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Magazine

NOVEMBER, 1936
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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 NA-
TIONAL 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 Con-
stitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

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NOVEMBER 1936

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Address All Communications to The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

The Elks Magazine. Volume 15, No. 6. November, 1936. Published monthly at 421 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second class matter December 12, 1935, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in New York, N. Y. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year. For Canadian postage add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and membership number; 2. Number of your Lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address; 5. Occupation or business. Please also notify your Lodge Secretary of change and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of change to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first class mail. They will be handled with care but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.

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A Message

FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

My dear Brothers:

You have my keen appreciation for the splendid response I am getting from everywhere to our plans for the James T. Hallinan class to be initiated during November. Over seven hundred and fifty Lodges have already advised me that they are putting through large classes of worthwhile initiates in this class and every day letters and telegrams are coming to my office, advising me as to the splendid progress that is being made.

Many thousands of worthwhile American citizens should be added to our rolls, particularly during the month of November, and, although when this issue of The Elks Magazine reaches you your plans for the Hallinan classes may have been practically completed, there is still time for you to add to the increase by the reinstatement of many of our Brothers who have been heretofore dropped from the rolls. I urge you to put forth every effort during this month to secure reinstatements which require only balloting upon by the Lodge.

The James T. Hallinan classes will tell me whether or not you are really putting your shoulders to the wheel. Your help and your cooperation is needed. Conditions are better all over America. Let us be in step with the rest of our great country, doing our part in revitalizing America.

With every good wish for each and every one of you,
Cordially and fraternally yours,

David Sholtz
Grand Exalted Ruler

ONE of the most remarkable mysteries of American history is the fact that our greatest individual soldier is almost entirely unknown.

For some strange reason our best historians—and more strangely still, our novelists, have ignored him for such lesser men as Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett and Sergeant York. Yet it is extremely doubtful if any American ever created more fear and chaos among our enemies, or lived a more dramatic and extraordinary life than Peter Francisco.

This neglect of our foremost fighting-man is particularly surprising in view of all the distinguished evidence. General Washington singled out Francisco from all the soldiers of the Continental Army for conspicuous bravery, offered him a captain's commission (which he refused), and had a special sword of epic proportions made to fit his lethal hands. But Washington's frank hero-worship of his "One-man regiment" passes unnoticed by his biographers.

Francisco was also the devoted friend of Lafayette, John Marshall, Nathaniel Greene, Henry Clay and Patrick Henry; all of whom have left written records

of his great personal charm and wit, as of his amazing valor and superhuman strength. He was the hero of every town and village in the Thirteen States, the Lindbergh of Colonial America. The engravings of his thrilling adventures were best-sellers of the time, and his fighting portrait—*Francisco's Encounter with the British Dragoons*—hangs in Independence Hall in Philadelphia. Yet today not one American in ten thousand can say that he ever heard of Peter Francisco.

Though it hardly excuses those who know it, our historians may feel that Francisco's true story is too fantastic for general acceptance. Certainly the facts are stranger and more romantic than most fiction would dare to imitate.

I

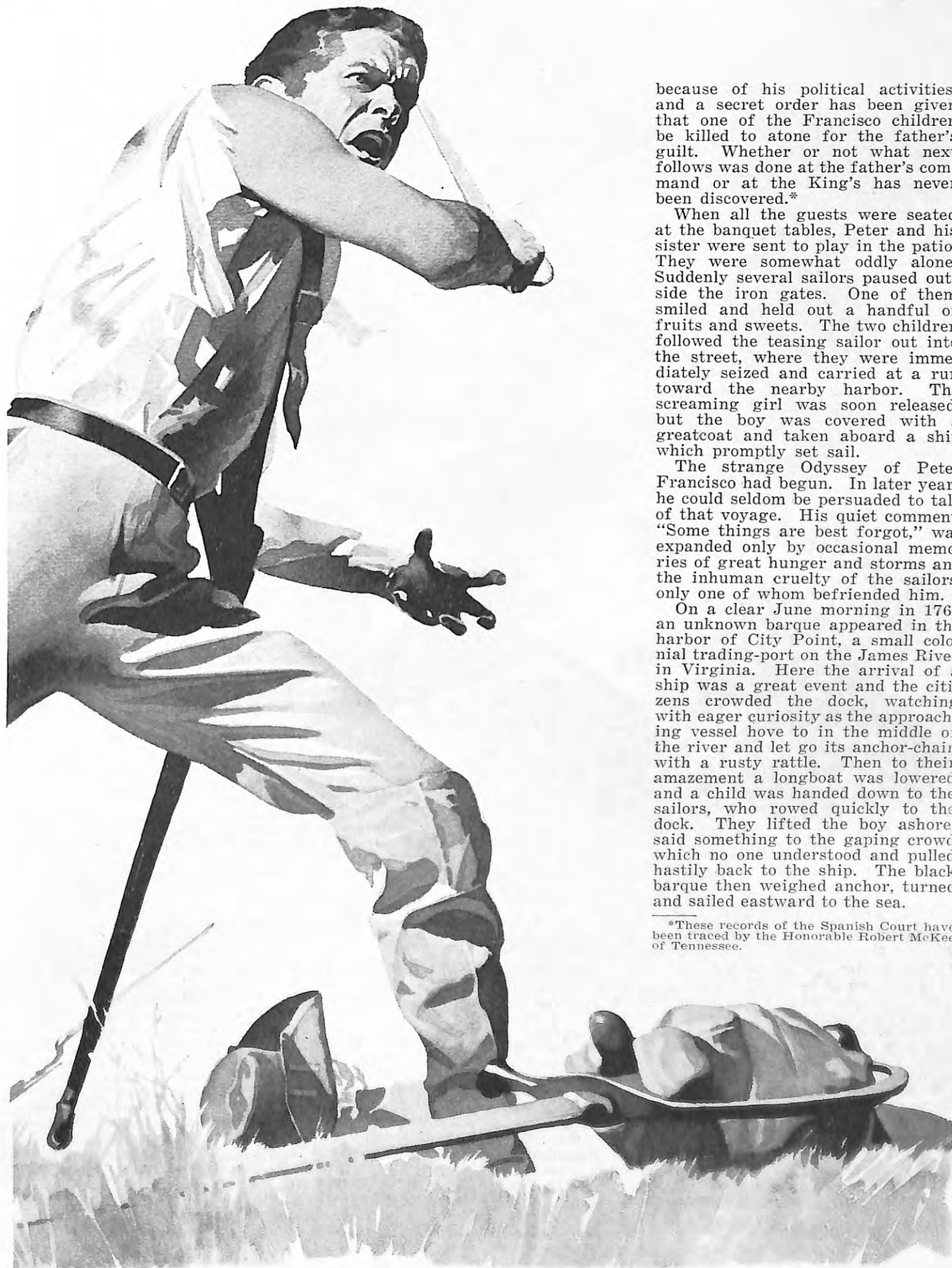
The year is 1765 and the scene a festive *hacienda* in Spain. From the grilled stairway of a large hall a small boy and his younger sister are peering down at the colorful guests. Their father, the head of the House of Francisco, is in severe disfavor with the King

Peter Francisco

by Robert Buckner

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod





because of his political activities, and a secret order has been given that one of the Francisco children be killed to atone for the father's guilt. Whether or not what next follows was done at the father's command or at the King's has never been discovered.*

When all the guests were seated at the banquet tables, Peter and his sister were sent to play in the patio. They were somewhat oddly alone. Suddenly several sailors paused outside the iron gates. One of them smiled and held out a handful of fruits and sweets. The two children followed the teasing sailor out into the street, where they were immediately seized and carried at a run toward the nearby harbor. The screaming girl was soon released, but the boy was covered with a greatcoat and taken aboard a ship which promptly set sail.

The strange Odyssey of Peter Francisco had begun. In later years he could seldom be persuaded to talk of that voyage. His quiet comment, "Some things are best forgot," was expanded only by occasional memories of great hunger and storms and the inhuman cruelty of the sailors, only one of whom befriended him.

On a clear June morning in 1765 an unknown barque appeared in the harbor of City Point, a small colonial trading-port on the James River in Virginia. Here the arrival of a ship was a great event and the citizens crowded the dock, watching with eager curiosity as the approaching vessel hove to in the middle of the river and let go its anchor-chain with a rusty rattle. Then to their amazement a longboat was lowered and a child was handed down to the sailors, who rowed quickly to the dock. They lifted the boy ashore, said something to the gaping crowd which no one understood and pulled hastily back to the ship. The black barque then weighed anchor, turned and sailed eastward to the sea.

*These records of the Spanish Court have been traced by the Honorable Robert McKee of Tennessee.



His first battle was at Brandywine, where his berserk fury and terrifying strength appalled both the British and his own commanders

The mysterious sails were out of sight before anyone looked again at the child. Mr. James Durell of Petersburg was among those who witnessed the event and we have his account.

The sturdy black-eyed boy was about five or six years old and wore a suit of some rich foreign cloth with collars and cuffs of fine lace, all extremely ragged and sea-worn. On his shoes were heavy silver buckles with the initials *P.F.* and something else too badly scratched to be read. The child stared around at the circle of faces, but to all their questions he replied with a puzzled shake of his head. Finally one man who understood a little Spanish learned that his name was Peter Francisco.

For a week, while the city fathers discussed what to do with him, Peter fished and played alone on the dock, forgetting his terror and sleeping at night in a corner of the warehouse. The women of City Point saw that the abandoned child was well-fed and a watchman stood guard over him. But before the authorities could agree upon his fate, Judge Anthony Winston, a prominent

figure in Virginia politics, came to City Point on business. He saw Peter and heard the story of his strange arrival. Moved by the boy's lovable manners and brave spirit, the sympathetic Judge gained permission to take him to his home; probably as an indentured servant.

Here the intelligent, good-natured Peter won the love of all the family and just before the Revolution he was legally adopted, though retaining his name. But in the Winston home young Francisco won a great deal more than love and protection, for the Judge was the uncle of Patrick Henry of "Caesar and his Brutus" fame, and Hunting Towers was a hotbed of the rebel leaders. The proud and imaginative boy was allowed to sit with the conspirators and so became inflamed with the spirit of liberty. Though only fifteen at the outbreak of the war he begged permission to join the Continental Army, but because of his extreme youth the Judge persuaded him to wait another year, and in 1777 he enlisted in the Tenth Virginia Regiment under the dashing Colonel Hugh Woodson.



At this time Peter Francisco is described as being "a sturdy youth, exceedingly active and muscular, and in complexion dark and swarthy." His height was six feet six inches and his weight two hundred and sixty pounds. As a young child he had begun to show proof of that amazing strength which the old sporting Judge increased by strenuous exercises, and which later won for Francisco the title of "The Giant of Virginia."

Meanwhile his sensitively alert mind was also gaining its maturity. Though for some reason the bombastic, easy-going Judge neglected the boy's formal education, Peter learned a great deal by observing the famous visitors to his home. Patrick Henry in particular kindled a fire for knowledge which smouldered through the war years, only to be fanned into flames by young Susannah Anderson, a noted beauty of Virginia.

II

Now begins the record of brilliant service, courage and hand-to-hand destruction which is probably without a parallel in the history of the American Army.

Peter Francisco's regiment joined Washington's main force at Middlebrook and his first battle was the Brandywine, "where his berserk fury and terrifying strength appalled both the British and his own commanders," and where he was severely wounded.

He was among the skirmishers around New York and Philadelphia and was a conspicuous defender of Mud-Island Fort in the Delaware River. At both Germantown and Monmouth he led the American attack, and in the charge on Stony Point on the Hudson, despite a

nine-inch gash in the stomach, he was the first soldier after Major Gibbons to scale the walls. For six weeks he remained at Fishkilns recovering from the wound before rejoining his regiment.

At Powell's Hook he was bayoneted through the thigh, but continued into the British lines to kill two Grenadiers. Then, his first enlistment being ended, Francisco returned to Virginia for a few days; but almost immediately volunteered again and accompanied Gates' brigade into the Carolinas.

During the Battle of Camden, Francisco's name again appears in the field-dispatches. At the crisis of the heavy fighting the artillery horses were shot down and the cannon was sorely needed in another part of the line. Francisco quickly lifted the enormous gun weighing eleven hundred pounds and carried it two hundred yards to the new position.

As the Americans were being driven from the field, Francisco stayed close beside his colonel. A British cavalryman overtook them and swung his sabre at Colonel Mayo's head when Peter turned and shot the redcoat in the heart. A few seconds later another Dragoon surprised Francisco and ordered him to surrender his musket. The swarthy giant pretended to comply, but suddenly whirled his gun and skewered the enemy with the bayonet. He then leaped upon the horse and caught up with the elderly colonel, who was exhausted. Francisco dismounted and lifted his officer into the saddle, thus making possible his escape. After the war Colonel Mayo willed the private a thousand acres of land in Kentucky, but as there was some resentment by members of the male (*continued on page 38*)

The Americans Have Come

(Reprinted from The Conning Tower in The New York Herald Tribune)



When Daniel Boone poked his head in the wilderness,
The squirrels grinned and the chipmunks tittered,
Lord God! The Americans have come . . .

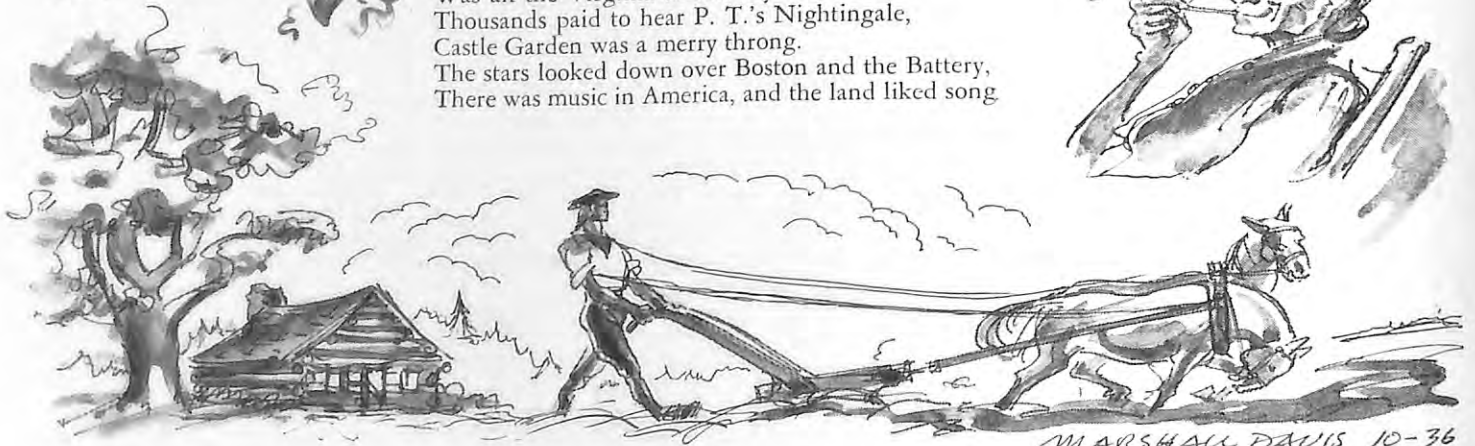
Broncho, buffalo, coyote, owl,
The creatures joined in a national howl,
From the low Mississippi to the Great Salt Lake,
From rocky Maine to the lush canebrake,
The rivers and the mountains and the land in song
For the lynx-eyed madmen, cunning and strong . . .

Now out in the West where the talk of freedom
Raced like a fox in the pioneer fall,
Sevier and Robertson chased back the Cherokees,
Young George Clark paid the French a call.
Upstart Virginians pounced on Kaskaskia,
The long knives shone on the Illinois Trail;
Into the Bluegrass glad poured the settlers,
Down the still Ohio the barge set sail.
A tide of Americans loosed from the seaboard,
Swept through the plains in bands . . . in the Run .
The land laughed softly in its breadth and its beauty;
The boys brought adventure and the land liked fun.

*Squatters, West-bound, where're you from? . . .
Lord God! the Americans have come.*

Washington rested by the shores of the Potomac,
James Monroe got the Continent told;
General Jackson commandeered the currency,
Benedict Arnold was politically rolled.
Franklin played with a strange electricity,
Was the rage of Paris and the sage of thrift;
Fulton tinkered with the good ship *Clermont*,
Till he paddled up to Albany pleasant and swift.
Henry Ward Beecher was a whiz at divinity,
Naturalizing citizens for the ultimate clime . . .
The land looked on, in its wealth and its wisdom,
While every damned American had a damned good time.

Gay Dolly Madison was the toast of the capital,
The first First Lady to serve ice cream;
Louisa Adams had a whirl in diplomacy,
Mistress Ross sewed a star-striped seam.
Shrewd Mr. Hamilton founded a treasury,
And danced—at Cornwallis—in an elegant mask;
Thomas Jefferson, concerned for the Common Man,
Was all the Virginia aristocracy could ask.
Thousands paid to hear P. T.'s Nightingale,
Castle Garden was a merry throng.
The stars looked down over Boston and the Battery,
There was music in America, and the land liked song

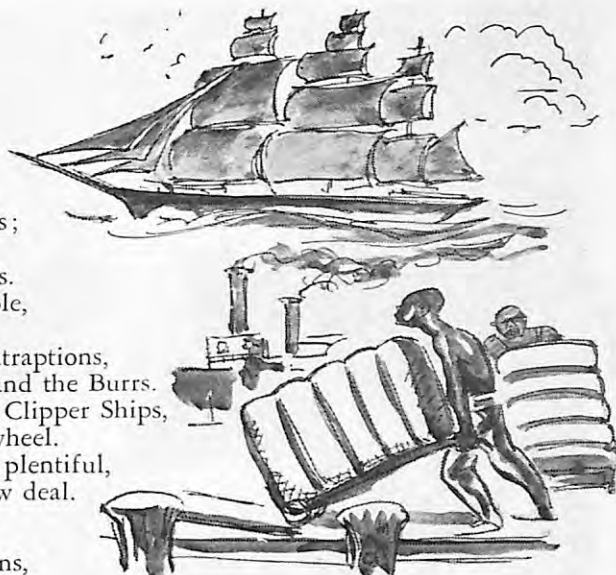


MARSHALL DAVIS 10-36



*Southern corn and Yankee rum! . . .
Lord God! the Americans have come,*

Eli Whitney, gypped on the cotton gin,
Stocked up a fortune with a trade in guns;
Samuel Morse tapped out the telegraph,
The Fairbanks' platform weighed by tons.
Gould laid the rails, and Field laid a cable,
John Jacob Astor made his in furs.
Then add to the roster of American contraptions,
Machines—as invented by the Tweeds and the Burrs.
J. W. Griffiths launched the first of the Clipper Ships,
McCormick got busy with the reaping wheel.
The soil was fertile, the minerals were plentiful,
And a continent contributed a brand new deal.



Admiral Farragut, victor of New Orleans,
Signed for the Navy at the age of nine;
Commodore Perry, a military salesman,
Tackled Tokio for the U. S. line.
George A. Custer, when he wasn't in a massacre,
Had a headache with the Sioux and Calamity Jane;
Winfield Scott, master of the Mexicans,
First held the British at Lundy's Lane.
John Paul Jones, who raised Old Glory,
Served as an Admiral in the Russian show.
From Maine to the Coast and south in the Rio Grande,
The lads went places, and the land liked go.



*Some were captains, crazy some . . .
But Lord God! the Americans have come.*

Oliver Holmes wrote "The Height of the Ridiculous."
The Reverend Mather wrought a moral plan;
Emerson dwelt on nature and the oversoul,
Paine ran riot with the Rights of Man.
Patrick Henry startled the Burgesses
With a radical speech on the rude Stamp Act.
Freneau was a poet, and Poe was a genius—
Except to the many who considered him cracked.
James R. Lowell was the Down East laureate,
Whitman sailed with the ship of state.
The quills scratched on, by candle and by kerosene,
Dipped in destiny, for the land liked fate.



*Fiddler, fiddle; drummer, drum . . .
Lord God! the Americans have come.*

The Americans have come with the chatter of machinery,
The Americans have come with their craziness and dreams.
The whole land shouted
To the roaring sun:
Now we've got fun,
A Nation is begun . . .
Lord God A-mighty, the Americans have come.



BERRYMAN BROWN



Football—Pro and Con

by Ken Strong
as told to
Jerry D. Lewis

The New York Giants win out in game with college all-star team at the Polo Grounds in the evening

IT WAS Gilbert and Sullivan who first baffled people with the paradox of a boy's only having had seven birthdays despite the fact that he had seen twenty-eight winters and a like number of summers. Equally paradoxical is the fact that the economic depression which gripped this country in the first half of this decade, and from which we are now emerging, was the greatest boon to professional football in the mercurial history of the game.

In a ghastly period which was ancient and supposedly stable sports falter for lack of patronage, professional football blossomed forth to its greatest glory.

Why?

The reason is, I think, both simple and obvious. During the worst part of the panic, when people were afraid to walk past a bank for fear it would explode in their faces, the pros were getting an unprecedented influx of college gridiron stars . . . because those stars had no place else to go.

Until that "Black Friday" in 1929 when the boom went boom-boom, a college football star sneered at pro football offers of a hundred and fifty dollars a week. Why take a chance of getting his classic features pushed around on cold, damp winter afternoons for a hundred and fifty dollars a week, he argued, when he could make more than that in a single afternoon selling bonds or insurance to old grads who were only too happy to shake the hand that threw that fifty-five yard forward pass against Harvard?

Then, to quote the movie scenarios, came the dawn. The old grads grew less prosperous. A hundred and fifty dollars a week became an executive salary. Kids got out of college and remained in the army of the jobless for a year, and sometimes two years. Other college graduates swallowed their pride (because they were fast losing the habit of swallowing anything else) and got jobs driving trucks or wrapping packages, hoping against hope for the dice of Fate to start rolling sevens



Left: "Red" Grange of the Chicago Bears



Below: Benny Friedman, one of the greatest football men of the Golden Decade, is still great



Right and below: Three players who make professional football big business: Bronco Nagurski, of the Chicago Bears, and Harry Newman and Herman Hickman, of the Brooklyn Dodgers



Photographs by Pictures Incorporated

again. The biggest football stars of the Golden Decade . . . the stars who made college football big business . . . "Red" Grange, Chris Cagle, "Bronco" Nagurski, Harry Newman, Benny Friedman, and a hundred others, forgot their sophomore dreams of glory and came down to earth, and pro football.

The presence of these great names was a powerful enough magnet to bring the customers out in greater numbers than they had ever come out before. Pro football was something the pigskin public was discovering anew, although the game was then over thirty years old. Their verdict was "thumbs up!" They liked this post-graduate type of game. It was better, faster, more thrilling football than the college game, and, miracle of miracles, it was about 75% cheaper.

There were those who tried to belittle pro football by comparing it with professional baseball.

That is obviously unfair. The National League has been in existence since 1876, a span of sixty years, and is now a settled and smooth running organization. The National Football League, on the other hand, is only fifteen years old. Comparing weight for age you must come to the conclusion that Doctor Harry (Father of Professional Football) March's lusty infant is heavier than Abner Doubleday's.

In the previous two paragraphs I make two references to the age of pro football, and both are different. The explanation lies in the fact that while professional football as a sport was first played in 1896 in Latrobe, Pennsylvania, the National Football League did not come into being until 1921.

Baseball, too, is free of one of our greatest problems . . . the recruiting of new players. We cannot sign a player until his college class has been graduated, which means in effect that we cannot get any players until they are about 23 or 24 years of age.

Occasionally, of course, a Herman Hickman will come along. Hickman, the tackle on the Brooklyn Dodgers, was graduated from the University of Tennessee at the age of 18. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, and his graduating average was the highest ever compiled at a southern university. This spring, the Chicago Bears came up with another youngster, Dannie Fortmann. Dannie is a guard who came to the Bears from the capable hands of Andy Kerr, at Colgate. After three years of varsity play, Fortmann is only 19.

But the Hickmans and the Fortmanns are as few and far between as politicians with good memories. Thus, we cannot spend a year or two polishing the play of a newcomer. We have no rookies in our league. A player is either big league material when he gets out of college or he is of no use to us. That naturally cuts our supply to a minimum.

