around him.

Tommy looked down in his father's face. "What happened, Frank?" he whispered. And everyone could hear him, even with automobiles filling the street, for no one else was speaking just then.

"Romero," answered Frank Ventura, "that's what happened!"

That was the first time the citizens of Ascension realized just how much Tommy MacGill looked like his father.

"Did you get him, Frank?" begged Tommy.

Ventura nodded. The hall light was very candid. Now Doctor Devine saw the hole in Adam MacGill's leather jacket, and he saw that there was no blood seeping from it . . . so little external hemorrhage. . . .

The doctor patted Tommy's shoulder. "You'd better come upstairs with us, son, right away."

"Gracey," asked Tommy, "will you come, too?"

She went with him up the stairway, the stairway ten miles long, while the men placed Adam MacGill upon his bed. Downstairs, Ascension stood around with its hats off, each man trying to keep from looking at anyone else.

"Tommy," muttered Adam MacGill from the bed, "come here, Tommy." And strangely enough, his voice seemed to grow stronger and more natural each moment, and his breathing less labored. . . . "He used to rope mountain lions," nodded the sheriff, twisting his head so that he could look at his son across the bent shoulders of Doctor Devine. "I guess maybe you could rope them, too. Maybe I didn't go about teaching you in the right way."

Gracey Devine buried her face against Tommy's chest. In the

opposite corner of the room, Frank Ventura shuffled some letters which he held in his hands, and planned foolishly how he would go back down to the post office sidewalk, and put some more lead through the body of Manuel Romero.

Doctor Devine straightened abruptly. He wiped his hands on a wad of gauze. "Adam," he cried. "Adam!"

The sheriff regarded him with a faint smile. "It doesn't hurt as much as I thought it did, Doc," he whispered, dreamily.

Devine's words went through the room like a spark crossing a gap. "Adam, you've got a fractured rib."

MacGill lifted his head.

"Adam, it's only a fractured rib, decorated with paper fuzz and some bent quarter dollars. Here's the bullet. Look! I've got it in my hand—you can see. It took off some hide, but—"

MacGill's enormous voice bawled up at him: "Didn't it go through me? It knocked me flat."

Frank Ventura moved toward the bed like a man walking in his sleep. He looked from the doctor to Adam, and then back at the stamped envelopes which he had been mutilating in his hands. He discovered, now, that all the mutilation had not been done by himself, but much of it by Manuel Romero's bullet. He managed to say, "Wait! Hold on a minute. Look here, Doc! These fell from inside his jacket when I unzipped it in the car. There's more all over the floor. Tommy's business mail. The post office box was chock full of it. Adam put the whole mess inside his jacket, I reckon."

Tommy MacGill tried to faint, but Gracey wouldn't let him.

"Must have been quarter dollars in most of those letters," gasped the doctor. "Stopped the bullet, cold."

Frank Ventura went into the air two feet, and came down with a force sufficient to crack the plaster downstairs. The waiting citizenry heard his yell, and fought to get up the stairs. "MacGill's Sanitary Refillable Lip Rouge Container." Send a quarter for one!"

Sheriff Adam MacGill decided that, since he wasn't killed, he would sit up and glower at everybody.

"Pa," murmured Tommy, stupidly, "Pa, I remember one time somebody gave you a bullet-proof vest. You wouldn't wear it. But I guess you didn't need it tonight."

Gracey said cheerfully, "Of course he didn't Tommy. Those quarters in the envelopes acted just like a coat of mail."

"Coat of mail," repeated the sheriff, still trying to herd his wits. He said again, "Coat of mail." And then only, "Mail! Gracey, you smart-alec young—"

He attempted to get out of bed, in order to lay violent hands on his future daughter-in-law; Doctor Devine had to sit on him. Frank Ventura reverted to the primitive, and howled like an *insurrecto* on a raid.

Amateur Hour

(Continued from page 22)

"Maybe." I suggest—"Maybe Mr. Josiah Waring wasn't listening in. Maybe he had an earache or something."

I stick with Eddie a long time that night because I am worried about the lad, and when I finally leave him, he promises not to act foolish, but to be at work as usual. And next morning I warn the lads not to kid him, because he has been cut pretty deep, and they are decent about it, not kidding at all, and a couple of guys even say they think he done swell. But Eddie is moving about his work like he had a fever or something . . .

Well, a few minutes after ten o'clock I hear a buzz, and I look up, and who should be coming down the stairs to the shipping room but Mr. Josiah Waring. He does not look very happy, either, and I can see Eddie Williams cringe into a corner. Then Mr. Josiah Waring speaks: "Is there a young man here named Eddie Williams?" he inquires loudly.

Well, Eddie takes it right on the chin. He walks out and faces Mr. Josiah Waring, but I can see that he looks like a corpse. If course I am listening, because I am so damned sorry for Eddie.

"I am Eddie Williams."

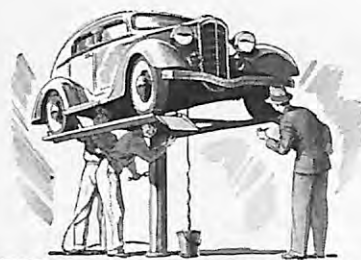
"So!" Mr. Josiah Waring looks him over carefully. "I've looked up your record, young man. And I want to ask you one question: Why did you mention this company at the broadcast last night?"

"I—I thought," choked Eddie, "that you would like it."

"So! You thought I would like it, eh?" Mr. Josiah Waring stepped closer to Eddie. "Well, listen here, my friend—I *did* like it. I appreciate your loyalty to this firm, and have decided to reward you fittingly.

Eddie is gasping for breath. He says, "I'm awful sorry they gave me the gong . . ."

"Sorry! Well, you shouldn't be. I know perfectly well they stopped you only because you mentioned the Alcazar Hosiery Company."



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Firebugs and Pyromaniacs

(Continued from page 19)

years before. Not wishing her husband's ashes to be mingled with the ashes of the furniture she placed the urn in a metal icebox. An investigator found the urn and asked the widow about it. "It's nothing," she said vaguely. The investigator remarked that it must be something and started ostentatiously to pour some of the ashes into his hand, as if to examine them. "Oh, my poor husband," the widow moaned. The investigator suggested gently that she would not have put the urn in the icebox if she had not been expecting a fire, and she admitted that she had set fire to the place herself.

FIRE Marshals on the whole are overworked. Firebugs are hard to catch for the simple reason that if they do their job efficiently all of what might be evidence against them is destroyed in the blaze they set off. By painstaking detective work, Fire Marshals have sometimes been able to be on the spot at the moment the firebug applies the torch. The rounding up of a gang of firebugs in Brooklyn, N. Y., some years ago, who specialized in burning up horses in order to collect insurance on them, is a typical example of the kind of detective work that is being carried on by Fire Marshals all over the country. In this case, four men were getting ready one night to build a fire in a stable on Johnson Avenue, in one of the more desolate sections of Brooklyn. That day the men had removed from the stable seven sound horses, which had been insured for two hundred dollars apiece, and had led into the stalls seven old, decrepit horses, all of them lame and one blind, which they had bought at auction sales for three and four dollars apiece. The men laid the fire carefully. They piled straw against the wooden walls of the stable and around and under the horses in the stalls. They poured kerosene oil over it and with sponges rubbed kerosene into the coats of the seven horses. There were no houses near the stable, which stood in the middle of a wide meadow, but to be on the safe side the men made another big pile of hay in the doorway so that anybody who might happen along would have to go through flames to get to the horses. They poured kerosene over that, and then they got their matches. But this arson plot didn't succeed, because Fire Marshal Brophy, who is now Chief Fire Marshal of New York City, had found out about it in ad-

vance. He was hiding in the tall grass outside the stable, with eight assistant fire marshals, three firemen carrying fire-extinguishers, and a couple of police detectives. Two blocks away, a fire engine company waited in an alley ready to rush to the stable. As soon as the first flicker of flame could be seen, Brophy fired his revolver twice into the air, which was the signal for the engine company to come on, and with his men closed in on the stable.

