

The Elks

Magazine

DECEMBER 1937

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Gillette Aristocrat Package (No. 5) contains new \$4 Gillette Aristocrat one-piece 24 kt. gold-plated razor and shell with 10 Gillette Blades. Also 20 additional blades in special container and a large tube Gillette Brushless Shaving Cream. \$5.00.



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Dealers now have Gillette Gift Sets in gay packages. Make your selections while assortments are complete. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston.

Gillette GIFT SETS

A Yuletide Greeting



Our thoughts turn at this time to a great anniversary in our calendar, the celebration of the birth of a Leader of men, in a lowly stable in the eastern world. The great Teacher brought to a waiting civilization a message of hope, breathing the spirit of the fraternity of man and declaring the doctrine of benevolence to all without distinction as to race, politics or creed.

Two thousand years have passed, but our Order is proud that it is helping to keep that message alive today.

In these times of international unrest, past sacrifices of human lives in the cause of peace seem futile; and, in other lands, new harvests of cannon fodder stand ready for the reaping. When European Democracy, under the driving lash of ambitious dictators, has become but a name, our own country stands more than ever in need of patriotic organizations such as ours. They exemplify the basic principles on which true democracies are founded.

Our full acceptance and discharge of these responsibilities of citizenship can be our greatest Yuletide gift to the Republic of which we are proud to be a part.

May I wish for you from the bottom of my heart the fullness of happiness for this Christmas Season?

I look with confidence to the coming year and to your continued support in making our influence for good felt in every community.

It is in this spirit that I send you this message. Old-time as it may be, it is sanctified by the warmth of custom and blessed with the rich heritage of tradition.

"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you all!"

Chas Spencer Hart

Grand Exalted Ruler.



The Elks Magazine

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

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."—*From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks*

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DECEMBER 1937

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Will find splendid accommodations, hospitality, friendliness and reasonable rates in the Elks Clubs listed here.

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- CALIFORNIA
Bakersfield, No. 266
Grass Valley, No. 538
Los Angeles, No. 99
Pasadena, No. 672
Sacramento, No. 6
San Francisco, No. 5
Santa Ana, No. 794
- CONNECTICUT
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- FLORIDA
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Note to Lodges: If you are not listed above—advise the Elks Magazine and your lodge name will be added in the next issue.



*-this Christmas
you hit it right
on the nose, Dad*

Here's sweet mild
Kentucky Burley... with
a flavor that's different.
Try Velvet... you'll
like it.

*Better
smoking
tobacco*



**HERE'S WHY
you'll like VELVET**

- aged-in-wood
Burley tobacco
- extra good taste
- for pipe or
cigarette

**2 full ounces
in every tin**



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Illustrated by
HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

Tom was riding down the final slopes of the Saddlebacks, a six-foot cedar slung across his shoulder. She watched him as he came, silvery in the moonlight



SHE stood in the doorway of the darkened ranch house, her fingertips gently touching her fear-constricted throat, her darkly thoughtful eyes looking out across the gallery at the moonlight-flooded scene.

Night-hawks were close-herding the cattle, keeping them bunched beside the stream in the widest level spread of grass in the valley. High up on the slopes of Old Stormy, on a level with the parched upper valleys of the Saddlebacks, the orange eye of a campfire blinked and flickered and blinked again. An ominous speck of light among the mountain cedars, like a fallen star glowing redly on Stormy's strong granite shoulder.

Trouble signs. Silent. Always they were silent, with a silence which made them doubly hard to bear. A sense of futile resentment welled within her. Did Tom and those other men consider her a child that she should be unable to read those signs? She, who for ten years had confidently faced the wilderness at Tom's side, sharing his dangers, his triumphs, his defeats—bearing his son?

It had always been thus. Always silence. Always the naïve assumption, common to those stalwart men of the frontiers, that if no word were spoken of approaching danger, the womenfolk would remain happily wrapped in a false sense of security.

She remembered that time ten years ago when they had started out together, heading westward in their new Conestoga wagon from that final outpost of settled civilization, the trading post at San Antonio. Two days later, a wagon had passed them, hurrying eastward. A gnarled, leather-faced old woman had shrieked out some words about Comanches before her husband had clapped his hand over her mouth. Then Tom and

A Christmas Story by Bruce Douglas

the buckskin-clad old timer had withdrawn from the wagons, stood together on a knoll in grave faced conversation.

Tom had returned to the wagon, driven westward again without so much as a word concerning that talk. Three days later—three days of almost unbearable silence on the one subject uppermost in both of their minds—she had lain prone on the bottom of the wagon, methodically loading the long rifles for Tom and receiving the spent and smoking ones from his hands. One horse and six war-painted Comanches lay dead after that fight. She remembered how Tom had exerted all his wilderness skill to round up a half-wild Comanche horse to fill the vacant space at the wagon tongue. And



Noche de Paz

how she had glowed at his praise of her help while the Comanche band was attacking.

But not one word did he ever speak, then or later, concerning those three days of mutual awareness of danger, when she was thrust out of companionship, excluded from his thoughts and decisions.

She smiled, a little bitterly, a little tenderly. These men—strong, confident, reliant, able to breast a hostile wilderness and bend it to their wills—were still children in their simplicity. Acting according to their lights, they strove to shield their womenfolk by silence until the threat of danger became the actuality of danger. And the women unless a woman chose to break the rules and shame her husband, like that

hysterical old harridan of ten years ago, she must make her husband believe that his ruse had succeeded, must pretend ignorance even when all signs were clear and readable.

She sighed, and laid her arm along the cooling whiteness of the thick adobe. From behind her, in the darkness of an inner bedroom, came the soft, sweet voice of the Mexican *nana* lulling little Tommy to sleep with the age-old melody of "Noche de Paz"—the Spanish version of the familiar "Silent Night". Again pain clutched at her throat. Christmas Eve—*Noche de Paz*—Night of Peace Peace—with half the men riding night herd, the rest awake in a lighted bunk house, and a hostile campfire high up on the shoulder

of Old Stormy

Tom was riding down the final slopes of the Saddlebacks, a six-foot cedar slung across his broad shoulders. She watched him as he came, silvery in the moonlight, a silver knight upon a silver charger. Broad shouldered, straight backed, he blended with his horse like a Centaur, his shaggy head held high, surveying like a king this valley which he had named Pleasant Valley because of its ceaseless flow of pure water and its carpet of lush grass. Doubtless he had ridden far to find that green cedar to use as little Tommy's Christmas tree. Most of the trees on the arid mountain slopes were long since brown and tinder-dry, as the interminable drought stretched into its tenth month.

Ten months of drought. Ten endless months without one drop of rain. And still the stream ran cool and sweet in Pleasant Valley, the only living water, now, within a circle of a hundred miles. The air was parched until it nipped and chafed the skin; and the dry warmth persisted unseasonably, even up to this Eve of the Nativity.

As Tom approached, she retreated to the cool inner darkness of the front room, stood silently beside the rough deal table. Just outside the ranch house, Tom drew rein.

"Martha!" he called softly.

At the word, she lighted a taper at the low hearth fire, touched it to the lamp wick, and settled the chimney again into place. She stepped to the door.

"Tommy asleep?"

"Yes, Tom. Bring it in."

He dismounted, trailing his reins in the inch-deep dust. Shifting the cedar to his left shoulder, he mounted to the gallery and entered. He stood the tree in the corner beside the rough stone fireplace and stepped back. He was smiling as he turned toward his wife, tiny crows-foot crinkles deepening at the corners of his gray eyes. He nodded toward the little stocking hanging in front of the fireplace.

"This will be the first Christmas he'll really understand and enjoy. He's just getting to the age—"

Fearful of trusting her expression to his keen gaze, she pretended to see a wisp of smoke in the lamp, leaned over, adjusting the wick. Pain stabbed at her heart like a knife blade. How could he? How could he? Smiling, speaking confidently of tomorrow, of their son's first real Christmas, when all the time he knew that he—that none of them might live to see that tomorrow But the face of ignorance must be kept up, at any cost. She

trailed the tips of her fingers quickly over her eyes, looked up.

"Yes, Tom," she answered, her voice low. "I've been teaching him the story of the Christ Child. And tonight just before he went to bed we sang carols together, he and Panchita and I. Oh, Tom that little, piping voice—"

Her own voice broke. Tom stepped over beside her, laid an arm about her shoulders, stood there for a long moment in silence. He bent over, his lips brushing lightly against her brow. Then he led her out onto the gallery.

Still in silence, they stood there. She drew back, watching him. Standing firmly, feet somewhat apart, he swept the moonlit valley with his gray eyes. A possessive, protective gaze. He was as rooted to this valley he had made his own, as an oak or mountain pine. His roots dug deep down into the soil. She sensed it; and a phrase from the fighting language of the day came into her mind. He covered—so went the strong imagery of the phrase—covered all the ground he walked on.

No word was spoken; but she understood. Presently



In front of a rude table, on which stood a Virgin flanked by saints, José Martinez knelt in prayer. Tom squatted close beside the pallet

he turned back toward the door.

"Come," he commanded. "We must decorate the tree."

While Martha festooned the outer branches with long strings of threaded popcorn, Tom fixed home-dipped candles on the stronger limbs; and on the topmost peak he tied a five-pointed star, whittled from soft willow wood and covered with yellow calico. Then they threw puff-balls of loose cotton over all, the downy stuff clinging like clumps of wet snow. Beneath the tree they set the presents—the hobby horse Tom had fashioned from a gnarled mesquite root, the bean bags, the three pairs of new rompers, the wagon and the wooden gun.

"A few more years, and he'll be having a real one," Tom remarked as he leaned the gun against the fireplace. Martha did not answer, but set about filling the stocking with the small toys, fruit and nuts. When all was finished, she sat down in the rawhide easy chair beside the table.

"Let's light the candles, Tom. Now."

Tom held a taper over the top of the lamp chimney. It smoked blackly for a moment, with a sour, scorching scent, then burst into flame. One by one he lit the candles. Then he stepped back to his wife, stood there

at her side. The yellow candle flames gleamed softly in the green branches, touching up the white of cotton and corn, and the yellow of the tip-top star. Martha's fingers closed over his range-hardened left hand, pulling him down to her. For a moment he resisted; then, suddenly, he was on his knees beside her, his strong arms holding her tight, his lips straining roughly against hers.

Minutes throbbed by to the steady measure of the loud pulse which beat and roared in her ears. Then, breathless, she drew back, held him at arm's length. Her dark eyes held his searchingly.

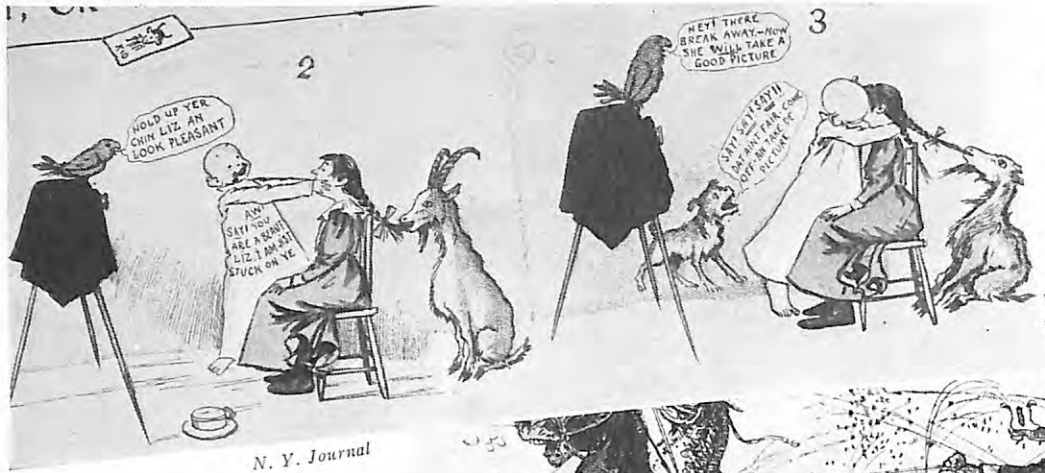
"Oh, Tom, dear Tom! Is there no other way beside—beside fighting? Think of our child, our . . ."

She felt him stiffen and freeze in her arms. He rose, stood towering over her, looking stonily down at her. His gray eyes were Arctic; and when he spoke, never before had she heard that cold, implacable sternness of tone in his voice.

"Martha, you forget yourself. For ten years you have not interfered in man's work and man's decisions. Do not make the mistake of interfering now."

A rumble of hoofbeats in the (*Continued on page 38*)





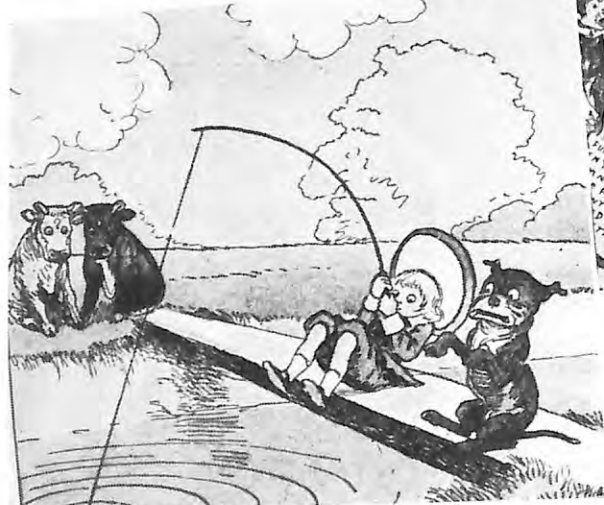
N. Y. Journal

Left: A portion of one of the first comic strips, in which R. F. Outcault pictures "The Yellow Kid" photographing "Liz". Note the conversation of the parrot and the dog. The parrot was a favorite Outcault character

"Buster Brown", below, was so popular he was responsible for the style trend of America's youth at one time, and it was "Buster" who brought the funnies into the parlor



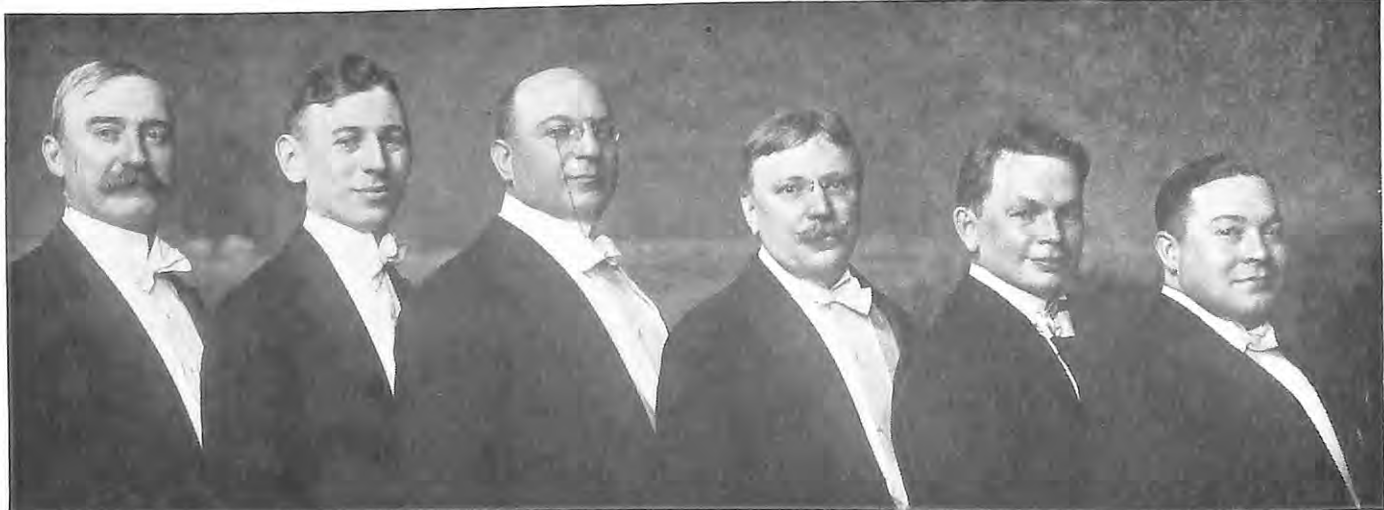
N. Y. World



New York Herald

"The Yellow Kid" as drawn by George B. Luks for the N. Y. World in 1897. This feature was in conflict with Outcault's "Yellow Kid" in the N. Y. Journal

.. gimme the funnies, pop!



All pictures on these two pages from Culver Service
 Above: An early picture of six famous cartoonists. Reading from left to right, Tom Powers, Rube Goldberg, Hy Mayer, R. F. Outcault, Clare Briggs and George McManus

By Philip Harkins

IN the words of the men who sell them, comic strips were created "for children from eight to eighty". Forty-two years ago no one in the United States had ever heard of them. Today, on their forty-second anniversary, they are read by twenty-five million people. And in the future, when the history of our times is written, there will be a chapter on "the funnies", as symbolical a segment of the American scene as Main Street or the Wild West.

How often have you heard someone say, "Well, I read the *Star* because it has Popeye," or "Let's get the *Press* and see what Moon Mullins is doing."

All over this broad country, "children from eight to eighty" are buying papers just because they want to see Harold Teen eat a pecan-walnut-marshmallow sundae, with cherries, or Detective Dick Tracy shoot it out with the racketeers. "Aw, gimme 'the funnies', Pop," is a plaintive cry heard over a million hearths as the children come in from play and find their entertainment in someone's else hands.

Near the middle of the nineteenth century in Germany, an artist by the name of Wilhelm Busch was drawing the adventures of two bad boys called Max and Moritz. Ever hear of them? You have, but you wouldn't recognize them under those names, for today Max and Moritz are Hans and Fritz, the famous Katzenjammer Kids. (Katzenjammer means "hang-over" in German, but although the "Hang-over Kids" would be more appropriate, the German name has stuck and few people out of the millions who read about their devilish antics realize what H. H. Knerr meant by that long German word.)

Towards the turn of the century an American cartoonist, R. F. Outcault, began to draw a strip called "Hogan's Alley". In this strip, which had as its setting the tenement district of a big city, there appeared a lad in a yellow nightgown. In time this kid in the yellow nightgown "stole the strip", much as an actor "steals the show" and Outcault, quick to perceive the public's reaction, dropped the title, "Hogan's Alley", and put in its place "The Yellow Kid".

"The Yellow Kid" was created for those who could understand its leading character, that is, the people who lived in the slums. Later, Outcault, realizing its limitations, produced "Buster Brown", a comic aimed at the great American middle class. It clicked beautifully. In forty-eight States, boys wore "Buster Brown" hats, "Buster Brown" suits, even had "Buster Brown" haircuts. The door to the American home had been opened and Outcault was in the parlor. He became the wedge of an invasion that grew like a carefully nourished weed. In swift succession came "Hawkshaw the Detective", "Foxy Grandpa", and "Angel Child". And behind them followed Frederick Opper's "Happy Hooligan" and Bud Fisher's "Mutt and Jeff".

To be a success a comic strip must have a nationwide appeal. It has to do one of two things: tell a story with action, suspense and human interest like "The Gumps," or simply be funny like Percy Crosby's "Skippy". The popularity of a good comic can be traced to the public's reaction to its principal personality. "Little Orphan Annie" is a character that has crept into the hearts of millions of Americans with "the trials and tribulations of a little waif buffeted by the winds of adversity". Such a flowery phrase synchronizes perfectly with the sentiment of the strip: Annie harassed by racketeers; Annie maltreated by bullying public officials; Annie drinking the buttermilk of human unkindness. And when the little orphan sits in a corner with her faithful dog, Sandy, and shakes her head despondently while the "balloon" above her reads, "Gee, how can people be so mean," fifteen million Americans and a million or so foreigners shake their heads in unison and sigh sympathetically. Is it any wonder that when Harold Gray not only steered

his friend into the blackest of imbroglios, but then contrived to let her lose Sandy, Henry Ford could stand the strain no longer and sent the following wire to the paper, "Please do all you can to help Annie find Sandy. We are all interested."

Naturally, Sandy turned up again. And Annie was rescued from her terrible plight. Then perhaps for two or even three weeks she sailed along serenely, surrounded by friends, "Gee, some people are swell." But then Slam! Bang! along came swarthy men of evil intent and it was, "Gee, how can people be so mean" all over again.

A striking parallel to the "story strip" like "Little Orphan Annie" or "Dick Tracy" was the sensational movie serial that palpitated children's hearts fifteen years ago. One in particular stands out in this writer's imagination. It concerned a girl, a villain and a hero who wore a lion's head. This fantastic creature never failed to rescue the beautiful heroine. If she were pushed off a cliff he would be hanging from a ledge beneath her with open arms. If she were "trapped" in a burning mountain cabin he was always there in an asbestos suit ready for the rescue. Of course, the heroine was always in dire straits as the film came to a close so that the kids would have to go back "next week" to see "the man in lion's head" and finally in the last episode he removed his disguise revealing himself as a handsome young juvenile perfectly

Below (at top): An early strip of Bud Fisher's "Mutt", before Mutt became so chummy with "Jeff". In fact "Jeff" had not yet been invented

Below (at bottom): One of the early scenes from Frederick Burr Opper's "Happy Hooligan". The period can be guessed at from the lady's snappy costume

Courtesy Bell Syndicate



King Features

acceptable to the heroine as a healthy young husband.

In comic strips that tell a story the artist strives for the same kind of effect so cleverly captured by the old movie serial; it's "bring 'em back not necessarily next week, but tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow."

The index to a comic strip's popularity is the length of its list of clients. Syndicates that sell them watch this list carefully. Local papers that buy the strips conduct their own investigations. A comic of questionable "draw" is dropped for a week. If enough readers protest, the strip is reinstated. But if the omission goes unnoticed the strip is abandoned. A paper may send out a questionnaire to its readers, "What is your favorite comic strip?"

King Features Syndicate, the largest organization of its kind, and proud possessors of "Popeye", "Bringing up Father" and "Skippy", often conducts surveys among its carrier boys. With two hundred comics fighting for the reader's favor, competition is tough and strips without good active support from the public soon pass out of the picture.

THE United States has practically a monopoly on two things: 1, the movies, and 2, comic strips. People who contend that human beings are intrinsically the same despite differences in tongue and modes will find a good prop to their argument in the universality of "the funnies". Comic strips are mailed out from New York to thirty different countries. Arriving at their destination they are translated into the native language (I wouldn't like to have that job) and sometimes slightly altered. In China, for instance, George McManus' famous character, "Jiggs", can't sneak out to "Dinty Moore's" for a dish of corned beef and cabbage. As far as the Chinese are concerned, corned beef and cabbage is just so much trash—with or without mustard. So in China "Jiggs" eats rice cakes washed down with a cup of rose-colored tea.

Another amusing aspect of the foreign travels of American comics concerns the new names bestowed on them by conscientious interpreters. For instance, in Finnish, "Mickey Mouse" becomes "Mikki-Hiiri" while the "Katzenjammer Kids" becomes "Kissalan Projat". "Little Annie Rooney" is none other than "Pikku Anni" while "Bringing Up Father" is "Vihtori ja Klaara".

In Danish that intrepid adventurer, "Flash Gordon", is known simply as "Jens Lyn og Dora" while "The Little King" does his stuff under the alias of "Kong Kylie". Down in South America "Skippy" is known as "Cascarrabias", but a character with the romantic name of "Nicodemus O'Malley" is just "Romeo" to the tango dancers.

Comic strips that appear in your Sunday paper are written and drawn eight weeks in advance. Strips that come out every day are done three weeks in advance. Like magazine stories, comics must be planned with due regard to the weather. A strip showing "Smitty" playing football while the weather outside the reader's window suggests baseball, wouldn't do. But there are exceptions to this rule. There is "Flash Gordon" who has been swept off this earth to a new planet where the author can make up his own climate without fear of contradiction, and there is also "Brick Bradford" who has abandoned his earthly heritage for "The Middle of the Earth" where, according to Brick's originators there are just as many schemers and villains as there are on the surface and just twice as many ferocious beasts.

The history of comic strips can be divided into three periods. The first was "the era of humor". Everything was funny, from the "Katzenjammer Kids" to the late Clare Briggs' "When a Feller Needs a Friend". T. A. Dorgan, better known as "Tad", invented new slang by the carload, to the distress of English teachers all over the country. "Boob McNutt" and "Happy Hooligan" would cry "Oof", "Ouch"; the balloons would read "Wham", "Zowie", and "Klunk", and the victim on the receiving end of the rotten tomato would do a neat backward flip in the fourth reel. It seemed



Above: George McManus, the creator of "Jiggs" and "Maggie", with his brain child

Below: Alex Raymond, at work at his popular strip, "Flash Gordon", and "Flash" with the blood-thirsty princess with whom he has been dallying. They are riding mysterious sea monsters through a watery world





Above: H. H. Knerr, who draws the "Katzenjammer Kids," and his mischievous inventions being suppressed in an entirely typical fashion

One of the most popular of all comic strip characters is "Skippy", shown below with his creator, Percy Crosby. "Skippy's" life is one long complication

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that within two decades the comics had reached their peak, had done everything within their compass. But there were other potentialities yet to be exploited.

The present publisher of the rich and powerful *New York Daily News* is Captain J. Medill Patterson. Captain Patterson's mother had the habit of calling people "gumps" just as one might call them "goons" or "lugs." "So-and-so", she would say, "is a 'gump'." It sounded like a good name to Patterson and one morning he called in staff artist Sidney Smith to go to work on the name and figure out a comic strip.

Smith sat down, drew a circle and started to sketch a typical fat-faced comedian. Then it suddenly occurred to him to drop off the chin. Thus was Andy Gump brought into the world and today Andy Gump still lives and Sidney Smith is dead.

"The Gumps" was the dawn of a new era in comic strips. Instead of concentrating on humor—Wham, Zowie and Klunk—Sidney Smith concentrated on a story. The result was almost unbelievable. "The Gumps" swept the country before them. It was a landslide and it carried Sidney Smith to the top rung of the comic strip ladder.

Indirectly "The Gumps" were responsible for the radio launching of "Amos and Andy". WGN, the *Chicago-Tribune* station, wanted to put the strip on the air. But Arthur Crawford, head of the syndicate, demurred and someone suggested that two blackface comedians take the place of Andy, Min and Uncle Bim. The black face comedians went on the air as "Sam and Henry". And today they are still going strong as "Amos and Andy".

