

The Elks

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CENTRAL EDITION





The Elks Magazine

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

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JULY 1937

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THE LORD OF BENIN



By **BILL ADAMS**

*Illustrated by
Harold von Schmidt*

HIS home was the Bight of Benin, off the west African coast. In its tepid blue waters he basked hour on hour, his sharp triangular fin above the still surface, his broad blue back submerged. Warming his thick skin, the torrid sun of the tropics gave him a feeling of such languorous delight that now and again he quivered from snout to tail with the sheer voluptuousness of living; his vast jaws slowly opening and closing.

Seven rows of razor-keen teeth in each jaw, the Lord of Benin had; and his lidless eyes looked as evil as did his mouth. Though the laziest fish in all the sea, he was also the swiftest. Supple as a whip, without a rib in all his length, he could bend till his tail flukes all but touched his blunt snout.

Near to the Lord hovered always his cohort of pilot fish, swift swimmers banded with alternate bands of pale grey and soft violet. Save when they came swimming excitedly about his head he was as heedless of them as is a lord of the land of the serfs on his estate. To his sides and belly clung scores of suckers; inky-black parasites that, with no mouths, were ridged on the flat undersides of their heads as a nutmeg grater is ridged. Though they drew their sustenance from him, he was unaware of their existence; having strength in plenty to spare.

It was first dawn upon the windless Benin sea. The lesser stars had died. One by one, the larger were fading. Opaline at the zenith, the sky along the eastern horizon was faintly rose-tinted. The Lord of Benin, who all night had lain motionless a few feet under the sea, slowly rose to the surface. Since the preceding evening no food had

passed into his vast jaws. But now, all darting away together, his pilot fish had left him. Waiting their return, he lay tense as an arrow with the bow string back-drawn.

The last star died. Opal passed from the sky. Then, at the moment that the sun leapt from under the sea rim, the pilot fish appeared, speeding toward their Lord. As he glided forward to meet them, they turned all together and darted away again. Effortlessly increasing his speed, he followed; and, in a few moments, aware of that of which they had come to tell him, shot forward so that they were outdistanced and left behind him.

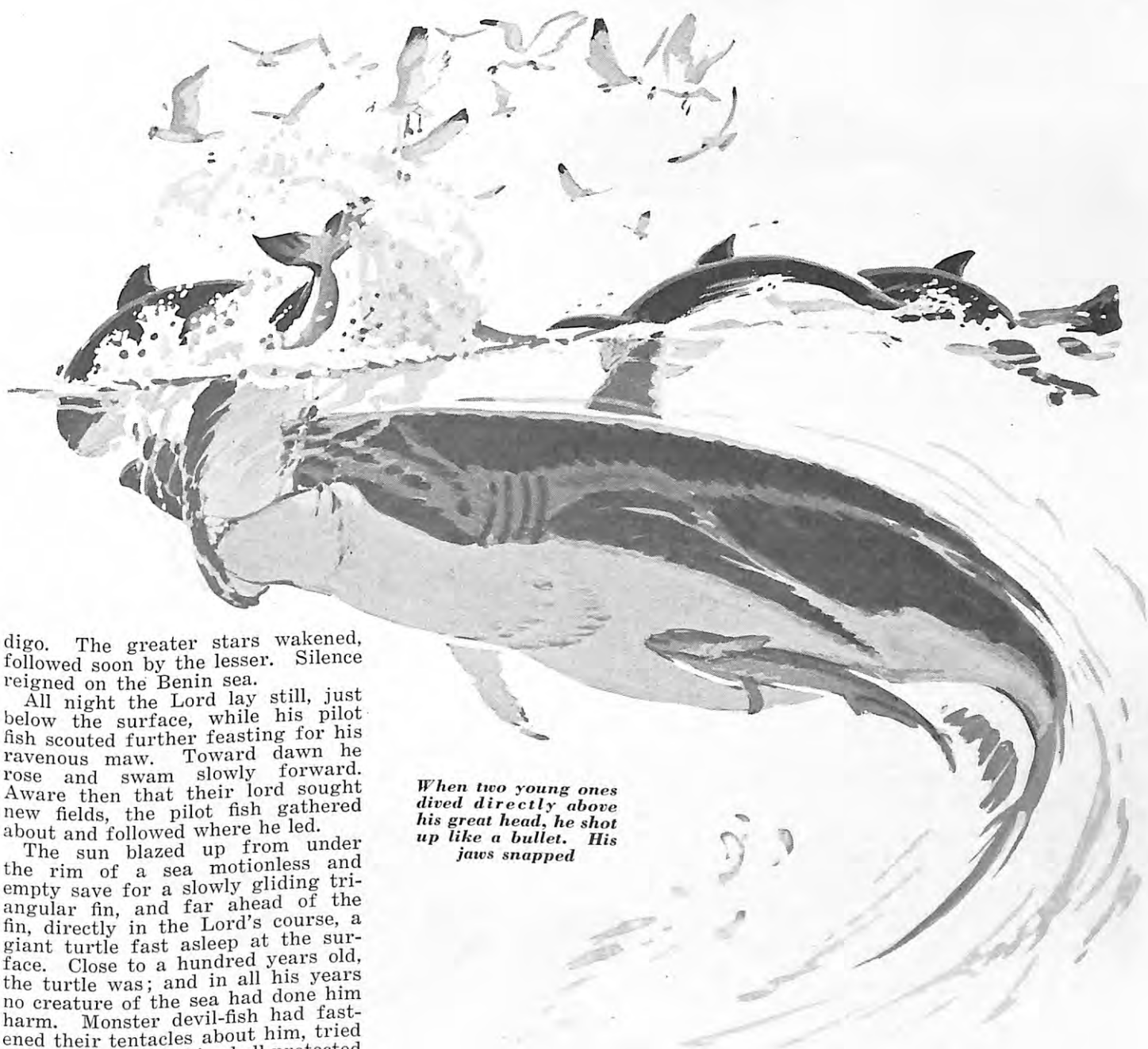
Ahead of the speeding Lord the surface of the shimmering sea was churned to foam by the morning play of countless large fish. Skipjack and albacore, bonito and dolphin were leaping from the water, dashing hither and thither, circling and diving. Swift as an arrow, the Lord was amongst them. Arrow-swift, he dashed through them; and flailing from side to side, the long flukes of his sharp tail left in his wake a trail of stunned fish belly-up at the surface. Though at sunrise but two or three gulls had been in sight, gulls at once appeared in hundreds; speeding from every quarter. The air was filled with hungry screaming.

HAVING passed through the masses of gamboling fish, the Lord turned; and, swimming slowly back along his trail, took into his cavernous jaws victim after victim till his belly could hold no more. Gorged to repletion, he lay motionless at the surface; paying no more heed to the yet gamboling fish. But when a

careless gull settled to feed on the carcass of an albacore close to his snout there was a movement so swift that eye could scarce have followed it. All that was left of the gull then was a white feather floating on the sea.

The gamboling fish passed on. With the last of the Lord's victims devoured, the gulls dispersed and disappeared. Just beneath the warm surface, the Lord basked; his fin above the water. Hours passed. The sun reached the zenith. Stillness reigned. Then, as the sun began its decline, there appeared from the horizon in the south a school of porpoises swimming slowly northward and playing as they came; leaping in pairs, clear from the water, and diving in pairs. Aware of their approach, the Lord slowly sank till he was a dozen feet submerged; his blue back so precisely the blue of the sea that from above he was invisible. While, unconscious of his proximity, the first pairs of porpoises, the older and more thick-skinned of the school, passed above him the Lord lay utterly motionless; his evil lidless eyes filled with savage desire. But when two young ones dived directly above his great head, he shot up like a bullet. His jaws snapped. The Benin sea was instantly incarnadined with crimson blood. While in two bites he disposed of his six foot long victim, the rest of the school dispersed in terror. Again the Lord basked at the surface, while his pilot fish feasted on such few shreds of red flesh as he had left.

Hours passed. The sun dropped to the horizon, the sky a blaze of amethyst and ruby. The sun dipped under the sea rim. The sky paled, darkened, turned from azure to in-



digo. The greater stars wakened, followed soon by the lesser. Silence reigned on the Benin sea.

All night the Lord lay still, just below the surface, while his pilot fish scouted further feasting for his ravenous maw. Toward dawn he rose and swam slowly forward. Aware then that their lord sought new fields, the pilot fish gathered about and followed where he led.

The sun blazed up from under the rim of a sea motionless and empty save for a slowly gliding triangular fin, and far ahead of the fin, directly in the Lord's course, a giant turtle fast asleep at the surface. Close to a hundred years old, the turtle was; and in all his years no creature of the sea had done him harm. Monster devil-fish had fastened their tentacles about him, tried vainly to suck out his shell-protected juices, unwound their tentacles and gone their ways. Whales, rising from the deeps beneath, had harmlessly upset him. Sharks less ferocious than the Lord of Benin had nosed him with their snouts, scorned him, and passed by.

Aware of the turtle while yet far from it, the Lord slowed his pace until a dozen feet from its protruding horny head. Then, sure that it slept, shot forward with wide open jaws. His jaws snapped. Dropping the head, he swam on; having murdered for the joy of murder.

All day the Lord of Benin swam, schools of little fish too small for his notice scattering in terror before him; stormy petrels pausing now and then to hover and utter shrill cries of fear above his gliding fin. When the sun sank he ceased swimming and lay idle. Then once more his pilot fish scattered, to seek food for his impatient maw.

When two young ones dived directly above his great head, he shot up like a bullet. His jaws snapped

It was midnight when the pilot fish came hurrying back. Following where they led, the Lord presently ceased swimming and lay utterly still; his eyes filled with cunning and with blood lust. A short distance ahead of his blunt snout the sea was churned to foam, and in the star-lit water was a scent of blood that made him quiver with desire.

With tentacles forty feet long fast on its writhing body, with parrot-beak fixed fast to its belly, a monster devil fish was striving to drag to the deeps a whale calf that had wandered far from its dam. Beating the sea with its tail, twisting and turning, the bleeding calf nigh exhausted was battling to stay at the surface.

Because all the water about them was discolored by the sepia-like

fluid ejected by the devil fish, the Lord of Benin could see naught of the combatants. Quivering with eagerness, he swam for a time slowly round and round beyond the radius of the discolored water. And then, all in an instant, he was gone; dashing away. Followed by her bull, the calf's dam was approaching. Also aware of their coming, the devil fish let go its hold on the calf and hurriedly sank toward the deeps whence it had come. Cow and bull dived together after it, and again the surface of the Benin sea was still—save for the long, gasping breaths of the calf. Lord turned in his length and sped back. And since the water was no longer discolored, he could see. Like an arrow, he darted toward the calf and bit from its side hunk after hunk of red flesh so that the sea became scarlet with spurting



blood. And then he was swimming away again, for leaving her bull to feast on the devil fish, the cow was come up from the deeps below. His lidless eyes filled with cunning and blood-lust, he bided his time at safe distance from the furious cow's great tail till the bull rose also. Then, while the bull led the sorrowing cow from the dying calf's side where she had lain with her motherly fin dropped protectingly over his wounds, the Lord sped back to the feast.

Dawn came again; the whale calf now but a skeleton far down in the deeps. And as a little breeze ruffled the warm Benin sea, the Lord, wakening from his gorged lethargy, swam leisurely forward to seek new feeding grounds once more. And his pilot fish swam with him, close to his blunt snout. All day he swam, and did not pause till the larger stars were waking. Silent and still the sea was, and mirror-flat again with the breeze no longer ruffling its blue surface.

Aware of a shape in the sea before him, a shape far greater than the greatest whale that ever he had seen, the Lord of Benin sank far down and circled it slowly. Covered with barnacles it was and green weeds hung from it. And above it, distinct in the light of the bright Benin stars, was a tall, white cloud that was unlike to any cloud that ever the Lord had seen in the Benin sky where clouds are few. He swam cautiously toward the dark deep shape and lay still beneath it; still as the shape itself; his instincts telling him that, though he never had seen a thing like to the shape, there would be food to be had from it.

ALL night the Lord lay waiting while his pilot fish swam hither and thither, to and fro, and round and round the shape above him. Dawn came, and soon after the sun leapt from the still rim of the sea a pilot fish dived to the Lord from the surface thirty feet above him. He rose swiftly, and following where the pilot fish led, opened in a moment his mouth and took in fragment after fragment of food more tasty than any that ever had passed into his maw. Knowing then that his instincts had told him truly, he swam leisurely all around the shape whence the delicious morsels had come; his

evil eyes upturned, his jaws opening and closing in wolfish anticipation, and presently saw, climbing about on the shape, creatures such as never had he seen. Then, quivering throughout his whole lithe body, he sank low again to bide the time that he knew would come.

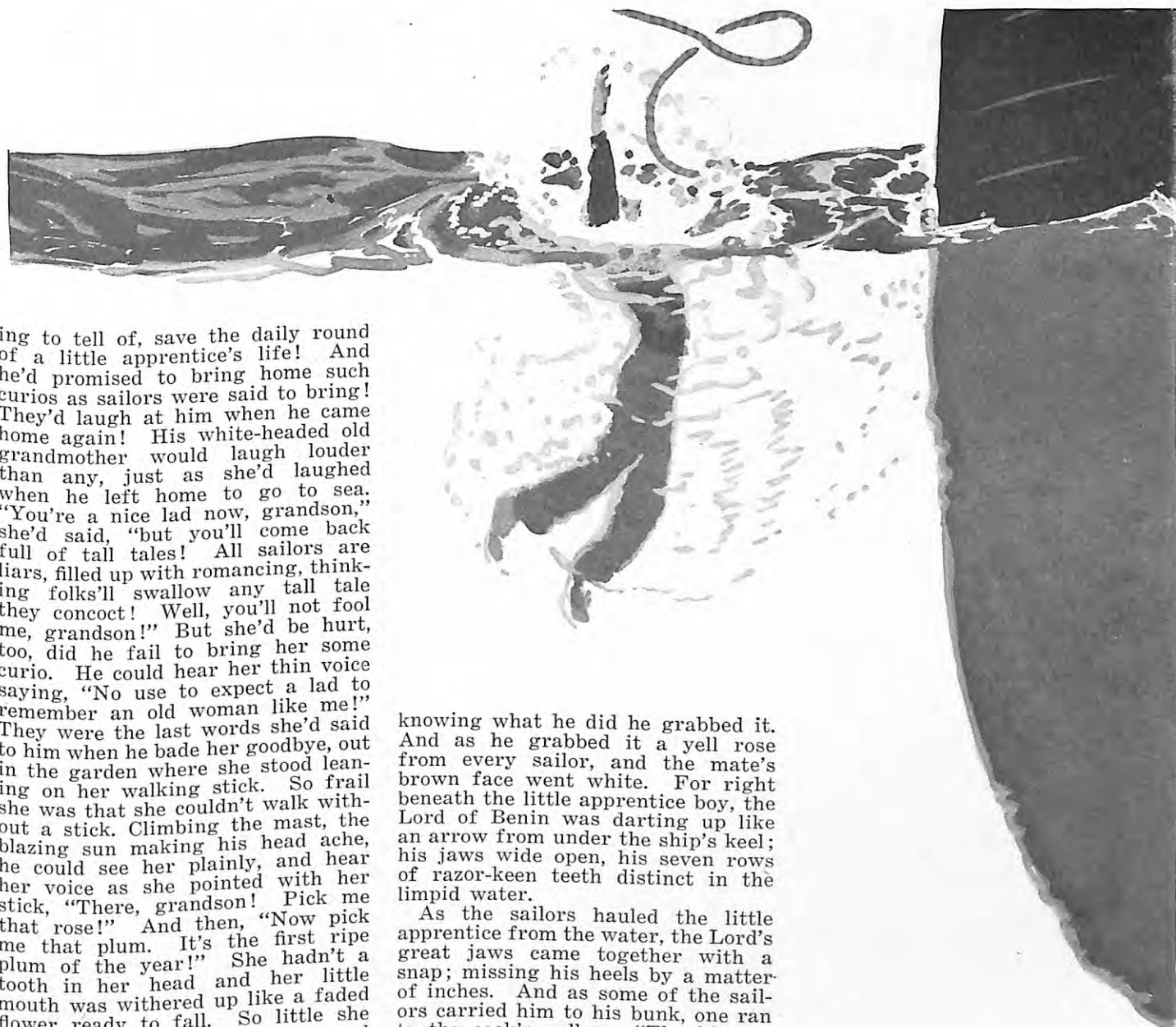
On the deck of the white-sailed ship beneath the keel of which the Lord of Benin lay waiting, the mate called to a little fifteen-year-old first voyage apprentice boy, "Hop aloft there, you, sonny! Hop aloft and overhaul them buntlines!"

With the blazing sun of Benin on his back, the little apprentice climbed higher and higher on the ship's tall mast; thinking with longing of

his home that stood in a cool cloudy land, tree and flower surrounded with lush meadows about it. He had not known that the sea would be like this, so hot, so breathless, so dazzling with sun-glare. He'd imagined seas pleasantly ruffled by gentle breezes and a ship sailing merrily; with perhaps whales, and strange sea birds about her; and islands to be passed now and then, with palms waving, and monkeys and parrots screeching. And all he'd seen in six weeks had been a few petrels fluttering over the ship's wake. Disillusioned he was, and sad; having found on the sea no romance. What would he have to tell when he came home again? Noth-



For right beneath the little apprentice boy the Lord of Benin was darting up like an arrow from underneath



ing to tell of, save the daily round of a little apprentice's life! And he'd promised to bring home such curios as sailors were said to bring! They'd laugh at him when he came home again! His white-headed old grandmother would laugh louder than any, just as she'd laughed when he left home to go to sea. "You're a nice lad now, grandson," she'd said, "but you'll come back full of tall tales! All sailors are liars, filled up with romancing, thinking folks'll swallow any tall tale they concoct! Well, you'll not fool me, grandson!" But she'd be hurt, too, did he fail to bring her some curio. He could hear her thin voice saying, "No use to expect a lad to remember an old woman like me!" They were the last words she'd said to him when he bade her goodbye, out in the garden where she stood leaning on her walking stick. So frail she was that she couldn't walk without a stick. Climbing the mast, the blazing sun making his head ache, he could see her plainly, and hear her voice as she pointed with her stick, "There, grandson! Pick me that rose!" And then, "Now pick me that plum. It's the first ripe plum of the year!" She hadn't a tooth in her head and her little mouth was withered up like a faded flower ready to fall. So little she was, that when she took his arm and leaned on him it made him feel, though he was only fifteen, a strong grown man. He recalled how one day just ere he went to join his ship she said to him, "I'm no more than a bit of thistledown, grandson! If I didn't have a good stick to lean on I'd blow away on the breeze! Oh, I'm just about the littlest, weakest thing between the stars and the bottom of the sea."

AND, because the sun of Benin made his head ache so, the little apprentice paused for a minute in the shade of a sail. But the mate shouted, "Hop along, you, there!" So, with his head feeling as though it would split open, he stepped out to the sun-glare again. And then there was a scream, followed at once by a splash in the blue water beside the ship. And at once sailors were running and shouting. And as the little apprentice rose spluttering and gasping a rope flung by a sailor fell about his shoulders. "Grab hold that rope!" yelled the sailor, and hardly

knowing what he did he grabbed it. And as he grabbed it a yell rose from every sailor, and the mate's brown face went white. For right beneath the little apprentice boy, the Lord of Benin was darting up like an arrow from under the ship's keel; his jaws wide open, his seven rows of razor-keen teeth distinct in the limpid water.

As the sailors hauled the little apprentice from the water, the Lord's great jaws came together with a snap; missing his heels by a matter of inches. And as some of the sailors carried him to his bunk, one ran to the cook's galley. "The biggest bloody shark as ever I seed, cookie! Gimme a bit of pork, will ye?" he cried. With a bit of pork in his hand, he ran to the carpenter's shop, where the shark hook was kept. As he dropped the baited hook to the water, all the crew gathered at the rail to watch.

And at just the moment when the Lord of Benin's great jaws closed on the bait, the little apprentice's old grandmother, toddling about in the garden, muttered to herself, "That lad—I wish he'd bring me a stout walking stick from over the sea! Maybe he'll bring me one of fine black ebony, or one of brown teakwood!"

Up from the warm blue sea of his domain the sailors hoisted the Lord of Benin, thrashing his tail in useless rage, gnashing his seven rows of teeth on the strong chain to which the hook was attached. In a moment he lay quivering on the deck, his lidless eyes filled with fury and hate, his great jaws opening and closing.

"Bite on that, ye devil!" cried a sailor, and rammed down the Lord's

cavern throat an ash wood capstan bar. And one after another four sailors drove their sheath knives into his brain. And the carpenter came from (Continued on page 56)

ALL THE MADMEN

It was a very little business, the war with the Bashaw of Tripoli; but not to all the madmen

By Howard Fast

*Illustrated by
John J. Floherty, Jr.*

AT that time—I speak of the year eighteen hundred and three—we were not much of a country. You see, President Monroe had not yet given out the doctrine, and most of the things that happened then are legends now. Maybe this is a legend, too.

We didn't have much of a navy, hardly any of a navy, but England was afraid of us—of the damned Yankees. Tell a Yankee skipper that his ketch was a gunboat and he'd cut loose and cross the world. That's why England was afraid. We were madmen, and dangerous madmen, and England gave a sort of silent support to the Bashaw of Tripoli. That's a legend now; we're not madmen any more.

There were three of us, Stephen Decatur, Conrad and myself; all lieutenants in the strangest navy this world has ever seen—because it wasn't a navy—three or four frigates with an odd assortment of boats mounted with field-pieces, less their wheels. But we were at war with Tripoli; Congress said we were at war, to protect our shipping from the Corsairs. There was a meeting at Malta, in the cabin of Captain Preble's ship. We were all young men, and a little mad; you had to be a little mad in the United States Navy at that time.

Preble said, "Gentlemen, we have a war to fight—and no navy . . ." Then he cursed Congress, generously; it was a habit at that time to curse Congress. "The Bashaw has ships." He turned to Decatur who had once met the Bashaw.

"Good vessels," Stephen nodded.

Preble looked at us fondly; he was thinking, perhaps, that such a set of wild, young fools would not be seen again. Maybe he was right; the world changes.

"Mr. Conrad," he said to Michael.

Michael smiled, and I looked at the captain pleadingly. Well, he knew how we were, close together, and he said to Stephen, "Take them all with you, Lieutenant. I'm giving you the brig. Don't lose it."

We three went out laughing, Michael on one side of me, Stephen on the other. "It's a great thing for a lieutenant," I said to Stephen, "to have half his country's navy under his command."

"Insolence," said Michael, "and disrespect."