The fire was put out, the horses were saved, and the four men went to Sing Sing.

Brophy was able to be there, hiding in the meadow, because of nothing more complicated than his habit of going for long walks by himself, talking to people, trying to keep track of everything that was going on in Brooklyn. He had known that about a third of the stable fires in the city that year had been of undetermined origin, which is the fireman's way of saying that they may have been incendiary. So on his customary walks, on which he systematically covered the whole borough of Brooklyn, he had been making the acquaintance, among hundreds of other people, of horse auctioneers. He knew that among the myriad forms of fire-insurance fraud was the system of burning up worthless horses which had been substituted for valuable ones, adequately insured. Worrying about this, he went about asking auctioneers for the names of men who were buying up worthless horses. He got the names of dozens of people who bought that kind of horses and his deputies investigated them all. Some of them were representatives of firms which shipped horses to France to be eaten by the French, or were otherwise in legitimate, if curious, trades. But after many such horse-buyers had been investigated, one was found who seemed to have no legitimate business except that he owned seven sound horses, which he kept idle in a stable out on Johnson Avenue. His name was Louis Evansky and he was clearly not a racing man or a polo-player. The rest was a comparatively simple matter of watching the stable and shadowing Evansky.

Professional firebugs are not the only people that fire marshals have to try to keep ahead of. The individual that causes fire marshals even more worry than the professional firebug is that curious type of city dweller known as the pyromaniac, who sets fire to things not for profit

but simply for fun. Professional firebugs, and the dishonest merchants who employ them, are cunning, but they are rational-minded individuals. They confide in their friends, get drunk and talk too much to strangers, are inclined to be too greedy in making claims against insurance companies, and otherwise leave clues lying around that help the authorities to catch them. Pyromaniacs go about satisfying their strange desires without telling even their best friends or the members of their own families. There is usually no concrete clue which will connect the pyromaniac with the particular building he chooses to see in flames. One building is as good as another for his purpose, and he may very well have never seen it before he applies the torch.

Psychiatrists have various explanations for the causes and the nature of pyromania, none of which are of much help to the authorities. It is commonly agreed among the experts that pyromaniacs are neurotic, frustrated, and craving the sight of flames or the satisfaction of being able to look at something as spectacular as a fire and say to themselves, "I did that." It is supposed to be a rather sexy and perverted mania on the whole; and it is one that gives the psychoanalysts immense satisfaction, because the symbolism of both fire and water can be worked in. Fascinated by this, they have evolved elaborate theories, laying great emphasis on the traditional relationship, in all known languages, of desire and words like "fire," "burn," "hot" and "scorching." Some psychiatrists even believe that professional firebugs are border-line pyromaniacs who nurse a flame psychosis and happen to have been able to combine business with pleasure. This school of analysts is still gloating over the case of a New York firebug and/or pyromaniac who was, according to this theory, madly in love with a West Side warehouse. The firebug was employed by an importer to set fire to this commodious building, and during the negotiations which preceded the fire he wrote notes to his employer and used such euphemisms as "bride" and "sweetheart" when referring to the warehouse and "wedding" when referring to the night the fire was to take place. Every city in the country has its periodical outbreaks of pyromania. A section of Chicago was terrorized last spring by a pyromaniac who set fire to eight buildings in one night. He was finally seen running away from one of the fires and a Fire Marshal arrested him. He confessed that he had been setting fire to Chicago dwellings and office buildings for several years past. He was an employee of a publishing house, well-mannered, and of a good family. The mania would seize him, he told the authorities, every time he went to a burlesque show, and since he did this about once a month he had averaged about

(Continued on page 50)

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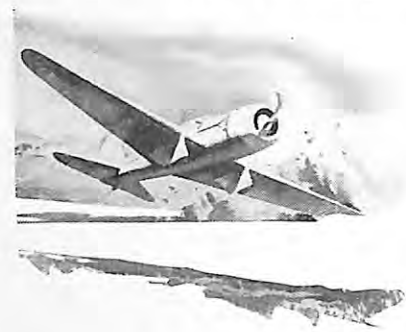
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Flight's Ending

(Continued from page 11)



BOYD came out of the Weather Office and walked over to the new monoplane. He saw Shirley Odgen standing before a group of reporters. As he approached, he heard one of them say, "How's the pulse this morning?" and saw Shirley extend her arm and the reporter put his fingers on her wrist.

"Steady as a clock," he said admiringly. "Aren't you a little nervous?"

"I've never been frightened in my life," Shirley answered.

A tingle of irritation ran through Boyd. He shrugged it away. He was becoming accustomed to the sensation. Every day, now, ever since the morning two weeks before when Hamilton Odgen, tall, gray, immaculate, had gotten out of his Rolls in front of Boyd's hangar, those momentary flashes of anger and irritation at the girl had shaken him. At first he had been perplexed by the intensity of his reaction, then he stopped thinking about it. There was plenty of real importance to occupy all his attention. Besides, he was not yet certain that it wasn't a dream. Or perhaps, he thought grimly, a nightmare, from which he'd awake and find the ten thousand dollars no longer entered neatly in his bank book.

No, Boyd decided, it's there. He heard again old Odgen's harsh inflectionless voice:

"You're Thompson, aren't you? Eh? My daughter tells me you refused to teach her to fly."

"That's right," Boyd had replied.

"I like that. A lot of people would have taken her money and let her go to her—" He stopped abruptly, and added, "She can't fly that plane, eh?"

"No," Boyd had said. "Not under a year, anyway."

"Good. Well, she's set her heart on flying to Paris. That means a pilot who'll get her there. How about you?"

"I could," Boyd had said. "Bar-ring—the unexpected."

"Eh? Yes, of course. Well, I've asked around about you and gotten some reassuring answers. I'm fond of my girl."

"Keep her home then," Boyd had said abruptly.

Odgen had frowned, staring at him.

"Could you?"

Boyd had grinned suddenly.

"I can't answer that, but I'd try."

"I could," old Odgen had said slowly, "only I won't. She's an adult. She does as she thinks best. All I can do is advise, and try, like this, to see nothing—happens. The rest is chance, isn't it?"

"I guess so," Boyd had replied.

"Well, then . . . You fly the plane and there will be ten thousand dollars deposited to your account tomorrow."

"What does Miss Odgen say to this?" Boyd had asked.

"She's not unreasonable," her father had said. "She'd planned originally to go with that other pilot."

"I'll start testing the ship tomorrow," Boyd had said . . .

The recollection passed from Boyd's mind, and he went up to the group and said casually to Shirley:

"I'm going up for a trial, want to go along?"

Without waiting for an answer, he walked toward the plane. Shirley hesitated, and then hurried after him. As she ascended the ladder-like rungs to the cabin, a cameraman called, "Just a moment. Look this way, Miss Odgen."

She paused, half turning.

"Get in," Boyd said curtly.

Shirley flung herself angrily into the plane.

"You can't . . ." she began furiously, when something in the fixed intensity of his eyes stilled her. She leaned toward him but he had forgotten her. The thunder of the motor filled the cabin.