SIDNEY SMITH was just as interesting a phenomenon as the comic strip he created. Even cartoonists who disliked him personally admitted that he was the best in his field. With an economy of lines he could express a quantity of character, but like many others who made fabulous salaries without fabulous effort (at one time Smith made \$165,000 a year) he was naive in his views on life in general. Not long before his death he bought a farm near Lake Geneva in New York State. In the old farm house he discovered a book called "Good Breeding and Culture".

"You know," he said to a friend, "this book says people don't like other people who talk about themselves. And they don't like people who want to fight." (Although he was built like Jack Dempsey, Smith did little fighting but he never hesitated to offer to sock somebody if he believed it necessary or advisable.)

"So the other day," Smith continued, "I went down to the Athletic Club and bumped into Joe. We had a couple of drinks and all we did was argue all the time. So the next morning I went back to the club, remembering what the book had said, and I went up to Joe and put my arm around his shoulder and said, 'Joe, I was thinking last night what a swell guy you are. And I've always thought so.' He looked at me and said, 'Sid, that's exactly what I think of you.' You see, the book was right."

When Smith was killed in an automobile accident at the age of fifty-seven the owners of his comic strip asked the millions of Andy Gump followers if they would like to have "The Gumps" continued. The answer was overwhelmingly "yes" and so "The Gumps" go marching on today, drawn by Gus Edson and supervised by J. M. Patterson.

In ten years, three different people have claimed to be the original Andy Gump. One of them, a shrewd lawyer named Sebring, sued the syndicate for criminal libel. He lost out in the end, but before he got through suing it had cost the syndicate \$87,000 in lawyers' fees. The latest pretender to the throne of Andy Gump I is forty-seven-year-old Andy Wheat who claims that when a tooth infection caused the removal of his entire jaw, dentist Thomas Smith introduced him to Sidney "who saw in him an ideal comic character". The syndicate claims that Wheat is wrong and is ready for the third time to prove that there is no such animal as a mortal Andy Gump.

(Continued on page 45)

ON a Friday afternoon in late May, the snapper schooner, *Hannah Lee*, out of Panama City, was rolling under the lash of a nor'easter with twelve thousand pounds of iced snapper and grouper in her hold. Sixty fathoms below her was that dream of all snapper fishermen, a "gully" in the coral sea bottom where there is no waiting between bites. All nine members of the *Hannah Lee's* crew, including her skipper, were struggling at the rails, baiting and fighting the long hand lines in an effort to add a few more thousand pounds to the catch.

Snapper fishing is grueling, back-breaking toil. It means torn hands and aching muscles to haul up fish from a three-hundred-foot depth. Red snapper can put blisters under a man's gloves; a grouper gives up the battle only when he is dead, and a big one can fill a barrel. And when the boat is on the banks and the fish are coming over the sides, the work lasts from dawn until the complete exhaustion of dark. As long as the deck is steady enough for a man to keep his feet, there is no stopping for food or rest. The men, even the skipper who always fishes with them, work on shares. Every extra pound down the hatch means extra money in a man's pocket.

There is no stopping—unless someone's line scrapes a lucky spot and the hook comes up with a cluster of spiny oysters. But that hardly happens once in a lifetime.

It happened to McGowan, the *Hannah Lee's* captain, an hour before sundown that Friday afternoon.

A fish snarled his line on the bottom growth. He pulled it in, cursing the dead weight of ferns and coral fingers about which it was tangled. But as the mass fell on deck he dropped eagerly beside it, prying at something with his knife.

Young Winters, the lean, blond giant who was second in command, saw what it was. As if the news had been telepathic, the other men turned, stared, and momentarily stopped fishing. McGowan's knife was probing through a half-dozen oysters nestled in the coral.

Not dull shoal-water food oysters, these. Large, spiny, brown shells, translucent and paper-thin. In the evening sunlight their inner surfaces glowed with a peacock's coloring.

"Any luck?" asked Winters.

McGowan did not answer. He stood up, running his tongue over salt-caked lips, shaggy brows pulled down until his narrow eyes were slits of cold blue rimmed with red. Something glowed between his shaking fingers. Something the size of his thumbnail, round and delicately rose-pink.

Winters swallowed with a sharp pang of envy. Just like old McGowan, who didn't need the money, to make a find like this! Luck seemed to follow scoundrels; it had always been with McGowan. Winters thought bitterly of last September's hurricane that had smashed his own boat on a reef and reduced him to the uncertain lot of a share fisherman. The bankers had taken what insurance there was. McGowan had come through that blow with twenty thousand pounds of meat in the hold and a top market waiting.

The crew pressed about McGowan, ogling. "Mira!" breathed the Cuban, Lastaria. "She is one beeg pearl! She breeng seex, mebbe eight t'ousand!"

McGowan mumbled something and swept them away with a movement of his big arm. He transferred the bauble to his wallet, and carefully buttoned the wallet in his hip pocket. Winters followed each motion with his eyes. Seven other pairs of eyes did the same, some thoughtful, some calculating and rebellious, all envious and filled with veiled excitement. Winters sighed, shrugged, and spun back to his line. "Let's get to work," he growled.

The throng broke, spread out along the bulwarks without a word and began fishing again. McGowan picked up one end of his line, dropped it, and remained where he was, one hand steadying his gaunt frame against the after deck house, the other touching his buttoned pocket where he had placed the wallet.

The wind swung a quarter around the compass, its thrust increasing. The *Hannah Lee's* deck became more unsteady.



By Alexander Key

Illustrated by
Courtney Allen

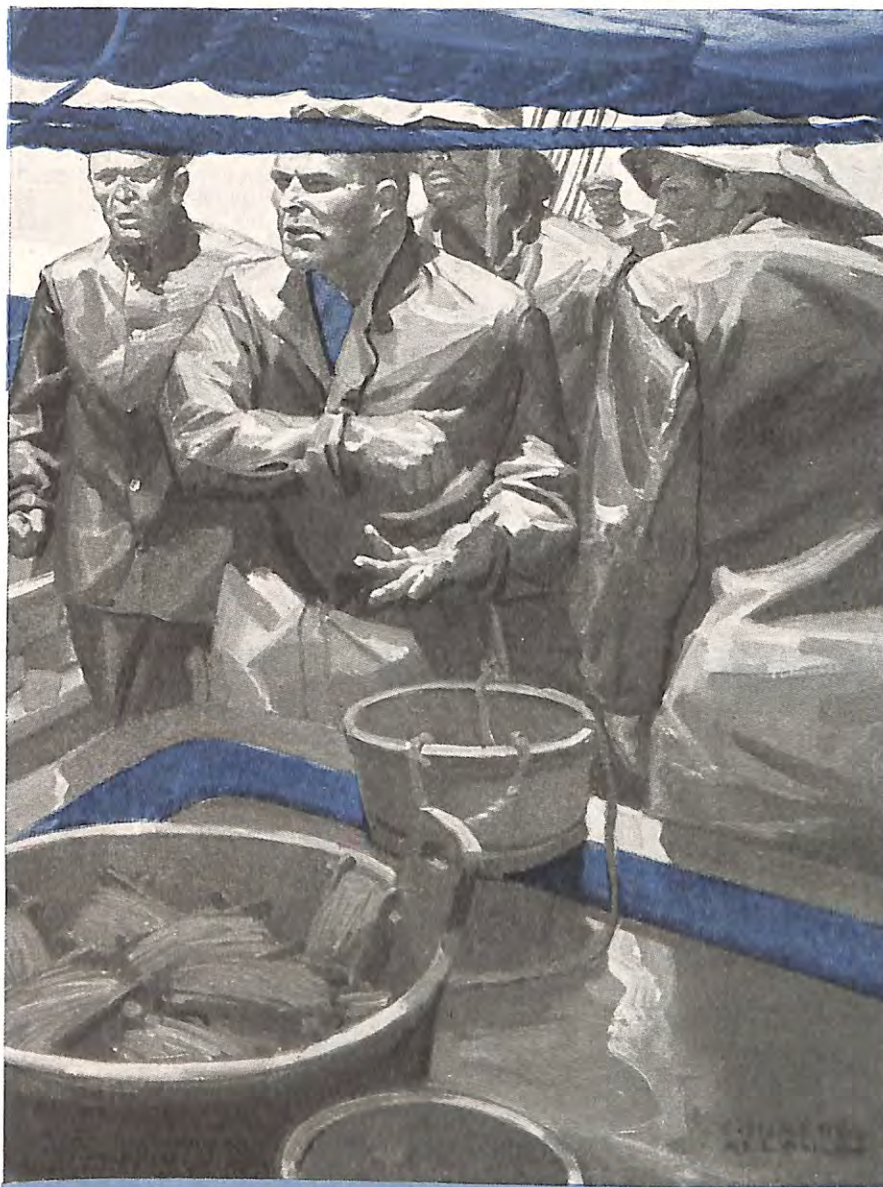
McGowan appeared to study the weather, then glanced at Winters. "She's makin' up," he said abruptly. "We better git under way for home."

Winters shook his blond head. He gaffed a twenty-pound grouper and heaved it into the fish hatch. "We're haulin' in meat," he bit out. "Ought to fish as long as we can hold the deck."

"We're goin' back," McGowan rasped with finality. "Stow your lines!" he bawled suddenly above the wind. "For'ard, Sammy, Kolnos. Stand by the lifts. Give 'em a hand, Jim. Git some more canvas on 'er."

Lastaria's voice rose in protest. "We no stop now, Cap'n! *Mil diablos!* The feesh, dey come plenty!"

Kolnos, the Greek, dropped the cut bait bucket and weaved to the deck house. "What for you quit now? The hatch, she ain't fill yet. You crazy!"



EIGHT MEN IN A BOAT

"Ye hyeared me!" rasped McGowan. "Stow your lines!" McGowan did not care for Greeks. It was said that he had knocked one overboard in a fight, and that the man drowned.

Kolnos spat. He was small, but he had been a diver on a sponger. Divers come hard. "Bah! You find dat damn pearl; you go plum' crazy. We need feesh! We gonna stay an' catch feesh!"

McGowan's big knuckles cracked against his jaw. Kolnos spun backward. The schooner rolled through a swell and Kolnos slid half the length of the deck before he got to his feet. Murder flared in his eyes.

Winters saw his face, saw his hand going to the fish knife in his belt. He hurried beside him. "Easy, Pete," he whispered. "I know the guy's nuts over what he found, but he's still skipper. We've got a

Kolnos, the Greek, dropped the cut bait bucket and weaved to the deck house. "What for you quit now? The hatch, she ain't filled yet. You crazy?"

fair haul, so let's call it a trip."

"Okay, Jeem, okay. But he hit me."

"Forget it," snapped Winters. There was no more trouble. The *Hannah Lee* put about in a half gale, every scrap of canvas she could carry taut as a drum top, and drove for home. She was an old boat, badly in need of a calking. Winters frowned at the load of sail that made her poles creak. "You better let me take a reef in the main," he said to McGowan. "Come on more wind to-night an' you'll open a seam."

"Who the hell do ye think ye are?" barked McGowan. "We're goin' home, mister." He ran his tongue over his lips and touched his hip pocket again. Finally he moved to the deck house leaning against the boat lashed there as if to prevent anyone from approaching behind him.

Winters shrugged. McGowan could buy two schooners with what he had in his pocket. And he wanted to make shore with it before anything happened. There were too many eyes on that pocket.

IT happened an hour later. The *Hannah Lee* was smashing through the crests on a broad reach, starboard rail down and half under when she drove head-on into a derelict cypress log. The log was as long as the *Hannah Lee* and as big around as a hoghead. The impact of it knocked every man on deck flat, and it ripped off three strakes below the waterline.

Winters found his flashlight, took one look down the forward hatch, and raced aft for the *Hannah Lee's* boat. Other men pressed about him, cursing and tugging at the lashings. They got the boat free, slid it over the lee rail, and were crawling into it when Winters missed McGowan.

Winters turned, flashing his light over the deck. He found McGowan huddled at the wheel, the handle of a fish knife sticking out of his back. The flap of his hip pocket was unbuttoned and the wallet was gone.

The *Hannah Lee* shuddered drunkenly. Winters hurried back, leaped into the boat's sternsheets and seized an oar. He barked orders and pushed away. The boat slipped down a

swell, took in water, righted, and left the schooner behind. He glanced back once and saw her sails slatting against the starlight. When he looked again she was gone. He shook his head dazedly and kicked off his boots.

For a long time they rowed doggedly, fighting to keep the wind aft, Winters straining at the stern oar while the odd man in the bow plied the bailing bucket with each downward surge. The seas smashed into them, rolled over them and all but swamped them; and then the wind lessened and the spume no longer stung their faces. A great, red moon rose behind a veil of purple mist. The boat slid with an easier motion down the long swells and the men hung on their oars, slumped in exhaustion.

Winters straightened, stretching his tired back muscles. Holding the stern oar under one arm, he

slowly played his light over the seven men facing him. They stirred, silent, grim, furtive. No one met his eyes. No one mentioned McGowan.

Directly in front of him, drenched clothing clinging to lean sinews, were Peter Kolnos and the Negro cook, Sammy Bell. Amidships were the two Swedes, Linder and bald Olmsted. The swarthy little Lastaria sat on the forward seat with a lantern-jawed, weather-beaten Cracker named Jackson. Crunched in the bow was the hulking, naked form of Wollenberg, poorest fisherman in the lot and the best hand with sail. He must have been in his bunk when the crash came; strange that he should be first in the boat.

"Ship your oars a minute," ordered Winters. "Now, show me your knives."

They straightened, suddenly tense. "What for you wanna see our knives?" growled Peter Kolnos.

"You know damned well why," snapped Winters. "Come on, out with 'em!"

Linder spat a stream of tobacco juice between Kolnos and the Negro. He was a sullen, narrow-faced fellow with a scar creasing one cheek. "You go to hell," he snarled.

"Any more of that," said Winters, "an' you'll not be able to spit. Let's see your knives." He played his light over the men.

Kolnos shrugged and pulled his fish knife from his belt. The others grudgingly did the same. Only the naked Wollenberg had no weapon, but that was to be expected.

Winters nodded, puzzled. "All right. Drop 'em overboard."

They refused. Peter Kolnos shook his head, pinched jaws hard as flint. "I know why you wanna see our knife. But, mister, I keep my knife. We gotta eighty, ninety miles to go, mister, an' we gonna be in dis boat one damn long time. I'm-a gonna need dis knife. I no gotta dat pearl, mister. You search me!"

"I didn't say anything about a pearl," Winters answered evenly. "You seem to know plenty."

"I don' know nothin'. You boss; I do all you say — but I'm-a gonna keep my knife."

The little Greek was adamant, and he set the example for the others. They kept their knives. Winters leaned wearily back on his oar. He had a fondness for Kolnos, and he couldn't whip the lot of them—not yet.

"Okay, Pete. Maybe

you haven't got that pearl. But somebody has it—an' I think you all know who it is. If you're smart you'll come out with it now and save yourselves a lot of grief. How about it?"

No one answered. Kolnos looked at the black, bullet-headed Sammy Bell, then at the men behind him. Sammy half turned, long ebony fingers twitching nervously. The two Swedes sat morose and silent, Linder's hand on the handle of his knife. The lantern-jawed Jackson stared at his seat-mate, Lastaria, and gripped his oar tightly. The big naked Wollenberg, alone in the prow, grinned.

"Jim," he spoke gutterally, "you know I couldn't-a had nothin' to do with it. Sure, I know what happened. I seen 'im. I was down in my bunk an' I heard 'im yell just before we hit the log. But when I lit on deck there wasn't nobody near 'im."

He paused, held up his hands. "You don't have to search me. I ain't got no place to hid nothin', an' I ain't sittin' on nothin'. You can look an' see. All right, now, here's what I'm gittin' at: I'd like to put my hands in a few pockets here—an' I'd like to start on this guy, Linder."

"Damn you!" snarled Linder. "I ain't got nothin'!



Wollenberg bounded upright with an oar in his hand. "Damn you!" he roared. "I've had enough of back talk. An' I think you're the guy what's hidin' the pearl."

Nobody's searchin' me, either." He half stood up, locking his feet about the thwart and swaying with the sliding movement of the boat. "I'll show you, you bunch o' dirty scum!"—and with the flashlight playing on him he began jerking his soggy pockets inside out. A pipe, tobacco, matches, a grimy handkerchief fell to the bottom. He emptied every pocket. He was lightly clothed, and like all the others, he was barefooted.

Wollenberg picked up the tobacco tin, examined it and dropped it. "You could have swallowed it," he taunted.

"Yeah, I could have swallowed it!" raged Linder, whirling on him with his knife. "An' I could of choked, too! I seen how big it was!"

"Sit down!" Winters roared at him. "Put that knife away or I'll knock your fool head in." He held the steering oar poised. Linder sat down.

"How 'bout the rest o' you?" Winters said. "You want to search each other an' get it over with?"

"Yah, yah, I tank dot goot idea," muttered Olmsted, who had been born in the old country. "But I ain't got dot pearl, see?" He followed Linder's example while the others watched. "Dot pearl, you von't find him on nobody. Swallowed, mebbe; mebbe somewhere



on boat. I don't know. I don't care. I vant nodding to do vid it."

Winters believed him. That left only four men to deal with. The four followed the lead of Linder and Olmsted. Their pockets disclosed no trace of pearl or wallet. Nor was it possible for anything to have escaped unseen, or for anything to be hidden during the search. The moon was up now, almost as bright as day. Every eye watched every movement, hopefully, it seemed—almost greedily. No one had McGowan's pearl.

Winters felt Wollenberg staring at him. "All right, mister," said the naked man. "We're all wondering about *your* pockets now."

Winters bit back his anger and showed them what his clothing held. Finally he opened the little locker in the stern and rummaged through it. Kolnos and the Negro leaned over, seeing that nothing was missed. The locker contained only a coil of rope, a cup and a rusty tin filled with mouldy biscuits.

"That settles it," Winters snapped. "The pearl's gone, and I'm glad of it. Pete, you and Sammy set the pace. Take it easy. Wollenberg, spell out Linder awhile."

"I don't want that damn louse sittin' back o' me," growled Wollenberg.

"You heard me. I'll watch Linder. I'll watch you all. Get busy."

The boat began to move forward slowly. Winters laid his course by the stars. With the wind due east now, their best chance would be one of the upper coast towns. Cedar Keys was a bit nearer, but with the Trades almost constant in this section, there was no possibility of making it against the wind.

Winters settled back on the rudder oar, keeping the wind over his left shoulder. He was deathly tired, and his leg and back muscles ached from the strain of five days toil while the *Hannah Lee* rode the banks. He wanted to stretch out and sleep but he did not dare. Anything might happen while he was asleep. One of these men had put a knife in McGowan. And somewhere on the boat, he was sure, was McGowan's pearl.

At first he had been relieved when the pearl was not found. Now, though, the very mystery of its absence filled him with uneasiness. He tried to tell himself that it had been swallowed or been lost overboard—but his instinct refused to accept either explanation. The pearl was here, the men knew it was here, and their stealthy, probing glances warned him that more trouble was coming.

The moon rode down into the western mist and the night darkened. The men rested, changed places, rowed awhile, and rested again. The boat was small and there was just room enough in the bow for one man to lie there in a cramped position, shoulders wedged in the stem and feet thrust under the forward thwart. Linder gave up his place there for Olmsted. Olmsted relinquished it for Jackson. Before the wind died altogether and the night turned pitch black, Lastaria had taken Jackson's place.

Winters tried to keep his senses alert during the blackness. He succeeded for awhile, then dozed off without knowing it.

He awoke suddenly, thinking he had heard something. Dawn was breaking. The men were sitting tense, startled, searching each other's faces. Winters jerked up stiffly, staring. He saw only six men in front of him.

Jackson was not in the boat.

Winters' lean jaws closed with an audible click. Abruptly he lashed out at them in cold anger. "So you got him, too, eh? He was no good like the rest o' you, but somebody's goin' to burn for it! Come on—who did it? Was it just one of you—or did you all have a hand in it?"

Wollenberg bounded upright with an oar in his hand. "Damn you!" he roared. "I've had enough of your back talk. An' I think you're the guy what's hidin' the pearl." "Sit down!" barked Winters.

They eyed each other for long seconds, the naked man and the blond giant who (Continued on page 41)

LET'S MAKE DEATH TAKE A HOLIDAY

by Charles Spencer Hart

AVIATORS rain bombs on a war-ridden city, killing hundreds of innocent citizens and more hundreds of fighting men . . . gangsters mow down other gangsters, sometimes recklessly slay women and children with their machine guns . . . flood waters spread over the land, leaving death and destruction in their wake. . . .

Newspapers shriek of death in a variety of dramatic, shocking guises, as we watch our leaders struggle for world peace, and follow the scientists striving to minimize natural disasters.

All too apathetically, and too often, we isolate ourselves in little worlds bounded by motives of self-interest, and forget, or fail to realize, that some of the suffering in the world may be laid on our own door-steps.

As a matter of cold fact, we, the rank and file of Americans, are largely responsible—and directly so—for more bloodshed than the goriest warlords! We cause death without a motive, and through simple thoughtlessness! And we spare neither the young nor the old!

Let me hasten to point out a few amazing facts bearing on the situation.

Upward of 1,500 Elks were killed by automobiles last year alone, which was more than the total number of Elks killed in the World War.

Since the close of the World War motor cars have accounted for some 450,000 deaths, or about nine times the number of our men killed in that futile fight for democracy, and nearly twice as many as we lost in all the wars in which the United States has engaged.

Moreover, there were more than 1,000,000 injured on the highway last year, and such accidents caused property destruction amounting to \$1,250,000,000—enough money to balance the budget, and then some!

The actuary statistics indicating the likelihood of mishap are not comforting, either. Two out of three children probably will be in an automobile accident before they die; practically every 16 year-old can count upon being in one, and one in twenty mature persons may expect to be in a traffic accident within five years.

It should become obvious at once that the only reason a Hindenburg explosion, a hurricane, a Morro Castle disaster so startles our emotions is because of the number of persons who meet death at the same time in such tragedies.

The school boy killed by a hit-and-run driver, the party of youths who smash through a bridge railing after a gay night in some roadhouse, the man who crashes through his windshield in a head-on collision, and the thousand and one other victims of traffic neglect have their names added to a far more terrible roster of death in the long run.

What can be done about it?

Plenty!

As a concrete example, consider what has been accomplished in the city of Miami, Florida, which I visited recently.

A city with a population that jumps from 140,000 in the summer to approximately 3,000,000 in the winter, Miami is faced with extraordinarily knotty traffic problems for at least six months of the year.

Automobiles from every nook and cranny of North America—many from Mexico and Canada as well as the forty-eight States—thread their way up and down the palm-shaded boulevards and bayfront of the resort metropolis. Daily throughout the season there is the additionally difficult problem of concentration of traffic, since thousands of visitors follow the same routine—

the beaches in the morning, the race tracks in the afternoon, the dog tracks, theatres and night clubs at night.

Drivers used to the traffic perplexities of New York, Chicago and other big cities find themselves hub-to-hub with farmers away from lonely dirt roads for the first time.

Yet, with thousands of automobiles swarming to the beaches at the same hour in the morning, to Hialeah Park race track in the afternoon and to the dog tracks and the theatres at night, Miami was one of ten cities registering a reduction in the accident rate during the



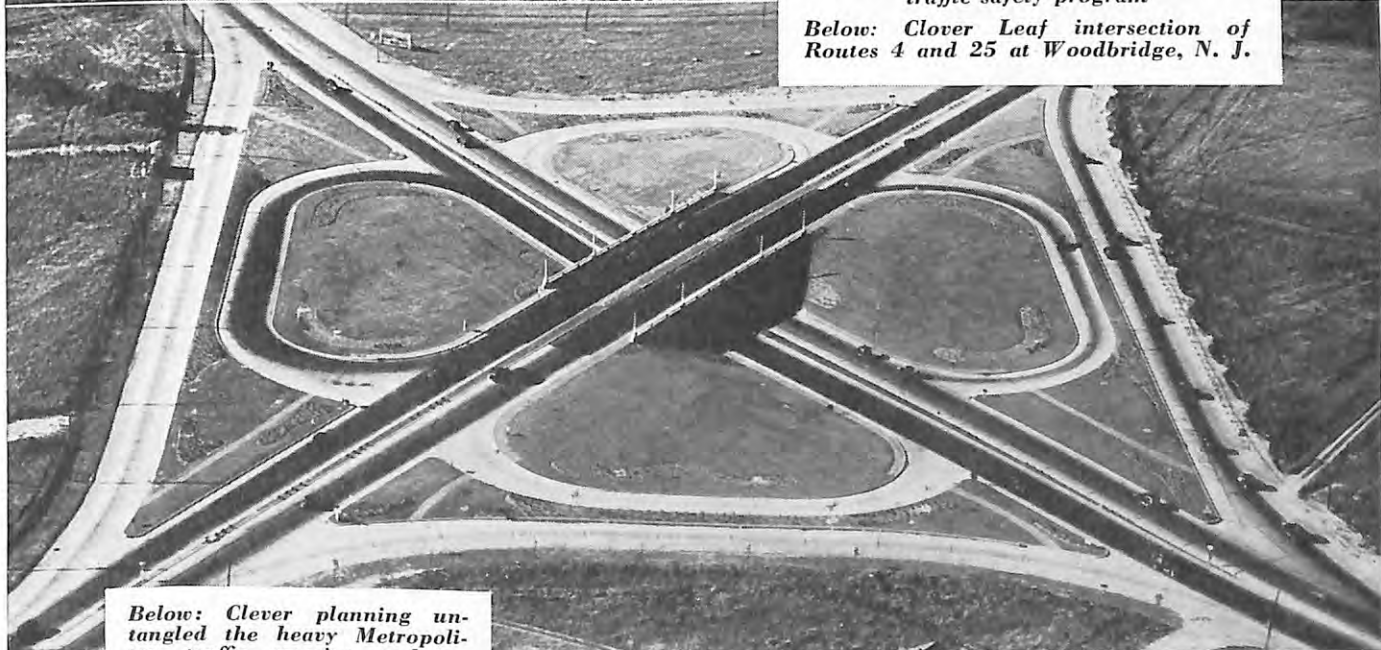
*Lieutenant Daniel C. Reynolds,
director of Miami's unique Ac-
cident Prevention Bureau.
An orderly flow of cars on the
Grand Central Parkway.*



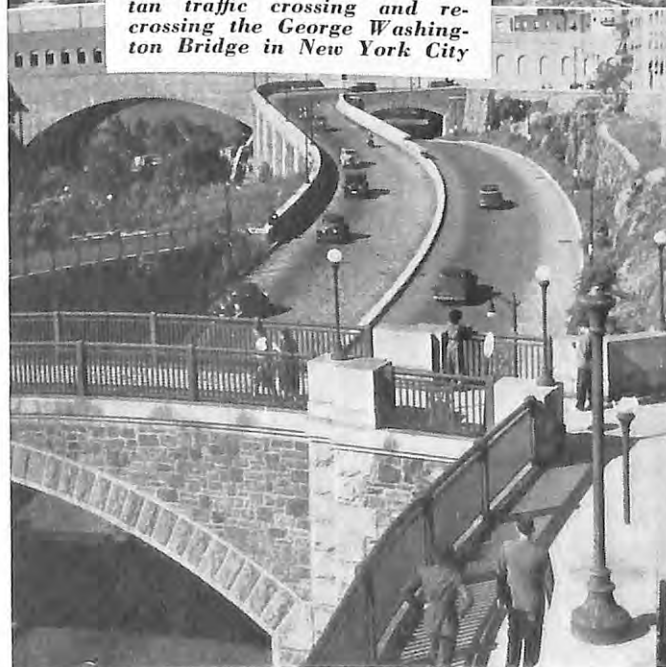


Cars move smoothly up and down the broad thoroughfares of Miami without the least confusion, due to a sound traffic safety program

Below: Clover Leaf intersection of Routes 4 and 25 at Woodbridge, N. J.