Stephen pointed to the battered brig and said, "We mustn't lose it. God help me—I shan't look a gift horse in the mouth."

The frigate's boat took us over, and when we came to the brig's side we could see the foul tendrils of seaweed curling up from her bottom. She was the oldest thing in a not too new navy, and only the fact that she was wood kept her afloat. Cracks gaped in her sides above the waterline. There were patches of paint on her, not too many patches, and her four pieces were rusted.

"If we fire them. . . ." Stephen said.

But the story is not this; the story is Michael's. We put to sea with a crew of thirty-four, and the brig floated, and for the glory of our country, the flag flew from the masthead. Oh, it was a real enough thing then, the glory of our country, five thousand miles away;

and if we mocked at the navy—it was because we were the navy.

We sailed a hundred miles and saw no more than a ship of France and one of Britain. Sicily dropped away; we cruised leisurely, the only way that brig could cruise—and when we saw the ketch, flying the golden banner of the Bashaw, Crete lay like a grey cloud to the north. I remember that I was standing on the poop with Stephen when a seaman came aft and told us that he had sighted it.

"A Corsair," the seaman said. "She flies the Bashaw's flag, Mr. Decatur."

"Fair game," Stephen said. "Tell Mr. Denny to crowd all sail." He turned to me. "Go to Mr. Conrad and see that the pieces are ready for action."

I dropped to the deck and ran to Michael. My blood was up. A ketch was no mean prize, and the Bashaw's golden flag would be divided between us.

At the prow, Michael leaned on the rail and stared at the long, sleek, lateen-rigged ketch. She stood between us and the sunset, her sails full of fire. Michael had his cap off, and his tall body was all dark in silhouette, except for his yellow hair. The sun's fire was in his yellow hair.

"Stephen's for her," I called to Michael.

Michael turned to me, pointing out to sea, and smiling curiously. "Look at her, Charles," he said, "and tell me where you have seen something like it. The sultan's boat—with fire sails."

"She's ours—from the Bashaw," I said.

Michael went to his guns, and I took his place at the prow. Now both vessels were nearing each other, converging like the arms of a triangle. Then, of a sudden, the ketch took alarm, and sheered away. I could see turbaned, naked figures crowding on sail.

"Put a shot across her bow, Mr. Conrad!" Stephen called in a ringing voice.

Our long swivel belched fire, and a spout of water lashed the front of the ketch. She came about abruptly, and we bore down on her. Our marines, muskets loaded, lined the rail.

Stephen had come up to me. "No vessel of war," he remarked, staring at the ketch.

"No," I agreed. "I wonder what her cargo is?"

"Gold, I hope," Stephen said.

We ran on, laying ourselves broadside to her. From our mastheads marines covered her decks; our guns were trained upon her, short range. There were men about a little brass two-pounder in her nose, but they must have realized that it would do no good to discharge it. The twenty or so half naked, turbaned men in her hold glowered at us and gripped their sabres. For a moment it was all touch and go; I could pick out their captain, with his blue, jeweled turban, and I covered him with my pistol. I decided that if they rushed us, I would kill him first; that might save further bloodshed.

Stephen had a smattering of Arabic and Turkish. "Throw down your arms!" he cried, and added in English, "In the name of the Congress of the United States!"

Michael was standing over one of the marines, whose face was all broken and bloody. One of the slave women crouched against the rail



FLOHERTY
JR

They hesitated, and then the captain dropped his scimitar. We poured into their hold. I ordered the crew to herd them aft while Stephen and some of the marines set about breaking open the hatches. I heard a low whistle of surprise from Stephen; the marines were all speaking at once.

"Charles!" he called.

"By all that's holy," I heard Michael say.

Turning, I saw a naked girl standing next to the open hatch. Michael was crawling out of his jacket, and the marines were staring with dropped jaws.

"Mind what you're doing!" I snapped to my men, who were covering the Corsairs. "Tie them up—and put them on the brig." When I looked around again, there were half a dozen girls there. Some of them were naked. Michael and many of the marines had given them their jackets. I heard Stephen order one of the marines, "Get up on the brig and get the ship's tailor. Cloth—anything—burlap—only tell him there's a flock of women needs covering. . . ."

"Yes, sir," the marine grinned.

"And take that infernal grin off your face!"

"Yes, sir."

I walked over to Michael, who was staring at the sky, his boyish face a burning red. Michael had not been in the east long, and he was young—terribly young.

"More of them," Stephen growled, as the marines helped a steady stream of women out of the hatch. "My God—this is a harem we run onto. Look at them—black and white and in between."

"And some ripe and pretty," I said.

Stephen whirled on me. "You poor fool—what's come into you? I'll have trouble enough with the men."

"No reason, Mr. Decatur," I said soothingly. "We don't have a long voyage."

"It's over now," Stephen muttered. "Put those women aboard the brig and get a prize crew onto the ketch. And make all sail, Mister, all possible sail. Get those women covered." He hesitated. "No," he said, "on second thought—keep them with you. Keep them in the ketch. They'll be less trouble there. I want you and Mr. Conrad to take the ketch. I'll give you five sailors and half a dozen marines. They'll sleep on deck. Whatever those women are—they're still women."

In less than a half-hour, we were on our way, I commanding the ketch, with Michael as my first officer, and Stephen lumbering behind us in the brig. We had raised our colors, and already divided the Bashaw's golden banner into three pieces.

The sun had already set as we stood to the east, the lateen sails flapping strangely. I didn't know what to do with the women; they stood about the deck, some with set expressions upon their faces, some talking between themselves, laughing. I have always been slow with tongues, and at that time I knew no Arabic. Michael did, in spite of the short time he had been on the Barbary Coast; he had picked up several of the polyglot tongues with amazing rapidity.

I was on the poop, sometimes staring into the hold, sometimes glancing at the blob of light that marked Stephen's brig, when Michael came over to me.

"I've been talking to some of them," he said, throwing a hand toward the hold. "They were a gift for the Sultan of Turkey—from the Bashaw. Two dozen women—for one man."

"That's the east," I nodded. "They're slaves."

Michael was leaning over the rail, staring at the dark sea. "One was a princess," he said slowly.

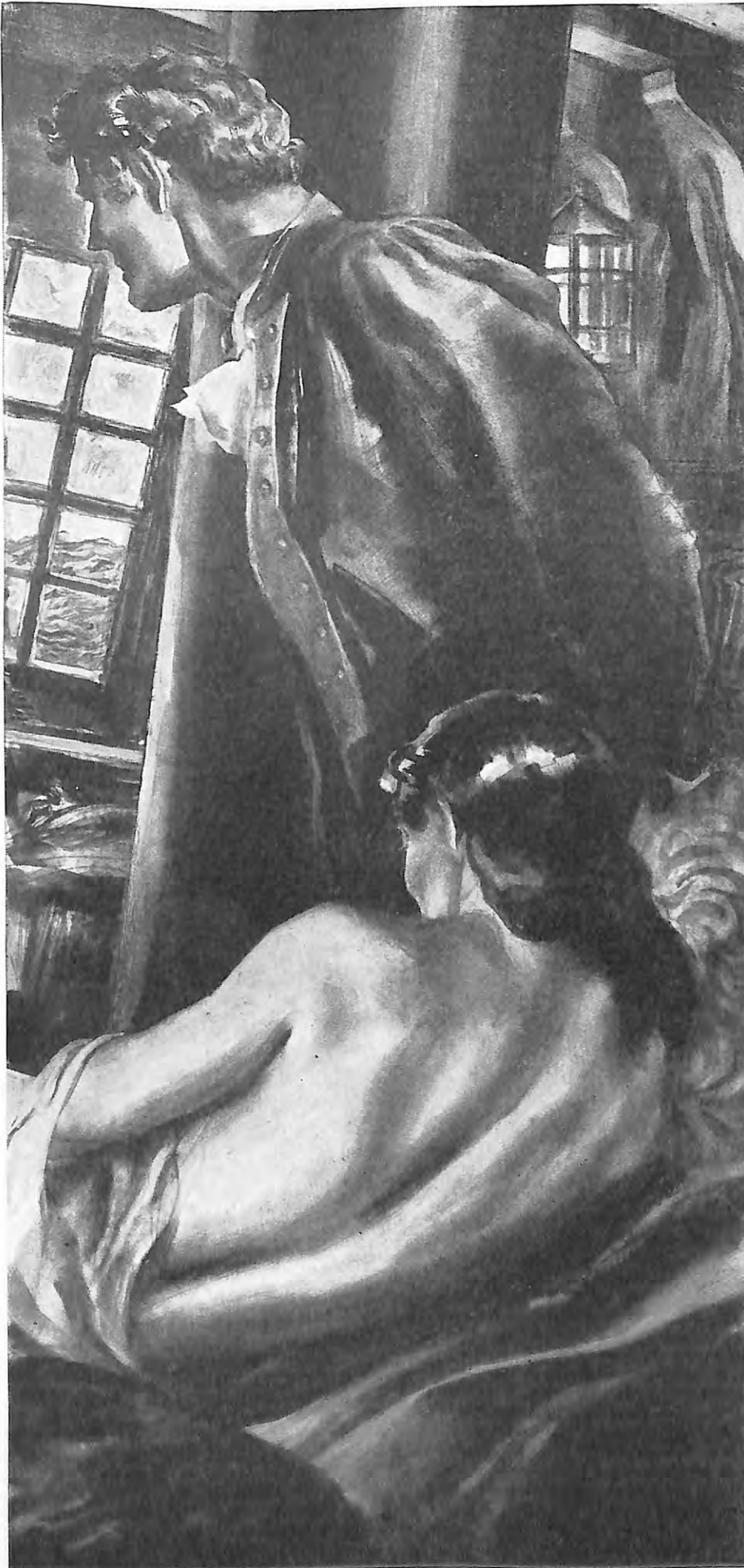
I wanted to ask him how he knew, but I didn't—something about the way he said it, perhaps. I said, "Tell them they sleep in the forward cabins. We'll take the poop cabins—very luxurious. The men sleep on deck, Mr. Conrad."

"Yes, sir," he nodded.

That night was quiet enough; I didn't speak to Michael about the women again. The next day was overcast, and from the brig, Stephen signaled for us to come about. When we were in speaking distance, he shouted, "Storm coming up—keep close!" We could barely hear him.

I went into his cabin and stood there. The woman sat on one of the divans





"Watch those lateen sails—they're tricky! Take in if the wind rises!"

I knew he wanted to bring the prize in safely; it was the first prize under his own command.

Many of the women were on deck now, watching the brig. They were clad in bits of burlap that the tailor had rigged out for them, in sacking and cast-off clothes. "A strange lot of heathens," I thought. I noticed, as I turned away to take in sail, that some of the marines were talking to them.

"If they don't play the devil with us before we get to port . . ." I muttered. "I'll be glad to see the last of them."

I was climbing the ladder to the poop when I heard a cry from the deck. Dropping back, I turned, and there was Michael standing over one of the marines, his great fists clenched. Michael was a big man, strong and quick as a panther. When I reached them, I saw that the marine's face was all broken and bloody. One of the slave women crouched against the rail.

"Go to my cabin," I told the man, and when he was gone I turned to Michael, "I'm sorry this had to happen, Mr. Conrad. I wasn't expecting trouble so soon. I'll have to keep the women in their quarters."

"The women," Michael murmured. "That man's a beast."

I glanced at the woman, noticing only that she was dark and rather handsome, and that an arm was flung protectively across her breast. The man's blouse she wore had been torn away. I said to Michael, "Most men are, Mr. Conrad, and you should know that the navy is not a tea party. My only responsibility with these women is to bring them safely to port, along with the ketch. They are slaves. I shall not beat my crew into submission for their sakes."

"You don't know what you're saying," Michael protested. "Listen, Charles, they're women. You can't stand by and allow them to be abused and raped."

"Aren't you making a little too much of it, Mr. Conrad? I'm sure the men will respect them."

Michael hesitated; then he nodded. "Very well," he said.

Then the storm broke, and I was forced to forget the women for the time being and think of saving the ketch. She bounded over the water like a cork, and in no time at all we had lost the brig. I stood by the man at the wheel and held her to the wind; all in all, we made a nice run of it.

The clouds had dropped, and in the driving rain I could barely see the prow of the boat. I was peering over the rail and attempting to make out the brig when I heard a seaman call me. He sprawled full length as he tried to reach me, and he began to babble as I dragged him to his feet.

"Speak out!" I yelled.

"The marines are in the women's cabin, sir."

I dashed (*Continued on page 42*)

By Dickson Hartwell

THE movies—and by “movies” is meant the old silent films—lasted about twenty years. Then suddenly Al Jolson “Mammyed” his way across the nation as “The Jazz Singer” in a new medium—the talking picture. Almost overnight the movies were gone. Hollywood turned itself inside out and then settled down to produce good, bad and indifferent “talkies.” Thus abruptly ended the movies—the great American Art form.

Now it looks as if a second great American form of entertainment art is about to go by the boards, that lusty, mad, scrambling, infantile industry—radio business. Modern long wave radio, the kind you listen to today, was born and cradled in a Pittsburgh manger identified as Station KDKA, in 1921. Now, sixteen years later, “experts,” with one eye on television, give radio about four more years to live. And when it goes, they say, it will, like the movies, go all at once.

If it took twenty years of growing for the movie business to show more than a little peach fuzz of maturity on its cheek there probably was a good reason. The movies were not responsible to anyone but themselves. A producer could spend a million dollars on a picture and if it didn't go over he was the only one who suffered. The movies had no friends but themselves and their public. They lived in a world bounded only by four adjectives, stupendous, colossal, magnificent, and mammoth. With this sort of set-up they could have been expected to remain slightly childish.

But when radio moves out of the picture—a victim of technological unemployment—its failure to grow out of knee pants will not be as easily explained. Practically since its birth radio has been wetnursed by big business. This country's smartest corporation, the great American Telephone and Telegraph Company, has been in a virtual partnership with radio since its beginning. The Board of the Radio Corporation of America and that of its foster parent—General Electric—are right from the business blue book. The buyers of time—those who sponsor the programs and dictate most of what goes into them—are certainly the cream of business, as we Americans understand it. And yet if radio gets more than a bit of down on its chin before it goes out of existence it will be a modern hirsute miracle. Obviously it is still suffering from growing pains.

LET'S look at this radio business. Let's take it apart and see what makes it tick.

About \$100,000,000 a year is spent to put on the radio programs which fill the air from eighteen to twenty-four hours a day. In entertainment that sum is what the movie magnates themselves would refer to as “colossal.” Radio is entertainment and not advertising. The minute radio ceases to entertain it will cease to advertise. And when it stops advertising there isn't going to be any \$100,000,000.

This is pretty elementary, but possibly it explains radio's mad scramble for new ideas. The average radio listener has a choice of from five to ten programs at almost any time he wants to tune in. The sponsor probably could leave it to chance that the listener would tune in his program, if it weren't for the fact that people build listening habits. They turn on those programs which they know will give them pleasure. And even if father's pioneer spirit once in a while asserts itself and he “sees what's on,” unless something fairly panics him, he turns the dial to a program he's used to. Even if it bores him slightly at least it is a boredom he knows he can take.

Building a radio program as good as those already on the air is not especially difficult. With the exception of the top ten or fifteen programs most of the rest is just average twaddle and everybody in radio knows it. But many of these programs have their established audiences and if you are going to tear these audiences away

Right is Harry Von Zell, NBC announcer. His mellifluous voice and dynamic personality put him in the upper brackets, so far as announcers' salaries go



This excited girl is fighting her way through a tough word before the mike in one of the NBC spelling bees



Photos by William Haussler



The lady above is sailing through the spelling bee without batting an eye. No mike fright for her

you've got to give them something startling. A radio producer's idea of heaven is to think up something new—that clicks.

Probably the biggest new thing in radio was the amateur hour. This idea, which Major Edward Bowes finally built up into a substantial personal industry, was not original. Nothing in radio is. Amateur talent has been exhibited for the delight of more or less sophisticated audiences since the day of the first professional. The unhappy Christians who were thrown to the lions in Rome were amateurs. If they could lick the lion they didn't get the gong. But like nearly every new idea in radio, the amateur hours had their day and are now on the way out. Amateur hour scouts



EPITAPH FOR RADIO



Above, John Shea, winner of one of the film contracts offered on the "Do You Want To Be An Actor" broadcast, with two directors of the program, Haven McQuarrie and Maxwell Arno



Above, Ken Niles, announcer, William Backer, producer, and Frances Langford on the "Hollywood Hotel" program. At top, William Backer and Carole Lombard on the same show

drained the country dry of talent (mainly they relied on the semi-pro, anyhow). Bowes is now the last of the big-timers left in the amateur field. He's losing ground, but may hang on until radio goes out and television comes in. Then he can revive it.

One of the latest of radio's "ideas" is the Community Sing. From their kindergarten days, Americans are conditioned to singing in groups. This carries on through school and college and probably one new song replaces one old one in the national repertoire each year. With most everybody in the country knowing the music to some score or so songs, and having at least a humming acquaintance with the words, the community

sing looked like a radio natural. It was. It was so good that several programs used the idea. Some of them still do. But the wiseacres in radio have already marked this type of program for Exit and are beginning to size up the spelling bee. They don't think much of it. If the words are too big the audience feels inferior at not knowing them. And if the words are just average any self-respecting bee-speller can rattle them off all night, and there wouldn't be any contest.

Typical of the new "Audience Participation" shows is "Do You Want to be an Actor" which was recently put on a coast-to-coast hook-up. On this show the master of ceremonies produces a playlet right before the micro-

phone, rehearsing talent selected by elimination auditions while the listening audience sympathizes with mistakes and mentally picks their favorites just as they would on any amateur show. Naturally, the bright boy who thought this up correctly figured that at heart everybody wants to be an actor. He probably thought that by combining this Hollywood slant with the amateur hour angle he would have something. As this is written, "Do You Want to be an Actor" has run thirteen weeks and, as that virile chronicle of show business, *Variety*, would put it, it has laid an egg. The idea men are working frantically over it trying to fix it up and maybe they will. Maybe with revamping, it will become one of the really big shows on the air. And then, maybe it won't.

The average run-of-the-mill program is built according to a definite formula. As long as it gets results for the sponsor this formula is seldom tampered with. Anybody who seriously suggested to Henry Ford or General Motors that they needed a couple of Hollywood stars on their programs would be laughed out of the business. And there is no room for a symphony orchestra on any of the big Hollywood "name" programs. Nobody would think of introducing a musical interlude into "Amos and Andy" or "One Man's Family." Even when programs start to slip in their rating, the producers and sponsors seldom revise the formula. If forced to that, they would rather scrap the show.

THERE are a dozen ways to tell if a show is doing right by its sponsor and the proponents of each method claim theirs is the one and only. It's like agreeing on an All-American football team. The team which contains the most stars from your college is the one you back to the limit. Likewise the radio rating method which gives your program the best percentage is the one you swear by.

However, the one final authority (like the late Walter Camp's All-American selections) is the so-called Crossley Report which is issued twenty-four times a year by the Cooperative Analysis of Broadcasting. Investigators go from house to house and ask you what programs were listened to the day before. When reports from all over the country are in, the program which is most frequently mentioned is the one which heads the list with the highest percentage rating. This report covers every major program in the country. Obviously it is far from being an accurate check. But combined with fan mail, response to contests, requests for give-away articles, a little guessing and a pretty good hunch, the sponsor can come pretty close to knowing what he's about.

On really popular programs the light current load is frequently an indication. Then there is a device which fastens on the set and records reception. Up to now it hasn't proved anything in the areas where it has been tested except that people have their radios on a lot more than they think they do. This has added somewhat to the general confusion, but not seriously. The latest "solution to the problem" is the Radiovoter, a neat little device which will enable the announcer to tell at any moment during the broadcast within two to five percent of the number of sets tuned in. This gadget is attached to the set and reacts to an audible signal which comes from the testing broadcast by throwing a momentarily increased load on the power company. The power company reports the total amount of this increase and the statisticians then figure out the number of sets tuned in. But some 22,850,000 families now have radio sets and virtually none is equipped with the Radiovoter so it probably won't be put to much use before television puts the common or garden variety of radio on the scrap heap.

The big money advertisers will spend almost any amount to secure the listening audience which they feel they must have. The quickest way to build this audience, they figure, is to get big names—like Fred Astaire, Helen Hayes or Cecil B. DeMille, usually names made in the theatre or in the movies—and build a program around them. Until recently radio has had a childlike

faith in the belief that a big name can overcome almost any deficiency. But the radio audience has rapidly become sophisticated and several of the "famous personage" programs have been somewhat less than successful.

There are only about 450 people in Hollywood whose names are at all known to the public and even the most charitable would not class more than 150 of them as "stars." The use of motion picture personalities on the radio received its first real impetus when Louella Parsons began her Hollywood Hotel program about two and a half years ago. Although Miss Parsons got \$2,000 a week for this program, the stars got nothing. At first the movie people responded eagerly to her invitations to broadcast. They were glad to get the publicity, but gradually they became more and more reluctant to accept. Her invitations became commands backed up by the fear that she could use her position on the Hearst chain of newspapers to cause unfavorable criticism of the work of any actor who refused to appear on her program. But Miss Parsons helped to build up an interest in "names" and her program showed how they could be used from week to week. The mad scramble for them began.

As this article is written one film company is sponsoring its own program advertising its stars and pictures, and before the summer is out there may be others invading the field.

With anywhere from ten to a dozen programs on the air, each using from one to three big names a week, the supply soon became noticeably thin. Booking agents had to scratch pretty hard to dig up enough guest stars to meet the demand. The result was that some of the stars, where their contracts didn't prohibit it, appeared on two or three programs in rapid succession. Sponsors didn't like that.

THESE guest stars, and some of the radio favorites, are responsible for the public's Hollywoodesque conception of radio salaries. The best from the opera, stage and screen ask, and receive, from \$2,500 to \$7,500 for a single appearance but with the exception of a few of the biggest, the average radio favorite who is regularly on the air is more apt to get around \$1,000 a broadcast.

Excluding these glittering few, artists don't earn much in radio. A recent survey of some 557 stations shows an average compensation (and this includes the \$5,000 a week boys) of about \$45 a week. Announcers don't do so well either. Although several make as high as \$500 to \$1,000 a broadcast, for some 1,500 of them the average is less than \$30 weekly. Executives and supervisors seem to do better than anybody and their average weekly stipend all over the country is about \$75. Figures are not available for the average script writer, who usually is a free lance or employed by an advertising agency, but he can expect to earn anywhere from \$10 for a fifteen-minute dramatic script to \$500 for a commercially sponsored half-hour dramatic show.



Elmer Stringer Trudgen, Canada farm boy, brought down the house on the Bowes program when he went to town with his fantastic "One Man Band" made out of old machine parts



Above, big names on the "Hollywood Hotel" program. Kay Francis, Louella Parsons and George Brent snapped just before broadcasting

Below, exuberant participants in the Community Sing program in the middle of a lusty chord



Above: Major Bowes and Francis Titus, 15-year-old Brooklyn boy, who rated a high telephone voting in the Amateur Hour by singing "Ave Maria"



Maxine Stellman and Thomas Thomas, center, winners of the Metropolitan Audition Series, with Edward Johnson, right. This is really a glorified "Amateur Hour"

Even though the average artist's salary is somewhat unattractive, there are plenty of people trying to get into radio. Getting on the air over a big station is something of a problem. Getting on a big program is even more difficult. Leaving out the amateur hours—they are primarily for entertainment and not for discovering talent—there is only about one way that you can short-cut the long uphill fight and that is by influence. If you know the right people in radio and they want to push you, you can, if you've got the stuff, get into the big-time from the start. If you don't know the right people, and your capabilities are unexceptional, then you had better settle down to a long grind. And the chances are that for a long time your best salary will come pretty close to the average of \$40 a week.

AT that, a lot of people seem to want to cut in on it. Both the major broadcasting companies maintain artists' bureaus whose job it is to manage and secure bookings for actors and musicians. But in addition to these and other reputable agencies there are a host of individuals and organizations willing to act in that capacity and who, if given the chance, will chisel you out of your eye teeth. Their system is to sign up as much talent as possible to long term contracts and then sit back and wait for the artist to get himself a job. Every once in a while the artist does, and once in a greater while he clicks. The chiseling agent collects his ten percent (in some cases twenty) for as long as the contract lasts. Some unhappy artists have in desperation signed contracts with several so-called agents and found, when they finally did land a good job, that most of their income was paid out in commissions!

But getting into radio is a cinch compared with starting a radio station. At one time, with a little knowledge, and a lot more courage, almost anybody could start a station. Now all the wave lengths are utilized and the only way to own a radio station is to go out and buy one. A station can be established or maintained for three reasons only: public interest, convenience and necessity, and the Federal Government, through the Federal Communications Commission, has the power of life or death over any existing or proposed station. This agency, which was created in 1934 to supplant the Federal Radio Commission legalized in 1927, exercises rigid supervision of all radio transmitters and is apt to crack down hard for the slightest infringement of its rules. It can revoke the license of any station in the country, temporarily or permanently.

The Federal Communications Commission is not the real headache to the entrepreneur in radio, however. His main job is to sell enough time to make both ends meet. He doesn't have to sell much to do this—despite the fact that the public thinks of radio as being highly commercialized, only about twenty-eight percent of broadcasting time consists of sponsored programs—but his only prospects are (Continued on page 48)



SHOW

Above are the handsome Mr. Errol Flynn and the (if possible) even more handsome Miss Kay Francis in "Another Dawn," Warner Brothers' latest hymn to the valor that is Britain and the gallantry of Flynn. It will not surprise you to learn that the action takes place in an outpost of the British Empire and involves deserts, explosives, love and Ian Hunter.

Below are Andy Devine and Slim Summerville, comedians of "The Road Back," a sequel film to "All Quiet on the Western Front," by Erich Remarque. This defeatist war film and all its actors have been banned from Nazi Germany now and forevermore.



Above are Jean Arthur and Ray Milland in a mood of lordly grandeur on the Paramount lot in Hollywood while making "Easy Living" with Edward Arnold. Miss Arthur is one of this Department's loves and we hope she makes a new picture every week



A film distinguished for its handsome photography, skillful production and, as we said last month about the same picture, its deft acting, is "The Emperor's Candlesticks," starring Louise Rainer and William Powell, left. Miss Rainer is to be remembered for her magnificent work in "The Good Earth." Her melancholy beauty and Mr. Powell's celebrated smoothness blend to provide a couple of hours of the most sophisticated amusement one could ask for



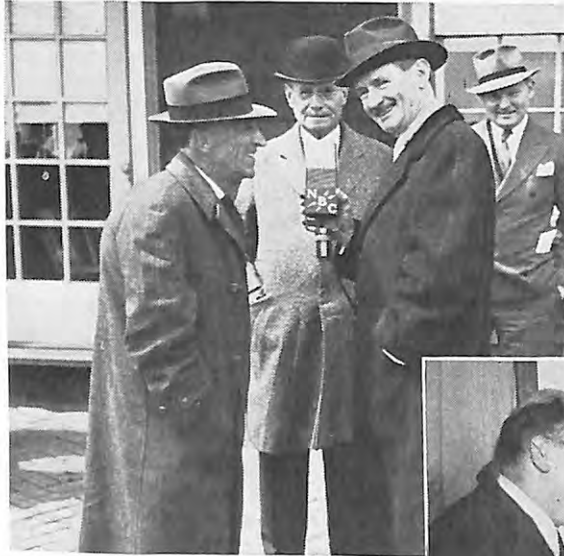
BUSINESS

Right is a shot from "When Thief Meets Thief," taken in the British Museum, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., (sad), Valerie Hobson (wistful) and a statue (smug). "When Thief Meets Thief" is a melodramatic British thriller with all the customary shots of Monte Carlo, fogs, lords and ladies, upright English barristers and plenty of thieves, as the title would indicate. Lots of action for your money

Below, enjoying a sinister moment, is Wallace Beery as he appears in his current picture, "Slave Ship," and as he has appeared in all his other pictures as well. Working in happy harmony with Warner Baxter and Elizabeth Allan in a melodrama of the trade in "black ivory," Mr. Beery's mood changes from brutality to whimsical sentimentality and back again to brutality in the twinkling of an eye, providing much diversion to the many customers



Rotofotos, Inc.

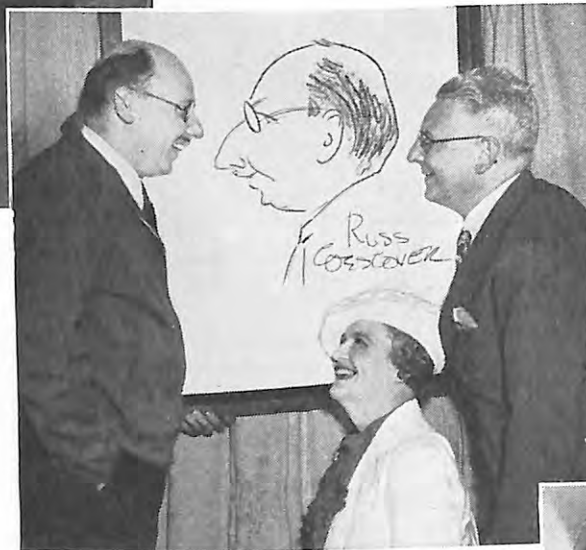


Above are, left to right, Cyrus F. (Danny) Clarke, trainer of "Pompoon," the Sprinting Nag, Jack Adler famous racing official, and Clem McCarthy, NBC sports announcer, making cogent comments into the mike at a recent horse race. McCarthy announces many of the big sporting events for NBC



Ray Lee Jackson

Above is a young Frenchman, Jean Sablon, a singer who is being plugged for all NBC is worth. If your radio is turned on to the Red network one of these Monday or Friday evenings at 11:15, you would not need too sharp ears to hear M. Sablon making himself vocally agreeable



Left: Russ Westover, the famous cartoonist and creator of Tillie the Toiler, unkindly reveals to Carlton E. Morse, the author of NBC's well known program, "One Man's Family," what he thinks Mr. Morse looks like. Mr. Morse pretends he thinks it very amusing, while Mrs. Westover, center, laughs and laughs to see such fun. She and her husband have never missed an episode of "One Man's Family"

Ray Lee Jackson

Right is Miss Alice Frost, a languorous young lady who sings sprightly airs on the Stoopnagle and Budd program. As Miss Frost is occasionally called to act as a stooge for the boys, she has been known to take such verbal buffetings as would drive a lesser woman mad.

One of the smoothest and most charming of all comedians, both on the air and stage, is Bob Hope, lower right hand corner. His idiotic likeableness can be savored on the Rippling Rhythm Revue Hour Sunday evenings at nine.

Below is Dick Foran, of the films and the Gracie Allen show. A strong, fine voice and a good looking, but not too good looking, face ought to keep him in the money even when television comes a'running.



BROADCAST CAST



Ray Lee Jackson

What America Is Reading

Highlights in New Books

Reported by Harry Hansen

NOVELS OF THE HOUR

NO matter how carefully we scan the new publications, nobody produces another "Gone with the Wind." So far as I am concerned, it is still tops in fiction.

But plenty of new novels invite the voracious reader. If you follow H. G. Wells, you will be interested in "Star-Begotten," his latest. This is a thesis novel, in which the antics of men are described from a distance. Mr. Wells is concerned with the future and ways of making it healthy for men; he prefers people who are not afraid of change. His story is a fantasy. (Viking, \$1.75).

"The Tree Falls South," by Wellington Roe, is a tale of the suffering of farmers in the dust-bowl of Kansas. The inadequate relief given the farmers results in an assault on a county court house, in which the chief character is killed. A stark, realistic story of hard days in the dust-ridden area, this novel is based upon news reports. (Putnam, \$2).

"Gentleman Overboard" is a short tale by Herbert Clyde Lewis describing the thoughts and acts of a man who slips on a grease spot on the deck of a ship in the mid-Pacific. He can swim, so a great many thoughts pass through his mind while he is in the water. That's the burden of the tale, made out of an extraordinary situation. "The only food on which a drowning man could subsist was hope of being rescued; otherwise all sanity must be lost. And yet, though he imagined that there was not much hope, he still kept his sanity. It was not in him to lose a grip on himself." (Viking Press, \$1.50).

"The Dance Goes On," by Louis Golding, is a novel based on the career of a lovely ballet dancer at the Maryinski theatre in St. Petersburg, who is the pupil of Borodin, a hard taskmaster. Those who are familiar with memoirs of the Russian ballet in the days of the czar will find this a welcome theme. Louis Golding wrote "Magnolia Street," but this book is lighter in character than that famous best-seller. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50).



Frances Parkinson Keyes, author of "Capital Kaleidoscope," the intimate reminiscences of a Washington hostess, published by Harper & Brothers

"Pity for Women," by Helen Anderson. This describes the life of a fragile, fearful girl who lives in a women's boarding hall in a big city. Ann Sutley doesn't meet the right sort of men, so she seeks the protection and help of stronger women. The author deals with the emotions of women who are starved for love and can't find it in the hard economic system of an American city. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2).

THE CONSTITUTION

IF you want to get to the masses with a book, says Sol Bloom, one of New York's representatives in Congress, you have to make the price right. So he prepares "The Story of the Constitution"—he is director of the Sesqui-Centennial Commission—and makes the price ten cents. The book is worth it.

Almost at the same time comes Burton J. Hendrick's longer study,

or "biography" of the Constitution of the United States, called "Bulwark of the Republic." This costs \$3.50, and it's worth it, too. The reason why I speak first of the prices of these two books is to suggest the Hendrick book for yourself, and as many copies of the Bloom book as you care to buy for your children and their friends. What we need in America is a better knowledge of our basic laws.

Burton J. Hendrick has won Pulitzer prizes with his biographies, and is a competent, scholarly writer. He tells how the Constitution came to be written, what sort of men wrote it, and what compromises were made. He knows, as well as everyone else, that it was put forth as an experiment; Washington, at one end of 150 years, and Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, at the other, both said so, but he's still for it. He thinks progress may get setbacks now and then from executives and judges who make mistakes, but in the end the Constitution serves the American people and even the Supreme Court keeps abreast of the times. Of the Court he says, "Its harshest critics can scarcely maintain that in the seventy-five years since Appomattox the Supreme Court has failed to keep abreast of progress."

Mr. Hendrick's book is especially full on the period of the Civil War; he traces the battle over slavery in the Constitutional convention, where the Virginians were against it, the North Carolinians were for it, and the New England delegates, looking after the business of shipping, sided with the slavery men. I wish Mr. Hendrick had dealt more fully with the industrial period after the Civil War, on which our present industrial strife rests, but apparently he considered the problems handled by Marshall and Taney as highly important. If you want to know just how the Constitution came about and how we have lived under it, his book is most useful.

But let me reiterate the value of that thin little volume fathered by Representative Bloom—"The Story of the Constitution." It contains also the Constitution itself and a summary of situations to which specific articles apply. It should be available in all the larger cities.

A HOSTESS IN WASHINGTON

I'VE always enjoyed stories about Washington society, especially when a woman tells them, which is not often. Usually inside stories about life in the White House and gossip about personalities are told by men, who invariably flavor their reports with politics.

Frances Parkinson Keyes, wife of Henry W. Keyes, Senator from New Hampshire who did not choose to run again in 1936, has been in contact with Washington life as a hostess since 1919. If the stories told by the late "Ike" Hoover, chief usher at the White House, held your in-

(Continued on page 55)



Mon, Dec 3 - 1917



THE MOTHER

STANDING in the doorway, he made a massive, rangy figure, long large bones covered with cord-like muscle; all of him well over six feet, his only grace an utter disregard of appearances. He let himself fall into whatever position he naturally took.

"You're back," she said. "Well,

come in." She said it unemotionally.

He bent instinctively, and shambled through the doorway, and the children made a dash for him. Bryan tore at his rifle, while Suzie scrambled into his arms. He grinned like a big, good-natured beast, happily. It was that grin that had first destroyed the children's awe.

"Gimme 'at gun," Bryan yelled. "You jus' gimme 'at ol' gun, an' watch me!"

"Scat, you young whelp," his mother scolded. "Don't you be tearin' a body to pieces. Let him rest."

Suzie was already in his arms, snuggling up to him and tugging at his short beard. She pulled off his racoon cap, dashed it to the floor, and tangled her hands in his hair. He sat down in a chair, still grinning, and looking shyly at the mother. He

was glad and relieved when her face relaxed into a thin smile, all she ever permitted herself.

He had unloaded the rifle. Before he came to the house, he always unloaded it. Now Bryan was dragging it over the floor. You see, a man's rifle is his life, and this man had nothing but his rifle, a beautiful thing with a carved ivory stock, inlaid with gold and silver, a barrel of cold blue steel, slender as a flute, a thing that could be exchanged for skins of sleek mink, piled and pressed to its height; in a thousand miles of wilderness, there was no other like it—and Bryan dragged it over the floor.

The mother stared at him, while Suzie relaxed her seven-year-old body in his long arms. Bryan, by the window, lost himself in a private



He dashed into the house and yelled, "Maw, I'm shot!"

somehin' other than traipse through the woods an' loaf away yer years."

Meekly, he waited until she had finished her brief lecture. Seven years, on and off, he had come to this house, spent a day with the children and the mother, and the father once, and then taken himself back to his forest. Six years the father had been dead, and still he came. It seemed to the children that he would come forever, being as much a part of the forest as the trees.

When she had turned abruptly back to the stove, to indicate that she had said her bit, he ventured, "Shot a buck deer 'bout a mile down-river. I dropped it outside."

"Don't come excusing yerself with a buck deer," she snapped, tasting the broth.

"Ain' excusing meself," he said meekly. "Just reckoned you might want a mite of game."

"Well—" she admitted.

"Winter comin' on—"

"Thanks."

"I'll dress it to-night," he said eagerly, grinning boyishly, warm and content with the caress of Suzie's small body. He put Suzie down on the floor, the way one deposits a delicate bit of glass, and then unlimbered his huge frame from

the chair. He stretched his arms, yawned, and fingered his short beard with abstract speculation. His old, stained buck-skins seemed to fill the little room. He was thin with an all-pervading leanness. Bones and knobs stood out all over him, and two high, protruding ridges of bone appeared to support his small blue eyes.

"Reckon I'll shave," he said.

"Drink this broth," the mother said sharply. But her voice was dry, always dry, and in her words he read a conditioned surrender. It was never complete. He knew that her attitude was one of complete disapproval, made more difficult by her children's obvious worship of him. He never speculated upon his own feelings for the children; they were just the children; and the mother was a sort of magnet, that collected him from all of his long wanderings. Otherwise,

he would have lost himself in the forest, simply and without effort; that was the way the forest had taken him after the war, in seventeen eighty-five, when he found a deep peace, that was like slumber after the years of campaign. But his thoughts on the subject were few and plain; he was not a complicated man.

The mother watched him as he gulped down the broth; and Bryan, too, turned from the window to watch him. Then he wiped off his beard with the back of his hand, and nodded his thanks.

"Don't get much of broth," he said.

"Ye're too shiftless to make it."

"Maybe so—" he grinned.

Instinctively, the mother recognized the gleam in Bryan's eyes. Detroit was at the end of the world, and there was more romance in the red men of the silent forest than the limits of the clearing about the cabin. Bryan was yearning toward the man in buckskin.

"Go an' shave then," she ordered him.

He rose obediently, stooping again as he passed through the door of the cabin. And Bryan and Suzie trooped after him, outside to where a red globe of a sun was sinking behind the dull-green border of trees.

The mother watched them, shrugged her shoulders and sighed. In the gloom that crept into the cabin with the passing of day, she seemed more angular, plainer than ever. A conscious effort kept her shoulders up as she moved from task to task.

Not that it was so hard now, when the doing of things had already become habit; but she felt things going from her, as if she were a woman before. Her husband had pressed out to the edge of the wilderness. Up and down the river, many miles away, there were other cabins; but no settlement farther west in Pennsylvania. That was after the war, and now her husband had been dead six years, and still she clung to the cabin and the piece of land, doing the work of a man and a woman.

Why she had not gone back, she couldn't say; sometimes she questioned herself, but the answer was vague enough to mean nothing. So she held on with grim persistence, tilling the ground, raising the children. Nobody came by except an occasional backwoods hunter; except for Carl Ambrose, who came and went, and said nothing. She would never admit to herself what she wanted him to say.

"I ain' askin'," she often thought. "I ain't pretty."

She heard the children screaming with fear and delight, and then Bryan ran into the house, all bloody and holding a great slab of meat.

"Says to roast it," Bryan told her importantly.

She whipped him with her voice, pointing to his stained clothes, and then looked up to see Carl filling the doorway, his long knife in his hand, a quarter of venison held before him,

by Melvin Howard

Illustrated by Marshall Davis

battle and the fascination of flying sparks; the rifle would need a new flint when Bryan finished with it.

"You been on a long trail?" the mother half asked, half stated, looking at his torn leather leggings.

"Detroit," he stated, as if Detroit were across the river, not with half a thousand miles of wilderness between.

"'Bout time ye're back," she nodded, went to the stove then and warmed a broth for him. She was a big woman, as large a woman as he a man, and if she were handsome once, care had etched too many tiny lines all over her face for her to be handsome now, care and the wind and the sun. And she was sure of herself, sure as a man. "'Bout time ye're back," she repeated from the stove, where she was stirring the coals into a fire. "'Bout time ye did

*After the meal he lingered a while,
and then he slowly loaded his rifle.
They all knew what it meant*



a weight she could hardly raise lifted carelessly in his long arm. His strength seemed to mock her, all her toil; she started to scold, and then collapsed weakly into a chair.

"Reckoned you'd like me to hang a quarter fresh in the house," he drawled. "Jerk the rest." He walked to the fireplace, lifted the meat and caught it on a hook. Then he wiped his hands on his shirt, and Bryan did the same. The mother winced at the unconscious imitation.

"Get out, both a you. I'll set things." She couldn't scold. The only fresh meat they ever had, he brought.

She grilled the meat and put the wooden plates on the table. While the meat was turning over the fire, he came in with Bryan and Suzie, squeezed his ungainly bulk into a chair, and spread his legs. All through the meal, the mother said nothing. Inside she felt all dry and used up. So she sat and listened to Bryan and Suzie draw words out of a man to whom silence was second nature.

After the meal, he lingered for a little while, and then he slowly loaded his rifle. They knew what it meant. The mother stood up, dry and spare in the firelight.

"Goin' then?" she asked.

He hefted the rifle nervously, avoided her eyes, and then nodded. Bryan and Suzie eyed him without words. At the door, he waved his hand, and then faded into the night and the forest.

The mother shrugged. Dry inside. She turned to the children. "Get to bed!"

She watched them crawl out of their clothes, into the hand-hammered beds. Then she went to the door of the cabin, stepped outside, and stood there for a while. Tired—well, she could expect to be tired. She

stood breathing in the sharp odor of fresh-killed meat.

She permitted herself a rare liberty, and muttered, "Lord—it's lonely." Self-pity of any kind was a distinct luxury to her.

Then she went back to the cabin, sat down in front of the fire, and read her Bible. A wolf howled once, but except to shake her head, she took no notice. She had no dreams of grandeur. What her husband had fought for once was behind her, somewhere in the east.

As she prepared for bed, her eyes fell on the side of venison.

"Shiftless fool," she murmured.

And in the morning, he seemed like a dream to the children. Suzie watched her mother build up the fire, while Bryan took up the buckets to go to the well for water. Bryan was nine, with corn-colored hair and freckles, and enough imagination to keep him from loneliness. The only book he had ever seen was his mother's Bible; he had never worn shoes, only moccasins of a sort in the winter.

He didn't remember his father. Once his mother told him about an Indian bullet that came out of the forest like a bird on wing. But he was not old enough, even, to have a healthy hate.

He stepped out of the house with the buckets, and cocked his ear for the sound of the brook. It was a habit of his. Then there was a

crack, like a dry branch breaking, and he found himself on the ground, a dull burning in one arm.

Picking himself up, he dashed into the house and yelled, "Maw—I'm shot!" And he stared bewilderedly at the blood that trickled down the wet shirtsleeve. Suzie screamed lustily, and the mother ran to the door and threw the wooden bolt. Bryan touched the wound experimentally, and then watched his mother with interest as she dragged his father's musket and wood-rifle from their place over the fire.

"Don't stand there," she ordered. "Put a cloth on it." Then she went to the window and peered out; the sun was rising; the forest was still with all the splendor of the morning.

She quickly closed the inside shutters and latched them. A square loophole was left where each pair met. Then she plucked Suzie out of her hysteria and told her to watch the forest. The mother turned to Bryan.

"Let me see it!"

Bryan removed a dish-rag and proudly exhibited a ragged gash in



his arm. "It's a wopper, ain' it, maw?" he said. "Reckon it's Injun?"

She took a plug of tobacco, ground a bit between her fingers, wet it with her tongue, and pressed it into the wound. Bryan winced and closed his eyes, and glancing back, Suzie sobbed for his pain.

"You watch," Bryan muttered.

The mother bound the wound, and then Suzie screamed. She ran to the window, pushing the girl aside, and taking up one of the rifles, thrust it through the opening. Naked to the waist, and painted for war, an Indian stood at the edge of the clearing, shading his eyes with one hand and studying the cabin. A military musket dangled loosely from his hand.