"Are we . . . ?" she called, but the words were lost in the roaring.

Boyd lifted his hand and the plane lurched forward. His gaze was fastened on the concrete runway and his face was furrowed with unexpected lines. Slowly he drew the wheel back. There was a sudden sensation of comfort. Boyd's lips parted and Shirley knew he had sighed. They were up a hundred feet and climbing heavily. At three hundred he leveled the plane. Shirley reached for the pad and pencil fastened to the arm of her seat by two slender chains. She wrote, "Are we going? Is this the start?" and held the pad before Boyd's eyes. He read and nodded without turning his head. Shirley sat back. He saw her trembling with anger and knew she resented the inauspicious manner of their departure, felt cheated of the sus-

pense, the unforgettable shock of excitement.

The upper air was clear with the sun directly overhead. Boyd slowly pushed the ship higher, flying east of north. All afternoon they flew. Shirley sat in silence staring bitterly at her fingers. She's a damned spoiled brat, Boyd thought irritably, if she can't have her own way she sulks like a kid.

THE sun went down and at almost the same moment the moon rose. In the northern sky the stars were incredibly large, brilliant, close at hand. It was child's play to keep a course. Boyd reached for the pad and wrote, "Why don't you try to sleep?" and held it for Shirley to read. She stared at it contemptuously but ten minutes later he saw her eyes closed and knew she was sleeping.

In the higher altitudes, the night became much colder. Boyd took an extra coat and put it over the sleeping girl. She stirred a little, shivered, and turned toward him. Her lips parted in a slow smile and he thought he had awakened her, but she was still sleeping.

The smile sent a sudden devastating longing to kiss her mouth, smiling up at him from the shadow. Boyd felt himself trembling at the unexpected revelation. You damn fool, he thought, who the hell do you think you are? A penniless flyer . . . So that was the real reason he had taken the job. Because he wanted to kiss her, because he had fallen in love with her. He couldn't look away from her. Reclining there, her eyes closed, she was no longer arrogant or disdainful. She was merely a young girl, sleeping quietly. A curious tenderness overwhelmed him. To clear the confusion from his mind, he said firmly, "Sure, I'm in love with her. Sure! And what does that get? Just nothing."

He forced his attention back to flying the plane. It was all perfect, too perfect. A cloudless night, tailwind, plenty of stars to check on. Easy. Pretty soon the sun would lift. Ireland, the Channel, Le Bourget . . . Too easy. It meant something, something ominous . . . The skin along his neck prickled. He switched on the radio. There was no sound of current passing.

(Continued on page 48)

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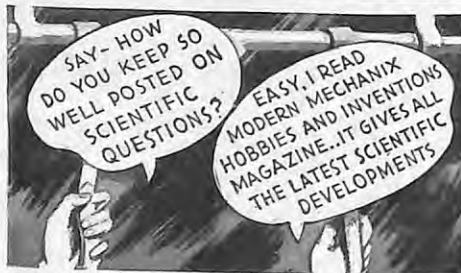
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Flight's Ending

(Continued from page 46)

He fussed with it for an hour without result. Well, it didn't matter. But the presentiment of disaster persisted. Inside him a panic gathered and he wished Shirley would waken. A sense of loneliness too great to be endured enveloped him. He put out his hand, let it rest on the sleeve of the girl's coat and felt better. He must have dozed for a moment for he was suddenly aware of the sun burning dully on the far horizon without having seen it appear. At the same instant, Shirley opened her eyes and gazed blankly about. He wrote on the pad, "Breakfast? Oranges? Chicken sandwich? Hot coffee?"

At her eager nod and smile, he felt absurdly happy. Afterward, they held a conversation in writing.

"When do we arrive?"

"About 2 p.m."

"Have you notified them?"

"Radio's out of order."

Shirley glanced quickly at him, her eyes startled. Boyd scribbled hastily:

"Don't worry. Don't need it."

Shirley sat for a long time, staring at the pad in her hand. Presently she wrote, erased, wrote again, tore up the paper and remained motionless, the thin dark line of her brows bent into a frown, her eyes hidden. When she finally held the pad for Boyd, he read, glanced swiftly at her averted head and then back at the message:

"Why did you decide to fly? After you had refused?"

Boyd hesitated, thinking how amazed she would be if he put down what he had thought during the night. Instead he wrote:

"Needed the money."

To his surprise, the pad returned bearing the words:

"Is that all?"

He looked at the girl suspiciously but her face was still turned away from him. Is she bored? he thought grimly, and trying to amuse herself? He wrote:

"That's all!"

There was another interval before Shirley again passed him the pad. This time he was thoroughly astounded by what he read.

"You don't think much of me, do you?"

Boyd scribbled his answer and watched her.

"I'm an aviator, not a psychologist."

He was not prepared for her laughter, the direct warm glance of her dark eyes or the reply:

"I'm not so sure."

They both laughed and shared the last of the coffee. Below, the sea lay blue and unwrinkled as new silk. Boyd

calculated their position. Approximately 75 miles off the Irish coast. They should sight land very soon.

He glanced casually at the oil-gauge. Before his horrified eyes the needle spun slowly to zero. His heart stopped beating, gave a great thump and then fluttered crazily about in his chest. All the air went out of his lungs. He felt himself protesting, every part of him was protesting. It's only the gauge has busted. But he knew that wasn't true. A few minutes more—then a frozen motor. He closed the throttle until the plane was barely above stalling speed. Then the engine cut out momentarily, fired again, stuttered, made a thunderous clanking, and Boyd snapped the switch.

SHIRLEY caught at his arm. He turned to her and smiled reassuringly. He opened the dump valves and the gasoline sprayed into the sea. The empty tanks would help keep the plane afloat. Shirley had crouched back into her seat. Boyd held the ship in a long circling glide back into the wind. The sea swept beneath, dark-colored, like liquid steel. The plane wobbled badly. Boyd stalled it . . . There was a crash and white walls of water shut out the world, but the plane floated.

Boyd reached for Shirley. He was horrified to see her lying limp and unconscious in the seat. He threw back the upper slides of the cabin and dragged her inert body out onto the top. The impact of the plane had flung her against the instrument board; there was a purple bruise on her temple. Leaning down he scooped the cold sea-water and dashed it over her pale face. After a moment, she shuddered and opened her eyes. Boyd saw the uncontrollable terror distend the pupils. He bent close to her ear and shouted: "It's all right. Don't be scared. We'll float for hours."

He was sure she heard but she made no response. The sea had no surface waves and the easy swell was scarcely noticeable. The plane floated with the wing just above the water and the tail lifted clear. Boyd stood up and examined inch by inch the wavering line where dark water met pale sky. Empty! He sat down, exhausted by the long flight and overwhelmed by the unexpected disaster. He did not look at the girl but he knew how helpless and lovely and young she appeared. And she was going to die. The thought of her dying appalled him. He would die too, but that seemed unimportant. If he had refused to fly the plane, if the radio had been working

so he could have gotten off an S.O.S. . . . It was a monstrous and cruel injustice. He turned and stared down at Shirley's dark head. He realized that she was conscious and in the grip of some desperate emotional struggle. Her hands clasped and unclasped in anguish. He could not bear to watch her terror. He loved her, he loved her more at that moment than he had thought possible. He took her in his arms and began to talk quietly, explaining the lack of immediate danger, the chances of rescue. Paroxysms of fear held her body rigid. He talked to her as though to a child and presently she began to sob, staring at the empty sea with haunted eyes.