Below: Clever planning untangled the heavy Metropolitan traffic crossing and re-crossing the George Washington Bridge in New York City



first six months of the year—in the face of an 11 percent increase for the nation at large.

Those six months were a period of experimentation in the capital of America's Riviera. The results, carefully analyzed since then, have persuaded the city's traffic experts they now hold the right solution to the problem of playing host to thousands of motorists annually.

Awake to the fact that Miami has a definite responsibility toward its millions of visitors in the matter of safeguarding them from accidents as well as providing for their amusement and entertainment, Mayor Robert R. Williams and members of the Miami City Commission made a careful study of accident records over a period of months, consulted traffic experts and then with the help of the Miami Police Department worked out a program that already has been demonstrated as workable in reducing the accident and injury rate.

An "Accident Prevention Bureau" was set up as a branch of the Miami Police Department. At its head was placed red-headed, studious Lieutenant Daniel C. Reynolds. He was among seven who won a year's scholarship to the Traffic Safety Institute of Northwestern University, Evanston, (Continued on page 44)



Left: The stern, uncompromising figure of Gary Cooper as he appears in United Artists' outstanding production of the year, "The Adventures of Marco Polo". Mr. Cooper is supported by Sigrid Urie and by Ernest Truex (who also appears at left). "Marco Polo" promises to be one of the most successful films of the year, with plenty of color, action, adventure and the usual glamor which Mr. Cooper seems to carry around with him in such large quantities

Below are the featured players in Sam Goldwyn's "The Hurricane", Dorothy Lamour and Jon Hall. "The Hurricane" is a film in which, like "San Francisco", the story is subordinated to a cosmic catastrophe. Hall, a Polynesian, is unjustly jailed in Tahiti, and with each attempt to escape from prison is given a longer sentence. Finally, during one escape, the pleasant Polynesian island is reduced to a shambles by the elements and his problem is solved. The smashing excitement of the storm, however, blinding, deafening and terrifying, is the film's real message, dwarfing an idyllic love story



SHOW-
business

George M. Cohan (as President Roosevelt) with the juvenile leads in "I'd Rather Be Right", New York's current musical hit. The authors have a corking idea in lampooning the President and his Cabinet. This is the only country in the world where they could get away with it. As a play, "I'd Rather Be Right" is only a good-natured starring vehicle for Mr. Cohan, which is, perhaps, enough, for Mr. Cohan is America's No. 1 entertainer

Right, as Jupiter and Alcmena, in the Theatre Guild's "Amphytrion 38", are Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, once more up to bawdy doings. This time they take the gods for a ride in their deft, sophisticated manner, in a Greek comedy which serves to increase their stature as the theatre's gayest acting couple. Mr. Lunt, as Jupiter, is endlessly delightful and Miss Fontanne is the only woman in history who could end up having the best of the king of the gods



Below: A still from Grace Moore's new picture, "I'll Take Romance", in which Stuart Irwin is shown greeting Miss Moore with his customary poise. "I'll Take Romance" gives Miss Moore a chance to trill many a familiar aria in her always lovely voice



Above: Fred Astaire forsakes Ginger Rogers in his latest film, "Damsel in Distress", and instead teams up with Gracie Allen and George Burns, shown with him. Mr. Astaire leaps about nimbly, exhibiting his terpsichorean charms in an agreeable manner, and the Burns and Allen combine lend immeasurable, if idiotic, assistance to a light, pleasant and amusing movie. Gracie nearly steals the show from the boys

Above, center: Erno Rapee, the noted symphony conductor who is a fixture at the Radio City Music Hall, pictured rehearsing the Music Hall orchestra. Mr. Rapee is frequently heard on the radio.

Above: Constance Cummings returns to the New York stage in "Madame Bovary", a play adapted from the famous Flaubert novel. It is Miss Cummings' first serious starring role

Over the Hill

By Fergus Ferguson

THE news of William Atherton made Morse a little sick, though he faced it with a brusque expressionlessness which his fellow members of the Footlights Club knew very well. They were feeling a little sick themselves, shocked, but there was nothing they could do. They couldn't understand it for it had been a saying along Broadway that Atherton was one of the few actors who had had sense enough not to squander his huge earnings. But there were the facts, the paragraph in the evening paper—Atherton, penniless, had entered the Home for Veteran Actors.

Morse, lunching in the tap room with a group of actors, managers, agents and playwrights, found himself suddenly unable to eat. The man across from him said, "It's too bad, it's tough, but then the Home isn't really charity." But whatever words they used they couldn't deceive themselves, they couldn't cover it up, they all knew the new Home was charity. It was the end of the road; it was the green meadow into which thoroughbreds are turned when their last race has been run; it was Broadway's equivalent for Over the Hill to the Poorhouse.

And none of them, least of all Morse, could be expected to take that calmly. He was years younger than Atherton, but he had been in his cast once, when he was just beginning, and he had always worshipped the great Shakespearean actor. That Atherton had ended in this manner was, in its unspeakable way, a joke on all endeavor. It reduced all effort to futility.

Morse rose. He didn't want the others to see his face. He wasn't remembering Atherton in this moment as an old man, ill at ease in a club of younger men, more than a little tiresome to them all like something out of history. He looked back across the years to himself as a small boy adoring in a gallery while greatness moved across a stage, holding an audience in the hollow of its hand, making it laugh, making it cry, teaching it something of despair and of rising above despair, showing it glory. And now glory had departed from the earth. That was why Morse's eyes were smarting though he said casually, "I think I'll run up to see him."

NO one said anything to that. They watched him go. They knew he dreaded it as they all would dread such a visit. So they were quiet as Morse found his hat and went out into the street. Snow was falling on Forty-third Street. It had been falling all day and was still white, but to Morse it looked soiled. Everything seemed soiled as he drove uptown and stopped before the Home. He had pictured the building as something bleak, antagonistic, invented especially to keep youth and success out and age in. And he felt all at sea when he found himself in a room lucid and lovely with flowers on low tables, a carpet thick under his feet and a sense of homecoming everywhere. At the other end of the room before a fire, in a scene like a party, a group of men and women were talking and laughing over coffee. Laughter! It flowed gently towards him like bright light and Morse certainly, in that place, had not ex-



Illustrated by
Vincentini

pected, of all things, to find laughter.

Atherton detached himself from the group and met his visitor, holding out his beautiful old hand. "Morse!" he said, "Delighted to see you. Do join us over coffee." Morse had feared that he would find the other embarrassed, humbled, and he had felt gauche in coming and yet he had had to come. But here was Atherton, his face carved and graved in structure, but alive and animated with talk as the younger man had never seen it; glad to see Morse, but not overglad, a man receiving a welcome guest at his own fireside. Tall, distinguished, gracious, he introduced his visitor. Morse slid his eyes at him to make sure that they were not deceived, nor his ears. There was something so gay about Atherton, something so active and alive, ample-minded and established. Morse was baffled. Here was not the great old man of the Footlights Club, cut off from others by age, but a person in his own element, among equals.

THE bright fire burned in the great fireplace and gradually Morse began to feel himself not Morse, the famous Hollywood star, but an embarrassed boy, a little out of place. He, as Atherton had been in the Club, was now, indefinitely, an outsider. These old actors all knew each other so well, joking together, calling each other by nicknames, interested in Morse, but not vitally interested, only hospitably courteous. Their talk was all of the theatre. Of the old days, but still of the theatre. The tip of the long magnetic wave of the stage still touched here beyond question. These were not



outcasts, not driftwood cast up, but spinners and sitters in the sun, taking their ease, the day's work over.

It was incomprehensible to Morse but he felt better and the last of his delusions about Atherton's unhappiness came down with a crash. He left, shortly, for they didn't need him, Atherton didn't need him, no more than the club had needed Atherton. It was good, these faces seemed to say, to be old, to be together, good no longer to strive against the young. Morse, considering the matter very gravely as he settled himself in his cab, felt somehow that he had that afternoon been in the midst of certainty, in the heart of peace where people at last were whole and were free. He didn't understand it, he was too young to understand it, but he knew it was so, and that, in some way, his concern for his hero had been a little irrational.

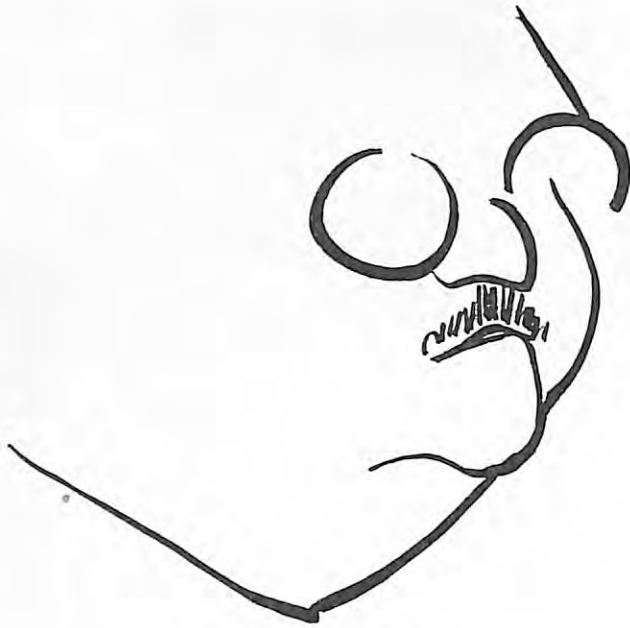
Atherton, standing on the steps, waved goodbye to him. There was something special about Atherton, there always had been, as if he found life more exciting than others did and full of comedy. There was a kindness in his face for he understood why Morse had come and he appreciated it. Yet there was a small smile on his lips, too, because the younger man's bewilderment amused him. He wondered if Morse, being an actor, did not feel a little resentment for his own refusal to play a proper part in Morse's drama of the poorhouse.

Then he glanced up at the sky and forgot Morse. The snow had ceased to fall now, and a thin moon was shining in a clear sky. The west was delicately beautiful

Atherton detached himself from the group and met his visitor, holding out his beautiful old hand. "Morse!" he said. "Delighted to see you. Do join us over coffee."

and roseate and the evening light laid a deep brilliance on the snowy houses across the way, on the Home, on his face, on everything it touched.

Atherton watched it all awhile, then, with an air of celebration, he laid his hand as if lovingly on the door and went in. Turned back to the men and women of his own age and time who, in these later years, had avoided him because he was rich and they were poor. Now he was one of them again. He was, as if by a miracle, no longer shut out. He was, if anything, the least of them, because he was a newcomer in the Home, the latest arrival. He was at home now, and his secret was his own, sliding hidden and smooth through his mind as through deep waters. There it must remain, secure and concealed, so that he should never be cut off again, never again be excluded through the friendless years. No one must ever be allowed to guess that it was he who had built and endowed the Home. He had it all again, companionship, equality. His money had done that for him. It had done a lot for them all, but it had done more for him than for the others because it had made something out of nothing.



What America Is Reading

Highlights in New Books
Reported by Harry Hansen

GETTING rid of good things long before they wear out is an American custom. We don't want to be caught with anything out of date. We want to be fashionable, and that means new clothes, new hats, new motor cars, new furniture. Remember the Morris chairs? They were comfortable and built to last 100 years. Whatever became of them?

So it is with stories. Good stories come. We enjoy them, talk about them at dinner, and soon everybody has read them. Suddenly a friend comes with a new one and the old stories are out of the running. Somebody borrows your book and never returns it. You may wish you had it back, but you don't want to ask for a story everybody has read.

But Alexander Woollcott believes that if you enjoy a story you don't apologize for it just because it's old. There are always people who haven't read it, and then, maybe, you'd like to read it again yourself. A few seasons ago he took a dozen or two stories and put them into "The Woollcott Reader" and won praise from many. Now he has repeated that performance by issuing "Woollcott's Second Reader," an anthology of good things, with his own spirited comment after each number.

Max Beerbohm's parodies in "A Christmas Garland" is a book I used

to own, so I am delighted to discover it anew in Mr. Woollcott's collection. Beerbohm is the supreme parodist of our time. Far removed from him is that gentle ironist Anne Parrish, whose "All Kneeling," only a few years old, is a subtle novel—it's here, too. Mr. Woollcott, being a great reader, says he has re-read it often. It comes soon after a story by Ernest Hemingway, "Big Two-Fisted River," and the "Whilomville Stories" of Stephen Crane. Then we find stories differing greatly in style, subject and time of composition—Edith Wharton's "The Lady's Maid's Bell," Willa Cather's "Two Friends," Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age" (once illustrated by Maxfield Parrish); W. Somerset Maugham's "Cakes and Ale" which Mr. Woollcott defends militantly against its detractors; Clarence Day's "God and My Father," Dr. John Brown's "Rab and His Friends" . . . in all twenty chapters, 1056 pages, and Mr. Woollcott adding an anecdote, a story, a bit of comment after each one except the last, which happens to be the Thanksgiving proclamation of Governor Cross of Connecticut, who is himself a writer.

It goes without saying that I think "Woollcott's Second Reader" will bring pleasure to many of us who are out of school but are not too old to learn. (Viking Press, \$3)

Left: Alexander Woollcott, shown in an economical caricature by William Auerbach-Levy. Mr. Woollcott's latest book, "Woollcott's Second Reader," an anthology of worthwhile reading, has just been published (Viking Press, \$3)

HANDSOME BOOK ON BIRDS

A few months ago I mentioned the coming of a complete reproduction of the drawings of birds by Audubon; the volume has arrived and is a treat for your eyes. "The Birds of America," by John James Audubon, contains 500 plates in full color, reproduced from the original editions that Audubon published from 1827 to 1844. The first 435 birds are from the great "Elephant Folio," of which a few copies are treasured in libraries; copies have been known to change hands at auctions for \$12,000, whereas Audubon had little money most of his life and peddled his books by subscription. The present work, which no doubt will prove immensely popular for holiday giving, has been produced by Macmillan and will sell for \$12 a copy. It's worth it.

NOVELS OF THE MONTH

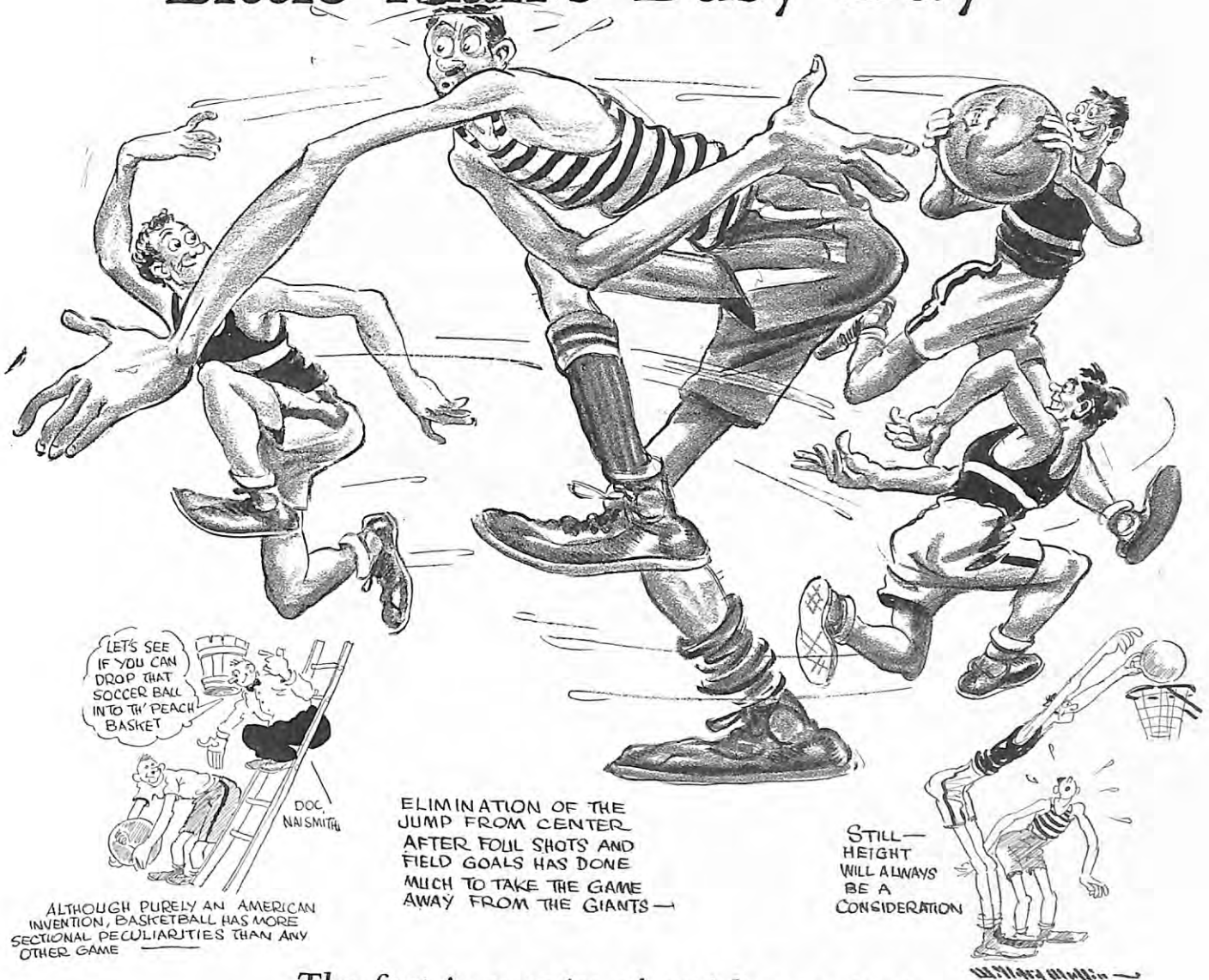
One hundred years ago white pioneers were moving in covered wagons to the prairies of the West, going into the trackless land, fighting Indians and dying. . . . One hundred years ago, no less, the wagons moved forward into the wilds of South Africa, and the Boers with their rifles protected their women from the spears of the Kaffirs, read their Bibles, sought a new home.

"The Turning Wheels," by Stuart Cloete, is a moving novel about the Great Trek of South Africa, undertaken in 1836 by the Boers who wanted to get away from English
(Continued on page 52)



A new photograph of Louis Bromfield, whose novel, "The Rains Came," was published by Harper & Brothers in October

Little Man's Busy Day



The first in a series of articles on sport
By Stanley Frank

JOE DIMAGGIO was a bewildered, unsophisticated boy scared into presenting a phlegmatic front to the world when he reported to the Yankees at training camp in March, 1936, preparatory to seeing and playing in his first major league ball game. He was not quite sure of what to expect, but the least of his worries were concerned with the rules of baseball; his professional conduct in the American League would be governed by the identical code which had been in operation in the Pacific Coast League. A ball pitched over a certain prescribed portion of the plate was a strike, a ball belted over the fence with great vigor and authority was a home run and that's all there was to it. In a few weeks an Eastern college football team will be invited to meet the flower and chivalry of the Far West in the Rose Bowl. En route across the continent the gladiators from the East will hear unfamiliar drawls, inflections and idioms in the several sections of the broad land, but they can concentrate on their bridge and books, if any, secure in the knowledge that the Rose Bowl officials will speak their language in the interpretation of the rules.

A basketball player from Indiana, let us say, scores a field goal in New York on an orthodox maneuver taught by his coach and—there goes the whistle. Time out.

Something has happened on the play which is entirely legal a thousand miles away but is strictly out of order at the scene of the contest.

Basketball's struggle to gain a uniform code of playing rules, a problem all other sports solved and settled many years ago, is very confusing, doesn't make much sense and, paradoxically enough, is of its own making. For an analogy which will be lost on hardly a man alive, the situation can be likened to the dizzy period of prosperity in 1929 and the attendant evils—over-expansion and a ruthless disregard in high places for the little fellow.

The game has come a long way with astonishing speed in the last ten, even the last four years. Today basketball is truly the national game, attracting as it does 20,000,000 spectators and active participants a year, with the number of organized teams probably exceeding the combined total credited to football, baseball and hockey. Yet basketball is still pretty much of a sectional game because as many conflicting styles of play have arisen as there are characteristic dialects of speech.

Such things should not be, of course, for basketball, along with baseball, are the only games which are purely American in inspiration and origin. Football is an offshoot of the rugby of (Continued on page 48)



SANTA CLAUS

PERHAPS it is not entirely accurate to say that Santa Claus came into existence in 1822. However, as we know this mythical character, that date is significant for in that year Clement Clarke Moore wrote the poem beginning with the familiar lines:

“’Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.”

For fifteen hundred years or more prior to the writing of this poem, which has perhaps been more widely printed in more different languages than any other ever written, Saint Nicholas, whose name was corrupted by some alchemy of dialect into Santa Claus, has been and still is the patron saint of children, specially ministering to them at the Christmas season. He came to the children of the new world with the Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam, but as Santa Claus he had a mere mythical existence until Dr. Moore looked out the window of his bed chamber on that memorable Christmas Eve in 1822 and saw the old fellow with his long white beard, pipe in mouth, dressed from head to foot in fur, with a pack on his back full of toys, seated in his sleigh drawn by eight reindeer, and watched him drive swiftly over the landscape and housetops white with snow, descend chimneys and fill stockings with gifts, and then whirl away to the jingle of sleigh bells, shouting to his tiny reindeer, calling each by name:

“Now, Dasher! Now, Dancer! Now, Prancer and Vixen!

On, Comet! On, Cupid! On, Donder and Blitzen.”

Moore’s word picture gave us Santa Claus as we know him, and what a delightful old chap he is! How we all, both young and old, welcome his annual return and celebrate it by assisting him in disseminating happiness and good cheer!

Many attempts have been made to engage Santa Claus in conversation but he is reticent and non-communicative, preferring to be known by deeds of kindness rather than by mere words of cheerful greeting. Emulating this characteristic of Santy, Elks Lodges all over the country are preparing as is their custom to celebrate the approaching Christmas in a practical way by providing beautiful trees, decorated with tinsel, brilliantly lighted, and loaded with presents for their little guests, many of whom otherwise would have nothing to rejoice over on that happy day so eagerly awaited by kiddies everywhere.

It is with equal eagerness that the members of these Lodges contemplate with satisfaction having thus assisted in making little hearts jump with joy and as they doze off to sleep may with Dr. Moore hear Santa Claus exclaim, ere he drives out of sight:

“Happy Christmas to all and to all a good night.”

A CITY SOUGHT, AN EMPIRE FOUND

THE territorial expansion of the United States from ocean to ocean comprises not the least interesting pages of our national history. Of course we learned all about it in school but it isn’t a bad idea at times to refresh our recollection of what was once learned and perhaps forgotten or only dimly recalled.

In establishing our western boundary at the Mississippi River, it was necessary to adjust a few altercations and misunderstandings with Great Britain and France but that is another story. What is generally considered the first real expansion was when by peaceful means and the expendi-

EDITORIAL



ture of \$15,000,000 we acquired that vast territory between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi River comprising approximately 828,000 square miles, known as the "Louisiana Purchase".

What we sought was the port of New Orleans which France had closed so that we had to pay both import and export duties. Those living in the rapidly developing territory west of the Alleghenies rebelled and demanded military occupation of New Orleans. President Jefferson thought there was another, a better and cheaper way. Congress authorized the purchase of the port for \$2,000,000, and Jefferson appointed a commission to open negotiations.

Here is where the ambitions of one man came to our assistance. Napoleon entertained a hearty hatred of Great Britain, and was in need of money to carry on his war against this object of his hatred. Accordingly he offered to sell the whole for \$15,000,000. Without authority so to do, Jefferson's commission accepted the proposition which subsequently was duly ratified and on the 20th of this month (December) in 1803 the transfer was made.

Jefferson was ridiculed for having squandered public funds in the acquisition of a barren waste considered to be absolutely worthless, yet out of it has been carved the states of Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, most of Minnesota and portions of Colorado and Wyoming. So after all, it doesn't seem to have been such waste of public funds.

THE QUESTION OF HOLIDAYS

THE question has been raised as to whether we have a sufficient number of so-called national or legal holidays. Let's run over the list. We find, going through the year from the first to last, they are twelve in number, as follows: January 1st, New Year's Day; February 12th, Lincoln's Birthday; February 22nd, Washington's Birthday; Good Friday, a movable feast day; May 30th, Decoration Day; July 4th, Independence Day; the first Monday in September, Labor Day; October

12th, Columbus Day; the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, Election Day; November 11th, Armistice Day; the last Thursday in November, Thanksgiving Day; December 25th, Christmas Day. Not all of these days are observed in every State, but most of them are, and in addition some States have established several holidays of their own.

Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a national holiday in the sense that it is established by the Federal Government, for its authority in this respect extends only to the territories or districts over which it has exclusive jurisdiction. The Congress may set aside a day as a holiday but it only becomes a national holiday when all of the States concur with appropriate legislation. For example, Thanksgiving is not a national holiday for the reason that Utah has never legally recognized it.