Thus he stood for a moment, threw a word over his shoulder then, and started for the cabin. Another rose out of the forest behind him.

She sighted carefully before she pulled the trigger. Bryan and Suzie stared fascinated, started as flame leaped from the firing-pan; and the red man halted, a puzzled expression upon his face. He tried to bring up

his musket, raised it part way, then crumpled over it to the ground. As the second one leaped to his side, the mother grasped the musket.

"Load up the rifle," she called to Bryan. She hadn't much time to aim now, and the musket was unwieldy, but her shot was a lucky one. It caught the bending Indian in the top of his head, wreaking instant havoc with its heavy ball. As unable to believe what she had done, she stared at the two figures, crumpled in a heap on the ground; and she was suddenly afraid in the terrible silence that lingered after her shots.

She turned to the cabin, looked curiously at Bryan who was attempting to measure the powder for a load. As in a dream, she went over and took the rifle and powder from him. Suzie, weeping in a corner, caught her mother's eye and stopped.

"Lemme do it, maw," Bryan protested.

"You watch that window and do as you're told. Yell sharp if ye see one of 'em."

"Think we'll lick 'em, maw?"

"Mind you do as you're told!"

"Kin I take a shot, maw?"

"Git to that window 'fore I tan yer pants!"

Reluctantly, Bryan went to the window, and the mother turned to Suzie. A shade of deep sorrow came into her eyes, and her hard face softened. She crossed to the girl, took her up by her hands, and held her a moment.

"Dry inside," she thought. "All dry—oh, my darling baby."

She said, "Don't cry, baby—you know what's happening?"

"Injuns?" Suzie ventured.

"Shore nuff," Bryan answered from the window. "Don' you mind her, maw. She's too scared to be some use."

"Mind yer own!" the mother snapped. Then she took Suzie to the other side of the cabin, drew over a chair, and placed her at a loop-holed shutter. Her heart beat rapidly, sickeningly, when she thought of the bullets that would be directed at that small opening; her heart cried out for her to (Continued on page 38)



Then the door went down and the room was suddenly full of dark, sweating bodies. They made a circle around her



EDITORIAL

A MERITED ENCOMIUM

THIS month marks the close of another Grand Lodge year and the termination of the tenure of office of the Honorable David Sholtz as Grand Exalted Ruler—"Smiling Dave," as the boys affectionately refer to him.

He has been a hard working, efficient, and an effective, as well as a smiling and jovial executive. He has traveled far and wide in visiting Lodges and has preached the gospel of Elkdom candidly, eloquently and with telling effect.

Space forbids a detailed statement of the accomplishments of his administration in which he has at all times had the earnest and loyal support of those directly associated with him as officers of the Grand Lodge, including the District Deputies, and as officers and members of subordinate Lodges. Without this teamwork a Grand Exalted Ruler can accomplish little or nothing. It is to the credit of Brother Sholtz that he has been able to command and to deserve this co-operation.

Briefly in summation of the year's work, it truthfully may be said of him that he has at all times stood four-square with the highest ideals of the Order as well as for the rigid observance of its Constitution and Statutes. He has stressed the importance of the ritualistic ceremonials and of their rendition in a dignified and impressive manner in keeping with the thought as well as with the language in which the thought is expressed.

Being sincere himself, he has inspired sincerity in others. Being enthusiastic himself, he has imparted enthusiasm to others. He has neglected no task, has shunned no duty, and has overlooked no opportunity to upbuild the Order. Under

his inspiring leadership the Order has increased in membership through the institution of new Lodges, the acquisition of new members and the reinstatement of some who, through no fault of their own, had dropped from the rolls of subordinate Lodges. He wisely devoted special attention to reinstatements. He leaves the Order in a healthy and prosperous condition and for his compensation takes with him the love and affection of the entire membership.

The termination of his tenure of office, however, does not mark the end but rather the beginning of his service to the Order. His great interest in the Order and his intimate knowledge of its affairs peculiarly qualify him as a counsellor and advisor. He can confidently be counted on in the years to come to devote time and energy to the further development of our fraternity so it is not "Goodbye, Dave" but merely "Au revoir," and in the interim, here is to your good health, happiness and prosperity.

A BIRTHDAY FOR ALL

BIRTHDAYS in youth are hailed with rejoicing, in midlife they are tolerated, and in later years they are accepted merely because unavoidable.

The month of July, however, brings the National Birthday which the young, the middle aged and the old alike greet with joyous acclaim. Noise makers of every description are given full play, the Stars and Stripes are unfurled from thousands of standards, and the great American Eagle soars and screeches to his satisfaction and to the delight of all.

While no one would wish to abolish these customary and patriotic demonstrations, nevertheless at least part of the day should be set aside for serious contemplation of what it all means to us as citizens of a Nation which came into existence with the Declaration of Independence and which has taken its proud place among the nations of the World.

To Elks it has a special significance for it takes us back to the altar and its emblems where we assumed the obligation



and solemnly pledged our allegiance to the flag and to the protection and defense of all it represents. Let us pause in our festivities long enough to recall that happy event in our lives and reconsecrate ourselves to the faithful performance of the duties which we then and there assumed.

THE ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION



RECENTLY a gentleman of great wealth died in the City of New York leaving fifty million dollars to establish a foundation devoted to charitable and educational uses and purposes.

No doubt this foundation will be capably managed and made to serve the laudable purposes of the testator but had he known of the Elks National Foundation, its objects and purposes, and its conservative, able and economical management, he might have left this princely sum to be managed and applied by it.

Regardless of the care exercised in drafting a will of this nature, it may well be doubted if more comprehensive and effective language expressive of the testator's intent and desire can be employed than is to be found in the resolutions adopted by the Grand Lodge which called the Elks National Foundation into existence, defined its educational and charitable objects and purposes, and safeguarded the funds placed and to be placed in the charge and keeping of the Trustees.

It also may well be doubted if those charged with the management of the foundation established by the will of this philanthropist will be able to produce results equal to those which have been accomplished in the administration of the Elks National Foundation by those who serve as its Board of Trustees. This is most certainly true as to the item of expense. Out of the revenues derived from a private foundation all expenses must be deducted. The expenses incident to the administration of the Elks Foundation are paid by the Grand Lodge so that every dollar of revenue derived from the fund goes to charitable and educational purposes.

In this connection it is worthy of more than passing note

and perfunctory commendation of the Trustees that the Elks Foundation fund has been so invested and managed that through the period of national depression not one dollar of the principal has been lost nor has the principal depreciated in value.

The annual reports of the Foundation Trustees to the Grand Lodge show the meticulous care and sound judgment exercised not only in investing the fund but in making distribution of the proceeds in all respects agreeable to the declared objects and purposes of the Foundation.

Many a young man and young woman has been and is being assisted in obtaining an education, and other worthy educational and charitable causes have been assisted. The regret is that the fund is not larger so that its benefactions might be extended. Those who desire to make a contribution to such a foundation or to assist such a foundation by bequests in their wills cannot make a wiser choice than to select the Elks National Foundation. One consideration in selecting such an agency is the question of perpetuity and the Elks Foundation will endure as long as the Order exists. In all human probability the Order will outlast trust companies and similar organizations which are frequently entrusted with the management of trust estates. Another thing which should be taken into consideration is the resources at the command of managers of trust funds to aid them in seeking out those most deserving of recognition and assistance. In this connection it should be borne in mind that the entire membership of the Order, now numbering over a half million, is available for this purpose to the Trustees of the Elks National Foundation.

Sometimes the drafting of a paragraph in a will making a bequest to charitable, benevolent and educational purposes presents difficulties. Those desiring to make bequests to the Elks National Foundation will be furnished a standard form for such a paragraph, which can be submitted to the attorney drafting the will, by writing the Chairman of the Foundation Trustees, John F. Malley, 15 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

ELKS CONVENTION

Week of July 11, 1937

TENTATIVE PROGRAM

(Subject to change without notice)

SATURDAY, JULY 10th

9:20 A.M. ARRIVAL OF GRAND EXALTED RULER DAVID SHOLTZ AND STAFF. Arrival of Grand Lodge Officers, Committeemen and District Deputies of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

All Grand Lodge Officers and Delegations will be welcomed upon their arrival by Reception Committee.

REGISTRATION OF GRAND LODGE OFFICERS, DELEGATES AND COMMITTEEMEN AT THE BROWN PALACE HOTEL, 17th & Tremont Sts., Grand Lodge Headquarters.

9:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. REGISTRATION OF ELKS AND FAMILIES AT THE ELKS HOME, 14th and California Sts. Assignment of hotel rooms and distribution of Official Badges and Hospitality Coupon Books, assuring recipients of a week of entertainment.

SUNDAY, JULY 11th

GRAND LODGE REGISTRATION AT BROWN PALACE HOTEL, 17th & Tremont Streets.

9:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. REGISTRATION OF ELKS AND FAMILIES AT ELKS HOME, 14th and California Streets.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

SPECIAL SERVICES IN CHURCHES OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

MONDAY, JULY 12th

GRAND LODGE REGISTRATION AT BROWN PALACE HOTEL.

9:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. REGISTRATION OF ELKS AND FAMILIES AT ELKS HOME.

8:00 A.M. INAUGURATION OF ELKS NINTH NATIONAL 54 HOLE GOLF TOURNAMENT for John J. Doyle Perpetual Trophy (Value \$2,000) and many other valuable prizes. 18 Holes Medal Play at handicap each day.

9:00 A.M. NATIONAL RITUALISTIC CONTEST AT SCOTTISH RITE TEMPLE, 18th Ave. & Sherman St. Under direction Grand Lodge State Associations Committee.

12:00 Noon. ARRIVAL OF ELKS MAGAZINE "GOOD WILL SAFETY CARAVAN" of Studebaker automobiles after triumphant transcontinental tour. Good Will Ambassadors to be welcomed by Honorable Teller Ammons, Governor of Colorado; Benjamin F. Stapleton, Mayor of Denver; Honorable David Sholtz, Grand Exalted Ruler; Grand Lodge Officers, President of Colorado Elks Association and representatives of the State, County and City.

1:00 P.M. PRACTICE TRAP AND SKEET SHOOT. Open to all amateur and professional shooters, whether Elks or not. Denver Municipal Trap Club, Sloan's Lake.

1:00 P.M. LUNCHEON FOR GRAND EXALTED RULER AND DISTRICT DEPUTIES in Venetian Gardens, Shirley-Savoy Hotel.

2:00 P.M. ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE COLORADO ELKS ASSOCIATION at the Elks Home. Don C. Hutchings, President.

8:00 P.M. OFFICIAL PUBLIC SESSION, MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM. CELEBRATING THE OPENING OF THE ELKS 73rd NATIONAL CONVENTION. FEATURING A MUSICAL PROGRAM. THE GRAND EXALTED RULER, HON. DAVID SHOLTZ, WILL DELIVER THE PRINCIPAL ADDRESS. THE PUBLIC MAY ATTEND THESE CEREMONIES.

TUESDAY, JULY 13th

10:00 A.M. FIRST OFFICIAL SESSION OF THE GRAND LODGE IN THE MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM.

GRAND LODGE REGISTRATION AT BROWN PALACE HOTEL.

9:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. REGISTRATION OF ELKS AND FAMILIES AT ELKS CLUB.



BULLETIN No. 5

8:00 A.M. ELKS NATIONAL GOLF TOURNAMENT. 18 holes Medal Play at handicap. Second Day. For John J. Doyle Perpetual Trophy and other prizes.

9:00 A.M. NATIONAL DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS CONTEST IN THE CIVIC CENTER.

10:00 A.M. NATIONAL GLEE CLUBS CONTEST IN ONE OF THE LEADING THEATRES.

2:00 P.M. RECEPTION AND ENTERTAINMENT in honor of the ladies attending the Elks 73rd National Convention at the Mosque of "El Jebel" A. A. O. N. M. S., 4625 W. 50th Ave. Tickets of admission to be issued at the time of registration.

3:00 P.M. MEETING OF PRESIDENTS AND SECRETARIES OF ELKS STATE ASSOCIATIONS at Brown Palace Hotel.

8:00 P.M. AN OUTING AT LAKESIDE, THE WEST'S GREATEST AMUSEMENT PARK. Free admission to the Park and complimentary rides on the Derby Coaster, the Lindy Loop, the Star Glide. (Coupons from Hospitality Book.) Dancing in the El Patio, to the music of one of America's name bands FIREWORKS DISPLAY.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 14th

10:00 A.M. OFFICIAL SESSION OF THE GRAND LODGE IN DENVER MUNICIPAL AUDITORIUM.

GRAND LODGE REGISTRATION AT BROWN PALACE HOTEL.

9:00 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. REGISTRATION OF ELKS AT ELKS HOME.

8:00 A.M. NATIONAL GOLF TOURNAMENT FINALS. 18 holes Medal Play at Handicap. Third Day.

9:00 A.M. ELKS NATIONAL HANDICAP TRAP SHOOT. Denver Municipal Trap Club, Sloan's Lake.

10:00 A.M. NATIONAL DRILL TEAM CONTEST IN THE CIVIC CENTER.

2:00 P.M. NATIONAL BAND CONTEST IN THE CIVIC CENTER.

GRAND LODGE BUSINESS SESSION, in Denver Municipal Auditorium.

DANCING AT ELITCH'S GARDENS. Dancing in the "Trocadero." Music by a nationally famous swing band. (Admission to grounds and dance by coupon from hospitality book). Inspection of Elitch's Flower Gardens.

9:00 P.M. GRAND BALL FOR VISITING ELKS AND THEIR FAMILIES, Denver Municipal Auditorium. Informal.

THURSDAY, JULY 15th

10:00 A.M. GRAND LODGE BUSINESS SESSION, Municipal Auditorium. INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS.

2:00 P.M. "THE PARADE OF THE STATES." Grand Marshal, Hon. Jacob L. Sherman, Grand Esquire. To be reviewed by the Grand Exalted Ruler, and Grand Lodge Officers at the Civic Center.

8:30 P.M. ELKS ROCKY MOUNTAIN PAGEANT—A SPECTACULAR EPIC OF THE OLD WEST at Denver University Stadium, with safe and comfortable seating for thirty thousand persons, presenting the greatest aggregation of cowboy and trick riders, wildest equine outlaws of the range; the most vicious Brahma steers ever gathered for one rodeo; one hundred and fifty Shoshone Braves. A mighty chorus, headed by many famous singing stars will feature "Songs of the Range", terminating in the "Elks 11 O'Clock Toast". The rodeo feature of the pageant is under the personal direction of Col. T. Joe Cahill, Chief of Police, Cheyenne, Wyoming, regarded as a great rodeo director.

FRIDAY, JULY 16th

COLORADO SPRINGS DAY.

2:00 P.M. MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR WILL ROGERS, BY THE GRAND EXALTED RULER AND OFFICERS OF THE GRAND LODGE, AND PILGRIMAGE TO THE ROGERS SHRINE ON CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN.

Sight-seeing trips in and about Colorado Springs and open house all day by Colorado Springs Lodge No. 309, B. P. O. E.

SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, JULY 17th and 18th

ROCKY MOUNTAIN AND DENVER MOUNTAIN PARKS DAYS. Visits to points of interest in these magnificent scenic wonderlands, including Mt. Evans, Estes Park, Grand Lake, Trail Ridge Road, Look-Out Mountain (Buffalo Bill's last resting place), Troutdale, Echo Lake, Red Rocks, and affording an opportunity to visit the homes of Longmont, Loveland, Boulder, Idaho Springs, Fort Collins, Greeley and Brighton Elks Lodges.



UNDER THE ANTLERS



Above: The handsome Home of Baraboo, Wis., Lodge which once was the mansion of Al Ringling, of circus fame

Mother's Day Observed with Services at Elks National Home

Before a large crowd of visitors and residents, the Home Lodge at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., observed Mother's Day with a fine afternoon service on the lawns. The principal address was delivered by P.D.D. Morris L. Masinter of Roanoke, Va., Lodge, No. 197. Mrs. Beverly Wortham of Roanoke was in charge of the musical program. John E. Pedigo, of Danville, Va., E.R. of the Home Lodge, had charge of the ritualistic work. The Bedford Firemen's Band gave a delightful concert during the hour preceding the services.

The officers who assisted in the ceremonies were George M. Denham, Washington, D. C., Lodge, Daniel F. Edgington, Wichita, Kans., John H. Burden, Rochester, N. Y., Orin L. Gordon, Robinson, Ill., J. Edward Moyler, Roanoke, and Thomas H. Hughes, Adams, Mass., Lodge.

Harry S. New Mourned by Elks Throughout the Order

The death of former Postmaster General Harry S. New, aged 79 years, a charter member and Past Exalted Ruler of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, occurred on May 9. Mr. New was widely known and highly thought of throughout the

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

NOTICE OF DELAY IN DELIVERY

The August number of your Magazine will be late in reaching you due to the forms being held open for news of the Denver Session of the Grand Lodge.

We believe our readers will approve, as all will wish to have a report of the Grand Lodge as soon as possible. The August number will contain the first installment with more to follow in the September number.

Every Elk should carefully read these reports that he may be posted on Grand Lodge activities and on what is going on generally throughout the Order.

Order. He was initiated on March 20, 1881, and was the Lodge's first Esteemed Leading Knight. Although he long resided in Washington, D.C., and in recent years had made his home in Edgemoor, Md., he retained his membership in Indianapolis

Lodge, which he visited frequently and in which he counted every member as his friend. His passing leaves but one other living charter member, Dick Cooper of Indianapolis. The two veteran Elks enjoyed a close friendship.

Mr. New was a delegate to the Republican National Conventions of 1896, 1912, 1920 and 1924, and Chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1907-08. He was United States Senator from 1917 to 1923. As Postmaster General he established the 36 hour air mail service with continuous day and night flying. He was Postmaster General during the Harding and Coolidge administrations and, appointed by President Hoover, was U. S. Commissioner representing the Federal Government at the Century of Progress at Chicago.

As a young man, Mr. New worked on the Indianapolis Journal, first as reporter, and then as Managing Editor. It was during his newspaper days that his intimate acquaintance with the poet, James Whitcomb Riley, began.

The "Col. J. W. Wright Class" Initiated by San Juan, P. R., Lodge

San Juan, P.R., Lodge, No. 972, has been steadily building up its membership and its enthusiasm since the recent visit of Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz. At that time, it will be recalled, the initiation of the "Governor Blanton Winship Class" took place. Now the

Lodge reports that on May 17 another class initiation was held that has added materially to its prestige. Twenty-nine distinguished Americans made up the Class which was named for and headed by Col. John W. Wright, commanding officer of the United States troops in Puerto Rico. These new members, with seven reinstatements, joined the Lodge as a direct result of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit and the special efforts of E.R. George P. De Pass. The Degree Team was headed by D.D. Chester W. Siegmund, P.E.R., and the ritualistic work was exemplified in a solemn and impressive manner before more than 75 members, Gov. Winship being among them. The meeting was followed by a most enjoyable social session.

The District Deputy extended a cordial fraternal welcome to the Class and Col. Wright responded. The address made by Mr. De Pass was a stirring one, and has resulted in great activity on the part of the members both old and young. A new class of candidates, including a large number of the Island's out-

Below: John L. Supple, Exalted Ruler of Danville, Ill., Lodge and J. Paul Kuhn, President of the Illinois State Elks Assn., photographed together recently



standing citizens, is slated to take place this month.

San Juan Lodge started the new Lodge year in such fine shape that it rightfully expects to make a new record for itself. One of its commendable accomplishments is the provision made for the raising of funds to cancel the existing small mortgage on the Lodge Home.

Mendota Lodge Home Scene of Northern Illinois Elks Meeting

On May 12 Mendota, Ill., Lodge, No. 1212, entertained the Northern Illinois Elks' Meeting which had been

postponed from January 21. All Elks from the N. W., N. W. Cent., N. E. and Cent. districts were invited. The Meeting was attended by newly installed officers from Exalted Rulers to Tilers, and the discussions pertaining to Lodge activities were instructive and extremely helpful.

The program included a golf tournament at the Mendota Golf Club and a dinner at the Hotel Faber for Exalted Rulers, Secretaries, and Grand Lodge and State Association officers. The Lodge meeting was opened at 8 P. M. by the Mendota officers. D.D. Otto J. Ellingen, Chairman, introduced the visitors and State Pres. J. Paul Kuhn of Aurora delivered the welcoming address. The speakers were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Floyd E. Thompson, Moline, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters of Chicago; P.D.D. Hugo Weyrauch, Sterling, E.R. William Wilson, Freeport, and Secy. Bud Simonds, Galena. At the close of a fine presentation of vaudeville acts "An Evening of Gemuetlichkeit" was hugely enjoyed in the rathskeller and basement lunch room of the Lodge Home.

St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge Sponsors Lecture on Cancer Control

Following the lead of the article entitled "Meet the Enemy" which

cooperation with the St. Johns County Medical Association.

Arrangements were made and excellent and informative newspaper articles were prepared by P.E.R. Cecil H. Zinkan, Publicity Chairman of the Lodge. On Tuesday night, May 4, the Civic Center was crowded for the mass meeting which the public had been invited to attend. E.R. Ray Kauble opened the meeting, extending a greeting in the name of the Elks and explaining the purpose of the gathering. He then presented Dr. Herbert White, a local member of the County Medical Association, who in turn introduced Dr. Holden. The lecture was not technical, and was not calculated to alarm or distress, but to help. The discourse given by the famous specialist was quiet and forceful and marked by common sense. After the talk Dr. White showed a series of pictures which drove home some of the points that Dr. Holden had brought out. Another interesting speaker was Mrs. J. Ralston Wells of Daytona Beach, who is a State Commander of the Women's Field Army, an auxiliary organization of the American Society for the Control of Cancer.

St. Augustine Lodge expects to give further assistance in this worthy movement. The meeting was sponsored as a part of its program of public service and humanitarian endeavor. Appreciation of the Lodge's aid in the dissemination of reliable medical knowledge pertaining to the disease and its control was expressed in various newspapers at the time of Dr. Holden's appearance under the Elks' auspices.