"We'll die," she whispered.
 "No," said Boyd.
 After a long time, she said irrelevantly:

"I never cared before. Now . . ."
 The sun moved slowly toward the western sea-rim. Shirley fell asleep, exhausted. Boyd bent over her, shielding her face from the heat of the sun. His body was numb with fatigue, his blood-shot eyes burned against the dry edges of their lids. He began to feel the first torturing desire for water. A desperate urge to do something, anything, shook his self-control. An over-powering longing to sleep descended upon him. He had not closed his eyes for more than thirty-six hours. Waves of languor swept him toward oblivion. He tore the fabric of the wing, took his belt, passed it about one of the ribs and fastened it securely to the belt of Shirley's flying-suit. Then he lay down beside her, twisting his arm into the linked belts. He knew he must not sleep while daylight lasted, while there remained a chance of a vessel appearing. The sun paused on the far edge of the world. A ruddy glow suffused water and sky. The lugger came toward them straight out of the blinding sunset and Boyd never saw it until the boat was only a few miles distant. He leaped to his feet, tearing off his jacket and swinging it in frantic circles. The heavy booms swung inboard, the bluff bows altered their course. He shook Shirley awake.

"Come on," he said gently.
 "Here's a boat."
 Eager hands helped them over the low rail. They were given a hot meal and then Shirley was stowed away in the Captain's bunk. As Boyd turned to leave her, she reached out suddenly, touched his arm and said:

"You were patient with me."
THE living-room of Shirley's suite in the London hotel was banked with flowers. The huge Spanish table spilled over with cablegrams. The throng of reporters crowded about her. She smiled and lifted her hands against the flood of questions.
 "Please," she said. "Please! One at a time."

Boyd stood aside, his lean face impassive; only deep in his eyes was a glow of bewildered resentment.

"First of all, Miss Odgen, weren't you a little frightened?"

"Oh, yes," said Shirley. "But one would expect a girl to be, wouldn't one?"

Something in her voice implied that she hadn't been frightened at all.

"How about you, Mr. Thompson?"

"Scared stiff," Boyd said grimly.

"Would you try it again?"

"Oh, well," laughed Shirley, "it couldn't be any worse. And we might do it next time."

"You mean you may?"

"I'm considering it," Shirley said.

"Well, you've certainly got plenty of courage."

When they had gone, Boyd walked over to her, his glance hard and expressionless.

"Did you mean that?" he asked.

"Mean what?"

"About trying it again."

Shirley hesitated. She lifted her hands in a curiously helpless gesture and said without looking at him:

"Don't you see . . . ?"

"Yes," Boyd said. "I see. It's more cheap publicity. It's wanting to be pointed out and adulated and fawned over." He thrust his hands into his pockets. "You can try it again, but not with me."

DIB CUDDY put his head in at the doorway of the Air-Way Aviation Company office and sniffed.

"New paint," he said, "new plaster, two beautiful new crates. My, my, it pays to fall into the briny with a boo'ful lady."

"Shut up," Boyd said, "I'm busy."

"Why aren't you smiling then?"

"I'm smiling."

"You know what they're calling you around here?"

"No, and I don't care."

"The Great Stone Face."

"Is that funny?"

"Well, maybe not."

Boyd went on writing. Cuddy stepped back suddenly and said, "Excuse me."

"Sure," said Boyd, without lifting his head.

"And me," said another voice, a voice Boyd remembered so clearly that the pen fell from his fingers and rolled across the paper, leaving a long trickle of ink. He got up, staring at her. Shirley's glance was steady and unsmiling. She said abruptly:

"I was lying. You knew I was lying. But I didn't know what to do. I was so ashamed."


"That's all right," Boyd said.

"Oh, no. I was yellow." She silenced Boyd's protest. "I'd never been scared before of—dying. It didn't matter. Then when I thought I was going to . . . And I wanted to live because . . . I just cracked."

"Anyone would," Boyd said.

"You didn't."

"I'm unimportant. Beside I had to . . ."



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765—Sir Josiah Stamp, in a speech at the Chicago Club, expressed a hope that he wasn't talking too long. "I wouldn't like to be in the position of the parson" he explained, "who, in the midst of an important sermon, suddenly broke off his discourse to chide: 'You know I don't mind a bit having you look at your watches to see what time it is, but it really annoys me when you put them up to your ears to see if they are still running.'"

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"Take care of me," Shirley said. She came into the office and stood looking up at him. "I tried not to. I lay there trying. But everything in me was rushing around, roaring. Strange things, I'd never have believed. And afterward, I was ashamed. I didn't want anyone to suspect that the girl who had flown with you had been a coward." She paused musingly. "Even you didn't understand. So you went away."

"I had to come back here," Boyd said. "This is my job. Now I can make something of it. You're responsible for that."

"Am I?" Shirley said. "I'm glad!

Now won't you please teach me to fly?"

"No," Boyd said.

"Why not?"

He considered, looking down into her dark eyes.

"Because I wouldn't want anything to happen to you. I like to think of you alive and . . ." He hesitated and became silent.

"You're so full of reasonable reasons," Shirley said. "Don't you know any unreasonable ones?"

"Yes," Boyd said slowly, "I know one."

"That," Shirley said contentedly, "is the one I came to hear."

Firebugs and Pyromaniacs

(Continued from page 45)

five fires a month. Denver had a bad case of the jitters last summer when a pyromaniac set fire to fourteen buildings in three days, one of the buildings being the new \$6,000,000 City Hall. This firebug turned out to be a seventeen-year-old boy, whose only explanation for his acts was that "setting things on fire gives me a thrill." In Auburn, Me., two years ago, an eleven-year-old boy confessed that it was he who had started a fire which finally destroyed 239 buildings in a congested part of the town. His explanation was the usual one: it gave him a thrill.

Fire Marshals usually make it a point to go to all hospital fires. No other variety of fire creates as much excitement as a hospital fire, and for this reason a pyromaniac may easily be tempted to have a try at one. And if there is any chance that a pyromaniac has set fire to a hospital, the Fire Marshals want to catch him before he does it again. When the nurses' home and dining hall of the Methodist Episcopal Hospital in New York was destroyed by fire a few years ago, there was plenty of excitement. The fire threatened the hospital building, where three hundred patients were in bed. While smoke was billowing through the halls, an expectant mother gave birth to a baby, and two major operations which had been begun had to be completed. The most excited person in the whole place was one of the hospital porters. He had turned in the alarm, given advice to the firemen, and had finally run into the burning building yelling that he had to save the nurses. He had collapsed on a stairway, overcome by smoke, and when the New York Fire Marshal saw him was in the infirmary. He had revived. The doctors and nurses were making a fuss over him and calling him a hero. The Fire

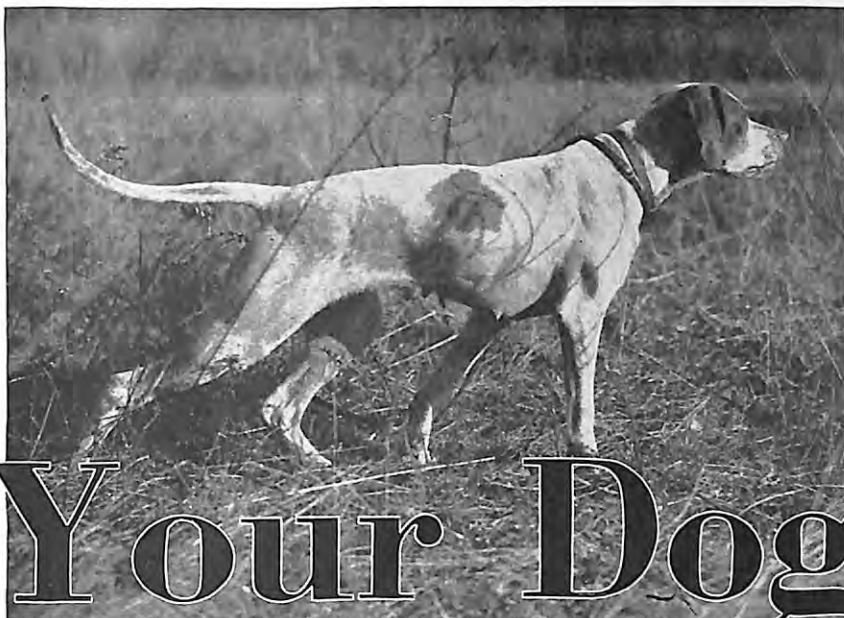
Marshal recognized in him the symptoms of pyromania and accused him of having set fire to the hospital himself. The man confessed that he had started the hospital fire by stuffing a pile of gauze under a bureau and lighting it with a match. This man seemed a good-natured, slow-witted, rather likable chap to everybody who knew him. He admitted he had gone to work at the hospital with the express intention of setting fire to it.

Large institutions of all kinds attract the pyromaniac. In 1929, a guard who worked in the House of Refuge on Randall's Island in New York, confessed that he had started three fires there, and that earlier in the year, when he was working at the New Jersey State Hospital in Morris Plains, he had set fire to that institution, causing the destruction of a million dollars' worth of property.

Schools and hotels are also favored by the pyromaniac.

Every now and then the confessions of a pyromaniac seem to dovetail nicely with the theories of the psychiatrists. A young man who was an evening student at the Morris High School in Brooklyn, N. Y., admitted, when he was caught last May, that he had set fire to twenty dwellings in Brooklyn and five in Manhattan. This pyromaniac worked during the day as a clerk in a Manhattan department store. In the spring of 1934, a friend of his had taken his girl away from him and he had set fire to her house on West Fourth Street, down in Greenwich Village. He took up with another young lady, and when she moved away from her rooming house in Brooklyn, leaving no forwarding address, he burned that house down. After that, he told the authorities,

(Continued on page 52)



Keystone Photo

Your Dog

By Captain Will Judy

Editor, Dog World Magazine

Dogs by instinct are hunters of game. The curiosity which always makes life interesting for the dog, urges him to be on the lookout for every sound, movement and smell. I think that the dog gets as much fun, sport and adventure out of hunting, even more so, than does his master.

Regardless of your breed, you should take your dog occasionally into the fields, free to roam as and where he pleases. Even the toy dogs, for instance, the pekingese, find delight in scenting and exploring. I should like to see every dog have at least a monthly visit to the countryside in order to cultivate his natural instincts of trailing, scenting and hunting.

However, hunting limits itself in popular thought chiefly to setters, spaniels, pointers and retrievers. My assignment for this month specifies gun dogs. The term covers what officially are known as sporting and hound groups. Among the hound, we have among others, beagle, dachshund, basset hound and greyhound.

Gun dog is a term applied to use or work and not to any particular breed. The term is synonymous with field dog although field dogs may work without the presence of firearms.

First, we discuss the merry little hound, the beagle, smallest of hunting dogs.

The beagle by the way is a small dog that has everything which a dog should have—personality, intelligence, usefulness and stamina.

The retriever breeds proper, namely, Labrador, flat-coated and curly-coated, the golden retriever, Chesapeake Bay and Irish water spaniel are used principally for water work such as retrieving dead or wounded ducks. Recently they have been used to some extent for land work such as locating and bringing in game birds.

For squirrel and miscellaneous hunting, of course, there are many breeds, ranging from hounds to airedales and other terriers. For raccoon, the coonhound. For fox trailing, the foxhound.

Spaniels are a family of canines which have come into popular prominence within the last twenty years, originating in and getting their name from Spain three centuries ago, and then developing principally in England during the last fifty years. The cocker and the springer are most common. Both are used in the field although the larger breed the springer is used to a greater extent.

They are keen active hunters, quick to flush game although some of them do point. They are essentially gun dogs, to be kept near the hunter so that as game is routed, it will be within shooting distance.

Spaniels can be used on both land and water on almost all sorts of game; they fit in nicely with modern hunting conditions.

But when we think of gun dogs, usually there comes to our mind the picture of a setter or pointer. These dogs are a constant source of interest in the field even to the spectator. They hunt by body scent, that is,

(Continued on page 53)



Cocker Spaniels, courtesy Great Oak Kennels, Wilmington, Del.

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Firebugs and Pyromaniacs

(Continued from page 50)

he set fire to a house every time he thought about either girl.

With all these cases, and hundreds of others, in the back of their heads, the Fire Marshals of the United States have no room in their minds for anything but the practical point of view.

With the special agents of the National Board of Fire Underwriters aiding them in much the same way that "G-men" aid the police in other branches of crime, the Fire Marshals of the United States are building up an efficient system for catching both pyromaniacs and firebugs. Careful records are kept of all incendiary fires, all known and suspected firebugs and all known and suspected pyromaniacs. A gallery of photographs and fingerprints is

an important part of every Fire Marshal's Office. By correspondence and occasional conferences on important national cases, the Fire Marshals of the various states keep in touch with one another and exchange information about the latest methods being used by professional firebugs, the latest discoveries regarding the habits and idiosyncracies of pyromaniacs. They do not complain about the lack of public and official interest in their work; they haven't time for such things. They are themselves interested in what they are doing, and that seems to satisfy them. They just go on, month in and month out, trying to keep ahead of these comparatively new types of criminals and maniacs—the firebugs and the pyromaniacs.

Selected Books

for Elks and Their Families

(Continued from page 36)

And Bernard Shaw, showing up as one of Gene Tunney's "fans."

And a group of noted sportsmen and their torch-bearers, all mounted on elephants, hunting tigers at night in an Indian jungle.

We'd like to tell you more about this, but the Editor says we talk too much.

A PUZZLE FOR FOOLS—by Patrick Quentin. (SIMON & SCHUSTER. \$2.00)

A thoroughbred of a mystery tale that gets off at a tremendous pace and runs like mad to the finish. We'll put a hundred to one on it that it will keep you reading long after all the other lights in the house have gone out.

Which evil wretch committed the two unique murders in the swanky Sanitarium of the Jove-like Dr. Lenz? You'll never guess till you read "A Puzzle for Fools."

SAM BASS—by Wayne Gard. (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. \$2.50)

Stage coach hold-ups, Union Pacific Express robberies, and neat lootings of frontier banks occupy the pages of the saga of Sam Bass, notorious Texas outlaw who died in 1878 on his twenty-seventh birthday after a loud and bloody gun-fight in Round Rock.

At first glance Sam seems cut to

the exact pattern of all such predatory gentry, but he had distinguishing marks. It is said that he had never killed a man until that last fatal battle. His bounty earned him the legendary glamour of a Texas Robin Hood, and it is believed that he cached much of his ill-gotten gold in various corners of Texas. Even today, to break the monotony of their unromantic lives, various gentlemen go forth with spades and dig around on little Sam Bass treasure hunts.

Mr. Gard, with a real character on his hands, has given us an excellent "Western."