Every Congress is flooded with requests for additional holidays with the result that every national legislative hopper has a profusion of such bills dumped into it, few of which ever receive serious consideration. It is well that they do not, for it is doubtful if there would be sufficient days in the year to have a separate day set aside for each such request. A few, and only a few, of these suggested holidays are as follows: Army Day, Navy Day, Aviation Day, Harvest Day, Liberty Day, Flag Day, Peace Day, Mother's Day, Father's Day, Thomas Jefferson Day, Pulaski Day, St. Patrick's Day and St. Valentine's Day.

And so the suggestions run on and on. Many of them are appealing and some of them are quite generally recognized as what may be termed *quasi* or pseudo holidays. It would seem, however, that we already have enough holidays, especially when it is considered that every Saturday is generally regarded and observed as a half-holiday, and Sunday is, of course, a full day of rest.

If the Order of Elks should be asked to express a preference for one of the above suggestions, the choice probably would be Flag Day—a day which the Order has for many years recognized in public exercises and for which the Grand Lodge has adopted a special ritual.



Styles made by Interwoven in Wool, Silk, or Lisle—ranging in price from 2 pairs \$1.10 up.

XMAS GIFTS FOR HIM-



Gillette Razor Blades, Razor and Soap



Pair of Fownes pigskin sports gloves



Paris Smart Set Free-swing Suspenders with Italian tape ends. Wide wave Paris Garters to match of the same handsome elastic. Attractively Holiday packaged.



Men's jewelry by Swank, including Cuff Links, Tie Pins, Collar Holders, Belt Buckles, Cravat Chains and Key Chains. Sets ranging in price from \$1.00



Deluxe Schick Electric Shaver, Gift package, \$15



A group of hand-somely tailored Arrow Shirts and Cravats at different prices

York Service in Wm. Rogers & Son Hollowware
A new adaptation of the Gadroon design. \$65.00

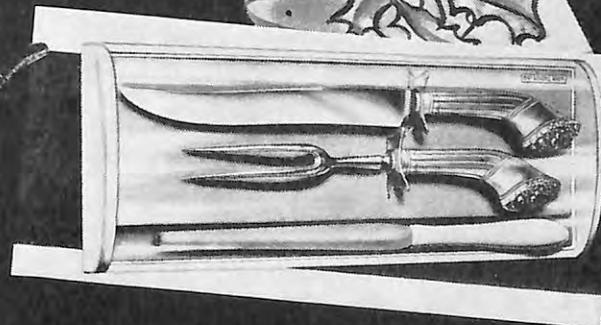
Elizabeth Arden Perfume bottle. Blue Grass Perfume

Gemey Perfume by Richard Hudnut with beautiful atomizer enclosed in a handsome package, \$5

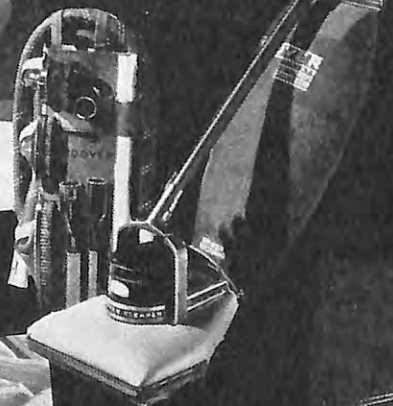


OR HER...

Elizabeth Arden package — Treasurette—Pink and gold box. Eight preparations, \$5

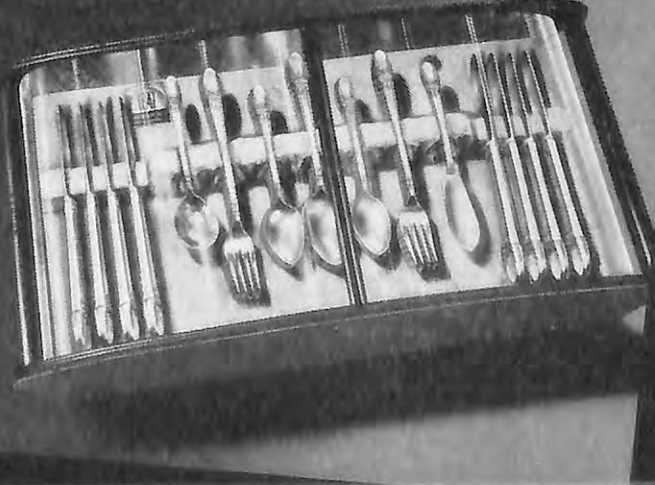


1847 Rogers Bros. Horn of Plenty Carving Set
Lovely gift boxes with transparent Kodaloid tops. Free carborundum sharpener \$9.75



Luxurious Manicure Set in genuine leather case, contains 3 shades polish, cuticle lotion, oily remover, cream and accessories. \$6.00

Chest of flat Silver at varying prices



Under the Antlers



Those who attended the drawing for a Cord coupé which was held by Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge in order to secure funds for their crippled children's work. Ten thousand people attended, netting the Lodge \$912

Idaho Springs, Colo., Lodge Reports Prosperity and Growing Membership

Idaho Springs, Colo., Lodge, No. 607, reports that not only does it have no debts, but that there are funds in the treasury with which to carry forward its activities. The beginning of the winter program attracted a large number of members whose favorable comments resulted in the attendance of practically the entire membership. Interest was also aroused in former members and no Lodge night has passed since without one or more reinstatements. A pinochle contest takes place weekly for attractive prizes donated by the House Committee. An attendance prize offered by the Lodge caused considerable enthusiasm and materially increased the number of members at regular meetings. November 4, "Traffic Night," was observed with an open forum following the speaking program.

The Lodge's charity work is extensive. An individual example was shown recently in the outfitting of two children unable to attend school because of lack of clothing and school supplies. E. R. A. E. Aldrich referred the case to the Welfare Committee as soon as he heard of it and the children were taken care of immediately and sent to school properly equipped.

Ten cash prizes were put up by the Constitution Committee in a contest for local high school students covering subjects suggested by Sol Bloom at the 150th anniversary celebration. The students responded eagerly and have been appearing before clubs and civic bodies.

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

New Smyrna, Fla., Elks Honor State Officers with Banquet-Meeting

A meeting was held by New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, on September 22 in honor of officers of the Florida State Elks Association to which officers and members of neighboring Lodges were invited. A total number of 165 Elks responded. Among the guests were State Pres. Alto Adams, Fort Pierce; State Vice-Pres. Frank B. Corboy, Orlando; E. R. Herbert B. Frederick, Daytona Beach, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Past State Pres. Harold Colee, Jacksonville, former member of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council, and Past Pres. Caspian Hale, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. They were accompanied by delegations from their Lodges. Elks were also present from Sanford, DeLand and Cocoa. After a speaking program a banquet was served.

Annual Tonsil Clinics Are Sponsored by Bradford, Pa., Lodge

For the past ten years Bradford, Pa., Lodge, No. 234, has sponsored, as the foremost branch of its Welfare Work, annual tonsil clinics for children of families not able to finance necessary operations. During

that period 300 operations have been performed, including the 40 cases taken care of in the annual clinic drive completed recently.

The campaigns are led by successive Exalted Rulers and their committees. Individual members of the Lodge are asked to submit names of children in the County who are in need of such operations but whose families cannot have the work done. Miss Marjorie Carson, Red Cross nurse, has worked with the Elks since their first clinic, attending to check-ups, examinations, details and follow-up work. Dr. Floyd Hayes served during the past year as principal physician. The Lodge attributes much of its success in the undertaking to the cooperation it has received from local doctors and from the Bradford Hospital and its nursing staff.

Secretary John A. Huff of Casper, Wyo., Lodge Is Dead

John A. Huff, long-time resident of Casper, Wyo., and Secretary of Casper Lodge No. 1353, died at his home on September 15 after a prolonged illness. Funeral services in charge of his fellow officers were held prior to transportation to Mr. Huff's former home in Colorado Springs where burial took place. For 15 years before his retirement Mr. Huff was in charge of the refrigeration department of the Standard Refinery wax plant. He was a tireless worker in the interest of Casper Lodge and one of its most esteemed members. He is survived by his widow, two daughters and a son.

Inter-Lodge Golf Tourney is Staged by Boise, Ida., Lodge

Ninety Elk golfers competed in the sixth annual inter-Lodge tourney held by Boise, Ida., Lodge, No. 310, on September 12 at the Plantation Golf Course, managed by Howard Tucker, a member of the Lodge. A banquet was held after the tournament presided over by E. R. Michael A. Thometz. P.E.R. Ike Wescott was Master of Ceremonies, and Geoff Williams presented the prizes. Roy Mundell won one leg on the Elks' Championship Trophy with a 77. Walt Smith with a 79 was runner-up in the championship flight. L. G. Peterson was third. First flight went to Trustee Don Daly, scoring an 82, with Nick Ney, Jr., son of Past State Pres. Nicholas Ney of Caldwell, runner-up. Other honors went to Steen Fletcher, Boise, second flight winner—runner-

up, Floyd Southward, Caldwell; John McMahon, Boise, third flight winner with W. G. Ward, Caldwell, turning in the same score, but losing on the flip of a coin; W. S. Janssen, fourth flight winner—C. L. McCoy, Caldwell, runner-up; W. S. Janssen, Elmer Fox, Laurel Elam, Walter Smith, Roy Mundell and L. G. Peterson, Blind Bogey winners. The players from Nampa Lodge were given special prizes for sportsmanship.

Gainesville, Fla., Lodge Entertains Children From Florida Farm Colony

Children from the Florida Farm Colony, a State institution for feeble-minded and epileptic children, located near Gainesville, Fla., were entertained recently in the Lodge Home by Gainesville Lodge No. 990. The drill teams of both the Boy and Girl Scouts were present. Superintendent Dr. J. Maxey Dell, Sr., is Exalted Ruler of Gainesville Lodge. Tidal Windham, a member, and Mrs. Windham are heads of departments at the Colony.

Upper Peninsula Lodges of Michigan Form District Association

The first separate district of the Michigan State Elks Association was formed on Sunday, September 5, in Ishpeming by the 11 Lodges of the upper peninsula. About 200 Elks were present at the first official meeting. Past State Pres. Frank C. Condon, Hancock, was elected President, W. E. Poppe, Ishpeming, Vice-President, and Dr. F. O. Logic, Iron Mountain, Secretary. Exalted Rulers of the district Lodges will serve on the Board of Directors.

The convention opened at 10 A.M. with a business session. The Degree Team of Hancock Lodge No. 381, composed entirely of Past Exalted Rulers, officiated in an initiation followed by a memorial service. At 6:30 a banquet was held in the dining room of Ishpeming Lodge No. 447. Elks who remained until Monday were taken on a sightseeing tour through Marquette County.

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John K. Burch, Grand Rapids; State Secy. Joseph M. Leonard, Saginaw, recently appointed member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; State Chaplain F. B. Girdler, Grand

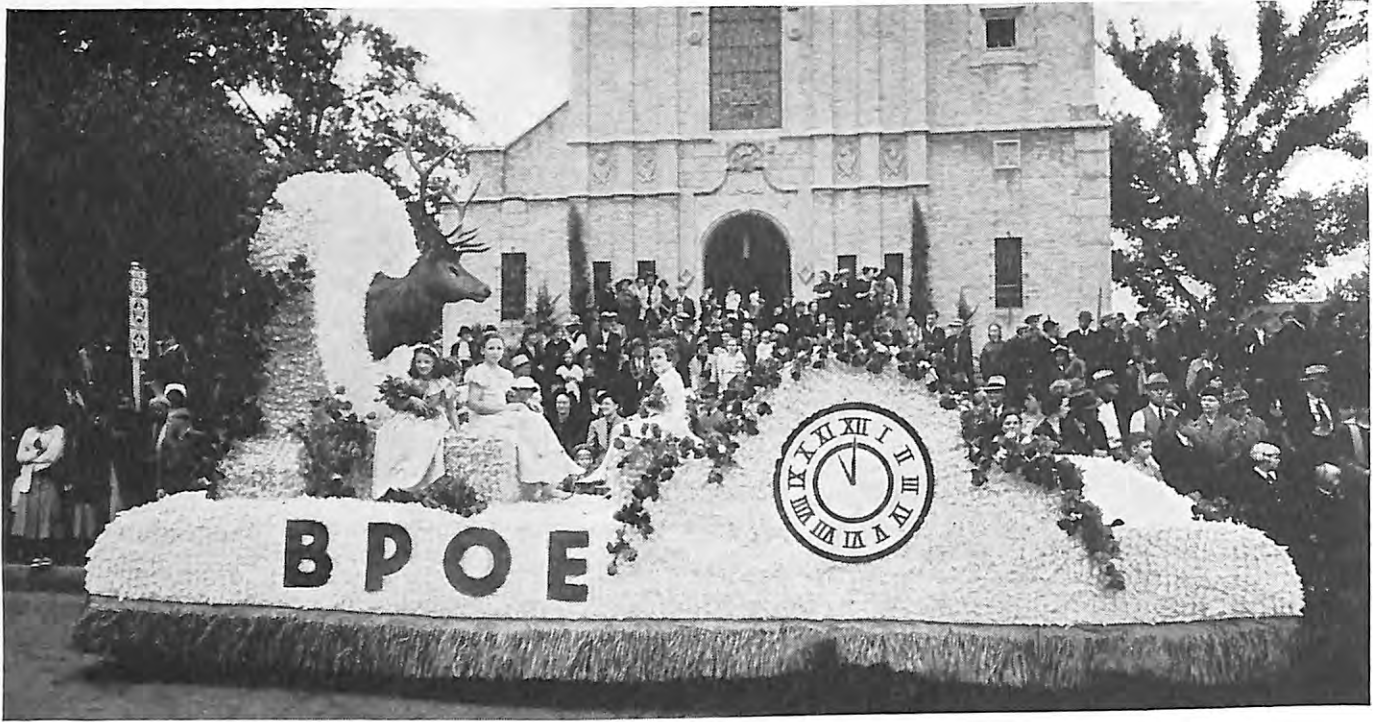
Left center: The Monrovia, Calif., Lodge bowling team which won the 875 Division Championship at the California State Convention. The team also won at the Oakland Convention

Left: The Santa Ana, Calif., Lodge Double Quartet which divided national honors and the prize money with the Los Angeles Chanters at the National Glee Club Concert at Denver last July



Below, members of Newton, Mass., Lodge, and the car which they recently raffled off for the benefit of the Christmas Basket Fund





Above: The handsome float entered by Tyler, Texas, Lodge in the National Rose Festival in which that Lodge participated with its usual enthusiasm

Rapids; Past State Pres. George A. Kusterer, Grand Rapids; D.D. Frank A. Small, St. Joseph; Inner Guard Edward L. Morgan, Grand Rapids, and C. C. Eddy, Petoskey, a member of the State Credentials Committee, were members of a party which motored from the lower peninsula the preceding day, making numerous calls on sister Lodges en route. State Trustee John Olsen, Muskegon, D.D. John G. Stenglein, Marquette, P.D.D.'s N. A. Lawrence, Sault Ste. Marie, and Joseph Thomas, Negaunee, also attended the convention.

In his official capacity as the new District Deputy for Michigan, North, Mr. Stenglein told the Lodges what Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart expected of them during the coming year. The information was gratefully received. The new organization will hold its 1938 convention in June at Marquette. It is expected that a conference of the officers and directors will take place this winter.

Elks National Foundation Scholarships for Massachusetts and Rhode Island

The Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$300 allocated to Massachusetts has been awarded to John A. Parodi of Haverhill who was sponsored by Haverhill Lodge No. 165. Young Parodi graduated from Haverhill High School in June 1937 after having maintained an A grade in all subjects during his four year course. At the graduation



Above: John A. Parodi, of Haverhill, Mass., who won the Elks National Foundation Scholarship allocated to Massachusetts. He attended Haverhill High School and is now enrolled at the University of New Hampshire



Miss Helen Teresa Edmonds, of Kenyon, R. I., received the \$300 Elks National Foundation Scholarship allocated to Rhode Island. Miss Edmonds, sponsored by Westerly, R. I., Lodge, is a student at Rhode Island State College



Right: Four members of Anchorage, Alaska, Lodge who recently went on a hunting trip by airplane. Each returned with the limit of ducks

exercises, he received the Shattuck Prize for the highest scholastic standing for four years in a college preparatory course. In his senior year he was President of the Philomathian Club, the school's honor society. He is now enrolled as a Freshman at the University of New Hampshire.

The award of the Foundation Scholarship of \$300, allocated to Rhode Island, to Miss Helen Teresa Edmonds of Kenyon, R. I., was the outstanding event of the 1937 convention of the R. I. State Elks Assn. Miss Edmonds is a second-year student at Rhode Island State College. She was sponsored by Westery Lodge No. 678.

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Erects Sarcophagus in memory of Chauncey Yockey

On Sunday September 19, at Holy Cross Cemetery, Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, dedicated the sarcophagus which it had erected in

Watertown, Fond du Lac, Portage, Wisconsin Rapids, Milwaukee and Manitowoc Lodges, assembled for the ritualistic ceremonies which were conducted by E.R. Thomas F. Milane and the Milwaukee officers. The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Francis E. Murphy delivered the Invocation. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson of Chicago eulogized Mr. Yockey as one who had labored in behalf of the Order over a period of many years. In his oration Mayor D. W. Hoan of Milwaukee dwelt upon Mr. Yockey's activities in the civic life of his native city. D.D. John C. Fay, La Crosse, brought the ceremonies to a close.

Death of P.E.R. W. W. Durbin, Kenton, O., Lodge, Ends Life of Service

It is almost a year since Kenton, O., Lodge, No. 157, lost one of its most beloved Past Exalted Rulers, William Warner Durbin. Mr. Durbin passed away on February 4, 1937, in Kenton where he was born and

man of the Ohio Democratic Executive Committee in many successful campaigns. For years he held an important post in the Treasury Department in Washington. Mr. Durbin had come to Kenton from Washington for a period of rest and it was then that his death occurred.

Dr. Robert South Barrett Honored by his Lodge, Alexandria, Va.

P.E.R. Dr. Robert S. Barrett, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight and former member of the Grand Lodge Activities and State Associations Committees, was honored by his Lodge, Alexandria, Va., No. 758, on Oct. 24. Three Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order—Raymond Benjamin, David Sholtz and J. Edgar Masters, Grand Treasurer—were present. All spoke, paying tribute to Dr. Barrett as an Elk, a philanthropist and a man.

The "Robert S. Barrett Class" of 15 members was impressively initiated by the Alexandria officers headed by E.R. E. Joel Treger. Judge Harry F. Kennedy, Past Pres. of the Va. State Elks Assn., made the opening address. A handsome traveling bag was presented to the guest of honor by P.E.R. Elliott F. Hoffman on behalf of the Lodge. Dr. Barrett's public generousities have been numerous, among them being the gift of a library to Alexandria, the donation of a building for the Alexandria Boys' Club, a hospital for the Children's Masonic Home, and the erection, financed from his private funds, of an auditorium at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. Before the meeting the Lodge entertained Dr. Barrett at a dinner at the George Mason Hotel which was attended by about forty members.



The Degree Team of San Juan, Puerto Rico, Lodge with a newly initiated class of candidates. Among the neophytes are the four Bunker Brothers

memory of the late Chauncey Yockey, who served as Exalted Ruler for 17 years. The sarcophagus is of pearl gray granite on a plot of ground 20 by 25 feet and cost several thousand dollars.

A motorcycle squad of the City Police Department headed a procession of more than a hundred automobiles in the journey from the Home of Milwaukee Lodge to the cemetery. More than 1,000 people, among whom were city, county and State officials, officers of the Wis. State Elks Assn., headed by Pres. A. J. Geniesse of Green Bay, and delegations from Waukesha, Racine, Beaver Dam, Kenosha, La Crosse,

passed a large part of his life. Mr. Durbin had the distinction of having served his Lodge as Exalted Ruler from 1907 until 1915. He was Chaplain in 1904 and again in 1917, Trustee in 1906, and a member of the House Committee in 1916 and of the Entertainment Committee from 1918 to 1924. From the time he was initiated in 1902 he worked continuously for the Lodge's advancement. The Lodge Home was built during one of his terms as Exalted Ruler and under his leadership the unique campaign for funds which he fostered resulted in the wiping out of the debt within one week's time.

For 12 years Mr. Durbin was President of the National Brotherhood of Magicians. As a boy he became interested in the art of magic in which he became extremely successful in later years. As a lawyer he was widely known. He was Chair-



Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart with patients at the Harry Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla, Fla. The bed patient is a veteran at the Home



Greenville, S. C., Lodge, is visited by Postmaster General Farley

Following the dedication of the new postoffice building in Greenville, S. C., on Sept. 27, Postmaster General James A. Farley, P.E.R. of Haverstraw, N. Y., Lodge, No. 877, P.D.D. and a Past Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., visited the Home of Greenville Lodge No. 858 and spoke to the 160 members assembled there. Mr. Farley was escorted to the Home by a committee made up of P.E.R.'s E. M. Wharton, C. F. McCullough, and W. C. Cochran, Proctor A. Bonham, C. M. Wing and W. A. Floyd. E.R. Dr. T. G. Sharpe presided and Mr. Bonham introduced the distinguished visitor.

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Begins Preparations for Elks Bowling Tournament

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, will be host to the Elks Bowling Association of America at its 21st Annual Tournament opening March 26, 1938. Preparations for the event were begun early and the carefully chosen committees are functioning smoothly. William C. Zimmerman is General Chairman. The tournaments seem to gather momentum each year and the Lodge will be ready to handle successfully and entertain elaborately the crowd of

bowlers and visitors in attendance regardless of its proportions.

Milwaukee Lodge is in a position to dispense the finest hospitality. The Lodge Home, a nine-story building located in beautiful Juneau Park facing Lake Michigan, is but a few blocks from the city's business district and principal hotels, and only a short distance from the Oriental Alleys where the tournament will be held. The Home's facilities offer such perfect accommodations as two floors of sleeping rooms and, in the basement, steam baths, shower and massage rooms, a complete gymnasium and a swimming pool. The marine dining room looking out upon the lake, is famous for its cuisine. Luncheons and other refreshments are served in the tap room on the fourth floor. Ten perfect bowling alleys are on the fifth floor where the libraries and one of the finest billiard and pool rooms in the country are also located.

Many Elk teams participating in the National Bowling Tournament which will be going on in Chicago at about the same time the Elks Tournament is being held in Milwaukee, expect to take part in both. The trip between the two cities takes only an hour and a half whether by rail, or by interurban car line.

Officers and members of Greenville, S. C., Lodge shown with Postmaster General James A. Farley, when he visited there recently

Auburn, N. Y., Lodge Welcomes Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert

More than 300 Elks present in the Home of Auburn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 474, on Oct. 6, gave a rousing welcome to the guest of honor, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, P.E.R. of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. Judge Hulbert, who was presiding in Auburn for the October term of the Federal Court, Northern District of New York, was accompanied to the Lodge by P.E.R. Benn Kenyon, Auburn, Supreme Court Justice, who is a member of the Grand Forum of the Grand Lodge. Judge Hulbert made a comprehensive address and touched upon the duty of Elks to participate in all events for the advancement of their home communities. He devoted a portion of his talk to the work of the Elks National Foundation Trustees and to Americanism.

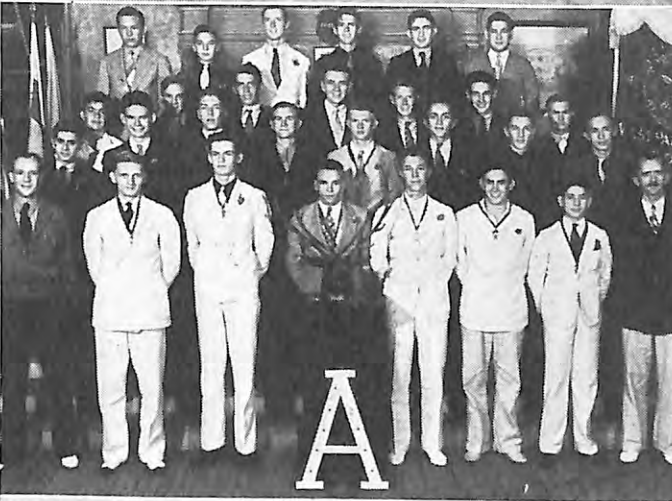
Below: Those who participated in D. J. McGowan Day, held by Newport, R. I., Lodge in memory of Mr. McGowan. Many children were taken on an outing





Above: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and some of the Auburn, N. Y., Elks who greeted him on a recent visit there

This was the beginning of the Fall and Winter activities of Auburn Lodge. Judge Hulbert is a native of Waterloo, N. Y., and renewed many old acquaintances during the evening. A committee of Auburn attorneys introduced him to the Lodge. E.R. Clarence S. Hunt presided at the business session. Arrangements for the reception were made by Judge Kenyon and Mayor Charles D. Osborne. A buffet luncheon was served in the grill room arranged by Clinton Ferguson and members of the House Committee, and a vaudeville entertainment was given. Among the many Past Exalted Rulers of Auburn Lodge who attended was Chauncey G. Hickok, P.D.D. for New York West Central.



Left: A group of Antlers of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge who attended the initiation of the C. Fenton Nichols Class into their Antler Lodge

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge Initiates 30; Forms Noon Luncheon Club

A class of 30 new members was initiated into Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, on September 20. The Noon Day Luncheon Club, a new and popular feature, is bringing large numbers of the members to the Lodge Home each week. Addresses on current sociological and economic subjects are delivered by prominent Elks and business men of the city.

