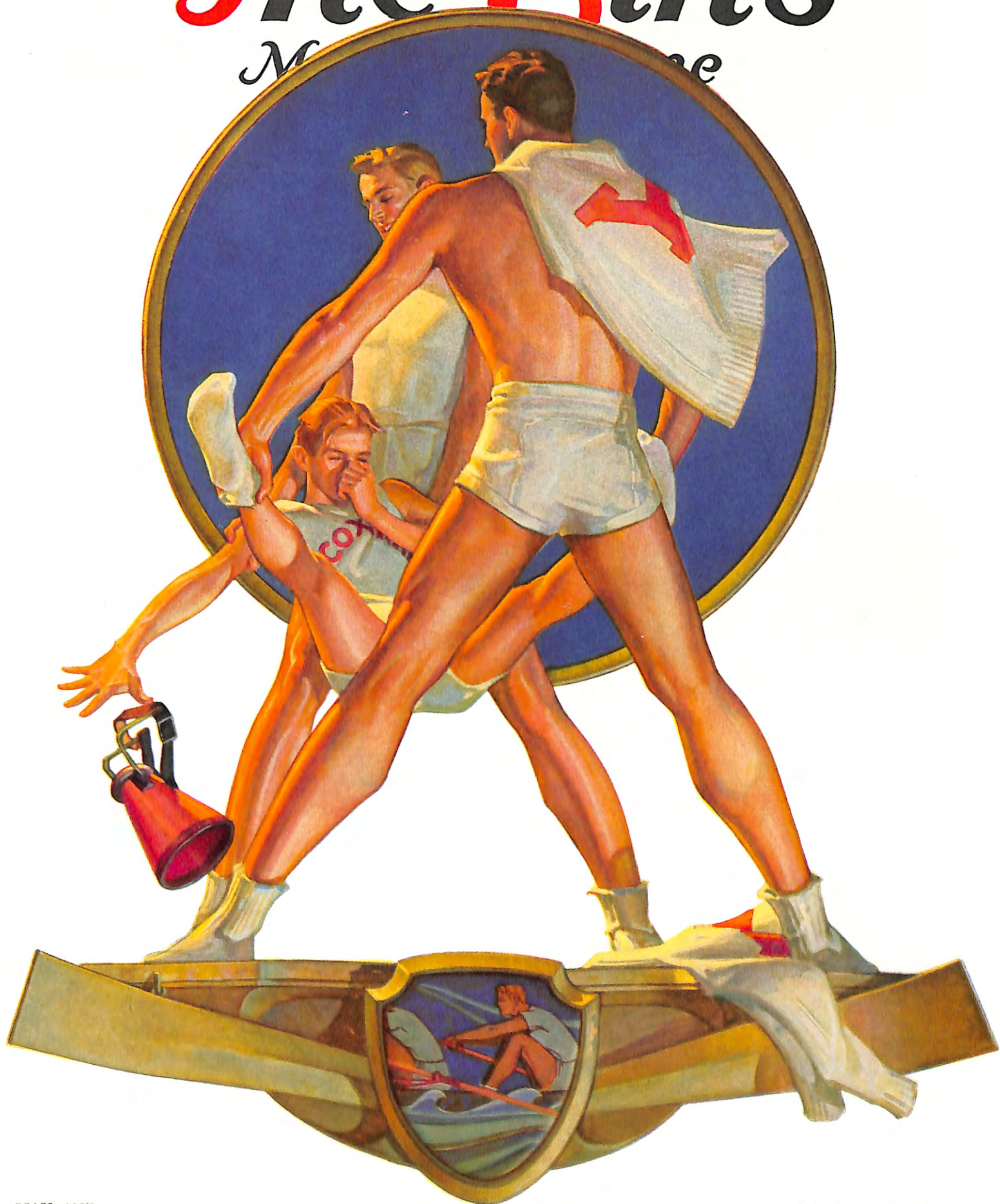


The Elks

M...e



MAY, 1937

EASTERN EDITION

*After a man's
heart...*



*...when smokers find out the good things
Chesterfields give them*

*Nothing else
will do*

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Message



My Brothers:

Full steam ahead for the Denver Grand Lodge Convention beginning July 11th! I am looking forward to meeting every Exalted Ruler as the representative of his Lodge, together with the thousands of other good Elks who make the annual pilgrimage to the Grand Lodge sessions.

There is still time for plenty of work to be done for the good of the Order. I am traveling the country at top speed, giving every ounce of energy I may have and only ask that you give just a little of yours, or as much as you can, for our beloved Order. Let us be useful! There is a job to do in the United States and you and I can do it if we will. Let us give of our best for God and country.

My thanks to the many subordinate Lodges and Brother Elks who so liberally contributed to the relief of those in distress by reason of the recent bad floods. The Elks National Foundation gave immediate response and the sum total has been wisely spent in giving shelter, food and clothing to the needy. My deep appreciation and thanks to the Elks National Foundation and to all of you who have helped so generously!

With every good wish,

Cordially and fraternally yours,

DAVE SHOLTZ,

Grand Exalted Ruler.



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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MAY 1937

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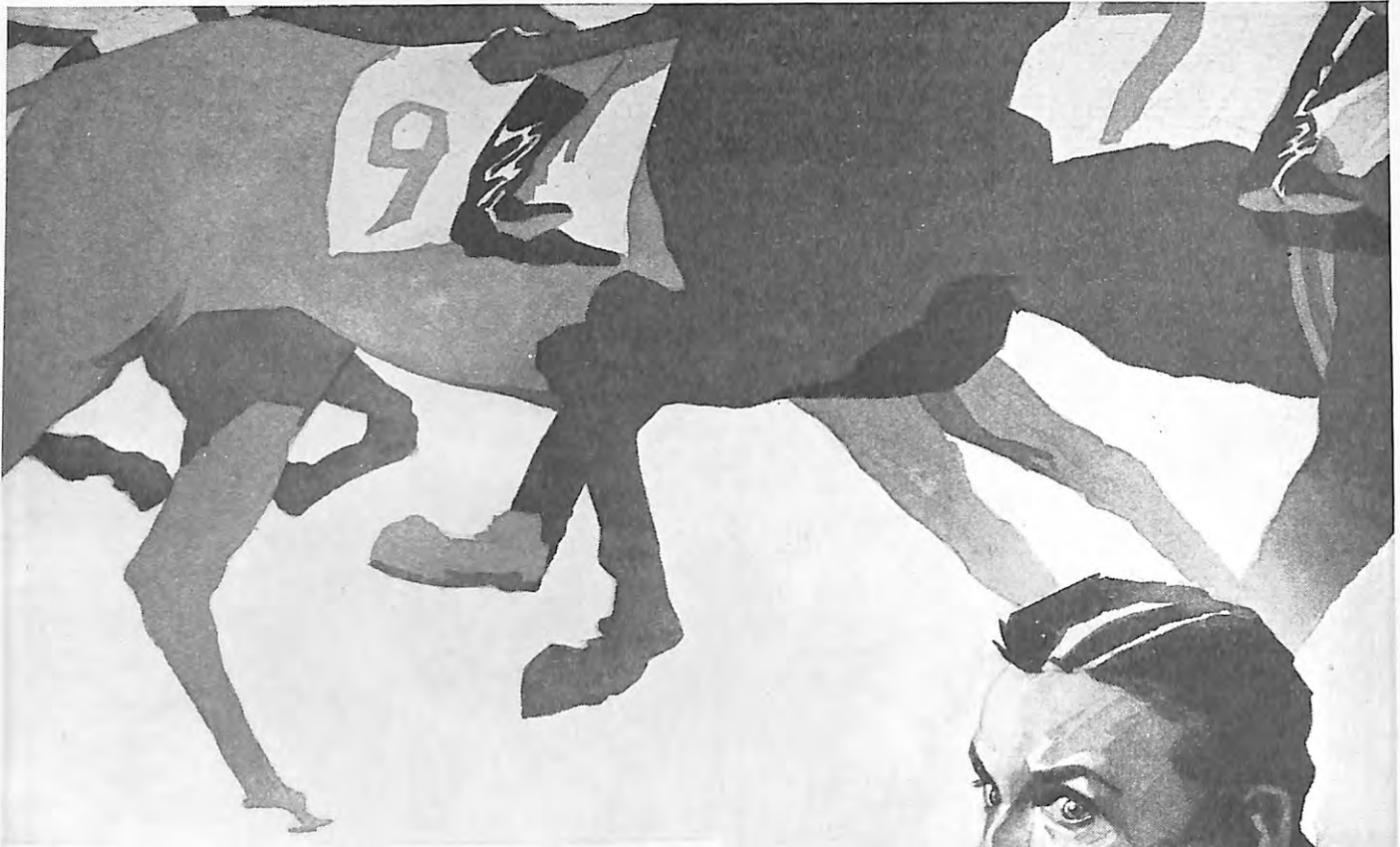


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Lady Teazle was third, coming up strong; the leader, Record Flight, seemed to be weakening, Blue Kohinoor, in second place, was running easily. It was odd how the words made his heart beat

SITTING on the corner of his desk, with all of them around him—the three reporters and the two cameramen and practically the entire office force of Harmon and Company—Andy Bennett said, “Wait a second,” in a shaky voice, and got up and then sat down again, clasped his hands and then unclasped them to rub his mouth with damp fingers. “Give me a minute, will you? It’s kind of crazy yet. I don’t know what I’ll do. I don’t”

His voice was so low that probably no one heard it. Somewhere behind the reporters Little Hines was hopping up and down, crying that he’d told Andy so; he’d known; he’d had a feeling when he sold him the ticket that it was going to win. Over their shoulders his lean, horse colored face kept popping up like an excited jack-in-the-box.

“Andy!” he yelled. “Didn’t I tell you, Andy? Didn’t I?”

“Can’t anybody shut him up?” the blond reporter asked. “Look, brother” When Hinesy’s head came up again he put one hand on it and pushed down firmly, holding it submerged. “You sold him the ticket—we believe you. If you only keep quiet we’ll put your name in the paper, too. Now” He turned again to Andy, grinning amiably.

“I’ve been buying tickets myself for years,” he went on, “but every time the draw comes all I do is run around and play Santa Claus to you fellows. You’re in a nice spot, brother. Lady Teazle’s third favorite. What are you going to do if she wins?”

“Take a trip to Europe, or buy a house, or quit your job here,” the thin reporter suggested, looking at the blond man with a faint, reminiscent grin. “A lot of them quit their jobs. You remember that Polish janitor we had last year, Eddie, and how he dumped the garb-





By Thomas Walsh

Illustrated by George Howe

age all over the stoop when we told him?"

"All over my shoes," Eddie said. "Old Dubinski was a happy man. You should have seen the ten suits he bought. But this Sweet Sue, now—why did you write that on your stub? Going to get married? Got a girl?"

"Over there," Little Hines yelled, popping up again. "At the switchboard. That's her—Sue Martin. That's why he wrote Sweet Sue down, see?"

"Romance," the thin reporter said. "That's something. Get her over here, Harry."

Andy got up then, and put his arm around her while the cameramen took pictures. When the questions began again Sue replied sharply, "Nothing to say." She looked at Andy with her cool, blue eyes and added, "You keep quiet, too. It's none of their business what you're going to do. You hear, Andy?"

"You aren't," the thin reporter asked humorously, "you aren't married already?"

"So funny," Sue snapped, while they all laughed. "It's a wonder they don't have you working on the funny sheets."

"Well, we had a party that night," Andy said, after she'd gone back to the switchboard. "The night I bought the ticket. Sue was there and they were playing that old song on the radio—Sweet Sue. So I thought maybe it was a hunch."

Eddie nodded. "But you didn't put your own name on the stub. That right?"

"That's right," Andy told him, ducking off the desk with a crazy grin as Little Hines tried to waltz him around. "I didn't think you had to. I just put down Sweet Sue and the office address here."

He couldn't control the grin; it spread and glowed on his face, incredible and happy, while the reporters and Hines and all the others moved about before him.

Just for a moment he thought of Phil Kane, remembering how the big lug had bought a ticket right after him. He'd be sore now, all right. He'd—Then Sue beckoned to him from the switchboard, and Andy excused himself.

"A call for you," she said. "If it's a salesman, hang up. Don't let them pester you."

"Sure, honey," Andy answered, for even in that moment his habit of submission was strong with Sue, who was a small and sturdy person, with good blue eyes and a decisive chin, and hair that wasn't any evasive tawny or auburn, but a deep, glowing red as determined and uncompromising as Sue herself. Sue didn't believe in foolishness like tinting, or in foolishness about anything—not even now, for as he picked up the 'phone she listened in quite unashamedly, and her slim, competent fingers hovered on the plug.

It wasn't a salesman, however. It was a Mr. Jeffrey, asking with a touch of British accent if he was talking to the gentleman who had drawn a sweeps ticket on Lady Teazole. Mr. Jeffrey, it seemed, was quite willing to pay ten thousand dollars for that ticket, or five thousand dollars for a half share. Over the switchboard Sue's eyes widened.

"That English Syndicate," she whispered. "They buy up tickets like this. You take it, Andy."

"No hurry, you know," Mr. Jeffrey put in heartily. "I merely want you to understand our proposition. If Lady Teazole runs worse than third you receive only a little more than two thousand dollars. If you sell to us you're sure of getting ten, no matter what happens. We take the risks, sir. You've three days to think it over. A call at the hotel here will reach one of us any time."

Over the 'phone Andy blinked at the far wall, pre-

tending not to see Sue's vigorous nod. Ten thousand dollars! They didn't think he'd be such a fool. If Lady Teazole won

"All right," he said. "I'll let you know. Goodbye." He put down the 'phone and laughed rather breathlessly at Sue. "Smart guys," he said. "They must think I'm a dummy. Sell the ticket for"

"Andy Bennett," Sue said, with a shine in her blue eyes, "you sell it to them. Ten thousand dollars! You go up and see him on your lunch hour, before he can change his mind. You hear?"

"You don't think I'm crazy, do you?" Andy said. Gathered around them, Jim Barnes and Hinesy and Elmer the office boy, all backed him up.

"Ten thousand," Little Hines said, with superlative scorn. "When you got a chance to win a hundred and fifty? Don't let them make a sucker out of you, Andy. Don't let them limeys gyp you."

Andy laughed confidently. "You think I will? I guess he thought I'd jump at it. Why, the odds are crazy. Look—they pay me eight thousand more than the lowest I can get anyway, and maybe they win a hundred and forty thousand on the ticket, if Lady Teazole comes in. That's eighteen to one, almost."

"Right," Little Hines nodded. "The papers give Lady Teazole only four to one. Don't let them suck you in. A heel like Phil Kane might sell out—don't you, Andy. Can't you see his face when he finds out what happened? He didn't come in today—he's got a cold. This'll probably kill him."

Andy guffawed loudly enough so that he could pretend he didn't hear Sue's voice, imperious behind him.

"Women!" Little Hines said, shaking his head. "You know what they are, Andy. They can't take a chance. Elmer told me the boss wants to see you. Maybe he's gonna make you a partner."

He had to rumple Andy's hair then, waggishly, for the tenth time, while Andy grinned at him and punched his ribs. He went on past his desk to the inner office, where Mr. Harmon smiled at him and shook his hand.

"Congratulations," he said. "Elmer tells me it's one hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

Andy tried to rub the grin off his face. "No," he said. "Not yet, Mr. Harmon. You see, the race won't be run till Friday. I've just drawn a horse—Lady Teazole. If she comes in first" Andy drew a dizzy breath—"I get a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. If she comes in second, I get seventy-five. Third will pay fifty."

"And fourth or worse?"

"About," Andy said, "two thousand." Leaning forward, he explained seriously, "Only it's a favorite, Mr. Harmon. All the papers pick her one, two, three."

Mr. Harmon looked at him shrewdly. "Horses can't read, Andy. That's an old joke, but there's still plenty of truth in it. Don't celebrate too soon. Feel like working today?"

"Me?" Andy said. "Oh, yes, sir. I"

Mr. Harmon smiled. "Well, we'll see if we can get along without you. Tell Hawkins you're free. Don't bank too much on winning, Andy; a lot of things can happen in a horse race."

"I won't, sir," Andy told him solemnly. He wanted to show Mr. Harmon that he had a level head, and that he wasn't excited, at all; but that was rather spoiled when he felt on the wrong side of the panel for the knob, and then couldn't seem to get the door open.

"Push it," Mr. Harmon said, with a chuckle. "It opens that way. Not in."

"Yes, sir," Andy said, and closed it softly after him.

Then they were pounding him on the back once again, calling him a lucky dog, and saying the old man was all right. What was he going to do? Andy couldn't tell them; he couldn't think. An imaginary, an ideal Lady Teazole was fixed in his mind, with long, slim legs and a proud head. By only half shutting his eyes he could see the jockey crouched on her as she swept past the wire; he could see the headlines, too, and his own picture under them, as clearly as if Friday's edition were in print before him.

A hundred and fifty thousand dollars! What couldn't



he do? Something expanded within him, so that he felt a man of worth, of power; crossing the outer office, taking the pounds on the back with a grin, a great, bubbling tingle flowed through him to his fingertips. What couldn't he do?

"No," Sue was saying, looking at him warningly as he stopped before her desk, but talking apparently to a fat man who stood patiently at the rail with his hat in his hand. "He's not here. He quit his job. He's gone, I tell you."

Andy bent over her and kissed her ear.

"The old man," he said happily, "gave me the day off—I guess he thought I was a little excited. Look—I'll meet you for lunch, hon, and we'll take a cab up to Tiffany's. I'll get a hundred bucks out of the bank and we'll put fifty of it on the swellest ring they've got. That's the first thing we do."

The fat man watched him approvingly.

"I got," he said, when Andy straightened, "something nice for you. You're the young man that won the ticket?"

Andy looked at him for the first time, and found him jolly and beaming, filled with the new friendliness of all the world.

"I suppose you're giving it away," Sue said, with a sniff. "Don't pay any attention to him, Andy."

"You shouldn't," the fat man said, "get so excited, lady. It ain't good for your looks." His hand fell on Andy's arm, firm and friendly. "It won't take a minute,



"Think back. Think what you did that night when you came back from the party." With his eyes closed, his mind racing desperately over the blurred imprints of other evenings, he tried to do that

Andy got in. The leather seat cradled him like the most cunning of armchairs; there was a radio and a heater before him, and an ivory and black speedometer that ran up to a hundred and twenty miles. When he flipped down the key and touched the gas the motor came on as silently as a tiptoeing mouse.

"Swell," Andy said, and sighed, starting to get out. "Swell! Only I haven't got the money now. If you come around next week"

"Then a week you lost," Mr. Malevinsky pointed out irrefutably. "Money poor men worry over, ain't? Take it now," he invited cordially. "Go where you want. Try it." His arm moved in a circling gesture, north, south, east, west. "Tomorrow we talk money. If you don't like it then we don't argue with you—we don't do business that way, mister. We just pity you. Today you try it."

Andy was a normal young man, with a normal amount of will power, who made forty dollars a week and rode in three-year-old flivvers. He tried it, while Mr. Malevinsky waved him on from the curb, and pretty young girls looked after him with some attention. Up Broadway it took him, through crowds of hurried pedestrians who had to work for a living, and past truck drivers who hid their envy by contemptuous spittings between their teeth.

It ran like a dream, and Andy moved in a dream, for a Tuesday in October was never shaped to hold the bursting happiness in his heart.

Once he stopped at his bank, and drew the four hundred dollars he had taken him ten months to save. Before lunch he bought three suits, and a twelve dollar pearl gray hat; a gold watch almost thin enough to breathe through; a bracelet for Sue; an imported leather wallet, and a camel's hair topcoat. It all made him feel fine, a little drunken; when Sue came out at one o'clock he tooted the horn imperiously at her from the curb.

"Now," he said, awakening late to danger when he saw her eyes, "don't go getting excited. Mr. Malevinsky said I could drive it today without any obligation. If I decide not to buy it all I have"

Sue's lips set. "How much?"

"Wait," said Andy, "until you ride in it. You can't hear the motor, hon, it"

"How much, Andy Bennett?"

"Well—sixteen fifty." He added quickly, "Now, listen. I tell you I don't have to keep it if"

Sue looked at him bitterly. "I know. It's perfectly all right if you don't want to buy it. He wouldn't even argue with you. No questions asked. But he knew you wouldn't have the gumption to return it, Andy Bennett—he could take one look at you and tell that."

"Oh, yeh?" Andy said. He felt hurt and a little angry. "Well, suppose I do like it. Sixteen fifty isn't all the money in the world. When Lady Teazle wins"

"Pardon me." Sue was exaggeratedly polite. "Pardon me. I thought there was a faint possibility she could finish behind the first three. (Continued on page 34)

mister. Maybe the lady thinks I'll charge you to look at it."

She yanked off her earphones as they started away. "Don't you let him sell you anything!" she cried. "Andy, don't you"

Carefully the fat man closed the door behind them and rang for the elevator. His name was Michael Malevinsky, and the something nice was a shining convertible coupe, all gleaming chromium and lustrous black, with white wall tires and an enormous hood. It glittered almost painfully in the bright October sunlight, its top folded back, and its rich leather seat arched up enticingly under the wheel.

Mr. Malevinsky caressed the door. "A job like this," he said. "Guess, mister. Twenty-five hundred you'd say, maybe—two thousand, anyway."

Andy looked it over. "Two thousand easy."

Softly, rather reverently, Mr. Malevinsky breathed, "Sixteen fifty. Sixteen fifty—only you don't have to ask me how they can do it. That I can't tell you. For a job like this " He shook his head gently, with wonder. "This you got to see before you believe."

"It's nice," Andy agreed, looking at it wistfully. "But I"

Mr. Malevinsky detained him by lifting a pudgy finger.

"Sixteen fifty—and we give you a tankful of gas." He smiled just the right degree and opened the door. "Get in, mister. Try it."

JOHN ADAMSON'S MONSTER

By W. A. Breyfogle

Illustrated by Harvey Dunn

THE first mate's cabin, under the *Cormorant's* bridge, was full of noises. The water-jug slid a half-inch either way, to bring up against the edge of its rack. The door rattled. The seas were on the beam, and the ship rolled. But John Adamson slept soundly. It would take more than a stormy night, between Manila Bay and Hongkong, to keep him from sleep.

What the *Cormorant's* seven hundred tons made of that night I can imagine. The *Straits Sovereign's* thousands of tons would not let a landsman sleep. We had left Manila a day after the little *Cormorant*, and at midnight we picked up her lights again, ahead and a little to starboard. They winked at us and went out and winked again, with the effect of impudence. She was something to look at, a point of animation in a world given over, but for her, to darkness and a hard wind. We overhauled her steadily, while Adamson lay asleep. Now we were nearly abreast. "Hi!" said the *Sovereign's* captain, "What's that fool doing?"

It looked like sheer perversity. She swung hard, to cut across our bows, with only a few hundred yards between us. Our own bow fell away to port, but more slowly than the *Cormorant's*. The engines went hard astern. Captain Ancaster gripped our bridge-rail. "His rudder's gone, or his steering-gear. We'll cut that ship in two. Hang on!"

It was just then that Adamson awoke. The *Cormorant's* motion had changed from a roll to a pitch. That in itself would have awakened him. But it would not have made the hair rise, as he said, along the nape of his neck. He sat up in his bunk sharply. The cabin was fifteen feet from the ship's side. Adamson's only porthole looked forward. He was springing up to look

out at it when the *Sovereign's* bow ripped into the *Cormorant's* side, forward of amidships. The crash flung Adamson back upon his berth, half-stunned. He groped for his trousers, drew them on and found a box of matches in the pocket. Captain Ancaster was wrong about cutting the *Cormorant* in two. Our bow thrust itself precisely half-way through Adamson's cabin, and stopped there. That was what he saw when he struck a match. He had to squeeze past it to get out. It was hot to his hand, and hardly a scrap of paint was left on it. Adamson fled out on deck.

It was a question, in the sea that was running, how long the *Straits Sovereign* could keep her bow wedged in the *Cormorant's* torn side. No boats were swung out. There was no panic. The *Cormorant's* crew clambered up to our fore-deck by the aid of ropes flung down to them. Her captain came last. Then, with a grinding, tearing noise, we backed away and the water rushed into the *Cormorant's* hold. She heeled over, with all her lights blazing, and settled lower in the sea. Her stern tilted up. When the water reached her stoke-hold it was all over. A fierce explosion burst her after-deck. Flames and steam shot up. Her lights went out. The *Sovereign's* search-light picked her up for a moment before she disappeared forever.

That was the beginning of my acquaintance with John Adamson. I took him to my cabin. We drank gin-and-water and stared at each other, and talked, but only in snatches. He had brought nothing with him but his trousers, a night-shirt and that box of matches. He asked for a comb, the first thing, and put a neat part in his brown hair.

"There was no time to grab anything. You've no idea! That great thing crashing into my quarters,



filling half the cabin! And hot! I felt it with my hand. It was hot!"

"The friction—"

"From floor to ceiling," he insisted. "I had to squeeze past it. The paint was gone, and it was bright, and hot."

"What did you think it was?"

"Think? I didn't think! It was there, and I got out." He looked at me, and the real sympathy I felt must not have showed in my face. "You don't understand," he said. "It wasn't a foot from me that it stopped. Less than a foot, and I'd been sound asleep! But there it was, when I struck a match, as if it had been looking for me!"

I had to know Adamson's true diffidence before I could tell what a tremendous shock it had been to him. That night was the only time I ever heard him insist upon a sensation of his own. He was anything but self-assertive. I had discovered that, by the time we reached Hongkong. My business took me on to Shanghai and the north. But before I left, we had dinner together, and after dinner a long talk. We agreed to keep in touch with one another. That seemed worth doing, if only because of the way we first met. Besides, I liked Adamson.

As it happened, I didn't see him again for more than a year. Back in Hongkong at the end of that time, I met Captain Ancaster. The *Straits Sovereign* was in dry-dock for scraping and painting, and he was on shore-leave. I asked whether his great brute of a steamer had run down any more ships. "And by the way, what's become of Adamson, of your last victim?"

"Adamson? Oh, the fellow who has nightmares!"

"Does he? But what's he doing now?"

On their third night out of port Adamson woke the whole ship with his screeches. They found him in his cabin, alone, wide-eyed and staring.

Ancaster grunted. "Captain of the *Li Po*."

"Explain that, please." I was glad that Adamson had a command.

"There's nothing much to explain. He knocks about among the islands, as far as Timor Laut. He goes where the cargo is, a ton here, a ton there. Canton's his port, and his owner's a Chinese, Mei Ho-han. I don't pretend to know much about him, but he's old and he's rich. And wicked, I'll go bail! Runs a sort of bazaar of his own, with all sorts of heathen wares in it, and goes in for wholesale trade, too. He took Adamson practically off the beach. The *Li Po's* about the size of a tender, but Adamson was glad enough to take it, from what I hear. Must have been, to work for a Chink!"

I was not going to combat Captain Ancaster's racial prejudices. He was always inclined to be overbearing, and rather too positive for comfort. Those traits were natural, if not praiseworthy, in the master of the crack *Straits Sovereign*. But I had to stay on speaking terms with him, to hear about Adamson.

"What was that about his having—nightmares, was it?"

"Nightmares, that's right."

"But what harm's in that? It's his own business."

Captain Ancaster was impatient. "You don't understand. It isn't indigestion. He has them regularly, about once a week. Rather, he has the same one, over and over again. Something chasing him—a sea-serpent, or a monster of some sort. Haines told me. You remem-

ber him? He was captain of the *Cormorant*. He took Adamson with him to his new command, the *Petrel*. Well, on their third night out of port, Adamson woke the whole ship with his screeches. They found him in his cabin alone, wild-eyed and staring. He'd had his nightmare, that was all. He was ashamed of himself. And well he might be, if you ask me! A grown man, dreaming something was after him!"

"Still, that might happen to anyone."

"It might, if it happened only the once. But not when he woke up yelling once every week or so. Mind you, it wasn't the drink. I'll say for Adamson, that's no weakness of his. But the one he's got is worse! I didn't see him at the end of that voyage, but I saw Haines. He looked fair haggard. It got on all their nerves. They weren't sorry to see the last of Adamson. I have Haines' word for it, another voyage like that would have meant the sack for him. He didn't wait for it. He took a job on a coaster, up to Shanghai. Second mate. He lasted for one run."

"What awful luck! And then?"

"The beach. Luck, you call it? It was nothing but caterwauling! And what does John Chinaman think, when a white man yowls at his own dreams? It does us no good to have a story like that spread."

"I suppose not. But was that job on the coaster the last one Adamson had?"

"No, he had a variety of them, off and on. That does a man no good, either, when he holds each job for just one voyage."

"How long has he had the *Li Po*?"

"This is his second run," Ancaster admitted. "But I meant, on white men's ships. I talked to Adamson like a father, myself. I put it to him that he was letting us all down. You think it did any good? He didn't even try to straighten up. Some of us took up a collection, to send him to a doctor. A specialist, you know. My faith, we got no thanks for that! We only wanted to help, since he wouldn't do anything for himself. But he's shown what company he prefers now. I wish him joy of it!"

That was all I got out of Ancaster. But over the week-end I went up to Canton, to find out the truth for myself. I found my way to Mei Ho-han's establishment. The *Li Po* was in port. Adamson, in fact, was just coming away from calling on his owner.

John Adamson had changed. His face was thin, and I guessed from his eyes that he was used to sleeplessness. He seemed unaffectedly glad to see me. At his suggestion, we walked down to the dock. A Chinese sailor saluted Adamson at the foot of the gangplank and we went aboard the *Li Po*.

"You don't mind my bringing you down here?" Adamson asked suddenly. He had showed me into a snug little cabin. "I should have asked you before. Shall we go somewhere ashore, instead?"

"Not on my account. What's wrong with this?"

He didn't answer at once. When he took off his uniform cap I saw that his hair was still neatly parted. He moved about the cabin, setting out glasses and a bottle. "Have one of these cigars? They're Chinese, but quite good." He sat down, without relaxing in the least. "What's wrong with this? Those fellows in Hong-kong, they wouldn't approve of it, you know. Have you seen Captain Ancaster?"

"He told me where I could find you."

"Did he mention my nightmares?"

"Some gossip," I said cautiously. "I didn't really listen."

We lifted our glasses and nodded to each other. Adamson looked at the carpet. "It isn't just gossip, though. I'd still be mate aboard the *Petrel*, if it were. I know what it is. And you can guess."

He looked up, and I nodded.

"What was the use of seeing a specialist about that? Did Ancaster tell you of all his efforts to save my reason?"

"We all know Ancaster."

"About the collection he took up for me? About not letting the white men down?" All at once he burst out, "And it was Ancaster's own ship! That's what

makes his meddling intolerable. His own ship's bow cutting half-way through my cabin, in the middle of the night! He tells me to pull myself together, not to play the coward! Oh, I don't say he was to blame for sinking the *Cormorant*. But what does he know of striking a match and seeing a ship's bow, all hot and bright as new steel, hanging over him? What does he know of having to squeeze past it to get out? But I know! Don't I go through it at least once a fortnight, with nothing changed, even to the heat on the palm of my hand? Does he think I enjoy that, I wonder? You saw me just after it happened, that first time. It's never changed, except that, now, I cry out before I can wake up. That disturbs the others—very thoughtless of me, and gives me a bad name!"

He emptied his glass and set it down, struggling for composure. "I'm sorry," he said. "It isn't fair to burden you with my troubles."

What these troubles were, I had suspected, even from Ancaster's account of them. It was no good saying, as Ancaster did, that he ought to put such notions out of his mind. They were where he could not get at them. They came upon him at their own time, when he was disarmed, asleep. They were of another dimension than any human courage, however prompt. And they were as deadly and fearsome as they were impalpable.

"But come and see the ship," he said. "We mustn't sit mooning here." The *Li Po* was built like a duck. I could believe him when he told me how seaworthy she was. Adamson was proud of her. "Mei Ho-han isn't a bad sort of owner," he told me. "You can see how he's fitted the ship out. Nothing's stinted. There's even a Chinese clerk, like a supercargo, to look after the trading. I have nothing to do but the navigating."

We went over her from truck to water-line. Adamson talked as if talking were a pleasure, and something of a novelty. At sea, he was the only white man aboard the *Li Po*. I was sorry when I had to leave. He said, rather shyly, "It's been fine to see you again. But I suppose you don't often get to Canton, do you?"

"Why, not very often. I'm here and there, you know. Off for Batavia next week, for example."

"And we're for the Moluccas. I wish you were going our way. I could offer you a lift."

I had been hesitating, wondering just how welcome my company would be to him. But now I said, "I've always wanted to have a look at those islands. If you'd offer me a lift when my leave comes, you'd have a passenger."

"Would you really come? When do you get your leave?"

"After another six



months, I could take it any time."

"That would be three more voyages. Look, I'll expect you for the fourth voyage, about the middle of October. You can write to me in care of Mei Ho-han. You will come, won't you? The islands are worth seeing."

It wasn't because of the islands. "Yes, I'll come. I'll be looking forward to it. And meantime, drop a line to the Bank, if you want to reach me." It was getting late. I had to go.

I wrote to him from Batavia, from Singapore and from Shanghai. The notes I had from him in reply were postmarked at places strange to me. It wasn't only when I was reading them that I thought of Adamson. I heard of him wherever I went. Everyone seemed to know about "the fellow with the nightmares." I ran across astonishing variations of his story. But my own interest in him was enough to keep Adamson present in my thoughts. Most of the yarns I heard in my comings and goings turned on a banal point of money or women or trickery. Adamson's, on the other hand, had a legend-like quality about it, of a man pursued by furies. The six months passed slowly for me. But when at last I returned to Canton, I found that the *Li Po* was sailing in two days more. I had just time to buy what I should require.

Mei Ho-han's agents were scattered between Celebes

and New Guinea. Through that maze of islands to the north of the Banda Sea Adamson took the *Li Po* with an assurance I could only admire. This was a side of the man I had left out of account, or covered with the assumption that he was a competent seaman. He was far more than that. He got the most out of his ship and out of his crew. He knew about anchorages, about currents and tides and weather. I had thought of him, primarily, as the victim of a freak of fate. But that was accidental. Before everything else, he was a ship's captain, a man used to decision and command.

All the stranger, then, to have Adamson say at breakfast one morning, "I'm sorry about last night. I must have wakened you."

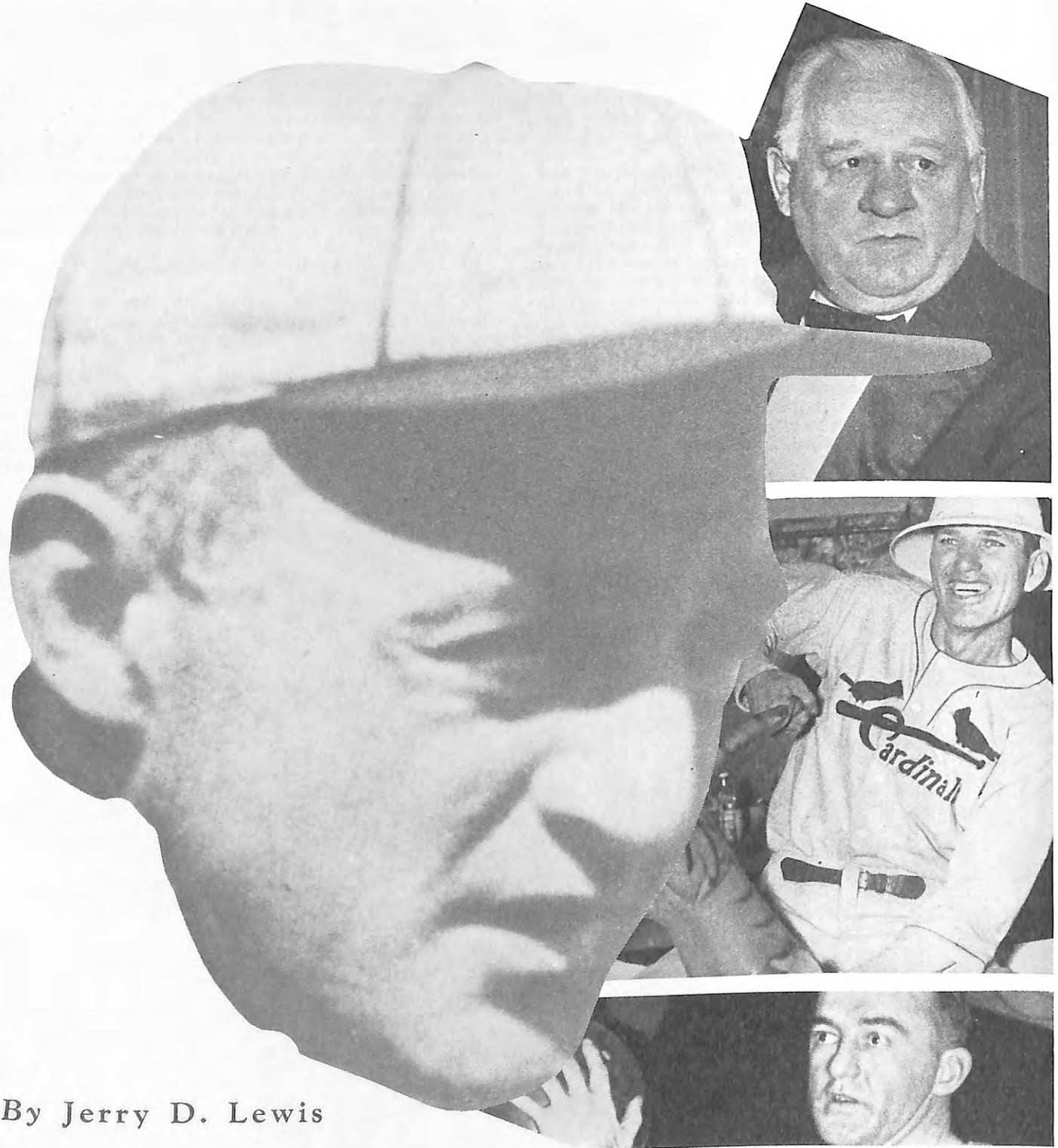
He looked tired. "I didn't hear a thing," I said. "What was it?"

Then I remembered, and would have recalled my question. "One of my nightmares," he said. "I'm glad you weren't disturbed. I gave you that cabin aft on purpose. The others pay no attention now." He looked down. "Used to it, I suppose!"

I murmured something or other. There was nothing worth saying. All that day, John Adamson seemed weary and depressed. There was a profound discouragement about his very walk. I was shocked. I had no idea that the effect of his (Continued on page 42)



She swung hard, to cut across our bows, with only a few hundred yards between us.



By Jerry D. Lewis

Photos by Pictures, Inc.

THE stars were falling on the quiet, moonlit campus of Fordham University one Autumn evening five or six years ago. The late Frank Cavanaugh, then head football coach, stood talking in the twilight to Bill Corum, the brilliant sports columnist, when Jake Weber, then and still the trainer of all Ram athletic teams, came shuffling by. Bill stopped him, and the three gabbed on, trying to piece together a story for the next day's paper.

After a few questions to Cav, Corum turned to Weber and asked, "Who was the greatest athlete you ever had here, Jake?"

"Why," Weber replied, implying by his tone of voice that any dumbbell should know that, "Frankie Frisch. Gee, I'd like to see Frisch with this team of Cavanaugh's. They wouldn't never stop him. He'd be two

Granges."

And Jake was not far wrong, for Frisch probably would have been one of the greatest stars ever to shoot across the football horizon if he had been fortunate enough to have played on a team with a Cavanaugh or a Crowley line in front of him. In 1917, as a 135-pound sophomore halfback, he was named on Walter Camp's second All-American team.

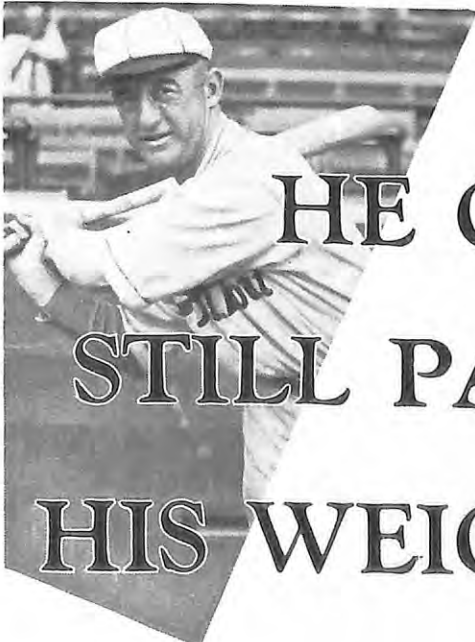
What reminded me of the Weber-Corum incident was seeing this item on the sports page:

"Although the Cardinals have the oldest and most extensive farm system in baseball, they have yet to develop a suitable successor to Frankie Frisch. Frisch, whose aging legs are bothering him, will soon have to retire from every day play."

The writer of that was being very unfair to the Cardinal farm system. Suitable successors to the likes of Frankie Frisch do not come with the rose buds

On opposite page, top: John J. McGraw, the old maestro, who started Frankie Frisch on his career across the diamond. Center: Mr. Jerome Dizzy Dean, Frankie's current headache, in an antic moment. Below: Frankie plays basketball for exercise.

This page, top: Frisch and "Slick Sam" Breadon peer suspiciously at their rookies. Below center: Frisch and his batterymen, Jesse Haines and Mickey Owen. At bottom: The Fordham Flash at bat.



HE CAN
STILL PACK
HIS WEIGHT

each Spring. A Frisch comes along once in a fan's lifetime . . . if the fan is lucky. Take a look at the man's record, and if it doesn't impress you, then neither should Napoleon's.

THE New York Giants were playing a six game series in three days against their pennant contenders, the Cincinnati Reds, in 1919. Larry Doyle, their crack second baseman, who had led the league in hitting a few years before, was injured, and John McGraw cast about for a replacement. The baseball public was amazed when he put twenty-one year old Frank Francis Frisch, right off the Fordham campus, into the gap.

It took a lot of confidence on Mac's part to stick this raw, untried rookie into a spot as tough as that. But such was McGraw's way . . . if a player couldn't take it when the going was tough, then John wanted to find out about it as soon as possible. He found out soon enough in Frankie's case, for the kid from old

Rose Hill could not only take it . . . he loved it, and from that afternoon until the fateful day in St. Louis when he allegedly missed one of McGraw's signals, Frisch was a Giant regular.

McGraw, you know, was a martinet, managing his ball club's every move from the bench. He called every pitch his twirlers threw, he placed every fielder where the percentage and his experience dictated. He asked of his players only that they be effectual, not intellectual. In 1926, when the Giants were battling the Cardinals for the flag . . . it seems the Giants were always fighting some team for the pennant when McGraw was manager . . . the break between them occurred. Frisch lost a signal. McGraw lost his temper. There were harsh words, as there always were when a McGraw team lost, and Frankie caught the next train back to New York.

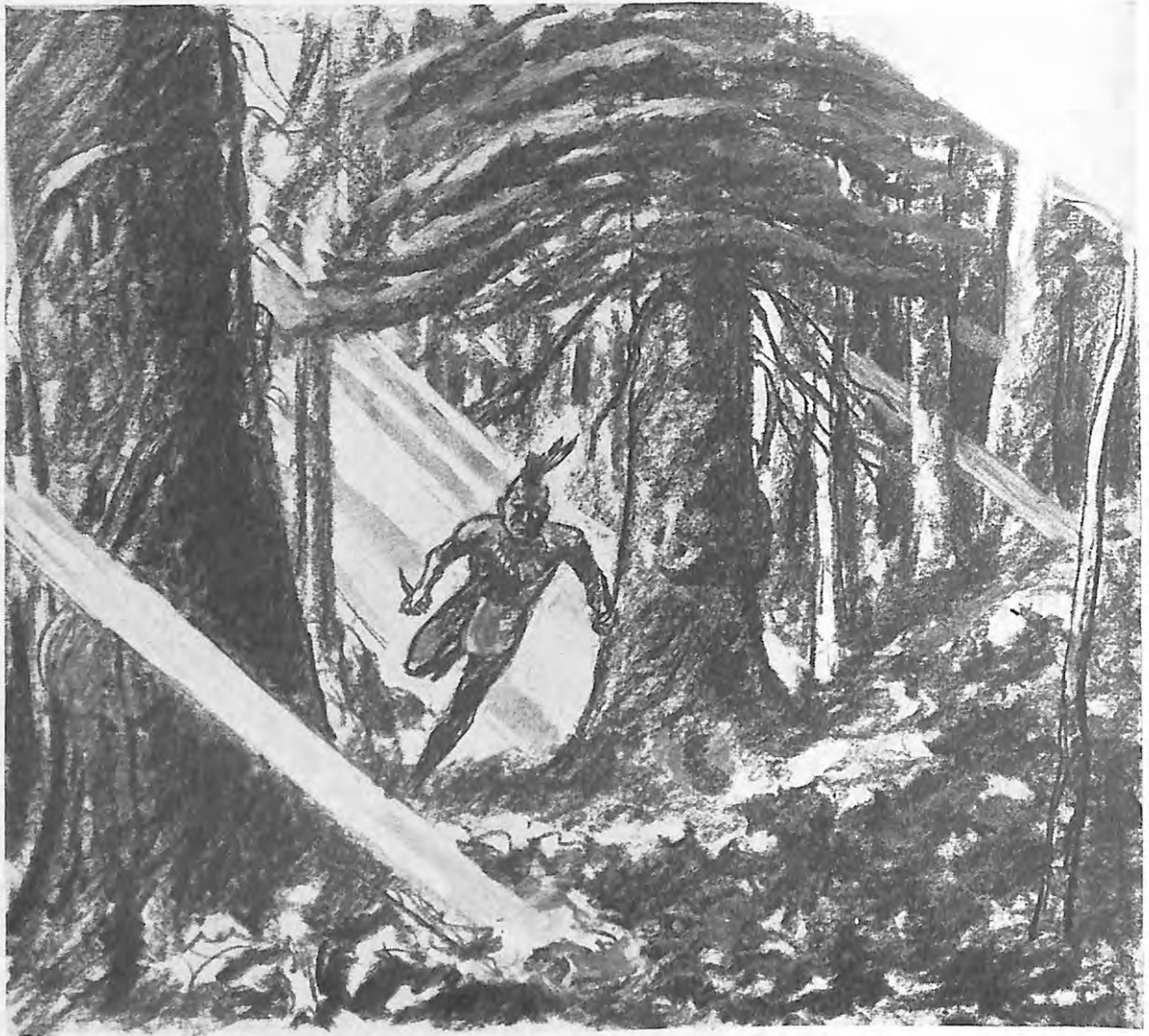
That hurt McGraw, because he was grooming the Fordham Flash as his successor . . . even then he was getting tired of the constant strain of thinking for twenty-five ball players . . . and when he lost him, he turned to the next best man, Rogers Hornsby. Had Hornsby been able to get along with the late Charles Stoneham, he would be manager of the Giants today . . . but that, as the inventor of penthouses said, is another story.

Frisch, a New York boy who had made good in his own home town, and who thought along with George M. Cohan that any place outside of New York was Bridgeport, suddenly found himself traded to the Cardinals for Hornsby that winter. To his credit, let it be said that he took what must have seemed an exile without a whimper. Determined to show McGraw that he had made a mistake, he went to the Mound City and had one of his best seasons, hitting .357 and setting a new major league fielding record for second basemen which still stands.

Understand, McGraw did not trade Frankie because of any personal feeling against him. Mac had Buck Herzog playing on the Giants three years despite the fact that neither spoke to the other off the ball field. It was just that he couldn't resist the chance to get the great Hornsby even-stepen for Frisch. At the time, perhaps, Hornsby was a shade the better ball player, but "Slick Sam" Breadon wound up getting the better of the deal, for he still has Frisch, and the Giants have only memories of the Rajah.

Some time after Hornsby had gone on his not-so-merry way from the Polo Grounds to the Boston Braves, McGraw and Frisch happened to meet at a baseball writers' dinner. There was a lengthy conversation between them which is not on the record . . . but within the month the Giants tried to bring their erstwhile Flash back from the banks of the Big Muddy. Breadon refused to return Frisch, though, for he, too, had managerial ideas about his second baseman.

Then, on July 24th, 1933, when the Cards, under Gabby Street, were in a tailspin, Breadon brought those ideas to fruition. Frankie (Continued on page 44)



To his dismay, one warrior, with an expression of horrid purpose in his gait, was gaining on him fast.

PIONEERS OF THE PARKS

THE canoe glided in to the wooded river bank. John Coulter swung himself ashore from the bow and knelt to make fast. Then he looked up and saw the bushes come alive with Indians in war paint. Coulter's partner in the stern reached for his rifle. Scarcely had his hand touched it before he was dead with a score of arrows through his body.

Coulter, helpless, waited for death, penalty of carelessness in the unexplored West, in Indian country. But the expected flight of arrows never was loosed. Red hands seized him, stripped every bit of clothing from him. The white man braced himself for the torture stake.

But that day the tribe was in the mood for a sporting event. Coulter found himself suddenly freed, with his grinning captors motioning him to run. For an instant he stood dazed; then sprang through the bushes and ran for his life, whooping Indians hot after him.

The sprinting naked figure drew rapidly away from the pursuers. Angry shouts grew fainter. It had been a mistake to give a chance for life to a prisoner who proved to be so extraordinarily fleet of foot. John Coulter, taking hope, glanced back over his shoulder. To his dismay, one warrior, with an expression of horrid

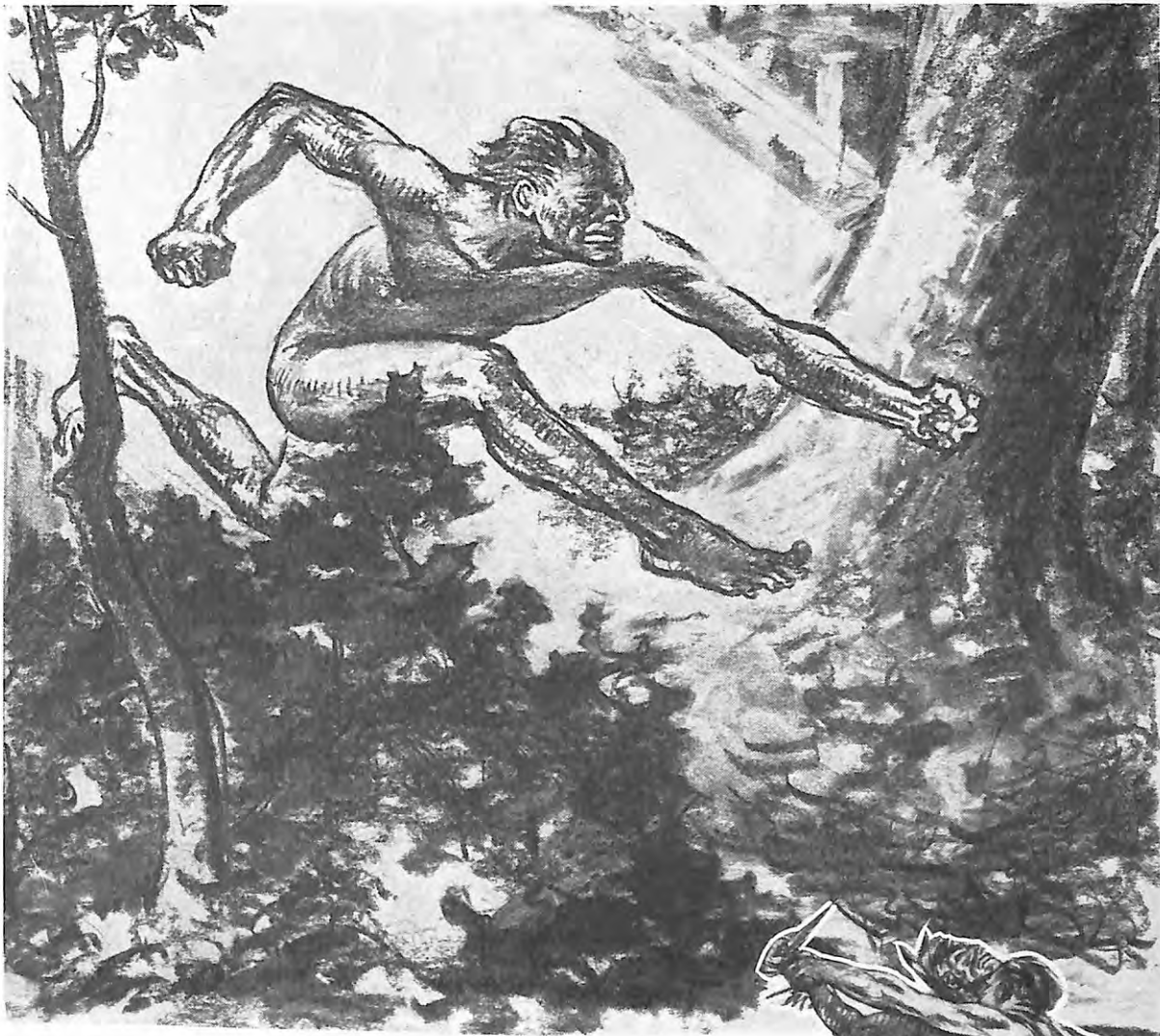
purpose in his gait, was gaining on him fast.

The fugitive spurted desperately. The red man matched his spurt and the gap between them narrowed steadily. Now Coulter could hear the thud of flying feet—could almost feel the final leap—knees in his back—a knife between his shoulder blades.

No frontiersman was willing to be cut down like a hunted animal. Coulter slackened his pace, halted suddenly, whirled and met the Indian head on. They crashed together and grappled, rolling over and over on the ground, Coulter gripping the wrist of the savage's knife hand. A sudden wrench. A thrust. A groan. John Coulter flung off a limp red body and staggered up.

The rest of the tribe were pounding up now with fierce war whoops. The white man took to his heels again, his breath coming in gasps, his bare feet torn and bleeding from stones. He was near exhaustion, yet he held his slight lead.

And then the runner burst from the forest to find his escape barred by a broad stream. If he turned and ran along its bank, he was lost. In the second or so of his approach, his practiced trapper's eyes caught sight of a half-completed beaver dam toward the farther bank. John Coulter plunged in and the waters closed over him.



by Fairfax Downey

*Illustrated by
Marshall Davis*

In vain the Indians, arrows notched and bowstrings taut, watched for him to come to the surface. They dove in after him, scoured both banks of the stream. At last they gave him up as drowned.

Coulter had swum to the underwater entrance of one of the beaver mounds, forced his way through and emerged into the air space beneath the dome of the refuge which the clever little animals construct. Overhead he heard the tread of his enemies. Waiting for some time to be sure they had gone, he swam out and, naked and unarmed, somehow found his way out of the wilderness to a trading post.

THUS in that year of 1810 the first white man visited the region which today is Yellowstone National Park. From the memorable company which followed on after, I have selected four others—men of strangely assorted callings, yet all pioneers of the parks. Another frontiersman, an artist, an organizer, a poet. Each made some signal contribution to the Yellowstone and other great National Parks of the West.

Five men—and an animal. For it was primarily the beaver that drew Coulter and others before and after



him westward. Trappers hunting down the beaver for its rich fur opened the West. Back from the ever-advancing frontier to St. Louis flowed beaver pelts by the hundred thousand, bought at a thousand dollars a pack, and shipped so that dandies of the eastern cities and the gay bloods of London might have fine bell-crowned beaver hats to doff proudly to the ladies. The sombrero would become the typical hat of the West, but the beaver hat—which, by the way, is the headgear Uncle Sam is always pictured in—must stand forever as a symbol of the impulse of our nation's westward course.

Beaver pelts serve also to introduce the second in our gallery of pioneers. They were the magnet which drew

Jim Bridger into the Yellowstone country, and the manner of his going there was no less dramatic and as nearly disastrous as that of John Coulter.

In the year 1832 a party of trappers rode west into Blackfoot territory. At their head was Jim Bridger who was then only 28 but already had laid the foundations of his fame as one of the greatest frontiersmen the West has ever known. In the column rode a young Mexican trapper named Loretto and at his side his squaw, carrying their papoose. The squaw was a pretty young Blackfoot girl who had been a captive of the Crows when Loretto ransomed and married her. The two were much in love and devoted to their baby. Grizzled older mountain men grinned sentimentally at the tender family scene.

Alertly Bridger halted the column. The trappers slid off their horses with rifles ready. A band of Blackfeet had appeared across a forest clearing.

Loretto's squaw uttered a cry, thrust the papoose into her husband's arms and ran across to the Indians. They were her own tribe and she recognized her brother whom she had not seen since she was caught in the Crow raid. While both sides watched this touching reunion, the chief made friendly signs and rode forward.

Jim Bridger rode out to him, but, always mistrustful of Indians, he carried his cocked rifle across his saddle bow. Face to face in the center of the clearing, they talked. Then the trappers saw the chief push the barrel of Bridger's gun toward the ground and heard its sharp report. The two leaders wrestled for the possession of the weapon. The white man was swung around. Among the Blackfeet, bowstrings twanged and Jim Bridger dropped. Off galloped the chief, and the leader of the trappers limped back to his men with two arrows sticking in his back.

Whining bullets and whistling arrows filled the air. Through them the trapper Loretto rushed over to the Indians and restored to his wife the child who would have starved without her. The Blackfeet melted away into the forest, taking the girl and her papoose but leaving the brave Loretto unharmed. Months later the Mexican was able to rejoin his wife among her people.

Soon after that encounter the American party broke up. Jim Bridger with Tom Fitzpatrick, another famous mountain man, pushed on into the unexplored Yellowstone, the former with two arrowheads still embedded in his back, remarking that "good meat won't spile in mountains."

Bridger, who already had discovered Great Salt Lake, was to achieve many other feats as a pioneer, scout, guide, and Indian fighter. His was a most adventurous career, yet in it there was nothing stranger than the effect on the man himself of his early exploration of the Yellowstone. It made him one of America's grandest tellers of tall tales, an unrivalled inventor of whoppers.

This is the way it happened. Jim Bridger's astounded eyes looked upon the marvels of Nature in the Yellowstone. He beheld the spouting geysers of that dying volcanic region, the steaming pools, the petrified forest, a cliff of glassy obsidian, and other phenomena that can be seen there today. But when he came back and described what he actually had witnessed, not a soul would believe him. Again and again he told his story, protesting it was true, only to meet the same scoffing incredulity. At last he decided that since he was going to be set down as a liar anyway, he might as well make an artistic job of it and really deserve the reputation. So—and here was the clever part of it—he took the actual facts and enlarged on them until he had some really bang-up yarns.

A group around a western campfire would lead Jim Bridger on to talk about the Yellowstone and he, after a little persuasion, would hold forth.

One day (he would draw!) I was hunting in the Yellowstone and caught sight of the biggest elk ever. Drew a bead on him and fired. Missed, by gravy. Blame'

elk never even looked up. Acted like he never heard the shot. I aimed more careful. Missed again, and I'm a good shot, too. Fired twice more and that elk paid me no mind. Then I got mad. I clubbed my gun and rushed at that haughty animal. Danged if I didn't run smack into a glass cliff. The elk was way on the other side of it. What's more, I looked again and found that cliff was made out of the kind of glass they have in telescopes. Yes, siree. That elk had looked like he was only a hundred yards off to me. Matter of fact, he was way to hellangone twenty miles away.

If hunting in the Yellowstone held such hazards, how was the fishing? Listeners would ask.

Convenient-like, was Bridger's answer. You find pools there that are boiling-hot on top and cold underneath. All you have to do is drop in your line, hook a trout and before you've pulled him out, he's cooked to a turn.

One of the most remarkable things of all in the Yellow-



Among the Blackfeet, bowstrings twanged and Jim Bridger dropped. Off galloped the chief, and the leader of the trappers limped back to his men with two arrows sticking in his back

MARSHALL DAVIS - 1-37

stone was the echo, Bridger would declare. Funny thing about it was it took the echo just so long to echo. Once I found that out, said Jim, I used to holler out "Time to git up" when I turned in at night. Six hours later on the dot that echo roused me up by shouting back, "Time to git up."

Sure, there were other queer things, he admitted when pressed. For instance, a place where dead trees had turned right into rock. Petrified forest was the book-name for it. Some Indian medicine man must have put a spell on the place, for not only the trees were turned to rock but the sagebrush, the grass, the antelope, the bears, and even the birds flying. You could sort of hear music and smell sweet perfume around there all the time, so the music and the perfume, Jim reckoned, must be petrified, too.

Queerest thing of all, Jim would remark unblushingly, was the time I made to jump my horse over a chasm which was too wide for him. It was a mighty lucky thing for me that the—you know—the reason why you fall—yep, the force of gravity—well, that was petrified, too.

Jim repeated all those stories of his while acting as guide for Sir George Gore when that Irish nobleman was on a western hunting trip in 1854. The delighted Irishman used to try to match Bridger by reading to him selections from the adventures of "Baron Munchausen," especially the tale which tells how the Baron's horse was cut in two in a battle and the Baron, nothing

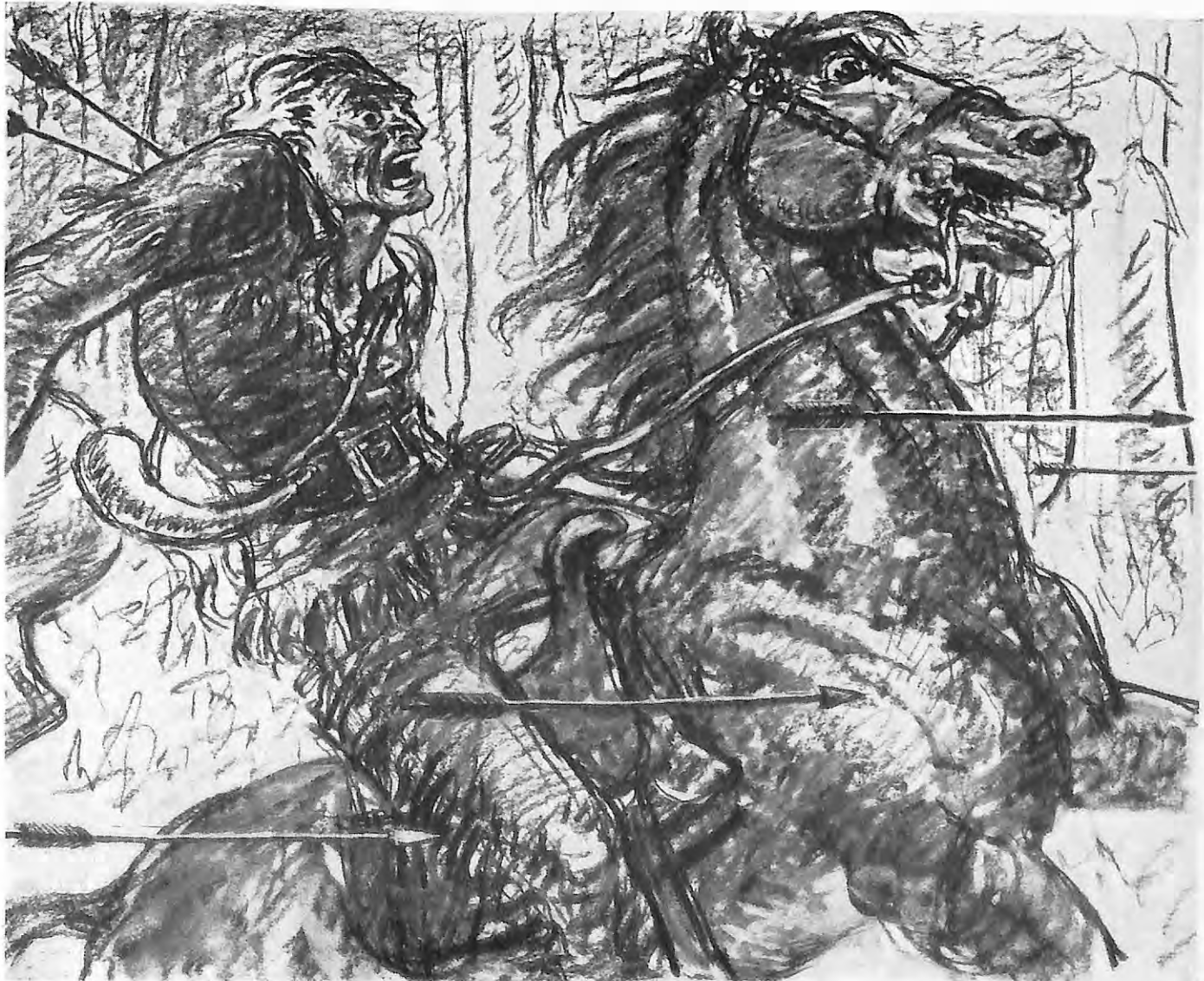
daunted, rode off on the front half. Jim's innocent comment was: "I'll be doggoned ef I kin swaller anything that air baron sez. Derved ef I don't believe he's a liar!"

Of course Jim himself was branded as a marvelously talented liar for many years. Not until the Yellowstone expeditions of 1869, '70 and '71 were the pioneer's first accounts of that wonderful region verified. Bridger, the "Grand Old Man of the Rockies," lived to see himself vindicated.

The explorers had done their parts. At last the extraordinary natural endowments of the West were known. If reservations were to be established, if the scenic beauty and wild life of those sections were to be preserved against exploitation and extinction, the cause of National Parks now demanded able men of other callings.

It was an artist who made one of the first great contributions.

Thomas Moran as a boy emigrated with his family from England to the United States in 1844. He took the thorny path of art and progressed steadily, making a reputation. Then he went to the Yellowstone as a member of the expedition of 1871. Never before had such inspiring subjects presented themselves to his brush. His large panoramic picture, "The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone," reproduced that gorgeous scene in all its brilliant, rainbow hues. Congress bought it, along with his later painting, (Continued on page 48)





Above: Young Mr. Robert Taylor proves himself a kegeler in his film, "This Is My Affair," co-starring Barbara Stanwyck. Mr. Taylor, since his association with Miss Garbo in "Camille," is steadily emerging from the Beautiful Youth group into an acceptable actor.

Right: Reginald Gardiner, the British importation, who has done much to lighten the hearts on Broadway with "Strawkuffsky," a burlesque of Leopold Stokowski, which he presents in "The Show Is On."



Above: The interrupted coronation scene in "The Prince and the Pauper," Warner Brothers' gigantic production of the Mark Twain classic. The film stars Bobby and Billy Mauch as the Prince and the Pauper, and Errol Flynn as the young prince's protector.



Above: Robert Montgomery and Miss Rosalind Russell (one of the film colony's most interesting actresses) in what promises to be the most grown-up film of the season, "Night Must Fall." It is the psychological study of a murderer and offers Montgomery the chance of a lifetime to get away from being cute.

Left: Beautiful Constance Cummings returned to Broadway recently with "Young Madame Conti," a courtroom melodrama with a trick ending.

Below: An interesting pair of actors are combined in RKO's "The Woman I Love," when Miriam Hopkins and Louis Hayward, a new juvenile, appear together. Miss Hopkins is flawless in her craft, and Mr. Hayward, a Britisher, is getting there fast.



Bartlett Robinson and Gerrie Worthing in a situation in "Naughty-Naught ('00)", a melodrama in which virtue and villainy come to grips at Yale in 1900. Virtue, we are happy to add, wins out.



Above: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers (with Jerome Cowan) bring new hope and a note of anticipation to Spring with the news that they are about to appear in another of their incomparable films, this time entitled "Shall We Dance?" The answer is, "Sure!" Our spies tell us that "Shall We Dance?" is up to the usual Rogers-Astaire standard, and all we need do now is wait. Meanwhile, shall we dance?

SHOW BUSINESS

Right: Charles D. Brown, who scored one of the few personal triumphs of the year with his interpretation of a tough Dutch ghost in Maxwell Anderson's "High Tor," starring Burgess Meredith. "High Tor" won the award of the foremost dramatic critics as the best play of the year by an American. A light and comic fantasy, with defeatist undertones, "High Tor" is unquestionably one of the most interesting works in many seasons.





Walter Seigel

Above: Madame Lily Pons, the coloratura soprano, (who needs no introduction to a steadfast radio listener) comes back to the air waves via WABC on Wednesday evenings at 9. Miss Pons still sings like the birds, a fact which covers with confidence those pessimists who have claimed for years that her delicate voice could not last another season

BROADcast

William Haussler



The radio industry has discovered a new, but not so very new, wrinkle to divert its jaded listeners in the "Vox Pop" type of program, in which casual passersby are asked, over the mike, their opinions on current topics. Above, an NBC announcer interviews his victims for the "Vox Pop" program. They seem to like it

Below are two more welcome screen additions to the radio ranks in the attractive forms of Fred MacMurray, an agreeable gent who photographs well, and Miss Frances Langford, who likewise looks handsome in celluloid. Miss Langford and MacMurray sing and otherwise provide pleasant moments over Columbia's "Hollywood Hotel" on Fridays at nine. They are snapped at an informal rehearsal of the broadcast

Below are Ann Shelley and Richard Svihus, the four-year-old kids who are known as Joan and Pinkie, featured members of the cast of NBC's dramatic program, "One Man's Family," heard on Wednesdays at 8 P.M.



Right: This shows how Fred Allen leers after one of his more venomous cracks. Jack Benny, a guest artist on this particular evening, appears to be backing him up



What America Is Reading

Highlights in New Books

Reported by Harry Hansen

GOOD NOVELS

FRRIENDS are always asking for "good novels." It depends on what the reader considers good. The old measuring rods no longer help. Writers no longer follow the same trails. Readers who pick their novels by authors know what to expect and are rarely disappointed; for the rest—*caveat emptor!* Let the buyer beware!

Ignazio Silone writes without the stamp of approval of the Italian government, for officially he is an outlaw, living across the border in Switzerland. But few novelists are so close to the peasant and can portray the man of the soil with such understanding. In "Bread and Wine," Silone's second novel, he portrays an agitator who has to disguise himself as a priest, and who moves about in the hill towns trying to knit together the anti-Fascist elements. He fails because the men of the farms and towns are not united; their conception of freedom and liberty varies; some of them are fearful and others believe the official propaganda. Silone describes the agitator pursuing his ideal of liberty as the churchmen of old suffered for their faith, taking his rebuffs courageously in spite of his own ailing frame. This is a book filled with pictures of the peasants; the tone is even-tempered and the passages are often amusing. (Harper & Bros., \$2.50)

IN historical novels I have always enjoyed the full scene set by Alfred Neumann. His latest is "The Gaudy Empire," a rich, almost fantastic tale of the Emperor Napoleon III, in the years 1852-70. Neumann is a novelist of rare psychological insight. He gets behind the quirks in the minds of his characters. He paints richly in light and shade and here he unites politics, love, war, court intrigue and personal psychology in a book aptly named, the last attempt to give imperial glory to French government. (Knopf, \$2.75)

Roark Bradford is known to everyone for his "Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun." If that title is not

reminiscent, let me remind you that it made the play, "The Green Pastures." Bradford is a story-teller of southern life. His new one is called "The Three-Headed Angel" and deals



Ignazio Silone, author of this month's outstanding novel, "Bread and Wine" (Harper & Bros., \$2.50).

chiefly with the reconstruction period in Phinizy county, which Bradford calls "a composite of all the West Tennessee counties with a dash of imagination thrown in." Washington Goodner, the biggest liar in Tennessee, and a good story-teller for all that. Old Bascomb Younger, who started his own town on Hoop Pole Ridge. Richard Whiting, trying to be quality. Comedy and tragic mishaps on the Mississippi—that's Roark Bradford land. (Harper, \$2.50)

Then there's action and mystery. A year ago "The Falcon's Prey" by Drexel Drake brought a new kind of detective into the crowded scene—a fellow who worked by himself against gangsters. A thrilling yarn, followed now by "The Falcon Cuts In." The story has speed, action,

plot. I wouldn't think of spoiling your pleasure by giving away one bit of it. The Falcon stories are longer than the usual mystery novel—this one is a good, fat book, which ought to appeal to readers who think mysteries have been getting a bit thin. (Lippincott, \$2)

MARCONI AND THE WONDER OF RADIO

FEW men have been original inventors. Usually they have been able to combine the ideas of their predecessors and add the finishing touch to make an invention work. James Watt made the steam engine practical, but steam had been pumping water out of mines for seventy years before him. Morse discovered communication by electrical clicks—the telegraph—but the idea came to him while he was watching an Ampere experiment in the electromagnetic field. Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, but many other men had been trying to bring it about, and he had to defend himself in 600 suits.

Guglielmo Marconi, the biggest name in radio, never omits mentioning his predecessors. He even says that he used the Hertzian transmitter and the Branly receiver, which could send a message across space for from three to thirty yards, and improved them so that they became powerful. But Orrin E. Dunlap, Jr., in his book, "Marconi: the Man and His Wireless," tells us that a shrewd business sense, an ability to work with the best electrical men in the field, together with patience and industry, gave Marconi his preëminence. Tesla, Sir William Preece, Sir Oliver Lodge and a dozen more made definite advances in wireless, but Marconi coordinated and conquered over the big obstacles.

His story is startling. His father was Italian; his mother Irish—one of the Jamesons who ran the distillery in Dublin. Marconi was always loyal to Italy, even after Italy recommended that he take his inventions to England, because there was more shipping on which to experiment. Wireless came into importance with great disasters—the crash of the *Republic*, with Jack Binns at the ticker; the burning of the *Volturmo* and finally the terrible catastrophe of the *Titanic*. Mr. Dunlap retells the stories of these events and the part wireless played in them. He makes an exciting book out of Marconi's record, recalling to our minds that radio, which we now take for granted, is one of the truly great discoveries of our own time. (Macmillan Co., \$3.50)

THE MIRACLE OF ENGLAND

WHAT makes nations great? What makes them shrink and lose their power? Can they profit by past mistakes and control their destinies? These questions come naturally. (Continued on page 52)

Editorial

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

FOR centuries men asserted that women could accomplish nothing requiring a creative or constructive mentality and women complacently acquiesced in this appraisal of their capabilities. At times they may have countered with reference to the mythical Helen of Troy or the dynamic Joan of Arc, but they entered no serious protest until Florence Nightingale gave practical and forceful demonstration of the real worth of women in the economy of human affairs.

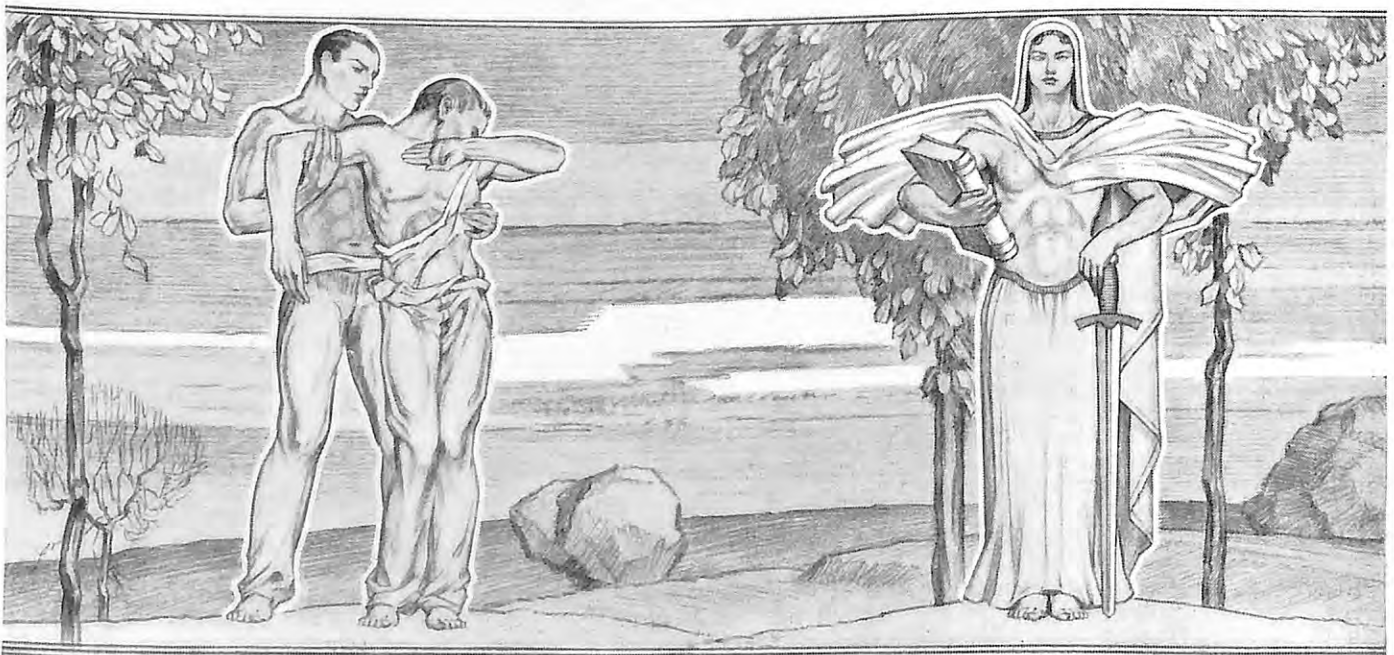
This most extraordinary woman was born of English parents in Florence, Italy, on May 15, 1820. She was destined to fly in the face of prejudice, overcome the then handicap of sex and by sheer ability and outstanding accomplishment make her name a household word throughout the civilized world. Such was her strength of character and executive ability that a noted Englishman said, "A great commander was lost to England when Florence Nightingale was born a woman." But she was a great commander and as such was not lost to England or to the world, for the tremendous influence of her life's work and accomplishments lives after her and her name will be revered so long as pain and suffering afflict the human race.

When a mere child she began her ministrations to the afflicted, both man and beast. Following this turn of mind, she took some hospital training in England and

over the protest of her parents, particularly of her mother, went to a hospital in Paris for further training. One of her faithful biographers recounts that her mother said of her when she could not restrain her from going to Paris, "we are ducks and have hatched a wild swan." The wild swan was destined to become a ministering angel of mercy to countless thousands.

The Crimean War in 1853 gave her the great opportunity of her life. Learning of the lack of care of sick and wounded English soldiers, and in defiance of general criticism that it was not becoming to a woman and not a woman's work, she organized a group of nurses and went to the front. It would require a volume to recount what she there accomplished, but it is dimly revealed when on her return to England she was acclaimed by rich and poor as an angel of mercy.

A testimonial fund of \$200,000 presented to her was used by her to establish the Nightingale Home. While her health was impaired in the Crimea, she lived to be four score years and ten. She wrote many pamphlets and books on nursing and was consulted by many nations on camp hospitals. She is regarded as the mother of modern nursing and the originator of the first camp hospital worthy of the name. When in 1910 she died full of years and honors, she was buried with her people at East Willow in England, having refused burial in Westminster Abbey.



Her grave is marked by a modest white stone bearing a cut-in cross and the simple inscription, "F. N., Born 1820, Died 1910."

CONSCIENCE

AN oft repeated aphorism from Shakespeare is the following placed in the mouth of Hamlet: "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all", but this, like many other sententious statements which roll glibly off the tongue, will not bear analysis and application to actual facts.

The Treasury of the United States has a Conscience Fund established for and from time to time augmented by receipts from individuals whose conscience has tormented them by reason of some fraud they have perpetrated on Uncle Sam. They have held out on him at the Customs Office, or in some other way have failed to pay him what was justly due. Since most of these contributions are made anonymously, it may be argued that while conscience impelled them to make restitution, it nevertheless made cowards of them in that they refrained from submitting their names along with the remittances. We will not argue that point. Something can, with reason, be said on both sides.

Anonymity, however, does not enter into the situation where a man, after having for many years cheated the law by evading punishment for some infraction, makes a clean breast of the matter and submits himself for whatever penalty may be meted out to him. There are many such cases on record. Only recently a man gave himself up some twenty years after he had escaped from a penitentiary where he was serving a sentence for a serious offence against the law of the land. He had gone to what to him was a "far off country"—to a distant state—where he had lived a life of rectitude. He had married, raised a family, and was highly respected by all who knew him as a sound, substantial, honorable, prosperous and highly esteemed member of society. Conscience had been plaguing him, however, all through the years but we submit that it had not made a coward of him. It required a high degree of real courage to do what he did—more courage perhaps than many of us would have displayed

under similar circumstances.

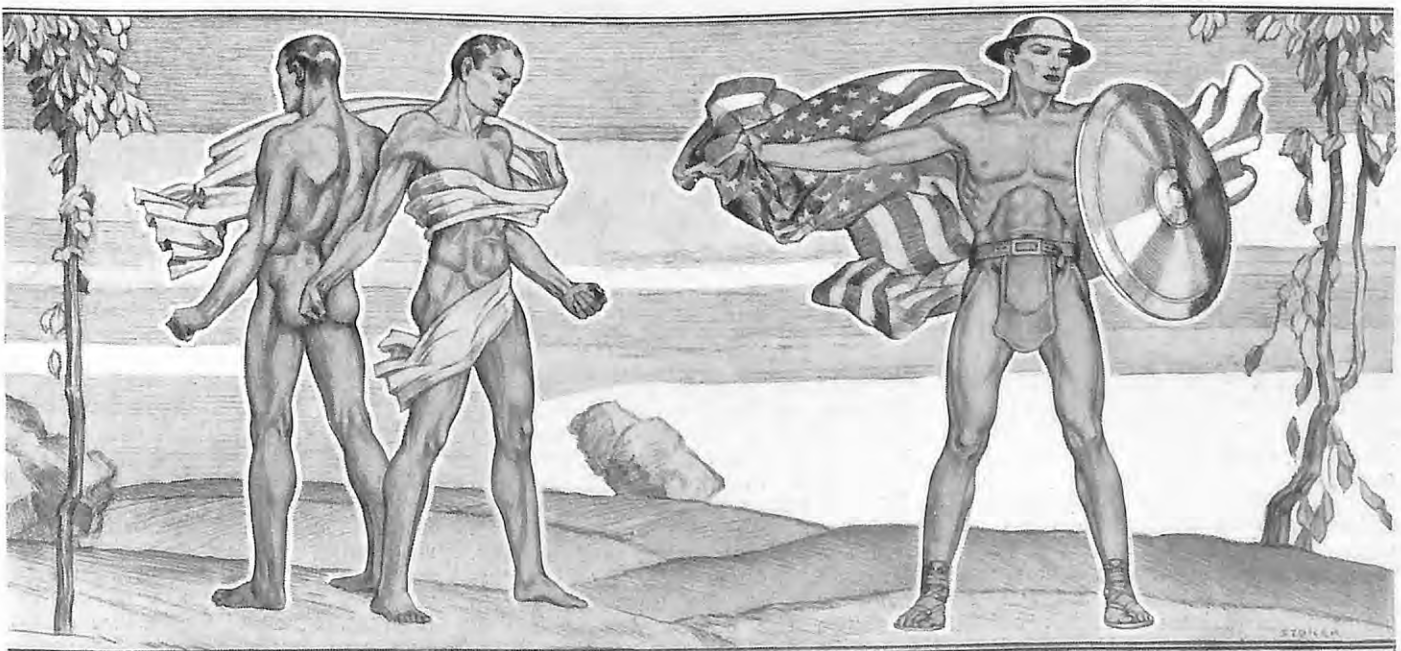
There is no question but that conscience makes cowards of some but not of all. It gives more of courage than cowardice. We think it would be more nearly correct to apply what Lincoln said about fooling the people and say conscience makes cowards of some of the people all of the time, all of the people some of the time, but not all of the people all of the time.

WELCOME TO GRAND LODGE SESSIONS

MANY Elks labor under the impression that the sessions of the Grand Lodge are open only to members of that body. This is erroneous. Of necessity the members of the Grand Lodge are seated in a compact body. This is indispensable to the orderly dispatch of business. The convention hall, however, is always arranged to provide seating capacity for all Elks in attendance, and their presence is not only welcomed but solicited by members of the Grand Lodge.

Much that transpires in these annual sessions is of interest to every Elk. They will be impressed with the decorum of the members of this legislative body and will learn many things regarding the Order, knowledge of which can be acquired in no other way. Thus pride of membership in the Order is increased and a most helpful influence made to radiate from the Grand Lodge to the entire membership of the Order, which is reflected in increased activity in subordinate Lodges.

Then the reunion feature should not be overlooked, for it is an annual Reunion as well as an annual session of the Grand Lodge. Those taking advantage of the reunion feature will derive enjoyment from meeting Elks assembled from every section of the country and in this way renewing old and forming new friendships. To take out of life its friendships would be to strip it of much that brings real happiness. If members fail to embrace the opportunity offered by these annual Reunions to enlarge their acquaintance in the Order, they are losing out on one of the very important advantages which the fraternity offers them.





Mr. Sholtz and distinguished citizens of Puerto Rico at the dinner given for him by San Juan, P.R., Lodge

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

GRAND EXALTED RULER DAVID SHOLTZ paid an official visit to Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, on February 22, and was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the officers of the Lodge at the Mayflower Hotel. At the special Lodge session he witnessed the initiation of a class numbering 38 candidates. Governor Sholtz was accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, of Washington, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Robert S. Barrett, Alexandria, Va., and Dr. Arthur G. Barrett, Baltimore, Md., a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. In his speech the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke eloquently on the history of the Order, its accomplishments and its high aims, and devoted a portion of it to Americanism. A splendid response was made by Leo A. Rover, former U. S. District Attorney for the District of Columbia, who represented the Class which had just been initiated.

On Sunday, February 28, Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz arrived by plane from Miami for his official visit to San Juan, Puerto Rico,

Lodge, No. 972, and the initiation of Gen. Blanton Winship, Governor of Puerto Rico, and the Winship Class of thirteen candidates. He was met at the Isla Grande Airport by a Reception Committee consisting of D.D. Chester W. Siegmund, E.R. Joseph A. Bezouska, Est. Lead. Knight George P. De Pass, Est. Loy. Knight Guy Willis, Est. Lect. Knight Fred Jung, P.D.D.'s Jerry D. Woodward, George Spaven, John S. Beck and A. J. Perrone, P.E.R.'s Clarence E. Woodsum and Fred C. Holmes, many officers and members, and a committee of ladies, and escorted to the Home of the Lodge in the Condado. There they were joined by Gov. Winship, with whom Gov. Sholtz stopped during his stay on the Island.

On Monday an all-Elk luncheon was given at the Union Club by Mr. Siegmund in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor. About forty officers and members of the Lodge attended, and Gov. Winship was present. Gov. Sholtz was then taken by Mr. Perrone and Mr. De Pass for a trip through the city and neighboring country. In the evening Gov. Win-

ship gave a dinner at Government House for the Grand Exalted Ruler, with the District Deputy, Exalted Ruler, and Chair officers of the Lodge present as invited guests. The Lodge session was opened at 8 o'clock. The Grand Exalted Ruler was presented to the Lodge with customary honors by Mr. Siegmund, after which the initiation of the Winship Class was held. Gov. Sholtz welcomed the new members into the Order, and made a forceful address in which he stressed the blessings of American citizenship. The informal social session was most enjoyable, with refreshments and general singing, and music by Organist Dan Allen.

On Tuesday the Grand Exalted Ruler and Gov. Winship, Mr. Siegmund and all the Lodge officers were guests of Trustee Francisco Soto Gras at the weekly luncheon of the San Juan Rotary Club. The timely remarks made by Gov. Sholtz were received with long and spontaneous applause. The afternoon was spent visiting nearby points of historic interest. From eight to twelve that evening a buffet supper and garden

party, followed by dancing, were given by Gov. Winship in Gov. Sholtz's honor. The affair was held in the historic residence of the old Spanish governors built in 1520, now the official residence of Gov. Winship. All Elks and their ladies, and many officials and distinguished residents of the Capital attended.

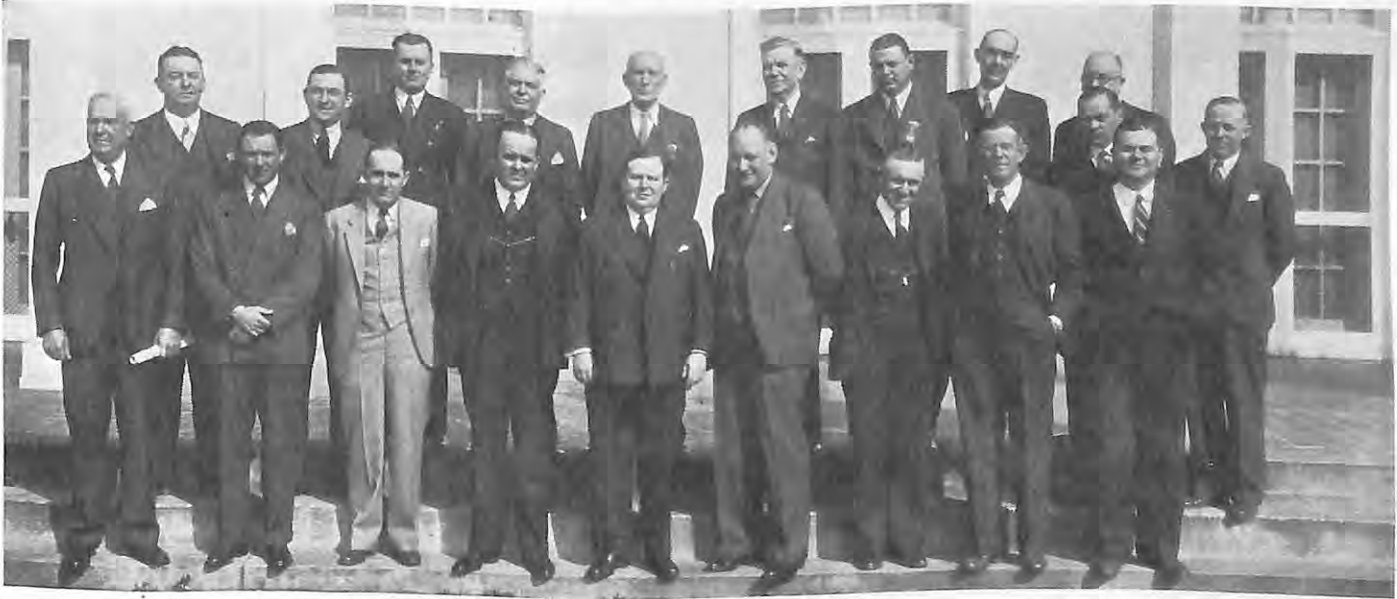
On the following evening San Juan Lodge held its banquet in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Escambron Beach Club. P.E.R. Martin Travieso, Supreme Court Justice, was Toastmaster. Gov. Winship and his niece, and Mr. and Mrs. John W. Wright were also guests of honor. Federal Judge R. A. Cooper was present. The Grand Exalted Ruler's half-hour speech, which seemed all too short for his approving listeners, and the remarks made by Gov. Winship, were broadcast over local Radio Stations WKAQ and WNEL. Dancing continued until a late hour.

At 10 o'clock on Thursday morning Gov. Sholtz boarded the plane for his return to Florida, as reluctant to leave as his hosts were loath to have him go. The large gathering at the Airport included Secy. and Mrs. Fred E. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jung, Esq. John J. O'Brien, and other members of the party who had welcomed him upon his arrival. The visit was one long to be remembered by the Grand Exalted Ruler and by the members of San Juan Lodge for whom the sojourn of one

to the largest gathering of members ever assembled in the Lodge rooms. P.E.R. T. J. Kelly, Miami Lodge, No. 948, was present. E.R. Val C. Cleary, of Miami Beach Lodge, led in conducting initiation ceremonies for 35 new members. Gov. Sholtz was the principal speaker. With Otto C. Stegemann in charge of the program, entertainment was furnished by such well known artists as Harry Richman, Chic Endor and Charlie Farrell, and Mark Plant. A buffet supper was served.

THE Grand Exalted Ruler made his official visit to Gainesville, Fla., Lodge, No. 990, on March 10. He was accompanied by his official Secretary, the Hon. James P. Newell, of Fort Pierce Lodge; Caspian Hale, of New Smyrna, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; M. Frank O'Brien, Jacksonville, D.D. for Fla., North and W. M. Carter, Lakeland, D.D. for Fla., West. E.R. J. Maxey Dell, Sr., his officers and a number of Gainesville Elks met the party upon its arrival at 5:45 P. M. At six o'clock a banquet was served, after which a meeting was held in the Lodge room and a large and representative class was

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler and distinguished Elks of Alabama photographed when Mr. Sholtz visited Montgomery, Ala., Lodge



whom they recognized as a distinguished and capable leader had been a rare pleasure. Gov. Sholtz endeared himself to all by his friendliness and charm of personality and as an Elk imparted inspiration and a renewed interest in the Order that will be enduring.

Two hundred and fifty Elks attended the celebration given in honor of Gov. Sholtz by Miami Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1601, immediately after his return from San Juan. D.D. W. A. Wall, of West Palm Beach Lodge, introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler

initiated in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor. The hundreds of Elks in attendance from all over the State voiced their approval of Governor Sholtz's address in prolonged applause. Jacksonville, Lake City, Ocala, Tallahassee, Palatka and St. Augustine Lodges were represented at the meeting.

On Thursday, March 11, Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz instituted Valdosta, Ga., Lodge, No. 728. The meeting took place at the Country Club. The Order was represented by a Lodge in Valdosta a number of years

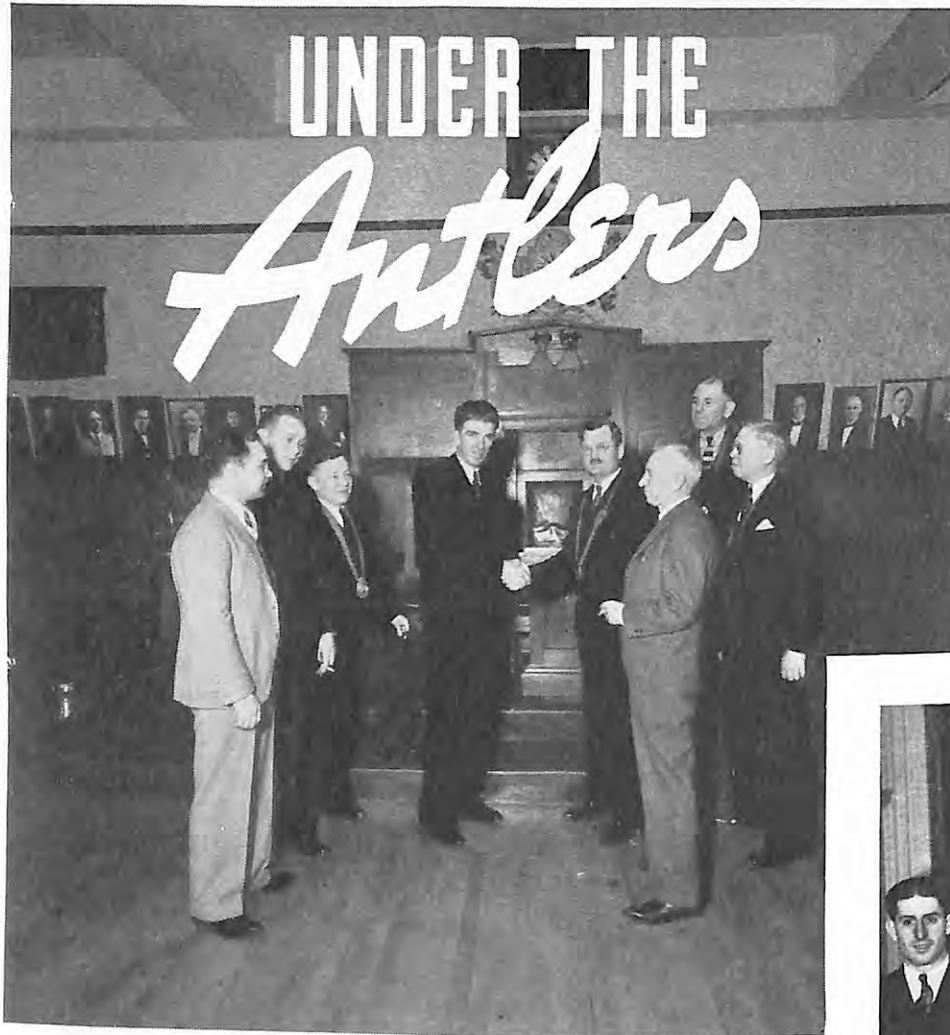
ago, and its number was given the new one at the request of the organizers. The officers, headed by E.R. J. C. Hunt, were installed by Grand Trustee John S. McClelland of Atlanta Lodge. W. N. Holcombe is Secretary. The 105 new members were initiated by the Ritualistic Team of Albany, Ga., Lodge, No. 713, led by the Rev. T. A. Brennan.

The Grand Exalted Ruler made an impressive speech and his presence at the meeting, and also at the fish fry, held at the Club at 6 P. M., sent the new Lodge off to a splendid start. The following Grand Lodge members from Georgia were among those present: D.D. H. B. Roberts and Secy. I. G. Ehrlich, Albany; E.R.'s T. L. Moss, Columbus, and R. Sam Monroe, Waycross; P.E.R.'s T. B. Converse, J. D. Ashley, H. Langdale and G. W. McCulley, Valdosta; J. W. Swift, Fitzgerald, H. H. Rowling, Jr., and G. E. Lovelace, Waycross; Father James King, Athens, and D. W. Brosnan, Meyer Rosenberg and Henry A. Kieve, Albany. Those from Florida were Caspian Hale, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, New Smyrna; D.D. M. Frank O'Brien, Jacksonville; P.D.D. Irvin Gates, Tallahassee, and P.E.R.'s Fred T. Nooney, Jacksonville, George B. Douglass, Lake City, and C. L. Johnson and J. R. Jinks, Tallahassee.

The gala program marking the institution of another new Georgia Lodge got under way the next after-

noon, March 12, when large delegations began to arrive in Elberton from Athens, Atlanta and other neighboring Lodges. Almost a hundred Elks came from Decatur, bringing with them their 40-piece Antlers band, and altogether one of the largest crowds that ever greeted a Grand Exalted Ruler in that section was on hand to meet Gov. Sholtz when he arrived. After a street parade a long motorcade escorted the Grand Exalted Ruler on a trip to the granite quarries after which a

(Continued on page 53)



News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Left are Carl Hubbell, New York Giants pitcher, and W. B. Duncan, Exalted Ruler of Shawnee, Okla., Lodge, shaking hands. Hubbell was initiated into Shawnee lodge Feb. 23. Pictured, left to right, are R. A. Coleman, Doyle Mayberry, Bob Glendenning, Hubbell, Duncan, I. C. Saunders, Tony Adams and Leroy Moses.

Below are the five DeBiasi brothers who are all members of New London, Conn., Lodge



Many Guests Present at Quincy, Mass., Lodge's P.E.R.'s Night

Past Exalted Rulers' Night at Quincy, Mass., Lodge, No. 943, was made the occasion for one of the biggest events of the year with some 300 present and police officials from several cities and towns as special guests. E. R. W. Henry Donaher, who had planned and worked for its success, was too ill to attend, but expressed his pleasure that the evening was in good hands. Charles A. Ross, acting as Chairman of the Committee, was assisted by Est. Lead. Knight George F. McLaughlin who took on the duties of Exalted Ruler. During the meeting the Lodge officers relinquished their offices and P.D.D. Edward D. Larkin officiated as Exalted Ruler, assisted by other distinguished Massachusetts Elks.

Inspector Francis Sweeney, of the Narcotic Division of the Boston Police Department, gave an instructive talk, speaking with great earnestness on the effects of the narcotic evil. State Pres. John F. Burke, of Boston, brought the greetings of the Massachusetts State Elks Assn. The Lodge's oldest Past Exalted Ruler, Philip H. Sullivan, spoke briefly. P.D.D. Alfred P. J. Pinel gave the Eleven O'Clock Toast. A chicken pie dinner was served in the banquet hall. Mr. Larkin was Toastmaster.

Not long ago the Past Exalted

Rulers of Lodges in the Southeast District met at Quincy Lodge for a rehearsal of the Ritual, to perfect themselves for the competition in which Teams of the District would strive for leadership in ritualistic work. The winner of the State-wide Contest meets the winner of the present officers' Team that takes the James R. Nicholson Trophy. P.E.R. Clyde E. Orcutt, of Quincy Lodge, is Chairman of the Massachusetts State Elks Assn. ritualistic competition.

Mortgage on Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge Home Is Burned

On Saturday night, February 13, a group of 150 bondholders, including seven Past Exalted Rulers, gathered in the Home of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, for a stag dinner. This was no ordinary occasion, for on that night a facsimile of the Lodge's old mortgage was placed in a brass urn and in a brief ceremony was reduced to ashes. The bondholders were greeted by E.R. Melvin D. Hereford. P.E.R. Bernard F. Kelly was Toastmaster. Arrangements for the celebration were made by the Board of Trustees of which F. C. McReynolds is Chairman.

The Home of the Lodge was once known as the Oakwood Arms Hotel. The owner took a \$45,000 mortgage

which the Staten Island Elks subsequently reduced to \$40,000. The Lodge recently staged a bond-selling campaign among its members. As a result bonds in the amount of \$47,000 were subscribed. More than \$25,000 of this was cash and the money was used in the transfer of the mortgage. On January 27 the bonded indebtedness passed into the hands of subscribers all of whom were members of the Lodge. Through that transaction the new bondholders were able to retire a \$40,000 mortgage. The bondholders then decided to celebrate the event with a "Victory Dinner" at which the old mortgage would be burned.

Triple Event Celebrated at Meeting of Florence, Colo., Lodge

A triple event, which included the burning of bonds, amounting to \$7,500, completing a building debt payment, the celebration of Past Exalted Rulers' Night and the initiation of a class of 11 candidates, was observed on February 25 by Florence, Colo., Lodge, No. 611. One

hundred and fourteen Elks attended the banquet held in honor of the P.E.R.'s, who later filled the Chairs and initiated the Class. A hearty welcome to the old and new members was extended by E.R. Lewis Hubka and his officers.

The climax of the evening was the burning of the bonds in special ceremonies impressively conducted.

Palatka Elks Hosts at "All Florida Elks Day" Celebration

Hundreds of Elks and their friends gathered at the Ravine Gardens, famous beauty spot in Palatka, Fla., on Feb. 28 to celebrate the third annual "All Florida Elks Day." Large delegations from Jacksonville, Gainesville, Lake City, St. Augustine, DeLand, Ocala and Daytona Beach Lodges assembled early in the morning and were entertained by Palatka Lodge, No. 1232, which held open house all day.

At 2:30 P. M. the huge party left for the Gardens. A concert by the band of the Bolles School of Jack-

held annually by Medford, Ore., Lodge, No. 1168, is its Ladies' Night Banquet. Approximately 600 Elks and their ladies were present in the Lodge Home to enjoy this year's party. The seating arrangement in the banquet hall was adequate for the large number of diners. The service was excellent and the baked Virginia ham around which the menu was built came in for unanimous praise.

The members and their guests were entertained in the Lodge Hall after the banquet by Sebastian Apollo, the Lodge's official pianist, several singing and dancing numbers, and by Miss Gillette and her Mountaineers who played real old-fashioned music. P.E.R. Carl Y. Tengwald was Master of Ceremonies. The members of the committee received the thanks of E.R. Walter J. Olmscheid for making the party the best that has been given. Secy. Ernest L. Scott congratulated all who were responsible for its success, particularly Mrs. Larry Schade, General Chairman. He also had a

word of praise for Chef Lloyd Morthland, who prepared the supper. Dancing to the music of Dickey's Orchestra from Ashland rounded out the evening.

Sunday Initiations at Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge are Popular

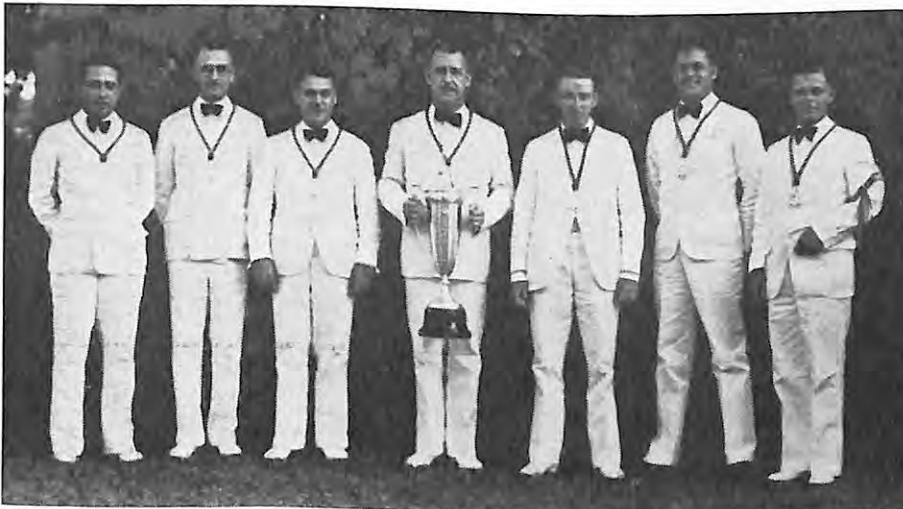
Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, held its second Sunday afternoon initiation on March 7. The class was a large one, including a number of high ranking city and county officials, and was named in honor of State Pres. William D. Hancher of Washington, Pa., Lodge. The Pittsburgh Elks entertained their guests with music and a fine lunch.

The Lodge has found that the Sunday initiation brings out a fine attendance. More than 150 were present. Among the visiting Elks were Mr. Hancher, Past State Pres. John F. Nugent, Braddock Lodge, D.D. Leonard M. Lippert, McKeesport, and Ralph C. Robinson, Wilkesburg, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Pa. State Elks Assn.

Classes of Sturgis and Hillsdale, Mich., Lodges Jointly Initiated

A joint initiation of 25 candidates for Sturgis, Mich., Lodge, No. 1381, and 11 for Hillsdale, Mich., Lodge, No. 1575, was held recently in the Home of Sturgis Lodge. The initiation, dedicated to the Grand Exalted Ruler, was the wind-up of the administration of E.R. Ferris A. Doyle whose term showed a substantial membership gain. The Hillsdale officers and drill team conducted the initiatory ceremonies. D.D. Dr. C. J. Howe, Postmaster John Cross and the incoming Exalted Ruler of Three Rivers, Mich., Lodge, J. Murray Reed, spoke. The 240 Elks present were entertained with a floor show and a chicken dinner.

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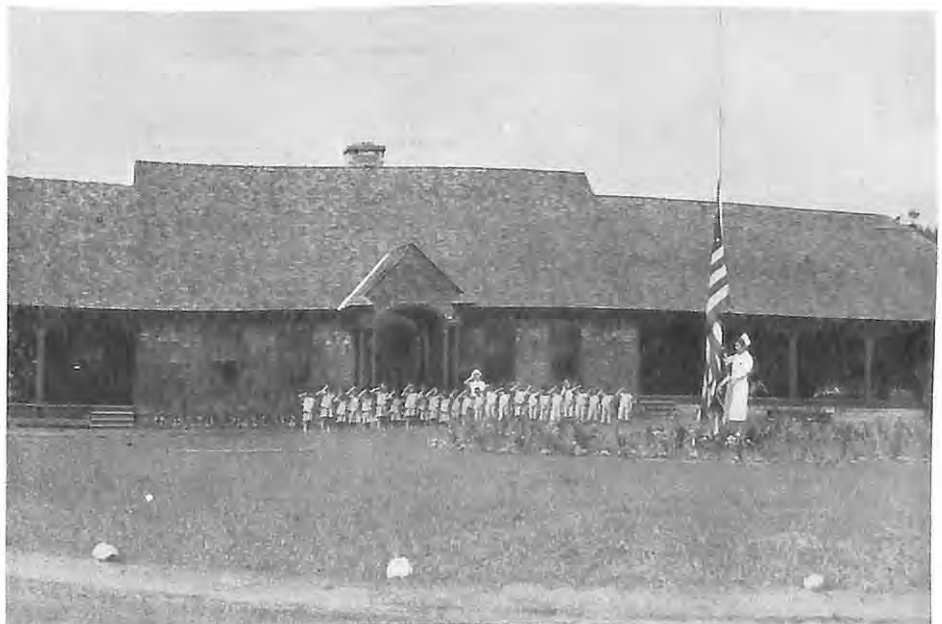


The Ritualistic Team of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge which recently defeated Panama, C. Z., Lodge in a contest

sonville was a feature of the afternoon. Major J. B. O'Neal was the director. During the intermissions many prominent Elks of the State were introduced by former State Representative B. C. Pearce, P.E.R. of Palatka Lodge, and E. W. Elliott, Chairman of the Municipal Ravine Gardens Committee. Among the speakers were James P. Newell, of Fort Pierce Lodge, who acted as personal representative of Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz; Caspian Hale, New Smyrna, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Past State Pres. Harold Colee, St. Augustine, Pres. of the State Chamber of Commerce; D.D. M. Frank O'Brien, Jacksonville; Col. H. R. Dyer, E.R. of Palatka Lodge, and Mayor J. W. Campbell.

Ladies' Night Banquet at Medford, Ore., Lodge an Outstanding Success

One of the most popular events



Above: Camp Newton, where Rome, N. Y., Lodge receives 50 undernourished and ailing children and reconditions them. Camp Newton is Rome Lodge's principal welfare activity

This Section Contains Additional News of Eastern Lodges



The Degree Team of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge entirely composed of N. Y. State Troopers who recently initiated 20 candidates

Annual P.E.R.'s Night at New Kensington, Pa., Lodge

New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512, held its Annual Past Exalted Rulers' Night on February 18 with Past Exalted Rulers acting as officers and performing the ritualistic work in the initiation of a class of 15 candidates. The chairs were occupied by Past State Pres. M. F. Horne, E. J. Linney, Charles H. Schnorr, Louis Claster, E. S. Keyes, Howard Rieder, S. C. Bednar and Otto R. Grotefend. Life Membership cards were presented to B. H. Fisher and W. C. McCowan who had completed 25 years of continuous membership.

Three hundred members and their ladies enjoyed the reception and dance held after the meeting. Many former residents of New Kensington attended.

Large Attendance at Saratoga, N. Y., Lodge on "Old Timers' Night"

"Old Timers' Night" held recently by Saratoga, N. Y., Lodge, No. 161, brought out not only a large number of older members, but many of the younger ones as well, and also the entire staff of officers. P.E.R. Harold H. Corbin and Judge I. I. Goldsmith journeyed from New York City to be present. Mr. Corbin presided and had the pleasure of initiating his son, Harold, Jr., into Saratoga Lodge. The other Past Exalted Rulers taking part in the initiation were J. Raymond McGirr, F. G. Eaton, P. J. Landry, Thomas J. Quilty, D. L. Baker, M. J. Delay, J. P. Butler, George O. Tuck, Walter M. Stroup and Dr. Leo W. Roohan, Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. The regular meeting had been postponed so that the affair could be held on Saturday night, and after

the Lodge meeting a turkey dinner was served and a social session was enjoyed.

Initiation and Dinner-Dance at Johnsonburg, Pa., Lodge

Johnsonburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 612, entertained more than 250 members and guests recently at a dinner and dance to celebrate the conclusion of the most successful membership campaign in its history. The evening began at 6:30 P. M. with a dinner served in the Auditorium by the ladies of the Methodist Church. In the interval before the dancing, the women guests were entertained at cards by the ladies of the Lodge while a special meeting was being conducted in the Lodge rooms for the purpose of initiating a class of 24 candidates. The ceremonies were performed by the Degree Team of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, whose fine work made the occasion a memorable one. The Team, which was accompanied to Johnsonburg by 28 members and several visitors, was made up of the necessary chair officers and auxiliaries, and an eight-piece orchestra for incidental music.

The dance was held in the handsomely decorated Auditorium. P.E.R. C. F. Wickwire, George Beaver and E.R. F. E. Hufford were Chairmen of the Dinner, Dance and Reception Committees respectively. Many visiting Elks from surrounding Lodges attended the meeting and remained for the social session.

Hudson, Mass., Lodge Initiates Its Largest Class on P.E.R.'s Night

Hudson, Mass., Lodge, No. 959, initiated the largest class in its history on "Past Exalted Rulers' Night" and was honored by the presence of



delegations from Maynard, Milford, Marlborough, Clinton, Framingham, Worcester, Medford, Concord and Newton, Mass., Lodges. The degree work was under the direction of Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge who acted as officers during the meeting. Past Exalted Rulers also had charge of the festivities. Dr. Thomas F. Tierney, Surgeon General of Massachusetts, acted as Exalted Ruler. Dr. Tierney was the Lodge's first Exalted Ruler, is a Past District Deputy and a Past State President. The large class was dedicated to Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, and the meeting commemorated the 69th anniversary of the founding of the Order.

The speakers included D.D. Michael H. O'Connor, of Waltham Lodge, who was accompanied by his official suite, and P.D.D.'s William J. Moore, of Milford, and Edward W. Sheehan, of Concord Lodge. After the meeting of Concord Lodge, the meeting which was held in the Town Hall, the members and their guests repaired to the Lodge Hall for a program of entertainment and a lunch served by the House Committee.

D.D. Visit to Winchester, Va., Lodge Brings Record Crowd

D.D. Howard C. Gilmer, Jr., of Pulaski Lodge, was greeted by the

largest turnout that has ever attended a meeting of Winchester, Va., Lodge, No. 867, when he made his official visit to the Lodge recently. An initiation and dinner were held in his honor. Mr. Gilmer delivered a helpful and interesting address and complimented E.R. J. William Hollis and Secy. Edwin T. Snider upon their success in Lodge work as evidenced when he made his official inspection.

At this session Winchester Lodge voted a liberal donation to the cause of flood relief in the stricken Ohio valley area. A social hour and a generous lunch provided by Steward Mortimer F. Harkins were enjoyed after the meeting.

Rome, N. Y., Elks Swing Picks and Shovels in Worthy Cause

After the winter snows had melted around the expansive grounds of

nurses are on duty throughout the season as well as two cooks and a maintenance staff. City Health Officer Dr. Lewis N. Eames, himself an Elk, is in charge. The camp is near the shores of Lake Delta.

The buildings were constructed, at a cost of \$30,000, for just such a program as Rome Lodge carries out. The project was originally operated through the Community Chest. The monthly cost of operation is slightly in excess of \$1,000, and this sum is raised entirely by voluntary contributions from the Lodge's membership. With this financial assistance and the services of the members who are so generously performing money-saving labors, the Lodge is indeed carrying on a fine work. The bulk of the responsibility rests on P.D.D. William A. Wolff and the members of his Social and Community Welfare Committee, and to them the

Lodge gives full credit for the success of the program.

Lynchburg, Va., Lodge Initiates Class at Important Meeting

Four hundred and three members, in addition to 67 candidates for initiation and four for reinstatement, turned out for the meeting on March 25 at which Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, elected its officers. Frank L. Bullock is the new Exalted Ruler and W. O. Bell was reelected Secretary. P.E.R. R. Chess McGhee, P.D.D. and 2nd Vice-Pres. of the Va. State Elks Assn., was elected Alternate to the Grand Lodge.

After the initiation ceremonies had been performed and the business meeting had come to a close, a social session in charge of Steward E. M. Woody was enjoyed. The regular dance which took place the next evening was in honor of the new members.



Above: Elk officials at "All Florida Elks Day," at Palatka, Fla.

Right: Elks of Watertown, N. Y., Lodge who gathered together to observe the anniversary of the Order

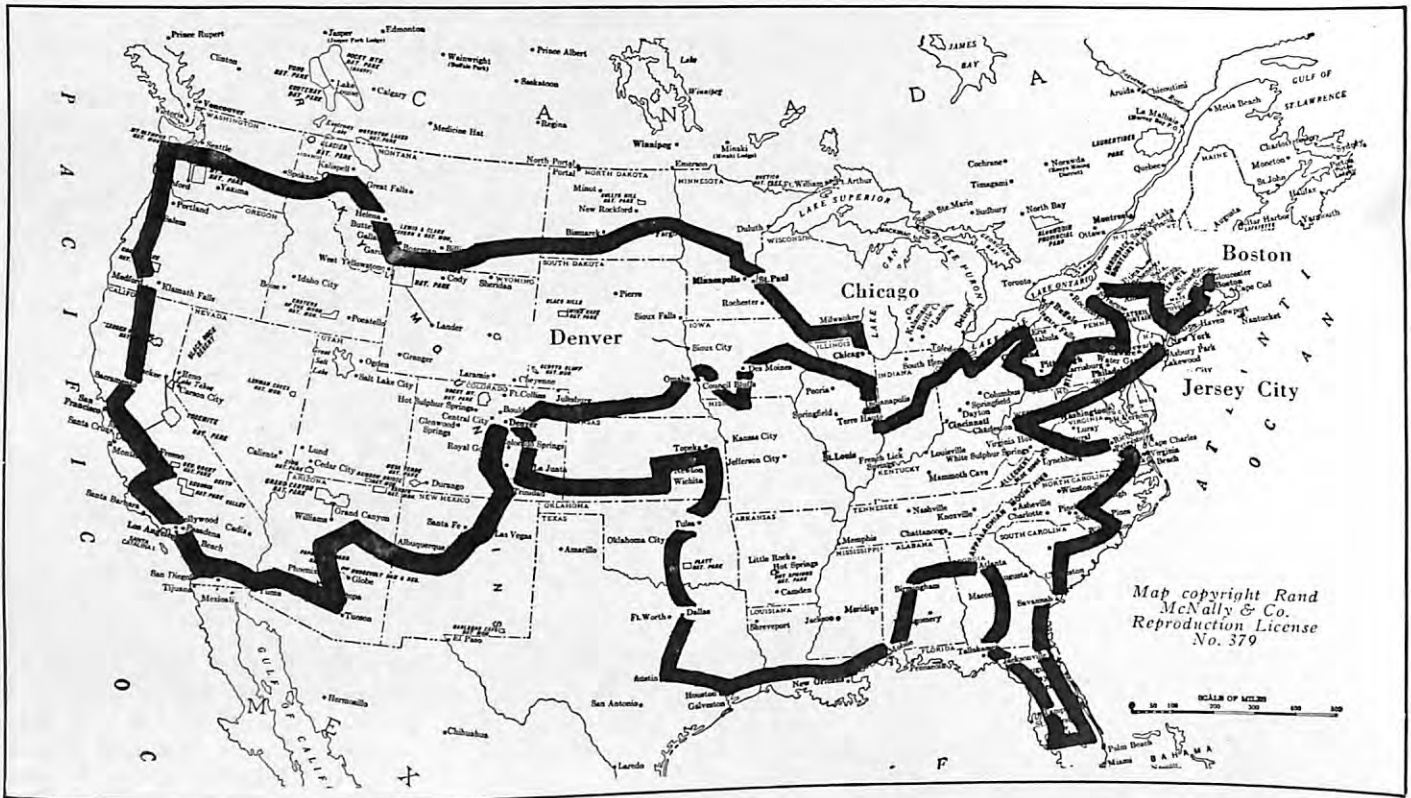
Camp Newton, the principal welfare project of Rome, N. Y., Lodge, No. 96, E.R. John T. Huguenin and his fellow-members went in for some heavy labor. The construction of a wading pool called for the task of swinging picks and shovels, and committees of carpenters, painters, plumbers, etc., went to work with a will to make the camp ready for the 50 undernourished and ailing boys and girls selected for the benefits of the camp next summer. This will be the camp's second season. The children chosen must be under ten years of age. Half the number is taken care of during July, the other half in August. The average gain last season was found to be eight pounds per child. Wholesome foods, ample rest periods, strict medical attention and supervised recreations are provided. Two registered

Elks of Pittston, Pa., Lodge and their ladies at a testimonial dinner for E.R. Thomas A. Shannon

"Nationality Nights" Held by Holyoke, Mass., Lodge

"Polish Night," one of the Nationality Nights in the series held annually by Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, was observed in the Lodge Home with a broiled chicken dinner, a program of Polish music, a physical culture exhibition and the performance of feats of magic by the Rev. Celestine Rosewicz. Not long afterward the Lodge celebrated "Irish Night," when more than 250 enjoyed a corned beef, spare ribs and cabbage feast.





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Elks Ninth Cross Country Tour in the Offing

Transcontinental Safety Tour to visit more than 225 Lodges

BEGINNING the latter part of May. The ELKS MAGAZINE plans to launch another transcontinental tour to terminate as usual at the scene of the Grand Lodge Convention which this year will be held at Denver, Colorado. Six Studebaker automobiles will be used and they will be paired on three different routes. One route will begin at Boston, another at Jersey City and the third at Chicago. Tentative itineraries of the routes are given below. These, however, are subject to change as at this early date it is difficult to compile a definite and inflexible program.

It is expected that the tour which leaves from Boston will be headed by Brother Francis P. Boland of Jersey City, a P.D.D.G.E.R. and Past President of New Jersey State Elks Association. He will be accompanied by Happy Stanley whose ability as an entertainer is known to the members of many lodges which he has visited in the course of past tours. The tour leaving from Jersey City

will be captained by Joe Downing of Mt. Vernon, No. 842., the leader of "Joe Downing and his gang," an orchestra well known in metropolitan New York. He, too, will be accompanied by a skilled entertainer. The tour which leaves from Chicago will be manned by Brothers Axel Christensen and Joe Cooke, radio entertainers of repute on western stations.

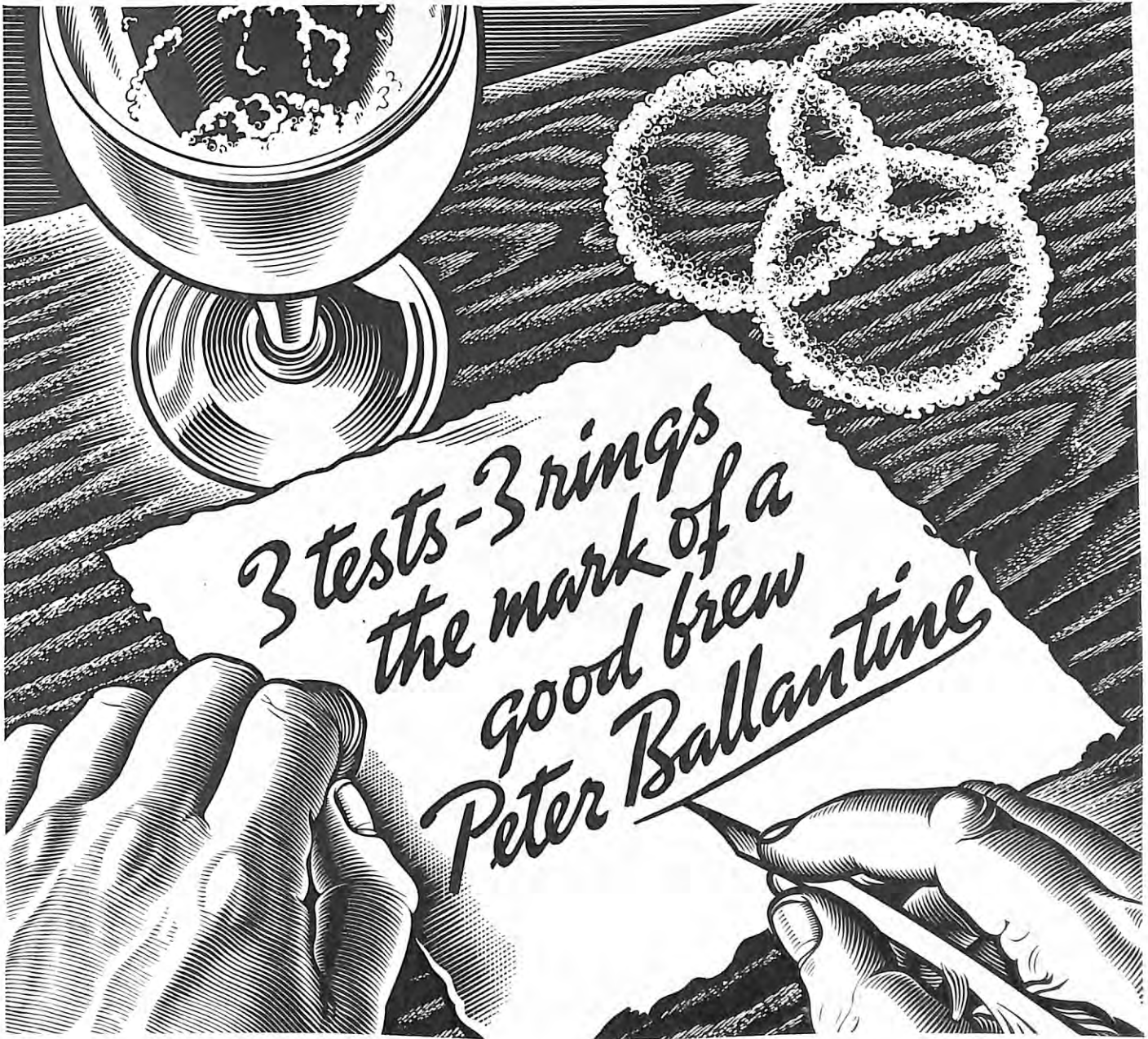
For the ninth consecutive year, the cars of the fleet will use Quaker State motor oils and greases. The rigors of a transcontinental tour are such that only the finest equipment can be used, hence the selection of Studebaker automobiles and Quaker State Oils is imperative. As an enterprise of this kind must be conducted with fidelity to schedule, all Elks Safety Tour drivers are equipped with Gruen Watches. As is customary some brand of Ethyl gasoline will be used. All cars will be equipped with the famous Dual Ten Special Safety Tires manufactured by the General Tire Co.

Date	Town
Thurs. May 27th	Boston, Mass.
..	Lowell, Mass.
Fri. .. 28th	Fitchburg, Mass.
..	Worcester, Mass.
Sat. .. 29th	Frammingham, Mass.
..	Providence, R. I.
Mon. .. 31st	New London, Conn.
..	Norwich, Conn.
Tues. June 1st	Willimantic, Conn.
..	Middletown, Conn.
Wed. .. 2nd	Naugatuck, Conn.
..	Greenwich, Conn.
Thurs. .. 3rd	Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
..	Ossining, N. Y.
Fri. .. 4th	Peekskill, N. Y.
..	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Sat. .. 5th	Kingston, N. Y.
..	Albany, N. Y.
Sun. .. 6th	Troy, N. Y. State Convention
Mon. .. 7th	Utica, N. Y. (night)
Tues. .. 8th	Syracuse, N. Y.
..	Norwich, N. Y.
Wed. .. 9th	Binghamton, N. Y.
..	Seranton, Pa.
Thurs. .. 10th	Berwick, Pa.
..	Allentown, Pa.
Fri. .. 11th	Tamaqua, Pa.
..	Shamokin, Pa.
Sat. .. 12th	Sunbury, Pa.
..	Williamsport, Pa.
Mon. .. 14th	Bellefonte, Pa.
..	Altoona, Pa.
Tues. .. 15th	Greensburg, Pa.
..	Uniontown, Pa.
Wed. .. 16th	Washington, Pa.
..	Allegheny, Pa.
Thurs. .. 17th	Steubenville, O.
..	Wheeling, W. Va.
Fri. .. 18th	Canton, O.
..	Akron, O.
Sat. .. 19th	Sharon, Pa.
..	Oil City, Pa.
Mon. .. 21st	Lakewood, O.
..	Elyria, Ohio
Tues. .. 22nd	Tiffin, Ohio
..	Findlay, O.

(Continued on page 55)



Division of Elks Tour at Denver, June 18, 1935



NO man will scorn Peter Ballantine's 3-fold test. One drink he rolled on his tongue, judging the brew for PURITY. A second mouthful was judged for BODY. A third hearty drink was appraised for FLAVOR.

Each time Peter Ballantine raised his glass for a test, a dewy ring was left on the scoured oak board. "3 tests—

3 rings," wrote Peter Ballantine, "the mark of a good brew."

The next time you drink Ballantine's, make the 3 tests yourself, as Peter Ballantine made them back in 1840. Look at the 3 rings left by your glass, rings of quality to remind you—it's purity, body and flavor you get when you call for Ballantine's.

ON DRAUGHT—IN BOTTLES (12 & 32 oz.)—IN COPPER-COLORED CANS

BALLANTINE'S



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(Continued from page 9)

I had a stupid impression there were twenty horses in the race."

She went on like that through lunch, rather spoiling it.

"You won't sell your ticket for ten thousand dollars," she said, bitterly. "You won't believe Lady Teazle can lose. But you will buy anything a fat old slicker shows you." She broke a piece of bread with tearful anger shadowing her eyes.

Andy sighed, deeply and exasperatedly. "Isn't a car something we're going to need? Isn't it?"

"Yes." Her eyes flashed up at him. "Not one like that, though—not one that will take practically all the money you'll get if Lady Teazle doesn't come in third. You never even thought of that house we saw in Bayside. If you put the money down on that"

"That place," Andy said, moving his hand away from him. "We'll get something better—something with more ground around it. I don't want to be stuck next door to anybody in a place where you don't know who's going to be your neighbor. Suppose they"

"Of course," Sue said sweetly. "Then there'll be the swimming pool, and the servants' quarters, and the town house."

"Okay," muttered Andy, compressing his lips. "Okay, if that's the way you feel about it."

Going back to Harmon's he didn't mention the bracelet or the watch; he didn't speak of going to Tiffany's. If she thought she could treat him like a kid all his life

Even parked in front of Harmon's he maintained his stubborn silence, staring ahead up the street. Because of that he saw Phil Kane first, hurrying along towards them with a copy of the afternoon paper clenched in one hand like a club. When he saw them in the car he came over and made dreadful noises in his throat, glaring at Andy as if he were choking.

"Chiseller!" he panted breathlessly. "Maybe you thought you could get away with it. Maybe you thought" His voice broke; no words came though his lips kept moving. After an instant of the horrible, mute grimacing he turned away from them and ran inside, waving the paper back

threateningly across his shoulder. Sue stared after him. "What was he talking about?"

"Crazy," Andy said, with a thin frown. "He was always cuckoo. I don't know what's eating him now."

Then in his stomach a dreadful, cold foreboding formed and spread. It couldn't, it couldn't

Sue looked at him strangely. "Come on," she said. "Let's see what he meant."

Phil Kane was just inside the doorway of Harmon and Company, with most of the office force grouped around him. He was yelling in a cold, hoarsened voice, "I had that ticket. Sweet Sue—that's what I wrote! Ask Hinesy!" Then he saw Andy behind him and dropped his paper to make a sobbing rush at him.

Jim Barnes and Elmer grabbed him. Dazed, Andy said thickly, "You're a liar. What are you trying to pull off here?"

"They were playing that song on the radio," Phil Kane croaked, looking around at the others appealingly. "So I wrote it down. I even asked her to kiss it for luck."

Little Hines came in from the elevator, picking his teeth and looking contented.

"He'll tell you!" Phil Kane thrust a rigid arm towards him. "Hinesy'll tell you what I wrote. He sold the tickets. Hinesy!"

Little Hines looked alarmed. He rubbed his mouth and blinked while everyone tried to talk at once. It was Sue who finally managed to explain; Andy could only stand there,

watching him with a cold, shrunken face.

"I don't know," Little Hines said worriedly, when she'd finished. "I sold four tickets that night. Andy took one and you took one, too, but I don't know what you wrote on them. The next morning I gave the book and the money to my cousin, and she sent them back to Ireland. Didn't you put your name on it?"

"You didn't tell us we had to," Phil Kane roared huskily. "You said we could put down anything we wanted to. And I put down Sweet Sue because they were playing that song on the radio. Where's the cablegram?"

That was found at length on Andy's desk, under an inkwell. But it was addressed merely to Sweet Sue, at Harmon and Company's address; there was no name on it.

"The ticket number's here," Jim Barnes said excitedly. "Maybe you and Andy wrote the same thing on your stubs—but only one of you got the ticket that's numbered here. Where's yours, Andy?"

The dreadful lump in his throat prevented him from answering. He searched his pockets with numb fingers, but the ticket wasn't in any of them; it wasn't in his wallet. Across from him Phil Kane began to dump everything he carried out on a desk. There was a feverish thirty seconds while he pawed through letters and bills—while Andy's heart hung in his throat like a rag fluttering in a gale. Then Phil Kane panted, "Home. I must"

He ran for the door, then ran back, snatched up the cablegram, and scribbled the number it contained on a bit of paper. In another instant he was gone.

"Come on," Sue said, for Andy was only staring after him starkly, as if incapable of movement. "Yours must be home too—we'll have to find it. Take the switchboard till I get back, Ella."

Andy went out after her stiffly, like a robot. He tried to tell himself that Phil Kane was only bluffing, because that was the kind of guy he was, thinking something like this

(Continued on page 36)



"You! Always putting your oar in!"



To a man who looks older than he is

IF YOU have shaved by the old method, Nature has given you a tough, calloused and scaly skin to protect you from the blade. This artificial skin is older-looking than your own natural skin.

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Then you can shave much easier, quicker and closer, and your face

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(Continued from page 34)

would be a swell joke. But he—he had been trying to play up to Sue the night of the party—that was true; he had even asked her to kiss the ticket, as he said. When Andy remembered that, and how sore he'd got at it, a sickly white glow fanned up through his cheeks. If they both had written Sweet Sue on their stubs, if they both had given Harmon and Company's address, if neither of them had put his real name on the book due to Little Hines' faulty instructions—then Phil Kane might have won. Not he. Maybe he wouldn't get a hundred and fifty thousand now, or seventy-five, or even two. Maybe, instead, he'd get nothing. Nothing!

Andy never remembered the incidents of that ride. Somewhere along it Sue read the number of the winning ticket to him from the cablegram, but he couldn't remember if it was his. He couldn't seem to think at all; his face felt frozen, his insides tight and stiff, like the workings of a stopped clock. When the black and silver convertible pulled up before his rooming house it was as if it guided itself, with no directions from him.

He got out rigidly after Sue—a pale young man walking in a dream that had somehow turned to a nightmare. Then in his room a frantic, trembling eagerness came over him; he yanked open the closet door and began to look through his clothes with fingers that shook insanely, flinging vests and pants and bathrobe on the bed behind him.

He looked under the paper on the shelves; he opened a dusty suitcase and went through the flaps; he emptied the dresser drawers in a flowing heap of shirts and socks. And at last he sat on the littered bed with his head in his hands, and said starkly, "I knew it—I knew it all the time! It's lost, Sue. They'll never pay without it, even if it is the right one. They'll never..."

Sue came over to him and kissed his forehead, "We'll find it," she said softly. "Just don't be excited, Andy. Think back. Think what you did that night when you came home from the party."

With his eyes closed, his mind racing desperately over the blurring imprints of other evenings, he tried to do that. He

had come home; he had taken off his clothes; he had got into bed. What had he done with the ticket?

"No," he groaned. "It's no use. We can't find it. It's lost, Sue."

"Silly," Sue said. "You going to let that Phil Kane put it over on you?"

Determinedly she crossed the room and began to look through the things on his bedside dresser, shifting them around, picking up a lighter and a tiny radio and a framed snapshot of her to look under them.

"I guess," she said, "ten thousand dollars would look mighty good to you now. Maybe you'll see how much money it is."

"Ten thousand cents," Andy groaned. Looking up, his lips came together in a single white line of despair. "You think I'd sell it if I found it now? You think I'm a quitter?"

Sue looked at him thoughtfully. "I think you're a fool. We could buy that house in Bayside, Andy, and furnish it, and have something left over besides. You wouldn't?"

He felt maddened and helpless. Between his teeth he said, "I wouldn't. Kane would. But I'll play mine all the way. If I haven't got the right ticket" He stopped, staring before him bleakly, then turned to the door and muttered, "Come on. Let's get back to the office. Let's see if"

Somehow he couldn't bring himself to say it. Framing it in words was like crumbling the last slight fabric of hope down to dust around him. He never remembered the ride back either; it was a sunlit, crazy horror. Not until Little Hines met them at the door, and said Phil Kane couldn't

seem to find his ticket either, did he feel the blood beat in his heart again.

If they both were lost, that was tough all right, Little Hines said. He wasn't quite sure what would happen; but they'd make you wait six months anyway, and then maybe they'd compare Andy's handwriting with the winning stub. That was the only way out he could figure. One of them had won. Which? Without the tickets there was no way of telling.

Then Jim Barnes had an idea that it might be in Andy's desk, and for five minutes, while they helped him turn out drawers and examine papers and even go through the wastebasket, that was a dismal hope. When it had vanished like the others Andy couldn't bear voices or people or sympathy any longer; he told Little Hines he was going out for a smoke, but in the corridor he caught a down-going elevator to the street level, and paused there only long enough to park Mr. Malevinsky's splendid buy in an overnight garage.

At the rooming house he locked himself in his room and smoked until his cigarettes were gone. Once he roused himself to look through everything again—clothes, books, even, forlornly, under the mattress. When there was nothing more to search he sat on the edge of his bed, in the dark, and stared dumbly at the rug. The four hundred dollars in his wallet had dwindled to thirty-five, and they wouldn't take back the watch or the bracelet; he couldn't return the shoes or the suits or the hat. Maybe Michael Malevinsky would sue him. And the thousand that Sue demanded before she'd even think of marriage, the

thousand that nine months' devoted rationings of cigarettes and lunches had almost halved—that was gone, too. When she heard . . .

That would be the worst part, even though they'd all probably laugh at him—the bunch at office, and everyone he knew. They'd say it served him right. Buying that watch and those suits, riding in Malevinsky's car. Who did he think he was?

His mind went over and over that, in tormented circles. Long after midnight he went to bed, and

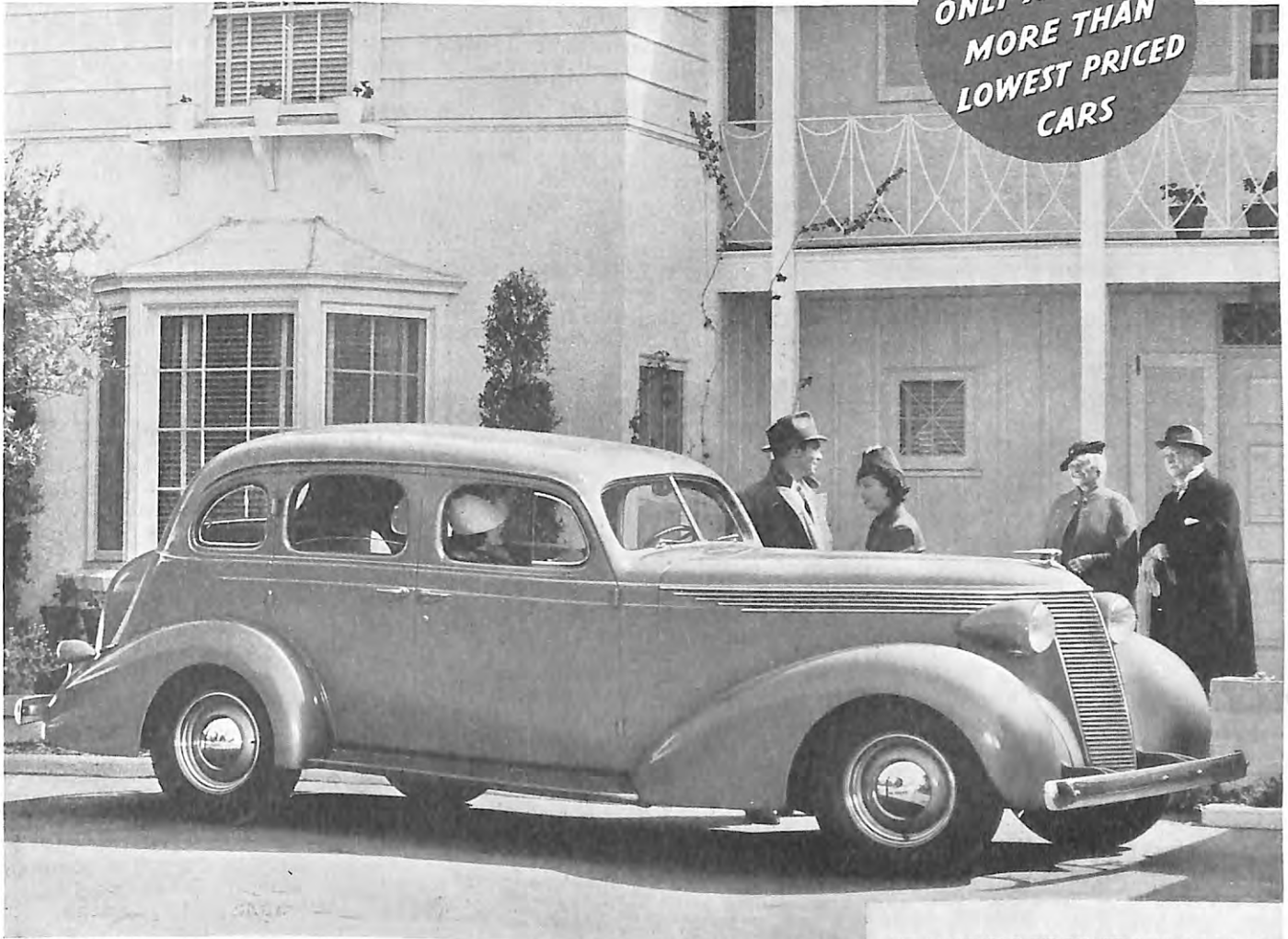
(Continued on page 38)



"Will you believe me now that your snore sounds like a moose call!"

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**COSTS
ONLY A LITTLE
MORE THAN
LOWEST PRICED
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TENS of thousands of motorists who formerly bought only very lowest priced cars are already money ahead by owning new 1937 Studebakers.

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EXTRA ROOMY INTERIORS WITH CHAIR-HEIGHT SEATS

*Exciting 1937
Studebakers*

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(Continued from page 36)

drowsed into fretful, broken dreams of Phil Kane triumphantly waving the winning ticket before him, while Michael Malevinsky roared for the police, and pursued him vengefully in the sports coupe through lines of mocking people, from whose ranks, now and again, a transformed Sue looked coldly out at him.

It was scant comfort in the morning to find that Phil Kane was not triumphant, but sullen and pale. Little Hines sought half-heartedly to encourage him; wasn't it still an even chance he had the winner. Some place he hadn't looked . . .

"Where?" said Andy, dismally. "What's left?"

It seemed, indeed, that there was nothing left in him. It was as if yesterday had filled him with joy and hope, and that crushing tide of despair, exhausting him now, leaving room for nothing else. He moved in a dull torpor that even Sue's strange, distant manner failed to pierce. She was through with him, maybe. Why not? He'd been a fool. Then when he left the building on his lunch hour Mr. Malevinsky was waiting for him in the street, severe and reproachful.

Andy gave him the keys. "Okay," he said dully. "The car's all right; it's in the garage around the corner. I guess you read what happened. I can't find the ticket. Maybe I haven't got the right one. Another fellow . . ."

"This," answered Mr. Malevinsky, "you should not have done to me." He accepted the keys with dignity, in silence, and walked away, while Andy went off through the rain to a lunch of milk and a ham sandwich that he could not bear to eat.

At four o'clock the next afternoon Little Hines came over to his desk.

"Nope," he said, as Andy looked up with a strained face. "That big lum ain't found his ticket—don't you worry about that. If he had you'd hear him whooping through the office. But I been thinking, Andy. What about your counterfoil? That's the thing they send you back to show your ticket was entered in the draw. It's got the number on it, too. Remember, I gave it to you a couple of weeks ago?"

Andy nodded. "You gave it to me one morning." He tried to think. "But I don't know what I did with it, Hinesy. It's not in my desk. I've searched that five

times."

Little Hines screwed up his mouth thoughtfully. "But it ought to be here somewhere. What made me think, I just saw Kane looking through his linen coat. You look in yours?"

Very faintly, Andy said, "No." But as he stared up at the little man that forgotten scene unshuttered in his brain. He could see Little Hines giving him the counterfoil, and then joking about it; he could remember Little Hines marching off, and how he had slipped it in the top pocket of his linen coat, for it had been very hot that morning, and he had been wearing it. Had he taken it out later? Had he . . .

His legs bowed under him as he got up, and, watching him, Hinesy's eyes began to glitter.

"You think it's there, Andy?"

"I'll look for it," Andy whispered. He could barely speak. "Stay here, Hinesy."

He plunged off down the passageway that led by the inner offices to the cloak room in back. There it was empty and dark now, and the linen coats the men wore in summer were gathering dust on a neglected line of pegs along the back wall. Coming in, closing the door, Andy's heart beat so fast and hard that he could not breathe for it. In a minute now he'd know—he'd win or lose. The counterfoil . . .

His coat hung near the end of the line, marked inside the collar with his initials. He had to set his teeth, to force himself to lift it off the hook. Then, with it in his hands, he stood for a moment, very rigid. He even prayed—a stammering, silent plea—for the desired moment now had a sense of reluctance, of oppressive terror, about it. If he'd lost . . . When he found the top pocket empty a wave of coldness swept over him

so quickly that his body shook, and he almost dropped the coat. He remembered . . .

Something was in the lower pocket. His fingers drew the crisp edge of paper out slowly, and spread it open in his damp palms. There was a window at the back, on a courtyard, and some dismal light crept in grayly through that. It was just enough for him to see by.

There was something stricken and dead in his eyes when he raised them to the window again. For a moment he stared out blindly, with the paper in his hands, and the coat on the floor at his feet. The number on the counterfoil ended in 785—the one in the cablegram, the winning one, had ended in 783. He'd lost. Phil Kane . . .

Paling, Little Hines stuttered, "You—you—Ain't it the right one, Andy?" when he went back to the office. Andy shook his head and went by. He went by Elmer, too, very white, moving stiffly, paying no heed to what he said about Phil Kane wanting to see him in the men's room. He looked for a moment at Sue, but her face was stiff and remote, as if it had been a stranger's.

"This is Mr. Bodkin," she said. "Will you sign now, Mr. Bennett?"

He must have signed the paper set out for him; he remembered nodding mutely to Mr. Bodkin. But it seemed the next instant that he was out in the street, walking through the gray October twilight, while stores lit up one by one, and cabs gleaming with rain shot by him. It could never have happened to him—he could see that now. Andy Bennett!

He walked for hours, without direction, dumbly. Once he stopped to get some coffee, and sat toying with

it for what must have been a long while, because it was quite cold when he drank it. Then on again, through the streets washed black with rain, until somehow he had reached his boarding house. Very softly he opened the outer door with his key, slipped up to his room and undressed. It must have been very late then; the street outside was quiet and dark, and coldness flowed about him through the open window.

In bed he lay and stared at the (Continued on page 40)



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Dual 10s stopped car in 17 feet on wet pavement
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Dual 10s stopped car in 115 feet on wet pavement
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40 Miles Per Hour
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THE **GENERAL**
Dual 10

1,000,000 To One

(Continued from page 38)

ceiling, trying to forget the pain that clotted and hung heavy about his heart. That was the only thing he felt, as if it were apart and alive in him, cut off from the cold raw night air, the sound of rain, the deadness that was dark and sick in his mind.

After a while he must have slept, incredibly, for there were now unsteady tendrils of gray sifting like slow smoke through the black sky at the top of his window, and someone was knocking gently at his door. He didn't turn his head or get up; he didn't move until a voice said, "Andy! Andy, let me in."

It took him a moment or two to place it as Sue's voice; after he did he got up and closed the windows, and wrapped his bathrobe around him and opened the door.

Sue came in, pale and shivering. She sat in his easy chair with her hands folded on her pocketbook, and something strange about her. She looked frightened. When she smiled at him there was an expression timid and humble in her eyes.

"The race," she said. "I thought we could listen to it together, Andy. It will be on soon. There's a difference in time . . ."

Andy said, "No," in a low voice. "I'm not going to listen. There's . . ." Somehow he couldn't tell her; he could only stop and move his shoulders. "How'd you get in downstairs?"

"Someone came out," Sue said, in that new, small voice of hers, "as I was going to ring."

Andy nodded, rubbing his hair tiredly. "Dave Hansen, I guess. He works in Jersey. Got to start early."

They sat for a time in silence, while the little room turned slowly grayish, and steam began to wake with drowsy sputters in the radiators. Andy got up at last.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I'm going to the bathroom to dress."

He tried to grin at her as he went out, but his lips only flaked up crookedly at the corners. In the bathroom he sopped cold water over his face and brushed his teeth, then shaved very carefully, taking a long time about it. Sue didn't know; she'd be excited and root for Lady Teazole; she'd think he still had a chance. The house in Bayside—she'd be thinking of that. She wouldn't know . . . He stared at his haggard

eyes in the mirror. How could he tell her?

Coming back softly into the room, he found the radio on, tuned low, with Sue crouched before it.

"Oh, Andy!" she said desolately as he came near. "Oh, Andy!" He took her in his arms.

"Hinesy told you, huh?" he asked huskily. "I couldn't yesterday. I had to get away from everybody. I'd have gone crazy if I stayed. It was just like something died in me. Don't cry," he whispered, holding her close, with his own eyes blurred. "Honey, don't cry. Please, honey."

She sobbed against him; then the announcer's voice came clear from under a rush of static, and he could feel her effort to be still. Lady Teazole was third, coming up strong; the leader, Record Flight, seemed to be weakening. Blue Kohinoor, in second place, was running easily. It was odd how the words made his heart beat. Then they were at the last jump, and Sue whispered, "Andy," again, and burst into tears—dreadful, breathless sobbing that frightened him.

"Listen," he said, blinking at the gray windows. "You're not going to turn cry baby on me, hon? I couldn't stand that. We've got each other now. That's something all the sweepstakes in the world couldn't touch. Look, hon . . ."

He kissed her hair gently, soothing her. All the time the announcer's voice went on. Lady Teazole was coming up; Lady Teazole—Lady Teazole was down! Blue Kohinoor—it was Blue Kohinoor, with Record Flight second, and Arcturus third. It . . . Reaching down over Sue, Andy shut the radio off, and tried to laugh.

"Come on," he said. "It's gone, Sue. All we have to do is make out it never happened. Two thousand—that's all it was." He held her head up and rubbed her nose with his. "Stop it, or I'll think you're crying for Phil Kane. I'll make it with my own two hands. We don't need . . ."

Somehow he was holding a slip of gray paper in his hands that Sue had put there. It was a check for ten thousand dollars, made out to Andrew Bennett.

"I sold it," Sue was blubbing through her tears, "to that Englishman. I found the ticket under my picture the day we came here to look for it. And when you said you wouldn't sell I didn't tell you because I knew you'd get smart again, the way you were . . ."

Andy licked his lips drily. It was harder this way than he had ever expected it would be. "Sue," he said, "I thought Hinesy told you. I thought you knew I had the wrong ticket. This check isn't any good; if you don't give it back they'll have you arrested. I can't give you the ticket on Lady Teazole because I never had it. Yesterday I found the counterfoil in my summer coat. It's Phil Kane who . . ."

"Phil Kane!" Sue cried, with a great scorn sparkling behind her tears. "That Phil Kane! He must have known all the time he'd lost. But he thought if he put his counterfoil in your pocket you'd agree to split with him—he thought you were like him, ready to jump at the thought of splitting if you thought he had the winner. Don't you see? Hinesy saw him fooling around the coats yesterday, when he was switching the counterfoils. But all the time

I had your ticket, and it was the right one! I told him what he was when he tried to talk me into making you split with him, as if neither of you knew who'd won."

Andy looked at her with glazed eyes, remembering what Elmer had said yesterday about Phil Kane wanting to see him in the men's room—remembering, too, finding the counterfoil in his lower pocket, when he'd put it in the upper.

Sue was wiping her eyes now. "Yes," she said. "I sold your ticket yesterday—to that Mr. Bodkin. You had to sign yourself, and when I saw you come out of the cloak room with that crazy look on your face I was



"The new file clerk sure uses his head, doesn't he?"

(Continued on page 51)

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John Adamson's Monster

(Continued from page 13)

nightmares was like this. We went our way between those green, eternal islands, with the careless sun over and around us. The *Li Po*, squat and solid, was no home for fantastic terrors. In that setting they weren't plausible, until I caught a glimpse of Adamson's drawn face. But after such a glimpse there could be no doubting his two worlds.

I had observed that Adamson slept only three or four hours a night. He might hope to cheat his terror by keeping himself stubbornly awake, except for cat-naps. It was the wrong way, I was convinced. He would only wear himself out. But what was the right way? I didn't profess to know. And the very fact that Adamson trusted me with his side of the story bound me to a measure of discretion. Captain Ancaster's meddling was not for me. The most I could properly do was to listen when Adamson wanted to talk about it.

He tried very hard to be objective. "I know what caused it. That's something. And there may be some particular suggestion during the day, unnoticed at the time, perhaps, that brings on that dream at night. If I could discover what it is—"

"You say it comes about once a fortnight?"

"There's no telling. Once it came two nights running."

"Have you ever had that dream ashore?"

"Oh, no!" My question surprised him. "I couldn't, you see. It's always Ancaster's ship, and, naturally, ashore—well, the writ doesn't run, that's all!"

"Always the same ship?"

"Yes, that's always plain to me. Why, look here!" We were in the little chart-room, just off the wheel-house. He took a board from the top drawer, with an outline-map pinned to it. The route shown was from Madras to Singapore, Manila and Hongkong. "I'm afraid this is simple-minded, but it will show you how sure I am of what I have to fear. This is the *Straits Sovereign's* run. She keeps to a strict schedule, and that makes it easy for me to follow her. I always know where she is!" A pin with a red top was stuck at Singapore. "Tomorrow she sails for Manila. That ought to let me sleep soundly, perhaps, knowing she's nowhere near. It doesn't, or it hasn't yet. But maybe, if I keep at it, it will. I don't know.

There was something very moving in that attempt to combat with human reason a thing that drew its power from being anything but reasonable. I wondered how many men, in Adamson's place, would have thought of it. I didn't trust myself to speak of that. Instead, I said, "At

the worst, then, you could escape this thing by taking a job ashore, couldn't you?"

"Yes. If anyone ashore had a job for a fellow like me! But that isn't it. I mustn't let this thing beat me. Damn it, I can't do that! It would be like running away."

Then for some days Adamson was busy. He never liked to have someone else supervise the stowing of cargo, and even in port he had much to do. We went here and there among the islands, working slowly northward. The young Chinese supercargo sat under an awning on deck and wrote in his books the names of trepang and tortoise-shell, snake-skins and pepper and sandalwood, spices and gaudy feathers and mother-of-pearl. Between ports, he related to me the story of the great poet and toss-pot for whom the *Li Po* was named. I kept no account of time. The after-hatch was closed, and the cover battered down. One more call and we should stand away for Canton. The two months passed like a week, or a long, idle day. Twice more Adamson had his horrible dream. The first time, I heard his shriek as he awoke. It made me shiver, though the night was hot. He said nothing, either time, and it was not for me to begin.

We made our last call at a little port in Samar, and then held north, with the Philippines to port. There was a moderate sea running and the wind blew from the north-east, from the open Pacific. With a full cargo, the *Li Po* rode easily. It was cooler than among the Moluccas. Adamson remarked that. "The glass is dropping, and this cool air means bad weather. You're going to see the dirty part of our jobs, I'm afraid."

It held off for another day, while we crept up toward Luzon. When I went to my cabin that evening, there was no sign of a storm. The ship had just enough motion to put me to sleep quickly. But Adamson, on the bridge, had got out his oilskins. In the middle of the night the storm burst.

It came with a short, fierce down-pour. I awoke into a world pitch-dark and roaring with rain. Even when it stopped, the scuppers still gurgled and spat. We could hear the rain moving away from us, toward the south-west. We could hear that until the wind rose and drowned out all other sounds. After a struggle, I got my port-hole closed and screwed shut. On deck, the storm clutched at me with a shriek. I had fairly to crawl to the bridge-ladder.

We were abreast of Palanan Bay. We should have the seas on our quarter until we rounded Cape Engano. That long, the ship's horrible spiralling motion would con-

tinue. Could she stand it? I asked in simple wonder.

Adamson laughed. "Oh, yes! She'll stand it."

But we got a terrific battering. The ship rose to each sea, swayed on the crest for an endless moment, then lurched and slithered down. The decks were waist-deep in water. A pair of compasses on the chart-room floor scurried from one side to the other. Where the thick glass was set in the frames, drops of water gathered as stealthily as conspirators, and ran down in a tiny stream. It was stifling in the wheel-house. The Chinese sailor at the wheel was sweating. Once or twice Adamson spoke to him and got a brief murmur by way of reply. I went and put those compasses in my pocket. It was maddening to listen to them. There was a hard couch in the chart-room and I sat down there. My watch said four o'clock. In a little while Adamson came in, fending off the door-frame with one hand. "It's getting light. We're not far from the Cape. When we get among the Babyuan Islands I'm going to hunt up a spot in the lee of one of them. We'll lie to until this blows out. Are you all right?"

"Yes. I've saved your compasses."

"Thanks." He opened a drawer, and paused. "Good Lord! I forgot the *Straits Sovereign!*"

He was staring at that chart with the red-topped pin in it. "Is she out in this?" I asked.

"She left Manila yesterday at noon. And I forgot to move the pin! It's the first time that ever happened!"

"No doubt she'll get along." I intended no sarcasm. Adamson, from his expression, took his forgetfulness very seriously.

"Eh? Oh, no doubt!" He moved the pin. "But what the devil made me forget?"

About eight o'clock we passed Cape Engano. At ten we sighted the islands, and by noon we had anchored in the lee of one of them. There was no let-up in the storm, but we were in sheltered water. We went down to a late breakfast, and to look at the *Li Po*. Even where we were we could feel the wind go roaring overhead. The seamen came out of the fore-castle and began tying dripping shirts and trousers up to dry. Their quarters had been flooded, but they were cheerful. They were hungry, too, and so were we. It was a long time since any of us had eaten, or slept. We yawned at one another across the table. Adamson couldn't understand that. "I've gone for three days without sleep and felt it less than this. It isn't the storm, either. I've seen worse ones." He yawned

again. "This is childish!"

To me it seemed only natural. "I'm going to turn in," I said. "At this rate, I can't even keep a pipe going."

I meant to sleep only an hour or two, but when I woke up it was after dark. On the bridge the helmsman grinned at me. "Captain?" I asked. His grin widened, and he pointed to the chart-room. "Captain shut-eye!"

And there lay Adamson on the hard couch, with one hand under his cheek. He hadn't undressed. Evidently he had not expected to sleep long. But he had been there eight hours. The noise I made awakened him, and he sat up, rubbing his eyes. "Hello!" he said. "So you weren't as sleepy as you thought!"

"I've done fairly well. It's almost nine o'clock."

He blinked. "What's all this about nine o'clock?"

I showed him my watch. "Besides, it's dark."

He wouldn't take my word for that. He had to look out. Even then, he was incredulous. "It's a full year since I slept for eight hours at a stretch! I didn't know a thing. It seems like five minutes!"

"It's done you good. You were tired. The stars are out, by the way. It's blowing clear."

"Yes. We can get on." But he said that without attention. "Eight hours of it, and I didn't even twitch!"

At dawn we sailed. The seas were still high, but less than they had been. The wind was only moderate. After two months aboard, my cabin was littered with odds and ends of belongings. I spent the morning and most of the afternoon packing them up. I was sorry the voyage was so nearly over, for my own sake and for Adamson's. He must often be very lonely, I thought. And to him loneliness wasn't the dull oppression it would be to another man. It was a sharp peril. Poor Adamson! What was the end of all this? Was he to be "the fellow with bad dreams" until his time was up, and there was someone new for the gossips to talk about? I put a pair of canvas shoes into my bag. Was that the end of John Adamson?

We loitered over dinner that evening, and when we returned to the bridge full darkness had fallen. The skies were clear and the stars very bright. They were worth watching. Low on the horizon, one group puzzled me. "But those aren't stars," Adamson said. "Those are the lights of a ship. Can't you see them move?"

"Far off?"

"Five miles, perhaps." He gripped my arm. "Look! Look at that!"

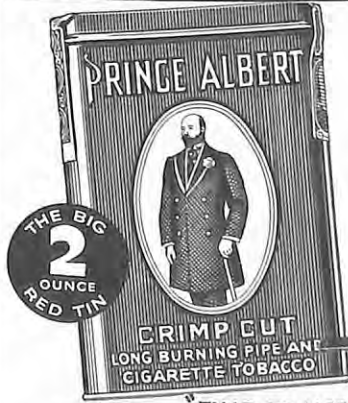
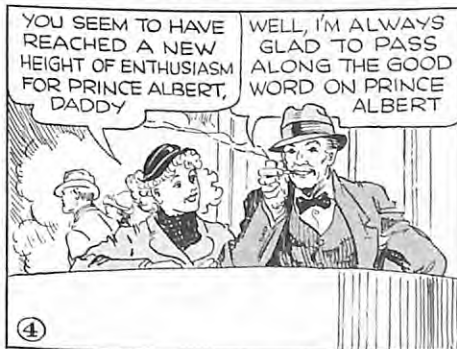
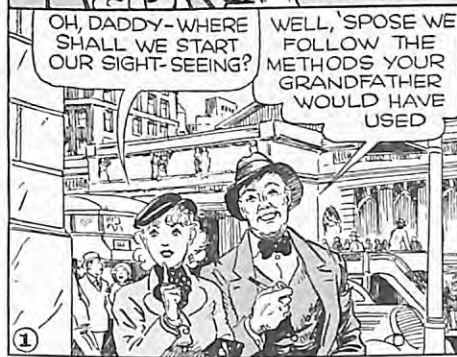
"Rockets, aren't they?"

"Rockets, yes. She wants help!"

After that, I asked no more questions. Adamson spoke down the tube to the engine-room, then to the men at the wheel. He sent the bos'n to swing a boat out. For himself, he kept his eyes on the other ship. "Drifting," he muttered, as we drew nearer. "She's been out in that storm,

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and now she's disabled. We'll take a line over to her."

As we passed her, her siren spoke hoarsely, and the *Li Po* grunted reassurance. We got to windward of her before the boat was lowered. Adamson and I took our places, with eight men at the oars. Over the *Li Po's* stern they threw us the end of a coil of thin rope. It paid out behind as we turned away toward the stranger's lights. It was very dark. Adamson's Chinamen had a weird little chant they sang in time with their stroke. I was listening to that. "Watch where you're going," a voice admonished us out of the darkness above. "You'll split on my bow, What ship are you?"

It made me jump. But then I saw that just ahead the darkness was a shade more solid. That would be the bow he spoke of. "The *Li Po*," Adamson cried. "Do you want a tow? I've got a line here."

"The *Li Po*," the voice repeated, with an accent of wonder. Then it cleared its throat. "I'll have to have a tow, yes. Look sharp for the line I send down, now!"

"Who are you?" Adamson shouted, but the voice was gone. A rope dropped from overhead, and we made our line fast to it. "Damn the fellow!" Adamson grumbled. "It's like talking to a disembodied spirit. On deck, there! Haul away!"

"Thanks," said the voice. "I'll send my cable over. My propeller-shaft cracked Thursday evening, and jammed. But she'll answer her helm, with way on."

"But who are you?" Adamson roared. "Where do you want to go?"

"You can drop us at Hongkong," the voice said meekly. "This is the *Straits Sovereign*. Captain Ancaster speaking."

I have no clear memory of returning to the *Li Po*. But I remember

standing at her stern and watching the line run in. The end of the heavy cable came up dripping from the sea, and the Chinese bos'n made it fast to the bits. The *Li Po's* siren questioned the darkness and the *Sovereign* replied. I went up to the bridge. We were moving ahead, and the *Sovereign* came about and followed us. I hoped all Hongkong would be lining the waterfront to see us enter port.

As for Adamson, I could only guess at his thoughts. Nothing in his bearing betrayed them. But the thing that had made his nights a horror had turned to him now for help. Here he came home, with his monster following him like a dog being taken for a walk by its master. I had watched the story begin aboard the *Straits Sovereign*; I watched it end aboard the *Li Po*.

Because this was the end. For the last half-hour Adamson had been staring out into the darkness, hands in his pockets, frowning a little. Now he said, "You remember, I forgot to move the pin on the *Sovereign's* chart? Well, has it struck you that it shouldn't have been moved? That was the night they cracked their shaft. They were only drifting. Odd, isn't it? As if that ship needed me to keep an eye on her!"

I stole a glance at him. "Or as if, once you managed to forget her, there was nothing more for you to fear."

"You could put it that way," he agreed. There was a moment's silence. "That's as it may be," Adamson said. "But tomorrow I'll throw out the chart I've kept for the *Sovereign*. That's something I shan't need to keep any longer." He squared his shoulders. "I'm done with her now, awake or asleep!"

And done with her he was.



He Can Still Pack His Weight

(Continued from page 15)

took the job, of course, for how was he to foresee that he would have to manage that darling of the psychiatrists, Jerome Dizzy Dean?

In his first full year, he led the Gas House Gang, as Tom Meany named the covey of Red Birds, to the pennant and a World Series victory over the Tigers. In 1935 and 1936 he finished second, being nosed out two years ago by that mad 21 game winning streak of the Chicago Cubs, and last year by the dramatic surge of Bill Terry's New York Giants. This year, with the two

Deans and Lon Warnecke heading his pitching staff, the majority of experts are predicting that Frisch will repeat his first year record.

But the story of Frankie Frisch is not the story of a manager . . . it is the story of a ball player, a player who is best in a pinch; a player who came up eighteen years ago and who has not, in all that time, gone through a season without seeing action in at least a hundred games; a player who after seventeen trying seasons at second base was voted the most valuable player in

his league; yes, a player who, after more than 2200 games in the infield is still the best second baseman the huge Cardinal chain system can supply.

It is no mere accident that Frisch has played in more World Series than any other National League player, even as it was no accident that Babe Ruth played in more than any other American Leaguer. Like Ruth, Frisch is what the ball players call a "winner." He was raised in the McGraw school, and for him there is no middle course . . . no losing ball games because the percentage table says you can't win 'em all. He is frankly for the repeal of the law of averages in that respect.

His players mirror that feeling. Watch Pepper Martin or Joe Medwick give every ball that "old college try" the next time the Cards come to your town, and if you don't think they're trying to win every one, then neither are the Rebels trying to win in their current skirmish in Spain.

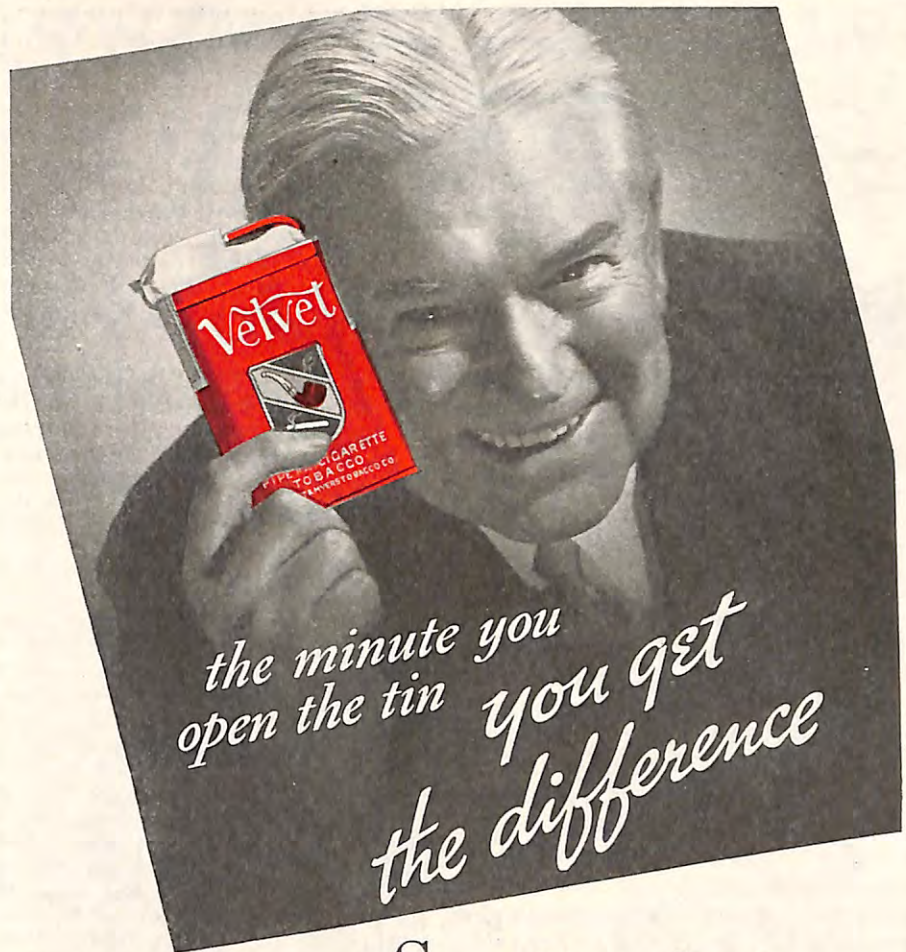
Frisch will not put a player into his lineup if there is anything wrong with him, but once a player is in the game, he's in it up to his ears. In the 1931 World Series, for instance, with three of Connie Mack's Athletics on base during one of their ninth inning rallies, Max Bishop hit a twisting foul behind first base. Jim Bottomley, Card first baseman, started for it, and slowed down when he neared the concrete fence in front of the boxes.

Frisch, taking in the situation, yelled loudly enough so Bottomley could hear him above the mad din of 40,000 screaming fans, "Plenty of room, Jim, plenty of room—keep going, Sonny, lots of room there" until Bottomley caught the ball. As he grabbed it in his big mitt, he hit the low fence and tumbled headlong into the box seats . . . but the ball had been caught, Bishop had been retired . . . and St. Louis went on from there to win the series.

He is thrifty without being miserly. In a special bank account he has on deposit every one of his eight World Series checks . . . a sum which runs to about \$40,000, with the accrued interest.

Baseball has been good to Frisch, and he, in turn, has been good to baseball. He came to New York baseball at the same time as Babe Ruth, and while he didn't do nearly as much to make the fans forget the Black Sox scandal, he did take the bitter taste out of the mouths of a great many who were National League fans.

He has been confusing every writer for years with his periodic lapses, only to bob up fresher and faster than ever as soon as his athletic obituary appeared in print. In 1934, for example, the Cards faced the Tigers in the World Series. Mickey Cochrane's Detroit crew had Charlie Gehringer at second base.



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Gehring, conceded to be one of the best all around players in the sport today, is as smooth around second base as a con man's pep talk. Frisch, supposedly an old man, reputed to be washed up as an active player, was given no chance to compare with the redoubtable Charlie by the experts in their pre-Series dope. Look back over the records, though, and you'll find that the better second baseman's initials are F. F. F., and Gehring begins with a "G."

That's the way the man is, best in a pinch.

Consider, if you will, a more recent example. On the second day of the 1936 season, the Cards were playing the Cubs in St. Louis. In the opening game, Frisch had seen his ace, Dizzy Dean, taken apart by the numbers, the Cubs belting the Diz for 14 hits in six innings.

He nominated Roy Parmelee, for whom he had traded Burgess Whitehead to the Giants, as his starting pitcher in the second game. Roy, a super-sensitive fellow, was making his first appearance in a St. Louis uniform, and a defeat might have rendered him useless to the Red Birds all year. The caustic fans would not only have saluted him with a twenty-one gun salvo of Bronx cheers, but they might also make life miserable for Frisch for having made a poor trade. Knowing all that, Frisch still made the gamble.

Bill Lee, pitching for the Windy City crew, was letting the Cardinals down with ease. He held a two to one lead going into the last half of the fifth. Lippy Leo Durocher signaled to lead off, and with two out, Frisch came to the plate. It was now or never, for Lee is the kind of a pitcher who gets stronger as he goes on.

Frankie let the first one go by, and then hit the second pitch over the wall to win the game, 3 to 2. Lucky? Sure. Who but Ruth could call his shots when it came to homers? But Frisch has a way of hitting homers when they count most. In the first two inter-league All Star games, he came to bat seven times against the best pitchers the American League had to offer. Lefty Gomez, Red Ruffing, Mel Harder, Alvin Crowder, and Lefty Grove were the five pitchers he faced. In those seven times at bat he made four hits, for the highest batting average of any National League hitter, .571. And in each game, with the spotlight on him, *he hit a homer!*

In the third inning of the seventh and deciding game of the 1934 World Series, he came to bat with the bases loaded. It was still anybody's ball game, which irritated Frisch. So, waiting until he saw one of Eldon Auker's fast balls that he liked, he drew a bead on the trade mark and belted a long double that cleared the bases and gave Dean a lead he never relinquished.

Duncan O'Brien, who was Frisch's first coach, in prep school, still can't

understand how his former pupil could have been so slow (mentally) in school, and so brilliant an athlete on the big league diamond. The truth is that great natural athlete that Frisch is, he has never been an exceptionally quick thinker on the field.

Much of his so-called smart play, like calling to Bottomley, is done by instinct or by rote. He has been accused of playing to the grandstand, of making comparatively easy chances look hard. He'd lose his cap when reaching for a pat of butter in the dining room, it was said. But that is unfair criticism. Frisch made it look that way because he is not a particularly graceful athlete. He covered up his awkwardness by a blinding speed.

Even those who don't like him are willing to admit that he is as good as has come through these parts in many a full moon. Jimmy Wilson, manager of the Phillies, was asked who he thought was the best player in the National League during his career.

"Frisch, of course," he said. "For fifteen years he's been the best, and he's not so bad now, either. They all tell you how he has slowed up, but he doesn't have to be as fast as he once was. He's smarter, and he knows how to play every hitter in the league.

"You know and he knows and everybody knows that I am not fond of him personally. I haven't ever made any great secret about that. But I've seen 'em all, and he's the best player to come through this league in my time, which runs from Rogers Hornsby to Arky Vaughan. Yeh, if I had my pick, I guess I'd have to take Frankie Frisch."

And that, dear readers, is the tip-off. If the men in your own field who don't care for you say you're the best, then there's more than a fair chance they're right.

Off the ball field, Frisch is a psychologist. He has to be to manage that bunch of cornfed madmen. One day last year, for instance, his Number One psychopathic case, Jerome Hanna Dean, came to him fifteen minutes before game time. The clubhouse meeting had just been completed and Frisch had told Dean that he was going to pitch. As Frankie was about to leave the clubhouse, Diz came over to him and said,

"Frank, I'm not going to pitch this afternoon. I'm quitting baseball. I've been thinking this over for some time, and I've come to the decision that I'm going to buy a peanut farm. That's the life for me—sitting on the porch in the shade while my farmhands work and make me rich."

John McGraw would have picked up a baseball bat and bashed out Dizzy's brains, if any. But Frisch knew that Diz wanted him to plead with him to stay. So he put his hand out and said, "Well, so long, Diz. I admire you. I wish I could quit. You're right, this is no life. By the

way, send me a couple of bags of those peanuts from the first crop, wilya?" And with that he turned on his heel and walked onto the field. In five minutes a contrite Dean stuck his head into the dugout. He begged Frank to let him pitch that day, so Frankie put him in. I don't remember how many runs the Cards got that day, but the opponent's score read like a bank account in October, 1929.

Frankie has a beautiful Colonial type home in the Woody Crest section of New Rochelle, a suburb of New York City. He married his grammar school sweetheart, Ada Lucy, after the 1923 World Series. They have no children, but Mrs. Frisch's sister and brother-in-law share Frankie's big home, and they have a chubby, red-headed daughter, Isabel, whom Frisch is always taking places.

Garry Schumacher, one of the better baseball scribes, once asked him how he managed to keep his speed. "Laziness in the five and a half months off season is the best prescription for a long baseball career. After all, a ball player is called upon to live a full year in six and a half months. If at the end of that time he doesn't need a rest, then he's been giving his club less than his all . . . and ball clubs that don't have players who give that last extra inch on every play seldom win pennants. Why play if you're not playing to win?"

Does he get along with his players?

"How can I help getting along with them . . . they make me feel like a kid of 21. In Bradenton last Spring the boys were supposed to report at ten each morning. I never came to the park at 9:45 without finding them out on the field having a pepper game. These fellows really want to win. Any manager can get along with that kind of a gang."

Frankie may feel like twenty-one, but the record books say he is thirty-eight, and I wouldn't want to bet he isn't forty.

It's been a long time, as the years skim by, since Frisch was the Pepper Martin of a World Series, a capless horseman of the Giants running riot over and around and through Colonel Ruppert's and Huston's startled Yankees. He no longer runs from under his cap. He seldom tries that old headlong dive for a base. His hair is edging back off his forehead, and there is a round bald spot visible on top when he uncovers for the "Star Spangled Banner." His waist has thickened, and now and again, especially in the Spring, he catches the misery in his legs and back. But, as I remarked in the beginning, he can still pack his weight when the checks are down.

Yes, next to the sheriff himself, I guess our Frankie is the best in a pinch. This is probably, almost certainly, his last active year. But don't bet on it. The Flash has fooled us all before.

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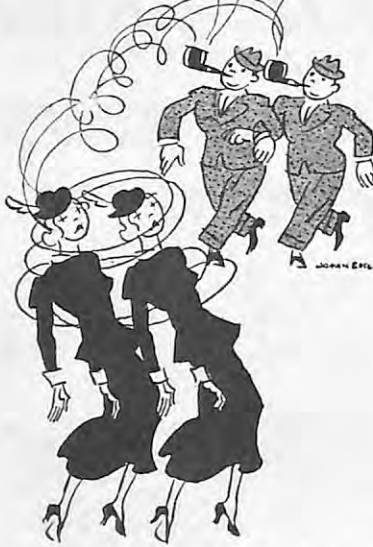
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Pioneers of The Parks

(Continued from page 19)

"The Chasm of the Colorado," for \$10,000 each and hung them in the Capitol.

Congressmen and visitors for the first time gazed upon a worthy representation of the unknown glories of our great West. Great is the power of pictures. Moran's paintings, seconding the efforts of park advocates, must be given much of the credit for the Act of Congress of 1872 which set aside 3,348 square miles in Wyoming as Yellowstone National Park. Deservedly, Mount Moran in the Teton Range and Moran Point in the Grand Canyon commemorate the artist.

A mighty task remained, perhaps the hardest of all. Unless the parks were made known and made accessible for most Americans they would remain only rather remote wildernesses. In fact, most Americans would continue, ignorant of their own land, to travel to Europe if they could afford it and to stay home if they couldn't. A fine organizer, a sort of super-salesman was needed—someone who would develop the parks, while keeping them unspoiled, as ideal vacation spots—someone who could introduce millions of Americans to their own country.

The man was found in Stephen Tyng Mather.

Mather, who had worked his way through the University of California by selling books, became a reporter on the New York Sun. Sent out to cover the famous blizzard of '88, he froze his feet but got back to the office with his story. He was a persistent fellow.

Then he decided it was time he made some money. He went to work for the borax trust. That organization failed to offer him much more than the privilege of working for it, so he went into borax on his own, bucked the tough combination that thought it had borax all sewed up and made his fortune.

It was when Stephen Mather had time for some regular vacations of his own that he began to know the forests and mountains and canyons of the West. But he was not to visit those preserves long as a private citizen among the comparative few who then appreciated them. His friend, Franklin K. Lane, then Secretary of the Interior, drafted him in 1915 into the job of Director of the National Parks.

What he personally achieved in the service, which was once the side-job of an overworked clerk, had to be found out from some other source than himself. His modest conversation was as full of we's as Lindbergh's. But there is no denying that he was the moving spirit of the whole National Park system and that he spared neither his personal energies nor his personal fortune.

When it came to working for the Government, he was a minus-dollars-a-year man, for he spent more than his salary as Director for the good of the National Parks. Soon after the beginning of his administration he discovered that the Tioga Road crossing Yosemite National Park was privately owned. Knowing the importance of this road to the park, he, with a group of his friends, purchased it at the cost of \$15,000 and presented it to the Government. Now this scenic road provides one of the most popular motor trips in the park. By similar methods, the director eliminated various other privately-owned properties within the parks, particularly where stands of the great sequoia trees, the oldest living things on earth, were in danger of being destroyed. Purchases were made by his own and capital raised by him among other generous citizens. A \$25,000 clubhouse for the rangers in Yosemite National Park was his gift. That is only a partial list of his generousities.

But the National Parks, no matter what their improvements and extensions, would never be counting their visitors by the million today if it had not been for Mather's super-salesmanship of them. He spread his gospel by taking groups of Congressmen, writers, lecturers, and other influential men through the parks and letting their natural charm speak for itself.

By his methods Mather overcame indifference and ignorance. From politics he kept happily free. The problems of private ownership within the parks he solved with diplomacy and fairness. He met the aggressions of power interests with arguments that were so sound economically that it was not necessary to bring forward the less directly commercial facts of the individual and national fitness which the National Parks foster, the educational and recreational opportunities which they offer.

And so while he gave the credit to the superintendents of the parks and other able and loyal men and women of the service, to Stephen Mather it was largely due that the possibility of roller-coasters in some of our grandest canyons has never been realized; that our most vivid red sandstone cliffs are without advertisements for pink pills; that our most majestic forests have not been logged out; that some of our most magnificent waterfalls do not serve power plants, and that various species of wild life are not extinct.

Stephen Mather's monument is his work. He himself kept in the background. But if you met him in the parks, as many did, or elsewhere you did not forget him. From one interview, I carry still the memory of his far-seeing blue eyes, gray hair,

ruddy, out-of-doors complexion, and, most of all, his quiet, open friendliness.

Finally, among the company of those who served well the cause of the parks I place one whose name is especially familiar to readers of this Magazine. Arthur Chapman, poet, historian, and veteran newspaperman, contributed frequently to these pages for some years before his death in December, 1935.

One always thought of Arthur Chapman as a Westerner, though all the latter part of his life he lived and worked in the East. He was steeped in western lore and his verses, stories, and histories of Colorado and the Pony Express marked him as an authority. Yet he was a modest, unassuming man. His was a gentle spirit. There are many, I know, who are proud to have counted him as their friend, as I did for thirteen years.

He belongs on the parks' roll of honor because he visited many of them and wrote about them in that simple, pleasant way of his, but particularly because he was the author of "Out Where the West Begins."

That often-quoted and well-beloved poem was written in Denver, where the B.P.O.E. holds its Convention next July, and this is the story of its writing. At a meeting of Governors of the States, the question of boundaries of the sections of the country had arisen. It was hard to be definite about them. Where, the Governors wondered, did the West begin?

Chapman read about it in a news item. Here was grist to his mill. He was writing a "colyum" called "Center Shots" for the "Denver Republican" and customarily led it off with a piece of verse. So he penned "Out Where the West Begins," thinking no more of it than that he had completed part of his daily stint. The compositor who set up the copy (compositors usually are hard-boiled and not easily impressed) recognized it for a masterpiece and he was right. The poem has been reprinted again and again, recited innumerable times, set to music and sung.

It seems infinitely fitting that members of a great fraternal order, meeting in Denver and visiting the great National Parks of the West near that city, should recall Arthur Chapman's lines:

"Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,
That's where the West begins."



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Your Dog



Wide World Photos, Inc.

By Captain Will Judy

Editor, Dog World Magazine

Dog Training Don'ts

THE warm weather season is approaching, when dogs get "spring fever" and delight to be outdoors. It is particularly important that we train our dogs so that they will not become aggravating nuisances to neighbors and the public.

The following training don'ts are given for the aid of dog owners who are conscious of their responsibilities to their dogs and to the public.

Every dog should be trained, for his own benefit as well as for the public's. A trained dog brings indeed more pleasure to his owner and in turn, gets more pleasure out of life.

These don'ts are given now rather than later so that they may be borne in mind at all times. Sometimes what should be done can be said best, by telling what should not be done. The reasons for the don'ts will become

evident as the lessons continue. Each one is based upon the distinctive psychology of the dog's mind.

1. Don't punish your dog while you are angry or lack control of yourself.

2. Don't punish your dog with the lead or any instrument of training or anything he should associate with duty or pleasure.

3. Don't sneak up on your dog or grab him from the rear.

4. Don't chase your dog to catch him; he must come to you. One way to retrieve a runaway dog is to run from him—not at him. The hunting instinct in dogs leads them to chase anything moving away from them.

5. Don't coax your dog to you and then turn upon him with the whip. You will regret the deception.

6. Don't trick or fool or taunt your dog. It is a cruel and inconsistent act to tease your dog to come to you when he can not.

7. Don't punish a dog by stepping on his paws needlessly. They are exceedingly sensitive. Don't twist his ears playfully or otherwise. Never strike him on the backbone, on the loin, or in the face.

8. Don't grab your dog or reach for him quickly. He should never fear his master, and should feel that punishment given is deserved.

9. Don't nag your dog; don't be giving orders to him constantly; don't pester him with shouts.

10. Don't praise a dog for doing a certain act, then at a later time, scold him for doing the same act. If you permit him to bite your shoes and think it fun today, do not strike him for doing it tomorrow, when you are not in good humor. Consistency is a chief virtue in dog training.

11. Don't train your dog immediately or soon after he has eaten.



Welsh Terrier, Ch. Warcell Wee Willie Waught. Courtesy Warcell Farm, New Hamburg, N. Y.

12. Don't lose patience with a puppy younger than six months. Never throw or kick a puppy nor lift him by the head or leg or skin of the neck. Put your hands under his chest.

13. Don't train him in feats requiring strength and endurance until he is at least six months old.

14. Don't work your dog without some short rest or play periods during the period of training. A five-minute rest for every twenty-five minutes of training is desirable.

15. Don't permit everyone to give commands to your dog. While you are training him, he must be a one-man dog, depending on you alone to feed him and care for him.

16. Don't consider tricks the chief goal or the chief part of training. Usefulness is the object sought in all instruction of the dog. Acts which spring naturally from the dog's instincts are to be fostered.

17. Don't expect your dog to be a wonderful dog after a few weeks of training; four months to a year may be necessary in order to make his master proud of him, but the work is worth the effort. Training never ends.

18. Don't jump to the conclusion that your dog is dumb. He may differ with you for the reason that the trainer should know more than the dog.

If you want further detailed information as to the care of your dog, we will be glad to answer your questions or send you a pamphlet at no cost to you. Address The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

1,000,000 to One

(Continued from page 40)

scared stiff, but I pretended it was just an office paper, and got you to sign it."

Her eyes were like stars, dark and assured again, with tears still caught in the lashes along her cheeks.

"No," she said, when he moved towards her. "No, you don't, Andy Bennett—not until you promise. The house is seventy-five hundred and the furniture will be fifteen. You'll have to give Hinesy something, too. And"

"But you cried," Andy said. "You cried like a baby. If you knew"

Just for a moment Sue blubbered again.

"What do you think you'd have done to me if Lady Teazle had won? Could I help being scared when she had a chance? You'd never have spoken to me again. You"

"I'd have kissed you," Andy said, "just like this."

She sniffed, and dabbed at her eyes. She said, "I guess that's something I'll always have to believe, Andy Bennett."

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What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 23)

rally as new students of international affairs try for new answers. Take the reflections of Andre Maurois, the gifted French writer who seems more at home writing about English figures than about those of his homeland; he wrote "Ariel," the life of Shelley, "Byron," and "Disraeli," and now writes "The Miracle of England." In it he traces the growth of England from the days of the Saxons, Angles, Romans and Normans and tries to get at the secret of its political power and national health.

Many authors have tried that and each has a different theory. Buckle thought geography had much to do with making nations. Taine also took climate and environment into consideration. Karl Marx was sure men were shaped by the way they lived and the resources they had. Andre Maurois thinks all their theories had some truth in them. And true to his interest in personality, he also believes that there are times when one man sends a nation to victory or defeat, and that William Pitt, in the years between 1755 and 1761, made possible Great Britain's colonial empire.

That Britain was an island was important; it sent the ships forth. M. Maurois mentions that the ancient local assemblies had a sense of public debate and of compromise and that Norman authority implanted respect for the law. England never had an absolute monarchy—the king always called in the powerful groups. Precedent is important to Englishmen, who have fought for their rights and yet upheld the social order. Their politicians have been shrewd. Their government is an "amalgam of devices"—it grew out of the needs of those it served.

It is easy, of course, to explain events hundreds of years old. M. Maurois has several explanations that will interest Americans. He thinks the loss of the American colonies saved the empire, for it brought prudence into colonial government. He thinks also that the victory of Joan of Arc and her subsequent martyrdom at the hands of the English also saved England, for without her the English king would have ruled from Paris and would have become an absolute monarch and a tyrant. This seems a little far-fetched; London might not have remained loyal. He also believes that the abdication of Edward VIII showed that the monarchy was important, that the nation wanted the crown to be representative, that the Dominions worked with the home government with ease, speed and secrecy and that "the strength of the roots was all the more manifest

for the violence of the storm that shook the tree." (Harper & Bros.)

GREATNESS IS RELATIVE

LIVES of great men oft remind us that greatness is a relative term. So is popularity. The big names of one age are apt to be the little names of the next.

For instance, in the first half of the 19th century, General Winfield Scott was about the biggest military leader we had. Three times he entered the Whig conventions as candidate for the presidential nomination, and although he didn't land the honor, he did a good job of bargaining. He had been important in the War of 1812, had cleaned up the Indian frontier, built up a fine little army, and won the Mexican war, which gave us California, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado and Utah, and the gold rush. He was a great man.

Then, as Arthur Howden Smith explains in his fine biography, "Old Fuss and Feathers"—that's what they had nicknamed the old boy, not in derision but in affection—came the Civil War. General Scott was commander-in-chief of the armies. He had tried to get Buchanan to build up and garrison the nine Union forts in the South, in vain. He ran up against all sorts of red tape, bickering by politicians, and delays by southern office-holders. The first big show-down was Bull Run, and everybody decided that Old Fuss and Feathers was about ready to retire.

SO they retired him, and he saw the war from a window in New York City, living until 1866. The reputations of the Civil War—made by men he had trained—buried his. Indians faded into the past. Nobody wanted to remember the Mexican war, which Mr. Howden Smith calls a fine piece of buccaneering. General Winfield Scott was eclipsed.

And yet this is a rattling good story about him and his times. The United States was bowling along merrily in those days; Washington was full of political intrigue; Jefferson Davis, son-in-law of Scott's intractable subordinate, Zachary Taylor, was putting spikes in the path of Scott's cart; Mr. Howden Smith says all this was part of the Manifest Destiny of the United States, rushing headlong toward the wealth and riches of the frontier—mines, prairies, cattle lands, rivers, farms, opened by Scott's armies.

Lives of great men make good reading when they are treated as honestly and vividly as this one. (Greystone Press, \$4)

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 27)

huge barbecue was held.

Elberton, Ga., Lodge, No. 1100, was duly instituted by Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz assisted by D.D. Charles G. Bruce of Atlanta Lodge, in ceremonies that began at 8 P. M. The Lodge officers, headed by E.R. Joe Allen, were installed by Grand Trustee McClelland. David Cohn is Secretary. A class of 62 candidates was initiated into the new Lodge by the officers of Atlanta Lodge headed by E.R. Frank M. Robertson. As in the case of Valdosta, Elberton Lodge was given its old number and 30 former members entered the Lodge along with the new ones. The address delivered by Gov. Sholtz was received with hearty applause. Caspian Hale, D.D. J. Bush, of Athens Lodge, and Secy. J. Clayton Burke of Atlanta Lodge were present.

At Montgomery on March 15, the Grand Exalted Ruler made the first of a number of visits to Alabama Lodges. Accompanied by Mr. Hale he arrived at the station to find a large delegation of Elks headed by E.R. William H. LeGrand, Jr., and Secy. R. C. Phelps. The day's entertainment embraced a luncheon at the Country Club, a tour of the city and a visit with Gov. Bibb Graves at the Executive offices in the State Capitol. The application of Gov. Graves for membership in Montgomery Lodge was secured personally by Gov. Sholtz. The Grand Exalted Ruler's Banquet was held at the Whitley Hotel. Mayor W. A. Gunter, Jr., a member of Montgomery Lodge, welcomed the distinguished visitors to the city. Among those attending were D.D. Clyde W. Anderson, of Florence Lodge, State Pres. Clarence M. Tardy, Birmingham, Mr. Hale, E.R. C. L. DeBardelaben, State Vice-Pres., of Selma Lodge, and many officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Montgomery Lodge. The Grand Exalted Ruler's visit and his speech, which was broadcast over Station WSFA, have roused a high enthusiasm among all the members of the Order in the community, and Montgomery Lodge is looking forward to what promises to be the most successful year in its history.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was met at Bessemer by the Elks Band of Birmingham Lodge, No. 79, and the Birmingham Patrol under Capt. Charles E. McCombs. He paid a visit to Bessemer Lodge, No. 721, and then went on to Ensley where a luncheon was given for him by State Vice-Pres. Sam Lefkowitz after which he visited Ensley Lodge, No. 987. The party had grown to some proportions, having been joined by

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Past Grand Inner Guard W. H. Mustaine of Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, and a delegation of Birmingham Elks including E.R. Albert Boutwell, P.D.D.s John F. Antwine and Harry W. English, P.E.R.s George Whitfield and Cecil Deason, and Julius Jaffee. Escorted by the Band and Patrol the party proceeded to Birmingham.

At 6:30 Birmingham Lodge held its Grand Exalted Ruler's banquet at the Tutwiler Hotel attended by a large number of Elks and their ladies. At 8:30 Gov. Sholtz placed a wreath on the bust of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler B. M. Allen, who was the Lodge's first Exalted Ruler, and then attended the Lodge meeting. A class of candidates was initiated. Gov. Sholtz delivered two addresses in Birmingham, one at the banquet and another at the meeting. On behalf of the Lodge Mac Scholder presented Gov. Sholtz with a gavel.

The next morning Gov. Sholtz left for a visit to Florence, Ala., Lodge, No. 820, where a large gathering made things lively, and the Lodge officers and many members made their distinguished guest welcome. Early in the afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler journeyed to Jackson, Tenn., accompanied by a large party.

On St. Patrick's Day scores of Jackson Elks motored four miles south of the city to meet Gov. Sholtz and his official party. The caravan escorted him into Jackson. The entire membership of Jackson Lodge, No. 192, had resolved itself into one huge reception committee.

An Executive Committee composed of P.E.R.s Hugh W. Hicks, W. P. Moss and Robert Conger, and Haskell Ballew, had met the party, which included State Pres. Clarence M. Tardy and Clyde W. Anderson, D.D., of Alabama, in Florence. As the caravan drove up to the Lodge Home the American Legion Band played and a salute was fired from the cannon on the courthouse square. The reception continued through the afternoon.

The evening program started with a band concert in the lobby of the New Southern Hotel. Among those present at the Lodge meeting were the 140 members who had been initiated or reinstated during the very successful administration of the Exalted Ruler, A. Lacy Price. The 36 members of the David Sholtz Class, initiated into Jackson Lodge on February 25, attended in a body. In addition to the Jackson Elks 50 were present from Memphis, Tenn., 20 from Trenton, Tenn., and many from Corinth and Fulton, Ky. The entire program was given over to the Grand Exalted Ruler, there being no detailed Lodge activities. D.D. W. P. Moss introduced Gov. Sholtz who spoke at some length, receiving an overwhelming ovation at the close of his address. Refreshments were served in the dining room with P.E.R. Charles Hanebuth, Chairman of the Social Session Committee, in charge.

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San Francisco, No. 3
Santa Ana, No. 794</p> <p>CONNECTICUT
Torrington, No. 372</p> <p>FLORIDA
Lakeland, No. 1291
Pensacola, No. 497</p> <p>HAWAII
Honolulu, No. 616</p> <p>IDAHO
Blackfoot, No. 1416</p> <p>ILLINOIS
Aurora, No. 795
Canton, No. 626
Litchfield, No. 654
Rock Island, No. 980
Springfield, No. 158</p> <p>INDIANA
East Chicago, No. 981
Indianapolis, No. 13</p> <p>KANSAS
Pratt, No. 1451</p> <p>KENTUCKY
Louisville, No. 8</p> <p>MASSACHUSETTS
Haverhill, No. 165
Pittsfield, No. 272</p> <p>MICHIGAN
Jackson, No. 113</p> <p>MINNESOTA
Brainerd, No. 615
St. Cloud, No. 516</p> <p>MONTANA
Missoula, No. 383</p> <p>MISSOURI
Joplin, No. 501</p> <p>NEBRASKA
Omaha, No. 39</p> <p>NEVADA
Elko, No. 1472</p> <p>NEW HAMPSHIRE
Rochester, No. 1393</p> <p>NEW JERSEY
Bridgeton, No. 733
Passaic, No. 387</p> | <p>(NEW JERSEY—Cont.)
Phillipsburg, No. 395
Trenton, No. 105</p> <p>NEW MEXICO
Albuquerque, No. 461
Silver City, No. 413</p> <p>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
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Troy, No. 141</p> <p>OHIO
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The Dalles, No. 303</p> <p>PENNSYLVANIA
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Eau Claire, No. 402
Kenosha, No. 750
Milwaukee, No. 46</p> |
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Note to Lodges: If you are not listed above—advise the Elks Magazine and your lodge name will be added in the next issue.

Elks Cross Country Tour

(Continued from page 32)

Tour No. 1	
Date	Town
Wed.	June 23rd Postoria, Ohio
Thurs.	" 24th Toledo, Ohio
Thurs.	" 24th Defiance, Ohio
Fri.	" 25th Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Fri.	" 25th Logansport, Ind.
Sat.	" 26th Indianapolis, Ind.
Sat.	" 26th Brazil, Ind.
Mon.	" 28th Terre Haute, Ind.
Mon.	" 28th Danville, Ill.
Tues.	" 29th Champaign, Ill.
Tues.	" 29th Kankakee, Ill.
Wed.	" 30th LaSalle, Ill.
Wed.	" 30th Dixon, Ill.
Thurs.	July 1st Sterling, Ill.
Thurs.	July 1st Moline, Ill.
Thurs.	" 1st Rock Island, Ill.
Fri.	" 2nd Davenport, Ia. (tri-cities)
Fri.	" 2nd Iowa City, Ia.
Sat.	" 3rd Muscatine, Ia.
Sat.	" 3rd Ottumwa, Ia.
Sun.	" 4th Centerville, Ia.
Mon.	" 5th Maryville, Mo.
Mon.	" 5th Atlantic, Ia.
Tues.	" 6th Omaha, Neb.
Tues.	" 6th Lincoln, Neb.
Wed.	" 7th Grand Island, Neb.
Wed.	" 7th Kearney, Neb.
Thurs.	" 8th McCook, Neb.
Fri.	" 9th Sterling, Colo. (night)
Fri.	" 9th Ft. Morgan, Colo.
Sat.	" 10th Greeley, Colo.
Sat.	" 10th Loveland, Colo.
Sun.	" 11th Boulder, Colo.
Sun.	" 11th DENVER—ELKS CONVENTION

Tour No. 2	
Date	Town
Wed.	May 26th Jersey City, N. J.
Thurs.	" 27th Hackensack, N. J.
Fri.	" 27th Elizabeth, N. J.
Fri.	" 28th New Brunswick, N. J.
Sat.	" 29th Lancaster, Pa.
Sat.	" 29th Hagerstown, Md.
Mon.	" 31st Cumberland, Md.
Mon.	" 31st Clarksburg, W. Va.
Tues.	June 1st Charleston, W. Va.
Tues.	June 1st Huntington, W. Va.
Wed.	" 2nd Williamson, W. Va.
Wed.	" 2nd Bluefield, W. Va.
Thurs.	" 3rd Pulaski, Va.
Thurs.	" 3rd Roanoke, Va.
Fri.	" 4th Bedford, Va.
Fri.	" 4th Lynchburg, Va.
Sat.	" 5th Richmond, Va.
Sat.	" 5th Petersburg, Va.
Mon.	" 7th Newport News, Va.
Mon.	" 7th Portsmouth, Va.
Tues.	" 8th Norfolk, Va.
Tues.	" 8th Danville, Va.
Wed.	" 9th Greensboro, N. C.
Wed.	" 9th Durham, N. C.
Thurs.	" 10th Fayetteville, N. C.
Thurs.	" 10th Goldsboro, N. C.
Fri.	" 11th New Bern, N. C.
Fri.	" 11th Wilmington, N. C.
Sat.	" 12th Florence, S. C.
Sat.	" 12th Columbia, S. C.
Mon.	" 14th Orangeburg, S. C.
Mon.	" 14th Savannah, Ga.
Tues.	" 15th Brunswick, Ga.
Tues.	" 15th Jacksonville, Fla.
Wed.	" 16th St. Augustine, Fla.
Wed.	" 16th Daytona Beach, Fla.
Thurs.	" 17th DeLand, Fla.
Thurs.	" 17th Orlando, Fla.
Fri.	" 18th Ft. Pierce, Fla.
Fri.	" 18th W. Palm Beach, Fla.
Sat.	" 19th Sarasota, Fla.
Sat.	" 19th St. Petersburg, Fla.
Mon.	" 21st Tampa, Fla.
Mon.	" 21st Lakeland, Fla.
Tues.	" 22nd Ocala, Fla.
Tues.	" 22nd Tallahassee, Fla.
Wed.	" 23rd Albany, Ga.
Wed.	" 23rd Columbus, Ga.
Thurs.	" 24th Macon, Ga.
Thurs.	" 24th Athens, Ga.
Fri.	" 25th Atlanta, Ga.
Fri.	" 25th LaGrange, Ga.
Sat.	" 26th Birmingham, Ala.
Sat.	" 26th Mobile, Ala. (night)
Mon.	" 28th New Orleans, La. (night)
Mon.	" 28th Houston, Tex. (night)
Tues.	" 29th Waco, Tex.
Tues.	" 29th Austin, Tex.
Wed.	" 30th Cleburne, Tex.
Wed.	" 30th Dallas, Tex.
Thurs.	July 1st Fort Worth, Texas
Thurs.	July 1st Wichita Falls, Tex.

Date	Town
Fri.	July 2nd El Reno, Okla.
Sat.	" 3rd Oklahoma City, Okla.
Sat.	" 3rd Shawnee, Okla.
Mon.	" 5th Tulsa, Okla.
Mon.	" 5th Independence, Kans.
Tues.	" 6th Pittsburg, Kans.
Tues.	" 6th Ft. Scott, Kans.
Wed.	" 7th Topeka, Kans.
Wed.	" 7th Manhattan, Kans.
Thurs.	" 8th Salina, Kans.
Thurs.	" 8th Newton, Kans.
Fri.	" 9th Hutchinson, Kans.
Sat.	" 10th Lamar, Colo. (night)
Sat.	" 10th Pueblo, Colo.
Sun.	" 11th Colorado Springs, Colo.
Sun.	" 11th DENVER—ELKS CONVENTION

Tour No. 3	
Date	Town
Mon.	May 24th Chicago, Ill.
Tues.	" 25th Milwaukee, Wis.
Tues.	" 25th Fond du Lac, Wis.
Wed.	" 26th Madison, Wis.
Wed.	" 26th Baraboo, Wis.
Thurs.	" 27th LaCrosse, Wis.
Thurs.	" 27th Eau Claire, Wis.
Fri.	" 28th St. Paul, Minn.
Fri.	" 28th St. Cloud, Minn.
Sat.	" 29th Brainerd, Minn.
Sat.	" 29th Fergus Falls, Minn.
Mon.	" 31st Fargo, N. D.
Mon.	" 31st Jamestown, N. D.
Tues.	June 1st Bismarck, N. D.
Tues.	June 1st Dickinson, N. D.
Wed.	" 2nd Glendive, Mont.
Wed.	" 2nd Miles City, Mont.
Thurs.	" 3rd Billings, Mont.
Thurs.	" 3rd Livingston, Mont.
Fri.	" 4th Butte, Mont.
Fri.	" 4th Anaconda, Mont.
Sat.	" 5th Missoula, Mont.
Mon.	" 7th Wallace, Idaho (all day)
Mon.	" 7th Coeur d'Alene, Idaho
Tues.	" 8th Spokane, Wash.
Tues.	" 8th Wenatchee, Wash.
Wed.	" 9th Everett, Wash.
Wed.	" 9th Bremerton, Wash.
Thurs.	" 10th Tacoma, Wash.
Thurs.	" 10th Olympia, Wash.
Fri.	" 11th Aberdeen and Hoquiam
Fri.	" 11th Chehalis, Wash.
Sat.	" 12th Portland, Ore.
Sat.	" 12th Oregon City, Ore.
Mon.	" 14th McMinnville, Ore.
Mon.	" 14th Salem, Ore.
Tues.	" 15th Eugene, Ore.
Tues.	" 15th Marshfield, Ore.
Wed.	" 16th Roseburg, Ore.
Wed.	" 16th Grants Pass, Ore.
Thurs.	" 17th Medford, Ore.
Thurs.	" 17th Redding, Calif.
Fri.	" 18th Red Bluff, Calif.
Fri.	" 18th Marysville, Calif.
Sat.	" 19th Sacramento, Calif.
Sat.	" 19th Woodland, Calif.
Mon.	" 21st Vallejo, Calif.
Mon.	" 21st Napa, Calif.
Tues.	" 22nd Petaluma, Calif.
Tues.	" 22nd San Francisco, Cal.
Wed.	" 23rd Oakland, Calif.
Wed.	" 23rd Modesto, Calif.
Thurs.	" 24th Fresno, Cal.
Thurs.	" 24th Visalia, Cal.
Fri.	" 25th Tulare, Cal.
Fri.	" 25th Bakersfield, Cal.
Sat.	" 26th San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Sat.	" 26th Ventura, Cal.
Mon.	" 28th Los Angeles, Cal.
Mon.	" 28th Ontario, Cal.
Tues.	" 29th Riverside, Cal.
Tues.	" 29th Oceanside, Cal.
Wed.	" 30th San Diego, Cal.
Wed.	" 30th El Centro, Cal.
Thurs.	July 1st Yuma, Ariz.
Fri.	" 2nd Tucson, Ariz. (night)
Fri.	" 2nd Miami, Ariz.
Sat.	" 3rd Phoenix, Ariz.
Sat.	" 3rd Prescott, Ariz.
Mon.	" 5th Flagstaff, Ariz.
Mon.	" 5th Winslow, Ariz.
Tues.	" 6th Gallup, N. Mex.
Wed.	" 7th Albuquerque, N. Mex. (night stop)
Wed.	" 7th Santa Fe, N. Mex.
Thurs.	" 8th Las Vegas, N. Mex.
Thurs.	" 8th Raton, N. Mex.
Fri.	" 9th Trinidad, Colo.
Fri.	" 9th Walsenburg, Colo.
Sat.	" 10th Canon City, Colo.
Sat.	" 10th Salida, Colo.
Sun.	" 11th Colorado Springs, Colo.
Sun.	" 11th DENVER—ELKS CONVENTION

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 29)

Troy Lodge Prepares for N. Y. State Elks Assn. Convention June 6-9

"The Greatest Convention in the history of the New York State Elks Association" was the slogan adopted by Troy, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, when committees launched active preparations for entertaining the 25th annual gathering of the Association to

be held in Troy June 6-7-8-9. The start of the active drive was made on Sunday, Feb. 23, but several committees had been organized and active since last November, carrying out preliminary plans and promotional work among the 15 Lodges of the N. Y. Northeast District. Frank W. Bailey is General Chairman of the Troy Convention Committee, as-

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System
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Sagging Stomach A DANGER SIGNAL



If your stomach sags—like this—better do something about it now. Here's how the Director System helps put stomach back in normal position.

NEW EASY WAY To Reduce WAISTLINE IMPROVE APPEARANCE Feel and Look Better

AFTER a man passes the 35-year mark, he's pretty apt to have a sagging stomach (see picture above, left), due to a "let-down" of the muscles of the abdominal wall. When this happens—and it happens to thin men as well as to men overweight—look out for trouble ahead!

Menace to Health
 If a flabby or sagging stomach resulted merely in a "paunch" you could afford to ignore it. But when weakened abdominal muscles let your stomach sag down out of place, all the other internal organs are also put out of kilter. This is often the cause of headaches and backaches—constipation, indigestion, dizziness and a dull, sluggish, "all-out-of-sorts" feeling.

How Thousands Have Corrected "Stomach Sag"—Reduced Waistlines

More than 100,000 men have found a simple, easy way to relieve this condition, a condition that is all too prevalent among men past 35. The Director System has solved the problem for them. It may do the same for you. This system is simplicity itself. Of course, mild exercise and a safe, sane diet are beneficial. But thousands have found the Director Belt alone sufficient to achieve the desired results.

"Reduced Waistline 6 Inches" "Eliminated Constipation"

Director is a reducing belt made of controlled-stretch elastic, designed to support the abdominal muscle structure—permit it to rest and regain strength—and hold the internal organs in a normal position as shown in photo at right, above. As B. F. Parsons says, after wearing a Director, "My internal tract is in fine working order, with constipation eliminated." Another man who tried the Director System, Mr. T. F. Powers, reports: "I reduced my waistline 6 inches and lost 18 pounds."

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sisted by the following members of the Executive Committee: P.D.D. Francis G. Roddy, Treas., Wilson A. Fuller, Secy., and Samuel J. Langer, Hugh T. Sheary and John E. Trainor, members. Mayor Chester J. Atkinson, a member of Troy Lodge, is Honorary Chairman and Edward Strecker is Honorary Treasurer.

An incentive for even greater effort on the part of Troy Lodge to make the meeting the best ever held is the fact that this year marks the Silver Jubilee of the State organization. Visiting Elks who recall the State Convention at Troy ten years ago will understand the scope of activities embodied in the plans now being perfected for 1937. A Promotion Committee has been busy during past months in its drive for convention funds, and a series of public socials and other events are making the drive a success. Over a period of three months, a special Inter-Lodge Committee of Troy members completed a schedule of visitations to each of the Lodges of the District. At these visits, preliminary plans were outlined by P.E.R.'s Philip H. Draper, Chairman, and Past State Pres. Dr. J. Edward Gallico, and the District Lodges were asked to cooperate actively with Troy Lodge in its plans. Pledges of support were obtained without exception and most of the Lodges took immediate steps to organize their own Convention Committees.

Early requests for hotel reservations indicated a record-breaking representation from all parts of the State, and the Reservation Committee, anticipating a big job in comfortably accommodating the influx of visitors, asks that reservations be made without delay.

J. H. P. Dyer, Charter Member of Leominster, Mass., Lodge, Dies

James H. P. Dyer, a charter member of Leominster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1237, died in Boston on March 5. Mr. Dyer dimitted from Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, No. 847, when Leominster Lodge was instituted, and was one of the group that organized the Lodge. He was a prominent attorney and a leader in civic as well as fraternal life.

Lamar, Colo., Lodge Loses P.E.R. Charles A. Owen

P.E.R. Charles A. Owen, of Lamar, Colo., Lodge, No. 1319, died of apoplexy on Monday, March 8. Elk services were held for him on Wednesday attended by a large number of his fellow members and others from Lodges in various parts of the State. Mr. Owen was District Deputy for Colorado South during the Grand Lodge year 1928-29. He will be sorely missed both as an Elk and a fine, public-spirited man.

San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge Group Gives a Party

"The Hall Room Boys," a group of members of San Bernardino,

Calif., Lodge, No. 836, who reside in the Lodge Home, give a party annually on or about the time of St. Patrick's Day. This year they gave a dinner-dance on March 17 at the California Hotel. Secy. Jack Hosfield, Harry Hickman, W. B. Rich, J. P. Majors, George Gibson, Ralph Wilson and F. E. Schaffer acted as hosts, welcoming the 75 couples who attended. An elaborate turkey dinner was served, and an eight-piece orchestra played for dancing.

The Pittsburgh Pirates were in training at the time in San Bernardino and all who were Elks brought their wives to the gay party. These members availed themselves of the facilities of the Lodge Home daily during their stay in the city.

Topeka, Kans., Lodge Loses a Distinguished Member, W. O. Anderson

Topeka, Kans., Lodge, No. 204, lost one of its old guard when P.E.R. W. O. Anderson passed away on March 16. Mr. Anderson joined Topeka Lodge in 1896 and was a faithful and an efficient worker until his health failed several years ago. However, he continued to visit the Lodge Home almost daily. He was noted for his cheerful disposition and easy personality.

Mr. Anderson was the 12th President of the Kansas State Elks Association. For many years he was the moving spirit in the Elks' Christmas celebrations for the needy children of Topeka. For nearly 50 years he was engaged in the wholesale produce business, and took an active part in civic and charity work. As an Elk he was known and respected throughout the State as a leader. He was a former Trustee of Topeka Lodge and one of its best loved members.

E.R. Terry of Sapulpa, Okla., Lodge Excels in Degree Work

Initiation ceremonies at a recent meeting of Sapulpa, Okla., Lodge, No. 1118, were distinguished by the splendid work of the Exalted Ruler and the Esquire. E.R. S. N. Terry gave the ritualistic work from each of the four chair stations without being prompted or assisted. The Lodge is especially proud of his accomplishment.

Greeley, Colo., Lodge Honors its Past Exalted Rulers

A dinner, at which 22 Past Exalted Rulers were present, was a feature of P.E.R.'s Night held recently by Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 809. Past State Pres. Milton L. Anfenger, of Denver Lodge, made the presentation of the Past Exalted Rulers' jewels given the past officers by the Lodge as a mark of its appreciation. P.E.R. William R. Patterson made the response. Judge James E. Garrigues, the first Exalted Ruler of Greeley Lodge, was unable to be present, and Mr. Anfenger was commissioned to carry his jewel to him with a message of appreciation. Monroe Goldstein, of

Portland, Ore., Lodge, Executive Director of the National Convention Committee, was one of the speakers, outlining the main features of the Grand Lodge Convention at Denver.

Entertainment was furnished by the orchestra and boxing teams of the Junior High School. The evening closed with a lunch served by a committee headed by Harold V. Dawson.

Marion, O., Lodge Loses R. G. Cheney, Honorary Life Member

On March 22 Marion, O., Lodge, No. 32, suffered the loss of one of its honorary life members when Robert G. Cheney died at his home in Marion. He had been in failing health for several years. Mr. Cheney was born in Urbana, O., on Feb. 27, 1868. For years he was active in band circles. He led the Dayton, O., Band at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. As an Elk his large circle of friends included many members of Lodges throughout the State. He became an honorary life member of Marion Lodge on June 4, 1936.

Ritualistic Contest Brings Large Crowd to Homestead, Pa., Lodge

The Ritualistic Contest, held at Homestead, Pa., Lodge, No. 650, on Sunday, Feb. 28, brought a large crowd of Elks from all parts of the Pennsylvania Southwest District to the Lodge Home. The crack Degree Teams of Pittsburgh No. 11, Sheraden No. 949, and Homestead Lodges competed. Sheraden Lodge won with a percentage of 99.752, Pittsburgh was second with 99.656, and Homestead was third with 98.99. One of the highlights of the contest was the fact that E.R. Walter Dailey of Pittsburgh Lodge achieved a rating of 100 per cent.

Boy Scout Troop of Saginaw, Mich., Lodge Wins in Contest

First place in the valley district contest, held at Saginaw, Mich., on March 13, was won by the Boy Scout Troop sponsored by Saginaw Lodge, No. 47. Under the able leadership of its Scoutmaster, F. Emmet Robinson, a popular Saginaw Elk, the boys attained the skill and high efficiency that made their Troop the outstanding Scout unit of the Valley Trails Council. After they had heard the annual report, the Saginaw Elks voted to renew the Troop's charter for another year and gave Scoutmaster Robinson a rising vote of thanks for his excellent work. The Troop meets every Monday evening in the Lodge Home. Saginaw Lodge is co-operating with the Troop in raising funds for the trip to the National Jamboree in Washington, D. C., June 30-July 9.

The Troop's Drum and Bugle Corps of 20 members rehearses not less than once a week. The Corps took part in the welcome at the station when more than a hundred members of Alpena, Mich., Lodge arrived by special train to attend a recent meeting of Saginaw Lodge.

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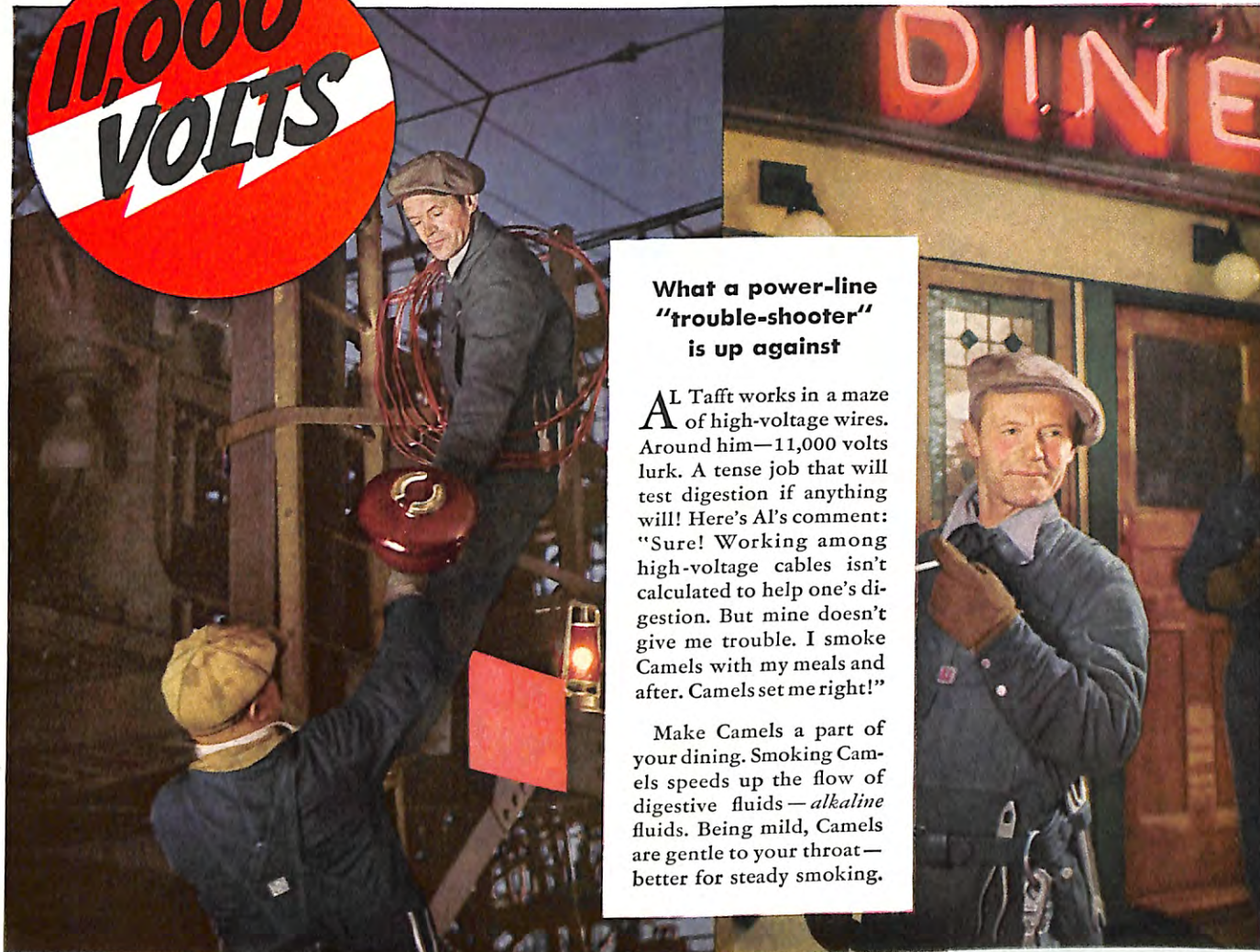
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