PRESIDENTS AND FIRST LADIES—by Mary Randolph. (APPLETON-CENTURY. \$2.50)

Fair warning! If you think you'll have to put this book down in a hurry, *don't begin it now!*

Miss Randolph, daughter of an army officer, and tactful, superhuman White House Secretary under every Administration from that of Roosevelt I to the early days of Roosevelt II, writes with a wallop. Presidents do not awe her, nor do First Ladies seem other than human women. Consequently there is real flesh and blood in this intimate, "behind the scenes" glimpse of life in the White House. And heaps of humor, too! The book positively begs to be read aloud.

Your Dog

(Continued from page 51)

they detect the smell of game as it is wafted from the body through the air, this in contrast to the beagle, for instance, which follows the trail after detecting the scent of the foot on the ground.

There are three setter breeds—all of them aristocrats—English, Irish and Gordon. We have the pointer proper, oftentimes termed American or English pointer. Recently the German shorthair pointer has been seen in America.

Setters and pointers are used principally upon game birds such as pheasant, quail, partridge and snipe. The instant they are released in the field, they are off at top speed in quest of "birds," matching the keenness of their nerve of smell against the secretiveness and camouflage of the game bird, particularly the quail.

There is not a sight more thrilling, and you might say more beautiful to the eye of the artist, than that of a "bird dog" on point. He has detected the near presence of game birds, he stops "dead in his tracks," his body becomes rigid. Usually the tail is outstretched and one front leg lifted up. Here he "freezes into a point" to give notice to the hunter that the hunter should come up, flush the birds and fire at them as they fly into the air.

The sport of field trials is on the increase in America. These are trials where dogs are matched against each other in a field where game birds are known to be hiding. The gallery usually follows on horseback. Approximately 190 such field trials of setters and pointers are held annually in America.

Even though one does not hunt for game, at least a jaunt into the fields during the hunting season benefits his health, gives him clear eyesight, clear mind and a general tonic, physical and mental.

For one to be outdoors, particularly in autumn when the woods are at their best in beautiful color, when skies are hazy and the observer can note a hundred evidences of the approaching winter, is indeed to be in on the way to enjoy life.

As the autumn days come to hand, hie yourself away to the woods, take man's best friend, your dog, with you, and seek to get as much fun and zest out of the occasion as he does. If possible, try to be as youthful in heart and young in spirit as your dog is, no matter how old he may be.

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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Monogram Emblem desired _____

Name _____

Address _____

NOTICE! If the Halvorfolds are for gift purposes, be sure to include proper instructions for Gold Engraving on separate sheet of paper.

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The very latest in Halvorfolds. Pass case, bill-fold and card case... all in one. Made of genuine Brown Steerhide, rich and lustrous. Embossed Ship O' Dreams design. Silk stitched. **TALON Zipper Closure.** 4-pass capacity. Full size currency and check pocket. 2 card pockets. Size 3 1/2 x 4 1/2 closed. Extra thin model. Will last a lifetime. 22-K Gold name, address, lodge emblem FREE! (A \$1.50 extra value.)



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The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 32)

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The initiation on Aug. 14 of the "David Sholtz Class" numbering 126 members, was a gratifying feature of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Waycross, Ga., Lodge, No. 369. Gov. Sholtz was accompanied by a large delegation of Florida Elks. At the city limits he greeted the motorcade which escorted him to the Ware Hotel where a public reception was held for him. Initiation ceremonies took place in the Lodge Home at 7:30 P.M. City Attorney Frank McDonald, Jr., gave the welcoming address. The ceremonies were followed by a wild duck dinner and a dance.

The celebration set a new record in entertainment for Southeast Georgia and for Waycross Lodge. It was directed by Secy. C. W. Deming. Harry M. Wilson was Chairman of the Reception Committee, and Samuel Fraley was Chairman of the Membership Committee. Lodges represented were Atlanta, Savannah, Brunswick, Albany, Fitzgerald and Douglas, Ga., and Tallahassee, Jacksonville, Fernandina, Pensacola and Daytona Beach, Fla. Among the prominent Elks who joined in paying homage to the Grand Exalted Ruler were Grand Trustee John S. McClelland, Atlanta; D.D.'s H. B. Roberts, Albany, M. Frank O'Brien, Jacksonville; P.D.D. Caspian Hale, New Smyrna; Pres. George W. Upchurch, Savannah; Secy.-Treas. R.E. Lee Reynolds, Atlanta, Past Pres. Walter E. Lee, Waycross, and Chaplain the Rev. T. A. Brennen, Albany, all of the Ga. State Elks Assn., and Judge Fred H. Davis of the Florida Supreme Court. Many other prominent public officials participated.

Gov. Sholtz visited Roanoke on the first day of the Annual Convention of the Va. State Elks Assn. held in that city Aug. 17-18. He held an important conference with his District Deputies of Virginia and Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia, who were sworn in by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper of Lynchburg, Va. They were Alfred W. Gaver, Frederick, Md., Lodge, and Wiley W. Wood, Norfolk, and Howard C. Gilmer, Jr., Pulaski Lodge, for Virginia East and West respectively. Many Exalted Rulers and Secretaries were present and the following prominent Elks attended: P.D.D.'s Caspian Hale, New Smyrna, Fla., and Michael B. Wagenheim, Norfolk, Va.; E.R.'s Dr. Frank J. O'Connor, Norfolk, and Francis Petrott, Frederick, and Secy. W. J. Walsh, Norfolk.

Gov. Sholtz addressed the meeting held by Asheville, N. C., Lodge, No.

1401, on Aug. 19, at which approximately 150 were present. The Grand Exalted Ruler came to Asheville to hold a conference with leaders of the Order from six Southeastern States. He was met upon his arrival by a group of Asheville Elks headed by E.R. William F. Duncan. Daniel J. Kelly, of Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, administered the oath of office to the following District Deputies: North Carolina: East, Leslie P. Gardner, Goldsboro; West, George W. Munford, Durham; South Carolina: William Elliott, Jr., Columbia; Georgia: South, H. B. Roberts, Albany; Alabama: Clyde W. Anderson, Florence; Tennessee: East, Albert G. Heins, Knoxville; West, William P. Moss, Jackson; Florida: East, W. A. Wall, West Palm Beach; North, M. Frank O'Brien, Jacksonville; West, W. M. Carter, Lakeland. The conference was devoted to general discussion of business relating to the local Lodge, and to the other Lodges in the above mentioned States.

On the 24th of August the Grand Exalted Ruler made the initiatory address when the David Sholtz Class of 173 members was inducted into Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173. The next day he held a conference in Williamsport with District Deputies of six districts of Pennsylvania. The District Deputies who were present were sworn in by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and were as follows: S.W., Leonard M. Lippert, McKeesport; N.W., J. Austin Gormley, Butler; Cent., Paul J. Dimond, Latrobe; N.E., Max L. Silverman, Scranton; N. Cent., C. D. Wharton, Lock Haven; S. Cent., Burt S. Burns, Reynoldsville. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia Lodge, Charles Spencer Hart, of Mount Vernon, N. Y. Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, P.D.D. Caspian Hale, of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, and about 50 Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and active members of the State Association attended.