Grand Exalted Ruler Presents Golf Prizes at Elks National Home

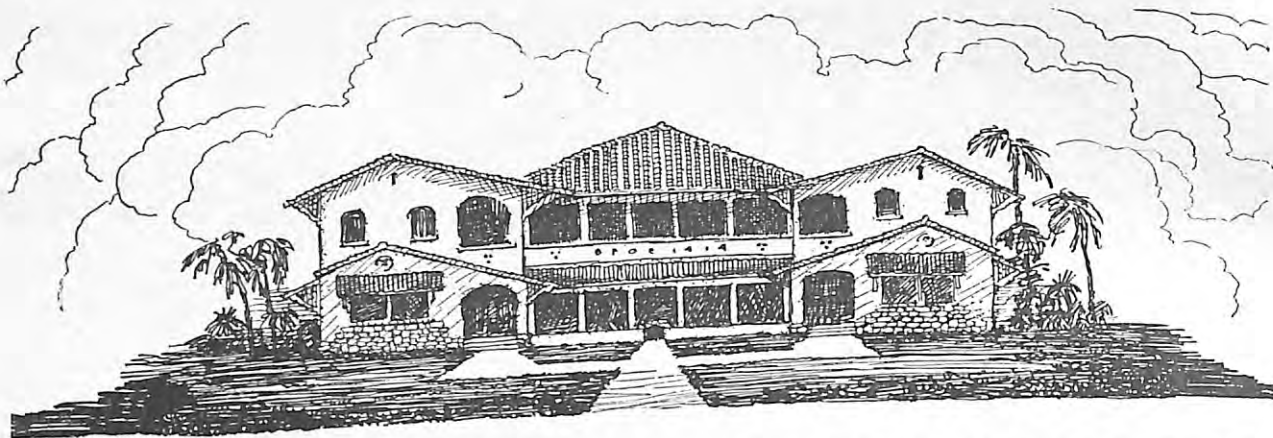
Before a large and appreciative audience of club members, Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz presented the golf tournament cup for 1937 to John J. Corish of Orange, N. J., at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., on Saturday afternoon, May 22. Mr. Corish was the winner of the Annual Tournament held by the Elks Home Golf Club on the Home links. The trophy was presented by Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge No. 842. Other prize winners were William S. Campbell, Latrobe, Pa., low score handicap, with Samuel H. De Hoff, Towson, Md., and Peter J. Malott, Columbus, O., second and third respectively. Runner-up in the cup contest was Thomas Murray, Hartford, Conn.

Officials of the Club this year are P. J. Malott, Pres., J. W. Allen, Honolulu, T.H., Vice-Pres., George Wolfe, Bluefield, W. Va., Secy., and G. W. Hoglan, Columbus, O., Treas.

"Palm Beach Dance" at Cincinnati, O., Lodge for Charity Fund

A "Palm Beach Dance" was staged in the Home of Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, on Saturday night, May 8, under the auspices of the Elks

appeared in the March issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, a letter was addressed by St. Augustine, Fla., Lodge, No. 829, to the President of the Florida State Elks Association, J. J. Fernandez of Tampa, with the statement that the Lodge would be glad to assume the sponsorship of a lecture on cancer control. The letter was referred to Dr. Gerry Holden, the leading representative in Florida of the American Association for the Control of Cancer. Dr. Holden consented to deliver a lecture on the subject in St. Augustine under the auspices of the Elks working in full



Above is an architect's sketch of the Home Panama Canal Zone Lodge hopes to build soon

Christmas Committee for the benefit of the Charity Fund. The affair was delightful and proved to be a decided financial success.

The outstanding feature of the evening was the award of an automobile as the chief prize. A Willys DeLuxe Sedan, that particular model known as the surprise car of 1937, had been donated to the Lodge for its Charity Fund, through a member of No. 5, Walter E. Schott, by David R. Wilson of Pontiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 810. Mr. Wilson is President of the Willys-Overland Motors, Inc., and Mr. Schott is distributor for Ohio and Indiana. Pontiac Lodge presented Mr. Wilson recently with a solid gold membership card in recognition of his generosity and of his services to the Order.

National Ritualistic Contest at Denver Begins July 12

The Elks National Ritualistic Contest will be held at the Denver Scottish Rite Temple, beginning at 9 A. M. on Monday, July 12. The Temple is located at 18th Avenue and Sherman Street. All Elks in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

It is announced by Joseph B. Kyle, of Gary, Ind., Lodge, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, that handsome cash prizes will be awarded the five teams making the highest percentages. The closing date for entries was June 25.

Canton, O., Lodge Celebrates Golden Jubilee with Two-Day Program

The Fiftieth Anniversary of Canton, O., Lodge, No. 68, was celebrated on April 2-3, Friday and Saturday, with Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz as guest of honor. Accompanied by P.E.R. Joseph W. Fitzgerald, D.D. for Ohio, N.E., the Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed at the railroad station by a large delegation of Elks and an escort from the American Legion.

A big noonday luncheon at the New Belden Hotel had been arranged under the sponsorship of the Canton Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary, Kiwanis and American Legion Luncheon Clubs and other civic bodies to pay honor to the local

Lodge. About 480 persons attended. Addresses of welcome were made by Mayor James Seccombe and Mr. Fitzgerald, and Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz delivered a rousing address on Americanism which was warmly applauded and which has received approving comment in the local press. Registration of Elks took place after the luncheon and the ladies attended a theatre party. Later in the afternoon a reception and the initiation of a class of ten were held in the main Lodge room. From five to seven a complimentary buffet lunch was spread for all Elks in the Grill Room of the Lodge Home with Open House being held the rest of the evening. An informal dance attracted many couples.

On Saturday morning a pilgrimage was made by the Lodge officers and their guests to the Memorial of William McKinley, 25th President of the United States. The Grand Exalted Ruler placed a wreath on the tomb and made a short address. Open House continued in the Home during the afternoon. A ladies' reception and a card party were held in the dining room at 1 P.M. and a smoker and entertainment in the club room took care of the Elks during that time.

The Golden Jubilee Banquet in the main dining room of the Hotel Courtland began at 6:30. It was officially held for the Canton Lodge officers, candidates and members, and honored Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz and P.E.R. Atlee Pomerene, former U. S. Senator. Mr. Pomerene was Toastmaster. About 500 Elks were present. A banquet for the ladies was held at the same time in the Elks' dining room. The Golden Ju-

Below: The officers of Huron, S. D., Lodge who won the State Ritualistic Contest recently



bilee Ball began at nine. The Home of Canton Lodge, handsomely decorated, was a scene of gaiety. The Ball was the outstanding social event of the two-day program, crowning with success the efforts of Mr. Fitzgerald, Chairman of the Jubilee Committee, and his co-workers.

South Dakota Ritualistic Contest is Won by Huron Lodge

Huron, S. D., Lodge, No. 444, won the South Dakota Ritualistic Contest which took place in Huron on Sunday, May 2, thereby becoming eligible to represent the State in the Denver National Contest at the Denver Grand Lodge Convention. The Huron Team, headed by P.E.R. Frank H. Ripley, was rated 96.6 per cent by the Judges. Aberdeen Lodge, No. 1046, was just a fraction of a point behind with 96.1, and Watertown Lodge, No. 838, was third with 95.3.

P.D.D. Howard B. Case, Watertown, headed the committee in charge of the contest. The Judges were D.D. James M. Lloyd, Yankton; State Vice-Pres. E. B. Peterson, Sioux Falls, P.E.R.'s E. B. Dinneen and Charles P. Warren, Huron, and P.E.R. Carl C. Wilhelm, Yankton. The meeting was honored by the

presence of Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight J. Ford Zietlow and State Pres. R. G. Mayer, both of Aberdeen Lodge.

Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge Initiates Large Class Honoring Secy. White

Grand Lodge officers attended the meeting of Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 160, on May 24, at which a class of 50 candidates was initiated in honor of P.E.R. D. Al White, who has been the Lodge's Secretary for 20 years. Mr. White is a former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. E.R. Richard R. Russell presided, assisted by his officers. Elks attended from Asheville, Middleboro, Bristol, Johnson City, Chattanooga and Nashville. This was the third class initiated into Knoxville Lodge this year.

Daniel J. Kelly, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, and D.D. Albert G. Heins, both of whom are Past Exalted Rulers of Knoxville Lodge, and P.D.D.'s John H. Menefee, Chattanooga, and W. H. Mustaine, Nashville, a Past Grand Inner Guard, were among the distinguished Elks present.

D.D. C. A. Michael Honored by His Home Lodge, Bucyrus, O.

On Sunday afternoon, May 23, Bucyrus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 156, initiated the "Chuck" Michael Class in honor of P.E.R. Charles A. Michael, who is just completing his year of service as District Deputy for the Ohio North Central District. A total of 27 was taken into the Lodge by initiation and reinstatement.

More honors were bestowed upon Mr. Michael on the next Wednesday evening when 200 Elks assembled in the Bucyrus Lodge Home for the banquet given for him. C. Victor Vollrath delivered the address for the Lodge to which Mr. Michael responded. E.R. John A. Davis, who presided, introduced the following visitors: Past State Pres.'s Norman C. Parr, New Philadelphia, and Charles W. Fairbanks, Marion; P.D.D.s R. O. Perrott, Bucyrus, O. J. Shafer, Elyria, A. F. Unckrich, Galion, T. A. O'Leary, Marion, and Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin, 2nd Vice-Pres. of the O. State Elks Assn., and Clarence Nisley, Treasurer of Ohio.

A floor show was presented after the dinner and Mr. Michael received a gift from the Lodge. Mr. Davis was chairman of the committee in charge of the arrangements, assisted by P.E.R. August Christman, William C. Beer, Jr., Milt Bryer, R. H. Chronister, L. C. Haaser, A. E. Socin and Mr. Fairbanks.

Little Rock, Ark., Lodge Has New Quarters and a Growing Membership

At its regular meeting on the second Thursday in May, Little Rock, Ark., Lodge, No. 29, elected Walter E. Strong as full time Secretary. Mr. Strong began immediately to look up the old members whose names were no longer on the rolls and to interview prospects. His success was such that in a short time he was able to report thirty renewals and applications for membership. A pleasing side to this announcement was that the former members were returning

eagerly and readily. Committees appointed to aid the Secretary also went to work in earnest. Applications are continuing to come in and a great year seems assured.

New and attractive quarters have been acquired by the Lodge which is now located at 116½ West Second Street, Little Rock. Through these columns the Elks of No. 29 cordially invite their traveling brothers to drop in.

Marion, O., Lodge Loses Two Beloved and Valued Members

Marion, O., Lodge, No. 32, suffered a distinct loss when two of its valued members passed away within two weeks of each other. The death of George L. Manderback occurred in a hospital in Chicago on May 2. Mr. Manderback had enjoyed 49 years of continuous connection with Marion Lodge to which he gave valuable and constant service. B. F. Waples died at the age of 84 on May 15. He was a charter member of No. 32 and its first Secretary, having been elected when the Lodge was instituted in 1885. He served continuously in one or another important capacity throughout the entire period of his membership. During his long life in Marion he was prominent in civic life, and at the time of his death was clerk of Marion Township. He was for many years Cashier of the Marion Savings Bank Company.

The "Dave Sholtz Class" of 78 candidates recently initiated into Houston, Tex., Lodge before the Grand Exalted Ruler

Jack Miller



This Section Contains Additional News of Central Lodges

Memorial Dedicated in Memory of William Wallace Mountain

Dedicatory ceremonies and the unveiling of the monument erected by the Grand Lodge in memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler William Wallace Mountain took place at Lakeview Cemetery, Howell, Mich., on Sunday, June 6. The exercises were opened by Past Grand Trustee John K. Burch of Grand Rapids. The Rev. Ralph Karney gave the Invocation, and the Eulogy was delivered by P.E.R. Paul V. Gadola of Flint, Mich., Lodge, No. 222, of which Lodge Mr. Mountain had been a Past Exalted Ruler. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, delivered the dedicatory address and an appreciation was made by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters. The Elks Quartette of Flint Lodge rendered beautiful music. The Memorial was unveiled by Mr. Mountain's daughter, Mrs. Grace Marie Alexander. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Chicago, Joseph B. Kyle, Gary, Ind., Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and Mr. Masters accompanied Mr. Burch from Grand Rapids to Howell.

Mr. Mountain was Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order in 1921-22, being elected at the Grand Lodge Convention held in Los Angeles. Upon the expiration of his term he became a member of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, and was a member of the present commission when he died on Feb. 17, 1936, while on a visit to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. Mrs. Mountain died recently and was buried at her husband's side.

The members of the Grand Lodge Memorial Committee in charge of the erection of the monument were Mr. Campbell, Chairman, Mr. Burch and P.D.D. Paul D. Phillips of Flint.

Leon W. Friedman, Life Member of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, Dies

After an illness of several months, Col. Leon W. Friedman, a Past President of the Life Members Club of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, passed away on May 31. Mr. Friedman was born in Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1871. He came to Birmingham when he was 20 years of age and embarked upon a newspaper career in which he was eminently successful. He was the dean of the city's newspaper men, and prominent in public affairs. Appointed as a Colonel on the staff of Governor Brandon during his administration, Mr.

Friedman took an official part in National Guard Reviews and other events calling for military escorts. In recognition of his services to the Order, Birmingham Lodge designated January 7, 1934, as Leon W. Friedman Day, when officers and members paid tribute to him as an Elk and a friend.

Mr. Friedman's funeral was largely attended by members of the Order of Elks, the Masonic Order and other fraternal bodies with which he was affiliated.

Bellevue, O., Lodge Reports Some of Its Welfare Activities

At a recent meeting, as part of its Social and Community Welfare work, Bellevue, O., Lodge, No. 1013, unanimously voted a hundred dollars to the Y. M. C. A. campaign for funds for its next year's work. At another

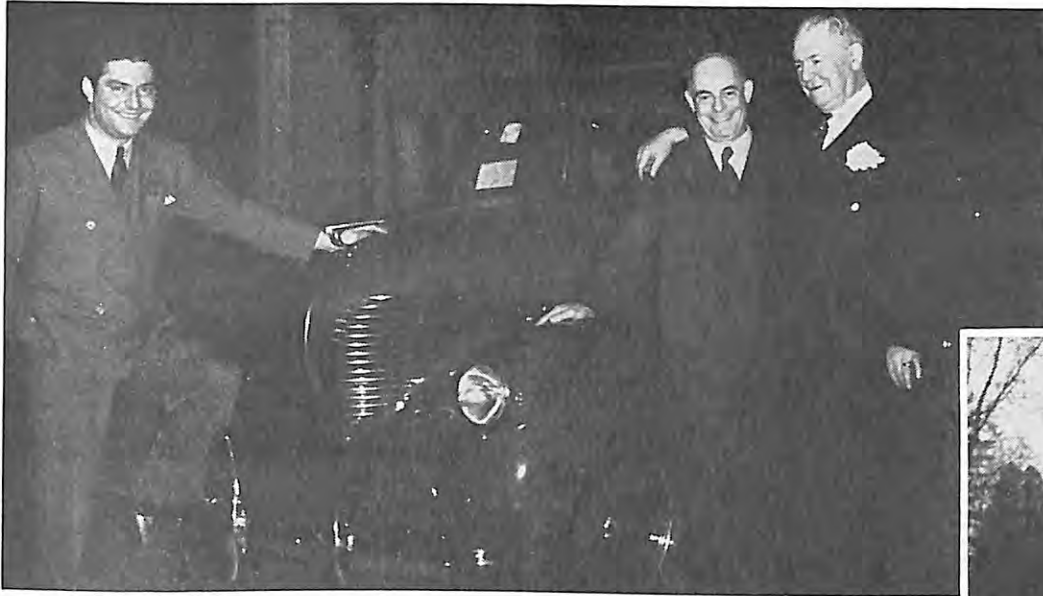
A group of Bucyrus, O., Elks photographed on the porch of their Home when honored by D.D.C.A. Michael on his homecoming visit



The Bowling Team of Lincoln, Neb., Lodge, which grabbed first honors in the Elks National Bowling Tournament recently



The officers of Bellevue, O., Lodge and candidates in the "Migration Class," initiated when Fremont, O., Lodge Elks visited Bellevue



Left: Walter E. Schott, Past Grand Trustee James S. Richardson, Secretary of Cincinnati, O., Lodge, and David Wilson, of Pontiac, Mich., Lodge with the Willys DeLuxe Sedan donated by Mr. Wilson for Cincinnati Lodge's Palm Beach Dance. The car was a surprise award, a feature of the program

meeting the Lodge voted, also unanimously, to furnish \$375 for material with which to construct a dam across the Huron River at the Y. M. C. A. camp. Upon completion of the dam, an ideal swimming pool for the youngsters of the vicinity will be available. The Girl Scouts will be accorded the privilege of using the camp at regular specified intervals.

Banquet Staged by Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge

Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, staged its annual Feast of Nations Banquet this Spring. An excellent program of entertainment was presented consisting of several vaudeville acts, skits and vocal numbers, participated in by local Lodge talent and members of the American Legion. The opening number was a tableau presented by the Legionnaires depicting the four branches of the Service and episodes of American history. The prelude was ably read by Est. Lect. Knight Harry A. Hart. Chaplain Frank G. Girdler was General Chairman. Walter Sack, Assistant City Manager, had charge of the Legion's part of the entertain-

ment. He was assisted by John G. Emery, a Past National Commander of the American Legion.

In addition to the Legion table, there were tables for the Irish, Dutch, German, Polish etc., with a "Fun House" in the center designated as the Ethiopian table at which the diners were all in black face. There was special singing of native songs for each group for which prizes were awarded. About 300 members were in attendance.

Awards for High School Students Made by Laredo, Tex., Lodge

Laredo, Texas, Lodge, No. 1018, which on May 28 presented an American flag, eight by twelve feet, to the new Laredo High School, will next year make an award of \$25 to the student of the School who excels in United States history during the scholastic year. The object of the award is to promote student interest in the historical events of our country and its traditions to the end that Americanism and patriotism will prevail in the minds and hearts of the youth of Laredo. E.R. L. A. Netzer delivered a patriotic speech recently which was well received.



The handsome memorial dedicated to Past Grand Exalted Ruler William W. Mountain at Howell, Mich., recently

Van Wert, O., Lodge Gives Scholarship to a Young Woman Student

As one of its benevolent activities, Van Wert, O., Lodge, No. 1197, gives a scholarship every year to some worthy young man or woman. This year Miss Margaret Kohn was chosen for the award. The scholarship will assist Miss Kohn in her studies at the Karr School of Business in Van Wert where she is fitting herself for a career.

Below: The April 29th Class, which was initiated into Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge with befitting ceremony



The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



AT Owego, N. Y., on April 13, Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz was met by a committee of local Elks and escorted to the Home of Owego Lodge, No. 1039, for luncheon.

Again a banquet was the feature of evening festivities, and 400 Elks of the South Central District gathered in the Lodge Home for the event. Mr. Gorman was Toastmaster. E.R. Johnson made the welcoming address responded to by State Secy. Philip Clancy, speaking for the State Association. Gov. Sholtz was the principal speaker, and altogether the occasion was a delightful one. Present and past officers of South Central Lodges were present in large numbers, many being accompanied by delegations. Among those attending were D.D. Wilbur F. Knapp of Bath Lodge, and Past Pres. J. Victor Schad, Binghamton, Treas. John T. Osowski, Elmira, Dr. Francis H. Marx, Oneonta, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, and Frank R. Wassung, Norwich, Chairman of the Scholarship Committee, all of the N. Y. State Elks Assn.

Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz's visit to Rome, N. Y., Lodge, No. 96, was made on the occasion of the Lodge's 25th Anniversary celebration. During the afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler held a hearing on the application for a new Lodge at Lowville, N. Y., and granted the desired dispensation. The Anniversary Banquet of Rome Lodge was served promptly at 6:30, with P.D.D. William A. Wolff presiding as Toastmaster. P.E.R. C. H. Carley was General Chairman. Practically all of the Past

Exalted Rulers were present and were introduced, as well as Ray Armstrong who was Secretary of Rome Lodge during its first years. James A. Spargo presented a set of beautiful chimes to the Lodge, and E.R. Martin R. Marriott spoke on the aims and expectations of the Lodge for the coming year. The introduction of the Grand Exalted Ruler was received with real acclaim. The spacious dining room was crowded and so anxious was everybody to hear what proved to be one of Gov. Sholtz's finest speeches that hundreds of Elks were content to stand within sound of his voice. On behalf of the Past Exalted Rulers of Rome Lodge, P.E.R. John T. Huguenin presented to David Butler of Rochester a bronze tablet commemorating the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag which was written by Mr. Bellamy's father in 1893 when he was a resident of Rome. His ashes are buried in Rome Cemetery where the tablet will be placed. In his speech the Grand Exalted Ruler alluded to the close connection between the Pledge and the Order. Tribute was paid during the evening to A. B. Kessinger, the first Exalted Ruler of Rome Lodge when it was reorganized, and Mr. Kessinger introduced the surviving officers who had served with him during his term.

Among the distinguished Elks of New York State who were present on this memorable occasion were D.D. John B. Keane, Newark; State Vice-Pres. J. Fred Hathaway and Past State Pres. George J. Winslow, Utica; P.D.D.'s Perl W. Devendorf,

Mr. Sholtz, flanked by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen and Grand Secretary Masters, and behind him the fine class initiated in his honor by Denver, Colo., Lodge

Watertown, Dr. E. B. Manion, Ilion, James A. Evans, Little Falls, Stephen McGrath, Oneida, and Grover C. Ingersoll, Herkimer; E.R.'s Charles J. Calkins, Watertown, and Ford Trask, Little Falls; Secy's Amon W. Foote, Utica, and Harry J. Hooks, Little Falls; P.E.R.'s J. Bradbury German, Jr., Utica, Hugh E. Hamilton, Dr. Glenn E. Coe and Frank C. O'Brien, Watertown, and Mordecai Gosnell, Syracuse.

REPORTS of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 160, on March 19, were received too late for publication in a previous issue of the Magazine. The event was important both from a social and fraternal standpoint. Gov. Sholtz was escorted from Nashville by three leading Knoxville Elks—P.E.R. Daniel J. Kelly, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, P.E.R. Albert G. Heins, D.D. for Tenn., East, and D. Al White, Secy. of the Lodge. Upon their arrival early in the afternoon, a parade was formed and led by the local High School Band, the procession wended its way through the streets to the Lodge Home where the Grand Exalted Ruler mingled for several hours with his fellow Elks. At 6:30 he was tendered a dinner at the Andrew Johnson Hotel by the Lodge officers. Gov. Sholtz's visit was made at the be-

ginning of a new period of growth for Knoxville Lodge. A selective membership drive, started last Fall, resulted in the acquisition of 60 new members. Its success was an incentive for further efforts and the Grand Exalted Ruler was appraised of the fact that the following month a class of 50 would be initiated.

Another earlier visitation was the one to Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, made on April 5. A banquet and dance were given in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor attended by more than 400 Elks and their ladies. P.E.R. Howard R. Davis, a Past Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn., and Judge H. B. Frederick, P.E.R. of Gov. Sholtz's home Lodge, Daytona Beach, Fla., were among those seated at the speakers' table. Judge Frederick and Past State Pres. F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny Lodge, left the next morning to travel with the Grand Exalted Ruler to other Pennsylvania Lodges listed on his official itinerary.

On April 28, while in New Orleans as the guest of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, Gov. Sholtz made an inspiring talk on Americanism at the St. Charles Hotel. Proceeding on his scheduled trip through Louisiana, the Grand Exalted Ruler headed a motorcade of 12 automobiles under the direction of Grand Tiler Sidney A. Freudenstein, leaving New Orleans Thursday morning, April 29. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor and E.R. Eldon S. Lazarus, New Orleans, D.D. Sidney Harp, Donaldsonville, and many New Orleans, and Biloxi and Gulfport, Miss., Elks were members of the party. At Houma five more cars joined the motorcade which made its first stop at Morgan City Lodge, No. 1121, where E.R. C. A. Barnes and about 75 enthusiastic members greeted the guests of honor and had the pleasure of hearing the Grand Exalted Ruler speak. Here the party was joined by Mr. Barnes, Secy. Sol Loeb, P.E.R. Richard L. Loeb and

other Morgan City Elks and the procession went gaily on to Opelousas where a barbecue followed by a meeting was held at the Cedar Country Club by Opelousas Lodge, No. 1048. Besides the large turnout of local members, Elks were present from

Franklin, New Iberia and Lafayette, La. E.R. I. J. DeLatin and P.E.R. George J. Ginsberg headed the delegation from Alexandria Lodge, No. 546, which had come to escort the Grand Exalted Ruler to Alexandria where the evening's festivities were to be held. An account of the Alexandria visit and of Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz's further travels will appear in the August number of THE ELKS Magazine.

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler and a group of distinguished New York Elks at a meeting held at Saratoga, N. Y., Lodge



Right: The Grand Exalted Ruler with D.D. R. J. Rice, of Arkansas, the Mayors of Little Rock and North Little Rock, Ark., and Percy H. Machin, Exalted Ruler of North Little Rock Ark., Lodge



Those who attended a special meeting in honor of Mr. Sholtz at Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge

News of the State Associations



Georgia

SO excellent was the work exemplified by the competing Lodges in the Ritualistic Contest at the Annual Convention in Savannah on May 23-24-25 of the Georgia State Elks Association, that the Judges spent some time in consideration before announcing the winner. The host Lodge, Savannah No. 183, headed by P.E.R. Arthur S. Sternshine, received first honors and was presented with the J. Bush Cup by Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz who paid his official visit to the Convention on the final day. The Team from Columbus Lodge No. 111, headed by P.E.R. T. L. Moss, Jr., was given high praise. The Judges of the Contest were Past Exalted Ruler Walter E. Lee, of Waycross Lodge, Aaron Cohen, a Life Member of Athens Lodge, and P.E.R. W. F. Crute, Macon Lodge. The members of both Teams were presented with rings in appreciation of their work.

More than 200 Elks from all sections of the State registered during the Reunion, which was one of the most successful ever held in Georgia. State Pres. George W. Upchurch, P.E.R. of Savannah Lodge, presided at the sessions. In his address Mr. Upchurch reported that the general condition of the Association was most pleasing and the financial status was good. He told of the satisfactory work accomplished during the past year, the organization of new Lodges at Decatur, Elberton and Valdosta, and of the membership increase throughout the State. Among the other speakers were Judge Alex R. MacDonnell, who made the welcom-

Above: The Prescott, Ariz., Lodge ball team and the Yuma "White Maria" snapped at the Arizona State Elks Convention at Prescott. Right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon and State President R. I. Winn photographed during the four-day session



Chas. C. Niehuis

ing address and E.R. Perry Brannen, of Savannah Lodge; Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, Past Pres. of the Pa. State Elks Assn. and a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and the Grand Exalted Ruler whose address on the morning of the final session was one of the highlights of the Convention. The annual banquet and dance took place at the Hotel Tybee at Savannah Beach on Monday night, attended by a large number of local and visiting Elks and their ladies. A short dinner was held after the concluding session of the Convention.

Officers elected to serve during the coming year are: Pres., Charles G. Bruce, Atlanta; Vice-Pres.'s: 1st Dist., S. L. Threadgill, Decatur; 2nd Dist., Aaron Cohen, Athens; 3rd Dist., Thomas L. Moss, Jr., Columbus; 4th Dist., R. Sam Monroe, Waycross; 5th Dist., Perry Brannen, Savannah. R. E. Lee Reynolds, Atlanta, who has been the Association's

Secretary-Treasurer for several years, was reelected. Announcement was made that the next meeting of the Executive Committee would be held in Decatur in October, the date to be announced later.

Oklahoma

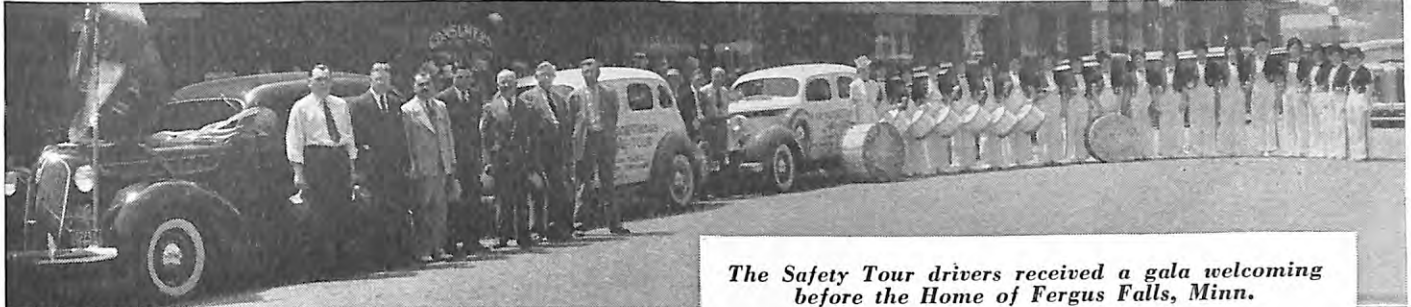
THE Thirteenth Annual Convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Association took place at Muskogee on May 15-16-17. Eleven Lodges were represented with 143 paid registrations recorded. The Association was honored by the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., and many prominent Elks of the State, including Past State Pres. George M. McLean, El Reno, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee.

State Pres. C. R. Donley of Woodward presided at the Monday business session held in the Muskogee
(Continued on page 56)

Elks Safety Tour Off to a Flying Start



Above: Start of Route 3 at Chicago, Ill. Right: at Chicago, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters presenting Gruen Precision watches to Elks ambassadors



The Safety Tour drivers received a gala welcoming before the Home of Fergus Falls, Minn.



A welcoming committee of prominent Willimantic, Conn., Elks greeted the Fleet before the Willimantic Lodge Home



Above: Acting Mayor Potterton presenting Gruen Precision watches to the drivers at Jersey City, N. J., start of Route 2



Above: The Tour Fleet at South Bend, Ind., home of Studebaker automobiles

Right: Tour ambassadors at Worcester Mass.



Left: Distinguished Danbury, Conn., Elks greet the drivers of the Elks Safety Tour

The Mother

(Continued from page 23)

cover her daughter and hide her in a corner; but the fixed purpose that had kept her in a wilderness seven years had her place the child at the opening. With a reluctant caress, her hard hand covered the child's hair; then she pointed to the loophole.

"Watch the woods, Suzie," she muttered. "If you see a body—" She winced, turned back to the rifle and musket, and finished loading them.

"Maw—they're shootin'!" Bryan yelled, dancing up and down excitedly. "Maw—I kin see some!"

Gripping the rifle, she listened to the regular thud of bullets as they sang into the logs. They made a different sound, a sort of crunch, as they hit the shutters, and one or two came through. Then Suzie screamed.

She ran to Suzie's window, thrust the rifle through, and sighted upon an Indian who was racing across the corn-field. She fired, saw that she had missed, and then stared with stifled amazement. Her face wide and wondering, she watched the Indian loom up against the house.

Then the musket crashed, almost in her ear, caught the man at a range of hardly three yards, hurling him back in the dirt. He lay there, twisting and trying to rise.

Bryan picked himself up from the floor and stumbled to the musket. His face was in agony from the pain of the recoil, yet he managed to grin at his mother with delight.

"Got 'im, maw! Did y'see how I got him, maw? Maybe that wasn't a shot!"

"God help us," the mother whispered.

Suzie crouched by the bed, nor did the mother send her back to the window. Mechanically, with a face that might have been graven from iron, she reloaded the rifle and musket. She glanced through each window, but saw nothing. Though the firing went on, they made no effort now to reach the house. An occasional bullet whined through a loophole, sinking into the opposite wall. Inside, the cabin was almost black, what with the light cut off by the shutters and the heavy powder smoke eddying around. The light that came in laid thin beams through the dust and smoke.

In the forest, the mother could see



frequent puffs, but nothing to shoot at. She didn't want to shoot. One fact was boring into her mind, that her son had killed a man; and somehow that made everything else small. Not only had he taken life, but in a way he had gone from her, departed, taken her place. Her strength was gone.

She dropped into a chair, picked up her Bible, opened it and scanned the pages at random. Suzie crept over to her, leaned up against her. When the mother looked up, she saw Bryan keeping a careful vigilance from one window to the other, dragging a musket after him.

With an effort, she roused herself and stood up. Like a sudden shock, it came to her that she was a woman, and she let her eyes droop over her spare, strong frame. In the end, she wanted to be a woman, knew that it was impossible, and thought of the man who had come and gone the day before.

"The shiftless lout," she muttered.

It did her some good to vent her anger upon him, if only mentally. She could think of his tall, rambling frame, and hate him for his slow, lazy gestures, for his years of coming and going. And then she realized that she wanted him. Then, for a moment, she permitted herself to think of love, a flashing thought that dropped out of existence as quickly as it had appeared.

"Maw!" Bryan bawled. Then he discharged the musket and was catapulted back into the room.

She ran to the window, and saw them rising up from the forest, at least ten, possibly more. She sighted

Then the musket crashed, almost in her ear, caught the man at a range of hardly three yards

along the rifle, swerved it from one leaping figure to another, and then stepped back and let it slip from her fingers to the ground. She couldn't kill—

"Maw," Bryan screamed, "ain't ye goin' to have a shot at 'em? Maw—ye're goin' a let 'em come at us?" He scrambled for the rifle, found it, and then looked up at his mother. The mother stood with the smile she had—when she smiled, thin and not too much of a smile. She looked at Bryan.

"Maw," Bryan whispered. Then he dropped the rifle as if

he understood more than he really did.

She sat down near the fire, drawing her children to her, sheltering them with the long angles of her figure, and she held the Bible on her lap. In the little light that came in through the loopholes, she might have appeared beautiful—almost.

Her mind raced, even while she heard them hammering on the windows, beating in the door with the stocks of their muskets. This had never happened to her before, yet she knew that such things happened. All up and down the frontier they were always happening. You lived on and on in fancied peace, and then one day—

She thought of destroying the children and herself, and then her eyes fell on the Bible, and she shook her head.

A shutter swung open. An Indian leaned in, discharged his musket. The ball chipped stone into her face, sang back into the room. She felt Bryan attempt to tear from her grasp, held him back, and felt a curious stiffening in her spine at the angry flow of words from his small mouth. Suzie sobbed.

An Indian climbed through the window and sprawled on his face. He picked himself up and looked at them. Then the door went down, and the room was suddenly full of dark, sweating bodies. Silent, they made a circle around her, crouched with their hands on their knees and looked at her, jabbering all the while in their strange tongue.

Then one of them put out a hand and touched her. She did not move.

(Continued on page 40)



Governor Sholtz at the Will Rogers Shrine on Cheyenne Mountain with Spencer Penrose, builder of the Shrine, and Monroe Goldstein, Elks 73rd Convention Director

Grand Exalted Ruler Sholtz photographed on visits to Midwestern and Western Lodges



Mr. Sholtz at El Reno, Okla., wearing a ten gallon hat presented by El Reno members



The Grand Exalted Ruler and Prominent Louisiana Elks at Morgan City, La.



The Governor was met at Oceanside, Calif. by a reception committee made up of prominent local Elks



Above, Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz surrounded by Canton, O., Elks and local Lodge officers who initiated a Class of Candidates in the Lodge Home

Mr. Sholtz and a group of important Tulsa Elks photographed when the Grand Exalted Ruler visited the Oklahoma Lodge



The Mother

(Continued from page 38)

Then the spell was broken by an angry yell from Bryan.

"Leggo my maw!"

Bryan pulled loose with the light of battle rising in his eyes. The Indian struck him, and he reeled back against his mother; and her flaming eyes seemed to hold them back.

"Come with us," one of them said in broken English.

She nodded; there wasn't anything else to do. They were taken outside, and her arms and Bryan's were bound. Standing there, she watched them fire the house. First a flicker of flame on the roof, and then the whole of it was a leaping bonfire. It burnt quickly, so quickly that her dashed hopes fell even more slowly. And it was still morning, with the sun just rising, with the light glinting from the green leaves of the forest. She walked very slowly across the loose dirt of the cornfield.

Bryan's arm hurt him, and he was beginning to break. He kept close to his mother, sobbing at intervals, trudging along with his head down. Once an Indian came close, and Bryan kicked him without much spirit. A blow from the Indian's palm laid him on his face. He crawled to his feet, spitting out dirt, wrinkling his nose at the scent of wet, hot bodies. On the other side of the mother, Suzie trugged, too frightened even to cry.

The mother thought of the house, and tried not to think of it. What little she owned was gone; the work of her years of labor was gone. A terrible, tremendous Why? surged into her mind, only to be put aside by the stolidness of her will to live, to go on. She had her children, and she had to think about her children, without thinking too much about where they were going.

At noon, when they stopped, Suzie collapsed. They cut the mother's bonds and ordered her to carry the child. Bryan had a brief spell of fight, and then lay by his mother, crying bitterly.

"Bryan," she

said evenly, not looking at him.

"Yeah?" He glanced up at her.

"Stop it."

"I ain' cryin', maw." He fingered his arm a moment, then said, "Where we going?"

"I don't know."

"Reckon they gonna scalp us?"

"I don't know."

It was hard for her to keep up with them, carrying the child in her arms, and it was harder for Bryan with his short legs. Every so often he fell, and then she would stop for him, have to stand by while the Indians urged him to his feet with the toes of their moccasins. Her face was a mask, hard bone with the skin drawn tight over it. The way through the unbroken forest was rough, hopeless going.

THE sun had almost set when they made their stop for the night. The mother put down the girl, almost fell next to her, and in a little while Suzie was asleep. Bryan crept up to his mother and crouched beside her, fingering her dress for assurance. Sometimes he glanced at her face, but the mask frightened him. There was nothing there to look to, and his arm hurt. For a while he was

diverted with watching the Indians make camp. When they noticed him at all, they came over and prodded him with their toes, as they would prod a small beast to make it fight; and then enjoy his wild fits of rage.

They ate the dry meat given them, he and his mother; but she didn't wake the girl. Suzie slept on, and in a little while Bryan was asleep with the slumber of pure exhaustion. The mother sat stiffly, her back against a tree. From her face, no one would have known her thoughts; if there was anything indomitable about her, it was the utter unmoving calm of her features.

Night gathered over the forest. The fires that the red men had built burned low, and one by one they rolled into their blankets and relaxed with sleep. A low wind, sighing through the trees set up a whispering, as a message from other lands.

The mother stared straight in front of her.

A single red man on guard stood with his rifle, leaned on it, and then began to nod as the fires became coals. He slipped to a sitting position; and then he might have been asleep.

Weary, the mother was unable to sleep. She sat with her hands resting

on the children, and she tried not to think of the house, like a bonfire. When she heard a very low crunching behind her, she didn't turn her head; in a way, she had passed beyond fear, even beyond emotion.

Then something touched her, and she saw the long, rambling figure of the man appear by her side. His lazy, ranging bulk moved with incredible ease as he slid around the tree, and he faced her with a finger on his lips. Somehow, with all his easy movement, his ornate rifle always pointed at the Indian who nodded over the fire. She knew that if the Indian moved, the rifle would wake to life, and then—

(Continued on page 54)



"S'funny, but none of the children seem to like Dr. Zmkboof!"

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All The Mad Men

(Continued from page 11)

for the ladder, praying that I would get there before Michael. Our marines were good fighting men, but not soldiers. The navy had been gotten together all in a hurry, and most of the men were freelance adventurers. And they had not spoken to women for many weeks.

When I got to the forward cabin, I found that hell had broken loose. The door was open, the place full of sea. Michael stood with a marine in each hand, and as I entered he cracked their heads together. The women were all huddled in one corner. Then the deck tilted, and the three men slid along the floor. A fountain of spray dashed through the open door, and I had to grip the jamb to keep myself erect. As the ketch righted itself, Michael climbed to his feet, and then I saw the two men braced against the wall, pistols in hand. The two Michael had cracked together lay still.

They stared at me insanely. "God damn this harem," I muttered, and then I told them to throw down their arms.

It all hung in the balance for a moment, and I had a swift vision of my first command disappearing in a mutiny. They either would or would not throw down their guns. If they didn't—it was a question of murdering their officers and then finding themselves a refuge on the African coast—and maybe a week or two before the Bashaw's men caught up with them.

"Take their guns, Mr. Conrad," I said to him evenly.

Michael advanced toward them. They glanced at me, then at him, hesitated, and then gave up the pistols. I breathed deeply and wiped my brow.

"You will go to my cabin," I said to them, "and remain there. Consider yourselves under arrest."

The other two were sitting up now; they all went out together. "Thank God," I said to Michael.

Michael spoke to the women. One of them rose and came toward him; she was the same one I had seen on the deck before, a tall, dark woman, with masses of black hair braided and coiled about

her head. Even in the cast-off clothes of a sailor she was beautiful; but in the dim light of the cabin I could not see all at once how strange and wild her beauty was.

Michael stared at her, fixedly. He said something, and she answered him. Then she came up and placed her hands on his shoulders. For a moment they looked at each other and then Michael had her in his arms.

I remember that I wanted to say something; I knew that something had to be said, but I could think of nothing to say. I was very young, and Michael's rank was as high as mine, except that I was in command of the ketch.

"I am taking her to my cabin," Michael told me, in a matter of fact way.

I nodded dully. Michael went out, and then I went out and bolted the door behind me. I went back to the poop, stood in the driving rain and attempted to think. It was no good; I went to the cabin and saw the marines.

They gazed at me sullenly. I don't know what they expected, but I was very uncertain about the entire affair. It was almost mutiny, but the navy then was not what it is now.

"If I report to Captain Preble," I said, "it will mean a court martial. . . ." And then I added, "Consider yourselves under arrest. I will or will not make a report according to

your subsequent conduct." It was very unmilitary, but at that time our entire navy was.

By sundown the storm had blown itself out; the clouds lifted, and the sun burnished the heaving sea until it was like a sheet of broken bronze. We were all glad for a rest, and it did me a lot of good to see Stephen's brig, a tiny dot on the horizon. I gave orders that we were not to make sail until they neared us. Then I went into Michael's cabin.

I had seen Michael again, but he had not spoken to me. In a manner, he avoided me. Now, as he opened the door, he looked at me curiously; but he said nothing.

I went into his cabin and stood there. The Bashaw's ships were fitted out well. This cabin held two long divans, a carved desk and a chest. It was hung with rich, red drapes, and there was a scarlet rug on the floor. The woman sat on one of the divans.

She wore a sort of a dress that she must have cut from one of the drapes. It was makeshift, but that only increased the charm of it, and her hair was loose down her back. As I came in she stared at me, suspicious and curious at the same time.

Michael stared at me. I wanted him to speak first, but he said nothing. When I looked at the woman again, her black eyes burned into mine. She was very beautiful, she had a wild, full, unrestrained beauty that was utterly unlike anything I

had ever seen in America; and I don't think Michael had ever seen it before. I judged her to be from somewhere in the south, Egypt, perhaps, or farther—or possibly Malay. Yet Michael understood her and made himself understood.

"I'm your friend," I said to Michael, finally. "I guess you know that I'm your friend. We're a long way from home, Michael, but it's still there—and some day we'll go back."

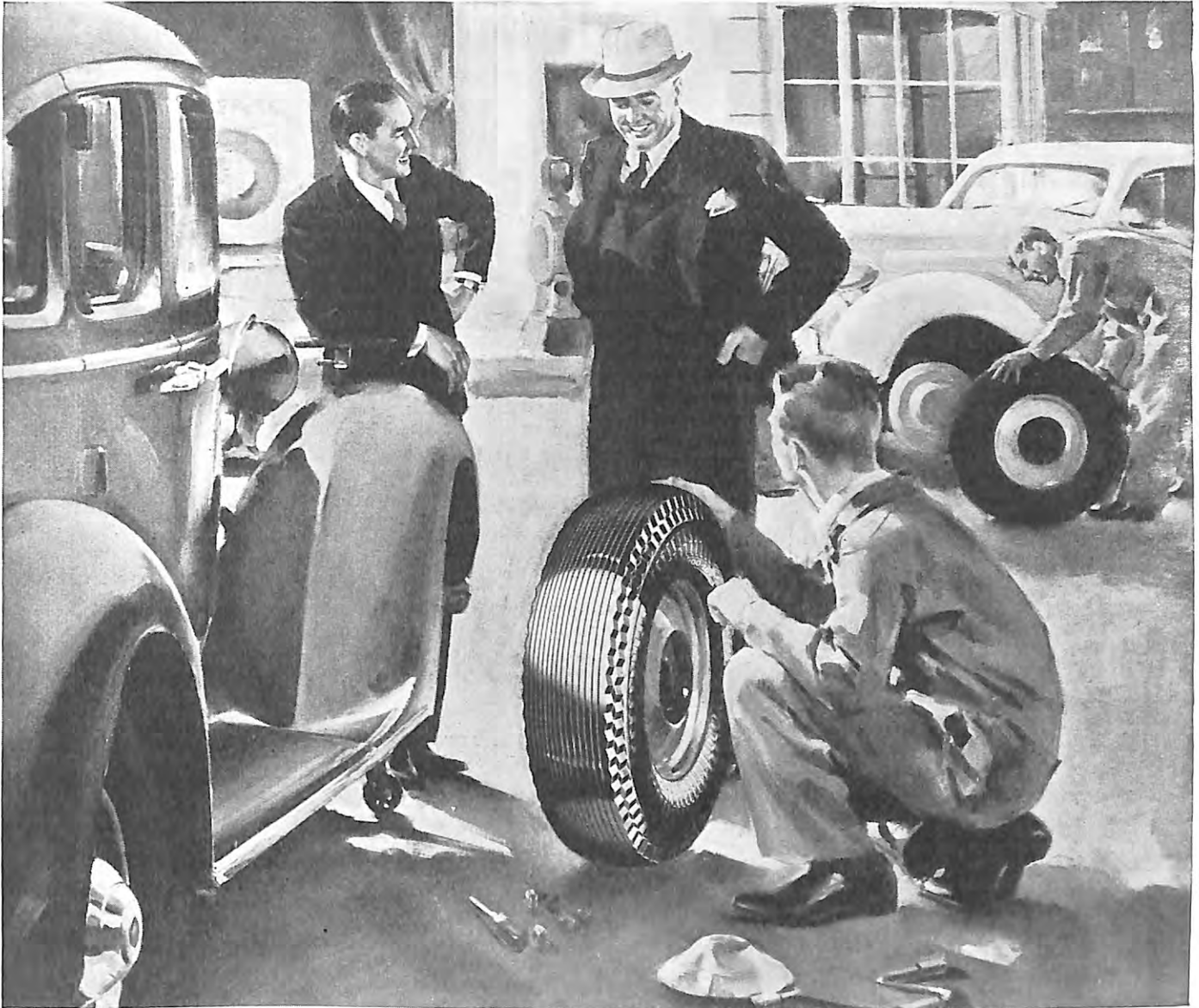
"Yes." He murmured. "What are you trying to tell me?"

"That you're a fool!"

(Continued on page 44)



"Kitson hit an air pocket!"



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All the Mad Men

(Continued from page 42)

"Am I?" He stared at me for a moment—and in that moment I was afraid. Michael stood six feet three in his stocking feet, and he was broad and heavy in proportion; now his blue eyes burned at me—evenly; I wondered what was behind them.

"I've known you a long time," I went on. "We're friends, Michael. Some day America will be big. All the world will flock there. We're building for that time; we're building the greatest navy in the world, Michael, you and me, and when it's built, it will be ours. Think of that, Michael."

The woman was looking at him now. Deliberately he went over to her and took her in his arms.

"Is that your answer?" I demanded.

"Yes. I love her. You have your navy, Charles. I have the woman I love—and I want no more."

"You're a fool!" I snapped.

"You're my superior now."

"Michael—she's a slave, a gift of the Bashaw to the Sultan of Turkey. If you want her, take her. Only remember . . ."

"Get out," Michael whispered.

We were at Malta the following day, without any further trouble. I had not spoken to Michael again, except to give him certain orders in the course of working the ship. It was a very proud day for Stephen when we slid into the harbor, towing behind the brig.

We reported to Captain Preble in dress uniform that evening. Stephen didn't say much, except to report that we had taken a ketch with a cargo of women; but I knew that it would mean his commission soon.

The captain said, "I should commend you—but you'll pardon me if I am brief. You all know the condition of our navy, and there is no need for me to mince words. We are attempting to fight a war with Tripoli with only three first-rate frigates. There are two now. Captain Bainbridge and the *Philadelphia* have been taken. The *Philadelphia* is in the harbor of Tripoli, being fitted out by the Bashaw. Gentlemen, this is the beginning of the end."

We stared at him; the *Philadelphia* was our most powerful ship of war. Used by the Corsairs against us. . . .

We went out, leaving Preble to curse Congress. Stephen said, "So our hopes fall. . . ." I recalled what I had told Michael before, and I glanced at him now, but he said nothing. A boat took us to Malta, and Michael left us, climbing one of the narrow, winding waterfront streets. Then I told Stephen about the woman.

"He'll ruin himself, the young fool," Stephen said.

"It's the end anyway," I muttered. "Is it? Where are his rooms?"

Then we followed Michael. On our way we stopped at a little cafe and had a bottle of wine, and over the wine Stephen briefly outlined his plan. His plan was to take the ketch, fit her up with about fifty men disguised as Corsairs, and run her into the harbor of Tripoli—and blow up the *Philadelphia*. It was a mad plan, but then we were all a little mad; we had to be.

"And how do we get out of the bottle neck?" I demanded.

Stephen shrugged. "If we're lucky anyway, it is worth it."

"It stops the Bashaw," I nodded.

We went on to Michael's rooms, and as we approached the place we ran into Mr. Cortlandt, the English minister.

"I suppose you know?" Mr. Cortlandt asked us.

"What?"

"I married your friend."

"To that heathen black?"

"Dark—but not a black, surely. Arabic, perhaps. She is a convert to our church."

We pushed past him and pounded upon Michael's door. When he opened it we saw the woman standing behind him.

"Let us in," Stephen said.

"I want you to meet my wife, Aysha," he said. The woman stared at us, evenly, confidently. I think Stephen was startled by her beauty.

"You poor fool," Stephen burst out, "you've ruined yourself."

"Have I?" Michael smiled.

"Why did you have to marry her, Michael?" I demanded.

"Because I love her."

"I see," Stephen muttered.

We stood in silence for a moment then, all four of us. I was thinking of Michael's family—when he brought her home. And I was thinking of how the capture of the *Philadelphia* had about ended things. Stephen's mad scheme was impossible. I was desperately lonely for home.

"You will bring her home soon, Michael," I said slowly.

"I have no home now."

What she understood of our talk, I don't know; but her arms were on Michael's shoulders. It seemed that she was afraid to let go of him. She stood that way while Stephen told Michael his scheme.

"I want you, Michael," Stephen said. "With you and Charles I can do it."

Michael looked from one to another, desperately; then his arm went about the woman. "You're mad," he whispered.

"It's our only chance," Stephen said. "For our country."

[Continued on page 46]

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All The Mad Men

(Continued from page 44)

"I'm never going back," Michael whispered.

"You're not with us?"

"No."

Stephen didn't say another word. We left together, and Stephen went to Preble. Preble was mad, too, and soon we were selecting our men. About seventy in the ketch and the brig. The brig would lie outside, while the ketch crept into the harbor. We had named the ketch *Intrepid*.

"God bless you, Mr. Decatur," Preble said. "We are a country because a certain Mr. Washington was mad. God be with you now. If I were younger. . . ."

The night before we planned to start, Stephen said to me, "Get hold of Michael for an hour. I want to talk with that woman."

I went to Michael's rooms, and I think he was glad to see me. He asked whether the Captain had remarked upon his not being with us and I shook my head.

"He must think it strange that I didn't volunteer," Michael said.

"Perhaps. Come out and have a bottle of wine with me—for old time's sake. I want to talk to you."

We sat in a little Turkish cafe and finished a bottle between us. Michael became moody over the wine.

"A toast to you, Michael!" I said.

We drank it down—and he stared at me. He said, "You and Stephen won't come back. . . ."

"No? Then here's to a good finish!"

"I know what you're thinking," Michael muttered.

"I am not thinking," I said. "A man does not think before he dies—if he is wise."

"You won't come back—Charles, my God, can't you see that I've found something? I've found a woman I love with all my heart and soul. I knew it the moment I saw her. She's a princess in her own right. What does the color of skin matter?"

"They don't mix—the two coasts of this sea," I said. "Africa is always Africa."

"You want me to give up my life now—when I've found this. I can't."

"We're still friends, Michael," I said.

Later that night, Stephen told me about it. "She was willing enough to go when I explained things," Stephen said, apparently puzzled. "She seems to have a code of her own. I manage her tongue well enough, and I simply told her that Michael had become a coward and a traitor—for her. She went, and Michael will either kill himself or come with us. Either way, it is better."

We sailed the following day, and Michael was with us. He didn't explain; he just presented himself at

sailing time, and Stephen gave him a place with me on the ketch. Lieutenant Stewart was commanding the brig. If Michael wondered about the woman he certainly did not connect her disappearance with us. I had qualms of conscience—but it was for Michael's good. But when I think now—can two young sailormen separate the good from the bad?

We had stripped to the waist, stained our bodies, and bound turbans around our heads. For all the world, we looked like a Corsair vessel, manned by a crew of swarthy Arabs. We looked like desperate men, and we were desperate men. You see, the stake of our navy, and behind it, perhaps, our country, lay with us. They had the *Philadelphia*, a first-rate frigate. If they turned it upon us, with the Corsair fleet behind it. . . .

Michael said, quietly, "We'll blow her to hell."

"We'll play it this way," Stephen said. We had named the ketch *Intrepid*; now we stood on her poop, crouched together, naked to the waists, stained almost black, blue eyes peering strangely from beneath our turbans. It was difficult for me to realize that we were white men, that the name of this vessel had already been dispatched to Congress. Michael stood tall and massive, silhouetted against the flapping lateen sail.

"If she could see him now," I thought.

"This way," Stephen decided. "The frigate's somewhere in Tripoli harbor. We run in with the ketch, pretend she's fouled against the frigate, and board her. We'll be taken for a coasting vessel, and at first we'll arouse no suspicion. Mr. Stewart will give us thirty minutes, and then he will send his boats to warp us out of the harbor. There is one chance in a hundred that we can make it and come out safely. I need not explain the risk, gentlemen. We may go to hell with the *Philadelphia*—or we may be decorated by Congress, I have spoken to the men, and they elect to stand with us. Charles?"

"I've always wanted a decoration," I said lightly. "If it turns out, Michael—see my father, and tell him that I wasn't quite a rotter. He always thought I was. Give him talk about the glory of our country and all that. I left a ring with Captain Preble, and I wish you would give it to Doris Murry, Cambridge, you know."

"Don't talk like an ass," Stephen told me.

We shook hands all around. Then Michael said, with a funny smile, "She went away, didn't she? Did you know that? She's my wife, so if

you ever see her, do all you can. This is no big thing for me—because I don't care a great deal to live without her."

"God forgive us, Michael," Stephen whispered. "We do strange things in war. For our country, some say."

I think that Michael understood.

There was a fine moon, and it was almost bright as day. There was a haze over the harbor. Inch by inch, almost, we crawled in. It was a curious sensation to watch the haze dissolve as we broke through, and then to drift over the placid water of the harbor, between the Bashaw's deserted ships of war. They were very confident, these Corsairs.

Stephen picked out the *Philadelphia*. A single dark form stood guard on the poop. Probably there were others in the waist. We drifted over.

"Boarding party," Stephen said.

We gathered at the rail of the ketch. I had one hand on Michael's shoulder. Then he pulled away from me.

"Charles," he whispered. "I thought I saw something."

We slid up to the *Philadelphia*, heeled over, and came about under her rail. The guard leaned over the poop and roared a stream of curses at us. As far as he could see, we were Corsairs, and poor seamen.

Then I shot him. I remember the strange sensation I had when I saw

his body tumble over the rail, and plunge, arms out, into the water. Stephen and the men were already swarming into the frigate.

An Arab swung at me with a naked sabre as I climbed over the rail. I remember that Michael caught his arm and threw him into the sea. We poured over the rail of the *Philadelphia* and fell on the few dozen men in her waist.

They were half asleep; anyway, we were dressed as they were, and while they stumbled around, shouting hoarsely, we did our work with cutlass and pistol. Some of the marines had long, metal-shod pikes. Anyway, it is not a nice thing to describe a fight at sea.

It seemed like hours, but it could not have been more than a few minutes; and then we leaned on our arms, and looked at each other, panting. The Corsairs lay all over the deck. One man was screaming from a wound in his stomach. Stephen walked over and shot him.

"Get the oil," Stephen said.

I felt slightly sick. I stood back and watched them pile wood over two kegs of powder, and then break open a beaker of oil. Michael dropped a torch, and then we piled back into the ketch. The brig's boats were already attached, and we began to tow out to sea.

Then, when we were about twenty

yards from the *Philadelphia*, I noticed two things at once. Firstly, the *Philadelphia* was not burning, and secondly, from the shore a swarm of Corsair boats were racing toward her.

"Put about!" I heard Stephen roar. But I knew that it was suicide. He stood with Michael by the ketch's cabin; I ran toward him and then I stopped. The door of the cabin was open, and standing there was Aysha.

You know how it is when you are dreaming, when your limbs are suddenly weighted with lead. It was that way with me; I took short, slow steps, and I stared. Stephen stared, too. I think that right then it was more important to us than the fact that the *Philadelphia* was not burning.

"Where did she come from?" Stephen muttered.

She must have been hiding in the cabin. Now I remembered that there was a closet in the cabin big enough to hold her. She must have been hiding there all the time.

Michael—oh, Michael was splendid. What Stephen might have said, I don't know; but Michael was splendid. Still naked and turbaned, his body wet with sweat and blood, he went up to her and took her hand. He faced us, a great, dark, wild figure of a man.

A sailor shouted something, and I

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threw a glance toward the frigate. The fire had taken hold, but nearer the bow, and the powder was untouched. They would reach her in plenty of time to put out the fire.

Michael was facing us—and smiling. "I am sure," he said, "that you will be considerate of my wife, gentlemen." I realized that he knew, yet his voice wasn't hard, but gentle, rather. And she, not understanding his words, was staring up at the face of her man; as if all the time she had known that Stephen was lying.

"My God, Michael," Stephen cried, "I did it for you!"

"Not for me," Michael smiled. And then he glanced up at the mast, where we had hoisted the flag. The flag ran out like a red ribbon in the wind. "It's all right, Stephen," Michael said, "we're friends still—eh?"

He offered Stephen his hand, and Stephen took it. Then Michael threw off the turban. His blond hair raced out in the wind as he leaped over the side. I tried to stop Aysha, but I was too late. She had followed him, and the two of them were swimming like mad for the frigate.

Do you understand? We couldn't stop; we couldn't sacrifice every life on the ketch for Michael's. We had to go on, because a thousand Corsairs were racing across the harbor toward the *Philadelphia*. We had to save the ketch, at least. With the few boats in our navy, the ketch was almost worth its weight in gold. So we could only watch.

It was touch and go, and Michael and the Corsairs made it almost together. Somewhere on the deck, Michael must have picked up a cutlass. He sprang almost into the flames, and held them until Aysha had gained the deck. We saw him outlined against the flames, a black figure with only his long yellow hair showing gold-red, the cutlass glinting as he made a circle of light about his head.

He had become the god of battle, our gentle, splendid Michael. It is a terrible thing to fight, but when a man fights alone against all odds—there never was such a fight. And Aysha watched him. I couldn't see her face; I wonder what her face was like.

Stephen was sobbing. I heard him next to me, sobbing like a child.

Then they gave before him. Screaming, they went into the flames, some of them, over the side. And Michael whirled, threw the cutlass from him, heaved up the two kegs of powder upon his shoulders, and scrambled onto the poop. Aysha was with him.

We saw them in silhouette, a man and a woman on the deck of an American frigate. I thought I saw Aysha wave a hand. There was something woefully gallant about her.

The Corsairs were swarming all over the frigate when Michael let go with both kegs of powder. Black dots, they soared up and into the flames. A column of fire rose from the deck of the *Philadelphia*, with Michael and the woman standing before it. And then they were gone.

"A good voyage, Michael," Stephen whispered.

It was later, in the cabin of the brig, that I gave the toast. We had been talking of everything—trying to forget, I guess—but we hadn't spoken of Michael. At last, Stephen said, "They'll soon forget. After all, it's a very little business, this war with the Bashaw of Tripoli. We swell with our own importance, but back home they've forgotten us already. Anyway, I shall try to get him a decoration from Congress."

I raised my glass.

"Not to Congress," I said, "Congress be damned; not to Michael or back home; they don't understand back home—but to all the madmen."

We drank, Stephen and Stewart and I.

Epitaph For Radio

(Continued from page 15)

advertisers who have real money to spend. And there is always real competition for people with real money.

The local broadcaster's chief competitors are his local newspapers. Their circulation is easily measured while his is more apt to be determined by guess and by golly. Frequently, too, the advertiser wants a show which is already on the air and which has built up an audience. If the broadcaster is to have this kind of a sustaining program available, he must make a considerable investment in talent. The newspaper is also able to lure the advertiser with a promise, expressed or implied, of free publicity space in its news columns. The broadcaster has no weapons with which to fight that

kind of competition. Newspapers and radio stations are gradually becoming more cooperative than this situation would seem to indicate, however. In fact, newspapers are rapidly buying radio stations and now own some thirty percent of all of them. A few years ago the radio section of the newspapers listed the programs according to the name which the sponsor gave his broadcast. Frequently this included the product's name and the resulting free advertising (consisting of public repetition of program names) was, the newspapers calculated, tremendous. Almost overnight, at the instigation of their national association, most of them reversed this policy and listed only the names of

the artists on a program. Some of them went so far as to list Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer (who were immensely popular on the Palmolive soap program) by their right names, which were nothing at all like Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer.

The resulting confusion was considerable, but the newspapers stuck to their guns and finally the radio stations accepted their defeat. Today the smart advertiser uses newspapers, radio and magazines in a sort of three-point attack on his prospect. He even goes so far as to tie one form of advertising in with another and the relationship of the exponents of print to those of aural selling has become noticeably more cordial.

The life saver for the independent station is the recorded program. With several of these the local station can supply a variety of entertainment which matches everything but the very best "live talent" on the network broadcasts. Dramatic sketches, either singly or in series, are available along with practically everything in music including original comedy variety shows. Technically, these transcribed programs have advanced to the point where only the announcement, which must be made, that "This is a recorded program" lets the listener know that it did not originate in the studio from which it was broadcast. Every recording is perfect, of course, and the talent is almost always of much better quality than would be available to the local station even if there was money to pay for it.

For a while recorded programs were practically outlawed by stringent rulings against their use. A radio station which used them was not considered, in inner radio circles, to have a very high standard. But advertisers found that through the recorded program they could "spot" major programs in any section of the country where they wished particularly to stimulate sales. Frequently it cost less and better selection of broadcasting time was available. Today some of the biggest advertisers on the air put a large part of their radio appropriations into recorded broadcasting and the stigma has disappeared. National Broadcasting Company now offers a complete rental library of recorded programs and you can have anything from one record to the entire set, if you can pay for them. All but six of the fifteen major owned and operated National Broadcasting Company stations permit the use of recorded programs.

There are many problems in the operation of a local station, but there are plenty also in managing a chain. One of the most continuous headaches is the relations of the chain with its various "links" or outlets. Every station which is a part of the network and not actually owned by it enters into a contract covering the amount of time and the specific hours during which it must



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take network shows. On the basis of these contracts the network sells regional and coast-to-coast hookups, guaranteeing a certain number of stations to the sponsor. Naturally the network wants to sign up as many of the choice hours as possible, but obviously in buying time wholesale they cannot afford to pay as much as a local sponsor might for the same hours. On the other hand, the local station wants the prestige of affiliation with a network (for which he sometimes feels that he must sell his birthright—the evening hours from seven to ten); assured income for thirty-nine weeks (his local advertiser may sign up for only thirteen weeks), and yet sell as much time locally as possible. As a result of these conflicting desires the contracts which have been drawn between the networks and some of their units are so intricate that even the executives of the companies which drew them cannot understand them.

There are 620 broadcasting stations in the United States and, so far, three important chains. Two of these total 101 stations and belong to the National Broadcasting Company. The other belongs to the Columbia Broadcasting System and links together some 96 stations. Recently a new competition has appeared in the field, however, with the acquisition by the Mutual Broadcasting System of the Pacific Coast Don Lee stations which gave it coast-to-coast facilities of a sort. It includes forty stations and its importance must be measured by future developments. There have always been a number of regional chains in various parts of the country. One claims to blanket Iowa; another, New England, etc. For the most part these stations affiliate primarily as an inducement to advertisers and are not chains in the generally accepted sense. Up until recently it was possible to have several of these local chains affiliations and still belong to one of the major networks. Under new, and simplified contracts, the networks are now forbidding outside affiliation.

Another network problem is censorship. In general, the more liberal radio executives believe that anything not offensive to public morals and good taste should be permitted to go on the air. But their definitions of what is offensive to good taste is necessarily regulated by the fact that radio goes directly into the home and what may be all right for papa and mama may not be anything like all right for Junior and Sister. Censorship is frequently carried to ridiculous extremes, however. One nice lady who couldn't for the life of her offend anyone claims that her script must be passed on by three censors before she is allowed to go on the pure network air with her weekly fifteen-minute sustaining program. Such pettiness extends mainly to the small fry of broadcasting. Even though the big

programs have to be approved such extremes are rarely encountered. One or two of the big names among the news commentators are sufficiently independent not to have to submit their scripts in advance for network approval.

The advertisers themselves are probably their own best censors. Their taboos are concerned not only with public morals and good taste but with sales possibilities, competition and idiosyncrasies of the management. One national radio advertiser broadcasts each week a program dramatizing the lives of the people who have made America great. One of the taboos of this advertiser (a munitions manufacturer) is that no mention of war can be made on the program. As a result, when the life of Lincoln was broadcast, the Civil War was almost completely ignored; there was but a single reference to it in the entire script.

Types of programs vary in popularity from year to year but despite the fact that the two most popular programs on the air are comedy—Jack Benny and Fred Allen—music constitutes nearly seventy percent of all broadcasting. There seems to be a growing appreciation of "classical" music such as is broadcast by the Philharmonic Symphony Society of New York and other symphony orchestras but people who think that the nation is running to their radios to turn on fine music are not aware of the facts. The Columbia Broadcasting System, which broadcasts New York's Philharmonic Orchestra each Sunday afternoon was somewhat exercised, some months back, because one big outlet did not carry the symphony concerts, preferring to broadcast Father Coughlin instead. After repeated protests from Columbia, the station made brief announcements several times a day for a week asking its listeners to vote on which program they would prefer to hear. Some 300,000 letters were received and the preference was 50 to 1 for Coughlin; and this city is reputedly a seat of musical culture in America!

The most recent and startling development in commercially sponsored programs has been the sudden popularity of daytime shows, and daytime shows in summer, though the broadcast companies almost refuse to believe it. During June, July and August it is supposed to take courage to pay even for an evening hour. But last June, to National Broadcasting Company's delighted surprise, a record of 500,000 pieces of mail was sent and eighty-eight percent of it came in as a result of daytime shows. The summer of 1936 showed a net gain of more than seventy percent over the previous summer in the number of commercially sponsored programs over National Broadcasting Company alone. Mostly these programs have been designed to reach the housewife by means of domestic and romantic ad-

venture serials. And they get listeners. The audience on one program was given an opportunity to purchase a copy of a song, "Lonely Heart," for ten cents. In one week 300,000 copies were sold.

At present the radio wiseacres say that the toughest programs on the air are the children's programs. This is, obviously, an exaggerated commentary on a condition which has more than a deplorable grain of truth. Children's programs have been criticised by vociferous individuals and groups practically since the first one was put on. Every mother is a child psychologist at heart and few people would try to please all child psychologists. This criticism came to a head a couple of years ago when one of the beleaguered broadcasting companies invited an eastern woman's club to write and produce what it considered to be an ideal program. The broadcasting company offered to put it on the air gratis and let the world be the judge. The program was prepared and finally delivered with national publicity and, to quote *Variety* again, it laid an egg. It was very, very bad. Even the woman's club which put it on admitted it.

The criticism hasn't ceased, of course, but the sponsors and broadcasters are able to take it in their stride. Essentially the battle has been between the programs which are popular with the majority of children and the programs which the parent-teacher associations wish were popular. In spite of organized and consistent effort it has been impossible to check the demand from the youngsters for thrills and thrills and still more thrills. In some cases where it is tied up with the history and personality of some well known adventurer, the excitement has been legitimate, but in many cases it has run to fantasy of the wildest sort. Just as the comic strips have slowly changed from humor to excitement, radio programs have changed from children's fairy stories to the exaggerated exploits of super boys and girls. And even the vociferous protests of unhappy parents cannot stem the flood of box tops, coupons and fan mail which tell the sponsor in unmistakable language that children listen to his programs and that his goods are selling.

For years, radio has taken delight in doing something for the first time. The first broadcast from a submarine or from a balloon was accomplished with much self congratulation and with no little admiration from the listening public. Even the roar of Niagara Falls and the rumblings of Mt. Vesuvius have been made available to eliminate the boredom of millions of homes. Gradually these stunts have worn pretty thin and nowadays we would more or less expect to get over our radios a minute-to-minute description of a rocket flight to Mars if one were under way. And we would ex-

(Continued on page 54)



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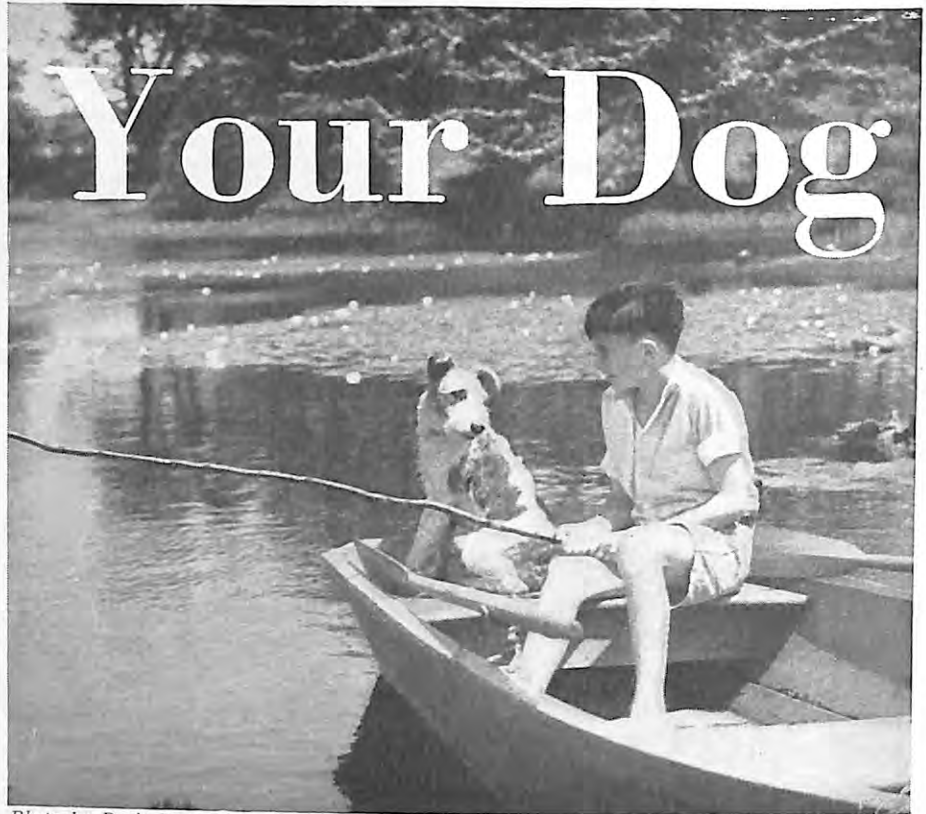


Photo by Doris Day

Your Dog

By Captain Will Judy
Editor of Dog World Magazine

Walking the Dog

HOT weather is approaching and I believe it would be well to summarize briefly a few hot weather suggestions before I go on to the subject of my article this month.

Give the dog as much water as he wishes to drink—cool, clean water, free from dust.

A dog does not have perspiration glands in his skin; he sweats thru the tongue and the mouth. Let him slobber to his heart's content—it is a sign of good health in hot weather.

Give the dog plenty of shade, a place where he can crawl into the ground and keep close to cool Mother Earth.

Avoid excessive exercise in the hot sun and in the heat of the day.

Let him swim as much as he pleases. Exercise him briskly and rub him dry immediately after he comes out of the water, if the water is cool.

If your dog is affected by the heat, put plenty of cold towels and ice packs on his head, keep him in a cool place and let him rest for a while. Do not overfeed your dog in the summer—let his appetite be the judge of quantity.

EXERCISE—Two things concern the dog's health most—his stomach and exercise. Really only one concerns his health. In the woods, he had no dog biscuit and no ground hamburger. His butcher shop was on foot, and he had to run after it speedily, then kill it before it killed him. This was great exercise and so he came to his meal, when he did come to it, with a good appetite. Indigestion is a sin of laziness, and a dog's stomach has suffered much from his close association with man.

Give a dog much exercise. You can scarcely give him too much. Let him be the judge of that; he never takes too much. When he is tired, he will quit; give him a night's rest and he is ready for another tiring-out. Do not exercise him within thirty minutes after he has eaten.

TO chain a dog is to commit a dozen crimes. Let him run loose, but *not* where there is automobile traffic. Exercise indoors is not enough. Dogs know more about the beneficial effects of the sun than do humans. Give him sun and air, grass and ground. His feet ache for contact with Mother Earth.

If he must be kept indoors, take him out twice a day, not on a lead unless you *must* use the lead. Most dogs do not need a lead altho their masters insist they do. If they do need it, the master is to be con-

demned for his failure or lack of ability to train the dog to follow him.

If you use a lead, train him to walk on your left and about even with you. Have a ball indoors or out and let him run after it and bring it back to you; make him bring it to you; do not permit him to walk away with it.

Give him every occasion for jumping; a jumping dog is in good health. Very big dogs and very small dogs do not need as much exercise as do the dogs of medium size. A whistle, either of your own mouth or made of tin, should be used to call him when he is straying; do not use it needlessly.

Give your dog plenty of exercise and don't let him do all the running; you run with him, for tho you run much, he will run three blocks to your one and come back less tired than you.

One thing is to be emphasized, namely, that the exercise should be regular. It should be day after day and not in excessive amount on one day and none on the next day. Twenty minutes to a half-hour in the morning and the same amount of time in the evening should be the minimum program. The presence of motor traffic on every hand makes it absolutely necessary that the dog be obedient and kept under close supervision.

Old and fat dogs should not be exercised strenuously. In case of fat dogs less food is to be fed and the exercise is to be increased gradually.

Pacing with a bicycle is excellent. A dog can jog five miles daily and be benefited immensely, particularly in his feet.

You come home from your work tired in body and weary in mind. It may be raining a bit. You may be in a hurry for your dinner. Your dog has been waiting hours for you at the top of the stairway for the great event in each day's life of his—the run outdoors where he can smell the thousand smells which delight him, be a detective for every nook and corner. For every block you walk, he covers three blocks without getting far ahead of you.

Do yourself a great benefit by overcoming your impatience and your selfishness. Listen to his joyous bark and the beating of his jumping up and down. Take him outdoors and do not be content with one or two blocks. Let him run for several blocks and his gratitude will be unbounded. It will mean a clear eye, a faster wagging tail, better health and better spirit.

On the other hand, the exercise will benefit you too, for it may give you some needed physical exercise, will take you out of petty selfishness of spirit, and will rest your mind.

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.



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Epitaph For Radio

(Continued from page 51)

pect it to come from inside the rocket.

But these stunt broadcasts have not been entirely without purpose. When Lindbergh returned from Paris after his solo flight across the Atlantic ten years ago, radio out-did itself to cover the Washington reception for America's most popular hero. At that time radio achieved the first multiple pick-up by giving the same listening audience first-hand description from several points rather than through the eyes of one comparatively stationary broadcasting point. Now it excites no particular comment, although it is expensive, when a single broadcast picks up music from Honolulu, Rio de Janeiro and England to provide a variety of entertainment for a half-hour.

With adequate telephone line facilities it is possible to cover by radio almost anything that happens. A transmitter small enough to fit comfortably in the inside of a silk hat has been developed. With this, and a microphone, first-hand accounts of war, flood and famine have been picked up for re-broadcast around the world.

If the families of everyone in the world who owned a radio listened in at one time, it would be possible to reach probably 285,519,190 people with one broadcast. While there are no accurate estimates, radio men generally are agreed the David Windsor speech of abdication for the sake of "the woman I love" reached an all-time high for audiences. With such an audience—and a sympha-

thetic one—available to him there were several days when it was thought that he would plead with his people to help him retain both his crown and his lady. As Edward VIII, David Windsor was fully cognizant of the power of radio. He had seen how, with the great majority of influential newspapers in the country fighting his election to the death, Roosevelt had told his message over the radio and been overwhelmingly re-elected.

Now in four more years, the experts say, radio will be as outmoded as the silent movie, and television may even force the talking pictures into a minor entertainment position. In its early stages television may be projected into small theatres (similar to newsreel theatres in some large cities) where paying audiences will provide the criterion whereby its advance may be judged.

It is regrettable that radio may not have an opportunity to grow to full maturity before it dies. Yet if television is as mad an industry during the next twenty years as radio has been during the past decade and a half, we have much to look forward to. It will be the present personnel of radio which will take up television and put it across. And while their increasing age, their inhibitions and experiences may keep television from being the flamboyant industry which radio has been, at least they promise an exciting and cockeyed first decade. After that, perhaps something will come along and eliminate television.

The Mother

(Continued from page 40)

"Back again," her lips appeared to say, silently.

He pointed to the children.

She woke them, covering their mouths with her hands. He took Suzie in his arms; she followed with Bryan. To the mother, it seemed that they took hours leaving the camp, setting each foot down with exquisite deliberation. When they were far enough away, they quickened their pace, and they traveled most of the night.

They took a round about way, went on and on, deeper into the forest, until the faint light of dawn began to show in the sky. The forest was waking. A bird burst forth into song, and a daintily stepping deer crossed their path.

"Sleep, I guess," Carl said.

The children dropped off easily, Bryan in the middle of telling the man how he had killed the Indian.

"Got him clean center," Bryan

murmured.

The mother stared ahead of her; the man said, "All right, sonny."

"Will they come back?" the mother asked.

"Reckon not—they're off to the next place."

"I killed men," the mother stated simply. But he didn't answer that; he seemed to be thinking.

It was sunset of the next day when they were back at the clearing. The man and the woman stopped to look at the charred remains, while the children went ahead to investigate Stark, the chimney stood out of the ruin, and behind it the setting sun hung blood red above the trees.

The man in his buckskins, leaning on his long, beautiful rifle stood beside the tall, angular woman, and between them were no more words than needed. They did not think that they had been through a great adventure.

"Reckon it ain't much use," the

mother said. The iron molding of her face had not changed a great deal; she saw the children poking among the ruins, and called to them, "Leave off there, afore ye do yer-selves hurt."

Bryan strutted in front of the charred wood, kicking at ashes and timbers.

She turned to the man, irritated again by his loose, ungainly posture, by the massiveness of his lazy figure.

"Guess you'll be goin' now," she said, as she had said it innumerable times before.

He shook his head.

"Don't want to tie no strings to you."

"Won't tie none," he answered shortly, his eyes already exploring the forest, calculating where he would find the best spruce for building.

Then he turned back and looked at the mother, and she felt then the nearest she had ever felt to what might be love. But love it wasn't—not as men thought of it. They were beyond that. She had a sensation that they were both growing, growing and growing into the vast unknown future, a sensation of something she almost glimpsed, yet not entirely—almost a reason for the seven years.

"Bryan," she snapped, "get from that house!"

But there was a difference in her voice, perhaps because she knew the man wouldn't go away again, a sort of stubborn, knowing pride—which is the only cockiness of the pioneer.

And the man's eye continued to search the forest—for spruce and pine to build with.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 19)

terest, then Mrs. Keyes' "Capital Kaleidoscope" will entertain and enlighten you likewise. She is sympathetic and frank, and the reader soon learns why Grace Coolidge won all hearts at once, how Eleanor Roosevelt makes people welcome in the White House, and why the Hoovers were considered the coldest people in Washington.

Good observations and good stories—at least one new remark by Calvin Coolidge—fill the book. Herbert Hoover, it seems, wanted to be even more economical than Calvin Coolidge. He sent the Mayflower into drydock and ordered the riding horses, with which Mr. Coolidge had kept fit, to be sent away. Mr. Coolidge was sitting on his porch in Northampton when he heard the news.

"Where have the hosses been sent?" he asked.

"To Fort Myer."

"Will they eat any less hay at Fort Myer than they did at the White House?" he asked.

Now and then Mrs. Keyes allows herself a political remark, but it is invariably based on personality. Thus, in describing Chief Justice Hughes she says: "It seems to me that he is without a peer in every way and I believe coming generations will inevitably feel that one of the major mistakes made by the American people has been in failing to elect him to the presidency." She also describes him as possessing a great fund of humor, and telling side-splitting stories with a grave countenance.

There's a new story typical of Alice Longworth. She and Nicholas Longworth had been married twenty years and she was 41 when her daughter Paulina was born. "I have just called up the Henry Whites," she said, referring to the former ambassador to France and his wife,

both over 80; "I have told them what has happened to me and I have warned them that they had better be careful."

"Capital Kaleidoscope" is being published by Harpers at \$3.50.

ADVERTISING BY AN INSIDER

ADVERTISING must be a subject of perennial interest to many readers of the Elks Magazine. To me it is a great mystery, but Mark O'Dea, in a sprightly book called "A Preface to Advertising," has cleared up a lot of things for me. He writes so clearly that he gives me the impression that I know all about it and he is merely agreeing with me.

His humor is mixed with good counsel. What, he asks, is advertising going to do about the Dionne quintuplets when they begin to speak for themselves? "What if only one really likes Quaker Oats and each of the others prefers her own breakfast food? What if four out of five hate Lysol? What if only one likes Wrigley's? . . . Their future as testifiers is chock full of dangers." Mr. O'Dea says there was only one Jumbo, but with five little Canadian Jumbos, there may be a Dionne rebellion some day five times as resentful as the rebellion against Fauntleroy.

Answering an inquirer who wants to know what is the most effective ad he has ever seen, Mr. O'Dea replies "the three-letter word EAT . . . Surely no ad could be more imperative." It's an eye-catcher, but "it is utterly ineffective in normal food advertising wherein the appetite must be whetted by words and picture." Mr. O'Dea thinks modern department store advertising has much to commend it; it gets action, comes close to the people, and moves goods. Urgency is important; a department store cannot be upstage. Whittlesey House is publishing this book at \$2.



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The Lord of Benin

(Continued from page 7)

his shop with an axe, and cut off his tail. And then, hour on hour, the Lord lay on the hot deck; his lidless eyes still filled with fury and hate, his great jaws opening and closing: for nowhere between the stars and the bottom of the sea is there any creature as tenacious of life, as hard to kill, as is a shark. Not till evening did his jaws cease moving. And then the sailors, with their day's work done, gathered round him to watch his eyes glaze, and drew from his brain their knives. And the mate said, "Throw that devil overboard!"

But, looking at the little apprentice whose face was yet pale from the closeness of his escape, a sea-hardened old sailor replied, "Wait a bit, sir, eh? The kid ought to have something to remember the devil by, don't 'ee think, sir?"

So the old sailor bent above the Lord of Benin and took out his knife and slit the Lord's broad blue back open, and from it cut a six-foot length of ribless backbone. "I'll fix it up nice for ye, sonny, and w'en we gets to port ye can buy me a bottle o' beer," he said to the little apprentice. And while the sun sank low and the sky became tinted with amethyst and ruby, with turquoise and sapphire, he sat on the hatch cutting the flesh from the bone. And when the light had faded and the large stars had wakened, and the lesser were waking, he took a slender straight steel rod and thrust it down inside the Lord's backbone, from end to end, saying, "There's as

fine dandy a shark's backbone walking stick as ever ye'll see, sonny. W'en yer a captain an' go ashore, ye can go wi' it tucked under your arm. An' don't be forgettin' me bottle o' beer, sonny!"

The mate, passing by in the starlight, said again, "Throw that devil overboard!" And the sailors stooped and lifted the dead Lord and tumbled him scornfully over the ship's rail to his blue domain.

Skipjack and albacore, bonito and dolphin, and little fish in swarms, came speeding to feast upon the dead Lord. Over the dark waters, gulls wheeled, screaming. And the Lord's pilot fish scattered to seek a new lord; and his suckers that had fallen from him when they hoisted him from his blue domain sought a new host.

When the ship came to port, the little apprentice boy bought a bottle of beer for the old sailor, in payment for the Lord's backbone. And when he came to his home set amidst cool meadows and shaded by spreading green trees, he went out to the garden with the walking stick under his arm and found his grandmother there. "Here's a curio I brought from the sea for you, granny," said he, "It's a walking stick made from the backbone of a shark that came within an inch of biting me in two and having me for dinner. The sailors said it was the biggest shark they'd ever seen."

"Tall tales! Tall tales! Tall tales!" exclaimed the toothless little old woman, "I've never heard a tale

as tall as yours! You sailors are all alike. I'll bet it's some rubbish you bought for a sixpence, and what rubbish it is I don't know. It looks like bone, but backbone it can't be for it has no ribs and never did have. What did you pay for it and just what is it anyway?"

Laughing, the lad replied, "Rubbish it may be, granny, but it's what I say it is. I did pay for it though. I paid the old sailor who fixed it up for me a bottle of beer. It was all he wanted."

"A lad who'd spend no more than the cost of a bottle of beer on his grandmother—well, he'd deserve to be eaten by a shark," snapped the old woman, and added, "But I'll take it anyway, if only to put you to shame when I repeat your tall tale."

And then, pointing with the white walking stick, the frail little old toothless woman said, "Pick me that rose—and there's the first ripe plum."

And when the apprentice was gone back to his ship for another voyage, the old woman dropped the walking stick in a thick flower bed and left it there, mumbering toothlessly, "The young fibber! But I didn't want to hurt his feelings too much."

And all that was left of the Lord of Benin was his backbone, mouldering in a bed of flowers, and his grisly head with the jaws wide open deep down on the bottom of his blue domain; his seven rows of teeth all fallen out for the tiny creatures that dwell at the sea bottom to play amongst.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 36)

Lodge room. Social activities were many and varied, and included dances, picnics, theatre parties, swimming, concerts and luncheons. An Officers' Banquet was held on Saturday night, May 15, in the banquet room of the Masonic Temple. All visitors were welcome at the Muskogee Country Club and Golf Links from 8 A. M. until noon on Sunday. A concert was given at 2:30 P. M. on Sunday at the Masonic Temple by the Muskogee Elks' Choral Club under the leadership of Gordon Berger. During the afternoon Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell made a splendid address.

Officers for 1937-38 were elected as follows: Pres., W. H. Hills, Enid; 1st Vice-Pres., E. A. Guise, Tulsa; 2nd Vice-Pres., William L. Fogg, El Reno; 3rd Vice-Pres., W. H. Eyer, McAlester; Secy., Fred Bundren,

Enid; Treas., H. A. P. Smith, Shawnee; Trustees: 5 years, C. R. Donley, Woodward; 2 years, Floyd Brown, Blackwell. Next year's convention will take place at Duncan, Okla., May 14-15-16.

All in all the entire three-day meeting was a complete success.

Wyoming

Sunday and Monday, May 16 and 17, were gala days in Greybull, Wyo., for on those dates the Wyoming State Elks Association held its Fourth Annual Reunion with a splendid registration being recorded at the Home of Greybill Lodge, No. 1431. Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Hollis B. Brewer and D.D. Charles L. Carter were among the early arrivals. A total of 65 delegates in attendance from the seven Lodges of

the State was reported. The Association is in a flourishing condition. A caravan pilgrimage was made on Sunday to the Lodge's club rooms at Cody, Wyo., and morning and afternoon business sessions were held on Monday. A fried chicken dinner and a dance at the City Auditorium brought the Convention to a close.

The election of officers for 1937-38 resulted as follows: Pres., R. C. Erlewine, Rock Springs; 1st Vice-Pres. M. J. Knight, Laramie; 2nd Vice-Pres., Harry Yesness, Casper; 3rd Vice-Pres., C. H. Durkee, Greybull; Secy., A. M. Angelovic, Rock Springs; Treas., Hollis B. Brewer, Casper; Trustees: Charles L. Carter, Sheridan, W. W. Durneen and E. S. Vaught, both of Greybull. The strong bid of Rock Springs Lodge, No. 624, made it the winner in the selection of a meeting place for 1938.

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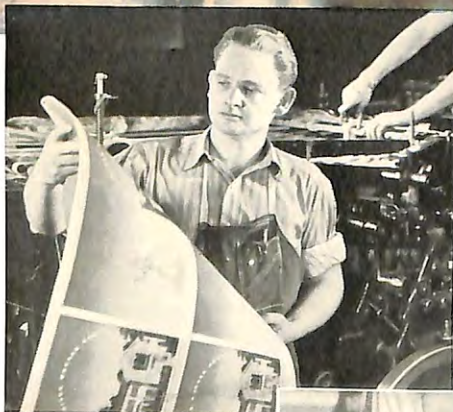
SURE IT IS

—and mighty strenuous too!



"SPORT, even for the fun of it, can be tense and tiring," says Miss Gloria Wheeden, who shows her skill at aquaplaning above and at the left. "Like most of the folks who go in for water sports, I pride myself on my fine physical condition. Yes, I smoke. When I feel a bit let-down, I light up a Camel and get an invigorating 'lift' in energy."

Miss Wheeden's enjoyment of a lift from Camels is shared by famous champions in many sports, and by millions of other men and women in all walks of life. When an active day drains physical and nervous energy, Camels help you renew your flow of vim. And being mild, they never get on your nerves.



"MANY A TIME I've smoked a Camel to get a 'lift,'" says Harry Burmester, printer (left). "With Camels handy, I feel I can take the tough spots right in stride. Camels never tire my taste or irritate my throat—even smoking as much as I do."

1060 PARACHUTE JUMPS—no mishaps! Floyd Stimson (right) started smoking Camels 10 years ago—at the time he made his first parachute jump. "Camels are so mild, I take healthy nerves for granted," says Floyd. "I've found what I want in Camels—mildness and tastiness."



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