Another reason why the National League is weaker than either of the baseball circuits is that it has no round-robin schedule. Because it has an uneven number of teams, at least one club is forced to remain idle every Sunday. It takes two to make a game as well as a bargain, you know. Another thing that will have to be ironed out before the National League gains its full strength is the matter of guarantees. Each club makes its own schedule, and the clubs fight for the good dates with big clubs and leave the slim pickings for the smaller and poorer teams. Thus, the Giants will meet the Chicago Bears in New York and guarantee them \$4,000, which guarantee the Bears will make when we come to Chicago. The Bear-Giant games will be scheduled for late in the season, when every game may mean the championship and a good crowd is almost inevitable. The Giants will play one of the weaker teams, though, earlier in the season without guaranteeing them anything, and if the crowd is small the visitors are lucky to make their expenses. College football has gotten further and further away from the early-season set-up games, and the pros will have to do the same.

This fall, for instance, Bernie Bierman's Minnesota team opened its season against the strong University of Washington squad at Seattle. Minnesota won 14 to

7 largely because of a Washington fumble which may have been the result of Washington's not being up to mid-season form, but none the less, it certainly was a better way for both teams to start their tough campaigns than playing a set-up would have been. What do you fans think about it?

"Is professional football any different than the college game?" That's the first question a fan will ask a player. The answer is "yes."

I well remember, for instance, a young, good-looking,

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Above: Chris "Red" Cagle, of West Point, a former New York Giant

Below: Alabama Pitts, who is now playing for the New Rochelle Bull Dogs



Pictures, Inc.



Keystone View Co.

Above and on opposite page: Brumbaugh, quarterback of the Chicago Bears, slips the ball to Bronco Nagurski, fullback

red-headed kid reporting to the Giants for his first game of pro football. You may have heard of him. He came to us from West Point, and his name was, and still is, Christian Keener (Red) Cagle.

Steve Owen, the Giants coach (yes, we have coaches, too!), took Cagle by the arm, and together they walked to the sideline. Owen started to tell "Red" about the opposing team's strength and weakness. Suddenly Cagle looked at him sharply and said: "What! That 235-pound All-American tackle is the weak point of their team?" Owen nodded, for unbelievable as it may sound, it was as true as Truth.

Very frequently an All-American player will be a

detriment to a team rather than a help. I am speaking of the team as a football unit, not as a box-office drawing card. Obviously, any All-American player who has received his share of publicity will help swell the gate receipts for a little while. But here, as in everything else, nothing succeeds like success, and the fans will not come out to see a losing club.

That is the trouble with one of the teams in the league at the present time. The owners sign up as many All-Americans as they can lay their fountain pens on, promising the kids big money. The youngsters, puffed up with their fame and importance, step out onto

Right: Ken Strong, of the Yankees, and co-author of this article



Pictures, Inc.



Below: Danowski, of the New York Giants



Pictures, Inc.

the field against an older, more settled team like the Chicago Bears or the Detroit Lions. Opposed by a group of hardened veterans who neither ask nor give any quarter, the highly touted All-American backfield spends the first half on their collective back wondering why they can't get going with the same plays that scored touchdowns for them in the Big Ten or the Pacific Coast Conference. The solution to their problem is that, like the forty-year-old chorus girl, the veterans know all the answers.

After being beaten a few times, the team fails to bring the fans back for another helping. When that happens the owners go to the kids and explain that they

can only pay them a hundred dollars a game instead of the two hundred they were promised. The kids, having no alternative, accept. But, being human, they play with a little less vim the next Sunday. Thus, the team loses more games, and the vicious cycle continues until the few loyal customers stop coming to the games because they can't stand the solitude. At the end of the season the owners take a leaf from the book of the baseball people by faithfully announcing "Watch our team next year." The next year comes, as next years will, and the owners repeat their mistakes with the same results.

This, please understand, is not to be taken as a slam at All-American players. On the contrary, long may they slave! The writer was one in his undergraduate days at New York University, so he is familiar with both side of the situation painfully well. That one, two, or a half-dozen All-American players should be a detriment to a team may seem strange to the reader despite the one reason I have already given, so let us look at the psychological angle.

Imagine for a moment that you are a professional football player who has been graduated from East Gonzaga Teachers College. During the off-season you live in a small town of about a thousand people, most of whom you know and all of whom know you. On warm summer nights the gang gathers around the cracker barrel in the local store and talks of everything from the World Court to the World Series. The subject of football comes up and someone mentions the magic name of "Red" Grange.

You look disgusted for a minute and then you say: "Why that bum Grange tried to come around my side of the line when we played the Bears. I hit him so hard he lost five yards on the play! And they call him a football player, heh!" You very conveniently forget, though, that on the next play Joe Doakes, Pamona, '35, ran you out of position and caught a game-winning forward pass in your territory, for it is extremely unlikely that any of your rapt listeners will remember either Joe or the catch.

Yes, for every headline you get during your college days, you get an extra ounce of "umph" when the boys take you out of a play on a pro gridiron.

It is also well to remember that our game is tougher because of the calibre of the opposition. It makes no difference against whom a fellow played in college, even if his schedule of opponents included such reputable foes as Ohio State, Minnesota, Princeton and Southern Methodist; in his collegiate games he was never pitted against more than five real football

players on any one afternoon. In our league he is playing against eleven top-notchers every minute. Those other six men can make quite a difference, especially if one of them is a tackle who refuses to be boxed out of a play.

Speaking of football players numerically, I am reminded that there is one rule in the pro game which the Intercollegiate Rules Committee will have to adopt in the near future if they are at all sincere in their wishes to cut down the number of injuries.

That rule concerns the number of players which a team may have on its squad. In college football you have either seen or read about (Continued on page 49)

Thanks for What?

by
Fergus Ferguson



"Sorry," he said,
"Rags and I have
made an agree-
ment never to
kiss."

Illustrated by Vincentini

HIS WIFE, Tuesday night, in the living-room after dinner, said that preparing for and carrying through another huge Thanksgiving family dinner seemed almost more than she could bear. All that fuss!

If she felt like that, Martin Leward asked, why hadn't she let it ride this year? He was more than a little bored. In her heart, he was aware, she loved it. She loved displaying to cousins and in-laws all the crystal and silver, and the lace banquet cloth she had bought "for a song, my dear—" on their first trip to Italy. It was one of the minor irritations of Leward's almost entirely irritated domestic life that Winifred should never look her own motivations and inclinations in the face.

Winifred was geared high socially and she was never happier than when going to or giving a party. She was an excellent housekeeper, running perfectly—if anything could be said to be done perfectly in an imperfect world—their somewhat elaborate suburban establishment. She liked showing off her own efficiency and her undeniable social graces. She liked to fill her house with appreciative guests. It was a large, pleasant, self-satisfied Colonial house and the dinner Thursday, Leward knew, would be correct, lavish and unimaginative.

She went on telling him now who would arrive when, and what arrangements she had made, while he drank his after-dinner coffee, making falsely interested sounds from time to time without hearing her really. His mind had developed a habit of getting out of the way when she talked.

"Where are Rita and Gerald?" he asked presently. He had long since ceased to expect to see his two elder children during the period of any holiday, and he wondered now, cynically, when he *would* see them. Before they left, undoubtedly, for they would both want something, increases in their allowances, if nothing else. The modern father's one remaining prerogative—to give out money. Well, he could see them tonight if he cared to stay up until they arrived with the milk man. . . .

"Martin!" her voice was one of pure exasperation. "I should think that even you would know that this is the night of the Weldon's dinner-dance!" She was no snob, she hoped, but for him to forget the Weldon's! It was not everyone's son and daughter who were asked to the Weldon's.

"Oh, I see," he said, "a command from royalty, what?"

She eyed him with more than her usual coldness. She really could not imagine what more Martin demanded of the children. Only Shirley, thirteen, seemed to satisfy him. Shirley was a nice enough child in her own odd way of course, if baffling. But you could not expect or want Rita and Gerry to be content with home as Shirley was—a senior and junior at college. Really, Martin was too maddening! It was her unalterable conviction that anyone, Martin especially, who suggested that those two were not perfect, was only pretending.

"They will be home for dinner Thanksgiving Day," she said, reverting to the superficial charm and good humor which overlay her fundamental harshness.

"That's a concession, isn't it?" he said, but without rancor. He smiled pleasantly enough at her, and, lighting a cigarette, strolled out to the open terrace. It was a warm, consoling evening for November and the pale moon shone down tranquilly on bare lawn and tall pine trees.

Shirley, in a red chamois coat, was out there, playing

with a stray dog she had picked up somewhere and loved passionately. A good kid, Shirley, and young enough, thank heaven, to take care of herself. Always would be. She had character and a lively inquiring mind forever checking theory against reality. Without effort she stood regularly at the head of her classes and was enabled thereby to devote her main energies to swimming and diving. She had stunned the swimming world at twelve by whipping Westchester County's best diving fields and had lost the championship this past summer by slipping when trying for the one and one-half somersault, pike position. But she hadn't said she had slipped. No alibis for Shirley.

"Why don't you put him in the Madison Square show next year?" he teased her now, watching her and the horrible specimen of dog.

"Hello, daddy," she came up and put her arm around him for a second. "He's the most intelligent dog in the world," she said. "I like him better than anyone I know." She grinned at him. "Except you," her smile said. She adored her father and was interested in him, though she was slightly, quite genuinely bored by most people. Her father was marvelous, the best-looking, funniest, nicest father possible.

"Why aren't you in bed?" he asked, pulling her fair hair.

"I'm going now. I was just giving Rags a run." She picked up the dreadful dog and held it towards him.

"Like to kiss him good-night?" Her father flipped ash from his cigarette. "Sorry, Rags and I have made an agreement never to kiss."

She regarded him with the amiable malignity which she usually turned on the world. "Of course. He hadn't told me about that. As a matter of fact, he isn't a very affectionate dog."

Her father seemed lost in admiration of such an animal. She laughed. "Dad, you're sweet."

"So are you. It must be heredity."

Her mother appeared in the doorway. "Shirley," she said sharply, "it is past your bedtime. Do put that nasty creature in his kennel and run along."

"I was just going, mother." She disappeared around the corner of the house calling back good-nights as she ran.

"Martin," said Winifred, "Gerry wants to see you and never seems to get an opportunity. He's going to town to-

morrow for a new topcoat. Can you see him in the office for a few minutes?"

He was silent for a moment. "Have him call the efficient Miss Randall," he said dryly, "and make an appointment." He did not point out that it might be possible for Gerald to take some valuable time off to see his father at home. Pointing out things like that to Winifred was just a waste of time and he had no wish to watch her listening, her face growing harder and harder by the minute.

"Tomorrow will be a long hard day," she said now. "I think I'll tuck into bed and read awhile." She gave him a chilly marital kiss. "Don't forget the lights when you go up." She moved off and came back. "Marty, you won't forget to see that we have all the wine in and so on—for Thursday!"

He wouldn't forget, he told her, and found himself unable to care whether the cellar was filled or not. All at once, it came over him in a wave, the sense of a colossal emptiness. He had had touches of this feeling before and had fought it down, ascribing it to physical fatigue





It was only then that Martin Leward realized that he had not said a word and that he was still holding her hand

or general human contrariness. But now, watching her there in the doorway, he became aware of a great void, a sense that he had nothing. Nothing.

"What is the matter," she asked, and it struck him that he must indeed look strange if Winifred noticed it. She was usually as unaware of her husband moving among his own private thoughts and experiences as he was unaware of her social necessities. "Are you ill?"

"No," he said. "Of course not. Why?"

"I don't know. Your voice sounded odd." She gave her light, charming laugh. "I *must* be tired," she said, her essentially practical mind reverting to the only causes she knew. "Well. Good-night."

"Good-night." He could not add "my dear." For suddenly she was not dear at all, she hadn't been dear for years. If ever. His eyes followed her through the door and into the room, and, it seemed, up the stairs. She was forty and she looked not much more than thirty. "A beautiful woman," everyone said, and to him, all at once she was not beautiful at all but shallow and harsh and valueless and empty. He saw her with eyes that had never before seen her. Her mouth that was too small and too well-shaped, her hair that was kept so carefully ash-gold, her figure slight as a girl's; and she was almost repulsive to him. For nothing about her was natural or human or warm. Nothing real about her, not even her looks—everything contrived.

And that was what was wrong with their lives, with their home—it was all, all but Shirley, contrived. He had wondered why he felt no sense of Thanksgiving—for, surely, as the world would view it, he had everything to be thankful for. Success in his profession, financial security, a beautiful virtuous wife, three bright, healthy, attractive children, physical health—what more was left to want? He asked himself that and

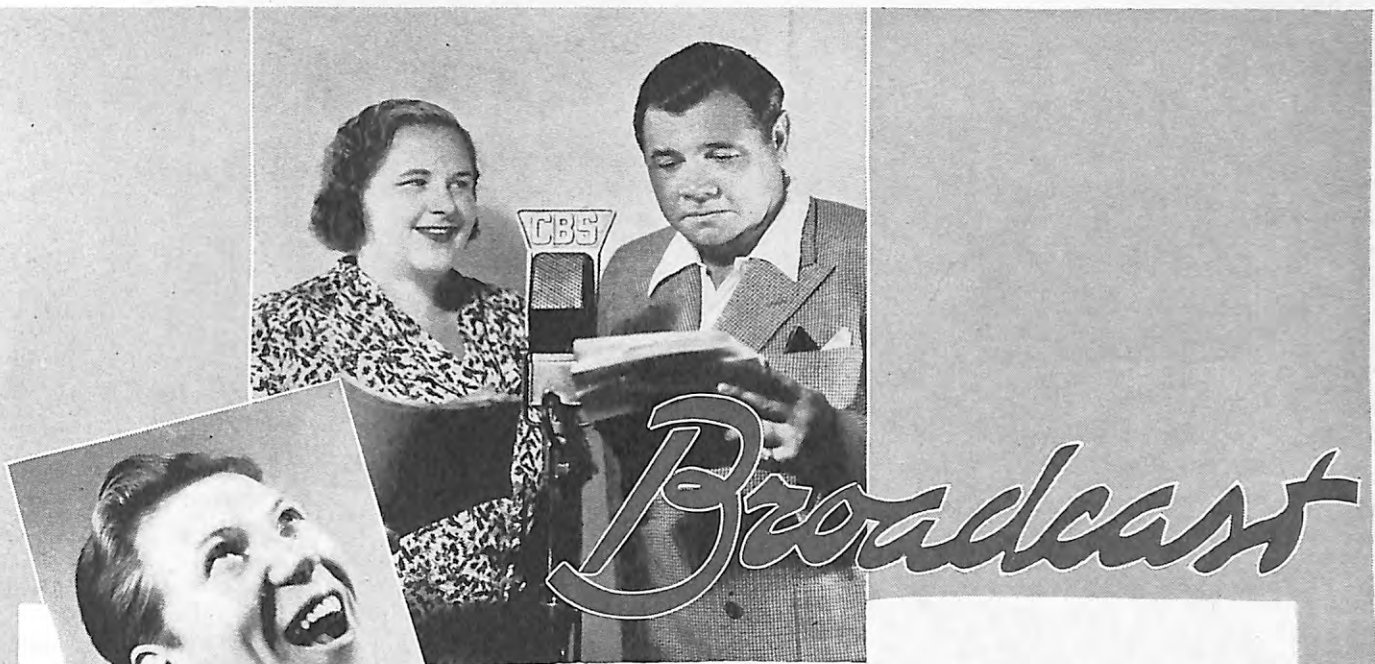
his heart said—everything. No one else would see it that way. If he had tried to tell Winifred what was in his mind she would have pointed out all his blessings and have said, when he was forced to agree that he had all those things, "Well, then—" and would have felt, and been justified in feeling, that her common sense had been the victor over idiocy.

He leaned, a tall, graceful figure against a pillar of the terrace and thought of all this and decided that what he confronted must confront, inevitably, middle age. Forty-four years old he was and what had he done with those years? Frittered them away in success. He faced that and dealt with it as he dealt with everything, deliberately, sanely and quite finally. There it was. Did no one get more, find more? What did he want? He did not know. Was this all there was to it—this year-in, year-out maintaining of the pretence that everything was splendid and that everyone was getting everything one could expect out of life? Did everyone retire from human intercourse behind a collection of bromidioms for all occasions? Vocal bromidioms and bromidioms like the idea of Thanksgiving?

He shook his head in the night which was growing damper, less consoling. Better go to bed. That always ate up a few hours anyway. He slept, taking his sense of nothingness with him into slumber, waking with it in the morning, carrying it with him to the 8.27 train, into his office and to the bright, never-say-die face of his unfailing secretary Miss Randall.

"Your appointment with Mr. Reincke from Minneapolis," she told him, at last, "is at the Vanderbilt at one."

He went to the Vanderbilt, a hotel rather out of his way and his usual habits. But he had always liked it. He remembered with satis- (Continued on page 42)



Above, Miss Kate Smith, "The Song Bird of the South," who surprises us all by popping up with a new comedy series of broadcasts over the WABC-Columbia network every Thursday from 8 to 9 P.M. Miss Smith has with her George Herman (The Bambino) Ruth, who was, on this particular occasion, her guest star.

Upper left is Johnny Davis, the "scat singer," of Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. "Scat Singing," for the benefit of the uninformed, is singing which sounds just the way Mr. Davis looks. Very hi-de-ho.

Below, left, is Clare Hanlon, also of Waring's Pennsylvanians, snapped pursuing an illusive idea. The Waring outfit, with its usual fine cast, is being heard over National Broadcasting Company's stations each Tuesday night, and it remains one of the most diverting programs on the air.

Below, center, a peculiar shot of Bernice Claire, one of National Broadcasting Company's featured canaries, who is heard on sundry programs singing for her supper.

Below, right, is a portrait study of Nelson Eddy, who advances steadily as a movie actor, a singer and a radio star. Mr. Eddy, singing for the Columbia network, lets loose on Sunday evenings at 8 P.M.



Right is a shot of two football reporters comparing notes in a CBS station. Paul Douglas, left, and Ted Husing, right, bring to millions vivid descriptions of the gridiron spectacles.





Above, Miss Doris Nolan, a new and beautiful film star whose success in her first picture, "The Man I Married," has attained for her the leads in several forthcoming productions.



Above is a shot from what promises to be one of the finest motion pictures of the year, "The Plough and the Stars," featuring Preston Foster and Barbara Stanwyck, who appear in the photograph. The film is directed by John Ford who made "The Informer," in which Preston Foster also acted.



Left, Emlyn Williams and Angela Baddeley in Broadway's current hit, "Night Must Fall," written by Mr. Williams. As a psychological study of a murdering paranoiac, the play has gruesome power. Mr. Williams is to be congratulated on a couple of good jobs both in acting and writing.



Below, left, is a shot of Miss Margaret Sullavan, who returns to the legitimate stage in "Stage Door." Miss Sullavan is a beautiful and talented as well as an extremely likable young actress.

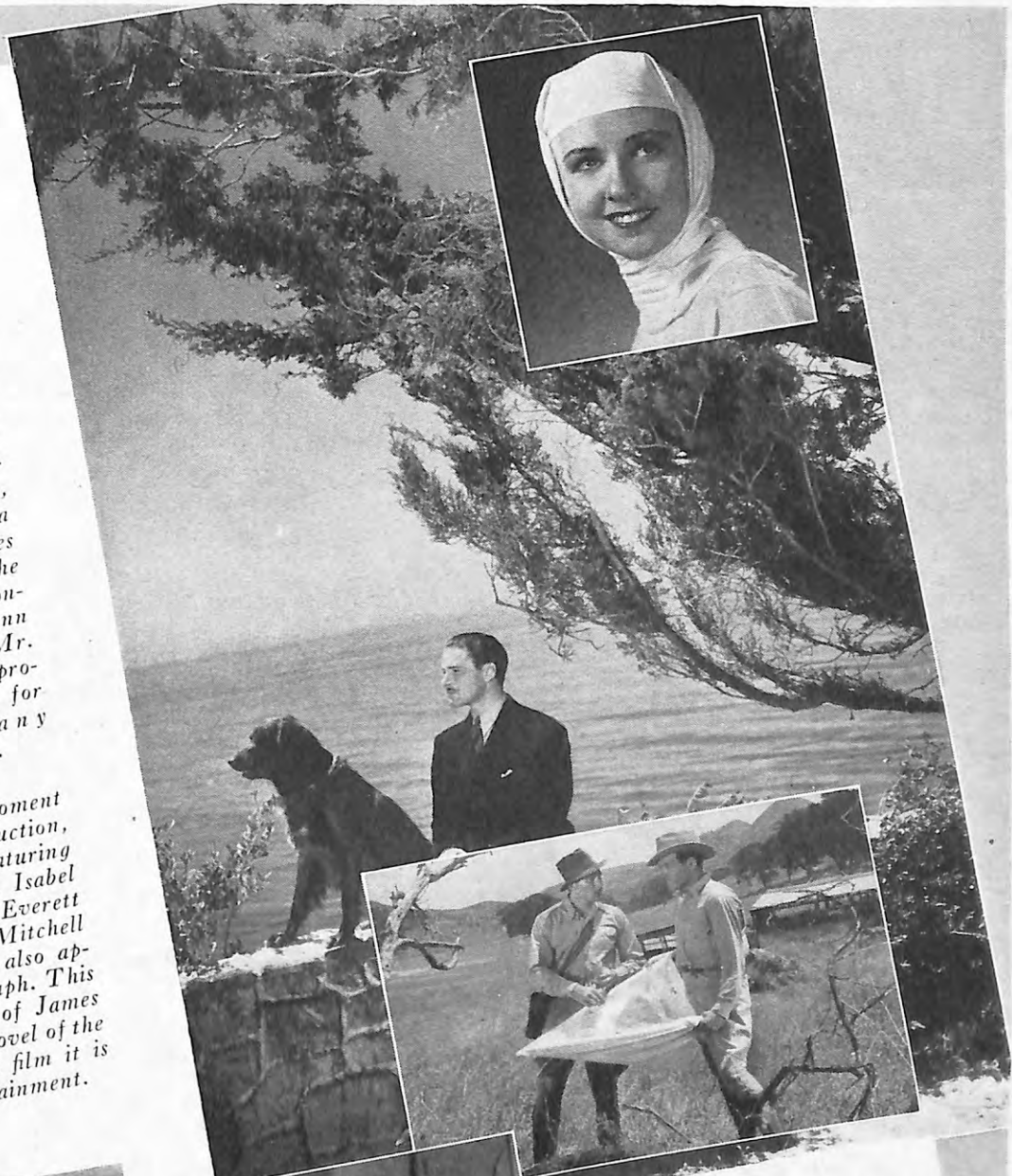
Directly below, a shot from the play "Seen But Not Heard," in which a murder is ingeniously suspected and detected by the three youngsters depicted. The work features Frankie Thomas, in the center.

Above, a sultry scene between Charles Boyer and Marlene Dietrich from the film, "The Garden of Allah." Miss Dietrich remains, in the estimation of this Department, the World's ten most beautiful women.



Right are three shots from Warner Brothers' latest major cinematic contribution, "The Green Light," from the best-selling novel of that name by Lloyd C. Douglas. The film features Errol Flynn, the handsome Irishman who starred in "Captain Blood" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade." At top, inset, is Margaret Lindsay, looking handsome in a nurse's costume, who takes a prominent role in the opus. The lower inset contains a shot of Mr. Flynn and Walter Abel. Mr. Abel's valid acting provides an effective foil for Mr. Flynn's many acknowledged charms.

Below, a chilly moment from Columbia's production, "Lost Horizon," featuring Ronald Colman, Isabel Jewell and Edward Everett Horton. Thomas Mitchell and John Howard also appear in the photograph. This is a dramatization of James Hilton's startling novel of the same name. As a film it is magnificent entertainment.



Left, Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur find themselves in an alarming situation. The photograph is Paramount's new super-western, "The Plainsman." Mr. Cooper remains, as ever, this Department's favorite gent.

Show Business

Pipe of Peace



by Lester Hutter

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

IF THE tale is true, the first tobacco pipe was a tree. An account runs to the effect that an American Indian, on the hunt, cornered a small animal in the hollow of a tree. In an attempt to smoke the poor fellow out of his hiding place, he gathered the dry leaves which were about, stuffed them into the hollow, and set them afire. Fortunately for the animal, and for posterity, the leaves were of the tobacco plant, so that off scurried the animal to freedom while our brave sat in reverie, a willing slave to Lady Nicotine's charms.

Unlike the not-so-clever Chinese of Charles Lamb repute, who burned down their homes to repeat the happy accident that afforded them their first taste of roast pig, the Indians merely heaped up a pile of tobacco leaves and gathered in a happy fraternal circle about this strange fire of the pleasing, peaceful smoke. As enjoyable as was the lolling about this new and wonderful fireside, the gnawings of an empty stomach, or the naggings of his squaw, soon enough reminded him that the business of hunting came first. And thus, at the very onset grew the desire for a form of smoking less communal; a smoke that could accompany the Indian on his lone wolf trails. It was not very long before the fancy was turned to fact by the simple almost child-like expedient of a mud-pie, where sufficient of the earth was scooped out to make room for the tobacco. So our hunting Indian had his own private fire, when and where he pleased. Then along came a particularly ingenious fellow of an efficiency expert turn of mind, who felt that too much of the precious pleasure-producing tobacco went to the four winds, and too little to the smoker. He thrust a

hollow reed into the side of this improvised bowl in such a manner as to contact the tobacco. And so, by merely sucking on the reed stem the smoker could enjoy his fill. Thus was born the earth-pipe—the mother of all pipes.

By one of the many strokes of good fortune that mark the highlights of pipe evolution, a lucky smoker discovered that he could detach his earth-pipe after it dried out. The discovery of clay, making a portable pipe that could be smoked without the inconvenience of lying or squatting on the ground, must have kept the tom-tom telegraphers busy all night and the smoke signalers busy all day flashing the news all over the continent. Stone, marble, wood, steatite, sea shells—anything and everything was fashioned in imitation of the portable earth-pipe. By the time Columbus landed to see a strange red people "eat fire and belch smoke," Chief What's-His-Name was smoking an elaborate, artistically-shaped pipe whose fine carvings and general perfection attested to a long and patient evolution. Columbus discovered much more than America—he discovered tobacco smoking.

To the untrained mind of the Red Man, the simple phenomenon of smoke rising upward to the Sun he worshipped, and then suddenly vanishing proved most mysterious. This natural phenomenon combined with the phantasies of daydreaming while he smoked his pipe

caused him to revere his pipe; to look upon it as a link between this earth and his God in Heaven. The pipe became the instrument of prayer, the smoke rising, carrying with it the hopes and aspirations of the smoker. As a result the Indian took oath by smoking a special ceremonial pipe; no pact was concluded until the tribal heads sealed their treaty by smoking the peace pipe.

This *Calumet of Peace* consisted of a simple pipe-stone bowl at the end of an elaborately decorated ashwood stem some two and one-half feet long. Each tuft of human hair mounted upon it, as well as the arrangement of the eagle feathers, was carefully executed, being of the profoundest symbolical significance. Every tribe had its own arrangement, as distinctive and intelligible to them as a written message. Because of this distinctive nature where it was carefully guarded by the tribal chief, it frequently served as a passport for a messenger assuring safe trespass through hostile country.

All the Plains Indians secured the stone from which their ceremonial pipes were fashioned, from one quarry some four hundred miles west of the modern City of Minneapolis, now known as Pipestone County, Missouri. This pipestone is really steatite, better known as soapstone, of a deep rich red capable of taking a very fine polish. A "truce of God" was observed within the quarry and its vicinity, a sort of neutral zone where all weapons were put aside. The most hostile enemies peaceably dug side by side in the sacred land of their God to secure this red stone which legend told them was of their people's flesh and blood.

The spiritual value of the pipe was enhanced by the medicinal properties of tobacco smoke, for the Indian like all primitive people identified medicine with religion: the medicine man was a man of God. Unquestionably, the caustic nature of their tobacco destroyed germs thus preventing illness, if not actually curing it. The deep inhalation advocated by medicine men to "kill evil spirits" must have induced high artificial fevers with its occasional cures. As a matter of fact, we are only, today, finding out the value of artificial fevers for curative purposes by means of short wave electrical machines. The Indian, a thousand years ago attained somewhat similar results by tobacco. Little wonder then that he so highly prized his pipe whose magic kept him not alone happy, but healthy as well.

The Redmen believed in a hereafter and therefore buried their dead with their favorite pipes so that on their journey to Paradise they might not be deprived of their greatest earthly pleasure. The collection of such mound pipes is quite formidable, comprising a diversity of designs. Animals and birds, depending upon the tribal totem, are so skilfully carved of stone as to leave no doubt whatever that the Redskin was a pipe smoker for many generations before the first white man ever set foot on his soil.

If the Indian had not regarded smoking as a religious act, if the *Calumet of Peace* were not used, we would never, in all probability, have enjoyed the comfort and peace that only a pipe can bring. The early American settlers are really the unsung heroes, the forgotten men of tobaccodom. It is they who served as the link in pipe evolution by smoking the *Calumet of Peace*, and eventually passing on the practice to the world of white men.

To suddenly find one's self surrounded by a band of fierce-looking,

weirdly painted, red-skinned savages must have struck terror in the stoutest settler's heart. To have their chief offer a tube of fire with one hand, while a tomahawk dangled from the other, left little choice. It was a matter of smoking here—or in the hereafter. Rather than be scalped the white man smoked. The effect of the first few whiffs of the strong uncured tobacco upon a people who never before tasted the weed, makes one wonder how these pale-faces ever lived through it. Perhaps what kept them alive was the fear of offending their hosts, the fear of death. How happy these first smokers must have been, when the Redskins departed, to find their heads reeling on their very own shoulders!

Necessity being the driving force it is, and the human constitution ever the adaptable machine, the ill effects slowly diminished, little by little, until one day our white friends awoke to the dawn of a strange realization: tobacco smoke hath charms. Off to England went a few pipes and some tobacco. The Indian blew a ring of smoke destined to circle the globe.

Today tobacco smoking is so universal, so accepted a part of our pleasures as to assume the importance of a necessity to countless people. Yet it was a mere four hundred years ago when but a handful of American Indians knew the comfort, companionship, and solace of a pipe.

When first introduced into England, the cost of tobacco was about a hundred dollars a pound. Naturally this restricted pipe smoking to a small audience of daring extravagant young men who could venture the experiment of turning their money to smoke. The gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, who pioneered pipe smoking, remained a loyal pipe lover to the moment of his death. His last request, before being beheaded, was for a large pipeful of tobacco. As the last ember of his pipe died, the axe-



man's blow fell. But Sir Walter Raleigh lives eternally in smokers' memories as a benefactor of all mankind.

Despite the high price of tobacco, the demand so exceeded the supply at times, that actual shortages occurred occasioning odd and amusing incidents. The parson of Thornton, it is said, cut up the Church bell ropes and crammed them into his pipe. This may appear to many as the last word in smoker's cravings, and the "low" in substitution under destitution. It is not, when we realize that humans have been killed by savage tribes to provide material, by way of their thigh bones, for pipes. Natives, without tobacco, have been known to smoke dried camel-dung!

In time, though, seeds were brought over, tobacco was grown in England, with a consequent lowering of the price so that all but the very poorest could enjoy this new, delightful luxury. As the fad of "drinking" tobacco, as it was curiously first called, caught on and spread like wild-fire, the manufacture of the simple, well known clay pipe in imitation of the Indian clay, became a sizable industry. Whereas only the male of the American Indians, smoked, by the middle of the 1600's English men, women and even children smoked. And the kiddies didn't steal off to the wood-shed with dad's pipe, either. As a matter of record, we find that a recess was declared in school, as a smoking period, when the children took the pipes their mothers had so thoughtfully filled with tobacco and smoked. The teacher held learned discourse on the art of smoking, and more than one account is told of an irate instructor turning a pupil sunny-side up and paddling him, the offense being that the pupil had not smoked his pipe properly!

The low price of the clay, its great fragility, combined with the number of pipe smokers, created an enormous demand. By the year 1619, the English pipemakers incorporated. Slight changes in the native Indian clay were made as a result of certain manufacturing improvements as well as the somewhat different English artistic standards. The most colorful of all changes, the "yard of clay" better known as the Churchwarden, survives to this day, and was the direct result of the demand for a cooler smoke.

In France the clay attained more delicate proportions, but the Frenchman's keen desire for a really artistic pipe of a more dainty design, led to the introduction of beautiful porcelain pipes that satisfied the eye at a sacrifice of smoking quality, for porcelain lacks the desirable absorbent qualities of clay.

The French and English smokers carried their pipes to Holland where it took the shape of the Dutch Gear, with its three foot stem along the lines of the Churchwarden. From there it was carried to the Rhine, but it remained for the soldiers of the Thirty Years' War to introduce pipes the length and breadth of all Europe. Naturally, the simple clay they carried served as a working basis, as a prototype for all later pipes. Each country in accordance with her temperament, artistic interpretation, ingenuity, and what is perhaps most important—her natural resources, improvised the simple clay,



which has fallen to the level of a bubbler pipe for Junior, today, in spite of its fine smoking qualities. All the religion of the American Indian disappeared and in its place came a new cult: worshippers of the tobacco weed, and the pipe as an instrument of peace, harmony, and spiritual delight.

The typical pipe of Central Europe is but a highly ingenious adaptation of the Dutch Clay. A porcelain bowl is substituted for the Frenchman's motive—greater beauty, the stem of which is broken off short. The bowl is inserted in a Y-shaped holder which receives a long stem of wood, usually weichsel, a species of sour cherry wood growing in Austria. In this manner both the bowl and stem are upright while the pipe may be comfortably held in hand. The tobacco juices are not absorbed by porcelain and drop to the base of the Y-shaped holder, where they may be periodically drained by unloosening a

removable plug provided for this special purpose. So fine a smoking pipe is this, that the "saxophone" remains the favorite house pipe of Central Europe.

Nowhere as in the far north do we so clearly see how the limitations of Nature determine the pipes a people fashion and take to their hearts. Again the Dutch Clay influence is noted, be it a pipe fashioned of drift-wood, or one laboriously made of metal. The materials represent anything and everything Nature has to offer in her cold waste-lands: bones of animals, notably the whale, horn, teeth, and ivory are clearly combined to form pipes that at times attain high degrees of workmanship and beauty. Many look for all the world like a common clay, until closer inspection reveals ivory to be the material. Others are merely no more than the make-shift sawed-off, hollowed-out walrus tusk, while a few are of long wooden stems and metal bowls in direct imitation of the long-stemmed Dutch Gear. But the story is essentially the same the world over, for after all we are dealing with the same creature, man. Ever ingenious, we have merely to educate him to tobacco's charms, and show him a vessel in which to smoke it. Come back a little later, and inventive man improvises to an extent determined by Nature's generosity or apparent niggardliness, clearly enough showing a sense of artistry, and displaying an intelligence that makes him master of his environment.

Though it is difficult to believe that Europeans could teach anything to the long-cultured races of the Far East, there is abundant evidence, including their own historical accounts, to show that both the Chinese and the Japanese knew nothing of tobacco pipes.

The pipes of Japan are numerous, interesting, and at times exotic. The typical one is a straight cane stem fitted with a very small acorn-shaped bowl, the total length being five or six inches. But no matter what the style, the bowl is so tiny that a few whiffs and the pipe must be refilled. The practice of small bowls is largely the result of the habit of mixing small quantities of opium with the tobacco, a practice introduced shortly after tobacco pipes were brought to the Far East.

The Korean and Chinese pipes may be readily distinguished from those of Japan, not alone by the details

of workmanship but by their greater length—usually a full three feet. Long slender bamboo stems are fitted with small brass bowls, though not as small as the Japanese, and equipped with mouthpieces of brass or perhaps silver. The coolie often smokes a make-shift consisting of a piece of bamboo a yard long, the bowl being formed by merely scooping out some of the wood.

A particularly gruesome ancient Chinese pipe, attributed to the savage southern hillside tribes is in a British Museum. It is the thigh bone of a child, and by long smoking has colored as beautifully as a meerschaum. There is good reason to believe that these savages devilishly and deliberately killed the child to obtain a pipe.

The Ainu is neither a metal worker nor a potter, but a wood carver. Accordingly his pipes are skilfully fashioned of wood, and provided with an odd-looking frame which acts as a support so the pipe will not tip over when rested. But more important, this frame serves as a beard protector—for the Ainu have long curly beards, of which they are inordinately proud.

A particularly unique pipe is smoked by the Maori of New Zealand. An unusually hard wood is beautifully carved to form a bowl that tapers off into a long prong or spike, the purpose of which is quite clever. By merely sticking this spike into the ground the Maori can puff away at his pipe without so much as supporting it.

Africa, the land of much mystery, of strange people and customs, is the home of myriad pipes, curious, ingenious, diverse, and not infrequently gruesome. In the main, the natives are inveterate smokers, it being said that many will suffer physical hunger rather than forego the pleasure of smoking. Many go so far as to initiate their month-old babies to tobacco, by touching to its lips the mouthpiece of a pipe about to go out.

Anything sufficiently resistant to the tobacco fire serves as a pipe. Clay, bones of humans and animals, horns of animals, gourds—calabash—iron, wood, ivory, copper, stone—even an enemy's skull. Because the negro confuses "bigger" with "better" their bowls are so immense as to hold, at times, in excess of a full pound of tobacco. Judging from Western standards, Africa cannot claim beautiful pipes, but she can with pride point to the *dakka*—the mother of all water-pipes.

The water-pipe, where the smoke passes over water to be cooled and cleansed, is not to be found in any other part of the world, save the East. This circumstance serves as the starting point for many students who believe that Africa, not America, is the home of the pipe. Nevertheless, even these "radicals" admit it was the Indian of North America who taught it to the English who in turn carried it into Africa to re-educate the natives. Interesting though this may be, it is distinctly a subject for the pipe pedant's concern.

There is much evidence to believe the original *dakka* was an antelope's horn, for this served as their water carrier. In Bechuanaland where soapstone is the water carrier, soapstone is their material for water-pipes. The cattle raising people use the ox-horn, while in the moister regions of the Zambesi, bamboo and gourds take their place. Along the East African Coast, we find the coconut serving as a water-carrier, and thus we are provided with the important link in the evolution of the water-pipes of India: the *nargileh*, which literally means *coconut*. Though the modern *nargileh* is elaborately mounted in silver, and occasionally set with precious stones, the shape and size of the bowl show it to be the coconut dressed up in Sunday clothes and fitted with a flexible tube for convenience. *(Continued on page 47)*



The Appeal of the West Indies

The West Indies, although frequently on tour routes in the early years of the present century, were really "discovered" in the early days of the World War by Americans cut off by war conditions from Mediterranean travel. Since then they have become increasingly in demand as winter vacation lands. Early in this period of their development it became apparent that these picturesque islands with their warm, equable winter climate, their variety, foreign atmosphere, and compactness had a mass appeal which steamship and travel companies were quick to exploit through the only means suitable, cruises. Now this is the accepted way to visit these American Tropics, and each winter sees a larger and more varied list of West Indies cruises than ever before.

In general, cruises may be divided into two groups—those taken primarily because of the ports and those taken primarily for a holiday. Usually the longer cruises, such as the Mediterranean, Round South America and Round the World, fall into the first class. You want to see Algiers, or Naples or Istanbul (Constantinople), Cairo, Singapore, or Hongkong, and your selection of a particular cruise then becomes a matter of deciding which one visits the most of the places you

Left: A picturesque scene in one of the narrow streets found in Panama

Right: Morro Castle, the handsome fort which guards the entrance of Havana, Cuba's principal city



desire to see and offers the best sightseeing program. In the shorter cruises, such as the West Indies, however, while the sightseeing offered is helpful and desirable, these are more distinctly "vacation cruises" and the selection of a particular one depends on the *tout ensemble*—the ship, the shipboard amusements, the relative amount of time at sea, and, finally, the sightseeing available.

The reason for this order of consideration is fairly obvious. On a holiday, it is the total effect with which one is concerned and on a short cruise with so much of the time spent on shipboard, it is only natural that matters concerning the ship and life at sea become most important. Because of this, it is now the general practice on West Indies cruises not to include the planned excursions at each port as part of the cruise but to sell them separately so that passengers on these cruises have as flexible a sightseeing arrangement as if traveling by themselves.

Any way regarded, a West Indies cruise makes an ideal winter vacation. Near at hand, blessed with uniformly



pleasant weather during the winter months, and as varied in character as the European countries to which they formerly belonged or still belong, these islands offer one of the most delightful short vacations available to American travelers. Here are colonies of France, England and Holland; free countries as typically Spanish as when a part of that once vast empire; and American islands so recently acquired that they have all the characteristics of their previous connections. Within this region, the storied Spanish Main of freebooting days, are such great engineering feats as the Panama Canal and the road over the Andes from La Guayra to Caracas as well as the walled city of Cartagena and the vine covered ruins of Old Panama. Here is Havana, a gay and sophisticated metropolis whose roots extend back to the days when it was the base for the expeditions to the mainland of North, Central, and South America led by the gold hunting conquistadores and the starting point of the treasure fleets that carried the incredible booty of their conquests to Spain. Here, too, is Jamaica, once headquarters of the English pirates who harassed the might of Spain from Panama to the open Atlantic and one of the most tropical of all these isles.

EVERY island and country in this region has its own distinct traits: Barbados, cultivated throughout its tiny length, as prim as a British countryside; Trinidad with its great asphalt deposits, the Pitch Lake discovered by Sir Walter Raleigh who here "pitched his ship"; Porto Rico, still Spanish, although in American hands for nearly three decades; Curacao, with its Dutch brick buildings and its ship canal reminiscent of Holland, a free port and a shopper's paradise; the Virgin Islands, American naval base but more Danish than American; Panama, Spanish, but with a strong cosmopolitan tinge,



Above: A handsome Government building at Balboa, in Panama



Left: A quaint but typical trio pictured near the water-front in the Barbados Islands

especially at Colon, once one of the wickedest cities of the world and now one of the best shopping cities in the Caribbean; Grenada, boldly mountainous, a noted source of cocoa and nutmeg; volcanic Martinique, with grim Mt. Pele still frequently in eruption, the French colony that provided wives for Louis XIV, Selim III of Turkey, and Napoleon, where creoles still dress after the manner of the First Empire; Nassau, winter resort extraordinary and playground of the wealthy; Haiti, the only negro republic in this hemisphere, where witchcraft and voodoo worship still flourish; and Dominica, an island of natural wonders. These are the lands usually found on West Indies cruise routes, the number included varying with the length of the cruise. In addition, there are the lesser islands of St. Kitts, Nevis, Antigua, Montserrat, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, and Guadeloupe which are visited on some of the regular West



One of the local belles on her way from market in Marine Square, Port of Spain, at Trinidad

Indian services which operate their ships on a combination cruise and passenger and freight service basis.

THROUGHOUT the year there are regular sailings from New York to the West Indies by the following lines: New York and Cuba Mail, Columbian, Munson, New York and Porto Rico, United Fruit, Standard Fruit, Royal Netherland, Furness Red Cross; and, from Boston, by the Canadian National. All these lines carry cruise passengers, that is to say persons making the round trip on the same vessel. In addition, during the winter season, many of the Transatlantic liners make one or more West Indies cruises. This winter there will be seventy-six special West Indies cruises, all but seven of them on noted Transatlantic ships, scheduled as follows:

DATE	SHIP	LENGTH
1936		
Nov. 5	Queen of Bermuda	6 days
Nov. 7	Rotterdam	13 days
Nov. 7	Prince Henry	13 days
Nov. 12	Queen of Bermuda	6 days
Nov. 21	Gripsholm	11 days
Nov. 21	Prince Henry	13 days
Dec. 5	Prince Henry	13 days
Dec. 18	Stella Polaris	15 days
Dec. 18	Britannic	15 days
Dec. 19	Statendam	15 days
Dec. 19	Kungsholm	15 days
Dec. 22	Champlain	12 days
Dec. 23	Saturnia	12 days
Dec. 23	Transylvania	9 days
Dec. 24	Manhattan	11 days
Dec. 24	Empress of Britain	4 days
Dec. 26	Rotterdam	8 days
Dec. 29	Berengaria	5 days
Dec. 29	Empress of Britain	10 days
Dec. 29	Europa	6 days
Dec. 31	New York	4 days

(Continued on page 54)

Editorial

Thanksgiving Charity

THE records of the charitable activities of the subordinate Lodges indicate a definitely established custom in many of them to provide substantial gifts of provisions to needy families in their communities on Thanksgiving Day. It is a custom worthy of a more general adoption, in observance of the occasion which holds so distinctive a place in American life.

It is quite appropriate that we should periodically give special thought to the blessings which have been bestowed upon us, and to reverently return thanks for them to the Divinity upon which we rely. And no expression of gratitude could be more acceptable to that Divinity than one which speaks in concrete acts of generous kindness to others less fortunate.

Thanksgiving Day, as customarily set apart by official proclamation, as the day upon which such grateful acknowledgments should be returned, is only a few weeks away. But there is ample time for each Lodge to consider, and plan for, the character and extent of its fraternal observance of the occasion.

The members generally watch the reports of such activities, and every earnest effort in any one jurisdiction is an inspiration to its emulation in another, so that such an

undertaking by a Lodge exerts an influence beyond its own community.

It is to be hoped that the response will be so general and so generous this year as to create a new record for the Order. If each Lodge would recognize its obligations in the premises, and would seize the special opportunity thus offered to it to render a conspicuous service, that new record would be one of which the entire membership would be justly proud.

A Gratifying Compliment

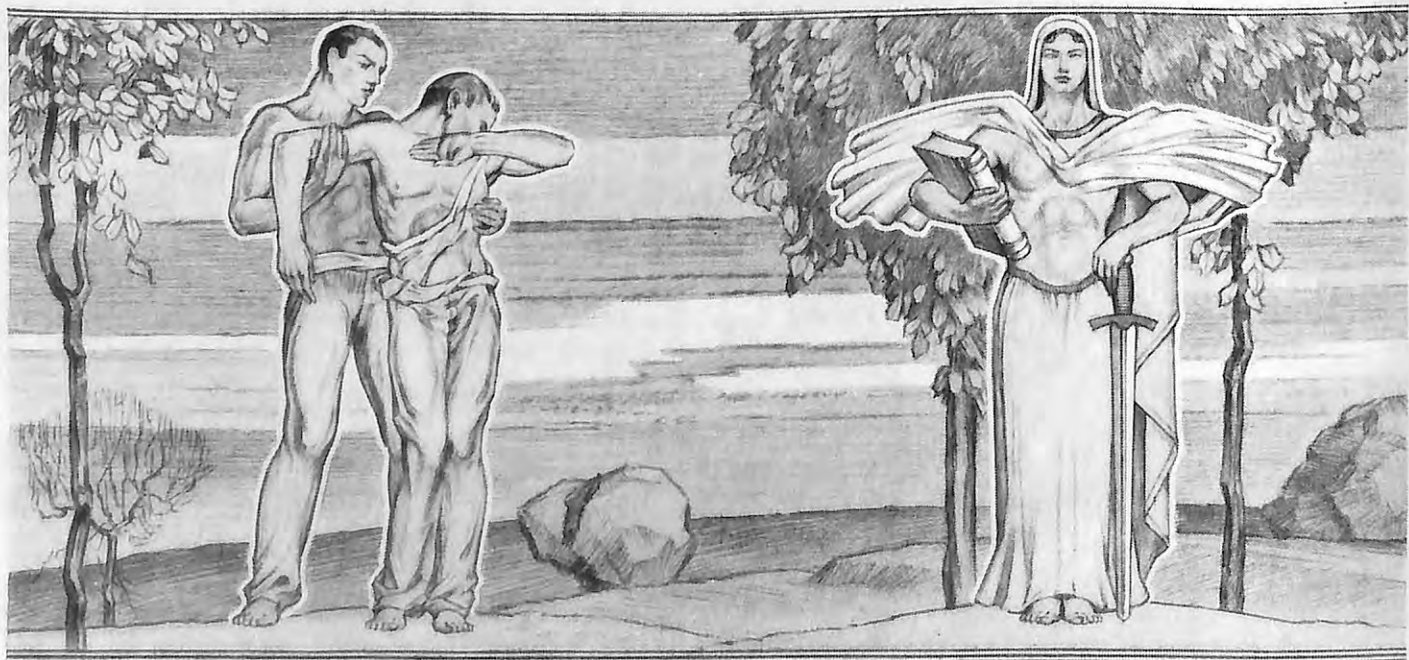
IN a recent comment in these columns, attention was called to the fine impression that was created at Los Angeles by the character and deportment of those who attended the Grand Lodge session.

A gratifying proof of this is contained in a letter since received by the Grand Secretary from the Manager of the Biltmore Hotel, the headquarters of the Convention, and in which the sessions of the Grand Lodge were held.

In his letter the writer says:

It was a credit to the organization that we did not find one nickel's worth of unnecessary damage in any guest room in the hotel, after the Convention was all over.

Thanks to your good work and the efforts of your



many committees, this convention was so lubricated and ran so smoothly with specific instructions, that we had little difficulty in keeping up with your demands.

Would that every convention we handle here were as well organized as this one.

Those who know the Order best would naturally take it for granted that such conditions would attend its national conventions. However, experience with other organizations has prompted the letter as an unusual but deserved compliment to the Elks.

It is gratifying to have such an expression from such a source.

Home



LONDON newspaper of wide circulation sought from its readers, in all walks of life, the best answers to the question, "What is a home?" An infinite variety of definitions were submitted, so far as the wording of them was concerned, but practically all of them embodied the concept of the same general ideal.

From the hundreds of replies received, the following is an epitomization of a few of the best:

Home,—a world of strife shut out,
a world of love shut in;
the father's kingdom, the mother's
world, the children's paradise.

Fortunate indeed is he whose home approaches such an ideal. He should be faithful to it and strive to preserve it. It is the best influence in his own life; and it is the finest field for the exercise of his own good influence.

It is from such homes that come the men and women who make the world better and sweeter by the establishment of new homes of their own, of like character, from which radiate in all directions and to unlimited extents the wholesome influences which are born therein.

There is nothing basically wrong with any people who

maintain such a conception of home as they would wish it; for that means that they will endeavor to make such homes for themselves; and in doing this they will be performing all the duties of good citizenship.

What Have You Done? What Are You Going to Do?



IN a recent bulletin issued by Scranton Lodge a number of questions were addressed to its members. The pertinency and importance of these inquiries are so obvious that it is deemed appropriate to submit them to the whole membership of the Order.

Here are some of them, paraphrased to meet the larger field:

What have you done during the past six months that has been of any benefit to your Lodge or to the Order?

What would become of your Lodge if every member had done exactly as you have done?

How many times have you been absent from meetings when you could have been present if you had made an effort?

Have you visited a sick brother or spoken a kind word to cheer one in his affliction?

Have you spoken to any friend about the advantages of membership and sought his application?

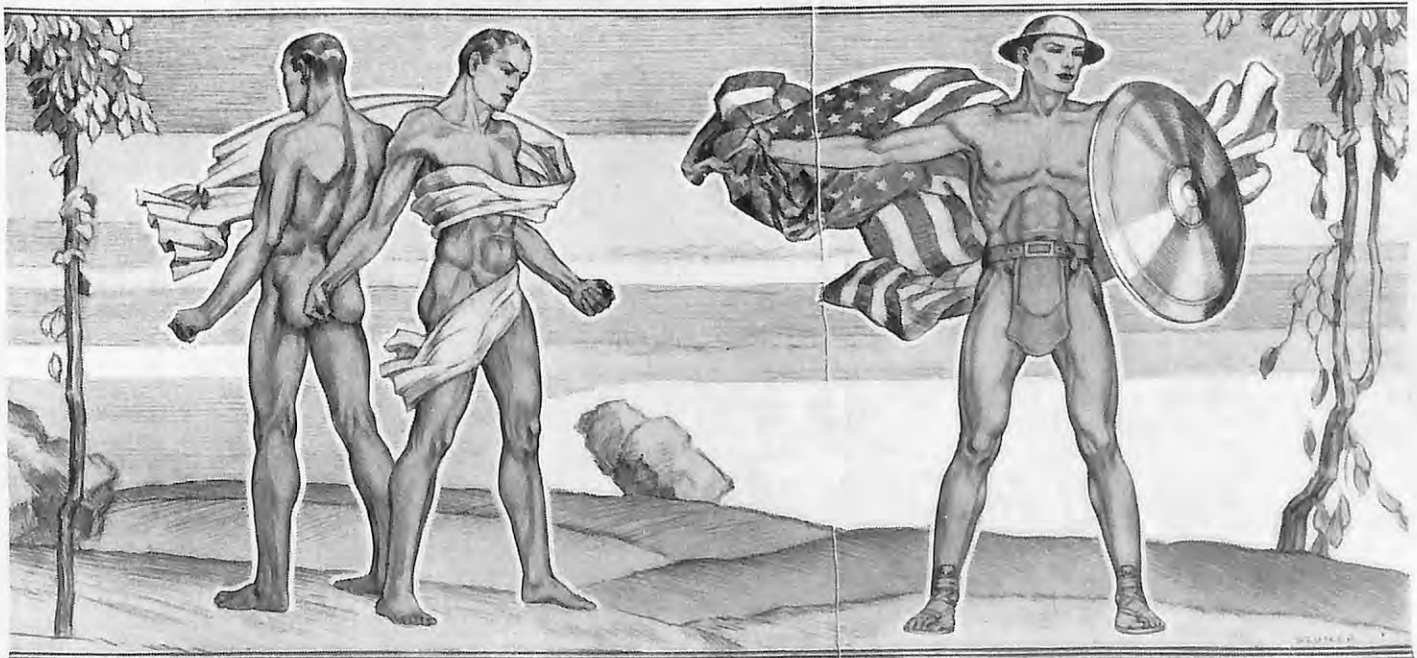
Are you going to continue in the same old way; or are you going to start something?

Is it right for some one else to do all the work and for you to expect an equal share of the benefits?

Are you really in partnership with the rest of the members in running your Lodge?

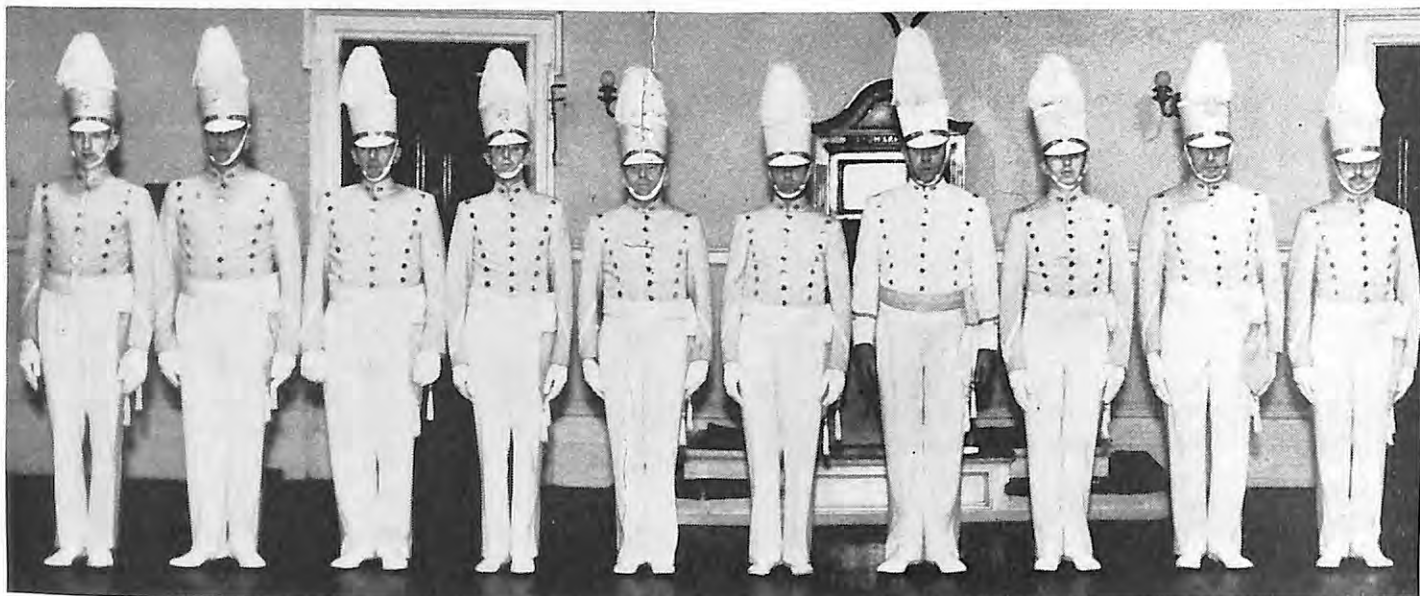
If each member would address these questions to himself and give honest answers, the chances are that a great many of them would recognize their delinquencies and, what is more important, would determine to "start something" in the way of a more active participation in Lodge affairs.

What are you going to do about it?



UNDER THE Antlers

News of Subordinate
Lodges Throughout
the Order



Durham, Goldsboro and Greensboro, N. C., Lodges Hold Inter-Lodge Meeting

At its second fall meeting Durham, N. C., Lodge, No. 568, entertained visitors from Greensboro and Goldsboro Lodges in the first of what is hoped will be a series of Inter-City meetings this fall and winter among North Carolina Lodges. Distinguished Elks present included Henry M. Durham, member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; D.D.'s Leslie P. Gardner and George W. Munford, and many Past District Deputies, Exalted Rulers and Secretaries. The officers of Durham Lodge, headed by E.R. G. M. Carver, conducted a regular initiation exemplifying the Ritual.

The local quartet, only recently returned from a journey to nearby cities where the members were guests of American Legion Posts in the rôle of entertainers, rendered three popular selections for the visitors. Their singing resulted in an invitation from Goldsboro Lodge to entertain the membership there at an early date. Following the meeting in the Lodge Home a repast was spread in the club rooms and the visitors were made welcome by about 150 Durham Elks.

Interesting side features of the meeting included a challenge issued

by the East District and promptly accepted by the West to show Grand Exalted Ruler Governor David Sholtz a membership increase of at least 33½ per cent during his term of office. Informal plans were made for the reopening of an Elk Lodge in Raleigh, N. C. Some eight or ten petitions for membership and reinstatement were also received as a result of the Inter-City meeting.

Chillicothe, O., Elks Mark 50th Anniversary with Celebration

The first program observing the 50th Anniversary of Chillicothe, Ohio, Lodge, No. 52, was held on Wednesday evening, Sept. 23. Four evenings in all, extending over as many weeks, were taken up by the Lodge's Golden Jubilee celebration.

Assembled in the auditorium, with its subdued lights and cathedral-like atmosphere, the members and their guests sat in informal groups and enjoyed a concert for an hour. At 9:30 P.E.R. Russell Batteiger, in a brief introductory address, announced the object of the series of weekly gatherings by which the Lodge had chosen to mark its Jubilee, and to which all the members and their families were invited guests. After introducing the officers of the Lodge and two living charter members, Charles Z. Erdman and

Charles D. Duncan, who spoke briefly, Mr. Batteiger presented one of the older Past Exalted Rulers, E. S. Wenis. Mr. Wenis cited the achievements of Chillicothe Lodge during the half century just passed and described some of the social gatherings held during that time. He also included in his talk much interesting information about the Order at large. Mr. Batteiger then introduced Secy. William Greenbaum as a loyal officer with 35 years' service as Secretary to his credit. The next hour was given over to the presentation of a Revue by the Lucille Elmore Company.

The Eleven O'Clock Toast was given by P.E.R. Robert W. Dunkle. A huge clock, standing in the center of the stage proscenium arch, marked the hour. Adjournment was then made to the Grill for dancing and refreshment.

Leominster, Mass., Lodge Sponsors Exercises Honoring Essay Winners

On September 22, in Leominster, Mass., Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, made the presentation speech and turned over the prize-winning awards in the nation-wide essay contest sponsored by the Foundation in honor of the

late Will Rogers. The title of the essay was "Will Rogers—His Place and Influence in American Life." Miss Roberta Follansbee and Lawrence J. Legere, Jr., both members of the same class in the Leominster High School, won first and second prizes, respectively. Miss Follansbee received a check for \$1,000, and a check for \$300 was presented to Mrs. A. Legere for her son who is at West Point.

More than 800 people gathered in the auditorium of the Municipal Building for the public demonstration which was participated in by national officials of the Order, city

was especially fine. Music was also furnished by the Leominster High School Band of 25 pieces under the direction of Capt. Alfred Walters. Elks were present from Concord, Fitchburg, Boston, Brookline, Worcester, Everett, Wakefield, Wareham, Holyoke, Chicopee, Arlington and Winchester, Mass. The members of the committee in charge were Dr. Smith, Chairman, E. A. Peloquin, Sydney T. Harvey, John F. Sullivan, Alfred C. Thurston, P. M. LaPierre, Thomas F. Wright, John F. Coburn, John J. Keville, Ralph E. Pierce, Andrew E. Harper, Ralph J. Lundigen and Francis J. Morin.

Activities of Omaha, Neb., Lodge

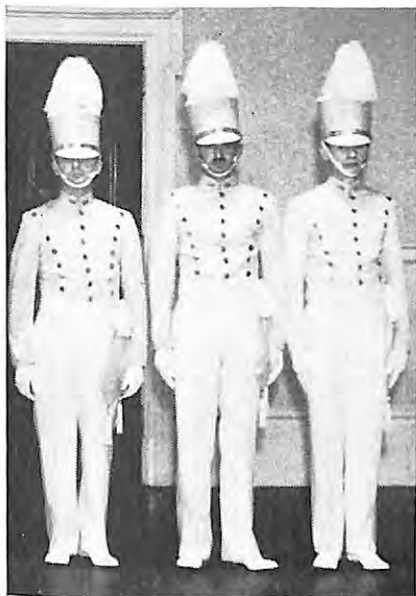
All of the social activities of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, for the month of September, beginning with an Open House on the first and closing with a Birthday Dinner and the first dance of the season on the 26th, were pleasing and well attended affairs.

Special classes were initiated on September 11 when four candidates entered the Order under the auspices of the "Cup Winner's Degree Team." The following week two candidates were initiated by the same Team. Twenty more new Elks joined the Order the week after that, being initiated by the Irish Group Team.

Towson, Md., Lodge Holds Charity Bazaar and Honors Retiring Judge

The financial results of the Charity Bazaar, held in August on the Elks' lawn, by Towson, Md., Lodge, No. 469, were most gratifying. The membership is relatively small, but the work accomplished by the Lodge compares favorably with that of many Lodges in larger cities. When all bills were paid the net proceeds from the Bazaar, which was also a social success, were found to amount to \$962.

September 22 was "Judge Duncan Night." The Lodge presented P.E.R. Frank I. Duncan, who has been an associate Judge in Baltimore County for 31 years, with an embossed and framed resolution expressing its appreciation of his untiring service. Judge Duncan is retiring from the bench.



Left and on opposite page: One of the handsomely uniformed units which does much to make Lancaster, Pa., Lodge the fine Lodge it is

Below, center: One of the bands which contributed to the color and gayety of the parade of the Wisconsin State Elks Association convention at Eau Claire

At bottom: Members of Boonton, N. J., Lodge's Ladies' Auxiliary and youngsters they entertained at the Lodge's Crippled Children's Picnic recently

officials and citizens. The fact that both first and second honors came to the city of Leominster and to one class of one school, in a contest with 3,300 contestants, was emphasized by the speakers. The program was sponsored by Leominster Lodge, No. 1237, of which Miss Follansbee's father was a member. Mr. Legere's father is a charter member of the Lodge. P.E.R. I. W. Smith, P.D.D. for Mass., West, who presided, read a telegram from Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz congratulating the two young people.

Among the special guests present on the occasion were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and Mr. Malley, Springfield Lodge; E. Mark Sullivan, Brookline Lodge, a member of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge; Thomas J. Brady, Brookline Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; D. D. John P. Dowling, Holyoke Lodge; John F. Burke, Boston Lodge, Pres. of the Mass., State Elks Assn.; P.E.R.'s Thomas E. Killion and Mason S. McEwan, Brookline Lodge, and Congressman Joseph E. Casey. Harold W. Burdett, Mayor of Leominster, was among the speakers. E.R. Elmer A. Peloquin extended the greetings of Leominster Lodge, making the first address of the evening. The musical program, rendered as a part of the ceremonies,



Western EDITION

This Section Contains
Additional News of
Western Lodges

Elks Home Used in Lewiston, Ida., Roundup

One of the features of the Lewiston Roundup was the use of the Home of Lewiston, Ida., Lodge, No. 896, as a "bunkhouse." The Roundup took place on September 24, 25 and 26. Promptly at 7 P.M. each evening all the facilities of the Lodge Home, except the card room and fountain, were turned over to Roundup officials for use as a bunkhouse. Terpsichorean entertainment was provided in the ball room, beer was served in the basement and many games were available in the rooms on the main floor. The affair was a great success and Lewiston members can feel proud that their Lodge Home figured so prominently in this civic event.

Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Enjoys Busy Fall

Following a regular Lodge session on September 22, the Americanization Committee of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, presented a program in the Lodge room which was broadcast by remote control over Radio Station KFBK. Other interesting events held during the month were a Bull's Head Breakfast, which was the biggest stag event of the season, Frank Buck Night and the institution of the bridge program for the coming season. The latter calls for a series of six parties which will extend through to March 17. Both Auction and Contract will be played and suitable prizes provided for high scores in each section.

On September 15 Sacramento Lodge initiated its first class of candidates of the season.

Oakland, Calif., Elks Enjoy Concert

The Entertainment Committee of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, recently presented for the second time this year the Artists' League

Orchestra of forty pieces. A previous concert in the Lodge auditorium last May was so well received by the members and their friends that Galen Piepenburg, the conductor, consented to a second appearance. Selections included compositions by Beethoven through to present day composers among them being Romberg, Lehar and Friml.

News of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge

Among the activities of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, for the month of October were a dinner dance, a Musical Celebrities Night and Bar Association Night, all three of which were received with the utmost enthusiasm by the membership. The Lodge features special occasions as often as any other Lodge in the Order. October's activities also included an Italian Associates Dinner Dance, a Bowery Night, an informal dance, Navy Night, Circus Night and a Hallowe'en Dinner Dance.

Every Wednesday night thousands of radio listeners in Southern California learn of the activities of Los Angeles Lodge via a series of programs over Radio Station KFAC which are broadcast from the main dining room of the Lodge Home. Outstanding talent has been recruited from the ranks of radio performers. The broadcast is made from 7:15 to 7:45 P.M.

Glendale, Calif., Lodge Holds Annual Basket Picnic and Field Day

Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, held its Annual Basket Picnic and Field Sports Day at Whiting's Woods. Sports events, races, games and so forth began promptly at 10:30 in the morning on Sunday, September 20. Among the many featured entertainments were dancing in the big open-air pavilion to the music of an all-Elk orchestra, a ball game and an elaborate

luncheon. Free refreshments for all, including coffee and punch and pop and ice cream for the children, were dispensed throughout the day.

Boise, Ida., Elks Enjoy Golf Tournament and District Deputies' Visit

On Sunday, Sept. 20, Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, held its fifth and most successful Annual Golf Tournament at the Boise Country Club. The 69 entries represented several surrounding Lodges as well as the local Lodge.

Gerald Miller, of Boise Lodge, won the cup for the second time, and won the championship flight by shooting a 75. Walter Smith, Boise, was runner-up and low medalist for the qualifying rounds with a 77. T. R. Scott, of Nampa Lodge, was winner of the first flight, with L. A. McBride, of Caldwell Lodge, runner-up. First place in the second flight resulted in a tie between Walter Mendenhall, Boise, and W. P. McAde. Lloyd Clingersmith, Boise, won the third flight, with Chester Rankin, also of Boise, runner-up. Paul Burgess was first in the fourth flight with B. W. Gillespie, of Idaho Falls Lodge, the runner-up.

Immediately after the Tournament the contestants enjoyed a banquet and floor show held in the dining hall of the Lodge Home. E. R. J. O. Malvin and Walter Smith made the presentation of the trophies.

On Thursday, Sept. 24, the officers of Boise Lodge enjoyed a visit from P.E.R. L. B. Hill, of Lewiston Lodge, and E. D. Baird, one of their own Past Exalted Rulers. The two visiting Elks are District Deputies for Idaho North and South respectively. The evening proved to be not only entertaining but highly instructive.



Entire Drum and Bugle Corps Joins Alhambra, Calif., Lodge

The San Gabriel, Calif., Drum and Bugle Corps of the American Legion was received in a body into Alhambra, Calif., Lodge, No. 1328, at a special ceremony on September 14. There are 55 members in the Corps and at the time of the initiation they were National Champions and also champions of the State of California.

The addition of this large number of new members at the beginning of the season was an incentive to great activity in the Lodge. At least a 25% increase in membership is expected before the close of the year.

Word of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge's Activities

The Elks of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, formally opened their fall season recently with an Open House to which guests including ladies were invited. A program of entertainment was offered, including a rhumba dance and a girls' trio, and dancing was enjoyed in the ballroom.

Following the regular meeting on September 9 formal initiation brought four new members into the Lodge. Juneau's 1936 bowling tournament is now well under way; renovated, polished and scrubbed, the alleys were opened to members after three summer months of idleness. Two featured events of the fall season were Alaska Juneau Night and Fathers and Sons Night.

Seattle, Wash., Elks Have Fine Football Team

One of the most thrilling football games of recent years in Seattle, Wash., was won by the Elks' Team

in a game with the Italian Athletic Club in the Community League at the Civic Field. A spectacular 75-yard run in the closing minutes of play tied the score for the Seattle Elks and victory was achieved by winning the try for point. The Elks' Eleven is, at the time of writing, well out in front of the League, having won its three consecutive games with practically no chance of being beaten for the first half championship. The Italian Athletic Club won the championship last year. The next game on schedule for the Seattle Elks is that with the National Guard.

On October 10 Seattle Elks enjoyed the first dinner dance of the season. A floor show of unusual merit was presented during the evening, with C. F. Fehrenbacher acting as master of ceremonies. Dancing was enjoyed from 9:30 until 1 A.M.

Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge to Award Service Pins

Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 1378, plans to arrange for the awarding of service pins to members credited with 15 or more years of continuous affiliation, the latter part of November. The exact date for the awards will be taken up with State President L. A. Lewis, of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, No. 1345, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, who is to personally present the pins to the eligible Elks.

The "George E. Chambers Class" of Beaumont, Tex., Lodge Honors New Member

The acquisition to its membership rolls by dimit of an Elk who im-

mediately went to work for his Lodge and got results, is a cause of rejoicing in Beaumont, Tex., Lodge, No. 311. The "George E. Chambers Class" was named for this member and was initiated early in the Fall. Mr. Chambers obtained applications for previous classes and a large number of reinstatements. His acquaintanceship is extensive and his contacts are of the best. Hence the standard of new membership in the Lodge is excellent.

Inspired by a fellow Elk who had been one of them but a short time, other members of Beaumont Lodge began to bring in applications. Many young men were among those initiated at recent meetings, and many are men who stand high in the life of the community.

Long Beach, Calif., Lodge Holds "Night in the South Sea Isles"

An elaborate entertainment held recently by Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, was that known as the Elks Second Annual "Night in the South Sea Isles." The evening included an eight-course banquet with wine served during the meal, while dancing acts and serenaders entertained the diners. The banquet was followed by a professional floor show. Later in the evening a social session was enjoyed and refreshments were served to the many participants.

The Drum and Bugle Corps of the San Gabriel, Calif., Post of the American Legion, which recently, in a body, joined Alhambra Lodge, making a class of 55 candidates. At that time they were National and California State Champions





News of the State Associations

Girls, amusingly costumed as part of the Reading, Pa., delegation, marching through the streets of Williamsport, Pa., where the Penna. State Elks Association held its convention



Minnesota

The three-day Annual Meeting of the Minnesota State Elks Association at Minneapolis, closed on August 8 with much important business successfully transacted, and an entertainment program carried out that made the Convention one of the most friendly and enjoyable ever held by the Elks of the State. The 50th Anniversary of Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44, and the dedication of the new Home of the Lodge were celebrated with an appropriate and elaborate program during the Convention. Initiation ceremonies were conducted for 12 candidates, with the Degree Team of St. Paul Lodge officiating.

Leonard Eriksson, of Fergus Falls Lodge, was elected President for 1936-37. His fellow officers are as follows: 1st Vice-Pres., Leo Cronin, Rochester; 2nd Vice-Pres., Raymond Carlson, Eveleth; 3rd Vice-Pres., Charles L. Keisner, Owatonna; Secy., Ben M. Lein, Fergus Falls; Treas., O. C. Paulson, Thief River Falls; Trustees, Thomas J. Griffith, Minneapolis, F. A. Schultz, Mankato, and Edward J. Curry, St. Paul. International Falls was named as the 1937 convention city.

A resolution endorsing a State-wide campaign of "Americanization" to be conducted through the 23 Minnesota Lodges, was unanimously adopted following the stirring address delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland, of

Watertown, S.D., Lodge, who was an honored guest at the Convention. A silver trophy will be presented by Mr. McFarland to the Lodge which distinguishes itself over a period of a year in this work designed to combat the influence of subversive groups. The members of the Committee that drafted the resolution were Mr. Eriksson, Past State Pres. John B. Christgau, D.D. R. A. Brunelle, P.D.D. H. E. Terrell, and Roy T. Patneaud.

On Saturday, August 8, both in the afternoon and evening, convention committees and officers met at the West Hotel to line up other phases of the State campaign, which includes continuance of the numerous charitable works of the Order, and the working out of a more unified inter-Lodge program.

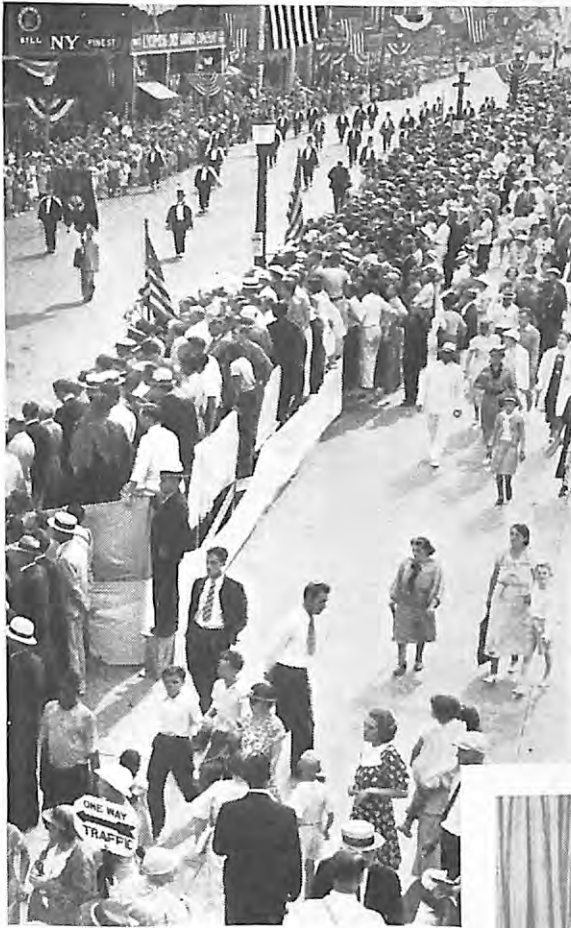
Virginia

Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, speaking at the 27th Annual Convention of the Virginia State Elks Association, held at Roanoke August 17-18, urged the delegates to take advantage of their great opportunity for service. E.R. John L. Walker made a welcoming speech for Roanoke Lodge, No. 197, at the opening session, and Mayor Sydney F. Small spoke on behalf of the city. Preceding the regular session, the Grand Exalted Ruler met privately with District Deputies of Virginia and Maryland, Delaware and the District

of Columbia, the conference adjourning in time for his scheduled address. State Pres. Morris L. Masinter read his annual report, commended the State officers for their cooperative work during the year, and praised the work of the Social and Community Welfare Committee. A motor trip was made in the afternoon to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. A Ritualistic Contest was held in the Lodge room of the Home of Roanoke Lodge at 7:30. Before attending the dance and floor show given in the evening in the Lodge's attractive ballroom, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the officers of the State Association at the Hotel Roanoke.

Due to the fact that his schedule prevented his remaining for the second day's events, Governor Sholtz left for Charlotte, N. C., in the morning. Before his departure he was the guest of honor at a breakfast given by Mayor Small. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, of Lynchburg, and former Governor E. Lee Trinkle were among the prominent Virginians who were seated with the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Sliding its slate of officers up a notch, the Assn. placed J. A. Kline, Richmond Lodge, in the office of President. Those who thus assumed higher offices are: 1st Vice-Pres., W. C. Abbott, Newport News, and 2nd Vice-Pres., R. Chess Mc-



McFarland, John R. Coen and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters — and Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Hollis B. Brewer. Thirteen of the 17 Lodges of the State were represented by delegates. An attendance of 294 members was registered at the business sessions. Among the other prominent Elks present were Lloyd Maxwell, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Carl H. Nelles, Secy. of the S. Dak. State Elks Assn.; Penn P. Fodrea, Secy. of Omaha Lodge, and District Deputies of Colorado, Montana, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Wyoming, Idaho and Kansas. Gov. Sholtz and his party were accompanied from Denver by P.E.R. James T. Keefe of North Platte Lodge, a former member of the Grand Lodge Committee

of Nebraska. The convention banquet was held in the evening in the ballroom of the hotel and was attended by approximately 350 Elks and their ladies. Mr. Keefe was Toastmaster. All of the Grand Lodge officers were introduced and Gov. Sholtz made one of his happiest addresses. After the banquet a ball was held in the Home of North Platte Lodge.

The business meetings, presided over by State Pres. Guy T. Tou Velle, were well attended and took care of many important matters, especially those pertaining to crippled children work. The convention stag party was held at the North Platte Country Club. Entertainment for the wives of the delegates and visitors included a tea, bridge and theater parties, motor trips and informal receptions. A golf tournament was held at the Country Club. Most of the delegates joined in a parade led by the Veterans of Foreign Wars junior military band. A motorcycle police escort was provided by the police department for the parade in which Gov. Sholtz and his party rode at the head of the marchers.

District Judge James M. Fitz-

Ghee, Lynchburg. M. B. Wagenheim, of Norfolk, was elected 3rd Vice-Pres., and Secy. H. E. Dyer, Roanoke, and Treas., R. D. Peebles, Manchester, were reelected. C. B. Packer, of Portsmouth Lodge, is the new member of the Board of Trustees.

The delegates, representing 14 Lodges, numbered 183. Richmond Lodge was awarded the Hallinan-Harper trophy for the Lodge having the largest increase in membership based on percentage of its enrollment, and Harrisburg Lodge took home the ritualistic trophy. It was announced by Secy. Dyer that \$30,184 had been contributed by the 18 Lodges of the State and their State Association for charitable and welfare work during the past 14 months. At the close of the last business session, the delegates and many other Elks and their ladies motored to Mill Mountain for a noonday barbecue and afternoon dance. The Convention officially ended with a dance at Rockledge Inn. Richmond was awarded the 1937 Meeting.

Nebraska

The 24th Annual Meeting of the Nebraska State Elks Association, held in North Platte September 20-22, was outstanding by reason of the fact that it was attended and addressed by Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, four Past Grand Exalted Rulers—Frank L. Rain, James G.



Above: members of Ellwood City, Pa., Lodge, who are the Pennsylvania State Ritualistic Team champions, with their trophy

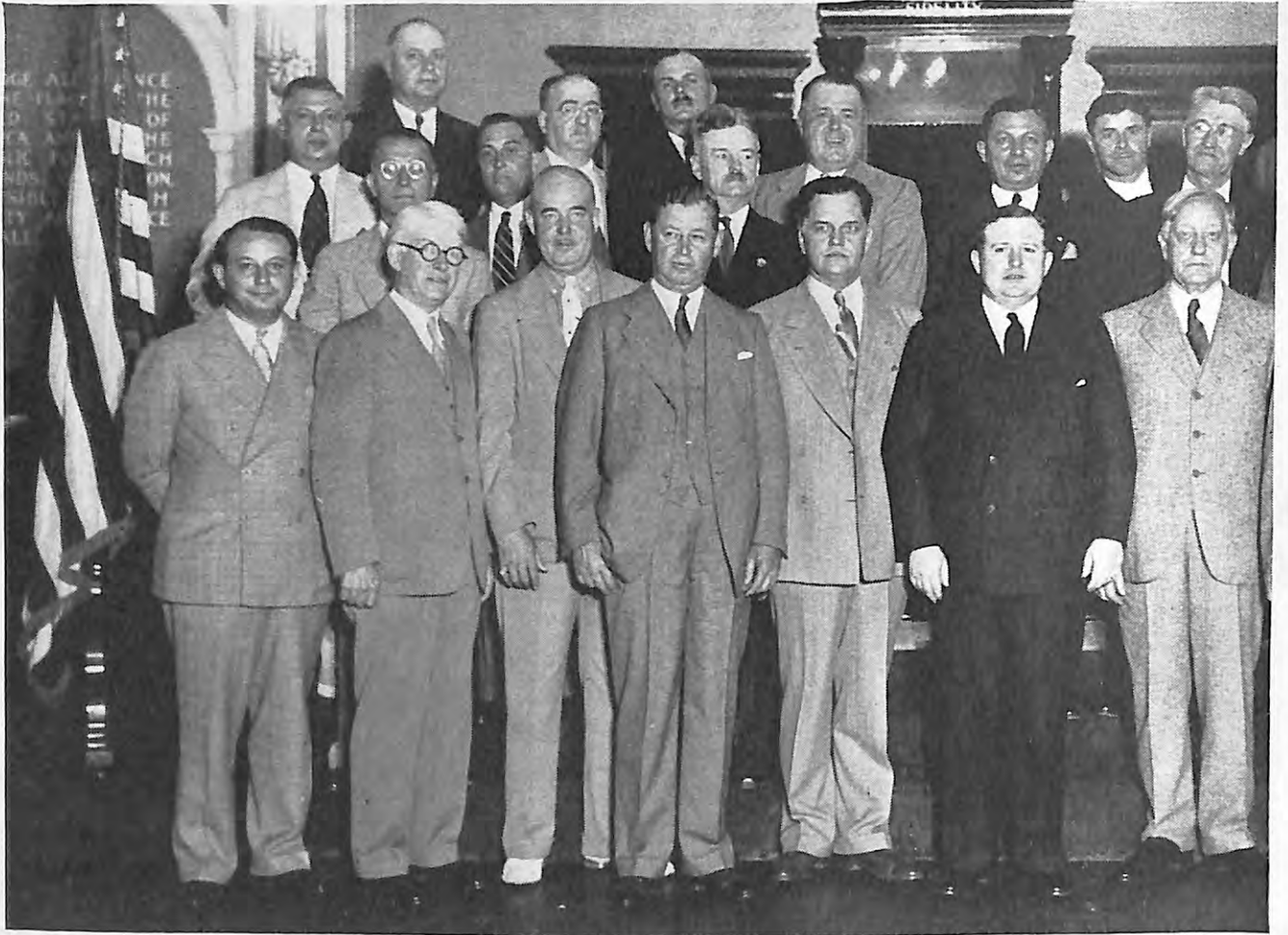
on Judiciary. Caspian Hale, of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, was the Grand Exalted Ruler's traveling companion.

The Ritualistic Team of Omaha Lodge, headed by Walter L. Pierpoint, won the Charles A. McCloud cup for the third consecutive year, retaining permanent possession of the trophy. Gov. Sholtz held a conference with his District Deputies who were sworn in by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank Rain, on Sept. 22 in the crystal room of the Pawnee Hotel. Many Exalted Rulers and Secretaries were present. At the afternoon business session an official welcome to the Grand Exalted Ruler was extended by Gov. Roy L. Cochran

gerald, of Omaha Lodge, was elected President of the Association for 1936-37. The other officers elected are as follows: 1st Vice-Pres., J. L. Martin, Scottsbluff; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. C. Travis, Omaha; 3rd Vice-Pres., T. C. Lord, York; Secy., H. P. Zieg, Grand Island; Treas., Gould Dietz, Omaha; Trustees: C. A. McCloud, York; C. A. Laughlin, Grand Island, and Frank C. Laird, Fremont. Hastings was selected as the place of meeting in 1937.

Wisconsin

R. W. Mills, of Fond du Lac Lodge, was unanimously elected President of the Wisconsin State Elks Association at its 34th Annual Meeting held (Continued on page 55)



Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Trustee Henry C. Warner and Caspian Hale, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee and D.D.'s of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Missouri, who all met at Chicago on September 5

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

En route to his home in Florida, Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz stopped over in Cincinnati where he was greeted by officers and members of Cincinnati Lodge headed by P.D.D. Max Friedman. He also made a stop at Columbia, S. C., on July 29, where E.R. J. B. Roddey, Gov. Olin D. Johnson, Mayor L. B. Owens, and many other prominent Elks gave him a hearty welcome. A meeting was held at the Lodge Home with some 400 Elks, friends and citizens attending, among them being Grand Inner Guard George M. Thompson, Secy. Henry Tecklenburg and P.E.R. P. E. Trouche, Jr., of Charleston, S. C., Lodge, and State Pres. Hans V. Becker and P.E.R. William Elliott, Jr., of Columbia Lodge.

On his official visit to Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge, No. 937, on August 5, Gov. Sholtz witnessed the initiation of a special "David Sholtz Class." Twelve candidates became members of Tallahassee Lodge, and six of Marianna, Fla., Lodge. P.D.D. Ben A. Meginnis introduced the Grand

Governor Sholtz Travels to Many States

Exalted Ruler who was greeted by several hundred Elks representing Tallahassee, Clearwater, Quincy, Marianna, Lake City, Pensacola, Ocala, Jacksonville and West Palm Beach, Fla., and Albany and Waycross, Ga., Lodges. Gov. Sholtz was brought into the Lodge room by a special escort, and introduced by Mr. Meginnis. An attentive and approving audience listened to his speech. Former Governor Doyle E. Carlton, of Tampa Lodge, also spoke. A buffet supper was served both before and after the initiation ceremonies.

Among the outstanding Elks who were present at the meeting were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight L. M. Lively, Tallahassee; D. D.'s M.

Frank O'Brien, Jacksonville; and H. B. Roberts, Albany; P.D.D.'s S. Lehr Miller, Clearwater; S. Friedman, Quincy; and I. G. Ehrlich, Albany; E.R.'s A. D. Harkins, Marianna; C. G. Campbell, Lake City; J. B. Wilkerson, Pensacola, and A. T. Spies, Albany, and C. W. Hunter who served as Exalted Ruler of Ocala Lodge for three terms.

At Boston, Mass., on August 30th, Governor Sholtz met with his New England District Deputies who were sworn in by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge. They were: Mass.: N.E., Frank J. McHugh, Lynn; S.E., Harold Donovan, Plymouth; Cent., Michael H. O'Connor, Waltham; West, John P. Dowling, Holyoke; Maine: East, Paul F. Fitzpatrick, Gardiner; West, John P. Carey, Bath; New Hampshire: Verne M. Whitman, Laconia; Vermont: Bial J. Boynton, Burlington; Rhode Island: Thomas C. Mee, Woonsocket. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Springfield Lodge; Grand Esteemed



Loyal Knight Lester C. Ayer, Portland, Me.; E. Mark Sullivan, Brookline Lodge, member of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge; E.R. Patrick J. Foley, Boston Lodge; Pres. John F. Burke, Boston; Secy. J. J. Hourin, Framingham, and Trustees John G. Hedges, North Attleboro, Alexander C. Warr, Wareham, Dr. Louis J. Pereira, Holyoke, Daniel P. Barry, Arlington, and Michael J. Cuneo, Woburn, and Past Pres. Edward D. Larkin, Quincy, of the Mass. State Elks Assn.; Pres., N.H. State Elks Assn., Benjamin P. Hopkins, Keene Lodge; Pres. Vermont State Elks Assn., Arthur L. Graves, St. Johnsbury, and Secy. Maine State Elks Assn., Edward R. Twomey, Portland, were among the many leading New England Elks who attended this extremely important conference.

The Grand Exalted Ruler met with his District Deputies of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky and West Virginia at the Home of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37, on Sept. 4. Exalted Rulers and Secretaries from many Lodges attended, and all the District Deputies were present, namely: Ohio: S.E., R. A. Jurgens, Dover; S. Cent., Charles F. Fast, Columbus; N.W., E. B. LeSueur, Toledo; N. Cent., Charles A. Michael, Bucyrus; N.E., J. W. Fitzgerald,

Canton; S.W., Arthur R. Davis, Greenfield; Mich.: West, William T. Evans, Muskegon; East, Joseph M. Leonard, Saginaw; Cent., C. J. Howe, Hillsdale; North, F. O. Logic, Iron Mountain; Indiana: North, John L. Miller, East Chicago; N. Cent., R. M. Barnard, Garrett; Cent., Chesley H. Thomas, Alexandria; S. Cent., Henry J. West, Terre Haute; South, C. Otis Hall, Sullivan; Kentucky: East, J. B. McCarthy, Richmond; West, Abner Johnston, Jr., Madisonville; West Va.: North, Leslie N. Hemenway, Parkersburg; South, Stewart F. Ireson, Williamson. They were sworn in by former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees James S. Richardson, of Cincinnati Lodge. Two meetings were held during the day and a dinner in the evening. Among the many other distinguished Elks at the Conference were Past Grand Trustee John K. Burch, Grand Rapids, Mich., Caspian Hale and many present and past officials of various State Associations. Gov. Martin L. Davey of Ohio also attended.

At 10 A. M. on Saturday, Sept. 5, Gov. Sholtz conferred in Chicago, Ill., with the following District Deputies, who were sworn in by Lloyd Maxwell, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees: Illinois: E. Cent., Hubert H. Edwards, Pontiac; N.E., Joseph M. Cooke, Harvey; N.W., Otto J. Ellingen, Mendota; South, Raymond Moore, Harrisburg; S.E., C. E. Duff, Lawrenceville; S.W., T. D. Gradinaroff, Granite City; W. Cent., H. B. Swain, Kewanee. Wisconsin: N.W., C. H. Cashin, Stevens Point; N.E., Myron E. Schwartz, Two Rivers; South, Howard T. Ott, Milwaukee. Iowa: N.E., Robert Hardin, Waterloo; S.E., Albert F. Duerr, Davenport; West, J. J. Barton, Fort Dodge. Minnesota: North, J. O. Yotter, Thief River Falls; South, Raymond A. Brunelle, St. Paul. Missouri: East, C. Lew Gallant, St. Louis; West, L. L. Des Combes, Warrensburg. Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Lodges in Illinois and adjacent States also participated. E. R. Irving Eisenman greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler at the La Salle Street Station upon his arrival. During the day conferences were had with the officers of Chicago Lodge No. 4 in the Morrison Hotel roof bungalow. Among the prominent Elks who met with the Grand Exalted Ruler were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Floyd E. Thompson and Grand Secretary Masters; Mr. Maxwell; Henry C. Warner, member of the Board of Grand Trustees, R. W. Mills, Fond du Lac, Pres., Wisconsin State Elks Assn., and Dwight Roberts, Kansas City, Pres., Missouri State Elks Assn.

Gov. Sholtz dedicated the Florida exhibit at the Great Lakes Exposition at Cleveland, O., on the last day of Florida Week. He was accompanied by Caspian Hale and about 20 other prominent Elks, and welcomed at the Grounds by Mayor H. H. Burton. At the main gate he was given a salute of 19 guns. The

dedicatory exercises were held on a specially constructed platform on the porch of Florida Manor. The day, designated as "Florida Governor's Day," was concluded with a dinner in Gov. Sholtz's honor at the French Casino. Busy though he was in his gubernatorial capacity, Gov. Sholtz found time to fraternize, as Grand Exalted Ruler, with Cleveland Elks and others from nearby sections.

September 18 was the occasion of the Grand Exalted Ruler's conference in New Orleans, La., with the District Deputies of two Southern States, a reception and a noon luncheon at the Home of New Orleans Lodge. The District Deputies were sworn in at a fine meeting by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, of New Orleans Lodge, and were as follows: Louisiana: North, J. S. Mallett, Jennings; South, Sidney Harp, Donaldsonville. Mississippi: North, J. M. Talbot, Clarksdale; South, Fred J. McDonnell, Jackson. Gov. Sholtz, accompanied by Caspian Hale, was welcomed upon his arrival by many local Elks including Mr. Rightor, Grand Tiler Sidney A. Freudenstein, E. R. Eldon S. Lazarus, and a number of Elks from nearby Lodges.

GOV. SHOLTZ'S visit to Dallas, Tex., proved to be another splendid get-together of Elks and embraced a warm welcome, breakfast at the Jefferson Hotel, luncheon at the Home of Dallas Lodge, and a conference on Sept. 19 with the following District Deputies: Texas: West, John W. Penn, El Paso; North, M. J. Vaughan, Sweetwater; East, Julius A. Bergfeld, Tyler; South, W. W. Short, Houston. Oklahoma: East, I. C. Saunders, Shawnee; West, Jerome C. Sullivan, Duncan. New Mexico: Arthur E. Carr, Santa Fe. Past Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell, a P.E.R. of Dallas Lodge; Harold Rubenstein, Brenham, Tex., Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; George M. McLean, El Reno, Okla., member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and John W. Carter, Fort Worth, Pres. of the Texas State Elks Assn., attended. Elks from Ranger, Amarillo, Brownsville, San Antonio, Beaumont, Laredo and Port Arthur, Tex.; Oklahoma City, Duncan and Shawnee, Okla., and North Little Rock and Texarkana, Ark., were present. A visit to the Centennial Exposition was not left out of the entertainment program. Gov. Sholtz and his party were taken everywhere and shown every attention by an escort of hospitable Texas Elks.

During his sojourn in Texas the Grand Exalted Ruler was also a guest of honor at the Frontier Centennial in Fort Worth. He was met by an escort of State highway officers and a delegation of Texas and Oklahoma Elks and taken first to the Home of Fort Worth Lodge for a brief reception. State Pres. Carter headed the Elks Committee. At dinner Gov.

(Continued on page 56)

From the 1936 Good Will Tour



Butte, Mont.



Wheeling, W. Va.



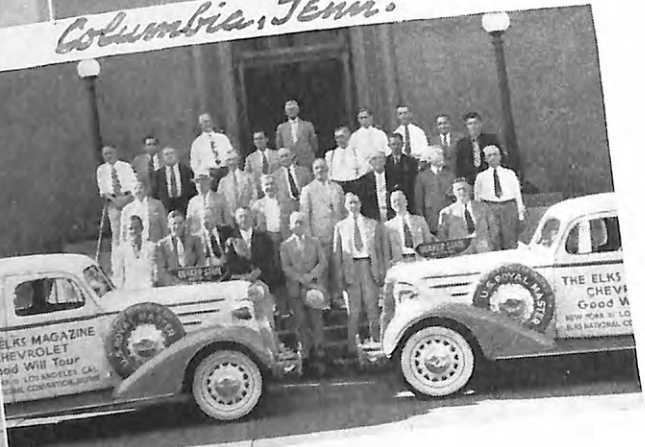
WELCOME.



Columbia, Tenn.



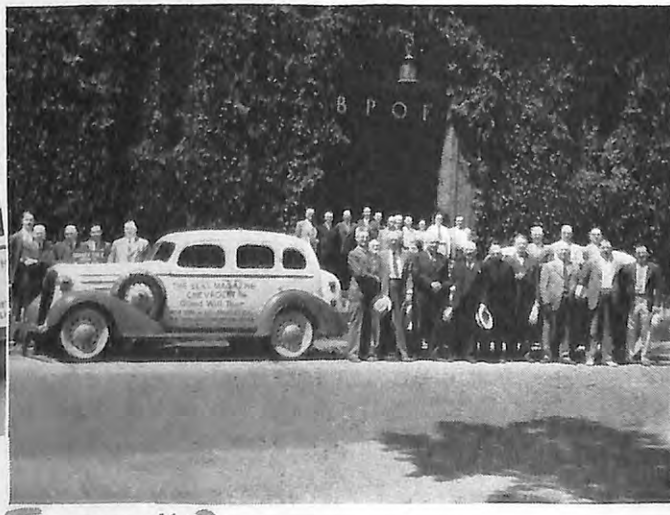
Cincinnati, Ohio.



Tulsa, Okla.



San Luis Obispo, Cal.



Fargo, N.D.

Santa Rosa, Cal.

PORTRAIT OF AN ERA, AS DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON—by Fairfax Downey. (SCRIBNER'S. \$3.50)

Of all the girls who have stolen the heart of America (even including Mary Pickford) none has been of such style and beauty as the famous "Gibson Girl"—and she was merely a thing of white paper and some of the most magnificent and inspired lines ever made by an artist with pen and ink.

Beginning back in the 90's, she became the rage—a type, a standard of loveliness, the most desirable of women. She adorned the pages of *Life* week by week and gave it front rank among the magazines of the world. She made two generations of women strive with might and main to look like her. She posed as heroine of many famous novels; she was Youth and Love; and during the War she was Liberty, Heroism, and Compassion.

In fact, no matter where you met her, she was a drawing by Charles Dana Gibson, America's greatest black-and-white artist, the man who immortalized the modes and manners of a most effulgent era, and whose hand today still holds the same magic touch.

This book "Portrait of an Era," is, of course, the record of Mr. Gibson's career. The story of this big, simple man is, in a way, an amazing "success story." His pen (which never drew an unaristocratic line in its life) lured the whole world to him. The book, therefore, is splashed with movement, with great names, and with great ideals. Mr. Downey is to be congratulated on a complete, vivid and touching account of a national institution.