Two hundred and fifty leading Elks of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut attended the Grand Exalted Ruler's District Conference on Aug. 29 in the Home of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan officiated in the induction into office of the following District Deputies: New York: East, Daniel M. Keyes, Poughkeepsie; E. Cent., Myron C. Alting, Port Jervis; N.E., Michael J. Degnan, Hudson; N. Cent.,

William B. Davidson, Saranac Lake; S. Cent., Wilbur F. Knapp, Bath; West, Joseph H. Tonnie, Jr., Buffalo; W. Cent., John B. Keane, Newark; S.E., David E. Livingston, Bronx; New Jersey: N.E., B. C. W. Stilwell, Ridgewood; N.W., Thomas V. Reagen, Nutley; South, Frank M. Travaline, Jr., Camden; Cent., Louis R. Harding, Plainfield; Conn.: East, Henry L. McGuire, New London; West, Francis W. Hogan, Torrington.

Many Elks who stand high in the above named States were present, among them being Grand Trustee William T. Phillips, Secy. of New York Lodge; Charles Spencer Hart, Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge; E.R. Charles J. Conklin, New York Lodge; New York State officers: Pres. Dr. Leo W. Roohan, Saratoga Lodge, Vice-Pres. Ray C. Delaney, Ossining Lodge, and Secy. Philip Clancy,

Niagara Falls Lodge; New Jersey State officers: Pres., Arthur Schefler, Hoboken, and Vice - Pres. Charles H. Maurer, Dunellen; Past State Pres.'s Albert E. Dearden, Trenton, and John H. Cose, Plainfield; Conn. State officers: Pres., John J. Nugent, Ansonia, and Secy. Archie J. McCullough, Jr., Derby; Past State Pres. George W. Hickey, Willimantic, Conn., Lodge; P.D.D.'s James H. Moran, New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge; Francis G. Roddy, Troy, N. Y., Lodge; Harry H. O'Claire, Lakewood, N. J., Lodge, and many Exalted Rulers, Secretaries and other Lodge officers.

The Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Boston on August 30 by boat and was greeted by a delegation of Boston Elks. His visits to Boston and previous ones to Cincinnati, O., Columbia, S.C., and Tallahassee, Fla., will be reported next month.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 33)

Ritualistic Championship for the second year. Waterbury was selected as the 1937 convention city.

The Scholarship Award given by the Association for 1936 went to Maurice Carroll Culhane, son of the late Maurice C. Culhane who for 27 years was Treasurer of Waterbury, Conn., Lodge.

South Dakota

More than 1,000 members of the 11 South Dakota Lodges attended their two-day State Convention held in Sioux Falls June 7-8. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, of Watertown, S. D., Lodge, and Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, were present. Judge Henry C. Warner, of Dixon, Ill., Secy. of the Board of Grand Trustees, represented Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan. Judge Warner was the principal speaker on an open air program which closed the first day of the meeting.

A mile-long parade featured the convention's second day. Prizes totaling \$100, offered by Sioux Falls Lodge, No. 262, brought out the largest and most colorful array of floats the city had seen in years.

Watertown Lodge was the winner of the Ritualistic Contest, with Sioux Falls, Aberdeen and Madison Lodges finishing in the order named. The Sioux Falls Band won the Band Contest, with Aberdeen second and Huron third.

Contribution of an amount approximating \$400 was voted for Child Welfare Work through the South Dakota Board of Health. A campaign was started to induce more Lodges to en-

ter contests at the conventions. The initiation of a class of 16 members, diversified entertainment, and a public dance and floor show closed the Convention—the 26th annual get-together of the South Dakota State Elks Association.

The State officers installed for the coming year are as follows: Pres., Dr. R. G. Mayer, Aberdeen; 1st Vice-Pres., Casper G. Aaberg, Brookings; 2nd Vice-Pres., E. B. Peterson, Sioux Falls; 3rd Vice-Pres., Earl Lewis, Rapid City; Trustees: W. T. Williams, Watertown, four-year term, and Fred W. Leach, Yankton, five-year term. Carl H. Nelles of Madison Lodge was reelected Secretary, and M. M. Korte of Aberdeen Lodge was reelected Treasurer.

Pennsylvania

Arriving in Williamsport to take part in the 30th Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association a day before he was expected, Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz was able to make the initiatory address when the David Sholtz Class of 173 members was inducted into Williamsport Lodge, No. 173, on August 24. Upon his arrival Governor Sholtz was escorted through the streets by the Williamsport Elks Band and Marching Club. The initiation was the first event of the Convention in session until August 27. The ceremonies were held in the Lodge Home and were conducted by the Degree Team of Bellefonte Lodge. Approximately 1,400 Elks were present. The Grand Exalted Ruler's address was devoted to fraternal matters.

"I have REDUCED MY WAIST 8 INCHES with the WEIL BELT!"
... writes George Bailey



"I suddenly realized that I had become a fat man". The boys kidded me about my big "paunch".

In a bathing suit ... I was immense. The day I heard some children laugh at me I decided to get a Weil Belt.



What a change! I looked 3 inches slimmer at once and soon I had actually taken EIGHT INCHES off my waist ... and 20 pounds off my weight!

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BECAUSE we have done this for thousands of others ... because we believe we can do as much for you ... we dare to make you the unconditional offer outlined above!

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You will be completely comfortable and entirely unaware that its gentle pressure is working constantly while you walk, work or sit ... its massage-like action persistently and surely eliminating fat with every move you make!

Many enthusiastic wearers write that the Weil Belt not only reduces fat but that it also supports the abdominal organs and keeps the digestive organs in place ... that they are no longer fatigued ... and that loss of fat greatly increases their endurance.

Greatly Improves Your Appearance

The Weil Reducing Belt will make you appear many inches slimmer at once ... and in 10 short days if your waistline is not actually 3 inches smaller ... 3 inches of fat gone ... it won't cost you one cent!

Don't Wait ... Fat Is Dangerous

Fat is not only unbecoming, but it also endangers your health. Insurance companies know the danger of obesity. The best medical authorities warn against fat accumulations, so don't wait any longer!



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The first business session began at 10 A.M. on Tuesday, August 25. E.R. Carl C. Gehron and Mayor Charles D. Wolfe welcomed the guests. State President Frank J. Lyons, of Warren Lodge, responded. A feature of the session, preceding the election of State officers, was the introduction of the Grand Exalted Ruler, who addressed the assembly and later withdrew for a conference with his Pennsylvania District Deputies who were sworn in by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, of Philadelphia Lodge; Charles Spencer Hart, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; P.D.D. Caspian Hale, of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, and about 50 Exalted Rulers, Secretaries, and active members of the State Association, were present at the Conference.

William D. Hancher, of Washington Lodge, was unanimously elected President of the Association. Mr. Hancher has served on the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and has the unique record of having proposed more than 600 for membership in Washington Lodge in the 27 years of his affiliation. The other new officers are: Vice-Pres., Grover C. Shoemaker, of Bloomsburg, who served last year as State Treasurer; Secy., W. S. Gould, of Scranton, who was reelected; Treas., Harry Sholm, of Reading, and Trustee for five years, Herman Earley, of Harrisburg. Ralph C. Robinson, of Wilkesburg, is the new Chairman of the Board of Trustees. The Association will hold its 1937 annual meeting at Lancaster.

Featuring the afternoon meeting were the presentation of the report of the Student Aid Committee of which Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow is Chairman, and the awarding of scholarships to the 10 Pennsylvania young men whom the Elks are assisting in their education. The formal ball held at the Hotel Lycoming, was the principal social event of the Convention.

North Dakota

The largest attendance in many years was present at the 16th Convention of the North Dakota State Elks Association held at Minot June 16-17.

The officers who will serve the Association during the ensuing year—all reelected—are as follows: Pres., former Governor L. B. Hanna, Fargo; Vice-Pres., Sam Stern, Fargo; Secy., E. A. Reed, Jamestown; Treas., Alec Rawitcher, Williston; Trustee, Frank V. Kent, Grand Forks.

The Convention particularly enjoyed the addresses given by Miss Jean Pierce, Executive Secretary of the Minnesota Association for Crippled Children and Disabled Adults, and Vice-Pres. of the International Crippled Children's Society; Dr. A. D. McCannel of Minot, member of the State Welfare Board, and

Edward Erikson of Grand Forks, Federal Rehabilitation Director.

P.E.R. Noel F. Tharalson, of Devils Lake Lodge, who was at that time District Deputy for North Dakota, announced that for the second consecutive year Minot Lodge had won the Hanna flag for the best ritualistic work exemplified at the time of his official visits. He also announced that he was giving a trophy in memory of his father, to be held by the Lodge showing the greatest activities during each year, and reported that Jamestown Lodge, No. 995, had been awarded the trophy for the first year.

Two hundred and sixty persons were seated at the Convention Banquet held at the Minot Country Club. The speakers included Pres. Hanna and Vice-Pres. Stern; Judge J. D. Harris, of Dickinson Lodge, Chairman of the State Board of Administration, and Judge L. J. Palda, Jr., first Exalted Ruler, and T. J. McGrath, present Exalted Ruler, of Minot Lodge. P.E.R. Raymond C. Dobson, P.D.D., General Chairman of the arrangements for the Convention, presided. Members of committees named by the State President to serve during the Convention, were: Mr. Dobson; Judge Harris and W. A. Brown, Dickinson Lodge; R. J. Downey, Mack V. Traynor and W. A. Hausmann, Devils Lake; William G. Owens, Williston; A. J. Rulon, Jamestown; A. R. Weinhandl, Mandan; Frank V. Kent, Grand Forks, and Roy R. Hall, Fargo.

Wyoming

Casper, Wyo., Lodge, No. 1353, entertained the Wyoming State Elks Association when it held its annual convention in Casper on May 23-24. At a lively afternoon business session Greybull was selected as the place of meeting in 1937, and the following officers were elected; Pres., Harry G. Theede, Greybull; Vice-Pres.'s, Hollis B. Brewer, Casper; J. F. Kalinay, Laramie, and Winsor H. Sigler, Sheridan; Secy.-Treas., Fred H. Koschel, Greybull. Resolutions were adopted for the advancement of various activities.

The Convention Banquet was held at the Townsend Hotel. E.R. Hollis B. Brewer was Toastmaster, introducing D.D. Thomas J. McInerney of Cheyenne Lodge, the officers of visiting delegations, and the newly elected State officers. While the banquet was in progress, a visit was paid by the members of the Casper Boot and Spur Club who appeared at the Horse Show held during the Convention. Special entertainment and group singing added to the enjoyment of the occasion. The Annual Homecoming Celebration of Casper Lodge was held later in the evening in the Home.

Ohio

The Ohio State Elks Association held its 38th Annual Reunion at Sandusky and Cedar Point August 23-28. A. A. Wintersteller, Chair-

man of the Credentials Committee, reported the largest registration in recent years. Registration began on Sunday, the first day, at Sandusky and continued Monday and Tuesday at Cedar Point. Monday was devoted to meetings of the Trustees and the Advisory Council, made up of Past State Presidents.

Tuesday evening the formal opening in the Hotel Breakers lounge was conducted by Past State Pres. W. H. Reinhart, of Sandusky, acting as Chairman. Mr. Reinhart is a former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee. The address was given by Gov. Martin L. Davey, of Kent Lodge.

The first business session was held on Wednesday with State Pres. Charles W. Casselman in the chair.

The P.E.R.'s Assn. held its annual meeting afterward with the following officers being elected: Past State Pres. A. Bart Horton, of Cincinnati Lodge, Pres., reelected for the ninth time; Louis H. Jurgens, Cleveland Lodge, 1st Vice-Pres.; Harry Kahn, Wapakoneta, 2nd Vice-Pres.; Judge R. C. Huey, Youngstown, 3rd Vice-Pres.; David H. Dankworth, Bellaire, Secy.; A. Clyde Reasoner, Zanesville, Treas. The Executive Committee elected includes Past State Pres. C. W. Wallace, Columbus, Chairman; T. J. O'Leary, Marion; George J. Doerzbach, Sandusky; John H. Neate, Upper Sandusky; F. J. Keenan, Barberton; A. Schwartz, Uhrichsville, and Carl A. Dobbins, Jackson. At 6:30 the Association's Annual Banquet was held with 100 Past Exalted Rulers present.

At the Breakers Hotel Wednesday evening, New Philadelphia Lodge presented a cantata with Past Pres. Norman C. Parr and Mrs. Parr as soloists, and a mixed chorus of members of the Lodge and their ladies.

Thursday the annual parade was held under the direction of Chairman Fred A. Bloker of Sandusky, with many bands, drum corps and marching clubs in line.

AFTER the parade the closing business session was held and the officers of the State Association for 1936-37 elected and installed. They are: Pres. Fred L. Bohn, Zanesville; 1st Vice-Pres., John F. Fussinger, Cincinnati; 2nd Vice-Pres., Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin; 3rd Vice-Pres., Walter Penry, Delaware; Secy., Harry D. Hale, Newark; Treas., William Petri, Cincinnati; Trustee for three years, E. B. LeSueur, Toledo.

Grand Treasurer Dr. Edward J. McCormick, of Toledo Lodge, and James S. Richardson, of Cincinnati Lodge, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, were among those present. Sandusky and Cedar Point were selected for the Reunion next year. The annual dinner dance was held later in the evening, and was as usual an outstanding social event.

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But no other would give you the fine flavor and rare goodness of whiskey made in the good old way.

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

It has that brilliant warmth—the golden depth of natural color and bead—that silky smoothness—because it is ripened in charred oak casks for full eighteen months.

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

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Top-run KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

The A. M. S. Division of National Distillers Products Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

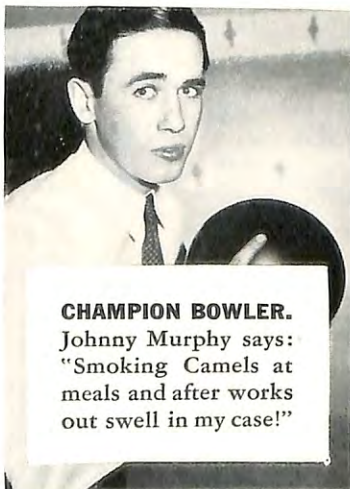
AFTER THE GREATEST FINISH under fire in golfing history, Tony Manero gets set for hearty eating by smoking Camels. He won the 1936 National Open with a spectacular 282. His digestion stands the strain of the long grind because, as Tony says: "I'll go on record any time as one who thanks Camels for stimulating digestion. I feel cheered up while I'm eating—enjoy my food more—and have a feeling of ease afterward when I enjoy Camels along with my meals. Camels set me right."



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**WHETHER YOU ARE
CATCHING A QUICK BITE
OR DINING IN STATE—**

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



CHAMPION BOWLER.
Johnny Murphy says:
"Smoking Camels at
meals and after works
out swell in my case!"

WITH healthy nerves and good digestion, you feel on top of the world.

When you smoke Camels with your meals and after, tension is lessened. The flow of digestive fluids speeds up. And alkalinity is increased. For "lift" and "for digestion's sake," the answer is Camels. Camels set you right!



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



**"WHAT A PLEASANT
aid to digestion Camels
are!"** says this busy
homemaker, Mrs.
Charles Sickles.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS