

Where Circuses Go When They Die

CARVED AND GILDED BAND-WAGONS, now tarnished and crippled, tilting absurdly among the weeds. Ornate cages on wheels, once florid in crimson and gold,

Is it the age of motor traction, by the way, which has sent those imperial equipages to pine in the port of missing circuses? In the days of their glory they were superbly horse-drawn.

Many of the horses are still to be found on the "circus farm."

Yes, and other circus animals, too. As we read:

Strewn along the western edge of the farm are dozens of weather-beaten red circus vans or baggage wagons, with titles of erstwhile well-known circuses traceable on their warped sides. A lone polar bear weaves tirelessly back and forth within the confines of a huge tarnished, golden animal cage, oddly labeled "Hippopotamus."

Two long, rambling, frame barns house the pick of the parade equipment—heavily carved tableaus depicting life in the various nations of the globe—Russia, Great Britain, and the most elaborate of all, "America," star-spangled in red, white, blue, and 22-carat gold-leaf.

These relics of a bygone era repose in splendid isolation, carefully covered with fleecy-lined canvas tarpaulins, stenciled "Parade Tableau—America," etc.

Old showmen claim that the circus misses the parade as much as the disappointed public, according to the daily receipts of the ticket wagons. Some day some strong-hearted circus man will come along and, discarding present-day customs, will take these beautiful chariots, and the kids of all ages will be made happy again, on circus day, with a parade on Main Street.

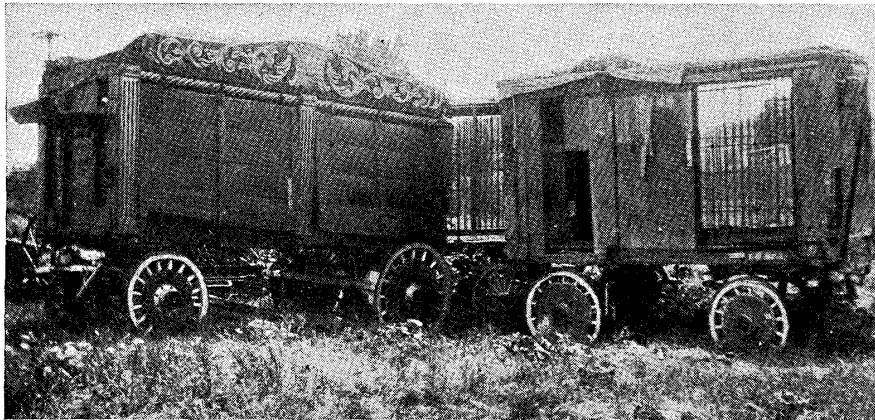
AND the calliope! As Mr. McClintock exclaims:

The calliope is beloved of all circus men. One astute circus manager insisted upon reviving the steam calliope this season, despite the fact that his show has not paraded for years. It gives daily concerts and lures many to the show grounds, which, after all, is the main function of the parade.

Returning to the last resting-place of so many brave circuses, we learn that—

Motorists driving along the highway flanking the farm on the west may observe the measured tread of the indolent camel herd, numbering thirteen of the beasts, with the perpetually moving jaws, including four leg-conscious calves.

Thirty elephants of every age and size munch native hay contentedly. They include Major, the first elephant owned by the American Circus Corporation when that chain circus organization owned but a single ten-car show. Major is a handsome



Many a Boy Ran After These When the Paint and Gilt Were Fresh

peopled by tawny tigers and shaggy lions, but now flaked and weather-beaten, with prairie grass pushing up between the worm-eaten boards.

Calliopes—ye gods!—flaunting steam calliopes that once hooted the overture of "Poet and Peasant" with shrieks loud enough to drown the factory whistles of a township—now cold and dismantled, perhaps nevermore to glow with the throb of steam or to thrill country lads with their ear-piercing version of the pipes of Pan.

These are some of the souvenirs to be found by the score in the port of missing circuses.

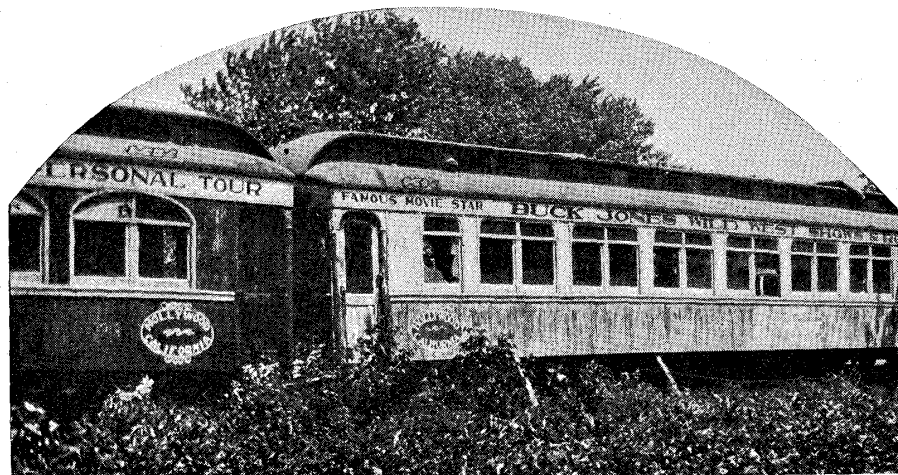
SOME call it the circus bone-yard. It has been brought into prominence by the recent death of its founder.

In studying your tourist guide for information on the high spots of rural Missouri, you will find almost every point worthy of a visit well covered, writes P. M. McClintock in a NEA Service feature copyrighted by *Every Week Magazine*, "except possibly the most interesting place in the grand old 'Show Me' State, the late W. P. Hall's Circus Farm, where ill-fated circuses end their days in utter desolation.

"This unique farm is located on the northern boundary of the quiet little village of Lancaster, in Schuyler County, some 200 miles north and slightly west of St. Louis. Lancaster, surrounded by undulating prairie land, is a country town of less than a thousand, and has little to boast of within the village limits—but the circus farm is certainly something to show off, even to the most blasé of city dwellers.

"Here is written the final chapter of many a 'Grand, glittering, gorgeous' show."

Enlarging on the "gold-leaved chariots" and the "sunburst wheels," Mr. McClintock declares that the initial cost of those ceremonial vehicles designed to knock Main Street in both eyes, "would make the most luxurious motor-cars appear cheap in comparison."



Illustrations by courtesy of *Every Week Magazine*

A Job Lot of Fancy Rolling Stock, Slightly Used

Real Truth About Tobacco Is Important To Pipe Fans

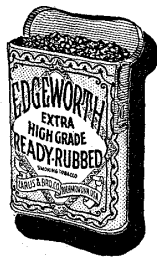
Good Time To Use Hard Common Sense. Real Pipe Pleasure Still Easy To Find. Cost Is Very Low.

Flavor Still the Key

As more and more men turn to pipe smoking as a part of their new economy program, there is a rising demand for the plain facts on tobacco quality. These are some of the facts:

Smoking tobacco can be bought for a few cents. Or one can pay as high as several dollars for a few ounces of "special mixtures." The difficulty with buying an inferior or low grade brand is that the smoker fails to get the full pleasure to which he is entitled. "Cheap" tobacco, like an unfaithful friend, soon wears out its welcome and leaves behind it a trail of regrets. The costly brand is an economic mistake, too, because it is possible to get the best there is in smoking tobacco at a reasonable price. For example—a better quality of tobacco cannot be had than the top-of-the-market burley that goes into the famous Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. The Edgeworth blend is unlike any other. Smokers like the way it is cut. It is made in two forms—"Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed," all ready for the pipe; and "Edgeworth Plug Slice," which is the favorite with pipe smokers who like to rub up each smoke in the palm of the hand. The fine, smooth quality of the tobacco was put there by nature.

Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco has never been known to bite a man's tongue. Smokers who are not acquainted with Edgeworth will find it in the famous blue tin at any tobacco shop anywhere. All sizes from the 15c pocket tin to the pound humidor package. Some sizes also come in vacuum sealed tins. Or, those who would like to try it before buying may have a neat little package containing both Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice by sending name and address to Larus & Bro. Co., 102 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va. No charge of any kind for these sample smokes.



Tune in on the Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia, broadcast over the NBC coast-to-coast Red network every Wednesday evening at 10 o'clock, E.D.S.T. Join the happy country folks at the Virginia crossroads hall and have a good time with them.

beast, as elephants go, with gleaming ivory tusks measuring over seven feet in length.

The elephants are well versed and constantly rehearsed in circus-ring tricks, ready at a moment's notice to "join out." Fraternal circuses, fairs, conventions, celebrations, and regular circuses are supplied with elephants by the farm.

Lions, tigers, "sacred" cattle, and zebras are quartered in barns, heated in winter months and hot enough in summer to cause the huge cats' tongues to hang out as they continue that sad, hopeless pacing of their prison.

Horses, the very life of the circus, are here in a profusion of breeds and shades, Aristocratic Arabian and Persian ring horses, proudly aloof in complete ostracism of the humble baggage Percherons—caste, strong in circus life, evidently extends to the animals, as well defined as between big top performers and side-show people.

The private railroad spur a mile from the main circus farm accommodates nearly forty big circus railroad cars. Some are still gaudily painted and lettered, in excellent repair, while others are sadly dilapidated and beyond usefulness, after years of idleness, exposed to the elements of all seasons.

Seventy-foot steel flats, needing only a coat of vivid orange, and then the road; advertising cars, extravagantly lettered with lurid descriptive phrases, wooden and steel stock cars, including two old-timers with the historic titles, "Gifford Bros. Shows" and "Yankee Robinson Circus," dimly visible through the peeling scales of paint—standing in the same spot for more than a quarter-century.

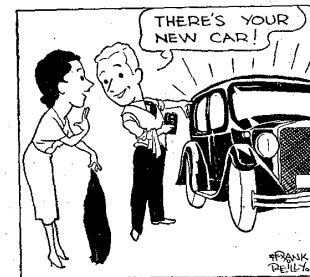
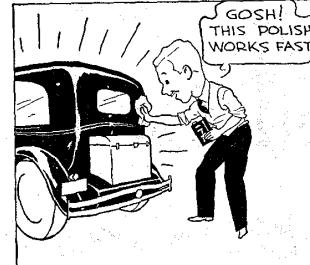
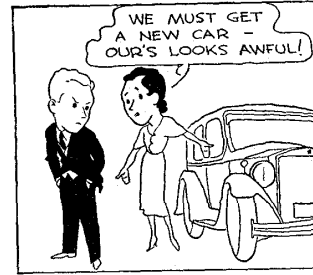
A DOZEN red-and-green and red-and-white circus sleepers, windows smashed by mischievous schoolboys, stand as mute evidence to travelers of the branch line alongside, that this is Lancaster, the graveyard of ill-starred circuses, we are told. Further:

Hall's entrance into the circus business was just another romance in the annals of the most alluring profession in existence, and strangely, the most hazardous. He had his office in an old advance car of the historic Yankee Robinson Circus. It was supposed to have been a part of Lincoln's funeral train. This old coach, now entirely devoid of paint (yet with a little help one may trace the Yankee Robinson name), is located at the entrance of the farm, and is surmounted by a huge wooden elephant, the Hall trade-mark.

As a boy, Billy Hall worked hard as a farm hand for board and a small wage, always with the determination to own and operate a circus of his own some day. Saving his money he purchased a horse for \$11, traded it successfully, and bought still another. In a few years he had acquired quite a reputation as a judge of horse-flesh.

Hall's actual induction into the show business came about through the World's Fair in St. Louis in 1903. He had been commissioned by a Chicago firm to supply them with horses, at his own price, so well did they respect his judgment and integrity. However, they failed to limit him as to the number of horses desired, and in a few days Chicago was flooded with his purchases.

This led to the job of handling the horses for the "Boer War Show" at the Fair. Intrigued by the potentialities of the show business, Hall purchased the stranded Lemon Brothers' Circus at Omaha in the fall of 1903, and the next season it went



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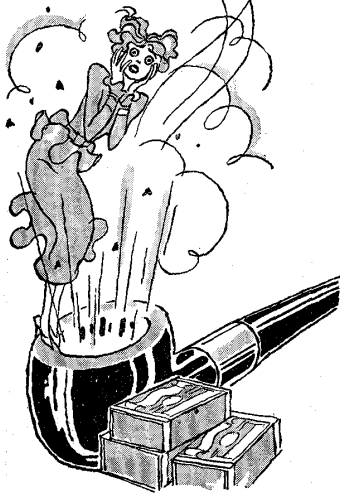
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Send me a sample of Speed Blend. I enclose 10 cents to help cover packing and postage. (Good only in U. S. and Canada.)

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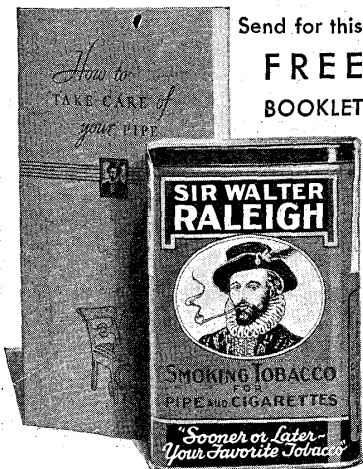
I didn't know it was
an active volcano!



SHE thought it was extinct. "Extinct" isn't a bad word, at that, for a smelly old briar smouldering with over-potent tobacco.

Madam, if your husband's pipe reminds you of the crater of Vesuvius on a busy day, remind your husband of Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking Tobacco. There's a mild, non-volcanic mixture of rare Kentucky Burleys. In a well-kept pipe, it will be welcome in any well-kept home. Its full-bodied flavor delights husbands, just as its rich mildness pleases the nostrils of the lady of the house.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. D29



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILD

out of Lancaster as the "William P. Hall Circus."

Rain of weeks' duration cut into the profits, and, disappointed with the "take," Hall decided that he had best devote his time to his horses. The next season the show was leased as "Howe's Great London Circus," under another management, and thus came the start of the circus brokerage business.

The "Pan-American Shows" and the equipment of the "Walter L. Main Shows" sans title, were soon stored away in Lancaster, to be sold piecemeal at a handsome profit. This started a regular trail of defunct shows to the bone-yard, Hall's Farm.

Profiting by the experience of other showmen, Hall stayed out of the circus business as far as actual operation was concerned, yet he was able to indulge his hobby by dabbling with show equipment, often buying an entire show, down to the advertising posters, and here and there a leopard or a horse tent. No other man had ever been associated in such a business, yet it paid handsome returns for twenty years or more.

Hall, you might say, capitalized on others' misfortune; yet when bidding for a show, he always tried to be fair, and as a rule gave the unlucky showman more than he could have received from his creditors, or through any other source.

Reindeer for Hungry Eskimos

Three years ago, the Lomen Brothers, Alaska's "reindeer kings," contracted with the Canadian Government to deliver 3,000 reindeer to the mouth of the Mackenzie River in British Columbia, 4,000 miles away, to provide food and clothing for starving Eskimos there.

The contract calls for the payment of \$195,000 on delivery of the reindeer.

The herd was started in the fall of 1929 in charge of Andrew Bahr, old reindeer-herder, assisted by four Laplanders and six Eskimos. Bahr has just been heard from the first time in seven months. The herd now numbers 3,400. They have never stopt traveling, even during 70-degrees-below-zero temperature.

Bahr hopes to reach the Mackenzie River on his strange trek by the time winter sets in again, then cross the river on the ice and deliver his reindeer herd some time next winter.—*Wall Street Journal*.

Clinging to Decency.—The door-bell rang and dad answered it.

"Any old clothes to sell or give away?" asked the old man, who had pushed the button.

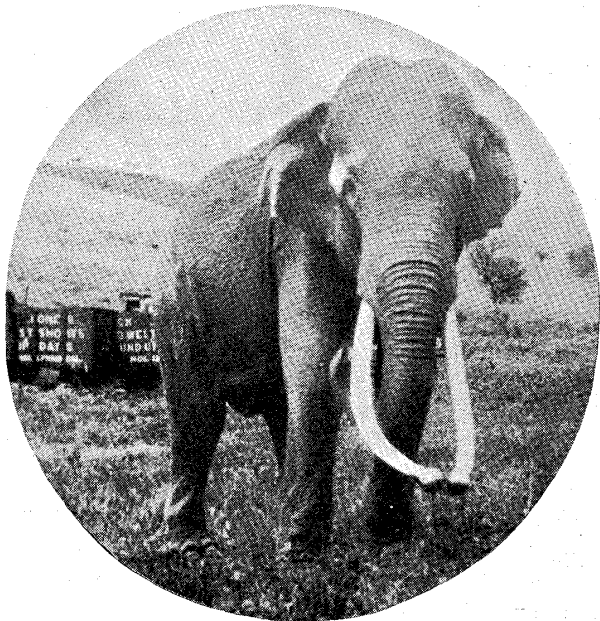
"Do you think I want to join one of these nudists' colonies?" growled dad as he slammed the door shut.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

How Fall River Takes a Fall Out of Civic H. C. L.

FALL RIVER has neither dog-catcher nor chime-ringer.

Poor, poor Fall River!

But before we shed too many tears over these and other civic deprivations, let us consider the report of Louis M. Lyons in the *Boston Globe* that by such economies



An Experienced Performer Would Like to Sign Up With a New Show

the Massachusetts city is saving a million or more a year.

There is a lot of talk these days about economy in government, but Fall River is one of the few places we've heard of that has done something. We pass on its recipe for whatever it may be worth in other localities.

The city has a Board of Finance, Mr. Lyons explains, that has authority from the Legislature to use heroic measures in effecting reduction in government costs.

"Not all its drastic amputations of services would appeal to all cities," says Mr. Lyons.

"But it is at least worth noting," he adds, "that in lopping off upward of \$1,000,000 from the budget, the board thought it worth while to pay attention to the little things."

For example, we read in *The Globe*:

The position of dog-catcher was abolished, at a saving of \$1,825 a year, and the work undertaken without cost to the city by the Animal Rescue League.

The \$300 post of chime-ringer was dispensed with.

The \$360 duties of the inspector of slaughtering were taken over by the milk inspector.

The post of caretaker of neglected graves, at \$500, was eliminated, and the function assumed by the superintendent of cemeteries.

Membership on the Board of Health was made honorary without honorarium,