Rich as a plum cake with reproductions of the best that Mr. Gibson ever drew, we predict that the bags of Santa Claus will bulge this year with hundreds of copies of this entrancing volume.

JOHN DAWN—by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. (MACMILLAN. \$2.50)

"I'm almost fifteen years old, and I command a man-of-war. I've been in two sea fights. And I captured a British frigate, and that's the ship I command."

That's what John Dawn said to a little English girl on the Devon coast during the War of 1812—and it was true. At fifteen John Dawn, of

Selected Books

For Elks and
Their Families

by Claire Wallace Flynn

Merrymeeting in Maine, was a man and a sailor, as his father James had been before him, and as his son Joel was after him . . . A line of Yankee men—good looking, lusty, proud, with not an inhibition amongst them, sailing their great ships into the richest ports of the world.

Mr. Coffin, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry for 1936, gives us a saga of four generations of seagoing

clubs and churches, its golf courses and bars, and its white men and women going to concerts and evening parties. But it is startling to realize that in the not distant jungle head-hunters carry on their savage warfare, native debutantes are worth two pigs apiece, and ladies above a useful age are casually choked to death.

But more interesting to Mr. Demaitre than such traveller's items is the fact that bold men from all corners of the globe challenge fate in the death-infested interior, and they do it for an age-old reason.

For gold!

That's what brings them there. And what they find, and how they fare, and the whole terrible lure of this dark land with its precious yellow nuggets make a pretty exciting record. Personally we're not crazy about books swarming with painted savages, malaria, and brandy - and - soda colonists, but this volume is unusually well written and lively, and explains New Guinea as we had not pictured it.

It comes from us highly recommended for late fall and winter reading.

MEN OF DANGER — by Lowell Thomas. (STOKES. \$2.50)

Lowell Thomas is probably the best known of that ultra modern brotherhood, the news commentators of the air, but it must not be forgotten that he is also a very popular writer. His "With Lawrence in Arabia" and "The Sea Devil" are classics of adventure.

In this new breath-taking book he writes about the men who daily risk their lives in callings that take them into the very teeth of death. Without any literary frills, without an unnecessary adjective or a dull sentence, he gives us the crucial moments in the lives of animal trainers—sand-

(Continued on page 53)



Drawing by C. D. Gibson from "Portrait of an Era" by Fairfax Downey; published by Charles Scribner's Sons

Dawns, a sort of cavalcade of the romantic epoch of great American sailing ships and the pioneer days of a new country. He is not afraid to write boldly of births and deaths, of battles and idyllic love—in fact the book is tremendously alive, windy, salty, flavorsome.

NEW GUINEA GOLD—by Edmond Demaitre. (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. \$3.00)

A new "horizon" for the travel-minded. And by a Frenchman, which means that his approach to his subject is both personal and brilliant.

The New Guinea that Mr. Demaitre writes about is the most primitive of all the East Indies. Becoming a British colony at the close of the World War, Raboul, its capital, is now as English as a town in Kent, with its

Peter Francisco

(Continued from page 7)

family, Peter relinquished the gift.

In the meantime, General Washington, who had become a great friend and admirer of his "one-man regiment," heard Francisco complain that the ordinary sword was much too light and short for his purposes. So the General had made for him a massive blade five feet long and so heavy that no other man in the regiment could swing it with one hand. This tremendous weapon soon became a legend among both armies and was afterwards presented to the Historical Society of Virginia by Francisco's daughter.

Following Gates' defeat at Camden "The Virginia Giant" bought a strong horse and joined Watkins' picturesque company of cavalry, a wild and ragged band of young adventurers who could not be bothered with uniforms and who were the despair of the regular officers. Nevertheless, at the battle of Guilford their swooping charge on the Queen's Guards was the deciding point in the American victory.

At nearby Scotch Lake the freelance cavalymen found the British strongly entrenched on the crown of a steep hill, a hundred yards from the lake. Immediately on sighting the enemy, Francisco dismounted and crept to a point under the brow of the hill. Here he found the tents from which the enemy had retreated and also several large barrels which he supposed to contain gunpowder. Lying on his stomach with his head shielded from the British fire by the barrel, Peter rolled it down to the lake, where it was found to contain shirts, overalls and other supplies which were as badly needed as the powder. Even the general took a pair of pants, assuring Peter that they had arrived none too soon.

Francisco then returned alone to the north side of the fortified hill, where he had observed eight splendid horses belonging to the British. He dashed among them and under severe fire brought all of the animals safely back to his camp.

III

BUT these apprentice years furnish really the least of Peter Francisco's remarkable actions, the most

famous of which occurred at Guilford Court House in March, 1781. With this date began his nation-wide fame as a fighter, and in Foote's *Sketches of North Carolina* we find the following account of the adventure:

"The carnage was terrible. The noted Francisco performed a deed of blood unparalleled. In that short rencounter he cut down eleven men with his terrible broadsword. Later one of the guards thrust forth his bayonet and in spite of Francisco's long sword, pinned his leg to his horse. Francisco forebore to strike and helped the Redcoat to extricate the bayonet, but as the soldier turned to flee, Francisco retaliated with a furious blow from his sword that cleft the enemy's head in twain.

"Near the close of the battle there were eight or ten horses of the King's Guards held in reserve to cut off the retreat of the Militia. Colonel William Washington, watching the maneuvers, made a charge on them in which Francisco was wounded from hip-socket to knee, but then in the presence of many men was seen to kill eleven Redcoats with his long sword, and which no doubt was as fatal to many others unknown to the enemy."

A tall granite shaft at Greensboro, North Carolina, now marks the spot where *Peter Francisco, a giant of incredible strength, killed eleven British soldiers with his own broadsword, and although badly wounded by bayonet, made his escape.*

For this feat the twenty-year-old Virginian was again offered a commission, but which he again refused because he lacked the education which he felt an officer should possess.

He was left for dead on the Guilford battlefield, where he was discov-

ered by a man named Robinson, who carried him to a nearby house. As soon as he could walk, Peter traveled on foot over two hundred miles to Virginia, where he volunteered for active service.

In this same year of 1781 Peter Francisco's fame and fighting effectiveness reached the point of official recognition where his officers finally granted him permission to range as a lone wolf, "independent to think and act however best he might cripple the enemy." This is the only instance on record in the American Army where such complete *carte blanche* has been given to any soldier, much less to a private from the ranks.

Francisco exercised the privilege immediately. At this time Tarleton's and Cornwallis' Cavalry, two veteran British regiments, were plundering and burning the Virginia countryside. The State Legislature fled to Charlottesville, while hundreds of terrified women, children and slaves abandoned their homes. This situation appealed to Peter, and wearing an immaculate buff and blue uniform he set out alone to halt the enemy advance.

One night he stopped at Ben Ward's Tavern in Amelia County, the No Man's Land of the campaign. Unaware of any danger he sat quietly on the porch, when, according to Howe's *Historical Collection*: "Nine of Tarleton's Cavalry rode up and at once told him he was a prisoner. Seeing he was overpowered by numbers, Francisco made no resistance. Believing him to be a peaceful man, they all went inside, leaving Francisco and the Paymaster together.

"The latter then demanded of Francisco that he give up his watch and the massive shoe buckles he was wearing. To this Francisco replied, 'It would grieve me to part with them and I refuse to give them into a soldier's hands, but you have the power to take them if you see fit.' Whereupon the soldier put his sabre under his arm and bent to take the buckles.

"Francisco finding this a favorable opportunity to recover his liberty, stepped back one pace, drew the sword from under his adversary's arm, and instantly gave the trooper a blow across the skull. The soldier was brave, however, and although



severely wounded, drew a pistol and at the same time he pulled the trigger, Francisco cut his hand nearly off with the sabre, and the bullet just grazed him. Ben Ward, the tavern owner, brought out his own musket and gave it to one of the British soldiers and urged him to make use of it. The Dragoon mounted the only horse available and presented the gun at Francisco's head. It missed fire, Francisco rushed the muzzle of the gun, a short struggle ensued and the soldier was disarmed and wounded."

Tarleton's troop of four hundred horsemen were now in sight on the highway, and the nine terrorized soldiers watched for Francisco's next move. He turned toward the woods at the side of the tavern and shouted as if to companions: "Come on my brave boys—now's your time! We will soon dispatch these and attack the main body!"

At this the two wounded men jumped to their feet and fled down the highway with the others at their heels. Tarleton's Cavalry, startled at sight of the famous Francisco and fearing an encounter with a superior force, whirled in the dusty road and galloped out of sight.

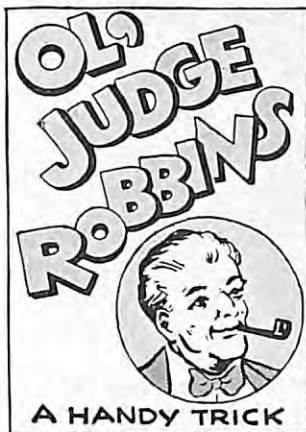
Peter then grabbed the traitorous Ward and would have killed him had not the wretch begged so long and loudly for his life. He then led the eight captured horses into the tavern stable, but on the next day when he returned for them Ward demanded two "for his trouble." Francisco took the six horses to Prince Edward Court House, where he sold five, retaining one for himself, and delivered the money to a government agent. He planned to return later and deal with Ward as he deserved, but the inn-keeper fell from one of the horses and broke his neck.

Beneath the engraving now in Independence Hall, the only public portrait we have, appear these words: *This representation of Peter Francisco's gallant action with nine of Tarleton's Cavalry, in sight of four hundred men in Amelia County, Virginia, is respectfully inscribed to him by Jacob Webster and James Worrel of Pennsylvania.*

IV

IN April, 1777, the Marquis de Lafayette, who was then only nineteen years old, sailed from Spain in his own ship, *La Victoire*, to fight with the revolutionists. Five weeks later he landed in America and in his first battle, the Brandywine, was shot through the leg. On the same field and only a few yards away, Peter Francisco received a deep bayonet wound below the heart.

The two boys of nineteen and sixteen years were taken to the house of a Quaker family named Gilbert, where they were nursed with great care and devotion by Madam Gilbert. Lying side by side for long weeks of suffering and later strolling for miles along the green banks of the river, the French aristocrat and the Amer-



A HANDY TRICK



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Yes, sir, Prince Albert is a real delight to steady pipe smokers. Being "crimp cut," you can count on P. A. to pack easily, burn cool and sweet, and cake up nicely. And thanks to our special "no-bite" process, Prince Albert *does not bite the tongue!* You're in good company when you smoke P. A. It's the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world. And it's swell "makin's" too.



PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

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

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

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

ican private began a remarkably strong friendship which endured to the end of their lives.

With their recovery they rejoined separate regiments, but in October, 1781, Francisco and General Lafayette witnessed together the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Then, as perhaps close comrades have always done at the close of a war, they planned a few days of celebration before resuming their widely differing paths.

The two cavaliers rode to Richmond, where they were at once the object of great admiration. The slim and romantic Lafayette with his general's uniform and courtly air, and the giant Francisco carrying the famous broadsword that Washington had given him, were followed by crowds wherever they went and every head turned to gaze at the young heroes.

Just as they were passing St. John's Church, a strikingly beautiful girl hurried down the steps and across the plank walk to her carriage. Suddenly her foot caught on a loose board and she would have fallen had not Francisco caught her in his arms. There were polite murmurs all around and much bowing by Lafayette as the girl thanked them quietly and was driven away. Francisco watched the carriage out of sight, until Lafayette nudged him and said with a laugh, "Peter, promise me to give my name to one of your descendants, whether the eyes be blue like hers or black like yours."

"Yes—yes," Francisco nodded slowly, "unless me she doth deny. And, comrade, I here declare, let all men note that in all the years to come they that would look on her must come to me!"

Apparently Peter was hard-hit indeed. Before moving from the spot he vowed to Lafayette that there were now but two goals in his life—to marry this girl and to gain an education. The exquisite girl was Susannah Anderson, daughter of a distinguished family of Virginia soldiers and scholars. Though only sixteen at the time, she was engaged to a wealthy young cavalry officer, George Carrington, at whose home she was then a guest.

The second night following the church-steps encounter there was a reception at the Carrington mansion, where Peter again met the girl whom he had sworn to marry. They fell madly in love at once, but Susannah's father refused his consent for her marriage to an uneducated private soldier of mysterious origin.

For the next four years Francisco was able to see Susannah Anderson only at rare intervals, while working desperately to educate himself and to save the money for a home. He applied for admission to a country school as an ordinary pupil, and there among the children the

popular hero of the American Revolution absorbed all the "book-learning" that the embarrassed master could supply. He scoured the countryside for every book which he could buy or borrow, and is said to have read through complete libraries.

The schoolmaster, Mr. Frank McGraw, in describing his star pupil includes an amusing incident which probably delighted the children: "Francisco would take me in his right hand and pass me over the room, playing my head against the ceiling as though I had been a doll. My weight was one hundred and ninety pounds . . . Peter evidently inherited eloquence, his range of information was a revelation of deep thinking, and he possessed the rare but simple formula of originality and directness. His ability was striking, his personality charming. He possessed vast physical courage with a gentleness whose foundation was fixed, and he had a true reverence for God."

Francisco's great industry together with his intimate friendship with Washington, Lafayette and other prominent men, finally removed the last objection of the Anderson family. Peter and Susannah were married in 1785. After five very happy years at "Hunting Towers" his young wife died, leaving him a son. Francisco was married twice after this: to Catherine Brooke, who died in 1821, and to Mary Beverly Grymes, who survived him. There were five children.

V

THE authentic stories about Peter Francisco are as numerous and romantic as the legends of Paul Bunyan, that fictional giant of the northwest woods. The more conspicuous adventures of his military career as related here are only the highlights of a long and exciting life filled with many such deeds. But among the heroic stories which so endeared Peter Francisco to the cracker-barrel clubmen of 18th and 19th Century America, the following are perhaps the most expressive of his character and remarkable strength.

In 1800, while on a visit to the Francisco home, Henry Clay asked his friend if he had ever met anyone who matched his strength. Francisco laughed at a memory and then told the old statesman this story:

"When I was keeping tavern at New Store, a Mr. Pamphlett rode up

and made a full stop in front of my porch. Supposing him to be a traveller who wished accommodations, I went to greet him. Sitting on his horse he addressed me thus: 'Are you Peter Francisco?' I answered him 'Yes.' 'Well,' he replied, 'I have come all the way from Kentucky to whip you for nothing.'

"I called a servant and sent him to the branch for a handful of switches. On his return I handed them to Mr. Pamphlett and told him to use them over my shoulders. Then he could go back and say he had whipped me and save himself the trouble of further questioning. Mr. Pamphlett finding he could not provoke me to fight, dismounted and opened a little gate leading into my wife's flower garden. He came close and asked me to allow him to feel my weight. He raised me several times, remarking I was quite heavy.

"I then said, 'Mr. Pamphlett let me feel your weight.' I raised him twice and the third time pitched him over a fence four feet high into the road. He was considerably hurt by the fall, but on his recovery he told me he would be satisfied if I would just put his horse over after him.

"This was a most unusual request, and I had never before tried lifting a horse. But I led the animal to the fence and with my left hand under the horse's belly and my right hand behind him I put the creature over. He looked very much startled—the horse was frightened, and I was more or less astonished at myself. Then hastily exclaiming, 'I am satisfied!' Pamphlett mounted his steed and rode away. I replied, 'Good-bye, Sir—call again when you are passing,' but he never came back."

Another time, Francisco hired a carpenter to shingle his barn and was standing on the ground observing the job. Finally he criticized the carpenter for his carelessness. The latter climbed down raging and squared off to fight. Francisco picked him up casually by neck and seat and threw him back onto the roof. When the amazed workman could speak he yelled down, "Well, you can whip me maybe, but I'll be damned if you can skeer me!"

During the great fire in Richmond in 1811, Francisco was attending the theater in which the conflagration began. A Mrs. Nelson, whose life Francisco saved, stated that "He returned again and again to the flaming building and brought out more

than thirty people in his strong arms." In a complete but little known record by two of his descendants* it is said: "Peter Francisco was always good copy for the newspapers of his day. To the older people he was a hero—to the younger people a bugaboo to fear by night and a



*"The Romantic Record of Peter Francisco," by Nannie Francisco Porter and Catherine F. Albertson; privately published in Virginia and now out of print.

fairy giant to love by day." One of these writers who knew him said, "As a fist fighter Francisco was unequaled, and as a preserver of the peace he was equal to a whole squad of policemen."

Mrs. Murat Willis, whose husband was a nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte, wrote: "It was my pleasure to visit in the home of Mr. Peter Francisco. At that time it was the custom for manly men to try their strength in many ways. One of my host's daily pleasures was to carry me on the palm of one hand and my sister on the palm of the other at arm's length about the yard, while we touched but the tips of our fingers to his head."

Once Francisco and a friend were travelling to a cock-fight when they met a farmer laboring with a six-horse team to pull his wagonload of tobacco from a mudhole. Francisco instructed the farmer to unhitch the horses, and then to the astonishment of the two men he easily lifted the rear end of the heavy-laden wagon and shoved it forward to solid ground.

As such stories and those of soldiers who had fought beside him in the war quickly spread through the colonies, the tavern near Francisco's home became a famous meeting-place of veterans and travellers by stage-coach, who came from great distances to meet The Giant of Virginia.

One day two husky men from another county came into the tavern. They began to drink and eventually to brag that they could "lick any man in the State of Virginia." The barkeeper respectfully disagreed and said there was a man living nearby who could whip both of them with one hand. But he doubted if they could get the peaceful gentleman to fight.

The strangers, one of whom described himself as "a ring-tailed tomcat," offered to bet a hundred dollars that they could get him mad enough and then beat him. Francisco was sent for to maintain the peace and soon entered wearing a heavy coat. He started to sit down beside the fireplace when one of the men shoved his chair from under him, and then both of them leapt upon him as he fell. Sprawled flat on his back, Francisco caught each of them by the neck and brought their heads together with a tremendous knock. A witness records that one came to his senses late that night, while the "ring-tailed tomcat" was unconscious until the next day.

These lusty tavern-tales and his sanguinary past may somewhat obscure the true picture of Peter Francisco as a man of peace and dignity. But he was a prominent figure in the social and political life of Virginia after the war. As a citizen of nationwide fame, as a splendid public speaker and singer, but perhaps chiefly as good company, he was in demand on all occasions. A letter of the time, written by one grandee of the Old Dominion to another,

(Continued on page 55)

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

Thanks for What?



(Continued from page 16)

faction the mezzanine overlooking the grill-room which they called by some other fancier name that he could not at the moment recall.

And there Miss Randall reached him by telephone. Her voice was chagrined as if it were her fault that Mr. Reincke had missed his train or broken his leg or whatever it was which necessitated his cancelling the appointment. "Quite all right," Leeward assured her. "You could not help it if his wire did not arrive until I had gone." She said, "Your son telephoned. He wants to see you about buying a new roadster."

"Yes." He ran his hand through his hair. He had thought it was something more than an increase of Gerald's allowance. "Tell him I'll see him sometime this afternoon. I'm not booked up, am I?" Miss Randall told him that he had the entire afternoon free. Her voice held a note of reluctance—she did not like any of his family and he recognized this and it always made him smile. He had no idea that Miss Randall was more than a little in love with her charming employer and that she thought his family gave him, as she expressed it, a raw deal.

He neglected to tell her that, since he was there, he would lunch at the Vanderbilt. He went up the half-flight of steps from the rack where he checked his hat and coat. There was a booth-table vacant about half-way down and into a chair he sank to the grave attention of a captain.

At the next table, facing him across the low partition a tall dark woman had just taken her seat. His glance passed over her and then went down to his menu card. He was not in the habit of staring at women and this one was dressed in a dark suit of that distinguished simplicity which smart women affect for New York lunching

and which renders them peculiarly unobtrusive. In a way it made her almost invisible. Looking up again his eyes met hers for a second, their glances flicked at first and then their eyes met unreservedly and they recognized each other.

He half rose from his chair, believing almost that it could not be possible. "Caroline!" he said under his breath.

Her smile was swift, instant, welcoming him. "Marty!" He was beside her at once, holding the hand she held up to him. She was there, Caroline Decker. Caroline.

They did not speak for a moment again, this girl with whom he had been in love those years ago. Standing there looking down into her eyes of a clear calm hazel some space in his mind seemed to open up, some untracked area which no one had ever owned, nor been able to own unless it was this girl, this Caroline. As he looked at her the years dropped off as if they had never been. She was the same, the same girl grown into a woman. She should have looked old, but she did not. She had the same composure and tranquillity, the same timeless grace of spirit which he had remembered and had convinced himself was the rose colored light which one throws over the events and the persons of the past.

"MARTY," she said, "this seems almost too delightful to be true. Have you ordered? Can't you lunch here with me?"

It was only then that Martin Leeward realized that he had said not a word and that he was still holding her hand. How incredible it would have seemed to him last night, or even ten minutes, two minutes ago, that he could feel like this, that the

world should seem like this. For her magic was working on him once more as it had always worked and wherever she was became a beautiful and enchanted place for him. And looking down at her still he wasn't sure that he hadn't always been in love with her since the night of that high school dance years and countless years ago.

He did not want to break the spell. He did not want to sit down or to drop her hand or to do anything but stand there gazing down at her. But he could not, he supposed, stand there in the way of the waiters forever.

"It seems a waste of time to eat," he said, trying to win back to normal like a swimmer coming up with his eyes blinded. "But I suppose I must sit down lest the waiters perish in sheer despair of an object in life."

He could not speak sensibly or easily. All the poise which was one of the few things Winifred granted him as a saving quality in him had vanished, as if up its own sleeve. No, not as if it vanished but as if it had been lifted up on some great current sweeping up from the earth and bearing him on its swift tide. The man who had gone to bed last night in despair had disappeared. He looked across at Caroline Decker and his glance played brilliantly over her like a fountain.

The waiter pulled out a chair. "Caroline," said Leward, "I am delighted to see you." Those quiet, flat words were triumphant bells.

"Yes."

Quietly he ordered and, that over, he experienced an old, familiar difficulty about breathing which he had not known since he had last been with her. They had loved each other but that was only first love—a boy and girl affair. Surely nothing of that could have persisted through the years. No, said his mind and his heart beat yes, yes.

"When did you come to town?" he asked, "and is—is John with you?" The subject of her despicable husband must come up some time and it might as well be now.

"Last week. And John—" for a moment a curious expression as of one who is lost and cannot for the moment find his way crossed her face. Something in that look roused a pity for her full of tenderness. It was as if he were her father and afraid, for her, of long cold sorrows. What had that John done now? "John," she said slowly, meeting his eyes steadily, "will not be with me. We were divorced last summer. He wanted to marry again." She smiled peacefully at him, the little-girl look gone. There was no nonchalance—too—perfect in that smile but merely indifference.

"It was a little bad at first," she went on, "and then I knew that it was only my pride that was hurt. And at once almost I saw that it didn't matter about pride."

He sat motionless. She was free! She said no more. She had always



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Where the Canaries Sing Bass

—and we manicure our nails
in cigar cutters

By "Bugs" Baer

Famous Author and Humorist

AN UNGRATEFUL child is sharper than a serpent's tooth. But it is dull when compared with the Gillette Blade, which is so keen that a giant lightning bug couldn't find its edge even if he had two tails.

I am Mayor of Rufftown, which is so tough the canary birds sing bass and we manicure our nails in cigar cutters. Nobody in our town ever shaved until the Gillette Blade was invented. Now we all shave twice a day, including the children, Aunt Ella and the iron deer on the lawn.

To get the lowdown on this shaving thing, I took a cruise through the Gillette factory in Boston recently and watched a blade go through 180 minor steps so that a shave would not be a major operation. I discovered there isn't any microscope powerful enough to see the shaving edges of a Gillette Blade.

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* * *

Like Frank Buck, Grantland Rice, Graham McNamee and many other famous men, "Bugs" Baer agrees that the Gillette Blade is the finest that science can produce. If you have strayed away from Gillette Blades, may we suggest that you now buy a package, and get ready for a new shaving thrill! You will be surprised how easily and quickly it whisks off stubborn bristles without pull or irritation. Buy a package today. Slip one into your razor tomorrow and see for yourself why millions of men will use no other blade.

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been a quiet girl, and she was a quiet woman wasting no words. Her most noticeable quality was poise and simplicity. No affectations. And she looked back at him now with a self-restraint so perfect that it was like a distillation of peace. That peace dropped on him, cool, healing. And he was entirely silent, allowing himself the idiotic happiness of knowing that they were in the same state, the same town, the same room.

She moved and as if that movement were a physical touch his mood of detachment dropped from him in a sudden simple rush of emotion and longing. "Caroline!" his voice was a cry. She met it startled, and her face, lighted by that cry, was an admission. His breath caught and his heart with it. She too, then, through the years—"Of course you know," he said, "how it is with me. How it always has been. It hasn't changed." And now his voice was exultant. "And it hasn't changed for you." He reached across for her hands. Still, quite still they lay for a second in his.

For the shortest time it was like that while he tried to think back, endeavoring to discover how he had managed at any time, for a month, a year, to live without her. What sort of satisfactions had he had? What had it been, a living death? Then her hands drew away from his, putting a stopper on all joy. A door had been opened and now it closed, shutting out brightness and life-giving air. There was no need of words. All her look, her withdrawal did was to pull them back from that dizzy spinning to hard, cold solid rock, and that rock was the fact of his marriage.

But he smiled at her grimly. "No, you can't do that, Caroline. My marriage—" his loyalty would not let him speak of that as he wanted to speak, his loyalty to Winifred and his loyalty to himself as himself. He would not say to anyone not even to this other self that his marriage had been an empty, bleak, bottomless failure. That his wife and his children looked upon him only as a bank account and would be, in point of fact, happier without him. There was something dreadful in the thought that a man could step out of his life and be missed so little. "My marriage is one of those convenient ones," he said, "which mean nothing."

He saw it all as settled. It seemed to him now that it never had been possible that he should go on as he had been doing. His mind underwent no process of reasoning it all out. He recognized it as a fact long concealed. And when he thought of Winifred in this clear moment now, it was with an indifference more final than dislike.

He said only one more thing. "They don't belong in my

life, that's all. It sounds rotten but it's true. Fortunately I don't belong in theirs. They don't need me or want me." All except Shirley. But no need to bring that up now. Shirley would come with them. He saw Caroline loving Shirley and Shirley happy with her.

She said only, "Marty, I must go now."

He paid the check and followed her down the steps. So sure of himself, of their future that he saw her into a taxi without even a temporary sense of loss. In the heightening of all perception, the intensifying of mentality which is the partner of emotion he saw it all and would waste no time in persuading her of it.

"Tell him the Chatham," she said. "I'm going back to my rooms now." He leaned into the taxi after he had handed the driver a bill and given him the address.

"I'll be seeing you," he said, as his son Gerald might have said. The banal, cheap phrase amused him, so inadequate to the moment. But no phrase had ever been coined adequate to this moment. Gaily he kissed her full on the mouth. And then she was gone. The taxi drove off just like any other taxi, and he was left with his new world. His great, wide, free, exultant beautiful world.

And what was he, instantly, to do with it? He still had a foot in that other old world and he must deal with that. Just a bit of rough ground to be crossed and he was free of it and safe on the other side. Over Jordan. If Jordan could be considered rough ground.

In his office, over his private wire he telephoned that he would not dine at home that night. Tell Mrs. Leward, he instructed the butler, that I may not be home tomorrow. Yes, he knew, he said, that it was Thanksgiving but an important client—out of town—let Winifred, he thought, make of that what she would. His presence at the Thanksgiving table had no real meaning for her. He had plenty to be thankful for now, but not at home. All around him he felt the presence of Caroline and for the first time in years he felt that his own deepest instincts were in complete accord with the demands made upon him by another.

Gerald came in. Leward had forgotten about his appointment with his son. And for the first time in his life

he surveyed that son with the eyes of a stranger. The broad shoulders with their touch of swagger, the spoiled petulant face, the mouth which gave hints of character but which had little now, the dark eyes with their look of conscious maleness. The look of the seeker after women.

"Hello, Gerald. What's up?"



"Nothing very special," Gerald said untruthfully and then made his point. "I wanted to know if it's all right about that new roadster."

Leward had had every intention of letting him have the roadster. Yesterday he would not have dreamed of refusing but that detached look at Gerald had done something to him. What were they doing to this boy, he and Winifred? How had it come about that they had let come upon him that arrogance, that pampered weakness which demanded more and more as its right, accepting everything without enthusiasm? How had it developed—this completely unchallenged assumption of his right to the world on a platter?

Gerald fumbled in his pocket for cigarettes. It occurred to him that he wasn't getting anywhere with his father. This was most unusual. Usually the matter of the roadster would have been settled with a word. And that word "yes." This was something new. Was the old man going to be difficult to handle in his dotage? He lit a cigarette while he considered the problem.

HIS father went on regarding him with that strange, impersonal look. "You are twenty-one now Gerald and will graduate next year. Have you any plans for a job next summer?"

"Well—" said Gerald uncertainly. "I haven't thought much about it. I thought if there wasn't a war on, I was going abroad with mother."

"I see. Many years ago, there was a time-honored custom that when a man reached your estate he got to work. Has that antiquated notion ever been brought to your attention?"

"There aren't many jobs running around loose begging for someone to grab them. Not these days."

"I think possibly you'd better be looking into the matter. Your mother seems to get along in Europe quite well without assistance."

Leward's jaw tightened. If anyone could make Gerald work, it would have to be a better man than Winifred. It had once been arranged that Gerald was to wash and polish the cars one summer. Recalling that summer Leward wondered if anything would make Gerald work. It was hard to imagine.

He said, "Gerald, I think you won't get that roadster. From now on any cars you buy you will work for. Now I'm flattered out of all reason that you should take the trouble to come all the way down here to see me. Is there anything else we have in stock that you wanted?"

"Gosh, dad," protested Gerald, "what's eating you? There were one or two little things I wanted to talk over with you. I don't get your attitude about the car at all. My old boat is washed up. It's costing me most of my allowance for gas and repairs. She eats gas. Old cars do."

"You might sell her for a nickel and try walking for a change."



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"I need the nickel all right," said Gerald bitterly. Leward waited. Suddenly Gerald wilted. "The fact is, dad, I've used up my quarterly allowance and got two months to go."

"Anything else?"

"There are some bills to meet."

Leward considered. "Send the bills down here to Miss Randall. I'll give you enough money to get back to college and that's all. You'll have to get along the rest of the quarter as best you can. Next quarter your allowance will be cut in half and I will pay no bills." He turned back to his desk. "I think that will be all, Gerald."

Gerald looked at him darkly and said nothing. When he—rarely—saw that look on his father's face he made it a point to say nothing. He lit a fresh cigarette with deliberation. As plain as if he had said it it was written on his face that he would go to his mother with this utterly reasonable request. His mother would look after the old man. He tried to feel friendly toward his father but he couldn't. He couldn't forgive him for being such an ass.

When he had gone Martin Leward sat quiet at his desk for a long time.

He knew now that there was no escape. They did not want him at the house, they did not, according to their lights, need him. But he knew he was needed, that he could not evade this issue. Winifred would not, could not possibly, do anything but bring out the weakness and self-indulgence of Gerald. She was making a repellent prig out of Rita. Not that he blamed Winifred for what had been happening—he was far more to blame. He had poured money into the household, feeling, in his darker moments sorry for himself, but drifting with the current. Being part of the modern, well-to-do American scene. And he had to go on, with a new attitude toward his home, his obligations. Winifred with all her smugness, could not, without him, manage the details of the children's existence. Their future. Their development.

He sat back in his chair. He looked years older. Thanksgiving. He had to go home and face that. Frozen within the pain that bound his skull he had to face it all. Caroline. He had to give her up. That Paradise was not for him. No matter what Heaven lies before you, you can't escape your obligations.

After a time he reached for his telephone and called the Chatham. "Mrs. Decker," they said, "has checked out. No, sir, we're sorry. She has left no forwarding address."

Of course. She had known it too. Before he did. All the time that she had been sitting with him aware that he loved her, that she loved him, the knowledge that she must go had been hospitably lodged in her brain. That was why he loved her. Only the people who cannot accept things must not be allowed to know.

But he couldn't go home. No, he couldn't go home. And he must go

home. The butterfly joys were not for him.

It was an hour or perhaps two before he knew that that was all right. Why should one expect butterfly joys? He went into the dressing room off his office and dashed cold water on his face and saw himself in the mirror. For a minute a middle aged man confronted him. The disguise strangled him. The disguise of that face, not his, he felt, of a man so bored and exasperated by his harsh meaningless wife, his unrewarding children, the thought of another life was fantastic when he looked at that face. That face, all—but—human. So nearly real.

But—why not real? What was there in his love for Caroline that made this unreal? The answer was, it did not. Why should he feel that to love her, to want forever to be with her made everything else unreal? It did not. That one thing—companionship, the everyday sense of being with the beloved was so small compared with the rest of loving. He knew now that he had reached with Caroline a zenith of truth and understanding which made everything else unimportant. They might never see each other again. But that was all right.

Presently he thought about his train. He could still make the 5.13. He was not unhappy. But why, began his mind, if you face the fact that your wife means nothing to you, that you have never loved her, that only a sense of duty to your children constrains you, that you love and shall always love another woman, why should you think that this brings you peace? It did not sound sensible but there it was and, looking farther and farther into that paradox as a man looking into a still pool, he saw the truth that lay behind it. You carry on. That is the naked and real answer. That is what lies behind all other things. And nothing lay farther behind those implications. That was what happened to you, as you grew older—you carry on. You don't feel ashamed of yourself, you are comfortable with yourself. The scene shifts but there are no new virtues. Violate them and you are lost.

Suddenly he was happy. He knew what Thanksgiving is all about. He was going home. Contentedly home. His love for Caroline had always been part of him. Now it was more than that. It was himself. It was Martin Leward. All the rest of his life everything else would be merely incidental. But those other things came first.

He had not turned on the lights and the room was dim. He stood behind his desk, backed against nothing in the window but November darkness. He was crying for the first time in his life.

But that was all right too. He could always be happy and thankful for something. He had found in Caroline, in what they had, something to be thankful for. He knew, now, that Thanksgiving is in your heart.

Pipe of Peace



(Continued from page 23)

In Persia we find the glazed porcelain bowl—their water vessels—substituted for the coconut. The Chinese mode of life was a comparative hustle-bustle so that they developed an all-metal portable water-pipe.

The hookah is the well known bubble-bubble pipe—no harem scene is complete without its inclusion. Yet the Sema Naga water-pipe, or tsumkula, though it lacks the exotic setting of the hookah, is in many ways far more interesting. A soapstone bowl is so arranged as to be detached quite easily from a bamboo water chamber. After twenty-five or thirty pipefuls have been smoked the water becomes quite saturated with the tars, oils, and nicotine of the tobacco, at which time it is regarded as a valuable delicacy. This potent foul liquid is put into a special bamboo tube where it is released, drop by drop, into the mouth. It is not swallowed, but merely retained for some time, and then expectorated. The natives find it indispensable for reducing fatigue on a long hard journey. One authority insists the reason the women are such incessant smokers is to provide their husbands or lovers with this "precious" juice. Numerous are the tales and great are the amusing situations British soldiers every once in a while find themselves in, upon receiving some of this vile juice from a village belle as a token of her great love.

Though the usual house pipe of Turkey and Persia is the water-pipe, the conventional out-of-doors, portable pipe is the *Chibouque*. Made of a clay bowl, gilded and finely decorated, it is attached to the end of a long cherry wood or ebony stem some five feet long, at the end of which is a bulbous amber mouthpiece that is not put between the teeth, but lightly pressed to the lips. Persians and Turks kiss their pipes.

The clay ruled supreme in the English pipe world, while the king

of all pipes in Central Europe was the porcelain-bowled "saxophone" with its weichsel wood stem, bringing to millions the pleasures and advantages so eloquently expressed by Thackeray when he said, "Honest men with pipes . . . in their mouths have great physical advantages in conversation. You may stop talking if you like, but the breaks of silence never seem disagreeable, being filled up by the puffing of the smoke; hence there is no awkwardness in resuming conversation, no straining for effect—sentiments are delivered in a grave easy manner. The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shuts the mouth of the foolish; it generates a style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent, and unaffected. . . ." But no sooner had these pipes been standardized, no sooner had the people taken them to their hearts, when another one of the many accidents that shine like so many stars in the world of pipes, led to a revolution. This time, though, the hero is not unsung.

A certain Count Andrassy returned from Turkey, where he received a choice block of meerschaum that the Turks had used for many centuries for ornamental purposes because it was so amenable to the carver's skill. He went to Karl Kowates, a shoemaker by trade who made "pin" money by carving handsome wooden pipes that were the envy of all Budapest smokers. "Here, my good fellow," the Count is reputed to have said, "Make me something pretty of this." Kowates made a pipe for the Count, and another for himself, as "profit." Several months later the shoemaker noticed how his pipe colored attractively in spots, and finding the Count's did not, he concluded, by a process of elimination, that it was the beeswax on his fingers that accounted for this coloring. So he waxed up a pipe, to discover it actually smoked cooler and sweeter than

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any other pipe he had smoked, and slowly as the months went by it colored beautifully.

Artistic, luxury-loving Vienna was quick to take to the meerschaum and so securely held this beauty of the pipe world to her breast that Vienna, to this very day, is the meerschaum pipe center of the world. The meerschaum not only challenged the supremacy of the clay and long-stemmed pipe of Central Europe, but it actually usurped the throne as king of them all—the first choice among discriminating smokers. Like proud peacocks, smokers strutted about showing off the fine colors of their meerschaums.

Coloring meerschaums was not alone the subject of controversy among smokers, it attained the position of an international insanity. The extremes some smokers went to in order to color their meerschaum better than the next fellow, reaches a peak in this amusing incident:

An enthusiast of means learning that if a meerschaum is permitted to cool, for even a moment, it can never color perfectly, commissioned his merchant to undertake a unique assignment. A choice specimen was carefully swathed in soft flannel and taken to the soldiers' barracks. Day and night the pipe was smoked, being passed from hand to hand. After seven months, the wrappings were carefully removed by an anxious owner who waxed enthusiastic at the sight of a divinely colored meerschaum, pronounced perfect by connoisseurs. But the edge was taken off the gentleman's keen enthusiasm when the tobacconist presented a bill for tobacco consumed—the sum being \$500.00!

For fully a century the meerschaum ruled as the aristocrat of all pipedom. But the death knell tolled. Meerschaum is very fragile: to walk out-of-doors on a cold day with it in your mouth was to run the risk of fracturing a perfectly good and expensive pipe. A drop to the floor meant a hundred memories dashed into as many pieces. As the tempo of society changed, as the hustle-bustle of everyday business spread throughout the world, more meerschaums were dropped and fewer people had the patience to color them—except grandpa. People wanted pipes that could stand the gaff, pipes in tune with the changing times. The days of the meerschaums were numbered.

Back in America, where people were alert, busy, up and doing things, the corn-cob sprung into favor, where it became known as the Missouri Meerschaum. Daniel Boone had learned the trick of whittlin' from the Indians, and the trick caught on so well that Washington County, Missouri, boasted a production running into the millions a year. Here was a pipe that could take it; a pipe that could rough it on land or sea, at camp-side or clamped between the jaws of the village blacksmith. A pipe that would be none the worse if you

dropped it from the Eiffel Tower. And yet, it smoked well. The meerschaum's weakness was the cob's strength, and oddly enough the meerschaum's strength—beauty, was the corn-cob's weakness. The cob for all its virtues is still the ugly duckling of the pipe world, though many millions are willing to overlook this defect because of its hardy constitution and superb smoking qualities. The need for a pipe that would do everything the cob would, and yet be beautiful, was keen.

A hundred and one materials were tried with this end in view, attention being divided between metal and wood. The metal pipe proved hot and harsh; the wood was either rank or burned through. And here we come to the last of a long line of accidents for which the pipe-smoking man can thank his lucky stars—the discovery of *bruyere*, or as we corrupt the word, *briar*.

A French pipemaker visited the Island of Corsica to see the birthplace of Napoleon, when fortune in disguise caused him to either drop or mislay his favorite meerschaum. Without a pipe this inveterate smoker lost no time to obtain another. A peasant fulfilled his request with a wood pipe, which smoked so well that the pipemaker conducted a little investigation to learn it was made from the burl—a part of the root—of the tree heath, which the French called *bruyere*.

Briar is not restricted to Corsica, but is found on the land bordering the entire Western Mediterranean—Calabria, Sicily, Albania, Greece, and Algeria. Expert sawyers skillfully cut the desirable parts of the roots into blanks, or *ebauchons*, assort them into various grades, and ship them to pipe manufacturers throughout the world. Briar is pronounced by experts throughout the world as the perfect pipe material. It is hard yet not brittle and can stand the ordinary roughing of use. It is sufficiently heat-resistant to withstand the normal use and abuse of the smoker. Briar contains a minimum of sap, is practically inodorous so that when the briar is heated it will not mingle with the odor of the tobacco and detract from its fragrance. It is a good absorber, capable of temporarily holding the tobacco juices that are undesirable and evaporating them later when the pipe is idle. Finally, it has a peculiarly beautiful grain which takes a fine polish.

Today, the briar pipe industry is a formidable one. Large factories are located in, or near, the principal cities in spite of the higher rent, for pipe manufacturers must be assured of an ample supply of highly skilled workers, each a specialist in his field.

A visit to any of these plants is a veritable education in modern production methods where speed and skill under efficient plant management result in a high quality product at the lowest price possible. Each man, by years of apprenticeship, has become a master craftsman, a specialist

in his particular link in the long chain of operations necessary to turn out a briar pipe. An idea of the extent of this specialization together with the unusual efficiency attained may be gained when you learn that as many as forty-nine operations, by as many workers, may be necessary to produce that good looking briar for sale at the corner shop for forty-nine cents!

Though production methods vary, due partly to the personnel in charge, but more so depending upon the price and quality of the finished pipes, the basic procedure in American plants is essentially the same:

The briar blocks, imported from the Mediterranean region, are placed on drying racks where they remain for several months to properly season. Then the blocks are cut down to more nearly approximate the intended size and shape by men who must be highly skilled if they are to keep their ten fingers away from the rapidly spinning circular blade. The bowl, or *stummel*, as the folks in the briar shop call it, is turned on special lathes. At one end a sample bowl, the desired style and size, made of metal, is clamped in place. Against this, the operator manipulates an iron pin so arranged that a keen cutter, at the other end of the machine where the briar block is secured, accurately follows it. With lightning-like speed the worker follows the contour of the metal model, while the machine fashions a replica in briarwood. Another operator receives these *stummels* and bores the tobacco hole, the draft hole, and the shank-hole, to which the mouthpiece is later fitted. All this occurs in the briar shop, proper, where the fine particles of briar dust make for a foggy atmosphere, and where the noise is so deafening that one must shout to be heard a foot away. Ironically, the fire laws, though wise, are such that these workers are denied the soothing solace of smoking a briar pipe to steady their nerves.

Various inspections of the bowls are made, as the *stummels* near completion for defects that could not be seen in the earlier stages. Some are graded down for lower sale price,



while others are used for firewood—an expensive fuel, indeed. Numerous sanding, staining, and polishing operations follow. Rubber mouthpieces, or imitation amber bits, are carefully polished and fitted. Then comes the final inspection by eagle-eyed girls who can spot with their naked eyes a flaw that would pass a less experienced person aided by a magnifying glass. Finally, the pipe is carefully packed in its box, and sent to the storeroom, awaiting shipment.

The more costly pipes are of selected briar, more skillfully and carefully made, but the pipe-smoker of to-day selects a dollar, or a hundred dollar pipe, knowing that he has an efficient tobacco-burning machine that is the result of a patient, painful evolution of a thousand years or more. He prefers simple lines, permitting the function of the pipe to determine its shape, and selects his pipe by its fine graining and finish.

Millions—fully fifty million briar pipes are made a year. Where do they go? Who makes them? The President of The United States puffs away at his briar before signing an important document, as did the American Indian Chief, a thousand years before. The man behind the broom, clad in white, cleaning the street, puffs away contentedly at his pipe. The briar is not only cosmopolitan—it is universal.

In far off Australia, the native who formerly smoked a pipe fashioned from an emu's foot now smokes a factory-made briar. That African Chief who smoked an enemy's skull for a pipe, cherishes his briar, probably received as a present, from an English explorer, out to take motion pictures. Blind-folded let your pencil point fall where it may on a map of the world, and there you'll find a briar burning. If ever there was an international pipe, it is the briar. "It's the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper and makes a man patient under difficulties. It has made more good men, good husbands, indulgent fathers, than any other blessed thing on this universal earth."

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Football—Pro and Con

(Continued from page 13)

a team like Notre Dame or U. S. C. marching thirty, forty, or even fifty players into a game. Usually they are playing against a small team whose total squad numbers no more than twenty-five men. The average

fan has no idea how many players turn out for football at a big school and how few, comparatively, come out at a school where football is not emphasized. When Marty Brill gradu-

(Continued on page 52)

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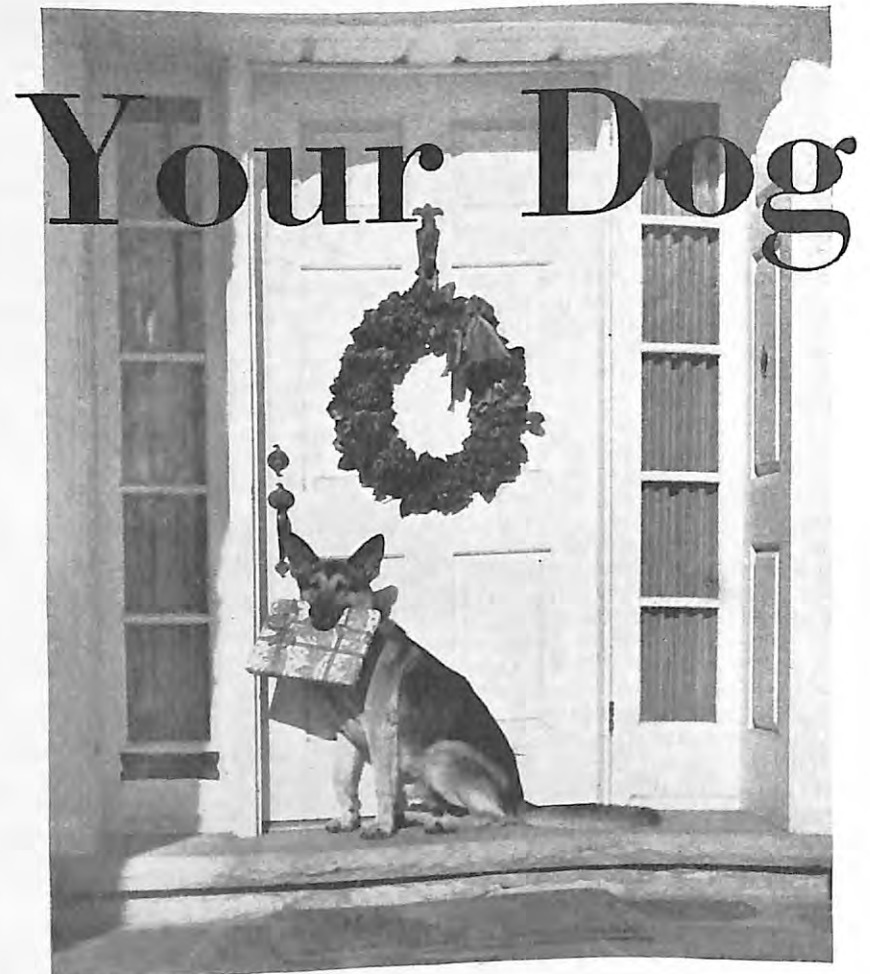


Photo H. Armstrong Roberts

Your Dog

By Captain Will Judy
 Editor, Dog World Magazine

Your Dog and the Christmas Tree

Man's best friend, the dog, has entwined himself so much into the activities and affections of ourselves that our "most feeling" holiday, Christmas, has found a large place for him. The dog breeders have an interesting slogan—"Give Live Gifts—Give a Puppy." A related slogan is, "A Dog Is An

All-Year-Round Christmas Gift for Many Christmases."

The biggest selling season of the year in puppies is the Christmas holidays. It is estimated that each year, approximately 80,000 to 90,000 pedigreed puppies are sold to be presented as Christmas gifts.

The puppy presents itself as an ideal gift, particularly to children. Its playfulness, its loyalty and affection certainly add to the spirit of Christmas and the radiance of the Christmas tree as the family gather in the home on Christmas morning.

Also as a gift, the puppy has distinctive advantages. It is a gift that lasts for more than a few days as it can offer as much as ten years or more of delightful companionship and service to the family. Thus, it is a daily reminder year after year of the generosity and friendship of the giver.

If you are in a quandary over an appropriate gift for some dog-loving friend, in whose home there is not a dog, you well can consider the presentation of a puppy. Naturally you would be sure to ascertain their wishes concerning the breed and sex of dog. (And bear in mind that the



Eng. Champion Dandy of Decker O'Marlu, Marlu Farms Kennels—W. Long Branch, N. J.

female is the preferred sex for a house dog.)

Our next consideration is the choice of gifts to friends who already have a dog. There is a wide variety. A lead (now a preferred term to the word leash) along with collar to match in color, always is an appreciated gift.

Flat leads and round collars usually are to be preferred. For long-coated dogs, a round collar clearly should be used. Do not purchase collars with felt linings as the linings soon become insanitary.

In toys there is an immense variety of gifts for choosing. Rubber balls should not be too small as there is some danger that the dog may swallow them. They should be very solid so that they cannot be chewed into pieces. Avoid those with varnish covering.

A number of stores offer an attractive, colored, net stocking filled with a half dozen or more of items for the dog including toys, food and accessories. These can be hung handily on the Christmas tree for presentation to His Majesty, the Dog on Christmas morning.

If you wish, you can buy a gaily colored blanket or sweater for your dog, altho frankly, we prefer to reserve the use of sweaters, blankets and other coverings to sick and weakened dogs.

Of course, the purchase of dog foods can always be considered an appropriate and useful gift by the dog owner for his dog.

Other items as gifts for the dog owner or directly for the dog can include grooming brush, identification tag or tube, first-aid kennel kit, squeaking mouse, or a whistle for calling him back to you.

I think the dog really understands to some extent that Christmas is other than an ordinary day in the calendar. He is quick to take on the spirit of whatever is happening about him.

In fact, I do not know of any other living thing which portrays the Christmas spirit so faithfully day after day, year after year, as does the dog. He is always affectionate, always ready to help, always full of the spirit of play, always quick to forgive, always at your service—this indeed is the true spirit of Christmas.

May I close this month's article with the final thought that you can give your dog a Christmas gift every day thruout the year by giving him proper care in the way of feeding, daily grooming, kind treatment and constant training.

(Captain Judy's article for the December issue of the Elks Magazine will be The Dog in Cold Weather).

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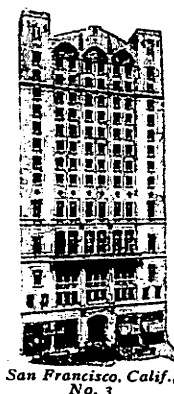
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- IDAHO**
Blackfoot, No. 1416
- ILLINOIS**
Aurora, No. 705
Canton, No. 626
Litchfield, No. 654
Rock Island, No. 980
Springfield, No. 158
- INDIANA**
East Chicago, No. 981
Indianapolis, No. 13
- KENTUCKY**
Louisville, No. 8
- MASSACHUSETTS**
Haverhill, No. 165
Pittsfield, No. 272
- MICHIGAN**
Jackson, No. 113
- MINNESOTA**
Brainerd, No. 615
St. Cloud, No. 516
- MONTANA**
Missoula, No. 383
- MISSOURI**
Joplin, No. 501
- NEBRASKA**
Omaha, No. 39
- NEVADA**
Elko, No. 1472
- NEW HAMPSHIRE**
Rochester, No. 1393
- NEW JERSEY**
Bridgeton, No. 733
Passaic, No. 387
- (NEW JERSEY—Cont.)**
Phillipsburg, No. 395
Trenton, No. 105
- NEW MEXICO**
Albuquerque, No. 461
Silver City, No. 413
- NEW YORK**
Amsterdam, No. 101
Coboes, No. 1317
Freeport, No. 1253
Hempstead, No. 1485
New Rochelle, No. 756
Port Chester, No. 863
Poughkeepsie, No. 275
Queens Borough (Elmhurst), No. 878
Rochester, No. 24
Saratoga Island, No. 841
Troy, No. 141
- OHIO**
East Liverpool, No. 258
- OREGON**
La Grande, No. 433
The Dalles, No. 303
- PENNSYLVANIA**
Bloomsburg, No. 436
Lancaster, No. 134
Milton, No. 913
Scranton, No. 123
Tamaqua, No. 592
Wilkes-Barre, No. 109
Williamsport, No. 173
York, No. 213
- RHODE ISLAND**
Newport, No. 104
Providence, No. 14
- SOUTH DAKOTA**
Huron, No. 444
- TEXAS**
El Paso, No. 187
Fort Worth, No. 124
San Antonio, No. 216
- UTAH**
Salt Lake City, No. 85
- WASHINGTON**
Aberdeen, No. 593
Centralia, No. 1083
Hoquiam, No. 1082
Port Angeles, No. 353
Seattle, No. 92
- WEST VIRGINIA**
Grafton, No. 308
- WISCONSIN**
Eau Claire, No. 402
Kenosha, No. 750
Milwaukee, No. 46

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

(Continued from page 49)

ated from Notre Dame he got a job helping Lou Little at Columbia. Marty stood next to Lou when the hopefuls reported for football, and said as he looked them over: "They look like nice backfield material, Lou. When do the linesmen report?"

To get back to the game we referred to, you can easily see that by the last quarter a tackle or a guard on the small team, who has been forced to remain in the game because his coach has no adequate replacement, has played against three or four fresh players. Being more fatigued than his opponent, he is much more susceptible to injury than if he were facing another tired player.

The remedy? Adopt the pro rule which limits a squad to twenty-two men. I do not advocate a wholesale slaughter of the other candidates for the team. Instead, I would allow a school to have as many men as they wished on their squads, but on the morning of each game I would make the coach declare twenty-two men eligible for that day's contest. The others would await their chance until some other Saturday. Such an alteration of the rules would not only lead to less injuries, but also to closer games between the big and small college teams.

If I were rewriting the rule book I would change one other antiquated canon. That concerns the kickoff at the beginning of the third quarter. I would eliminate that kickoff, and put the ball in play exactly where it had been when the first half ended. Last season a fighting Columbia team started to march down the field after they had spotted a favored Michigan squad a touchdown. Gain after gain was made until the frenzied Little men found themselves on the one-inch line when the whistle blew, ending the first half.

It was unfair to that team, as it has been to hundreds of others, to make them start from scratch fifteen minutes later. Football is supposed to be a sixty-minute game. Instead, it is two thirty-minute struggles, with the winner being decided by adding the scores of the two games.

Another difference, to finish the answer to the fan's question, between college and professional football comes about because the college coach is teaching plays to boys who are at the same time trying to remember the date of the Boer War, the formula for permutations and combinations, the mineral ingredients of granite, and Portia's famous crack about the quality of mercy. As a result he does well if he teaches his team fifteen plays which they know and can run through perfectly. The New York Giants, on the other hand,

have over a hundred different plays, and "Red" Grange boasts that his Bears have over a hundred and fifty!

Of course, there are some college coaches who try to make their teams play like professionals by giving them nothing but trick maneuvers. That is a mistake, as Francis Schmidt, the coach at Ohio State, will swear. Last Fall, you remember, Ohio State led Notre Dame 13-12 with but a few moments left to play in the final quarter. If Jumping Joe Williams had hit the line with a straight buck three times, Ohio State would have won. But Schmidt, in his effort to bedazzle the spectators, had evidently forgotten to give the boys any play where less than two men in the backfield handled the ball. What happened—how Dick Beltz fumbled and how Andy Pilney ran like a Rambler possessed—is an old, old tale, so I will not repeat it.

Schmidt was reaching for the moon. The pros will never have what the college boys have, and the college boys can never have what we have.

If a college team's pet play is smeared as the ball carrier reaches the line of scrimmage, the play ends there, and the boys go back to their positions determined to try, try again. Ingenuity is neither asked for nor allowed in collegiate football. Players who dare to think for themselves are dropped from the squad for insubordination. I do not mean where a choice of plays is concerned. If the coach sends you into a game with specific orders to use old T-48, you must call that play, even though you think the opponents are suckers for A-23. I refer, instead, to ingenuity once a play is started.

For example, consider what happened in the play-off game for the championship between the Giants and the Chicago Bears a few years ago. The score was very close with the Windy City crew leading us by two or three points. Toward the close of the third quarter we got the ball on their forty-five-yard line. After two vain attempts to break through their line, Harry Newman, our quarterback, called for a spinner-and-a-half play in which I was to receive the ball from him and then proceed around our left end.

I took the ball from Harry as per schedule, but when I got around to the Bears' line I was met by a welcoming committee composed of the Messrs. Grange and Nagurski. Instead of piling into them and gaining a painful two yards, I turned around. Seeing Newman running back toward our own goal line, I threw the ball to him. He started forward and tried to go around the other end, but there, too, he was choked off. I had con-

tinued down the field, and by this time I was across the Bear's goal line. When Harry saw that he couldn't get through the line he started to run backwards a few steps, and then he heaved a forward pass to me for a touchdown. That was the only time I ever saw a pass caught in Grange's territory, and he could hardly be blamed for that one, because the entire play after my being stopped at left end was impromptu and unrehearsed.

During the nine years I have been playing pro football I have been approached by hundreds of young fellows just out of college with a few years of football experience behind them. They have asked me whether playing professional football was worth while. Naturally, there was no blanket answer for all of them, but in a majority of cases, especially if they had any ambitions to coach, I advised them to accept any pro offers which came their way.

There is no better school for football coaches than the professional gridiron. For proof of that statement you need go no further than Lou Little of Columbia, the late Knute Rockne of (this is sacreligious!) Notre Dame, or the daddy of 'em all, Glenn Scobey (Pop) Warner of Temple. All learned their three gridiron R's with the pros.

In fact, if a college president came to me tomorrow and asked my advice on where he could get the best coach not connected with any university today I would send him along to the Wheaton Iceman, old "77," "Red" Grange. The Galloping Ghost, besides being one of the greatest offensive players football ever knew developed into one of the finest defensive halfbacks I ever saw. In his later years in the pro league it was a virtual impossibility to complete a forward pass in his territory. Having played on teams which boasted Benny Friedman and Harry Newman (two young men who could flick the ashes off your cigarette at fifty yards) as their forward passers, I can think of no greater compliment I could pay to the redhead's defensive ability.

And now to bring this article to a close let me remind you that football is not a game . . . it is a disease. If you have any loved ones, keep them away from it, for football is one disease which is no respecter of sex, size, or condition. I have now played college and pro football for twelve years, and if I had the years to live over again I would most certainly repeat my football playing. That doesn't sound like the statement of a sane man, does it? Well, it isn't. I'm a football nut.

Selected Books

for Elks and Their Families

(Continued from page 37)

hogs—munition makers—coal miners—steel workers—marines—fire fighters . . . the list is almost endless.

These stories flash out of the pages like sparks from a swiftly moving wheel, and are guaranteed to have you sitting out on the very edge of your chair while you read.

FILE ON BOLITHO BLANE. (MORROW. \$1.95)

A daringly original treat for mystery fans.

Not a story in the old sense, but a complete file of a supposed crime as it was entered at Police Headquarters at Miami: facsimile cablegrams—reports—photographs—fingerprints—actual clues, such as a burnt match, a scrap of a blood-stained curtain and a strand of hair—the entire dossier of a thrilling murder case put into your hands for you to solve, clue by clue.

THE LOST WAGON TRAIN—by Zane Grey. (HARPERS. \$2.00)

Boy meets girl—and this time after he had lost her once. He finds her again in a dusty wagon train as it makes its way across the prairies and mountains to California.

It would seem that nothing new in the way of romance and excitement could come out of the good old story of the covered wagons of the early West, but Zane Grey has managed several moments of fresh suspense and entertainment.

WHITE BANNERS — by Lloyd C. Douglas. (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN. \$2.50)

Month after month during 1935, Mr. Douglas' "Green Light" used to lead the "hit parade" of books. It was hardly out of the hands of the reviewers before Hollywood gobbled it up with cheers. With his new novel "White Banners," Mr. Douglas will doubtless continue his popularity.

In "White Banners" we have as leading character, Hannah Parmalee, servant and guide in the family of a college professor. Her unique theory of behavior helps carry the family through storm and stress, and achieves for her own son a happy place in the scheme of things.

Perhaps there may be some of us who dislike sermons in fiction form and who back away from sentimentality, but thousands of men and women the country over will be reading this full-bodied romance.

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OR NO COST



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OR EXERCISES

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MUSCLES



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"LOST 50 POUNDS" says W. T. Anderson...
"My waist is 8 inches smaller" writes
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claims Fred Wolf... "Wouldn't sell my belt
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obtained with the Weil Belt that we want
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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on penny postcard

The Appeal of the West Indies

(Continued from page 25)

1937		
Jan. 2	Transylvania	12 days
Jan. 3	Stella Polaris	14 days
Jan. 6	Kungsholm	18 days
Jan. 7	Empress of Australia	18 days
Jan. 9	Statendam	12 days
Jan. 9	Georgic	11 days
Jan. 12	Vulcania	27 days
Jan. 16	Rotterdam	12 days
Jan. 16	Transylvania	12 days
Jan. 23	Statendam	12 days
Jan. 23	Georgic	11 days
Jan. 27	Empress of Australia	15 days
Jan. 27	Kungsholm	18 days
Jan. 29	Britannic	18 days
Jan. 29	Lafayette	17 days
Jan. 30	Transylvania	12 days
Jan. 30	New York	19 days
Feb. 6	Georgic	18 days
Feb. 10	Champlain	12 days
Feb. 11	Saturnia	7 days
Feb. 13	Transylvania	12 days
Feb. 13	Empress of Australia	18 days
Feb. 17	Britannic	20 days
Feb. 17	Kungsholm	18 days
Feb. 19	Lafayette	17 days
Feb. 19	Manhattan	4 days
Feb. 20	New York	19 days
Feb. 27	Georgic	18 days
Feb. 27	Transylvania	12 days
Mar. 5	Empress of Australia	10 days
Mar. 6	Volendam	6 days
Mar. 10	Kungsholm	12 days
Mar. 11	Lafayette	10 days
Mar. 12	New York	16 days
Mar. 12	Britannic	13 days
Mar. 13	Transylvania	12 days
Mar. 13	Volendam	6 days
Mar. 16	Empress of Australia	8 days
Mar. 20	Volendam	6 days
Mar. 25	Kungsholm	10 days
Mar. 25	Empress of Australia	11 days
Mar. 25	Lafayette	10 days
Mar. 25	Europa	(not yet announced)
Mar. 26	Columbus	9 days
Mar. 26	Britannic	8 days
Mar. 27	Volendam	6 days
Mar. 27	Transylvania	12 days
Apr. 3	Volendam	6 days
Apr. 6	Kungsholm	8 days
Apr. 8	Columbus	7 days
Apr. 10	Transylvania	9 days
Apr. 10	Volendam	6 days
Apr. 17	Kungsholm	6 days
Apr. 17	Columbus	8 days
Apr. 17	Volendam	6 days

Minimum rates on these cruises vary from \$50 for a four-day and \$60 for a six-day to \$240 for a twenty-day cruise. West Indies cruise rates are carefully determined in accordance with the length of the cruise, the number and location of the ports, the season, and the newness, size and general character of the cruise ship so that, generally speaking, the rate quoted is a fair indication of the grade of the cruise.

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Travel Bureau
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Gentlemen:
Please send me information and literature
descriptive of

Name

Address

Lodge No.

Peter Francisco

(Continued from page 41)

reports: "Today Peter Francisco was with us and a good glass of port before dinner made us feel like new men. Francisco has become a product of the social influences of Virginia, and as charming as those who know they are descended from England's royalty. He has a fund of humor and is a keen observer, maybe the result of being so close to nature in his boyhood. He sang for us and his voice—I cannot describe it. There is a power, depth and sweetness of tone with wonderful potency . . ."

On the occasion of Lafayette's triumphal visit to America in 1824, Francisco, then past sixty, set out for Richmond on horseback to greet his friend. In the midst of a formal reception in the Marquis's honor, when word was brought to him that Peter Francisco had arrived an aisle was made through the crowd and the two old comrades embraced for several minutes. At Lafayette's request The Virginia Giant was appointed one of his special escorts for the tour.

As he was about to sail for France the general took Peter aside and reminded him of his promise to name one of his family after him. Francisco replied that he still had hopes, and a little later the news of the birth of Robert Lafayette brought a tender and long-treasured reply from abroad. When the aged Lafayette was informed of Francisco's death he is said to have "wept as at the loss of a brother."

Peter Francisco died on January 16th, 1831, at the age of seventy. He was buried with full military and Masonic rights in the presence of the Governor, the entire Senate, the House of Representatives and the City Council. His grave is in Shockoe Cemetery at Richmond, only a few miles from the place where he first touched the American soil.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 33)

in Eau Claire August 20-21-22. The Convention was attended by 172 delegates and nearly an equal number of visitors. Lou Uecker, of Antigo Lodge, was reelected Secretary, and F. A. Schroeder, of Wausau Lodge, was named again for the office of Treasurer. The other officers are: Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Frank Lynde, Antigo; District Vice-Pres.'s: N.E., C. O. Fillinger, Marinette; N.W., T. F. McDonald, Marshfield; South, William Eulberg, Portage; Trustees: (all reelected) Edward W. Mackey,

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Piccolo	Clarinet
Flute	'Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar	
Trumpet	
Piano Accordion	
Italian and German	
Accordion	
Voice and Speech	Culture
Harmony and Composition	Drums and Traps
Banjo (Plectrum,	
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Manitowoc, William F. Schad, Milwaukee, A. J. Geniesse, Green Bay, Ray C. Dwyer, La Crosse, and J. W. Selbach, Eau Claire. Former Governor A. G. Schmedeman, representing Madison Lodge, No. 410, made a successful bid for the holding of the 1937 Convention in Madison.

The speech of Past Grand Exalted

Ruler Floyd E. Thompson at the banquet was one of the highlights of the entire meeting. Two of the most important reports made in business matters were those on crippled children work by Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight C. E. Broughton, Editor of the Sheboygan Press, and a Democratic National

Committeeman, and the Scholarship Committee report made by P.E.R. C. F. Van Pelt, of Fond du Lac Lodge.

The Ritualistic Contest was won by Marinette Lodge, with Platteville Lodge coming in second. Eau Claire Lodge captured the various trap and skeet shoot and golf trophies.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)

Sholtz was entertained by the local Elks at Casa Manana. His table adjoined that of J. F. T. O'Connor, Comptroller of the Currency, who was a guest of the Centennial on that day. After the Revue all of the attractions on the grounds were visited.

Business concerning preliminary arrangements for the national convention of the Order to take place next July in Denver, Colo., occupied the attention of Gov. Sholtz when he visited that city on Sept. 21. He and Mr. Hale were met at the station by a delegation including Grand Secretary Masters and Grand Trustee Lloyd Maxwell. As Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, Mr. Maxwell is in charge of the preliminary financial arrangements for the Reunion. At noon the national officers were guests at a luncheon at the Brown-Palace Hotel attended by many members of Denver Lodge. The purpose of the conference was to discuss hotel contracts for housing visitors and to make tentative arrangements for meeting places and entertainment. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge; Grand Esquire Joseph P. Shevlin, Denver Lodge; James T. Keefe, North Platte, Neb., Lodge, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Gov. Ed C. Johnson of Colorado; E.R. William A. Black, Secy. James T. Eagan, and Past Pres.'s Milton L. Anfenger and Jacob L. Sherman, of Denver Lodge, participated in this important meeting.

CONVENTION delegates to the Nebraska State Elks Association met Gov. Sholtz at the Union Depot in North Platte on Sept. 22 with a torchlight parade and escorted him to the Lodge Home. With Mr. Keefe, who accompanied him from Denver, he had enjoyed a novel ride to North Platte in the cab of the streamlined train with Engineer Joe Schwaiger who is himself an Elk.

The Grand Exalted Ruler held a district conference with the District Deputies, who were sworn in by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain,

of Fairbury, Neb., Lodge. They were as follows: Colorado: Cent., John B. Bald, Florence; North, H. D. Tobey, Boulder; South, G. L. Carrico, Lamar; West, Alton Beck, Aspen. Montana: East, Frank R. Bartelme, Havre; West, F. B. Glaser, Anaconda. Nebraska: East, J. C. Travis, Omaha; West, Fred R. Dickson, Kearney. North Dakota, A. R. Weinhandl, Mandan. South Dakota, James M. Lloyd, Yankton. Wyoming: Charles L. Carter, Sheridan. Idaho: South, E. D. Baird, Boise; North, L. E. Hill, Lewiston. Kansas: East, W. H. Lyman, Topeka; West, Charles I. Zirkle, Garden City. The Grand Exalted Ruler made one of his finest talks at the conference. Four Past Grand Exalted Rulers, namely, John R. Coen, James G. McFarland, Grand Secretary Masters and Mr. Rain, also spoke. Gov. Sholtz was host to a buffet luncheon served to all who attended.

The streamlined train, carrying the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Convention of the California State Elks Association, pulled into Oakland about 7:15 on Friday, September 25. Gov. Sholtz was met by several hundred Elks including the Los Angeles Chanters and the Band and Drill Team of Oakland Lodge, and escorted to the Lodge Home. There he participated in a novel feature. Four "Breakfast Round Tables" were held on different floors of the building. They were for Past State Presidents, with the Grand Exalted Ruler as guest of honor, and Past Exalted Rulers and officers of subordinate Lodges, Lodge Secretaries, and members of the Social and Community Welfare Committee.

At 10 A.M. Gov. Sholtz held a conference with his District Deputies of California and nearby States, all of whom were sworn in by Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott of San Francisco Lodge. They were as follows: California: North, Frank A. Forderhase, Redding; South, G. P. Campbell, Santa Ana; W. Cent., M. M. Swisher, Watsonville; S. Cent., R. W. Burson, Ventura; E. Cent., Robert I. Montgomery, Hanford; Bay, John O. Kroyer, Santa Rosa.

Washington: S.W., John J. Langenbach, Raymond; N.E., John H. Jessup, Bremerton; East, Cliff A. MacDonald, Spokane. Oregon: South, L. G. Lewelling, Albany; North, Oscar Effenberger, Tillamook. Arizona: North, Francis L. Decker, Flagstaff; South, Frank H. Thomas, Globe. Nevada: H. C. Heidtman, Reno. Utah: Arthur Wooley, Ogden. Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Fred B. Mellmann, Oakland Lodge, C. Fenton Nichols, San Francisco Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, and P.D.D. L. A. Lewis, of Anaheim Lodge, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, were present. The conference was adjourned for a luncheon for the District Deputies and those Elks who sat in on the meeting.

AT 1:30 an inspection of the Bay bridges, Exposition site and the waterfront was made on the Elks' showboat *City of Sacramento*. E.R. George Doherty of San Francisco Lodge was in charge. A program of entertainment and dancing was a feature of the cruise.

The highlight of the last day of the Convention, Saturday, the 26th, was the address delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler, the subject of which was "Traditions of Elkdom and the Enlarged Opportunities for Service." The election and installation of the new State officers took place at this meeting. The other speakers were State President George M. Smith, San Jose; the Hon. James A. DePaoli, Vice-Mayor of Oakland; Charles A. Son, official representative of Gov. Frank F. Merriam; the Hon. William Hamilton, Chairman of the Board of Supervisors of Alameda County, and Caspian Hale, the Grand Exalted Ruler's traveling companion. Governor Sholtz's presence at many of the social functions on the Convention program added tremendously to the enjoyment of all the Elks and their ladies attending. The Grand Ball, the principal social feature of the visitation, was held in the main ballroom of the Oakland, Calif., Lodge Home on Saturday night.

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SURE, Top-Run is the good old-fashioned way to distill whiskey. We have used it and proved it for years, and we stick to it now.

When you taste our Crab Orchard Kentucky straight bourbon, you will know that our way is the way to make good whiskey. Every one of our finest brands is made by our same Top-Run process.

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Better than ever!**
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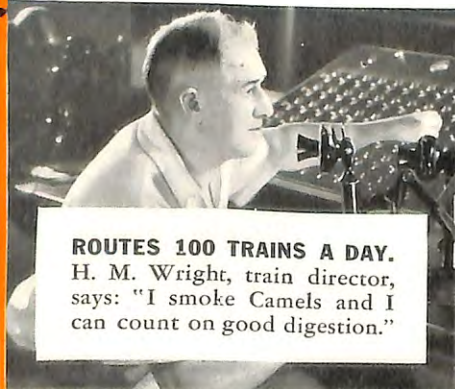
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GLIDER CHAMPION. Mrs. D. Holderman says: "A few Camels, and I eat with relish and feel cheery and at ease afterward."