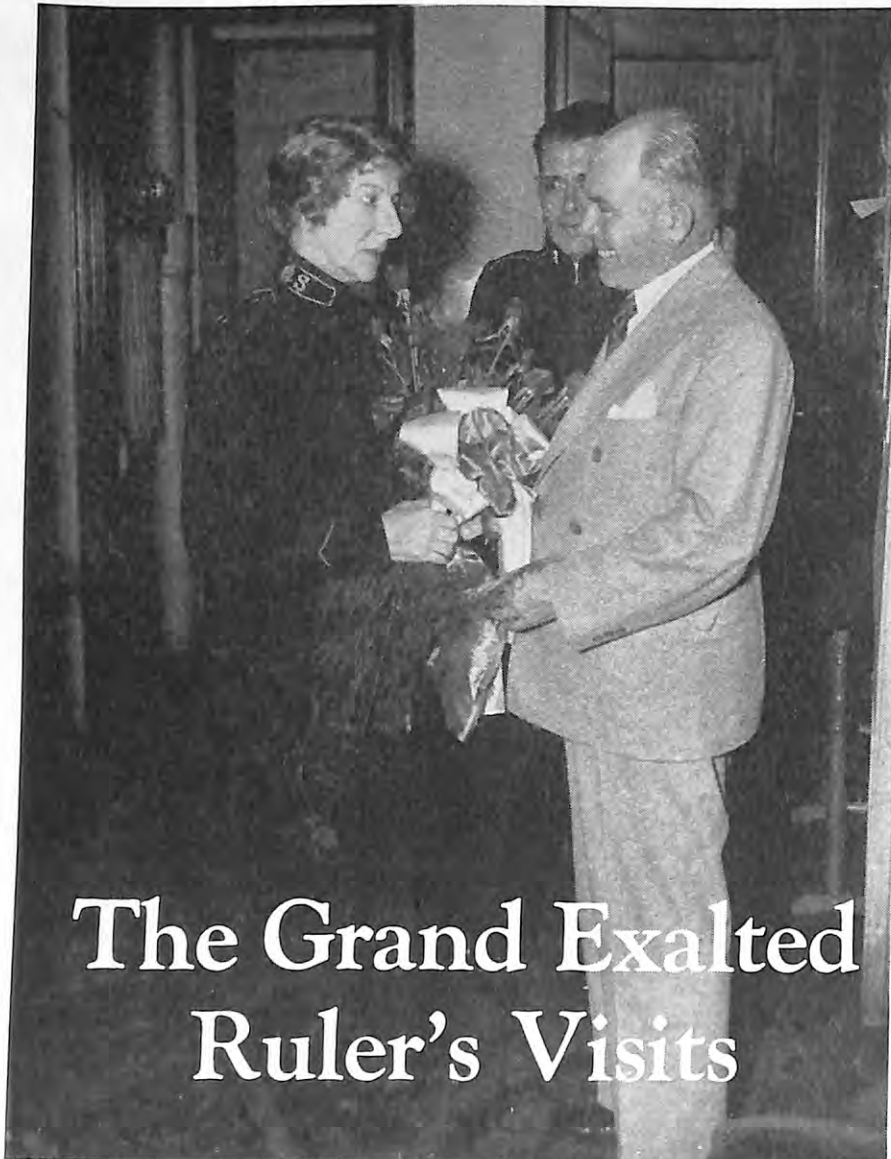
(Continued on page 56)



Left: The eight Pearsalls, all of whom are members of Bay City, Mich., Lodge. In the center is J. D. Pearsall, surrounded by his sons and grandsons

The band of Sioux Falls, S. D., Lodge, which won the Class B division in the band contest at Denver last July





The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

Above: Major Hart presents a bouquet to General Evangeline Booth, leader of the Salvation Army, as she prepares to address the Salvation Army Conference at Atlanta, Ga.

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler is greeted at the Portland, Ore., Airport by distinguished Oregon Elks prior to his regional meeting of District Deputies at Portland Lodge



CEREMONIES, unique and impressive, and social festivities of a high order, were held in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart when he visited Carlsbad, N. M., Lodge, on September 28. Major Hart, accompanied by his secretary, P.D.D. Richard F. Flood, Bayonne, N. J., Lodge, was met in El Paso, Tex., by a large delegation of Carlsbad Elks. While in El Paso, the Grand Exalted Ruler inspected the Home of the local Lodge, No. 187, and fraternized with the members, many of whom joined the party which grew to enormous proportions. Members attended from Lodges of nearby States as well as New Mexico. Among the prominent officials of the Order participating in the event, each accompanied by a delegation from his own Lodge, were Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Milton L. Anfenger, Denver, Colo., Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight M. H. Starkweather, Tucson, Ariz., D.D. Ben E. Ginsberg, Roswell, N. M., E. W. Griffith, Albuquerque, Pres. of the New Mexico State Elks Assn., and P.D.D. Arthur E. Carr, Santa Fe, N. M.

Early in the morning of September 28 the Grand Exalted Ruler headed the caravan of Elks on a trip to Carlsbad Caverns National Park. There, in the auditorium of the Caverns, in a natural setting of unsurpassed beauty, 750 feet below the earth's surface, initiation ceremonies were held in his honor. The class was one of the largest ever initiated in the Southwest. It also honored the memory of "Uncle Jake" Linn who, 25 years ago, called a meeting, held at his home, which resulted in the organization of "The Stray Elks of Carlsbad," and later, in the institution of Carlsbad Lodge of Elks. As the result of a campaign started three months before by E.R. Leslie D. Israel, the class numbered 174 members representing Carlsbad, Roswell, Albuquerque and Santa Fe, N. M., Lodges and a number of Texas Lodges. The Carlsbad officers opened the meeting and the prize-winning Degree Team of Santa Fe Lodge No. 460 conducted the formal initiation. The inspiring address made by Grand Exalted Ruler Hart was thoroughly in keeping with the scene and the solemnity of the occasion. An afternoon street parade in Carlsbad, gatherings at the Lodge Home, a dance in the Crystal Ballroom of the Crawford Hotel and the giving of the Eleven O'Clock Toast by the Grand Exalted Ruler himself were among the highlights of the day's celebration. On Wednesday morning the local Chamber of Commerce honored Mr. Hart with a breakfast which many of the visiting Elks attended. During his stay, the Grand Exalted Ruler held important conferences with his District Deputies, State leaders and officers. In time for the reception of their distinguished guests, Carlsbad Lodge



Above: Those who participated in the dinner given for Grand Exalted Ruler Hart at Hastings, Neb.

had added the finishing touches to its new Home. The Lodge has leased the greater part of the National Guard Armory and has converted it into quarters for Lodge purposes.

Major Hart was given a luncheon on Saturday, Oct. 2, and was guest of honor at a dinner that night by New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30. During his stay in the city he spoke vigorously and with clarity on the importance of his safety traffic program and the elimination of fascism and communism in the schools and colleges of the United States. He also held a most successful conference with District Deputies and offi-

A distinguished group of Florida Elks (below) attended the dinner given by Orlando Lodge for Grand Exalted Ruler Hart

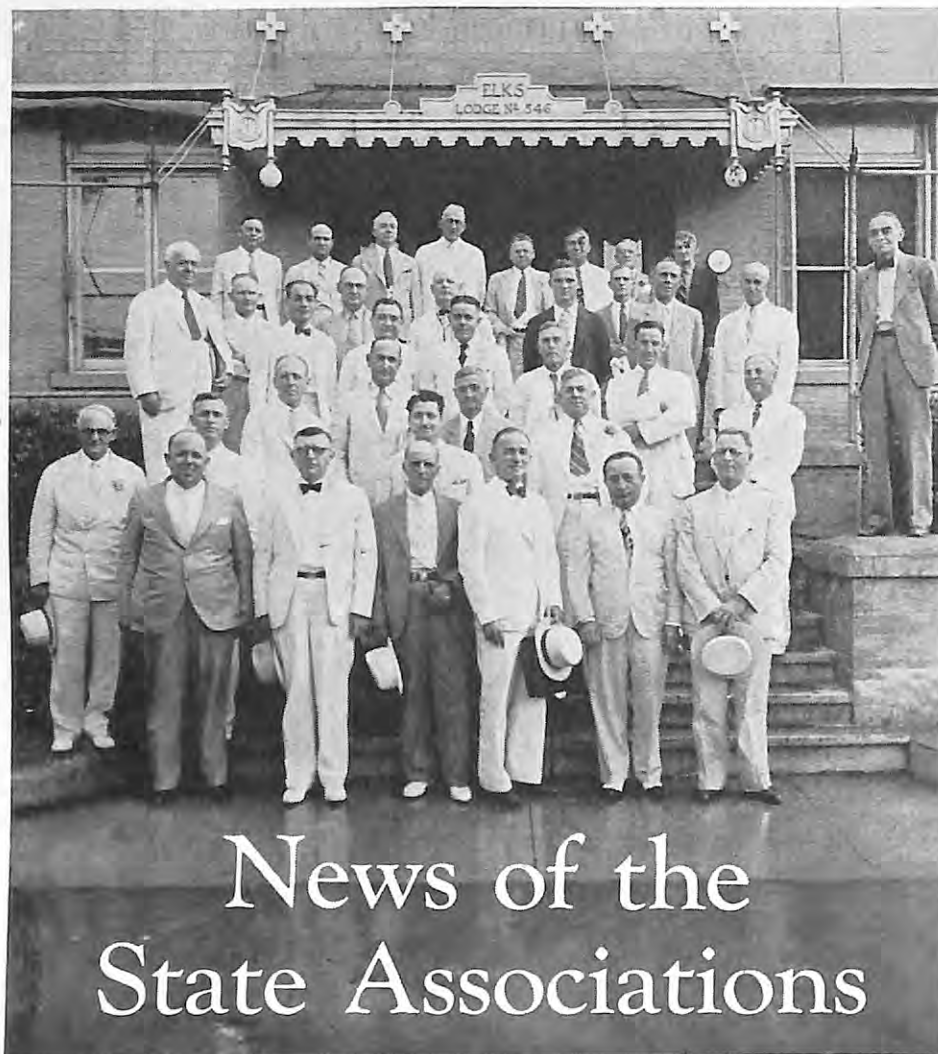
cial of the Order, among whom were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, New Orleans; Sidney A. Harp, Donaldsonville, Secy. of the La. State Elks Assn.; Sam Miller, Hattiesburg, Pres. of the Miss. State Elks Assn.; D.D.'s J. Clarence Le Blanc, Donaldsonville, La. South, Fred J. McDonnell, Jackson, Miss. South, and I. J. Scharff, Corinth, Miss. North, many Past District Deputies, and Exalted Rulers and officers of Lodges which included Baton Rouge, Alexandria, New Orleans, Morgan City, Houma, Jennings, La., and Pascagoula, Biloxi, Natchez, Hattiesburg, Gulfport and Corinth, Miss.

On the afternoon of Oct. 4 Major Hart held a profitable District Deputy Conference at Orlando, Fla., those present being D. D.'s Claude L. Johnson, Tallahassee, Fla. North, R. Vivian Lee, Fort Myers, Fla. West, and I. Walter Hawkins, DeLand, Fla. East; Caspian Hale, New Smyrna

Beach Lodge, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; P.D.D. Irvin Gates, Tallahassee; E.R.'s R. L. Hinson, Marianna, and Scott Hough, Fort Myers; Secy. C. Gordon Stalnaker, Tampa, and Est. Loyal Knight M. Cecil Grant, Daytona Beach. The Grand Exalted Ruler also attended the evening session of Orlando Lodge No. 1079. While in the vicinity he paid a pleasant visit to Tampa Lodge No. 708.

Completing the tour which had carried him across the United States and back again, the Grand Exalted Ruler spent October 8 in Atlanta, Ga., in an all-day conference, at the Home of Atlanta Lodge No. 78, with District Deputies and officers of Georgia, Alabama, North and South Carolina and Tennessee Lodges. He was met by the Reception Committee, named by E.R. Dr. I. H. Etheridge, headed by
(Continued on page 54)





News of the State Associations

Important officials of the Louisiana State Elks Association photographed before the Home of Alexandria Lodge, where the State Convention was held

MARYLAND, DELAWARE AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

More than 1,500 Elks with their ladies and other visitors attended the 17th Annual Convention of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia Elks Association at Cumberland, Md., on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, August 2-3-4. At the opening public session the key to the city was presented by Mayor Thomas W. Koon. His address was followed by speeches made by E.R. Paul M. Fletcher and P.E.R. Arthur B. Gibson, extending a welcome on behalf of Cumberland Lodge No. 63. Mayor Howard W. Jackson of Baltimore spoke at the Tuesday session. Dr. Arthur G. Barrett, member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Past Pres.'s Taylor Morrison, Cumberland, Alfred W. Gaver, Frederick, Md., A. Guy Miller, Annapolis, Md., and A. Charles Stewart, Frostburg, Md., former member of the Board of Grand Trustees: P.D.D. James P. Swing, Cambridge, Md., and Howard R. Davis, of Williamsport, Pa., member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, were among other distinguished guests who attended the Convention.

Officers elected for the ensuing year were: Calvert K. Hartle, Hagerstown, Pres.; Calvin Harrington, Jr., Cambridge, 1st Vice-Pres.; Francis Petrott, Frederick, 2nd Vice-Pres.; John L. Durst, Frostburg, 3rd Vice-Pres.; Frank Kaiss, Jr., Hagerstown, Secy.; John H. Mosner, Cumberland, Treas.; Frank Hladky, Annapolis, and E. Victor Topkis, Wilmington, Trustees for 3 years. Charles G. Hawthorne, Baltimore, was elected for the unexpired term of two years of N. Bosley Hoffman, Towson, who resigned following his appointment as District Deputy. President Hartle appointed John J. Rowan, Cumberland, Tiler, Arthur B. Gibson, Cumberland, Chaplain, and R. Edward Dove, Annapolis, Sergeant-at-Arms. Hagerstown was awarded the 1938 convention.

The Association adopted an amendment to the constitution which gives to Past Exalted Rulers the status of delegates, including the right to vote. An appropriation was made to continue the distribution of Braille literature to the blind of the jurisdiction. The distinguished service award for 1937 went to Cambridge Lodge No. 1272. On the social side, the guests

enjoyed a "first ride" on a section of the ancient Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, which had been restored as an attraction for the Cumberland Sesquicentennial opening a week later, an old-fashioned ox and corn roast at Crystal Park followed by boxing bouts and a floor show in the arena, and trips through the Cumberland Brewery and German Brewing Company's plant. The Convention closed on Wednesday with a colorful parade followed by the Grand Ball held in the beautifully decorated ballroom of the Lodge Home.

OHIO

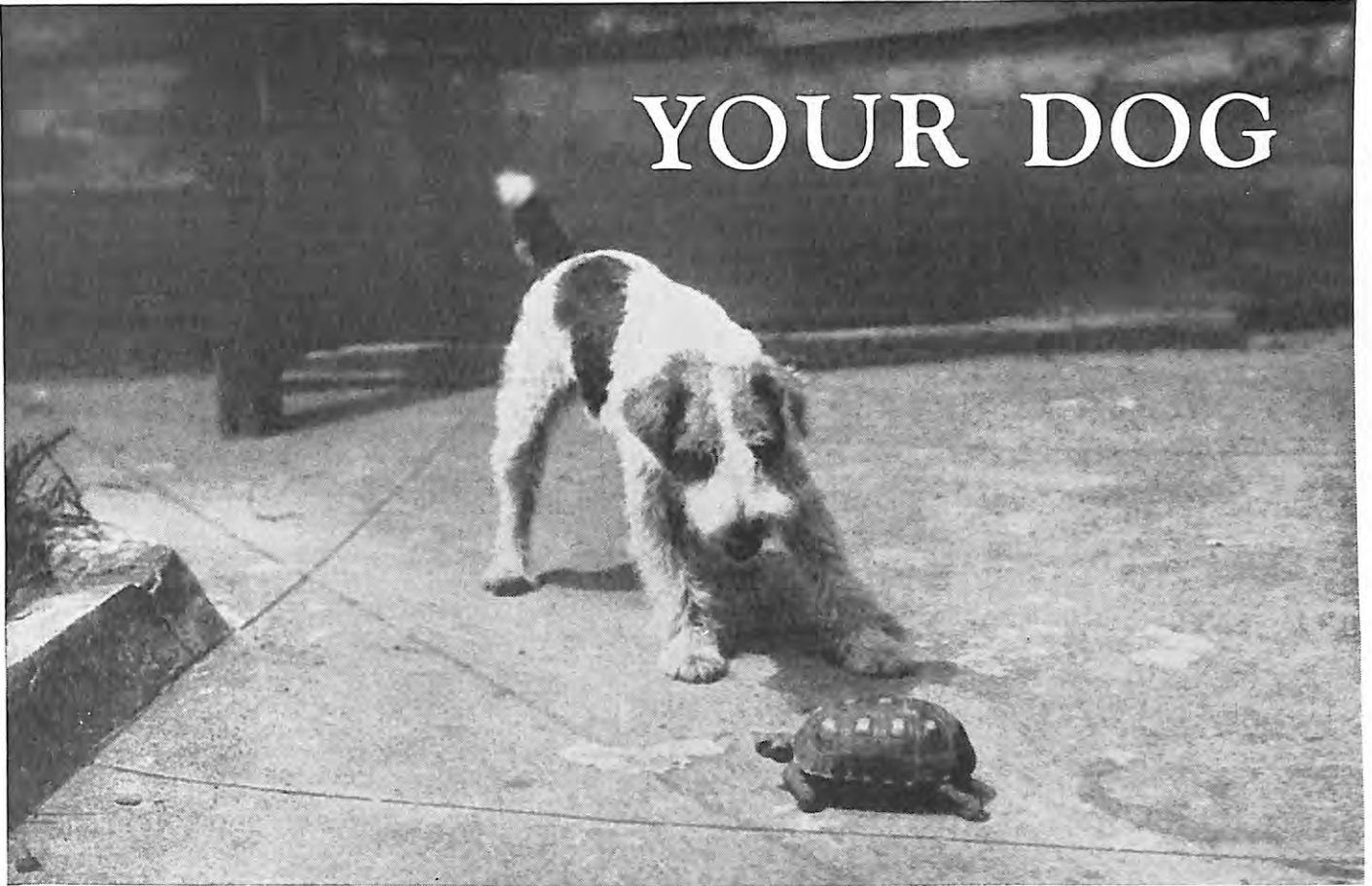
An increased attendance was shown in registration at the annual convention of the Ohio State Elks Association at Cedar Point, Sandusky, beginning Sunday, August 29, and ending Friday, September 3. Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Spencer Hart, accompanied by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Grand Treasurer Dr. E. J. McCormick, was a guest of the Association. The party arrived on Tuesday and was greeted by James S. Richardson of Cincinnati, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, on behalf of the Association.

The convention was opened officially on Monday evening with Chairman W. H. Reinhart, Sandusky, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, presiding. Addresses were made by the Hon. L. T. Palmer, City Manager Albert Lauber and State Pres. Fred L. Bohn, Zanesville. A musical program was provided by Delaware and Lorain Lodges and Vipale's Orchestra. Tuesday was given over to boating and water sports and meetings of the Advisory Council and Board of Trustees. On Wednesday morning the Past Exalted Rulers' Association gave a breakfast for its members. Elk golfers went to Norwalk for the annual tournament for the President's cup, which was won by the Elyria Lodge team, with Newark second, Norwalk third and Wooster fourth. A card party was held at the Hotel Breakers for the ladies.

Reports were submitted at the first business session on Wednesday. Secy. Harry D. Hale announced an increase in the number of Lodges belonging to the Association. The Scholarship Committee reported that money loaned to students for college educations was being returned and that new students were being assisted. In the annual parade on Thursday, the band of Columbus Lodge, which received the highest award at the Grand Lodge Convention in Denver, won first honors, Warren Lodge second and Newark Lodge third. The Drum Corps of Tiffin and Bellevue Lodges received awards and Sandusky, Cincinnati and Toledo Lodges received honors with their marching units. At the business meeting held after the parade, a recommendation to undertake a program of Americanization, submitted by the P.E.R.'s

(Continued on page 56)

YOUR DOG



Doris Day

The New Puppy Arrives

by Captain Will Judy
Editor of Dog World Magazine

BASICALLY, that is, by anatomy and body build, by the construction of internal organs, by traits and general characteristics, dogs are dogs the world around. The 220-pound Saint Bernard truly can shake paws with the two-pound chihuahua and say, "howdy, brother!" because they are brothers under the skin.

It is true that there are approximately two hundred distinctly pure breeds of dogs throughout the world but all of them belong to the same family. They can interbreed each with the other.

It is always a disputed question—family trees versus no family trees. Another version of the problem is "beautiful but dumb." Some believe that a beautiful woman thereby sacrifices her intelligence.

Such is the situation in connection with the pedigreed dog versus the mongrel dog. There are many mongrel dogs smarter than pedigreed dogs; there are many pedigreed dogs smarter than mongrel dogs.

Also, it is preferable that a home have a mongrel dog rather than no dog at all.

The mongrel has the same splendid qualities of love, devotion, loyalty, unselfishness, patience and forgive-

ness which all other dogs have.

The pedigreed dog has something in addition to the mongrel dog. The owner of the pedigreed bitch can breed her and sell the puppies in advance for he knows precisely just what type he will possess. To sell the puppies of a mongrel mating in advance would be to have the purchaser buy something which might be as large as an elephant or as small



Cairn terrier, International Champion Glencairn Gillian O'Tapscot. Owner, Mrs. Lindsley Tappin, Wilton, Conn. From a painting by Robert Borton

as a mouse; it might be black, it might be white; it might be long, it might be short; it might be cow-headed or monkey-headed.

It has been the breeding of purebred dogs which has brought kind treatment to dogs, established the industries connected with the dog field such as the manufacturing of dog foods and supplies, and has brought the dog to his present place of popularity in modern daily life.

If there were no purebreds in dogs, mongrels would still be selling at twenty-five cents each or as a gift to whoever would take the dog; and dogs would be kicked about as nuisances.

This is the chief indictment against the mongrel, that being considered of little worth, he is not cared for properly. His owner permits him to run the streets and alleys, to contract diseases, to trespass on other persons' property, to bite and run as he pleases. Practically all the dog troubles including the dreaded rabies can be charged against the mongrel dog.

In truth it should be laid upon the owner of the mongrel dog, for he does not care for his dog, takes no pride in him, will not keep him on the premises and, in general, permits his dog to be a nuisance.

The owner of the pedigreed dog has paid a substantial sum for the dog, takes pride in the dog, trains the dog, keeps the dog on the premises, and his neighbors as well as himself (Continued on page 51)

Noche de Paz

(Continued from page 7)

deep dust outside came dully into the room. Tom strode to the door and looked out. Turning back, he removed his cartridge belt from its peg on the wall, strapped it on, and took his rifle from its place in the corner. His eyes turned once to Martha. They were stern, possessive, protective. He stepped out into the night.

Martha rose from the chair. Two faltering steps she took toward the door, then stopped. Her sensitive fingers clasped together in front of her, squeezed tight, then unclasped. Smoothing her apron with little nervous gestures, she moved over to the tree and began blowing out the candles.

Came again the rumble of hoofbeats outside, this time leading away from the ranch house. She knew what had happened as well as though she had been outside and seen it. Edwards and Thorwaldsen, two small ranchers who had purchased their land from Tom and held it in fief as from an overlord, had ridden in with their men to join Tom's riders. And Tom had started off at the head of the combined band, leading them straight up the slopes of Old Stormy toward that orange eye of light.

Moving as in a daze, she picked up the lamp and made her way into the inner bedroom. The old *nana* Panchita slept peacefully in the chair beside the bed, fat and shapeless, her gray-streaked black hair pulled back smoothly from the brown, unruffled brow. Little Tommy lay sprawled on the bed, one arm tightly clutching a tattered rag doll, the other upfung toward the distant headboard. As the light from the lamp poured over him, he squinted his eyes tight shut and muttered in his sleep.

She stood there, looking down at him. Her child, and Tom's. Their stake in this rich new land. Slowly she backed out of the room, set down the lamp, and moved on out of the house. Picking her way in the moonlight, she crossed the open space to the corral. The bunk house was dark now. All the buildings were dark, except for the front room of the ranch house where she had left the lighted lamp. Out beside the stream, three riders were keeping the cattle close bunched. Aside from those three, all the men had ridden away with Tom.

Opening the gate, she stepped into the corral. Her soft whistle brought

her roan saddle horse trotting over to her. She lifted the saddle from the corral fence, began putting it on.

Intent upon getting there ahead of her husband, she chose a direct course through the trees straight up the side of Old Stormy. To be prepared for any surprise, the band of armed riders would be following a more circuitous route, keeping to the more open spaces and the gentler slopes of rise.

What she would do when she got there, she did not know. She was impelled more by impulse than plan. A deep-seated, primitive impulse. The lion will fight for food, or even for the exclusive use of certain hunting ranges. But the lioness will fight for her young, her den. And when the ranging lion comes upon such a den, he slinks quietly away. It was an impulse just as primitive which prompted Martha. Tom had spoken of man's work, man's decisions. But there was another factor in the situation now which had not been there ten years ago. Then she had been a wife, a bride; now she was a mother. Grimly she pressed on, leaning low over the horse's neck as branches lashed out at her in passing. She had no plan; but she would make one final effort of some sort before blazing guns threatened to blast away all that ten years had built up in Pleasant Valley. She covered the final hundred yards on foot, sighed with relief to find that Tom and the valley riders had not yet reached the spot. Silently she crept to a clump of brush on the edge of the clearing and settled down to watch and wait.

The western moon dropped slowly toward the level of Old Stormy, lengthening the inky shadows which streaked across the open space to fade in the yellow light of the campfire. The black rectangle thrown by the rude thatched shelter crept inch by inch toward the broad back of the man sitting cross-legged on the serape before the fire. His heavy arms resting on his knees, his shirt open to reveal the big, hairy chest, Jose Martinez sat immobile, brown eyes fixed on the glowing embers. Below, broad, fertile, lush with grass, Pleasant Valley widened between the mountain ranges, silvery in the moonlight. A ribbon of brighter silver, the stream wound through broad meadows into the narrows at the lower end, to sink from sight into the cavern where the ranges pinched together at the foot of the valley.

The stamp of restless horses came from the thatched shelter, and the clink of harness chain. At another, scarcely audible sound, Martinez turned. Leaving the carbine lying on the serape, he rose and made his way over to one of the wagons. The gourd scraped hollowly on the bottom of the water barrel. He moved over to a corner of the long, narrow shelter, handed the vessel into the blackness beneath. Returning, he squatted down again before the fire.

The clink of metal on stone drifted up the slope, followed by the faint clatter of dislodged gravel sifting down the mountainside. With the single graceful motion of an uncoiling spring, Jose Martinez was on his feet, the carbine held loosely in his

powerful hands. He stood there, facing the approaching sounds, immobile as a statue. Even as her heart leaped and her temples throbbed with sudden, imminent fear, Martha noted how like Tom this man was in his quiet dignity. Standing firmly, feet somewhat apart, dark head held proudly on his massive body. Kingly in his passive self-possession.

Quietly they rode into the circle of firelight, those eighteen cattlemen of Pleasant Valley. Quietly, and with infinite menace. Holstered belt-guns dangled at their sides, and across each saddle-bow lay a rifle. The moon had sunk to the level of the trees on the upper slopes; and moonlight and firelight mingled flickering gold and silver with mottled shadows on the faces of



the men. From a distance, beyond the rounded top of Old Stormy, came faintly the flat, unmusical bleating of sheep.

Tom moved his horse toward the waiting man, reined in at the head of his following. From back in the depths of the trees, all along the upper slope came the sharp snick of rifle hammers lifting. The mounted men stirred uneasily, glancing from side to side; but Tom kept his eyes fixed on the man before him.

"Is it true, Jose Martinez, that you plan to move sheep into Pleasant Valley?"

The broad-spaced brown eyes looked upward to the man in the saddle, met the gray ones unfavorably.

"It is true." The deep voice resounded in the clearing like the low notes of an organ.

A murmur of words rustled among the mounted men, but Tom's raised hand silenced it. He spoke, slowly, gravely, choosing his words.

"Hark you, Martinez. Where sheep graze, cattle cannot graze after them. That is well known. Sheep forage close, down to the grass roots. A field that sheep have grazed must lie untouched for two years before it is again fit to support cattle. And what they do not eat they foul with their stinking grease so that cattle will starve before touching it."

He paused. Only the tightening of muscles in Martinez's square brown jaw indicated that he had heard. Tom turned, waved an eloquent arm down the slope. The long shadows of the Saddlebacks had crept as far as the stream. The other half of the valley still gleamed like molten silver. When he spoke again, his tones rang with intense challenge. He braced his rifle against his thighs, held both hands forward, palms up.

"I made Pleasant Valley. These two hands made it what it is. Do you expect me to allow you to tear down in a week what I have built up in a lifetime?"

Jose Martinez stepped back a pace, the carbine cradled under one arm. His broad shoulders loomed close to the low thatched roof of the rude shelter behind him.

"Pay attention to my answers, señor." Again the deep organ tones filled the clearing. "For five years I have grazed my flocks on the high ridges, up where your cattle do not stray. I do not want your valley grass. My sheep grow fat on land where your cattle would starve. But never was such a year as this one. Month follows month and

no rains come. Our prayers for rain fall upon deaf ears."

He paused, and lowered the butt of the carbine to the ground, leaning the barrel against his muscular thigh. His brown hands stretched forward, repeating the gesture which Tom had made.

"Water is life, señor. The pools of the mountains are dry. In Pleasant Valley there is water to spare. And nowhere else is there water. Even now the brown grasses of the hills will feed my sheep. But water they must have. Year after year my sheep yield me their wool and their increase, looking to me only for guidance in return. From a few hundreds they have increased to thousands. Mine! The living work of my hands! Water is life, señor. Shall I fail my living charges who look to me for life itself? Hark!"

He turned. Down from the upper slope the bleating of sheep came louder, and the clatter of thousands of little hoofs on hard packed earth. Out of the darkness beneath the trees they came, a gray wave surging forward. At a nod from Tom the riders moved their horses along the outer edge of the cleared space, their backs to the valley, rifles ominously ready.

"Stop them here, Martinez!" Tom ordered sharply.

Lifting his voice, Martinez sent commands into the darkness. Sheep herders appeared at the sides of the flock; and three dogs trotted out into the clearing, shouldering the leaders

back, stopping the advance. Half a dozen of the sheep moved uncertainly into the clearing, bleating thirstily. A spent ewe, her tongue hanging from the side of her mouth, fell to the ground at Martinez's feet. A spindly-legged lamb dropped down beside her, his black nose nuzzling hungrily at her dry teats.

Martinez stooped and picked up the lamb. With a kind of kingly dignity he turned back toward Tom.

"Water is life!" he boomed. "You speak of property. It is life itself which you would destroy!"

Martha pressed forward to the very edge of her shelter of brush. She held her breath as she awaited Tom's answer. An interminable moment passed, silent save for the flat, thirsty bleating of sheep. As though rooted to the spot the two leaders faced each other in silence, Martinez's broad brown hand gently caressing the head of the thirsty lamb. Then Tom's straight back stiffened straighter.

"Martinez," he stated gravely, "if you drive sheep into Pleasant Valley, you die. You and all your men with you."

"No!"

A full half-minute passed before Martha realized that the exclamation she had wished to utter had not actually been voiced in sound. Again she attempted to say the word, tensing herself to step forward between the two men. Sound was just gathering in her tightened throat when a low moan came suddenly from the thatched shelter, cut off abruptly, then rose again to a scream.

"Jose! Oh, my Jose! Heaven help me, my time is upon me!"

Startled, the men swung about to gaze toward the black interior of the low shelter.

"Who is that?"

Jose Martinez faced the cattleman. "It is my wife, señor. With the child already kicking in her belly, she refused to be left behind."

He turned again as another agonized scream arose from the shelter.

"Courage, Maria. The Mother of God bring you courage in your hour of need!"

Sweat stood out in beads on his broad forehead as he wheeled again toward the horsemen.

Tom's face was working. "Who is in there with her? She has—women?"

Martinez shook his head slowly. "Our women await—the result. We were not such fools as to believe that we could enter Pleasant Valley without—opposition. The women will come along afterward



"Don't listen to him, Officer—he's drunk!"

—the widows to bury their dead, the others to rejoice with their mates. No, she is alone." His fingers touched his forehead, then tapped his hairy chest and each shoulder, and his lips moved silently.

Abruptly Tom wheeled his horse. "Ed," he commanded, singling out one of the men, "ride back to the ranch house. Tell Martha what is happening, and bring her here."

"There is no need. I am here."

Pushing aside the bushes, Martha stepped out into the open. She met the astonished glances calmly, began issuing orders.

"Gather what vessels there are and start the men to carrying water from the stream. Build the fire up higher. We will need hot water, and warm, soft cloths. You two"—she gathered the two leaders in with her glance—"come inside with me. I shall need both of you."

As she sat beside Maria's low pallet, laying her face in the intervals of quiet, holding tightly to her hands during the recurrent spasms of pain, Martha watched the two men. Built up to a roaring bonfire, the flames cast their flickering light into the recesses of the low shelter now. The horses had been removed from the other end of the shelter, and cloths and basins were laid out close to the bed.

In front of a rude table on which stood a Virgin flanked by saints—the easily portable Penates of the Mexican household—Jose Martinez knelt in prayer. Tears trickled slowly down his leathery cheeks; and his deeply resonant voice kept up a constant monotone of supplication. Tom squatted close beside the pallet, quick to obey any request from his wife. His brow was beaded with sweat, and his face was pale beneath the healthy tan. Martha remembered how he had been at the coming of little Tommy. There had been no women on hand to aid at that time. She remembered how gentle his strong hands had been, how alertly he stood by, how quick he was to sense her needs and render aid. And how, after it was all over and little Tommy was lying quietly in her arms, Tom's strength had turned to weakness and he had sat trembling down on the foot of the bed, weeping.

She watched him. Watched his face at each recurrence of a agony from the mother, watched particularly for a certain expression in his eyes. It came at length. And as though that were a signal, she spoke. Maria was resting at the moment, exhausted, almost in a coma.

She gathered him in with her eyes, directed his gaze with a nod of her head.

"Get him out of here," she commanded in low tones, nodding in the direction of Martinez. "Talk with him. Do what you can to prepare him—"

Tom's eyes widened suddenly. He glanced fearsomely toward the bed. "You mean—she will—will die?" The words were a faint whisper.

Martha's look was unreadable. "The beginning of life comes always in the shadow of the wings of death," she murmured. "Who can tell?"

Tom rose slowly. In the flickering firelight his big bulk appeared to totter before it stood firm. He moved over to Martinez, laid a hand on the man's shoulder.

"Come with me. We are of no help here."

They walked out together, sat down at the edge of the slope overlooking the valley. Martha could see their backs from where she sat; and as she watched, she prayed silently.

The bleating of sheep was all around them. A sheep, startled at some sudden noise, darted out close to them. A dog appeared from nowhere and turned it back with a sharp bark and the weight of a heavy shoulder. Close to the fire where she had dropped, the ewe still lay. She slept now, her dry tongue hanging half out of her mouth. Against her side the lamb nuzzled weakly. Martha saw Tom reach out, dip a basin in a bucket of water, and set it before the ewe. In an instant she was awake and on her feet, nuzzling and lapping thirstily. She did not stop until the basin was empty. Then she flopped wearily down. Immediately the lamb pushed in again, seized a teat. Almost at once the udder was swelling with moisture. The lamb bleated contentedly. Truly, Martha meditated, Martinez was right. Water is life . . .

The child came, easily and naturally, within half an hour after the

men had left the shelter. Martha busied herself with necessary tasks. Then, when the mother was resting peacefully, she carried the child out and laid it in Martinez's arms.

"A son," she said gently.

The sheepman's broad face softened. His eyes were moist as he looked down at the wrinkled little face. He poked an exploratory finger in front of the face. A little hand groped upward, twined about the finger. A woman's voice came from the shelter, calling his name. He stooped and entered.

When he returned, the carbine was in his hands. He faced Tom. The men, who had been mingled together in their work and waiting, were separating out once more, white cattlemen lined up toward the valley, brown sheepmen along the upper slopes.

"I thank you," Martinez said simply, the deep organ tones again reverberating in the clearing. "As a father, you know how deeply I thank you. And now, my friend, is it that your wife returns to her home in the valley, and you and I commence again our struggle to make orphans of our sons?"

Martha's breath sucked in sharply as she turned to look straight at her husband. The flickering campfire threw alternating light and shadow over his firm, rough-hewn features and shaggy hair. He stood there, feet braced apart, arms folded over his deep chest.

Silence held, silence made the deeper by the constant flat bleating of thirsty sheep. At length he spoke.

"Water is life. You spoke truly, Martinez. Your men and mine together can run a fence from here down to the narrows. Your sheep can reach water, and the fence will keep them out of our grass."

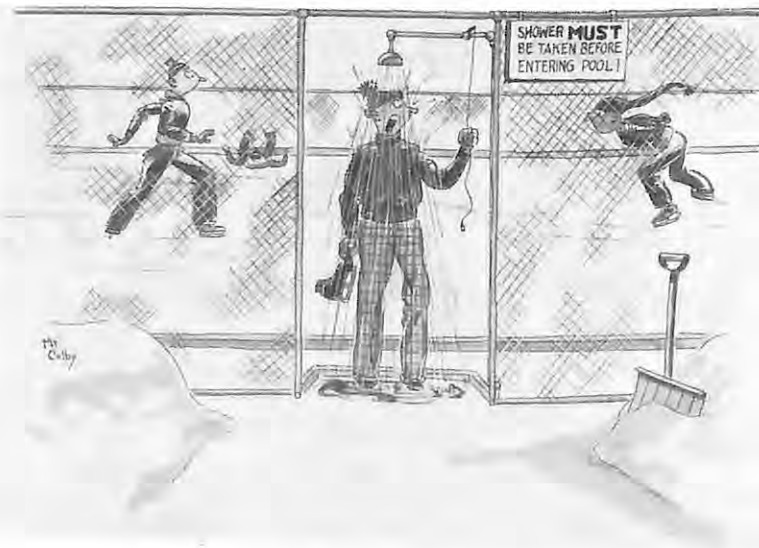
Martha's bursting lungs exhaled with a quick gasp of relief. A smile slowly spread over Martinez's broad brown face. He dropped the carbine. His big hand shot out.

"Then it is peace in Pleasant Valley?"

Tom took the hand. "Peace—neighbor."

With that quick resurgence of energy common to peoples within whose veins flows Indian blood, Maria Martinez walked out of the shelter, carrying the child in her arms. The two women faced each other. Their eyes met in a long, grave look. Then they smiled deep into each other's eyes.

"Peace in Pleasant Valley," Martha echoed, in a voice husky with unshed tears. "Peace on earth. And to all men good will . . ." (Continued on page 48)



"If you ask me, I think it's silly!"

Eight Men in a Boat

(Continued from page 15)

was lighter, but ten years younger. Finally the naked man slumped back beside Lastaria. Winters studied him in the half light. "So you killed him, eh? Why? Because he saw you kill McGowan—or because he had the pearl somewhere?"

"Me kill 'im? You're crazy! The skunk didn't have nothin' I wanted. I was sittin' right here, asleep, when a guy comes walkin' over me to stretch out for'ard. It was damn dark; I couldn't see. I thought 'twas Sammy—it was Sammy's turn after Lastaria."

Winters glanced at the Negro. "How about it, Sammy?"

"Boss, Ah—Ah been heah all night. Befo' God Ah have!"

"He okay," muttered Peter Kolnos. "He ne'er leave dis seat."

"Somebody was movin' around. Any o' you know anything?"

"Eet was ver' dark," muttered Lastaria. "I wake up once—I see nothin', I hear nothin'. Mebbe the fool he fall overboard."

"Yeah, more likely you stuck him an' threw him overboard. This place stinks so with lies it's a wonder you don't all choke."

Peter Kolnos leaned forward, whispering, "Jeem, dat Jackson, he no talk none. You get me? He no open his mouth."

Peter Kolnos was right. Jackson had hardly spoken since the *Hannah Lee* went down. When he answered questions, it had been in a mumble. Was Jackson just afraid, or had he been hiding McGowan's pearl in his mouth?

If so, someone must have found it out. Lastaria? Linder? Wollenberg? It could have been any of them—maybe all of them. Only it was very unlikely that Jackson had killed McGowan. Jackson was the only man—Olmsted excepted—who had gotten along amicably with the *Hannah Lee's* captain. All the rest hated McGowan, would never have shipped with him if there had been berths on other boats. And any of the rest could have killed him, any of them—particularly Peter Kolnos.

Peter Kolnos. Winters frowned at him. If any man had reason to hate McGowan, it was the little diver. A quick, sinewy man with a strangely protruding stomach. That stomach had been caused by the bends, something all divers get in time, if they happen to have nerve

and are deep-water men. Because of it Kolnos had had to give up sponging.

Spongers, the deep water variety, are a breed apart. Peter Kolnos, diver, might stab a man to avenge an insult—but he would not rob that man's pocket.

"Pete," Winters said softly, "don't you want to chuck that knife overboard? The rest will if you will."

"The hell we will!" snarled Linder. "I'm keepin' mine."

Kolnos took out his knife. He glanced significantly at Linder and Wollenberg, then flipped the knife and caught it expertly by the blade. It was a gesture—a reminder. They all knew that Peter Kolnos could slice a match with his knife at ten paces. It was not a nice thing to remember.

"Land," said Peter Kolnos, "she damn far off. Mister, I'm thirsty. How much water we got?"

Winters unlashed the water cask under his knees. He hefted it, heart suddenly contracting. It should have been full, but it contained little more than a half-gallon.

He opened it, poured each man a small amount in the tin cup, and lashed the cask against the stern locker again.

The water shortage whipped his mind suddenly awake to their true plight. Seven men could go without food for awhile, but they couldn't go far on half a gallon of water. If the wind turned against them they wouldn't have a chance. Devil take Jackson and old McGowan's pearl!

"Come on, you!" he barked abruptly. "Lean on those oars! You can finish your little game o' murder tag ashore—unless you want to hang around here till September!"

The boat swept forward. Winters threw his young strength on the rudder oar, sculling with it. The sky lightened and the sun came up, a blood-red disc that turned slowly to brass. By noon Wollenberg's white body was like raw beef. He begged for the loan of a shirt, but no one offered him one. Linder laughed.

They saw no sail that morning. In the afternoon a steamer passed hull-down on the horizon. They watched it pass, sagging at the oars. Then they rowed on, slower, listlessly.

"Queer," said Winters once. "You'd think we'd see some other boats standin' out for the banks."

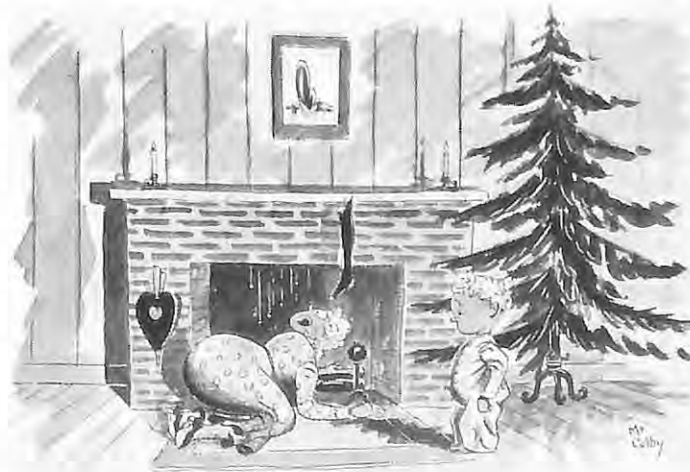
"You know why?" Kolnos answered. His voice was thickening. He was very tired. "De sun, she lak hell's fire. De swells, dey slippery lak oil. De wind, she no blow now. Dat's why you no see boats. Tonight she blow lak thousand devils. You wait."

Trust a Greek for the weather. "Which way's it coming?" Winters asked.

"Sou'east. Mebbe swing south later. Take us to land queek."

It came from the southeast late that night when Winters was portioning out the last of the water. He had given them all a drink but Kolnos and himself, and they had cursed him for the few spoonfuls he had allowed each man. It was black dark and Kolnos was holding the flashlight for him. He tipped the cask slowly, trying to give Kolnos his just share, and discovered he had been too liberal with the others. There was only enough water left for one man.

Winters held the cask directly over the cup, letting the last few drops run out. "You take it," he said to Kolnos. "I'm not thirsty." "No, no," muttered Kolnos. "You take him." "It's only a swallow," growled Winters. "Go on; you need it. I'm okay." He was not forgetting that Kolnos was the smaller, that Kolnos had had the bends. And he was counting on his own strength to see him through; he was younger than the rest, a great deal stronger. The blazing sun had sapped that strength, drained it out of every pore, and he was thirsty. Terribly thirsty. But he could last longer than Kolnos.



"Well, if you don't come down you'll make me out a liar!"

"Drink it," he said hoarsely, thrusting back the cup. "Hurry, before the wind comes!"

They could hear the wind grinding nearer. It had been just a small sound a few minutes ago. Kolnos drank, choked, suddenly fell sprawling upon the cask as the first gust smashed into them.

The boat tipped crazily. Winters pitched sideways, clawed the gunwale, turned and found the steering oar. He thrashed it with every ounce in him, trying to keep the wind aft and the boat from being smothered in the trough. "Row!" he yelled. "What's the matter with you?"

He heard a scream above the wind's roar, saw a dark mass of weaving figures in the bow and Kolnos crouched just in front of him, a curved silhouette against the fast paling starlight, knife poised.

"You damned fools!" Winters belted. "Lay off before you put us all under!"

No one paid the slightest attention to him. He groped frantically for his flashlight, could not find it, and looking up saw a man reel away from the others and vanish over the side. Someone—it was Linder's voice—screamed in fear, "I ain't got it! I tell you I ain't got it. Before God—" And Lastaria, "Dios, eet's dat Winters; 'e got eet—you go git heem!"

A comber hissed over them; the boat partly filled. The men forward rolled in a tangled, struggling mass across the thwarts.

Even in the instant of its happening, Winters knew what had taken place. Kolnos had seen it coming. Someone here had the pearl, or was believed to have it, and the rest had been waiting until night to take it away from him. Night and the wind to drown out sounds.

Only, something had gone wrong. The man had fought back. Now, fear crazy and heat crazy, they were all in it. All but Peter Kolnos.

Winters ducked an oar blade, wrenched it free and began laying it across the forms that struggled over the thwarts. "Snap out of it, you lousy bunch o' tomcats! Take that, damn you—'n' that! Now get up an' row!"

Two figures swayed drunkenly in the pitching, tossing boat, fumbling for oars. He could vaguely make out Lastaria and the naked form of Wollenberg. A dark shape washed back and forth in the water sloshing across the bottom. It was Sammy Bell. There was no

sign of Olmsted.

The guests came explosively, steadied to an even, screaming pressure. The boat wallowed, slowly straightened as the two oars gave it steerage way.

Peter Kolnos bailed swiftly. Winters struggled with the stern oar, little muscles twitching all over him from fatigue, shock and sheer, red anger. Once he opened his mouth to hurl curses at Wollenberg, but his voice was lost in the wind's immensity. It was blowing a whole gale now, and still increasing—a tearing, grinding infinity of sound that dulled his anger and left room only for hopelessness.

The boat was fast becoming unmanageable. Three pairs of oarsmen and a steersman might have handled it—but not one pair who had wasted their strength fighting. Dock rats! Damn McGowan and the thing he'd found, and damn all the rest of them to eternal torment. McGowan's pearl. Queer . . .

A comber raked them, filled the boat to the gunwale. Winters tried to straighten it and the steering oar snapped in his hands. Another comber reared high, broke, and Kolnos threw himself upon the water cask. Then everything was blotted out in a chaos of flying spume and black seawater.

Winters struggled to gain breath, to find the boat, to touch something on which he could lay his hands. Suddenly the boat surged against

him and he caught at it desperately—only to have it crash down upon him with stunning force.

There was the moment of stark fear that comes with the certain knowledge of death, and then consciousness faded.

MEMORY came back and he realized dimly that he lived, but the next few hours till dawn were only vague snatches of thought that seemed to occur eons apart. There was the time when hands grasped his wrists and he gulped air into his lungs; there was the hard, round object under his arms, and something holding him to it. And sometimes there was the voice speaking, a very small thing against the grind of sea and wind. It sounded like Kolnos.

It was Kolnos, as he saw when daylight came. They faced each other across the water cask, heads almost touching. Peter Kolnos had strapped his belt about the cask, had used strips from his shirt to lash both their arms to the belt.

Winters gave him a bleak, thankful grin. He was too tired to speak. Kolnos was too tired to answer. They drifted with the cask, automatically timing their breathing until the white caps had boiled past them, and moving only their eyes when the great surges lifted them to the crests.

There was no sign of boat nor men. The wind still came, a steady, incalculable force. Due south. In time it would drive them ashore somewhere between San Blas and St. Marks. In time, of course. A week, maybe. They couldn't last a week tied to a keg.

It rained that afternoon. Grey, slashing veils of rain that came up suddenly. Cold, sweet rain that flattened the seas and ran in life-giving draughts down their throats.

They felt better after that, and because there was nothing else to do, they talked, speculated. Not of tomorrow, but of McGowan's pearl. Talk is good for the soul when tomorrow threatens.

"Too bad about Olmsted," murmured Winters. "He had nothing to do with it."

"Yeah. Olmsted good man."

"I can't figure who got Jackson. It must have been Linder or Lastaria."

"I say dat Wollenberg."

"But he didn't have a knife."

"No, but there was broken oar in bow. He crack Jackson, wham, on back of neck. He no cry out."



"Congratulations!"

"You think Jackson had the pearl in his mouth?"

"Mebbe I say so once. I no say so now. I wish I throw my knife away, lak you tell me. Mebbe been better. I dunno."

They drifted awhile in silence and Winters thought over this last statement. He picked his next words carefully.

"I've been thinking about Wollenberg. When he got in the boat he didn't have a knife. He'd been asleep in the after cabin. Now, when the log hit us, why couldn't he have hurried on deck and put his knife in the skipper's back? The others may have seen him an' been too afraid of him to say anything."

"Mebbe. Why you say de cap'n stuck in back?"

"I saw him. I saw the knife handle. He'd fallen at the wheel. It must have been Wollenberg."

KOLNOS said nothing for some time. He loosened one hand, touched the side of his face where McGowan's fist had struck. His pinched jaws twisted queerly. Finally, "Jeem, you lak others. You think so much, you see so little. Mebbe, though, it was lak you say. Only . . ."

"What's bothering you, Kolnos?"

The diver studied the horizon for several minutes before answering. It was dark there, the horizon obscured by moving rain squalls.

"You say," began Kolnos, "you say knife in cap'n back? Sure?"

"Absolutely."

Kolnos spat. "Jus' lak dat damn Wollenberg. He kill-a dead man."

Winters stared at him. He swallowed. "Pete, I—I'm not forgettin' you saved my neck last night. But I never believed you would have taken that pearl. Where—where did you hide it?"

The diver's face flushed in sudden anger. "Mister, I—you don'—" He struggled for speech, shrugged. "I lak you, mister. Tomorrow, mebbe, we no be here. No can tell. Mister, I wanna say something. Listen."

"There was Greek once dat ship with McGowan. Dat Greek, mister, he my brother. Jus' a boy. Good boy. McGowan hit him. He fall over side, drown. Cap'n should-a hanged, but he got friends ashore. You see?"

"I see," said Winters.

"Mister, it was something I had to do 'fore some other do it. Me, Peter Kolnos. Not Wollenberg, Linder, Lastaria. They all wanted to do it—I hear 'em say so. It was not right they should do it. You see?"

"Okay, Pete. Go ahead."

"I was 'midships, mister. I have two knife. When I take boat I have one knife. Much noise then, sail cracking, no one hear. I tell him beforehand, mister, so he know. He have gun an' he try to shoot—but I throw straight, mister—an' I no throw at a man's back. An' Peter Kolnos, mister, he ne'er put his hand in any man's pocket."

Winters studied him soberly. "Forgive me, Pete. I'm sorry. The *Hannah Lee* just went down with all hands but the two of us." He sighed, eased the lashings about his arms and studied the empty horizon. "Maybe we won't live to tell the world that, Pete, but before a shark finds us, I'd like to know what happened to McGowan's pearl. It wasn't in his pocket when I found him. I looked to see. An' Wollenberg didn't get it, because that was what all the trouble in the boat was about. Everybody thought the other fellow had it. I guess McGowan must have hidden it on the schooner."

"No, it was with us in boat."

"Then who had it?"

"Nobody have it. It was—"

Peter Kolnos stopped abruptly, eyes straining northward. "Jeem—Jeem! See dat?"

Winters saw it. The clouds had parted; far ahead a shaft of evening sunlight played upon a line of gleam-

ing white above the sea's rim. Sand dunes. "What is it?" he asked.

"Island. St. George, mebbe. We travel heap more than I thought. Come—we swim!"

They pulled their hands free from the cask. Kolnos tied one of the lashings to a belt loop on his trousers. Winters did the same. They began swimming, the buoyant cask riding between them, supporting them when they were tired.

It was long after nightfall when they reached the breakers. They crawled ashore, fell on their backs in the sand and were instantly asleep. The dead, dreamless sleep of utter exhaustion.

They did not awaken until late the next morning when the sea birds were screaming overhead.

With the cask under his arm, Kolnos stumbled to a thin stream of fresh water trickling across the beach. Winters followed and both men drank deeply.

Kolnos touched the cask. "We put some water in him, walk east. Light-house keeper live on point. We okay then." He rubbed his bruised jaw, smiled suddenly. "Mister, you open him, wash him out good."

Winters pulled the cork. McGowan's pearl rolled into his hand.

"**SURE,**" said Peter Kolnos. "You remember dat night on boat? Cap'n, he stand long time where boat was lashed. He hid pearl in keg. I not know then, an' we no hear pearl when water slosh. But when you pour me dat las' drink, mister, pearl she fall in my cup an' damn near choke me. Hah! I put him back queek!

You take him."

"I don't want it," said Winters. "It's yours—you found it."

"No, no—you not un'erstand. Pearl, I can no take him. You know why. Cap'n he too ornery cussed to have family; nobody else take pearl. You take him. Buy damn good boat with him. Then mebbe you ship me with crew, eh?"

Winters looked from Kolnos to the object in his hand. He considered it a long time. "Okay, Pete," he murmured finally. "I guess there's some things a man has to do, come what may. I understand. Let the Gulf keep what it knows. Anyhow, the Gulf owes me a boat. When I get it, you're goin' on as top hand."



"We're havin' less trouble with the railroad people since Junyee got them trains."

Let's Make Death Take a Holiday

(Continued from page 17)

Ill., in competitive examinations open to policemen all over the country.

A strict policy was adopted under which police officers must be courteous at all times, regardless of the provocation to be otherwise—under which motorists are encouraged to consider others ahead of themselves—and under which the whys and wherefores of traffic rules and regulations are emphasized as often as possible.

Three times a week the worst accident of the day is dramatized in a radio broadcast. Then Lieutenant Reynolds explains what caused the accident and how it could have been prevented.

Enforcement of the traffic code is guided by consideration of the likelihood of any particular infraction to cause an accident. Except in serious cases, out-of-town visitors are let off with only a warning at the first offense, but residents of the Miami area are given a summons every time, being presumed to know the regulations.

Pedestrians are made to obey traffic lights just as much as motorists. Jaywalkers are politely requested by the nearest policemen to retrace their steps and admonished they'd "better think twice the next time".

Auto driving is taught in special classes in the high schools.

A detail of picked men aids student patrols in handling traffic problems at all schools.

Motion pictures are taken of all major accidents to help fix responsibility.

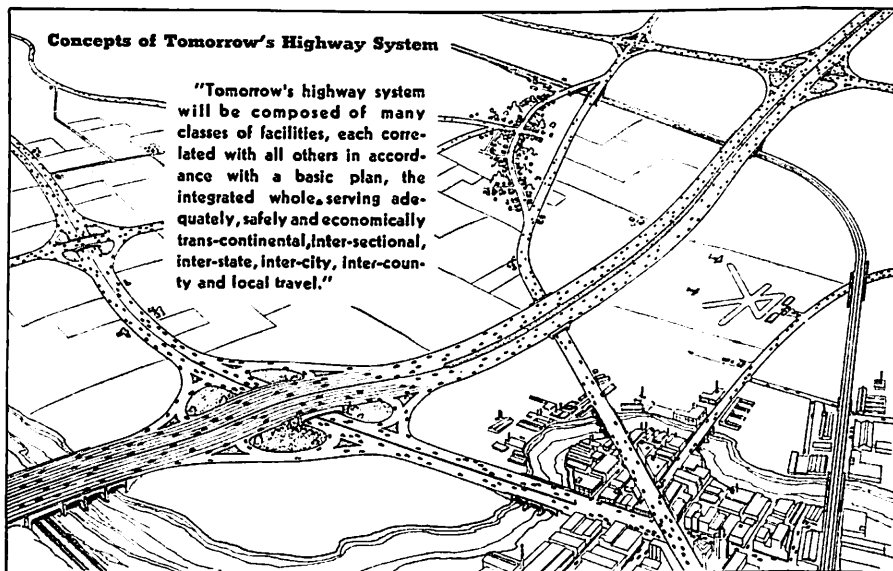
All motorists are forced to have their lights, horn, windshield wiper and brakes tested at reasonable intervals.

Summed up by Lieutenant Reynolds, "It is the 'three E' program of safety—Education, Enforcement and Engineering. We try to teach the motoring and pedestrian public to protect itself, we enforce the traffic law as deemed necessary, and we try to keep abreast of mechanical developments in the traffic field."

Many other States and municipalities are meeting this problem intelli-

gently and effectively. Iowa; Rhode Island; Evanston, Ill., and numerous other States and cities are solving their traffic problems with courtesy and common sense.

It is hoped that the Elks' Traffic Safety Program will achieve even more startling results in the nation at large. I firmly believe we can save 20,000 lives that might be lost in accidents, prevent 500,000 persons from being injured, save \$600,000,000 worth of property that might be



destroyed.

Too optimistic an objective?

Not if the 500,000 Elks of America eliminate at least one traffic hazard in the 1,400 communities where their Lodges are located!

Not if drastic steps are taken to eliminate that worst of all traffic evils—*ticket-fixing!*

The Order is mobilized into action. "Traffic Nights" were held by almost every Lodge during November; radio stations all over the country are being used to broadcast traffic safety facts to the nation and State and municipal officials, police executives, civic leaders are with us to a man!

The way is clear and the issue is clean-cut—**DEATH MUST BE MADE TO TAKE A HOLIDAY ON THE HIGHWAY!**

LET us inquire a little into some of the causes of traffic accidents.

Many highways, for instance, are not yet as safe as they could be made. They are too narrow, signs and signals are not standard, curves are too sharp.

Some methods by which highway

defects may be remedied are:

1. Grade separations (highway and rail-highway).
2. Divided lane highways, to separate opposing lanes of traffic.
3. By-pass highways to carry through traffic around congested areas.
4. Wider streets and highways.
5. Use of pavement surfacing, which reduces the tendency to

skid and which makes braking more effective.

6. Pedestrian underpasses, particularly at schools, bathing beaches and other places where there is concentration of traffic and people.
7. Highway footpaths, at least approaching centers of population.
8. Elimination of dangerous curves, poor sight distance, narrow and weak bridges.
9. Construction of streets and

highways which have a high light reflection value to improve visibility.

These are only suggestions, of course. In one community it may be only necessary to remove a hedge which obstructs the motorist's view of an intersection. In another, a costly project may have to be undertaken to eliminate a traffic hazard. The main thing is to cooperate with local authorities in an endeavor to remove at least one hazard from your community.

Again, defects of automobiles themselves are estimated to cause, or help to cause, at least 15 percent of the accidents. We cannot be too careful in keeping our equipment in good condition. A mandatory inspection of cars is not always necessary, of course, but such a system has worked wonders in many places.

But suppose for a moment, now, that every traffic hazard in the country, of an engineering nature, has been eliminated. The streets and highways are all well designed, well marked with signs and signals, well lighted.

Will motor car accidents automati-

cally cease altogether?

Of course not!

One of the reasons is to be found in an examination of that ever-present moral hazard—ticket-fixing!

I am convinced, after visiting many sections of the country and talking with people in all walks of life, that comparatively few people realize the extent of this evil.

A summons for passing a red light, crossing a white line, or even more serious violations of the motor vehicle regulations, such as speeding or reckless driving, can seem so innocuous!

It is so easy to feel above the necessity of being bound by such restrictions. A telephone call, a few minutes' conversation with a friendly person known to possess the proper "pull", and a few dollars are saved, a few hours of annoyance avoided.

During four years in one city of 200,000 population an average of 40,000 tickets were fixed in one year. Doubtless many others have equally bad records of similar lawlessness.

Ticket-fixing is one of the very basic reasons for our enormous number of accidents on the highways, and the resultant traffic deaths.

Youths depend upon their elders to get them out of trouble, grown-ups depend upon their friends, and the wrecks keep piling up along the roads, ambulances keep carting away the dead and injured, and one and all, it seems, remain in a tolerant conspiracy to thwart the kind of justice embodied in the traffic code.

How seldom we stop to realize that every traffic-regulation was written into the law for one fundamental purpose—to insure the safety of motorists and pedestrians!

And that brings up another important angle to the general problem. Of the 37,800 traffic fatalities of 1936, an estimated 15,100—or 40 percent—were pedestrians. Furthermore, the records of 21 States show that actions generally recognized as unsafe were chargeable against 56 percent of the pedestrian victims.

In other words, the responsibility for deaths on the highway must not be placed only on the shoulders of the motorists. It must be shared by pedestrians as well.

Jaywalking is perhaps the most

(Continued on page 53)

Gimme the Funnies, Pop

(Continued from page 11)

The arrival of the "story strip" was the beginning of a new epoch for comics. Soon the public was avidly reading about the thousand different dilemmas in the lives of "Toots and Casper", "Ella Cinders" and "The Nebbs".

An outstanding strip born at this time was "Gasoline Alley". In this

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comic the characters grow older as the years go by. And in this way they can keep abreast of the times while a "dated" strip may be left stranded on some anachronistic sandbar. Usually, however, the hands of the clock stand still for actors in "the funnies".

The third stage in the history of the comic strip can be divided into two phases: 1. adventure, and 2. detective.

A highly popular strip appearing through King Features is "Flash Gordon" by Alex Raymond. (Mr. Raymond also does illustrating and the cover of this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE is one of his drawings.) Alex Raymond started in the strip cartoon business as a "ghost" for another cartoonist. King features knew of his work and liked it.

Raymond conceived the idea of drawing cartoon strips as an illustration would be done, with realistic figures and legitimate facial expressions and dialogue. He wanted to do a strip with a fairy tale angle, using fantasy on the physical side rather than scientific. He took the idea to King Features and they snapped him up on it, although other cartoonists pooh-pooed the idea, thinking the public was sold on slapstick. Flash Gordon caught on instantly and the strip is still building up all over the country. Flash is a virile young man who, with his lady friend, Dale Arden, finds himself transplanted to a mythical planet, which is far above the earth in scientific achievement, but hardly on our high plane of spiritual civilization. Flash is involved in a constant struggle to overthrow the power of the evil Emperor of this screw-ball world, and finds himself in endless complications.

One of the four-star strips today is Chester Gould's "Dick Tracy". For a whole year Gould came into the syndicate office and submitted one idea after another. Each one in turn was rejected. Instead of discouraging the cartoonist it only made him try the harder. "By God!" he cried, banging his fist on the editor's desk, "I'm going to sell this syndicate a strip if it's the last thing I do on this earth."

Then one day he submitted "Dick Tracy". This time, instead of Gould-chase-editor, it became editor-chase-Gould. Dick Tracy was a "click" from the very first day. This strip has plenty of action, good characterizations and, best of all, plenty of that "bring-'em-back-tomorrow" suspense. Tracy, the headquarters detective, is a sensible, hard-boiled sleuth who at the present time of writing is tangled up searching for a man named Mr. Blank. Mr. Blank has no face. He is a Robin Hood character who goes around administering justice in an unorthodox manner, highly interesting to the police. Tracy is also out to get him and by the time this appears, will probably have done so.

Another "click", this one an ad-

venture strip, is "Terry and the Pirates". When Milton Caniff submitted this comic, Captain Patterson sent him out to find a rare old book on Chinese pirates so that the background for the strip would not only be interesting, but authentic. In this strip, as in another called "Smilin' Jack", sex problems are making their bow to the readers of "the funnies". In "Terry and the Pirates", Pat Ryan, the juvenile, is in love with a married woman and she, apparently, is in love with Mr. Ryan. Tony, the lady's husband, is one of those "Scotch-and-soda cads" so familiar in plays about Englishmen in India or Africa. Tony has at this writing disappeared on a boat, while Normandie, the married lady, has retired to have a baby (Tony's).

BUT while a vague version of the eternal triangle spices "Terry and the Pirates", Zack Mosley's "Smilin' Jack" treats sex much more candidly. A recent strip showed Jack marooned on a desert isle with a group of attractive air-line hostesses. Bonita, Jack's jealous admirer, goes to help the husky young hero tap some rubber trees. When she returns she finds the other girls posing around in flimsy undergarments. "Hey!" she cries, "Why you girls cut your clothes so short? You try to attract Jack by dressing like chorus cuties, eh?"

In truth, artist Mosley's tempting feminine figures are very alluring as they loll around the tropical beach in brief and tattered dishabille.

It's a long jump from "The Yellow Kid" to "Smilin' Jack".

When a cartoonist begins to draw a comic strip he can never tell down what road his characters will lead him. E. C. Segar started off with Ham Gravy and Olive Oyl in the "Thimble Theatre". But one day he brought a new actor into the show and the newcomer just pushed the others right off the stage into the orchestra. The newcomer, of course, was none other than "Popeye, the sailor man, bee-beep". The success of this character is even greater in the movies than it is in the newspapers. Another movie star without flesh and bones is "Mickey Mouse", Walt Disney's meal ticket (and what meals!). But "Mickey" started in Hollywood before getting into the press.

Very few people today remember a strip called "The Family Upstairs", yet it was in this strip that George Herriman first tried out "Krazy Kat" on the public. The mad cat's success convinced the artist that the rest of "The Family" was unnecessary.

Generally speaking, comic strips are the creation of shrewd editors and clever cartoonists. Sometimes they are invented with a definite aim in mind. "Moon Mullins" was one of these. The *Chicago Tribune* wanted something to offset the mass circulation of the *Chicago American*.

Editor Crawford conceived the idea of a good-hearted boy who always did the wrong thing at the wrong time. In the first "Moon Mullins" strip, the mother of a wayward boy has died and the family is holding a wake. To supervise the proceedings they have brought in Moon Mullins, a good-natured "dope", who takes charge of the ceremony, greeting people, passing out cigars and so forth. Finally everyone has gone and the family retires to the quiet of its bedrooms. Alone, Moon hears a knock at the back door and there he finds the prodigal son. "Where's Ma?" he asks, and Moon says, "She's in her coffin, where you put her." This frank remark starts a fight, the furniture is broken up, the family is awakened and the boy, Moon, who was supposed to see that things passed off with quiet and dignity, has started a riot. Thus began Moon Mullins. Today he is still getting into scrapes, but he stays strictly away from wakes.

"LITTLE Orphan Annie" is another strip that was created for a definite purpose. Publisher Patterson, who is always on the lookout for good features, "the backbone of the present day newspaper", wanted a strip for a potential afternoon edition of the *New York Daily News*. With a character called "Little Orphan Otto" in mind, the publisher called in Purdue graduate Harold Gray. From this conference emerged "Little Orphan Annie" and today "the little orphan" gives Harold Gray \$125,000 a year.

"So," in the W. C. Fieldsian voice of the bombastic Major Hoople, "you have seen before your very eyes the back-stage parade of the incomparable, inimitable American comic strip with its excitement, its thr-rills and its humuh. Ump-Rumf-Kaf-Kaf-Egad, my good man." What is it all about? What are its social implications, if any? Does it do harm, good or both?

Do the comics spoil children's taste for good literature? It is very doubtful. True, they may teach them to say "gat" instead of "gun", but what's wrong with "gat", except, possibly, in an English examination?

Are they anaesthetics lulling the reader's mind into a state of childish, ineffectual thought? Or do they provide—as their supporters claim—diversion, relaxation and stimulation?

You may find relaxation in "The Little King", diversion in "Flash Gordon". Both these qualities are attainable in many different comic strips. But there is little stimulation in "the funnies", for, like Popeye who says, "I yam what I yam and that's all I yam," the comics are what they are, and that's all they are; so many pieces of kindling tossed on the roaring flame that is this nation's desire for entertainment.

And, like jazz and football, they seem to go on and on, ever popular, and their followers continue to write

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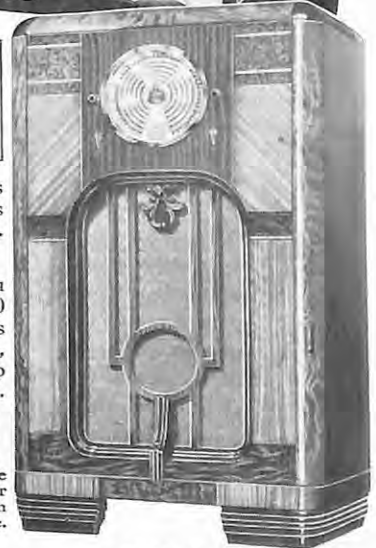
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letters like this one to the *New York Daily News*:

"Manhattan

"Dear Mr. Branner:

"I am very glad Winnie Winkle finally got herself married and I love her handsome hubby almost as much as she does. But,

oh, Mr. Branner, will you try to stretch your elbow so as to have his pants a little longer—or are you advertising some sock concern? I can't bear to see this handsome brute misfitted below his knees.

"WINNIE WINKLE FAN."



Noche de Paz

(Continued from page 40)

It was black dark in the valley when they returned. The moon was long since down, and stars alone illuminated their path. A light was burning in the ranch house; and from within came again the soft, sweet voice of the Mexican *nana* singing "Noche de Paz".

Little Tommy came out onto the gallery when he heard them ride up.

He was straddling his mesquite-root hobby horse, and the toy gun was in his hand.

"I woke up," he announced, "and Santa Claus had been here. Panchita wanted me to go back to sleep; but I wouldn't. Ooooh, look, mama!" He pointed in excitement. "Look at that big, bright star! That great big one, right up at the top of Old Stormy!"



Little Man's Busy Day

(Continued from page 23)

our British cousins. Hockey was created by the Canadian Indians as a winter version of lacrosse. Golf is a contribution of the Scotch. Tennis was played, after a fashion, in France as long ago as the twelfth century. Boxing, wrestling, swimming and the track and field sports were known and practiced when Babylon was old. But basketball was born at Springfield, Mass., in 1891, when Dr. James A. Naismith came up with two peach baskets, a soccer ball and a bright idea as the answer to the prayer to relieve the tedium of formal gymnasium work.

For more than a quarter of a century the public and the majority of the nation's athletic young gents were profoundly disinterested in basketball as a major sport everywhere except New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and scattered centers in the Middle West. Then suddenly, and for no apparent reason other than the barnstorming tours of the Original Celtics—unquestionably the greatest team the game has ever known—basketball

mushroomed in the early 1920's.

College coaches who had been controlling a comparatively obscure situation made the enchanting discovery that they were citizens of considerable importance and took advantage of the boom to strengthen their tenacious grip on the game. They succeeded so famously that basketball coaches today exert more influence on the trend of their game than any other similar group. Compared to their colleagues of the football fraternity, they are virtual dictators. The better minds who amend the rules lend an attentive ear to their opinions; in many conferences and leagues the officials interpret the rules according to the desires of the coaches, or find themselves among the unemployed.

That is all right as far as it goes, for any coach has a sounder appreciation of the needs of his game than the brass hat who has lost contact with the sport. But the trouble with basketball is that the coaches haven't gone far enough—afraid, that is. In sharp contrast to the football coaches



who have circulated throughout the country and have blended their preconceived theories with those they encounter in other sections, the basketball people stay closer to home than an ardent prohibitionist on New Year's Eve. The turnover among the court coaches is surprisingly small, possibly because the old grad who makes a pest of himself, concentrates on driving the football man crazy and because the supply of master minds is limited. There are few recognized leaders in the profession and in the college field only three men—Nat Holman of C. C. N. Y., Walter Meanwell of Wisconsin and Phog Allen of Kansas—have exerted any influence on strategy and tactics in their respective sectors.

This state of affairs had bred intense sectional rivalries and suspicions which have made for pretty silly refusals to compromise or see eye to eye on the vital questions which come up each year at the annual convention. A sincere citizen who proposes a resolution which he honestly believes will promote the growth of basketball, ordinarily exposes himself to the danger of being attacked as: (1) a sinister fellow with deep-seated, ulterior motives not immediately visible to the naked eye, (2) a reactionary or radical, take your pick, (3) a balmy idealist unwittingly serving a group which figures to gain an underhand advantage by the new legislation.

But the millennium has come. Last April at the Chicago convention the majority voted to adopt the most revolutionary change in the rules that basketball, or any other sport, has ever known. That was the elimination of the center jump—except at the start of each half, overtime periods and after infrequent double and technical fouls—for forty-six years the traditional method of putting the ball in play.

No longer will it be necessary for a team to fight for possession of the ball after a score has been made, nor will a coach find it imperative to use the human skyscrapers who cluttered up the courts in the last decade and contributed nothing to the success of their teams other than their ability to control the tap at center. This year, and perhaps forever henceforth, the ball will be given to the team, under the basket it is defending, against which a field goal or a foul goal has been scored.

To be brutally frank about the entire matter, it is quite possible that the coaches voted to eliminate the center jump because they had no other alternative. At the last Olympic Games the International Federation, in which forty countries hold membership, gave that rule the old heave-o and it was advisable to make the American code conform to the international standard. The causes, however, are relatively unimportant. The effects hold greater interest for spectators and players, and more significant than the proof that the coaches can agree on a major issue

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is the conclusion that this will be the little man's busy day in basketball once again.

Once upon a time—and not so long ago—basketball was the one game which made heavy demands on the athletic talents characteristic of the little man — his physical coordination, his agility and shiftiness. And the half-pints demonstrated so well their fitness to play in any league that such comparatively little fellows as Nat Holman, Barney Sedran, Marty Friedman, Benny Borgman, Roddy Cooney, Lou Sugarman, Elmer Ripley, Harry Hough and Dave Banks are still remembered among the greatest stars produced in the exacting crucible of the professional game twenty years ago.

With the boom guaranteeing greater prestige to basketball players, the statuesque young men who had been serving the greater glory of alma mater in football and baseball began to enter the picture and, simultaneously, the little man began to fade out of it. The trend toward taller men quickly assumed the full blown impetus of a rage, and even those coaches who were not looking for sheer inches in their players had to climb on the band-wagon in self-defense. Nor could anybody blame them.

Height was—and always will be—a consideration of vast importance in a game where the goals are suspended ten feet above the playing surface and a good deal of the passing in a passing game is overhead. Victory usually goes to that team which controls possession of the ball. To effect same, players who can leap, stretch or reach high are needed, especially if the opposition is loaded with imposing specimens of human architecture. Do you begin to perceive why coaches deliberately tried to get their five tallest, not necessarily best, men into the lineup?

It might be illuminating to point out the fine distinction between a tall athlete and a tall basketball player. In other games a well set up individual who hovers around 6'2" is large enough for all practical purposes and a young gent who is a few inches taller and has the temerity to wear short pants in public is a fair target for pointed remarks from the crowd. The tallest player in baseball, for example, is Jim Weaver, the 6'6" Pittsburgh pitcher, and there are many experts who subscribe to the belief that an athlete loses the fine edge of his physical coordination, speed and stamina when he exceeds 6'3".

In basketball, however, a man does not command special attention until he reaches 6'4" in an upright position. At least one 6'6" center seemed to be standard equipment for most

ranking teams under the old rules and it is a matter of historical fact that seven-footers have cavorted and galumphed on basketball courts without causing a panic among the customers, although sensitive souls in the audience did swoon dead away from sheer horror.

At a conservative estimate, there were one hundred college teams in the country last year which had a 6'6" center and some of the team averages were pretty staggering. The five regulars of West Texas Teachers averaged 6'4" and the statistics for Michigan's starting team were one inch less. Stanford's high-powered crew, a sensation on the Pacific Coast, in the East and in the Middle West, was appropriately called "a team of centers". There were eleven men on the squad, not one was less than 6' and the six first-string men — Captain Dinty Moore, Hank Luisetti, Howard Turner, John Calderwood, Art Stoeffen and Phil Zone—whom Coach John Bunn used most frequently, averaged 6'3" in height.

Going to the other extreme, St. Joseph's of Philadelphia put a very tidy ball club on the court last season with 6'1" Matt Gaukas the tallest man, with 5'3" Dan Kenny one of the stars and with a five-man average of 5'8". It is true that St. Joe defeated such strong teams as Long Island University, Pennsylvania, C. C. N. Y. and Mississippi State, but it is equally true that St. Joe was the exception and Stanford was the general model most coaches would dearly have loved to copy.

But the pendulum during this on-rushing season will swing sharply back to its original position and will continue to point, in future years, in the direction of giving the little man a better break in competition with his bigger brethren. The elimination of the center jump means that approximately sixty occasions when a big man was needed to control the tap have been thrown out of the window and a purely physical element—which had no place in basketball when the game was conceived—has been reduced to the absolute minimum.

Players less than 5'10" tall will find that the subtle boycott which was enforced against them will disappear into thin air. Basic concepts of strategy have been thrown into discard along with the center jump, and the little man will find that his endurance and ability to pull the smart, unexpected play will be in demand, for the action in basketball

now is almost continuous and goals will be scored by out-maneuvering, rather than overpowering, the opposition. The spectators will get more for their money since experi-



**SPEED, ENDURANCE,
AND SKILL AGAIN
MEAN MORE THAN
MERE HEIGHT**

ments on the Pacific Coast in the last two years proved conclusively that the pace is more intense and the scoring is higher without the center jump.

It may even come to pass that the coaches, encouraged by the rousing success of their most daring innovation, will be stimulated into going to work on a more exact definition of what constitutes an intentional "pick-off" or block, the bone of contention and the sore spot in the rules at the moment. But there we go—dreaming again.

Your Dog

(Continued from page 37)

obtain pleasure out of the presence and companionship of the dog.

It is traditional to berate the dog-catcher and consider him the most cruel of men. Yet the criticism should not be upon him but upon the owner of the stray dog. We are heartily in favor of more and better dogcatchers for we would rather see fewer dogs on our streets and have them trained and cared for than to have many dogs roaming about, causing trouble, and making dog pounds necessary.

Is the pedigreed dog smarter than the mongrel dog? Is the mongrel dog harder than the pedigreed dog? This is hardly a fair comparison.

Due to good care, practically four of five pedigreed puppies live into adulthood. On the other hand, of the mongrel litter, perhaps born in the alley on a winter's night, hardly one of three goes into adulthood. Only the smartest and the hardiest survive. The weaklings and the dumb ones perish in puppyhood.

The mongrel dog that has survived has done so because he has been especially hardy and has had enough intelligence to find his living in the garbage cans and to protect himself against the kicks of the world.

There is little purpose and certainly no kindness in seeking to increase the number of mongrel dogs. To do so is to fill our streets and alleys with hungry, ill-tempered, diseased dogs.

It is entirely fitting that the dog, whether he be mongrel or not, receive our sympathy, but to keep on bubbling over with charity in behalf of the mongrel is illogical if, at the same time, these kind-hearted people do not take steps to emphasize the responsibility of the dog owner to his dog and the desirability of lessening the number of stray dogs. Better dogs and better care for them and also better dog owners should be the chief aim.

To wax enthusiastically over the mongrel dog mostly to give opportunity to show a kind heart is a hypocrisy equivalent to throwing alms to a beggar in order to buy one's way into heaven. We speak of

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What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 22)

rule in Cape Colony. It is filled with men's courage, women's love and women's tears; with fierce fighting, with domination and revolt, with the untamed love of one man for another man's wife and death coming from enemies without and within—men and animals. In the West there were bears, mountain lions and Indians; in the Transvaal there were kaffirs with poisoned spears, wild boars, snakes . . . and men who fought their own kind. The setting is new to us, but the story reveals how men and women stood up to danger and fought it out amid sacrifice and suffering. The author, descendant of Dutch pioneers who farmed in South Africa for fifteen years, served with the Coldstream Guards in the war. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., \$2.50)

Next to "The Turning Wheels" there are a great many new novels, some fresh, others in their authors' familiar styles. Booth Tarkington's friendly manner is so well established that his name is a trade mark. "Rumbin Galleries" tells the story of a big, ambitious art dealer who needed a dapper young fellow as a salesman and got him. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). Amusing, not too serious. "The Trojan Horse" is the latest by Christopher Morley and something of a surprise; I can't foretell how his admirers will take it. He has taken the story of Troilus and Cressida and told it in modern rhythm (Chris says, "into a modern wave-length.") Besides "it is happening as you read it." I may add that since it differs from current novels in many ways, it cannot really be judged by their methods; let the buyer look out for himself. (Lippincott, \$2.50)

RACHEL FIELD, who wrote "Time Out of Mind," that excellent novel about Maine life, has gone to the other end of the country for her latest, "To See Ourselves," which deals with Hollywood. Her husband, Arthur Pederson, is co-author. (Macmillan, \$2.50) Mary Roberts Rinehart's new Tish stories, "Tish Marches On," are also ready in book form, after their appearance in a magazine. (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2)

And our old friend Michael Arlen—the famous author of "The Green Hat," sophisticated, fastidious and romantic all at once, has written enough short stories at last to make a book, "The Crooked Coronet." (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) Hollywood made him rich, and lazy. Another book of short stories in which I happened to have a hand, the "O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories for 1937," is out with twenty stories chosen from American magazines and prizes awarded to three, of which the first award goes to Stephen Vincent Benet for his incomparable American legend, "The Devil and Daniel Webster." (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50) "So Great a Man" by David Pilgrim, about Napoleon and his left-handed love affair with the Countess Marie Walewska during the Spanish campaign, is very popular at this writing; if you enjoy historical romance, here it is. (Harper, \$3) So far as the new Ernest Hemingway novel goes, I thought it a great deal below his best. It is "To Have and Have Not" and deals with the career of Harry Morgan, a tough customer who runs motor boats along the Florida Keys and goes in for bootlegging and shady jobs because he is broke. There is plenty of gore, tough talk and vulgarity; don't say I didn't warn you. (Scribner, \$2.50)

IN THE SOUTH SEAS

STORIES of far-away lands are good if the author is good. Information will not suffice; we demand the author's slant on what he sees. Ever since Frederick J. O'Brien wrote "White Shadows on the South Seas" we have had many books about the South Sea islands, and yet there is always room for another. This year John W. Vandercook has written a fine, personal, honest book about his travels. He calls it "Dark Islands," and it makes me see the brown men of Samoa, the Fiji islands, New Guinea and the Solomons more like brothers of the human race than curious specimens. Mr. Vandercook does not parade them to amuse us, but he tells many amusing stories about his own adventures and living abroad. Although there were times

when, by contrast, to be white felt "like something that came out of a log", he found courageous and able whites all through the islands. Among others was the English woman who had come to New Guinea as housekeeper for a plantation owner, married him, and now, after his death, was mistress of an immense plantation and taking her own schooner down the river to call on neighbors 300 miles away. She was "the heavy, proudly conquering woman standing at the wheel with its spokes gripped in her hands." (Harper & Bros., \$3.50)

MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS is a different type of traveler; he is greatly interested in native art and dances and in Bali he found a great mass of unexplored material to describe. He calls his book "Island of Bali" and it is a handsome work. Filled with information about the customs of the Balinese, it also gives us an idea of the extent and character of their culture. Moreover Covarrubias has worked with brush and camera; there are paintings in colors, drawings and 120 photographs. (Alfred A. Knopf, \$5)

Let's Make Death Take a Holiday

(Continued from page 45)

stupid of all offenses, and at the same time one susceptible to being dealt with quite easily. It may well turn out that jaywalkers are major traffic hazards in many communities. If so, it should not be difficult to interest the police in starting a drive against such folly.

But to return to ticket-fixing. It is not simple to put into words the ways and means of fighting the evil. Nevertheless, I will mention a case somewhat in point.

Not many months ago the wife of a well known Broadway figure, a writer, was stopped for some minor infraction of the traffic laws in a nearby city. She accepted a ticket without protest and gave it to her husband. He in turn mailed it to the mayor of the city where the offense occurred.

A few days later the writer received a note from the mayor, who happened to be a personal friend. The ticket had been "taken care of" all right. The mayor himself had paid the fine imposed on the writer's wife! It is doubtful that the author will ever again try to have a ticket "killed" in that particular city.

Naturally, such a method of ending ticket-fixing would prove costly,

MARGARET FISHBACK'S poetry is bright, snappy, easy to read aloud; I should add that it is cheerful, not down-in-the-mouth poetry. She is employed in the advertising department of a large department store; one of her books was called "I Take it Back" and the other, "Poems Made Up to Take Out." Now her publishers, E. P. Dutton & Co., have put all her poems into one book, a bargain counter feature, calling it "One to a Customer," and here are a couple of samples:

An Unbiased Point of View
My wakefulness last night was due
To dear, insistent thoughts of you;
Though I'll concede it might have
been
The lobster Newburg or the gin.

Poem for Mother's Day
My mother taught me to be good
At least as good as I was able;
Otherwise I think I could
Dress in ermine, mink or sable.

Trap Shooters
Women who are violent
In speech, in love, in work, in play,
Are apt to have to pay their rent
Themselves, for ever and a day.

even if effective. However, it suggests that people may be persuaded into a state of mind where they will think twice before asking such favors.

If they can be made to see the un-sportsmanlike side of the proposition as well, all the better. It is highly unfair, even dangerous, to undermine the work of honest policemen by going behind their backs to frustrate them dishonestly.

We condoned lawbreaking during the Prohibition Era, and are still reaping the harvest of corruption this attitude sowed. Let's not plant any more weeds in our civic garden.

Most important, let's do everything constructively possible to wipe the blot of traffic deaths from our escutcheons.

Ours is a heritage of freedom, but the price of freedom is the acceptance of civic responsibility on the part of every individual citizen; and one of these responsibilities is that of careful driving.


We have but one gift; the gift of life. We have but one right; the right to live it through to its highest and its fullest. Remember that your neighbor has that right as well as you.

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Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)

Grand Trustee John S. McClelland. Among those Elks with whom Major Hart conferred were the District Deputies of Georgia, North, Frank M. Robertson, Atlanta, and South, T. L. Moss, Jr., Columbus; Alabama, North, George Ross, Bessemer, and South, C. L. DeBardeleben, Selma; North Carolina, East, Charles I. Morton, Wilmington, and West, William F. Duncan, Asheville; South Carolina, Henry Tecklenburg, Charleston; Tennessee, East, J. W. Anderson, Chattanooga, and West, Robert D. Conger, Jackson; Judge McClelland; Dr. Etheridge; State Pres. Charles G. Bruce, State Secy.-Treas. R. E. Lee Reynolds, Past State Pres. J. Gordon Hardy, Secy. J. Clayton Burke, Chaplain James J. Condon, and P.E.R.'s Charles W. Bernhardt, George C. James, I. S. Moss, J. O. Perry, Jr., and Ed F. Bond, all of Atlanta Lodge; State Vice.-Pres. Aaron Cohen and P.D.D. J. Bush of Athens, Ga., Lodge; and State Pres. Sam Lefkovits, Ensley, Ala., and State Secy.-Treas. C. M. Tardy and Exec. Secy. H. W. Gilmer, Birmingham, Ala. A luncheon for those attending the meeting was held at 1 o'clock. During the afternoon a tribute was paid to the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, P.E.R. of Atlanta Lodge, when Major Hart, accompanied by Mr. Robertson of Atlanta and Judge Anderson of Chattanooga, visited West View Cemetery and laid a wreath of flowers on the grave.

A six o'clock banquet was held at the Ansley Hotel attended by more than a hundred prominent Elks, among whom were the officers of Atlanta and Decatur Lodges. Governor E. D. Rivers was present and extended the welcome of the State to the distinguished visitor. After the banquet Grand Exalted Ruler Hart was escorted to the Lodge Home where he was introduced by Judge McClelland. There he delivered a patriotic address to several hundred members of the Order including the Decatur delegation. Major Hart reviewed the outstanding program, for Elk Lodges for the year, which had taken up most of the day's discussion.

IMEDIATELY after his return to the East from his regional conferences, the Grand Exalted Ruler held three highly important meetings at all of which he spoke, explaining his program and dwelling on important matters. In each case those attending were guests at a luncheon given by Major Hart with the business sessions being held immediately afterward. At the respective meetings analysis was made of each subordinate Lodge. This was a most

constructive feature. Attendances were large and enthusiasm was such that it was clearly indicated that a marked increase in Lodge activities and a substantial gain in membership in the Lodges of these Eastern sections would follow and continue throughout the year.

At the first conference, held in the Home of Oneida, N. Y. Lodge, No. 767, on Oct. 10, all Exalted Rulers from the upper part of New York State were present. Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough Lodge, and Murray Hulbert, New York Lodge No. 1; Dr. J. Edward Gallico, Troy, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; William T. Phillips, New York, Secy. of the Board of Grand Trustees; Roy M. Bradley, Jamestown, member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; D.D.'s Hugh E. Hamilton, Watertown, Albert L. Kleps, Jr., Batavia, Raymond Madden, Schenectady, Martin Purtell, Elmira, and A. E. Morrison, Malone; Pres. Stephen McGrath, Oneida; Secy. Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls Lodge; Vice-Pres.'s Roy C. Glawf, North Tonawanda, and Thomas E. Neary, Geneva; Trustees John B. Keane, Newark, Samuel C. Duberstein, Brooklyn, Charles L. Jones, Jr., Ilion, and Martin J. Mulligan, Buffalo; and Chairman Frank E. Morton, of the Lapsation Committee—all of the N. Y. State Elks Assn., also participated. At the second meeting, on Oct. 19, at the Home of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, the entire State of New Jersey was represented. Exalted Rulers of the Lodges and many Elk leaders, including Judge Hallinan; Chairman Henry A. Guenther, Newark, of the Board of Grand Trustees; William H. Kelly, East Orange, member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Murray B. Sheldon, Elizabeth, Pres., and William E. Kennedy, West Orange, Vice-Pres., of the N. J. State Elks Assn.; D.D.'s Harold W. Swallow, Bound Brook, Alfred P. Michell, Mount Holly, J. C. Wegner, Paterson, and Orville V. Meslar, Morristown, and W. J. Jernick, Nutley, General Chairman of the State Publicity and Ritualistic Committee, were among those present. The three southern districts of New York State were represented at a later meeting in New York City, held on Oct. 24 at the Hotel Commodore. Judge Hallinan; Dr. Gallico; Mr. Clancy; D.D.'s Bert Hayes, Catskill, and George I. Hall, Lynbrook; State Vice-Pres.'s George D. Logan, Kingston, and State Trustee Samuel C. Duberstein, Brooklyn, were included in the large attendance, and all three meetings were attended by P.D.D. Richard F. Flood, Bayonne, the Grand Exalted Ruler's Secretary.

Grand Exalted Ruler Hart was honored with a testimonial dinner on Saturday evening, Oct. 16, by his home Lodge, Mount Vernon, N. Y., No. 842, of which he is a Past Exalted Ruler. The festivities took place at the Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle and were attended by more than 800. Not only did the Mount Vernon membership turn out in full force, but Elks from all parts of Westchester County and large delegations from Massachusetts, headed by Past Grand Tiler Thomas J. Brady of Brookline Lodge, and from New Jersey, led by Past State Pres. George L. Hirtzel of Elizabeth, were present.

At the speakers' table were Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Supreme Court Justice James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough Lodge; Supreme Court Justice Sydney A. Syme, P.E.R. of Mount Vernon Lodge, Honorary Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements; Chairman William S. Coffey, County Treasurer, who acted as Toastmaster; Supreme Court Justice Frederick P. Close; State Vice-Pres. Joseph F. Crowley and former State Vice-Pres.'s Edward J. Murray and Joseph Reilly, Yonkers; P.D.D. Richard F. Flood, Bayonne, N. J.; the Exalted Ruler of Mount Vernon Lodge, Lee W. Rivers, and P.E.R.'s Frank H. Wells, John G. Parker, George M. Martin, who was Vice-Chairman of the Committee, T. Frank Gallagher, William Hobby, Louis Schramm, Jr., who delivered the Eleven o'Clock Toast, and Hanson Caygill, former Commissioner of Public Safety. Major Hart's interesting and successful career was outlined by Judge Hallinan and the important part played by him in furthering the interests of the Order were dwelt upon by Justice Syme. As a token of their esteem the Mount Vernon members presented the Grand Exalted Ruler with a beautiful watch suitably engraved, the presentation speech being made by the Exalted Ruler, Mr. Rivers. A pleasant feature of the occasion was the reading of a letter to the Grand Exalted Ruler in which President Franklin D. Roosevelt sent his greetings. The President is a member of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275. The dinner was followed by dancing and the evening was characterized throughout by sociability and real enjoyment.

MAJOR HART'S official visit to the South Central District of Pennsylvania was made on October 27. The meeting and festivities took place at DuBois with DuBois Lodge No. 349 acting as host to the Grand Exalted Ruler, the representatives of the 13 District Lodges and the other visiting Elks numbering several hundred. The first entertainment was a noon luncheon at the DuBois Country Club. At 6 P. M. the Grand Exalted Ruler's Banquet was held at the Hotel Logan. Major Hart, introduced by E.R. J. O. Kessler of

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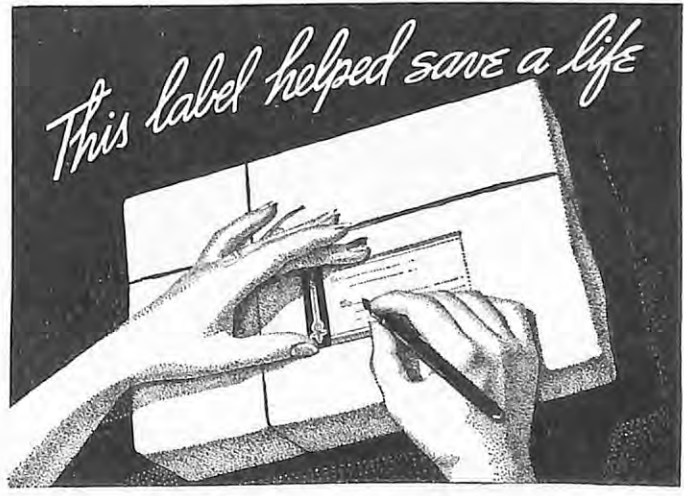
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DuBois Lodge, who acted as Toastmaster, made a short but delightful speech. A pleasant feature was the brief session for introductions when all the prominent guests were made known to their fellow Elks. Among those introduced were Past State Pres. Howard R. Davis, Williamsport, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; State Pres. Grover Shoemaker, Bloomsburg; D.D.'s T. Z. Minehart, Chambersburg, Pa. S. Cent., and Wilbur P. Baird, Greenville, Pa. N. W.; Past State Pres's F. J. Schrader, Allegheny Lodge, Max L. Lindheimer, Williamsport, and William D. Hancher, Washington; State Vice-Pres. E. D. Smith, Lewistown; Dist. Vice-Pres. Herbert Grim, Gettysburg; W. F. Smith, Punxsutawney, State Commander of the American Legion, and Congressman Don Gingery, Clearfield.

At 8 P. M. E.R. Gessler called the Lodge session. The ritualistic opening was conducted by the DuBois officers after which the crack Degree Team of Reynoldsville Lodge No. 519 with P.E.R. George L. Giesler acting as Exalted Ruler initiated a class of 157. The Lodge room had been newly decorated for the visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler and when

he entered with his party it was to step into an unusually fine looking Lodge room in every respect.

THE Grand Exalted Ruler inaugurated at 11:30 that night, Oct. 27, at DuBois, one of the most important features of his administration—a series of radio talks to be made by him on the various programs that he is sponsoring during his year of office. The initial broadcast, dedicated to the Elks National Traffic Safety Campaign, was a magnificent one. From a private room in the DuBois Lodge Home, Major Hart's national broadcast was made through Station WCAE, Pittsburgh, Pa. Co-operating on the hour were Stations KHJ in Los Angeles, California, and WHKC, Columbus, Ohio. The program was opened and closed with the California broadcast participated in by the national champion Elks "99" Chanters, the Elks "99" Symphonic Band with Wade Hamilton at the organ, and Los Angeles Civic Chorus of 400 voices. The national champion band of the Order, the Elks Band of Columbus Lodge No. 37, and the Columbus Elks Chorus came on during the evening with their portion of the program. Together

with the Grand Exalted Ruler's address, these interpolations rendered by the finest musical units in the Order, made up as inspiring and splendid a broadcast as has ever been heard on any national radio program.

Major Hart's verbal message, together with his outlining and explaining of curative methods, went out on this program to thousands of listeners from coast to coast.

On Friday, Oct. 29, the Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced as one of the most prominent guests at the Automotive Safety Foundation Luncheon held at noon in the Hotel Commodore, New York City. The luncheon was an important affair and the seating list included the biggest names in the automobile industry and many in public life. Paul Hoffman, President of the Studebaker Corporation, presided. At 6:45 P.M. Major Hart was the guest speaker on the "Forward America" hour of the Postal Telegraph Company over the network of the New York Broadcasting Company through the facilities of Station WINS. The broadcast was dedicated to the Elks Traffic Safety Program being carried on by the order throughout the country in conjunction with the Automotive Foundation.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 36)

Assn., was adopted. It was announced that a State Committee would be named to cooperate with local committees in bringing together in the Homes of Elk Lodges junior and senior high school students, to provide as speakers city and county officials who would present comprehensive views of government and good citizenship, and to give prizes for the best essays written by the students and based on these talks. Memorial services were conducted by Past Pres. A. Clyde Reasoner of Zanesville. Past Pres. James

R. Cooper, Newark, was the organist and Miss Margaret Kelly, Sandusky, soloist. The convention closed with a dinner dance.

The newly elected officers are as follows: Pres., John F. Fussinger, Cincinnati; 1st Vice-Pres., Charles L. Haslop, Newark; 2nd Vice-Pres., Walter Penry, Delaware; 3rd Vice-Pres., Robert W. Dunkle, Chillicothe; Secy., (reelected) Harry D. Hale, Newark; Treas., (reelected) William Petri, Cincinnati; Trustee, three years, Charles J. Schmidt, Tiffin.

The P.E.R.'s Assn. elected its new

officers during the convention. They are: Pres., Louis H. Jurgens, Cleveland; 1st Vice-Pres., Judge R. C. Huey, Youngstown; 2nd Vice-Pres., Harry Kahn, Wapakoneta; 3rd Vice-Pres., David H. Dankworth, Bellaire; Secy., Leslie G. Scrimger, Columbus; Treas., A. Clyde Reasoner, Zanesville; Executive Committee: C. W. Wallace, Columbus; T. A. O'Leary, Marion; George J. Doerzbach, Sandusky; F. J. Keenan, Barberton; Howard Warner, Nelsonville; John H. Neate, Upper Sandusky, and A. Bart Horton, Cincinnati.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 33)

P.D.D. M. G. Sartoris is Now Secretary of New Bedford, Mass., Lodge

Following the resignation of Joseph W. Sullivan, who resigned on account of the pressure of business, P.E.R. Morton G. Sartoris was elected to succeed him as Secretary of New Bedford, Mass., Lodge, No. 73. Mr. Sartoris has been active in Lodge affairs since he joined by dimit from Taunton, Mass., Lodge, No. 150, 21 years ago, and is thoroughly conversant with the duties of his new office. He served as District Deputy for Mass. S.E. in 1930-31.

Ballard, Wash., Lodge Puts on Entertainment for War Veterans

An old-fashioned get-together was put on recently by Ballard, Wash., Lodge, No. 827. The honor guests were American Legionnaires and Veterans of Foreign Wars from Posts in Seattle and its vicinity. Addresses were made by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier of Seattle Lodge, Clarence Christie, Past Department Commander of the V. F. W., and General Chairman Walter Justi. Otto H. Mittelstadt was Chairman of the Program Committee.

Team of Newport News, Va., Lodge Initiates Class for Norfolk Lodge

Outstanding initiatory work was performed on the night of October 19 by the Degree Team of Newport News, Va., Lodge, No. 315, for Norfolk, Va., Lodge, No. 38. P.E.R. W. C. Abbott, Pres. of the Va. State Elks Assn., headed the party of 75 Newport News Elks who journeyed across historic Hampton Roads to attend the meeting. Several hundred local Elks were present. Mr. Abbott made the principal address of the evening. Supper was served in the dining room of the Lodge Home.

Drive it 10 amazing miles before you decide on any car!



SWOOPS AHEAD LIKE A PHEASANT! Not only at the "go" lights but in those emergencies on the road when greyhound-fast acceleration means safety, you can depend upon the powerful Studebaker engines. They level out hills that worry other cars, never let you down when you need action.

LOW PRICED NEW 1938 STUDEBAKER

DON'T buy a new car this year by habit or hearsay. Sit behind the wheel of this big new 1938 Studebaker for 10 miles . . . put it to every difficult test you can think of! If you do, we know you'll want to drive it at least 10,000

miles the first year—to say nothing of future years—because it's so far ahead of anything you've been accustomed to in a motor car.

Amazing is the only word that describes how this vigorous, sweet-running 1938 Studebaker handles and performs. And to get the proof, you put up nothing but your time. The 10-mile drive in this powerful, good looking, completely new, 1938 Studebaker is your Studebaker dealer's treat.

See how this great challenger runs rings around the rest . . . and then get a still bigger surprise when you find that this handsome 1938 Studebaker costs just a few cents a day more than a small, light car. C. I. T. terms. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana.

YOU SAVE EVERY MILE ON GAS AND OIL. You probably won't use half a gallon of gas on your 10-mile trial trip. And with Studebaker's Fram oil cleaner, you scarcely ever need to change oil except when seasons change.

HANDS OFF THE WHEEL BUT YOU STOP STRAIGHT! Studebaker's non-grabbing, beautifully equalized feather-touch hydraulic brakes bring you to a smooth, swift stop as straight as a yardstick. Make this stopping test.

PARKS AS EASILY AS A YOUNGSTER'S SCOOTER! That's because the big 1938 Studebaker's new twin lever steering gear has one range for parking and one for quick, dependable control on the straightaway. Prove it!

1938 STUDEBAKER



HERE'S WISHING
YOU ALL THE
HAPPIEST
HOLIDAY SEASON
EVER —



Camels

MADE FROM FINER,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS

Give Camels for Christmas! There's no doubt about how much people appreciate Camels—the cigarette that's made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS. A gift of Camels says: "Happy Holidays and Happy Smoking!"



(right) The famous Christmas special—the Camel carton—10 packs of "20's"—200 cigarettes. You'll find it at your dealer's.

(above) Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—in gay holiday dress.

(right) A pound of Prince Albert in a real glass humidior that keeps the tobacco in prime condition and becomes a welcome possession.



(left) One pound of Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—in an attractive Christmas gift package.

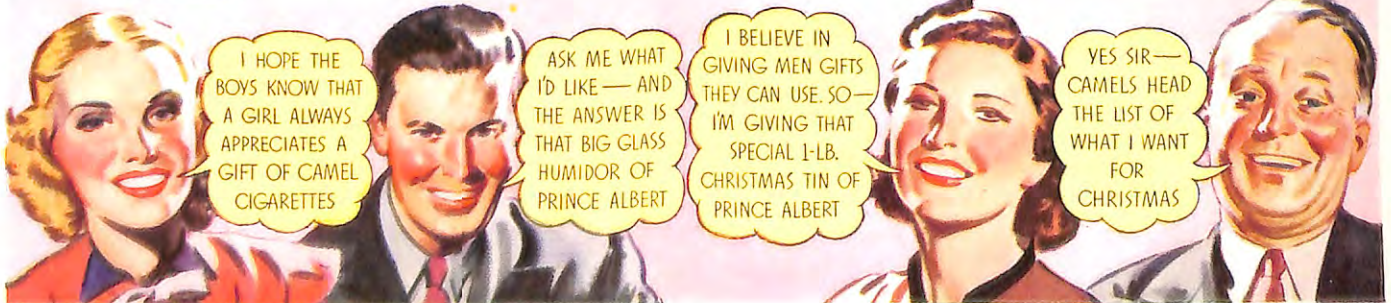


Prince Albert

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

If you know a man owns a pipe—you're practically certain to be right if you give him PRINCE ALBERT—The National Joy Smoke. Beginners like P.A. because it doesn't bite. Occasional pipe-smokers find it's extra cool. And the regulars think it's tops for mellow taste.

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I HOPE THE BOYS KNOW THAT A GIRL ALWAYS APPRECIATES A GIFT OF CAMEL CIGARETTES

ASK ME WHAT I'D LIKE — AND THE ANSWER IS THAT BIG GLASS HUMIDIOR OF PRINCE ALBERT

I BELIEVE IN GIVING MEN GIFTS THEY CAN USE. SO — I'M GIVING THAT SPECIAL 1-LB. CHRISTMAS TIN OF PRINCE ALBERT

YES SIR — CAMELS HEAD THE LIST OF WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS